KC PITCH

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MARCH 1987

KANSAS CITY'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

John Cale in KC

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KC FIICH + WAR

the loose

Saturday night at the **Bagdad**

is moves are as cool and as slow as a glacier's. He has a partner. But he pays no attention to her. He can spare none. All his attention is turned inward, on himself, on the dude with the moves, the man with the plan. The dance is called the body language, and in its psycho-babble etymology, its detachment, its self-involved minimalism it suggests all too well the state in which black culture found itself circa 1979. But the man doesn't care about black culture. He cares about the man, center stage. And he doesn't even dance really, he just oscillates - maximum one degree variance from the vertical plane of his body. But, oh what a studied one degree it is.

Only for a cool moment, though, does the brother dominate the floor. Bounding up from their seats, challenging his territorial imperative, is a young, very white, very blond couple whose "Iowa" sweatshirts betray/ display their origins and their innocence. They know little of disco, nothing of the body language. She twirls about in wild, unhinged elipses. He smiles broadly, stomps around artlessly, and pumps his arms up and down as though he were milking a cow which, in fact, he might have been doing that very morning. The brother curls his upper lip in either disbelief or disdain. Culture shock. He can't believe what he's seeing. He tries to ignore them

Next up is an older black couple, much older, so old, indeed, that you can actually hear the arthritic edges of their limbs grate one upon the other. They do the bump. Or try to, Sometimes they miss. They laugh. She swings her epic derriere, loses control of it, stumbles across the floor backwards, and plows buttfirst into the brother. She apologizes, laughing. He scowls, brushes himself off symbolically with his fingertips, and looks to the crowd for moral support. But, to his dismay, he finds none. Disco may be cool. Jazz may be cool. But there's nothing cool about the blues. Nothing self-conscious about its partisans. Not on Saturday night. Not at the Bagdad.

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Ah, the Bagdad! Blues palace extraordinaire. Ouintessence of democracy. All races, creeds, criminal records, dance styles and sexual persuasions welcome. Home at its peak of the inspired but oblivion-bound Colt 45. But gone now - though not dramatically like a Wayne Miner, nor tragically like a General Hospital, nor even pathetically like a Union Station. Just gone, unnoticed, unmourned, without a single city father to memorialize it or mummify it, metamorphosing successively into a gay disco, a video games arcade, a delicatessen, a what ...?

Still, in its heyday, the Bagdad was a stunner. Worth, as they say, the price of admission, which was either low or nonexistent in that unmannered epoch before Yuppies upped the ante on the blues. The essential motif of the place was kind of a ragtag Iraqi-modern. The color

scheme - and there was but one ubiquitous color - a soft, lush, bordello red.

A velvet chain protected the entrance from the underage. Gratuitous lattice work lined the walls. Miscellaneous cords and sashes abounded everywhere. A glitter ball revolved over the dance floor. Huge, meaningless urns sat on top of even huger, more meaningless boxes that emitted a red glow.

Lamps of a sort dominated the ceiling. Bizarre lamps, large ones. They looked exactly as if someone had set jello molds into the ceiling and suspended from them red Brobdingnagian checkers. And the really weird thing was that none of the checkers were centered. They all hung a bit askew in unique, asymetrical ways. If you thought about it at all, you had to wonder who it was that

"Bluesman/folksinge

decorated this place, and what went through their minds when they did it.

A SALAN AN ANY ANY ANY ANY

But no one thought about such things on Saturday night. Not the towheaded Hawkeyes. Not the creaky black bumpers. Not the softshoe regulars like Ray and Buelah. Not the ubiauitous mixed couples. Not the illicit suburban lovers necking openly on the dance floor. Not the coke dealers. Not the pimps. Not the all-day drunks. Not the leisure-suited hog trader from Wichita and his buxomy "escort." Certainly not Tom Bark, cosmopolitan redskin and the most credible blues singer north of the Mississippi delta.

In fact, no one thought about nothing. Not on Saturday night. Not at the Bagdad. -Jack Cashill Executive Editor Donna Trussell Managing Editor Scott O'Kelley Advertising Hearne Christopher Typesetting Graphic Specialties II Printing Neff Printing Distribution Saul Tucker, Connie Yukon Contributing writers: Leroi[®] Joe Bob Briggs, Jack Cashill, Fred Douglass, Larry Fry, Bill Marks, Rex Rutkoski, Bill Shapiro, Saul Tucker, Steve Walker KC Pitch is sponsored by PennyLane Records. Copyright © 1987 by Brody Records. All rights reserved. Subscriptions are \$5 for one year or \$9 for two years. PennyLane mail order customers 1.1 and Preferred Customers get a free subscription DENNY

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RECORDED MUSIC



Vews

Liberace: the rock 'n' roll connection

His mother wanted him to be an undertaker. His father thought he should be a doctor. Both underestimated the talents of Wladziu Valentino Liberace, who went on to become the world's highest-paid entertainer, selling 15 million records worldwide, winning two Emmys, earning six gold albums and giving command performances for England's royalty.

Along the way, the Milwaukee native's flair for on-stage fashion and visual spectaculars helped pave the way for others who were to follow. Liberace, who died Feb. 4 at age 67, wasn't a rocker. But his flamboyant influence as the "Godfather of Camp" can be seen in performances ranging from David Bowie to Prince. There's even a publicity photo from the '50s showing Liberace and Elvis in Vegas, trading jackets and instruments.

Audiences at Liberace's Radio City Music Hall concerts often ranged from punk rockers to society women. Liberace noted that young audiences liked his outrageous attire. "It reminds them of rock stars. Kids like glitz"

An Associated Press feature a few years ago suggested that Liberace was the Michael Jackson of the 1950s. He addressed that comparison in an interview with this writer in May of 1984, which marked his 40th anniversary in show business.

"What that was trying to bring out, I think, is that I paved the way for some of the younger performers of today. I discouraged Liberace clones, though. They had a talent search contest sponsored by the Baldwin Piano Company. So many came on in sequin jackets and did impersonations.

"That's really a turn-off for me. The Jacksons, Boy George and other people have to be commended for trying to bring something individual into the show business world by being completely themselves and daring to be different. I tell them that individuality is something that can be very difficult to sell. Because if you don't conform to certain patterns that are established by other performers, you sometimes have a hard time of it.

"But I try to impress people to stick to their personal beliefs and stress their individual personality. Success sometimes seems like it happens overnight. But it doesn't. You need good formative years. I tell young entertainers to go out and express themselves before an audience"

Liberace said he learned early on the importance of following one's own convictions. "I let someone talk me into changing my image



Liberace

in 1958. After I had done the TV series, I went very conservative. It was a disaster. People felt they were being cheated. I didn't have costumes or the candelabra. It taught me you don't gamble with success?

And how did "Mr. Showbusiness" wish to be remembered? "As someone who cared about the world and the people in it. **Trans** in a small way I made the world a little better place because I lived in it."

-Rex Rutkoski

Ceilidh down

Ceilidh (pronounced KAY-lee) is celtic for party. And to get your St. Pat's celebration off on the good foot, Parody Hall is having a ceilidh Saturday, March 14. To kick things off, there will be a huge celtic festival from 10 to 6 at Volker Park, featuring pipe bands, dancers, contests and concerts by Satura with Gerald Trimble, Magical Strings and Johnny Cunningham. Later that evening, at around 7 p.m., the three featured groups will move to Parody and the ceilidh will commence.

One of the highlights of the festival, however, will be at 4 p.m. when all the bagpipe groups mass into one huge band for a march from the Nelson Gallery lawn to the park. Made up of hundreds of droning pipers, it should make for quite an event. Don't miss any of the festivities.



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Ridin' with the king

es, it's March again. And just like the months, the old record business keeps rolling along. By the time you read this, we'll all be coming off that high that everyone gets around Grammy time. Speaking of the Grammys, I've got a bone to pick with whoever the fuck decides the criteria for nominations. I mean, they need some sort of beginning and end pertaining to the release of the record. It seems ridiculous that records by Streisand and Whitney Houston can be eligible for the '86 grammys when they were released in 1985. Hell, they might as well nominate Pink Floyd's "Dark Side of the Moon," since it's still on the charts.

The Pitch is getting a facelift and I thought it would be nice to give these reviews a name worthy of such progress, "Ridin' with the king." In honor of the new name, I'm running a contest. The first person that can figure out why I came up with "Ridin' with the king" and submits it in writing will get a ten-dollar gift certificate to PennyLane. Please send all entries in care of Leroi[®]4128 Broadway, KCMO 64111.

Now lean back and take a little musical journey with me.

China Crisis

"What Price Paradise"

Produced by Clive Langer and Alan Winstonley

A&M 5148, \$8.98 list

If you're at all familiar with these guys, you're aware of their penchant for sounding like Steely Dan. When ex-Steely Dan Walter Becker was with the band, that was understandable. But now he's gone and you can still swear this was a new Dan record. No matter, it sounds good and continues to grow on me.

The Mission UK

"God's Own Medicine" Produced by Jim Palmer and Mission UK

Mercury 830 003, \$8.98 list

The Mission UK is more heavy-handed English rock a la U2 or Gene Loves Jezebel with a little Simple Minds thrown in for good measure. "God's Own Medicine" is a good record, but there a couple of weaker tunes that keep me from giving it a higher rating. When it's good, it's very good. But when it's weak, it's really weak.

The Ward Brothers "Madness of It All" Produced by Mike Howlett, Don Was and Frank Filipetti



Los Lobos

A&M 5132, \$8.98 list

This one could be one of the sleepers of the year. At times this record is almost too pop sounding. But it has enough hooks to catch a whole school of fish. "Madness of It All" is very uptempo and has a funky sound. Everytime I hear this record, I catch myself looking to see who it is. With the right promotion, A&M could have a big hit on their hands.

Blue Yonder



That's where you'll find my copy, in the wild blue vonder.

The Damned "Anything"

Produced by Jon Kelly MCA 5966, \$8.98 list

It's hard to believe these guys are still around. What used to be youthful exuberance full of disrespect and anger has matured into a fuller, more mature sound. The Damned still maintains a good edge - not so much thrash, but a lot of power. Give it a spin. You'll be surprised.

Best of the bunch Los Lobos



"By the Light of the Moon" Produced by T-Bone Burnett and Los Lobos Slash 25523. \$8,98 list



This record's an absolute delight, With T-Bone producing and Los Lobos performing, this one's guaranteed to be a winner. "By the Light of the Moon" is a real stretch for the band. They cover many styles of music, ranging from rock and blues to traditional Tex-Mex. If you aren't familiar with these guys, you should be. And if you're already a Los Lobos fan, you'll be as pleased with this record as I am.

-Leroi®



Reviews

COUNTRY

Ricky Van Shelton is from the new breed of country artists that have not forgotten their roots. Using the sound that worked with the country music of the past, Van Shelton is already shooting up the charts with "Wild-Eyed Dream" (CBS 40602, \$8.98 list). With a rockabilly style reminiscent of Elvis' early trio days, Van Shelton could easily cross over and become a hit with the rock crowd. His twangy guitar and voice, lighting echoing like Carl Perkins, combined with the slapping stand-up bass and snare drum, are guaranteed to set your feet tapping.

Rounding out his talent is Van Shelton's ability to sing a smooth ballad. Even though you might think the bandwagon is already full, Ricky Van Shelton and "Wild-Eyed Dream" have a lot to offer. I say, if they're real country, the more the merrier. This guy will be up there for a long time, so grab on quick.

MCA has made one of their best moves since signing Patsy Cline to a contract with Decca Records back in the '50s. From the folk and bluegrass side of country comes Nancy Griffith with her new album "Lone Star State of Mind" (MCA 5927, \$8.98 list). Nancy's last album, "Last of the True Believers" (Philo 1109, \$8.98 list), made my list for the top albums of '86. It's early yet, but I'm sure Nancy Griffith will make my top five this year too. If you caught her recent appearance on Nashville Network, you know she's "fantabulous". Nancy Griffith seems to be a real down-home girl and that simplicity contributes to the freshness of her own material.

As with her previous albums, Griffith uses one of the best backing bands around. Phillip Donnelly on guitar and Bela Fleck, Marc O'Connor and Mac McAnally are only a few of the musicians who lend a hand. It's obvious there's no slack on the musicianship here. This new release is already blowing out the door.

George Strait is in the swing with his latest release, "Ocean Front Property" (MCA 5913, \$8.98 list). George has always possessed one of country's best voices, but on this album he's found his niche. Strait's live shows have always included an occasional Bob Wills number and he's incorporated this music more and more into his albums. This new release is no exception. He includes "Am I Blue," and an old country swing blues on side one that shows his knack for borrowing from the past. "Ocean Front Property" proves that the music of Bob Wills and the real country sound is still influencing country music today.

-Saul Tucker

ROCK

Lately there has been, if not a tidal wave, at least a ripple of **Robyn Hitchcok** recordings. The newest is "Invisible Hitchcock" (Relativity 88561-8090, \$9.98 list), an album composed of 14 songs drawn mostly from his first three, obscure LPs. (Placing the songs in



Ricky Van Shelton

proper context is mildly frustrating, as there are no liner notes. Such an artist of Hitchcock's caliber deserves a modicum of scholarly annotation.) Even the title is derived from an album by his old band, the Soft Boys, "Invisible Hits," a wonderful collection of would-be pop masterpieces.

The album opens with a delightful number, "All I Wanna Do Is Fall in Love," which hews closest to the current style and subject matter of Robyn Hitchcock. The tune is brilliant pop, showcasing his genius by its tight, catchy construction and clever lyrics. However, the remainder of the material is less accessible, serving as an introduction to the nascent Hitchcock, trying on different guises and experimenting with various sounds.

The power of Hitchcock's early work is evident even in the most musically stripped-down numbers. He doesn't always need a clever hook and state-of-the-art production values to trap the listener. Accompanying himself only on acoustic guitar, Hitchcock warbles lazy, delta harmonica chords and mumbles indolent vocals on "Give Me a Spanner, Ralph," a humorous ditty where he somehow manages to rhyme iguana and spanner. His more trenchant, if somewhat twisted wit surfaces on "I Got a Message for You" as he ponders sexual fidelity and sincerity by asking, "If I was a hairless spinster covered with boils / Would you make love to me or would you recoil?"

Not all the material is of such a light nature. Hitchcock adopts a grim, somber tone on "Point It at Gran," as he flails away building in intensity and anger until the stinging, abrupt ending.

On the tracks utilizing other musicians, Hitchcock pays homage to a couple of his musical mentors. "Star of Hairs," with its bluesy, slide guitar and honky-tonk piano is vintage John Lennon, which Hitchcock tops off with some Lennonesque vocal inflections. Meanwhile, rivaling anything Syd Barrett ever did with Pink Floyd, "The Pit of Souls (Country Version)" is an eerie instrumental, a journey to some uncharted netherworld. "Let There Be More Darkness" is another nightmare passage recounting a bizarre story.

Certainly a common thread in the early Hitchcock is his incisive humor. Whether viciously skewering rock hero worship in "Trash" or giving a silly, clowning performance on "Blues in A," Hitchcock elicits at least a chuckle.

For a man who would like to wake up one day as the Isle of Wight Ferry, Robyn Hitchcock is utterly original. "Invisible Hitchcock" ably presents the origins of one of rock music's most fascinating, albeit abstruse personalities. Hitchcock is hardly a transparent figure on this work, but a fully fleshed, vibrant individual.

The newest 12 inch from Siouxsie & the Banshees, "This Wheel's on Fire" (UK Polydor SHEX 11, \$6.98 list), shows the band in top form. Unlike their previous covers of Beatle songs, the Banshees completely reorder this tune, making it unrecognizable from the Dylan original. With the thumping punch of a dance beat, Siouxsie yelps the lyrics in typically gloomy fashion. The midsection is graced by a violin, the first use of strings by the band for quite awhile, and everything builds to an explosive finale.

The songs on the B side mildly eclipse their A side companions. "Shooting Sun" features Siouxsie charging her vocals with more emotion, melting some of her icy reserve. "Sleepwalking (on the High Wire)" illustrates a Banshee dichotomy: an instrumental wall of noise alternating with the more subtle melodies supplied by Siouxsie's multi-tracked vocals. Both songs are solid numbers that whet the appetite for a new album.

Also of interest, the **Cocteau Twins** have another American release finally. The EP (Relativity 88561-8141-1, \$6.98 list), contains a song, "Orange Appled," not available on any of their British discs.

-Larry Fry

My favorite new release in quite a while is "Rave On" (MCA 5746, \$8.98 list) by Andy White, a young rocker who is possessed of boundless talent and energy. White has clearly listened closely and affectionately to the work of some of America's most influential rock pioneers of the '60s. His album resounds with feelings and sounds readily traceable to the Dylan of "Blonde On Blonde," the chiming guitars of the early Byrds and the totally ubiquitous Velvet Underground.

But this is not the work of a simple copier or even a true synthesizer. "Rave On" is the work of a creative artist who has much more to say than can be confined to the limitation of a single LP. If I have any criticism of the release, it is that it seems to lack a central conceptual stance. But that is minor. What counts is that this is one of those records that I know I will return to again and again, because there is always something new and valid to be discovered in its rocking grooves. Highly recommended.

The long-awaited follow-up to Los Lobos' "Will the Wolf Survive" has arrived bearing the title "By the Light of the Moon" (Slash 25523, \$8.98 list). T-Bone Burnett produced the album with his usual clarity and straight forward approach that puts the emphasis on the music. Los Lobos is a band that has paid their dues, working out of LA's Chicano community to national prominence. Those dues reflect their own rewards when you hear the tightness and variety of the band's virtuoso instrumental work, which rivals the best of any rock band playing today.

I like the record a great deal, but I'm left with a certain uneasiness after each listening that I believe is attributable to the two very different styles of the compositions that make up the LP. David Hidalgo's songs are powerful paens to the American-dream-turnednightmare, while Cesar Rosas writes more typical up-tempo rockers. Both men's compositions work within their frameworks, but juxtaposed on the same recording, they fail to complement each other and probably diminish the impact either would have standing alone.

In reading last month's Pitch, I noted with interest Leroi's[®] review of the new LP from the Lucy Show, "Mania" (Big Time 6012, \$8.98



CD corner

If you haven't already joined the world of listeners who are turning to compact discs as their preferred music medium, now might be a good time to begin. The catalog of titles available on disc is growing in rapidly escalating fashion.

Not only are the heralded virtures of the technology (more durable, more easily programmable, more dynamic sound, total freedom from pops, clicks and, to a lesser extent, hiss) all essentially valid, but the software is also improving at an accelerating rate. Compilations of classic rock material have been assembled that are excellent anthologies unique to the CD format. Recent reissues of classic '50s pop and jazz material are truly breathtaking in the purity and clarity of their sound. Almost without exception, the CD versions of new material are markedly superior to the LP counterparts.

Since its introduction, CD hardware has been a meaningful advance in the technology of sound reproduction. The major drawback has been the software — the discs themselves. Inventories were spotty and backorders essentially meaningless exercises. But the biggest drawback was cost. By the time you bought 20 discs, you have as much invested in the music as you had in the average CD player. I suppose that an argument can be made that given the permanence of the medium and the fact that on certain releases you got almost twice the music content of the average pop LP, the average \$15 cost per CD was not that out of line. But, the reality is that this price has been a deterrent to wider acceptance of the technology.

Things are looking up. More disc production facilities are coming on line which will alleviate shortages and increase competition. Labels are already introducing budget CDs with a list price of about \$12. In addition, one of the major stated reasons for current high prices has been the very high cost of creating CD masters (the mold from which the discs are made). Recent technological advances should markedly reduce these costs with concurrent reductions in retail prices.

I heard some time ago that the ultimate marketing strategy of the recording industry was to standardize the pricing of LPs, cassettes and CDs at about \$10. It would appar that things are moving in that direction.

From my point of view, all of the above aside, the most compelling reason to move to discs is the truly unbelievable sound quality of an ever-increasing number of new releases on disc. Most of the material reviewed this month has been released in the last several weeks. And by the time you read this column, the first four **Beatles** CDs will be on the shelves (if they haven't already sold out).

Columbia's Jazz Masterpiece Series is one

of the most impressive CD projects to come along. The initial release includes **Miles Davis'** "Sketches of Spain," "Bitches Brew," "In a Silent Way" and "Kind of Blue," "Time Out" by **Dave Brubeck, Billie Holiday's** "Lady in Satin," **Benny Goodman's** Carnegie Hall concert and a couple of new Louis Armstrong compilations, "Plays W.C. Handy" and "Satch Plays Fats."

The term "classic" is too often affixed by marketeers to any manner of recorded releases. But it applies with full import to the gems that Columbia has turned its meticulous attention to in this series. Jazz is probably America's first truly-indigenous art form and these recordings provide more than ample support to that claim. Each is a joyous and original expression by gifted artists that represents an important part of this nation's cultural heritage. Fortunately, CBS has accorded them proper respect with these re-releases. The clarity and dynamics of the disc versions are nothing short of miraculous. Whether you are a jazz fan or not, if you love music, you owe it to yourself to sample this glorious listening experience.

The Columbia Jazz Masterpiece Series is to be a continuing project with future releases expected from, among others, **Charlie Mingus**, **Thelonious Monk** and **Coleman Hawkins**.

Another record company, Capitol, has begun to reissue some of its vintage material on CD. And that means some of **Frank Sinatra's** '50s recordings. Again, these are an unreserved treat on disc. Sinatra is the best pop singer to ply the trade, personal habits and lifestyle notwithstanding. During his Capitol years, he had the taste and power to insure that his recorded efforts met what was then the state-of-the-recorder's art. As a result, the CDs are revelatory. The subtle dynamics and nuances of his singing come through with illuminating clarity, while Nelson Riddle's almost perfect instrumental arrangements provide a glorious background.

I've listened to "Wee Small Hours," "Songs for Swinging Lovers" and "Swinging Session" and they're all great. But I prefer the former two simply because the material is stronger. It is also worth noting that Capitol has taken advantage of the longer disc play time to add extra tracks not included on the original LPs, which is just icing on the cake.

A little over a year ago, Atlantic released an essential package made up of seven double albums called "Atlantic Rhythm and Blues 1947 / 1974." Atlantic was the r&b label during this period. Their recordings of people like **Ray Charles, Aretha Franklin, Wilson Pickett, Sam and Dave, Clyde McPhatter** and the **Coasters**, to name an obvious few, formed a major part of the bedrock on which rock and roll was built. If you desire to own a viable r&b collection, you have to begin with this set of recordings.

The CD release manages to combine the contents of two LPs on a single disc. However, there are some omissions due to limitations on recording time for a single CD. In the case of the earliest material, the CD versions offer some improvements over the LP recordings, but nothing particularly dramatic. As the compilation moves forward in time, the better technology of the later recordings is substantially enhanced in the digital format. Unfortunately, the recordings on the final album (volume seven), while sonically superior, suffer due to weaker material and performances. But I can recommend the first six in the series without reservation.

One of my favorite recordings of 1985, the **Waterboys**⁴⁴ This is the Sea? has recently come out on dise. This is Irish-influenced rock flavored with the grandeur and anthemic power familiar in the work of the other contemporary Irish bands, notably U2. As is usually the case with music that relies on powerful dynamics to express its content, the CD version is vastly superior to its analog predecessor.

Two other anthologies have come out in recent weeks that also represent first rate additions to the CD catalog. Sly and the Family Stone's "Greatest Hits" is a wonderful assembly of some of the seminal work of one of the most influential but least-appreciated bands of America's '60s rock explosion. Echoes of Sly's unique creativity have surfaced in the work of numerous black and white groups who followed him. The CD again adds appreciable clarity and dynamics to this important album.

Lastly, "The Best of the Staple Singers" wonderfully captures the crossover hits of this influential gospel-based family of singers whose earlier pure gospel work remains among the best of the genre.

JAZZ

—Bill Shapiro

Blowing in like a gusty March breeze, numerous fresh jazz recordings spring forward this month. Before running down the list of current picks, let's fall back on some exciting reissue news. The Columbia label has released several top-of-the-line digitally remastered classics. Hearing landmark material from **Miles Davis** such as "Bitches Brew," "Kind of Blue," "In a Silent Way" and "Sketches of Spain" digitally purified is a sheer delight.

These Davis gems gleam brighter the second

time around thanks to the finer technology. Other quality enhanced reissues from Columbia include "Time Out" and "West Side Story" from **Dave Brubeck** and a sextet recording and the classic "Live at Carnegie Hall" from **Benny Goodman.** Count **Basie** and **Duke Ellington** also return for some digital jazz action on "First Time! The Count Meets the Duke" Of course CBS would never forget Lady Day. **Billie Holiday's** premier digital performance is "Lady in Satin" with the Ray Ellis Orchestra. Now you can hear her emotional vocals ring truer than ever before.

Among the bountiful new jazz releases this spring is **Wayne Shorter's** "Phantom Navigator" (CBS 40373, \$8.98 list), with some hauntingly beautiful soprano sax. Shorter circumvents all conventional modern jazz approaches on such numbers as "Flag Ship," "Condition Red" and "Forbidden Plan-iT!" Captain Shorter safely maneuvers his band through galactic musical storms and crashing waves of sound. "Phantom Navigator" is an ominously potent album. It is, quite simply, one of the best of Shorter's career.

The saxophonist also makes an appearance on pianist **Michel Petrucciani's** new album "Power of Three' (Blue Note 85133, \$9.98 list). The trio is rounded out by guitarist Jim Hall. At age 23, Petrucciani has permanently captured the jazz world's attention. This LP, recorded at the 20th International Jazz Festival at Montreux, features the pianist and the veterans in a rare trio setting. Versions of Ellington's "In a Sentimental Mood," "Limbo" from Wayne Shorter and his own composition, "Morning Blues," are included in this exceptional date.

Returning to the sounds of the sax, **David** Newman provides a treat for the ears on his latest, "Heads Up" (Atlantic 81725, \$8.98 list). This stunning recording covers the spectrum of jazz sax, from the romantic driftings of "Lover Man" to Newman's fresh treatment of Fats Waller's "Ain't Misbehavin" and the bump-and-grind blowing of "Makin' Whoopee." This record's a must for your next rent party.

Speaking of sax players, **Dexter Gordon** is still the giant of the tenor. Dex takes a latenight sojourn on "The Other Side of Round Midnight" (Blue Note 85135, \$9.98 list). Although Dexter has been one of the tenor's strongest voices for some 40 years, it took last year's film "Round Midnight" to give him the recognition he deserves. This is the same Mr. Gordon who was forced to take up residence in Europe due to the lack of gigs in the '60s and '70s. It's ironic that a film that closely mirrors his bittersweet life has resulted in rave reviews and an Academy Award nomination for best actor. Listen to this soundtrack and feel its beauty and rage.

Kansas City native **Bob Brookmeyer's** latest offering, "Oslo" (Concord 312, \$8.98 list), goes down smooth and sentimental. The valve trombonist includes several excellent originals as well as a great reading of Ellington's "Caravan." Brookmeyer's talents as an arranger have been highly sought after and his playing is superb. So why does Pat Metheny grab all the local attention?

A major change of pace is presented on two albums from a couple of jazz's premier percussionists. Since his early days with Cal Tjader's group, **Poncho Sanchez** has been one of the leading contenders to the Latin percussion crown. The burning material on his new release "Papa Gato" (Concord 310, \$8.98 list) runs the gamut of latin jazz from salsa to rhumba and mambo. However, the bebop uncorked by Sanchez and company on Lester Young's "Jumpin' with Symphony Sid" delivers like a double shot of tequila.

Leaving the Latino percussion for the African beat, veteran percussionist **Babaunde Olatunji** cooks again on "Dance to the Beat of My Drum" (Blue Heron 706, \$8.98 list). This recording is a percussion extravaganza, featuring over a dozen drummers. Airto also makes an appearance, along with guitarist Carlos Santana. "Dance to the Beat of My Drum" offers an exciting insight into the development of Afro-American music.

-Bill Marks

Joe Bob goes to the drive-in

By Joe Bob Briggs, Drive-In Movie Critic of Grapevine, Texas

with the balance the budget: Right now we owe \$2.2 trillion. Right now we have forty bucks in the bank. That's \$40.

Fortunately for this great nation of ours, these are the EXACT SAME PROPORTIONS as Joe Bob Briggs' checking account at the Farmers and Merchants Building and Loan in Grapevine, Texas.

You're wondering to yourself, "How do I do it?"

Easy. Just follow these few simple steps. 1) Figure our what you need. Like maybe you need 240 Phantom F-4E "Top Gun" Commickilling attack planes. Let's say they cost two million bucks each. That's 480 mill.

2) Add in an extra 20 mill for the ones we tear up in New Mexico because of the dorks we recruit for the Air Force.

3) Ask yourself the question, "Is there another way?" Like maybe you DON'T need 240 Phantoms. Maybe you just need 200, and you can use the rest of the money for secret CIA goon squads in Nicaragua. Write down "Goon Squads?" and estimate the cost: let's say its five mill. Look at how much we've already saved, just by being sneaky.

4) Now turn the paper over. Write "Who can we gouge?" across the top. Don't leave anything out: income taxes, excise taxes, corporation taxes, oil taxes, cigarette taxes. And then after you've made the whole list, go down to the very bottom and write "Print up some more of them babies." Put a check by "Print up some more of them babies."

5) Ask yourself the question, "If we spent more money on education, wouldn't that mean more citizens paying more taxes and making the country stronger?"

6) Answer the question, "No." Write next to the answer: \$10 for education.

7) Take out a separate sheet of paper now, and write across the top "Steal from the Japanese". This is where I want you to be the most imaginative. Do we put a \$2,000 import tax on every Toyota? Maybe it doesn't take something that drastic. How about a campaign to make fun of their clothes every time we see groups of Japanese tourists on the street? it's a psychological thing. They'll go back home feeling insecure and humiliated. This category is only limited by your own imagination, because, always remember, NOBODY LIKES THESE GUYS.

8) Finally, look at the Social Security system, and do you know what you'll find out? Do you? All the money is going to OLD PEOPLE. There's a much easier way. BUILD A GIANT NURSING HOME. Make em check in there whether they want to or not.

In other words, let's start running this COUNTRY the same way we run our FAMILIES.

Speaking of chaining people to the wall, "From Beyond" is the greatest drive-in horror

8 KC Pitch • MARCH

Jeffrey Combs, requesting psychiatric assistance in "From Beyond."

flick of the year, made by the same people that put out last year's Drive-In Academy Award winner. "Re-Animator," and featuring the best slime glopola vomit effects since "Parasite in 3-D" in 1982. What we got here is a couple of scientists that like to dress up in slick black leather, turn on a giant green tuning fork, and wait for the vibes to ENLARGE a gland in the middle of their foreheads which is where you feel sex. Too bad, though, cause as soon as you do that, these invisible snake fish start eating your face, and if you leave the tuning fork on long enough, Protoplasm Man jumps out of a closet and bites off your head like a gingerbread man. All this stuff happens BEFORE THE TITLE OF THE MOVIE COMES ON.

The rest of the flick is about how Jeffrey Combes, the scientist who doesn't get his head bit off, and Barbara Crampton, the bimbo from "Re-Animator," and a pro football player named Bubba all go back to the haunted condo and turn the giant tuning fork on again "to recreate the experiment." to cure all the schizophrenia in the world. Pretty soon we got snake fish, insect heads, protoglopola slime monsters, and a whole lot of green syrup oozin out of body parts. But here's the good part. Once you turn this machine on, you can't RESIST it. You LOVE it. All you wanna do is dress up in spiked heels and pinch your gills. In other words, we got-Pervert Fu.

Four breasts. Six dead bodies. Twelve gallons blood. Head-eating. Snake-fish attacks. Braineating. Eyeball-sucking. Stump-licking. Excellent giant-linguini effects. An 87 on the Vomit Meter. Gratuitous iron-bar-and-shackle Romper Room, Bee Fu. Protoplasm Fu. Snake in the middle of the forehead Fu. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Ted Sorel, as the evil insect-head, blubber-body Dr. Pretorious, for sayin "No! I want to see more! I want to see more than any man has ever seen!"; Jeffrey Combs, as the kid scientist who survives, for saying "The five senses just weren't enough for him anymore"; Ken Foree, as Bubba Brownlee the bodyguard, for barfin on camera and sayin "It's changing us, Doc, all of us, and not for the better"; Barbara Crampton, as the crazed nympho shrink thrilljunkie, for saying "This could be the first step in curing schizophrenia"; and Stuart Gordon, the director and new drive-in master, for ending the movie with the words "It ate him." Four stars.

Video releases of the month

"Blood and Guts" (1978): Best rasslin flick ever made, starring William Smith as the rasslin veteran that can't stand the new "pretty boy" (Brian Clarke) on the team bus, and Micheline Lanctot as the bimbo that gets between their egos and their sheets. One of the Biller's greatest drive-in performances. Definite four stars, AND it's part of Sybil Danning's Adventure Video series, with her cleavage on the front end.

"The Four Musketeers" (1974): Oliver Reed, Raquel Welch, Richard Chamberlain and the dorky Michael York, swashlin their buckles again—only it's not so funny this time except at the end when faye Dunaway gets her head cut off for wearin one too many burgundy dresses in public. Two stars.

"Young Warriors" (1983): Grimmest revenge flick ever made, with James Van Patten as the frat boy who makes cartoons by day and rides out at night to machine-gun armed robbers and avenge the murder of his little sister on the way home from the high school dance. Based on the idea that all the graduates of Malibu High blew each other up one year, this "statement" flick by kid director Lawrence D. Foldes was one of the most controversial of the year, and features Ernest Borgnine, Richard roundtree and Lynda Day George as pieces of background furniture. No relief, no let-up. Heads roll. Four stars.

"The Wicked Lady" (1983): Faye Dunaway runnin around England with a hat the size of Montana and a birth-control device, stealin husbands and pointin her toenails at the ceiling. No real breast action, but one great scene where she grovels on the linoleum. Two and a half stars.

"Killjoy" (1981): Weirdo hospital whodunit starrin Kim Basinger as autospy-room attendant on everybody's dance card, Robert Culp as goofball detective tryin to figure out who killed a blond bimbo. Decent, but no grime. Two and a half stars.

"Gorath" (1963): Japaheeno scientists can't stop Gorath, the red fireball that's devouring space garbage and headin straight for earth, due to budget problems. Dubbed. Three stars.

"Assault With a Deadly Weapon" (1982): Eyetalian cop decides to rehabilitate street punks by ramming their heads through pinball machines and beating up whining hunchbacks. Impressive body count. Two stars. Joe Bob says check em out.

Joe Bob says check em out.

Joe Bob's Mailbag

Communist Alert! Ramtha, the 35,000-yearold man from Atlantis, appeared to Shirley MacLaine last week and told her to write another book. Remember, without eternal vigilance, she might live forever. To discuss the meaning of life with Joe Bob, or to get copies of the giant double-issue fifth-anniversary newsletter called "We're STILL the Weird," write Joe Bob Briggs, P.O. Box 33, Dallas, Texas 75221.

DEAR JOE BOB: Is it possible for you to let me know where I can acquire some of the much-touted "Rip Away" Bras and Shirts? I am breast-feeding my new baby and "normal" clothes are NOT condusive to this activity! All of the fumbling, unbuttoning and adjusting is truly "Ninny Fu"!

The posing point of this correspondence: Why do ONLY Black people get the GOOD nicknames?

Case in point:

White people: Biff, Bubba, Butch, Buddy, Sonny, YAWN!

Oriental people: Nothing! And there's SO MUCH potential in sumo wrestling in the likes of "Miko 'Mt. Fuji Buns' Nyshure"!!

Hispanic people: Nothing! White people in the media are so afraid of offending someone, they stumble thru and slaughter the difficult, foreign pronounciation—instead of hanging a "Tequila Breath," or even "Your Sister" on!

And just look at what the Brothers have: Oil Can, White Shoes, The Juice, Magic, Too Tall, Hollywood, Mookie, all the Islamic names and I could go on and on! (and that's just SPORTS!)

Can you find out the answer to this? I think there's room for a "Society to Equalize W.A.S.P. and other Small Minority Nicknames!"—THE MILK WAGON (NINNY FU), SHREVEPORT, LA.

DEAR DAIRY QUEEN: OK, I'll call up Beige Hush Puppies and we'll get started on it.

DEAR JOE BOB: Please examine the enclosed photos (advertisin pitchers of bimbos). Ask yourself: were these women brutalized by some heinous fiend? Is that why their clothes are ripped and torn? Did someone smear makeup all over their faces? Did some marauder with a knife slash off handfuls of their hair?

No! You are wrong, Joe Bob! These women are FASHION MODELS! Those are the new fasions and hairstyles! If those photos were evidence in the trial of a man accused of beating his wife, we would convict him without hesitation, and the judge would impose the maximum sentence. But who do we convict in this case, when women CHOOSE to look like they were attacked, ravaged, and then tossed into a dumpster?—MAGNUS, DALLAS

DEAR MAGNUS: All this would stop if Cosmo was REQUIRED BY LAW to put a pitcher of Helen Gurley Brown on the cover ever single month.

DEAR JOE BOB: I wrote to you once before and you printed my letter so fast that my boss saw it before I did, and he gave me a hard time about it because he knew I was talking about him, but that was OK because I quit soon anyway. Then I went to work for the Park Department's Tree Platoon, which is the Green Berets of the gardeners. There I discovered the ultimate fu. Now, take your average chain saw; the most it can do is cut a person in two. But behind the boys on the chain saw come the chipmunks on the brush



DEAR JOE BOB: Heard you're running against skunk Pat Robertson in the '88 presidential as a Libertarian candidate? If you win, I have here for you and Ed McMahon a trip for two on Rio Cruise Lines! — REDDY ASHOK, ARLINGTON, TEXAS

DEAR REDDY: Only if Ed promises to stay in HIS bunk.

chipper. A chipper has the most fearsome fu of all: It can EAT A WHOLE PERSON in one bite. Think of the possibilities. They say that's where Jimmy Hoffa went.—IRENE THOMP-SON, SAN FRANCISCO

DEAR IRENE: I know. I was married to a chipper.



Nightcrawlers

nything of interest, sans the occasionally captivating matinee, happens at night. Thus the title of this column, one that purports to explore the proud and the profane, the tragic and the comic and the bad and the beautiful that often masquerade as movies and plays.

On March 30, those that constitute Hollywood will pretend to have a conscience and bestow honors of dignity and aesthetic principle upon many people and things: Best Picture, Best Supporting Actress, Best Set Designer, etc. Oscar night hovers perilously close to Super Bowl Sunday in the hype department. It has become one more excuse to have a party, a collective catcall towards the wildly cartoonish wardrobes of various presenters rather than a celebration of true excellence. USA Today, as in past years, will probably have an article on what the women will wear, which is certainly as important a list as the credits of a particular director or sound editor.

Motion pictures that win Oscars are usually genuine "movie-movies" as opposed to movies that are deals, as in "Get us a Chuck Norris-type - hell, ask Norris himself - with a Molly Ringwald-type daughter who has a communist boyfriend - a Rob Lowe type employed by the KGB. Add a song by Kenny Loggins. Stick Charles Durning in there somewhere and we're talking boffo box office, Sidney!" Movies are constructed like buildings, where the idea for the utility sells the building before any of the materials exist. Using the carrot and horse analogy, the carrot represents cash flow, the horse represents the entire package and piled half-a-block behind in the middle of the road are the typical Hollywood executive's opinions on the intelligence of those he or she hope to snare.



WHAT IT IS: An opportunity for people in the music industry and in alternative media to get together and discuss the problems and opportunities involved in these businesses in the south/southwest region. There will be panel discussions, workshops, a trade show, and showcase gigs by regional bands at various clubs WHERE: The conference will take place at the Marriott, located at IH-35 and E. 11th St. in downtown Austin, Texas, with related events elsewhere in the city. WHEN: The showcase concerts begin Thursday, March 12. Friday's schedule includes official check-in and the Austin Music Awards show. On Saturday, the keynote address, a panel discussion on how a local act can break out nationally (with key players in the Timbuk 3 story), numerous workshops, and a Club Crawl with more showcase gigs. Sunday, closing comments, barbecue, softball (1) and still more showcase performances.

WHO: South By Southwest is sponsored by the Austin Chronicle and cosponsored by arts and entertainment magazines from all over the region: K.C. Pitch, the Dallas Observer, San Antonio's Current, New Orleans' Wavelength, Denver's Westword, Houston's Public News, In Between from Galveston, The Oklahoma Gazette, The Times of Acadiana, Upstate, and Albuquerque's Route 66. WHO ELSE: Participants will include Huey Meaux, Carl Grasso of IRS Records, Fabulous Thunderbirds manager Mark Proct, Frank Riley of Venture Booking, Joe Nick Patoski of Texas Monthly, and many more.

WHAT NEXT? If you wish to register for South By Southwest, just use the form below. If you just want more information, write to the same address.

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A dejected Howard the Duck

A slew of superior films were offered in 1986, "Salvador," "The Color of Money," "Blue Velvet," "Hannah and Her Sisters," "Mona Lisa," "Sid and Nancy," "Room with a View" and "Platoon" for starters. And nominated from most of these films are some of the movie's brightest and most versatile actors, such as Bob Hoskins, Dianne Wiest, James Woods and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio.

Contract this list with, in descending order, the top grossing films of the year: "Top Gun," "Karate Kid II," "Crocodile Dundee," "Star Trek IV," "Aliens," "The Color Purple" (a holdover from last year), "Back to School," "The Golden Child," "Ruthless People," "Ferris Bueller's Day Off," "Down and Out in Beverly Hills," "Cobra," "Legal Eagles," "An American Tail" and "Heartbreak Ridge."

Surprisingly, one doesn't have to travel too far down the list to find Academy Award

recognition. "Crocodile Dundee" grabs a screenplay nomination, "Aliens" got several, including a best actress nod for Sigourney Weaver.

Vietnam, Venice, New York, South America and Maine are the settings for the Best Picture nominations. In their favor, diverse themes and locales are represented. All had moments of beauty, whether in the panaramic shots of the falls in "The Mission," the eccentricities hanging around Dianne Wiest's neck in "Hannah and Her Sisters," or the haunting eyes of Charlie Sheen in "Platoon."

Nevertheless, what the Academy lacks is the self-effacing ability to laught at itself, to recognize its flaws as well as its virtues (excluding Jane Fonda's nomination for the stupidest character ever written in "The Morning After" and surely some kind of inside joke). I would assume that mistakes on the order of "Howard the Duck" are best left hidden from sight, away from tools and utensils that might allow it to harm itself or others.

To paraphrase Gertrude Stein, schlock is schlock is schlock and nobody does it better than Hollywood. I suggest when it comes time to hand out those stiff statuettes, leave the technical honors for a later buffet. Loosen those cumberbunds and have a laugh. Distribute some pre-fab oscars that deflate an hour after the klieg lights are dimmed. Best Fun Couple: Emilio Estevez and Demi (and be sure to get that accent on the second syllable where it belongs) Moore. Best Example of a Merchandising Goldmine Gone Awry: the everdowny Howard. Best Reason Why Mini-Series Stars Should Stay on TV: Richard Chamberlain's "King Solomon's Mines," Best Worst-Looking Cast: "The Name of the Rose." Best at Suicidal Tendencies: Sissy Spacek in "Crimes of the Heart" and "'Night Mother."

Once again, I won't be attending Swifty Lazar's post-Oscar bash. Instead I'm lubing my copper Oscar jello mold, to be filled with a pate of equal parts caviar and crow.

-Steve Walker





THE RETURN OF JOHN CALE

by Fred Douglass

t's a long way from Wales to New York City. And the gulf between rock and roll and classical music is almost as wide. But John Cale has spanned both distances and says it's not as difficult as it might sound. The former member of the Velvet Underground, the man who wrote "Dirtyass Rock 'n' Roll" and produced Patti Smith's "Horses" album and the first Modern Lovers LP will appear in concert at the Uptown Theater March 14.

The show will feature the duo of Cale on piano and acoustic guitar and ace sideman Chris Spedding on electric guitar. "It will be more of a recital or a retrospective of stuff going back to "Vintage Violence" (his first solo album from 1969)," Cale said during a recent telephone interview.





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Touring has occurred "spasmodically" in recent years, he said. Cale's last concert in these parts was five years ago at Lawrence's Opera House. The upcoming KC show is in support of the new recording "John Cale Comes Alive" (ZE Records).

"I'm working on a symphony," Cale said when asked of his recent work. "I've almost finished the first movement and I've begun the second. I've completed five out of seven pieces for a string quartet. And I'm scoring a song cycle for voice, piano, chamber orchestra and cathedral choir. It will premier in Holland in November?"

But plans also call for another rock record. "I'm waiting to go into the studio in May or June. I like to get one thing over and done with and then go on?' Cale grew up in Great Britain, receiving classical training as a violinist. In 1963 he earned a Leonard Bernstein fellowship to study at Tanglewood, Mass. But even as a child, the rock and roll seed had been planted.

"On Friday nights, I would listen to the Alan Freed show on Radio Luxembourg. He always had the rock and rollers on — Little Richard, Chuck Berry. I'd always wanted to emulate that, but I didn't get a chance 'til I got to New York. The Beatles were just breaking. It was beatnik time. But it was also a time when, if you had long hair, all the kids would think you had something to do with the Beatles. They would stone you, but they would wait until you'd passed and they did it from a block away?"

Soon after, at a party, Cale met Lou Reed. "We decided to work on putting together a sound. And we worked hard at it for a year in a little railroad apartment on the east side. We worked ... until we had a really solid, unique sound of our own. Andy (Warhol) was looking for a band to be part of a mixed media event. So he sent some friends down to see us and we were suitably depraved for them. Of course, I think depraved is a media term."

Warhol made the band part of his art happening, "The Exploding Plastic Inevitable" at quintessentially '60s swirl of sensations. "It was multiple screens with colored lights, black and white slides and films all being projected one on top of another. There was a glass ball in the middle of the ceiling spraying colored dots of light. I haven't seen anything like it since. It really had a touch of Andy's magic"

The band recorded the classic "Velvet Underground and Nico" album and "White Light/White Heat" before Cale left the group. "We were a couple of country lads wanting to make it in the big city. We were writing songs about heroin and whipping, but that didn't mean we were actually into heroin and whipping. I thought we could be avant-garde and commercial at the same time.

"MGM was trying to decide if they should put their promotional money behind Frank Zappa or us. And they decided we had Andy so we didn't need any promotional money. But we were no longer seeing eye to eye. We weren't working as hard as we had on the first record. We weren't interested in exploring the same things. I got a job at CBS producing quadrophonic records. I produced the Stooges, two for Nico and later Patti Smith?"

Cale also embarked on a solo career that has produced a number of fantastic, but relatively little known, albums. His music ranges from atonal freak-out to quiet lyricism. And with songs like "Gun," "Fear is a Man's Best Friend" and "Helen of Troy," Cale has taken the dichotomy of the sickening and the beautiful in life and held it up for us to consider. Fortunately, he conveys feelings of love as well as those of anger and disgust.

Cale's partner for his new tour, Chris Spedding, has quite a history of his own. An original member of "The Banana Splits" (yes, the Saturday morning TV show), Spedding has worked with Bryan Ferry, Robert Gordan and the Necessaries, in addition to his own solo albums. He's also worked with Cale off and on for years, including appearances on the albums "Helen of Troy" and "Slow Dazzle."

"He was in my first band I had in Europe," Cale said of Spedding. "We had a great band. And we could improvise a lot on stage. With my songs you get to see a lyrical side of him rather than the rockabilly side."

Even at age 46, Cale still enjoys touring. "It's a lot of fun. The audiences are infinitely variable. I learn a lot from various audiences. You never know what their reaction is going to be. Chris and I have enough of a backlog of songs to be able to switch direction, tempo and material-wise.

And Cale says he'll continue on both his classical and rock and roll tracks. "It's not as schizophrenic as you suggest. The most interesting music comes when I lose track of both sides."

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Directory of clubs, events and good info pertaining to singles available starting March 15 in KC Singles Scene. Watch for this complementary magazine at stores all over the metro area. New issue every month, personal ads available. Write 3702 W. 95th, Suite A, Leawood, KS 66206.

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tists with financial backing for commercial recording. We are also reviewing songs for our BMI and ASCAP publishing companies. Call (93) 262-009 or write Silverbird Prod., Country Breeze Music, 2911-A Seneca Ave., KCKS 66103.

KC's first Parenting Fair will be held March 6-8 at Westin Crown Center to benefit Parents Anorymous of KC. Highlights include seminars, booths, workshops, prizes and a banquet festuring Oprah Winfrey. Call 842-2245 for info.

FUNK NIGHT Epitaph, Wed., March 4. Kickin' it live on the Pee Wee side.

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March



Fernest Arceneaux and the Thunders

Partyin' up a storm with Fernest and the Thunders

Zydeco could be a synonym for a lot of words. It could mean anything from "party" to "good time" to "dance yourself silly? Defining this musical style is pointless. Like most music from Louisiana, its sources, influences and history are rich and varied. Maybe even a little twisted. Suffice it to say, Gulf Coast zydeco is the ultimate party music.

Combining everything from French twosteps, to blues and rock and roll, an evening of zydeco is a master class in musical heritage. The sound of a wailing accordion over an unmistakable rock rhythm section is simultaneously familiar and exotic. French-inspired r&b might not seem too accessible, but after a quick listen, you'll be hooked.

In a mid-western celebration of Mardi Gras, the Grand Emporium is presenting Fernest Arceneaux and the Thunders on Fat Tuesday, March 3. Fernest and the Thunders, one of Louisiana's greatest zydeco bands, are a tight outfit that cover the spectrum of the state's music. The band's background ranges from Saturday night parties in their native Lafayette to performing on classic blues sessions.

Arceneaux is a singer and accordion player who is one of the heirs apparent to Clifton

Chenier's crown as the King of Zydeco. Born in 1940 to a large family of sharecroppers in central Louisiana, Fernest learned accordion from his father and the two played for local dances and picnics. However, in the '50s, Fernest turned to the guitar and rock and roll. It was Clifton Chenier himself who persuaded Arceneaux to get back to zydeco in the late '70s. The formation of Fernest and the Thunders brought lasting local success.

The group's international notoriety came soon after, when a Belgian blues enthusiast came across the band during a field trip through Louisiana. He was so knocked out that he set the band up with a European tour in 1979 and they've been coming back ever since. Though the band's success in the States is not as widespread as some of the slicker zydeco outfits, they're a real crowd pleaser. Their tight playing and wide range of Louisiana music are constantly winning new fans.

The Thunders' drummer, Clarence "Jockey" Etienne, is a Gulf Coast r&b legend. Jockey is a veteran of producer Jay Miller's blues and r&b recording sessions, which produced many classics, among them Slim Harpo's "King Bee" He's played with just about everyone in Louisiana from Guitar Slim to Fernest.

Whether you care about Mardi Gras or not, catch Fernest and his band. You won't be disappointed.

Dance-O-Rama

Let's face it. The best dance bands are the ones who play wedding receptions, bar mitzvah parties and Cinco de Mayo festivals. Brave Combo, who play the Grand Emporium Mar. 10, are a band that seemingly took a wrong turn somewhere, couldn't find the church basement and decided to play in a night club instead. Their repertoire includes original tunes and overhauled covers that transpose worldbeat rhythms of Afro-American and Latino music with their personalized brand of quirky rock and roll. At a Brave Combo show you can hear the "People Are Strange Polka," the "O Holy Night Cha Cha Cha" and the absolute best version of the "Beer Barrel Polka" this side of King of Prussia, Pennsylvania. Bring an extra pair of dancing shoes.

The Queen holds court

Koko Taylor is internationally acclaimed as the Queen of the Blues. Coming off one of her busiest years, Ms. Taylor and her crack touring and recording band, the Blues Machine, have performed nearly 200 dates. Some of the past year's highlights include headlining gigs at the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival, the Memphis Music Festival, Toronto Expo '86 and the Atlanta Jazz Festival, as well as completing work for her first live LP, tentatively titled "Live from Chicago: An Audience with the Queen," for Alligator records.

The new album will be Koko's eighth LP and is the follow-up to last year's hugely successful "Queen of the Blues" (Alligator 4740, \$8.98 list), which received a Grammy nomination for Best Blues Album of '85. Koko Taylor's riveting stage performance also won her the 1985 W.C. Handy Award for Entertainer of the Year. Taylor most recently won the '86 Handy Award for Female Vocalist of the Year, her seventh in a row. Catch the Queen March 13 and 14 at the Grand Emporium.

Rocking and romance

Jonathan Richman is simultaneously the most underappreciated and influential, misunderstood and dearly-loved rocker of the last ten years. Depending on how seriously you take popular music, Jonathan and his band, the Modern Lovers, is either the freshest voice in music or just a rock and roll geek.

To some, Jonathan and the Lovers are the epitome of syrupy nerd-rock, singing about Springtime, flowers and insects. But Jonathan Richman has emerged as one of the founding fathers of the new music scene of the late⁷0s. He was an admitted influence on both the Talking Heads (Jerry Harrison was an original Modern Lover) and the Sex Pistols (the chorus of the Pistols' "E.M.I." is a direct lift from Richman's "Roadrunner," a song the Pistols used to cover).

Despite this notoreity, Richman just shrugs his shoulders and continues to write songs that sound as if they should be sung around the campfire at Camp Buddy Holly. After nine albums, Jonathan Richman's music continues to delight and confound listeners everywhere.

The band's first album offered what was to become the fashion for popular music. The tunes were raw, hard-edged and drew heavily on the rock and roll of the '50s and '60s. The Modern Lovers had seemingly taken up where the Velvet Underground left off.

But with "Jonathan Richman & the Modern Lovers" (Rhino 70092, \$8.98 list), their second LP, the real Jonathan began to emerge. All of asudden Jo-Jo, as his fans call him, was singing about little insects and New England. The wide-eyed innocent, the nature boy of rock and roll, was in full bloom on "Rockin' Shopping Center," one of the most perfect rock and roll songs ever written. The tune captures alienation and lover's angst by viewing romance through the eyes of a modern shopping complex: "If I were a shopping center, I'd sure be embarrassed / I know I'd never get a date with some cute little building, like from Paris."

A writer once described Jo-Jo as a "fouryear-old rock and roller trapped in the body of an adult romantic. Try to picture Beaver Cleaver and Roy Orbison jamming on "Kumbaya" and you get the idea." Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers are still giving the world of rock and roll what it needs and seldom gets: happy lyrics with a back beat.



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MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
IOWA CITY March 2	ADV. TIX 3	REOGAE 4	K.C.B.S. 5	SAN FRANCISCO 6	BLUES
	FERNEST & the THUNDERS LAFAYETTE, LA MARDI GRAS	CONTRABAND	EXACT CHANGE with LINDA SHELL FREE JAM	HIGHTONE REC JOE LOUK	DRDING ARTIST S WALKER BLUE NOTE 4 3-7 pm JAZZ JAM
TULSA 9	TEXAS 10	LAWRENCE 11	AUSTIN 12	ADV. TIX 13	CHICAGO
FORTUNE TELLERS BANGTAILS ALL ROCK	BRAVE COMBO world dance music	COMMON GROUND REGGAE	EVAN JOHNS & the H-BOMBS rock-n-roll	QUEEN OF KOKO 1984 grammy WINNER	THE BLUES TAYLOR BLUE NOTE 4 3-7 pm JAZZ JAM
ALT. ROCK 16	ST. PATTY'S DAY 17	TULSA 18		NASHVILLE 20	ROCK
HOUNDOGS HOMĒSTEAD GRAYS	PALADINS ROCK-A-BILLY BLUES	LOCAL HERO reggae	STEVE PRYOR & the MIGHTY KINGSNAKES BLUES/ROCK	WEBB WIL BEATN	
ALT. ROCK 23	BLUES 24	ADY TOX JAMAICA 25	DETROIT 26	ADV. TIX 27	ST. LOUIS 2
SPLINTERS REBARS boston	LITTLE HATCH & the HOUSEROCKERS	GLADIATORS with ALBERT GRIFFITHS & the ETHIOPIAN MUZIK MAIKA	URBATIONS HOT NEW REB	1987 GRAMMY NOMINEE BUCKWHEAT ZYDECO Lafayette	SOULARD BLUES BAND BLUE NOTE 4 3-7 pm JAZZ JAM
MINNEAPOLIS 30	BLUES 31	April 1	AUSTIN NITE 2	ADV. TTX 3	CHICAGO
PJ & the MAGIC BUS YARDAPES	LAWRENCE WRIGHT & the STARLIGHTERS	GADDITES	WILD SEEDS HELL'S CAFE	JIMMY JOHI	NSON BAND
ALT. ROCK	VI/INDIVI/LAV	REGGAE	ALT. ROCK		

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Jonathan brings his brand of modern love songs to Parody Hall March 27.

Laughabilly The Ben Vaughan Combo, whose ac-

The Ben Vaughan Combo, whose accomplishments include a nomination for Best New Rock Band at last year's New York Music Awards and beating the Del Fuegos in a snowball fight, has been called a cross between Hank Williams and Paul Revere and the Raiders. The band's style of country-surf music has garnered raves from every major music publication and their new LP, "The Many Moods of Ben Vaughan" (Fever/Restless Records) was produced by Mark Van Hecke, whose previous credits include the first two Violent Femmes' albums. Vaughan has also penned a few tunes for some notable rockers. Remember the Morells' "Lookin' For a 7-11?" That should give you some idea of the Ben Vaughan sound. See for yourself at Cogburn's in Lawrence on the 13th.

Timely topic You read or hear about it almost everyday.

You read or hear about it almost everyday. Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS) is invading our world and is affecting the lives of everyone. The play "As Is," presented by the Unicorn Theatre March 5th through the 22nd, is a dramatic work which



	LAU LAU						
215 MAIN • KANSAS CITY,	MISSOURI 64105 • 816 474-7070						
Thurs., March 5th	Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown						
Fri. & Sat., March 6th - 7th	The Phones Rock N Roll						
Thurs., March 12th	Leon Redbone						
Fri., March 13th	The Suburbs Minneapolis Rock N Roll						
March 14th • St. Patrick's Day Traditional Irish Ceilidh (Pronounced Cay Lee) Gerald Trimble Band Magical Strings Johnny Cummingham							
ST. PATRICK'S DAY • M	ARCH 17 The Splinters						
Fri., March 20	The Red Zone						
Sat., March 21	The Splinters						
Fri., March 27th	Jonathan Richman						
Sat., March 28th	The Big Beat Club w/Jimmy Frink Formerly w/Fools Face						
Fri. & Sat., April 3rd & 4th	The Strategic Dance Initiative						

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Ne SSIDY B	.F. DE	AL _		AR		
Daily Hour Happy Tp.m. Import Happy Tp.m. Import	BRISKET BASH All the trimmings All you can eat \$3 2 BANDS	EXTENDED HAPPY HOUR 500 - 1000 p.m KATFISH KELLY BEACH PARTY	LADIES NIGHT Ladies in FREE WINE SPECIAL	EVENTE ORIGINAL MUSIC NITE B.F. Deal COCKLaf Special	IMPORT	ROCK 'N ROLL BEER SPECIAL ^{3 Draws - \$1.50} 12:00-6:00 p.m.
Happy Zp.M. prop Special	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY & SATURDAY
Coming	1 2 BANDS NINE - ONE-ONE LITTLE HATCH AND THE HOUSEROCKERS	2 GUESS WHO	3 K.C. Rhythm & Blues Band Jam	4 BLACK CRACK REVIEW	5 S.D.I. Strategic Dance Initiative	687 DRESS & GLOW 2 BANDS ALL NIGHT
300 ^h APR Farlow IN APR Farlow Brothers	8 2 BANDS NINE - ONE-ONE UTLE HATCH AND THE HOUSEROCKERS	9 NO COVER KATFISH KELLY BEACH PARTY Happy Hour 5-10 p.m.	10 FROM LAWRENCE BROKEN ENGLISH	11 BABY JANE Two Bands Your Mother Would Hate!	12 S.D.I. Strategic Dance Initiative	13 14 LEON RUSSELL & EDGAR WINTER with HOMEWRECKERS '87 Trickels at all GATS Outles, Dal-ATrick or all Cassidy's (with no sorrice charge)
return of MISSOURI	NINE - ONE-ONE LITTLE HATCH AND THE	16 KATFISH KELLY BEACH PARTY Happy Hour 5-10 p.m.	17 1st ANNUAL ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARTY HOMEWRECKERS EARLY S. D. I. LATE	18 GLOW NINE- ONE-ONE	19 FROM WICHITA CINEMA Formerly the "DOGS" PLUS NINE- ONE-ONE	20 21 S. D. I. STRATEGIC DANCE INITIATIVE
8310 WORNALL 333-3336	22 2 BANDS NINE - ONE-ONE LITTLE HATCH AND THE HOUSEROCKERS 418.00 29	23 NO COVER KATFISH KELLY BEACH PARTY Happy Hour 5-10 p.m. 30	24 ADAMS FAMILY 31	25 DRESS LEFT	26 S. D. I. STRATEGIC DANCE INITIATIVE	27 28 THE CRAYONS



Cogburn's, (913) 843-9723. See ad on page 18.

Grand Emporium, 531-1504. See ad on page 14.

Harlings, 531-0303. Primary Blues Band March 3. BCR on March 6-7. Tom Dahill on March 10-17. The Contra Band March 18-21.

Harris House, 531-1580. Buzz Norman on March 2. The Atomz Family on March 9, 16, 23 and 30. Lupe, every Tuesday through Saturday. The Contra Band on the deck, March 13-14 and 17.

Hot Rocks Too, 561-6868. See ad on page 17.

Hurricane, 753-0884. See ad on page 19.

Jazzhaus, (913) 749-3320. Joe Louis Walker on March 4. Altered Media, March 5. The Bel Airs on March 6-7. Lonnie Ray's Blues Jam, March 11 and 25. Electric Stone, March 12. Webb Wilder and the Beatnecks on March 13-14. Poverty Wanks on March 18. Bruce Koenig, March 19, Common Ground on March 20-21, Manna, March 26. The Urbations on March 27-28.

Jimmy's Jigger, 753-2444. See ad on page 17.

Lone Star, 561-1881. See ad on page 19.

Now Open Till 3 A.M. Monday - Saturday

SAT

WARM UP ACTS

Mon. - Steve Lptcy Tues - Jeff Black

Thurs - Allen White Fri. - Dave Krull Sat -- Allen White

COMING ATTRACTIONS

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CONTRA BAND

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CRAYONS

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NO BODIES

BUSINESS

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BABY LEROY

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Milton's, 753-9384. Jazzmania every weekend.

Parody Hall, 474-7070. See ad on page 15.

The Point, 531-9800. See ad on page 18.

CONCERTS

The Theater League presents **Johnny Mathis** with the Kansas City Symphony, Friday and Saturday, March 13-14, at the Midland. 421-7500.

In the Nelson Gallery Concert Series, the **Classical Muse Ensemble** performs Saturday, March 14, **The Early Music Consort**, Sunday, March 15 and the **Kansas City Symphony** on Sunday, March 22. 931-4278.

The Kansas City Community Opera performs selections from Scott Joplin's opera "Treemonisha," Sunday, March I at Penn Valley Community College's Little Theater. For information about this free performance, call 932-7600. KJLA presents a big band dance with the **Music of Your Life Orchestra**, Saturday, March 14 at the Hyatt Regency. Call 753-7707 for more info.

The Kansas City Guitar society presents Andres Segovia International Guitar Competition winner **David Russell**, Saturday, March 7 at White Recital Hall. 276-2700.

The Friends of Chamber Music's March lineup includes the **Trio di Milano**, Sunday, March 15 at the Folly. Call 444-4429 for information.

The Kansas City Symphony performs March 6-7 with Yoav Talmi, conductor and Eugene Istomin, pianist. On Sunday, March 8, William McGlaughlin conducts and on March 20-21, McGlaughlin conducts with pianist Philippe Bianconi. For concert information, call 471-7344.

Jason and the Scorchers rock the KU Ballroom, Friday, March 6, with opening act, the Homestead Grays. Tickets are available through all CATS outlets.

The Conservatory of Music at UMKC presents







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the Volker String Quartet, Sunday March 1. The Missouri Brass Quintet, Wednesday March 4. The Kansas City Civic Orchestra, Sunday March 15. The Greater Kansas City Accordion Festival, Saturday, March 21. Call 276-2700 for more info.

...at

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Cross Currents presents Dave Van Ronk and Rosalie Sorrels, March 28 at the Community Christian Church. 361-5147.

THEATER

Cross Currents presents "The Seamier Side of Nuclear Annihilation and Other Modern In-

he Deint	March							
The Point	M	MON		ES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
	OPEN MIKE NIGHT		LONNIE RAY BLUES JAM3		HORACE WASHINGTON 4 & CO. 5		THE INSTIGATORS 6 7	
		9		10	∢ ,,	IDA M & FRI 12		->
		16		17	манс 18	DGNEY		JES RESS 21
at Westport 917 W. 44th		23		24		LA.	HO WASHI	RACE INGTON CO. 28
K.C., Mo. 531-9800		30		31	₹	IDA M		->



conveniences" March 13-14 and 20-21 at the Penn Valley Community College Theater. Call 361-5147 for information.

The KU Performing Arts series presents the Merce Cunningham Dance Company at KU's Hoch Auditorium on Wednesday, March 25. (913) 864-3982.

The Martin City Melodrama and Vaudeville Co. presents "The Count of Monte Cristo" and "The Silver Screen," Martin City's salute to Hollywood. Performances are every Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday through March 29. Call 942-7576 for information.

Missouri Rep presents Tennessee Williams' "Glass Menagerie" March 10-28. For info, call 276-2700.

Tiffany's Attic presents "Lunch Hour" by Jean Kerr. The play runs through March. For tickets and show times, call 561-PLAY.

The musical-comedy "Mack and Mabel," which traces the romance of silent film producer Mack Sennett and his star Mabel Normand, starts March 31 at the 39th Street Theater. Call 531-0650 for info.

At KU's Crafton-Preyer Theatre, it's Neil Simon's "Brighton Beach Memoirs," March 5-7. Call (913) 864-3892 for information.

CINEMA

The Nelson-Atkins Gallery presents the Contemporary Australian Film Series: March 8, "Newsfront" (1978), March 15, "My Brilliant Career" (1980) and March 22, "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975). All films start at 1:30 and are free and open to the public. 931-4278.



Union Hill Arts will have a special exhibit, Surface Interpretations, March 1-30. This exhibit will be coordinated with the national conference of the Surface Design Association at Crown Center, March 19-22. 561-3020.

Painter/printmaker Robert Cottingham will give a free lecture on his work as a photorealist at the Nelson Gallery's Atkins Auditorium, Sunday, March 1. 931-4278.

The Spofford Antique Show and Sale, a benefit for the Spofford Home for Children, will be held at Rockhurst High School, March 19-21. Call 765-4060 for information.

The American Friends Service Committee, present Kansas City author Richard Rhodes reading selections from his book "The Making of the Atomic Bomb," Thursday, March 5, at All Souls Unitarian Church. For information, call 931-5256.

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Marchis EATLEMANIA at PennyLane month In celebration of the long-awaited Beatles compact discs, PennyLane, KCFX and Capitol Records are going to send a lucky fan and their guest to London, England! The Grand Prize includes: Round trip airfare to London, six nights/seven days accommodations, ground package including Abbey Road Studios tour and 101 English pounds! 20% OFF **M P A C D**TSC THE BEATLES THE BEATLES THE BEATLES BEATLES FOR SALE WITH THE REATLES ASE PLEASE ME records & cassettes Capitol.

Register to win at any PennyLane location and listen to KCFX for details!