

like a war.

I spent the day lounging around here, and in Canoe Cove. The music business was far from my mind and I thought almost nothing of Baba's. Everyone is at the hip-hop show all Sunday afternoon. I am not going because I am not a big Buck 65 fan, and because of all the garlic. The thing to do now, pet, is to get Dorrell's notes, and transcribe this pile of rubble before me. And see what time Windom Earle is playing.

It is 9:16 pm.

It is now 2:30 am.

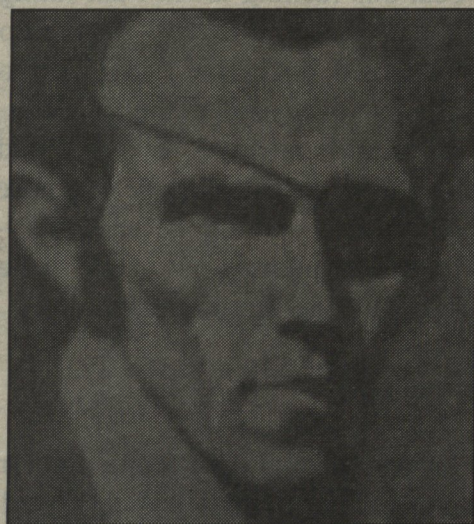
We have been awake almost the entire weekend, and have, in fact, gained a new perspective: we are always half wrong. We looked into the spirit of this thing, felt for its soul. Maybe looked in the wrong places, asked the wrong questions (my God it is colder in here than a room has ever been).

For some reason, as I am writing this, my body has seized up with absolute chill. Once a decade kind of wickedness. I am typing right next to a window.

The streets of Charlottetown are quiet again. And the cold is back in charge. Anne Murray knows who runs things in PEI around February, and wondered why the show was not held in "any" other month. Anne Murray taught elementary school in PEI before "giving show business a try." In her speech, she referred to the staggering amount of connections she has in her musical past with PEI: she made all her changes here, or so it would seem. "Snowbird", perhaps her most popular song was written by Gene MacLellan who lived in PEI, and committed suicide in Summerside. And though she did not say it, she

winned just a little at the way her imprimatur cashed his check. She stumbled if only a little and complained about the weather.

And if Anne were here right now, I would ask her about Spring Hill, and the town right next door, and if she ever saw the cliffs in Joggins where my mother was born. And I would tell her, time permitting, about my odyssey, from Vancouver to here. And I would not ask her a thing about the ECMAs, or Much Music, and I would not ask her about soul, and I would definitely not mention money. I would smile and say, "here is a CD from a Cape Breton band called The Rudy Huxtable Project, who played twice in four hours at the *The Cadre* and *Reverb's* Alter-Cases at Brennan's, and blew me away. They are in high school." And I would tell her how they brought 32 CDs, all with hand-painted covers, and a personal letter in lieu of insert. And I would say I thought they were brilliant, and they have a song called "nineteen8d7," which, when you think about it, is about as good a song a band with any name could have, and how good a name is The Rudy Huxtable Project? And where was she before here, and how does it feel to be home, and ask her if she wanted to know why I was wearing an eye patch.




2:54 am



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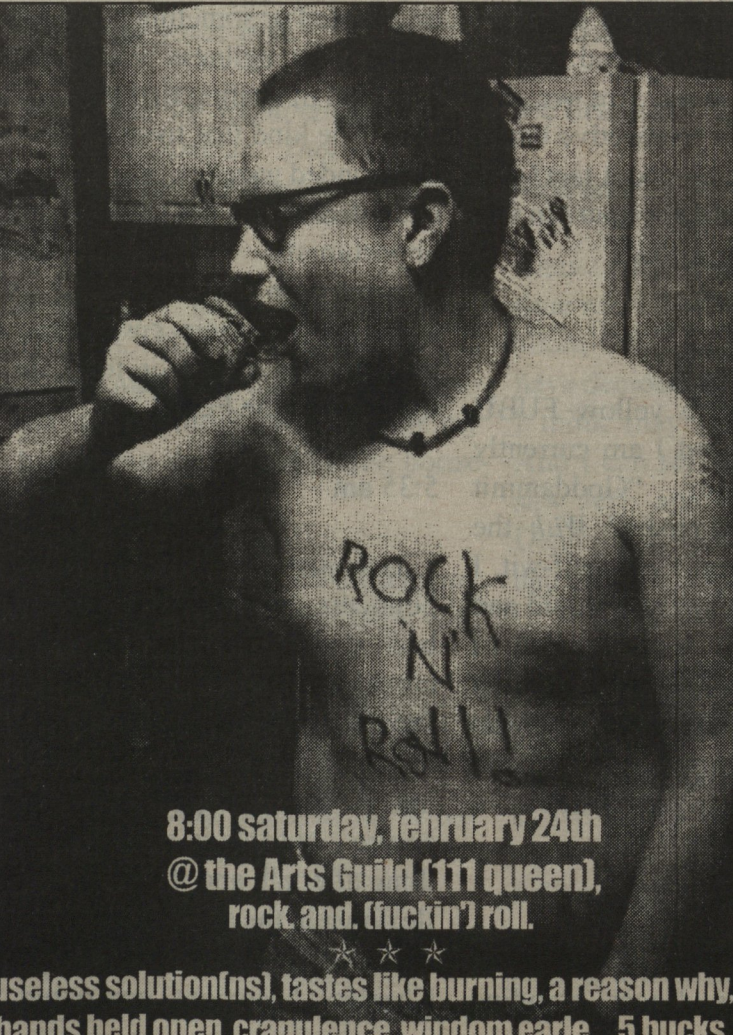
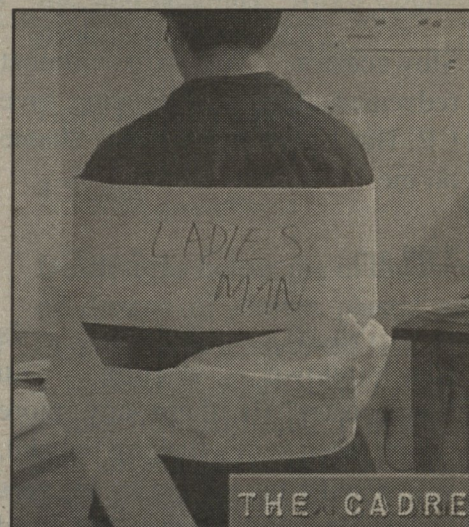
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