

SAY WHAT?

Armed with technology and dangerous: Meet my demands, or I'll fax this baby global

As all of you know, this weekend is Rutabaga Awareness Weekend — no, Parents Weekend, so be more aware of your parents for the next couple of days, especially if they come up here to try and screw up your life. Of course, if you're smart, like me, you've told them Parents Weekend has been canceled due to a lack of interest in parents altogether, so they won't be interrupting your lifestyle for a little while longer.

Many of you out there might be thinking, "Hey, Less Filling Guy, what's the purpose of Parents Weekend?" or "Why Parents Weekend and not 'Less Filling Weekend'?" or "Yeah! 'Less Filling Weekend'! What a great idea!" No matter what you're thinking, you should be getting very sleepy about right now *very very sleepy* and after I snap my fingers you will go to the window and shout out loud "We want 'Less Filling Weekend!'" in the general direction of South Building and when you wake up you will remember *nothing* except you women, who will feel an intense sexual desire for the Less Filling Guy every time you blink.

JOHN BLAND

less filling

Now.

Hey, what's that? What's that I hear? "Less Filling Weekend?" What the — whose idea was this, you crazy nuts you! Of course I'll accept.

Gosh, we'll have to get some activities going here. Let's see, first of all we'll have a parade with lots of Ferraris and '59 Thunderbirds, and cheerleaders shouting "Less Filling, Tastes Great!" and the Stones will have a free concert on Ehringhaus Field, and of course I'll have to help Mick and Keith out by singing "Hang Fire," and we'll have to have lots and lots of free beer and barbecue, and we can't have a decent "Less Filling Weekend" without a capper: Nude volley—

(Editor's note: Since John can no longer finish this column because we won't let him, we've turned instead to an essay he wrote some time ago. Please substitute the words "week-

end" for "day" and "UNC" for "Sherwood Forest Elementary." Thank you for your patience.)

PARENTS DAY, by John Bland, Grade 3.

Parents Day is fun. I like Parents Day. Mommy and Daddy can see all my teachers at Sherwood Forest Elementary and —

Okay, okay, I'm back! They cannot humiliate me like that! Only I can humiliate me like that! Besides, that's not what I wrote. It went more like this:

PARENTS DAY, by John "Rocky" Bland, Grade 3.

She slithered into the office, black skirt tight against her long legs. I nearly spilled my Scotch when my eyes caught hold of her —

(Editor's note: You can see we're having a little difficulty with John's id this week. Please excuse the delay while we tie him to a chair. Thank you for your patience.)

Yes. Well. Ahem.

I apologize for wasting your time. I will now finish what I originally was

tricked into — er, assigned to write. (Kelly, I can't reach the keyboard. Could you loosen one of those ropes — LOOSEN, LOOSEN! — Thank you. Maybe I'll get some feeling back in that arm before long.)

Parents Weekend, by John Bland, senior.

Parents Weekend is fun. I like Parents Weekend. Mommy and Daddy can see all my teachers at UNC but 'Less Filling Weekend' would be a hell of a lot more fun —

(Editor's note: He's loose! Quick! Grab him! Watch out, he's dangerous! For god's sake, don't let him near the sports office! Call in the SWAT team! Oh my god, *he's going for the fax machine!*)

HA HA HA! Now you'll never stop me! Stand back, one step closer and I'll fax this sucker to newspapers all over the world! London, Moscow, Peoria — all the world will know of Less Filling Weekend!

(Police note: Mr. Bland, we've got you surrounded! Put the column down! We won't hurt you! Just come out slowly with your hands up!)

Never, you hear me, coppers! I'll die first!

(Editor's note: John, we've got someone here who'd like to talk with you!)

(Mother's note: John, please, do what they say! Drop the column! For our sake, please!)

I'm a desperate man, mother! Not even you can convince me to give up my quest!

(Editor's note: All right, what are your demands?)

I want Less Filling Weekend, world peace, the eradication of all nuclear weapons, an NBA contract, a date with Paulina Porizkova and my own column on the back page of the DTH! (Editor's note: John, I don't think we can swing that column slot.)

You've heard me! Accede to all my demands or I'll fax this column to the President! This is your last chance!)

(Editor's note: I don't think so, John.)

Why? (Editor's note: You've run out of space.)

Psycho Bimborama garners only one star

Last year Wanda Bodine got drunk one night and ordered the complete *Mysteries of the Unknown* from Time-Life Books, and ever since then she's been predicting her Harmonious Heart Path. For a while, when we were back in the *Visions and Prophecies* book, Wanda would dangle a rock on a key chain and then ask it a question. If the key chain rotated clockwise, it meant "Yes," counter-clockwise "No." This is how she ended up buying seven pairs of leopard-print high heels.

Then one month the *Portents in the Palm* book came in the mail, and for a long time I had to stick my hand out every time I wanted a beer.

"Joe Bob, your Fate Line says you will remain active and intellectual all your life," she'd tell me, "and so you'd better not *screw it up* by drinking a beer."

And I told her, "The reason I have that line permanently pressed in my hand is from squeezing thousands of beer cans around the tin ridge. It's absolutely *necessary* to my future that I have a beer."

By then, I was starting to believe in this stuff.

Next came *Penmanship and Personality*, the one about how your handwriting reveals the secrets of your soul. And so I wrote out the Gettysburg Address one night for Wanda, so she could analyze it, and after a while she said, "Joe Bob, you're not in the book."

And I said, "What do you mean I'm not in the book? Everybody's in

JOE BOB BRIGGS

at the drive-in

the book."

But she said there was nothing in the book about a person's writing where every other letter slants in a different direction and every tenth letter is upside down. But there has got to be a meaning to stuff like that. That doesn't just happen by accident.

Psychic Powers showed up one day, and (here's the really strange part) I had a *premonition* that we were gonna get a book about psychic powers.

Also — you know, these things start adding up — Wanda had a premonition, too. She had a premonition that one day she would go out and buy seven purses to match her seven pairs of leopard-print high heels. And, sure enough, she *did*.

But the one that takes the cake is *Numerology*, the one we just got. If you take the name "Joe Bob Briggs" and figure out the true numeric meaning of it, here's what you get:

Soul Number: The essence of my soul is 3. I normally have 3 dollars stuffed way down in my pocket. I have 3 good tires on my car. I bum an average of 3 cigarettes a day. Three of my ex-wives still get money from me. These are things that only I could know about myself. Pretty amazing.

Outer Personality Number: The way others see me is 9. When I go to the drive-in bank, they have to yell

over the intercom "Sir, may I help you?" exactly 9 times before I answer. When I play golf, my average score on each hole is 9. And, most incredible of all, I wear the same 9 shirts over and over again.

Path of Destiny Number: My future is 2. I will marry only 2 more women in my lifetime. I will be sued only 2 more times. I will begin a weight-training program and work up to 2 repetitions a day. And my great hope for the future is that someday I will bet the 2-2-2-2-2-2 Super-fecta "Pick Six" at Louisiana Downs race track and then I can retire.

There was a time when I would have *laughed* at this stuff.

And speaking of clingy silk dresses — okay, okay, I can't do it right every week — Marilyn Chambers just crossed over from X-rated movies to legitimate film. For the fifth time. And the astounding result is "Party Incorporated," the only movie ever made featuring not one but *two* torch songs sung by Marilyn, a guy having sex in a chicken suit, and a striptease number that goes on so long it puts you into a coma. (Striptease? Is this a trick? Are we re-entering the thirties?) Made by that famous director Chuck "Oh It's This End of the Camera" Vincent, "Party Incorporated" sets the new modern record for registering a perfect 100 on the Sleaze Meter without *actually* having anything sleazy in it. They just talk about it a lot.

Do you know the kind of movie I'm talking about, the kind where

you just know that, two seconds after the director yells, "Cut," everybody says "Can we go home now?" These are some of the most uncomfortable people I've ever seen, and I think I've figured out the reason — *they have to wear clothes*. They're not used to it. It's strange. It hurts. It cuts off the circulation. And they have to say things like "Would you get that phone, please," when all they normally say is, "No, touch me *there*."

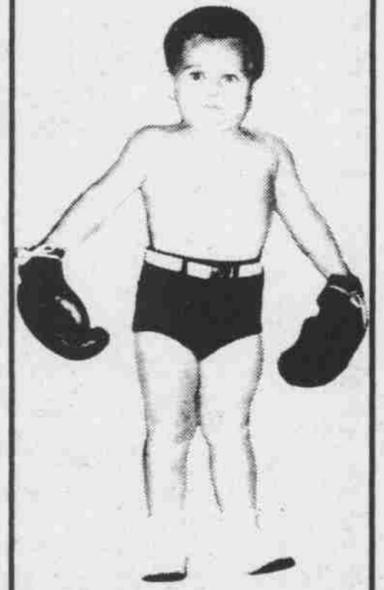
In other words, yet another R-rated movie made by X-rated people that looks like ... well ... an R-rated movie made by X-rated people. "Behind the Green Door" had more plot.

Also, one more thing. Marilyn, if you're listening (most people wouldn't be a good enough friend to tell you this) do *not* take your clothes off on camera anymore. We have fond memories of you. Your body now looks like *our* bodies. And that is *not* a pretty sight. The black leather pants, great! The poufy blonde hair, outstanding! But no more nookie, please.

Okay, let's look at these totals: Twenty-four breasts. One dead body. Three orgies (sort of). Female shave-cream wrestling. Three male strippers. Bimborama. Drive-In Academy Award nomination for Marilyn Chambers, for singing a song called "We're Always Friends" in an empty office building atrium with a straight face; and Christina Veronica, for wearing a zebra-print bikini and using the name "Christina Veronica."

One star. Joe Bob says check it out.

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