

Toronto 9/28/02

Reality is setting in slowly. I spent two days alone at, and to some degree in, Niagara Falls. What a fitting place to contemplate one of the most powerfully moving experiences of my life. Toronto was not just a Who show, it was a Who experience. The show itself was as great a performance as I've ever seen. The band seemed on the verge of incineration all night, they were that fucking hot! Of Pete's performance, whether a masterful illusion, or simply having a truly enjoyable time on stage, results were nothing less than mind blowing. From the minute the band hit the stage, to the closing note, the vibe in that arena was one of pure unadulterated rock and roll. "From tree to tree," from rafters to the first row, the people at the Air Canada Centre got it. They knew they were connected to something special; we all pulsed as one through out the night. The Who gave everything they had, and they gave it all night long, and we all were up to the task of receiving it. At 1:00 PM on Friday the 27th, after 11 years, my wife and I decided we were moving on to a second marriage, but we decided to do it with each other. How better to start that marriage then a honeymoon, not to be confused with a keithmoon, in Toronto. So I activated the emergency Visa, we booked the flights, the nanny arrived, and we were off. Never in my wildest imagination could I have predicted the result of our decision. From the moment we arrived at the pre-show party at the Loose Moose, I knew everything was on track. All but a couple of the Psycho D11 were in attendance, not to mention the countless other amazing Who fans that make up our extended family. I mention only two names, Dave VS , there partying with us, while tirelessly documenting the amazing journey so we can prove it wasn't a dream, thanks Dave. (http://www.thewho-rabbit.com/2002_msg_main.html) And Barry lead singer with the Wholigans, who added so preciously to the Rihga sing-along in New York, and would play a major role in this experience before the night was over. Even with a rate of one Who cut per 30 minutes at the LM, the level of anticipation rose steadily as we drank, ate, danced, talked about the many memories from the tour, and drank some more. It was now show time, we all headed over to the arena. The first thing to hit me was the amazing positive

attitude of the security staff and ushers. They gave you the feeling that they were there to help you enjoy the show, and not to prove how miserable they could make you. Most venues should take note because this is a fucking revolutionary idea in concert management. We made lots of friends with people sitting at different areas that we visited before heading to our seats in the 18th row Pino side (how amazing was Pino's contribution to this tour?) Trish made sure to tell everyone that we met about the Wholigans show later on. Our seats were fairly good, but Trish, being crafty with floor maneuvers, spotted the Brad Pitt of ushers, I thought he had a more Quad Mod thing going, but cute he was. She approached him and asked if he would come and get us in the 18th row if any of the front row seats became available. Well, either it was the attractively painted cane she was using to navigate, or the fact that she was looking so amazingly beautiful in her little half Who shirt, and short skirt, that he offered to let us sit in the section just off the floor and in line with the front row. There weren't many people in the section, so we had room to move about. We were able to see everyone perfectly, especially Simon, who we couldn't have appreciated more that night. (please don't forget Denver when you do your solo tour, you rock dude!) We had a number of interesting people around us, including a blind fellow that truly added another level of intensity to "SMFM". We danced, we jumped, we sang, we watched, we listened, we cried. We were One, "WE ARE ALL THE WHO." Roger's new line in TKAAR never felt truer than that night. I can't thank Pete, Roger, and the rest of the band enough for making that true in such a complete way. This band is a conduit through which we attain love and community; it's been great to have had the pipe open for so long. We enjoyed that sweet post Who show buzz by lingering around for a while, and then moved on back to the Moose. The legions regrouped and were having such a great time rejoicing in what we just saw, we almost forgot about the Wholigans. Well that was not going to happen, so a number of us moved on to what I can only remember as "Barry's bar", someone compared it to an

American Legion meeting hall. The experience just kept on rolling thanks to a great performance by Barry and the Wholigans. Most everyone Trish invited to come turned up, we rocked out until about 3 AM. One of my scattered memories is of someone handing me a Wholigans poster that I proceeded to whip around while dancing/stumbling my ass off in my UJ cape (thanks to John P. from England. I was "pissed," but this time in that happy British way. I can't believe it but I managed to not only get everyone to sign the poster, but made it back safely to the hotel with it. I'd like to thank that great guy that continued to keep me in cold beer, for better or worse after my cash ran out (no credit cards accepted at the AL hall). Please forgive my failing memory in my old age. The band ended the set with a Moon moment of drums being battered and tossed from the stage. What a fitting end to that segment. But that was not nearly the end. A core group of diehards marched back to our hotel to carry on. My wife's declaration of love for the Who and all involved, as well as her promise of a honeymoon fantasy set the tone. The mini bar came through for the toasting of John, as the tiny bottle of Courvoisier made it around to everyone for one tiny sip. I report that second hand, as I needed my rest at that point (thanks for the words Stoo, you're a great guy.) I believe the last guest left at 8:00AM and my beautiful wife woke me from my crumpled state on the chair, slipped in to bed and we completed our Who experience, and our honeymoon. It doesn't get any fucking better!!

See ya at RAH (make it so Pete),
Love to all,
ozzie