

Joe Bob

Looking at hot topics on the talk show scene

By JOE BOB BRIGGS

This week's TV listings:
 Monday, 2 p.m. "Donahue!": Transvestite hookers talk about their broken homes.
 Monday, 3 p.m. "Oprah!": White slavers from India reveal how they force 13-year-old street children to become transvestite hookers.
 Monday, 4 p.m. "Sally Jesse Raphael!": Sally talks about how DISGUSTING transvestites are.
 Monday, 5 p.m. "Geraldo!": Geraldo dresses up like a transvestite and earns a hundred bucks on camera.

Tuesday, 2 p.m. "Donahue!": Midget rights activists discuss the new low doorknob law recently passed on Rhode Island.

Tuesday, 3 p.m. "Oprah!": Oprah demonstrates how 14 midgets can be concealed in the folds of her dress.

Tuesday, 4 p.m. "Sally Jesse Raphael!": Sally tells her callers that they don't have to have sex with midgets if they don't feel like it.

Tuesday, 5 p.m. "Geraldo!": Expose of the gruesome sport of midget-hurling.

Wednesday, 2 p.m. "Donahue!": Unwed mothers who keep their

babies.

Wednesday, 3 p.m. "Oprah!": Unwed mothers who keep their babies and steal other people's babies.

Wednesday, 4 p.m. "Sally Jesse Raphael!": "You girls stop that immediately!"

Wednesday, 5 p.m. "Geraldo!": On-location visit to a Santa Monica apartment complex to watch a baby conceived on camera within the womb of an unwed multiple-partner consenting adult.

Thursday, 2 p.m. "Donahue!": They're rich and they're lonely.

Thursday, 3 p.m. "Oprah!": They're rich, they're black and they're lonely.

Thursday, 4 p.m. "Sally Jesse Raphael!": They're rich, they're lonely and all they need to do is be exactly like me.

Thursday, 5 p.m. "Geraldo!": They're rich, and they're so lonely they agreed to come on my show.

Friday, 2 p.m. "Donahue!": Drunks talk about the bottle.

Friday, 3 p.m. "Oprah!": Drunk Indians talk about how they wrecked entire Western towns "for the publicity."

Friday, 4 p.m. "Sally Jesse Raphael!": Sally's topic is "Dry up you scumsucker lush!"

Friday, 5 p.m. "Geraldo!": A 72-year-old wino from Chicago's West Side will drink five bottles of Thunderbird in one hour while Geraldo stands by and comments on how tragic his life is.

Speaking of zombies, "Prince of Darkness" is this week's drive-in selection, mainly for distinguished achievement in the use of maggots, worms, stinkbugs, dung beetles and face-eating ants. Donald Pleasence, the only man alive who can say the words "There is nothing we can do" so that it makes the hair on the back of your legs receive satellite signals, plays a Catholic priest who's a little upset 'cause one of the holiest Catholic guys died and left a book full of equations explaining how the devil lives in a 7-million-year-old glass canister in the basement of an abandoned church in downtown El Lay and if they don't get some Albert Einstein-level nuclear physicists from Harvard to haul their hineys down there and stop Satan from subdividin' his atomic particles, then pretty soon John Carpenter is gonna run out of zombie makeup.

That's not all. Once all the big-shot scientists go down to the church, set up their gizmos and start gettin' ready for Poltergeist City, Alice Cooper brings an army of zombie bag-ladies down to the churchyard to stand outside and breed slimy bugs and spit Gatorade into anybody's mouth that comes outside. They're trying to find a suitable body for the devil to come to earth in, and guess whose it is?

The No-Nonsense Panty Hose Lady. Believe me, it's not a pretty sight.

Zombie Rama. No breasts. Sixteen dead bodies. Pencil in eye. Arm hacking. Head rolls. Ants-on-zombie-cheeks. Bird crucifixion. Beetle con-

vention on a character actor's body. Throat slashing, ear to ear, while singing. Brick fu. Maggot fu. Worm fu. Garden shear fu. Alice Cooper fu. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Victor Wong, the nuclear expert, for saying, "Say goodbye to classical reality!"; Jameson Parker, the he-man physicist, for saying, "A life form is SELF-ORGANIZING!"; Susan Blanchard, as the scabface leper-skin blond ghoul in No-Nonsense Panty Hose; and Donald Pleasence, the spookiest priest in El Lay, for saying, "It's a secret that can no longer be kept," and "No prison can hold him now," and "Maybe he's anti-God, bringing darkness instead of light."

Three stars. Joe Bob says check it out.

Communist Alert! The warden at the Lompoc, Calif. Federal correctional camp is REFUSING TO ACCEPT Joe Bob's "We Are the Weird" newsletter, "Critters" buttons and "Terminator" bumper stickers. This is in direct violation of the "cruel and unusual punishment" amendment to the Constitution. Remember, without eternal vigilance, it can happen in whatever prison you're in. For a good time, call Joe Bob at (800) 255-1779. To discuss the meaning of life, or to get free junk, write Joe Bob Briggs, P.O. Box 33, Dallas, Texas 75221.

WELL, HOWDY, JOE BOB: I was wondering if maybe you needed a reporter or two for your We Are the Weird newsletter. Working in a library as I do, I see a lot of strange and weird things that I could pass on to you if you're interested.

For example, did you know that Phoenix is building its own Star Wars Defense System? It's true! A giant laser about the size of the Eiffel Tower is being built right this moment in a city park in the heart of downtown Phoenix, fully capable of melting nuclear warheads or punching holes in aircraft that stray out of their proper flight patterns. Fly the friendly skies... before it's too late!

All the best — Ken St. Andre, Phoenix

DEAR KEN: Matter of fact, I was through Phoenix about a month ago and went down to stare at the giant laser "Whoops, I Guess You're Sterile Now" sculpture tower. I admire the politicians of Arizona for the way they finally figured out an HONEST way to cripple the public.

DEAR JOE BOB: The mister & I are avid fans of yers. I forward your stuff each week to the demented fruit of my loins in Honolulu Hiwaiya.

Please accept this new word in your repertoire: Festicle, as in Film Festicle.

Here in Vacaville next month we're having a Punkin Festicle. Wush you was gonna be here for it.

God bless your work.
 Love — MIZ DAK, VACAVILLE, CALIF.

DEAR MIZ DAK: Punk a few festicles for me.

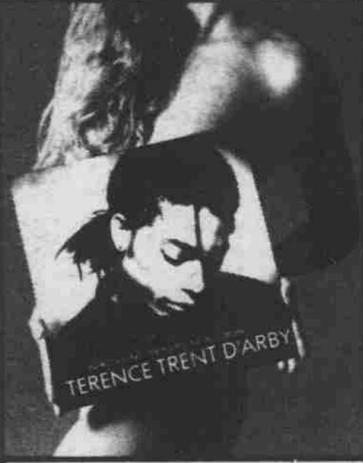
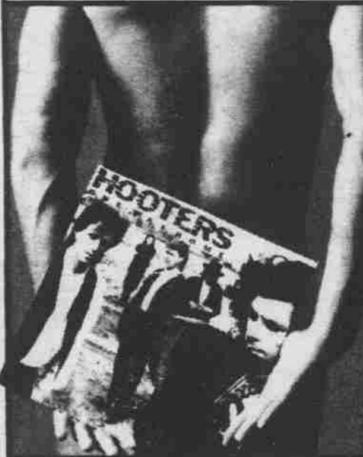
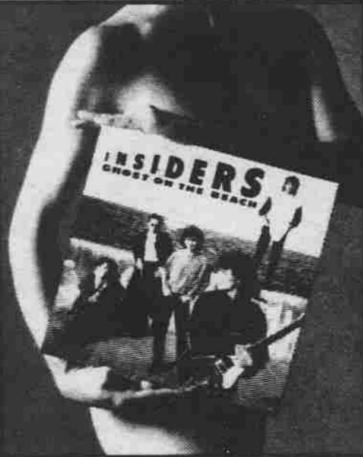
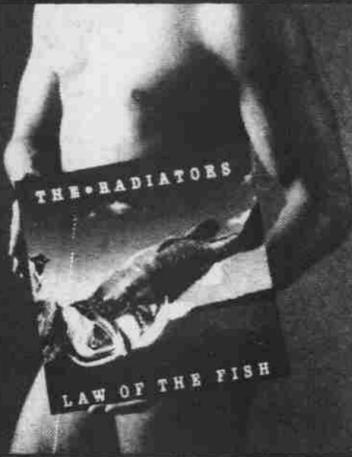
DEAR JOE BOB: What have you got against dead aborigines? You really don't know what it's like until you've been one.

Yours for now — SHIRLEY MACLAINE, RALEIGH, N.C.

DEAR SHIRLEY: You can always hope your career will come back as an animal act.

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TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY Terence Trent D'Arby's phenomenal debut album. No. 1 and platinum in the U.K. and exploding all across Europe with the hit singles, "If You Let Me Stay" and "Wishing Well."	WA WA NEE Rock 'n' roll wonder from the land down under. Rip up your dance floor with their pulsating smash singles, "Sugar Free" and "Stimulation."	WENDY AND LISA Wendy And Lisa break away from the color purple and explore a kaleidoscope of musical influences from dreamy funk to high-powered rock that shoots from the hip.
		
HOOTERS Take the fast lane to high-spirited Hooters rock: charged with the energy of their sold-out concert performances.	INSIDERS Jackhammer drums and straight-ahead guitar drive this rock 'n' roll virgin like a hot rod with no brakes.	THE RADIATORS America's spiciest roots rock and swamp band lay down the "Law Of The Fish" on this wildly fan-ticipated debut album.

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