already and a small gathering of people lined up against the stage was asking the band questions.

Right away, I noticed the bass player. This kid of no more than fifteen was holding a yellow, blue-backed bass. There was a small green toy frog attached to the head of the instrument. I thought that this fresh-faced youth was dead interesting, right up to two flat pigtails which hung loosely, straight down, one on each shoulder. I thought at first that this young person was a boy, but I wasn’t sure. But I heard the bassist answer a question and her voice was a female voice.

The band was *Placebo* from Calgary. This band is three quarters female. I can’t say there was anything more surprising during the entire festival than hearing this tiny, amateur band. They were so casual and so uncertain that I couldn’t help but find them charming. They would play some marvelous speed metal hybrid with powerful, wild female vocals and then spend thirty seconds at a complete loss. They spoke to the audience, held conferences, apologized. They were great. Here was this teenager in a baseball cap and long headbanger hair singing about erections and castration. She was vocally unhuman or vocally superhuman. Perhaps both. She pounded on her thighs with her hands and flung herself about.

Then there was the bassist, who was totally internal. She was very much into what she was playing and she had this most beautiful movement of her head, moving her attention from fretboard to bridge, and in complete time with an inner harmony.

The people I know also heard *Placebo*. Jason said it was good to see some women on stage, but it wasn’t the men’s fault that no women wanted to join a band. I kicked him in the shin. Later, I saw Terry and he liked them a lot. Actually, Terry said that he thought that bass-player was me at first. I don’t know how much I resemble her, apart from my build and hair. But he said it was that “casual air.”

The whole band made me want to pick up the bass again—seriously—and form a band of my own. With women in it.

The author is an undergraduate student at the University of Alberta whose favourite girl-band is Slits.