

JOE BOGGS GOES TO SLAUGHTERGATE

Check this one out, Austonians. You finally did something right. Keep those crosses burning until your drive-in brings this flick back to the half-classed institution where it all happened and the War on Literacy was first declared. The English Department brought the Chainsaw Massacre to Littlefield Fountain. Right on campus, the slaughter of the commie slime lechurers and now the whole 346K-gate in dazzling 3D and petrocator. The real event it seems was that the Department hit-squad blasted 53 commies plotting to divest UT of its holdings in South Africa and screw up the students' minds with literacy so they wouldn't turn on the tv and find out how to vote. My loyalties still lie with Tarrant County JC where I went one semester and got all the education I needed and a lot I didn't, but I'll give the UT Search for Excellence the credit this time for bringing smoke in a major battle of the War on Literacy and wiping out a full company of Kremlin-trained lechurers that had wormed their way into the production line where we are trying to turn out a decent citizenree. I mean a citizenree of solid bidness men and their bimbos who'll know how to punch the buttons on a BMW and mix Old Grandad in their beer. I don't know how such a fleet of natural Bissels as the UT Vice and his dingleberries ever did anything so right—they couldn't of done it for the right REASONS—but it's natural drive-in material. Hollywood smelled out this honeybucket and had it on film quicker'n you could say Sidn a Feminist. We're looking at 53 rhetoric-spreading preewert radicals tied spread-eagled or keelhauled over and under the horses butts in Littlefield Fountain by Eng-Dep and Admin goons played by Hell's Angels extras. They take off their tweedy coats to show hairy arms and wade into wreek manly carnage on the quivering slime of the composition commies.

The opening scene gives us another dismal day in the life of the Parlin-Calhoun Gulag. The lechurers huddle in the squalid rabbit hutches stuffed with yellowed theses. The diddlebirds are scared stiff to throw'm away since the camp Commissar has a rep for knowing how to deal with rebellion. The filing cabinets are tottering with stacks of rhetoric texts filled with commie swill about the democratic process and a literate shitizenree—enough to make you sick. It f'm dried the Shiners right off my upperlip. The camp Commissar is a bangup role played by an ancient geezer with a white crewcut the spit and image of old Ed Gean. My mellowers fans will recall Ed as the comical old guy discovered out in Idaho in '57 with the skins of pickn'fickers, mostly bimbos, tanned out and tacked around the walls of his woodsy hut. Ed was up for parole this year so maybe it WAS him, looking right for the part, oil-subsidized and dapper in twesdies and hornrims with a copy of the Department Demolition Guide for Chairmen. Of course that's only the cover of the book so no one can see inside he's got a leather 'n chains illustrated thriller with bound tarzans scarfing the awfuls of booted janes from all the unmentionable angles. I'm for realism but this is sick. Please, from now on, leave that kind of thing for the Texas Observer where it belongs.

On a normal day in the Gulag there's not a sound in the rabbit hutches, and it's a polar freeze downstairs too. The building is a torture shop like an up-sidedown cone with the inner circles or tenure racks located downstairs where the faithful fatted few are stretched and cut into prefab shapes and decorated with lit-crit badges. In between are the offices of the silent and worldly wise who have learned to take their wages and not bring politics into business. In the next to the inner circle fat gold watches identify the 26 clones who get to play at the crooked wheel of the democratic apparatus where ole Ed sits with his jackboot on the ~~main~~ hidden pedal and rams home the official hit parade. In the inside circle the innemost 14 stooges, the ExCom boys, lie around boozing and watching stag films—a neat way to work in some mixed-racial sex-trampoline stunts and animal acts they couldn't otherwise figure out how to get into the picture. Seems like the lechurers are mostly white women or look like it anyhow which shows you what even the best can come to without ~~eternal~~ vigilantes. They should be tied up with face-eating rats or made to have lunch with Fonkin and Flawn.

Then comes bloody Wednesday and about time. Bad Wednesday is brought on by a drunken Tuesday night when the Gulag Commissar, ole Ed, loses at strip poker with the Vice King and the other Deans. It's a big pot and the Admin studs have anteed up a roman holiday on their office bimbos. All Ed has to offer is chainsaw harvest on the commie slime he's got fermenting upstairs in the rabbit hutches. Two pair, aces and eights, loses to a fullhouse. Too bad for ole Ed who had his good eye on the bimbo skins but a gross savings for the tax payers who want savings and a first-class institution. There's some talk among the Admin boys of merely canning the lechurers' tender parts for spam and sending it to South Africa to help feed the fun-squads that are keeping the peace down there. Or maybe to Ethiopia

have news photos made of Fonkin n Flawn throwing canned ass to the natives who don't know Friskies from vienna sausage anyway. Not that there's much extra meat on the bodies of these preevert lekchurers as they first appear, but some cute personnel changes are made behind the scenes in time for the main carnival. They bring in bimbos with crowded balconies so when hell breaks loose around Littlefield there's something to get an eyelid up for for even the drunkest goodtime saturday night drive-in fan.

Some of these profs may have looked soft at first but they ~~turn into~~ are Charles Bronson fans and turn into human flame throwers at the sight of a nicely skewered Lekchurer-class body. Others you feel kinda sorry for weeping into their dirty-linen handkerchiefs (possibly underwear) while stabbing poison-pen tips into the feet of the bound and staked out slimos. Drive-in Academy Award for Best Clown nomination for the hornrim with the horsetail mustache who plays the dog the Commissar keeps to sniff out disloyalty. He does some great Hitler imitations in the early scenes in the senate, and everytime he stands up- to make a speech the opposition applauds. When it's horses butts and keelhaulin time he gets out of his cage again to snarl great lines like "We hate to do this to our own bastards" and "Who says we can't out-harvard Harvard?" and is just about to wet himself with excitement when the Commissar snaps the leash back on him. There's another guy that'll crack you up. At first he's supposed to be finding jobs in the boonies for the lekchurer slime during one of those periods when the Commissar is pretending to be going soft on commies. Actually the little guy's loyal as he can be, it turns out. He's trying to ferret out the leaders of a commie scheme to restore right of assembly in the Department ~~so~~ so the pinko slime can vote.

We're talking maybe not world but definitely national-class drive-in material here. A 79 on the vomit meter. Fifty-three dead bodies with their goodies sliding out. We're talking keelhaulin under the horses bellies and over the horses butts (with just for laughs ropes pulled by the Commissar's own horses butts picked up in nationwide searches during the War on Mediocrity). Lekchurer stews over bonfires of pinko rhetoric textbooks; impelings with punji-sticks which the Commissar's groons get to spit on. Suffocations under back files of the Commissar's memos stringing the lekchurers along til hell's-to-pay day. Bodies hydraulically compressed into file cabinet drawers. Caged humans. Full pee-in-the-face torture. Skulls popping open like dropped melons. Poison-pen fu. Pound-journal fu. ExCom fu. Faculty fu. Three and a half stars. Joe Boggs says raise hell Austonians til your neighborhood drive-in lets you check this sucker out.