

## **Humor-Dear Bar Owner**

RadicalRed, 2018

Dear Bar Owner,

As musicians who get all the glory, we feel it's time to thank those whom we rely upon for the opportunity to showcase our talent and express our creative faculty to the local community. Because, as everyone knows, musicians don't really need the money. We do it all for beer and blow jobs. We're artists. We have no time for such trivialities as kids, mortgages, or car payments.

Some of the things we love:

When you send us home early and pro-rate our pay for the night when it's slow. This gives us a special thrill, since we know that you'll one day give us a big bonus when it's packed. Plus, by leaving early, we can now go watch our friends play at real bars and spend our night's wages.

When trying to book dates, we love when you ask us if we're "Sfree on Sthe 17th." "Sure, let us check our fucking calendar. Yeah, we're open that night. Oh "you meant of November. Of this year?

We also love when you say, "SWell, we might be doing something next month for Thursdays." "Yeah, we might also be doing something next month. Foreclosing.

One of our fave questions is, "SDo you have a following?" "Of course we do! We firmly believe club owners shouldn't have to concern themselves with such banalities as advertising. Or promotions. Or drink specials. The responsibility for attracting customers must fall solely with the band. We have no doubt whatsoever the people who saw us regularly at that bar in Dallas will charter a bus and trek up to Richardson to hear us play Smoke on the Water. Put your minds at rest, o' troubled bar proprietors.

Just a few of the things we'd like to thank you for:

For canceling us forty minutes prior to our arrival at your bar, because as everyone knows, babysitters are free, and frankly, we have nothing better to do on a Saturday night.

For replacing our four-piece band with the clove cigarette-smoking guy and his "129 Fender acoustic guitar, paisley button-down shirt and soul patch. There's a reason he works for fifty bucks.

For paying the exact same wage for a duo that you paid in 1986. So now, we have to work six jobs a week instead of four to make a living.

Thanks for not cashing your own checks. We realize how this complicates your accountant's life, and his happiness is all that matters.

And for having the house music set to the local oldies radio station, we salute you. We love following "Unchained Melody" with "Rock the Casbah."

For not having a stage. It's a real treat to stand on your wing sauce-saturated carpet. And being on the same level as your patrons makes it much easier for drunken assholes to approach us and fall into our equipment while spewing a three-foot stream of vomit onto the drum kit. Thank you.

Thanks for the track lighting above the stage. Makes us feel like rock stars. Especially when they're colored.

Also, thanks for the break on food and drinks. Fifty percent is such a gift. It's our distinct pleasure to shell out \$3.25 for a shot of Jack that costs you twenty-two cents. Grazie. Merci. Domo. Danke.

Thanks for hiring the three laid-off bus mechanics who threw a band together after the economy shit the bed and will now play for \$75 a man. Enjoy their ripping 11-minute rendition of "SCocaine," complete with 64-bar bass solo and fudged lyrics.

Thanks for canceling us on a Thursday night for the Browns-Lions game on NFL Network.

Thanks for putting TVs directly over our heads, so people can watch "SWorld's Scariest Videos" while we play. It's always a thrill to hear such expletives as "SWHOA!", "SHOLY FUCKING SHIT!" while navigating the soliloquy from "SNights in White Satin."

And let us not forget the bartenders, who listen to us all night without once clapping (if for no other reason than to induce the comatose people at the bar to clap).

And thanks so much for cutting off the jukebox 10 seconds into "Sweet Home Alabama," so that we can hear that collective "AWWWWWWW...." from the audience as we hit the stage. Most inspiring.

Thanks for waiting until you've served all drinks, lit every cigarette, wiped off the bar, stocked the coolers and done your side work before moping toward the cash register with the quickness of a tai chi instructor to give us our meager salary while muttering, âˆ’ SThey make as much as me, and only worked four fuckin' hours. âˆ’ •

Yes, it's a travesty, but most high-level universities no longer give out bartending scholarships. And please note that it took us slightly longer to learn our instrument than it took for you to make it through Billy Bob's Bartending School. And we doubt seriously that you sit at home practicing bartending in your spare time. So thanks for handing over the dough and shutting the [censored] up.

**[Submitted by Radical Red]**