

Cat Scratch antibiotics

BY PETER JONES

Torrential rains or more Ted Nugent?

That's the choice I faced July 12 at the Ogden Theater.

Having e-interviewed Nugent for my LIFE Music column, I'd been given two tickets to see and hear the Motor City Madman's recent rare appearance in Capitol Hill.

Nugent is an experience, a showman ... perhaps a shaman for the hunting-hard rocking-politically-right-of Attila set. Frankly, he is an acquired taste, and a taste I have not particularly acquired.

While some artists come and go, change styles and reinvent themselves, Nugent, 62, has changed little since his mid-1970s heyday. He has traded his caveman attire for a hunter's cap, but what you see is still what you get.

This man still kills his meat with a gun and three chords of musical weaponry. He takes no prisoners, be they elk, eardrums or left-wing television pundits.

He tours all summer, he tells the audience. The rest of the year, he "kills shit."

He thanks a few veterans in the crowd, and then implicitly calls President Obama a quote "motherf!@\$%&."

Nugent also has an odd habit of referring to his decidedly hard-rock guitar style as "soul music." He name-drops James Brown at one point, seeming to imply that "Wango Tango" has followed in some kind of similarly soulful footsteps.

By the time, Nugent gets to "I Still Believe," his bombastic and simple-minded take on American life in the 21st century, I was ready to close out my tab.

My friend had an arrangement to meet a woman friend, but I didn't need an excuse of that or any magnitude. I wasn't offended by Nugent. There was nothing awful about the experience. I'd just rather go home and go to bed.

The only thing that stood between slumber and me was torrential rain and the fact that my car was parked about three and a half blocks away from the Ogden.

Better wet than Ted, as the saying goes.