

ZINE

Sept. '93

1

Free!

NO STORIES ON...



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Sex

The Collapse
of Communism



British
Ales

Vacations
in Fiji



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Welcome to the **first** issue of
Z I N E
(also known as the "Generic Zine" or "yet another
waste of timber"). The **primary goal** of
this ZINE is to talk about **music** and
focus on the **SCENE** in Corvallis and
its surrounding areas. However...we'd
also love to talk about **politics**,
religion, **s o c i e t y**,
f a s c i s m in the U S of A
or whatever. We gladly accept
contributions. Hallelujah! Send
us your money in the name of the Lord!
(Just kidding... I'm not talking about monetary contributions).
So please send us **comments**, **re-**
views, articles, **flowery poetry**,
your **top 100 Dead shows** list
(joke... PLEASE don't do that!), pictures of
Tipper dancing **erotically** to
Ice T—anything! The **more** you send
in....the **less** we have to do ourselves.
This ZINE will probably be a bi-monthly
thang...but we'll just have to see
what happens.
Send stuff to: ZINE, Box 3004-285
Corvallis 97339. **E n j o y**.

THE PROJECT

"That ain't no ordinary warehouse, Clem..."

On the corner of 2nd and Washington streets, directly across from The Beanery, the building waits. At first glance, one might not suspect much; the building looks like nothing more than a typical, nondescript warehouse. But it's not—or rather should I say that it is a warehouse which has a function that transcends its storage capabilities. This building has been waiting, sometimes patiently and sometimes not so patiently, for the better part of two years to declare its sacred purpose to the world at large.

Welcome to the 2nd Street Project—your local, non-profit, non-commercial, all-ages performance hall/rehearsal space thing. Upon entering said establishment you the Happy Hipster are immediately set at ease by the presence of comfy couches and the glowing ambiance of tasteful Technicolored graffiti-laden walls. Standing center stage is, umm, well, *the stage*, with various rehearsal rooms scattered about and throughout.

Returning outside, one quickly notice's the building's ideal location in the "industrial" core of our metropolis. Located out of spitting range of the

nearest residential neighborhood, The Project would seem to be ideally situated for bands wanting to crank it up without cranking out the folks next door. As such, it would seem to be a venue with a virtue for city fathers on a quest for the maintenance of social bliss.

The Second Street Project was a concept conceived over copious cups of caffeine. Two of Corvallis' most upstanding citizens, Robert Elder and Kris McElwee, at last hit the wall and decided that they had met their quota of long, late night road-trips to Portland to catch shows. Being of sound mind and body, they met upon the idea that it would be less necessary for them to drive if the music came to them instead.

A space was required. The hunt for an appropriate building began, with loyal volunteers manning the phones in the best Jerry Lewis Telethon style, burning up the lines in an effort to locate a useable hall. Upon procuring the present property, project progenitors planned on opening the

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building as a performance space in as little as 6 months. It was not long, however, until it was discovered that the building needed to first be brought into accordance with various city codes—building, plumbing, electrical, fire... Plans for the necessary renovations had to be drawn up and approved by the appropriate authorities.

In the meantime, numerous Hoot Nights and other benefit shows have been held to raise money for The Project, featuring such international recording stars as The Supersuckers, Drive Like Jehu, Crackerbash, and Three Day Stubble, along with local faves Arcweld, The Miscreants, Lupo, Half Rack, LazyBoy, Raised by Yaks, and many, many more. In addition, the monthly charge for using the space as a rehearsal hall has been upped to \$40 per, a fee which includes the right to 8 rehearsals a month, storage space for instruments and amps, and a vote in how things are run. Ideally, The Project needs to include approximately 20 people to cover their rent and currently has enough room to house 2 or 3 more bands and their gear.

At one point in time, the necessary funds for the first phase of renovation, about \$3000, were in hand, but the paperwork from the city was being processed. Now that the appropriate papers have been obtained, however, The Project finds itself strapped for cash, due primarily to having too few members paying monthly fees and being faced with having to make up the short-fall in building rent with construction funds.

Enter **Stumpfest '93**, the third annual Corvallis alternative musicfestival, to be held at Starker Arts Park at Country Club Drive & SE 45th on September 25 & 26. This year's \$5 daily admission fees will be dedicated for The Second Street Project. If Stumpfest is successful in raising the necessary \$3000, then The Project could open its doors for shows as soon as November.

This year's Stumpfest will be a two day extravaganza, a "gathering of the tribes" from throughout the valley and elsewhere. So go out and celebrate the death of the rock star while supporting a good cause. And bring a friend.

—T. Day

Special thanks to Robert Elder and Bert Schoenfeld for their help in preparing this piece. Even greater thanks are due to all who have volunteered their time and efforts to keeping The Project alive.



HERE'S WHAT YOU CAN DO TO HELP!

- 1. Go to STUMPFEST!**
- 2. Drag all the friends and non-friends that can fit in your car to STUMPFEST.**
- 3. Become a member of The 2nd Street Project and make use of some of the prime rehearsal real estate in Corvallis. Remember, there is still room for 2 or 3 full-size bands.**
- 4. Project renovations will need the official "Stamp of Approval" of a General Contractor, Plumber, and Electrician, to name a few. So if you are someone who fits any of the above descriptions and can donate or offer said services at a reduced cost, please contact Robert Elder at 752-6531. Tax write-offs are a definite possibility.**

RECORD REVIEW CITY

Music for the Proletariat (Allied Recordings)

*This compilation is incredible, a **MUST HAVE** for anyone who likes their music to stomp all over their brain. It includes artists such as Fiddlehead, Jawbreaker, J-Church, Dogs on Ice, Radon, and over 20 others. Distributed by Mordam Records and available through Happy Trails. —K.E.*

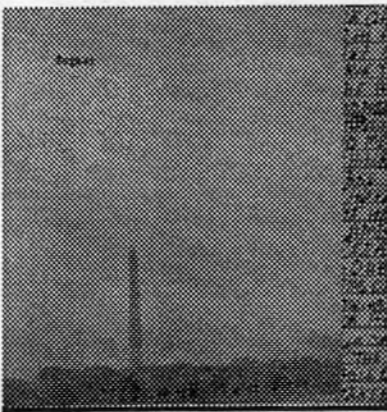


Crackerbash: Tin Toy EP (Empty Records)

This record is total driving, screaming, stomping, intense craziness. I don't think they could have made this any better.....it's perfect and wonderful.. Plus there's a nifty Sonics cover ("Love Lights") for those of you would like to re-live the sappiness of promville. —K.E.

Fugazi: In On the Kill Taker (Discord)

Fugazi's fourth album is quite good, though a bit short of the standard of 13 Songs or Repeater. If you've never heard the band, here are the components—biting guitars, smart lyrics, multiple tempos, and hook-laden songs.



A hard sound, but not an obnoxious room-clearing mess, Fugazi is a band that understands that a punk rock is a lot more than turning the amps up

to 11 and tunelessly thrashing about for 2 minutes and 15 seconds. It's pop, dudes, a lesson that one or two local bands still need to absorb.

Available in stock in Corvallis at Happy Trails or by mail for \$8 postpaid direct from: Discord Records, 3819 Beecher St. NW, Washington, DC 20007.

—T.C.

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ZINE

ZINE, a guide to the alternative music scene in Corvallis and its vicinity, is published six times a year. Your articles and comments are very much welcomed. Drop us a line at Box 3004-285, Corvallis 97339.

editors

T. Day—I'm a transplanted Texan posing as a graduate student in Nuclear Chemistry. I like loud, noisy guitars. My favorite color is purple and my favorite flavor is blue.

Kelly E.— Yet another geekin' grad student (in Geophysics). I'm originally from Phoenix, AZ but relocated to Seattle during my undergrad days. I like Twizzle sticks and the Alligator Bob...but seriously...I spend a lot of time and money listening to obnoxious music, going to concerts, shooting pool, and trying to inflict my musical tastes on others via KBVR.

publisher

T. Chandler—Not cool enough to have been a punk in 1977. No one in Corvallis was. Anyone who tells you differently is a liar.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF

IMC

International Multimedia Conglomerate

Hazel: Toreador of Love (Sub Pop)

13 garage pop masterpieces. If you've ever seen 'em live, then you'll probably recognize most, if not all, of these songs. If you haven't ever seen 'em live.....do so as soon as possible! But in the meantime, buy this album. While you're at it, you might also check out their 7" on Candy-Ass Records—"Heida" and "Pop Uncle" are two more great songs....but with the rough edges.

—K.E.

L7 Bricks Are Heavy (Slash/Warner Bros.)

This album was released in 1992, and I must confess, I was asleep at the wheel. I goofed. I bought their self-titled debut album instead. And it sucks shit, let's not mince words.

But then (heyheyhey) Cool, like, on Beavis and Butthead, man, they uh, (heyheyhey) were leering at this video of these "grunge chicks" doin' this song called "Pretend We're Dead." And it was awesome.

Punk anthem. Classic Album. Buy it.

—T.C.

September Recommended SHOWS

SEPT. 17 Crackerbash at
La Luna in Portland.

SEPT. 18 Mutabaruka at
LaLuna in Portland.

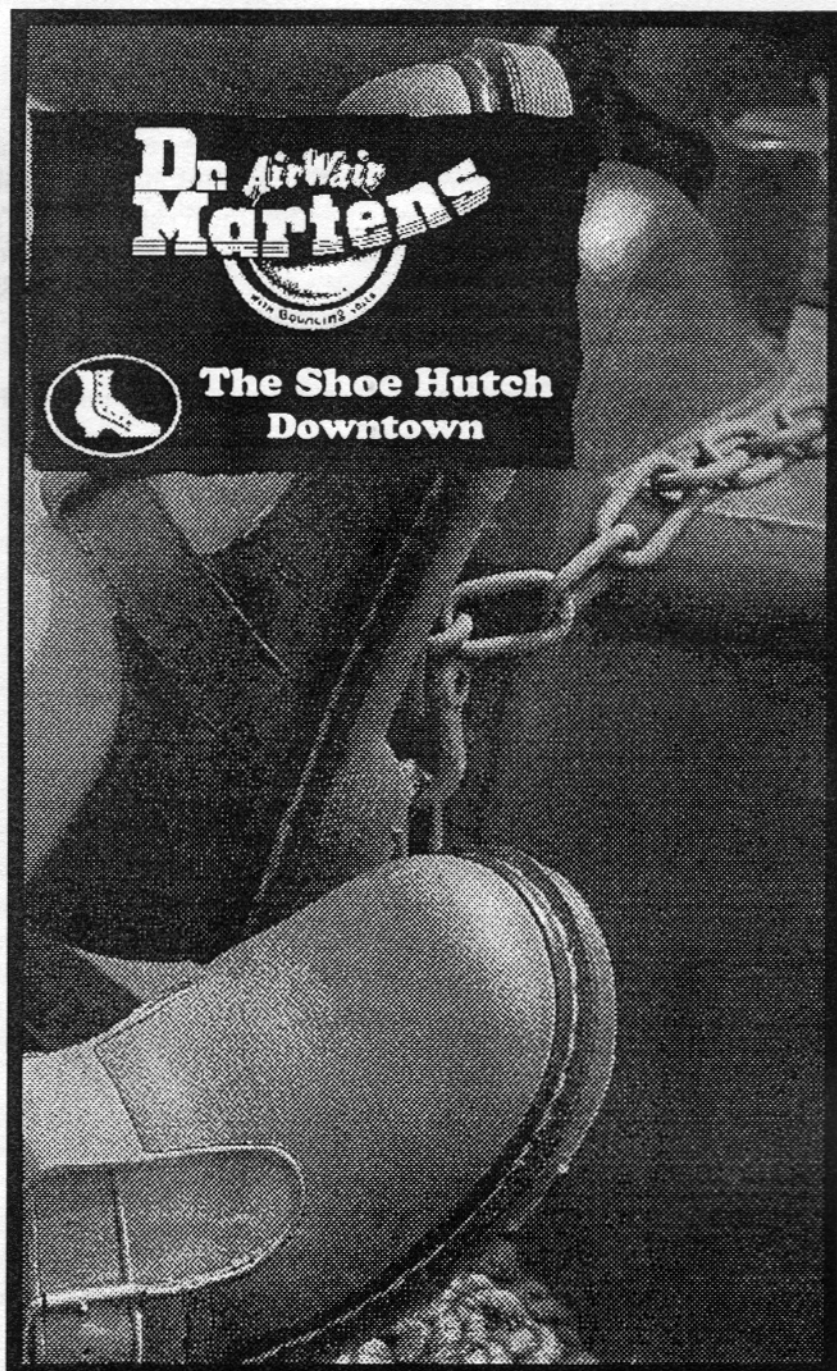
SEPT. 23 The Lunachicks,
Adickdid, Jasper at John
Henry's in Eugene.

SEPT. 24 Hitting Birth,
Neurosis, 7 Year Bitch,
God and Texas, and
Hyperlung at La Luna in
Portland.

SEPT. 24 Elliot Sharp and
Transmission at John
Henry's in Eugene.

SEPT. 25 Heatmiser,
Zolty Cracker, and
Arcweld at the X-Ray in
Portland.

SEPT. 25-26 STUMPFEST
Starker Arts Park,
Corvallis.



Green Hills of Africa

AN INTERVIEW WITH LUPO'S KRIS MCELWEE

If you are a Corvallis fan of punk rock or grunge or whatever you wanna call it this year, you have either heard of Lupo or spent most of the last two years in a closet. Loud and fast and not afraid to play songs with hooks or really great covers, there are many who believe that the band set the standard by which other Corvallis outfits will be judged for a long time to come. The departure of bassist Kris McElwee to Kenya on a two year tour as a Peace Corps volunteer this summer seems to have marked some sort of major turning point for the band, if not the final blow to the head. We got in touch with Kris to find out how things were shaking in East Africa and what might be shaking when she gets back.

I've heard that Nairobi is a real party town and that's the reason you went there... Is that true or just a rumor?

Completely true—in fact, it recently became a multi-party town, but Moi was re-elected anyway...

Nairobi is a town, er, city where even out-of-town Kenyans fear for their lives and their wallets. There are packs of glue-sniffing street kids armed with glass shards and hypodermic needles and about 60% of Peace Corps volunteers like myself end up getting mugged, mostly in Nairobi. The country director for Peace Corps recently had her third car stolen. It's even better than Portland!

Unfortunately, we don't live there, we just have a P.O. Box there. As of August 19th we'll be living in a teeny town far from the tarmac called Shimba Hills, or Shimba Thrills by those who know it. Its sleepiness is compensated for by lots of mango trees.

How would you describe the music do young Kenyans listen to these days? Any good bands?

The only music that I've been exposed to here is the Aquafresh jingle in Swahili on the very bad state-run radio station (*hint*: no college radio here) or the scratchy loud tapes played in public transport vehicles. These are usually reggae or upbeat plinky African pop with lyrics in Swahili. Any good bands? Hey, the Peace Corps Band *rocked* on July 4th at a big party thrown by the embassy. As the only member of the American community with a bass in the country, I'm finding myself something of a hot commodity. We played simple bad '70s hits—"Black Water" and "Sweet Home Alabama" and that type of stuff. Our next gig is July 4, 1994.



Enough of these frivolous questions, now it's time to get serious—What's the beer like there?

There are basically three brands, all made by the Kenya Brewing Company. White Cap is foul and weak. Tusker, my personal fave, is a lot like Rainier, but with a few more poisons, and costs something like 30¢ for 500 ml, about a pint. Pilsener is similar in taste, but stronger and spendier. Few Kenyans like cold beer but we do find it occasionally. Imagine, if you will, having to drink room-temperature Rainier...

By the way, people here don't *drink* beer, they *take* it, as in "I have taken many beers." And while we're at it, I'll mention that the Swahili word for beer is *pombe*, add *baridi* if you want it cold.

So the beer situation is pretty grim, huh?

Hey, that's nothing, for the first few weeks we didn't drink at all...

Our training thus far has involved 11 weeks of regimentation-intensive classes in Swahili. We're reached, oh, about third grade in proficiency. We've also had classes in agroforestry (don't ask) and

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Kenya scene report continues...

cultural sensitivity. As follows: don't hang your underwear out to dry in public, nose picking is okay, smelly food is not. The food can, in fact, be quite wretched—potato, carrot, and cabbage stew with bits of mystery meat (goat???) with lots of bone and gristle. This is served four or five nights a week. *Ugali*, a bland white cornmeal mush, is a big delicacy here as well. Fortunately, at the house where we've been staying they only feed it to the farmhand and dogs and cats.

What are you doing to keep busy in the Peace Corps?

Actually, the beautiful thing about the Peace Corps is that you don't *have* to keep busy. We're volunteers, remember? Peace Corps—the toughest vacation you'll ever love.

What do you find yourself missing the most about Corvallis?

Sit down toilets, for starters. Good coffee. Kenya actually grows *great* coffee—please drink it, they need the foreign exchange—but they export it all. And because it was a British colony, people tend to drink tea, very sweet and milky. I'd probably go into convulsions if I had a Beanery specialty drink right now.

Well, this being primarily a music 'zine, I suppose that the question that everyone wants answered in this: does the fact that you are picking large and nasty-looking insects out of your food for the next two years mean that Lupo is dead—or just on hold?

Probably the former. Eric's living in Portland now and is already in a new surf band. He won't move back to Corvallis, I'm positive. Grant's playing with Half Rack, presumably happily, although he hasn't written yet (hint, hint). I don't even know where I'll live when two years are over. There's a pretty great scene in Austin, Texas. However, in the best of all possible worlds, Happy Trails would woo me back. Grant would

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Converse®



The Shoe Hutch
D o w n t o w n

Big, honkin' McElwee interview continues

quit his new projects and welcome my return with open arms, and Eric would gladly commute twice-weekly.

What's the story behind the formation of Lupo?

Oh, let's see, isn't that information archived somewhere? It was many years ago in the small village of Corvallis. They wired the town for electricity and next thing you know, we found ourselves playing to small enthusiastic crowds of drunken students and shoe store guys. It was after Beefsteak Projector broke up, whenever that was... I think we had our first practice in Mark Dhoury's basement during the summer of that year. Then we played together until we stopped playing together.

By the way, what the hell is a Lupo, anyway? How did you decide on that particular name for your band?

Lupo is Lupo the Butcher from a very funny and gory cartoon-short film—you may have seen it at a Sick & Twisted Animation Festival. We toyed with a few other names—Frybaby was rejected because it sounded too druggy and metallic.

We never talked before at any great length about Lupo, but whenever we did briefly discuss the band, you didn't give the impression that you were really serious about taking the ball and running with it... I mean, you and Grant and Eric obviously took the band seriously in that you guys obviously practiced a great deal and worked on new songs and got the sound tight—but you never really conveyed any real feeling of *ambition*, if that's the word... Now I may be biased here, but I really think that Lupo is the best fucking punk band that Corvallis has ever produced and I'm really very curious why you didn't want to scrounge up the money, put out a CD, tour like hell, and try to break through with it...

I dunno, lots of reasons. None of us are really driven artistically—I think you have to be fairly maladjusted to make it big, with a few exceptions. Second, we were all a bit too tightly scheduled in other parts of our lives—not that we're not all slackers to some extent, but it would've been too much effort without either the proper personality disorder or a manager, neither of which we seemed to have. We never felt like we had an LP's worth of good songs, and Grant *hates* CDs, so we did the 7". We recorded songs for a second 7" but it never came together.

What's on the agenda when you get home?

A hot shower, some brand new underwear, a quick night through all the new arrivals at Happy Trails, watching all the back episodes of Kids in the Hall that I know *someone* is taping, listening to the new crop of Corvallis (and PDX) bands at 2nd Street Project, going through culture shock, and getting severely depressed that noone *really* wants to hear about the last two years of my life.

Actually, it's really difficult to plan when I'll do my laundry next, let alone figure out what I'll be doing in 24 months in a country with clean water, electricity, automobiles, and Circle K's. I have a lot of tree planting and mountain biking to do before I plan for that.

Do you have any final messages for the dudes back home?

If you come to East Africa before September 1995, you have a place to stay. Don't forget the malaria medicine! Adopt a culture-starved temporary Kenyan citizen—write to me and send tapes (in a padded envelope, with "letter from—" on the tape case so it doesn't get pilfered, and with value marked as low as possible on customs form—I pay 100% duty).

Here's the address: Kris McElwee/PCV, Box 256, Shimba Hills, Kenya.



CONCERT REVIEWS

P U N K F E S T
A U G U S T 7 & 8
P O R T L A N D

Saturday August 7, 1993

2pm...Finally arrived at the warehouse on 29th and Nickolai (the Forge). From the outside it looked like some old and grubby cannery. There were grungy punks all over the place...especially at the grass lot across Nickolai (referred to as Burnout Park) and the convenience store across 29th St (beer supplies I suppose). We had to wait in line for about 40 minutes before finally getting inside, and missed one band while waiting. I'm not quite sure who it was that we missed.

Finally got felt up by security, got inside...the place was as dirty on the inside as it was on the outside. The ground was paved (or was it cement) and covered with dirt and grease...it was a lovely brown. No places to sit (except for on the ground). There were a few stands set up selling various items. The food of choice was burritos (that was the only food booth although there were a couple of espresso booths). The public service booth (always a must for this PC crowd, right?) was promoting safe sex...free condoms (of course). Tattooing and body piercing were also available (I guess that's a public service), and there were used clothes, t-shirts, cds, records, patches and stickers being sold...and a beer garden. The building was open at one end which added to the shitty sound quality.

The first band playing was **Youth Gone Mad**...but I only caught the last couple of songs. They weren't terrible, but the crowd was very unenthused (nobody seemed to be paying much attention...there were still a lot of people waiting in line to get in...so not that many people were inside at that point).

Adolescents played next...the guitarist came out and said "This is my new band Poop". That about summed it up all right. I guess the guitarist was the only original member. They weren't horrible...but they definitely weren't good. The new lead singer looked and sounded like he should be

singing for Judas Priest or something. He did manage to get the audience involved...he jumped off the stage, grabbed some people standing nearby, and got them slam dancing. They did play some old Adolescents tunes, but it was fairly weak. **MDC** took the stage next. They played a couple of songs and then someone came on stage and said that they would have to stop playing for a few minutes. I guess there was a near riot outside. Several squatters from Hollywood didn't have the money to get in and were trying to rush the gate...or so the fine folks in charge told us. So people were chanting "Let them in!" Dave sang a quiet version of "Chicken Squawk" while we waited for the ok to continue.

When **MDC** started back up a pit formed (not very big) and then a fight broke out (more on that later). It's ironic that the first fight started during MDC...a band who's totally against violence and sexist shit. MDC started playing again... "John Wayne Was a Nazi". They sounded pretty good, but I was pretty distracted at that point.

Guttermouth was next. I was looking forward to seeing them...I have their album ("Full Length L.P.") and it's a lot of fun. They're a fun-punk band from Huntington Beach, CA. They sounded purdy good. The singer got the lighting folks to kill the strobe lights and putrid smoke (this had been going on during the previous bands...but no one had complained loudly enough to get it stopped). A couple of guys in the pit were on too much testosterone...I guess that was to be expected.

Went out to the car for break/lunch and missed **Tattooed Corpse**, **Butt Trumpet**, and **Aggression** (missing Aggression was not on purpose...they were scheduled for Sunday. I thought they were a no show 'til I talked to somebody about it the following week...damn!). Back inside...**Ill Repute** was decent, but the sound quality was still pretty awful. The pit was a bit bigger than before, but it wasn't as violent. They ended with a nifty cover of Bob Marley's "3 Little Birds" and "Clean Cut American Kid". Not bad...but not incredible.

Nixon Flat, from Portland, played next. Again it was nothing inspiring...but it wasn't bad. I think people were starting to burn out already. I know I was. And then for some real entertainment... **White Trash Debutantes** came on. At first I thought that they might be too cheesy, but it worked. They're a pretty bizarre band from San Fran. Fronted primarily by women (and it was about time!)...beside the female lead singer and guitarist...there were 2 scantily clad women dancers. The Debs had help from a little ol' lady ("Punk Rock" Pat) during the cover of "Highway to Hell"...really funny. At one point, the lead singer got a couple of guys from the crowd on stage, undressed them and

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had them dance. One of the guys was a little too excited and ended up urinating all over the stage (the crowd loved that...yeehaw, Punk Rock!). A very entertaining set!

And next...**Dayglo Abortions**. WOW! They were incredible. They actually managed to sound good in that place (a feat not pulled off by any band at that point). An incredibly huge pit formed during Dayglo.

I've never seen such a huge mass of swirling bodies before...it was beautiful. They definitely put on the best show at that point. **JFA** was pretty good too. I think people were really starting to get tired at that point, but there were still a lot of people in the pit. They did a couple of cover songs ("Low Rider" and "Charlie Brown") and played for about 45 minutes.

Next was the "one time only reunion" of **Channel 3**. Ok...I'm really tired and grungy and thinking that I'm just going to curl up in a corner at this point. But no...can't do it. They sounded too good. There were a lot of people that just didn't have the energy to stand up at this point (bodies were sprawled out along the walls)...but there was still a good size pit. After Ch 3 there was a guy who played a couple of songs on metal drums (with some help from the lead singer of JFA)...I didn't catch his name...but he wanted to spread the word that he'd been living with HIV for 11 years and that we shouldn't believe everything the government tells us about AIDS and HIV. Think about it.

DI started at a little after 11pm. **The Wierdos** were a no show...so DI was the last band of the evening. They were really good...probably got close to the crowd response that Dayglo did but not quite. They had played for about 40 minutes and were cut short when Officer Friendlies showed up to tell everyone that it was past their bedtime. I was surprised that there wasn't trouble...but of course then we wouldn't be allowed to come back the next day.

Sunday August 8, 1993

After a good night's sleep (that's a joke...5 of us in a station wagon...and one who snores entirely too loudly) we came back to the Forge for day two of Punkfest. Instead of going in immediately, we sat out in Burnout Park for the first couple of bands (**Tank Hog** and **Shutdown**). You couldn't really hear it that well from the outside (just a lot of noise) but it didn't matter. It was fun just watching the crowd.

We went inside for the 3rd band...it was listed to be **The Creeps**...but it turned out to be a co-op venture between **Adolescents** and **Ill Repute**. As I already said, I thought the new lead singer of the Adolescents sucked and was not very happy to see him again. The co-op venture wasn't horrible, but it wasn't great.

Then **Ill Repute** came out to do another set. They

were ok on Saturday, but not good enough to see again. And they played a lot of the same songs that they had played before. I was beginning to think that a lot of bands had not shown up for Sunday's show....hmmm So I went back out to Burnout Park to doze off during **Applecore**.

The Sunday line-up was not going as scheduled...so I went back inside hoping to see **Aggression**. Nope...it was a repeat of **Butt Trumpet**. Well...ok...I hadn't seen them on Sat. so I stuck around. They were pretty decent. I was happy to see another band with women in it. The vocals were good, and the sound wasn't bad. Glad I caught 'em the 2nd time around.

Uh oh...it's time to start worrying when there's yet another repeat. **MDC** played again for about 30 minutes. They were decent...but now I'm really thinking that perhaps **Aggression**, **DOA**, **Sloppy Seconds** and/or **Dr. Know** haven't shown up. Hmmm...at least we knew that **The Adicts** were there (ran into them at the gas station earlier).

The Creeps were next...now I was kind of expecting The Creeps from San Diego that I had seen about a month before at the X-Ray. But instead of skinny little geeky guys, they were bigger, creepy guys playing creepy music. A little too close to speed metal for my taste. So back to Burnout Park again...sat out for **90 Proof** from Portland. I should've stuck around to see 'em...but I was really tired. I did get a free 7" split from 90 Proof and **Wreck Creation**...purdy decent too.

Back inside for more music...**Dr. Know** was next in line. They were ok...but too much doom and gloom for me. The crowd response was pretty good though, and a pretty big pit formed...plus several fights and bloody noses. I could feel the testosterone levels rising. Now...why is it that when a fight breaks out everyone wants to see it? And it's not just the guys who want to see blood...the women were tagging along too. And why is it that there's always some imbecile yelling "yeah...right on" when a fight starts? Ahhh...human nature never ceases to amaze me.

Well...Sloppy Seconds didn't show up, and I missed Aggression. But **DOA** did show...yeah!!! And of course they sounded great. They played several songs off of their latest, *13 Flavors of Doom*, as well as a lot of older songs. The pit wasn't nearly as huge as it had been...but once they played "Fuck You" people started really getting into it. They played for about 50 minutes plus a 2 song encore.

And as the grande finale...**The Adicts** from the UK. They sounded really good...nice and clear (amazingly so considering the venue). I'd never heard them before and was pretty impressed. They played for about an hour and came back for a pretty long encore as well. A good finish to Punkfest.

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in closing:

So all in all...it was exhausting but amazing. It was strange that in the daytime the bands didn't sound nearly as good as in the evening. Was it just the bands or was it the sound system? I stood around in the daytime and watched the bands and thought "Is it really worth it?" But in the evening I was answered with a definite "YES!" I thought **Dayglo Abortions** put on the best show...with **DOA**, **DI** and **The Adicts** as close seconds. It was just so overwhelming!

The main thing that put a damper on Punkfest, at least for me, was all the sexist bullshit that I saw and heard. It even started before we got in (comments like "that bitch must be on the rag" while standing in line). Then, when we first got in, the announcer was saying how it took balls to put the Punkfest gig on (yeah...and we all know it takes balls to do anything in this fucking country). Then during the **MDC** show an overly-testosteroned male pushed a woman, who was dancing in the pit, so she hit her head on the ground. When she and her friends (other females) got in his face, he and his friends started saying shit like "shave your armpits", along with all-time favorites "bitch," "slut," and "whore".

During the **White Trash Debs** a guy jumped on the stage and grabbed one of the female dancers' ass. Sure...she was only wearing lingerie...but I don't care if she was up there naked...he had no right to do that.

Now all of this may seem pretty basic to some of you...but that's just it. People don't get angry at these every day things, and nothing ever changes. Now I know that the punk rock scene, as well as this society in general, is dominated by males. What amazed me so much was that punk rock is supposed to be against the norm, yet I saw very few males getting upset at the sexist shit that was so blatantly obvious to me. As a male in this society, you are in a position of power. When you stand by while other males make sexist comments you are allowing this behavior to continue, and you are being as oppressive as the government and society that you oppose.

If you want change, start with yourself.

But enough of my ranting...In the words of Joey Shithead: "Fuck you, see you later!"

—Kelly E.

**WANNA WRITE SOMETHING?
THEN DO IT!
YOUR SUPPORT WILL MAKE
THE ZINE HAPPEN.**

**X
AUGUST 20
SPRINGFIELD**

IT'S REALLY SWELL that KBVR plays tons and tons of tracks from minor label records and discs, because there are a lot of really good bands that do really good songs that just don't quite find their audience. Rather like a .280 hitting outfielder in Triple-A baseball, these bands find themselves a hot streak and a lucky break away from the bigs, and its good if a college radio station can give 'em a boost.

This doesn't change the fact that there is a major leagues of alternative rock—and I'm delighted to report that one of the greatest American punk bands *ever* is back with their big sound and hard edge, dropping a 65 minute barrage of hooks and style on two-hundred-and-some-odd of the faithful assembled at The Mill Camp.

The Aug. 20 show was less a tour for X's new album than a tour-de-force. New material was played in context, mingled with an outstanding array of songs dating back to First Wave classics "Los Angeles," "We're Desperate," and "Nausea." Put that one in your pipe and smoke it, **Frank Black**.

Groovy front duo John Doe and Exene Cervenka were in good form, looking fit and giving a shit. An earnest amateur when the band played Corvallis on the *Wild Gift* tour about 10 years ago, Exene is now a grizzled vet and still infinitely cool. As for her guitar strumming, on the band's wunnerfull cover of "Wild Thing"—well, uh, let's be charitable and say that it gave hope to the musically impaired.

Doe, on the other hand, owns a bass and clearly knows how to use it, fast, funky, and wild. Be it as a con-tree-western punkabilly dude behind **Mojo Nixon** or as the frontman and emotional center of this outfit, Doe is a national treasure. No shit.

Drummer D.J. Bonebrake scored one style point for the shaved 'do but suffered two demerits for scrapping the '77-style 4-piece set for a new 7-piece monstrosity—a pile of hardware better suited for backing **Aerosmith**. He remains a solid player, issues of stylin' aside.

Guitarist Tony Gilkyson, looking like the slacker baby brother of Joey Ramone, was a passable substitute for the irreplaceable golden boy, the great Billy Zoom.

Hey, Corvallis—get used to the idea of driving to Springfield for shows! The town is part of the Eugene metro area, and The Mill Camp offers a fine venue and a willingness to book acts like **The Dickies** and **X**—that is, punk bands from the major leagues.

—T.Chandler

STUMPFEST 1993

Sept. **25**

STARKER ARTS PARK COUNTRY CLUB & 45TH

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|--------------|--------------------------------|--|
| 1:00 to 1:20 | <i>Half Rack</i> | <i>Nifty tunes to help you remember dorm life.</i> |
| 1:35 to 1:55 | <i>Elmer</i> | <i>Lonely cowboy music fronted by Johnny Cash.</i> |
| 2:10 to 2:30 | <i>Thrombus</i> | <i>A metal band so heavy that they'll clot your blood.</i> |
| 2:45 to 3:15 | <i>Rake</i> | <i>Portland band with ties to Red Letter Day.</i> |
| 3:30 to 4:00 | <i>Starved & Delirious</i> | <i>PDX punk courtesy of demise of Distraught.</i> |
| 4:15 to 4:45 | <i>Das Neonderthrall</i> | <i>A volatile marriage of jazz & rock that will spank your monkey hard.</i> |
| 5:00 to 5:40 | <i>V.O.I.D.</i> | <i>Gilligan's Island metal & other assorted shrapnel.</i> |
| 5:55 to 6:35 | <i>Death Penalty</i> | <i>Tasty hard/grind-core with a sprinkling of metal.</i> |
| 6:50 to 7:35 | <i>LazyBoy</i> | <i>Skippy hardcore music from Corn Valley.</i> |
| 7:50 to 8:30 | <i>The Detonators</i> | <i>Classic punk from Eugene by a band whose name actually includes the word "The."</i> |
| 8:45 to 9:45 | <i>Oswald 5-0</i> | <i>Tight punk trio from Eugene.</i> |

Sept. **26**

STARKER ARTS PARK COUNTRY CLUB & 45TH

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|--------------|-------------------------|---|
| 1:00 to 1:20 | <i>Swill</i> | <i>Good drinking courtesy of Corvallis and her evil twin, Eugene.</i> |
| 1:35 to 1:55 | <i>Lucky Sperm Club</i> | <i>Experimental splooging abounds.</i> |
| 2:10 to 2:30 | <i>Satanic Baptism</i> | <i>Members of Death Penalty play musical chairs.</i> |
| 2:45 to 3:15 | <i>The Miscreants</i> | <i>Go garage surfing with Corvallis' favorite hoodlums.</i> |
| 3:30 to 4:00 | <i>Raised by Yaks</i> | <i>The John Hagelbarger Jazz Explosion—a fine bunch of cads.</i> |
| 4:15 to 5:00 | <i>Godless</i> | <i>Punk rock for nihilist existentialist types.</i> |
| 5:15 to 5:55 | <i>Ne'er Do Wells</i> | <i>Punk rock from Arcata, California.</i> |
| 6:10 to 6:55 | <i>Wreck Creation</i> | <i>Hardcore punk with crossover appeal a la The Accused.</i> |
| 7:10 to 8:10 | <i>Arcweld</i> | <i>The new, improved Arcweld will hurt you bad and win your heart with their palpitating noise.</i> |
| 8:25 to ??? | <i>Nufso Dogstar</i> | <i>A band with guitars and everything...</i> |

*Support the local alternative rock scene!
Be there or be square, man...*

\$5.00 each day