

**ECMA**

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by record people, get some media attention, and most importantly play to music fans. This year was the first time that the ECMA committee decided to have no all-ages show. Thanks to CAPR and the No-Cases underage kids will get a chance to see some of the most cutting-edge bands in Atlantic Canada for five bucks (the showcases cost ten bucks).

When we arrived at St Theresa's, things were running smoothly. The show organizers said that the shows were getting really big responses. On Thursday night's show a local techno artist named Art Damage performed with a CD player, a television set, and a syringe. His set involved blood letting on the television. After I heard about his show, I was worried about my own performance. How could I top that?

We had to get name tags for the No-Cases because our ECMA passes were useless for these shows. For some reason the gave Vince a name tag that said JJ LaRosa.

After we dropped off our gear, Vince and I drove to Wendy's for some food. On the drive down Welton Street we practised rapping for our show. After we ate Vince tried to start the Pontiac. It didn't work. We spent at least a half an hour trying

to get the car to work, and calling home for advice. We grabbed our luggage, called a taxi, and headed for the gig.

When we returned to the venue the show had already started. There was a hardcore band on stage playing loudly. Backstage we watched the next band get ready. Their lead singer put on a straightjacket. At least he couldn't make himself bleed. He told Vince that for their last show he came out in a coffin. This guy was so Goth he was dead.

I went out to the merchandise table to drop off t-shirts, CD's, and some stickers. The girl at the table looked strange. She asked me if I liked heavy stuff. I told her I was rather fond of heavy things like couches, weights. She then asked me if I was always so fucking sarcastic. I said no. Luckily she didn't catch the sarcasm in my answer.

I went backstage and got ready for the show. After I got in costume and moved some equipment on stage, Windom Earle was ready to bring the flavour. My hand went numb in the middle of our set and it made it difficult to play guitar, but I wasn't going to let that stop me. If Def Leopard's drummer can play drums with one hand, I shouldn't worry. We went through our set and when it was time for the hip hop finale, I totally choked. I couldn't remember half my rhymes. It was time to

freestyle. Since we were doing a rap tribute to Chinese food, it wasn't difficult. "Windom Earle is ready to bring the pain, Everybody in the house say Beefchowmein!"

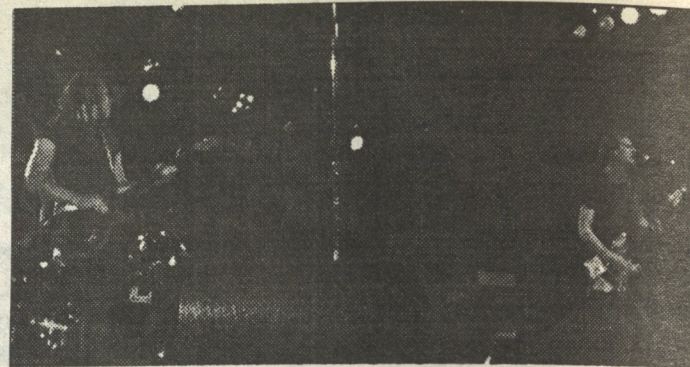
The show went well and we had a ton of fun. A woman from a record label approached Vince to find out what we were rapping about. She thought we were chanting "Pete Townsend" when we were saying "Beefchowmein." Vince told her and her blood sucking record label to take a flying fuck. No he didn't. But it would have been cool.

After our set, Halifax DJ/MC whiz kid, Six Too, took the stage. He was really original and his hip hop poetry put us to shame. Unfortunately the crowd was not really receptive to him.

We left after Six Too finished and dropped off our gear at Brendan's. After that we ended up in a shit hole called the City Lodge. Brendan's friends from St. FX were staying there so we went to visit. We found a hotel room full of hippies. They were really nice guys. We talked about Ween and then left for Chandler's, the licensed venue for the No-Cases. I was a bit sceptical of a bar named after the sassy character from the hit TV show Friends, but when we got there the place was

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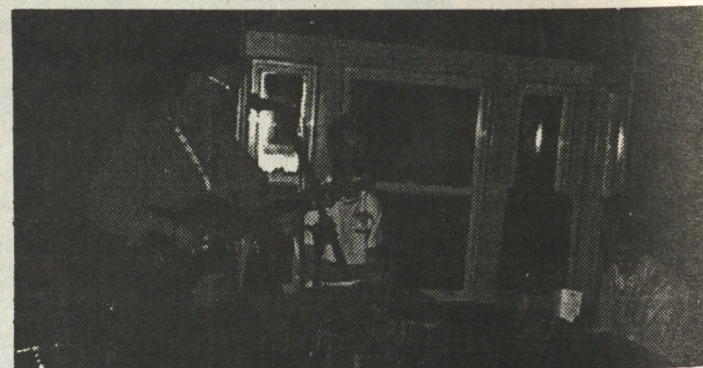
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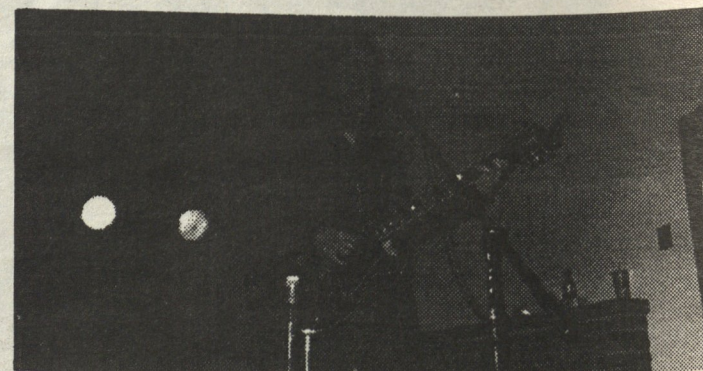
**Fur Packed Action**



**Mastadon Ridge**



**Aaron MacDonald**



**Julie Doiron**

can't tell anymore. I believe I am not exaggerating when I say this has been the best week The Cadre has ever had. We have had another story go...