



Year in Review  
Music to Scream Along To  
Top 10 CD's Stolen from WRFL  
Thought Raider  
The Post-Katrina Music Scene  
Top Six of '06  
UK's Zine Library

**FREE**  
**WINTER/SPRING**  
**2007**

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Art by Mike Sullivan

## Greetings RiFLe readers,

WRFL. Fall 2006. Spring 2007. Is it 2007 already? Could it be that we have entered a time period that will be known in retrospect as the 'late '00s'? Oh my. What, might one ask, is the value of this term? And what does this mean for WRFL? And, most importantly, where's Osama? But I digress.

This school year, we have already accomplished quite a bit at WRFL. Nine of our Directors attended the CBI Conference in St. Louis this past November, making connections with other radio stations and learning how to better operate as a station. Our Of Montreal show in September was by far the most successful (in numerical terms) that WRFL has sponsored in a long while, with attendance topping 1,000. That event showcases a fresh approach to public relations at WRFL, which advocates for greater awareness of our station and its functions as well as increased participation in our endeavors, without compromising our station's mission of promoting an alternative art form in Lexington.

This new approach also expects that we collaborate with other entities at UK and in the greater Lexington community, which is in large part why we attended the University's first Office of Student Involvement Retreat. Held at a Catholic retreat center, the time proved to be pleasantly beneficial, and provided much in the way of opportunities to poke fun of Catholic traditionalism. Luckily for all of you, Program Director Wes Beltz thought it best to capture everything on film for our viewing pleasure. The connection between Virgin Mary clocks, ridiculous striped chairs, George W. Bush, and a broken urinal? I could pretend to know the answer, or I could leave that discovery up to you.

Party on,  
Greg Tilton  
WRFL General Manager



Winter/Spring 2007 RiFLe wrfl881.org

1	2	3	RiFLe		4
5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	The photos on the cover are from shows that were sponsored by WRFL during the fall 2006 semester. Use this key to find out who's who.
16	17	18	19	20	

1. JASON ZAVALA/Student Center Lawn 2. ULTRA PULVERIZE/Cat's Den 3. CALIFONE/Mecca 4. COUSIN/WRFL Studios 5. THE JOYBOMBS/Mecca 6. CABO LADIES/Cat's Den 7. WOLF EYES/Mecca 8. WARMER MILKS/Free Speech Area 9. THE ARCHITECTS/Underlying Themes 10. OF MONTREAL/Student Center Ballroom 11. TALL BOYS/Student Center Lawn 12. De NOVO DAHL/MECCA 13. THEE AMERICAN REVOLUTION/Student Center Ballroom 14. JACOB AND THE FURRIES/Stoll Field 15. JOHN WIESE/Mecca 16. THE ROBOT ATE ME/Underlying Themes 17. WRFL BANNER/Student Center Ballroom 18. COUSIN/WRFL Studios 19. DUCK FAT/Student Center Lawn 20. BISHOP ALLEN/Mecca

### WRFL 2006-2007 Directors Staff

**General Manager:** Greg Tilton **Program Director:** Wesley Beltz  
**Music Director:** Chris Bush **Training Director:** Chuck Clenney  
**News Director:** Kelly Cross **Production Director:** Bob Zuercher  
**Promotions Director:** Matt Jordan **PR Director:** Nick Kidd/Trevor Tremaine  
**Sales and Grants:** Griffin VanMeeter **CD Librarian:** Patrick Smith  
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**Art Director:** Robert Beatty **Office Assistant:** Eli Riveire/Lana Elise Lea  
**Media Advisor:** Chris Thuringer

**Cover:** Robert Beatty **Copy Editor:** Kelly Cross

# How to be a DJ according to TV and movies

Dear WRFL DJs,  
 There is a WRFL training manual ~ we know. But, having a really awesome radio show that's actually worthy of listening to usually only happens after years of learned experience. However, new DJs, if you're looking to make the most of your airtime as soon as possible, you may want to rent some DVDs.

## Pump Up the Volume (1990)

The FCC gets pissed about Christian Slater's pirate radio station and they hold a press conference to find out his identity and punish him.

The FCC can and will destroy you if necessary!

## Northern Exposure (1990-1995)

"Chris in the Morning" of Cicely, Alaska's KBHR is listened to by every citizen of the small town. He joins the community together with local news and gossip, interesting music, and, most importantly, long metaphysical soliloquies discussing Joseph Campbell, Nietzsche, and, of course, Jung, i.e.:

"Goethe's final words: 'More light.' Ever since we crawled out of that primordial slime, that's been our unifying cry: 'More light'... Rage, rage against the dying of the light. Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom Lead Thou me on! The night is dark, and I am far from home- Lead Thou me on! Arise, shine, for thy light has come. Light is knowledge. Light is life. Light is light."

Pull that on WRFL and somebody's gonna bust a cap. Listeners don't love the sound of your voice as much as you probably do.

## The Adventures of Pete and Pete (1993-1996)

In "Hard Day's Pete," Little Pete runs a pirate

radio station, WART, with his music-less radio show "Scab Talk" where he mocks anyone who calls in with a music request. One day, though, Little Pete discovers Polaris practicing in a garage and everything changes. Long story short, Little Pete begins to play everyone's requests after he finally finds a favorite song. Discover new music and the community will rejoice.

## Airheads (1994)

Play local, indie artists or they may get so pissed they'll take the station hostage with water guns full of hot pepper sauce, "Please don't hurt me, Petticoat, Petticoat."

## Shane's World No. 32: Campus Invasion, at IU - Bloomington (2002)

In 2002, porn company Shane's World came to Indiana University at Bloomington. They shot videos of naked coeds all across campus, but most pertinent for our purposes are the shots filmed in their radio station, WIUX.

Trust me, you don't ever want to see your GM in such a compromising position. Please don't shoot porn at WRFL.

So these are the lessons learned: don't talk so much, be excited about the music you're playing, show the community how much you care through your show and watch out for the wrath of the FCC. And of course, keep your clothes on. We don't want to see that.

Most Sincerely,  
 Shanna Sanders





# Music to scream along to

by Blake Wilkinson and Bailey Scott

After having gone through many angst sessions ourselves we felt that we needed to compile a 'best of' list to preserve the sentiments of our generation's melancholy. The following songs worked well for us, but everyone's favorite songs to scream along to are personal choices. These are just our recommendations:



## **Okkervil River - "For Real"**

The choppy guitar intro and raspy squeals of Will Sheff provide the best head-banging opportunities and cathartic release of almost any song. The lyrics may seem absurd but its fun to pretend to be that dark, but then again we do thirst for the taste of real blood.

## **The Violent Femmes- "Blister In The Sun"**

With lyrics like "big hands I know you're the one" we don't have to spell out that the Violent Femmes have more to say than your average pop band. This often brings partygoers out to the dance floor with its unforgettable fall and rise of volume.

## **The Mountain Goats - "No Children"**

John Darnielle's intentional severity makes "No Children" our generation's angst classic. At this point in his saga of two bitter ex-lovers he has given up all subtlety for an emotionally effective tone that is perfect for laying on the floor and screaming at the ceiling.

## **Pulp - "Common People"**

Mixing both social awareness and theatrical spectacle, "Common People" brings out the actor in all of us. How can you resist answering such a proposition without a smug smile and "I'll see what I can do."

Even William Shatner's monotone singing voice was shattered when covering "Common People."

## **Heathcat** -Wesley Beltz



**Anyone who denies screaming along to this song is either a liar or very old and cannot hear very well.**

## **Kelly Clarkson - "Since U Been Gone"**

When "Since U Been Gone" was in the top 40, this song was my only motivation to tune into non-public radio. Can you tell me what's angrier than a scorned pop diva? Anyone who denies screaming along to this song is either a liar or very old and cannot hear very well.

## **Joy Division - "Love Will Tear Us Apart"**

As if the original version was not great enough, there are so many covers of this song it will never die (unlike Ian Curtis. Ha Ha.). Of all of New Order's great melodies none can

compare to that of "Love Will Tear Us Apart." Plus, you can reenact all of Ian Curtis' dance moves because as we all know he cannot (as he is dead. Ha Ha.). Aside from being dead Ian Curtis did write very substantial lyrics for a sing along.

Other Tracks To Consider:

Bright Eyes - "The Calendar Hung Itself"

Heavenly - "C is the Heavenly Option"

Magnetic Fields - "The Luckiest Guy On the Lower East Side"

Neutral Milk Hotel - "Two Headed Boy"

Okkervil River - "Lady Liberty"

Readyville - "An El Camino is A Car"

The Smiths - "This Charming Man"

Talking Heads - "Once In A Lifetime"

Television Personalities - "This Angry Silence"

Xiu Xiu - "I Luv the Valley OH!"



# Sort Of 'A Top Ten CD's Stolen From WRFL' List

by Chris Bush

I'm the type of guy who likes to reflect. Love a good reflection. The thing is, I'm sort of embarrassed about it. I feel like I can't even use the word "reflection" in a conversation with out sounding all weird and churchy. It's just not a cool word. For example, you would never say, "You know... the other day I was reflecting on my life, and..." You just can't do it. People don't like to hear about it. It's just way too serious. Reflection has a point. It has an end goal. Things are going to seriously change after a long reflection. You reflect on your marriage and... bam... divorce. Reflect on your religion and... bam... alcoholism. Reflect on how much you like those McDonalds snack wraps and... bam... damn me if you don't start walking to Mc D's. We fear change, and we know that reflection means serious change. We just haven't figured out how to reflect in a way that's completely pointless. It's a shame because reflection can be cool. Especially when it's completely ridiculous. This is the big reason I've decided to reflect on the top ten CDs stolen from the station this summer. It's just a really pointless reflection. I don't think it's going to solve our CD theft problem, it's definitely going to take a couple of hours out of my day, and it's probably not even going to be a very fun article to read. The whole thing is just completely pointless. So, in keeping true to the spirit of pointlessness, the numbers attached to the albums are in no way intended to serve as a rating. The albums listed aren't really compiled

in any sort of order... and you know what... I think I'm going to throw eleven albums in the list and have two number fives. So... here we go... a reflection on eleven CDs stolen from WRFL this summer.

## 1. Dabrye- *Two/Three*

It's really hard to call Dabrye's second album a hip-hop record. For one, Dabrye is in fact some white dude from Ann Arbor, Michigan. I'm pretty sure he studied Physics at a graduate level. I mean... he just doesn't seem to have too much street cred. I'm probably stereotyping, but at the same time... all this guy talks about in interviews and stuff is dance music from Berlin and Detroit. His music is great. It's definitely worthy of stealing. I'm just not sure what type of person would steal this record. It could be the hip-hop kids, but I would expect them to snag an Ammoncontact record or a Cut Chemist record. To me, the Dabrye record seems sort of meek. I was just surprised to see someone make such a power move (stealing) on such a meek artist (Dabrye). See... pointless reflection.

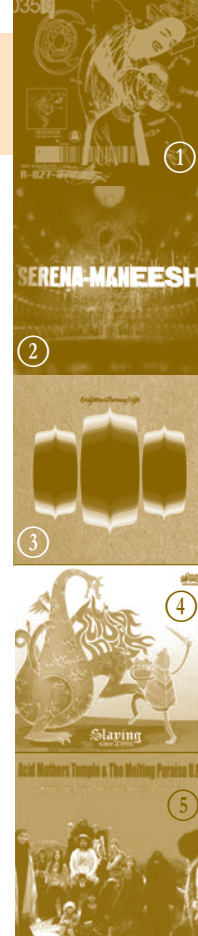
## 2. Serena-Maneesh- *S/T*

This record comes in at the number two spot because it was actually stolen twice! Weird coincidence right? I know... I thought the same thing myself... cause it's like you got a two and a twice... so that's almost like two twos. I should really get around to finishing that X-Files I wrote. Anyways... the Serena-Maneesh record... one copy got stolen and I ended

up getting another one for the station... only to be stolen a couple of days later.

**Who would have thought that the sound track to stealing and then stealing again is in fact neo-psych rock type shoegaze stuff from Norway. Damn. I really can't get my brain around all that.**

Here's all I can hope: 1. That the person who stole this record the first time is the same person that stole the record the second time. 2. That the person had to steal the second copy because they were all messed up on crazy drugs and lost the first copy. 3. That they have since lost the second copy for the same drug related reasons. 4. That they go to rehab and are born again with Jesus.



## 3. Brightblack Morning Light- *S/T*

This band is what a band should be. A group of way-faring stoners that are way out of it all the time, but talk really seriously about love and nature. They have a song (that's actually really good) called "A River Could Be Loved." I'm pretty sure they make music with the intention of sedating large groups of people and I'm pretty sure that they have a sincere belief in magic. At the helm of the whole thing are childhood friends Rachel Hughes and Nathan Shineywater ... but for some reason they like to be called "Rabob" and "Nabob." Anyways, I'm not sure how they would feel about their CD getting stolen. On the one hand, I could see them saying something like... "people should be able to take as they need"... or "we're all brothers and sisters in the eyes of mother nature"... or... "hold on... are we still talking about pot?" But, on the other hand, stealing is not being positive. Anyways, we ended up getting another copy so I guess everyone wins. Reflection, Mother Nature, and a happy ending. Far out.

## 4. Suicide Squeeze Records Compilation- *Slaying Since 1996*

I don't really have much to reflect on here because I have a pretty good idea why someone stole this record. This comp had a Modest Mouse track on it, and they're freaking tight.

### 5. Acid Mother's Temple- *Have You Seen The Other Side of the Sky?*

Actually... I think this reflection is starting to prove somewhat helpful. I'm starting to notice some common threads in the various thievings... in particular: drugs. People listen to the crazy Japanese psych collective Acid Mother's Temple while they're on drugs, buying drugs, planning on doing drugs, and stealing mercilessly from college radio stations. That's just what they do... I mean you can't really hate on someone for having style. Maybe the war on CD theft should take the form of a war on drugs... but would that make us a Christian organization? Would the state cut our funding? I'll have to ask Chris Thuringer.

### 5. The Walkmen- *A Hundred Miles Off*

This record did really well at the station. I know there's some people bummed at the loss of this one. But... somehow I feel like the theft of this record wasn't drug related. Can't really put my finger on it. Might be because one of the Walkmen's songs was in a Volkswagen commercial that—if I remember correctly—was particularly clean cut. I think there were some kids playing in a street or something... somewhere in Suburbia... just not where you'd expect to find massive amounts of drugs and theft.

**Then again, in this sick world we know all too well that you can't trust your suburban drug-addict thieves for neighbors.** Close those mini-blinds and hold your children tight. The Walkmen CD has gone missing.



### 6. Couch- *Figur 5*

Listen close because I have a strong theory about this one. Ok... Couch are from Munich and they make instrumental rock music. Ok now this tells me pretty much nothing. But, here's where I think I'm on to the thief... the band is named after a couch. Alright, so, two things could have prompted the theft of this CD; Scenario 1: The thief was just getting started in the game and naively tried to steal an actual couch (something only experts can pull off)... downtrodden at their early failure in the thief game, the thief came to the station and stole the Couch CD (something that even amateurs can pull off) as a way to boost their ego and reaffirm their ability as a thief. Alright, I think that scenario is pretty air tight.... but then there's this one... Scenario 2: The thief is a hired gun, and by email they received instructions for a couch swiping job. The instructions included various diagrams and tips (including the whole thing about lifting with your legs and not your back). By chance the thief mistook the fifth figure on the instructions (a picture of the actual couch to be stolen) for a new album they had heard on WRFL a few days earlier (Couch's new record Figur 5). Honest mistake. Anyways,

you can only guess what happened... someone got a good dose of Munich instro-rock instead of a comfy place to watch TV. I guess we'll find out who stole the CD when their body washes up on the banks of the Ohio. I mean... it could really be either of the two scenarios. I just can't tell. Solving crimes is tough man.

### 7. Erase Errata- *Nightlife*

I'm glad someone stole this record... this band just doesn't do it for me.

### 8. Danielson- *Ships*

Oh twee one. Elvin followers of the twee King Danielson were so delighted with the new album that they snuck two copies out of the station and into their small homes built inside of tree trunks. Their pointed ears did giggle as they listened to the sounds of sweet twee-pop. And oh how they laughed naughtily at the petty crime they had committed against the college radio sorcerers. **Hey, if elves take something it's just cute.**

### 9. Mr. Lif- *Mo Mega*

I have to say that the hip-hop thieving is sort of throwing me for a loop. Here you've got a positive MC that doesn't openly endorse stealing anywhere on the record... but

# MAS MUSICA PARA HIPPIES



saturdays  
**8-10 PM**  
**88.1 fm**



Why is our eagle friend crying? Because precious CDs from the playbox get stolen.



**Operation Shining Ass-Kicking Eagle of Shockin' Awesome Freedom** is a new initiative enacted in March 2005 which aims to isolate the day and time a CD from the playbox is stolen. This helps narrow down the possible suspects. These cowards who hate WRFL's freedom will then be brought to justice. When you notice a CD is missing, be a freedom fighter and write it down, soldier!



**I want YOU**  
to help stop CD theft! Inspect the  
playbox. If there's any holes, write  
them down on the sheet.

Your college radio station thanks you!

**DO NOT STEAL CDS!**



**WE HAVE KAMERAS. WE ARE WATCHING YOU  
КОМРАД !!**

then people go and steal his CD. Now let's ask ourselves... What Would Lif Do? I'll tell you one thing, he wouldn't steal his own record now would he? No, he's too smart for that one... So why would someone who listens to Lif steal the Lif CD when Lif wouldn't even steal the CD himself? Am I right? I think we gotta look somewhere else. **I think the theft might be someone in cahoots with the Bush administration...** I mean God forbid someone makes a hip-hop record with a message



in this country. It's the whole patriot act thing... check it out... it's in there... no hip-hop records with messages... huh?... wait... where are you at... no look further down the page... no... closer... no... it's in the end umm... portion... yeah... right there... after that clause about how dance rock bands have to wear the burglar shirts now. Yeah... that's it.

**10. Girl Talk- Nightripper**  
**Shit... someone just had**

In the spring of 2005, the general manager, Michael Powell, created and printed various politically-oriented fliers placed strategically around the station to combat an increasing theft problem. Though the thievery tapered off shortly after, it's debatable whether the images had any effect, or if it was the product of the typical ebb and flow thievery cycles. When you can't get your request played, it often has to do with thieving bastards.

**to go and steal WRFL's only party record.** If you don't know bout Girl Talk yet, well, it's like Diplo did his mash up thing on methamphetamines one night and it actually worked out. On any given track there's probably twelve songs mashed up together. Biggie raps, Elton John sings the hook, and Pavement get guitar solos during the breaks. It's a crazy-ass party of a record, so, as sad as I was to see the disc gone, it did slightly restore my faith in my fellow man. **The fact that someone stole the Girl Talk CD means that there**

**are still people out there that like to steal and party, and I can only hope to become their friend one day.**

POSTSCRIPT~ TO ALL THIEVES

You guys seriously throw me for loops. Acid Mothers Temple gets stolen while the Thom Yorke CDs been sitting around for weeks all bummed out like. "why doesn't someone want to steal me?" What the hell? I mean, that's awesome. But at the same time... just didn't see it coming. And come on, the Couch CD? Is that even any good? Man... Anyways, thanks for a good summer.



## The American Frankenstein

America, you gave birth to a madman,  
Nepotism at it's worst.  
The son of a miserable ex-president,  
Despotism's rebirth.  
George W. Bush,  
With the good ol' boys of greed,  
Have sent men to their death  
For a profit, without heed.  
These egotistical, hypocritical,  
Fictional criminals  
Armed with scripts and shifty eyes  
For every vice, a new disguise.  
The condemnation and exploitation of a nation  
Imperialist divisions.  
Turning this democracy into an aristocracy  
And torturing men in foreign prisons.  
With your henchmen,  
You violated The Geneva Convention.  
You ignored hurricane victims and desperate situations,  
While simultaneous spitting in the face of the United Nations.  
The poor are getting more poor,  
While we spend millions each month, to finance a war.  
This quixotic quarrel,  
To quench a quack's quaffing,  
Is manipulating our beliefs  
And poisoning our offspring.  
You could care less about those who struggle,  
All you care about is yourself.  
Please George W. Bush  
Hand over The White House to someone else.

## The ABCs of Persistence

An alarm alerts awareness  
By beautifully boasting  
Caution! Corruption! Cheating!  
Devious destruction does not deter doomsday devices.  
Economies enslave ethical environmental evolution.  
F the future for freedom fleeting?  
Greedy giants gobble global goods and  
Have haphazard hospitality for humanity.  
Imprudent ignorance is what interrupts intelligent individuals.  
Judiciary justice is jostled.  
Knowledge is kidnapped.  
Love for living is luxuriously leveled.  
Mother, maker of maleficent men,  
Needs no more neglect. Now let's  
Ostracize ourselves from outlandish organizations and  
Punish preachers praying for punches. We must  
Quickly question  
Rudimentary representatives reporting reality and  
Start sending supplies to stop Sub-Saharan starvation.  
Take time today to talk to trees.  
Understand unnecessary universes.  
Venture through various velocities and  
Wonder why we wonder, if  
Xenophobic  
Yore is yonder? When you  
Zip and zoom through Zeus' zenith,  
I hope you hear his thunder.



# Pop-Torture within the 'City on the Hill'

by Oliver C. Belcher

*To take a photograph is to participate in another person's mortality, vulnerability, mutability.* -Susan Sontag

Under the auspices of a so-called 'war on terror,' we often hear critics discuss serious matters pertaining to the geo-political and geo-economical consequences of the war on U.S. foreign policy, as well as the ramifications for future diplomatic relations with the Middle East and the world. Those analyses typically point to the *destructive* construction—by both the Bush Administration (and their pundits) and al-Qaeda—of geographical imaginaries that cultivate an 'us' versus 'them' mentality—a policy tactic whose precedence lingers from a Cold War-based statecraft. The global public witnessed the ugly result of this cancerous us/them dyad when the Abu-Ghraib photos were clandestinely released to CBS in April 2004.

The significance of these photos is complex, thus the subject of this brief commentary. But already we can see that the complications posed by the Abu-Ghraib photographs are far beyond geo-political and geo-economic concerns; instead, we have to enter into the realm of *cultural* significance. For, as the late cultural critic Edward Said reminds us, 'culture underwrites power even as power elaborates culture.' Ever since Edward Said's publication of *Orientalism* in 1977, there has been a renewed focus on the power of culture in producing difference ('us/them') because, as Derek Gregory argues in his masterful *The Colonial Present*, 'culture involves the production, circulation, and legitimization of meanings

through representations, practices, and performances that enter fully into the constitution of the world.' Therefore, the significance of the Abu-Ghraib photos is that they are *insignificant*—they are redundant images born out of an Americanized 'architecture of enmity.'

The typical response to the Abu-Ghraib photos in the popular media was one of spectacle 'shock,' because the images of tortured Muslims having canines on the verge of attacking genitalia, or nude men being stacked in a pyramid with a smiling Lynndie England and Charles Graner giving an affirmative thumbs-up, flew in the face of an American exceptionalism that understands itself to be a beacon of democracy, freedom, and due process—as Reagan famously stated, the 'City on the Hill.' Instead, the American and global public witnessed in those images representations of dehumanization, humiliation, and physical brutality; in other words, a mentality of guilty-until-proven-innocent.

There are two significant features to these pitiless photographs that merit discussion. The first feature concerns the reaction of 'shock,' and the second underscores the insignificance of the photographs. This may seem like a strange combination seeming that shock usually implies a degree of *significance*, but I think the contrary is true; it is in fact the *insignificance* of the photographs that provoked such a reaction, which I will now explain.

Shock and Awe

In order to understand the implications of the Abu-Ghraid photographs, we must first consider the mutable nuances of American war-imagery over the past thirty years. Ever since the images of naked Vietnamese girls running through field with their flesh aflame with napalm and American soldiers coming back in body-bags from the Vietnam War, the U.S. government and media have carefully managed war-imagery because of its power to negatively affect public opinion towards U.S. wars of aggression (Vietnam, Nicaragua, Grenada, and Iraq being examples *par excellence*). Since Vietnam, war imagery has moved away from a corporeal, embodied, subjective mediaization of war, to a more distanced, de-corporeal, objective experience of spectacular violence; in other words, there has been an erasure of the human body from the picture. This objective experience ranges from distanced, night-vision experiences of bombs downpouring on cities, to embedding journalists with the military in order to ensure coverage of only one side, to the insidious refusal to enumerate Iraqi casualties (though a recent John Hopkins report states that an incredible 650,000 Iraqis have been killed since the most recent invasion by the United States). Media coverage of flagdraped caskets of soldiers has also been strictly censored. As University of Chicago Art Historian WJT Mitchell argues, like the first Gulf War, ‘this [has been] a war without bodies or tears for [and from] the American public, but one filled, at the same time, with a sense of danger, paranoia, and spectacular violence.’



It is within this context that we can understand the unconventionality of the Abu-Ghraid photographs: *they were a reintroduction of bodies back into war imagery*. In a mediated world where the political stakes are the power of fascination, it was only *after* the corporeal imagery of real suffering and humiliation depicted in the Abu-Ghraid imagery (and in New Orleans for that matter) that the support for the war dwindled. It is no coincidence that Rumsfeld’s first response to the public disclosure of the Abu-Ghraid tortures was to ban the possession of digital cameras. But what made these photographs seem significant? I would argue that this unconventional war-imagery was what Jacques Lacan would

call a veritable ‘answer of the real.’ In other words, the unsanitized photographs revealed more about American culture than was too comfortable to acknowledge.

The Insignificance of Torture

One of the more interesting responses to the disclosure of the Abu-Ghraid photographs came from the right-wing pundit Rush Limbaugh, who attempted to do his part in quality control by likening the images to something that happens in ‘fraternity houses all the time.’ Even though Limbaugh was criticized heavily for this reaction, it was precisely his insinuation that Abu-Ghraid was unexceptional that provoked the rage, and I think he is more right than his critics suggest, though not in the ways he might believe. What makes the Abu-Ghraid photographs insignificant is the fact that they are indeed *banal*—they are like images that are depicted on television *ad nauseum*, as well as routinely performed and practiced in American culture. In other words, they fall in line with what I would call the conventions of American pop-torture.

As social theorists Bulent Diken and Carsten Laustsen argue, the pictures ‘are a testimony to the extent of voyeurism and brutalization present in today’s society... the pictures signify a normalization... of the extreme exercise of sado-masochistic ritual (e.g., Lynndie England leading a naked man around on a leash).’ One needs to look no further than shows like *24* and *Battlestar Galactica* (where ‘terrorists’ are routinely tortured for reasons of ‘national security’), and movies like *Pulp Fiction* and *Hostel* to see that it is no secret that the United States celebrates fantasies of ‘cool’ violence as ‘good entertainment.’ As Susan Sontag suggests, ‘depicting orgies of torture is being normalized, by the apostles of the new, bellicose, imperial America, as high-spirited prankishness or venting.’ I will never forget a commercial that was shown recently for the show *24* that

started with ‘America never backs down from the threat of terrorism’ flashing on the screen, followed by the image of U.S. soldiers breaking into Iraqi houses. The commercial then continued with ‘And neither does Jack,’ followed by Jack Bauer (Kiefer Sutherland) choking an unnamed ‘terrorist.’ This kind of spectacular pop-torture has become so ubiquitous that it barely merits mentioning.

However, it is not just within the real of spectacular images that torturous violence is becoming normalized. As the famed Slovenian cultural critic Slavoj Zizek enthuses, the insignificance of the Abu-Ghraid in the American context is due to similar photos surfacing in regular intervals in the US press. For instance, when ‘some scandal explodes in an army unit or on a high-school campus, where the initiatic ritual went to far and soldiers and students got hurt beyond a level considered tolerable, forced to assume a humiliating pose, to perform debasing gestures, to be pierced by needles, and so on.’ A telling example is the recent fraternity initiation gone wrong at the University of Oregon, when a rush student had their anus penetrated in front of his peers with a beer bottle that broke inside of him.

It is the *logic* behind torture that makes the Abu-Ghraid photos insignificant, because the *logic* of inflicting pain for security and/or fun has become all-pervasive. But why the reaction of shock that followed the release of the Abu-Ghraid photos? I would argue that it was due to their being *out-of-place* in the imaginary that caused the mass shudder. In other words, they exceeded the boundaries of fiction, and instead brought to bear the very real consequences of war that is *more than* distanced imagery. Further, those pictures revealed the surreptitious practices and performances that have become omnipresent within U.S. families and communities. Indeed, the pictures were a welcoming into the desert of the American subcultural real.





Small Claims

What do you get when you mix ingenuity, dedication, and two strong DIY spirits? For lucky Lexingtonians this fall, it all adds up to one thing –



## UK's first zine library.

by Eli Riveire

Okay, fine, you say. A zine library. Great. But what the hell is a zine? According to Patrick Smith, one of the library's co-founders, there's several ways to define a zine. Wikipedia says a zine is "is most commonly a small circulation, non-commercial publication of original or appropriated texts and images." The word "zine" comes from "fanzine," and originally, "magazine." Patrick's personal standard for a zine must include these two aspects: it must be self-published by a minority or underrepresented group, and it must be made for the love of something, rather than profit. A great example of a zine is the one you're reading right now – WRfL's own RiFLe.

The UK Zine Archive is the brainchild of two current UK students – Patrick, and his partner in zinery, Shanna Sanders. Both librarians can trace their interest in zines and the zine culture back to high school, but this came about it in different ways. Patrick was immersed in his local punk-rock scene, where everybody was interested in zines and the DIY spirit. He even made his own zine with his

**So why start a zine library in Lexington? The team has several reasons:**

- To preserve UK's radical history,
- To present zines as legitimate academic sources,
- To inspire students to create their own works,
- To create a new niche for environmental zines and zines produced in the Southern United States,
- To raise awareness about the DIY subculture in Lexington and Kentucky,
- To preserve primary documents that openly express dissent,
- and, my personal favorite reason, to "disprove the commonly held belief that all Southerners are conservative rednecks who only enjoy hunting, barbeques, and George Bush."

buddies about growing up in Southern Kentucky. After being exposed to Louisville's *LEO* week after week, Shanna wanted to run her own alternative weekly paper someday. Her interest in alternative media lead her to the *Utne Reader*, where she first read about zine libraries and her personal zine library heroine, Jenna Friedman. When the pair met last year, their backgrounds and experiences together made a project such as this all but inevitable.

The team started by talking to various members of the UK Library System's administrative staff, eventually leading to Dean Mary Beth Thomas. Keeping true to their own interests and their connections to Kentucky, the library idea took on an environmental/Southern U.S. focus. When the idea was initially approved, they met with Special Collections archivist head Dierdre Scaggs, with whom they decided the zines will be housed in the Breckinridge Room of the King Library. Due to



Left: Some zines you can find in UK's Zine Archive.  
Winter/Spring 2007 **RiFLe** wrfl881.org



their fragile nature, the zines are not allowed to be checked out, but the section is open to the public for easy access.

While unique to Lexington, the UK Zine Archive is not the only one of its kind in the geographical area. Louisville has been home to a great zine collection at the Brick (formerly BRYCC) House. Boxcar Books in Bloomington, Indiana sells an extensive selection of zines, ranging from tiny homemade projects about bikes and veganism to more nationally known titles like *Bitch* and *Adbusters*. Bowling Green State University in Bowling Green, Ohio hosts the Allied Media Conference every summer, devoting a whole weekend to the celebration of zines and zinemakers. Not surprisingly, two of the major zine meccas in America are New York City and Portland, Oregon.

With the help of their faculty advisor Jenn Lewin, the pair was able to secure an Undergraduate Research Creativity Grant to travel to these important locations to learn more about existing zine libraries and zine cultures. The grant will also help them order zines and supplies with which to stock their own library (Patrick also wants to give a “big ups” to “his peeps Evie Russel” for helping with the grant).

**Awesome zines recommended by Shanna and Patrick:**

- Chainbreaker* – written by a girl from New Orleans, all about bikes and the history of bikes
- Coffee Shop Crushes* – stories and comics about having crushes on baristas
- Onsubbing* – the four-year journal of a Portland Special Education substitute teacher
- Broken Hipster* – about an Oregon hipster with strange medical problems
- Infiltration* – about urban exploring, and going to places you’re not supposed to go and (sometimes) being caught

The zine library opened on October 19, 2006. The team is currently working on the library’s collection and writing abstracts to prepare a detailed catalog. After working so hard to make this dream a reality, they are very excited about finally getting everything done. To celebrate the opening, the library hosted a party/zine workshop in the Niles Gallery of the UK Fine Arts Library. The library is also planning its own zine workshops in the future, and hopes to work with other campus groups like Greenthumb and the residence halls. They also hope professors will use the library as a resource for teaching, as well as class projects.

The UK Zine Archive is currently welcoming donations of your old (or new) zines. For preservation purposes, they’d prefer having two copies of each piece, but whatever you can give would still help. If you have questions, would like to get involved, or have zines to donate, you can contact Shanna and Patrick at [ukzinelibrary@gmail.com](mailto:ukzinelibrary@gmail.com).

# The Student Center Film Series

by Greg Tilton

The Student Center Film Series, in its fourth semester of existence, has set lofty goals for itself. Film coordinator Andrew Crawford explains that the series was created at the suggestion of Student Center Director John Herbst in an attempt to “bring back the idea of movies as a social gathering.” By providing free movies for students, the series was intended to provide a cost-efficient method of entertainment on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights. While the Film Series balanced mainstream and independent films last year, its leadership hopes the Series will fall solely in the former category by the Spring 2007 semester. “We want to take the idea of going beyond entertainment,” explains Crawford, “Entertaining students while supplying something cultural, something independent.” Crawford acknowledges that the Film Series will present students with films traditionally associated with venues such as the Kentucky Theater and the newly transformed cinema at Lexington Green, with the added benefit of the films being entirely free.

“One of the ways in which I’m trying to convert the series into something more independent [is] by attracting the WRFL audience, which leans toward more independent music...and would theoretically lean toward independent movies.”

If you would like to suggest a film for the Student Center Film Series or be added to the list-serv to be notified of upcoming events and movies, send an email to Andrew Crawford at [scfilmseries@yahoo.com](mailto:scfilmseries@yahoo.com).

Winter/Spring 2007 **RiFLe** [wrfl881.org](http://wrfl881.org)

**Film Series schedule for January and February**

- 1/18 *Clerks*, Center Theater, 10pm
- 1/19 *High Fidelity*, Worsham Theater, 10pm
- 1/25 *Mars Attacks!*, Center Theater, 10pm
- 1/26 *Alien*, Worsham Theater, 10pm
- 2/1/07 *Snakes on a Plane*, Center Theater, 10pm
- 2/2/07 *Airplane* Worsham, Theater, 10pm
- 2/7/07 *The Science of Sleep*, Center Theater, 10pm
- 2/8/07 *Donnie Darko*, Center Theater, 10pm
- 2/9/07 *A Clockwork Orange*, Worsham Theater, 10pm
- 2/14/07 *Breathless*, Center Theater, 10pm
- 2/15/07 *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*, Center Theater, 10pm
- 2/16/07 *Breakfast at Tiffany’s*, Worsham Theater, 10pm
- 2/21/07 *Freestyle: the Art of Rhyme*, Center Theater, 10pm
- 2/22/07 *Do the Right Thing*, Center Theater
- 2/23/07 *In the Heat of the Night*, Worsham Theater, 10pm
- 2/28/07 *The Squid and the Whale*, Center Theater, 10pm

Student Center  
Film Series film  
coordinators:  
Calvin Harmin and  
Andrew Crawford.  
Sean Cooper not  
pictured.



# Year in review

by Saraya Brewer

*A special thanks to Ross Compton and the Lexington Project Archives for helping me remember what the hell happened when.*

New Year's Eve has always been one of my favorite holidays for some obscure reason I can't really put my finger on. It's not that I have a lot of faith invested in the significance of the timekeeping system our planet adopted, nor is my life on some fantastic fast track making me overly eager to thrust forth into the next exciting year. I don't even like champagne.

It's something about the comradeship, the celebratory air of, "throw-two-sheets-and-everything-else-you-own to the wind," the excuse to put everything on the shelf and have a party (um, that is, for those who don't find an excuse to do that an average of three or four times a week the rest of the year). Anyway, I'm big on closure. And new beginnings. Every year a ton of shit goes down in everyone's lives, whether or not we really take inventory. This year, I'd like to take a moment to reflect on what 2006 had to offer me and mine here in Lexington, KY.

This year, I celebrated the first birthday where I actually woke up with the full realization that there's no going back, which was kind of scary. Two years out of college, and apparently life isn't planning on slowing down so I can enjoy the view (or just enjoy my twenties for chrissake! Leave me alone!). Nor does it intend to give me any freebies

just for being young and naive and new to the whole "real world" game. Not that this news is earth-shattering, or monumental to anyone in the world but me, but it's moments like this that shake things into place, I guess to remind us that we're part of a living, breathing, colossal interweaving of things called life... yadda yadda yadda. But seriously, moments like this sneak up on all of us all the time, every day and every year. And an overwhelming majority of the time, I'm afraid, we shake them off and keep moving like they never happened.

Granted, sometimes life happens in such a way that we can't ignore it. In a single week in 2006, my house flooded in Lexington's September deluge, my dog got hit by a car, my car got hit by a car, and I was tested for E.coli amongst the California spinach bonanza. This year, I went to two weddings, two funerals. I visited a precious newborn baby the day he came into the world. I wound up with a wicked scar on my knee.

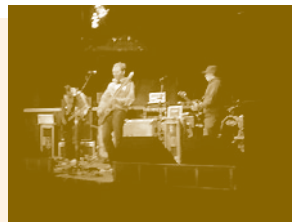
As a Lexington enthusiast, I am often riddled with the suspicion that while many of my Lexington comrades sincerely appreciate the greatness of this town, there's also a fair share—I'm talking about people seriously concerned with art, music, and a general lust for life—who think Lexington



Saraya and her ill-fated pup, Siren.

Local bands The Scourge of the Sea, Warmer Milks, The Apparations, Parlour Boys, and Petticoat, Petticoat, to name a few, made significant strides in their careers with new albums, ambitious tours, record deals, and ringtone contests. (Seeing the Milks open for Bonnie 'Prince' Billy in Nashville is a personal favorite concert moment of mine to date.) In January, Lexington received Hair Police and Burning Star Core at Underlying Themes. Nine Inch Nails at Rupp Arena in February. Mogwai at The Dame in March (perhaps my favorite club show ever—and the band came to J-Suhr's after-party and danced to 80s music in her living room, which pretty much ruled unfathomably). RC Pro Am and The Smacks! in April, Apples in Stereo in May, Wooden Wand at The Icehouse in June. Six Organs of Admittance in July (!!!). Frank Black in August, Awesome Color in September, Wolf Eyes with Eyes and Arms of Smoke in October. Gillian Welch performed a 'secret' show to a spellbound audience of about a hundred at The Dame in November, and Mecca (new and improved in 2006!) hosted Synaesthesia in December. Not to mention tons of shows that occurred in the living room of the Charles Mansion or the basement of The Frowny Bear. On top of running one of the nation's leading college radio stations, the stellar WRFL director's staff organized some great live shows, including the Fall

kind of sucks, and are antsy to get out of this tired place for something bigger and better (but for whatever reason have been unable to pry themselves away). With this in mind, I do want to take this moment to rattle off a brief catalog of landmark artistic moments and events to which Lexington was privy in 2006.



Top to bottom: Hair Police at Underlying Themes Loft, Mogwai at The Dame, and Racoo-oo-on (from Iowa City) at the Frowny Bear.

Left to right: Of Montreal in the Student Center Grand Ballroom, the Tall Boys on the Student Center Lawn.



Photos by Michael Powell, Robert Beatty, Greg Tilton, Chuck Glenney, and Lana Elise Lea.

Lawn Concert Series, Tony Conrad, Rhys Chatham, and Jonathan Kane, Califone, and Of Montreal.

I wasn't even able to attend all of these events, which makes me happy. I like that sometimes there's so much going on in this town that I can't hit up every show I want to see. Music aside, in 2006 Lexington saw the initiation of the Alley-Cat bike race phenomena (kick ass!), the Balagula Theatre at Natasha's Café hosted dozens of intimate theater performances, and local magazine *W Weekly* improved tenfold under the direction of Editor Robbie Clark. We were blessed with the opening of Stella's and the Cinemark Arthouse Theater at Lexington Green, and we said a sad goodbye to Jonk and Underlying Themes Loft. Lexington's Erik Reece published the groundbreaking and nationally acclaimed book *Lost Mountain*. In a somewhat befuddling gesture, Lexington voted overwhelmingly to continue to let a German conglomerate control our water supply (which might answer why it kind of tastes like ammonia). Kentucky made the national news circuit in other ways too, such as when our governor was indicted for conspiracy, misconduct, and political discrimination, and later ruled protected by

executive immunity. In August, the town banded together to support the families and friends of forty-nine victims who died in Com-Air plane crash. At least eleven Kentucky mine workers died in mining accidents, and Lexington mourned the untimely deaths of Tevis Shaw, Lauren Fannin, and Lindsey Sharp, among others.

So we hit some highs and some lows this year. I don't know if I'd say 2006 flashed by like lightning, or like a beetle suspended in amber. I guess, that's the weird thing about time. I do know that if you're reading this, and you found yourself experiencing any number of the aforementioned events, and you still can't find it within your heart of stone to say you truly love this town, well, you're probably bringing us down, and maybe you should go on to some bigger, better place. All I know is that I'm glad to look back at 2006 knowing that while our local government was busy putting up hideous Christmas lattice, fumbling to account for incredibly outdated liquor laws, and trying to figure out how the hell our city's going to handle 300,000 plus guests during the 2010 Equestrian Games, the true heart of this town was beating fast and strong, bringing creative and curious souls together—if not in some extraordinary convergence of space and time, in what spanned to be a pretty damn good year.



# WRFL's Top 20

compiled by Chris Bush

*These are the top albums played on WRFL from mid-October through the end of December, 2006.*

WRFL is located on the bottom floor of the University of Kentucky Student Center, across from the ID Office. If you are interested in applying to be a DJ at WRFL, you can fill out an application at the station or at our website, <http://wrfl881.org>. You'll also find our current program schedule, information about upcoming shows, and our live web stream at the website, as well as a few other goodies. If you have questions, comments or requests, give the on-air DJ a ring at (859) 257-WRFL (9735).

**wrfl881.org**  
radio stream and other cool stuff!  
**859.257.WRFL (9735)**  
make a request, anytime, day or night!  
**859.257.INFO (4636)**  
ask pertinent questions!  
**104 Student Center**  
(the building with the food and Starbucks)  
visit us!

1. Tom Waits- *Orphans: Brawlers, Bawlers, and Bastards*
2. Califone- *Roots & Crowns*
3. Miho Hatori- *Ecdysis*
4. The Blow- *Paper Television*
5. Yo La Tengo- *I Am Not Afraid Of You And I Will Beat Your Ass*
6. Beach House- *Beach House*
7. Sonic Youth- *The Destroyed Room*
8. Sparklehorse- *Dreamt For Light Years In The Belly Of A Mountain*
9. Wolf Eyes- *Human Animal*
10. Benoît Pioulard- *Precis*
11. Tv On The Radio- *Return To Cookie Mountain*
12. Selda- *Selda*
13. Black Keys- *Magic Potion*
14. Joanna Newsom- *Ys*
15. Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin- *Broom*
16. Belbury Poly- *The Owl's Map*
17. Four Tet- *Remixes*
18. Soft Machine- *Middle Earth Masters*
19. Beck- *The Information*
20. Grizzly Bear- *Yellow House*



# I know what it means

by Miss Cass

It was a Saturday of ritual. My friends and I reveled our way down Rampart Street on the edge of the French Quarter. Lampposts glowed in the heavy humidity, lighting our way toward the night's debauchery. A flickering red light marked the entrance to King Bolden's, casting strange shadows as we entered our haunt. The walls pulsed with bass, we were enveloped by the deliciously bouncy house beats. With religious compulsion, we filled the dance floor. Our glistening bodies writhed, hands stretched toward heaven, lost in the bliss of audible ecstasy. I swayed across the checkerboard floor, pushing through the masses to order my poison. With the satisfying clink of ice to glass, I smiled and lit a cigarette. Snippets of conversation mingled with smoke and early Chicago house, "Katrina... The Big One... Evacuation..." I smiled wryly at the mention of hurricanes. I concerned myself only with those served over ice at Pat O'Brian's. An early-summer tropical storm meant three days without power, prompting residents to find a pool, empty the freezer, and grill until the booze ran out. We were almost looking forward to another "hurrication" before the start of classes. As I seized my cocktail, the closed-captioned news scrawl, reflected on the polished bar, caught my eye. Mayor Nagin was speaking, his face quite serious. "If Katrina makes landfall within 100 miles of the city of New Orleans, the power and sewage outages are expected to last

at least thirty days, serious flooding will cover the majority of the city, a mandatory evacuation is now in effect." A real-time map of the hurricane appeared on-screen. Katrina was huge and ominous. I felt an impending doom that shook me to my core. After a pounding of rounds, a few twirls on the floor, and a flurry of good-byes, I rode the streetcar all the way Uptown, through the neighborhood where I was born. By 4 A.M., I was gone. Evacuated. It would be three months before I saw my homeland again.

From the comfort of my Aunt's retreat in Simpsonville, Louisiana, I watched my world crumble in a few short hours. A sick silence filled my ears as Katrina made landfall. The levees broke. Watching my city fill with water, I began to drown. All became quiet, all became dark.

A year has passed since Hurricane Katrina devastated the Gulf Coast. Looking past the politics, the finger-pointing, the FEMA trailers, I see the people ~ my neighbors riding the streetcar, folks on barstools at Ms. Mae's or Liuzza's. The real devastation of the storm was not on land, but in our lives. I see my people recovering ~ and doing it through music.

Music is our life. It is as essential to our survival as po'boys, Hubig's pies, and boiled crawfish. After Katrina, grief and loss united us. In times of such desperation, we cling to our musical heritage because our lives depend on it.



As we begin to rebuild  
our lives, music is our expression.  
Most importantly, it is our hope.

New Orleans has always been home to a musical gumbo from traditional Dixieland jazz to the deranged sound of zydepunk (Cajun Zydeco fused with punk rock). That diversity was always evident on WTUL 91.5 FM, Tulane University's alternative station. WTUL

Post-Katrina Street Scene  
Photos by Cassidy Reese  
Illustrations by Robert Beatty



air, we were alive. I remember my first post-Katrina show. So much work from so many people, so much passion and love had been poured into this moment. I wept with joy, hope, sorrow. I wept for reasons that I could not place or understand.

Since then, the station has moved to its new Uptown Square location and back to business as almost usual. But some remain unable to make the transition. Matic, a.k.a. Matt Scott, was one of New Orleans' most talented and skilled DJs. Pre-Katrina, you could hear him spin almost every night of the week, laying down some hip-hop at Mimi's in the Marigny, spinning some down-tempo at Hookah Café, or guest DJing on my Friday night WTUL program. After the storm,

he retreated to Atlanta, playing at several venues there until his return to the Crescent City. Coming home, the music scene that he helped build was almost wiped out. "The city's hip-hop scene literally hangs by a thread. It exists in small areas, lacking the crowds to play to and lacking the diversity or talent to create something new or innovative," says Scott. "I used to be able to pay my bills playing four or five gigs a week. Now I play once a week for free simply because I enjoy it, and to give Mastermind Theatre a live outlet." Matic and Conner Richardson, WTUL electronic director and webmaster, have formed Mastermind Theatre ([www.mastermindtheatre.com](http://www.mastermindtheatre.com)), an experiment in hip-hop, jazz, IDM, electronic music, and mind control. "We are focusing our energy on our podcast and our studio production. Despite the way things are right now, I have to stay involved. Someone has to keep it alive."

Richardson has bounced around the country since the storm, from Dartmouth student to Apple employee in Cupertino, California. A born-and-raised New Orleans

nian, his love for the city and its music translates to a fiercely optimistic view of the city's future: "The city as a whole has a very definable, almost mystical soul to it. The vibe right now is nothing like America has seen. There is a tradition in New Orleans of the jazz funeral. The general protocol is a period of mourning and loss, followed by a celebration of what positive energy we can take from the event. The city is going through its own jazz funeral as we speak ... we're just about to hit the celebration part," says Richardson.

WTUL drum and bass DJ Steve Mosgrove relocated to Brooklyn, New York, after losing his father during the storm. Although New York is the cultural Mecca of the north, it's not the same. "I miss just about everything. The oak trees on Napoleon Avenue and Audubon Park. I miss Uptown and St. Charles Avenue. The smell of humidity in the air. Drinking until the sun comes up on a regular basis. The friendly people and laid back atmosphere. I really miss my friends and family the most." Mosgrove weathered stormy years in the turbulent, ever-evolving drum and bass scene in the Crescent City. Yet, his hope pervades, "The future of New Orleans will be decided by all of us. The citizens who decided to stay will dictate how they will live and be represented. One can hope for a return to New Orleans' musical heritage. The reality is that New Orleans music will live forever."

The Corp of Engineers can set a timetable to repair our broken levees, buildings can be demolished and new ones set in their place, the sea of blue FEMA tarps replaced with brand new roofs. But our hearts and souls are far more complicated and not so easily repaired.

I again find myself parted from my beloved city. The last year has brought me back to Lexington, where I spent many years of my youth. Although I find hope that we will one day rebuild and renew my crescent home, today my role is not with nails and wood, but with the telling of our stories. I miss New Orleans with every fiber of my being. But I am a survivor. We are all survivors.

Every Tuesday night, Rebirth Brass Band will be funking it up at The Maple Leaf. While wandering through the French Quarter, the soul-shaking cry of a solo saxophone making love to a melancholy piano drifts down the street. Our music is what heals us. As Louis Armstrong once posed the question: "Do you know what it means to miss New Orleans?" Today, with all my heart and soul, I do.

**the  
Percy  
Trout  
hour**

**Super-Fizz Sugar-Pop  
from Around the Globe**

**Monday Nights  
8pm to 10pm**

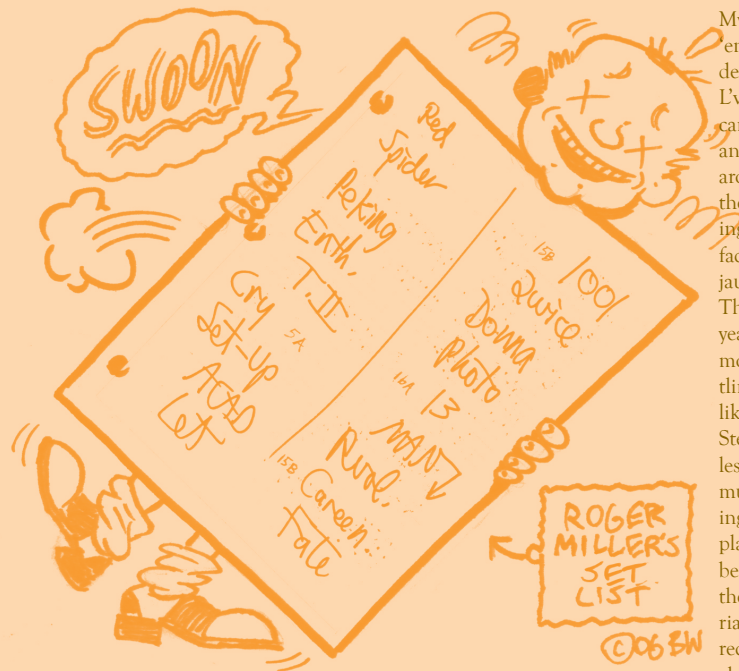
# CONCERT REVIEWS

by "Uncle" Bill Widener



**JUCIFER @ THE DAME  
TUESDAY, AUGUST 1, 2006**

The musical question: Is the band on Tuesday cuz it doesn't draw a crowd or does the band not draw cuz it's playing on Tuesday? Screw it - if you weren't there, you missed a helluva gig from one of the leading contenders for the title of Loudest Band in the World. But unlike the last time the mighty Jucifer rampaged in this unworthy burg, burying us all in a sludge heap of riffage and volume, there was a shimmer to their sound, even, dare I say, subtlety. A wider range of dynamics, of moments of otherworldly sounds and sudden silence, only gave the inevitable, the incredible mountains of dunt and doom more power. Bathed in eerie greens and noisome reds, lovers Amber Valentine (guitar/ vox) & Edgar Livengood (drums) pounded through most of the new album, If Thine Enemy Hunger, with a few tunes from the old wax. Looking like the lead spook from an Asian horror vid, Amber yowled, sighed and bellowed words of revelation and revenge, while Edgar beat the living death outta his kit, natty as always in his Bjorn Borgy head-band. My skull throbbed, my guts thrummed, pummeled by the mad mass of majestic metal. HAIL JUCIFER!!!



**MISSION OF BURMA  
@THE SOUTHGATE HOUSE  
SATURDAY, JULY 29, 2006**

My fave band in the world, I missed em back in the day, weeping murderously the day I heard they'd hit L'ville without my knowing. Then came the miraculous comeback, and I made the gig in Chi; walked around for days with bruises from the Metro's stage barrier, ears ringing and a big dumb grin on my face. Now they were nearby, just a jaunt away, touring for the newest, The Obliterati (great title!). The years show: Roger looking a bit more lined and drawn, Clint settling into a hangdog handsomeness like a cross of Pacino and Jimmy Stewart, Peter a bit grayer, if no less boyish and boisterous. But the music...holy hell, the music! Coming from the old school, the boys played two sets, both a good balance between tunes from both parts of their storied career. The old material sounded as fresh as the new, the recent songs as fierce and fine as the classics. Roger tore into "This Is Not A Photograph" with evangelical fury, as if to spit in the face of any who would sneer "Nostalgia!" And I had my head right next to his amp, set at the edge of the stage to protect his hearing, all that glorious roar all up in my noise-drunk face. PUNK F@#%IN' ROCK !!!



# FORGET CASSETTES @THE SOUTHGATE HOUSE SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 2006



She stepped onto the stage, huge dark eyes moving across the room, calling the faithful with unspoken command. Her long slender fingers tapped against the back of the guitar neck, waves of quiet sound building one atop the other, like temple chimes ringing for a living, breathing goddess. Her menfolk gathered, the tousle-haired jack-of-all-trades strapping on his bass, the tall bald drummer settling behind his kit, the lanky ex-drummer curled spiderish behind keyboards sprouting arcane devices like mutant organs. The crowd thickened at the front of the stage as she stepped up to the mic. Picking out short, controlled riffs, she softly began to sing. A dainty cadence belied the power of the words, until the moment came for this tiny gal with the Clara Bow 'do and the skirt cut right up to the gates of paradise, to explode. For the next hour, Beth Cameron stomped, strode and slinked across the stage, taking the adoring crowd on a wild ride of empyrean highs and plutonic lows, of passion and regret, of loud and heavy, silky and sweet. A punk choir sang the blues, a heavy metal tango seized hearts and hips, math rock loved and lost and became

math soul. A drunken hipster staggered out of the crowd: "It's too much! I can't take anymore!" He was back in ten minutes, unable to stay away. Thus did Forget Cassettes celebrate the release of their new album, *Salt*.



by Jeremy Russel

I'm watching *Tomb Raider*. Making a pretense to myself of hating it and coming up with the things I will complain of about it to my companion later. I'm also making a pretense of being more honest with myself than that. "What about this might hold some appeal I'm not admitting to?" is the question I keep reiterating to myself in this vein. I'm not sure I have the answer but in the process of trying to come up with one I come up with an answer to a corollary question. I'm sure that one of the things that gives this some mass appeal is its non-stop exoticism. I mean, one is steered breathlessly clear of anything even slightly smarting of the mundane here: the exotic cars / motorcycles zipping and zinging through the international bazaar syntax of cobblestone streets punctuated by impossibly contemporary castles (anachronisms smacking of both the exotic mystique of the

past and the technophile's wet-dream of some exotic future).

I remember throughout my tutelage—in what bits of the history of philosophy I've encountered—half my instructors lamenting the loss, to the history of intellectual endeavor, of life's "big questions". It strikes me that these educators of mine have a kinship with the kind of people for whom movies such as the aforementioned are edifying. And it hits me that both have an affinity for narratives that neatly (perhaps, too neatly, even) parallel. They both betray an almost constitutional aversion to the bevy of distractions posed by life's quotidian clutter. Neither has much patience for anything small—or anything big for that matter—in their mad rush from important event to important event (big, bigger, biggest). There's always an action-figure hero / a su-

per-powered genius who through more diligent application and/or more conductive conduit (what is it they say “perspiration / inspiration”?) is at the exercising end of powers lost to those whose lot in life is relegated to the commons. So, whether it’s killer-kinematics or mega-mentation your Laura Crofts and your Leibnizes serve as hot-shot icons for quests of similar calibers.

Among this quest’s likenesses one can be seen in that emblem of exotic / otherworldly excursion—the consciousness expansion exploration. This landmark of the pop-culture landscape attracts its fair share of tourism but over the years (and in one period in particular) many have tried desperately to go native. These are your seekers / your mad geniuses who are prepared to stay constantly tweaked in order to maximize their opportunities for discovery. These are the people whose sympathies resonate profoundly with characters like the seeker at the center of the activity in movies like *Altered States* (an agglomeration of consciousness expansion narrative tropes). Your Huxleys / your Learys—it’s no surprise that, like the old adage played backwards, “those cats were so far in they were out.” People often make a lot of noise about how the psychonautic pioneers hailed from the pinnacle of the establishment and ended up being avatars of anti-establishment zones. It’s not like those dudes stopped worshipping at the altar of the dominant discourse—science. No, they probably felt they were being more loyal than science’s staler sectors were able to see. Sometimes what looks an awful lot like irreverence must turn out to be Reverence with the capital R.

With all this said, I’ll go on to say that—while I may not be able to hate *Tomb Raider* thoroughgoingly—I am able to hate it for the most part. I find I’m usually more taxed than teased by the *Non Stop Erotic Cabaret* (to rip off the name of a band that I think nails the sentiment I’m after

here). I feel a great deal of understanding for the people who are tired by blitzkriegs of bigness. Theirs is a more postmodern persuasion, I think. They don’t suffer huge doses of impatience at the idea of tending to trivial minutia. They’ll not have a great deal of difficulty seeing how someone could find a show such as *Seinfeld* meritorious. My favorite playwright (and the only favorite playwright I’ve ever had) is Ontological Hysteric darling Richard Foreman. I’m tempted to deem his playwrighting “The Theatre of Litter”. He writes plays of bubble-gum wrappers and used subway cards. Sometimes I like to fantasize that I like more about his work than this alone. But when waste has become this culture’s chief identifying feature I’m afraid this is enough all by itself. It seems the avant garde and the sanitation department have merged. I remember Stephen King once quipping, “who has time for philosophy when their bellies aren’t full?” Counterpartishly, I’d like to add, “who has time for adventure when there’s always clean-up detail?”

What must we do to recollect that the psychonaut from *Altered States* has to find terra firma on which to land toward the end of the movie? Noospheric limbo is averted with a touchdown in domestic relief.

Something better, I think, than impatience with big adventure and big questions (read: FX bombast and intellectual fireworks); and an appreciation for the mundane would be taking the next step to valorization. Something author Georges Perec is said to have achieved. By a willful miniaturization of cathexis Perec manages microscopically what other people do telescopically. Same as the Incredible Shrinking Man he watches the world of neglected constituents grow large and populous:

[...] Perec made this enlightened statement his point of departure: “The newspapers speak of everything, except the journalist” (*Approaches*, p\*). In other words, the journalistic

event weighs down and overwhelms what Perec considers significant. The event, by definition extra-ordinary, transforms the ordinary tissue of existence and everything that makes up its richness and its value into a flat screen.

Perec inverts the perspective [...]. There is a signal. There is noise. Ordinarily, one focuses on the signal. The noise is considered as annoying, as something to be ignored—at best, something to be gotten rid of. Perec, on the contrary, eliminates the “event,” in order to privilege the background noise [...]. (*Pierre Laszlo*, pp 114-5, *Nothing Added, Nothing Subtracted*, *SubStance* #105, Vol 33, no.3, 2004)

Now, I hope you don’t surmise my suggestion is one that pits you in an altogether adversarial relationship with big thrills and big thoughts. I’m simply suggesting before you go hankerin’ for some tombs to raid you might try raiding the dumpster behind the donut shop down the street first. And before you start yearnin’ for big questions you might try seeing how big some small questions can be—like: (A) What ever happened to Chiclets gum? (B) Who is the straight man in the Dean Martin / Jerry Lewis comedy duo dynamic? I know Jerry’s the loopy one but, oddly enough, he’s also the sober one. (C) And finally, “is it,” as the greeting card exploiting the confused/confusing cliché asks, “butt naked or buck naked?”

Oh, hell, it’s hard to stop—here’s a few more: (D1) Why are there so many Mexican Jumping Beans when there are so few Sea Monkeys? (D2) Has a kangaroo ever fought an ostrich? What would happen if that did happen?

I mean, supposedly, what they have in common is that both can kill a man with just a single kick. (D3) Can the answer to all these questions really be “google it”? (D4) Can the answer to that question be “google it”?



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