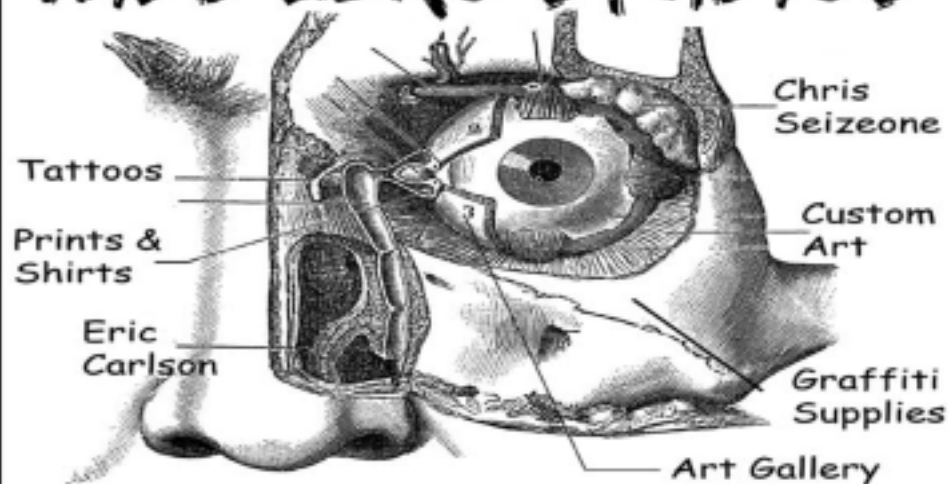


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Wireless
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Spring 2008
Morgantown's Only Alternative

Wireless

.....
U92 Music & Culture Spring 2008

What you have in your hands is the product of months of planning and a week or two of sweat and tears. But seriously — it's also the product of years of musical obsession. Multiply those years by the number of U92 DJs involved in writing and producing *Wireless* and we're talking...a lot of years...

Wireless is also a product of a proud tradition: when the first incarnation of this U92's once-a-semester zine came out back in 1986, its title was cheeky, ironic: The wireless! Ah! No one uses that anymore, not since the transistor radio gave way to the Sony Walkman! But, like a turntable stylus stuck in an LP's lock groove, what goes around keeps coming around...and around... The word "wireless" is back, and it's different, and so are we.

But what's not different is our commitment at U92 to playing the best in alternative music from around the world and right here at home. In some ways, the rise of the Internet has been a boon for

independent musicians: self-promotion is practically what the Internet was invented for. Meanwhile, though, independent record stores are folding left and right, disappearing into the pockets of big retailers who can spare little room for artists not backed by a label, major or indie. In this debut issue, at least, our purpose is not to argue about the way music is distributed, but rather to remind us all of what's happening now, even in the wake of these changes: people are still making music. Down the street, even. Under less-than-ideal conditions, and often thanklessly. And a lot of it isn't getting heard by people who would enjoy it. On the air and through this zine, we hope to continue counteracting that.



The Wireless look for Fall/Winter 1989

Which doesn't answer the question: why print? We could brush you off with a simple "the medium is the message," and leave you to draw your own conclusions. But while that answer might be partially true, here's an attempt to *not* skirt the question: print on paper is nostalgic — there was a time when zines like this were the glue holding together a music scene; the vibrancy of a town's scene could once have been measured not just by how many bands there were, but how many zines there were to report on them. Making a zine is fun; you can't really throw a party at 123 Pleasant Street to celebrate the release of a website. And it's something you can hold. Our favorite songs are often ones that hold us, cradle us into sleep, grab us and don't let go, rock us through heartbreak and doubt. Sometimes, in return, you just need something you can hold.

Sincerely,
The *Wireless* staff

p.s. Don't think we're all Luddites, though (well, except for maybe Jamie): you can check us out online at u92.wvu.edu, where you can listen live. Expect big changes in our website over the coming months, including a new look and enhanced content. And if everything goes as planned, look for another edition of *Wireless* in fall 2008.

Many, many thanks to: U92 station manager Kim Harrison, administrative assistant Darlene Johnson, and tech guy Alex Gavula. Without them, this project would not have been possible. Thanks to Paul Vallette and Matt Porter of Duck & Cover for hosting our release party at 123 Pleasant Street. Thanks to Sub Pop, Fanatic Promotion, ANTI-/Epitaph Records, and Wild Zero Studios for the giveaways; to Nicole Yanovsky of *The Daily Athenaeum*, to Nikki Rotunda and Ian Seniff; to Andy Pickens for Photoshop help; and to the Jukebox Jury: David Bello, Evan Johns, Tyler Grady, Micky Perry, Dylan Balliett, and U92's own Daniel Miller. Huge thanks to The Mountainlair Copy Center, especially Lydia. And thanks to readers and listeners like you!

The opinions expressed in *Wireless* are those of the individual writers or, in the case of interviews, are those of the interview subjects. They do not necessarily reflect the opinions of WVU-FM or its staff, or the opinions of West Virginia University, its students, faculty, staff, or administration, nor should they be construed to do so.

This edition of *Wireless* was brought to you by...

Aaron Hawley is working towards the MSJ in the PI Reed School of Journalism. He has DJ-ed at U92 since 2003 and hosts *The Golden Road*, *Alternate Routes*, and *The Morgantown Sound* on U92. He hates fun.



Kodi McKinney is studying journalism at WVU with a minor in music. He's been a U92 DJ since 2006 and is currently the Program Director. In his spare time, he works on a self-recorded rock album that is quickly turning into the next *Chinese Democracy*, as well as blowing his grad school savings on shows at 123.

Jamie Arnold is a Fairmont/Morgantown area native, and has been a DJ at U92 since 2000. She enjoys long bikerides into the sunset, cooking for others, and lots of guitars. She fears cats, dairy products, and robots. (She's also U92's Broadcaster of the Year!)



Carly Parana Carly Parana is currently a Geology major at WVU. She has been DJing over the airwaves for two solid years now, first at WXLV in Schnecksville, PA, and now at U92. Her ideal date is not a walk on the beach, but a walk in the park...preferably next to the Mon River.



Rupam Sofsky was raised on religious Bollywood films. He likes peacocks a lot, and he's also U92's current Music Director.



Anthony "Tony Bones" Fabbricatore is an English/ Creative Writing major and, perhaps more importantly, is U92's Rookie DJ of the Year. He prides himself on being a filthy rock'n'roll snob, which is why he enjoys making fun of any, ahem, "stupid electro-pop bullshit in rotation."



Daniel Conway is U92's librarian and will be our Music Director for this summer. Also: mongoose.



Jesse "Metal-Beard" Novak is U92's Metal Director. He still listens to Motorhead on a daily basis. (psst...He's also DJ of the Year.)



Sandi Ward holds an MFA in creative writing from WVU and currently studies Chinese. All gripes about the readability of fonts used in this zine should be addressed to her.



Bryn Perrott has been a U92 DJ since 2003. She drew us.



Two Guys, Four Hands: manHAND

profile by Carly Parana;
photo by Nikki Rotunda

You may know them as It's Birds with drummer Jim Rita, but without him you can simply call them manHAND. Brian Spragg and Andrew Slater are manHAND. If it's possible to compete with oneself for attention, manHAND have been getting almost as much of it as It's Birds since playing an open mic night at 123 Pleasant Street while Rita was in the hospital. manHAND does not only have to rely on their sound to get your attention; there's also their humor and commitment to doing what they love. "We're just two guys having a good time," says Slater.



manHAND: Spragg, Slater, and Ziggy

Their debut, which is a self-titled EP, features art by Rachel Wilson. The album art is a simple drawing of a bear with wings flying over a piece of cake. Also, if you look on the back of the album, it says "fartz by Brian Spragg." Now, don't get too disturbed yet, because "fartz" just means recording and producing in

manHAND's eyes. Spragg mixed the entire album himself and they both agreed he would get credit under the title of "fartz." As artists, you can tell that the men of manHAND are completely honest guys; you get this vibe from the back of their album, where the time of every single mess-

up is marked so listeners can make note. "We are mostly one take guys. If I miss one note on guitar this is going to be something the musicians notice and we put it out there in the open," says Spragg. Even computers are infallible, so this catalog of mistakes includes the parts where the computer malfunctioned

"We try to teach things to each other and we follow one another pretty easily."
Andrew Slater

Four Questions for manHAND:

Q: What is your favorite animal?

Brian: Red Panda

Andrew: Jaguar

Q: Favorite drink?

Brian: Coffee

Andrew: Coffee, Arizona tea, and Scotch

Q: What was your gateway band from when you were younger?

Andrew: Dismemberment Plan

Brian: Limp Bizkit!!

Q: Best show you've ever seen live?

Andrew: Extra Life

Brian: Battles

because of the overload of processing it had to do when recording.

Chemistry is important when you are involved with a band and manHAND doesn't lack for give-and-take. "We try to teach things to each other and we follow one another pretty easily. We don't write music, but we know what we're doing and we have fun with it," says Slater. They also have an interest in musically diverse elements. Since 10th grade, Andrew has been into the Dismemberment Plan and eventually started figuring out odd meter from their music. When he went on to music school for two years, he used a lot of what he learned there and applied it to his passion for odd meter. Spragg also loves playing with experimental instruments. One example is mentioned on the back of their CD. They cited that they used a "thingamagooop." This is a little synthesizer that is shaped like a robot. Its nose reacts to light, so the bigger the light, the higher the pitch. "If you put you put your hand over it, it's like a theramin. It's science fiction sounding," says Spragg. Go to

bleeplabs.com, if you are interested in learning — and hearing — more.

Before this duo put out their EP, they released a self-titled single. This single featured the songs "I Get Farty When I'm Happy" and "International Hide and Seek." These songs were transferred to their new CD and given the names "Asparagus" and "Rutabaga" for continuity in the track listing, which reads more like a grocery list — "The healthy choice for healthy listeners," says Spragg.

Like It's Birds, manHAND put on a tight live show, and if you want to see it, catch them July 10th at 123 Pleasant Street with Mouthbreather and Megatouch. There is also a possibility they'll again play an open mic night. Let's hope to see and hear more from these guys in the future. And of course, you can catch them frequently on the airwaves of U92.

Keeping Up With The Locals

by Aaron Hawley, host of *The Morgantown Sound*

Clint Sutton – *Clint Sutton*

Clint Sutton's self-titled debut is hands down the best local release Morgantown has seen lately. Sutton, who cut his teeth as a member of Moon and M. Iafate & the Priesthood, has finally stepped to the forefront and delivered eleven powerfully catchy rock songs that have immediately taken their place within the canon of Morgantown music. From the album's opening licks it is apparent that this disc is the culmination of years of work. Fans of Matthew Sweet and Superdrag will feel at home among the sonic landscape of fuzzy guitars and hook-laden harmonies. Sutton, who plays all the instruments on his disc, performs live under the moniker Slop Models.

Suggested Tracks: Somebody Told Me, Foregoing the Breakdown

manHAND – *manHAND*

A side project from It's Birds' Brian Spragg & Andrew Slater, manHAND finds the duo continuing to explore their love of progressive composed music. All instrumental, the EP's seven tracks pay homage to some of the lesser-known vegetables. Spragg and Slater are so focused on their compositions that they even felt obligated to mention on the CD's back cover the 15 "mess-ups" a listener might encounter within. This listener couldn't find anything wrong with their debut at all. If you're into heavy, instrumental, progressive music, take note.

Suggested Tracks: Scallion, Radish (Sorry Soaring Eagle)

One Hundred Hurricanes – EP

Rarely has one band soared from "local unknown" to "band on the rise" as quickly as One Hundred Hurricanes. Their catchy pop tunes slide into your frontal lobe and won't leave. Plan on humming them the rest of the day. Lead singer Michael Withrow's lyrics paint vignettes of the more trying moments of relationships, all propped up by rock-solid hooks reminiscent of pop songs of yore. Good old fashioned rock'n'roll which sticks to the ribs, and won't let you go.

Suggested Tracks: Talk to Me, Space for Myself

Treasure Cat – *Choice Cuts*

As Morgantown's heaviest power trio, Treasure Cat's stated goal is to throttle the listener with bone-crushing rock'n'roll, and they definitely succeed. There are no pretty moments on the disc, and the listener shouldn't expect any. Instead expect Will Mecum's brutal riff-ing and a barrage of Roy Brewer's drumming. *Choice Cuts* is as close as you can come to the Treasure Cat live experience, but without the danger of getting clubbed in the head by Matt Cross' bass.

Suggested Tracks: Poltergator, King S**t of F**k Mountain

Can't Get Away This Summer?

Then check out these upcoming shows
at 123 Pleasant Street:

THU 4/24 – 6'6"240, Ace Beanz, DJ Monsta, Jathara
FRI 4/25 – Telepath, SMAZZ
SAT 4/26 – The Emergency, Librarians,
Stonewall Jackson 5ive
WED 4/30 – V.I.A., Japanese Car Crash, Chief Astronaut
THU 5/1 – Offset
FRI 5/2 – Maidez
SAT 5/3 – All Mighty Senators, Treasure Cat
TUE 5/6 – It's Birds, Sinkane
THU 5/8 – Symmetrical Kickboxing
SAT 5/10 – The Gear
SAT 5/17 – '85 Flood, One Hundred Hurricanes,
The Midgetmen
MON 5/19 – Spider Bags, the Golden Boys
WED 5/21 – Clutch, Dub Trio
SAT 6/14 – '85 Flood, THE LIMBS, It's Birds



We get letters.

Actually, we don't! But we'd like to. Send us mail in the Mountainlair, or to:
u92wireless@gmail.com

First Blush: Lightning Bolt

In this column, our writers wax nostalgic about their initial encounters with a particular artist.
First edition: Rupam Sofsky and Lightning Bolt.



Hypermagic Mountain by Ian Seniff

Every summer my family rents a house on the beach for a week on Long Beach Island in New Jersey. Being that it *was* the summer, the summer of 2003, and we *were* on the island, we were doing the usual for the late afternoon, walking around wearing only shorts and sunburns, sand stuck to our shoeless feet as we walked in and out of stores buying nothing. There was this shopping area called "The Wharf," and we'd go there often even though it was a tricky business since the ground was largely wooden and the chance of splinters ran high.

There was a music store overlooking a food court, if they can be called

food courts when they're outdoors, and my brothers and I went up some stairs and into it. As the years went by the store's space for clothing, stickers, posters, and patches had grown, and the space for CDs had shrunk. I spent some time, not even a lot of time, looking through the albums. Most of them were the usual safe, well-selling choices: Marley, Nirvana, Sublime. But a few caught my eye, and of those few one in particular.

The cover was gray, with red by the spine and colors in the upper right corner. I lifted it closer. What looked gray at first were actually two dark and light shades with miniscule drawings of pueblo like buildings, letters, spiral staircases wrapped around pointed mountaintops, faces of panda bears, and all sorts of other ephemera piled so closely on top of each other that it resembled a giant, monstrous, colorless trash heap. Bursting out of the top of this, and soaring over it, were bright shades of yellow, orange, red, green, blue, and violet, a rainbow totally unconcerned with the mess below. I turned the case over to see some song titles, but there were none. Instead there was this dreamlike scene that seemed the opposite of the cover: strictly colors with plants, animals, mountains, a wagon with the word QUALITY partially hidden beneath it, and the rainbow from the corner of the cover sprouting out of a choppy sea. The art was beautiful and childish, and above all of it were the words "Lightning Bolt Wonderful Rainbow" with each letter a different color. I bought it knowing nothing more than the way it looked.

Later on, while the sun began to set on the opposite side of the window shades, I put the disc in a CD player, put on a giant pair of headphones, lay in bed, pressed play, and waited reverently. Stuttering drumbeats and a warm washed out guitar sound started things off, feedback and beats drifting around aimlessly. **Everything seemed calm and safe, floating there. All that paused suddenly, high feedback screamed for a second, and then the album really started.**

I've had records change what I thought about music. Everyone has had those. *OK Computer*, *Daydream Nation*, those kinds of albums had happened to me before, because albums like that *do* happen to us. If we find that we really care about music, and a lot of people do, records like those become private events, things that permanently inform us from then on. After hearing those albums I was *floored*. Hearing *Wonderful Rainbow*, though, was the first time I'd had the floor *vanish beneath me*. I felt like an anchorless boat in a storm, or a submarine falling through the sky, totally disoriented with next to no reference points for anything going on. I can't overstate how confusing it was: a totally New feeling and sound for me at the time, probably similar to what kids in the fifties felt reading *The Catcher in the Rye*, except a million

miles more personal and upfront. My disorientation lasted a day or two. And then something funny happened.

For the first few listens it seemed like total disorder, everything thrown around randomly with the only goals being fun and chaos. Even then it was enjoyable, the way something unfamiliar and intense is, like snorting a line of wasabi off of Al Pacino's boobs probably would be. But then the shape of Lightning Bolt's ideas began to emerge, wet and glistening, from the fog. The thing that became clear after my initial response was that this wasn't just "noise." The bass was harsh and distorted, yes. The drums were frantic and all over the place, sure. But there were things about the clamor that slowly became apparent. To quote someone who said it better than I ever could, Lester Bangs wrote "...Properly conceived and handled noise is not noise at all, but music whose textures just happen to be a little thicker and more involved than usual, so that you may not hear much but obscurity the first time, but various subsequent playings can open up whole sonic vistas you never dreamed were there." What seemed like gore and fog became a body with fully defined lines.

In the song "Assassins" I noticed how the melody would stay low for a few bars, and then, just as the drummer hit his snare, the bass player would play a high note at exactly the same time. As chaotic as each track sounded the musicians knew what was coming *before* they played it. Their sound was insanity, but planned and deliberate insanity; this wasn't improvisation, this was *song*. The next thing I noticed was what I describe as Doubling. Toward the end of "Assassins" both players do a section with the bass making four ascending notes, and then the drums and bass sigh for a half-second. Then the band repeats the whole idea. So basically they play that section eight times. After those eight they play the same basic thing, but cut it down to only the first two ascending notes. This they repeat sixteen times before squealing feedback ends the track. **Just as with the art on the album, what looked like disarray turned out to be structure, planned and careful, with the volume turned up to eleven... Hundred.**

The secrets of each song slowly became clear. In "Dracula Mountain" I noticed Lightning Bolt's vocals, unintelligible through an altered microphone. On the beach the opening noodling of "2 Towers" would be in my head as I ran into the sea, flipping into waves as the song's pounding structure cut off the noodling. And so on, and so on, and so on. By the time we left the beach I was enamored with the record, eventually learning the secrets of the album itself and not just its songs.

Ironically, *Wonderful Rainbow* has a perfect arc: the album's harshness and volume is initially energizing but eventually exhausting. The

first track teases at what's to come. The following five lay it all out. "Longstockings" keeps things somewhat subdued and playful, its title being very appropriate. After that the album's title track floats around in delay pedal heaven. Again, here, Lightning Bolt give a sense of safety and security. Again they demolish our expectations: "30000 Monkeys" remains one of the most intense songs I've ever heard. Drums typically provide a foundation for spandex wearing dudes with long permed hair to build some guitar solos on. But from the outset the guitar in "30000 Monkeys" is the foundation, its melody repeated through most of the song while the drums wail away beneath.

And when I say wail I mean they just wail: the drums sputter and fractal into so many directions it's impossible not to feel overwhelmed.

After that first minute of entropy things change. The drummer plays a Very Particular Beat and then stops, finally giving the bassist a minute to flex his melodic muscles before the percussion reenters. Minutes two through three of the track are its most grating. Defying all logic, out of nowhere in this heart attacked panic, the Very Particular Beat returns. It's repeated with a melody above it, the only time in the song the band does anything sensible. There's a solid and triumphant feeling of completion. This is when the album should logically end. But it doesn't. One last fiery, feedback soaked track named "Duel in the Deep" rubs salt in the wound: everything about Lightning Bolt is *too much*, so rather than ending with the album's clear explosion, Lightning Bolt keep it punk rock with one last middle finger to our expectations.

Since that summer a lot's happened with the band. I've learned a lot about them for instance. They're both visual artists named Brian. They're from Providence, Rhode Island, which is good if you love *Daydream Nation*. And they don't perform on stages. I've seen the bassist's proggy side-project Wizardzz, and also the drummer performing as one of seventy-seven drummers in New York City with Boredoms.

I've also seen Lightning Bolt themselves play five times. People say they're one of the best live bands around. This is true. Everything was loud and hot the first time I saw them, in Pittsburgh, but no one moved. The second time, in Brooklyn, I was pushed around and packed in so tightly with other sweaty people that the crowd became a physical manifestation of how disoriented I felt on first hearing them. For a sex-starved nympho, which I *was* in those days, it was a lot more fun than another shameful night of getting naked and covering myself in peanut butter. A lot of people hate how uncomfortable Bolt shows can be. Everyone moves forward to see the band

because they're never on an altar for convenient worship, but simultaneously everyone's hearing this manic sound through a wall of speakers... So people are pushing forward while doing pansy indie approximations of moshing. It all builds up to one hot tranny mess. Third time I saw them was in New York opening for Boredoms and the fifth was a Todd P show above a grungy Auto Parts store in New York City again. All these were over the span of a few years. Last April I tried to convince them that they should play here in Morgantown.

And they did! What suckers!



Jesse Novak talks to John "Bloodclot" Joseph

John "Bloodclot" Joseph is best known to the world as the lead singer of the classic New York Hardcore band Cro-Mags. John fronted that particular band off and on from the early '80s up until a few years ago. He now has a fresh new band, Bloodclot!, who in true punk rock fashion, have just self-released their first album, *Burn Babylon Burn*. The new band features John on vocals along with former members

of Biohazard and various New York bands. And while the band's sound is rooted in classic New York Hardcore, it is fresh and crucial enough to not sound too dated.

In between stints singing for The Cro-Mags, John found time to form a decidedly more subtle post hardcore band called Both Worlds, which released one album and a ten inch before disbanding in the late '90s. John is also now a celebrated author, having just released his autobiography entitled *Evolution of a Cro-Magnon* which details, in brutal honesty, his time spent growing up on the streets of New York City during the '70s, being abused in foster homes, being incarcerated, and being an integral member of the New York Hardcore and Punk scenes, whether as a member of Cro-Mags or just a supporter of the scene. John is also widely credited as being the person who introduced the Hare Krishna religion to hardcore music. Currently, John is readying for release a second book, called *Meat is For Pussies*, which extols his near fanatical belief in the spiritual and physical benefits of vegetarianism and veganism.

In a day and age when the term hardcore stands for little more than a regurgitated, formulaic form of music, people like John Joseph are a true rarity. He is the epitome of hardcore. He's also a truly unique individual who's eager to voice his opinion on subjects as wide ranging as music, politics, and spirituality. Here are just a few excerpts from a lengthy phone conversation that I recently had with John...

On the revolutionary spirit in Punk Rock and Hardcore and bands that fail to realize that spirit:

With what's going on in this f**king world right now, for this particular genre of music that was founded upon revolution and change and the rights of the people and a revolution in consciousness, [for people] to say it's just about a bunch of idiots beating each other up on the dance floor...that to me is just retarded. If it was just that type of vibe I wouldn't even be doing this type of music.

On being around hardcore pioneers the Bad Brains (whom John roadied for at various points in the late 70s/early 80):

Incredible! Incredible! Every John Joseph, every Henry Rollins, every Ian Mackaye, every other band that you see that amounted to anything down the road...those guys were like a spiritual flame and we were just the sparks that popped up from the flame. Dude, they started the whole thing. And then you've got that whole crossover thing going on. They want the sound and the fury of the music but they're just not selling me on it. They don't sell it to me.

You gotta be able to sell it live like in a film the way an actor has to be able to sell the role. If I smell the lie, then I'm just gonna be like, "see ya later." And that's how I feel about 99.9999% of the music that's out there now.

On the honor of being asked to sing for the Bad Brains for two shows at CBGBs in February 2006:

Dude, I couldn't believe when Daryll Jennifer (Bad Brains' bassist) contacted me and asked me to do that. It was just something for the people. I'm still just blown away by it. And it's not like I tried to fill [Bad Brains' singer] HR's shoes because nobody ever can do that. I tried to do the best of my ability to put what those songs, and what that band meant to me, into my performance.

On how his new band, Bloodclot, came together:

Scott [Roberts, guitar] and I had started to mess around, but he was still in Biohazard. Basically, Danny [Schuler, former Biohazard drummer] and Scott called me and said that Biohazard was coming to an end and they were like "Do you wanna sing in our new band?" So I was like "Yo, let me check it out." So they sent me the music and I was blown away. Right away, I wrote the lyrics to "Burn Babylon Burn," which is the title track to the new album, before I even said "I'm down." I was just that inspired. You know, write the lyrics, and then tell them I'm down, and then tell them what the hell I'm singing about. From there it's just been this gradual evolution of the project.

On the inspiration to document his life in his new book *Evolution of a Cro-Magnon*:

I had started to keep journals and writing a memoir and just all the stuff compiled that I went through in life. I kept really just trying to utilize it for film and writing different scripts. Then I hooked up with Morgan Spurlock (of *Super Size Me* fame) and his ex-wife Priscilla Summer. Then Morgan went and did *Super*

Size Me with his company, so he kind of walked away from finishing the script with us. As time went on, we kept utilizing different things for a comedy, and two more dramas, and then another comedy. Priscilla was like, "Dude, you need to compile this and put it into a book. With just the people who know the Cro-Mags, you'll do really good. It's just a really compelling story and a story

"Basically [...] Scott called me and said that Biohazard was coming to an end and they were like "Do you wanna sing in our new band?" So I was like "Yo, let me check it out." So they sent me the music and I was blown away."

--John Joseph

about overcoming adversity in life and its challenges.” And she kept pushing me and pushing me. Then she moved to Australia to be in some theatre group and she left me a note on my Myspace wall and it said “Write the Book.” That’s why I started writing it.

On keeping the revolution alive and keeping yourself informed: I try to keep the revolution going, man! These companies like Monsanto [a controversial agricultural company], if you watch the documentary *The Future of Food* and you understand what they are trying to do, they’re trying to control the world’s resources. They are trying to take complete control of this planet, man. Everybody needs to wake up! You need to go on infowars.com. Go to these websites. The facts are out there. Do your research! Go watch *The Future of Food*! They say right in the first 5 minutes of that documentary that the greatest biological experiment ever conducted on mankind is happening right now and no one knows. And it’s happening for one reason and one reason only: They are trying make money and trying to control the world’s population. They are trying to do what they’ve been trying to do for the last 100 years. 9/11 just gave them the power to do all this shit. I saw those buildings fall. There’s no way those buildings came down without the use of explosives. You see the thermite pouring out of the windows below and the building isn’t even coming down yet. Wake up America! Look at what these people are doin’! You have decorated military veterans coming forward and telling us that what they told us on 9/11 was a complete friggin’ lie. They didn’t even mention how 7 WTC came down in the 9/11 Report. A 55 story building came down. In New York City it doesn’t seem that big but put that in any other city and it’d be one of the tallest buildings there. 55 stories! It was nowhere near the other buildings yet it came down and dropped perfectly. That was the control center for the whole operation. They’ve got their little suckers on the Nova Channel lying to everybody. No steel building has ever been brought down by fire much less jet fuel which is something like ¾ friggin’ kerosene. And they’ve been going all over the world trying to implement all the things that they’ve been trying to do now.

On whether or not people within the hardcore and punk scenes are receptive to his ideas on politics and spirituality:

Absolutely! It’s the most fertile ground for waking the youth because it’s a youth movement. We have to reach the youth. These dinosaur f**kers that are behind all these families: the Rothchilds and all these illuminati families that are trying to do all this stuff, these secret organizations in society that are definitely trying to pull some crazy s**t. These kids are not going to try to make any changes. It’s the punks and the young kids of America that want change. Who the hell else is gonna do it? This emo crap? Confucius said: “Discontent is the first step in the progress of a man or a nation.” Look at what they did...they

tanked out the economy so that they can come in and take over the Federal Reserve and make it an actual part of the government. It’s federal now. Federal Reserve was just as much federal as Federal Express. It was run by bankers. They set it up in the early 1900s. It was the Rothchilds’ and all these other families and they set it up to control the economy. That’s why they killed friggin’ Kennedy because he wanted to do away with the whole federal reserve system and they ganked him. How do you have private banks printing up money for the people? That’s what Bloodclot is all about: spreading the word. They are poisoning the youth with meat and these genetically modified foods. They are trying to control you and they are lying to you. Turn your f**king TV sets off and go read a book. Go on the Internet and get the real news. The whole war has been blacked out in Iraq.

On focusing more on politics and revolution lyrically with Bloodclot! more so than he did with his previous bands:

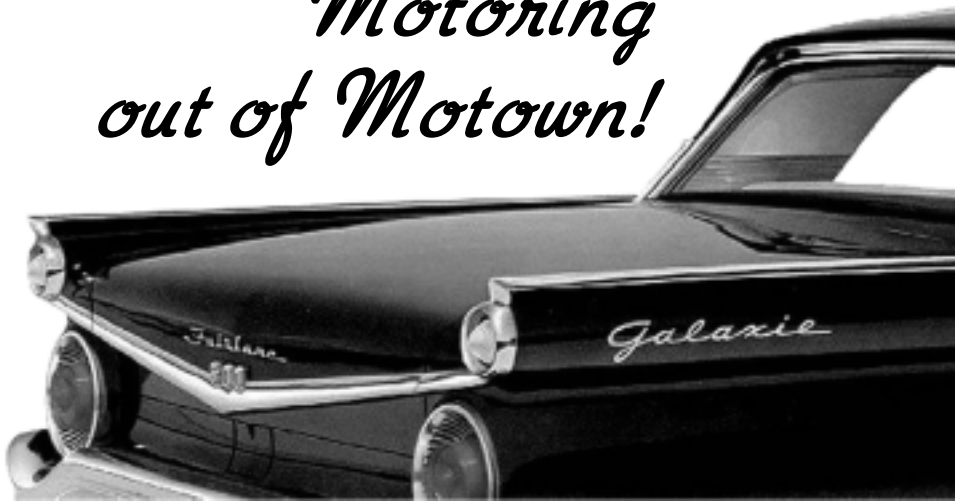
You know, it’s time and circumstances, brother. The revolution was always there. Both Worlds was a little more subtle musically. Look at the times now. Times’ve changed since then. I’ve always been about a revolution of consciousness. I’m not telling anybody to pick up arms against anybody. What I am saying is you have to expand your horizons and develop your consciousness. That’s how you’ll really beat these people. You can’t beat them having an arms war against them.

For more information on John Joseph and his various projects check out: www.bloodclotnyc.com and www.punkhouse.org.

To hear selections from this interview and music from **Bloodclot!** tune in to *No Remorse* on Friday, May 2nd at midnight, only on U92 FM.

THERE'S a lot to be said for Morgantown in the summertime — the sidewalks are blissfully clean of vomit, the ice cream truck jangles through South Park irregularly but at least once a week, and it's possible to drive down Don Knotts, out Beechurst, and to I-79 in less than ten minutes' time.

Motoring out of Motown!



BUT wait — with gas prices what they are, who's driving anywhere?

The media has made a cottage industry of reporting on the “price at the pump,” and while gas prices are a hardship for everyone, with a little scheming and penny-pinching, you can still have some summer fun outside of Morgantown. Sure, you can catch some great shows in town — check out our summer concert guide. But this summer, a band *you* want to see will no doubt be playing somewhere that *isn't* Morgantown. Even a partial list of the

artists making stops in Pittsburgh and Washington, D.C. is enough to make any of us long for the days of 83 cent petrol: British Sea Power, Devotchka, Jeffrey Lewis, Reverend Horton Heat, Foo Fighters, Tokyo Police Club, The Kills, Dizzee Rascal, Drive-By Truckers, Polvo, The Black Keys, Black Kids, Los Campesinos, Bishop Allen, The Black Lips, The Raconteurs, Lightspeed Champion, Rilo Kiley, The Breeders, Battles, Ted Leo and the Pharmacists, The B-52s, Tegan and Sara, Ladytron...so many concerts, so little cash.

But with Pittsburgh a mere 70 miles from Morgantown, and Washington D.C. a quick 3 1/2 hour drive, any of these shows could be worked into a comfortable daytrip, leaving fuel as your greatest expense. Find three or four other music fans and load into the most fuel-efficient car you can, and the rock'n'roll road trip isn't just an unaffordable fantasy. Below are some more tips that'll help you save money to spend at the merch table and support your favorite artists, who also feel the pinch of high gas prices:



Steel City Steals Getting There

While Mountainline's Grey Line bus offers one-way tickets to and from the Pittsburgh Greyhound station for \$25, the twice-daily schedule makes it inconvenient for a daytrip. A car is your only option. Conservatively estimating your gas mileage at 25 mpg, and gas at \$3.35 per gallon, you'll be spending \$20 or more to get up there and back. Divide that among four or five people, though, and it's less than a night out at the Warner.

Shows

A guide to Pittsburgh venues can be hard to organize — Pittsburgh is known as a city of neighborhoods, and venues of all sizes and stripes are dotted across the landscape. Further, many of the cities' venues can't always be counted on to have a show you want to see every month. But this just means you can make several trips up this summer, if your wallet allows, and sample what's on offer. Here's a quick glance at a few spots to check out.

Four venues, Diesel, The Smiling Moose, Club Café, and the Rex Theatre, are located on the South Side, a neighborhood with enough shopping, eating, and walking around opportunities to fill at least an evening — meaning you won't have to drive all over town to have fun. Bonus: there's lots of free on-street parking to be found if you know where to look. Try driving around the streets with female names found south of Carson Street (the main drag). The battered kitchen chairs sitting by the curb mean “don't park here”.

One of Pittsburgh's newer venues is Garfield Artworks, on Penn Avenue in Garfield. A space for art and music, this small venue recently hosted Dodos (recently in hot rotation at U92) as well as Wolf Eyes. Not far from Penn Ave., in the Strip District, is the 31st Pub, where you can catch Pittsburgh indie giants Don Caballero on May 3, and electro-psychedelics The Silver Apples on June 21.

Mr. Roboto Project in Wilkinsburg is a collaborative space open to the public but run by the members. They've been successfully doing all-ages shows for the better part of a decade.

Don't forget about Good Fridays at The Warhol Museum, on the North Side. Museum admission is half-price in the evening, making it a good time to visit, and there's often a band on (though the price of the ticket is extra). Acts like The Magnetic Fields and Luna, who wouldn't otherwise fit Pittsburgh into a tour, can somehow be persuaded to play a show at the world's largest single-artist museum.

Eats

You gotta eat. Cheapskates will save money by packing PB&Js or splitting a Subway five ways. But there are bargains to be had. Check out the cheap diners in Bloomfield, where you can nosh on \$2 egg sandwiches. Penn Ave., close to both Garfield Artworks and Paul's CDs, is a good spot for big Indian and Vietnamese meals. Healthy types head for Trader Joe's on Penn Ave. and the nearby East End Co-op in Point Breeze to stock up on staples to take home; these are also great spots to stock up on picnic food, and both are close to two of the city's big parks, Frick Park and Schenley Park. If the dark indoors is more your speed, Bloomfield Bridge Tavern is a good spot for cheap Polish food and live music.

Togs

You didn't come north to shop. However, Pittsburgh's East End Thrift, at 5123 Penn Ave., has so many good deals you'll save money shopping here instead of going to Goodwill or Gabe's back in Morgantown. And you'll no doubt appreciate that 50 cent T-shirt you bought when you come out the show coated in sweat.

Tunes

Now that you've saved all this money, you probably want to spend it on something. Support your (almost) local record store! Head



to Liberty Avenue in Bloomfield and check out the newest indie releases at Paul's CDs (belying the name, you'll also find a smattering of vinyl in this long-running independent shop). On Murray Avenue in Squirrel Hill, Jerry's occupies a huge second floor warehouse space above a Japanese restaurant. If this store doesn't have it on vinyl, it probably doesn't exist. Everything from mid-'90s K Records 7" singles on pink vinyl, to Thai zydeco swing, can be found here, and all diligently labeled and categorized. Ask for help if you don't see what you want.



Onward To Our Nation's Capital

It may not exactly be the birthplace of democracy (nay, some might argue it may be democracy's final resting place...), but D.C. was and is certainly the birthplace and stomping ground of a million and one indie superstars: Bad Brains, Minor Threat, Fugazi, Ted Leo, The Make-Up, Bratmobile, Helium...

Getting There

It's a straight — if mountainous — shot out I-68 to I-70. When factoring your gas mileage, consider how much extra power your car will need to pull the extra weight of passengers. From downtown Morgantown, the Maryland suburbs of D.C. (and the closest Metro station — see below) are 190 miles away, putting your round-trip gas mileage at about \$60.

Public Transport

Sitting in traffic means you're getting ZERO mpg! Many visitors avoiding D.C.'s hairy traffic, as well as city parking fees, by driving to the closest Metro station and parking there. Shady Grove, on the red line, is a quick shot off of I-370. It costs a mere \$4.75 to park here for the day. You're going to be riding the clean, efficient, totally enjoyable Metro in the city anyway, so why not start your journey here?

Sights

You can spend a day in D.C. without paying for entertainment, as most museums are free (and insanely crowded on summer weekends). Also free is The Petersen House, a.k.a. The House Where Lincoln Died, just across from Ford's Theater on 10th St. NW, near the Portrait Gallery and Chinatown — Red Line stops are Metro Center or Gallery Place. Most people know that Ford's is

where Lincoln uttered the infamous words, “Now you f**ked up!”, but most don’t know he died within sight of that fateful balcony. Every schoolkid should see the place where Every Schoolkid’s Favorite President spent his last moments, but most never have.

Shows

The Green Line U Street/African-American Civil War Memorial/Cardozo stop has a verbose name that parallels the abundance of rock it’s possible to encounter just outside the station: on V St. NW, The 9:30 Club hosts bigger indie shows (the legendary X will be there on May 21) while a few blocks away you’ll find The Black Cat on 14th St — and if you’re at the Black Cat on June 3, you’ll find U92 favorite Lightspeed Champion.



On 9th St., close to 9:30, is the aptly-named DC-9, whose upstairs hosts dance parties and up-and-coming indie rockers. Two summers ago The Legends rocked DC-9s tiny stage, and more Swedes will visit on May 21 when The Mary Onettes come stateside.

Out on H Street beyond Union Station, a lot of new venues and bars are cropping up in (read: gentrifying) an aging and almost abandoned commercial district. Several trade on bizarre themes — New Orleans, circus sideshow — and all are difficult to get to, though a shuttle bus runs from Union Station. Everyone from Half Japanese to 1990s to St. Vincent to Thurston Moore has rocked The Rock and Roll Hotel, which also holds frequent DJ nights (last summer saw Ladytron pop in for a DJ set). The Long Blondes, Sea Wolf, and Mudhoney will be dropping in this spring and summer. If you’re interested in checking out the H Street area/”Atlas District,” don’t head out there until evening — you won’t find much to do or many good eating opportunities nearby. Don’t forget that D.C. taxis run on zones, making them too big a splurge for thrifty travelers.

Tunes

From the U Street indie confluence, head west on U Street to 18th St. NW. Turn right, and walk up to 2318, where you’ll find Crooked Beat Records, who have a great indie selection as well as plenty of punk and reggae, and lots of vinyl. Crooked Beat also occasionally holds in-store performances, making it a good place to hit up in the afternoon of your visit.

Just across the street, at 2337, is the Pharmacy Bar, a little place with a great jukebox and decent food selection. Yes, it used to be a pharmacy, though most of the paraphernalia is gone. Rumor has it that former D.C. residents Ted Leo and the Pharmacists are named for this spot.

Eats

Watch out! The District levies at 10 percent tax on restaurant meals. If your hunger can’t wait until you’re back outside the former swamplands of D.C., 18th Street NW is a great place to eat, as is the nearby area around the Woodley Park/Zoo Red Line Metro stop. Prices vary considerably, but there are a few spots for cheap, delicious food. Lots of places are open until 2 or 3 AM, making it a great post-show destination, too. At Amsterdam Falafel, at 2425 18th St. NW, buying a falafel entitles you to the use of the condiment bar to deck out your pita, meaning you can fill up for only a few dollars. Consider grabbing a bubble tea or banana smoothie from the small Chinese bakery near the 18th St. McDonald’s, and eating it all, picnic-style, at Kalorama Park (near the intersection of 18th and Columbia Rd. NW), or at the dog park near the Duke Ellington Bridge on Calvert St. NW, two blocks from the Woodley Park/Zoo stop.

Getting Back

The drive from D.C. back to Morgantown is judged by 9 out of 10 moms to be the most dangerous in the tri-state area. Watch for fog, deer, and trucks veering off the runaway ramps, and don’t forget that it’s the front seat passenger’s job to keep the driver awake and adjust the soundtrack at the driver’s request. Don’t bogart the tunes dudes! And when you’re back within range, of course keep it locked to 91.7. Duh.



Cook (and Eat!) To The Beat!

with Jamie Arnold

Sunday Brunch

One of the things I miss most about living in the South, is the importance of "Sunday Brunch." It's a weekly ritual where you drag yourself out of bed (before *noon*, even!) on everybody's favorite proverbial day of rest, to nurse those late Saturday night/early Sunday morning blues away with your closest friends. Usually you'd look toward the most comforting of comfort foods to soak up all of that leftover Saturday night awesomeness; however, in this installment of "Cook (and eat!) To The Beat," I'm going to offer a lower-fat, vegan alternative to traditional Southern brunch fare.

Scrambled Tofu, Vegan Sausage, Fresh Fruit, and Cinnamon Currant Toast served with Pomegranate Mimosa (serves 4 to 6)

What You Will Need

The Kinks *Arthur - Or The Decline and Fall of the British Empire*

2 Blocks of tofu, drained

2-3 Tbsp of Seitenbacher brand vegetarian vegetable broth and seasoning (you can find this at the Mountain People's Co-op! It's yummy, and oh-so versatile!)

Turmeric

Garlic Powder

Cumin

Freshly Ground Pepper

Braggs brand Liquid Aminos*

The Zombies *Odyssey and Oracle* (or The Clientele's *Suburban Light* record will work, too)

1 Red Pepper, diced

¼ Red or White Onion, diced

1 Bunch Broccoli Florets, chopped

1-2 Carrots, sliced

1 Clove of Garlic, diced

2 TBSP Extra Virgin Olive Oil

a loaf of Cinnamon Currant bread from New Day Bakery (They bake it fresh Sunday mornings!)

Assorted fruits, sliced (For spring & summer, strawberries, mangoes, pears, grapes, and raspberries work nicely. I mix in a banana, as well, for good texture)

Your favorite brand of veggie "sausage,," formed into patties ("Gimme Lean" brand veggie sausage is both vegan and awesome. And by "awesome," I mean "wicked delicious.")

Your favorite sparkling wine (might I suggest a Prosecco?) or Sparkling Water

Pomegranate Juice

Pomegranate Seeds*

Lime Slices*

The Velvet Underground *The Velvet Underground and Nico*

*optional



Disclaimer

I learned to cook from my very awesome mother, Patricia. She, as well as I, cook by just kind of throwing things in together and tasting, not by conventional "measurements." Basically what I'm saying is that it's really hard to write down a recipe with measurements, so I'm just going to wing it with this one. For example, if two sliced carrots seems like too many for you, or you're not really that into garlic powder, you can scale it down or omit it, and so on. With that being said, let's get cooking! AND ROCKING!

Okay, first thing's first: put on that Kinks record. It will help you wake up in a sweet, happy way. Next, take the two blocks of tofu and mash them in a bowl with a fork, till they have a "scrambled egg" kinda look. Next, combine the E.V.O.O. and diced garlic in a large skillet on medium low heat, 'til slightly browned. While that's heating up, sprinkle the turmeric on the tofu and mix until it has an even yellow color. Next mix in the Seitenbacher, a few dashes of garlic powder, a pinch of cumin, a dash of freshly ground pepper, and a few drops of Braggs (totally optional) into the tofu. Combine the broccoli, carrots, red pepper, and onions and fold into the tofu mixture, and mix well. Once the garlic in the skillet is slightly brown, add the tofu & vegetable mixture and cook on medium heat until cooked through.

Now would be a good time to switch to The Zombies, unless you haven't even made it to "Shangri-La" yet - then you're making good time! Save The Zombies until later, you are totally rocking; "Brainwashed" and "Shangri-La" are pivotal to your Sunday morning.

As you put the tofu mixture on to cook, in another skillet, start to heat up the veggie "sausage" patties (enough for your guests). Start those at about the same time as the scrambled tofu - they'll probably take about the same amount of time to cook, unless you have way more tofu than "sausage." Once they're finished, serve on a plate with sliced fruit and 1-2 slices of toasted Cinnamon Currant bread (it's great toasted with soy margarine!).

To make the mimosas, I try to use Champagne flutes, but white wine glasses can work, too! Traditionally, mimosas are made with Champagne, but good Champagne is usually costly, and not as easy to find. Prosecco, Champagne's Italian cousin, is easier on the wallet and a little dryer - perfect to balance the sweetness of pomegranate juice! For the mimosa, use 2 parts Prosecco to 1 part juice. If using the sparkling water, reverse that - 2 parts juice to 1 part sparkling water. Garnish with a few pomegranate seeds thrown in the drink, and a lime slice on the glass. Now put that Velvet Underground record on, and enjoy!

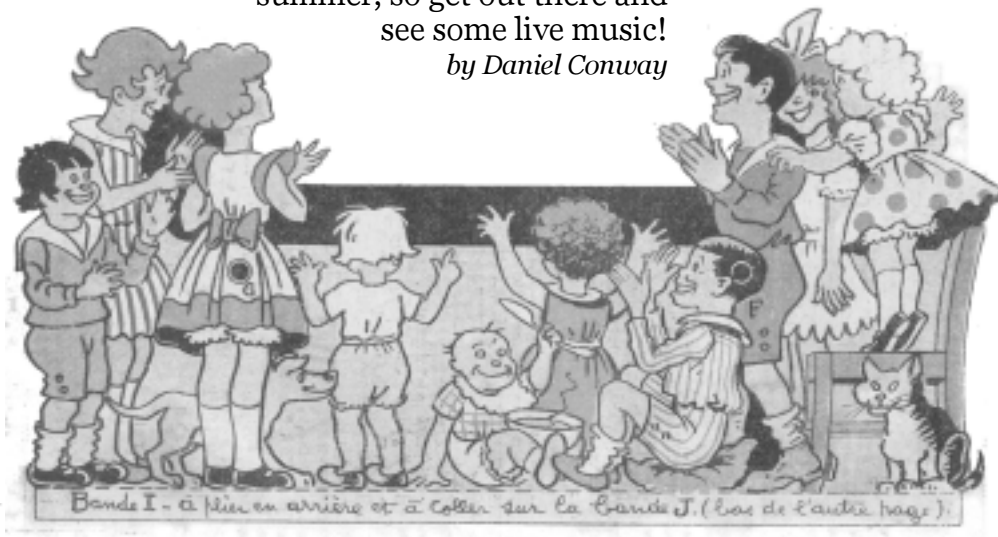
Until next time!
J



Looking For... The Best Fest?

Music festival season is quickly approaching. Make plans early and don't get left behind. This is a list of the festivals with the most impressive artists that are within reasonable traveling distance. Check festival websites for full lineups and ticket information. They start now and go till the end of the summer, so get out there and see some live music!

by Daniel Conway



New England Metal & Hardcore Festival
Worcester, Massachusetts: Palladium
April 25 – 27

Breakdown: 3 days, 2 stages. 10 year anniversary

Artist Highlights: Megadeth, In Flames, Children of Bodom, High on Fire, Meshuggah, Ministry, Shadows Fall, Behemoth, Dimmu Borgir, Skeletonwitch, Kataklysm, Heaven Shall Burn, The Acacia Strain, On Broken Wings, Embrace The End, First Blood, Sleeping Giant, Soilent Green, Arsis, Classic Struggle, Vanna, Shai Hulud, Tony Danza Tapdance Extravaganza

Festival Website: <http://www.metalandhardcorefestival.com>

Prediction: Guinness World Record set for most black clothing ever worn in a single location.

New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival
New Orleans, Louisiana
April 25 – May 4

Breakdown: 7 days of music on 11 stages, a mix of rhythm & blues, rock, jazz, country, blues, gospel, world beat, and more. Tons of artists, crafts, food, and culture.

Artist Highlights: The Neville Brothers, Stevie Wonder, Billy Joel, Jimmy Buffett, Santana, Dr. John, Al Green, Robert Plant and Alison Krauss, The Raconteurs, John Prine, Elvis Costello and Allen Toussaint, Galactic, The Roots, Michael Franti & Spearhead, Burning Spear, Ozomatli with Chali 2na, Rebirth Brass Band, Tower of Power, Delbert McClinton, The Derek Trucks Band, Richard Thompson, Bela Fleck and Abigail Washburn, The John Butler Trio, Del McCoury, Buckwheat Zydeco.

Festival Website: <http://www.nojazzfest.com>

Prediction: George W. Bush finally realizes that a disaster took place in New

Orleans and drops everything he is doing (vacationing at the ranch), to come help out.

Beale Street Music Festival
Memphis, Tennessee: Tom Lee Park
May 2 – 4

Breakdown: 3 days, 4 stages, 33 acres overlooking the Mississippi River. More than 60 artists.

Artist Highlights: The Roots, Santana, Matisyahu, Bettye LaVette, Lou Reed, The John Butler Trio, Buddy Guy, Arrested Development, Cat Power, The Whigs, The Black Crowes, Aretha Franklin, O.A.R., Gavin DeGraw, Tegan and Sara, Keb 'Mo', Hellogoodbye, Ben Folds, Charlie Musselwhite, Joan Jett & the Blackhearts, Project Pat, JJ Grey & Mofro, Jerry Lee Lewis, Michael Franti & Spearhead, Umphrey's McGee.

Festival Website: <http://tinyurl.com/ywoley>

Prediction: Elvis comes back to life, just to perform a set with Project Pat.

DelFest
Cumberland, Maryland: Allegany County Fairgrounds
May 23 – 25

Breakdown: Short drive from Morgantown. 3 days of music on a single stage, on-site camping. First annual event for Del takes place on Memorial Day weekend.

Artist Highlights: Del McCoury Band, Keller Williams and The Keels, David Grisman Bluegrass Experience, Sam Bush, Abigail Washburn & The Sparrow Quartet featuring Bela Fleck, Punch Brothers featuring Chris Thile, Railroad Earth, Emmitt-Nershi Band, Great American Taxi featuring Vince Herman, Jon Fishman. Festival Website: <http://www.delfest.com>

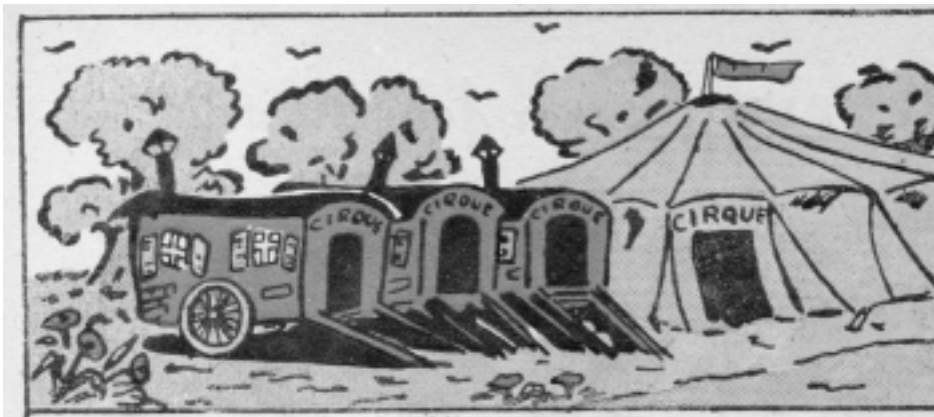
Prediction: Jack Daniels stock doubles after this weekend.

Summer Camp 2008 Music Festival
Chillicothe, Illinois: Three Sisters Park

May 23 - 25

Breakdown: 3 days, 4 stages, hosted by moe.

Artist Highlights: moe., Umphrey's McGee, The Flaming Lips, The Roots,



O.A.R., George Clinton & Parliament Funkadelic, G. Love & Special Sauce, The New Pornographers, Girl Talk, Clutch, Blind Melon, The Avett Brothers, Hot Buttered Rum.

Festival Website: <http://www.summercampfestival.com>

Prediction: Gregg Gillis gets laid.

Mountain Jam

Hunter Mountain, New York: Hunter Mountain Ski Resort

May 30 – June 1

Breakdown: 3 days, over 30 acts on 3 stages, camping in the Catskill Mountains.

Artist Highlights: Gov't Mule, Michael Franti & Spearhead, Umphrey's McGee, Medeski, Scofield, Martin & Wood, Citizen Cope, Ray LaMontagne, Drive-By Truckers, Galactic, Sharon Jones & The Dap-Kings, The Felice Brothers, JJ Grey & Mofro, Jackie Greene, Dr. Dog, O'Death.

Festival Website: <http://www.mountainjam.com>

Prediction: Hippies have hallucinations of snow and try to ski down a mountain of dirt.

Wakarusa

Lawrence, Kansas: Clinton State Park

June 5 – 8

Info: 4 days, 5 stages, over 100 artists.

Artist Highlights: The Flaming Lips, Ben Folds, Cake, Built To Spill, Blackalicious, Ozomatli, Buckethead, Old 97's, Del The Funky Homosapien, Arrested Development, Donna The Buffalo, Tea Leaf Green, Keller Williams, David Grisman Quintet, Leftover Salmon, The Gourds, Brett Dennen, Bang Camaro, Limbeck.

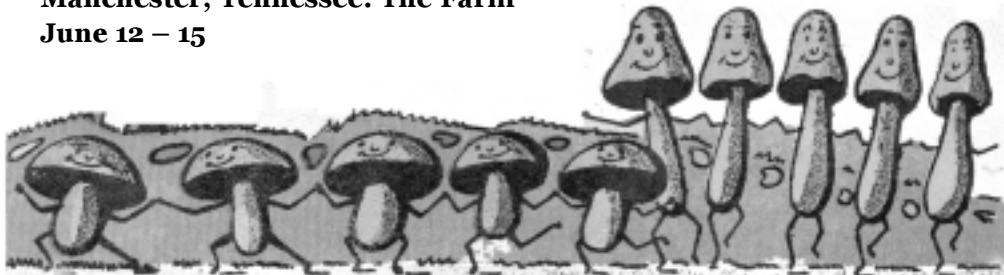
Festival Website: <http://www.wakarusa.com>

Prediction: Hillary shows up at Clinton State Park to once again take advantage of her name recognition.

Bonnaroo Music & Arts Festival

Manchester, Tennessee: The Farm

June 12 – 15



Breakdown: 4 days, eclectic lineup, comedy tent, microbrew tent, arts and crafts.

Artist Highlights: Kanye West, Robert Plant & Alison Krauss, My Morning Jacket, The Allman Brothers Band, The Raconteurs, Willie Nelson, Death Cab for Cutie, B.B. King, Sigur Ros, M.I.A., Iron & Wine, Talib Kweli, Gogol Bordello, Broken Social Scene, Rilo Kiley, Mastodon, Lupe Fiasco, Against Me!, Stephen Marley, The Coup, Money Mark, Sharon Jones & the Dap Kings, Ozomatli, Tegan & Sara, Drive-By Truckers, !!!, The Avett Brothers, Ladytron, The Fiery Furnaces, Ghostland Observatory, Jose Gonzalez, Minus the Bear, Battles, Two Gallants, The Sword, Vampire Weekend, Mason Jennings, MGMT, Black Kids, Cat Power, MSTRKRFT, Chromeo.

Comedians: Chris Rock, David Cross, Zach Galifianakis, and Jim Norton.

Festival Website: <http://www.bonnaroo.com>

Prediction: Port-a-potty disaster leads to this year's festival going down in history as the Great Bonnaroo Doo Doo.



Popped! Philadelphia Music Festival
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: Drexel University
June 20 – 22

Breakdown: 3 days, more artists announced in the near future.

Artists: Akron/Family, Little Brother, Mr. Lif, Crystal Castles, and more TBA.

Festival Website: <http://www.poppedphiladelphia.org/>

[index.php](#)

Prediction: A cheesesteak will cost \$20.

Rothbury

Rothbury, Michigan: Double JJ Ranch & Resort

July 3 – 6

Breakdown: 4 days, music, art, and a theme of finding energy independence. Dedicated to providing great music and staying environmentally friendly.

Lineup Highlights: Dave Matthews Band, Primus, Thievery Corporation, Snoop Dogg, Modest Mouse, Gov't Mule, The Black Keys, Gogol Bordello, Ray LaMontagne, Drive-By Truckers, of Montreal, Gomez, Taj Mahal, The Secret Machines, Railroad Earth, Sage Francis, Diplo, Busdriver.

Festival Website: <http://www.rothburyfestival.com>

Prediction: This collection of geniuses devises a plan to end US dependence on foreign oil.

All Good Music Festival
Masontown, West Virginia:
Marvin's Mountaintop

July 11 – 13

Breakdown: 15 minute drive from Morgantown. 3 days, 3 stages, no overlapping sets.

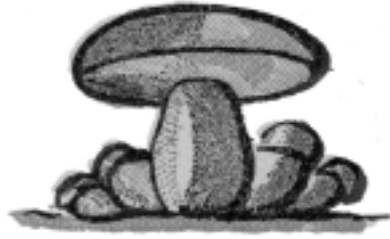
Camping in the beautiful hills of West Virginia.

Artist Highlights: Phil Lesh & Friends, Widespread Panic, Gov't Mule, Mike Gordon, Michael Franti & Spearhead, The Avett Brothers, Keller Williams & The WMD's, SOJA, Derek Trucks & Susan Tedeschi Soul Stew Revival, Brazilian Girls, Railroad Earth,

The Wood Brothers, Bassnectar, Hot Buttered Rum, Tea Leaf Green, Perpetual Groove, Dark Star Orchestra.

Festival Website: <http://www.allgoodfestival.com>

Prediction: Morgantown population increases after festival due to gypsy stragglers.



Pitchfork Music Festival

Chicago, Illinois: Union Park

July 18 – 20

Breakdown: 3 days, 41 artists to perform

Artist Highlights: Public Enemy, Animal Collective, Dizzee Rascal, Mission of Burma, Dinosaur Jr., Jarvis Cocker, Jay Reatard, M. Ward, Ghostface and Raekwon, Boris, The Apples in Stereo, !!!, No Age, Vampire Weekend, Cut Copy.

Festival Website: <http://www.pitchforkmusicfestival.com>

Prediction: Flavor Flav comes up with idea for a show where he marries an indie chick.

FloydFest

Floyd, Virginia: Blue Ridge Parkway, Private Festival Grounds

July 24 – 28

Breakdown: 4 days, 3 nights, and 7 stages. Workshops, gardens, performing art, crafters, and camping in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Artist Highlights: Rusted Root, Amos Lee, Railroad Earth, Tea Leaf Green, Dave Grisman Quintet, The Avett Brothers, Donna The Buffalo, DJ Williams Projekt.

Festival Website: <http://www.floydfest.com>

Prediction: A dude named Floyd tries to get in free, claiming it is his festival.

Lollapalooza

Chicago, Illinois: Grant Park

August 8 – 10

Breakdown: 3 days, diverse lineup, no camping.

Artist Highlights: Radiohead, Rage Against the Machine, Nine Inch Nails, Kanye West, The Raconteurs, Okkervil River, Louis XIV, Gnarl Barkley, Bloc Party, The Black Keys, Broken Social Scene, Lupe Fiasco, Flogging Molly, Cat Power, The National, G. Love & Special Sauce, Sharon Jones & the Dap-Kings, Explosions in the Sky, Gogol Bordello, Stephen Malkmus & The Jicks, John Butler Trio, Girl Talk, CSS, Battles, Jamie Lidell, Spank Rock, Brazilian Girls, Chromeo, The Kills, The Go! Team, The Gutter Twins, Yeasayer, Grizzly Bear, MGMT, The Weakerthans, Santogold, Black Kids, Black Lips, Dr. Dog, Kid Sister, The Cool Kids, What Made Milwaukee Famous, The Whigs, Foals, Uffie, The Octopus Project, and Cadence Weapon.

Festival Website: <http://www.lollapalooza.com>

Prediction: Perry Farrell resists the urge to be a complete attention whore (not really).

All Points West Music & Arts Festival

Jersey City, New Jersey: Liberty State Park

August 8 – 10

Breakdown: 3 days, 3 stages, no camping.

Artist Highlights: Radiohead, Underworld, The New Pornographers, Michael Franti & Spearhead, The Go! Team, Girl Talk, CSS, Little Brother, Andrew Bird, Mates of State, Kings of Leon, Animal Collective, Metric, Chromeo, The Roots, The Black Angels, The Virgins, The Felice Brothers, Sia, Jack Johnson, Cat Power, Rodrigo y Gabriela, The Secret Machines, Black Kids, Jason Isbell, De Novo Dahl, and Rogue Wave.

Festival Website: <http://www.apwfestival.com>

Prediction: Though All Points West is a great reason to go home, stragglers will still be found partying at Bent Willey's.

Virgin Mobile Music Festival

Baltimore, Maryland: Pimlico Race Course

August 9 – 10

Breakdown: 2 days, third year, full lineup to be released soon.

Artists: Foo Fighters, Jack Johnson, Kanye West, Nine Inch Nails, Stone Temple Pilots, and more TBA.

Festival Website: <http://www.virginmobilefestival.com/>

Prediction: Gathering of the virgins.

(Please Don't) Hang The DJ: Introducing...Jamie Arnold

by Kodi McKinney

The year is 1997. Underground legends Brainiac are touring behind an EP called *Electro-Shock for President*, and their destination for the night is Morgantown's own Nyabinghi Dance Hall (now 123 Pleasant Street). A future U92 DJ, age 18 at the time, is in attendance.

There's only one problem: her parents have no idea that she's at the show. And the resourceful jock-to-be is armed with a fake ID that is just convincing enough to help her buy alcohol.

"The ID said I was 25, which is really stupid," said Jamie Arnold, remembering the night spent watching one of her favorite bands. "I didn't even look 25 when I was 25!"

A decade has come and gone since that show. The tour proved to be Brainiac's last, as frontman Timmy Taylor died in a car accident later that year. Yet despite the passage of time, Jamie Arnold - since she rarely uses her last name on the air, it's best to simply refer to her as Jamie - brings that same fun-loving spirit to her broadcasts as a DJ at U92.

Although born into a family of music buffs (her father is a record collector, and his brother Kevin was an early U92 DJ), Jamie's taste began to develop when she heard the Screaming Trees' "Nearly Lost You" in her early teens. Ironically, she can't quite remember how she heard the song - "I think it was

on the *Singles* soundtrack," she said - but it was the spark that ignited a newfound passion.

"That kind of made me watch *120 Minutes* and *Headbanger's Ball* just for that to come on, and Nirvana," Jamie said. "I was really into Nirvana, and so I was staying up really late at night on Sunday night to see the videos for those songs. And then I saw a

"I usually think of [my show] as a really kickass mixtape for the town, you know?"

video for Sonic Youth's 'Dirty Boots.'"

Jamie's reaction was immediate: she had to know more about this peculiar band. After raiding her school library for any *Rolling Stone* with Sonic Youth articles inside, she began buying the band's albums and making further

purchases based on who they thanked in their liner notes. She then read those bands' liner notes and bought more albums based on their references. "That's kind of how I got really hooked," Jamie said. "It was just really exciting, you know?"

Though music was not yet readily accessible through the Internet, Jamie had other means of sampling the bands she was reading about. "They had this thing you could call, 1-800-MusicNow, and so I would call and you could just type in the first three letters of whatever band you wanted to sample," Jamie recalled. Once something rocking hit the receiver, "I'd go to [record stores] The Den, or Backstreet, or Wizard," Jamie said. "There were a lot of record stores downtown back then." Of the three stores and many others that called Morgantown home, only The Den is still in business today.

Despite the renegade tendencies that led Jamie to that fateful Brainiac show, her inner maverick wasn't always outwardly visible. In her days at East Fairmont High, she was best known as the student body officer who timidly called into U92 to make requests.

"It was the only station I could hear Sonic Youth on...I would request Sonic Youth all the time," Jamie said. "[The DJs] would always play it!" To her disbelief, Jamie even got compliments on her requests from the DJs.

Her first year of college began in the fall of '97, but Jamie waited until the summer of 2000 to begin her time behind the microphone. "I was just too nervous, too scared, too shy, like I thought it was just something extremely unapproachable," Jamie confessed. "I was a political science major at the time; [being a DJ] wasn't really broadcasted as something that's an option." Once on staff, however, she was in for the long haul; she just didn't know it yet.

"There were a lot of record stores downtown back then."



[David]: I mean, I'll save the two thumbs up for something that's actually... entertaining.

[Daniel]: That's what she said.

“Kid Dynamite” (1987)

Skag Heaven. Squirrel Bait.

[Mickey]: They used the word “skag,” they've already got my blessing.

[David]: I bet they get a lot of squirrels comin' after 'em.

[All at once]: Oh wow...

[Tyler]: ...was not expecting those vocals. The drums were just kicking ass and then that came out of nowhere.

[Evan]: Kinda sounds like a wussier J. Mascis.

[Tyler]: Yeah, or Bob Mould.

[David]: The music's pretty heavy, though.

[Anthony]: Yeah, heavier than Dinosaur, even with those vocals.

[Evan]: The drumming is definitely bitchin' on this song.

[Daniel]: How 'bout fade everything out but the drums? ...or mainly just the dude singing.

[David]: This reminds me of Nirvana's first album.

[Mickey]: Pretty weak vocals, I'm not into it.

[Tyler]: I don't know man, the opening to this song was just wretched. I liked it.

“The Best Things in Life” (1984)

They Came They Saw They Conquered. Thee Milkshakes.

[Anthony]: I love Billy Childish. This record slays.

[David]: Yeah this gets thumbs up for me. It's like if the early Who were more drunk.

[Daniel]: I really like the pulsing, straight-up rock'n'roll drums there.

[Evan]: It's not a very full sound, though.

[Daniel]: Yeah, the bass relies on the kick too much. It could be heavier.

[Tyler]: Thumbs down for the fadeout.

[Evan]: Just when the guitar was about to do some serious f***in' wailing.

[Dylan]: He couldn't keep it up long enough.

[Tyler]: Or they didn't have enough money to record.

“Snake Bit” (1983)

Gravity Talks. Green on Red.

[David]: Slash's Snake Pit. Isn't that a real band name?

[Evan]: This is very Velvet Underground.

[Tyler]: Very special thanks to Lou Reed for... writing all our songs.

[Evan]: Yeah, *too* Velvet Underground. And it's a shame I can't see anything on

the album cover except the high heeled shoes.

[Tyler]: And on the back, the armadillo!

[Mickey]: I don't know if I'd let an armadillo get that close to me.

[Daniel]: I wish I could nail these dudes' look, that's what I've been trying to get for the last ten years.

[Tyler]: This guy's a math teacher.

[Anthony]: Fresh out of grad school... in a John Hughes movie.

[Tyler]: Thumbs down for the totally unabashed mimicry in the vocals.

[Anthony]: And it has the same immaculate, boring production as any other band in the eighties, as opposed to the dirty, heavy sixties psychedelic sound that they obviously worship.

[Tyler]: Yeah, that Incense and Peppermints keyboard is too much.

“You were walkin towards the door”

[All at once]:...yeah

[Evan]: I think it's probably bands like this that the Dead Milkmen liked making fun of.

[Mickey]: I think they tried to go with a concept that looked like it might get something original for the time, but they just stuck to their roots in all the wrong ways.

[Daniel]: Makes me think of Tom Petty.

[Evan]: I don't know, I mean I *like* Tom Petty.

[Daniel]: I didn't say that I didn't like Tom Petty.

“Kidney Bingos” (1988)

A Bell Is a Cup... Until It Is Struck. Wire.

[Evan]: [reading the promo sticker] “Wire expands your mind without blowing it.”

[Dylan]: What a dumb label to put on your album. It's such a lukewarm compliment... “Wire is pretty good!”

[Anthony]: Yeah, what the hell's wrong with a record blowing your mind?

[Dylan]: Blowing your mind never has a negative connotation, but this is acting like it does.

[David]: Don't worry, it's okay, mom. Wire expands your mind, but they don't blow it.

[Tyler]: Did Wire get hit by the new wave?

[Anthony]: They drowned in the new wave.

[Mickey]: This sounds exactly like it was made in the late 80's.

[Evan]: This is like the kind of David Bowie that I... don't... really... listen to.

[Anthony]: This isn't Wire to me.

[Tyler]: Great job, Wire, you really *mastered* the 80's.

[Dylan]: It sounds like over the years they employed every new bad production

value of the time. What the f**k were they thinking in the eighties?

[Evan]: It's really unforgivable.

[Dylan]: Totally, it's as if they were in the studio and decided, "We need electric chimes here!" You didn't have chimes before, motherf**ker. Just because you can press a button and have electric chimes now doesn't mean that you have to use them.

[Daniel]: I wanna stroll down the street listenin' to this. Just this part right here.

[Anthony]: You could be in the music video. Listening to an iPod.

[Evan]: Yeah, this sounds like an iPod commercial.

[Tyler]: The new iPod! Now in purple.

"Needles in the Camel's Eye" (1989)

Thing of Beauty. Volcano Suns.

[David]: I like all these vocals.

[Anthony]: That chorus sounds amazing for this tune.

[Mickey]: Sounds like one bad-ass bar song.

[Anthony]: Turning Brian Eno into music someone can compare to a bar sing-along is a hell of a impressive feat.

[at this point I look around and notice that everyone is nodding their head/ tapping their feet and heads along with the song]

[Anthony]: No one's said anything for like a full minute.

[Mickey]: I definitely think this record deserves bonus points for making everyone nod in unison.

[David]: Yeah this is the best song of the night so far.

"Life in One Chord" (1988)

Hail. Straitjacket Fits.

[Daniel]: I like the background a lot.

[Tyler]: This seems like a popular backdrop for a lot of 90's indie, it's real washy and full.

[Anthony]: Hell yeah to stripped-down shoegaze.

[Daniel]: That's exactly what I was thinking. Just then. *Precisely* at that moment.

[Anthony]: Not sure about this breakdown as an ending.

[Daniel]: Didn't hear that comin'.

[Tyler]: I'm on the fence for this one, I love the guitar sound, but that ending is just melodramatic, it didn't step up the atmosphere and texture enough to justify dragging that out so long. If you're going to end with that breakdown, why not just take it as far as you can go?

[Mickey]: I generally like more variation on such a long tune, but the execution was totally tight. It held my interest.

"The Bushmaster" (1990)

Gub. Pigface.

[Anthony]: I don't know if anyone else is hearing these drums...

[Tyler]: Oh no, man, I am totally in tune with this right now.

[Anthony]: This is definitely some hateful, abrasive music. I'm diggin this a lot.

[David]: I really hope this is about Satan.

[Tyler]: This guy deserves an award for his endurance with this song. Where are we? Three minutes in now?

[David]: And I kinda like how minimal it is.

[Tyler]: Yeah, like this is a *drum* song. And it succeeds entirely.

[Anthony]: And that's definitely not something I would expect to keep my interest. Like if you'd told me this song was going to be just drums and vocals, I totally wouldn't have picked it.

[Daniel]: The vocals are so out there. Such an intense drummer, too.



"Black and White" (1981)

Stands for Decibels. The dB's.

[Daniel]: This is a great song. It makes me think of all the various reasons I like so many artists, all in one song.

[David]: And this is a guy singing?

[Anthony]: Yeah... [points to Chris Stamey on the cover] *that* guy.

[David]: It reminds me of uh... Polaris? The band from *Pete and Pete*?

[Tyler]: That's the first thing that went through my head... Wait, this is '81? This is kinda cool for 1981, especially. What the hell else was going on then? Disco?

[David]: Yeah this is great.

[Tyler]: No actually I really like this. It plays on your teenage angst tendencies in the best way.

[Anthony]: Dude it's maybe the best break-up song of the 80's. ...Nevermind, not "maybe." It totally is.



"Kicked Out" (1989)

Dial "M" for Motherfer. Pussy Galore.***

[David]: I like this already.

[Anthony]: Once again some pretty hateful, noisy music. I'm into this.

[David]: I can't make sense of the time signature at all, I like this a lot. It's almost like jazz.

[Anthony]: With the dirtiest garage rock aesthetic.

[Tyler]: And crazy, almost industrial electronics and effects, this is straight noise. Awesome.

[Daniel]: Oh s**t, is this still the same song?

[Anthony]: They totally just went from Throbbing Gristle to The Gun Club in the same song.

[Tyler]: This is some great, filthy rock'n'roll.

“Chester Burnette” (1987)

Babble. That Petrol Emotion.

[Daniel]: F**k yeah.

[Tyler]: It makes a *lot* more sense in context, but that opening riff almost killed it before it started.

[Anthony]: You don't usually hear such a jangly band carrying such an... uncomfortable or aggressive riff. It's hell of catchy, though.

[Tyler]: Yeah that scale is just strange for a band like this. They're making it work though, definitely.

[David]: The rhythm, too. Totally. I love this.

[Daniel]: I'm real into that band name, too.

[Mickey]: That's a hell of an ending.

[Anthony]: That's a hell of a band.

Round II

So we spun the last tune, but that wasn't enough.

Post, we dug on Jay Reatard's latest single pretty hard for a few minutes. Yet before long that ended, and we were left with a uncomfortably tranquil pile of empty cans, makeshift ashtrays and still a whole s**t-ton of unplayed tracks on these records. We, the jury, moved to reshuffle the five most well-received records from the evening's playlist.

Thee Milkshakes - “Shed Country '84”

[Anthony]: This is some Link Wray s**t, totally solid.

[David]: I don't think there's gonna be vocals; that seems unnecessary.

[Tyler]: This is the best surf-rock song I've heard in a long time.

[Daniel]: Yeah I don't know about the no vocals.

[Mickey]: I'm on the fence.



The dB's - “Espionage”

[Tyler]: This is like an even weirder, more hardcore Devo. And with that same angst I was talkin' about earlier, it fits.

[Daniel]: I love their drummer.

[Mickey]: There's a very unexpected psychedelic sound going on here.

[David]: I'm not nearly as into it as the first one.

[Anthony]: Yeah but that's also the best song ever.

And this one has such a great synth. It sounds like a giant computer beeping in the 70's.

Volcano Suns - “Nightmare Factory”

[Anthony]: Unfortunately repetitive. The guitars are going crazy on this bridge though, hell yes.

[Mickey]: Yeah I wish that happened throughout at least some of the rest of the song.

[Daniel]: Kinda sounds like Drive Like Jehu.

[David]: I liked the other songs we heard by this band, like I bet they rule overall, but this one just doesn't have enough going on for me to pay attention for that long.

[Tyler]: It doesn't live up to the title.

That Petrol Emotion - “Spin Cycle”

[Anthony]: Like the Wipers at a disco. Not necessarily in a bad way.

[Mickey]: The best part of the song was a fill and only lasted two seconds.

[David]: Yeah I wish they would've done that at least one more time.

[Tyler]: I'm pretty neutral about that, not nearly as surprising as what we heard earlier.

[Daniel]: That ending's horrible. Horrible.

Album of the Week

Pigface - “Blood and Sand” Gub.

[Mickey]: Just drums and vocals again, I'm all about this.

[Tyler]: These guys had a badass drummer and they *knew* it.

[Anthony]: This reminds me of Public Image Limited's *Flowers of Romance* in the best way possible.

[Daniel]: Totally my favorite song we've listened to tonight. This could seriously come out like Tuesday, and I'd believe that this was just released.

[David]: This is what I wish Sonic Youth sounded like. They would have to have a saxophone come in for me not to like this.

Yes, we picked *Pigface* as our favorite record for the evening. But here's the s***er: We had no idea we were listening to (and obviously falling for) a band called *Pigface*. The postured, Satan-worshipping and five-membered back cover photo made us suspicious, but it wasn't until after we had finished the setlist that we tried to figure out the discrepancy between the tracklist on the back sleeve and the tracks numbered on the vinyl disc. A minor misplacement in the vinyl library had apparently left *Pigface*'s *Gup* inside the sleeve of *The Fuzztones*' *In Heat*.

So would we have picked the same record had we known that it had anything to do with (albeit pre-*Nine Inch Nails*) Trent Reznor's melodramatic microphone licking? Was any part of our fascination with "The Bushmaster" tied to the cheesy- yet-likable name and image of *The Fuzztones*, and the ensuing irony of those hippies playing this brutal industrial music? Hell, would we have even had such a fascination with the completely evil rhythm section if we knew there were two drummers?

Uh... who cares? Just listen.

Hot Track Alert!

Mochipet ft. Jahcoozi

"Girls and Boys and Toys"

Reviewed by Rupam Sofsky

WWVU FM's mission is to bring listeners not only the newest music available but also the music it *considers* newest: cutting edge albums, boundary breaking bands, and interesting genre combinations. U2 has always been punk, and rap is punk's African American equivalent. Both began in the streets, as the sons of broken homes met to have fun.

The focus switched from the streets to bling. Punk became alternative and Hot Topic. Those genres *were* innovative, but pop doesn't explore new ideas. But as always, there remain underground artists switching things up.

Enter Mochipet. The second song on his album, *Microphonepet*, features Berlin trio Jahcoozi. From the outset this track's different. Jahcoozi's MC, Sasha Perera, contributes rhymes that Mochipet cuts up liberally. When you *can* hear her rhymes they're lines like, "Black trash, white trash / Tryin' ta get mad cash" or, "A date rape drug always work that way." Perera's voice sounds like M.I.A.'s, which doesn't surprise given her background as a Sri Lankan rapper by way of London.

Musically, the track also defies expectations. Broken beats bounce quickly along while a big bass sound looms in the background. The fractured beat occasionally coheres into a bangin' dance track but always returns to IDM-influenced bliss. Despite the club appeal there are elements of Aphex Twin in

the snipped-up style Mochipet uses.

The first two-thirds are fast, but after a brief vocal part things slow down. *Way* down. The beat suddenly becomes one for blaring while driving around with your windows down... *Way* down. I wish I had a car.

She & Him

Volume 1

(Merge)

Reviewed by Carly Parana

The group She & Him is a duo consisting of Zooey Deschanel and Matt Ward. The "she" is an introspective indie child who has made big appearances in famous movies like *Elf* and *Almost Famous*. The "him" is a virtuosic guitar player better known as "M. Ward," who has collaborated previously with artists such as Jenny Lewis, Conor Oberst and Neko Case. Deschanel is a very timid and secretive artist. "She & Him" met during the filming of the movie *The Go-Getter*.



Deschanel starred, Ward wrote the music. Deschanel had an abundance of secret recordings that she had been hoarding for herself, and considered them her "little acorns." Finally, after doing a recording with Matt Ward, she believed that this was her "winter" and it was time for her to let her acorns fall. The two discovered that they were musical soulmates. They had a beautiful dialogue with one another and the result was She & Him putting Deschanel's demos to use for the majority of their debut album, *Volume One*. If you listen to the album you can hear the influences of pop and country artists such as Les Paul and Mary Ford, The Ronettes, and the Carter Family. The influences from these bands create an AM radio vibe with a constant back and forth dialogue between the two artists, following Deschanel's tales of the trials and tribulations of love.

At the beginning of the album, Deschanel vents her issues with missing a piece of her puzzle, her beloved beau, in the song "Sentimental Heart." As the CD rolls into the second track, you find a more upbeat Deschanel. The sound of an upbeat piano and her perky voice contrast with the lyrics, which are all about how she wants a specific boy to notice her. She just wants him for her own in "Why Do You Let Me Stay Here?". On the three tracks "Change is Hard," "Take it Back," and "I Should Have Known Better," Mike Mogis and

Paul Brainerd bring their lap steel talents, accenting the quaint country sound throughout parts of this album. Deschanel has another upbeat track on the CD titled "Sweet Darlin'." As we all know, girls can be coy and play hard to get, and this is exactly what Deschanel sings about in this song, and yet goes on to say that she regrets her coyness and wants that boy now more than ever. On the hidden track "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" she uses her silky smooth, Carly Simon-esque voice to lull you into something close to a trance. This track features appearances by Tom Hagerman, of DeVotchKa and the Denver Gentlemen, who also recently released a solo album on Cicero Records. Mike Mogis is a producer/engineer and multi-instrumentalist who is now a permanent member of Bright Eyes. He has also helped with the production and engineering of many records on Saddle Creek, such as those by The Faint and Cursive.

Volume One brings an eclectic vibrancy to the table within the indie music scene. Not only is Zoey Deschanel close to becoming the next Jenny Lewis, but M. Ward's collaboration with her just might give them the edge they need to make a household name for themselves. The beauty of this album is relentless and pulls us in every direction of love that there could possibly be. Zoey Deschanel's reflective mind and M. Ward's phenomenal musicianship have brought forth the most clear and honest album yet in 2008.

Boris ***Smile*** **(Southern Lord)**

Reviewed by Tony Bones

On April 29, fans of heavy psychedelic drone metal can turn their frowns upside down. With *Smile*, Boris are back with their latest full-length of original material.

In the wake of the Drag City-released *Rainbow*, a collaboration with Japanese guitar god Michio Kurihara famous for his work with neo-psychedelic fiends Ghost, Boris make their return to metal hub Southern Lord.

The LA-based label was founded by Sunn O))) heroes Greg Anderson and Stephen O'Malley — who has also provided his terrifying and gorgeous



artwork for many of the records in the label's catalog. Since 1998, the label has been punishing the metal community with an astonishing list of releases from other major names in the heavy music world, including a reissue of O'Malley and Anderson's own *Burning Witch*, a live album from doom metal pioneers Grief, and just this year the latest from the undisputed founders of drone metal, Earth.

Their second full-length on Southern Lord, *Smile* is unabashedly Boris, riding a fuzzed-the-fuck-out line between drone metal and heavy straight-up rock'n'roll. Also in keeping with the band's chronology, however, is the record's unique sound among any other album in their twelve-year history. Any Boris fanboy would tell you that it's not easy to identify one of their songs from a lineup, but that certainly each album stands on its own (with exceptions being the clear similarities between the almost solidly rock'n'roll aesthetic of *Heavy Rocks* and *Pink*, as well as the eerie drone jams of their *The Thing Which Solomon Overlooked* trilogy).

While leak-pirate mp3 junkies have long-since familiarized themselves with the Japanese release, Southern Lord's version of the record promises (and delivers on this promise) a "heavier, more straight-forward rock aesthetic" than its largely psychedelic and at times angular doppelganger. In an interesting move by the label, the promo version of the album does not contain one of the tracks found on the final version, in order to prevent the entire album from leaking online.

The record begins with "Flower, Sun, Rain," a Pyg cover found previously on *Rock Dream*, the band's live collaboration with noise composer Merzbow. The tune opens with a bleak and black chord straight out of the pages of Earth's songbook, before cutting off into a minimal and ghostly psychedelic croon from bassist/guitarist Atsuo. Just like the band's last North American tour, the slow-shred stylings of guest Michio Kurihara tear the tranquility in half before fading out into the next track.

"Buzz-In" and "Laser Beam" just scream early 90's grunge with a modern amphetamine addiction, a jolting transition after the very '60s Pyg tribute. But that transition is just part of Boris' style, and both tunes bombard the listener with riffs reminiscent of Helmet, Quicksand and everything else that wasn't awful in the early parts of the last decade of the 20th century. "Buzz-In" is very *Pink*, with a more mid-tempo and dance-friendly, even sexy bassline, but the speed/thrash metal of "Laser Beam" just f**cking shreds at a pace almost unheard of in Boris territory. And like "Laser Beam," the low-end production of the album's first single "Statement" should come with a disclaimer to protect your speakers. Then, out of left-field, the tune also features "ooh"-ing backup vocals that might be more familiar to fans of Motown standards.

The rest of the album takes everything even lower, exploring almost math-y territory and electronics with the second single “My Neighbor Satan,” which builds to a death-heavy major-key climax that at the same time references and destroys everything about the space-rock of Smashing Pumpkins and Hum. Then on “Ka Re Ha Te Ta Sa Ki – No Ones Grieve,” the band revisits “No Ones Grieve Part 2” from *The Thing Which Solomon Overlooked 2*, adding vocals and an extra lead to what was already a solid achievement. While the track is a pretty lengthy assault, its spastic rhythm and melodramatic screamo guitars recalling DIY-hardcore’s glory days with Heroin or City of Caterpillar, those with a distaste for droning, nine-minute songs have probably already quit listening to Boris. Being a total amplifier-worshipper of Boris’ especially extended drone tracks, I doubt I could offer anything close to an objective criticism of the somewhat-hidden “You Were Holding an Umbrella” and the last song on the album. So I’m going to leave the judgment of those up to you, but I hope you’ll agree that psych-metal gods Boris have done it again.

Favorite Track(?): “Ka Re Ha Te Ta Sa Ki - No Ones Grieve”

The Black Keys Attack and Release (Nonesuch)

Reviewed by Kodi McKinney

The fans of this blues-rock duo used to know what to expect from a Black Keys album: middle-fi production, simple guitar-and-drums arrangements, and the occasional ringing telephone that bled into the mics during recording. But on *Attack and Release*, their songs are now augmented by enough textures to placate a Brian Eno fan. Thanks to Danger Mouse’s production and instrumental help from outsiders, this record is filled to bursting with bass, banjo, electronic blips, layered backing vocals, saloon-style piano, and handclaps to spare.

Yet this is still incontrovertibly a Black Keys release; the songs may not be as riff-driven as 2006’s primal *Magic Potion*, but a pure blues album lies beneath the new layers. In particular, the one-two punch of “I Got Mine” and “Strange Times” might be the best 7 minutes the Black Keys have ever laid to tape, as they showcase all of the band’s new quirks while still giving the fuzzed-out guitar space to breathe.



Danger Mouse doesn’t overdo the band’s new coat of polish but still helps them shine. Singer/guitarist Dan Auerbach turns in his most impressive vocals yet, and heavy-handed drummer Patrick Carney has a beefier snare hit than on previous albums. They’ve even used their newfound tools to go back and improve upon older experiments; the two-part “Remember When” feels like the sequel to *Magic Potion*’s slow-burning “You’re the One” but says more musically, and not just because Part 2 is straight-up rock.

But make no mistake: this record pushes the boundaries of the blues almost to the breaking point. Soulful, gritty and unapologetically odd, *Attack and Release* marks an all-time high for the Black Keys. If they ever top this, the result might revolutionize modern blues. For now, this album is the best release of their career, and that’s a start.

David Bello and His God-Given Right

The Last Show on Earth

April 18, 2008

By Anthony Fabbriatore

When a band’s last set *ever* ends with a drunken singalong with dozens of friends and local, dedicated fans at a house party in South Park, I’d say their time in Morgantown was a hell of a success. On April 18, David Bello and His God-Given Right [DB&HGGR] celebrated their breakup with a house show in South Park hosted by schoolmates Mike Rowe and Ashwin Jagannathan.

Despite the few d***heads in the crowd, everyone watching could still see that the band’s concluding performance was loud, fresh and full of energy. Even during the first song, “La La La,” David Bello slipped into passionate fits of screaming his vocals, while anyone familiar with the song joined in “lalalalala”-ing along to the infectiously-catchy backup hook. Then the rest of the band plugged in and turned up for “Terminate,” and the well-played (if somewhat melancholy) end to their legacy in Morgantown had begun.

DB&HGGR member Pat Manzi said, “The last Bello band show was a culmination of our years together. With only two short practices in one year we were able to come together and play very well as a band. It showed how much we have grown as musicians and as friends. At the same time the show remained true to what the Bello band was originally formed around: getting f***ed up...and having a great time.”

And a great time it certainly was. The band was as tight and energetic as ever: Dylan ripping apart his guitar and trembling with indie rock fury, Trey absolutely nailing his drums like I’d certainly never seen before, and all the other members heartening the crowd by bouncing and yelling along with all the lyrics. During the slower, post-rock-ish “My Own Hole” and the end of “180,” their presence was still *totally* present for every droning shoegaze-y chord. For more rockin’ tunes like “Remember the Alamo” and the brand new “I Will,” even the most cross-armed disinterested newbie had to jive, all rollickin’ around with the rest of us. I’m certain that every member of the band was thrilled to have such a close and sincerely dedicated community to support them on their last night in Morgantown.

When the band closed with crowd-pleaser “Pull Yr Pigtails,” several of their close friends squeezed to the front to join arms, sing along and bring the band to a perfectly intimate and energetic conclusion. Guitarist Dylan Balliett said about the show and the conclusion of the band: “On a personal level, I’m glad there was an event to symbolically mark what I see as the end of an era of my life. I was ready to just quietly graduate in three weeks and say goodbye to my friends who are leaving, forgetting the band and letting it fade away, but being able to play music with those specific people, at that specific house, to the specific people who showed up to watch us one last time was special to me in a way that I can’t necessarily explain. I’m glad it happened. Thanks, Mike, Ashwin, and everybody else!”