

Thursday, August 5, 2004

RYAN NYBURG
BUDGET RACK

Selections offer 'diet of cacophony'

I know this is probably a hopeless cause, but I think it is one worth fighting for. I'm speaking of course of my crusade to bring noise, chaos and cacophony into modern music, through my organization the Society for the Preservation of Horrible Noise in Music (SPHNM). After creating this organization in a column a few months back, I have received an outpouring of responses in the form of a single e-mail from a student in Indonesia who seemed to be working under the erroneous impression that I knew what the hell I was talking about.

In case you have forgotten, the primary goal of SPHNM is to promote the use of grating sonic assaults as a life-confirming antidote to the banality of modern musical stylings. A lofty goal, to be sure, but please indulge a humble scribbler in his fanciful dreams. There is something liberating about such noise, something that forces itself upon you in such a way as to make you feel alive. A break from stasis, if you will. Of course a steady diet of cacophony only creates a stasis of its own, but seeing as so much of our music has descended into a pitiful hell of easy-listening ballad blandness, the act of balancing things off is entirely in the court of the chaotic. Here are a few more suggested recordings. As always, further suggestions and monetary donations are accepted.

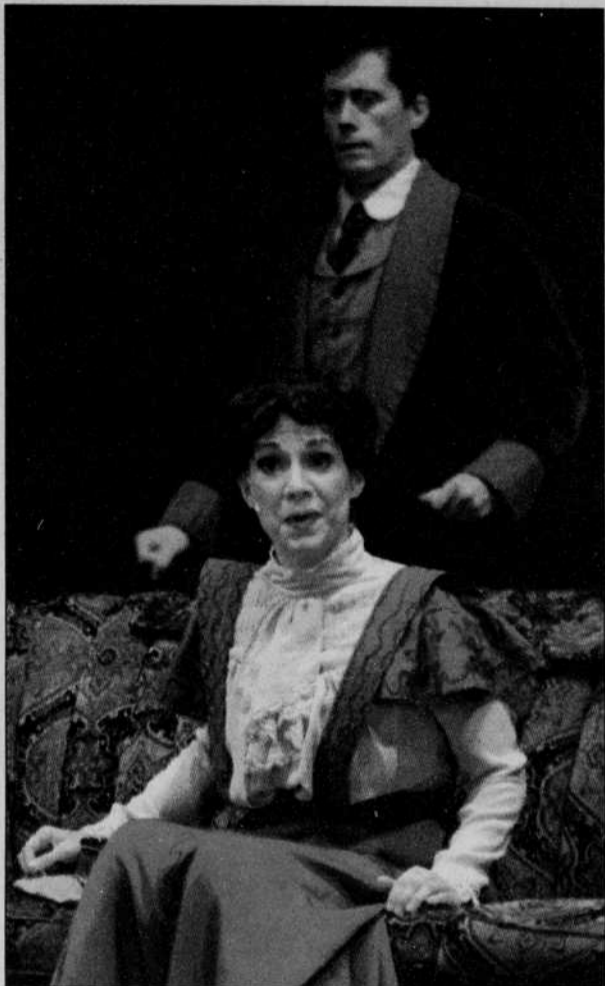
Mudhoney, "Wochehtrehtorbym." This is a doozy of a hidden track on the CD version of the "My Brother the Cow" album. It consists of the entire album, all 37 fuzz box-soaked rock 'n' roll minutes of it, played backwards. I can hardly take ten minutes of this before giving up, but it's still a fun piece of inane sonic manipulation. The mother of all bonus tracks.

Pere Ubu, "Sentimental Journey." One of the weirder outings on these art-punk purveyors' first album, "The Modern Dance." All smashing glass, senseless vocals and rumbling instrumentation. A spooky intro into the next track, the haunting "Humor Me."

King Crimson, "21st Century Schizoid Man." Classic opening track on the progressive-rock king's debut album. Mixing classical music, thunderous guitar riffs and free jazz, the song single-handedly creates a whole new form of prog rock, setting a standard that has hardly been equaled. The squealing horns mix with Robert Fripp's piercing guitar lines to create a wonderful oxymoron: restrained chaos. The distorted agitprop lyrics aren't too bad either.

Husker Du, "Recurring Dreams." The closing crescendo to these hard-core maniacs' classic "Zen Arcade" album. With the guitars cranked loud enough to make the ears of God bleed, the band lays out 14 minutes of furious soloing, coming off like a sound painting of the pits of Hell. The guitar only occasionally sounds tuneful, more often it wails like

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Tim Bobosky Freelance photographer

William Hulings and Shirley Andress star in the upcoming production of 'My Fair Lady,' which will be performed at the Hult Center for the Performing Arts this month.

'My Fair Lady' upholds charm of original

The OFAM production
showcases singing talent
and beloved characters

KENNETH MENDRIBIL
FREELANCE REPORTER

The Oregon Festival of American Music's production of "My Fair Lady" did not stray from convention. It mirrored the 1964 classic film starring Rex Harrison and Audrey

THEATER REVIEW

Though no innovations were included in the script, scenery or choreography, the famed musical was a delight from beginning to end.

Originally adapted into a musical from George Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion" by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, "My Fair Lady" opened on Broadway in 1956. OFAM stage director Richard Jessup and stage manager Josh Neckels have produced a very standard version of Lerner and Loewe's musical.

William M. Hulings and Shirley Andress, OFAM veteran players, played Professor Higgins and Eliza Doolittle. For Hulings, Higgins was a character he was born to play. Higgins' abominable con-

ceit and temperament were complimented by Hulings' flawless British accent. Andress fell in and out of her guttersnipe twangs, but made up for it with her incredible singing voice. Though she may not have commanded each scene, she commanded each song she sang, especially "Wouldn't It Be Lovely" and "I Could Have Danced All Night."

Brandon Finch, who played Freddy Eynsford Hill, was also perfectly cast. His bright smile gave Freddy life and youthful energy. Without the support of the ensemble, Finch's strong voice carried "On the Street Where You Live" with grace and confidence. The tiny ear microphone he wore proved to be unnecessary. The scene where he stands alone at Eliza's porch was simple, a far cry from the delightfully raucous "Get Me To the Church On Time," but no less appealing.

Shaw's humor and wit shone through during the scene at the Ascot races. The black and white costumes were reminiscent of the 1964 film and the chorus and choreography were sublime.

Professor Higgins introduces his creation, Eliza the Socialite, to the public at this event, only to be embarrassed in front of his family and friends. Even though she speaks properly of the approved topics,

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Concert series shares variety of music

The University sponsored concerts
in Washburn Park throughout
the summer months

KEVIN MILLER
FREELANCE REPORTER

Some would like to know who is playing and listening to classical music these days. Well, according to last Sunday's concert in Washburn Park, mostly senior citizens.

Eugene's Library, Recreation and Cultural Services Department, with the aid of the Hult Center for the Performing Arts has been busy hosting free live-music shows in city parks and recreation centers all summer. The Sweet

Winds, a local brass quintet, kicked things off this month with a successful performance near campus on August 1.

"We play for the fun of it," said Chet Peterson, the Sweet Winds' clarinetist. "We got our name because we'd always eat dessert together afterwards."

The troupe's song selection was historically themed. They began with classics like Bach and Mozart then moved through the centuries, touching on Debussy, Gould and others. Everyone seemed to appreciate the arrangements — except for 15- to 25-year-olds who were barely present at the show. Carol Phillips, Hult Marketing and Public Relations Manager, is well aware of the age-gap issue.

"They're going to have a graying audience," She said. "That's the tradition of that series. Some of them have been coming for years and they find great pleasure in it."

Lauren Larson and Mike Ragsdale were two of the only college students to attend Sunday's show. They explained that they were there as friends supporting Karen Bertucci, Sweet Winds' oboe player. This summer the LRCS in partnership with the Hult Center staff organized eight other concerts appealing to more diverse crowds in Eugene.

"The rest of the park series is not classical," Phillips said. "It brings in a wide range of audiences from babies to grandparents."

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Record-hunting treasures remain elusive

Local second-hand stores
harbor a wealth of forgotten
trends and long-lost favorites

RYAN NYBURG
PULSE EDITOR

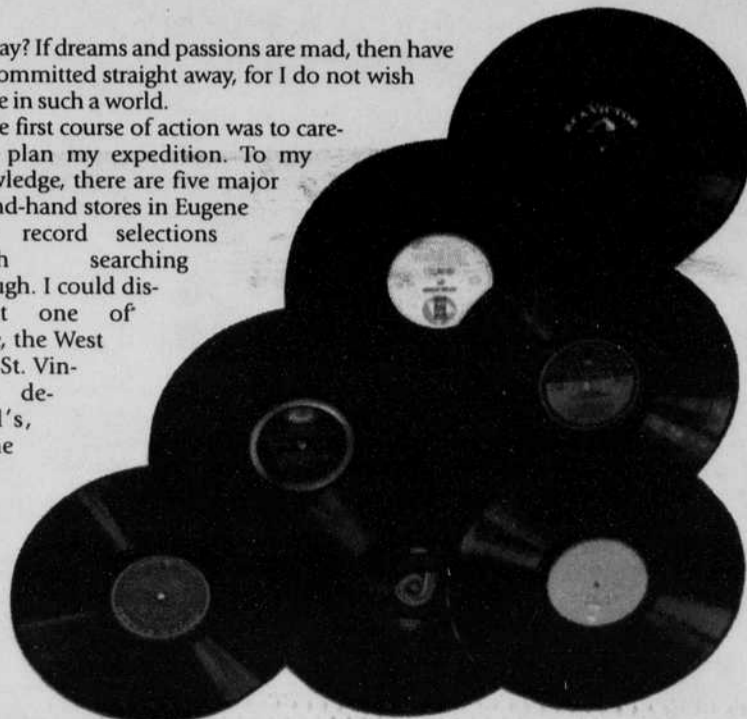
One day, while perusing a local record outlet for obscure bits of sonic kitsch, I met a man who told me a story about finding a couple of albums by the Beatles at a local thrift store, including one with "just a plain white cover and no words on it." This man had left the album there, apparently not aware of its worth (he was a Tom Jones fan, and could not reasonably be expected to have good taste in music).

REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK

I found this story intriguing. I had traversed the unyielding selections of the local thrift stores before, but never had I come across such a prize. For days the image of that glossy white cover tormented my every waking hour. Even my dreams were haunted by images of glass onions, raccoons and birthday parties. Finally I could take no more. I organized an expedition, consisting of my girlfriend and me. This selection proved fruitful, as she served as both transportation and guide to local thrift shopping opportunities. Such knowledge would be important. My goal was to visit every second-hand store that possessed a record collection. Mad,

you say? If dreams and passions are mad, then have me committed straight away, for I do not wish to live in such a world.

The first course of action was to carefully plan my expedition. To my knowledge, there are five major second-hand stores in Eugene with record selections worth searching through. I could discount one of these, the West 11th St. Vincent de-Paul's, as the



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Photo illustration by Tim Bobosky