

Three-quart margarita Fu and Michael Myers' return

By JOE BOB BRIGGS
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There's this bar on the beach in Capitola, Calif., where you can't buy a three-quart permanent-brain-damage El Tequila Grande margarita anymore, even though when I made my annual trip to San Francisco last year, these buddies of mine in Daly City drove me down to Capitola just especially to witness and behold the three-quart permanent-brain-damage El Tequila Grande margarita. I started out having the FROZEN three-quart etcetera margarita, but after one of those I couldn't actually lift the second one, so I canned the ice and only had six, seven more of 'em before we left. It had no effect on me whatsoever. I drove us back up the coast to San Francisco, and we even had enough energy to stop in Vegas for a meal.

Now the reason why you can't buy the El Tequila Grande anymore is because of something they're calling "responsible beverage service." And you know what my favorite part of "responsible beverage service" is?

The waitress doesn't bring you your drink when you ask for it. She hangs around in the back — ON PURPOSE.

In my opinion, this is enough reason to shut down California and move the whole state to Texas where we still pour doubles, triples and octuples, for that matter, without any weenie-ing around. Another thing they're doing now in California is not serving beer by the pitcher. Do you realize what this would do to the state of Texas if the idea spread? Do you realize the effect that one thing has on the life of poor people who can't afford to pay for 10 beers by the SINGLE? Do you realize the number

of people that would have to do all their drinking in Mexico just to quench their thirst?

Not only that, I found out this bar in Capitola is getting FEDERAL money for this business. MY money which I shell out ever time I buy a fifth of Jack Daniels or a keg of Bud. They call this a "luxury tax" even though you wouldn't think so if you went into Bobo's Barb Wire Museum and Lounge on Highway 67. If the guys in there didn't drink beer by the pitcher, they wouldn't get any nutrition at all.

Anyhow, I was in there the other night pouring some Triple Sec shooters down my throat for medicinal purposes, when Bobo started talking about how he practices "responsible beverage service" himself.

"When a guy comes in from California," he said, "I ask him if he wants a Texas Super Loco."

"And what's that?" I asked Bobo. "A jigger of lime juice, a thimble of tequila, three teaspoons of Bartles and James." Bobo paused for a minute for dramatic effect. "And three quarts of water."

I told him I thought that was a good idea if he didn't want one of those California guys to report them to the Responsible Beverage Society.

"Besides," Bobo said, "it makes 'em feel at home."

Speaking of people you don't wanna talk to at 2 a.m., Michael Myers is back in "Halloween IV," but WITHOUT THE HOCKEY MASK. And the only explanation for this is that Jason had been wearing the hockey mask for five or six pictures now, so that even though Jason STOLE the idea of a hockey mask from the original breather in a hockey mask, Michael Myers, everybody THINKS Jason invented

the hockey mask and so Michael can't wear it anymore. So what they have instead is some kind of chalkface cross between Leatherface and Jason — it's not a hockey mask but it's not a human skin mask, either, it's just one of those things over his face where you say "I don't even wanna THINK about what that boy's wearing on his face."

Anyhow, they wised up after the disaster of "Halloween III" and they brought back Donald Pleasance as Loomis, the psychiatrist who's been so beat up by Michael Myers that his face looks like something the dog coughed up on the floor. Loomis finds out that some Rhodes Scholar doctor at the Federal Nuthouse checked out Michael Myers for a transfer to a state hospital, and pretty soon we got cops swarming around an ambulance upside down in a creek with something that looks like ravioli where three people used to be. The only probalyma — who the heck is left for Michael Myers to kill?

Well, Jamie Lee Curtis is left, but she went indoor-bullstuff on us and no longer does horror flicks.

That leaves Jamie's 7-year-old niece, last survivor in the whole dang family. And her name is... Jamie. No kiddin'. Michael hauls it over to Haddonfield, the John Carpenter creepy-crawly synthesizer theme starts up, and before you know it we need a few more acres in the Haddonfield Cemetery.

Two breasts. Eighteen dead bodies. One dead doggie. One motor vehicle chase. Exploding gas station. Pickup-and-shotgun vigilante brigade. Thumb through the forehead. Socket-wrench Fu. Fire-extinguisher Fu. Reddy Kilowatt fu. Drive-In Academy Award



Maybe Michael Myers will take pity on this poor babysitter in "Halloween IV." Then again, maybe he won't.

nominations for Donald Pleasance, as Loomis for saying, "We are talking about ee-vil on two legs!" and "You're talking about him as if he were a human being"; Carmen Filip, as a weirdbeard pickup-driving whiskey-drinking evangelist who's only in one scene; Kathleen Kinmont, as the sheriff's daughter who steals boys from the nice girls, for her two enormous talents; Gene Ross, as Earl the bartender, for forming a shotgun-toting lynch mob and opening fire on everything that moves in the bushes, including Ted Hollister;

George Sullivan, as Deputy Logan, for saying "Isn't all this a little paranoid?"; Beau Starr, as Sheriff Meeker, for saying "I got a town full of beer-bellies running around in the dark with shotguns!"; Danielle Harris, as the 7-year-old, for crying on cue; Ellie Cornell, as Rachel Carruthers the nice girl babysitter, for running through the house screaming "Leave us alone!" at Michael Myers; and George P. Wilbur, as Michael Myers, for taking care of business.

Four stars. Joe Bob says check it out.

GRAFFITI

By CATHY McHUGH
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You do it. Go on, admit it. And you're not alone. Everyone does it and everyone enjoys doing it. Even the self-proclaimed self-righteous make fun of people, whether or not they ever say anything out loud.

Making fun of people is a universal pastime. Like all pastimes, it ought to be done among and with friends — preferably friends who know and understand the beauty of a good comeback. Yes, beauty. I'm convinced that slamming is an art.

Don't get the impression that I'm pushing malicious ridiculing (you know I'd never do that).

What I'm referring to are insults given and taken in good spirit — traditionally called giving someone a hard time. For F-U-N. Some are acknowledged experts, others rank amateurs and still others just clueless. The latter are the ones who don't understand that sarcasm exists. For those of you who enjoy delivering, receiving or just listening to a good put down, this column's for you.

You don't have to be a mean, vindictive walking piece of scum to be good at insulting people (although some say it helps). You just have to know your victims' faults. But be careful here, because you also need to be aware of which of these you can exploit without doing any real damage, and that's not always easy to do. As I said, this is an art — but it doubles as a spectator sport.

Giving examples may be the logical plan to follow at this point, but slams should be per-

sonally tailored to the individual. However, there does come a point when you may run out of retorts. Don't despair — you can always become a part of one of these conversations:

Oh yeah?... Yeah!... STUPID!... Dummy... So?... Yeah, how 'bout that nose?... At least my ears don't stick out. (You may notice the subject of this attack casually checking every mirror he passes to see if this is true.)

This is a great one to use to get rid of unwelcome company: "Could you please just not talk at all? Thanks." The beauty of this slam is its subtlety. While yelling "SHUT UP-SHUT UP-SHUT UP!!" works just as well, the aesthetic quality of the delivery is slightly flawed.

Don't forget, you should try to make fun of only people who can take it, because it's supposed to be FUN.

After all, isn't fun the best thing to have?

WXYC TOP 20

1. Screaming Trees
 2. That Petrol Emotion
 3. Various Artists
 4. Big Dipper
 5. They Might Be Giants
 6. King Missile
 7. U2
 8. Mission of Burma
 9. Voice of the Beehive
 10. Balancing Act
 11. Toots Hibbert
 12. Waxing Poetics
 13. Various Artists
 14. Cocteau Twins
 15. Game Theory
 16. Richard Thompson
 17. Los Lobos
 18. Steve Earle
 19. The Popes
 20. R.E.M.
- Invisible Lantern
End of the Millennium
Psychosis Blues
Stay Awake
Craps
Lincoln
They
Rattle and Hum
Forget
Let it Be
Curtains
Toots in Memphis
Manakin Moon
'Til Things are Brighter
Blue Bell Knoll
Two Steps From the Middle Ages
Amnesia
La Pistola y El Corazon
Copperhead Road
Hill We're the Popes
Green