

— Joe Bob —

# If you play the stock market — take notice!

By JOE BOB BRIGGS

On the day everybody was losing their britches in the stock market, investors in the Joe Bob Briggs Par-Mutual Fund were holdin' their annual convention in Twin Falls, Idaho, home of our No. 1 performer of the past year — the Shiite Muslim Spare Parts for Bazookas and Other Deadly Weapons plant. And you know what WE did on that day? Partied away every cent of our profits at the Twin Falls Convention Center.

You see, we here at the JBB PMF never have panics, never have depressions, 'cause we follow one simple investment rule: If it ain't illegal, don't build it. As a result, we haven't had a single bad year since 1968, and that year it was only due to Czechoslovakia LEGALIZING germ warfare spray guns for all party members over the age of 14, and so, of course, our market dried up overnight. Other than that, though, we have a pretty decent track record. Like the following:

1) We were the first to get into disposable athletic supporters, airlifting them into Brazil in 1960 in time for the Olympic team training, carried out during the "sticky season." Result: We SAVED 18,000 square miles of Amazon rain forest that was slowly gettin' eaten away by musk odor.

2) We supplied all Watusi rebel tribes in Swaziland with Louisville Slugger baseball bats beginning in 1972 and continuing right up until the present, resulting in a 78 percent decrease in arms sale requests to the Soviet Union and a 745 percent increase in huge ugly knots on people's heads.

3) In 1975 we opened the Swaziland Head Trauma Clinic in downtown Mbabane.

4) We were the first to sell AK-47 Kalashnikov assault rifles with periscope sights for midgets.

5) We originated the Giant Blond Huge-Breasted Doris Day Look-Alike Escort Service in Tokyo, with branch offices in Yokohama, Kyoto and Osaka.

6) In the research and development field, we invested approximately \$200,000 in a plan to cosmetically alter the skin color of all South African gold-mining executives from white to black.

7) We sent a letter to Idi Amin that said, "If you send us all your money, you can be king again."

8) We got the only contract for the "Just Say No" campaign in northern Colombia.

9) Our wholly owned subsidiary, Obnoxious Pet Psychiatry, developed a new technique called arthroscopic laser cat lobotomies that can be taught to laymen and carried out from any open window of the house.



She's a dancer, she's a stripper, she's available — and she's a face-eating mutant alien in "The Hidden"

10) The "Hey, What Would Happen If We Called Up the Media and Started a Panic and Bought a Bunch of Stocks Real Cheap and Made Everbody Look Like Weenies" Co. — I can't say exactly what they do. It involves importing olive oil.

Speaking of black holes, the star of "The Hidden" is a giant piece of pulsating outer-space caterpillar guts with teeth that can jump down anybody's throat at any moment, take over their human body like in "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" and rip the guts out of cops JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT. Unfortunately, the only cop available to try to hunt down the slime glopola monster and blow it into 10 million bacon bits is the weenie from "Flashdance," and so we get this friendly outer-space alien with a choirboy face who shows up impersonatin' an FBI agent and showin' everybody how to ray-gun the gizzards out of the maniac mutant-gut monster.

The best thing about this flick, though, is the chase scenes — some of the best let's-see-how-high-we-can-flip-this-Porsche car-chase crash-and-burns ever filmed — plus about 47 million rounds of automatic weapons fire and a decent "Terminator" rip-off story.

No breasts. Thirty-nine dead bodies. IV ripping. Toy cocaine Ferrari. Exploding Ferrari. Shoplifting zombie. Crowbar head-bashing. Statue fondling. Zombie aardvarking.

Police dog from hell. U.S. senator burned up like a Post Toastie. Head-on collision between Ferrari and wheelchair (the Ferrari wins). Tarantula-mouth spaghetti-face slime transfusion. About a 22 on the Vomit Meter. Gratuitous ghetto blaster theft. Intensive care fu. Topless fu. Bazooka fu. Drive-In Academy Award nomination for William Boyett, as the alien glopola monster, for saying, "I need the keys to that Ferrari. Thank you. Bye"; Kyle MacLachlan, as an outer-space alien posing as an FBI agent, for saying, "Yeah, it's a little bizarre"; Claudia

Christian, as the deadly outer-space maniac in the body of a stripper, for saying "You think it's over. You're wrong. I'm not coming out yet"; Clarence Felder, as the outer-space maniac in the body of a fat, sleazy cop, for saying, "How do you like me HUMAN? Better than being Altairian"; Michael Nouri, as the El Lay cop, for surviving "Flashdance" long enough to say, "Are we talking spacemen here?"

Four stars. No. 2 on the Best of '87 list, right behind "Hellraiser."

Joe Bob says check it out.



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## Joe Bob's Mailbag

Communist Alert! After 35 years, the Oaks Drive-In in Paso Robles, Calif., is dark. It opened on Sept. 7, 1950, with "Our Very Own," had 500 speakers and got bought a couple years ago by an out-of-state guy who hasn't decided what to do with it. Weeds are takin' it over, but Bill Bryan of the North County Tribune did a nice article on the place and local non-Communist drive-in lover Robin Carney could probly use a little postcard help on gettin' it back on its feet. For a good time, call Joe Bob at (800) 255-1779.

HEY JOE BOB, 'OLE BUDDY: Just read your book and I figured you needed a little pat on the back so I'm volunteering. Good work, especially since we don't get your column in Phila. I've seen ALL those movies, and I agree w/your reviews. Hey, your book is great. O.K., there, a true compliment. Please do not let this go to your head, 'cause your consciousness has apparently been raised high enough, and we need you to become a slobbering, intent-on-world-conquest ego—MANIAC! Whew...

So, being your No. 1 fan up here in Philly, well, your only fan, probably, thanks for the good times — STEVEN PORTMAN, PHILADELPHIA

DEAR STEVE: Naw, don't worry about the ego deal. All I want is a one-hour network TV show. All those ambitious career-ladder rat-race people can KEEP everthing else. It's not for me.

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