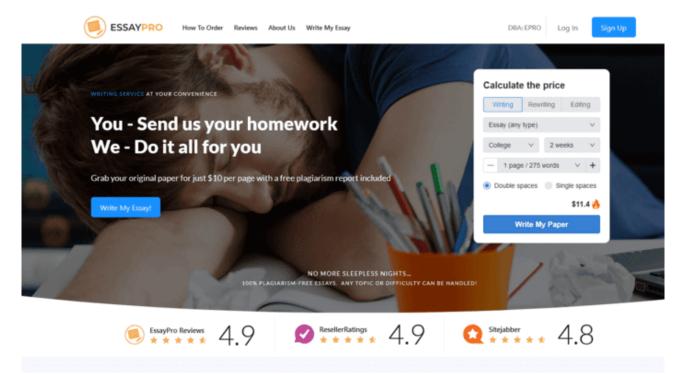
Soul Coughing - The Songs on Ruby Vroom



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Soul Coughing - The Songs on Ruby Vroom

Rock works on many levels: as a shared enthusiasm,

public entertainment, communal experience;, but also

as secret fantasy, private escape, a personal obsession

Jim Miller

Floresent lights splash across the sea of bouncing bodies and swirling appendages.

Occasionally a strobe awakes from its narcoleptic slumber to wink at the nocturnal nation cavort across fog flooded floors. I sit in the shadows. I am an island (not in the geographical formation sense, but rather in the Simon and Garfunkle sense). Music seems so tainted; its freshness extracted by the incestuous industry. Get an acclaimed producer, and make a video to show how pretty your band is. Become a whiney lesbian folk singer professing cynical prophesies with an acoustic ax, a violent criminal that uses his

vehemence as an art form, a diva whose love songs are darker than her exposed panties, or perhaps a greasy haired bar-chord master with a chip on his shoulder and a heroin needle in his arm proclaiming how hard life is in suburbia. There must be something new in rock's tepid arena, and not just another "underground" sound that is this week's salt-lick style. There must be a band out there in the very nucleus of pop music that will not take its precious history and throw it away. That will endure to "stand on its shoulders," understand it and explore its depths to form new music (Percy 49). There must be a band that has a lead singer who wrote a poem about Neil Young vomiting, and then had the audacity to name the band after it (Park). There is. This is Soul Coughing.

Seeking shelter from the <u>neon</u> disco aerie, I float into the leaf –thatched shack of the "Casiotone" Cantina. Clans of Muppet dancing hybrids convulse to the sounds of freak jazz – "sugar free" of course. The rest of the clientele, stupefied, look googly eyed into their empty beakers. An intoxicated, but not completely drunk, man offers me a "velvet crush." He is a bit shifty looking, with his "blue eyes and skinny tie," so despite my thirst I decline. Besides, I'm underage; I wouldn't dream of drinking alcohol. His name is "Moon Sammy" and he hands me a card for "The People's Republic of Lumps in My Oatmeal"(PRLMO). He tells me he is on the run. He "crashed a plane into the Chrysler building," and now a "Mr.

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