

Redneck fun and the enormous talents of Elvira

By **JOE BOB BRIGGS**
Syndicated Columnist

Time once again for the big hoohaw State Fair of Texas, which attracts 48 million people a year from all known planets in the universe to watch guys with no teeth grab greased piglets by the hind legs and throw 'em through a flaming hoop to win 20 bucks to get drunk on. It's great. For those of you in other states who never got to go to the State Fair of Texas, and wonder why there's an enormous void in your life, here's just a few of the things that make it different from ever' other fair in America:

■ **Midget Rooster Toasting:** A relatively new animal show, in which purebred poultry specimens

with a recessive growth gene are paraded into an arena by obnoxious 6-year-old tow-headed boys named Ian. When the competing roosterette reaches the center of the arena, the little monster throws it into the hot coals of a brick open-pit barbecue, then jerks it back out again and watches it jostle and jiggle its way toward an 18-inch child's wading pool. Last bird to drown wins. Invented by 16th-century nobility in France, the sport has been recently revived by bored rich people in Santa Barbara, Calif.

■ **The "Ethnic America" Building:** Be sure you don't miss the 118-year-old "Indian Joe," dressed in authentic burlap bags from the reservation, who

changes expressions twice a day and occasionally keels over dead when a fat guy talks about the 100 years of shame, exploitation

and agony etched into every line of his face. Make your kid give him a nickel to show how much we love the Indians.

■ **Potholder Jamboree:** We used to let Indians enter the arts-and-crafts competitions, but they'd turn in \$2,000 turquoise bracelets that they'd spent 10,000 hours working on, and so all the old ladies with jelly-bean Christmas-tree ornaments got really ticked off. This year's primo event is the "Potholders in the Shape of Grandchildren" competition, which was won 17 years in a row by Leticia Watts of Mountain Home, Texas, until one of her grandchildren got trampled by an African gazelle on the Y.O. Game Ranch. It was a very tragic event, especially when the judges refused to believe the potholder was a fair representation of little Randy.

■ **The U.S. Marine Drum-and-Bugle-and-Jive Saxophone Corps:** Four shows a day. Try to see the finale, with fireworks, when they play "Stars and Stripes and More Stars and More Stripes, and You Gonna Be Seein' Stars and Gettin' Stripes if You Don't Get Off My Back."

■ **The Fe Fi Fo Fum Acrobatic and Juggling Troupe from Tientsin Province, China:** This year they will juggle, kick and mutilate the Won Ton Soup Acrobatic and Juggling Troupe from Siankiang Province, South China.

Speaking of disgusting spectacles, Elvira and her two enormous talents came out with a movie last week about a simple young girl whose ambition in life is to paste whirlybirds on her breasts and do the double-windmill flying-tassel bouncing-bazooma Vegas show-girl routine popularized by Virginia Bell, the finest stripper in the history of Cincinnati, in the late '50s. (Virginia receives no credit on the movie, by the way). Anyway, to get the 50 thou she needs to pay the Flamingo Hotel to put her on stage, Elvira has to prove she can do more than walk around like a tube of Elmer's Glue that's

cracked down the front. Fortunately, she inherits a house that's haunted by character actors, where she can live with her punk-rock poodle and whoever drops by to stare at her cleavage.

After a while they throw some plot in about a demon recipe book full of casseroles that have intestines and teeth, and the evil uncle who's trying to get the book so he can laser people to death with his fingernails, and a "Flashdance" ripoff show where Elvira gets tar dumped on her, and a burning-at-the-stake scene, and 367 breast jokes — but nothing compares to the Vegas production number finale, where Elvira dresses up like Ann Margaret and starts dancing and pretty soon starts to look like ... Elvira dressed up like Ann Margaret.

Two breasts. Four dead bodies. Exploding gas station. Attack poodle. Spiked high heel to the brain. Leeches in the face. Hand rolls. Casserole monster. Flaming snake. The dreaded Tic-Tac Pie. People turned into pigs for no apparent reason. Gratuitous ax murder. Kung Fu. Beer Fu. Flashdance Fu. Garbage disposal Fu. Thunderstorm Fu. Spiked high heel Fu. And, of course, Whirlybird Fu. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Daniel Greene, as the hunk love interest, for watching Patty start burning Elvira at the stake and saying "Patty, you're not a very nice person"; Susan Kellermann, as the owner of Patty's Tidy Bowl Lanes, for trying to compete with Elvira's breasts, then saying "Trash does not compete with class" and "I'm sorry I set you on fire and everything"; W. Morgan Sheppard, for excellent Vincent Price-ripoff devil worship, and for saying "I'll get you, and your little dog, too"; Elvira, for saying "Just grab a tool and start banging" and "I know my rights; I'm entitled to one phone call and a strip-search" and "I'm like fake fruit — I don't bruise that easily."

Three stars for Elvira. Both of her.

Joe Bob says check it out.



Elvira in one of the quiet, understated, sensitive scenes from "Elvira, Mistress of the Dark."

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