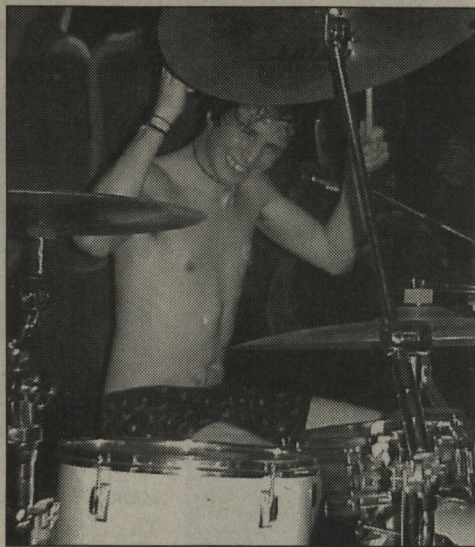


nearly as much, and so, shirking my journalistic duties, I opted for a late supper and five hours spent playing and watching other play Grand Theft Auto 3. So anyhow, eventually I departed for the show, worried that I might even miss the two bands who I had actually looked forward to seeing, due to complications resulting from the redressing of a superficial (yet terribly inconvenient) wound I had received during the previous evening's performance. But, as luck would have it, I arrived just in time, as the first of the two bands I wanted to see was setting up. By this point I had missed the majority of the show, which to the best of my knowledge included Hope (from Moncton), who in my past experience, play passable pop-punk; When All's Been Said, who, assuming my memory doesn't fail me, play skate punk which leans more towards hardcore of some sort; The Dean Malenkos, about whom I know nothing (but should hope are more competent than the wrestler after whom they are named. Yeah, you heard me, Dean Malenko was a tosser), and Death Becomes Her Ego, the band from Boston, who people seemed to like well enough. Metaltinged chugga chugga hardcore with emo parts, I've gathered. I probably wouldn't have liked them. GTA34L.

As for what I did see at this show, I arrived just in time for the debut of Flesh Made To Suffer, a band containing members of Eyes To the Sky, Three Fine Days, and XEnvisionX (of Awesomefest infamy. heh.) not to mention the vocalist of the long-deceased, but longer running Useless Solution, Halifax's last (or first?) good metal band. Despite my eager anticipation, which almost without fail has resulted in the past in horrible disappointment, Flesh Made To Suffer did not let me down. Although they only played three songs (I think...maybe 4), what they delivered was a decent-length aural assault in the form of thick, progressive metal-core, rounded out by some of the most intense, satisfying screaming that I have had the pleasure to be subjected to in quite some time. Very nice. Further, the whole band demonstrated some degree of energy, and I get the feeling that once they've been together



**XEnvisionX: Naked boy. What you see is what you get.**

er longer they'll deliver a pretty sound dose of rocking out to accompany their musical onslaught. High points of their performance (besides the screaming, of course) include: watching how many times their singer narrowly missed smoking audience members with the mic stand; the fact that their first song was called "The Politics of Being Eaten By A Snake," whatever the hell that means; and a rad cover of "London Dungeon" by The Misfits. Yeah.

Last, but not least, was XEnvisionX, Halifax's straightedge positive youth crew experience, fronted by a thirty year old man who looks like an accountant in skate clothes. Damn straight, XEnvisionX delivered their usual repertoire of hardcore sing-alongs (including such instant classics as "Best of Times," "Proud To Be (drug free)," and "Teamwork Works" [actually, I don't remember if they played that last one, but I just can't resist mentioning it, I mean, could you?]) as well of a few newer songs which took advantage of their drummer's capacity for speed and thrashing mayhem. As far as I'm concerned, it's about time someone put the thrash back in Hardcore (thrash), and in what better context to do it than a song about skateboarding?

That pretty much sums up my New Seen Fest experience. On an unrelated note, that very same night one of my friends got caught for stealing a can of Orange Crush from the superstore. Just goes to show you that crime doesn't pay, and Orange Crush is for friggin' losers.

# Stark Raving Sane: On Hair or: The Grass is Always Greener...

by Catherine SWEET

My hair drives me nuts. I think this could be a fairly universal comment. Nobody seems to really like his or her hair. Perms and straightening irons wouldn't sell so well if that weren't true. Just last week, my best friend, who has long, shiny, healthy, dark brown hair was quoted as saying: "I hate my hair." She hates her hair. Her hair, that she can make curly if she wants, or straight if she wants, and can keep long because it's thick and her face shape allows it. I nearly laughed in her accurately-shaped face, but that wouldn't be helpful.

When I was little, my hair was almost white it was so blonde, but it has dulled to a mousy brown hue. So I won't get points for colour. Another nail in the coffin is my hair's most awkward texture. On the whole, it might be misinterpreted as straight. But no, there's a cowlick in my widow's peak that makes a curl is the middle of my forehead (if anyone knows a nursery rhyme that has to do with this predicament, it's all true), and at both temples wicked little curls occur. Then, my left side flips out and the right side curls under. This makes it look like I'm constantly caught in a wind.

Years after the last particularly embarrassing perm in grade

eleven, I cut bangs when I lived in England, and rather liked them until I was caught in the delusion that they had existed long enough and it was time to grow them out. Consequently, I'm now in the painful process of growing out bangs. Anyone who has ever lived through this ordeal, please come re-assure me that I'm doing the right thing, because this is one of the few times I have ever had to exercise a considerable amount of self-restraint. I've heard that waifish clefto Winona Ryder had a hard time growing out her always-short hair, and that does comfort me, I guess.

Now, I respect those who let their hair go its own way. If it's curly, let it curl. If it's straight, let it fall. Short, long, up, down, I no longer care – as long as it's what the person is comfortable with. I think I've given up obsessing about my hair – I've become resigned to the fact that it's not so great, nor will it ever be. I will continue to obsess about others' hair though, and it will still be the second thing I see on a guy (after height, of course). Finally, to prove I'm not really down on myself, I can concede to documenting *the* good thing about having fine hair. Deep breath . . . fine hair tends to be rather soft.

There. I feel better. Really.

## PUBLIC HEALTH CARE MEETING

There will be a public meeting on maintaining the five universal principles of Canada's public health care system on Tuesday, March 5 at 7:30 PM in the Colonel Gray High School Cafeteria.

The guest speaker is Shirley Douglas, who will be speaking on Medicare: Patients Not Profits. Douglas is a renowned health care activist and the daughter of Tommy Douglas—the father or Medicare. She is also known as the mother of actor Kiefer Sutherland and as Ma Bailey in CBC TV's *The Wind at My Back*.

The evening is sponsored by the PEI Health Coalition.