



It was the summer that Joan Baez went commercial, Alice Cooper welcomed people to his nightmare and Cher divorced, married, then filed for divorce again.

And, of course, there were the Rolling Stones, entrenching their status as the world's top rock and roll band. The third stop of their 1975 Tour of the Americas was in Kansas City's Arrowhead Stadium. It was there that I brushed with martyrdom to see a living legend in action.

All those \$40 adjectives used to describe the indescribable were true—devastating, electrifying, mind-blowing. . . all of it. But there's something about the whole Stones concert experience that transcends anything as two-dimensional as print on

But, like fame or a stable human relationship, there were sacrifices to be made. The day was a constant series of challenges. Around noon, my friends and I were caught in the opening barrage of rabid
Stones freaks going through the gates.

During this crunch my roommate
almost got her face trampled while

retrieving her purse. Then she was vomited

And, after we got inside, it was three hours until the music began. The heat was cerebrum shriveling-130-degrees of it-according to the Kansas City Star, during the Rufus and Eagles performances, Apparently, many Nebraskans made the

journey-our position on the playing field was surrounded by people from the state. They were quite a cross-section: one group smoked opium while a man from another

group read a Bible.

The other within-driving-distance performance of the Stones was in Fort Collins, Colo. July 20. And, according to Rolling Stone magazine, the Stones probably wouldn't have minded shooting Elton John, even if he is only a piano

player.
The magazine said John dropped by from Caribou recording studios near Denver, supposedly only to play the opening number, Honky-Tonk Women. But he stayed on through much of the set, and his improvising reportedly hampered the Stones' performance.

A friend who attended the Fort Collins

concert said John was not announced to the audience, and he wasn't aware of John's presence until he read of the incident in Rolling Stone. He said he noticed a different person in Billy Preston's place at the keyboards-someone with a cowboy hat and no glasses-but even through binoculars, he said he couldn't identify John.

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