

— Joe Bob —

The holy heavens of bimbodom: on location with Jessica and Mamie

By JOE BOB BRIGGS

Last week I was on "Good Morning America" on the same show with Jessica Hahn and Mamie Van Doren. Maybe you have some idea of how you're supposed to measure human achievement on this great planet God gave us, but I say I might as well just go ahead and die now. There's nothin' left to do, nobody else I could meet that's halfway interestin'. I've been raptured up into the holy high heavens of Bimbodom.

First I met Mamie, star of the 1958 Drive-In Hall of Fame Classic "High School Confidential," where she wears the cashmere sweaters three sizes too little so she looks like she got shot through the back with a couple of cruise missiles. I told Mamie she was a permanent member of the Drive-In Hall of Fame, and even though she never heard of me she knew EXACTLY what I was talkin' about. She was even a little proud of it. "The rock-and-roll movies," she said. "It must have been all those rock-and-roll movies I made."

Then came Jessica, the only woman in history to charge \$265,000 for nookie. She looked like a million dollars. This is 'cause Hugh Hefner evidently just GAVE her a million dollars. She grinned a lot on the show, 'specially when shark reporter Steve Fox would ask her stuff like, "Can you explain what you mean when you say posing topless

in Playboy makes you feel closer to God?" Jessica apparently left a few face cards at home that morning. She was great.

I always wanted to see Mamie's breasts, 'specially when she did the Vegas strip-tease cleavage mambo number in "Three Nuts in Search of a Bolt," starring Tommy Noonan. But Mamie never exhibited the full sack of groceries. She wasn't THAT kind of girl.

I NEVER wanted to see Jessica's breasts, but church secretaries don't give it away for free. They give it away for a million bucks. Jessica showed 'em to us anyhow, and not a moment too soon. Otherwise I would have had to go through life wondering exactly what it was that Jimbo Bakker put his hands all over that was considered disgustin' to the Pentecostals. But, Jessica, lemme give you a little advice, OK?

We've seen it now. It's over. We're not wondering any more. Go on home. Thank you.

But you know what? This is the point I'm trying to make. It wasn't Jessica's hooters that made me feel closer to God, even though every place I went last week there was some radio disc jockey waiting to ask me exactly what I thought about Jessica's Almond Joys. What made ME feel great was seeing Mamie, at the age of 56, when most starlets have already hung up their ripaway

bra straps and gone out to the made-for-TV farm to breed Robert Culp sequels — to see Mamie out there selling a book called "Playing the Field," where she tells EXACTLY how many times she aardvarked on the backlot, who she did it with, and how many stars she gave 'em. There's something real basic and honest about Mamie. Jessica, take a look. See if you can learn something.

Speaking of intergalactic garbonzas, I wandered over to 42nd Street in New York to see "Slave Girls From Beyond Infinity," which is this year's Numero Uno candidate to go directly to video, do not pass cable, do not collect \$200 a week. It's the story of two airhead bimbos in loincloths who steal a spaceship but crash-land it on a beach next door to a sex pirate named Zed who lives in a castle and hunts down nubile young airhead bimbos just for fun. Whoops!

Giant robots show the girls to their rooms and help them into their chiffon lingerie and bikini swimwear, except then it's time to come down to dinner in black cocktail dresses and try to figure out why Zed keeps bringing home bloody bags full of human heads.

Finally, it's time for the moment we've all been waiting for: Zed chains the girls up and tells them they're tomorrow's lunch.

"You can't do this!" shouts slave girl Tisa. "Life is too precious to be killed for sport!"

"It's a cold cosmos," says Zed.

Seven breasts. Ten dead bodies. Heads roll. Bimbo torture. Gratuitous zombie attacks. Kung fu. Android fu. Dart fu. Laser crossbow fu. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Elizabeth Cayton, as slave girl Daria, for saying "Have you checked those hyperspace landing coordinates?"; Don Scribner, as the evil Zed, for holding a bloody human head in his hands and saying "We all have different needs"; Brinke Stevens as slave girl Shela, for saying "If you don't let me go, my brother will kill you"; and Cindy Beal, as slave girl Tisa, for letting the only map of the jungle fall out of her bra strap and saying "We might as well face the fact that we're dealing with a maniac" and "Fate is certainly a twisted tapestry."



Shown here is the complete plot of "Slave Girls From Beyond Infinity"

Two stars. Joe Bob says check it out.

Joe Bob's Mailbag

Victory Over Communism! Every year Balmer, Md., has a city fair. Every year the city commissions a poster for the fair. This year's poster features a cartoon depiction of thousands of little people crowded onto the fairgrounds. Two of those people are engaging in deviate sex on the merry-go-round. It was in all the newspapers. Nobody noticed — until now. Watch for bureaucratic head-rolling. To get the "We are the Weird" newsletter, which will show the fair poster in disgusting detail, or to discuss the meaning of life, write Joe Bob Briggs, P.O. Box 33, Dallas, Texas 75221.

DEAR JOE BOB: Enclosed are semi-

dully photos of myself and another devoted fan of yours. I'm on the left. (Enclosed photo of two bimbos goosing each other in a K-Mart photo booth.) Now you've got to send me a glossy of yourself.

I'm a devoted fan of yours. I saw you perform in Raleigh, N.C. at Charlie Goodnight's and I live in Chapel Hill with crazy born-again and weird Southerners who dress up for football games at UNC.

I'm a graduate student in math so I'm used to weird people but I desperately need a glossy of you or even to see you perform again would be marvelous. — ANNA BOETTCHER, CHAPEL HILL, N.C.

DEAR ANNA: I only perform in Raleigh every other leap year (1992), but for five bucks I'll come to your dorm room.

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