Issue 19

Hot Chip
Reviews
Summer
Emory

Next Stop: Atlanta
New Music & Culture
Festival & Movie Guide
Student Music Projects
Meet the new 'Zine. We’ve renamed, redesigned and recreated everything. We dropped the Listen title because we’re no longer just WMRE’s music magazine. After all, a music magazine is difficult to create without arts, film, food, theatre and fashion because music is hardly created independent of our culture. We chose Frequency because it reflects the 'Zine’s radio roots and fast-paced future.

We are still getting adjusted in our new big britches. Hopefully, we can fill them out. To do this, we’re trying out a few things. We’ll try to release as many as three or four issues each semester. We’ve pulled this one off in about a month, so there’s no reason why we can’t do it again next year, seven more times. We’ll try to keep up with Emory’s many artists. For this, we’ll need your help. If you’ve written a play, we want to hear about it. If you’ve produced an album, we want to hear about it. If you’ve painted a magnificent collection of works about your mom, chances are, we want to hear about it. We’ll try to “broaden our musical horizons,” as my dad likes to say, by making our music section of Pieces and our music reviews as eclectic as possible. Again, we need your help. If you’re outraged that your favorite band’s new album wasn’t mentioned in this issue’s reviews or release calendar, then send us over a fabulously written review and odds are, we’ll print it. Or send us any bits or “Pieces” of cultural intelligence that you may be privy to. We survive solely on submissions, so we can’t do this thing without you and with up to eight issues planned for next year, we’re going to need quite a few. No pressure. So here’s what we’re looking for.

We’ve got four sections for you to choose from: Comment, Pieces, Feature and the Report. For Comment, we’ll take anything subjective. For Pieces, we’re looking for a little objectivity with a dash of individualism. Pieces is a collection of news, information, suggestions and all things practical. In Feature, we want to hear about people, i.e. features about people. Now the Report is where it gets complicated. Each issue, we will publish a section for music and culture reviews. Music reviews are self-explanatory—write about new music. We provide the music, you provide the review. Culture reviews are a little different. We like to mix it up, so we’ll print a different category of Atlanta culture each issue. This issue we’ve reviewed thrift and vintage stores. Next issue we’re thinking about tattoo parlors. Eventually, we’ll visit comedy clubs, records stores, museums, book stores and pretty much anywhere you can spend money. At some point, we’ll inevitably get around to restaurants.

So go get a tattoo, enjoy this issue and we’ll see you next semester.
Jaded culture is poisoning our hip-hop

By Nikhil Flaimbasum

Last month CNN broadcasted a segment entitled ‘Hip-hop: Art or Poison?’ In asking this overarching question, CNN correspondent, Paula Zahn, and a number of panelists including Al Sharpton, Kanye West, law enforcement specialists, professors and other ‘hip-hop experts,’ discussed themes in contemporary hip-hop that may or may not be ‘poisonous.’ Focusing on sexism, crime and homophobia in the hip-hop world, the special seemed to be more about placing blame on hip-hop rather than exploring why these themes exist in music today. Instead of examining the society that influences and promotes music, and listens to this ‘poisonous’ music, CNN skimmed the surface of hip-hop and provided their audience with exactly what they wanted to hear: don’t let your kids listen to hip-hop or they will grow up to hate gay people, objectify women, smoke crack and probably steal and murder too. They might also want to wear large diamond necklaces. Be careful.

The next day Emory hosted two professors, Dr. Imani Perry from Rutgers University and Dr. Mark Anthony Neal from Duke, who responded to the CNN special. It was a fruitful discussion, not only because they had actually listened to and studied hip-hop, but because they were not afraid to look outside of hip-hop for an answer to CNN’s question. While neither speaker vindicated hip-hop’s messages, Drs. Perry and Neal brought forth two realities about hip-hop music.

Dr. Perry raised the reality that hip-hop is not the only genre or media outlet that perpetrates the stereotype of “blinged” gold, diamond necklaces. Be careful. They might also want to wear large diamond necklaces. Be careful.

He simply does not have a choice, despite his income and status, because he is an older artist who has financial obligations, but still wants to express a ‘grown and sexy’ appeal.

Dr. Neal expanded upon this the lack of control hip-hop artists have over what they convey in their music. They are signed to labels who demand certain results, just as with any other genre. If the label thinks using the word “sket” in a song will sell records, then Lil’ John will put it on his track. He understands that these themes are inherent to youth culture and not necessarily to real hip-hop. The real hip-hop fans have been listening since its inception and no longer relate to these young themes. Instead, they are an older audience with responsibilities, worries and memories. They want music pertaining to those themes and older hip-hop artists acknowledge and sympathize with that. They want to give their older fans the ‘grown and sexy’ image, but recording companies prefer that even artists like Snoop Dogg—who is happily married—rap about pursuing women instead, because that’s what sells to the younger age group. Only a few artists have broken free from that expectation.

Dr. Neal addressed “selling out,” citing Common’s Gap ad and stating that, while it is corny, it’s another reality for older hip-hop artists. They have families and responsibilities and must have an income. He agrees with Dr. Perry in that these artists, particularly the older ones, do not have many choices anymore and might need to use their names and faces to market a product once in a while.

Both panelists demonstrated the lack of power hip-hop artists actually have, one through the younger generation of artists and one through older, proving that it is not widespread in the hip-hop industry. Thanks to Dr. Neal, I understand why Puff Daddy is on the awful Proactiv Acne Solution commercial claiming that it “preserves his sexy.” He simply does not have a choice, despite his income and status, because he is an older artist who has financial obligations, but still wants to express a ‘grown and sexy’ appeal.

Dr. Perry responded to the CNN question by pointing out that Time Warner, the company that brings CNN into American homes, is also responsible for bringing MTV and BET, the stations criticized for showing artists who display messages about commodities—money, jewelry, clothing, cars, even girls. She cites that, throughout history, recording companies have pressured artists to produce the music that sells, and in this case, that music is about materialistic and sexual themes. The brains behind those motives can be black or white and thus it is not necessarily hip-hop or African Americans’ fault, but rather a problem with our culture and what we crave. She asks us not to blame hip-hop videos for crime and sexism among adolescents any more than we blame Donald Trump or Paris Hilton for being famously solely for their luxurious lifestyles—not to mention sex tapes. It is not the music that is poisonous, but rather our cultural yearning for luxury and lust, contextualizing this poison in a public domain that we should rectify ourselves, regardless of race.

The second reality Dr. Neal expanded upon was the lack of control hip-hop artists have over what they convey in their music. They are signed to labels who demand certain results, just as with any other genre. If the label thinks using the word “sket” in a song will sell records, then Lil’ John will put it on his track. He explains that these themes are inherent to youth culture and not necessarily to real hip-hop. The real hip-hop fans have been listening since its inception and no longer relate to these young themes. Instead, they are an older audience with responsibilities, worries and memories. They want music pertaining to those themes and older hip-hop artists acknowledge and sympathize with that. They want to give their older fans the ‘grown and sexy’ image, but recording companies prefer that even artists like Snoop Dogg—who is happily married—rap about pursuing women instead, because that’s what sells to the younger age group. Only a few artists have broken free from that expectation.

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Modest Mouse was a band at a crossroads after they put out 2005’s Good News For People Who Love Bad News. Previously a somewhat obscure indie rock band with appeal to angsty teenagers and those who can really appreciate finely crafted, subtle songwriting, they scored a direct hit to the upper echelons of the Billboard charts with their single “Float On.”

Would they take the route of past surprise successes, The Flaming Lips (“She Don’t Use Jelly”) or Guided By Voices (“I am a Scientist”), pocketing the cash from their new-found attention and making another record on their terms? Or would they stuff their new record Wi You Dead Before The Ship Even Sank with over-produced, gimmicky horror? I think the answer is clear.

The analogy that’s been burning a hole in my head while listening to Wi You Dead is the experience of watching a lowbrow, produced, gimmicky horseshit? I think the analogy that’s been burning a hole in my head while listening to Wi You Dead is the experience of watching a lowbrow, extremely commercialized box office smash sequel. Modest Mouse’s career has entered the obligatory gorilla-fucking-the-bad-guy-scene before the credits roll.

Like the goofy catch phrases in the first Ace Ventura, what was good in small doses and stood out precisely because they made for definable, different moments, have now come to make up the entirety of the record, forsaking the substance and depth that once made their records memorable. Michael Jackson used to describe his songs as “funky” though they certainly never approached anything resembling funk. Modest Mouse’s songs are “Modest Mousey.” Sure we see all the elements in place, and sure they are using the same old whammin’-out harmonic guitar riff, but it just doesn’t have the soul or feel of a Modest Mouse record.

He even writes lyrics that sound like Isaac Brock lyrics, but are for whatever reason just plain terrible. He sings “We know everything / We know everything / We’ve got everything down to a science / So I guess we know everything.”

Reading a lyric doesn’t always do justice to the song because it’s di ffi...
PIECES

Bits of Information

Coachella
Indio, CA

One of the biggest music festivals in the country, Coachella is known for bringing thousands of people out to the Colorado Desert as well as for reuniting old bands. Hundreds of musical acts span three days in April, which is luckily not the hottest time of year, but here in Coachella Valley, it gets hotter in April than even Atlanta does in August. Daytime temperatures will often reach well over 100 degrees.

The festival started in October of 1999, not too long after the disastrous Woodstock Festival of the same year. Twenty-five thousand people showed up for Coachella’s inaugural festival, but it wasn’t until 2003 that the desert really began to heat up. The 2003 festival brought together Red Hot Chili Peppers, The Beastie Boys and even a reunited Iggy Pop and The Stooges, among many others, drawing the largest crowd yet. Each year since then Coachella has continued to attract some of the biggest names in music and larger crowds every year.

There’s a very good chance that Coachella is a must-see band that you like. The festival has hundreds of continuous musical acts from tons of genres, as well as old and new bands. The festival is also notorious for bringing bands back together, or at least getting them back on stage to perform after a long hiatus. Last year Daft Punk performed for the first time in the United States since 1997. This year’s festival has tried to one-up that by bringing together Rage Against the Machine and The Jesus and Mary Chain.

Sasquatch
George, WA

Watch out, Sasquatch is probably the most commercial of our four festivals. Presented by the House of Blues—yes, the company that you can see the endless mountains that surround the festival but over time it’s grown almost to the size of Coachella, with many similar acts. The mood at Bonnaroo is very light, with tons of cleverness—Cennteno, What Stage, Which Stage, This Tent, That Tent, Other Tent—and a craftsmen marketplace.

Like the other festivals, Bonnaroo has some pretty hot acts: The White Stripes, The Flaming Lips, Franz Ferdinand, Feist and Hot Chip, among many others. While Coachella may be in the desert, Bonnaroo can get just as hot and with hundreds of thousands of hippies camping out in one place with no showers—it’s just say you can’t expect to feel very clean on the ride home. There are some communal showers, as well as fountains in the shape of mushrooms, but if you’re really not into bathing in public, then we strongly suggest getting a group of people together to rent an RV. This will also help you beat the heat.

Pitchfork
Chicago, IL

Pitchfork’s music festival is more of a glorified concert than an actual festival. This is the only featured festival that you don’t have to camp out for or drive to the middle of nowhere because it’s held conveniently in Chicago’s Union Park. This is actually only Pitchfork’s second year of existence, but that is stopping it from competing with the big guns. While most of this year’s line-up isn’t yet announced, some of the performers already on deck are Car Power, Clipse, Iron & Wine, Gold Talk and Of Montreal. This year’s main attraction though is the recently announced Sonic Youth performing their whole 1988 LP Daydream Nation. This all may sound a bit pretentious, but that’s just the way Pitchfork likes it. The price is very generous (as of now) and the urban setting is definitely more desirable to some. Just imagine not having to shower with fifty other people under a giant mushroom.

Bonnaroo
Manchester, TN

The word “Bonnaroo” is a Cajun slang word meaning “a really good time.” This pretty much sums up what the festival is all about. Jambands were the original focus of the fest, but over time it’s grown almost to the size of Coachella, with many similar acts. The mood at Bonnaroo is very light, with tons of cleverness—Cennteno, What Stage, Which Stage, This Tent, That Tent, Other Tent—and a craftsmen marketplace.

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3 Alternatives

Rock The Bells rolls through 3 cities this summer and boasts a pretty incredible variety of hip-hop acts. This year they’ve managed to get Rage Against The Machine, as well as Wu-Tang clan to show this festival means business.

Pitchfork festival in Chicago, Illinois.

The Atlanta Jazz Festival is the largest of its kind in the country and promises some of the biggest acts in jazz. The festivities take up the whole month of May and culminate in the main concert over Memorial Day weekend. The best part is that most events are free!
Even the airwaves are not free from corporate overtaking, as evidenced by the Federal Communications Commission’s recent court decision to allow four major radio companies’ pay radio stations to play their labels’ music, in the bit, known as payola.

As WMRE Music Director, it’s my job to sort out the parade of audacity each month. All the other radio stations air the same tunes and give away at WMRE functions. Every once in a while, we receive an album or albumadamente ridiculous that it echoes both heavy rotation and the dumps bin and gains a permanent place in my heart. Here are a few of the records that have amused me, baffled me, or made me want to hurt myself and others.

Payola is a prominent part of many radio stations’ repertoire. Payola has become so prevalent, many independent record labels and musicians go ignored because they cannot pay och whose record companies have agreed with the American Association of Independent Music, the radio companies consented to dedicating 8,400 half-hours of air time to independent music over the next three years. In a separate agreement with the American Association of Independent Music, the radio companies consented to dedicating 8,400 half-hours of air time to independent music over the next three years.

The American Association of Independent Music is comprised of over 200 independent record labels, the ones that actually promote unsolicited CDs rather than unceremoniously discarding with shredded papers and lunch leftovers. Between that many record labels, 8,400 half-hour segments is a modest triumph, but still a triumph, in the promotion of diversifying popular radio. An article for the San Francisco Chronicle estimated that, over three years, 1,000 radio stations could devote little over four hours to indie music and fulfill the quota.

For instance, Santogold. With a wide variety of wigs on, she’s dressed in a ghetto fabulous ensemble and the dumps bin and gains a permanent place in my heart. Here are a few of the records that have amused me, baffled me, or made me want to hurt myself and others.

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Jump's cellist on naming his instruments, college and the dobro

By William Carter

Ward Williams, the former guitarist and cellist from the North Carolina rock band Jump, Little Children, released his first solo album in 2006. Before a show in Fall 2006 at Eddy's Attic, Williams sat down with Stephanie Carter for an interview about his previous life with a rock band, his adventures into solo performance and his future as a cellist.

So, what has this project meant to you?
It's kind of a culmination of the past three or so years of writing and it's definitely influenced by Ryan Adams, Gillian Welch and kind of country-style stuff. It's sort of just a portrait of my state of mind over the past three years.

What do you normally write your songs about? What inspires you?
Well, girls and relations with them. That, and kind of feeling down. There's a band called Camera Obscura and I was listening to an interview with them on NPR and the singer-songwriter was saying she felt like she never wrote anything when she was feeling really good. It always came out of sort of a struggle and feeling bad. That sort of rings true with me. I always feel a little more stimulated by feeling bad.

Is there anyone that is kind of an unexpected influence or someone who is dissimilar to what you sound like, but still an influence?
You know, I've been doing this metal Monday thing. Judas Priest is kind of my first favorite band. I certainly don't think that heavy metal really influenced this record so much, but I definitely would love, at some point, to make a harder-driving record. Maybe not metal, but, you know.

Recently, you started playing the dobro. What drew you to the dobro?
I just love the way it sounds. I have Allison Krauss's live album that has Jerry Douglas all over it. It's a guitar, but you do the slide. It has the same kind of feel. There are treble, but you're not really using the frets; so I thought it would be good middle ground. I just loved the way it sounded, so I just threw it all over the record because I was excited to have it.

Why did you start playing the guitar?
My dad had one. I'd pick it up and mess with it. I took a few guitar lessons like in third grade and then I started taking piano until about fifth grade and then in fifth and sixth grade I started really taking the guitar seriously.

Do you have any advice for people in college who are musicians and want to play professionally?
If you're going classical, then you need to stay in school and probably go to grad school. If you're in school and you're not almost a senior and you want to make rock and roll your career, I would take a good look at why you're in college. I'm saying you shouldn't finish. There's a lot of reasons to finish. Most people honestly stay in school because of parental pressure, which is really a valid reason, but, I don't think that's a good enough reason. It's getting to the point with college that it's just an extension of high school now. If you're going to go to the school route to get a job you have to go all the way through grad school no matter what your major is doing. And then you've got all these student loans to pay back and I just don't think you can do that without really thinking about what you're doing and why you're doing it. All of the sudden you end up in a life you never had imagined for yourself. And you're saying, 'How the hell did I get here? Will I can't just quit because I have hundreds of thousands of tens of thousands of dollars of student loans to pay back."

Do you name your instruments?
My first cello was named Frances, but her neck broke. I still played her for a little while but then I traded her in for this cello. I don't know if this cello has a name or not. If people ask me I say it's Hugo, but it doesn't really seem like a Hugo. I do have a Leo Paul electric guitar that I call Becky. I think my instruments have to have girl names. I don't think Hugo would stick. Maybe it's a counterpart kind of thing. If I were gay maybe guy names would work. I can see that, you get pretty intimate with your instrument, you know. Not in a gross way.

And then you started playing the cello?
The cello was sophomore year in high school. And that started because of orchestra. So every chance I got, I tell people not to take music programs out of schools, because I would never have touched the cello had it not been for the school orchestra program. It totally has changed my life. Maybe my life would have been a lot better. I don't see how it could.

Now, let's talk about the new album, the sound, the history of the band. What do you normally write your songs about? What inspires you?
If I were gay maybe guy names would work. I don't know if this cello has a name or not. I can see that, you get pretty intimate with your instrument, you know. Not in a gross way.
Hot Chip's Joe Goddard is slow to pick the best live show he and his band mates have ever played. It's understandable. After a couple world tours it can be hard to pick favorites. And although Hot Chip has played everywhere from Big Day Out in Australia to the Airwaves Festival in Iceland, Goddard settles on a late-night show they played close to their London home about two years ago.

“It was at the Sub Club in Glasgow,” Goddard says. “The atmosphere was electric right from the start. People were shouting and screaming and clapping. They were really respecting what we were doing and having a good time. It was like that for the entire gig.”

He goes on to explain the Sub Club’s history of raving Sunday-night parties and legendary DJs and it becomes clear why Hot Chip and this small club in Scotland are so suited for each other. Hot Chip’s electro-soul melodies, glitchy dance and feathery vocals sit best in a windowless room filled with a sticky, happily drunk crowd. And Goddard knows this.

“Small clubs are ideal,” Goddard says. “You really see the crowd and if they’re having fun, if they’re dancing around. If you can reach out and touch them, it’s a lot more fun. Generally, I see our music in a sweaty little club.”

Long before they set off on their globetrot, Goddard, Alexis Taylor, Owen Clarke, Al Doyle and Felix Martin began to create music out of boredom and frustration with other music. The idea was to create pop music without the pop culture to use synthesizers without the synthetic. Hot Chip combined these ideas with their wry humor and Farrago of influences—from the Beach Boys to Timbaland—to release their 2000 debut EP, E40 and the Victory Garden Records. Alexis differs from their later records significantly. The album features acoustic guitars and tinkling piano against their customary electronic beats, while exposing, for the first time, the complimentary juxtaposition of Goddard’s gruff, low vocals and co-songwriter, Taylor’s, easy, wispy falsetto. In 2002, Hot Chip self-released San Francisco E-Pep, which continued their conglomerate style with an added tone of playfulness.

Hot Chip released their first full-length album, Coming On Strong, in 2005 on Moshi Music. Coming sawed a variety of borrowed ideas to Hot Chip’s own musical discoveries onto one patchwork album, which made its way around the United Kingdom and, eventually, to the United States.

Their latest album, The Warning, released in 2006, is a bit more polished, but Hot Chip’s quirky, unpredictable sound is still clearly recognizable. Each track in this album, although differing substantially, maintains the uniquely Hot Chip motif. With The Warning came a visual invention that would literally construct Hot Chip’s image.

“We wanted some really weird object that whenever people saw them, they would associate them straightaway with Hot Chip because they don’t look like anything else,” Goddard says, explaining the wedge-shaped pattern that have permeated Hot Chip miscellanea since The Warning release. “They look like these weird, artsy sculptures that no one has every made before. They don’t have reference to other art or musicians. They’re just those weird Hot Chip objects.”

Hot Chip is currently working on their upcoming album, to be released around September, if all goes to plan.

“Most days this week I’ll be in my bedroom,” says Goddard. “This is where I try to come up with ideas for new songs and then work on them with Alexis. So I’ll be spending half my time here and half my time with Felix and Al—they have a studio at Brick Lane. They have quite a bit more equipment than what I have in my closet.”

Goddard and Taylor have written about 20 songs so far, some mostly finished, many half-finished.

“There’s a song Alexis has written, a slow and quite gentle kind of song,” Goddard says. “The others are very high-energy, fast-paced dance music. (The album) could be called ‘Shot Down in Flames’ or it could be called ‘Rocket,’ because some of the tracks, we thought, ‘If we were going to play heavy metal, but on synthesizers, what would it sound like?’ We kind of created that sound. ‘Rocket’ seems like it fits that.”

Before the release of their upcoming album, Hot Chip will embark on a desert tour. In early April, they opened for Björk, kicking off her world tour in one of Hot Chip’s favorite locals, Reykjavik, Iceland.

“Icelandic people, they go absolutely wild when they go out,” Goddard says. “I think it may have something to do with, [in Iceland,]...”
Emory musician Nick Brubaker is into song lyrics. "I think it kind of makes people nuts in a pleasant. Hot Chip has had few experiences because they love our band," Goddard says. "We're not the kind of band that gets crazy, any kind of a fuss," he says, "It's a really, really strange feeling," he says, "We went and played there a couple of years ago. Alexis was selling CDs at the merchandise table. Alexis gave him some free stuff, [but] the Klaxons guy just took a CD without Alexis having given it to him. Alexis was like, 'Hey, you can't just take that one.' The guy felt really embarrassed and went away with the CD I've already done." Brubaker says, "I was pretty much sick of the album when it came out." Brubaker explained that the quick release of the upcoming album stems from his dissatisfaction with the last album. "I was interested in understanding what made sounds sound good, how music composition worked. I wasn't interested in learning other people's songs too much."

Of course that's not to say that other musicians haven't influenced Brubaker. Anyone who hears him play will recognize the unmistakable mark of Bob Dylan in his work. He hears the same rough vocals, the same simple song structures and similar lyrics.

Now, however, Brubaker is starting to look beyond Dylan for inspiration. "I think it's helpful to relate yourself to a more prominent figure if you are just beginning," he says, "but I've definitely been moving away from that particular sound and listening to a lot of new music. [I've been] experimenting with different kinds of sound."

Part of this transformation has included trading the solo act for something with a little more instrumentation. "I really took the solo act to the limit," he says, "I was there with my guitar [and] my harmonica. I had those shoes that had a tambourine on one and a maraca on the other. I even had a kaomo that almost gave it an electric, pseudo-synthetic feel." He's also spent time around the house. I remember walking through the halls one day at school and saw some kids playing one [and] for some reason that got me interested. So I went home and found my dad's that day and then kind of kept up with it.

Once he'd learned the basics from his father, Brubaker wasn't content with the idea of simply playing other people's music. He almost immediately launched into developing his own material. "I was interested in reading books about theory and whatnot," he says. "I was interested in understanding what made sounds sound good, how music composition worked. I wasn't interested in learning other people's songs too much."

"It's light all the time and it hardly gets dark. No sunlight and then a few months where you have quite a few months when there is no sunlight and then a few months where you can really make a place stick in your head, because you've made a friend. That's happened hundreds of places." But not all the people on the road are so pleasant. Hot Chip has had few experiences with unruly fans, but one incident sticks in Goddard's mind. "You know the band the Klaxons? The lead singer came to one of our shows a couple of years ago and was selling CDs at the merchandise table. Alexis gave him some free stuff, [but] the Klaxons guy just took a CD without Alexis having given it to him. Alexis was like, 'Hey, you can't just take that one.' The guy felt really embarrassed and went away with the CD I've already done." Brubaker says, "I was pretty much sick of the album when it came out." Brubaker explains that the quick release of the upcoming album stems from his dissatisfaction with the last album. "I was pretty much sick of the album when it came out." Brubaker says, "I was way beyond that style [of music] and I had enough of other things. The main things that keep me moving really is dissatisfaction with stuff I've already done."
Feist recalls old sounds with old friends on new album

**Feist**
The Reminder [Interscope]

Leslie Feist claims that her newest album more fully represents who she is as a musician.

**The Reminder** is something of an auditory journey of undulating ups-and-downs. It begins softly with "So Sorry," a wistful plea for one more chance at a failed romance, then launching into the highly upbeat "I Feel It All" and the first single, "My Moon My Man," and then dipping back down into lullaby territory with "The Park" and "The Water." From there Feist swerves back up to the jazzy "Sea Lion Woman." Handclaps and a gospel-style chorus back Feist's vocals while a rough electric guitar edge underlines the melody. The effect hearkens back nicely to the song's traditional ethnic roots, while maintaining an upbeat contemporary feel. Kings of Convenience vocalist Eirik Glambak Groe accompanies Feist on the final track, "How My Heart Behoves," a gentle, melodic piano-and-harp piece, closing the album, which falls as if it has come full circle.

While not staying too far from her established territory, Feist has imbued her new album with a deeper feeling of maturity and balance, though some may object to the somewhat abrupt transitions from one end of the emotional spectrum to another.

**Overall Grade:** A-

**Best Tracks:** "My Man My Moon," "I Feel It All," "1 2 3 4" - Sarah Leahey

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**Grinderman**

**Grinderman** [ANTI-]

If you’re about to play Grinderman’s self-titled debut album for the first time, I suggest you sit down first. Otherwise you can expect to be blown back by a sonic assault of feedback, dirty guitars and Nick Cave’s low, powerful vocals, creating the sort white-lust punk that shoots straight down your spine.

Those familiar with Cave and the blend of alternative country, jazz and ballad rock that he typically produces with Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds are in for one hell of a surprise starting from track one, "Get It On." The track starts with a brief spoken word intro where Cave begins, "I’ve got to get up to get down / Kick those white mice and rats out of the basement. / Kick those rats and batsons out from the basement," after which the band starts screaming, "Get it on, get it on," and launching into a distorted guitar riff.

Cave’s songwriting also takes a new turn with this group. Instead of the lyrical, narrative pieces we see with the Bad Seeds, Grinderman’s songs are diry, curse-filled tirades about girls who won’t put out—like in the aptly titled "No Pussy Blues"—or women who give it up to everyone—as in "Deep Charge Ethel." You won’t hear Cave rhyme "hysteria" with "wisteria" here, as he does in the Bad Seeds track "Nature Boy" from their 2004 album Blues.

In fact, there are lines like "he drank panther piss and probably fucked the girls you’re married to." While this is something of a typical Cave sound, but even then there’s the new feedback-driven edge. None of these songs are mellow or drag, with the one exception of the title track, "Grinderman," a four-minute-thirty-second exercise in repetition that’s at least three and half minutes too long. But it’s only one track out of 11, leaving us with a good 35 minutes of good old-fashioned angry punk. This is music that, as the band itself has said, is "foul-mouthed, noisy, hairy and damned well old enough to know better."  

**Overall Grade:** B

**Best Tracks:** "Get It On," "Depth Charge Ethel" - Andrew Seward

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**Maximo Park**

**Our Earthly Pleasures** [ Warp]

If Our Earthly Pleasures had been Maximo Park’s debut album then I would be pleased.

Unfortunately, however, this is their sophomore attempt and I was expecting more. Pleasure is more like an updated and refined version of their actual debut, 2005’s A Certain Trigger. Like Triggers the new set of tunes have much of the same subject matter—poetic lyrics about losing girls—and much of the same song structure. It’s even easy to parallel certain songs, like the new track "By the Monument" and the old, "Going Missing." "Russian Literature" is the new "Graffiti," and so on.

It’s almost as if they followed the same exact formula to make another album. "Our Velocity" is this album’s "Limassol" and turns out to be one of the most interesting. Dntel’s follow-up, "Get It On." The band starts screaming, "Get it on, get it on," and launching into a distorted guitar riff.

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**Overall Grade:** B

**Best Tracks:** "Our Velocity," "Russian Literature," "A Fortnight’s Time" - Max Fisher

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**Dntel**

**Dumb Luck** [Sub Pop]

We could possibly name Dntel the most hearth-west artist that you don’t know you’ve listened to. Ever find yourself bobbing your head up and down to "The Postal Service"? Well, this electro-pop group is the combined efforts of Andrew Swerlick and Benjamin Gibbard and the imaginative beats of Dntel, known on his driver’s license as Jimmy Tamborello. While you may now realize that you’re more familiar with Dntel than you previously thought, his newest album, Dumb Luck, will set you treading in an unfamiliar, decidedly less poppy, waters. Dntel’s follow-up to 2001’s Life Is Full of Possibilities is certainly a solid album, but it doesn’t quite live up to previous releases.

Dntel’s latest work enlist the help of some of indie rock’s top talent, with tracks featuring Jenny Lewis of Rilo Kiley, Conor Oberst of Bright Eyes, and an impressive roster of others. While this is impressive, it serves as a two-edged sword. Each song is enjoyable on its own, but the album lacks an overall feeling of cohesion and, more
**The Horrors**

**Strange House**  

The Horrors have got everything any smugly eyeliner wearing kids want: edgy guitar, rockabilly bass, gothic pipe organs from hell, a mesh of electronic noise, and macabre narratives, overlaid with metal and punk vocals. To top it off, they wear more makeup than a transvestite at Sephora and more Aquanet than Jesse Camp, circa its MTV VJ days. Nevertheless, they may need to stop focusing on much on their scary alternative image and focus more on their music. Strange House, their home release from Polydor, was more than a burden to listen in its entirety. It left the sense that both physical and musical style is more important than the five-piece as the other content of its sounds.

The album slithered into the United Kingdom music scene as an eerie Corpus Delicti meeting the synthetic sounds of the 21st century. Their horror wave lyrics replicate the Misfits, but a little too close for comfort with their blood spools and squeals of death, despite still come off as a little better. “Sheena is a Paraiso,” a song which gave the band popularity in the UK, has their best track, with a good approach to the guitar, and the shiniest edge is somewhat M.A. These gothically “punks” belong on an uncelebrated subculture of bands that inspire the entrepreneurs, hipsters and hipsters interpreted by slightly unbalanced scrums that don’t inspire the same feelings and simple directions that only the most-three-chord-wonder-loving of punks could appreciate, the track is just an attempt to sell one thing: that they are genuinely new. Handsclaps, the rhythmic drive, trumpets, drums, and vocals, all add to the feel of the track, even the harmony vocals, all add to the track and make it just perfect.

Overall, this album is a great album for the kids playing with T onka figures, expecting it to be slighly more like Pantera’s... albeit in a faster tempo. The album is really good, and music of this type is important. It is the kind of album you should be listening to while you are listening to the Raveonettes and the White Stripes.

**Best Tracks:**

- “What a Perfect World”
- “She is the New Thing”
- “The Magician’s Song”
- “Philosophy”
- “Love and Revolution”

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**Patrice Wolf**

**The Magic Position**  

Although Patrick Wolf has never do-overflowed Lycanology just a few years ago, it had been in gestation for nearly half his life: the English multi-instrumentalist was playing with Thereminics and four-tracks while the other kids were playing with Tonka toys. The record was an angry, noisy, often beautiful ride through the misty and waddlet of his mastermind. It’s not the most cohesive that announced, through growls and howls, the presence of a serious performer. As a result, two years and one follow-up later, Wolf goes and drops an album much like The Magic Position that not only defies expectations, but spits heads. Wolf’s albums have always displayed a certain theatricality and Patrick Wolf is no different. Just like Lycanology began with a “Prélude,” Position begins with an “Overview” — a combination of wails-dooms and a swelling string section that immediately establishes the vibe and atmosphere of the production. Violins that Wolf once bared in static andelectricity are now clear as glass, and the rhythmic drive and melody recall Wind in the Wires opener “The Libertine.” Wolf could have recorded a dozen more tracks like this one and called it an album, but he’s just getting started.

**Best Tracks:**

- “Wolf’s Magic Position”
- “The Magician’s Song”
- “The Magician’s Dance”
- “Accident and Emergency”

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**Wilco**

**Sky Blue Sky**  

Wilco may have been more appropriate for Wilco’s latest album, Sky Blue Sky, to switch titles with the band’s previous release, A Ghost Is Born. While Live, Wilco was a group destroyed by the mix of war-drums and guitar experimentalism, the former is actually much more ghost-like, drenched in sounds of the past, with early 1970s-style folk-rock melodies, tinges of psychedelia and bluesy guitar riffs that conjure memories of an earlier, more innocent era.

Of course, the title Wilco went with isn’t bad, since the high octane piano melodies and the clean guitar give the album a light airy feeling — a feeling that’s especially prevalent on tracks like “Either Way, You Are My Face,” and “Sky Blue Sky.” But even when Wilco’s music slips into that “blue sky” feeling, it’s feeling with a little more edge, their music still feels like something from years gone by. Instead of the feedback and synthesizers of A Ghost Is Born, here Wilco uses blues-rock riffs and Hendrix-style guitar solos. And now that it’s 70s feel, Sky Blue Sky is certainly not dated. Nearly every track is a fresh and worthwhile listen. Wilcos is this freshness by borrowing from many styles. They blend harmonies straight from Simon & Garfunkel with touches of Britte-eyeglass psychedelia and riffs that echo classic Eric Clapton. The end result is that the album isn’t much different from the 70s, but sounds like something we haven’t quite heard before.

There is one track, “What Light,” the single inexplicably featured on Wilco’s website, which lacks the freshness of the rest of the album. It is ramant up of lyrical clichés, maddeningly simple structure and painful repetetiveness leave us feeling as we’ve heard this all before and didn’t like it even the first time. But overall, Sky Blue Sky is a masterful — familiar, yet fresh, classic, yet original.

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**Bright Eyes**

**Cassadaga**  

Conor Oberst has apparently traded in his Neutral Milk Hotel and Postal Service records in favor of Wilco’s latest album, Sky Blue Sky. The change is no disappointment.

**Best Tracks:**

- “You Are My Face”
- “I’m Wide Awake It’s Morning”
- “ Accident & Emergency”
- “Bluebells”

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**James Hicks**

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The Culture Report:

**Thrift Shops**

**Rag-O-Rama**
1111 Euclid NE

Rag-O-Rama is a relatively new vintage-thrift store addition to the Little Five Points lineup. The store itself resides in Little Five Points, the Atlanta location is the newest of three stores. The other two can be found in Columbus, Ohio and St. Louis, Missouri.

I first experienced Rag-O-Rama this past summer when they opened the Atlanta location and, thankfully, not much has changed since then. The store’s motto, “Recycle Your Wardrobe”, expresses exactly what you can do if you’re really into taking a loss on the total value of your clothing. You see, unlike your average thrift or vintage store, Rag-O-Rama will buy your used clothing all for the low, low price of 50 percent of the item’s actual value. The store uses a simple system. They first calculate what they think your item was worth new and then subtract 50 percent from that price. So, you’re left with two-life-or-death options. You can either use that full 50 percent price to shop for clothing in the store or you can sacrifice 15 percent and get 35 percent of the total value of your items in cash.

The store itself is nice, the building is spacious enough so that, unlike most thrift and vintage shops, you aren’t getting crammed between people’s old clothing on every aisle. Well, in fact, there are no aisles. The layout is particularly well designed for a thrift store, with separate racks holding clothes, shoes or pants based on size. Rag-O-Rama’s location in Little Five Points really seems to help the clothing selection, as you can find lots of name brands and sometimes even obscure items in the cheap.

One of the best parts of Rag-O-Rama is as much an experience as it is a fashion shopping experience. The cutest people in purple dress shirts and navy pants greet you at the door. Despite their low-to-decent quality, the polo’s cash in at $30 each. A small selection of checkerboard Bermudas and 1970s track shorts as well as plaid dacks, patterned button-ups and beat-up track jackets make up the back half of the store. The walls are lined with a promingly large selection of t-shirts. While there is a occasional eye-catching find, the majority of these “vintage” tees bear the sort of designs you could easily grab for a buck at Goodwill. The $15 price is too much for the merely decent quality of most of the shirts. The same goes for the racks of jeans.

The wall of cowboy boots and vast selection of dresses are some of this Little Five frontier’s redeeming qualities. Organized by color, the dresses range from 1950s swing-style to more modern frocks. Interestingly, finds include 1960s shift and rockabilly dresses, psychodelic 1970s patterns, Madame-esque minidresses, and cute floral and polka dot sundresses. The cuts are bold and unique, the quality is generally above average, and there’s a wide range of sizes, but a less-than-$30 find is rare on these racks. The best pieces run around $45-$48.

In addition to used clothes, the Clothing Warehouse sports a glass case full of new sunglasses ranging from girly bug-eyed frames to silver plastic aviators. Dickies bags, purses, jewelry and other accessories are also new.

If price is no issue, give the place a shot. But chances are you’ll want to find something for better prices at a more traditional thrift store. The Clothing Warehouse likes to call itself "vintage," but the last time I checked my grandmother’s coffee-stained sweater wasn’t worth selling $40 bucks.

**Overall Grade:** B+ - Max Junquera

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**The Clothing Warehouse**
420 Moreland Ave. NE

Perched on the main square of Little Five Points, the Clothing Warehouse is hard to miss with its vibrant Kool-Aid-red walls. The sign outside reads "vintage," but it seems almost an excuse to overprice their secondhand threads than an indication of high quality. This runy shop has a friendly staff, and it’s eight dollars to pass through the defunct Moreland Department Store’s deceased parking lot.

Walk inside and you'll find hundreds of name brands and sometimes even obscure items in the cheap. The clothes selection is probably the best part about the store. It’s rare if they don’t have at least one pair of Nike Dunks or Chuck Taylors up for grabs at a fraction of the original cost.

Not uncommon to find some nice t-shirts and jeans on the racks as well. American Apparel is eight dollars, but one of the items I saw recently is a 1997 summer camp. Collect about ten of these and you have yourself material for making a comfy college dress or skirt. In the men’s shirts, lucky shoppers can also find the occasional triple-extravagant Ralph Lauren polo.

Secret trick: Buy any vintage shirt, maybe a sewning machine, any tinfoil-covered consumer can discover or create fashionable clothing with it. A trip to Urban Outfitters has yet to exploit. Not to mention the mass of florsam and jersam piling for a new home. Channel The Brute Little Toaster.

The kind people in purple and navy who run Value Village—a company called Savers, which can be found not only in Canada and Australia—have organized their departament fairly well, making the shoppers’ task somewhat easier. Aisle of clothing racks are divided into type of apparel—boys’, girls’, extra-small to men’s medium—and sometimes even obscure items in the cheap.

The whole row of little boys’ t-shirts is a 35 dollars, $15 price is too much for the defunct Moreland Department Store’s deceased parking lot. An “extra-small” can easily grab $50, but once you’ve narrowed down the selection, you'll find plenty of animal prints—but once you sort through these, you can usually happen upon something worth your hard-earned $3.00. Don’t forget that if you find a fabulous dress or coat in the racks, you can usually take it out fairly easily with a seam-ripper or even a pair of nail clippers.

So once you’ve found your collection of warmly used apparel, you may want to try them on. And yes, it’s true. Value Village does not have an “official” dressing room, but the sly department store uses just as well to put all your stuff down. Once you’ve narrowed your finds down, head back up to the front towards the watches, jewelry and sunglasses sections. The Village is a company called Savers, which can be found not only in Canada and Australia—have organized their department fairly well, making the shoppers’ task somewhat easier. Aisle of clothing racks are divided into type of apparel—boys’, girls’, extra-small to men’s medium—and sometimes even obscure items in the cheap.

OK, girls, it’s time to get adventurous—let’s head towards the dresses. Boys, go look through the blazers for the next 80% party your girlfriend drags you to. They range from $3.00 to $10.00, for the really plain ones. Alright, so our purple-polo’ed friends like to try to arrange their dresses and high-fashion blouses into momentarily faddish prints and patterns. They tend to be a little late on the hot trends—right now you’ll come across a lot of animal prints—but once you sort through these, you can usually happen upon something worth your hard-earned $3.00. Don’t forget that if you find a fabulous dress or coat in the racks, you can usually take it out fairly easily. In the men’s shirts, lucky shoppers can also find the occasional triple-extravagant Ralph Lauren polo.

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We here at WMRE get some strange calls while working in-studio. From the stoned frat guys practicing late-night prank calls to that one anonymous listener who wants to hear “Rock Lobster,” and only “Rock Lobster,” it seems being on air and out in the open makes all the freaks and weirdos come out of whatever bondage lair they came from. Just ask any DJ who has been relegated to the late-night, graveyard shift and they’ll tell you that the strange and perverted never get tired of hearing their voice on the air.

But no show on WMRE attracts the attention of the anonymously weird like “Loveline.” WMRE’s sex and relationship advice show. Maybe it’s the show’s open discussion of usually taboo sexual topics or the fact that the hosts go by nicknames like “Juicy” and “Sweaty,” but for whatever reason, “Loveline” brings out the deviant side of the Emory community.

“We had a caller on the very first show that say they enjoy goat sounds,” Carla “Juicy” Webster, one of the hosts of the show, says. “What I mean is that when they have an orgasm, they like to ‘baa’ like a sheep.”

I should clarify. “Loveline” is not a lowbrow, shock-jock type radio show and hosts Carla “Juicy” Webster and Ryan “Sweaty” Taylor are no Howard Sterns. Not by a long shot. And not all the people that call in are forty-mouthed, sex-starved perverts — just a vocal few.

Loosely based on the structure of the radio show and MTV television show by the same name, “Loveline” is an on-air forum for an intelligent discussion of all things relating to sex, relationships and everything in between. Each show, “Juicy” and “Sweaty” come into the studio with prepared topics that range from the link between sex and religion to determining between sex and religion to determining when you have a stalker. They take a frank and open approach to the topics of sex and relationships.

“Loveline” is as informative as it is entertaining. During their two-hour show, the hosts take calls, give sex advice, share stories from their past and even throw out the occasional When Harry Met Sallystyle orgasm. If you’ve got a serious problem with a scary ex, they’ll give you a straight-up, serious answer. But if you’ve got more interesting things on your mind, they’ll go there without a second thought.

The show itself started almost by accident. Originally, “Loveline” was only supposed to be a one-off show for WMRE’s extra-hot Valentine’s Day Special. But after receiving over 20 calls in the span of two hours, it was apparent that there was a demand for a regular show like “Loveline” on WMRE.

“Originally, we were saying that no one calls then we’ll cut it early and start a new segment. We actually had a segment afterwards that we were supposed to do. We just said ‘screw that, we’ll take this as long as it will go,’” Ogles says.

And Webster and Taylor take their job seriously. As the hosts acknowledge, being in a sexually-liberated, college environment can lead to questions that some creepy, old health professor just can’t answer. So, there’s always a need to talk to peers about those burning questions.

“Obviously, people at Emory want to talk about their sexual feelings — there’s a cry — and we decided this was something we needed to do,” Webster says. Watch Loveline every Sunday from 8 to 10 p.m. on WMRE.