

# Doing it Swiftly

by: Rob MacPherson

So it was another night, but not just any night. It was another Friday night. There was a buzz in the air, there was something electric in the atmosphere, I have no idea how, and I have no idea where. What is it about Fridays that gets me all revved up?

Well, where do I start. I was supposed to do an interview with the Jimmy Swift band, but instead I didn't. You see, I had the highest intentions at the beginning of the night to get the interview I wanted. I even got questions from other students before I went to the bar. I was organized, and prepared. As important as that sounds, and as important as that is, sometimes you just don't know what's going to happen! With recorder and camera I entered the bar, which by 11:30 (I even went early) was well on its way to being packed. Jimmy was hoofin' it on stage, and people were bumpin. I was set to conduct the interview back stage in the hospitality room, so when they took their break I jetted back.

The Halifax crew had a good little posse gathered and they barley noticed me slip in. As I was helping myself to some pineapple, someone asked me who I was. I explained that I worked for The Cadre and asked if they wouldn't mind doing an interview after the show. They had no problem with it - very cool. Pulling a brewski out of the trough on the table, I remember feeling pretty happy.

As the band went back out, I rounded up some leftovers and joined them back in the bar for the rest of the show. So ya see, I was organized. I had it planned out. I was la porto Grandie, Pablo Escobar ain't that smooth my mu-cach-cho! So I was living the bar life, soakin' up every last little ounce of crazy bar drenching fun I

could, when it hit me: I was having a wicked night! And even more amazing things were going as planned! While I was perplexed in this very unusual thought, I remembered what a wicked night I was having and returned to it.

There was a good crew at the bar, and I will say this about Jimmy, they know how to draw a good crowd. Lots of people having lots of fun! It was great. By this time I was pretty gone, and so was everybody else I knew (at least according to the pictures), but that wasn't going to stop me from getting my interview. As I stumbled into the VIP room for the second time, I realized there was still some food left so I got right to making sure none would be wasted. The only thing, <hiccup> that got wasted in that room, was me! <burp>. I think that sound effects sample would be a good indicator of my own speech that night. Maybe it was me, but nobody seemed to mind.

The band agreed to come back to my bud's place to continue the party, and to get that interview. Now at this point you may consider my actions as procrastinating, as I'm sure we can all spot it a mile away, and in one glass I would have to agree with you. But in the other glass, the one that's half full, I can now go back to the apartment, eat food and drink more beer. My night was still getting better! Was this possible? Should I knock on wood? Nawwwwww, not a chance, rollin in the lime light baby yeah! Party on Wayne! Party on Garth! Excellent! So I get back to the place, and things are still going - the tunes were cranked, and bodies were flowing. During a quiet piece in a song, I thought to myself that something was wrong. When you ask a band over, even if they say yes, you know there's a chance they won't, perhaps due to stress. I was

thinking something along these lines when the door swung open and a piece of the posse, lead by Craig Mercer himself engulfed the doorway and joined the c o m m o t i o n . Sporting a newly opened 12 pack, Craig tossed it down on the carpet and offered it to anybody who wanted some. After the large

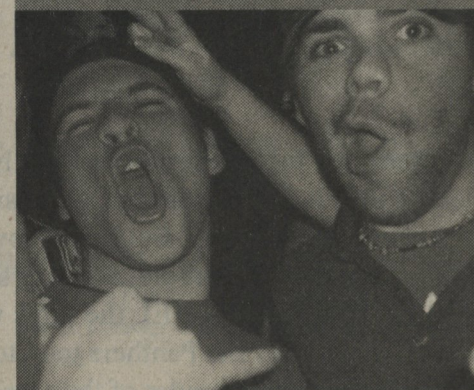
swirling ball of dust settled, and the vultures had returned to their perches... just joking. "SWEET!" I proclaimed. Finally, I was going to get that interview, and I was going to have a damn good time doing it! Ha, yeah right!

Jimmy Swift must have been destined to not do that interview because they still had one more card up their sleeve (or maybe it was two, hmmm...). What is this card you ask? Well, as we're talking in the kitchen Craig mentions he needs someone to work the next night in Halifax. Duuuuhh! A free trip to Halifax, a job, and another crazy night on the town! Yeah!!! Plus it'll be perfect I can ask them the questions, on the way over then have all Saturday to prepare more questions. I was siked, I was stoked, I was on cloud rad dude! But this was not to be, you see the next morning they didn't call me - ditched by a bunch of maritime big wigs! Ba-hum bug! I guess this interview will have wait. Here I come electronic surf board, I'll carve an interview out of them yet!

Oh, and just to finish this story on the bright side, not going to Halifax, allowed me to go to a planned wedding party in Souris. I didn't see that one coming!

What another amazing night, Ha,

**Robert "GTs" MacPherson**  
Drinking out of a glass that's half full since 1981.



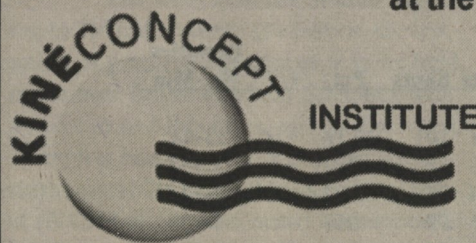
Souris, I love it! Later Gators.



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