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Enjoy the city by the light of the moon.

BY OLIVIA GUNN

ur group heads through the Old Port and down Commercial Street after a quick pregame on Meaghan's rooftop deck. A New Hampshire band, Best Not Broken, is set to open and we're hoping to make it before they go on, but as we pass Three Dollar Dewey's her voice surrounds us and the lights of the pier flash-"We're running with the shadows of the night...'

"She's on, she's on!" We pick up the pace, racing with Neil Giraldo's guitar and our own shadows of the night to Pat Benatar on Maine State Pier.

We arrive just in time to find the show's

sold out and the crowd is tightly packed, so the four of us grab the most expensive Shock Tops we've ever bought and make our way into the pack.

Since we're late, we won't be getting much closer than the food vendors-unless we want spilled beer down our pants-because none of the true Pat fans is trying to make room for four 20-somethings.

"Shadows of the Night" ends, and Benatar welcomes her fans, quite humble and a bit shocked we're all here in what she calls "freezing" weather. The fans love it, all laughing and cheering for themselves. A Mainer behind me cackles and nudges my

shoulder, saying, "Hell, I was in cutoffs and flip-flops earlier." We all cheers-to-that as Benatar goes into "All Fired Up."

With the moon hanging high above us and summer so sweet, "We Belong" strikes a chord and the moment becomes surreal. Two years ago, I was leaving college behind to start a whole new chapter, and now I'm rocking out with strangers on a pier in Portland.

Having been raised by a mother and aunts who truly thrived in the '80s with their big blonde hair, bangs for days, and acid-washed jeans, I'm overwhelmed by Benatar's girl power. She's a babe, and the fact she and Giraldo have been rocking and rolling





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together since 1979 is enough to blow any millennial's mind. "You know the best part?" Stephan shouts over "Hit Me With Your Best Shot." "They're getting paid to do what they'd be doing any Saturday night!" Cheers to that, and we're soon lost in another hit.

DRIVE-IN TO THE TIME MACHINE

We pull into the dirt lot with the tiny wooden ticket booth and a red neon sign above

the marquee: Pride's Corner. Fil, my forever-date, pays the 20 bucks and the Subaru makes its way back to 1953.

ld-fashioned radio stands mark the individual parking spots, and though we are an hour early, some families have already made camp. Blankets and pillows fill the

beds of trucks as moms try to balance everyone's hotdogs and dads scan the area, making sure they've got the best spot. Fil and I make our way to the front row, and he parks just so to get the perfect view.

Like most of the few remaining driveins, Pride's Corner has maintained its original snack bar, which, let's be honest, is basically the main attraction. While we did bring snacks from home, Fil and I walk over hand in hand and end up with burgers, sodas, and popcorn. Hollywood memorabilia lines the walls, and Andrew, the owner and Robert Plant look-alike, greets us at the register. Fil drops his film-school background, and a second later Andrew has brought out the entire *Mad Max* reel to show him he still screens film.

Looking around Pride's Corner, I'm not



only taken back to the Happy Days, but the days of sitting in the back of my own dad's truck with my mom and two brothers as we stuffed our faces with Twizzlers and popcorn waiting for The X-Files movie to start. My parents didn't have the money to take all three of us to the movie theaters, so my brothers and I would pile in the back of the Ford Ranger and cover ourselves with the blankets while my parents paid for two adults. I remember being terrified we'd be caught and never allowed back in, but every time we'd pull in between two other trucks, families of three, four, and five would pop up like fiddleheads from underneath the comforters in the pickups beside us.

The drive-in is a totally different experience than just seeing a movie. You're seeing a movie with every single person there. You're all in it together, hoping the rain holds off, scooting closer when the sun drops, and try-

halfway through the second feature.

Pride's Corner is one of the essential summer experiences, and for the sake of every eight-year-old out there, one I hope never, ever ends.



PROM PICNIC

friend has invited us to a real New England clambake—with a group of Western Kentucky grads. Right? But, after a Sunday of errands and packing for our impending move, dinner at someone else's home sounds like the perfect remedy.

We arrive at the East End apartment to find six or seven people hanging out on a back deck, Baxter Brewing Co. beers in hand, Sperrys on foot. I try to hide our sixpack of Blue Moon behind my dress, but it's snatched up by our friend Ben and taken to the fridge.

He returns quickly with hugs and intros. "This is my roommate, So-and-so. Over here is So-an-so II. Oh, have you met So-and-so III?"

Fil and I can't keep track, but everyone's nice and, for the most part, happy we stopped by their college reunion.



Thurs., June 25 BRET MICHAELS

Fri., June 26

BARENAKED LADIES with Violent Femmes & Colin Hay

Sat., Jun. 27 PETER FRAMPTON & Cheap Trick

Thurs., Jul. 16 KACEY MUSGRAVES

Fri., July 24
TEDESCHI TRUCKS Band with
Sharon Jones
& the Dap Kings

Sun., July 26 WEIRD AL YANKOVICH

Thurs., July 30 AMERICAN IDOL LIVE

> Fri., July 31 WEEZER

Sat., August 1 Comedian LOUIS BLACK

Sun., August 2 CHRISTINA PERRI & COLBIE CAILLAT

Fri., August 7
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Tues., August 18 GREGG ALLMAN

Thurs., August 20 COUNTING CROWS

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SUMMERGUIDE 2015 59



The sun is setting by the time Ben yells the steamers are ready and carries a giant pot over to the picnic table. He dumps it all on a platter, juices splashing everywhere.

At first everyone is a bit shy, but I snatch up a big clam, pop it open, and dip it in the butter. That seems to open the gates for everyone, else and before you know it, we're all in-clams, beers, and college stories.

After we've cleaned every shell and all feel the light buzz of drinking on a muggy night, someone suggests we take a walk on the Eastern Promenade to show the newcomers the view.

By this point, Fil and I have proven we can carry a conversation, know who the young fellow working as a "personal assistant in Kennebunkport" really works for, and can handle a nip of their communal moonshine: "Sure, I'll try some."

The group heads to the Prom, tossing a frisbee back and forth the entire way. I know, I know. I swear, this isn't a script.

The sun has dropped and it's getting harder to see, but I've found camaraderie with one of the girls who, it turns out, ac-





H.O.M.E.

Ken Bell (left), the impresario who brought us the Big Easy, has opened a new venue, the House of Music and Events (HOME) at 25 Temple Street. The focus is soul, jazz, and blues. "We're going to bring in national and regional acts while still honoring local artists," says Bell. "We're . starting a deli and opening a patio in July." The new venue is twice the size of the Big Easy, with a capacity for 290.

tually lives on a farm in Bangor, has kayaked the Mississippi, and lives in Florida half of the year. That's my kind of chick. She talks her concerns of being a "gypsy" forever and I assure her that there's nothing wrong with it, so long as she's happy. We're soon at the beach, and as she talks, I look to see Fil and Ben sitting at the edge of the water having what I assume is a similar discussion.

Ben has become one of our closest friends in the short amount of time we've known him, but he and his girlfriend will be moving to New Hampshire, his home state, in the coming months. It's disappointing, as we've been making plans all year, but one thing I've come to understand is that is that every story has an ending. That way, new stories can always begin.

TAKE ME OUT TO THE PARK

It's not summer until you've spent a cool evening at Hadlock Field downing \$3 hot dogs and Sea Dog Blueberry Ale.

Tonight, we're meeting our friend's new girl, so really I'll being seeing two games played this evening.

The four of us meet out front and hustle into the already crowded stadium. Families, friends, and couples pack the concession area, while kids in their baseball caps pulled down over their tiny heads weave in and out of the lines, hoping to catch a glimpse of Slugger. Or as the 10-year-olds and above would say, "The dude in the dog outfit." But, hey, we all know they still want a Slugger high-five.

The guys grab the beers, and we grab the dogs and fries before making our way up to our seats. We're right behind the batter, and even with the net, I still find myself flinching and ducking at every foul ball.

While everyone else talks stats, hits, and runs, I down the rest of the fries and sing along to "Sweet Caroline."

I've never been a sports fan, but tonight under the stars at Hadlock, I can understand what all the fuss is about. We're here as Portlanders, supporting our team, with what seems like the rest of the city. It's community, it's rooting for the same thing, it's baseball.



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