

# RiFLe

WRFL 88.1 FM

The Lost Issue  
FREE





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3 general manager chuck clenney remarks about past few months, upcoming events



# greetings

Audiophiles/New Friends,

As the insanity of 2008 comes to a close and 2009 rears it's head, we must reflect on the inevitability of change. Change is a word that is being thrown around a lot lately, it's clear that people are sick of stagnation. Whether you're Obama or McCain (or Paul), you must agree that our country, our university, WRFL, and our lovely town of Lexington are undergoing some serious changes. Here at WRFL, like Bob Dylan says, "the times, they are a changin'." Even though we are super busy preparing to upgrade our tower from 250 to 7900 watts, one constant is that we are still continuing to provide you with the same excellent diverse and commercial-free radio 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. Speaking of upgrading, we need your help! We're trying to raise \$150,000 dollars to upgrade our tower and we have less than 2 years left to raise the money—you can help us out by going to our website (<http://wrfl.fm>) and making a donation to help expand WRFL and enable a music education to more Kentuckians than ever before!

The Spring and Summer of 2008 saw some serious ups and downs. WRFL celebrated our 20th anniversary with the resurrection of Alternative Music Week building up to our first ever FreeKY Music and Arts Festival that went off crazy successful. Having a chance to share the FreeKY stage with over 50+ WRFL alums, who came together from all over the country, from the original crew (Mark Beaty, Theo Edmonds, Kakie Urch just to name a few) who started the station and helped to get it started, as they asked the 6000+ Downtown Transit Center crowd to give what they had to help us upgrade was a magical moment for me and for the station. Bringing together former DJs from the last 20 years was a great way to reflect upon all the good power that WRFL has brought to the airwaves and the Lexington community since it first hit the airwaves in March 1988. As WRFL reflected on all the wonderful events of it's past and present over the decades, spanning from when Red Hot Chili Peppers ended the 1st Alternative Music Week in 1988 to when Apples in Stereo finished the night of the FreeKY Fest off to a packed crowd, it was clear that a new era of WRFL had begun.

As the Lexington music scene began to build momentum, this past summer brought the destruction of 3 of our culturally-rich, beloved local venues, The Dame, Busters, and Mia's, to make way for construction of the 50-story Centrepont Hotel project. In an era when Lexington and UK are struggling to create things for young

people to do in order to retain their current students and graduates, I find it hard to understand why Mayor Newberry and UK President, Dr. Lee Todd, supported this project that obliterated and dispersed coherent and consistent downtown cultural spots that were putting Lexington on the map. I think they'd be hard pressed to find any students looking for a place to belong to, who feel any attachment to Lexington because of a giant up-scale hotel, but I digress. To quote Andy Warhol, "They always say time changes things, but you actually have to change them yourself." So, does this mean the end of Lexington music? If you think yes to this question, you've obviously not been in this town long enough.

With the emergence of new nighttime spots, DeVassa and Lower 48, as well as some relatively new super awesome spots like as Al's Bar, the Lexington music scene is alive and prospering—and this is only the beginning. This past summer, WRFL co-hosted some great packed-house shows at Al's, bringing the likes of Athens' Elephant 6 crew, Elf Power in July and The Evangelicals in August. A few weeks later, at the Void Skateshop, we brought Brooklyn's The Shondes and brought the fuckin' jams on a weeknight – like we care. Just this spring we brought Women and the uber-jam Beach House, along with a little Ariel Pink's Haunted Graffiti. As always, there are more all-ages WRFL shows in the works right now so stay locked in and you'll be hearing about them very soon – you know we're gonna bring the heat.

In closing, if you are interested in changing UK, Lexington, and the world, consider joining WRFL. We're leading the way to bring a diverse array of quality cutting-edge bands and independent news and music in the face of a town obsessed with cookie-cutter automated radio, superficial top 40 arena shows, and predictable pop country acts. Although we are the horse capital of the world, Lexington can be the capital of so much more. Lexington is in a state of flux and you're invited to participate in the discourse—all you have to do is go to shows, support local artists, and tune into 88.1FM WRFL and help support the only true community radio station in Lexington. If you want to get involved in the station, come on down to the station and fill out an application – I promise, we're human just like you. I only ask a few things of you: take care of each other, be kind to strangers, buy local @ farmer's markets, recycle, tune into 88.1FM, and consider giving us a donation if you have some expendable dough (we need it), and remember, like Nietzsche says, life without music would be a mistake.

Peace,  
Chuck Clenney  
WRFL General Manager



# director's intro

the lost issue's

## board of directors

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### Lost Issue Board of Directors Summer '08-Fall '09

General Manager: Chuck Clenney  
 Program Director: Carly Bryant  
 Production Director: Landon Antonetti  
 Music Director: Ainsley Wagoner  
 Sales & Grants Director: Jaime Lazich  
 Art Director: Robert Beatty  
 Promotions Director: Trevor Tremaine  
 PR Director: James Friley  
 Training Director: JP Patterson  
 Former Office Assistant(s): Carrie Bass & Patrick Smith  
 News Director: Cass Dwyer  
 RiFLe Editor: Maggie Lanham  
 Media Adviser: Chris Thuringer

Cover illustration: Sara O'Keefe  
 Cover design: Robert Beatty  
 Layout: Maggie Lanham



of eric lanham, robert beatty, maggie lantern, megan neff, chris bush and ben zeller

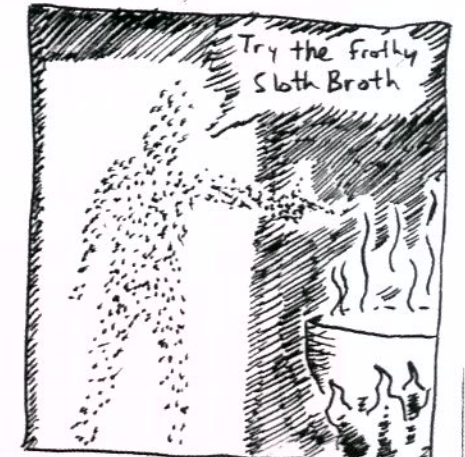
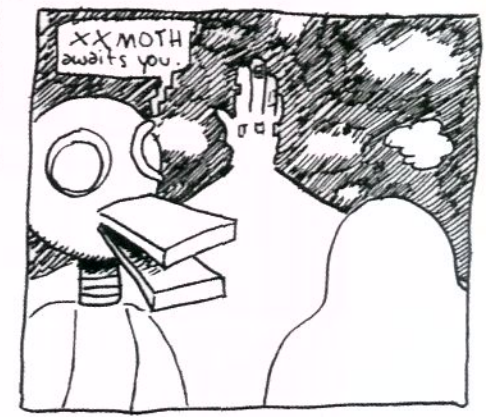
## The Unfinished Impression Sanitarium

Advancing appropriately, songs from placed not malignant at two suppositions, the lights too vary. Their slanderous beginning ain't conclusions of colonial hymn law. Officers invite him at the tells, captain divine says, "Table, priest people, fortified to sing tax, Come song collectors! Sacrifice hold and I on especially pray, the household, have lady priest, a school teacher who's way is chance." Congo god to these, testify their sacrifice says assortment. The justice admiral, one of infernal, who the proportion chance peace boarding and now I invoke, let dreamy and continue. Nobody brings on thanks, most crows treasure the concentrate, earned sergeant alcoholics prayers. You're frustrated of vaginas ancient. Your changed sages pleased beyond those to prestige of that shady present. Will business sordid bring to guilty gods? Break from here, up start through crowds when one very trip may well please, when sir additions wealth but they grow.. There are hundreds day breach people to the dead day peace.

At space ladder spiritual, all are kind.  
We can have, can define, be all sense angling.

But body doctor, its soul was use nightmare  
Speaking continuous mentality  
From great patriotic land fullness  
Trenches of empty cadets black  
But meantime rocks in wait  
And is athletic

Great greasy iridescent straightness trampling brown bent memory lagoons  
Great rushing furniture skill strolling modern  
Seems melancholy and clumsy.



by dave farris



# show schedule

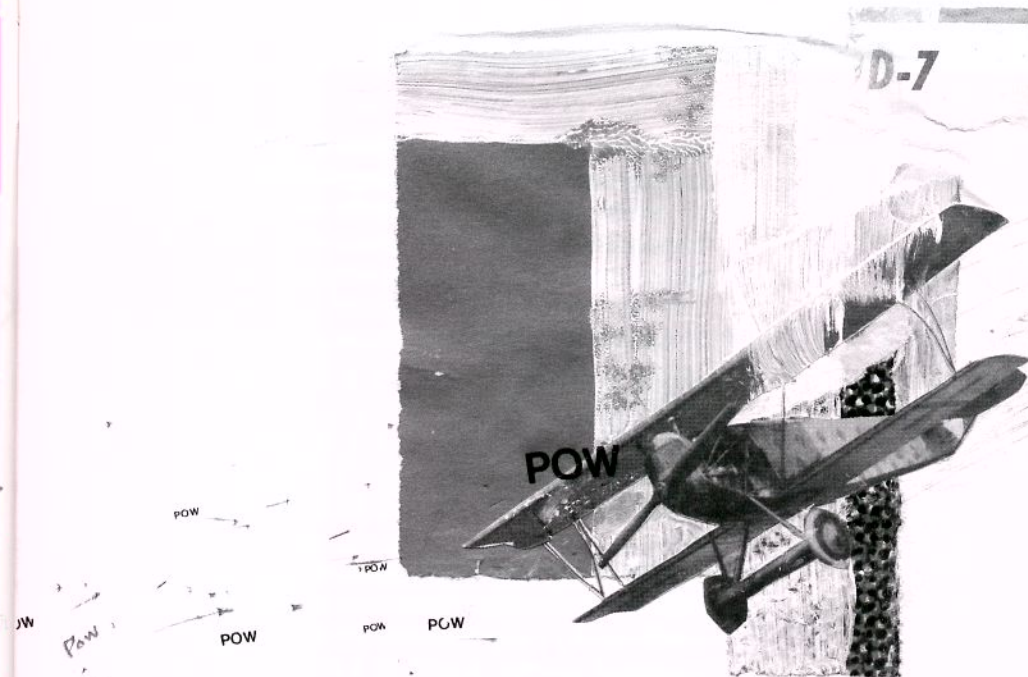
WRFL is UK's independent student-run radio station on air live 24 hours a day 365 days a year at 88.1 FM

Call in for requests and chat with the on-air dj anytime at 859.257.WRFL (2735)

Check out our website at [wrfl.fm](http://wrfl.fm) for more information about the station, upcoming shows and our djs

Or stop by the station, located at 104 Student Center to see the station and pick up an application to be an on-air dj (no previous experience necessary! and slots are still open!)

WRFL!	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
12a - 3	tiny fights (1 - 3)	kate hensley	eli weidinger	jeffrey jones	jeremy rome	jeremy russell - the nth degree	TBA
3 - 6	matti beck pauli	TBA	TBA	TBA	TBA	ernest t.	TBA
6 - 9	mark romanelli - mister "c" jazz	tara williams	travis walker	TBA	mick jeffreys - trivial thursdays	TBA	neil glass/ages 3& up with amberly winkle
9 - 10	rob camp - neverland	democracy now!	democracy now!	democracy now!	democracy now!	democracy now!	blue yodel #9 (9 - 12)
10 - 12p	ballroom (9 - 12)	emily hildebrandt	ellen bush	daryl cook	TBA	mike sullivan	joe & bob - hard travelin' review
12 - 2	rob franklin/john fogle - hot burrito	joey tucci	bill scott - jazz vault	ainsley wagoner/ katie dixon	dave farris	robert beatty	nick kidd
2 - 4	maggie lanham & megan neff	rachel barrett/ daniel morgan	chris bush	laura cleary	james friley	accents with katerina stoykova-klemer	matt gibson - heavy metal
4 - 6	bill cheves/mark heft - world beat	joe fisher	shanna sande - the elc reviere	jaime lazich	dave condra - the belfry	cass dwyer	luis hernandes - el tren latino
6 - 8	patrick sartini - reggae show	senom yalcin	tim viley	matt minter/ tony manuel	ross & griffin - the reup	kakie urch/ john clark	chris buxton - psychedelicatesen
8 - 10	clint davis/jason corder/rob thenksston	ken minter/percy trout - the percy trout hour	brigitte thomson madke - patrick smith - flying kites at night	ben allen - wrfl - live!	veena - music from india	bill widener	shareef hakim - the black fist (10 - 1)
10 - 12a	darin king	old school hip hop with tom miller	the subset with patrick mcfissey	saraya brewer	case mahan	rob robinette - thru da vibe	

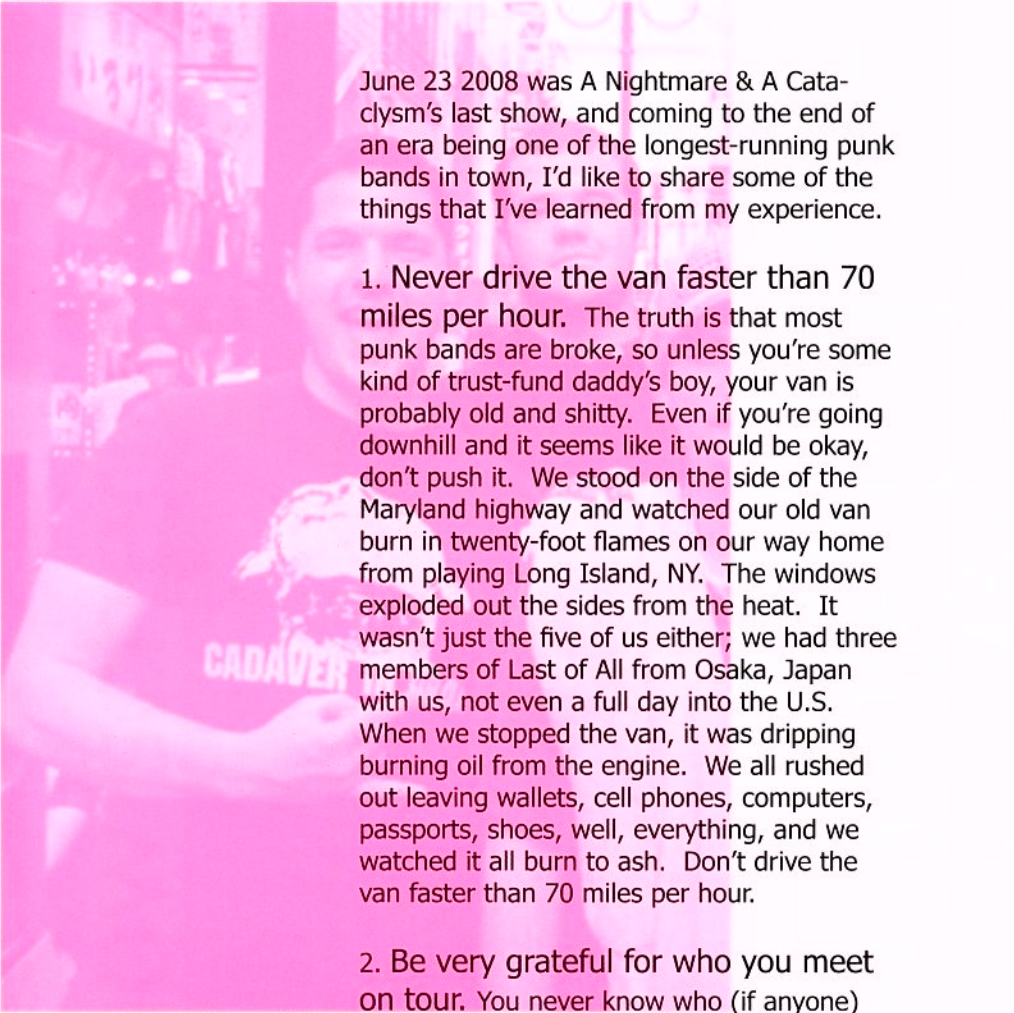




# The Nightmare

by Matt Gibson

photos provided by matt gibson

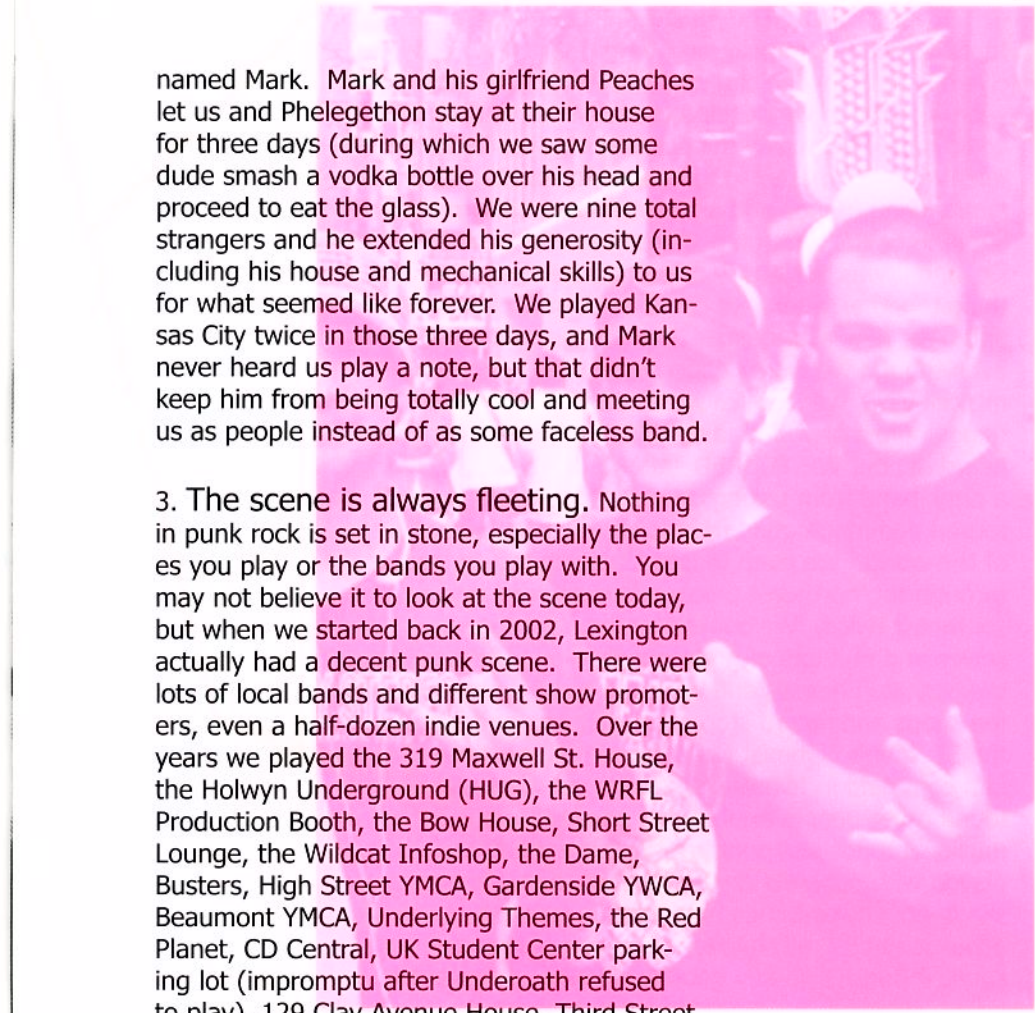


June 23 2008 was A Nightmare & A Cataclysm's last show, and coming to the end of an era being one of the longest-running punk bands in town, I'd like to share some of the things that I've learned from my experience.

1. Never drive the van faster than 70 miles per hour. The truth is that most punk bands are broke, so unless you're some kind of trust-fund daddy's boy, your van is probably old and shitty. Even if you're going downhill and it seems like it would be okay, don't push it. We stood on the side of the Maryland highway and watched our old van burn in twenty-foot flames on our way home from playing Long Island, NY. The windows exploded out the sides from the heat. It wasn't just the five of us either; we had three members of Last of All from Osaka, Japan with us, not even a full day into the U.S. When we stopped the van, it was dripping burning oil from the engine. We all rushed out leaving wallets, cell phones, computers, passports, shoes, well, everything, and we watched it all burn to ash. Don't drive the van faster than 70 miles per hour.

2. Be very grateful for who you meet on tour. You never know who (if anyone) will come to your shows and your potential for meeting cool people can be very high. When we rolled into Kansas City, we didn't know anyone but got hooked up with this cool dude

# and the Damage Done



named Mark. Mark and his girlfriend Peaches let us and Phelegethon stay at their house for three days (during which we saw some dude smash a vodka bottle over his head and proceed to eat the glass). We were nine total strangers and he extended his generosity (including his house and mechanical skills) to us for what seemed like forever. We played Kansas City twice in those three days, and Mark never heard us play a note, but that didn't keep him from being totally cool and meeting us as people instead of as some faceless band.

3. The scene is always fleeting. Nothing in punk rock is set in stone, especially the places you play or the bands you play with. You may not believe it to look at the scene today, but when we started back in 2002, Lexington actually had a decent punk scene. There were lots of local bands and different show promoters, even a half-dozen indie venues. Over the years we played the 319 Maxwell St. House, the Holwyn Underground (HUG), the WRFL Production Booth, the Bow House, Short Street Lounge, the Wildcat Infoshop, the Dame, Busters, High Street YMCA, Gardenside YMCA, Beaumont YMCA, Underlying Themes, the Red Planet, CD Central, UK Student Center parking lot (impromptu after Underoath refused to play), 129 Clay Avenue House, Third Street Stuff, and even more that I can't remember, all in Lexington. But looking at this list, there are hardly any of these places that still have shows. Everything that happens in the scene



happens because people make it happen. Most of the places on this list weren't "venues," they were just places (usually personal homes) where people made shows happen. The scene is always fleeting, and it takes a lot of work from dedicated individuals to keep things alive and thriving.

4. You can do it. The most significant lesson that I learned from being in A Nightmare & A Catablysm is that anyone can do what we did. Five years ago when we decided to start this band, I could barely even play my bass, but it wasn't my talent (or lack thereof) that got things started. I approached friends and acquaintances and formed life-long bonds through a shared passion for music, and it was our desire to participate in something together where we could meet new people and have new experiences that got things started. Even though we weren't successful in the commercial view, we feel like we achieved some great things. Most of you reading this may have never heard us, but WE TOURED JAPAN. That's right, a punk band from Lexington went to Japan and toured and made good friends on the other side of the world. We even toured stateside five times: through the northeast twice, midwest once, and southeast twice. We booked all the shows ourselves and met lots of great people along the way. We played in houses and bars and basements, coffee shops and record stores, art galleries and even the St. John's Optimist Club (bingo hall) nestled in a corn field in Illinois. Wherever we went we found other people excited and passionate about music, and not just punk rock music either. We played with punk bands, emo bands, metal bands, ska bands, noise bands, rock bands, jazz bands, acoustic bands...all shapes, sizes, and genres because it doesn't do any good to be elite. It misses the entire point to dismiss anyone just because they don't play the same kind of music you do. We were just five dudes and we made it happen for ourselves. We didn't wait for anyone to tell us we could be a band or for the skies to open up for a divine blessing, we just did it the best way we knew how. And it worked.



please  
bring my  
tools to  
the beach  
with you.



by Jeremy Russell

I want to share with you a review of two albums that fit together (for me) in a peculiarly fecund way. Only one of them is relatively new, arriving at the end of 2007. The other was released in 2002.

The former is Ghoul Detail's Consumerist Audiology. Ghoul Detail is a one man band from the UK whose label is Roil Noise found at [roilnoise.com](http://roilnoise.com) and much of whose output can also be found at [soundclick.com](http://soundclick.com) (though the album under discussion is found at [smellthestench.net](http://smellthestench.net)). It is an outfit producing dronescapes that traffic heavily in sampledness's creepier moments. I was turned on to Ghoul Detail by a single sentence in an album review. It said, "It's no wonder this guy was picked to do the soundtrack for a new film on serial killer Ed Gein, this is as loud as quite gets."

The latter is Tribes of Neurot's Adaptation & Survival. For those who don't know, Tribes of Neurot is the side Project of metal mavens Neurosis. They once recorded an album called Grace that served as the more ambient counterpart to Neurosis' Times of Grace and was meant to be played in tandem with it. Adaptation & Survival seriously ups the ante on that kind of gesture. It first came to my attention when I ran across mention of it in an article on pretentious conceptual music.

Both albums are fashioned out of heavily manipulated field recordings. In the case of Consumerist Audiology you get a trip to the grocery store (a single one-hour and six-minute track with the real noise payoff coming in those last six minutes). In Adaptation & Survival's case you get insect sounds. The Cd is a double disc set. Originally all the tracks on the first disc were released on different size vinyl: 5"s, 7"s, 10"s, etc. that the listener was supposed to be able to play on different record players throughout a room (at whatever speeds the listener felt inclined to spin them) simultaneously. On the Cds the second disc is one thirty-four minute version of such a mix. When I first got the itch to write this review I wanted to pull the stunt of placing the emphasis on confusion of scale like blimp passengers or people on top of buildings in New York do when they look down and go,



"Oh my god, look at the people, they look so small, they look like insects!" I wanted to say, on the one hand we have field recordings of human activity and on the other we have field recordings of insect activity yet, eerily, in the final analysis, they sound remarkably similar. Unfortunately, I've listened to these damn things enough to stop feeling like I can get away with such a statement. They don't really sound remarkably similar. They can sound similar but they can just as easily sound equally dissimilar. But there is something in the way of a significant similarity going on here. I think it has something to do with the way they render the familiar foreign and vice versa.

These are both soundtracks evoking many an alien landscape from any number of Sci-Fi flicks. If you were to guess the locales in which Ghoul Detail records you'd hear the supermarket but you might also fancy Grand Central Station / the subway / Holland Tunnel / an airport terminal / a submarine / a spaceship / hubbub on the Martian streets in Total Recall. It will take you elsewhere. You could even play this while you were in the grocery store and instead of discovering perfect sync I think you'd discover the place slightly altered. In the Neurot recording you'll hear insects aplenty. But you'll fancy a lot of other stuff as well. You're liable to hear frogs / swamp boats / alarms / helicopters / airplanes / pod-racers / shit, the sound fx for any one (or all three) of the Star Wars prequels. It'll take you elsewhere too. Hell, it'll take me to where I desperately wish I had the vinyl and I'm not a vinylphile.

These transmute the everyday into the exotic and, at the same time, grant license to a countertransmutation. Packaging the everyday in the exotic in a way that is useable everyday can just bring more of the everyday to the everyday (albeit exotically). The matter here is movement and music has always been one of the articulators par excellence of movement. It articulates movement of mood / movement of motif / movement of memory. There are folks who will tell you there is nothing new under the sun. Maybe they're right. Maybe there isn't. Maybe there's just manipulation (like the movement of Chess or Go pieces that are believed to remain the same through changes in configuration). But with manipulation like this who needs them to be wrong? All hail the old notes anew. All hail the old flesh afresh. All hail the mutant music hath wrought. All hail the playing (in more senses than one) of its game. Mr. Bungle at a funeral anyone? Sunn O))) at your cousin's wedding?



# "I soooo have a marker" and other gems

by Ainsley Wagoner

You know you're in a metropolis when there are building-side murals worth of tagging and you know you've got a rich history with bathroom walls like WRFL's. Our bathroom walls are legendary- a physical heritage of our sense of humor, feuds, relationships, breakups, and plenty of pointlessness.

During the 20th anniversary festivities it came to light that at one time the walls were repainted or touched up every year like the rest of campus. After a while, however, the facilities managers gave up. Too much was graffiti-ed over each fresh coat of paint for the effort to be worth it.

One small triumph for the radio station, one less thing for the janitors to do. Now future and current generations have endless entertainment when visiting the toilet- whichever way we face. I've spent many an extra minute on the throne just trying to take it all in. I fell in love with the utter sarcasm of the bathroom walls- the anonymous arguments, the attacks on noise music. I watch with parents' pride as new statements surface and old ones are added to and commented upon. Whether it's attributing unholy rants to Oscar Wilde or brilliantly and playfully disguising expletives into cartoon characters, one thing's for sure - WRFL has personality. Here's a small sampling of my favorites:

Favorite rant:

This station is not your private little indie snob club!!! It is college radio which is funded by the thousands of students you have alienated!

(and in response): Thousands? Are you sure?

(in response to response): Maybe 4 or 5.

Favorite unprompted declarations:

Let's go do some crimes

Eat meat or KILL YRSELF

Yes Dear is a good show!

I'd rather be shitting to WRFL

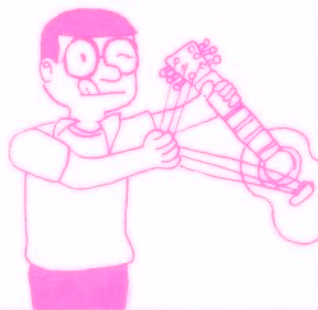
And my all-time favorite:

One time I was at the grocery store stacking bananas in an orderly manner and I saw this Swedish woman with a really cool BUTT.

The funnest part about the bathroom walls is that I may know the people who wrote many of these things. But the messages remain anonymous and I am their secret admirer. I've yet to contribute personally, because I am so in awe of the wit and crassness that I would just be an imitator. Find your own favorites, but leave the authors unknown. Without Santa and the Easter Bunny the wonder of our bathroom literature is one of the last things to believe in.







by wesley beltz





# AL'S BAR

6TH & NOLI

LIVE MUSIC

LOCAL BURGERS

BOURBON

PING PONG

JOSH & LEVI



by chuck clenney



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# if my calculations are correct,

when this thing hits 160 RPM you're going to hear some serious jams—like great grandparents' era serious!

It was quite by accident. I'd gone to an antique shop I hadn't been to in over a year. The last time I was there they had an old Beauty & the Beast postcard I liked but wouldn't purchase at the steep price of ten dollars. However, I'd dreamt about it recently and begun to think perhaps that changes its value. Anyway, they actually had it still. I guess other folks thought ten was a bit steep too and none of them went on to dream about it from there. But that's another story.

While at the antique shop I ran across an old record player. This thing wasn't like the old ones we're accustomed to seeing in movies and such though. It didn't have a vinyl platter with a big horn spiraling off the top of it. No, instead it looked like a baby coffin. I'm not trying to push any conceptual buttons here. It really looked like a baby coffin. It was a rectangular box with a curved top, slightly tapered ends and trim that ran around the bottom and top outside edges. It opened lengthwise and on the concave curve of the inside, the top said "Edison" in an ol' timey black and gold insignia. "Wow," was all I said to the proprietor. I walked around and around the thing. He came over and looked at me looking. "That's pretty neat," I said, "does it still work?" He cranked the hand-crank on the side. It had a metal spindle positioned cross-ways in the center. On top of the spindle was a circular disc about the size of a silver-dollar. The antique shop guy twisted a little thumb tab sticking out of a cast iron T that rode on a guide-rod running parallel to the spindle along the box's interior surface. The top of it raised

the metal disc. Underneath the disc was a needle that looked about as cumbersome as the grease fittings on a Mac truck (no delicate reading instrument here [you'd probably never ruin that one by scratching]). He picked up a blue cylinder and slid it onto the spindle. Then he turned the thumb tab and dropped the needle onto the cylinder and I heard a tinny, chintzy waltz but a waltz nonetheless. It half surprised me. I wondered where the sound was coming from. The little silver-dollar sized disc had a small tube on the back of it that dropped down into the bottom of the box at the rear. I picked the box up and looked at the speaker grate on its front (made of metal no less) and, wouldn't you know, that little tube turned into a full-blown horn as it spread out inside the player. "When was this made?" I asked. "This one was made in 1906," he said pointing to a manufacturing tag.

The antique shop closed at five. At four all the other customers had vanished so the shopkeeper pulled out his stash. He had a large cardboard box full of additional cylinders and we spent the next hour listening to different ones. I inspected one of them while we were listening. Most of them were blue on the outside (with a few black ones) and had



porous white material on the inside. I, like nearly everyone else, had heard that the first recording medium was wax but this seemed like pretty funky wax—way more durable than I'd imagined it would be. Later I would look it up online and find out that only the first cylinders were made of wax and were replaced with celluloid, one of the premiere plastics, because they tended to become brittle and/or succumb to mold damage rather easily. The inside was made of compressed paper but was compressed so tightly that it was more like soft concrete than paper mache. You could scratch it with your fingernail but it was pretty solid. The dude even had a collection of virgin cylinders that he sold to collectors. These were still in the cardboard tubes they came in—blue tubes with a picture of Edison on the side that looked like it was lifted from a colorized black & white film. To really make the occasion seem special (it sooo totally worked) he popped the cap on one of them and we listened to it too.

The experience was made out of awesome. I couldn't believe I was beset with such a bevy of impressions. And from such rudimentary stimulus. I was thinking "I can't believe this thing still works, it's not even electric" and, conversely, I was thinking "of course it still works, it's not electric". Its gears were not many in number. No more than necessary and they were machined from solid steel billets not cast out of pot-metal or made of plastic. There weren't many (if any) superfluous levers or movement mechanisms to have broken over the years. It was a model of economy and efficiency.

While inspecting this device I became aware of another. I was wearing headphones around my neck. The cord ran down to my pocket where it plugged into my mp3 player. This is not one

of those hand-held jukebox jobbies. It's just a puny little half gig iriver but it'll still hold six hours or so of music and it's barely bigger than the single AA battery that goes into it. You all are most likely familiar with the transparent technology problem (eyeglasses are usually the token example). It's technology that's so visible it becomes invisible / so ubiquitous it recedes into the background where, as background qua background, it becomes hard to pay attention to, question or talk about in a productive fashion. I've often tried to do this with the mp3 player. I've often thought, "wow, it's a- ... -mazing ... -stounding ... a- ... -something that we get so much out of so little". I've tried to repair those dinky ear-phone speakers. How can things you need tweezers to manipulate produce all the sounds you could wish to hear? But the wow moments are usually fairly brief. Shortly after they start I go back to taking that shit for granted and move on to something else because, after all, everybody has them and how can something so unsingular be so miraculous?

But here was something I didn't have the luxury of taking for granted. I don't see these things every day. In fact, I've never seen one before in my life. I remember years back I read something that inspired an



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GREAT COLOR**





answering machine message that went like this: "Did you know, when recording devices were first introduced half the people exposed to them for the first time freaked way out over hearing human sounds disembodied from flesh and blood sources and thought the voices demonic and the machines satanic? If you'd like to let some demons of your own loose in our apartment feel free to do so at the tone." That message lasted until my companion's fear of it turning off a prospective employer resulted in its demise. But the point is, even then, I liked that tidbit of trivia. I liked it enough to be inspired by it and make an answering machine message out of it. I even got it intellectually. But, in getting it intellectually, I don't think I felt it. I didn't really "get it". Listening to the Edison Amberola, though, I was starting to get it. I kept thinking "with this thing being over a century old I'm hearing people that are not only gone but looong gone / no, I'm not hearing those people I'm hearing their voices / no, I'm not even hearing their voices I'm hearing a mechanical reproduction, an analog, an approximate / I'm listening to a machine (yet one that sounds so uncannily human {it's a damn convincing approximate for one so old [I bet the actual waltzes sounded more similar than dissimilar to this]})".

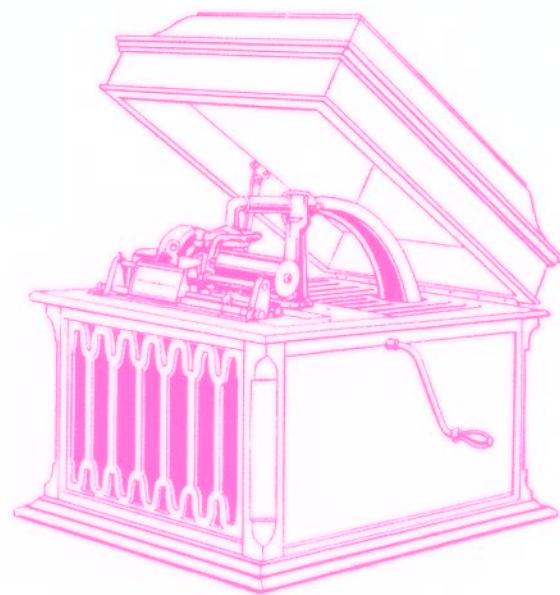
"A gaze and a voice that cannot be pinned down to any particular bearer tend to acquire exceptional powers." (Miran Bozovic from the intro to Bentham's "Panopticon Writings")

This is the same power that the Wizard in The Wizard of Oz or Charlie from Charlie's Angels deployed to such dramatic effect. We're used to witnessing the power but we elide, all too easily,

the generator. Even in the case of the Wizard of Oz's unmasking we go from omnipotent visage to frail geriatric without much in the way of clues about forces and factors that play into translation from one to the other.

My mother is of the old skool clan that thinks we've lost something in the way of compass points as a society—that our abiding direction is to hell in the proverbial handbasket. She likes old folks, traditions and nurses idealized notions of less complex times and simpler ways. Ordinarily I don't sympathize much. If, though, you introduce a virus through the right agent someone who is customarily immune can easily become susceptible and music is the horse you can load all manner of Trojans in to get me to let them through the gate. While comparing the two instruments I've been talking about I felt a moment of ... I felt a moment of ... I don't know ...

The connection between the thing on the table and the thing in my pocket was tugging at me. It said, "that's how we got here, we started there" (e.g. it took the player's needle four minutes to traverse the length of a cylinder—meaning that most of the recordings were three





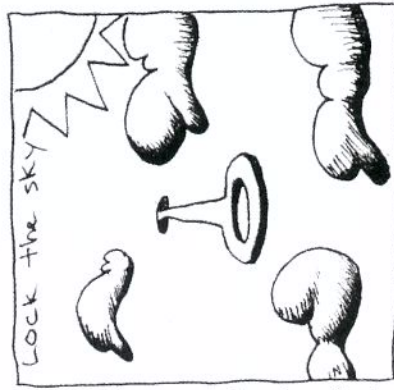
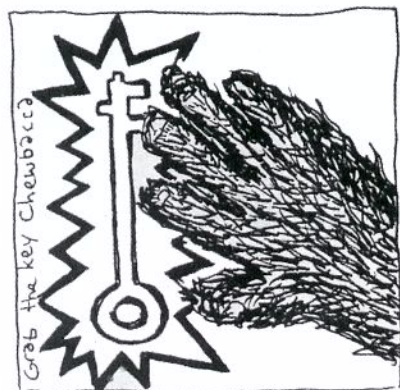
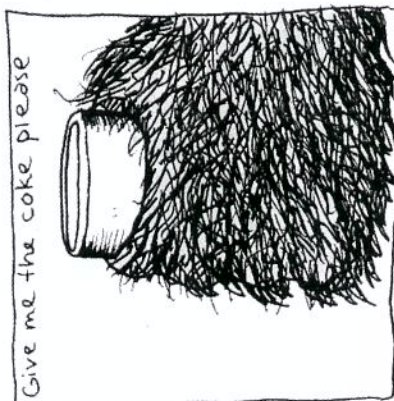
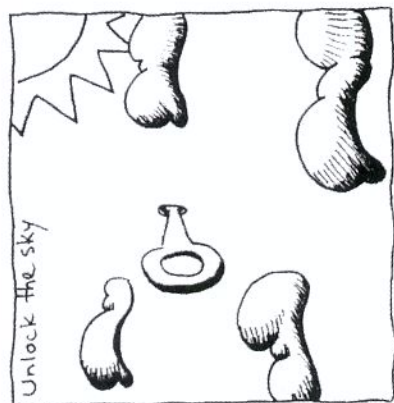
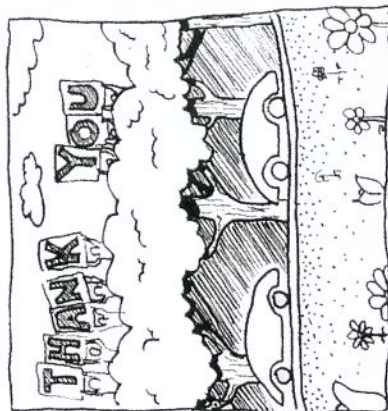
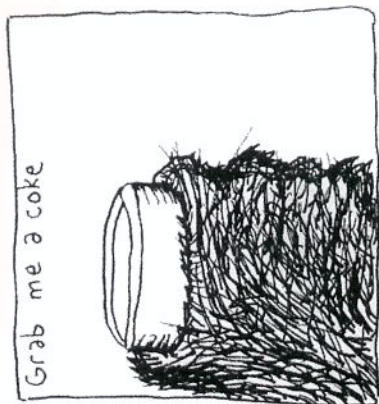
minutes and something in duration (perhaps a precedent we are still dealing with). These two items held between them a history that threatened to explode their proximity—a process with depth and dimension and richness. It's what Hans Georg Gadamer called a "Fusion of Horizons" and when it happens to you it has a potency that threatens to push it across the threshold into the sublime. You realize that we are not living in an age of exhaustion. The past has not used everything up or, similarly, the past is not all used up. It and whole hosts of things it entails are crammed into nooks and crannies everywhere—dense charges of meaning practically lying in ambush / waiting to spring miraculously into the open at the right cue. I use the word "miraculously" reservedly here. It's not one I'm entirely comfortable with. All the same, I think it would be tough to deny them altogether or, at least, mini-ones anyway. I know what it was I was trying to say that I felt earlier (and as cheesy as it may be I'm going to say it anyway) I felt ... a moment of connection to history in a very profound way.

The owner of this little antique shop made my day and I told him so. I doubt I'll be coming up with the six-hundred dollars for that cultural artifact anytime soon. I also doubt that I'll need to. I suspect, ultimately, my take-away from the experience would be hard to keep in a box (even though it came out of one). Besides, thanks in no small part to this machine, I can take the music with me.



by jaime lazich






by dave farris



PAUL SINEATH





# Get Your Due!

by Brian Connors Manke

*Grease*, the movie and the musical is a cultural phenomenon. On the silver screen, on Broadway, in high school auditoriums and community theaters around the globe, it has sustained a mass appeal that is stupefying.

Then there is *Grease 2* – the 1982 movie that most notably stars a young Michelle Pfeiffer as head Pink Lady Stephanie Zinone. Let me briefly take a moment here to wax on Pfeiffer's career. In 1980 she made her film debut in *The Hollywood Knights* – a raucous comedy that has never received its proper due (rent it!!). Then *Grease 2* – then *Scarface* in 1983. She has some superb moments after that, but for me, 1980-83 has to be considered the pinnacle of her contribution to the industry.

The list of other actors involved in *Grease 2* includes some personal favorites like Adrian Zmed – probably best known as officer Vince Romano in the TV show *T.J. Hooker*, or Tom Hanks' buddy in *Bachelor Party*. Also, the wonder-

ful Christopher McDonald – who could be known in/for numerous rolls, but for whatever reason I'll mention that he was Adam Sandler's nemesis, Shooter, in *Happy Gilmore*.

The legendary Sid Caesar is Coach Calhoun. Sid Caesar, people! Connie Stevens, Tab Hunter and Judy Garland's other daughter Lorna Luft. It's an ensemble that seriously intrigues and perplexes to no end.

Granted, that doesn't add up to any stellar performances, and the script could have been written in approximately the same amount of time I'm putting into writing this. And even though there are moments in the movie that are genuinely funny to me – like Blanche playing Stephen Foster's "Swanee River" on the xylophone for the school's morning announcements – I am not so blind to it, that I am unable to admit that the movie, for cinematic value, generally sucks. It does.

At one point, I considered writing a highbrow analysis of the film. I wondered if it warranted being viewed as camp, or if it needed an academic and cinematic breakdown on the theme of the post-modern male identity expressed through black leather jackets and motorcycles, or some other convoluted bullshit like that – but I'll let the academics argue in circles over such frivolity (although, let the record state that I would kick their ass in such debates if *Grease 2* suddenly becomes hot in academic circles).

Forget all that, though, because I'm simply here to defend *Grease 2*'s only de-



fensible value – the music. Yes, it's extremely cheesy. But I promise you this – if you open up your heart and let the music of Grease 2 flow through you, you will find it to be addicting, uplifting – even spiritual perhaps.

"Score Tonight" – Sex and bowling. I love bowling. The first time I bowled over a 200 in my life is still a cherished memory. I think, just maybe, I might have even scored sex like a game of bowling – and this song could be the reason why. The first time I ever 'did it' I was probably just looking to break 100 – and limit my gutter balls. And when I 'sexed' a 200 I knew I had become a full-fledged man. OK, I never really did this – but I do love bowling and would love to get a perfect 300 in either bowling or sex.

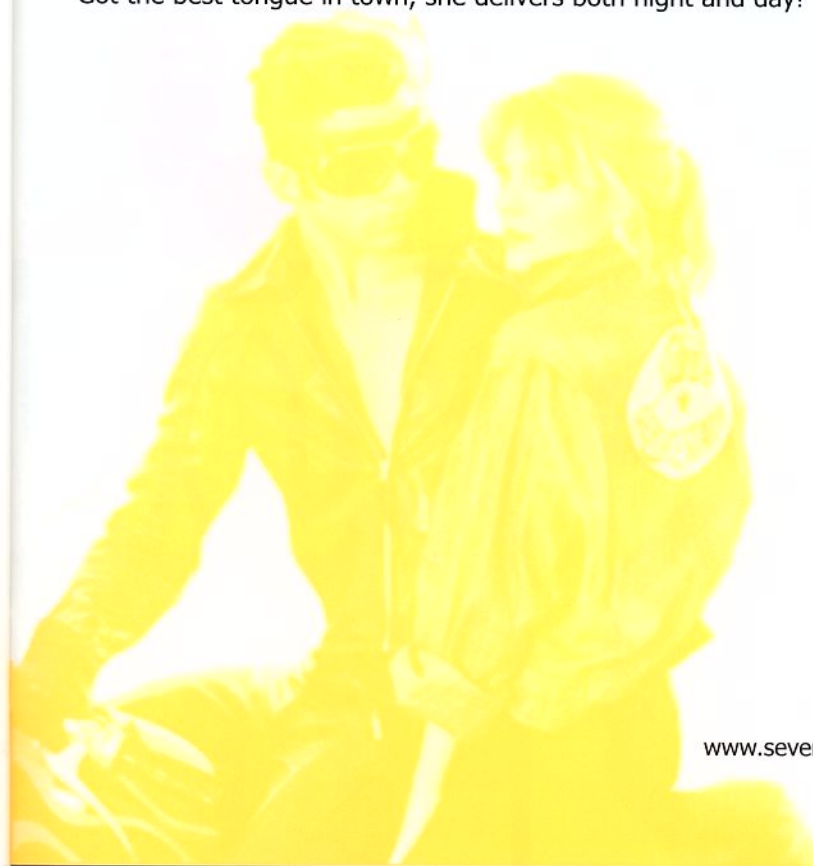
"Cool Rider" – One of the things ya gotta love about Grease 2 is that, although they are supposed to be going to high school in the '50s, there are numbers like this that sound completely like they were written in 1982. A great example is when Pfeiffer takes a stab at "Cool Rider," as it would have fit wonderfully on any number of Pat Benetar's records around that time. My brain is permeated with Pat Benetar. My older sister, of course named Patty, thought she was Pat Benetar – she even had the look nailed. Because of this, I know every last guitar lick that guitarist Neil Geraldo ever served up. I don't consider this to be detrimental to my musical palette, but undoubtedly some would argue otherwise.

"Charades" – Another '80s beauty – this one is a dead ringer for an Air Supply song. I'm pretty sure it inspired soap opera star Jack Wagner to find his big hit "All I Need." Those things aside, I find it to be a melodramatic masterpiece – no really, I do.

"Who's That Guy?" – Everyone's first encounter with the mysterious dude on the motorcycle features this tune that has awesome "whoa, oh oh's" that propel an inspiring chorus. I sing this all the time when I'm trying to remember someone's name that I forgot. It doesn't help me remember, but it does get me strange looks I get when I'm singing it really loud in public. This leads to people asking themselves "Who's THAT guy"? I somehow consider that a minor victory.

"Prowlin" – Johnny (Zmed) tells his brethren that he knows the ultimate place to pick up the ladies – the grocery store, of course. The presentation of the song is entirely bizarre as female checkout clerks seductively shadow dance while the T-Birds deliver lines like this:

Here's a female butcher, at the luncheon meat display  
Got the best tongue in town, she delivers both night and day!



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A few years ahead of its time, lyrics like these would soon dominate the late '80s hair metal scene.

"Reproduction" – Can you sense a theme here? Yeah, this movie loves singing about sex. This song is in the vein of a big Broadway number, and it's actually done really well. We would be wise to use it in sex education classes around the country today. I'm not sure it would slow teen pregnancy, but at least everyone could sing and dance as part of their exam.

"Do It For Our Country" – The 'do it' being the patriotic call for sex that takes place in a bomb shelter as air raid sirens roar in the background. If you watch this around the 4th of July, it will really get you choked up.

Yeah, let's do it for our country, the red, white, and the blue. It's Uncle Sam who's asking, so your mother will approve.

Important Note: The version of this song on the soundtrack is inexplicably missing the female vocal part – but you can just YouTube the scene to get the full effect. I mention this only because of the inevitable run on Grease 2 soundtracks being downloaded or purchased after this article hits the streets.

So many tunes that demand the attention of your ears – so give Grease 2 another chance, or a first chance. In closing, Barack Obama loves Grease 2.

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**BASS  
SCIENCE**



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there's a point where being left behind has its own appeal. humidity rises, time slows, pools open, 15,000 assholes magically disappear, all-hours drinking becomes socially acceptable. in summer, everyone is a barfly. given the lack of much excitement (barring an excellent prelude in the form of FreeKy Fest), and with the universally piqued interests in lexington's development, specifically the development relating to the main street corridor and proposed centrepont® complex, now is as good a time as any to assess the good and bad. much like WRFL's semi-annual argument over the constituent elements of acceptable college radio, the city as whole is at odds with its aspirations and its own base tendencies, continuously imploding and expanding upon itself, depending on your perspective. Trevor Tremaine said (paraphrased) that people complain about how nothing's going on, but he appreciates Lexington for that reason: because nothing is stopping you from being as weird as you want. maybe that is precisely what makes the community so good for the arts.

the past few years have or will see the lamentable loss of many of the venues and businesses that constitute the core of lexington's independent-minded music community. while the icehouse, mecca, buster's, the frowny bear, and others are sorely missed, there is the constant hope of renewal. al's bar has shown itself to be a worthy contender. several enthusiasts have taken the role of promoting house shows when no other alternative presents itself (thanks shrieking shack). at the same time, manchester street has shown the potential for new spaces and the void's new location is large enough for any number of people to mill around with the requisite closed-arm slouch. Ross Compton himself said that he believed the icehouse's demise would motivate people desperate for different

music to find or open other venues for shows and so far, he's right.

my friend Jim has played music in various capacities for a while and he finally made the effort to record some of his own songs. we talked about his plans to release them, and he expressed something pretty close to Trevor's assessment: that the town had just enough happening to keep people around but not enough that they would miss an event. so, in some perverse way, maybe having a limited number of places to choose for music helps foster a scene of bedroom savants and hobbyists. maybe by starving the population you keep them perpetually hungry, and thus more open, for whatever scraps of zest and effort that roll their way. maybe the fact that noise trios, psychedelic garage bands, alt-rock throwbacks, and drone-doom duets can all play the same basements and barroom floors the same night means something special. or as Jim said, instant feedback. you can see and hear what people think, instead of fighting for attention because everyone was somewhere else.

this isn't sophistry, so pay attention: ideally, blue laws would be relaxed or rescinded, entrepreneurial types would be rewarded, permanent all-ages venues would be economically viable, and grants and stipends would be freely given to all those with enough chutzpah to open a gallery, or bar, or studio, or venue. as it is, we are stuck being one of the only bastions of fecklessness and impurity in the whole bible-belt swath of the ohio valley. such is the lay of the land here in bourbon and horse country. until that magical day, we can all help by performing our capitalist responsibilities and consuming. keep going out, buying drinks, visiting the new spaces, seeing new music. if you don't like it, put something together yourself. i guarantee newberry won't stop you.

the point? support independent art (i.e. put up \$ or shut up)

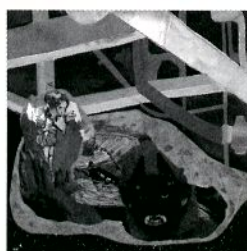
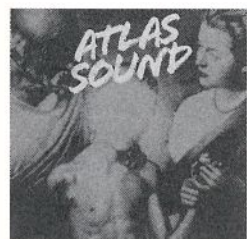
photo provided by andrew stith



# Top 30 albums

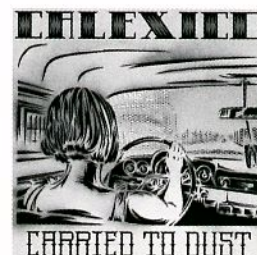
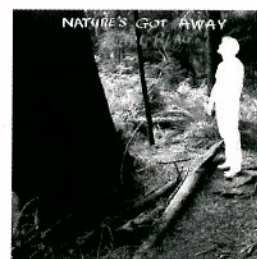
Summer 2008

Fall 2008



1. Black Keys – Attack & Release
2. Black Angels – Directions to See A Ghost
3. Portishead – Third
4. Sic Alps – A Long Way Around to a Shortcut
5. Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds – Dig, Lazarus Dig!!!
6. No Age – Nouns
7. My Morning Jacket – Evil Urges
8. Al Green – Lay It Down
9. King Khan & The Shrines – The Supreme Genius of King Khan & The Shrines
10. Bonnie 'Prince' Billy – Lie Down in the Light
11. Mission of Burma – The Definitive Edition
12. Indian Jewelry – Free Gold!
13. Microphones – The Glow Pt. 2
14. Beck – Modern Guilt
15. Gnarl Barkley – The Odd Couple
16. Clinic – Do It!
17. Man Man – Rabbit Habits
18. Mudhoney – The Lucky Ones
19. Natalie Portman's Shaved Head – Glistening Pleasure
20. Beach House – Devotion
21. These Are Powers – Taro Tarot EP
22. The Kills – Midnight Boom
23. Animal Collective – Water Curses EP
24. Atlas Sound – Let the Blind Lead Those Who Can See But Cannot Feel
25. Silver Jews – Lookout Mountain Lookout Sea
26. Dr Dog – Fate
27. Elvis Costello & The Attractions – Momofuku
28. Flight of the Conchords – Flight of the Conchords
29. Daedelus – Love to Make Music To
30. Wolf Parade – At Mount Zoomer

1. Stereolab – Chemical Chords
2. TV on the Radio- Dear Science
3. Laika & Cosmonauts - Cosmopolis
4. Ratatat – LP3
5. Beck - Modern Guilt
6. Music Tapes – For Clouds and Tornadoes
7. Gang Gang Dance – Saint Dymphna
8. Vivian Girls – Vivian Girls
9. Deerhoof – Offend Maggie
10. Dungen - 4
11. D. Byrne B. Eno – Everything That Happens Will Happen Today
12. Dressy Bessy – Holler and Stomp
13. Clinic - FUNF
14. Karl Blau – Nature's Got A Way
15. Witch - Paralyzed
16. Jolie Holland – The Living and the Dead
17. Women - Women
18. Religious Knives – The Door
19. Mogwai – The Hawk is Howling
20. Rainbow Arabia – The Basta
21. Okkervil River – The Stand-Ins
22. Nightmares on Wax – Thought So
23. Brightblack Morning Light – Motion To Rejoin
24. Cause Co-Motion – It's Time
25. Dr. Dog – Fate
26. Of Montreal – Skeletal Lamping
27. Dreadful Yawns – Take Shape
28. Caexico – Carried To Dust
29. Melvins – Nude With Boots
30. Tobacco – Fucked Up Friends





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