

The ghost in me...she really don't fade

On Thursday, Larry, Chris, his friend Stacey, Lisa and her husband, Joe, went to see the Psychedelic Furs (Yaz was the headlining band) at the Pacific Amphitheater. It was a beautiful night, perfect for sitting outside and taking in some nostalgia.

✖ When the first song began, Richard Butler came bouncing (seriously, bouncing) on to the stage and started to belt out, President Gas, I felt an overwhelming sense of dread. Like the feeling you get when your weird uncle has had too much wine and starts to talk about “the meaning of love” or “Bill O'Reily”—it's going to be a long night. Butler's voice was rough, I can only suspect from years of smoking and screeching out lyrics like “inside you the time moves and she don't fade the ghost in you she don't fade” (Ghost in you) with heartfelt passion.

It was awkward. I almost had to turn away? I held my breath. Then came the next song and the next and with each one, Butler's, zeal and downright perkiness began to charm me. He sounded better on the sweeter songs (Heaven and Sister Europe), more melodic. The concert just got better as the songs piled up.

Then it happened: I was lost for a moment during the song Heartbreak Beat. It was the breeze of a summer from my teen days blowing through the air. It wasn't a particular memory or person that came to mind—I was just there—1987. The melody and sound of a voice as familiar as a friends was lulling me into another time, briefly.

Then it was over.

Someone said something or I looked up to see an ad for some

product that didn't exist then or I looked down and saw my iPhone, something jolted me back. (Just like when Christopher Reeve saw that cursed penny in "Somewhere in Time." **deep sigh at the thought of that movie**)

The Furs were still good. They looked old, man did they ever look old. But taking a hard look at the audience, to be honest, we all have packed on the years. It was fun. I had worried that maybe the only redeeming thing a band like The Psychedelic Furs had to offer me was a link to my past—maybe that was it. But their music is enduring. It is still alive and meaningful.

I wish I could say the same for Yaz—yikes!