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WBOR Presents:

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# FlipYourShit

// December

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BOWDOIN'S NEW MUSIC ZINE

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**SECOND ISSUE :**

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Sometime between last issue and now it got cold. Not really cold enough to keep the snow we have been accumulating from melting and refreezing into one treacherous, impenetrable block of solid ice, but pretty damn cold. So what to do between now and when it gets warm again? As far as professional sports go, football only lasts a few more months, the NHL is in a lockout and the NBA players don't care until the playoffs start or a fan throws beer on them.

Beer aside, one thing I have found that sustains me during the long, dark winter months is \*surprise\* music. I've never been too swell at making it, so I listen to a lot of it: new music, old music, concerts—anything that will quiet the gale outside. Maybe you do something a little different, but whatever you do this winter, be it knitting, religious philosophizing, or naked ice-lugeing; try spinning a new disc or downloading something different while you're doing it. And if you really like it (or really, really hate it), let *Flip Your Shit* know. We are always taking written or artistic submissions at alee@bowdoin.edu or SU box 460A.

From all of us here at the Zine, have a very merry Christmachuanakwanza and a happy New Year!

Cory Hiar  
*Flip Your Shit* Senior Editor

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Cover art by Letitia Pierre



## The Top Hari Kondabolu Songs of 2004

(Chosen based on their place in the soundtrack of my life, and their joke making potential in this piece.)

### Frou Frou “Let Go”

This song served as the soundtrack to the best trailer in the history of the world! I’m not really sure what “there’s beauty in the breakdown” really means, but it seemed to make perfect sense in the minute long video clip this song accompanied. Too bad *Garden State*, as a whole, was a very disappointing picture that attempted to tie a bunch of humorous and well-written individual scenes together with an uninteresting plot and some very pretentious directorial decisions. The soundtrack is pretty solid, but is not used subtly, rather, it is used simply to jerk emotion. The end of the movie was unpredictably predictable in that you didn’t expect something so trite out of a film that tries unsuccessfully to be something bigger than it is. Even the brilliant acting of Natalie Portman-Kondabolu could not save this picture from “artsy-fartsy” disease.

But this is not supposed to be about Zach Braff’s disappointing directorial debut, or how he looks like the “Michael Bolton” character from *Office Space* (I even made a bet with my friend about this after the movie, and was embarrassed to find out they weren’t the same guy!). What was I talking about...oh yeah... this is not about that dumb movie, but this really dope song. Seriously, it’s awesome.

### Avril Lavigne “Don’t Tell Me”

*“Did you think that I was gonna give it up to you, this tiiiiimmme?”*

I will now answer this question for the boy she directed it to:

*“Yes, of course I did. You are loud, obnoxious and my friends make fun of me because I am dating you instead of someone who deserves to be famous. ‘So she’s dumb, rude, not particularly attractive without her face paint, a terrible song writer, and doesn’t even know who David Bowie is. You’re having sex with her though, right?’ What am I supposed to tell them, Avril???”*

And, of course, there are these darling lyrics:

*I’m gonna ask you to **stop**, thought I liked you a **lot**, but I’m really upset*

*Get outta my **head**, get off of my **bed**, yeah that’s what I **said***

It’s like she took a class called *The Dr. Seuss Guide to Writing Angsty Teenage Poetry...* and only got a C+.

All Avril Lavigne songs are short, catchy, and completely self-indulgent. The only reason why this particular song is on the list is because my friends and I have a good time singing it in the car, usually when we are driving to and from Loserville or Virgin City.

P.S. For those of you who don’t get the reference, Avril mispronounced David Bowie’s name during a Grammy Nominations ceremony a few years back. She pronounced it like Pavement’s “Wowie Zowie,” which is another reference she wouldn’t get.

P.P.S. There is no such place as Virgin City. If there was, the population would be dwindling because of the male citizens’ inability to recreate life... as a result of their inability to ask girls for phone numbers instead of screen names.

P.P.P.S. Loserville is code for the Loews Raceway movie complex in Westbury, New York where my aforementioned loser friends and I see films. On



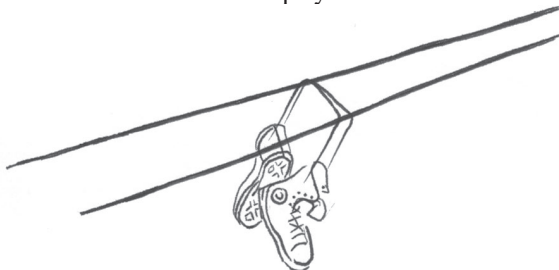
Friday nights, we are usually the only guys under 25 there without dates. Sometimes, before the movie, I attempt to make us look better by yelling things like “Man, when are the girls supposed to meet us again? If they don’t hurry up, they might miss the movie!” I’m pretty sure, however, that people can tell by my friend’s “Mr. T: Pity the Fool” T-shirt that we are lying to ourselves and everyone else in the theatre. Anyway...FUCK YOU AVRIL!

## **Preston School of Industry “Caught in the Rain”**

From the title alone, you can tell that this folk influenced rock tune, from a band that includes a former member of Pavement, will be played along with “Splish Splash” during rain delays in ball parks across the country. Personally, it reminds of a great sandwich I ate this summer in Seattle at a hip sandwich joint called *The Honey Hole*. Though I am not certain, I have a feeling that everybody in there had their nipples pierced and was in a band that was probably too cool for any of us to know about. Anyway, back to the point: That was a great sandwich! Here is a description of this fine piece of man-made heaven from *The Honey Hole* website:

*“Texas Tease: In-house smoked and shredded breast of chicken smothered in homemade BBQ sauce, served with red onions and Tillamook sharp cheddar cheese on a fresh French roll”*

This marvelous song by Preston School of Industry accompanied that mythical feast, and makes my mouth water whenever it plays.



## **Jay-Z “99 Problems”**

We are used to rappers flaunting their MC skills, their wealth, and their sexual prowess, but this is a new one. Jay-Z is flaunting his ability to not be affected emotionally by lady folk. And not just in the “women are objects, I don’t care about them” way that we have become accustomed to. In the chorus to “99 Problems,” Jay-Z states:

“If you’re having girl problems, I feel bad for you, son. I’ve got 99 Problems, but a bitch ain’t one.”

He’s like Buddha. He has found enlightenment. He is free from desire... kind of. He’s not free from all desire, he’s just not stressing about women anymore. This song is so powerful that even sensitive liberal boys can jump up and proclaim to all that will listen:

“IF YOU’RE HAVING GIRL PROBLEMS, I FEEL BAD FOR YOU, SON. I’VE GOT 99 PROBLEMS BUT A ...A...girl who is not very nice, but still does not deserve to be called the b-word, even though she tore my heart out of my chest for the sole purpose of raising her own pitiful self-esteem... AIN’T ONE!”

Seriously, this anthem could lead to boys around the country finally throwing out the journals they’ve kept since the 8<sup>th</sup> grade. Not me though, I don’t keep a journal to talk about my feelings. I imagine that some boys deal with their emotions by keeping logs of the day’s major events and writing poetry about all the girls they’ve liked...but not me! I just imagine that...you know... umm...anyway... FUCK YOU AVRIL!

## **The List Exists “Barcelona”**

Yes, three of the members are from Bowdoin. And yes, I am friends with everyone in the band. And yes,

// Continued on page 4

I cheer for their success not only because I care for these kids, but because I plan to find a way to get a cut of any future monies they may make. But even if you take away the friendships.... and my plans to exploit these friendships...this song off their debut EP *Barcelona* (currently out of print, but I can burn you a copy for 8 bucks) is still stellar. The comparisons to Sigur Ros and Radiohead are unavoidable, but why is that such a bad thing? The musicianship, and creativity are top-notch and lead singer Matt Lajoie's voice is getting sweeter and stronger by the minute. They're like Sunny Day Real Estate (think *LP2*) in that I have no idea what Matt is saying most of the time, but the sounds are so beautiful that it doesn't really matter. I generally just make up lyrics as the music plays. "*Hari is so great...I love him so...I'm just trying to figure him ouuutttt...trying to see what he wants from me...probably thirty perceennnt.*"

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## OutKast "Hey Ya"

Yes, yes...it's from 2003, what's your point?

## Hari Kondabolu's REAL Top 10 Songs of 2004

1. Preston School of Industry- Caught in the Rain
2. Faithless- Mass Destruction (single mix)
3. Modest Mouse- Float On
4. Interpol- Evil
5. Franz Ferdinand- Jacqueline
6. The Killers- Mr. Brightside
7. Arcade Fire- Neighborhood #2 (Laika)
8. The List Exists- Barcelona
9. Walkmen- The Rat
10. Willy Mason- Oxygen

- Hari Kondabolu '04, Former WBOR Music Director

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## Mix Tapes Killed the Radio Star

I make the best mix tapes. Or, now, more accurately, I make the best mix CDs and *iTunes* playlists. You can't argue me on that one. Each mix I make is carefully crafted, often taking me months to complete. I'll start one, keep adding and removing songs for weeks, rearrange the order of songs hundreds of times, let it sit for a while, come back to it, make some final changes – it's an arduous process. If only I could approach term papers the same way.

The reason I'm such a master of the mix tape isn't because of the practice I had in junior high and high school trying to impress potential girlfriends – no, in fact, I was always too shy to try to pull off something like that. Rather, my mix tape skill came directly out of necessity. Because in my rural northern Maine hometown, the radio stations sucked. Hard.

There was Q96.1 – the pop top-40 station that was only tolerable on Saturday nights from 8-12, when they would have a show called "Retro Radio," where if you were lucky, you could catch a Talk Talk or Blondie song amid the massive piles of Genesis and Huey Lewis shit. Then you had Hot Country 97—the pop-country station—the evils of which I don't even have to get into. There were also a couple of useless Canadian stations, and the oldies station, which was only enjoyable to me one night as I was driving around with some friends and we tried to call in to request that one good Righteous Brothers song, "(You're My) Soul and Inspiration." The call never got through. Maybe because it was 1:00 am and the show, like most northern Maine radio shows, was either pre-recorded or nationally syndicated.

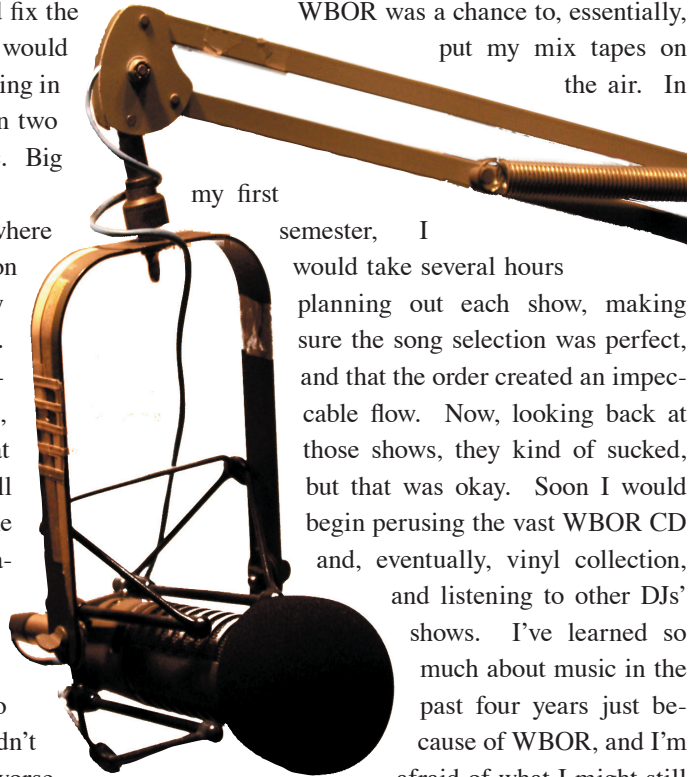
I remember being a freshman in high school when all of the surrounding high schools organized a “Career Fair,” where students could choose a local business to learn about and actually meet with people working in that field. I naturally went directly for the radio station. I had dreams of how I would fix the local radio stations if I were a DJ there – I would begin to subvert the top-40 station by sneaking in some Beck or Blur, I would play more than two songs between each commercial break, etc. Big dreams.

Then I went to the actual conference, where the owners and managers of the radio station proceeded to systematically crush every dream I ever had about a career in radio. They told me that the top-40 and pop-country stations were run by the same people, broadcast from the same building. Well, at the time, there was nothing redeemable at all about country music to me, so this was strike one. Then, they dropped the bomb: the stations were only broadcasting live out of the northern Maine studio an average of four hours each day. The rest was nationally syndicated from—get this—Texas. So these DJs I was getting so frustrated with didn’t even work in Maine. And, to make things worse, the DJs didn’t really have any say over what was being played on the air – this was also dictated by the higher-ups. Strike three.

At that point I gave up on a career in radio. I had some fleeting thoughts that I could become a DJ at WCYY in Portland and finally pull them out of that bizarre grunge rut they’ve been in for 15 years (seriously, at what point will these people finally realize that Pearl Jam is no longer relevant?) but quickly

decided it wasn’t worth the effort. Why should I care about what’s on the radio when I could just make the perfect mix tape for whatever mood I was in?

Then, the unsung glories of college radio were opened to me when I came to Bowdoin. To me, WBOR was a chance to, essentially, put my mix tapes on the air. In



my first

semester, I would take several hours planning out each show, making sure the song selection was perfect, and that the order created an impeccable flow. Now, looking back at those shows, they kind of sucked, but that was okay. Soon I would begin perusing the vast WBOR CD and, eventually, vinyl collection, and listening to other DJs’ shows. I’ve learned so much about music in the past four years just because of WBOR, and I’m afraid of what I might still

be listening to if I had never come here. I’m proud that because of WBOR, music for Bowdoin students and Brunswick residents doesn’t start and stop with commercial radio and MTV. And perhaps we can feel a bit responsible for taking some of the pressure off of potential mix tape aficionados, by providing them with a new mix tape every 90 or 120 minutes. - Matt Lajoie



## Web Comics and Indie Rock

Now that you are “in the Indie scene” (you zine reader, you), have a college education (or part of one), and are all literate, cynical, and all your tastes are discriminating (a.k.a snobbish), you have had to reexamine the offerings of all forms of popular media. Lord knows that I have. You have traded in all of your Madonna albums for the Donnas, and instead of Top 40 you are going more for Obscure 10. You went from “Titanic” to “Bubba Ho-Tep” and “Bottle Rocket” (then perhaps back to Titanic but only in drinking game form... you know, for the irony). With all these changes, becoming “Indie” is like a second puberty, and just as the last bit of puberty is losing your virginity, the last bit of Indie puberty is losing your web comic virginity.

Perhaps we can then extend the metaphor a little more. If a really good web comic is like totally awesome sex, then “Get Fuzzy” and “Doonesbury” are good sex, “Boondocks” is some oral sex, “Ziggy” is a hand job, and “Family Circus” is something akin to dry humping your cousin (this puts “Prince Valiant” somewhere between a kick to the pills and dying of chronic disease). So what does this all mean? Well it means that to be really Indie you have one more outlet. Once you have exhausted looking down on the great uninspired masses for liking bad TV, music, movies, books, clothing, and computers (yes all true Indie rockers have either no computer or a mac... end of story... unless you have Windows for the same reason you buy old care bear dolls... kitsch that is) you can now look down on people’s choice in comics. However, in true Indie rocker style you can’t just look down on the wrong choices. You have to have a whole bevy of right choices that you can inform people that they are missing. Now I realize

that amongst the readership here I am sure that many are already web comic aficionados, however in true Indie Rock style... here are the right choices for web comics! Also notice that web comics often relate to Indie Rock in some way or another. This is not a coincidence.

Ok here is my holy trinity of webcomics:

### #1) Dino Comics at [www.qwantz.com](http://www.qwantz.com)

You cannot beat this idea. It is the same six panels every day with different text. The cast of characters is four: T. Rex, Dromecieomimus, Utahraptor, and God (an exogenous character only seen in word bubbles coming from off panel... above of course). However, like Haikus and sonnets there is still plenty of variety. In fact, this is one of the funniest comics I have ever seen. I mean Dinosaurs debating philosophy with each other with sporadic interludes of dialogues with God (who only T. Rex can hear). The best part of this comic is that the art is so simple that there is tons of fan art and the fan art is often totally sweet.

### #2) Sluggy Freelance at [www.sluggy.com](http://www.sluggy.com)

This comic is not quite as comic as some but the amount of time and effort that have been put into it is staggering. Pete (the author) puts out new comics six days a week and they are good. Also the stories are expansive and he plans them out months in advance so they can actually get quite complex- there are a lot cross references between the stories. The best part of this comic is the combination of highly serious strips (main characters dying and falling in love) with completely silly ones (using dimensional gateway to buy beer from all over the world).

## #3) Diesel Sweeties at [www.dieselsweeties.com](http://www.dieselsweeties.com)

This is a bitmapped looking comic revolving around Maura, her boyfriend Clango and her little sister, Indie Rock Pete, Metal Steve, and a whole slew of other characters. The best part about this comic is that Clango is a robot... meaning... people dating and having sex with robots!

Other notables:

Questionable Content at [questionablecontent.net](http://questionablecontent.net)  
(basically all Indie rockers ripping on emo and goth)

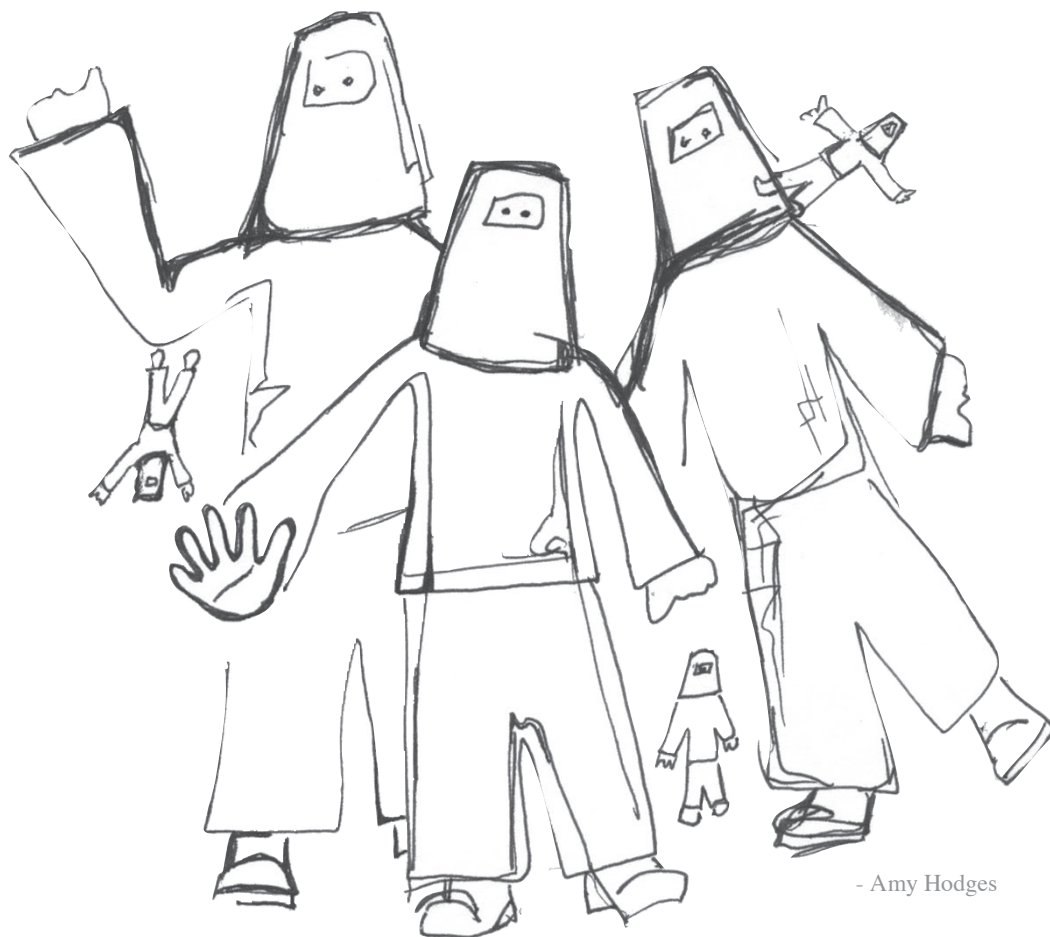
MegaTokyo at [www.megatokyo.com](http://www.megatokyo.com) (for the anime fans out there... used to be more whimsical but has taken a turn for the serious)

Wigu at [www.wigu.com](http://www.wigu.com) (hard to explain but totally sweet)

Instant Classic at [www.iccomics.com](http://www.iccomics.com) (comics about making movies... who'da thunk it?)

Team Special Olympics at [teamspecialolympics.com](http://teamspecialolympics.com) (awesomely bizarre)

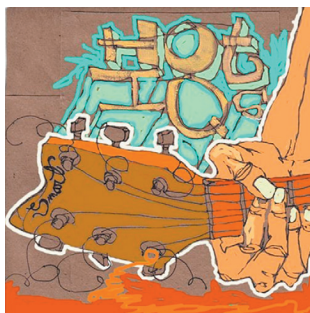
- Andy Fisher



- Amy Hodges

## \*Album Reviews

### Hot IQs, *An Argument Between the Brain & Feet* (2.5/5)



God loves synth pop. It's a presumptuous statement, yes, but hear me out. Other genres really don't fit the image. One might say that He likes classical or jazz – but would you want a God who gets his groove on from Vivaldi or Coltrane? That doesn't sound like a God I'd want to hang with for all eternity. No way, too stuffy. And I can't really picture hip-hop either. Something about xzibit just doesn't shout "benevolent creator". Now, various brands of Christian music could have their claims, but I would like to think that He Who is Called I Am would be a little less narcissistic. Elvis Presley aside, the logical choice is synth-pop. It's catchy, intelligent (for the most part) and

really – how else are we to explain Martin Gore's continued existence?

Hot IQs isn't really synth-pop by its narrowest definitions, but you can tell in a single listen that Eli Mishkin (vocals, guitar) and company grew up on as much INXS as Oasis. Behind Mishkin's voice (which is elsewhere inanelly likened to a lounge singer's) the band comes through big when they toss around sugary hooks and chirping synth lines like they invented the shit. Their debut album *An Argument Between the Brain & Feet* consists largely of uninspired, fuzzed-out guitar rock, but underneath is a shimmering claim to the throne left open by Depeche Mode after *Music for the Masses*. "Firecracker" leads off the album with an infectious lick of distorted guitar before Mishkin begins sputtering surprisingly articulate lyrics concerning the traditional love/heartbreak/public television themes of contemporary indie rock. The first half of the album stands out as particularly strong- right through "The New One," the band's most straightforward nod to its synth pop heroes. Sunny bubbling and beeping gives way to fuzz right before the chorus, but with each verse the listener is reminded that before grunge was king, black eye-liner and fishnets ruled the day.

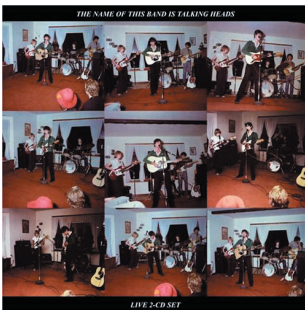
In the next song, Hot IQs takes a firm stand in the great debate between beauty and intelligence in choosing a mate – they want their cake *and* the accompanying sugar high. In the fifth track, "Hot IQs," Mishkin states proudly "I don't know about your attitude / hot girls with hot IQ's / You say words like 'verisimilitude' / we like hot girls with hot IQ's." The Bard couldn't have said it better. Unfortunately, this is the high point of *An Argument*, as the second half of the album becomes a bore as a result of more traditional instrumenta-



tion. When Hot IQs returns to their original guitar/bass/drums arrangement (all resplendent with reverb), Mishkin's unimpressive vocal range suffers. In the context of manufactured beats and otherworldly spaceship sounds, the singer's voice isn't as much of a liability as when it is laid bare over simple jangles and fuzz. But while the vocals wear thin by the seventh or eighth track, the lyrics remain sharp. In the raunchy "Have Nots Have Knots," Mishkin slanders an ex-lover with accusations of stealing the remote control and not being bright enough to figure out who stole her stereo in the ensuing breakup. This track proves to be the standout of the second half of the album, however, as the surrounding songs fall prey to the all-too-common syndrome known as Nada Surf-ism. Defined: too many mid-tempo yawners and identical structures slow down an otherwise solid effort. It's too bad, because Mishkin could run lyrical laps around most songwriters working in the indie pop field.

Hot IQs thrive on the unexpected; the oddly timed synthesizer flourishes and stunning straight-up electro-pop make the first half of *An Argument* immensely enjoyable. By the midpoint you're ready to warm up the old CD burner and crank out a summer mix with no equal (if you have enough Electric Light Orchestra), but after the full ten tracks there is only one reaction: cue up one through five again, remind me why I bothered. Instead of offering up more of the electronic bubblegum that works so well, the band seems content with predictability as *An Argument* progresses. Hot IQs don't anywhere aspire to be the saviors of synth pop, but considering that the few flashes of greatness occur during tracks which seem to belong in 1984 rather than 2004, it wouldn't hurt to go ahead and declare themselves the synthesizer messiahs. Go ahead boys, restore my faith. And speaking of faith, if the Big Guy is starting to feel a certain longing for the good old days, he'd better cue up some Ladytron or dig out the vinyl, because Hot IQs might just be destined for musical limbo at this rate.

## Talking Heads, *The Name of this Band...* (Rhino) (5/5)



I need to get out and see more live bands. Every day I am reminded of this by a certain presence on my movie shelf: *Stop Making Sense*, Talking Heads' unbelievable 1984 concert film. Sometimes called the greatest rock movie ever made, it is a truly incredible piece of cinema, documenting a band at the absolute apex of its creativity. It is no surprise, then, that Talking Heads' earlier live album is oftentimes overshadowed by this monolith. Before this past August, I had been anticipating the CD release of *The Name of this Band is Talking Heads* for quite some time. And oh man was it worth the wait. It's not quite as powerful as the experience of watching *Stop Making Sense* in its entirety under the proper conditions, but what it lacks in punch it more than makes up for in comprehensiveness. While the more famous live album is a snapshot of a band at its most glorious moment, *The Name of this Band* brings together the most enjoyable live moments of Talking Heads' earlier career and cuts out any and all filler. But before I go on, I really should break this down into easy to digest bits for all members of my audience...

// Continued on page 10

TO THE OBSESSED FAN (like me): You really have no reason not to get this album. Not only will all these songs be familiar and fit like old gloves, but the extra tracks not included in the original 1982 release speak volumes for the growth of the band over just a few short months in the very early eighties. David Byrne steals the show in *Stop Making Sense*, but in this format the entire band alternately impresses and amazes. The two versions of “Drugs (Electricity)” alone will make your jaw drop, while Jerry Harrison’s synthesizer work just gets better and better as more layers of percussion collide with lead guitar work that challenges even the choicest cuts from *Stop Making Sense*.

TO THE FAN: Even if you only own a couple of albums or have a healthy mp3 collection, this album could quite possibly make you a convert. Whether you like the '77 bare bones, jittery, over-caffeinated Heads (“Don’t Worry About the Government”) or the more melodic, paranoia-tinted Heads (“Air”) or just straight-up Afro-Funk (“I Zimbra”), it’s all here. You get a great perspective on the band as it moves through several interesting sonic trends and still maintains a distinctive identity. And in just about every song there is a surprise, an emphasized expression or emotion which you just can’t get from the studio albums. The extra verse in the first version of “Psycho Killer,” the added vocal beats in “Building on Fire,” or the insane pacing of “Take Me to the River” make each song just that much more personal.

TO THE UNINITIATED: There is no “Burning Down the House” here, no “And She Was.” There is a great rendition of “Once in a Lifetime.” But instead of going for bitTorrent or grabbing *The Best of Talking Heads*, take a seat and let me explain. Talking Heads are, of course, more than just hits. I’ll say that “Burning Down the House” is one of the highlights of *Stop Making Sense*, but this is an entirely different affair. This is Talking Heads before there were legions of fans or multi-platinum records. This is before David Byrne lost his mind. OK, maybe during. But still, this is better. Just like Poland Spring is better than the Brunswick Municipal Water Supply. Why can you still hum the melody to “And She Was”? Why are the hits so irresistible and enjoyable? Because they come from something deeper than the simple need to please. These songs are more than just ear candy – there is an emotional urgency in these songs that one can’t get from any track produced in a studio. A man and his band are baring their souls on stage for all to see. Don’t just nod and turn away, give them a chance.

TO THOSE WHO DON’T LIKE TALKING HEADS: We’re working on a cure. We think it has something to do with genetics, so for now blame your dad.

TO THE FEW WHO SAW THE ARCADE FIRE COVER “NAÏVE MELODY” IN CONCERT: I hate you. The song isn’t even on this album, but I still hate you.

So like any good story, we need a moral. I hope it’s pretty clear by now, but we might as well spell it out. *The Name of this Band is Talking Heads* is well worth the investment, for the non-fan and the deranged stalker types alike. This album is early new wave at its best, but it goes far beyond representing any particular genre. Each and every, and I do mean every, song on the album is great, whether you’ve heard it a million times before or only once. If you’re still unsure, find a friend who has *Stop Making Sense*. It should pique your interest. Then go get this album. And if David Byrne ever comes to your town, do go and see him. Just

// Continued on **page 12**

## 68 Syllables about Modern Film:

Gummo has lots of dead cats.

Harmony Korine:

I see, you like to shock people;  
I'm not impressed.

You ended with an airport scene!

Zach Braff, Garden State:

Many thought a profound film;  
I must disagree.

Existentialism is supposed to be pretentious.

I Heart Huckabees:

A fan of Wes Anderson?  
Never would have guessed.

I don't care how cool the special effects are.

Lord of the Rings trilogy:

I don't have time for you.  
Please go away.

-by Matt Lajoie



don't make any quick movements near his head, he might freak out. Now if you'll excuse me, I need to see if I can somehow sleep outside Paradise Rock Club for the next few months without getting stabbed. Email me your ideas. - Adam Paltrineri

## Spinal Tap, *Shark Sandwich* (0/5)



“Shit sandwich”

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## One Sentence Reviews

I don't particularly like music reviews. I've always felt that there is an uncomfortable disconnect between what people write about music, and the music itself. Elvis Costello may have been right when he said that “writing about music is like dancing about architecture – it doesn't make any sense.” No amount of words on a page will even begin to capture the expressive power of music.

Even so, it's great to share music with people. And I've always been guilty of being more about breadth than depth anyway. So, in place of sitting down with a pile of CDs, a stereo, and you, I will try to give (occasionally run-on) one-sentence reviews of a bunch of albums I've been listening to lately. In no particular order:

### **Mirah – *C'mon Miracle***

ATTN: If you like Cat Power, CocoRosie, Liz Phair

Said to have the “sexiest voice in rock,” this Pacific Northwest singer's latest album blends sincere,

effortless vocals, with sparse, powerful production.

### **Jonathan Richman – *Not So Much To Be Loved As To Love***

ATTN: If you like the Velvet Underground, The Violent Femmes, or music that a year from now you won't be embarrassed about having liked

Jonathan Richman might be old enough to be my father, but whether he's singing about the ice cream man or Vincent Van Gogh, he still seems to have the playful energy of a twelve-year-old.

### **Camera Obscura – *Underachievers Please Try Harder***

ATTN: If you like Belle and Sebastian, The Softies, Saturday Looks Good to Me

The comparison to Belle and Sebastian is unavoidable; this female fronted group from Scotland has an indie pop sound that is soft, sweet, and summery.

## **M. Ward – *Transfiguration of Vincent***

ATTN: If you like Devendra Banhart, Sparklehorse, T. Rex

Rooted in the musical traditions of American country and folk, this sleepy, melancholy record might not have universal appeal, however it is beautifully crafted, and creates a dark, lush world of sound for the patient listener.

## **The Secret Machines – *Now Here Is Nowhere***

ATTN: If you like 70s rock, Led Zeppelin, The Flaming Lips, Mercury Rev

With pounding drums and sprawling, psychedelic guitar lines, the sounds of classic rock have been taken by The Secret Machines, melted down, and recast in indie rock form.

## **Kings of Convenience – *Riot On An Empty Street***

ATTN: If you like Simon and Garfunkel, Nick Drake

It's quiet and it's pretty; these Norwegians won't make you jump up and down, but the vocals are intimate, the production is simple, and the melodies are sweet.

## **The Futureheads – *The Futureheads***

ATTN: If you like The Strokes, Hot Hot Heat, Franz Ferdinand

The Futureheads may just be another danceable rock band in a long line of similar and generally forgettable rock bands, but there is an unusual synergy between the driving guitar riffs and multi-part vocals, and the resulting songs are undeniably catchy.

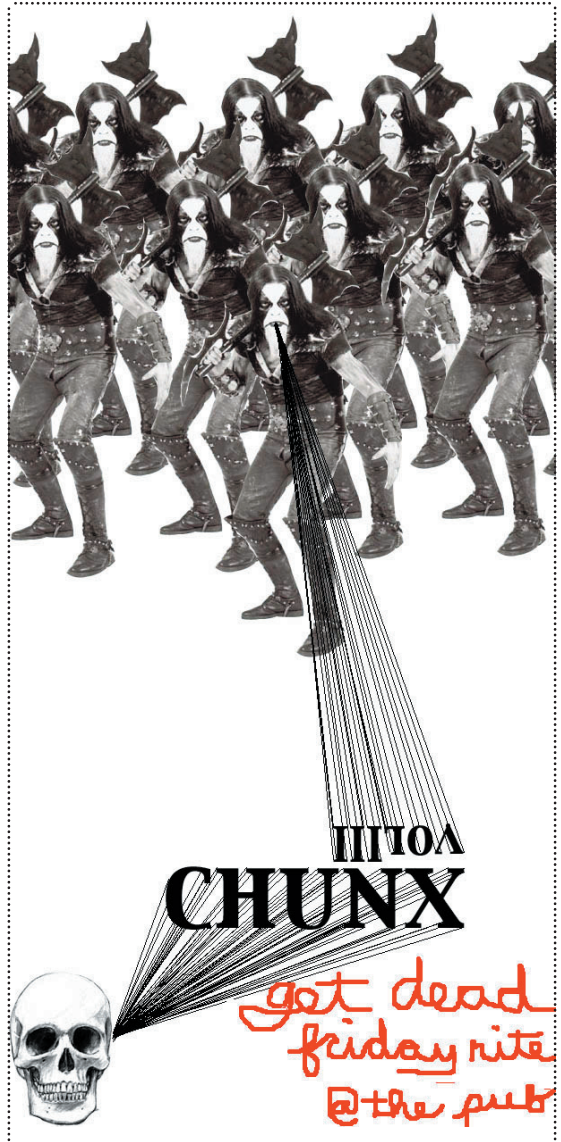
## **The Go Find - *Miami***

ATTN: If you like The Postal Service, The Notwist

The Go Find is really just one guy from Belgium

who has a knack for making pop songs on his laptop; with thick electronic layering and big hooks, this CD makes for an enjoyably self-indulgent listen (though it's perhaps less than musically brilliant).

- Ted Power



## \* Concert Reviews

There is something to be said for recorded orchestrated musical perfection, in fact there is quite a bit that can be said for it (that's kinda what the previous section was about). But rock and roll music in particular is about emotion, vitality, energy and nowhere else is that potential realized or ruined in a grander display than when music is performed live. This section is a forum to discuss that kinetic potential for bliss or blasphemy.

### **Concert Review: Arcade Fire**

Over Thanksgiving Break, I had the amazing good fortune of being able to spend some time in a city that matters: the live, beating heart (of the Upper Midwest), one of the most cultured cities (not on a coast), the city that never sleeps (except at night), Minneapolis, Minnesota. Unlike the nightlife in the smaller of the Portlands, there is lots of stuff to do after dark in the Mini-apple. It's such a cool place that even his pre-eminent purpleness, Prince wrote a song about it. Believe it, baby. Needless to say, after hanging out Friday night at "the largest pool hall in the Upper Midwest" located in big, bad Burnsville, MN (yeah, we actually advertise things like that in Minnesota), when Saturday rolled around I was really excited about heading into the big(ish) city.

My original plan for the evening was to go with my best friend to Mariucci Arena to see the Minnesota Gophers, the number three college hockey team in the nation, take down the overrated number one Michigan Wolverines and then see where it went from there. However, having complete confidence in my hometown team (we won 5-1) and no University of Minnesota ID, I decided to save the \$25 I would have had to drop on a regular ticket and decided to watch the game in a bar. I was scanning the weekly Minnesota cultural happenings rag *City Pages* for any dive with game time beer specials, when I noticed that one of the hottest bands in indie rock, The Arcade Fire, happened to be playing at the 400 Bar on the West Bank of the University that night. The only things I knew about The Arcade Fire were what I had read in Andy Fischer's glowing review in the last issue of *Flip Your Shit*, the few tracks I had heard on WBOR and that I really, really wanted to go. After swallowing some misguided hyperbole about the band and squeezing a free ticket out of me, my musically-reticent, hockey-loving best friend Ryan Moy, reluctantly agreed to go to the show with me instead of the game. I told him the bar would have the game on. I lied.

We watched most of the first period at Moy's house and then hopped in my mom's sexy '91 Pontiac Sunfire



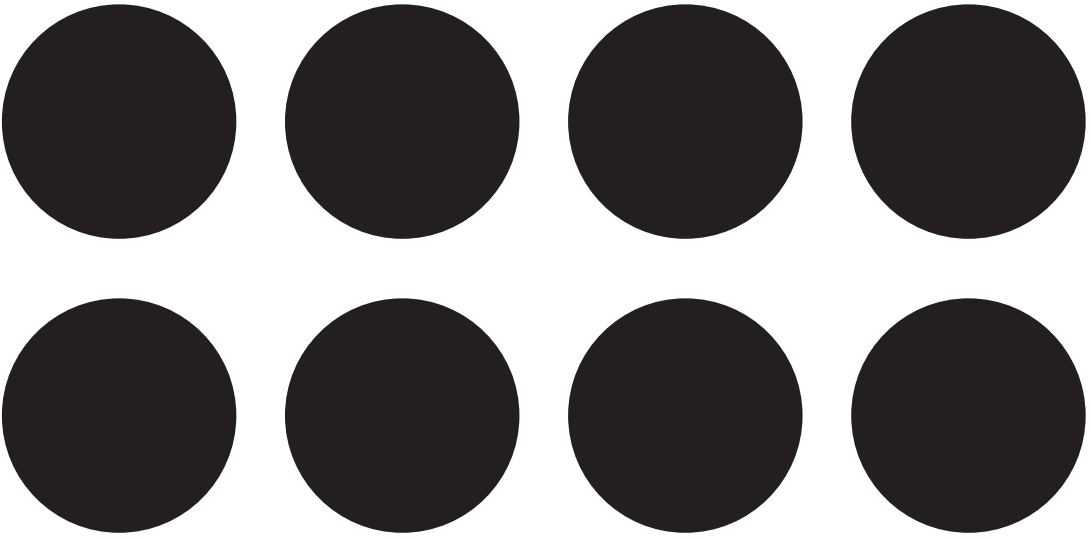
shitcan and ripped our way down to the 400 Bar just south of the Cedar Avenue projects. The only reason the show was being held at the cramped, crappy 400 Bar was because Minnesota's premier concert venue (for the last 30 damn years!) First Avenue was in temporary bankruptcy [ed note: for a delectable taste of MN history checkout <http://www.first-avenue.com/HistoryOld/history.htm>]. It's all good now, but that night, that COLD Minnesota night, my buddy and I were stuck waiting outside to buy tickets. This was *not* good because Moy was pissed about missing the game, and I was fucking freezing.

When we finally got into the bar, Moy was distracted from hockey by The Pines, mellow, folky openers from somewhere in New York. As soon as the first openers were off, Moy knocked me from my bar stool, and we waded into the jacketed masses to see the second opener, the beautiful Minnesotan folk singer Haley Bonar. I had never heard of her, but she was excellent. Her chilly, breathy voice and sparse, spacious accompaniment had both of us mesmerized. The two opening acts, the chilly evening, and the open bar had the cumulative effect of lulling the crowd into a hazy, happy huddle.

The Arcade Fire broke through the huddled hoard. The band members had taken advantage of the obscurity their first show in Minnesota afforded them and had actually watched the openers with the crowd so at the end of Bonar's set, all eight of them had to physically force their way through the contented crowd to get to the tiny stage. Almost every musician brought at least two instruments onstage with them, ranging from the usual (bass and electric guitars, keyboards and drums) to the astounding (I think they had the only upright bass, violin and accordion the skeezy 400 Bar has ever seen). The stage got smaller and smaller as they set up their myriad of instruments and, for lack of a better description, set pieces. I counted these specifically: two light-up barnyard cows, two motorized stick animals wrapped in mini Christmas lights, and two snowmobile helmets. I was intrigued- everything would soon be brilliantly explained.

After a lengthy impromptu sound check (they had arrived late from Chicago, I guess), the band burst into song. And burst is really the only way I can describe The Arcade Fire. After watching a total of six musicians make mellow, melodious music for the previous hour and a half, the orchestrated cacophony of their eight-piece ensemble took me, Moy, and the rest of the audience by firestorm. My critical analysis is hindered by the lack of knowledge I had about the band, but my memories of the show are bright and beautiful. By the end of the first song, the audience was dancing, sweating and screaming. The trendy jackets came off. The thrift store sweaters were tied around waists. The indie glasses were getting steamy.

The Arcade Fire's fiery lead singer took his mike stand and jousted with the crowd. Two of the band members put on the two snowmobile helmets and played percussion on each other. They stage dived. They fought. They even acted. The "set pieces" were violated. Repeatedly. And in between songs they found time to change instruments and positions and clothes, never completely killing the thunderous energy they created the song before. It was wild and wonderful. Their encore was the only song of theirs I knew going into the concert, their stunning album opener "Neighborhood #1 (Tunnels)." It was a great way to end a wonderful concert and the beginning of my newest CD. - Cory Hiar



Flip Your Shit

Send submissions to [alee@bowdoin.edu](mailto:alee@bowdoin.edu)  
or SU box number 460A

Flip Your Shit can be viewed online at  
<http://studorgs.bowdoin.edu/wbor/zine.html>

## Concert Review: Gregory Douglass

It seems to me that every time I try to see Gregory Douglass perform, something invariably gets in my way or delays me. It's not that I'm ever ambivalent about going to see him—I not only love his music, but would probably marry him in a heart beat if asked—it's just that some bizarre exterior forces are at work that continually prevent me from getting to see him at all, let alone a whole show.

This time, Bates, where he was due to play, had posted some misinformation on their website. I suggest to all you people out there that if you are ever going to see someone perform there at the Silo that you call ahead the day of the show to make sure you've got the time right. Anyway, I got there about half an hour late, but it was still unquestionably worth it.

Gregory Douglass is electrifying. I'd say he's a fairly typical folk-rocker/singer-songwriter type, with a voice that hits you hard—forcefully but with amazing grace. Although he obviously has talent on the piano, where I'd say most of his love songs are focused, he's got amazing flair with his guitar and it seems to allow him freedom in his musical styles.

The songs themselves are never too similar or repetitive, and within them he is poetic with his lyrics but not oppressively or pretentiously so. I guess in particular my favorite part of Gregory's show were his terrible jokes and non-sequitur stories. He gives an extremely enjoyable show and I suggest that you all check him out the next time he's around. - Emily Glinick

### the old couch

Swallowed up by a couch in a dark room. her head is on his stomach and he's looking through music on his laptop, running his hands through her hair. the white light from the screen gives shape to faces. she can feel his stomach muscles flex when he leans forward to move something on the table in front of them. it is not as comfortable as soft stomach. her eyes are closed and his are open. there is no better place to be.

- Lucy Orloski

## Concert Review: Cake - And the Crowd Goes Wild..... or Not

"We don't care about your sports teams." John McCrea, the lead singer of Cake, stated into his microphone halfway through their concert. Considering the fact that we were in the heart of Boston, and baseball fever had not died down, this produced an enormous reaction- quite possibly the most energetic crowd response of the night.

After missing a free Cake concert at home a few years ago because my mom didn't want me out after 11 on a school night, I was going to let nothing get between me and this concert. The seven of us that went down

// Continued on **page 18**

to Boston for the concert had been obsessively listening to their new CD, *Pressure Chief* (which is fabulous, for any of you who haven't heard it yet), in order to memorize lyrics, and were all able to sing along as we played it one final time on the drive down. By the time we reached the Orpheum Theater, I was so pumped it felt as if I'd been popping caffeine pills all day. The fact that I'd had to jump a subway turnstile in order to catch a train that was about to leave without me didn't help.

We were lucky to miss most of the opening band, Northern State, which is a group of women that are under the impression that imitating the Beastie Boys in annoying voices is pleasurable to listen to. I may have suffered severe neurological damage from the combined effects of their less than average lyrics (see Hari's piece on Avril Lavigne's rhyming skills), and their high-pitched, unmelodic, earsplitting "singing."

When Cake finally opened with "Sheep go to Heaven," I was more than ready to start getting my groove on. Unfortunately, the rest of the crowd didn't appear to be sharing my enthusiasm. From the last row of the balcony, we didn't have a stellar view; however, it appeared as though everyone that had bought tickets in time to be on the main level had unanimously decided to adopt a method of music appreciation based on the techniques employed by people that film dangerous animals mating: stand perfectly still and don't make a sound.

Those of us on the balcony that were unaffected by mating-animal syndrome tried our best to make up for the lack of energy, but to no avail. The music itself was well-performed, and had the crowd been different, it would have been an amazing show. Cake played a wide variety of songs off all five of their albums, leaning more heavily on songs from *Motorcade of Generosity* than I had expected. The band did not seem to be utterly thrilled with the crowd participation, and despite McCrea's best efforts and the funky beats that Cake is so well-known for, the crowd stayed calm and unexcited. At one point, the band actually began to play "The Distance," but McCrea stopped after the second line, stating, "I don't feel like playing that song."

When the band walked offstage rather prematurely, the crowd finally awoke from their trance, realized they were at a rock show, and made enough noise to lure the obviously annoyed band back onstage. Once the energy was up, the band cheered up and played an excellent last set that included a full version of "The Distance" and their cover of "I will Survive." Finally, I was able to groove properly, or as properly as possible, given that I was standing in front of my assigned seat (strictly enforced) between two people larger than me.

The moral of the story is that while watching dangerous animals mate may be fascinating, in the long run, it is probably much more fun to groove along to lyrics such as "Muscular cyborg German dudes dance with sexy French Canadians while the overweight Americans wear their patriotic jumpsuits." But hey, whatever bakes your cake. - Alice Lee

## Concert Review: Bob Dylan

This is a rambling concert review ripped from the hallowed pages of noble editor in chief Cory Hiar's personal journal. Read with appropriate reverence:



So here I am at Harvard. I can't sleep (I slammed a Sobe Red Bull knockoff three quarters of the way into the show). I can't work (ok, that's mostly a lie). And I forgot my journal...so I'm writing this entry on the back of a paper bag from the New England Aquarium. Brilliant. Not me of course, Bob Dylan.

I came down here to the ivy-choked confines of Haaavaaard to see him play for a cool \$20. For a Grant I felt I could give him another chance after the sweaty, shambled, stuttered performance he put on when I saw him in Freiburg, Germany last year. I was lucky I did...assuming I can find a way to pay off the growing debts I am incurring (this fucking NEAQ bag cost an additional Grant not to mention the overpriced pastries I have been sampling as a requisite part of the Harvard extravagance, I mean *experience*).

I don't know if I could put a precise price on tonight, but regardless, Dylan did not disappoint. He was lively, articulate, sharply dressed, and well prepared for the situation his booking agent had thrust him into. Faced with a largely uniformed, largely uninterested crowd of international students who were there because they got free tickets from the school, and innocuous yuppies that were there because, well, that what innocuous yuppies do, Dylan dazzled.

He started out with a college fav "Rainy Day Women #13 & 35" even if, due to political or academic aspirations, absolutely no one in the audience was stoned. The second song, which I will have to look up when I turn this exceedingly personal entry into appropriate Shit Flipping form

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- Cotton Estes

[ed. note: “Forever Young”] was equally well picked and played. I endured the next song while annoying preppy pricks called people on their cell phones and took phonecam videos of a legend they knew nothing about. Ted recognized the very bluesy version of “It’s Alright Ma, I’m Only Bleeding” and both of us and the few that knew shouted out that “sometimes the President of the United States must be made to stand naked.” Dylan may claim to not be a protest singer but he’s sure fucking topical.

A few songs later, Ted and I fled the preppies in hopes of finding better places to stand or at least better people to stand by. We found a home by the speakers and the real Dylanites in the crowd. Shortly thereafter, Dylan voiced his most clear dissent of the current American follies abroad in his rarely performed “John Brown” [it was the only time during the whole tour]. With lyrics that culminate with a soldier realizing that he was just a “puppet in a play” I don’t think—I sincerely hope—that this song selection was no mere accident.

Musically, I was extremely impressed by the precision of the show. Like James Brown in his funky prime, the dilapidated Dylan directed his young and arthritis-free guitar players from behind his keyboard [this may be the first and last time Dylan and Brown are *ever* compared]. The guitar solos were crisp and comfortably curt and the keyboards were utilized just enough to keep Bob involved. Often the electric guitarist and the acoustic/pedal steel guitarist would shoot solos at each other as Dylan directed with subtle nods of his cowboy-hatted head.

The band looked pleasantly ridiculous in their black psuedo-Stetsons, black button downs, gold suits, and moustaches. Dylan sported a matching moustache and, although it was really unnecessary to differentiate his iconic sixty seven year old figure from the rest of his youthful band, an inversely colored suit. At the end of the first set, Dylan ambled out from behind his keyboard and waved his fingers at the crowd in the shape of his imaginary cowboy six-shooters. It was astonishingly hilarious. He seemed to be having as good of time as I was.

The populist encore was a musically extended but lyrically truncated version of Rolling Stone magazine’s narcissistic number one greatest rock and roll song of all time “Like a Rolling Stone” (oddly enough, he omitted the verse about going to the finest school and getting juiced in it). He followed that with a Hendrix inspired version of “All Along the Watchtower.” After he took a few more six-shooter shots at the audience, he and his band left the stage for another smoke break. Immediately, the satisfied, soulless Harvard whores began leaving in preppy packs. A solid two thirds of the audience remained cheering but Dylan had proved his point and earned his 20 spots. Tonight [November 21, 2004] Dylan didn’t disappoint, Harvard did.  
- Cory Hiar



CONCERT CALENDAR

December						
Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
		<b>Sevendust (State)</b>		<b>Aesop Rock (Paradise)</b>		<b>Sarah Cox, Lori McKenna (Space) Juliana Hatfield (TT's)</b>
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
			<b>"Ska for the Holidays" (Middle East)</b>			
26	27	28	29	30	31	1
			<b>Trans-Siberian Orchestra (Cumberland County Civic Center)</b>		<b>The Charms and others (TT's)</b>	

January						
Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
					<b>Throe, Plan B, Lost Cause, Jonas Complex (Middle East)</b>	
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
<b>Dropkick Murphys, Bronson Arroyo, and others (Paradise)</b>	<b>Razorlight (Middle East)</b>			<b>Adrenokrome, Rubikon, Stoic (Middle East)</b>		
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
			<b>Sister Hazel (Paradise)</b>			
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5
						<b>Low, Pedro the Lion (Middle East)</b>



<p><b>Portland:</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>+ The Big Easy 55 Market St.</li> <li>+ The State Theater 609 Congress St. <a href="http://www.liveatthestate.com">www.liveatthestate.com</a></li> <li>+ Space Gallery 538 Congress St. <a href="http://www.space538.org">www.space538.org</a></li> </ul>	<p><b>Boston:</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>+ The Middle East 472 Mass. Ave., <a href="http://www.mideastclub.com">www.mideastclub.com</a></li> <li>+ The Avalon 5 Lansdowne St. 617-262-2424</li> <li>+ The Orpheum 1 Hamilton Place 617-482-0650</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>+ Paradise Rock Club 967 Commonwealth Ave <a href="http://www.thedise.com">www.thedise.com</a></li> <li>+ TT the Bear's 10 Brookline St., Cambridge <a href="http://www.ttthebears.com">www.ttthebears.com</a></li> </ul> <p><b>Other:</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>+ Worcester Centrum Centre 50 Foster St., Worcester, MA. 508-755-6800</li> </ul>
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# DO YOU LIKE TO PARTY?



**DO YOU KNOW WHERE ONE IS?  
CUZ WE CAN'T FIND ONE.  
IF YOU KNOW OF ONE, TELL US.  
WE'LL BE HERE ON THE HILL.**

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