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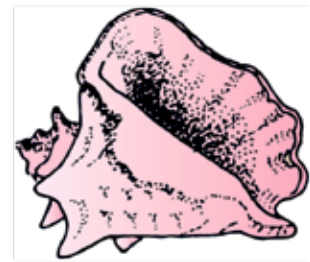
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EDITORIAL - Mucophagy

A person who eats their own boogers (nasal mucus) is said to be engaging in a behavior called mucophagy. While often seen as a childhood habit, studies indicate it is surprisingly common among adults as well, sometimes driven by curiosity, stress, or a perceived "tasty" quality.

Recently I was in a social situation in a crowded bar that serves food with some friends. As I glanced across room my eyes rested on a local man I know in his late 60's or early 70's. He caught my eye as he was voraciously rubbing his nose back and forth and up and down the length his index finger. Then to my amazement he looked down at the finger and licked it! Gross! Yuck! Disgusting! I mentioned it to a friend who explained that he had most likely just snorted cocaine which caused the itchy nose and he was licking the white powder residue off his finger

along with whatever slimy mucus and chunky green crap that had accumulated there as well. Eureka, that explains a lot! This same man was caught on camera stealing my money off the bar and when I reported it he (a large man) abused this senior citizen verbally and physically. While walking opposite ways in a hallway he deliberately shoved me into the wall.

I hate cocaine because over the years I have seen so many friends and acquaintances behave badly on it. They lie, cheat and steal for it. One guy had to have his nose operated on and then continued to snort the shit. Some lost everything they had. Some went to prison for selling it. Some died.

Nothing is as heartwarming and inspiring as someone who has successfully quit it and rebuilt their life. Cocaine Addiction Hotline 844-289-0879.

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That's How I Rolled Back Then -- A blog by Luke Sommer Glenn

I knew what I was giving up when I decided to follow my muse instead of the life that had been presented to me. The majority of my fellow musicians eventually acquiesced to the grind sooner or later.

I had already tried it the "proper" way and I kept getting laid off from electronics jobs due to lack of work. All of the recently laid off would gather at a local watering hole and put on a brave face.

Getting laid off the week before Xmas was a hard pill to swallow especially for the ladies that worked on the assembly line stuffing parts into printed circuit boards. There was no job security, I might as well be a musician...

I dated a church girl who had just graduated high school... I was 4 years older. Her dad decided I should forget about electronics and go to work for him at Union Carbide making rocket fuel for NASA. I couldn't stand the smell of the place when I drove by - his hands were all eaten up from chemicals - thanks, but no effing way.

I ushered her through her wild phase and just when they expected me to show up with an engagement ring, I walked in with a brand new Gibson guitar case. When I opened it up and showed them my shiny, black with gold hardware Les Paul Custom, it did not go well.

My mother expected me to marry a girl from the church. Church girls expected to be taken care of... a lot of them anyway. Today they call them trad(itional) wives.

Church chicks liked to get high and have fun, church girls got dropped off after

dinner and a PG rated movie with a goodnight peck on the cheek at 11PM on a Saturday night.

Time enough to go get a drink in town before the bars within city limits closed and the whole scene moved to the bar outside of the boundary that was open until 3AM. That's a whole 'nother story...

Like a lot of people in their early twenties, when I lost a girlfriend, I would stay with the folks. I always seemed to lose girlfriends every time I got laid off and only had weekend band money coming in, we got \$35-\$50 per night a piece back in those days.

Church chicks with their own place didn't allow broke-ass MFs to hang around with them and their child(ren). Lack of funds = lack of lovin'.

Mom always said that nothing good happens after 10 o'clock and that cATTin' around all night, playing music and doing, "I don't know what all," she would pontificate.

My mom lived in denial - as long as I showed up for church on Sunday, she didn't smell Saturday night's debauchery lingering on my person.

I was setting at the breakfast table when my Dad asked me, "What are you going to do now?"

I had already been laid off, recalled, laid off, recalled, laid off- I collected unemployment, was actively seeking gainful employment in my field of study...

At that precise moment, the phone rang. I got up and answered the phone that sat atop the piano in the living room.

The voice on the other

end was from a band I had jammed with at a jam night in Tampa at a big country joint on Hwy 301. They needed a singer and a picker and that was that.

There was no reason NOT to go or should I say, I had no reason to stay. It paid a lot better than the local gigs and it was six nights a week. Dad couldn't believe it. He was against it, with music just being a hobby and all, he thought I was putting him on. He gave me \$20 and said, "You'll be back tomorrow I expect." Mom was not happy at all. "You're going down the Devil's path," she lamented.

That band was short lived, all the other guys had pregnant girlfriends and had to "get real jobs," but it was too late for me, there was no going back to the daytime life for me. I had gotten a taste of the night life and decided it was the life for me. Playing music, adult beverages with party favors and girls...

The band had gotten a 5 night a week gig at the Straw Hat Club in beautiful Cape Canaveral. I wound up living with some strippers for a while before hooking up with the bartender and moving in with her.

The joke about, "What do you call a musician without a girlfriend?" "Homeless," is actually painfully accurate.

I miss living with the strippers. I would escort them to the nude beach, which was an hour drive, and they would go topless and wear string, butt floss bikini bottoms to create a "special" tan line as they were totally nude when they performed. Those girls made crazy money and they weren't really into drugs so they

Luke Sommer Glenn is a local entertainer and Conch Character.

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hooked me up with all the stuff dudes would give to them.

They liked having me around because my presence discouraged unwanted attention from their more rabid fans. They were into each other more than anything, I think, because the guys that chased them around were married or otherwise condescending and abusive.

I lived with a nice, young mother for a short time but it was platonic. When her kid started getting attached to me, she started to get attached as well and that's when I actually moved in with the barmaid. She was older with grown kids.

The band would move from house gig to house gig- we would be in Canaveral for a few months, Sanford for a few more then back to Canaveral, all over central Florida, so my roommate situation was fluid at best. Let's just say my name was never on the lease.

I enjoyed taking Thora-zine and shuffling up and down the beach with my Technics portable CD player and full sized, closed back headphones listening to Pink Floyd's Animals on CD...

Wow. I just realized I've lived in the Keys longer than anywhere else. Good thing I like the heat and humidity.

Peace and Love!

