

Nothing but a Good Time

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AT THE DRIVE-IN...*in the old man's Ford...behind the bushes...till I'm screaming for more...down the basement...lock the cellar door...and baby, Talk Dirty To Me.*"

A barrel-chested, steroid dependent security guard finally walked on stage and dragged the man off. Minutes earlier, C. C. Deville, the childish hyper guitarist for Poison, had run back onstage after the show had ended and started playing his guitar with such ferocity you could smell the smoke rising off his lightning quick fingertips. His body writhed all over the floor a la James Brown as he tore into a beautiful solo. Of course it was a solo—the show was over. Then, after nearly five minutes of unadulterated electric guitar ecstasy, he was dragged off by the security guard. But he still continued to play, even riding atop the guard's shoulders.

Staged? Most definitely. But the message still rang loud and clear, the same way my ears did for the next several hours. C. C. Deville—and metal—were here to stay.

"They call us problem child, we spend our lives on trial, we walk an endless mile, we are the Youth Gone Wild!"

Before Curt "buckshot" Cobain and his depraved horde of lamenting grunge boys raped and pillaged the music scene in the early 1990s, America was blessed

with the single greatest musical genre of all time—Glam Metal. That’s right, I said it. Glam Metal, that musical supernova born in the 1980s out of a bastard mix of spandex, leather, and colossal amounts of Aqua Net hair spray. Say what you will about their looks, but the music itself can’t be touched. There’s not a musician alive today who can touch the blistering guitar licks of Eddie Van Halen, the double bass fueled beats of Tommy Lee on drums, or the beautifully heartfelt lyrics of a Bon Jovi love song.

*I'll be there for you
 These five words I swear to you.
 When you breathe, I wanna be the air for you-
 I'll be there for you.
 I live and I'd die for you.
 I'd steal the sun from the sky for you.
 Words can't say what love can do.
 I'll be there for you.*

Regardless of who our President decides to share a stogie with next, we still live in what is by far the greatest nation in the free world. As such, we are endowed with certain Inalienable Rights. Among these rights are life, liberty, and the pursuit of music that rocks. Music is by design a vehicle of escape. It is supposed to take you away from the sometimes-bitter harshness of reality, not draw you closer to it. Even Mozart knew that.

When I listen to music, I don’t want to hear the latest political bullshit, and that goes to you, Sarah McLaughlin and Rage Against The Machine. If I want depressing politics, I’ll listen to the news, with its oftentimes conflicting and paranoid stories of anthrax and future terrorist attacks. If, on the other hand, I want to kick back, make the best of the situation I’m in, and listen to the finer points of sex, drugs, and rock ‘n’ roll, then I’ll pop in a CD from Poison...or Motley Crue...or Lita Ford, that quintessential ’80s rock goddess.

“I went to a party last Saturday night, I didn’t get laid, I got in a fight. Uh-huh. It ain’t no big thing.”

That’s right, Lita, it ain’t no big thing. (Now *please* Kiss Me Deadly.)

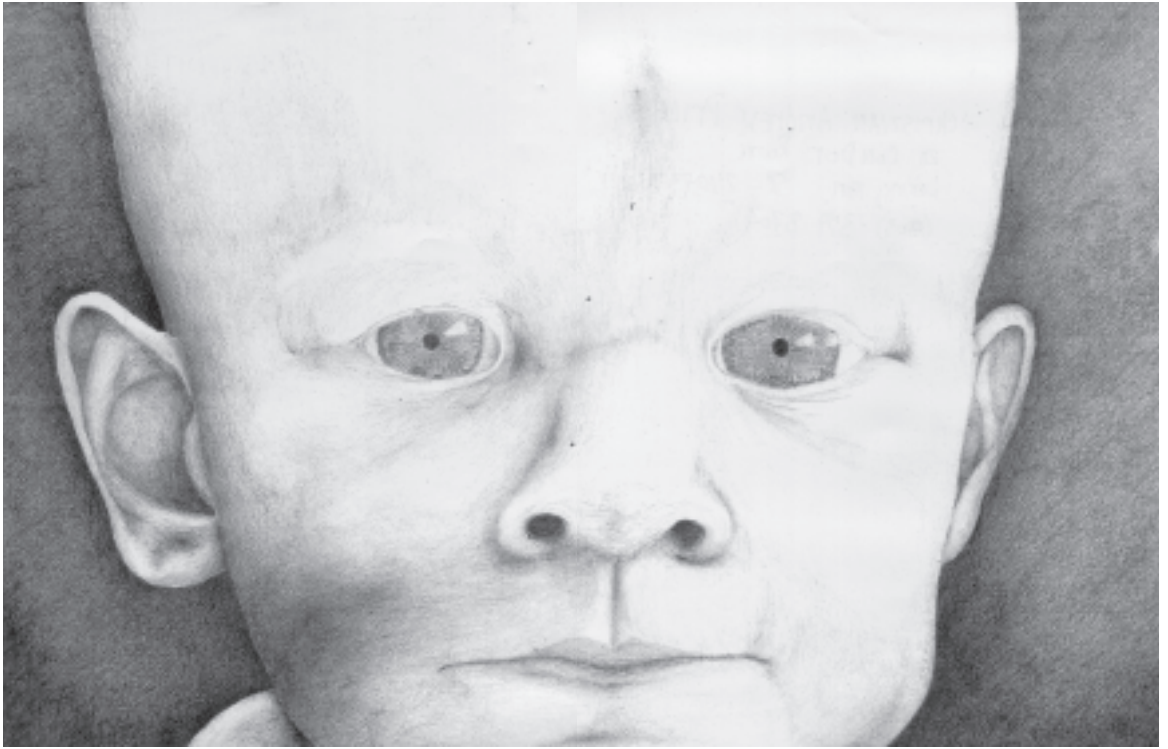
Well, at least I can say it wasn’t a big thing back in the ’80s. Love, loss, and

heartache came and went as often as the setting sun back then. But today...hell, today there's no telling what Limp Bizkit or Kid Rock would have to say on the topic. Nevertheless, I'd be willing to give you an unconditional, money-back guarantee that their answer won't be nearly as enlightening as the answer given to us from the boys in Firehouse back in that most excellent decade.

"I never thought you'd hurt me, I guess you live and learn, that when you're playing with fire you're bound to get burned...Baby, don't treat me bad...this could be the best thing that you ever had."

Perhaps in the not so distant future when us twenty-somethings are going through our requisite midlife crisis, our therapist will have the wisdom to prescribe large doses of Glam Metal, as opposed to the Prozac that will be necessary for the Nirvana Generation. I know the music honestly helps me when I'm down on life. After all, how can anyone possibly remain in a depressed state when listening to Warrant sing about the joys of that sweet cherry pie, or Cinderella crooning about their Gypsy Road?

Say what you will about their spandex, I'm going back to 1986.



CHRISTIAN PRICE