

# A n extremely bizarre Academy Awards

By JOE BOB BRIGGS

For the first year since 1983, the drive-in-going public of this great country of ours was allowed to choose the Drive-In Academy Award Winners, and frankly, I'm a little steamed. No Sybil Danning my choice for Best Actress, mainly on the basis of her ability to strap an AK-47 Kalashnikov semi-automatic assault rifle across the front of a bikini top. No Sonny Bono my choice for Best Monster, as the giant Caesar's salad with a bad singing voice in "Troll." And no Virginia Lorigans the first woman ever to take out ADVERTISEMENTS for her breasts to try to win Breast Actress. I realize a lot of you didn't have a chance to see "Mountaintop Motel Massacre," but let's give the girl some credit for SPUNK, OK?

Nobody showed up to accept their Hubby Awards, as usual. We had the ceremonies on West 33rd Street in New York City, two or three blocks from the Garden, which was the closest place we could find from the Times Square, where they were havin' the world premiere of "Prettykill," which is what I was doin' in New York city in the first place. And also, we thought if we did it in New York City, somebody would show up this year.

Nope. Anyhow, we had 2,457 people send in Drive-In Academy Awards ballots this year. We threw out about 200 of those for not takin' the deal seriously (write-ins for indoor bull-stuff stars like Paul Newman), and then we threw out about 350 for being stupid, and then we counted up the rest of them, except for the ballot from Gus Simpson of Hobbs, N.M., which we didn't count 'cause he owes me 30 bucks.

OK, so here's the results.  
**BEST SCREENWRITING**  
 And the winner is:  
 "The Fly," for the line, "I won't be just another timorous bore, talking about his hair falling out and his lymph nodes."  
 The most popular runners-up were:  
 "Shadow Play": "The taste of you is on my tongue again, and I will graze till morning."  
 And "Cobra": "You're a disease and I'm the cure."  
 Congratulations to Canadian maniac David Cronenberg, director of "The Fly" and winner of many Drive-In Academy Awards in the past. But too bad, Dave, cause you did NOT win the category of . . .  
**BEST DIRECTOR**

And the winner is . . .  
 Stephen Herek, director of "Critters," the movie where porcupine tumbleweeds from outer space answer the question, "What's eating the American farmer?"

Runners-up:  
 Lamberto Bava, the Eytalian director of "Demons," where an entire audience at the movie house gets turned into linguine noodles by head-chomping Method actors.

And Tobe Hooper, a double threat with "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre Part 2" and "Invaders From Mars," which featured the great Louise Fletcher frog-eating gross-out scene.

**BEST FU**  
 And the winner is . . .  
 Lee Marvin Eyebrow Fu in "Delta Force." Was there ever any doubt? Lee, get a trim, careful where you point those babies.

Runners-up:  
 Julie Newmar Driving a Killer Chrysler Fu in "Streetwalkin."  
 Mutant Green Tomato-Head Fu in "Invaders From Mars."  
**BEST MONSTER**

And the winner, by the greatest landslide of any category, is . . .  
 Bill Johnson, as Leatherface the lovable cannibal, in "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre Part 2." I guess all our hearts were breaking when he decided NOT to eat the female lead.

Runners-up:  
 The Baboons that wait by the side of the road and throw their bodies against your windshield till they break and then eat your face in "In the Shadow of Kilimanjaro."  
 The Critters in "Critters."  
**BEST BAD GUY**

And the winner is . . . (Weak category this year)  
 Nick Cassavetes, as the local goonhead gang leader in "Quiet Cool" and the local goonhead gang leader in "The Wraith" and the local goonhead gang leader in every other movie last year, whose idea of true love is he'll kill anybody that looks at his girlfriend.

Runners-up:  
 James Booth, who wrote "Pray For Death" and also played Limehouse, the guy who gets his jollies out of pouring gasoline on people and saying "Hey, how about a Viking funeral?"

Ozzy Osbourne, as the TV preacher in "Trick or Treat," for his critiques of the albums "Torture Too Kind" and "Do It Like a Dog."  
**BEST ACTRESS**

And the winner is . . .  
 Melissa Leo, as the girl who gets off a Greyhound in "Streetwalkin,"

immediately falls in love with a pimp in the bus station, dresses up like Erich von Stroheim and tells old men to moo like a cow, and gets personally offended when her business associates make sexist remarks.

Runners-up:  
 Yeardeley Smith, as Connie the whining newlywed in "Maximum Overdrive," for saying "Curtis, are you dead?" and "Oh, honey, you're bleeding like a stuck pig!"

Geena Davis, as the girlfriend in "the Fly," for saying, "You look bad, you smell bad, and you have these weird hairs growing out of your back."

**BREAST ACTRESS**  
 And the winner in this great year for bustlines is . . .  
 Andree Maranda, the blind girl who likes to go on campouts in "The Toxic Avenger." The only performance of 1986 done entirely with the female breasts.

Runners-up:  
 Marta Kober, who goes on a date with an entire punk band in "School Spirit."

Natale McCurry, the world famous 1983 Miss Young International of Australia, who spends most of her time in "Dead End Drive-In" either aardvarking in the backseat or havin' her hair raked into a bean sprout sandwich like Pat Benatar.

**BEST GOOD GUY**  
 It's incredible, but the winner for the third straight year is . . .  
 Arnold the Barbarian, for "Raw Deal," where he destroys an entire building by himself, and where he utters the classic line, "You shouldn't drink and bake."

Runners-up:  
 Chuck Norris, who invades Lebanon in "Delta Force" and wanders around the jungle grinnin' in "Firewalker."

Charles Bronson, for hunting down Carrie Snodgrass in "Murphy's Law."

And finally . . .  
**BEST FLICK**  
 And the winner is . . .  
 "Pray For Death," the best kung fu movie made since 1974, the year Bruce Lee's head blew up, about a Japaheeno ninja who moves to Houston to start a little neighborhood group, lay some bathroom tile, play a little Frisbee, enroll the kids in soccer, but first he had to kill the 48 members of the Houston Mafia.

Runners-up:  
 "The Fly," where Jeff Goldblum gets Cream-of-Wheat Cancer Face and practices his gymnastics.  
 And, of course, "Demons."  
 Remember, 87 might be worse. Joe Bob says check it out.



Clint Eastwood plays in the mud and buys a hat at the the state fair

## Joe Bob's Mailbag

Victory Over Communism! Joe Bob's fifth-anniversary newsletter, "We're STILL the Weird," has gone back to press for the third time, which is why a thousand sick people don't have theirs yet. For your free copy or to discuss the meaning of life, write: Joe Bob Briggs, P.O. Box 33, Dallas, Texas 75221.

Dear Mr. Briggs: Please help me to understand why the expressions of rock singers always resemble that of a constipated person sitting on a toilet. — Belle Mount, San Francisco  
 Dear Belle: Cause they can't understand how you always get into the bathroom.

Dear Joe Bob: Well, I hope you're satisfied! Jimmy and Tammy Bakker are out of a job. Jimmy Swaggert is all upset, Oral Roberts is still living and Jerry Falwell is probably gonna turn Communist. Your slanderous, yellow-dog journalism is just another reason why the First Amendment should be outlawed.

I can tell Tammy is extremely upset and worried, because her eyes are all black and blue, her make-up is an inch thick on one side of her face, and only a quarter inch on the other. Not only that, but the poor thing had 12 pounds of jewelry on one arm and 27 pounds on the other. This whole tragic episode has her unbalanced. And Jimmy must have worried himself into a frazzle as his hair looks like its about three different shades of orange. And Jimmy Swaggert has his collar buttoned and he don't sweat no more. And Oral looks like he's turned into a Preppie. What a mess you have made.

I think that from now on you had better stick to reviewing pitcher-

shows. Also I agree with the doctor (the Silver Spring MD) that wrote in about your insultin' Meskins and Bimbos. Meskins should be called Spanish-Americans and Bimbos should be called Broads. Straighten-up or you'll end up at the Times-Herald again. — Dave Hake, Leawood, Kan.

Dear Dave: Oral's fine. He was down here in Texas last week and he says he spent 10 solid days in the Prayer Tower, lost 40 pounds and sprouted a new liver.

Hi Joe Bob: I am in the U.S. Air Force currently stationed in South Korea on a remote (very remote) assignment for a seemingly endless 12 months. I am 31 years old and married. My wife is living in the exciting state of Kansas while I serve my time here.

Joe Bob, I live in a very small hole in the wall in a barracks that surely was built shortly after the end of the Korean War. The barracks is infested with roaches and rats (seriously). Someone wrote in to our base newspaper last week askin' what can be done about the rats that are seen climbing down the curtains in our dining facility.

A fan — Paul E. Linnabary, Ch'Orwon, South Korea.

Dear Paul: Feed them the Air Force food.

Hey Joe Bob, High Ya doin'? I'm here on Calif's North Coast, deranged and happy. Remember, U can pick your friends and U can pick your nose, but U can't wipe your friends on your shirt.

Your pen-pal, Steve Petersen, Fort Bragg, Calif.

Dear Steve: Was that really necessary? copyright Universal Press Syndicate