

SEX & ENTERTAINMENT

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Scarry Belch

Movie fan spills guts, popcorn

I really like movies.

Movies are cool. They are entertaining and they beat the hell out of staring at nothing for 2 hours or so.

Another reason I like movies is the popcorn. Butter, salt, white fluffy puffs. You really can't beat popcorn as a movie food. I guess that's why it sells so well.

Plus, the popcorn is salty and that makes people buy lots of beverages. Like Coke and Pepsi. Well, maybe not Pepsi because all the theaters around here have Coke and Cherry Coke and Diet Coke and fruit punch. Mmmmmmm. I like those, too.

Speaking of pop, pop makes me belch. Have you ever burped and the sheer force of it expanded your nose to the point of exquisite pain? Boy, I hate that.

The best movies are movies where a whole lot of people get blown up and die. And then the good guy comes in and says his line (like "I'll be back" or "ain't it cool") and rides off into the sunset with the girl.

I really like to go to movies and talk to myself. Really loud. Sometimes I argue and interrupt myself too. Why do people always go away when I do that?

Someone says I go off on tangents, but I don't have any of those anyway. I was out setting beaver traps the other night when Friedrich Nietzsche called me on my Batman walkie talkie and explained to me that humanity is the whale and Tupperware is my harpoon and then my batteries ran out so he never got to finish.

What I really like to do is to tell everyone the endings of movies, like the fact that Keyser Söze is actually ... William Shatner! No, it's actually ... yo mama!

I think movie theaters should have couches instead of seats because couches are more comfortable and I could plug my meter with the change left there by the people from the previous movie. Boy, that would be nice.

Actually, it would be really nice if the movie theater would set me up with a date to go to the movie with, because going to movies alone really sucks. I'm tired of sneaking my cat in because he hogs all the popcorn.

Plus, he has Friskies breath.

This guy is a typical Lincoln moviegoer who likes "yo mama" jokes and by no means is "all there."

Guts'n'borg in black rubber, Kleaner out

By Clef Hex
Staff Liquidator

After months of speculation, the key to the Batcave is being handed to Stave Guts'n'borg, star of such movies as "Cop Academy" and "Midget Circuit."

"We just can't seem to keep anyone in the suit," Robert Gonder, Third Baseman of Warning Brothers, said. "Maybe it's the prosthetic Bat-Chin."

Mikael Kitten wore the padded suit first, but stepped out after two films.

"Mikael simply got tired of being shorter than all the villains,

which is why they had the Penguin in the second one, and Pfafner was still taller than him as Catwoman!" said Kitten's proprietor, Sally Birmen.

When it came time to fill the Batboots, Valve Kleaner stepped in. "They were too small for me, and I didn't need eight inch soles, so they had to redo them for me," Kleaner said.

After having completed "Batman Forever," however, Kleaner backed out of his contract for three Bat-films. "I really just wanted to do the first one because I got to make out with Top Cruising's wife and get paid for it," Kleaner said.

For a while, it appeared as if Gorge Looney, star of NDC's hit show, "EH?," would step into the Bat-Mobile, but he turned the offer down after discovering that he would have to do his own semi-nude scene. No bat-butt-doubles were being offered.

Other Bat-prospects included Dodge-her More, James the Earl of Jones, Farset Whitesoker, Joe Pesky and Mortgage Fleaman, all of whom Warning Brothers thought would have been perfect for the role. But none could fit it into their schedules. "As soon as the call came in telling me that I had gotten the part of Batman, I screamed with Bat-Joy

and bat-faxed everyone I know!" Guts'n'borg said.

Alongside Guts'n'borg will be MacCall-me Cluckin' as Robin, having dumped Cross O'Dumbbell because he was starting to look too old, according to Warning Brothers.

As in keeping with bat-tradition, the new bat-film, which is entitled "Batman — Still Going," will have a full score of villains.

Only a few short hours ago, Warning Brothers announced that Enmanual Suc-us will continue his comeback as "Mr. Freeze" and Coffee Bites would play "Poison Ivy."

Experienced

Hendrix rocks yer friggin' world

By Def Scandal
Editor Schmeditor

Usually, the only sounds emerging from the faculty offices of the College of Racketeering are those of furiously pressed calculator buttons and the rifling of complicated lab reports.

But today is not your usual day; and racketeering dean Jimi "Spandex" Hendrix is not your usual faculty member.

From his office, one is more likely to hear the sounds of electric guitars and blown amps.

Hendrix is ready to rock.

"I'd like to shed the usual image of what a racketeering dean should be — sure," Hendrix says, looking up from the tangled mess of power cords and mangled notebooks scribbled with lyrics and chord progressions.

"I'd like to be a racketeering rock icon."

Hendrix will get his first major crack at that icon status when he and his band, the Racketeering Dean Hendrix Experience, take the stage Wednesday night for a concert to benefit the University of No Opportunity's fledgling racketeering program.

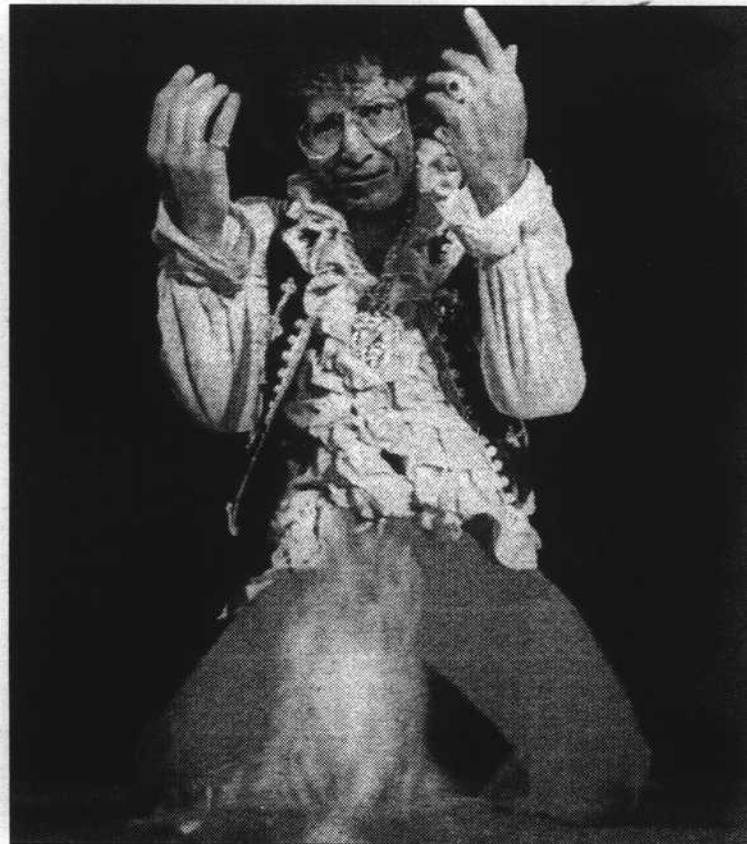
Without even playing a note, Hendrix exudes the rock 'n' roll swagger. If he doesn't get the music right, he at least has the lifestyle down.

Slide rules and scientific calculators clutter his desk, which is also topped with an array of pornographic magazines, empty liquor bottles and discarded underwear, undoubtedly souvenirs left by the most avid racketeering groupies.

"Ah, there's my baby," Hendrix half-mumbles, reaching down behind his desk and pulling up a battle-scarred bright red guitar.

He hoists the instrument's strap across his shoulders and gently rests it against his midsection.

"Like a glove," he says as it hangs from his form, and he proceeds to strike the slightly corroded strings.



Air Stinkyberg/DH

Racketeering dean Jimi Hendrix "sacrifices" his prized guitar at an impromptu concert in the Racketeering Faculty Lounge.

The sound that emerges is unlike any you have ever heard.

As chord after rattling chord grinds out from Hendrix's guitar, he begins to sing. His normally soft-spoken demeanor transforms into an aggressive, ready-for-trouble posture.

"Hey, Joe, where you going with that protractor in your hand?/Gonna draw an obtuse angle," he wails with a subtly restrained passion.

"Purple haze, all in my brain/calculus, it don't seem the same/Subtracting funny, and I don't know why/ Scuse me while I compute pi."

The walls shake for what feels like an interminable amount of time. And then, just as suddenly, it stops.

And as one steps back to look at Hendrix, slumped over and panting next to a five-foot stack of biological systems engineering and calculus textbooks, it's hard not to believe him.

"Go on, man, I gotta get ready for Wednesday's show," he says, waving a hand at the door. "Get out."

As the door closes, the crash of glass — sounding strangely like a bottle thrown against a working model of a suspension bridge — is heard.

Just as a-squared plus b-squared equals c-squared, rock 'n' roll will never die. Hendrix will make sure of that.

Big heifer to milk spotlight

By Brain Priestmany-heads
Staff Regurgitator

Placido Dingalingo, move over. The world of opera has a brand new star.

Babe the talking pig, star of the critically acclaimed movie "Babe" will star in the new NUL School of Mucous opera, "Carmina Bovina."

Written by School of Mucous alumnus Jimmy Joe Bobbarotti, "Carmina Bovina" tells the story of a young heifer, Carmina, who is immune to the strange "mad-cow disease."

"We wanted to tell a family oriented story that could help all of those big honkin' heifers over in England," Bobbarotti said.

"I really feel for all of those poor animals, going crazy because of a silly little bug."

Bobbarotti said he hoped his opera would inspire action against the disease.

"I'd like to see the University Death Center donate a bunch of friggin' drugs to the cows, because they can really use them."

Bobbarotti said he was inspired to write his opera after seeing a production of the classic Tons-o'-fleas Williams play "A Streetcar Named Desire with a Cat on it's Hot Tin Roof."

Bobbarotti didn't think the production would become a reality until he scored what he calls the "casting coup of a lifetime."

"I was very lucky to get Babe. He's got so much talent and one hell of a voice — for a swine."

Babe said he took the part because it was "either this or doing info-mercials on hair removal systems."

"It's the part of a lifetime," he said from his sty in Beverly Spills.

"Carmina Bovina" opens Thursday and runs until the crowd gets up and leaves in disgust. Ticket prices are negotiable. Proceeds are being donated to the "Mad-Cow Defense Fund." For more information, call the box office at 555-MILK.