

It Came From the Video Store

BY WILL DODSON
Features Editor

Someone asked me recently why I keep reviewing horror movies. Why don't I branch out and review other genres?

I told him I love schlock and dry humor. Dramas just don't have that stuff.

Why don't I try comedy movies, then? They've got the schlock. They're funny.

Well, they just don't have the body count I need.

What about kung-fu movies?

Not enough blood.

All right, then, try action movies. They have all that stuff.

That's true. But they don't have hideously deformed midget monsters having sex with dead women.

And if necrophilic monster sex is what you're into, you'll love "Basket Case."

Now I know what you're thinking: most necrophilic monster sex movies have plot lines that are too difficult for the average filmgoer to follow. Luckily, the writer and director of "Basket Case" created a film that is accessible and engaging to all viewers.

The story involves a pair of Siamese twins, one (Dwayne) a normal boy and the other (Belial) a hideous deformed screaming hunk of splotchy flesh, who are separated by a triumvirate of veterinarians who flunked out of medical school. Brotherly love looks past physical imperfections, though, so the two grow up and decide to exact extremely gory revenge on the three "doctors" who separated them.

Belial looks rather unusual, as I said, so Dwayne carries him around in a big wicker basket. Whenever they get close to one of the doctors, Belial jumps out and rips her or him apart. It's cool.

Not only that, but Dwayne has

an afro of mammoth proportions, especially amazing considering the actor's obvious European ancestry.

Now Dwayne loves his brother, but longs for the companionship that only a promiscuous receptionist can provide. This romance doesn't sit well with jealous Belial, who takes every opportunity to scream loudly and kill someone in order to monopolize Dwayne's attention.

Eventually, Belial resorts to drastic measures, killing the woman and, well, not stopping there. Dwayne, understandably, is upset.

The brothers have it out, and both supposedly die falling out of the window of a hotel.

Let's look at this movie in a larger context. I mean, what are the social implications of necrophilic monster sex? What does it mean?

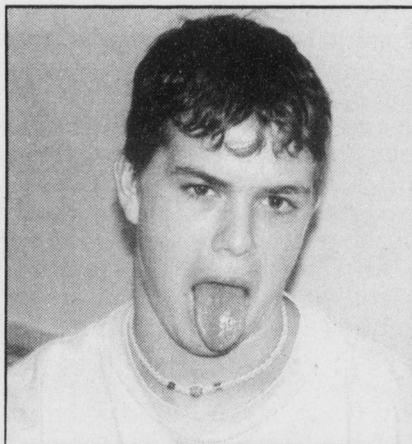
The most obvious symbolism is (yes, you guessed it) nuclear weaponry.

The United States insists on continuing to stockpile weapons (no matter how much they deny it). While they may enjoy it, they're not really getting anything productive out of it.

The symbolism works thusly: necrophilic because we would all likely die from nuclear war, so basically the government is screwing our dead and mangled bodies over; monster because nukes are bad; and sex because no matter how wrong we know it is, we just can't stop.

There you go. Redeeming artistic merit and social consciousness reflected by necrophilic monster sex.

Rating: I said the brothers "supposedly die" because there are not one but TWO sequels. I can't wait to see them. I bet they'll deal with international politics or the injustices done to Native Americans or something else weighty like that.



Becca Lee

I get a new picture next week, so this issue might be a collector's item. Keep it safe. It could be worth major bucks in a few years. Whoa! Long caption!

Contemplating Mike Watt

◆ Former Minuteman brings working-class rock to NC

BY KIM O'CONNOR
Staff Writer

Mike Watt is one of the least pretentious rock stars around.

I remember seeing him as we walked into the club. Older, gray-ing and slightly overweight, he looked a little bit out of place.

That pudgy guy in the fireman's jacket, though, has been one of the most influential individuals in rock history.

The former member of the Minutemen and FIREHOSE took the stage at the Cat's Cradle on Monday, November 3.

The first half of the show consisted of material from his new album "Contemplating the Engine Room."

The sound ranged from faster punk songs to bass-driven rock.

Watt's theme:

He's a big guy because he's got a big heart. Several songs were about trains, train noises were played between songs and he even blew the train whistle before a song.

The music took a real turn during the second half of the show. The songs became more and more

drawn out.

Prerecorded nature sounds, like rain, came from the speakers. The music became, well...trippy.

Despite the somber nature of the music, towards the end of the show Watt pulled out his camera and took pictures of his guitarist, drummer and audience. We all smiled and waved.

My favorite part of the show was at the beginning of Watt's encore when he said something to the effect of, "Thanks, guys, you're great. Thanks for your patience. I'm sorry the songs were long and trippy, but this is where I am right now. I'll be back next spring. And

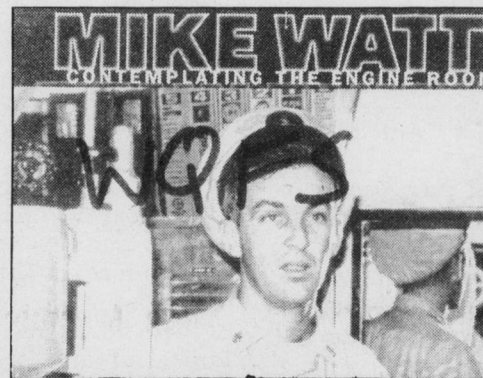
to all the people who left...f*** you!

This isn't about having two-minute songs for MTV. But, don't worry, I'll play some fast songs." And with that, he launched into a Blue Oyster Cult cover.

After the show, Watt

came out, shook hands with his fans, passed around his mailing list and sold his own t-shirts for \$10 each.

What kind of rock star does that? A damn good one, that's who.



Courtesy of Columbia Records

Confused about voice mail?

Try using these commands:

- 33—fast forwards to end of message
- 3—fast forwards ten seconds
- 1—rewinds ten seconds
- 11—return to the beginning of the message
- 337—press at any time to erase the message
- 339—press at any time to save the message
- 8—reply by voice mail
- 7—erase
- 9—save

If you have any questions about the ins and outs of voice mail, call Tasha Wallace at x2310 or x3353