

TV lineup finally kicks off with plenty of bad ideas

By JOE BOB BRIGGS

Now that the Writers Bilge strike is over, we can unveil the glittering fall TV lineup, starting with the new "reality-based" programming guaranteed to glue your hiney to the Lazy Boy...

"This Is Not Working For Me!" a new syndicated courtroom game show, hosted by Chuck Woolery for the defense, Judge Wapner for the prosecution. People in lousy relationships come before the court to plead reasons like "he's selfish and inconsiderate," "she freezes up in front of my friends" and "he refuses to meet my parents," until Oprah Winfrey gets fed up with the pleas and assigns each contestant to a new sex partner.

"The More Mary Tyler Moore Show Again," starring Mary as Mary getting mixed up in so many of those, well, you know, those Mary situations.

"Large," a 58-hour CBS miniseries starring Michael Caine, Julie Christie, Christopher Reeve, Pierce Brosnan, Ben Cross, Richard Crenna, Armand Assante, Charles Durning, Meredith Baxter-Birney, Ned Beatty and "Lou Gossett Jr. as LeVar." Each actor will dress up in 1930s clothes and stand on airport runways in Switzerland, making speeches with the word "destiny" in them.

"Valerie Bertinelli Lives!" a one-hour tribute hosted by Frankie Avalon and Stella Parton.

"Death Wish IV: The Series," in which Charles Bronson is replaced by Danny DeVito as a mild-mannered New Jersey architect who can't stand it when his German shepherd is poisoned by a Greek family down the street and seeks revenge on their Russian wolfhound by secretly tying dead cats to his feet.

"The Comedy Store Improvisational Comedy Tonight Stand-up

Comedy Hour," featuring 74 hot young new comedians a week. Shows already taped include "You know what really steams me?" "Am I right?" and "So where are YOU from?"

"We Don't Have AIDS," a three-day metal concert scheduled for England's Wembley Stadium to raise money for imprisoned Biafran leader Jimbo Gandhi, to get a throat transplant for Neil Young and to give Whoopi Goldberg something to do that weekend.

"The Frank and Cathy Lee Show," a Sunday afternoon NFL pre-game show in which Frank and Cathy Lee Gifford sit in front of their Connecticut fireplace and grin until Frank gets the urge to poke her eyes out with a True Value automatic pool-cleaning device.

"Cosby," starring Cosby, with Cosby doing all the commercials, and new episodes about how really rich the Cosby family is, how much richer and happier they'll get this year, how successful they all are, how much they love being rich and successful, how the rich and successful lifestyle makes them witty and funny and happy, and how every black child should aspire to be rich and successful and witty and funny and happy just like Cosby.

And speaking of incredibly bad ideas, "Not of This Earth" finally made it to Texas, and it's everything it sounds like it might be. Traci Lords, child porn star, grows up and makes an R-rated movie with actual dialogue. Fortunately, the movie is a remake of the great Roger Corman flick from the '50s about a space alien who comes to earth, moves into a house in Beverly Hills and collects blood to send back to his home planet. Unfortunately, they cast Traci as a human being.

Traci is the nurse that gets hired by "Paul Johnson," the guy in sunglasses who carries a silver



Traci Lords couldn't wait 'till she turned 18 so she could start making R-rated movies

briefcase with him everywhere he goes, to give him nightly blood transfusions and spend her days spilling out of her swimsuit by the pool. But her boyfriend is a cop who thinks it's weird that Johnson's house is like a roach motel: they check in, but they don't check out. Meanwhile, "Johnson" is luring hookers down to his cellar for "performances," then ripping off his sunglasses so he can blue-beam-laser the bimbos to death. It's one of those deals where blue cartoon light floats around their bodies and then they drop dead on the floor, then "Johnson" hooks up his IV and has dinner. About the only other thing he does is sit in his study summoning outer space aliens through a time warp and talking to them with his mind. His assignment: "the conquest, subjugation and pasturing of Earth's sub-humans." On second thought, not such a big change for Traci after all.

Thirteen breasts, including some of the most humongous ones in recent years. Sixteen dead bodies. One motor vehicle chase, with crash and burn. Aardvarking. Blood-sucking. Blue-beam laser-eye

zapping. Garbage sniffing. Vacuum cleaner salesman used as firewood. Hooker Fu. Doggie Fu. Transfusion Fu. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Rebecca Perle, as the rabid pus-face space woman in an aerobics suit; Arthur Roberts, as "Paul Johnson," for saying "There is no place for you to hide — you may conceal your person, but I can find your MIND!"; Traci Lords, for pronouncing most of her words and saying "Do you have a permit for that gun parked under your jacket!"; Lenny Juliano, as Jeremy the houseboy, for saying "God, I hate cops that do Clint Eastwood impressions"; and Jim Wynorski, the writer/director, for putting in the press kit that Traci is "a symbol of America and a role model for young women all over the world."

Three stars. Joe Bob says check it out.

Joe Bob's Mailbag

Communist Alert! The NAACP is trying to rename Forrest Park in Memphis, tear down General Nathan Bedford Forrest's statue, and dig up him and his dearly beloved Mrs. Forrest right out of their graves. No, I'm not making this up. The documents were sent

to me by Margaret Linn of Forrest City, Ark., who reminds us to check on our relatives' graves regularly. Remember, without eternal vigilance, it can happen here. To get free junk, "Joe Bob For President" bumper stickers or the world-famous "We Are The Weird" newsletter, write Joe Bob Briggs, P.O. Box 33, Dallas, Texas 75221.

Dear Joe Bob,

Don't you just hate people that use the July abbreviation (Jul.)? What lazy scum would be in such a hurry to use this?

Jason Villarreal
Dallas

Dear Jason:

Someone who got so busy he didn't finish everything in Jun.

Yo Joel

One of your fellow Lone Star staters is my alternate vote for president: Ron Paul of Peace and Freedom party. He's the only guy besides you not backed by the Rockefeller bunch of bankers, and he ALSO has voted (as a senator) the ways he SAID he would! Tim Regehr says check it out!

Tim Regehr
Fremont, Calif.

Dear Tim:

Unfortunately, I'm opposed to peace and freedom. Otherwise I'd vote for him.

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