

Monday, July 2, 2007
Hyde Park Art Center
Chicago, U.S.A.

with Dan S. Wang

*Atom bombs, Vietnam, missiles on the moon,
And then they wonder why their kids are shootin' up so soon.
—MC5*

*Here we all are
at the end of "the century of beauty lost."
We greedily ate what you gave us, the rest we tossed.
We've trapped all your rivers, paved every pass,
pulled at your sky till we caused it to rip.
But you've got Jimi Hendrix
so let's call it an even split.
—cowboy junkies*

listen and feel: patho-Selections

I started paying attention to politics at around the same time I started to pay attention to music. At its earliest, that was probably at about thirteen. Before then, as a child in the late Seventies, I was naïve to both music and all things political. I mean, I knew what I liked when I listened to my transistor radio (how about *Afternoon Delight*, *Music Box Dancer*, Kenny Rogers' *The Gambler*), and I knew that Ronald Reagan was going to be better than Jimmy Carter. I had no context in which to place the music, and nothing but my parents for a window into politics (which were largely limited to national electoral politics; they liked Reagan, so I liked him). I had no ready access to people with more fandom experience than I, to say nothing of connoisseurship. Then at around age thirteen I discovered that music could give a listener more than a pleasant experience. It could be more than merely enjoyed, it could be profoundly felt. Also, I somehow realized that music could be meaningful in the sense of it having some sort of historical dimension, that music played a role in shaping society. That is to say, music opened for me a second window into politics. I have wondered about that relationship between music and politics ever since.

That my tastes in music evolved alongside my developing politicization puts me in common company. Almost all of my friends younger than about age sixty (which is to say, the folks who grew up with easily available recorded music) who are politically engaged and active, also consider key musical encounters among their formative experiences. This does not strike me as a phenomenon particularly worth investigating, except when you think about the range of music that can conceivably qualify as 'political.' In the broadest sense, all music is political. And for quite a few people, their music *is* their politics.

That leaves an inquiry like this one with an inescapable condition: how to generalize about the topic when musical tastes are hopelessly subjective, as individual and varying as the

emotional profiles of the person consuming the music? There is no way around it: this is a self-portrait, and even the most well-rendered self-portrait will bore the hell out of people who detest self-portraits.

* * *

The topic of music and politics is enormous. Obviously, there is no way to be comprehensive in a single evening about any of the ideas I'll be addressing. Thankfully, it is also not in my particular brand of obsession to be completist. Instead, I jump around, from partial treatment to partial treatment, and hope that in the end it adds up to a larger cohesion.

The problem of how to organize the progression of songs looms large. When it comes to music there is always the question of genre. Genres inevitably play a role, but I choose not to foreground groupings by genre, and instead go with the idea provided by Feel Tank—that of a 'pathogeography,' which is to say, a mapping of the feelings.

Mapping, on the one hand, as a self-consciously generated representation of reality, is fundamentally political, meaning the map-maker makes decisions about what is worthy of acknowledging as real, and further, defines the relationships linking elements of reality to each other. Feelings, on the other hand, are subjective to the degree that they are embodied, individual, neuro-physical interactions with the world. Feelings are the way we gather information about the world outside our skin. Feelings are political, too. In the modern world, one of the major contestations is between feeling and not feeling, like in the famous essay, between aesthetics and anaesthetics.

What could be more useful for an exercise in pathogeography than a program of recorded music, much of it known and familiar? At once individually, even pre-linguistically, experienced in the most psycho-physically intense way, but at the same time totally social, totally historical, consumed on a mass scale, delivered through a technological apparatus associated with advanced capitalism and the pseudo-liberation of retail consumerism, recorded music, as a medium, contains all the contradictions of our political condition.

* * *

set 1 **introduction**

1. Mahalia Jackson—Brown Baby, from *Come On Children Let's Sing* (1960)

The music and life of Mahalia Jackson takes us near to where I want to go with this presentation. Jackson has been quoted as saying that she started singing because she was lonely. Coming from a world famous artist, one who enjoyed the fruits of her talent in her lifetime, who sang for thousands if not millions of appreciative and adoring listeners, and who gave musical voice to the 1963 March on Washington as well as the funeral of MLK, who counted other famous singers among her good friends, being 'lonely' struck me as surprising. Then I learned that Jackson had lived a very difficult childhood, raised by a severe aunt in an overcrowded home in New Orleans, who worked her from sunup

to sundown with no schooling. She was beaten regularly, and furthermore was born bow-legged, and so had some physical difficulties as well. How her emotional life, tied as it was to her musical expression, and how her musical expressions in turn charted the emotional register of her society, including the major political movement of her day, is exactly the kind of question to keep in mind as we listen.

the european high tradition and the soviet sphere, mid-century

2. Shostakovich: String Quartet No. 10 in A Flat, Opus 118, 2. Allegretto Furioso
3. Ligeti: 3 pieces from *Musica ricercata* (1951-1953)—Kate Boyd (2002)
 - a. VI. Allegro molto capriccioso
 - b. VIII. Vivace. Energico
 - c. X. Vivace. Capriccioso
4. Ligeti: *Etudes, Book One XIV. Caloana infinita* (1985)—Pierre-Laurent Aimard (1996) video

How could a major artist's emotional life be more intertwined with geopolitics, national politics, and personal politics than was that of Shostakovich? Recognized as a prodigy early and widely, as an eleven year-old in 1917 Shostakovich wrote one of his first compositions, *Funeral March in Memory of the Victims of the Revolution*. From then on until his death in 1975, Shostakovich struggled against the imperatives of political orthodoxy, denunciations personally authored by Stalin, and the kind of expectations and acclaim reserved for major figures. Shostakovich at times kept a suitcase packed in readiness for arrest by the state police, for periods composed his works in secret (including some of his greatest), and still saw his works received with adulation internationally, both before and after Stalin. No other artist of such high profile has had to negotiate as intensely the relationship between the political conditions under which he lived and the overwhelming aesthetic experience he aimed to deliver.

Similarly, Gyorgy Ligeti lived through great upheaval. Born to a Hungarian-speaking Jewish family in Transylvania, he was shipped off to the Nazi death camps and was one of the handful of survivors from his entire extended family. A couple months after the suppression of the 1956 Hungarian Revolution, he fled to Vienna in the middle of the night. There he encountered a range of new music, including early experiments with electronics. He also pursued his various ethnomusicological interests, including his obsession with Pygmy polyrhythms. The recordings presented are from before 1956 and more than thirty years later. Always technically serious, Ligeti's piano works nonetheless sound amazingly playful and joyous to me.

politics in the late eighties

5. Alpha Blondy—*Apartheid Is Nazism*, from *Apartheid Is Nazism* (1985)
6. Sweet Honey in the Rock—*Ode to the International Debt*, from *Live at Carnegie Hall* (1988)
7. Sinead O'Connor—*Black Boys on Mopeds*, from *I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got* (1990)
8. Brand Nubian—*Concerto in X Minor*, from *All For One* (1990)
9. Bruce Cockburn—*And They Call It Democracy* (1985), from Syracuse, 06/04/99

{lyric time:} Concerto in X Minor

Brand Nubian

I'm kinda blessed so I wrote this manifesto for life
Co-signed by the others with a knife
["Brand Nubian!"]

On the real tip let's take a field trip from the ghetto
You pick the time and we'll meet in the meadow
to discuss racial issues and tension
New York's a powder keg did I forge to mention?
["New York, New York"]

Now case in point y'all remember that Brooklyn Bridge joint
when things got wild and woolly?
Yeah that day the FEDS played the role of the bully

"Up against the car!"
"Yo I ain't even do nuttin man"
"Aiyyo shut up or you get smacked!"
"Yo why you pushin me, why you hittin me man?"

Now Huey Newton was slain and we all felt the pain
of Yusef Hawkins, and they was mad but we was squakin
They tried to show a false compassion, yet at the rally
they tried to bash in our brains
Further adding to the bloodstains
I was mad at this news and so was my brothers
And I wanted to get violent but I'm a lover of black mothers
And black mothers need sons
Not children that's been killed by guns..
It's, just a-nother form of slavery, a modern day lynchin
The others get the world, the black man feels the tension
inside, not out to hide, just provides us all the answer
I will stop racial injustice if I get the chance to!

["When the revolution comes"]
["When the revolution comes"]
["When the revolution comes"]

{lyric time:} Call It Democracy

Bruce Cockburn

Padded with power here they come
International loan sharks backed by the guns
Of market hungry military profiteers
Whose word is a swamp and whose brow is smeared
With the blood of the poor

Who rob life of its quality
Who render rage a necessity
By turning countries into labour camps
Modern slavers in drag as champions of freedom

Sinister cynical instrument
Who makes the gun into a sacrament --
The only response to the deification
Of tyranny by so-called "developed" nations'
Idolatry of ideology

North South East West
Kill the best and buy the rest
It's just spend a buck to make a buck
You don't really give a flying fuck
About the people in misery

IMF, dirty mf
Takes away everything it can get
Always making certain that there's one thing left
Keep them on the hook with insupportable debt

See the paid-off local bottom feeders
Passing themselves off as leaders
Kiss the ladies shake hands with the fellows
Open for business like a cheap bordello

And they call it democracy x4

See the loaded eyes of the children too
Trying to make the best of it the way kids do
One day you're going to rise from your habitual feast
To find yourself staring down the throat of the beast
They call the revolution

IMF, dirty mf
Takes away everything it can get
Always making certain that there's one thing left
Keep them on the hook with insupportable debt

My political education took place in the decade of the 1980s, under the Reagan-Bush-Thatcher regime. Though the business of empire went on pretty much as usual (moreover in counter-revolutionary mode), radical and leftist politics then went through a period of fracture. The culture wars, the AIDS crisis, the widening influence of thinkers such as Foucault, and the popularization of feminist analyses (not to mention the breakdown of earlier mass movements) all led to the politics of interpersonal relations gaining in significance. This brought into the political field the questions of how individuals treated one another, how we spoke to one another, in essence, how we made each other feel. Overlaying all the interpersonal struggles were the same old

dynamics of empire, colonialism, state duplicity, corporate exploitation, and all the rest. I recall that time as being emotionally saturated—plenty of outrage and sadness then as now, but the difference being that the emotions were fastened to a kind of earnestness I don't see anymore. Perhaps it is that evident absurdities, including those of our own condition, could not be forever ignored; perhaps it was that such earnestness—and the kinds of commitment they demanded—simply could not be sustained. You hear it in the music from that time, and to my ears it is more than anything the great sincerity that sounds dated, even as I feel my heartstrings being tugged. Compare to the newer, younger topical music from recent years, such as the track from Hot One. Hurray for taking pleasure in absurdist humor. Then again, with the apartheid regime hanging in there, Alpha Blondy could not afford to joke around.

michigan rock

10. MC5—Future/Now, from *High Time* (1971)
11. The Layabouts—Fuckalot, from *No Masters* (1985)
12. Rev. Right Time and the 1st Cuzins of Funk—Burnin' On, from *Do-U-Juana?* (1997)
13. MC5—Human Being Lawnmower, from Saginaw Civic Center, 01/01/1970

I grew up in the depressed factory town of Saginaw, Michigan (the town whose semi-pro hockey team, the Saginaw Gears, made into an arena PA anthem for the sporting world the Gary Glitter tune Rock and Roll Part 2), which saw its population dwindle from over 100k in the early Seventies to barely 60k now. Having observed through child's eyes a town basically lose its livelihood, I have always associated with poor economic conditions personal expressions of anxiety, anger, disappointment, depression, and just plain hating-on-your-hometown. At the same time, and this may be due to Michigan's Midwestern unpretentiousness and idealism, there is a kind of defiant attitude in residence there. That intensity, combined with East Coast levels of impatience (maybe it has something to do with the time zone?), a very visible and distributed Black population, a large and historically conscious proletarian working class, and equally vital gun and drug cultures, makes it no surprise that in Michigan the greaser/longhair divide, so wide on the West Coast that Hunter S. Thompson described it as a 'schism,' was nearly bridged. Even Seger and Nugent, representing Michigan rock in the mainstream, bear traces of the state's unique hybrid rock culture. It was the MC5 who made the divide seem less than inevitable. Today, younger generations of punk and hard rock artists have claimed the MC5 as inspiration, but in my opinion still do not match the blend of influences made natural by the 5. Specifically, the assimilation of Black musical influences sets the MC5 apart from most of those artists who now cite them as seminal. On the other hand, we can see a similar blend in later *Michigan* bands, like longtime Cass Corridor scenesters the Layabouts, and even in the much newer Rev. Right Time, whose band members all hail from Genesee County. So maybe it is a Michigan feeling.

drugs

14. Idris Muhammed—Brother You Know You're Doing Wrong (1973), from *Living in the Streets* (compilation, 1999)

15. Black Sabbath—Sweet Leaf, from *Master of Reality* (1971)
16. The Fugs—Coming Down, from *The Fugs* (1967)

There is no faster way of experiencing certain moods and feelings than by ingesting various substances. Knowing this, the pharmaceutical industry has made available for our consumption a wide variety of mood-altering drugs, mostly designed to make use more functional, as defined by the needs of the mainstream culture. But if it is mood exploration you want, not to mention experiments in perception, then the world of illegal drugs beckons. Especially the world of psychedelic substances. Combined with the sensory input of music, a psychedelic experience is almost guaranteed to deliver a variety of feelings, moods, and emotions outside of the everyday. Knowing that these feelings are precisely what are being outlawed presents the experience as inherently political. That is not to say that drug experiences are all good, and that the War on Drugs are all about keeping us from having fun. Beyond the legal risks, recreational drugs have their downside, especially *on the down side*. Whether we are talking about a bull market or an acid trip, what goes up must come down, and coming down is rarely as fun as going up—just ask the Fugs. They would know. And getting strung out, that is a problem no matter how you cut it. Especially if you have political and cultural work to do (and who doesn't). Idris Muhammed, drumming and singing, chides, scolds, and exhorts.

We all know that the cannabis experience is far less demanding (of stamina, mental stability, etc) than the other drug experiences available. Hence the veneration, the genuine affection with which it is treated. Louis Armstrong called it 'my assistant.' We could spend a whole evening on music about and inspired by cannabis, but I believe Ozzy's voice on the matter may be the most authoritative. Either that, or Tony Iommi's bong cough to open the song.

imperial, revolutionary, and reformist china

17. Long Live the Great Communist Party of China! (1968?)
18. Fifth Watch of the Night (traditional banhu tune)
19. Cobra—Hypocrisy, from *Hypocrisy* (1996)

The Chinese Revolution ushered in a half century of mass campaigns, one after the other. Some, like the mass detox of opium addicts, were useful. Others, like the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, were disastrous. But disasters of monumental scale have long been part of Chinese history and experience. The dual struggle against nature and the abuse of political power constituted the drama of peasant life. Peasant rebellions were a fact of imperial Chinese life. As documented in this banhu tune, hunger from famine and/or landlord abuse was always a looming pitfall in rural life, and you were happy when you overcame either one. The biggest and most well-coordinated of peasant rebellions led to the Communist Party taking power. And that led to some of the most fervently performed valoristic anthems ever, especially during the Cultural Revolution. It was a different struggle for survival; if you were called on to sing, you sang for your life. Cobra, the all-female Beijing group's look back at that time, in their song called 1966, mixes into the horrifying, haunting, and traumatic memories of that period a

further bizarre bit of nostalgia, at least to my Westernized ears: that of the 80s synth-rock moment.

diasporic experience

20. Wandering Chinaman—Chris Kando Iijima, Nobuko Miyamoto, "Charlie" Chin, from *a grain of sand* (1973)
21. Tim O'Brien—Mick Ryan's Lament, from *Two Journeys* (2001)
22. Lucky Dube—The Grass Is Greener, from *The Other Side* (2004)
23. Carter Family—The Dying Soldier (1930)

In the opening chapter to his book *The Age of Revolution*, the Marxist historian Eric Hobsbawm presents a sketch of pre-modern European life ways. One of his striking statements concerns the limited nature of most people's geographical worlds in as late as the late 1700s. Very, very few people traveled any great distance, and for the vast majority of individuals, life was lived entirely, from birth to death, within the same few miles. That is so not the case anymore. Quite the opposite. Diasporic existence, in the generic sense of living in a place not of your parents, is becoming the new universal experience. The longing for another, sometimes imaginary, place, the feeling of being unwelcome, the grappling with the history of how one got to be in a strange world, the claiming of cultural authorship, the confusion of where one belongs—these are the feelings associated with diasporic existence, and common to the narratives of the Chinese, Irish, and African in America, among many other peoples. Hobsbawm also makes the point that way back in the day, one of the few avenues to worldly travels was the path of the soldier. Especially for the world's poor, that much has not changed. The Carter Family's *The Dying Soldier* reminds us that dying far from home, in events of human making, will always be the saddest way to go.

media

24. Frank Zappa—I'm the Slime (1973)
25. Incubus—Talk Shows on Mute (2004)
26. Soul Rebels—The Revolution Will Not Be Televised (2004) video

The American Left is afflicted by what I call 'protest culture.' Rage and frustration are fundamental and primary to this culture's emotional lexicon. These are important feelings, are absolutely legitimate as responses to the reality of the world, and may even be necessary (Bruce Cockburn seems to think so). But I do not think they alone can be the basis for successful social movements. Movements need to be constructed around the range of life's worth-experiencing feelings.

{lyric time: Mick Ryan's Lament}

Robert Emmet Dunlap

Well my name is Mick Ryan, I'm lyin' still
In a lonely spot near where I was killed
By a red man defending his native land
In the place that they call Little Big Horn

And I swear I did not see the irony

When I rode with the Seventh Cavalry
I thought that we fought for the land of the free
When we rode from Fort Lincoln that morning

And the band they played the Garryowen
Brass was shining, flags a flowin'
I swear if I had only known
I'd have wished that I'd died back at Vicksburg

For my brother and me, we had barely escaped
From the hell that was Ireland in forty eight
Two angry young lads who had learned how to hate
But we loved the idea of Amerikay

And we cursed our cousins who fought and bled
In their bloody coats of bloody red
The sun never sets on the bloody dead
Of those who have chosen an empire

But we'd find a better life somehow
In the land where no man has to bow
It seemed right then and it seems right now
That Paddy he died for the union

Ah, but Michael he somehow got turned around
He had stolen the dream that he thought he'd found
Now I never will see that holy ground
For I turned into something I hated

And I'm haunted by the Garryowen
Drums a beating, bugles blowin'
I swear if I had only known
I'd lie with my brother in Vicksburg

And the band they played that Garryowen
Brass was shining, flags a flowin'
I swear if I had only known, I'd lie with
my brother at Vicksburg

I say all that because for the Left in the U.S. the media is a non-stop source of rage and frustration. When the reporting is accurate, our rage and frustration find an object in the state and corporate worlds. When it is inaccurate, the media itself becomes the object of our emotions. Either way, that means it is likely that protest culture remains the dominant culture of the Left, because rage and frustration remain always present, if only because media is inescapable. I believe that in order to broaden the Left's emotional lexicon, we need to invent better ways of relating to media. From that point of view, we can read Frank Zappa's acerbity, Incubus's lo-power balladry, and the 'house-ness' of Soul Rebel's cover of a classic as attempts to maintain some critical perspective on media, but to tweak our emotional relationship to it. Unlike, for example, either Television, Drug of the Nation by the Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy, which has the effect of increasing an activist listener's rage and frustration, or Turn It Off, Change the

Channel, Leave the Room by Cathy Fink and Marcy Marxer, which is really about putting off your rage until the next time you are exposed to media.

set 2

the south side

27. Eddie Harris—He’s Island Man, from *E.H. in the U.K.* (1974)
28. Staple Singers—When Do I Get Paid, from *We’ll Get Over* (1968)
29. Syl Johnson—Concrete Reservation, from *Is It Because I Am Black*, (1969)
30. Minnie Riperton—When It Comes Down to It, from *Adventures in Paradise* (1975)
31. Chi-Lites—Inner City Blues (Make Me Want To Holler), from *A Lonely Man* (1972)
32. Oscar Brown, Jr.—A Ladiesman, from *Movin’ On* (1972)
33. Eddie Harris—Set Us Free, with Les McCann, from *Second Movement* (1971)
34. Staple Singers—City in the Sky, from *City in the Sky* (1974)

I gained my first experience with Chicago a number of years before I actually lived there, mostly through visiting either my sister or my cousin, both of whom were living in the city. Back then I was in love with blues music, and specifically, Chicago blues. One by one, I learned of those artists belonging to the last great generation of Chicago blues performers. Son Seals, Magic Slim, Valerie Wellington, Otis Rush, Hound Dog Taylor, and so many other great artists. Those early trips to Chicago were all about going to small places and actually getting to see some of these artists, in their home environments. When I moved to Chicago I couldn’t imagine a better place to be, and that was from a blues fan’s perspective. At some point over the years, my passion for Chicago blues cooled. There are a few reasons for why that happened. For one thing, the blues universe changed. The fan base became even more heavily weighted toward an educated class of liberal white men—a trend thirty years in the making (at least!). One consequence of this is that performances before such audiences became more predictable, treated more as a product, and correspondingly less interesting. Another thing is, I discovered and started learning about lots of other kinds of music, or catching up on stuff that didn’t interest me before. This is all to say, electric blues were about the only kind of Chicago music I knew when I first came here, but by the time I moved back to Wisconsin, I loved all kinds of Chicago music. The above tunes are some of my favorite from artists hailing or having lived for a long time on the South Side. But when I had only a few free nights left in the city before moving to our new home, I did not go to a rock, jazz, or dance club. I went out to see J.W. Williams & The Chi-town Hustlers at Kingston Mines. How was it? Well, the first set was workmanlike. The second set was a flawless display of locked-in rhythm, fantastic singing, and the kind of pure band confidence that only comes with almost-nightly gigging. (And with having Shun Kikuta back with the band, at least for a little while.) As for the third set, it was not much more than an exercise in time-killing, with visiting musicians taking up instruments for each song, lots of back slapping and fist bumping, and nobody trying real hard. The 99% white audience, probably two thirds of whom were from out of town, clapped and hooted after every song. For an hour, though, the band was amazing.

free form

35. Congos—Children Crying, from *Heart of the Congos* (1977)
36. Jill Scott—The Fact Is (I Need You), from *Beautifully Human* (2004)
37. Culture—Still Rest My Heart, from *Three Sides to My Story* (1991)
38. Mixmaster Mike + Lateef and the Gift of Gab—Kalakuta Show, from *Red Hot + Riot* (2002)
39. N.E.R.D.—Things Are Getting Better, from *In Search of. . .* (2002)
40. Hot One—Do the Coup D’etat, from *epony*. (2006)
41. King Crimson—Facts of Life, from *The Power to Believe* (2003)
42. Bikini Kill—R.I.P., from *Reject All American* (1996)
43. Talking Heads—People Like Us, from *True Stories* (1986)
44. The Falcon—Building the Even More Perfect Asshole Parade, from *Unicornography* (2006)
45. Steve Earle—Jerusalem, from *Jerusalem* (2002)

{lyric time:} The Fact Is (I Need You)

Jill Scott

I can pay my own light bill, baby
Pump my own gas in my own car
I can buy my own shoe collection
I've been blessed thus far
I can kill the spider above my bed
Although it's hard because I'm scared
I can even stain and polyurethane
But some things just don't change
I need you
Sometimes so hard to say
I need you
Some things remain
I can buy my own groceries baby
Get my hair tight, my nails right
I can floss my own bling-bling
Write the the words to the songs I sing
I can even raise the child we'll make
Make sure he's loved and knows what God gave us
I can teach him how to walk and stand
But I need you to help him be a man
We need you
Some things don't change
I could be congresswoman or a garbage woman
Or police officer or a carpenter
I could be a doctor and a lawyer
Or a mother and a
Good God, whatcha done to me
Kind of lover I can be
I could be a computer analyst
The queen with the nappy hair, raising her fist

Or I could be much more and a myriad of this
 Hot as the summer
 Sweet as the first kiss
 And even though I can do all these things
 I need you
 And even though I can do all these things
 We need you
 (And you need us too)

Of course and inevitably, there are innumerable better known overtly political songs and politicized artists not included in this presentation. There are loads of important, widely-known artists to whose music entire sets easily could be devoted. For example, just to begin with, consider the following artists, each of whom exhibits complexity and sometimes contradiction, in their politics, their music, and their appeal to listeners:

<i>U2</i>	<i>Pete Seeger</i>	<i>Crass</i>
<i>Bob Marley</i>	<i>NOFX</i>	<i>Crucifucks</i>
<i>Le Tigre</i>	<i>Michael Franti</i>	<i>Talib Kweli</i>
<i>Chumbawamba</i>	<i>KRS-One</i>	<i>Common</i>
<i>Tribe 8</i>	<i>Sleater-Kinney</i>	<i>M.I.A.</i>
<i>Neil Young</i>	<i>Archie Shepp</i>	<i>L7</i>
<i>Tom Paxton</i>	<i>Joan Baez</i>	<i>Bonnie Raitt</i>
<i>Peter Gabriel</i>	<i>Indigo Girls</i>	<i>Ozomatli</i>
<i>Midnight Oil</i>	<i>Linton Kwesi Johnson</i>	<i>Burning Spear</i>
<i>Public Enemy</i>	<i>Peter Tosh</i>	<i>Wynton Marsalis</i>
<i>Ani Di Franco</i>	<i>R.E.M.</i>	<i>Charles Mingus</i>
<i>Mos Def</i>	<i>Minutemen</i>	<i>Holly Near</i>
<i>Dead Kennedys</i>	<i>Curtis Mayfield</i>	<i>Jackson Browne</i>
<i>D.O.A.</i>	<i>Ben Harper</i>	<i>Bruce Springsteen</i>
<i>Bad Religion</i>	<i>Patti Smith</i>	<i>Rage Against the</i>
<i>Billy Bragg</i>	<i>Gilberto Gil</i>	<i>Machine</i>
<i>Tracy Chapman</i>	<i>Thomas Mapfumo</i>	<i>Stevie Wonder</i>
<i>Phil Ochs</i>	<i>Mutabaruka</i>	<i>Laurie Anderson</i>
<i>Minor Threat</i>	<i>The Clash</i>	<i>Cris Williamson</i>
<i>System of a Down</i>	<i>Buffy Saint-Marie</i>	<i>Marvin Gaye</i>
<i>Fugees</i>	<i>Fela Kuti</i>	
<i>Woody Guthrie</i>	<i>Bob Dylan</i>	

And, even in this little lefty, mostly western musical world of mine, there are so many more. . . . I once heard an interview in which David Byrne made the case for all music being political. If you buy that, then all deliberate listening is in some sense a drift, a raw beginning of a pathogeography. It is perhaps doubtful that this event helped us map the emotions in any significant way. But we did get to listen to records together, and that is fun, no matter what. This time I got to choose what to play. Next time maybe it should be you.

Dan S. Wang
 June 2007

Thanks go to Allison, Blake, Ray, and Chuck at the Art Center for what they do for the neighborhood and the city. Thanks go to Feel Tank for inviting me to do this for Pathogeographies, and for being such great collaborators.

*This event and this text are dedicated to the memory of Bandile Mzizi:
scientist, music lover, ANC warrior, friend.*