



n the loose

JACK CASHILL

Coming out of the closet

've suppressed it long enough. I do not know if a semiunderground, quasi-alternative music publication is the appropriate place for the revelation that will follow, but I think my message a bit too strong for Action 4 News or The Kansas City Star. I just hope that by coming forward publicly others will be encouraged to follow suit.

A little background. I've heard that for most people it's there from their earliest consciousness, and that it seizes them fully during adolescence. But for me - and I'm being honest here - such was not the case. Mine was a sheltered childhood. I was simply not exposed to the possibility. As far as I knew, no older friend nor relative had such inclinations. At least none tried to tempt me.

As an adult in Kansas City, I saw the phenomenon up close for the first time. But I took great care to distance myself from it. and from those who indulged. I cloaked myself in respectability, married, had children, avoided "their" bars. I even ridiculed them when I saw them on the street. I was not like that, or so I told myself.

But a few years ago, my defenses began to break down. I had just returned from a year abroad. I had no job. No future. I suppose, in retrospect, that it was a time of emotional turbulence for me, a time to seek answers in new places.

A friend introduced me to the scene, and at first I was turned off by the crudeness of it all. Still, there was no denying the attraction. Whenever I participated, I would rationalize it to myself by saying that I was just experimenting or that I was drunk. But soon, I began to participate willfully, if still a bit timidly. I went to the bars every great now and then. I even dabbled in cross dressing. For the most part, however, I sought my pleasures privately and discreetly.

The real breakthrough occurred only recently. My oldest brother came to Kansas City for a visit, in the course of which I lent him my car. Unconsciously, or perhaps subconsciously (did I want to be discovered?), I had left some rather damning evidence of my new-found life style therein. My brother noticed and confronted me with it. I blushed. I stammered. I guiltly tried to explain it away. But he just shook his head, smiled knowingly, and told me that he understood. A moment of truth if there ever was one - my stalwart brother, high school principal and pillar of his community, was one of us! I was stunned and, I admit, relieved. For the first time, I could share my burden with someone who empathized, someone who knew first-hand how hard it was to discard the rigid conventions of an urban catholic upbringing. That night we went to the bars and exchanged secrets like teenagers.

Since my brother's visit, I have been much more open about my preferences. I neither push, nor proselytize, but I no longer conceal.

Regrettably, my wife refuses to understand. In truth, this recent turn of events distresses her greatly. It's not something that she bargained for. She just tries to screen it all out, wish it away. In time, though, I pray that she will accept me for what I've become.

As to my children, they are still too young

to know what has happened to me. I just hope, though, that when they grow older and notice that, yes, their dad does sometimes wear cowboy boots and that, yes, his car radio is set on KFKF and that, yes, he does sneak off to the Club Royal from time to time and that, yes, he did go see Dolly and Kenny at Kemper last year - I just hope that the world will be a more tolerant place, and that they will understand.

K () PITCH

June 1987 • Issue 78

4128 Broadway

Kansas City, Missouri 64111

(816) 561-1580

Publisher Hal Brody

Connie Yukon

Graphic Specialties II

1.16.1





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o anyway, I decided to take the song seriously. I put some flowers in my hair and hitched halfway across the continent. So far it's been the grooviest time in my life. People are in the streets, the parks, everywhere and they're all groovin' on each other. It's just a constant high filled with peace and love.

Just last night a bunch of us piled into this psychedelic VW bus and headed out to this mansion in Marin. It was the hippest. There was a band playing called the Grateful Dead and when you walked in, the lights, the colors, everything was just so together. Everyone was drinking Kool-Aid out of this barrel and trinping their brains out. I got into this really intense rap with some egghead from Berkley about the two schools of LSD thought. He was heavily into the Leary school, you know, getting intense and closer to the Godhead and everything. I was preaching to him about the Merry Prankster school of partying: having fun, free love and none of that intensity bullshit. The grooviest thing was after it was over, he and I had no hate or anger vibes. We still loved each other and everyone else.

There was the most beautiful love-in at the park last weekend. The Airplane and Moby Grape were playing. Everyone was making love to each other and it was the coolest. That night I went back to this chick's pad. We decided to drop and stay up all night. As the evening wore on, we talked, made love and listened to music. That's what I wanted to tell you about. Some of the records we heard were so far-fuckingout I just had to tell you about them. By the way, I think maybe Qusley is God.

Vanilla Fudge Atco 33-224, \$6.98 list Produced by Shadow Morton

I really freaked out when I heard this record. They were doing all these cover songs by the Beatles and Sonny & Cher. Then they did this tripped-out version of "You Keep Me Hangin" On." I thought I was gonna freak out.

The Doors $\textcircled{}{}$

Elektra 74079, \$6.98 list

Produced by Paul W. Rothchild

What a trip! These guys are the kinkiest. Every chick I know wants to sleep with Morrison. You've got to see these guys. Morrison even whips out his unit when he feels like it. Have you heard "People are Strange?" I mean, how much plainer can it be said?

Easybeats "Best Of" Rhino 124, \$8.98 list Various producers

I don't know why, but I really like these guys. They kind of reminded me of the Who or somebody. I really dig the song called "Friday on My Mind?" I'm afraid these guys may be a flash in the pan though.

Grateful Dead WB 1689, \$6.98 list

Produced by Dave Hassinger

These guys are the ultimate trip band. I really dig the record, but it's nothing like seeing them live. They do these long extended jams that just blow your mind. And Jerry Garcia is a real mind-fuck: He's just like Buddha on stage. You just got to see these guys.

66666

Produced by Andrew Loog Oldham

Sometimes it just seems like the Stones are the only way to trip. I mean, you know when you get into that dancing-trip thing? Man, the Stones can make you dance.

Bummer of the

SUMMER Nancy & Frank Sinatra

"Something Stupid"

Man what a bad trip. When we heard this I kept getting all these horrible images of incest, murder and Vegas. It almost ruined the whole scene.

Ultimate trip #1

"Are You Experienced?" Reprise 6261, \$8.98 list

Produced by Chas Chandler ` *

I couldn't believe my ears! It nearly blew my mind. I've never heard anything like this. I think I saw God. And I'll never listen to surf music azain.

Ultimate trip #2

"Sgt. Peppers Lonely Hearts Club Band" Capitol 2653, \$8.98 list

Produced by George Martin

You won't believe this is the Beatles! I kept playing this record over and over. It's the heaviest! I'm sure the Beatles have done acid.

Anyway, that was the music we heard last weekend. I can't tell you what a far-out trip it is here in Haight-Åshbury. You've really got to come and experience it for yourself. Hope to see you soon. Tune-in, turn-on, drop-out. Peace!





Reviews

ROCK

If you're tired of digital sampling and synthesizers and high-tech gloom and doom, you need a dose of **Planosaurus**. The group's debut LP, "Groovy Neighborhood" (Rounder 9010, \$8.98 list), is all fun and fluff and wonderfulof toys" by producer Holsapple, is amazingly tight and clear, despite the use of toys. And, gimmick or not, "Groovy Neighborhood" really works. You have no idea how perfect the blending of toys and rock and roll is until you hear their version of John Lee Hooker's "Dimples," complete with a plinking toy-guitar break. It rocks, it's happy, what more could



Hey, hey it's Planosaurus.

ness - just like pop music's supposed to be. What sets Pianosaurus apart is their instrumentation. This quartet plinks out the jams on guitars, pianos and horns straight from the music section at the local Toys R Us. Yep. they're the world's first toy rock and roll band. Leader Alex Garvin plays a mean Carnival DeLuxe western guitar, while Richard Jean handles the lead lines on his Carnival Pop-Rock model, played through a toy amp for that real rock sound. Bianca Miller plays toy organ and the classic 25-key Schoenhut upright, found in any playroom. Drummer Stephen Dansiger holds the rhythm together on his Fraggle Rock and Smurf "Rock & Roll Lives" drum kits.

"Groovy Neighborhood," produced by Peter Holsapple of the dBs, is a well-done mixture of bubble-gum rock and original, avant newness, real-rock stylings (they do a hot cover of "Memphis") and goofy fun (their "Bubble Gum Music" is a wonderful send up of a lost genre).

The Pianosaurus sound, dubbed the "wall

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you want. Pianosaurus just might be the best rock and roll band since the Banana Splits. —Art Mayo

In the wake of the compact disc, vintage pop music is finding an ever-expanding audience. Thanks to modern technology, classic tunes from the '50s and '60s, songs that haven't been on vinyl in years, are being reissued in super high-tech, digitally-purified formats. A fortunate backlash, for those of us not of the digital generation, is that there is a carry over to records (Remember those flat, black plastic discs that use the prehistoric process of dragging a needle through grooves?).

The company that seems to have the market cornered on retro-hits is Capitol Records. The same company that brought the pioneering sounds of the Beatles to American shores and gave us recordings of Yma Sumac and the infamous Mrs. Miller, is responsible for issuing, on vinyl, thank you, some of the best oldies packages around. Through their subsidiaries EMI and Rhino, Capitol offers everything from a Mamie Van Doren collection ("The Girl Who Invented Rock and Roll," Rhino 70819, \$8.98 list), to a package that spotlights teendeath songs, patriotism and "answer" records ("Death, Glory and Retribution," EMI 17187, \$6.98 list).

The frontrunner in the oldies reissue race has to be the Treasury Series from EMI. With over two dozen packages released so far and more in the works, this series has everyone beat. A (so far) 10-record set focusing on five vintage independent labels shows how oldies reissuing should be done. Utilizing great packaging, intelligent programming of cuts and some treasures from the vaults, the Sue, Liberty/United Artists, Minit, Imperial and Aladdin labels get extensive coverage.

Blues, r&b, rock, soul and pop are all covered here. "Black UA Singles: '59'67 (EMI 17266, \$6.98 list) features the first-ever Barry Gordy single, "Come to Me" by Marv Johnson, licensed to United Artists by Gordy's Tamla Records in 1959. Also on this album are the original version of the Isley's "Who's That Lady" and an unreleased side by the Marcels.

Minit Records, a New Orleans-based rhythm and blues label is featured on two LPs, "It Will Stand" (EMI 17202, \$8,98 list) and "The Soul Years of Minit Records" (EMI 17262, \$6,98 list). These two digitally-remastered sets showcase both well-known talent (Ernie K-Doe, Aaron Neville) and obscure artists. All but two of the songs on "It Will Stand" were recorded by Minit's house producer Allea Toussaint. The material from "Soul Years" includes 45s from Ike & Tina, Bobby Womack and The O'Jays, as well as an obscure classic from Gene Dozier and the Brotherhood, "A Hunk of Funk."

Other releases include "Rock Me All Night Long: Aladdin Records 1945-1958" (EMI 17201, \$8.98 list), a super-hot r&b collection with Louis Jordan, Amos Milburn doing "Chicken Shack Boogie" and jump-blues from Helen Humes and "Sue Instrumentals: '59²67" (EMI 17264, \$6.98 list) featuring Jimmy McGriff, Bill Doggett and lke Turner with the Tina-less collector's item "The New Breed, Parts 1 & 2"

On the other side of the coin are "Teen Rock Singles '56'66" from Liberty/UA (EMI 17263, \$6.98 list) and "More Hits, More Often, Liberty Records 1958-1963" (EMI 17204, \$8.98 list). The latter is a collection of the west-coast label's heyday. The talent isn't nearly as exotic as on the other LPs, but is fun nonetheless. Eddie Cochran, The Ventures and Gene McDaniels are among the featured performers. "Teen Rock Singles" runs a trifle more obscure, the high point being Patty Duke's "Don't Just Stand There."

Four "concept" collections run hot and cold. "Death, Glory and Retribution" mentioned earlier, is a great idea, but in order to hear Jody Reynolds' "Endless Sleep;" you've got to buy "My Bologna" by Weird Al Yankovic. Gee, is it worth it? And "In the Beginning" (EMI 17184, \$8.98 list), a collection of early hits by now-established rock superstars, is, again, well intentioned, but teams early Bowie with early Billy Joel. The other two albums, "Put on Your Dancing Shoes" (EMI 17185, \$8.98 list) and "Dream Babies" (EMI 17186, \$8.98 list), work due to their all-around stronger material. "Dream Babies" is a collection of lesser-known girl-group hits from the '60s. It's just a lot of fun.

"Dancing Shoes" gathers some essential dance tracks ("Do You Want to Dance" by **Bobby Freeman**), follow-up tunes (**The Rivingtons**" "Mamo-Oom-Mow-Mow") and forgotten dance-floor smashes ("Twistin" Out in Space" by **Robert Parker**). This album has one of the best covers to come along in a while.

A few of the other releases in the Treasury Series include a collection of songs and interviews from Eddie Cochran ("On the Air," EMI 17245, \$6.98 list), a reissue of Earl King's "Trick Bag" LP (EMI 17238, \$6.98 list), a couple of vocal-group albums ("Dreamy Eyes: The West Coast Harmony Groups," EMI 17233, \$6.98 list and "Lost Dreams: The New Orleans Vocal Groups," EMI 17232, \$6.98 list) and of course, the obligatory surf-music collection, "Catch a Wave" (EMI 17223, \$8.98 list). Hot stuff!

-Art Mayo

JAZZ

Sun Ra and his Arkestra have been well beyond the cutting edge of new jazz for decades. Yet Ra's status as an accepted godfather of the music remains elusive. In terms of performance, arranging and instrumentation, no other modern or progressive jazz ensemble even comes close to what is now old hat for Ra and his band. Maybe it's the



costuming. Maybe it's the wild, improvisational charts. Or maybe it's because Ra claims to be a descendant from Saturn. Whatever the reason, Sun Ra has never had the exposure or acceptance he deserves as an artist. "Reflections in Blue" (Black Saint 101, \$9.98 list), Ra's first major release in several years, could change all that.

After literally hundreds of recordings, Ra finds himself on a great label with major distribution. (The Black Saint/Soul Note labels are distributed in the US by PolyGram Special Imports.) And thanks to producer Giovanni Bonandrini, Ra's music has never sounded better. "Reflections" captures the playfulness of a Sun Ra concert which has rarely before made it to vinyl. The sound quality



of this album is certainly among the best of Ra's years of recordings. Not since his days with ABC/Impulse has Sun Ra had this much potential for a major breakthrough.

"Reflections in Blue" won't get Ra and the Arkestra a gig on "Solid Gold," don't get me wrong. Their music is still far from mainstream radio material. But with a little luck and some solid promotion, the album could open a few doors.

In recent years, the Arkestra's repertoire has leaned more towards the timeless swing of Fletcher Henderson and Jimmie Lunceford and away from the space anthems and extended-electronics overtures of the '60s and '70s. During Ra's last visit to KC, he expressed his interest in the groundbreaking music of Harlem in the '20s and '30s. Sun Ra helped bring jazz into the electronic age and beyond. He now wants to escort it back to the days of McKinney's Cotton Pickers and Duke Ellington. To see a Sun Ra show is to experience a compact time and space history of jazz, from the River Nile to 57th Street and further.

The music of "Reflections in Blue" finds Ra and the Arkestra relaxed, tight and swinging. From the carnivalish keyboards that open the album on "State Street Chicago" to the title track which closes side two, "Reflections" is as solid an album as any Ra has ever made. It is, however, different. Nowhere on the record is the word "space" There is no mention of Egypt. And there are no chants or incantations.

Taking the place of Ra's patented mysticism are six tunes that show off Ra's skills as an arranger and keyboard player and a sharp band that play like demons. At times sounding like a Nino-Rota-meets-Ellington swing, at other times resembling an all-star jazz band in a time warp, the album's tunes juxtapose bop, blues and ballads with Ra's own musical stylings.

"Reflections in Blue" should please the novice and Sun Ra-diehard alike. The man's music is, like Sun Ra himself, truly one of a kind. If you'd like to delve further into the inner reaches of Mr. Ra, PennyLane Video has a VHS copy of the documentary "Sun Ra: A Joyful Noise" available for rental. Enjoy.

-Scott O'Kelley

COUNTRY

Despite the glittery, sequined outfits and guitar-shaped swimming pools, the beauty of country music has always been its simplicity, its ability to, in a real and straightforward manner, honestly convey the emotions of the performer. Like its close relative the blues, the bedrock style of country music is in providing an outlet for the joys and sorrows of singer and listener alike.

The Country Music Foundation has been active for 20 years in the preservation and education of one of America's unique musical styles. In the past year, the CMF has given three of country music's greatest legends the treatment they deserve. Albums of demo and live recordings from Jim Reeves, the Louvin Brothers and Hank Williams offer a telling glimpse of these artists' power.

The foundation's newest release, "Radio Favorites '51257" (CMF 009, \$8.98 list), by the Louvin Brothers, showcases the power of country vocals. The Louvins' sharp harmonies and mandolin/guitar leads were instrumental in the progression of bluegrass to country to pop. The album is divided into a gospel side and secular side. True to its roots, the Louvins' gospel material outshines the popular. The strength of these performances lies in the way the Louvins are able to elevate a (seemingly) simple arrangement to-amazing emotional heights using their trademark tight vocals. The brothers' songwriting should dispell any thoughts that country is a shallow musical style.

Jim Reeves was one of the few country artists whose hits regularly crossed over to the pop charts. "Live at the Opry" (CMF 008, \$8.98 list) follows Reeves' progression from honky-tonk-influenced singer to a vocalist rich in both nuance and power. Reeves, an aspiring ball player in the Cardinals' farm system, became a radio announcer when a leg injury saw to it that he'd never make the majors.

Soon, Reeves was an announcer at KWKH in Shreveport, LA, home of the Louisiana Hayride, and took the stage for artists that couldn't make the show. By 1955, Reeves had worked his way up to the Grand Ole Opry and a shot at stardom. Long before Kenny Rogers and Alabama, Reeves' vocals and songwriting proved that well-crafted country and western music could make it in any market. The 20 selections on "Live at the Opry" find Reeves in top form, in the setting that made him one of the most successful country artists of the '50s and early '60s.

The Country Music Foundation's crowning achievement is the release of two albums by Hank Williams, "Just Me and My Guitar" (CMF 006, \$8.98 list) and "The First Recordings" (CMF. 007, \$8.98 list). These albums



offer 24 examples of why Williams is still the country music artist by which all others are measured. In just seven years of professional recording, Hank Williams left a legacy of emotion which, in the 35 years since, has yet to be topped.

"Just Me and My Guitar" features demo recordings that, as the title suggests, present Williams in the most intimate setting: guitar, voice and bottomless pit of intensity. These versions of "Jambalaya," "Your Cheatin' Heart" and "Honky Tonk Blues" seem worlds apart from their commercialized counterparts recorded for M-G-M Records. Different verses, arrangements, even chord structures make this album a unique look at a massive talent.

Similarly, "The First Records" offer a barebones glimpse of greatness. In these early demos (1945-6), all that was and would become country music is evident. Culled from private collections and the vaults of the Acuff-Rose publishing company, many of these tunes haven't been heard in 40 years. For some of the songs, these are their only known recordings. Closing the album is "I'm Going Home". Its powerful lyrics of the voyage to death and the music, reminiscent of "I Saw the Light," are an eerie foreshadowing of the Hank Williams legend.

These two recordings forecast the future of not only country music, but also what would become rock and roll. Hank Williams was the white Robert Johnson and this music proves it. —Danny Joe Dean

CLASSICAL

Bach: Motets, BWV 225-230, 118. La Chapelle Royale and Collegium Vocale directed by Philippe Herreweghe. Harmonia Mundi France HMC 1231.32; 2 LPs, digital, \$23.98 list.

It is not often that one purchases a record with great expectations and has those expectations surpassed in every respect. Such is the case with this new recording of Bach's familiar Motets, which presents a view of the works guided by today's standards of original performance practice yet with a freshness and vitality that make this a truly special release.

Some of the ideas in these performances are reminiscent of last year's disappointing version from the Hilliard Ensemble on Angel. But here they are presented with an almost unbelievably intense level of emotion that the Hilliard version sadly lacked. Philippe Herreweghe shows his obvious feeling for the music, and his expression is extraordinary.

One bone of contention over Bach's Motets is the question of instrumental accompaniment. Herreweghe here opts for an instrumental ensemble to accompany the singers on all but "Komm, Jesu, komm" and "Jesu, meine Freude," which are joined only by a continuo group. The vocalists are mixed, with women in both soprano and alto parts, and their number is kept to a minimum. The resultant choral textures are bright and transparent, close to but not quite like a fine boys' choir, lacking some of a boys' choir's sheer and delicate whiteness. But the tone the singers here produce is beautiful. And the first impression of them, in "Der Geist hilft unsrer Schwacheit auf," shows their capability of conveying the profound emotions of these probing and continued next page

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Reviews

mystical works.

Up to now my favorite recording of the Motets has been the exciting one done by the Tolzer Knabenchor on Philips (which, along with the Hilliard on Angel, is now out-ofprint). One of the best on that release was "Furchte dich nicht, ichi bin bei dir," which is given a lovely performance here under Her-



reweghe. The "Denn ich habe" section has a tremendous feeling of textural movement. "Komm, Jesu, komm" is mystical and earnestly plaintive, an emotional and devotional performance that leads well into "Lobet den Herrn, alle Heiden," which is done with such sprightly joy that it fairly leaps out of the speakers. Such happiness is not usually heard in these pieces and it works appropriately here. "Singet dem Herrn ein neues Lied" is also

done with a good amount of joy, and comes



version on the Tolz disc. The third part fugue is very good with a strong, expressive build to the conclusion. But the most masterful performance on this album comes in "Jesu, meine Freude" It is done with only five voices (SSATB, with a counter-tenor taking the alto) and continuo, yet it is expressively one of the finest ever done. The emotions are conveyed with emphatic desire. The "Gute Nacht, o Wesen" section is heartrending, and the central "Ihr aber seid nicht fleishlich" is compelling in textures and tones. Throughout it is painfully intimate yet firmly reassuring, the most incredible item on an incredible album.

The album and tape contain the bonus of the motet/cantata movement BWV 118, "O Jesu Christ, mein Lebens Licht" Though the notes contend that this is a motet (the autograph score contains the inscription, in Bach's hand, "motteto a quatre voci"), it sounds very much like a cantata chorus, with an instrumental introduction and scoring that uses horns prominently. The performance here is as convincing and masterful as all else on this album.

Harmonia Mundi's sound is excellent, close up but with sufficient depth and spread to give a remarkably full-bodied aural picture of the music. The recording is apparently digital, though nowhere on the album does it say so. There is none of digital's coldness or harshness, yet there is plenty of magnificent detail. The Cathedral at Ghent provides a stunning, reverberant acoustic. The surfaces of the LP





oe Bob goes to the drive-in

JOE BOB BRIGGS Drive-In Movie Critic of Granevine, Texa

ow to study for your urine test: 1. Know your urine tester. Get personally acquainted with him/her. Don't be afraid to ask questions, such as "What are you going to do with my urine?" "Do you have a beaker?" You'd be surprised how many people hand over their urine to perfect strangers because they think it's expected of them.

2. Always remember it's your urine. You made it. You own it. Don't give it up for nothing.

3. If you play professional basketball, always carry a vial of somebody else's urine in your official NBA Larry Bird duffel bag.

4. Your urine is entitled to confidentiality. Like, for example, if the urine tester comes back to you and says, "Hey, man, this urine contains evidence of massive Beenie Weenie consumption," that evidence cannot be given to Stokely Van Camp for marketing purposes. If you start receiving unsolicited Beenie Weeniei sales materials through the U.S. mails, report your urine tester to the Better Business Bureau immediately.

5. Always demand to see the urine tester's urine before he is allowed to see your urine. This cuts way down on "non-essential" requests for urine.

6. If your boss wants to see your urine, ask him if you can see his most recent Form 1040. This has been proved to be a totally fair trade. He finds out if you're smokin Polio Weed on the job. You find out if he's a member of the PTL Club.

7. Before you come out with your urine specimen, run cold water all over your arms and hands up to the elbow. When you hand the specimen to the tester, fling as much water on that person as possible. Say "Oh, so sorry?" This cuts way down on future urine requests.

8. If you think it could be real bad news if you give a urine sample this afternoon, then

say "I don't have any right now." This will give you time to buy some from somebody in the office.

9. Always use the terms "teetee," "weewee" and "number one" when your boss is around. This will create images in your boss's mind that Academy 3," with even LESS plot to get in the way of the story. In fact, they've hacked this baby down to where ever single "Police Academy" character INCLUDIN Bubba Smith gets about 30 seconds of screen time, except for Bobcat Goldthwait, who gets about a halfhour of mumblin and eye-scrunchin and screamin. Can it, Bob, OK, we're sick of it. The basic idea is the cops don't have enough

A quiet, sensitive moment in "Police Academy IV."

will make him extremely reluctant to request your urine.

10. Never use the word "urine" in a public place or a newspaper. It's a totally disgusting subject.

Speaking of human waste, "Police Academy 4" is here, just in time to make us forget "Police manpower and so they scrounge up the scumof-the-earth citizens that don't have jobs and bring em over to the Police Academy and teach little old ladies to fire .44 Magnums and make killer skateboarder hoodlums learn water safety by stickin a wet T-shirt contest winner in the pool and havin her say "OK, who's gonna save me?" G.W. Bailey's back — remember the Captain Harris guy that screams at Steve Guttenberg all the time for havin a better Warner Bros. contract? Great actor. Came right out of the Lubbock Theater Center with all the other great movie actors that graduated from there like Vern "Vernon" Krupps, the famous exploding stuntman.

Two breasts. Four ounces blood. Two car crashes. One cycle crash. Two motor vehicle chases. One California-weenie skateboard chase. Great roasted armpit scene. Gratuitous aerobics. Gratuitous slam-dunking of cast members. Kung Fu. Golf ball Fu. Pigeon Fu. Gay leather bar Fu. Sani-Can Fu. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Billie Bird. as Mrs. Feldman the S.W.A.T. team grandma. for sayin, "Freeze, you scuzzbuckets!"; Randall "Tex" Cobb, for bustin out of jail by makin the guards play "Simon Says"; Bobcat Goldthwait for watchin somebody bail out of a plan at an air show and screamin, "Break your fall! Hit the kids!"; and Steve Guttenberg, for gettin paid for this four times. No nomination for Bubba Smith, ever since he says he don't drink Miller Lite no more.

Two stars. One star removed for the Joe Bob Briggs Commandment against any movie that includes hot-air ballooning.

This month's drive-in video releases:

"The Toxic Avenger" (1986): Story of a sensitive health spa mop-boy, the mutant offspring of Jerry Lewis, who gets tricked into dressing in a pink tutu by four yuppie hit-and-run drivers and then falls into a vat of lime-green nuclear waste, turns into a Mister Potato Head, and rampages through the New Jersey countryside, rippin apart street scum, until he falls in love with a blind girl with huge breasts and goes on a camp out. Winner, 1986 Drive-In Academy Award, Breast Actress (Andree Maranda). Two and a half stars.

"The Human Vapor" (1962): The story of Mr. Mizuno, who volunteers for the Japanese space program, but starts to think something might be wrong when they stick his head in an iron clamp for 10 days and teach him to become invisible — so he spends his whole life vaporizin all over Tokyo, robbin banks so he can pay for his girlfriend's kabuki-dancing career. Great Japaheeno sci fi. Three stars.

Joe Bob says check em out.

Joe Bob's Mailbag

Victory Over Communism! McLendon Theaters, which was the greatest drive-in chain in the 1950s but got trashed and scuzzed out in the 70s and sold off a bunch of land and started sellin pre-cooked weenies, is being **REVIVED IN TEXAS! Bart McLendon, son** of the legendary Gordon McLendon, who once owned almost all the drive-ins in the Southwest and produced "Giant Gila Monster" and "Attack of the Killer Shrews," is spendin big bucks to spruce up the Apollo in Dallas, the Century in Grand Prairie, the I-45 in Houston, the Cinema Park in El Paso, and no word yet on the Gemini and the Astro. We're talkin uniforms on the employees, decent food, radio sound, and best of all, they're REGRADIN THE HUMPS. Remember, with just a little vigilance, we can overcome the Commies. To discuss the meaning of life with Joe Bob, or to get a copy of his "We're Still the Weird" newsletter, write Job Bob Briggs, P.O. Box 33, Dallas, Texas 75221.

DEAR JOE BOB: Next time you're in Cleveland why don't you stop by and say hi at the Cleveland Cinematheque in the Cleveland Institute of Art, which is, in its heart, a drive-in movie theatre (we showed "Re-Animator," "Razorback" and "Revolution" last year) I think it would be great if we could get your to host a drive-in weekend like Mike Weldon's Psychotronic Weekend.

We enjoyed your World Premiere show in Berea, Ohio, but are the guys who do the musical accumptianment any better on the video than those guys were? — TOMMY LEE SEDLAK, CLEVELAND

DEAR TOMMY LEE: I'll never forget the two guitar players I used in the High School Auditorium in Berea, Ohio, specially the one that had fingers.



I thought hippie music sucked. I liked Otis Redding, James Brown, gospel music anything that was savage and funky with fast guitars and lots of screaming. I thought folk music was wimpy, limp-wristed. When Rich, Duck and I went to the hippie place we thought the hippies would think we were cool. They only thought we were nerds. Later I heard one of them say, 'that lead guitar player sure plays good for a nark."

The hippies' confusion was understandable. By then the rules regarding dress and decorum were fairly well formed. Hippies were expected to look like hippies. To be uncool was the ultimate sin. But the splinter group of the musicians who made up The Emeralds were espousing a different aesthetic. Lu Jane explained, "Being soulful was where it was at, not necessarily hip. Our group of friends never wanted to be Jim Morrison. They always wanted to be Muddy Waters or James Brown. I remember how Ed and Steve would always wear Sansabelt pants and Banlon shirts. The Pener look. Also those thin nylon socks you could see through."

The cultural revolution affected all social strata. For a brief period of time between 1967 and 1969 a kind of common bond existed between Kansas City's wealthier classes and the burgeoning hippie community. Of course, the hippies had everything the wealthy people wanted: drugs, sexier clothes and a better zeitgeist. In 1968 the Nelson Gallery hosted "The Magic Theatre," an exhibit which many feel made society's Brahmans more eager than ever to embrace the former untouchables. It was basically an environmental sound and light show designed by Boyd Medford (whose smaller "Infinity Box" is in the permanent collection of the Nelson). Basically, the "infinity box" became an entire darkened room at the Nelson with strobe lights on the floor reflected from mirrored walls.

"Molly McGreevy had a party following the opening of The Magic Theatre," said Lu Jane, "and the Mystic Number National Bank played under a mylar tent she had erected in her front yard. They took one of her beautiful Oriental rugs and spread it on the grass for the band. They were the most exotic thing those rich people had ever seen."

The extreme sensuousness of those times is a dim, but very pleasant memory. The scents of patchouli and marijuana continually lingered in the air at 43rd and Warwick, "the spiritual center of the universe," according to Ed Toler. People began dressing like royalty from third world countries, swathed in Pakistani cottons, Nepalese jewelry, painting their sun, moon and rising signs on their foreheads. People did magic mushrooms to the accompaniment of Indian ragas. Few obstacles existed on the journey to the perfumed garden. Unlike many other places at this time, Kansas City was not highly politicized. According to Dennis DelGreco who later became "Mother Love," editor of "The Westport Trucker," Kansas City lacked the close-knit college communities in which radical politics could easily develop. "There was no large student ghetto population here. We had 'blue collar hippies' — people holding down jobs or living at home with strong ties to high school friends." Ideas were disseminated through the "Kansas City Screw," published in 1968, which with the same staff later became the "Trucker." In Ed Toler's estimation, "Politics were what you did if you couldn't draw good or play music. It was just a role like any other."

Dennis began organizing concerts for Volker Park in 1968 almost completely on his own. The Parks and Recreation Department was hesitant to get involved, especially with bands that called themselves things like New Liberation Army. The scene at Volker quickly expanded from a few frisbee throwers to hundreds of hippies. "By the time it was August you couldn't even drive around that area," recalled Lu Jane. "Traffic was backed up clear to Troost. A lot of it, of course, was people hoping to get a glimpse of someone showing their tits? With so much mass participation, the anti-establishment was rapidly becoming an establishment of its own. "I tried to get to the essence of what it was to be a freak," Ed Toler said. "Nonconformity was what it was all about. But everyone was conforming by being a hippie - growing their hair long and wearing bell bottoms."

Like BMW's now, drugs became the status symbol by which you were judged, especially what kind of acid you did. To be able to genealogically trace your acid back to Owsley or the Grateful Dead was the best: orange barrels, sunshine, window pane, purple haze were the Rolexes of the late '60s. Whether or not people were ready for the effects of psychedelic drugs was another matter. "You got higher than shit," recalled Pat Pearce. "It was also a little spooky. I don't think most people had any inkling about how acid affected their basic make-up and metabolism. All they had known were a couple of 3.2 beers."

1968 was the turning point when drugs began to play a major part in people's lives. In the early days of 1966 and 1967 there were very few drugs around but it didn't matter. Ed Toler summed it up neatly: "I used to hang out with Russ Booth of the Bank and we hung out because we enjoyed exchanging ideas. I went over to get high off a human being. When we went to someone's pad it was exhilarating to expand our consciousness through one another's company. I remember one day the impulse came to me to visit Russ because I was out of dope and I wondered if he had any. It was never the same after that. The curtain fell with a thud and it never raised again for any. of us. About that time it was drugs, drugs, drugs. It really changed everything."









[.]The Itals

Ital power

In the Rasta dialect, "ital" means pure, healthy, natural. It's no surprise that Ronnie Davis, Keith Porter and Lloyd Ricketts would choose this as the name of their band. The Itals' sound is pure and beautiful. Their harmonies have been winning fans ever since their first single, "In a Dis a Time" ("Wiser Dread," Nighthawk 301, \$8.98 list). That song reached the number-one position on the Jamaican charts and became one of the most popular records of the year. In 1981, the group earned a spot at the Reggae Sunsplash, which led to more exposure and a signing with Nighthawk records.

"Brutal Out Deh" (Nighthawk 303, \$8.98 list), the group's first album, was released in 1982 and has since become one of the most praised reggae aloums of the '80s. Lead singer Keith Porter's voice rings clear and true. He is smooth, but without sacrificing any of the material's expressive qualities. His harmony continued next page

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Fr June	5	R&₿	Unidos
Sa	6	Rock	Jake's Leg
Tu	9	Rock	Salem 6
Fr :	12	Rock	Crayon
Sa	13	Rock	Splinters & A Picture Mad
Fr	19	Rock	In Pursui
Sa	20	Rock	Soul Asylum & Pedal Jet
Fr	26	Rock	Crayon
Sa	27	Rock	Trip Shakespear
Fr, Sa July	3,4	Rock	True Believer

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Coming up: David Lindley Bill Bruford

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singers, Ronnie Davis and David Isaacs (who replaced Ricketts in 1985), provide the hot vocal accompaniment. Together, the Itals are one of the best reggae experiences to be had. See them with Roots Radics, Wed., June 10 at the Grand Emporium.

The queen of zydeco

'The roots of zydeco music come from the French-Canadian, Nova Scotia to be exact. The music was brought into Louisiana by the Arcadians (Cajuns) when they were forced into exile. What we've done is take the basic Cajun music and build from there. We've added a little, rhythm and blues, a little Caribbean influence, a little reggae, some country and western, a little rock," says Oueen Ida, the Lake Charles, Louisiana native and one of zvdeco's most popular exponents.

Queen Ida Guillory and her Bon Temps Zydeco Band have received three Grammy nominations (their "Queen Ida-On Tour," GNP 2147, \$8.98 list, won in 1983), toured the world, recorded seven albums, performed on European television and played dozens of major music festivals. Some heavy accomplishments considering that just over 10 years ago Ida was a California housewife, tired of the housework and raising kids.

It was San Francisco columnist Peter Levine who "discovered" Ida playing button accordian at a church function, dubbed her Queen Ida and started her on the road to becoming "Queen of the Mardi Gras." Much to the delight of dancers everywhere, Queen Ida and

the Bon Temps are still spreading the zydeco word. Ida will be playing the music that, as one critic put it, "is so rhythmically strong that it makes your feet feel as though the law of gravity has been suspended," Wed., June 10 at Cassidy's B.F. Deal

CONCERTS

The 1987 Music in the Parks series looks to be one of the best yet. Remember, all concerts are absolutely free, so there's no reason not to go. All concerts begin at 7 p.m. The Glenn Miller Orchestra kicks things off at Brush Creek on the Plaza, Sun., June 7. Next Sunday, June 14, Freddie Hubbard and Woody Shaw perform at Parade Park (Truman Rd. and Benton Blvd.). Don't miss that one. On June 21, it's an evening with Dave Brubeck, at Swope Park (Meyer Blvd, and Swope Pkwy.). Closing the month's shows is the hot, hot sound of sax player Paquito D'Rivera, at Brush Creek on the Plaza. Paquito's show last year was one of the high points of the summer. See 'em all and please, leave the frisbees at home.

Freddie McGregor, Mutabaruka and the Studio One Band are just a few of the highlights of Reggae Sunsplash '87, Mon., June 1 at Memorial Hall. Call 561-2302 for info COLAR PROVINCE

Liberty Hall in Lawrence presents John Hartford, Thurs., June 4. Tickets are available

			JUNE	JUNE 1987		
GRAND	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	ALT ROCK JUNE 1	DALIAS 2	LAWRENCE 3	KANSAS CITY 4	ADV. TIX 5	CHICAGO 6
EMPORIUM	SPLINTERS MEMPHIS CADILLACS	LIL' JOE BLUE 54 LINDA SHELL	COMMON GROUND	BLACK CRACK REVIEW	i Son S	
VOTED BEST LIVE MUSIC CLUB IN KANSAS CITY	+ ROCK-A-BILLY	E BLUES	REGGAE	AFRO NUCLEAR WAVE REGGAE TANGO FUNK	BLUES	BLUES NOTE 4+1 3-7 pm JAZZ JAM
	LINCOLN 8	A ADV. TIX 9 J	ADY. TIX 10	ADV. TIX 11	ADV. TIX 12	CHICAGO 13
3832 MAIN • 531-1504	CHARLIE BURTON	N S ROCKIN' DOPSIE & & the ZYDECO	ITALS ROOTS	SLEEPY LA BEEF	BIG DADD & the KINS	
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* EXPAN * • BETTER VENTILATION	L ALT. ROCK 15	C KANSAS CITY 16 A	KANSAS CITY 17	D ADV. TIX 18	ADV. TIX 19	AUSTIN, TX 20
SPECIAL EVENTS June 17 - K.C. BLUES SOCIETY PRESENTS BLUES CRUISE CHICK "STOOP DOWN" WILLIS & the BON TON SOUL ACCORDIAN BAND	D PEDAL JETS S PSYCHO T WELDERS	E LITTLE HATCH S & the O HOUSEROCKERS U BLUES O	- : I	I E S <i>DYNATONES</i> G rock in soul	LOU ANN	BARTON BLUE NOTE 4+1 3-7 pm JAZZ JAM
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18 KC Pitch . IUNE			•			`

COMING SOON





any tickets left, they're available through CATS outlets.

It's Crown Center's free Summer on the Square concert series! The Association performs June 12. Asleep at the Wheel rolls in for Fri., June 19. John Sebastian plays June 26. For concert info, call 272-8444.

It's Mr. Blues, B.B. King, Fri., June 12 at the Uptown Theatre. Tickets are available at all CATS outlets.

Have fun, fun, fun with the Beach Boys at Sandstone. They play Sat., June 13. Get your tickets at any CATS outlet.

Wed., June 17, it's the Blues Cruise. The Bon Ton Band and Chick Willis will serenade your trip down the Mighty Mo. Tickets are available through all CATS outlets.

THEATER

The Unicorn Theatre presents Wallace Shawn's Aunt Dan and Lemon, June 3-14. For more on this exceptional play, see Steve Walker's column on page 13. Call 276-2700 for information.

- The Theater League's "On the Fringe" series gets underway with Garry Trudeau's Rap Master Ronnie, June 12-July 5. This hilarious

"look at our Teflon president" is featured in Steve Walker's column on page 13. On Monday Nights, June 22-Aug. 31, see Vanguard Nights, a look at KC in the '60s (quite a popular topic these days). For more info, call 421-7500.

New Directions presents School for Scandal, through June 6. One of the best examples of an 18th century "comedy of manners," the play has been updated to the decadent '30s. Call 276-2700 for information.

SPORTS

It's June. It's hot. Royals baseball continues. This month's home games are all with AL West teams. Don't forget the Royals Fan Information Line, (816) 921-8800. Call 'em up and see if they know who hit the first grand slam in Royals history (Bob Oliver).

June 12	The American League West				
	Champion California Angels,				
	7:35.				
June 13	California Angels, 7:05.				
June 14	California Angels, 1:35. And it's				
	Dairy Council/Frank White-				
	Nutrition Growth Poster Day				

- (vouth 14 and under). June 15 It's those jerk Oakland Athletics,

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7.35

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blows in the first week of June with their red hot style	1 KC BLUES	2 4 SKNNS	3		5 BLUES BAI		***
of rhythm & blues. JAIL BREAKER	BAND JAM 8	"CLASSICAL 9	10	"ST. LOUIS I	$\frac{12}{12}$	13	DEL RAYS
6/10-6/13 This eight piece band from Omaha returns to KC with	KC BLUES BAND JAM	4 SKNNS "ROCK"	****		REAKERS	A"	NACE BROS.

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BAND JAM

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BAND JAM

23

30

4 SKNNS

"AT"

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24

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