

# Next Bruce Lee forgets his English in 'Black Eagle'

Everywhere I went last week people were coming up to me shoving Penthouse in front of my face so I could look at Debbie Murphree, the little tattooed gal that taught Jimmy Swaggart how to talk in tongues. Shame on you people, and thank you.

Then I kept seeing Deb on the talk-show circuit, explaining how all she ever wanted was the money, and I realized what The Man Upstairs was doing here. Deb, you may have noticed, has got a face on her like an ice-cream sandwich that's been run over by a Texaco truck. The most she could get out of Jimbo, one of the richest guys in Louisiana, was 20 bucks. So the prostitution thing wasn't working out for her. What's left?

God wanted HER to have a giant church in Baton Rouge. After all, she's honest, she tells you the price in advance, and she's got enough spiritual knowledge to know you can't preach about what your body OUGHT to be doing cause as soon as you do, it's gonna do the opposite. She's a BORN evangelist.

I don't know what kind of papers might have to be shuffled around the Assembly of God grand wazoo headquarters in Springfield, Mo., but I think they oughta just hand her the church keys tomorrow and let her rip.

The first text she could preach on would be Penthouse 19:11, 108-122. If there's anything guaranteed to make you give up sex for a week, this is it, especially page 115, which is so terrifying that when the Penthouses were delivered to Billings,

## Joe Bob Briggs At the Drive-In

Mont., 18 people had to be treated for acute stomach cramps.

"Ya'll looky here now," she could say to the congregation. "These are actual parts of my body. I know they don't LOOK like parts of my body. I know they LOOK like parts of a pork-sausage dinner that's been left up on the dashboard of your pickup in August. But someday, if you let your brain keep thinkin about trying to be holy, YOU will desire this. I hope you realize, we're talking about something that drunk sexual deviates on Times Square would REFUSE. But YOU will want it, because YOU will be under the grip of the Swaggart Demon. It don't stop there either. After that you'll be 'cruising for pork' like a junkie, SEARCHING for somebody that'll give you a quick fix. After that, you'll BEG to be chained up and Jimmy-Deaned until you're unconscious. And finally, you'll start having indecent thoughts about Ralph the Diving Pig, the number one tourist attraction in San Marcos, Texas. Just think about it. Public scandal — and with a CELEBRITY seen by 10 million people a year. There's time, though. There's time to repent. Here, lemme help you."

And when she rips off her clothes, they'll all be down on their faces,



Sho Kosugi, moments before uttering his famous line, "YOU are a-grobbing at a-straws!" in "Black Eagle"

beggin for mercy. Believe me, it can't miss.

Speaking of five-minute thrills, "Black Eagle" just came out, starring Sho Kosugi as a CIA agent who agrees to interrupt his two-week vacation for the sake of his country, but only after the CIA kidnaps both of his sons. "I don't do enough for my kids!" he screams — and then agrees to dive into the Mediterranean

to search for a crashed F-111 fighter plane that has a laser gizmo on it that the Russkies are trying to get first. Anyhow, when "Pray for Death" came out a couple years ago, I thought Sho Kosugi was gonna be the next Bruce Lee, but a weird thing happened — he LOST his English and started talkin like a Japaheeno again. You can't even hardly understand a single word he says in this

flick, except for, "YOU are a-grobbing at a-straws!" It's amazing, like he stuck his head in a microwave one day and FORGOT HOW TO TALK ENGLISH.

Anyhow, he can still kickbox, and so he does a pretty decent job in one of those flicks where some director started THINKING about the plot so much that, by the time they got finished with it, you couldn't figure out what was going on. It's something about how the Americans and the Russkies are both trying to get the underwater laser thingey, but they also wanna kill one another or kung-fu one another's girlfriends, except the blond CIA agent is not really Sho Kosugi's girlfriend, she's just a piece of furniture, and Jean Claude Van Damme from "Bloodsport" is a human killing machine that doesn't even WANT the underwater laser thingey, he just wants a chance to mash Sho's head in with his toes. Also, it's one of those flicks that's real dark, like they forgot to take off their lens cap when they were filming it, and it's the only movie I've ever seen that manages to make the island of Malta look like Catalina Island.

No breasts. Twenty-six dead bodies. Motor vehicle chase. Two exploding boats. The first scene I ever remember of roulette ACTUALLY played by Russians. Gratuitous hang-gliding. Gratuitous Afghanistan desert guys with rags on their heads. Kung Fu. Kid Fu. Bimbo Fu. Frogman Fu. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Sho Kosugi, as the finest Japanese-Afghani-American ever portrayed on the screen, for painting his body black, grabbing a silver crossbow and a rope, and exploding several dozen Russians for world peace; Jean Claude Van Damme, as the brutal Russkie KGB murderer; Bruce French, as the

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