

Movie mania, \$400 million or Oral lives

This week on The Movie Channel: Friday, Jan. 16: "She" — no, not the one with Ursula Andress back when she was gettin' nekkid for John Derek. The one where Sandahl Bergman is worshiped by Hairy Krishnas and wears a black leather breechclout and gets whipped and chained up a lot.

Friday, Jan. 23: "Nine Deaths of the Ninja," about an American tour bus held hostage by a black lesbian terrorist and a Nazi paraplegic until Vijay Amritraj, the Indian tennis player, can track 'em down in the Filipino jungle and cause a polo-pony stampede that tramples the Nazi like a piece of melted cheese.

Sunday, Jan. 25: the greatest punk-rock skinhead head-bangin' permanent-brain-damage concert in movie history — "Urgh! A Music War," featurin' 32 different bands includin' my personal favorites, Cramps and The Dead Kennedys.

You probably remember how last year I drove up to Tulsa to get some spiritual advice from Oral Roberts and ask him to raise my career from the dead, but when I got there he wasn't available and so I had to talk to Oral's unsaved half-brother, Anal Roberts, and how ever since then we've had a weekly radio ministry on a three-station network out of Shelby, Montana, where we ask people to send in all their money so that someday we'll have enough to build a actual radio station in Shelby.

Well, we need \$400 million. I'm not gonna sugar-coat it. I know it sounds like a lot, but do you know what might happen if everybody readin' this column don't get up off their hineys right now and send me \$400 million? I do. God appeared to me in a vision last night and he TOLD me what's gonna happen if Anal and me don't get the 400 mill:

"I will allow Oral Roberts to live forever."

I tried to reason with the Big Guy. I tried to tell Him He was makin' the biggest mistake of His Life. But He wouldn't budge.

"No way, Jose," said God. "Either you get the cash or Oral gets Methuselah. I may not kill him off for AT LEAST seven, eight centuries."

Now is this really what we want?

Joe Bob Briggs

At the Drive-In

After all, this is what the guy's been shootin' for. Oral says if you get a disease or a broke head, then all you got to do about it is pray real hard and ask God to make you look like Jack Lalanne, and this is the reason there are so many 650-year-old billionaire Christians hangin' around Tulsa today.

Finally I was able to get one little concession out of God.

"O.K., O.K., O.K., if you get the money in TWO MONTHS," He told me, "then I'll take Oral off your hands. I'm not PROMISING. At this point I'm saying it's just a strong possibility that I could, you know, arrange a little accident during choir practice, something like that."

"Something involving a soprano?"
"I'm NOT promising the Soprano Treatment, now just stop it, that's the last I want to hear on the subject."

So there you have it, and I think you can see what's before us. Two months. Four hundred mill. Make the checks out to "Joe Bob Briggs Tax-Free Evangelistic Radio Ministry," and make SURE that at the bottom of every check you write either "Thumbs Up" or "Thumbs Down." Don't worry about gettin' the spelling right. God will know what you mean.

Speaking of people with a death wish, "Assassination" is the latest Bronson flick, and he even smeared three tons of pancake makeup on his wife and put HER in the movie. Basically here's what we got: Jill Ireland is the First Lady, better known as the Witch of Endorf. Bronson is the Secret Service man who draws "One Mama" duty on inauguration day and ends up beggin' to be let off even if it means lettin' Rosalynne Carter stand on his elbows in spiked high heels, which is the way Jimmy likes it. Anyhow, she don't like him, he don't like her, and somebody is tryin' to kill her.

First a biker tries to rifle her in the bubbletop, but Bronson kicks her into the floorboard and sits on her.



Bronson threatens his wife with death if she doesn't cool it with the make-up in "Assassination"

Then they blow up her yacht in Long Beach while she's waitin' to get on it, but Bronson wrestles her to the carpet, climbs on top of her, and bear-hugs her to safety. Then they try to bazooka her copter with a heat-seekin' bottle rocket, but Bronson sniffs 'em out with a sweat detector and blows up a dairy barn. Then Jill Ireland decides to run away to the Gettysburg Battle field for safety, so Bronson follows her, gets to see her in her underwear, and machine-guns the geek from "Midnight Express." Then they can't decide whether to take Greyhound or buy a couple of Harleys, so a terrorist named Reno makes up their mind for 'em by chasin' 'em in a brand-new pickup until he crashes into a river and forces 'em to buy a really bad '60's dune buggy from an Indian. And then the most terrifying scene of all:

THE TERRORISTS TRY TO DESTROY HER DADDY'S HOUSE AT TAHOE.

No breasts. Seven dead humans. One dead reporter. Two quarts blood. Exploding cycle, yacht, speedboat, pick-up. Gratuitous Kokomo, Ind. Motorcade Fu. Dairy barn Fu. Amtrak Fu. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Jill Ireland, for Pancake Makeup Fu; Michael Ansara, for still puttin' "Cochise" on his resume; Jan Gan Boyd, as Bronson's sidekick, for sayin' "Are your salmon swimming upstream?";

and Bronson, for sayin' "I don't wanna tie up with a terminal orgasm." Two stars.

Video Releases This Week: "Killjoy" (1981): Weirdo hospital whodunit starrin' Kim Basinger as autopsy-room attendant on everybody's dance card, Robert Culp as goofball detective tryin' to figure out who killed a blond bimbo. Decent, but no grime. Two and a half stars.

"Gorath" (1963): Japaheeno scientists can't stop Gorath, the red fireball that's devouring space garbage and headin' straight for earth, due to budget problems. Dubbed. Three stars.

"Assault With a Deadly Weapon" (1982): Eyetalian cop decides to rehabilitate street punks by ramming their heads through pinball machines and beating up whining hunchbacks. Impressive body count. Two stars.

Joe Bob's Mailbag

Communist Alert! The Pacific Drive-In in San Pedro, California, — gone. Size: 13 acres. Communist-in-charge: Pacific Theatres. New use: mini-warehouses and business park. Losers: Meskin moviegoers. What we can do: can't do diddly. Remember, without eternal vigilance, it can happen here. To discuss the meaning of life, or to get the "We Are the Weird" newsletter, write: Joe Bob Briggs, P.O. Box 33, Dallas, Texas, 75221.

Dear Joe Bob: Is it possible for you to let me know where I can acquire some of the much-touted "Rip Away" Bras and Shirts? I am breast-feeding my new baby and "normal" clothes are NOT conducive to this activity! All of the fumbling, unbuttoning and adjusting is truly "Ninny Fu"!!

The posing point of this correspondence: Why do ONLY Black people get the GOOD nicknames?

Case in point:

White people: Biff, Bubba, Butch, Buddy, Sonny, YAWN!

Oriental people: Nothing! And there's SO MUCH potential in sumo wrestling in the likes of "Miko 'Mt. Fuji Buns' Nyshure"!!

Hispanic people: Nothing! White people in the media are so afraid of offending someone, they stumble thru and slaughter the difficult, foreign pronunciation — instead of hanging a "Tequila Breath," or even "Your Sister" on!

And just look at what the Brothers have: Oil Can, White Shoes, The Juice, Magic, Too Tall, Hollywood, Mookie, all the Islamic names — and I could go on and on! (And that's just SPORTS!)

Can you find out the answer to this? I think there's room for a "Society to Equalize W.A.S.P. and other Small Minority Nicknames!" — The Milk Wagon (Ninny Fu).

See Joe Bob page 11

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