

# Short but sweet: McNarland left 'em wanting more

BY TAMARA BOND

Holly McNarland's show turned out to be an entertaining but disappointing event. Although McNarland sounded

The first two bands followed the generic flow — a bunch of nondescript songs that all sounded the same. However, at the end of their set, Weeping Tile kicked into some great

and then suddenly left, leaving behind a large number of rather disappointed paying customers.

Not only did the customers pay for tickets, but upon request, bought

Weeping Tile, who fumbled her way around the stage.

The whole show wasn't this bad. McNarland for the most part, was very entertaining. She danced around the stage like a convulsing chicken, often pulling on her new underwear to fight off an unrelenting wedgy. Even better, she looked like a toothless gaffer while she was

singing. Her redeeming qualities were that she sang well, made me laugh and stopped in the middle of a song to tell a guy to leave some girls alone.

During a pre-show interview, McNarland disclosed that her favourite musician as a child was Michael Jackson. Although she is only 24, McNarland caught the tail-end of the Jackson's heyday.

However, McNarland hasn't been keeping up as well with today's artists. She claims to know little to nothing about Alanis Morissette, an artist with whom she is often compared.

On the other hand, McNarland referred to Ani Difrancio as a long-standing idol.

"I love her. She has influenced me big time. The acoustic album blew me away. I'd never heard anything like it."

McNarland has taken a place next

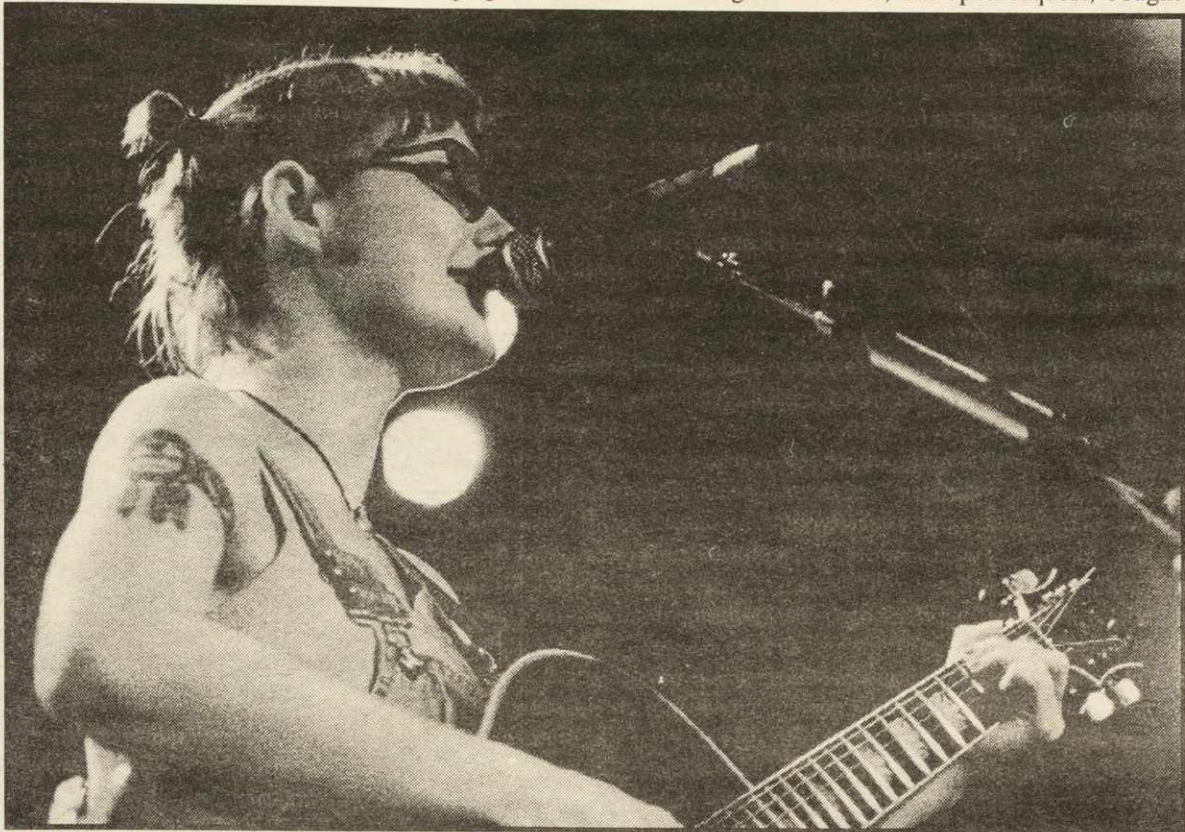
to her idol, clumped into the same angry-chick stereotype as Difrancio.

"I think [the stereotype] is just stupid. I think I'm pretty much a regular, happy person," McNarland said. "I just have a way of expressing myself and that's through my guitar and my voice and my writing. And that's for me; it's not for anybody else."

"When I write, it's to deal with whatever I need to deal with, or just to write a goofy song about a yeast infection, like 'The Box'. I just put it out there and people take it however they need to take it," she continued.

If you hear the lyrics of McNarland's song "Mr. Five Minutes", you might not buy the happy little girl image. The song centres around the dissatisfaction of a sexual encounter with a selfish male. When asked about it, McNarland admitted that it was a personal experience which inspired her to write the song.

"It was a guy that just rolled over and that was it," she said. "So I kicked him out of my house. I'm good friends with him now."



Holly McNarland sings at the McInnes Room. (Photo by Tamara Bond)

great and kept the crowd moving, she spent less time on stage than the opening band, Weeping Tile.

The show consisted of three bands (the first one being Moncton's Sol), all with female lead singers. It was a gruesome alterna-chick fiesta.

covers of other bands. One of the guitarists, a female, turned out to be a great mimic of male voices.

After Weeping Tile's lengthy show, the crowd waited for almost an hour before McNarland decided to face her fans. She stayed for roughly an hour

McNarland a few beers while she was on stage. When she picked up her beer and left, the crowd demanded she return.

The band did come back to play one more song. This time, they dragged out the now-drunken lead singer of

## Euphoria witty, and for a good cause

BY KAVERI GUPTA

Who knew that medical students were comfortable enough with the human body that they were willing to take their own clothes off on stage?

Saturday night marked the 28th Annual Dalhousie Medical Variety Show, affectionately known as *Euphoria*. The show is a cut-throat, pull-out-all-the-stops competition of witty jokes, dancing and musical ability. It is traditionally a night these glued-to-the-books med students get to express themselves by poking fun at fellow classmates, professors, and administration via otherwise hidden talents...and this year proved to be very revealing.

The competition was between the different levels of medical school (Med 1 through 4). The Med 1 crew (Class of 2001) kicked the evening off with their skit entitled "The Excellent Adventures of Billy Rubin." Billy Rubin (Chris Cook) was a student trying to get into medical school who, with his dean, embarked on a journey through time to explore the history of medicine.

Their first stop was Greece in the time of Hippocrates — traditionally, but inaccurately, credited with the authorship of the Hippocratic Oath. After a "philosophical" discussion about medical ethics over moonshine, 6 toga-clad males did a hilarious "Greek" dance to "Backstreet's Back". Mischievously swirling around in their skimpy white sheets, the guys had many audience members drooling for more.

Billy's next stop was smack in the middle of Europe during the Black Plague. Definitely the Med 1's *piece de resistance*, the "Plague Dance" was a spectacular visual effect. The stage went black as the opening chords of

Michael Jackson's "Thriller" reverberated through the hall. Suddenly glow-in-the-dark bacterial and viral images started bouncing around the stage as students cloaked in black with these shapes sewn to their clothes began a well choreographed dance. They added to the eerie effect by wearing white shiny gloves and having a great light sequence.

Next up were the Med 2s, Class of 2000, and defending champions of last year, with their Broadway-esque "Hospital d'Amour". The skit was about a hospital in the past where, one night, everyone was mysteriously cured of their ails. Our heroine was Nurse Velveta Crank (Zarya Rubin) who revealed the truth to three present day

patients. We soon learned that the patient's sudden "recoveries" were due a love bug which had been leaked in the hospital by one Dr. Dementio (Martin MacKinnon).

With all the cast soon infected with this love virus, the waiting room was transformed into a hotbed of sexual tension. Even Velveta, who was secretly infatuated with the handsome Dr. Hancock, started acting rather boldly. The jewel of the skit was patient "Salsa", a sultry Spaniard obsessed with love, whose accent and dancing were perfection.

Noteworthy were Velveta's rendition of "Fever" and a love medley involving Erin Savage and Sabina Abidi. The group again had impressively polished dance sequences and a funny, fast-paced plot.

After an uneventful intermission, the Med 3s took to the stage with a satirical look at life as a third-year medical student. It was cleverly called "This Class Has 22 Morons". The news anchors (Trevor Jain and Keith Lane) kept the show going between

previously filmed clips and a hilarious show of medical student fashions. The class' rendition of "Wannabe" by their very own "Spice Clerks" was comical. The climax was the cast's version of *Riverdance*, which blew the audience away. Dancers clad in surgical greens did a smash-job imitating the famous production, and pulled the dance steps off effortlessly.

The Med 4 group typically have a less off on interviews as they prepare to graduate. But this year's class proved to be worthy competition with several short skits poking fun at themselves, their dean, and their younger

classmates.

The evening was peppered with musical performances by individual students. Bea Ngai's stunning talent on the piano was revealed in a classical piece. Chip Phi received a standing ovation for a classical tune he performed on violin (with piano accompaniment by Julius Kurniawan).

Each year, the proceeds of *Euphoria* go to a cause deemed worthy by the students. This year it is in memory of a fellow classmate who was tragically killed last fall. Stephen Boyd was last year's MC and would have been graduating this year. His co-MC from

*continued to page 18...*

## Graduating?

Berryhill Photography will be at Dalhousie for 2 days in February



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## Halifax

STARTING THURSDAY JAN. 29, 8PM, NEPTUNE THEATRE J.B. Priestley's *An Inspector Calls* is an intelligent, suspense-filled play in which everyone is a suspect (reminiscent of *Clue*, no?).

FRIDAY JAN. 30, 8PM, HALIFAX TRAIN STATION Rawlins Cross plays with Kilt and Fine Crowd as part of Locofest.

FRIDAY JAN. 30, 9PM, THE PALACE

Cheesy dance music? No. Covers? No. The Palace is actually letting bands play original tunes as part of the ECMA weekend. Local bands like Madhat and Soup will be playing.

FRIDAY JAN. 30, 9PM, MCINNES ROOM

Hypnotist Robert Lamar will make some drunken students do some freaky shit. Even if you don't want to be hypnotized, it's worth the price of admission to watch the people on stage.

SATURDAY JAN. 31, 8PM, HALIFAX TRAIN STATION Sandbox, Grace Babies and Shyne Factory play the closing show at Locofest.

SATURDAY JAN. 31, 9PM, MARKET STREET JAZZ CAFE

Knifey Moloko helps to kick start the CKDU fundraising drive with what promises to be an exciting performance.