

Are Oscar Parties still worth the hype?

You know that the Vanity Fair Oscar party has lost some heat when the hottest number is worn by Hillary Swank whose a great addition to a softball farm team when all of the burlier Tom Boys are taken. Why is John Hamm at the Vanity Fair Oscar Party? He is a TV actor that plays an uptight goy on Madison Ave; carry one film before you anoint yourself as the second, less volatile coming of Alec Baldwin. Didn't you love the shot of Jodie Foster scolding Kristin Stewart? She was like, I know you think your queen shit around here because of that Joan Jett movie, but don't even think of making a move on my girlfriend or I'll ram your head against my star on Hollywood Blvd until the only person you sound like is Nell, got it goth girl. One false move and I'll throw you on top of the nearest pinball machine and eat you up alive, I'll show you how to act like a real life vampire, you vampy looking Punky Brewster. You always hear about the dancing that goes on at these Oscar Parties but you never see any pictures of them getting down? Just once I'd like to see Tom Cruise get off Dakota Fanning's shoes after an extended slow dance to, You lost that loving feeling.

The big Oscar Bash every year is the Vanity Fair one that is hosted by its Publisher/Restaurant Mogul Graydon, I sport too much grey hair Carter, he looks like a pre-burnt out version of Dock Brown from Back to the Future. The party he hosts is considered the hottest ticket in town. I'm big fan of the Oscars because I want to be a part of that community one day writing and producing movies of my own, but now I'm beginning to question those instincts. I mean out of all the pseudo low octane stars at the Vanity Fair Party, how many of them would I really enjoy hanging out with in the first place? How would I interact with them exactly?

Let's just to deal with potential run-ins with only Oscar nominees and winners. If I'd approach the Hurt Locker Table, I'd say it's too bad they couldn't defuse more bombs during the opening monologue. Approaching the Mandela soccer movie table would be nerve wracking to say the least. What could I

Possibly say to a man's man like Clint Eastwood? If my father taught me how to change a tire I'd be less intimidated by you. Up in the Air starring George too cool for school Clooney didn't win any awards. Then again, Clooney doesn't need any more stroking. I swear if he looked any more Smug you'd think he sold his soul to Dick Chaney.

I would definitely bum rush Monique at any post Oscar bash. I'd be like, so I hear you have an open relationship. That's real mature of you. How do you feel about explaining to me how this works so my fiancé can do the same. How do you pull that off exactly? Do you just accept the fact that no matter how freaky you get in the sack; your man is still going to hit on Queen Latifah at the BET Awards after party?

I'd have zero desire to hang it with the Cohen Brothers. Have you ever heard these guys on the Charlie Rose show? I swear you'd think they were doing their best Charlie Rose Impersonation except without charm, personality or any desire to entertain whatsoever. Why would I want to hang out with the Cohen Brothers? So I can go, Ethan: How does it feel knowing that you're your big bro gets to bang Frances McDormand the rest of his life? How often do you fantasize about banging her while banging your starless wife instead? For the record, I walked out on a Serious Man halfway into the movie, if the movie moved any slower, I'd think Corey Haim was in it, rest in peace brother. After nearly two decades of watching porn, I've never seen a hotter banging sequence then when Corey Haim tore apart Nicole Eggert in Blown Away, at first you just think that you're going to see a little tit but then proceeds to bang on every square inch of the house. I'll never be able to replicate that sudden burst of joy in my life. That sex scene was a million times hotter than one is Monster Ball because Nicole Eggert showed greater moves than Holly and Billy Bob Thornton was never the face of Tiger Beat last time I checked. Corey was all jacked in that movie, admit it fella's, the first time you saw that scene you thought: Where did those pecks come from and how are they making this scene hotter than it already is?

What would I do if I swung by the Avatar Table? If I'd get drunk enough I'd ask James Cameron: Who was a better lay Linda Hamilton or Kathryn Bigelow? I'd follow up that with: Do ever whack off to just Linda Hamilton's arms whacking you off in the editing room while you dick around with some CGI?

Now, hanging out with Tarantino would be awesome but very intimidating. I would need my own film thesaurus like Martin Scorsese hiding underneath a table who could throw out a movie line for me every time Tarrantino grilled me on some obscure Robert Forrester film that I never saw, pre Jackie Brown and Me Myself and Irene. I would not hang out with Eli Roth because he's million times better looking than me and that would know at me even more than the fact that Tarrantino got robbed for best screenplay for Inglorious Bastards.

If I saw Sandra Bullock, I would tell her that blond hair makes her sexier than ever and that she gave a classy, smart speech and that I think it's great that she helped get George Lopez his own sitcom and that I knew she was going to be big when I saw her in Demolition Man and then I'd ask her who was funnier in person Dennis Leary or Sylvester Stallone. Then, I'd say something like, so your husband must be hung like an ox huh because he looks like he took a branding iron to the face one too many times. For the record, I came up with that joke before I read about the busty Tattoo girl who nicknamed him the white gorilla.

If I swung by the Julia and Julia table, I'd commend Stanley Tucci for doing the best acting of his career because he sold the idea that he was madly in love with that Goonish, freak of a woman, Julia I can palm your face Childs. I would tell Merrill that I loved her in Adaptation, because her character didn't have it all together in that one which was a refreshing change of pace. In this role, she is a successful writer who becomes a drug addict who falls for a grimy Chris Cooper who posts her naked pictures on the Internet which got me excited after that scene where she playfully wiggles her toes up in air when she's tripping out on the Peruvian plant dust from the Rainforest that Chris Cooper gets her hooked on. I've always been a feet man, but that shot of Meryl Streep's naked bare feet gets me revved up till this day. I'd also ask her how much Albert Brooks ad libbed in Defending you Life. She plays such a loveable saint in that movie, great laugh, you love her that much more because she gives joy to the perpetually, dour Albert Brooks.

The real party was at the Crazy Heart table. You know that Jeff Bridges was sneaking in one hitters under the table while ashing out on Scorsese for never offering him a part in any of his movies. I would commend T Bone Burnett for having the coolest rock name in the world and that I had no idea until I looked up his producer credits on Wikipedia that he was the Rick Rubin of Country. I would just yell legend every time Robert Duvall, threw down another beer, I remember Howard Stern throwing the genius label his way once before.

The Single Man table could get real slutty. I read once that Tom Ford former Creative Director of Gucci, never wears underwear as if he isn't light in the loafers already. Who doesn't want to bang Julianne Moore since she flashed her fire bush in Robert Altman's Short Cuts and ingratiated Dirk Diggler into the world of 70's porn in Boogie Nights.

If there was one table that was down in the dumps it was definitely the John Hughes reunion table, the only presenter that looked healthy was John Cryer and Matthew Broderick, staying employed in Hollywood goes a long a way huh, keeps you young at heart I guess. I'd ask Ali Sheedy if she had actually had sex with John Candy in Only the Lonely or if she turned him down repeatedly the way sleazy hookers turned down Chris Farley during his 72 hour farewell binge that buried him for good. Macaulay Culkin looked beyond creepy, and Judd Nelson looked like he still wanted to strangle everyone around him. Molly Ringwald still looked bangable. The highlight for me that night was the tribute to late John Hughes, the best comedy screenwriter of my time, hands down, it was a fitting tribute. It's too bad the audience couldn't see Macaulay Culkin make the Home Alone face backstage when he stared at himself in the mirror and realized that he could pass for bleached out version of Corey Haim.

After closer examination, I realize that I would have no interest in attending these Oscar parties because I'm not a member of that society yet. I still don't have a solid ten minute act and I live on the outskirts of Astoria for Christ sake, LA is not within my grasp yet. I can watch the Oscars and say, that I can write a better script or that I can write a better joke than Steve Martin, but talk is cheap, now I have to prove it. I need to dive more deeply into my craft and think of a more creative angle to this piece. The question remains the same, are Oscars still worth the hype and do they still carry the allure they did the in the seventies when Robert Evans was doing bumps off of Raquel Welch's nipples? Of course it doesn't. But there are still major players there that I would love to party with like super smart stoner Jeff Bridges and the hyper articulate, dark humor maestro, Quentin Tarantino.

I would like to hear about Chris Rock starting his own Oscar Party festivity, even though he says that only people who watch the Oscars are woman and gay men. The Chris Rock Oscar party would be real A List Event and he can black ball all of the white studio executives, actors, writers and director he wants. After all, Chris Rock is a comedian first, he doesn't have to worry about offending anybody or have to listen to Sean Penn back up Jude Law by calling him one of the finest young actors we have today. But what do you expect from another Hunter S. Thompson actor groupie that hooked up Sean Penn with one last bump after Hunter snarfed up the rest of the stash while they got yakked up the point where they sounded like two retards auditioning for I Am Sam. I love the idea of Chris Rock and the new black Hollywood elite competing head to head with the Vanity Fair Party. Then, Chris Rock can keep out all of the unfunny, unworthy, actresses that appeared on the Young Hollywood Issue ahead of the big fat black girl from Precious, like you would've known her name in the first place.

I think it's time for an all Oscar Black Party, that gets as much publicity as the Vanity Fair one does, between Jamie Fox, Monique and Denzel you have enough Oscar gold there to replace Flavor 's teeth. It will breathe new life into tired, drooled over Oscar Parties and the hostesses will reek of Hennessey. Ving Rhames and Mike Tyson could be the unofficial bouncers if anyone gets out of hand. Wesley Snipes can blow his Accounting Lawyers in the VIP room and no would have to know. Don Cheadle and Spike Lee can make bets over who is going to win an Oscar first between them while Fifty Cent and Adobes from Oz double team Halley Berry in the back while her new German Beau is getting a stationary lap dance from Monique for the entire duration of Sir Mix-a-lot's greatest hits, so basically Baby got Back on repeat. Hey it's her night, she deserved that award more than Halle Berry and for this once precious night she deserves a piece of her man too. And as Monique gets the ride her life, the Wayan's brothers kick in old school in the background and yell mo, Monique, mo Monique, mo Monique while Puff Daddy mutters More Monique, more problems especially for that skinny white bitch that just asked her to shine Sandra Bullock's Oscar because Howard Stern dared her to. All I'm saying here is that a high powered, all black Oscar Party is overdue and it could revitalize the great Oscar Parties of yesteryear. The Vanity Fair party is suffering from a major star shortage and lack of slutty stories for Page Six to report. As the great Flavor Flav once said: Don't believe the hype.

Written By,

Josh Kornbluth

,