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'S SHOW BIZ ISSUE

AUGUST 1986

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NATIONAL LAMPOON

The
Humor
Magazine
for
Adults

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—Peter Wynne, *The Record*

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—Cindy Adams, *New York Post*

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—Clive Barnes, *New York Post*

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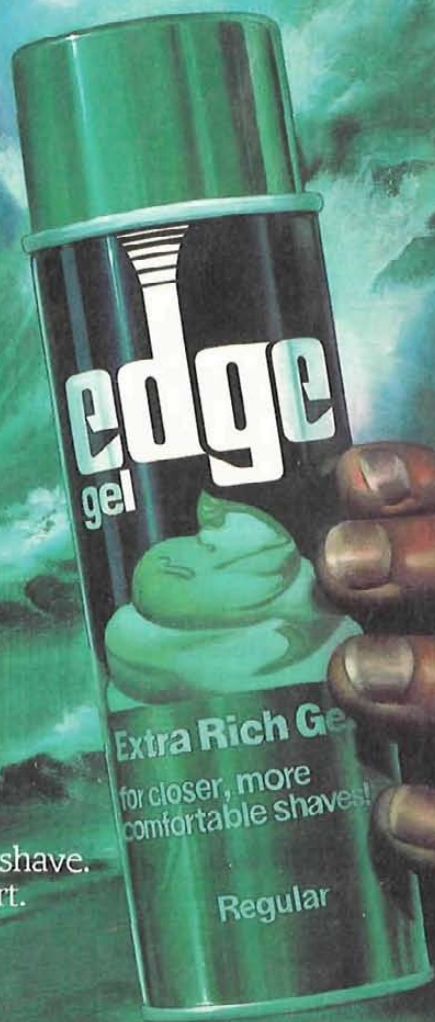
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By Rick Meyerowitz





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EDITORIAL

In addition to working on this magazine, I have a day job.

I produce motion pictures.

Because this issue deals with show business, my fellow editors have suggested that I answer in some detail a question that is constantly being put to me.

What does a film producer do?

The screenwriter obviously writes the screenplay.

The actor obviously acts in that screenplay.

And the director without question directs the whole damn thing.

But what does the producer do?

I will attempt to explain.

A film producer is the guy who, when a writer tells him about a great idea he's got for a screenplay, says, "That was done in 1938 by William Wyler. It co-starred Fredric March and Loretta Young, but you know what? I think we could update it, if instead of making the leading lady a nun we have her working in a brothel in Nevada. We put Burt Reynolds in the

Fredric March role and we make him an undercover agent for the CIA who has tracked a Russian agent to Las Vegas. Jessica Lange would be great for the girl. They meet and fall in love, but he discovers that she's pregnant by the Russian agent. That should be easy for Jessica. Burt's been licensed to kill this guy, who, incidentally, will be played by Harry Dean Stanton, but Jessica begs Burt not to kill the father of her unborn child. In a tear-stained scene at the Las Vegas airport, Jessica says goodbye to Burt and walks to the plane to join Harry for the trip back to Moscow. Our big ballad here. Maybe we get Lionel Richie. Burt stops at the airport and drops a quarter in a slot machine. The place goes nuts. Bells ringing and all that shit. Burt has hit the \$50,000 jackpot! He collects his money in a suitcase. In ones to make it more visual. This is a visual medium. And he goes back to his hotel. He's still sick about losing Jessica. He takes the fifty grand down to the hotel casino and puts the whole thing on number 27,

which was *their* number. We see the ball rolling around and around and around—endlessly, while the theme music, written by Quincy Jones, soars until every ass in every seat in every theater is up in the air. The ball drops into number 29, then hiccups slightly and pops into 28, then, as the music reaches a pitch so high that every dog within a mile of any movie house in America is howling with pain, the ball goes BLIP—and drops into 27.

By now the writer who is listening to the producer is ecstatic. "And Jessica returns to him!" screams the writer.

"No," says the producer. "That's what would have happened in 1938. Instead we go for total realism. Burt meets two bimbos, played by Molly Ringwald and Gilda Radner, buys champagne for everybody in Las Vegas, and sends a telegram to Jessica, which she gets as she and Harry Dean land in Moscow. It reads, simply, "Fuck You!!!" In Russian.

As we go out on a big rock number by Huey Lewis, Burt is buying a training bra

continued on page 10

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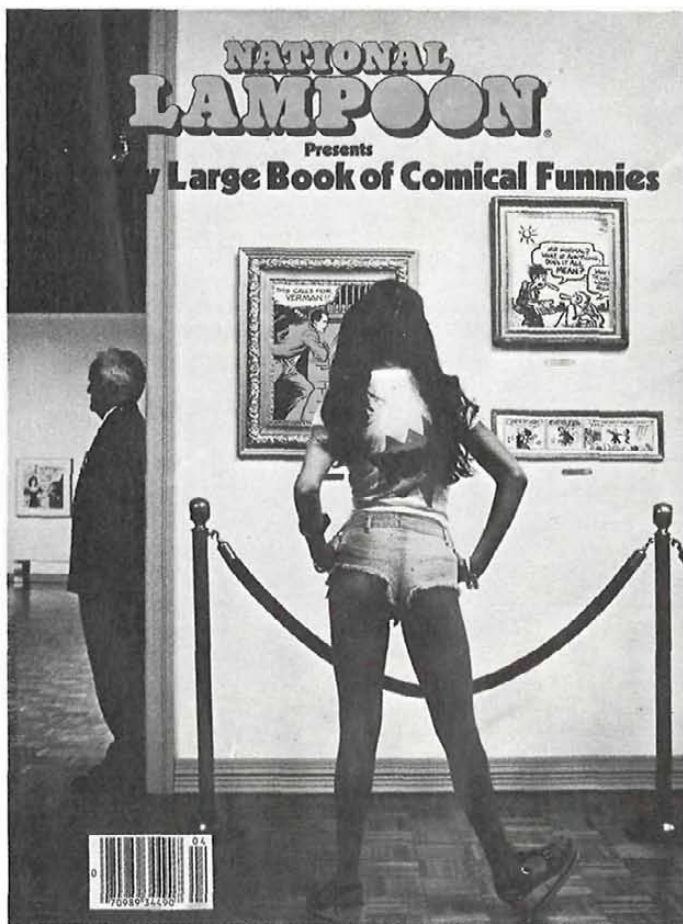
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LETTERS



Sirs:
What's English, flies with the aid of an umbrella, and doesn't wear a bra?
Give up?
Mary Floppins!
Julie Andrews
Swizzle-on-the-Styx, England

Sirs:
No, I can't say I miss Tonsiltown at all.
Linda Lovelace
Retired

Sirs:
We've got some great stuff coming up tonight.
First, we'll go out on the street and get two really fat people to model swimsuits for us. Then, if there's time, I'll gawk at Jamie Lee Curtis's nipples.
David Letterman
Muncie, Ind.

Sirs:
The porno film industry has its own stars and even its own terminology. "Animated shorts," for instance, refers to a director with crabs.
Pauline Kael
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
Can someone in the office lend me a G-spot till payday?
Germaine Greer
*Mayberry FHD
North Carolina*

Sirs:
Sure, it's great, surfing along on the crest of my teenage box-office popularity, but I can't help but be haunted by the fear that one morning I'll awake to find I've turned into Kristy McNichol.
Molly Ringworm
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:
I bet I fooled even you guys. The earrings, the nice housedress, the middle-class hairdo. *I was the one that came up with the name for the kid. Of course, that was my third choice. I fought, but they just couldn't live with "Ward, I'm worried about the Pussy" or "Ward, have you seen the Hair Pie?"*
I wanted to call Wally Crotch Lick, too, but no dice.
June Cleaver
Any Kitchen, U.S.A.

Sirs:
Okay, if you ever want to see your wife alive again, do exactly what I say. Put a hundred thousand dollars in unmarked twenties and fifties in a plain brown bag. Drive up the Pacific Coast Highway to Zuma Beach. Place the bag in the first trash can at the southern entrance. Don't call the cops—I'll be watching. Okay, got that? A hundred grand, Zuma Beach. Right now. Go. Hello...? Hello...? Mr. Penn? Mr. Penn...hello...?
The Kidnapper
Southern California

Sirs:
Okay, ten thousand dollars. You don't have to come all the way out to Zuma. Just go to the Malibu McDonald's. Right on the highway, you know? Hello...? Hello...? Mr. Penn? Hello...?
The Kidnapper Again
Southern California

Sirs:
Would you give me a hundred to sever her vocal cords and bathe her?
The Ex-Kidnapper
Southern California



Sirs:
Fuck it. She's under the Santa Monica Pier. I'm committing suicide. Just don't let Emilio Estevez play me in the TV movie.
The Dead Ex-Kidnapper
Southern California Heaven

Sirs:
What's this? Capone's fucking vault is empty?!
Well, what do ya know! The joke sure is on me. But, as Ed Murrow used to say, "That's journalism." And wait for our next show when we open Joan Rivers's uterus and find an old Wingo card.
Geraldo Rivera
At large

Sirs:
Very late at night, when I'm home and my family is sleeping, sometimes I pick my nose and eat my very own snot. I've been waiting nine years to get caught so my wife would discipline me, and it's never happened. I think she reads your magazine—I hope she reads this letter.
Gus Walker
Riverdale, N.Y.

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LETTERS



EDITORIAL

continued from page 6

with diamond studs on it for Molly, and Gilda gets the last big laugh of the movie by falling down an up escalator.

"I love it!" says the writer. So he writes the first draft and the producer takes it to one of the studios. There a reader who occupies a small closet-like office in a building near the parking lot reads it and condenses it to about a page and a half. Finally, because this is a prestigious producer, it wends its way through numerous assistants and production vice presidents, and, on the big day, the producer arrives to meet the head of the studio. The head man, who has not read the memo but does know who has been suggested for the leading roles, because that's more important than the script, says, "Burt Reynolds is in the dumpster. Jessica's fine and the kids like Harry Dean. We want Nick Nolte for the guy and Anthony Michael Hall for the girl's kid brother."

The producer does not remember that there is a kid brother, but he's on a roll, so why argue. He agrees to the casting. "And," says the head of the studio, "we want John Landis to direct. We've already contacted him, and he says that as long as you stay off the set he'll do it."

The producer then negotiates his own deal, taking an exceedingly large piece of the pie, flies to Fort Lauderdale, where his yacht has been moored for the winter, and for the next six months sails around the Greek islands with Joan Collins and Terry Moore and her mother. The picture is made and released and is a huge hit. The producer makes millions, leaves that yacht in Greece, flies back to America, and buys another one.

That's what a producer does.

At least, that's what I'm told.

Matty Simmons

Cover note: This month's cover reflects an all-too-familiar tragedy. A young girl with stars in her eyes heads west from the farm she was raised on for the bright lights and glamour that is Hollywood. But alas, as so many have done before her, she gets plastered and ends up face down in the gutter. The carnage was painted by street artist Michael Kanarek.—P. K.

Plugs, Bribes, and Payola Dept.: We'd like to thank Henny Youngman, the late Myron Cohen, Lord Buckley, the gang at Video Shack, Lenny Bruce, Jodi Sh. Doff, Sy Reiner at R&M Carpeting, Jonathan Swift, Abbie Hoffman, Ida from Betzel, Gilbert Gottfried, Ed Sullivan, The Bettmann Archive, Joe Duley, Irv Welzer (for the great seats to his great play, *Professionally Speaking*), John Belushi, Lou Costello, and last, but not least, Phineas, the Wonder Dog.

Sirs:

NBC is pleased to announce a hot new show, *50/50*. A penetrating new investigative program that is half truth and half lies.

Grant Tinkler
Vapid, Calif.

Sirs:

Okay, so maybe I haven't exactly been setting Hollywood on fire lately, but I've got a biggie, *Flusdance*, in the works. A little dancing, some bimbos in torn T-shirts, a little toidy humor, and bingo! I'm back on top.

Oops! There goes the phone. It's probably Alex Karras returning my call.

Ciao!

Mel Brooks
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Would someone please put in a new box of baking soda?

Walt Disney
Frigidaire, Calif.

Sirs:

Ya know, I gotta be honest with you guys. The letters section has been looking kinda shabby lately—peeling, weather-beaten, and the painting's no good, you'll just have to do it again in a coupla years, right? No, the only way to go is aluminum siding. I can do the whole thing for just three hundred dollars down. Our easy-term monthly payment plan is an easy-term monthly payment plan. What could be simpler?

Aluminum siding will not only protect and increase the resale value of your letters, but it will give them that nice "aluminum-sided look" that is so popular.

I also got some nice men's watches.

Nick Franchesi
Doubleknit, N.J.

Sirs:

Why did I pick the name De Palma? Because De Handjob would be pretty low-class for the next Alfred Hitchcock. Schmucks.

Brian De Palma
Dressed to Sell

Sirs:

I was just wondering, what do the French call the English Channel?

Some Twit in Brighton
Brighton Beach, England

Sirs:

Could you help straighten something out for me?

Was Jane Fonda one of my wives or one of Roger Vadim's?

I keep getting myself confused with him because we've both had such smashing success on the casting couch. And, to complicate things still further, this morning I found a pair of Britt Ekland's panties in the Cuisinart, so I could be almost anybody.

John Derek
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

What are these high-heeled sneakers your people sing about?

I simply *must* have a hundred pairs.

Imelda Marcos
Hawaii

Sirs:

Having accomplished all I can as a motion picture executive, I am beginning an acting career in *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*. This will be quite a challenge, as I am playing forty parts.

David Beagleman
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

It's no laughing matter when a famous movie director becomes impotent.

Peter Brokedownabit
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Who directed *Psycho*, *The Birds*, and many other great works of suspense, sometimes treated his actors and actresses sadistically, and swung from either side of the plate?

Alfred Switchcock!

Tony Perkins III
Bates Motel

Sirs:

What has a hairless tail, lives in sewers, and doesn't give a damn? Rhatt Butler!

Steve and Butterfly McQueen
Gone with the Wind

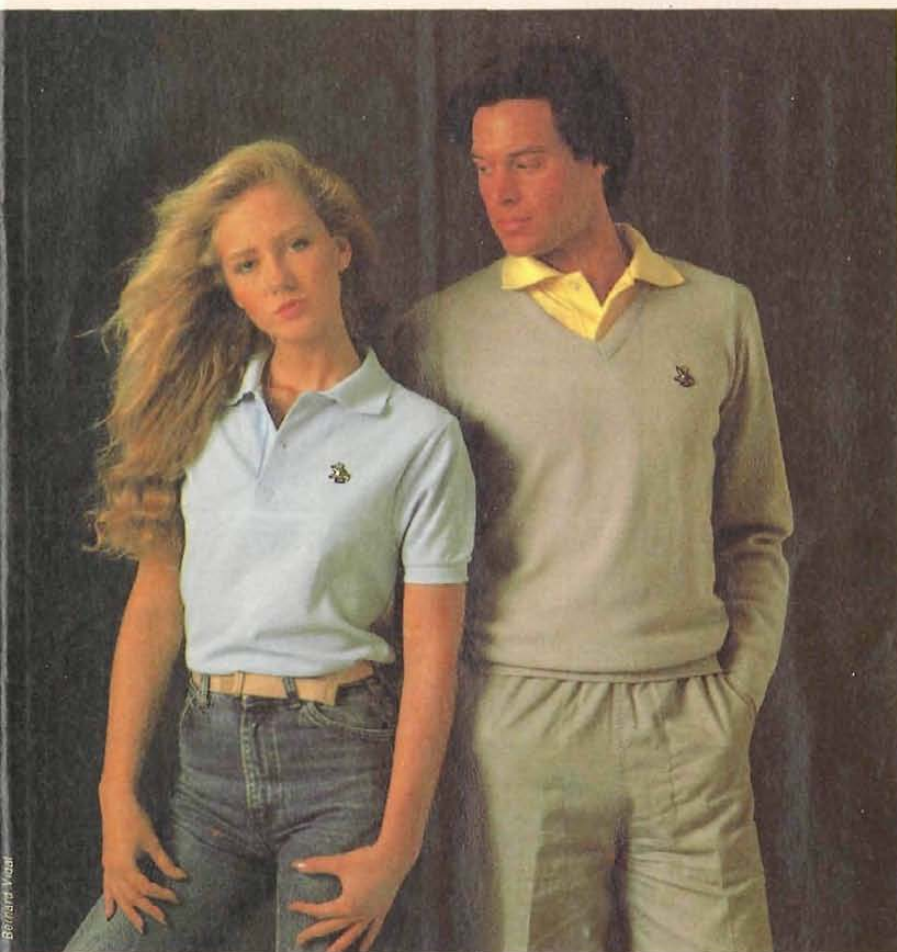
Sirs:

Go ahead, make my gay!

Bruce Eastwood
North Venice, Calif.

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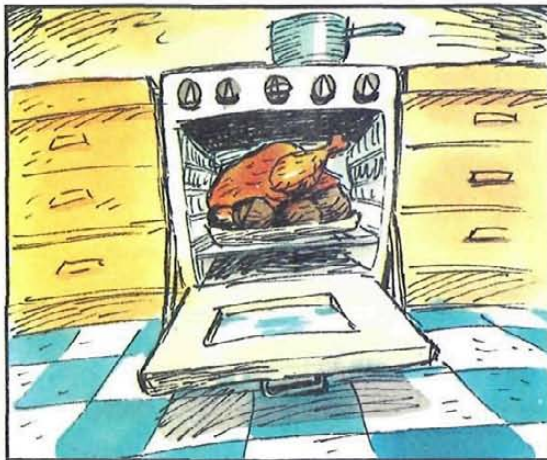
James Dean



Mama Cass



Natalie Wood



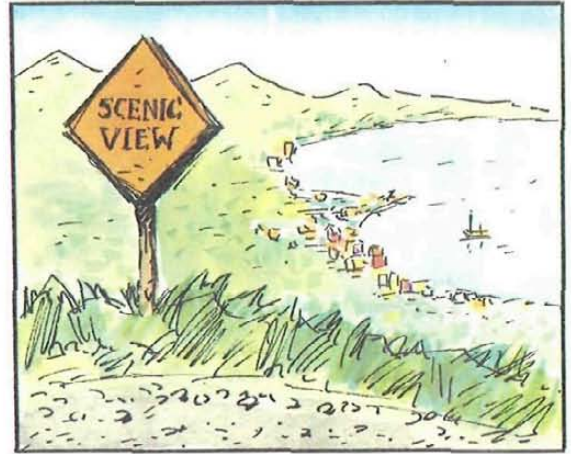
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Mary Jo Kopechne



Jimmy Hoffa



Grace Kelly



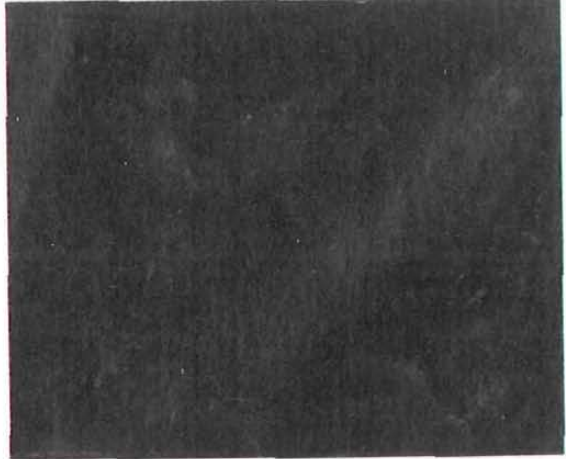
Isadora Duncan



Tennessee Williams



Marilyn Monroe



Helen Keller

TRUE

F A C T S

Edited by John Bendel

From the *West Australian*:
"A venomous snake died after biting a middle-aged drug addict in a village in central India. The snake bit the man in the night and twisted around his leg. It was separated later, wriggled in agony, and died." (contributed by Paul Bradstreet)

Two men from Hornell, New York, were arrested and charged with consensual sodomy after they were discovered together in a car by David Mathis, an undercover state toxic-waste investigator. *Corning* (New York) *Leader* (contributed by Mark Zydanowicz)

Police in Miami, Florida, arrested Richard MacDonald and Low Jones when the two were discovered making a drug deal. According to police, Jones sold MacDonald phony cocaine, which MacDonald paid for in counterfeit money. *Miami Herald* (contributed by Mr. & Mrs. Charles Hogan)

From the (New York) *Daily News*:
"Thirteen retiring employees of China's Kaiyang County tax office were given coffins as going-away presents. 'I would have preferred a gold watch,' said one retiree." (contributed by Tod Greenfield)

Convicted killer Roger Smith underwent a ninety-day psychological evaluation before being returned to California's San Quentin prison, where he is regarded as the prison's "most dangerous,

most psychopathic inmate." Smith, who bears the scars of 127 wounds received in prison, is nicknamed "Pin-cushion." *San Francisco Examiner & Chronicle* (contributed by W. A. Hoch)

Medicaid recipient Donald Bowman, twenty-two, owner of a local ambulance service in Georges Township, Pennsylvania, was arrested and charged with billing Medicaid for transporting himself to the hospital 269 times. *New York Times* (contributed by Lilly Clarvit)

Photo for Thought



New Jersey Newspictures

According to *New Jersey's Newark Star-Ledger*: "Joe Guancione of Cedar Grove putts on the eighteenth green of the Knoll Country Club in Parsippany as the clubhouse burns on the hill above him." (contributed by Edward Gorman)

This item appeared in the *Elizabeth Daily Journal* of Elizabeth, New Jersey:
"A thirty-one-year-old Roselle Park woman told police she found her tuna fish sandwich sliced diagonally Sunday after returning to her car from a lesson at a Union golf driving range.
"The woman told police she never slices her sandwiches diagonally and suspects that someone picked the lock of her car to commit the crime, according to a police report.
"Nothing was taken from the car, and the sandwich was confiscated as evidence, the report said." (contributed by Ron Zuber)

An unidentified man was hospitalized after he spent forty-five minutes "thrashing around in cactus and hugging saguaros" outside the Sisters of Immaculate Heart convent in Tucson, Arizona. Sheriff's deputies said the man apparently believed the cactuses were nuns. *Tucson Daily Citizen* (contributed by Shawn Marshall)

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Not Even We Could Dream Up **TRUE FACTS '86**

The third all-new collection from
National Lampoon

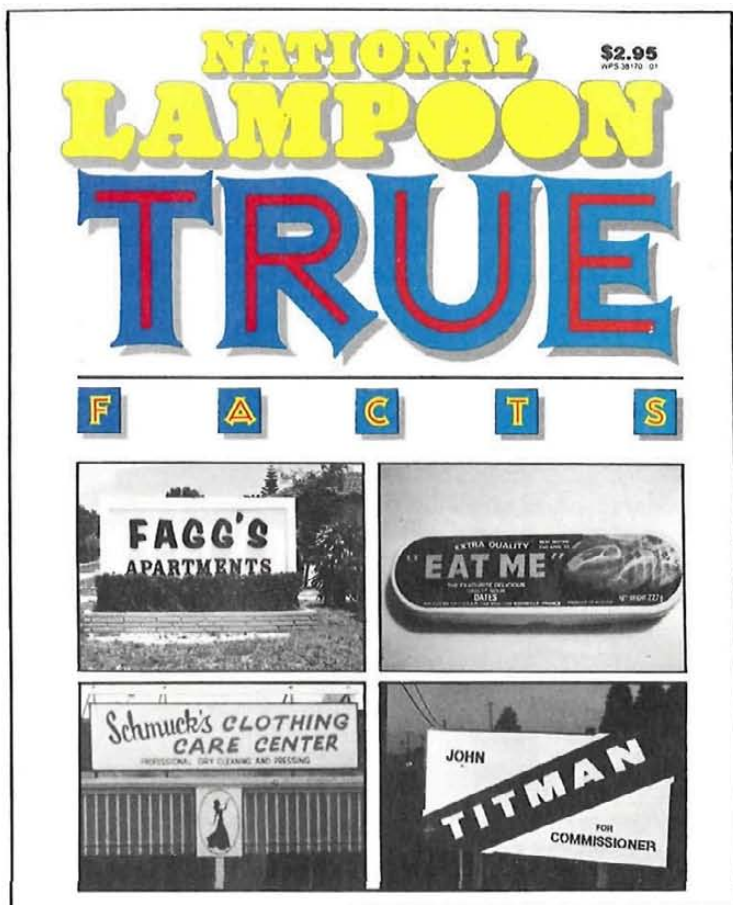
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continued from page 14

Paula Makopoulos of Parsippany, New Jersey, filed suit against Walt Disney World on behalf of her six-year-old son, Evan. The suit alleges that Evan was assaulted in the theme park two years ago by a drunken employee in a Mickey Mouse costume.

According to Anthony Macri, Makopoulos's attorney, Evan "went running up to Mickey Mouse wanting to meet him and get his autograph, and was picked up and thrown repeatedly against the wall. Mickey Mouse then joined a parade of other costumed employees and marched off." (*Hackensack, New Jersey Record* (contributed by James Stuart))



In Paterson, New Jersey, "a half-ton steer escaped from a slaughterhouse and ran amok in rush-hour traffic before stopping in front of a massive metallic steer outside a steak house." That's where police shot the animal.

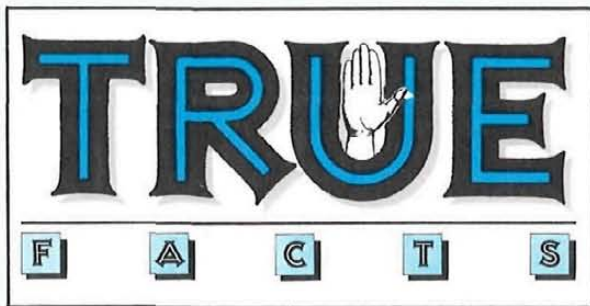
"It stopped for a brief pause in front of the Golden Steer Restaurant," said a police captain. "Maybe it thought it was a relative." (*Boca Raton, Florida News/Sun-Sentinel*)



Seventy-two-year-old Agnes Lauria, a former vaudeville performer, was banned from a senior citizens' lunch program in Egg Harbor, New Jersey, after complaints that she told off-color jokes and danced in a lewd manner.

"She would mimic people, older people with disabilities, and she would use abusive language and obscene gestures," said the program's director.

However, Lauria claimed that the people who had objected were merely jealous of her background in show business. She displayed an old playbill that billed her as "A Bundle of Dynamite with a Cyclone of Songs." *AP* (contributed by Lewis S. Weidenfeld)

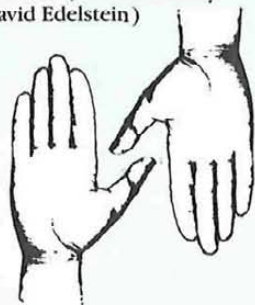


Jim Palmer of Gardiner, Maine, was playing in a ball game against Fairfield when he began to experience nausea, headaches, and dizzy spells. About halfway through the game he vomited while manning his position in right field. But the Gardiner coach had no substitute player to take his place, so he left Palmer in the game to avoid a forfeit.

Toward the end of the game, Palmer had to be helped on and off the field, and the Gardiner team batted out of order so he wouldn't have to come to the plate.

When umpires finally intervened and suspended the game, with Gardiner leading Fairfield 10-4 in the seventh inning, Palmer could no longer stand up.

"The boy was lying out in right field vomiting," said one spectator, "and his coach was out there telling him to lie down and not do anything." (*Central Maine Morning Sentinel* (contributed by David Edelstein))



According to a study conducted by a needlecraft trade association, the typical "needlework customer is female, musical, churchgoing, chooses traditional furnishings, is extremely clean and neat, loves cats and the color blue—and has some fifteen unfinished needlework projects stashed away." *Sew Business* (contributed by Duck Divet)

Tractor-trailer driver Thomas Leonard felt his rig slow down while making a turn from Brighton Road onto Bloomfield Avenue in Clifton, New Jersey. He stopped three hundred feet down the road and found he had ripped off the roof of his trailer and snagged high-voltage wires, five telephone poles, and two traffic lights. (*Paterson, New Jersey News* (contributed by Paul S. Havemann))



A judge admonished the Radnor, Pennsylvania, police for pretending that a Xerox copy machine was a lie detector. Officers had placed a metal colander on the head of a suspect and attached the colander to the copier with metal wires. In the copy machine was a typewritten message which read: "He's lying."

According to UPI, "Each time investigators received answers they did not fancy, they pushed the copy button. Out came the message 'He's lying.'"

Apparently convinced the machine was accurate, the suspect confessed. (contributed by Jack Finch)

Coroner Dr. Daniel Thomas of Lake County, Indiana, publicly disputed the finding of police that the death of James A. Cooley, fifty-two, was a suicide. Cooley died as the result of thirty-two hammer blows to the head. *San Jose (California) Mercury-News* (contributed by R. Burge Jr.)

The Chinese government has launched a massive anti-smoking campaign with this official slogan designed to discourage the tobacco habit: "Stop smoking for three years and you'll have enough money to buy an ox." *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Norman Lee)



In Walton Beach, Florida, the popcorn machine in the Sun Plaza movie theater burst into flames during a showing of *St. Elmo's Fire*. *AP* (contributed by Carmen A. Brown-Bender)

This item appeared in the *New York Times*:

"Zurich, June 20—A cyclist who sat down on a busy roadway to protest traffic was run down and badly injured by a car today." (contributed by Justin Sacca)

The following letter appeared in the "Ask a Lawyer" column of the *Lincoln Star* of Lincoln, Nebraska:

"My wife is a waitress in a bar, and she agreed as part of her job to participate in topless boxing matches in an attempt to increase the bar's business. She participated in this for about one and a half years, until she found out she was pregnant. After the baby was born, she was unable to nurse the child, and the doctor has advised us that she has suffered damage to the breast tissue and that surgery is required. Her employer refuses to accept responsibility for any injuries or medical expenses, saying that she agreed to box as part of her job. Do we have any legal recourse?"

The reply suggested appealing to the workers' compensation authorities and stated: "A blow to the body is considered an 'accident' under the Nebraska Workers' Compensation Law." (contributed by Mark E. Funk)



Contributors: We'll pay ten dollars for every item used, twenty dollars for photos. Send to True Facts, *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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The demand for both these products has been unprecedented. Twenty million people in the United States and Canada saw *National Lampoon's European Vacation* in theaters, and we got more inquiries about the sweatshirts worn by "Clark" and "Rusty" in that picture than for any other such product in the sixteen-year history of our magazine and movies.



Now both shirts are available in dazzling white with full-color illustrations on the front. On the back it says *National Lampoon's Vacation*. (What were

you expecting—E.T.?) Also, still available and still selling ridiculously well are the other movie T-shirts shown on this page.



National Lampoon's *Vacation* T-shirt or



National Lampoon's *Vacation* T-shirt or



National Lampoon's *Animal House* Baseball Shirt



National Lampoon's *European Vacation* shirt



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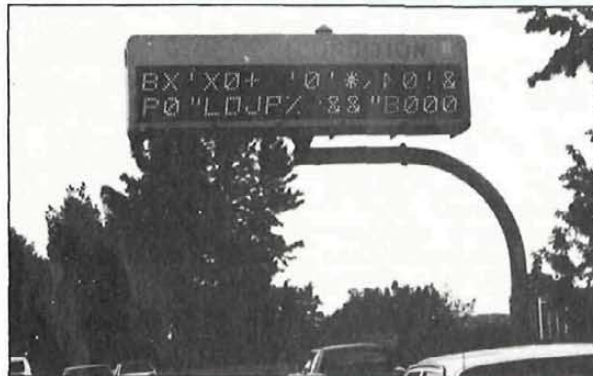
Neil Grey



Thomas A. Ward



Michael Frank



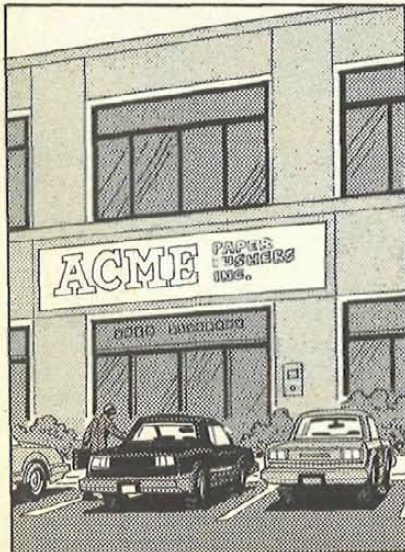
Dennis Cocking



Thomas J. Faddis

DEATH WISH VII

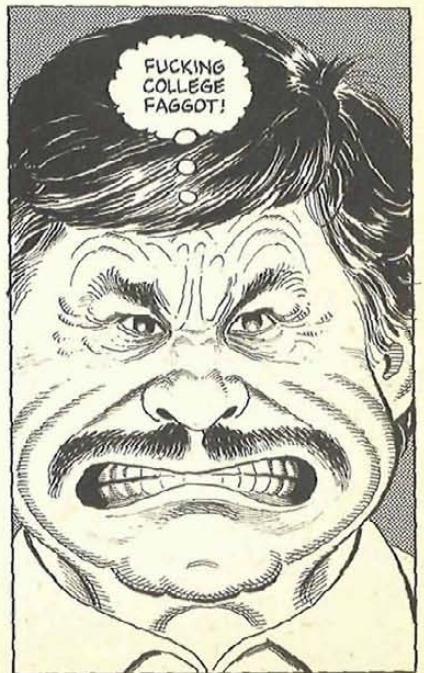
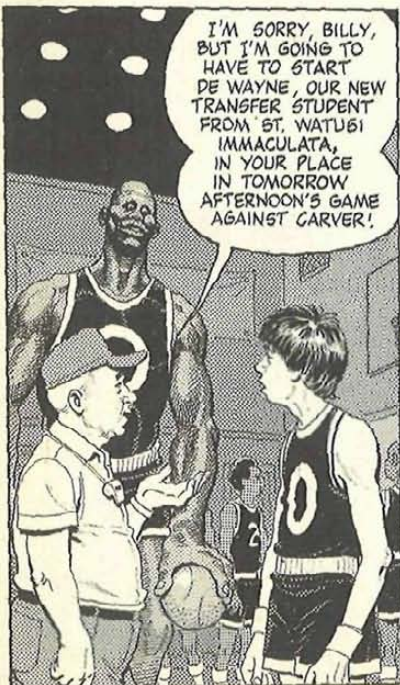
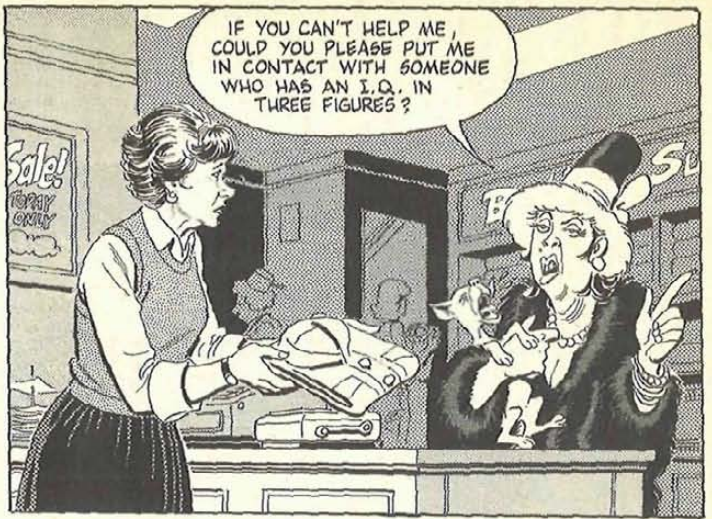
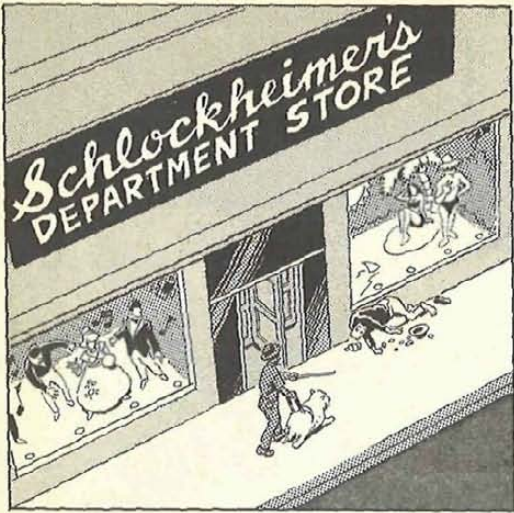
THE DAY OF RECKONING

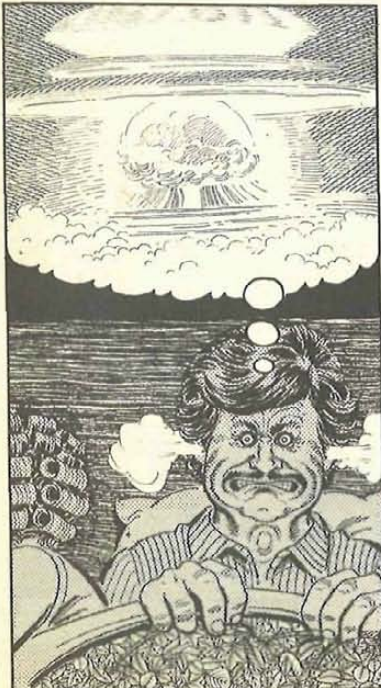
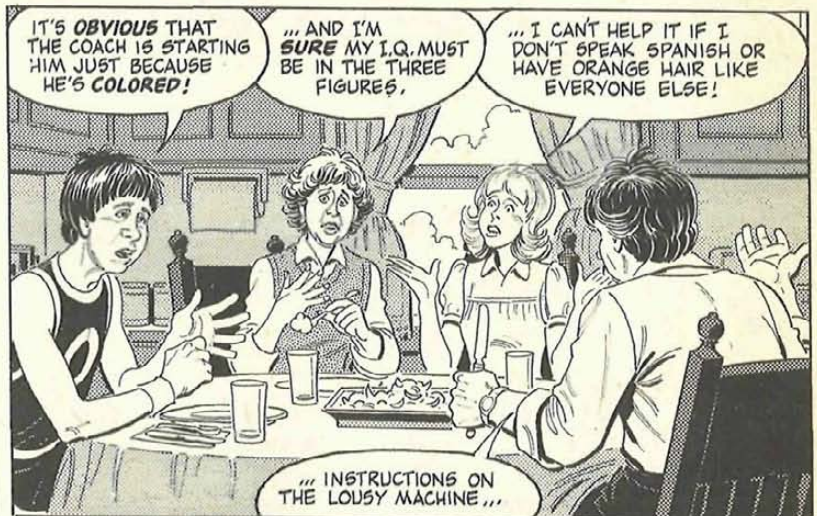
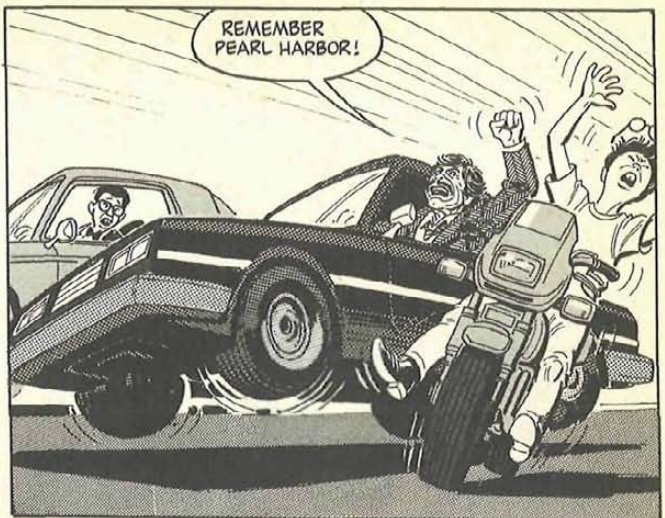
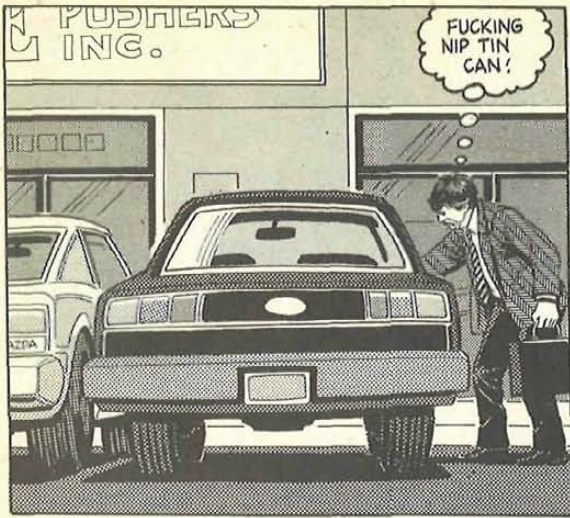


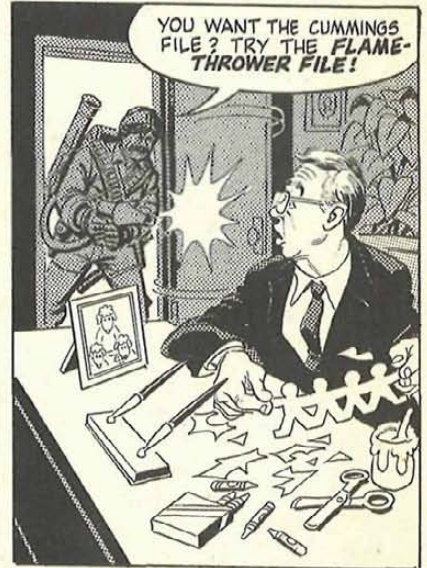
Story by Paul Somers, Jr. Illustrated by Ralph Reese

NATIONAL LAPOON 19

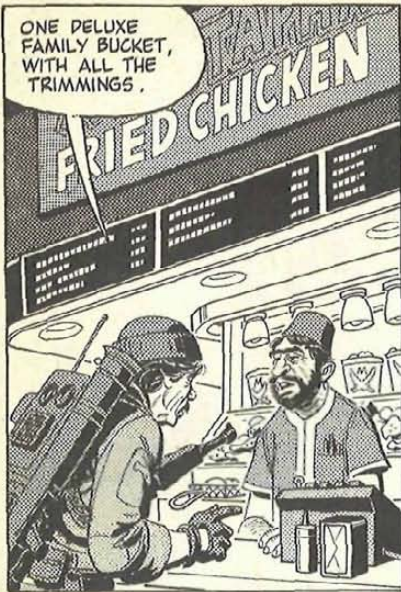
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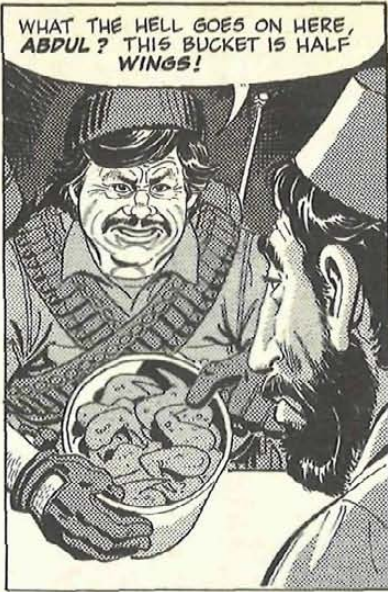








ONE DELUXE FAMILY BUCKET, WITH ALL THE TRIMMINGS.



WHAT THE HELL GOES ON HERE, ABPUL? THIS BUCKET IS HALF WINGS!



OH, I'M VEDDY SOPPY! YOU NOT LIKE WINGS? I FIX THAT FOR YOU!



I PICKED UP SOME CHICKEN. YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TO COOK AFTER A DAY LIKE THIS.



YOU KNOW, DADDY, I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT TRANSFERRING, AGNEW IS GETTING TO BE SUCH A DRAG.

I THINK I'LL GO BACK TO THE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY ... CLERKING IS SO DEMEANING!

YOU KNOW, I BET I COULD START FOR THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOL, DAD. THEIR BASKETBALL TEAM HAS ALL WHITE GUYS!

GOOD CHICKEN, PAD ... AND THERE AREN'T ANY WINGS THIS TIME, EITHER!



THE END

W

hat is it? Come on, guess. Pick the magazine up and turn it over and over and shake it gently to see if it rattles. "Hmmm..." you say, "what could it possibly be?" Give up? Why, it's *money!* Yes, fabulous, wonderful money—secret treasure of the moderns. Isn't it nice? We knew you'd love

it. It goes with everything, and it's always in good taste to have plenty of beautiful, fashionable money. Don't you think so? Say thank you.

What? What's that? You say you don't see any money? Well...to tell the absolute completely honest truth, we aren't giving you any money after all. What we're giving you is a gift certificate. And all you can get with it is a five-dollar discount on a subscription to the same magazine that gave it to you. Some treat, huh? Oh well, at least it's *sort of* like money. I mean you can buy something with it. *Part of* something, anyway. Well, part of *one* thing, actually. If you were prettier, it might have been a nice brooch.

Okay, now, fill in your name, address, and anything else asked for in the certificate, write out a check for the term of subscription to the *National Lampoon* you would like (one year, two years, or three years), subtracting *five dollars* from the amount listed for each of those periods. For example, if you want a one-year subscription, which normally costs \$11.95, subtract five bucks and write out a check for \$6.95. If you have no check of your own, get a money order or bank check. You still get the five-dollar savings. If you have a checking account but there's no money in it, don't—let's repeat that—don't send it to us. Send it to *Playboy*.

Now, you get the same five-dollar savings for a two- or three-year subscription; merely deduct the five dollars and send in your payment and the gift certificate.

When we get your money, we'll rush down to the post office and mail you your first copy of the *National Lampoon*. If you don't like the magazine, write to us and we'll return your copy of the gift certificate to you.



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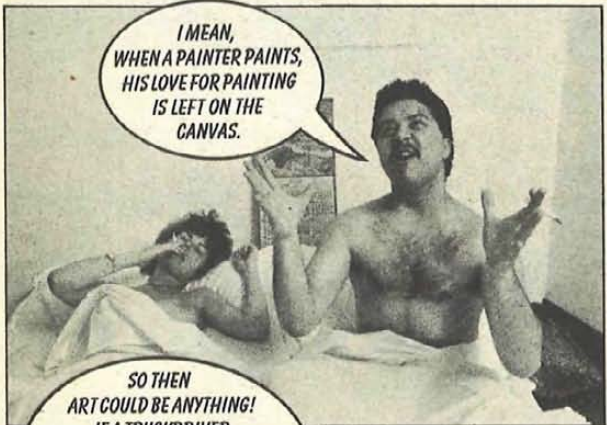
For each year, add \$5.00 for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries.
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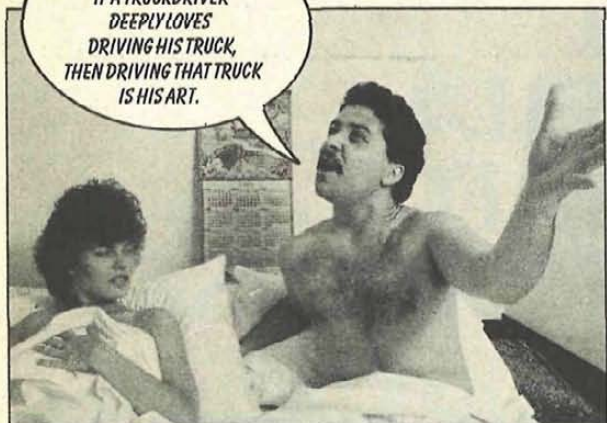
YOU KNOW, I'VE OFTEN WONDERED WHAT WAS THE MEANING OF ART, AND I THINK I'VE FOUND OUT.



I MEAN, WHEN A PAINTER PAINTS, HIS LOVE FOR PAINTING IS LEFT ON THE CANVAS.



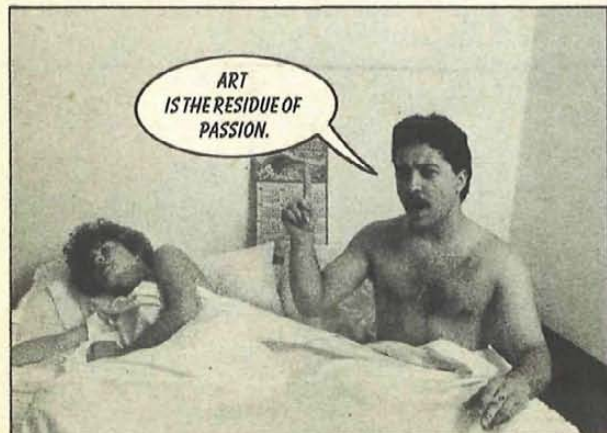
WHEN A SINGER SINGS, IT'S HER LOVE OF SOUND THAT IS ART. WHAT WE HEAR IS A BY-PRODUCT.



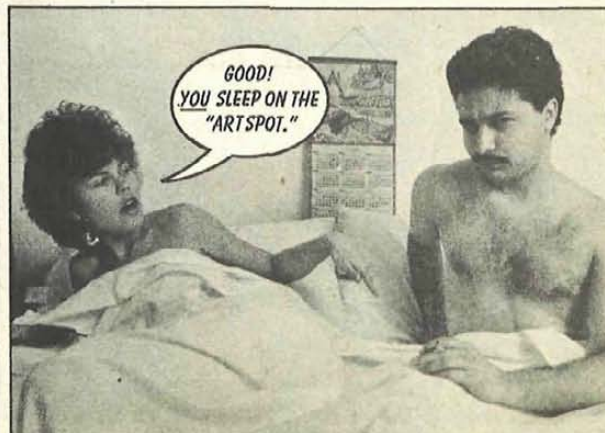
SO THEN ART COULD BE ANYTHING! IF A TRUCK DRIVER DEEPLY LOVES DRIVING HIS TRUCK, THEN DRIVING THAT TRUCK IS HIS ART.



ALL THAT IS NEEDED IS FOR YOU TO FEEL PASSIONATE ABOUT WHAT YOU ARE DOING. WHAT WE DEEM ART IS ONLY WHAT IS LEFT BEHIND.



ART IS THE RESIDUE OF PASSION.



GOOD! YOU SLEEP ON THE "ART SPOT."

Based on the cartoon strip "Pearls" by Madman

NATIONAL
LAMPOON
INTERVIEW:

STEVEN SPIELBERG

a candid conversation with the world's most popular filmmaker—about movies, books, politics, money, black people, and more

If one man personifies the state of the art of filmmaking today, it is Steven Spielberg. Unless you are Rip Van Winkle or a visitor from Mars, you've surely seen some of his work. He is unquestionably the most popular and the most commercially successful filmmaker of all time. His name on a movie is as close to a guaranteed smash as you can get.

Spielberg confesses that he is a man driven by demons. A workaholic, a philanthropist, a collector of art, artifacts, and memorabilia, a sports fan, a music nut, a car buff, a food freak, and a breeder of Indian ponies, he is also an accomplished tailor who can cut his own patterns for a suit or a jacket and often whips up a little vest or a pair of shorts for a friend on a moment's notice.

By now most people are familiar with Spielberg's background. A product of the middle-class suburbs of Phoenix and Los Angeles, a wunderkind born with a silver viewfinder in his mouth, he directed his first feature film at the age of twenty-six. Today Spielberg has built a

gigantic empire that includes not only movies but real estate, agricultural by-products, interplanetary communications, health and beauty aids, metal alloys, synthetic energy systems, robot research, and undersea hydroponic housing communities.

We sent freelancer **Gerry Sussman** to Los Angeles to meet with this mega-achiever. Sussman reports:

"Most of my conversations with Spielberg took place while he was filming *The Loonies*, which is set for release this month. While Spielberg was answering my questions he was also signing checks, initialing memos, taking phone calls, approving mergers and takeovers, picking package designs for his new 'Color Purple' line of cosmetics for blacks, rewriting about fifty scripts, designing his undersea housing project, feeding his ponies, and of course, studying new acquisitions. He also had time to cut me a handsome blazer from a fine piece of Italian gabardine wool.

"Despite this busy schedule, Spielberg

was warm, friendly, and cheerful, sensitive to some questions but always open and honest, treating me like a member of his extended 'family.' On the set he 'cbain-smokes' chocolate-candy cigarettes and lives on malteds (chocolate and strawberry). But he still keeps fit on an exercise machine designed for him in Switzerland—a machine that combines aerobics, weight lifting, and stretching and gives you a massage, a needle shower, and automatic dry-off in five minutes.

"Despite all his accomplishments Spielberg has never won an Oscar. That fact provided the opening subject for our interview."

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Obviously you must have been disappointed at not getting an Oscar for *The Color Purple*. Why do you think you didn't win anything?

SPIELBERG: Anything I say is going to sound like sour grapes. The members of the Academy can do anything they want. It's a free country. A lot of them didn't



"Critics don't take me seriously. From now on I'm going to make a ton of serious pictures. I've got my assistants working on every serious book ever written to see if there's a movie in any of them."



"If you want me to call Whoopi Goldberg a stupid jungle bunny with an ego as thick as her lips and a brain the size of a paramecium, you won't get it out of me. She's a dedicated, brilliant actress."



PHOTOGRAPH BY AP/WIDE WORLD

"When I'm really tired and burned out, I like Amy to give me a home permanent, a Toni. It's very relaxing... getting my bead under that big dryer... reading a movie magazine and eating candy."

believe I actually directed the picture. There was a rumor going around that it was directed by Frank Capra.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Capra is a great director, but he's eighty-nine years old. He's almost at death's door. Couldn't they think of anyone a little more plausible?

SPIELBERG: I know. Tell that to the Academy. They said Capra was giving me advice on the set and helping me with the script. They said he was disguised as a cleaning lady so that no one would find out. Heck, I've never even met the guy.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: He may even be incontinent, at his age.

SPIELBERG: What does "incontinent" mean?

NATIONAL LAMPOON: It's when you're unable to control your excretory functions. It happens sometimes to old people.

SPIELBERG: Oh yeah? I have that feeling whenever I run into members of the Academy, and I'm only thirty-eight. [Laughs]

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Don't you think it had a lot to do with jealousy over your success and your wealth? They figured that with your money you don't need an Oscar. And they wanted to slap you down a little.

SPIELBERG: My wealth? I'm well-off, but so are a lot of people in the movie business. Why pick on me?

NATIONAL LAMPOON: We have heard from reliable sources that you have a gross daily income larger than the national debt of Brazil. That you bought an

entire country—Spain, to be exact—so you could shoot movies there without any red tape, that you are financing the Aquino regime, that you own hundreds of shopping malls in over fifty-two countries, and that your wife, Amy Irving, owns five thousand pairs of socks, among other things.

SPIELBERG: Let's get that straight. Amy has maybe a hundred pairs of socks. Heck, I've got fifty or seventy-five. I don't keep count. George Lucas only has four pairs. Two in white and two in black. He washes them out every night. He says that's all he needs. George doesn't like to spend money. Me, I've very insecure about socks. Even when I was a kid growing up in a typical middle-class suburb I was insecure about my socks. I could never make up my mind which ones to wear. My mom used to buy me socks with the little diamond patterns. Remember them?

NATIONAL LAMPOON: How about Argyles?

SPIELBERG: Argyles, of course! The problem with Argyles was they always clashed with your patterned shirts, right?

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Right. Unless you wore an Argyle shirt with the same pattern.

SPIELBERG: You had Argyle shirts?

NATIONAL LAMPOON: I was kidding.

SPIELBERG: Don't kid me about socks. One of my next projects is a movie about this kid from a middle-class suburb who never wears the right socks, so nobody wants him as a friend. He's an outcast. So

he invents a pair of socks that can change into any pattern or color and he makes a zillion dollars and becomes very popular.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Getting back to your money for a minute, have you ever thought of helping out with our country's national debt?

SPIELBERG: I offered to lend our government one hundred billion a year at a straight 1 percent interest for twenty-five years, with no penalties for late payments or for prepaying the principal. None of those tacky banker's rules. I had just one request: that the government set up film schools in every state so kids could break into the business without going nuts. I think kids should go to film school at the grade school level, when they're about seven or eight, when their visual sense is very open and intuitive.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: A great idea. Kids should be able to produce a film as easily as writing a story or drawing a picture.

SPIELBERG: Exactly. But the government people said no. They said it could only be done by the states. Reagan doesn't believe in federal interference with state business. So they didn't get my loan. Too bad. I could have balanced the budget and erased the national debt within five years.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: What a bummer. Now we face an almost certain fiscal crisis.

SPIELBERG: Yeah. I guess so. I'm going to do this film thing myself. My lawyers and accountants want me to do it as a business—the Steven Spielberg Film Schools,



something like the old Arthur Murray Dance Studios. I'll have millions of kids enrolling. By the time they're twelve they will be directing big-budget pictures.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: And they'll work for your production company?

SPIELBERG: Why not? I'll give them great deals, freedom they can't get from a studio. Eventually I can turn out thousands of pictures a year with each one grossing a minimum of two hundred million, domestic.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: I'm not calculating, but that sounds like over a trillion a year.

SPIELBERG: Not counting foreign markets, cable, cassettes, soundtracks, merchandise, and all interplanetary rights, which will double or triple the figure.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Steven Spielberg Film Schools sounds like a natural. How far along are you?

SPIELBERG: We've already got America, Canada, Mexico, South America mapped out. We're starting to develop Europe, the Far East, Africa, Australia. Did I leave anything out? I guess I mean the world. Every kid in the world wants to be a filmmaker. Not just kids in middle-class suburbs. I want every kid in the world to get a three-picture deal. That was my dream when I was a kid.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: I can see it. Small towns in Africa full of movie crews. A ten-year-old African kid, hardly knows his right from his left, directing multiple-car chases, crowd scenes, chopper shots...

SPIELBERG: You bet. And don't forget

postproduction, scoring, advertising, and promotion. These kids are going to learn everything.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: A whole industry of agents will have to be developed just to handle these kids. We're going to have to teach these young agents how not to return phone calls, how to reject scripts, how to kill deals. Can we do all that?

SPIELBERG: That happens naturally whenever agents spring up. In ten years I figure that 75 percent of every movie in every country in the world will have my name on it.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Do you think your schools will eventually make the film business too easy to break into? If you like a kid's work he's going to get a deal automatically.

SPIELBERG: I know. Kids can get spoiled when they *know* they're going to get a deal.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: They'll lose their aggressiveness, the mental toughness, the thick skin you need to survive in the movie business.

SPIELBERG: Now I don't know what to do! Normally, if someone makes three or four flops in a row it's hard for him to get another picture. But pictures under my supervision do not flop.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Except for *1941*. [Suddenly Spielberg grabs his stomach and his face contorts in pain. He gasps for breath.] Hey! Are you okay?

SPIELBERG: [Barely able to speak] Malted...strawberry malted. Quick! Call my secretary. [His secretary dashes in

with a large strawberry malted, which he downs in seconds. She is already familiar with his problem. He burps politely and pats his stomach, obviously feeling better.] Never utter the name of that movie in front of me. I guess you know it's the one picture of mine that lost money. The thought of it can tie my stomach in knots and bring on a bronchial asthma attack. That's why I need the malted. It calms me down.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: I apologize. I had no idea.

SPIELBERG: It's not your fault. We were saying before that it's going to be hard not to have a few spoiled brats in my film schools because all the movies under my name will make money. I have an idea. I can keep the kids hungry by starting an incentive plan. If your picture makes less than one hundred million gross I will consider it a bomb. One hundred million will be my break-even point. If a kid can't make five hundred million in his three-picture deal, I'll fire him.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Fair enough. You have to do something like that or the business will get soft. You've got to have some competition, some tension.

SPIELBERG: That's how I started.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: But don't you feel a little overambitious, maybe a bit egomaniacal, about this film school project?

SPIELBERG: Not at all. Did Arthur Murray feel like an asshole because he taught millions of people how to dance? I'm trying to improve the living conditions in

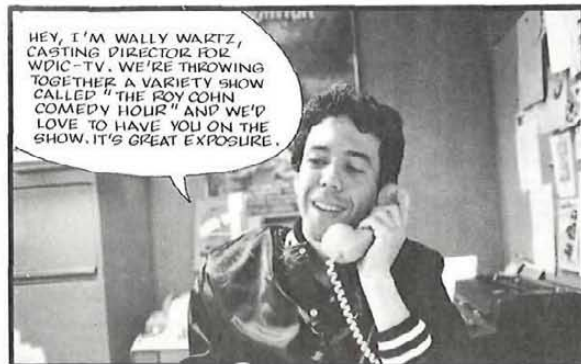
continued on page 69



"You can't believe how badly I want the part in this dog-food commercial."

Gilbert
Gottfried
Presents

A DAY OR TWO (GIVE OR TAKE A FEW HOURS) IN THE LIFE OF A COMEDIAN





WELL, THANKS, BUT ...



HEY, LOOK. THE SHOW IS TERRIFIC EXPOSURE! IT'S GONNA BE BIG. I MEAN, WHEN YOU'VE BEEN IN THE BUSINESS AS LONG AS I HAVE, YOU CAN SMELL SUCCESS. I REMEMBER WHEN I WAS CASTING FOR PEGILU WHEN "THE UNTOUCHABLES" CAME ALONG, I SAID, "THIS SHOW IS GONNA BE BIG!" PEGI ARNAZ LOOKED AT ME LIKE I WAS NUTS. BUT I KNEW! THAT'S THE FEELING I HAVE WITH THIS SHOW. I MEAN, MY THEORY IS "IF YOU SMELL GRAY, HOP ON THE TRAIN." TRUST ME, BARGE, YOU DO THIS SHOW AND AT THE END OF THE YEAR YOUR WALLET WILL BE SAYING "THANKS, GIL!"



WELL, I'M A WAITRESS, BUT I'M NOT REALLY A WAITRESS... I MEAN, I WAIT TABLES, BUT I'M REALLY AN ACTRESS. I MEAN, I ACT LIKE A WAITRESS BUT I WAIT LIKE A... WELL, Y'KNOW, I TAKE ACTING, SINGING, DANCING, FENCING, AND SCENE STUDY CLASSES. DURING THE DAY I WORK WITH AN IMPROV GROUP IN SOHO CALLED OOOZING TWATS. WE DO ALL KINDS OF IMPROVIS, LIKE "I'M A THUMB-TACK, GIVE ME AN EMOTION. I'M A NAIL FILE, GIVE ME AN OCCUPATION. I'M A NOSE HAIR, GIVE ME A DATE OF BIRTH."



AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE LINDBERGH BABY LAFF LOUNGE IS PLEAS'D TO PRESENT ... GILBERT GOTTFRIED!



HEY, FOLKS, I DON'T WANT TO SAY MY WIFE IS FAT... BECAUSE THAT WOULD HURT HER FEELINGS. I DON'T WANT TO SAY THE FOOD IN THIS JOINT IS BAD... BECAUSE SOME OF THE THINGS I'VE EATEN HERE HAVE BEEN PRETTY TASTY! I DON'T WANT TO SAY MY APARTMENT IS SMALL ...

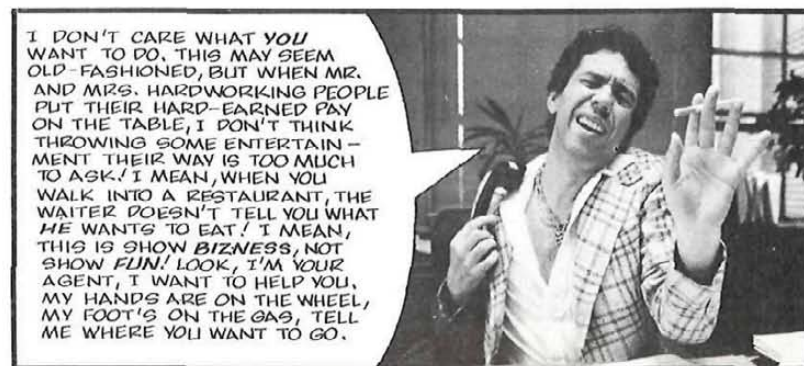


NEXT DAY AT THE AGENT'S...

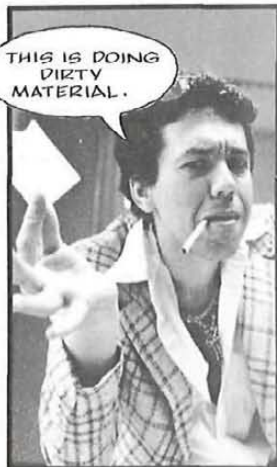
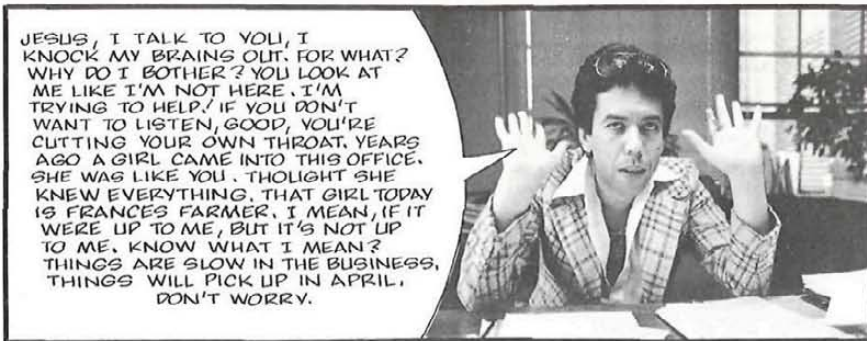
YEAH, I SAW YOU ON STAGE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING. I MEAN, "MY WIFE IS SO SMALL," "MY APARTMENT'S SO FAT" -- WHAT KIND OF AN ACT IS THAT? I MEAN, DON'T GET ME WRONG. I THINK YOU'RE TERRIFIC, KID. YOU'RE WONDERFUL, YOU'RE GREAT. Y'KNOW WHAT'S WIKING WITH YOU? YOU'RE AN ASSHOLE. IF I COULD PICK YOU UP AND SHAKE YOU, I'D JUST KNOCK SOME SENSE INTO YOU, TO DO IT.



BUT THAT'S THE KIND OF ACT I WANT TO DO.



I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU WANT TO DO. THIS MAY SEEM OLD-FASHIONED, BUT WHEN MR. AND MRS. HARDWORKING PEOPLE PUT THEIR HARD-EARNED PAY ON THE TABLE, I DON'T THINK THROWING SOME ENTERTAINMENT THEIR WAY IS TOO MUCH TO ASK. I MEAN, WHEN YOU WALK INTO A RESTAURANT, THE WAITER DOESN'T TELL YOU WHAT HE WANTS TO EAT! I MEAN, THIS IS SHOW BUSINESS, NOT SHOW FUN! LOOK, I'M YOUR AGENT, I WANT TO HELP YOU. MY HANDS ARE ON THE WHEEL, MY FOOT'S ON THE GAS, TELL ME WHERE YOU WANT TO GO.



THAT NIGHT...

SO THE PAPER CLIP SAYS TO THE KANGAROO, "TITS? I DON'T EVEN WORK HERE.!"



THIS GUY'S THE WORST!

IS THIS GUY SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY? HE'S NOT FUNNY.

YEAH, AND HE'S AN UGLY BASTARD, TOO.

I PAID A \$10 COVER FOR THIS SHIT?

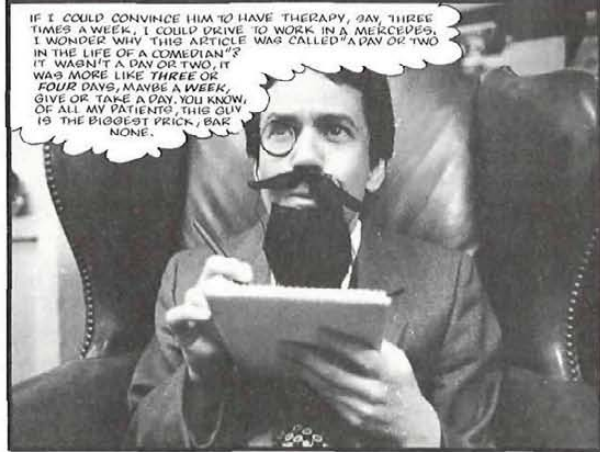
I BEEN TO THIS CLUB A FEW TIMES AND THIS GUY'S THE BIGGEST PRICK I'VE SEEN, BAR NONE.

NEXT DAY...

SO THEY ALL HAD MY FACE AND...



IF I COULD CONVINCE HIM TO HAVE THERAPY, SAY THREE TIMES A WEEK, I COULD DRIVE TO WORK IN A MERCEDES. I WONDER WHY THIS ARTICLE WAS CALLED "A DAY OR TWO IN THE LIFE OF A COMEDIAN"? IT WASN'T A DAY OR TWO, IT WAS MORE LIKE THREE OR FOUR DAYS, MAYBE A WEEK, GIVE OR TAKE A DAY. YOU KNOW, OF ALL MY PATIENTS, THIS GUY IS THE BIGGEST PRICK, BAR NONE.

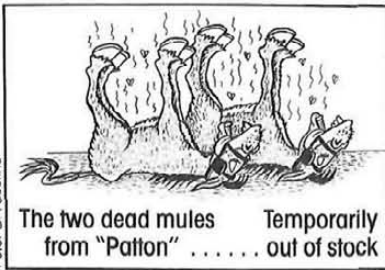


Remember when Steven Spielberg shelled out \$30,000 for the original "Rosebud" sled from Citizen Kane? And we've all heard of thousands being coughed up for Dorothy's ruby slippers from The Wizard of Oz. But here at The Dream Factory, Inc., we've got nostalgia at a price you can afford! That's right, now you've got a friend in the memory industry! Just glim this list of genuine, classic, original film memorabilia....

THE DREAM

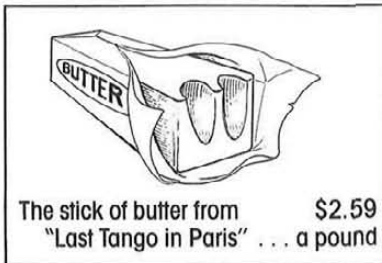
by Will Jacobs, Gerard Jones, and Jim Zook

- The glass slippers from "Cinderella Liberty" \$159.95
- The bloody dick from "In the Realm of the Senses" \$9.95
- The dogshit from "Pink Flamingos" \$99.95
- Divine's recycled dogshit from after the shooting of "Pink Flamingos" by the scoop \$199.99



The two dead mules from "Patton" Temporarily out of stock

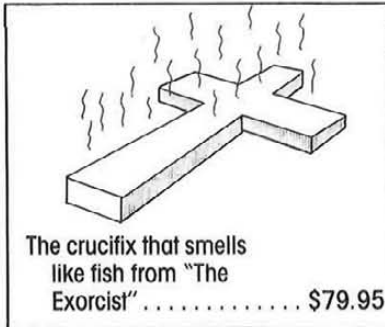
- The picnic basket from "Picnic" \$39.95
- With lunch \$49.95



The stick of butter from "Last Tango in Paris" ... a pound \$2.59

- The colored lights from "A Streetcar Named Desire" per string \$19.95

- The leeches from "The African Queen" a dozen \$19.95
(Order now! Only 380,000 left!)



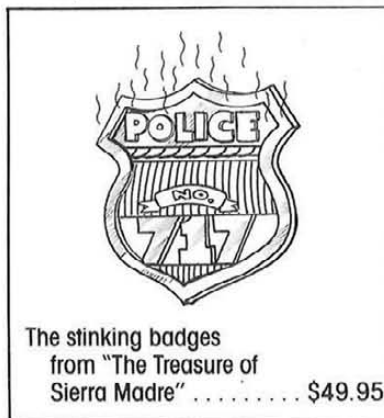
The crucifix that smells like fish from "The Exorcist" \$79.95

- The id from "Forbidden Planet" \$59.95



The shards of glass that Bergman's heroine shoved up her snatch in "Cries and Whispers" per shard \$29.95

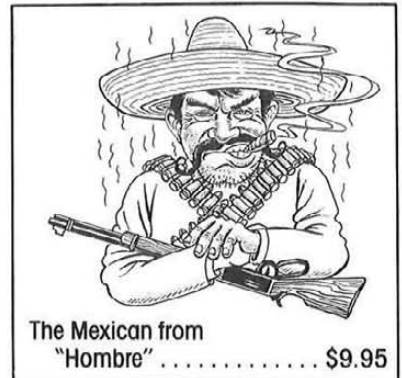
- The pin from "The Incredible Shrinking Man," with spider still impaled \$39.95



The stinking badges from "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" \$49.95

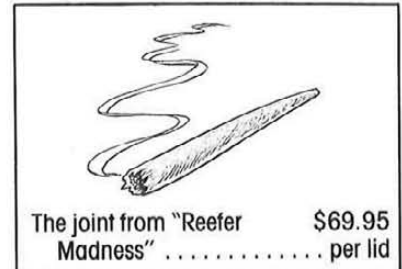
- The original boots from "They Died with Their Boots On" pair \$59.95
- One boot \$39.95

- The pork chops from "Pork Chop Hill" a pound \$2.89
- The 34th egg Paul Newman ate in "Cool Hand Luke" a dozen \$1.19
- The 247th blow from "The 400 Blows" \$19.95
- The ruby slippers from "The Pawnbroker" \$159.95



The Mexican from "Hombre" \$9.95

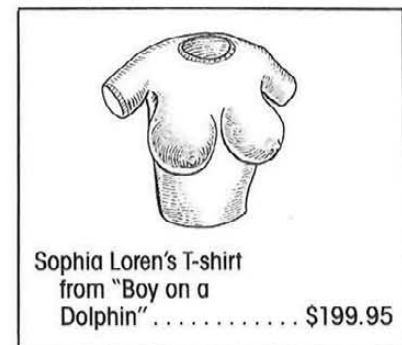
- Ratso's pot of soup from "Midnight Cowboy" ... à la carte \$19.95



The joint from "Reefer Madness" per lid \$69.95

- Jim Backus's apron from "Rebel Without a Cause" \$29.95
(Please specify color and size)

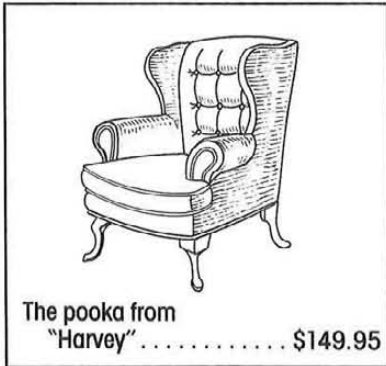
- Vic Morrow's head \$99.95



Sophia Loren's T-shirt from "Boy on a Dolphin" \$199.95

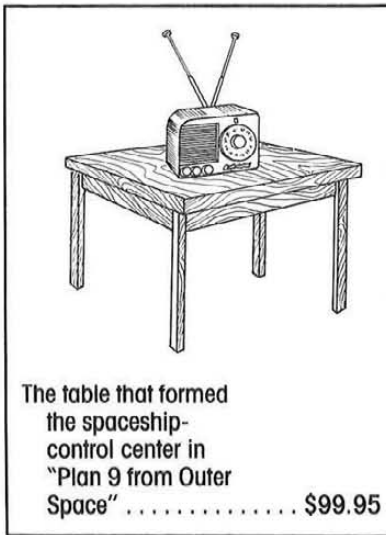
Peter D. Fasolino

FACTORY



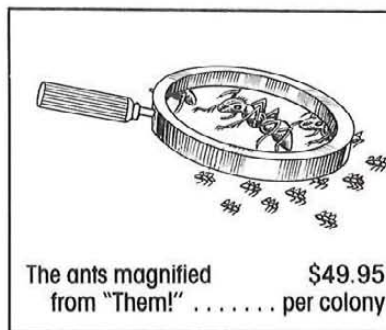
The pooka from "Harvey" \$149.95

The door from "Behind the Green Door" \$69.69
 The behind from "Behind the Green Door" \$169.69



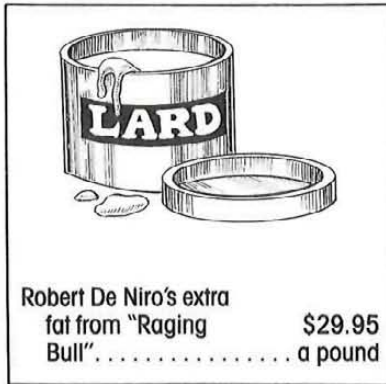
The table that formed the spaceship-control center in "Plan 9 from Outer Space" \$99.95

Marilyn Monroe's subway grating from "The Seven Year Itch" \$189.95



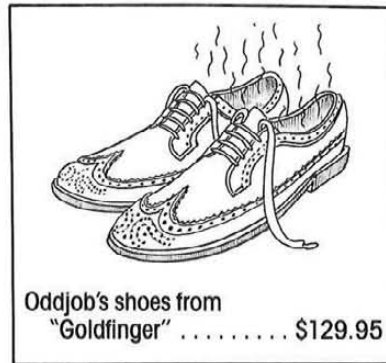
The ants magnified from "Them!" \$49.95 per colony

The check from "My Dinner with André" \$99.95
 The recipe from "Meatballs" \$39.95



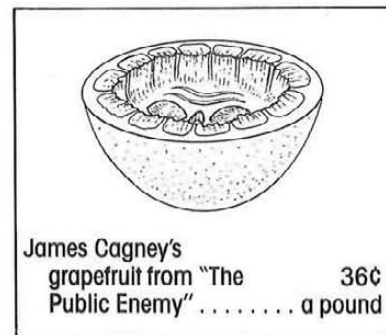
Robert De Niro's extra fat from "Raging Bull" a pound \$29.95

The spent cartridge from "Bullitt" \$49.95



Oddjob's shoes from "Goldfinger" \$129.95

The bloody sheets from "Birth of a Nation" a pair \$49.95



James Cagney's grapefruit from "The Public Enemy" a pound 36¢

The midget from "Ship of Fools" \$99.95

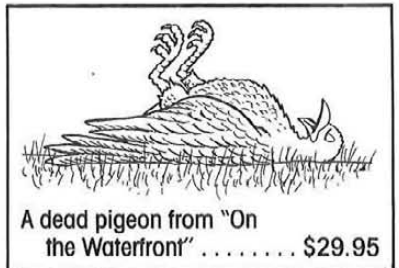
The stuff that dreams are made of from "The Maltese Falcon" per gallon \$29.95



Bucket of sand from the famous sandpit in "Invaders from Mars" \$19.95
 Bucket of sand from "Sands of Iwo Jima" \$29.95
 Bucket of sand from "Lawrence of Arabia" \$39.95
 Bucket of sand from "Woman in the Dunes" \$49.95
 Bucket of pebbles from "The Sand Pebbles" \$59.95
 Bucket of dirt from "Dirty Harry" \$69.95
 Bucket of grit from "True Grit" \$79.95

The cantaloupe from "Silent Running" a pound 88¢

A snack from "Soylent Green" \$49.95



A dead pigeon from "On the Waterfront" \$29.95

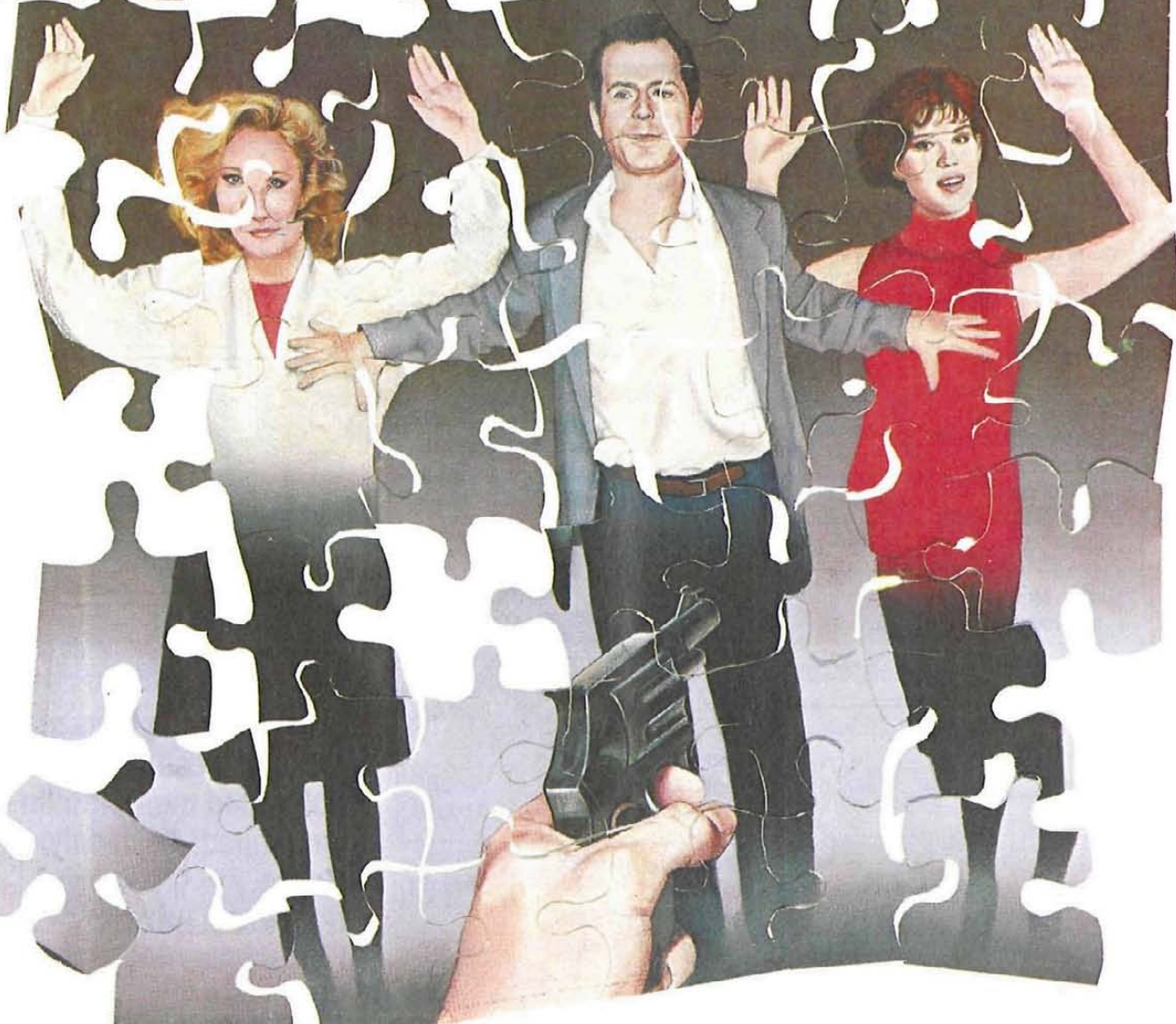
One of Mickey Mouse's white gloves \$189.95 (One size fits all 3-fingered hands)

Order now! Supplies of some of these original Hollywood memorabilia are limited! Cash only, please.

**THE DREAM FACTORY
 1995 Barnum Boulevard
 La Puta, CA 99995**

DEATH IN VENICE, CALIFORNIA

by George Barkin



They buried Rob Lowe in Harry Dean Stanton's backyard—next to Tom Cruise and directly across from Ally Sheedy. The ceremony was brief, and to those in attendance all too familiar. Harry Dean spoke a few words, and Emilio Estevez recited a passage from *Repo Man*. Then Judd Nelson sang "We Are the World" and it was over. It was the third time in as many weeks that a member of the Brat Pack had been called to heaven.

The Los Angeles County Medical Examiner determined that Lowe had died as a result of excessive fellatio received during a visit to the Hard Rock Cafe, compounded by the fact that the '57 Cadillac perched atop the roof fell on his head as he exited. After a preliminary investigation the police termed the accident "suspicious" and rounded up the entire Association of Los Angeles Film Critics for questioning. But though the film critics had plenty of motive, they were far too shrewd to bite the hands that feed them, and consequently they were released by the authorities.

Lowe's death, like Cruise's and Sheedy's, remained unsolved... and the movie industry shuddered. As for the young stars themselves, their early attitude of philosophical fatalism gave way to one of intense self-preservation. After the Cruise rebout Sean Penn had appeared on *Entertainment Tonight* and stated, "Look, it happens. Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King... Tom Cruise. It's the price we pay." But the subsequent hits on Sheedy and Lowe convinced the Pack that they were all marked for extinction, and the only way to save their lucrative three-picture deals from the likes of Ricky Schroder and Emmanuel Lewis was to take matters into their own hands.

A meeting was held around Harry Dean Stanton's pool to determine exactly what should be done. Emilio Estevez, writer, producer, director, star, and one of the six paying customers of *That Was Then, This Is Now*, was speaking. "I say we make contact with this dude and cut a deal. He gets his jollies wasting young talent, right? So we throw him Timothy Hutton and Nicolas Cage to start. And after that he gets one young actor a year. But *we* decide who it'll be. You know, like a sacrifice."

"Are you crazy?" shouted Anthony Michael Hall. "Cage is Francis Coppola's nephew!"

Emilio nodded thoughtfully. "Yeah, that's right. Okay, then let's make it Matthew Modine." A burst of applause

followed the proposed substitution, signifying the Pack's unanimous approval of Emilio's plan.

"So whaddya think, Harry Dean?" Emilio called to his friend and mentor.

The Pack regarded veteran actor Harry Dean Stanton with something approaching awe. Though he was old enough to be their father, they all felt a deep sense of communion with the man. Maybe it was his Zen-like detachment or his droll sense of humor; or maybe it was because he had bought them beer when they were underage. Whatever the reason, he was their guru.

Harry Dean slowly lifted his head from the bowl of guacamole it had been lying in and with great difficulty weaved his way over to Emilio.

"I think it stinks!" he shouted. "And I think you stink too! Bunch of little pisspots... I remember when Jack Warner offered me the role of Oingo in *Tarzan Takes Texas*... The part was smaller than a Chinaman's dick, but I took it because, because..." Harry Dean fell to the ground with a crash. He was out cold—again.

Molly Ringwald then jumped to her feet. Her films had done bigger box office than all the other Brats combined, so when she talked, they listened.

"You jerks can do whatever you want, but I'm having my mother call the *Moonlighting* show and put David and Maddie on the case. They'll catch this maniac in no time. Later, wimps." Molly stepped over Harry Dean and walked briskly over to her shiny red Corvette.

"Great idea," shouted Andrew McCarthy and Judd Nelson as with one voice.

"Yeah," added an embarrassed Emilio, "that's what we should do. Definitely." As the meeting broke up and the stars went their separate ways, Anthony Michael Hall could be seen still sitting poolside shaking his head.

"David and Maddie?" he said, baffled. "They're not *real*. That's just TV."

The next day the Blue Moon Detective Agency got a call from Molly's mother asking whether they'd be interested in tracking down the Brat Pack serial killer. As usual David was gung ho, but Maddie had some reservations.

"But we gotta take this case, Maddie," pleaded David.

"We don't 'gotta' do anything, David," Maddie shot back, mocking his improper use of the verb form. "Except brown-nose Brandon Stoddard and get good ratings. And besides, who knows, if more of those snots disappear maybe I'll start seeing movie scripts again. It's been ten years since I did *At Long Last Love*."

"Has it really been ten years since that

turkey bombed?" David snickered.

"Drop dead," Maddie snapped back.

"Did you know that your nipples get hard when you're angry?" David teased.

"Oh, David," said Maddie.

"Oh, Maddie," said David.

"Oh, David," said Maddie.

"Oh, Maddie," said David, and on they went until their secretary, Miss Di Pesto, came in and told them Molly Ringwald, Anthony Michael Hall, Emilio Estevez, and Judd Nelson were waiting outside to see them.

Well, I guess that settles it," a triumphant David said, beaming. "Nobody in this town says no to the Breakfast Club and works again. It's your choice, Maddie." Maddie let out a long sigh of resignation.

"Okay, Miss Di Pesto," she said. "Show the dipshits in."

David and Maddie spent the next couple of hours getting to know their new clients. They asked the group questions about their personal and professional lives, trying to piece together information that would reveal the identity of the psychopath who was stalking them. First off, they wanted to know who was and who was not a bona fide member of the Brat Pack; who, in other words, was still in danger.

"We're the only ones left," answered Judd Nelson.

"Hold on, Mr. Barrymore," Molly Ringwald broke in. "Aren't you forgetting Andrew and Demi?"

"Who?" asked David and Maddie in unison.

"Andrew McCarthy and Demi Moore," Molly repeated. "Like they're these really incredibly talented actors. Industry people are calling Andrew the new Tim Hutton; and Demi Moore, why, she's just... Hey, didn't you guys see *St. Elmo's Fire*?" David sensed the suspicion in Molly's voice.

"Sixteen times," he lied. "Which reminds me," he continued, cleverly changing the subject, "what about Sean Penn? Isn't he the top banana in your bunch?" At the sound of Penn's name all the Brats' eyes glazed over.

"Sean Penn is the greatest actor who ever lived and who ever will live," said Judd Nelson solemnly.

"He's an ideal we all aspire to," intoned Anthony Michael Hall.

"He's a dwceeb," Molly said flatly. "And no, he doesn't hang around with us, at least not since he married you know who."

Maddie asked the group who, in their opinion, would profit most from their deaths.

"Dustin Hoffman, Al Pacino, Jack

continued on page 58



THE GOOD OLE DAYS...ARE BACK!!!

APPOCALYPSE PYLE



Movie Star News

You loved him on the *Mayberry* reunion! But unbeknownst to viewers of that special, Gomer Pyle had served out his USMC tour in Vietnam. In this ninety-minute comedy special, Gomer is overcome by a festering outbreak of cancerous sores, which turns out to be Agent Orange poisoning. Comedy turns to pathos as the lovable Marine has war flashbacks of the My Lai massacre, where he was ordered to butcher pregnant Vietcong women with his bayonet. Now Gomer leads a wheelchair brigade of vets (featuring Larry Storch) back into Washington, D.C. for a billion-dollar civil suit against the Pentagon. Only the spirit of Sergeant Vince Carter (originally played by the late Frank Sutton), whose brave name Gomer sees engraved upon the wall of the Vietnam War Monument, can keep Pyle's bile from a boil. Don't miss it!

abc 10:00 PM 7 8 □

THE FLYING NUN 1986



Movie Star News

Oh, Sister Bertrille! Sally Field returns to her most beloved TV role, and *you like her!* This two-hour special takes us to the heart of revolutionary uprisings in today's Central America—Flying Nun country. Fernando Rey, that irrepressible Latin capitalist, is kidnapped by the Sandinistas, as civil war racks the once tranquil countryside. Sister Bertrille, now middle-aged and up for a promotion to Mother Superior, flies rescue missions between the contras and the Communists, refusing to take sides. Oh, what's a nun to do?! Madcap religious turmoil erupts when the clergy must decide which side God supports. Flying rabbis, flying ministers, flying cantors, and cameo guest appearances by Dom DeLuise as a flying monk, Burt Reynolds as a flying cardinal, and Larry Storch as the Flying Pope.

abc THURSDAY NIGHT 8PM



Movie Star News

ED SULLIVAN PRESENTS

Yes, as Fred Allen once observed, Ed Sullivan will be around as long as someone else has talent. Ladies and gentlemen, we've brought him back in computer-reprocessed color! ABC has exhumed Ed's body so today's generation can watch the greatest master of ceremonies in television history announce acts that originally appeared twenty years ago—while they perform today! Reunited this season are Alan King, Jackie Mason, Allen & Rossi, Larry Storch, Topo Gigio, the Stray Cats, and the Moiseyev Dancing Bears. Unforgettable variety entertainment!

abc 9:00PM 7 8 □

ABC, the Third Network, proudly announces its Fall Lineup of New Shows. Reunion fever is at its peak, so come ride our wave of nostalgia and have a second childhood—on us.



Where are the Ricardos thirty years later? Well, Lucy and Desi are back as a battling divorced couple! Laugh as old Ricky and Lucy squabble over residuals from third-world syndications of *I Love Lucy*. Thrill as Ricky's relatives arrive on a flotilla from Cuba, an endless procession of prostitutes, thieves, and cutthroats providing loads of ethnic sitcom laughs! Even Fred and Ethel, it turns out, were divorced just before they died! With co-stars Ray Barretto, Fidel Castro, Iris Chacon, and Larry Storch.



Movie Star News

abc 9:00PM 7

THE BRADY BUNCH LAWNMOWER MASSACRE



Eagerly awaited by fifty million Americans, tonight's reunion of the Brady family takes its cue from splatter films. In this special, guest-directed by Tobe Hooper in his television debut, the Bradys come home for Thanksgiving. Bouncing grandchildren on their knees, they exchange family reminiscences in the living room as Mr. Brady (Robert Reed) carves a turkey in the adjoining kitchen. Little do they realize it's the old family lawnmower he's activated, not the carving knife! Hack!!! Off with Greg's and Marcia's heads. Whoosh!!! Alice the maid skinned like a cat. Mr. Brady chases down the rest of the family with his Turbo-6 mower, grinding them to mincemeat, as Carol (Florence Henderson) fries 'em up in Wesson Oil. Brought to you by Black & Decker and Wessonality.

abc 7:00PM 7 8

MIKE NESMITH AND THE MONKEES



Movie Star News

Monkee Fever nostalgia peaks this year as those four lovable apes return to the TV screen that spawned them. The graying potbellied baboons are up to their old tricks in a series of video vignettes directed by Mike, the "serious Monkee." The finale features the

Monkees as singing space-shuttle astronauts who crash their rocket right into Don Kirshner's Sixth Avenue music-publishing empire, demanding residuals withheld since the 1960s. You'll go ape!

abc 7PM

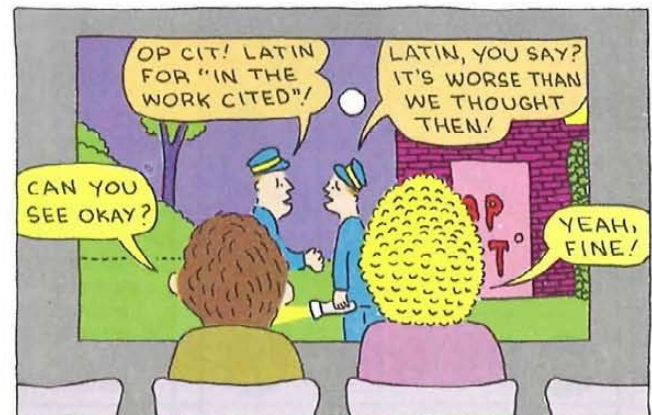
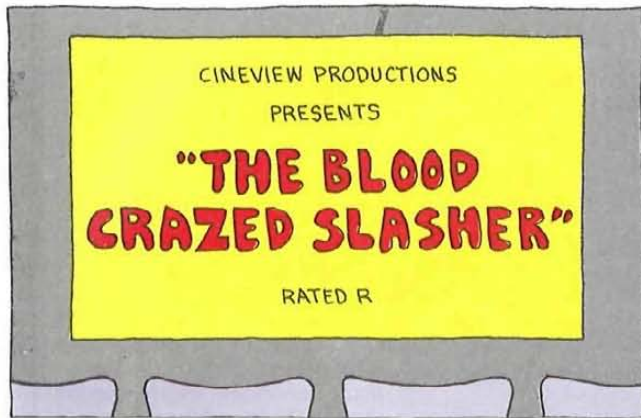
Movie Star News

BEING AT THE MOVIES COMICS!

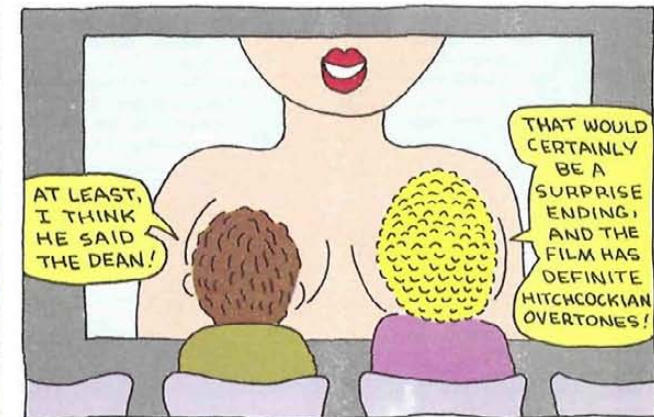
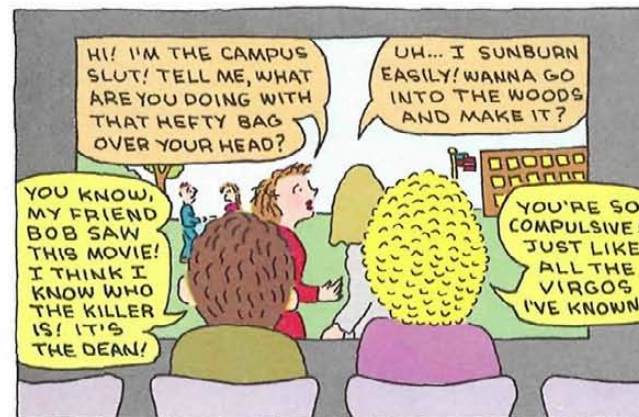
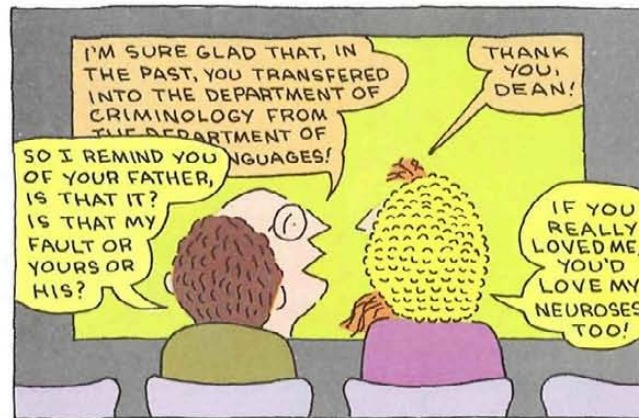
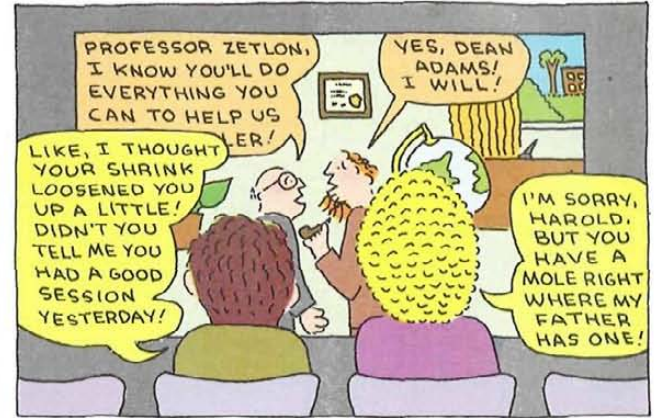
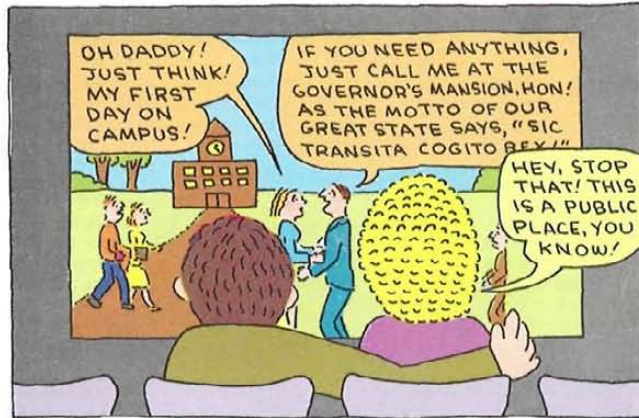
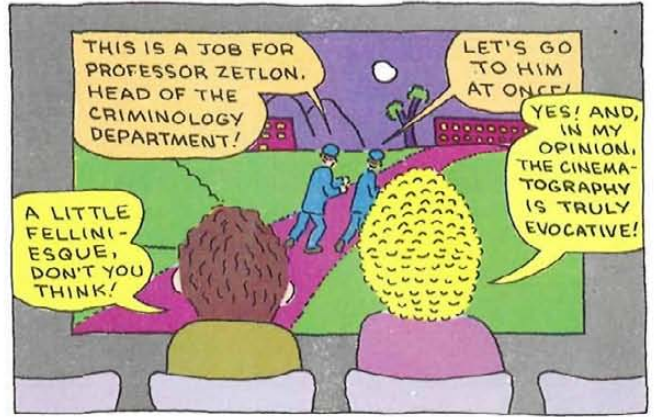
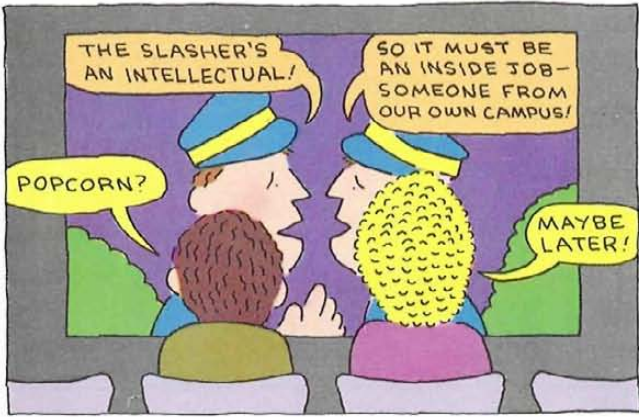
BY ED SUBITZKY

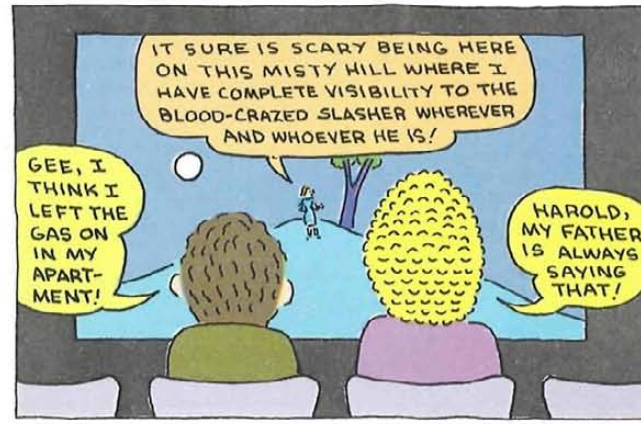
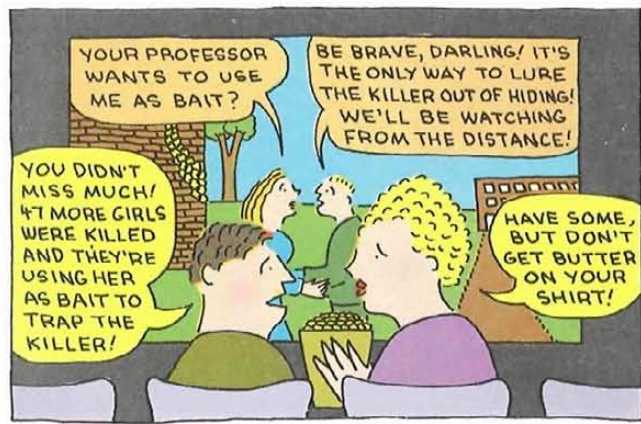
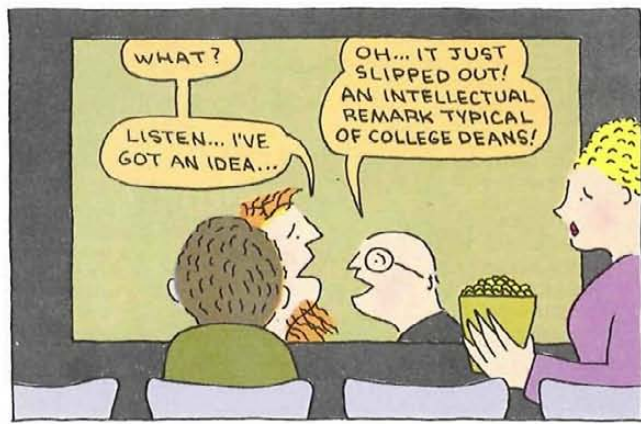
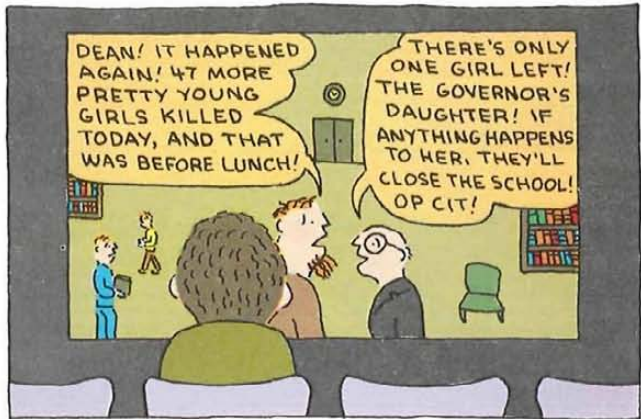
JUST LIKE A REAL EVENING OUT – COMPLETE WITH PEOPLE WHO SIT IN FRONT OF YOU SO YOU CAN'T SEE AND TALK SO YOU CAN'T HEAR!

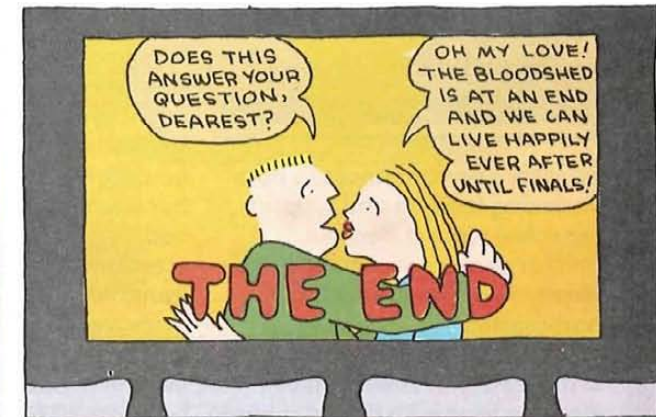
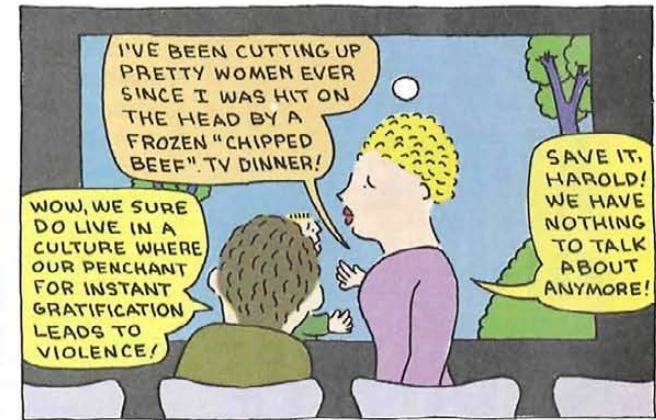
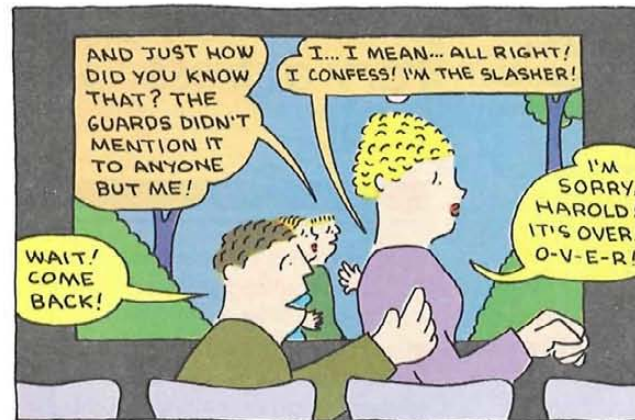
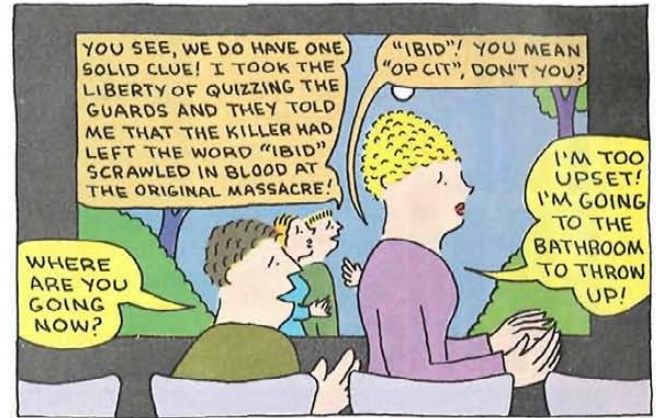
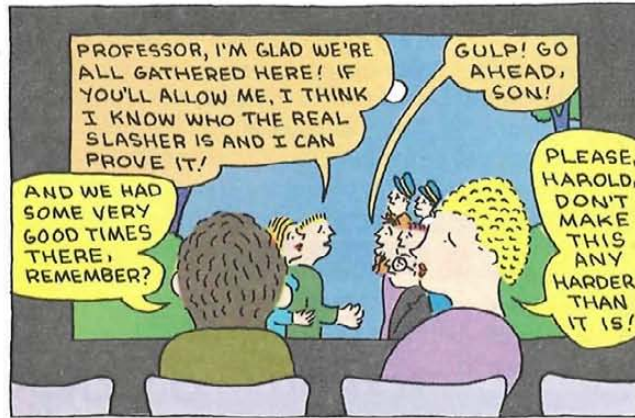
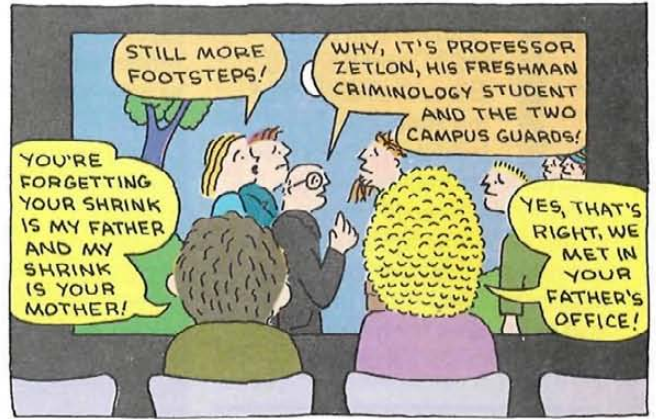
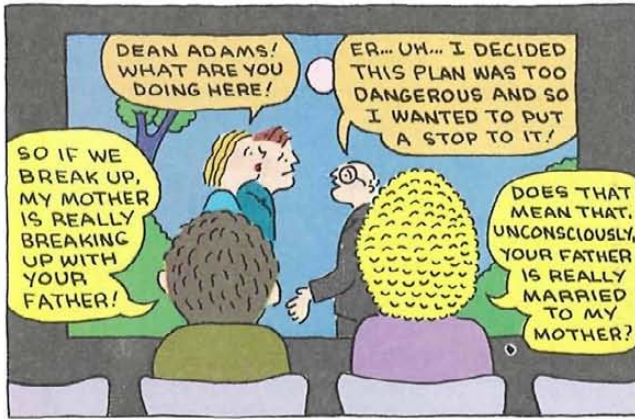
INSTRUCTIONS: SIMPLY TAKE YOUR SEAT! THE MOVIE'S ABOUT TO BEGIN!



Coloring by Ellen Fitzgerald







“It was like finding a gold mine in a haystack,” said Roger B. Gerard, president of the American Film Institute. He was referring (albeit rather clumsily) to the recently discovered film oeuvre of actress Annie Sprinkle. Indeed, her remarkable omnipresence might well have gone unnoticed had it not been for the diligence of AFI archivists. All of Ms.

THE FILMS OF ANNIE SPRINKLE

by Derek Pell

Sprinkle's performances to date (including leading and supporting roles) were edited out and/or censored from the nearly twenty-five films in which she participated.

Such a tragedy is unparalleled in the history of American cinema, for here is an actress whose

extraordinary gifts—her permeant sensibility, her abundant range, and, yes, her buoyant *esprit*—were consigned to dust on the cutting-room floor, her celluloid body nearly buried alive.

Why?

Some have hinted darkly at a conspiracy involving several well-placed Hollywood producers and directors who, it is alleged, succumbed to pressure from their thespian mistresses. Obviously these actresses feared their careers would have been overshadowed were not Sprinkle's scenes removed. Others have blamed this debacle on Ms. Sprinkle's past association with X-rated films and occasional "modeling" work for *National Lampoon*. However, it is not for us to engage in such squalid speculations. We leave that to the gossip columnists and their ilk. Our job is decidedly one of high moral purpose, i.e., to see to it that Annie Sprinkle's parts get the long overdue recognition they deserve. Furthermore, we will work to bring about the reinsertion of these memorable scenes into the films from which they were so callously cut.

It should first be pointed out that few, if any, actresses have been able to make the arduous transition from "blue movies" to respectable commercial features. Certainly it requires a unique and indomitable creativity to go from capturing the essence of a suburban housewife "gangbanged" by construction workers to portraying, say, Nun of the Above in the film *Agnes of God*. Yet Annie Sprinkle has done this. One might even venture to say that her early work in pornographic (underground) films helped hone her talents to the point of perfection, thereby nurturing a transcendent vulnerability which has translated itself into a subtle, eroticized poignancy in each and every one of her performances. In fact, not since Garbo has there been an actress whose

charismatic charms fairly sparkle from the silver screen. Yes, dear readers, Sprinkle sparkles! She casts her spell, she dazzles and jiggles, until the viewer is veritably forced to the edge of his seat, a prisoner of her image, having experienced paroxysms of psychic transformation—a quasi-Marxist revolution of the senses in which one's critical faculties are toppled in a coup d'état.

It is not so much the dialogue she recites (as yet no screenwriter has matched her innate visual eloquence) as, rather, her very *cellularity* that moves us. To witness an actress baring body and soul commands our admiration, our awe. Annie Sprinkle brings to each role her mysterious, oviparous persona and

“...filling the screen in a way no contemporary actress can.”

thus creates a complex emotional subtext regardless of the intended plot or theme. This effect on the audience can only be described as "Sprinkle-esque," and although at times it can distract us from the filmmaker's objectives, it peppers our imaginations with the implicit *possibilities* of cinematic truth.

By way of example let us briefly explore her performance in *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*.

In the original uncut version, Annie portrays a pitiful bag lady on Rodeo Drive, an outcast struggling to survive amid the glitter and decadence of a surreal community (the very community that excludes her in real life!). Childless, topless, she is



essentially reduced to that state of "lessness" common to the characters of Samuel Beckett. It is as if her character's wanderings along the immaculate streets are a cry for spiritual salvation. She encounters a merciful Godot (Nick Nolte), and together they share one fleeting moment of mammiferous foreplay in a stranger's swimming pool. This touching scene needs no dialogue, no special effects. It works simply because Annie Sprinkle is in it, filling the screen in a way no contemporary actress can. Finally, at the point where Nolte is consumed by her presence (he nearly drowns in the waves), Annie becomes both destroyer and savior, a human life raft bobbing voluptuously in the cruel sea of life. Her ripeness is all, as D. H. Lawrence would have said had he viewed this scene, for she embodies the richness of spiritual rebirth in contrast to an empty capitalist society on the skids.

BACK TO THE FUTURE (Original title: *Cupbusters*) This sci-fi comedy's special effects were vastly overshadowed when Annie, transported back to her junior high school, struggled to put on her old training bra.



DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS Annie's poignant portrayal of a bag lady on Rodeo Drive was riveting. When she's onscreen you can't look at anybody else.

All photos by Syndicated United International Firm Archives

Consequently, by removing this sequence from the final cut, director Paul Mazursky successfully castrated his theme and left us with simply another lukewarm Hollywood comedy.

An actress like Annie Sprinkle comes to us only once in a lifetime, offering a spectrum of creative forces that could easily raise the level of Hollywood's tarnished, unimaginative product. To keep her out of American movies is both a crime and a sin. We look now to those responsible and demand they come forward and repent.

Free Annie Sprinkle!



THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY A heavenly body (Annie) descends on an unsuspecting South African village and is mistaken for a mountain range.



HANNAH AND HER SISTERS In another challenging role, Annie portrays Mia Farrow's two sisters. Sibling rivalry soon results in this passionate mud-wrestling scene.

THE COLOR PURPLE (Original title: *Hoots*) In perhaps the most demanding role of her career, Annie played a black Southern farmhand. Director Steven Spielberg claims that her character was ultimately cut from the movie due to a shortage of makeup.





WITNESS Annie goes undercover and infiltrates a Quaker village in search of a voyeur—only to find that the entire population is composed of Peeping Toms.



THE MONEY PIT The house comes tumbling down when Shelley Long and Tom Hanks hire a new French maid (Annie).

COMMERCIAL POTENTIAL

by
Shary Flenniken

I CAN'T PACK NIBLETS FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE, BEN.

I'M GOING TO THE CITY TO BECOME A STAR.



I'LL WAIT FOR YOU, JENNIFER.

I'LL BE FAITHFUL TO YOU, BEN.

I was faithful to Ben... in my own way. But I knew that to become a famous actress, you had to have a lot of contacts. On this business, it's who you know. I knew I was going to do well. The city was full of producers.



EXCUSE ME, BUT I'M A PRODUCER AND I HAPPEN TO BE CASTING A MAJOR MUSICAL.



I'LL CALL YOU WHEN WE START AUDITIONS.



I WROTE THIS SCRIPT, SEE?... REDFORD'S INTERESTED, BUT STEEP'S NOT AVAILABLE, SO THE PART'S OPEN.

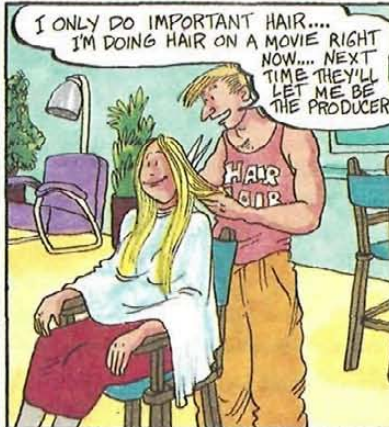
SMOKE ANYTHING YOU WANT

PLEASE DO NOT FORGET YOUR BELONGINGS.

DRIVER IS NOT PERMITTED TO CHANGE OVER 10¢



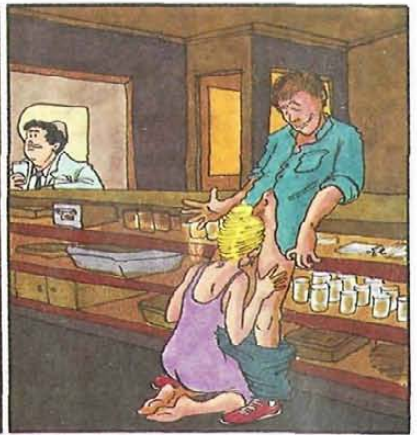
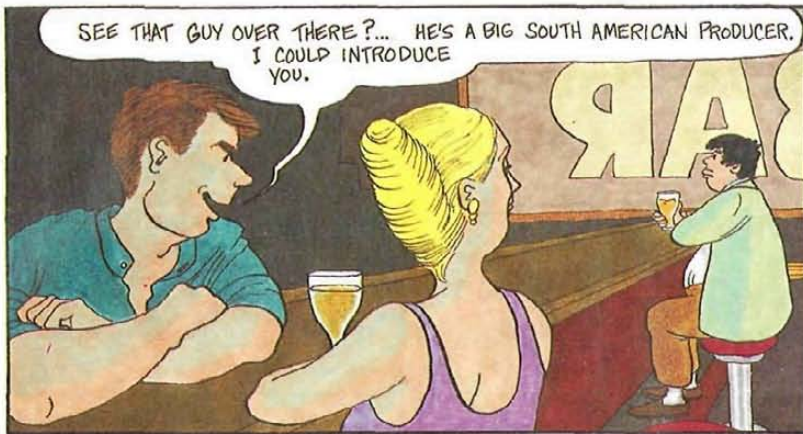
YOU'RE PERFECT FOR THE PART. I'LL CALL YOU AS SOON AS THE DEAL'S SET.



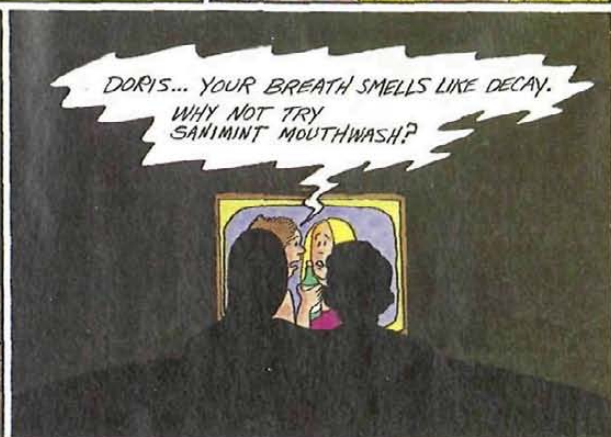
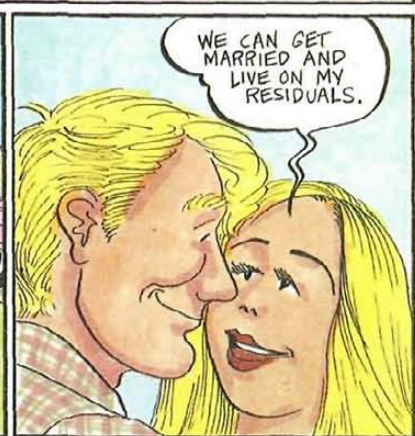
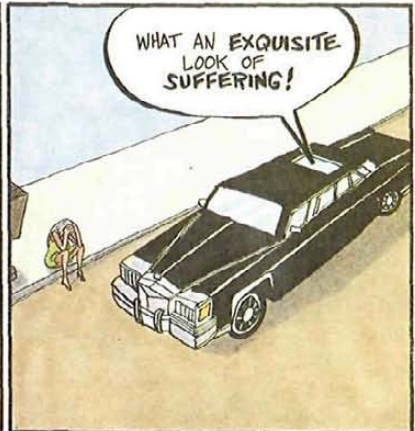
I ONLY DO IMPORTANT HAIR... I'M DOING HAIR ON A MOVIE RIGHT NOW... NEXT TIME THEY'LL LET ME BE THE PRODUCER.

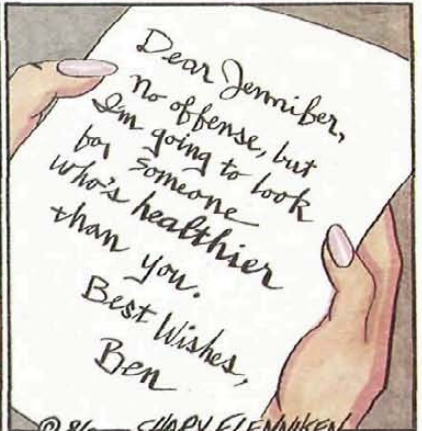
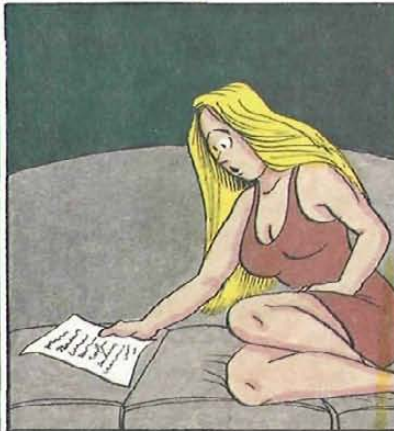
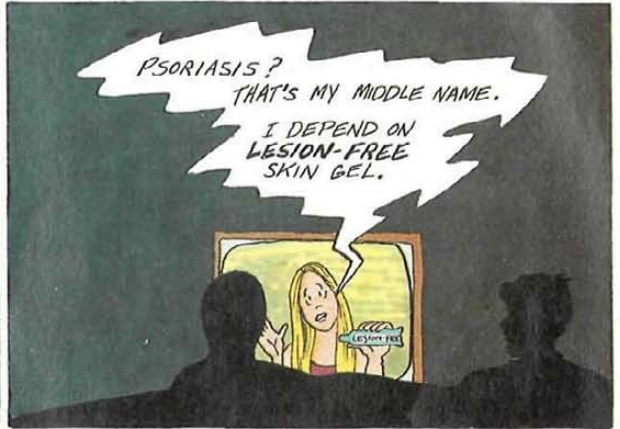


I'LL CALL YOU. I'LL CALL YOU. I'LL CALL YOU.



I knew that any day now, my connections would pay off... I'd get that important call.





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James Bennett

THE DINNER

A Play in One, Last Act

by John Weidman

The Time: The first and last day of World War III. The End of Life on Earth As We Have Come to Know It. Armageddon.

The Setting: A cramped, claustrophobic space, dank and dimly lit. The walls are vague and ill-defined, covered with odd patches of glistening ooze and pulsing bumps. The atmosphere is steamy; an acrid haze hangs in the air. *We are inside Ronald Reagan's asshole.* Stage left is the entrance to his upper colon. Stage right is his anus.

As the curtain rises, the walls are shaking and the air is filled with the muffled sounds of huge explosions. The room is a beehive of furious activity.

GEORGE SHULTZ, the secretary of state, is perched on a ladder, stage left, trying frantically to shore the ceiling up with odd bits of planking.

CASPAR WEINBERGER, the secretary of defense, sits at a small desk downstage surrounded by a tangled array of telephones, "hot lines," and

radio receivers. He wears a headset, listens intently, and desperately spins dials on the radio set.

RONALD REAGAN, the president of the United States, sits in an easy chair, stage right, opening his mail and occasionally glancing at a highlights film of Super Bowl XIV which plays on a TV in the corner.

As the lights come up, there is a tremendous explosion. The room rocks, and a slab of semi-digested jelly beans falls off the ceiling and knocks Shultz off his ladder. On the TV screen, Lynn Swann leaps for a pass, grabs it, then drops it as he's upended by a Rams defender.

SHULTZ:
Shit!

WEINBERGER:
Christ, that was close!

REAGAN:
(*chuckling*) They can jump like monkeys, but they hate to get hit.

SHULTZ:

I thought Star Wars was supposed to knock those bastards out!

WEINBERGER:

It was. It *will*. The boys at General Dynamics have a few more kinks to iron out, then— (*reacting to his headset*) Incoming! Get down! *Get down!*

(*SHULTZ and WEINBERGER jump for cover as another enormous explosion rocks the room. REAGAN frowns and adjusts the vertical hold on the TV.*)

SHULTZ:

What the hell was *that*?!

WEINBERGER:

Judging by the impact, I'd say it was an SS-20, Malenkov class, launched from Vladivostok.

SHULTZ:

I thought they offered to dismantle those.

WEINBERGER:

They offered, but we turned them down. Cheap Commie trick.

(Another thundering explosion. Sparks shoot from the TV and the picture tube blows up. REAGAN smiles.)

REAGAN:

Must be halftime.... So! How're we doing?

WEINBERGER:

Mr. President, the tide of battle has begun to turn our way. The forces of international communism are in disarray. It's true, of course, that every American city larger than St. Augustine has been destroyed. It's true that France and Britain are no more. It's true our gallant allies in Japan have sunk beneath the waves. It's true—

REAGAN:

How 'bout Qaddafi—did we get him yet?

WEINBERGER:

(smugly) The line of death now runs right through his bathtub, sir.

REAGAN:

And the Sandinistas?

WEINBERGER:

Gone. Completely wiped out.

REAGAN:

(triumphantly) Wait till Tip O'Neill hears *that!* Say, can I get a call through to the contras? Do they have a locker room?

WEINBERGER:

I'm afraid that they've been wiped out too.

REAGAN:

No!

WEINBERGER:

Yes. Apparently we overshot Havana with our first wave of Minutemen.

REAGAN:

What did we hit?

WEINBERGER:

A little bit of everything.

SHULTZ:

Iowa now shares a common border with Brazil.

REAGAN:

(thoughtfully) That puts Brazil in the Big Ten. I wonder—

(WEINBERGER's radio begins to buzz and click.)

WEINBERGER:

Hang on, there's something coming through! (He listens intently, then pounds the desk triumphantly.) We've done it! We've stripped them bare! The last flight of Soviet ICBMs has been knocked out! The bastards are defenseless!

SHULTZ:

Now *that's* what I call disarmament!

(WEINBERGER rises and holds out a box with a big red button on it.)

WEINBERGER:

Mr. President, you stand at this moment on the very threshold of the future. With one bold stroke you have it in your power to eradicate forever the pernicious threat of Marxist tyranny and Soviet expansionism. By pressing this button, you can unleash one last barrage of Titan missiles, which will destroy the Soviet Union now and forever more.

(A momentous pause.)

REAGAN:

What does "pernicious" mean?

WEINBERGER:

Just push the button, sir.

(REAGAN reaches for it.)

SHULTZ:

Wait! I've got a better idea! They don't have any missiles left? Let's sell them some of ours! (WEINBERGER looks at him as though he's lost his mind.) Don't you see? They're desperate! We can charge them anything we want!

(REAGAN beams and shakes his head with admiration. WEINBERGER pumps SHULTZ's hand.)

WEINBERGER:

You can take the boy out of Bechtel, but you can't take the Bechtel out of the boy!

(They laugh, embrace, and crack open a bottle of Old Grand-Dad. They are passing it around, sucking down enormous slugs of bourbon, when the "hot line" phone rings. WEINBERGER answers it.)

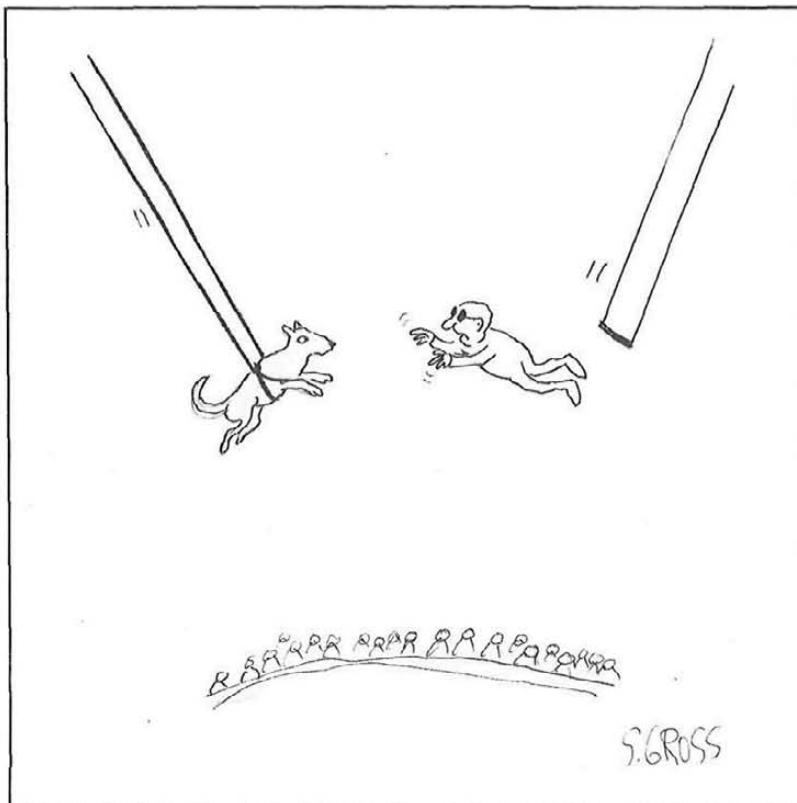
WEINBERGER:

Boom Boom Room! This is your Cap speaking.... Oh, hiya, George! (to REAGAN and SHULTZ) It's Bush. (back into the phone) Where are you, pal? I can hardly hear you... Oh, yeah? Hey, that's great! (to REAGAN and SHULTZ again) He's in Saudi Arabia. He says the sheikhs are shitting bricks, they'll cut back production, increase production, they'll stabilize oil prices anywhere we want 'em, just stop the goddamn bombs.

(REAGAN chuckles, SHULTZ whoops with glee and grabs the phone.)

SHULTZ:

(into the phone) George? This is Shultz. Yeah. Tell 'em we gotta think it over. Tell



'em we're gonna put a bunch of dish towels on our heads and eat a bowl of camel shit with our bare hands while we discuss it. Tell 'em— (*Through the receiver comes the sound of a distant, muffled "boom."* **SHULTZ** winces and holds the phone away from his ear, then speaks back into the receiver.) George? ...George, are you there? ...Hello? (*He turns solemnly to WEINBERGER and REAGAN*) Gentlemen, the vice president is dead.

REAGAN:
Does that mean I'm president?

WEINBERGER:
(*shaking his head with awe*) Incredible. Saudi Arabia is gone. The greatest oil-producing nation in the world is no more.

REAGAN:
(*buckling again*) Well now, I guess that makes us number one.

(*They all consider this, then...*)

WEINBERGER:
Christ, the price of Texaco is going to go through the roof! (*He lunges for the "hot line" and barks into the phone*) Quick! Get me Merrill Lynch!

SHULTZ:
(*grabs at the receiver*) Gimme that! Hello, Lehman Brothers?!

REAGAN:
How 'bout me?!

(*REAGAN pulls the phone away from WEINBERGER, who grabs it back. SHULTZ shoves him away and the three men fall to the floor, struggling for the phone, punching and kicking in a Dagwood Bumstead-style fight. The men shout and snarl, then offstage right, from REAGAN's lower colon, comes a rhythmic, thumping thud. The sound grows louder. The walls begin to pulse. The men stop fighting and cock their ears.*)

SHULTZ:
What's that?

REAGAN:
Sounds like it's coming from my lower colon.

(*The sound grows louder, as if it—whatever "it" is—were coming closer. WEINBERGER crawls over and peers into the murky tunnel.*)

SHULTZ:
Can you see anything?

WEINBERGER:
I can't...It's too dark, it...Oh, my God!

SHULTZ:
What is it? (*peers over WEINBERGER's shoulder*) My God, it's horrible!

WEINBERGER:
The stench!

SHULTZ:
It's grotesque!

REAGAN:
Nancy, is that you? (*He crawls over next to them and takes a look. He frowns, then beams.*) My tumor... It's my tumor!

WEINBERGER:
It must have been irradiated by the bombs! It's glowing!

REAGAN:
Look at the size of it.

SHULTZ:
It's getting bigger!

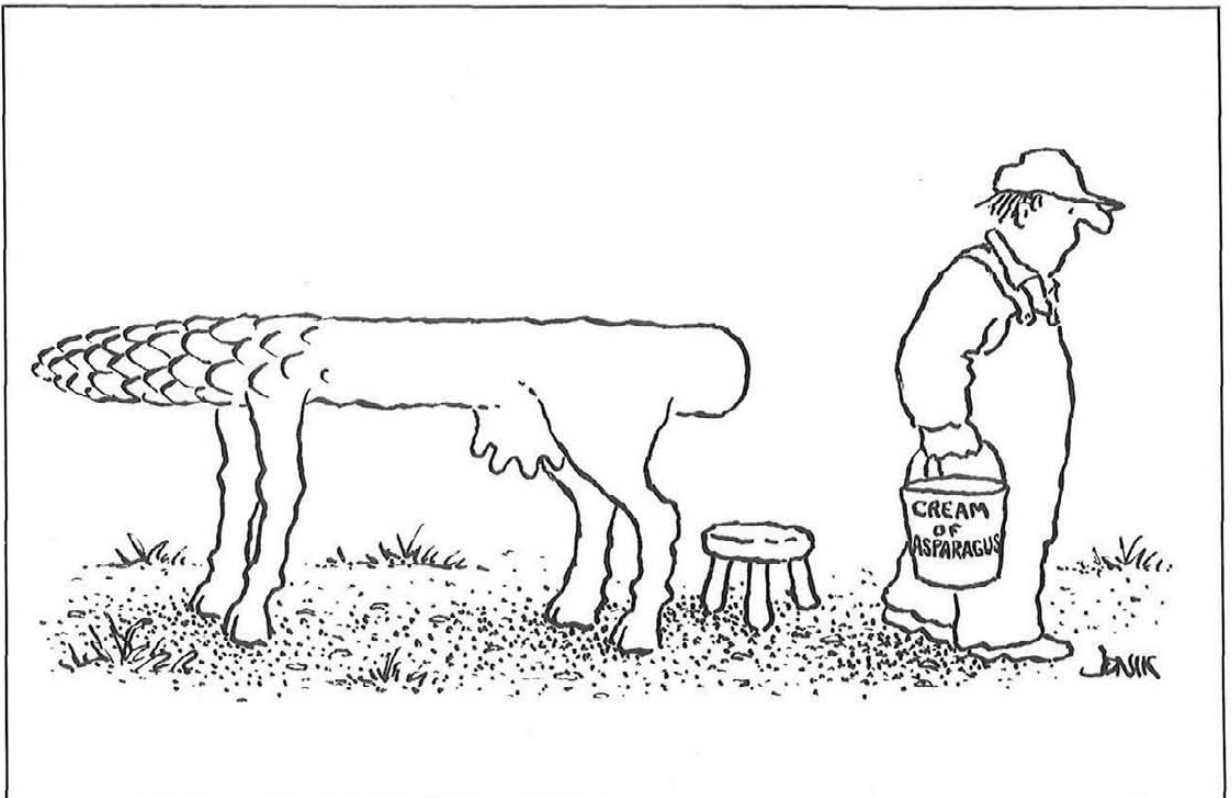
WEINBERGER:
And it's coming toward us! It's alive!

SHULTZ:
No! No!

(*The pulsing sound becomes deafening; the walls begin to buckle inward; an orange glow shines from the tunnel.*)

REAGAN, WEINBERGER and SHULTZ:
Aarrgghh!!!

BLACKOUT



GONIF FILMS PRESENTS

Just when you thought it was safe to go back into the synagogue...

Holocaust II

They said "never again," but they spoke too soon. It's 1990 in the United States—California has fallen off the continent, America is receiving surplus food from Ethiopia, every apartment building in the country has gone either co-op or condo. Guess who takes the blame? The Jews! The burning impact of this Dolby Stereo action-adventure will grab you by the shirt and toss you into a work camp! Featuring an equal-opportunity all-star cast: Billy Dee Williams as President Louis Farrakhan, Omar Sharif as Vice President Yasir Arafat, Jackie Gleason as Ariel Sharon, and Judd Hirsch as Israeli Prime Minister Meir Kahane. Special guest appearance: the late Bela Lugosi as the late Dr. Josef Mengele.



Produced by Yoram Gonif and Menahem Gonif Directed by Menahem Gonif

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| Accountant on the Roof | Zero Mostel | Menahem Gonif |
| Meet Me in Minsk | Danny Kaye, Judy Holliday..... | Menahem Gonif |
| Market Terms of Endearment..... | Debra Winger | Menahem Gonif |
| The Rabbi and the Snowman | Judd Hirsch, Steve Rubell | Menahem Gonif |
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| Eichmann in Brighton Beach..... | Werner Klemperer | Menahem Gonif |
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| Moses III..... | Gabe Kaplan..... | Menahem Gonif |
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| Educating Yetta | Barbra Streisand | Menahem Gonif |
| Desperately Seeking Simcha | Carol Kane | Menahem Gonif |
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| The Man with Two Businesses | Steve Martin | Menahem Gonif |
| The Day of the Retailer | Jack Gilford | Menahem Gonif |
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| Berlin Alexanderputz | Peter Lorre..... | Menahem Gonif |
| Long Day's Journey into Great Neck | Valerie Harper | Menahem Gonif |
| Waiting for Shabbat | Bert Lahr..... | Menahem Gonif |
| Hannah and Her Zionists | Woody Allen..... | Menahem Gonif |
| Out of Poland | Meryl Streep | Menahem Gonif |
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| The Falasha Queen | Sammy Davis, Jr. | Menahem Gonif |
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| The Schmaltz Singer | Neil Diamond | Menahem Gonif |
| Beverly Hills JAP | Bette Midler | Menahem Gonif |

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|---|--------------------------------------|------------------|
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| Yiddische Gigolo | David Steinberg | Menahem Gonif |
| The Schwartz Stallion .. | Sammy Davis, Jr. | Menahem Gonif |
| Angels with Dirty Punims | Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall .. | Menahem Gonif |
| Fast Times at I.B. Singer High | The Three Stooges | Menahem Gonif |
| The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Hyman Abramowitz, D.D.S..... | Myron Cohen | Menahem Gonif |
| Bagels and Bullets | Edward G. Robinson .. | Menahem Gonif |
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| Altered Shtetls..... | Howard Hesseman | Menahem Gonif |
| Best Little Egg Cream in Texas | Lee Strasberg | Menahem Gonif |
| Nazibusters | Bill Murray..... | Menahem Gonif |
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| Death Kvetch | Charles Bronson | Menahem Gonif |
| Death Kvetch II..... | Charles Bronson..... | Menahem Gonif |
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| Tinker, Tailor, Schleppe, Hassidic Rabbi | Danny Kaye | Menahem Gonif |
| We Bombed in Beirut .. | Jerry Orbach | Menahem Gonif |
| Tootsie Meets Anatoly Shecharansky | Dustin Hoffman | Menahem Gonif |
| One-Shtick Pony | Paul Simon..... | Menahem Gonif |
| One-Eyed Jacks | Peter Falk, Sammy Davis, Jr. | Menahem Gonif |
| Ugly Girl | Barbra Streisand | Menahem Gonif |
| A Guy, a Girl, and a Death Camp | Amy Irving, Robert Urich | Steven Spielberg |
| Playing for Palestine .. | Vanessa Redgrave | Menahem Gonif |
| Katz: The Musical | Madeline Kahn | Menahem Gonif |
| On Friday the Rabbi Ate Pork | Roy Scheider | Menahem Gonif |
| Next Stop, Seventh Avenue | Richard Dreyfuss | Menahem Gonif |
| The Scarlet Pumpernickel..... | Red Buttons | Menahem Gonif |
| The Simon Wiesenthal Story | F. Murray Abraham | Menahem Gonif |
| Cocktail Party at Entebbe | Charles Bronson..... | Menahem Gonif |

DEATH IN VENICE

continued from page 37

Nicholson—take your pick,” Judd matter-of-factly replied. “My agent told me that all three would have killed for my part in *St. Elmo’s*.”

Yeah,” chimed in Emilio. “And mine told me that the studio wouldn’t even let Nicholson read for my role in *The Breakfast Club* because they thought I was so perfect. Jack must have been plenty pissed.” The young auteur thought for a moment and then continued, “I guess in a way you can’t blame them for wanting to take revenge. I mean, we’re taking their parts, their bucks, their fame, and plus, we’re much better actors than they are.”

“Uh, sure,” said Maddie as she shot David a cross-eyed look.

“What about the critics?” said David, picking up the ball. “How do they feel about you guys?”

“Oh, they hate us,” replied Anthony Michael Hall. “I bet they all would like to see us dead.”

“Especially Rex Reed,” giggled Molly Ringwald.

“Why’s that?”

“Well, last year he was doing a story on the ‘new Hollywood’ and asked if he could hang out with us. We met at the Hard Rock, did some drinking, and...”

“And?” prodded David and Maddie.

“And when Tom Cruise asked him what he’d like to do next he stood up and said so everybody could hear, ‘I want to eat Rob Lowe’s B.V.D.’s.”

“Gross,” groaned Molly.

“Anyway, we were laughing and he got totally embarrassed and swore he’d get even with us. He’s been panning our films ever since.”

Their interview with the young stars yielded David and Maddie few leads.

Like the police, they too were stumped. They were about to pay a routine visit to the late Ally Sheedy’s nutritionist when the phone rang. David picked it up. The voice on the other end was tense, and there was the sound of babies crying in the background.

Anthony Michael Hall sleeps with the fishes. Stay off this case, Addison, or the same will happen to you and Miss Hayes.... Jimmy, put down that tripod!” The phone clicked and the line went dead. David hung up the receiver, his face betraying concern.

“Anything wrong?” asked Maddie.

“Plenty. Ronald Reagan’s the president and I have an ugly little sore on my weenie. C’mon, we better hurry.”

The two detectives raced down to the garage, humped in their car, and were at Anthony Michael Hall’s house in under fifteen minutes. On the ride over David filled Maddie in about the mysterious phone call and made his usual sexy double entendres, which, truth to tell, nearly always made her wet. When they knocked at Anthony Michael’s door his mother answered and told them her son wasn’t home. He’d gone to the orthodontist to get his bite plate adjusted.

The orthodontist was located in a large building in downtown L.A. When David and Maddie arrived they found the office closed. David withdrew a strip of celluloid from his coat pocket, picked the lock, and they both slipped inside. Everything appeared to be normal, with no sign of foul play. The two detectives snooped around the waiting room a bit and, satisfied that Anthony Michael had not been there, were about to leave when they heard a low, agonized moan. They followed the sound to a back office, upon whose door was a small plaque that read “Oral Surgery.”

David gave the door a gentle push, and it slowly swung open.

Anthony Michael was lying in the operating chair. A mask connected by a tube to a nine-foot tank of nitrous oxide was covering his nose and mouth. The loud *whoosh* coming from the giant green tank made it obvious he was being fed gas at a deadly rate. Maddie rushed over and yanked the mask off Anthony Michael’s face. His mouth dropped open and Maddie let out a scream.

“Oh, my God! They’ve pulled out all his teeth!”

Later that night at the Blue Moon office the remaining Brats were briefed on the day’s grim events.

“At this point the doctors aren’t making any promises,” David reported. “Your friend sucked up enough gas to fill the *Hindenburg*. But even if he does pull through he won’t be able to act again—at least not with any teeth in his mouth.”

“It’s his gums,” added Maddie.

“Whoever pulled out his teeth was certainly no dentist. His gums have been badly damaged and won’t be capable of holding a set of false teeth for at least twenty years.”

“So where does that leave us?” demanded an angry Judd Nelson, his nostrils flaring to three times their normal size. It had been remarked by more than one Hollywood insider that young Nelson relied solely upon his nostrils to register emotions on film, and Judd himself had admitted the fact in an interview with *Rolling Stone*. “Sure I act with my nostrils,” he told the magazine. “But so do Bob De Niro, Dustin Hoffman, and Sean Penn.”

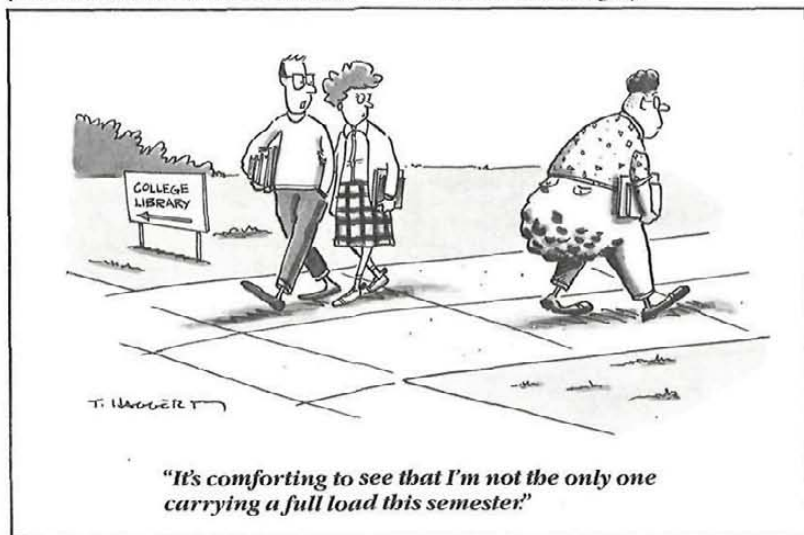
“But you act *only* with your nostrils, Judd,” the interviewer replied. Any other young actor would have had the reporter thrown out or worse. But Judd Nelson just flared his nostrils and waited for the next question.

David’s eyes wandered around the room and settled on Molly Ringwald. Only eighteen years old, and she was already a bigger name than he’d ever be. She sure didn’t look like a hotshot movie star now, though. Not at all like someone who had her own production company, got one million per film plus points and cast approval. Now she looked like what she was—a little kid, confused, alone, and very scared. David thought she deserved to be scared some more.

“Molly,” he said darkly, walking over to where she was sitting. “Molly, when the murderer called me this morning he also said that you’d be... next!” Molly bolted from her seat, ran to the bathroom, and began throwing up.

“Just kidding, Molly,” David called out

continued on page 64





FUNNY PAGES



DOTTED LINE COMICS THE GREAT DILDO

OK, FOLKS, HERE'S OUR SECOND TRY AT WORKING OUT A GREAT COMIC STRIP FOR YOU. AND THANKS A LOT FOR YOUR PATIENCE!

YESAH, FOLKSA, LADIESAH ANAH, AH, GENTLEMENSAH--I, THE GREATAH DILDO, WILLAH BE SHUTAH UP IN THIS CEMENTAH MIXER -- HANDCUFFEDAH BY MYAH LOVELY ASSISTANTAH-- MELBA-AH!



JEEZ, DON'T THE POOR SIMP KNOW WHAT DILDO MEANS?!

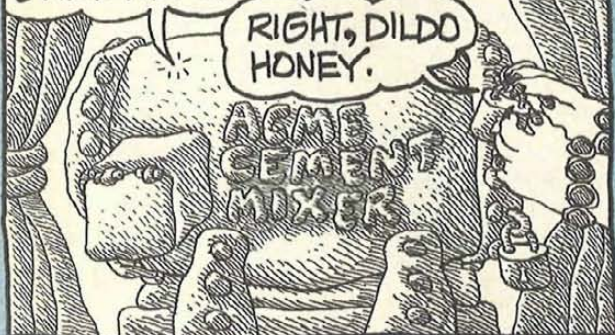
AUDIENCE

I DON'T THINK HIS ENGLISH IS SO GOOD.

LOCKAH ME IN GOODAH, MELBA-AH, SWEETIEAH

RIGHT, DILDO HONEY.

ASME CEMENT MIXER



ARRRRRRAY!!
CHUGAH CRUNCHAH
CHUGAH CRUNCHAH
SO WHAT NOW? IS HE SUPPOSED TO ESCAPE OR WHAT?
WHO KNOWS? SAY, HOW ABOUT A CHINESE DINNER?

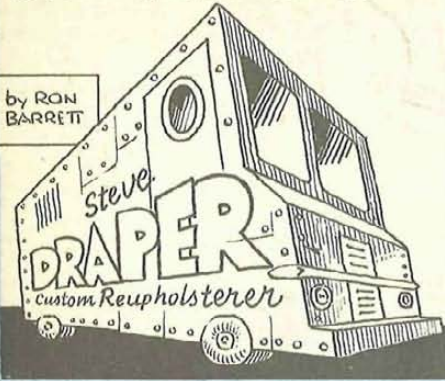
AUDIENCE

NNNNNN...
CHOMPAH GRINDAH
CHOMPAH GRINDAH
CHOMPAH GRINDAH
GREAT IDEA!
LET'S GO!
AUDIENCE

Chom Wilson
WELL, FOLKS, IT LOOKS LIKE WE STRUCK OUT AGAIN. BUT WE'LL KEEP AT IT, AND IT WON'T BE ANY TIME AT ALL BEFORE WE HAVE A SWELL STRIP FOR YOU! IN THE MEAN TIME-- THANKS FOR THE LETTERS AND SUGGESTIONS. IT HELPS!!

STEVE'S TRUCK HAS EXCELLENT MEETING AND BANQUET FACILITIES...

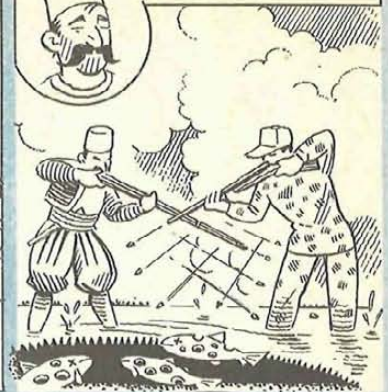
by RON BARRETT



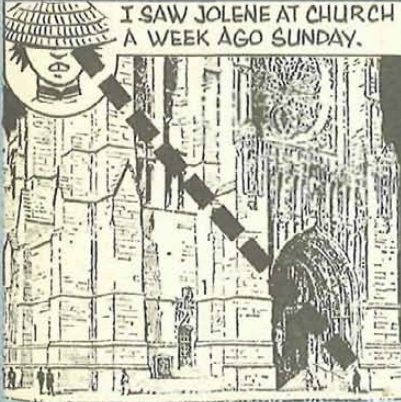
AND IT IS THERE THAT STEVE MEETS WITH PEOPLE OF MANY LANDS FOR GOOD TALK AND GOOD FOOD.



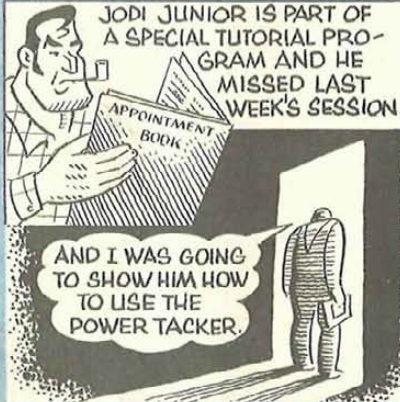
LAST YEAR, I GOT FISH WITH JODI.



I SAW JOLENE AT CHURCH A WEEK AGO SUNDAY.



JODI JUNIOR IS PART OF A SPECIAL TUTORIAL PROGRAM AND HE MISSED LAST WEEK'S SESSION.



I'VE GOT A HUNCH SOMETHING'S WRONG! I'M HEADING DOWN TO THEIR PLACE!



ONCE THERE, STEVE FLICKS A SWITCH - ELECTRIC POWER COURSES THROUGH FILAMENTS, CAUSING THEM TO GLOW!



STEVE LEAPS INTO ACTION, OPENING THE SOFA BED!

THANK THE BLESSED BLOOD OF ALL THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS YOU'VE COME!



STEVE, WE HAD INTER-COURSE SO HARD THAT OUR CONVERTIBLE COUCH CLOSED UP ON US!

SOB! SOB! CRY.

THERE, THE HORRIBLE ORDEAL IS OVER NOW. BUT WHERE'S J.J.?



MMMF

A NOISE FROM THAT LA-Z-BOY! NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE!



WITH EXCESS RAPIDITY, STEVE OPENS THE LA-Z-BOY!



EACH YEAR, THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES ARE LOST IN MODERN FURNITURE. REMEMBER - ALWAYS TELL SOMEONE WHERE YOU'RE GOING TO SIT AND NEVER LIE ON FURNITURE YOU DON'T KNOW!



ROBERTO RICARDONEUBECKERO PRESENTOS:

GEEK BATTLES

ENNUI*

FUCK! IT'S 11:00!

HERE'S THE PENCIL NECK GEEK

ENNUI: (on-wee) FR. WEARY STATE OF VAGUE DEBILITATING DISSATISFACTION. CAN'T MUSTER ENERGY TO EVEN PISS, LIKE.

*EDITOR'S NOTE

I DON'T HAVE TO BE ANYWHERE TILL 3:00. LOTS TO DO. BUT NOTHING I FEEL LIKE DOING. CHRIST! I'LL READ. NO. WHO WRITES THIS BULLSHIT? THE THING IS THAT ABOUT CURRENT EVENTS AFTER A WHILE SAME. ONLY THE FUK LEBANON & SEAN ARE DOIN' IT'S ALL CHANGE. MADONNA

SWURP POW! BLAM THIS BLOWS...
8TH CUP OF COFFEE

OH NO!

HOLY FUCK! IT'S THE ENNUI MONSTER!

GAA!
HUNG! HUNG!

HUNG! HUNG!
ANOTHER DRY SHOT TO SHIT!!!
URE NEXT!

THANK TO JULIA & TIM & VICTIMS OF 800'S PICTUM

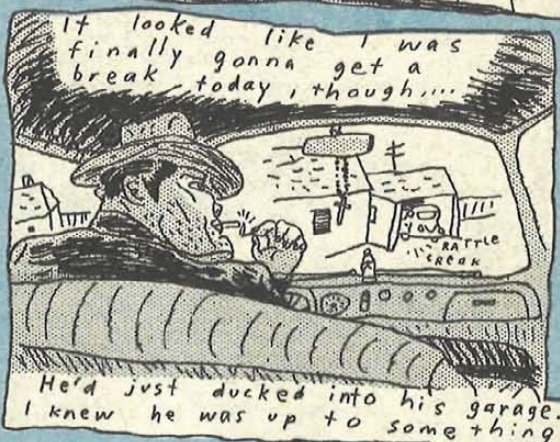
DIRTY FATHER HARRY

PRIVATE CELIBATE DICK

THE TIME: 8 A.M., THIRD SUNDAY OF PENTECOST. THE PLACE: ON THE SOUTH SIDE. I'D BEEN CASING THIS GUY FOR TWO WEEKS STRAIGHT. NEVER MIND WHO HIRED ME. THE USUAL MUCK RAKING JOB... "DIG UP SOME DIRT ON THIS GUY."



I'd tailed him all last week. Turned out he enjoyed his Friday nights playing Bingo and spent his Saturdays at the public Library. A real goody two-shoes.



It looked like I was finally gonna get a break today, though...

He'd just ducked into his garage. I knew he was up to something.



Yep. This was it! Working on Sunday - a major sacramental offense!

My client was more than satisfied with the 8x10's. He was an obese, scummy sort of fellow, but you're always dealing with the lowlife where these smear campaigns are concerned.



I snapped off a quick roll

It may be so that the birds of the air sow or reap not nor store away in barns, yet our Heavenly Father feeds them. But I do my shopping at Foodtown and they insist on cold cash.

sure enough, when it came to the payoff he made like a wise guy.



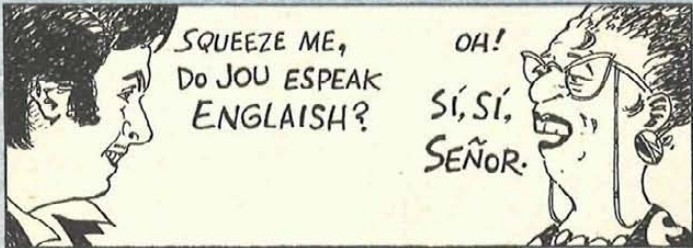
© 1986 St. Mark Cyril Mark

ESPEAKINK SPANICH en MACY'S



JHAU
Do JOU
Do?

I BEG
YOUR
PARDON?



SQUEEZE ME,
Do JOU ESPEAK
ENGLAISH?

OH!
SÍ, SÍ,
SEÑOR.



¡ES POSIBLE
HABLO INGLÉS
CON TODOS
LOS VECES!



¿QUÉ?

I SAID YES,
I SPEAK ENGLÉS
WHAT DO YOU
WANT?



WELL,

I WOULD LIKE UN BRASSIÉR;
36D, POR MI AMIGA,
CON RED LACE CERCA DE
THE CENTRO Y CON SOME
TASSELS POR LAS OTRAS
COSAS.



OH,

QUÉ VERY TRISTE,

NO, I'M SORRY, WE...

ONLY HAVE WHAT'S THERE.



ADIÓS!



ADIÓS.
Y GRACIAS
POR NADA.

YOU ARE
QUITE WELCOME,
AND GRACIAS TO YOU
POR SHOPPING
MACY'S

DEATH IN VENICE

continued from page 58

to her with an impish grin on his face. "Now clean yourself up and come on out here. We've got a killer to catch, you little knucklehead." Maddie licked her lips and discreetly pressed her thighs together. David's Bill Murray imitation was another thing that made her hot. She was already damp when the phone rang a few seconds later. Maddie picked up the receiver, listened for a while, and then in a small voice said, "Thank you very much. I'll notify their agents immediately." Her face was ashen.

"What is it, Maddie?" Emilio said fearfully.

"That was *People* magazine. They just found Andrew McCarthy and Demi Moore in an alley behind Barney's Beanery—dead." Emilio started to whimper. Molly and Judd put their arms around him and walked him out of the office.

"We'll be at Harry Dean's place," Judd Nelson called out over his shoulder. "Call us there if anything turns up."

After the Brats left, David and Maddie went to a local restaurant to have dinner and review the facts of the case. Regardless of what Judd and Emilio said, they did not believe Jack Nicholson, Dustin Hoffman, or Al Pacino was the murderer. Rex Reed, they realized, who, true to his word, had vehemently attacked every single film the Brats had appeared in, was only acting as a responsible film critic, and they dismissed him as well from their list of suspects.

Who was it, they wondered, who was close enough to the Brats to know their habits and daily routines? Someone who could sneak up and catch them off guard. Someone they confided in and trusted completely. Someone they

thought was their good friend but who secretly nursed a bitter hate toward their youth, success, and utter lack of talent.

"Harry Dean Stanton," David and Maddie shouted simultaneously, and they dashed from the restaurant, hoping they weren't too late to save their clients' lives.

Harry Dean lived in a secluded ranch house up in the Hollywood hills. The Brats held the mortgage on the place and let Harry live there free of charge. In exchange he had to laugh at their jokes, listen to their problems, and take them seriously as actors.

The drive took about half an hour, but to the anxious detectives it seemed like forever. When they arrived they found the house completely dark. They walked up to the front door and knocked. Nobody answered. They knocked again. Suddenly a light went on. A few seconds later Harry Dean opened the door.

"Where are they?" demanded Maddie, pushing her way into the house.

"Where's who?" replied Harry Dean. He was giggling and there were bits of spaghetti and tomato sauce on his face.

"Molly, Judd, and Emilio!" shouted David. "Where are they?"

"Ain't seen 'em all night... Ain't seen anything all night 'cept the bottom of my spaghetti bowl!" As Harry Dean slumped to the floor David and Maddie moved off to search the house. They found nothing.

"It's no use," said David. "We're never going to get anything out of him in this condition. Let's get him in the car and sober him up at the office!"

When they got back to the Blue Moon office David dumped Harry Dean on the couch and Maddie brewed up a pot of strong coffee with which to wake him up. The phone

rang and David picked it up. It was the same tense voice that had previously announced Anthony Michael Hall's demise.

"Just finished shooting hoops with Judd Nelson at the Venice Sports Club. Maybe you better go and pick him up—'cause he's beat, totally." The caller then hung up, but not before David heard him shout, "Everybody into the playpen." Maddie looked over at him with apprehension.

"David," she said, "what's happened?"

"Don't know, sugar tits, but Harry over there is definitely not the murderer."

"Not the murderer?"

"Not the murderer."

"How's that?"

"Cause that was the murderer on the phone. And I think he just blew away Judd. Grab my ass and let's go."

By the time David and Maddie arrived at the Venice Sports Club the facility had closed for the day. But a kindly old night watchman named "Pops" let them in. They made a beeline for the basketball court, which was where they found Nelson—dead. He was lying on his back perpendicular to the free-throw line with a basketball stuffed into each nostril.

Back at the Blue Moon office Harry Dean Stanton was making himself at home. He'd discovered where Maddie kept the liquor and was fixing himself a "White Eddie Murphy" when David and Maddie walked in.

"Who are you?" he growled to the despondent P.I.s. "And what are you doing in my house?"

"Chill out, Harry. This isn't your house, it's the Blue Moon Detective Agency. I'm David Addison and this is Madeline Hayes. We've been busting our culos trying to find out who's been killing your little friends."

"Oh," said Harry blankly. "Care for a White Eddie?"

"Maddie," David said as he sank exhaustedly into a chair, "why don't you go home and get some sleep and I'll drive Harry home. See you tomorrow morning."

Tomorrow morning found David fast asleep in the very same chair and Harry passed out on the couch. A bloodcurdling scream jolted the two men awake. It came from Maddie. She was standing in the doorway clutching an 8 x 10 photograph in her hands.

David leaped over and grabbed the picture from Maddie. It was Emilio, lying in an oversized crib. He was wearing a pair of Pampers and nothing else. In his hands he held an oversized baby's rattle. He was either sleeping soundly or... An hour later the *National Enquirer* reported that actor/writer/director/producer Emilio Estevez had died of crib death.

continued on page 67



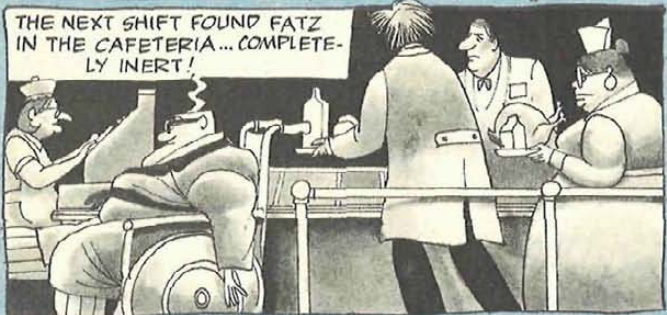
"Amazing... I haven't seen a case of this since 1977. He's got Saturday Night Fever!"

ST. HELL'S

THIS MONTH:
DR. RX

Randy Jones '86

WHEN THE CONSERVATIVE POLITICIAN FATZ FRANY CAME TO ST. HELEN'S FOR MINOR TOE SURGERY, HE DIDN'T EXPECT AN ENCOUNTER WITH DR. RX!



MEANWHILE, UP IN NEUROLOGY, DR. RX ACCIDENTALLY DROPPED FATZ'S BRAIN OUT OF THE 40TH-FLOOR WINDOW!



EVER RESOURCEFUL, HE GRABBED ONE OF THE LAB SPECIMENS...

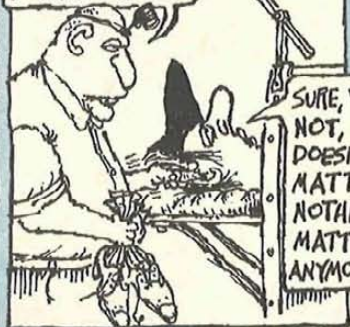
... AND QUICKLY REPLACED FATZ'S BRAIN WITH ... WITH ... UH-OH!



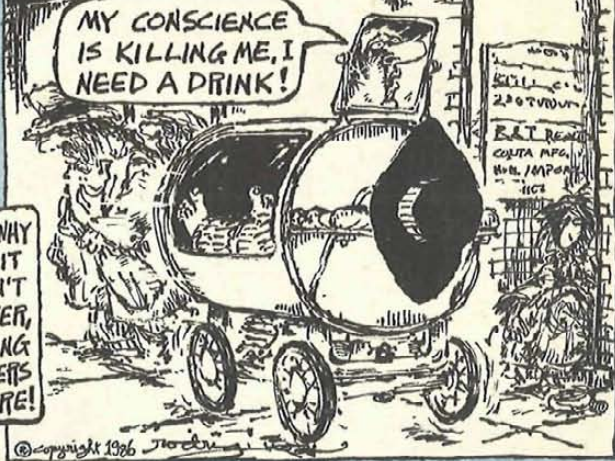
SAM deGROO
 ONE OF FIVE PRIVATE
 DETECTIVES IN THE FREE
 WORLD in an IRON LUNG.

The Story:
 THE WIFE OF BILLIONAIRE
 LUDWIG VAN BURIN ENTRUSTS
 HER \$3,000,000.00
 "STAR OF PRETORIA" DIAMOND
 TO SAM. YIELDING TO
 TEMPTATION, HE ATTEMPTS
 TO SELL THE DIAMOND TO THE
 UNDERWORLD FENCE
 SIDNEY GANGRENE, WHO
 TELLS HIM THE DIAMOND IS A
 FAKE. SAM'S DREAM OF
 ILL-GOTTEN RICHES
 SMASHED, HE NOW
 FEELS INTENSE REMORSE
 FOR WHAT HE HAS DONE.

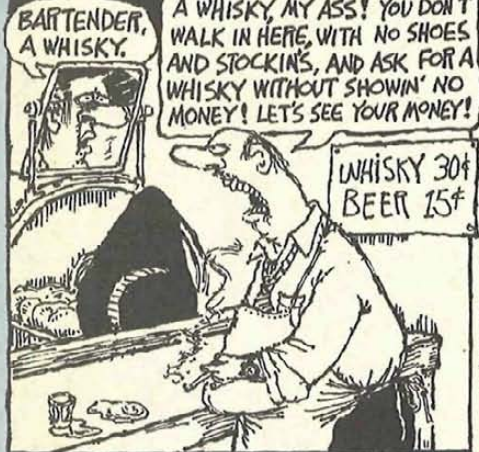
SO THAT HE WON'T LEAVE EMPTY-
 HANDED, SIDNEY GANGRENE BUYS
 SAM'S SHOES FOR \$4
 I TOOK YOUR SOCKS, TOO, THEY
 WERE STUCK TO YOUR SHOES.
 HERE'S YOUR MONEY—OH, SORRY,
 LOOK, I'LL ROLL THE BILLS UP
 AND STICK THEM IN YOUR EAR,
 IS THAT OKAY?



BAR AND GRILL



SAM GOES INTO A SKIDROW BAR...



THE MONEY'S IN MY
 EAR, BARTENDER,
 TAKE WHAT YOU NEED.

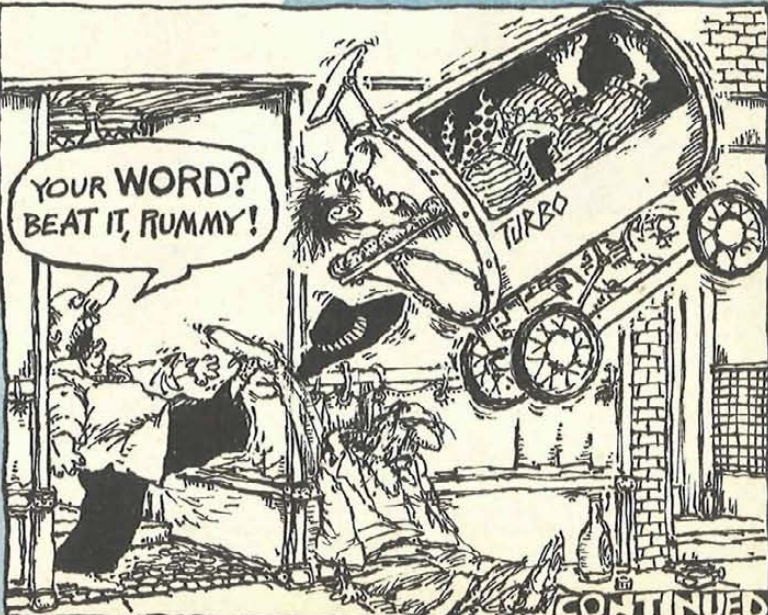


20 MINUTES LATER ...



THAT'S IT, PAL, YOUR 4 BUCKS IS GONE!
 NO MORE WHISKY, UNLESS YOU GOT SOME
 MORE MONEY IN YOUR OTHER EAR?

PLEASE, BARTENDER, I'M UNDERGOING
 UNBEARABLE PANGS OF REMORSE FOR
 WHAT I HAVE DONE—JUST ONE WHISKY,
 AND I'LL PAY YOU TOMORROW—I GIVE
 YOU MY WORD!



CONTINUED

DEATH IN VENICE

continued from page 64

Moments after the grim news broke Molly was on the phone to Maddie. She was hysterical. "I'm the only one left," she sobbed. "Where should I go? What should I do? I hired you two to help me and look what's happened. I should have known that a couple of TV actors could never cut it in the big leagues." Maddie let the slur pass and tried her best to calm Molly down. She told her not to leave the house under any circumstances and that she and David would be over in a little while.

Maddie hung up the phone and went over to where David and Harry Dean were sitting.

"The little bitch," she hissed.

"What'd she say?" asked David.

"She said she should've known better than to hire a couple of TV actors to solve this case. She said that we couldn't cut it in the big leagues. After we risked our lives to save her and her friends."

Harry Dean smiled wanly. The effects of the White Eddies from the night before had worn off. "Those kids sure are somethin' else, huh? Think it's all coming to 'em—the best roles, the best deals, the fame and publicity. Ungrateful little nippers, every one of 'em." He paused for a moment. "Did you ever hear the story 'bout what they did to John Hughes?"

"Who?" asked David.

"John Hughes. He used to be a hotshot director. In fact, it was his movies that made all them kids stars. Anyways, a while back Hughes had an idea for a new movie, and he came over to my place to discuss it with the nippers. After he pitched 'em the idea Molly gets up and says, 'We took a vote the other day and decided not to be in any more of your pictures. They're shallow, inane, and hopelessly jejune.' You could have knocked Hughes over with a feather. He asked Molly if this was some kind of joke, but she just shook her head and told him to leave because Marty Scorsese was due any minute to discuss the group's next project. After news of the meeting leaked out Hughes couldn't buy a job. It was like he was poison. They completely ruined his career. Last I heard he's rented some studio space and was making sixteen-millimeter shorts with three-year-olds."

Suddenly all the pieces fell into place. The voice on the telephone shouting "Everybody into the playpen," the picture of Emilio in Pampers. Anthony Michael Hall, Andrew McCarthy, and the rest—all were featured in *John Hughes films*. David ran to the phone and called Molly. When her mother answered, his detective's intuition sensed something was wrong.

"Sorry, David, Molly's not home. She went to have lunch with her old friend John Hughes."

David made a few frantic phone calls and found out the whereabouts of the Hughes "studio." It was located in a run-down tenement building in Silver Lake, one block off Sunset Strip. The hallways were filthy and smeared with graffiti. Hughes's place was on the fifth floor, and David followed Maddie up the stairs.

"Must be jelly, 'cause jam don't shake that way," he sang, alluding to his partner's shapely bottom. Maddie spun around and shot him the finger.

"C'mon, you know you love it," he chided.

Hughes's studio was at the end of the hall. David and Maddie stood outside the door and listened. It was Molly's voice, all right. She was pleading with Hughes, promising him exclusive three-picture deals, development deals, every kind of movie deal imaginable. David heaved his shoulder against the door and it swung open. Maddie tumbled in after him.

"Okay, Hughes, hold it right there," David shouted from the floor. The demented director whirled and trained his .44 magnum on the two private eyes.

"Or there, or there, or anyplace you'd like," David added sheepishly when he saw the gun.

"You two, on your feet and over with her," Hughes grunted, waving the gun in Molly's direction. David's eyes wandered around the studio. It looked eerily familiar, like something he remembered from his childhood. And then it hit him. It was an exact re-creation of the *Romper Room* set, his favorite TV show as a preschooler.

"Now take it easy, Hughes," David said, trying to sound soothing. "Why don't you put the gun down and we'll talk?"

alk to who—to her?"

Hughes shouted back, waving the gun at Molly, who was sobbing, tears streaming down over her fat red

Tlips. "She doesn't want to talk to me. I wasn't good enough for her and those other little turds. I'm not Warren Beatty. I'm not Francis Coppola." Hughes had a wild look in his eyes. He was raving like a madman, and David braced for the worst.

"They said my movies were inane, shallow, and..."

"Jejune," Maddie added.

"Well, you know what I've been doing here? Filming my next picture. That's right, in this shithole I'm making a *masterpiece*. A film that will put me right back on top. It's a prequel, like *Rambo* was. It's called *The Diaper Club*. And it's got better stars and a better story than any of the pictures I did with her and her talentless friends." Hughes had finished. He slowly raised his gun until it was level

with Molly Ringwald's head.

Suddenly a small child's voice called out from behind him. "Hey, shit for brains, how come there's no milk and cookies in my dressing room?" Hughes turned around to answer his petulant young star and began to stammer apologetically. David leaped on his back and wrestled the gun away from him.

A short while later the police arrived, charged Hughes with seven counts of murder, and led him away in handcuffs. Then a limo came for Molly, leaving David and Maddie alone on *The Diaper Club* set. "You know," said David pensively, "this is a sick business."

"Detective work?" asked Maddie.

"No, show biz. TV, movies, the whole damn industry—it's disgraceful, anything for a buck. In fact, I bet one of the studios takes an option on *The Diaper Club* and schedules it next year as a major summer release. Yeah, if that doesn't happen I'll eat my hat."

"But you don't wear a hat, David," Maddie reminded him.

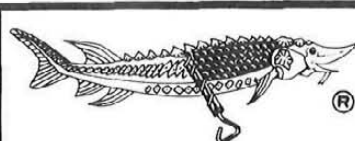
"In that case," David said slyly, "I'll just have to eat your pussy."

"Ohhh, David."

"Ohhh, Maddie."

"Ohhh, David."

"Ohhh, Maddie." ■



HOW MY WIFE INVENTED YOUR BIGGEST BARGAIN IN CAVIAR

A barrel of imported Beluga Caviar weighs 200 lbs. So the eggs on the bottom are partially crushed. If we didn't stir before packing, some customers would get imperfect Beluga.

My wife said we should throw away our spoon, "Let the broken eggs stay," she ordained. "Only charge a lot less. If Beluga sells for \$16 an ounce, the 'Bottom of the Barrel' should be maybe half."

Wouldn't you know it! That's just the way it worked out. Our Kamchatka Caviar (that's what we call it) caught on so quickly that now we need two bottoms to every barrel.

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|--|--|---|--|--|---|---|
| | | | | | AUGUST 1 | AUGUST 2 |
| | | | | | ELEPHANT BOY | JUMBO RAMBO |
| | | | | | THE ELEPHANT MAN | |
| | | | | | Poor Sabu! What a tragic fate. | Two big guys who give a hoot. |
| SUN | MON | TUE | WED | THU | AUGUST 8 | AUGUST 9 |
| AUGUST 3 | AUGUST 4 | AUGUST 5 | AUGUST 6 | AUGUST 7 | AUGUST 8 | AUGUST 9 |
| HUD C.H.U.D. Rarity: The sequel outdoes the original. | FIRST BLOOD PAGTIME America's two most exciting periods. | HEAD SHAFT Starring Peter Turk and Dick Roundtree. | THE SHINING "BLACK LIKE ME" Two men going through some awful changes. | BEN HUR Benji Two stunning sequels to <i>Ben</i> . | Out of the Past BACK TO THE FUTURE Two all-time timely movies for our time. | ANNIE HALL Halls of Montezuma Leatherneck meets pencilneck. |
| AUGUST 10 | AUGUST 11 | AUGUST 12 | AUGUST 13 | AUGUST 14 | AUGUST 15 | AUGUST 16 |
| GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! TORA! TORA! TORA! A little something for everybody... See it! See it! See it! | THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY The Naked and the Dead A little more for everybody. | THE DEER HUNTER Bambi Big bucks at the box office! | The AFRICAN QUEEN THE BLACK HOLE The brothers'll love this one! | Shampoo Dirty Harry Warren cuts 'em short and Clint cuts 'em down. | DEVON TUNO IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD Showers you with laughs. | Black Beauty BLACULA Two film noir classics together at last. |
| AUGUST 17 | AUGUST 18 | AUGUST 19 | AUGUST 20 | AUGUST 21 | AUGUST 22 | AUGUST 23 |
| JAWS DEEP THROAT A big serving of seafood and semen. | KING KONG KING LEAR Kings go ape over pretty girls. | MOTHR The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit If you thought what he did to Tokyo was bad... | THE RAZORS EDGE FIVE EASY PIECES Two great slices of life. | CANDY THE THREE MUSKETEERS Both have sweet nougat centers. | Assault on a Queen BLOODY MAMA See Angie get boarded. | THE M PICNIC A summer outing turns to tragedy. |
| AUGUST 24 | AUGUST 25 | AUGUST 26 | AUGUST 27 | AUGUST 28 | AUGUST 29 | AUGUST 30 |
| Barbarossa BARBAROSSA Bareback and bare-ass. MEATBALLS Ladies' night! | Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia The Three Faces of Eve Gives new meaning to the term "to lose face." | THE WILD BUNCH bananas Peals of laughter. | SODOM AND GOMORRAH UP THE SANDBOX Get lots of butter on your popcorn for this one. | I Married a Monster from Outer Space SCENES FROM A MARRIAGE Alien zombie meets intellectual Swede; see if you can tell them apart. | Hamlet PORK CHOP HILL Wouldn't Kevin Bacon have sizzled in these two? | WALKING TALL Attack of the 50-Foot Woman Buford Pusser meets Big Pussy. |

continued from page 29

the underdeveloped countries. I'm giving these kids a purpose in life. I want them to work hard, but I also want them to have fun. What's more fun than making a movie? If hundreds of millions of kids were making movies instead of getting mixed up in fights and rebellions and terrorism we wouldn't have all these terrible wars and things. Everybody would be too busy making deals and making films.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Make films, not war. Is that what you're saying?

SPIELBERG: Perfect. Want a job in my advertising department?

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Let's talk after the interview. I've got a great script to show you. But for now, could you lend me ten bucks until payday?

SPIELBERG: Sorry. I never carry that much cash with me. I'm always borrowing from my staff or from Amy.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: I was just kidding. Let's get back to *The Color Purple* for a minute. We heard you had a lot of problems on the set with Whoopi Goldberg. The story is that you had physical fights with her and even pulled some of the cornrows right off her head.

SPIELBERG: That's the press exaggerating again. Whoopi is a great artist. Like all deeply feeling artists she had very strong ideas about her role and she differed with me at times. We had some minor disagreements.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: She's been quoted around town as calling you a "tochis face" who "couldn't direct his

way out of a paper bag with a compass and a flashlight." And you were quoted as wanting to cast her as E.T. in the sequel, since, as you said, "she wouldn't need any makeup."

SPIELBERG: I can and I have directed my way out of paper bags. I do it at parties. Whoopi has a great sense of humor. Those names are her way of complimenting me. They're nicknames. She's a dedicated, brilliant actress with a great future. And I never offered her the part in the *E.T.* sequel. I offered it to Sammy Davis.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: She also called you "Stebe the Hebe."

SPIELBERG: That's another nickname. I think you're trying to get me mad so I'll say something nasty about her. I don't engage in name calling. If you want me to call her a stupid jungle-bunny cunt with an ego as thick as her lips and a brain the size of a paramecium, you won't get it out of me. In fact, when we finished the picture I gave her a shopping mall in appreciation of her contribution. She's a big, big talent.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: An entire shopping mall?

SPIELBERG: Sure. One of those little ones. You know, with about ten, fifteen stores.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Whoopi also said that you shot another ending to *The Color Purple* in which everybody turns white. Is that true?

SPIELBERG: That's true. I thought the movie needed a little more magic. I wanted a happier, more upbeat ending. We screened it for audiences with the

white ending, but they didn't buy it. So we kept the original.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Didn't you also write a first draft in which the story was changed to a middle-class white suburb in Phoenix, Arizona?

SPIELBERG: Yes. But my agent's wife read the book and told me that it was mainly about blacks in the South and it might be too much trouble to adapt, so I got talked out of it. I don't regret it. I'm going to do another picture with blacks. I love them. It's called *Out of South Africa*. It's a musical. I never knew blacks could sing and dance so well. And they really photograph beautifully in color. I love their skin tones—from creamy tan to blue-black. Do you know what John Travolta told me about blacks?

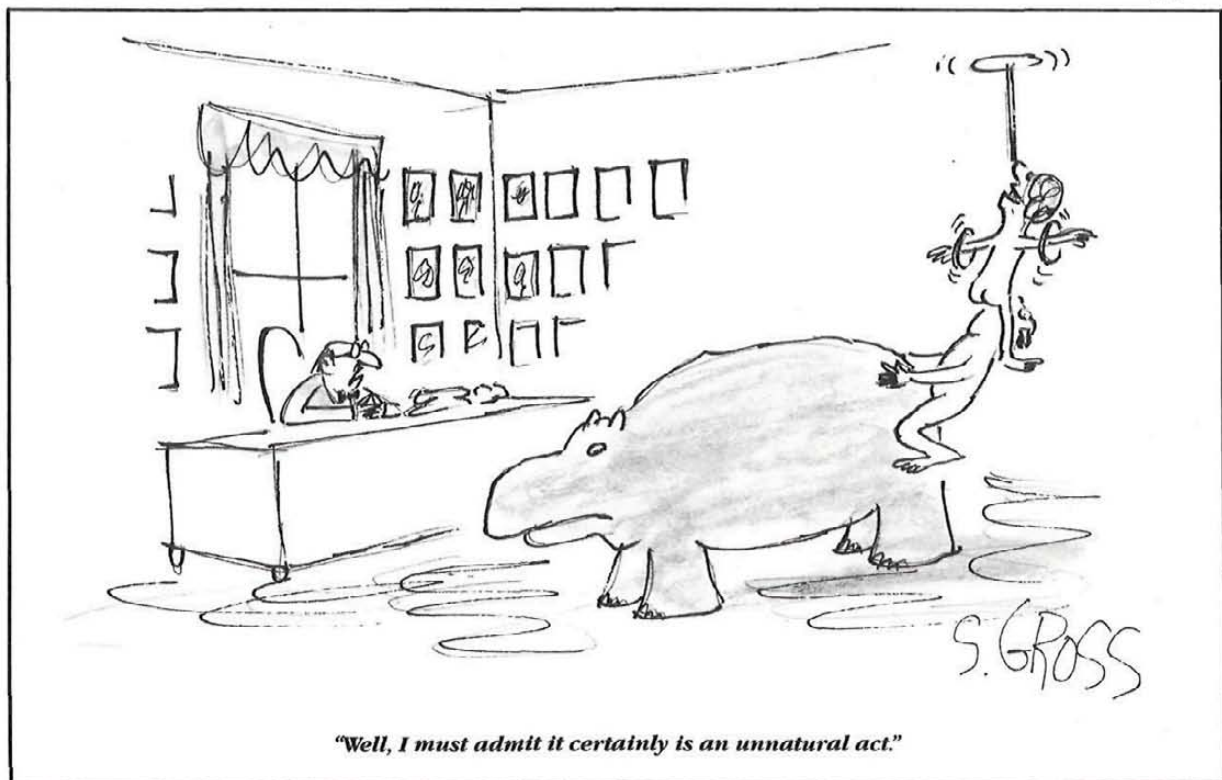
NATIONAL LAMPOON: No. What?

SPIELBERG: The reason they dance so well is that they've got an extra bone in their ankles.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: You've been accused of producing mindless entertainment, cinematic popcorn for the masses, movies made for ten-year-olds, with goonies, gremlins, E.T.'s, Temples of Doom, poltergeists—a lot of technical wizardry and audience manipulation, sentimentality rather than real emotion. And you almost never deal with adult themes, except for *The Color Purple*.

SPIELBERG: I'm sick and tired of hearing that. Critics still don't take me seriously. Frank Capra? Give me a break! From now on I'm going to make a ton of serious

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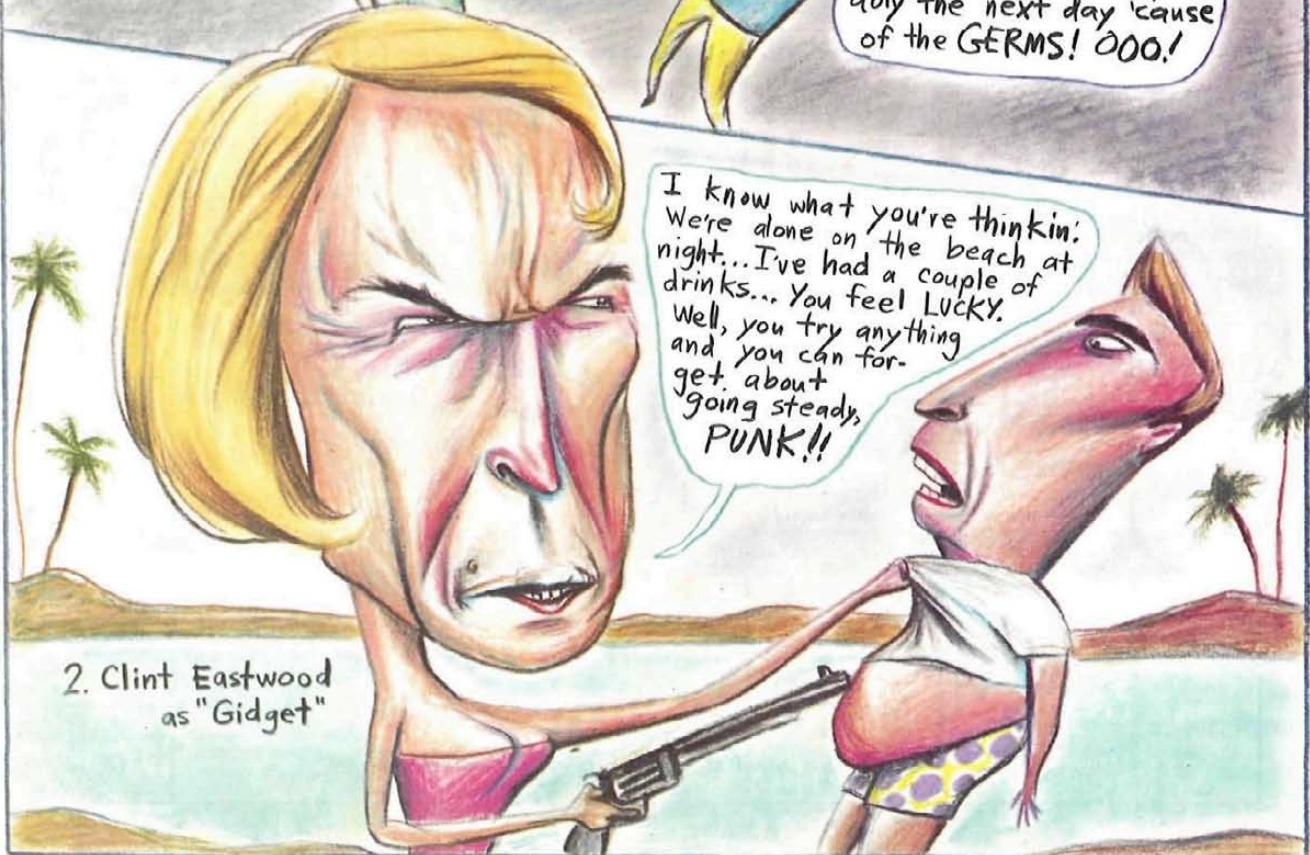
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always concoct some lame excuse to
avoid having sex with me! "I'm cover-
ed with bees!!" you say. "HELP ME!"
you say. Why don't you help me,
Doris? I don't see any bees on
your LIPS! Coupla beers oughta
kill the bugs up your ass!!



I hate Vietnam!
It's like L.A. with
napalm. I never should
have missed my subway
stop! I don't like corned
beef with mustard gas.
I can't even get that
girl to show me her
Demilitarized Zone!

5.
Woody
Allen in
"Rambo: First
Rejection"

You're a great
broad, Juliet! You're
the first girl that hasn't
said I called at a bad time:
The '80s! But do me a
favor! Now that you're preg-
nant, deny me as the
father and forget
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pictures. I've got my assistants working on every serious book ever written to see if there's a movie in any of them.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: You mean from Chaucer to Cheever?

SPIELBERG: From who to what?

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Just a figure of speech. Tell us which one of these books is a "go" project.

SPIELBERG: I'm starting with a classic—*Moby Dick*. I read a synopsis of the novel and I'm going to change a few things to make it more relevant. It's still a great adventure story, but now it's got some real meaning. *Moby Dick* is this sperm whale, a rare species that can supply an exotic ingredient used in making expensive perfume. In my story, two men are pitted against each other—Ahab, who wants to capture the whale and sell him to this gigantic French cosmetics empire that will keep the whale in a tank, pumping out this perfume ingredient, and Ishmael, once a whale hunter himself, now a naturalist, a protector of the whales, a man who roams the seas and saves the creatures from greedy bastards like Ahab and the French. The Russians are also involved. They have no conscience and will kill anything that swims. They want to start a perfume industry of their own. A TV journalist named Cathy falls in love with Ishmael and keeps getting captured by Ahab and the Russians. We have a great fight scene inside the whale. Reminds you a little of *Pinocchio*. I can't reveal it all. It's going to be a won-

derful picture.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Sounds like a blockbuster and a very serious film. Don't see how it can miss at Oscar time.

SPIELBERG: Please. Don't mention that word. I break out in hives when people talk about it. I just want to make the pictures I love. Like, my own version of *J. K. Lasser's Your Income Tax*. Do you know it's one of the biggest bestsellers in the world? Too many people just see it as a numbers story and ignore the human side. I see it as an enormous panorama of suburban American families in a time of crisis. I'm going to show a cross section of these middle-class suburban families and how they cope with their tax problems, using Lasser's guide. I'll put in a little goofy stuff, too, like the auditor from outer space and the computer kids who fool around with the refund checks.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: I heard you also want to do *King Lear*.

SPIELBERG: With Bill Cosby. Can you see it? I read the synopsis and it's a perfect property for him. A harassed father with three scheming daughters driving him nuts.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Sounds like a good TV sitcom.

SPIELBERG: First the movie, then the spin-off. I'll set it up in one of those small but modern African countries. Bill will be a king, but more a figurehead, like the king of England. His daughters are spoiled princesses, but Bill straightens them out in the end and they all

reconcile.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: We've heard stories about your early involvement with film, when you were just a kid. How old were you when you made your first real movie?

SPIELBERG: I made my first full-length feature when I was six. It was called *Dogs from Mars*. Until then I had only made shorts. And I still go back to my childhood for most of my stories. That's where my best stuff comes from. Disney knew that.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: I guess it wouldn't be unfair to compare you as a prodigy to the young Mozart.

SPIELBERG: Who's Mozart?

NATIONAL LAMPOON: The composer.

SPIELBERG: I don't think I've heard his stuff. Is he English?

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Didn't you see *Amadeus*?

SPIELBERG: I missed it.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: He lived over two hundred years ago. He was Austrian.

SPIELBERG: Wow.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Let's get back to your movies. I don't mean to needle you, but you still seem to be more comfortable dealing with kids than adults. Even your adults have a childlike quality. Why is that?

SPIELBERG: I've heard that and I don't understand it. What have I done to deserve that kind of criticism? I put in a long day's work. I try to give the people their

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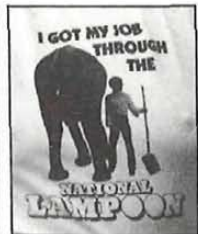
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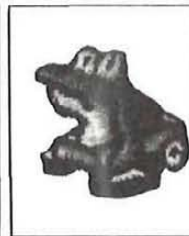
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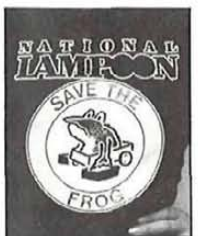


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money's worth and what do I get for it? If the critics are so smart, let me see them make a picture that grosses eight hundred million. [At this point Spielberg starts to cry uncontrollably. The interview is stopped until his assistant returns with a black-and-white ice cream soda and a pretzel stick to calm him.] I'm sick and tired of being Mr. Nice Guy. If the critics don't like what I'm doing they don't have to review my movies. Did anyone tell Mozart how to write music? Nobody dumped on Disney because he liked to do animation. Or John Ford because he did a lot of Westerns. If the critics are so fucking smart I'll produce their movies! I'll give them deals! Let's see if one of their ideas can make money.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: I think I've touched a raw nerve. I'm going to stop that line of questioning. Let's talk about your latest movies—the movies that are out this summer.

SPIELBERG: Some of the best work I've ever done. This summer you'll be seeing *The Loonies*. It's the story of a group of teenage outpatients from a sanitarium in a small town in the Midwest. They are the outcasts of this typical middle-class suburban town where the so-called sane kids of the local high school are very cruel to them. I develop a nice love story between Armand, one of the Loonies, and Melissa, a high school student who is sympathetic to the Loonies. Armand is very shy and is pathologically afraid of cars, even when they're parked. Melissa is kind of an outcast in her own right. She stutters and has

a slight curvature of the spine.

The Loonies are forced to live by themselves on the outskirts of town in a landfill. But when Armand finds a bag of diamonds in the garbage, their fortunes change. They sell the diamonds to finance a trip to Switzerland for expensive genetic surgery that transforms them into superkids with very high IQs and incredible strength.

The Loonies return to the town and take on all the bullies that were making life miserable for them. I do a tremendous fight scene at the end between six Loonies and about a hundred high school bullies. Of course, Armand is no longer shy and no longer afraid of cars. He destroys these punks with his own new customized Trans-Am.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Now that sounds like a winner. Just listening to the fight scene gets my blood racing. I can see entire audiences getting up and cheering—like the first *Rocky*.

SPIELBERG: I've got another terrific movie coming out called *Doberman*. It's about this guard dog who works for a top-security nuclear plant—a vicious dog who can eat a middle linebacker in fifteen seconds. What happens is that the dog is fed some experimental dog food by accident, dog food that happens to be radioactive. Whenever there's a quarter moon the dog turns into a teenager named Danny. That's the twist. The dog turns into a person. Danny is a typical teenager who is very interested in girls. But whenever he gets aroused he starts

turning back into a Doberman. It's very frustrating. There's a wacky scientist who helps Danny, and a gang of Middle Eastern spies who get destroyed in the end by the boy and the dog, or the dogboy, as we call him. I won't tell you the ending.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: I love it.

SPIELBERG: It's got a lot of pathos. It's not just another sci-fi teenager-lust and dog-metamorphosis movie. It's really about a kid's identity problem and the conflict between the human and animal drives in ourselves.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: What's this talk about you going into politics?

SPIELBERG: Just talk. Some people are sending out little signals, testing the waters for me. I'm not a political person. The only office I'd be interested in is the presidency. I don't mean to sound egotistical, but it's the only office where you might get something done. The rest of it is just a lot of paperwork and bullshit, so why bother? Don't you agree?

NATIONAL LAMPOON: You've got a point. But it's not impossible, you know. A "Draft Spielberg" movement. A grassroots kind of thing.

SPIELBERG: I could get excited about that.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: What would your platform be?

SPIELBERG: What's a platform?

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Your ideas, your goals.

SPIELBERG: Well, I guess I'd talk about what I know best—movies. I believe in the values of my movies—that young people are misunderstood, that most adults who are running the world are stupid, and that the kids could do better if they were given a chance. I believe that the best thing in the world is making movies, movies that entertain. I've already mentioned that I'd get everybody making movies.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: A three-picture deal in every pot.

SPIELBERG: Right. And I'd get everyone to do stuff like fix up old cars, the classics from the fifties and sixties, and listen to good rock 'n' roll. I'd bring back ice cream parlors where you could get a cheap ice cream soda or a malted. I'm not a puritan, but I'd ban drugs and alcohol. I really do believe in getting high on life, as they used to say in the sixties.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Sounds like you share a lot of the values of Walt Disney and Norman Rockwell.

SPIELBERG: Disney was my idol. Who's the other guy?

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Norman Rockwell, the most popular illustrator of our time. Remember all those great magazine covers he did for the *Saturday Evening Post*?

SPIELBERG: I remember the *New York Post*. Page Six.



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NATIONAL LAMPOON: No, this is different. I'll send you a book with his stuff in it. A picture book.

SPIELBERG: I'd love it. Maybe there's a movie in it.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Another area that fascinates you is mechanical things—airplanes, spaceships, cars. You've taken mechanics to a new level of art. You treat machines almost like humans. Is there anything else you're working on in this area?

SPIELBERG: You hit the nail. It's a subject that is very close to me, and I'm into a new area. Planes and cars and outer space have been done to death. I'm doing a movie about kitchen appliances.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Refrigerators? Dishwashers?

SPIELBERG: No. Small kitchen appliances, the stuff that most people take for granted. But when you think about them, they're actually miracles. The toaster... the blender... the electric carving knife.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: The Cuisinart.

SPIELBERG: That comes later. I'm going to start with the early, primitive stuff, like the toasters that you opened from both sides, the ones where the bread didn't pop up, so you had to watch it all the time or the bread would burn. Don't you love toast? How could anyone resist toast? And blenders. You know, you can make a pretty decent malted in your home blender.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Are you going to use small appliances as metaphors for the breakdown of modern technology in its

efforts to serve as a communication force for the world?

SPIELBERG: You got it. The thing you have to understand about movies is that you can see anything you want in them. Some people will see it as a story about the breakdown of modern technology. Others will see it as a story about kitchen appliances.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: What do you see it as?

SPIELBERG: First, I see it as entertainment, as fun. Second, it's my statement about small appliances. Third, it will express my feelings about world peace, unemployment, AIDS, apartheid.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: What do you do for relaxation in those few moments when you're not making a movie?

SPIELBERG: When I'm really tired and burned out, I like Amy to give me a home permanent, a Toni. It's very relaxing. Remember "Which Twin Has the Toni?" I love a good permanent... getting my head under that big dryer... reading a movie magazine and eating candy. I pig out on Fifth Avenue bars.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Stop. They are my favorites. I always liked them better than Butterfingers.

SPIELBERG: I'll send you a truckload.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: What else do you do?

SPIELBERG: I like to collect banks.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: What kind of banks?

SPIELBERG: You know, banks—where you save money. I buy banks so I can use

them to hold some of my money and other investing stuff. I own about three hundred different banks around the world, some really big ones. I can't mention their names.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: It's hard to imagine where you can go from here. Your projects are hard to top. So where *do* you go from here?

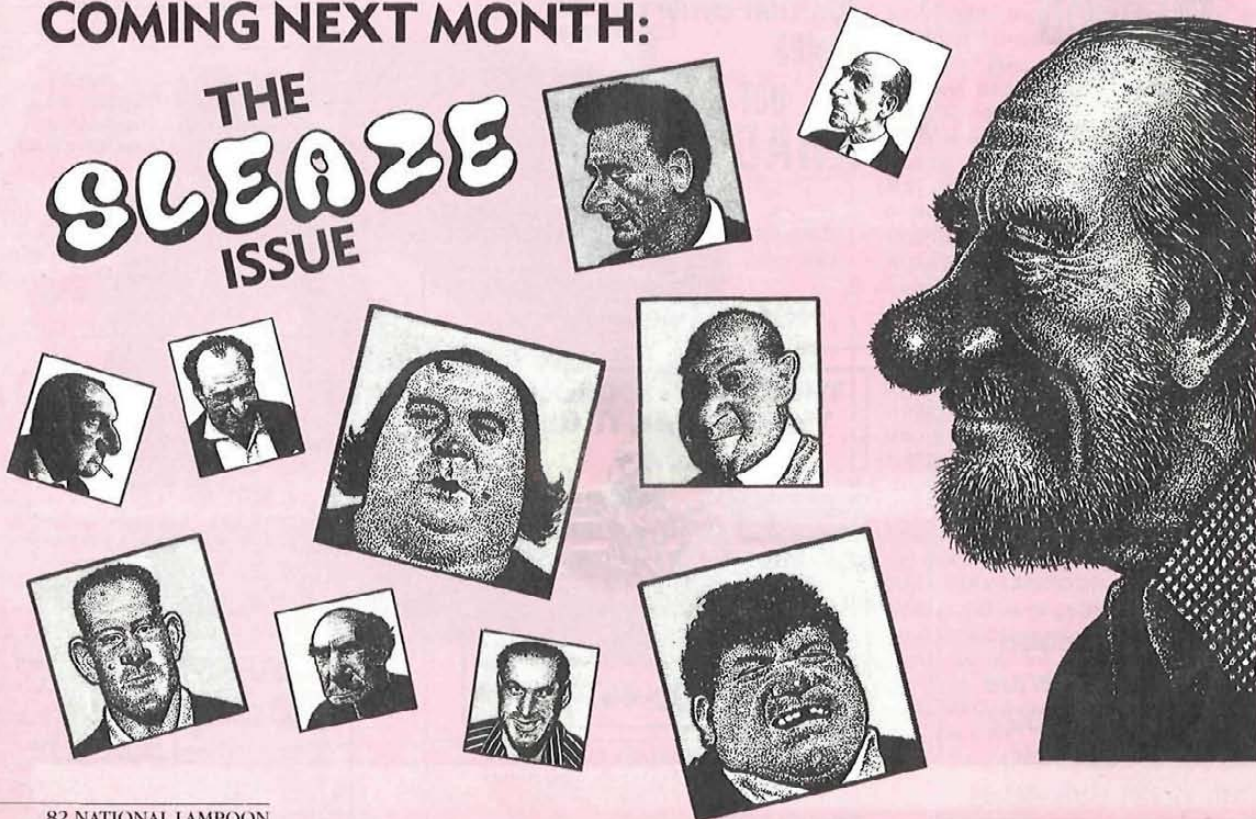
SPIELBERG: Well, you're going to be the first to hear this. I've kept it a secret for years, but I can't keep it to myself any longer. I'm dying to tell someone. I'm going to do remakes of Walt Disney's greatest animated movies in live action.

NATIONAL LAMPOON: You mean *Snow White*? *Pinocchio*?

SPIELBERG: You got it. *Dumbo*... *Bambi*. The deal is set. I'm starting with *Snow White*. I'm going to update it and set it in the present and fill in where Disney left a lot of blanks. Snow White as a Jewish American Princess... the Seven Dwarfs are seven real dwarfs with other handicaps and hang-ups. Snow White learns the meaning of love, of self-sacrifice, of giving to others. The stepmother, the aging beauty... maybe Joan Collins. And the Prince—are you ready for this? Prince. Prince will do a fantastic soundtrack. Streisand has indicated interest in the Snow White role. It's a real drama—a classic story of parent-child conflict and a great love story, with the dream that every girl has—of finding her Prince. I get goose bumps the size of marbles every time I think about it! I can't wait to start! ■

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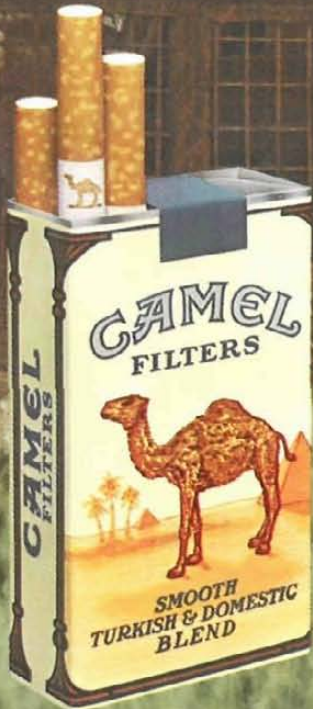
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