

Drink

the Final Option.

"Okay, Ace, I can see this method is too taxing on your skills as an actor," I said, patting his shoulder, "so I'll share with you this piece of old Hollywood know-how, because there's a million losers out there itching to get their hooks in her." He leaned forward, listening intently, essence of Bastard wafting from his unsquashed nose.

"Just start packing one of these," I advised as I revealed my Rotwiler Option No.3 tucked securely

in its shoulder holster. His eyes widened, alarmed at the simplicity of this thoroughly American solution. "Now, the next time you see a scurvy newshound rushing you just wave this at him, maybe fire over his head a couple times. Believe me, they aren't willing to die for a picture (after all, paparazzi hacks aren't real photojournalists). Now, I carry a .38, but you might prefer to carry something a little heavier, like a .357." I paused as I let this sink in. His eyes

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blazed as he imagined his wife's radiant pride as he blasted Robin Leach in half with a giant metal falliase.

Gradually his zeal began to fade as the legal ramifications crept into his mind and I saw that I had to pull out Truth X. He turned to me, about to voice his doubt when I told him in a conspiring manner: "DeNiro carries a .44!" I thought he would be overcome by the rapture that washed over him as the idea of following in Big Bob's footsteps grasped

him and he enthusiastically thanked me as he staggered out of the bar, bound for the closest pawn shop.

Possession of a firearm could get the little prince locked up for three years, maybe even a nickel if the public was lucky, and if a couple of Enquirer gumshoes wind up with permanent limps. Any journalist worth his salt can dodge bullets anyway. I smiled at the thought of the high quality chaos to follow as I ordered another Suffering Bastard.



On the set of their most recent video, The Cure's Robert Smith, takes a "short" break. Directed by Tim Pope, *Hot Hot Hot!!!*, the third single off the *Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me* LP, was shot on location in an old winery outside London. This struck the lead vocalist, Smith, as rather runny considering he had given up drinking for the next year. Needless to say, that resolution was "short" lived.

View

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And still next, (yes, you can tell I'm writing all this madness off of the top of my head), whatever happened to the comics that used to be done by students, instead of the plagiarized fascimiles we have now in the paper.

How things change during 4 years of school.

Well, I'm outta here, off to my new job taking care of spoiled kids at St. Viator's Community Center. Who knows, maybe next week I'll be writing on how to force-

feed a 3rd grader the back of your hand when he doesn't mind. I'll be back with more from the extended view of Dave's outlook on life as soon as my head clears from the PCAA fumes. Go Rebels, Cerveza, and tan lines.

Later.

P.S. Keep those cards and letters coming. Whoever sends me the most outrageous note, gets a wonderful 2 days and 3 nights at the beautiful Motel 6, on the outskirts of that screamin' city, Las Vegas. Bye.

The Scene

by chris cox

entertainment editor

Believe it or not, there is hope for an ailing society. A few weeks ago, I mentioned the fact of how it is very hard to break new records in Vegas without hearing them on the radio first. Since then I have tried many ways to get people to listen (and dance) to new tracks, and I have had some good luck.

The new remix of *Hot, Hot, Hot!* by the Cure (on Elektra Records) is starting to pack floors. This song oozes funk, yet allows enough room for Robert Smith's tenor voice to shape the melody in his own contextural way. Sporting a new haircut and black Ray-Bans, the video is slowly becoming a hit as well (sort of looks like Billy Joel in *Tell Her About It*). Another record that was a major shock to me that it didn't clear the floor (due to closed minded individuals), was a new remix from Xymox. On 4AD Records (only bought by import usually). The new remix is called *Scum* (nice name, huh?). This is one of those songs that you can listen to over and over and over and...

Last weeks edition of *The Yell* saw a review of the new album by Underworld, and since then Sire Records has released a dance mix of the title cut *Underneath the Radar*. This is a very energetic and well put together record. (It has a fast shuffle beat that mixes well with *Tainted Love*). The first 12" track off of the new album by So has also been released. *Are You Sure* (on EMI-Manhattan) is kind of a slower, melodic tune that can be great for just listening to as well as dancing.

Synthetic Records recording artist Louie Louie has released a tune entitled *The Girl Who Seduced the World*. After reading the title, viewing the cover, and remembering other high energy dance music on the Synthetic label (i.e. Bardeaux). I was looking forward to hearing this. However (doesn't that already sound negative?), the music track was average, with nothing spectacular going on, and the vocal track does not fit at all. The lyrics are long, drawn out, boring, and take away from the record in general.

The pick of the week is the new release from Jellybean on Chrysalis Records. *Just A Mirage* is high energy all the way. The vocals are powerful, the rythms are strong, and the production (of course) is once again another fine job by Jellybean himself. Two other tracks that should be listened to are *Don't Make A Fool of Yourself* by Stacey Q (on Atlantic Records and remixed by Shep Pettibone), and *Leave It All Behind* by Tolga on Cutting Records.

Until next week; take care, listen up, and have fun.

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