

WRFL
88.1 FM

FALL
'94

RIFLE

FREE!

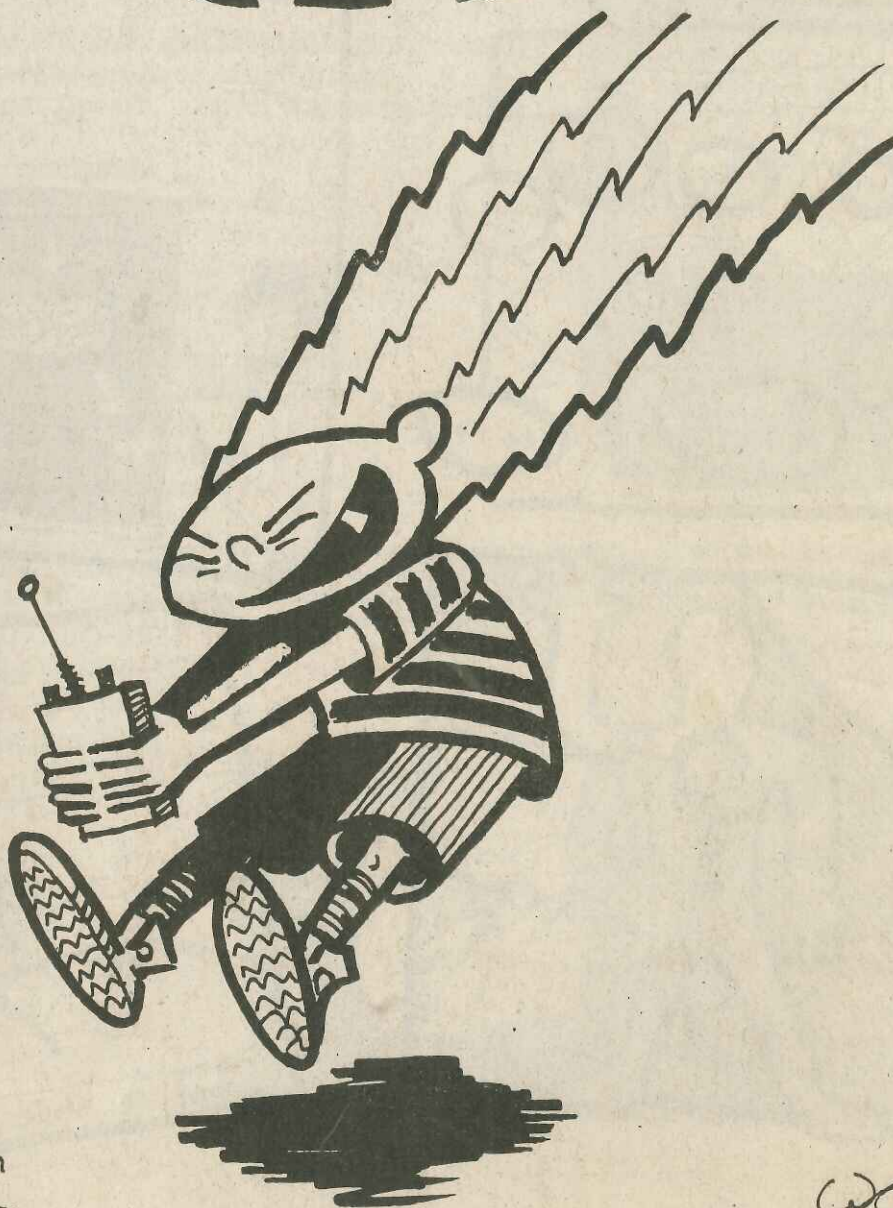


fig. 1: Freshman
discovers WRFL.

WORX

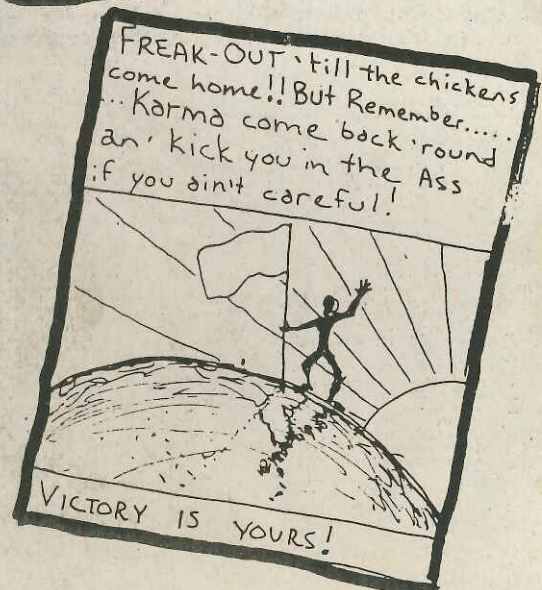
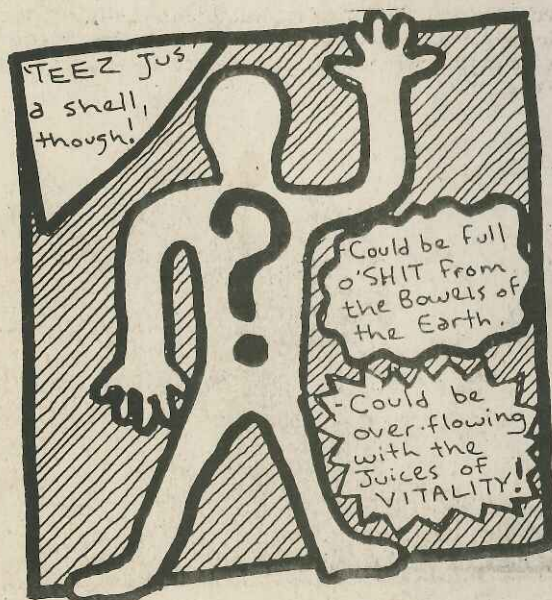
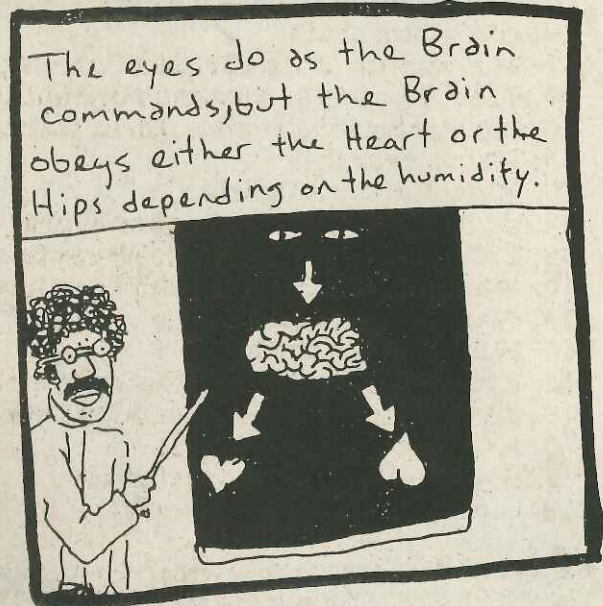
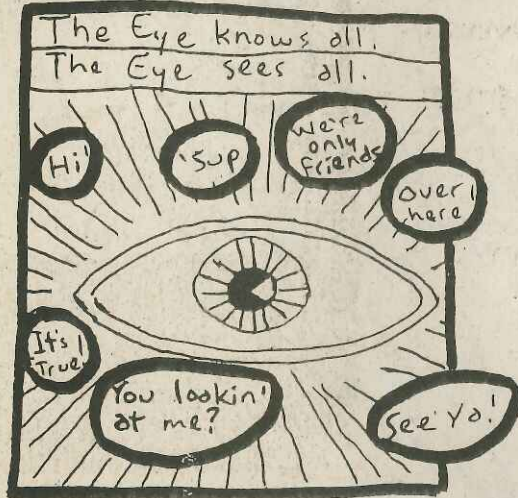
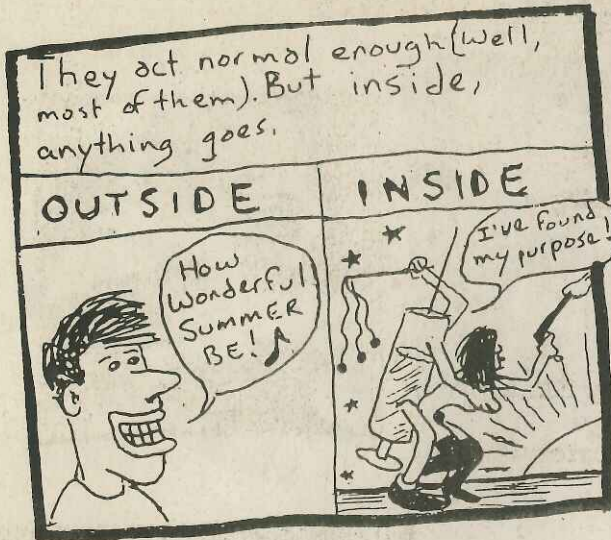
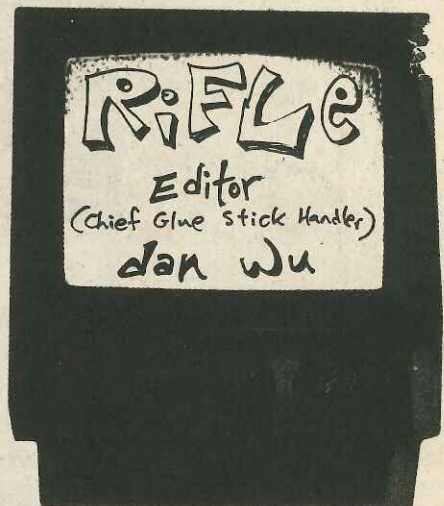


Table of Contents

1. the Cover..by Widener
2. Dave Farris' six panels of fame
3. You are here
4. Program Director's scribble by B. Manley
6. GM Chuck P. sez hi
7. the Shootin' Gallery
8. Block Show Break-Down
12. Bill Widener does the Grifters
16. the Void...
17. Art & the F-Word..Rant & discourse by Ellen Bush
19. WhAt LexInGtoN nEeDs
20. TB's VW's all over town as seen by Starlen Baxter
23. Tom O. reviews Sola & Adrian Belew
24. The coveted Program Guide
26. more Tom stuff
27. Lost in New York..Brian's Excellent Adventure
29. John Burroughs moshes Milwaulkee
30. the Pavement Dream....Ellen wakes up groggy
32. Waco...fear it
33. Miscellaneous Debris
34. Widener rips on the Spoken Word
38. T. Owens wide eyed concert review
40. What's up with this Ronnie guy anyway?
41. Name that band..collage by Wu
42. Bill babysits the Bean
43. Archers of Loaf interview by Rance
45. Bastard Son of Miscellaneous Debris
46. A Call to Arms (of sorts)
47. We're sell outs. Give us Money.
48. the Back Cover (start over)



Gratious and Grateful Thankses to the following (in no particular order): BManley, Bill Widener, Gina G, Starlen , Sami for moral support, all the block jocks that wrote me new descriptions, Ellen Bush, Tom O., Tosh, Tom Waits & Praxis for good workin' music, Mike Agin & Patsy Martin, Chuck for giving me money, Dave Farris, Rance, Dacey & Confused, A band named Corduroy, and everybody else. Satisfied?

The small print: Ok, here goes.
 the Wreckage ad drawing is ripped off of Chue Barker,
 the Block show shit was posted together with much fervor by Jeffy,
 Widener does all his own shit.
 (And what's up with UK Printing, 10 days?..shit.)
 I typed out all of Ellen's longer-than-I-expected article on cursing
 while Tosh helped (grudgingly) with the Pavement revu,
 (Hey, where's Doug Saretzky?)
 What Lex Needs was compiled by the staff of WRFL,
 with significant contribution from AJ Haus,
 the Program Guide...oh let's not even talk about it.
 (doesn't this hurt your eyes?)
 and where the hell did Fred go?
 I did the band photo collage,
 courtesy of various radio trade mags
 (the kid picture from Hedrix (Reservoir Dogs)
 Psera graces the corner of the t-shirt page.
 Sorry, no Kenn Miller cartoons this time (see RCE)
 The Archers interview was supplied barely in time by Rance
 the cover was secured at THE LAST MINUTE, thanks Bill.
 and I'm not bitter about all the people who
 promised me stuff but didn't deliver.
 the music sheet on the Milwaulkee thing is from
 Suicidal Tendencies "Institutionalized".
 Wait, why the fuck am I telling you all this?
 Somebody's bound to sue me.
 Shit. Nevermind. Forget it.
 Go on to the next page.



Page 2

**PD NOTES THAT COULD ONLY BE
DESCRIBED AS
MAD**



I've always been a little confused as to what purpose Rifle served. I wasn't sure if the reason was to entertain, inform, disgust, laugh at, offend or to give us a good reason to trudge out to the recycling center with 3 tons of paper strapped to our backs. Then I remembered it's underlying purpose. Buried among all of these intriguing, brain-scraping pages lies the heralded program guide. It's here to tell you the when's and where's of WRFL 88.1 FM, Lexington. Rifle is tumultuously spun out every semester to educate those of you who don't know about us about what's on and when so as you can tune leftways to catch yer favorite shows. (And to remind you to religiously do so.)

Well, now I guess I can add my two cents worth to this mess of what's, where's, and huh's by including the variable of why. Like,

why the hell do a bunch of sleep starved college kids sacrifice their existences to fuel a small (but extremely powerful) organization known as Radio Free Lexington? Why do we log 40+ hours a week, watch our grades systematically plunge and inevitably drive each other completely and utterly insane for little or no pay?

Easy answer. Although it may sound a little contrived, or even arrogant, it's simply put - to achieve the mission WRFL was created over six years ago. Either that, or we're all deeply into hurting ourselves.

Radio Free Lexington has often times, as has Rifle, been misunderstood in it's purposes and relations. WRFL has been branded "pots and pans" music run by a bunch of immature freaks living in the basement of the Student Center who's main goal in life is to count how many people that they can offend.

As if that's a bad thing.

Yes, at times there is music on WRFL that resembles the clanging of kitchenware. Of course, that falls in between the acoustic strums of folk, the rising beat of hip hop, the vintage sounds of soul and funk, the stirring spell of the blues, the imported unpredictability of global music and the 18 other specialized forms of music we provide Lexington. And that only takes into account the block shows. Thirty-four other DJ's offer you the most diversified mix of music available anywhere in Kentucky, or probably the whole damn-nation.

OK, so we do possess a few immature freaks in our midst (God love 'em!). What organization on

this campus doesn't. I'm not sure what the exact definition of a freak is. If the staff of WRFL is full of them, then I guess it refers to a group of slaving, dedicated workaholics who will do anything to keep a radio station on the air 24 hours a day, 365 days a year (no, we don't get Christmas off, either). What other campus organization can you say that about, eh? I suppose freaks are a group of people who run a business with more creativity and initiative than I've ever seen anywhere else. And I take it that freaks are a folks who don't judge you by the way you look, what basketball team you worship, your lifestyle or where you're from. Yeah, I guess that means WRFL has freaks running out of the posterior. (Oh, you also have to have a fetish for body piercing and midnight streaking, as well).

We are indeed on the bottom floor of the Old Student Center, in room 102, being friendly neighbors with Ticket master, SAB and those dudes in The Outing Center who always play us on their little radio.

Finally, yes, sometimes we play something that could offend (or should I say, surprise) a listener or two every so often. However, in this new politically correct age, very little doesn't offend someone. As they say, one person's trash is another's treasure. No, we don't try to count the number of people we try to piss off. We just try to offer an "alternative" to the crap on the other Lexington stations. (Note: alternative with a small "a", not to be confused with Alternative, as in Alternative Nation)

Which, in a roundabout way brings us back to our good 'ol "mission." Six and a half years ago, WRFL was created to free Lexington from the commercialized grip the in which this city was stuck. We're not here to offend, freak out, or perform any other unwarranted actions to you (although we gladly will upon request). The biggest part of our idea of radio is the word "Free" in Radio Free Lexington. We let people decide what good music is, not commercials. We don't use the music to make money, but to enjoy it. Turn to 88.1 right now to see what I'm talking about. We aren't pigeonholed into a corner, unable to play a song because it doesn't fit the format, its too old, its too new, or it doesn't have that mass market appeal or MTV/Generation X/Generic Alternative Rock sound.

As they always say, diversity is the key. I don't know who says that, or when they say it, but it's true. Even Italian sausage gets old after awhile. Anyway, if you don't expand the mind and the tastes a little, it all can get stale, which is the epitome of what WRFL is trying to avoid.

There you have it. Keep the mind open, don't be stale, stay diverse, eat less sausage, and listen to your favorite WRFL station. (Hey, I kinda like that as our new slogan. Hmmm....)

Love & Tuna fish,

Brian Manley

A Message from the General Manager

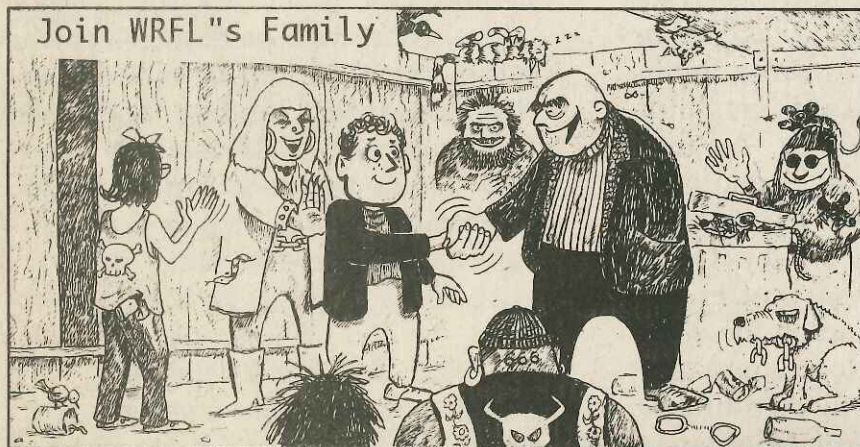
Wow, we're still here. Yes, WRFL-FM is six years old and still playing the best diversity of music in the region. We still love you, our listeners, and we still love what we do.

What do we do? We bring Lexington the widest possible selection of music without the hassle of commercials, droning advertisements, or limiting computer playlists. We pride ourselves on bringing you the best music FIRST: not when it starts making money or when other stations play it so much we have to but when it comes to our door. As witnessed by the continual success of bands that began on alternative radio (Talking Heads, B-52s, REM, Nirvana, Breeders, Soundgarden, and Smashing Pumpkins but to name a few) college stations are as important as ever.

How do we do it? By listening to everything, and I mean everything, that comes through our door. We play more brand-spankin'-new music than everybody else in town combined, we're the ONLY outlet for local music on the radio, and we're the best place to hear what you won't hear anywhere. Period. Fugazi, the Glee Club, 10 Foot Pole, Omni Trio, Lush, Tim, Dick Dale, blah blah blah, homina homina homina. Suffice to say, we play it.

Why do we do it? Luv. Our volunteer DJs don't get paid for their time and attention; it's their affection and pride that keep this station going. We literally can't think of anything better to do than to spin the best music for all of you, 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. I wish I could tell you it was harder or terrible work but I can't. If you like something this much it's pretty easy to tell. That's all. So, now that you know who we are feel free to tell us about you. Call the station (257-4636), request ANYTHING (257-9735), drop us a letter (Box 777 University Station, Lexington, Ky. 40506-0025). We'll be here waiting.

For special k.d.
Chuck?



FROM LEFT: Amberly, Ellen (w/ wig), You, Bill U., Widener, JSH, (Bottom): Dacey, Fira ^{the} DOG

23%
45%
24%

NO CHILDREN
UNDER 17
ADMITTED

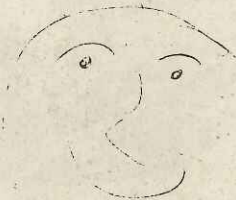
the Shooting Gallery

Welcome to the occasionally existent letters column. In past years, this little cubbyhole has become more of a "Editor's Notes" section than anything else...so go mouth go. Puttin' together one of these quasi-zine things is a pain. But it's also a hell of a lotta fun. Which cancel each other out and leaves me in a comfortably apathetic position. Just like you can't listen to just ONE show on RFL, you shouldn't just read one or two pages out of this thing either. These 40some odd pages contain much of the heart, soul, and body odor of Radio Free Lexington, and we would want you to just catch the B.O., right? Besides, what do ya want fer nothin'? We did get one letter for this here column (below, duh) though it was some strange woman who apparently thought she had a friend here. Well, we are your friends. In fact we are your only friends. Turn us on when Double Q is having another Bob Seger marathon or the MTV Beach Party is insulting your last ounce of taste. We're here for you. Because we care. And we just don't know any better. So do us a favor and give us some feedback, some opinions, questions, comments, suggestions. Call us up and say something nice once in a while. or just bring us a pizza when we're doin' some lonely late night shift. Fax us a donut. I'm not trying to be selfish, I just feel shitty 'cause I've been up for too many hours straight. We give you 24/7 of music you need to stay sane and all we want is a donut. Can you call that selfish. I digress. Write us at:

**Shooting Gallery
c/o Rifle/WRFL
P.O.Box 777
University Station (UK)
Lexington, KY 40506-0025**

[illegible]

Friend Alice,
SUSIE MENTLOW



Keep
- not
Chin up

- Love and Alarm clocks
- dan



Ignore him,

maybe he'll go away

you ain't about shit if you don't write

PAGE
57

Music from India

This brand new show brings the best of traditional & contemporary pop, & old, rare records as well as the widest selection of Indian movie music anywhere. Music from India features such artists as Ravi Shankar, I. Subramaniam, G.S. Sachdeva, Zakir Hussain, Sheila Chandra, Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan and many many more. Join Raj every Thursday night as he takes you half way around the world....and back.

Hoe Dad Hootenanny
 Rockabilly garage, surf, trash, Charlie Feathers, Nine LE
 Horton Pick Date, Flat Duo Jets, Wanda Jackson, and literally hundreds
 Jerry Lee, Mummies, A-Boxes, Crown Electric, and from 3 to 6
 Hammer, Sleepy Labord, and most rockers 2 hours and
 more. Join Rob & Joe every Sunday afternoon from 2 to 6
 PM for the wildest, craziest, and most rockiest
 the radio. A place where 4 chords are one too many, and
 guitar solos are actually cool. We ain't better, we ain't no o'pales
 show, we play rock & roll hippie.

Machismo "Jose" Cavallo
 techno soccer world beat world cup

Entropic Symphonies
 Monday nites from 9pm to Midnite
METALMETALMETAL
 period.



My Block Show Description
 by John Burroughs
 ©1994
 All Rights Reserved

Just what is *Sunshine Overnite*? It's watching pulsing hearts flow out of your speakers, just like on
The Archies. It's a 7UP can with a flickering lightbulb in it. It's a smiley face cookie jar. It's bell bottoms. It's
 Burger Chef and Jeff. It's Superelastic bubbleplastic. It's your youth. Tune in every Saturday at Midnite for
 Lexington's only comprehensive look back at the 1970's. There are no limitations to what you might hear.
 To achieve full effect, sit back in a beanbag, turn on your black light, put your headphones on, and turn it
 up. If you close your eyes, you'll even hear the sound of an 8-track clicking as it changes programs. Let
 your inner child run wild. *Sunshine Overnite*. Even better than drugs.

Phatt Phatt Phatt! The vibe is alive Friday nights with
 Thru the Vibe. Hear the latest in Techno, Progressive
 House, Trance, Breakbeat, Acid, Deep House &
 Ambient...brought to you freshly mixed from Cosmic
 & DJ Vic Tayback. Tune in, Turn up & Unify.

THE HARD TRAVELIN' REVUE (Saturday 12 noon - 2pm) - Folk music didn't die in the 60's - it's alive, well,
 and kicking right here in Kentucky and all over the map! Tune in to 88.1 every Saturday afternoon and "get
 folked" as Pat and Lori bring you traditional and contemporary folk music - and the many forms of music
 inspired by it - as well as the very best in live, in-studio folk music. We will keep you up to date on the local
 acoustic scene and more! And if that wasn't enough already, stay tuned for...
 THE CELTIC HOUR (Saturday 2pm - 3pm) Join Lori for traditional and modern music from Scotland, Wales,
 The Isle of Man, Brittany, Galicia, and Ireland. Everything from the earthy to the mystical and beyond...

The Psychedelicatesen

Expand your mind and immerse your body
in the swirling sounds of
the Psychedelicatesen...

Tune in, turn on & trip out
every Friday night
from Midnight to 3 AM
with our head chefs:

the good Captain & Baron Sandoz
Founded in 1989,

the Deli keeps on rollin'em,

serving up music that puts pictures in your head
and patterns on your wall!

So fire up those candles & lava lamps,
strobe lights & black lights,

then gently slip inside

the Psychedelicatesen,

offering musical delights

from the late 60's & beyond...

Short girl eaten by Jesus Lizard

By Dan Wu
Associated Press

LEXINGTON - Gina Gentile, a college student and part time D.J. was placed under protective custody last Wednesday after neighbors had found her unconscious in the On-Air room at WRFL, the Local College Radio Station. Two limbs were missing from her 5' 2" body (though police would not disclose which limbs). She was found naked except for two suspicious navel rings. When she regained consciousness at the U.K. Medical Center early Thursday morning, she had to be placed under sedatives after going into hysterics about being devoured by Nick Cave. Police have searched the WRFL premises and found nothing but Jeffrey Scott Holland attached to the sofa. No arrests have been made. Gentile has plead guilty.

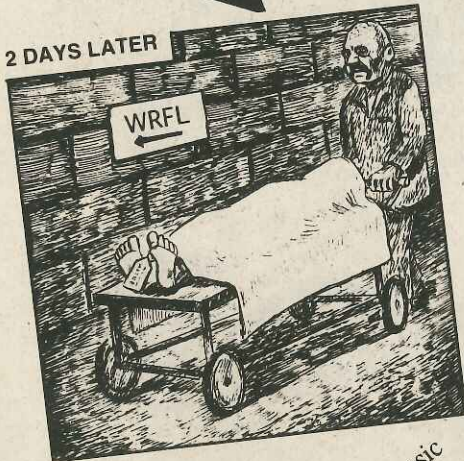
THE VOID

Once upon a time, before "alternative" became a marketing ploy, there was a place for true creativity. Where bands made a label, instead of labels creating bands. A home for the soon-to-be's, the once-were's, and the never-wills. That place was college radio, the time was the '80s, and all you needed was a receiver.

I'm Chuck P and every Friday at 6 p.m. you can rejoice in the sounds that built college radio on The Void. I'll be your Sightsee MC for a little time travel into the Reagan Eighties. I'll cover every genre I can find. New Wave. The Mods. The birth of Techno and House. The "death" of Punk. Fuzzcrunch. Bar Rock. The Manchester Sound. Girlpop. Thrash. The New Romantics. Dance Club. Jangly. No Wave. Art Rock. If they played it once, I'll play it again but only right here on WRFL-FM, the ancient alternative.



2 DAYS LATER



THE ALBUM FEATURE on Sunday Nights

9 p.m. to 11 p.m.

1 new
1 classic

(It's not good for you, but it's better than crack)

For the Underground Straight HipHop & Rap music
tune in to WRFL every Tuesday night
from
Midnight to 3 a.m.
for
the Street Intellect.

Check out the latest
Gangster
Political
International

Local
Native Tongue

as well as
Old School classic hip-hop

Join Sami
as he takes you down to the back streets
for a Hardcore
& intelligent outlook
at the rap music scene.

World Beat

Sunday Nights 6-9p.m.

Presenting a selection of songs from just about any location on the globe, World Beat introduces you to a broad spectrum of types & styles of music.

You'll hear rural African Blues and the searing electric guitars of Zairian soukous. You'll hear classical Indian ragas and old Calypso songs.

You'll also hear the latest Soca music from this year's carnival celebration in Trinidad. World Beat offers you the whole world to choose from.

Join Bill & Bill as they take you on a musical travelogue around the Globe.

Eric t-Bone

He's like taffy, only he's Caucasian,
and everybody knows they
don't make that flavor anymore.
(and that makes him rare)

CaTaCoMbs

Wednesday nights
Midnight to 3 A.M.

What is Catacombs?
Catacombs is underground.
It's the obscure, the
offbeat, and the insane. It's
Max Ernst blowing his nose
on the shroud of Turin. It's
monster sex and angel
violence. It's having seen
Fingered 23 times. It's men
behaving as beasts and
women becoming gods.
Y'all come down now,
hear?

Thomas Thelonious Byron Elliot Owens XVII

let's be eclectic you morons
come throat sing with me
no fuck you
i'll do it myself
oh piggy

VEGISEXUALS
MAKE YOU
UNCOMFORTABLE?

Blue Yodel #9
For your weekly dose of vintage Flatt and
Scruggs bluegrass, mountain music,
eclectic grass, Dead grass (Jerry Gracia
Band), Loretta Lynn impersonations, Dawg
music, poor jokes, space grass and banjo
love spankings - listen to **Blue yodel #9**,
the only legal place to get grass in the
bluegrass. Hosts John Sims, Kris Bailey
and Dave Lavender miss cartoons every
Saturday morning from 9 - 12 noon just so
you can get your bluegrass fix.

BManley
Brian Manley single-handedly put the Pope back in the Vatican
and secured a tentative peace agreement between HipHop & Metal.
Simultaneously making himself accessible yet mysterious,
Manley is one size fits all. Catch him on tour this summer
with Tool, Sista Souljah & the reunited Eagles. Smell his finger.

a.j.
some jingle jangle
and a drink of caffeinated flavored fuzz-water.

the Late Late Show

Early Friday Mornings 3-6a.m.

Junk stores and yard sale finds. Budget rock. Mind boggingly obscure big
band radio transcripts. Antique blues 78's so crispy you can barely hear
a lone voice moaning through the static. Old home recordings of forgotten
nobodies. Soundtracks to films long lost. Poetry and reading from 1001
bitter unrecognized geniuses. Scary organ records. Sound effects records.

Records that skip. small-time regionally made albums by lounge acts,
traveling evangelists, "comedians", and primitive teenage combos.
Children's records. cassettes and records meant to accompany filmstrips
in elementary school.

CAN YOU TAKE IT?

THROBOSONIC REALM THU 12 NOON - 3PM

THE ONLY VIBRO-HARMOLODIC 3-D
SPLANK FOR YO' EARHOLE APPROVED
BY ALL FOUR ALIEN NATIONS IN THIS
SOLAR SYSTEM! 7-UP.

"I WILL SUCK YOUR SOUL IF YOU
LICK MY FUNKY EMOTION."
-- GEORGE CLINTON



the Hot Burrito Show

Every Sunday from 9 Am to 12 Noon
Gram Parsons called it "Cosmic American Music."
- Country & western, Rock & Roll,
Folk, Bluegrass, Rockabilly, Honky Tonk..etc....
We call it the Hot Burrito Show.

Shoot the Singer, 90 minutes of no-word, no-lyric, no-singin' non-sense.

Elliott Sharp, Monomen, Don Caballero, Jon Hassell, Death Valley, solsonics, John Zorn, Lilypons,
Amorphous Androgynous, Miles Davis, Esquivel, Lost Tribe, Material, Gershwin, Kronos Quartet,
Steroid Maximus, Brian Eno, Praxis, Dirty Dozen Brass Band, Danny Elfman, Bela Fleck & the
Flecktones, J Mascis, Morphine, Rev. Horton Heat, Tom Waits, Bull, Angelo Badalamenti, Prong,
Barry Adamson, Shadowy Men, Charlie Hunter Trio...and much much more....

With your talkative host, **Dan Wu.**

Every Thursday night from 6:30-8 pm.

Jazz ain't no Lemon

Tuesday 9 pm to Midnight
Exploring the best
in Jazz with a focus
on the classics
from the 40's, 50's, & 60's

True Static
Sunday 9 am to 11 Noon
Counterspin, WMMT, Spin,
+ talk by Sir Mark Palmer.
Let us infc im yourself.



Roots Culture

Tune in every Monday night from 6-9 p.m.
as the Nocturnal Fatman brings you the best Reggae has to offer. From
Ska to Dubs, Marley & traditional; Reggae is the expression of the
passions, desires & frustrations of more than just Rastafarian society.
Roots culture is your only source for Reggae in the Bluegrass.

3 months later



THE grifters

SUDSY MALONE'S
CINCI, OH 7-17-94
BY BILL WIDENER



"Ask 'em about UFOs," said showmate and fellow WRFL vet Jamie Tittle, referring to the Grifters' trippy blues-funk number, "Come Out of That Spaceship and Fight like A Man". We were listening to the fantastic four from Memphis, TN's latest lp, *Crapping You Negative* (title copped from a John Goodman line in *Raising Arizona*), gettin' pepped for one of the best triple bills I've seen this year.

We got there early enough to catch the S.F. Seals' soundcheck, almost worth the price of admission by itself, as Seals' frontperson Barbara Manning tore into their rendition of a Led Zeppelin tune. The Seals' actual show was mighty fine, strummin' rockin' hunks of folk-punk, the good, loud kind, with Ms. Manning ever the bookworm sex goddess.

Nextly the Dambuilders wooped up a huge mess o' quality noise-pop, much more raucous than the video would lead ya to expect- oddly enough, just as the band stepped off the stage, their vid came on *120 Minutes*. "How does it feel to see your video on MTV?" "Foolish." Just the same, the Dambuilders combo of musicianship and abandon is a great sight to behold in the sweaty flesh. Some ace fiddlin', guarantee.

And the Grifters...well, been a fan since 1990's *Disfigurehead*, been a nut about 'em since the first long-player, the melancholic fuzz-fest *So Happy Together*...and this, my first live exposure, just fed the fever. The Grifters gave a loose but intense show, featuring tunes from *So Happy Together*, *One Sock Missing*, and *Crapping You Negative*, along with some b-sides and new ones.

The performance was a hot and juicy showcase of the Gs' confident eclecticism, from wild-ass rave-ups to sob-worthy ballads, tunes that mix blues, psychedelia, funk, punk, pop, and noise- often in the same song. Dave Shouse, who shares vocal and guitar duties with Scott Taylor, exemplifies this hybrid approach- he advises would-be indie rockers to "listen to music made before 1984; the scene's gotten too incestuous. We listen to Charlie Patton and the Louvin Brothers", and his fave platter ever

is Brian Eno's *Here Come the Warm Jets*. "That first foray into weird pop music- I've got to get a CD of it, 'cause I've worn out two vinyl copies. Plus I've got cats."

Speaking after the show, Dave explained the diversity of the Grifters' output as resulting from the diversity of the bandmates' tastes. "We all listen to a lotta different stuff. And when we go home from a tour, we just (*zip*) migrate, go away- we don't talk, don't see each other for a while. Everybody does their own thing, then comes back together, shoots an idea to the band...Over the course of days, weeks or months, a song comes out.

"Stan, our drummer, he just wants to do a groove. So you get the groove, you get the melody, and in between that, you get this collision, and see what happens. You don't want this collision to get too much over the vocals, or fuck with the drums too much; so if you keep these constants, you can do anything. We can play in the pocket, or take off and go spastic.

"So what you hear, within the span of a measure or two where things change so drastically, is the collision, the tension of different people's approach to song."

This glorious collision finds expression not only in the Grifters' live show, where songs are twisted around their "skeletal structure...so at the end of a song, somebody'll look up and laugh and go 'That was fucked up!' So it stays fresh." It also explodes, with the quiet crack of a broken heart, in the Grifters' touch of tragic beauty. From the monumental wall-of-reget of "Meanwhile" to "#1"'s minute-plus of ghostly loss to the hankie-wringin' majesty of this night's set-opener, "Dead Already", the Grifters have composed some of the loveliest odes to sorrow to be found in indie music.

"Those songs aren't necessarily sad or despondent," says Dave. "Every once in a while in life, you kinda go 'sighhhhhhhhhhhhh'..."

"Back then (circa *So Happy*..), we would write a so-called 'pretty' song, and be a little uptight about

"You guys got a
panhandler
tax
in this town?"
-SCOTT



"They're all XL" -DAVE



doing something delicate. So we'd mask it in noise, like with 'Meanwhile' and 'The Want'."

Why would you be uptight about it? Was it underground machismo?

"Yeah, yeah...exactly. Then, by *One Sock Missing*, with songs like '#1' and 'The Casual Years', we said 'What the fuck- if the song needs to be plaintively executed, just *do it*.'"

A discussion about the slurred, spectral coda to "#1" (it's "I know how to feel wrong", by the way) led to a discussion of the Grifters' means of kicking up their often wiggled, oblique lyrics. "We write a lot of songs phonetically, by how this syllable or that sounds." Songs are often taped the first couple of times they're played; when the band goes into the studio to record, they listen to the first tape. "Then we actually work out how the phonetics translate into lyrics."

With their perfect blend of the down-home and the arty, the sweet and the psychotic, the Grifters have garnered a lot of notice in the past year, inevitably getting sucked into the ongoing corporate colonization of indieland. Major labels have come a-callin', but the Grifters so far have shrugged them off.

"I see no reason to do anything else but stay with (current label) Shangri-la, because the guy who runs it is great, and he has good distribution ties.

"The momentum you generate on your own needs to be exhausted before you get too many other people involved. We've got a booking agent, 'cause I hate booking shows on my own. We've got a publicist, because... we're never home, to do our own mailings and jobs like that."

You all still have day jobs, right?

"No. We can't keep them. No one's gonna hire you. You can't come home (from a tour) and say 'Well, I'm gonna be here for three weeks- will you let me come back in a couple of months?' We did that for a long time; we fortunately had jobs where they'd let us take off and go touring. But after a while..."

"I make more money playing than I made at the flower shop. The money's gotten better, which helps the frame of mind."

Dave's skepticism toward major labels seems based more on a pragmatic view of the big picture than any alternativist concern with selling out. Regarding major label attempts to cash in on indie music, Dave has little good to say. "I don't think they really know (what they're doing). We're good friends with the Flaming Lips, and Warner Brothers completely dropped the ball with (their album). Warner signed the Boredoms- I mean, what the fuck do you do with the Boredoms? How do you market the Boredoms? Virgin signs Royal Trux- how the hell are you gonna take Royal Trux from 15 to 20,000 (records sold) to 50, or 75,000? You can't."

"So they have to say 'Now we need a business with two levels: one level with business like we've always done it, and then a level down here where we don't give an artist \$115, \$130,000 up front'- because there's no way (to recoup it). It's a bad business move. What I got against the major labels is that they don't know anything about business."

"These labels jump on stuff really fast. To me, if you don't have a concrete foundation of sales, if you can't sell 15-20,000 records as an indie band, you got no business going to a major. They're not going to do anything better."

"Tonight we had 50-60 people, maybe more. In big cities- New York, Chicago, LA- we get 400, 500 people. Maybe a hundred of those've come because they read something in Spin. After about four songs, (they realize) it's not this 'alternative' thing they'd hoped for, or every song doesn't sound like 'Bronze Cast', or 'Corolla Hoist', or every other song. There's too many curveballs. So they split."

"So I can never see us having a huge following, because we'll shoot ourselves in the foot. We'll go 'We're sick of doing this- let's make a soundtrack album or something' and do something stupid- but fun!"

"The whole thing about this business is don't get into a fuckin' hurry to do anything. Take your time. Longevity is important. Keep your shit together. It's not about making one good song, one good record, it's about making three or four."

Words of wisdom, a voice of reason speaking calmly amid a time in which the music scene takes on the desperate atmosphere of a casino. As the gamblers go down, the art of the deal already kitsch, the Grifters persevere in their own way, their own fine time. Do what you can to get their records, lp or 7 inch- they are, without exaggeration, one of the best bands extant in these here United States.

Oh, damn! I forgot to ask about UFOs!

"Think about those words, a redneck going

'Good cracker.'"
-SCOTT



ABC ADAM ANT LAURIE ANDERSON BOW
 WOW WOW BAUHAUS B-52s BEAT RODEO
 BANANARAMA BILLY BRAGG COMMUNAR
 DS CARS CURE DEVO DEAD KENNEDYS
 DEAD MILKMEN DEPECHE MODE ENGLI
 SH BEAT ELVIS HITLER ECHO AND THE
 BUNNYMEN ERASURE FETCHIN BONES
 FLESHTONES FEELIES FRANKIE GOES TO
 HOLLYWOOD GAY BIKERS GENE LOVES J
 EZEBEL GAME THEORY P DU HO
 ODOO GURUS AND
 COLLECTORS RO THE VOID CICLE
 WORKS INXS N JANE'S AD TSIO
 HE JAZZ B ES T
 N KILI Y CHAI
 LOVF LAIBACH
 BEAT LOBOS MEAT
 ETER MEN AT WORK P
 RAYGU INCH NAILS NAKED
 EAD O'C UNDER OINGO BOINGO SIN
 PRIMITIVES OR OPHELIA'S PIXIES PYLON
 IC FURS REM REPLACEMENTS RED HOT
 CHILI PEPPERS ROCHES SMITHS STONE
 ROSES SONIC YOUTH SCRITTI POLITTI
 TALKING HEADS TIMBUK 3 THAT PETROL
 EMOTION ULTRAVOX ULTRA VIVID SCEN
 SUZANNE VEGA VIOLENT FEMMES VOLC
 ANO SUNS WOODEN TOPS WALL OF VOOD
 OO WAITRESSES X XTC YELLOW YAZ
 FRANK ZAPPA THE ZULUS

Once upon a time, before "alternative" became a marketing ploy, there was a place
 for true creativity. Where bands made a label, instead of labels creating bands. A
 home for the soon-to-be's, the once-were's, and the never-wills. That place was
 college radio, the time was the '80s, and all you needed was a receiver.
 I'm Chuck P and every Friday at 6pm you can rejoice in the sounds that built
 college radio on The Void. I'll be your Sightsee MC for a little time travel into the
 Reagan Eighties. I'll cover every genre I can find. New Wave. The Mods. The
 birth of Techno and House. The "death" of Punk. Fuzzcrunch. Bar Rock. The
 Manchester Sound. Girlpop. Thrash. The New Romantics. Dance Club. Jangly.
 No Wave. Art Rock. If they played it once, I'll play it again but only right here on
 WRFL-FM, the ancient alternative.

Art & the F-Word

commentary by Lady Miss Ellen (Bush)

When a word, any word, is overused, it loses its power. "Tragic", for example, has been applied to so many events that it now just means any bad happening, no matter how trivial or how great. "Bizarre", which used to have an aura of the grotesque and a faint whiff of evil, has come to describe anything that is merely odd - witness the repetitious use of this adjective in relation to O.J. Simpson's police escorted flight down the freeway.

No word loses its power faster than an obscenity. Obscenities have no intrinsic meaning of their own; they are given meaning by the emotional state evidenced by their speaker. What does "fuck you" literally mean? Taken literally, it sounds more like a compliment than an insult, since it seems to imply that the listener is sexually attractive. "Fucked" and "fucking" as adjectives can mean so many things that they mean nothing. If someone is "fucked", then he or she either is A. Under the intense influence of an intoxicant (which may be good or bad); B. Doomed (bad); C. Emotionally overwrought (usually bad); D. Disorganized or not functioning normally (not necessarily bad at all).

"Fucking" when used as a descriptive term is even more vague, for it depends completely on context and tone of voice. "Fuckin' rock n roll music"? Excellent, perhaps, or maybe really boring. "Fuckin' jazz musicians"? Maybe they're snobs, or just really good. "Fuckin' huge"? Okay, that's an easy one.

Point? Well, since "fuck" don't mean shit, repeating it over and over drains it of its rudimentary shock value as a dirty word. All of its emotional charge is lost. To be effective, it has to be used with almost lapidary care. I mean, the only time I feel that little internal jump when I hear "motherfucker" is when I'm DJing and the word accidentally goes over the air. But that's the power of the FCC working on me. not the word itself.

Furthermore, that's a damn shame. Because obscenities are like any other words in that they can be used well and to good effect. It's examples you want eh? How 'bout giving a listen (even if you don't like the song) to both versions of Radiohead's "Creep", a recent hit on MTV, WRFL, and in the heads & hearts of every cynical, battle-hardened former high school intellectual who ever got spat on by the prom date of his or her dreams (that's me and most of the rest of the RFL staff, in case you didn't catch the subtlety).

Let's face it, Radiohead has never done anything worth writing home about, except this song. it's a pop masterpiece because it does what pop masterpieces are supposed to do: articulate an experience every single person on the planet has been hit with and hurt by at least once. If you haven't heard it, it basically boils down to: *You're wonderful, I'm mad about you--but you're wonderful and I'm a creep*. Lyrically it's astute ("I want you to notice-when I'm not around") and musically it combines an angelic, murmuring acoustic guitar with the twitching, painful shrug of a distorted electric that fold in upon itself like a pair of shrunken shoulders. The only difference between the radio/MTV version and the unexpurgated album version is that where the sanitary take says "You're so very special/ I wish I was special", the original version says "fucking" instead of "very".

"You're so fucking special". Read that in black & white without recoiling at least a little bit. Thom Yorke sings it so sweetly, without a trace of rancor, and that makes it even nastier, even more fraught with pain, especially in conjunction with his wordless, ecstatically lost vocal break near the end of the song. Imagine saying this to someone you're hopelessly, helplessly in love with, someone so attainably "perfect" they might as well be on the moon. Why would you put it that

way? That one obscenity makes the album version of "Creep" a whole different song from the sanitized version. "You're so fucking special," reverberates with anger, passion, impotence, awe. "You're so very special," really castrates the song -and the sexual reference is deliberate, because this piece illustrates a mindset that takes refuge either in quiet sad masturbatory desperation or in lovesick destruction.

"Creep" uses its obscenity so well that it's obscene the FCC doesn't want us to play it on the radio; it's an absolutely perfect example of the careful use of the word. Another, also situated squarely in the mainstream, is REM's "Star me kitten" from Automatic for the People -and yes, he's singing "Fuck me kitten," for those of you who are too cool to listen to REM anymore. Ironic that an album as vilified by the college radio faithful as this one has been contains REM's one absolutely unplayable song. We can't play it, legally, ever. Why? Because we can't play stuff that talks about explicit acts of sexual intercourse or excretion (or worse, both). During Safe Harbor (12-6 A.M.) we can play a song that says "fuck you" (an epithet, not an explicit act), but if the song says "I want to fuck you," that makes the material descriptive of an explicit sexual act, and we're not supposed to play it.

But "Fuck Me Kitten" (that's what the band members call it and so shall we), is still another example of an effective use of the f-word. Like "Creep", the song is sweet, tender, romantic-sounding; but the words speak of the truth of relationships: "You are wild/ and I'm in your possession/ nothing's free/ so fuck me, kitten." Everything's an exchange; everything has its price. It's the rude hardness of that word "fuck" that drives the message home.

There are plenty of other examples of artistically effective cussin' in songs. There's Pavement's "Range Life", in which Steve Malkmus calls Smashing Pumpkins "nature kids", and says of them, "They don't have a function/ I don't understand what they mean/ And I could really give a fuck." The rhythm of the line and the singer's spiteful, disgusted inflection of the word right in the middle of an otherwise mellow song speaks volumes about what he thinks of the rival band's pretensions.

But, lest it be thought that an obscenity can only be jarringly effective ensconced in the middle of an otherwise quiet & civilized song, consider the Clash's "Death or Glory", Almost a decade and a half old and still as powerful and anthemic as it was in 1980. "He who fucks nuns will later join the church" -there just isn't a more eloquent way to put it; the line comes off sounding like Confucius in leathers. The Sisters of Mercy song, "Vision Thing" just wouldn't be the lamborghini it is without the references to "another Motherfucker in a motorcade.." -especially since the title refers to an inane and fumbling comment made by former president cousin George "Poppy" Bush, whose mama could beat the crap out of him if he did try anything with her.

Think (if you can stand to) about songs you've heard ten thousand times on country and classic rock radio. The Charlie Daniels Band's "The Devil Went Down to Georgia", was released in both a sanitized and unsanitized version; the latter of which is undeniably superior. There's a hell of a difference (pun) in calling the Devil a "son of a gun" and calling him a "son of a bitch". That second one would have to require a bit more in the courage department.

Then there was "Who are you" by, who else, The Who. in the radio version, Daltrey bellows, "Who the hell are you?" which just does not have the manic energy of the album version's "Who the fuck are you?" You need that "K" sound in there to really sound mad. And it was good to sound mad in that song, since it concerned the sequence of Pete Townsend's thoughts after drunkenly "throwing punches around and preaching from my chair" at a bunch of ignorant young punks who then proceeded to hand him his ass on a platter for his pains.

But one "fuck" went a long way. It was all the song needed. Each of the songs I've cited contains only as many obscenities as it really has to have to be effective. When you shout "fuck" in the middle of a song just because you can, what does it add to the song? If screaming obscenities is all you want to do, just go cuss people out to their faces instead of hiding in a recording studio. That's one less ill-considered song the world has to deal with.

Or, if the point of repeated swearing in a song is to demonstrate alienation from compassion and desensitization to violence, there are scarier and far more effective (not to mention more interesting) ways to do it. Go listen to Nirvana's "Polly", a song so hideously terrifying I can only bring myself to listen to it maybe twice a year. There are no obscenities in it; there is no explicit sex or violence. But it's obvious that Polly is in a bad way, and the singer is the cause of it. He doesn't talk about any explicit abuse because he's so desensitized and sociopathic that he doesn't recognize anything he does as abusive. This protagonist of "Polly" is the scariest creature ever to drag his uncomprehending self through rock music. Precisely because he doesn't give us any details, our imaginations go wild, and we meet our own worst nightmares coming up from the basement of our minds, images far more terrifying than the most explicit descriptions of violence. Worse yet, the torturer is as numb as a robot; Polly might as well beg mercy from the uncomprehending ocean.

Cincinnati's Ass Ponys take a similar approach with "Mr. Superlove". Singer Chuck Cleaver calmly describes a scene of domestic sexual violence with a jeweler's precision and a detachment rivaling Cobain's: "All I could think of then was/ what it must have felt like when/ you were lying naked headlong down the stair." Nothing in the song happens, it just is; the singer, Mr. Superlove himself says that "we" had a "falling out," but nothing in the lyrics speaks of having done any of this. The broken glass, the blood, are all just there, and he dispassionately describes the state of things. The song derives its full horror from the fact that Cleaver addresses the song to "you", speaking in the second person all the way through. The listener becomes the person lying "naked headlong down the stairs" with the tormentor looming above, contemplating his work. There's not a single obscenity in the song, just good, terrifying storytelling.

An obscenity can be used to powerful effect, like any other word; and powerful, frightening effects can be gotten completely without their use. English has that big a vocabulary. Us hipster types spout "profanity" a lot because we're showing our well-worn contempt for societal norms (and yes, I cuss like a sailor, too); but a song is different from everyday talk. Every word should count, every word should be there for a good reason. That includes every word from "the" to "motherfucker". Who knows, maybe if you use that cuss word well enough, your song will become so respected that everybody will forget you're not supposed to say it on the radio. Huh? Well hey, just listen to your local classic rock station for Pink Floyd's "Money" and its line about "...do-good bullshit", and watch all of us, including the FCC, just blithely pretend that that word's simply not there.

Street

Intellect

Tuesday Nights
At Midnight



WrFL CONTROLS Yer CHiLDren

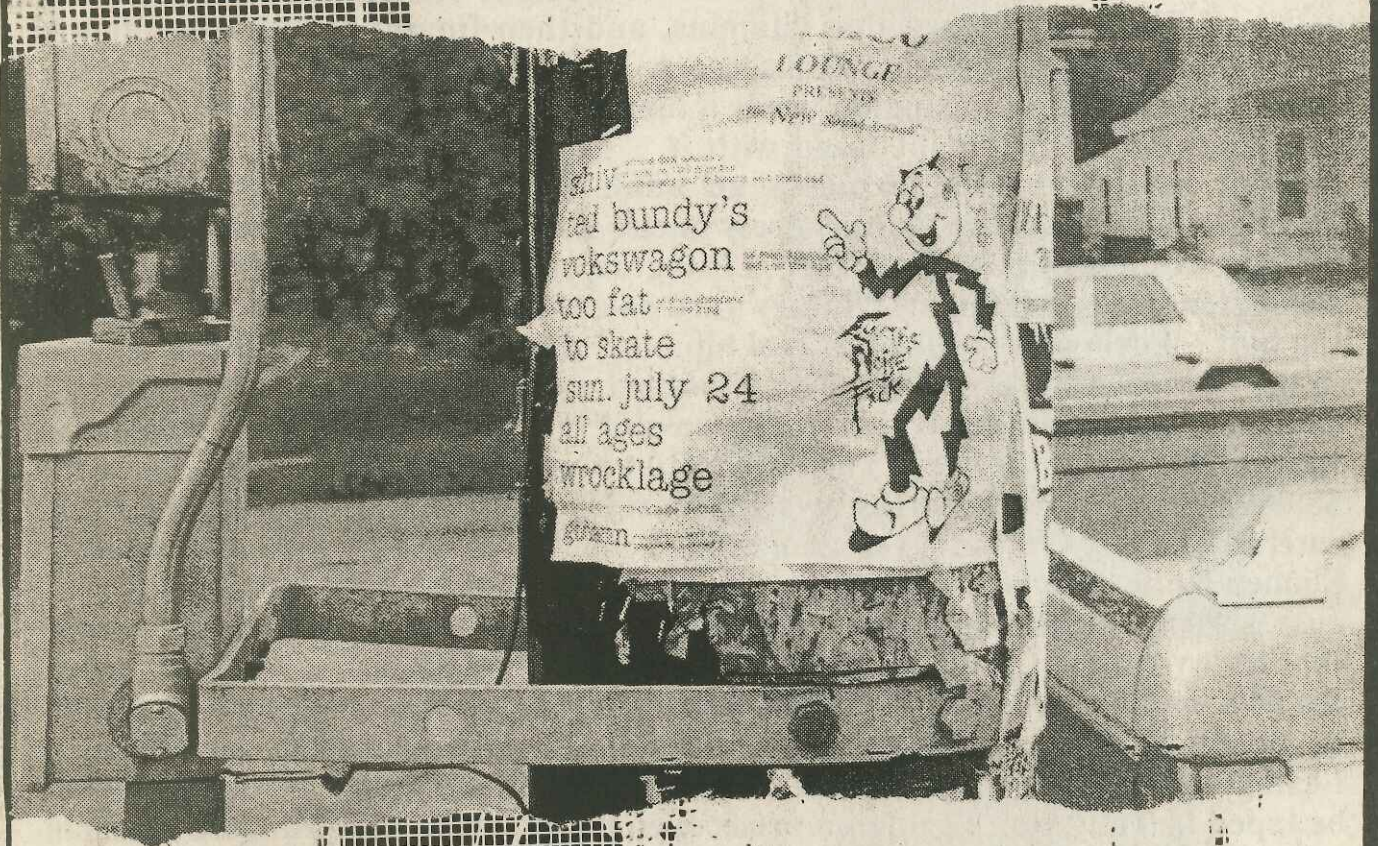
WHAT LEXINGTON NEEDS

Lexington needs a brain. Lexington needs a driving lesson, bad. Lexington needs Don Knotts lookalikes to replace all the Hooters Girls. Lexington needs one less wheel on the shopping carts. Lexington needs a smoke free bar. Lexington needs some real pizza. Lexington needs the pay per view Fishing Channel. Lexington needs bicycle lanes. Lexington needs Pam Miller in a Barney suit. Lexington needs more speed bumps downtown. Lexington needs to go down in history as the place Rush Limbaugh was kidnapped and forced to watch the Discovery Channel for 12 hours straight while on a diet consisting solely of Flintstone's chewable vitamins, and then finally brutally murdered. Lexington needs traffic lights with sensors. Lexington needs more intellectually stimulating people. Lexington needs a bigger piece of sky. Lexington needs a university and a president to go with it. Lexington needs less cheesy MTV bullshit music. Lexington needs an adult Pee Wee Herman theme park. Lexington needs fewer anti-progress racist conservatives. Lexington needs Senator Philpot's head on a stake. Lexington needs meat-flavored bubble gum. Lexington needs a Headley Whitney yard sale. Lexington needs a swift kick in the butt. Lexington needs some real hip hop. Lexington needs to throw a Rave in the Festival Market (or whatever it's called now). Lexington needs less prank callers. Lexington needs a celebrity rasslin' match featuring the ladies from Baywatch versus the New York City Riot Grrrrls. Lexington needs more \$8,000,000 parks with horses as a reoccurring motif. Lexington needs to be catered by Patty Garcia. Lexington needs 5 minutes of Punk. Lexington needs a Shonen Knife cartoon on Saturday mornings. Lexington needs more bands with cuss words in their names (Baby Shit Brown, Godamn). Lexington needs culture that isn't yogurt. Lexington needs a napalm bombing of the U-Club (remember the 60's, motherfucker?) Lexington needs Girls in the Raj. Lexington needs to be beaten out of complacency (maybe a flesh eating virus or something?). Lexington needs a big tongue kiss. Lexington needs an episode of Models Inc. to be taped in Tolly Ho. Lexington needs open heart surgery. Lexington needs to get the hell out of Kentucky. and yes, Lexington STILL needs Soul.



butterflies are free

Defiant eyesores, street flyers are a vulgar flip-off to good taste and John Law. They're crude, rude, charming, subversive and handled ably, very effective advertising. This issue we're featuring Ted Bundy's Volkswagon, not necessarily because they are the best poster artists, but because they are consistently entertaining and inventive, and hey, we had to start somewhere.



Sec. 17-30. Signs on poles and sidewalks; penalty.

It shall be unlawful for any person to place any billboard or sign upon any sidewalk of the urban county or to nail or otherwise fasten such billboard or sign to any telephone, telegraph or other pole upon such sidewalk.

Any person violating this section shall be fined not less than one dollar (\$1.00) nor more than ten dollars (\$10.00).

TOUCH & GO RECORDING ARTISTS

MULE

THURSDAY, JAN. 28
FABULOUS WROCKLAGE

WITH VERY
SPECIAL GUESTS

TED BUNDY'S VOLKSWAGON

GOOD, CLEAN FUN...
JUST DON'T DROP THE SOAP!



88.1 wrfl
presents
part of
alternative
music month

Don't forget!
Bring a easy child
star to the show
and you both drink free!!

ted bundy's
volkswagon

strangi
martin

Saturday nite
your fantasies
come true...

IVNAGH'S OCT 22




Tue. Nov. 3
election night
at the
Wrocklage

VOTE!

bye
bye
Bush
bash


aka
what happened to my
new world order?
leave your family values
at the door

STARRING
from
ol Halcion Head's
home in Texas
music to
smile along with

GLASS
EYE

from right here
where a vote
don't come cheap!

ted bundy's
volkswagon



ennis your
majesty

ted bundy's
volkswagon


rabby
feebler

wrocklage
ALL AGES

SUNDAY
NOV. 29
6:30

Penis Your Matesty

total assault of the senses I show only it's not that same old sunday bullshit



YES, HONEY!...

IF I SAY
I LOVE YOU...

CONSIDER ME
DRUNK!

TOUCH & GO SUPERSTARS

**LAUGHING
HYENAS
TED BUNDY'S
VOLKSWAGON
LUCHE LIBRE**

SATURDAY NITE
SEPT 11 WROCKKLAGE

Brought to you by WROCK KLAGE RECORDS
where you can find
the best music

PAUL &
THE WEATHERMEN

**TED BUNDY'S
VOLKSWAGON**

someone please
kill me

@ WROCKKLAGE

WITH
SPECIAL GUEST FROM CMCY!
CRONATAK

ted bundy's
volks wagon
ted bundy's
volks wagon
ted bundy's
volks wagon

with close personal friends
**skillet
and
strang!martin**
"baker"

**wreckord
wrelease
pawty
wrockklage
dec. 4**

I LOVE
WROCKKLAGE
WROCKKLAGE

Damn, so this is the second coming
I don't know. I thought it would be
a bigger deal. -THE POPE

**iowa beef
experience**
RAVE RECORDING ARTISTS

**ted bundy's
volks wagon**

7" E.P. ON WROCKKLAGE RECORDS
OUT APRIL 16

chump!
OUT THIS FALL

tue. march 30 SPLIT 7" W.P.
@ wrockklage

Brother Bob Tilton personally assisting the
ted bundy's volks wagon press kits before the boys
sent them to all the really cool "alternative" labels

Sola

Blues in the East

As more and more artists follow the example of Martin Denny, Peter Gabriel, Paul Simon, and David Byrne in looking outside the narrow realm of American culture for musical inspiration, it's always interesting to come across a foreign artist looking to something that has been traditionally American ground without losing perspective on their own history. That's why Liu Sola's refreshing "Blues In the East" comes across as an innovative look at another culture and ourselves. On this album, produced by genre-buster Bill Laswell, Ms. Sola artfully combines traditional Chinese folk opera with incredibly funky blues. The zither becomes a jazz instrument as Amina Claudine Myers drives her organ through each song with intensity. Elements of Gospel and Jazz appear all over the place, segueing nicely into Chinese folk. While some of the six-minute forays into sang-spoken Chinese classical literature might not appeal to every American listener, the tracks where James Blood Ulmer and the rest of the band come into full effect will leave no choice but to join the groove. Another interesting element is the english language section spoken by Umar Bin Hassan of the Last Poets. The whole setting combined is an amazingly diverse tour of a foreign land with something that is part of all of us as our guide.

Adrian Belew Here

Adrian Belew has been releasing solo albums since 1981, and his seventh lp, "Here", is a journey into the realm of tame experimental fun music. This album doesn't compare to his first release, "Lone Rhino", which was an incredibly perfect melding of rock 'n' roll with experimental and creative songwriting. Neither does it go to the experimental extremes of the all-instrumental album "Desire Caught By the Tail". This latest effort appears to be a continuation of the trend started by his fifth solo album, "Young Lions", marked by pop songs that don't take too many chances. A person unfamiliar with any of Belew's work with David Bowie, Laurie Anderson, Talking Heads, Frank Zappa, or most notably King Crimson might write this album off as standard pop poop. Once you get beyond that second or third listen though, you begin to discover the tone colors evident in the songs, plus an interesting "fun factor" that makes Adrian's tunes just plain fun to dance to. A heavy theme of environmental and social awareness runs rampant in the lyrics, but there are a few "pop" songs with pointless verse, like "I See You", that capture the essence of popular music, while others are enjoyable for their music, such as the interesting rocker "Survival In the Wild", and the incredibly funky and wild-sounding "Futurevision". Then the incredibly hallucinogenic "Fly" ably takes the listener on a strange sonic voyage.

Reviews by T. Owens

VOX POP

Do you think it is possible that Elvis Presley is alive?

Yes	16%
No	79%
Not sure	5%

From a telephone poll of 1,000 American adults taken for TIME/CNN on Aug. 27-28 by Yankelovich Clancy Shulman. Sampling error is plus or minus 3%.

NATASHA'S
Cafe & Boutique
304 Southland Drive
277-8412

ALSO
OPEN SUNDAYS
3-9

WRFL 88.1FM

FALL 1994

PROGRAM SCHEDULE

24 Hour Request Line:

257-WRFL

Office Phone:

257-INFC

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY
12AM	Sunshine Overnite w/ John Burroughs	Gina Gentile	j2 Haws
3AM	Fred	Jock Cousteau	Jason Bostic
6AM	The Vigil Tanya, Nathan & Scott	Seth Burnett	Breakfast on the Bayou Dave Carroll
9AM	True Static News & Features	Will Burchard	Darren Gibson
12PM	Hot Burrito Rob & Bobby	Jock's Lunch	Jock's Lunch
3PM	Hoe Dad Hootenanny Rob & Joe	Clay Pagan	Ellen Bush
6PM	World Beat w/ Bill & Bill	Roots Culture w/ Fatman	Pacific In the Neighborhood
9PM	Women's Music w/ Tosha	Entropic Symphonies w/ Mosh Men & Chris	Jazz Ain't No Lemon w/ Andy

L(9735)

(4636)

Program Director Brian Manley

General Manager Chuck Powell

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

Street Intellect
w/ Sami

Catacombs
w/ Shawn

Burning Sensations
w/ Doug

Psychedelicatessen
w/ Captain & Baron Sanders

Shea Baker

Lin Teachey

Late, Late Show
w/ Jeff Holland

Susie Meatplow

Pete Hrabak

Dara Hoffman

Tom Owens

Lemmy

Melinda Higgins

Brian Manley

Chris Watts

Blue Yodel #9
w/ Dave & John & Kirk

Jock's Lunch

Throbossonic Realm
w/ Dave Farris

Patty Meltz

Hard Travelin' Revue w/ Pat
Cattle Hour w/ Lori

Vince Barker

Rance Piatt

AJ

Aly Nickell

Network News

Eric Thornsburg

Shoot the Singer
w/ Dan Wu

The Void
w/ Chuck P

Hitchhiker Blues
w/ Bobby Ray

Town Hall of the Air
w/ John Clark

Music from India
w/ Raj

Thru the Vibe
Cowrie & Vic Tayback

Album Feature
w/ Paul

Thru the Vibe
Dance & Techno
Blue Yodel #9
Bluegrass & Traditional
Burning Sensations
Hardcore, Thrash, & Punk
Catacombs
Underground
True Static
News & Features
Entropic Symphonies
Metal
Throbossonic Realm
Jazzadelic Funkcore
Hard Travelin' Revue
New & Classic Folk
Hitchhiker Blues
Wide range of Blues schools
Hot Burrito!
Country & Western
In the Neighborhood
Local music
Jazz Ain't No Lemon
New, Old and Classic Jazz
Jocks Lunch
Jocks' choice, M-W
Late, Late Show
Moldy, Old & Obscure Records
The Void
Embarrassing Sounds of the 80's
Roots Culture
Reggae & Roots
Street Intellect
Rap & Hip Hop
Sunshine Overnite
Classic sounds of the 70's
Psychedelicatessen
Psychedelia
Town Hall of the Air
Call in Issues
Shoot the Singer
Instrumentals from All Genres
Women's Music
Music by women artists
World Sounds
Musics from around the globe
Music from India
Pop, Old, Rare, & Soundtracks
Breakfast on the Bayou
Complete Cajun Sounds

Hoe Dad Hootenanny
Rockabilly ramblings
Album Features
New & Classics

Tele Cable 99.7

Album Review: David Byrne

Self Titled

26

David Byrne, former Talking Head and experimenter in various artistic mediums apart from music, releases his third solo lp (not counting projects with other people or his score to the film "The Forest"), baring his bones once again to ruthless critics (like myself). However, bare bones seems to be an apt phrase on this album, where he trades the elaborate horn section heard on "Rei Momo" and "Uh-Oh" for a tuba on one track. The tight, polyrhythmic drum section is reduced to one person on a drum set with a few others occasionally (yes, occasionally really does mean occasionally) on hand percussion. The forays into Latin American music don't seem to be the dominant style. Instead we find something that sounds very familiar. The opening song, "A Long Long Time Ago", is unabashedly introspective and hearkens back to that dark Talking Heads album "Remain in Light". From this surreal landscape we migrate to the bright tones of the first single, "Angels", where the sound captures the spirit of the best parts of "Remain in Light" without copying it. What amazes me about this song, in particular, is the wide variety of sound captured with a five part arrangement of drum kit (y'know, the regular kind), bass, guitar, bells, and tambourine. Other highlights on the album are "Sad Song", another melody oriented tune, "You & I", a pleasant tropical visit, and the addition of two acoustic numbers, "Buck Naked", a heartfelt song about the death of his wife's sister, and the outstanding "My Love is You". Of course, there are also songs that are symptoms of the "singer/songwriter" disease, softly spoken message songs that don't quite come across, and others that seem to be effortlessly tossed off to lengthen the album. I still maintain that David Byrne is a viable creative force, doing wonders for music through the administration of his Luaka Bop label, and even able to pen a good tune in the wake of personal trouble.

by thomas owens

SPECIAL MEDIA

"Since 1972, your best alternative for important, interesting, and hard-to-find books and gifts."

371 South Limestone • Lexington, Ky. 40508

(606) 255-4316

Manley takes Manhattan

By Brian

"An assault on the senses." That's the way Bill Verble (y'know, the old PD type guy) described New York City to me. Others offered words of advice before embarking for the infamous 1994 New Music Seminar, including, "Keep your wallet in your front pocket," "Don't go to Harlem at 3 a.m.," and be sure to "Never, ever make eye contact with anyone."

Reassuring words for a "stupid, little white guy" who has never traveled farther north than Cincinnati. Heck, it was even my first plane ride, which was impressive enough to me. Chuck even let me sit next to the window so I could see the city as we came down. All I could think was, *"You just don't need that many freakin' people living together...."*

But, now that I think about it, you do need that many people for New York City. I've heard it about a million times and never believed it, but it is one of most interesting and possibly greatest places on Earth. And it wouldn't be without all of the weird people. That includes the old ladies that yell at no one in the middle of Times Square, the shirt / watch / jewelry / sunglasses / album / book / camel / perfume vendors every five feet (just kidding about the camels), the street musicians (my personal

favorites) and even those guys who were harassing that innocent girl in the phone booth at 2am (OK, OK, I didn't know she was a hooker...).

Anyway, we didn't hit NYC to take a tour (although we managed to), but to attend, hob-nob and schmooze with some of the people who make up the music industry. Sure, its disguised as an organized convention to come together and discuss important issues concerning music, radio and other topics of global significance, but in reality it's a chance for reps to bribe other reps, and feed perpetually hungry Music Directors in hopes of getting some more airplay for their bands (just ask Sami, who ate pretty well up there).

Unfortunately, Program Directors don't get bribed as much, although I did receive plenty o' free eats (couldn't get enough of those carrot sticks and cheese the hotel fed us), and met some great people at the same time. I also discussed a few of those topics with some great people, drank with some great people, saw some great bands, and argued with some total idiots. Well, that's the way these conventions go, from what I hear. Everyone sits around and tells each other they're running their respective stations wrong, then we all drink, watch bands, and continue to run our respective stations the same way we did before. (who said college students were ever open to new ideas?).

New York is definitely an assault on the senses. It makes Lexington look even more boring than when I left it. It really can't be described in what I was hoping to be a shorter paragraph. But a city like that deserves a little rambling. So, I'll try and give my first impressions of what NYC is in what's left of this here article. New York is huge; full of foreign (but unbelievably wise) cabbies; it's the summation of the lost art of graffiti; it's busted windows and fire escapes; it's a FAX in our room at the Sheraton; it's mid-town Manhattan; it's lots of tall buildings (I hear they call 'em skyscrapers up there); it's Carnegie Hall/Hard Rock-Harley Davidson Cafe / Time-Life Buildings / Radio City Music Hall / Broadway / Cats / Grand Central and the Sullivan Theater; it's Irish pubs and expensive beer; it's TIMES SQUARE; it's *Crack house!*; it's cute hookers, and male hookers (?); it's panels and schmoozers; it's Ray's Pizza, Popeye's Chicken and undercooked meat; it's Soho, the Village, Chinatown, the Lower East and the nonexistent Little Italy; it's \$12 Rumplemintz and stolen expensive beer; it's passing out in my suitcase; it's getting stuck on the subway until 3 a.m.; it's strip bars and 5 cent pizza (I didn't know that stuff was legal); it's Fuzzy/ Circle of Dust/ L7/ Frente!/ Sarkoma/ Earthmen / G Love & Special Sauce / Kustomized / S F Seals and lots more; it's CBGB and

the famous Rick Jamie Phone Booth (uh, Patty, did you know where you were sitting?); it's indescribable (and the beer's expensive).

It was a great trip, and was pretty emergency free, except for two sets of lost luggage and a canceled plane. Too bad I hafta go back in September (heh, heh).

In the meantime,

BManley.

P.S. Gosh darnit Chuck, we still need to go to that Oyster Bar!

To be continued @ CMJ.....

The Comic Interlude, Inc.

IMPERIAL PLAZA
393 WALLER AVE.
LEXINGTON, KY 40504
(606) 231-9237

STORE HOURS
MON. - SAT. 10 - 7
SUN. 1 - 6

YOUR PLACE FOR COMICS!

MILWAUKEE METAL MUSIC MANIA VIII

THOUGHTS AND MISGIVINGS BY

JOHN BURROUGHS

Skipped Woodstock II. Skipped Lollapalooza again. But I couldn't resist the call to the city famous for Beer; the Fonzie; Cheese; and Jeffrey Dahmer: Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The reason? The 8th Annual Milwaukee Metal Music Mania (formerly known as Metalfest).

This year's show expanded to two days (Friday August 5 and Saturday August 6), two stages, and over 70 bands. What follows is a fond look back.

HIGHLIGHTS Slayer's first show in over two years, and their first with new drummer Paul Bostaph. I've got blisters inside my ears. Other bands who proved metal isn't dead include: Wargasm; Skrew; Dead Flyboy; Murphy's Law; Over Kill; Cannibal Corpse; Biohazard; Afterlife; and Collapsing Lungs.

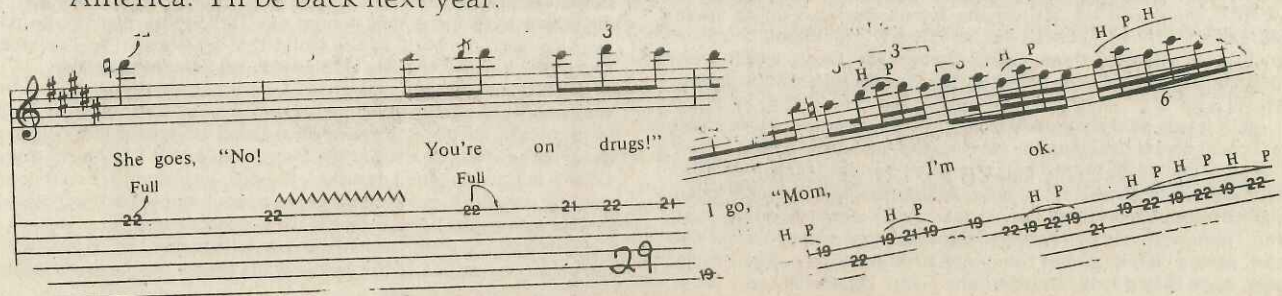
DISAPPOINTMENTS The phrase "over 70 bands" looks great on a flier, but what's the point if 30 of 'em suck? While adventurous, the promoters need to take a harder look in the future at who they're throwing onstage. The Meat Shits? Anal Blast? Solitude Aeternus? And whoever thought it would be a good idea to put LA popsters Love/Hate up there with the likes of Over Kill and Cannibal Corpse needs to lose his job.

HARD LUCK DEPT. Wargasm and Skrew played back to back incredible sets early Saturday afternoon. Unfortunately for them, roughly 75% of the total in attendance missed them because of the early start. Also, Crawl Space (from Louisville) played even earlier Saturday (1:20 PM). And I missed them. Damn.

SIDE NOTES When in Milwaukee, take note: The town is owned by Miller Beer. It is perfectly acceptable to walk down the street, or hang out in a parking lot while drinking beer. A few folks even *tailgated* outside on Saturday. Try that at Bogart's or the Wrocklage.

EVEN BIGGER DISAPPOINTMENTS On Friday, the news broke in the Milwaukee *Journal* that that evening's headliners, Motorhead, had cancelled, and that Nuclear Assault would headline. They weren't there either. And nobody seemed to know why. Also, an excellent example of inflation spiraling out of control: T-shirts were priced at \$18 on Friday. The SAME SHIRTS were \$23 on Saturday. What the fuck?

Overall, Metal Mania proved to be *The Shit*. Cost for a two day pass was \$54. When considering just the bands that I actually saw, not counting those that sucked, it averaged out to less than \$2 a band. Possibly the best vacation value in America. I'll be back next year.



CONVINCED THAT THE DESERT WAS A STARSCAPE:

Pavement, 3-D's, Guided by Voices & Lazy
Southgate Mansion, Newport, KY 5/8/94
by eLLen bUsh

I was going to review the Pavement show at Southgate House in Newport, but that's probably impossible. I have no idea if Pavement were anywhere near as good as I think they were, because they wound up being, but one small chip of colored glass in the kaleidoscope of that rather weird and lengthy night.

Widener had to work. Hiatt had to go to a training seminar for his new job. Robey had God's own sinus infection. One by one, my partners in crime dropped out of the game, so I lit out up the interstate all by my lonesome. I hadn't been to a show at Southgate House since my friends Jon and Pam Diebold had their wedding reception there in 1986. Or was it '87? Anyway, H-Bomb Ferguson played the reception, and repeatedly referred to the groom and bride as "Pat and Joan." It was a night. Southgate House is famous for nights to which no adequate adjective can be applied.

Southgate, for those who need the history lesson, did NOT used to be the famous Jockey Club, as a previous issue of Rifle claimed. The Jockey Club was several blocks away and is now a parking lot. Damn shame, too. Jockey started out its life as a gambling casino called the Flamingo Club, and legend has it that Frank Sinatra once brought Marilyn Monroe in there to shoot craps; in its 70's and 80's incarnation as a big mare barn of a punk club, such acts as the Cramps, the Ramones, and Husker Du were regulars. But even though Jockey is no more, there seems to be some disembodied genius that resides in the soil of Newport, a thing that will not brook the lack of a weird music venue. So somebody turned the old Thompson mansion, birthplace of the man who invented the Tommy gun (see the historical marker smack dab in the middle of the front yard, stage right) into just such a place. Jockey it ain't, but that night it did just fine.

The mansion is a big old Addams Family affair with windows full of beer signs and a stupendous view of both the blazing Cincinnati skyline standing straight up and its tremulous river reflection standing straight down. This night the house was oozing punks, overflowing with hipsters, spilling over with grunge-kinder, and gushing college radio aficionados. They, uh, we, were in the streets, in the yard, in the porches. We were here to do the Pavement show, see it, surf it, get the T-shirt, file it under ancient history.

I didn't even have to pay the ferryman. I was on the ticket call-back list since I was from out of town, so I walked up to the people at the door and told them so. "Okay," they said, handing me my ticket and stamping my hand. "Enjoy the show." I hadn't given them any money. I had my hand in my wallet, ready to pay. But they were already checking in the next customer. Oh well, I thought. I know a present from the universe when I see one. I put my billfold back in my poke and waded down into the ballroom.

Southgate's sunken ballroom is a big dilapidated nightclub space with a mezzanine balcony and heavy red flocked paper curling ponderously away from the walls. The lights were solid shafts in the cigarette smoke fog, out of which vaguely familiar faces emerged and then receded. There were a couple of good reasons for the phantasmagoric effect of the crowd. I used to live in Cincinnati, and a good many of my friends both from there and from Lexington kept surfacing from the murk. There was Eric Thornsburg and Jose Carvallo from RFL, Pat and Steve Hennessey of the Tiger Lillies, Randy Cheek of the Ass Ponies. Several Wolverton Brothers were in evidence. Steve Schmall, also of the Tiger Lillies, was up on stage with Pat's girlfriend Megan Haas and Randy's girlfriend Suzanne Lynch; the three of them called themselves Lazy, which they musically weren't. It was definitely band-and-radio-station incest city.

But it was all the people I wasn't sure if I did know that weirded me. I could deal with constantly running into old homies I hadn't seen in twelve geological eons, but the utter barrage of half-familiar phantoms I knew by the cut of a jaw or the toss of a cigarette-laden hand was about more than I could take, and I was only on my first beer. There were names I was supposed to know, names I never did know, names I did know but owners brushed past me before I could speak, since they'd long forgotten who I was. I suddenly had

Combustible Edison's merry-go-round tune "Carnival of Souls" playing through my head above the din.

Lazy, Guided by voices and The 3-D's, were basically backdrop. I was washed from one floor to another in Southgate, upstairs from the ballroom to the bars with their bare boards and crystal chandeliers, then further up to the second floor with its coffeehouse that breathed like a civil war bordello - one that had survived the burning of Atlanta. Men, mostly, were in there, grim somehow as if lonely for at least the ghosts of courtesans. They listened to the limp guitar player and took refuge in caffeine even though the place had another full bar. The dimness was full of mirrors and iron tracery and battered wood.

I rode the wave of people down the stairs to the front porch, where the river flamed up and down with light. Everyone on the porch seemed to be talking to everyone else, exchanging comments and anecdotes and assorted contemporary fairy tales, smoking cigarettes and gesturing out toward the brilliant towers as if the buildings understood. Nobody knew me, so I talked to them all.

A pair of young men were joking about how Pavement should tour with Tar. So I told them about former RFL Music Director Joe Turner's experience with the city slicker label rep who didn't know the Cows were a band. Joe told this guy on the phone that he'd been to Cincinnati to see the Cows, then complemented their live show as opposed to their recorded work. "Oh, they're a band!" the rep cried, the light dawning. Joe told this story to another label rep who was a friend of his, who replied, "Man, it's a good thing you didn't go see Pavement with Tar, or they'd be talkin' up in New York about how those boys down in Kentucky think a road's a big deal!"

The relating of that story led to an involved and detailed debriefing of the tri-state music scene. I don't remember a bit of it. Various punkettes kept drifting up to the one guy and needing a light. A pallid young man with inky dreads, a double-breasted suit coat and bead bracelets was comparing Slanted and Enchanted to Murmur; it seems "Fame Thow" is "Moral Kiosk." We all listened reverently, especially since it was a lyrical comparison he was drawing. We were none of us in any condition to argue with what he was sure he knew Michael Stipe was saying or what he was positive Steve Malkums meant. He was either an idiot or a genius, and I discovered I really didn't want to know how much of which.

Back down in the smoky depths of the ballroom, the 3-D's were playing a set that was good enough to restrain me from wandering for a while (Guided By Voices just hadn't done much for me, folks and frogs). But as soon as they were done, I decided to check out the art gallery that had recently been set up in the attic. It turned out to be your basic whitewashed wood garret space with a single church pew in the center of the wood floor. I'd briefly visited the gift shop down on the second floor across from the coffee house of Victorian angst, looking over the sculptures and handmade paper without meeting the proprietors' eyes, since I figured I really wasn't going to buy anything.

But the attic sent me back down to the shop, making inquiries. Making inquiries of anyone I met, for that matter. The strangely-lit paintings of Newport neighborhoods and fireplace mantelpieces and a particular Irish setter were arresting enough in themselves, but it was the artist's name that floored me. There really couldn't be two guys named Tom Mitts in the world that were painters. Especially two guys named Tom Mitts with an Irish setter named Hellfire.

Mitts and I went to Centre College together. He painted all the time and wore a mummified raccoon dick around his neck. My most vivid memory of him is the two of us doing an improvised, ophidian, quasi-Balinese pas de deux in the living room of the SAE house to the Clash's dub piece "The Equalizer." Nobody, including us, could figure out how we were keeping synchronized through the whole thing. He got Hellfire as a puppy while we were still in school.

He met me practically at the door as I rushed back down to the gift shop. He was one of the people in the shop's little room I'd looked

at but resolutely hadn't seen, smack dab in the middle of a whole victorian pile full of people I kept staring at but not knowing.

We managed to catch up on a pretty decent amount of, oh, the last DECADE in about half an hour. He was living in the Newport neighborhood he grew up in, maintaining a studio and gallery. Hellfire was alive and well and being her usualself. He wasn't wearing the raccoon dick. I wasn't very drunk at all, but I probably came off like Sister Morphine because I was still so stunned at finding him there. I felt as if I was going to turn around and find Kronos the God of Time costumed as Allen Funt, setting fragments of my past on me like dogs and yelling for me to smile, the hidden cameras had me surrounded.

I arrived at the head of the ballroom stairs at the very second Pavement took the stage. I didn't envy them their job; the big chamber was infernally hot and dim with smoke, right up to its lofty ceiling. I went straight up to the mezzanine, where management had thoughtfully provided a mini-bar at the wall opposite the stage. I grabbed a beer and went up to the second tier, where I actually found a vacant windowsill. The window was wide open and the sill was made of marble, so I was deliciously cool with my ass on the smooth stone and my back to the outside air.

Down in the pit I could see Eric Thornsburg's head bobbing up occasionally from the midst of the boiling crowd. Pavement seemed to play in a deep red haze that had nothing to do with the cigarette smoke or the colored lights. Suitably attired in white tees and plaid flannel, they looked for all the world like a small herd of 1970's high school boys and carried on like a bunch of all-ages show air-guitar contestants who'd suddenly realized they actually could play the instruments they were supposed to be miming. As they hopscoched through Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain and both left out and included hits from Slanted and Enchanted, never once did these guys play as if they took their role on stage for granted. The entire gang seemed utterly stunned and delighted that the sounds they were hearing were coming out from their own hands and throats; once they figured this out, there was nothing to do but party. The essence of Pavement's genius, anyway, is that they really don't care if they come off like total goofballs. Deal with them or drink down the street.

The set was too damn short, and that's the extent of my criticism for the night. I didn't really expect them to play "Zurich is Stained" even though it's only about a minute forty long. I yelled for it anyway. Inexplicably, they didn't play "Trigger Cut" either, but they did grace us with "Fame Thoma" and its chromatic-rainbow hook. I decided it was enough like "Moral Kiosk" that the guy from the porch probably won't get beaten up at more parties than he can really handle.

We didn't get out of there until about one-thirty in the morning, and I concluded that my body needed grease. Protein-packed, vitamin-rich grease. I took leave of Pat & Steve and snaked my way to the Anchor Grill.

When in scenic Covington, visit the savoir faire that is the Anchor Grill. Nobody I know seems to know why there's the Anchor Grill, and there's nobody we feel we can ask who won't shoot us. Not that it's a nasty place at all, but there are just certain things you don't ask nice polite white trash who are utterly unaware that they're slinging hash in a John Waters movie set.

The Anchor is a fantasy of sterile formica and nautical gear, plus assorted stained-glass light fixtures and a gigantic overhead ballroom fixture of silver, emerald and amber mirror. It's not your average disco ball, but an upside down truncated cone that looks like somebody turned the Tower of Babel into a Las Vegas hotel and then nailed its foundation to one of the ceiling studs.

Directly below this thing, among all the chrome-and-vinyl booths, is a small, round white table with a single chrome pedestal leg that no one ever seems to sit at, probably because most of the table's top is taken up by a great torchlike inverted cone, also made of chrome and full of long-stemmed plastic flowers and glitter-covered fronds. But the oddest feature of the Anchor's dining room is the convex glass case set into a corner of the room about eight feet off the floor. It's usually covered by a miniature tasseled curtain inside the glass. But when somebody feeds the jukebox, the cone on the round table floods the mirrored thing with light, and the mirrored thing's arthritic motor makes it slowly turn and scintillate. The tasseled curtains part in the glass case and an orchestra of tuxedoed marionettes and their evening-gowned chanteuse begin to jingle more or less in time to the music. A couple of original puppets are missing and have been replaced with Barbie dolls and hillbilly jug band figures. There are definitely certain drugs you don't want to have been doing when you walk into this place.

The orchestra was jiggling to Hank Williams (Jr., unfortunately, not Sr.) when I sat down in a booth and ordered breakfast. After the waitress brought my coffee, I tried to settle into reading a little local arts newspaper I'd picked up at the mansion, but the big mirror thing's motor kept getting hung up and distracting me. It would be turning as usual, then suddenly grind to a halt for a few seconds, complaining loudly until whatever was stuck came loose and let it move again. Tired and hypnotized, I stared stupidly into the big sparkling circle, twitching violently every time it did and involuntarily tapping my fingers to Johnny Paycheck. I felt like I was on that old 60's sci-fi series The Time Tunnel, falling down a big op-art tube into hell.

As if on cue, Witt Schmidt walked in. Witt's about seven feet tall and looks like an art deco vulture in a leather jacket and shorts. I hadn't seen Witt since about 1988, when he and his then-wife Charlette used to bring their baby daughter to the Jockey Club to hear punk rock bands. He veered past the friends he'd come to meet, alit at my table, and ordered breakfast. Breakfast with--saints in heaven preserve us--black coffee.

Witt does not need coffee; a conversation with him is like trying to communicate with a very articulate Tasmanian Devil. All I remember, besides how very intensely yellow those eggs on my plate were, was the erratically whirling mirror disk behind Witt's head, the jiggling of the little people (both dolls and diners) somewhere in the background, and Waylon Jennings songs punctuated by snippets of rants on Jerry Falwell, the Illuminati, KERA, the CIA, Alice in Wonderland, Charlotte's Web, KERA, the history of the frigging Jockey Club (naturally), and KERA. Witt and I both teach school, Y'see.

At about three-thirty I extricated myself and went fleeing back down I-75. The road was flat and gray, but I felt like I was still falling down a tube that was a cross between a kaleidoscope and a garbage disposal. At about five A.M., the stone arches of Hampton Court came into view, and I scurried up to my bed and collapsed into unconsciousness. It was to no avail. I climbed floor after floor of phantom-filled old houses all morning long, level upon level of carnival and shadow reaching up and down to infinity, and woke up exhausted at high noon.



Copyright John Howard
c/o Last Gasp P.O. Box 410067 San Francisco CA 94141-0067

NOT EVEN WRFL CAN FACE THE HORROR OF...

RETROVIRUS AND OPPORTUNISTIC INFECTION

STARTLING NEW ALBUM :
"STANDOFF IN WACO"

"WITHOUT A DOUBT, THIS IS THE WORST MUSIC
I HAVE EVER HEARD IN MY LIFE."
-- Walter Tunis, *Herald-Leader*

"WE DON'T HAVE THE TIME TO PLAY EVERY
LITTLE HOMEMADE TAPE SOMEONE SENDS US."
-- someone at WRFL

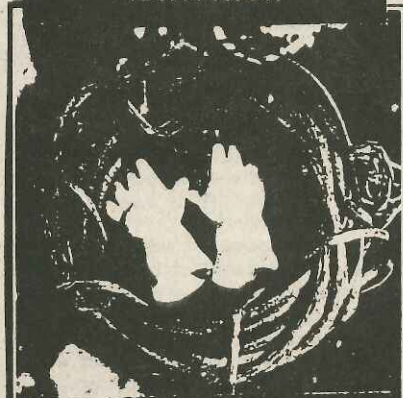
"WHY WOULD ANYBODY GO TO SO MUCH TROUBLE
FOR SOMETHING THAT SUCKS SO MUCH??"
-- some sorority chick from ECU

"ANONYMOUS YODELING GAYBOYS."
-- Aaron Lee, *Blue Persuasion*

"BUNCHA FUCKIN' FREAKS."
-- you

RETROVIRUS & OPPORTUNISTIC INFECTION TAPES ARE AVAILABLE
IN RICHMOND AT RECORDSMITH AND THE CREEPS OUTPOST IN WATER
STREET MALL; IN LEXINGTON AT CUT CORNER AND BEAR'S WAX; IN
WACO AT THE SMED, AND FROM ROVING CREEPS STREET VENDORS
IN IRVINE, RAVENNA, BYBEE, MOBERLY, PANOLA, KINGSTON, PAINT
LICK, BEREÄ, WINCHESTER, NICHOLASVILLE, BOONESBORO, ESTONIA,
ROBINSONVILLE, MT.VERNON, BIG HILL, McKEE, AND SAND GAP.

Retrovirus And
Opportunistic
Infection



STANDOFF
IN WACO

Retrovirus and Opportunistic Infection are back again, with their latest low-budget cassette-only release, **STANDOFF IN WACO**, another batch of poorly-recorded made-up-on-the-spot songs about donuts, beer, girls, international politics, cola, potato chips, Ho-ho wrappers, the Cincinnati Reds, massage parlors, Burger King, rough sex with redneck women, orange juice, Chinese medicine, Piggly-Wiggly, garbage, newspapers, Marvel comics, prostitutes, cartoons, and in-jokes about people you've never heard of. Friend, you can keep on listening to "alternative" music all you want, but sooner or later you will be forced to confront the unholy ugliness/beauty of Retrovirus and Opportunistic Infection. **GIVE UP!**

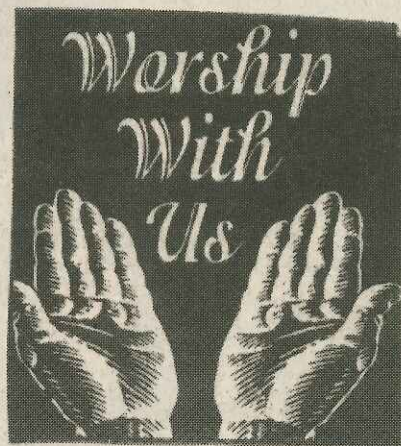
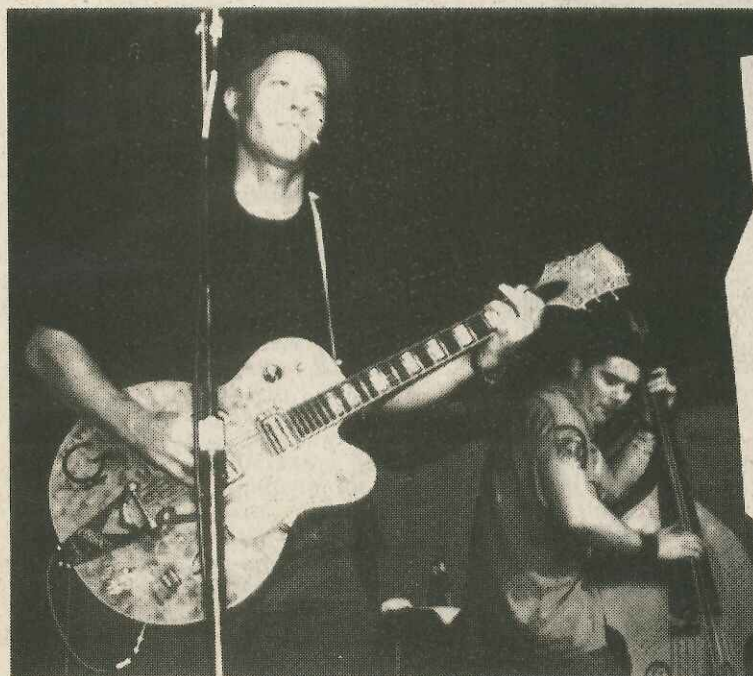
Have you seen us?



WRFL
WRFL
WRFL
WRFL
WRFL



AND THEY MADE LOVE WITH
THE TENDERNESS OF EXPENSIVE
STEAK OVER THE FIRES OF
PASSION.



There is much in life — so live.
Eat and be happy.

Photo by Dan Workup (the drawers)

EVERYBODY HIT THE GROUND



FART

33

The SPOKEN WORD IS

weak

Bill WIDENER
hops on
his soapbox &
lathers up
about
pomo POETRY
& hipster hoopla



Panel from "Painfully Portland" by the great Joe Sacco.
The quoted from "Spoken Word Thing" by Steve Albini.

...new, fresh, cutting edge, but **NOT** SO...loud..

So I'm viddying freestyle, judgin' jury kangaroo court w/ the remote con, when I pop in MTV: onscreen, some wild-eyed feminblack is flappin' her blood-red lush-lipped yap a mile a minute, her huge eye all dark intelligence intense afire. Curious as to what this hubbarific hepket is on about, I demute just fast enough to catch the last few huffs'n'puffs of her rant...or poem, actually, cuz I thinks 'twas that Maggie Estep gal, one of the up-n-comingest of the up-n-coming crowd of young poets ballyhooed with increasing volume in professional-boho media organs such as *Spin*, *High Times*, and *Sassy*.

Now, God (and anybody else within earshot for the past fifteen years) knows, I loves a mouthy dame, but this little encounter with the vivacious'n'vocal Ms. E kinda put me in a sour mood- y'see, I've been avoiding with malice aforethought this whole "poets for the Nine-Ohs" thing, willfully thumbing past the rapturous articles re: this brash new crew of fat-mouthin' wordsmiths, in a resentful hurry to get to the pix of beautiful dope I'll never smoke and exquisite teens I'll never....uh, well, anyway, I skipped ahead to the good parts, okay? And, not to pick on Mags, I'm sure she's sincerely pushin' the poetic envelope w/ heart'n'soul (tho', to be honest, what admittedly little I've heard kinda sounds like "Lydia Lunch Lite"- "All the sex with half the hate!"), but seeing her in the context/clutches of MTV, the fine folk responsible for the lame and loathsome *Unplugged* phenomenon, enabled me to understand why this dang neo-poetaster deal

bugs me so: it's the latest manifestation of The Flight From Rock.

Yeah, that's right, motherfucker, The Flight From Rock; it's a *concept*, man, it *demand*s capitals, 'stehen sie? And you know exactly what I'm talking about, just take a look around, it's everywhere: from the rasta/gangstoiserie of the Afro-caucasian set to the pseudo-shitkicker suburbanites linedancing in the "cowboy" bars to the reactionary acousticism of *Unplugged* to those silly-ass "rave" bastards...all this and too much more exemplifies The Flight From Rock, the wholesale abandonment of rock'n'roll by a large, growing wad of the pop populace.

There are many reasons for this, some of 'em more'n justifiable, but the main one I discern is basic cultural cowardice, a cringing, wilting inability to endure the heapin' helpin' of angst and amplification that differentiates the best- well, yeah, okay, and a lot of the worst- of contemporary rock from both its predecessors and its current competitors. The shit's just gotten too loud and scary for a lot of people, so the sniveling little pukers flee for the safety of the comfortable, the nostalgic, the less confrontational, the please-not-so-loud-and-scary.

This is as true of many in the so-called "alternative" scene(s) as of Joe CMT and Jane VH-1; however, since these scenesters' self-image is still predicated on the illusion of being part of some avant-garde bohemian counter-cultural schtick, they can't quite cut and run with the same blatant urgency as their more

"mainstream" partners in panic. Seeking escape from the unsettling roar'n'writhe, unable to face their shameful lack of sonic spine, fearing the raging raw, yet even more afraid of looking square, these sheep in wolf's clothing need something that's new and fresh and cutting edge, but not so...loud.

Ta-fucking-da: poetry, X-slacks style!

It's no surprise that this particular party train got rollin' in the comfy milieu of the coffeehouse industry. Coffeehouses themselves are part and parcel of The Flight- if you accept the holy trinity of sex, drugs & rock'n'roll, it's obvious that coffeehouses are as much a retreat from the second as spoken word is from the third. Alcohol is a drug, friend, and, as we all know, drugs are satanic- or even worse, from the PC perspective, unhealthy. Alright, sure, caffeine is a drug, but the greatly lesser of two evils, especially in the form of pricey chi-chi brews from some authoritarian Third World shithole whose other top imports include bauxite and the pickled pricks of endangered species. And how fortunate we are to have a safe, genteel, well-lit haven to sit and read and chit-chat and listen to Tom Waits (some *old* Tom Waits, the new stuff's so...*anxious*, don't you think?) or something "Celtic" and maybe hear some hip new writer/performer read selections from his upcoming tome, *My Father, My Fascist, My Face (and Your Ass)*- or is it "her", hard to tell with that hair and those big shirts, and all these kids wear Docs now, why it's as confusing as it was in the Sixties, how cyclical! And isn't it

one POET is superior to four BANDMATES...

nice, you *can* hear it, can't you, not like those noisy clubs, all dark and raucous and stinking of booze and smoke and lust and anger.

Yep, the coffeehouse, the perfect refuge for the New Puritan: Progressive Contingent, provides the perfect venue for the new Shelley-shillying guys'n'dolls, themselves an expression of said puritanism. I confess, I did read some of those articles, especially the ones with purty pitchers of the more fetching motormouths, and several of the poets quoted stated that music, especially rock, *especially* punk, has reached a point of self-negating saturation and only detracts from whatever message a word-slingin' aesthete-crusader like themselves has to impart- in other words, "*Turn that shit down- I can't hear myself Think!*"

Seen as an adjunct of modern literature rather than modern music, spoken word benefits from the middlebrow assumption of the former's superiority over the latter. Rock, specifically that of an surly and/or rambunctious nature, is still seen (quite rightly) as the skinhead at the tea party, an inevitably dominating presence which by its very nature threatens anarchy, violence, the sins of the flesh- and therefore, given the mind/body dualism just as poisonously essential to the worldview of the secular intelligentsia as to that of the bible-thumpin' lumpen, not to be taken seriously (except, of course, at publish-or-perish time, when treatises explicating the semiotics of "Madonna- Cleopatra Aboard the Trash Barge" enable the

perpetrators to puff up their academic resume while affording an ill-fitting populist facade). So, even tho' the neo-lipsters look, act, even squawk'n'talk about uncomfortable things like rockists do, they get the thumbs up from those in Flight, cuz it's spoken *word*, and therefore acceptable to *Utne Readers* subscribers hurtin' for a grip on the hip.

Another windfall to be reaped from the false Lit/Rock dichotomy is the illusion of greater artistic purity and authenticity. This illusion is fed in one way by the great myth of the Lone Artist Pursuing Her Singular Vision. Even after decades of fine proof to the contrary, collaborative artforms are seen as innately inferior- thus one poet is judged superior to four bandmates, since the one's creation is individual, undiluted, in contrast to the group, which, even with the strongest, most despotic frontman, depends on the whole being more than the parts. The strength of this ideal is exemplified by the multitude of dopey rock critics who feel compelled to describe one person in a band, usually the vocalist, as the fuhrer/poster boy/sun-source of that band's oomph, despite any and all evidence arguing otherwise.

Then there's the desire for another kind of authenticity, that expressed by the artist's seperation from commercialism. I believe that the poetic New Wave is seen as the last hope of creative independence, inheriting the mantle of righteousness from the previous last hope, the now-compromised alternative rock scene. (This'll involve quite a

digression, so work with me, okay?) Punk rock and its various forms and derivatives (and that's basically what everyone in Flight is running from like nuns from a satyr) is the disgruntled bastard of rock, itself an unruly form of pop music, and pop music is, was, and always will be part of the modern entertainment industry, inextricably bound to the demands of capitalism. This has been one of the major, even *the* major, problems with which punk and its adherents have struggled: how to maintain the independence, authenticity, *purity* of an artform tainted from the get-go by the touch of Mammon. Of course, in the beginning, it wasn't a problem; the first wave of wild-E'd radicals- the Ramones, Television, Blondie, the Dictators, Talking Heads, even the Sex Pistols to an extent- saw themselves as simply the Next Big Thing, the obvious great leap forward in the ever-dynamic evolution revolution of the rock'n'roll biz. With the possible exception of willfully anti-commercial art-damaged combos such as Throbbing Gristle and Pere Ubu, these performers didn't want to burn down the bakery, they just wanted their peice of the pie. However, the quick rejection of p-rock by the monkeymass and its managers demolished most of these dreams of old-fashioned success, clearing the way for punk to develop into an actual adversarial subculture. But now, as we all know too goddam well, Dis' Kapital has changed its mind, and "alternative" muzik und kultur have proven to be a viable cash cow after all, even when the sucker kicks and screams and tries to gore the man wielding

...a big wet KISS, a big fat PUNCH...

the branding iron.

This unseemly and, admit it, unexpected turn of affairs has left many alternativist diehards, yrs. truly included, in a quite a dizzy tizzy- given our misfit musiculture's over-all negative, decadent, misanthropic, perverse, assaultive and just plain bad attitude, one of the few moral high grounds we could clamber upon with impunity was that of being as free from Mammon's golden chains as could be hoped in the USA. But, hell's bells, Helmet's on a major, the Melvins, too- *the Boredoms*, f'r chrissakes! Real indie labels are bought out by big corporations even as the same corporations whip up their own fake indie divisions, making it difficult for those who care to tell friend from foe.

It's like watching a beautiful, headstrong, if more than a little fucked-up, friend suddenly up and marry a filthy rich Republican papist, the one rumored to have Mafia connections. She says she's still the same free-thinkin', free-livin' gal you've always counted on to make life interesting, and this husband guy's promised not to pressure her to join the Church, the Party, the country club, but still...you nervously watch for every little sign of corruption like a fundamentalist reading the newspaper for omens of Armageddon..you slump down in your seat when she gives you a ride in her Miata, hoping your slacker pals don't spot you...maybe you even start to disassociate yourself, I mean, you still like her, yeah, she's still fun to hang with, it's just, well, you know, things are different, she has moolah, prestige, social standing, and, face it, you're still

a grubby, alienated loser livin' large in Bo'burg.

So, with the taste of love gone sweetly subtle rotten wrong in your mouth, you look for somebody new to give you that kick, that pure, authentic kick. And here she comes, her dogeared notebooks crammed with free expression under her pale, wirey arm: she's fresh yet familiar, new in town yet with pedigree, iconoclastic and in yer face, and she doesn't have the musty cloying dead stink of cold hard cash on her, she smells clean, she smells real, she smells...like *art*.

You poor, deluded sap.

Look, even if she tears poetry a new asshole with every word screaming burning from her crazed, unclonable core, even if she (metaphorically, and let's hope she's got some new ones) raises her post-industrial non-white ambisexual anarcho-feminist multicultural fist against the depredations of The Man, even if she turns down the corporate publishing deal, the major label contract, the MTV spot, even if she doesn't *suck*, you know what's gonna happen?

She gonna make a rock'n'roll record, that's what- because *the spoken word is weak*.

The young writers of the poesy express can whisper, bark, sneer and weep about any manner of vile realities- screwed by boss, landlord and bureaucrat, beaten by fag-bashers, butt-fucked by Uncle- and maybe the best do rile, upset, incite their latte-suckin', ass-parkin' audience, but lacking music, without *noise* to put muscle behind the message, the listener gets off too easy. I know that sounds kinda sadistic, and I am a great

believer in the hurts-so-good scourge-n- purge school of art, but, the lust for revenge and the joy of pain aside, any art that has a mission other than simple entertainment has to seek to make a real impact, whether by exaltation or confrontation, a big wet nasty kiss or a big fat punch in the head- or both; hell, I'm a syncretistic kinda guy. And I assert with ferocity that, even with all its current problems and ancient weaknesses, rock'n'roll- especially that wild-ass lunatic fuck-off development we used to call "alternative" before the term was trademarked by witless swine- yes, rock'n'roll is the medium best suited to do so with the utmost honesty and power. That's why it inspires, aggravates, scares so many people; always has, and, one hopes, always will.

So, sure, yeah, let's celebrate the outburst of lip-off lettrists- poets and writers have always played a big role in our subculture (the best eg. being the Tiamat of punk, Patti Smith), and some cool stuff is getting out there. But let's reject the idea that this is some step upward on the artistic Great Chain of Being, a movement out and away from the "excesses" of a form that's provided us with a freedom and intensity of vision denied in the straight world. The Flight from Rock is a headlong rush into mediocrity; here's hoping the neo-poets don't get dragged along.

Oh, and Maggie? Sorry to pick on ya, hon' - whatsay we talk about it over coffee?

On second thought, let's make that a beer; I think Babyshit Brown's playin' tonight. They *rock!*

Concert Review-Adrian Belew with The Psychodots At Bogarts

Let me begin by saying that I have not seen a great many concerts, so I'm very impressionable at this point. Conversely, I'm not jaded either. Well, the few concerts I have seen were very good, and Adrian Belew has to be the best so far.

Now I'm sure that you are asking yourself, (IF you've managed to get this far), "Who is Adrian Belew?" and, before you turn the page to look for cartoons, let me enlighten you.

Adrian Belew has been releasing solo albums since 1981, and has appeared as a session guitarist on several albums prior to then, such as Frank Zappa's Sheik Yerbütie and David Bowie's Lodger. My own first encounter with Mr. Belew was on the Talking Heads' Remain In Light LP where I was amazed by these great guitar solos. After I arrived at WRFL (a really neat radio station-listen to it!) some fellow DJ's informed me about the performer of the solos. From there I was introduced to the wide collection of Adrian's work, and I am far better for it.

I was most fortunate when Adrian went on tour for his latest album, Here, and tickets were made available to the radio station. Quite in awe of the man, I grabbed the tickets (many thanks to Sami, our music pimp, for getting them for us) and a fellow DJ with a car and headed to Cincy.

Now there are two very important reasons why seeing Adrian Belew in Cincinnati was significant. One was that both the Psychodots and Adrian Belew are from Cincinnati and are the closest thing to a national phenomenon they've had apart from the Afghan Whigs recent success. The second reason involves some past history. Both Adrian Belew and the Psychodots were combined in one band called the Bears about six years back. They released two albums and disbanded. As the Bears they experienced a large surge of popularity and could have possibly started to become very national.

Joe (the driver of said car) and I were extremely eager to see Mr. Belew in Cincinnati, so we arrived three hours early.

Actually, we tried to get a station ID and a short interview, but Bogart's said "NO". But anyway, denied of our purpose, we ambled around Vine Street until the doors opened and people began filtering inside. I promptly worked my way towards the stage until I was no more than three people away. Joe wandered elsewhere. And the wait began. At eight o'clock people were still filtering in, but for the most part Bogart's was nearly full. After twenty-five minutes of waiting some stage hands came out and tuned the instruments. Everyone applauded. We waited more. After a rumor had circulated that the stage hands *were* the show, the Psychodots came on stage and proceeded to thoroughly rock things, performing many electrocutions on guitar, such as bouncing balloons off the strings and then talking into the balloon and far-out Belew-style solos. The Psychodots played for forty-five minutes, a relatively short time, and we endured another wait.

While the wait was occurring, one thought was running through the collective mind of a capacity Bogart's: Will the Psychodots and Adrian Belew play together? Will the Bears be reunited? Now, you must understand the significance of a Bears reunion in Cincy. The event that would come the closest to the above would be an Exile reunion in Richmond (provided the significance of Exile didn't just whiz past you at mach 4).

After another twenty minute wait Mr. Belew came out, clad in blue jeans and a white button-up shirt. He picked up one of the seven guitars on stage, pushed a pedal on a Roland guitar synth, and the most incredible tones began to wash over the crowd. The amazing thing, though, was what he was doing to produce these sounds. Nothing like the harsh attack of Sonic Youth, but he would simply press a string here and rub a string there. Nothing more. I was absolutely stunned. Hearing something like what he did is nothing new, but... how did he do it? He did this for a minute, striking strange, crane-like poses. He then went into a very trippy song called "Fly" off his latest album. During the course of the tune Rob Fethers, singer and lead guitarist for the Psychodots slipped on stage, picked up a guitar, played a few notes, and joined Adrian on the chorus. The tension in the crowd was thick. The song ended, Fethers was still on stage with Belew, but none of the other Psychodots were

out. For the second song, entitled "Burned By the Fire We Make" (also off Here), Adrian donned a dobro while Fetters took more of the electric chore. The tune was progressing nicely when some percussion snuck in! Chris Arduser, drummer for the Psychodots had slipped under cover of dim light! By that time the capacity crowd was full of frenetic energy, knowing their hopes had been fulfilled. Bob Nyswonger, bassist for the Psychodots, sheepishly ambled onto the stage. From there the concert rocked in every sense of the term "rock 'n' roll". Loud, fast, and fun. It was amazing and refreshing to see musicians of high caliber producing music that was easy to dance to without relying on every pop music cliché and original without being so anally technical that the whole thing was just an exercise.

The rest of the show was culled from his older classics mixed in with nearly everything off his latest LP. Some of the highlights of the show were the songs "Big Electric Cat", "Lone Rhinoceros", and "The Momur" off Lone Rhino, his amazing first release, three King Crimson tunes performed exactly right, and a general variety of incredible tunes perfectly crafted with amazing virtuoso solos that had me undergoing major discombobulation as my body was jerked by the music and my eyes were riveted on the guitar work. I eventually just gave up and wore myself down along with 1200 other people. I have to highly recommend Adrian Belew's work to anyone interested in amazing guitar craft, great songs, and rock that isn't dead.

Tell Us
What You
Think
257-info
(4636)

CLIP & SAVE TODAY

3 Days Later



LEXINGTON HAS A REAL
"MOVIE PALACE!"

Biggest Screen & Best Movies

Dozens of Movies Each Month
Including Award Winning Foreign
Films, Hollywood Classics &
Offbeat hits!

Dolby Surround Sound!

Bargain Prices - All the Time!

214 East Main St. 231-6997
Free Parking Evenings in City Hall Annex



Admit One FREE

Purchase One Movie Ticket At Regular Price
And Receive **SECOND TICKET FREE**

KENTUCKY THEATRE

214 E. Main 231-6997
Coupon good for Midnight Movies

No Other Offers Apply. Least Expensive Ticket Is Free. Expires 9/30/94

Angry WRFL fan jailed

"Demon seed" letter leads to suit

Perry Brothers
Managing Editor

Ronnie Barrow wants his WRFL, and he has gone to extreme lengths to get it.

Barrow, of 108 London Ave., Stanford, Ky., plead guilty April 29 to three felony counts of mailing a threatening communication. He was scheduled for sentencing July 8, but the federal court committed him for further psychiatric evaluations.

Apparently, Barrow was angered when a Christian radio show, broadcast from the home of Don Drake, interrupted the reception of campus alternative radio station WRFL, Drake said.

Drake began broadcasting from his home in November 1992, and according to telephone records, it

was then that Barrow began making threatening and obscene calls in protest.

During these calls, which continued through April of 1993, Barrow ordered Drake to discontinue his broadcasts, switch frequencies, and he also talked obscenely to Drake's wife.

Drake stressed the severity of the case, saying Barrow also sent threatening letters to Ingrid Guzman, the host of Crosstalk, a syndicated Milwaukee talk show aired by Drake, as well as to two women in Danville who wrote anti-pornography letters to the editor of the local newspaper.

Brenda Wesley said she knew "something was not right" when she opened a letter and found four pages that had been torn from a pornographic magazine.

"I couldn't even finish the written letter," she said, "It said he was going to make my face like a 'toilet bowl of blood,' and that he wanted to 'plant me with his demon seed.' It made my husband sick to his stomach."

Wesley said she and her husband took the contents of the envelope to the Danville police, but they lost it.

She did, however, have a copy of the letter, and when a friend told her about Guzman's Crosstalk mention of receiving a similar letter, Wesley agreed to speak with the FBI.

Wesley said she hopes he receives more than the five year maximum sentence.

"If he gets out, and is out walking the streets, whose to say he's not going to carry out those threats," she said. "Does somebody have to be killed in order for justice to be done?"

Reprinted with permission from the Kentucky Herald.



No More Bad Dreams

the Psychedelicatesse

**Friday Nights
Midnight to 3 am**

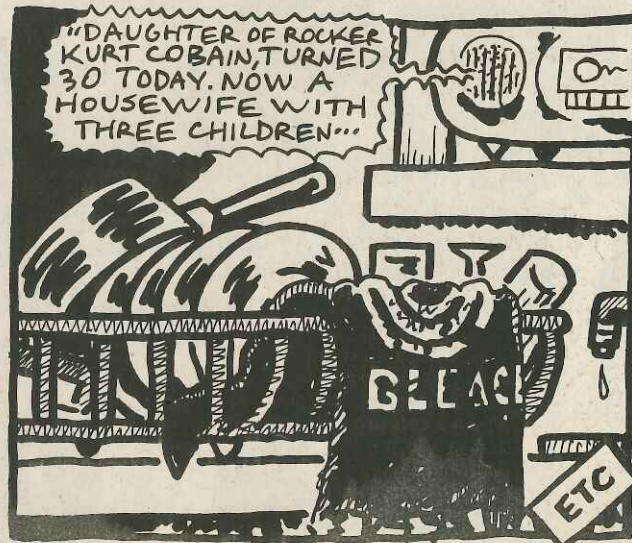
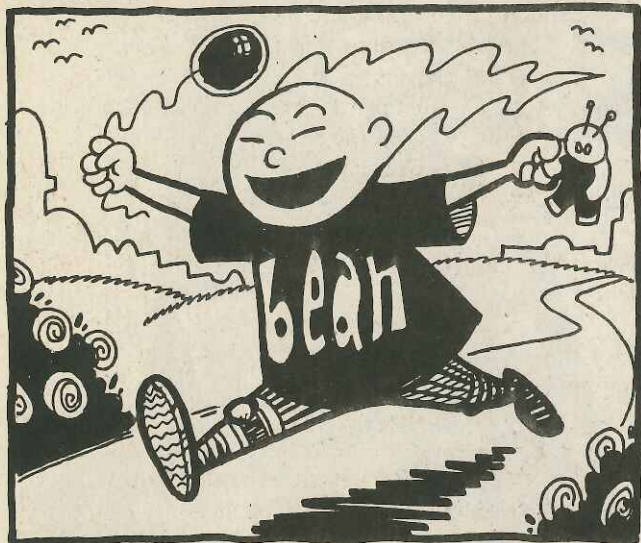


Hope Sandoval of Mazzy Star
for no good reason.



Heir

©1994 BILL WIDENER



Archers of Loaf yap it up with Rance Piatt

Archers of Loaf hail from Chapel Hill, NC -home to great bands like Superchunk, Polvo, and Small 923) -and Archers are no exception. Icky Mettle, their debut album on Alias records, was easily one of last year's best. The Archers are: Eric Bachman -vocals/guitar, Matt Gentling -bass/vocals, Eric Johnson -guitar, and Mark Price -drums; four of the nicest guys you'll ever meet. On their way to Chicago to record their next album, the band stopped by Lexington to play Terrible Tuesday at the Wrocklage with two other great bands (and equally nice people) : Pony (from NYC) and Tim (Lexington, of course). I caught up with the Archer kids, post-sound check and pre-gig, and dragged them down to WRFL on empty stomachs for this muddled interview. (Unfortunately, I didn't start taping the interview right the beginning, so I'm kinda picking up a few minutes into it. Intelligent, huh?)

Rance: You get a free beer with that? (What?! -Ed.)

Eric J. : Yeah, for 40 bucks, yeah, you do get a free beer with that.

Eric B. : You get a free beer and a back rub... We opened up a kissing booth /CD shop.
You get to kiss, uh, one of us.

Matt : And you get to race our van. But you have to be on foot 'cause our van's a piece of shit.

Mark : But I'd still win. (Laughing)

Rance: So you guys are heading up to record in Chicago?

Eric B. : Yeah, in Chicago. We're going to Champagne tomorrow, then Chicago to play, then Milwaukee to play, then Chicago to record.

Eric J. : That is correct, sir! (In Ed McMahon voice)

Eric B. : That is correct.

Matt: Yes! (in Ed McMahon voice)

Mark: Yes! (not in Ed McMahon voice)

Rance: Who's doing it?

Eric B. : Bob Weston. Ummm, Big Bob.

Eric J. : Sebadoh. He recorded Bubble and Scrape.

Matt & Mark: Bob, Bob. Big Bob. (mocking Eric B.)

Eric B. : The Bobster.

Matt: He used to be in Volcano Suns.

Eric B. : He's in Shellac now with Steve Albini, that guy.

Eric J. : Steve Albino or something.
(sarcastically)

Eric B. :Yeah, he sold out, man. (also sarcastically)

(Actually, most of the interview was full of sarcasm, laughter, and general goofing off, so keep that in mind so I don't have to keep putting those stupid little notes in parenthesis...Rance)

Matt: I used to like him before he started a band.

Rance: Actually, I say it's good that he started a band instead of ripping everyone else's up.

Eric B. : Right. Exactly.

Eric J. : ...Byl Hensley is a good guy. (Editor's note: Creative editing or just interviews with ADS, you tell me..)

Matt: He sure is.

Eric B. : He gave us a good review on our CD.

Rance: Between you guys and Superchunk, we can't tear him away from 'em.

Eric J. : Ah, it's the same thing.

(Everybody laughs)

Rance: Are you guys pretty much fed up with this whole "Chapel Hill Scene" stuff?

Eric J. : Sort of...not really.

Matt: Sometimes, but sometimes it's a really good thing, I guess.

Eric J. : It's fun to make fun of, too.

Matt: Yeah. I don't know, it kind of helped us put out albums. I don't know if we would have been signed as quickly or something.

Rance: How long did you guys play together before getting signed?

Matt: I don't even remember when we signed.

Eric J. : A year and 3 months. 15, 16 months.

Rance: Did you guys put out anything on your own?

Eric J. : Yeah. Well, sort of on our own. We put it on a local label called Stay Free. "Wrong" and "South Carolina". This girl who was a fan of the band..I'm not sure if she still is, she fronted us the money to put our first single. I think that's what got us noticed.

Rance: Did it get a lot of national airplay?

Eric J. : No, not a lot, but enough.

Matt: We only pressed like 500 of them at first.

Rance: That's a lot, though.

Matt: Well, yeah, that's true. I guess a lot of them made their way to radio stations, too, but a lot of them didn't get distributed for a long time 'cuz we hand-colored all of them.... us and some friends and friends or friends.

Rance: So you were staying up all night with the crayons....

Matt: Yeah. (laughing) I left a batch of 50 sitting in my car for like a year.

Eric J. : But they're all gone now.
 Rance: Collector's items, huh?
 Eric J. : Yeah, I don't even have one.
 Mark: Wish we still had some of them now.
 Matt: Collector's items and coasters.
 Eric J. : They're worth at least 5 bucks now at Pure Platters.

(Everybody laughs...etc..)

Rance: OK, we're gonna chat a little more, then we'll go eat, 'cause I know you guys are hungry.

Archer: OK, thank.

Eric J. : We're just perusing your records.

Eric B. : It's always fun to go in radio stations and...

Rance: You guys want to...

Eric B. : ...Steal?

Rance: ...hear something else? (laughing)

Eric B. : You got any Biohazard? (tongue-in-cheek...God, I hope so)

Eric J. : I've been dying to hear some Biohazard, actually.

Rance: OK, I'll look for some. (tongue firmly in cheek, I can assure you)

Eric J. All right. (laughing)

Rance: OK, you guys are gonna be back in Kentucky, in Louisville, in a couple of weeks.

Eric J. : Yeah, that's right. The 19th, I think.

Rance: A roundabout way...you guys are looping the country.

Eric J. : Yeah, we're doing a big loop...we're loopy...like Ace of Base.

Rance: Remember, everybody show up at the Wrocklage, Terrible Tuesday...

Eric J. : Dollar shots.

Matt: Yeah, that dollar shots thing.

Eric J. : You might as well come even if you hate us.

Matt: Could be trouble.

Rance: Allrightee...Well, I think that's about it.

Archers: Thanks.

Rance: Don't want to make you guys late for dinner.

Archers: Nah, no big deal. Thanks for interviewing us.

Matt requests a song. Camper Van Beethoven is played, sounds great. And that's where the tape ends. Later, Archers of Loaf rock the Wrocklage, along with Pony and Tim, and the kids love it. Best show I'd seen in a long time. Matt's all over the place on stage, and Mark and both Eric's are cool, too. It's nice to see some good music in Lexington for a change, instead of the usual bluesy 70's snooze I'm used to having to suffer through.. But the scene IS getting better

and Terrible Tuesdays are bringing some great national acts to Lexington. Look for Polvo at the Wrocklage in late September. Speaking of 70's bluesy "rock", I recently read a description of Lexington's Prayers in a Louisville music rag which sums it all up nicely for me. It read (and they meant this in a sincere and flattering way): "This is the most honest music I've heard on CD since first listened to the Candlebox record." Well, The Archer's music may not be so "honest" but it sure is good. Remember, the 70's are over, kids. It's not Meatloaf, It's Archers of Loaf.



CATACOMBS

WED NITES

MIDNITE - 3AM



BOYS! GIRLS!
CHECK
IT OUT!



THRU
The
VIBE

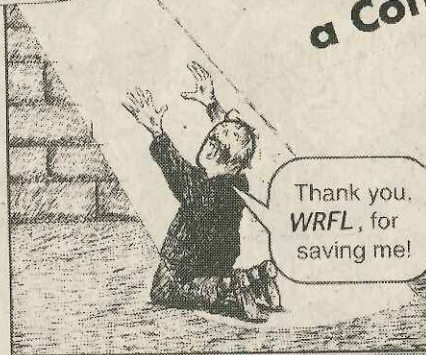


Friday nights

9 pm to Midnight

1 Jeffrey Dahmer - From September 15, 1987 until his capture in 1991, Dahmer killed 15 young men and ate them. 2 David Berkowitz (aka "The Son Of Sam") - Over a 13 month run starting in July, 1976 Berkowitz shot 15 people parked in cars in New York City. Berkowitz claimed that he was ordered to kill by ancient demons inhabiting his next-door neighbor's Labrador. Nonetheless, he was found sane enough to stand trial. 3 George Hennard, Jr. - Hennard drove his pick-up truck through the front window of Luby's, a cafeteria in Killeen, Texas and then proceeded to shoot 23 people before taking his own life. Hennard holds the record for the most people murdered at one time by one individual. 4 James O. Huberty - Huberty, fed up with life's little injustices, shot up a McDonald's one sunny day in San Ysidro, California, killing 21, was #1 mass killer until Hennard took the title. 5 Pogo (aka John Wayne Gacy, Jr.) - Gacy, a successful businessman and pillar of his community, would dress up as the clown "Pogo" to entertain children at charity functions. Between 1972 and 1978 Gacy killed 33 young men and boys, 27 of whom he interred in the crawl-space beneath his suburban Chicago home. 6 Theodore Robert Bundy - Bundy used his disarming good looks and charm to rape and murder 20 women. Bundy was a member of the Young Republicans and active in law-and-order politics. 7 Eddie Gein - Inspiration for *Silence Of The Lambs*, *Psycho* and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Gein the psycho by which all others are to be judged. 8 grave robber and murderer who fashioned an all-female body suit (made of human skin) and danced in the moonlight outside his Howard Fish - Fish was convicted of molesting at least 400 children. He is anatomically correct flesh that he shored out the e rural Wisconsin home. 9 Dean Arnold Corli 15 murders and claimed to have inserted so many needles into his electric chair the day of his execution (aka "Candy Man")

Use a Condom



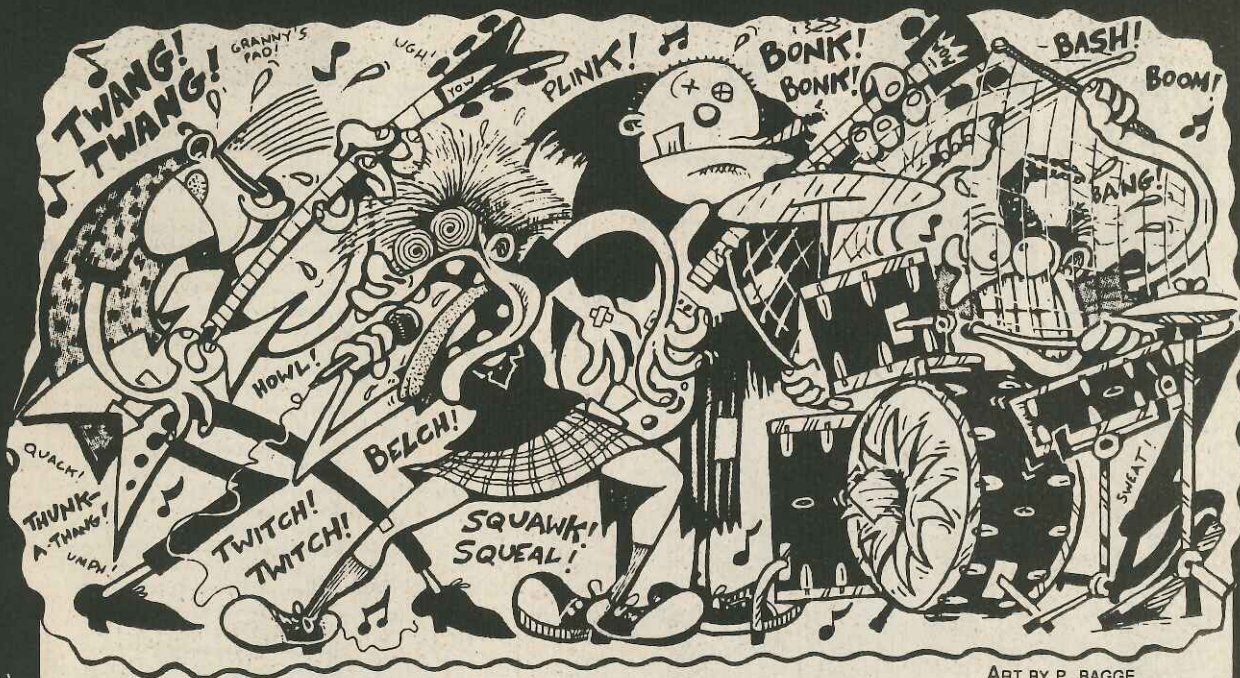
DAMAGED UNIT NUMBER ONE				DAMAGE TO TRUCK NO. 1			
9	10	10	10	OTHER PROP.	1	OTHER PROP.	1
				NO DAMAGE	2	NO DAMAGE	2
				MINOR	3	MINOR	3
				MODERATE	4	MODERATE	4
				SEVERE	5	SEVERE	5

HITCHHIKER BLUES SAT. 6-8 PM
NOT BOUND BY THE LIMITATIONS OF BLUES
PROPER, HITCHHIKER BLUES CAN TRAVEL FROM
CHICAGO BLUES TO COUNTRY, FROM MISSISSIPPI
DELTA BLUES TO JAZZ AND THEN TO BLUES
ROCK. HITCHHIKER BLUES ATTEMPTS TO BE
FAITHFUL TO THE SOUL AND SPIRIT OF THE
BLUES WHILE ALSO STRETCHING ITS BOUNDARIES.

Better
Worse
Stay the same



DROP US A TAPE



ART BY P. BAGGE

IF YOU'RE A LOCAL MUSICIAN, WHY BUST YOUR ASS TO GET YOUR MUSIC HEARD ONLY BY THE CONVERTED WHEN YOU COULD DROP A CASSETTE OF YOUR STUFF AT WRFL AND REACH A MUCH WIDER AUDIENCE? NO FLYERS, NO LOADOUTS, NO SPLITS AT THE DOOR, NO HASSLES, NO DUH...

JUST DROP US A TAPE AND OUR PRODUCTION TEAM WILL RECORD A CUT ONTO A MORE DJ-FRIENDLY FORMAT. WHAT'S THIS MEAN TO YOU? IT MEANS THE CHANCES OF YOUR MUSIC BEING HEARD BY A MUCH LARGER AUDIENCE IS ALL BUT GUARANTEED.

IN ADDITION, RFL HAS BEGUN ADDING LOCAL SINGLES TO OUR ROTATION OF NEW MUSIC, MAKING LOCAL MUSIC EVEN MORE APPEALING FOR OUR JOCKS TO PLAY AND RIGHTFULLY PLACING LEXINGTON'S DEVELOPING SCENE IN THE SPOTLIGHT OF OUR SOUND. AFTER ALL, PROMOTING LOCAL ARTISTS WAS ONE OF THE REASONS RADIO FREE LEXINGTON WAS STARTED FIVE YEARS AGO... IT'S OUR RESPONSIBILITY.

BUT YOU HAVE TO DO YOUR PART - SUBMIT A TAPE OF YOUR WORK TO WRFL'S LOCAL MUSIC DIRECTORS (ALLYSON KLINE AND HAP HOULIHAN). THEIR MAILBOX IS JUST INSIDE THE ENTRANCE OF THE RFL STUDIOS IN 104 STUDENT CENTER AT THE CORNER OF LIMESTONE AND EUCLID. Qs? CALL 257-INFO.

YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO BITCH UNLESS YOU TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR YOUR WORK.

WE'LL DO THE REST!



DON'T CATCH GOLD!!

t-shirts
N'
SHIT

Get 'em while they're fresh,
at WRF!L
102 Old Student Center
(Right under the Ballroom, Next to Ticket Master)



Tees

#1 "Built WRF!L Tough"

\$10

#2 Green Collage
(w/ back)

\$10

#3 Traditional "revisited"

\$10

RIP
US
OFF

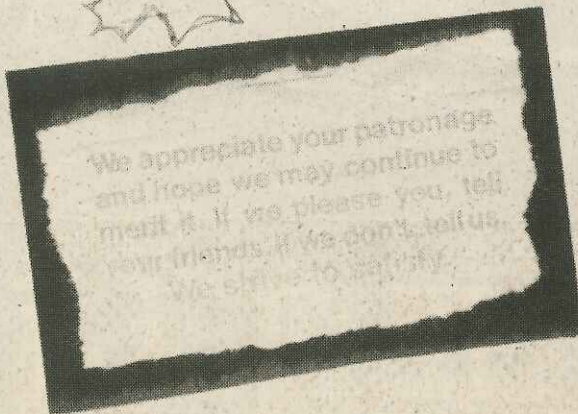
Hats!!!

in four fab colors
red, yellow, blue,
& Purple.

Flattens your tummy...trims your
waist...reinforced panels give you an
hourglass silhouette!

\$8

MEOW



WELL, THAT'S ALL THE BORING STUFF

(4)



WROCKLAGE

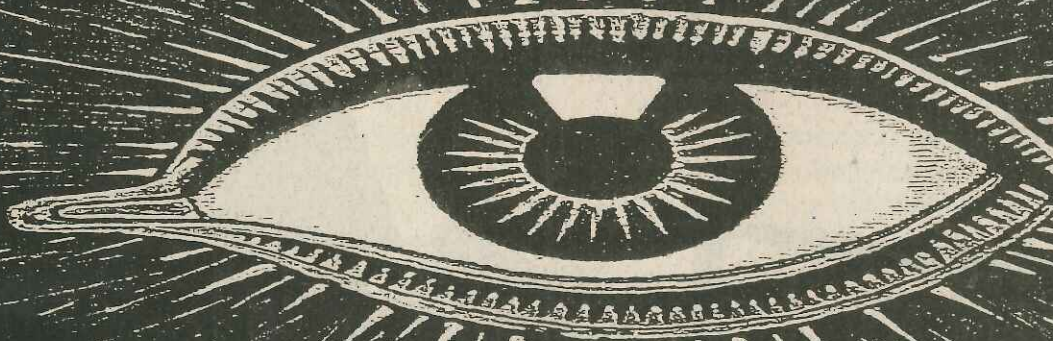
231-ROKK

361 W. Short St.

The Only Place in Lexington for Live Alternative Music.

25 Cent Draft Beast 8-10pm Every Night

Catch the Best Earache
in Town
on
Terrible Tuesdays
Sponsored by
WRFL



THE HYPNOTIC EYE NEWSSTAND & MARKET

MUSIC-COMPUTERS-CURRENT EVENTS-SPORTS-ART-SCIENCE-POLITICS
FASHION-LITERARY & ACADEMIC-HUMOR-FILM & VIDEO-FRINGECULTURE
FEMINIST-MARTIAL ARTS-COOKING-REGIONAL-GAY & LESBIAN-NEW AGE
COMICS-ECOLOGY-PARANORMAL & PARANOID-EROTICA-LOCAL ZINES
& SNACKS- DRINKS (JOLT,NITRO,ARIZONA)- CIGARETTES +MORE!
NEW LOCATION BETWEEN BLIMPIE'S & WILDCAT ARCADE!
387 ROSE ST - COLISEUM PLAZA - 7-9M/F; 9-9ST-SN - 255-8987