

H.O.M.

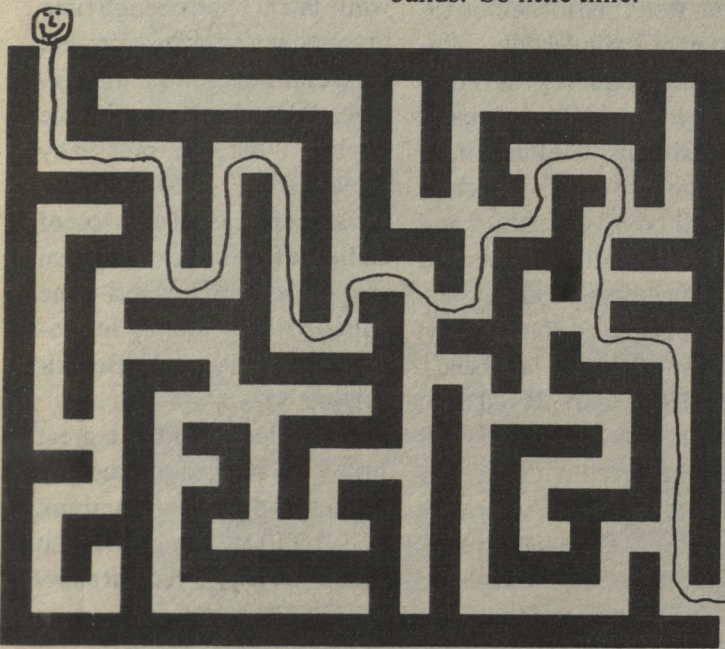
A
Diary
Continued

of the festival. This show was originally scheduled for Birdland but that changed. A band called Danko Jones was first. They sounded a lot like KISS at first, but bad. I did not like them. Plumtree followed them. They were happy and poppy and really quite good. Carla, one of the guitar players, is getting really good! The Local Rabbits were third. Although they did a good show, they played the exact same set as they did the last two times I saw them. I guess they need some new songs. Mavis Piggott were after them. Just your average Seattle rock band. Then came Elevator To Hell (yay!) who played a dark, gloomy set prompting one dumb person to yell out "play something we can dance to!" I really enjoyed that.

11:00pm I skipped the Chixdiggitt set to head to Birdland for the wrap-up party of the festival. Rumour had it that the Tim Robbins Experience were playing at eleven. Unfortunately I left for no reason. The TRE held off their set

for about an hour while Chixdiggitt played the other venue. It was worth the wait though. TRE is three of the boys from Thrush Hermit playing classic rock inspired tunes and boy did they belt them out. There were all kinds of special guest appearances too. Greg Tymoshenko (of the late great Leather Uppers fame) stepped up to sing a Huey Lewis tune and was helped out by Steven Page of the Bare Naked Ladies, King Johnny Starr and "Montreal" Pete Elkas from the Local Rabbits played on a few tunes. Catronia Whalen (bass player from Plumtree) played some bluesy harmonica on TRE's most famous tune, "Countdown to the Grammy's" and Chris Murphy of Sloan hopped on stage to do a rap type song with the band. It was a pretty eventful set. Danko Jones and SIANSpheric 4 both did reprise sets and both did great jobs. I actually liked the former this time around.

3:00am Went home. Went to bed. I was so tired. What a weekend. So many bands. So little time.



Right Outta Left Field

This Week: Becoming Antisocial

by J Jones

Yes, I'm back. Of course, this is open for interpretation, since in fact I haven't gone anywhere. In fact, I may not be anywhere at all. Or, in another case, I could be wherever I decide to be. Yes, despite my vague and rambling opening, I have picked up quite a bit of non-essential information over the summer, most courtesy of high-tech osmosis through computers. To be terribly blunt, I have been so engulfed and absorbed with my 'virtual life' that I have practically given up my 'other' life, the real one. In fact, I think I may slowly be learning how to live an anti-social life and yet reap all the benefits of a 'normal' life. With the exception of food and water, there is no necessity that I require that I cannot find via my computer. Instead of becoming a novelty, it has become a way of life in a sense.

It was an addiction that quickly attacked my soul and way of life. It started as E-mail to friends I hadn't seen in a few weeks, which lead to E-mail to friends that I saw frequently but forgot to mention something in conversation, which eventually lead to an all-E-mail conversation. Before I knew it, I chose surfing the web on a Saturday night instead of normal weekend outings. Not to say that the web or E-mail is bad (when you

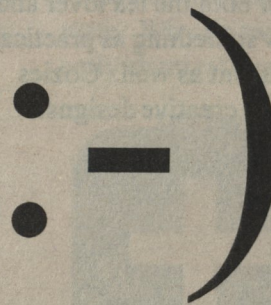
consider the convenience and economics, its quite amazing), but if it replaces all other forms of communication between you and the 'outside world,' there may be a few problems. Replying to E-mail has become such a habit that now when I find myself in conversation I must repress the urge to reply to each sentence, and wait for the speaker to finish speaking. It's also a lot harder to ignore prickly subjects while in a face-to-face conversation. I can also be lead to believe that I truly know someone only by looking at their brief bio on their homepage and staring at a

or ellipses, but with smileys and emoticons; and being 'virtually present' for many major events all over the world, yet I rarely leave my computer at home. So what has this experience taught me? Aside from the obvious "If you type too fast, your words will be slurred," I have come to the realization that 'people' and 'personal service' are no longer necessary in my life. In fact, talking to a person in a face-to-face situation is almost a novelty now, since practically every service is automated.

On the burgeoning internet (and no, I have no intent on turning this into a "Wow! Look at the Internet!"-type column), there are no limits on topics of communication. I've been to virtual concerts in Ireland, seen real-time pictures of weather in the Russian wilderness, experienced the much-ballyhoed 'cybersex,' received up-to-the-minute sports scores and stock quotes, even meet old relatives that I would probably not have meet in real life. But how does this affect someone like me, a mere drop in the Island community's bucket? I honestly don't know, but it was certainly an entertaining trip to the 'other side' of the web.

Editors Note: We do not force our staff members into virtual worlds, they go willingly. It is a happy place. I love virtual reality. :)

Cyber



Smile

small, grainy picture.

I have become so enthralled with this high-tech, high-efficiency, communication-intensive instant-access culture that for some reason I cringe at the thought of meeting people in real life. I say this after three months of sending and receiving more E-mail than actual junk mail; of punctuating my jokes not with exclamations