

the
WOOVE



SPRING 2015
part 1

Welcome to the
WOOVE

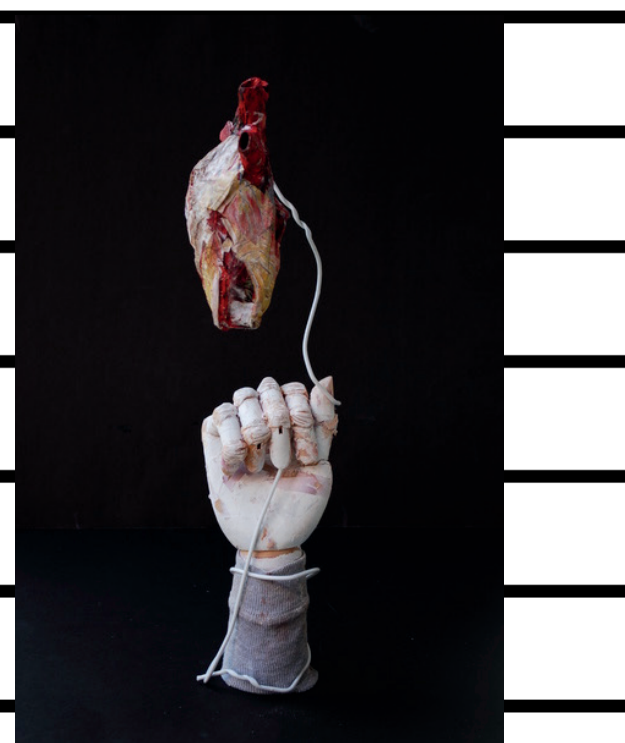
WUVT'S OWN ART, WRITING, & MUSIC
publication! Filled with tasteful content
for your eyeballs. READ ON.

Editor-in-chief: Mari Thomas
WOOVE contributors:

Abigail August
Sydney Barton
Stuart Fooks
Katelyn Forbish
Harrison Grinnan
Celeste Greenbaum
Aury Holtslag
Callie Lambert
Mari Lubag
Cambria McMillan-Zapf
Conlan O'Connor
David South
Josette Torres
Shanice Trimboli
John Underwood



Cambria McMillan-Zapf



Shanice Trimboli

pitills.com

90.7FM

BLACKSBURG

Cover art by Sydney Barton @ Sydney Barton Art 

HOUSE SHOWS: HARRISONBURG

The Digital Cage

At the bus stop

Look down.

I don't know anyone

Look down.

This is awkward

Look down.

This is no fun

Look down.

Where are you?

Look down.

When and where?

Look down.

I'm bored

Look down.

Please hurry

Look down.

Is she going to make it?

Look down.

What do I say?

Look down.

End of conversation

Look down.

She's walking away

Look up

by Aury Holstlag



Not a Relationship Goal

First you were all smiles.
Time passed, every day a blur--
And now, you are too.

Woman, Scorn

What more can be said
about the sappy Kool-Aid
you drank on a daily basis?
This is a groove I don't
feel. Dream your dreams
of sugarplum wedding
fairytales spun from *Martha
Stewart Weddings* elsewhere.
I'm dialed back far enough
to gain perspective. It's not
the wool being pulled away
from my eyes, but a reality
transplant. Spring dissolves
to winter. I cannot recall
my motivation.

two poems by Josette Torres

Off a side street in downtown Harrisonburg is a white house packed past capacity of students and young adults. The show house, MyMansion, is one of Harrisonburg's most popular communities for DIY shows and culture. The show tonight is one of the most looked forward to shows scheduled for the semester. Five bands have come to play and share their music, and the night of music begins just as the house is getting crowded. The living room, or the stage, is lit only by the glow of colored Christmas lights hanging. There are people standing on a torn apart couch in the corner, there are people leaning against a mattress that covers the window that has been there for more shows than anyone in the house, and a majority of the audience is standing heel to toe trying to get the best view of the performers.

The first act is a local one-act from Harrisonburg, sleep talker, who has just released a new album on bandcamp. Although he takes up little space on the stage swaying slightly to the tune of his acoustic guitar, his voice doesn't need a microphone as his husky voice fills the air. His emo-folk sound is like a lullaby, and we are all in awe of how powerful yet soft his music is. The lyrics are full of deep emotions, and he sings about his relationships and an experience, which creates vulnerability with every word sang. With the exception from one friend singing along to every word, the crowd is absolutely silent. Some highlights from his set include the songs Elaina, Hobos, Hobos II, and All the While. After taking us from one song to the next, a majority off his new full album self titled Sleepwalker, everyone is quietly taking in the tranquil vibes of the room when he finally sings his closing and most popular song, Skinny.

Taking only a few intermission moments to set up her one instrument, Kissing Fractures' Aimee Lin quietly takes her place on stage. Using just her electric guitar and her soft voice, she sends the audience into a dreamy daze. With each song, she soothes and enchants, as her bedroom pop songs continue to contribute to the relaxed aura of the room. She sings of anxiety, fear, and her experiences as a girl. Her music is self-proclaimed as "quiet music for pretty hearts". On tour from Maryland, originally from Brooklyn, she sings songs from her album Lost Self. Lost Self, Cheer Wine, and Past Tense are included in her set. She wrote all the songs except for two, which were originally poems that she transformed into songs. Her songs are short yet sweet, and she is constantly modest and shy while performing.

The third band consists of three students studying at Oberlin but are DC natives. Swings, previously Anchor 3, are a slowcore lo-fi rock band that just released a new album available on bandcamp. Detergent Hymns was released just days before their Harrisonburg show. MyMansion was the last stop on their winter tour, and they concluded the tour with an incredible set. Songs are slurred with the whispery and mumbled voice of the lead singer and guitarist, who is emotional yet boyish. The guitar, bass, and drums move rhythmically together in and out of sync to provide a unique sound. The drummer loses himself in dreamy trances while also providing a jazz sound. Heavy manner, V, and Pale Trinity are a few highlights of the set. A technical error prohibits vocals for one song yet the poise of the band is shown as they continue as if nothing happened, playing their instruments to create an unexpected instrumental version of the song.

The next two acts were touring together from Massachusetts, and came as a package deal. The first up was Mal Devisa, who is an outrageously talented performer with a powerful lo-fi soul funk sound. She created all the sounds for her songs herself, using a guitar, keyboard, and her microphone for harmonies. Every song had the depth and weight of a multi-person band because of the layers of sound she created before every song using her instruments. She played Honey, Judy Bloom, Heart like a Lion, as well as many others from her EPs that are available on bandcamp. Her last song was an improvisation that was one of a kind, and it got the entire crowd jamming. Her touring partner is the one-man band Wydyde, who is a freak out indie rock artist who wrapped up the night's show. He played the same kind of dreamy sound as the previous acts of the night. Just him and his electric guitar filled the room with a sort of woozy sound. His set was short considering how late it was, but he kept on the rocking vibe of the house as the four acts before him had.

MyMansion and everyone inside it were jamming until early in the morning. The five bands all had their own unique sound to contribute but ultimately complimented each other, creating an incredible show.

<https://sleeptalkerva.bandcamp.com/>
<https://kissingfractures.bandcamp.com/>
<https://swingsdc.bandcamp.com/>
<https://maldevisa.bandcamp.com/>
<https://soundcloud.com/wydyde>

by Callie Lambert

The comeback of the
VINYL RECORD - is
the trend here to stay?



The physical record was so influential to the average music consumer that the description fit perfectly; few such symbols existed of lifestyle change brought on by technology. Truly, nothing brought music into the public domain quite as fiercely as vinyl – it is hailed for its influence of fashion, lifestyles, and social values, and a paragon of uniqueness and creativity.

The vinyl record is an object that has prevailed despite the onslaught of evolving technology. Amidst a sea of CDs, MP3 files, iPods and score of competing music-producing devices, vinyl records have retained a special place in the heart of music lovers internationally. Vinyl records have been impacting society since they were first patented. Vinyl record sales have plummeted in the past in the face of new technologies, however, in recent years, there has been a massive resurgence in the popularity of vinyl records. What was once considered obsolete technology is now treasured. With popular bands releasing their new albums in the form of vinyl records, it encourages many people, especially the younger generation to appreciate and purchase new albums in vinyl format.

There is nothing quite like feeling a cold shellac vinyl record on the tips of your fingers and feeling the gentle yet pronounced grooves that delineate each new note into a velvety physical substance. Removing a vinyl record from its protective sleeve for the first time is an experience known to those with a thirst for aural pleasure that only a vinyl record can quench. The fiery satisfaction that vinyl records allow is timeless.

Whether this new revival of the vinyl record is due to the current “hipster” trend of favoring vintage items, a true recognition of the cultural significance of these discs, or some other reason entirely is unsure. One thing remains certain, though, the vinyl record will not be going anywhere anytime soon.



Following its patent in the 1880s, the vinyl record exploded into the musical sub-universe, fundamentally and permanently altering the relationship between music and individual consumers. Over time, the vinyl record was surpassed by other musical developments, such as the cassette tape and the CD, but it still remains an important and appreciated component in the music world. It has earned a level of prestige in the hearts of music lovers all over the world.

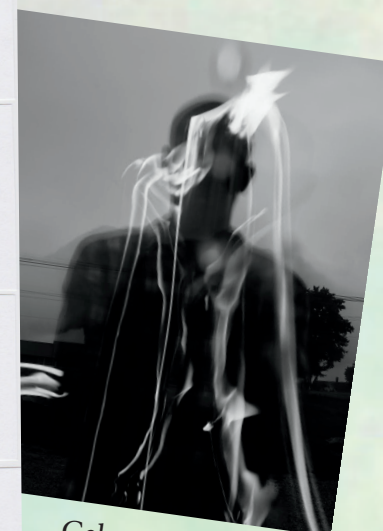
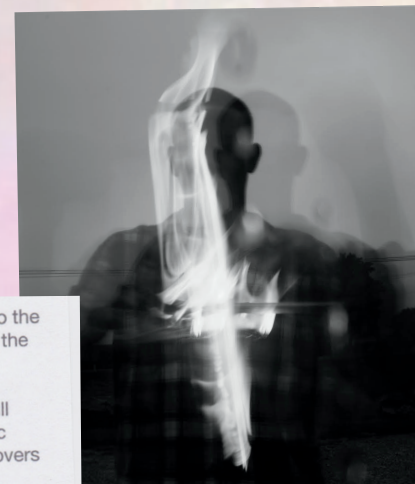
The currently ongoing “vinyl revival” is a social push for the resurgence of these records, successfully bringing them back into style, with an impressive increase in vinyl record sales over the past year. Vinyl records were revolutionary, and never have quite been forgotten; they hold a special place in the hearts of audiophiles and lovers of the classics everywhere.

Despite the rise of technological breakthroughs in the world of music, the biggest credit to the vinyl record is its everlasting fanbase. A fanbase so influential that the obsolete relic of twenty years ago is surging back onto the market with renewed vigor. With 2.8 million vinyl records sold in 2010 (the best sales year in almost twenty), the resurgence in record interest has been astronomical, with sales jumping to almost 4.55 million in 2012.

What sparked this renewed fire? There are two answers. The first is the efforts of various popular bands, such as The Arctic Monkeys, St. Vincent, and Mac DeMarco, who promote the classic audio experience by releasing a majority of their albums in vinyl format. These bands’ recent albums were also included in the top ten best selling albums of 2014 so far.

This leads into the second possibility for the reemergence of the physical record: the feeling of something solid, a nostalgic representation of the music itself. Why would a larger and flatter record provide so much more of a connection than a thinner, shinier disc, containing the same music? Some argue that the vinyl record simply sounds better, while for others playing a record is more of an organic and meaningful experience. At the end of the day, there is one mantra all consumers can agree on: it's hip.

by Courtney Wilson



Celeste Greenbaum

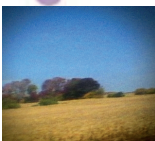
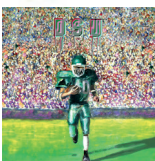
past present future present
future past future present
past future past present
present future past present
past future



CHEEBEE'S

CHOICE

Our music director, Steve Ibanez, picks his top three album adds from the school year so far.



1. Iceage - Plowing Into the Field of Love

2. Alex G. - DSU

3. Sun Kil Moon - Benji



TUNE INTO WUVT

Tuesdays 12:00-2:00pm
to hear Cheebec Suave
& Dr. House Spin
SOME JAMS

The Glamour

Attitude should never be rewarded with money or attention, I think, but for you I make unwarranted exception. Your brashness slices lesser minds open, spreads my twisted intellectual tastes wide. Drowning me in whole thousands of seductive words, your gift of wisdom, today I seek you out when before I resisted.

by Josette Torres

Vacation 1982

Once, in my travels,
I witnessed a man getting stoned
repeatedly by hundreds in a town square.

He stood resolute, upright like an obelisk.
The pebbles bounced from his skin at perplexing tangents—
each one the size of a blue jay's egg.

I imagined the first wouldn't sting, nor the second,
but the third would have killed me
because I could never know if the pebbles
would ever cease.

by David South

Trigeminal neuralgia

Strike, Strike, fade away.
Strike, Strike, fade away.
A blast radius, yet it sprays
and this world fades to grey.

Grey, Grey, shut me out.
Grey, Grey, hear me out.
I fade to ripples in your wake
while you twist me like a snake.

Bolt, Bolt, strike around.
Bolt, Bolt, strike me down.
Listen for a cracking sound
before I crumble to the ground.

Orange, Orange, in my head.
Orange, Orange, am I dead?
I hear you calling from the train
being driven through my brain.

Pain, Pain, can you hear?
Pain, Pain, no more fear.
I shall live another day
if it sends you to the grey.

U2 & Apple

sitting in a tree...

Bono's on your computer, whether you like or not.
 On September 9th, U2's first album in five years was released exclusively on iTunes for the world to listen to. Not a dime was spent on purchasing *Songs of Innocence* in what appeared to be one of the widest-reaching acts of charity conducted by both U2 and Apple. All eleven tracks appeared as recent purchases for every iTunes user, so the question was raised: "Cool?"

U2 fans rejoiced immediately; rumors of a new U2 album had lingered for months, and even stated the band was working with Danger Mouse leading production for the next rock album. The Irish rockers had a hiatus of sorts—the gap between 2009's *No Line On The Horizon* and *Songs of Innocence* has been the longest period between U2 records in the band's history. Fans liked it; *Songs* wasn't the best album but it certainly wasn't their worst. The record is an amalgam of sounds extracted from different periods of U2's history. The dance rhythms of their 90s work is what catalyzes the binding of their 80s guitar strums and 2000s vocal bellows. If it looks like U2 and sounds like U2, then it's U2. Some tracks on the album are forgettable, skippable at worst, but others really stick with you—strengthened by traditional U2 catchiness (that's their 90s stuff again).

Tracks like "Raised by Wolves" harken back to the band's original few albums, while others like "Iris (Hold Me Close)" and "Every Breaking Wave" sound HUGE, just like their 2000s ballads. But these are only worthwhile traits if one is familiar with U2's history.

However, non-U2 fans complained immediately; rumors of a new U2 album were on the bottom of their priority list—so far down they didn't even know Ireland still existed. The country still exists, and so are U2's ambitions to keep up with the times. *Songs of Innocence* landed in listener's libraries unannounced. To many, this was their first news of a new U2 album, and it was already theirs—downloaded and ready to go.

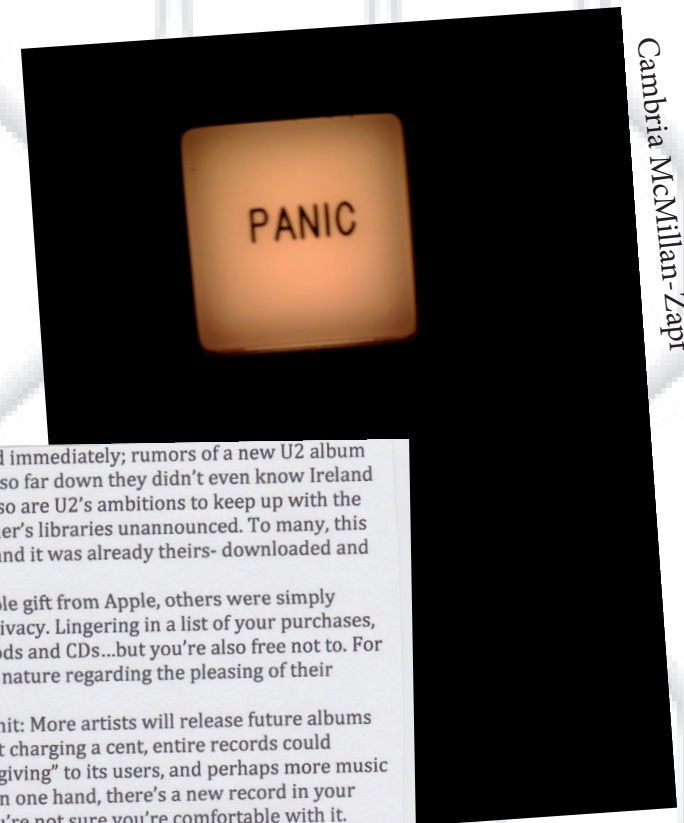
While fans saw this as an incredible gift from Apple, others were simply confused by this potential violation of privacy. Linger in a list of your purchases, you're free to download the album to iPods and CDs...but you're also free not to. For non-fans this clearly highlighted Apple's nature regarding the pleasing of their business partners. So, are events afoot?

Now we wait for the fad wave to hit: More artists will release future albums online, and they'll be given to us. Without charging a cent, entire records could potentially express iTunes' message of "giving" to its users, and perhaps more music delivery services will follow in design. On one hand, there's a new record in your personal music library. On the other, you're not sure you're comfortable with it.

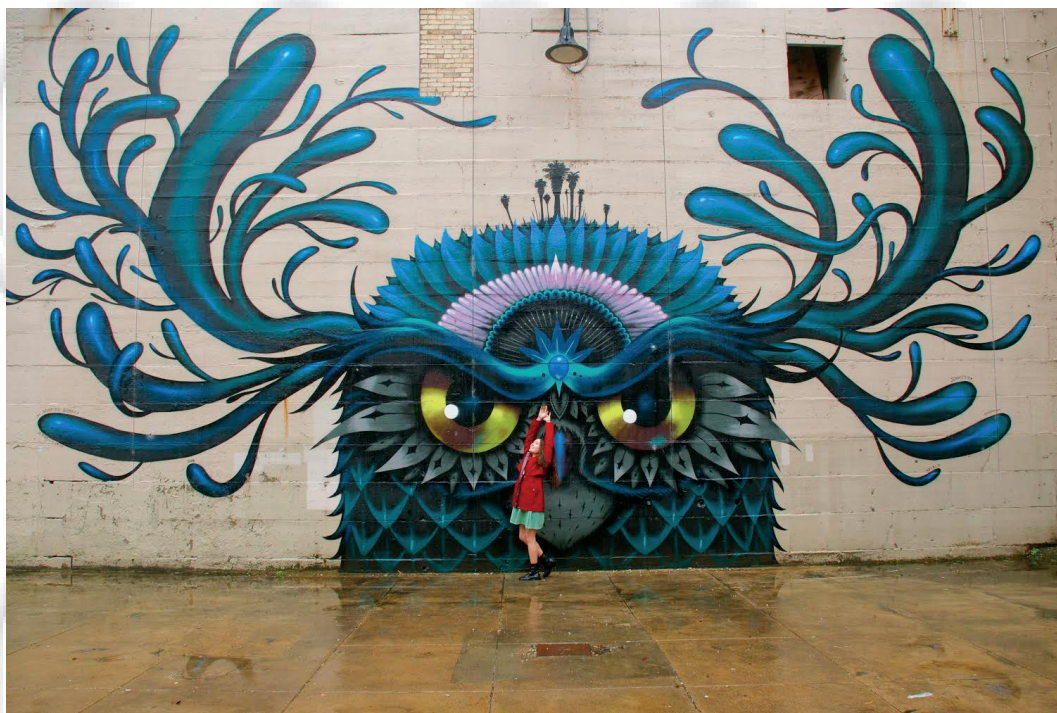
Is it even better than the real thing?
 Is it truly a beautiful day?
 Are things moving in mysterious ways?

Okay, I'm done.

by David South



Cambria McMillan-Zapf



Abigail August



"ART" - COURTNEY WILSON
"ART" - COURTNEY WILSON
"ART" - COURTNEY WILSON
"ART" - COURTNEY WILSON
"ART" - COURTNEY WILSON
"ART" - COURTNEY WILSON

PJ Harvey
-Rid of Me

REVIEW

LONG LIVE
THE
90's



The general oeuvre of grunge albums, especially from female singers, can be quite small. However, despite this lack of output, the individual members of this club distinguish themselves, and PJ Harvey is no exception on her second album, 1993's *Rid of Me*.

Conlan O'Connor

To preface, this album includes a song where Harvey loudly proclaims the size of her dick. That right there should set the tone for the album, one of appropriated hyper-masculine aggression combined with desperate neediness. The opening title track sets this tone perfectly, with verses best described as lurking (*I beg you my darling, don't leave me, I'm hurting.*), then the chorus explodes (*Till you say, don't wish you, never, never met her!*) Harvey is a woman deeply incensed, but still very wanting.

There's something deliciously raw about the album, not least the appearance of *In Utero*'s Steve Albini for production (or rather, lack thereof.) Guitars feel brusingly heavy throughout, with no real balance for the drums, or really much of anything besides Harvey's voice. There's a heavy swagger from this album, and the dynamic mastering lets every bombastic, tortured chorus explode just a little heavier still in intense frustration.

Oh, and how that violent frustration seems to carry and seep into each track, no matter how much they vary. From the moaning dirge of "Legs," the intense confusion of "Me-Jane," to a cover of Bob Dylan's "Highway 61 Revisited," Harvey seems to lash out at listeners, but somehow still holds something back. Harvey seems to get no satisfaction from these songs, as if she can't quite get all the rage out. The sextet version of "Man Size" sums this up perfectly. The dissonant strings offer incredibly large amounts of tension, combined with Harvey's singing, which seems as if she sung with her eyes and jaw clenched shut, (*Ooh, I want to fit, I've gotta get, Man Sized.*) But for all her bluster, Harvey never can get quite Man Sized. Her fists raised in anger can't seem to shake off what her lyrics see as limits.

When this album is fantastic, as it is in "Legs," "Man Sized (Sextet)," and "Rid of Me," each song is an absolute joy to listen to, even if the music seems to make yourself clench your teeth and raises your heart rate. But especially in the second half of the album, there's definitely a drag to it. There's no variation to gender tension, and songs like the original version of "Man Sized," "Me-Jane," and "Ecstasy" suffer from it. However, this imbalance really isn't a huge detriment, and the album as a whole is still quite good. It established PJ Harvey as a moody, tormented songstress, quite trendy in 1993, but the whole thing has aged very well, with her definite talent keeping the whole thing afloat.

by Conlan O'Connor

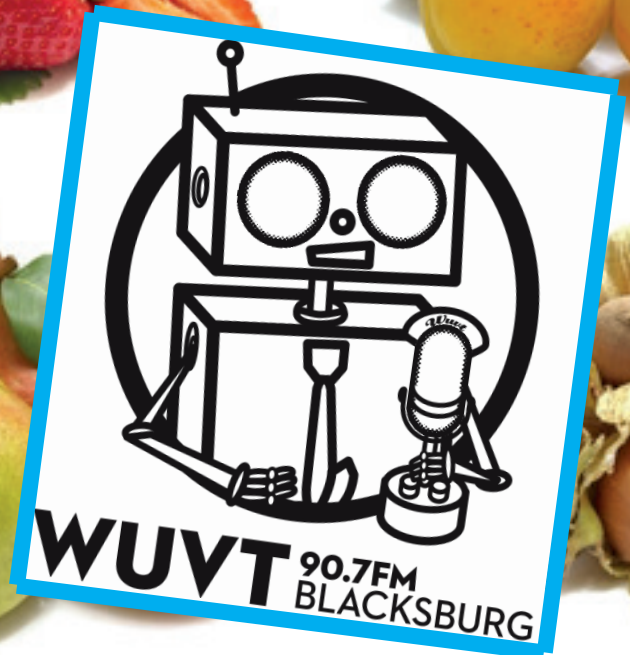


The You He Has Replaced

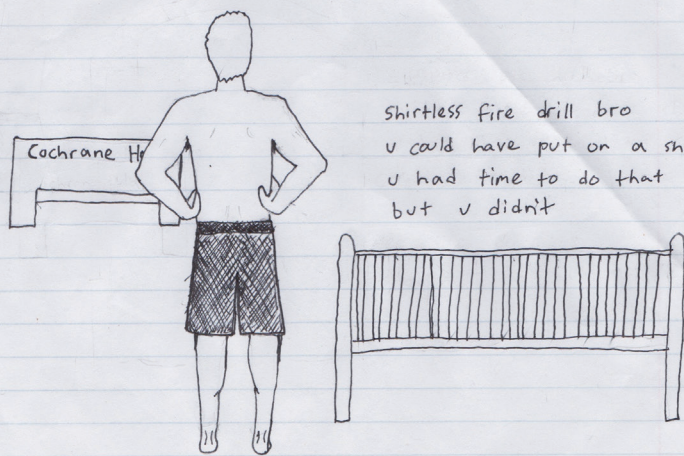
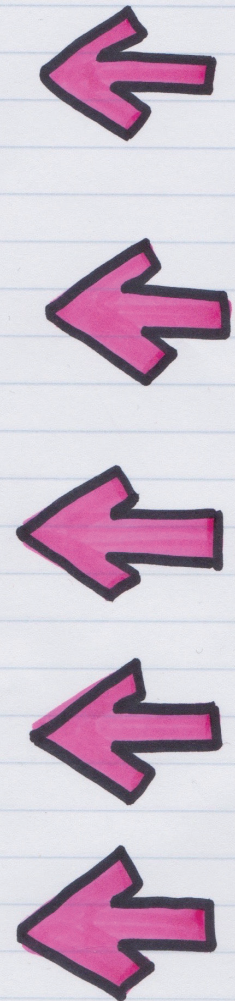
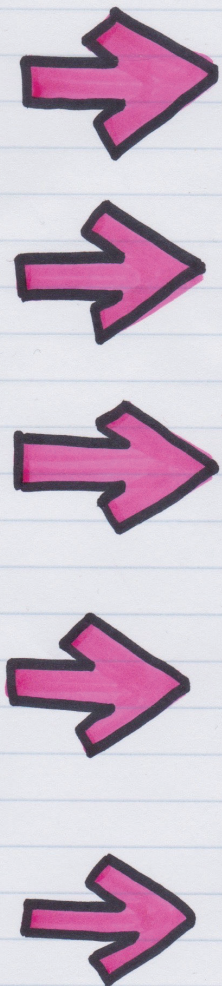
The physicality is all wrong but the look, the height, the tone, all correct. It's as if someone created the Optimal Persona of you to wild success. The perfect tracked life, when yours derailed by 25, when yours soured and rebuilt itself with specificity no mate could hope to achieve. Meeting him reminds me how glad I am to have left you, validates my decision to step back into the world of books and scholars and central air conditioned seminar rooms. Across the street from where I live, a white house with a white picket fence stands, surrounded by wire fencing, chained and padlocked shut.

by Josette Torres

HAVE ART OR WRITING
?? ? ? ? ? ! ?
SUBMIT.



GO TO
wuvt.vt.edu/woove
for more information



shirtless fire drill bro
u could have put on a shirt
u had time to do that
but u didnt

John Underwood