

'Surfin' M.O.D.' spoofs beach movies

By MARK BRETT

Ah, Spring Break. That time, every year, when college students migrate to Florida in droves (how they get their driver licenses I don't know) to be irresponsible in ways that only college students are capable of.

This is, I suppose, caused by their proximity to the infamous "real world," where evidently that sort of behavior becomes impossible. This review, then, is dedicated to all you Florida dudes out there (you know who you are,) clinging to that last little bit of adolescence with all your might. Reality will wrench it out of all our hands before we know

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it. Unless, of course, we join the thrash band Method of Destruction (M.O.D. to their friends.)

Formed from the remains of the Stormtroopers of Death (S.O.D.), the M.O.D. boys have been denying reality for a few years now. A couple of new members were recruited when the S.O.D. broke up, a new name was invented, and Method of Destruction was born. All of which, in a round-about way, brings us to the object of our

Spring-Break-tribute review, "Surfin' M.O.D."

"Surfin' M.O.D." is a concept album on a level more than slightly below Pink Floyd's "The Wall;" it's every bad teenage beach movie ever made, complete with inane dialogue, party-poopng adult, and mindless music.

From the opening strains of "Goldfish from Hell (which sounds suspiciously like the theme from "Jaws") to "The Big Finale," the album conjures up twisted images of Frankie, Annette, and every beach movie couple to follow them. The story concerns itself with Bill and Katrina, your typical movie Califor-

nia beach kids, and their quest for love, understanding, a few good waves, and a bitchin' party in a world gone mad.

The "Movie Side" begins with some "Totally Narly Talking by Katrina & Bill," which concerns itself with who's looking at who on the beach, and, of course, surfing. This leads quite naturally into M.O.D.'s stirring rendition of "Surfin' USA," played surprisingly straight. This is followed by "More Narly Talking" and "Surf's Up," an M.O.D. original with the kind of mind-altering bass line that only thrash bands seem capable of playing.

Next comes the inexplicable "Sargent Drexell Theme," which introduces the character of Mr. Oofus, who is seemingly wanted for murder by the afore-mentioned Sargent Drexell. This plotline is forgotten, however, as "Bill, Katrina, and Alex Spot Oofus," the beach inspector from Hell. Oofus doesn't want the kids to have a good time, and is apparently possessed by demons, which is the only rational explanation for people like him.

This fact comes out in "Mr. Oofus," during a tirade at some of the girls that involves abortion, the word "bitch" (repeated several times), butter, and lots of other stuff that I can't mention in a good, Christian newspaper like this one.

Following our meeting Oofus, we are treated to "Still More Narly Talk & The Party Crash Scene," in which our heroes finally find that party they've been looking for. Unfortunately, they haven't been invited. This

doesn't stop them, of course, and M.O.D. then breaks into "Party Animal," a tribute to mindless fun and those who engage in it.

At the party, we get "Bill's Big Love Scene," where Bill opens his heart to Katrina and sings "Color My World," a sappy love ballad delivered with all the style and vocal quality we've come to expect from M.O.D. (which of course means very little).

Bill and Katrina split up in the end, as we're treated to a bongo solo and M.O.D.'s version of "Shout," one of those ultimate party songs that just seem to belong in movies like this one. Then comes "The Big Finale," a campfire sing-along on "Surfin'-and-a-Swayin'" that includes the entire cast and brings the movie to a heart-warming conclusion.

"Surfin' M.O.D." is a loving parody of the mindless beach movie, and as such is a tribute to the kind of irresponsible behavior that abounds at Spring Break.

I hope all of you folks who made your way to Florida this year have enjoyed our tribute to your way of life for the past week, and I hope you saw some of your own experiences reflected therein (especially some of that stuff that couldn't be mentioned; no one should miss out on that kind of thing when it's available).

I can only trust that the hang-over has subsided enough for you to be reading this.

Applebee's, Atlantis offer good dining experiences

By JOHN MORIARTY

The first time I visited Applebee's I was disappointed by the lasagna. The portion was too small compared with the huge salad that came with it. So never get the lasagna. All other times I've had a good time and good food.

The waiters and waitresses are very friendly and the rib basket appetizer is a special treat. All of this combined with "Checkbook" Holbrook tending the bar helps create a festive atmosphere and has helped the number one "Yuppie Bar" in Rocky Mount.

The menu is a wide variety of

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choices and as long as you don't have to wait for a table (or get the lasagna) a good time is unavoidable.

Recently, my parents and myself enjoyed an outing to the Oyster bar portion and consumed many pounds of Atlantis' famous "Spiced Shrimp."

The unique thing about Atlantis is the waitress at the bar peels the shrimp for you and places

them on your plate. They give you a choice of either cocktail sauce or butter sauce. The complimentary hushpuppies are a plus; the only bad thing is the only beer they sell is Coors and Coors Light. (Yuck!)

The rest of the restaurant is fairly large and is usually packed with senior citizens on Saturday nights. I've personally never eaten anything except the shrimp because it's that good. They even have a scale so you can make sure that you got your three pounds of shrimp before you leave.

Overall, when going out and eating shrimp, Atlantis is the best Rocky Mount has to offer.

Honesty not always 'nice'

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colleague should do. I don't think I'm personally attacking a student when I express exasperation at shallow thinking; I think I'm forcing the student to learn about herself.

So, OK, my style can be momentarily disconcerting. And, yes, sometimes I misread a person and offend him. I don't like hurting people's feelings, and I have been known to apologize. But I think it is intellectual laziness and dishonesty at their worst to expect everyone to feel good all the time. Growth is never going to come easily, and anyone who tells you otherwise is doing you no service. Maybe I should

pause more often to smile, but I categorically reject the idea that as I grow older I must become Mary Poppins. Perhaps a spoonful of medicine without sugar can be beneficial.

I'll tell you a secret. I like some nice people. Why, some of my best friends are nice people. But not all the time. My friends command my respect because they aren't afraid to show their disagreement when I need it. But can you imagine Daisy Thorp being as cranky as I am? Can you imagine me being as patiently kind as Daisy is?

Does one of us have to be right and one wrong? Can we love each other for our differences?

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