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Fire, zombie kids and crappy sound conspire against Modest Mouse

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Photo by Piper Ferguson

The kids, they sure do love them some Modest Mouse. When Modest Mouse comes to town, the kids, well, they go crazy! Out come the trucker hats, terry-cloth wrist warmers and aviator glasses; tickets are purchased; dates called; shy giggles giggled. Then—finally!—the day arrives, and the kids, they spring out of their beds, do the I'm-a-gonna-see-Modest-Mouse-tonight! shuffle, and hit the road, eager to wait in line and maybe/hopefully/please-God-let-it-be-so! make out outside the bar.

And so I awoke last Thursday from my whiskey coma, wiped the sleep from my eyes, and jumped to my feet. *Dear me, can it be?* Modest Mouse plays tonight! At Detroit Bar! Detroit Bar, where our friends, both local—what up, Fielding?!—and not—hey ya, Moses Leroy—have played time and again!

Detroit Bar, home to my most beloved of color schemes and to Steve, the best bartender in all the land.

Yippee!

And so I arrived last Thursday night at Detroit Bar, where I was joined by my pals Russ and Marie, and by the kids, their trucker hats, and their dates' trucker hats as well. And boy, were we a-ready to a-rock!

Only first, a snafu with the pre-sale ticket line: "I'm sorry, but we can't let you in until everyone in your group is here," the little lady at the door informed us upon hearing that our friend Janine was stuck in traffic, showing no sign of sympathy for the hour we'd already waited in line—or for the fact that we'd now have to go to the back of the line and wait an hour more. Fortunately, Russ volunteered to hold our place with the kids while Marie and I sprinted across the street to Avalon for a round of raspberry beers.

"Mike!" I cried to My Friend the Bar Owner in between gulps of criminally sweet ale. "The little lady at Detroit wouldn't let me in!"

"Oh, honey!" he replied, "Doesn't she know who you are? You want me to take you guys over there? I can get you in no problem!"

Fearing a spectacle of epic, Do-You-Know-Who-My-Father-Is? proportions, I politely declined.

And so to Detroit Bar we returned, falling in line with Russ, Janine and the trucker hats, who were now making out with one another—the trucker hats, that is, not Russ and Janine—but that was okay, because we were going to see Modest Mouse! At Detroit Bar!

Inside, we listened as a bearded man sang a tale of star-crossed, blue-collar woe, repeatedly screaming, "The mother-in-law said, 'Bring me the dish washer's head!'" He was sort of funny. The