

EMPTYWHEEL BLOG LIVE

MUSIC II: ELECTRIC

BUGALOO

So, last weekend we did a live music discussion that turned out to be unexpectedly wildly popular. So, this weekend, we will do a related followup as to the concerts we have all been to. This was suggested by our Roving Reporter Rosalind and, trust me, she has some heavy experience with concerts.

So, here we go. What was your:

First concert you attended:

Stadium:

Arena:

Club:

When:

Favorite Concert:

Stadium:

Arena:

Club:

When:

Last concert you attended pre quarantine:

Stadium:

Arena:

Club:

When:

Bonus Question!

Concert/Artist you most want to see once quarantine is lifted:

Post music today is the Monkees with I'm Not Your Stepping Stone. And, yeah, that is one of my answers. Specifically the first concert I ever attended. It was on January 21, 1967, at the Veterans Memorial Coliseum in Phoenix. It was fine, but you could barely hear the music because of the crowd screaming (a problem with the Beatles first forays into the US too). I was a little kid, but the senior in high school across the street from us agreed to take me. It

was pretty fun. But there is a sad turn here too. My mother promised me a concert for my birthday. I really wanted to see The Doors, but they were not scheduled for Phoenix yet. The Monkees were, and I figured there would be time later to see the Doors, so I went to the Monkees. The Doors came the next year, I didn't get to go, and then Morrison died a couple of years later. I finally caught the Doors in college, but was just not the same without Morrison. Ah well, regrets I have a few.

Okay, you mopes know exactly what to do. Let's rip this joint.