

## SAY WHAT?

# I'm back in Chapel Hill, and I'm killing small animals with my bicycle

I bought a mountain bike yesterday.

I know, I know, it's just my way of being a hip conformist, but hey, this is Chapel Hill, remember?

Anyway, I was riding my old piece-of-shitless aluminum, out-of-date 10-speed to class the other day when my back tire suddenly got like Jesse Helms and started spewing a lot of hot air, prompting me to kiss a tree. At that moment I knew I had a pretty good reason for getting a new bike.

Mountain bikes are great, everyone says. You get one and suddenly you're riding all over the place, even places you're not supposed to ride, like front lawns and cemeteries. You're riding through the woods, under huge oaks and over small animals, through creeks and into huge oaks, picking up dangerous ticks infected with Lyme disease. And on campus, every eye is on you as you whiz by on your way to do hip things like going to class, and

JOHN BLAND

less filling

every mouth utters in awe, "Get outta my way, ya #\$\$%&\*!"

And they're great for your health, too, unless you plummet down the side of a hill at 40 mph. You can get out in the fresh air and cycle all day long, doing great cardiovascular things, turning that beer gut into 100 percent potential muscle. So who cares what it costs, because you're getting in shape, and you can't put a price tag on — what? It costs *how much*? What does it do, evade Soviet radar?

Of course, the most difficult part of buying a mountain bike is scraping up the dough. The second most difficult part of buying a mountain bike is choosing from the hundreds

and thousands of models, even though the one you buy will look just like everyone else's. Questions to ask yourself before you go into a bike shop are: Should I get aluminum, steel or titanium? How am I going to explain this to my dad? Is my credit card over the limit? What's really wrong with having a 10-speed? Did *Batman* cost this much? Will my schoolwork suffer because of the four jobs I'll need to get to pay for this damn thing? How am I going to explain this to my dad? Should I have my head examined? What's the capital of North Dakota? How many Canadian provinces are there? How much wood would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?

While you're in the bike shop, don't get talked into buying something you really don't need. If it comes with a depth finder, ask yourself if you're going to use it for fishing. If the an-

swer is yes, then by all means get it. However, wheels might come in handy, so be sure you get them. And let's face it, microwave ovens are convenient, but not in heavy traffic. Of course, none of this means anything if you've got the willpower of jelly. Like me.

Also, you're going to need a bike lock, because if you don't lock up your bike it'll disappear faster than an American in Beirut. The best lock for a mountain bike is a large safe, preferably made of high-quality steel, with laser sensors and a siren loud enough to wake up an econ class in Carroll Hall. Unfortunately, a safe is rather difficult to drag around campus, unless you put wheels on it, and then it might drag you, especially if you get anywhere near Hillsborough Street. Therefore, a U-shaped lock that doesn't look like it could hold grease is probably your best bet. If it comes with an alarm or deadly spikes

tipped with cyanide that shoot out when messed with, all the better.

Once in the store, you will be approached by a salesman. *Do not be intimidated!* This is a normal occurrence! Just because he comes up to you is no reason for you to buy anything! You do not have to make a decision! *You don't have to buy anything!*

After you buy your Stealth bo—, uh, mountain bike, you will suffer from a mild guilt trip, which I like to call the "post-buyem depression." The best cure for this is to call "Women's Secret Confessions" to help take your mind off it.

Of course, since you spent so much money on it, you can't possibly *ride* it because it might get scratched, so it's better to lock it in the attic, right alongside your Colecovision and your BMX. Or you could frame it and hang it over the mantle. But, remember, the whole point is to just *enjoy* it.

## Here he is — sexist, offensive, and obnoxious as ever

Once my friend Ugly-On-A-Stick found out she was pregnant, she asked me to take her down to the doctor to get her baby-making equipment checked out, and when she came out, she looked like somebody'd run over her face with an International Harvester wheat combine. Of course, her face normally looks like somebody bulldozed it with a Panzer tank division, so this was an improvement.

"You're just *radiant* ever since you got pregnant."

Compliments mean a lot to a woman, even if she does look like a pool cue with legs.

"I thought the reason I've been throwing up three times a day was morning sickness, but the doctor says I've been drinking too much Corona. I asked him if I could limit myself to three six-packs a day..."

"God! How could anybody live on that?"

"...but he says I've got to go cold turkey."

"We'll get you into Raleigh Hills. Who do you wanna accuse of being the father so we can convince him to pay for it?"

"Well, the Gonzalez brothers never have had any money. Better go with Jimmy Bohannon."

"Does Jimmy Bohannon have money?"

"No, but he'll find some just to keep people from finding out he had sex with me."

"Somebody had actual sex with you?"

"How do you think I got pregnant?"

"I know, I know. I guess it was just something I blocked out of my mind until now. Don't mention that part

JOE BOB BRIGGS

at the drive-in

of it again, okay? I'm willing to help you out with this, but there are some things a man just can't stand to think about."

"Okay, Joe Bob, I won't mention Jimmy Bogannon in a Biblical sense."

"Thank you, Ug."

"After all," she said, "I'm *damned* ugly."

"Yes you are."

"You're the only one that understands me, Joe Bob."

Speaking of people with enormous self-respect, "A Man Called Rainbo" just came out—the only Sly Rocky Rambo movie I'd never seen. In 1973 Stallone made a hippie flick called "Rebel" that was so bad they actually gave Sly words to say. Then some degenerates in Hollywood said, "hey, what's a cheap way we could exploit the fame of Sly Rocky Rambo?" and so they bought the rights to "Rebel," threw out the soundtrack, re-edited it, shot some insert footage, hired some voices to do a whole new script, and created a story about how Sly infiltrates a hippie terrorist group by promising he'll help start World War III. Sly's plan: he'll take a box full of dog doo-doo to the Russian ambassador's porch and set it on fire. Unfortunately, Sly suffered brain damage when he listened to an Alvin and the Chipmunks album 39 times in a row, backwards, and now everywhere he goes in his groovy platform shoes, he steps in dog doo-doo himself, ruining his chance to make love



Sly Rocky Rambo, age 12, demonstrating the acting style that would make him immortal, in 'A Man Called Rainbo'

to the rich hippie girl with long straight hair who makes porno jewelry. Meanwhile, Richard Nixon has sent a robot disguised as a black revolutionary to infiltrate Sly's hippie terrorist group, but Sly is too busy doing the Hokey Pokey with a topless blonde porker to notice.

In other words, a whole lot of plot getting in the way of the story. The best parts are watching Sly go through the full range of emotions: deadpan, deadpan with raised eyebrow, dead-

pan with quivering lip. There's also a great sequence where Sly drives his VW Beetle down the interstate for about 20 minutes, staring dramatically through the windshield.

Two breasts, sort of. One motor vehicle chase, sort of. One car crash, sort of. Tongue ripping. Bra burning. Shoe-sniffing. Microwaved Pillsbury Doughboy. Exploding building. Cooties. Nose rolls. Excellent Dr. Gene Scott parody. Awful Siskel-and-Eggbert parody. Walter Cronkite parody

so bad it sounds like broken plumbing. Scratch 'n Sniff (you don't wanna know). Gratuitous dog doo. Gratuitous Hokey Pokey. Gratuitous "Monopoly." Afro Robot Fu. Nixon Fu. Drive-In Academy Award nomination for Sly Rocky Rambo, showing the style that made him famous, for wearing a mood shirt and saying "I may not be crazy, but I'm stupid."

A movie, sort of.

Two stars.

Joe Bob says check it out.