

ZINE

OSWALD FIVE-O

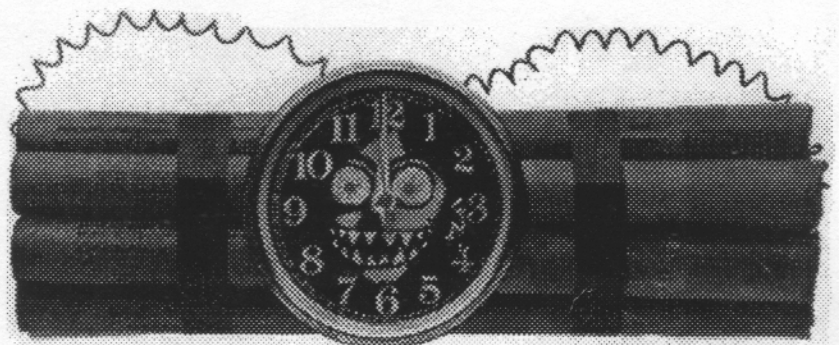
free

"It's an expensive hobby, but it beats having model trains, you know..."



DIDJITS

"The guys that were drinking orange juice and riding skateboards are now shooting heroin and playing slow music..."



LETTERS

Hello, Kelly E.—

I got your zine from this fucker here in Austin named Joey Edwards. I'm not too into it, it's a little too mainstream or something kinda too nice or whatever. That really doesn't matter & don't take it wrong. At least you do a zine & a free one at that!

What sparked me to write you is when you mention of Greg from Bad Religion touching your leg numerous times during your interview with him. If he was touching you in a shitty way that wasn't cool with you, you should've punched him in his fucking throat. Maybe he's just a touchy person & I'm sure you can tell a good touch from a BAD one. You just should've told the guy to FUCK OFF. Maybe you did?

Silence = Death goddamnit!

Cheers,

Kenny Cappello (Austin, TX)

Hi Kenny!

Thanks for your letter! I find it ironic that the first letter to ZINE came from Austin, Texas (supposedly the slacker capitol). Maybe your letter will inspire people from this lame town to write?!

Anyway...about ZINE being a little too mainstream. I tend to agree with you. Chandler and I have an ongoing argument re. the whole major label/mainstream vs. indie label issue (as you might have read in the closing arguments from ZINE #2 and this one also). Oh well. I'm not about to say that I'm right and he's wrong. It's a difference of opinion...big fucking deal. If you're so inspired, why don't you write about your views re. the evils of mainstream. I'd love to hear it!

As far as the Greg Graffin fiasco...there's a lot of things that I should have done. And I'm really tired of explaining my actions (or in-actions as the case may be). What it comes down to is HE shouldn't have touched me like he did. I don't feel the need to explain this any further. I'm sick of justifying myself.

hasta luego,

Kelly E.

Hey There!

I just saw your ZINE for the first time, (Issue 2). Like, I'm so bummed I didn't get Issue 1. I feel like I must have stepped off the planet to have missed it. Is there anyway I can get a copy of No. 1? (First issues are always valuable, I'd never trade my Eman No. 1).

On the more serious side...I really do like ZINE. I'd like to contribute, if I may. I have a lot of industry type people that send me stuff from time to time, bios, cheesy promo photos, and even music! If I don't want to review something I get, I'd be happy to loan it to somebody that does, any photos I have could be used too.

I'm the System Operator for America Online's music forum. (AOL is a national computer network w/ over 450,000 members). That's how I get a lot of stuff. I've also got a mail order music catalogue that I'm trying to get

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

ZINE

...is published six times a year in Corvallis, OR.

If ya wanna write or draw something for us, then DO IT! Send yer stuff to P.O. Box 136, Corvallis 97339. Who knows, we just might use it...

Editors

T. DAY—doesn't really own a plaid tie.

KELLY E.—thinks that way too many people got perfume or cologne for Christmas.

Contributors

CHRIS JOY—can't think of anything witty to say.

ANDRÉ PROCHASKA—is still waiting for his valuable copy of ZINE Number One.

JOE SHERLOCK—uses the expression "no shit!" so often that it's fast becoming his middle name...

L.S. WALKER—is the editor in chief of *Alter/Native*, the KBVR program guide. Turn ons include twee pop music, haggis, and scotch. Turnoffs include smoking, midnight strolls along the beach, and eating Spam straight out of the can—especially that top layer of gelatin stuff.

Publisher

T. CHANDLER—is an endorser of Durkee Red Hot, Official Cayenne Pepper Sauce of the 1994 Nirvana World Tour.

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together...I'm selling most of the (local) bands mentioned in Issue 2. I know lots of folks nationwide who are into the zine scene and was thinking I could mail a bunch of your zines out to this one guy who does zine mail swap...interested?

I've got all sorts of questions for you...fer'instance, I liked the quality of paper in your zine, I'd like to do something similar for my catalogue, where did you get it printed? How much? Who are you?

I have enclosed a review on the Skavoovee tour that finished up before Thanksgiving, (saw it in Portland). I'd consider doing a review of the De La Soul / Tribe Called Quest show in Eugene. Not sure if you cover Rap, not that I'm too into it...I was really kind of disappointed. It would be a review by some white guy who likes all kinds of music, but really, really likes Blues and Ska, yet really missed on this one.

André Prochaska (Corvallis)

*Thanks for writing. Glad that you like ZINE. It's slowly getting better, I hope—maybe when people start **writing** in addition to just reading we can push this thing to a monthly... But that is gonna take a lot of effort by a lot of people and I'm sure that I speak for T. Day and Kelly when I say that we eagerly await whatever editorial contributions you care to make.*

Our only rules, and I'm sure they won't be a problem: 1. No disco. 2. No libel. 3. No fascism. That's pretty simple, huh?

ZINE isn't printed, it comes out of a Minolta photocopier. So you can do something like this yourself reasonably easily and inexpensively. Stop by Henderson's or Kinko's and ask. The paper is Hammermill 24# 11x17, folded and stapled by little elves at the North Pole, as if anyone really cares. Incidentally, if anyone wants to volunteer to be an elf, please write. There are lots of ways to help the ZINE.

T. Chandler

Hey Kelly E.,

I saw your ZINE, and figured you were the person to ask. A couple of weeks ago some friends and I went to the Nirvana concert in Salem. Too many damn people for a good punk concert, but the music was mostly good. The Melvins SUCK!

Anyway, a couple days later there was something on TV about the Beatles. As the camera panned the audience, there were many young hipster girls passing out from the pure excitement of seeing Paul McCartney singing to them. I'm also reading a book that is set in time, around 1910. In this book they talk a lot about women swooning from the sight of blood or whatever.

Here's my question. What the hell is with swooning?! When I was at Nirvana, I saw *no* swooning! And to me, a swoon at that concert is more likely than at the Beatles. I have in fact, never seen any body swoon, or known any body who swooned. So was it just fashionable to swoon

thirty years ago? Or are people tougher now, with all the swooning wussies bred out of existence according to Darwin's theory of evolution?

Anyway, I'm looking forward to your answer.

Your Punking Friend,

Sicks Pax (Albany)

I can't tell you how thrilled I am that you would think of me as a knowledgeable source re. swooning. You must have seen me swooning over Pat Smear at the concert. And I thought I hid it sooo well.

With regards to swooning in the early 1900's, I believe that was because of the corsets that women were forced to wear. Add several layers of dresses/petticoats to that, and most women would swoon over the drop of anything. As for 30 years ago... Since I wasn't around then, I can't say for sure. But Paul McCartney is still quite the studly muffin and makes me swoon all the time.

I don't think that evolution has rid the world of all the "swooning wussies" out there, just like evolution hasn't rid the world of Neanderthals such as yourself. If you want more info on swooning try writing Sassy magazine. I'm sure they could answer your questions in greater detail than I have.

Hugs and kisses,

Kelly E.

MINI RANT

The other day I got one of those Columbia House cd club offers in the mail. Usually I just throw these cd offers away without even opening them (like I could even find 8 cds through Columbia House that I would want...what a joke!). But since this one had a card inside I thought I'd better rip it up just in case. When I opened it up, I was quite surprised to find that this was not your typical card offer. This was the Club Musica Latina Musicard. Where I could choose from: "Gloria Estefan... Luis Miguel... Mariah Carey... Jon Secada... All your personal favorites are here for the picking." What the Fuck?! I figured these music clubs were all computerized or something. But how could a computer pick me out as wanting the special Latina version of the Musicard? The only way for me to have received this special offer was for someone to look at my last name (Enriquez) and decide that I must like Latina music. I like being stereotyped by my last name about as much as I like being stereotyped by my gender or the clothes that I wear, etc... I'd like to say a big FUCK YOU to Columbia House and any other companies (or people) out there who judge others by their last name.

—Kelly E.

Death in the Family

The Second Street Project is dead. Did it ever realistically have a chance of survival?; I don't know. But the Second Street Project was not about reality, instead, it stood for escapism and dreams. The Project was a place for people of a different ilk to gather and hear good homebrewed music. The Project was a place that people cared enough about to volunteer their labor and services so that the "Scene" could have, dare I say the word, a clubhouse. I always felt like I was part of something special when I went down to the Project to catch some music. It's not really a feeling that I can quantify as if I could really quantify any of my feelings. I could just walk downtown and escape from my studies for a while to replace the numbers in my head with power chords and broken guitar strings. Nuclear Chemistry is not my whole life, though it may seem that way right now; music has always kept me anchored to my humanity and the Project was an important link in that chain. The Project did not die for lack of love but for lack of money, and that, folks, is reality.

—T. Day

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Wizards of Oswald

OR— Sinatra's okay, but who fucking cares about waltzes?

I've seen a few of the "big" punk rock bands: The Ramones, The Clash, The Dickies, Pixies, Sugar, X... They were all very good, tight and cool and talented. There's one very big difference between all those bands and Eugene's Oswald Five-0—luck.

We talked recently in the basement of an old scruddy house in Eugene, where they had just anchored a five-bands-for-a-buck punk rock extravaganza.

Oswald Five-0 are, in order of appearance: (N) Nick—guitar and vocals; (R) Robert—drums; and (D) Diane—bass and vocals. (Z) is Zine, of course.

N: Oh, my voice is gone, I guess I can't do the interview, its up to you, Rob. Rob's our spokesman anyway.

Z: You saw the second October *Paperback Jukebox* probably, with an album review by "Mister Anonymous Person" or whatever. It was a total slag. His comment, briefly, was something to the effect that you're a bunch of self-pitying whiners, whiling away in Eugene...

N: He's right, okay, he's right...

R: He's right. So?!? I'm not gonna argue with a fine institution like the *Paperback Jukebox*.

N: But we're getting better, sort of, we're not as whiney.

R: You just file stuff like that away and learn from it. I mean, I don't know, I have a pretty good idea what that's all about. I believe in freedom of the press.

Z: Obviously the criticism is deeper than the record. There's something personal there somewhere.

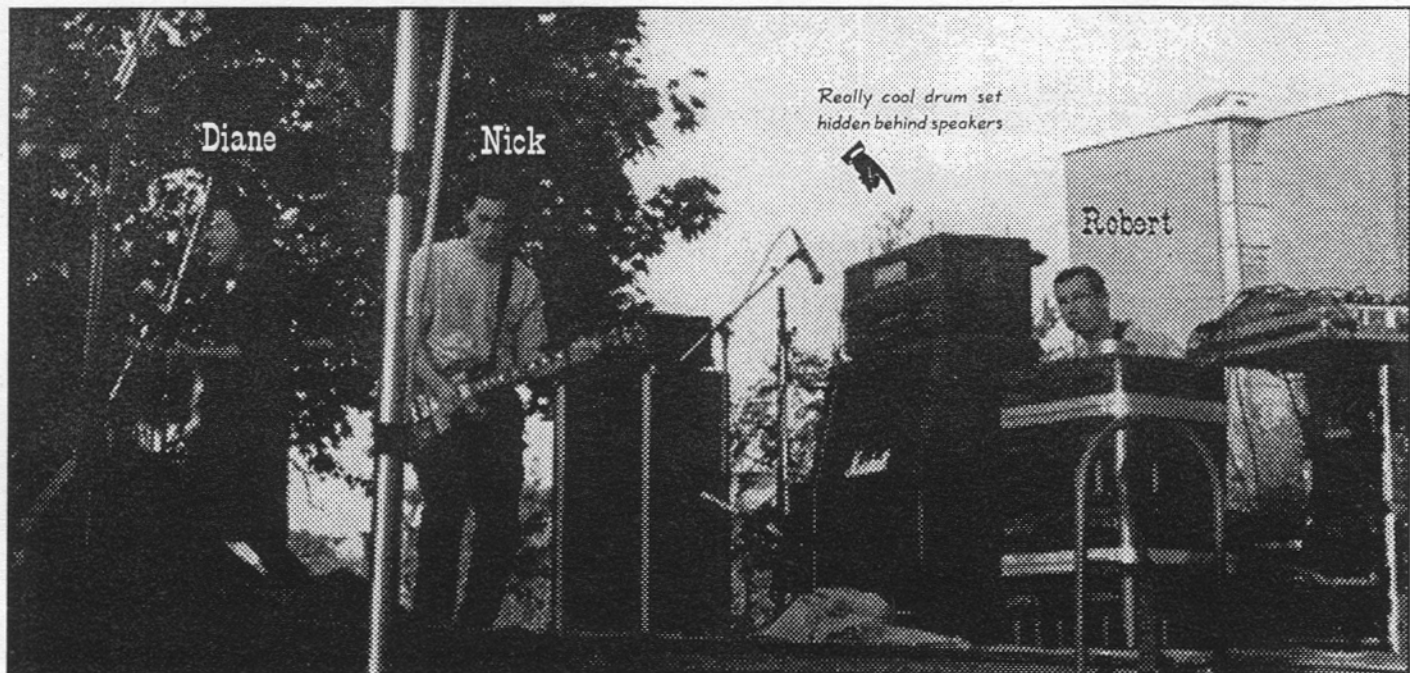
R: Yeah, I suspect that it was probably a personal thing. I've gotten worse reviews than that from bigger magazines than that, so I didn't lose too much sleep over it. [*The "sloppy" review in question was later essentially retracted and an apology issued by the Jukebox himself. —T.C.*]

Z: The reviewer said you guys have played together five years, is that right?

R: No, we haven't played five years. This band with Nick has been together about two and a half years. There was another band that I sang in, Diane played bass and I played guitar and sang, and it was called Oswald Five-0, but it was pretty much a completely different thing, and that was about a year and a half. So there's been four years of a band called Oswald Five-0, but this band's been together about two and a half years. Is that right?

N: Yeah, I would say...

R: A little less than two and a half years maybe.



Z: So what was the first punk rock record you owned?

R: Me? It was The Sex Pistols, *Never Mind the Bullocks*.

N: Oh, let's see... *The Clash* was up there, the green album. And Black Flag, *Jealous Again*. Those were around the first two. We're old, we were buying those when they were really initially coming out.

Z: It's good to know that I'm not alone. My first one was *London Calling*. I got that when it first came out. So I kind of missed the first wave of it.

N: The first punk song I ever heard was by X.

Z: What song's that?

N: "Los Angeles." It was the first song on the first album...

Z: Oh, that's a great album!

N: It was like: "Here, listen, this is punk rock!"

Z: That's kind of the same way I first caught it. X played Corvallis, way back when, they were touring *Wild Gift*. They had Romeo Void with them. That's where I first caught on that it was something totally different.

N: We're influenced by X, people say we sound like X...

D: (*walking over and sitting down*) What's going on here?

R: We were talking about the first punk rock record we ever bought.

D: It was *Star Wars*, the *Star Wars* soundtrack, that was as punk rock as I ever got.

Z: Well you must have owned one at some point in your life...

D: Eventually...

N: You have that Dr. Know album...

D: Yeah, but I got that so recently that it's embarrassing. I don't remember, I was addled. I don't remember the very first one.

Z: So how come you chose to put out a CD instead of vinyl?

D: We didn't. We had to.

R: We didn't choose to, we were like hornswoggled, they said they were going to do vinyl and then when the chips were down and everything was ready to go, they said that they didn't have the money for vinyl.

Z: So somebody else produced it?

R: Yeah, the record label [Grinning Idiot Records] really doesn't have that much to do with us. They're friends of ours but it's a Eugene label and they're going to do other stuff, too. Yeah, we definitely would have gone vinyl if it had been our choice because we're die-hard classicists or something... We're old coots.

D: That's right. Three-Ohs. [*Robert later denied this.*]

R: We have one CD player between us and it

works half the time.

Z: Yeah, that's about right. I've got one now where I can only listen to about the first half of albums.

D: Sometimes that's a blessing.

Z: Sometimes.

R: With records you get to choose which half you hear, with a CD you don't.

Z: Okay, so what's The Waltz Story here? The band up ahead of you tonight played two waltzes, you guys have a waltz in your repertoire, I was listening to Hazel's album and they've got a waltz, Sugar on *Copper Blue*—they've got a waltz... What's going on with waltzes?

D: What's the big thing about 4/4 time, anyway?

Z: So do you set out to write a waltz, or does it just turn out that way?

D: I don't know a waltz from a hole in the ground.

R: It's Diane's natural rythm.

N: Yeah, Diane's natural rythm.

D: (*laughing*) Yeah, I go through life in a waltz. Polka once in a while.

R: I grew up listening to a lot of Scandanavian music, too.

D: He's a Norde.

Z: Uff da!

R: Uff da. I have no idea why other bands are playing waltzes.

Z: There's a ton of them. It would almost be a fun compilation album.

R: It's the new craze that's sweeping the nation!

Z: That could be it. My theory is that it's the new punk rock slow dance. Way back when rock and roll bands always used to play ballads to break the tempo up. Punk rock bands are playing waltzes. That's the theory, anyway.

N: We want everybody to get close.

D: It's funny, you know, because any time anybody prints anything about the songs we have they get the time different every time: "It's a really intricate 6/8 time," "No, it's a 12/7 time." It doesn't make any sense to me. They can think what they like.

R: It's not like we're musicians. Nick's a musician, but we're all self-taught. Nick can actually play songs by other bands, Diane and I can't.

Z: Speaking of songs by other bands, what are some of the covers you have done?

D: We did one tonight, we did a song by Lois Maffeo called "My Head Hurts."

R: We do the Mecca Normal cover.

N: We do Agent Orange.

Z: Which song?

D: "World Gone Mad." And we do Some Velvet Sidewalk covers.

N: We do whole Some Velvet Sidewalk sets.

D: Yeah, we get tired of ours. Oh, and we do a Radio Birdman cover, "Aloha, Steve and Dano."

R: We listen to punk rock all the time. We listen to a lot of other stuff we don't even play.

D: When we play in a place like this we figure we'd better pull out the oldies and see what happens.

R: We keep the natives happy.

Z: So how many "newies" are there and when's the next time that you go to a studio?

D: We just went.

R: We just recorded a single that's going to be coming out in January on Kirb Dog.

Z: Where's Kirb Dog at?

R: Santa Rosa. The prestigious Kirb Dog label.

N: They're the farm team for Lookout Records.

R: Is that right? Okay, so we're on our way.

Z: Then you go to Sub Pop and Geffen, right?

N: (*tongue in cheek*) That's the route we'll take.

R: I don't know, they're talking about doing another album. Hopefully we'll get started on it by next summer, I have no idea when. We have enough songs for another album. We're pretty tired of the old ones.

Z: So "the old ones" are all two years old?

R: No, some are a little bit older than that. Some of them I wrote for the old band. And some of them are the ones Nick had.

D: And since we recorded the album twice, some of them were written between the two recordings.

N: So we're sick of them. But we hope somebody else enjoys them.

R: We've got songs that we've written over a long time, but we're still dredging stuff out. We all write, so we're semi-prolific. We go through periods. Right now I'm really busy because we've got a baby.

N: We're not Billy Childish.

R: We can't knock 'em out on a daily basis or anything. But we like to write songs.

Z: Now you had that album [*For Losers Only*] recorded where? That was local, right?

R: Not very far from here, about six or eight blocks from here. There's this guy, Tony.

Z: Is he okay?

D: Yeah, Tony's really nice. It's a really nice studio. The first few songs we did for him I thought were the best stuff that we've ever recorded. That was for the *Field Burn* compilation. But the album was a different story. I think it's different every time you go into a studio.

R: It pays to remember though that the album was recorded in six hours for \$400. So it sounds like it was recorded in six hours for \$400.

Z: No, it sounds really good, actually.

R: Hopefully we'll do it a little bit more slowly next time. It definitely was a very rushed thing. We

pretty much had one day so we went in there and just [slammed it out].

Z: The band I've heard you compared to is Hazel...

R: I've never heard Hazel.

D: Go figure, I've never seen them.

N: I was too distracted by The Dancing Boy.

R: Everybody seems to like them. All I know is that they cover a song from this band that I used to be in and that always made me feel kind of weird. I have never seen them. We love some of the bands from Portland. We love The Spinanes. The Spinanes are our favorite band in the world.

D: Crackerbash.

R: Crackerbash, The Shaven. The Shaven rocks. Who's that other band?

N: The Galaxy Trio.

D: The Galaxy Trio. They're the greatest. And Dead Moon.

R: But I've never seen Hazel, I've never seen Pond. I did see Sprinkler, but wished I hadn't. Nick saw Heatmiser and wished he hadn't.

D: There's a lot of stuff going on. We don't know much.

R: Yeah, it's like I don't get to see a band unless I play with them.

Z: So you're a record store dude, is that right?

R: Yeah, I'm a lowly record store dude.

Z: No, that's a great calling.

D: But it's sad, because he finds out how popular Cat Stevens is. And he gets disillusioned with the world.

R: Are you a record store dude, too?

Z: No, I'm not, but I hang out in one.

R: Yeah, I work in a record store. There are good things about it. I get to pick up stuff for cheap and for free.

Z: And you get it when it first comes in, too, which is half the battle. We just had a major collection hit in Corvallis the other day and people were scarfing stuff. I got a copy of "Fascist Dictator" by The Cortinas and stuff like that.

R: It's been a while since any Cortinas records have come into our store. We listen to a lot of easy listening stuff, too, so the stuff that we snap up isn't necessarily the stuff that anybody else wants...

Z: Like what?

R: Dino. Frank.

D: Sinatra.

Z: There's a Sinatra covers album out, you know.

R: Yeah, I've heard that. It's fairly grisly. There are some bands that I thought I was gonna like, but it was fairly grisly. We have it at the store and I realized that it isn't something that I'd even take home for free.

N: That's sad. Who's in it?

R: Bands you've heard of. I don't know. Screeching Weasel sounds just like The Dickies on it. If you need to hear The Dickies do Frank Sinatra, it's a good one, otherwise...

Z: I want to ask you about The Drum Set. *[If you've never seen Oswald, trust me when I say Robert's drum kit is the coolest, most rancid, piece of shit punk set in the universe. —T.C.]*

R: When I bought it, it was actually a good drum set. But over the years I've broke stuff. I'm a space case. I leave stuff. I have drum hardware in New York, I have drum hardware in California, I have drum stuff all across the country. So I lose stuff and buy some at a garage sale. And granted it just got worse and worse. I figure the reason you play drums is so you can throw it down stairs and shit. You don't have to be gentle with it.

Z: And they make good furniture. Drum sets make good coffee tables. And you can put plants on floor toms.

R: But I'm not much into musicianship. I don't have any real love for my instrument. I tried really hard to quit playing drums, that's why I was playing guitar. I think drums are stupid. They're a stupid instrument. And then Nick came along and he wouldn't play guitar with me. The idea was for him and me to both play guitar and he wouldn't play guitar with me because I was so bad.

Z: Bummer. That's sad.

N: You know, I don't seem that mean, but then when you say it like that I really come off that way.

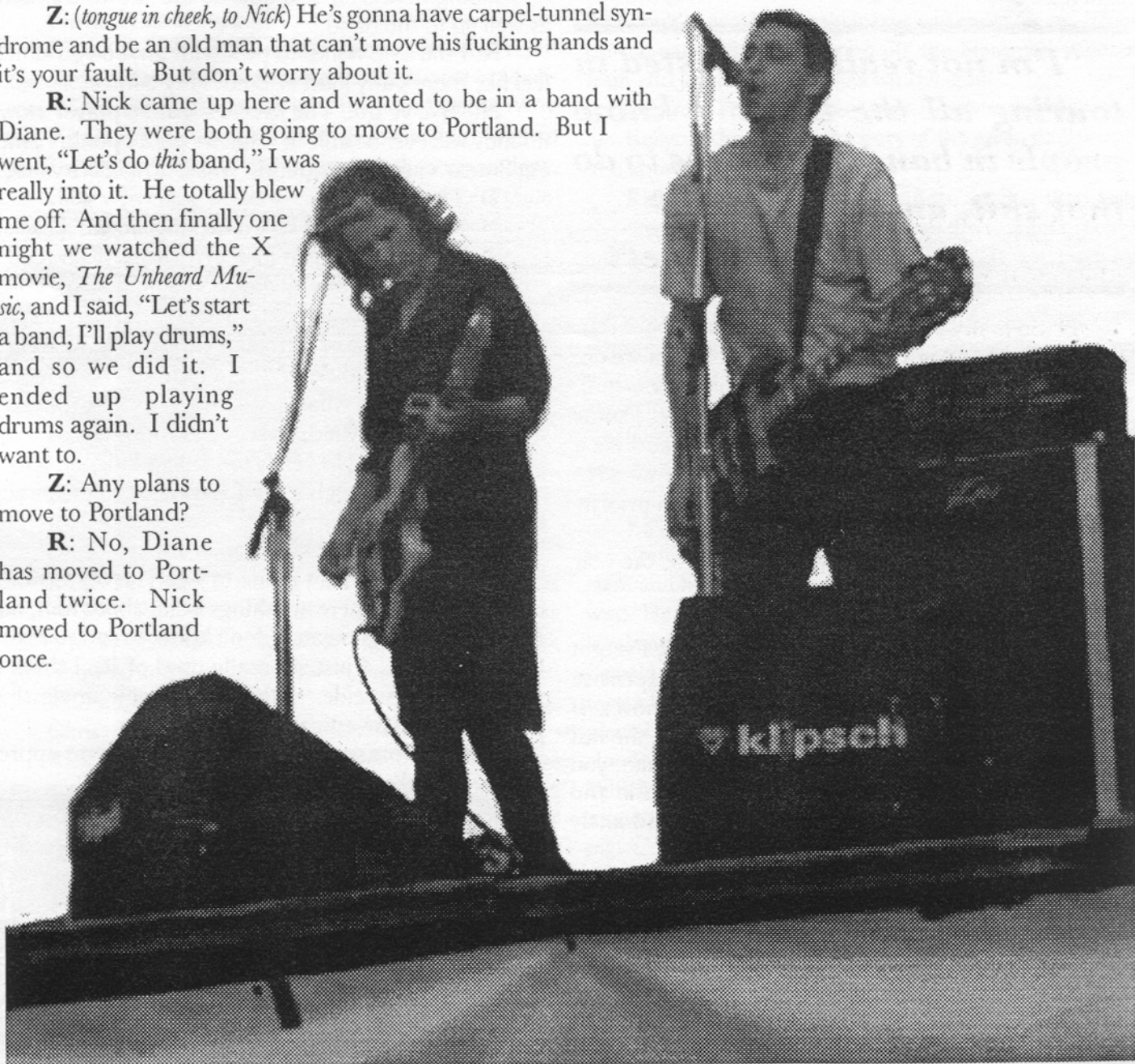
D: This is a realization session.

Z: *(tongue in cheek, to Nick)* He's gonna have carpel-tunnel syndrome and be an old man that can't move his fucking hands and it's your fault. But don't worry about it.

R: Nick came up here and wanted to be in a band with Diane. They were both going to move to Portland. But I went, "Let's do *this* band," I was really into it. He totally blew me off. And then finally one night we watched the X movie, *The Unheard Music*, and I said, "Let's start a band, I'll play drums," and so we did it. I ended up playing drums again. I didn't want to.

Z: Any plans to move to Portland?

R: No, Diane has moved to Portland twice. Nick moved to Portland once.



Z: Up and back?

D: Yep.

Z: Been there, done that?

D: Yep. And I decided that it wouldn't be good to settle in Salem, so I thought that maybe just coming back would be the right idea.

R: Corvallis is rad, we like Corvallis. But Eugene is good because I have a job and a cheap place to live and my wife goes to school and it works out good. We have a place for the kid. We live on the outskirts and if people want to make fun of us for that, well that's their business.

Z: The classic case is that of Nirvana moving from Aberdeen to Seattle, I suppose. I mean, if you're pushing hard to get signed, that would seem to be a logical shift, even though you've gotta be a little dysfunctional to change where you live just in the hopes of getting signed...

"I'm not really interested in touring all the time. I know people in bands that have to do that shit, and it's a drag."

—Robert

N: So many people do that though.

R: The band is a fairly small part of what we do. We do the band and it's an outlet, we like it and stuff. I'm not really interested in touring all the time. I know people in bands that have to do that shit, and it's a drag. There are lots of things we could do if we were really pushing to get signed, it's not that big a priority for us.

N: I think four weeks on the road out of the year is plenty.

Z: That's a month. That's a lot.

R: I'm not a real driven guy. Basically, I've got way too much going on in my life. It's an expensive hobby, but it beats having model trains, you know... If you were trying to make money with a band, the last thing you'd do is play punk rock music. I mean, you would be stupid if you played punk rock music and thought you were going to make money. And lately it's come about so that people can do it

D: You can make a living at it.

R: So everyone assumes that you're trying to make money playing punk rock music. But it's just something we've done, we've done it for more than ten years now.

Z: All the money that signed bands allegedly make, I mean that's a big lie... Two-thirds of the bands who

have been signed never make any significant money.

R: There's this guy I know, Tim, he's like the best drummer in town, and now he's in The Best Kissers [signed by MCA] and I was talking to him the other day and I make more money than he does in a record store. So I guess I'm doing okay...

D: Really? Oh, that's great!

Z: You get an advance on royalties and you use it to make a record and you're still just as poor as you were. If the record hits, then maybe you make some money, but I think bands make it from touring. I mean, shit, Nirvana's getting \$18 a pop in Salem [Dec. 14].

D: Eighteen bucks a ticket?

Z: Eighteen bucks a ticket.

D: I'm not surprised at all.

Z: Oh, no. I mean, shit, if they sold tickets for \$5 they'd sell out in about six minutes and people would be scalping tickets for \$20 outside the show. It might as well go to the band.

R: I have no bones to pick with anybody, I don't feel like there's any kind of credibility contest...

N: "We've got The Germs' guitar player now, nobody will ever be able to think we aren't punk." And Pat Smear's jumping around, "Yaay! I'm in Nirvana!"

D: That's sad.

N: It's weird. It's a weird fucking world. *(laughs)*

Z: So did Oswald do it?

R: Oh, yeah, sure he did it.

D: Do what?

R: I mean, I don't know.

Z: Did Oswald do it?

D: Did we do what?

N: No, *the* Oswald.

D: Oh, him. No. He's too cute a kid.

R: I went through a brief period as a conspiracy theorist...

D: He was a cute kid...

R: I definitely can relate to Lee Harvey Oswald on certain levels, there are things I dug about him, but I think he did it. I mean, I don't know, I read so many fucking books... I just got really tired of it. I think it was probably suicide. I think it's a new angle that people haven't investigated much.

Z: One vote yes, one vote no. That seems appropriate. Thanks for the time.



ZINE's Kelly E. & Chris Joy talk to
some fine, upstanding midwestern folks...

IT'S THE DIDJITS!

Kelly: Tell us about the tour...like where you're going, where have you been...

Rick: Has this started?

Chris: Yeah, we're rolling

Rick: Now is this going to be over the air or is this going to be a printed copy?

Chris: Printed copy.

Rick: Ok. Well this tour is promoting the new record *Que Sirhan Sirhan*—full length record. We started in Madison, Wisconsin we did a show with the Jesus Lizard. We're touring with Pegboy and we went up to Canada. We had some really great shows out west. And then we go down the whole west coast, western seaboard, shoot over to Phoenix. It's about 3 weeks. And I guess that's about it. It's been really great. We didn't know we were this popular and would have that many people show up to our shows. We thought we weren't very popular at all, but actually I guess we are. Seattle was really rocking. Every show has been great except Winnipeg. That was because of a snow storm.

Kelly: You were in Portland pretty recently weren't you? Just a couple of months ago?

Brad: August

Rick: Yeah.

Chris: How was that?

Rick: This place is too big for a band to play in unless you're Todd Rundgren. It stunk. I mean, Portland has never really been fun except when the big fat local punk guys show up and force coke on us in the back room. Then Portland is a lot more fun.

Chris: Have you played the Satyricon before?

Rick: Yeah we did. I don't remember much. I was wrestling some woman on the floor I think that night. Some friends of ours showed up from Philadelphia. But other than that, I think we drove around in a car and did some video interviews and then they had the little loser beer drinker cage, kicked everybody back over there. But yeah, Portland's, you know. It's probably going to be a slow night. Or when you have the La Luna, you play this huge hall and you have 400 people here and it looks like about 20. You never know. Maybe we'll pack them in tonight.

Kelly: Yeah...it's pretty unpredictable.

Chris: Yeah, since Hammerbox cancelled...do you think that's good?

Rick: Well I heard that they broke up and I think that's good. No, I've never heard Hammerbox but they're probably not very good. *(everyone laughs)* I guess they broke up and cancelled their shows, big whiner boys or whatever. So I don't know. Maybe their fans will come see us. They can be parasites on us. Jump off the Hammerbox loser train and jump on the Didjits bandwagon!

Joe (from Pegboy): Loser train. *(everyone laughs)*

Kelly: So how about the story of the green skull thing? You know, the green face?

Rick: Oh...well that's John Landis, the Star Wars special effects guy, back in the '60's he had this weirdos makeup and he made up his son to look like that. It was a step by step process in a monster magazine. And David Landis, the guy who does our stuff, he just cut it out. That's our symbol. The whoulie ghoulie man. And everybody says it's me, but it's not me. It's not me literally, figuratively you know, maybe it's my persona.

Chris: So what's with the pig on the new album? Is that your pet or something? Or is that something different?

Rick: Oh...I don't know. Well, that pig there we juiced it up full of... We had a veterinarian that works at a pig farm and he knows how to work with animals in a special way. He shot the pig full of dope. It was a dope that is legal and doesn't hurt the pig. It just restricts it from going *(squeals)* you know moving around. So we laid it down, we took a little fishing wire, pulled the little legs up and shot a picture. Then computer imposed it over a background of clouds, and now we have the floating free for all nice pig. Which contrasts to the music that you get which is kind of a raw, mean kind of thing as opposed to a innocent little piglet.

Kelly: Who writes the songs?

Rick: I write them.

Brad: Rick writes the songs that make the whole world sing. *(more laughs)*

Kelly: Very interesting lyrics.

Rick: Thanks. I write them, but I don't know where these ideas come from. I wake up in the middle of a dream

maybe or I get too drunk these things come out, or I get too high, or I'm just driving down the road and Satan will be playing with my mind and all of a sudden I'll scope my brain and shit comes up that I don't really know where it comes from. I can't explain to you how these things occur. It's supernatural.

Kelly: OK. What about the song on the new album, "Turn it Up"? Is there a story behind that. It almost sounds like it would be a real life story.

Todd: Yeah, it sort of is.

Rick: Well think about it.

Todd: Any high school party that you ever went to.

Brad: Yeah, it's like a party.

Rick: Downstate Illinois, I had friends that would put hairspray into a bag and snort the hairspray, get high any way they could, put gasoline on a rag, sniff it. The white trash culture...there are a lot of things about the white trash culture that you might not understand here in Oregon. Maybe you would, white trash is a worldwide phenomena. It's real, it's a lot stranger than fiction. We've been to a million parties, when I was in highschool that got busted, so it was pretty easy to come up with that song.

Kelly: So what about the white trash punk rock band, what do you mean by that label?

Rick: Low income, factory working parents.

Brad: Trailer park living.

Rick: That fine trailer park living, and fine trailer park cuisine.

Brad: Macaroni and cheese.

Rick: The thing about it is, people that live in trailer parks, obviously it's nothing against these people, it's just a subculture, it's a way of life that I grew up near. And everybody was fucked up. It's just that there are more people like that on this Earth than people that are going to come to this show tonight. Which are all people that consider themselves cool. These people are the ones who watch 911.

Chris: How has the scene changed since you released your first album in 1986? Has it changed a lot?

Rick: Well, the scene has changed, like the people back when we started that were playing this hardcore music with shaved heads are now growing hair and playing in grunge bands. Same bands...

Brad: The guys that were drinking orange juice and riding skateboards are now shooting heroin and playing slow music.

(Joe Haggerty mumbles some sort of agreement)

Brad: Please print that I have something [in sync with] Joe Haggerty.

Chris: What do you think of that?

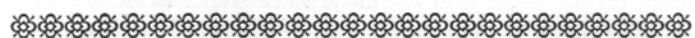
Rick: I don't know. You're asking me to comment on something that I don't really care about...you know, the scene or the politics of music in general. I guess you're ask-



*Pretty basic
ad, huh?*

The Shoe Hutch
Downtown Corvallis
753-1997

ing the wrong people because: (1) we don't give a fuck what other people do and especially how things have arrived at a certain point or this and that and (2) we don't have our hands on the pulse of anything, we're not social or political., we just don't know why people are fucking idiots and why they play grunge now as opposed to hardcore back then. If I knew that, I'd have made a million dollars on my super trendy band and do this on the side as some kind of credibility.



"We just don't know why people are fucking idiots and why they play grunge now as opposed to hardcore back then. If I knew that, I'd have made a million dollars on my super trendy band and do this on the side as some kind of credibility."

—Rick



Kelly: Have there been any lineup changes?

Rick: Todd's the new drummer, he's the green boy.

Todd: I'm the new drummer, well for about a year and a half now.

Rick: He played on the new record *Que Sirhan Sirhan*.

Kelly: So that's been between *Little Miss Carriage* and *Que Sirhan Sirhan*?

All of them: Yeah.

Rick: So you're familiar with the *Carriage*?

Kelly: Yes.

Rick: So are you a devout fan or are you just a fan or have you just heard about it?

Kelly: Well I don't know if I'm a devout fan. I've got *Fizzjob* and *Hey Judester* and *Full Nelson Reilly*.

Rick: Now is *Fizzjob* the Bam Bam?

Kelly: No it's on the cd. But we've got that one at the station though.

Rick: I think I probably mailed that fucking record out, we did the whole thing ourselves.

Kelly: Was Bam Bam your label?

Rick: Yes.

Kelly: Does it still exist?

Rick: No, but they keep sending me stuff like I'm a big record executive. Like ask me if I want to come out to CMJ. Trying to get me to buy office supplies.

Chris: Have you ever been offered a record contract by a major label?

Rick: Oh...I don't think they'd come anywhere near us. I don't think we look like an immediately moldable sort of personality. We sort of look like out of control, "fuck you". Major labels are looking for people that are more

apt to just suck 'em off and do whatever they tell them to do as opposed to someone they're going to have problems with. Or demand some kind of integrity from the band or from the people that run the label. So, no thank God. I hope they don't. But if they're willing to give us hundreds of thousands of dollars for free for nothing...what they'll do is they'll do this little spin, make it all look good, and once they have us in their clutches they'll say, "Well, you're gonna have to do this now and you're gonna have to do that now. Oh, we don't want you making your record jackets, we have somebody to do that for you. You want who to produce your records? Oh, no you can't do that." So you get your first album out. And it doesn't quite sell what they were hoping it would, or at least they'll say it doesn't. "Well, we're gonna do things OUR way this time." So no matter how much you say, "We demand artistic integrity." They'll just say, "Fuck your artistic integrity." Then you'll have to compromise, or get kicked off the label. Or break up like Hammerbox.



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Kelly: Who plays the piano? Isn't there piano on some of your songs?

Rick: Yeah. I played the piano, I think our sound man played piano on one, we had a guy named Gal who played piano on one. So we've had several people who have played piano. We had Fats Domino do a number with us once... Piano's an old thing. We don't use piano anymore. We used an organ once.

Brad: We used one of those bad organs, like the ones you can buy in a Sears catalog. (*makes bad organ noises*) The one push button chords.

Rick: And the row of minors and the row of majors. I used that in my first project called *Experiments in Orange* where we used a cookbook to use it as a sheet of music, like it would say 350...cook your turkey at 350. Well we'd use that as an interval like 3 and 5 you could say "well that's 8" so you can play 8 notes on this thing, and you've got two zeros worth a double so you could double the 3 and the 5. Are you familiar with John Cage?

Chris: Yeah.

Rick: Sort of with that experimental music. Testing the limits and boundaries of what is actually music and

what is actually not music. We could be making music right now. (*A yell is heard in the background*) See...you hear that. That's music. What do you think of that. That's pretty crazy, huh? See. Or is it not music? Is silence music?

Kelly: Sometimes.

Chris: It's all an opinion.

Rick: So yeah...speaking of the organ. We would actually set things up around the room that were testing the boundary of what is not an instrument. We had a piece of meat on the table and is that a piece of meat or is that a musical instrument? So we'd play the piece of meat one way or the other.

Brad: The Bluffoon. (*He and Rick laugh*)

Rick: That was a vacuum hose.

Brad: Yeah...a vacuum hose that you blew into...would make this really weird sound.

Rick: Then we'd do all that and take that tape that we made and use that as a musical instrument. We would play it at certain intervals. You'd have to get into John Cage. We'd do experimental music sometimes. I'm dragging on now...

End

THE YEAR IN REVIEW

Kelly E.'s Top 10 Lists

Top 10 Shows of 1993

1. Kill Rock Stars Showcase: Godheadsilo/Karp/Tattle Tale/Heavens to Betsy/Unwound/Witchy Poo
2. Alice Donut/Hanson Brothers/MDC
3. Steel Pole Bath tub/Mickey Finn/Spore/Holgator
4. tie: Thinking Feller's Union Local 282/Girl Trouble or Shadowy Men/ Girl Trouble/Oswald 5-0
5. AmRep Clusterfuck Tour: Today is the Day/ Chokebore/Guzzard
6. The Boredoms/Pain Teens
7. Hazel/Crackerbash/Slot
8. The Gits/Agent 86
9. NoMeansNo/30-06/Surf Maggots
10. Naked Aggression/ADickDid

Top 10 Albums of 1993 (not necessarily in order)

1. Crackerbash *Tin Toy* (eMpTy)
2. Hazel *Toreador of Love* (Sub Pop)
3. Bikini Kill *Pussy Whipped* (Kill Rock Stars)
4. Bratmobile *Pottymouth* (Kill Rock Stars)
5. Hedgehog *Gnaw* (Flapjack)
6. Hamerhead *Evil Twin* EP (Amphetamine Reptile)
7. Huggy Bear *Taking the Rough with the Smooch* (Kill Rock Stars)
8. Heavenly *P.U.N.K. Girl* (K)
9. Pansy Division *Undressed* (Lookout!)
10. *Music for the Proletariat* compilation (Allied)

Top 10 Record Labels of 1993

(not necessarily in order)

1. Kill Rock Stars
2. Candy-Ass
3. K
4. Amphetamine Reptile
5. eMpTy
6. C/Z
7. Lookout!
8. Allied Recordings
9. Cavity Search
10. Imp

Top 10 Twits/Assholes/Slimedogs of '93

(again not necessarily in order)

1. Henry Rollins
 2. Bob Packwood
 3. whoever killed Mia Zapata
 4. Lon Mabon
 5. Rush Limbaugh
 6. Greg Graffin
 7. Tupac Shakur
 8. LGBA Tent Crashers
 9. Bill "Don't Ask Don't Tell" Clinton
 10. Juliana Hatfield
- a big FUCK YOU to all of these folks!

T. Day's Top 10 Lists

MOST CHERISHED LIVE SHOWS

1. Thinkin Feller's Union Local 282 / Girl Trouble (La Luna)
2. Caspar Brotzmann Massaker (John Henry's)
3. Boredoms / Pain Teens (Satyricon)
4. Elliot Sharp (John Henry's)
5. Engine Kid / Don Caballero (John Henry's)
6. Dick Dale and the Deltones (Good Times)
7. Hanson Brothers / Alice Donut (W.O.W. Hall)
8. Gus (multiple times) at the Java Rama
9. Koch, Schutze and Kapell (New Zone Gallery)
10. Vertigo (John Henry's)

MOST HONORABLE RECORD PURCHASES

1. Royal Trux *Cats and Dogs* (Drag City)
2. Dadamah *This is not a Dream* (Majora)
3. Sun City Girls *Live from Planet Boomerang* (Majora)
4. Tar Jackson (Amphetamine Reptile)
5. Swell Maps *Trip to Marineville* (Rough Trade)
6. The Fall *Hex Enduction Hour* (Kamera)
7. John Cage *Three Dances* (Angel)
8. Sun Ra and the Arkestra *Magic City* (Evidence)
9. Guided by Voices *The Final Hour* (Scat)
10. The Dead C *Trapdoor Fucking Exit* (Feel Good All Over)

MOST FAVORITE FUNNYBOOKS

1. Hepcats by Martin Wagner
2. Cerebus by Dave Sim
3. Cheese Heads
4. Yummy Fur by Chester Brown
5. Cages by Dave McKean
6. Madman Adventures by Michael Allred
7. From Hell by Alan Moore and Eddie Campbell
8. Peepshow by Joe Matt
9. Any Deadface comics by Eddie Campbell
10. Palestine by Joe Sacco

MOST EXCITING ELEMENTS

1. Protactinium (Pa)
2. Thorium (Th)
3. Tellurium (Te)
4. Einsteinium (Es)
5. Tungsten (W)
6. Astatine (At)
7. Promethium (Pm)
8. Praesodymium (Pr)
9. Hafnium (Hf)
10. Lutetium (Lu)

THE YEAR IN REVIEW

Chris Joy's Top 10 Lists

Top 10 music releases

(not necessarily in order)

1. Godheadsilo "Friendship Village EP" (Kill Rock Stars)
2. Lois "Strumpet" (K)
3. Hazel "Toreador of Love" (Sub Pop)
4. Karp 7" (Kill Rock Stars)
5. Huggy Bear "Taking the Rough with the Smooch" (Kill Rock Stars)
6. Arcane Device "Trout" (Silent)
7. Heavenly "P.U.N.K. Girl EP" (K)
8. Cupid Car Club 7" (Kill Rock Stars)
9. Randy Grief "Alice in Wonderland pt. 4" (Staalplaat)
10. Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet "Sport Fishin'" (Cargo)

Top 10 shows

(not in order)

1. Dead Can Dance
2. Lois / Tiger Trap/Fifth Column (NYC)
3. Steel Pole Bath tub/Mickey Finn/Spore/Holgator
4. Shadowy Men.../Girl Trouble/Oswald 5-0
5. Seemen/Smegma/Dan Menche
6. Kill Rock Stars Showcase
7. Unwound/Huggy Bear/Frumpies/Underpants Machine
8. Throw That Beat in the Garbage Can (NYC)
9. Casper Brötzmann/Hitting Birth/Anal Solvent /Piss Factory
10. 3 way tie: Splatter Trio or Freddy Studer or Cop Shoot Cop (Satyricon)

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

1. Second Street Project (R.I.P.)
2. Sun Ra
3. Albert Collins
4. Frank Zappa
5. Mia Zapata

CONCERT REVIEWS

Steel Pole Bath tub / Mickey Finn / Spore / Holgator

Satyricon November 10

Before the concert, we interviewed both **Spore** and **Steel Pole Bath tub**. Both bands were incredibly nice and personable. If they hadn't been so nice, Spore never would've come down to KBVR the next day (where they played live for about 45 minutes).

Holgator started off minus their lead singer (their lead singer was in some South American country). So they were a trio playing catchy little instrumental



tunes...pretty impressive. I wonder if they're better or worse with a singer.

By the time that **Spore** took the stage there was a decent sized crowd. Spore really surprised a few people in the crowd (those who didn't know who the hell they were and were actually paying attention). They were great! Loud crunchy noise...gotta love it. Only wish they had a t-shirt that said "Fuck Me I'm God"...maybe next time.

Mickey Finn were pretty noisy and sounded like a lot of other Minneapolis bands (which isn't necessarily a bad thing). The crowd had swelled considerably by this time...but were standing around with their thumbs up their



ass ("Duh...should I be tapping my toes to this stuff?") Just like Spore, Mickey Finn didn't get quite the crowd appreciation that they deserved.

Everyone was obviously there to see **Steel Pole Bath tub** because the place was packed by the time they took

the stage. Steel Pole was in Portland in June, but there was more energy at this show. The crowd almost immediately went into a frenzy when the music started (slam dancing and stage diving galore). They played some mighty fine tunes for slightly more than an hour...big waves of distortion and grindy crunchy music. Definitely one of the better shows of 1993.

—Kelly E. & Chris Joy

Buzzcocks / Doughboys / Fudge La Luna November 28

The first warm up band, **Fudge**, was a sorta interesting four piece pop-punk outfit fronted by a couple of nerdy dudes, one of whom won by heart by pointing his thumb at the T-shirt table and telling the crowd "Just an advertisement—there's product over there. It's only product, man, that's what it's all about." Commercial but okay.

The Spokane-based **Doughboys**, on the other hand, were commercial but icky—four way too cool dudes playing fast rock and roll (not punk) and wishing desperately that they were **Pearl Jam**. Last haircut for a band member—1989. My friend Go-Go said it best, "High volume can not compensate for the lack of soul." They're signed to A&M. Too bad.

Then **The Buzzcocks**, a First Wave punk rock band from Manchester, England, reincarnated by original members Steve Diggle and Pete Shelley. Let the scoring begin...

Diggle & Shelly wore white pants (+1) and sounded good (+2). They didn't pull a **Bob Mould** and file all their great old songs down The Memory Hole, instead playing them with new material at about a 60-40 ratio (+3). In fact, the '77 stuff got the pit moving pretty damned well (+2)—"What Do I Get?" "Orgasm Addict," and "I Believe" were particular favorites of the crowd. The scene was marred by some assholes stage diving (-2), two of whom nearly got into a fight (-1) when the inevitable crash landing into someone's head took place. I got to play NHL Linesman for a couple minutes...

IHAY MAS, COMPADRE!

Diggle is a really cool punk rock guitarist (+2), up there with Stan Lee and Billy Zoom in my book. We can forgive Shelly for sporting the worst hair dye job since Ronald Reagan (-1), his phoney Clairol-black Pete Rose haircut looking thoroughly goofy on his portly middle-aged frame. But looks aren't everything, and the mother can still sing (+2).

Playing in front of four helter skelter television screens and two simultaneous slide projectors was kinda multimedia and cool in a non-overbearing, punk sorta way (+2), although the fare, which featured innumerable naked buttockses (buttockses?—spell check, give me a fucking spell check!) left something to be desired (-1).

Math time: $1+2+3+2-2-1+2-1+2+2-1 = 9$.

Exactly.

—T. Chandler

Nirvana/The Breeders/The Melvins **Salem Armory Dec. 14, 1993**

If you were packed with around five thousand people into an auditorium and you decided to wade into the middle of about a thousand bouncing bodies, you would quickly notice the humidity, stuffier than a Jersey rainstorm on an August afternoon. Leaning against the cool concrete at the back of the building, your shirt would have been drenched from the condensation that covered the walls—if you hadn't already been soaked to the skin with sweat.

This was a room that was so sultry that there were women on the floor, more than one or two, that were pulling off their shirts and going nearly nekkid like the slamarama boys—a new punk rock fashion statement of sorts, I suppose.

If only the show had been as hot as the room temperature...

Nirvana was good, don't get me wrong, playing as a four-piece with guitarist Pat Smear of the legendary 1977 Los Angeles punk band, **The Germs**. Herr Cobain and his buddies cranked it out for nearly 90 minutes, running through the great majority of their new material, including the crowd's singalong fave, "Rape Me," the song with 1100 possible meanings... But at \$20 a ticket, in that environment, good wasn't quite satisfying enough.

The most surprising song of the show was a cover of **David Bowie's** 1972 hard rocker, "The Man Who Sold the World." Coming soon to a bootleg near you, I suppose.

Ex-**Pixie** Kim Deal's new band, **The Breeders**, played a slowish, accoustically-oriented set that was butchered by horrible sound in the over-large venue. The band had many fans in the room, none of whom could have been thrilled by the set, sadly enough.

Cobain's Aberdeen pals **The Melvins** opened. Metal sucks. So do they.

Too much money. Too many people. Not a great show.

—T. Chandler

The Spinanes/Lois/Mystery **Guest #2/Mystery Guest #1** **La Luna Jan. 1, 1994**

Mystery Guest #1 consisted of Jody (**Hazel**) on vocals/drums/guitar, Scott (**the Spinanes**) on guitar/drums, Kaia (**ADickDid**) on guitar/vocals, and another woman on bass who looked very familiar...hmm. I guess this was their first live show. They haven't even come up with a band name yet. It was pretty messy...crunchy garage pop. Lots of potential, but they need a few more practise sessions first.

Mystery Guest #2 consisted of four males playing beautiful pop tunes. The lead singer has a really nice voice. I think they said that their name was **The Belt Sliders**, but I could be wrong. Anyway, they sounded pretty damn good.

You've got to love that K Records pop sound! Especially when Lois is doing the singing. Lois is the former lead singer from the Olympia band **Courtney Love** (different from **Hole's** Courtney Love). The name got a little confusing with all the **Nirvana** hype, so Lois moved to Washington D.C. and started using her own name. Anyway...she has a beautiful voice. Pure pop. She brought along a drummer and bass player for this tour (which was promoting her new cd *Strumpet*). Plus she had lots of nifty stories to tell about Portland. As extra entertainment during Lois' set, Jody ran onto the stage, dove into the crowd (in slow motion), got passed back up to the stage, and kissed Lois' leg before jumping back off the stage...I think she (Jody) was drunk at the time.

The Spinanes are a duo from Portland (in case you didn't know...and if you didn't know then where the hell have you been?). Rebecca sings and plays guitar while Scott plays drums...and for two people, they produce some really infectious pop tunes. Great vocals! Sometimes mellow, sometimes upbeat, always wonderful. People were even slam dancing! (Well...Jody had to get people started—she was a busy woman at this show) I've seen better performances by the Spinanes, but this show was by no means bad. They were signed to Sub Pop over the summer. Since then they've released a single and a full length cd *Manos* (both on Sub Pop, and definitely worth checking out). —**Kelly E.**

.....
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.....

Skavoovee

Portland November 9

I was so excited that the Skavoovee tour was stopping in Portland (it didn't go to Seattle) that it was a week from the time I heard about it 'til I was able to make it through the day with just one change of shorts. That's how much I like Ska. I thought that four bands might, *might*, fix me up for a while. I wasn't disappointed.

This was the second time I've seen **The Toasters**, and I liked them the best. They had good energy and were up for the show. The Toasters have been around as long as **The Crazy 8's**, but have stayed a closer to Ska, than to whatever it is the 8's are doing now.

Like many bands, The Toasters started their own label, **Moon Records**, and we have them to thank for this tour. If you like Ska, or are ready to move beyond the Crazy 8's, they've got a great Ska compilation disk called *California Ska-Quake*, with among others, **Skankin' Pickle** on it. A great CD.

Selector was next, they were ok, but I don't know, I didn't care for them as much as I do for other groups. Their lead signer was a little to "in your face" for my liking. Although it is nice to see a woman on stage for a change. . . that's why I like the **Dance Hall Crashers** so much, not that I've seen them live yet, it's just that I'd like to hear the female perspective a little more, come on rude girls, start a band!

Because the **Skatalites** are so mellow compared to

modern groups, I think they'd be better opening the show, just to loosen us up, but their history really demands more of a "showcase." **Tommy McCook's** Skatalites have been around since the 50's, and they were cool, cool, cool. Their songs were 8 to 9 minutes long, and each of the five, yes five horns had a solo every song.

And talk about old guys still doing it, the five original members must average 60 years, with Lloyd Brevett, the bassist, being the oldest. He had these big gnarled hands with rings on most of his fingers, thumping away on an upright bass. His perpetual smile was wrapped by a thinning goatee and short grey dreads poked out from under one of those knit rasta hats. He had to be the happiest guy I've ever seen on a stage.

Last of all, the **Special Beat**. I know the **English Beat** a lot better than **The Specials**, yet I know enough to realize the show was Beat topheavy - not that I'm complaining, they did maybe 6 songs from *I Just Can't Stop It*, and it was cool seeing **Rankin' Roger**. The only Specials song I know they did for sure was Rudi... I thought the sax guy was real weak . . . spent a lot of his time trying to stick his cigarette in his sax (to get that cool guy look) and his solos were barely audible. They could definitely use a better sax.

All in all, a lot of good Ska. By the way, if anybody's interested, I'd LOVE to start a Ska band. I'd like to sing, maybe play guitar, but if it was deemed that I suck (read that, no experience) I'd be happy to just manage the band, *a la* The Commitments. Write me c/o ZINE.

—André (DJ Dre@aol.com)

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Politics

...and other boring shit

Senator Slime Slithers Away

Too many of you missed the party for Senator Bob Packwood, held in Philomath at the site of the new public library there on January 6th. Bobby buzzed in to try and show what a swell, effective, downright ordinary sort of joe he was. Here is what The Oregonian had to say about it:

"In Philomath, more than 100 demonstrators—the largest anti-Packwood crowd so far [in his January tour of the state]—were joined by about two dozen demonstrators supporting the embattled Republican senator.

"The demonstrators were peaceful, and Packwood had little contact with them. Philomath police and Benton County sheriff's deputies provided security, and Packwood avoided some attention by arriving in a car rather than his usual motor home.

"Signs proclaiming 'Resign Now' and 'Thou shalt not grope' competed for attention with placards proclaiming 'Bob, Stay in the Senate' and 'If you were president, character wouldn't matter.'

"There was also humor of the David Letterman variety. Two well-dressed young men carried signs that said: 'Babes! Booze! Bucks! I wanna be Bob.' In smaller lettering, the sign added: 'Yuppie careerists for Bob.' (sic.)

"Packwood visited a new library that Philomath is building with volunteer labor..."

While Senator Slime won this battle on points, doing a better job of manipulating media images than his opponents (which is one of the central battles of demonstrations), the struggle continues.

When Packwood slimes his way into the area again in six months or a year, get your ass in gear. Make a sign and bring a friend. Have some fun. Get in Bobby's face.

Sometimes the good guys win.

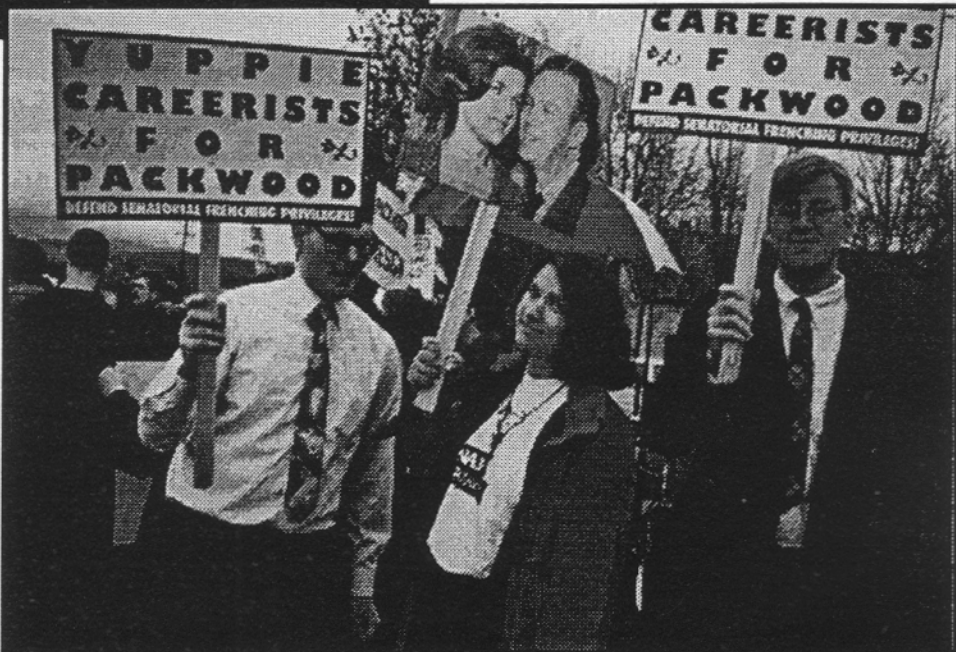
—T.C.



One of the worst things about Packwood demos is all the shit-sucking yuppie scumbags that show up in an effort to boost Their Favorite Senator's cause.

Get a load of these fucking neo-republican stormtroopers, hassling the poor liberal woman! Get yourself to the next anti-Packwood rally and help turn the tide!

(left to right: Rush Feuerplae (T.Chandler), Liberal Woman (Kelly E.), Arnold Bunngripper (T.Day).)



Record Reviews



LAZY BOY "Fill It" b/w "Jordie's Song" + "Aphasia" 7" [Allied]

An outstanding single by a damned good Corvallis band. Lazy Boy are intense and play it hard, not a 900-beats-per-minute, cut-time hardcore band, but a good, loud punk rock unit that pushes pop music as far as it can go without breaking.

Interesting to watch in a live setting, with the release of this single there is now no doubt that this is a band with brain cells as well. Buy this single and play it loud—and don't forget to read the lyrics sheet.

Available at your local cool record store or directly from Allied Recordings at P.O. Box 460683, San Francisco 94146.

—T.C.

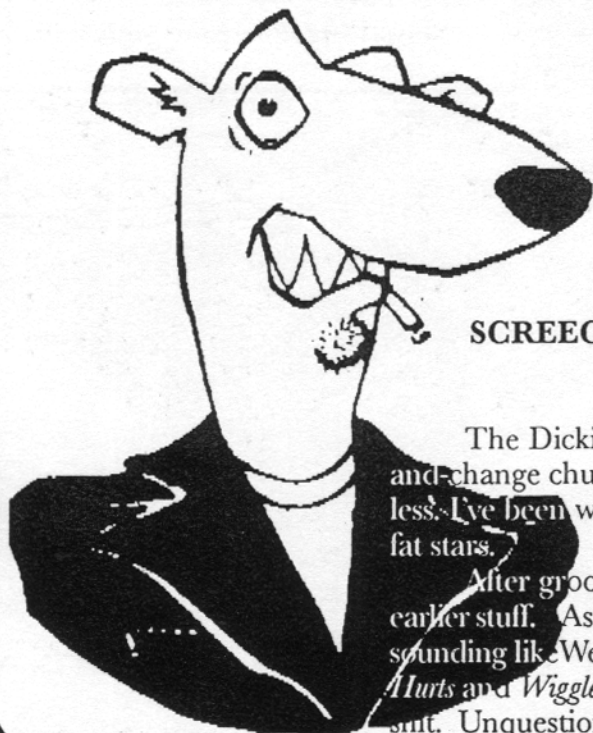
MISCREANTS "Klark" b/w "Fix" + "Food" 7" [Tiger Epoxy]

Corn-Valley's own garage/surf band's seven inch has been out for a while, but that doesn't mean it's not still cool. If you don't have it, you should certainly pick one up. It's The Ventures, only harder. Or the old Beach Boys on speed with the guitars cranked to 11, less the sappy harmonies. This is really cool driving music. I don't know how else to describe it, so try to check them out when they play around town.

The A-side of this single, "Klark," is a slow, plodding groove that will have you bobbing your head before you can say, "Daddy-o." The other two, "Fix" and "Food," are both fast and furious with cool riffs and tight drum fills.

Available at Happy Trails or direct from Grumpy-Tiger Unionized, 36600 Rockhill, Lebanon, OR 97355.

—Joe Sherlock



SCREECHING WEASEL *Anthem for a New Tomorrow* [Lookout! Records]

The Dickies for a new generation. Ultra-fast, ultra-cool 2-minutes-and-change chunks of fun '77-sound punk. Complete with harmonies, no less. I've been waiting for an album like this for about ten years. Five big, fat stars.

After grooving on *Anthem...* for a couple weeks, I tracked down their earlier stuff. As follows: their '88 debut *BoogadaBoogadaBoogada!* is forgettable, sounding like Weird Al in front of an HC band. Their 1990s stuff, *My Brain Hurts* and *Wiggle* is kinda-Ramoneslike and way cool, though—really good shit. Unquestionably one of the best punk bands in the world. —T.C.

Hedgehog Gnaw [Flapjack Records]

I believe this is the second release from this trio (but I could be wrong). They recently passed by these parts, and now I feel really stupid for missing them. This cd is incredible! Almost a full hour of powerful, melodic tunes with a lot of changes in tempo.

There are nine full length songs on this cd plus nine short instrumental tunes in between. A band that can make really interesting songs that are only one minute long is ok in my book. Definitely one of the best things I've heard in awhile.

Write for this through Flapjack Records, 970 O'Brien Drive, Menlo Park, CA 94025. —K.E.



Good Riddance *Gidget* 7" EP [Little Deputy Records]

It sure is nice that hardcore has gone bye-bye and punk rock is back again. *Gidget* is yet another groovy, fast, smart, hook-laden single. There were entire years in the 1980s without anything this cool.

File this Santa Clara, CA band next to Fugazi for both tone and temperament, that's the obvious point of reference here. In more local terms—think of Lazy Boy.

The guitars buzz, the pace storms onward, vocalist Russ R. literally oozes earnestness and commitment... But it's mutant pop, not tuneless dreck. Good Riddance represents the best of the hardcore ethic merged with the best of the classic punk sound.

The comparatively off-tempo "Patriarch" shines as the best of the four songs here.

Contact Little Deputy Records, P.O. Box 7066, Austin, TX 78713. —T.C.

Nels Cline Trio "Beardism" 7"

[Ecstatic Peace/ Father Yod]

Nels and the boys offer up another excellent single. Mr. Cline is master of his singing guitar and his backup ain't nothing to shake a stick at either (Mark London Sims on bass and Michael Preussner on drums with guest bass playing by somebody named Watt).

It boggles the mind to consider how much excellent instrumental music these guys put on a 7". Intricately ferocious without being wanky, this single is a treat for jazzbeaus and rockers alike.

—T.D.

Kaia 7" EP

[Little Brother Records]

Kaia was the lead singer of the Eugene band ADickDid (who broke up several months ago). This is her solo record, just vocals and acoustic guitar. She has a really beautiful voice.

There are four songs on this record, including one which may be the first song about the Bobbits ("...he fucked with her once too many times, so she cut his dick off, his weapon of crime...") Great lyrics!

Little Brother Records can be reached at P.O. Box 3224, Eugene, OR 97403. —K.E.



Firefly Wreck 20 Watt EP [Pollywog Smile]

Firefly Wreck play noisy skronked out rock with a catchy tilt of the head to a band called Pavement. I had never heard of this band before I got this single through Forced Exposure but would definitely love to hear more; it's just got this home-cookin' aura about it similar to the Guided By Voices EP. —T.D.

COCKPIT "Child-Bearing Hips" 7" EP
[Mudflab Records]

My friend Frank sent away for this 7" because it had a song called "Child-Bearing Hips" and cover art by Roberta Gregory, creator of the cool comic book *Naughty Bits*. It certainly sounded interesting enough.

This all-female band plays fast and furious with vocals belted out at speeds so fast that I had to use the accompanying lyrics sheet the whole time. Also packaged with this record was an explicit lesson on female orgasm with a "clitoris how-to" instruction sheet.

The lyrics are sharp (as in biting sarcasm sharp) on all four of the EP's tracks. Cockpit sounds kind of like **Hole's** faster tunes or a New York band called **Lunachicks**.

This slab of plastic can be yours for \$2 from Mudflab Records, 163 Central #4, San Francisco, CA 94117. Make checks payable to Katie Adler.

—Joe Sherlock

More Records

SLEEP CAPSULE "Birdthirst" +2 7"
[Gettin' Grumpy]

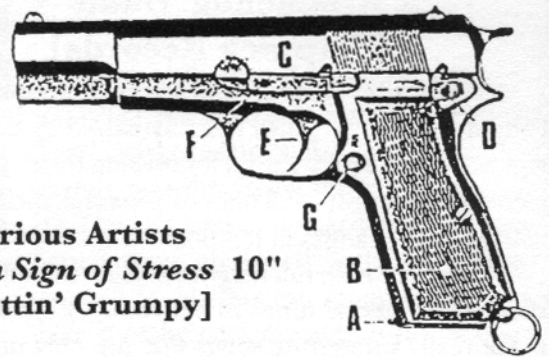
Local label single by a 3-piece Seattle band. Heavy on the fuzz, light on the jangle... Lessee, what can I call this stuff without using the word "grunge?" Hmm, how about SCUD—'cause it's an angry buzz with lyrics that go whooshing over my head like a missile.

The A-side and the first B track, "Envisionist," are not bad at all, sort of a cross between **Nirvana** and **Arcweld**, if you can imagine that. The other B-side song misses the mark, however—too much dinking around with incompatible and ostensibly pointless sounds. Then again, I never cared much for abstract non-representational art.

Punk fans are hereby directed to support the local label(s) by forking out \$3.25 for this one.

Send your bucks to Gettin' Grumpy at 36600 Rock Hill Drive, Lebanon 97355. They'll send you a record.

—T.C.



Various Artists
The 7th Sign of Stress 10"
[Gettin' Grumpy]

The problem with being categorized as a science fiction writer, Kurt Vonnegut once remarked, was that too many critics mistook that genre for a urinal. So it with some degree of trepidation that I note that this is a piece of artsy experimental rock and roll. If you buy this brilliantly packaged piece of vinyl thinking it's a punk rock record, you'll be sorely disappointed—unless you're a level 10 **Arcweld** fan or a serious record collector.

Three bands contributed the 9 tracks on this album. **Das Neonderthrall**, grand artistes of the Corvallis alternative music scene logged on with 4, **Shovedevil**, a Neonderthrall-linked project featuring the experimental violin sounds of a Seattleite named Eyvind added 3, while **Arcweld** contributed 2 of their patented loud and loose punk things to the work.

The idea of Das Neonderthrall and Arcweld on the same record might seem at first like a fruit salad consisting of pomegranates and lemons, two great tastes that don't go together even slightly. After all, the former of these bands are so musically proficient that they could teach college seminars on progressive rock, while the latter are more minimalistic and scuddy than about any Seattle band you can name. This combination actually works, however, as long as one bears in mind that this is first and foremost a Neonderthrall project, a montage of sound textures.

The Shovedevil tracks, on the other hand, are tuneless and virtually unlistenable, some of the worst gunk on vinyl since **Lou Reed's Metal Machine Music**. The only one in our household who cared even slightly about this failed experiment in bizarre sound waves was Snorkel Bob the golden retriever, who remains convinced to this day that there is some sort of strange and delicious insect waiting for him inside my speakers.

Available at your local hipster vinyl dealership or straight from Gettin' Grumpy at 36600 Rockhill Drive, Lebanon, OR 97355.

—T.C.

**The Ramones
Acid Eaters**

[Radioactive Records/MCA]

**The Queers
Love Songs for the Retarded**
[Lookout! Records]

There are exactly five great Ramones albums, including the import-only double live thing. I initially thought that *Acid Eaters* was gonna be the sixth. It's nothing but cover songs, you see—a dozen versions of sixties pop tunes a la Joey—and I absolutely love punk versions of corney old songs... Yep, this was gonna be my album...

Geesh, what a disappointment, just two good tracks.

Acid Eaters has no fangs. Fangs, hell, this album has no teeth at all. The Brothers Ramone take these songs entirely too seriously—letting Pete Townshend sing backing vocals on "Substitute," for example. Compare this to the outstanding 1976 version of the same song by The Sex Pistols, which begins with Johnny Rotten snarling, "We don't need permission for anything." A different approach here, eh?

A proper cover involves taking an old song, putting it in the blender, and producing something entirely new; these songs feel more like remakes. That's very sad.

But wait! There is good news on the music front for fans of the classic, cool Ramones sound—biting, buzzing, high-speed guitars, goofball surf-pop harmonies, and lyrics so dumb that they become infinitely cool.

The band is called The Queers, the album is *Love Songs for the Retarded*, the label is Lookout. Don't be a noodlebrain Granola-head, pick up a copy today.
—T.C.

Keiji Haino

**Execration that Accept
to Acknowledge**

[Forced Exposure]

If you're like me wondering what all the hoopla surrounding Japanese noise is about and too frugal to shell out 20 to 30 bucks for a cd, then you should jump on the bandwagon and check out Haino's latest for about 10 bucks through Forced Exposure's mail order department—P.O. Box 805293, Chicago, IL 60680.

Haino's playing gets frequent mention amongst free jazz circles and Thurston Moore thinks that Mr. Haino is just the cat's pyjamas. This is solo wall of noise guitar with voice accompaniment, quite engaging in places and overall very cathartic in a lamented way.
—T.D.

Various Artists DIY [Rhino Records]

If you still think that '70s music was all disco, Led Zeppelin, Aerosmith, and Kiss, this 9 volume series should open your eyes.

Don't buy the whole set, for chrissakes:

Anarchy in the UK—UK Punk I (1976-77):

The Modern World—UK Punk II (1977-78):

Both are *absolutely indispensable*; Sex Pistols, Damned, Adverts, Vibrators, Jam, Spex, and so on. No Clash, but otherwise an instant record collection!

Teenage Kicks—UK Pop I (1976-79):

Starry Eyes—UK Pop II (1978-79):

I like this stuff. You might not. Too pretty to be punk, for the most part, but still generally good shit with harmonies and an edge. Much better than the US pop of the same period.



X Ray Spex

Blank Generation —The New York Scene:

The biggest disappointment of the series. Anyone who mistakenly thinks New York was the center of '77 punk needs to take a listen. Snag an early Ramones album instead...

We're Desperate—The L.A. Scene (1976-79):

X, Weirdos, Germs, Dickies, Dils... The authentic American center of '77 punk is revealed. Buy this.

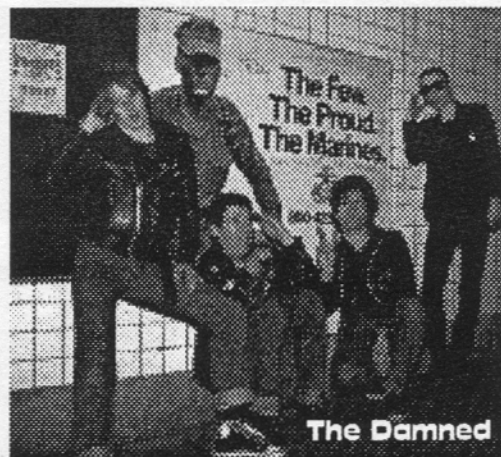
**Come Out and Play—American Power Pop I:
Shake it Up!—American Power Pop II:**

If listening to mediocre bar bands try to become The Next Big Thing by copying the Beatles or the Stones or wimpy 60's R&B is your idea of fun, then this is a veritable treasure trove. Instead, track down *The Right to Be Italian* by Holly and the Italians and forget the rest of this crap.

Mass. Ave.—The Boston Scene (1975-83):

Boston? Yeah, Boston. This one's pretty cool, believe it or not. Not as hard and punky as L.A., but decent.

Final note: the CD version of this series contains bonus



The Damned

tracks, so buy the CDs. If you're still so stuck on vinyl, track down the original records. At least you'll get the pic-sleeves and the B-sides that way. Fair enough?
—T.C.



[Kill Rock Stars]

Kathleen Hanna is incredible...you've got to love her (or hate her depending on your politics I suppose). This album is in your face...songs like Li'l Red ("These are my long red nails The better to scratch out your eyes") Are they angry? You better believe it. And if you don't understand why...FUCK OFF! Eleven songs on this album are full on, raging Bikini Kill classics. Plus one song (For Tammy Rae) is quite beautiful in a calm sort of way. Yes, Kathleen Hanna can sing. But it's her screams (and Tobi's) that really get you hooked.

Available at record stores that care or direct from Kill Rock Stars at 120 NE State #418, Olympia, WA 98501. —K.E.

Guided by Voices

The Grand Hour 7" [Scat]

Parts of this record somehow remind me of the Beatles embarking on some kind of bad acid trip. Guided by Voices sound like the greatest garage band that ever cared enough to come out of the garage for brief spells.

This 7" is pure genius with its fuzzed out guitar and vocals to grit up your teeth; so simple yet so brilliantly executed. This record and other recent important happenings have reminded me that there is a state

called Ohio; by the way, Guided by Voices are from Dayton. —T.D.

Wingtip Sloat

Half Past I've Got double 7"

[VHF/Sweet Portable Junket]

They call it ... slop rock. Wingtip Sloat are brothers in a fraternity that includes such bands as Pavement, Polvo and the Gritters.

While not as hooky as Pavement, limber as Polvo, or Stonesy as the Gritters, Wingtip Sloat assert themselves in the world of lo-fi rock-n-roll with this incredible dbl 7" (13 songs— 26 minutes) package. The styles range from bare acoustic to full blown carnage but all through, Wingtip Sloat retain that comfortable care-less/carefree relaxed edge. Plus they cover "Kill the Klansmen" by the Sun City Girls and perform their own "Mass Fucking in the Haystacks." —T.D.

Sun City Girls

Valentines from Matahari

[Majora]

The Girls exhibit a bit more fluster and bluster on *Valentines* than on other recent releases. Guitars are again the major focus here, but in a louder, skronkier vein as opposed to their Middle Eastern drone kick.

There are some songs on this disc that really break my heart, especially those in a minor key, and then there are those whose sole purpose seems to be disturbance, which is not a bad thing really. —T.D.

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Business\$ as Usual

A reply to J. Chandler

In issue 2 of *ZINE*, T. Chandler contributes two articles that address a doctrinal schism that is occurring in Pop Culture today: specifically—What is “Alternative”? What is “Mainstream”? and most importantly, Should the alternative support the mainstream?

Chandler’s first article, a review of Nirvana’s *In Utero* is a general apologia for all the punk bands that “go major.” Chandler states that *In Utero* is a great album not only because of its musical execution, but also because

“...this band sells records without selling their souls and have single-handedly opened a bunch of doors for alternative rock at the major labels. Now other cool bands can make some cash from chaos and help move aside a few of the dinosaurs of so-called ‘Classic Rock’...”

It’s a valid sentiment, and one I agree with—in spirit. But it ignores both the history of “Alternative rock” and the economics of the record industry.

We are in the second wave of what could be facetiously called the “R.E.M./Hüsker Dü/Replacements Syndrome.” Back in the mid-1980s, the major labels, Warners in particular, began to see alternative groups as a viable—and exploitable—part of the record industry. They ended up signing many of these groups, sometimes without really determining the musical value these bands possessed (remember, it’s business as usual with the majors).

Then, the party ended. Hüsker Dü released two albums (one a double) on Warners and acrimoniously broke up. The Replacements released three albums before Paul Westerberg decided he was Dan Fogelberg, and split that group up. The list goes on—Soul Asylum, Del Fuegos, etc. These outfits either broke up (pressures because of the majors?), or were dumped by their record company for poor sales. The notable exception, of course, is R.E.M., but their last good album was *Document* the last original album they released for I.R.S.

The same situation is happening now. Yes, Nirvana is opening the door that stands between the indie band and the major label. But, whether the bloodbath that occurred a few years ago will repeat itself is something that has not yet been revealed. If major label economics are factored into the equation, however, then it seems certain that this bloodbath will occur. Perhaps bands

will be allowed to make money off the majors. But unless they’re Nirvana or Smashing Pumpkins, it is most likely that the majors will make money off the bands, and even then it won’t be much at all.

Already, this is starting to play itself out. Sonic Youth has released two albums on DGC. Neither has broken the 250,000 unit mark. At some point DGC is going to realize that barring some unknown freak cosmic happening among music buyers, Sonic Youth is never going to sell more than 250,000. They will probably sell less, but they will never sell more. This situation will become financially worthless to DGC and SY will find itself back where it started. The one question major labels always ask themselves when the subject of financial returns from albums arises is, “When is a profit a profit?” The answer, according to the major labels: “When it is a big profit.”

In his second article, Chandler takes a somewhat different tack, basically taking KBVR to task for not playing (more?) major label albums. To delve into this argument, now would be a good time to define the terms, “alternative” and “mainstream.” Simply put, “alternative” is not what “mainstream” is. Something cannot be both mainstream and alternative. The definition of “mainstream” is much more difficult, because the mainstream encompasses such a large area. In politics, art, music, fashion, food. The mainstream is everywhere. If you have gotten this far in the article, or have even picked up this publication, then for me to totally define what the mainstream is would be a rather useless exercise. Like the Supreme Court Justice said about obscenity, “I can’t tell you what it is. But, I know it when I see it.”

What is more important, and where most of the arguments in Pop Culture circles have focused on is what is alternative.

If we used my definition of what alternative is then we would probably have to excuse musical groups like Nirvana, Pearl Jam, and Smashing Pumpkins. Whether or not these bands, because they are now in the mainstream, have lost their integrity is something that is not important according to this definition of alternative. Perhaps Chandler’s rabid defense of Nirvana is tacit admittance that Nirvana is mainstream, and that equals

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

a loss of integrity in Chandler's view. The fact is, with alternative defined as that which is not mainstream, the decision is left to the individual.

KBVR's "fundamentalism" is not some snooty, arbitrary policy whereby musical groups are "deigned" airplay-worthy only if they are able to show the music directors that they are suffering heavily enough to be deserving. If that were the case, KBVR Rock Director Chris Joy would require bank statements and signed letters from a doctor stating that at least one member has a chronic respiratory illness before he would place a group's music in the box. KBVR is catering to a certain demographic group, just like Z100 and KDUK. If KBVR is "fundamentalist" in its general aversion to anything from a major label, then stations like Z100 and KDUK are "fundamentalist" as well in their strict adherence to the mediocre—and oh, by the way, you can hear Nirvana and Smashing Pumpkins on KDUK.

Chandler goes on in the *Zine* "Parting Shot" to cast himself in the role of an aging, gentleman punk. He notes that there are two different schools in the development of alternative rock and DIY (Do-It-Yourself) in general—in his book *England's Dreaming*, writer Jon Savage calls this "the Punk Diaspora". The first school is that of the "Class of '76," the original punks like the Sex Pistols, The Clash, *et al.* These bands had a common view of the music industry, in Chandler's opinion: that the major labels could not be trusted, but could be used to further the goals and acceptance of punk ideology. However, the reason these bands used the majors was not for the furthering the goals of revolution, but rather due to the simple fact that the majors in

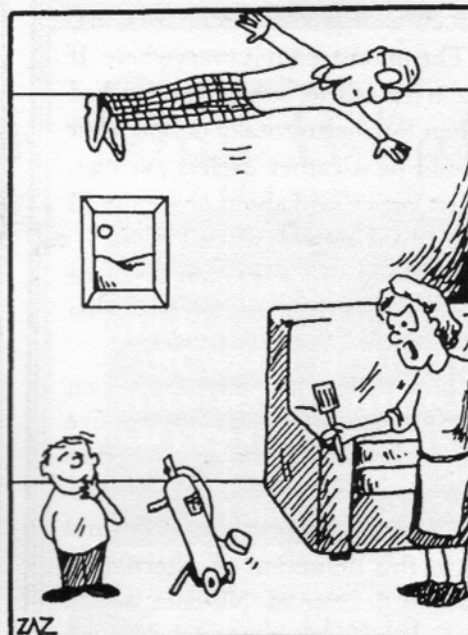
Great Britain were a much more palatable option than the independents.

Yes, there were independents in England, and they did play an important role in the development of British punk (it was New Hormones records that released the Buzzcocks' 'Spiral Scratch'). But, this role was small compared to the U.S. where the sheer vastness of the country, relative to Great Britain, meant there were that many more groups fighting for record contracts from major labels (believe it or not, a limited resource). The punk bands in the U.S., in most cases, didn't have a chance. So, what was at first an economic requirement in order to survive—independent labels were necessary for punk groups to get their product out on the market—became ideology, the creation and development of DIY.

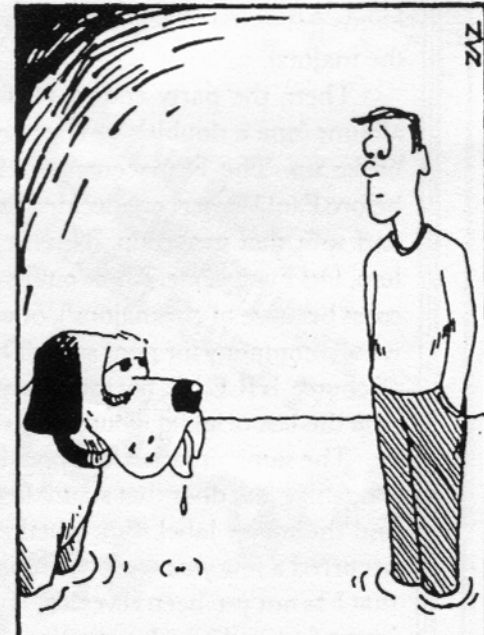
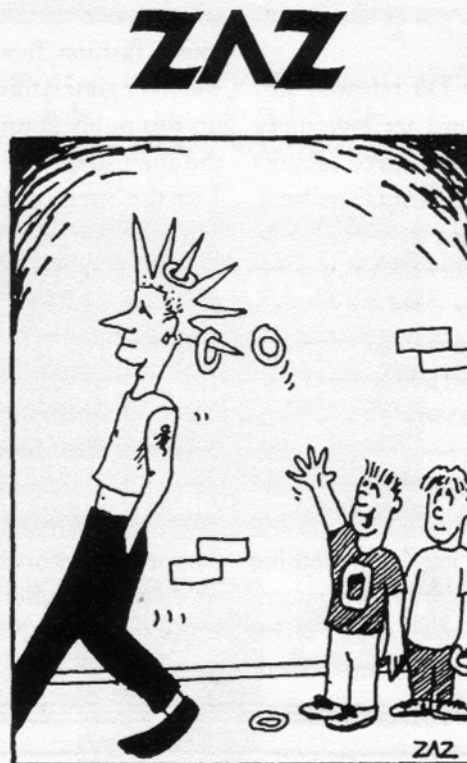
From this new idea of DIY, groups like the Dead Kennedys, Black Flag, and others viewed the major labels as part of the mass media that had been brainwashing the public for decades. These groups are Chandler's second school; they did not want to associate with the majors in a state of uneasy peacefulness. They wanted to "kill the corporate ogre," in the words of K Records boss Calvin Johnson.

Looking back at the state of the music industry during the late 70's and early 80's reveals that Chandler's argument is flawed. Back then the majors were not these bastions of artistic nurturing and creative freedom that Chandler attempts to intimate. If they were, then why were the Sex Pistols kicked off EMI? And today, the same thought still applies.

—L.S. Walker



JOHANNY! HAVE YOU BEEN GIVING GRAMPA HELIUM AGAIN?!



SLOWLY, FRANK REALIZED THAT HE HAD BEEN WADING THROUGH A SEA OF SAINT BERNARD DROOL.

Punk ain't no religious cult, punk means thinking for yourself.

It is rather ironic that L.S. Walker depicts my two barbs in *ZINE 2* at "punker-than-thou" sanctimony as "articles that address a doctrinal schism...in Pop Culture today." Can there now be any doubt that when we debate the relationship of bands to the music industry we are talking about matters of religion rather than economics? *Doctrinal schism*, indeed!

Comrade Walker—and I don't use that title in jest, but rather in complete seriousness and respect—insists on seeing the world in a rather simplistic manner, in terms of black and white, good and evil. On the one hand we have "Alternative," on the other "Mainstream." Both are mutually exclusive, Walker indicates. It is either this or that. Forget relativism, forget shades of grey—it's either good or evil, right or wrong, holy or secular, alternative or mainstream...

This is the manner in which religious fundamentalists see the world. I did not choose that particular epithet, directed towards the historic programming tendencies of KBVR in the last issue's "Parting Shot," lightly.

Let me argue once again that life is grey.

Take, for instance, the very case that comrade Walker has raised, that of The Buzzcocks. Their first record, released in Feb. 1977, *Spiral Scratch*, was self-produced. It was "the first independent record that people really wanted," according to the head of the Rough Trade distribution syndicate. That's swell, you won't hear any complaints from me. Do it yourself, make it yourself, sell it yourself. That's ideal.

Yet later in that very same year, The Buzzcocks had signed to United Artists. They produced one (banned) single for UA and then a series of records that *made the charts!* (You may now gasp in horror.) Check it out, they had singles that made number 37, number 34, number 12, number 20, number 29, number 32 on the UK charts... I can just hear the shrieks of those who think like our friend Walker, erroneously equating "Alternative" with "unpopular"—"CORPORATE SELLOUTS!!! POSERS!!! FAKES!!!"

Sorry, mates, that band made some damned good punk rock records. If I had a radio station, I woulda played them all, not just the "Correct" first single of the series. Would KBVR have done the same thing?

Now, you might be shocked that *the most successful* UK indie artists of the 1977-1979 period decided to "cross over" to "the enemy," making records for a Really Big Company. But was this necessarily a bad thing?

This is not a simple matter, Walker's overbroad and

one-sided generalizations of the evils of corporate rock notwithstanding. Was the product inhibited by the company producing it? Was the band freed from mundane day jobs to concentrate on their work, thus producing more and better stuff? Did the band live longer or die sooner because of the connection with a large record manufacturer? I don't know the answers to these things, I suppose that you have to ask the band themselves. The point is that this issue is not as simple as it looks. There were probably both good and bad aspects of the situation and ultimately the move from indie to major was neither wholly right nor wholly wrong.

But cheer up, fundamentalists, The Buzzcocks are now back on an independent label. Or are they? *Trade Test Transmissions* is on Essential Records, a division of Castle Communications. Quick, quick, is that a major or an indie? Are these guys corporate whores or struggling artists? It's either one or the other, right?

Confusing, isn't it? Even comrade Walker seems to be somewhat mixed up about these things, lauding R.E.M.'s *Document* as "their last good album...the last original album they released for I.R.S." That assessment isn't too far off of the mark, although I note that I.R.S. is a label run by Miles Copeland (brother of the Police's drummer, Stuart) and has long been a *de facto* subdivision of A&M, one of those dreaded "major" labels...

What about Sub Pop? A major or an indie? Or something in between? Maybe Sub Pop records issued during the 1980s were cool indie stuff, but those issued during the 1990s were sell-out corporate rock? In which case, have Hazel sold out, or did they sign with Sub Pop before the transformation?

Or maybe Sub Pop is still cool today—even though they have just opened their first Super Store. But what if they get bigger? At what point does an indie become a major? And when it does, do all the artists who have released material on that label become posers on the make by default?

Perhaps I misunderstand Walker's position. Are bands "alternative" and thus "fit for airplay" so long as commercial radio stations don't give them the time of day? If so, why not switch KBVR's format to R&B or Doo Wop, neither of which have a chance on the airwaves at the evil Z100 or KDUK? Shit, you'd might as well go for total eclecticism like KBOO.

"Alternative rock" comprises number of *distinct forms of music*—punk, reggae, ska, and so on. It's not just a tag name for "bands that don't get airplay." —**T.Chandler**

Recommended Shows
FEBRUARY

- 8** Lincoln Brigade/Wade/Jasper John Henry's EUG
10 Oswald 5-0/Thee Headhunters WOW Hall EUG
10 Henry's Child/N.I.L.8/Nusfo Dogstar John Henry's
10 Anzio Bridgehead KBVR-TV Studio, MU East COR
11 Treepeople/Crackerbash/Overwhelming Colorfast
La Luna PDX
12 Mudshacks WOW Hall EUG
12 Treepeople/Overwhelming Colorfast WOW Hall EUG
17 The Noses KBVR-TV Studio, MU East COR
18 The Detonators/Oswald 5-0/Starpower John Henry's
20 Nik Turner's Hawkwind featuring Helios Creed La
Luna PDX
22 Rocket from the Crypt/'68 Comeback La Luna PDX
22 Popsickle Live at KBVR in the afternoon!
22 SNFU/Popsickle John Henry's EUG
23 SNFU Memorial Union Commons COR
23 Jad Fair/Sean Croghan (from Crackerbash)/The Crabs
John Henry's EUG
24 Dead Milkmen/Possum Dixon La Luna PDX
25 Skankin' Pickle/Floater WOW Hall EUG
26 DOA WOW Hall EUG

HEY, LOCAL BANDS!!!

Be sure to notify ZINE of show dates and special events!