

Too Good to Be Trew?

By Alec O'Hanley, A & E Editor

How does a band named after tight plaid Scottish trousers prompt a slew of university girls (and the odd gent) to swarm around them? By rocking the barn doors off of the Wave.

Love 'em or loath 'em, the Trews can put on a hell of a show. They know their audience to a T. The drunks leave convinced they've just witnessed the second coming. The sober indie kids wonder whether there's a mind behind the Trews' music, but appreciate their ability to lead a relatively apathetic campus in a rousing chorus of the Beatles' "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" for their encore. All parties leave with an intense ringing in their ears, save the smart few who brought plugs.

Having played close to 250 shows in 2003 alone, the quartet has certainly earned their reputation as Canada's hardest working band. "It seems sort like booking agents are trying to test us," says bassist Jack Syperek.

Not only can an intense tour schedule take its toll on a group, it can also make a band start to dislike their own work.

"There was one point where we were playing 'Not Ready to Go' at every TV appearance so eventually it got.... (groan) but now it's gone back to being fun to play again because we're doing a different single."



Your little brother jumps around the house screaming, "I'M NOT READY TO GO!" for a reason. The Trews have some undeniably catchy songs, are tight as balls, and know how to work a crowd. As far as the Canadian rock music scene goes, the Trews' mindset is found somewhere between the cock-rock of Nickelback and the intelligence of Sam Roberts. They know that swearing (read: "Charlottetown, how the FUCK are you??!!") leads to loud cheers and is generally

approved of by the university 18-21 demographic.

This band thrives on having an audience to entertain. As expected, being renowned as such a dynamic live experience increases expectations in



the studio. When asked about the difficulty in capturing the energy of a live concert onto tape, Jack replies, "It's harder than if there's a crowd in front of you. It's like you're playing it for immediate playback, and if you're not enthused then you go back and record it again until it sounds frantic."

Unfortunately (fortunately?), the post-show bore witness to some free-spirited ladies pulling the old "will you sign my knockers/arse/other" trick. Classy dames, I'll wager.

I've got nothing against a band that asks for too much food and drink as part of their rider (ie: all the shit a band requests to have backstage). That just means I get to give it to some fruit/vegetable trays and gatorade when they're off mucking it up with band-aids.

The Trews pulled all the stops tonight, and while they risk

becoming another clichéd and stylized throwback rock band, they must be doing something right; UPEI loved them on this night and I'm sure that's what they wanted all along.