

## How to check out

Bruce Van Dyke

May 11, 2017

OK, in this corner, packing the opinion the AHCA that just passed by the House positively sucks onions through a straw, we have the AARP, AMA, American Hospital Association, Families USA, American Nurses Association, American Academy of Pediatrics, Cato Institute, Americans for Prosperity, Tea Party Patriots, [MoveOn.org](http://MoveOn.org), and dozens more. And in this corner, telling us that the AHCA is just terrific and great and swell and don't worry, folks, this is so much better than that horrible, nasty old Obamacare, is President Dum Dum and Lyin' Ryan.

Who do you believe? And, yes, Amodei voted YES.

One of the great cool cats of jammin' jazz-rock, Colonel Bruce Hampton, just died on May 1, 2017. Not many folks out West know Hampton or his music, which is a shame because his band, the Aquarium Rescue Unit, was nothing less than extraordinary. But Hampton's swan song on May Day is what deserves a mention here, because it's a superb example of that great rarity—death as performance art.

Hampton was a fixture in Georgia, so it was all good that his 70th birthday bash was to take place at the hallowed Fox Theater in Atlanta. It was to be an evening of good times and great music, and indeed it was, with members of Widespread Panic, Leftover Salmon, the Allman Brothers, REM and Phish among the many luminaries and pals who showed up to play and party with Bruce. Predictably enough, the encore for this event was a superstar megajam of "Turn On Your Lovelight," guaranteed to send everybody home with a happy. So "Lovelight" is blazing away with Hampton on vocals, and he introduced a young guitar prodigy named Brandon Neiderauer to step up for a solo, and then, Bruce just sorta gently collapsed on stage, face down next to Brandon's feet. Everybody there, knowing Hampton was an incurable joker, assumed that he was just kinda screwing around as he laid there while Brandon rocked out. And, of course, he wasn't. A couple of *minutes* passed until someone finally figured it out—uh-oh.

By the time the ambulance got to the hospital, Hampton was DOA. But dayam, what a way to go, singing "Turn On Your Lovelight" until, as if on cue, his own lovelight—faded to black! Kuh-razy! And let's give the man some credit. I mean, his heart didn't blow up during the third song of the concert. No, Bruce coolly enough waited until the *encore* to depart his mortal vessel. Now *that's* a pro!