

## **Rain and Roller Coasters** A blog by Luke Sommer Glenn

music...

The other night we had all the fun and joy of emptying a 1-ton van, a pick up (spit) truck and an Expedition of all their contents... setting up the drums, lights, sound system, guitar and bass rigs... lasers, smoke and fog machines... Rock and Roll, Pickin' and Grinin', Boogie and Woogie. We were finally standing

wasn't predicted until



Life is a roller coaster ride of twists and and turns. ups and downs, bumps and sudden jerks. Just like the highs and lows of playing live

on stage... drums checked, axes slung. Ahh... What we live to do... Over 100 years of combined "doing it for the love of playing" between the three of us... happy to have the blessing and privilege of a gig... the Holy Grill that makes or breaks a band, the paying gig... (I know it's supposed to be "Grail" but I can't drink anything worthy of a chalice these days... but I can still eat a few things!) Then came the rain that 10:30PM, it wasn't on the radar when we started the 1.5 hour labor of love. At first the small crowd gathered for Sunday afternoon festivities stuck it out.

Steady Rain. The last of the hardcore party people finally gave in and headed inside... where, ironically, I had told the band the night before, we would be playing. What's that about goin' with your first instinct? As my Dad would point out I'm a dumbass.

I had even discussed it with my better half before I left the house. "Why the f\*\*k would you play outside? We talked about that" she would later bemoan (thought I was going to say bitch, didn't ya?)

But Mother Nature tricked me with her beautiful skies and comfortable humidity. Luckily, it wasn't one of those gusting wind and blowing the rain sideways like a summer "pop up" storm.

It lasted long enough to make puddles in the sand and float the cat poop the kids didn't dig up back to the surface. We rush to secure our equipment, unplug everything, causing a sudden "CLUNK/POP" in the speakers (which is preferable to moisture causing a short circuit with SPARKS SMOKE). We cover the speaker stacks with plastic...The rain drill, step one.

Over the years I've mother f\*\*\*ered, c\*\*k suckered, God-damned and generally called Mother Nature everything but mother. Ranting and raving like a crazed lunatic, it's a guy thing (though I have seen a few of our sweet sisters raising Hell).

I learned it from my father, just like the guitar. Yes, I am aware and I'm working on the issue...that's a whole 'nother story. Then I'm always sad and em-bareassed afterwords. F\*\*\*ing roller coaster, man...

Any band/ karaoke/ DJ will tell you they get paid for humping the gear, doing the show is the fun part, but packing it up is the worst.

Luke Somme Glenn is a local entertaine and Conch Character.



For more info: www.lukesommerglenn.com

(Especially when you're shit-faced and wondering who the hell actualy did the packing the next morning.)

From the high of playing for several hundred people to the angony of trying to dry wet, sandy cables and soggy equipment... the acrid smell of mold and mildew already overtaking the sweet smell of Mary Jane in the van...

I've always preferred in and out to up and down but such is life...

Peace and Love!



From the high of playing for several hundred people to the angony of trying to dry wet, sandy cables and soggy equipment... the acrid smell of mold and mildew already overtaking the sweet smell of Mary Jane in the van.

Stop by and see Tiffany!