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The Pitch's Wayward Blog

Apocalypse Meow Weekend Highlights/Summary

By Jason Harper

Though not nearly as stolid a trooper as any of the people from [Apocalypse Meow](#), or Abigail herself, or Chris Meck, or Howard Iceberg and Chad Rex, or Amy Farrand or any of the other folks who participated in all three nights of this past weekend's [Abigail Henderson](#) breast cancer [benefit](#) at Midwestern Music, Davey's and the Record Bar, I did catch some of the action each night.

But first of all, holy shit! They've broken the \$5K mark. It was barely pushing two grand as of the end of last week.

FRIDAY: HOT TIMEZ AT MIDWESTERN MUZIK

In case you didn't know, midtown's best little geetar store, Matt Kesler's [Midwestern Musical Company](#) relocated to the Crossroads earlier this year, setting up shop in what used to be the artist Mott-Ly's (God rest his soul) MoMO Gallery at 19th and Locust.

'Twas there this past Fri. that gallery crawlers and musicians and Abby friends gathered to drink sangria and cheap wine and beer, buy artwork and watch informal live music courtesy of a jazz combo, a band of wee brigands from the local kids rock school, the aforementioned Iceberg/Rex duo (bolstered by harpwork from Ernie Locke) and others. Compared to what would follow the next two nights, this night was pretty laid back.



Above photos by Rhonda Lyne

On display was the custom [Scarlett](#) "Abby" amplifier that a local guy had designed specifically to raffle away.

So, yeah, Friday was cool and chill. Things really got going the next night at [Davey's](#).

SATURDAY: HOEDOWN WITH THE WHONOW UPTOWN

The last time I remember having to park two blocks away from Davey's Uptown Rambler's Club was when [Split Lip Rayfield](#) held one of its last shows with guitarist Kirk Rundstrom, who died last year of esophageal cancer. I didn't mind, though; I was perfectly happy walking in the cold past all the parked cars, with the country backbeats and weeping pedal steel of a reunited **Sandoval** whipping out through the club walls and windows and into the night air.

Inside the main concert room of Davey's, the shoulder-to-shoulder crowd was jamming to bandleader Tony Ladesich's reformed alt-country band. Some involved in the group's late-'90s heyday were swapping tales of how the group ended up with three unreleased albums. Indeed, the luck wasn't with Sandoval in those days, but this night, as pedal player Nate Hofer and lead guitarist Brendan Moreland traded twangy licks, all that really mattered was the beneficence of rock and roll. This was driven home hard when the group closed its set with a mighty, fuck-yeah cover of the (Crosby, Stills, Nash &) Neil Young song "Ohio."

After a raffle and an acoustic performance by Messrs. Rex and Iceberg, with Abigail sitting in on vocals, [Parlay](#), also reformed for the occasion, took the stage and chugged into a set of sweaty blues-garage. Frontman Ernie Locke kept his shirt on this time, though his eyes did cross a few times, as they are wont to do when the Locke rocketh.

[Bacon Shoe](#) played next, but I had to get going.

SUNDAY: REKKIDDS BROKEN AT THE REKKID BAR

By this night, I was starting to feel like old homies with the Apoc-Now kittens: Mac, Angela, Rhonda, Slimm, Howard "Whiskers" Iceberg, the whole gang. I don't have any stats to back this up, but this had to be the biggest single-musician benefit in local history. I know a lot was done for folks like Billy Brimblecom (who was on hand, playing drums with the Klangs), but the auction, the raffle, the bands-upon-bands, just the size of the thing was amazing -- not to mention all the satellite parties, such as the Saturday-day [Titan Records](#) listening party, which donated a portion of its sales to the benefit.

But what you're really wanting to know is who won that sweet Scarlett Amp, right?

About 1,000 one-dollar raffle tickets had been sold, so the air was thick with anticipation when the name was drawn to determine who would take home this screamin' piece of local history. And, in many ways, the prize couldn't have gone to a better home: that of Kim Stanton, who, with her husband, [Mark Smeltzer](#), operate the [Rural Grit Records](#) collective, whose headquarters has been a nomadic open-mic jam currently stationed at the Brick on Monday nights, where it's held strong for about three years now. The good folk at Rural Grit donate 10 percent of all products sold out of their pantry to music makers in need of health care and have worked in the past to promote organizational efforts for getting health services to musicians.



So, yeah, the raffle was rigged. JUST KIDDING OMG!!!

Because the Record Bar closes at midnight on Sundays, the show started early, and because I forgot that fact, I missed all but the last two bands, the [Klangs](#) and a reunited (beginning to see a pattern here?) [Sister Mary Rotten Crotch](#).

The Klangs are a space-age-themed powerpop quartet, starring veteran musicians Billy Brimblecom (Blackpool Lights) and Chuck Whittington (Namelessnumberheadman), with relative newcomer [Greg LaFollette](#) on lead vocals and guitar and an Andy Dick lookalike on bass, backup vocals and mane. Yes: mane. Heavy on guitar but ultimately light on melodic themes. Bright yet aggressive, the Klangs, like a sparkly rocketship blasting through an interstellar candy belt. They could stand to be a bit katchier, though. (Ensuing photography by Michael Forester.)



As Brimblecom hustled off to his next gig: as the drummer for a Cream tribute at McCoy's (part of a once-a-month series of tribute nights at the pub), the raffle was held, the amp was given out alongside a \$100 Mercy Seat gift certificate, and Sister Mary Rotten Crotch brought the night to a thrashing close. Like a Rollins wet dream, lead barker **Liz Nord** came out in black shorts and a black tank, her bleached hair combed into an austere not-spiky do, and tattoos covering her ripped arms.



Rotten Crotchers Alison Saunders (guitar), Brent "Tammy" Castler (bass) and Amy Farrand (drums) all held it down good, but it was hard to look away from Nord, suburban mom, punk goddess.

The party continued down at P. Ott's on the Plaza, where the [Hot Dog Skeletons](#) brought in the final tide of rock. I once again opted out of the after-hours drinking and carousing; I was just too tired.

I'm no Abigail Henderson, you know.