TINA TURNER IS A MONSTEROUSLY TALENTED live performer. She was James Brown With a Clit. But Ike Turner, her hubby of eighteen years, added something to her which vanished after the couple split the sheets. Their turbulent domestic life apparently lent a thunderstorm-level electricity to their music which evaporated after Tina fled the raging cake monster like with mere coins in her pocket.

As we all know, she went on to find astonishing success, through charting Nont Myacho Range Kyo. Her massively profitable solo career recalled what happened to Dolly Parton after she stopped recording with mentor Porter Wagner. Dolly and Tina dumped their vaguely creepy male partners and went on to become cultural icons, while Ike ‘n’ Porter languish on the fringes of elderly obscurity.

Although it might be distasteful to allege that Tina’s music was better when Ike was beating her, it’s inarguable that her music suffered once he stopped. Strolling along her post-like hivilec brick road, Tina rejected the greater glory of black soul and went for easy-listening, middle-of-the-road white pop tarts. Tina’s post-like music has sold millions and millions, but it’s washed out electronic, tronic, taintless Pop Lite. And what’s with the lake British chic, anyway? Tina was born in Nubasch, Tennessee. All right, so he beat her. But it was the best thing that ever happened to her career! Public sympathy for Tina’s wretched story, rather than the quality of her post-like music, sent the Sissy Lady to the top of the charts. Fuck, I’d trade bein’ beatin’ with a coat hanger, or a few million dollars! Why all the fuss?

WHATEVER YOU DO WITH IT, Tina’s career skyrocketed (and her music started to suck!) after she alleged that ex-hubby Ike beat her.

I’m like looking into the face of pure evil.” Then he introduced a chick who, despite her bombshell looks and able-singing talents, immediately registered in everyone’s mind as Tina’s Replacement. She appeared to be wearing a blonde wig, and we couldn’t tell if she was black or white. Together she and Ike plowed through “Proud Mary” and another duet, believe which was called “Sex,” in which Ike simulated cunnilingus on his microphone in a very bawdy and disturbing manner. A few nights later, I told somebody that I thought Ike put a great show.

“Man, he tina in the FACE!” was all he could say.

Because he hit the bitch, this one sexual genius will be forever branded as a wifebeater. Not the father of rock ‘n’ roll, but a wifebeater. Not a man who feels pain, but a wifebeater. Not a human being who, at least of every one, his hardscrabble Southern upbringing and how he watched the Klan murder his father when little Ike was only four.

Ike. But just today, someone said I’ll be branded a wifebeater for the rest of my life. Just like Ike.

HOW TINY HE LOOKED as he stood there signing his new CD at the merchandise table after the show…what a small, small man! What a shock…what a relief to see Ike Turner, evil monster abuser, couldn’t be taller than 5’4” or 5’5”! He sports the Carl Lewis hi-top fade and satanic goatee he’s had for years. He’s 70 years old, and I swear to Christ, he didn’t look a day over 40. Apparently, eleven million dollars of cocaine served as the Fountain of Youth for Ike Turner. Not a man who feels pain, but a wifebeater. Not a human being who, at least of every one, his hardscrabble Southern upbringing and how he watched the Klan murder his father when little Ike was only four.

And then I decide that I like Ike Turner. I like him a lot.