

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

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Local label opportunity for groups

Editor's note: This is the third story in a weeklong Daily Nebraskan series exploring the eastern Nebraska rock music scene.

By Jeff Randall
Staff Reporter

Bernie McGinn realized seven years ago that no one was going to put out a record by his band Sideshow. So he decided to do it himself, founding Lincoln's Caulfield Records.



"It was 1988, and that seemed like the only way to get what I wanted," said McGinn, Sideshow's bassist/vocalist. "I didn't know anyone who had a record label going; it wasn't really a prospect to get signed to a major label for anybody."

"It really just seemed like it would be a lot easier to do it ourselves so we could just get the record done and get it out there."

Caulfield is owned and operated by McGinn, and is now home to several local acts, including Sideshow and Mercy Rule. Dave Sink, founder of Omaha's One Hour Records, called Caulfield "the best record label in Nebraska."

McGinn said Caulfield had grown beyond his initial expectations.

"I knew it had the potential for expanding," he said, "but my goal was mainly to get a Sideshow record out. Everything has just kind of happened since then."

Finding out where to begin in his quest for a record label meant talking to other do-it-yourself recording artists.

"I just called a phone number on the back of what was probably the worst punk rock record you could possibly buy," McGinn said. "It was a 7-inch (a 45 rpm single), and I could tell by the cover that it had been Xeroxed, probably put out from some guy's bedroom."

McGinn called the number, and the person at the other end gave him some more telephone numbers.

But phone numbers weren't enough to put Caulfield on its feet, he said. As in all business ventures, it takes money to start a record company.

"I conned my mom into co-signing on a loan for something like \$500," McGinn said. "We got some good reviews from

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Gerik Parmele/DN

Trixie Truex looks over finished screen prints for the cover of "Power Tool" Monday night in Nell Eckersley's kitchen. Truex, Eckersley and six other women gathered to finish the production of the first issue of their 'zine.

Local underground 'zines surface

By Paula Lavigne
Senior Reporter

'Zines, self-published underground publications, are surfacing all over the nation. Three Lincoln 'zine publishers pride themselves on their radical nature, but more importantly, they emphasize quality — a trait many 'zines forego for anarchy.

Power Tool

Wearing red tights, nose rings, corduroy pants and blazers, eight women with backgrounds as diverse as their apparel have come together to produce Power Tool.

"There wasn't a podium for a lot of women to stand up and talk," creator Trixie Truex said. "Males have their podium. That's just what we wanted to do."

Their first issue, which will come out later this month, contains fiction and non-fiction stories, poems, artwork, reviews and news articles.

Power Tool is not a femi-Nazi, bra-burning raid on the male species, she said, but is a 'zine by women and for women, which only accepts submissions from women.

"Well, I guess we could accept letters from men if they used a female name," creator Ruth Leinfellner said, laughing. "We could start requiring chromosome sketches and gender photos."

Power Tool has received a lot of support from men, but the creators — Truex, Leinfellner, Andrea Wenke, Tara Bremer, Aimee Struble, Lil-E Ristagno, Lynda Clause and Nell Eckersley — are the real force behind Power Tool.

After working with men on different projects, Truex decided to work with a group of women, and Power Tool was born.

"I was jumping through hoops and didn't know where I wanted to be," she said. "I really wanted to do work with women ... I wanted to prove things were becoming more equal every day, and that we can use women as resources from end to end."

"I'm damn glad to be a woman," she said. "But our group is not man-hating. It's pro-woman, pro-chick."

Subterranean Quarterly

After trying to find her place outside the jock-prep-nerd cliques in high school, Cris

Trautner found her niche underground.

With the help of a few friends, Trautner published the first issue of Subterranean Quarterly in 1988.

Subterranean offers publication for writers who can not get into mainstream publications, Trautner said.

But she said she would rather have Subterranean be a bona-fide magazine instead of a "do-it-yourself-and-go-to-Kinko's" illegibly handwritten and thrown-together wad of photocopies.

Quality writing is not always easy to find, she said.

She has to weed through the many submissions she receives to find good work.

"There's something about Lincoln," she said, "where you can throw a rock anywhere and hit a poet or a guitarist."

Trautner, who is also in the band Orange, said she has seen a lot of "ridiculously bad" material. Once in a while, she'll find a gem.

See ZINE on 10

Little people yearn to share football team's perks

I know it's been said before, but I'll say it again: Congratulations Cornhuskers!

I've expressed my confusion and apathy toward football before. I don't pretend to understand the game or keep up with the season, but the Orange Bowl win made me feel a little warm and gooshy inside.

The Orange Bowl success turned the state into a big ol' love-in. It's been a week, and people are still rehashing every little detail. All but three people in the state have bought a National Championship t-shirt and a souvenir Sports Illustrated (and those three are in a coma).

Die-hard Husker fans will buy anything with a Big Red logo. This might be a good time to get rid of those textbooks the bookstore wouldn't buy back. Just paste Tom Osborne's face on the cover and hawk it as authentic Cornhusker gear.

"This was Lawrence Phillips' entomology book. No, I swear."



by Rainbow Rowell

I wonder what it would feel like to be a football player right now, to have the whole state aquiver with your success ...

Probably it would feel pretty darn good.

I'd like it if the entire state celebrated my accomplishments, few and insignificant as they are. I'd like it if people wore t-shirts with my name, face and punchy slogans like "Rainbow passed her driver's test, woo-hooo!" or "Rainbow can still fit in her jeans,

rock on!"

I'd like to give autographs and appear on national television. I'd like a banner in Nebraska Union congratulating me for passing Statistics 180.

I'd like to see my name on mugs, hats and pencils; a commemorative spoonrest or two.

Clearly, this isn't likely, and I'm not bitter. OK, I'm a little disappointed, but nowhere near bitter. Just because I can't feel the unadulterated adoration of my fellow Nebraskans doesn't mean no one should. I say take your unadulterated adoration where you can.

I just wish I could be as thrilled as my comrades are with the Orange Bowl success. I was pleased, even a little proud of the boys in red, but I wasn't orgasmic. I didn't whoop or jump. I didn't high-five a perfect stranger.

But I'd like to. No one likes to feel left out.

I think I could "get into" football if it were more entertaining. I know I'm supposed to be entertained by the sport itself, but that just doesn't cut it for me. I need a little more drama.

True, this season was pretty dramatic, but I'd like to see Coach Osborne and the team go the extra mile. A little more theater would help. Maybe some spangled costumes or dance routines. Remember "The Super Bowl Shuffle"? That's entertainment.

I'd really like it if the players morphed into huge animals and fought each other. Wildcats would be good; dinosaurs would be better. A few well-placed kung-fu sequences would be heavenly.

At the very least, I suggest more silly touchdown dances. That would be enough for me to buy a t-shirt.

Rowell is a senior news-editorial, advertising and English major and the Daily Nebraskan Arts & Entertainment Editor.