



10,000 Maniacs (above) join the Allman Brothers Band, Phish and others for a Memorial Day weekend concert at Laguna Seca.

10,000 Maniacs and others to perform at California wilderness recreation area

Laguna Seca Daze, a Memorial Day weekend musical extravaganza, will feature some of the hottest party bands on the road this summer. Musical offerings Saturday, May 29, include The Allman Brothers Band, Phish, Blues Traveler, Shawn Colvin and The Jeff Healey Band. Featured the following day will be 10,000 Maniacs, Blues Traveler, Phish and The Samples.

A Bill Graham Presents show, it will be held at the Laguna Seca Recreation Area on Highway 68 between Monterey and Salinas. The music starts each day at 11 a.m. and goes till its over. There will also be art displays, crafts booths, ethnic foods and other surprises throughout, including a late night camp fire each night.

Laguna Seca, in Monterey, Calif., has camping accommodations, some available at a reduced rate.

For additional concert information, call the festival hotline at 415-974-6726. Tickets are now on sale at all BASS Ticket Centers, or call 209-952-BASS to charge by phone.

Idiosyncratic idolatry at the Silver Dollar

Fourth in a five-part club review series, this review is done in poor taste to reflect the undeniably lucrative strip club industry with seven such bars thriving in the Eugene area.

D. Lee Williams
For the Oregon Daily Emerald

It's five to 11 Wednesday night at the Silver Dollar bar and I've run out of dollar bills. The old guy I work with says, "No problem," slides me five ones, slides his Mercedes key ring over in front of me, and the blond girl on stage who looks like either the blond from Physics class or an old History GTF disses three baseball-cappers on the other side of the small stage and slides over to our side.

The blond — topless, not yet bottomless — grinds around on the bar, moves in front of me, drops the blue G-string bottom, and I lay one of my friend's dollars on the stage as a barmaid — behind us — switches empty Buds for full ones, takes the other four bucks, taps my friend's shoulder, leans into his ear, smiles big and says low, "Now you know you sold that old Mercedes diesel beast three months ago."

Louder — over George Thorogood — the DJ announces either a birthday or "I-just-got-outta-jail" dance, and all the dancers — three on the floor, four out of nowhere — grind their stars 'n' stripes spandexed, three-inch red pumped, Guess-jean cut-off selves to center stage.

Red pumps girl grabs a chair and sticks it dead center. Guess girl grabs a guy in black Reeboks, black



Photo by Ange Goss
The Silver Dollar on W. 11th Avenue was recently remodeled indoors.

cowboy hat — birthday dude. And American Flag spandex girl gives the guy harsh eye-contact, while slowly, and with a smile, uncoiling a raspy and well-used coil of rope.

The Silver Dollar is the best strip club in town. Newly reopened and remodeled, it stands in the ashes of the former Mustang Ranch, behind Bliss' Steak Ranch at 2891 W. 11th Ave.

The parking lot remains the same — trucks and Trans Ams — but inside is refurbished, redone like a Hugh Hefnerian, grand-Guccione playroom. Mirrors deck the walls from floor to ceiling, gloriously and strategically reflecting every inch of everything. Walls are outlined by a red stream of flickering lights and stage-conscious red floodlights. There's a black and chrome DJ booth ripped right out of The Love Boat lounge.

But there are three interior advantages here that set Silver Dollar above all the other strip joints in town: three stages, a nifty shower section and no TVs.

Three high circular stages are set in the main area with the largest placed center. And this is good, for center stage contains the majority of the action. This layout especially bests both jiggles (totally nude dancing only a few, select times of the week) and ABC, where strippers perform just below ground, in a sunken-runway which follows more closely the

design of a pig's feeding trough than a true stage. Silver Dollar recognizes that women should be elevated to their natural sexual dominance.

Just behind the smaller, right-flanking stage stands a newly installed glass-shower stall and hot-tub. Closet voyeurs are free to observe the women after their performances as they shower head-to-toe and all tattoos in between.

The added plumbing work here is an astute design feature connecting eros and earth: Each watershow taps into fundamental female control of all elements. Here in the hot tub, supple mother nature holds court for gawking, elementally impotent men.

The bar also has no TVs. And this is very, very good. TVs are a strip joint's most annoying distraction. TVs are for sports bars. The Silver Dollar bans TV and cleverly keeps its pool table and poker machines in a separate gaming space. Integrating these toys into the strip area would only create intrusive distractions, as is the case with both Houlihan's and ABC, where beside-the-stage Lotto machines steal precious attention from the performers.

There should be no distractions when one is discovering the eternal enigmas inherent in the female form. Consider the absurdity of sticking a Pac-Man machine on the bridge of the Starship Enterprise.

And then there are the women. At Silver Dollar, the

performers are incredibly good. In the ranking of strippers, I place those at Silver Dollar a healthy first, with the remaining placed in descending order of descending skill and appearance: ABC, Jiggles and, finally, Houlihan's, where the women look meatless and amphetamine.

At Silver Dollar, look for Barcelona-worthy gymnastics, Madonna-worthy grinds and unexpected talents. (During the stage dance for birthday dude, a gold G-stringed performer was somehow able to hold, light and twirl a match in each aeriola, pinching them out to loud applause and lots of dollars.)

Ignore all tattoos and any bruises.

Of male and female strippers, females are more interesting. Women hold mystery — the base element of eroticism — while male genitalia is like graffiti on a white wall.

Never tip a male stripper. He holds not a penny's worth of secrets. Tip the female stripper often and well, for she holds the secret of life.

The Silver Dollar, then, is less a mere strip joint and more like a keyhole into a vast pyramid or a telescope aimed eagerly toward the heavens.

Prices for table dances are the industry average: \$5 topless, \$10 bottomless. Of course, this amount is pittance to pay for priceless sublime submission to supreme uterine power.

HEAT

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cowboy, after all.

Opening the show is local good ole boys The Guardians of American Morality. Conceived as a one-shot Cow-Belle exploitation rip-off, the Guardians quickly fell into the hands of an unscrupulous "promoter" who turned them out on the hard streets of Eugene to open for the ugliest acts in town.

Sleepwalking through one-night stands in the unspeakable dives of Eugene's tough Campus

District, the Guardians became one of the leading exponents of the 13th Avenue sound. Past masters of the classic techniques of Seventies Rock, the Guardians took a musical tire iron to C&W and bashed off all the parts they didn't know how to play. To the drunken throngs squandering their parent's money in 13th Avenue's beer hells, it sounded "just like the record!"

As their reputation spread, their outlook matured. The Guardians' first EP, *God's Country*, explored the closely-linked themes of seeking, awakening and spiritual rebirth, exemplified by the horse-whipped Beach Boy back-up vocals

on "Polaroid Spread Shots" and the quiet assurance of "Rope 'n' Ride," with its repeated affirmation, "Got my six-pack by my side." The band had arrived and they knew it.

The next couple of years were big ones for the Guardians, as they became the opening band of choice for hard-driving cult idols like Dash Riprock and the Beat Farmers. At present, the band is concentrating on a busy club schedule and polishing their music, which they hastily point out has never been described as "an eclectic blend of folk and urban cultural influences."

Both bands play at Good Times Thursday, May 27, at 9:30 p.m. Admission is \$8.

to solve the planet's problems.

The message is made ever so clear on the 12-word lyrics of "And God Said": "And God said, 'Look after the planet.' But man said, 'Fuck you.'"

Although the album does have a darkly consistent theme, there are many departures from the "retro" sound. "What is Love All About," the record's third track, sounds more suited for Michael Jackson than the thin, bespectacled singer of World Party.

"Give it All Away" and "Radio Days" embody chaos and confusion and are too "unstructured" to neatly fit the retro-folk classification.

"Radio Days" has a swirling guitar style with a solid rap beat, creating a surrealist sound. The lyrics contribute to the confusion, literally: "I don't know why, don't know when/Don't know how, don't know who/Don't know where, don't know what, don't know which/Don't know why." In the context of the music, these lyrics add up to more than their literal value.

REVIEW

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"The eagle's getting tired/The bear cannot flap his wings/People running scared/As the little girl sings/What goes up/Surely must come down/Don't keep your head in the ground."

Humans' relationship to nature continues on "Is It Like Today?," a song in which Wallinger sounds remarkably like Neil Young. The record's second track traces man's evolution and ends with people on the moon trying

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