

Arts & Entertainment

You sure can tell it's hell

Tacky is cool, cool is tacky, and don't you just love me?

You can tell it's hell because all the beautiful people are here. And the wallpaper is tacky Betty Ford clinic brocade.

The minute you walk in you hear the big throbbing electrotechnosynthbackbeat disco dancefloor delirium. You want to dance, sweep into the eternal party like **Blanche DuBois** on poppers singing "I Feel Pretty" from "West Side Story," put on the teal blue fright wig, spread melted Velveeta on your legs, drink beet juice on ice, cha cha and tango til you just collapse into a giggling little mass.

My name is **Scott Harrah**. Call me Mr. *Outre*, Mr. *Nightlife*. I have a Twinkie for a heart and feet that were made to dance in all the discos of the world. Even as a child, a little **Opie Taylor** growing up Hickman, I put on my mom's wigs, Pharaoh eyeliner and go-go boots, put my little, pale hands on my hips and said, "I'm **Jean Shrimpton!**" to all the little boys on the block. And they believed me.

While the other kids played stickball and keepaway, I sat in my room and practiced blowing kisses just like **Marilyn Monroe**.

By the time I was grown, though, all the beautiful people I knew I'd someday dance with, who would someday adore and adulterate me, smother me guacamole dip and dot my nipples with picante sauce, and teach me how deep and profound it is to be completely superficial and empty-headed, were in hell.

Hell was the hottest club in the world, so I knew I would someday go there.

In hell **Ethel Merman** and **Jackie Susann** frolicked in libidinous lesbian levitation, leviathans lost in lurid lust. **Karen Carpenter** and **Mama Cass** dined in lethean abandon. **Klaus Nomi** sang geisha techno-opera, and **Eddie Sedgewick** killed herself over and over again for the celebrities she loved. In hell everybody knows who **Carol Doda** is. **Ed Wood** makes all the music videos.

Hickman was never this good.

Every minute is two in the morning and the doormen all know me.

"Sweetiel!"

I'd know that voice anywhere.

It was **Liberace**, and he recognized me. But he'd gone to hell. I mean, really gone to hell. He had on a suit that was once studded with rhinestones. I remembered him wearing it on "Hollywood Squares" once. Now there were just little empty pock marks where the rhinestones had been. His once-famous rockabilly poofball ducktail had collapsed from lack of mousse. lack of mousse.

"In hell there is no mousse," he told

me. "Unless, of course, your sin was not using mousse, in which case there's all the mousse you need. Your body is slopped with it."

"What a drag," I said. And it really was.

Ethel Merman ran by in the buff caterwauling "Everything's Coming Up Roses" at the top of her lungs. Jackie followed, reciting:

"Hollywood is a glamorous, throbbing miasma, yeh, miasma..."

Reciting:
"A chic, glamorous, throbbing miasma, yeh, chic..."

"Everything's comin' up sunshine and lollipops..."

"Oh, honey, not to worrrreee, it is hell after all, kiddo." **Talullah Bankhead** the dazzling comfort for all the queen of comedy, plopped her rubbery arm around **Liberace's** shoulders.

"How'dya get a drink in this place?" **Talullah** laughed like a constipated horse.

"I'm **Carmen Miranda** and I'm here to stay..."

How many loony homicidal nannies do you want to see me play before I get to rest?"

"Oh, don't you mess with me, Bette! I'm a star. I'm a star with an ax. You couldn't even act with an ax because it would upstage you..." **Joan Crawford** came running out of a hole in the ground in a party dress, wielding an ax. Then more came running out. There were seven, eight... the **Joan Crawfords** chased Bette into the hills of hell.

Tennessee Williams walked by dressed in a yellow bonnet and looking like **Little Bo Peep**. He dragged **Cerberus**, the three-headed dog or hell, on a leash. He was a wrinkled up, emaciated old homo, but he was continually fanning himself and blocking his face from the light as if his skin were young, fresh and sensitive.

"Hello, I'm the devil."
I was afraid to turn around. **John Kennedy**, **Robert Kennedy** and **Marilyn Monroe** rowed by in a boat.

"We're... goin'... to... a birthday... party..." **Marilyn** said in long breathy tones.

"I said I'm the devil. But just for 15 minutes and then I have to go back and be ridiculed by hell's critics."

Warhol. **Warhol**, who I once thought would give me as many 15-minute allotments as I wanted.

"Have any questions?" he asked.
"What kind of soup was in those cans?" I asked.

"No, no, no, I'm the devil, **Satan**. Ask me questions about hell, about being the devil..."

"How long do I have?" I asked.

"Oh, sure. As if you didn't know that whenever anyone asks me the time, or any question with a number in it, my answer for eternity will be 15 minutes. For eternity. It's the only number I know. They ask me how much **Johnny Marzetti** I want, I say 15. They ask me how many times I want to be flagellated, I say 15. I mean sometimes I want to be flagellated 20 times, or even 30. But 15 is all I get."

"Why is hell so much like what I always thought heaven would be like?" I asked.

"Where do you come from, pal? **Miranda's** running around with a **Caesar Chavez** nightmare mounted for all eternity on her head. **Tennessee Williams** is a woman trapped inside a fop who's trapped inside a raisin. **Monroe** and the **Kennedys** are rowing down **Styx** to a nonexistent birthday party. There are 10 million **Joan Crawfords** chasing **Bette Davis** around the compound with axes... That's not hell? Try it for a couple million years."

"But it's my dream, it's perfect, it's trash, it's kitschy, it's a big dancefloor funfest of shallowness and mediocrity..."

Harrah's Hell
by **Scott Harrah**

Could it be? It was and on her head was an orchard. There were maybe 70 medium-sized Spanish migrant workers picking fruit and driving trucks down the steep sides of her head. There were oranges, apples, pomegranates, olives, bananas, passion fruits, cherries, coconuts, pears, peaches, apricots, guavas and tangerines on her noggin.

Miranda was under heavy load, but she was still dancing and smiling, smiling and dancing.

"Ooh, I've just never seen so many beautiful, trashy glam, dazzling, just plain neat people in my life," I screamed in glee. "I just know I'm not in **Hickman** anymore."

"Oh, you think hell is exciting, do you? You think it's neat?" The staccato, clipped speech, the cheeks sucking in around a cigarette holder. **Bette Davis**. But she wasn't dead.

"But you're not dead," I said, rhyming and giggling over my cleverness.

"Oh, you think your body has to rot into dust before you can start your afterlife, do you?" she said. "You think you have to turn into a little pile of maggots and slime before you get a little satisfaction, eh? Well, not me. I've been in hell ever since I had to work with that **Crawford** woman.

All the music Lieurance knows!

By **Charles Lieurance**

Staff Music Expert/Poet and Intellectual

Macrobiotic Madam, "Rectal Frostbite Syndrome" (Greased-Up And Ready Records.)

Macrobiotic Madam sounds like the result of fusing **James Joyce's** acumen with the somnambulate fringes of a fuzztone guitar weeping for nihilism. Jesus, wasn't that a poetic statement!

Review Bored

You see, I'm **Charles Lieurance**, I used to be a poet and I was once a major part of the LA hardcore punk scene. I also used to live with the legendary **Lester Bangs**, the greatest rock critic who ever lived. He died of an overdose. He injected a masturbatory sense of the most napalmesque romanticism in my tortured soul — and here I am, **Charles Lieurance**, the most sagacious rock critic ever to come within the gorgeous touch of **Whitman's** seaweed. There I did it again! Surely **Spin** mag-

azine will hire me now.

Macrobiotic Madam is from Athens, Ga., meaning that they are an alternative band. They stroke the Southern gothic genre's ornate gables and shove them in the **Michael Stipe/REM** vein of inevitable hipness. They only use guitars, sing songs about how synthesizers are for poofballs and dress themselves daily via the use of their grandmother's rag bag.

I used to know the guys in **Macrobiotic Madam** — I used to know the guys in every band that plays alternative music. In fact, **The Drumstick** often asks me, "Charles, what band should we book?" I can name every song by **Sonic Youth**, the **Meat Puppets**, **Scratch Acid**, **REM**, the **Butthole Surfers** and the **Palpitating Punks Under the Influence**.

"What's **New Pussycat**," **Macrobiotic Madam's** remake of **Tom Jones'** classic go-go lounge theme song, is an obfuscatory piece of **Lord Byron's** tenuous grasp at the steely winds of **William S. Burroughs'** fecundity.

What else can I say but, hey, this album is great! You see, I pretend that I

really speak with the articulate tongue of a man with a huge source of arcane knowledge — a person who knows the music you have never heard of. In real life, however, I never bathe, never use deodorant and never comb my hair. I just drink, and when I think of something brilliant, I write it down. In the last tatty pieces of consciousness, when I have had too many beers and feel sorry for myself, I just raise my can of **Meister Brau** and proudly shriek to the masses, "This is great!" Yes, **Charles Lieurance**, poet, sage, rock critic and all-around obscure and arcane know-it-all, has a two-word vocabulary in real life. The words, you ask? They are the following: "drink" and "great."

But enough about me, **Charles Lieurance**, the **Baby Burroughs**, the **Wiseman** in the wire-rimmed **Ant Glasses**. Take it from me, this album is — what can I say? — it's great. (Album courtesy of a store that sells all the music an alternative-oriented, arcane kind of guy likes.)

Lieurance parody written by **Scott Harrah**.



Andrea Hoy-Vay/Daily Halfaskan

Stylish Satan grimaces for the many glamorous stars in his hot new nightspot: hell.

"Take my word for it, it's hell, gobs of it, hell, hell, hell, hell. Last night I watched 'Empire' for 8 million years. 8 million. Hell." **Warhol** walked away mumbling. Twenty yards away, standing next to the river **Styx**, he turned.

"By the way, I liked your column about me," he said.

"You wanna know something?" It was another voice from right behind me.

A figure sat on a pile of corn. He wore overalls, but I couldn't see his face. It was obscured by a big straw hat. There was a bunny puppet at his feet with its mouth stuffed full of carrots. It looked as though it had choked to death. **Bile** was running out of the sides of its mouth.

"What?" I needed answers.

"This isn't hell and it isn't heaven. It's nowhere, an oblivion made up of things that don't matter. It's not even good enough to be limbo. All the little unbaptized Catholic drool bunnies make more difference than any of these people. I'm **Satan** and I run this because it's fun."

"Who are you?" There was something very familiar about him.

"You think you're a bad boy. You think evil's wearing little dark horn-rimmed glasses, bathing in guacamole dip and drinking and dancing till dawn. You think evil is snorting coke in the bathroom of the **Palladium** and partaking of the pleasure of the flesh under klieg lights?"

"I want to be a very bad boy, Mr. **Satan**," I assured him.

"You want to be a toy, a pretentious little puppet. You want to flash in the pan and then lay there like a dry piece of bacon fat. Check this out."

Satan opened a door behind him.

Calley was shooting babies in a ditch in Vietnam, **Charles Manson** was sticking a fork into a woman's head, **Juan Corona** was burying the limbs of farmworkers in a field, some loon in Philadelphia was dismembering women and turning them into dog food, dictators stuffed food in their pockets while toothpick arms pulled at their pant legs.

"Have a nice day, **Scott Harrah**," the figure said. "**Mr. Green Jeans** told you to."

Harrah parody written by **Charles Lieurance**

Me and Scuzzy like duh blues

By **Stew Magnuson**

Staff Blues Expert

There's this blues legend coming to the **Animale Bar** this weekend, **Scuzzy Scrotumms**. He's from Chicago, where all the good blues band come from. I talked to him on the phone right before my geometry exam. He said this:

"I play duh blues, man."

Stew's Blues

Scuzzy Scrotumms is kind of a dufus, but he's all right cuz he helped me study for my geometry exam. And anyone who helps me, **Stew Magnuson**, blues expert, is cool. Kind of in the same way **Prince** is cool. He plays a guitar, and he is black. That means he is a blues musician. I like blues musicians. I only started listening to them a year ago when my grandma kicked me out of the house for playing "1000" too loud. I was really hummed out,

so I walked down the streets of **Stapleton** and kind of thought stuff out and stuff. I felt really bummed, so I drove to **Lincoln** and went to the **Animale Bar** — and discovered the blues.

Scuzzy Scrotumms plays a mean guitar. He's really bluesy. He's also very good, too. I once flew to Chicago to see him and he kind of blew me away cuz he was so bluesy.

I have all of his albums, and I am a big fan of his. I am a big fan of all blues. Yep, Yeah, **Scuzzy Scrotumms** is pretty good, and I'm sure I'll miss his when I fly to the **Sahara** in Africa to be in the **Peace Corps**.

Listen to me, cuz, hey, I'm **Stew Magnuson** and if you only knew blues like I know the blues. Go see **Scuzzy Scrotumms**.

Scuzzy Scrotumms will appear Friday and Saturday night at the **Animale Bar**. Cover is five bucks, but if you say you know **Stew**, you'll get a discount.

Magnuson parody by **Scott Harrah**