

# Seat Sale: Edgefest, Scruples, and Swollen Members

By Scott FLEMMING

I had the pleasure of attending Edgefest last Friday and Saturday (September 13/14). Not all of it though, just pieces. Since there were a lot of stinky bands there (like Crush) I decided to not go during the day. I assumed said bands would be playing during the day, and the good bands would be playing during the not-day. This was true to a certain degree as Sloan ended the festivities on Friday, and Matthew Good Band on Saturday.

Now at this point, you may ask, "Well Big Sco, why didn't you purchase a program?", at which point I would reply, "I am cheap as shit." Yeah, that's right. Programmes were \$10, a little too expensive considering a ticket was only \$25. Anyhoo, the only disappointments I had was the fact I missed Buck 65, and was forced to sit through the Mighty Mighty Bosstones (yes, they have not spiralled far enough down the road of insignificance to be forgotten in a rock show in Atlantic Canada).

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Now, the thing about Edgefest is that there are little kids there. And there is beer, oh yes, there is beer. But



**Crowd gathers in order to watch a band play really loud popular music**

the beer section was tied off from the other sections you see. However, this does not disable the drunkards from interacting with the sober kiddies. Usually they can stagger around long enough to find their way out of the libation section. That's fine though, I myself enjoy a beer here and there, and why should I be robbed of that pleasure just because some punk kids would like to attend the concert? I shouldn't. That's good though, it's a free country.

The promotion of alcohol/narcotic consumption is what I had a problem with. Usually at a live show you will get a few bands saying that they are really drunk, and then they

ask the crowd if they are really drunk and so on, but that's not a big part of the show. On these occasions it was commonplace, and almost every second band commented on how drunk or high they were. But that's fine, you expect that. The kids may not understand, or maybe they already are a well-informed group, or maybe they are drunk and high themselves. My qualms were only sparked to a moder-

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ate degree. But there was a clincher.

As you may know, the guys from the mock-documentary Fubar were MC's for the show. And one guy commented on how the other guy "finger-banged" his cousin at a wedding; I thought it was a little too racy knowing that 12 year old Rupert was there with his dad, Stu. Call me a prude but

it was only in the vicinity of 10 o'clock, and this guy was going on about this incident in detail for a substantial amount of time. The incessant vulgarities only stopped when the alleged wrong-doer physically assaulted the story-teller with what I think was a roll of toilet paper (which was good for a laugh).

Unfortunately, behaviour such as this took some of the cynosure off the actual music and onto the acrid personalities of the band members and the like. But for me, that is usually not a factor on whether or not I like a band. If I like their music, I'll still listen to it even if they are coarse, and their lyrics meaningless. But for poor old Rupert, that was the end of the show. Stu didn't think that sort of behaviour was in the least bit appropriate, and saw it necessary to vacate the grounds.

I don't like to read reviews, so I will refrain from writing even a tenuous one. But the above unpleasantries were only a small part of the show. Whilst Gob was playing, dirt-bikers were soaring about 30 feet in the air with only their hands on their bikes! The performances dovetailed in an extremely smooth fashion. The New Deal (a pseudo-techno band from Ontario) impressed me by using actual drums instead of a machine, which is unusual with their sort of music. The drummer was a madman: his limbs were flailing this way and that, releasing these unreal beats at an irreverent pace. Swollen Members, the Rascalz, and all the other headliners did a sweet job as to be expected.

Now don't get the idea that I'm just a tight-ass shitting on the performances because I didn't have a good time. I did. It would have been better if the performers did what they were supposed to do and kept their seedy comments to themselves. Some bands did just that, and did it well.

**UPEI Student Centre**  
Saturday, October 5, 7:30 pm  
**Lennie Gallant**

Tickets: \$22 Adults, \$10 Students  
Tickets or info call 566-0615  
or e-mail alumni@upei.ca

This is a licensed event for those 19 years of age and over. Cash bar will be available before and after performance and during intermission.

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