

Station's new format to serve up 'palatable' hard rock, classic hits

By Jill O'Brien
Staff Reporter

Finding 106.3 on your FM dial is easier than finding the radio station's building two miles south of Old Cheney Road.

Although the radio waves issuing from 4949 Yankee Hill Road still are as easy to find on the dial, their sounds have changed.

Harvey Tate, the radio station's president and chief executive officer, said Mix 106 was reformatted in early March.

Instead of playing what Tate called "adult contemporary music," the new station, KIBZ, "The Blaze," features a combination of hard rock and classic rock, he said.

The radio station eliminated the adult contemporary format to introduce new songs, new albums and new hard-rock artists.

Tate described the new format as "new music which is very palatable and is not heavy metal."

Gabe Baptiste, operations director and program manager of KIBZ, said the new station plays songs by Nirvana, Pearl Jam, Metallica, the Black Crowes and other artists like Led Zeppelin and Pink Floyd — classic artists who influenced the 1990s generation of rock 'n' roll.

"We play everything that comes under the guidelines of energetic rock 'n' roll," Baptiste said.

According to Baptiste, songs that fall under the guidelines are tunes you can sing in the shower — melodious songs.

"It doesn't have to be popular when we start with it," he said, "because nothing ever is when you first start, but it does have to have those markings."

Baptiste also is a disc jockey for KIBZ.

Tate's radio career, which goes back to 1947, mainly has been in the album-oriented rock (AOR) field.

After the Nixon era, AOR remained, Tate said, but only as an echo of the '60s and early '70s. The best AOR became lost in the system when it was forced to submit to a standardized radio format.

Today, album-oriented rock stations rarely play anything new, he said. Some album stations follow a safe format by refusing to play a song until it becomes a hit.

Tate said he started to wonder what had happened to the great rock 'n' roll that never had been introduced to the public. His search for the lost rock inspired the format for KIBZ.

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Cadillac Tramps bringing 'psychobilly' to Duffy's

concert PREVIEW

From Staff Reports

The band that gave birth to "psychobilly" returns to Lincoln tonight, as the Los Angeles-based Cadillac Tramps makes its first appearance at Duffy's Tavern, 1412 O St.

The band, which opened for the Beat Farmers in September at P.O. Pears, is touring in support of its self-titled debut on Doctor Dream Records.

Although the band formed in 1987, the Cadillac Tramps is actually the product of California's punk scene of the late '70s. The most obvious influ-

ences are the Blasters, Los Lobos and X — L.A.'s great musical triumvirate of the early '80s.

The Tramps gained a strong following in Orange County, Calif., working alongside fellow L.A. bands like Social Distortion and T.S.O.L., but its sound is more than leftover punk.

Vocalist Mike Gaborno, guitarists Brian Coakley and Jonny Wickersham, bassist Warren Renfrow and drummer Jamie Reidling blend their collective punk-rockabilly roots with a renewed interest in Motown soul. The band calls the mixture — especially in its live form — "psychobilly."

Cover charge is \$5.



Courtesy of Twentieth Century Fox

Vincent Gambini (Joe Pesci, right) drops a bombshell in "My Cousin Vinny": Judge Chamberlain Haller (Fred Gwynne, center) is perplexed when the inexperienced defense counsel puts his own fiancée Lisa (Marisa Tomei, left on the stand . . . as a hostile witness.

'My Cousin Vinny' funny, brilliant; Pesci's performance steals the show



"My Cousin Vinny"



By Gerry Beltz
Staff Reporter

If you're looking for a satirical version of an old "Perry Mason" episode, then look no further. "My Cousin Vinny" (Plaza 4, Edgewood 3) is in town with a favorable verdict.

The story unfolds with Bill Gambini (Ralph Macchio of the "Karate Kid") and Stan Rothenstein (Mitchell Whitfield of "Reversal of Fortune") getting arrested for murder in a small Southern town because of some fairly bizarre circumstances. They need a good lawyer, but for a reasonable price.

Enter Vinny (Joe Pesci of "Goodfellas"), the lawyer of the Gambini

family. He, along with his fiancée Lisa (Marisa Tomei of TV's "A Different World"), comes rolling into town with the drive and desire to succeed.

Of course, he's never been in a courtroom before, let alone tried a murder case. Vinny describes it best as his "first foray into the trial process." He has been practicing personal injury law for about six weeks and has taken the bar exam just as many times.

Anyway, he's the only hope Bill and Stan have got.

Add one tough country judge named Chamberlain Haller (Fred Gwynne of "The Munsters"), who is a stickler for correct courtroom procedure and gains an extreme dislike for Vinny, and you've got an extremely funny movie.

Macchio and Whitfield do fairly well in their roles as New York youngsters up to their necks in trouble, but we don't get to see much of them. As it turns out, their roles in this film are minor, even though they are the defendants.

Gwynne is terrific as the no-nonsense judge. His low, grave voice is just right for this role. Whenever he

shows up on the screen you can be sure for a good laugh or two.

Also turning in a wonderful performance is Tomei as Vinny's eager-to-please fiancée. At first, one might expect her to be a typical bimbo sidekick, but she ends up almost stealing the film from the rest of the cast.

The film, however, belongs to Pesci. He has made an excellent transition from his chilling, Oscar-winning performance in "Goodfellas" to the unorthodox antics of Vinny.

Directed by Jonathan Lynn ("Clue"), "My Cousin Vinny" is a riot from start to finish. The courtroom scenes are especially hilarious, between the mix of Gwynne's strict following of courtroom procedure and Pesci's sarcasm toward anyone who opposes him. They definitely are the best parts of the movie.

Also worth mentioning is the brief subplot of Vinny's attempted collection of a debt from one of the local townspeople in which he risks getting the snot beat out of him. It is an absolute hoot as Vinny uses his cross-examination training to befuddle his adversary.

Go see this movie. You will not be disappointed.

'London' album disjointed, disappointing

Reviews



"Walking in London"
Concrete Blonde
I.R.S.

Johnette Napolitano, the accidental feminist and driving force behind the Los Angeles trio Concrete Blonde, once screamed that she was "still in Hollywood." A punk-rocker at heart, she was at her best in those days, lamenting broken relationships and Southern California's dirty, dead-end existence.

But that was six years and four albums ago, and Napolitano (who since has moved to the U.K.) is about as far away from L.A. as she could possibly be. And after listening to Concrete Blonde's latest release, "Walking in London," folks are likely to be a little dumbfounded. How could this once-great trio fall so far, so fast?

"Walking in London," the follow-up to 1990's "Bloodletting," is a disjointed, disappointing work, save a couple of tracks.

As for the rest, they sound like studio throwaways, from the ridiculous opening cut, "Ghost of a Texas Ladies' Man," a kind of half-ass "Radar Love," to a soupy cover of James Brown's "It's a Man's World."

Longtime fans had to be encouraged by the group's lineup, which reunited original drummer Harry Rushakoff (who was replaced on "Bloodletting" by former Roxy Music member Paul Thompson) with Napolitano and guitarist Jim Mankey. Add to that backing vocals by Wall of Voodoo alumnus Andy Prieboy — who helped out on "Bloodletting" — and "London" looked promising.

But as Napolitano goes, so goes

Concrete Blonde, and make no mistake — this is entirely her album. It's not surprising then, that "Walking in London" comes off as pure self-indulgence. This is most apparent on "City Screaming," with Napolitano thumbing her nose at her former L.A. home: "Is that a shot or a car?"

And for those who fell in love with Napolitano's tough-as-nails delivery on 1989's "Free" or the band's self-titled debut, there are moments here that will make you cringe.

The worst of the lot is the man-bashing "I Wanna Be Your Friend Again," which is so overwrought with simplistic thinking it could have been the theme song to "Thelma and Louise." A hideous sample is even thrown in, wherein two lovers make small-talk over the phone as Napolitano says what is really on the woman's mind: "You're not fime/You eat, sleep and think him 24 hours a day."

Still, "Walking in London" is not without some fine moments. The playful "Les Cocurs Jumeaux" (Twin Hearts) is reminiscent of Free's "Happy



Courtesy of BMI

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