

SAY WHAT?

A subliminal suggestion: stop the sequels

This week, a broken man writes.

This is not the story about Mardi Gras I promised two weeks ago. Because not once, not twice, but *three times* Fate screwed me over. *Three times* my "ironclad" plans to go to Mardi Gras went "poof." *Three times* my hopes that the thousands of dollars in telephone charges between New Orleans and Chapel Hill would pay off were dashed.

So, while tens of thousands of people celebrated life in New Orleans, I spent my weekend at home in Kernersville, shattered and hollow.

And my old friend Mark Tebault, trying to be helpful, offered a subliminal self-help tape to get me past the pain.

Thanks a heap, Mark.

For those of you unfamiliar with the self-help tape concept, an explanation. A psychologist who did his graduate work at Battle Creek Com-

CHIP SUDDERTH

Guide Lines

munity College opens by saying something like, "I'd like to actualize your potential in the next thirty minutes." Then the tape plays lots of "soothing" sounds while little subsonic comments that are supposed to make you *whole* get absorbed into your brain:

Day by day, in every way, I get better and better.

I have the potential to achieve great works.

Even though I spilled a Coke all over my date and ruined her 135-dollar jacket, then described in graphic detail just what is wrong with IRS collection practices, I am not necessarily a poor dining companion.

You become the soul of mellowness

with a speed formerly associated only with dangerous drugs.

Uh-huh.

Curiosity got the better of my natural skepticism, so I popped in the "Self-Hypnosis" tape. Immediately I was assaulted with the sound of some damned annoying seagulls. (An aside: Wouldn't it make more sense for a self-confidence tape to play "Fight For Your Right to Party" *real loud* instead of ocean noises that sound like my ex-roommate snoring? I'm sorry, but that's hardly "mellow.") Suddenly my eyelids felt quite heavy ...

When I awoke the next morning, the first thing I noticed was that I was wearing pantyhose over my head. This I found interesting, since I'm not quite in the habit of keeping pantyhose in my room.

What I *did* find in my room, however, was a fully functional .45 automatic and two burlap sacks filled with tens and twenties.

The moral of this story:

1) If you are ever listening to a subliminal self-help tape, be sure the high-speed dubbing is turned OFF.

2) If you are ever fool enough to listen to a subliminal self-help tape at twice-normal speed, make sure you didn't accidentally put in the "Accumulate Wealth/Assert Yourself" tape.

See you in ten to twenty years.

On top of everything else that happened to me in the last two weeks, I learned ghastly news about two of the most anxiously-awaited action movies of 1991. Enough to make a guy certain that God exists, and He doesn't like us.

Terminator 2 — A textbook lesson in "How to Make a Sequel that Screws Up the Whole Reason People Saw the Original in the First Place." Arnold Schwarzenegger decided he really couldn't be in this movie unless he played ... a good guy. *The Termi-*

nator is the hero of the movie and he's protecting Sarah Connor (Linda Hamilton) from the bad guys! Call this movie Robocop 2 1/2.

It gets worse.

Highlander 2: The Quickening — All those "if you've never seen this movie ..." clichés apply to *Highlander*, a cult action/rock video/heroic romance movie that's pure video gold. Rent this movie. Now.

But if you loved the climactic sword fights, blistering soundtrack and enthralling scenery of the original, then you'll absolutely hate *Highlander 2*. In 2034, Space Aliens from the Planet Zeist invade Earth, and Connor MacLeod (Christopher Lambert) fights them on his flying jet skis.

I made none of this up.

God, I hate Hollywood.

Chip Sudderth, a license plate-stamping major, may be reached at cell block 9620245.

The best of the worst: the Hubbie nominations

The official nominees for the 1990 Drive-In Academy Awards, better known as the "Hubbies." Get a pencil, cause they're humongous this year. And I've decided to make *everyone* eligible to vote, so zap me those blouses.

BEST FLICK

Basket Case 2, the continuing story of the horribly deformed, twisted mutilated Siamese twin who lives in a picnic basket and is very angry about it, but has now learned to eat people's faces off in kinder, gentler ways.

Brain Dead, the story of what would happen if a man decided to keep a whole lab full of pickled brains that used to belong to paranoid schizophrenics, so he can figure out how to stick incredibly long needles into the brains and turn loony people into perfectly respectable game-show hosts.

Darkman, the story of a scientist who's working on the ultimate plastic surgery discovery — making skin in a test tube — but gets half his face blown off by some gangsters who like to collect human fingers in a box and so he has to learn to build synthetic-skin *Mission: Impossible* fake faces that last 99 minutes at a time.

Delta Force 2, proving once again that all it takes is one helicopter full of American kung-fu masters to solve any problem in the universe, including wiping out a South American drug dealer whose idea of a good time is to kill babies because their mothers don't harvest the coca leaves *fast* enough.

Frankenhooker, the romantic story of a man whose fiancée gets Cuisinarted by a runaway lawn mower, and so he's reduced to shopping for body parts on 42nd Street by selling crack that makes the heads of hookers explode.

Hardware, the best nuclear-radiation twisted-metal jubilee since the original *Mad Max*.

JOE BOB BRIGGS

At the Drive-In

Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer, the first movie in history to get an X for "moral tone."

Martians Go Home, the nightmare about what would happen if the Martians invaded the world and they turned out to be *stand up comedians*.

BEST ACTOR

Kevin van Hentenryck (**Basket Case 2**) for making the second movie even after he died in the first one, for having even a *more* disgusting scar on the side of his body where Belial was cut off, and for slowly going crazy as he says, "I just wanted people to think I was *normal!*"

Liam Neeson (**Darkman**): The man is ugly, the man is evil, and the man is in love.

Chuck Norris (**Delta Force 2**) for cleaning out a mountain drug fortress surrounded by a hundred armed men and protected by a South American army equipped with heat-seeking helicopter-gunship missiles.

George C. Scott (**The Exorcist III**), a cop with a carp in his bathtub, who gets a little *testy* when he finds a 12-year-old kid with ingots driven into his eyes and his head cut off and a Jesus head made up like a black minstrel stuck on his shoulders where his head used to be.

Dylan McDermott (**Hardware**), as the techno trash collector.

Michael Rooker (**Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer**), as Henry, for saying "Guns are easy to get — I can make a phone call and get a gun — anybody can get a gun, Otis," and "Oh, yeah. That's right. I stabbed her."

Noel Peters (**The Invisible Maniac**) as a nerdy psycho physics professor giving himself invisible-man serum injections so he can sneak up on blonde cheerleaders and rip their

blouses off.

Randy Quaid (**Martians Go Home**) as a theme-music composer for T.V. game shows, who accidentally summons billions of green-skinned stand up comics from outer space.

BEST ACTRESS

Riba Meryl (**Beyond the Doors**) as Janis Joplin, for porking up for the role, shooting up with heroin, belting out a couple tunes Janis-style, and saying, "I go out and make love to 25,000 people, and then I go home alone."

Catherine Carlen (**Chopper Chicks in Zombie Town**) as the leader of the Cycle Sluts, for saying, "You're the Sluts! Try and act like it!"

Frances McDormand (**Darkman**) as Darkman's girlfriend, for saying, "If you're not going to kill me, I have things to do."

Stacey Travis (**Hardware**) as the blowtorch sculptress, for drinking Lactoplasm and destroying the Mark 13 killer robot.

Deborah Foreman (**Lobster Man From Mars**) as the damsel in distress, for saying, "It's all very simple! Bunny men from Neptune have invaded Mars!"

Anita Morris (**Martians Go Home**) as a talk-show shrink who keeps telling people they are having "delusions" when they think they have Martians in their Hydro-Spa.

Hilary Shepard (**Peacemaker**) as the girl who doesn't know whether to blow an alien's head off or fall in love with him.

Roxanne Rogers (**Punk Vacation**) as the Head Mama Punker who has set up a Charlie Manson rock-and-roll party at an abandoned ranch out by Tehachapi.

Sandra Bogan (**Punk Vacation**) as the revenge-minded pistol-packing redneck daughter, who gets stripped down to her bra, tied to some railroad ties, and forced to listen to *real loud music* while everybody else gets to dance.

BREAST ACTRESS

Ginger Lynn Allen (**Back to Hollywood Boulevard**) as the porno star, for being such a great actress that she successfully portrays a *virgin*.

Cynthia Bond (**Def By Temptation**) as the Devil Woman, for putting on her Christian Dior stockings with no hands, and for saying, "Honey, I've given you something there's no cure for."

Patty Mullen (**Frankenhooker**), a former Penthouse Pet of the Year as Frankenhooker, for staggering down 42nd Street with suture marks all over her body and giving new meaning to the phrase, "Wanna date?"

Bo Derek (**Ghosts Can't Do It**) for having the courage to take four baths instead of her usual three.

Cynthia Brimhall (**Guns**), lead singer in Playboy's Girls of Rock and Roll, for singing two lounge songs while dressed in a lace corset.

Devin Devasquez (**Guns**) as Erik Estrada's girlfriend in a leopard-skin leotard, for saying, "Let me kill for you."

Roberta Vasquez (**Guns**) for showing off her two enormous talents by aardvarking in the desert on a motorcycle seat at sunset.

Dona Speir (**Guns**), three-time winner of the Breast Actress Award, for running around in a halter top carrying a rocket launcher, and for saying, "That's it for me! I'm hitting the shower!"

Shannon Wilsey (**The Invisible Maniac**) as Vicky the blonde, for saying, "I need an A to graduate, and I'd be willing to do *anything*."

Isa Anderson (**Night Angel**) as the demonic ex-wife from hell who plans to turn the whole world into sex-crazed zombies by posing for the cover of *Siren*, a high fashion magazine, and putting a lot of subliminal messages in there like, "Have sex with the cleaning lady today."

Morgan Fairchild (**Phantom of the Mall**) — she's the pouty, she's sequined, she's the evil mayor, and she's wear-

ing too much makeup!

BEST DIALOGUE

Steve Vinovich (**Back to Hollywood Boulevard**): "I don't think a little thing like minor tissue damage should get in our way."

Annie Ross (**Basket Case 2**): "I understand your pain, Belial, but ripping the faces off people may not be in your best interests."

Larry Buchanan, director of **Beyond the Doors**, for writing lines like "I know I didn't need that second barrel, but who counts birdshot in a man's chest? Rock and roll is dead. Long live rock and roll."

Don Calfa (**Chopper Chicks in Zombietown**) as the evil mortician who buries the dead with the touching prayer, "Why dwell on it?"

David Knell (**Chopper Chicks in Zombietown**): "Jeez, Dad, maybe if you don't eat anybody, nobody'll notice you're a zombie."

Brad Dourif (**The Exorcist III**): I kill at random — no motive — that's the fun."

James Lorinz (**Frankenhooker**): "After all, I'm not killing anybody. It's the crack that's gonna kill 'em. If they don't wanna do it, they can just say no."

John Lynch (**Lobster Man From Mars**), the cocaine-worshiper who says, "It's my heart — it feels like an alligator."

Clive Turner and Freddie Rowe, screenwriters on **The Howling V**: "There is an ancient Hungarian proverb — Check the one who looks innocent!"

Noel Peters (**The Invisible Maniac**): "I'm injecting the serum into the bunny rabbit now," and "I was inexplicably drawn to the girls' locker room."

Terry Laughlin (**Killer**): "Young and in love — makes me wanna throw up."

Tommy Sledge (**Lobster Man From**

See **JOE BOB**, page 10