Talkin' seminars with the Old Age Movement

By JOE BOB BRIGGS

- Joe Bob.

My friend Chubb Fricke, the world's fattest ex-professional bowler, decided a couple weeks ago to start giving one-hour seminars over at the Bronco Bowl where he could charge people 250 bucks to tell 'em how to wear rocks around their necks and make noises through their nose like a Hoover vacuum cleaner. It's something he read about in Time magazine. He calls it the Old Age Movement.

"Let us not walk in accordance with our grandkids who never call." Chubb starts out while everbody is settlin' into their Lazy Boy recliners like beached whales. "Let us walk in the light of TV with the cleansing power of Bob Barker, who is Spirit and God." 'And we?" the Old Age followers

ask.

'Whatta ya want?" answers Chubb, in the traditional form of the Old Age ceremony.

"And we are Spirit and God as well?'

"We are full of white-bread products and liver disease and inflamed colons, and there dwells the spirit of Old Age.'

"Heal us, Chubbl"



"No. Rather we shall ascend Mount Shasta and examine our colons together. Repeat after me: I feel AWFUL today.

"I feel AWFUL today." "I think it was the mashed potatoes."

"It was the mashed potatoes." "I got to stop eatin' those lousy

mashed potatoes."

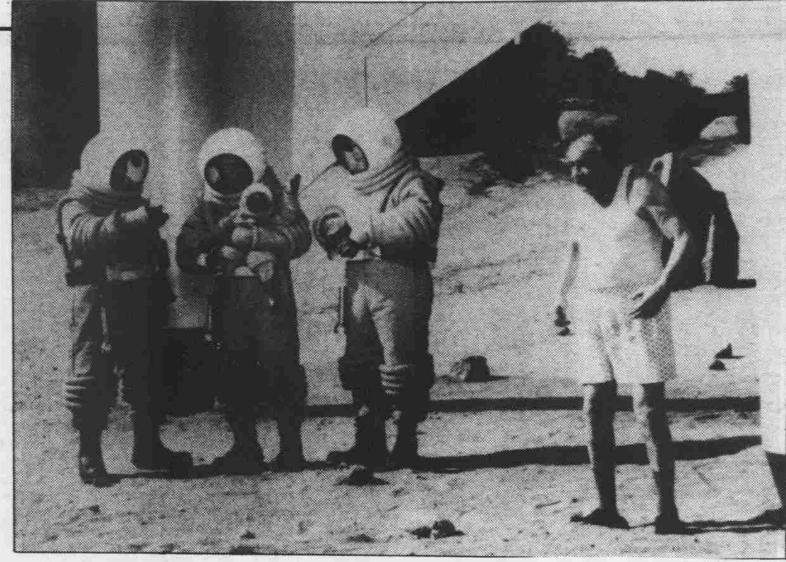
"I got to stop eatin' . . ." "No! You are now kings in your own households!"

"Yes, Master Chubb."

"You are kings and you will reign as kings. You will watch the channel on the TV you want to watch. You will listen to the music you want to listen to. You will never leave the house when you DON'T WANT TO LEAVE THE HOUSE. And it is given to you to know why all these things have come to pass."

"Yes, Master Chubb." "Because you are OLD." "We are OLD."

"You are so old you don't take guff off anybody. When the stock market plunges, you grin and say, 'Come take a look at this, honey, bunch of idiots in New York.' When Ramtha speaks, you respond. 'I got your Atlantis warrior right HERE.' And you are the chosen now. You are chosen to lead the multitudes toward the ultimate



Lou Jacobi's underwear is only one of the reasons to catch "Amazon Women on the Moon"

UFO experience. Are you ready?" "We are ready, Master Chubb."

"It is time then. It is time to build a giant spaceship. It is time to build it strong and silver and shiny. It is time to put Shirley MacLaine in it and point her at Uranus."

"Now, Master Chubb?" "First your 250 bucks. OK. Now. Put the bimbo in orbit."

Speaking of actresses who resemble talking rocks, "Amazon Women on the Moon" is out - I think it's been out a long time but I never could Landis was in court on the "Twilight Zone" deal and so the studio was SOOOOOO embarrassed - but anyhow it's out now and it's made by all the guys that made the original 'Kentucky Fried Movie'' and it's basically "Kentucky Fried Movie II," only it has Sybil Danning in it as the

Queen of the Outer-Space Amazons. Sybil, the drive-in ripaway bra queen, is now a personal friend of mine ever since these guys at the cable network tried to FORCE me against my will to go to a convention in Anaheim. Calif., and so the only way they could get me to go was to promise to have Sybil there in a black leather microskirt with her garbonzas stuffed into a snow-cone Amazon push-up bra, and so I showed up last week and we discussed her amazing drive-in career in front of a bunch of cablefind it before now, I think cause John TV guys and then she told me all about how she was queen of the Amazons and that's basically how I ended up at the drive-in expecting to discover a new Sybil Danning classic.

> I don't know how to break this to you. Syb, baby, honey-pie, but 'Amazon Women on the Moon" has a NEW drive-in breast-exposure champeen, a gal named Corinne Wahl that has two of the most enormous talents ever seen outside a special-



VISA

effects laboratory. She's in a bit near the end of the movie where this guy named Ray gets sex-videoed to death and we can't talk about it in the newspaper. Sybil's part, where she leads these Amazon armies of highheeled bikini bimbos with cardboard spears, is a pretty decent version of the drive-in sci-fi classics of the 1950s, but basically we're talkin' some tame stuff.

Anyhow, no plot to get in the way of the story. Sixteen breasts. Beer Fu. Garbage Disposal Fu. Stereo Fu. Bookcase Fu. TV Fu. (All Fu's include Arsenio Hall Fu.) Drive-In Academy Award nomination for David Alan Grier, as Don "No Soul" Simmons, the black guy who becomes a famous singing star recording "Tie a Yellow Ribbon," "Chim Chim Cher-ee," "Close to You," "Sweet Gypsy Rose" and "Jeremiah Was a Bullfrog." Four stars for the "Pethouse Plaything of the Month" sketch. Three stars for the Arsenio Hall exploding-apartment sketch. One star for a Michelle Pfeiffer deal about a lost baby. Two stars for a blind-date sketch with Rosanna Arquette and Steve Guttenberg. Three stars for a "Ripley's Believe It or Not" rip-off provin' that Jack the Ripper was the Loch Ness monster. One star for a Siskel-and-Ebert dealie. One star for a "Video Pirates" sketch. One star for a "Son of Invisible Man" This Week sketch. One star for almost all the January 15 commercials, except the Sidney Sheldon novel ad. Four stars for the **Barney Pilgrim** Corinne Wahl take-me-home video **Michael Kelsh** sketch. Four stars for the 1930s **Blues & Country** venereal-disease training film. And five stars for Rip Taylor, Henny Youngman, Slappy White, Steve Allen January 16 **Heartwood Revisited** and Charlie Callas, for doing a rim-Acoustic Rock/Oldies & Originals shot funeral. Three stars — about the same as 4051/2 West Rosemary 933-5550 "Kentucky Fried Movie." \$3.00 cover NO ID Joe Bob says check it out. otus (Inn \$200 CHINESE RESTAURANT OFF Chinese Courmet Dinner Buffet Dinner All the SHRIMP, BEEF, CHICKEN & ORIENTAL Buffet VEGETABLES You Can Eat Plus Fried Rice, Eggrolls & Dumplings For 2 967-4101

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