

Pressure Boys reunite in Cat's Cradle concert

By KATE HAUSER
Staff Writer

A reunion concert. Now what could be harder to review than this? Try reviewing Chapel Hill's darlings, the Pressure Boys.

Last Sunday night, the Cat's Cradle might as well have been your grandma's backyard, as both crowd and band reunited for what lead vocalist John Plymale says may be the last time for a while.

The Pressure Boys broke up last August, and Sunday's concert was their first appearance since then. With the exception of a little rust around the edges, their music remains legendary. Yes, legendary is a big word, but these boys have plenty of legend, and a little bit of saga, in their past.

More or less together since 1981, all but one of the Pressure Boys are graduates of Chapel Hill Senior High School. They were playing this style of music in high school and...

Their music has evolved through three albums and a number of years in the Chapel Hill lifestyle. Their most recent album, *Kranlebanum Monumentus*, released in 1987, may be the sum of their legendary sound — a guide to evolution perhaps. What they have is an absurd blend of horns, rhythm, pop and the absurd itself.

Sunday night's reunion provided

the saga. It began a few months ago. Rob Ladd, the drummer, was out in Los Angeles. Other band members were doing their own things. Cat's Cradle owner Frank Heath was opening up shop again.

Heath said he'd originally wanted the Pressure Boys to be the opening show at the new Cradle but couldn't work it out. The Pressure Boys and the Cradle just "go together," he said. Ham and eggs.

Well, it took two plane tickets from California (Ladd and girlfriend) and some concentration to get these boys on stage at the same time.

Plymale said, "I was surprised we got together this soon," when asked about the band's position on the reunion. Perhaps we can chalk it up to nostalgia.

All of the boys are pursuing other musical endeavors, or at least playing that Triangle band tag.

Plymale is with the newly formed Sex Police, as are trumpeters Stacy Guess and Jay Widenhouse. Jack Campbell, bassist, has vacillated between the Pressure Boys, Johnny Quest and Kick The Future, landing on Johnny Quest for now.

Plymale is busy with producing as well. He produced The Popes' new album and is currently work-



In their first concert since breaking up last August, the Pressure Boys gave an impressive performance last Sunday at the Cat's Cradle.

ing with Dillon Fence.

Two trumpets, instead of the standard one, were played Sunday night. Both Stacy Guess and Jay Widenhouse played solos that boasted finesse (but not that wee bit of tuning).

They played an unprecedented version of "Low Rider" by War. Equally as remarkable was Golden Earring's "Radar Love." And those

were just the covers, folks.

The audience of about 400, one of the bigger crowds to hit the Cradle, carried on rambunctiously. These Pressure Boys fans have an affinity for lifting each other over their heads in aimless directions. It was certainly not a mean crowd, though — musical joy was much more the sentiment.

Saxophonist Greg Stafford and

Guess and Widenhouse marched around with their instruments over their heads on occasion. It all seemed like happiness in a twisted sort of way.

These guys are legends, and this was the all-heralded reunion concert. They were bound to be good, and they were. Who knows when they'll do that second reunion concert...

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Mailbag

Francisco Examiner, the "liberal" organ of the San Francisco Chronicle. You read about how a "junk fax" gives these office workers "indigestion, aggravation and headache," and it moves me off the vomit meter. I really feel for the poor slob who tries to aardvark one of these little bundles of joy! Just the thought makes me sing! Sunshine you are my sunshine! I love my fax. Why? Because I can stay home where I don't have to look at these vile diseased creatures known as human beings (most of whom have bad skin and Oprah's cellulite). Joe Bob, please use your considerable power, second only to Assembly Speaker Willie Brown here in the Golden State, to repel this Communist menace. First free love, then free faxes! Ban the ban! Oppress fascism!

Rick Bob DuBois
San Francisco

Dear Rick Bob:

As you know, I installed a fax machine in my trailer house in order to receive incoherent ramblings more often and at greater speed than the U.S. mail. I oppose any effort to curtail junk mail, junk faxes, junk telegrams, junk bonds, junk yards or Chinese junks.

Riddle me this, Brigg-man:

If God is such a nice Guy, then why do animals have to eat each other?

What is the meaning of Glenn Ford's life?

Why wasn't I consulted before I was incarnated?

Do you do drugs, or is Quaker Oats the right thing to do?

Is Martha Raye the dominatrix

of my dreams, or am I in love with love?

Is it true that you're Pauline Kael in reverse-drag?

And when the hell is Rex Reed gonna set up his everlasting rest and shake the yoke of inauspicious stars from this Rex-wearied flesh?

Enquiring pinheads wanna know.
Justin "Slag" Reed
Phoenix

Dear Slag:
Who told you you were incarnated?

Answers

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Across: 4.SCRIPT 7.QUARRY
9.ARBOREAL 10.MIASMA
11.LILAC 12.DEMENTED
15.ENTREAT 19.NEMESIS
21.CLIENTAL 23.METRO
25.NUANCE 28.ACQUAINT
29.RAGGED 30.OOMPAH

Down: 1.QUAI 2.EROS
3.TYRANT 4.SUBTLETY
5.RURAL 6.PAAIC 8.PARADE
13.EVEN 14.EDAM 16.ELAN
17.TINA 18.ASTONISH
20.SCANTY 22.IGNORE
23.METRO 24.TRUMP 26.ARG0
27.CLEF

De La Soul

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better than the Beastie Boys on their best day.

If Public Enemy has an Uzi weighing tons, De La Soul has the daisies that will line its graves when it's finished using it. In the touchy world where black meets white off the music charts, it is the even-tempered voices that gain the most respect (in this country at least) and are much more likely to make this uneven world a bit more Delacratic. Beatrice sez — "Stop the violence in hip-hop."

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