Jimmy Flame shares his feelings...

Exclusive! We get close enough to smell Beck...

KUOI program schedule, reviews, sex appeal...

FREE! KUOI FM 89.3’s Monthly Music Magazine
T. O. C.

Promotions

Machine

Emissions

You know what? Screw the new millennium! Whether this really is the beginning of it, or if it actually starts next New Years, I don’t care! There are far too many idiots cashing in on this millennium-chic hype. Will Smith -- Willenium -- WillZ! What the hell is that!? Queenenycle -- Q2K! Eesh!

I’m glad that New Year’s Eve wasn’t a night of mass terrorism and I’m glad no seven-headed dragon rose out of the East, but some people really should have spontaneously combusted when the ball dropped!

It wasn’t hard for me to decide that the theme of this month’s In Cue would have nothing to do with the millennium. In fact, I’m not even sure this issue has a theme. If there is one, it is in the fact that there is none. I refuse to cop-out and go with the all too easy millennium theme.

Put that in your crack pipe and smoke it Queenenycle. Q2K my ass!

This issue marks the first appearance of the very talented and very angry Christopher Scabs, with his column Foghat Really Chops My Ass, and an interview with Moscow rock legend Jimmy Flame. It also features twice the absorption power of past issues, allowing you to pick up those bad spills fast!

WARNING: Do not use In Cue to line your baby’s crib, as we use a highly toxic lead ink that tastes like cherry pie. Do not run wrist across the edge of In Cue vigorously, as the naked edge has the cutting ability of an optic laser. Read, enjoy... repeat.

-- Tyson Carpenter

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Jimmy Flame:

Confessions of a Rock ‘n’ Roll Savior

An Interview By Cristina Carney

Jimmy Flame and the Sexxy Boys have been gracing the stage and being thrown out of bars for a handful of years here in the Moscow community. Jimmy Flame and the Sexxy Boys (formerly known as The Roswells) offer some of the best straight up rock ‘n’ roll mayhem that the Palouse has ever seen. Although the general public may link the name JIMMY FLAME synonymously with banner etched across bathroom stalls, he is not a 1-900 number, but rather a town mascot.

I caught up with Jimmy Flame, the lead guitarist/singer/songwriter, along with his lifelong cohort Perry, who plays bass in the Sexxy Boys. Not featured in this article is their drummer Monte. Exposed unabashedly for the first time, here it is: Jimmy Flame unplugged (but unfortunately a bit censored) only on KUOI 89.3 FM.

Me: So why Jimmy Flame instead of your real name?

Jimmy: Oh, it’s something my sister did, my dad used to be called Jimmy Flame back in the 60s when he played in a band.

M: So that first album has you listed as James the Flame and not Jimmy Flame, is that a typo? [First album as in The Roswells / Rock n Roll UFO]

J: No, it’s James the Flame or Jimmy, whichever. My dad used to go by Jimmy Flame in the 60s when he played.

M: Didn’t you play drums for your dad’s band when you were 10 or something?

Jimmy laughs and starts shaking his head.

M: No really, you’ve been telling me about that video of you in that gospel band with your dad for a couple years now, you got it here?

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J: Yeah, it's around here somewhere.

He puts down his Sega game controller and takes out the re-winding Ramone's videocassette to rifle around for the video of his young gospel days.

M: So you can play the drums, guitar, bass, piano, and sing etc. But where are your roots, what kind of music did you really start with?

J: Gospel. That's what I grew up on back in Baltimore.

M: There's a good idea. Tell the people where you're from and when and stuff.

J: Well, I grew up in Baltimore, mostly with my dad, but then with my friends and stuff, my sister too — and I moved out here to Moscow (noticeably pronounced moss-cow) when I was 17 or 18. [he's currently 23]

M: So is Moscow gonna see more acoustic Jimmy Flame like you were doing a couple months ago at the open mic's and such?

Perry: [Jimmy's best friend since childhood fresh from Baltimore pipes in] We have to now because some ass[cel]le stole all our sh[cel].

J: I think it's hilarious, but then again I also think it's [aw]ked up.

P: [leaning forward on the couch] And when we find them....

Laughter.

J: Let me tell you something -- when we find them brother, it's gonna be a Staircase!

The video is playing. There on his new "big screen video game TV" is a 10-year-old Jimmy Flame pounding away at the drums to gospel music.

J: I wish I could put this sh[cel] on CD and sell it.

M: You've got a CD out now Jimmy, don't you?

J: Yeah... tell those people reading this that they can download MP3s of Jimmy Flame and the Sexy Boys' off the internet ["Asspocket Full of Rock 'n' Roll!"]

M: Sounds good. You playing around here soon?

J: I hope!

Jimmy Flame and the Sexy Boys' on stage acts leave the crowd dripping with beer soaked hair and the aisles congested with fainting teenage groups.

If you're spending your days sitting around the bar reminiscing about how you wished you'd seen the Ramones when they used to play here in the 70s, then get up off it and take your chance to be part of TODAY'S northern Idaho music scene. Starting with Moscow's own Jimmy Flame and the Sexy Boys.

If you have a chance, I highly recommend a night of ballistic rock a la Jimmy Flame and if you can't manage that you can always tune into KUOI 89.3 FM and request a song at 885-6392. It's as simple as that.

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Beck better than Bob Costas

An L.A. experience... in Los Angeles

Brooke Shields leered at us through immobile eyes. Kelsey Grammer stood frozen in the motions of an absurd dance as Jon Lithgow watched in a coy manner.

It was surreal to say the least. How did we come to be surrounded by the celebrity cardboard cutouts that stand in NBC studio's sitting room? It started with an unbelievable e-mail in my roommate Marko's in-box.

A Joke?

To slice through the technical mumbo-jumbo, the gist of the message was that Marko had won an online contest to see Beck perform live on the Tonight Show. We immediately assumed it was a hoax — a sort of "You may have just won 10 million dollars!" Further investigation revealed that it was in fact legitimate. The package deal included airline tickets to and from Los Angeles the weekend before US finals week, limo transport, and a room at the Sheraton Universal hotel. Oh, and the chance to see Beck perform on the Tonight Show from the perspective of an audience member. Marko received two tickets for him and a friend. Luckily, he took me anyway.

Pornography?

The limo to NBC studios was a little different than the others. Upon entering, we found what appeared to be a pornographic magazine lying on the back seat.

"Just give that to me if you don't want to read it," the driver offered.

At NBC Studios we found ourselves crammed into a tiny waiting room with a large number of people. We were surrounded by celebrity cardboard cutouts, NBC hats, shirts and various other memorabilia we were encouraged to buy. A stern voice over the loudspeaker proceeded to rant for ten minutes about the rules we were expected to follow during the taping of the show. No flipping off the camera, no attempts to put yourself in front of the camera, no unexpected outbursts, etc. The "behind the scenes" experience appeared to be growing more and more fascist.

Photo above: Marko hanging with Beck during a post show get together.

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In Cue January 2000
We were led outside from the waiting room, like a giant field trip, to studio #3 where the Tonight Show set is located.

The set was surprising to behold. It didn’t appear to seat nearly as many people as I had imagined. We later heard that it held an audience of 300.

From the ceiling hung hundreds of chains, pulleys, and other apparatuses, which lent a Helicraiser feel to it all. Televisions, lights, and cameras were everywhere.

The actual taping was preceded by a pre-show, where Jay Leno came onstage dressed as an everyday schlump (jeans, blue button up shirt) and interacted with the audience. One audience member convinced Jay to call his girlfriend in Florida. Other people simply climbed the stage to be jovially insulted and got their pictures taken with Jay. As two young blonde women and a heavy-set brunette woman approached the stage, Jay exclaimed, “Look! It’s Wilson Phillips!”

“Oooooooo,” murmured the audience as a handful of people laughed.

Jay was actually a lot funnier during the pre-show, when he improvised and insulted everyone he interacted with. Much funnier than the pre-wrote monologue that dribbles over his gargantuan chin every night like a polluted mountain stream. For example, he is still doing “Monica Lewinsky is fat” jokes.

The show started and the audience became slave to the illuminated applause sign. During a bit Jay did in the beginning entitled “Idiots for a Day,” Jay talked to a French fellow who, due to the confusion of a language barrier, once offered to blow a cop. During this segment, which lasted about a minute, Marko and I were plainly visible in the background.

This was a surprise for my Mom, who was watching and ended up screaming at my dad.

The first guest was a cute Blanchett person, from some movie. The dry-humored Bob Costas followed her.

Beck

Finally, Jay introduced Beck and the wall separating the audience from the popular musical waf was raised. The music started and Beck danced like a monkey among nuclear green pillars, a keyboard mounted on a giant spring, and other colorful oddities.

The song was, of course, the first single off his new album Midnite Vultures entitled “Sex, Laws.” Halfway through the song, Beck retrieved a guitar cord from a mailbag the lead guitarist was wearing, and shoved one end of it down the front of his pants. Now that he was virtually plugged in, he proceeded to dance as if he’s “making love to a drum machine.”

Lights swirled like tangled limbs as the audience undulated like a rhythmic breathing beast as Beck defied physics with his skinny gawky frame doing splits in the air and singing in his patented falsetto voice which could otherwise only belong to a castrated Michael Jackson on helium. The surreal insanity continued for about three minutes before Jay’s default outro “Beck everybody!” signaled the end of bass drumming abandon and the beginning of a grading finals week for Marko and I.

—Tyson Carpenter

Our hotel was equipped with a real nice bathroom, except for the lo-flow toilet which had no nard-sucking power whatsoever.

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Butt-rock turns my stomach!

By Christopher Scabs

Yes, long ago I did own a Night Ranger album. However, I now look back on that purchase with a burning shame. Why? Because butt-rock turns my stomach.

My brother tried to defend this musical genre from my scathing words once. He commended butt-rock for its overwhelming support of monogamy in its lyrics, whereas today it’s all about promiscuous sex. I believe his confusion may stem from listening to his Monster Ballads album a little too much, in which the butt-vocalists tend to sing a love song directly to a specific woman. That, and the fact that my brother believes all modern music today comes in the form of rap, may explain his cockamamie views. This also demonstrates how culturally sheltered butt-fans usually are.

I won’t even begin to criticize the fashion sense of these bands. It’s way too easy. Instead, I’d like to dwell on the music itself, from the tee jerking butt-ballad to the head-bangable butt-thrash.

First of all, there seems to be a number of Aryan undertones in the butt-genre. Whitesnake, White Lion, and Great White, for example, all seem to have some subliminal white supremacist agenda. Are they Nazis? I don’t know, but I wouldn’t be surprised if they spend their spare time whistling hite-sticks.

Before I go any further, let me clarify that I am fond of Queen. They didn’t just jangle big hair, they had big visions. Besides, I’d tend to label them more as a glam-rock band. A glam-band can be a butt-band too, but a butt band must have a bit of glam in it before it can officially be labeled “butt.” Got it?

The lyrical abilities of these bands are their most embarrassing shortcomings. For God sakes, how many times do we have to hear butt-balladry rhyme the word “rendezvous” with “I need you” or “I want you” or “woo-hoo.” I’ll bet every time butt-songwriters are able to fit the word “rendezvous” into their song, they put themselves on the back for using such a big word successfully — never realizing that “rendezvous” is one of the most blatant lyrical cop-outs. Sure, “rendezvous” is a sexy word (it’s French!) But if you want to be clever and original why don’t you pick up a “fawnin’ thesaurus!”

Darn!

Do you like butt-rock? Are you even offended just by the term butt-rock? Christopher Scabs welcomes any questions, comments or complaints.

E-mail all replies to turfleassassin@hotmail.com.

Foghat Really Chaps My Ass!

A monthly column by Christopher Scabs. It is not syndicated and does not appear in The Stranger, The New York Times or Bop! Magazine. It is merely a conduit through which Mr. Scabs can vent his burning rage toward various aspects of the music industry.

In Cue January 2000

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Monday
6:30-7:30 a.m.
Red Leather
From sweet to SASSY, a show to soothe the most sophisticated soul.

8:30-9:30 a.m.
Democracy Now!

9:30-12 p.m.
Renaige Medieval
Monk Music
World music, spoken-word programming, a few surprises, and ALWAYS Time for Tull...

12-3 p.m.
Meditation Music
Classical, experimental, cross-over.

3:30-5:30 p.m.
Pacific Network News

3:30-6 p.m.
Eric Saueracker
Various styles from bluegrass to hip-hop.

6:30-9:30 p.m.
Pacific Network News

7:30-8 p.m.
Get Modern
Electronic and groove.

8:30-10:30 p.m.
The Ludovico Treatment
Rock, punk rock, and bizarre audio oddities.

10:30-11:30:ish p.m.
Album Preview

Tuesday
2:6 a.m.
Two White Boys and a Microphone
Alt. rock and soft-core rap, among other things.

6:30-8 a.m.
Nathan’s Music Collage
Today’s best alternative rock.

8:30-9:30 a.m.
Democracy Now!

9:30-12 p.m.
Sean Sheldon
Musty indie rock with a tad of funk, a pinch of jazz, and a dash of rock.

12:3 p.m.
The Lionel Hampton Jazz Show
Three hours of the world’s best jazz, from Jazzfest regulars and others.

3:30-3:30 p.m.
Pacific Network News

3:30-6 p.m.
The Evening Hours
Indie rock, pop, a little bit of classic rock and the occasional soul or Motown tracks. Lots of vinyl.

6:30-6 p.m.
Pacific Network News

6:30-8:30 a.m.
Allota Robinson’s Drag Radio
Horror/Comedy/In Stereo.

8:30-10:30 p.m.
The Guitar and Other Machines
Rock. Slightly flattened, cythroidal and separated.

10:30-11-30-ish p.m.
Album Preview

11:30-2 a.m.
Blues from the Alleyway
A wide range of blues with a few intermissions of folk or rock, depending on my weather.

10:30-11:15-ish p.m.
Daniel Robertson
Join Daniel Robertson as he brings John’s Alley into our homes every other week. Amateur acts, good acts, and surprises galore.

11:30-11:30-ish p.m.
Wide World of Music

10:30-11:15-ish p.m.
Album Preview

Wednesday
6:30 a.m.
The Audio Aquarium
80’s rock, new rock, older rock, newer alternative, requests, and anything that sounds good.

8:30-9:30 a.m.
Democracy Now!

9:30-12 p.m.
In a Cold Ass Fashion
From Kraftwerk to Dub Narcotic, w/ lots of Beck and Jon Spencer.

11:30-12 p.m.
House of the Reptile
From the melodious sounds of the Celtic harp, to the zing of Joan Jett’s guitar, come in and listen to my world.

6:30-8:30 a.m.
Mitch
Lost and found music.

8:30-9:30 a.m.
Democracy Now!

Tuesday
6:30-12 p.m.
Indie Uplink
Indie, new rock, and power pop.

12:3 p.m.
飞船Galactica
Everything from rock, indie, blues and jazz to funk/disco. Have been known to techno.

3:30-6 p.m.
Pacific Network News

3:30-5:30 p.m.
Ryan Schiene
All kinds of jazz, reggae, blues.

5:30-6 p.m.
Counterspin

6:30-6:30 p.m.
Pacific Network News

6:30-8:30 p.m.
Radio Ryder
Where there’s music, gypsy’s dance!

Friday
2:6 a.m.
Chistona Morena
How I feel is what you’ll hear.

6:30 a.m.
Morning Wood
Modern music and 80’s.

8:30-9:30 a.m.
Democracy Now!

9:30-12 p.m.
Ourang Radio
Cocoalating reanimated rank brain cells through stimulus and soul.

12:30 p.m.
Simba
Music to make you vibrate positively in a negative world.

3:30-6 p.m.
The Sideshow
“Womantal music” i.e. Ani DiFranco, Rap, techno, urban beat, rock, pop, humor is the overall theme of our show.

6:30-9:30 p.m.
Pacific Network News

6:30-8:30 p.m.
The Mix
Mixing rap, hip-hop, R&B, house, techno with some drum and bass - all on turntables.

8:30-10:00 a.m.
Super Dave
Alternative and rock. Surprises and contests galore.

10:30-11:30-ish a.m.
Album Preview

11:30 a.m.
The Urban Junkyard
The diversity of a junkyard is reflected by the music I play. What you cannot find, you will find in the Junkyard.

3:30-5:30 p.m.
Happy Mutant Radio
You hear low-rock beats, techno, jazz. Less in close to your imminent doom.

10:30-11:30-ish p.m.
Album Preview

11:30 a.m.
Confusion
Sonic Youth.

11:30-11:30-ish p.m.
Album Preview

Saturday
2:6 a.m.
Chris and Ian
“Oh, dude... I don’t know. Music and stuff.”

6-9 a.m.
Blue Breakfast W/Jazz
On the Rocks: 45% blues, 45% jazz, 10% rock.

9-11 a.m.
Delightfully Saucy
Vintage blues and swing. Focus on vocalists and big band masters.

11-12 a.m.
Lover’s Glory
Still Life
A collection of artful music that best reflects each moment at hand and the spirit of the present.

3-6 p.m.
Regatta de Blanc
Reggae and its influences, i.e. Clash, Police, others.

6-6:30 p.m.
Counterspin

6:30-8:30 p.m.
Leigh’s Incredible Psychedelic/Punk Extravaganza
A mix of hard rock, indie, experimental and space w/ occasional diversions into surf and high energy blues and country.

8:30-10:30 p.m.
Splotes and Spyrilypic with Bubble Jazz

10-11-30-11:30-ish p.m.
Humble Pie

11:30-2 a.m.
Confusion
Sonic Youth.

11:30-2 a.m.
Joel Jeff’s Northwest Nightmare!
I will be playing punk rock, 80s new-wave, 50s & 60s rock ‘n roll! Glam!

10:30-11:30-ish p.m.
In Cae January 2000
KUOI DJ of the Moment: The bizarre Ben Kluckhohn

By The KUOI Promotions Machine

It’s the day before Ben Kluckhohn’s twenty-first birthday, and he’s feeling “svelte.” Or so he replies after I ask how he’s doing.

We are meeting at a local eatery to discuss this article—the article that will announce to the world that KUOI’s new DJ of the Moment is the mastermind behind Happy Mutant Radio, Mr. Kluckhohn himself. Kluckhohn was easy to decide upon, due to his intense deejaying over the holidays. With no real schedule pertaining to the holiday season, KUOI (when on the air) is manned (or womanned) by whatever deejay doesn’t have a life at the moment.

Kluckhohn was able to pull off an amazing number of radio marathons, determined not to sign the station off the air. He has two seven-hour marathons, three or four five-hour marathons, and a number of shorter experiences under his belt already. At one point, due to an intensely screwed up schedule, he hadn’t seen the sun for an estimated 56 hours.

Over cold cогulated nachos and coffee, we discuss the number of chores Kluckhohn must undertake after the interview: clean the house, get drunk, find a way to make $100, call Mom. Not necessarily in that order.

"You know you can actually sell your lungs?" Kluckhohn inquires. During high school, Kluckhohn actually considered selling his body to science for $300... in advance. He declined when he discovered that they would tattoo his foot with the words “Property of (the scientific corporation).”

He did however sell his plasma on four occasions, raking in a hefty $120.

“It’s real easy to get drunk afterward,” Kluckhohn admits. Don’t try this at home kids.

Kluckhohn stole the name of his show from a book entitled “The Happy Mutant Handbook,” which gives advice on how to be weird. Kluckhohn’s goal is to destroy the walls between normality and abnormality, allowing the strange and the not so strange to live side by side again and intermingling.

His show is a work in progress really. Each time he gets behind the mic, he continues his quest to find some sort of balance between rock, techno and jazz. It’s not unusual to hear the occasional chick band on his show either.

In the spirit of avoiding normality, we felt it would be appropriate not to ask KUOI the standard “Three Stupid Questions,” but instead give him three stupid answers, allowing him to formulate the question himself:

Q: Do you have a bedroom friend?
A: Green plastic monkey.

Q: Do you have a nickname?
A: Meat log.

Q: Who’s your next victim?
A: Pokemon

You can hear Happy Mutant Radio every Friday night from 8:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m only on KUOI of course. If you would like to nominate your favorite deejay for the prestigious title of DJ of the Moment, give him fame and the privilege of a bathroom break, contact the KUOI Promotions Machine at getyourhotdogs@jimmyb.com. Keep listening and drink plenty of water (or anything else that isn’t rancid).

KUOI FM 89.3

Music is medicine for the sick minded

By Joel Jeff

Alright! It is now the year 2000 and I have been doing a lot of thinking about myself and what they heck I am gonna do with my life. The last few years have been so much of a rush on me and I have been in this constant state of boredom and depression. Even hanging out with the good friends I have left doesn’t seem to help much. It might have something to do with the fact I have been in this town for so long and most of my close friends have moved on to bigger and better things. I have been left to fend for myself until I finish school and follow in their footsteps.

You are probably wondering what this has to do with music. Well I am gonna tell you. I was laying on my living room floor staring up at the roof. My rooms were gone for break and I am holding down fort. Bored stiff and really bummed out, I looked over at my huge music collection. If you saw it you would think I probably should get therapy. What I didn’t realize at the time was that I was looking at the therapy. I decided to dig through and start pulling out odds and ends that I haven’t listened to for awhile. I dropped the needle down on an old Rolling Stone archive, December’s Children, and it was as if Mick Jagger was preaching to me about similar problems that he was dealing with.

Sounds stupid huh? Not really. I put on more and more albums from different artists and was finding so many songs that I could relate to. It was as if I wasn’t alone anymore and suddenly I had so many friends that I had forgotten about. It was like this huge revelation, and my mood has changed so drastically in the last few months. My creativity seems to be coming back and I wrote a bunch of new material for my band that I’m in right now. It’s weird that something as small as music was the drug I needed to break me out of that rut. It always did it for me in the past and it still works. I’ve learned to enjoy the moment instead of worrying about what’s gonna happen to me the next day.

Time is short so enjoy it while it lasts. Music may not cure everyone, but it sure does help. If you are feeling low, put on one of your favorite records or discs. Or how about turning on the radio and setting your dial to KUOI FM 89.3? Feeling better?

KUOI FM 89.3

KUOI PLAYLIST

As of January 19, 2000

ARTIST/TITLE/LABEL
1. The Yips / The Seven Pillars of Yips / Meno Park
2. Fly Ashtray / Sawgrass Sathigette / Dark Beloved Cloud
3. Jeremy Boyle / Songs From Guitar Sofia / Southern
4. Tpadles / Who Whirlaway / Camera Obscura
5. VIA / Kindercore Christmas Two / Kindercore
6. VIA / Knitting On The Roof / Knitting Factory
7. Uncle Wiggly / Farthest Read / The Magick Hands / Transvection / Dark Beloved Cloud
8. Marshmallow Coast / Seniors and Juniors / Kindercore
9. VIA / Projector / YoYo
10. Bomb Pops / Recommended for Diversion Seekers / GRIMSEY
12. Tpadles / Who Whirlaway / Camera Obscura
13. The Makeup / Save Yourself / Kid
14. Ureza / Malcolm X Park / No. 6 / Tecneat
15. Le Tigre / Le Tigre / Mr. Lady
16. VIA / Cleaning House / Devil in the Woods
17. UI / The Iron Apple / Southern
18. Mogwai / E.F. / Matador
19. Purple Ivy Shadows / White Electric / Know
20. VIA / La Foresta Della More / Toyco

Top Ten Beat Boy

1. Max Def / "Fire In The Hole" / Rawkus
3. Dr. D / "Still D K E" / Aftermath-Interscope
4. Dangerdo / "Let It Right / Ceolova-Virgin
5. Pharoah Monch / "Simon Says / Rawkus
6. The Apathetic / "Get Up" / Dog House TVR Records
7. Scrojo Polito / From Toronto to Broguedown / Virgin
8. DJ Explode / "What’s My Name" / Raff Ryder-Def Jam
9. Q Tip / "Amplified" / Arista
10. Method Man & Redman / "Tear It Off / Island-Def Jam

Top Ten World

1. El Guero / Como era... / Latin World
3. Eugenia Leon / El Cuarteto Latinoamericano / La Sane Panita / Toloma
4. VIA / Remember Shadik / Polygram
5. Juan Carlos Formell / Songs From A Little Blue House / BMG
6. Rizwan-Muazzam Qawwals / Sacrifice To Love / Real World
7. Ibrahim Ferrer / Buena Vista Social Club / Nonesuch
8. Masatoki / Doha Maru / Sounds True
9. Kaouding Cirkus / Kora Revolution / Palm Pictures
10. Joji Hirota / The Game / Real World
tied to his feet!
You might have to look at the Internet to find this album. Also recommended: Bob Log III: School Bus.

—Tyson Carpenter

Johnny Dowd / Pictures from Life’s Other Side / Koch
This album starts out with a brilliant dirty carnival feel, as creepy calliope music plays and creepy Dowd sings in his breaking “I just got gut-shot” voice. It quickly becomes more rock-ish, but wanes back and forth in and out of these two styles. Dowd’s lyrics, portraying himself as a misogynist, stalker / Jack the Ripper sort are brilliant and eerie. He has the voice of someone whose mom made cat cat food and dress like a ballerina until he was out of high school, and you know those sorts are always the first to snap. In contrast, the female vocals on this album are beautiful, sad and haunting, almost as if Dowd has her chained up in his fruit cellar. Together, they create a wonderful vocal balance.

—Tyson Carpenter

The Jesus Lizard / Bang / Touch n Go
A recent compilation of singles from 1989-1999. It’s loud, fast and abrasive as ever. They are leaders in rock and they’re ready to show you how and why and when. It consists of 3 unreleased tracks and live recordings along with the rest of the traditional singles. Featuring a rendition of The Dick’s “Wheelchair Epidemic” this collection is a must must for you rock rockers.

—Cristina Carney

Frigg / Brecht / Knitting Factory
Claiming to be an album that stretches genres, it embodies the avant garde days of Fritz Lang’s Metropolis. It’s an eerie German soundscape capturing a stretched glimpse into Bertolt Brecht’s world. This album is a tribute to Brecht, a famous German playwright and songwriter. It is a long haunting journey through worlds of cellos, clarinets, trumpets, and other more traditional instruments. Not for the faint of heart, weak of stomach or small of mind.

—Cristina Carney

KUOI FM 89.3

KUOI Benefit Concert
A KUOI benefit concert is planned for the end of January. It will no doubt be a mindblowing exhibit of rocka-rocka punk rawk. Unfortunately, we cannot divulge the time or whereabouts of the concert this early on, so be on the lookout for fliers, signs, and banners streaming behind airplanes. And if you listen to KUOI you will probably hear some mention of it there too. Stranger things have happened.

In Cue January 2000
Hey Kids!
It's time for another fun
KUOI FOLD-OVER

He was the frontman for The Stooges in the early seventies before leaving for his solo career. Who the Hell is he?

IGGY SDFJ JFFLD DKK LDJLFL POP