

daily rag enterment

Redgrass— belly stint, pick the lint

by Art Ecker

Well, kick off your shoes, grab hold of the soles of your feet and don't let go til the lint's been picked out of your belly-button, because some of the best ear-ticklin' music in the world is trooping into town this weekend. What kind of music is that—why the only music on this here globe worth listening too—Redgrass.

Redgrass has been called "Communist inspired hillbilly music" but we all know that it's only called that by those "culturists" who claim to know everything about music and life in general. Whoo boy, are they wrong, the Redgrass exponents are the only ones who know everything about music and life in general.

Redgrass got its name early in its musical history. The music drew such large crowds that often people were crushed underneath the multitude of worshippers. Anyway, as these folk's



blood stoned the grass, the musicians looked down and exclaimed, "Well shuck my corn, look at that Redgrass." So be it.

But back to this weekend. A passle of the best pickin' redgrassers around are going to be appearing in a free concert

this Saturday. The Fester Phlatt Revue, backed by banjoist Sarl Cruggs and geetar men Doc Jeckyl and his son Berle.

Some of the songs folk can look forwards to Saturday night are two originals by Cruggs, "Pick My Nose Along" and "John Handy Was A Queer Little Man." And you can bank on the four zooming likity-split thru old standards like "154 Days in the Privy," "Kernal Flander's Yankee Chickee Breakdown" and "Hemp Blossom Special."

So, don't let no "culturist" tell you what's good music. Let me tell ya. Ain't nothing can beat Redgrass. So stuff your backpack full of goodies and prepare yourself for some of the best music that's ever set your ears to a flappin'. Whooooeee!

hell's bells

Choclit ants: aftermath of 15 fizzies

by Kerry Flubbit

If there's one thing that pisses me off, it's crummy audiences. And if I've ever seen crummy audiences, this audience at Pershing Friday night was crummy.

First of all, the script they had was really boring. All they managed to do throughout the entire production was mill about on the floor like so many ants that haven't been covered with chocolate yet.

But as if that weren't enough, the casting was equally poor. The unidentified man who played the 'narc' was hardly believable as he toted off student after student. He displayed just a little bit too much schlock to be effective in the "heavy role."

what did I say?

The sparse, drab and rather flat set seems to fit the production well, as it allows the actors of the rather large cast rather ample room to sit stand and cavort. It is rather difficult at times to pick out the lead characters in the audience from the general chorus, but that is a minor point.

All in all it was a good show. But it made me feel like I'd swallowed fifteen Fizzies and thrown up.

By the way, if you're going to be in town this year, you might note the following: water is wet, with spring naturally comes warmer weather, and belly buttons are not in style.

And I have just listened to a new album: *The Greatest Hits of Lawrence Welk*. For those of you who don't remember, Lawrence used to be alive in the 50's and 60's and he played some of the heaviest of what we in the know call "boring" music.

Recording on the Musak label, Welk managed to warm the cuckolds of a few misplaced hearts in those days and as such is worthy of note. It took me back to the good ole days of inanity, and I hope it will do the same to you.



Smokey portrayals . . . gay and joyous audience cavorts high above the turf during Friday's performance.