

Dirty Harry single-handedly takes on San Francisco

My friend Elmo Stribley had a job working as a security guard during the Democratic convention, and he overheard this conversation one night between Mike Dukakis and Reverend Jesse.

Joe Bob Briggs At the Drive-In

Mike: "You LOST, Jesse."
 Jesse: "What?"
 Mike: "YOU LOST! I don't think it's a concept you understand. You LOST the damn election."
 Jesse: "I am cool, I am controlled, I am mature, I will keep my eyes on the prize."
 Mike: "We know about that, Jesse. Actually, we don't know about that, but for right now, let's say we DO, because you say it so much we don't want to figure out what you're saying. We would just like you to say one thing: 'I lost.' Can you say that? Five letters. Two words."
 Jesse: "I have an oration for this nation."
 Mike: "You can orate your little duff off. We're just worried about your brain's ability to compute information, like, for example, the information that you LOST."

Jesse: "I have a message . . ."
 Mike: "Oh no, he's gonna start again."
 Jesse: "I have a message and it's a message of humility and tranquility . . . Cooperation, not dictation . . . victory, not . . ."
 Mike: "Thank God, he can't find anything that rhymes with victory. Okay, Jesse. Look. I'm holding up my hand in front of your eyes. How many fingers?"
 Jesse: "Three."
 Mike: "What city are you in?"
 Jesse: "Atlanta, home of a very great man, a PROPHET in our century, a LEADER in an age of . . ."
 Mike: "Somebody go get Lloyd, Jesse's doing one of his epilepsy things again. His arms are gonna start twitching in a minute."
 Elmo: "Lloyd who?"
 Mike: "Lloyd Bentsen, the Texas

guy with the three-Scotches-at-lunch face."
 Jesse: "I want my PEOPLE in the PARTY, I want my PLAYERS in the BALLGAME, I want my PLOWERS in the BEANFIELD, I want my BALLET DANCERS in TUTUS."
 Mike: "Where the hell is Lloyd? I need him now!"
 Elmo: "Lloyd's sleeping again."
 Mike: "Well, punch him up, get out his medication, hook up an IV, and GET HIM IN HERE."
 Jesse: "We want a slice of the pie, we want a piece of the action, we want a portion of the six-pack, we want a full Twinkie from a two-Twinkie package."
 Mike: "Okay, great, Lloyd's here. Just in time. Lloyd, listen to me — LLOYD, WAKE UP! — Lloyd, I need you to do something. Stand right over there. Stand next to Jesse. Look into Jesse's face. All right. Now. Jesse. Look at this man. HE'S THE RUNNING MATE. He's BEEN the running mate. HE will get his picture on the posters and the buttons and be on Ted Koppel."

Jesse: "He's the running mate?"
 Mike: "YES! YES! You've got it now. HE is the running mate."
 Jesse: "This guy?"
 Mike: "Him. Sorry, Jesse. I knew you'd understand."
 Jesse: "My destination is jubilation, my destiny is . . ."
 Mike: "Well, it sort of worked. He used another 'y' word and missed his rhyme."
 Lloyd: "Is he the running mate?"
 Mike: "No, Lloyd, dammit, YOU are the running mate."
 Lloyd: "My destiny will rest in thee . . ."
 Mike: "Damn."
 Elmo: "Should I wake Mr. Bentsen again?"
 Mike: "No, just throw a tarp over him. Jesse, let's start over again. You LOST the election."
 Jesse: "They say I lost, but I'm still the boss."
 Speaking of bullies who refuse to go away, the new Dirty Harry flick is out, "The Dead Pool," about another schizoid in San Francisco blowing people up with remote control toy cars and using butcher knives on people at the KGO TV

station, which was bought by Capital Cities Communications a couple years ago and so the people there are already used to butcher knives. Anyhow, the basic plot is that everybody in the media is hoping Dirty Harry gets blown away so that a) the ratings can go up, and b) he can't be mayor of Carmel any more. But fortunately for us, Dirty Harry Callahan looks even MORE deadly now that he has those lines on his neck and his face skin is cracking and, when he squints, it looks like his head is about to explode. This time they give him a CHINESE, which means, of course, Insult Fu. Clint is still the only man alive who can take a word like "Chinese-American" and say it in a way that sounds like "worthless scum wimp brain-dead reetard." But then they hit Dirty Harry with the final straw. They tell him they want him to work in the public relations department.
 The man does it again. No breasts. (There never are, cause Harry is NOT interested.) Nineteen dead bodies. Two exploding cars. Two bullet-

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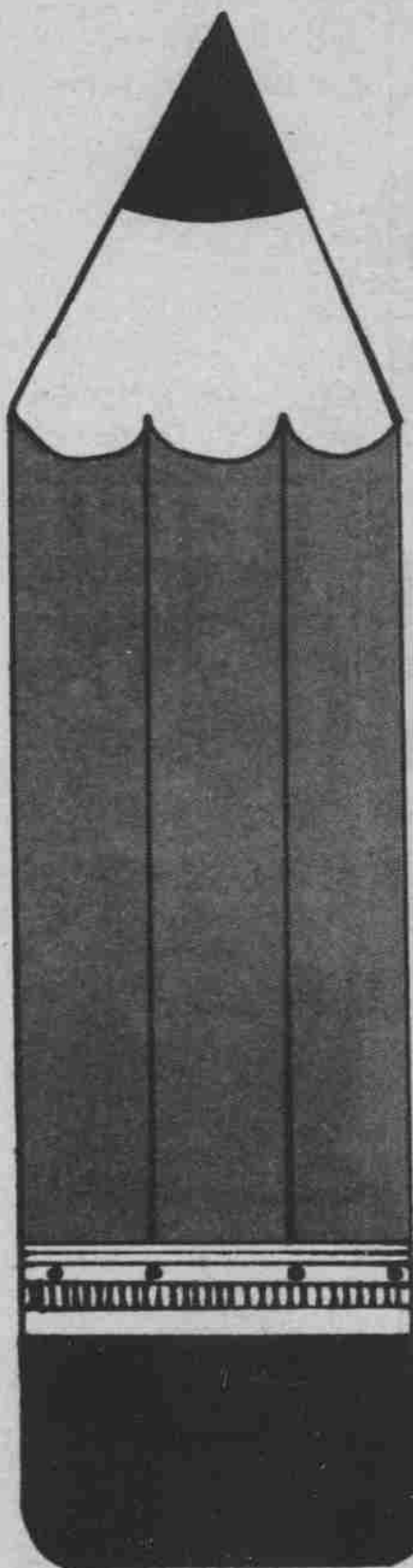


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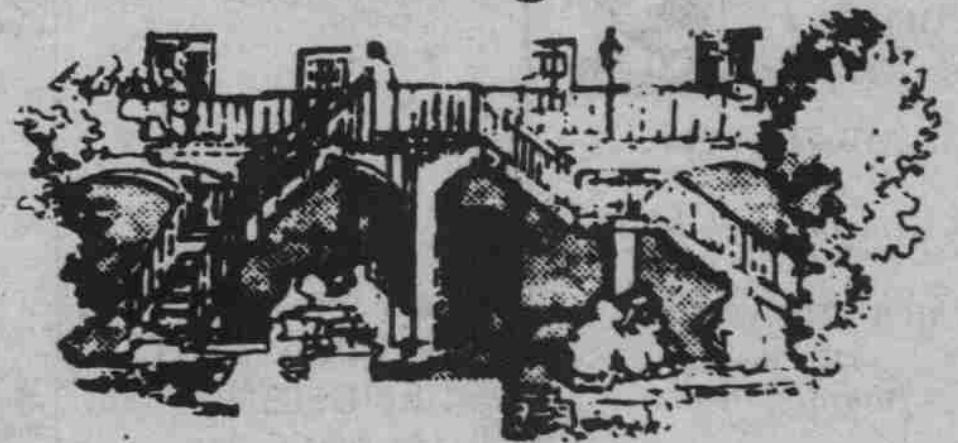
Summer Bands

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is little doubt that it means to be recognized. The bands with the most promise are the Veldt and Urban Edge.
 ■ Finest Visiting Band in a Club: Love Tractor. Don't be deceived by the Tractor's pleasant albums: live, the music explodes in a full, interwoven sound that recalls Television at its finest. The Swans' unpleasant albums could also be deceiving, but live the band manages to make its music accessible and exciting. Nix to it, however, for not doing an encore.
 ■ Visiting Band in an Arena: Rod Stewart was really the only major concert attraction in Chapel Hill this summer, and he was lots of fun. Chapel Hill residents who managed to make the trip to Raleigh to catch the explosive Midnight Oil concert were even luckier.
 ■ Nightclub: Cat's Cradle. Not only is the Cradle still the place to

catch new music in Chapel Hill, but it is manned by some of the friendliest and most dedicated club employees in the area. Although it will soon be moving, everything that matters will be moving with it.
 ■ Radio Station: WXYC. UNC's own new music station still beats all the new music or rock stations receivable here. Outside of a recent glut of rap overplay, WXYC is remarkable for its fine balance between different forms and eras of music. Where else could you expect to catch the powerful new comeback albums by Iggy Pop and Patti Smith?
 ■ Edibles After Seeing a Show: Pepper's Pizza. Tasty New York-style eating with a witty wallfull of graffiti to read. The service is also exceptionally good; whatever Pepper's faithful employees get paid, they deserve more.

HE'S NOT HERE on the Village Green.



presents

Split Decision

Friday, September 2nd

Spark Plugs

Saturday, September 3rd

Behind Pizza Hut & past the Yogurt Pump

ALL BANDS PLAY 9:00-12:00 PM*

*The Chapel Hill Noise Ordinance requires that bands play no later than 12 PM outdoors.