



KMUNITY RADIO PORTRAIT

"Commercial radio kills me / But KMUN 91.9 really thrills me."
 -Original song by 'FOOD STAMP RIOT'
 (Liam Dunne, et al) 4/17/ 1983

A radio station? Really Becky? An east Indian potluck and folk dance and a \$10 membership though I wondered if it would really happen. It did, it does and I can't imagine life without it. So here's an abstract portrait of KMUN by a non-painter.

long steep stairs in a dark stairwell and a small intimate studio... harriet with a flask of brandy in the bottom drawer for nouveau programmers she said... doug at her right hand, and left, and soon when the time was right, out in front... the grandiose bar at the brass rail and a motley crew talking, laughing, drinking, making alliances.

erica reading to us four mornings each week... then nancy and lotte taking turns and sylvia creating a whole Dust Jacket not to mention late night stories... ed david and lydia mendoza, the weavers and kingston trio ...broadway and opera perhaps better defined... and how we loved — or hated — those long silences.

doug's low down dirty dog following the drinking gourd... what is folk music... ed david and lydia mendoza, the weavers and kingston trio ...broadway and opera perhaps better defined... and how we loved — or hated — those long silences.

afternoon jazz with wild vern and a slow blooming KMUN friendship — I'd never cared for jazz before — later obie and vern bantering and playing the muse and later still the blues.

looking forward to each barbara grant gift, every drawing bringing warm delight ...tertu and george hummasti's half hour entirely in Finnish... closing my eyes I absorb another world... tom pi and albums aside and the day ed lifted the needle in mid song because he didn't like the record... trudy on the phones, in the books, on the air.

sister pat's historical highlights... elaine myer's unconditional love with slugs... the oyster lady and the garlic man... ruby the galactic gumshoe... egil unander's tall tales... dario charney... j. pierce christie in a classical tux... mr and mrs swing's repatee... the Eiffel Hour... classical mornings with the stars... live music with the locals... women's music with reverend sue... the evolution of Skinnamarink... thank god it's Friday folk show ...how our music library grew and grew and grows.

tux, tails, tennies and a new dress under \$5... all the beautiful people ...exotic food, music, art and everything I always needed — or didn't — at the KMUN electric radio auction, the party of the year, year after year after year.

the inside stories learned long before mainstream media admitted them ... Watergate, James Agee, Contragate, Ben Linder, mining of Nicaraguan harbors, Cornel West, Winona LaDuke, Howard Zinn and so much more, only on KMUN.

deanne bruner giving up Nuclear Issues when reagan was reelected and a lot of us wishing it had been the other way around ...chuck giving voice and mccusker keeping the flame alive.

KMUN Children's Festival at the old fairgrounds in town: clowns, face-painting, a fire truck, Mr. Science, music, folkdancing, fortune-telling (though it was banned), community booths, cookie making, animals, a noisy day of laughter and joy for all ages.

KMUN at the local Dixieland Jazz Jubilee, our remote at the Elks, broadcasting music, interviewing musicians, even dancing with a parasol parader... Fisher Poets Gathering, much later and still today.

and then our motley crew in the streets for the Regatta parade, young and not so, walking along with radios on our shoulders blasting KMUN to the world with programmers hanging out the windows of the gunderson building cheering us on.

the Chicago bluesmen rick brought to KMUN's studio for a live interview followed by a barbecue... they worried we'd serve granola, were pleased we didn't and pleased too to hear kid playing his blues ...and years later in the Tillicum House — and a good thing too — the Tibetan monks giving us live music and an interview... the horn at the mic and the monk in the hallway.

phone calls from folks for whom KMUN is a lifeline and a comfort, as it often is for me... celebrations and then radio goodbyes to friends who gave so much: Bob, Ted, Ed, Elliot, Jamie, Rick, Obie, Michal.

I was 3000 miles away when KMUN first broadcast. When I returned home and turned on the radio I laughed with joy to hear the voices of friends, absolute magic. It still is today. Bringing people together, making KMUNITY from the very beginning and staying relevant. The KMUN family is vast and rich and so very fortunate to be. My deepest gratitude to everyone who's made and keeps making it happen.

-CAROL NEWMAN

