

## **Journey to Tinseltown**

For the next few years, I was lucky to live in the center of a music movement, earning a living by recording songwriters. We found each other by word of mouth in the underground musician's network — CC Tap the local watering hole.

After producing hundreds of recordings, I came to believe that six artists had national potential. I selected their best songs and decided to try selling them. However, I hadn't a clue how to sell the music. By magic, it seemed, an artist would get a music executive to listen to their recording or come to their show. The exec would be impressed and make an offer on the spot.

To begin, I purchased a directory of Los Angeles record company talent scouts.

I rang my dad to see if his offer was still good to stay with him. Dad answered, "Tally ho!" over the phone. So I organized my artist's cassettes by genre and packed up for the next stage in my music career. Kissing my wife and Minneapolis goodbye, I headed for the heart of the Hollywood Hills, where the names of stars are engraved on the sidewalks and the fast food authentic Mexican.

On my first visit to Hollywood, courtesy of my dad's car and home, I found myself lost on the L.A. freeways. I was a solitary, unknown voice in the slot machine of the entertainment industry. More happened in a single Hollywood hour than 10 years in Minneapolis.

Looking out across the L.A. basin from the Hollywood sign at night, I saw a Milky Way of lights and an endless stream of cherry-colored brake lights, glowing like a tube of melted lipstick between the glass canyons.

What direction to take? What would be my story? What would Clement Stone do? I devised a script and rebuttals just as I had learned in sales school. My first hurdle was selling myself past the executive's assistant's desk. Then, the music had to sell itself.

The drive from my dad's house in West Covina to the heart of Sunset Boulevard took four hours round trip. I timed my appointments between 10am and 3pm to avoid the worst of traffic. By the time I rolled back into my dad's driveway, exhaust fumes filled my eyes- my days were often 15 hours long.

Similar to my work with Combined Insurance- I spent most of my days cold calling, knocking on doors, waiting in reception areas, and chilling in a trendy coffee shop on Rodeo Drive. I took note of the clothes shops. When I made it big I'd buy my wife a real nice dress, I thought as I sipped my coffee, while gazing out the window in my daydream. Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills is considered by many to be the world's number one designer shopping destination.

On weekends during the winter months, I passed my days in joy, simply sitting in my dad's backyard in shorts and a t-shirt, staring at a real palm tree, feeling grateful to be out of the Minnesota blizzards.

However, even though we spoke on the telephone often, I missed my wife very much- we had been apart for far too long. I now recall the most memorable phone conversation we had during that time.

"How are you?" I asked her one day, as usual.

"I think I'm pregnant," she joyfully replied.

I could see her smile through the phone.

"Are you sure?" I gulped, awaiting the good news.

“Well, okay...” she hesitated, “I’m not sure, yet.”

“So, I am not a father yet? I said, disappointed.

“Officially, no,” she lowered her voice.

“Another two weeks and I’ll be back. We can try again,” I assured her.

“Any luck with business?” she asked.

“My horoscope read that Saturn would align with Venus, and that means good for business,” I answered.

“I’ll keep the candle lit,” she said.

“Love you,” I said and hung up.

I would call Janice from my dad’s land line, but I carried a cell phone for business.

“Is that one of those new cell phones?” Dad asked me, examining the device that was so large it covered half my face.

“Yes, it’s a cellular phone, Dad,” I replied, showing him the pull out antenna. “You can call from anywhere — like from your car — and talk to people.”

“Can I try it?” he inquired, as his eyes lit up in amazement.

Handing him the phone, I explained, “Just press this button and dial, but don’t be long because it’s really expensive.”

My dad left the room with the phone, and didn’t come right back, so I went looking for him. I found him out in the garage using my phone, and it sounded to me like he was talking to a woman — trying to hit on her.

“Uh... sorry to interrupt, Dad, but you’ll have to use your landline for that,” I said, with a surprising tone, interrupting his conversation. He quickly ended his call, and handed my phone back.

When I questioned him about what I’d overheard, I sensed that my dad had one more shoe, dangling from a very old frayed lace.

“C’mon, Dad...” I encouraged, “no more secrets.”

“Okay...” he began, “I told you about my first wife, but what I didn’t tell you- is that I have her number. She’s the woman I was talking to.”

“What?” I asked, having a hard time believing what I was hearing. “Are you having an affair now with your first ex-wife?”

Dad explained to me that he wasn’t having an affair with her, but admitted he’d been staying in touch with her.

Over the years, my dad had relaxed his outlook on life. His hardliner prejudicial philosophy was now softened by a combination of age, Parkinson’s disease, and reality TV. Our former battles left many unanswered questions, but I held no grudges. I focused on what we might accomplish together going forward.

Still, he found the energy to emotionally jab his new wife, who worked full time and tended to his needs. My stepmother (I called her stepmom for short) was half my dad’s age; a vibrant, open-minded woman. With patience and understanding, she rose above my dad’s peccadilloes. Further to her credit, she stayed clear of our tangled history. After listening to both of our interpretations of events or issues, she did not take sides.

When I thought my dad had crossed the line with my stepmom, I persuaded him to stop. I saw his relationship with her as the best thing he had going for him. Even before the phone call to his ex-wife, I’d repeatedly encouraged him not to screw up his third marriage, which seemed to be going real well.

On Monday mornings, I returned to the game of Hollywood Squares.

“Capital Records, Mr. Big’s office,” said a sweet female secretary voice on the end of the phone line.

I took a deep breath.

“My name is Arlo, as in Arlo Guthrie. I am here from out of town and I have an artist Mr. Big needs to hear. Is he available at 3pm today?” I alleged with an acquired silver tongue and a big grin through the phone. I did aim to manipulate my way in the door by using a twist on the truth, like I’d learned through the training I had as an insurance salesman.

“Does he know who you are?” she snapped.

“Not exactly... and never mind that. I have another appointment with Mr. Deep Pockets at RCA at 5pm, but I wanted Mr. Big to hear this music first,” I pushed. “He’d be very happy you made this appointment.”

“I’m sorry...” she replied in her Valley Girl accent, “we don’t accept unsolicited materials,” and hung up.

Being unknown had one distinct advantage- I hadn’t acquired a bad reputation. Through trial and error- after numerous rejections, I learned how to drop names, sometimes managing to get an appointment.

One day I found my way to the Island Records building on the Beverly Hills edge of West Hollywood. It was comparatively small in the shadow of the giant Capital Records tower. I approached a security door, and pressed the “open sesame” button.

“I have a 2pm appointment with Benny,” I said into the intercom. Benny had the distinction of being a vice president as opposed to a general low-end talent scout. The latter usually came with no budget and a propensity for the Hollyweird shuffle- *the longer you don’t make a decision, the longer you keep your job.*

The greeting secretary was young and gorgeous, typical of all the women who worked at these record companies. The office was full of scantily clad females who dressed like lingerie models. As a reminder of what happens to unsolicited materials, a not-so-pretty bucket displayed discarded dreams that would never be heard.

I sat on a waiting room couch and admired the vast gallery of record awards that covered the hallway. As I was reading a table copy of *Billboard Magazine*, Chris Blackwell walked by. He was the owner of Island Records, which broke the careers of top artists, including U2, and Bob Marley. He glanced at me in my red suit and nodded. I would have given anything for five minutes of his time.

“Benny’s office is this way,” said a young woman, who looked like she’d just stepped off the set of Baywatch to guide me down the hallway.

When I sat down at Benny’s desk he was on the phone, feet propped up on his desk. One never knew how these people got their jobs. Sometimes, they worked their way up from the mailroom, slept with a rock star or the boss, or had a relative in the camp. Benny couldn’t have been older than 21. He had straggly, shoulder-length hair, and looked as though he’d just rolled out of bed in his t-shirt and sneakers. He had all of the pizzazz of another opinionated butt kisser in the music business.

“Hello, I’m Benny, A and R director, Island Records,” he said, putting down the phone, “What brings you to the Island, dude?”

“My name is Arlo,” I replied, “and I’m the A and R manager for the Arlo Hennings Publishing Company, Minneapolis division.”

“Minneapolis?” he snickered. “How many people live there... about one million people?”

After many of these appointments, I learned how to take the demeaning Hollywood jokes and jabs in stride. I'd become immune to rejection and learned to how to stay focused under their pressure.

"Technically, two million people live there," I responded, matter-of-factly, "but I didn't come here to sell you lake-front property."

I unfolded the *Billboard* magazine and placed it on his desk.

"Have you looked at the pop charts lately? Notice that half of the Top 10 have been produced in or are from Minneapolis. The Minneapolis Sound is the rage." I was aware that the label had already signed a Minneapolis artist, named Peter Himmelman. I didn't want to wind up fighting. However, these people were rude and they expected me to be rude, too. If I wasn't pushy they'd blow me off.

"Benny, it says here on your business card that you're a talent scout," I queried. "I have highly talented artists to share with you... so how about you scout them?"

"Well then, do you have some of their music to play for me?" he inquired sleepily, as he yawned and rubbed his wooden puppet face. I opened my briefcase and began with Gina. He set up the tape on his macho sound system.

"Oh, I can't stand her voice," he said after two of Gina's songs. Benny continued to play several songs by each artist, sometimes nodding his head, and other times sitting expressionless. The audition lasted about 30 minutes.

"I can tell you this music is personally not my bag. However, Kevin next door to me does house music and might like it. We're pretty booked up all the way around and I don't know if anyone has the budget right now," he told me, shaking his head.

I never believed in taking no for an answer.

"I'm in no rush. These things take time. I just wanted to meet you. I heard you're the best A and R in town," I said, giving him the BS line.

"Sure Arlo, whatever," Benny chuckled, kicking his feet up onto his desk, and did not get up to see me out.

His secretary was just outside his door and heard everything. As I was packing up to leave she butted in, "That music by Dan is really good," she said, shaking her head at Benny. "You haven't signed anyone in a year." She closed his door and escorted me back to the entryway, and looking at me with sorrowful eyes, she consoled, "Don't give up."

Calling upon my positive mental attitude power, cold-call, door-to-door skills- I was finally able to get my foot in the door with Dean Kay, who was a major music company president. Did I mention name dropping? I told him a little white lie that I knew Prince. I didn't know Prince, exactly. However, Janice's cousin was in his band and that was close enough.

Dean's office was the largest I had seen. It could have passed for a condominium. The most prominent fixture on his desk was not his own pair of feet, but a photo of his wife and daughter. I estimated him to be in his late 50s. He had a genuine persona about him that came across in his wide smile, hand shake, professional causal dress, short, white hair, and basketball-star height. He didn't waste any time and started to play my cassettes. The more cassettes Dean popped into his stereo, the more his mood shifted from hurried to telling his secretary to hold his calls.

"Your songs sound like finished records," Dean said, impressed, "Where are you from again?"

"Minneapolis," I answered. "It's the hometown of Prince and 10,000 other bands. The reason there're so many great songwriters there is because it's so cold you can't go outside most of the year, so people get creative and write a lot of songs."

He stopped the cassette player.

“You don’t say?” Dean remarked, with a big shiny white smile reflecting off his positively glowing California tanned features.

“In the winter, I have to light a pan of charcoal and place it beneath the car’s engine block or it won’t start. When I turn the ignition the motor often grumbles ‘not today,’” I said, talking Minnesotan.

“Is it cold there now?” Dean looked worried.

“No, because it’s June,” I replied, “and the beginning of the summer season, but there are only a couple months left before it’s time to break out the parkas.”

“What are you looking for?” Dean examined a cassette.

“I would like to sign my songwriters to your company so I can share their music with the world,” I explained.

“How many songwriters do you represent?” Dean probed.

“I am currently working with six songwriters,” I told him with a growing confidence in my tone.

Dean nodded his head and picked up his phone, “Change my next flight to New York for a stopover in Minneapolis.” Standing with respect to shake my hand again, he added with reassurance in his tone, “We’ll see what happens, okay?”

Dean co-wrote the song “That’s Life,” with Kelly Gordon, which was first recorded by Marion Montgomery. The most famous recorded version sang by Frank Sinatra, was released on his 1966 album of the same name. Both album and song confirmed profitable triumph for Sinatra. This same song became Aretha Franklin’s very first recording with Atlantic Records in 1967.

Fortunately for me, Dean Kay was a songwriter, performer, and recording artist, as well as a suit. Throughout his career he nurtured the careers of many other songwriters, recording artists, and music industry executives. He purchased more than 100 music-publishing catalogs involving more than 100,000 copyrights.

As noted on Dean Kay’s website: he has been the chief caretaker of the creative treasures of many songwriters including Jerome Kern, Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein II, Cole Porter, Elton John, Bernie Taupin, Johnny Horton, Don Williams, Bob McDill, Wayland Holyfield, Ricky Skaggs, and Rick Springfield to name a few. Kay was a living legacy of the great American songwriter tradition. Getting to work with him was an amazing breakthrough, and better than I could have ever imagined.

In 1989, after several months of negotiations and expensive lawyers, PolyGram Music International signed my songwriters to one of the largest music production contracts in the history of the Minneapolis music scene. I had finally “arrived” in the world of music executives, and now I got to ride around, for awhile, in style.

Dean lived next door to Bob Hope’s home in Burbank, and we were going to see how the remodeling on his 16-bedroom mansion was doing. An earthquake destroyed it and he had to start over. I stepped into Dean’s customized Jaguar and closed the door.

“Dean scolded me, “Gently, please. Close the door with one finger. Try it again. There, the doors are as light as a feather. Everyone wants to treat my car like a truck.”

I couldn’t believe I was riding with the multimillionaire president of one of the largest music publishers in the world. I hid my wide eyes behind a pair of sunglasses as we drove past the TV and movie production companies that lined Olive Street in Burbank. Limousines cluttered the lanes of traffic. Paramount was filming the next blockbuster.

“They all need good songs,” Dean said, as he waved his hand across the sleek dashboard. “I really like that project you’re doing with Laura,” he continued. “I would like to hear more. I think you got a winner there.”

I imagined a camera following me, recording my one minute of fame. I didn’t know if I’d get another 14 minutes, as Andy Warhol had predicted for everyone. I was ready for my close-up. I was ready for anything.

Fifteen years earlier, I had run away from home with my sister’s “toy” guitar and a passion for music. Now, I returned to my Dad’s place with a contract from a major music company in one hand, and a check in the other. Dad was stunned, my mother and brother scoffed at the news, my sisters didn’t know what to make of it, but my wife was very proud of me.

Minneapolis tried to welcome me back to the usual unforgiving pimply concrete, the walk from the CC Tap bar to my studio apartment. The feelings of my achievement changed all that. The sidewalk had turned into a surreal marshmallow-like texture. I was walking on spongy air. My steps sparkled like a shiny beacon into the night. Adrenaline rushed through my veins, and filled me with a false sense of long-term success. So intense the blaring horns, I became emboldened to do crazy things — like buy a house in the suburb.

“You’re part of the Polydent family now,” Dean exclaimed, with his big white smile. Why he compared PolyGram to a dentures cleaner was an inside joke, yet for me to understand.

To me, it was more like *PolyGlam*, because the music contract honeymoon myth was true. I was being wined and dined by top music biz shakers in ivory towers decorated by gold and platinum record awards. How deluded I was to think that my name might someday hang on the wall of moguls? Not everyone cared, however. Hollyweird had a meat-wagon element: either on your way up or on your way out in this trendy, back-stabbing, flavor-of-the-month club. Despite the headaches of trying to win in this game, I had finally realized my dream of working in the music business. I was — for the first time — truly in harmony with what I loved to do.

Artie Fabstein returned — the same guy who a few years earlier helped me to record my double album in my apartment. AF was a talented music school dropout, whose unbridled childish behavior was an unending source of porcupine quills in my ass. His musical skills evolved considerably after recording my albums; his emotional growth did not. Before he was officially diagnosed with bipolar disorder, lies fell out of his mouth as regularly as his hair fell off of his head.

I often found AF whimpering on the floor of the recording studio, sucking his thumb, gazing into space like a lost puppy. Incapable of adult behavior- he double-billed me, had sex with interns, and engaged in other unscrupulous activities that aided his twisted motives.

“Don’t you love me?” AF often asked, playing his fingers off his lower lip.

“Yes, AF, I love you,” I replied, hiding the urge to drown him with truth serum.

I was warned about AF, but I chose to give everyone the benefit of the doubt until proven otherwise. Simply put, AF forgot who brought him to the party and as a result put the Polygram deal into jeopardy.

I knew I was in trouble when AF’s father, who was a bookie or book keeper, I wasn’t sure which, showed up one day to review our shared finances. Even he was a bit perplexed.

“Why does AF have another company that’s in the same business as you?” he asked me.

“I don’t know,” I replied, “you’ll need to ask your son.”

I was responsible for trying to sell my songwriters’ songs. I travelled to New York and L.A., playing the songs to anyone who would listen. The labels lavished compliments, but wouldn’t

budge. In defense of the project, labels were merging at the time, so companies pushed the pause button on new signings.

I had become the little big man Hunter S. Thompson saw in me, so I rented an office suite in Minneapolis that belonged to Owen Husney, former manager for Prince. During my time as co-publisher and A&R rep (Artist and Repertoire aka arguments and recriminations), I placed several artists on major labels, and saved the independent label Twin Tone Records from bankruptcy — the Jayhawks, Replacements, Suburbs, Soul Asylum and Ween — by finding a new national distribution deal on Restless Records. In addition, the local Minnesota Music Awards asked me to present the Artist of the Year Award to Red House Records winner Ann Reed. I was feeling so much like part of the PolyDent family now that I expected we'd all share a dysfunctional Thanksgiving dinner. Then I got a call from the Dean's office.

"I have had enough of AF's shenanigans," Dean told me, sounding very irritated, "Telling the president of Island Records that he's an idiot is the last straw. I'm sorry, but I have no choice other than to terminate your contract."

If only AF had simply reverted to sucking his thumb.

After my contract ended in 1991, my songwriters were released from their contracts as well. While AF had remained a prickly juvenile, I became a smooth stepping stone for many of the more promising artists. They ranged from an edgy, "sex goddess" rocker, to a proselytizing Christian singer-songwriter.

I deeply cared about my clients, and believed in our potential for making great music together. So I advanced them money, made excuses for their inappropriate behavior, and overextended myself as a daycare provider for young adults. Then, strand by strand, the once tightly woven ball of creative energy began to unravel.

Dissatisfied by a lack of immediate success, my song tribe began to disperse. One quit and headed to L.A., to follow her own Hollywood dream. Another, whose demo tape I sent to a record company, snagged a recording contract. And so it went. I wanted to see "my" artists succeed, but had hoped they'd at least acknowledge the guy who helped launch their musical careers and dreams. Flabbergasted to realize many could not seem to find the space to credit me in their liner notes.

My membership in the flavor-of-the-month music club ended on a sour note, and left a bitter taste in my mouth. I felt justified in blaming AF for our downfall, but being bitter wouldn't make me better. Maybe it's just the nature of the business. Dean later lost his job, as well, due to a merger among PolyGram, Island, A&M Records, and Motown. Maybe "that's life," like the hit song that Dean co-wrote. In the end, however, I would refuse to roll up and die.

Dean kept his profile intact by remaining on the board of directors at ASCAP. AF eventually quit the music business and started an Internet marketing company. Four of the singer-songwriters went four separate ways: teaching piano, practicing acupuncture, working as a butcher, and becoming the unemployed father of five. Ah, that's show biz.

I was out of a job and out of my legendary office space, but back in a limo — working as a part-time driver.

Another dead end job or not, my life was about to be changed again- to the positive, forever. Janice was 9 months pregnant.

As I awaited fatherhood, I remembered a couple of nights I drove customers around the Twin Cities. On one particular early evening in June, a girl I was driving for opened conversation with me with an arrogant tone, "So, what else have you done besides drive a limo?"

"I signed artists to record contracts," I told her.

Laughing hysterically, she commented how funny I was. My humor, apparently, was worth an extra \$10 tip.

My next scheduled fare took me to the shoreline of Lake Minnetonka, an upscale area outside of Minneapolis. I pulled into the designer brick driveway of a Great Gatsby castle, and four young people pranced towards me across an imaginary drawbridge.

Once they were seated, I gathered from their conversation that high school graduation was not the most significant event in their young lives. Offspring of the biggest corporate CEOs in the world laughed as they uncorked a bottle of champagne. They toasted the French Riviera, and Beverly Hills was their next stop in life.

Their destination that night was a private, luxury yacht on Lake Minnetonka. I stopped the car along a dock, where they were to pick up a romantic row boat ride to the yacht. Reflections of the distant deck lights made the yacht look like a floating financial market's monitor.

"Would you like to join our party?" asked one of the girls.

The leaders of tomorrow enjoyed my tales. I was amused by their invitation, and appreciated that this group wasn't arrogant. I never had a graduation party- that boat sailed without me, and this one would, too. I think they just felt sorry for me. I wished them a good time, and one of the boys slipped a one hundred dollar bill into my hand.

At that moment I recalled when Louie Perez, drummer of Los Lobos, said that in 15 minutes he'd gone from being a Grammy winner to pushing a cart in Ralph's Market and buying Pampers. I think I understood what he meant, but inspiration can fall into my cart from anywhere. I could do it all — shop for diapers, drive a limo, write songs, and win a Grammy. Couldn't I?

My healthy, baby girl arrived in July, 1990. I named her, Danika. Besides a lack of sleep the first couple weeks, my new family was good.

I did not lose sight of my original Woodstock dream: to raise social awareness and create interpersonal harmony through music. There would be more songs and other artists? The drum would beat again but, for how long, and where would I have to go to find it?

On my way back to the limo headquarters, dispatch buzzed me. A group of VIPs in the kingdom of Prince needed a ride to a reception at the First Avenue nightclub. I headed back out in the fast lane.

I pulled up to a purple painted house with a large, purple wind mill in the back yard. Two people came out the front door of the stately, but not extravagant house. I opened the door for the couple. I had never met Prince up close before and his real height was not hidden by his platform shoes. I was 5 feet 7 inches tall, and maybe his head touched the bottom of my chin. He smiled and thanked me. I loved his purple suit. It was a cross between Disney and porn fantasy. His sexy date, Carmen Electra, the glamour model looked good in anything. I think one of her boobs was bigger than Prince's head. She followed Prince into the back seat. I jumped behind the wheel. The perfume inside the limo was thicker than a Minnesota summer night.

"Where would you like to go Mr. Prince?" I caught myself, blushing.

I knew stories about Prince because Janice's cousin was St. Paul, Peterson, the lead singer in one of Prince's side bands called, "The Family." The two parted ways in a legal dispute, but St. Paul was inner purple camp during the heyday of "Purple Rain" (1984). Whether my songwriter's liked Prince personally was beside the point. All musicians I knew respected him for his ability and originality. I passed no judgement if he was a prima donna to work for.

"First Avenue, back stage door," Prince answered.

On the way, Prince and Electra made small talk. Much of which was about celebrities until Prince changed the topic to business and my ear was now the steering wheel. I forgot to raise the vanity glass divider between the front and back seats. He didn't notice that I could hear everything.

"Do you like the name for my new band, 'The New Power Generation?'" Prince asked Electra.

"It's cute," she giggled. "Just like you."

Prince sighed, "I'm really fed up with my record company, Warner Brothers. They want to control everything I do. They're slave drivers and I am their nigger."

"Do you have any ideas what you can do?" Electra said.

"If they want *PRINCE* they can have him. Maybe, I will give them the rights to my name and fuck it," Prince complained.

"What will you do without your name?" she asked.

"What will I do without you?" Prince shot back.

I looked into my rearview mirror and they were making out. I thought the timing awkward to butt in and ask for a job. So, I kept my thoughts funky, set on the music. "Raspberry Beret," I hummed my favorite song by Prince.

I pulled the super stretch into the garage behind First Avenue. Several security guards were waiting for my royal couple. I opened the door and they were escorted off to his private booth above the danceteria.

"Hey, how do I get paid?" I asked one of the guards.

"Figure it out?" he shrugged.

The next day, I called the manager at Prince's, Paisley Park studios. The manager apologized and dispatched payment for the limo and another check for me. It was signed by Prince in the amount of \$500.00. Next to his name he made a little glyph.

That night was the most money I had ever made driving limo.

In 1991, following the merging of the record labels, along came Universal Music — the largest monopoly on creativity ever established in the popular-music record business. By merging the world's most diverse record companies into one homogenous corporation, the record giant could control the markets, distribution, radio, media, and venues. With the combined power to buy out competitors, these guys could rock 'n' roll over anybody in their way. The one thing they wouldn't be able to control was the Internet.

During the early '90s, the Minneapolis Sound that set the charts on fire and sparked a lasting effect on songwriting, ended in one, long, sustained power chord. Prince became the artist "formerly known as Prince." The countless parties, deals, hopes, songs, and groundbreaking films by Chuck Statler all fell to the cutting room floor of an existential MTV program. With the collapse of the wave, the zeitgeist of the Minneapolis '80s music scene seemed to disappear into the smoldering CC Tap hamburger cloud from which it came.

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