

Heard it through the Grapenuts



I'm sitting in my parents' kitchen reading a preview on an upcoming Iggy Pop concert. I gotta admire this guy, pushin' 50, still singing songs about teenage babes and composing power chord anthems with unprintable titles. On the other hand, I don't envy the old fart, it must be tough keepin' up with those kids when you're only a few tours away from the senior menu. Believe me, Iggy, I share in your Advil-relieved pain, I'm only a few wheezing steps behind on the chronological Stairmaster. It ain't bad, it just takes getting used to. In the past couple of years I've begun to notice that any road trip over 10 days wreaks havoc on my urinary tract, a long load out will kill any thought of post performance romance, and even old familiar phrases have taken on new meanings, such as:

"Sorry there's not more people at the gig, the paper screwed up the ad!"

1980 - The club owner hasn't been seen in three days. He's probably spent your ad money, along with the rent, doing drugs with a famous English rock star.

1996 - The club owner has just got back from co-dependency treatment in Tucson, and he's really beginning to understand why he shouldn't have let his (ex) wife and (ex) brother-in-law talk him into quitting a good job in sales and cashing in his life savings to

buy this frigging place.

"Can you guys play a variety of tunes at the reception?"

1980 - "Mack the Knife" for the parents. "Rock and Roll Hoochie Koo" for the kids.

1996 - "Casey Jones" for the parents. "Mack the Knife" for the kids who are into that "retro thing."

"You must be in the band!"

1980 - You're wearing black leather in the middle of August

1996 - You're the only 40-year-old in the

place with a shag.

"It's a partyin' place!"

1980 - The whole band gets drunk, the waitress table dances, they pass the hat and tip you an extra 300 bucks.

1996 - The doorman gets drunk and lets half the place in for free, the owner gets drunk and makes a pass at your wife, the drunk bartender keeps forgetting you're in the band and charges you for Cokes.

"The club has a P.A."

1980 - Two Peavey cabinets, an eight-channel mixer, two mikes that reek of beer and stale schnapps, two Vocal Master columns on milk crates for monitors.

1996 - The latest digital, unpronounceable 88-channel German soundboard, \$50,000 worth of speakers, and 3 monitor mixers. Unfortunately, the main soundman is working the White Zombie show and the assistant is still "getting used to" the system.

"We had a great time after the gig."

1980 - Somebody showed up with a case of Heineken and an 8-ball.

1996 - The All-Night Restaurant had a low-fat menu.

"Let's go back to my place."

1980 - A six to go, stop at the Burger King, sneak up the backsteps trying not to wake Aunt Sally, romance till the wee hours, busted in the hall next morning by Aunt Sally, flee down the backsteps in underwear.

1996 - Stop at Krogers for some Eggbeaters, breakfast to the strains of a Windham Hill sampler, a deep sigh followed by the confession, "My therapist and I have a contract that I won't engage in any casual sex before six months, but you can stay on the couch if you don't mind cats."

Welcome to the world of middle-aged rock & roll. We don't need no education, but god forbid we forget our Grapenuts! —**Rev. Billy C. Wirtz**