

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

Tarantula

Existence on Eight Legs

PLEASE ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF, I am a man of wealth and taste. Well, wealth anyway. Not mine, you understand, it's my Dad's of course. He gives me some when I need it but otherwise I try to stay away from my family. What was I sayin'... Oh yeah, well I do have quite fine taste. You see I's bought up around old people. Rich old people. My

sure is dead. I don't know what you think-- Not that I'm prejudiced, no sir, I give every man the benefit of the doubt-- but no religion nowhere has proved to me that they got the right answers so till I get some evidence I'm gonna keep right on living. It's safer that way. It sure would be nice to know, don't you think? Maybe that's what happens to your born again types. They



parents had lots of friends. Oh sure we had house full of people, each party bigger than the last. Sometimes when Dad got tired the parties died and then most times everyone went home. They were usually just getting going too. Well my Dad, he's that sort. I guess he never understood the concept of fun. Boy, you bet I do. Oh sure, I love to laugh, spend pretty near all my time doing it. I laugh at things I don't even find funny, what the Hell, I figure laugh anyway. People sometimes call me phoney but not so much now that I got this new perspective and I'm all dark and sad. But that's another story. If I got started on that I'm liable to talk all day.

Boy I love to talk to people, especially my neighbors. When I lived with my parents-- boy I'm glad I'm not doing that anymore-- I spent many a day talking to the neighbors. They loved me. Except for the misses of Ol' Chet Minor. Ol' Chet, he was a hardcase. Anyway see what I did was I lost as little perspective and tried to get all friendly with both Minor girls at the same time. Can't say I blame you for what you must be thinking. I know I got lots of problems. Only really had one person who understood any of 'em.

Boy I miss the smell of her hair. She looks just like that goddess Isis that Bob Dylan sings about. That Bob Dylan, I bet the Minor sisters would do whatever he wanted. He'd get a talking to one of 'em and the other would start kissing his neck. Man if I could be anyone it would be him, well him or Jack Kerouac, 'cept if you were Kerouac the only thing you'd be for

find out what's really out there but in exchange for that knowledge they have to be annoying for the rest of their lives. Was that a little strong? I'm always offending people. My moods change so quickly, especially when it's hot outside. Boy, how 'bout this heat? Like nothing I ever saw. 'Cept in Frisco. Boy it's hot down in Frisco. Heat makes people nervous you know, boy I hate dealing with nervous people.

I had a friend who killed himself just cause he couldn't stand the heat. He used to roll in ice and curse the sun for baking his pale skin. He managed to mut his frustrations for awhile with opiates and other medications but the world decided a long time ago that you're only allowed to be so happy so they put up some road signs on the way to bliss. Sometimes I think the only things that keep people from happiness are rules.

My friend, he didn't like no rules so when they made him put down his needle he picked up his gun and now he don't have to worry about being too warm. He had long hair like a girl, and in the right light you'd have to say he was pretty. He used to say that the greatest sober luxury was sadness cause then you got no expectations and everything is a pleasant surprise. I suppose that's true, what I never thought to say was that a fulfilled expectation is sweeter than found money. Damn, don't you hate it when you think of the right thing to say just after you should have said it. Life should come with a rewind button. Hey, it should come with a fast forward button too, man I hate when it's this hot.

Dean Caulfield



By Trent Drake

This Week: *I Come in Peace*

REMEMBER THAT OLD SCI-FI CLASSIC, *The Day The Earth Stood Still*? In it, a peaceful alien named Klaatu comes to Earth to warn us that if we don't become as peaceful as the galactic union he represents, we'll peacefully be blown to smithereens. Now, four decades later, it appears that Klaatu might not have been joking... but if this is his idea of planetary destruction, I'll stick with H-bombs. At least they don't make me laugh.

I Come In Peace is a cop buddy movie about Jack Caine (Dolph Lundgren) and his new partner, F.B.I. stooge Smith. Jack is the unorthodox cop that buddy movies demand, while Smith is so unbelievably straight laced that he actually runs around quoting his superior officers. This brown-nosing little jerk almost gets both of them killed several times over as Jack investigates the White Boys, a group of yuppie drug dealers that killed his previous partner.

Meanwhile, two aliens have come to earth (good segue, huh?). One, named Bad Alien, wipes out a bunch of the yuppies (Hooray!) and then steals their heroin for his own ends (Boooo!). The other, Good Alien, chases B.A. around and does a lot of property damage with a great big space handgun. As this relationship develops, it is revealed that B.A. is an interstellar dope dealer and G.A. is a cop. Bad Alien is using the heroin to shoot people up. Then, once they're really stoned, he sucks their brain juice out. Apparently human brain fluid is a potent drug to his species. And you know that's bad for us.

Now, you'd think the trail of destruction would clue our stone-faced hero into the fact that aliens are running amuck in his city. Nope. He doesn't figure it all out until the Bad Alien tries to drain his brain and the Good Alien chases him away (and blows up a few cars in the process). Then, suddenly, it all makes sense. The Good Alien dies in the back seat of Jack's girlfriend's car, the corpse explodes, the F.B.I. turns on Smith, the White Boys get blown to shit by the B.A., a car chase ensues, and the heroes fight the alien in an abandoned steel mill that looks a lot like the one from *Terminator 2*. Dolph gets lucky, kicks the alien's butt, and the credits roll.

The Technical Stuff: The sound, dubbing and special effects are actually pretty good. There's lots of explosions, death, and fire. Even the dialogue is okay. All this means that there's nothing to make fun of. That sucks.

Acting (or Lack Thereof): Dolph

Lundgren is the poor man's Arnold Schwarzenegger. He's got the build, he's got the imposing stare, he has more talent... he just never gets the breaks. Starring in films like this doesn't help much either. Lundgren's acting is much better here than in *The Punisher* or *Universal Soldier*, and he doesn't have an accent (like a certain Austrian former Mister Universe I could mention). His partner the stiff (Brian Benben) is unremarkable, but he makes a good comedic foil. The scene stealers are those two aliens: Seven feet tall, covered in black leather and sporting milky white contact lenses over their real eyes. Their job: to walk around, looking mean. They Do. The Bad Alien is especially fun. All he ever says is, "I come in peace", over and over again. It seems to mean, "Pardon me while I kill you and suck out your brain", in his mother tongue. And his weapons are hilarious. There's the brain-sucking straw, the big long cable full of heroin, and the obligatory big gun. But the coup de grace is his Compact Disc of Doom. It flies on its own power and cuts off yuppies' heads. plus we get some fun little 'C.D. cam' shots to add to the impact.

Stuff To Watch For: The action scenes are riotous, with tons of destruction. Watch for the untimely destruction of two convenience stores, part of a parking garage and an entire police station. Another attraction is the yuppies drug ring, The White Boys, who complain about flying coach and worry about bloodstains in the rug. As imposing bad guys, they make great cannon fodder... which, come to think of it, is another great reason to rent this flick: hundreds of yuppies DIE HORRIBLY!! Under the heading of dumb but funny, we have the alien's disc (heavy metal is bad for you!!) and the nervous scientist who's had way to much coffee. Hands down dumbest scene: The alien fires that cable thing at Dolph, who must then wrestle it into submission. Watch carefully, and you'll notice that Dolph is moving the cable himself! Not his best moment.

Best Line: "And you go in pieces, asshole."- Jack, just before he turn the Bad Alien into flaming chunks of Spam.

The Bottom Line: Dumb cop buddy movie with tons of violence and an alien drug dealer to boot. A really good movie with a really silly theme. Why aren't you watching it already?

Next Time: A classic! Jack Deth must find some way to kill Whistler's Grandfather our else the entire world will end up *Trancers!* Time travel and bad special effects on the next Turkey Dinner.