

Reviewing the movie "Leviathan"

Joe Bob speaks: Trendy monsters and Yuppie couples

By **JOE BOB BRIGGS**
Syndicated Columnist

One time when I was in San Francisco I met this couple, Brad and Trudy Brinker, who are the most up-to-date people I know in America. They're so up-to-date, they've already stopped using cellular phones and moved on to AT&T ear implants. They're so modern that they don't just go on 14-day wine-tasting vacations. They go on 14-day wine-swimming vacations, at their own 14 vineyards, where they grow the grapes, make the wine, and print up the little menus with curlicues on 'em. These people are so trendy that they bought a house, but they didn't have time to live in the house, so they bought some people to live in the house for them. Have I made my point here?

Anyhow, the latest thing that Brad and Trudy did is they went for six days to Big Sur to a Creative Primal Divorce Encounter. This stuff is so far beyond EST, you have to have an American Express platinum card just to order the brochure. What it is, all these couples go out in the woods and have a ceremony where they recite some Indian poetry and symbolically divorce one another. Then they let that set in for three, four days. Let's face it, you've just turned loose 50, 60 people that've been married for a combined total of 400 years, what do you think is gonna happen? These people are out there Significant-Othering their brains out.

Then they get a Unitarian priest to come in and show a porno video while they sit with their original partners and communicate about what turns them on about Marilyn Chambers' body. Then the Unitarian guy sends 'em back into the woods to write down sentences

in spiral notebooks that start out "One thing I've never told you about myself is..." Or "One thing I can't stand about you is..."

And then the answers are stuff like "You remember that time I went to Fort Worth and you thought it was weird? Well, it was weird. Boy, was it weird. She was 105 pounds of Kinko City. I shoulda told you, but I was chicken." And then you take your spiral notebook and you give it to your Significant Other, and he or she takes it off into the woods by him or herself and writes an answer in there like "You need professional help, jerk!" And then the Unitarian priest brings you back together in a giant therapy group where you can go through the Primal Divorce proper, screaming at each other like weasels being sliced up in a coffee grinder.

Once this is over, you both cry for a long time. Crying is very important. "Brad cried five different times during the week," Trudy told me. "The next best husband only cried three times."

And then they all have some apple juice and talk about the sexual urges they had when they were eight years old but were too embarrassed to tell anybody but now they can. And then they hug. Hugging is very important. And then they all go out for cappuccino. Cappuccino is very, very important.

And then they all bid fond farewells and head for home, where they are renewed, refreshed, alive again, and they start lying to one another with a clean slate.

I find this stuff fascinating.

Speaking of trendy face-eating monsters, I went to see "Leviathan" and it's "Aliens" underwater — same exact movie, except this



Richard Crenna (left) has a flashback to "The Real McCoys" in "Leviathan"

time the giant wormy stomach-eating slimehead gooey-gut DNA mutants were created by the Russians. The Russkies were down on the ocean floor trying to breed a half-man, half-fish, things got a little out of control, they forgot to watch the 1961 Japanese classic "Octama" or they would have known what can go wrong, and then — whoops! — their ship ends up on the bottom of the ocean full of skeletons and stingrays the size of Cadillacs. Here come the Americans — dum de dum de dum de dum — who find the ship, and what are they interested in? The vodka, of course. But it was the vodka the Russians were using to drug the Russkie guinea pigs. So pretty soon you got an undersea mining city full of zombie Americans that keep sprouting new

limbs and teeth in the palms of their hands. Everybody starts looking like a giant crocodile that just got bulldozed and soaked with Aunt Jemima pancake mix and then beat on for half an hour with a bag of ball bearings. In other words, "Aliens." Same deal. But instead of Sigourney Weaver, you've got Amanda Pays. We're talking some serious genetic-DNA mucus here.

Six dead bodies. Giant earthworms. Closeup neck surgery. Fish-scale skin. Purple pus-oozing. Wrist-slitting. Mutant head rolls. Mutant arm rolls. Exploding mutant. Stomach-eating worm monsters. Blood-sucking crocodile Dracula thingey. Gratuitous shark attack. Gratuitous Meg Foster. Crab Fu. Metal shop tool Fu. Flamethrower Fu. Vodka Fu. Drive-in Academy

Award nominations for Daniel Stern, as the resident geek who watches his friend almost get his head blown off, then tells him he once saw a guy "blow his suit" and there was nothing left of him so "we just buried his helmet"; Peter Weller, as the numero uno scientist, for kicking underwater hiney; Amanda Pays, as the Sigourney Weaver type, for helping Peter Weller kick underwater hiney; Ernie Hudson, as the maintenance guy that hates waves; and George P. Cosmatos, the man who directed "Rambo," who only made one mistake — he killed off a good guy AFTER THE MOVIE WAS OVER. (Bummer at the end. Nobody likes it.) Other than that, fine job, George.

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

Fighting hunger the inexpensive way

Franklin Street full of 'fun' fast-food fare

By **BRYAN BURNS**
Staff Writer

Between the clothing shops and small cafes, Franklin Street has that special something that makes it perfect for a college town. What could that vital element be? Fast-food restaurants.

Sure, there are plenty of nice places to eat on Franklin. If you're in a literary mood, the Hardback Cafe is good, and the Carolina Coffee Shop is always lovely. But sometimes nothing will satisfy hunger like the instant and economic splendor of fast food.

One of the best values on Franklin Street is definitely Taco Bell. Not only is the food *muy bueno*, but they've got bargain prices. For only 59 cents you can get everything from Cinnamon Crispas, the Mexican deep-fried ambrosia, to tacos and burritos. Taco Bell also features free refills on drinks and

a student discount, so make sure to flash your University I.D. for an extra 10 percent off, even on sale items.

More good news — the Subway on Franklin St. has finally reopened. They've been remodeling, and although their alterations don't seem to have made a drastic difference in the store, it looks great. Basically, they moved the counter to a different angle, but I'm sure the employees enjoyed a vacation.

Anyway, Subway is back and I'm excited. With such a variety of sandwich choices, it's hard to go wrong. And although Sadlack's and Roman Wings offer some competition, Subway is still tops.

On the west end of Franklin is the fast-food palace of the Yellow M, I mean the Golden Arches. As if the food isn't enough to draw

you there, McDonalds periodically offers special attractions. For example, the temporary appearance of McRib, barbecued meat pressed into a rib-like shape, proving further that "parts is parts."

But McDonalds is now adding the excitement of a contest to the flavor of the food. The new Scrabble contest brings the intellectual board game to life with enough chances so that one in three people can win. That one person might win a million dollars. That one person might win Chicken McNuggets. The possibilities are frightening.

So Franklin St. has burgers, tacos and subs. What more could you want? Pizza. If you're willing to splurge, Pizza Hut is supreme, and Peppers is your only other real choice. For pizza, your best bet is to stay home and get delivery.

Sure, there's Dominos, but put away that meal card, be adventurous, spend cash. Again, Pizza Hut is tops, but economically, Gumby's and University Pizza dominate. In addition to getting Gumby's cheap prices and coupons, you can collect 10 box-top proofs of purchase and get a free Gumby Dammit. University also has good prices, and they became well-known by delivering condoms along with the pizza during Condom Awareness Week. Even more importantly, the pizza tastes good.

These are the big fast-food features on Franklin, but don't settle for this. Take a risk and go exploring on your own. You never know just what might be hiding at Hector's or Hardees. You might stumble across a delicious, affordable treat that you can get at any hour of the night.

CAT'S CRADLE



- 3/30 Urban Edge
- 3/31 Johnny Quest
- 4/1 Burning Spear
(Jamaican Reggae)
- 4/2 Pressure Boys
Reunion
- 4/3 I-Tal
- 4/4 The Dead Milkmen
- 4/5 The Balancing Act

18 and over admitted.

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