

The Duality of Blowfly

Blowfly 4 President

I had a feeling Blowfly, the original porno rapper, knew I wasn't white when he picked up the phone.

"You jus' made the biggest mistake of your cracker life!" he warned in a raspy Southern drawl.

"But I'm not a cracker," I replied. "I'm Japanese ... dude."

"Tom!" (Tom is his manager) "He says he's not a cracker! Oh, I'm sorry, the interview is over then!"

We both burst into laughter.

There's something incredibly un-PC about laughing at anything Blowfly says. Nearly every word out of his mouth is graphic and foul, though laced with sarcasm. When I suggested we grab some barbeque when he gets into town, he in turn suggested that we eat something else, something dripping, which I can't print. Plus, with songs entitled "The Sperm is Gone," written to the tune of "The Thrill is Gone," and "My Baby Keeps Farting in My Face," mocking the melody of "Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head," you can see why his records were sold surreptitiously in the back rooms of records stores during the '70s.

However, it is liberating to acknowledge and indulge that sophomoric side in all of us. It's even more liberating to know that when it's all over, when Blowfly steps off stage, I can again

resume my everyday life with all my crude thoughts locked away, and all of my social sensitivities again pinned securely on my sleeve. It is humbling to also know that Blowfly is simply an act. Like Freddy Krueger, he could be your worst nightmare — if you let him. But when as a kid you discover

it's scrawny, widow's peak-laden Robert Englund under the Freddy mask, the boogie-man just isn't as scary anymore. He is still frightening, but suddenly it becomes entertaining to be frightened. Blowfly follows the same formula. He is the alterego of Clarence Reid, a God-fearing Christian who swears he never drinks, smokes or does drugs. In the '60s and '70s, the musically gifted Reid penned chart-topping tunes for R&B legends such as Gwen McRae and Betty Wright.

Now, there remains a part of me that wants to tell the world that Clarence Reid is a gentle, considerate and wise grandfather-like figure. But as a staunch disciple of all the old schoolyard commandments, I can't "blow up the spot." No pun

intended. His true identity should remain as secret as Superman's was to the people of Metropolis.

Besides, I'm sure he's already angry enough over me calling him "grandfather-like." But he is 60, and getting there. Plus, I think he deserves a good ribbing over what I had to

endure over the telephone! So, to endorse the man's career-reviving rocket to indie-stardom via the Alternative Tentacles express, to quell the fury of a future Blowfly song

being written about me, and to rally Eugene's activist population to arms, here's the low-down on Blowfly. He is the nastiest, crassest, rudest, dirtiest, most shocking, most offensive, most sexist

old man on the face of the Earth. He is the ORIGINAL porno rapper. He will send the uninitiated running out the door, screaming and scolding this foul-mouthed abomination dressed in a shimmering

Luchador outfit.

And I couldn't be more elated that he's performing at John Henry's in support of his new album *Blowfly for President*, which is being released on Alternative Tentacles. **EW**

BLOWFLY
with DJ Frane, Moneyshot,
The Phormula

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www.blowflymusic.com
www.johnhenrysclub.com



Joules Graves



From the Ground Up

OCF's Community Village raises money to rebuild booths.

The Oregon Country Fair (OCF) "villagers" filled the room in the old Whiteaker School at their monthly meeting, planning for next summer and trying to figure out how they're going to fix their condemned booths. When one of the speakers announced that the OCF powers that be are requiring the Community Village to build the new booths using lighter, more portable materials and completely redesign the booths so they're removable, low impact, Earth-friendly and more creative, you could feel half the room groan.

Money's tight. Even though the OCF board allocated a big chunk of change for the booths, the \$3,000 they're getting is probably much less than what it will actually cost to fix or rebuild them. But that's not the real issue. The real issue is change. Some of the Community Village folks have been hosting their non-profits, promoting their causes and, during the OCF's run, sleeping in the communal lofts above the existing booths, for decades.

But this is a forward-looking group and when the same speaker went on to talk about how the mandate could be an opportunity for the Village to lead by example, the energy in the room shifted to a buzz of excitement.

To accomplish that feat in the next few months, the Community Village is teaming up with students from the Ecological Design Center at UO. The result of this partnership could be a truly innovative design that sets the standard for booths used at similar events. "It gives us the opportunity to create a new, environmentally progressive model that lessens our impact on the fair site and brings in a balance between our construction and the environmental needs," said Daniel, a member of the Community Village Council. "In many ways the village was started as a depot or oasis of environmental or social change. So this fits in perfectly with the philosophic underpinnings of the Community Village and allows us to manifest our ideals."

To help raise the money they'll need to make it happen, they're holding a benefit at Cozmic Pizza Sunday with folk rockers Joules Graves, Higher Ground and Jupiter Hollow. The event is also an open house for the members of the Community Village, many of whom will be on hand promoting their causes from alter-able access to peace activism. So even if you never plan to go to the Oregon Country Fair, you can get a taste of its more political side this Saturday. —MB

JOULES GRAVES, HIGHER GROUND JUPITER HOLLOW

A benefit for the OCF's Community Village

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