

Rock junkie mom finds drummer is regular guy

By Tiffani Hill-Patterson

I'm a rock 'n' roll junkie; I can't imagine life without music. It's part of daily life.

While I'm cleaning house, I'll throw on Janet Jackson's "Rhythm Nation" and sing while I scrub the toilet. If I'm working out, The Cult and LL Cool J team up for a one-two punch for cardio and weights.

My grandmother introduced me to rock 'n' roll, particularly Elvis. At 84, she still has posters of The King on her wall. In high school in the '80s, I discovered Bon Jovi and lead singer Jon, the ultimate rock-star fantasy. Recently, I've added newcomers Daughtry, fronted by last year's "American Idol" rocker Chris Daughtry, to my all-star list.

In fact, I'll be rockin' out with Daughtry in Birmingham and Nashville next week. Because you never know when you might see a band member and need a conversation starter while waiting in line for the show, I did a little research and ended up getting in touch with drummer Joey Barnes. (He's more accessible than Chris.) A phone call led to the discovery that "rock stars" are just like regular people—they just have more fans.

Turns out Joey and I are kindred spirits. Get this: We both love chocolate ice cream. Isn't that crazy? And that's not all; he also loves music as much as, well, probably more than I do.

"I'm always singing, I'm always entertaining or something. Sometimes people get really perturbed," Joey says with a laugh. "Maybe it's part my insane love of music and maybe it's part ADD. I don't know."

Friends sometimes think I'm nuts, too, because I'm so into my music. I bought three copies of Daughtry's double platinum, chart-topping debut album (two CDs, one download). I have 136 Bon Jovi songs in iTunes, and come June 19 a whole new Bon Jovi album will be added. I have playlists for just about everything.

Although Joey is also into less mainstream artists like Imogen Heap and Magnet, we do share a similar taste in music. Bands from the 1980s like Duran Duran, U2 and The Police, and Harry Connick Jr. and the Beach Boys come to mind. U2's "With or Without You" is one song Joey wishes he'd written. Me? I wish I could just write a song, period.

Also, we both have a chameleon-like ability to change our appearance. Since November, Joey's been a blond, a brunet and nearly bald. I've been a brunette

with straight hair, hair in a ponytail and hair under a baseball cap. See the similarities? No?

Well, how about our penchant for crazy clothes. Ever seen a rocker in capris and pink-and-gray argyle socks? Or playing the drums in a Starbucks apron? The handsome free spirit pulls it off all while rocking the “guyliner.”

For me, it was leggings and miniskirts back in the day, the '80s. Motorcycle jacket with a dress? Boy, I was cool. No Guess jeans for me; I proudly wore my boy-cut Levi's. Although I'm a mom and a professional now, I still try to sneak in some funkiness with jewelry, silly T-shirts and a zebra-print dress worn over jeans. And I still rock the men's jeans, but now they're from Old Navy.

One last thing, and if this doesn't convince you, nothing will: We both shy away from the “rock star” lifestyle. As a married woman, I have no desire to hit the clubs, although an occasional concert is fun. Heck, I can barely make it to midnight most nights. And I certainly can't afford to destroy a hotel room.

Joey says, “I don't ever want to be a rock star. You have to divide fame and the art; it's like dividing church and state. You have to learn to separate the two because your fame will ruin your art.”

The guy who still buys CDs for the artwork and keeps his cash in his trusty old Duran Duran wallet adds, “The fans are the ones who put you where you are. And they make you who you are. They support you in what you love to do, and that's what everybody wants.”

See? Celebrities are just like regular people. We all just want to be able to do what we love and have people appreciate it.

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