

The M. C. Dudes in a wild naming frenzy

Hello, neighbors. Well, last week the two of us aborted our usual Sunday night activity. We usually stay home, devour Fritos and watch MacGyver reruns. We really get off watching someone build a helicopter out of a lawn mower or an atomic bomb out of a candy bar, which was last week's special.

This day, though, something was in the air, and this time it wasn't a fart. We decided to have "Cylinder Guys' Night Out," and went to see Kevin Costner studding in *Dances With Wolves*. The movie was great, but the beer in our trench coats got warm after the third hour of the flick and we had to stretch things to keep our level of juvenile humor up to par. Whether or not anything can actually play par with our contorted senses of humor is debatable, but that's a discussion for another day.

Really, the only thing left to in-



Master Cylinder Dudes trigue at the movie was this bizarre notion of Indian names tossed around throughout the movie. "Stands With

a Fist," "Wind in his Hair," "Kicking Bird," "Stone Calf," we thought these were all great names. Being the jealous kind, we wanted our own nicknames, ones that really delved into our personalities.

The rules are simple ... so simple, in fact, that there is only one: Emphasis must be placed on the first word of the name. "Stands With a Fist," becomes "Stands With a Fist," and so on. After that, just find the most outstanding point of someone's personality and go to work. The rest is only limited by the unforeseen boundaries of our fervent imaginations.

Scott's Indian name was easy. His curious and uncanny countercultural ritual of dressing opposite to the traditional garb of the temperate season made for some great ones.

In Winter, he will forever be known as "Barefoot in January." In the warmer months of the year, he has become "Four Shirts."

Sam's was a bit harder, perhaps because he has become so unorthodox as of late that nothing stands out anymore. We resorted to rearranging the actual names from the movie to accommodate Sam's true personality. "Stands With Three Legs," "Wind in his Pants," "Kicking Himself," the list could be endless.

This was so much fun, of course, we couldn't stop there. We came up with some names for some celebrities.

1) Coaches: Mack Brown? "Grins a Lot." Dean Smith? "Wins a Lot." Or, for the non-Tar Heel faithful, "Sounds Like a Troll" will do just fine.

2) Political figures: The fact that our prestigious president George Bush married someone who more resembles his mother than his wife gave us some great ideas, the most benign of which was "Oh-so Oedipal."

Saddam Hussein, we've heard, enjoys polygamy — something we think sounds nifty — so we couldn't

crack on his love life. "Serves Mustard Gas on his Burgers" will have to do.

Reagan was hard, if only because his charming sojourn into politics left so many impressions. His absent-mindedness lends credence to "Loses his Keys," or perhaps "Not Really Alzheimer's." However, after much consideration, we eventually sided with "Should Have Stuck to Acting."

3) Athletes: Duke basketball players are great to make fun of, namely Christian Laettner and Bobby Hurley.

Laettner is "Brushes Hair Back Too Often While Standing on the Free Throw Line on National Television." Hurley, of course — this could be expected following his bout with diarrhea in the NCAA Tournament last season — is "Squirts a Lot."

The Master Cylinder Guys, Sam Ruff and Scott Gold, are juniors who obviously deserve one collective nickname: "Braindead."

Home-video sex tapes risk revealing too much

Editor's note: This is a special Joe Bob pulled out of the archives in the musty, dusty recesses of the Omnibus file cabinet because we needed something to fill this space this week, and well, we thought this was kinda' humorous (as well as relevant, after the recent staff party). This column was originally published Nov. 3, 1990.

America's funniest home videos aren't the ones on TV. They're the ones that start out with a couple of pasty Beluga whales rummaging around on a waterbed, poking up through the sheets like humps in the Loch Ness Monster, while Beluga Whale Number One says "Did you turn it on?" and Beluga Whale Number Two answers "Yes I turned it on, now get nekkid."

Home-video sex tapes were not invented by Rob Lowe. And, actually, now that I think about it, Rob should be ashamed of himself. Anybody who's been around that many movie sets should know how to light his own body better than that. Rob looked like a hunk of protoplasm demonstrating cell division — I thought I was watching a junior-high science film.

But the difference today, even though home-video sex is an old thing, is that the middle class has discovered it. How do I know this? Because articles are turning up in the newsweeklies and the newspapers. The writer always seems amazed, if not shocked, to learn that "ordinary couples are spicing up their sex lives with a home-movie camera."

Why do they always assign these articles to the most naive person on the staff? Or, to put it another way, why do they assign the article to someone who's such a liar that he'll act shocked about something that doesn't surprise him in the least. I've never met a true newsman who didn't know all 485 positions of the Kama

JOE BOB BRIGGS

Joe Bob's America

Sutra and the home phone numbers of at least seven pimps. Don't they teach this course in journalism school anymore: "How To Get a Pimp To Talk To You?"

Anyhow, after they're finished with their *astounding discoveries* about the number of people willing to get nekkid in front of a camera, they go straight to *experts* to explain the phenomenon — psychiatrists, psychologists, sexual researchers. And they always say the same thing: "Anything that both parties desire and agree to will add spice to a marriage."

And then later on in the article, one or two of the psychologists will say: "Of course, these things sometimes go sour."

For once in my life, I'd like to scream at em, "Okay, Mister Super Shrink, which is it? Spice or sour? Make up your goldurn mind!"

I would say, in the area of human sex movies, that "sour" is an understatement. I would say this because of certain well-known facts about America:

1) As a nation, we're fat. We're the fattest people on earth. A video cam-

era adds about ten pounds to your body. So what you're gonna be seeing on a lot of these videos is Holstein Jubilee. This is not a pretty sight when it's *other* people. When it's *you*, you better bring some barf bags to the screening.

2) Actors wear makeup. Even porno actors wear makeup. Unless you intend to put on body makeup, you're gonna end up looking at the tape later and saying, "Martha, is that a lizard on your leg?"

3) Having sex is dramatic. *Watching* two people have sex is comedy. If you expect this to be romantic, you should enroll in the Actor's Studio, study five years, and then hire a member of the Writers Guild of America West to write your script.

If you want comedy, no problem. Just say, "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn," and make a flying leap onto your down comforter.

Or try this one: "You know I can't resist you when you say 'nookie' that way."

4) Sooner or later, if you do this long enough, you're gonna leave the tape in the machine. Jerry is gonna come over from next door to watch the replay of the 49ers game, you hit the remote, and — *whammo!* — there's Wally and the Beav spread-eagled on a 19-inch screen.

It's not that Jerry won't forgive you.

It's not that Jerry will see your spouse buck nekkid.

It's that Jerry will see *you* buck nekkid — and he'll never be able to get it out of his memory.

Don't try it. Really. I warn you.

JOE BOB BRIGGS' ADVICE TO THE HOPELESS

Hey J.B.,

How do you tell a rich hillbilly from a poor one?

The rich one has two cars up on blocks in the yard.

What does a hillbilly say to his buddy on amateur night at the topless bar?

"Damn! I didn't know you sister had such big Winnebagos!"

What's a hillbilly call his first date? Sis.

Why don't hillbillies have houses? They refuse to carry the Sears lingerie catalogue.

Why do hillbillies put their school diploma in the rear window of their cars?

So they can park in the handicapped spaces!

Jamie Danter
Charlotte, N.C.

Dear Joe Bob,

I really enjoyed your article on Prozac. I worked in a shrink's office and I have tried Prozac because of the reported weight loss but found it did absolutely zilch for me. Also it has been reported to cause increased suicidal ideation among users. Welbutrin is a much kinder and gentler drug, which also has the exciting side effect of increased libido along with weight loss.

Thanks for being and sharing with us.

Love,
Carol Collins
McRae, Ga.

Dear Carol,

Ever since I got your letter, I've been popping Welbutrin. The good news is that I can now have sex 38 time a day. The bad news is that I only weigh 38 pounds. I think the good outweighs the bad, don't you?

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