



# A genuine cleavage show in El Paso

By JOE BOB BRIGGS

I realize it's ancient history by now, but I can't let another year go by without writin' about the Miss USA Pageant in El Paso, which has turned into the world's most honest beauty show, with a) the most cleavage, b) the largest number of dresses slit up to thigh level ever seen on one stage, c) the guarantee that all 51 contestants will be dressed like \$300 hookers at least once in each show, d) the finest soft-porn Playboy Channel-type music video ever seen in primetime (51 gals modeling J.C. Penney swimwear on blankets in the desert), and best of all, e) absolutely no talent competition. In other words, to win the contest, the girl's got to know how to wear two kinds of swimsuits, pose for a camera, buy an evening gown, wear an evening gown, carry on an intelligent conversation with a sitcom actor, react spontaneously to a picture of herself and, finally, when there's only five girls left, stand on a pedestal.

I love this show. I could watch this show ever night of the year. The only thing it didn't have this year was Bob Barker, who quit because the pageant slaughtered 1,000 baby minks and 12,000 other endangered species in order to keep some of America's most well-rounded breasts warm. Don't worry about it, though, 'cause they hired... Alan Thicke, the one with the hair helmet and the permanent eye bags who talks through his chin. He was perfect. In case you didn't see it, here's just a few of this year's highlights:

1. A white-satin miniskirt floppin'-fringe cowgirl production

number, with booties. We saw ever inch of these girls' legs.

2. The girls dressed up like Indian maidens, harem girls, Cinderella and various farm animals, successfully reading their names into the camera.

3. J.C. Penney fashion swimwear photo session computer ratings. I've never seen so many perfectly executed hair flips in my life.

4. The grueling "interview" competition, where each girl wears a tight miniskirt slit up the front and answers questions about how much luggage they brought to El Paso, and what caused their Mama's Frigidaire to break down. My favorite answer — Miss Oklahoma, who dreams of being "a big-name professional model and an elementary school teacher."

5. The 20-minute segment that simply lists all the prizes, including a five-year supply of Ivory Shampoo and something called Versa-Climber Total Body Workout Machine.

6. The pan shots of the judging panel, which showed Miss Pancake Makeup her ownself, Mary Kay Ash, sitting next to pony-tailed singing star DeBarge.

7. The famous high-heels-and-swimsuit competition, where the gals prance between two giant neon cacti while the judges flash more computer numbers on the screen.

8. A poufy-dress production number that starts with one of the contestants fondling a steer horn while she sings "I'm an Old Cowhand."

9. Evening gown walking competition, in which cleavage, rooster-doos, Sequin City, shoulders the size of Montana and Strapless Fu are backed up by the



Kathy Ireland trying to remember why she put a rag on her head in "Alien From L.A."

voices of the Naval Air Training Command Choir while the girls walk through a bayonet line provided by the officers of the U.S. Army Air Defense Artillery Center at Fort Bliss.

10. Traditional Walk of last year's winner, Michell Royer, while she says, "There's only one word that can describe what the last year has been to me: indescribable."

11. The announcement of the winner, who is always Miss Texas. This is the best part of the whole deal. We never even consider letting anybody from out-of-state win it. This year it was a TCU coed with a Black Widow strapless gown slit up to about her navel who was asked the question: "Do you think that actors are overpaid?" Her answer: "Not if they have a message." I ask you, could this girl be Miss America? You know she couldn't. I rest my case.

Speaking of the Sports Illus-

trated swimsuit issue, Kathy Ireland is the star of "Alien from L.A." but keeps all her clothes on and spends most of the movie muckin' around through caves with gunk on her face. No fun for us, but a pretty decent sci-fi flick about what would happen if the lost city of Atlantis was really a spaceship full of aliens and it sank into the ocean and then all the aliens went to the center of the earth to live and they're still down there waitin' for Kathy Ireland to fall down a hole so they can chain her up and do disgusting things to her. That's pretty much your plot, with plenty of "Blade Runner" rip-off effects, and "Dune" rip-off costumes, and "Alice in Wonderland" rip-off plots and gratuitous mud-wrestling-to-the-death.

First movie ever made with spewing dry-ice in every scene. No breasts. Six dead bodies. Two brawls. Troll mule. World's worst

tractor. Maggot Burger. Cast of fish-eye lens people from a San Francisco Sadie Hawkins Day. Gratuitous troll leisure suit. Bottomless Pit Fu. Frying Pan Fu. Repeated lead pipe Fu. "Wizard of Oz" rip-off Fu. Malibu Fu. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Linda Kerridge, as Roryis Freki, for slinkin' around like an underground ice-woman bar-maid sex goddess; William R. Moses, as Gus the Miner, for saying "I feel like a worm broker"; Janie du Plessis, as the Acid Witch Woman with a hypo; Deep Roy, as Mambino the Gangster, for saying, "You look like a troll, you dress like a worm and you have a voice that gives everyone a headache"; and Kathy Ireland, for talking like Marilyn Monroe after inhaling helium and getting kidnapped by an army of Sears appliances.

Two stars. Joe Bob says check it out.

## Joe Bob's Mailbag

Dear Joe Bob:

I happened upon the enclosed ad recently and thought you'd get a hoot (or a holler) from it. It appeared in both El Paso newspapers on Dec. 21, 1968 (I'm a little

behind in my reading).

As you can see, the co-feature offered with "Night of the Living Dead" is listed as "The Plaque of the Zombies." This is an intriguing title. I hadn't realized zombies got plaque, or that there were zombie dentists. But then I thought, naw, it must be the testimonial kind of

plaque like they give to Academy Award losers to hang on their walls so all their friends can snicker.

But a movie of a zombie awards banquet with a bunch of zonked-out sleep-walkers picking up their plaques and making incoherent acceptance speeches sounds kinda

boring. Like the actual Oscar show.

Sincerely, **Leo N. Miletich, El Paso, Texas.**

Dear Leo:

Actually, your first instinct was correct. Zombies never floss.

Dear Joe Bob:

This photo of me was taken last

week in front of Denny's (photo of two dead guys and a dork in a cowboy hat). All of a sudden, those guys started passing out. That's when I realized my deodorant had failed!

**Gaffe, Dallas**

Dear Gaffe:

You should really be looking forward to the SECOND grade. You get to study phonics and draw bunny rabbits in the afternoon!

"Is Mike Dukakis boring? Let's put it this way: if you loved Mondale, you'll like Dukakis."

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**Quit smoking.**

## PYEWACKET

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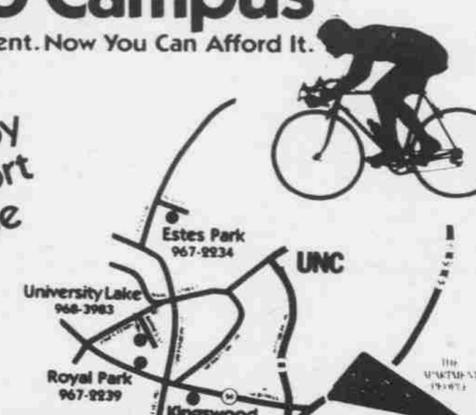
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