

mediocre reviews & profiles

Nacho nacho cheese, you're just a spot on my back seat

By Rave Odd-dick

Mindless boogie was the order of the night, and the concert crowd fell to the occasion. They were mindless.

The occasion was the first Lincoln appearance of the Village Idiots, the hottest disco band in the land. And hot they were, playing their hits, "Nacho Cheese" and "NAACP."

As soon as the band took the stage, they launched into the now-famous lyrics to "Nacho Cheese:"

"Nacho, Nacho Cheese,
I wanna be a nacho cheese..."

The crowd went into a dancing frenzy. And the band, dressed in their familiar regalia of idiots' costumes from 'round the world, gave them more.

The crowd had barely settled down when they launched into "NAACP," their anthem to brotherhood. During the chorus, the dancers formed the letters N-A-A-C-P above their heads. The kids on American Bandstand would've been proud of them. Mindlessness at its best.

Homs in the outhouse

But that wasn't all. The Village Idiots even graced us with their latest hit, "In the Outhouse." Rumor has it that there are homosexual connotations in this song, but all I heard was a tribute to the human posterior. And the kids on TV got nothing on our hometown dancers when it comes to mindlessness. During "Outhouse," I believe they invented a dance you won't see on TV.

The Idiots also gave the lucky audience a preview of hits to come when they played several of their new songs. The most promising was "Back Door Man," not the blues classic but yet another song about brotherhood.

Overall, the concert was a strong mixture of hit singles and new material. The crowd obviously preferred the current hits, though it was hard to tell—no matter what the band did, they never stopped dancing or changed their rhythm.

Corpse hit the spot

The opening act was a new band called the Fishing Reels, a progressive, neo-punk-bluegrass-classical-folk outfit that put the crowd in a perfect mood for the Idiots.

dreary halfasskan

OOPS - 48-24-36

Editor and chef: Meat Mayhem. Managing editor: Gorgeous Left. Gnu's editor: Elquim Ballsalot. Associate Gnu's editors: Busty Almonds, Ima Scapcat. Assistant Gnu's editor: Sundy Holysomolianese. Knight Gnu's Editor: Magrat Staffinfection. Assistant knight gnu's editor: A.C.D.C. Crouser. East campus meadow muffin: Kinky Feel. Layin editor: Big Phil Mince-meat. Entertaining editor: Jelly Dumpling. Spurts editor: Wreck Holes. Pornography sheik: Toad Smirk. Art detractor: Jock Raggmop. Armed bondsman: Yumpin Yiminy Smegna.

Crappy editors: Dub Enema, Merry Fastehuff, Funk Hacker, Dave Odd-Dick, Lyin Position, Shoe Sucker, Pale Dork, J. Whifffrawers.

Business mangler: Jerky Heister. Production mangler: Kinky LaPricky. Adversity mangler: DaNice Hardon. Ass mangler: Huge Peestis.

The Dreary Halfasskan is published by the UNL Purification Board whenever we're sober except on alternate St. Swithin's Days, Whitsunday and Lou Grant's birthday.

Address: Dreary Halfasskan, Table three, McGuffey's Bar and Grill, Lincoln, Nebraska 343434343434343434.

Telephone: two short rings, one long ring. Ask for Sid.

Material may be reprinted without permission if attributed to the McCook Gazette or Rod McKuen except material covered by a thick layer of pelican droppings.

Subscription rates: one year: 68 cents. Two years: \$3. Two years with nude pictures of entire staff and a regent of your choice: \$47,000 plus postage and handling.

Amid exhortations to the crowd to "have a jolly good f...ing time," lead singer Jimmy Corpse did just that, accepting drinks of kerosene from crowd members. After breaking both legs by falling off the stage and attempting to slash his wrists twice, the singer was carried off the stage in a pine box. What a showman!

But before he left, Corpse gave the crowd some memorable moments—check these lyrics from their hit "You're Just a Spot on my Backseat:"

"You're just a spot on my back seat,
Once upon a time
I thought you were a star
But now I only remember you

When I'm cleaning out my car."

The political implications of that song are awesome, and it had a catchy, two-chord arrangement to boot. Yessir, it was a great concert—as soon as I get out of the hospital, I'm gonna grab my new boyfriend and sashay down to the next mindless boogie concert.

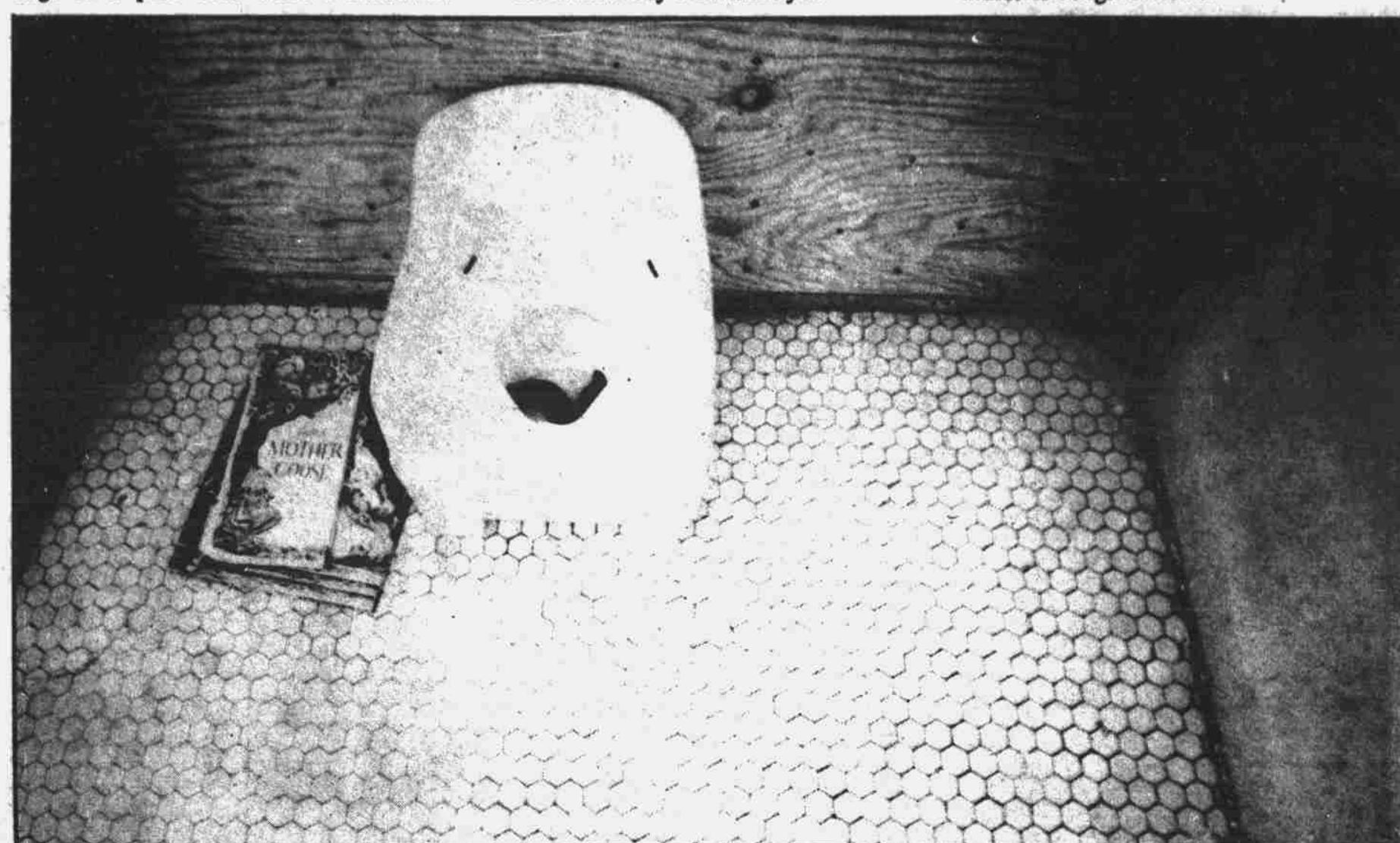


Photo by Mook Driveminnickrazy

Brahms' little-known masterpiece, "The Grand Movement," will be performed by the Harvard City Symphony Orchestra at 8 p.m. tonight.

Senator says 'dirty movies' cause youths' sex-related traffic deaths

By Rundy Excess

Grand Island Sen. Malph Kill-em and Omaha Sen. Pat Vendetta have promised to introduce legislation next year to raise the age at which one may attend R and X rated movies to 21.

The proposed bill would stiffen laws regarding admission to PG rated movies to 17. Kill-em explained that the number of sex-related traffic deaths has increased since movies became more explicit.

He explained that the influence of what he called "dirty movies" on 18 and 19 year olds "has a trickle-down effect, and eventually erodes the morals and values of 13 and 14 year olds."

Kill-em offered statistics showing that VD, pregnancy and sex in general have each increased among teens in the last 10 years.

"This is directly attributable to permissive policies toward entrance to these movies," he said. Kill-em added that the bill will address a much larger problem, that being increasing population.

Opponents of the bill argue that passage of the measure would have no effect on the population growth, but Kill-em said if a fire has been caused by a gas leak, the gas supply must be shut off before the fire can be put out.

"His analogy doesn't work," quipped Grieve Fowlup, an opponent of this and other Kill-em bills aimed at taking privileges away from young people.

"I'm just tired of all this carnage," Kill-em said.

Pres. Farter plans to halt record, Preparation H prices

By Dub Enema

Washington (SOB)—In response to spiraling costs of records, President Farter unveiled his plan to control the price of all albums and singles today.

"Between wars in the east and wars in the west and the mouse that ran up Rosalynn's dress, people need a cheap source of entertainment other than *Night Moves* and *Rollin in Their Sweet Baby's Arms*," he said.

To save dwindling supplies, all FM stations have been temporarily closed, he said. He also ordered that AM radio stations implement programs where more commercials and disc jockey chatter dominates the airwaves than music.

Farter ordered the closing of discos on Sunday's and standby rationing plan for records in case the situation gets critical.

He encouraged people to find substitutes for the household uses of records and for people to slow their stereos to 16 revolutions a minute.

Ease demand

This will lessen the demand for records until the situation eases, he said.

For those who still can find good rock 'n' roll records to listen to, Farter said, they should rock less and roll more until the prices of records start climbing down.

World demand for records have shot up since 1978 when Sid Vicious and punk rock assaulted the East Coast in a new wave.

The vicious attack was labeled a devolution since it hit as people were still

trying to recover from an attack by disco.

In response to the assault, people began to find a variety of uses for albums ranging from lining bird cages to an effective substitute for diaphragms.

As more uses for albums were found, the demand for records rose as the supply fell dangerously low because records are produced in only a few select cities in the United States.

Ordered surcharge

In order to conserve dwindling supplies, mayors of the cities ordered a surcharge placed on each record.

"We must conserve our only resource," the mayors said adding that, high record sales are the only way to keep the record moguls from returning to their premillionaire status as charter members of Hell's Angels.

Last week, Farter announced that the Justice Department would take action against windfall profits the record distributors received from sales.

Farter charged that the record distributors doubled their delivery costs to take advantage of the lucrative record profits.

Since then, the record distributors have responded: "Hey man, don't bug me, we have enough trouble being filthy rich."

Because records are necessary for a good time, the spiraling prices have been a factor in the nation's annual inflation rate of 640 percent, Farter said.

"When the going gets tough the tough get going," he quipped while boarding a plane to China.