

Joe Bob

# How to combat the horror of Crystal Love Fu

By JOE BOB BRIGGS

I got this little book for Christmas called "Crystal Love" that had a red rock included with it and it's about how to use the earth's magic energy to fill my life with love and success, and I've gone through the entire program now and I got to admit, it really works. Here's what happened to me. It can happen to you, too.

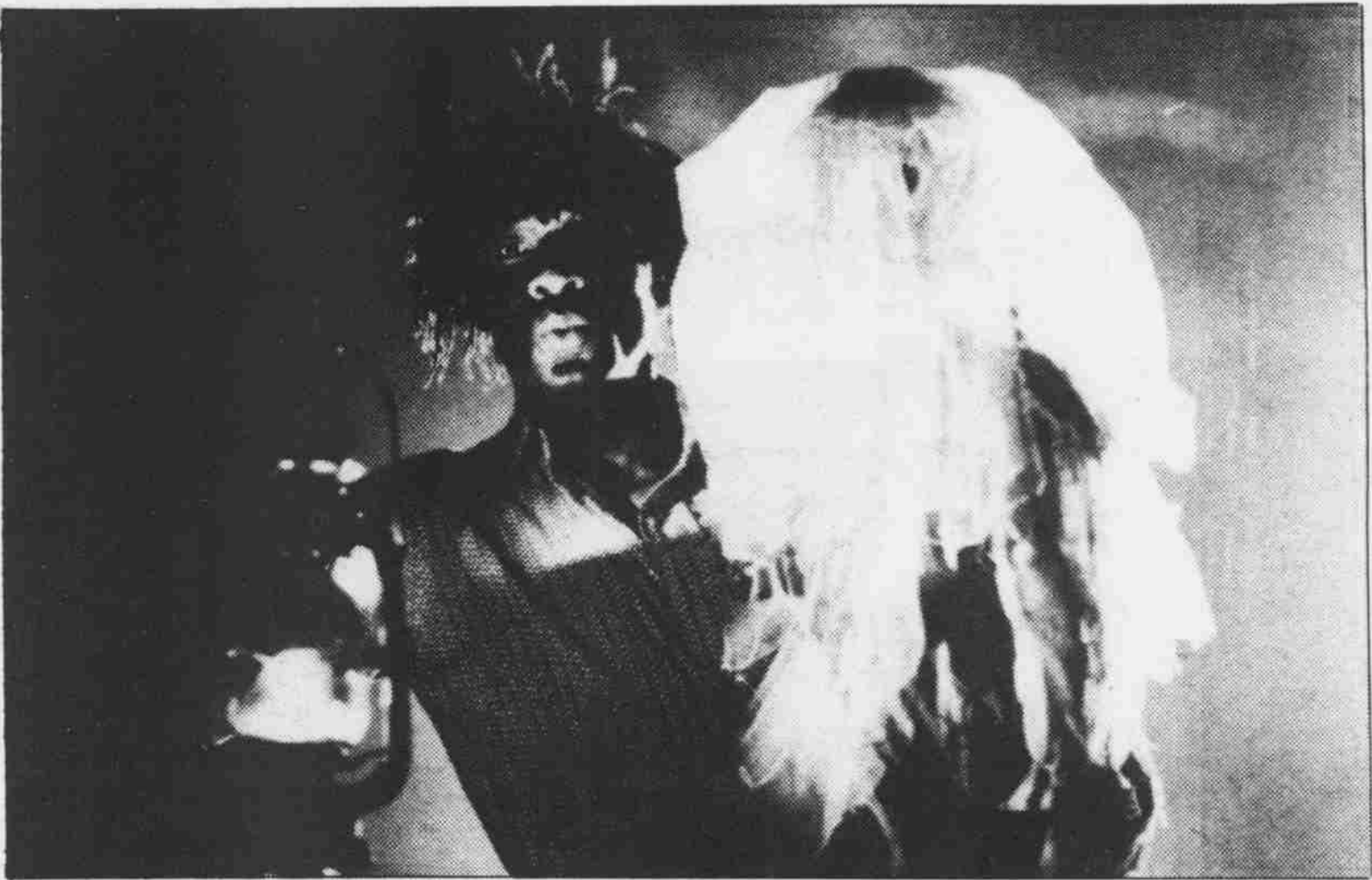
First I put my red crystal rock in the palm of my hand and let the water run over it and wash all the OLD energy into nothingness, and then I buried the rock in a bed of sea salt for seven days and during that time I let no impure thoughts come into my mind. I went through the entire "Family Affair" re-run plots, except for the ones where Buffy is mean to Mister French.

Now I started talkin' to the rock, tellin' it what I wanted, VISUALIZING my dream as reality, tellin' it stuff like "I already have my heart's desire, and she has a couple of 44's on her, that's how I'll know her when I see her coming." And then I tossed the rock around from hand to hand to send some love energy out to this humongously talented sleaze-a-rama sex machine with no known venereal diseases.

Now it gets complicated right in here, where you have to lay down a lot and stick the rock on top of your chakras, which are basically these zones on your body where if you get hit there with a baseball bat, you'll die. So you stick the rock on these places and

it teaches you how to love yourself. I wanted a whole bunch of this part, so I did it eight, nine days, stickin' that rock in places some people never even THOUGHT of stickin' it, so that I could love ALL of myself. In fact, I got to where I liked this part of it so much that after a week or so, it was all I did all day long. I'd lay down on a flat surface, start deep breathin' with the rock on my Number One Chakra, which can be real ticklish, and work all the way up to Numero Seven, and on each one I'd be sendin' out unconditional love to myself and forgivin' the whole world and lovin' my child-self and gettin' rid of jealousy in people that aren't as nice as me and maybe don't have a love rock and releasin' my anger and creatin' all the prosperity I deserve and de-programmin' all my negative self-judgments and generally makin' myself into one heavy dude with a rock.

I guess it was last Thursday when it all hit me and I got the one hunderd percent pure deevision of the reality and fullness of what I was doing, and I was ONE with the rock and I knew there was no turning back cause it was REVEALED to me just exactly what the rock meant to be in my life. And so I pressed the rock deeply into my palm and I wrapped the hand closely around its smooth surface and then I got into my car and I drove all night up to New York City, meditatn' all the way on the rock that was surgin' energy through me, and when I



Typical audience member after seeing "The Serpent and the Rainbow"

got to New York City I found somebody that told me where the woman lived that wrote the book "Crystal Love" and when she came out of her house the next morning I sailed the rock 40 feet in a perfect arc that barely missed her seventh chakra 'cause she was bendin over to pick up the paper, but it hit her right in the Hiney Chakra and caused a sound to come out of her Throat Chakra like a weasel with diarrhea in a blender. This is what the rock had been made for all along. This is what the rock god intended.

Speaking of getting your chakra nailed to a chair, there's one scene in "The Serpent and the Rainbow" that's so painful I'd just as soon skip it and tell you about the one where the guy sticks these incredibly sharp, incredibly long needles directly into his face so he can slither around the voodoo dance floor like a greased javelina hog. It's all part of the Voodoo Fu that this Harvard guy goes down to Haiti to study so he can find out what the secret formula is for turnin' people into zombies. Unfortunately, once he gets down

there, the chief of Papa Doc's secret police starts jumpin' in his dreams like Freddy Krueger and makin' snakes come out of zombies' mouths and eat him alive and giant jaguars chase him with slow-motion Zombie-Cams. The flick was made by Wes Craven, Mr. "Nightmare on Elm Street" himself, and so it's sort of like Freddy Krueger puts together a reggae band and starts slime-dancin' behind your eyeballs. The deal is that the secret police guy is zombifyin' the population, stealin' their souls, hackin' off their body parts and forcing 'em to fly Pan Am. It's terrifying.

We got two breasts. Six dead bodies. Four undead bodies. Voodoo funeral. Exploding coffin. Fire eating. Glass eating. Graveyard voodoo Catholic candle zombie face-eating. One dead wall-pig. Aardvarking. Zombie Cam. Jaguar

Cam. Orgasm Cam. Heads roll. Heads thrown. Gratuitous face needles. Jaguar Fu. Zombie Fu. Scorpion Fu. Tarantula Fu. Snake Fu. Scrotum Fu. Buried-alive Fu. Pan Am Fu. Froth-face debutante Fu. Drive-In Academy Award nomination for Cathy Tyson, as Marielle the walkin' Haitian pharmacy, for demonstratin' the holy aardvark in a cave; Conrad Roberts, as Christophe the friendly zombie; Zakes Mokae, as the secret-service cop with a claw hammer and a mug of human blood, for saying, "I don't want money - I wanna hear you scream," and Wes Craven, well-known zombie director, for taking a fine book by an anthropologist and making it into a wonderful exploitation movie.

Four stars. Joe Bob says check it out.

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