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From the "That's Nasty" Files...
 A blog by Luke Sommer Glenn

I've stated many times that I don't enjoy doing solo shows as much as I enjoy band gigs. I have always preferred the camaraderie and security of having band-mates. I had never even considered the possibility of playing solo until that particular point in time when the entertainment industry went through a big change.

There had always been plenty of band gigs up until then but karaoke nights, jam nights, DJs as well as band in the box guys (a.k.a. one man bands) decimated the band scene and upset the pay scale. Bands are lucky to find work that pays decently on the weekends these days.

Reluctant to do the solo thing I took a gig driving a taxi cab on the off nights. Monday and Tuesday nights are usually the slowest nights of the week for hospitality businesses and they're definitely wasn't any gigs for the whole band.

During the slow-season, after spending 12 hours driving taxi from 4 PM until 4 AM, counting my money at the end of the night it came up to a grand total of eight dollars...

...I ordered an "in hole" pick up for my acoustic guitar as it was made in the 70's and didn't have any electronics in it. I put together a set list of songs that I felt reasonably comfortable with playing by

myself, I hoped it would work anyway.

I was advised not to play too much country music down here and to get "backing tracks" also known as a "band in the box". I didn't have the money to invest in a "box" so I did the best I could with what I had, a microphone, an acoustic guitar and a powered speaker.

I don't remember exactly how or when but I managed to get a gig at the old Smugglers Cove in Islamorada... there were only a handful of people there including a rather large woman with a pile of hot buffalo wings in front of her.

I quickly realized that the songs I had planned were not working out and I had to default to what I know best...old outlaw country like Waylon, Willie, Hank Jr., not that twangy shit as some people call it...and southern rock "gems" that the radio stations won't play...which was the music that I grew up playing for my friends around the campfire.

I never could be something I'm not and I'm not good at hiding what I am.

The big woman with wing sauce all over her face and hands like a two-year-old child, almost dropped her beer several times as her greasy hands couldn't keep a grip on the glass without a hand underneath for support. She seemed very friendly if not intoxicated and sang along to all my crusty old country classics like Walking the floor over you, Heartaches by the number, Luckenbach, Texas...

I have always tended to play with my eyes closed and I've missed out on a lot of



great things because of that. Displays of female anatomy that were wonderful to behold except for I was singing with my eyes closed... drummers and bass players always see the good stuff... as well as fights and other shit that can be distracting.

This is one of those times that I really wish my eyes were open because the large woman eating the pile of chicken wings was enamored with my beard saying, "I just LOVE your beard" and kept carrying on about it between songs.

I get into the next song and suddenly I feel a presence violating my personal space but before I can open my eyes, her greasy, chicken wing covered fingers with chunks of garlic are buried deep in my beard! The overwhelming smell, it was so intense! The grease was soaking into my beard, wicking up to my skin and making my whole face feel like it was soaked in hot chicken wing grease.

I had to fight my initial reaction which was to punch her right in the face and tell her to get the @\$#% off of me but I'm a professional and I finished the song as she waddled back to her table to shove a handful of fries into her mouth.

I took a break and retreated to the bathroom where I tried in vain to wash the grease and smell away using weak ass watered down hand soap and cold water as the hot water tap didn't work.

It took a month for that smell to finally wear out of my beard and nose. Not even a dog would lick my face with that spicy chicken wing smell... not to mention lighting up the wife in her sensitive areas.

And the big woman didn't even tip me after she fondled my beard and said I was "great"...I bet she says that to all the bands...

Peace and Love!
 —Luke

Luke Sommer Glenn is a local entertainer and Conch Character.

For more info:
www.lukesommerglenn.com