

## SAY WHAT?

# Hypocritical Moral Gestapo must be stopped

Item #1: The Freddy Krueger doll has been pulled from national distribution.

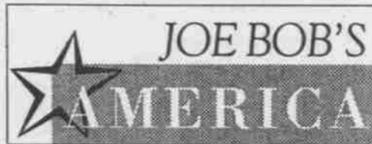
Item #2: *Freddy's Nightmares*, the TV show about America's favorite scar-faced boogey-man, may not last another season due to "taste police" groups that are pressuring TV stations to drop it.

Item #3: Two radio stations have been heavily fined by the FCC for what is called "indecent" behavior by disc jockeys.

Item #4: Hastings Records, a large national chain based in Amarillo, Texas, has started labeling heavy-metal CDs with "parental consent advised" notices.

Item #5: A movie called *Henry ... Portrait of a Serial Killer* has been rated X for a reason never before used — for its "tone." This translates, "We don't know exactly why we don't like it, we just know we hate it."

Item #6: The movie *Leatherface: Texas Chainsaw Massacre III* was not released at Halloween as planned and may not be released for a while, because after two appeals and re-edits, it looks like the movie won't be able



to get anything but an "X" rating (movies with "X" ratings are virtually unreleasable, because many newspapers refuse to carry X-rated advertising, and many theater chains won't play an X-rated movie).

In other words, to sum all this up, they're baaaaaaack.

Tipper Gore and her friends.

Donald Wildmon and the Citizens for Decency in Tupelo, Mississippi.

Nineteen jillion zillion "concerned parent" groups that think America is being ruined by scary movies and loudmouth rock-and-roll DJs.

If this sounds familiar, it should. It's exactly what these people's parents said in the '50s (if these people had parents). They said it about movies like *Creature from the Black Lagoon* and *The Day the Earth Stood Still* and *Rock Around the Clock*, and sexually suggestive records like

"Whole Lotta Shakin Goin On," and irresponsible, indecent, "juvenile delinquent" behavior by teenage role models like James Dean and Marlon Brando.

In other words, the forces of organized morality always set their sights on whatever movie or record or personality is the most annoying to the parents. Freddy Krueger is very annoying to parents. And so they dream up "scientific evidence" that, if you watch enough of these movies, you'll suddenly start frothing at the mouth, go off the deep end, and strangle your sister, or maybe burn down the junior high school.

If this is true; I would like to offer, with all humility, my own brain for research. Wire me up. I've seen more of these movies than any living individual. Test out your theories. Count how many murders I've committed (it's fewer than you think). Ask my ex-wives if I was any kinkier than your average Wall Street banker.

But, of course, they won't. They won't test me and they won't test themselves. The leaders of these Legions of Decency watch the Freddy

Krueger movies so they can write news releases about them. Funny thing, though, they're able to watch them and remain unaffected. They don't develop twitches in their necks or mutate into horrible blood-sucking, nine-fingered cockroaches. Nope. They're pretty much the same when the movie ends as when it started. Just a little madder.

And what are they mad about?

They're mad about Those People. The people that are Not Like Us. The ones who aren't as intelligent as us. Them. They are the ones who will watch Freddy Krueger and become mass murderers. Not us. Not you and me. Them. They're out there. They're feeding on these movies and these record albums. Soon they'll be maniac felons.

Lemme tell you people something. I know who They are. I get thousands of letters from Them. I am personally acquainted with more 14-year-old heavy-metal headbangers than Donald Wildmon will ever meet the rest of his life. I would suggest that Donald do what I do. Go down to the nearest shopping-mall eightplex

concrete-bunker movie theater where the Freddy Krueger movie is playing. Watch it with the crowd of 14-to-21-year-olds who will be in there. Observe them closely.

You will notice that they always know that Freddy is up on the screen and they are sitting in a chair. Screen ... chair. Screen ... chair. Movies ... real life. They never get mixed up. They never think Freddy is in the chair and they are up on the screen. They never think Freddy is sitting in the chair next to them. They never think Freddy is going to come down off the screen. And they never believe they are going to become Freddy. See, they are intelligent human beings. They know the difference between Freddy and us.

It's only Tipper Gore who doesn't know the difference. And you, Donald. Please, would somebody who loves these people see to it that they get some psychiatric help?

Editors' Note: Normally we wouldn't run two Joe Bob columns on the same week if you bribed us, but every once in a blue moon, the man says something that makes sense, and we feel obligated.

## 30 breasts and not one brain

And speaking of lost causes, I called up Andy Sidaris last year — the ABC sports director who spends most of his time pointing cameras at the nekkid breasts of Playboy Playmates — and I said, "Okay, Andy, listen. You've made eight movies now, but the last five have made absolutely no sense."

And Andy said, "I resent that. *Malibu Express* made sense. There are only four that make no sense."

And so I begged him. I said, "Andy, you are by far the finest director working with Playboy Playmates, machine guns and exploding helicopters today ..."

"What about the mutant killer snake in *Hard Ticket to Hawaii*?"

"Okay, you're the greatest director of deadly rubber snakes, too. But when you write this next script ..."

"I've just about finished it," Andy said. "It weighs about a pound and a half."

"Well, Andy, put some scenes in there that make sense, okay? It would be a lot more enjoyable if, when people blow up, we know who they are and why they're blowing up. It would help also if the girls that jump into the hot tub every ten minutes had names we can remember. Little things like that go a long way, Andy."

And so Andy promised he'd do better, and then — I swear to God, I'm not making this up — he had to leave to go to Florida and direct the space shuttle Challenger launch for ABC News. "Andy!" I said. "Andy!" He came back to the phone.

"Savage Beach," he told me.

"What?"

"Savage Beach. That's the name of the new one."

### JOE BOB BRIGGS at the drive-in

And ever since then I've been waiting for it to come out. And now, from the man who's won 11 Emmys, Andy Sidaris, comes the sequel to *Malibu Express*, *Hard Ticket to Hawaii*, and *Picasso Trigger*, the only movie ever made with four Playboy Playmates of the Month, a Playgirl Man of the Year, Miss Tecate 1988, the two-time world champion Indoor Speedway Motorcycle Racing Champion, the "regional media spokesman" for Panasonic, and the world kung fu champion.

The basic plot is that Dona Speir and Hope Marie Carlton, the two undercover DEA agent Playboy Playmates from the last movie, are still running around in jungle shorts, cowboy boots and spaghetti-strap T-shirts firing their machine guns at drug smugglers, Filipino communist guerrillas, and corrupt federal agents while their two friends, Lisa London and Miss May 1984 Patty Duffek, lounge around the pool a lot and talk on speaker phones that look like Fax machines. There's something in there about how the Japanese stole all the gold from the Philippines in World War II, and there's a crazed Claymation Ninja living on a deserted island with the gold, and our tow Playboy Playmate agents just happen to find him while they're delivering life-saving serum to poor dying orphans.

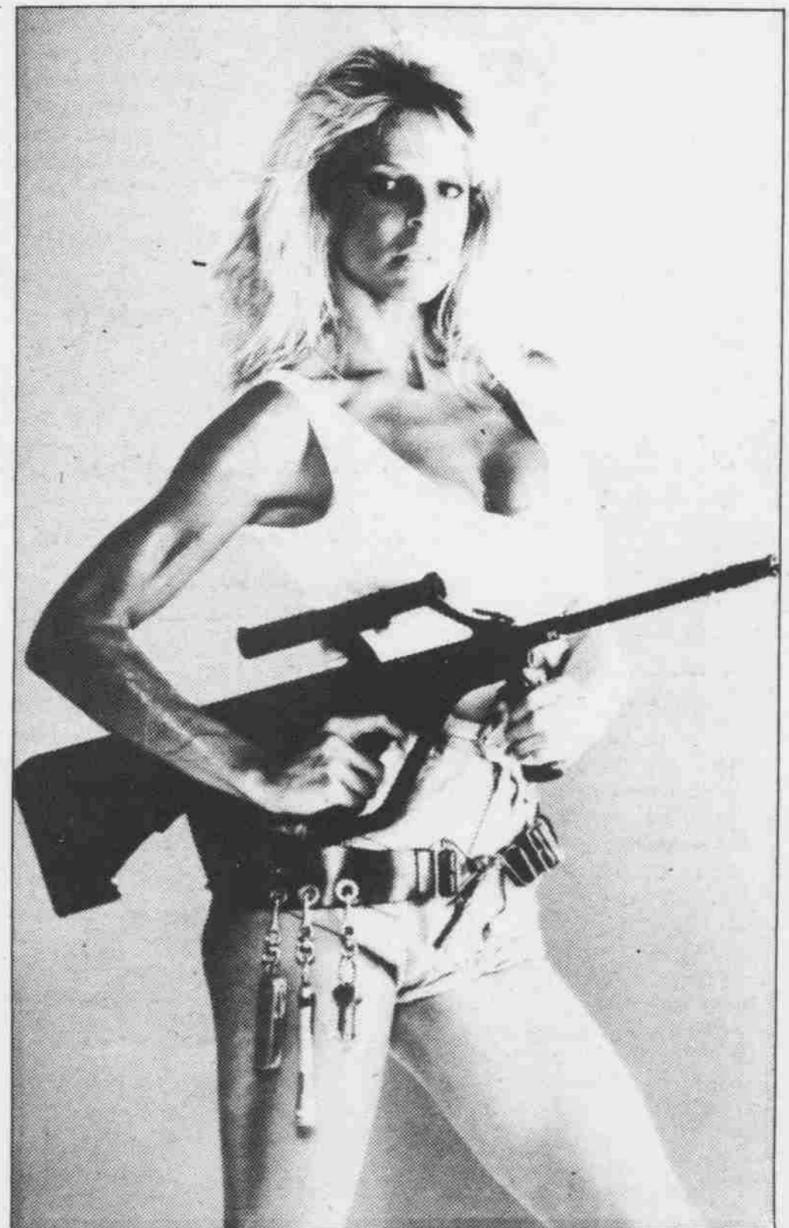
In other words, way too much plot getting in the way of the story, but Andy has done it again. In an act of

totally unethical behavior, Andy put a scene in the movie of himself sitting in an office reading a copy of "We Are The Weird," the official Joe Bob Briggs newsletter. Just so he could get a halfway decent review.

Andy, you're my kind of guy!

Thirty breasts. thirteen dead bodies. One necessary-to-the-plot "Let's all get in the hot tub and relax" scene. Exploding van. Exploding boat. Exploding Yuppie. Cocaine-infested pineapples. Machete through the back. Rooster show with Uzis. Hari-kari. Kung Fu. Uzi Fu. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Dona Speir, Miss March 1984, for flying an airplane through a terrible storm and saying "Shouldn't we get out of these wet clothes?" and putting the plane on auto-pilot so she can change blouses, and for being tied up by her cowboy boots but not figuring out how she could possibly get loose; Hope Marie Carlton, Miss July 1985, for getting stranded on a desert island and saying "What do you say we check out the beach?"; Michael Shane, Playgirl's Man of the Year, for having absolutely nothing to do in the movie; Dann Seki, as the dying Japanese admiral, for saying "The cancer clutches ever tighter at my heart"; Teri Weigel, Miss April 1986, for saying "My ideology means far more to me than fame and adulation" right before she whips off her blouse; Rodrigo Obregon, for exploding people for no reason; and Andy Sidaris, for writing a plot about computers and lost gold and satellite systems and "probability vectors" that not even Andy can understand.

Four stars (they made four of these!). Joe Bob says check it out.



DEA agent a la Playboy in 'Savage Beach'