It Came From the Video Store

BY WILL DODSON **Features Editor**

Since I always review what some would call "bad" movies, you might be surprised to learn that this week's feature was nominated for three Academy Awards: Best Director (John Boorman), Best Picture, and Best Editing.

You might also be surprised by the fact that I picked this movie out of the Drama section of the video store, and that no woman at any time in the picture takes her shirt off.

But all of that is negligible when you consider what Deliverance does have: inbred mountain people sodomizing a fat

Burt Reynolds (the idiot), Jon Voight (the wuss with the pipe), Ned Beatty (the fat guy), and Ronnie Cox (the wuss with the guitar) for some reason decide to take a canoe trip down a wild river through wild country full of inbred people. As 1 watched, I questioned their wis-He shore got a purty mouth, ain't he?

First, the group attempts to hire some inbred people to drive their vehicles to their planned destination down river. Cox's character Drew plays "Duelin' Banjoes" with an inbred teenager who plays a mean banjo. All of the inbred people, especially the teenager with the banjo, look really For some reason I couldn't get images of cows with really surprised expressions out of my mind.

The canoe trip gets underway, and the four fellows enjoy their male bonding time together. At camp the first night, Beatty boasts that he is "gonna be mean to his air mattress" after a short speech about how his air mattress is his substitute for a woman. That was kind of gross.

It gets better, though. Jon Voight and Beatty get ahead of the other canoe and stop to wait for their companions. They run into two inbred people who don't seem to like city boys.

One of the inbred people finds Ned Beatty attractive. What follows is one of the greatest single segments of dialogue

"Now yew jest drop them pants... Jest drop 'em boy!. . .And the panties, take 'em off. Yew look jest like a hawg... git up, boy, gimmie a ride! SQUEAL PIG. EEEEEEEEEEEEEE! EEEEEEEEEEEEEE! EEEEEEEEEEE!

> one of the coolest things I've ever seen.

> At this oint, Reynolds and Cox arrive and Reynolds kills the inbred guy with the pig fetish. The rest of the movie deals with the physical and psychologi-

cal struggles of the four men to return home and to normalcy.

Let me just say that when you get sodomized by an inbred guy with a pig fetish, you're going to have a rough time returning to normalcy. Hell, it'll be forever before you can even sit comfortably again.

Rating: Sure, this is supposed to be a serious movie. Some might even call it a "film." But, if you watch it, you won't remember anything except

Whar yew goin', city boy?"
Oh, and this year is the 25th anniversary of the theatrical release of Deliverance. I've heard rumors of a soon-to-bereleased restored video version that features never-before-seen footage. Now you know what to get me for Christmas.

The Dark S

BY LAURAH NORTON **Features Columnist**

I've got a confession to make. It's nothing to be ashamed of, so let's get it out in the open. I'm into comic books.

Yeah, I'm a girl, Goth, and into comics. I know, it's just not natural (guess I'll have to turn

in my Depressed Gloomy club membership). But I can't help it.

I like indie books and anything heavy on gore — you know, entrails spilling on the floor such. I actually enjoy attending comic book conventions filled with greasy dealers and

42-year-old women dressed like Catwoman.

Old copies of Tales From The Crypt make me salivate because they have 'eyeball-dan-gling-from-socket' artwork and lots of gratitous violence. I'm probably twisted, but the Crypt Keeper is starting to look attractive to me.

Now, as much as I like reading comics, I hate shopping for them. Ever been in a comics store? I don't mean the well-lit hobby shop at the local mall.

I'm talking dingy, dirty and run by guys who haven't left their stores in a year (except to see Spawn). These shops are usually cluttered with Star Trek collector mugs and posters of nekkid comic heroines.

Not all comics stores are like this. But the ones that are

have the most interesting clientele that I've ever come in con-

They're either 15 or 50, are obsessed with Dungeons & Dragons, and haven't showered since the first episode of Star Trek: TNG. Comics are their lives. The staff are just as bad. First off, you don't see girls in

this type of scary comic store. Secondly, they don't see girls, period. If a woman comes into the store, everyone drops their Magic Deck STARES.

Remember, many of these people live in their parents' basements, and haven't had much opportu-

nity to develop social skills. It's kind of creepy.

Here's my average interaction with one of those guys:

Me: Hey. I'd like to buy this copy of *The Tick*/.

Fanboy: (gurgling noise) G-g-g-girl? (sweats profusely) . . . uh (spit bubbles form, eyes glaze over).

It's not a healthy shopping environment. But I love comics and hate paying for them, so I'm forced to spend hours in the strange little stores that actually sell the titles I want to read. You should come see me sometime.

I'll be crouched on the floor next to the X-men Lingerie Calendar display, reading comics happily until the staff finally musters up the nerve to kick me out. And trust me, that ain't happened yet.



I'm a comic book crack fiend

Open Forum!

Community Senate is sponsoring an open forum Tuesday, September 30, at 7:30 in the Gallery. Topics of discussion include the restructuring of Guilford College and where your tuition money goes, with Don McNemar, Art Gillis, and Kitty James the featured

If you have questions, contact Jessica Templeton at x3957.