PITCH

OCTOBER 1988 KANSAS CITY'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE ISSUE 95

The Charlie Parker Movie page 16

Led Zepplin Who hates who? page 14

Joe Bob goes to the drive-in The glittering fall line up page 10

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temple





2 KC Pitch+OCTOBER



Repackaging Kansas City's Bar Scene

The live music scene in Kansas City has at many times seemed flimsy, but with the recent new-music murders at area venues, the alternative scene may soon experience a mild concussion.

The cutbacks are centered in three of Kansas Clry's more popular live music locations. At the Lone Star in Westport, club management has announced the termination of the experimental Mondern Mondays new music series. The River Quay's Parody Hall is currently a headless chicken after management decided to close down without clearly-defined plans for a reopening.

In Midtown, the rococo Uptown Theater and Chris Fritz's touted new music series remains a question mark. Together with the Grand Emporium, these locations represent the only suppliers of national alternative rock acts between Lawrence and Columbia.

The Lone Star began its Modern Monday series this past summer in the hopes that strong national and regional acts would summon the niche of alternative fans to its beer taps. After a few outstanding shows and more than a few disasterous ones, management has decided to shoot the monkey and make the series a safer and less frequent venture.

According to Joel Hornbostel of United Entertainment, the company who operates the Lone Second statement of the statement stable but the crowds have been too inconsistent.

"Idon't think Kansas City supports the alternative scene as much as it thinks it does," says Hornbostel. "The Grand Emporium does such a good job at getting the alternative crowd it makes it difficult for other bars to draw them."

Hornbostel also cites the Lone Star's greater overhead and larger advertising budget as a factor in the decision to axe the Monday series. Unlike the Grand Emporium, the Lone Star doesn't have an in-house sound system, which accounts for a tidy expense factor.

"We're not going to drop the modern music series all together and we will be continuing our live alternative shows," explains Hornbostel. "If not a live format we may start using a DJ format. Monday is a tough night to do and we will be reevaluating it."

Others feel that the bar's failure to attract the targeted crowd has much to do with its long standing image as a cover band venue. Hearne Christopher, an entertainment booking agent who had a hand in the Modern Monday project, feels that there was a lack of consistency in the shows. KY 102 sponsored the series and according to some, often imposed its commercial will on the night's entertainment schedule.

"There were too many cooks involved in the whole venture," says Christopher. "When the right bands played on Monday nights the turn out was fantastic. Some of the best shows seen in Kansas City happened at the Lone Star."

On the other side of the entertainment neighborhood, New West Presentations and Chris Fritz had big plans for the Uptown Theater with a Wednesday modern music series. Of the three original shows announced in July, two were canceled before the project started. Few of the attempts have been lucrative for New West and two of the more recent shows, the Bears and Soul Asylum, were borderline disasters.

Many of the more seasoned live music fanatics remember the hey day of Parody Hall in Midtown before it boldly moved north to the Ciry Market area. Currently the venue has closed its doors and cancelled a few shows for a re-evaluation.

Management told the Kansas City Star that the club could no longer meet its operating expenses. The owners are currently trying to scrape together funds and new investors to reopen the venue sometime in October. It is hoped the proposed River Market development slated to begin next Spring will breathe life into the River Quay area and bring Parody to its former glory.

Grand Emporium owner Roger Nabor voiced his skepticism for the club's comeback, citing the River Market development's new policy of not granting any liquor licenses north of 3rd Street. Parody owner Mel Mallin dispelled the policy by explaining that Parody Hall is an exception to the rule and will retain its license.

When asked if the new location has affected Parody's business, co-owner Tom Kramer denied it as a problem.

"Every freeway in the city leads to Parody Hall," says Kramer. "It's the only venue designed around the stage with entertainment in mind. It has great sight lines, it's large but intimate and has great accoustics."

The former Parody location on 39th Street is remembered for a rich tradition of alternative bookings. The performance list is long and well respected, including acts such as the Neville Brothers, Stevie Ray Vaughn, Steve, Bob and Rich, Jonathan Richman, The Feelies, the Blue Riddim Band, Luther Allison, the Morrells and Sun Ra and his Arkestra.

The club began as King Henry's Feast located in the old Continental Hotel and in 1979 moved to the Tocation on 39th Street west of Southwest Trafficway. The venue offered a Renaissance dinner environment where vistors could gnaw greasy turkey legs and watch jugglers and musicians perform.

In 1980 the name was changed to Parody Hall and agents such as Roger Nabor began booking shows into the club. The zenith of its fame occured when nearly 400 people showed up to see a Fool's Face show in the 200 capacity club. The fire marshall cleared out the crowd and counted it back in one by one, refunding the denied fans. Parody then decided it was time to find a bigger place and moved to the location in the River Quay.

After the move, Parody lost some of its fame and faithful fans to the river sludge. The dominating popularity of Westport as KC's club scene hasn't helped the venue either.

"It would be hard to make it succeed down there," says Nabor. "Not too many people are going out anymore and the whole club scene is down right now. Westport is down from what I'm hearing and our weeknights are a little off."

So what's to happen to the possibly doomed alternative live music front in Kansas City if Parody should sink into the river? Where will people go on weekends for shows that aren't blues (Grand Emporium) or cover bands?

"I suppose the Uptown could do more things than they are," says Nabor. "Or people could go to Lawrence. I don't know."





KC PITCH

October 1988+Issue 95



16 Bird lives Clint Eastwood makes the scene

14 The Zeppelin crashes Plant and Page return to KC

3 News

5 Leroi

6 Reviews

10 Joe Bob goes to the drive-in

11 Life in hell

12 Vidbits

18 The big screen

19 Steve Skelton

20 Chompin' to please

21 Beat nouveau

22 October calendar

31 Weird news

31 Libby Reid

KC Pitch 4128 Broadway Kansas City, Missouri 64111 816/561-6061

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Illustration Steve Skelton

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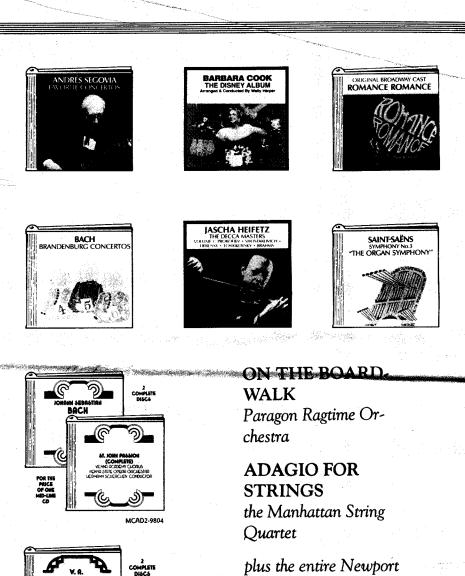
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AN ELEGANT CHOICE ...

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LEROI

Well, it's October and football is in full swing, hockey is gearing up, and hoops are just around the corner. The record biz is in full swing as well, gearing up for xmas. The companies are pumping out greatest hits packages and getting those big releases out on all their blockbuster artists.

This should be an interesting holiday season, because it could very well be the last for that vinyl format known as the LP. I wonder what the history books and dictionaries of the year 2,000 are going to say about the record? If you have any thoughts on the matter, I'd love to hear from you. Drop me a line care of the Pitch. Now for some blockbuster reviews.

JON ASTLEY ★★★★ The Complext Angler Atlantic 81882

Produced by Jon Astley and Andy MacPherson

"The Compleat Angler" is Astley's second release and is a very good second effort indeed. Jon sounds a lot like Lou Reed vocally, and has a great flair for clever hooks and witty phrases. You'll find a lot of humor in his songwriting. I really do like this guy.

BAD COMPANY Dangerous Age Atlantic 81884 Produced by Terry Thomas

Never thought I'd review a Bad Co. record, did ya' Neither did I, but this one caught my fancy so much I, just had to write about it. White the distinctive vocals of Paul Rodgers. I thought this might be another iet's-cash-in-on-the-name release. But I was wrong. This one kicks ass from start to finish, especially Mick Ralp's killer guitar work.

JOHN HIATT Slow Turning A&M 5206

Produced by Glyn Johns

I've always been a Hiatt fan, probably always will be. I thought last year's "Bring the Family" was a solid effort—one of Hiatt's best. And this one is even better!

JOHNNY WINTER Winter of '88 MCA 42241

Produced by Terry Manning

This album is Johnny Winter at his best; he rocks like never before and still plays the blues with the best of them. I thought Winter would just rest on his laurels and keep playing the blues in his older age, but he sure showed me a thing or two about rock and roll on this one.

GRACE POOL Reprise 25754 Produced by Steve Nye

Twins at times.

This record snuck up on me. Every time I listen, I find myself being drawn in by its simplistic style. The seductive, soft vocals of Elly Brown really set this one off, sounding almost like the Cocteau

WILD Wild 1 CBS 44057 Produced by Andy Wallace In the last couple of years, some of my favorite music has been the post-punk metal—or "tattoo bands" as I call them—such as The Cult and Balaam and the Angel. Wild is definitely out of this genre and they do a good job of it. Lots of hard-driving guitar and bass with enough rhythm to bag your head.

DANZIG ***** Def American 24708 Produced by Rick Rubin

Another tattoo band that does it the mean, hard-driving way. The vocals here are a little stronger than those of Wild, but if you like one, you'll like the other.

ME

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT Atlantic 81880

Produced by Mick Jones

These guys may look like Ratt, but they sound more like Marianne Faithfull. Proof positive that Faithfull has a man's voice. Dear Mr. President play fairly straight-ahead pop music. Some of the songs are outstanding, but a couple are weaker than hospital coffee.



Produced by Ben Sidran and Steve Miller

This is the first double fly-me in my 10 years of writing reviews. "Born 2 B Blue" is a Big Piece O Blue Possibly the biggen I've ever heard. Maybe now people will see Miller tor the fraud he is.

THE PRIMITIVES

Produced by Paul Sampson, Mark Wallis and Craig Leon

"Lovely" is a fun record, almost reminiscent of the late-'70s. Sounds like a cross between The Bangles and The Ramones.

LLOYD COLE AND THE COMMOTIONS Mainstream Capitol 90893

Produced by Jon Stanley

"Mainstream" is an outstanding record. With Cole's distinctive cool, unconcerned vocals backed by some of the strongest playing ever by the Commotions, this album's a delight. "Mainstream" rivals the group's excellent first album and could be their best ever.

Best of the month RICHARD THOMPSON Amnesia





Richard Thompson, always the best.

Capitol 48845

Produced by Mitchell Froom How does the man keep doing it? Seems that each record he does is better than the last. It's

almost scary. "Amnesia" is definitely the best I've heard this year, and in a lot of other years too.



Keviews



BRIAN WILSON nise 25864

Sire/Re

In the brief history of pop music, few writers have ever captured the imagination of a generation the way Brian Wilson did.

Brian and his brothers came to prominence after what is considered a dark age in rock music. Elvis joined the army in 1959 and Chuck Berry went to prison for tax evasion. Filling the void left on the radio were unusual one-hit wonders or the imitation rhythm and blues being cranked out by the professional song writing companies.

The advent of the Beach Boys changed things forever. With Brian as primary songwriter, the Boys played songs about real teenage concerns of the day: love, fast cars, school, and most of all, surfing. Brother Dennis Wilson, the band's drummer, had tried the new fad and suggested Brian try writing about it. The resulting string of hits ran throughout the '60s. Even the British invasion couldn't dent the band's popularity.

By 1966, Brian's writing had reach unforseen heights. His masterwork was the Boys' 1966 LP "Pet Sounds," the first true concept album. Brian wrote a sries of short, dense songs which were all about coping with the world outside the beach, a problem which was becoming more and more real for him.

The next year brought the greatest Beach Boys single yet, "Good Vibrations," but things were looking down for the group. Brian suffered the first of several nervous breakdowns, partially drug-fueled, and stopped playing live. Brian was asked to leave the group at the end of the '60s, his personality having become too erratic.

Nearly two decades later, Brian's long road to recovery has lead to his first solo album. The mere existence of this record represents a comeback of major significance. It also happens to be one of the best records of 1988 thus far.

Wilson and a first-rate supporting cast have created a major achievement in pop art. The album speaks to the two sides of Brian Wilson as a writer. The first side is almost a segual to "Pet Sounds" in that it is all about living and surviving in a big, and usually cold world. The record's second side is more pop radio oriented. The recording seems almost a sample of the way he views popular music in the '80s, how he has adapted.

The record begins with "Love and Mercy."

Brian sings from the perspective of a powerless observer of human affairs. This is one of several songs co-written by Dr. Eugene Landy, Wilson's personal advisor and counsel. Brian's brothers have accused Landy of taking advantage of Brian, but the album sleeve credits Landy for "Saving my life." "Walkin' the Line," the next track, features Terence Trent D'Arby on vocals. The side's most intriguing lyrics are on "Baby Let Your Hair Grow Long," on which Brian waxes nostalgic for the '60s. "One for the Boys" recaptures Brian's trademark vocal crescendo. The last song, "There's So Many," is an answer to "Love and Mercy." "There's so many risks to take," it says, and Brian has begun taking them

Side two is much more of a throwback to the early Beach Boys sound. The first single released is the side's first song , "Night Time." This track also features guest vocals in the person of Christopher Cross. "Let it Shine," a collaboration between Wilson and Jeff Lynne, is not unlike some of the pop music Lynne helped create for the last George Harrison LP.

"Meet Me in My Dreams Tonight" and "Rio Grande" sound the most like updated Beach Boys songs. Multi-instrumentalist Andy Paley plays a large part in these final two tracks, and the detail given to the vocals puts side two over the top

At age 46, Brian Wilson has regained some of the glory of his early days. He is still clearly one of the greatest songwriters of his time -Clay Copilevitz



RANDY TRAVIS Old 8 x 10 Normar Bros. 25738

You can tell by the sales figures, not to mention the way he's been dominating all those awards extravaganzas, that everyone who gives half a damn about country music has been praying to all the demigods in Hillbilly Heaven for Randy Travis.

He has that straightforward, back-porch country sound, those simple stories of ordinary lives. and best of all, he has that voice-that hardedged, hollow moan, just sharp enough to cut through the tobacco haze and chicken wire circling the stage of your basic backwoods honky tonk. If that ain't country, as David Allan Coe



6 KC Pitch+OCTOBER

would have said, I'll kiss your CMA award. And now Randy Travis has a new album, "Old

And now Randy Trave has a new allown. Out 8 x 10." He also has a hard act to follow, in his monster "Forever and Ever." The big question is not whether the new LP is any good—it is—but whether it shows any signs—of pushing Travis'young career one step closer to the immortality we expect from him.

On that one, the verdict is mixed.

When "Old 8 x 10" is good, it lives up to all expectations. The album opens with "Honky Tonk Moon," a slinky acoustic blues tune that deserves all the air play it's been getting. There's also "Deeper than the Holler," a gently rolling back-to-the-country tune; the powerful imagery of an old black-and-white photo that carries the title track; and Travis' slow, mourful treatment, with only a single guitar and a few background voices behind his voice, of "Promises," which he co-wrote.

However, the album also contains more filler than anyone needs to hear. "It's Out of My Hands," "The Blues in Black and White" and "Here in My Heart" are all nondescript ballads that, by giving Travis no reason to stretch his voice, allow him to walk through the tunes in an unemotional monotone.

The filler, I suppose, is inevitable. The real worry arises on a couple of the LP's high points— "Written in Stone," an achingly sincere ballad in the "Forever and Ever Amen" vein; and "We Ain't Out of Love Yet," a lively little swing tune that allows Travis to sound just a tad wistful, very much like his earlier hit "Too Gone for Too Long.".

continued next page

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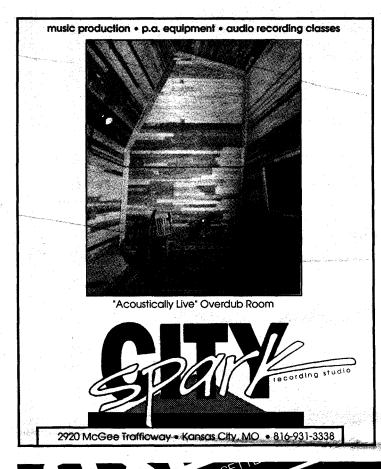
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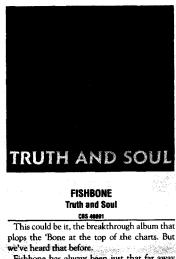
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Maybe there's no problem, and we should just enjoy another solid Randy Travis album instead of stewing about it. After all, old-time country music, for all its other virtues, is not noted for the wide range of musical experiments it encourages. But I, for one, will keep on invoking the shades of Jimmie and Hank and Lefty, in the hope that Travis' next album will be something besides another reprise of "Forever and Ever." Even a great album can't be cloned indefinitely. And Randy Travis has raised our expectations far beyond that.

-D.P. Breckenridge



Fishbone has always been just that far away from cracking the big time. They've toured exhaustively, released four hot albums, done guest bits with other heavyweights and operied for the Beastie Boys (no, there just isn'r any justice in the world). They even backed Annette Funicello in the film "Back to the Beach." But the band is still stuck with that up-and-coming tag. Maybe with "Truth and Soul" they've finally up and come.

The sextet's second full-length recording, has all the ingredients of other Fishbone projects hard funk, breakneck ska, and jangly rock, all mixed up with a little insanity and a lot of intensity—plus a maturity in their writing and performing that underscores the group's originality.

The 'Bone continues to mix it up—tock with soul with blues with reggae—while rapping it all in a solid package that makes record-store clerks everywhere scratch their noggins and wonder about the correct bin for Fishbone albums. And if the record biz can ever get over that "Are they rock or are they soul?" nonsense and get the band some real promotion, they might just take off.

The band's chief appeal comes partly from their high-energy approach to performing. In concert these guys make a James Brown gig circa '62 tame by comparison. Their wild-and-wiggly stage presence is so strong, it's never totally translated to vinyl (it rarely does), but the energy and excitement is always evident.

The LP kicks off with a 'Boned-up version of Curtis Mayfield's 'Freddie's Dead," a hot crosspollenation of gritty metal and raucus funk, and except for a couple of socially-observant ballads, never lets up.

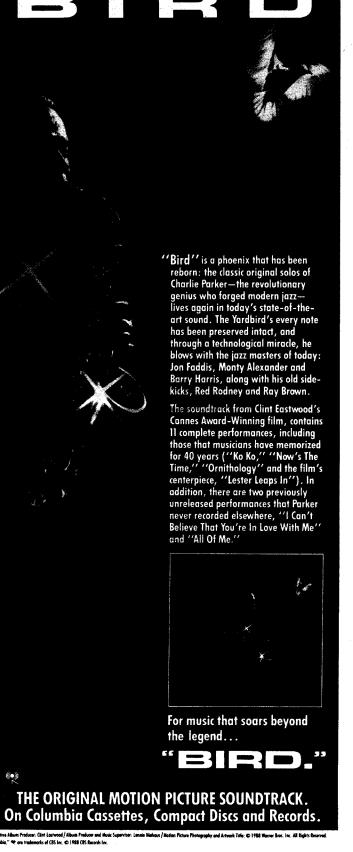
Two patented Fishbone ska tunes, "Ma and Pa" and "Question of Life," follow, the latter addressing some weighty spiritual issues (which crop up in several of the tunes) without sacrificing their party attitude. "Pouring Rain" is sort of a Sun Ra



dub, mixing jazzy horns with bubbling reggae. "Deep Inside," "One Day, "Subliminal Fascism" and "Chetto Soundwave" are in the mold of Fishbone's other funky rock tunes: scorching and fun, with a bottom line of serious comment. As always, the group's lyrics mesh with their party music in a strong pop-cum-protest importance. Only on the album's last tune, "Change," do the words veer towards preaching and selfconsciousness. But hey, they seem sincere enough.

Fishbone's melding of rock and roll and funk makes them the logical inheritors of Clinton's Pcontinued page 30





oe Bob goes to the drive-in

JOE BOB BRIGGS

Joe Bob's preview: The glittering fall lineup

Now that the Writers Bilge strike is over, we can unveil the glittering fall TV lineup, starting with the new "reality-based" programming guaranteed to glue your hiney to the Lazy Boy ...

and inconsiderate," "she freezes up in front of my friends," and "he refuses to meet my parents," until Oprah Winfrey gets fed up with the pleas and assigns each contestant to a new sex partner. "The More Mary Tyler Moore Show Again," starring Mary as Mary getting mixed up in so many of those, well, you know, those Mary situations.

"Large," a 58-hour miniseries starring Michael Caine, Julie Christie, Christopher Reeve, Pierce

making speeches with the word "destiny" in them.

"Valerie Bertinelli Lives!" a one-hour tribute hosted by Frankie Avalon and Stella Parton. "Death Wish IV: The Series," in which Charles Bronson is replaced by Danny Devito as a mildmannered New Jersey architect who can't stand

it when his German shepherd is poisoned by a Greek family down the street, and seeks revenge on their Russian wolfhound by secretly tying dead cats to its feet.

"The Comedy Store Improvisational Comedy



Traci Lords couldn't wait til she turned 18 so she could start

"This Is Not Working For Me!" a new syndicated courtroom game show, hosted by Chuck Woolery for the defense, Judge Wapner for the prosecution. People in lousy relationships come before the court to plead reasons like "he's selfish

Brosnan, Ben Cross, Richard Crenna, Armand Assante, Charles Durning, Meredith Baxter-Birney, Ned Beatty, and "Lou Gossett Jr. as LeVar." Each actor will dress up in 1930s clothes and stand on airport runways in Switzerland,



10 KC Pitch+OCTOBER

making R-rated movies.

Tonight Stand-up Comedy Hour," featuring 74 hot young comedians a week. Shows already taped include "You know what really steams me?," "Am I right?" and "So where are YOU from?"

"We don't have AIDS," a three-day metal concert scheduled for England's Wembley Stadium to raise money for imprisoned Biafra leader limbo Gandhi, to get a throat transplant for Neil Young, and to give Whoopi Goldberg something to do that weekend.

The Frank and Cathy Lee Show," a Sunday afternoon NFL pre-game show in which Frank and Cathy Lee Gifford sit in front of their Connecticut fireplace and grin until Frank gets the urge to poke her eyes out with a True Value automatic pool-cleaning device.

"Cosby," starring Cosby with Cosby doing all the commercials, and new episodes about how really rich the Cosby family is, how much richer and happier they'll get this year, how successful they all are, how much they love being rich and successful, how the rich and successful lifestyle makes them witty and funny and happy, and how every black child should aspire to be rich and successful and witty and funny and happy just

like Cosby.

And speaking of incredibly bad ideas, "Not of This Earth" finally made it to Texas, and it's everything it sounds like it might be: Traci Lords. child porn star, grows up and makes an R-rated movie with actual dialogue. Fortunately, the movie is a remake of the great Roger Corman flick from the fifties about a space alien who comes to earth, moves into a house in Beverly Hills, and collects blood to send back to his home planet. Unfortunately they cast Traci as a human being

Traci is the nurse that gets hired by "Paul Johnson," the guy in sunglasses who carries a silver briefcase with him everywhere he goes, to give him nightly blood transfusions and spend her days spilling out of her swimsuit by the pool. But her boyfriend is a cop who thinks it's weird that Johnson's house is like a roach motel: they check in, but they don't check out. Meanwhile, "Johnson" is luring hookers down to his cellar for "performances," then ripping off his sunglasses se he can blue-beam-laser the bimbos to death. It's one of those deals where blue cartoon light floats around their bodies and then they drop dead on the floor, then "Johnson" hooks up his IV and has dinner. About the only other thing he does is sit in his study summoning outer space aliens through a time warp and talking to them with his mind. His assignment: "the conquest, subjugation, and pasturing of Earth's sub-humans." On second thought, not such a big change for Traci after all

Thirteen breasts, including some of the most humongous ones in recent years. bodies. One motor vehicle chase, with crash and burn. Aardvarking. Blood-sucking. Blue-beam laser-eye zapping. Garbage sniffing. Vacuumcleaner salesman used as firewood. Hooker Fu. Doggie Fu. Transfusion Fu. Drive-in Academy Award nominations for Rebecca Perle, as the rabid pus-face space woman in an aerobics suit; Arthur Roberts as "Paul Johnson," for saying "There is no place for you to hide-you may conceal your person, but I can find your MIND!"; Traci Lords, for pronouncing most of her words and saying "Do you have a permit for that gun parked under your jacket?"; Lenny Juliano, as Jeremy the houseboy, for saying "God, I hate cops that do Clint Eastwood impressions"; and Jim Wynorski, the writer/director, for putting in the press kit that Traci is "a symbol of America, and a role model for young women all over the world."

Three stars. Joe Bob says check it out.

Joe Bob's advice to the hopeless

Victory over Communism! The Cinema 35 Drive-In on Route 35 in Glenwood, O., pop 250, is doing great skin-flick business this summer, as usual, because it's in a town that LEAVES IT ALONE. The Ed Meese years have been tough on X-rated drive-ins, and a lot of em bit the dust because of wild-eyed withc-huntin Jimmy Swaggart preachermen, but the Simses, the Schuberts and the Patels, all neighbors of the Cinema 35, think it's just fine. Thanks to Tom Rentschler of Hamilton, O., for the good news, Remember, without eternal vigilance, it can happen here. To get free junk, "Joe Bob For President" bumper stickers, or the world famous "We Are The Weird" newsletter, write Joe Bob Briggs, P.O. Box 33, Dallas, TX 75221.

Yo! Joe Bob!

「「「「「「「」」」

I've been reading your column and enjoying it, of course. (A brave act in Maine, where it's quite controversial. This is after all, the home of prohibition.,

Anyway, I'm writing because I know you're a fan of TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE (at least the original) and I'd like to invite you onto the set to check out my new movie, BUTCHER'S PRIDE, which I'm producing and acting in. It should prove to be just your cuppa meat—small budget, big horror, gobs of blood and small installments of meaningless dialogue. We'll be shooting in Los Angeles, scheduled to start this fall, and if you're interested in coming out, I'll let you know more as we finish the details.

Best, Gunnar Hansen "Leatherface"

Northeast Harbor, ME

Dear Gunnar (may I call you Gunnar?):

Is that really you? Can you PROVE this is really you writing this letter? I mean, they told me you were up in Maine building rock houses or writing haiku or something and that you'd never return to the drive-in screen. I mean, I'm like speechless

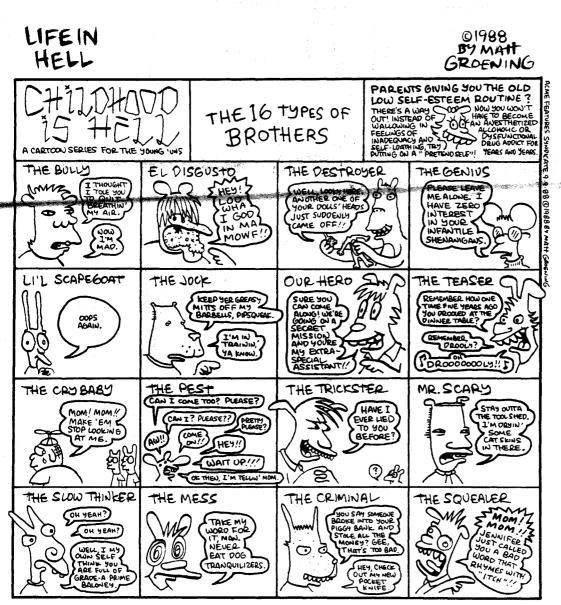
I'll be there.

Dear Mr. Briggs:

Got something to sell Adult Book Stores in the USA? Magazines? Newspapers? Books? Video Tapes? Photos? Films? Lubricants? Apparel? Aromas? Condoms? We have the names and addresses of 1,000 Adult Book Stores computer printed on pressure sensitive (peel and stick) labels in zip code sequence. For telemarketers we offer the option of telephone numbers.

This list costs \$85 without telephone numbers or \$95 with telephone numbers. Globalex Enterprises

Roselle, NJ



Dear Globalex:

Thank God you let me know about this service. I've had over 2,000 latex blow-up party sheep in my garage for the past two years.

Hey Billy Bob, Joe Bob and Rob Bob,

Have you ever been to California: Do you believe in reincarnation? The power of crystals? I do!

Matthew Fass San Francisco

Dear Matt:

Yes, I do. I once used a rock crystal to stop an armed attack at Geno's Topless Bar on Harry Hines Boulevard in Dallas.

Joe Bob, Joe Bob!!!!!!

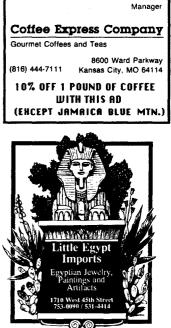
We too wish to belong to a group totally and eternally vigilant to neanderthals, cretins, interlopers and dorks bent on destroying the last vestiges of true cluture. Douglas Higgins Mike Palmer Instructors, Math Dept. Center High School North Highlands, Calif.

Dear Doug and Mike:

As mathematicians, I'm sure you'll appreciate this experiment. I'm publishing this letter to see if ya'll will get fired.

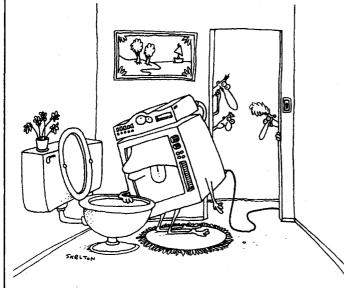
ED HARRIS

Dear Liz: Absolutely NOT!



OCTOBER • KC Pitch 11

VCR sick?



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Vidbits

THERON YEAGER

Buyer beware

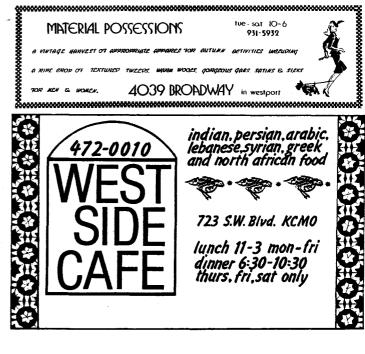
What renting a video and buying a used car have in common is the old caveat, "buyer beware." Video distributors know that obscure, poor-quality films make profitable home videos as long as recognizable names are attached and there's a reasonably interesting story. It's impossible to keep tabs on all new releases on the market, so for most of us the possibility of coming home with a lemon is a real one. I struck out three of four times with the films below—all of which are unknown commodities that appear often in video stores.

'Square Dance" (1986, 118 minutes) has all the appearances of a "nice little film." worthy of discovery. Jane Alexander, Jason Robards, and Rob Lowe make for an impressive cast, and sincerity just oozes from its tapebox description. A religious young girl (Winona Ryder) leaves her grandfather (Robards) and a small Texas town to go live with her hard-living mother (Alexander) in the big city. There she discovers sin, torment, and a fragile love for a mentally handicapped boy (Lowe). That may sound heartfelt, if not contrived, but Daniel Petrie's limp direction inspires all the sincerity of a Bartles and Javmes commercial. The talented cast does nothing with the bib-overalled characters, besides carefully enunciating their "nopes," "git goin's" and "aw shoots." A waste of talent and time. Another blatant attempt to capit

Another blatant attempt to capitalize on name appeal is "Out" (1983, 88 minutes, directed by Eli Hollander). The early career appearances of Peter Coyote, Danny Glover, Scott Beach, and O-Lan Shepard may generate some interest, but they can't hide the fact this is a scatterbrained, witless film. What's it about? Well, Coyote is on the cross-country "mission" to California, and along the way he confronts gurus and bad guys and the hip sensibility that incomprehension equals art. The film promotes itself as "clever," "witty," "picturesque," and "farcical," but in all honesty, it's an un-funny, avant garde mess, a sort of student film version of Carlos Castenada stumbling through the "Last Year at Marienbad." Don't blame the actors for this, blame the distributor and yourself for renting it.

From pretentiousness to tediousness, "Harem" (1985, 107 minutes, directed by Arthur Joffe) offers Ben Kingsely as an Arab shiek (???) who kidnaps a New York stock broker (Nastassia Kinski????!!) and whisks her off to join his harem in the desert. If this sounds better suited for a romance novel, it is, but it doesn't even measure up in that sense. Woven around a single, "high concept," the plot wanders aimlessly in the sand while Kinski poses and pouts and Kingsely tries not to look embarrassed. Humorless and emptyheaded, it helps you discover the true value of your fast-forward button.

My one saving grace was "Tramp at the Door" (1985, 81 minutes), a Canadian film with its heart in the right place. Set in Manitoba in 1936, it recreates a short story by Gabrielle Roy of an old man (Ed McNamara) who shows up at a family's doorstep claiming to be their long lost cousin. Although he could be a liar and a total stranger, the family accepts him and his enthralling stories about distant relatives. In a way, the old man attends a void filled by mass entertainment today, by creating people and places and a hopeful future spun from fiction. The Tapebou claims similarities to "Tender Mercies" and "The Stone Boy," but it lacks their substance and lurks instead on the fringes of dreams and fantasy. A tantalizing morsel more than a feast, it comes closer to "Days of Heaven" or a painting by Andrew Wyeth. Directed by Allan Kroeker.



12 KC Pitch • OCTOBER



oes Kansas City **Or does Led Zeppelin hate Kansas City?**

In 1969, Kansas City did something that separated it from young America's taste in music. It booed Led Zeppelin off So goes the rumor some 19 years and six gold The sources for this fatalistic tale wish to rethe stage. records later. Most of the late-blooming KC rock main nameless due to the modern day implica-



Jimmy Page 14 KC Pitch • OCTOBER

fans who drive around in hopped-up Mach Ones with deafening stereo systems don't remember this embarrassing bit of our proud past, and are incapable of believing that anyone could so defile the gods of hard-edged rock 'n' roll. But according to a few of the original concert goers, the sacrilege is more than just a vicious rumor.

October 1988 marks the return of half of the Zeppelin when Robert Plant appears at Sandstone October 8 and Jimmy Page plays Memorial Hall on October 14. Due to the alcohol-induced death of drummer John Bonham, the one-time band mates are now solo acts. After all these years, it may be worth a look back at their less than awe-inspiring first and last appearance in Kansas City

In support of their chart-busting debut album, Led Zeppelin appeared at Memorial Hall in 1969 during their first American tour. At this time, the band was first billed as the New Yardbirds due to Page's salvaging of his old group's name.

But since it was the sixties, and altered states of mind were an expected part of life, the crowd didn't really mind when Zeppelin opened its set under the influence of only Alastair Crowley knows what. It was obvious, though, that John Bonham was capable of qualifying for numerous counts of drumming-while-intoxicated.

One witness remembers the show getting "very sloppy." "It got sloppier to the point that Bonham was so wigged out he couldn't continue. I even remember him falling off the stool.'

As their evesight and coordination began to waiver, Page tried to buy more sobering time for his mates by launching into a 20-minute improvisational guitar solo. The effort went unappreciated by the many glassy-eyed Kansas Citians, who didn't know that the boney Englishman was soon to be considered the greatest in the world.

A dazed and confused audience of peaceniks soon became violent, throwing objects and cursing the four entertainers' inablility to hold their own smoke. And in a combination of contempt for the audience and a basic inability to continue standing, (for Bonham it was an inability to sit or stand) the show fell apart and Led Zeppelin wobbled off the stage, never to return to our fine city

As one witness remembers, "In those days, the crowd could go to the show messed up, but when the band showed messed up, nobody appreciated it.'

tions of participating in '60s culture, and its relation to corporate drug testing.

For further substantiation, one need only turn to page 79 of the July issue of Musician Magazine. In this interview, even 19 years later, Page recalls the fiasco at Memorial Hall.

MUSICIAN: While doing Musician's Robert Plant interview a few months ago. I heard that Bonzo passed out on the drums during a show.

PAGE: Yeah. There was a night when he...yeah. But it was very early on. Yeah, he was drunk. I can't remember where it was, though, Someplace like Kansas.

The next part of the famous rumor is a bit harder to confirm. It seems after the band left the stage to the pernicious howls of the disillusioned Led Heads, they swore a terrible oath of vengence never to perform in Kansas City again. Though many deny this happening, it's quite ironic that the band never returned, nor did many of the Zeppelin solo efforts.

So now it seems the oath is broken. The former Zeppelin gods are slated to perform just six days apart in the same town that gave them a dishonorary discharge. Maybe the performers realized it was much their own fault that they couldn't stand up long enough to finish a ragged set, or possibly their new press agents made them forget the whole thing.

"Yeah, he was drunk. I can't remember where it was, though. Some place like Kansas."

-Jimmy Page

hate Led Zeppelin?

In an effort to get the real answer, the Pitch tried to contact the Plant and Page tour camps and find out why they have forgiven Kansas City. The lines to Robert Plant were always busy so

the lesser MTV star, Jimmy Page was our only choice.

PITCH: Mr. Page, why have you decided to give the Les Paul another shot? You've completed your first solo album and now you're on the road to support it.

PAGE: I wanted to try and incorporate electric guitar playing, acoustic guitar playing and blues playing just to give it a wide spectrum. The master plan was to make a primarily guitar album, as I don't sing you see.

PITCH: Well, nobody's perfect. So how do you feel about Robert Plant's solo career, and do you get along with him and his big head?

PAGE: It's bound to be different, but we still get along well in that sort of working environment, as far as sparking each other up. It's this temperate thing of working together, we're really good mates anyway.

PITCH: Then do you think there's a chance that the Zeppelin will fly again?

PAGE: I don't know whether the time will come for that or not. At the moment Robert has a solo career. I really want to go out and have a go at it on my own at the moment.

PITCH: Well, good luck. We've been wondering if you remember your past appearance in Kansas City when you weren't appreciated very much?

PAGE: The energy we were putting out obviously touched a lot of people. It's wonderful to be a part of something like that.

PITCH: What? You actually enjoyed getting booed off the stage? So are you now revoking the band's original oath of never coming back to Kansas City?

PAGE: I'll be playing some blues and acoustic numbers. I'll also be employing some of the trademarks from the past. It will be quite a balenced show, almost a chronological type of concept. Unfortunatly, the interview of Jimmy Page was a little one-sided. Page couldn't answer because he was talking to British rock journalist Mick Wall on a prerecorded tape that was sent to us by Geffen Records. The tour press agent sent us the tape in response to our request of asking Page about the famous concert 19 years ago.

Even though he refuses to talk, it would seem that because of the Plant/Page return to KC, the whole matter dissolved when the band called it quits after the death of John Bonham.

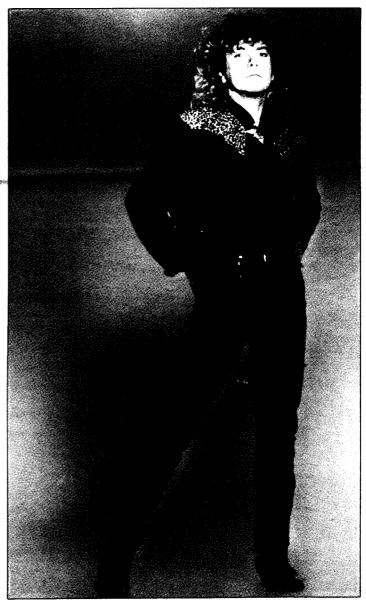
"It got sloppier to the point that Bonham was so wigged out he couldn't continue. I even remember him falling off the stool."

The current status of the Robert Plant and Jimmy Page tours are less than the superstardom they are used to from the Zeppelin days. Plant's album "Now and Zen" has done well on the radio but Page's debut, "Outrider," hasn't stirred the Led Heads. His album is resting at number 56 on Billboard's top 100.

The tours have been likewise divided. Plant's show has done well in the rest of the country, but if the Kansas City show is any evidence, things are not going well for Jimmy Page. The show was orginally set for Kemper Arena but was later switched to Memorial Hall due to a lagging demand for tickets. Page may come to terms with the ghosts of '69 when he mounts the stage at Memorial and faces a new mindset in the audience.

There is irony in the idea that the original Zeppelin show in '69 may have predicted the death of Bonham. His battle with alcohol had obviously taken deep roots over the years. If Jimmy Page's anguished 20-minute guitar solo was an omen; the Outrider tour might fall off the stool as well.

When it comes down to it, the oath of Led Zeppelin to never return to KC may have been little more than a rumor. After all, as most bands touring through the city say, who could pass up the town with the best barbeque in the world. —Anthony Henge "In those days, the crowd could go to a show messed up, but when the band showed messed up, nobody appreciated it."



Robert Plant



Forest Whitaker as Charlie Parker

"There are two American art forms, the western and jazz. It's funny how Americans don't support either one of them anymore."

Jazz and movies share the same shaky footing in the world of American pop culture. Both suffer at the cash box when they're deemed too creative, and aren't taken seriously when they play it safe. Their development is also intertwined: Jazz and the film grew out of our turn-of-the-century expansion, and chronicled the country's lurch into the 20th Century.

But jazz has seldom gotten a fair shake in the movies. The very first talkie, "The Jazz Singer," was a sappy showbiz parable that presented AI Jolson, a pop star, as a jazzman. In combining the relatively young music with the equally fresh technology of sound recording, Hollywood glossed over the jazz, added some schmaltz, and began its uneasy existence with American black music. And it's been all downhill since.

16 KC Pitch+OCTOBER

Hollywood has tended to depict jazz musicians as either shiftless bums or dopey goofballs that do little more than slouch in a chair and play their trumpet. And despite the fact that some of the greatest musicians of the day were scoring films, the music usually served only as a minor dramatic device.

Louis Armstrong, who made over 140 film appearances, had to "play" a jazz musician. A serious portrayal would have sent patrons scrambling for the exits, Hollywood must have thought, so Louis became the mugging trumpet player who blew his horn between grins for the camera.

Few jazz musicians who went to Hollywood fared any better: Cab Calloway had to be blackened up by the make-up department. They

—Clint Eastwood Esquire, October 1988

thought he was a tad too light to front a wild, black jazz band. In Billie Holiday's lone movie appearance, she played a maid. And the cool Nat King Cole played a vaudvillian opposite Stubby Kaye. But if the musicians themselves were treated shabbly, their legends were absolutely trashed.

Movie studios usually treated jazz as a lurid subject rife with drug abuse and debauchery, a battleground for confronting life's demons and emerging a poetic victor (the awful "Lady Sings the Blues" immediately comes to mind). These attempts at real-life, hard-hitting dramas usually led to successful soundtrack albums (often performed by the slickest studio musicians), but very little real appreciation for jazz as an art form. Even the movies that were supposedly a tribute to the music's golden era ("The Cotton Club," "New York, New York") sold us short. Often the music only set the tone, and told us yes, this is an authentic period piece. In recent years, only Bertrand Tavernier's "Round Midnight" has given us a cinematic glimpse of the jazz life without any gloss. But it too seemed apologetic, and leaned towards sensationalism.

But after 80 years of jazz and films we may finally have a movie that plays it straight.

The movie

In 1982 Columbia Pictures announced a major project for one of the studio's star attractions. Joel Oliansky had written a screenplay on the life of Charlie Parker, and Columbia snapped it up as a starring vehicle for Richard Pryor, their hot preperty at the time. But the script bounced around for years without generating much excitement, and was finally traded to Warner Bros. at the urging of Clint Eastwood.

The news that Charlie Parker would be played by Richard Pryor was bad enough for jazz fans, (we'd already seen his portrayal of "Piano Man," the Lester Young-type character in "Lady Sings the Blues"). And the idea of Parker's life being shot by Dirty Harry was just too much. But "Bird," the film from Eastwood's Malpaso Productions, should surprise everyone.

After 80 years of jazz and films we may finally have a movie that plays it straight.

Clint Eastwood grew up listen Fats Waller records in his native Sar and has been a jazz fan all his life. H Charlie Parker at one of Norman Gra The Philharmonic concerts in Oaklar having gone to check out his idol, Les But as Parker took center stage and beg Eastwood was immediately struck by to genius.

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Eastwood has remarked that no or liked jazz has ever made a jazz filt thanks to Oliansky's script and Easty torial eye, we've finally got a winn The order of the string abeau *Bri

The refreshing thing about "Birds and way the film approaches the events of the man's life. Instead of either apologizing for Parker's shortcomings or shooting the film from an overlyawed fan's viewpoint, Eastwood tackles both man and myth head-on. Bird was a junkie; Eastwood shows us that. Bird was also one of the most creative musicians of this century and Eastwood shows us that too.

And for once a jazz film has been made that seriously encounters the music without being fil-

tered for the demographically-powerful MTV set. "Bird" is an adult film. The screenplay, based in part on Parker's widow Chan's book "Life in Eflat," presents the topics of Bird's life—the jazz, art and drugs—without the patronizing viewpoint of Hollwood.

From the beginning, the film is a jazz fan's delight. Opening with the snapshot of two-yearold Charles Parker Jr. on the pony, "Bird" brings to life numerous events of Bird's legend. Eastwood's attention to detail is a welcome change to the sloppy storytelling of jazz bios past. From small things, like duplicating telegrams between Chan and Bird, to major points, such as an exact recreation of New York's famed 52nd Street, "Bird" proves again and again Eastwood's commitment to producing a serious study of the life of Charlie Parker. Eastwood even got an old kinescope of the same Dorsey Brothers TV show-and made sure to play the exact segment Bird was watching-that was shown the evening Parker died.

For the first time, legendary Parker lore is brought to life: the cymbal thrown at a young and musically-awkward Charlie Parker during a KC jam session, the European concerts, the disastrous residency in California.

The only real lapse in the film's dedication to authenticity is the use of the fictional "Buster Franklin," who is a composite character representing Parker's mentors, Lester Young and Buster Smith, and other KC hornmen like Buddy Tate. But this is a small point in view of Eastwood's straightforward dedication to Bird's story. The fact that mid-'30s Kansas City and post-war 52nd Street are shown at all, methods.

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Charlie Parker (Forest Whitaker) and Dizzy Gillespie (Sam Wright).

Gillespie's parts), Barry Harris and Ron Carter were able to jam with Bird.

Even though this process, which is not without its imperfections, makes the soundtrack seem, at times, forced and a little artificial, preserving Parker's original performances was the only way to go.

Forest Whitaker, who did an excellent job in the role of Bird, not only resuscitated Parker's in the role of Bird, not only resuscitated Parker's in the second second second second second second the second second second second second second second the second se

bouchure and the way he held his horn, then norsdup to ming his performances and learning a few tu

young musicians who hung out around New York's legendary 52nd Street.

The period of Parker's life between his arrival in New York in 1945 and his death in 1955 at age 34, was rich with musical experimentation and education. This short 10-year span, which, with flashbacks to his KC days, makes up the bulk of the film, represents one of the most revolutionary musical developments of the century.

Bird was an enigma, a KC bluesman who went to New York and became the music's poet laureate; a musical genius who explained his sound as simply "just playing clean and looking for the pretty notes." It's fitting that the definitive film on the jazz world's definitive musician would be made by Eastwood, who as a director is rarely taken seriously, a man known for playing cops and cowboys and who Pauline Kael called a fascist.

After Charlie Parker, the

world was a different

place.

Ironies colored Bird's life. The man's sensitivity in a harsh world lead to his death as much as the hard years of heroin and booze.

Bird's weaknesses, as well as his strenghts, are well documented. The real testament to his power is that through all his addictions and shortcomings, the music of Charlie Parker remains solid. Forest Whitaker summed it up in the Down Beat interview: "He changed the face of contemporary music, setting it up for everyone that followed. After Charlie Parker, the world was a different place."

-Art Mayo

b short the the painstal traft in form tion can be the film's a d of tryit bolicate Park puld hav timpossible startill, and the all coordinator Lennie That decided to rebuild the movie's sound-

Nichats decided to Tebuild the movie's soundtrack from the ground up, using Bird's original solos as the framework. Utilizing the latest computer-digital technol-

wh

org, Niehaus took Charlie Parker performances and peeled away the backing musicians. Live recordings, studio sessions and never-beforereleased performances from Chan's private collection were filtered and edited to isolate Bird's solos, then re-recorded with a stellar group of jazz performers.

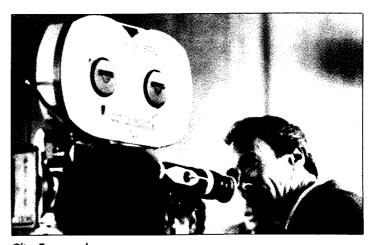
Through the magic of digital recording, musicians like Jon Faddis (who handled Dizzy In an interview in the Whitaker said, "If the audie it is me as Charlie Parker pla then they'll doubt that I'm the whole file loses its performance. formance

Dird's spirit.

The man

Charlie Parker was the touchstone between the hard-driving riff-blues style of the Southwest and the acrobatic bebop of late '40s New York City. He was schooled in the all-hours joints of Tom Pendergast's Kansas City of the '30s, where musicians were required to play for the packed clubs' demanding dancers.

The jam sessions of the time are legendary, as are the musicians who played them. In the milieu of KC's 18th Street, Parker honed his musical style, but didn't reach his full musical development until his collaborations with the other



Clint Eastwood

he big screen

JOHN POWERS

Patty Hearst, Patty Hearst

Today's melodrama is tomorrow's farce. Ponder the strange case of Patricia Campbell Hearst heiress, kidnappee, urban guerilla, convicted bank robber, California's state-of-the-art model of the damsel in distress. Back in the mid-'70s, her tale was chilling, sensational; now, however, the Hearst saga comes shrouded in absurdity. It seems almost camp, especially in Paul Schrader's new film, "Patty Hearst: Her Own Story." Out of control but utterly engrossing, it makes you almost nostalgic for the term "fascist insect."

Adapted from Hearst's autobiographical momoir, "Every Secret Thing," the movie reacquaints us with the events that began on February 4, 1974, with a late-night knock on an apartment door in Berkeley. While Flip Wilson hams it up on the boob tube, 19-year-old Patty (Natasha Richardson) is snatched by the Symbionese Liberation Army, a "revolutionary" group led by a black man named Cinque. Dragged to the SLA's pad, she is thrown into the closet, where she will stay for nearly two months, months of taped communiques, months of ransom (food giveaways to the poor), months of indoctrination and compulsory free love.

At first Schrader (and writer Nicholas Kazan) put us inside the closet with Patty by literally keeping us in the dark. We don't see the captors' faces for the longest time. Instead we keep look ing at a black screen-its darkness violated by bursts of light when the door opens and a sloganeering silhouette says something disquieting. ("Marie Antoinette didn't know anything about the French Revolution till they cut off her head.") This oscillation between dark and light captures Patty's disorientation: it's a terrific idea. but like most of the terrific ideas in "Party Hearst," it comes surrounded by equally terrible ones. Schrader puts his camera on the ceiling. Patty has flashily-lit fantasies that resemble rock videos (that themselves resemble the look of Schrader's "American Gigolo"). And in a truly laughable motif, Patty's flashbacks to childhood creak with symbolism. We see her blindolded at the dinner table; we see her blindfolded in the family drawing room; we even see her in a duck blind with her dad-here, too, she's blindfolded.

Daring and foolhardy, brainy and foolish, this opening sequence sets the artistic pattern for the whole film. More importantly, it softens Hearst for her transformation into "Tania," the SLA recruit who helps rob a bank and move to LA with her comrades, many of whom are killed in the famous televised shootout. Before her capture in September of 1975 (think of Patry's raised fist through the police-car window) she crisscrosses the country with the last remaining army members, Bill and Emily Harris.

The SLA's frenzy of activity seemed quite significant at the time. Not so today. With surpris-



Patty Hearst and friends.

ing good humr, "Patty Hearst" forever debunks the pretensions of the Symbionese Liberation Army, painting a group portrait that couldn't be farther from the group's self-conception. Remember the shot of them holding rifles and standing before their flag with the many-headed cobra? "Patty Hearst" doesn't take that image seriously for a second. No, these people are clowns, wayward children, deluded sad sacks whose antics couldn't possibly be placed alongside those of the PLO or the Weather Underground. Their career is a chronicle of foolishness that swerves between the dreamy-eyed pathetic and the side-splitting funny: ultramacho Cinque, who prances around shirtless and declares his genius; touchy-feely gals who try to get it on with Patty; sensitive Cujo, who dreams of Che and likes to masturbate; bitter Emily Harris,





18 KC Pitch+OCTOBER

who can't "get off" with her husband, Bill, who(for his part) loathes his middle-class origins and worships Cinque's negritude. "I wish I was black," he shrieks petulantly. "I wish I was fuckin" *black.*." To that end, he practices black body language in front of the mirror.

Nothing typifies the group's fatuity more eloquently than the sublimely comic scene when they realize the authorities are homing in on their Northern California hideout. What to do, what to do?

"I got a plan," Cinque blurts.

"What we gonna do, man?" his followers ask eagerly.

"Move," he says, and, zonked by his genius, they head to that house in LA where everyone but Patty and the Harrises get killed by the police.

But while the SLA destroys itself in fits of revolutionary self-deception-the '60s couldn't be deader than in this movie-Patty Hearst's personal journey carries her from blindness to self-knowledge. Graced by Richardson's compelling performance, "Patty Hearst" respects its heroine's progress from her origins as an heiress. Though the movie never explains why Patty doesn't flee her captors when she has the chance. it lays out the forces that are competing for her precarious sense of identity. Patty is a woman caught between two systems, neither of which can handle her as she actually is. The revolutionaries want her to be their comrade Tania, the rich bitch converted, while society wants to reclaim the old Patty Hearst or punish her for becoming someone new

In the end, Patty achieves an awareness of her situation that far outstrips the consciousness of those trying to help her—headshrinkers, highpriced lawyers, a rich, dorky dad. She understands why everyone was so eager to have her imprisoned: "People fantasized about me so long they thought they knew me. When 1 finally surfaced—real person, real story—it was inconvenient." This awareness leads her to a blunt yet hard-earned conclusion. "Fuck them," she says. "Fuck them *all*."

"Them," of course, is us. And I guess we probably deserve it.

Coming soon

THE ACCUSED Directed by Jonathan Kaplan, starring Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster, from Paramount.

Jodie Foster is in trouble again, this time as a waitress who is gang-raped. She and her lawyer (McGillis) wage an uphill battle against an ambivalent legal system.

ALIEN NATION Directed by Graham Baker, starring James Caan, Mandy Patkin and Terence Stamp, from 20th Century Fox.

An alien slave ship goes down in the Mojave and the survivors make their way to LA, where they run afoul of the law. Caan plays a homicide detectivewho goes after the alien that killed his partner. "Lethal Weapon" meets "E.T."

ANOTHER WOMAN Directed by Woody Allen, starring Gena Rowlands, Gene Hackman and Mia Farrow, from Orion.

Rowlands plays a college professor who moves in next to a psychologist and develops an obsession with one of his patients. **BIRD** Directed by Clint Eastwood, starring Forest Whitaker, Diane Venora and Sam Wright, from Warner Bros.

The life and times of Charlie "Bird" Parker, faithfully and sensitively shot by jazz fan Eastwood. An elegant blend of music and filmmaking.

CRIMINAL LAW Directed by Martin Campbell, starring Gary Oldham and Kevin Bacon, from Tri-Star.

Lawyer Oldham clears his client (Bacon) of a murder charge only to learn that the man killed two more people after his acquittal.

FRESH HORSES Directed by David Anspaugh, starting Molly Ringwald and Andrew Mc-Carthy, from Weintraub Entertainment.

This is not "Pretty in Pink II." Jewel (Ringwald) is a married woman who disrupts the settled life of college student McCarthy.

THE GOOD MOTHER Directed by Leonard Nimoy, starring Diane Keaton, from Touchstone. Keaton plays a single mother who has to battle for the custody of her daughter after a love affair. Sort of a "Baby Boom" in reverse.

HEARTBREAK HOTEL Directed by Chris Columbus, starring David Keith, Charlie Schlatter and Tuesday Weld, from Touchstone.

Elvis really is alive. Schlatter is a teenager with a troubled family, and it's the King to the rescue. David Keith plays Presley.

HOTEL TERMINUS: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF KLAUS BARBIE Directed by Marcel Ophuls, from Samuel Goldwyn.

This documentary examines Nazi criminal Barbi and his sensational war crimes trial in

222

IMAGINE: JOHN LENNON Directed by Andrew Stolt, starring John and Yoko, from Warner Bros. Solt, who did the superior "This is Elvis," assembled this documentary on the ex-Beatle and compulsive washer from over 200 hours of Yoko's private footage.

OUT COLD Directed by Malcolm Mowbray, starring John Lithgow, Teri Garr and Randy Quaid, from Tri-Star.

Quaid is a private eye tracking a dead man while the guilty wife (Garr) acts nervous.

SPELLBINDER Directed by Janet Greek, starring Timothy Daly and Kelly Preston, from MGM. It's "LA Law" meets "The Exorcist" as an attorney (Daly) gets a spooky girlfriend (Preston).

SWEET HEARTS DANCE Directed by Robert Greenwald, starring Don Johnson, Susan Sarandon, Elizabeth Perkins and Jeff Daniels, from TriStar.

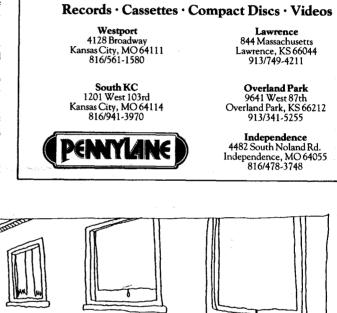
Don and Susan and Jeff and Elizabeth help each other through, and cause, some tough times.

THEY LIVE Directed by John Carpenter, starring "Rowdy" Roddy Piper and Meg Foster, from Universal.

Just in time for the election. Piper plays a bluecollar Joe who discovers that the Reagan administration is being manipulated by aliens. Well, that explains the Noriega thing.

WITHOUT A CLUE Directed by Thom Eberhardt, starring Michael Caine and Ben Kinglsey, from Orion.

A great twist on the Sherlock Holmes tale. Kingsley plays Dr. Watson, who is forced to hire a shabby actor (Caine) to cover for the fact that Holmes is fiction.



The skelves The skelves Frolution Just Anound the Corner

OCTOBER+KC Pitch 19

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1988

(hompin' to please

GARY MARTIN

Midtown cafe lunches

It's nearing noon and that room-temp tuna salad sandwich is beginning to register a strong nine on the radon detector, when you say "The hell with it," and decide to go out for lunch.

Midtown KC has plenty of good restaurants, but there are a couple of relatively new spots slightly off the beaten path—that deserve a visit.

The first is Cafe Tiffany, located a block east of Main on 39th Street. Owners Herman Edwards and Leroy Pruitt have done a *job* with this hichceilinged, tile-floored restaurant. There is an understated elegance that makes Cafe Tiffany feel like an old, established New Orleans cafe, complete with waiters in starched white coats going about their jobs in a quiet, efficient manner. But on to the food. The cuisine of Louisiana is great in any season, but it can't be beat in the fall and winter months. The rich aromas of gumbos, seafood and spices hit you head on when you walk through the door.

So settle back and order a Dixie or a bottle of wine and look over the menu. Then just go ahead

JUZ

and order the flawless jambalaya, a classic example with lots of seafood and sausage swimming in a rich brick red sauce. Be sure and order the entree size and welcome autumn in the way it was intended.

This is cajun/creole food without a heavy hand on the spices; Edwards sort of sneaks up on the food and doesn't go overboard with the cayenne—a welcome respite from the dearth of nouveau cajun chefs armed with their own version of the cajun trinity: crisco, cayenne and carelessness.

The next time you come in, try the fried catfish filet. It looks so good you won't know whether to go after it with your knife and fork or your Nikon. The gumbo is fairly mild, but full of flavor and is of good texture. Also available for lunch is Tiffany's steak, a blackened filet, very tender and nicely spiced. Most of the entrees are served with French bread and rice. The Cafe Tiffany is a great choice for lunch or dinner, offering a small, but careful menu. Herman and Leroy will see to it that you have a fine time.

Cafe Tiffany, 26 East 39th Street, Kansas City, 531-0084. 11 a.m. to 11 p.m., Monday through Saturday. Luncheon \$3.99-\$7.95, dinner \$5.95-\$15.95, excluding beverages, appetizers and desserts.

Thousands of people drive by the Plaza West office building every day, an probably not one in

one thousand knows there is a great little luncheon restaurant inside. Located right off the lobby on the first floor, the Madison Avenue Cafe is another neat idea by popular KC caterer John Ralston. The crisp decor is predominantly black with white accents and seems to fit the beat of busy business people in search of a good, quick, and surprisingly inexpensive lunch.

The cafe always offers a soup of the day (\$2.50); seafood bisque, black bean, lemon artichoke, and a great chilled gazpacho were some recent selections. A good choice of salads and sandwiches are available in addition to some premium sandwiches (\$3.95): Nouvelle Rachel, brown sugar ham with ripe brie cheese and coleslaw on croissant; COBB, turkey, bacon, lettuce, tomato with blue cheese and avocado dressings on croissant (a real winner); Combo, you select the meats and cheese.

I recently tried the daily special (\$5.95), chicken breast stuffed with ricotta, pine nuts and herbs and finished with a light caper sauce. This was served with an excellent rice salad, herbed biscuit and fresh grapes. Everything done perfectly, and still hard to believe the low prices.

Dessert selections (75¢ and up) change daily and are in keeping with the high quality of the restaurant. Beverages include soft drinks, mineral waters, coffee and tea—freshly-brewed, iced Constant Comment in large glasses, a nice touch.

The old line about speed, quality and pricepick any two-doesn't apply here. John Ralston manages to give you all three. The quality, creativity and attention to detail is impeccable, making the Madison Avenue a real bargain. Madison Avenue Cafe, Plaza West, 4600



Madison, Kansas City, 931-3233. 11:30 a.m. to 2 p.m., Monday through Friday. Prices, \$2.50 to \$5.95, excluding beverages and desserts.



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20 KC Pitch+OCTOBER

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Reat nouveau

REV. DWIGHT FRIZZELL & JAY MANDEVILLE

Forward in all directions

Nineteenth Century European imperialsim is woefully out of fashion in the late '80s/but a strange new mixture of many music cultures is colonizing the airwaves the world over./ Flamenco and Hawaiian guitar, zydeco and folkstyles from Morocco/Istanbul licks and In-

Dissidenten's heavy slate of personal appearances in world-beat caps like Kabul, Afghanistan (where Soviet troops stormed their recording session), Harare, Zimbabwe (where they recorded a song for Winnie Mandela), Tangier, Morocco, and sets at the high-techish palladiums of New York City, have kept Dissidenten at top profile amid the peckish kinks and wiggling turf of the pop pantheon.

Ashwin Batish comes on like a B.B. King of the



Ashwin Batish

donesian gamelan riffs are redefining the way we perceive pop music/tweaing our ears with disquieting tonalities and rock-steady righteousness./

Dissidenten likes to play with electronics, but in a way as old as the oud and as sensually ancient as the ecstatic love poems of Rumi. Berlin and North Africa were nover so close as they are in the Morocco-gone Devo sound of Dissidenten, whose misty origins lie in the unlikely bosom of Charlie Mariano, a Stan Kenton alumnus whose interest in Mideast culture got group founders Marlon Klein (drums) and Friedo Josch (flute) hot to trot into desert climes and Sufi soul, seduced by the eclectic alto sax they heard Mariano playing. Dissidenten's bass player Uve Mullrich's long-time acquaintance with jazz immortal Mal Waldron also aided the group with a green light on mixing musical metaphors and salsifying cultures into hot mixes And with the addition in 1980 of anarchist/activist poet Cherif Lamrani, on mandolincello and voice, and Mbark Chadili chanting in Arabic Kif Kif while dancing the Wacha Wacha, Dissidenten became the rage of Berlin's pink and green hairs, romping up the charts and projecting world-beat vibes with a hint of hookah into Euro-American pop sensibilities.

Indian Sub-continent. But when you get past the psycho-dacron suit and the shades, Ashwin still has something to say. Lucky for little Ashwin, his dad composed music for Indian films and even taught Beatle George some heavy licks on the traditional Indian instrument dilrubha. The elder Batish was not slow in passing on to youthful Ashwin the musical message that the eastwest meld would rock the future and stun continents with its synthesis. His pop's performance on the soundtrack of "Help!" was enough to sway Ashwin toward the inevitable. And the fusion sounds on his latest recording, "Sitar Power," is a testament to the '60s certainty that cultures could collaborate and cross polinate, flowering into extended mandalic muzak-of-the-spheres. · Perhaps the most boldly mutoid act transversing the Ottaman-Empire-to-New-World circuit with peerless lunacy is the 3 Mustaphas 3. The Mustaphas' tunes line up in a non-linear fool's parade of sensibilities made from equal parts of Marshall Mcluhan, Bela Bartok, Spikes Mulligan and Jones, Buckminster Fuller and Hank Williams. Sometimes Balkan go go and the next moment Swahili love magic, the 3 Mustaphas 3 experience, both live and on recordings, can be imagined through this band profile provided by

Hijaz Mustapha:

We have many members. The first is Uncle Patrel, the bouzouk player. He was a silent movie and singing star. At home, because nobody believes silent films because they can't hear the words, the main star has to appear with the film and recite the words and sing his songs. He earned the title 'The Self-employed Wolf' He across the old continent. encouraged all the brothers in the group to have A As to the secret of the current wave of Mustathe international viewpoint.

"Then there is the sad Mustapha, Oussack, who plays the violin and cello and sings like the nightingale. He is about to go back to the family welding business, making fridges into things, and we will have Sabah Habas as his deputy-he is silent and very young and plays electric bass. Houzam Mustapha has the drum set, he is the food Mustapha who looks after our diet, and is very happy-without a care or any type of furniture

"This is Hijaz speaking to you, Mustapha on the violin, the genial one and known as dictionary Mustapha because of the 10 languages I speak, some of them as many as 10 words in each. We have Niaveti Mustapha the 3rd, who plays accordion and zurna, the traditional double-reed oboe type instrument, very loud-a very gifted young man. He has problem with his dentistryhe didn't finish his studies and carried on practicing until he was expelled. And there is Isfa'Ani Mustapha, the percussion player, very brutal but sentimental. Also, recently our sister Eatima is playing trombone.

The Mustaphas hail from the border town of

Szergerely ("somewhere between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria") and arrived in London in the early '80s to play music and repair refrigerators./ Thanks to the holographic globe-spanning vision of record producer Ben Mandelson and the radio exposure of DJ John Peel, the Mustaphas splashed their cross-cultural rhythms in discos

pha dance crazes, Houzam explains, "We have learned that it is best to imitate nature when it comes to dancing. In China they imitate the frying mantis. In Szegerely we watch the chicken-we have chicken scratch music. We watch the bear. Call it bear scratch. Disco music is chicken scratch. It is safer. There are too many problems when you put the bear in the disco." /As usual, the Mustaphas have an answer for everything, and to assure crowd after crowd of a new show, one Mustapha (or a volunteer from the audience) slips into a bear costume and circles around the musicians on stage while riding a bicycle./Then, to the cheering spectators, the Mustaphas chant, in unison, their motto,

("Forward in all directions.") Whatever expansionist tendencies world-beat worrywarts may perceive in such notions, the cross-cultural movement + as represented by the Mustaphas/Dissidenten and Batish + is strictly aimed toward freeing folks of territorial trends/ relaxing tensions in global relations and putting some bass and drum back into diplomacy And that's the kind of colony (we can all inhabit)



()ctober



Harry Dean Stanton with Michael Been

Rock with the repo

You might not realize it, but Harry Dean Stanton is one of the hippest guys around. From his character in "Cool Hand Luke" to his portrayal of Butski in "Repo Man," Stanton represents stateof-the-art existential cool.

Always a singer-you heard him sing "Little

Plastic Jesus" in "Cool Hand Luke," on Ry Cooder's newest album and in "Paris, Texas"— Stanton has finally committed his soulful style to vinyl (or mylar for you CD fans). Now you can see and hear Stanton's golden throat for yourself, when he comes to London's, Sunday, Oct. 9 with The Call's Michael Been.

This phase of Harry's career got started on the set of Martin Scorsese's "The Last Temptation of Christ" (he played St. Paul). Stanton and Been (who was St. John) began singing between shooting in the Moroccan desert, and discovered their voices made for a unique harmony.

When they returned home from filming, the two enlisted the services of The Call's Scott Musick and Jim Goodwin, and eventually hatched the idea for the record and tour, which emphasizes the soulful and passionate harmonies of Stanton and Been in an acoustic setting with songs that range from Spanish ballads to reworkings of standards to new songs by The Call. You can't miss this one. the trio draws on everything from subtle satire to comball country comedy while playing tight, hot versions of western swing classics and originals. Though their seriousness may not be evident when you see the Riders gathered around their cardboard cowboy campsite set, the group's musicianship will quickly dispell any thoughts that they're only in it for the costumes.

Starting with their "Three on the Trail" LP for Rounder, Riders In The Sky's smooth mix of Saturday-matinee fun and western-traditionalism, has won scads of fans (including Ken "Fes-



Riders In The Sky

It's the cowboy way

Howdy buckaroos and buckarettes, time to slip into your rayon horseshoe-applique fringed western shirt, cinch up your nine-pound turquoise squash blossom belt buckle and get ready for some serious critter dancing with Riders In The Sky.

Lately, the "western" in country and western music has referred more to lounge shows in Las Vegas than those dusty, trail-ridin' harmonies. But Riders In The Sky have put the whoop and holler back into c and w.

Called "The Marx Brothers of Cowboy Music,"

tus" Curtis, an original member of the Sons of the Pioneers), led to eight albums and brought them radio, TV and concert invitations from around the country. Yep, they've even played Vegas.

The three cowboy music lovers that make up the Riders are as unique as the stage characters they portray. Ranger Doug (alias Bill Green), the self-proclaimed "Idol of American Youth," is the group's cattle master and also contributes vocals and guitar. Green was once a Blue Grass Boy in Bill Monroe's band and is a former historian for the Country Music Foundation.

Woody Paul, "King of the Cowboy Fiddlers" and better known as Paul Chrisman, has a Ph. D



...pushing against the limits of the instrument itself -Los Angeles Times MICHAEL HEDGES November 9

Liberty Hall Lawrence, Kansas TICKETS AVAILABLE AT ALL CATS OUTLETS



Community Christian Church, 4601 Main, Kansas City SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 8 PM Tickets \$8, available at Classical Westport, Mass Street Music in Lawrence, and D. Martin's Bookshop in Lenexa

22 KC Pitch+OCTOBER

in theoretical plasma physics from MIT and once worked at the Atomic Energy Commission in Oak Ridge, Tennesse. But in the early '70s, Paul decided to stop wasting his life and became the fiddle player for the Riders.

Fred "Too Slim" LaBour rounds out the trio as "the perfect side-kick." A Nashville songwriter and ex-member of Dickey Lee's band, Too Slim is also a natural comedian who plays bass and is given to frequent outbursts of spontaneous varmint dances, which include the jack rabbit, armadillo and the ever-popular draped sloth.

The Riders will be taking the main stage as part of the Harvest Festival, which will take place at Bartle Hall October 28-30. The festival, which is the nation's largest touring collection of handmade crafts, fine art, music, theater and regional cooking, has been around since 1973 and is making its second appearance in Kansas City.

Patterned after autumn fairs of the 19th Century, the Harvest Festival transforms downtown convention centers into turn-of-the-century villages, and brings together artisans, musicians, comedians, folkdancers and storytellers. The Festival contributes to various community or ganizations in each town it visits, and has, over the years, donated booths to arts organizations, historical societies and children's hospitals. It's a worthy cause, but with Riders In The Sky on the bill, the bottom line is fun.

Hours are Friday noon to 10 p.m., Saturday 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., and Sunday 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.



The PedalJets

The jets return

The PedalJets, KC's favorite new-rock quartet, will be making their triumphant return to town at the Lone Star, Monday, Oct. 24.

According to some tales of the road from vocalist-guitarist Mike Allmeyer, contacted in New York near the end of the group's tour, the 'Jets may be ready for a nice homecoming: During the group's sweep through Florida, a couple of bandmembers earned a night in jail after a mild drunk and disorderly rampage. Undoubtedly the result of blowing off steam after a 25-dates-in-23-cities itinerary of one-nighters, instores and radio interviews.

On the positive side, the band wowed 'em at Maxwell's, current home-of-the-hip in fashionable Hoboken, New Jersey, where fans Bob Mould and Anton Fier were on hand. And according to Allmayer, their reception was great. He says new bands from the midwest are wellliked back east. Aren't we lucky?

KC's hillbilly-voodoo rock quartet Sin City Disciples opens the show. Don't miss.

New music, new club

Just when you thought KC's new-rock adventures were safely confined to Monday nights, along comes Actors' Ensemble at the Boulevard Saloon with more action for the city's music fans. Dubbed "polyphyletic" instead of the usual "new" or "alternative" tag (and you can look that up for yourself), the Saloon plans to feature local talent at first, but will be on the lookout for upand-coming national bands in the future.

Located at 320 Southwest Blvd., Actors' Ensemble, which is home to a big band bash on Mondays and tertific progressive theater the rest of the week, features a great bar and dancefloor with plenty of room to move around. They even provide crayons and disposable tablecloths to accomodate that frustrated artist that comes out in everyone after a few longnecks.

The Yardapes play Tuesday, Oct. 4; Poet Crow on Oct. 11; The Swingin' Swamis, Oct. 18; and the Psychowelders, Oct. 25. Get polyphyletic!

CROSSCURRENTS PRODUCTIONS Sing Out! Concert

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Featuring

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> Saturday, October 15, 1988 8:00 p.m. Community Christian Church 4601 Main, Kansas City, Missouri

Advance Tickets -- Classical Westport, Pennylane Westport, Phoenix Books, and Mass Street Music in Lawrence \$12 at door, \$10 in advance, \$9 members

Call 816-221-9865 for more information

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PENNYLANE



Sing out!

When a bunch of folkies get together they make music. And when the Sing Out! Corporation comes to town for their annual meeting, they'll do just that. Pete Seeger, Guy Carawan, Michael Cooney, Sam Hinton, Luci Murphy, Bob Norman, Faith Petric, and special guest Anne Mills will be featured in a concert Saturday, Oct. 15 at the Community Christian Church, sponsored by CrossCurrents Culture Unlimited.

The organization, which has been in existence nearly 40 years, is a non-profit corporation dedicated to preservation of the cultural diversity and heritage of traditional folk music. Their Sing Out! Magazine has always championed these ideas, and is one of the few vehicles in the world devoted to home-made cluture instead of mass culture.

This will be the first time the group has held their meeting in Kansas City, and for fans of home-spun music and traditions, will be quite an event. Tickets are available at the door, or from PennyLane in Westport, Phoenix Books, Classical Westport, and at Mass Street Music inLawrence.

Have a B-movie Halloween

Celebrate the hallowed holidays in creepy fashion, as Gorilla Theatre Productions presents "The Big Plan Nine," October 21-22 and 28-29 at Actors' Ensemble Blvd. Theater. That's right, just when you thought Ed Wood, Jr. was all but forgotten, a wild, new theater company comes along and revives one of his most notorious turkeys, "Plan 9 from Outer Space," in the form of a '50s sci-fi, rock and roll musical.

Dubbed the worst film ever, "Plan 9" combines space aliens, re-animated corpses, Vampira, cardboard sets with lots of mist, and an extremely ill Bela Lugosi (Lugosi died during shooting, but



24 KC Pltch+OCTOBER



Poi Dog Pondering, part of the Halloween Extravaganza at the Grand Emporium.

director Wood got a chiropractor friend—who was a foot taller and looked nothing like Lugosi—to fill in). So bad it's great.

The theatrical version promises all this and more, in a "Rocky Horror" flavor. Tickets will be available at the door. You must be 21 with ID. eve action? Then don't miss the Halloween extravaganza at the Grand Emporium, Monday, Oct. 31, as Run Westy Run, Poi Dog Pondering and They Might Be Giants converge for some hip halloween fun.

Come as you aren't Where was In the midst of this pol

Tried of crawling through those awful haunted houses in our crumbling downtown every Halloween? Looking for some hot new all-hallows

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	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
EMPORIUM	ALTERNATIVE ROCK 3 FIREHOSE SCREAMING				LITTLE HATCH'S 7 HOUSEPARTY 6PM-8PM NO COVER R&B	8
3832 MAIN 531-1504	TREES	NYC	GUESTS T.B.A.	COPELAND	JAIL	BREAKERS
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	POI DOG PONDERING	DENVER	JR'S DJ REGGAE PARTY OPM	CHICAGO	ST LOUIS	
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DON'T LET EM SCARE YOU! 1st& 7 KAVANAUGH QUARTET th & 15 Rich Hill Quartet & 21st Bill Laursen 22nd & 28th Trio Stan Kessler & Pyramid 29th Lori Tucker & Shining Light FRICE SAT Nite \$2.00 BEWAK AUNTED HOIS CAN'T SCAPE EM Eddie Saunders Thu GLOW MAKE THE POACE LEAVE BURNING CIGARETTES AFTER VOL Perfert port and NCK OF

where was nobody?

Where was nobody? In the midst of this political season, with the

electioneering rhetoric and campaign double talkflying fast and furious, what we need is a little continued next page

The Po	П П	t Westport •	917 W. 44t	h • K.C., M() • 531-980
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MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
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24 \$50 PRIZE!	Lonnie 25 Ray's BLUES JAM	26 CAL	27 L. FOR	28 BOOKIN	29 IGS
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comic relief, some serio-satirical shenanigans to put our election process in perspective. And Nobody's perfect for the job.

Clown/activist Hugh "Wavy Gravy" Romney, notorious Woodstock MC and tireless helper of kids, has revived his Nobody for President campaign. Wavy will be trying to win some votes for Nobody this month as the The Nobody for President Central American Campaign, featuring Wavy Gravy as MC, with the Viscious Hippies, a sextet from Berkeley, California, and local wildmen BCR, comes to the Kansas City area this month.

Nobody, whose political aspirations first bloomed during the 1976 Republican National Convention right here in KC, is the only clear choice. "You can trust Nobody," Wavy says. "Nobody knows everything about the economy. Nobody has found a safe place for nuclear waste. Nobody understands foreign policy. And most importantly, Nobody cares." Wavy Gravy, who acts as Nobody's spokesman (his official title is, by the way, Nobody's Fool) sums it up by saying, "Nobody should have that much power."

Judging by this country's political apathy, where only about 40 percent of voting-age citizens actually cast a ballot, it seems the remaining majority really is voting for Nobody. You can throw your support behind Nobody at The Bottleneck in Lawrence, Thursday, Oct. 13; at Columbia's Bluenote, Friday, Oct. 14; and at Harling's Upstairs in Kansas City, Saturday, Oct. 15. As Wavy says, "Nobody's perfect. And if Nobody wins, nobody loses." Nobody can argue with that.

Melange of mayhem

Looking for some *real* alternative music on Monday night? Don't miss the Melange of May-

hem, Oct. 10 at the Tivoli Theater in Westport. This late show features reedman Jack Wright from Philadelphia, and KC's own musical dadaists, Rev. Dwight Frizzell, Tom Aber, Arnie "Unra" Young, Allaudin Ottinger, and Pat Ireland. The improvisational, multi-media (Rev. Frizzell promises some hijinks with projectors as well) odyssey starts at 10:45..

CLUBS

1•PSYCHOWELDERS, tape release party, Harlings' Upstairs.

1. CONTRABAND, Chandler Court.

1•JIMMY JOHNSON BLUES BAND, Grand Emporium.

3•FIREHOSE with SCREAMING TREES, Grand Emporium.

4•YARDAPES, Actors' Ensemble Boulevard Saloon.

4.TINY LIGHTS, Grand Emporium.

4-8, 11-15, 18-22, 25-29•MARILYN WOOD, EBT Restaurant.

5•JOE HIGGS, with the GADDITES, Grand Emporium.

6. JOHNNY COPELAND, Grand Emporium.

7-8+JAIL BREAKERS, Grand Emporium.

8. THE BEARS WITH VELVET ELVIS, The



26 KC Pitch • OCTOBER

Bottleneck in Lawrence

9•HARRY DEAN STANTON with MI-CHAEL BEEN, London's.

11. LONG JOHN BALDRY, Grand Emporium.

11•POET CROWS, Actors' Ensemble Boulevard Saloon

12•WAR, Grand Emporium

13•TINSLEY ELLIS, Grand Emporium.

13•NOBODY FOR PRESIDENT, with WAVY GRAVY, VICIOUS HIPPIES and BCR, The Bottle neck, Lawrence.

14. THE PALADINS, Grand Emporium.

15•NOBODY FOR PRESIDENT, with WAVY GRAVY, VICIOUS HIPPIES and BCR, Harlings' Upstairs.

18•SWINGIN' SWAMIS, Actors Ensemble Boulevard Saloon.

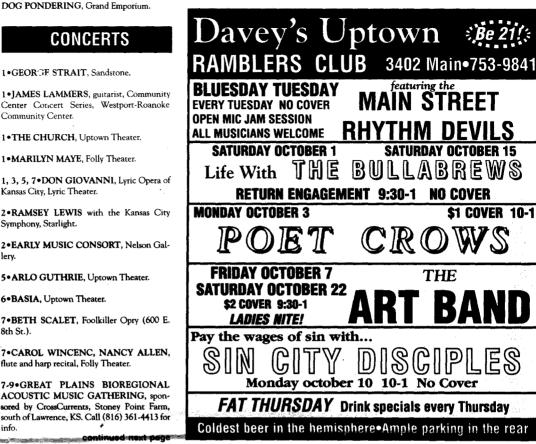
18•JAN FANUCCI, Grand Emporium.

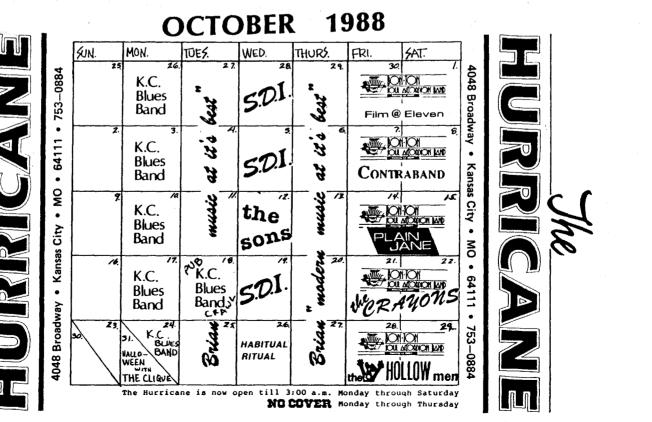
21-22 • MATT GUITAR MURPHY, Grand Emporium.

24. THE PEDALIETS WITH SIN CITY DISCIPLES, Lone Star.

25 • PSYCHOWELDERS, Actors Ensemble Boulevard Saloon.

31. HALLOWEEN ... EXTRAVAGANZA, with THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS and POL





OCTOBER+KC Pitch 27

CONCERTS

1. GEOR'SF STRAIT, Sandstone,

1. JAMES LAMMERS, guitarist, Community Center Concert Series, Westport-Roanoke Community Center.

1. THE CHURCH, Uptown Theater.

1•MARILYN MAYE, Folly Theater.

1, 3, 5, 7 • DON GIOVANNI, Lyric Opera of Kansas City, Lyric Theater.

2•RAMSEY LEWIS with the Kansas City Symphony, Starlight.

2. EARLY MUSIC CONSORT, Nelson Gallery.

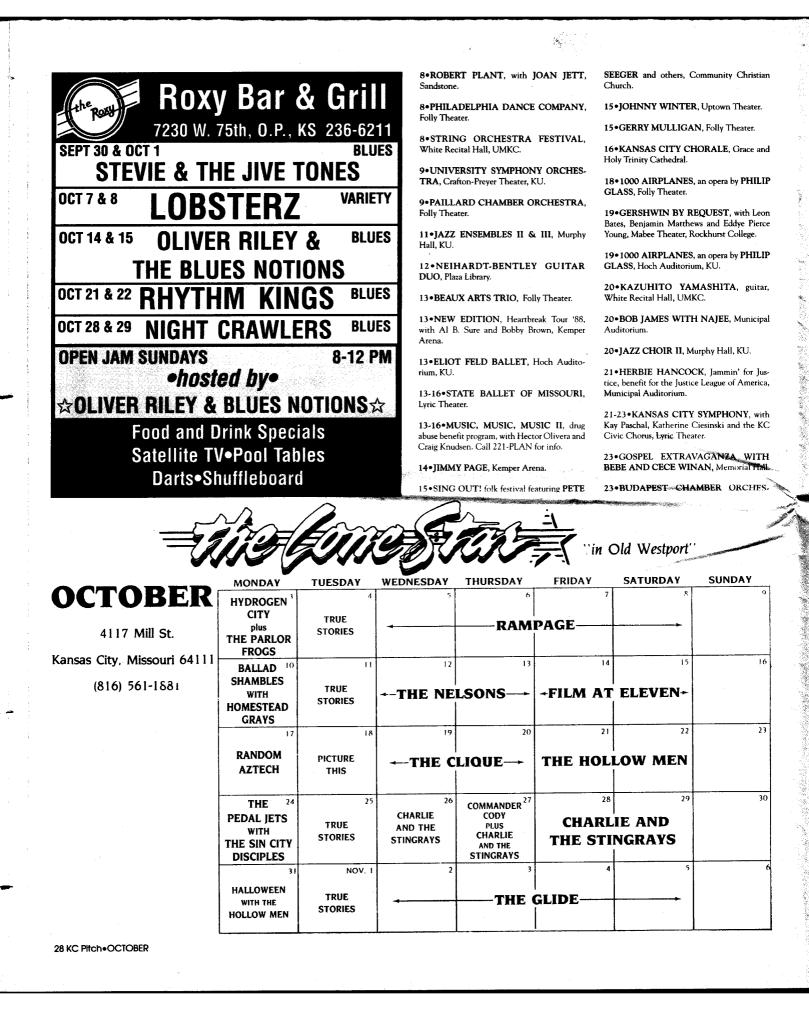
5•ARLO GUTHRIE, Uptown Theater.

6.BASIA, Uptown Theater.

7•BETH SCALET, Foolkiller Opry (600 E. 8th St.).

7. CAROL WINCENC, NANCY ALLEN, flute and harp recital, Folly Theater.

7-9•GREAT PLAINS BIOREGIONAL ACOUSTIC MUSIC GATHERING, sponsored by CrossCurrents, Stoney Point Farm, south of Lawrence, KS. Call (816) 361-4413 for info.



TRA, Murphy Hall, KU.

25•MUSICA NOVA, White Recital Hall, UMKC.

27-29•ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATER, with State Ballet of Missouri, Lyric Theater.

28•STATE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF THE USSR FROM MOSCOW, Music Hall.

28-30•HARVEST FESTIVAL featuring RIDERS IN THE SKY, Bartle Hall.

29•MARCHING BAND FESTIVAL, Memorial Stadium, KU.

29•OSSIAN, Irish and Scottish folk music, Community Christian Church.

29•PETE CHRISTLIEB, with UMKC Jazz Band, White Recital Hall, UMKC.

30•OCTUBAFEST, Murphy Hall, KU.

30•FRIEDRICK LIPPS, accordionist, White Recital Hall, UMKC.

30•VOLKER STRING QUARTET, White Recital Hall, UMKC.

31•UNIVERSITY SYMPHONY ORCHES-TRA HALLOWEEN CONCERT, Hoch Auditorium, KU.

THEATER

1-2•SOUTH PACIFIC, with Robert Goulet, Midland Center for the Performing Arts.

1-9•LITTLE WHITE LIES with Chip & Ernie (Stanley and Barry Livingston), Tiffany's Attic.

1-16•THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOL-LOW, Theatre for Young America.

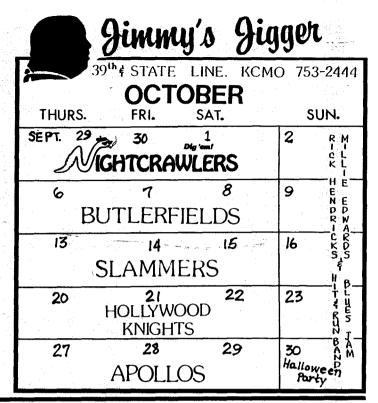
1-31•GOD'S FAVORITE, by Neil Simon, Waldo Astoria Dinner Playhouse.

6-9, 13-16, 20-23, 27-30 • THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, Martin City Melodrama & Vaudeville Co.,

6-9•THE BIRTHDAY PARTY, by Harold Pinter, presented by theUMKC Theater Dept., Center for the Performing Arts.

7-31•IT'S ONLY A PLAY by Terrance Mc-Nally, Actors' Ensemble

continued next page





SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	896-94-9-1-					1 THE GLIDE
2 THE CLIQUE JAM NIGHT	3 FAZE ONE	4 SATIN RAGE	5 SATIN RAGE	6 SATIN RAGE	7 PLAIN JANE	8 PLAIN JANE
9 THE CLIQUE JAM NIGHT	10 FAZE ONE	11 FOUR OUT OF FIVE DENTISTS	12 FOUR OUT OF FIVE DENTISTS	13 BLIND DATE	14 BLIND DATE	15 BLIND DATE
16 THE CLIQUE JAM NIGHT	17 FAZE ONE	18 RAMPAGE	19 RAMPAGE	20 RAMPAGE	21 RAMPAGE	22 RAMPAGE
23 THE CLIQUE JAM NIGHT	24 FAZE ONE	25 RHYTHM METHOD	26 THE CLIQUE	27 THE CLIQUE	28 THE CLIQUE	29 THE CLIQUE
30 THE CLIQUE JAM NIGHT	31 FAZE ONE					

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UNITED ENTERTAINMENT PRODUCTIONS (913) 262-3555

7-DEC 4-GEECH ... THE MOOSICAL, Quality Hill Playhouse.

11-31 • GATHERINGS FROM GRAVE-YARDS: TALES OF EDGAR ALAN POE, The Coterie Theater.

12-16. TAKEN IN MARRIAGE, Inge Theatre Series, Murphy Hall, KU,

13-31 • CAT'S PAW by William Mastrosimone, Unicorn Theater.

17-21, 22 • CHARLOTTE'S WEB Children's Theatre series, Crafton Preyer Theater, KU.

19•BEAUCLAIR FRENCH COMPANY, International Theatre, "Le Medicin Malgre Lui," Murphy Hall, KU.

21-22, 28-29• THE BIG PLAN NINE, presented by Gorilla Theatre Productions, Actors' Ensemble Blvd. Theater

ART

1-NOV 13• JONATHAN BOROFSKY, Horizons Gallery, Nelson-Atkins Musuem

22-DEC 31-ELLSWORTH KELLY: WORKS ON PAPER, Nelson-Atkins Museum.

23-NOV 23•RUSSIAN ART EXHIBI-TION, Massman Gallery, Rockhurst College.

30-NOV 20•DONALD JACKSON, "PAINTING WITH WORDS," Nelson-Atkins Museum

FILM

5-DEC 7•ELECTRIC SHADOWS, film series of the Media Workshop of the Kansas City Contemporary Art Center, featuring films from the 1987 Whitney Biennial of Film and Video. Every Wednesday, 7 p.m., Irving Amphitheater, Kansas City Art Institute.

MISCELLANY

2. RACE TO BEAT HUNGER, third annual Cliffhanger 10K, 5K and 2 bluffer walk, 9 a.m. on The Concourse, St. John and Benton Blvd. Call 474-1794 for more information.

6 • GEORGE & PHILIP WEDGE, River Front Readings presented by the Kansas City Artists' Coalition, Artists Coalition Gallery, 201, Wyandotte. Call 421-5222 for info.

7-8•AMERICAN ROYAL BARBEQUE CONTEST, Cookout at the KC Corral, American Royal grounds.

Ritual

25

24

continued from page 9

Funk experimentations. And if "Truth and Soul" is any indication, they're up to the challenge. -Art Mavo

PETER ROWAN & THE NASHVILLE BLUEGRASS BAND New Moon Rising Sugar Hill 3762

Peter Rowan has been a country-rock pioneer-remember his classic "Panama Red?" Rowan has been a leader in what, for lack of a better term, we call newgrass-most notably, by providing songs, lead vocals and a driving rhythm guitar for "Old and In the Way," the legendary and almost impossible to find 1975 concert LP that also featured fiddler Vassar Clements, jazzgrass mandolin a e David Grisman and Jerry Garcia on banjo.

Now, with "New Moon Rising," Rowan is here to tell us the plain truth about the whole newgrass movement: Don't lose too much sleep over all those shock-value alterations to the plain old acoustic string band sound-the fiddling around with electronic gizmos, the minorkey transcriptions of Beatles and Stones tunes. the more complex chord progressions. Newgrass wasn't revolution; it was evolution. The bluegrass basics are still there; it's just that the next generation of musicians is adjusting the old sound for comfort.

"New Moon Rising," in short, uses the improved know-how of the last 20 years to present

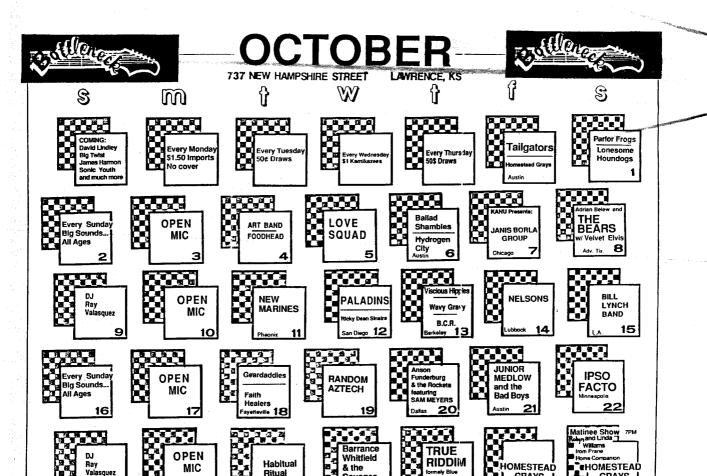
a wholly traditional bluegrass sound. The most striking thing about it is that, where bluegrass bands once specialized in either hot licks or soulful vocals, Rowan and the boys see fit to combine state-of-the-art instrumentation with a pleasant emphasis on harmony vocals.

There are a couple of tunes that leave the usual bluegrass boundaries to explore an acoustic folkrock sound-the stately "Meadow Green." for example. But mostly, the sound, driven in large part by Stuart Duncan's fluid fiddling, stays in the middle of the bluegrass road, from the harmony whoops and hoots on the upbeat death row raveup "I'm Gonna Love You (Like There's No Tomorrow)"-Rowan always did have a flair for tongue-in-cheek irony----to the gentle blues of "A Moth to a Flame."

There is a certain born-again flavor to the album, although Rowan, who wrote eight of the 10 songs, doesn't try to make it a message LP. In addition to the obligatory traditional godpel tune ("Jesus Made the Wine," which features a nifty a capella arrangement), there's the uptempo bluegrass of "One Way," with lyrics playing off familiar Christian symbolism.

Still, the overriding impression is simply that even a Peter Rowan, innovator that he is, can find happiness with the sort of harmony vocals and string-band picking that would make Bill Monroe feel right at home. "I'm gonna dance right off the ground," he sings, "when I hear the fiddle play that high, lonesome sound." Makes sense to me.

-D.P. Breckenridge



Savages

26

GRAYS

28

GRAYS

29

30 KC Pitch+OCTOBER

Valasquez

23

Weird news

The continuing crisis

•Doctors in Pescara and Chieti, Italy, treated more than 250 people for damaged corneas on February 28 after a local woman told the community that a message from the Virgin Mary would appear in the sky between noon and 1:30 p.m.

•Christian fundamentalists in Lansing, Mich., claimed their schools were superior to public schools in a recent two-paragraph press release—which contained 17 grammar, spelling, and punctuation mistakes.

•A gang of 10-year-old boys terrorized golfers at the Boca Raton (Fla.) Executive Country Club in several attacks during February and March. They began by merely swiping golf balls but escalated into armed golf ball robbery, using knives. They dug up one green, were found playing in a sand trap and cursing golfers, and stole golf balls at night from a driving range, wearing camouflage fatigues and their faces painted blace.

•Sara Sprague, a senior at North Kensington (R. I.) High School, was disciplined in March for "humming and singing along" with the national anthem as it was played over the school's public address system in the mornings. School administrators say the school policy is to listen respectfully.

•Ba of a C •The draft of the environmental impact statement for a U.S. Army biological warfare program mage

included a proposal that experimental viruses be sent to the test sight through the mail.

•According to a spokeswoman for the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, the reason Italy's Collio wine label, which features a nude woman, was not permitted in this country because the woman's breasts were "upthrust and very evident."

•According to Pentagon officials, since 1983, seven U.S. servicemen and their relatives have been killed and 39 wounded by soda machines that toppled over while being rocked in attempts to dislodge beverages or change.

Sports news

• Angie Brimage, a senior on Brighton (Mass.) High's basketball team, scored 51 points in a game against Boston English, but her team lost, 55-51.

•The Williamsport (Pa.) Bills minor league team announced it would retire the jersey of catcher Dave Bresnahan, a lifetime .143 hitter released last summer for "making a travesty" of the game when he tried to pick a runner off third base with a potato he had hidden in his uniform (thus fooling the runner and tagging him out with the real ball). Asked why he had done it, Bresnahan said, "I always wanted to see what would happen."

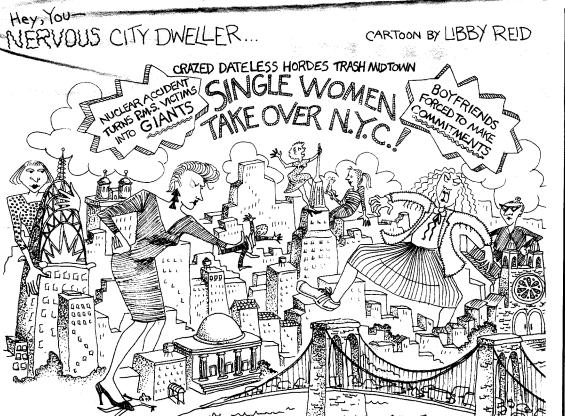
 Basketball star Michael Jordan stormed out of a Chicago Bulls practice because he thought his coach was cheating on the score of a scrim• Pinewood School (Calif.) girls' basketball coach Nancy Moyer said it would be a "building year" after losing to San Mateo High, 101-1, in December.



Very close to the

edge

•Winners in a recent WYHY-FM (Nashville)



From DO YOU HATE YOUR HIPS MORE THAN NUCLEAR WAR? by Libby Rek: Copyright © Libby Reid 1985, 1988, 1987, 1988 Used by arrangement with Viking Penguin, Inc

roll in piles of money, keeping whatever stuck to them. The big winner made \$7,600, but the station owner also had to launder and dry clean the rest of the money before returning it to the bank, in order to avoid felony charges for defacing currency.

Odds & ends (mostly odds)

•Abigail Van Buren (Dear Abby) testified before the Maryland legislature this spring against the cruelty of using animals to test cosmetics and household products, then was seen the next day in Washington, D.C., buying a white mink coat.

•Melvin Wilcox of West Palm Beach is attempting to raise \$2.5 billion for a "Jerusalem, 30 A.D." theme park on 25,000 acres of desert near Midland, Texas. No cars would be allowed in the city, visitors would be required to wear biblicalera clothing, and miracles would occur daily.

•On his death in 1985, John Cameron Young, 44, of Greenbrae, Calif., left \$15,000 to friends for a party in his honor, with a specific stipulation that they pay for a piano to be dropped from a helicopter. In May, the party, and piano drop, were held. Young had told his friends many times of his fantasy. "He'd sit there." said Harry Murphy, "and say, 'Harry, we've got to have a piano drop'."

Send your News of the Weird to Chuck Sheperd, POB 57141, Washington, DC 20037.

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