

Cool Inferno Bop

Satan was just finishing the lyrics for his latest disco release, "*Feel that Burn*". His assistant, Bob, spread out the final proofs for the album cover. The splashy pitchfork and blue flame logo looked bitchin'. Under the title was a picture of Satan dressed in his new white polyester suit, gold medallion the size of a dinner plate hanging from the massive chain around his red neck.

Satan didn't like anybody calling him "Satan". It was so ...well....satanic. Instead he was commonly known to his friends as B.L. He signed all his important documents, checks and insurance policies, "*B.L. Zebubb*".

He'd worked hard for months on this new album. The songs were back to back tight and slammed into each other like angry fists. This album was going to be huge and he knew it. After all, he *was* Satan.

His band, The Icemen, was made up of the best the underworld could offer, except for the drummer. His name was Jason Freddy and he lived in St. Petersburg. He played with a skinhead band called Satan's Lovers. B.L. felt so honored and impressed by Jason's frenetic styling that he arranged for Jason to come on down and play for him whenever he wanted. Jason said that was cool, but he did have an inborn aversion to lakes of fire. B.L. had replied that all that lake of fire stuff was just hooey, anyway. Hell was now air conditioned and almost everyone there had gone vegan. Leather was out and polyester leisure suits with gigantic lapels were in, and "*Disco Inferno*" was the official anthem.

The dark side wasn't without its problems of course, unemployment hovered around 99%, but what in hell could you do? Anyway, B.L. figured that if he could provide a cooler environment and get everyone eating right, he could then keep his minions discoing and happy. It was a delicate balancing act, but he'd had a few millennia of experience. He'd tried all the traditional stuff, demons (makeup), a cool devil costume, fiery pits (barbecue), and a hundred other schemes. It had really gotten

tiresome around the year 2000 when he had decided to institute some changes.

The guys in the office building at 1600 Heavenly Way had been pissed, though. They accused him of flip-flopping, and told their flock that they'd best not be casting envious eyes towards the party down the street. They were in heaven for all eternity, white robes were mandated, and if God had wanted them to disco, he'd have kept it alive, he wouldn't have made it die when it did.

Tonight, at the Cucaracha Club, B.L. and the Icemen were going to unveil their new music. They would rock the crowd with their opening number, "*Field of Fire*", follow it up with "*Hot Booty Baby*" and "*Toast Me Up*", then encore with the disco remake of "*Burnin' Down the House*".

Even in the underworld, music defined culture. B.L. had studied music tomes, he had even read that music had the power to soothe savage beasts..or was it savage breasts? Anyway, it had wrought some changes in this part of the universe. It wasn't exactly like pointing a scaly claw at some third world despot and enabling him to wipe out a million souls. Disco worked on you more subtly. It put a bop in your walk and you became the damned with attitude.

"OK, Bob, get the barcodes on and let's start production. I want the CDs cut and packaging printed by Thursday, in shipping by Friday, and delivered to Dark Tower Records by Monday".

"You got it, B.L.".

"Oh and don't forget to remind everybody about the rehearsal Tuesday. We're going to audition a new vocalist."

"Really? Who is it?"

"You may have heard of him already. Do you know Michael Jackson?"