

Crazy Idiots Making Noise rock on radio

By Michael Zinck

Tall and just a bit on the skinny side perhaps. He nevertheless has a warm and outgoing personality that probably explains how he has survived so long at UPEI's Radio station — CIMN.

Born in Hawera on New Zealand's North Island to Danish parents, Bill Harwood is a third year Anthropology/Psychology major who works hard to keep alive the spirit of the Crazy Idiots Making Noise.

As Operations Director at CIMN, he is the man who keeps the shifts, day and night, filled. His people wake you for breakfast and send you off to a good night's sleep. This happens only through long hours and many phone calls to disc jockeys who sometimes wish Bill would lose their phone numbers.

It's over a cold one in the Panther Lounge that Bill has a few minutes free and, though tired, we talk. Bill says the new year is looking good and although he wants more people for the news department, he is generally satisfied. Almost all the shifts have been filled permanently for the term, which means fewer empty slots to fill on emergency basis.

"But we're always looking for new recruits, and it is open to all students to join," Bill says.

The standard pitch line is true. You can join anytime and "yes, you'll always be needed."

Bill goes on to say, "We're open to new ideas for shows and a special production perhaps, and Chris Larsen (News Director) can always use your help."

But while Bill wants your help, he knows that even without it the station will go on, due to the commitment and dedication of Bill Harwood, Kent Thompson (Station Manager) and many others; some paid, most not.

Having been a part of that team at different times over the past two years I know what drives them.

A radio station is not just a place to play music, but a place you live a second home, where you eat, sleep, study, and, if lucky, escape from after the station closes down for the night. Real radio people is what they are, the

breath and soul, the true meaning of the words "The Spirit of Radio".

It is no part-time job, not just 2 hours for a shift and then to leave. Not for them. The world exists on the third floor of the Barn. Life and school studies are important, but in reality they fall a distant second to their feelings for radio. Let your grades

slip perhaps, but never your commitment to the station.

It goes like this for years until time and effort expended take their toll and a king of burn-out sets in. The love for the station becomes a quiet fear as you stay away, afraid of what's there. You gaze at the empty timetable slots and, instead of filling your name in each one, you

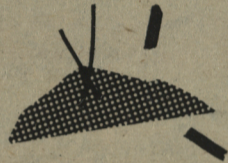
shove your hands in your pockets and quickly walk out.

Bill has seen them come and go. Some last a few days, some weeks. They leave and never turn up again. But each year, as with Bill, a few stay, drawn to a love affair with radio that will last for years open to new ideas for shows There is a tired haunted

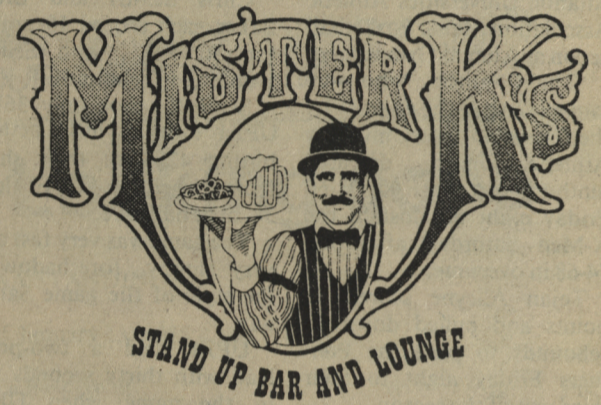
look in Bill's face; too many hours, too little sleep. But it is going on 10 o'clock, upstairs the 10 to 1 show awaits him. A quick look around and he's off, but not gone.

Soon it's ten and the Panther Lounge resounds with his voice, "Hi, I'm Bill Harwood and you're listening to CIMN." It's Radio with a soul.

Our sensors show enough weapons to destroy several planets, yet they don't have interplanetary travel yet and seem to be building more every day. Let's come back next year for survivors.



What survivors? Stupid humans.



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Life Styles

BY Lori Ann Heckbert

Extry, extry, read this week's column even more attentively than usual — I understand that I'm putting a movie review in it, unless my source is deceiving me yet another time.

Will wonders please cease, my heart's been a little weak since the bypass. Gee, I remembered the line. See, I was sitting in the cafeteria (desperation is as desperation does — I needed caffeine in a big way) and it came to me: Will wonders please Cease.

I thought it was funny as hell...

The lucky product under scrutiny this week is Beverly

Hills Cop. Yeah...

Now you may ask yourself, where does this girl get off writing about a movie she hasn't seen yet? Tut, tut — you know be better than that. I please myself.

All seriousness aside, I did see the movie already. And not in Summerside. Say what!

Well, unless someone's been fibbing to me, it has graced the screens in Summerside before Charlotte-town. I checked, and it hasn't been in Charlotte-town, so it could be true.

Who's in the movie? Eddie Murphy... need I say more? Need I ever open the choke on my motormouth and let

extraneous materials spew out!

Why am I insulting myself? There are hundreds ready and waiting to spare me the effort.

Plot: the movie has an honest-to-God plot. Eddie Murphys is a street-wise cop in Detroit; one of his old buddies come for a visit from, you guessed it, Beverly Hills. I assume he comes in a car, but alas it's not the way he leaves — that much is sure.

Anyhow, Eddie's such a great guy, he vows to avenge his friend's mishap. Almost brings a tear to your eye, huh? Naw, me either. Still, to express some sentiment

never hurts.

Eddie cruises into town in this beat-up blue Nova (I think it's a Nova). The manner in which he goes about checking into a hotel is an itchy bitsy bit off the beaten track; nothing too serious, though — you can say that again. HA HA, I made a funny.

So, he gets into town, and he goes and visits this chick in an art gallery (on this long table lie the twelve heads of John the Baptist — you'll understand that cryptic comment when you see the flick). He tells this dear little woman about their mutual friend and then they go get the guys — Butch Cassidy lives on.

On the way to the desired end, Murphy has many many amusing run-ins with the

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