

WRFL 88.1
Radio Free Lexington
summer 2010

RE

Dearest WRFL friends and family,

What a great year it's been in the history of the station. When asked in various interviews about WRFL and what this year means in the history of the station, one notion that has stuck out is that this year feels like a coming of age. Maybe that's a bit cliché, but it embodies what it has felt like at the station this year and the past couple of years. After FreeKY Fest we began to collectively look around and realize, with the help of charter member feedback, that what our founders had set out to create had somehow magically solidified into something much bigger, while still maintaining the same pioneering spirit of 25(+) years ago.

Officially we're 22 years old now, and the station seems to be experiencing some very human life cycle characteristics. We are very much who we have always been- a group of people brought together by a love of good music chosen by individuals, good music that no one else is playing and which flies deliberately in the face of mainstream radio and culture in general. But we're widely enough accepted, appreciated, and admired now that it wouldn't be true to call ourselves outsiders anymore. We've set ourselves apart but we're shifting the dominant paradigm. The effects of WRFL on Lexington are very clear in the form of Lexington's music scene, local business owners, art exhibits, workshops, punk rock marching bands, and in general a network of incredibly creative, intelligent, and motivated people who are influencing the decisions and direction of this city in an extremely positive way.

These are things that have been present for many years, but this year feels especially monumental because of the magnitude of the projects we've been able to consistently and successfully carry out. The Boomslang Celebration of Art and Sound made its debut on October 9-11, using Buster's Backroom & Billiards as its home base with satellite venues at Al's Bar, The Void, Natasha's, Hop Hop, Second Presbyterian, and more. Faust, Os Mutantes, Mission of Burma, Papa M, Bardo Pond, The Black Angels, Atlas Sound, Rachel Grimes, and Kurt Vile & The Violators were just a few of the excellent musical acts that blew the minds of all in attendance, not to mention the sideshow spectacles of the carnival and circus-themed fashion show coordinated by members of Lexington Fashion Collaborative. It was an extremely professionally-executed 3-day festival that was directed by our very own Saraya Brewer and staffed by our directors and DJ volunteers.

Just recently, our new 50 foot, 7900 watt tower has been built, expanding our reach into surrounding Central Kentucky cities and (we can only hope) changing the lives of more people who want to be

gen
Cra

Manager's Note

from Ainsley Wagoner

involved in what we have going here at WRFL. Or, at the very least, new listeners will be aware that they have the ability to make things happen the way we are making things happen here and that there is far more to discover in the world than what corporate radio has you believe.

This year has been one of realizing our potential and looking ahead to our even greater future as a 7900 watt station. The planning for Boomslang II is well under way, along with a slew of other great things in the works for next year. Along with a great director's staff and bunch of volunteer DJs, I know that there is never a bad time to be at WRFL, but this is a uniquely great time to be here.

With a heart full of love and pride,
Ainsley



Editor's Note

from Lauren Weis

Hi friends and strangers alike,

Entering into the college experience, UK, not to mention Lexington, was an overwhelmingly foreign place to me and staying close to the familiar was common. By sophomore year I began making acquaintances with people involved in WRFL (people like Jaime Lazich, Megan Neff, and one of the craziest white men with a beard that I know, Chuck Clenney, not to mention many more) which brought a whole other level of depth to my college experience and my experience in the city of Lexington. I feel many can sympathize with this. From the amount of passion I've seen in others here, I feel many more can sympathize on a deeper level than I can.

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< a special thanks to

Dylan Blount, for his hand on the front cover, and for the Boomslang ad on page 30

Angel Clark, Brian Manke and Jaime Lazich for photo contributions

WRFL stays grounded in learning and recognizing innovative, interesting music not heard on other programming. It goes even further past music. The people who support this cause are the same people who keep the value of learning and growing from each other at their core. I'm extremely impressed with the amount of interest shown in each other's experiences and personal pursuits between my friends and acquaintances at WRFL (If the campfire pizza can't distract the one-on-one conversations after Sunday staff meetings, then, really, what can?!?). WRFL contributors and fans make for a very unique crowd that puts emphasis on sharing, learning from each other, and growing in a community.

And so, with each submission in the wide range of following topics, each author has a passion for what they do and want to share their experience, stories, imagination with you. Soak up whatever you can and enjoy!

Peace and love (phrase I adopted from that white bearded man mentioned earlier)
Lauren

Meet your directors



Question for directors:

If you had to name a sandwich after yourself, what would you call it?

<production director: Nathan Smith
his sandwich: Nathan

<general manager: Ainsley Wagoner
her sandwich: The Ainslinator

<programming director: Matt Gibson
his sandwich: Matty Melt

<promotions/concert director: James

Friley (spring 2010)
Matt Mullinax (present)

<art director: Robert Beatty

<CD librarian: Leila Mende

<public relations director: Anthony Taylor

his sandwich: The Black Knight

<sales and grants director: Travis Walker

his sandwich: Bacon Lettuce and Tomawesome

<RiFLe director: Lauren Weis (spring 2010)

her sandwich: "last thing to fill in before this magazine gets published" sandwich
Ricky Sparks (present)

<training director: Katie Dixon
her sandwich: Benedixon

<news director: Cass Dwyer (spring 2010)
her sandwich: the disco damie double decker

<office assistant: Aaron Wilburn (spring 2010)

Leigh Dixon (present)
her sandwich: Muffaleighleigh

<music director: Megan Neff (spring 2010)

Trevor Tremaine (present)

<WRFL-LIVE director: Sam Burchett
his sandwich: Sam's Slammin' Sauerkraut Submarine

**Boost
the
Power!**

Build the Tower!

words by
Ainsley Wagoner

from 250 watts to



photo by Jaime Lazich

The FCC (Federal Communications Commission) awarded a construction permit to WRFL in June of 2007 that expired in June of 2010. WRFL has had 3 years to build and in those three years Chuck Clenney spearheaded the fund-raising efforts through FreeKY Fest in 2008 and by lobbying for an increase in WRFL's student fee amount (also in spring 2008, which went into effect for the 08-09 school year and beyond). With donations and savings, and the

overall support from WRFL contributors, friends, and fans, the tower has been upgraded from 250 to 7900 watts. The tower, sitting atop the Patterson Office Tower, is 50 feet tall as opposed to its current 25 foot stature. The signal reaches to Georgetown, Midway, Versailles, Frankfort, Lawrenceburg, Shelbyville, and almost to Paris. The construction of the tower began on Monday May, 24 2010 and the power boost went into full effect on June 17, 2010.

So much of being an alternative radio station is struggling against the mainstream and trying to make quality, unheard of programming accessible to people who wouldn't otherwise know about it. This is such a win for alternative radio culture as a whole, as well as for WRFL specifically. Lexington has been privileged for 22 years to have access to WRFL's cultural contributions and now even more people in Kentucky are going to be discovering their new

In celebration of the tower upgrade, people poured into the Bar Lexington Complex and Gumbo Ya Ya's on Main Street on Friday, April 23rd to hear No Age play completely for free to a packed, enthusiastic crowd.

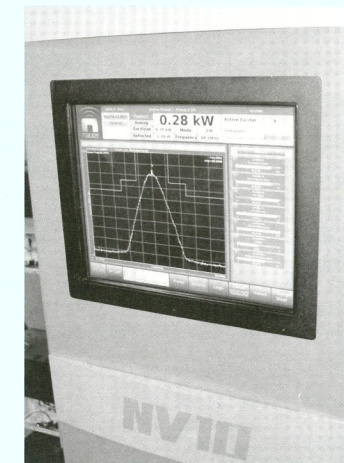


photo by Brian Manke

Photo of the Nautel NV10 transmitter with a touch-screen interface, located on top of the Patterson Office Tower

favorite artists, inspired to start creative endeavors of their own, and realizing that they're not alone in wanting something different. It's very rare for a scrawny underdog like us to get this chance. WRFL is such a beautiful community, and the more people that know about it means the more people that can either be a part of it or start their own subversive movement. Long live freedom of choice and long live WRFL!

WRFL's signal
crosses boundaries

Reception REPORTS

Kakie Urch to wrfl-staff
show details Jun 17

Picked up Griffin's shift today and had callers tell me that:

1. Loud and clear in Georgetown at the 75 split
2. Clear reception until Dry Ridge (that's the first "Northern Kentucky" exit)
3. Clear just east of Louisville

WRFL Americana to wrfl-staff
show details Jun 17

I just spoke with Joe Gierlach. He reports hearing Democracy Now loud and clear on the Asbury Seminar campus in Wilmore.

from Radio Joe

Mick Jeffries to wrfl-staff
show details Jun 17

As many know, as I understand it (always a vital disclaimer) the upgrade migrated us from our old omni-directional antenna to one that pours our MASSIVENESS most specifically towards the northwest.. with some residual wrap-around bitch-slappin' in other directions.

It does make reports of Wilmore reception and near-Louisville reception especially excellent.

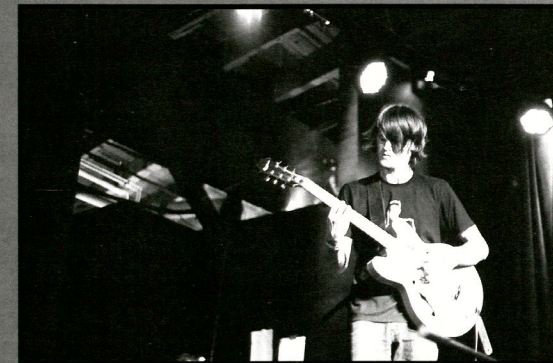
Griffin VanMeter to wrfl-staff
show details Jun 18

We are loud and clear in Cynthiana.

emily hildenbrandt to wrfl-staff
show details Jun 18

I found the signal, pretty hot all the way out past Paris on 68 headed to Nicholas county horsepillar! WRFL jams rollin' down the country backroads at just before dusk on a Friday night!

photos by
Jaime Lazich



4 different sounds

from four current or former DJs and friends of WRFL, each share their musical passion

One love for music

photos by Angel Clark

The Science of ELECTRONIC Music

by Matti Bek Pauli

Twenty years ago electronic music was simply techno music to most, the sub genres within electronic were limited and often only understood by those deeply submerged in the electronic scene. For most, techno was either a love or hate mentality. The genre was stagnant, consisting of beats, loops and samples that were seen as the meat and potatoes of a "techno" song.

In 1995, a duo from London released an album that changed the perceptions of what electronic music was, even in the electronic community itself. The album was Leftfields first album Leftism. A creation of dub, break-beat and techno, Leftism also had a sense of odyssey about it. Songs like "Release the Pressure" and "Afro-Left" immediately showed that this album was something different. The subtle samples and clever production create an immersion of sound that deserves to be heard with studio grade headphones. "Original" falls in the middle of the album and is a dramatic tour de force of strong vocals and minimalism.

If you've never discovered this album or have simply forgotten about it then my advice is to spend a little time with it and hear where techno blossomed into electronic.

Sounds like; Chemical Brothers, Portishead, The Crystal Method, Afrika Bambaataa.



Matti is an architecture student at UK and a former DJ for WRFL.

photo courtesy of Matti

Digging Deeper into Reggae

by Patrick Sartini

With reggae existing in some form or another for 50+ years, reissues of classic (and/or obscure) releases are essential to passing on its culture from generation to generation. Recently, two record labels, Honest Jon's and Basic Replay have been helping to preserve the digital, synthy side of reggae's heritage.

Earlier this year, the record shop and label Honest Jon's started reissuing an excellent series of singles from the mid-eighties on the digital dancehall label Unity (which began as a sound system in London, playing underground, after hours "blues" dances catering to the city's large Jamaican population). Not being blessed with the abundance of equipment and musicians that their brethren enjoyed back on the island, the artists behind the scenes had to get creative and craft songs out of what they could get their hands on, namely the cheap and readily available synthesizers and drum machines of the era (no doubt heavily influenced by King Jammy and Wayne Smith birthing the massive "Sleng Teng" riddim based on a preset from the Casio MT-40 keyboard). Mikey Murka's "Ride the Rhythm" and "We Try" along with Errol Bellot's "What a Wonderful Feeling" and Richard Davis' "Lean Boot" are some of the standout Unity singles to get the reissue treatment so far (hopefully they'll get around to releasing Kenny Knots' "Ring My Number" soon!). All the tunes Unity released were road-tested on dubplate long before being officially pressed up so the catalog had a consistently high level of quality and went on to influence many artists such as those currently on Jahtari or the 8-bit side of Hyperdub.

Another label specializing in reissues of nearly lost digital classics is Basic Replay (a sister label to Basic Channel) run by Moritz Von Oswald (who remastered the aforementioned Unity reissues at Berlin's famous Dubplates and Mastering) and Mark Ernestus (who, along with Von Oswald, form Rhythm & Sound). They have been quiet as of late but a great introduction to their back catalog of reissues would be the stellar self-titled album by White Mice or the compilation album Basic Replay. They've also released a couple of albums by the amazing Keith Hudson. The songs they've released so far are a little warmer, heavier and a little more roots-y than the Unity singles, which will probably make them a bit more palatable for those looking for a more traditional reggae sound.

So the next time that you're looking for some reggae vibes, why not put back that Bob Marley album and dig a little deeper beneath the surface and try something a little outside your comfort zone? Both Honest Jon's and Basic Replay would both be rewarding places to start.



I'm Patrick Morrissey (no relation to that other Morrissey dude) and I play dubstep on Tuesday nights, 10pm - midnight.

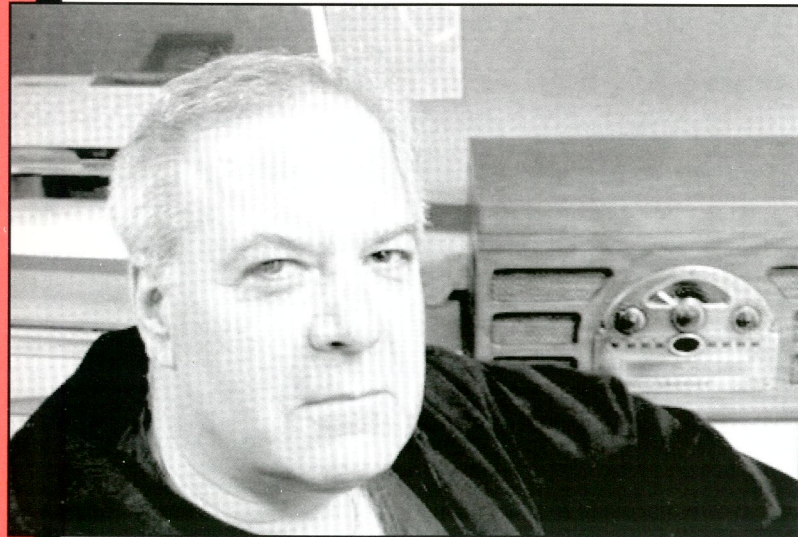
Jazz

an overview of 2009/2010

by Mark Romanelli

2009 was a banner year for new contemporary jazz releases. Before I get to that, the big news of the year was a personnel change in the supergroup Fourplay. Originally formed in the early 90's by keyboard man Bob James, he added guitarist Lee Ritenour, bassist Nathan East and drummer Harvey Mason. After three albums, Lee quit to continue his solo career and was replaced by Larry Carlton who played on eight consecutive Fourplay albums. In 2009, Larry decided it was time for him to do more solo work and was replaced by Chuck Loeb, who already had a successful solo career, in addition to appearing with jazz groups Special EFX and Metro. He also released an album in 2009 titled *Between 2 Worlds*.

There were many other contemporary jazz releases in 2009 from the likes of the Rippingtons, featuring guitarist Russ Freeman called *Modern Art*. An album of all original material, the songs were written by the band members on their 2007-08 worldwide tour. In addition, both Rippingtons sax man Jeff Kashiwa and



I'm Mister "C" jazz, your Sunday morning contemporary jazz DJ on WRFL 88.1 from 6-9am.

keyboardist Gregg Karukas issued solo albums in 2009. Veteran producer and guitarist Paul Brown put out a duet album with French acoustic guitarist Marc Antoine titled *Foreign Exchange*. San Francisco-based guitarist Joyce Cooling issued a new release, imaginatively titled "*Global Cooling*." Both vocalist Basia and her guitarist Peter White released new albums last year, *It's That Girl Again* and *Good Day*, respectively.

There were also new albums from saxmen Boney James, *Send One Your Love*; Darren Rahn, *Talk Of The Town*; Marion Meadows, *Secrets*; Paul Taylor, *Burnin'*; Najee, *Mind Over Matter*; Euge Groove, who played live in Lexington, the album entitled *Sunday Morning*; Everette Harp, *First Love*; Richard Elliot, *Rock Steady*; and Walter Beasley, *Free Your Mind*.

Already out in 2010 is a beautiful album from guitarist Chris Standring called *Blue Bolero*. Scat singing guitar player Steve Oliver has released *Global Kiss* and veteran Ken Navarro, also on guitar, has put out *Dreaming Of Trains*. Vocalist Sade has released her first album in eight years, *Soldier of Love*. Also, saxophonist David Sanborn has issued his tribute to '40's jazz, *Only Everything*.

More new releases coming this year include Fourplay, featuring the debut of Chuck Loeb on guitar, *Acoustic Alchemy* with the twin sounds of silver and nylon string guitars, veteran keyboard man Jeff Lorber who returns to his roots with the Jeff Lorber Fusion and a new one from saxophonist Gerald Albright. Already with titles and dates is new material from "Charlie Brown" keyboardist David Benoit with *Earth Glow* on April 20th. From South Africa, composer, vocalist, and guitarist Jonathan Butler, released *So Strong* on May 11th, and Berklee School of Music graduate Mindi Abair, singing sax player, released *In Hi Fi Stereo* on May 18th.

Tribute to a

Hip Hop

duo

by Landon Antonetti

Landon is a former DJ and director for WRFL.

Hip-Hop has lost its fair share of soldiers, whether it's the senseless violence that was responsible for Big L's death in 1999 or the battle within the body that J Dilla lost in 2006. Either way, some of the folks that shaped the sound of their region and left their fingerprints on the game are gone forever and there will never be another like them. And unfortunately there will never be another album from one of hip-hop's greatest duos, Gang Starr.

Guru and DJ Premier helped shape the sound of a city neither of them were from. Keith Elam aka Guru hailed from Boston, MA while his partner and DJ, DJ Premier was originally from Houston, TX. From their debut LP *No More Mr. Nice Guy* in 1989 to their final album, *The Ownerz* in 2003, Guru and Premier continued to bring the realism to rap music. While rap trends came and went, ice dangled from the necks of under qualified MC's and champagne bottles popped all around them, Guru and Premier held true as one of the most consistent and intelligent rap groups of all time.

Not only did the duo shape my own taste over the years but has also inspired many local minds that call Lexington home....

Sami Ibrahim (Owner of The Album, WRFL alum): WRFL 1993...I heard a DJ play tracks off of Gang Starr's *Daily Operation* LP. That album had me going, the sound, the production, everything. Even the cover was serious hip-hop.

I remember getting the *Hard to Earn* CD in the mid-90s, it shaped the way I listen to rap music. I was very influenced by the *Step in the Arena* LP as well. Besides being one of the best voices and MC's in hip-hop, the Guru was so ahead of his time. *Jazzmatazz* was a tight fusion project that appealed to many listeners and gained Guru much loyalty and a huge following. All classics. Hip-hop will never forget.

Shareef Hakim (Host Black Fist Radio): Guru made a strong impression on me when I witnessed him in the "Words I Manifest" video. He had a remarkable resemblance to Malcolm X and had a commanding voice that made you hang on to every word he spit. When *Step into the Arena* dropped, he and Premier established themselves as

one the dopest duo's in the rap game. They not only made superior hip hop, but brought a consciousness to the game that made them 10X more special. I had the privilege of interviewing Guru on *The Black Fist* after his last *Jazzmatazz* album and it was surreal how humble and grateful he was for the opportunity. In my opinion, Guru's passing is probably the biggest loss ever in hip hop. Salute to one of our greatest teachers!

Carlos Villanueva (Co-host Black Fist Radio): "You Know My Steez!" I was definitely in 7th grade when I was blessed with the sound of "You Know My Steez". I think right around that time the movie "Belly" was released and the soundtrack (which I had of course) had that "Militia Remix" on it. Now you have to think, in the mind of a 7th grader (which at the time was flooded with Puffy and Mase videos), it was hard for me to understand why artists like Gang Starr were never played on the radio and what about the sound and style of this music was so different. To this day, I would choose a DJ Premier beat over any producers' in hip hop. The fact of the matter is that Gang Starr has to be one of the most influential groups in hip hop history. Their legacy will be greatly missed and highly appreciated. Gang Starr forever!!!

Ill Nat (1/2 of Lexington hip-hop duo, Loose Change): *Hard to Earn*, that cassette got so much play in the tape deck of the "thunder chicken". That was my car in high school. Gang Starr schooled me on the "realness" of the 90's. Plus Premier was dropping beats that were completely insane. That team made their mark early in the movement of east coast hip hop. Gang Starr had that voice, you know, "but if your voice ain't dope you need to chill." Love it! R.I.P. Gang Starr!

Cass Dwyer (Host of The Disco Damie Dance Party): I was introduced to Gang Starr as part of my extensive hip hop education from Sami and Tony at the Album. I copped *Step in the Arena* and really dug Guru's *Jazzmatazz* series. He was a pioneer and a visionary. The only question is "Who's Gonna Take the Weight?"



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2-16-94; 7-24-02.

WILLS TAX RECORDS

INTERVIEW WITH DAME EVELYN GLENNIE

(September 23, 2009)

by Matt Gibson

"We've always got to keep an open mind as to what the body can do, it's wired in such complicated ways that we can't afford to put things in boxes, to categorize things, to put all people with a certain type of challenge in that box. It's simply not possible and it's a very dangerous thing to do."



As the world's first professional solo percussionist, Evelyn Glennie has been impressing audiences with her imagination and talent for years. Last September she performed at the Singletary Center with the Lexington Philharmonic Orchestra. I had the chance to speak with her about her career, improvisational music, and reaching beyond deafness to excel as a musician.

MG: You clearly have a very good internal sense of music, so of all the different instruments that you might play, how did you choose to become a percussionist?

Evelyn Glennie: Well, I think I was just a curious twelve year old, and I just wanted to try everything. So, I happened to see the school orchestra play when I was twelve years old, and this was in the northeast part of Scotland, and as for many of the new kids at a new school, it was hugely inspiring. I had already been playing the piano, and I had played the clarinet for one year, and I looked around the orchestra and I thought, "percussion looks interesting, and I'd quite like to give that a try." So it was literally the curiosity of a twelve year old. And it just so happened that the chemistry was good, and I've kept at it ever since.

MG: I'm most familiar with your work through the film that was made about you, "Touch the Sound". What was it like working with Fred Frith in those improvisational situations?

EG: Well it was pretty amazing I have to say. First of all, Fred and I had not met before, literally walking into the derelict sugar factory in Germany in order to make this film, at least in order to create the music for this film. And

so we had no idea whether the chemistry would be good between us; we had no idea whether we would connect musically, and I asked the director of the film what Plan B might be, and he said, "Well there is no Plan B, but we'll just take it as it comes." And that's just exactly what we did. And of course Fred is such a consummate musician and a great, great improviser; he teaches improvisation at Mills College in California. I was like a sponge, really. I was absolutely, completely, and utterly open to everything that was going on. For me it was a huge learning curve. I found that I enjoy this type of music making. As a result of that, and since the film's release, Fred and myself have given live, improvised performances throughout the world, and that is something that I hadn't quite realized that I would enjoy. And of course it's a very different type of music-giving, and it's a different way that you're asking the audience to participate and to listen. I really, really do enjoy that, but of course I improvise the cadenzas I play and the concerto work that I do, and I also do a fair amount of improvisation in the recitals that I give, but to give completely improvised concerts while you're standing at the side of the stage and you really don't know what's going to happen, you don't know which instrument you're going to play, or how you're going to play it, then that's a very different type of music-making.

MG: Yes, it is. I think that a lot of people have the idea that improvised music is very random and haphazard...

EG: Well, it's an interesting concept really, and I think when I first started it was probably exactly that, where I had no real sense of time. I don't mean musical time, but I mean to improvise for half an hour or an hour or five minutes or two minutes or thirty seconds or something, I was way off the time scale. And I was always playing a lot longer...it felt shorter to me but it went on and on for the poor audience. So I think that's something that I've really had to hone in on and practice. And you do practice improvisation, really. And I'm not saying that you're literally spending eight hours a day doing that, but you're really trying to sense the musical journey of what you do. That's really one of Fred's many skills, really, and that's something that I learned a great deal from.

MG: Another particular point in the movie that I found very powerful was when you talk about being diagnosed as deaf as a child. I think you said in the movie, "Thirty minutes ago everything was fine, and I could do anything in the world, and thirty minutes later, the doctors tried to tell me that my life was going to change." I thought that was an amazing point to make, can you talk about that a little bit?

EG: Well I think it's a danger, although I understand where the medical profession comes from, it can be a danger where you're popped in a box. You expect hearing-impaired people to do things or not do things, you know, to hear or not hear, and for blind people to see or not see, and you expect every person to experience the same thing, and of course, that isn't the case at all. For me, my whole upbringing was very normal, it was very family-oriented, we were extremely independent early on, because I was brought up on a farm, and therefore given a lot more responsibilities. The sort of health and safety issues were far more lax than they are today. Kids, including myself, were around machinery and all sorts of things, livestock, which would be curtailed quite a bit more nowadays than it used to be, but it gave you a sense of common-sense and responsibility and independence, and also the feeling of taking a good look at your surroundings and what you're actually being involved with. That really stood me in good stead in regards to how I conduct myself now, in regards to my career so I don't follow other paths, by thinking that that's what someone else does, so therefore I should be doing that too.

I have to listen to myself, which I suppose is quite ironic, but that is what I do. I listen to myself, and I think, what is feeling right, what does Evelyn Glennie want to do at this point,

or what is the journey of Evelyn Glennie, and you're constantly peeking around the next corner, you're wondering "What if I try this? What if I try that?" And if you don't do that, then you'll never find your own identity. We know that there's always ups and downs to any profession, no matter what you embark on, and an awful lot of experience is built from what didn't work, actually, but that's really the most valuable part, and no one can take that away from you. That's your building blocks, as it were, so I felt that, for me, I had experienced a certain amount of things 30 minutes before walking into a room to have your hearing tested, and so that could not possibly change within 30 minutes or an hour, or however long the tests actually lasted. There was no way an individual could say, "Well now you cannot do something." That was just an absurd thing to say.

MG: Yes, and I think that you've shown through your career that to have stopped then would have been a huge mistake, to limit yourself to the confines that they put on you.

EG: Well I think so, and I think that the development of how we know, or what we don't know about the brain functions, how really we're a different human being now than we were even twenty years ago. Technology has developed at such a rate, and technology for hearing-impaired people has developed at an incredible rate, and its all positive things, really. We always have to keep an open mind as to what the body can do, it's wired in such complicated ways that we can't afford to put things in boxes, to categorize things, to put all people with a certain type of challenge in that box. It's simply not possible and it's a very dangerous thing to do. For example, we do know the power of music in relation to hearing-impaired people, but for so long we've thought, "Well deaf people can't hear music, so how can they possibly enjoy it?" But the body is like a huge ear, as long as it's vibrating, as long as it's perceiving sound through vibration, it's hearing. And that is a form of hearing. To participate in music as I do, as a percussion player, it's really all about the sense of touch, and you build up certain techniques in order to deal with your own situation, in order to produce the sound. But that may not work for someone else. But that doesn't mean to say that it's right or wrong, it's just that this is how it works for me.

<A date with WRFL

by Ainsley Wagoner

The fact that WRFL runs live 24 hours a day, 7 days a week is well-imprinted in our minds. It's something that we never forget, especially during those late night stretches, and it's something that we are very proud of. Inspired by Sarah Vowell's *Radio On: A Listener's Diary*, I decided to journal a day in the life of WRFL 88.1 FM, taking a cross-section of this beloved radio station to look at who we are, and the literal make-up of 24 hours of programming. On one hand, it's an adventure in actually listening around the clock one whole day and on the other it's an explanation of how the radio part is only the tip of the iceberg of who WRFL is.

photo by Jaime Lazich

...continued A date with WRFL

Monday March 15th, 2010

<4:15 pm

Riffing off of a promo which talks about the things you must do in life are eat your vegetables and listen to WRFL, Jeffrey Jones says "WRFL is as good as eating vegetables". I'm inclined to agree. Not long after we're off into T. Rex's The Wizard with Jeffrey's send-off: "The non-hits just keep on coming".

<5:40 pm

Jeffrey introduced Plastic People's Otce Otce, and tells how the Czech underground band was persecuted for their music back in the day, saying "They suffered for their music and now you will too" ushering in a cacophonous tune depicting Christ's crucifixion.

<7:58 pm

A long contemplation of groovy beats and Arabic wailing ends Senom's set which starts right into the swingin theme song that begins the Percy Trout Hour. I'm treated to 60's jazzy, lighthearted jams that put me in a surfy daze for finishing up the dishes and folding laundry.

<8:16 pm

Searching for moving boxes, I head to the Starbucks dumpster complex as the vintage trailer for The Omen bellows "Under 17 not admitted without a parent. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED" which reminds me of a conversation with Bill Widener at the downtown public library, where a pane of glass had recently fallen from the ceiling and he said he had been worried all of the library employees were experiencing an 'Omen' moment: "It's all for you Damien!"

As I dig through the recycling behind Starbucks I'm thinking about how our radio shows never exist in a vacuum. Conversations show up in show playlists, bands recommended between friends are tried out on air. I remember shortly after returning the Twin Peaks disc set I borrowed from Griffin I heard him offer a free black bean burger at Al's to the caller who could identify a theme song he played on his radio show. It was, of course, the iconic Twin Peaks theme song.

<8:47 pm

With plenty of cardboard boxes in the back of my jeep, I almost run a red light because I'm so transported by the jazz flute of the Percy Trout Hour. Fortunately no traffic laws are broken.

Without meaning to, I realize that this whole journaling 24 hours of WRFL is turning into a portrait of how embedded I am in the culture of the radio station. Obviously. But just listening to the radio is a process of remembering conversations and interactions and memories that I have with my fellow DJs.

<11:16 pm

Bringing it into the 90's, T. Mizla is schoolin his audience "Only on vinyl, and that's final," before he drops Boo Ya Tribe's T.R.I.B.E., though not before he warns that there may be a break in his faithful Monday night stint if UK reaches the finals in 3 weeks. It's been too long. Now we're talking 90's.

Tuesday March 16th, 2010

<12:14 am

Before bed, I fold my clean laundry to Dylan Blount's late night (or early morning, if you will) laid back collection of tunes.

One of the few DJs to actually use a radio voice, Dylan "conductor-man" Blount sends a shout out to his sibling and sends me to bed with Deltron 3030's Things You Can Do.

<3:02 am

As Dylan's set ends with Miles Davis' Lonely Fire, Katie Dixon turns over a new leaf with some 70's rock from The Attack.

I'm thanking my lucky stars that I'm safe and secure in bed, thinking briefly about those late night phone calls that christens every General Manager and Program Director officially part of the staff. I'm glad that I don't really have to

be awake right now and that there's a team of people ready to play weird music in the middle of the night for anyone who might be listening.

<8:30 am

The radio goes off at 8:30 am and I start my day to Leila Mende's The Shrine. Okay, who am I kidding? I didn't actually start my day. It's spring break and I hit snooze. But not before I catch mentions of Zimbabwe and Kalihari and hear Leila beautifully pronounce X Plastaz's Msimu kwa Msimu.

<9:50 am

I oversleep and wake to a text message from Mick Jeffries saying he's on his way to Hanna's on Lime to meet me for breakfast. I hear an ominous bass voice discussing foreign policy with Mexico on Democracy Now which sounds as monotone and sleepy as I feel.

<1:40 pm

I hear Mark Romanelli's voice explaining that he was standing in that week for Bill Scott. This gesture is very respectable as it goes beyond making sure the time slot is taken care of, and moves into the realm of truly respecting the different programming that we bring to the central bluegrass.

Back in my room I hear the read back of Art Porter, Paul Jackson Jr., and the Doobie Brothers just before Mark introduces Ellen Bush.

<3:43 pm

I check back in to find Rolling Stones' Everything Turns to Gold rounding out Ellen's set. She straightforwardly reads back her playlist and keeps things rolling with Kronos Quartet followed by Thee American Revolution. A good solid mix of no-commercials, quality music, and a DJ that cares about her programming.

For those of us lucky enough to really get infected by the radio station, it takes over our memories, our thoughts, our perceptions, and our everyday life experiences. I dare say that even if I weren't steadily listening to the radio on and off for 24 hours, to track my thoughts and actions throughout an entire day would be a similar collection of interactions with WRFL people, music, and activities.

But most importantly I want this to stand as a snapshot of our magnificent radio station (and its role in my life) at this moment in time. The songs and shows and hours and weeks pile on top of one another endlessly and this is just one typical day of excellence, quirkiness, mis-matchiness, music-loving, every color of the rainbow WRFL.

(Excerpt from)

A Survey of the

AMERICAN NOVELTY SONG

1958-1964

by Jeffrey Jones

The most important lesson learned from “Purple People Eater” was for the recording industry, who now realized that, as Wooley in one of his cowboy film roles may have put it, “there’s gold in them thar hills”.

Sherman, set the Way Back Machine for the year 1958, where we shall

find Sheb Wooley with a hit on his hands. As a youth, Wooley had been a rodeo rider, but in the 1940s had decided that work as a film actor ought to be healthier. So Wooley took acting lessons, had landed a respectable number of roles in Hollywood films, most significantly appearing in High Noon. Also in the 1950s Wooley began to perform as a Country-Western singer, and on March 27, 1958, he recorded a novelty tune entitled “Purple People Eater”. Wooley had signed with MGM Records, an audio label begun in 1946 by the movie studio of the same name, and had

release “Purple People Eater” proved to be a tough sell, but at last MGM agreed, and the single shot up the charts, hit the #1 position therein, and stayed there for six weeks. Three million copies of the single were eventually sold, and Wooley found himself a very successful entertainer. He decided that novelty music was the medium of greatest commercial value for himself, and he spent the 1960s performing jokey material, developing a drunken cowboy fool character named Ben Colder and becoming staff composer for the 1969 television show Hee Haw.

a number of 45s published during the following decade. Convincing the label to

The most important lesson learned from “Purple People Eater” was for the recording industry, who now realized that, as Wooley in one of his cowboy film roles may have put it, “there’s gold in them thar hills”. MGM Records itself released later in 1958 a now utterly forgotten 45 by an act named Rollo and Bolliver, which ought to be a holy grail among novelty record collectors, due to its humorous excellence on both sides of the 45. Composition credited to “Moore – Davis” on both sides, the putative A side (based on its lower mastering number) is an es-

entially spoken meditation entitled “Mildred, Our Choir Director”, while the B side, “The Hoobaschnob Machine”, is sung.

Rollo and Bolliver is not a household name, but the record companies were not about to give up. Within a month of “Purple People Eater”’s appearance, Liberty Records released a song recorded by Ross Bagdasarian, another gentleman who had spent some time in Hollywood, his biggest film credit being Rear Window. Bagdasarian realized that an Armenian surname unpronounceable to Anglos would not sell, so he adopted the stage name of David Seville, and thanks to his experiments with half-speed recording, produced a distinctive vocal sound which he placed in a song entitled “Witch Doctor”. “Witch Doctor” went to #1 in the charts, but was outsold by Bagdasarian’s next release “The Chipmunk Song”, which was #1 in the charts for three weeks and sold three and a half million copies. By then the act was called David Seville and the Chipmunks, and an enduring popular cultural institution was born.

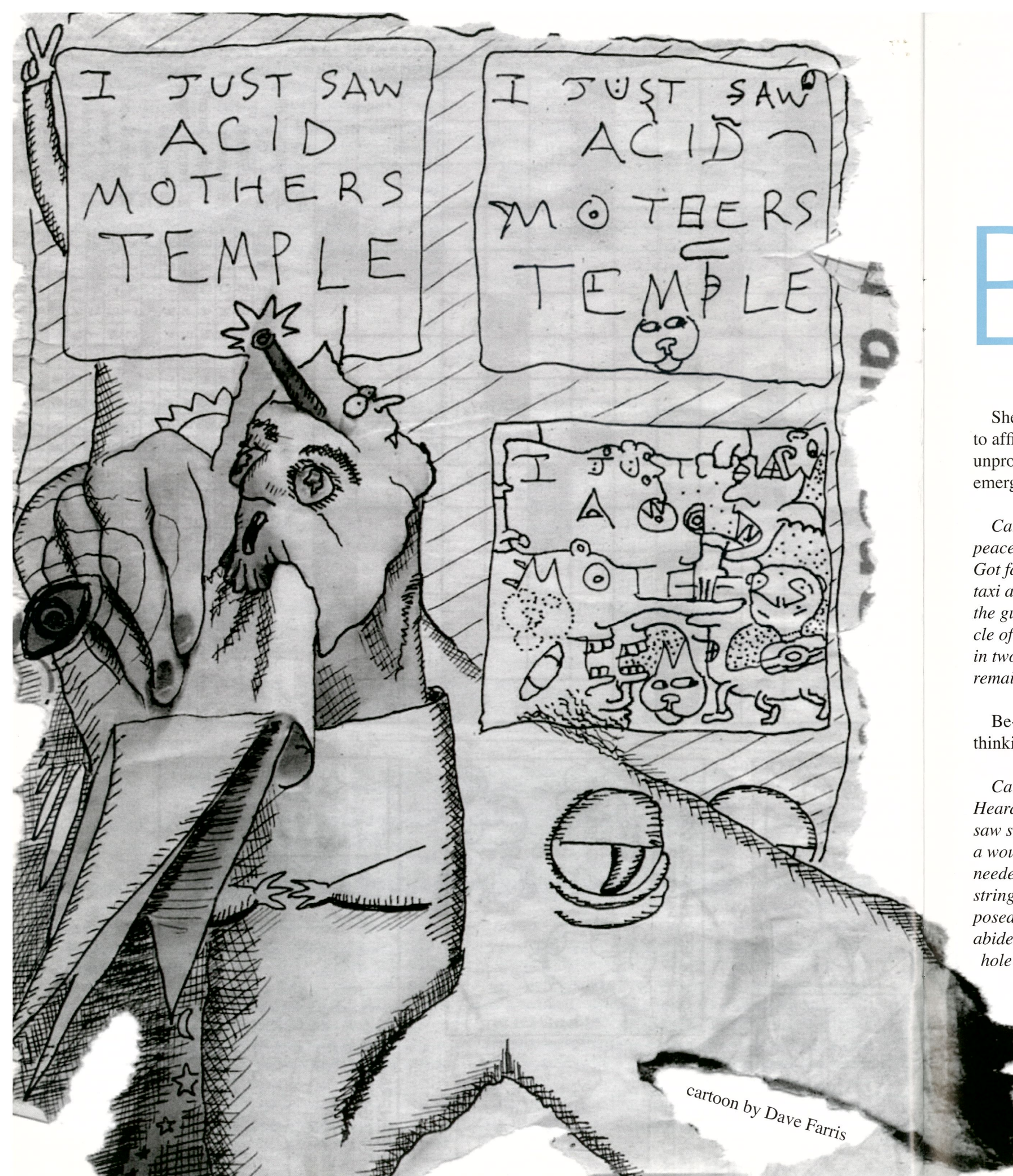
The activities of the late ‘50s described above hardly constitute the origins of humor in music. For centuries, composers had been inserting instrumental passages that they considered witty into their works, and the one-act intermezzi and farsi commonly interleaved between the acts of “serious” operas were there explicitly to provoke laughter. In 1728, John Gay wrote his Beggar’s Opera, meant to be a laugh riot, and by the late nineteenth century, London audiences were offered the generally humorous works of Gilbert and Sullivan. W.S. Gilbert’s words were an excellent template for the lyric content of a twentieth century novelty song, and no shortage of songwriters appropriated ideas from him.

Laughter at musical comedy was certainly a popular impulse in the otherwise troubling century labeled the twentieth. At the turn of the century was a hit song (from a time when the song was the hit, not the performance, partly because recordings of performances were too primitive to be popular) entitled “Yes, We Have No Bananas”. The whole joke of the tune is carried in the title, but the song was wildly popular, so much so that black recording pioneer Clarence Williams in 1921 recorded a tune that could rightly claim novelty status, I’ve Got the “Yes,

We Have No Bananas” Blues, a work whose lyric thesis is that if the singer has to hear Yes, We Have No Bananas one more time, there’s gonna be trouble.

In the 1940s arrives the indisputable king of musical comedy (though in the day he was in fact literally crowned the King of Corn), Spike Jones. Jones deserves critical attention far beyond anyone else in the realm of comic music; in that world the inspiration and musical craftsmanship his City Slickers showed have never been equaled. Jones died in 1962, and worked until he dropped; thus at the end of the 1950s was still an important figure, but his work in that era was overwhelmingly in the manner of parody, and for the purposes of this survey parody is being avoided. Unlike Purple People Eater, Jones’ pieces invariably lampoon a particular work, and so with great regret his output is not considered here. But he must be mentioned, for any paper on American Novelty Music that would fail to note Spike Jones would be grossly incomplete, for his influence on all novelty music that followed his efforts are informed by same.

Also worth noting were the Hoosier Hot Shots, a brilliant quartet from the Midwest (though not, necessarily from Indiana), performers of excellent novelty songs such as “From the Indies to the Andes in His Undies”. Their time was also earlier, and by 1958 they had largely retired from performance and recording. Finally, mention must be made of the three great clown princes of swing-era jazz, Fats Waller, Louis Jordan and Slim Gaillard, who were able to leaven their driving brilliance as jazz improvisers with a healthy dose of drollery to their stage personas. By the late 1950s, Waller was long dead and the other two had seen their careers marginalized, so sadly they must be overlooked.



cartoon by Dave Farris

Billy

by Chris Weis

She said, "Don't Carl Perkins it," now his aim is to affix a history to the man and head opposite, an unpromising direction because from poor sources emerge poor histories. He dances poorly and close.

Carl served in the Navy singing war songs during peacetime. He wrecked a motorcycle. Am I correct? Got famous, got to Europe, got European famous. A taxi accident crushed his ribs. Correct? Back then the guys who could really belt it out crashed a vehicle of one kind or another, and the finest pipes were in two kinds of crash. Finest providing the throat remained intact. He sang "Be-Bop-Beluga."

Be-Bop-A-Lula you mean. Nuh uh. You're thinking of someone from his time, but not of Carl.

Carl rescued his guitar from a Carolina forest fire. Heard it screaming for help. He darted in where he saw smoke; removed the guitar, and also a deer and a wounded owl from the blaze's path. The guitar needed restringing, but if you're asking me, six strings was well worth the melodies the guitar composed as thanks. Carl just had to stand on stage, and abide by the guitar, and look pretty. Out the round hole came SPO-DEE-O-DEE. How's it sounding?

Like fiction. And dare you suggest I'd wish suffering upon a talking guitar? For the record, I defend the life-saving efforts of the honorable, phony Carl Perkins.

One last whirl. Carl lived on a mountaintop covered by fruit trees. Small

dogs and big dogs nudged the fallen fruit into piles with their muzzles. When the piles grew unmanageable, Carl hired fifteen women to gather the fruit, peaches. At work the women wore clam diggers of pleasant hues. His oldest employee never learned his name, called him "honey" and "baby." He asked the youngest one to a western and her answer was, "I can't go to no movie with you if it's over Pee-Gee..."

You know more than you're letting on.

I'm guessing, I'm kidding.

It's all familiar.

Educated kidding.

"Silly, watch my feet," she says. Her shoulder blades are blue from the glow of the jukebox on the wall behind, but there is zilch suede about this room of wood and brass. Regardless of color, regardless of material, he slows, is careful, humming the tune that possessed the warning to start. The slippery double negative: When it isn't the mind stressing a verdict upfront, it is the conscious of the lips overriding the sentence. Don't don't step.

Do? Much to sort, but first the location of the black patent flats she has abandoned. She believes the pair to be under the stool all the way to the left of the bar; he thinks two marks right. There is a single chair between on which sits a tilting man you cross a late-night street to avoid, with seven more vacant pegs to the door.

A Job CHOICE

by Maranda Courtney

This family's love pulses throughout the building.

Beth lifts a Marlboro Red to her shimmery lipstick lips. "I don't usually tell people I do this," she said, looking back at me in the mirror. "I'm a hair stylist." She taps ashes from her cigarette, "I'm pretty good. But, money doesn't compare to what I make here. One day I'll stop, but right now...." She adjusts her satin corset and lace panties, both of which she will soon remove before a gazing audience. "I don't know; it's not that bad." With a fleeting smile, she is out the stage door, heading to the main stage.

Here in the locker room, girls are lined up in front of the mirrors, helping each other with hair and makeup, fixing outfits, getting ready for another night at work.

Valerie grabs an outfit off a wooden bench. With a casual smile, she removes her bra. "This job isn't for everyone and a dancer doesn't belong in every club." She explained that the women here are like sisters. They might argue from time to time, but at the end of the night, they love each other.

"Me and Virginia couldn't stand each other," chimes in Tex. "But now I hate working on days she doesn't come in." She sticks her tongue out at Virginia's reflection in the nearby mirror. "I was new, I was a brat. I didn't understand that we all need each other. Most guys are nice, but there are creeps, so we kind of keep an eye out, make sure nothing stupid happens."

"I think that's what makes this place different," Beth says returning from the stage. "My old club... those were tough girls. Had to take care of yourself. At least here, we try to help, well, the ones we like. You would probably be okay here; you seem sweet. Mostly, you just don't take money from your girl, you know? We respect each other enough to stay out of the way. Life on the floor is tough enough."

Bright lights shine down on the cold, white locker room tiles. But beyond that stage door, lies a very different world. Out on "the floor," the land of the customers, darkness consumes the eyes and carpet cushions the feet. A petite polecat dances naked on the main stage. Shadowy figures watch her twist around the brass pole; others are consumed by their drinks. Bouncers in black suits monitor everyone's movements, carrying themselves like Secret Service, talking into their jacket lapel microphones. Waitresses weave in and out, plastic trays aloft. One waitress, in her mandatory flat shoes, disappears behind three high-heeled dancers towering near the bar. Wearing identical black skirts and black corsets, waitresses must rely on their hairstyles as their identifying feature. And despite strategically-placed nametags, as one waitress commented, "Customers keep looking, but they never remember."

In sharp contrast are the shotgirls. With "skimpy" as the only apparent dress code, they bounce from table to table carrying buckets of brightly colored test tubes, requesting the "gentleman buy the lady a shot."

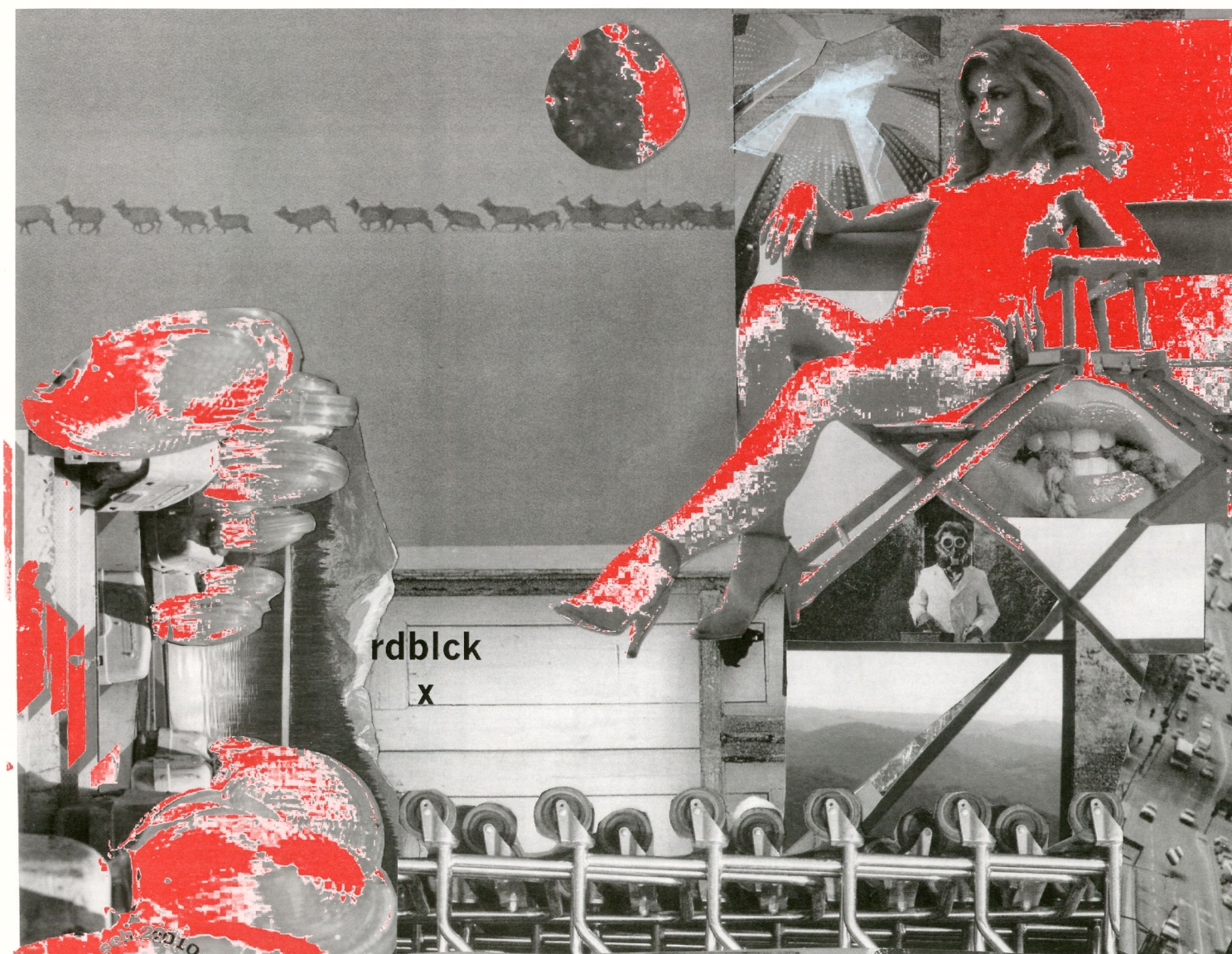
"This is my second day," one confesses. "I wasn't going to sell shots. I applied to be a waitress, but the manager said I looked too good to be covered up. I thought about dancing cuz they don't have to follow a schedule, but I don't think that I want to be totally naked." Her young eyes soak up the room, watching dancers entice spellbound men. "It seems like the dancers stick together... and the waitresses stick together. I just don't know about the other shot-girls yet. Anyway, I'm sure I'll like it." Suzie sighs and moves on to the next table of potential money.

To outsiders, it may seem like the club girls just want to keep their distance from each other, or that their work is a cutthroat competition. However, after talking to them, it's easy to see the bonds they share. They are united by a goal, friendships, hardships and a job choice. Shotgirls in next-to-nothing sit and chat with charmed patrons. Taking him by the hand, a dancer leads a man back to "the couches" to earn her money; a waitress darts around them with a polite "sorry."

Each girl glances around the room periodically, taking in the locations of girls and men, alike.



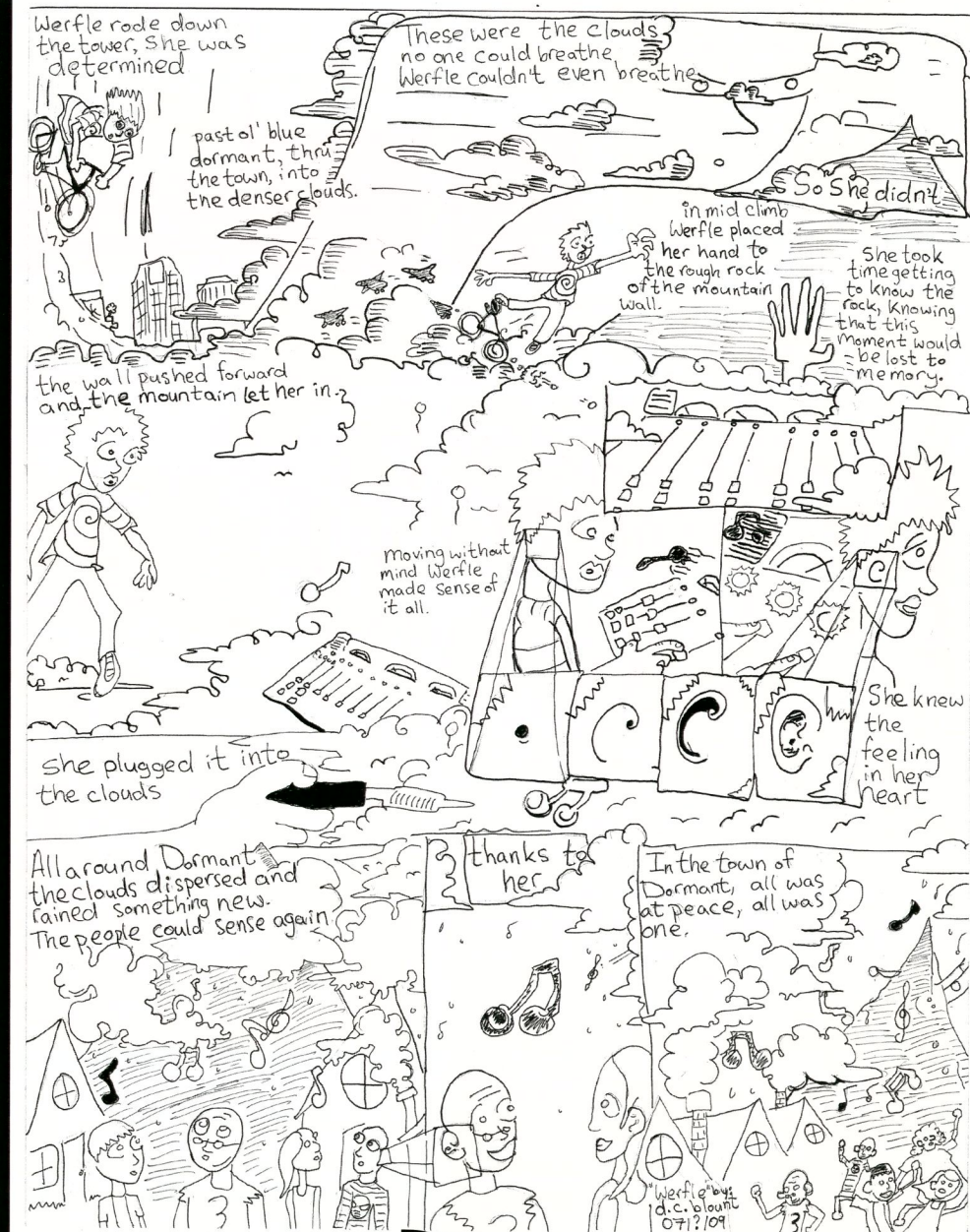
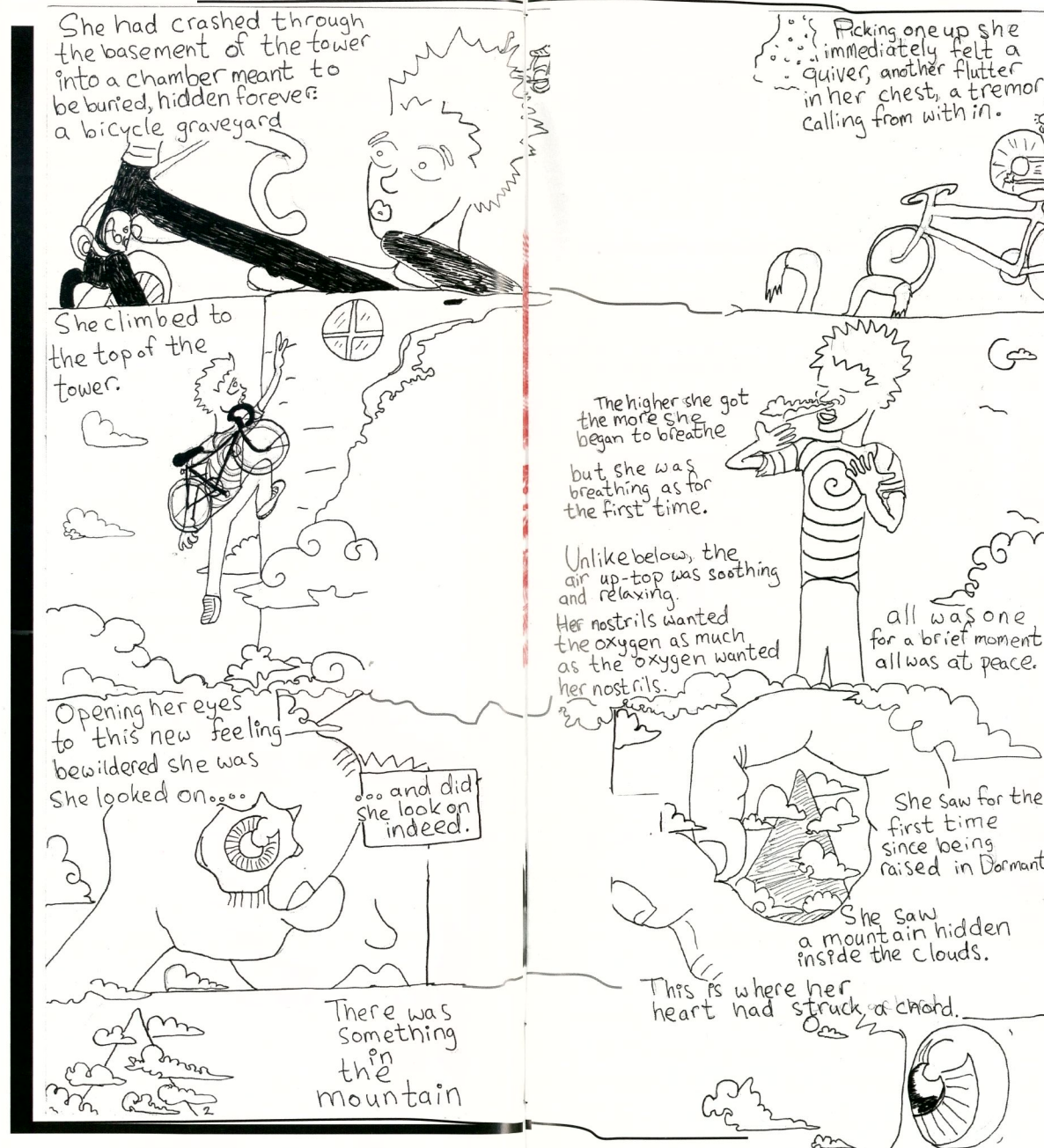
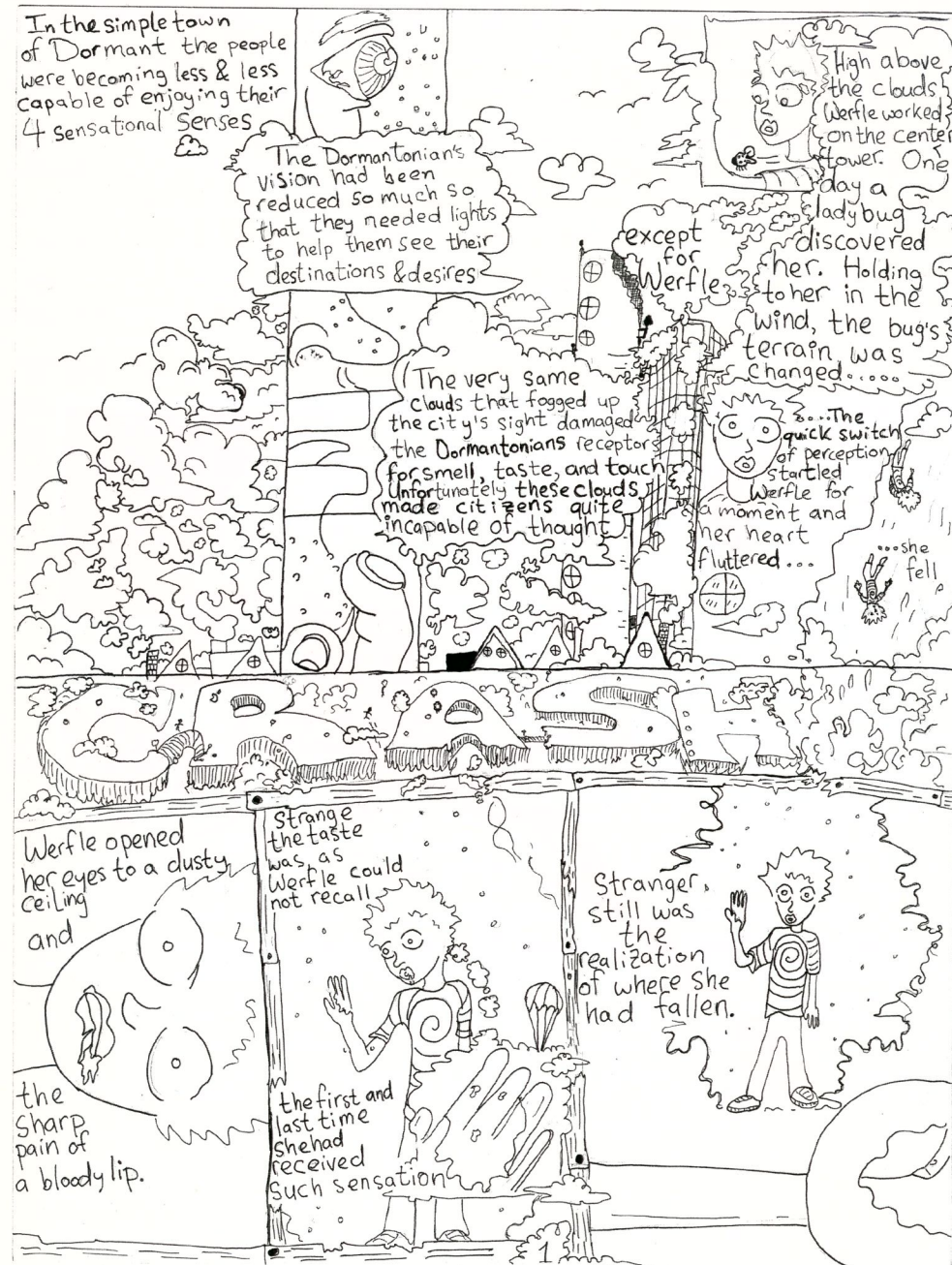
Name: Stephen Wiggins
Dimensions: 4 x 6
Title: Time to Grow
Medium: Lino-cut print
Date: 2008



collage by Saraya Brewer

Werfle

by Dylan Bount



WRFL

presents



<summer

<Sunday

1am-3am: Spicer Mitchell
3am-6am: Jon Finnie
6am-9am: Sean Murphy
9am-noon: Neverland Ballroom
noon-2pm: Hot Burrito Show
2pm-4pm: Jaime Lazich, Megan Neff
4pm-6pm: World Beat
6pm-8pm: Reggae Show
8pm-10pm: Rob Theakston
10pm-midnight: Killing the Week

<Monday

1am-3am: Mariant Kelso
3am-6am: Amanda McNeil
6am-9am: Emily Hildenbrandt
9am-noon: Don Antenen & Juniper
Goldklang
noon-2pm: Nick Sprouse
2pm-4pm: Matt Mullinax
4pm-6pm: Justin Dunlap & Zachary
Willis
6pm-8pm: Senom Yalcin
8pm-10pm: Percy Trout Hour
10pm-midnight: Old School Hip Hop

show

<Tuesday

midnight-3am: Dylan Blount
3am-6am: Andrew Le
6am-9am: No Covers Jazz
9am-noon: Chris Allan
noon-2pm: Jazz Vault
2pm-4pm: Tim Riley
4pm-6pm: Travis Walker
6pm-8pm: Joe Fisher
8pm-10pm: Flying Kites at Night
10pm-midnight: The Subset

<Wednesday

midnight-3am: Asian Steev & Car-
men Monoxide
3am-6am: tbd
6am-9am: Jeremy Rome
9am-noon: Anthony Taylor
noon-2pm: Laura Cleary
2pm-4pm: Daniel Black & Blues
4pm-6pm: Bob Zuercher
6pm-8pm: Jack Cofer
8pm-10pm: WRFL Live
10pm-midnight: Saraya Brewer

schedule

<Thursday

midnight-3am: Kate Taylor & Henry
Fritz
3am-6am: Chris Ritter & Sam Burchett
6am-9am: Trivial Thursdays
9am-noon: Daryl Cook
noon-2pm: Dave Farris
2pm-4pm: Colleen Glenn
4pm-6pm: The Belfry
6pm-8pm: Griffin VanMeter & Ross
Compton
8pm-10pm: Music From India
10pm-midnight: The Musical Box

<Friday

midnight-3am: The Nth Degree
3am-6am: Cory Heitz
6am-9am: Matt Clarke / Surf's Up
WRFL
9am-noon: Robert Beatty
noon-2pm: Mike Sullivan
2pm-3pm: Accents
3pm-4pm: Outloud!
4pm-6pm: Disco Damie Dance Party
6pm-8pm: Phantom Power Double
Hour
8pm-10pm: Uncle Bill Show
10pm-midnight: Thru the Vibe

<Saturday

midnight-3am: Ernest Taylor
3am-6am: Sherilyn Blackburn
6am-8am: Neil Glass
8am-9am: Ages 3 and Up
9am-noon: Blue Yodel #9
noon - 2pm: Hard Travelin' Review
2pm-4pm: Nick Kidd
4pm-6pm: Burning Sensations
6pm-8pm: El Tren Latino
8pm-10pm: The Psychedelicatesen
10pm-1am: The Black Fist

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