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GUITAR HERO III
Xbox360, Nintendo Wii, Sony PS2, Sony PS3
Average Retail: Bundle (Game and Controller)—$89.95-$159.95

On another attempt to spice up the ever-growing dynamics of Underground, we offer you the first installment in our ongoing exploration of the time parasites known as video games. Since we are no longer strapping young teenagers with all the time in the world, it takes us a while to get our feet into new shoes. Part of this video-game dissection included some group play-testing from Underground minions Steve Bambrugh of Shred This, Elektra Luxx, Hysteria’s Pantera, and Underground’s powerful and all-knowing dark lord of publishing.

Our first target was actually brought about by the fact that all you had to do was mention the name of our selected title to Bambrugh, and it would send him into a tirade of rage and rabid obscenities. Of course, we are talking about the digital work of art called Guitar Hero III. You see, the shred master was of the firm and passionate belief that any true God of Rock wouldn’t be caught dead on this poser-simulator. He saw the game as a black mark on any band who became involved with the project. We had enjoyed so many outbursts from Bambrugh regarding the subject that we decided his raging beliefs could possibly lead to some interesting print. And from this idea, our play-test night was born.

For those of you in the un-know, GHIII is a rhythm game brought to you by Neversoft (Harmonix, the developer of the other Guitar Hero, was sold to MTV). This fourth installment of GH was created from scratch by Neversoft without access to any of the old GH code. Before the trashing begins, here are some of the game’s pluses.

First, the music set is amazing; it includes an all-star line-up of bands from Iron Maiden to Tenacious D to Heart. The soundtrack also includes re-recordings of the Sex Pistols’ “Anarchy in the U.K.” and Living Colour’s “Cult of Personality.” You can play the game as Tom Morello or Slash (after unlocking them) on a wireless guitar that is actually wireless. Both Tom Morello and Slash wrote original material for the game to accompany the guitar-duel segments—the video game equivalent to a boss. Compared to older versions, the new battle mode and online accessibility (PS3, 360, and Ws and Ve are all linked together online) bring in a new level of gaming.

Now that all the nice stuff is over, let the trashing begin. The graphics suck ass. There is not really a sugarcoated way of putting it. Neversoft is insane for releasing this game on the three big powerhouse systems with its stick-figure robotic characters and relatively boring scenes. This might not even be noticed by the actual player, since you are sucked into focusing on the neck of the guitar as it relentlessly flashes button-keying patterns in a tweaked-out version of Simon Says. In actuality, the GH franchise is simply a retelling of the ridiculously popular and even more embarrassing Dance Dance Revolution. But if you’d like to get a little bit more passionate about the flaws in this game, consider the following list inspired by Mr. Bambrugh:

1. Guitar Hero will not make you a true hero, and certainly not a guitar hero. If you choose to commit yourself to endless hours in the GHIII arena, the best you can hope for is to be a “Video Game-Controller Button-Pushing Hero.”
2. The notes, chords, and frets are nowhere close to the actual positions found on an actual instrument.
3. There is no consistency whatsoever to the notes as heard by the ear in relation to the button-keying commands you press on the controller.
4. At best, GHIII may develop your hand/eye coordination and ability to follow a beat and rhythm pattern.

5. The one thing Steve can give the game credit for is that he has gained a generous amount of new students at the 4/4 School of Music that are Guitar Hero prodigies seeking the real thing. If you find yourself spending three hours a day seeking GHIII domination, odds are pretty good you could put that time to a more constructive use with the real thing and start developing your skills as an actual musician.

Seeing as how all the technicalities, bitches, and moans are out of the way, let’s go ahead and throw down our summaries after playing the game from start to finish for six hours straight. (Yes, we were pussies and played on the easy level, which only makes use of three out of the five “strings” on the pseudo-guitar.) While we were playing the game, in spite of our negative expectations going into it,
we had a blast. Maybe it was the cheap beer, the wicked green, or the good company, but it made for a great group experience. We all found ourselves itching and bitching for when it was our turn. (We played the game with only one borrowed guitar controller and were not able to utilize its head-to-head feature.) But as soon as we completed the final battle against Lucifer himself in a speed-metal version of Charlie Daniels’s “The Devil Went Down to Georgia,” the GHill high started to fade almost immediately for most of us.

It was kind of like a bunch of us all decided to try heroin for the first time and made a party out of it. While we were “using” Guitar Hero, we all made plans of buying our very own “guitars” the next day and having weekly shred tests. But once the high passed, we were left with a “been there, done that, don’t ever need to try it again” kind of feeling. But I’m sure when they release the next installment, we’ll probably go down that road again, if for nothing else but to check out the next song list. And once you’ve dominated the world of Guitar Hero, fear not, for it is only the beginning of an onslaught of Guitar-Poser themed games, such as Rockstar for the XBOX360, where you can not only pretend to be a guitar slinger, but a bass player, drummer, and lead vocalist as long as you’re willing to shell out $300.00 or more for your “band’s” wannabe instruments. Hell, you can even upgrade your “stock gear” with flashy skins and store it in its very own pseudo-case. Rock on!

**MANHUNT 2**

Sony PS2, Nintendo Wii, Sony PSP

Average Retail—$29.99

This tasty little gorefest is brought to you by the notorious minds of Rockstar Games, whose best-selling Grand Theft Auto franchise first introduced blowjobs from crack whores, big money drug deals, and gangland executions to the avid gaming masses. I discovered the first installment of the Manhunt series after I had taken a much-needed break from video games to get my life together, and I was shocked at the new adult direction games had taken from my earlier days as a vidiot. Gone were the simple days of leaping for mushrooms and saving princesses. This new adventure found me a hardened criminal stalking harder criminals and serial killers and executing them with a plethora of makeshift weapons as they gurgled severe profanities through the gushing blood of their slashed throats. I found myself shocked and uncomfortably stimulated by this new type of gaming experience.

Four years later, Manhunt 2’s release was plagued with delays due to the British Board of Film Classification’s refusal to assign a rating to the game. Without a rating, the game could not be released in the UK. Rockstar submitted the case to the VAC (Video Appeals Committee) to overturn the BBFC’s rating denial in hopes of having the game released worldwide. Even though the BBFC had approved Manhunt 2’s predecessor in 2003, they refused to accept the sequel due to “unmitting bleakness and callousness of tone in an overall game context which constantly encourages visceral killing with exceptionally little alleviation or distancing. There is sustained and cumulative casual sadism in the way in which these killings are committed, and encouraged, in the game.” The attempted ban on this game spread to Australia, and right here on our own soil as the mother of all whore-stores, WALMART, has chosen not to offer the game to its retail customers.

After playing and completing the game on the same mode in about eight hours of game play, I really couldn’t see what the witch hunt was about myself. I actually found the first Manhunt to be more disturbing than the sequel. The new storyline focused on a troubled former scientist and family man as he breaks out of an asylum, a victim of his own experiments to create super assassins through creating a bridge in the brain to fuse the brilliant and the psychotic. Our antihero actually spends a good part of the first two levels puking after he executes his unfortunate victims; sounds like remorse to me.

While the sequel lacks the grittiness of the original, it makes up for it in the sex department. Not the pretty side of sex, mind you, but the slimy, damp underbelly of the perverse. You’ll find yourself stalking through sadistic sex parlors and bondage emporiums as you hack and slash your way through bloated gimps wearing ass-less chaps in one level, while in the next you’re in an adult theater where rutting porn stars hump each other silly on the screen behind you as you pump your load of lead into your enemies.

Through an eventual compromise to assure the game would see UK release, the game was toned down a bit. But in my opinion, I found their methods of censorship crudely ineffective and annoying (lots of static during the executions and awkward cuts). If you can handle the torture scenes of Hostel II-type flicks, this is a walk in the park compared to a graphic (and well-deserved) castration as depicted in Hostel II, which received an R Rating with the BBFC. So while the UK kids may still have to wait for Manhunt 2 as they are still trying to overturn the appeal, I’m proud to be an American living in the land of the free…and home of the depraved.
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Full moons are bad news. Aside from police stations and hospitals, strip clubs are probably the worst places to work during a full moon. I don’t particularly mind working holidays (Christmas is always an excuse to play a game of let’s-see-how-much-Tom-Waits-it-takes-to-get-the-guy-at-the-bar-to-go-home-and-shoot-his-wife-and-kids), and steadily busy or chaotic nights usually don’t bother me, as the usual routines tend to repeat themselves and allow for predictability (toss out the white kids in Fubu shirts, clean up a little extra puke, and go home with some extra change... not a problem). However, I avoid working on a full moon like I avoid working on acid: I only do it about twice a year.

The last full moon I can remember working (key word being “remember”) was in a smaller club in SW Portland. By midnight, absolutely nothing had gone wrong. In fact, things were going a little too right. The dancers were awesome, the bartender wasn’t a douche, and I never once fucked up and played anything inappropriate for the fat girl (aside from the Goonies theme, an inside joke between the manager and I regarding a certain British dessert item and a shuffling motion). At this point, I thought that maybe the full moon meant things were going to go extremely well, and therein would lie the fucked-upness of the evening.

Have I mentioned before that I’m a piss-poor clairvoyant?

At about ten after midnight, this buff trucker-looking dude comes walking into the bar by himself. The guy seemed normal enough until he came up and talked to me. Then I noticed that he wasn’t.

“Heyyyyy, mannnn...these girls ever dance to discooooo?” he asked me in what sounded like a gay stoner accent.

“Cool,” he replied, and he began humping my subwoofer.

I didn’t know what to do. On one hand, I didn’t want to clean anything out of the speaker, but on another hand, this dude could stomp me like a crippled insect. So I did what any self-respecting independent contracter would do and passed the job onto the bartender.

About ten minutes after homeboy was asked to leave, he returned. This time, though, he was wearing a wig and extremely runny makeup. Imagine if the Golden Girls mated with Lemmy and then auditioned the child for a role in Rocky Horror. That’s what we tossed out of the bar for the second time in one night.

I didn’t know if the guy(?)’s outfit was an attempt at a disguise or some sort of southern-crossdressing-Deadhead thing that I wasn’t quite hip to, but the answer walked into the bar for the third time that night at roughly one in the morning. Still wearing a wig, but this time opting against a T-shirt and jeans and favoring instead a full bondage outfit (complete with stainless steel G-string), our cross-dressing, speaker-fucking, 86’d friend came stumbling up to my DJ booth, this time with a bloody nose.

If tossing a half-naked bloody gimp out of a strip club isn’t enough of a night-ruiner, talking to the cops for an hour after closing time is. Apparently, the jack shack girls next door to the bar heard a bunch of car alarms going off around the same time we threw out RuPaul the Barbarian, and one of the girls found the dude sleeping in her car when she went to check on everything. Then, she did what she had already been trained to do to men in bondage and kicked the guy’s ass. It was supposedly at this point that he returned to our bar in bondage gear.

The best part? The cops hadn’t caught the fucker.

Several non-emergency reports had been coming in to Barbur-area police that night between one and two o’clock, all involving a half-naked drag queen. Being the fair and balanced officers of the law that they are, practically every cop in the area had been suspecting that the bar I was working at had something to do with the incident. In all honesty, the place is the OLCC’s wet dream (if any of you asshats are reading this, the club in question is not the Boom Boom and it doesn’t rhyme with Golfin’ Goo or Wiggles...that’s all I’m giving you), but it’s pretty fucked-up when a club gets a bad reputation with the fuzz for being the sort of place that has “something to do with the bloody drag queen running down Barbur.” And of course, we did...sort of.

A line from one of my favorite Tom Waits songs describes the situation best: “In the land of the blind, the one-eyed man is king.” The bartender and I didn’t know a whole lot about what or who this person was, but the cops didn’t know shit, and that made me a momentary expert on carjacking she-males.

“Was he making threats, inappropriate comments, anything like that?” the one cop with the poorly groomed mustache asked me.

“He was fucking my speaker.”

“Fucking...your speaker?”

“Yeah, he kept grinding his groin against the bass amp.”

“While he was partially nude?”

With this, I assumed the cop wanted to find a reason to ticket the bar for allowing some sort of bizarre sex show.

“No, this was while he was still dressed like a normal person. But he was talking like he was on something.”

“On something?”

Refraining from saying, “yeah, pig, you know the something you always accuse my fully-clothed friends of having when you pull us over every night after work,” I just said, “drugs?”

After continuing to talk for an hour with the same cop who had arrested me two weeks earlier, we finally closed up the bar and got ready to leave. As the bartender was writing up the incident report, he asked me to describe the guy.

“What was he, like six-one, six-two...white dude...how much do you think he weighed?”

“Just write down ‘bloody transvestite in bondage.’ I think that will do.”
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THE BAD MOMMY
EVERY TIME I SEE A TRAFFIC JAM, I THINK OF OVERPOPULATION.

Last week I was stuck in Friday rush-hour urban gridlock as I inched along 14th Street in Midtown Atlanta, the late-afternoon November sky a cold deep blue only moments away from succumbing to total darkness. I had tuned the car radio to an AM station that gives traffic reports, trying to figure out the best way to sidestep all the overpopulation and get the luck home.

The radio spot out some creepy, haywire interference as I crossed a bridge straddling the merged 75/85 Interstates, overlooking a static red blanket of brake lights facing downtown and a crawling white wall of headlights trying to escape from downtown.

Too many people. A few minutes later and about a hundred yards further down the road, I was able to hear the radio again. A news reporter told of a breaking story from Augusta, GA—normally only two hours away, but in this traffic, it might take you a day to get there—involving a mother who’d allegedly murdered her two children inside a gas-station bathroom the day before.

The saga is so grisly, gruesome, horrid, and depressing, I’m surprised it hasn’t broken out as a huge national news story. Some might say it’s because the accused mother is black and the racist media doesn’t care about black people like it cares about white baby-killing mommies such as Susan Smith. Others will say it’s because she’s black and the PC media worries so much about not appearing racist that they’re afraid of making a big stink whenever black people commit heinous acts.

Either way, I finally squelched through traffic, got home, and searched for details online. The accused killer, twenty-two-year-old Jeanette Hawes, had been fired for the second and final time from her post-office worker job around a month ago. Now, if you’ve ever experienced firsthand the sort of savage, arrogant slothfulness that characterizes postal service in Georgia, you’d immediately discern that Hawes had to be a MAJOR fuckup to be fired not once, but twice. I’m constantly amazed they haven’t fired EVERYONE that claims to “work” there.

The story quickly became more complicated. The weekend before last, another woman had stabbed Hawes’s brother’s pit bull during a street altercation. Ominously, Jeanette Hawes was interviewed about the incident by a local TV station and said this:

“I just think, you know, it was wrong for her to actually do that because she could’ve went and got help or whatever, and you know, an animal is like a human being. That is like someone else, so I just think it’s not right. She didn’t have to go that far.”

Only days after saying that, Jeanette Hawes, accompanied by her children Shakayla (3) and Jordon (1), walked into a Food Mart convenience store/gas station in south Augusta. A clerk who was familiar with Hawes said that something seemed “not right.” Hawes entered a restroom along with her children. The clerk says she heard screaming and then silence. After banging on the locked door, there was no response. She called police, who pried open the door with a screwdriver. Police say they found Hawes on the bathroom floor, covered in blood and holding a steak knife.

One-year-old Jordon was already dead, and Shakayla died on the way to the hospital. Both had been repeatedly stabbed in the chest.

One observer who witnessed dead baby Jordon being hauled off inside a plastic bag said that as Hawes was being taken away in handcuffs, she seemed emotionless and detached.

Already the feminist voices are yabbering—without the merest shred of evidence, of course—that Jeanette Hawes was an obvious victim of abuse at the hands of evil MEN and that she needs our pity and emotional support. Teddy bears and flowers now form a shrine near the bathroom that Hawes allegedly turned into an infanticidal slaughterhouse.

In Hawes’s mug shot (pictured at left), all I can see in her eyes is empty self-pity. One imagines the toddlers looking up hopelessly at their crazed mother as she hacked away at their existence, performing retroactive abortions with each swing of that bloody steak knife.

To me, it seems like Jeanette Hawes was the sort of unthinking, impulse-driven breeder who walked around with a vagina that men used as a cum dumpster before they gave her a fake phone number and fled the scene. There are far too many of her type, and they’ve polluted the world possibly beyond repair with their doomed, dysgenic offspring.

For me, the most notable missing fact in this egregiously notable story is that not ONE of the news reports makes mention of the children’s father—or, most probably, fathers. We are left to assume he or they were nowhere near the crime scene and in all likelihood had been nowhere near mom and kids for a long, long time.

THIS MISSING INFORMATION SEEMED IMPORTANT TO ME, because less than five hours before hearing of the Hawes double murder, I learned for the first time in my long, long life that I will become a father.

My girlfriend, a Georgia woman like Jeanette Hawes (but that’s where the similarities end), emerged from the obstetrician’s office early Friday afternoon with scientific confirmation of why she was so goddamned late getting her period. The weekend before last—while Jeanette Hawes’s brother’s dog was getting stabbed—my girlfriend bought a pair of home pregnancy tests, both of which resulted with the two thick lines that signal I’ve knocked her up.

Sometimes in the middle of last summer as we careened down a hot-asphalt Georgia highway with the convertible top down, she tossed her birth-control pills out of the car.

I jizzed inside her nearly every night since then, both of us intending to produce something with a better-than-average chance at having a higher-than-average IQ.

Popping out of my mom’s snatch as I did a dozen years after my nearest sibling, it seems apparent that I was an accident.

The little gumdrop growing inside my girlfriend is no accident. Reproduction isn’t an accomplishment. Mosquitoes and snails can reproduce. It all hinges on what you do AFTER reproducing.

I’m well aware of my questionable credentials for the lifelong job of fatherhood. But as fuckedup as I turned out, I’ll use every last drop of my blood to ensure my kid will be happy. I’m pretty sure it won’t be normal. But I have a sneaking suspicion that kids turn out better when they are wanted. And this one was wanted.

When I say there are too many people in the world, I never count myself among that number. Nor will I ever count Little Baby Gumdrop.
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