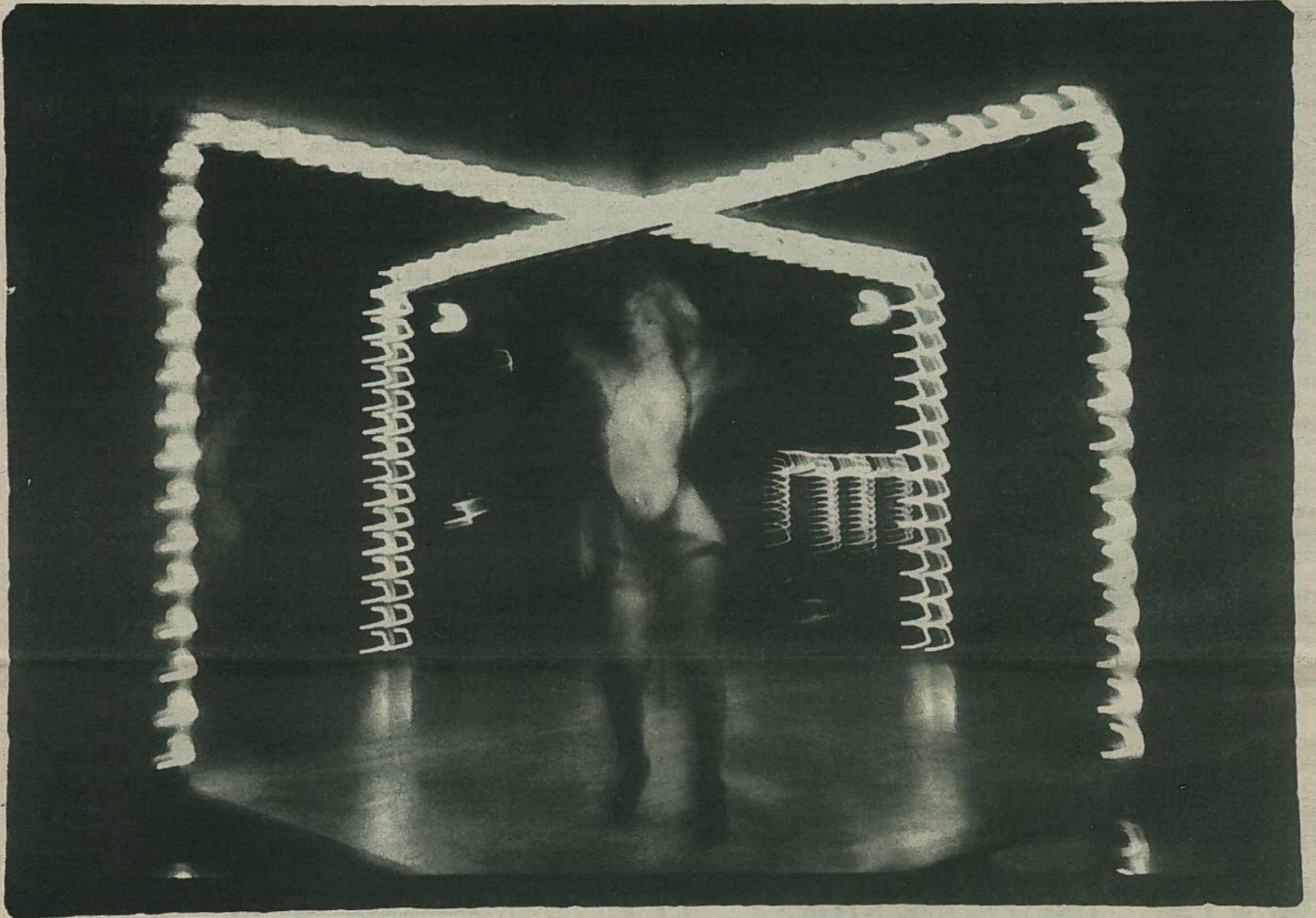


# Touching, Caressing and Fondling Prohibited



Photographs by Mark D. Hundley

## Fantasy Hookers and the People They Work With

Her stage name is Candy. Beneath the runway's pulsating red lights, she bends over and shakes her rear in the face of a guy on "pervert row." The final chords of Rod Stewart's "I Want To Give You My Love Touch" die away as she sashays off stage and walks over to my table.

"That bending over I call 'spank me, I want it from behind,'" she says, laughing. "Before that it was the double spin - shake the tits in the mirror move, followed by a pelvic thrust. That crouching down with pouting lips that I started with, that's what I call my 'I give great head' look." Again, she laughs.

Candy is 25. She has been dancing topless for about two years.

by Todd Grayson

"These guys aren't here to see dance moves like the stuff out of *Flashdance* or any of those movies. It's basically bumps and grinds, maybe toss your hair around. They don't care if you're not a real good dancer," she tells me.

"What's important is establishing eye contact. You check out which of the customers are watching you, then look at the guy like, 'Hey, I'm the hottest thing here!' When you get off stage you walk up to them, smile, and ask if they'd like a table dance. That's how you make your money."

"I make about \$60 on a slow night," says Roxanne, a dancer who swears she's 19 but looks more like 16. On good nights, she takes home over \$200 for a six hour shift.

"It varies. When you've got your Mexican guys in here, the blondes make a

lot of money. The construction workers usually want the brunettes or black girls.

"The guys here like to see your ass, so I wear a T-bar and pantyhose. The pantyhose are a health regulation. Keeps the pubic hairs out of the drinks." She laughs.

The Dream Street Night Club is down on Oracle Road, Tucson's motel/hooker strip. It's raining tonight. The prostitutes carry umbrellas.

I enter the club. At the end of a dark hallway is a podium manned by two bouncers who check identification and escort patrons to their tables. The music is loud, really loud. There is no cover charge, but a sign on the podium informs patrons that there is a \$5 minimum charge for a table dance.

In his office the manager, Kevin, has a cocktail waitress bring me a drink. The bare 100 watt bulbs dangling from the ceiling contrast sharply with the dimly lit show area. A framed photo of a woman holding a child hangs on the wall. Kevin leans back in his chair and props his feet up on the cluttered desk.

"I was 21 when I started working here," Kevin begins. "Until then I had never been in a titty bar. I had been at the university studying microbiology, computer science and biochemistry. I lacked direction and left college to find full-time work and regroup. I started as a doorman here and was quickly moved up to head doorman, then bartender, and then one day I show up and they tell me I'm the manager. From college student to manager of Tucson's largest topless club in less than 10 months," he says, chuckling.

"The business of the club is to sell liquor — the dancers only serve to get the men in here," Kevin says. "But, as I see it, we offer these girls a whole range of opportunities. At the high end, they can make incredible money. At the low end, they are exposed to drugs and street life. It's their choice how they're going to handle it. It can be a fantastic opportunity," Kevin says.

As dancer Connie, a former department store salesperson and beauty school student, puts it, "It's a system of mutual exploitation. You put on a big smile and act. The customer is getting what he wants for money; we're getting money for what the customer wants. It's perfect.

"Most of the dancers have steady boyfriends or husbands," she says. "There are some women who get into this business strictly to meet men, and they go home with a lot of different men. There's some prostitution but very little. The other girls usually don't let them get way with that, 'cause when the steady customers know a girl's a prostitute, it screws things up for the other girls. Prostitution is badly thought of here. The ones who do it, do it very discreetly and away from the bar. We're fancy hookers. We don't need to sleep with these guys in order to make money."

"If a girl gets involved in drugs, she might start turning tricks to pay for her habit," Candy tells me. We are sitting on stacked cases of tequila and rum back in the storeroom. Candy stretches and lights a cigarette. Away from the hyperenergetic pace of the main floor, I begin to notice a split between the stage persona of the dancer and the private person.

"Some girls start to lose self-esteem," she continues. "It depends on the person's attitude. I think it's a lot more degrading working as a waitress for \$3.25 an hour than doing this. You just have to know up front what you're getting into and decide it's not going to affect you. You have to be aware of it all the time, or it's going to fuck you up."

George is one of the bouncers, a sharply dressed man with a rhinestone and diamond earring. Like all the other bouncers, he isn't allowed to have a beard because it gives people something to grab for in a fight. We're standing near the DJ booth, while George keeps an eye on the crowd.

"The girls create the problems most of the time," George says. "I'll be walking my rounds and see the girls getting too close to a guy. They've got to stay twelve inches away, that's the law. And the dancers aren't supposed to do bends at the table. When I tell 'em that they're not supposed to be doing that, they go, 'Yeah, well who the hell are you?' Or the customer will be touching the girls and I tell them, 'Hey, you can't do that.' If the girls are making good money from the guy, she'll get in my face and say, 'Leave him alone, he wasn't doing anything,' or even go so far as to tell me he never touched the girl when in fact I saw him grab her ass. She'll say, 'He didn't touch me, he's a very nice man,' and the guy, he's got this girl acting as an aphrodisiac and thinks I'm getting between him and a piece of ass. Pretty soon he wants to rip my head off.

"Or after a guy gets too intoxicated, we're not allowed to let him have any

more to drink. He's got to go. Well, the girls see a guy who's getting so intoxicated, they'll go over and talk to him, and the guy is feeling good about that and gives her good tips. Then one of us doormen has to come over and tell the guy he has to leave, and the girl says, 'What's he got to go for? He hasn't done anything.' Of course not, not from her point of view, but the club's liquor license can be revoked and the girls don't have to worry about that."

Not all problems involve patrons. There is constant bickering between the cliques of dancers and occasionally fights break out. That's when "house mothers" like Victoria come in.

"When there's a cat fight, I'm the first to jump in," Victoria says. "I don't mind breaking it up. The bouncers don't know what to do. These fights break out over nothing, absolute bullshit. Just women together. That's what women are like.

"House mothers are dancers who are in control over the other dancers," she continues. "I used to be a bartender at a bowling alley before this, in charge of waitresses. I'm used to taking charge. I don't kid around. Kevin, he's the manager, does the scheduling, and I make sure the girls come in, make sure no one leaves without paying taxes. I also DJ and make sure the girls are on the stage or runway when they're supposed to be. I've got to keep the girls within the law, constantly repeating myself even though they know what they're not supposed to do."

"What they're not supposed to do" is outlined in the rules set down by the Arizona Department of Liquor Licenses and Control. I get a copy from Kevin. If a dancer violates any of these, the club can lose its liquor license.

**R4-15-235. Clothing requirements, employees.**

No licensee shall, on the licensed premises:

1. Employ or use any person as an entertainer or in the sale or service of alcoholic beverages... while such person is unclothed or in such attire, costume or clothing as to expose to view any portion of the areola of the female breast or any portion of his or her pubic hair, anus, cleft of the buttocks, vulva or genitals;

2. Encourage or permit any person... to touch, caress, or fondle the breasts, buttocks, anus or genitals of any person.

**R4-15-236. Sex acts prohibited, real or simulated.**

A. No licensee shall permit... any person to perform acts of or acts which constitute or simulate:

1. Sexual intercourse, masturbation, sodomy, bestiality, oral copulation, flagellation or any sexual acts prohibited by law;

2. The touching, caressing or fondling...

Topless dancers get around the "expose to view" clause by cutting the pads out of sheer band-aids and joining the two side pieces, placing the sheer strip over their areolas. Properly applied, they're nearly impossible to detect.

My glass is empty and I move over to the bar for a refill. A glass of beer is \$2.50, shots are \$2.75 and mixed drinks start at \$3.25. John, one of the bartenders, gives me his philosophy on the scene.

"A lot of our customers are lonely, not just for female companionship, but for male, too. They come in to talk to the bartenders, the other customers, the girls. They're just lonely guys. A lot of them are married, or people in long relationships who are just kind of bored and they're looking to spend time with other women. It's not thought of as cheating, or if it is, it's innocent cheating, I guess." He laughs pretty hard at this.

George, the bouncer, agrees.

"It's all a game, you know. Not all guys come in here 'cause they want sex," he says. "Young guys who just got divorced, the lady he was with was the only one he's had. He doesn't know how to communicate with girls and he's tried the singles scene, so he comes over here and gets teased. The girls will at least talk to him a bit. Or, he comes here just to work up the nerve to go to the singles bar. Others are just fools who want to look at some tits and ass and pay \$2.50 for an Old Milwaukee." Both George and John laugh.

"Some of these guys who come in here are real scumbags," a young dancer tells me. "Others are real cool. I'm not much on judging people. No man of mine would be in here. But it's no big deal. It's just a big tease. That's all it is. The guys say, 'Oh babe, you turn me on so much,' but it's, 'Dude, you asked me to turn you on! That's your problem. I'm not going with you.'

"Just about everyone propositions me. Others sit there and tell me about what a hard-on they have, all this stuff. It's stressful."

Robin chimes in, "Yeah, we are constantly getting shit from the guys. Every time we go three steps we're getting 'Hey babe, you want to go home, do some drugs, party, fuck.' It gets to be a real piss-off.

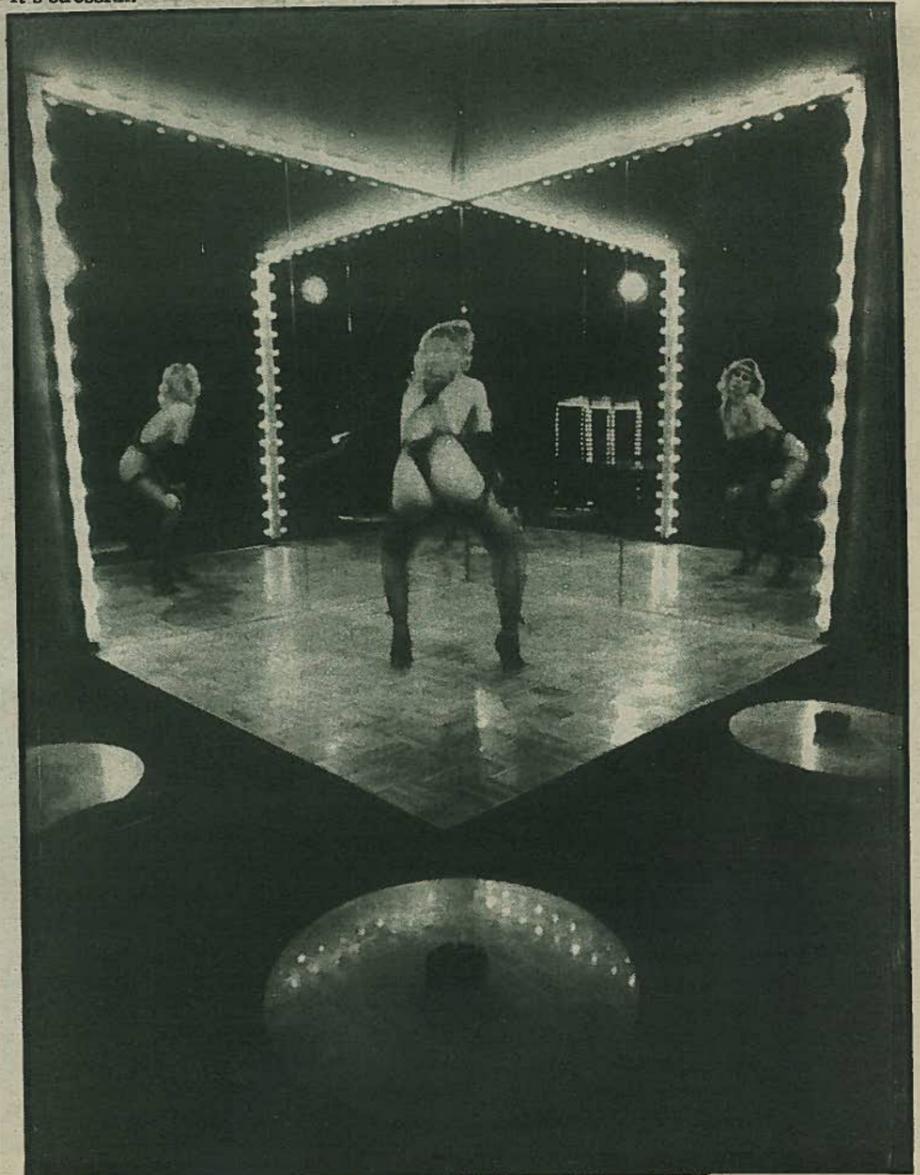
"Occasionally there will be a guy who can turn my head, which is pretty hard, and I wonder why the guy doesn't have a girlfriend, 'cause from the outside they've got money, they've got looks. There's no reason for that son-of-a-bitch to be sitting here." Robin stops to light a cigarette, then goes on. "The biggest jerks are the college kids. They're awful." Everyone agrees with her on this.

"They're always in groups," says Jim, a bouncer, "and they're always loudmouths. These are kids who think they own the world. You try to calm them down, but they're always trying to fuck up the show, clapping off beat and booing the girls, and you often end up carrying them out. When you've got guys six-four like me standing around looking big, it's usually enough of a deterrent. A guy sees us start to move in on him, he'll mellow out and leave, unless he can run back to his group of college boys."

I ask a group of dancers how working at a topless bar affects their personal life, how they keep from completely turning off men, how, after so much practice, all relationships don't just become acting. Veronica is the first to respond.

"The role you play when you're dancing has nothing to do with who you are. I'm not a social person. I don't tell

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# Jeff Keenan On Van Christian

We asked Phantom Limb Jeff Keenan to interview Naked Prey's Van Christian. We asked the King of Cut-Up to talk with the Sultan of Sludge.

The Prince of Pop needles the Leader of Loud.

You get the idea.

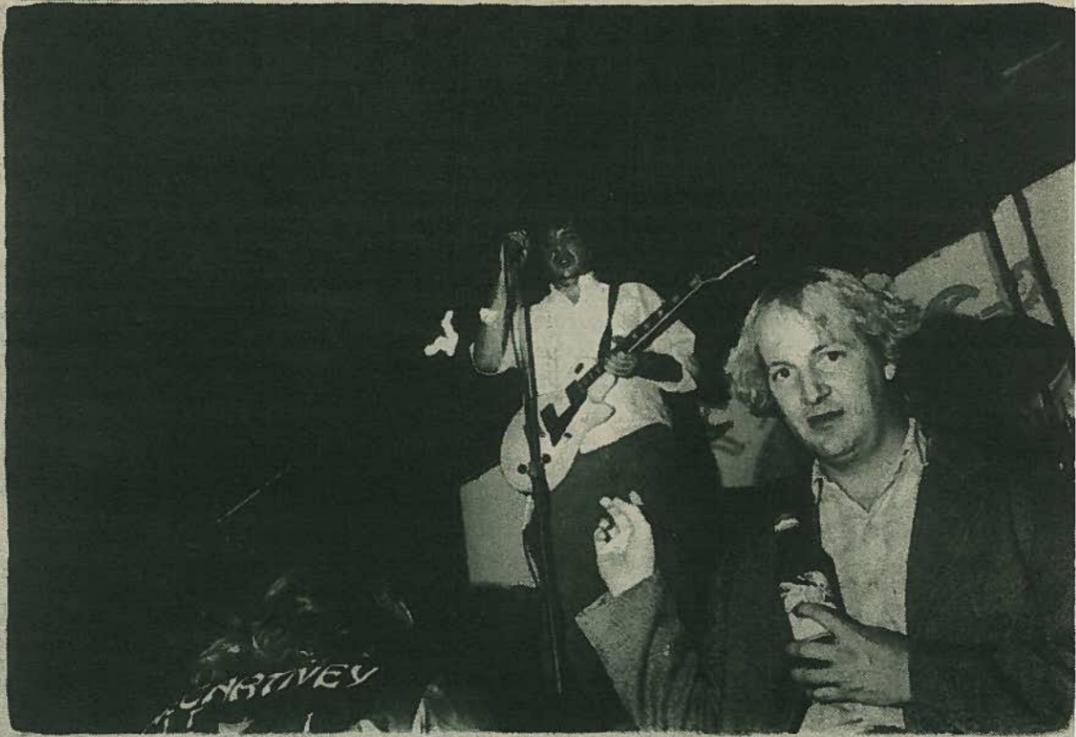


Photo by Paul Rot

**Jeff Keenan:** OK, let's pretend I'm a college student and I work at a college radio station. You guys just came in for an interview and I've never fucking heard of you.

**Van Christian:** Let's say you are the new writer for the Wildcat... this year! You have a new album out (*40 Miles from Nowhere*). Are you satisfied with the way it came out?

**New album.** Yeah, I'm satisfied. It's out. I believe it's a good record. All that stuff. A lot of people, I might say, are disenchanted with the new record.

**A lot of people, do you think?**

I'm getting some, you know, mixed feedback on it. I think it's more of a, seriously more of an adult record than the past records. It's not as obviously 'good', say as *Under the Blue Marlin*, where it's like, say you have a cute little puppy and it grows up to be a big ugly dog. I think that's what we've done.

**So, it's sort of like you are a big ugly dog?**

It's the big ugly dog syndrome, I think.

**Are you satisfied, or proud or disappointed, or whatever in what you've done with music?**

I'm really proud, so far. I'm somewhat proud just that I'm able to make records. That to me is somewhat privileged. No matter what level it's on, I think it's privileged to be able to make a record. I think everybody should feel that way, that's able to make records, because it is something. Not that these bands that don't make records aren't anywhere, they could be better or worse regardless.

**I remember when you guys first started out, and you seemed to be pretty psyched up about Slash or A&M was going to do something or somebody/something else?**

Yeah, everybody goes through that shit. I didn't know any better. But, it's kinda funny now looking back on it. Like you say someone's gonna do something, someone else is gonna do something. That's always the case. But what good is that exactly? I mean, that could be the worst thing that could ever happen to a band, in my opinion.

**You mean being with a major label that doesn't really push the band? Yeah, because then, there you are and then where do you go?**

**Does Frontier (Records) tell you anything like about what you're supposed to sound like?**

They try not to, but they get a little snively sometimes. They want to hear demo tapes. The funny thing about it is that they think they know what the hell they want and they have no idea what it is that they want. So they're trying to tell you what they want. If I knew what was a hit and they knew what was a hit, well, we'd all be rich, wouldn't we? Another thing, a hit costs \$250,000 to get on the radio. I think we all know that. So who are you trying to kid having a \$12,000 budget. And trying to get a \$50,000 sound or \$100,000 sound. Which is kind of a cop out, you know what I mean?

**Yeah, that's like pretty much everyone's experience that I deal with. People at the record labels, they think they know what they're doing. They probably are doing the best that they can, but they don't really know, and they really can't. The only thing that they have going for them is that it's their money. That's all they do have.**

**A lot of people write by formula but I just don't. I can't say, "Oh, this is gonna be a perfect pop song." I mean I could sit around and say little things like that all day. They probably do.**

**And you see people who have tried a lot of different things, you see them go through all these different stages trying to do something and it doesn't work at all. They try to do something else.**

**Yeah, what do they do? You forgot what you did in the first place, which wasn't what**

anybody told you to do. You know, like when we were younger. We didn't give a fuck what anybody thought. Why should we now?

**I remember your first demo tape. It had some kind of weird stuff on it.**

Well, incredible probably.

**Did you tame that down on purpose or do things get "tamed down" anyway?**

I think that happens naturally. With age, maybe. I don't know... But I don't see any reason why I should give a shit what anybody thinks. But you know, I'm on a small record label. It's not a lot of pressure on me. The most pressure I have is "C'mon, Van. No more songs about trains." That's about the worst it gets.

**How do you decide what to write about?**

I usually have a real hard time writing lyrics, because I don't really write lyrics before I record. Live, I'll sing whatever. They'll be a couple of things I usually say. Then when it comes time to record it, I don't think about it at all. Then I kind of put it together in my head and work it out in the studio. Which people hate, because it costs so much for me to do that. I'm literally, like "Well, time to do the vocals. I'm gonna sit down and write some lyrics for this stuff," and they freak. They hate that. That's why Frontier wanted me to do these demos. I sent them most of the demos without any lyrics on them at all. I hate demos. In fact, I'm not sure how much I like making records either, but it's a necessary evil. It's real good if you can really do what you want to do. But I feel like Lou Reed, I want to bring in an orchestra and some chicks. I want the whole deal.

**And the colored girls going, "Doot doo doot doo doot"!**

Yeah! And the colored girls going, "Doot doo doot doo doot"! But that's just not possible. I'm lucky if I can get a guy to play keyboards.

**So, you basically come up with your songs together?**

It depends. Somebody will write some chords, usually I write something and bring it to the band, and usually it's shit. I got a hundred songs that sound great at home on my acoustic guitar. But when I play it on electric (makes noises) forget it! If you could get people to play songs the way you hear it, we'd all be rich. But you can't. You can only make them play it the way they play it.

**When you write, do you put together the music to a song in order to fit in a certain place musically? Trying to do stuff you liked before or trying to do something completely different?**

I don't think about that at all. I just do what I do, which is my standard answer for that. I really don't feel like I'm conscious of stuff I've heard in the past. I am, obviously, but I don't think about it. That's a hard question.

**It is a hard question. That's why I ask it. When you started the band, did you think about that stuff? Like, "I'm gonna do a certain kind of music"?**

When I started the band? C'mon, I just thought it was hilarious anybody would let us play anywhere. When I started the band, the whole thing was a joke. I'd be so loud and obnoxious and bad. It was humorous, but I was laughing with everyone. It wasn't like, "Shit! Everyone's laughing! Says my band is shitty!" It was more like "Yeah, everyone is laughing. Says my band is shitty."

**Everyone liked you.**

Well, in the beginning. They liked us but we were shitty. But later on it was all trendy. "We like that! It's hard! He's angry!" I think the new record's more tasteful. The songs don't jump out, like "Flesh on the Wall" (from Naked Prey's debut E.P.), or something, where you go, "Oh, that's neat! That's cute!"

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# PICKS FOR '87s BEST DISCS

Here is a list of the best records we listened to in 1987. Most of these were originally reviewed in past issues. Addresses are given for the more obscure choices.

**Butthole Surfers - *Locust Abortion Technican*** (Touch and Go) Goofy? Yes. Hilarious? Of course. Fantastic? As always. Not for the timid, but if that's your problem, you're on the wrong planet. (Touch and Go Records, P.O. Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625)

**The Cat Heads - *Hubba*** (Restless) They blaze through the raunchiest rock you ever heard, then come on all soft and cuddly on some folksy slide guitar numbers that'll leave you close to tears. Goofy enough to be fun, smart enough to make it work. (Restless Records, El Segundo, CA 90245-2428)

**Crowded House - *Crowded House*** (EMI/Capitol) The difference between good Top 40 and great Top 40 is something Neil Finn knows all about, and something this LP won't let you forget.

**Dinosaur, Jr. - *You're Living All Over Me*** (SST) Jackhammer pulsings set to wave after wave of searing gut grunge. Made more remarkable than most aural attacks because these guys have plenty of heart and soul. (SST Records, P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260)

**John Hiatt - *Bring the Family*** (A&M) This ballsy bounce-back should make up for all his lackluster LPs in the past. Throw in Ry Cooder and Nick

Lowe and you have a backing combo that knows how to cook an album to the brink of boiling.

**Prince - *Sign o' the Times*** (Paisley Park/WB) Heaven knows, the world does not need another double-record set by His Reigning Purpleness. Heaven knows, he doesn't know his limitations. Heaven knows, the title track is one of the boldest, most amazing songs of the last five years.

**REM - *Document*** (I.R.S.) It's a butterfly hovering over an abyss. It's the color of fire in hell-black. It's not their best, but second best. Whatever, it makes the list.

**The Replacements - *Pleased to Meet Me*** (Sire) You'd be hard pressed to find another major label band that could title a song after underground guru Alex Chilton and (almost) make it a hit. Now, if they could just axe the horn section.

**Salem 66 - *Frequency and Urgency*** (Homestead) Lover comers lover with "Are You Tired/Or Are You Defeated?" So, how's your love life? Moody, introspective and completely compelling. (Homestead Records, c/o Dutch East India Trading, P.O. Box 570, Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0570)

**Screaming Blue Messiahs - *Bikini Red*** (Elektra) What's big and bald and hip all over? David Bowie's current fave is stealing up the charts with "I Wanna Be a Flintstone," the best ode to a cartoon character since Carly Simon sang "You're So Vain" about

Mick Jagger. You can't deny that they deserve the attention.

**Sex Clark Five - *Strum and Drum*** (Records to Russia) Hard to find and worth the effort. The Minutemen bump into the Beatles at a party thrown by T. Rex. Or something akin to taking every classic hit song, throwing it into a blender and serving it in shot glasses. (Records to Russia, 1207 Big Cove Road, Huntsville, AL 35801)

**Silos - *Cuba*** (Record Collect) Their 1986 album, *About Her Steps*, was a fresh surprise. *Cuba* is a blunt reminder. No labels here: it's acoustic, it's electric, it's country, it's rock, it's grungy, it's graceful. It's not to be missed. (Record Collect Records, P.O. Box 20845, Tompkins Square Station, New York, NY 10009)

**Sun City Girls - *Horse Cock Phepner*** (Placebo) Their mellowest to date, but with these guys that doesn't mean much. Some find them a little too reckless to cope with, but who can resist the sound of Satan digging through your speakers with a chainsaw? Not us! (Placebo Records, P.O. Box 23316, Phoenix, AZ 85063)

**U2 - *The Joshua Tree*** (Island) Number one on the charts, the cover of *Time* magazine, sell-out stadium concerts. What could we add that would make any difference?

**Various Artists - *Sounds of Now*** (Dionysus) Sixteen tracks of pure, blazing psychedelic punk junk (one of

'em by El Con icon Al Perry), with cover art that puts the "cheese" back into "cheesy." (Dionysus Records, P.O. Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

**Viv Akauldren - *I'll Call You Sometime*** (Akashic) They've got their share of pretense, but it's when they drop the astrology chart and simply fly across your ears that their sonic nirvana is within reach. (Akashic Records, P.O. Box 23265, Detroit, MI 48223)

**Tom Waits - *Frank's Wild Years*** (Island) The soundtrack to his and wife Kathleen Brennan's musical of the same name. Here are 17 songs: some of the saddest, most strange and beautiful songs of the year. Waits performed on the Kurt Weill tribute LP *Lost in the Stars*, and it is not hard to imagine that 50 years from now, a similar LP will be made in honor of Tom Waits.

**X - *See How We Are*** (Elektra) Ain't Growth Grand? Just when you were ready to write them off, they pull off their most realized effort since *Wild Gift* and win your respect all over again.

**Warren Zevon - *Sentimental Hygiene*** (Virgin) What can you say about an aging, alcoholic rocker who cleans up his act within the vinyl trappings of his first LP in over four years? Is this a trick question or what?

We asked some of the most well-known local musicmongers what they listened to most in 1987. Some choices are not current and have their release dates listed. Record labels are listed if known.

**Gene Ruley - Guitar hero for River Roses and Phantom Limbs**

**Aerosmith - *Permanent Vacation*** (Geffen)

**Bullhorn - Unreleased live demo tape**

**Cocteau Twins - *Treasure*** (4AD)

**The Feelies - *The Good Earth*** (Coyote, 1986)

**Meat Puppets - *Mirage*** (SST)

**Robbie Robertson - *Robbie Robertson*** (Geffen)

**Patti Smith - *Easter*** (Arista, 1976)

**Suzanne Vega - *Suzanne Vega*** (A&M)

**X - *See How We Are*** (Elektra)

**XTC - *Skylarking*** (Geffen, 1986)

**Rainer Ptacek - Dobro meister and leader of Das Combo**

**Beethoven - *Piano Sonata #14 in C# Minor***

**Greg Brown - *Songs of Innocence and Experience*** (Red House Records)

**Bob Dylan - *Outtakes*** (Bootleg, 1965-1986)

**Peter Gabriel - *So*** (Geffen)

**The Gospel of Colonus - *Soundtrack*** (Warner Bros.)

**John Hiatt - *Bring the Family*** (A&M)

**J.B. Lenoir - *Crusade*** (Polydor, 1969)

**Prokofiev - *Romeo & Juliet*** by the Kurtz Philharmonia

**The Replacements - *Pleased to Meet Me*** (Sire)

**Ruth Welcome - *Hi-Fi Zither*** (Capitol, 1956)

**Kelle Nolan - Currently managing Phoenix's Rabid Rabbit**

**Blue Movie - *Milking the Masters*** (Good Foot Records)

**The Cult - *Electric*** (Sire)

**Game Theory - *Big Shot Chronicles*** (Enigma, 1986)

**Guns and Roses - *Guns and Roses*** (Geffen)

**Jane's Addiction - *Jane's Addiction*** (XXX Records)

**Jesus & Mary Chain - *Darklands*** (Warner Bros.)

**Mission UK - *God's Own Medicine*** (Mercury)

**Redd Kross - *Neurotic*** (Big Time)

**TSOL - *Hit and Run*** (Enigma)

**XTC - *Skylarking*** (Geffen, 1986)

**Gene Armstrong - Critic-at-large for *The Arizona Daily Star***

**Dave Alvin - *Romeo's Escape*** (Epic)

**Casselberry-Dupree - *City Down*** (Iceberg, 1986)

**Bruce Cockburn - *Waiting for a Miracle*** (Gold Castle)

**Ry Cooder - *Get Rhythm*** (Warner Bros.)

**Nick Drake - *Fruit Tree*** (Hannibal, 1986)

**John Hiatt - *Bring the Family*** (A&M)

**Prince - *Sign o' the Times*** (Paisley Park/Warner Bros)

**The Replacements - *Pleased to Meet Me*** (Sire)

**Screaming Trees - *Even If and Especially When*** (SST)

**Tom Waits - *Frank's Wild Years*** (Island)

**Blaine Ford - Notorious vinyl addict and owner of Al Bum's**

**The Call - *Into the Woods*** (Elektra)

**Las Cruces - Live tape**

**Dukes of Stratosphere - *Psonic Pspot*** (Virgin)

**Naked Prey - *40 Miles from Nowhere*** (Frontier)

**New Order - *Substance***

**Screaming Blue Messiahs - *Wild Blue Yonder*** (Elektra, 1986)

**Sidewinders - Forthcoming album, *iCuachal***

**U2 - *The Joshua Tree*** (Island)

**Waterboys - All three of their LP's**

**Wire Train - *Ten Women*** (815 Records, 1986)

**David Slutes - Lead throat for the Sidewinders and famous studio manager**

**Dumptruck - *Into the Country*** (Big Time)

**John Hiatt - *Bring the Family*** (A&M)

**Hoodoo Gurus - *Blow Your Cool*** (Elektra)

**Lime Spiders - *The Cave Comes Alive*** (Big Time)

**Meat Puppets - *Mirage*** (SST)

**The Replacements - *Pleased to Meet Me*** (Sire)

**Screaming Blue Messiahs - *Wild Blue Yonder*** (Elektra, 1986) and

***Bikini Red*** (Elektra, 1987)

**Sonic Youth - *Sister*** (SST)

**Bruce Springsteen - *Tunnel of Love*** (Columbia)

**Tom Waits - *Frank's Wild Years*** (Island)

**Wrex Record Store - Joey, Kevin & Paul**

**Articles of Faith - *In This Life***

**Bloodspasm - Demo tape**

**The Bomb - *To Elvis in Hell*** (Ga Ga Da Da)

**Broken Bones - *F.O.A.D.*** (Combat)

continued on page 12

# Skank on down

An Ethiopian flag, superimposed with a picture of a clenched fist behind barbed wire, hangs a little off center on the wall. Nearby, a Jamaican flag hangs with Bob Marley's image in the center and the word "freedom" inscribed beneath.

The banners adorn Roots Man Skanking, a reggae record, tape and accessory distributor, run by Ariana D'Oyen and Monty Brown.

The company specializes in hard-to-find imported reggae records, the only outlet for such vinyl in Arizona, D'Oyen says. The accessories they sell — everything from the aforementioned flags, shirts, posters and even socks — are emblazoned with red, green and gold, the national colors of many black African countries.

D'Oyen, of black West Indian and American descent, and Brown, a Jamaican whose family immigrated to England, say their business centers around the culture and history of their African ancestry.

"Reggae is a testimony to the memory of cultures, peoples and events that happened in Africa thousands of years ago, before we were brought as slaves to the West Indies or the Americas," D'Oyen says. "It is a musical tradition rich with culture of oppressed, exploited people."

Enticed by Arizona's large reggae community, she and Brown came to Tucson in August and started Roots Man

Skanking in a small guesthouse. In early December, they moved into the old Hollywood Records location at 1722 E. Speedway Blvd.

"We believe in establishing our own business ourselves," D'Oyen says. She describes the business as "grass-roots" and "entrepreneurial."

"We want to promote our culture. We want to support the economy of our peoples," she says. "We are discriminated against so there is not a lot of economic opportunity for us in corporate America."

D'Oyen met and Brown four years ago at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque, where she was studying politics and ethnic studies. Brown, who has promoted reggae music for 15 years, studied the same subjects as a student years before. "He had a lot to teach me," D'Oyen says, "and I had my time to offer him in setting up his businesses."

Brown, along with three partners, also runs Reggae International Productions, which promotes live reggae concerts. Their first event was the successful Meditations and Sister Carol show in September.

"The bands came and made a statement about black dignity and pride," D'Oyen says, referring to the controversy over Gov. Evan Mecham's rescission of the state's Martin Luther King holiday.

However, she says many non-black, politically and economically oppressed peoples also enjoy the music. "Reggae is

more popular in Asia than in the United States," D'Oyen explains.

Native Americans are also big fans of the music, she says, adding that that was another reason for establishing their business here in the Southwest.

Through distribution of reggae, D'Oyen and Brown hope to open minds to not just black but worldwide struggles. "It doesn't matter if you are living under a U.S. or Soviet-backed regime, so many people are suffering today," D'Oyen says.

"Reggae is a powerful message music on intellectual levels. It entertains but also teaches. It reflects history, politics and spirituality."

Reggae is thought-provoking, socially-oriented music, she says. "Some people can't start their day without listening to Bob Marley."

*Wendy Goble, a Rhetoric Farm staffer, is a sophomore in journalism at the University of Arizona. She currently works as an editorial assistant for the UA Foundation.*

## Best of '87 continued from page 11

- Butthole Surfers - *Locust Abortion Technician* (Touch and Go)
- Celibate Rifles - *Roman Beach Party* (Homestead)
- Circle Jerks - *VI* (Relativity)
- The Cramps - *Rockin' and Reelin' in Auckland New Zealand* (Live bootleg, Vengeance Records)
- Gaye Bikers on Acid - *Karma Nose Dive* (Caroline Records)
- G.B.H. - *No Need to Panic* (Combat)
- G.G. Allin - *Dirty Love Songs* (New Rose)
- Jane's Addiction - Unreleased demo tapes
- New Model Army - *New Model Army* (EMI)
- Opinion Zero - Demo tape
- Ramones - *Halfway to Insanity* (Sire)
- Siouxsie & the Banshees - *Through the Looking Glass* (Geffen)
- Sonic Youth - *Sister* (SST)
- U.P.S. - Demo tape
- Various Artists - *Lonely is An Eyesore* (4AD Records)
- Various Artists - *Welcome to 1984 II* (New Wave Records)
- Zero Boys - *Vicious Circle* (Toxic Shock)
- Zodiac Mindwarp - *High Priest of Love*

by Wendy Goble

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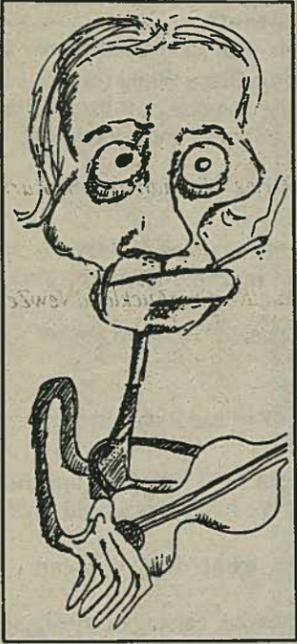
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# Al's Cassette Corner



Well, here is a selection of some recent additions to the old tape library. All are great and I would strongly recommend writing to these fine people so that you too can check out the vital, creative music of the incredible cassette underground.

**Gibson Bros. - Build a Raft (Old Age)** This tape (as well as their three-song EP) contains raw RAW roots-style rockin' and it sounds like they're having a blast. Gnarly guitars, just out-of-tune enough to give them that edge, combine with wild hick style croonin' and yellin' to make a tape that is one of my

all-time favorites. They play a blend of blues and country that sounds like a buncha hicks from the backwoods of Arkansas with no preconceived notions about music, who were given assorted electric instruments and told to play them as though their very lives depended on it. In an age of slickly produced drivel, their music is very refreshing. Just the fact that a band like this exists renews my faith in the underground. They nod to tradition without being enslaved by it like so many "roots" style bands. So, you gotta check 'em out. Great cover photo. Side two is recorded live at an elementary school and features a hilarious introduction by the principal. (c/o Don Howland, 1485 King Ave., Columbus, OH 43212)

**John Hinds - Black Window (Omnisonic)** John and his brother Peter create an intense mess of guitar noise and off-kilter rhythms. The tape simply jumps out of your speakers and down your throat. Lots of fuzz and dissonance. It's almost upsetting to listen to, unless you're a noise lover like me. And there's plenty of interesting-guitar work. I have no idea what these guys would classify this music as, nor do I have a clue as to what the influences are. Post-Hendrix industrial progressive fusion? To even try to pin it down would be doing them a great disservice, but if you're a guitar fan or an avant-rock fan then you would be doing them an even greater disservice by not writing immediately and ordering this tape. (P.O. Box 786, Millbrae, CA 94030)

**Cool & the Clones - Lost In Space (EJAZ)** A Washington D.C. area collective specializing in free jazz. They

use horns, guitars and drums to create an engaging, joyous musical chaos that's as fun to listen to as I'm sure it was to make. This tape is their tribute to the Challenger and has radio stuff and electronics added to the mix. I've got a few tapes of theirs and an LP, and they're all delightful listening. Some of them feature some cool garage-rock tunes, but noise-jazz is the main focus, with the emphasis on improvisation. I like 'em, you will too. Ask for the compilation *Clones and Friends* also. (6511 81st St., Cabin John, MD 20818)

**The Zopes - Noise for Attention (Painless)** Finally, a local tape. This tape isn't noise, but rather a solid collection of well-created rock. Their press reviews cite influences that I couldn't hear, but that's because this collection of tunes is quite eclectic. The musicianship is excellent and the recording (at Sound Factory) is impeccable. It sounds to me like country-rock with a bit of a jazzy influence, but I don't know. All I know is that I find it most likeable, and you really should buy it. I don't think they ever play any live shows, and this is not good, because I would love to hear 'em at a club. They oughta press this up. (526 S. Catalina, Tucson, AZ 85711)

*Al Perry is guitarist/vocalist for Al Perry & the Cattle when he isn't tending bar at Tequila Mockingbird.*

by Al Perry

## Fantasy Hookers continued from page 9

people I'm a dancer. You never tell people you're a dancer. The first thing they're going to think is that you're sleazy, that's, well, we won't go into that. It's a job.

"I didn't have a boyfriend when I started working here," she continues, "but I've got one now. He doesn't like it at all. When he drops me off, every single night, he says, 'You're going to meet someone better looking, with more money,' and it's like he thinks I'm interested in their wallets."

One thing all the dancers agree on is that you never use your real name when you're dancing. Everyone's got a stage name.

"My dad doesn't know I'm working here and never will know," says Lisa, a single mother with a four-year-old son. "He's very... well... he's rich, white socks, black shoes type of person. My mother, they're separated, she didn't like me working here, but she was having money problems, so I helped her out. I let her know where I was getting the money from and she didn't want to hear it."

"I usually don't tell people I'm a dancer," Candy says. "I tell them I'm a

cocktail waitress. That's more acceptable for most of them."

"I don't even think about this place unless I'm here," says another. "My friends don't know I dance at all, not even my boyfriend. It's a real trip."

ZZ Top's "Legs" dies down and Kevin's voice booms out over the PA system: "Last call for alcohol! Last call for alcohol!"

In a few minutes the house lights go up and the crowd starts to shuffle out.

It's stopped raining. I stand outside with one of the bouncers and watch the scene in the parking lot.

"You know," says one of the bouncers, "this place fulfills a lot of needs. Not just for the customers but for the girls too. A lot of these girls wouldn't be able to get jobs elsewhere. They've always been able to get through life by their looks and charm. For them, this is the ideal work. It's a great job."

Noisy groups of men shout back and forth. Engines rev. Dancers are whisked away by waiting husbands and lovers. Hookers wait nearby.

*Todd Grayson, a senior in the University of Arizona's Creative Writing Program, is presently an editor for that program's Persona magazine and writes science articles for the Arizona Daily Wildcat.*

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# Records

## Texas Instruments - *Texas Instruments* (Rabid Cat)

This is one band to keep an eye on as its career progresses. They write intelligent, biting lyrics and make songs better than the waves of stagnant and meaningless music you're likely to hear on the radio. In addition, Texas Instruments is that rare band that plays on record like they would live — the better not to interfere with the messages in their songs by using studio gimmicks. They sound like they would be great to hear in a bar, passionate and shit-kicking at the same time. And if the saying is true that you can tell a band by the tunes they cover, then their choices for this LP — Woody Guthrie's "Do Re Mi" and Bob Dylan's transcendent "A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall" — show that they not only have good taste, these guys are also daring.

The record could benefit from better production; the whole thing sounds like it was recorded through three layers of fiberglass insulation. That, and the Instruments' sloppy playing sometimes makes the songs not just raw-sounding, but muddy and obscure. Experience in front of the microphone and mixing board will fix that soon enough.

The angry committed spirit behind this band has to be heard. Talented lyric-writing combined with a heated sensibility demonstrates their songs' debt to Guthrie and Dylan, but this stuff is not a mere throwback to '50s and '60s political folk music. Their concerns are firmly rooted in issues of the here-and-now, and so is their music.

(Write to: Rabid Cat Records, P.O. Box 49263, Austin, TX 78765)

-Paul Roth

## Zero Boys - *Vicious Circle* (Toxic Shock Records)

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(Write to: Toxic Shock, P.O. Box 242, Pomona, CA 91769)

-Jose' Jose

## The Hickoids - *We're in It for the Corn* (Matako Mazuri Records)

## The Ideals - *High Art E.P.* (Wow Records)

## The Ideals - *Poor Man's ZZ Top* (Budget Ranch/Toxic Shock)

The Hickoids take country music, stretch it to the point of hokiness, and top it off with ridiculously loose and boozy sets. As such, they are certainly one of The All-Time Greatest Bands in the Entire Existence of the Universe.

The Hickoids have proven themselves much better on their debut album than the *Corn* E.P. demonstrates, but it still speaks volumes of quality (albeit abrasive) entertainment. The Ideals are the Hickoids in disguise, and the titles speak for themselves: ZZ Top could only hope they sound this great, and the *High Art E.P.* is, of course, exactly the opposite. Recorded live before a comatose audience, one can understand why bar owners dislike musical acts that try to offend the audience into leaving.

Both outfits could change the face of popular music if popular music would ever consider that *Hee Haw* may have been more important than The Who.

(Write to: Toxic Shock, P.O. Box 242, Pomona, CA 91769 and Matako Mazuri, P.O. Box 4084, Austin, TX 78765)

-Peter Catalanotte

## Thee Fourgiven - *Testify* (Dionysus Records)

On stage, words like "wild," "raucous," and "frenzied" become extreme understatements. On record, their genius is only more apparent. So why aren't these guys more popular?

Good question. It is almost unbelievable how the rest of the world can live its squalid lives without the fuck-you fuzz of "Lead Yourself," or the off-step kilter of "Second Chance." Rich Coffee has a knack for harrowing hooks and finding spazzed-out drummers, while Ray Flores knows the virtues of a great bass line and even better tuxedo shirts.

Their debut LP *It's Not Pretty Down Here* was anything but dull. Their latest should prove they're just getting better and better, and they probably won't wait for you to catch up with them.

(Write to: Dionysus, P.O. Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

-Peter Catalanotte

## Jeff Keenan

continued from page 10

"Wichita Lineman", why did you do it that way, instead of the way you did it live? Is there a good story behind that?

No, not that good. I was going to sing it, but I had trouble with some of the parts. I was actually singing it pretty well, then I started doing the Barry White version and I liked it. I thought it was funny as hell. I was laughing like crazy. It has a certain effect. People don't know whether to take it seriously or not. I got a good joke. What do you call a guy who hangs out with musicians?

I give up.

A drummer.

I know a Grateful Dead joke. How many Deadheads does it take to screw in a light bulb? Three. One to screw in the lightbulb, and two drummers.

I'm not much of a Deadhead. But I would like to say we covered "Hell in a Bucket" long before —

— they wrote it?

No, after they wrote it. Long before they ever recorded it. I've had it on a live tape.

Oh, one of those rare Dead bootlegs.

Let's see, we do a Canned Heat medley. Lately, that's about it. A little ZZ Top, "Born to be Wild"... kind of getting stuck in the cover thing. We haven't practiced since we got off tour.

Punk rock. New Wave. What did it mean then, what does it mean now?

You're saying, me, when I was 18-19 years old, my head shaved, cursing every hippie, now I'm selling Skymrd. I see what you're sayin' in a way. It's weird. I think everything comes full circle.

How important is a producer when you guys record?

Not real important. Randy Burns (producer of *40 Miles from Nowhere*) would do his best work really late at night when he was really drunk and really tired and totally off the wall. He'd do these rough mixes and I'd say "You're a drunken idiot! We're gonna come in here tomorrow and say 'What a bunch of time we've wasted!' Let's go get some sleep." And he'd say, "No, man! I swear to God, we'll come in here tomorrow and it will be great!" And sure enough, we'd come in the next day and he'd have a great rough mix going. But he got in our face pretty bad about some shit. He was more of a perfectionist than Paul Cutler (producer of their 2nd LP *Under the Blue Marlin*). Cutler might say, "Oh, that's great! That's weird!" Whereas Burns would say, "Oh, c'mon! Play the notes you're trying to play."

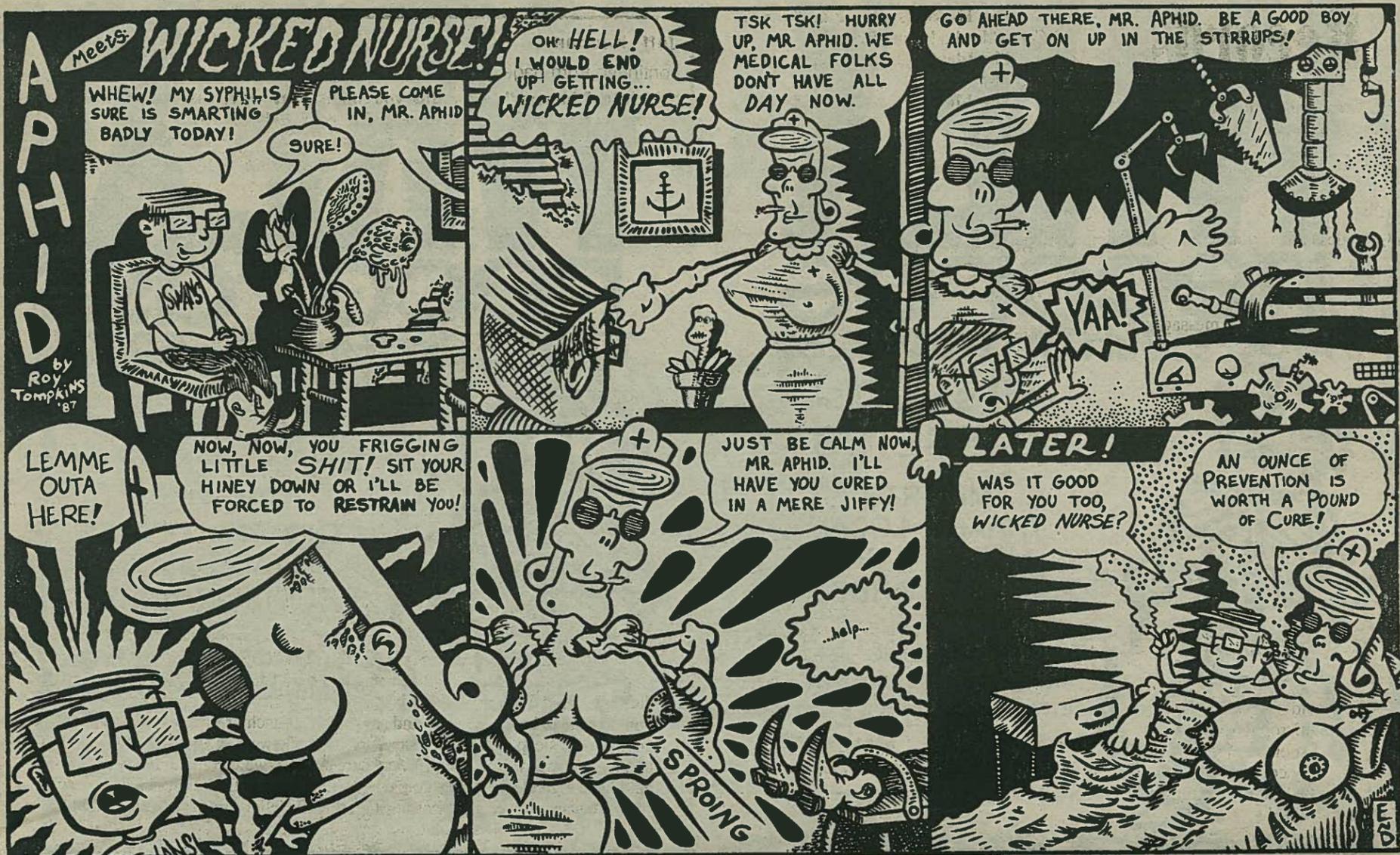
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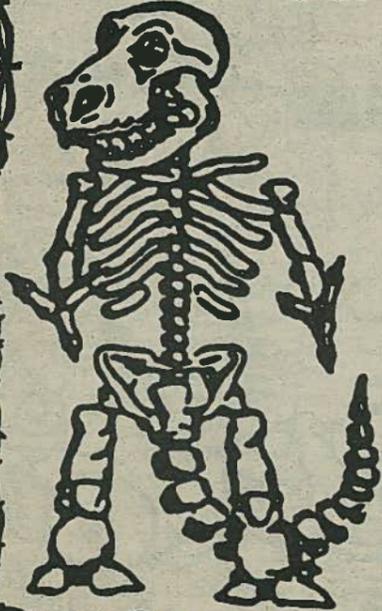
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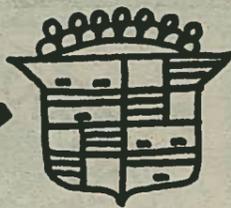
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