

Drink the Barn—The Year End Pub

by Stephan MacLEOD

They're not allowed to call it Drink the Barn Dry for legal reasons, and if you tried calling it that when buying tickets, the office assistant at the Barn pretended like she didn't know what you ment. I wasn't going to play *their* game. Year End Pub just doesn't have the same ring to it. And it doesn't accurately represent the inebriated chaos that follows Eyes For Telescopes in the path of cheap drinks.

Drink the Barn Dry was the final eve of inaccurately titled Seven Days of *The Cadre* Staff Party. I think it may have been open to non-*Cadre* students as well, but let's not worry about details. The important thing is that I was there. I witnessed it all. From the sound check to the time when security impolitely asked everyone to leave, I was there. Well, I was in the area. Actually I was making crafts out of empty beer cases in the student union office for most of the



I drew this picture of Eyes for Telescopes on a napkin because I forgot to bring a camera. From left to right, they are Pat, Belinda, Craig, and Mike. Way to go Mike!

night. But I'm assuming everyone enjoyed Port Citizen's set.

Eyes For Telescopes were there too. Fenced in on the wooden stage on the second floor of the Barn, they blasted their chic garage rock

tunes through John Bulman's stack of speakers while smoke machines and lights surrounded them. The textures of guitars, beats, singing and shouting stirred up some frantic shaking and dancing among the people who arrived early.

11:00 qualifies as early for some inexplicable reason in the Charlottetown bar scene. After Eyes' set the space between the Panther Lounge and the top of the stairway was crammed with people just arriving. This area would remain sticky with traffic for much of the evening. So I opted to cower in the safety of the Student Union office while members of Eyes For Telescopes were interviewed by reporters for the Holland College student newspaper.

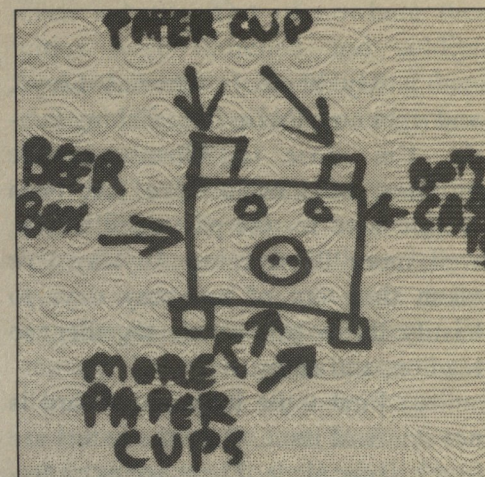
These reporters were training to be pros. They even had a camera. I was kicking myself for not bringing my mom's camera, or even borrowing *The Cadre's* digital camera for that matter. Fuck. I tried eavesdropping on the interview to get a few pointers on music journalism. Craig MacPherson, the bass player for Eyes, was feeding the reporter a load of bullshit about how he was working on a rock opera. He mentioned being heavily influenced by Steven Bocho's *Cop Rock*, a short-lived crime show that featured singing juries, politicians, cops, crack house denizens and murderers. Then he trailed off into something about the Halifax police rock band Blue Thunder.

Two two-fours of beer later,

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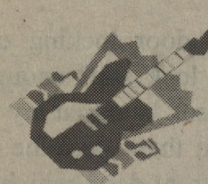



Here is a diagram of what one of my pigs looked like. Sadly, both pigs were lost, so I couldn't even take a picture of them after the pub. Why don't you try to make one at home, kids? And don't forget to give it a curly tail!

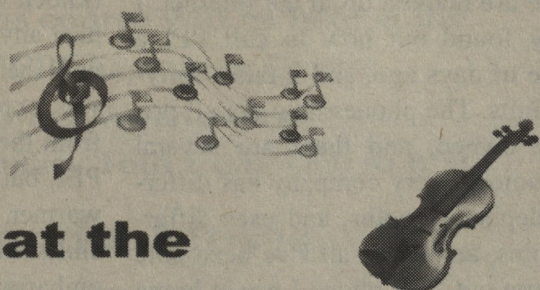
things began to get silly. Guests of Eyes for Telescopes, Port Citizen, and a bunch of people unaccounted for passed through the office to join in the celebration, laughter, and substance abuse. At one point I decided to craft a pig out of a case of beer, some paper cups and beer caps. My completed pig appeared lonely and sad, so I built a mate for it out of another case. By the time my second pig was completed Craig was getting dressed in a fuzzy UPEI panther suit. There was an extra suit kicking around too. This could only mean one thing: It was time for us to run on stage during Port Citizen's set dressed as panthers.

After dirty dancing with some drunk girls we returned to the student union office to cool down with an ice cube fight. Someone broke out New Years hats and noise makers, and the party really got started. While we blew our noisemakers until they sounded like ducks being run over by a motor boat, Pat Deighan, the guitarplayer for Eyes For Telescopes, got a bloody eye from a projectile ice cube launched by Craig. Drink The Barn Dry was ruined.

Pat and Craig made up. The ice eventually melted. And the End of Year Pub ended.

 **Sunday Nite**
Live is back!!! 

Sunday January 20th



at the
UPEI Chaplaincy Centre

8:30 PM