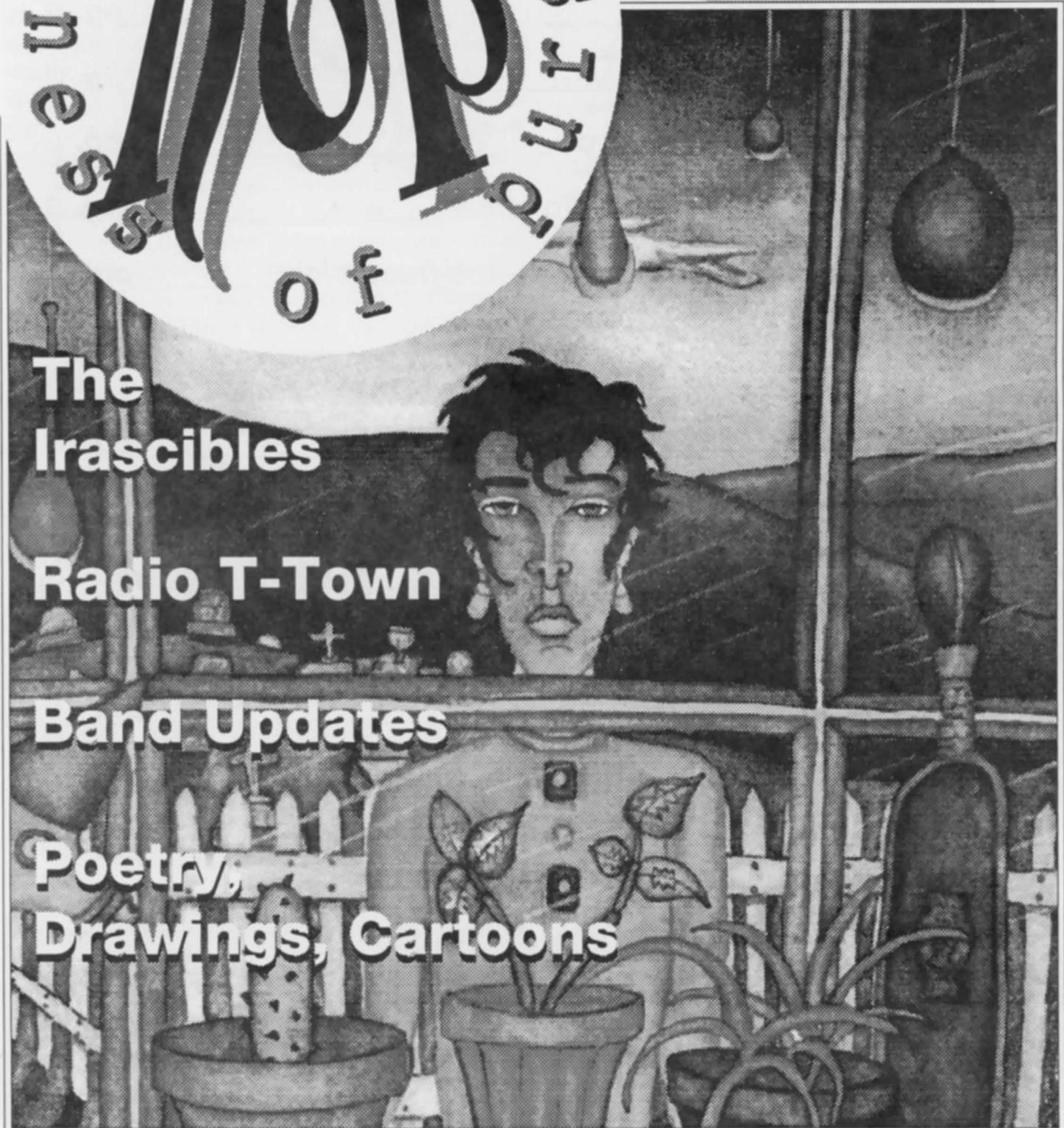


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April 94 > #1



**The
Irascibles**

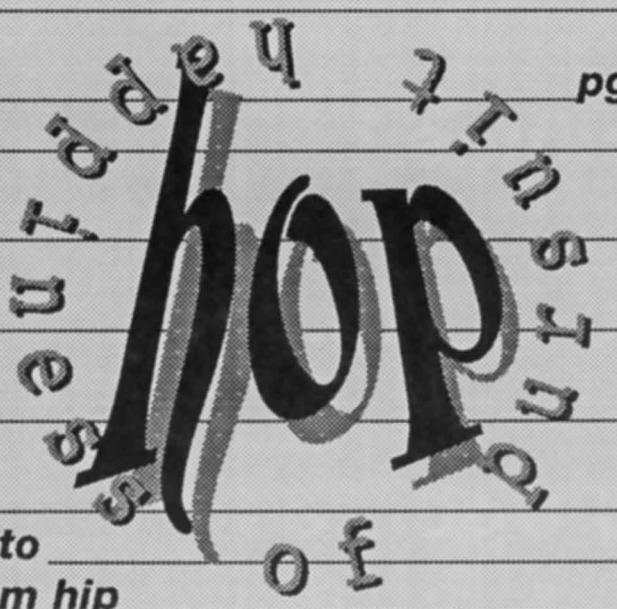
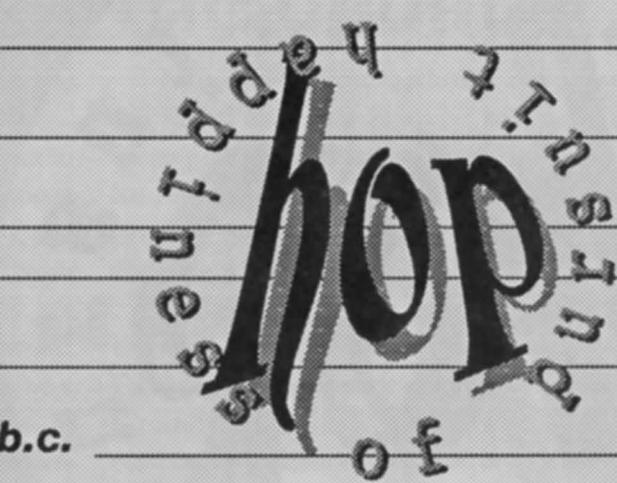
Radio T-Town

Band Updates

**Poetry,
Drawings, Cartoons**

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happy pursuits

miscellany

robert huffman

Some notes on the tuscaloosa music scene: Mindseye have released a fantastic cd on Sirius Records called Power in Vision featuring some of the most intense music ever made in this town...or any other town for that matter. It has already spent several weeks on the top ten at WVUA and if you haven't already picked one up then get yourself down to a respectable record store (there are only two: The Vinyl Solution and Whirligig) and get one.

While you're there you'll also want to buy the new cd by Three Hour Tour, Half and Half. This long awaited release features their recent lineup changes and includes a spirited version of the DT's wonderful song "G-Man"... a song written by no less a hipster than Dan Vogt, co-proprietor of the Guitar Gallery. Half and Half also contains several excellent originals two of which seem to be about toys, not to mention a poignant portrait of a

contented cow on the cover. This cd has also found its way to the WVUA top ten list. Also in the above-mentioned record stores is a release which deserves more praise than I'm capable of lavishing on it. This is of course the Sweat Bee cassette tape recorded live to DAT at Airwave Studios in B'ham. Man, what can I possibly say about these guys! If you haven't seen them they are a three piece: Steve Brislin on bass, Jeff Buckley on guitar, and Brett Tannehill on drums, and all three seem to share the vocals more or less equally. Great songs, interesting arrangements, superb vocals...Steve Brislin even has an afro! Pretty much the complete package. What else? The Runts have reformed and have played at least once locally with most of their original lineup. The Frydaddys have added drums and organ (me) to their group and have started to play live again. Ludovic Goubet is putting together another reggae/calypso type group a la Indoor Samba Picnic/Copasetics. The Copasetics are slated to play again at the Earth Day festivities April 23. Other groups to appear will be Sweat Bee, Three Hour Tour, The Jones, and several others.

see miscellany on page 13

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doin' covers

michael green

It's Friday night on the strip, and at least six hundred people are going to file through the front door at five dollars a head. As alcohol begins to work it's social magic (both malevolent and benign), and cigarette smoke congeals into a constant presence that penetrates and clings to clothes and hair alike, the house lights dim, the stage lights brighten, and the band breaks into...well, "Whip It." The crowd, of course, goes wild.

For years, as a struggling (read "gig-less") musician, I dismissed cheesy cover bands as greedy sell-outs pandering to the worst elements of our society. Now, I play in a cheesy cover band, and I must admit that, as a means of making a living, it beats the hell out of flipping burgers or practicing law. It's also a lot of fun. I mean, let's face it, playing on stage in front of hundreds of wildly appreciative fans is a blast. Of course, I'd rather do it in my own clothes, with my own songs. But as everyone knows, original bands don't make any money.

"The next Athens" is a phrase I hear wistfully, even reverentially, echoed around Tuscaloosa's musical community. The comparison certainly is inviting; two sleepy southern college towns, football-crazed and beer-soaked, one of which has already spawned at least two bands of international recognition, the other just on the brink of capturing the nation's attention... maybe. The impact of R.E.M. and the B-52s on our local music scene is difficult to underestimate. T-town's original musicians shuffle feverishly in the hopes that Tuscaloosa will be "the next Athens" and that they, in turn, will be swept along in the ensuing media frenzy. At least, I know I do.

Playing in an original band is problematic at best. The strategy for success is actually quite simple: in the first place, be good, and secondly, get people to pay attention. It never fails to impress me exactly how many bands from Tuscaloosa manage to achieve the former each year, and it always depresses me how few actually attain the latter. I've witnessed and been in bands that have carefully culled a select group of specifically chosen covers designed to anchor an audience, bands that started as all-cover only to venture into original territory after becoming established, and bands that have just said

to hell with it and played their own songs exclusively. No method appears to be particularly more effective than the others, and in truth very few original bands ever acquire a significant following.

A friend of mine manages a major recording studio in Atlanta. He and I used to play together in a local band that was really good but went pretty much nowhere. Now he works very hard in a job he was fortunate to land, and I am naturally both jealous of and happy for him. Recently, we were having one of those "so what do you want to do with your life" kind of conversations that I seem to find myself in so often now that I've finished school, and my friend was giving me some inside advice on the music industry.

"If you want to work in the business," he said, "you have to move where the business is."

"What if you want to make it in an original band?" I asked.

"Man, you can do that anywhere."

It's true. It's just not likely. There is only one sure way I know of to capture an audience's interest playing original material: charisma. It's a most elusive musical quality, but if your band doesn't exude it, you'd better be in it for fun. Club owners are leery, patrons indifferent, and money scarce, but lurking within the risk is an exhilarating and marginally dangerous adventure. And the chance, however slim, of stardom.

There's been a lull in Tuscaloosa's original music scene lately, but I'm predicting a strong surge. Whether it loses momentum and dies out in a few years or builds on itself and catapults one or more bands into the upper echelons remains to be seen. Personally, I'm optimistic, mainly because I've got a new original band with my brother and Heaven's own rhythm section that I know is going to attract attention.

One word of advice to T-town's hopefuls: play out of town whenever possible. Touring builds confidence as well as a fan base, and is pretty much the only way to keep up with the bills.

As for me, I'm going to keep playing covers as long as I need to, but I'm aiming for the day when I can make a living playing my own music for audiences who listen because I've given them a good reason to. Like I said, I'm an optimist, but I feel that day is closer all the time△

tuscaloosa b.r.e.w.s.

As you may already be aware, Tuscaloosa now has a beer appreciation club dedicated to the art of handcrafted beer. On the second Tuesday of each month, many of the local brewers meet for an organized discussion on different styles of handcrafted beer.

Each brewer shares a small amount (2-3 12oz bottles) of his or her homebrewed beer with the entire group and a critique follows. The quest for the perfect beer is furthered by the exchange of ideas between the brewers present. The club meetings are not competitions, but merely a means of learning from other brewers' experiences.

The club will eventually have "inclub" competitions as well as regional and possibly national competitions. A field trip to the Birmingham Brewing Company during the first part of 1994 was a great success and future tours of other breweries are being planned. For more information call, 752-2999△

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MARVEL COMICS

all things acoustic

jeremy butler

The toughest thing about starting a new radio program is coming up with a name.

When I first had a notion to do a program of music that was un-amplified and un-electrified and, well, unplugged (okay, there, I said it; MTV can sue if it wants), I was scratching my head, torturing myself to come up with a name that was hip, likeable, descriptive, and not a trademark infringement.

"Snapple" came to mind. Damn that all-too-fruity drink for getting to the FTC before me!

"Acoustic Cous-Cous"? Too ethnic. Not enough cous-cous eaters in Alabama. I began to get discouraged.

Sitting around at Patti and Paul's wedding, I annoyed the guests by demanding suggestions. If I had to be tormented by this, so should they.

"Er, how 'bout 'Acoustic Hootenanny'?" someone,

maybe Row Bear, suggested. Nah, too cornball. "Acoustic Alternative"? Got a friend in Tucson that already nabbed it for his radio show.

"Here's one: 'This May Be Traditional Malagasy Kora Music, But It's Coming To You On 100,000 Watts Of Western Technology,'" said Colleen, "'TMBTMKMBICTYOOWOWT' for short."

"Er...quite a mouthful, don't you think?"

I left the wedding despondent. (And besides, I've always been told that weddings are hotbeds of flirtatious activity, but I've never personally experienced such flirtation. Why? Is it something about my cummerbund?)

Later, I was listening to WUAL, the National Public Radio affiliate that was to air this un-plugged and unnamed show. "All Things Considered" was beaming out over north-central Alabama. Hmmmm, I thought to myself, "All Things Considered"... Hmmmmmm, I thought to myself some more (these things come slowly)...

I will be playing "things" and "all" of them will be acoustic. Hmmmmmm...

And so "All Things Acoustic" was born—of an

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intellectual torpor. And, even if the name isn't hip, it is descriptive, mostly. And it's almost alliterative.

Since ATA's debut on 27 August 1993 it has provided a musical service that had been lacking in these parts. 100,000 watts of singer-songwriter, folk, world, and a cappella music has been broadcast in life-like tones—fortified with superheterodynes—from Muscle Shoals to Centerville, from Meridian to Birmingham on FM frequency 91.5 (88.7 in the Shoals).

Each Friday night, from 8:00 to 10:00, I sit alone before the WUAL control board. The station's day staff has all left. I kill the studio florescents and flip on the spots on the board itself. During the past 22 years, I've frequently been in rooms like this, for hours at a time. I am at home.

20-odd sliding faders (volume controls) are at my fingertips, controlling various audio sources. A row of buttons for the transmitter is to my right, atop a stack of three DAT (digital audio tape—a cross between CD's and cassette tapes) machines. To my left is a stack of CD players, with an Emergency Broadcast System receiver on top. Turntables flank me. The mighty microphone swings above it all.

All this technology! Each week I savor the irony as I subvert that technology with music that thumbs its nose at the electronic and the digital.

I play a piece of flute music recorded in the Taj Mahal that relies solely on the architecture of the space for its reverberations—no synth stuff here. Next I spin a track from the band Ed's Redeeming Qualities that relates the tale of a girl who was "pegged in the head with a lawn dart." It sounds like it could have been recorded in my back yard.

Greg Brown, Shawn Colvin, John Gorka, and Richard Thompson follow in quick succession. Each shows just how much music can be generated without amplifiers—and how much poetry can be expressed when the lyrics are clear and true. But their work is only the legacy of folk singers from decades past, so we listen next to Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger, and a Bob Dylan recording from 1962.

Woven into all this is acoustic world music. The harp-like African kora gives the Malagasy band Tarika Sammy a delicate, distinctive sound. Then Inuit throat singers shout into each other's mouth cavities.

see acoustic next page

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the dream before

hayden childs

*He said: History is a pile of debris
And the Angel wants to go back and fix things
To repair the things that have been broken
But there is a storm blowing from Paradise
And this storm keeps blowing the Angel
Backwards into the Future
And this storm, this storm
is called
Progress*

-Laurie Anderson

The search for one's ancestry seems to be a major motif in the human experience. Like Telemachus or Stephen Dedalus, we're searching our own Mediterraneans or Dublins to figure out from whence we came, and use this to blaze surer trails through the future. (Fig. 1. A map of the amusement park, pg. 18.)



lewis shumaker, the dream before.

This urge to find one's musical or spiritual for-bearers can be a central part of the creativity involved in being a musician. If the connection with the past is genuine, it can be rewarding for both the musician(s) and fans alike, but a contrived connection will grate reality like sandpaper on Michael Bolton's face. There are some purists (I think Che Arthur and his amazing Clubber Lang fall under this category) that will not play cover songs, preferring exclusively original compositions. This takes rare talent to pull off effectively. When it works, one can either hopelessly overanalyze the music ("Say, Billybob, didn't the bridge of that last song remind you of the third movement of Charlie Mingus' Black Saint see dream on page 18

acoustic

continued from page 7

Some nights ATA has guests. Laurie Arizumi and Misayo Nakajima plucked and scraped Japanese kotos one evening. On another, Bob Tedrow squeezed concertinas till sweat ran down his brow.

Ah! Radio!Δ



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the tuscaloosa musician radio show

robert huffman

The Tuscaloosa Musician Radio Show began in May of 1992. Over the past year and a half we have featured local original music along with certain regional music - especially groups or artists who appear regularly in the Tuscaloosa area. In addition to presenting recordings by local artists we have interviewed dozens of local musicians and other people connected to the local music scene, such as proprietors of local recording studios, music stores and print journalists who write about music. Along with the interviews and recorded music, we have often presented live acoustic performances by various

groups ranging from Henri's Notions (Irish Folk) to Kilgore Trout (College Alternative) and we have supported many large and interesting musical events such as Radio Free Tuscaloosa, Earth Day, Spring Fest and City Fest.

Sadly, WVUA is the only radio station in the area that has supported the local music scene to the extent of presenting a two hour program each week devoted to local artists and the promotion of their work; in fact, it is the only radio station in the area that seems to care about the local music scene at all. WVUA's effort in this area is important to the university community because a good and healthy music scene immeasurably improves the quality of life both on-campus and in Tuscaloosa itself. We would propose to carry on in the same spirit for the remainder of 1993 and into 1994 with the same format and hopefully with the same resultsΔ

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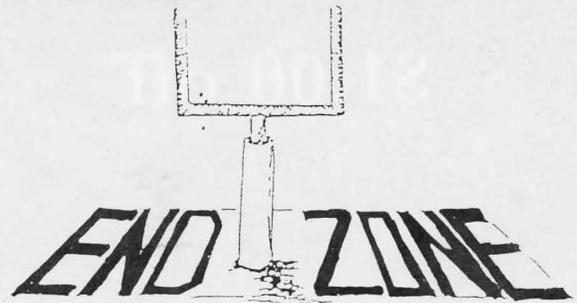
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three chords and a pile a dust—the irascibles

ray buttram

The first show was one set of twenty songs played at maximum rage. The floor was never visible and a little mosh pit was astir. It was a kinder gentler mosh pit by most standards, but you could still put an eye out with that thing. The room was full of "Stranger on the town" by the Damned. Cameras were flashing desperately attempting to record the moment as if by looking at the images later you would be there again; able to sweat out your angst in the glorious press, to feel the shiver of electrified stories dragging their hooks across your dermis and getting tangled down in your bones. And maybe

you could get a sense of what was happening out of those images if you looked at Robert furiously hammering out the keyboard riffs in Deep Purple's Hush, or Tim shrouded in a two-ply garbage bag as he sang the creepy-voiced maniacal ravings of Science Fiction Movie. But the moment was ephemeral like all live performances and once the night was through you were left with a camera full of doppelgangers and a racing heart.

The Irascibles is a musical admixture of blues rock, power pop, and the harder, edgier end of alternative sounds, and it might make you excitable if taken with a Saturday night. To understand how this band came to be you must understand the subtle forces of the Robert Huffman/Dan Hall connection. Last year Huffman and Hall were working together in two projects: Opus Dopus and the Copacetics. Hall began to chomp at the bit, (a characteristic of all Irascibles, this bit chomping,) with a desire to express a primal need to make "music with teeth." Dan Hall needed to beat his drums to call in the hoard and unleash the chaos. Huffman, in that disarming Row Bear way, quietly began to contemplate the possibility of doing just that.

It was not a matter of trying to create an image. It was a desire to boil music down to its primordial ooze, to find the garage from which we all clambered. In a little while Huffman had seen the naked 40 watt of inspiration. He would set his guitar aside and rev-up the Farfisa organ, Tim Parrish of the Louisiana based Lower Chakras (defunct as of last year) would be the singer and point man, Jay LeBresh of Victor Dog would play guitar, Greg Staggs of The DTs would be the melodic half of the rhythm section with his boss bass, and Dan Hall would drum. Huffman brought together this band to form a working model of the species prototype, the creature that had to have been in order to insure rock and roll could never be rotated off the mortal coil. It had to rock, it had to rock hard. It had to rock with simple chord progressions, driving relentless rhythms and hook laden melo-



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dies pumped up to the stratosphere; and it had to have a voice, speaking with confidence, the things that must be said: "hanging from a limb of your lovin' tree/hanging from a limb I call catastrophe/you treat me like you're a monkey with a chainsaw."

Huffman had them all convinced easily enough of the need, the dire need for this band. The necessary rare earths needed had been assembled: Drums, bass, guitar, keyboards, and vocals. A healthy measure of carefully selected and refined eye of punk would be sifted in for anger, and the smoking bubbling potion that resulted was The Irascibles.

"Strictly drinking and dancing," is the way Huffman puts it. "It's blues-based, hard-driving rock music!"



the irasocibles are (l to r) huffman, parrish, leBresh and stoggs.



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From groups like, local legend, Club Wig of the early eighties and Opus Dopus up until last year, to The Copacetics and The High Beams, Huffman is an instigator of musical campaigns. Huffman's bands come in many flavors; all of them tasty—the experimental pop nascence of Club Wig, the confident rocking of Opus Dopus, the driving machine-like precision of reggae cover group The Copacetics, to the poetic programmability of the High Beams, (featuring the words and voice of Wes Dixon). The Irascibles is the latest in the Huffman candy dish. With all the subtlety of unripe persimmons, the songs come at you with good'ole honest horny rock 'n' rollability. Huffman is generally known for his rhythm guitar and singing/song writing in Club Wig and Opus Dopus. But in the past year he has made leaps and bounds in keyboard prowess. He has gone from pecking to chording and riffs in just a few months, and he is currently playing in three bands as a keyboardist: The High Beams, The Irascibles, and The Fry Daddies.

Greg Staggs of the DTs is the link between rhythm and melody. He stands in the background, "out of the

way," as he puts it, just playing the bass and occasionally coming up for some work on the mic. Staggs is no stranger to the the front of the stage. In Casual Love, Instant Karma, Refer Madness, and the DT's, he has been lead singer, lead guitarist, and bassist. Staggs has played in this town since the early 80s and is one of the few local musicians who makes his way entirely through music. When he's not gigin' with the DTs or another band he can be found doing solo shows on Thursdays at Pollo Tapatio in North Port or giving music lessons at various music shops around town. As a guitarist and a bassist Staggs has been measured against himself over and over; Is he better with six or four strings? If you've heard him play, the question is really academic; the man can play the shit out of a guitar regardless of its register. His fingers get bewitched and wonderful stuff vibrates across those strings.

Jay "The Kid" LeBresh is the lead guitarist. At twenty-two he's the youngest Irascible by an average of about eleven years. Being so young, LeBresh's band history is shorter. In high school he played in a band with former Kilgore Trout guitarist Jeff Buckley, and for the past couple of years with Victor Dog.

Being in the Irascibles is a bit removed from LeBresh's usual approach to guitar, but he says he is trying to learn new ways to play. "I'm trying to use more space in my playing," he explains, getting at the heart of the matter. His usual style of playing with Victor Dog, where the alternative drives tend to keep the fingers flying at all times, is intent on experimenting with music theory concepts. But as an Irascible LeBresh is shifting into a lower, more primitive gear; the gear you use to drive through the river bottom.

Vocalist Tim Parrish is a man of the cloth up there at stage edge; the mic is his pulpit, the band his choir, the writhing supplicants before him his enthralled sheep. Over at the Universal Life Church (Modesto, Ca.) they're smiling proudly upon the work of their rockn'est mail order cleric: The Most Reverend Tim Parrish. It's for real. If you need to get hitched, all legal like, then be at the next Irascibles show to arrange your premarital rap session. Bring your license, blood test results, and a little cash. But you better see him preach first, brothers and sisters, 'cause the sermon is hot and you don't want to miss his charismatic call and response conduction of Phosgene Baby, a sort of love/hate song about a chemical weapon. Hey, love is a warm gun. *more next page*

RELAX:

**LIBERTY
CAFE'**

Coming

SOON

TOP OF THE STRIP

irascibles

continued from page 12

Parrish is the front man in this front man's band. And he'll tell you that complexity of sound is not what the Irascibles is about. "Mindless garage rock for personal entertainment is what this is," says Parrish, "We'll make it as good as it can be without having to practice more than once a week." Amen!

Parrish has an MFA in creative writing and currently teaches that very thing at the U of A. His singing and stage presence has gotten him into a couple of interesting bands: Human Rayz in the early 80s (a new wave punk band) had a single out called Chemical Kid and some of its other members went on to form Dash Rip Rock. Parrish's moniker in the Rayz was Ray Don Entebbi. The Lower Chakras another Louisiana band featured Parrish from 86 until last year and they produced an album which got world wide distribution with air play in such far away places as Greece and Bulgaria. A single entitled 36 Flags Over Jesus (in response to the Jimmy Swaggart thingy.) earned The Lower Chakras some attention in a Baton Rouge newspaper.

Dan Hall's day job is fish farming and in the winter he doesn't have much to do except babysit hibernating fish and watch movies. But with the Irascibles he now has a sense of creative urgency in his days. He thinks up song ideas while he's driving around in his van and rushes home to write them down and figure them out on guitar. (the boy makes funny looking G chords, but they work) Along with Huffman, Hall has turned out five or six tunes worthy of the Irascibles' originals list.

He's been playing drums for a long time and I am under advisory not to relate who was in the white house when he started. His past gigs include Even Greenland, Ghost Ranch and Indoor Samba Picnic where he began playing with Huffman. That doesn't include all that playing he did under those unmentionable administrations. I guess all that time makes a drummer better and better 'cause he gives the Irascibles a heartbeat that could pump crude oil.

The criteria for the Irascibles song list are: simple progressions, straight beat, hard rocking. Their covers include tunes by The Lyres, Evan Johns and the H Bombs, The Damned, The Cramps, Deep Purple, T-Rex, and the Kinks to name a few. From their own bands they are doing Art Lover by Opus Dopus and the Train song,

Phosgene Baby, and Science Fiction Movie by The Lower Chakras. Irascibles originals include Eldopa, monkey with a chainsaw, Push and Like a Ladder.

The Irascibles plan to record Their originals in April or may which will give V-91 something to spin for us. In the mean time you can catch them at the Chukker on April 9th so take a deep breath and reload your cameraΔ

miscellany

continued from page 3

The High Beams have added a guitar - Jeff Buckley. Nick Talantis has a bi-weekly acoustic gig at The Heritage House in Northport accompanied by stand-up bass and violin.

The Guitar Gallery has moved to Meadowbrook Plaza omn McFarlane blvd - the place is huge and beautiful...filled with boss gear. I wish I knew more, maybe next time I'll make some systematic investigations and bring you some real news. Until then keep up the good work...or at least keep up appearancesΔ



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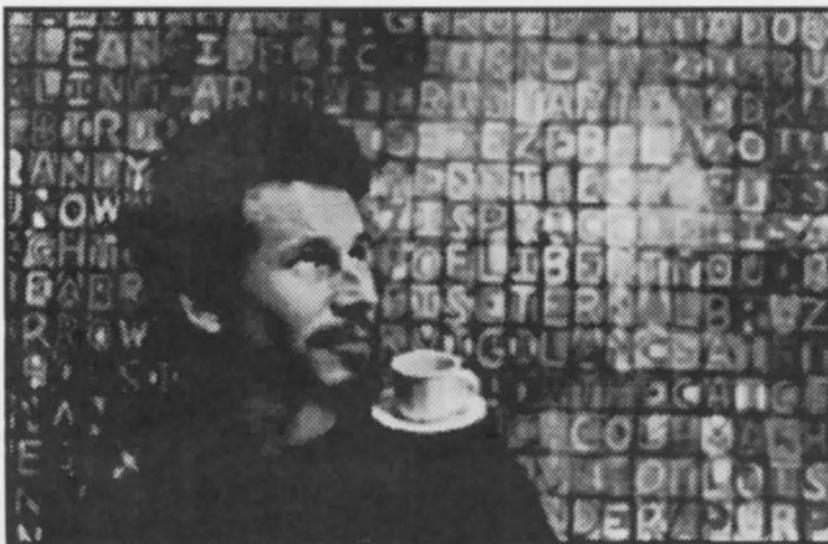
13

liberty café

ray buttram

A home is hard to find, so when you feel that particular sense of familiarity that most people ascribe only to the place they call home, you are wise to yield to the notion and give in eventually, to residency.

Rich Marcks has arrived at that point of eventuality. The wandering painter has returned and his pallet is chaotic with the hues of industry and dream blended together. He expects everything from this piece like anyone who creates anything does. His art, his family, and his life are all represented in the endeavor. From outside it is a clean white house with colorful trim up on the hill overlooking University Boulevard. In the yard on the post there is a hanging



marks

sign that says simply, "Cafe". Upon the door is an unassuming sign that says "Liberty", and that is what you see as you enter. What that does for you is put you in the Rich Marcks frame of mind. Now you are ready to take your time and relax as you explore the space around you. This is a place of idealism and vision. this is the place you make history, personal and otherwise; this place will go down in your memory and in your recollections of "the good ole days", You can have your cake and eat it too at the Liberty Cafe, sit back and let the day cruise right down the strip 'cause that's just what it will do y'know. "No one is going to be rushing you here," says Marcks. "things are done for keeps", no plastic no styrofoam; there will be no carry out service, "You come to the Liberty Cafe to be here".

His paint stained arms are stretched wide to embrace Tuscaloosa in delayed realization; oh, this is home. He spent many childhood summers here and it was then, probably, that the place began to compel his marrow.

In Emden Germany last year Marks listened as his employer/benefactor enumerated the details of his good circumstances; circumstance which most artists, albeit most anybodies, would not be loath to ignore: spacious studio living quarters over a discotheque where food and drink was

free, a steady salary for working on-call as the "court painter," where he was handyman, designer, and artist, and most importantly, plenty of free time to be with his wife, Gaby and their two children with still more time to work on his own projects.

"Yeah, but it's not warm enough here." Marcks responded. lack of warmth was his complaint.

Something happens in the bones when you become a southerner, and when it does you're changed. From that point on you need to be, from time to time, the bare-legged child

rising from the cool grass into the soft hot air worried only about fat black bumble bees and water moccasins. You need to float in the drawl and mimosa fluff, and be lulled to sleep in the moon-hot night by cicadas and fan blades. So you abandon your Kerouacian wanderings and you hitch a ride back to that place where the sheets are like loving bed-mates and when you get there...why, you fix yourself a cup of coffee.

Liberty is, to Rich Marcks, these things. The Liberty Cafe is his preservation of these things. His children Mia and Marlin will grow up in the cafe in the place that Rich came to love as a kid imported from New Jersey. His degree in painting from the U of A and his propensity for languages and his together with his desire to explore has given him the tools for making his way around the world and back again. His mom and dad have given him their greatest support by coming down from New Jersey to help in the labor of converting the house on the hill into the Liberty Cafe. It is an ancient labor; the labor of family; one generation preparing the next for its unavoidable cycle.

His own Sal Paradise-way of meeting the world has given Rich Marcks what every good proprietor needs: a knowledge of adventure. There is no Liberty without the risk of its loss; at least, not yet, and that is something that the artist knows too.

In the back of the Cafe you will find the word Liberty and the year 94 pressed into the cement along with the hand-prints of the Marx clan. Men, women, and children leaving their mark on the world saying we will make a stand here, we will follow our dream and we will lay down roots like a willow in this place that has revealed itself as homeΔ

Open Mic Open Mic Open Mic

signs of life on route 66

Half way through the century the Road replaced the River as the nation's aorta; Twain stepped into history, Jack put on a T-shirt and worshipped his unspoiled first draft. America's pulse tripled. Tributaries dammed to reveal clean land for ambitious avenues. Chrome clad corpuscles sped their way from Rodeo Drive to Broadway, across asphalt arteries and veins of gravel bleeding red cells that rolled into Kansas, Nebraska, Indiana; feeding oxygen to the lungs of a continent. America listened as the lub-dub of her heart moved from rhythmic jazz to droning beats of oscillators. Old two-lane veins, made obsolete by wires and magnetism, wither and die. Her speed of light lifestyle is too fast for river or road or blood. Sacrificing the afternoons spent looking at sunsets sinking beyond the western bound of a river, America looked ahead to see the dawn of the computer age while facing a coronary.

j. campbell
also appears in Marr's Feild Journal.

the vines

in a hot green hell, with no help from a fingernail moon, the city screams lost to summer night. vines crawl the heights of adobe walls. steely twine cannot pierce the white stucco armor and so moves along hardened waves by casting lasso veins insane with humid arteries in circular

cling to constrict the rigid slabs string and sissel will grab for any solid frame, grasping eventually itself.

battered cars grope the streets below moaning echoes of angry horns baffled by buildings and panels of tired airtones hang dead in the atmospheric distance. the work of insects is never done.

tirade steam from a man and a woman oozes beyond the yellow wallpaper drifts from an open window mixes with night and the usual slow toxins. inside a dark nightclub with the sticky floor liquor mixes with ice. in one corner a jukebox of disease is fat and ready. crosstown an old woman dreams of dance lessons while bugs in a jar, shaken over and over tumble through the saloon doors. vermin smug in vice, clusters of cretins safe in sewers live to sleep it off.

in a hot green hell, with no help from a fingernail moon, vines continue their adobe crawl. verdant scribble up drainpipes (a scheme to clothe the city's stones) vines carry a message since the very beginning vines carry a message that must not fail: nightbloom ! breathing leaves ! busy survival ! a desparate fingering force weaves straggling spirals

around and around the ladders of life weaves the bones back into the dirt ties off the arms of skeletal gutters with an invisible mania with a double helix tango leaves my lattice snaked in leafy scrawl.

lewis shumaker

flatulence

I was talking to a friend of mine recently at a party and the conversation turned inexorably to relationships. He told me that he had recently started dating again after being out of circulation for more than a year and the subject of compatability came up. He said that a middle aged friend of his told him that when it came to compatibility she said she would be willing to put up with about

see flatuance on page 16, left

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one life

His one lasting dream had always been the music. The fullness of it all. The performance, the life, the energy, being in tune with the All.

Part of it genetic, part environmental, he was guided at an early age to the horn. Not that he had any real desire for the horn. He really wanted the skins, but it was not to be. He

it all, as he was innocent to the lust and power involved. Blinded by glory, consumed with self, head enlarged to bursting, the Ritual ended.

He woke to find nothing, or so it seemed. For of all the things that the Ritual had stripped from him, the dream had been the most precious. The music was gone from his soul. It had been replaced by a great dark



bob weston

followed the path of the horn for many years to please his father.

Then it happened that he traded the horn for an axe. Not that the horn wasn't one. But this new axe allowed him to sing forth. That was his major love. All through the years it was the voices he was listening to. Not the meanings, but the sounds, the rhythms, the melodies. With this new axe he could follow the dream. So it was to be that the axe led him down the path of the Ritual. It was inevitable that he would be consumed by

void of sorrow and silence. No longer did his inner ear resonate in harmony with the All.

He laid the axe by a crossroad, and followed the path of lust. Occasionally he glanced down memory lane. The memories were hard at first, bringing him much sorrow. But with the pain came revelation. For it had been in Fantasy that he had been living. It had been in fantasy that he had experienced fame, power, and greatness. It had been in Fantasy that he had launched the Ark of the Musi-

continued on next page

flatulence

from page 15

anything as long as it didn't include physical violence or emotional abuse. Younger people are notoriously more finicky when it comes to compatibility, but that's another can of beets. Anyway, I started thinking about compatibility myself. What indeed could I put up with and if I met someone what criteria would I use to decide if my partner and I were compatible? Would it be Sex? Well, sex is wonderful and mysterious but it's not the be-all end-all of the issue. There are plenty of couples who enjoy healthy sexual relations and yet they feel that something is missing. No, I thought, it's not sex, it's got to be something else. I started thinking about all the things that people share both spiritually and physically that make up a relationship. I imagined all the little secrets that two people could have in common over the course of many years together. I thought about my parents, my grandparents, friends, books, films and suddenly as if I were speaking for all humanity with my friend standing there I blurted out ..."Flatulence!"

"Where the hell did that come from?" replied my friend.

After doubling over with laughter I started saying things that I had never even thought about before.

"Yeah man, it's like uh...well, what could be more intimate than farting? The way I see it, all I have to do is find some one who I can fart with and it's got to work out, right? I mean, when I was a kid my dad would do this thing whenever he was about to fart and he would make it seem like he pulled it out of his ass with his arm like a magician pulling a rabbit out of his hat. My brother

Open Mic Open Mic Open Mic

cian. It had been in Fantasy that he had dealt with his friends and made his enemies.

But it was in Reality that he cried when it all ended. It was in Reality that he gained a new perspective. It was in Reality that the music began to return to him.

He looked up and found himself again at the crossroad. His axe, thick with a year of neglect, felt good to his hand and his heart. The music grew stronger, and he began again to look to the path of the Ritual. He wondered if he could walk it again, but this time leave his feet in Reality. He could hear his dream down the path calling sweetly. He looked to his heart, his mind, his soul.

Risking disappointment, pain, heartbreak, and destruction, he sets his feet once more upon the path. For the dream was all that had ever been, all that would ever be. So once again he dreams. So once again, the Ritual beginsΔ

flatulence

continued from page 16

and sister and I would howl on the floor. I remember being so proud of my father afterwards, and that brings me to the point that flatulence is universally funny. What else do we have like that? It's a gift from God really. Do you remember that scene from the film *Blazing Saddles* where those cowboys sit around a fire and start farting after eating beans? I bet if you showed that scene to a group of Eskimos or maybe some Tibetan herdsmen they would all start laughing... they might not find any other thing in the whole film that would make them laugh, but they'd sure as hell laugh at that farting scene."

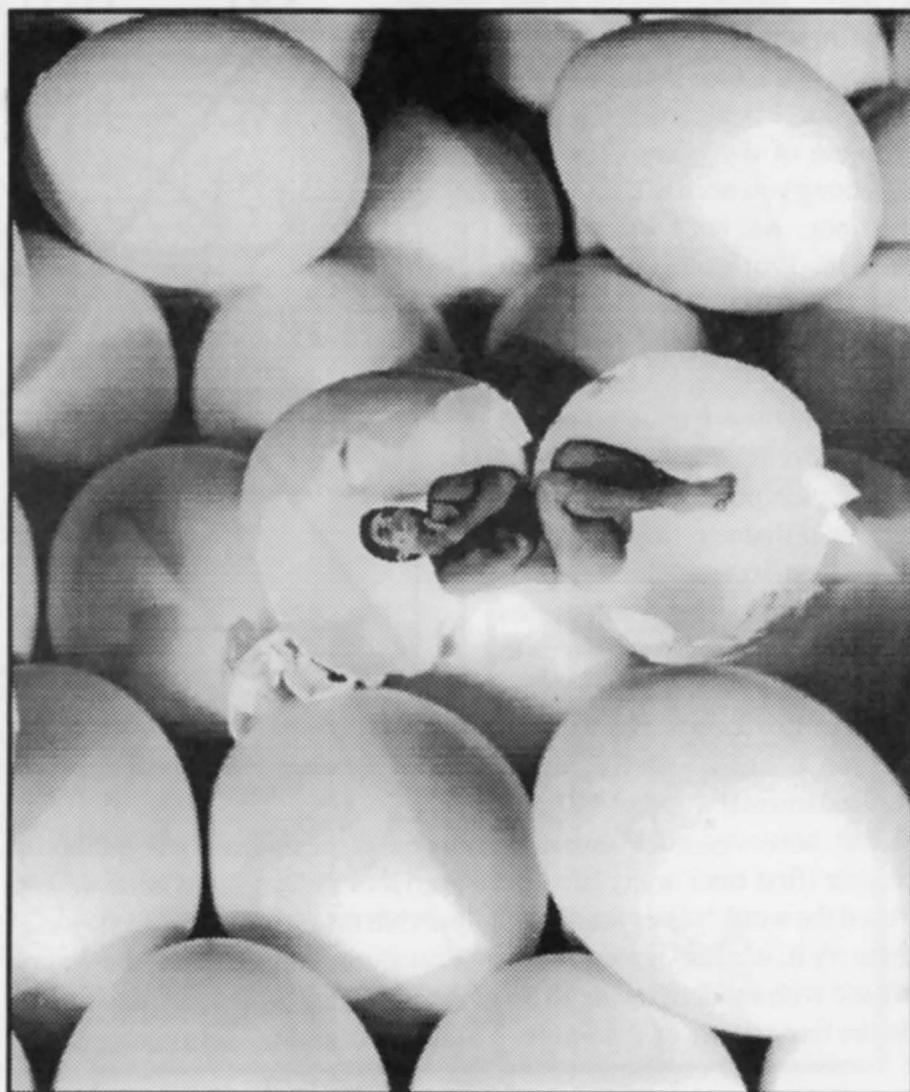
My friend nodded in agreement

so I continued,

"Man, one of my exgirlfriends would never let me hear her fart. We did everything together for two fucking years. We knew everything about each other...so many secrets and yet I never once heard her fart. The point is, she had some weird hang-up about flatulence. I can't believe that I carried on the charade of our relationship when I knew deep down that the thing was doomed from the start, that we could never share our flatulence. She used to get annoyed and embarrassed when I would let one fly. I was walking on pins and needles for two years. Can you imagine a guy like me going around for

two years...afraid to fart? Man, I swear, if I were attracted to some one and maybe we had gone out together a few times and then all of a sudden she let a really loud one go and then started to laugh...shit man, I'd probably drop to my knees and start blathering about love, destiny, God, rock and roll, and marriage."

My friend laughed because we were talking about flatulence. It was like a shroud of darkness was lifted from him. He and I both brightened up considerably after starting out feeling sort of down. That's what flatulence, even the mere mention of flatulence can doΔ



Fleming Tyler Wilson

nary experience. For instance, the most persuasive argument for the existence of Sublime Being can be found, I think, in John Coltrane's A Love Supreme, while one of the most existentially desperate albums I've heard is Bob Dylan's Blood on the Tracks. How do you explain the transcendental timeless quality of the music that you connect with? I don't know...

Therefore, I urge all musicians and fans to find their ancestry, expand on their learning, play the cover songs that mean the most, transcend the music of the hour, and plug into the lasting nature of the past. Put down your Nirvana for a little while, and hear the Sex Pistols, the Stooges, the New York Dolls, the Velvet Underground. Put down your Garth Brooks, your Eagles, and hear Gram Parsons, Hank Williams, the Carter Family. If you're into hip-hop, check out the tone poems of the early 20th century African-American writers. Check out the gospel and jazz singers before WWII. Check out the Sun Sessions. Explore where your music of the present is coming from. I need to point out that I do not believe that all the music of today is crap and needs to be flushed in favor of the past. I am saying that a link with your roots can give you a much better grasp of what the future will bring. I hope that this is clear. Like Steve Martin said, "Talking about music is like dancing about architecture."Δ

the ned rutledge trio update

Ned Rutledge, a mythological personification from the late 1960s has enjoyed many incarnations across these great united states: Ned, The Ned Rutledge Bana, Smoboken, Rokko and the Hat, and most recently, Wildlife. All these groups have carried the blood, sweat, and creative genius of this sixties icon.

Today, in Tuscaloosa, Ned Rutledge works his magic through a trio of individuals doing an acoustic trip. Patrick McIntire on double-bass, Niamh Tuohy on violin, and Nick Talantis on acoustic guitar and vocals, carry on Ned's tradition of fine original songs and music mixed with covers by influential others from the 60s and 70s.

The Ned Rutledge Trio appears frequently at The Heritage House in the Essex Square Shopping Plaza. Call the Heritage House and ask Vicki or Connie when the trio will be playing. They're worth a lot more than the price of admission, which is free!Δ



THE CHUKKER IN APRIL

- 8 - DISCOMANIA (D.J. CARL)
- 9 - THE IRASCIBLES (LOCAL ALTERNATIVE)
- 13- PISS FACTORY (ALTERNATIVE FROM NEW YORK)
- 14,15 & 16 **EDDIE HARRIS** (WORLD-FAMOUS JAZZ SAXOPHONIST BACKED BY THE WILL TAYLOR QUARTET)
- 18- DESPONDENCY W/ GARDY-LOO (LOCAL HEADBANGERS)
- 21- DIE MONSTER DIE W/ RED GIANT (ALTERNATIVE)
- 22- **RONNIE DAWSON** (THE UNCLE OF ROCKABILLY) WITH HIGH NOON & MARTY BROWN
- 28- DEBREW (LOCAL FUNK)
- 29- **RAM** (MUSIC & VOUDOU RHYTHM FROM HAITI WITH 10 MUSICIANS AND 5 DANCERS)
- 30- STONEHOUSE W/ ELUJOWN ZOO (ALTERNATIVE)

MAY 5 - THE FLAT DUO JETS!

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