

Joe Bob It's Us!

A whole lot of hoopla over North Carolina hoopsters

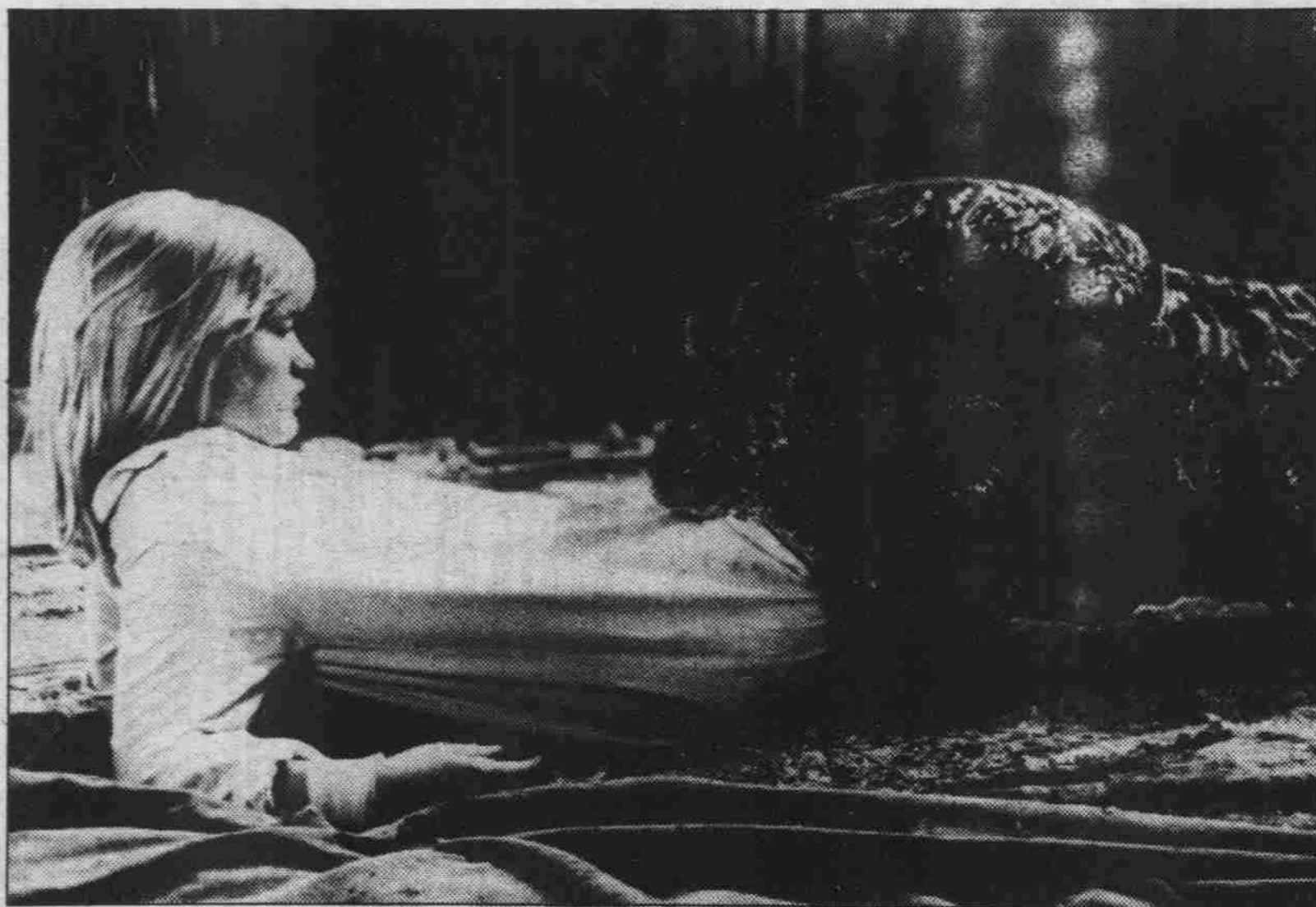
This is the time of year when a bunch of skinny guys from North Carolina play basketball all day and all night on ESPN until they're good enough to get nicknames like "Funk Attack" and "Slush Man," and then they deny they've received any cash payments in the last two months, even though "everybody else does it," and then they play games against OTHER teams from North Carolina in places called the Dribble Dome that have a seating capacity of 125,000 and haven't had an empty seat in the last 87 years, and then they go to the NC Double-A tournament and they beat a team from Texas, 94 to 7, and then they play a team from Kansas or Indiana (87 to 24), and then maybe they have to beat a halfway decent team like somebody from Dee Cee or Las Vegas or West El Lay, and then finally they get the field narrowed down to North Carolina, North Carolina State, North Carolina A&I, Western Carolina, Eastern Carolina, Carolina Tech, Southwest North Carolina State, North Carolina Baptist Bible College for White People That Never Have Sex With One Another, and the North Carolina Institute for the Blind, and then all these teams go to Norleans to see who gets to sit around all next year, going, "Gee, remember back in the old days when we used to play basketball just EIGHT months a year?"

And then somebody else'll say, "Yeah, lot slower pace, too — only 30 or 40 games televised."
"You go back far enough, we used to have to beat teams in the rest of the country, too."
"Oh yeah, I remember that year.

We beat SOUTH Carolina."
Out here in Grapevine, we only had four guys this year that knew how to dribble, and they were all livin' at the nursing home. Part of the problem is your state schools out here. If you get enrolled at some place like West Texas State, and they find out you know how to put a round object in a round hole, then you automatically get 45 hours advanced placement credit and end up graduatin' two years early, before your eligibility is used up. So it don't happen much that we get any basketball teams, except for the years when Nigerians enroll at the University of Houston 'cause the neighborhood looks exactly like downtown Lagos.

That's why, last year about this time, I drove out to Raleigh, N.C., and looked in on a couple games they were havin' and got drunk with some nerds from Duke and hung around the Incredibly Huge Skymaster Slam Dunk Dome or whatever it is where they play basketball out there, and after witnessin' the whole deal, I got one question and one question only: If their basketball teams are so great, how come all the coaches look like somebody set their noses on fire and then put them out with a meat tenderizer?

Speaking of grotesquely disfigured heroes, Freddy Krueger is back as the country's favorite child molester in "A Nightmare on Elm Street 3: Dream Warriors," which is better than Two but not as good as One and is basically about how Freddy is responsible for the teen suicide problem in this country today. Freddy's out there jumpin' into their dreams, rippin' their wrists open,



Sometimes you can hardly recognize that darn Freddy Krueger in a "Nightmare on Elm Street 3."

pullin' out their veins and usin' them as puppet strings. They all end up at the county nuthouse, havin' group therapy with Craig Wasson, until — ta-daaaa! — Heather Langenkamp shows up to kick Freddy's hiney.

That's right. After New Line Cinema made the incredibly tacky decision NOT to use Heather in Numero Two-o, the original Nancy Thompson is back. (Last year, when I raised holy Hades about it and demanded to know what hapened to her, the high sheriffs in New York City told me she ran off and they couldn't find her. You know where she was all that time? Stanford University, studyin' Russian! She's trainin' to be an ant-eye-Communist CIA agent like Fawn Hall.) Anyhow, Nancy Thompson shows at the nuthouse, with a real pathetic gray streak in her hair to show this is six

years later, and starts jumpin' in the kids' dreams with 'em and stickin' incredibly long pointy objects through Freddy's stomach and tellin' all the high school girls it's really not necessary to slit their wrists and make their Mamas mad at 'em.

Then this white nun who's hangin' around the hospital tells Craig Wasson he's got to go find John Saxon, Heather's daddy from the first movie, and find out where Freddy's bones are so they can bury 'em in holy ground, and then Heather and a bunch of sitcom actors and actresses can go down to Freddy Hell in their sleep and fry his gizzards. So this is what they do, and I got to admit, in the final Intestine Fu Finale, we establish some new vomit-level readings.

Three breasts. Nine dead bodies.

Seven gallons blood. Attack Wheelchair. Cadillac fin impalement. Stomach plunging. Steel-claw bathroom fixtures. Chest carving. Wrist slitting. Tricycle burning. Dragon-mouth cast-digesting. Vein yankin'. Tongue tying, with real tongues. Head rolls. Head talks and rolls. Gratuitous Dick Cavett. Excellent gratuitous attack-pig effect. Gratuitous Zsa Zsa Gabor eating. Kung Fu. Scalpel Fu. Skeleton Fu. Hypodermic finger Fu. Drive-In Academy Award nomination for Heather Langenkamp, for passing Russian Studies; Patricia Arquette, as Kristen, for bein' Cliff Arquette's other daughter; Roger Englund, as Freddy Krueger, the one and only; and Chuck Russell, the director, for doing a heckuva job even though everybody's gonna think Wes Craven made it. Three and a half stars.

This week's Drive-In Video Releases:

"The Texas Chainsaw Massacre Part 2" (1986): Most famous can 'bal family in history collects Yuppie Meat on Texas/OU Weekend, runs into Dennis "I Am the King of the Harvest" Hopper, and — most terrifying of all — calls up the radio station and requests Humble Pie. Three stars.

"Reform School Girls" (1986): Wendy O. Williams starts food fights. See JOE BOB page 5

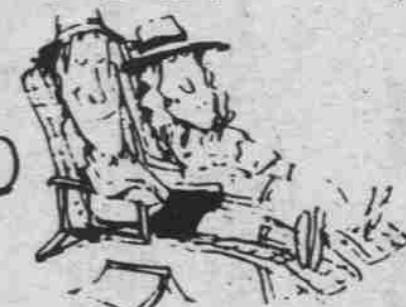
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