Sly Rocky Rambo tries to blow up most of Afghanistan

I guess we'll always remember that great historic moment in Moscow, the one where Nancy Reagan, wearing a set of Mexican drapes, and Raisa "I Am Woman" Gorbachev, wearing a Joey Heatherton haircut, held hands, stood next to the Volga, stared at each other's black patent leather pumps, and fell in love.

Nancy: "Do you ever think about the hickey on his head?"

Raisa: "Only in the long winters, when the Russian wind turns it purple and it pulsates."

Nancy: "Sounds like fun. Did you know that my Ron has had three colonoscopys?"

Raisa: "Three! Western medicine is so wonderful."

Nancy: "Three of them involved sticking tubes through his . . . I'll tell you after dinner."

Raisa: "Nance, do you think if I Aqua-Netted my hair like Helen Reddy, they'd put me on the cover of Time magazine?"

Nancy: "Honey, I can guarantee it, and be sure to wear the silver-lame diamond pattern blouse. You have a wonderfully impressive bodice. It's perhaps the thing I like most about glasnost."

Raisa: "Tell me the truth now." You have an adorable guy there. So what's REALLY going on behind those vacant eyes and the slack-jawed empty smile? I'll bet he's a tiger."

Nancy: "No, that's pretty much what you find in there. It runs all the way to the back of the skull."

Raisa: "Should have known. My Mikey likes to jerk hairs out of his navel."

Nancy: "I'd love to hear about it, but don't we need to go meet some second-graders in uniform that have been raised to applaud when I walk into the room?"

Raisa: "No, that's not until tomorrow. This morning I want to show you the Church of the Sacred Sable, where monks lived for 900 years until Mrs. Stalin turned it into a Samovar Museum."

Nancy: "I just LOVE the little monks you still have, especially the ones with Shriner's hats and those

cute little rag-mop beards." Raisa: "Those were my idea. Mikey wanted to make them illegal."

Nancy: "Isn't glasnost wonderful?" Raisa: "Will the two of you be staying long enough to see the Jewflogging on Red Square?"

Nancy: "I'd love to, but I think we're going to the ballet that night."

Raisa: "That was my idea, too. Mikey wanted to put it in a Vegas casino and call it 'Bolshoi Nudes on Ice.' Sometimes he's such a little boy."

Nancy: "Tell me, are the stories we hear true? Is it terribly difficult to get Lee Press-on Nails here?"

Raisa: "Shhhhhhhhh. Not so loud." Over here. We've got connections. Any time you break one, just ask me, hon. Otherwise, you'll have to wait in line for HOURS."

Nancy: "Such a wonderful country. Don't forget to ask me about Solzhenitsyn.'

Joe Bob Briggs

At the Drive-In

Raisa: "You know him?"

Nancy: "He's a pig! He grunts all the time. His beard hasn't been trimmed in YEARS! Listen, girl . . ."

Speaking of experts on world politics, "Rambo III" opened last week with Sly dropping into Afghanistan in the same month when all the Russian soldiers were LEAVING. It doesn't matter, though, cause Rambo explodes enough goatherders in this one movie to make up for all the camel-jockeys Russia FORGOT to blow up. Sly's been gettin a lot of flack for spending \$50 mill on this baby, but I got to say, it's the finest Rambo movie since "Rambo II." We're talking wall-to-wall body

It starts out with Sly communing with nature and gettin in touch with his spiritual being at a Buddhist monastery in Thailand where he can be One with the One - except when he earns a few extra bucks knocking gorilla Sumo wrestlers over the head with huge Thai death sticks for a bloodthirsty crowd of gamblers. But Dick Crenna shows up and tries to get him to go to Afghanistan and teach guys named Muhmoud to shoot shoulder-mounted Stinger missiles while riding on double-hump camels. Sly says "Colonel, I'm sorry, but it's gotta end for me sometime."

Two seconds later Crenna's hiney gets slapped in a Russkie fortress in the middle of the desert, and one scene after that Sly is showing up in downtown Peshawar, asking to speak to some guy in a burnoose with too many vowels in his name, and

lion worth of explosive devices. Then somebody finally pushes Rambo just ONE STEP too far. They mention Brigitte's name.

purchasing approximately \$17 mil-

Buddha is NOT gonna like it: 119 dead bodies. Two breasts (both Rambo's). Four exploding choppers. Exploding jeeps. Exploding trucks. Exploding tanks. Exploding Russian. Chopper crash. Electric chair torture. Gratuitous artificial limbs. Gratuitous dead-sheep pony polo. Russian Assault Copter Fu. Thai death stick Fu. Sewer Fu. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Richard

Crenna, for convincing Rambo to "come to terms with what you are come full circle" and start killing non-Americans again, and for saying "I hope God will have mercy - he won't"; Marc de Jonge, as the evil Russkie colonel, for carrying out the horrible wrist-hanging torture, and saying "We will WELCOME him now"; Sasson Gabai, as Mousa the friendly goat-herding mujahedeen Ayrab warrior, for saying "God must love crazy people - he makes so many of them"; and Sly Rocky Rambo, for becoming a Buddhist, doing major intestinal surgery on himself in a cave, carrying a knife the size of Montana, killing Russians with a bow and arrow, and saying "I'm no tourist."

Forget her, Sly. Nobody does it better. Four stars.

Check it out twice.

Joe Bob's Mailbag

Dear Joe Bob,

The other night I was watching the great classic "Plan Nine From Outer Space" and I saw that Gregory Wolcott was one of the actors in it. Did you know that about 20 years ago he was elected president of the California S a Baptist Convention? As lai an figure out this was AFTER his participation in "Plan Nine." I wonder if this says anything about the movie habits of Southern Baptists.

Your next ex-wife, Bobbie Philpott San Rafael, Calif.

Dear Bobbie:

Yes, as I recall, my Babtist brother Greg played a potted palm in that movie, and then used that experience to go on to a great career as a Babtist minister.

Hey Joe Bob,

Please send whatever disgusting trash you're peddling these days to an avid compadre of yours.

Hey — how come you folks down there always have two first names?

Hope you don't mind my writing on toilet paper, but when the writing mood strikes one, there's no telling where one will be at that moment.

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Hang in there John Seltzer Palo Alto, Calif.

We all have two names so nobody'll mistake us for people that write on toilet paper.

Joe Bob.

I luv your movie reviews and yore book. I think yore one of the greatest satirical writers of modern times. In fact I like yore writin so much that I was inspired to write a pome in my senior English class. Thought you might get a kick out of it, so here

Musings on

the Low Budget Horror Flick (To be read in South Texas dialect) I sat at the drive-in in mah '64 Dawdge

'N watched Jason make hamburger at Crystal Lake Lodge.

I cringed 'n I cried 'n I lost whut

When old Leatherface snarled and cranked his McCullah Lightweight.

Some geek lifted his top, so I laid on mah horn, Cuz that idjut was obstructin my

view of "Children of the Corn." But why do we pay money to sit

And watch weird sick movies bout thangs like Mutant Chicken Brains

Maybe we're all gonzo, or just wanna scare our dates,

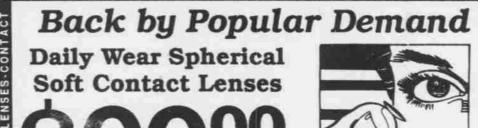
Or maybe cuz in all of us there's a little of Norman Bates.

P.S. Joe Bob, I got a "A" for my

Roy (Leroy) Hill Waldron, Ark.

Dear Roy:

Then again, maybe your teacher



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