

About Our Guitarist

His name is Floyd. He wanted to call himself Pink Floyd in celebration of the time he rented a boat and rowed across the lake in his swimming suit. He didn't take anything along to cover his skin. He turned pink and painful all over, with epsom-salt soaks and massive peeling, and all that.

I told him that name was taken, so he settled on Pink Flamingo. First, he wanted to say Pink Penguin, but we figured out he was actually talking about flamingos. We had a class for him, and he eventually understood the difference and adopted the name Pink Flamingo, though sometimes he forgets and calls himself Pink Penguin.

We usually can't find him when time to record comes up. Often, he goes to Florida, thinks he really is a flamingo and mixes with the herd out of the sandbars. We have to find him, lead him away, wash off all the feathers he's stuck on himself, talk to him a lot.

Maybe there's alcohol involved in there somewhere. I'm not sure. I thought I smelled some several times, but I wasn't sure. He kept his head turned away from me, acted like he was dragging his bill through the sand, the way flamingos do.

I think he misunderstood and drank a lot of epsom salt way back, or maybe he smoked some salts. I couldn't get a clear answer from him when I tried to find out what happened.

He played really good guitar in several practice sessions, but I couldn't afford to go to Florida a lot of times, looking for him. I would have given the effort up to meld him into what I was doing right away, but his price is right, something I could afford if he ever played for me and I had to pay him.

He says he'll show up, but usually he doesn't, and so far, every time he does, something goes wrong with his equipment, dead batteries in his guitar, broken plug for his amplifier, stuff like that, so I learned more guitar as fast as I could, and I mostly play my own guitar. It ain't professional, but it's what there is, what we can afford so far, so we'll go ahead with that for now....