



Out and Outdoors

Meet **Kate Reid**, Canadian folk singer, queer activist and musician extraordinaire – she wouldn't say that last part, but it's true.

Reid is a legit fulltime starving artist from north of the border whose music is geared toward the day-to-day, in a queer way.

It is fitting that Reid is the headliner for the Eugene/Springfield Pride festival, as she is a passionate voice from a culture far more friendly to the LGBT community than our own.

"I feel very aware of what I am when I'm in the U.S.," Reid says, "I'm a voice of hope."

A diligent guitarist since her high school years, Reid began her stage show as a 21-year-old singing Janis Joplin tunes with her father's bar band. Her style is neo-folk music meets slam poetry, often self-deprecating and very engaging.

Though her presence on the microphone is brazen, offstage Reid is shy and she speaks openly of her performance fright. "I was terrified of jumping on stage and doing something I felt so passionate about," she says.

When asked about the scene in Canada, in contrast to the one she plays in when touring the U.S., Reid says, "I love pride festivals like the one in Eugene. In the U.S., with the struggles with marriage rights, it's important music like this is played and that we (LGBT community) are visible in our celebration." She adds, "We have to keep pushing."

Kate Reid plays 6 pm Saturday, Aug. 13, at the Eugene/Springfield Pride Festival; don. – *Dante Zuñiga-West*

Sideshow and Snake Oil

J.P. Whipple might be the official wastrel journeyman of alternative folk music. Acoustic guitarist, one-man orchestra, storyteller and lovable maniac, Whipple is a performer whose music is episodic and glaring.

He has as many songs as he does nefarious pseudo-drunken stories about traveling through the country. Some of his joints, like "Paycheck Blues," sound like they belong in the next Rob Zombie movie, playing in the background of a Captain Spaulding scene; others, like "Stick with Me," are gypsy-esque odes to unapologetic degeneracy – if you're smelling what he's cooking, you're gonna dig in.

Whipple's lyrics weave their way up through the spiral staircases of his careening adventures. His voice is a mixture of Tom Waits and the late Charles Bukowski, though he experiments with both pitch and tone. Live, Whipple channels a vaudevillian, old-timey, creeped-out, almost carnie aesthetic that is well worth its weight in snake oil.

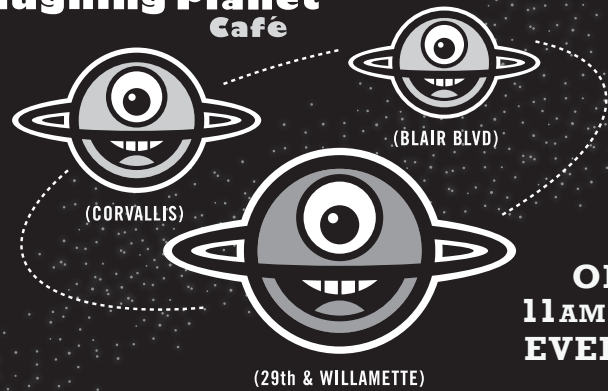
Whipple's latest album, *Bible Milk*, though seemingly under-produced, sounds like something you'd buy off of a traveling weirdo at just the right time in just the right place. Small towns and the artsy neighborhoods of big cities are full of wanna-be musical bum-princes who push their eccentricities to the forefront without having the talent of true charisma; Whipple is who these people want to be.

J.P. Whipple plays 8:30 pm Saturday, Aug. 13, at The Axe & Fiddle; \$3 – *Dante Zuñiga-West*

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