

Arts & Entertainment

Third World feeds reggae-starved crowd

By Ward W. Triplett III

To understand why the Third World concert Thursday night was such a success, all you had to do was look away from the stage and toward the audience.

Although half of Pershing Auditorium was empty, the scattered patrons in the seats or at one of the 92 tables on the main floor were either dancing or responding to the beat in some head-shaking or toe-tapping manner.

Review

It was hard to get a fix on the actual number of fans there, since a vast majority spent most of the concert packed against the stage. That majority bobbed from the second song on in one jubilant mass. It was as lead guitarist Stephan "Cat" Core said, just a simple celebration.

It was no surprise that the infectious energy the six-man band from Kingston, Jamaica, generated could reach a reggae-starved Lincoln crowd. Most of Third World's music seems somewhat restrained on record, but in concert it came across as an all-out funk assault. When mixed with the

reggae rhythms built from 10 years on the road, Third World managed to produce a combination simply unattainable in these parts; and the crowd, all too ready for this change of pace, ate it up accordingly.

After opening with "Rock and Rave" from their latest album, *All the Way Strong*, the group started the migration to the stage with "96 degrees in the shade," a minor hit from the days before reggae became chic in America.

From that point on, it was clear that no one in the building was going to have more fun than Third World itself. The song started with a series of mock explosion sounds from keyboardist Michael "Ibo" Cooper's synthesizers, accompanied with flashing lights and a drum roll that ended with Core doing a soldier's march, with his guitar substituting for a gun.

That was the last such gimmick the group used, or needed, since the music had begun to sell itself.

Before the show ended, each member got a chance to solo twice around their consistently strong backup of Core, Cooper and Williams Clarke, who divided the lead vocals.

The whole show was so strong and steady that there really wasn't a high point, unless it came during the encore of "Lagos Jump," when percussionist Irvin Jarrott got a chance to show some Michael Jackson-like dance steps.

Third World's high level of energy



Staff photo by Jerry McBride

Williams Clarke of Third World. The band performed in Pershing Auditorium Thursday night.

wasn't surprising since this was the first stop of their 1983 world tour, and most likely was a testing ground for future shows in bigger cities. They were definitely not prepared to do a whole show by themselves (Hiroshima, a Japanese jazz group, canceled their half of the performance less than a

week before the concert), since their set consisted of only 14 songs (including five from *All the Way Strong*) and lasted less than two hours.

There were no big first-date technical problems to get in the way, and at least 2,000 Nebraskans were grateful for a taste of the Third World.

'Lavender Moonlight': A Mannequin Romance



By Pat Clark

Last week: Walker Treadmill, assigned to ensure the safety of April May June while she sits caged in a luxury hotel on the Cape Town beachfront, received new orders from the omnipresent Dante Lavender to the effect that April could do anything she wanted to except try to contact Randall Hitler. Hearing her options, April decided immediately to try to find her beloved Randall.

Walker Treadmill picked up April May June's overnight bag and started toward the door.

"Where do we go first?" he asked, resigned to the fact that he would have to help her find Randall Hitler.

"The elevator," April said in perky response, excited at last that she was going to find Randall. And what an adventure it would be! No matter where he might be in this exotic land, she would keep looking until she found him, and be back in his arms forever, even if she had to cross deserts, climb mountains or brave rivers full of alligators; anything to be with Randall again. She thought about it for another second, and silently hoped that he was in town somewhere.

"On the off chance that he's not waiting for us in the elevator, where do you want to start looking for Mr. Hitler?" Walker said, as politely as possible.

"Gosh, I don't know," April said, staring rapidly at the door. "I just know that somehow, something will lead me to him, though he may be far, far away. Of course, it would be much more

romantic if there were some perils before we finally found each other. You don't suppose anybody will try to kill me or something, do you?"

"Only if you keep talking like that. Look, let's get out of here and sort things out on the way."

They slipped out the door, and just as Walker put the key in the lock he heard an explosion from inside the hotel room. He locked the door.

"Wha-wha-wha-what was that?" squeaked April in her best artificial stutter.

"Just a bomb. Don't worry, the maid will clean it up."

Two steps down the hall, Walker heard a room door open quickly behind them. He shoved April to the floor then drove himself; split-seconds later a knife whizzed over their heads, sticking in one of the elevator doors.

Walker stood and faced the now-closed room. "Nyah, nyah, nyah, ya' missed us!" he yelled, sticking his tongue out at the door as he helped April to her feet. "Musta been Nick the Nife," he whispered. "Hasn't had a hit in two years."

They dashed to the elevator and Walker pushed the service button. April was beginning to have second thoughts; even a few third thoughts were sneaking into her previously unoccupied head. One set of elevator doors opened, and April started to step in, but found herself jolted out of the way by Walker. A round of machine gun fire rang through the hallway as April and Walker watched from one side. The doors to the second elevator opened, and they slipped in only to find themselves surrounded by three middle aged men wearing red suits.

"You better hope Mr. Hitler loves you as much as you act like you love him," Walker whispered between deep breaths.

"Oh I just know he does."

"He has a great way of showing it. You've been in South Africa for three days, and haven't seen him for two."

"He'll make up for it when we get to Nebraska."

Suddenly one of the men in red suits spoke up. "Did you say Nebraska?"

"Yes, yes I did. I'm from Nebraska," said April tentatively. "It's in the United States."

"Well hell's fire, I know that. From there myself. Here on official business. State senator, you know."

April had never been so happy to see a middle-aged politician in a red suit before, and extended her hand as much as she could in the elevator to shake his. "I'm April May June," she said, fairly beaming. "And this is Walker Treadmill. He's from South Africa."

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Mulligan's stew: Jazz fans eat it up and ask for more



Photo courtesy of Kimball Hall

Gerry Mulligan

By Chuck Jagoda

Gerry Mulligan is known in and outside the world of jazz for two reasons: his ability to tease a myriad of delightfully light and dancey sounds out of the baritone saxophone and his compositions and arrangements for other jazz greats like Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Stan Kenton and Miles Davis. These abilities make him one of the most formidable influences in the development of the musical form called jazz.

Review

Saturday, the Gerry Mulligan Jazz Quartet performed as part of the 1983-84 Kimball Performing Arts Series. The concert was a sell-out and drew a typical jazz audience: "Old folks over 24," as Mulligan put it, and college students.

The stage was bare except for the piano, bass, drums and a few stools and stands for music and instruments. The lights were simple and straightforward — none of the fancy effects found at a Pershing Auditorium or Bob Devaney Sports Center rock concert.

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