

A "Fresh" point of view 4

By Kaberi Dasgupta

As a newcomer (I'm getting tired of the word "freshman"), I feel it my duty to study the various aspects of university life and present (forgive me) a "fresh" point of view.

This week's target — the library lounge.

Every Tuesday and Thursday after English class, I head for this wonderful place ... after the washroom, that is. Our stomachs rumbling, a

friend and I look out over the sea of heads to find a place to set down our carcasses and other belongings.

After returning from the lunch counter, arms loaded with supplies, we sit amidst the paper bags and cups and try to decide how to kill the two hours before our labs.

Around us, is a psychologists dream — people of all types to study and observe.

Having a bit of a psychologists instinct (ha!) I set

about observing.

First of all, there are the studious students. With books burying them, they religiously study everything from chemistry to philosophy, impervious to the noise surrounding them. Occasionally they will display a bit of life and stash a handful of tidbits into their mouths.

Why don't they study in the library? Ask them.

Then there are the meditators. Jaws chomping meditatively, they sit and stare

straight ahead, head turning neither to the left nor the right, pondering the mysteries of the universe or, alternatively, vegetating.

The quiet conversationists sit and discuss various topics, heads nodding in agreement to whatever the other person is saying, regardless of what he or she says.

Then there are my favourites, the avid *Netted Gem* readers who, hopefully are turned to the little column under "Lifestyles".

The most horrible group? The smokers with their infernal boxes and lighters, exhaling the misty white

poison.

These people have no notion of the idea of subtlety. I start off with a very small gesture; I wave my hand in front of my face.

No reaction.

I take out my Kleenex and wipe my eyes.

Still no reaction.

I cough. I cough again.

I act as if I have bronchitis, waving my arms wildly and staring at the smoker in question reproachfully.

Reaction? The cigarette is extinguished in the ashtray. Then just as I am about to breathe a sigh of relief, to go back to doing whatever I am doing, out comes another

one.

Oh, I almost forgot the most important group, the wildly gesticulating talkers whose lungs bellow out sounds that can be heard from one end of the lounge to the other, laughing at anything under the sun.

Needless to say, they are a very interesting spectacle to The Observers, a very interesting conversation piece to the Quiet Conversationists, and a very annoying disturbance to the Readers.

What do I do amidst all this life?

I write for that wonderful little newspaper, the *Netted Gem*.

Lai — Haywire is one strange group

By Jim Lai

Haywire. The 475 tickets for the show were sold out in a record four and a half hours. Guessing that there must be something to the band, I decided to conduct an interview. (Okay, so it was the Editor's idea.)

Then I was attacked by the Wot Monster and his red tape. Since I was underage, I had to stay in the Student Union Officer, which just happened to double as the band's dressing room. I didn't know when or how long the interview would be until it actually happened that day. But, forget about me.

I suppose you want to know a little bit about the band. Whether you want to or not, here it comes.

Haywire is composed of five members, all Islanders (I think). Speaking alphabetically, Marvin Birt handles most of the guitars, Ron LeBlanc covers percussion, Paul MacAusland takes lead vocals, David Rashed handles keyboards and some guitar work, and Ronnie Switzer bangs it out on the bass.

They've been together for three years and have ten original songs to their name. Recently they won the Q104 Homegrown Record Contest and have two tracks on the LP, which is available at A&A Records and also contains the work of seven other finalists. David Rashed expressed a few gripes as his name being spelt incorrectly on the album.

Only one of the members is married — Ron Switzer to Mary Lea Switzer. The other guys are available, I think, but don't take my word for it.

Haywire mainly tours the Atlantic circuit, meaning New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and P.E.I. As there are several other good bands out there, finding competition is not too hard. Competition tends to keep a band healthy musically, so that's good in a way.

The band tries to pick a set of songs so that they can please all people, clubowners especially. Feedback is important. As one of their illustrious road crew said,

you know you've done a good job when people come up to you and tell how much they like it.

As long as the song is good, they'll play it (as long as the clubowners let them). That includes their originals, of course. You have to be versatile, and a little sneaky, to play the material you want to.

Financially, things are looking good for the band. They've sent demo tapes to the major record companies and are hoping for a record deal in the near future.

In fact, they're slated to appear on a TV show similar to The Fame Game. They'll begin taping in a few weeks,

so keep your eyes peeled for them.

Their performance was loud. With well over 1,000 watts of amplification, it was little wonder that they shook the Barn's foundation. For comparison, a typical ghetto blaster has only 15 watts.

Although I didn't see the band perform, reliable sources inform me that their visual performance wasn't spectacular. But judging from the sound (what else could I do?), their performance was energetic and pretty sharp.

Everyone's probably heard about the performance already, so let's get into the interview (finally!).

Netted Gem: What's the direction of the band?

Paul: South-southwest. (I wonder if he meant the States? Musicians are a strange breed to interview.)

Netted Gem: Great. How about your philosophy on life?

David: Don't take no s--- from no one.

Netted Gem: Enough with the standard questions. What are your weirdest hopes and aspirations?

David: To be able to retire at 25 — rich.

Paul: I want to live in a cruise missile.

Netted Gem: Who's the major talent in the band?

Paul: I'd have to say the sound man.

Netted Gem: What do you like most about performing?

Ron L: It's rewarding so have people appreciate your work. **Lighting Technician:** Being able to sleep all day, stay in a bar all night, and get paid for it. (Hear that, engineers? It's actually possible!)

Netted Gem: What's the worst thing about performing?

Ronnie S.: Buying strings. U use up a set a week, and each set cost \$40.

Marvin: I use two or three sets (worth \$12) a week.

Netted Gem: Alright, Marvin, who's your favorite guitarist?

Marvin: Chet Atkins.

Netted Gem: Your favorite guitar solo?

Marvin: Rosanna — Toto.

Netted Gem: Your favorite groups (influences)?

Marvin: Toto, Nana Mouskouri — (interruption)

David: Iron Maiden!

Marvin: — and other similar influences.

Netted Gem: How about your least favorite group, Marvin?

Marvin: The Clash.

Netted Gem: Favorite newspaper?

Marvin: Not yours — Music Stop Time. (That's a newsletter featuring new products sent out to music stores. Guitarists are strange. I should know — I am one. Oops! Back to the interview.)

Netted Gem: What's your favorite amp?

Marvin: An 800 watt SBT (Ampeg).

Ron L.: Put down a Bryston 4B. (You don't think that's a little too technical, do you?)

Ronnie S.: I hate reporters nosing around the dressing room! (He said that because I bumped into him while he was carrying two cups of orange juice. But he knows as well as I do that reporters lead to publicity which leads to record sales which leads to royalties. Oops! Why do I keep interrupting?)

Netted Gem: Any other remarks?

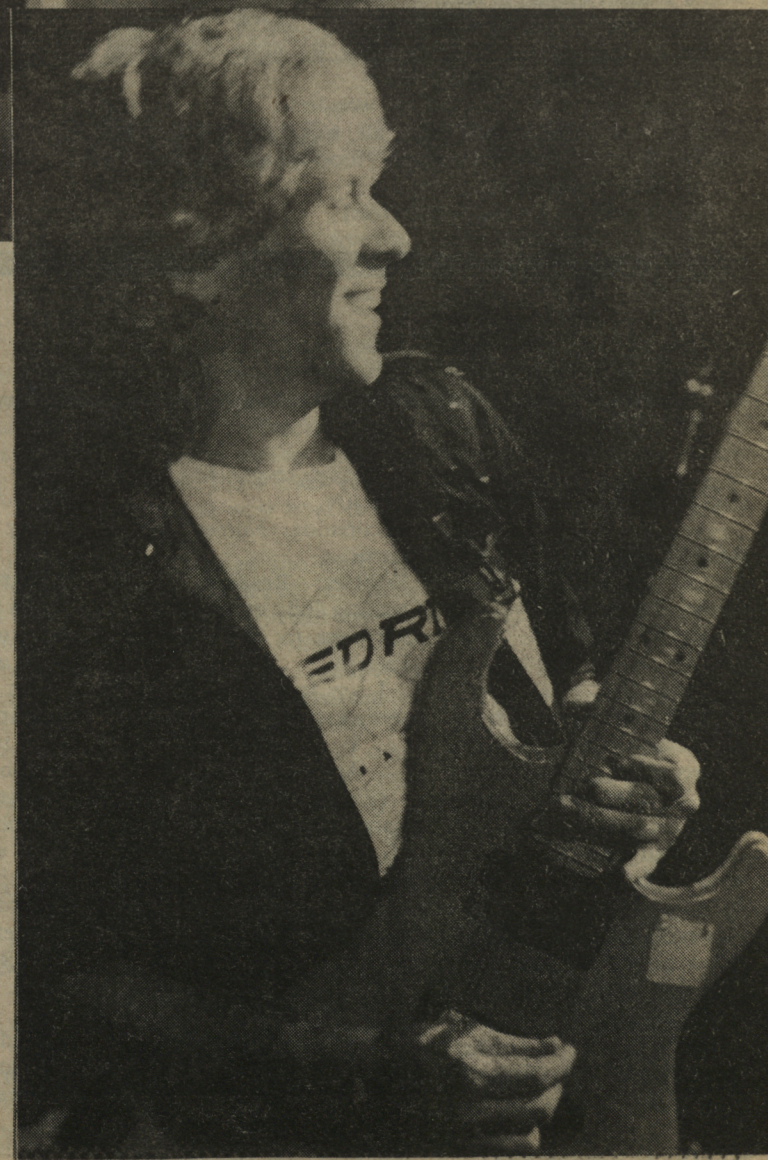
Ronnie S.: I don't know. Make something up.

David: Always do quick interviews.

Marvin: And Eruption doesn't quite cut it on an acoustic.



(Photo: Hartinger)



With that, Haywire ran out of the office/dressing room and onto the stage. So ended the most unique interview in the history of the *Netted Gem*.

All I can say is: Haywire, come back in another year or two and maybe I'll get a chance to really see you perform.

I still don't know exactly what happened that night. Maybe I should stay away from writing interviews. Why are musicians so weird to interview? Why? Why?

(Editor's Note: The author is presently recovering from his nervous breakdown in Memory Hall, Ward 67. Flowers and cards are being accepted by the staff on his behalf.)