

Joe Bob

# A gut-wrenching foodfest at Grapevine's gourmet stops

By JOE BOB BRIGGS

Once a year me and Chubb Fricke do the annual Grapevine, Texas, Restaurant Review, where we personally dine three times at ever' single restaurant in town, award our star ratings and pick our teeth a lot. Chubb, who slimmed down this year to a svelte 330 pounds, sometimes gets so excited that he actually speaks. Here we go with this year's results:

**McDonald's #8741:** A couple weeks ago they introduced the new McCheez Whiz, which is a grilled cheese sandwich wrapped in Velveeta with a Ritz cracker on each end holding it together and two toothpicks through it, enclosed in a polyurethane non-biodegradable McBox. I gave it two stars on the peanut-butter-and-jelly scale. Chubb forgot to take the toothpicks out and gave it three stars. Also check out the new McGoatburger, but only if you're Meskin.

**Sonic on Main:** This is the one with the new Dempster Dumpster out back, where they still wrap hot dogs in grease paper, but nobody cares 'cause the waitresses, three of the Henderson sisters plus Velda "Door-knob" Slatts, will do ANYTHING.

**Burger King #476:** We pigged out on the new Fiesta Chili Stick, which has a three-inch coating of Stokely

Van Camp's pork and beans spread up and down a foot-long metal rod coated with self-adhesive Hamburger Helper. Get one at the drive-through and watch those dogs scatter!

**Eat:** The Eat Restaurant used to be called the "Eat Here" but Ernest McPhee lost half his neon one night in a tornado. It's the only place left out on the old federal highway, because the major competition, "Good Food," went out of business last year. The special for the last three weeks has been banana-nut-steak, and it'll stay on special through August when they expect to run out of it. It's a Polynesian dish that tastes like a Polynesian.

**Wal-Mart Snack Bar:** The blue-plate on the day we went there was Macaroni Teriyaki Loaf, which tastes roughly like a pit bulldog that's been put through a blender. We washed it down with some Orangeade, sopped up the juice with a two-pound broccoli combread muffin and told the ladies in blue skullcaps how much we enjoyed watchin' 'em slop mashed potatoes with an ice cream scooper and fling carrot juice all over the old people.

**Pedro's Mister Taco:** We wound up our gourmet tour at the last restaurant left on the town square, and looked at the menu for a good 10, 15 seconds before deciding on the "Chihuahua No. 7." It consists of

three cheese burritos wrapped in a flour tortilla, two tamales folded into a flour tortilla, three cheese enchiladas in a flour tortilla, guacamole-in-a-blanket, six flour tortillas wrapped in a corn tortilla (for those watching their weight), and a four-pound charbroiled chihuahua. Be sure to ask for extra tortillas if you're having the chihuahua fajitas. Twelve is not enough! In the words of Chubb Fricke as we finished the evening, "Es muy bow-wow."

Speaking of flour tortillas, Angie Dickinson takes all her clothes off in "Big Bad Mama II" — yes, they finally made the sequel after 15 years — but let's face it, we're talking stunt breasts. In fact, we're talking stunt thighs, stunt knees and stunt hiney. Don't worry about it, though, 'cause if we had to REALLY look at her, then we might have to look at the guy she's aardvarking with — Robert Culp.

I love Angie in this movie, for doing a Texas accent with a straight face, for taking a bubble bath with a gun and for delivering the following line: "Honey, your Mama may not always be right, but Mama will always be Mama."

Yes, you guessed it, it's Roger Corman again, king of the drive-in, spending tens and twenties of dollars to bring this sequel to life, starting out when Angie and her two huge-



Angie Dickinson in a very tense scene from "Big Bad Mama II."

breasted daughters watching their daddy get blown away by the evil banker and continuing through 124 scenes of Machine Gun City until Angie takes a bath, followed by 64 scenes of Machine Gun City until Angie takes Robert Culp to bed, followed by 38 scenes of Machine Gun City, followed by one scene of Exploding Backlot. Even though it was directed by Jim Wynorski, who became world famous for the classic "Chopping Mall," all the motor vehicle chases and kaplooy scenes were directed by Linda Shayne, better known as Bootsie Goodhead in the drive-in classic "Screwballs." Bootsie, who hates for me to call her Bootsie and will probly write a letter complaining about me calling her Bootsie — like I say, Bootsie delivers some fine rat-a-tat-tat ai-ye blood-splatter dead-copper footage. It's

really a decent picture.

Six breasts. Two stunt breasts. 56 dead bodies. Five motor vehicle chases. Double aardvarking. Five shootouts. One kidnapping. One bank robbery. One party robbery. One armored-truck robbery. One state-fair robber. One brawl. One cat fight. Exploding car. Exploding house. Exploding gubernatorial candidate. Gratuitous belly dancer. Dynamite Fu. Angie Fu. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Robert Culp, as the reporter from back East, for saying "You bathe with that thing?" and "You know, your little girls have grown up"; Angie, for saying, "No, my little girls have grown OUT; it's not the same thing"; Jim Wynorski, the director, for making a decent sequel; and Bootsie, for being Bootsie.

Three and a half stars. Joe Bob says check it out.

# Claim Stakers say they're ready to leave the White Animals behind

By ALLISON PIKE  
Staff Writer

Journeying out of Nashville to Cat's Cradle Friday night is a band that's ready to stake its claim.

If guitarist Rich Parks and guitarist/vocalist Steve Boyd of the Claim Stakers look familiar, it's because they come from one of the most popular regional bands in the South — the now defunct White Animals.

The White Animals disbanded in July 1987 after seven years of touring and recording. Within days of the breakup, Parks and Boyd were putting together the Stakers and played their first gig in August 1987. Now, only seven months later, Parks and Boyd, together with high school friend Mike Dysinger on drums, are back with new material and a new sound — and they're ready to leave the White Animals behind.

Former White Animals bassist Boyd now plays rhythm guitar and is lead vocalist. He writes all of the Stakers' material and spends a better part of the week writing songs with friend Jim Sherraden. Weekends, the band plays as many dates as possible. The band has already played over 35 shows since August.

The Stakers' sound diverges a bit from the pop-influence White Animal music.

"It's your average rock 'n' roll," says Boyd, "but it's got more of an R&B flavor to it. A lot of the music is groove-oriented — not like the modern funk style, but more like the old '50s/'60s style of R&B. It's like Cream and some bands like that."

The Claim Stakers' stop at the Cradle tonight is part of a six-day tour of North Carolina. Boyd says the band is eager to come back to Chapel Hill

where they had played with the White Animals. "We like the Triangle area quite a bit. We wanted to get over there as soon as we could."

The Stakers are heavily intent on perfecting the band and are currently searching for a permanent bassist (Kyle Miller has been filling in).

"We'd like to achieve the success of the White Animals and better it," says Boyd. "Our first goal is to get really tight as a band. Then we want to get a good show together and take it on the road."

But the band is adamant in not capitalizing on the success of the White Animals. Boyd stresses that the Claim Stakers are a totally different band.

"We promote ourselves as not having anything to do with the White Animals. We're not going to exploit it to attract people to our shows."



The Claim Stakers want to surpass the success of the White Animals

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