

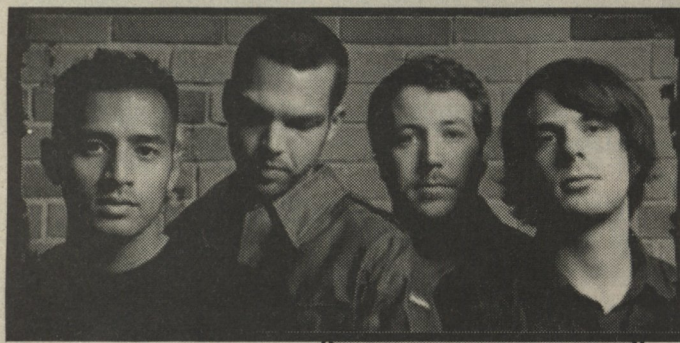
Pilate Gearing up to Get Down at UPEI Band Generally Better-Liked than Dude who Killed Jesus

By Alec O'Hanley
A&E Editor

Try talking about Pilate without referring to their influences. I can't, because it's three a.m. right now and I'm too lazy to attempt something inventive, but just take a look at the wanted ad that frontman

know Pilate by their single "Into Your Hideout," a song that was vital for their success. Chris Greenough's angular riff is central to the one song that gives Pilate's sound a nice schizophrenic quality

– the remainder of their debut LP "Caught by the Window" is more indicative of Pilate's sound, which has a structure that relies on careful control of



Todd Clark sent out to get the band builds and dynamics.

started: 'Needed: Bass player. Heavy influences: U2 and Radiohead.' There's also the obvious similarity between Clark's vocal style and Coldplay's Chris Martin-esque falsetto, a cheap comparison which most bands hate receiving, but hey, I'm an asshole. Some of Clark's falsetto is likely due to his vocal training at the University of Western Ontario, but the link between Pilate and their Brit-pop contemporaries can't be overlooked.

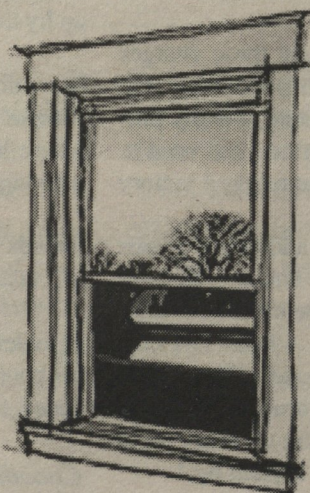
Not that this is a bad thing.

Pilate never really claimed to be breaking new ground, and the idea of bands taking from other bands – well, that's just how music works, isn't it? Nirvana ripped off the Pixies, and the Pixies did the same thing to the Stooges, who were basically a punk version of the Rolling Stones.

This band has a keen melodic grasp and a solid live show. Most

Forming in 1999, the band rode the success from their limited run of their basement-produced EP "All That's Given, Wasted" and got signed to Maple Music's independent label as a result of their efforts.

Pilate plays *The Wave* on Saturday October 16th (wet/dry) with Nunavutian wunderkind BOY (who supposedly "grew up in an igloo made of ice from the river that provided for him") and psych-pop band Memory Bank.



THE PEI MUSIC AWARDS: KEEPING GOOD MUSIC DOWN

By Andrew MacDonald
Contributor

Well, it's that time of year again. No, I'm not speaking about midterms, or the nail-biting new season of *The OC*, I'm referring to the Prince Edward Island Music Awards, or the PEIMA's.

Every year the island's cream of the crop battle it out for the prized Spuddies (as I've affectionately nicknamed them), and those select few who triumph are swept up in a whirlwind of press and glitter, and move towards greater things (or so I've heard).

The island music scene is a melting-pot for many different styles and genres. Whether you play a guitar, a mandolin, or a fiddle, there is support for your art. Each year, new artists emerge and blossom onto the local scene, and thanks to establishments such as *The Wave*, *Baba's Lounge* and *Brennan's*, young bands can showcase their original songs to an enthusiastic audience.

Nowhere is the island's talent more astutely evaluated than at the PEIMA's. Wait.... no.

The process for choosing the nominees for over 75% of the awards is akin to that of a junior high student council election, whereby anyone who wants to can submit a voting form. Nevertheless, this all sounds OK. The people can make the right choice! This is an unbiased system, and democracy works dammit! I'm sure that many impartial people go

to the trouble of tracking down voting forms to vote for their favorites. Let's let last years results speak for themselves. I'm sure that the majority of us would have voted for Patricia Murray or Janet McGarry for female vocalist of the year, and Nathan Condon or Arnold and Judi Wagner in the best new artist category. Better yet, album of the year obviously goes to the toe-tapping fiddling powerhouse "A Feeling Comes Over Me" by Nathan Condon. Also, any half-wit knows that Neil Matthews is the Entertainer of the Year. Nevermind Nathan Wiley or Eyes for Telescopes, those guys are all hacks. Hacks! The sad truth is that unless you frequent traditional music shows, or the town ceilidh, you will not have even heard of the majority of the nominees from last year's awards gala.

Every year I hear another story of groups and artists assimilating mass amounts of forms from their relatives and their relative's friends and their friends' relatives and their friends' friends' relatives in hopes of taking home their share of Spuddies. I think next year I'm going to record myself banging on a trash can for 30 minutes, and then get 200 people to vote for me for every award. I probably won't win but at least they'll read "Andy bangs can" over and over at the awards ceremony. Then again, if my pals pay \$10 to join the PEIMA Association and vote for me, I COULD win. That way I can put PEIMA award winner on all my albums to come. Democracy has never sounded so sweet.