

THE DI RECOMMENDS

Dropping that class. You know the one. It won't be worth it. Clearly, it's just going to bore you, and that annoying guy in the front row? Neither he nor his opinions will get any more likable as the semester progresses. Technically, the Registrar's Office gives you until 4:30 p.m. Jan. 29 to drop without a W, but we strongly encourage you to beat the crowds, and do it today.

ARTS & CULTURE

LOCAL INFOTAINMENT

Living in the aftertaste of the aftershock

With band members including a beer-bellied, mullet-headed lead singer, a transsexual electronics expert, and a child-molesting robot, Human Aftertaste brings its live show to the Picador on Saturday, one that you'll never forget — even if you try really, really hard.

BY PAUL SORENSON

THE DAILY IOWAN

When I first set my eyes on Count Jabula, the lead singer of Human Aftertaste, “the one and only meat-canning organization and musical act in one,” Velveeta Shells & Cheese dripped out of his mouth and down his chest as he spastically rooted for his hero, Dale Earnhardt, on his black-and-white television.

It was love at first sight.

“I move fast like Dale,” Jabula said. “No. 3, not No. 8 — No. 8 ain't so great. I pretty much get the inspiration for the music by channeling Dale through the Ouija boards.”

Human Aftertaste, an Iowa City-spawned band that “infotains” with a variety of music, video, and live-show ventures, will make another visit to town at the Picador on Saturday.

“We come to IC whenever we want to bring the meat, whenever the folks call us to bring the meat,” Jabula said. “It's like a bat signal for the meat — they just put it up, and we're there.”

The “meat,” if you wish to know, refers to the Human Aftertaste product itself — which Jabula describes as canned meat spiced with “vinerals and mitamins,” the first product ever to contain them.

“We give cans of Human Aftertaste away free at shows,” Jabula

said. “It's like drugs — you get the meat in the can once, and you have to keep on getting meat in the can. If somebody gets E. coli, that's what happens — they probably had it before, anyways.”

Confused? Disgusted? It's all part of the Human Aftertaste mission — after, of course, pure infotainment. While the band's main outlet is, well, music (its third album, *Loose Ends*, was released April 2006), its Myspace page and website, www.humanaftertaste.com, contain videos of live shows, exploits, and even the group's very own sitcom.

The sitcom, as Jabula puts it, is like watching “both the history and the present at the same time.” The story reveals the origins of the Human Aftertaste Corp.: the hiring of Count Jabula as blackmailed spokesman for the corporation, the transformation of the scientist Professor Protus into a transsexual and dildo-wielding sidekick, and finally the discovery of Perp-a-tron, a child-molesting robot forged in the bowels of a Jesus-juice-powered Vatican (he also plays the keyboard).

“Child molestation is completely legal if a robot does it,” Jabula said. See the sitcom for more details. Seriously; it's in there. “I'd say he touches children 300 percent better than priests. I can't give him more credit than that, though. It'd be misleading.”

Along with Jabula, Perp-a-

“Our show will rock like two dolphins shootin' ice cream out of their blow holes.”

— Count Jabula, lead singer

HUMAN AFTERTASTE,

with The Tanks and Rusty Buckets

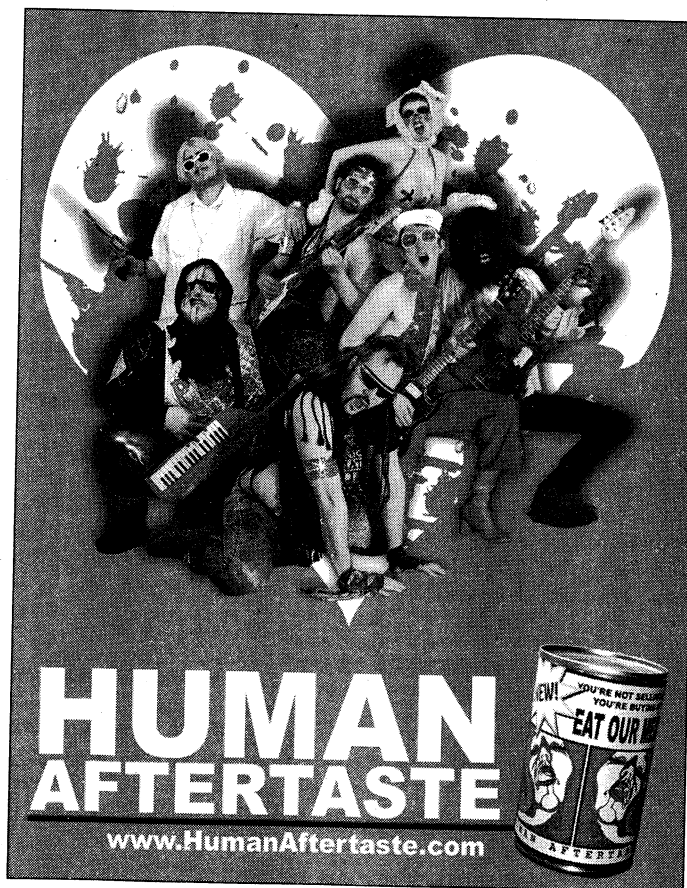
When: 9 p.m. Saturday

Where: Picador

Admission: \$5

tron, and Protus — who plays the trans-keyboard, sampler, and guitar — the band consists of Gorgeous George on drums, Tiffany Fang, and Lillydo. Jabula said Fang is “mysterious Wild West disco. I'm not sure if he's really in the band.” Lillydo is a werewolf-like thing — disappointing to Jabula, who wanted more of a Dracula.

The band's music is very solid, a dark yet fun industrial gothic rock. Jabula calls it, “Dungeons and Dragons meets gangsta rap.” But even if the music ain't your type, it still provides an excellent energy boost in the band's live shows. With such songs as “Gay Satan Sex Orgy,” who can go wrong?



Press photo

The band brings its disgustingly refreshing pose to an unprepared Midwest. Clockwise from bottom left: Perp-a-tron, Gorgeous George, Lillydo, Titty Bear, Tiffany Fang, Protus, and Count Jabula.

But wait, there's more! To ensure that the show will rock your world “like two dolphins shootin' ice cream out of their

blow holes,” the band tours along with its Pep Squad to “bring a little spice to the meat.” The squad brings AIDS Mon-

key, who has AIDS and thus “has nothing to lose”; Titty Bear, who was designed for frat-party use, as beer comes off a tap in her “no-no” zone; Ass Chicken, who reaches up chicken's butts and occasionally gets a prize (Jabula has never seen a prize, but he insists it's something they have to tell people); and Sanjula, who with a single can of human aftertaste can push bicycle spokes through his face, drink vats of Jabula's tobacco spit, and inflict various other types of live infotainment upon himself.

If you feel that Human Aftertaste strikes — hell, breaks through — the depths of bad taste, you do not misunderstand. Human Aftertaste IS bad taste — that's why it is so strangely entertaining. The band members exaggerate the trashy, seedy side of America to such a degree that you can do nothing but laugh and nod. It's like watching a train full of drunken, naked clowns crash into Wal-Mart the day after Christmas. Bizarre, tragic, but also absolutely amazing.

“People who say they hate us are really just hiding secret love,” Jabula said. “They want to eat the meat, but they're afraid of what will happen when they do, 'cause they'll never be the same again. It's kinda like your first time eating Velveeta — you're scared but also hot and sticky at the same time.”

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