

SAY WHAT?

Val Holley-Dennis, my lust fantasy, is nowhere to be found but — ah! here's Arthur

Hi gang! I can't stay and chat right now, because I'm clearing my room, but I just wanted to let you know that "Less Filling" will return as normal (?) next week.

While I'm here, I might as well let you know how this "spring cleaning" is progressing. We moved the bulldozers in about half an hour ago, and right now the men are getting in place with their shovels to start digging. Channel 28 is here, but I'm not talking to them because they didn't send Val Holley-Dennis, my lust fantasy, so it looks like media coverage will be limited to this. Which is okay, because about as many people read this as watch Channel 28 news.

As you can see (I know; just let your imagination roam freely), that huge pile in the center of the room is my dirty clothes. The men are starting to shovel some of it out the win-

JOHN BLAND Less Filling

dow. Dave, the foreman, told me he had worked on the Charleston cleanup in the aftermath of Hurricane Hugo, and that this job was much more challenging. I have to admit I was proud.

Well, if you saw the earth move right then, don't worry: they just got under the covering layer of oxford cloth shirts and have now hit the second level — denim. Since this requires much more effort on their part, they've moved one of those big Caterpillar earth-movers in here to slide those 501's right out.

You're probably wondering why I've decided to clean my room. Well, first off, I was having financial diffi-

culties. Instead of just washing my clothes like everybody else, I was running out and buying new ones. Secondly, I had begun mistaking the pile for my bed. Thirdly, my housemates were starting to get a little perturbed; they began leaving me subtle hints, like notes that read "Clean up your room or we'll kill you." Fourthly, and most importantly, I realized that if I applied for federal relief funds I could make a fortune.

Well, they've got the denim out of the — wait! What's that! Something's moving down there! Quick, get that pair of khakis up! What — ARTHUR! So that's where you've been hiding all this time! And we thought you'd run out and been hit by a bus! And — it's someone else! Who — hey, wait a minute. Didn't I pick you up at Bub's last September? Er... Tracy? No? Wanda? No? Okay, anyway, just go talk to

those paramedics over there, they'll help you. No, I haven't seen your pocketbook.

I'll have to ask you to stand back now, for your own safety — they're getting to the last layer: the underwear. The police have evacuated the neighborhood, and Dave the foreman is trying to find a couple of guys to go down there. As you can see, he's having a little difficulty getting some volunteers, but that crowbar he's picking up now ought to help him. Ah, yes, two men have graciously agreed to do the job. When they regain consciousness, they'll be put into pressurized suits and lowered into the dark cavernous abyss.

Ah, they're waking up. I'd like to, if I could, get a word with them before they attempt this most dangerous of jobs.

Hi, I'm John, the owner. And you guys are the brave volunteers who

will risk everything for minimum wage and the thrill of adventure?

"You own this?"

Why, yes.

"I got a wife, man! And two kids! Two! Juan and Juanita! I may never see them again! I oughta kill you, muthaf —"

Well, there they go. God, they're brave. It brings a patriotic tear to my eye, just watching them. No, I'm sorry, it's a piece of lint.

Anyway, I hope you have a pleasant week, and I promise lots more fun next time, when I plan to explore the topic "Human Sexuality and You: Fun with Tofu —"

I'm sorry, they've found something! What is it? Is it oil? Am I rich, am I rich, am I faaaaaabulously wealthy? What the — Let me see, let me see!

Oh my god! It's — it's — *THE LOST MONET!*

Ugly-on-a-Stick's mutant baby is due any day now and, hey, we've also got pickled brains to go

Ugly-on-a-Stick's mutant baby is due any day now. We've already been to the hospital three times on dry runs, but it turned out the baby wasn't

coming out, something else was about to ... I really don't wanna talk about that part of it. But anyhow, the problem with a person like Ugly, who's six-foot-nine and weighs 38 pounds, is that the baby, or Whatever It Is inside there, has more strength than she does. The baby's in there recording rap albums or something. Sometimes Ugly-on-a-Stick just starts shaking, and her whole body starts to vibrate, for no reason. And when that happens, I've got to actually lift up her T-shirt and look under there, and, well, there are some things too disgusting to put in the newspaper.

See, I been going to Le Mans Babymaking Classes with Ugly-on-a-Stick, learning how to press my thumbs up under her ribcage and grunt so the little E.T.-head space-alien baby will slide out of there in less than 16 hours. We're in a class with a bunch of guys named Stefan and women named Heather, and we sit around on blankets learning about what smells to expect when the fetus starts demanding his Supreme Court rights.

But the problem with having Ugly as a Le Mans Babymaking Partner is that, first of all, I am definitely not the little booger's daddy. We know it's either Jimmy Bohannon or one of the Gonzalez brothers, but that's as far as we can narrow it down. The

JOE BOB BRIGGS At The Drive-In

only way you could ever get Jimmy Bohannon to look at a baby is to glue a Budweiser label on the baby's stomach. And the Gonzalez brothers have a mariachi gig every other Thursday at Juanita's Quartz Chess Sets and Disco Palace in Matamoros. So they're not exactly what you would call your *nurturing* types.

The second thing that's wrong is that Ugly is so skinny that her stomach looks like an ice sculpture. I only have to look at her twice a week, but that thing is looking like a relief map of Uganda that's been turned inside out with a Hoover vacuum cleaner. She's got lumps on her that you could sell as souvenir paperweights.

"Oh, Joe Bob, that's just cellulite," she says to me.

"Only if they started making cellulite in the shape of giant sea-horses."

And, frankly, I'm ready for the little Loch Ness Fetus to go ahead and pop out of there before we have to perform Caucasian Section on Ugly. 'Cause she's been whining a lot about how she's not too fond of looking like a coat hanger after it's been used to break into a Toyota. Ugly is hard enough to look at when she's just plain ugly. But if you can imagine a pipe cleaner with legs that has a cow intestine growing out of the middle of it, then you get some

idea of the sacrifice I'm making.

Dr. Leo Fedora, who's gonna deliver the little mutant, is bringing in a podiatrist just to deal with Ugly's splayed feet. She's carrying around so much weight that she looks like a duck from the ankle down.

But the worst of it is when she wants to talk about it.

"Joe Bob," she'll say, "you know how they say women get pretty when they're pregnant?"

"Is that what they say?"

"Well, I know I look like a burrito pie that's been dumped on the linoleum ..."

"Yes, you do."

"... but in spite of all that, do you think that maybe I look just a little ..."

"A little what?"

"I mean, since I'm pregnant, do you think maybe you might say I was pretty?"

"No."

"I didn't think so."

"That wouldn't make sense, would it?"

"No, I guess not."

"I wouldn't worry about it, Chloris. Think of it this way. Would you worry about putting a new layer of makeup on Tammy Faye Bakker?"

"No."

"Same thing."

"Wouldn't work, would it?"

"Wouldn't work."

"Oh, Joe Bob, you always know just what to say. I was starting to feel sorry for myself."

Please, God, make the baby come.

Speaking of people who should live in a jar, *Brain Dead* is this flick made from an old Charles Beaumont script (remember the guy who wrote all the *Twilight Zone* episodes), and it's the story of what would happen if a man decided to keep a whole lab full of pickled brains that used to belong to paranoid schizophrenics, so he can figure out how to stick incredibly long needles into the brains and turn looney people into Wall Street bankers. Sorry, bad example. So he can turn looney people into perfectly respectable gameshow hosts.

Unfortunately, Dr. Martin becomes too attached to his brains. And so, when his old college chum asks him to go out to the insane asylum and "run some tests" on a real live paranoid schizophrenic named Halsey who's convinced he's being pursued by a guy named Conklin who owns Conklin Mattress Company and brutally murdered Halsey's wife and kids, only Conklin is now Halsey's doctor in the hospital, then Dr. Martin rigs up this giant open-brain-surgery Erector set where he screws some scaffolding all up and down the side of Halsey's head and starts — are you following this? — he starts slicing open Halsey's head and poking into his memories so that all these corporate weirdbeards can watch.

And then later, after they don't find diddley squat inside Halsey's head, Dr. Martin is leaving the building carrying a brain under his arm, and a homeless street person sees him and starts screaming "That's my brain!

You stole my brain!" and they get into a scuffle and the brain goes flying and splatters all over the pavement and Dr. Martin is trying to reach for it and he gets plastered by a car, and before you know it the doctor is in surgery and they're opening up his brain and he thinks he is being pursued by Conklin, and sometimes he thinks he's Halsey, except for the times when Halsey is chasing him or he and Halsey are both being chased by Conklin, or else they're swimming around in Halsey's brain ... In other words, *Twilight Zone* kind of deal, to the point where you don't know what's going on.

Great movie, though.

One breast. Five dead bodies. Splattered brains. Disembodied face. Icepick stabbing. Brain swimming. Looney Fu. Electro-shock Fu. Lobotomy Fu. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Bud Cort, as Halsey, for saying "We can't all do good, but at least do no harm"; Bill Pullman, as the chief brain doctor, for saying "My brains are individuals — they're special — they're unique," and for talking about "the kinder, gentler lobotomy"; Bill Paxton, as the marketing genius who comes up with the idea of "plastic brain surgery: 'Had a bad childhood? We can fix it!"; George Kennedy, for making yet another drive-in movie where he has nothing to do; and Adam Simon, the director, for doing it the drive-in way in his very first flick.

Four stars. Joe Bob says check it out.