

# ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

## Beer and bowling with the Beat Farmers

Dear Editors and Cheaters,  
This fair lady was late getting her article in because she went bowling with the Beat Farmers. We whipped her soundly and sent her home with what little money, sobriety, and dignity she had left.

Respectfully,  
Country Dick and Rolle

by heather brandes  
staff writer

I hardly believed such a statement on my behalf would in the least appease or impress my sadistic editor. Especially once I explained just how bad they kicked my butt. (They just started coughin' up silver bullets, so as to impair my motor functions--the rest, as they say, is bowling history). Oh well, it was a nice gesture anyway, but that was the end of the story, and any law-abiding citizen would start at the beginning...

Sitting in the plush, bordello-like surroundings of Calamity Jaynes, I was making my own preparation for this event, when a voice, low enough to make my nose hairs curl, broke the silence.

"Aah forgot to put my girlfriend on the guest list." I looked up and started at

a mountain in cowboy boots and a beard. This just had to be Country Dick Montana of the infamous Beat Farmers. Certainly no mistake in a voice that twangs with a fog horn blast.

After watching him engage in idle chit-chat with a few fans, I approached him with the offer of an interview. To which he responded, "Heh-heh, Uh, how much money 'er ya gonna pay me."

Once I explained the level of wealth attained from free-form journalism, was equal to that of door-to-door pork belly salesmen, he obliged. Offering me free Coronas and pearls of wisdom, as told by the legendary Country Dick Montana.

Country Dick was introduced to a show business career through his father, Montana Sr. The older Montana hauled the little Dick around the country while road managing acts like Marty Robbins and the band, Sugarloaf.

Upon settling in San Diego, he was elected vice-president of the student body at the height of the social unrest that was the 1960s. He was then suspended and "impeached" soon after delivering his first speech to a crowd that was apparently "restless."

Figuring there were better, less incriminating means to getting a message across, he spent three years playing piano for various rock and country outfits. After that, he "retired" to open his own record store—Monty Rockers. Monty not only functioned as a means to keep Dick out of trouble, but also served as a major contributor to the westward surge of alternative music in the late 1970s. Plus it was the only record store in Southern California that offered free beer (with proper I.D.).

Once again, however, the spirit moved him to try something else. So after a few years of spittin' and cussin' with the wrong bunch of guys, he found himself making the phone calls to what soon came to be known as the Beat Farmers.

The Beat Farmers current line up is Country Dick on vocals, drums and accordion, Jerry Raney on vocals guitar, drums and beer-gargle, Joey Harris--nephew of Kingston Trio's Nick Reynolds--on vocals, guitar, drums and Kazoo, and Rolle Love on bass and surfin' grooves.

Singing songs the way they were meant to be sung, (so long as no one is alive to object), the Beat Farmers have

toured most of the U.S. and just finished a stint in Europe.

When asked just how they were received in Europe, Dick replied, "Aww, they loved us, but ah think they're pretty gullible. They really buy all this shit we send over there on the television. We get up there and say we're from the southwest and they immediately think everyone's John Wayne; shootin' & drinkin' & ridin' horses. So I tell them things like-- 'Bastards (customs) wouldn't let me bring my gun!' or 'went to 7-11 and I almost got shot three times, cause they was playin' target practice wid' my BIG GULP'."

As far as record companies go, things are pretty awkward in their current situation with MCA records. When asked if any real support has been generated, Dick said, "Not really, for example, we recorded this bootleg four-song tape and MCA sends it out to all the radio stations, so we can't complain about not getting airplay. Then they neglect to send copies of it to the record stores, so someone can actually buy the thing. Most of it (band success) is really self-generated."

Rolle added, "Record companies are actually to-

day's legal version of a loan shark. 'Sure we'll give ya all the money you want right now, but ya gotta pay it back when your record takes off.'

There is, in fact, one Beat Farmers' song that gets regular airplay in major markets, without the benefit of recognition. "Happy Boy," Tom Jones to show up, he even put him on the guest list.

Somehow, I don't think even Tom could have measured up with 'ol Country Dick though. By the end of the night The Farmers ripped their way through crowd favorites like their own "Riverside" from Van Go, the aforementioned "Happy Boy," the much requested "California Kid," "Dark Light," and "Ball 'o Yarn." Among the cover tunes, which ranged from George Jones to Tom Waits, the house was brought down with the infamous "Led Zep-pelin Medley," sung acapella. A definite suprise came in their cover of Kenny Rogers' "Lucille." Personally, I long for the day when Kenny lays down on the stage, puts a Corona between his ankles and pours it down his inverted throat the way Country Dick did. But I'm sure he just couldn't pull off calling Lucille a "Booger-eatin', sweat pig!"

So what is "Beat Farmers Philosophy?" For Jerry Raney, who didn't speak up much anyway, it's Cheerios (the cereal). Joey Harris likes the free drinks he gets when

he's just standing around Las Vegas casinos. And for Rolle Love, it is his six shooter in the desert and his surfboard at Bird Rock. Country Dick just wanted the \$40 he blew in the casino waiting for his girlfriend to come out of the bathroom. He also wanted

Tom Jones to show up, he even put him on the guest list. Somehow, I don't think even Tom could have measured up with 'ol Country Dick though. By the end of the night The Farmers ripped their way through crowd favorites like their own "Riverside" from Van Go, the aforementioned "Happy Boy," the much requested "California Kid," "Dark Light," and "Ball 'o Yarn."

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## Life and Times.....

by juana b. graduated  
guest writer

How ya doing? I bet great since school's started. Isn't it great? We're like paper towels thirsting and waiting to be soaked up with knowledge. I'm not being facetious, I'm being serious.

Let me step into your parents shoes for a brief moment: Enjoy school while you can and acquire all the knowledge possible while you have the opportunity. Not all people are fortunate enough to have such a chance.

O.K. that's enough on parenting, now I'm speaking as your typical college burn-out! Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Juana. This is my column, Juana's column!- (For you gringos

the j's pronounced like an h!)and I'll be letting you know about my wild adventures as a UNLV student. Boy, I bet you're jumping with joy. Calm down, take a deep breath, save your energy for drinking and carousing during the three day weekend.

So what's the point of this column? Well, you see, I'm a troubled college student about to graduate, at least I'd like to think I am. Like typical college goes I'm on the brink of pulling my hair out. I get into 'situations' so you can help me when I need advice. From time to time I'll ask for advice and I may even include it in my column. Oooh!

Let's talk about things you can do to relieve the pressures of school.

Remember don't try these unsuspecting poor freshman souls who are wandering aimlessly about trying to fit in here at our YOUNG, PROUD and GROWING University- SO THERE! Saturday Night Live. Keep Positive Rebs, Ciao For Now!

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Maybe we can come up with a good list to help the

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