

Exploring a past life with intriguing weasel

A long time ago, in my fifth past life, I was an Indonesian bamboo stripper named Felix and I worked for the Rajah of Punjab.

I got 340 magpies for working a 16-hour day, but I didn't mind because at night I would get to go home to my clay hut and play with my pet weasel. The weasel's name, of course, was Shirley MacLaine.

"Shirley," I would say, "what were you before you were a weasel?"

And Shirley would say, "Moogl moogl moogl."

This is the only sound a weasel can make.

So then I would go and get the village witch doctor, Clarence the Witch Doctor, and Clarence would come over and stuff Shirley into an earthen jar and bang on the side until it was revealed to Clarence who the weasel was in his past life, and on some nights Ramtha would come out of the jar and we'd shoot the breeze talkin' about what a bummer it was that you can't understand what those people from Atlantis are sayin' 'cause they have so much water in their lungs, and then sometimes, if we were real lucky, Ramtha would charge us 4,800 magpies an hour (300 modern dollars) and predict the future.

"Some day this weasel will have many jerk boyfriends," said Clarence in broken Indonesian. And then there was a mighty whoosh of wind and Ramtha jumped out and said, "Yeah, but she can take five gross points and a back-end pay-or-play talent contract on the miniseris rights."

And then Ramtha went into this long deal about how it wasn't just any ordinary weasel. Someday this weasel would put on a canary-yellow jumpsuit and run around pinnin' Jerry Lewis against the wall and plantin' kisses all over his face. And then after that the weasel would put on some pink underwear and start kickin' the backside of Juliet Prowse's dress in "Can-Can." And then after that she would join the Rat Pack and make a bunch of movies where she gets to scrunch up her eyes and squeal a lot. And then she'd go to Tibet and sit on top of a mountain and not shave her legs for a week. And then she'd buy a place in Malibu and put in a hot mineral bath where she could meditate about life and how much she can't stand Debra Winger. And then she'd go to South America and start yellin out "I am God, I am God," until somebody snatched up the paperback rights, and then, of course, she'd be one of the great spiritual leaders of herself of all time.

After I got finished rammin' 17 punji sticks through the weasel's throat and watchin' it die a long, slow, agonizing death, Ramtha promised me all the danger was gone. All I had to do was one remember ONE simple little thing:

Never EVER allow the weasel to perform "Steam Heat" in Vegas.

If that ever happens, Ramtha said, he would not be responsible for the consequences.

Speaking of sudden, messy deaths of terrifying creatures, "The Kindred" has more gopher-gut-spewing than any movie put out in recent years, and may be the all-time

Joe Bob Briggs

At the Drive-In

Slime Champion. What we got here is Rod Steiger as a crazy doctor who likes to cross human cells with giant jellyfish cells and see what happens. What he gets is a whole hospital full of zombie gill-people with faces like a squashed taco salad. Every time somebody dies in a car wreck, the ambulance driver brings 'em to Rod while the ticker is still pumpin' so he can splice some more land sharks together.

Unfortunately, Kim Hunter knows what he's doing. Remember Kim? "STELLA! STELLA!" That Kim? Well, now she's REAL old and so she's laying around in Intensive Care waitin' to die, only first she wants her son, the handsome young wimp doctor, to go out and destroy all her journals and experiments out in the house where Anthony lives.

"Who's Anthony?" the son says. "Your brother," she tells him. Only he DON'T HAVE A BROTHER.

So then the doctor and a bunch of scientists go out to the house to see who Anthony is and they find out Anthony is livin' in the cellar, and he's about 95 feet tall and looks like a giant octopus with herpes, and when you make him mad he sprays white donkey-pus right in your eyes. 'Course, they don't find this out till there's three extremely painful TV dinners for Anthony, includin' one British Lady who gets turned into a froth-mouth alligator gar, but fortunately there's one thing that'll make Anthony go away: Liquid Drano.

Genetic DNA Fu. Two breasts, sort of. Six dead bodies. One dead Audi. Two motor vehicle chases, with two crach-and-burns. Fish kiss. Watermelon attack. Vicious fetus-monkey attack. Ambulance driver eatin' Lizard-tail dog-eating. An 82 on the vomit meter. IV Fu. Gill Fu. Liquid Drano Fu. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for: Talia Balsam, as the girlfriend, for saying, "I don't have time; right now I have to

finish this dissertation"; Amanda Pays, as the evil devil girl, for saying "Let's drink to memories that don't get made"; Anthony, the slime-head monster, for being named after Kim Hunter's favorite saint; and Rod Steiger, for saying "You can't kill him! You can't destroy this creature! He's your brother!" Four stars.

Drive-In Videos this week: "3 Nuts in Search of a Bolt" (1964): Starring Mamie Van Doren modelin' the Frederick's of Hollywood catalog, including a production number (!) with the Queen of the Drive-In in a silver-sequin spaghetti strap spill-it-all-out hip-hugger evening gown. Starring, directed, written, produced by the little weenie Tommy Noonan, the drive-in Jerry Lewis, who agrees to go to the psychiatrist in place of Mamie and the two guys she lives with, to save money. Very sixties. One of Mamie's best. Four stars.

"White Cannibal Queen" (?): One of those Eyetalian shipwrecked-in-the-Amazon classics, with luscious Sabrina Siana as the girl who is raised by bloodthirsty intestine-eating cannibals. Full of gut-ripping, back-spearin', arm-hackin', fertility-dancin', five-minute wife-chompin' scenes, and lines line "This forest is full of unexpected deep holes." A 97 on the Vomit Meter. Three stars.

Joe Bob says check 'em out.

Joe Bob's Mailbag

Communist Alert! NOBODY TOLD ME last year when the Arden Drive-In in Sacramento was bulldozed to put up a tacky Hilton and somethin' called an "industrial park" and now it's TOO LATE. Start sendin' in those cards before they rip 'em down. Remember, without eternal vigilance, it can happen here. To discuss the meaning of life with Joe Bob, or to get a copy of his distinguished newsletter, write Joe Bob Briggs, P.O. Box 33, Dallas, Texas 75221.

Dear Joe Bob: God bless you, Joe Bob! Here is our life savings. My wife and I worked 40 years to save that



In "The Kindred," Julia Montgomery finds out what happens when you don't do those home repairs on time

money. Maude took on laundry, specializing in smelly socks. My job was to hose down the Senate Pornography Committee after they finished examining the evidence. Maude needs the money for a head transplant, but we know that Anal Roberts needs it more. And while you're at it, Joe Bob, why don't you ask God to teach Frank Gifford some new cliches? Claude and Maude, Dallas

Dear Clyde and Maude: God can't make 'em up that fast.

Dear Joe Bob: I've read some film criticisms, but Pauleen Kael can't

hold a candle to you. You are a genius! I wrote you a poem!

Joe Bob
Joe Bob
Joe Joe Joe Joe
Bob

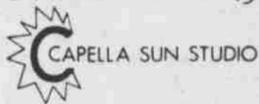
John L. Lander, Lawrence, KAN.

Dear John: Normally I don't like high-ku, but there's somethin' about that one. I don't know what it is, but there's somethin' about it I just love..

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