

the same blond: "I've made some progress, but it's still so old school... I'm going to save the music business."

Mike O'Neill:

- 1) Anne Murray.
- 2) Travel.
- 3) Yeah. "(Some record label I cannot make out in my notes)," Records who have the Heavy Blinkers, the Guthries, and soon the Flashing Lights. It's very tough though.

What do you think of Mike Campbell?

"I like him."

I have spent the last 20 minutes convincing Mike Campbell and Mike O'Neill independently that Windom Earle and The Rudy Huxtable Project are the future of music.

Bathroom again: people outside now, they want a "line" badly.

*I am pretty sure they are joking.*

The record company blond feeds the Warner Record Company guy half a tequila. They are both non-elegantly wasted, bumping my hands as I write. I love them both.

The Guthries and "Patsy Cline."

Mike O'Neill: "We have more hollow bodies than the Philosopher Kings."

Matt Dorrell has just called me a Mike O'Neill groupie because I bought him a beer. Maybe so. But if The Rudy Huxtable Project were not straightedge and nine years old, I would have bought them a whole case.

I have lost all hostility.

Me: *Write two sentences.*

M.O.N: "About what?"

Me: *I don't know.*

He writes anyway. *Something about Art Carney and David Lynch.*

Mike Campbell appears to have a bat belt on: but it might have something to do with the camera he is holding.

*I pass my notebook to John MacKenzie, who writes a door-man's poem, and in it talks about his soul. I wonder what it all means: he stands not looking at me, then with his feet up on the wall, his soul seeps out of him the entire time. I feel a moment of intense jealousy.*

Joel Plaskett. He reminds me of something, which I cannot remember but I like very much. A nice thought.

Bad craziness in the line.

I have just watched as Jill from BMG threw herself at Matt from the Guthries as Sloan's *Navy Blues* played in the background. She bought him a Sleeman's and adjusted her bra. What is she contracting? Does she want his soul?

As Campbell closes off the show schmoozing I am almost completely resigned.

"Cry together" JP. Finally, a chant I can get behind.

MC gets an innuendo-laden back rub from record industry blond. Obvious.

"Live your life on lovers' lane," JP.

'You have an ashtray by your notepad, please pass it to me," MC.

He is making it hard to hate him. But not really hard.

"There is love in the air and I am on the ground," JP.

MC is drunk now, *by that I mean*, totally massaged. This show is brilliant, no question, but don't the artists, who make it brilliant deserve to get in for free?

Badge on the arm of the Guthries/MON's bass player says "Deputy Sheriff, Allegheny Co." *Capacity issues.*

Joel Plaskett:

- 1) Playing.
- 2) Schmoozing.
- 3) Same ratio as in music

*What are some new bands you like?*

"Led Zeppelin, The Band, Outcast."

*That man oozes soul.*

*He writes in my notebook. It is clear and concise. That night, and the next day I download twelve of his songs.*

I am now home after Plaskett, O'Neill, Slowcoaster and co. I think I may have the definitive article on the music business on my hands, but that could be the booze talking.

Did you know Ernest Hemingway wrote standing up, and slept with his eyes open?

It is 3:31 am.

*(Portion of note and tape destroyed by small kerosene lighter.)*

*We resume the story at 4:35 am.*

Just as The Rude Mechanicals have

hit the stage we have entered the 76-Hour Jam. It is large and packed and I can't get a feel from the soul at all. All I keep thinking of is Eaton's. And carnage.

4:35 am

There are girls here young enough to be my daughter, and The Rude Mechanicals are singing the name of my hometown as part of the chorus for "Coquette," and pointing at me, and laughing. *She's Coquette, from Coquitlam, B.C.*

Have I finally arrived?

4:51 am

Death lurks below me in the image of dozens of strewn plastic cups thrown to the abandoned first floor. I remember when I was first in Prince Edward Island: I bought my first dishes down there, at Eaton's from a lady named Mel. It is completely vacant now and sad and I wonder if Mel is here, and the entire scene gives me the Fear for the first real time this weekend.

4:58 am

I have been considering for a long time now (20 minutes) what I think about The Rude Mechanicals. I have decided that I really like them. I think they are telling the truth. And I can see their soul (thought I saw Jeff; not Jeff). I knew Matt, Dennis and Todd were rock stars. I had no idea about Peter Forbes.

5:00 am

Great White North singer seen walking around sipping a Rev cooler. No further explanation required.

5:02 am

Nancy, a lady in her sixties, a volunteer: