

# lifeblood

the unofficial go-head journal

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## SUMMER BENEFITS / NEW RELEASES

Even though Amy and Emily are on an extended vacation, they will be still appear at several benefits this summer. Shows that have been announced so far include a week of folk festivals in Europe the end of July, the Newport Folk Festival in early August, and two dates in the Northwest with the Grateful Dead in Mid-August. In addition, volume 5 of the "Best of Mountain Stage" compact discs has been released, and it features a beautiful live version of "Love's Recovery". The CD is on the Blue Plate Music label (BPM-005CD) and if you can not find it in your local record store it can be ordered for \$15.00 plus \$3.00 postage by calling 1-800-521-2112. "Joking" has been released in Europe as a CD single, the cover art is the same as the U. S. promo single, and it also features the album versions of "Closer To Fine" and "Kid Fears".

Other new releases to be on the lookout for include the new live CD that Caroline Aiken put out in June. It was recorded at Eddie's Attic and shows her at her best, performing songs like "Another on the Rise" and "White House Blues". This CD is one that I highly recommend, Caroline is a terrific performer. Sometimes Emily sits in with Caroline when she is in town and she appears on this CD.

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# MOOD

*Does the music of  
Atlanta's hottest  
duo reflect a nostalgia  
for the '60s or the  
new American  
sincerity?*

# INDIGO

**A**MY RAY AND EMILY SALIERS HAVE just plunged into their opening number at Birmingham's UAB Arena, and they're not even close to fine.

After one false start on their catchy radio single "Closer to Fine," the Indigo Girls are again struggling to harmonize over a rude crackling noise invading their microphones. It may as well be the sound of Amy's fuse frying down to blast-off.

"Fuck it!" hisses the brunette spark plug, flinging her pick into the air. For the second time in as many minutes, the music stops. With a glare that could deflect sniper fire, Amy thrusts her guitar into the hands of a wide-eyed roadie and stomps out of sight.

Awkward silence.

Emily stands frozen, then quickly resurrects her composure and grins sheepishly at the hushed audience. "Hey, did ya'll hear the joke about the . . . ?"

BIRMINGHAM WAS JUST ANOTHER STOP along the road — literally and figuratively — for the Indigo Girls. It was the next-to-last show of a two-week tour plagued by equipment failures and bronchial infections.

In terms of the road Atlanta's Indigo Girls have traveled in the last year, from Little Five Points bar band to gold-album prodigies, the glitches in Birmingham amount to less than a pothole.

After signing their first major-label contract with Epic Records in the fall of 1988, the Girls began 1989 touring with big-time bands such as Athens' R.E.M., Neil Young and the Violent Femmes.

By last October, sales of their *Indigo Girls* gold  
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**BY MELISSA HARRIS**

## INDIGO GIRLS

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album were hurdling past 700,000 copies, and it was one of Epic's hottest properties. The acoustic twosome was playing to mostly sold-out crowds at its own headline concerts. They had released two singles — "Closer to Fine" and "Land of Canaan." They'd RSVP'd to invitations from TV's David Letterman, Pat Sajak, David Sanborn and the *Today* show. There were plans for spots on *Saturday Night Live* and the *Arsenio Hall Show*, and the Girls had recorded "Get Together" for a *Wonder Years* episode.

All this and critical acclaim, too. Save one all-out gouging by rock critic Jon Pareles of the *New York Times* — after his paper had earlier crowned the Girls' LP "Pop Album of the Week" — the pair has basked in hosannas. *Spin* magazine described them as having "voices that could shake redwoods" and the *Boston Globe* pronounced theirs "the best debut album so far this year."

Not to mention Grammy talk, only natural after a year that rocketed the Girls to No. 16, in October, on the *Rolling Stone* Top 50 Albums chart.

But the fleeting scenes of a night in Birmingham and the midnight road back to Atlanta are instructive: herein, a peek at what happens when the big time beckons, a miniprimer on Amy Ray, 25, and Emily Saliers, 26, and why two folk singers with acoustic guitars are one of the first bands in years to effectively inform the musical world that Georgia does not end at the Athens city limits.

**W**e enjoyed playing for y'all. Good night — just kidding," says Emily Saliers (pronounced SALE-yers), the strawberry blonde Indigo Girl who, with her more emotive partner, has just returned to the UAB stage. Wiring snags addressed, the duo makes their third stab of the evening at "Closer to Fine."

Dressed in a peach pullover, white overalls and sneakers, Emily delivers the verses of "Closer" in her elegant murky soprano. Gymnastics are not her style. She may bob up and down when she really gets going, but generally, she moves onstage like the animal she is — a classically trained guitarist. Vertebrae aligned, wrists flexible.

It is Amy — in ripped jeans, black T-shirt and steel-toed, spur-heeled cowboy boots — who delivers the visual fireworks at an Indigo Girls concert. Lots of feet shuffling, à la Axl Rose (lead singer of one of Amy's favorite heavy-metal bands, Guns N' Roses) and lots of neck-veins-popping and microphone-lipping.

Under spotlights, her deep-set eyes dissolve into dark maelstroms beneath heavy bangs. *Spin* magazine has observed that "she storms across the stage like no one

ever told her acoustic guitars aren't 'axes.'"

But Amy, still fuming, is noticeably immobile for the opening lines of "Closer." Waiting to chime in on the chorus, she stares down a spot on the floor with a look that says you don't even want to know what's going to happen if it doesn't work this time.

It works.

"Thanks for being patient," says the ever-cordial Emily, sometimes called Sunny by Amy and their friends.

"This has been the tour from hell as far as wires go," adds Amy, whose tempest has by now — typically — blown over like a fierce but brief summer shower.

**O**ccasional tantrums notwithstanding, the Indigo Girls are rare among musical acts today in that their work overshadows their personalities. They have attracted many of their fans, in the last year anyway, through a vinyl disc and its intensely personal, yet universal, messages.

As for self-promotion, the Girls stay at half-mast. They do not sport buzz cuts or skimpy outfits. They favor blue jeans and T-shirts and the sort of fashionably earnest save-the-whales pitches we've come to expect from *serious* musicians.

The back cover of their gold album stumps for Greenpeace, Coalition for the Homeless, Amnesty International and People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals. On this fall's Southeastern tour, they were asking pro-choicers to sign a petition being circulated by a student group.

But social concerns are practically the only traits the Girls share.

Emily meets newcomers with a polite lifting of the eyes. Her voice is raspy and quiet, her body language unassuming. As one friend notes, "Emily is a very rich person inside, and she certainly is not going to show that off."

Amy, on the other hand, marches up and sticks out her hand. Her speaking voice has that throaty, raucous, honking quality you associate with a bad cold. Her world seems to consist of two colors, black and white, and her moods of two extremes, happily bubbling or dramatically boiling. (She once fractured a bone in her hand by slamming her fist into a door.)

"Amy's first response is emotional, and then she thinks things through," says her manager, Russell Carter.

As for their acclaimed music, critics have a hard time nailing down exactly what it is, describing their music as folk, folk-rock, acoustic pop, acoustic folk-rock and so on. The Girls prefer the term — if you must — acoustic rock.

It's not hard to read into their popularity a nostalgia for the '60s and '70s or a social agenda for the '80s and '90s, but the Girls come pretty close to being honest-to-God originals.

They hedge at the "folk singer" label, but only three songs on *Indigo Girls* could

be credited with any kind of foot tapability — "Closer to Fine" (their first radio single), "Land of Canaan" (their second radio single) and "Tried to Be True" (in which they front R.E.M.).

Few would argue that cheerful rockers have been the Girls' bread and butter. Fans come to their concerts not to party but to commune.

Ironically, the Girls' seriousness is the sole element critics consistently harp on, smirking at their brand of "New American Sincerity." And there's no denying they occasionally lose self control, particularly on a couple of unforgivable cringers such as "feeding the cancer of my intellect" and the preachy "Your actions will follow you full circle round."

Emily, the lead guitarist who thanks Joni Mitchell "for the inspiration" on the album notes, is the balladeer — and voice of reason — of the two. Her tunes and lyrics, like her personality, tend toward the quietly thoughtful and complex. Her images (posters of Rasputin, someone on the bathroom floor doing cocaine), hearken back to real experiences.

"We always joke that my songs are little ditties," she laughs.

Amy's compositions, however, erupt from the gut and gun unashamedly for same.

In "Kid Fears," hailed by some critics as the album's most powerful moment, her high-octane alto growls and bellows in clever metaphors about idealism sold for a price. ("Skipping stones/We know the price now/Any sin will do./How much further if you can spin/How much further if you are smooth.")

Amy, after all, is the person who wrote "Secure Yourself," a song about the spiritual journey into heaven, after her cat died.

And with lyrics like these from "Blood and Fire," "I'm looking for someone who can take as much as I give/Give back as much as I need/And still have the will to live," a singer had best have her sincerity fully intact.

**S**o much for lifestyles of the rich and famous.

Amy and Emily are back at a motel near the UAB Arena, packing up for the late-night haul back to Atlanta. Rented as a preshow crash pad, the room features yellow concrete-block walls and fungicidally green carpet.

"How do you like these plush accommodations Beth [Stubenbord, the Girls' road manager] lined up for us?" laughs Amy, adding that typically they've managed better.

Emily staggers from the room under the weight of a gaping garment bag, known on the inside joke circuit as "Baby Shamu."

"Shamu done split a side," she ad libs, hoisting the bag onto the red Ford rental van that has carried the Girls for two weeks.

In the rear seat of the van are the Indigo Girls' two technicians for this tour: a sound

engineer and a guitar technician. Beth, the road manager whom the Girls like to call Bunny, shares a seat with Emily.

Amy is at the wheel when the van pulls onto I-20 East. Never mind that she has just completed an emotionally draining two-hour performance and it is near 1 a.m. Atlanta time. Or that she and Emily have been on the road for seven months.

Amy wants to drive. Amy usually drives.

"I feel like this is probably the hardest year of my life," announces Emily, volunteering for the first time that she is strictly a homebody at heart.

"Sometimes I feel like it's not a real life to be moving from town to town every day. Part of real life is being in a situation where you go through a daily routine. It's very real and constant and not 1,000 people a night feeding your ego."

Amy, as usual, sees it differently.

"I actually get restless if I'm at home for more than like a month," she explains. "This has been for me, for personal reasons, an easier year than I'm used to. But I judge everything on an emotional level — how happy I am. Not like where I am or what I'm doing. I do look forward to my time off, though."

Time off is still a distant fantasy.

Tomorrow night in Macon they finish their Southeastern tour. Their schedule for the next five weeks includes two TV appearances in New York, a sold-out AIDS benefit at the Fox in Atlanta, a 25-day tour in Europe, the possibility of more TV in New York and L.A., then a stint in the recording studio in February for their next album.

As their manager-lawyer, Russell Carter, puts it, "When you have a hit record, you just grab the reins and hold on and try to keep it from getting out of control."

From where the Indigo Girls sit tonight, a couple of free days in Atlanta are looking fine.

**F**or all their divergent ways and means, the Indigo Girls come from strikingly similar beginnings. And for all their dark lyrical intensity, they come from strikingly carefree beginnings.

Each is one of four children from tightly knit, high-achieving families in suburban Decatur. They grew up a few miles apart, both attending Laurel Ridge Elementary School, Shamrock High School and, eventually, Emory University.

Emily is the second-oldest of four girls. The sole redhead among three blondes, she was told as a child that her red hair came from her grandfather Red Saliers, a jazz musician in New York in the 1920s.

Her father, Don Saliers, is an easygoing, soft-spoken man. In a tweed jacket, reading glasses dangling from one hand, he couldn't look more like a college professor — which he is — if he tried. An ordained Methodist minister, he teaches theology at Emory University. He is also a composer,

pianist and organist.

His wife, Jane Saliers, an articulate woman made even more so by caution ("Emily told us not to say anything mean"), also looks her part: a children's librarian at the public library on Ponce de Leon Avenue. In a high-necked blouse and full skirt, she wears little makeup and her thick brown hair is cropped into a short, simple style.

The priorities of the Saliers are no mystery. Books and sheet music are stacked everywhere. In the corner of the den is a grand piano.

Music is serious business in this household.

One of Emily's sisters is studying classical opera with a coach from the Metropolitan Opera in New York. Another assists the choir director at her college, and the third is a singer. Emily's own musical penchant hardly came as a surprise.

As a 9-year-old in New Haven, Conn., where Don Saliers taught at Yale, she had come to her mother with an advertisement for guitar classes at the YMCA. A musical cousin helped her pick out a \$20 guitar.

The memory tickles her mother. "In Emily's guitar class, the teacher was always cocking her head and looking around to see who that was who sounded different."

A few years later, growing up in Atlanta, Emily studied with a classical guitarist who told her parents, "Look, just let her play the way she wants to."

Emily was writing songs in grammar school — message-oriented music about living, laughing, loving and pollution, neatly foreshadowing the issue-affiliated Indigo Girls.

For the introspective Emily, although always a good student and fairly involved, high school was "always painful — no matter what." Most of her pals were from the school chorus, she recalls, "and we were never considered cool.

"There weren't very many people with whom I had a special bond or relationship. I was still scratching at who I was."

Most of the attention she received in high school was for music, drama and good grades. She was chosen for the all-state chorus. Her senior year the teachers voted her a Senior Superlative and her classmates, Most Talented.

But for the most part, she looked to her family for acceptance.

"Most of our daughters were always a little on the outside, not the rah-rah girls," says Jane Saliers. Emily's father adds, "They found themselves looking beyond high school at a fairly early time."

Meanwhile, in an ordinary brick home across the street from Shamrock High School, Amy Ray — in typical Amy Ray fashion — had a few plans brewing of her own.

Third among four kids, Amy was born in Atlanta in April 1964 to Frances and Larry Ray. Her father is a radiologist and president of the medical staff at Georgia

Baptist Hospital, and her mother is a homemaker.

Like the Saliers, the Rays begat getters. One of Amy's sisters is a resident in the hospitals affiliated with Emory University's School of Medicine, her younger brother is in Emory med school, and another sister, after a few years in molecular biology, dropped medicine to run her own "wearable art" clothing store in Durham, N.C.

A pistol, Amy Ray was writing her own plays by the second grade. Because she would rush through classroom assignments in order to sit and socialize before the bell, she picked up the nickname "Rush Ray" in elementary school, a name that still applies.

Amy learned flute and, about age 12, in

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## The Girls' ties to R.E.M. are strong; they've shared a producer and toured as a warm-up band

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an ironic parallel, she heard the call of the YWCA guitar class.

As a high schooler, with an amplifier her parents helped buy, Amy also played at a few restaurants, like Big Al's, a short-order joint in Decatur, and Dante's Down the Hatch. She also performed in the family's Methodist church.

She and Emily Saliers had been acquaintances for years, friendly but never running in the same circles. Amy, in fact, despised Emily in grade school, jealous of her more advanced musical abilities. They didn't become a musical duo on any routine basis until late in high school.

Unlike Emily, the aggressive Amy was a natural at high school survival. Elected president of her 10th and 11th grade classes, she ran cross country and track, played flute in marching band, shot photos for the yearbook, sang in the concert choir. Her senior class voted her Best Leader. Like Emily, she was a Senior Superlative.

"She's always had a tremendous amount of energy. She is a worker," her mother says. "She's always told us there are other people more musically talented than she is, but that she just wants to do this more than other people."

Nevertheless, the Amy Ray who graduated from Shamrock High School in 1982 was not the Amy Ray of today, the bellowing dynamo with a tattoo on her left forearm.

Her sister Susan recalls going to see

Amy play at Houlihan's at Lenox Square. "It was really pretty awful. She was so shy. She sat down to play and didn't look up. Her hair was falling in her face and she played lots of sad slow ballads like Jim Croce. People would hardly listen to her because there was no personality there."

While Amy's parents indulged her ambition, they openly feared she was asking for heartbreak.

"We didn't push her into this — that's for sure," says Larry Ray. "I told her there are 150 million people out there who think they can sing and write songs. I have no connections and no way to help you other than encouragement, and I don't think you should count on this."

"She didn't listen to any of it."

**W**e always did things to make ourselves feel better about our music," says Amy, explaining, at 80 mph in the wee hours of the morning, how the Indigo Girls came to be where they are. And why they're making it when those 150 million other wannabees are not.

To have Amy at the wheel with foot to the floorboard for this topic is fitting. She has commandeered the Indigo Girls in much the same fashion. Although both Girls wanted to be musicians, it was doubtless Amy's singlemindedness, plus some perceptive navigating, that have largely kept them on track.

"Amy knew how to make decisions back when we were on our own," Emily says. "Like she knew we needed to start playing rock clubs instead of folk clubs because people in rock clubs tend to be more open-minded to different kinds of music. I had no idea what steps to take."

Amy's and Emily's lives have been laced erratically together for almost 15 years, but it was not until about 1980, when they began playing together on a regular basis, that the weave was pulled tight.

That year, under the name Saliers and Ray, they decided to try their hand at open-mike night at a Buckhead bar called Good Ol' Days.

Their career was interrupted when Emily left for H. Sophie Newcomb College at Tulane in New Orleans in 1981. Amy left for Vanderbilt the next year. By 1983 both were back at Emory, where their musical skills were put to use in student theater productions. ("Strange Fire," one song they composed for a student play, became the name of an early independently handled album.)

Back in Atlanta they named themselves the Indigo Girls. It means nothing. Amy simply pulled out the dictionary and haphazardly settled on the word *indigo*, and that was the end of that. And the beginning of a lot.

**T**he Indigo Girls are a classic overnight success: They labored like plow horses for years and then happened to be in the right time at

the right place.

Both graduated from Emory, Saliers as a Phi Beta Kappa. Amy was a good student but, as her sister says, "went to college on the side" while chasing stardom in the bars at night.

By this time their faces were familiar to Atlanta club-goers. On almost any given night, the Indigo Girls were serenading beer-drinkers *somewhere*. But they came to be associated with three local nightclubs: the Dugout (now closed) and Trackside Tavern in Decatur and the Little Five Points Pub, where they were fixtures until Epic duties pulled them away. They drew an ardent following, some of the faithful coming to listen — no lie — two and three nights a week.

In 1985 they put out a single, "Crazy Game," then an EP, *The Indigo Girls*, the next year. "Strange Fire," a bare-bones LP recorded independently in an Athens studio, came out in 1987. It was produced as a demo, but the Girls — with a steady eye to the bigger and better — had it pressed into vinyl and sold approximately 5,000 copies.

In addition to performing locally, the Indigo Girls had begun playing in Southeastern college towns and were getting airplay on campus radio stations with "Strange Fire."

By the time Epic Records came calling, the Indigo Girls were a kit that required very little assembly. They had been supporting themselves as professional musicians — playing their own music, not cover tunes — for about four years. They already had a sizable regional following of college students and a backlog of their own material.

"They were at a point where they didn't need anything from anybody," notes Amy's friend Cooper Seay, a member of the Atlanta band the Ellen James Society.

All they needed was a ticket.

Still, the ratio of bands to actual record deals probably makes Larry Ray's "150 million" odds seem optimistic. And the percentage of bands that sell 700,000 right out of the chute? Well, don't give up your day job.

Even the Girls can't fully explain why them. "I don't know. It's like right time, right place sometimes," shrugs Amy. "It's luck."

Right on all three counts. The right place was Atlanta, because it is barely 90 minutes from Athens, where at that right time, most of the major labels in America were trying to woo a band called R.E.M. Luck, because Epic's liaison decided to drop by the Little Five Points Pub and catch another act he'd been hearing about.

"The day after I heard Emily and Amy play I couldn't get them out of my mind," recalls Roger Klein, Epic's director of artists and repertoire. "I went back the next night, talked to them after the show, and then and there wanted to sign them to the company. They didn't seem like they were looking for a record deal."

Says Amy, who had already reserved studio time for their next independent album, "We were kind of laughing about the idea of a major label."

They stopped laughing two weeks later, when they found themselves talking contracts over meat loaf at the Buckhead Diner with Klein and an Epic vice president.

"We were scared," remarks Emily.

"I was excited, and then I was depressed for weeks," adds Amy, who had pushed for it all along and then dug in her heels at the last minute.

"But I got over it," she chuckles.

"Then our fans in Atlanta started freaking out," says Emily. "We were all weeping at the pub about how it's not going to be the same. It was sweet and sour."

Also at that right time, 1988, an artist named Tracy Chapman had cleaned house at the Grammy Awards, selling millions of records and giving the music industry a little attitude adjustment about the profitability of female folk singers.

Although Klein insists that Tracy Chapman-ia had nothing to do with it ("We didn't go down there looking for an act to compete with Tracy Chapman anyway"), it definitely didn't count against them.

Nor has the Girls' lucky association with R.E.M., the Athens-based rock band that could probably sell a million records just by singing in the shower.

The Girls hooked up with Michael Stipe, R.E.M.'s enigmatic lead singer, after he saw one of their performances at the Uptown Lounge in Athens and asked them to write a song with him. Then they performed with Stipe at an outdoor festival in Athens.

"That was really cool," says Emily. "Then we just hung out with him and learned a bunch of songs and were friends with him."

The Girls' ties to R.E.M. are strong: They've shared a record producer and toured as a warm-up band with R.E.M., and members of R.E.M. sang on the Girls' album.

When *Indigo Girls* passed the 500,000 retail mark, an extra gold album was delivered to Athens.

**A**my wheels the red rental van into the fluorescent-lit parking lot of a Starvin' Marvin in Leeds, Ala., the group having loudly booed the environmentally evil Exxon station across the street.

While Amy pumps gas, Emily, a connoisseur of minimart cuisine, peruses the store's display of cheese-food sandwiches and beef jerky.

No one gives them a second glance.

Amy buys a copy of *Auto Trader* magazine, the first and only indication that this is not just a vanload of ragamuffins pooling their resources for a \$25 road trip.

She wants to buy a vintage Corvette, which strikes some of her friends as comically un-Amy. She now owns a blue Toy-

ota van and lives in an army barracks-style apartment in Decatur with plastic lawn animals in the yard. Her decor is a mish-mash of Goodwill-quality furniture, rock posters and junky memorabilia. She has tie-dyed sheets for living room curtains and says the thought of ever moving "breaks my heart."

Emily has bought a house not far from her parents, "complete with leaky roof and all," her father moans.

Be not fooled by the beggars' rags.

"The Indigo Girls made money from day one on the first tour since their record came out," says manager Russell Carter.

With two voices, five or six guitars, a road manager and two roadies, the Girls' touring overhead is low. Unlike many bands willing to go into the hole in return for the exposure, the Girls make money on the road.

Not to mention selling close to a million records with a contract weighted toward royalties instead of advances. "Record companies are happy to break an act by the third record," says Carter, "so in that respect we're way ahead of the game."

But Carter dodges the specifics. "Nobody's a millionaire. It's nothing that dramatic or even close to it. But they're making a lot of money, more than they ever dreamed of, I think."

As recently as two years ago, Amy and her ex-roommate Michelle Malone, who now has a record deal with Arista, were busking for rent money at the Atlanta Arts Festival in Piedmont Park. "That was just a slow time when neither of us was working a lot," she explains. "Emily and I were making decent money at the Pub."

But aside from Amy's Corvette tastes, their friends have seen no indication that the Girls' take has been elevated from "decent."

"I can tell you money is the last thing they're concerned about in terms of their career," says Carter. "Their one inclination is to give it away by doing benefits. . . . I think they're a little intimidated by the fact that they're making a lot of money."

**T**he talk has turned oddly confessional in the darkened van. The Indigo Girls are saying that they are obsessed with the idea of death.

"When I go to sleep . . . I think about, well, death bothers me a lot, so that a lot of times I have problems falling asleep. I'm obsessed with it," says Amy.

She doesn't know why, exactly. When Amy was 15, a friend was hit and killed by a train. Another close friend died in a motorcycle accident in college. But those two deaths only fed her natural preoccupation.

"Me too," Emily pipes up. "I remember lying in bed in high school and thinking that when you die you're never coming back — never, ever, ever, ever."

"That's why we sing together," Amy jokes.

But not really.

It is remarkable that the Indigo Girls are

willing to reveal this kid fear (one that is, after all, pretty universal) to a reporter. Mainly because of the "too serious" complaint that has haunted their press. And especially because of the bludgeoning they took from critic Jon Pareles. Following their show at New York's Town Hall last year, he blasted them as the "new standard-bearers" of "earnest pretentiousness." And that was one of his kinder comments.

"That hurt our feelings worse than anything," says Amy.

"Because he attacked us like right in the heart of what we feel we aren't when he called us pretentious," continues Emily. "He called me verbose and way too wordy, and he said Amy danced with self-congratulatory gestures."

Amy laughs happily as if discovering some nifty irony about herself. "He's right about that!"

While unusually vehement for the *Times*, Pareles' review bears mentioning as the lone slam in a red-banner year.

The Girls played Madison Square Garden with R.E.M. At the Omni they got a standing ovation as R.E.M.'s warm-up band. At their first-ever Denver show, in the Red Rocks amphitheater, half the crowd stood and cheered simply because the Girls walked onto the stage.

Even a show with all the makings of a disaster at the Roxy in Los Angeles became a triumph. It was arranged as the Girls' formal debut before the West Coast music industry, and the audience was filled with record company brass and press. A rumor was circulating that Joni Mitchell was coming. But when Amy stepped up to the microphone just a few songs into the show, the mike delivered her a nasty shock. One or two numbers later, her guitar shocked her badly enough to produce burn marks on her fingers. She threw the guitar off and quickly exited the stage. The show was canceled and everyone in the audience was offered free tickets to the next night's show. Some of them came back; no one complained or asked for a refund, says Epic's Roger Klein. The Girls handed out gag hand-buzzers to those who returned. The critics gushed.

**I**t is near 4 a.m. and the critics are asleep. The Atlanta skyline has just risen up in windshield of the Indigo Girls' red rental van.

"I like life now," states Amy Ray, laughing, as usual, in a kind of childlike self-wonderment.

"I miss playing Atlanta," adds Emily. "I miss the Pub a lot. I miss having people treat us like we're not any bigger or better than we are."

Bunny, stirring from her slumber, begins reeling off the Girls' to-do list for tomorrow — or rather, today.

Amy eases down from 80 mph.

Emily emits a long sigh.

"I can't believe we're home. It's so weird. I'm so happy." **A**

## THE GO-HEAD DIRECTORY

Here it is! This list contains the names and addresses of all the Indigo Girl fans that I have come in contact with since I started running my ad in Goldmine a couple of years ago. Most, but not all are still receiving Lifeblood. I included everybody because I wanted to give you the best chance possible to make contact with other fans. Good luck!

NAME	ADDRESS	CITY	STATE	ZIP
Becky Moore	210 Queensburg #B4	Huntsville	Alabama	35802
Kathy Zmudka	410 S. 4th St. Bldg. E	Alhambra	California	91801
Stephanie Queen	P. O. Box 5200 - 160	Anaheim	California	92804
Barbara Crawford	155-A Avendia Drive	Berkeley	California	94708
Lani Golay	7522 Buell Street	Downey	California	90241
Donna Santisi	P. O. Box 69215	Los Angeles	California	90069
Robert Maas	575 Cole Street #302	San Francisco	California	94117
Connie Krebs	4457 Glenmont Dr.	San Jose	California	95136
Dede Kelez	3187 Heather Ridge Dr.	San Jose	California	95136
Lauren Peters	P. O. Box 55782	Sherman Oaks	California	91413
Phil Locke	P. O. Box 117	Willits	California	95490
Brian Gough	262 Cedar St. #9	Cambridge, Ontario	Canada	N1S 1W8
Steve Goldstein	8830 St. Lawrent	Montreal, Quebec	Canada	H2P-2M3
Torri Oyster	5102 Williams Fork Tr. #107	Boulder	Colorado	80301
Kathleen Krochko	1517 Capitol Avenue	Bridgeport	Connecticut	06604
Scott Libin	16 Trinity Dr.	Enfield	Connecticut	06082
Greg Wyman	P. O. Box 1684	Manchester	Connecticut	06045
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## THE BACK PAGE

Greetings from Texas! It has been quite a month, I want to thank everyone who was able to make it to Atlanta, it was a lot of fun hanging out and getting to know you. The gathering went very well, there was good music every night and lots cold Budweiser and games of pool. The artists we were able to see included Wendy Bucklew (she played a terrific acoustic set at Sylvia's Atomic Cafe and is now touring the Northeast - don't miss her!), Caroline Aiken (she played several venues while I was there and I did not miss a show - she is a super performer), Michelle Malone (I had the good fortune of getting to see her play solo and with her band - she is going to be touring all over the place this summer, be sure and catch her too), Ashley and Mark (they and their band are sounding great, they are playing a lot of dates in the Southeast and are working on a CD that should be out this fall), Jack Williams (a super singer-songwriter from the South who tours all over the country), and last but not least Clinch (Chris McGuire's new band, I really liked them - they are touring quite a bit in the Southeast right now). What a list of performers! I had such a good time that I stayed a few days extra for a total of two weeks.

For those of you who have asked if we will be doing this again, the answer is yes - Memorial Day weekend in 1994. I have already put in for the vacation. I will also be in Atlanta for New Years this year (and am planning on moving there in mid 1994), if you are going to be in town drop me a line.

This issue of Lifeblood has been hard to put together, I have had a hard time getting computer time and as I type this on the 30th I still don't have access to a printer so it may be a few days late getting to you. In the spirit of the get together I am enclosing the list of all the go-heads that I have come into contact with the last couple of years and also one of my two favorite articles that have been written about Amy and Emily (the other was the piece from Emory magazine that appeared in an earlier issue of Lifeblood). The next issue should be on time and will include a more detailed account of the trip to Atlanta, and since Emily and Amy will be off the road for a while I am going to begin a series that will look back at some of the highlights of the last few years for them. It should be interesting, I have already started working on it and have unearthed some articles I think you will find interesting. Lastly, the next issue will also include the results of the reader's poll from the last issue.

I hope all is as well in your neck of the woods as it is in mine. Take care and be well -

CAROL :