From: Judith Gennett <gennett@gorge.net>
Subject: **PLAYLIST IST 12 March 2009**
Date: March 12, 2009 4:20:57 PM EDT
To: folkdj-L@LISTS.PSU.EDU
Cc: globe-L@nevada.edu
Reply-To: globe-l@scsv.nevada.edu

In Suspect Terrane, 12 March 2009 KPSU Portland State University 3-4PM
KOTITEOLLISSUS--Tuonen Joutsen--Helvetistä Itään--Johanna Kustannus Oy
LE VENT DU NORD--Rosette--Mesdames et Messiers--Borealis
PHIL COOPER & SUSAN URBAND--Pretty Susan--February Sky--self
EDGAR MEYER & CHRIS THILE--This is the Pig--Edgar Meyer & Chris Thile--Nonesuch
JOHN TAMS--Over the Hills and Far Away--The Music of Sharpe--Virgin
STRATOVARIUS--Hunting High and Low--Infinite--Nuclear Blast
BUENA VISTA SOCIAL CLUB--Siboney--At Carnagie Hall--Nonesuch
OTYG--Arstider--Sagovindars Boning--Napalm
ELIZABETH NICHOLSON & STRINGED MIGRATION--And Am I Born To Die--Fly Not Yet--Waterbug
BOB FRANKE--Hard Love--The Heartt of the Flower--Daring
FULA FLUTE--Boloba--Mansa America--Completely Nuts
NEKO CASE--This Tornado Loves You--Middle Cyclone--Anti-
==========
Judith Gennett
1100 W 9th St
The Dalles, OR
97058
==========
As winter begins aye mind Boney
It wasn't only you.
Who was broken on the fields of Waterloo.
----------Jim Malcom "Battle of Waterloo"

The Dalles March 2009: "Mutiny at Fred Meyer"
I see him out the corner of my eye even before I hit the check out. ("BAM!!!"). He is a slight man, no younger than I, white hair pulled back and flowing like Horsetail Falls. Is it by chance that he puts his plastic basket behind mine on the conveyer belt? Is it a stochastic nuisance that two couples with carts full of junk food and chunks of dead animal are industriously de-carting ahead of me? And look at that hair on that one woman! White streaked with magenta!! No joke!!

And oh no deja vu!!!...here's the U-Scan Empress coming towards us...reaching like an octopus for our little plastic baskets!!!
"Where are you taking this?" I query forcefully.
"To the U-Scan!" she replies.
I shake my head and whine, "No!!!!"
"That's alright, she answers condescendingly and reaches for the basket belonging to the handsome man with the long white hair.
"No, I'd rather not," echoes he.
"That's fine," smiles the Empress falsely. "I couldn't get them to come!" she yells to the rest of the store with an chuckle.
"I want to hear a real human voice, not a mechanical one," the man explains to me, and then launches into a monolog on touch tone phones. It's hard for me to listen while entering my club card number and counting out the georges under the evil eye of the checker. I pick up my bag and walk out the door.

The man with the waterfall hair traces my steps into the parking lot. He zeros in on black Ford pickup with Washington plates and welded on racks. He flips the ignition and is gone.