

and survival of the fittest at work. All the way back in the seventies, advances in noise reduction had cassettes on the cusp of breaking through as a viable competitor, but the eight track was still entrenched as the format of choice.

I browsed the stack-o-tracks in earnest, but still found no sign of an album by my father. It also dawned on me that just knowing his name might not be the right approach. He could be using a band name or even a pseudonym, and discovering what that may be would require more snooping. I might have already passed him by without realizing it. It was even possible for him to have been discovered for his mimicry skills and be utilized exclusively as a backup or touring musician, in which case he wouldn't have a record of his own.

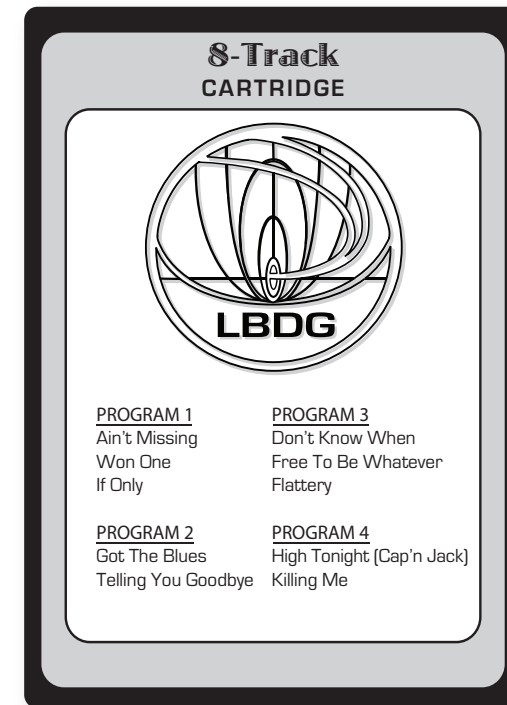
Discouraged, I headed for the exit to wander around and figure out my next plan of attack. Maybe the coffee house he used to play at would hold a clue. En route to the door I remembered I could exit any way I wanted and veered off through a bulletin board of promos, advertisements, and other announcements hanging near the eight track racks. Something caught my eye as I passed through, and the only way to find what I left behind was to double back again.

Exactly where my eyes had entered the wall was a poster featuring the logo from the hospital—the same logo that adorned the scrubs I'd been perpetually wanting to change out of. The poster advertised a concert at a local venue, headlined with:

***See Local Boy
author of the hit singles
WON ONE and IF ONLY
in his own backyard!***

Excited, I ran back to the eight tracks and scoured the 'L' section. Resting on top was one Local Boy album left unpurchased, entitled *Local Boy Done Good*. The simple cover included nothing more than the logo and the abbreviated title—LBDG.

The three slots immediately up above it were empty, allowing me a clear view of the track listings.



I could hardly believe it. The titles were a little bit off, but our songs remained the same. (Ok, maybe not *our* songs.) His inclusion of the acoustic Anthrax cover was hilarious. It was a well-timed bout of musical tourette's that put the song in my head, and then curiosity more than anything else that had me teach it to Dad in the first place. His treatment of it was so hauntingly beautiful it shouldn't have come as a surprise that it made the album and was one of the hit singles. I wondered if we could have done as well with Pantera or Megadeth.

According to the poster the concert was to be held that night at a venue called The Barnstormer. Based on a crude drawing and map, I was able to discern that this was the "barn" built on the site formerly occupied by the athletic field behind Dad's home. Now that I knew where to find him, I just needed to figure out what I was going to say.

I was perfectly willing to lay out all of my cards this time, and expected that I would have to. Even if I could convince Dad to break off the relationship with Nelson's Mom, I'd be crazy to expect him to immediately allow