

On The Road to the **ECMA's**

by LL Coolbreeze

On Wednesday night Vince Lavers and I packed up his Pontiac 6000 and began our journey to an awards show. I hate awards shows. Not only do they trivialize the things they are trying to honour, but they are as boring as reruns of North of 60. But, after driving for five minutes, Vince told me an insane story that set the perfect tone for our weekend (I could probably get in trouble if I repeated the story in this article, and I don't want to upset any of the staff at Empire Theatres). We had to expect the unexpected, or unexpect the expected, because this trip was going

to be anything but normal. We were on the road to the East Coast Music Awards in Sydney, Nova Scotia.

DAY 1

THURSDAY

Vince and I arrived in Sackville on Wednesday night and stayed with some friends at Mount Allison. I met a guy from the Miramachi who claimed he lost his virginity in grade 7 with one of his teachers.

The ECMA weekend begins today, but I'm kilometers away and having a good time. I didn't get to see the first night of showcases, and I think all the Island bands I'm supposed to be covering for the paper are playing tonight. My mission has already failed, but I don't care. I can always see the Rude

Mechanicals back in Charlottetown. I'm looking forward to discovering new artists that never play on PEI.

Even though I wasn't in Cape Breton, I did manage to catch some music at a Sackville bar called Baldies. There was a house DJ spinning records through a shitty sound system. A lot of good looking girls live in Sackville, but the only person who tried to pick me up was a guy at the bar who was impressed that I ordered a water. I didn't like Baldies very much. My friends and I spent most of the night passing around a little notebook and we wrote weird things like, "Jim Henson is dead" and "If you can't beat them, run like fuck." I think they'd make good t shirt slogans.

At three in the morning we drove to an Irving Big Stop where Vince bought a Harley Davidson t shirt.

DAY 2

FRIDAY

We slept in and drove to Antigonish to pick up my

friend Brendan Gillis. His family is letting us stay at their place in Sydney. The backseat of the car is loaded with guitar cases and luggage, so the three of us snuggled in the front. Vince's car's service engine soon light started flashing, but after we pulled over, popped the trunk, and did absolutely nothing it went away. We drove into Sydney without any problems, except for the fact that we were practically sitting on each other's laps. The drive through Cape Breton was beautiful.

We stopped at the Day's Inn in Sydney to pick up media passes that Ryan O'Connor, the Cadre's A&E Editor, scored for us. I got my pass without any problems, but Vince's name wasn't on the list. Actually Vince's first name was on the list but his last name wasn't. After going through all the names they finally found a Vince Lewis from the Cadre. They corrected the last name to say Lavers and gave us all sorts of cool shit. Passes, coupons, press kits, magazines, porn (no wait, we didn't

get porn), tote bags, buttons, prostitutes, etc.

We took our booty and crammed back in Vince's car. He turned the ignition. Nothing. After fifteen more tries the car finally started and we were on our way.

Next stop was the Gillis' residence to drop Brendan off. Then we headed for St Thresa's Parish Hall to set up for our show. We were playing a no case. It's kind of like a showcase, but different.

The No-Cases originated the last time the ECMA's were in Cape Breton by CAPR, the radio station at UCCB. Every year since then, artists that were denied official showcases played the No-Cases. It gives them a chance to be heard

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LL Cool Breeze



Windom Earle



Vince

for the 2 professors I went to see last week I would like to say that the Business Faculty, of which I am a graduate, is either filled with brilliant