

Live on 91.5 WMFO  
By Edward Glen

Here is some of the audio of our wonderful live session “On the Town with Mikey Dee.” on 91.5 WMFO Medford, recorded March 27th, 2024. Special thanks to Alexei Petrov, Mellow Max, and Joel the sound guy.

Bass, Lead Vocal, Guitar: Ian Downie  
Guitar, Backing Vocal: Isaiah Z Johnson  
Lead Guitar: Sam Eastman  
Drums: Patrick Curtin

1. A-Line (Live on WMFO)
2. May (Live on WMFO)
3. Lilly (Live on WMFO)
4. Down in the Gorge (Live on WMFO)
5. Drag Me (Live on WMFO)
6. Longfellow Bridge (Live on WMFO)

Since I’m going to upload this as a .pdf to the website, I have all this space to write something. I would be remiss if I didn’t mention that at the time of this recording, Edward Glen (more specifically, its leader) was going through an upheaval of place and priority, of love and loss, in many ways very similar to the largely imaginary binary that originally inspired Lightning, Asteroid. Though Edward Glen may leave Boston for some time, it’s very important to me to tell you all how much I’ve loved playing music these past few years. It has truly been the greatest thing I’ve done with my fledgeling adulthood so far, and I cannot - *cannot* - imagine life as a non-musician.

Not only have I been blessed with countless concentric rings of luck and love to be able to go on this adventure, I have also been blessed with an ever-expanding but vitally close group of friends and co-conspirators to do it with. I am in awe of the talents and the spirits that surround me, even as they manifest in my oldest friends. To play with these gentlemen (Easty, Juice, and Z), as well as my many other beautiful bandmates (Clover, Mean, Nic, Brendan, James, Hannah), is to be immersed in a spirit world where wonderful, individual, powerful people connect with me in this very precise, temporal, physical way, sharing a dream of sound in congress, birthing yet unseen complement into the world, vital from one moment to the next.

That singing-together of my songs is to me the greatest form of fraternal care. To see this thing I birthed, raw and screeching into the air; to see it held, cooed at, played with, and treated with loving care by a village of aunts and uncles, this is the proudest feeling in the world. You took my children, who had an undersung melody for a face, some chords for flesh, and you gave them the high, arched eyebrows of harmony. You gave them the lips of soaring solos and the feet of thunderous drums. You brought them up through basements and bars and took their smiling picture in recording studios. You scolded them when they dragged their feet, encouraged them when they doubted their lyrics. You asked what they were about and listened as they told you, like a flannel-clad thanksgiving nods and hugs a black-clad teenager. You held them in your arms and you showed them, proudly as you would your own, to hundreds of strangers. I will never forget this selfless love you’ve shown my creations. In a way, it is the most selfless love you ever could have shown me, and you did it without a second thought. I love you all, thanks so much.