

Checking out the four-star, 'sissy-boy' rest stop

By **JOE BOB BRIGGS**
Syndicated Columnist

Me and Rhett Beavers and Wanda Bodine all jumped in the Toronado and went up to Texarkana last week to check out the "Gateway to Texas" Rest Stop where the Texas Legislature is trying to kick out all the sissy boys. In case you hadn't heard about it, what happened in this place got a four-star rating in a national travel guide for homosexuals, and ever since then the horse manure's been hittin the fan up there.

"We just don't want that activity around here," said Alex Short Jr., the Legislature guy up there in Texarkana. "Some of them out there are holding hands, and it's just something foreign to East Texas. Now what they're doing as far as holding hands and hugging is not illegal activity. But it just makes sense if that sucker got four stars that there's more going on out there than just holding hands." Alex is getting the state to spend thousands of dollars building fences and clearing away underbrush so the gay guys won't have anywhere to hold more than each other's hands.

So we decided to check it out. One precaution I did take is I made Wanda Bodine put on some Mary Kay Cosmetics and a dress and then I handcuffed her to me so it'd be obvious we have a normal hetero-nookie relationship, as the Lord intended.

So anyhow we got there about 4:30 in the afternoon, and the first thing we did is we sent Rhett to get a picnic table and I went on inside the Tourist Bureau and went up to the state trooper and said, real casual, "I'd like to know where I can go around here to sniff some bluebonnets and do some crocheting in the nude."

I figured the guy would take me for a sissy-boy and eject me from the premises right off, but instead

he said, "I just LOVE the flamingos on your blouse."

Right then I knew we were in trouble. No telling how many individuals of the homosexual persuasion walk into the "Gateway to Texas" Rest Stop ever day and request ILLEGAL tourist information. I want you to know I stayed there until I got the full story, and I was SHOCKED and APPALLED. Here's just a few of the things I found out:

■ 1. You can get a tourist brochure called "Sheep Do It: A Guide to the 'Special' Dude Ranches of Southwest Texas."

■ 2. They have something at the rest stop called a "Pet Bath." I'm sorry, this is too disgusting for me.

■ 3. You can go in the back room and see a six-minute audio-visual presentation about the State Fair of Texas, called "Big Tex: How He Got To Be So Big."

■ 4. They have a naturalist on call, who will give group lectures about the mating habits of the mule.

■ 5. If you know what to ask for, the state trooper will reach down behind the counter and sell you some bubble-gum cards that have pictures of all the members of the Texas Legislature wearing bolo ties and penny loafers. Phone numbers are extra. And you know what it said on one of em? "Meet me behind the rose bush and I'll show you my gladiola."

These politicians got to be STOPPED.

Ever since "Year of the Dragon" came out, the Chinese up in New York been rioting and hittin each other over the head with wet noodles and markin up the prices on pu-pu trays. I have no idea why they're so p.o.ed. Probly has something to do with them being short and wearing stupid hats all their lives. But anyhow, the flick is a pretty decent documentary on what happens when you let the



Members of the Chinese-American Chamber of Commerce.

Oriental run hogwild selling heroin to each other. Sooner or later, the inevitable is gonna happen: INNOCENT TOURISTS WILL BE KILLED.

What we got here is a bunch of 16-year-old kids with machine guns running around Chinatown, shootin up restaurants, until Mickey Rourke gets so sick of it that he starts sleeping with a Chinese fashion model TV reporter. This makes the Chinese Mafia so mad that they stuff two Chinese gang members in a soybean vat, kill Mickey's wife, rape his fashion model, shoot his partner, wreck some cars and go to Thailand to cut the head off a sensitive, caring individual named White Powder Ma. But when they're not busy with all that stuff, they just sit around and mumble stuff in Chinese subtitles, like "We brought the orange to this country, we brought the grape, we built your irrigation systems, but most of our ancestors were sent back

home because we were COOLIES." You know, gangster talk.

Then ever once in a while Mickey Rourke busts into the police commissioner's office and starts yelling "It's just like Nam!" and grabs his head and tells him what an honest cop should do — buy a machine gun and go huntin for Chinese. Eventually he does this, but not before he freaks out three or four times with Vietnam flashbacks, screams at his Chinese fashion model TV reporter about how TV is a "vampire," and tells Michael Cimino he needs another closeup.

Oh yeah, I almost forgot. This is Big Mike Cimino's first movie since "Heaven's Gate." Mike is the only guy makin drive-in movies that cost \$40 million. But he proved he still has the stuff. He can make a movie ALMOST as good as "Heaven's Gate" for only 14 mil. He's also responsible for DISCOVERING Ariane, the Chinese fashion model TV reporter who changes her expres-

sion two, three times in the movie, specially when Mickey is slapping her around and talking about his Polish heritage.

Six breasts. Four gallons of blood. 25 dead bodies. Bullet in forehead. Knife in heart. Mini-skirted bimbo with automatic weapons. Heads roll. Restaurant brawl. Gambling den brawl. Three motor vehicle chases, with three crash-and-burns. Soybean Fu. Egg Fu Yung. Drive-In Award nominations for Mickey Rourke, for saying "F--- civil rights"; Ariane, for opening her eyes long enough to scream "The press is independent! Not just another undercover cop!"; Dino DeLaurentis, for saying, "No, no, my little Cimino, okay, I geev money"; and Big Mike, for saying, "Please, Dino, can I just build ONE full-scale replica of Chinatown? It won't cost much, and I promise I'll never ask for anything ever again."

Two and a half stars. Joe Bob says check it out.

Wisdom on Parade

By **JOE BOB BRIGGS**
Syndicated Columnist

I always start to get all choked up as soon as I see Santa Claus pull into view during the Thanksgiving Day Parade so that Sally Struthers can say something stupid on national TV and plug the network.

Yep, it's that time of year again — the time for family get-togethers and sweet-potato pie and rosy little faces around the Christmas tree and all your aunts screaming at one another and, of course, our great American traditions, like taking a shotgun out in the woods and blowing the stuffing out of furry creatures. That's where I'm going right now but I couldn't leave you without delivering the annual Joe Bob Briggs Christmas Poem. You know, it's getting to be a tradition, this is the fourth year, and it's a tradition I want to continue no matter

what they say.

This year it's just a little bit different from the poems of the past. This year the poem is called "What the J-Man Means To Me," and I might need to explain it first with a little holiday story.

Two weeks ago I was in the hospital room of a 6-year-old boy who appeared to be dying of a rare blood disease, and that little boy blinked back some tears and he looked up at me, and he said, "Mr. Joe Bob, will you give me \$500 for my operation?" And I went out and sold a 1964 Dodge Dart I had in my backyard, and I GAVE the little boy that \$500. And then he skipped town, he was faking the whole disease, him and his parents were in it together.

But the point I'm making is — actually, I forgot what the point I'm making is, so I'll just go ahead

and do the poem. But before I do the poem, I want to answer a question people have been asking me all week long. And that is "Can Joe Bob Briggs rap? Is he a rapper at heart?" And the answer to that question is "No, he's not." I can't rap worth didly squat. I'm too white. But I wrote a rapping Christmas poem anyhow, for no apparent reason.

Could I have a rapper's beat, please?

It goes something like this.

WHAT THE J-MAN MEANS TO ME
Say, what the heck! Say, what the hey

The J-Man was born on Christmas Day

He was parked in a barn in a pile of hay,

Where the roosters live and the donkeys stay.

His Mama, she had to economize
Till some dudes showed up — they were wise,

But the J-Man had smarts himself within,

He had a Madonna, but no Sean Penn.

He never had a mortgage, never had a watch,

Had a little wine, but never scotch,

Didn't need a talk show, or MTV,
Or a paper from the university

Now he could have been a child star, I suppose,

But he came into the world in swaddling clothes

Swaddling clothes,

Swaddling clothes,

The J-Man had a suit of swaddling clothes.

Say, what the heck! Say, what the hey!

The J-Man was born on Christmas Day.



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