

**Super Glue to Cure What Ails Ya: My First Experience at a House  
Concert; Knoxville, TN, 2007**

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I still have the scar on my left wrist. It constantly reminds me of that crisp spring night in 2007. I was 18 years old at the time, working as a manager at Mr. Gattis (a pizza buffet) and attending Roane State Community College in Oak Ridge, TN. One Friday afternoon, after my classes were done, two of my good friends, Rob and Kim, approached me in the lobby of the school. I could tell that something was up with the mischievous look in Rob's eyes.

“You free tonight?” he asked with a smile.

For once I was not working and it was the beginning of the weekend. I responded with an enthusiastic “Yes.” Kim then filled me in, explaining that the local band Senryu was playing a house concert tonight. The three of us had previously seen the band perform in downtown Knoxville at The Pilot Light and Java. We had enjoyed their shows tremendously so we made it a habit to go see them whenever they were playing. Senryu reminded me of The Pixies but with more synth thrown in, making it very easy to dance to their music. I was ready for another fun night.

The three of us went to the school's computer lab to obtain the exact location of the concert. Kim found Senryu's MySpace page (did I mention this was in 2007?) and Rob quickly wrote down the address on a tiny slip of paper before stuffing it in his pocket. Now, knowing where to go, we walked through the seemingly endless parking lot until we reached my blue-green 1990 Honda Accord. I sat down in the driver's seat while Kim took the front passenger seat and Rob scooted some junk over to make a place in the

backseat. I started the car and the electric seat belts buzzed over both mine and Kim's shoulders. All systems were ready to go.

It was when I was reaching the end of Pellissippi Parkway that Rob leaned up between the front seats in preparation to give directions. I was still somewhat unfamiliar with Knoxville, as I had grown up in the little dull town of Clinton, 20 miles away, which seemingly offered nothing of interest to anyone under the age of 70. I had only driven to Knoxville a few times at this point. Luckily, Rob made for a good GPS. He explained I was to take Interstate I40 and get off on the Kingston Pike exit. A couple of back roads later we reached our destination. The house was older, painted white with green trim. It was one of those little one-story box houses, among a sea of many more in a neighborhood that seemed eerily quiet for a Friday night. I parked on the street across from the house and we proceeded to walk up to the front door.

There was a big bouncer dude standing on the porch to welcome us.

“You guys over 21?”

We all looked at each other. Rob was 20, Kim was 19, and I was 18. We all responded with “no.” The Big Bouncer Dude seemed unfazed.

“That's alright, just put on these wrist bands so that if the cops show up we can say we didn't serve you any drinks.”

He handed us wristbands, similar to what you would receive at many other concerts. It was then that I noticed a huge aluminum keg sitting right next to him. The Big Bouncer Dude continued:

“We really don't care if you drink though. It's only five bucks for keg access.”

My eyes lit up like a small child's on Christmas morning. Without speaking, I

reached into my wallet and pulled out a five. I noticed that my friends had done the same. The Big Bouncer Dude then gave us all a red solo cup, which we immediately filled up. I knew it was illegal, but what the hell. I had been the perfect student and son for 18 years. It had only been after high school when I decided to cut loose and began experimenting with alcohol, among other things. While I was not very experienced with beer at the time, I was extremely adventurous and down for anything. Besides, there was no way I going to pass up my first opportunity to drink from a keg.

Inside there were a few people lingering around. A thin, well-groomed gentleman approached us from a small group of people as we made our way into a small kitchen.

“Hi, welcome guys! This is my home. Name's Tim,” he said with a smile.

The three of us awkwardly introduced ourselves. After an uncomfortable pause in conversation, Tim insisted on showing us around. We followed Tim from the kitchen and into the living room. Beautiful décor filled the interior of the house. At my feet, there was a large colorful patterned rug, which consumed much of the polished hardwood floor. Various abstract paintings covered the walls, with the left wall taken up entirely by a fish tank filled with exotic fish blankly swimming around. In the corner of the room there was a bust (really, who has a bust?) of a majestic older bearded man, staring proudly into nothing. It looked like something from ancient Greece. “Tim has style,” I remember thinking.

Tim had more than style. Before I knew it, Kim, Rob, Tim, and I were sitting in his bedroom laughing about nothing as the fume of flowers filled the air. I have no idea what we all talked about during that time. All I know is that I felt fantastic after leaving Tim's bedroom. After our little detour, Tim finally showed us to his basement before

leaving us to greet other people.

The show would not start for another hour, so we refilled our cups and went downstairs where the performance was to take place. I immediately noticed that the basement was unfinished, much like the downstairs at my parents' house in Clinton. Exposed reflective tubes used for ventilation covered the ceiling, along with thick wood boards to hold them in place. We decided to sit down in the corner on some old red seats, which looked to have come out of an automobile from the distant past.

Time flew by pretty quickly. Kim, Rob, and I talked amongst ourselves about music, movies, and many other things. As we conversed, Senryu began to set up their drums, amps, and various musical equipment. During the next hour, the small basement swelled with people to maximum capacity. There were easily over a hundred people in a space that couldn't have been any bigger than an average classroom. Finally, Senryu finished setting up and began to play. Rumbling drum rolls, dancing bass lines, erratic guitar riffs, and spacey sounds from the synthesizer transformed the crowd of people. Everyone began to dance and jump around uninhibited. Hell, I was even dancing and I have as much groove as a plank of wood. Maybe it was the beer.

About 5 songs in, as if the audience wasn't pumped up enough, the front man of the band ripped off his cloths revealing a speedo. Everyone cheered, and following the singer's lead, a massive man, who looked to be the size of grizzly bear, did the same revealing a tight pair of white underwear. It wasn't a slimming look. I hilariously watched this huge man dance around as if he was having a seizure, with his fat rolls jiggling to the beat of the music. He appeared to be intoxicated, though with what I don't know. The band continued to pump out one song after another as the sound waves from the music

shook the small house.

The large man seemed to get more and more entranced with the music as the night went on. I continued to “dance” (if that’s what you would want to call it) when I noticed that the enormous man had grabbed onto a wooden beam on the ceiling of the basement. He dangled from the beam and swung his body around frantically like an ape. As if he wasn’t obnoxious enough, he let out an animalistic scream, as the volume of the music rose like an ominous wave. The next thing I remember hearing was a thunderous crash.

Chunks of wood and ventilation had fallen everywhere. I looked down and saw a river of blood streaming from my left wrist. A wooden beam used to support the ventilation tubes had struck me. I stood there not doing anything, in a confused state, as people were rushing out of the basement. Dust still lingered in the air from the crash as I tried to piece together what had just happened. Kim and Rob quickly came over to my side to assess the damage. They slowly led me up the stairs exclaiming, “oh my god, oh my god!” Luckily, no one else was hurt.

Kim and Rob led me to the sink in the kitchen so I could wash out the deep cut. The bassist from the band came over to assist, while Tim ran to the bathroom to get first aid supplies. Tim quickly handed the first aid kit to the bassist, who was seemingly intent on playing doctor. We tried a simple band-aid at first but quickly realized that it would not cut it (pun intended). The bassist solemnly looked over at me.

“Looks like you are going to need stitches.”

The words caused me an extreme amount of distress. I would have to go to the hospital. Worse, that would mean that I would have to tell my parents. Nope, nope, nope. I was not going to do that. I looked back up at the bass player.

“Come on, there has to be something we can do” I pleaded desperately. He stood there for a second thinking. Finally, he responded.

“Well I do have some super glue. We could patch it up with that.”

This was the answer? Super glue? I was extremely hesitant but the bassist kept insisting that it would work. “Rock stars use it all the time,” he told me. How comforting. Rob and Kim were not much help, as they stood grimly not having any idea what to do either. As the blood continued to run down my arm, I knew that I was out of options.

“Do it,” I found myself saying.

Well, he did it. The bassist squeezed out a small amount of super glue that plopped gently into the deep cut as I nervously watched. Within a minute, the flow of blood stopped and I proceeded to put a band-aid on the now developing scab. Immediately afterward, the bassist, who was the very person who had convinced me to use the super glue, told me, “you shouldn't have done that.” His comment really irritated me, but thinking back on it now, I am sure that he was hammered drunk. People can be quiet persuasive when drinking in case you didn't know. At the very least he was right, it *did* technically work. The bleeding had stopped, and later the cut fully healed just fine, besides leaving a scar. Crisis averted.

The concert was over indefinitely at this point. However, Kim, Rob, and I continued to drink through the night, as we put the past events behind us. Later into the night, a guy, who nobody else knew, casually strolled into the house and briefly sat down on Tim's couch in the living room. This unknown visitor then proceeded to vomit all over Tim's beautifully colored rug. Tim was not pleased. After quickly shooing the still spewing stranger outside, Tim declared the party over and asked everyone to leave.

Luckily, Tim was a nice guy, and let the three of us crash at his place. The thought of driving back to Clinton while drunk did not seem like a bright idea. With the smell of vomit still lingering, Kim, Rob, and I slept in the living room.

After sleeping very uncomfortably through the night at Tim's, we finally made the journey back home in the morning. Upon arriving home, I quickly found an old sports wristband in my closet from my days of playing baseball. I strategically put it on before my parents could notice the bandage on my arm. For a whole week, I pretended that I was wearing the wristband as a “stylistic choice,” even though I have never worn anything like that for “style.” Thankfully, after a week the wound healed up enough so that it was not so obvious. It did leave a scar, however, insuring that I would never forget that night.

Kim, Rob, and I continued to hang out frequently for the next 3 years. This experience was only one of many adventures we had during that time. The three of us saw Senryu play a couple more times, but that night was the last and only time we saw them perform a house concert. Apparently the band is still around (even their Myspace page), though I haven't seen them since moving to Johnson City, TN in 2010. Rob ended up moving to Georgia for work around the same time, and over the years we slowly drifted apart. However, Kim and I still see each other frequently. Every day in fact. We now live together and have been dating since shortly after the unforgettable night filled with dancing, drinking, and super gluing.