

# Saturday night out

BY JANET FRENCH

## 9 pm Café Amadeus

There's an abundance of presumably gay men in biker-esque clothing and those well-dressed flower vendors hanging around. We finish our tea and hightail out of there.

## 9:30 pm: Halifax waterfront

You would think on such a nice, warm evening more people would take advantage of the waterfront, and less of each other. All we saw were a few couples cleaning out each other's tonsils.

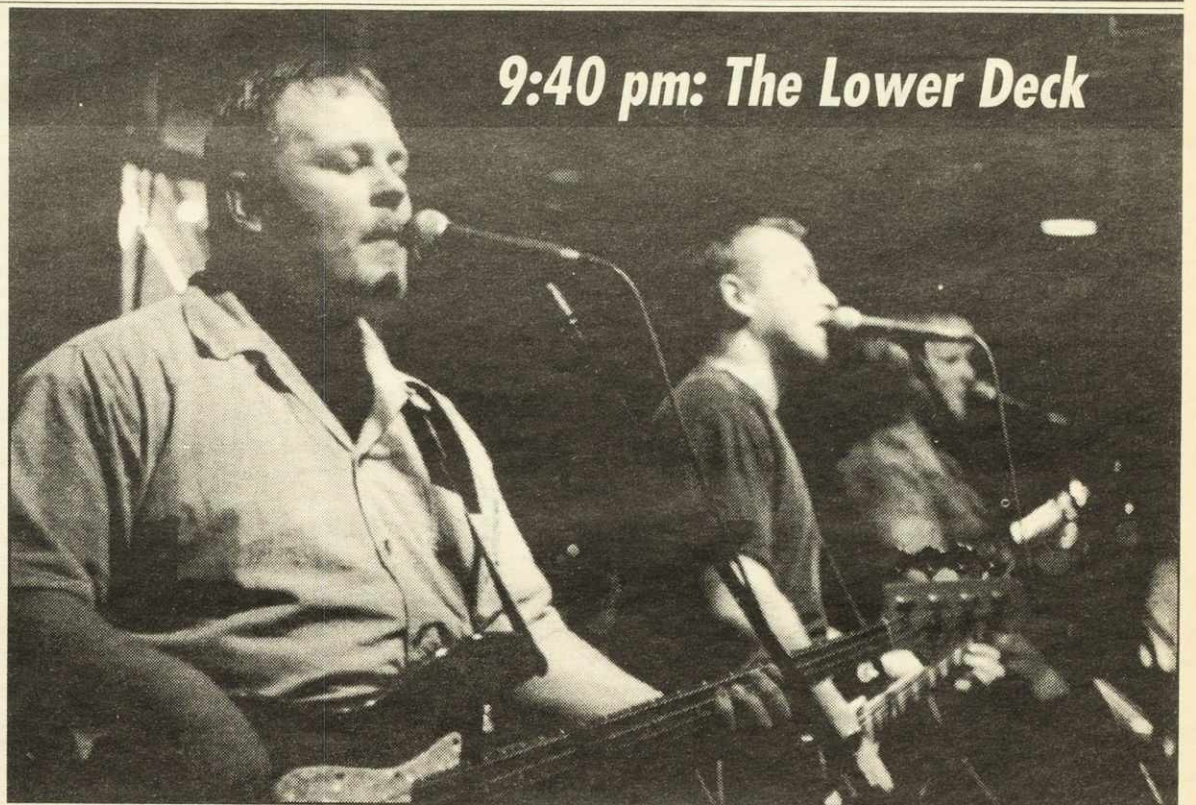
last week they were handing out jam.

## 10:40 pm: The Fife and Drum

Blueberry Grunt, a four person band clad entirely in blue, is playing. The lead singer is hollering out traditional tunes and moshing with his guitar, all at once. Although comical, we decide that five minutes of Blueberry Grunt is plenty.

## 10:45 pm: Outside the casino

We catch the members of



9:40 pm: The Lower Deck



1:30 am: Nowhere in particular

Get a room.

## 9:40 pm: The Lower Deck

It's totally packed. I suppose some people start early, or are just old, but the crowd was really, really enthusiastic. The members of Highland Heights hammered out the traditional favourites that the crowd is craving... but funny, I have *deja vu* all over again because these are the exact same songs that Highland Heights always plays. Do they enjoy playing the same songs at the same venue to the same crowd of sloshed patrons every weekend?

## 10:10 pm: The Sheraton Casino

We're looking for two things. First, someone who's won a lot of money. Second, a slot machine with bright yellow wheels. Lee swears they exist and I'm not convinced.

We do find a yellow-wheeled machine, but it's fiercely guarded by a little old lady clutching a cigarette and a bucket of quarters. So I settle for a normal machine and end up five dollars poorer. And after all this, we couldn't even find a person that had won a decent amount of cash.

## 10:30 pm: The Sheraton Lobby

I'm signing up for a free "Player's Advantage" card, which supposedly gives you discounts at a variety of businesses across the city. The clerk excitedly pulls out my free gift — a keychain. I hear

Highland Heights sneaking out of the Lower Deck and into the Sheraton to sit down in a nice quiet place during their break. This band parties hardcore.

## 10:50 pm: Subway, Hollis Street

Apparently this is the prime location for relieving yourself free of charge downtown. About 40 people must have come in for the sole purpose of using the washroom during our half-hour stay. That's 1.33 washroom patrons per minute. Now I'm convinced that Subway's yellow interior decor is not a coincidence.

## 11:20 pm: The Split Crow

Celtic Connection is playing, and being fully enjoyed by the hyperactive audience. We hook up and kick back and relax to some Newfoundland tunes.

## 1:20 am: The Split Crow

The band is gone, the bar is closing and the employees kick us out. Although Lee claims he didn't think the band was amazing, he steals one of their posters and gets all the band members to autograph it. Now Celtic Connection thinks Lee is their number one fan.

## 1:30 am: Nowhere in particular

The four of us wander around briefly in pursuit of a particular busker who apparently plays the Stevie Ray Vaughn song "Pride and Joy" like a maestro. Or so says my

friend Jen. We find him on Barrington street and he shares a chunk of his Stevie Ray repertoire with us. Jen is giddy with delight and draught. Anonymous busker-guy claims he is a non-smoker but asks for donations of cigarettes because he says they're worth a lot on the black market.

"One night I saw a drunk man walk out of the Palace and he said 'I will give five dollars to the first person that hands me a cigarette.' I've always carried cigarettes with me since then," busker-guy said.

## 1:45 am: Pizza Corner

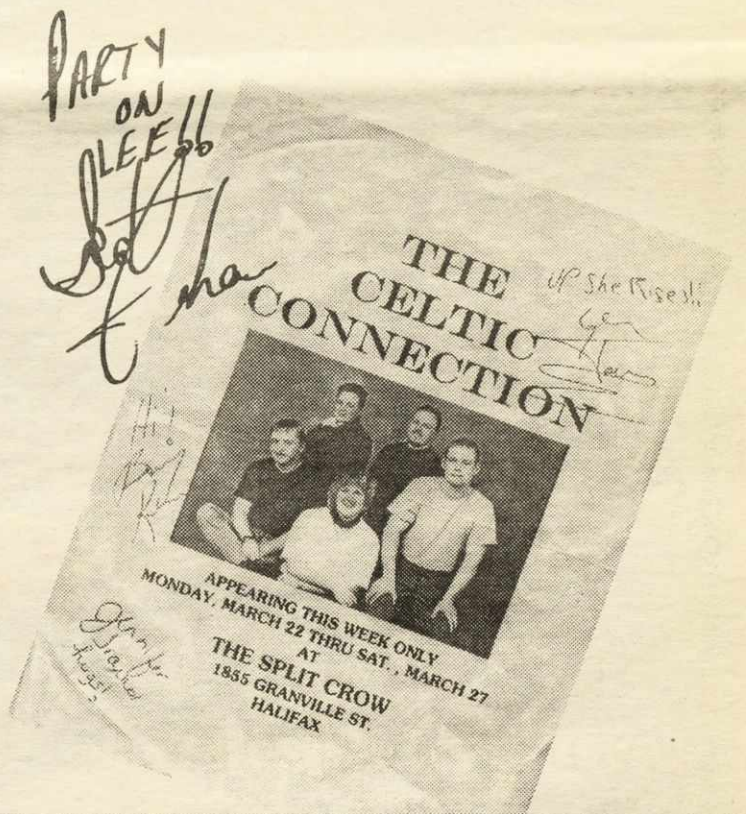
Hungry drunk people will eat anything. And, as usual, Pizza Corner found many such individuals cramming their faces full of greasy delight. The pizza master said his name was "Gino". No last name, just Gino. And he was flipping dough in time to the reverberating techno music. I'd be willing to bet Gino isn't even his real name.

## 2:30 am home

I collapse onto my bed in front of NBC's late night movie: *Prelude to a Kiss*.

## Evening Stats:

- Number of times I was asked for ID: 5
- Number of drunk people who packed themselves into the Subway washroom at one time: 10
- Number of Slainte Mhaths: 5 total. 3 in 20 minutes with Highland Heights.
- Number of discarded pizza trays on the library lawn by pizza corner: too many to count.



1:45 am: Pizza Corner