

I LIE FOR A LIVING

HOW DID I GET TO HERE TODAY?

It would be fantastic if I fucking knew how I survived the bullshit I put myself through the last 40 years! So let me indulge myself in looking back at MYSELF. This is a shame-filled exercise for a band dude who's heyday was in the 90's. A decade where even caring about yourself didn't align with a slacker mentality; who cares! Whatever! I'm a loser baby!

As a little kid I know I had plenty of toys, even the hot new cool ones! I do have a hard time remembering what they all were? Now I'm not sure if it's the length of time that's past or whether the trivial nature of them made most everything completely forgettable to me, but I'd be damned if I remember more than 3 or 4 of them. I know I liked this Spirograph set where you'd take a piece of paper with a Spirograph plastic piece and design a spiraled drawing with a pen. Even cooler if you had a multi color pen where you'd click the tiny color coded lever to change from blue to red to black and green even! Shit I had other toys, I know it, but nothing else mattered once I got those fucking drums that Christmas at 9 years old! This would be a quick chapter for me to write and you to read if i just boiled down my entire existence and eventual somewhat fully formed adult life to getting a drum set for Christmas as a child. It's the start and not far off if you want a "Big Bang" moment to point to but there's more than playing drums to blame for who I am today!

This exercise of looking at your past to discern an understanding of "who you are?" and why you're the person you are today is so self-centered to me that it feels embarrassingly gross. But... I kinda like feeling gross so let's keep going. Remember I'm writing about myself and that's going to lead me to try and "Church" things up to sound deep and profound. As I write more I'm finding out life doesn't really happen in monumental epiphanies. There are big moments of course, you get into college, your parents' divorce moves you to another city, you get a drum set for Christmas (wink wink) but those moments are the foundation of your life. You build on top of them, stacking first kisses and the first glimpses of adulation from your peers when you do something cool! Then blindly we fly off in the direction our forming brains find interest in. If you played football as a kid and we're good, you liked it more than someone who sucked at it. Plain facts, who wants to do something they're absolutely no good at? We all try certain things to see if we're good at those things when we're young, spurred on by a band you see on MTV or a football star on the box of Wheaties. Hey kick ass, you don't know until you try, but as you get older you zero in on the things you're good at and are interested in.

I liked music, then I wanted to play music. I picked drums from seeing my Uncle Sam's drums and I fucking lucked out and was pretty good. I may have had some natural talent or fixated until I was pretty good at playing... or most likely both! That kept me going as a teenager, I wanted to play drums in a band at first. So I found people to be in the band with me. Then I wanted to play in front of people, so I put together shows for the band and we did. And so on and so on.

Okay so myopic dumbass focused on playing drums. I stumbled through the pasture of flowers that is puberty, playing drums. I dealt with my parents divorce, playing drums. I figured out first loves and sex, playing drums. Now it got complicated when hormones, desires and playing drums collided. Although drums and being in a band seemed to help me out in that department! Girls either liked jocks or rockers in my town in the 80's. That's not to say I didn't try to play pee wee football, breaking some ribs early in that season sending me back to the basement to play the drums. So I was a Rocker. Geez a Rocker, ha! Well I wasn't completely punk rock, I liked a bunch then, I wasn't a metal head either but I liked a ton of that too. So let's just call me a "Rocker" in my teens and move on.

So being able to move in between the cliques of punks, jocks, drama geeks and dorks let me pick and choose the aspects that interested me from each set of classmates. This would be a skill I developed over years and years, I could hang out with almost anyone. So I still don't bat an eye at what people say or do when you get them by themselves. I'd take a little of this group's interests and moral codes and a little of that group's attitudes towards shit in life.

I was born in the early 70's so my formative years were colored by that in the 80's. Most of my family smoked weed and hey when in Rome right?

Ok I was caught at a Snowball High School dance smoking pot. I mean A LOT of pot, inside the high school cafeteria they held the dance in. It would be 1987 and everyone I was friends with smoked weed. We somewhat tried to hide it from the general "square" public. It wasn't legal but com'on, it was everywhere and easily at hand. I got caught, expelled for a week, read the riot act from my mom and grounded. Now sticking up for the sweet young lady that also got in trouble smoking a joint in the dance did get me laid for the first time! Weed was cool enough but I didn't really dig it all the time and by 15 years old I was over it as a pastime. So back to focusing on playing drums and starting a band!

In the end I stopped playing drums in a band but music is in your soul you find another way to assuage the need to be involved in music. I'd gone to a fly-by-night at best recording school after highschool. Where it didn't teach me much more than some folks will prey on the fact that someone else's passion can be their monetary scam, it did sit me down in a topnotch studio. I know that the first time they let me roll tape and record a band at that recording school made me

so excited I could fucking cry thinking about it right now, actually I am. That was 35 years ago and remembering it sets my brain on fire still to this day. (Audio dork alert: I still am not happy with the drum tone or my lack of understanding the gear to properly bring out the music the way I heard it in my head then! It's a sickness! Ha)

That was it then, I was going to always be involved in music. Truth be told, I've struggled in life quietly and not so quietly with my direction in life. I do know this I will always do something that involves this passion. God bless you music! You made me who I am and gave me almost everything I hold dear. Even when despite myself trying to erase me off this planet you were there and you saved my life!