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September 1982 Issue 21

KC PITCH

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Kansas City's Music and Entertainment Newspaper

MY DINNER WITH ANDRE

INSIDE



Andre in the Polish forest, in *My Dinner With Andre*, starring Andre Gregory and Wallace Shawn and directed by Louis Malle. It plays at the Bijou August 27 - September 23.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

by Donna Trussell

No spaceships, no blood, no sex, no one singing "Tomorrow" and no Texas chic—just Wallace Shawn, playwright, and Andre Gregory, theater dropout, sitting in a New York restaurant and talking about living their lives.

You start off in Wally's shoes. He's an artistic but realistic man riding the subway to meet a friend he hasn't seen in ten years. In a voice-over Wally says, "When I had known Andre, he'd been at the height of his career as a theater director. ... But then ... something had happened to Andre. No one knew quite what. He had dropped out of the theater. ... You would occasionally hear that he'd been seen following around at the heels of some Buddhist monk or else that someone had seen him at a party, and he'd been telling people that he'd talked to trees or something like that. ... The whole idea of meeting him made me very nervous."

After the two hours of dialogue that follow, one still doesn't know for sure if Andre is a visionary or is just a little crazy. One minute he's making some bizarre statement about a flag that makes people throw up because it has the devil in it, and the next minute he says something so piercingly true, it gives you chills. The viewer walks a fine line between skepticism and enchantment. In the end, no answers have been given, only questions raised. What *Annie Hall* and many other Woody Allen films did on the subject of romantic illusion, *My Dinner With Andre* does for artistic and spiritual pomposity.

Isn't it amazing how often a doctor will live up to our expectation of how a doctor should look, and when you see a terrorist on television he looks just like a terrorist? I mean, we live in a world in which fathers or single people or artists are all trying to live up to someone's fantasy of how a father or a single person or an artist should look and behave. And so everyone acts as if they know exactly how they ought to conduct themselves at every single moment, and they all seem totally self-confident. Of course, privately, people are very mixed up about themselves, you know, and don't know what they should be doing in their lives, and they're reading all these self-help books—

Andre Gregory, *My Dinner with Andre*. Reprinted by permission of Grove Press. ©1981 by Wallace Shawn and Andre Gregory.

To make this film it would almost appear that Wally and Andre just went to a restaurant and proceeded to chat, but that was not the case. In an interview with *The Boston Globe*, Andre said, "We worked for 18 months on the script and spent six months in rehearsal. Everyone thinks we just play ourselves but, if we just played ourselves, no one would come. We play characters ... characters who are insightful and stupid and warm and cold."

Despite the fact that *My Dinner With Andre* is based on actual, taped conversations between Wally and Andre, writing the screenplay was no easy task. In *LA Weekly*, Wally said of reading the 4,000 pages of transcripts, "It was just an incredibly dull chaos to me! Which was actually meaningless and had no structure that just leapt to mind at all! ... So in one way I sort of spend a lot of time just cataloguing, sort of like sentence by sentence, really — into categories, because certain things are in eight different subjects at the same time."

As to how much of the film is true, Andre is quoted in *LA Weekly* as saying, "There are only two fictions in the film: one is that we never had dinner together! We didn't have the money. We just had coffee and doughnuts. The other fiction was that he hadn't seen me in ten years. We saw each other all the time."

The script of *My Dinner With Andre* found its way into the hands of director Louis Malle (*Pretty Baby*, *Atlantic City*) when a mutual friend sent Malle the script without Wally's or Andre's knowledge. In *LA Weekly* Andre said, "Louis called me up, and I think he was

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Winfield

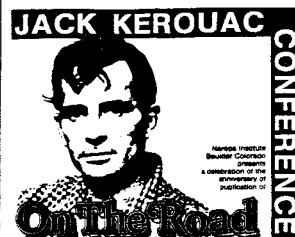
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Ida McBeth

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Abbie Hoffman & Whatever Became of the Beat Generation?

p. 4



Don't Be a Sheep

After several missed phone calls from London and L.A., I was finally able to connect with the Lords of the New Church in L.A., just before the beginning of their first American tour. The Lords consist of former Dead Boy member Stiv Bator (vocals), former member of The Damned, Brian James (guitar), Dave Tregunna (bass) and Nicky Turner (drums). The following is a conversation I had with Turner, who was the final addition to what promises to be one of the driving forces of rock in the 1980's — The Lords of the New Church. **Leroi**

LEROI: How did you end up getting with the band? It says here that they just found you in a club.

NICKY: I was running a psychedelic club in London and I was playing in a band called The Barracudas and they asked me if I would mind coming down to drum. There was some gig in Paris. We used to play three numbers and fly first class to Paris — champagne all the way. We said, if the Barracudas can do it, why can't we do it. We had to learn three numbers. So we went over there and did it, and had a ball.

LEROI: Well that's great. I think you guys work together real well.

NICKY: Yeah? Well, I'm quite surprised. It evolved quite nicely.

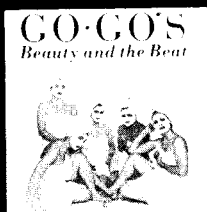
LEROI: It says here that you all produced the record. Do you get pretty involved in that?

NICKY: Yes, of course. We had a good engineer and he'd get the sounds, but we had a few fights. All that tension opened our eyes, actually. That tension leads to

(continued on page 3)



GO-GOS



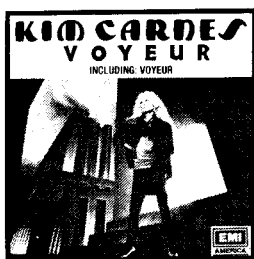
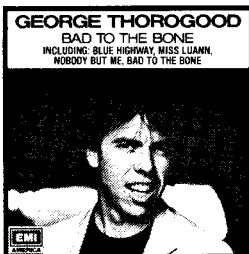
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LETTERS

Here today, gone to Maui

Dear KC Pitch,

Hi guys. As you can see from my letter, I moved to Hawaii. I'm nursing here, doing Community Health. I drive around to houses of people that are homebound and do all that nurse jazz to them.

I have few worries here except that the first Monday of every month a test siren goes off. It's the official tidal wave siren—you can hear it all over the island. If you hear it any other time than that first Monday, then you're supposed to drive up to the mountains. My only concern is that a tidal wave will come on some first Monday. I asked one of the local people here about that. "What are we supposed to do if a tidal wave decides to come some Monday?" He looked at me like I was really stupid or something and said, "Well, then we would change the test siren to another day, like Thursday or Friday."

Yeah, I didn't really understand that rationale much either. You'd think tidal waves have their own little calendar on their walls, with a recipe of the month and dates circled in red.

Love,

Margaret

Waitress smashed?

Dear KC Pitch,

Well, the first few songs of the Marshall Crenshaw show were great. When my girlfriend and I went downstairs for a better view, though there was no place to sit, due to overselling the floor. Consequently, we stood against a rear wall only to be hassled repeatedly by a security goon complaining that we were blocking the waitresses' movement.

After a couple of incidents like this we left. I won't be back to the Uptown again if I can help it. But with booking policies like theirs, that won't be much of a hardship.

Rick Hellman

ET and Michangelo.

Dear Donna Trussell,

I read your review of E.T. in the Pitch and would like to respond to your review. You seemed to say the film was lacking in substance. Nothing more than a Lassie Come Home type of film. In your boxed-in quote in the middle of your article there was Spielberg's comment about how the movie was also about the human condition. You didn't mention what you thought that was and I wondered if you saw any at all in E.T. I think there was. While the film was on one level about the boy finding the spaceman and helping him back to the spaceship I thought it also had a philosophical cor-

ment.

In many philosophical, religious and artistic works the human situation is seen as the soul coming or falling into this world and needing to find a way to get through this world so it may get "home" (heaven, nirvana, etc.). I saw the creature E.T. as being like this. His having telepathy with Elliot is as a soul occupying a human body.

In psychology as in some religions, self realization is the main goal: to see your potential divinity. To become aware of your feelings and emotions and to learn to express them clearly is psychology's main goal. E.T. displayed his emotions directly (fear, anxiety, happiness) and were transmitted to Elliot just as our feelings are transmitted from our unconscious core to our superego + ego. Also in some works the key to making it through life is to become aware of a higher intelligence that can help you see and feel clearly. Spielberg doesn't call them Jews or Krishna and so on—just the extra terrestrial. That's what I thought E.T. raising his lit finger (the healing finger) to Elliot's face and saying "I'll be right here," near the end, meant. Like Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel painting. As for your comment that women were reduced to just reacting to males' actions I didn't see it that way. Elliot's sister taught E.T. how to talk all on her own. I think Spielberg made fun of how we live in silly strict male-female roles by having Elliot's sister dress up E.T. in girls' clothes. Elliot's disgusted reaction to this and how he immediately decided E.T. was a "he" showed how role playing gets in us early in life.

Thanks for your time,

Steve Duff

P.S. What makes you want to do movie reviews?

Dear Steve:

I like doing movie reviews because, believe it or not, I love film. That may be hard to believe since I'm so harsh on movies, but feared New York critic John Simon said the same thing about theater—he's very critical of it because he loves it and he thinks there is a huge potential for greatness there. He's painfully aware when theater doesn't live up to that potential. I feel the same way about most films I see.

Thanks for sharing your interpretation of E.T. with us.

I printed together the two Spielberg quotes about E.T. being "an exploration into my suburban roots" and also being "about the total human condition" because I felt the statements were contradictory and that the latter one was somewhat pompous. Here's a 35-year-old man who's practically saying, "Move over, Shakespeare."

—Donna Trussell

LORDS & LEROI, continued

(continued from page 1)
something good in the end.

LEROI: For a first time production for you guys, I was real impressed. A lot of times people want too much in there. You guys seem to keep it with the guitars and your back beat and not try to put a lot of fancy things in.

NICKY: We had only two weeks to do it, so it was quite an intense two weeks with a lot of energies coming out of it.

LEROI: Your playing and Brian's is — I would hate to say raw, but it's almost unrehearsed enough that it sounds like the first time you've played it and it's exciting to you.

NICKY: Good. We wanted the album to sound fresh. Half of the album we wrote in the studio anyway, so it was fresh. We didn't know what the hell we were going to do when we went in there. It just evolved naturally, which was great.

LEROI: The song "Open Your Eyes" — I don't know what it is about it, but to me it has a feeling of a Doors type of song.

NICKY: Funny you should say that.

LEROI: Was that on purpose?

NICKY: No, no, no — of course it wasn't. (Laughs) We really like the Doors. I really admire them. When we were in Paris, we went to Morrison's grave and all that. I think our music just came out that way because I've been getting into the Doors quite a lot — *American Prayer* and things like that.

LEROI: He was quite a charismatic —

NICKY: I just read Morrison's biography. *No One Gets Out of Here Alive*.

LEROI: On "Shut Up and Sit Down" ("Eat Your Heart Out"), to me, it doesn't express a real high opinion of women. Is that a general feeling or what?

Listen. A black ride on Rodeo Drive in your [designer] jeans. You know it's nice when it's like ice. When it's sucked so dry. Chelsea girl in romantic frills. Make sure that you're seen. Freudian slips on suburban hips. I'm gonna make you cry. Your TV set just fades away 'cause some kinda static like me. Your Daddy ain't nowhere around. He ain't paying your bills. Skeletons are coming all down from the attic for tea. You doktor ain't nowhere around. He ain't curing your ills. Get your girlfriend to make it three. We gotta keep it clean. Play it safe in your private room. Outta magazines. You think you put the X in sex, ah honey, you're so mean. You think you're sick — you know you're so sick. You don't need vaseline.

Shut up and sit down. Rich bitch — eat your heart out.

"Eat Your Heart Out"
by Stiv Bator and
Brian James

NICKY: It's not directed at women in general. It's for one woman, and well we know her. She's a bit above herself. It's one of Stiv's licks — his token punk.



The Lords of the New Church. Left to right: James (guitar, backing vocals), Bator (vocals), Turner (drums, backing vocals) and Tregunna (bass, backing vocals).

LEROI: I think it's great though. I've used it a couple of times already.

NICKY: Good. Good. Keep them in line.

LEROI: Stiv seems to have matured in his singing.

NICKY: Yeah, I think he's matured in everything. I don't think he has that obnoxious punk style he once had. He's been living in London a few years. He's had time to sit back a bit, away from all the press and all the hangers-on and things. He's not coming back to America to live. He'll be living in London for the rest of his life. He likes it very much.

LEROI: That's hard on taxes, isn't it?

NICKY: Well, we haven't really had to worry about taxes yet.

LEROI: Well, let's hope you do, though.

NICKY: It would be nice.

LEROI: Where did the name Lords of the New Church come from?

NICKY: Well, it's from various ideas. The first idea is the way that rock and roll has replaced religious pursuits. If you ask anyone who they really admire and respect, they'll probably say Sting or someone. Our whole philosophy behind the band is that we're anti-organized anything — corporations, organized religion, anything like that. So it was like creating an alternative, but without preaching to people and saying, "Oh, you must join us." It's just like telling each individual person that they can make up their own minds about things, to gather as much information as possible and not to be led by anyone. Anyway, that's where the title came from — you should be your own Lord, of your church, your own religion. Do it yourself. Don't be a sheep and follow what people say.

LEROI: That's a great concept. That hits me a lot deeper than what's on the surface.

NICKY: Well, we're a bunch of idealists. Somebody wrote somewhere, what did they

Rock

say? That we were Marxists, something like that. That was crazy. In England, we'd just laugh at that. No, we're just saying you should be aware of all the things going on around you. It's a conspiracy in this band.

Somebody wrote somewhere, what did they say? That we were Marxists, something like that. That was crazy. In England, we'd just laugh at that. No, we're just saying you should be aware of all the things going on around you. It's a conspiracy in this band. We're trying to make people aware of how much their lives are controlled.

We're trying to make people aware of how much their lives are controlled.

LEROI: I noticed you have a lot of digs at TV and nuclear holocaust.

NICKY: The media and the government don't tell you what they should be telling you. They tell you exactly what they want to release to you.

LEROI: I'm real impressed with the writing on your album. You said you wrote much of it in the studio, but to me, a lot of thought went into it. It doesn't seem like something you just threw together.

NICKY: But there again, isn't it weird that it did come together? I should say, "Yes, we must do this. When we get to the studio, we

must do that." It's something that just evolved. We'd all been reading various books and had ideas about songs and what we wanted to say with the band. A lot of thought did go into it. Yeah.

LEROI: It must feel good to have a band that falls together so well. To me, it sounds like you guys have been playing together forever. You seem to know what each other's going to do.

NICKY: This is the best band I've ever been in. It just feels so good and so right. We just bounce ideas off each other all the time. The rest of the guys in the band say that as well. It just feels so right, this band.

LEROI: Do you like working for IRS?

NICKY: No. They're a bunch of _____. (Laughs) No, they're all right, they're good. I'm quite impressed with them actually.

LEROI: I was glad you guys got on IRS because they're pushing a lot of acts that aren't getting a chance. If you were on a major label like CBS, you might just get lost in the shuffle, like a lot of good bands do.

NICKY: They seem to be putting a lot of attention on us. It's really working out for the band. You're in Kansas City, aren't you? Are we playing anywhere near there?

LEROI: I don't know yet. They're still trying to figure it out. You were and then you weren't and now — I don't know exactly. I'm working on this end to try and bring you. How long is your tour going to be?

NICKY: I think we're going to be here about two and a half months.

LEROI: That's quite a long time.

NICKY: Quite a long time, yes. Actually I'm feeling quite homesick already. I'm phoning my girlfriend every half hour.

LEROI: You should have brought her with you.

NICKY: Well, it's very hard on tour really, because there's so much waiting around. It's very difficult to have girls on tour.

LEROI: Any place you'd like to see in particular?

NICKY: I'd just like to have a chance to relax. I want to go to Nashville and Memphis. I want to shoot the rapids on the Colorado River. I want to go surfing at Malibu — do all the Beach Boy stuff, you know. Pretend I'm Jan and Dean for the day.

Shake and Push: The Morrells

A special Shake and Push Award is in order for those who originated that now classic music style. For those 500 or so lucky people who obtained a copy of *Don't Blame the Symptoms*, the first album by The Symptoms, the band that later became the Morrells, it's been a long four year wait for the next piece of 12" vinyl from Springfield's finest. I still don't know the title or the release date, but I did hear a tape of The Morrells' new record and I was very impressed. The Morrells show a new maturity in the studio.

There will be fourteen Morrell classics including my favorite, "Big Guitar."

Get one quick — they're sure to go fast.



The Lords of the New Church

available at all better record stores 

On the Road and Then Some with Jack Kerouac, Abbie Hoffman AMERICA'S NERVOUS BR



Ken Kesey

Allen Ginsberg

Photo Courtesy of Chuck Reynolds, Contrast Magazine
Lawrence Ferlinghetti

Abbie Hoffman stood up and said, "The country has been going through a nervous breakdown since 1945. The image for white, bourgeois, middle class society has always been to stay out of the street. There's blacks in the streets. There's bums in the streets. When you're out of work you're in the street. So there is a great urge to keep everybody indoors. ... We're taught that the street is a place where we harbor our anxieties and fears." Hoffman smiled and added, "The street was where all the fun was. We were dancin' in the streets in the sixties. My general message is: take it to the streets, to the roads, to the valleys, to the burbs."

Later Hoffman gave some advice to the kids at business college and apathetic souls looking forward to economic security: "For

"For all you people who are selling out, I've got news for you—the sale is over."

—Abbie Hoffman

all you people who are selling out, I've got news for you—the sale is over."

For some it was like a high school reunion. Ginsberg, Corso, Burroughs, Carolyn Cassady, Ferlinghetti, McClure, John Holmes, Orlovsky, Carl Solomon and others from the beat generation met to exchange views at a conference that marked the silver anniversary of the publication of Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*, the novel of the fif-

ties' artistic and cultural revolution, reverberating even through this decade. Also present were key figures from the 60's and 70's, such as Abbie Hoffman, Ken Babbs, Anne Waldman and Ken Kesey.

Some of the 300 to 1000 people that gathered daily between July 23 and August 1 at the Naropa Institute in Boulder, Colorado came to study Kerouac's life and texts. Others came to see how these key figures from decades past are influencing the future. Some were there because they had come to see the Grateful Dead at Red Rocks, had perhaps read *On the Road* or *The Electric Kool Aid Acid Test* and just wanted to check it out. Journalists from *The Washington Post*, *The Rolling Stone*, National Public Radio, several European newspapers, and the *KC Pitch* were on hand at this culturally historic meeting of the minds.

At the Jack Kerouac Conference there was something for everybody. There were panel discussions such as "Censorship and the Beat Generation," "Kerouac and Women," "Recollections and Gossip" and "Impact and Influence of Jack Kerouac on American Literature." There were writers' workshops with Corso, Burroughs, Holmes, Waldman, Orlovsky, Ginsberg and others. There were lectures such as "Jack and Jazz" and "Kerouac's Childhood." Presentations ranged from the opening night panel discussion, "Political Fallout of the Beat Generation," which included Burroughs, Ginsberg, Hoffman, Tim Leary and Paul Krassner, to

Abbie Hoffman's talk, "How the 50's, 60's and 70's Led to the 80's." Hoffman said that he could be here till the 90's trying to explain it all.

David Amran, composer and ethnomusicologist who records on Flying Fish records, gave a concert during which Ginsberg got up and sang poems. Always present was a man reading from Kerouac's *Mexico City Blues*, and down on the mall there was a continuous reading of *On the Road*.

Abbie Hoffman on Kerouac's Vision of the Road

His road was different from what mainstream America was talking about. You know when Dinah Shore sang "See the USA in a Chevrolet" she was talking about a different America.

The Beats hit me like a thunderbolt. Howl was my call to arms. I remember my stuffy old English teacher, who's still a stuffy old English teacher, had a

course in contemporary literature. Of course there was Henry James, among others, and someone asked about the Beats. He said, "Oh my god, the Beats! They're foul mouthed and they don't have any relevance and they don't take baths. All they talk about is filth and sex and dope." Of course we immediately ran out and bought every little City Lights book we could get our hands on. So I owe it all to that teacher whose course I probably flunked.

—Abbie Hoffman

While attending the conference, I realized that there is an entire new generation who never heard of Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg or even Viet Nam. When I was hitchhiking to the conference one day, I was picked up by an 18-year-old who confidently told me that the only big demonstration on a college campus in the 60's was at Kent State and it was for the right to do drugs. I was shocked. That stuff only happened 17 years

and others on:

EAKDOWN

By
Barry Bernstein
and Dwight Frizzell

our potential for working together to solve the problems.

ago. How did it stay out of history books?

At a press conference Ginsberg said, "Found generation, lost generation, beat generation... Who was lost? We are looking for the found generation—finding ourselves to avoid a nuclear disaster." Above the gloom of our past 40 year history, the Kerouac conference established the hope for a better future (or at least a future) because of our awareness of the world's situation and

All sessions at the conference were recorded by Wind Over The Water Productions, 1135 Pearl St., Suite 7, Boulder, CO 80302. For information about Naropa, write to Naropa Institute, 1111 Pearl St., Boulder, CO 80302.

Jack Kerouac on Bop and the Road

Bop began one afternoon out on the sidewalk—maybe 1939, 1940. Dizzy, Charlie or Thelonius was walkin' down the street past a men's clothing store on south Main Street in LA, and out from the loud speaker they suddenly hear a wild mistake in jazz that had only been heard inside their own imaginary heads. A new art. Bop.

The name derives from an accident. America was named after an Italian explorer, not an Indian king.

Lionel Hampton had put out a record called "Hey Bop A Rebob" and everybody would yell it. Lionel would jump in the audience and wail. Everybody was sweating and clapping. On stage the drummer was bashing and booming. The whole theater rocked. Everybody looked around and it happened. The bird flew in.

On the streets thousands of tight, new hep cats in red shirts and sun goggles and strange, queer looking cowboys from the West with boots and belts. The girls began to disappear from the streets. You no longer saw, as in the '30s, the wrangler walkin' with his doll down main street. Now he was alone. Rebob Bop.

The girls would leave the guys to go off and become middle class models or something, and Dizzy, Charlie and Thelonius, as they walked down the street, heard a strange sound. It was half Lester Young, half rainy fog that had that chest shivering excitement of shack or track or empty lot or something vast like a tiger's head on a wooden fence raving, "No school, Saturday morning dump yards, hey."

Thelonius introduced the wooden off-key note—everybody's warm up note. The evening starts. Jam rolls, later.

10 PM bar in the hotel next door from Minton's: two visitors, some from Columbia, some from nowhere, some from ships, some from the Army, Air Force, Marines, some

from Europe. The strange note makes the trumpeter lift an eyebrow. Dizzy gets surprised, puts the trumpet to his lips and lets the trumpet blow a slow wet blurrmm.

"Heeeee hiiiiii," laughs Charlie Parker, bending down to slap his ankle. He puts his alto to his mouth and says, "Didn't I tell you," with jagged notes, something eloquent like great poets in foreign languages singing in foreign countries with lyrics. No one understands because the language isn't the language of the land yet. Like 12th century



monks high in winter bell towers, wild eyes, we're listening to their own wild sounds which was heralding a new age of music that would eventually require symphonies, schools, centuries of technique, declines and falls of masters, right styles.

—from a recording of Jack Kerouac, presented at the conference by Sam Charters

conference participants

DAVID AMRAM performed jazz-poetry readings with Jack Kerouac in the 1950s. Composer, conductor, instrumentalist, known as a "renaissance man of American music," he is equally at home in jazz clubs, concert halls and folk festivals.

KEN BABBS, Oregon author and lecturer, pal of Neal Cassady, Merry Prankster of Tom Wolfe's *Electric Kool Aid Acid Test*, editor of *Spit In The Ocean*, graduate of Stanford Writing Program, marine helicopter pilot.

TED BERRIGAN's major body of poems is collected in *So Going Around Cities*. Founder of "C" Magazine, a central figure in the "New York School," he has taught and lectured at Yale, Michigan, Iowa Writer's Workshop, University of Essex, S.U.N.Y. at Buffalo and Naropa Institute. He conducted Kerouac's important *Paris Review* interview.

WILLIAM BURROUGHS, the internationally respected author of *Junkie*, *Naked Lunch*, *The Soft Machine*, *Nova Express*, *The Wild Boys* and *Cities of the Red Night*, had taught at Naropa for many years. He is completing *Place of Dead Roads*, the second volume in a projected trilogy. An elder friend of Kerouac, he is the eminence grise [one of the steps in a flight of stairs] of the Beat Generation.

CAROLYN CASSADY, author of the autobiographical *Heart Beat*, hosted, with husband Neal Cassady, Kerouac's West Coast visits in the early 1950's.

GREGORY CORSO's latest books are *Elegiac Feelings American* and *Herald of the Autochthonic Spirit*. Considered by his peers one of the most brilliant and original poets in the West, he has taught at Naropa frequently since 1975, often in classic role of poet *maudit*.

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI is the principal owner and editor of world-renowned City Lights Booksellers and Publishers. One of the most popular American poets, his best known books are *Picture of the Gone World*, *A Coney Island of the Mind*, *Starting from San Francisco*, and *Endless Life: Selected Poems*. He published Kerouac's *Book of Dream* and *Scattered Poems*, as well as major works by Ginsberg, Corso, Burroughs, Waldman and other Conference faculty.

ALLEN GINSBERG, author of *Howl*, *Kaddish*, *The Fall of America*, *Planet News*, *Mind Breaths* and *Plutonian Ode: Poems, 1977-80*, is co-founder of the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics and a meditation student of Chogyam Trungpa, Rinpoche. A major participant in the 1950's San Francisco renaissance and Beat Generation literary community, he has explored the poetics of pop music, sung with Bob Dylan and The Clash and recorded Blake's *Songs*, as well as a new double album *First Blues* for

John Hammond Records.

ABBIE HOFFMAN's latest book is *Square Dancing in the Ice Age*. An energetic sociologist, much influenced by Beat literature, he was active in early '60s southern civil rights campaigns and a major figure in the anti-Vietnam War movement. He is currently working with Veritas, a halfway house for problem kids and recently completed a cross-country college lecture tour.

JOHN CLELLON HOLMES is the author of *Go, The Horn*, *Nothing More to Declare*, and many other books. His poems, stories, and essays have appeared in numerous literary magazines. An early companion of Kerouac, he is at present Professor of English at the University of Arkansas.

KEN KESEY is the author of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and *Sometimes a Great Notion*. His wild antics with the Merry Pranksters with whom Kerouac associated is featured in Tom Wolfe's *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*.

TIMOTHY LEARY, the pioneer Harvard psychologist, is a 1960's LSD investigator (with whom Kerouac did psychedelic experiments), 1970's political prisoner and 1980's space age theoretician. He is the author of *High Priest*, *The Politics of Ecstasy*, and, most recently, *Changing My Mind Among Others*.

MICHAEL MCCLURE has published over sixteen volumes of poetry, plays, prose and biography, the most recent of which are *Ante-chamber*, and *Scratching the Beat Surface*. His prize-winning play, *The Beard*, survived many attempts at censorship and brought him to international prominence. He currently teaches at Oakland College of Arts.

PETER ORLOVSKY, an early member of the San Francisco Poetry Renaissance and Beat group, figures prominently in JK's *Desolation Angels*. He has taught at Naropa Institute for many years. His collected poems *Clean Asshole Poems* and *Smiling Vegetable Songs* was published by City Lights in 1978.

CARL SOLOMON, an early friend of Ginsberg and Kerouac, was responsible for the publication of Burrough's *Junkie*. His books are *Mishaps*, *Perhaps* and *More Mishaps*.

ANNE WALDMAN, co-founder with Allen Ginsberg of the Kerouac School at Naropa, is the author of *Fast Speaking Woman* and *Journals and Dreams*, and the co-editor of the Naropa poetry annals, *Talking Poetics*. Formerly the Director of the Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church-in-the-Bowery in New York, she has given readings, workshops, and performances across the U.S. and Europe.

contrast

magazine

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Richard Walker

Whistler's BOOKS

Whistler's Books
has the screenplay
for
My Dinner With Andre

ANDRE, CONT.

(continued from page 1)
in tears, actually — and he said, "This is Louis Malle, and I've read your script, and it's one of the most beautiful things I've ever read, and I'd like to direct it. And if you think I'm not the right director, I'll help you get whoever you think is the right director for it, but *whoever* directs it, please: NO FLASHBACKS." The next day we were working together."

My *Dinner With Andre* is mythically rooted in Dante's 'Inferno,' according to Andre in an interview with *The Boston Globe*. "When Wally rides the subway to meet me he's entering a subterranean world where he knows he's on his way to confront a monster. I'm the storyteller who's going to take him, and the audience, on a journey into nightmares, dreams, feelings, love, death ..."

Portraying such human experiences as those could almost be termed radical these days in which cheap and not-so-cheap thrills reign supreme in Hollywood directors' minds and at the box office. In *The New York Times* Andre talked about seeing two Off Broadway plays, one in which "nobody got to know anything about anybody, and no-

body talked to anybody about anything for more than two minutes," and the other in which the two characters "were sort of like robots." Andre said, "I walked out feeling dead, absolutely without hope. ... Now,



Louis Malle

when you think about something like 'Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?' — well, beyond any doubt, that is a terrifying play, and extremely negative and perverse — but when I first saw that play, I walked out into the street, and I didn't feel dead — I was in an incredible state. I was thinking about the play and about my own relationships with people

My Dinner With Andre: How It Began

I'd been working as a playwright for ten years. My plays had been intense, extreme, even maniacal. That was fine, but now I wanted to do something else, and I didn't know how. The world of my imagination was becoming a prison — I knew every inch of the walls, the floor, and the ceiling. Meanwhile the real world, with its bounteous profusion of fascinating everyday-ness, was lying resplendent outside the gates, winking at me, beyond my grasp. I had generously shown on the stage my interior life as a raging beast, but my exterior life as a mediocre human being and dilettante of normal intelligence remained unchronicled. And although my conscious, rational self had cried for expression for years, my unconscious self still kept a brutal grip on my pen. I knew—I knew—that beneath my work's primeval, hysterical facade there was a calm little writer in an armchair just waiting to burst forth, but I didn't know how to reach him; he'd been repressed too savagely for too long. Meanwhile Andre Gregory kept asking me to write a play for him to



direct, but I saw nothing in that project that was likely to help me with my problem. Then suddenly it occurred to me—My God, what if, instead of a play, we just did a very simple film, with lots of closeups, in which I would be talking with Andre? He would say absurd things, I would say absurd things, and we would just talk, as people really do.

Wallace Shawn, June, 1981

My Dinner With Andre.
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Grove Press. ©1981 by Wallace
Shawn and Andre Gregory.

Six years ago, when I was still running my theater group, The Manhattan Project, Tuiyla Tharp choreographed the group and me in a four-and-a-half minute piece which we performed in concert at Town Hall. The piece was absolutely impossible to do. There was no way that a group of non-dancers could do it. It was incredibly fast, and there must have been hundreds of steps in it. In order to get through it at all, you had to forget yourself, abandon yourself, completely. In rehearsal, Tuiyla treated us as if we had all trained for years with the American Ballet Theater. "Do this," she'd say, and we would, and she'd laugh, and then, "Do this," and we would, and she'd laugh, and when we reached performance twelve hundred people leapt to their feet and gave us a dozen curtain calls. There were tears of laughter on people's faces. We had danced one of Tuiyla's most complex creations with absolute precision very, very badly.

For some reason, the experience with Tuiyla brought to life the White Rabbit in me, and without thinking, in the heat of the moment, like Alice, I followed it down a rabbit hole and gave up my career as a theater director. I embarked on a series of adventures. I went to Asia. I went to North Africa. I stayed up till odd hours of the morning talking to Buddhists and physicists about ancient mysteries. Many of my friends and most of my colleagues thought I was at best ill advised and at worst mad. This went on for about three years, until I reached a moment when for some reason my adventures began to seem to me somehow less frightening, less adventurous. One day, just as I was making plans, without too much enthusiasm, to travel to a Polish mountainside where twenty men and twenty women would come for forty days and forty nights to build an ark and live the life of the ark, I found myself going to see my old friend Wally Shawn, the playwright. I told him that I thought we should drop everything, go to Atlantic City, rent a hotel room for a month, and write a musical together. Wally thought it was a terrible idea.

A year later Wally phoned me and said that this time he had an idea for a collaboration.

Andre Gregory, June, 1981

My Dinner With Andre.
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Shawn and Andre Gregory.

and about my own life. Because that play was just filled with passion and rage and commitment."

Later in the same interview Wally commented, "You know, when I first met you, you were interested in a theater that would carry people off into a world of dreams. You were talking about actors who could fly through space. Now you're talking about O'Neill and Albee and Mickey Rooney."

Andre answered with, "Yeah, well I don't feel that need for illusion today. The world is too irrational. You don't need the Theater of Madness in a madhouse. We need to see something real now, to feel something real."

You don't need the Theater of Madness in a madhouse. We need to see something real now, to feel something real.

—Andre Gregory,
The New York Times

It's a wonderful thing now just to watch the struggle of one human being to be a little bit better in the world, to act, to do something."

Andre's observations remind me of a time when the only movies I was seeing were highly visual, abstract films in a course I was taking on experimental film. One evening I watched *To Kill A Mockingbird* on the tube, and even though I'd seen it several times before, I was completely overwhelmed by its drama, its well drawn characters and the actors' faces.

If *My Dinner With Andre* had opened in another decade, it might have been considered an excellent "art" film and had some minor success at the box office. But I doubt that it would have been the popular hit it has so far proven to be in other cities. (It broke house records in San Francisco and Chicago.) In this market researched era, with every studio hoping for a blockbuster and so making sure that most films are as bland as a McDonald's hamburger, there's a void in the average filmgoing experience. *My Dinner With Andre* goes a long way towards filling that void.

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by Mike Myers

With the waitress yelling, "Ham san, no mayo, bowl of chili, and a side of browns!" over the sound of dishes being washed (or should I say broken) in the kitchen, the customer is greeted with the overall charm and atmosphere of a highway truck stop. But

DINING

you won't see many truckers among the colorful clientele, who range from coffee-bumming street walkers to well dressed businessmen getting a home cooked meal at 3 A.M.

I think I may have found the last American diner. You remember Sanderson's Old Place, downtown, with those delicious plate-covering omelettes you always loved? Well, now they have the same tasty dishes, 24 hours a day in a better downtown location. If the food doesn't remind you of the Old Place, the photos and yellowed newspaper clipping decor will.

The best deals are the Daily Specials which are served all day until they run out. A generous portion of home cooked meat and potatoes dinner, complete with salad, vegetable and bread will satisfy your appetite and send you on your way for around five dollars, including drink and tip.

My favorite dish is the traditional Elmer's Deluxe Cheeseburger topped with lettuce, tomato, onion and pickles with a mound of golden, greasy fries. The first few juicy bites of it always send my memory back to Grandma's kitchen. So it seems only fitting that the waitress should ask, in a southern drawl, "You all need anything else, Baby Doll? You want some fresh pie, Sugar?"

Ida McBeth: Late Night Mama



Ida McBeth is the featured singer of Rich Hill and the Riffs, who currently play at Harlings. Here, she talks about her work, her influences, her child and her love of rhythm and blues with UMKC Women's Center Director Carolyn Bayreder.

Q—Ida, how would you describe your music?

A—A variety of music, a little jazz, a little blues, a little rhythm and blues, some standards.

Q—How do you get your material?

A—The leader in my band, Rich Hill, introduced me to quite a few artists that I had no idea existed, like Alberta Hunter and Julia Lee. My husband is a local jazz musician here in Kansas City who has worked around town for about 30 years and introduced me to quite a few different artists. I sit back and listen to the style and see what they're saying. If they're not saying anything, I'm not interested. I want them to tell me a story in their songs.

Q—What kind of stories do you look for?

A—A variety of things. It can be a love song, a sad love song. It could be something really happy. I used to love all sad songs. My mother used to say, "Why do you like

My mother used to say, "Why do you like that dying music?" When I was a teenager I had such a sad teenage life. The sad songs really appealed to me more.

that dying music?" When I was a teenager I had such a sad teenage life. The sad songs really appealed to me more.

Q—Do you ever think about writing your own music?

A—Oh yes, I've written four songs that I've had recorded and I have several other songs that I wrote when I was in high school. I had an all-girls vocal group which was called Ida McBeth and the Del Shires.

Q—You mentioned that you had been in Los Angeles for a while and that you cut an album but you didn't finish it.

A—No, I didn't finish it. We finished half of an album and it took almost nine months to do that. In the meantime I was working there. I was unable to finish it due to an illness at home. My mother was very ill

and I had to come back home and I haven't been back since.

Q—Do you plan on recording at all?

A—I hope so. We did a live recording on a Saturday night at Harlings recently, and we hope that eventually it will turn into an album.

Q—Tell me about juggling your husband, your child and your job in Kansas City. Has it been a hardship for you?

A—It has, especially since this is my first child, which is always an experience for every woman. On top of that—being in the entertainment field and working at night is the hardest. Of course it's a lot easier with my husband, since he's a musician too. We just work with each other on our life at home and our life out, our nightlife.

Q—You said you've been singing professionally for eleven years and you started when you were a child. Tell us about that.

A—I started in a church. My brother's a Baptist evangelist minister. I remember when I was about ten or eleven years old we used to go around to different churches and he would preach and they would take up an offering for us. After we'd leave the church we'd divide it up. But that's how I started singing.

Then I was about sixteen or seventeen and I no longer wanted to sing gospel. I wanted to start singing rhythm and blues. Gladys Knight was my first influence. Even right now I think she's the greatest singer of all.

Q—Have you met her? Written to her?

A—Never. I've never written to her and I have all of her albums. I've only seen her in concert once. I've really gotten into a lot of Julia Lee's music. Julia Lee is originally from Kansas City. She was known as the "empress of Kansas City." I like her music because of what she's saying. A lot of it is risqué music. I like the things she's saying about her men, about the blues in her life and the sadness. Again I'm back on the sadness of the thing.

Q—When you take a song from somebody like Julia, how do you adapt it to your own method, your own style?

A—It has a lot to do with the lyrics—if the lyrics are saying something that I've felt or have gone through, lived through. When I'm singing the first thing I think about is that these people are out there, listening to what I'm saying. I want them to understand everything I'm saying as if I was sitting there talking to them individually. It's almost like telling a story. I'm a pretty good storyteller. All my friends say, "You just get so into it, Ida." When I'm telling a story to someone, the expressions, the facial expressions, the hand gestures—everything is in that and the same thing is in my music.

Q—Do you ever get tired of doing the same songs over and over?

A—Yes I do. Once again, if I get sick of it, then I sing it as if I were telling a story all over again to someone I just met.

Q—What kind of encouragement did you get as a child for your singing, or did you get any?

A—After I left the church, I got very little encouragement. My family thought it was kind of bad that I was singing in the nightclubs, being a part of the nightlife. My mother wanted me to stay in the church to sing gospel music. After I left the church, it was like, "Ida's doomed."

Q—Is it a lonely life?

A—Not really lonely. I look forward to it. It's almost like I'm ready to go out and pop my toes. It's not like going to work. I'm always so excited about it.

Q—In your travels with your music have you found that there's been changes in the lyrics from ten or fifteen years ago to now?

A—Yeah, even recently. The hard rock songs, they just don't say anything to me. They aren't telling me anything. If it's a danceable song, they tell you to get up and shake your booty. Now what is that? That's not telling me anything. I'm not saying I don't like the song and I'm not putting it down. But the lyrics of the older songs always had something to say. We're getting a little more sophisticated now. If you listen to some rhythm and blues, there are still some songs that are saying things, thank God.

Q—Women have always been allowed to be the vocalist in the group, to sing, move around and shake their tambourines. Has that image changed now? Are people more inclined to take you seriously because of your music rather than just looking at you as a showpiece for a band?

A—I hope so. I hope they look at a singer differently. Let's face it—years ago singers were not thought of as the greatest thing in music. I can tell by some of the things I've read about singers, like, "Well, she was just a singer," rather than, "She was the singer."

Q—When you stand in front of that audience do you command their respect and attention?

A—I feel that if I believe what I'm saying, that's the most important thing. If I'm real in what I'm doing, in what I'm singing, the audience can feel that. It's keeping my mind on what I'm doing, what the song is saying—if it's a sad song, blues, or if it's a real happy "up" tune. Letting the audience know what I felt in a song is the most wonderful thing. Once I get up there and sing that song, and I feel like I've gotten across to that audience what I felt in that song, and they feel it too—that's the ultimate.

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Doc Watson on Winfield

The 11th National Walnut Valley Festival will bring top bluegrass pickers and traditional music enthusiasts to Winfield, Kansas September 16 through 19. Scheduled performers include DeDannan, Doc Watson, Bryan Bowers, The New Grass Revival, Hot Rize, Kevin Roth, Red Knuckles and the Trailblazers, Mike Cross and scores of others. More than \$19,000 in prize money will be awarded to mandolin players, fiddlers, autoharps, flat-pick guitarists, and just about every other instrumental performer and craftsman imaginable.

The New Grass Revival, America's premiere progressive bluegrass band, will present brand new material. Also featured will be Kevin Roth, whose virtuoso dulcimer playing and contemporary approach has yielded regional hits and the acclaim of critics. Mike Cross, fiddler and guitarist, will present his homespun philosophy in his rich, earthy voice with lyrics like, "Today's race horse is tomorrow's glue."

The traditional Irish group DeDannan stole the show at Winfield last year and they are scheduled to return on September 17 and 18. DeDannan recently surpassed the Rolling Stones with a hit on the top of the

Irish pop charts, entitled "My Irish Molly" from their new LP on the Shanachie label. The group brought the house down at New York's prestigious rock emporium, The Bottom Line on August 17. They will play at Kansas City's Community Christian Church on September 15 before their engagement at Winfield.

Not only will Bryan Bowers, master of autoharp and storytelling, be performing on his favorite instrument, he'll be inviting the audience to sing along with some great traditional songs, such as "I'll Fly Away" and "Goodnight Irene." Everyone is requested to bring their autoharps to a workshop that Bowers will host on Saturday, September 18 at 5:30 P.M.

Hot Rize and their special guests Red Knuckles and the Trailblazers will be performing again this year. Tim O'Brien, Pete Wernick, Charles Sawtelle and Nick Forster have combined their unique bluegrass talents since early 1978 to form the Hot Rize sound. Since then the group has gained an enthusiastic following at bluegrass festivals, concerts and clubs in 35 states, Europe and Canada. They recently appeared on WSM Nashville's famed Grand Ole Opry. Their two albums for Flying Fish Records have helped establish them as one of the leading bluegrass groups on the scene.

For ticket information contact the Walnut Valley Association, Box 245, Winfield, Kansas 67156 or call 316-221-3250.



Winfield Pickers

by Chris Hall

FRANK ZAPPA Ship Arriving Too Late to Save a Drowning Witch CBS

Music is like footwear. Put on a pair of boots and you get a different feeling than you get with Gucci's or basketball shoes. Put on Van Halen and it manifests a lifestyle that condones self-abuse. Put on Frank Zappa and one feels an intimate association with baby blue pastel ostrich skin golf shoes. Zappa fans are as numerous as they are diverse.



Adrian Belew Lone Rhino

Some are more interested in the rhythmically-dense orchestrated stuff, while others enjoy "Dancing Fool" or "Lumpy Gravy."

Drowning Witch has something for everyone. I really don't know what to make of *Drowning Witch*, or more precisely, its selling points. Some of it's trashy, but it certainly isn't lacking in compositional chops.

The first of the six pieces on this album, "No, Not Now," features three-part falsetto harmony, over-dubbed by Roy Estrada, and a slap bass like you never heard. It has lots of dopey lyrics with oblique references, like "string beans to Utah" and "Hawaiian lunch."

"Valley Girls" spotlights Zappa's adolescent daughter Moon Unit, who improvises over a regimental surf anthem dealing with the shallow life of a mall-rat. Moon Unit is no Wanda Jackson, but she does pull off a competent socio-economic profile of valley girls. "I Came From Nowhere," offers an atonal melody, tailored for pinheads and garnished with the obligatory end-of-the-world guitar solo. "Drowning Witch" is certainly the most timeless piece on this album, with lots of trademark polyrhythmic hi-tech. A live cut that shows what can be done when the conditions are right, it is intriguing and profoundly stupid.

"Envelopes" is an instrumental that shows off the band even more, especially the two senior members, Tommy Mars on keyboards and Ed Mann on percussion. Last but not least is "Teenage Prostitute." Perhaps it was written for teenage runaways in doughnut shops all across our fruited plain. It's campy, but nevertheless a pretty slick arrangement.

So listen already. It has head-banging riffing for the metalists, percussion embellishment for the serious listener, electronics for those so inclined, and all of it is dolloped up with a dose of good humor. As controversial a figure as Zappa is, his music is not without identity.

KING CRIMSON

Beat
Warner Brothers

When "Discipline" came out I was on a sonic holiday, beside myself with glee. Rockets red glare, bombs bursting, etc., etc. ... But alas, the fifth of July does come and the telltale remnants of spent confection let you know that the party's over.

If I were six years old I'd say, "What a gyp!" I'm not six, but nevertheless, WHAT A GYP. This LP of half-baked material is a disappointment, but there are three hit pics on this disc: "Neurotica," which howls and jerks like your first drive-in movie, to say

nothing of the refreshment stand, "Satori in Tangier," which is Egyptian Bop that appears to be deciphering a series of hieroglyphics intended to instruct the pharaohs on the virtues of two free weeks at Arthur Murray's, and "Two Hands," a lilting, ethereal ballad that illustrates how versatile and subtly dynamic a unit King Crimson can be.

But this album is too contrived and regimental to bring on the nirvana of Matte Kudasi. A lot of it sounds like a bewildering and involuted reprise of itself. I mean, "Neal, Jack and Me?" Come on you guys! Why not "Abraham, Martin, John and Adrian?" There's also "The Howler," presumably a "hats off" to Allen Ginsberg. Hey, how about "21st Century Candy-Colored Streamlined Electric Kool Aid Schizoid Man" instead?

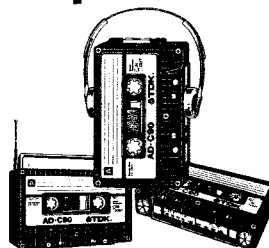
ADRIAN BELEW The Lone Rhino Island

Belew's services have been well in demand the last couple of years because his is the guitar that violates the heavenly palace. Face it—this boy makes more noise than a tree full of young monkeys. Another reason he's been so avidly put to press is because of his unbridled, Midwestern, boyish enthusiasm, which anthropomorphically parallels his guitar playing. It's all so unassuming it makes me retch bricks. This is seriously silly stuff—lots of cartoon configurations that evoke life in a Tom and Jerry world.

If I were to be stranded on a desert island with a few choice albums, this one would not be one of them. On the other hand, if I knew for certain that this hypothetical island was to be inhabited with headhunters, then I surely would bring it along, to convince the inhabitants that I know what the neighborhood's all about.

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PENNYLANE

LO DOWN

by John Redmond

ROBERT NIGHTHAWK Live on Maxwell Street Rounder

*I went down to Eli's to get my pistol
out of pawn
When I got back, my woman had gone
I'm gonna murder my baby if she don't
stop cheatin' and lyin'
I'd rather be in the penitentiary than be out
here worried all the time.*

From the first set of thousand pound lyrics to the last stinging note, this 1964 live recording captures an unrecognized genius at work. Of all the unsung musical heroes I rant and rave about, few compare with Nighthawk. He had a small but devastating collec-

BLUES

tion of guitar licks, both slide and single string. His street corner performances show how well developed his sense of drama and timing was. There's also an undefinable heaviness to this album that makes many other people's work seem frothy. Maybe it's the hard scuffle flea market atmosphere or maybe it's Nighthawk's personality. Whatever it is, it makes the album more exciting than any other that I've listened to for a long

time.

If you want more recommendations, Mike Bloomfield copped much of his guitar style from Nighthawk. The album was nominated for Memphis' Handy Award, and Nighthawk was one of B.B. King's favorite guitarists. Nuff said.

LONNIE JOHNSON Tomorrow Night Gusto

Lonnie Johnson recorded over fifty years with many greats, Louis Armstrong, Eddie Lang and Duke Ellington being just a few. He was an urban single string acoustic guitar player, and one of the most sophisticated ones around. This two record set features his work for King Record during the 1950's. The sessions' commerciality actually improved his guitar work, demanding that he be more

focused, direct and simple. The songs are often love ballads, and surprisingly, Johnson's crooning sounds are more convincing than corny.

MAGIC SAM LIVE Delmark

Magic Sam died at the age of 32, just as he began to receive national recognition. Out of the most modern of blues players, only Son Seals or Albert Collins are more rock-oriented. Sam played these live sides with a stinging fierceness. His live performances were taped at a small club and at the Ann Arbor Blues and Jazz Festival. While the sound quality suffers slightly in these impromptu recordings, Sam emerges as even more a virtuoso than his previous formula-ridden studio work for Cobra Records allowed. Excellent work.



Magic Sam Live

CHICAGO CITY SLICKERS 1947-53 Nitehawk Records

Nitehawk Records, a St. Louis firm, has been producing a dynamic collection of reissues. This record catches Chicago's blues band movement at its first flower. Robert Nighthawk's early work is here, as is the work of Earl Hooker, Johnny Shines and Homesick James. Little Walter's early recordings show that his musical skills were more developed than his early Chess sides show. "I Want My Baby" was Little Walter's and Muddy Waters' first studio collaboration. Little Walter also backs Floyd Jones' sides. A great collection.



BAR WARS Water House Records

This anthology exposes a thriving blues scene on the wrong end of the Mississippi—in Minnesota. Lamont Cranston Band is the best known group here. Willie and the Bees are a variant of the same group that backed Bonnie Raitt on her first album. The association stayed in the family. Her brother Steve produced and engineered the album. A nice album.

PARODY HALL CALENDAR

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Widespread
Depression
Orchestra

by Brian Colgan

BILLY SQUIRE
Emotions In Motion
 Capitol

Last year's *Don't Say No* was a great album. It had bite to it—crunch, crash and burn. I should've known it was too good to last. *Emotions In Motion* is full of pseudo-Led Zeppelin/Les Paul guitar work, Queen pomp, fluff, prance and poise, whining, drone-like vocals securing Squire AOR radio heavy rotation. The album cover by Andy Warhol is appropriate: a couple of con men posers putting the bucks away in seven figure bank accounts. For the Journey and Lover-boy herd, this is fresh feed in the trough. To others it's pizza, two six packs mixed with grain alcohol, a queasy stomach, spinning head tilted back in the car seat and finally the big heave-ho and hello to ralph out the car window. **C+**

URIAH HEEP
Abominog
 Mercury

A pretty solid album from Uriah Heep, a band that has had numerous personnel changes since it's beginning in the early 70's. These guys work hard to overcome the "dinosaur heavy metal band" label. The updated material includes the cover tunes "Prisoner" and "Hot Night In A Cold Town" among others. The real meat is in the band's

mixture of Heep's classic keyboard sound with a Foreigner-like commercial sensibility. It has an intensity characteristic of the heavy metal bands who have come out of England during the last three years. Even for a band that's been around this long, *Abominog* is a pretty impressive LP. **B**

SHOOTING STAR
III Wishes
 Epic

Shooting Star's third LP is pretty much the same stuff we've come to expect from one of the few local bands to make a dent outside of

the Midwest, which is in itself quite an accomplishment. Shooting Star answers the question, "Do we need another band on the radio that sounds exactly like a million others?" The record labels are putting their money on safe bets these days, so buy Shooting Star instead of Survivor or Lover-boy and keep the money close to home. **C**

CONEY HATCH
Same
 Mercury

What've we got here? Coney Hatch, a rock band from Canada. What do they

sound like? Coney Hatch has just a shade more intensity and hard edge than the so-called "rock bands" on Album Oriented Rock radio muzak. There is no way I can be objective about Faceless Radio Rock Band #147 as opposed to #32. Coney Hatch is as good as the rest, but if you listen to the radio and actually buy this stuff, maybe you would be interested in investing in real estate in South America? **C+**

FRANK MARINO
Juggernaut
 CBS

Marino's latest album is an exhibition for his fluid guitar work, which is pretty powerful throughout the LP. The songs, intended to make some kind of serious statement, fall short and overall the effect is not a lot of fun. From now on I'll be leery of albums with a song called "Ditch Queen." **C-**

CHEETAH
Rock & Roll Women
 Atlantic

Lyndsay and Chrissie Hammond are Cheetah and five guys make up the band. All the songs were written by Vanda and Young, who produced the early AC/DC albums. The title of this album is quite an overstatement. You can hardly hear the band and the guitars are especially weak. If these burn out babes can make an album, so can I. Today I'll go out and record my car exhaust. Vrooomm, Vrooomm. **D**

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 Talent Search



by Willi Irie

ERROL FLABBA HOLT
Roots Radics Dub
Tads

★★★★

This Radics dub selection is first-rate rockers music with an emphasis on melody and new rhythms.

"Flabba" of course is the Radics' bassist and presumably (with his name and photo on the cover) the featured artist in this set. I know he's responsible for the mesmerizing bass-lines. Chances are the occasional vocals are his as well.

Sure, a lot of dub albums sound the same, but there is a continuity and freshness to this one that separates it from the pack. Roots Radics are largely and single-handedly responsible for most of the great records coming out of Jamaica today. Check practically any reggae record out in the last two years—you're almost sure to see the Radics' names among the credits. Usually they are helping to maximize an individual singer's or vocal group's sound, but on this record it's the un-cut thing. Go for it.

Many of the more recent yard-style releases have been coming out on the Tads label. With bases in England and New York, it appears Tads and Greensleeves are cornering the LP market. Although Tads has put out a large catalog, it seems that only recently has the quality begun to catch up with the quantity.

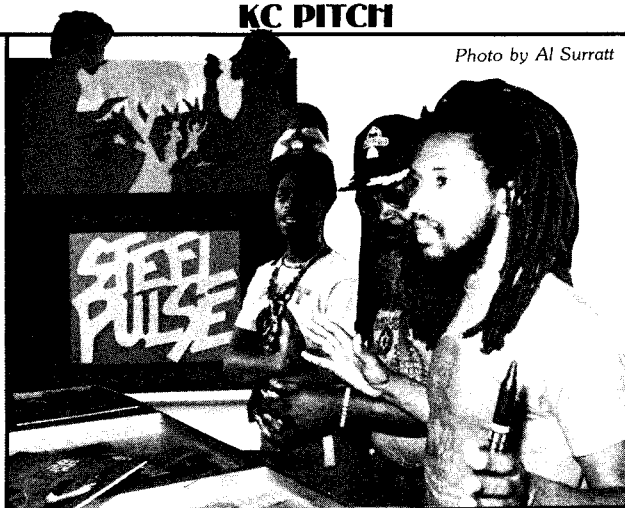


Photo by Al Surratt

Steel Pulse visits PennyLane's Westport location prior to their explosive reggae show at the Uptown Theater. Pictured left to right: David Hinds (guitar, vocals), Steve Nesbitt (drums) and Phonso Martin (percussion, vocals).

REGGAE

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Shank I Sheek
Tads

★★ 1/2

Although mixed differently, this album uses the very same rhythm for each track. I believe "Shank I Sheek" is a rhythm created by Tommy McCook and the Agrovators that has been used many times over the past year or so. What we have here is twelve different versions by twelve current hit makers, including Dennis Brown, Sugar Minott, Triston Palma, Ranking Joe, Linval Thompson, U Brown and Dean Frazer, among

others.

The concept is unique. The results aren't. Who wants to hear the same rhythm over and over? It's like being at a dance where the band plays the same song for a half an hour while each player jumps in for his licks. Just a novelty, little else.

HUGH MUNDELL
Mundell
Greensleeves

★★★★ 1/2

Mundell is produced by Jungo Lawes and backed by the Roots Radics band. This combo alone almost guarantees a sure hit. It's about time. Hugh Mundell has put out several records in the last few years, but only with Mundell does his writing and singing evolve beyond mediocrity.

Naturally much of this is sure to wind up

your waist and get you cranking the volume knob on your listening machine, thanks to the Radics, who provide a rock solid wall-of-roots sound. Dis ah strong one. I-right.

CRUCIAL BUNNY vs. SCIENTIST
Dub Duel
Hawkeye

★★★★

More killer dub from two of this generation's greatest sound mixers. My copy has the same label on both sides (a common dilemma), so it's hard to say who's who. But no matter—both sides are *hot stuff*.

Featuring Sly'n'Robbie with several Channel One All Stars, this dub confrontation is a must for dub fans and anyone who enjoys great dance music with pulsating rhythms. These guys can come up with amazing variations that, like classic jazz, blaze new trails. This LP attests to the fact that Jamaican dub music is as explosive and viable as any music in the world today.

ASWAD
Not Satisfied
CBS

★★★★

While British based reggae groups in general offer a somewhat "softer" sound, they still evoke a strong appeal to strictly roots fans. Along with UB40, Aswad seems to be creating the most satisfying attempts at the real thing. Their *New Chapter of Dub* LP stands out as one of the best ever dub excursions. This new, vocally oriented set has some of the best harmonies around. The playing is what you'd hope to expect from a band that has played together for 7 or 8 years.



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JAZZ

by Dick Wright

ZOOT SIMS

The Innocent Years
Pablo

In some ways, Zoot Sims and the late Sonny Stitt had much in common. Both were great players, both recorded prolifically, both liked the one horn/rhythm section setting and both of them swung from note one. This latest release by Zoot holds true to form. Zoot goes into the studio with a rhythm section and swinging his way mightily through five standards and one blues. Backing Zoot in this session are Richard Wyands on piano, Frank Tate on bass and Akira Tana on drums.

Side one opens with a fine version of the 1940 standard "I Hear a Rhapsody." Next comes a down homes blues line by Zoot called "Pomme au Four." After Tate walks and Wyands digs in, Zoot flexes his soprano sax and chops through some marvelous choruses. Ending side one is Harold Arlen's well-known classic "Over the Rainbow." Zoot breathes new life into the song by treating it as a medium-tempo bossa nova. At just over ten minutes, it is the longest cut on the album and features excellent solos by Zoot and Wyands.

The second cut on side two is a very seldom played standard by Matty Malneck and Johnny Mercer titled "If You Were Mine." This almost unknown song is given a very lovely treatment here and is the best track. The album closer is another great standard, Victor Herbert's "Indian Summer." Taken up-tempo, it gives Zoot ample opportunity to spin out choruses after chorus of marvelous improvisation.

There is nothing flashy, complex, profound or over-arranged on this album — just good old swinging like mad. Highly recommended.



Jay McShann Going to Kansas City

JAY McSHANN
Going to Kansas City
Swaggie

This album was first recorded in March, 1972 for Bill Weilbacher's independent label, Master Jazz Recordings. The label went under during the 70s and I often wondered what happened to all the fine masters from those sessions. Well, the release of this great McShann set on the Australian Swaggie label gives hope that the masters may show up again.

The group, called Jay McShann and his All Stars, reunited that famous rhythm section from his swinging band of the late 30s, which also featured young Charlie Parker. The line-up included Jay, piano and vocals, Gene Ramey on bass and Gus Johnson on drums. Adding just the right touch for this session were two Kansas City-style tenor saxophonists, Buddy Tate and the late Julian Dash. At the time of the recording, all five artists were on busy schedules and Bill Weilbacher's original liner notes explain how difficult it was to organize this session. The result is exceptional Kansas City jazz that will

keep your toes tapping and your fingers snapping.

Side one gives us three classics. "Doggin' Around" and "Blue and Sentimental" are both from the original Count Basie band book and the latter features some fine clarinet work by Tate. Jay's well-known original, "Hootie's Ignorant Oil," offers his unique vocal style and his superb piano.

Side two contains four more goodies: Jay's "Hootie's in Hutchinson," Gene Ramey's "Say Forward, I'll March," "Four Day Rider" (featuring more of Jay's vocal magic) and "Moten Swing."

If you missed this the first time around on the original label, don't miss it this time. Jay is one of the great piano stylists in jazz history. The only thing missing from this reissue is the brilliant cover art of the original, which showed Jay riding a bicycle under the title of the album. *Going to Kansas City*. Highly recommended.

STAN GETZ

Pure Getz
Concord

Stan Getz is my idol. Even though I love Bill Evans, Charlie Parker, Art Pepper, Duke Brownie, Basie, etc., Stan is the first jazz player I listened to. During the 70s I wasn't always happy with the albums he released, but now he seems to be the Getz of old: master ballad player, great technician and brilliant improviser. His first Concord release, *The Dolphin*, was absolutely superb. Now with this second Concord release, the magic continues. The rhythm section is excellent and it compliments Stan's playing at every turn. It's composed of Jim McNeely on piano, Marc Johnson on bass and Victor Lewis or Billy Hart (each plays on three tracks) on drums.

The program is a grand mixture of jazz compositions and non-overworked stan-

dards. Side one opens with an original by Jim McNeely, "On the Up and Up," which gives ample solo room for all. Next comes a very beautiful but seldom heard Billy Strayhorn work "Blood Count." This was Strayhorn's last composition before his death. The third cut is Stan's tribute to the late Bill Evans, "Very Early," one of Bill's finest works and one of the highlights from this album. The last track on side one is a wonderful Miles Davis tune, "Sippin' at Bells," again seldom played these days.

Side two opens with two gorgeous standards: "I Wish I Knew" by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren, and Harold Arlen and Johnny Mercer's "Come Rain or Come Shine." Both tracks are around eight minutes in length and give Stan the chance to show off the sound and improvisation for which he is famous. The album closes with this swinging treatment of the Bud Powell classic, "Tempus Fugit."

This is superb Stan Getz from start to finish. The tunes are excellent, the rhythm section compliments Stan very well throughout and best of all, Stan Getz is back to his awesome and magnificent self. Highly recommended.

Electric Blood



James Blood Ulmer

by Scott O'Kelley

San Francisco's Great American Music Hall was electrified on July 24 during James Blood Ulmer's aggressively rhythmic concert. The crowd was a homogeneous mix that didn't really lend itself to one style or another. They sat packed four to a table that should normally accommodate two in the opulently refurbished Victorian style hall which justified its high prices with an overabundance of gold leaf. This was the third of four shows by Ulmer and I was hoping it wouldn't come off as an obvious rehash of the following night.

It wasn't. What on record seems like incredibly energetic music came across live as pure electricity. This was my first time to actually see harmolodics, Ornette Coleman's pioneering music theory, in action. The meshing of harmonies and rhythmic lines and the precision with which it was performed gave a different definition to the music that an album could never convey.

The hour long set was largely made up of unrecorded songs. The only pieces they performed available on LP came from *Free Lancing*, Ulmer's most recent and most commercially successful album. The group consisted of James Blood Ulmer sweating and playing guitar, Amin Ali, who has played electric bass on Ulmer's last three albums, and G. Calvin Weston, the most aggressive, vigorous, up tempo drummer I have ever seen. Harmolodic playing is comprised of simultaneously accentuating the rhythm while also stating melody/harmony. This style of playing, which may sound at times like mindless fusion, actually contains many subtle elements that work together. The main feeling that came across was one of precise co-operation—no one player was featured above another. But Ulmer, as the leader, cemented the group into one whole.

The style of the songs would rock and throb with funk rhythms and then pop in a more conventional jazz approach. The music occasionally erupted into smooth, piercing lead breaks from Ulmer and then just as abruptly submerged back into the stream of sound, matching Ali's agile bass rhythms. The pace was broken only a couple of times when Ulmer and Ali's guitars had to be retuned to harmolodic pitch. "Sorry about the delays," Ulmer apologized to the crowd, "but messing with these GIT-tars is so much trouble."

After the set ended, the obligatory encore was over and the electrified atmosphere had subsided. I found Ulmer recuperating in a dark corner of the hall. My friend and I remarked how the energy was very high and the music had overwhelmed us. "The music's nothing," Ulmer said. "The incredible part comes in an hour when we do it all over again."

James Blood Ulmer —
Guitarist in the Making

FEBRUARY 2, 1942 — Born in St. Matthews, South Carolina. Tours the South at the age of seven with the Southern Sons, a youthful gospel group directed by his father. Also performs with the Five Blind Boys and the Dixie Hummingbirds.

EARLY 1959 — Blood leaves home and settles in Pittsburgh. Backs "doo-wop" vocal groups including the Del Vikings. Tours with Dick Clark's Caravan of Stars. Later, gigs with Jimmy Smith, Richard "Groove" Holmes and The Swing Kings, featuring Jewel Bryner.

1964 — Settles in Columbus, Ohio. Leads house band at the 502 Club, playing with organist Hank Marr, and tenor saxophonist George Adams. Later tours U.S. and Europe. First recorded appearance on a rate King LP entitled *In the Market Place*.

1967 — Moves to Detroit to play with progressive musicians in the new jazz. Begins "tearing my music down." Gigs with house bands at the 20 Grand Club with a group to become the Funkadelics.

1971 — Blood arrives in New York. Plays with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, a quintet led by former Coltrane drummer Rashied Ali (father of Blood's current bassist Amin Ali), organist Larry Young and saxophonist Joe Henderson.

1972 — Blood is introduced to saxophonist/composer Ornette Coleman through drummer Billy Higgins. Ulmer joins Ornette's band and lives in his lower Manhattan loft. (Ornette's band at the time included trumpeter Don Cherry, saxophonist Dewey Redman, bassist Charlie Haden and drummer Higgins.)

1978 — Blood Ulmer steps out on his own with groups featuring drummer Ronald Shannon Jackson and alto sax player Arthur Blythe (recordings of Ulmer with Blythe include *Lenox Avenue Breakdown* and *Illusions*, both on Columbia and under Blythe's name). Blood Ulmer releases an album on Artist House label under his name featuring Ornette Coleman entitled *Tales of Captain Black*, which is largely unavailable.

1980 — Two records are released: *Are You Glad to Be In America* on Rough Trade, and *No Wave* on Moers Jazz.

1981 — Wins the praise of critics. "Most original guitarist since Hendrix"—Robert Palmer of *Rolling Stone*. "A hydraulic pumper"—George Clinton. "One of the best guitarists I've ever heard"—Ry Cooder. An LP, *Freelancing*, is released on Columbia.

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 Time to check in with Data Base.
 Press enter.
 Home computer CRT screen illuminates
 Today's agenda.
 What a day—total entertainment—
 I don't have to wear my office beeper

Time to advance the microwave.
 Program breakfast: power level 4:
 30 seconds.
 1/2 minute void—cruise over to
 Code-A-Phone.
 Rewind/playback.
 "Hi, this is Gary.
 I need to borrow your 4-track reel to reel
 I have some overdubbing and . . ."
 Fast forward
 . . . with Electronic Technologies.
 Your video camera is fixed.
 It seems the color white balance . . .
 Ding! Breakfast is ready.

The mail.
 Oh good, new cable TV schedule.
 More satellite hookups and
 New splinter station—
 Weather in countries that
 Don't have Eyewitness News.
 Possible program: Video Cassette Recorder
 record ball game.
 Nah, I'll be in a mall today and the
 Ceiling speakers.
 Spewing a news/talk format.
 Will ruin the effect with a score update.

Press remote control garage door opener.
 Get in car.
 Program climate control at 78 degrees.
 Moderately pleasant.

Crank up AM/FM in-dash cassette with
 5 band equalizer.
 Which beeper is that?
 Must have accidentally mis-set my
 Chronograph watch.
 New 70mm sensurround movie theater
 with Quintrophonic Dolby sound.
 Or video arcade?
 Electric window down.
 "Where's the nearest video arcade?"
 Bystander's response is as blank as
 Shrink wrapped Maxell 2, 4 or 6 hour
 tape.
 Miniature head phones and mini cord
 Running down to Sony Walkman.
 Never mind.

Stop off at credit card operated videomat.
 Pick up movies.
 Head over to friend Media Marc's house.
 What an innovator—Marc's doorbell plays
 the Pac-man theme.
 "Hey, come on in. I was just installing LED
 lights in all my remote control panels."
 Marc's living room has more wire and
 cables than a Rolling Stones tour.
 "Marc, it's a good thing you have a
 50-inch screen TV, of you'd never be able
 to fit the Video Cassette Recorder and
 Disc Player on top."
 "Yeah, well, the VCR is great for
 recording, but for true stereophonic audio/
 video fidelity, the Disc player is
 the only way to go. Sorry we can't use the
 system for tonight's FM satellite rock
 concert simulcast—the kids have the screen
 tied up with Missile Command. Why don't
 we try to divert them with their laser mini
 computer?"
 "Marc, electronic multi-sensory overload.
 I've got to go."

*I decided to spend the rest of the day
 relaxing on the patio.
 After all, I had recently installed waterproof
 outdoor entertainment playback system.*

—Rick W. Schmitz

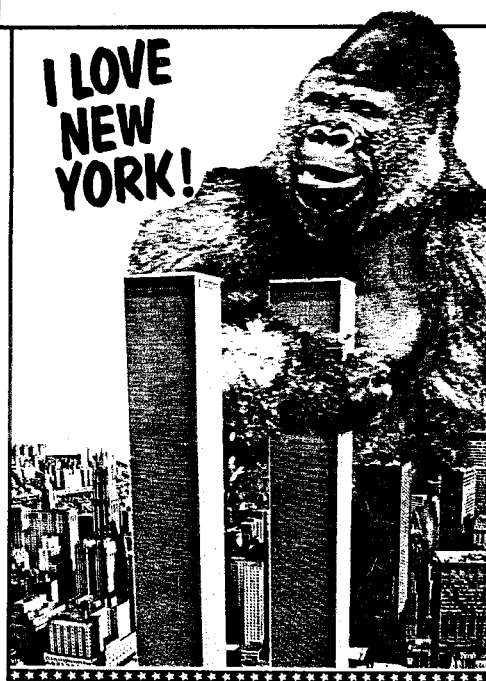
Rick W. Schmitz and his wife Jennifer live
 in Fairway, Kansas where they enjoy con-
 tinual audio/video documentation of Liselle,
 their one-year-old daughter.



— Richard Hoeffe

Richard Hoeffe is an artist living in Dallas.

I LOVE
NEW
YORK!



by Chris Coulson

After visiting New York City, one leaves
 with either an unshakeable patriotism about
 the city or a hatred of everything about it. I
 preface the following with the warning that I
 am of the former group and will try not to get
 too gushy.

Having lived in Kansas City for over four-
 teen years, I've become quite familiar with
 the pat warnings concerning the Big Apple
 and "the East" in general. The surly, ag-
 gressive folks you're warned about—the
 ones that supposedly leave you to bleed if
 you're hurt—really do exist. But what's con-
 fusing is that you never know who the New
 Yorkers are and who the tourists are. I
 suspect that some of the rudest people you'd
 meet in New York would be one of the over
 100,000 out of towners that enter the city
 each day. A bagel dealer on Fifth Avenue in
 Manhattan told me, "The way we can tell if
 you're a tourist here is not by your cameras
 or your bermuda shorts and so forth, but by
 the look on your face. The tourists are the
 ones that are trying to look and be as obnox-
 ious as we're supposed to be." It's all in self-
 defense, one would assume.

According to a New York police officer,
 tourists can be the most vulnerable targets for
 an assailant. "These people come on the
 subway with one hand tight and white on
 their purse or wallet, looking around like
 they're constipated. They actually flinch if
 someone brushes up against them. They're
 so obvious. We try to hustle 'em along out
 and upstairs to the street because they tend
 to drag and look around at everybody as
 potential muggers when they get off the
 train."

The tone of these natives was not one of
 condescension, but of: what kind of people
 do they think we are? New Yorkers don't
 dismiss the crime, ugliness and hassle of their
 city, but they do tell you to be alert and to
 stay out of dangerous places at night. There
 is a lot of give and take in this city. As one
 stockbroker put it, "We've got two ways to
 go with this situation. Either we all become
 alcoholics and develop heart conditions, or
 we laugh at the chaos and congestion of
 what is a ridiculous situation, that is, all these
 people in one spot. It's ridiculous but I guess
 we all feel it's worthwhile to be here. It really
 is an exciting city, you know."

That New York resilience and sense of
 humor displayed itself one day in midtown
 Manhattan when a taxi, moving at probably
 50 miles per hour, which is common in New
 York, approached an intersection blaring its
 horn at a crosswalk full of about 20 people.
 They dived back to the sidewalk, laughing
 and gasping in mock peril—all but one bag
 lady. Narrowly missed by the cab, she

shouted, "Ole!" as it passed, flourishing her
 bag. Later she told me, "We don't take these
 things personally. These things happen
 every day."

The midwest could learn from this at-
 titude. We in the midwest are known for our
 independence, for our "prairie pluck." But
 "prairie pluck" in New York City could turn
 what is an amazingly homogeneous city into
 the stereotype we midwesterners have
 ascribed to New York—a mass of paranoid,
 disgruntled people.

There exists in New York a feeling that just
 surviving in the city is, in and of itself, a note-
 worthy accomplishment. A local commercial
 features a street scene of professional types
 running hither and yonder for cabs, looking
 ever so dynamic with a voice-over telling us,
 "Sure it's tough making it in New York City.
 But when you have made it in this city of
 cities, you know you're the best!" The com-
 mercial urges people to buy this particular
 brand of mattress, so as to be at their best
 next morning in this "city of cities."

While New Yorkers are proud of their city,
 they won't deny you your city. There are the
 usual cracks, like, "Isn't Kansas City where
 the cows relieve themselves on their way
 west?" (an actual remark), but most New
 Yorkers are curious about Kansas City. They
 know that we're big on jazz, barbecue—
 especially Bryant's—and steak. However,
 people would press for more information,
 knowing that these were really caricatures. I
 don't know that this same curiosity about
 other places is as true of Kansas Citians. The
 attitude here seems to be: we've got our
 Kansas City Star, our ball teams, our Coun-
 try Club Plaza—why do we need to know
 about the rest of the country? The claim that
 snobbishness begins and ends on the east
 coast, that a culture-locked snootiness is
 peculiar to New York City is just plain false. I
 might even go so far as to say that the
 midwestern version of this snobbery is more
 extreme.

As for New Yorkers being indifferent and
 cold, I found the opposite to be true. I got a
 wallet full of business cards and phone
 numbers from New Yorkers to use upon my
 eventual return. Also, nobody is more galled
 by the high prices in New York than the
 natives, and they'll tell you all about the
 cheaper stores, bars and about the tourist
 traps to avoid. The day I visited the World
 Trade Center, a maintenance man took me
 up in a service elevator to an area under
 construction on the 112th floor for a free
 view of Manhattan, rather than letting me
 pay three dollars and wait an hour for the
 view from the observation deck.

When one visits New York City, my ad-
 vice would be to leave your suspicions at
 home.

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**Flick Picks**

by Donna Trussell

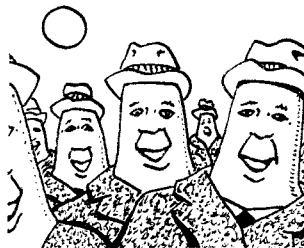
**Don't miss . . .**

The Last Picture Show (1971)
Fine Arts, Sept. 8-9. This film is based on Larry McMurtry's powerful novel about people and relationships in a claustrophobic Texas town in the 1950's. Brilliantly directed, the entire cast gives uniformly excellent performances. Cybill Shepherd, believe it or not, is terrific as a shallow, flirtatious teenager and Ellen Burstyn shines as Shepherd's sexy, down-to-earth single mother. Cloris Leachman and Ben Johnson won Oscars for their performances. Originally shot in color, director Peter Bogdanovich quickly switched to black and white when he realized that in color the town looked too good.

Don't bother . . .

Rich and Famous (1981) and
The Turning Point (1977)
Fine Arts, Sept. 12-14. Mediocrity city, with plenty of side trips into boredom and triteness. Some of the ballet scenes in **Point** redeem it slightly.

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Kittens, free. Ripe (7 weeks old) in late September. 474-1907 or 561-2744, ask for Donna.

Needed—5 cattle prods. 12V. Contact "Brad", KANU FM. Wanted—Station Director. Apply Master Control, KANU FM.

HELP WANTED! Ideal for students, part or full-time. Call Kathee 753-5030.

Tired of looking boring? For a new look with hair call Sharon 381-0045 Located 1435 & Metcalf. Sun Publications Bldg.

Where do you go to meet SINGLES in K.C.? Call 677-1463 or 842-1348.

Bassist, 25, experienced, good equipment. Looking for no frills rock/blues part time. 587-1015 after 5 p.m.

Female country-rock vocalist seeking part-time band to join call 913-721-2131 after 6:00 ask 4 Joyce KCKS area.

Violinist, electric seeks working band blues-country - rock experienced player. 287-8412

A Kansas City Rock N Roll band is now auditioning for a male vocalist copy and original material. 262-0917

Suzuki 1979 TS250 street/dirt excellent reasonable. Stereo \$150, mandolin \$135, ukelele \$45, boys bike \$35 523-1811.

Be a Minister. Full clerical privileges! Tax-free wines, less parking tickets, et al. Legal ordination & credentials, \$5.00 Rev. Bolli. Box 1594, KCKs. 66117

Carpet Cleaning Special-2 rooms & hall Only \$32.95 complete. Commercial work costs only 10¢ sq. ft. "Regency" 333-1480

Commercial & Portrait Photography — Vernon Leat, photography and finishing. Est. 1980. Call 753-4629

Write for your Kansas City Singles Directory. Send \$2.00 to P. O. Box 4053, Overland Park, Ks. 66204

3830 Warwick, Entire third floor, 1 bedroom, unfurnished apartment, parking, shopping, employed adults, no pets 931-2399

4016 Forest large house formerly boarding home. Ideal for share-a-home or rooming, boarding several bedrooms, 5 baths, responsible, employed adults 931-2399

Experienced Rock N' Blues Guitarists. Looking for Bass Player and Drummer 561-2361 or 931-0763 Dennis or Dave

Skateboarding is not dead in K.C.! For the ultimate vertical thrill come session the Metro. 16' wide. Steve 763-1901

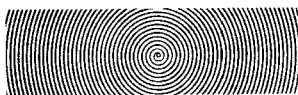
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Want to buy Jethro Tull bootlegs. Call Keith 648-6340 after 5:00.

Guitarist/Vocalist, experienced, serious and versatile looking for working band-Top 40 FM contemporary 753-3677

SMITTY'S TOP 10 DANCE

- | | |
|---|---------------------|
| 1. Love is in Control
12"/LP | Donna Summers |
| 2. Stormy Weather
12" | Viola Wills |
| 3. Do You Wanna Funk
12" | P. Cowley-Sylvester |
| 4. Passion
12" | Flirts |
| 5. Right on Target
12" | Paul Parker |
| 6. Face to Face
LP | Gino Soccio |
| 7. I'm So Hot For You
12" | Bobby O |
| 8. Ask Me
12" | Carol Jani |
| 9. Clean-up Woman
12" | Karen Silver |
| 10. Tonight (My Heart's Not In It)
12" | Brenda Jones |



Lindsey Shannon The Many Phases of The Blues

Five years ago Lindsey Shannon decided there ought to be some blues on the radio in Kansas City, so he went to KCUR-FM with some of his own records and tapes and made a pitch. Three months later he was on the air with *The Many Phases of the Blues*, a show that has aired at 4 PM every Saturday since.

Shannon does not get paid for his work, producing the show, "all for the love of the blues." Ease seems to be the byword of the show and Shannon makes his guests feel conversational and comfortable. He interjects tidbits from his own life, discovers mutual acquaintances and discusses bands he's seen.

Weekdays, Shannon is KJLA's sales manager, a notoriously high pressure job cut out only for hard chargers. Shannon admitted that he had considered dropping *The Many Phases of the Blues* in favor of a project that would make some money, but his wife Jo said the show is a release for him. The only hint of the harried-radio-sales-persona was Shannon's request that, to make the most efficient use of time, I ask my questions in the midst of his record playing and interviewing of Juke Jumper vocalist Jim Colgrove.

Reared in a classical music household (his father subscribed to Opera News and the family listened to the Metropolitan Opera each Sunday), it was in high school that Shannon began listening to the blues late at night on a Little Rock, Arkansas radio station. The disc jockey was Gatemouth Brown, "The Mouth of the South," and he



Lindsey Shannon

played hours of Jimmy Reed music. Jimmy Reed has remained a personal favorite of Shannon's, along with Muddy Waters, Otis Spann and Sonny Boy Williamson. The harmonica is Shannon's favorite blues instrument (he's a closet harmonica player himself). Of the new music of "blue wave" groups, he favors The Thunderbirds and The Juke Jumpers.

During *The Many Phases of the Blues*, Shannon tries to provide some history of the artist and to show how much the blues, "one of the true American art forms," affects all music played today. "Muddy Waters did a song called 'The Blues Had a Baby and They Named It Rock'n'Roll,'" Shannon said.

Record distributors and other blues lovers contribute music for the show, but almost all of it comes from Shannon's own 1,500 record collection. Some of the records may be scratchy, but Shannon feels the music itself is more important than the record quality. During the show a Juke Jumpers album skips, and while we in the studio wince, Shannon just shrugs and smiles. "This is live guys. There's no goin' back. But that's OK, because this is the blues and the blues aren't clean."

— Vicki Atkins

RADIOLAND



AM

WDAF610
KFEQ680
WHB710
KJLA1190

FM

KCUR-FM89.3
KANU91.5
KXTR96.5
KTRO98.9
KYYS102.1
KPRA103.3
KBEQ104.3
KKCI106.5

WEEKDAYS

11:00 AM	Adventures in Good Music, KXTR
NOON	Lunch Break (requested songs), KBEQ
NOON	Fifties and Sixties Oldies, WHB
NOON	Electric Lunch (sixties and seventies oldies), KYYS
1:00 PM	Jazz This Afternoon, KANU
5:30	Music by Candlelight (classical), KANU
6:00	Sixties at Six (oldies), WHB
7:00	TUESDAY - First Hearing (new releases), KXTR
8:00	TUESDAY - Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra (live), KXTR
8:00	THURSDAY - Baltimore Symphony Orchestra (live), KXTR
9:00	Rock Wars, KKCI
9:00	Kansas City's Most Requested Songs, KBEQ
10:00	THURSDAY - Modern Times (20th century classical music), KXTR
10:10	Jazz in the Night, KANU
12:00	Midnight Album Classic, KKCI

SATURDAYS

6:00 AM	Saturday Morning with the Memories (nostalgia and country oldies), WDAF
9:00	German Hour, KTRO
10:00	Polka Potpourri, KTRO
10:00	Bill's Big Band Bash, KCUR-FM
10:00	The Jazz Scene (hosted by our own Dick Wright), KANU
11:00	Adventures in Good Music, KXTR
NOON	Fifties and Sixties Oldies, WHB
NOON	Just Jazz, KCUR-FM
1:00 PM	Stern Brothers Opera, KXTR
1:00 PM	Show Stoppers (music from

Broadway and Hollywood), KCUR-FM

1:00	Saturday Afternoon Opera, KANU
2:00	Folk Waves (starts September 4th), KCUR-FM
3:00	Ballads, Bards and Bagpipes (music of the British Isles and Europe), KCUR-FM
4:00	Many Phases of the Blues, KCUR-FM
6:00	Silver Eagle (country acts recorded live in concert), WDAF
6:00	Sixties at Six (oldies), WHB
6:00	Cypress Avenue (contemporary music), KCUR-FM
6:30	Vintage Jazz Show, KANU
7:00	Silver Eagle (cross country music, moves to 10:30 if there's a Royals game), KFEQ
7:00	Great American Songbook (popular composers and singers), KANU
7:30	Country Close-up (interview and music, hosted by Glen Campbell), WDAF
8:00	Boston Pops (live), KXTR
8:00	Jazz in the Evening, KANU
9:00	Rock Wars, KKCI
9:00	Saturday Night with the Memories (country oldies and music history), WDAF
10:00	Jazz Alive, KANU

SUNDAYS

9:00 AM	Spanish Music, KTRO
9:00	American Top 40 (Billboard's top 40, from LA), KBEQ
10:00	St. Paul Sunday Morning, KANU
NOON	Fifties and Sixties Oldies, WHB
1:00 PM	Boston Symphony Orchestra (live), KXTR
1:00	In Recital, KANU
2:00	First Hearing (new releases), KANU
3:00	Polka Feast (international music), KTRO
5:00	Seventh Heaven Jazz, KPRA
6:00	American Top 40 (9 AM show repeated), KBEQ
6:00	Sixties at Six (oldies), WHB
7:00	Sunday Night Bluegrass, KANU
8:00	Cleveland Orchestra (live), KXTR
8:40	The Music Makers (interview), KJLA
9:00	Inner View (interview with rock personalities), KKCI
10:00	(SEPT. 5) On Stage Tonight - Air Supply, KUDL
10:30	Ballads, Bards and Bagpipes, KANU

Paul Fredrics Electric Lunch

It takes KY102's Paul Fredrics about 20 minutes to select the dozen of so '60s and '70s rock'n'roll classics and prepare for *Electric Lunch*, the noon hour show. As host, Fredrics plays a secondary part of *Electric Lunch*—he's friendly, but he never overrides the music. "I don't like to be stale, you know, just read the one liners and shut up, because I don't believe in that." But because of the show's format, it's nearly impossible to resist throwing in personal memories from when a song was popular. "I think you're going to be seeing more of that on *Electric Lunch*," Fredrics said. "At this point I'm just too new into it, but I'm looking into a little research on some of the groups and that sort of thing. But the music's the important thing. I don't think we'll turn it into a blab hour."

There was no hesitation when Fredrics was asked which group best represents the '60s and '70s. "The Beatles. It has to be—they started it all. I don't think rock'n'roll is what it used to be. Sure there's some good stuff, but there's a lot of trash out, groups that won't be around tomorrow. Generally the public must agree, because they're still buying the Doors and Beatles albums."

One of the most memorable moments of Fredrics' career was an exclusive interview granted by President Reagan. Reagan and Fredrics both started out at the same radio station in Iowa, so they talked about Reagan's broadcasting days. The impression stuck with Fredrics, of the man who really made something of his career. "If ever I felt intimidated by anyone, I think it was during that time I spent with him," Fredrics said.

Being a disc jockey is more than just playing your favorite records a few hours a day. "The people who've made it to a market of this size have paid their dues in the Davenport. Iowans and they have to be very good at their job," Fredrics holds a degree in communications and he worked seven years in smaller markets. He said he's never had a radio job he's hated. The stations he's worked at had family-like atmosphere, which made it hard to move up to a better market. "Everybody's on a team. It's like playing pro ball. You work together, you spend a lot of time with each other, and over a short period of time you become very attached."

As if on cue, Fredrics answered a phone call from Randy Raley, a former KY disc jockey who just left for a station in Denver. Raley asked about station happenings and told of adjusting to different station policies at his new work place. Fredrics provided words of encouragement: you'll be a better jock for it.

"I always wanted to be a disc jockey," Fredrics said. He confessed his first desire was to do sports announcing, play-by-play, but he never had the opportunity. "In this business you take what you can get."



Paul Fredrics

"This is the kind of stuff I like," Fredrics said as he cued up a Bob Seger cut after *Electric Lunch*. People, especially dedicated fans, tend to amaze him. "How many people just eat rock'n'roll?" he said. "I mean they get in their car in the morning and chew their dashboard."

— Vicki Atkins

1
Wednesday
September opens with **Air Supply**, the mellow rock group from Australia. There will be plenty of fresh air out in the open air of Starlight.

2
Thursday
Buzz by the Foolkiller and see **Jim Ringer** and **Mary McCaslin** playing their unique style of traditional and contemporary folk music. Or you can buzz by Parody Hall and catch **Fools Face**. Both events start at 9:00 P. M.

3
Friday
If you're into great jazz harmonies or contemporary jazz vocals, take a trip to the Starlight and you may find yourself in the twilight tone of **Manhattan Transfer**. If that's not your bag, get out your safety pins and catch **Get Smart** and **Mortal Micro Dots** at the Music Box. But if you don't want to hurt yourself, try going over to 900 1/2 Westport Road at 7:30 P.M. to catch the opening of **Contrast** magazine's new gallery. Or try The Jazz Haus in Lawrence to catch the K.C. jump band **The Kats**, who will be there tomorrow night as well.

4
Saturday
What would you say to a six foot tall blonde with the looks of a Greek goddess and the voice of an angel? Maybe something like, "Could you change this light bulb for me?" **Susan Anton** will be bringing her Las Vegas act to Worlds of Fun tonight and tomorrow night.

5
Sunday
Remember the **Akiyoshi Tabackin** article splashed across the front cover of the last KC PITCH? Well, they'll be at Brush Creek tonight in a free concert for you big band followers. Wow! A lot is going on tonight. **B.B. King** and **Millie Jackson** will be together at Starlight. But don't bring the kids — you know how Millie likes to say those nasty words.

6
Monday
For all you Cannes Film Festival buffs, **Man of Iron** won Best Picture. It sounds like a real "steel" at the City Movie Center.

7
Tuesday
One, two, three, kick! Yes, the all time favorite **A Chorus Line** is kicking off again at the Midland now through the 12th, but get your tickets early or you'll miss out again. If you don't feel like something so Broadway-ish, how about **Brush Creek Review** at Parody Hall.

9
Thursday
Just what KC needs — a fashion show called "**What to wear to the Arts**." This show, commencing at 11:00 A.M. at Crown Center, will be a great plus for all you fashion conscious people out there. Mime Wock will be hosting. After you find out what to wear, you can catch two of the hottest reggae acts around, **Peter Tosh** and **Jimmy Cliff** in two shows at the Uptown.

10
Friday
Find out who the hell Gary Morris is at the Uptown tonight. If you would rather

By Smitty



By Smitty

READY FOR ANYTHING.

enjoy female jazz vocals, check out the new Levee. Now open again, it will feature artists playing in the old K.C. jazz style. Tonight it's **Priscilla Bowman** from 9:00 to 1:00 P.M. Or zip by the Music Box and catch **The Langehr Band**. Maybe you'll want to fill up the car with some gasola and drive to Lawrence's Jazz Haus to see the blues duo **Bill Lynch** and **Lee McBee**, playing tomorrow night too.

11
Saturday
Another Saturday night and I ain't got nobody. Well, if you'd like to meet someone new and exciting, try going to KU in Lawrence to **Regaletto**. If you're into plays, that special might be there. Or run over to Starlight and catch **George Thorogood and His Destroyers** — maybe that dreamboat of yours is a rock and roller. Or maybe you could go by Foolkiller and catch **Beth Scalet**, singer and songwriter. Or maybe your potential beau is very mainstream and into **T.G. Sheppard** and will be at Worlds of Fun.

12
Sunday
One of K.C.'s most outlandish experimental bands, **BCR**, will present a multimedia show, "Secrets of the Super Spies" at Foolkiller at 2:00 P.M. in the afternoon. Then want to settle down with some plain ol' good rock n' roll? Try **Used Parts** at the Jazz Haus in Lawrence.

13
Monday
Ready for a little Mardi Gras? Well, the Levee is honoring **Skip Hawkins Hot 5** with their special brand of Dixieland jazz from 8-12:00 P.M.

15
Wednesday
Irish folk group **De Dannan's** popularity is growing by leaps and bounds. They'll be appearing at Community Christian Church at 4061 Main. Tickets are \$7.

16
Thursday
The 11th **National Walnut Valley Festival** will start today in Winfield, Kansas. Get out your Earth shoes and get ready for a great time. It's going to be one hell of a blast,

with arts and crafts, music and soybeans, running four big days. If your Earth shoes are missing, put on your Funk-Jazz shoes and run over to The Levee for Stan Kessler from 9-1 P.M.

17
Friday
It's time for the mystical, magical music of the great magician himself, Mr. **Steve Miller**. Steve will be showing us his magical guitar work at Starlight, so get out your white rabbits and your top hats. If you want a more down-to-earth experience, try **Kathy Buehler** and **Mata Hari** at the Foolkiller. Or catch some rock and blues with **Blue Plate Special** at The Jazz Haus in Lawrence.

18
Saturday
The Lyric celebrates its 25th anniversary and they'll be doing **La Boheme**, which opened the Lyric 25 years ago. Or how about a little April in September with **April Wine** and **Eddie Money** at Municipal, 8 PM

19
Sunday
Yes, once again it's **BCR**. What does BCR stand for or sit for or fall for? Is it Black Crack Review or Basic Christian Rockers? No one will say. At 2 PM at the Foolkiller, they'll be doing "Secrets of the Lost Books II."

20
Monday
Skip Hawkins Hot 5 returns to The Levee with their Dixieland Jazz. Stop by The Levee—it's a great place to hear that old K.C. Jazz.

21
Tuesday
Go see **Rich Hill** and the **Riffs**, featuring that great voice of **Ida McBeth**, at Blayney's through Saturday. This lady has a voice like I've never heard.

22
Wednesday
For all you hair-benders out there, get a group together and go to the Lyric to see

Barber of Seville at 7:30 PM.

23
Thursday
Go for folk with **Beth Scalet** at Lawrence's Jazz Haus.

24
Friday
Let's get physical. I would with a bod and a voice like hers. Go see **Olivia Newton-John** at Kemper with **Tom Scott**. Get out your jogging suits and tennies for this one. If you can't find your tennis, get your clogging shoes and clog over to Foolkiller for a clogging lesson. It's free. Then hang around 'cause **Dawson-Nance and Brown** will be playing folk and country clogging music. Dance! Or put on some nice cool shoes and snap your fingers all the way to Lawrence's Jazz Haus to see **The Jerry Hahn Quartet** play some modern jazz. They play tomorrow, also.

25
Saturday
Yo-duh-lay-dee-hoo! How about a fun evening of yodeling at Foolkiller with an expert, **Gary Kirkland**. Bring your best yodels and kazooos along for this vocal experience.

26
Sunday
BCR will be back at Foolkiller at 2 PM for a musical/theater experience—"Secrets of the Young Existentialists."

27
Monday
It's time to take out the garbage—take him to a movie or something.

28
Tuesday
When was the last time you took a long hot bubble bath? Try this tonight, maybe with a friend.

29
Wednesday
A party at one of K.C.'s finest straight discos—**Fanny's**, of course. Yes, MTV will be sponsoring a party starting at 9 PM. Concert tickets and albums will be given away. There will also be a special appearance by one of New York's D.J.s, so bring your balloons—it's going to be fun!

30
Thursday
Get ready to pay rent.

Ida Update

Ida McBeth will be headlining the Rich Hill Review on September 10 and 11 at Parody Hall. On Friday night, she will welcome the reunion of the secretions which features Bob John of the Blue Riddim Band and Ed Toler, area blues guitarist. Also appearing with Ida will be Benny Spellman, vocalist of the hit single, "Lipstick Traces on a Cigarette."

Rich Hill and the Riffs featuring Ida McBeth will appear at Blayney's September 21-25 and at O's September 29 and 30.