

The Vox



Holidays!!!!!!!!!!

Deerhoof

the Matches

Andrei Codrescu

Wheat Gluten

Top 20 Albums of 2003

Top 5 Jacques

Limericks

Show Reviews

Festivus

More

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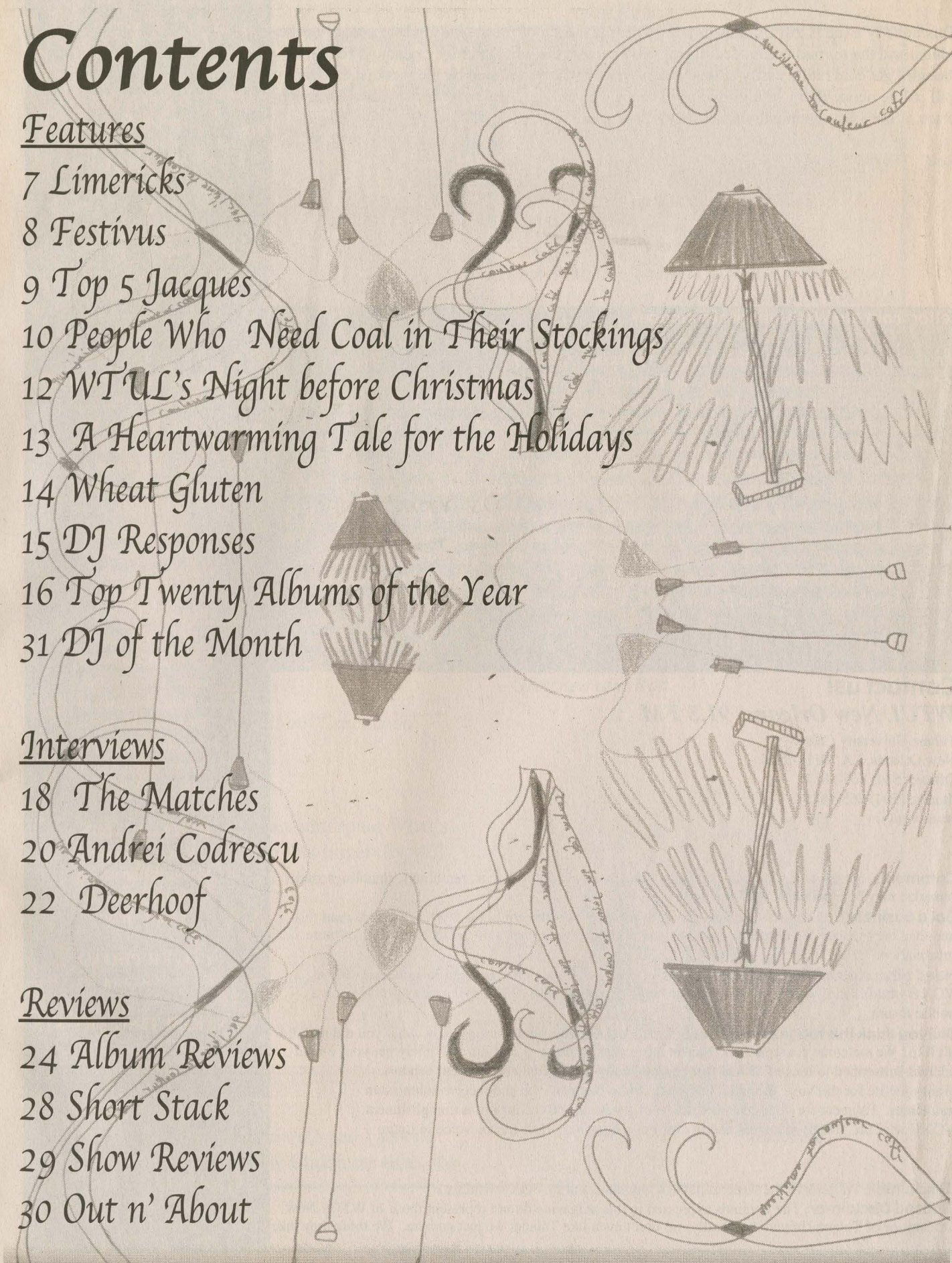
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Letter from the editor

This holiday issue is gift from us to you! There is Deerhoof for the kids, wheat gluten for the adults, and the myriad unfounded liberal silliness that the whole family can enjoy! Even though I get cold really easily at this time of year, I will be warmed by the fact that there are still public phone users with giftwrapped heads who are out there making the world a merrier place, if only for one month out of the year.

Rob

Letter from the WTUL general manager

'Tis the season yada yada yada. Don't get me wrong; I love the holiday season. Christmas is perhaps my favorite holiday of the year; I'm a big fan of Chanukah; and I've been known to have a happy Kwanza or two. But this year is different. This year Santa has left a big fat pain in my butt under my tree. That's right, as I'm sure you've all heard about by now WTUL is moving. I mean it's no big deal it's not like we haven't moved before...wait we haven't. That's right this is the first time in its roughly 40 year history that WTUL will be in a location other than the basement of the Tulane University Center. It sucks, it sucks and did I mention that it sucks. But we'll get through it. We'll be off the air for a day (December 19th) but all in all I imagine we'll survive. If we don't we'll just invest in some automatic firearms and take it out on the corporate whores of commercial radio. But I digress. What I really meant to say was have a happy holiday season, enjoy the brief chill in the air, and try your best to make it a few more weeks. Imagine how much better 2004 is going to be.

Steve Miles

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Comments, questions, concerns, commendations, musings, observations, ramblings, rumblings, and remarks, may be emailed to VOX@wtul.fm.

Got a business? Then throw down some cash for an advertisement in the VOX! The kids read this, and then they go buy the things we say are cool. Think about it, and write VOX@wtul.fm for more information.

Need advice about major life decisions? Having trouble with your significant other? Write VOX@wtul.fm with your problems; we can help! We might also ridicule your petty problems in a public forum.

Did you think this magazine sucked? Email VOX@wtul.fm and let us know what you did and didn't like. We welcome constructive criticism, however destructive criticism will likely get your e-mail address subscribed to tons of SPAM from pornography and genital enlargement vendors. Want to write for the Vox? E-mail VOX@wtul.fm to pitch an idea and receive submission guidelines. Payment for your articles consists of gratitude and feelings of accomplishment. VOX@wtul.fm. That's the email address for our magazine. VOX means voice in Latin.

(Disclaimer; We reserve the right to publish any mail sent to VOX@wtul.fm)

(Second Disclaimer; The opinions expressed in this magazine do not represent those of WTUL New Orleans, or of Tulane University. Really, we don't even like Tulane; we just go here. We think they take

the Vox

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Bonjour le Vox,

I was recently was informed by several members of my staff that the December issue of the Vox will be featuring a Top 5 Jacques column. I would like you to know that if I am not included in this section, your country will never see another bottle of Orangina as long as I am alive.

Au revoir,
Monsier Jacques Chirac
President of France

El Presidente – Sorry about l'exclusion.
--Rob

Dear Vox,

I would like to submit an additional What's Hot What's Not column that hopefully will appear in the December issue:

<u>What's Hot</u>	<u>What's Not</u>
	The Vox
	Anything the Vox says is cool

Thank you,
Conk O. Placidity

Dear Vox,

I am a God-fearing Christian and I have a major concern. It's now Christmas time, the

time for loving and worshipping Christ. However, I've noticed that many people now say "Happy Holidays" instead of "Merry Christmas," mainly out of fear of Jews and other God-hating people. What am I to do?

Baaaah,
Lammy Gorditeaux

Lemmywinks – There is actually a very good chance that a real Jewish person has touched this very copy. Burn it now and head to Montana! -- Nick

Vox,

I heard a rumor that the inspiring force behind your magazine is the life and death of Rudolph Valentino. Or was it Adolph Hitler? Anyway, is there any truth to this? Because I have some outfits you can borrow.

Casey McUnicorn

Casey -- Actually, we at the Vox live by the shining example of the Earl of Sandwich.
--Gretchen and Rob



Höliday Edition

WHAT'S
HOT

mistletoe

lighting the Menorah

Santa

drinking Wild Turkey
for dinner

small boys in yamikas

Celibacy

10 Lords of Leaping

winter weather

making snowmen

BY GRETCHEN
-see ya next
year, losers

WHAT'S
NOT

lecherous uncles

getting firebombed
by Palestinians

Jesus

eating wild turkey
for dinner

fat men in red suits

virgin pregnancy

311: The X-mas album

homeless people

making love to ten-
year old boys in
yr big ranch with
circus animals in it

DJ Limericks

There once was a jolly old elf,
Who for months piled toys on the shelf,
Said he to his Frau,
It's a mighty good vow
To save WTUL for myself!

*

In the garden of Eden sat Adam
Complacently stroking his madam
And great was his mirth
For on all of the earth
There were only two balls and he had 'em.

*

To manage to maintain a brain
Is difficult, it is plan
Which is why a great many
Don't ever use any
Thus avoiding the care and the strain.

*

A winsome young lady from Arden
Sucked a man off in the garden
He said, "My dear Flo,
Where does that stuff go?"
And she said, [gulp!], "I beg your pardon?"

*

Holidays, askance: Over-eating,
social faults, drunken brawls, cheating.
Jealously over gifts,
cause unmendable rifts.
Pathetic attempt to form meaning.

*

There once was a jolly old elf,
Who for months piled toys on the shelf,
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It's a mighty good vow
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*

O Caution. The Hayride to Hell!
Of heartache and jug bands the songs tell,
Kelly drinks sassafras.
She got lots of class,
and on-air blather that's so swell.

PopTart's in the morning on Friday.
Listen to all that she does say.
Women in the news,
rhythms, sense, and blues.
Robyn Hitchcock Song of the Day!



Dear DJs Pretty and Abortion-
Convention, taste you did shun.
Made me laugh at night,
always in a fight.
Of your admirers, I am one.

*

What gives erstwhile DJ Name?
Calculate Taylor Series without pain?
He knows every band,
For tix he's the man.
And his jokes are always inane.

*

Shepard. The Captain of Reggae.
Though promptness is not quite your forte,
Reggae show: oldest one,
continuously run,
right here in the U.S. of A.

*

Yamile digs electronic,
an aesthetic almost chthonic.
Clad always in black,
tricycling forth and back,
her manner most histrionic.

*

Not a single answer could please
the man with the whine and the cheez.
He whimpered and cried,
distorted and lied,
because he's a sad ol' geez[er].

But wait! He might go and tattle.
With him, it's all just a battle.
"Waah, waah, it's not fair!"
he'll surely declare,
and shake his Big Baby rattle.

A Festivus Market for the Restofus!!!

Crescent City Farmer's Market launches holiday market to accompany its Saturday location in December with artisans, free trade and ecological products

Holiday shopping got you down? Does the idea of fighting crowds in shopping malls bring you to fits of rage? There is another way: Grab your kids or stagger down alone to embrace homeland serenity at the Crescent City Farmers Market's first ever holiday market Saturday, December 6, 13, and 20, 8 a.m. until 12 noon, rain or shine at 700 Magazine Street.

Guided by its mission to initiate and promote ecologically sound economic development, the eight-year-old farmers' market is reaching out to non-food cottage industries to compliment the roster of farmers, fishers and bakers at its Saturday Market. During the month of December, enjoy dining al fresco in an outdoor café set up in the middle of Girod Street (which will be blocked off during Saturday mornings) with breakfasts prepared by Greg Surrey of Surrey's Café.

After breakfast, visit the "office of homeland serenity" center where massage therapists will provide chair and table massages (for modest fees). Therapists will also sell gift certificates.

With belly full and muscles soothed, ready to graze past the tables of engaging, original, affordable holiday gifts for purchase?

Girod Street will be closed to automobiles; open to pedestrians grazing in search of affordable, hand-crafted, ecological goods and handy services for holiday gifts. A juried selection of vendors will showcase everything from fair trade crafts to antique clothes, jewelry to toys and books, local musicians' recordings to glass-blowers. Wishing to avoid products "sealed beyond your protection," get your presents wrapped with artistic, recycled packaging. And to remove the final layer of stress to the holidays, ship the presents directly from the Market.

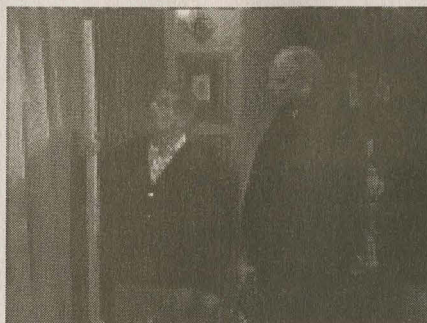
If holiday stress still has your number, then crawl over to the Festivus pole where shoppers will be encouraged to participate in the "airing of grievances" - a respectful nod to the memorable Seinfeld television series episode in which George's father (played by Jerry Stiller) creates his own holiday: Festivus. Beaten down by the tensions from and competition for holiday gifts for his son, Stiller creates a holiday where family mem-



bers are invited to air their grievances from the year: who disappointed them and why. Without condoning the level of cynicism present in Seinfeld, the Market pays tribute to the creative response to collective stress by erecting a pole (free of tinsel -- "too distracting") ready for shoppers to write down and affix scraps of paper with hand-written "grievances" from the year 2003. The television series has sparked numerous Festivus activities across the nation. If interested, search online:

<http://www.festivus.tk/>.

The Crescent City Farmers Market and the adjacent Festivus: A Holiday Market for the Rest of Us opens at 8am and closes at 12 noon. Located at 700 Magazine Street, it is open every Saturday morning rain or shine. This event is free and open to the public. For more information, call 861-5898. Or visit our web site at www.CrescentCityFarmersMarket.org



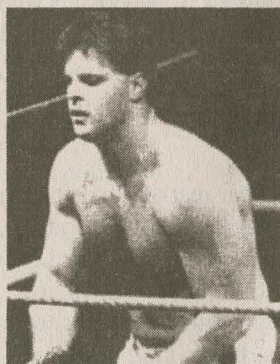
The Top 5 Jacques of December!

By Charlotte Connolly

Bonjour, Jacques fans worldwide, it is I, having just returned from Quebec with the brand new perfectly-compiled Top 5 Jacques of December 2003.¹ After the controversy of November (you had better believe that Derrida's followers were unceasing in their quest to bust my "anglo-narrativized" balls), I can confidently say that I have done nothing to explicate myself from controversy. This month's list has surprises galore, and so for you loyal Jacques followers I can guarantee one thing: a December to remember. Enjoy a cheerful michael-mas!

5. Jacques Rougeau [N/A], one half of the late-80s WWF tag-team the Mounties.

Making his debut on the list for the first time in three years, Jacques is most well known for playing-up his Canadian Heritage. Bonjour!



4. Jaques Derrida [2], Jacques Derrida has slipped a bit this month, probably for making comments like these: "One is the one, I am the one, one is more or less the one and everyone is more or less the one and more or less one with him or herself. Which means that the Other is already inside, and has to be sheltered and welcomed in a certain way."²



3. Jacques Cousteau [1]

Last month we proclaimed "a November to remember for fans of the deep-sea diver." So it looks like this December may be a month to forget as Frau Cousteau slips to

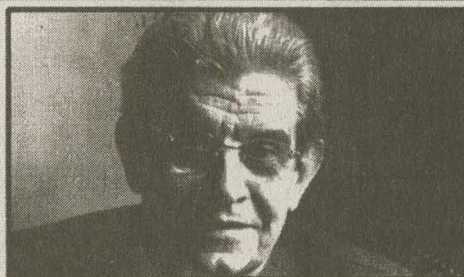
the thrizzle, my brother.

2. Frere Jacques [3] (the song)

Coming back after a harsh defeat at both the "Eric Person's Top Ten Space-Rock Jams" and "Upcoming Songs on Anal Cunt's Next Album" competitions, *Frere Jacques* makes a bid for the top. Bon Appetit!

And finally...the moment you've all been waiting for, the **#1 Jacque of December 2003...**

THEORY.ORG.UK TRADING CARD



Jacques Lacan

French psychoanalyst, 1901-81. Lacan is most famous for his amalgamation of Saussurean linguistics and psychoanalysis. He argued that language and the subconscious are structurally similar—that the human mind is a system of signifiers and signifieds. As a psychoanalyst, Lacan trained Julia Kristeva and Helene Cixous, prominent literary theorists in their own right.

Strengths: highly influential among many theoretical schools

Weaknesses: often unintelligible, bordering on nonsense

Special skills: requires subtitling in his native language

Well that wraps it up for this month, see you next week at Der Rathskellar!

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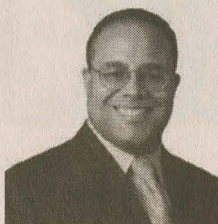
Well that wraps it up for this month, see you next week at Der Rathskellar!

5 People Who Deserve to Get a lot of Coal in Their Stockings

Steve Miles

1. Michael Powell, Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission

Now this is just asking for trouble considering we're up for re-licensing but what the hell. Santa needs to have Mr. Powell right at the top of his naughty list. This summer, on June 2 the FCC voted to relax its rules on media ownership. Included in the rules change was the relaxation of restrictions on the share of any one market that a single company can own. In other words, the change in FCC rules will likely lead to a further consolidation of media, a process which has been in full force for the past several years.



Now ordinarily, most people don't care the least bit about what the FCC does and even less about the rules they use to govern our nation's airwaves. However, in a surprising turn of events two million people notified the FCC regarding the rules change, the vast majority of them expressing their disapproval. The move has proven so unpopular that Congress has had to take up the issue due to a national outcry.

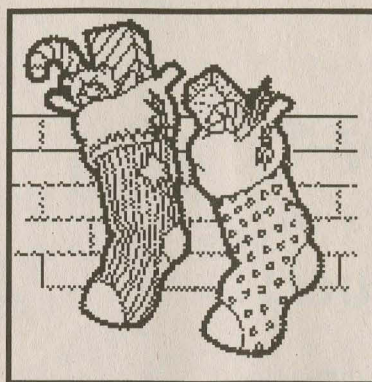
For aiding entertainment monopolies at the expense of the average citizen while ignoring the largest public outcry the FCC has ever heard, Michael Powell has earned my first piece of coal this year.

2. Wesley Clark, Candidate for the Democratic Presidential Nomination

Chances are you know of retired General Wesley Clark is. Wesley Clark began to gain national attention earlier this year for his work on CNN. For those who liked playing Iraq War, the home game, Wesley Clark is well known. There were countless other retired Generals on TV discussing the war as it begun, as well as after the bombs began falling. Clark gained a name for himself by being practically the only one of those generals to speak out against the war.



Following his stint on CNN, Clark threw his hat into the race for the Democratic nomination for the 2004



Presidential election. The announcement of his decision to seek the nomination excited many in the American tremendously. The notion of someone who shared their political beliefs and was, this was the best part of all,

a General whose illustrious military career included being Supreme Commander of the NATO troop, seemed like a dream come true. Finally a liberal with credentials that included serious national security strength.

So why does Mr. Clark deserve coal in his stocking this year? He opened his mouth. Not even a week into his campaign, Clark had made enough political mistakes to knock the average candidate out of the race. After leading in many polls before he even announced his candidacy, Clark fell to a second tier contender. While Clark remains a committed candidate, he has failed to live up to his front-runner hype. Because he crushed the hearts of millions of Americans who hoped he was the main to replace Bush, Wesley Clark deserves a big fat lump of coal.

3. Celine Dion

This year marked the return of a creature scarier than Godzilla, Frankenstein, and Dracula combined: Celine Dion. Oh how happy I had been to not see or hear from here for a few years. It was kind of like she didn't exist and "My Heart Will Go On" had all been a bad dream. Unfortunately, Celine had to go and ruin my bliss by staging a return to the public eye in March 2003. Performing in an extended engagement at Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas, Dion has been all over the news this year. Her show, which takes place in an auditorium specially built for her show to the tune of \$95 million, is set to run in Vegas for two more years. The cheapest seats will run you \$87.50. The show is by all accounts, quite the spectacle.



Now all this by itself would be fine. Ok, so it wasn't a dream, she's real, but at least she's stuck in Vegas. As long as I don't venture into the desert, I can avoid her like the plague and continue living in a state of ignorant

bliss. Wrong again. Chrysler, who presents her Vegas show, has put Celine in their ads for the Chrysler Pacifica, so now I have to not watch TV to avoid her. If all this seems a bit crazy and it seems like I hate Celine Dion, it's because I do. Don't ask me why exactly, I just do. So for ruining my whole year by jumping back into the spotlight, Celine Dion deserves the largest chunk of coal I've got.

4. All Other Generic Female Popstars

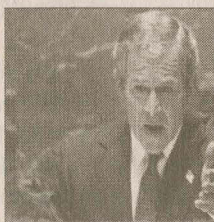
We all know the expression "Sex Sells." Well, the music industry knows it too. For years, pop music's female stars have been participating in a contest of who can wear less. Millions of Americans have run out and bought their albums despite the horrible crap they contain simply because for some reason seeing a picture of a half naked women makes us want to listen to her crappy music. The trend has resulted in America's youth, who idolize whoever the RIAA tells them to running out and buying mini skirts and low-rise jeans faster than you can say The Gap. But none of that is new.



What happened this year and what deserves a lump of the old black stuff is that apparently simply selling the image of sex was somehow not enough. This year, female popstars unanimously decided that they should sing about sex. Whether it be Liz Phair's "H.W.C" or Britney Spears' "Touch of My Hand" America's leading ladies of pop coughed up a dose of overtly sexual lyrics that would make even a Catholic priest blush. Now I'm not saying there's anything wrong with talking about sex and there's certainly nothing wrong with having it, but isn't there something better to sing about. When you are idolized by millions of little girls should you really be singing about sex just so you can sell a few more records? Besides, all that shock stuff is so passé; didn't Madonna do that like 10 years ago? Not because they are women singing about sex but because they did it simply to make a few bucks, the generic female popstar should find coal in her stocking this year.

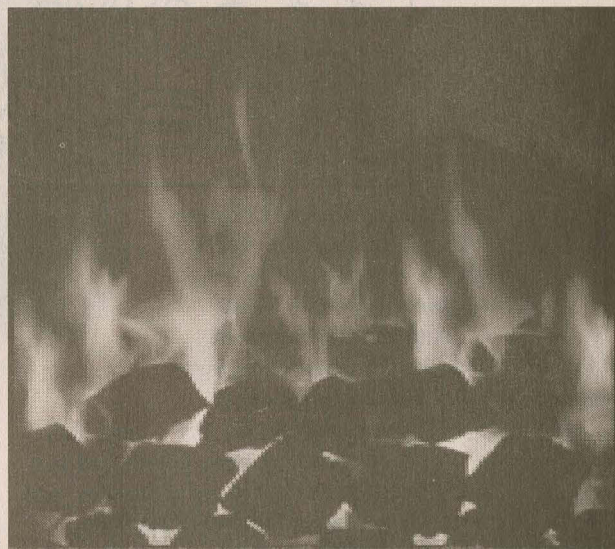
5. George W. Bush, President of the United States of America

And here you thought war was so 20th century. Since the last holiday season, President Bush has involved the United States in one of the most politically divisive wars Western Civilization has ever seen. With a



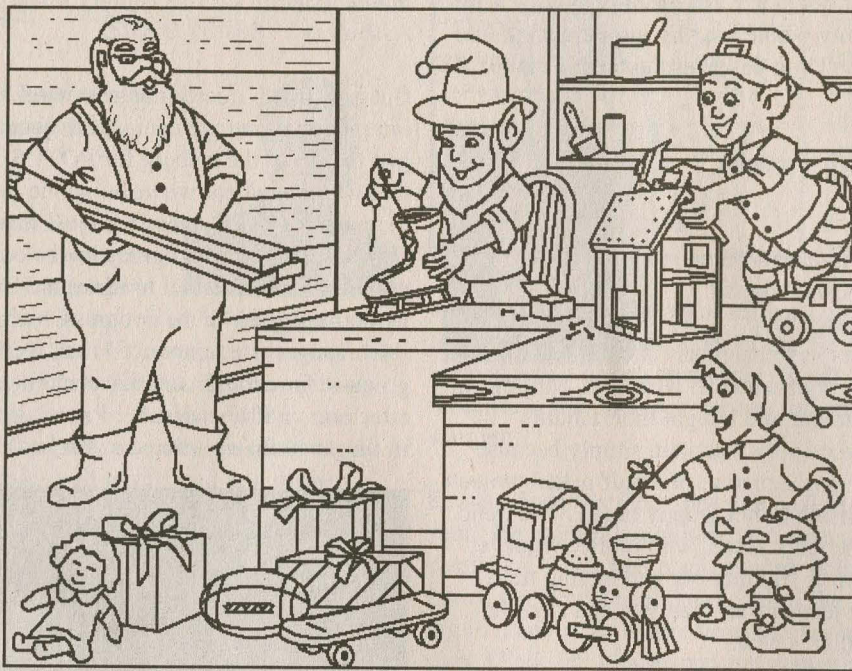
whopping half of his country firmly behind him, the President drove the nation to war this past March. Featuring the aid of a mighty "Coalition of the Willing" America liberated Iraq from Saddam Hussein (an honorable mention for this century's Top 5 Biggest Assholes).

But a war with questionable motives that resulted in international outrage against the good old US of A, was just the tip of the iceberg for POTUS #43. There was that whole incident where someone in his office leaked the name of a CIA agent who just happened to be married to someone who openly spoke out against Bush's policies. He threatened to make the first piece of legislation he vetoed be the congressional repeal of the FCC rule changes. He announced that, the Patriot Act didn't go quite far enough and that we'll need an even bigger attack on civil liberties, the Patriot Act II. He got booed in the Australian parliament. He had the secret service



move protesters away from his speeches to avoid being booed here in America. He took the United Nations out to dinner, told them to fuck off, then asked them if they could split the bill (metaphorically speaking of course). He spent \$87 billion rebuilding Iraq while next to nothing rebuilding America. He tried to get mercury removed from the list of toxic substances (I mean it's only lethal, c'mon). He told the country that he's not sure if global warming exists while thousands of "Freedom" people slow roasted to death in France. He once again took the month of August off for vacation while the average American receives only a two week paid vacation. And he started raising a quarter of a billion dollars so he can get us to let him do it all again for four more years. It's been a hell of a year and one quite worthy of the biggest, fattest, dirtiest lump of coal Santa can find.

WTUL's "Twas the Night Before Christmas"



'Twas the night before Christmas
 And all through the station
 Not a creature was stirring
 Not one single Cajun
 And I in the basement
 Got the Christmas eve show
 For I was a local
 With no place to go
 I dropped in a CD
 From Dr. A Go-Go
 The one with the seventeen minute drum solo.
 I thought I'd be clever
 The length of the track
 Offered plenty of time
 To grab a quick nap.
 I'd just settled in
 To a comfortable chair
 When all of a sudden
 Some feet on the stair!
 I leapt from my seat
 And I rushed to the door
 And what I found there
 Drove my jaw to the floor.
 Nine stalwart apprentices
 All dressed like reindeer
 And our general manager
 With a whip and white beard!
 "Shut it down for the night,"
 Said Steve and his crew,
 "We've heard of your problem,

Lets go grab a brew."
 But the station!" I said
 Looking stunned and amazed
 "And all that dead air"
 But Steve was unfazed.
 "An hour or two
 On this cold winter's night?
 Our listeners," he said, "are all bundled up tight.
 They're snug in their beds
 And they're dreaming of Santa
 Even the web ones
 Way off in Atlanta
 Now turn it all off
 Lets get out of here
 We'll go to the pub
 And I'll buy you a beer."
 So if on Christmas eve
 You find in frustration
 No WTUL
 (The name of this station)
 Please don't quit listening
 We don't mean to fright
 We've just shut it down
 For an hour or two that night
 We'll be back real soon
 And to remedy this sleight
 Merry Christmas to all
 And to all a good night

by DJ Spider

My Night With A Real Live DJ

Last month, after we put out an open call for your favorite Vox memory, our mailboxes were flooded. Our diligent staff spent days sifting through them all, just to come up with this entry we liked the best. We did our research—the issue of the Vox discussed below was from the spring of 1997. The letter was signed anonymous, but we have a few ideas who it might be. Keep those Vox memories coming, however; your letter might be published next. So now, a true tale of true love to warm your holiday hearts...

So my first experience with The Vox might be somewhat like yours. I was in high school at the time. I attended an all-girls Catholic high school uptown. So yeah, it was me and Kristin and Bethany and we were walking around the French Quarter. We went into their favorite leather store, Gargoyles, and we went into the Yaga store and in the back, on some shelves there were some zines including The Vox. I picked one up because in that issue, Wonder Woman had conducted an interview with Bjork and I loved Bjork a lot; still do. Then we picked up some sandwiches at Verdi Mart and had a lovely afternoon picnic in Jackson Square Park. Bethany was nervous about sitting on the ground because she had a short skirt on and Kristin just said, "live a little." So we sat down and I read the Bjork interview in my best Icelandic accent.

I flip, flip (not Anthony), flip and I come to this page that reads "WIN A DATE WITH A REAL LIVE DJ." Some bloke named Andy had a picture with an ethnic looking girl. They had their arms around each other and were smiling for the winter formal memories. He explained that he missed his senior prom because his girlfriend dumped him the week before to go with "the guy that wears Chuck Taylors with his tuxedo." We all laughed and they joked, "Fly Girl, you should go to the prom with him." I was like, "Yeah, whatever, I wouldn't do that."

Since it was only girls at my school I didn't really meet male gendered people at all. In any case I didn't feel like asking someone out to prom that I didn't know and wouldn't like. I felt like it would be lowly of me to ask a guy out to the dance. So I ended up writing Andy a letter at WTUL telling him that I would only go to prom if I won my date. I still had my pride. I would be a winner, he would be my prize and we would dance

the night away. All my cares would fade under the midnight moon...

Apparently, no one read The Vox back then either, cause my entry was the only one. I got a call from the DJ and on the line a voice said, "Congratulations! You just one a date with a real live DJ." I didn't know what to say. My mom asked to talked to him and entrust me to him. She asked if it was really him in the picture and if he was really 23 years old. She was nervous he would be forty. So after a short conversation, she gave me permission to attend prom with a real live DJ named Andy.

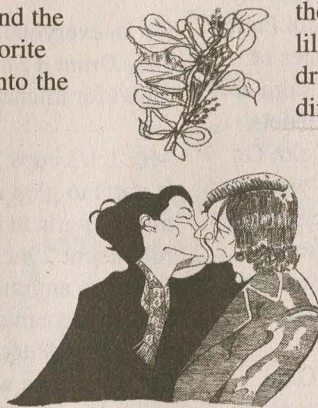
The night started out well. He took me to an art opening at UNO and I met a lot of DJs and a sketchy fellow that was exited to feed me café flan. There was a cool painting filled with ovals of horse faces and we chose our favorite horse face. And I remember the corsage Andy gave me was a beautiful white lily that matched my shiny blue A-line mini dress perfectly. Then we met some people for dinner at this Mediterranean restaurant called

Petra's that is no longer. The food was delicious but for some unforeseen reason I vomited into my plate. I was so discreet that my friend Jennifer, who was at the other end of the table, didn't even notice my accident. I put my napkin over my plate and just smiled when the waiter asked if I wanted him to box that up for me.

I guess my friends were the outsiders in school so I didn't know all the girls

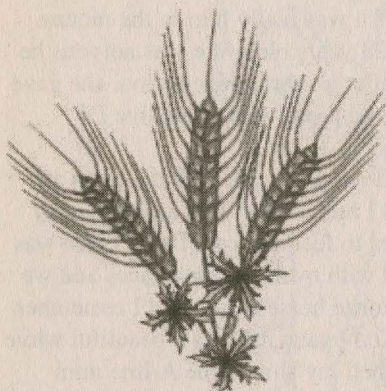
at the dance. The long full skirts were popular that year and ringlet curls hanging down to the neck. My hair was really poofy and went down to my shoulders.

After the dance, we went to a comedy show at Movie Pitchers called Brown. Andy heckled them on stage and asked me to leave with him after they made a Jewish joke. I wasn't even paying attention to them since I didn't believe I had a sense of humor at that time in life. So suffice it to say that the night did not go well. We took pictures, though, and when they were developed I wanted to share them with Andy so we met at the Rue de la Course on Mole Day. After that, I would call him out of the blue whenever I was bored and I would crawl underneath my bed late at night so my parents wouldn't hear me on the phone. One time on Valentine's Day he asked me out. I said, "Are you asking me to be your girlfriend?" and he answered, "Yes." We stayed together over three years and he is still one of my best friends in the whole wide world. I love Andy and I can't imagine what my life would have been like if I had not entered that contest in this little zine called the Vox!



A Recipe for Destruction; or, The Bonny Lass That Fell Astray With Seitan

by Angela Roberts



I remember a
particular
afternoon

with my extend-
ed relations. The
sun spread its great
orange coat over
the green pastures
of Ohio while my
dad's cousin Patty
grilled plates of
steak and salmon

for her guests, a small gathering of Roberts, Riedels, and Greens. I was an impressionable 10 years old. On that day I learned lessons that have served me well ever since... 1.) never expect out-of-state kin to be sensitive to your dietary changes and 2.) never go to a family gathering without bringing a, erm, "potluck" item that you might have happened to make earlier that day despite being invited to family dinner.

I suppose that as a woman living in rural Ohio, Patty had grown accustomed to her ways and cooking for herself and close friends. The velvet weeping Anglo Jesuses that peered down at me while I slept were probably her bread and butter. Who knows, maybe Patty was right about me "acting too good to eat her food" as I sat at the picnic table watching my relatives tear into steaks, meat juices dribbling down their aging chins. My stomach silently digested itself as I insisted being vegetarian wasn't that bad.

This was all before I turned into a big, strong, voluptuous woman, way back when I was a wee lassie with only pint sized biceps, in a far off time and place where the only vegetarian meat substitutes available were wood chips and dirt. Since then I've started cooking for myself, getting down and dirty with the vegan/veg recipes, and slinging my spatula with the New Orleans Food Not Bombs posse. In short, learning how to make hot cheap food fast to set your tongue flipping.

This recipe for seitan is pretty simple. It costs less than the pre-packaged kind in the health food store, and you can season it up how you please. In case you've never had it before seitan is wheat gluten, or wheat meat. It's the stuff that gives tofurkey its characteristic

texture and taste. Most of the non-tofu fake meats are made of it. It's actually the protein portion of wheat after it's been separated from wheat flour.

Go to the store and buy some vital wheat gluten. You can buy it from health food places like Eve's Market. I even saw some at the A&P. It's in a box. People typically use it for bread machine breads. So here we go:

Angela's Magical Seitan

approximate cooking time: 1 hour.

1 box of wheat gluten
1 cup water
about 4 cups vegetable stock or water
1 CD: Plug, *Drum n Bass for Papa*

Put in everyone's favorite CD of perennial holiday classics, *Drum n Bass for Papa*. It'll get you into the proper mood for kitchen action.

Mix 1 1/3 cups gluten with 1 cup water. Stir it up until it starts to glop up, then knead it for five minutes or until it starts to become properly rubbery. Form it into a roll, about 2 inches wide and let it rest for 5 minutes. If you're ambitious, before you combine the water and gluten you can add a little of your favorite seasonings too, mix the dry spices with dry gluten and wet stuff like soy sauce with water. Slice it up however you want. Usually I do 1-inch strips. Some people roll it into balls.

Heat the vegetable broth to boiling while you're slicing the gluten up. Add sliced gluten to broth and boil for an hour covered. Stirry that up once in awhile too. During the cooking time, you can relax and wonder why Luke Vibert decided to abandon drum n bass for Wagon Christ. I mean isn't it just terribly obvious in the combination of film noir-esque samples and effortlessly danceable syncopated beats that he should release another Plug full length instead of letting us languish for more? After an hour you can drain the broth and store it in your freezer or refrigerator to add into other recipes.

Use seitan instead in recipes that call for meat. I've used it in Jambalaya. My friend the Cajun-Asian chef deep fries it and covers it with sweet and sour sauce. It tastes more or less like turkey when it's unseasoned. And remember, you can always make new friends but you're stuck with your relatives for life! So you should be nice, but that doesn't mean going hungry or forcing meat bits down your gullet if you don't want to.

DJ ReSPoNSe

**and the question of the month is:
What do the holidays remind you of most?**

THEE Holidays reminds me of how much cooler Mardi Gras is than Christmas.

—Stacy Peckham

The holidays make me wonder who honestly wears socks that big...

—DJ Spider

Killer shark feeding frenzy...

—Captain Christopher

As for what the season reminds me of. Well, of course, Christmas.

—The Jazz Desk

The holidays remind me of home. Growing up in a city named "Bethlehem" and nicknamed "Christmas City USA" you can't really escape Christmas. You have to either learn to love it or leave. 18 years taught me to love it. It just made

everyone so happy and friendly. That sounds so gay.... I like Christmas cause I get stuff! That sounds better.

—Steve

Snow, single malt and socks.

—Duncan

The holidays most remind me of the snoopy dance.

—Bobb X Ha

Kissing at Midnight.

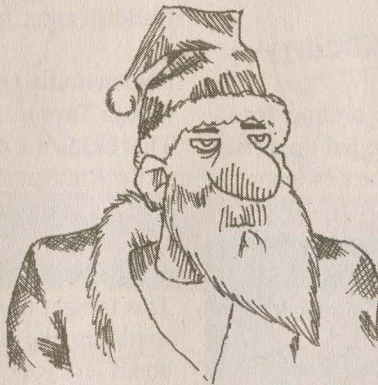
—Myrna

They remind me of rampant consumerism and chicken wings.

—Molly Rowland

My present memories of Christmas are intermingled with those from before I knew what a mistletoe was for and had every adult who wasn't one of my parents taunting me with the idea.

—Liz Singreen



The holidays remind me of years of childhood disappointment because I could never have a birthday party, because people were too busy celebrating the birth of Jesus to celebrate the birth of me... damn him.

—DJ Bronwen

It reminds me why I don't go home more often.

—Bradford Gambrell

Thinking of the approaching holidays gives me a warm reminder of my own greed, as I snuggle down in my dorm room bed dreaming of all the food and presents I will soon be enjoying.

—Rachel West

Once when I was in second grade,

I found out that Santa Clause was a lie parents tell their kids as an excuse to lavish them with more expensive gifts than the other parents could afford to buy. Ouch!

—Rob Bryant

Going home and drinking heavily with my high school friends while trying to stay warm.

—Erik Person

The holidays remind me of how much it sucked to be a Jewish kid around Christmas - barraged by Christmas specials and not being able to hang out with any of my goyisha friends because they were doing goyisha holiday stuff. Plus, my birthday is always around Chanukah so I would always get a crappy "combo" gift - until the time I told my father that it wasn't my fault that I was born near a major holiday and if I only got one present, then he shouldn't get my sister anything for her birthday in April - he went out and bought me a Mickey Mouse watch (and I grew up to be a lawyer - go figure).

And until Adam Sandler's Chanukah Song all we had was "Dreydel, Dreydel, Dreydel" which you can only hear so many times - it only has two lines and all of my dreydels were plastic - I don't know anyone who ever made theirs out of clay. Also: pain, suffering, guilt, crappy presents - enough to cover all eight days of Chanukah courtesy of my loving family. But am I bitter? Not at all - and as a grown up I 'm fine with getting a "combo" gift because now it is either a chunk of cash or something electronic. Happy F-ing Holidays!

—Lisa

Why I left home in the first place.

—Brian Knighten

The smell of pine.

--Nick Lynton

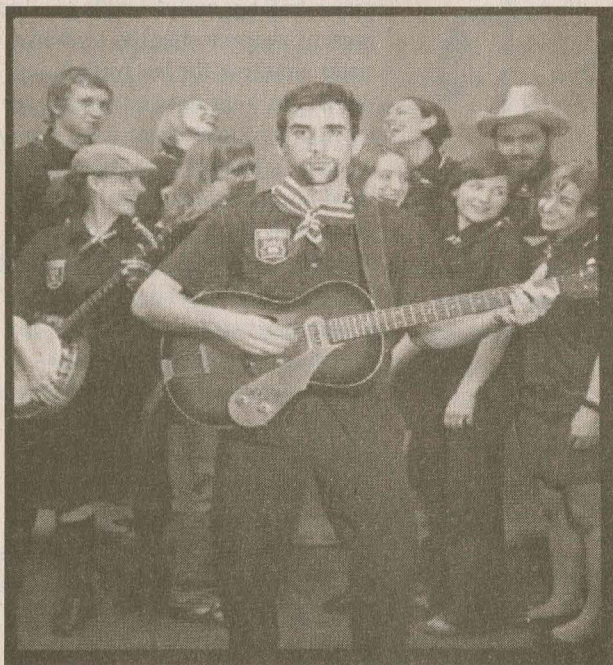
TOP 20 ALBUMS OF 2003

by WTUL's Music Director Rob Rioux

One of WTUL's head honchos, Music Director Rob, gets more mail than you and your momma combined. Every week, Rob and his underlings sift through album upon album, picking out the best work to add to the station's collection. 2003 was an especially impressive year for WTUL, as Rob made sure that at least a couple dozen new albums were available to the DJ masses each week. But what, you may ask, were truly the gems of the year? We asked Rob to lay down his top 20, and what you see below is what he gave us. And now, in a very particular order...

1. Sufjan Stevens: *Michigan* (Asthmatic Kitty) + *Michigan Outtakes* (self-released).

Just the studio record makes this top two or three for the year, but damn, those outtakes that he put up on his website for download are even sicker. The best pop record I have heard in a long, long time.



Sufjan rockin' the one spot!

2. Damien Jurado: *Where Shall You Take Me* (Secretly Canadian).

The spirit of Springsteen's classic *Nebraska* lives on here with this one. Fragile and hard at the same time, it's a delicate balance, and the big guy pulls it off with plenty of room to spare.

3. Mogwai: *Happy Songs for Happy People* (Matador).

Pretty much any Mogwai record is damn good, but here it somehow comes together and fulfills the promise of greatness hinted at on their *Come on Die Young* record. Nice submerged vocals on a few cuts, and all good.

4. The Broke Revue: *Old Time Futureshock* (Smart Guy).

Dirty ass no-fi blues from the bastard son of Billy Childish and Charley Patton.

5. Cinematic Orchestra: *Man with a Movie Camera* (Ninja Tune).

This CD is the excellent jazzy downtempo soundtrack to the Russian silent film of the same name. The scored DVD is worth tracking down.

6. Rivulets: *Debridement* (Chair Kickers).

This is right up there with the Jurado record. Cold and sparkling like a diamond, but enough chill to rattle your bones and your cold, cold heart.

7. Echo Base Sound System: *S/T* (self released).

This dub band from Austin is amazing. Their organic sound takes Doug Scharin's Him and Tortoise's more dubby moments to the next level. See em live if you can.

8. Fog: *Ether Teeth* (Ninja Tune) + *Why? Early Whitney EP* (Anticon).

The cream of the avant hip-hop crop here on these two discs.

9. Drive by Truckers: *Decoration Day* (New West).

Following up their *Southern Rock Opera* was impossible, but this is pretty damn good stuff from the keepers of the Southern rock flame.

10. Supersilent: *6* (Rune Grammofon).

Excellent Norwegian experimental post rockers tone it down a touch and get it just right with this release.

11. Unsane: *Lambhouse* (Relapse).

Sick ass loud rockers come correct on this here career spanning compilation, which supposedly comes with a

DVD as well.

12. The Rapture: *Echoes* (DFA / Strummer).

Believe the hype.

13. Songs Ohia: *Magnolia Electric Company* (Secretly Canadian).

Molina and crew should be higher on this list because this is an amazing record, but damn if he isn't trying to alienate his fan base with his live show antics (not once but twice).

14. John Fahey: *Red Cross* (Revenant).

The last material from the departed guitar master allows us one last go-round.

15. Woven Hand: *S/T* (Sounds Familyre).

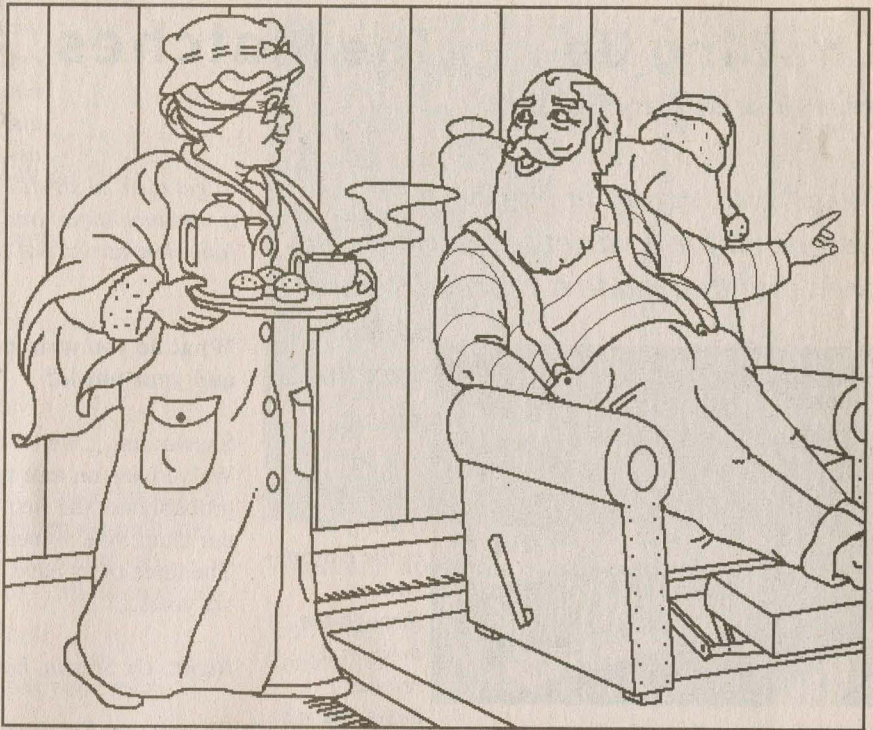
Amazing solo record of dark, haunting twangery from the front-man of 16 Horsepower.

16. Dead Science: *Submariner* (Absolutely Kosher).

As good as Xiu Xiu is, this side project of theirs is just a touch better. Experimental minimal quiet noise rock. Can you feel the love? La la la, la la la, la la...

17. Elvis Costello: *North* (Deutsche Grammophon).

I never much cared for his previous orchestral stuff, but this hits the spot.



Damn, woman! I told you to bring me some of Rob's Top 20 Albums, not this tea and muffin bullshit!

18. Bonny 'Prince' Billy: *Master and Everyone* (Drag City).

Gotta love sweet Willy in his post-Palace phase.

19. Melt Banana: *Cell Scape* (A-Zap).

Japan's fines noise makers, fit for any occasion.

20. Lou Reed: *The Raven* (Reprise).

Reed makes good use of guest stars like Steve Buscemi, Willem Dafoe, and Laurie Anderson for his musings on Poe's writing.

Celebrate

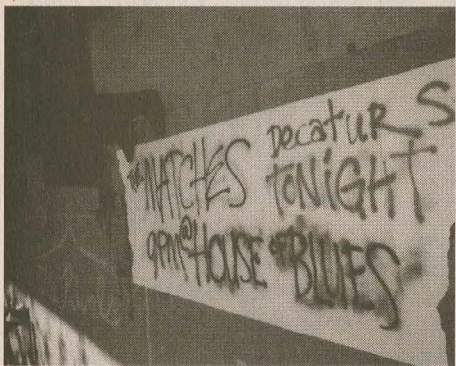
KWANZAA

December 26th - January 1st!

Chatting Up . . . The Matches

Interview by Amy Goldfine

I liked growing up in Northern California for a variety of reasons, but one thing that made it especially hard



to leave was the music.

Not only does every touring act in the nation swing through the area on a regular basis, but it's

a breeding ground for punk-influenced bands. Of course the majority of them are thirteen-year-old Green Day wanna-be's who are going to be stuck playing the local teen center for the rest of their creative careers. And even the good bands often get lost in the shuffle of shows. The Matches, however, have enough talent, determination and boundless energy to make sure that they don't get lost. In addition to tirelessly promoting and playing countless shows, they also book L3: Live, Loud and Local, a monthly showcase of both Bay Area and touring bands.

The first time I saw Shawn, Jon, Matt and Justin perform was in June 2002 at the legendary Fillmore in San Francisco. Rather than playing on the main stage, however, they were doing between-set gigs upstairs in a separate room. I was pretty impressed at this ingenious promotion idea, especially because the Fillmore (a Clear Channel venue) is notorious for lengthy set changes. I was totally blown away by their passionate energy and unique sound. I kept seeing them around all summer, wearing their distinctive clothing (they make or modify pretty much everything they wear) and huge smiles.

Although The Matches are not signed to any label, they've managed to score multiple national tours. They hit up Tulane's campus the afternoon before their show on Friday October 17th for a little "commotion promotion." You may have seen the four crazy (and incredibly good-looking) guys running around playing

acoustic songs and passing out stickers. And you may have seen me running after them, laughing hysterically and snapping pictures with my lame-ass disposable camera. I managed

to get them to sit still long enough for an interview (i.e. it was lunchtime) and what was intended to be a simple interview turned out to be a hilarious conversation.

What do you want people to know about your band and your music?

Shawn: um....well...we're from Oakland, California. We've been on tour for about a year...hmm that's probably not the first thing you'd want to know about our band. We've been The Matches for like two years. The three of us have been playing together for about six years...

Right. Ok Shawn, how about the music?

Shawn: Our first inspirations were Rancid, Green Day, Operation Ivy. Then as we got older, we kinda got into musical history – some Joe Jackson, Elvis Costello, The Clash. Now we're trying to take all our influences, going from Bjork to Radiohead to Muse to Queen.

There we go. Although I'll point out that technically they haven't been The Matches for two years, they used to be called The Locals. Anyhoo.

How would you describe your music?

Shawn: Put all of that together. [laughs]

How descriptive. Then again, every time I try to describe them I fail miserably.

Well, here are a couple of things that we've heard other bands say about us: Ben from Zebrahead said that we're like Rancid with more melody mixed with New Wave ... someone else said we're Green Day meets the Clash. We really dislike genres. We don't dislike people describing our music or putting us into genres, but we very much hesitate to stick to one. The one type of music that we generally dislike the most is pop-punk. None of us have pop-punk records.

Note to pigeonholers: fuck off!... And now the question that I've been dying to ask:

What's coming up next? Any labels in your future?

Jon: We're all hoping for Epitaph.

I'll keep my fingers crossed.

What do you miss most when you're on tour?

Matt: I like the weather in the Bay Area.

Word.

Shawn: I miss my little sister.

Cute!

Shawn: There are a lot of things I *don't* miss though. I don't miss living with my parents! When we go home we're completely 100% nerdy. It's nice to get out. We're still nerdy, but no one can really call us on it cuz we're touring.

My friend Lia always asks this: Does your mom approve?

Shawn: What?!?! Is my mom a prude?

No, does your mom uh-prooove. Is she okay with the fact that her little boy is playing gigs and out on the road?

Note to self: speak slowly.

Shawn: [laughing] My mom way approves. She approves far too much actually. It's become an issue with her showing up – all of our moms actually – to shows.

Matt: Our moms love our shows, love L3.

Justin: All of our families have been really, really supportive of us.

Shawn: It's kindof to the point of not being cool. We used to have an issue with it when we were a little younger, and all of our idols were in punk bands, and they were like "we're from the fucking gutter" and all that. And we're like, "our parents like our band."

Justin: All of our favorite bands got kicked out of their house because their parents didn't approve of their bands, and mine are like "way to go!"

That's okay guys, I still think you're cool. ... And now for something completely morbid...



What song would you want played at your funeral?

Jon: [laughing] "Screaming Infidelities" by Dashboard Confessional.

All: No!

Shawn: May you live forever, Jon.

Matt: I think I'm going to start smoking cigarettes so I can take a smoke break during that part!

Ouch!

If you weren't in The Matches right now, what band would you want to be in and why?

Shawn: I'd be in this band called Muse.

Jon: Fuck you, I was going to say that! ... I guess we would still be in the same band.

Justin: Wait, there's only three guys in Muse. One of us can't be in it.

Matt: Hey, I play drums.

Shawn: [Points to Justin] Haha, roadie!

Nah, The Matches are too rad to be roadies. I'd say the fourth guy one would at least be like the extra dancing Bosstone! They sure have enough energy to spare. Speaking of energy, I'll just note that they abso-fuckinglutely rocked the house that night. Oh and if you're interested you can buy their album "E. Von Dahl Killed the Locals" at www.smartpunk.com, or download tracks at www.mp3.com.

What Have the Romanians Done for Us Lately?

A Chat with Andrei Codrescu

By Duncan Edwards

What, exactly, doesn't this guy do? Andrei Codrescu, the Romanian-born poet, novelist, essayist, screenwriter, and commentator on NPR's "All Things Considered," has a biography that will blow your mind, if not for its quality, than surely for its thoroughness. For the most up-to-date look at his work, check out Andrei's editing expertise at Exquisite Corpse, an online journal available at www.corpse.org, and his latest collection of poetry It Was Today, available through Coffee House Press. His 1993 documentary, Road Scholar, should also be available for rental at any video store that is worth a damn, and his weekly radio commentaries can also be found by doing a search for him on www.npr.org. Now residing in New Orleans, Andrei took a few moments to correspond with none other than interviewer-extraordinaire Duncan Edwards, WTUL's English ball of pride and joy.

DE: Camus said, "A man's work is nothing but this slow trek to discover through the detours of art those two or three great and simple images in whose presence his heart first opened." Can you relate to that?

AC: Not really. If Camus needed all that art to recover his heart from his throat, he was more traumatized than his art. My heart opened like the legs of our Hungarian maid Ilonka when she actually did that and my ten year-old (bulging) eyeballs were right on it, and the opening's been frequent though no less startling since. Other images, early and primal, were various, but they do not repeat with the same wonder, and I certainly wouldn't employ my art to juice them up again. Art I use to get moving, maybe get others, or others things to move. The hope is that all moves as you move with it, harmoniously (or not). The past is full of amazing dead images, formally interesting yes, but live? Gimme a break, Albert.

DE: Is New Orleans separate from the USA?

AC: Yes, and yes. We've rendered it imaginary (and by "we" I mean writers, artists, anarchist topographers) since it first popped from swamp. New Orleans is a developing Imaginary. Now there is the New Orleans School for the Imagination (neworleansschool-20theVox

fortheimagination.com) to aid in this development and to keep detaching it from Mainland, USA. It is very nice, however, that the laws of the U.S. operate here (more or less) or the violent criminals would outnumber the peaceful criminals.

DE: Is George W. Bush the Anti-Santa?

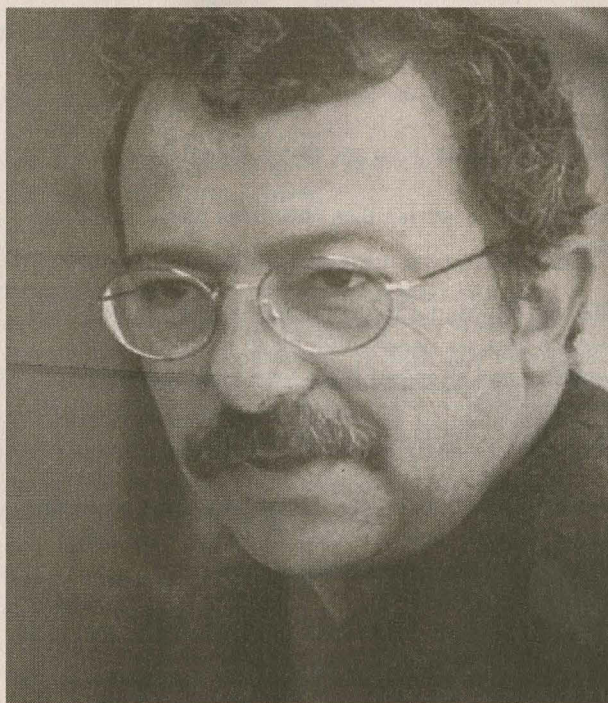
AC: He never gave me shit, or if he did, I haven't noticed it on my paycheck. I wish he'd just give every US citizen the F-16 that's theirs at birth.

DE: Did any kind of exile ever apply to you and how did it affect your work?

AC: Every kind of exile applies to me, including the geographical, the geopolitical, the psychological, the physiological, social, and the rest. Geographically, I was outta there and into other theres constantly. Geopolitically I've been ousted by communism, dissed by capitalism, and frowned on by ten other -isms. Psychologically I feel awkward, embarrassed, guilty, and absent. Physiologically I was thrown out by tall people from

Tall World and I never did find The Little People Bar in New Orleans where, they say, the midgets party. Socially, I don't go to the better parties. The blessings of exiles have helped my work and they restore my innocence every time. It helped that I am part of a generation alienated early and often since the Sixties. We have estrangement in the blood so we allow ourselves pleasures undreamt of by natives.

DE: Who and what amuses you, and when?



AC: Every unaffiliated individual amuses me in the right place at the right time, that is to say in the **WRONG** place at the **WRONG** time, and so on, as Dr. John wrote, definitively. On the other hand, someone representing an institution is a priori unamusing because they have an agenda (an exploitive one, usually). I like people out of place, lost, sexy, sinning, late for an appointment, distracted, uprooted, distressed, stressed, spooked, high, spaced, awed, off the wall. There are people who **ALWAYS** amuse me, and they are, like, my friends.

DE: Would you care to champion any writers, architects, artists, or pastry chefs, that you feel are neglected?

AC: Everyone feels neglected. I direct you to a poem by Ed Sanders that says, in paraphrase: the audience claps until bloody spume spews out of their palms, and still it isn't enough. One way for the craftfolk you mention to avoid neglect is to combine crafts: pastry chef architect writers need produce only one significant work and they'll be admitted automatically in the less-crowded Pantheon of Protheus

DE: Has your window position at Molly's altered over the years?

AC: Not an iota. Every passerby is fair game.

DE: Which of your beliefs are the most scandalous?

AC: That strippers are angels. Or maybe that modern art was invented by Romanian Jews.

DE: Is oppression ever good for the creative process?

AC: Who cares? It's bad for human beings, that's for sure.

DE: What other jobs have you done and if you were not a writer what might you be doing to earn a crust?

AC: I don't want to think about that, it gives me vertigo.

DE: To ask the question I want you to answer about 9/11 for Ginsberg, I'd need to be you. You are you, so can you help me out by answering it?

AC: What's the question? Allen is dead, I'm not.

DE: How broadly and deeply do you think human sexuality is understood?

AC: Broadly and deeply, hmmm. I get that.

DE: When did you start writing poetry?

AC: When I noticed my food was cold. Mom tucked in her tit.

DE: You've seen both sides of the Iron Curtain, but what about the Irony Curtain?

AC: It's a misnomer for me. What I experienced was the Hair Curtain, east and West.

DE: Eco's essays "Travels in Hyper-reality" and Kundera's erotic/political writing both put me in mind of some of your work, although lacking your "beat" sensibility. Comparisons are odious, but who has influenced your work?

AC: I love those guys, but they have nothing to do with my work. My influences were medieval flashbacks in my hometown of Sibiu (mostly by Breughel) and poets.

DE: Celebrity makes me puke. You wrote "To not be on TV and live 50 miles from the Interstate is about the worse calamity that could befall the owner of a TV set in this country." When I stopped laughing I was very sad. Can you help?

AC: No. Unfortunately, everybody is now the center of the universe. The soul's been replaced by the Blog. People are now like spiders in their Blog and they are convinced that they are famous. Meanwhile, the fly population is way down. You can count happy provincials on one hand: there are five. When I wrote that, people were still sad. Now they are just stupefied.

DE: Do you really believe that America is the most spiritual country on earth?

AC: Of course. We worship everything, and everything can be found at Wal-Mart. I buy all my voodoo candles there.

DE: Is pursuit of the perfect ideology fruitless and counterproductive?

AC: Yes. The pursuit of the perfect fruit, on the other hand, is not. According to Charles Fourier, French utopian socialist, the pear is the perfect fruit. It was eaten in Paradise by lovers.

DE: On what are you currently working and what are your future plans?

AC: I was working on these questions, but I plan to stop now. No more, please. I've got some letters to write, begging for money.

DE: What did I forget to ask?

AC: How much money?

DE: Your glass is nearly empty, what can I get you?

AC: Time.

A Conversation with *Deerhoof!*

by Myrna Leticia Enamorado

San Francisco's Deerhoof make some of the most exuberant music in recent years. Their experimental noise arrangements are softened with childlike, sugary pop hooks and coated with Satomi's endearing high-pitched vocals. Their latest album, Apple O', extolled their ideas about love, sex, and creation. Deerhoof is Greg (drums and vocals), Satomi (bass and vocals), John (guitar), and Chris (guitar). Unfortunately, their tight practice schedule kept them from responding until mid-to-late November. They have released five full-length albums so far and their sixth is scheduled to release in March 2004.

MLE: What is the single happiest moment you've shared with Deerhoof so far?

GREG: There are some times when we're playing a song and I can just tell that Satomi, John and Chris are really getting into it. Actually, it happens pretty often. Those are really happy moments for me.

MLE: You've said before that Deerhoof is about love. Do you spend a lot of time together with your bandmates? Is it a close relationship?

GREG: Well, it is and we do, but we're all kind of shy on the surface. Anyone who knows us knows that we aren't the most demonstrative people in the world. The closeness tends to express itself more within the music itself – in playing together and also just in the feelings expressed in the songs.

MLE: I really love the picture of the panda in the rain you included with *Apple O'*. Who does the drawing for your album art?

GREG: Thank you. I like it too, but also I think it's sort of sad. On *Apple O'* all the drawings are by Rob Fisk, who used to be in Deerhoof, but now has a different band called 7 Year Rabbit Cycle.

MLE: Many of your songs have a dream-like quality in the lyrics where lines repeat, but with a slight variation like in a dream when you are talking to someone familiar, but you can't place who it is exactly. Do you ever get song material from your dreams?

GREG: I have so many times. I often dream that I'm

listening to somebody playing a song, or maybe there's just music playing like the soundtrack to a movie. But then sometimes I'll realize, "Wait, this is actually original music that my mind is making up right now!" and then wake myself up and write it down. But even when I make up a song when I'm awake, I think you're right that I like to try to make something that feels a little like a dream – it's somehow reminiscent of things you know, but also illogical or in surprising combinations.

MLE: I read that "My Diamond Star Car" is a tribute to Lightning Bolt. They played in New Orleans recently. What is your relationship to them?

GREG: Well I don't know if tribute is really the right word – rip-off might be more like it. My relationship to them is that I was trying to rip them off, but we're still friends.

MLE: You dedicated "Apple Bomb" to someone in particular? Who is Encephalartos Woodii?

GREG: He is a tree – an African cycad. The crazy thing about this tree is that it is extinct except for just one surviving male specimen. Since there is no female, once this one dies that's it for the Encephalartos Woodii. So all these botanists are trying to figure out a way to cut a branch off of it and somehow grow that and make it turn into a female. It just struck me how that seemed to connect to the Genesis story, where Eve is created from one of Adam's ribs, and also this idea of humans getting secret knowledge and trying to play God.



MLE: *Apple O'* did really well on college radio. I think you reached #4 in the CMJ charts. Were you ever involved in college radio? What do you think of it?

GREG: You know, I tried to get a radio show when I was in college, but it seemed like they didn't have a need for freeform DJs – they seemed to want more DJs who would specialize in a specific subgenre. They didn't give me a show, but now you can hear Deerhoof on college radio so I'm happy. I don't actually listen to college radio or any radio now because Satomi and my radio are from Japan and my radio doesn't tune in any of the right frequencies.

MLE: What is your upcoming record called?

GREG: *Milk Man*!

MLE: Does it have a unifying theme like *Apple O'*?

GREG: Yes – *Milk Man*!

MLE: Thank you so much for this exchange. I wish you future success with *Milk Man*! And Deerhoof. Take care and send my greetings and salutations to Chris, Satomi, John, and Rob. Bye.



Greg and Satomi rocking the mike.



Greg rocking the kit.

MLE: What music did you listen to while you were in high school?

GREG: I could say that I listened to Top 40, but that would maybe make it sound like I "chose" Top 40, but I didn't – I was only vaguely aware that there was anything else. But then I started learning about Classical music in school, and my brother was playing the saxophone and started listening to so much jazz at home, and I started to hear a little bit of punk. I feel so lucky when I think back to those first experiences of getting turned on to something different sounds but different ideas of what music is supposed to be.

MLE: What were your first shows like?

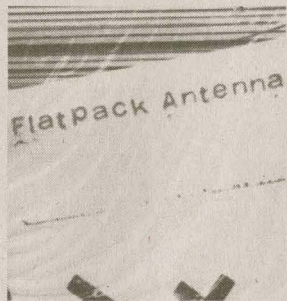
GREG: My first shows were before that, in Middle School. I had a band with my friends called The Other Extreme. We had two songs, "Honky Tonk Women" and "Familiar Stranger" by Jefferson Starship. Unfortunately our first show wasn't so good – it was in the Middle School cafeteria and I convinced my band teacher to let us borrow the school's drum set, which was then stolen by the end of the night.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

album reviews

a meager sampling for your holiday hoorahs. long live rock 'n' roll.

Flatpack Antenna
Various Artists
Hearing Aid



The Village Voice calls Resonance FM “the best radio station in the world.” This vinyl long-playing record is being sold in a limited numbered edition of 500 to raise funds to keep the station broadcasting in London, and on the www. (Unfortunately 23 was gone, but I got number 50.) Resonance travels the length and breadth of the musical universe every day, allowing true artistic freedom. Their broadcast schedule is too full of gems to list but with content like Reverso Mondo’s Xollob Park, which is entirely backwards (his farewell show was the first one aired), homeless Brazilian turntablists, Calling All Pensioners (a call to action for the elderly hosted by a former bank robber) and Taking A Life For A Walk (where the host takes her infant out to various places in a stroller, improvises on the saxophone and transmits everything via her mobile phone) it can be claimed that Resonance FM put out some of the most radical programming on Earth. Someone realized that if you really open the airwaves to ordinary people to do what interests them, the result will be extraordinary radio, devoid of playlists, that is fiercely experimental, striving for the new and the forgotten.

In the DIY spirit, the first 29 people who wanted to donate a track between one and two-and-a-half minutes in duration and collectively pay for the pressing are featured. No editorial judgement was involved. So we get to hear John Wynne’s recording of “Gosaitse Kabatihphane” speaking in !Xoo (a “click” language from the Kalahari which is on the brink of extinction) and Dave Draper’s “See Saw,” his work with sampled carpentry tools. Stewart Home submitted “The Bethnal Green Variations,” an edited down minute of anti-noise—a small sample of his larger work created by recording the sounds audible from his inner city window over 32 different versions of Wayne Marshall’s version of John Cage’s 4’33”. There is the slightly deranged spoken word of Dexter Bentley’s “Stupid Pigeons” and a couple of tracks which have song-like tendencies (The Thirds’ “If I Can’t Change Your Mind” and Jesus Licks’ “If You Kill Me.”) Freedom of artistic expression reigns unrepentantly. “Scrub” by Robotplaysguitar is a favorite of mine, a delicious burst ofsomething (processed guitar?) Likewise, Slate Pipe Banjo Draggers and Sunny Lazic crank out terrific sounds of uncertain origin.

It is pointless to try and describe some of the music as the range of sounds and ideas will conjure different images and feelings depending upon the listener. Since this is a review though, try I must. Zainetica’s “Dripfeeder” has the biggest and most regular beats here, and sounds the least radical. Dodo’s “The Magical Transformation Trio” can be heard as a John Waters out-take. Selina Saliva’s “Fagknicker” (the tale of the obscene phone-calling priest/vicar, who has stolen her cigarette butts and dirty underwear) is one of the recordings that has currently taken over my life. Other efforts by Little Timmy vs Samanthrax, Radio 9, Smalts, or Aero Mic’d, demand a vocabulary which I don’t possess, and I wouldn’t do justice to their....some-

thingness! This may be the most interesting compilation since The Cassette Mythos Audio Alchemy CD. All the artists include their email and or website information. If you want to discover more about either the station or this record, go to www.resonancefm.com

-Duncan Edwards

Shpongles Shpongles Remixed Twisted Recordings

After releasing two albums and reaching international underground success,

Shpongles returns with an album of remixes. Who is Shpongles? They're the product of Simon Posford and Raja Ram, and they create some of the most psychedelic ambient music on the planet. The story goes that their first track ("And The Day Turned to Night") was written after a viewing of a solar eclipse in India, and the song materialized from them attempting to recreate the experience in sonic form.

Shpongles has grown to be a completely word-of-mouth phenomenon. I'm not sure if I've ever seen any promotional material for the group, or even seen their CD in any local record stores. But one look on the internet, and you'll quickly find a rather large community willing to share their Shpongles experiences. Hell - even people who usually hate electronic music somehow hold Shpongles as an exception.

Anyways, back to this CD. Usually hating the product of remix albums, at first I was almost scared to hunt down this release. Shpongles puts so many layers into their production work - how was someone going to "remix" it, without resorting to turning it into some cheesy

trance tune or screwing up the track all together? Is "remixing" the Shpongles experience even possible?

The good news is yes - it is possible. The better news: these tracks don't just imitate, they open a whole new sonic world based upon their predecessor. For example - "Crystal Skulls" turns into an atmospheric drum and bass track, "Star Shpongled Banner" gets some serious IDM-electro treatment, and "Around the World in a Tea of Daze" turns into a full-on psychedelic dub masterpiece.

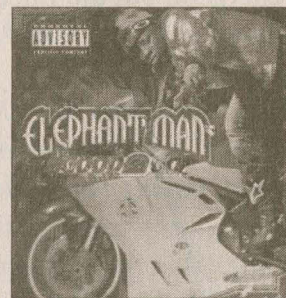
In short, these eight tracks somehow manage to not only match, but almost top their originals. So grab this CD, align your mind to experience a full-on psychedelic audio assault, and relax. It's well worth the trip.

-Conner Richardson

Elephant Man Good to Go VP Records

Dancehall nice again, people smile again - enter the Elephant, one of the hardest-working men in the business. Emerging on the scene since the mid-nineties as a part of the now disbanded Scare Dem Crew and under the wing of the Poor People's Governor (Bounty Killer), he has since embarked on a solo career of massive proportions. No dancehall compilation or riddim LP is complete without a tune from the Elephant and he has had four albums in his short solo career. His trademark husky voice and the ladies' choice lisp, renders him a unique style, one of the hottest in Jamaican popular music today.

This album is his VP Records debut and it is a



great dancehall album full of energy and pure vibes. Given his penchant for dropping dance anthems, three of the year's biggest dance tunes are included: "Pon de River," "Blasé," and "Signal de Plane" are enough to make you break out in dance in your car while at a stop light, much to the bewilderment of curious onlookers. Elephant Man even demonstrates his versatility with a conscious tune ("Who You Think You Is") frowning upon all who *get a gun fe borrow*. "Head Gone/Wine Up Yuh Self" is an infectious tune that attests to the recent inclination in dancehall towards eastern influences in the riddims. The same is true for two other tunes, "Bun fi Bun" (purporting that what is good for the goose is good for the gander) and "F**k you sign," a track with the potential for to run the place red. There are three hip hop collaborations, the strongest of which is the Southern friend hip hop joint featuring Lil Jon, Bone Crusher and Kiprich ("Jook Gal"). The overall pace of the album is energetic but the Energy God does cool it down with "So Fine" and "Mexican Girl."

His breakaway hit, "Pon De River Pon De Bank," has opened some doors for Elephant Man, having demonstrated his ability to earn crossover success with a vintage dancehall tune. This is the beauty of the album – despite the well deserved and long overdue attention that dancehall is getting in the urban market, artists such as Elephant Man have not strayed from their core audience and have remained true to the art form. This album, Good to Go, is for all those who want to experience the energy of dancehall music and needless to say, it lives up to its name.

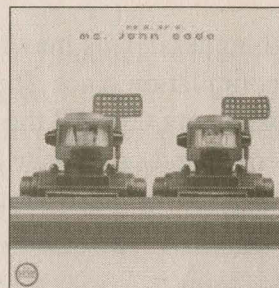
Higher level till we bun out de devil...

-DJ Danish

Ms. John Soda No P. Or D. Morr Music

Wow, this album is a gem I should've discovered a while ago.

Released in January of 2003, Ms. John Soda consists of four members, including two lovely ladies: Stephanie Bohm of the German post-rock outfit Couch and Micha Acher of the amazing Notwist. Synth-pop, or "lap-pop" as some might call it, seems to be all the rage these days, and this album stands as a shining example of the amazing pinnacles thus far reached by this genre. Like its brother band The Notwist, Ms. John Soda combines crisp electronic glitch beats and synths with rich organic instruments and vocals to create incredible pop songs easily accessible but stunningly detailed upon closer inspection. While The Notwist's latest, *Neon Golden*, is an amazing record, *No P. or D.* outdistances its slightly earlier brethren with even more skillfully developed, subtle, and inventive electronica.



The album, containing eight tracks, feels complete and perfect in length – each song stands out on its own as an achievement but fits in perfectly with the others as well. Scope track two, "Misco". A minimal tick is the only initial beat, seconds later a voice fades in, and suddenly the listener is swept up in a propulsive multilayered bass line with beautifully breathy vocals with a strange German accent – holy shit, what is that awesome tremolo'd out guitar/synth thing towards the end?? You're instantly hooked. What could top this? Move to the third cut, "Go Check." This track, perhaps the album's most strictly rocking, puts a melodic Broadcast-ish guitar line over acoustic drumming but with a strange underlying backwards backbeat and quasi android vocals. Awesome. Proceed to track 4,

"Solid Ground." Lovely cellos form a Mercury Rev-esque soundscape, and a lovely piano line enters as well. Beautiful. But wait... what the hell is that beep track underneath everything? It's so random but fits in so well. How do you even make music like this? And then the vocals enter. Damn, so good. Move on. Track 7, "Hiding Fading" begins with a strict German electrobeat but gradually layers on instrument upon instrument, while Micha Acher loops the phrase 'hiding, fading' complete with vocal splicing – soon, the full beat enters along with a piano melody that completely moves the song into a new realm. This could be the best song on the cd, if you're diggin' the robot beat, of course. Which I am.

And so faithful readers of the Vox, you should do anything in your power to go out and listen to *No P. or D.* While you're riding your bike, while you're driving your car, while you're making out, while you're sleeping, listen to these ridiculously breathtaking songs. This is marvelous. This is amazing. This is incredible. And the ultimate irony? This masterpiece, almost a year old, stands as the fucking future of music.

-Erik Person

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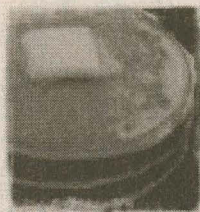
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ART ACTIVE

943-9689

the short stack

with the utmost props to Dustin...



Dufus:

1:3:1

ROIR

The brainchild of Seth Faergolzia, Dufus is an anti-folk collective of up to 20 NYC hipsters. Since it is already an accomplishment to plan band activities around complicated organic-vegan food shopping schedules and hours spent discarding once-treasured clothing known to have been worn in public by the Strokes, it is even more impressive how well-thought out the final product really is. The instrumentation is stripped down and effective, while the demented choir backing Seth up adds many melodic layers.

Radio

Begin Life Transmission

Radio CPR Records

Radio CPR is a pirate station started by residents in urban DC to act out against commercial radio as well as the ongoing gentrification of their neighborhood. This is a great purpose, but it is a shame that there is simply not any worthwhile music on this disc. Since the DC scene has already been so well documented by the widely distributed Dischord records, what is left for compilations such as these comes off as leftovers. I also question why the album inserts are so consistently preachy considering that for one to read them, one has already purchased the CD and likely supports their cause anyway. I must say WTUL's compilation *Songs From The Basement* is much better.

Theoretical Girls

Self-Titled

Acute

This is a release of mostly unheard material from one of No-Wave's more innovative and notorious bands. While previous releases focused on the contributions of the widely-known Glenn Branca, this one explores the under-appreciated compositions of Jeff Lohn. His songs bring a more conventional, punkish sound to the group, as opposed to Branca's signature drone. Nowadays, none of this will sound close to revolutionary, but it still remains unique, raw, and noisy. It's also as lo-fi as a truck-stop drive-thru speaker, but instead of getting a burger, fries, and a Coke, you get some indie cred.

Dakota/Dakota

Shoot in the Dark

Forge Again Records

Ripping off Don Caballero isn't easy, so I give this band credit for doing a good job at it. However, expect the guitars to be more acoustic and less angular. In addition, the playing is more conventional, the drumming is not super-human, and the song titles are not as funny. Surprisingly, they don't sound like Duran Duran at all.

Rotary Downs

Quitters' EP

Rookery Records

When Zack Le Blanc, the drummer, decided to give up the sticks and boom, New Orleans' own Rotary Downs decided they would record once more instead of touring, so we are graced with the *Quitters' EP*. Erik says they sound like Swell, and, we all agree, the most obvious comparison would be Pavement. Rob finds they are more subdued like Fuck, but every release gets them further from their influences and truer to a more complex neon Van Gogh vision or as they would call it "ill lit" music featuring piano, pedal steel guitar and omnichord with rusty vocals.

D. Boon and Friends

Self-Titled

Box-O-Plenty

Much like 2-Pac, the friends and family of the great D. Boon, the late guitarist and vocalist from the Minutemen, have compiled a CD of unreleased material. Included on this disc are loose, weed-fueled jams, solo performances, and much more. Everything is very lo-fi, and helps show the audience a lighter and warmer side of D. that was often not apparent in his serious, politically-referential studio albums. This music and the detailed, entertaining, liner notes are a real treat for WTUL and any fans of true punk rock should take notice.

Elbow

Cast Of Thousands

V2

No band comparisons would really help pinpoint this band's sound, but it can be written off as typical atmospheric over-hyped pretentiousness. These songs have pensive, moody verses that build to more adult-contemporary softness that would make John Mayer proud. Coldplay has beaten them to the punch in terms of rehashing *OK Computer*, and Clearlake has bested them by using actual dynamics and tempo changes on their CD. Maybe I need to take drugs and listen to this on headphones intently, but this is exactly the type of lameness that usually wins awards and critical acclaim.

The Unicorns

Who Will Cut Our Hair When We're Gone

Alien8

Well, I think that most of their jokes aren't funny, there is wankery here and there, and they put way too much effort into sounding cute and quirky. However, much like the Moldy Peaches, the music itself is sufficient on its own, and has a few moments of brilliance scattered among the album.

Ballboy

A Guide For the Daylight Hours

Manifesto

Fans of Belle and Sebastian and Cinerama are probably already into this. Others might want to try this if they have a big Scottish fetish or something.

CONCERT REVIEWS: Check out what you missed, suckas!

Spiritualized - HOB - Fri, Nov. 21st

Spiritualized made me seizure. The music was entrancing, the light show was insane, and the whole experience brought a smile to my face. "Cop Shoot Cop" is my pick for the best song of the night. The baritone sax sound made the hair on my body bristle. As though its sound hadelectrified the air.

Mangina,16, Spickle - Howlin Wolf - Sat, Nov. 22nd

This show was the Wedding Reception for Gary and Tomasa Mader. Mangina destroyed the stage; antagonized, beat, riced, and caked the audience. Later, Mangina threw a raw turkey at Spickle in celebration of the (at that time) forthcoming Thanksgiving holiday. Or maybe there was a different reason for the turkey. 16, from Los Angeles, ripped raw West Coast metal. Spickle's tightly synchronized play usually starts with a melody — like jazz groups introducing a theme they intend to develop. In time Spickle's angular songs develop to rabid intensity.

Quails, Graves Bros. Deluxe, Jai Young Kim, Bonfire Madigans, The Planet The - Mermaid Lounge -Sat, Nov. 15th.

Due to a power outage Friday the 14th, the Quails played on the 15th. It made this Mermaid evening a 5 band event. Quails were DIY girrrly punk, The Planet The was a synthy freak dance party. The Graves Brothers Deluxe played polished avant rock. The performances by Bonfire Madigans and Jai Young Kim escaped this reviewer because he was late and left early. What a self-centered wuss.

Manitoba, Broadcast-The Parish- Wed, Nov. 13th

Manitoba was heard from a distance, and the buzz was that I missed some hot rock. The Broadcast set was happily like their albums, plenty of material from each release. I was blissfully pleased by the film loops, seductive crooning, and pulsating rhythms. One guy in the audience said to me, "I feel like I am at a Stereolab practice set in

1991," as if that was a bad thing. I say consider it a fortunate ride in the time machine.

Casiotone for the Painfully Alone, Nate Denver- Mermaid Lounge, Wed. Nov. 6th

Casiotone thrilled me, but only when he stayed away from the noisy wall and let his interesting lyrics be heard over the drone he coaxed from an improbable stack of electronic keyboards. I think the noisier songs would have worked well in a more crowded bar, but the Mermaid was sparse on this particular evening, and the people there were paying attention. Nate Denver didn't hide behind anything. Showmanship is his forte, but his cleverness borders on shtick. Hilarious transitions between cute sung lyrics and metal barking atop his well plucked guitar playing made Nate's stories about stuffed animals, Satan, and beligerence thoroughly entertaining.

--all above reviews written by Chris Crowley

Damien Rice - The Parish - Tues, Dec. 9th

Damien Rice played the Parish with his five-piece band including vocalist Lisa Hannigan, cellist Vyvienne Long, drummer Tomo, and bassist Shane Fitzsimons. "New Orleans was one of the cities I wanted to see most on this tour, and I've been in bed sick all day," Rice complained, explaining his seated on-stage position. Rice began with beautifully melodic renditions of "Delicate," "Older Chests," and played most of his debut album, O.

--written by Jeremy Kutner



Out and About

WTUL Recommends...

Bonnie 'Prince' Billy
Friday, December 12th
El Matador

The 'Out and About' section of the Vox has a horrible tendency of cursing shows that come through El Matador—it seems like half of them have been canceled after we write about them. But if Will Oldham doesn't make it on Friday because of this write-up, than damn if that girl's boob I was sucking on at the Boot a few nights ago wasn't really a witch's titty. Whether he's putting out albums as Will Oldham, Palace Brothers, Palace Music, or Bonnie 'Prince' Billy, this bearded wonder has got his folk-tinged laments down pat, and this long-overdue appearance in New Orleans should be a treat.

The Black Lips & The Carbonas Vs. The Scripts & Die Rotzz
Saturday, December 13th
The Circle Bar

There'll be a tag-team punk-rawk showdown this Saturday at the Circle Bar, as New Orleans has home-field advantage over their Atlanta opponents in the battle to see who really knows how to get down Southern style. We got The Scripts and Die Rotzz fighting for the glory of this downtrodden Southern hamlet, while The Black Lips and The Carbonas try to salvage the reputation of the corporate metropolis that is Atlanta. Hot Damn! Last time The Black Lips were in town, lead singer Cole didn't whip out his dick and slap it against his guitar, as he's gained the reputation of doing back in the A-T-L. Come on, Cole! We heard it's huge!

Pernice Brothers
Wednesday, December 17th
The Parish Room

While Joe Pernice is perhaps best known for his alt-country group, the now-defunct Scud Mountain Boys—who always brought the hot shit—his pop-reincarnation as the Pernice Brothers in 1997 showed that he was never tied down to the genre. Three albums and several EP's later, he's still playing songs that are smart, lush, and damn if they don't provide you with a blueprint on how to write a pop song.

Alex McMurray
Wednesday, December 17th
The Circle Bar

Okay, fine, there's nothing *too* special about this specific Wednesday night appearance at the Circle Bar by Alex McMurray: the dude does it hold it down there every Wednesday. Nonetheless, this gig does mark the beginning of three back-to-back nights at the Circle Bar that showcases every current incarnation of Mr. McMurray: playing solo on Wednesday, laying down rocksteady rhythms on Thursday with 007, then leading his guitar-washboard-sousaphone trio known as the Tin Men on Friday. Also of note, he has just released a new solo album that all the kids are calling *Banjaxed*, and you should be able to snag a copy of the disc on the Wednesday night gig.

MC Tracheotomy presents Electronica Night
Sunday, December 21st (and every Sunday night)
The Hi-Ho Lounge

Dear MC Tracheotomy:

At first, I thought your pseudonym was quirky and amusing. And then I saw photographs of a real tracheotomy and now I think you are a shameless culture whore.

-Mr. Quaalude

Santa Claus
Wednesday, December 24th
Your Chimney, Motherfucker

Shoot him if you see him.

Searching for Chin, Handshake Murders, The Setup, Back When, The Faeries, Memory as Perfection
Wednesday, December 31st
Banks Street Warehouse

For their special send-off to 2003, the kids at the Banks Street Warehouse have decided to put on a punk rock show instead of the usual mix of art-folk, horticulture rock and jam bands. But hey, they're desperate, so I guess we should just get used to it. Whatever that means. And good luck finding the place if you've never been there.

DJ of the Month...

Miss Conduct!!

Have you ever gotten in free to a show on behalf of WTUL? You have Miss Conduct to thank. Ever wondered who has been more or less the only person to update the WTUL webpage in the last year? Yep, Miss Conduct again. Ever enjoyed hearing the wide range of guests and rockin' tunes on Wednesday from 4 to 6 PM? You guessed it. Miss Conduct has, in so many ways, breathed new life into WTUL in the last years, helping out wherever she could, organizing things that no one else would dare touch, and never forgetting to rock hard along the way. Unfortunately, Miss Conduct will be leaving us (at least for a while) as she heads up to the Northeast, and she will be dearly missed. If this was a "DJ of the Last Five Years" column instead of a "DJ of the Month" column, her name might still be right here. But if she doesn't pledge during our spring Marathon... good riddance! Just kidding. Remember: you are loved.

*—Your Affectionate Pals at The
Best Little Radio Station in the
World*

Well, we couldn't find a picture of the real Miss Conduct, but we did find a picture of a boat named Miss Conduct. Hey, it'll have to do. Long live the open seas!



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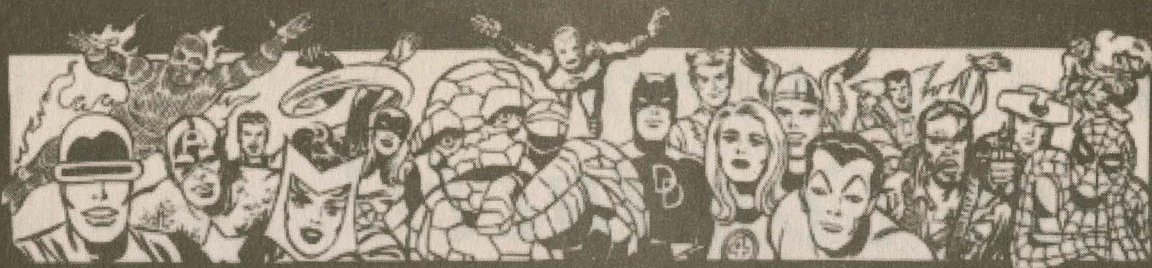
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