



Chris Murphy's cousin. And lady.

The 72 Hour Jam was a disgusting mess. Any venue that has port-a-potties outside of it can not be healthy. The line-up to get in (the venue, not the port-a-potties) was enormous. Hundreds of drunk people hoping to get in so they could drink in a bar that stayed open past two in the morning. There was no way we were going to be able to get into the show in time for Port Citizen. And even if we did, we probably wouldn't have been able to get close enough to the band to be able to do some successful celebrity-stalking. So we left and got lost in downtown St. John.

SATURDAY

We woke up on the floor of a motel room that belonged to Summerside punk band Lending Jane. They played the 72 Hour Jam at four in the morning after Port Citizen the night before. During their set, someone was stabbed in the line up to the Jam. The band got to play an extra twenty minutes because the emergency crew prevented the next group from getting in while helping the stab victim. We decided to avoid the Jam for the rest of the weekend.

The unofficial showcases, at an all-ages venue called the Deep End, had a much more comfortable and safe

atmosphere. The setting also doubled as an art gallery, so there were some really nice paintings in the open space. The audience was mostly young, straightedge and friendly. The bands were talented, original, and completely unknown. Sydney's The Rudy Huxtable Project, and After School Special demonstrated the next wave of intelligent punk rock. Some local New Brunswick funk bands, Ted Neely's Beard and The Greg Harrison Experiment, engaged the punk rock audience with their jazzy grooves and fresh jams. Charlottetown locals Port Citizen kept the dance floor bouncing and Lending Jane played some poppy punk tunes without any stabbing incidents. And then there was Windom Earle. Goddamn. I can't begin to describe how sexy they were. Especially that MacLeod guy. *(Perhaps it will not interest you, but you might take note, if you have not already, that Mr. MacLeod is describing himself in concert, which is pretty damn self-referential, excessive, and generally cute even for this article, and this newspaper. -Ed)*

Port Citizen provided ample opportunities for us to stalk and take pictures of them at the "no cases." Since we didn't see many celebrities on Saturday, I took plenty of photos of

Brodie Read to compensate. I didn't get out to any other shows after Port Citizen finished. The line up at Tapp's was too big to get in, so we headed out to the Burger King. Then we rested for our final day of exploring.

SUNDAY

For breakfast we headed to the downtown market to eat and explore. After realizing that we had failed to successfully stalk all of the celebrities we had planned on seeing, we were filled with disappointment and regret. Brodie Read and Joel Plaskett were the only successful targets. Sure we had seen plenty of adventure, and heard some excellent bands, but not once had we spotted Rita MacNeil, The Men of the Deep, or Chris Murphy. After our breakfast of greasy poutine at Deluxe French Fries we took one final stroll through the tunnels and pedways before going back to Charlottetown.

Resting on a horribly designed bench on the second floor of the mall, we reflected on our expedition. As I mumbled something about wishing I could have seen more superstars, a slender shaggy guy in glasses walked by us. I asked my comrade if that was someone famous, but she was unsure. I had a hunch, so I got up and started walking in his direction. He was going down an escalator. I walked quickly towards the escalator full of excitement. The thrill of the hunt consumed me. We grabbed a camera and got it

ready, just in case I was right. He was almost down the escalator just as we were getting on.

I saw him turn left, and I knew it was Chris Murphy from Sloan. I decided it would be best if we cut him off, so we turned right as we got off the escalator and ran around the circle of the food court to reach him before he could escape. But when I took my eyes off him for a split second he disappeared.

Disappointment. I searched all the shops in the mall but he was nowhere to be found. I even glanced at a display for Sloan's new album at Radioland, but the poster image of his face only mocked me. We sat down on another horribly designed bench across from the record store and pouted. Behind us coming down the escalator was Charlottetown rock star, Mike MacDougall of the Eyes For Telescopes. I snapped a photo of Mike since the camera was ready anyway. He came over and told us that he was just stalking us. I felt so violated!

We met up with the rest of the Telescopes in the mall. I asked Craig MacPherson, who is Chris Murphy's cousin if he could get us into Sloan's hotel room. But it was getting late, and we had to be leaving soon anyway. I guess getting a picture of Craig would be kind of similar to getting one of Chris Murphy. They both play bass, and have similar genes. Maybe next ECMA's I'll find Anne Murray's nephew.



Goddamn Windom Earle. Goddamn.