

No Rosie At All

Of all the bands in the world only a few succeed, maybe a couple of all the bands formed make it into the big league. The rest, like one of mine first projects survive a summer. It maybe the first time you tried to play at all. You got a newly bought guitar with a crappy amp and whole lot of attitude.

Hanging out in the guitar shops playing smoke on the water 666 times, big expectations & fucked up jeans. You may even started smoking and drinking thinking you got it.

Well this little story is a bit like that. Me and my best friend at the time wanted to start a band. He used to go sing rock songs when everybody else were singing Christmas carols between Christmas & New Years eve. Scaring little old ladies expecting something cute. So we knew he could sing and we were permitted to rehearse at his room in his parents house. There also were a legendary performance in elementary school ball. Actually being more Bon Scott than Bon Scott were. There were no sound proofing what so ever and the house lied right in the street right uphill from the centre of the world.

Parents were smiling and laughing a bit, but encouraging us as best they could. In the neighbour room his grandmother lived. They took care of her when she grew old. It could occur that before rehearsals we would go into her room and lift her all the way up close to the roof in her electric bed. She was floating a couple of millimetres from the roof. Perfectly normal. She also were our 1 roadie, lowering the bed & rolling her in after band practise. 90 + years old.

But this is actually about another incident. We got together a band with drums and bass & started rehearsing. And like many bands we started quite easy with Knocking On Heavens door. This was the one we could play and played it like 100 times or more. But we didn't know that we actually had listeners. Electric guitars and drums and bass goes easily through windows and walls. So after 100 + knocking on, it would be enough for most.

After rehearsing we sat down & in a little while we could hear some strange noise. A buzzing, no connection fuzz. What the fuck is making that noise. A rumble, disturbance. We looked out the window & his old neighbour were getting even with us with her stereo put on full noise through her bedroom window. She was furious, blowing up her Radio !

The other song we played was Whole Lot Of Rosie by AC/DC, but I can assure you there were no Whole Lot Of Rosie going on in the grandmothers bedroom & right next door from hell, right next door from hell, right next door from hell.....

So later in the evening when everything had settled down from the commotion we could hear the baby caller rumbling & an old woman's whiskey voice shouting out....Asshole !

