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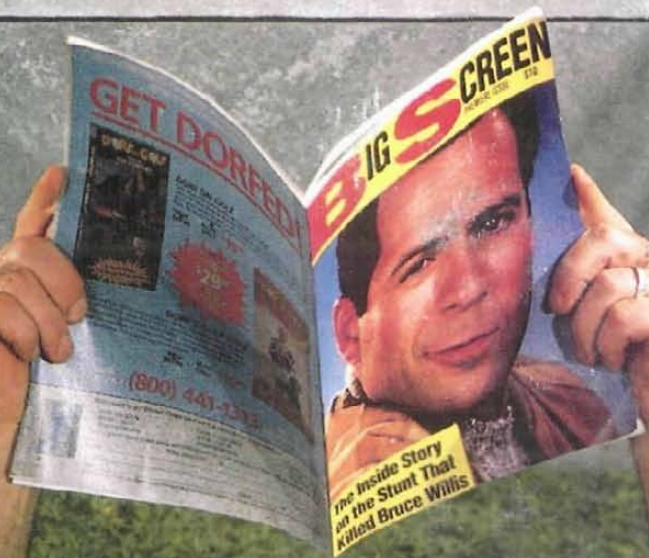
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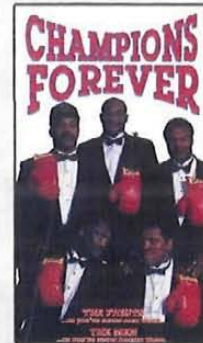
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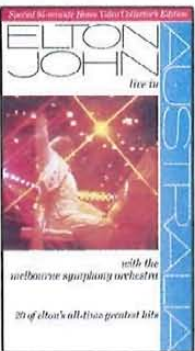


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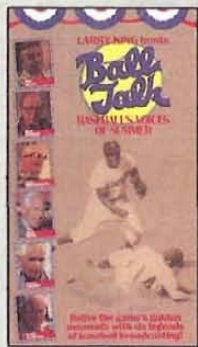
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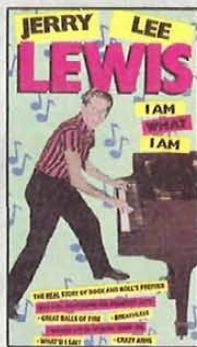


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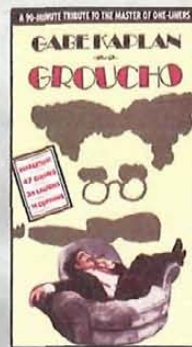
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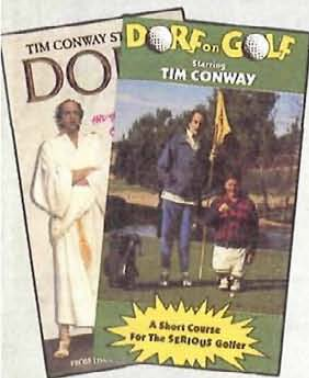


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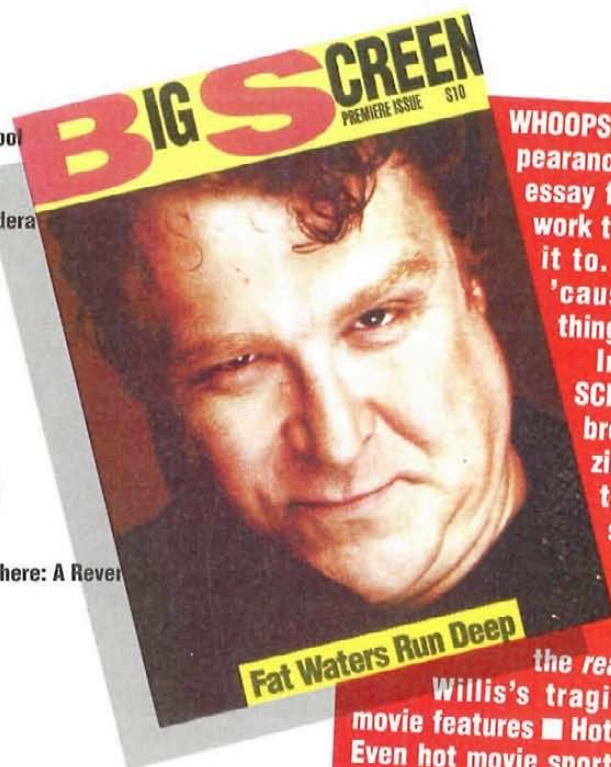
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**WHOOOPS!** Pardon our disappearance! Our big, new all-essay format didn't quite work the way we wanted it to. But that's okay, 'cause here's something really big!

Introducing **BIG SCREEN**, the uniquely breezy movie magazine that premieres this month as a special insert! Inside you'll find:

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the real story of Bruce Willis's tragic death ■ Hot

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Best of all, you'll find value, since our BS is free. (On the newsstands you could expect to pay \$10 or more a copy—assuming you could even find one!)

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY NICK KOUDIS

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## EDITORIAL

The following editorial is reprinted with permission from the Munich (*Moo•Nich*) Vigilante-Statesman in Munich, Illinois.

An Apology to  
Our Readers from  
Vigilante-Statesman  
editor and publisher,  
Bud Hamsterman

Yesterday, some editions of the *Vigilante-Statesman* contained an editorial criticizing Mayor Bob McNaught for his recent handling of the Crick Creek bond issue. For the record, the Honorable Mayor McNaught, despite his miniature, squatty appearance and frequently affected demeanor, cannot be accurately described as a "mincing dwarf."

True dwarfs, while of somewhat smaller stature than the average person, are otherwise normal, functioning human beings who make valuable contributions to our society. The same certainly cannot be said of Mayor McNaught. In any case, the correct appellation for such size-challenged individuals is "little person." This has been official *Vigilante-Statesman* style since 1988. Furthermore, it is not this paper's policy to insinuate that dwarfs mince, nor that mincing individuals are dwarfs.

Also, as *Vigilante-Statesman* readers are well aware, this state is considering riverboat gambling as a way to raise much-needed revenue for its education and drug-rehabilitation programs. Thus, depicting Mayor McNaught as "One-Eyed Bob," a nineteenth-century dandy slick replete with a pencil-thin mustache and silk pinstripes, is not



**CLARIFICATION:** The *Vigilante-Statesman* does not condone the use of ethnic or anthropomorphic stereotypes in its editorial cartoons, such as those evident in a drawing by Larry Hamsterman published yesterday (and reprinted above).

simply a bad cliché; it comes at the worst possible time. Moreover, this characterization of the mayor as a dishonest riverboat rogue only perpetuates an ancient stereotype that professional gamblers have worked hard to dispel. To our knowledge, at no time has any professional gambler in this community been linked to the mayor or his activities.

As the newspaper of record in this community, accuracy is our watchword. Nevertheless, a reading of yesterday's editorial suggests that some members of our editorial board were passing notes and not paying attention during Mrs. Anclade's history classes. Specifically, the statement "Like a tiny Napoleon, the mayor stands before those who would improve our school-lunch program and declares 'Let them eat snack cakes!'" completely disregards

the fact that the original quote upon which this misguided attempt at humor is based has never been attributed to Napoleon at all, but rather to his wife, who most scholars now agree never said it in the first place. Also, while most will acknowledge that Mussolini's foreign policy and human rights records were poor, to call the mayor a "municipal Mussolini" only reveals our editorial writers' ignorance of the Fascist dictator's successful public works programs.

And matters of accuracy aside, our editorial board displayed the height of insensitivity by evoking Genghis Khan in this context at a time when his own people are reevaluating the historical importance of this great warrior and, yes, statesman. To our Mongol readers, we apologize.

Our editorial writers had no evidence upon which to claim, even facetiously,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70



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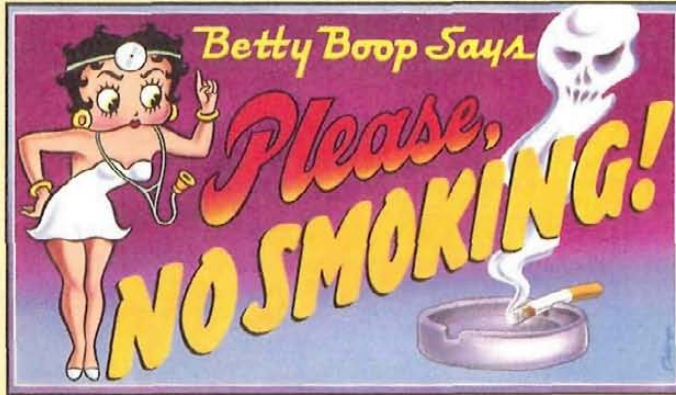
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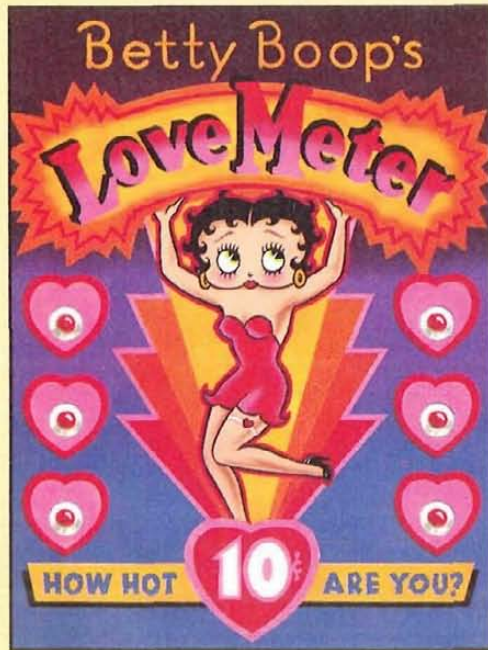
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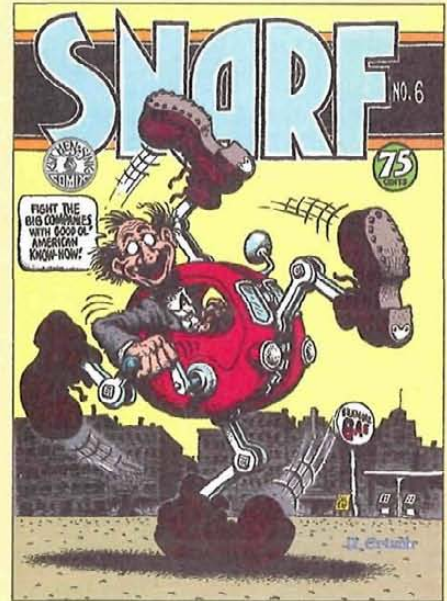
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JESSIE HARTLAND

## LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS

Sirs:

WAKE UP! WAKE THE FUCK UP! HELP ME, I'M BEING KIDNAPPED! WAKE UP! You awake? Ha-ha, sorry, just kidding. It's nothing, really. No problem here.

A Car Alarm

*Right outside your apartment*

Sirs:

Sherm? The kid with the crew cut? No, not in a while, I think he moved. Violet? Not sure....I heard she was hit by a car or something. Patty? I vaguely remember that her folks split up—she lives in Tucson now, or Albuquerque. Franklin's still around...kind of a troublemaker, doesn't go to school much. Frieda! Man—I haven't thought about her in years. With the cat. Yeah, the neighborhood's changed. Not much, but it's changed.

Chuck Brown  
*Sebastopol, Calif.*

Sirs:

I'd always assumed Heaven would be co-ed, so when I got to the dorm here, the same thing went through my head that had gone through everyone else's—I must be in Gay Heaven, or Straight Hell.

But it's kind of fun living together. And a lot of the guys were in the service, naturally, so they're pretty used to it. We can go over to the girls' dorms whenever we want (I forced myself to say "women" for a while, then I realized no one here gives a fuck about that sort of thing). I've got a girlfriend, spend a lot of time in her dorm, and we go away on weekends. (Yes, we do have weekends here, and yes, we can "go away.")

There *are* gay guys here, of course, and a lot of them lately, but they mostly live together. Not that there's any kind of hostility, they just naturally want to bunk up. I remember in college the gays used to piss me off, but like a lot of things, they don't really bother me here, and sometimes I even get in their volleyball games.

This place is actually a lot like college, just with fewer responsibilities, if that's possible, and even better athletic facilities. I've always liked basketball, but never been that good at it, and in the city it was impossible to find a decent court that wasn't crowded with great players. But just down the hall here, we've got a gym with what seems like acres of courts. (I don't know how far they go—I've never actually been to the other end.) And whereas I always felt like a dork before, up here I can dribble okay, I've got a decent shot, and I can even dunk if I get a good running start. There's usually one incredibly good player in the game, but I'm never the worst and I'm starting to get known for my jump shot, which I love.

Pete Maravich plays a lot, as well as Len Bias, the guy from Maryland who was going to go to the Celtics before he overdosed on coke. Actually, Len and I have gotten to be pretty good friends. He's a really nice guy, and he's the first close friend I've had who was black.

A big question I had when I got here was what the Big Guy would be like. None of the other Recent Arrivals had actually seen him—some guys knew someone who'd seen him, or who knew someone else who'd seen him. I thought for a while it might be one of these "Waiting for Godot" deals where you spend eternity waiting but he never actually shows up. A lot of us who weren't too well-behaved during our lives and who watched a lot of *Twilight Zone* kept looking for clues that we were actually in Hell, and for a while I thought never meeting God was the first inkling that someone was pulling a fast one.

But last week I did get to meet him, or at least shake his hand, after he gave a talk here in the dorm. He is, as you'd expect, a really good guy. He reminds me of a lot of people—some professors from college, and my father, and, maybe not surprisingly, a minister I once talked to on an airplane. He was much wittier than I expected, handling questions like JFK used to at press conferences, calling everyone by their first name, and being clever and self-deprecating if someone asked something awkward.

When I shook his hand, he said he

was looking forward to chatting with me, and he had that politician's trick of looking you in the eye like he knows everything about you—except in his case, of course, it wasn't a trick. With all the people here it's hard to see how he has time to talk to all of us individually, but I guess there isn't much you can't accomplish when you're God and you have eternity to do it in. I think he also has a pretty big staff.

My other big question was who made it in. Like with any club, the moment you get in you want to gloat about who didn't, and I was actually amazed at how few people didn't make the grade. Hitler isn't here, or Stalin, or most of the usual suspects, but some really surprising people are—Roy Cohn, the Marquis de Sade, and a whole bunch of executed killers. The rule seems to be that if there's any possibility of reconciliation, they'll bring both parties up. I mean, even if you waited for eternity, you'd never see Hitler sitting around with a bunch of rabbis, getting all huggy and weepy and apologetic. But you'd be surprised—right after I got here, I saw Lord Mountbatten, who was killed by the IRA, playing soccer with a bunch of IRA guys who starved themselves to death in a British prison.

I had kind of a similar experience. The closest thing I ever had to an enemy was my college girlfriend Linda's previous boyfriend. She had painted him as an ogre, somewhere between Ted Bundy and Andrew Dice Clay, and claimed he had totally fucked her up. Whether or not it was true, believing it was better than thinking she was fucked up from birth or that it was my fault, and so I blamed Robbie for everything—from her paranoid fear of strangers to her kicking me in her sleep.

So I already hated this guy's guts, and when Linda dumped me senior year and married him, that kind of put the icing on the cake. And then when Robbie died of a brain aneurysm, leaving Linda with a kid and a mortgage and no life insurance, I was ready to give him a piece of my mind.

But I didn't. Partly because when he got here, he was so out of it—worried, if you can believe this, that she'd still be pissed off at him when she got here, *in forty or fifty years*, for having blown off getting life insurance. This made me instantly sorry for him, and also reminded me what a drag she sometimes was.

So I just couldn't hate the guy, and nothing I've seen up here has surprised me more than the two of us talking and joking about this girl we'd both been crazily possessive about and both lost to



the other. When she finally does get here, Robbie and I will have known each other much longer than we knew her, and we'll be no more likely to fight over her than, say, Bird and McHale would be to fight over a basketball.

Which reminds me, I've got to wrap this up, because Robbie and I are going to play hoops in a while, and then head over to the girls' section. Some asshole murdered a pair of beautiful Italian twins last week, and their dorm is supposed to be off-limits for a while, but Robbie found a passkey.

Steve (1957-1991)  
Male Dorm 8

Sirs:

Guy walks into a bar and orders a drink. Bartender brings it to him and the guy drinks it. So the guy orders another, only this time it's a double. Barkeep pours it and the guy downs it. This goes on for a while. Finally, the guy is so drunk he can barely stand. The bartender says, "Don't you think

you've had enough?" but the guy demands another drink. Finally, he crawls out of the bar, gets in his car, and drives home, totally plastered out of his mind. He stumbles into the house and his wife is packing two suitcases. "Honey, are we going on a trip?" he slurs, and she says, "No. I'm leaving you because of your terrible drinking problem." Hey, thank you, thank you. You're a great audience.

Phil Darzynkiewicz  
Open-mike comedy night at AA

Sirs:

We swam through shit and sucked all this blood. When do we become butterflies?

A Leech  
The swamp

Sirs:

I own an '84 Rabbit GTI. Recently I ejaculated on the distributor advance. Can I expect a horsepower loss even though I advanced the ignition to

about six degrees and adjusted the timing accordingly? Also, I'm thinking of pissing on my fuel injectors. Would you recommend this?

N.U.D.  
Baja California

Sirs:

Who said anything about venting? The vents are fine in here. In fact, we just installed AC.

A spleen  
Cool and comfortable  
behind the stomach

Sirs:

Your magazine...is...doubtless the most...funny...available. The letters column in particular reeks...with a comic sensibility...It is gross and pathetic...[that] it appears only once a month.

Frank Rich  
The Times, N.Y.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70



"Snailman! Thank heavens!"

SNIK

# Are You Insane?

## A NATIONAL LAMPOON QUIZ

Take this simple quiz to find out if you are insane.

1. If someone bumped into me on the street, I would:
- say "Excuse me" and continue walking.
  - say "Excuse me," but sarcastically, and continue walking.
  - not say "Excuse me," and stand there giving the person a dirty look as he or she continued walking.
  - Other \_\_\_\_\_.

**How You Did:** If you answered a), b), or c), you are probably not insane, although the sensitivity of this test is limited and you should periodically ask your friends if they think you've been acting crazy lately. If you answered "Other," show your written response to a person picked at random on the street.

If s/he runs away from you, you may be insane.  
Please consult a therapist.

### Host or Parasite

Wink Martindale .....	P
Arsenio Hall .....	P
Alex Trebek .....	P
Martha Quinn .....	P
Rick Dees .....	P
David Brinkley .....	H
Billy Crystal .....	P
Martha Stewart .....	P

 **SPORTS FANS!**   
**PLAY VERBAL.**  
**YOU-MAKE-THE-CALL!**

**THE BACKGROUND:** Coleman is racing home on a single by Jefferies. McGriff's throw to the plate is high. Santiago grabs it as Coleman dives. The dust flies—the crowd rises to its feet in a crescendo! There's the tag! **SAFE or OUT? YOU MAKE THE CALL.**  
**ANSWER:** Turn to page 12.

## Historical Betting Scandals

This Month: *The Hostage Crisis*

[Longshot Fats is in Barcelona covering the World League of American Football.]

The over/under was 450 days but for some inexplicable reason, the hostages were released six days early. Abolhassan Bani-Sadr, the Iranian president at the time, was found guilty by a court of Islamic law and had his coaching card revoked, but has always maintained his innocence. "I was at a casino in Monte Carlo with the Ayatollah and I ran into Pete Rose at the buffet. I told him I was there with Ruhollah and he asked if he could meet him. All I did was make an introduction. I was under the impression that they were going to play tennis."



### FEUILLETON

#### THE COOLEST GUYS IN THE WORLD

I lived with a bunch of other guys in a big house on Woodrow Wilson Drive in the Hollywood Hills. If I told you half the stuff we did there, you wouldn't believe me. But it's all true.

The guys I lived with were always doing stuff, always having adventures, always partying, always going out with the best girls. But on top of that, each one had his specialty, a thing he did really well, and he was kind of the leader in that area.

First there was Keith. Maybe he was the coolest, because he was really two cool guys rolled into one. First he was a great journalist, one of the best. He worked at CNN and just about every other place and went to Europe and flew a plane and was always traveling around. For most guys this would be enough, but not for Keith. His other identity was that of a spy: Keith was secretly working for the CIA and the FBI. Most people were only allowed to work for one or the other, but Keith got special permis-

sion because he was so good. He didn't tell anyone about it except us—he had been sworn to secrecy but he knew we wouldn't tell anyone, because we were a unit, we were like one person, except with all these cool individual characteristics, as I have mentioned.

Keith was a master of all the spy techniques, but his specialty was silent killing. He never went anywhere without all his spy weapons, some of which he had designed and built himself, and no one knew about them, including the CIA





Live From The  
'60s Is Live From  
The Magic Kingdom This Spring

There's nothing like the great music of the '60s to make you feel happy. And there's no better place to hear it than Disneyland - "The Happiest Place On Earth!" This spring, Denny's Restaurants is sponsoring a series of "Live From The '60s" broadcasts, starring host The Real Don Steele, emanating LIVE from Disneyland in Anaheim, California.

And to make you even happier, Denny's wants to buy you lunch or dinner on your birthday! If your birthday falls in April, May or June, stop in at Denny's and receive a free lunch or dinner, including a non-alcoholic beverage. And fill out the coupon below, because you could also win a fabulous Disneyland vacation for yourself and your family, including:

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- Four (4) Two-Day Disneyland Passports.
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Listen for "LIVE FROM THE '60s", broadcasting live from Disneyland this spring on your favorite Oldies Station. Sponsored by:



**MAIL-IN ENTRIES ONLY. NOT ACCEPTED AT DENNY'S LOCATIONS.**

Just fill in this official entry form and mail to:  
**THE DENNY'S/DISNEYLAND BIRTHDAY SWEEPSTAKES**  
 P.O. Box 80000 • L.A. CA 90009

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

DAY \_\_\_\_\_ YR. \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE ( ) \_\_\_\_\_

Apr May June **ENTRY DEADLINE - JULY 15<sup>th</sup>, 1991**

**DENNY'S/DISNEYLAND BIRTHDAY SWEEPSTAKES OFFICIAL RULES** 1. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. 2. To enter, send a hand-written entry to: DENNY'S/DISNEYLAND BIRTHDAY SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. BOX 80,000, LOS ANGELES, CA 90009 • NOTE: See Rule #6 for Eligibility. Sweepstakes is only open to U.S. residents whose birthdays are in the months of April, May or June. Participants must be 18 years of age or older in 1991. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be handwritten (include name, address, phone number, and birthday), mailed separately and received by midnight July 15, 1991. Each entry will be placed in one of three (3) drawings dependent on the birthday month - April, May, or June. The drawings will be held on or about July 15, 1991 from all entries received. Random drawing is under the supervision of an independent judging organization whose decisions are final, binding and conclusive in all matters. Sponsor and promotional agencies are not responsible for lost, late or misdirected mail. 3. There will be three (3) separate sweepstakes drawings. Each drawing will offer the following prize package: Trip for four (4) to Disneyland in Anaheim, California, which includes coach air transportation for four, all of whom must leave from same major airport closest to winner's home, ground transfers, two (2) nights at the Disneyland Hotel (standard room, double occupancy), all meals at the hotel (exclusive of alcoholic beverages), four (4) Two-day Disneyland Passports. (ADP \$3,000.00/price packages). 4. Winners will be notified by mail and by phone. Prizes are non-transferable and no substitutions or cash equivalents will be made. Prize winners will be obligated to sign and return an affidavit of eligibility (along with proof of birthday) and liability/publicity release 10 days after receipt of notification. Guests of winner will be required to sign and return liability/publicity release prior to taking trip. Trip must be taken no later than December 31, 1991. Accommodations subject to availability. 5. Taxes are the responsibility of each prize recipient. Winner's and their guest's names and likeness may be used for publicity without further compensation. 6. Sweepstakes is open to residents of the United States, 18 years of age or older at the time of the drawings. Employees and their families of Premiere Radio Networks, its affiliated radio stations, The Walt Disney Company, Time Life Publications, Denny's Inc. and affiliated companies, any wholesalers, distributors or retailers related to the above companies and any advertising or promotion agency participating in the development or execution of this sweepstakes promotion are not eligible to participate. 7. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. Void where prohibited or restricted by law. Odds of winning are determined by the total number of entries received. 8. To receive the names of the prize winners or those Official Rules, send a hand-written request with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: DENNY'S/DISNEYLAND BIRTHDAY SWEEPSTAKES, C/O PREMIERE RADIO NETWORKS, INC. 6255 SUNSET BLVD., PH HOLLYWOOD, CA 90028

# stik scouts



doug blanchard

## A NOTE TO CHILD-CARE PROFESSIONALS

Self-gratification is common among boys ten years old and older, and if you overhear them, in their private talk, using terms like "bopping the baloney," "waxing the carrot," or "yanking the frank," we strongly advise you to take no notice—this is entirely normal. However, some expressions can in themselves be indications that something is seriously wrong—physically, emotionally, or both. Be on the alert for, and report to your supervisor, any of these telltale danger-phrases:

- "Slicin' the icicle"
- "Chewin' a fudgie"
- "Doin' the janitor thing"
- "Murdering Mr. Jesus"
- "Flattening the flounder"
- "Going cave-diving with Uncle Stinky"
- "Stapling the snake"
- "Visiting Dad"

### ANSWER:



and the FBI. He wanted to have a few tricks up his sleeve just in case they turned on him because he had gotten too powerful, which happens a lot with master spies. Of course, he told us all of his tricks, and we got to be pretty good at them. We could have taken on pretty much any other spies, except Keith.

The next on the list would have to be P.K. P.K.'s specialty was sailing, and he was the best sailor in the world, pretty much. Sometimes, just for fun, he would challenge guys with motor-

boats to races, and he would beat them with a sailboat just by using good tactics. When we went sailing, P.K. would always be in charge of the boat. I'll tell you more about the cool sailing trips later.

P.K. was also the biggest partyer. We all really liked to party and we were all the best partyers anywhere, but P.K. stood out as being the best, and he always knew who to invite. He had an affair with a beautiful movie star, and so of course when we had a party all of her movie star friends were



there, partying with us. The next person would be

Billy. Billy was pretty much the playboy of the house, always getting the most beautiful girls. Of course we were all really popular with girls and they were always coming over to the house, even if they couldn't be our girlfriends because we had too many girlfriends already. But Billy was the best, and he could get girls no one else could, by being really romantic and saying quotations from philosophy which he studied at college and talking to them in Latin.

Billy also had lots of money, millions and millions

# PETASCOPE



## For the Month of June

**GEMINI:** The sun in Aries should put you in place for new responsibilities. Recently there have been moments when your sense of loyalty has been shaken. Now, however, there is a dramatic opportunity to reinforce emotional ties, so play it cool. Let them come to you this time. Also, don't overdo the "chasing" routine.

## WINNING LOTTO NUMBERS

1 - 15 - 24 - 29 - 40 - 42

## WINNING BASE EIGHT LOTTO NUMBERS

1eight - 17eight - 30eight - 35eight -  
50eight - 52eight

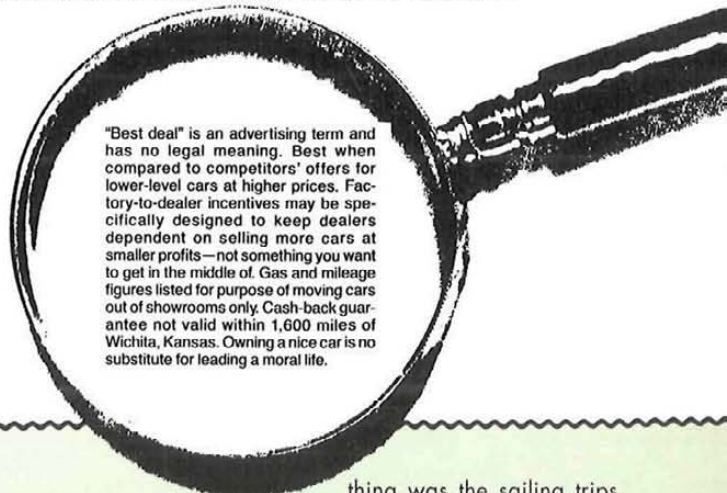
(Note: Base Eight Lotto winners must have specially purchased their Base Eight Lotto card to be eligible. Base Eight Lotto payoff is twenty-seven million dollars.)

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Custodian .....	\$6.00
Yea-Sayer .....	\$3.27
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## INFO YOU MAY HAVE MISSED: The Fine Print That Runs Under TV Car Ads



"Best deal" is an advertising term and has no legal meaning. Best when compared to competitors' offers for lower-level cars at higher prices. Factory-to-dealer incentives may be specifically designed to keep dealers dependent on selling more cars at smaller profits—not something you want to get in the middle of. Gas and mileage figures listed for purpose of moving cars out of showrooms only. Cash-back guarantee not valid within 1,600 miles of Wichita, Kansas. Owning a nice car is no substitute for leading a moral life.

of dollars it seemed like. He would turn around and buy something in a second, whether he needed it or not, and he bought all this stuff for the house, like a water cooler that always gave you cool water and a vacuum cleaner with a light on it and a maid. Of course we all really liked to spend money, but Billy was the best. Once the maid ran out of things to do, and instead of saying go home and I just won't pay you so much this time, he told her to wash the walls, and she did it.

Next would be Ian. He

was the best photographer anywhere, always taking pictures of something. He would take pictures of us, and even though we were all very good-looking already and could have been male models, the pictures would be so good that we'd look even better and he'd put them on the walls, and when girls came over they liked us even more. He had all these neat cameras, including some that went underwater. He was a great deep-sea diver, and he was always telling us and the girls about his underwater

adventures and his narrow escapes. He had so many stories it sometimes seemed like we had heard them before but he would say no, this was a different time.

Finally there was Ron. Ron was the funniest guy you've ever met. There was nothing he couldn't make a really killer joke about. All the really great comedians you ever heard of thought Ron was really funny and begged him to write jokes for them.

Anyway, we did lots of cool stuff, but the coolest

thing was the sailing trips. Girls really liked to come on these trips, so we were always outnumbered, but that was okay with us. P.K. was really good at driving the boat, and he could do it when he was drunk or asleep or had a really bad hangover.

Ian would take pictures the whole time, sometimes of us, sometimes of the girls. Billy, of course, would be on deck with the girls, maybe impressing them with the really cool thing he had just bought, or just speaking Latin and being romantic.

## FAILED DENOMINATIONS OF U.S. MONEY



**The \$1.35 Piece.** This 1972 experimental denomination consisted of a dollar bill with a quarter and a dime taped to it. The piece was quickly withdrawn after the Mint realized that it could be counterfeited too easily.



**45-rpm Coinage.** Made of vinyl rather than metal, these 1958 youth-oriented coins had a hole in the middle and could be played on phonographs as well as spent. Anyone playing the coins would hear Elvis Presley saying, "Liberty. . . In God We Trust. . . United States of America" as well as the date and denomination of the coin. Were discontinued when cost of mass-producing phonograph-spindle adapters outstripped the value of the coin.

### What Was It Like? Ordering Pay-Per-View

It was like being a medieval king, big and strong, with silken girls and potato chips, or being a small, burrowing animal especially happy with its hole in the ground. The TV was focusing on you to see if you were paying attention. After a few beers, it was like being in the center of a pile of old tires stretching above your head.

Ron didn't come on these trips, not because he couldn't sail—like all of us he was a great sailor, better than almost anyone in the world, except P.K.—but because he would be busy at home thinking of new jokes to tell us when we got back.

Ian and Keith would go diving, because even though Ian was the best diver, Keith was still really good at it from being a spy. They would go over the side with knives and spear guns and shoot sharks. Of course Keith had to be watching for enemies, who would often

be waiting for him underwater. But he and Ian were really good underwater fighters—Keith was the best at fighting, and Ian was the best at diving, but they were both equally good at underwater fighting, just with Keith having the emphasis more on the fighting part and Ian on the diving.

Even if they were outnumbered and had to escape it was still okay, because P.K. was such a good sailor he would drive the boat over and pick them up, and Keith would hang off the side on a rope, shooting his spy

**The One-Cent Gold Piece.** In 1980, this beautiful coin was unveiled—nearly .00004 of an ounce of fine gold, with the face of Harry Truman on the obverse and an American eagle on the reverse. Unfortunately, the coin was too small to be seen with the unaided eye, and the public never became aware that it had been placed in circulation.



**The \$10/\$20 Bill.** It was to be a great cost-cutting measure: combining two bills into one by printing a \$10 bill on one side and a \$20 bill on the other. Either side could be the one spent, depending on the need. Some of these bills were almost placed in circulation in 1970 before someone realized what an incredibly foolish idea this was.

### Imprecise-Trivia Corner

**DID YOU KNOW THAT IF YOU UNCOILED THE LARGE AND SMALL INTESTINES, THEY WOULD STRETCH FROM HERE TO THE MOON?**

*Sounds hard to believe, because it's an exaggeration, but the point is they're surprisingly long—miles or something.*

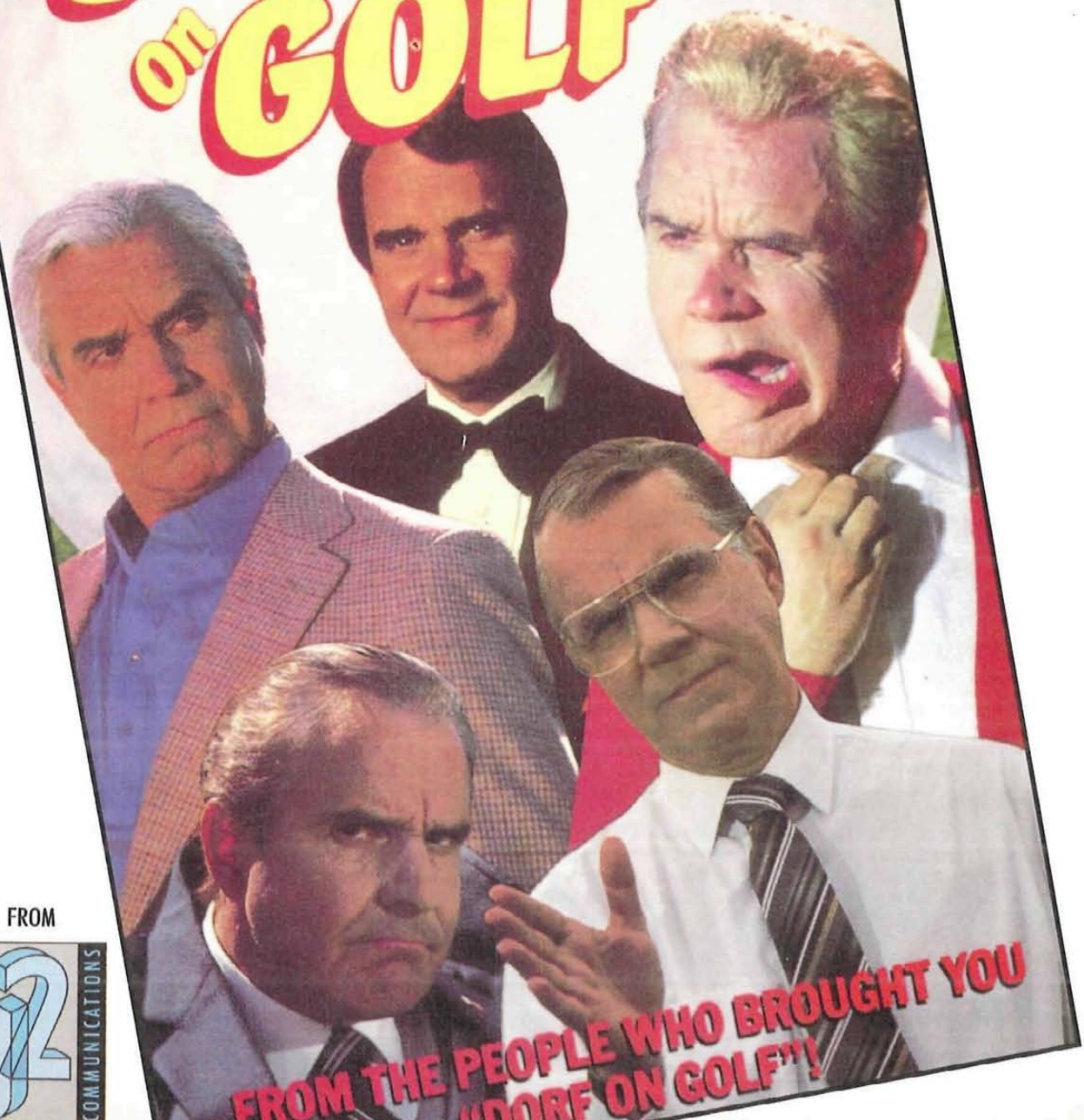
Ian's cameras, because even though he wasn't as great a photographer as Ian he was still a really great photographer.

There's a lot more cool stuff we did, but that should give you the general flavor of our daily life. Eventually we had to move out of the house, and the landlord said it was because we had no respect for the norms of civilized behavior, but Keith thinks it was the CIA's way of warning him not to get too cozy with the FBI, or maybe vice versa.

**Ian Maxtone-Graham**

**RICH LITTLE'S**  
*Little*  
**SCAMS  
ON GOLF**

**AVAILABLE  
ON  
HOME  
VIDEO  
JUNE  
26**



FROM



**FROM THE PEOPLE WHO BROUGHT YOU  
"DOLF ON GOLF!"**

# THE EQUALIZER

**THIS MONTH:** Telephone Solicitation Shutdown

**PREPARATION:** Prerecord script below. **Remember:** You may use anyone of the opposite sex in the role of "Spouse." Just be sure your sound effects are realistic. Even a cheap tape recording should have that "hand over the receiver" sound.

**SCENARIO:** When annoying telephone solicitor is about to ask you to purchase land/newspaper subscription/credit card/whatever, play recording of this script:

**YOU:** Honey! Let's get this land/newspaper subscription/credit card/whatever [choose one] that this guy on the phone's offering.  
**SPOUSE:** Are you sure?  
**YOU:** What's that supposed to mean?  
**SPOUSE:** Nothing—it's just that—  
**YOU:** You think I'm a spendthrift, don't you? You think I'm gonna put you in the poorhouse—you're regretting you ever got involved with me. Well, sir/ma'am [choose one], I can do something about that. . . .  
**SPOUSE** [panicked]: Honey, no, put that down! Oh, my God—  
 [SFX: GUNSHOT, SCREAM.]  
**YOU** [to SALESMAN]: Look, I don't think we're interested. Call back soon, maybe.

**PREDICTED EFFECT:** Salesman never calls you back, finds new line of work.

## Frontage Contributors:

Richard Lavenstein, Robert Leighton, Ian Maxtone-Graham, Bill Oakley, David Waldstein, Josh Weinstein, Steven Young, and the Editors.

## BREAKING AND ENTERING

So far, everything had gone perfectly, and there was no reason to think things wouldn't stay that way. We had cased the house carefully over a couple of weeks. The family always went out to eat with friends on Thursday night, and never came back before eleven. The alarm system was easy to defeat, the nearest neighbors were almost a hundred yards away, and police rarely

drove by. A piece of cake. Still, it was no time to get cocky. I'd seen things go bad before.

I clicked on my flashlight. The living room was moderately untidy, as I'd expected. Yesterday's newspaper was heaped on a chair. I threw it in the bag. Next I turned to the sofa and the loveseat. I'd figured on a good amount of stuff under the sofa, but even I was a little surprised: three Popsicle sticks, five used Kleenex, a Twinkie wrapper, a TV Guide from last fall, a toothpick, a cat toy.

I heard a step on the stairs and whirled around. It was Manny.

"You'd better come up and take a look at this, boss," he whispered, and disappeared up the stairs before I could ask what was wrong.

I went after him, fearing a repeat of the situation we ran into the month before. It was a little job across town, and we'd thought the whole family was out at the movies. But as Phil was bagging up some broken toys from the closet in the kids' playroom, a boy of about five appeared

## At the Adjectives Disco

**"A"**

hungry  
desperate  
hot  
yearning  
supplicating  
obsequious

**"B"**

reasonable  
portentous  
intricate  
tatterdemalion  
frightened  
horrified

## Bowling TIPS

**SHOES:** Twenty-five cents.

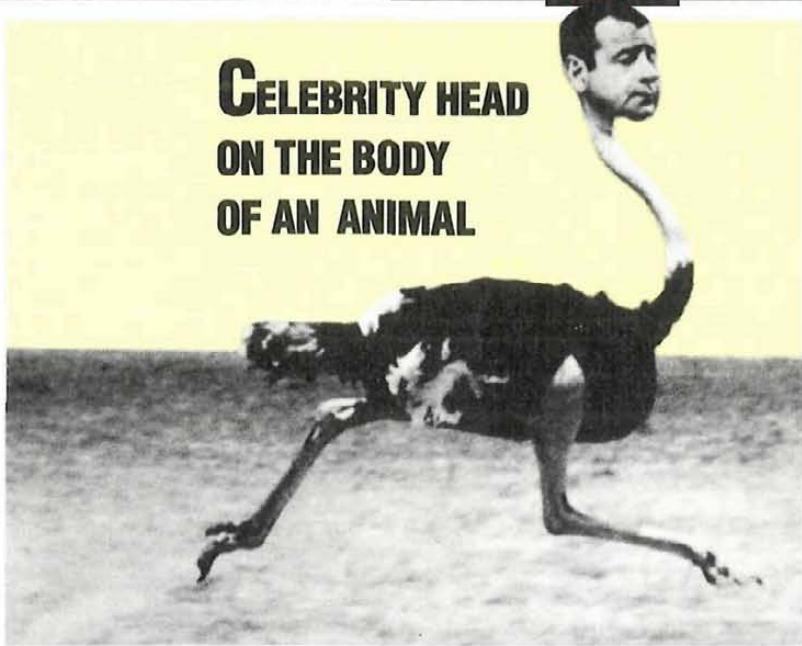
**PINSETTER:** Ten cents per frame, or, if automatic, leave a dollar for whatever has to put the balls away and clean out the ashtray.

**BEER/COCKTAILS:** Hey, get up off your fat ass and get it yourself.





## CELEBRITY HEAD ON THE BODY OF AN ANIMAL



## CHILDREN'S CORNER

### A Quiz for Kids with Special Families

**O**NCE UPON A TIME THERE was a little boy named Timmy who lived in a big house with his parents, whom he loved very much. Even though Timmy tried hard not to act up, they argued a lot, and once Timmy's daddy got drunk and hit Timmy's mommy, and Timmy's mommy left him. Timmy's mommy and daddy told Timmy that they were separating but it had nothing to do with him. Timmy was extra-good for three months and set the table every night and brushed his teeth without being asked, but his parents got divorced anyway. Should Timmy feel bad?



JESSIE HARTLAND

Answer: Yes. The divorce was Timmy's fault.

deal with the fear, or you quit.

Fortunately, there wasn't any surprise like that upstairs this time. Manny had found a bag of clothes in the master closet—some sweaters, shirts, old jeans. It was pretty clear that the bag was supposed to go to the Salvation Army or Goodwill, but nobody had gotten around to taking it yet. From the layer of dust on the top, I estimated that it had been sitting for at least six months. "Well?" asked Manny, pointing his flashlight at the bag.

I made a quick decision. "Chuck it," I said. If they hadn't taken it to the Salvation Army by now, they never would. It was trash. It had to be thrown away.

In the closet, Manny had moved on to the shoe rack. I ducked into the small bedroom across the hall.

The room belonged to a teenage boy. A poster of Larry Bird on one wall, Def Leppard on the other. This kid might be okay—not some priss afraid of a little clean-up. The closet was a bit worse than I expected—a box of ship and plane

models in various stages of fragmentation. Probably he thought that he'd try to fix them up eventually, but I knew better. The whole lot went into my bag. I flipped through a selection of shirts on hangers and removed the ugly and too-small ones in the back before going back to check on Manny.

He'd finished with the master bedroom and was making a pass through the bathroom. He swept a row of expired medications out of the medicine cabinet, and we started down the stairs together.

Just as we reached the bottom, we heard the tinkle of breaking glass, then Phil's voice saying, "Oh shit." Manny and I gave each other a look. Phil's the new guy, and he's all right, but frankly, he's kind of a klutz. I didn't think he was ready for cleaning out the refrigerator. But he insisted.

We looked in the kitchen. By the pale refrigerator light, I could see Phil mopping up a puddle of dark liquid on the floor. Some broken glass lay on the tiles. It looked like the remains of a soy sauce bottle. Phil

## SUICIDE NOTES FROM THE EXTREMELY METICULOUS

*This note is intended to accompany the corpse lying next to it. Upon closer inspection you will find that the corpse is mine. (Of course, if you know me, you will also recognize the handwriting as mine.)*

*By the time you read this, I will be gone.  
P.S. This is a suicide note, not a letter saying I'm leaving. (I.e., I've killed myself.)*

*This is a note to tell you I've killed myself. Well, actually the rope I've used has killed me.*

# National Lampoon's Super Dream Catfight: Madonna vs. Daisy Mae



**EUGENE HUGHES PRESENTS:**

## What's In, What's Out in My Hot New Manhattan Studio Apartment

### OUT

- ✓ Toasted Bagel with Butter, Cream Cheese, and Thick-Cut Marmalade
- ✓ Gray Leather Couch
- ✓ Uninsured Stereo and Video Equipment
- ✓ 100-Watt Bulbs
- ✓ Dating

### IN

- ✓ Toasted Bagel with Butter, Cream Cheese, and Raspberry Jam
- ✓ Black Canvas Chair
- ✓ Curling Up with One of Manhattan's Many Fine Free Weeklies
- ✓ 75-Watt Soft Light
- ✓ Self-Love

## HUMOR YOU CAN USE

Graduation is a perfect time to crystallize the memory of your class in the minds of your former mentors and administrators. Here are some of our all-time favorite graduation pranks, which work equally well on the high school, college, or post-graduate level.

- Turn off the air conditioning in the gymnasium or auditorium several hours before the ceremony. Each time a grandparent or fat relative drops from the heat, the graduating class chants the number of victims thus far.

- Each member of the football team fakes a kidney punch at the principal/dean as he goes up to accept his diploma. The key to making this prank work, however, is that at least one player must follow through.

- Hire Rick Baker or some other makeup genius to turn one student (a non-participating junior) into the walking corpse of the senior who died tragically that year (preferably in a car crash). Once all the diplomas have been handed out, the dead student walks into the auditorium, demanding its diploma.

- Fire drill.

**Next Month: Jokes  
Old Folks Can Play**

looked up and said, "It was best if used by April. I just dropped it. Sorry, boss."

"Don't worry about it," I said kindly. At least it wasn't a full jar of molasses or something. "How's it going in here?"

"Well, I got rid of some apples that had gone pretty soft, a little jar of fancy jelly that had only a little bit of hardened stuff in it, and some moldy fruit cocktail," he said, tossing pieces of broken glass into his bag. "And I think that carton of cream there is probably old,

but I haven't looked at it closely yet."

"Have you seen any sign of a cat's litter box?" I asked.

"Well, I've seen cat food, they feed it, but I don't think there's a litter box. I think they let the cat outside," Phil said.

"Okay," I said. "We're done." Early, but that was fine with me. Every extra minute you take doing a job makes it just a little more likely that you'll get caught.

We filled up two bags that night—a decent haul. We closed the door care-

fully behind us, shut the window we had entered through, and made our way across the yard. Manny ran over to reconnect the alarm. Though it was fully dark by now, this was the part of the job that always made me most nervous. If we were spotted now, it would be hard to outrun pursuit, since the trash bags were pretty heavy. But we crossed through the strip of woods safely and threw the bags in the back of my pickup truck, which I'd concealed off the road behind the house.

We drove in silence for a while, savoring the feeling of a job well done. But I guess Phil was somewhat worried, too; being new, he wasn't quite clear on the last phase of a job. "What happens now?" he asked after a few minutes. "What do we do with the trash?"

"Landfill," I said. "But the landfill won't be open at night," Phil said.

I just smiled.

*Steven Young*

# NATIONAL LAMPOON.

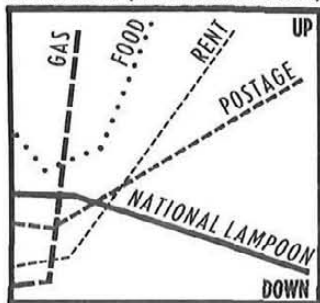
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IN THE NIGHT

# SHOW TRIAL

THIS MONTH'S DEFENDANTS: The Parker Lewis Can't Lose Writers



JUDGMENT

**THIS MONTH'S CHARGES:** Profiting from the dissemination of syndicated idiocy, depraved indifference to noblesse oblige, dereliction of duty to the body politic, and the abominable crime of writing for television, premeditated and in the first degree.

HOLLYWOOD - WHERE A TRIO OF THE BEST AND THE BRIGHTEST GATHER FOR A STORY MEETING OF THE CULTURALLY TREASONOUS.

HOW ABOUT IF PARKER GETS INTO A MISUNDERSTANDING WITH ANOTHER CHARACTER AND BOTH LEARN FROM THE EXPERIENCE? HEE-HEE.

THEY'LL LOVE IT, THE IDIOTS.

HAW - HAW.

THERE IS NONE WHO KNOWS THE DAY NOR THE HOUR OF THE APPOINTED JUDGMENT. SAVE THAT IT WILL COME. AND FOR THE PURVEYORS OF SITUATION COMEDY, RETRIBUTION WILL BE STERN INDEED.

CONFERENCE ROOM

IS THIS A DEAD-LINE THING?

OPEN UP IN THE NAME OF THE POON.

TRAFFIC JAM

YET SOMETIMES IT IS NECESSARY THAT JUSTICE BE DEFERRED FOR THE GOOD OF THE POLITY.

YOU HAVE POLLUTED THE MINDS OF CHILDREN WITH FILTHY LIES ABOUT A TEENAGER WITH PRETERNATURAL POWERS. BUT BECAUSE THERE IS NO PUNISHMENT AWFUL ENOUGH FOR YOUR CRIMES, I RELEASE YOU ON THE CONDITION THAT YOU USE YOUR SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE TO SERVE YOUR COUNTRY, NOW OUT OF MY SIGHT.

EVEN THE GRIM PURITY OF NATIONAL LAMPOON JUSTICE MAY OCCASIONALLY GO AWRY.

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JACKIE O WIG PILLBOX HAT

JFK WIG

POP SNAP

BUT IN VAIN WILL YOU HACK AT THE TREE OF WICKEDNESS WHEN IT HAS ALREADY BROUGHT FORTH THE DEADLY FRUITS OF ITS MATURITY. IT IS THE YOUNG SAPLING THAT MUST BE UPROOTED AND THROWN INTO THE FIRE!

THOSE WHO WOULD BETRAY OUR GLORIOUS MODERNIST TRADITION TO THE WHOREDOM OF HOLLYWOOD ARE BATHED IN THEIR OWN BLOOD - POON JUSTICE TRIUMPHS ONCE MORE!

ILLUSTRATED BY JONATHAN ROSEN

## SPORTS DESK



ELI "SOCKS" GALLAGHER

Valleyfield, Quebec, is full of boys named Jacques Hackett and François Whalen and Jean-Claude Cavanagh, French-Irish right-handed defensemen who can play the end-to-end or the one-on-one, look for the break, and use the body when necessary. One defenseman in particular, let's call him Marcel O', knew that there were a hundred other boys his age who could play as well as he could and that it was only because the breaks came when scouts were looking that he got out of Valleyfield, away from the Clynn and Tinker Textile Mill or Goodyear Valleyfield, and circuitously found himself sent up to the New York Rangers hockey club.

The Rangers have long since held their practices in the town of Rye, State of New York. And it was here that Marcel O' found himself with a free afternoon and a need to secure lodgings. Aware of the tenuousness of his employment in the big time, based on an honest self-appraisal of his most ordinary abilities, Marcel O' sought to bank as much of his paycheck as possible and to find cheaper lodgings than the team provided (deductibly) in a block of condominiums in the Rye area.

Marcel O' also desired to keep himself separate from the regulars of the team and what he suspected would be injudicious, expensive, and frivolous ways, some involving the women his church and his mother had warned him about, his mother over massive courses of Habitant pea soup and Kraft macaroni and cheese, and his church over bite-size servings of the body and blood of Christ.

Like most immigrants, he sought out that part of town that most resembled his home, in this case Rye's M—— Street, with its high, narrow, weathered, multifamily wood frame houses with shades rather than curtains, aluminum doors with peacocks on them, narrow lawns, and dead cars out back. Ringing the doorbell of one with a TO RENT sign in the window, Marcel O' was met by a giant pallid roly-poly woman in a nurse's uniform that billowed and strained over her considerable girth like a tarpaulin over a mountain of used tires. The woman, and it will not give anything away to call her Rose, unchained the door and allowed herself out. Marcel O' was too polite (and besides it would have been nearly impossible) to peek behind her, but from the house came the comforting smell of boiling hot dogs, instant scalloped potatoes, frozen pizza, and tollhouse cookies.

Marcel O' investigated the lodging. The rooms were neither large nor bright nor clean, but were furnished, after a fashion, with the backseat of a car as a couch, a cable spool as a table, an assortment of milk crates and bricks and boards for storage, a number of hangers in the closet, and a poster of a beautiful redheaded woman whose cool but desperate need for a particular brand of apéritif, a bottle of which she grasped for, made it impossible for her to keep the shoulder straps of her dress up. In short, the rooms were both enough like paradise, and enough like home.

Marcel O' told Rose he'd take it.

A week later, two interesting things happened, though Marcel O' had yet to play in an actual game.

The first interesting thing was that the star defenseman, a veteran known as much for his long curly hair and fits of pique as for his lame +/-, was picked up after practice by his fiancée, whom Marcel O' breathlessly recognized as the fashion model from the apéritif poster. Marcel was not sure at first, since, he admitted later, her face, her reaching hands, and her one bare shoulder had been much on his mind since he had taken his rooms and he had imagined that he spotted her often. His teammates assured him, however, that this woman was, in fact, the supermodel in question and a spokesperson of some repute and price. She was well-known professionally for that hungry look in her aqua eyes that Marcel had recognized.

Putting the girl out of his mind, though at first reminding himself from experience that not all spokespersons used the products they endorsed, and so perhaps she might be a nice girl after all and not an apéritif drinker, Marcel O' went home.

It was there that the second interesting thing happened.

Marcel O', ascending his stairs for

what he knew now would be either a night of torment with the poster of the fiancée of a colleague at arms or with the prospect of taking the poster down, heard a small voice call his name from within the main house. Marcel O' had in the past week met more of the occupants of the house: his landlady's equally enormous mother, Kate, and her brother Wayne, a similarly tubby man whose night-watchman's army-surplus uniform seemed to be only held together from bursting by the gluc of gallons of sweat. Marcel had run into the three a number of times, together and singularly, as he paused to enjoy the heavy sweet homey smells of Bisquick biscuits, tinned spaghetti, Heinz beans, salisbury steak TV dinners, and Eggo waffles—sometimes all the smells at once. Embarrassed at being caught sniffing, Marcel O' now avoided their windows. First this pleasure had been taken from him, and now the pleasure of the hungry-looking red-haired girl in the poster.

But the voice from the house was not the voice of Rose, Kate, or Wayne.

The voice invited Marcel O' into the main house. The front door was unlocked, and the raspy, childish voice drew him in. "In here, Marcel. Down here, Marcel. To the left some, Marcel." It called him down to the basement. Marcel O' turned at the foot of the basement steps—and faced the most gigantically overweight man he had ever seen.

The man weighed one thousand kilograms, by Marcel O's guess—at least two thousand pounds. He would have been frightening if it were not so abundantly obvious that he could not move under his own power. He spread over a crude platform of pillows and blankets like a huge scoop of something melting. His sausage-like arms were flattened by their own weight at his sides. He wore a sort of patchwork gown made out of sheets of different patterns. His ears were pierced and his earrings had crystals in them. There were similar quartz crystals in the necklace he wore, the loop of which was obscured by rolls of neck fat. Flattened by gravity, a snowman body with a snowman head, his circumference was, as Marcel O' remembers it, over twelve feet.

"You're Marcel O'," the blob said.

Marcel nodded yes.

"You play for the Rangers."

Again, Marcel nodded the affirmative.

"I'm their biggest fan," the giant said.

*To be continued.*

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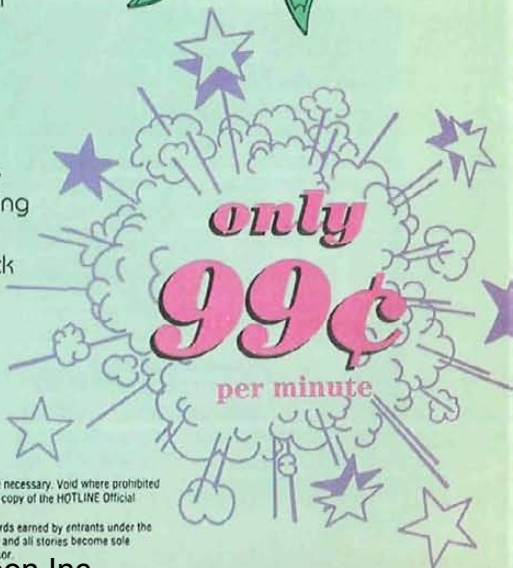
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## ONCE MORE WITH SAVINGS

**T**he “Vietnam syndrome” lasted about twenty years, so it’s only to be expected that the Gulf War repercussions would last at least a few months — and yes, NBC’s new Arthur Kent show (*Come In, Dhahran*) can be defined as a “repercussion.”

But that by no means is the cheesiest network stunt. That award goes to CBS, whose recent coverage of events in Canada can only be called “inflammatory.” (Or “stupid.”) Looking for another ratings-boosting war *without* the expense of flying halfway around the world, CBS is treating Quebec separatism with all the fervor a desperate news department can muster. (The Potato is informed that the whole process began with Larry Tisch getting on the phone and saying, “Wouldn’t it be great if war broke out within driving distance of New York?”)

So Dan Rather leads off his newscast with “Quebec remains on the brink” for nine days in a row, then terms the province “a dagger at the throat of America” — a phrase that would have had even more impact if he hadn’t been pointing to Rhode Island at the time—and retired generals parade before the cameras like senile circus elephants to tell us how much firepower we can expect from the “Shi’ite Moslems” in Quebec. Rather didn’t even correct them, rightly suspecting that no one was really paying attention.

But, of course, it wouldn’t be TV news without a demon, and the story was about to wither away until they found Walter Laval, owner of Walter’s Gun Barn north of Montreal, and virtually the only person who was willing to call the U.S. bad names, like “chucklehead”—though no one said anything about the script he was reading when he said all those things.

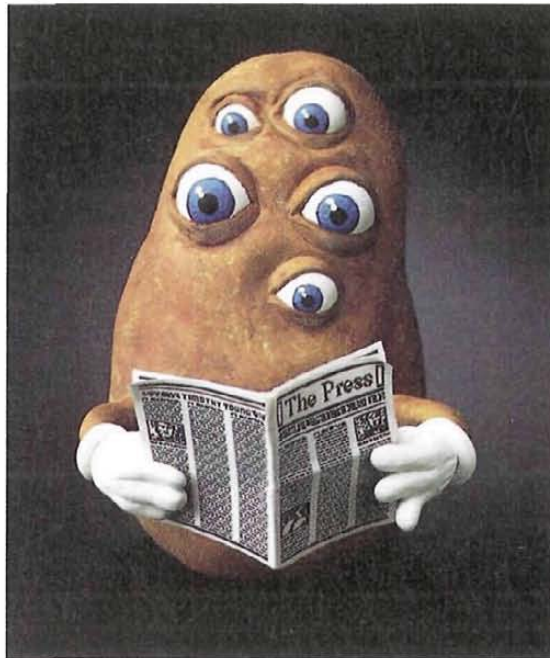
Since the Potato, who’s paid to, is virtually the only one watching CBS News these days, the phony war went nowhere. But he’s definitely keeping his eyes on the Cuban threat again.

## ON AND ON AN UPBEAT NOTE

Meanwhile, the demand to be whipped up to a manic fury of positivism is continuing to take its toll on our cringing newsmen. *USA Today*, of course, is the leader of the sheep, pulling a story on S&L ripoffs to run a series called “We Kicked Ass: The

# THE POTATO

## A CANDID REVIEW OF WHAT’S HAPPENING IN THE PRESS



Memories,” and *GE News*—whoops! I mean NBC—did a profile on the Third World operations of U.S. companies that not only used the phrase “corporations gladly shoulder the white man’s burden” (while showing a bunch of penned-up Malaysians) but also kept referring to the American unemployed as the “vocationally challenged.”

It’s almost needless to say that the media manipulators we elect to office have taken advantage of this tendency—in particular, Louisiana state senator Robert Devereaux. John Powell, a Baton Rouge TV newsmen, reported that Devereaux was about to be arrested for raping and beating to death his administrative assistant—and Devereaux, in reply, used the airwaves to call for Powell’s elimination because he always “blamed America first.” (Powell had previously done a story on how the children of environmentalists were “accidentally” trapped in toxic-

waste barrels.) The next day, a mob went down to the capital—not to get Devereaux, but Powell, whom they lynched to a pillar of the Capitol. Why didn’t rival Baton Rouge stations cover this? Ed Major, station manager of the CBS affiliate, summed up the climate of fear: “It’s not a very visual story.”

You’d think at least *that* would be a good story, but not in the present climate of fear. Instead, the only soft-pedaling reference the ABC affiliate made about the lynching was “And, in local news, a media troublemaker got what he deserved because concerned citizens took action.” To which the co-anchor replied, “It’s about time!”

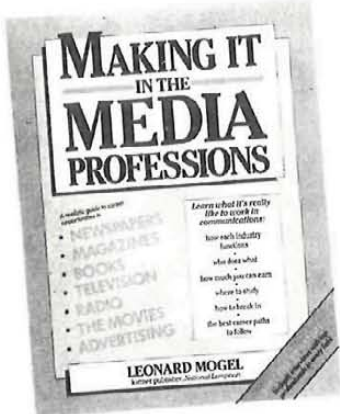
## POTATO CHIPS

White House strategy of using Quayle boners as distractions should be commented on. Example: the day Bush said, “Poor people oughta be penned up,” Quayle “accidentally” picks nose on camera. Guess which gaffe gets talked about?... Gotta love *Wall Street Journal’s* call for an abolition of the Democratic party—but wouldn’t it make the editorial page that much blander?... Diane Sawyer’s falsies are failing to boost sagging *Prime Time Live* ratings.... Potato’s Law of Sunday-Morning Talk Shows: the earlier in the morning the show, the more times guests say things like “Fuckin’ A.” Case in point: James Baker’s saying “That shit don’t flush” repeatedly on *This*

*Week with David Brinkley*.... The *New York Times’s* effort to add youth appeal is commendable, but headlines like “Israelis Bummed Out at Palestinian Accord” just don’t sing, somehow.... Recent Newt Gingrich quote—“Affirmative action went out with the missionary position”—begs for a follow-up.... Depressing Poll Results Dept.: In a recent Center for Media Studies poll, 40 percent of *daily* news viewers identified “Iraq” as our enemy in the Persian Gulf war. (Hint: it is the correct answer.) Tied for second were the countries of “Vietnam” and “Scud”.... *Nightline* becoming so establishment-heavy that guests need two references from the New York Yacht Club in order to appear.... How did a fifteen-year-old named Candi get into the booth with CBS’s Tim McCarver last week? And why did Tim do his home-run call during an intentional walk? *You* make the call! ■

ILLUSTRATED BY TIMOTHY YOUNG

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| Literary Agent         | City Editor           |
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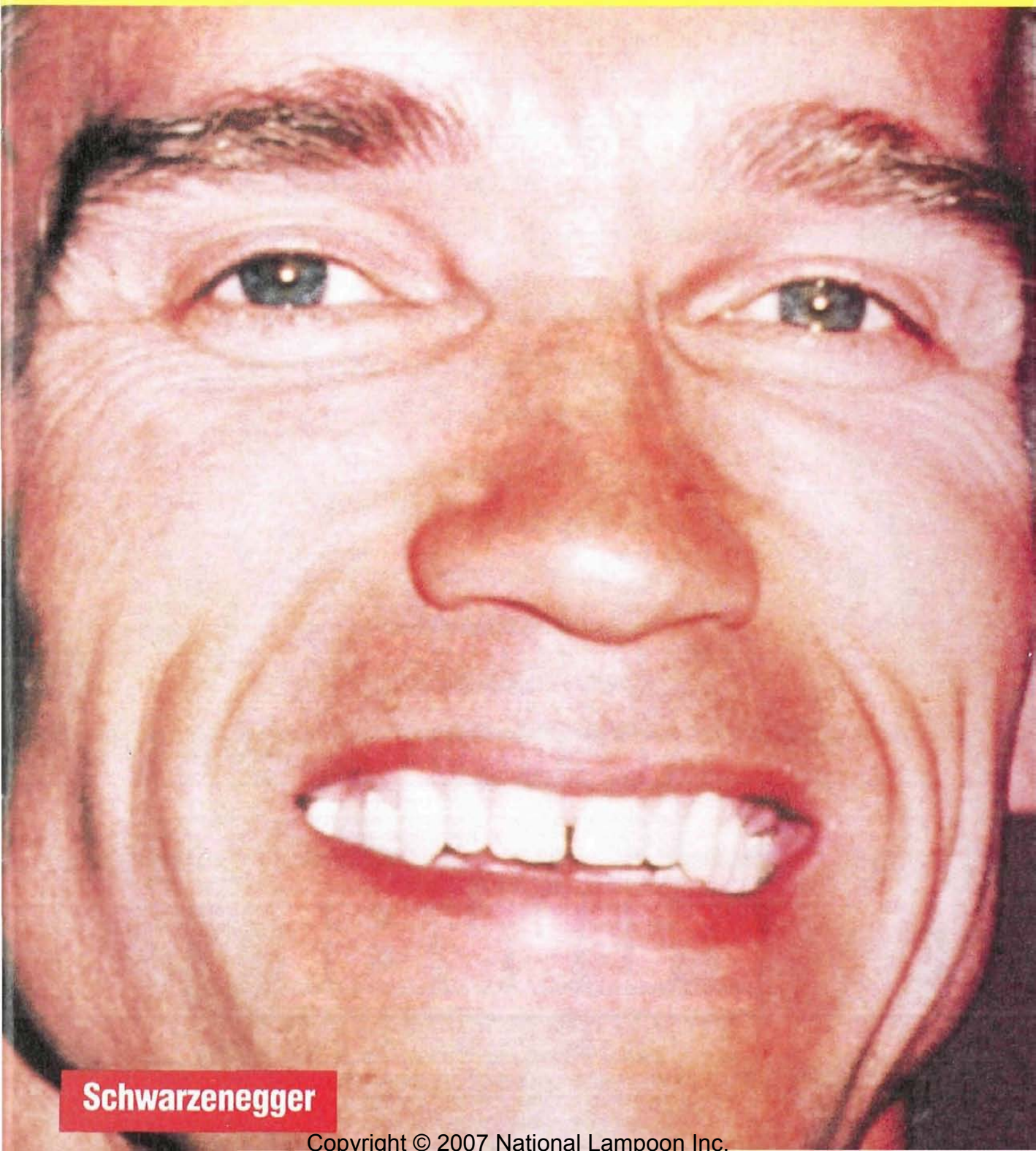
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# BIG SCREEN

PREMIERE ISSUE

\$10



**Schwarzenegger**

**Sometimes, one great story  
leads to another.**

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of love

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of war

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of action

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of laughter

**THE POWER**  
of drama

**THE  
POWER**

*Coming this summer—again and again and again!*

**A small pictures Production**

# EDITORIAL

"DOES AMERICA *really* need another movie magazine?" The question was broached over lunch at Le Sans-Cœur; my companion was Ross Stern, the publishing dynamo responsible for such groundbreaking page-turners as *Sporting Man*, *Nimbus*, and *Missouri Bride*. He seized upon the subject with a relish he usually reserved for jai-alai wagers, and a frenzied banter ensued. By the time we were done bantering, our veal medallions were cold and our cheeks were flushed.

I knew by the glint in his eye and the cellular phone in his hand that the birth of a new enterprise was but a few machinations away. "And Tippy," he exclaimed, "you are my editor." Quel thrill! I was flabbergasted. My publishing experience up to that time had been limited to typing *Seedling!*, a minor newsletter of the New York Horticultural Society. But I was caught up in the winds of fate, and all I could do was take a deep breath, center myself, and rush out to buy a copy of Strunk and White's *Elements of Style*.

I recall a scene a few nights later, as I tucked my daughter Berthe into bed among lace and hand-stitched trapunto

detailing. She gazed up at me with a look both bashful and daring and asked, "Mommy? Why are you taking this job? Does America *really* need another movie magazine?"

Well, that was six months ago, and I hope the premiere issue of **BIG SCREEN** provides an answer. You hold in your hands the result of an exhausting yet exhilarating labor. Like other infants, we are a bit bald, a bit red and wrinkled. And like a newly minted coin, we are shiny.

This morning, my husband rolled over and inquired, "What is it about the movies that we find so compelling?" Later, a complete stranger stepped up to me on the street and asked, "What is it about celebrities that intrigues us so?" Let me answer both questions this way. Movies are our dreams writ large. The stars are our royalty. Hollywood is the last frontier. The cinema is our common language. **BIG SCREEN** is yet another magazine devoted to this endlessly fascinating subject.

But most important, **BIG SCREEN** is *new*. It's hot off the press, straight down the chute, a tender young journalistic sapling fresh as the morning dew. A *snappy, gutsy* magazine with *cutting edge style*—chock-full of exciting photographs and penetrating behind-the-scenes interviews, illustrated with colorful charts and

intriguing graphics printed on glossy paper. **BIG SCREEN** is a playful journalistic pup that just loves the sound of its own yelp.

The phone rings. I pick it up. It is my mother. "But why **BIG SCREEN**? Why *now*? And when are you coming over for dinner?" Because reflected in a transitory celluloid moment—a flickering cinematic tableau—we find our hopes, our fears, our dreams, our inner reality, our outer reality, our deepest desires, our grandest visions. And what do these fleeting images *say about us*? Our feisty young writers will sort it all out for you in the coming months.

For what better time than now to launch a magazine that is not afraid to be *hip* . . . that dares to be *sassy*? A magazine that adequately reflects our breathtaking absorption with today's fascinating pop-culture icons? *We are that magazine.*

*Tippy Klein*  
Tippy Klein  
Editor in Chief

A note to former subscribers of *American Beef and Meat*: you may be perplexed to find **BIG SCREEN** in your mailbox, but we think you will also be delighted. Don't think of us as an uninvited guest, think of us as a surprise visitor.

PREMIERE ISSUE

# BIG SCREEN

JUNE 1991

APPEARING THIS MONTH

## TRAILERS

### 4 BSsssst...

#### QUICK CUTS

The Videolante strikes again.... Hollywood biggies become the little people.... More brutality from the Candy Police.... and the latest goofy gaffes from the Boner Brigade.

### 10 HEAT

Who, what, where, and when's hot.

## OUR FEATURE PRESENTATION

### 12 THE WILL TO POWER

*The Power*. With fifteen parts lasting more than twenty-two-and-a-half hours, it's the blockbustiest movie ever. Its cost: one billion dollars and the life of Bruce Willis. And the word is, it's worth it. **BIG SCREEN** has got thirteen pages of photos, graphics, and dozens of short, easy-to-read articles on Hollywood's latest super-extravaganza.

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Candid candid celebrating celebrity.

### 34 IT'S A WRAP

Goodbye, Mr. Hibbs.

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B I G S C R E E N  
3

# QUICK CUTS

## BSSSSSST...

"Well, yes, it's unusual. But I think that's what's appealing about it," says rising star **James Spader** about his current project *Her Tits, His Ass*. "The first half of the movie will be concerned primarily with Mary's (**Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio**'s) tits, while the second half will be shot mostly around my ass," says the Spade-man. "I think people will be completely charmed by this fresh approach to what is basically a boy-meets-girl story." The world waits.... We won't say why **Dennis** (*The Power*) **Quaid** was thrown out of trendy **Marylou's** last month, but it wasn't for lack of a coat and tie, we'll tell you that much.... Stars known for their environmental awareness cast it aside at a party celebrating the completion of **Aaron Spelling's** mansion after twelve years of construction and a cost of \$400 million. **Glenn Close** and **Martin Sheen** were seen loading up on roasted Brazilian sparrows and koala hearts marinated in lime juice.... Handsome **Cary Grant's** body was exhumed recently for scientific purposes.... Universal has greenlighted *Rhyming in the Dark*, a gut-wrenching drama based on the disturbingly confessional poetry of **Ally** (*Blue City*) **Sheedy**. **Jennifer Jason Leigh** will play Sheedy, who was considered "too sunny" for the role.... Overheard at **Mortons**: "Can we see a menu, please?"... Next Big Thing, No Kidding: **George Wendt** (*Cheers*, *Guilt by Suspicion*), who beat out **Val Kilmer** (*Willow*) for the title role in *Prince Valiant*. Is Wendt the thinking man's **John Goodman**, or is it the other way around?... Bad news for the big guy from *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*. **Ed Asner** has been convicted of spying for the now-folded **German Democratic Republic**. He's scheduled to die by **lethal injection** in time for Xmas '91.... Set construction has begun for Paramount's production of *Tolerance*, the long-awaited sequel to the **D. W. Griffith** classic.... The notorious "lost ending" to the film *Casablanca*—discarded when it proved unsatisfactory to test audiences—was discovered in a print of the film playing at a revival house in San Francisco. Fans gasped when

\*\*\*\*\*  
**STRAIGHT TO VIDEO**  
**STRAIGHT TO HELL**  
 \*\*\*\*\*

ALTHOUGH IT HAS received little attention outside the industry, the continuing homicidal antics of the L.A. Videolante has much of Hollywood's B list in a state of near hysteria. The Videolante claimed his or her ninth victim on May 2, when reputed teen heart-throb Kirk Cameron was found dead in a dumpster outside a West Coast Video in Studio City.

**BAD B.O.  
= D.O.A.**

As with the Videolante's previous targets, Cameron had been asphyxiated with a VHS copy of one of his current video releases, in this case the abortion-debate drama *Listen to Me*, in which he co-starred with Jami Gertz. Again, the Videolante left no direct indication of his or her motives, but police speculate that the stars murdered so far and the videos found inside them provide an important clue.

"Basically, it's payback," said Lieutenant Bill Calley, an L.A. Police Special Crimes investigator. "We believe the killer, or killers, is seeking retribution for having bought or rented a video that proved in some way unsatisfactory."

In addition to Cameron, the Videolante's victims (and their videos) have included: **Charlie Sheen** (*Navy SEALs*); **Bruce Dern** (*The 'Burbs*); **Nancy Allen** (*Limit Up*); **John Larroquette** (*Second Sight*); **Bobcat Goldthwait** (*Hot to Trot*); **Goldie Hawn** (*Bird on a Wire*); **Mark Harmon** (both *Summer School* and *Worth Winning*); **Otis** (*Milo and Otis*); and **Eddie Murphy** (*Harlem Nights*).

In what may be the wave of the future, **Dan Aykroyd**, **Chevy Chase**, **John Candy**, and **Demi Moore** managed to convince Warner Bros. not to release their alleged comedy,

*Nothing but Trouble*, on video.

"It wasn't hard," one WB exec said privately.

\*\*\*\*\*  
**TEENY WEENIE**  
**MOVIE PEOPLE**  
**HOW PLASTIC!**  
 \*\*\*\*\*

AFTER THE DISASTROUS attempt to market *Dick Tracy* action figures, the word around Tinseltown was "stick to movies, and leave toys to the experts." However, one marketing genius thinks there's still hope. "The problem with the Tracy toys was the characters. They were boring; not interesting to kids," claims **Roger Mann**, whose résumé reads like a nineteenth-century picaresque novel: once a garden-tool salesman in Florida, he was later the man who introduced **Rice Krispies** to the Philippines.

This summer, his company, **Mann O Mann, Limited**, will take a fresh stab at the action-figure business with a line of toys based on real, live Hollywood action figures. "Kids are savvy.

They know and love the business. I think they'll eat these toys up."

The toys, called **Movie People**, will depict some of Hollywood's best-known dynamic inside operators, including **Swiftly Lazar**, **Michael Ovitz**,

**Jeffrey Katzenberg**, **Sue Mengers**, **Lew Wasserman**, **Jon Peters**, **Mike Medavoy**, **Ray Stark**, **Jerry Zucker**, and two dozen others. "Basically," says Mann, "the way it works is the **Movie People** each have their own personality, which I created myself, and are divided into two camps that are constantly doing battle with each other. I'm not saying one camp is good and one is evil, but they just fight all the time. Each figure has its own specialized skills and weapons, too, so when the big deal falls through, they can have action fights. The **Katzenberg** guy has a phone that turns into a saw. And **Lazar's** glasses double as powerful magnifying glasses that can see into people's minds and also burn his enemies' homes and kill them with fire." Notably missing from Mann's toys is the talent—the actors and



actresses themselves. "Actors are boring. I mean, what kind of action figure would somebody like Lou Diamond Phillips make? A bad one, that's what kind. However, I will say we are currently researching the possibility of a kind of transformer-style action figure that starts out as an actor, then when you twist its head around, becomes one of the Movie People. I understand Costner is deeply excited about the idea."

\*\*\*\*\*  
**MOVIE PEOPLE'S  
 TEENY WEENIES**

HOW PIDDLY!  
 \*\*\*\*\*

FIRST IT WAS the Man/Boy Body Switcheroos, then it was the Man/Man's Best Friend Buddy Cop pics, then the Forbidden Dance flicks, then the Deep Sea Technothrillers, and now it's the latest instant high-concept cliché: the Incredible Shrinking Penis movies.

No fewer than four Receding Dingus features are on track for release this fall or winter, three of them from major studios. Columbia Pictures has *Senator Thumb*, the seriocomic story of a politician (Ed Begley, Jr.) who finds that lying to the voters has a price, and it's not nasal growth. Warner Bros.' *Pinky in My Pocket* stars Robert (*The Mighty Quinn*) Townsend as a philandering black man who learns the hard way that one does not cheat on Caribbean girlfriends into voodoo. From Twentieth Century Fox comes *My Vagina*, based on the 1979 John Hughes short story about a teenage boy (Fred Savage) whose budding manhood reverses course completely and who then, to compound the humiliation, is gang-raped by his curious friends.

And finally, maverick director James Toback (*Exposed*, *The Pick-up Artist*) is reportedly trying to find a distributor for the intensely personal *Any Less of a Man*, the only one of the four films that "treats this subject with the delicacy and seriousness it deserves," according to Toback himself.

Why Hollywood execs suddenly and simultaneously choke the life out of the same MacGuffin is anybody's guess, but local plot-watchers trace the genesis of this particular trend to a letter in the September 1990 *Journal of International Psychiatry*.

The letter, by a Dr. Alice Liddel of the Oxford-based Center for Sexual Dysfunction, described the case study of an English missionary who developed *koro*, a rare form of sexual hysteria (found almost exclusively in Southeast Asia) in which a man believes his penis is shrinking into his body.

Rights to the actual letter were immediately snapped up by Sony boy Jon Peters, who is now waiting to see how the other teeny-weenie features do before proceeding.

Given the track record of previous penis-driven vehicles (see Doris

Dörrie's straight-to-vid *Him and Me*), the outlook is not good. But, to at least one producer, profit is beside the point.

"Just because the public doesn't want to hear about it does not mean that it's not out there, that it's not real—as filmmakers, we have a responsibility to the truth, and to ourselves," Toback said.

\*\*\*\*\*  
**BYE BYE BIRDIE**

CLASSICS DETERIORATED  
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THE WORLD'S FILM heritage is turning to glop, and the problem is much worse than first thought. The American Film Institute, cataloging the Universal film library after the studio's sale to Matsushita, reports that a full 30 percent of the masters have suffered some sort of deterioration, with many classics such as *Harvey* perhaps unsalvageable.

"It's a tragedy of unparalleled dimension," said Michael Garzotto, an Institute librarian who reported opening can after can of film only to find sticky black jelly.

He estimated it would take \$100 million just to begin salvaging the thousands of rotting films at Universal.

Some destruction is due to human error or neglect. Until 1974, Warner Bros. stoked office furnaces with irreplaceable reels from movie serials and silent comedies. In colorizing *The Maltese Falcon*, Turner Broadcasting inadvertently used the black-and-white master. Subsequent copies must be made from used prints, which are often of low quality.

"The only surviving copies of *Metropolis* are either from eight-millimeter reels made for distribution to libraries in the 1950s or the colorized version with the soundtrack by Giorgio Moroder," said Garzotto. "Fritz Lang must be twirling in his grave."



ANNETTE BENING: GRIFTY WOMAN

Ingrid Bergman dumped both Humphrey Bogart and Paul Henreid and walked off into the mist with Sam the piano player.... *Great Balls o' Fire!* Someone we all know and love (but would never name!) was tossed out of a chichi eatery last month for taking a dump in the men's room sink. And he looks so clean on-screen.... Now in the Center Ring of Hollywood and Vine's Peccadillo Circus: gerbils are out and truffle-rooting pigs are in. Word is that one hyperactive male star recently purchased nearly two pounds of \$95/oz. fungal delicacies for a "dinner party" that never materialized.... Beautiful Dianne Wiest just three hours away from Ph.D. in Renaissance philology.... More stars doing commercials in Japan: Tom Cruise for the Pure Nippon Race Society, Melanie Griffith for Club Tojo (a discotheque chain), and Robert Redford for Bechtel Group Japan.... This month's Pluck Award goes to Ruth (*Harold and Maude*) Gordon. When asked for an impromptu BS interview, she said, "I'm Jessica Tandy, you idiot. Ruth Gordon is dead." And they say old people aren't funny!... Sources say Andy Garcia's been laid a lot recently.... The John Wayne Gacy psychobiopic is on indefinite hold. *Saturday Night Live*'s Chris Farley, the funny fatboy pegged to play the portly pedophile, has exploded.... Nobody knows why, but Tom Selleck and Sally Field continue to make movies.... The word is out that Laurence Olivier's widow, Joan Plowright, sold Lord O's head to Pepsi for use in upcoming TV spots. The price tag? Try \$17 million—5 million more than Schwepps was offering. The ads will feature the master thespian's reanimated head drinking Pepsi at a rap picnic with M.C. Hammer and Michael J. Fox.... Charles Kuralt is the next TV star seeking to cross over. He's formed a production company and is looking for scripts "folksy, but with a dark side".... Why is Randy Quaid so reluctant to talk about his younger brother these days? Seems li'l bro is leaving a rather, uh, distinctive calling card around town. Say no more.... The final installment in Prince's



saying it applied only to diabetics.

Theater owners are confident they will win the case and establish their right to control their patrons' food experience. Opponents of the restrictions say that, no matter how the court decides, they will prevail. "Why pay seven and a half bucks to see *Aliens III* if you're going to get beat up over a box of Jordan Almonds?" says Stacy Kern. "Soon theaters will be handing out Raisinets, begging for their audience to come back."

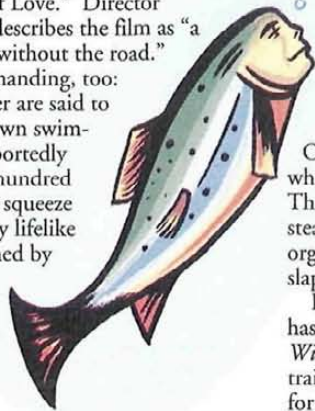
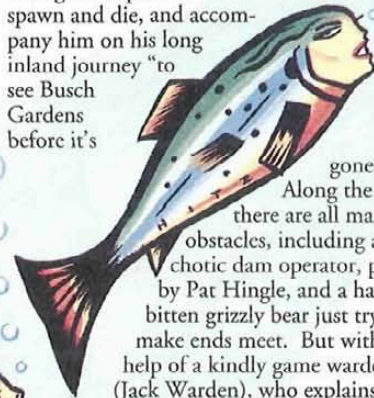
## FISH STORY A SPAWNING YARN

LOCATION SHOOTING is currently under way for the ambitious *Wild Lost River of No Return*, an action-romance yarn that pairs Michael J. Fox and Winona Ryder as two chinook salmon driven by mindless instinct on a heroic nine-hundred-mile journey upstream during 1968's "Summer of Love." Director Lawrence Kasdan describes the film as "a classic road movie without the road." And physically demanding, too: both Fox and Ryder are said to be doing all their own swimming, with Fox reportedly dropping nearly a hundred pounds in order to squeeze into the ingeniously lifelike salmon suits designed by Muppet-man Jim Henson (who contracted pneumonia and died while testing them).

Aside from the physical demands of the role, however, Ryder was

drawn to the gutsy determination of her character. "She's a survivor," says Ryder.

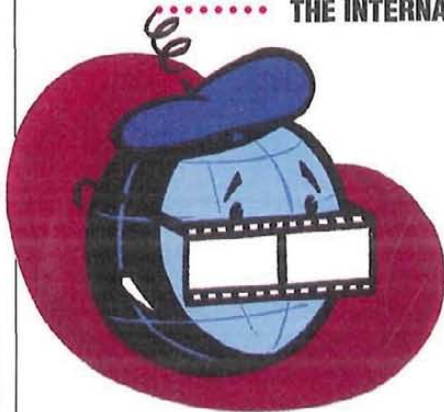
The film's story is said to involve a rebellious chinook, Fox, who convinces by-the-book Ryder to abandon her biological imperative to spawn and die, and accompany him on his long inland journey "to see Busch Gardens before it's



gone." Along the way there are all manner of obstacles, including a psychotic dam operator, played by Pat Hingle, and a hard-bitten grizzly bear just trying to make ends meet. But with the help of a kindly game warden (Jack Warden), who explains to the fish why Fox's body is naturally changing color and developing a hump, the only real danger comes in the form of an unscrupulous trout (former Olympic bronze medalist George Hamilton) who has designs on Ryder's swollen egg sac. The love scenes between Fox and Ryder are so steamy, say insiders, that despite their sex organs being internal, the film might be slapped with an NC-17 rating.

Deciding not to use stock footage, Kasdan has brought in animal coach Russ (*The Birds*, *Willard*, *The Day of the Locust*) Fambler to train nearly a thousand actual chinook salmon for the film's climactic waterfall sequence. Add to this the driving sixties soundtrack and moving voice-overs by Richard Harris, and you may just want to swim upstream yourself next summer.

## CINE LE INTERNATIONALE THE INTERNATIONAL CINEMA



LATECOMING REPORTS from China reveal the Big Red One's entire film industry nearly collapsed in 1987 when someone stole that country's sixteen-millimeter Panaflex camera. It turns out it was only misplaced.

Addis Ababa has a taste for knuckle sandwiches. With billions of dollars of aid coming in to keep starving Ethiopians alive, much has been siphoned away from food and essentials in order to sate the nation's hunger for good old-fashioned rock 'em-sock 'em action flicks. The most successful films have been a series called *The Battle Boys*, which follow a good Muslim-bad Muslim enforcer team (both are named Muhammed) who take on rebellious Eritrean renegades in northern Ethiopia. Gaunt on plot, perhaps, but fat with beautiful Red Sea coastal scenery, *The Battle Boys* brings home the bacon with the boys' trademark victory cry, "Hi-ho, Selassie!" You'll want to keep your eyes peeled for *The Battle Boys* on video. And if you like what you see, send a check to UNICEF.

Brooke Shields is complaining to anyone who will listen about the shelving of her film *Brenda Starr*, calling it "every bit as good as the comic strip".... Thanks to Francis Ford Coppola, *Don Quixote*, Orson Welles's 1955 unfinished masterwork, may finally see the light of a darkened theater. The hirsute spheroid will take over where Welles left off, both directing and acting, provided he can get financial backing.... We caught up with Stallone last week at Sunset Car Wash and asked about the chances for a *Rambo VI*. Stallone's reply: "You'll have to ask my brother, Sylvester".... At press time, the brilliantly talented Ellen Barkin remains spectacularly underappreciated.... Is Julia Roberts related to Eric Roberts? Yes, say insiders, she is his sister.... Jimmie Walker, everyone's fave '70s sitcom actor, has plans to produce and star in a low-budget artpic called *Chisholm*, based on the life and times of black presidential candidate Shirley Chisholm.... What's with all the bumps? Seems the latest trend in self-determined New Age fortune-telling is auto-phrenology, combining implant technology with ancient head-reading techniques. However, insiders are reporting that Dick Van Dyke's new elongated forehead has cost him roles, not won any.... Randy Kulat has been pegged for the key grip position for an upcoming but as-yet-untitled project at Paramount.... Traci (*Not of This Earth*) Lords may look foxy in her recent movie roles, but pics now circulating in Hollywood show her in a different light! Seems there were a couple of very spicy scenes cut from *Cry-Baby* in which the Lordster wears a very skimpy bathing suit! Vavavavooom!... Spike Lee and sister Joie are expecting, say friends who are close to the couple.... Tri-Star is still planning on making that movie based on Barbara Bush's personality. Current best bet for the first lady's bod: Betty Buckley.... Robert De Niro, once one of the most persistently reclusive actors, has taken full-time work as Arsenio's sidekick. Among his duties will be warming up the live audience and leading the

## BOX-OFFICE BRIMSTONE

..... DID NOSTRADAMUS PREDICT MOVIE FLOPS? .....

"dawg pound" woof section.... Meanwhile, **Tim Kazurinsky**, the little guy in the *Police Academy* movies and a *SNL* alum, is stepping out of the spotlight. He wants to devote more time to his writing.... Words of One Syllable department: "no".... Overheard at Spago's: "Here we are at Spago's".... That guy who used to be on *Miami Vice* was found dead in the bathroom of some hotel last month.... **Daphne (Spaceballs) Zuniga** is changing her face to prevent being typecast in ingenue roles. She hasn't decided what she's changing it to, however, and will be working without one for the immediate future.... Newcomer **Stu** (nothing) **Lacey** almost got cast in the new **Louis (Firewalker) Gossett, Jr.** movie, *Death View*, but the part went to another actor who had done some commercials.... **Julie Greco** has penned a \$2 million deal to play **Bridget Fonda's** nude body double in her next three pictures.... **Linda Blair**: flirtin' with the devil? The *Exorcist* and *Roller Boogie* star revealed her newfound religion at an unnamed dry cleaner's last week when she blurted out to us, "**Jesus Christ**, get out of my underwear!"... **Burt Lancaster** slipped on a piece of wet grass near where he parked his car at the country club a week ago Friday.... **Danny Glover** was elected president of Hollywood's prestigious Colored Entertainer and Monkeyshines Club. In his acceptance speech, Glover said, "I think it's great that the young black actors coming up today can go into an audition knowing that jobs are won by talent, not skin color." He then bulged his eyes in the traditional Colored Entertainer and Monkeyshines Club salute, to the delight of the club's board of trustees: **Richard Donner**, **Dick Zanuck**, **Mike Nichols**, **Michael Eisner**, and **David and Jerry Zucker**.... **Steve Martin** and **Holly Hunter** will begin shooting *Fuckface* in early July.... Overheard at Golgotha: "**Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?**"... Careers ending this month: **John Travolta** (for the third time); **Jon Lovitz**; **Tom Hulce**; **Debra Winger** and ex-hubby **Tim** or **Tom** or **Jim Hutton**; **Harry Hamlin**; and, at long last, **Tom Hanks**.

THE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY soothsayer has been credited with predicting everything from Hitler's rise to the atomic bomb, but did he also forecast some celluloid disasters? Consider the following quatrain:

*Quand la Femme bien foue prand  
sa stylo disant  
Que deux Hommes fyers se marchent  
sur sables bruilant  
Poure y chanter, et demiander  
beaucoup de monnaye,  
Les rires deviandront larmes,  
et l'or s'en irraye.*

When the madwoman takes up pen and demands That two proud men set foot on desert sands To practice singing and entertaining, at great cost Laughter turns to tears, and uncounted gold is lost.

This clearly forecasts the failure of *Ishtar*: Elaine May (said to have had a nervous breakdown during shooting) wrote the script and directed, Warren Beatty and Dustin Hoffman—both famous for their giant egos—were paid \$6 million each, and the exact amount of money the picture lost is still in doubt.

Skeptical? Consider these lines, written a year later:

*Le pauvre artisan qui travaillant décriis  
Les jolis choses que quelque chose de Paradys,  
Je ne sais pas tout les mots, va te faire enculer,  
Subscribez à ce magazine ou tes enfants seront tuées.*

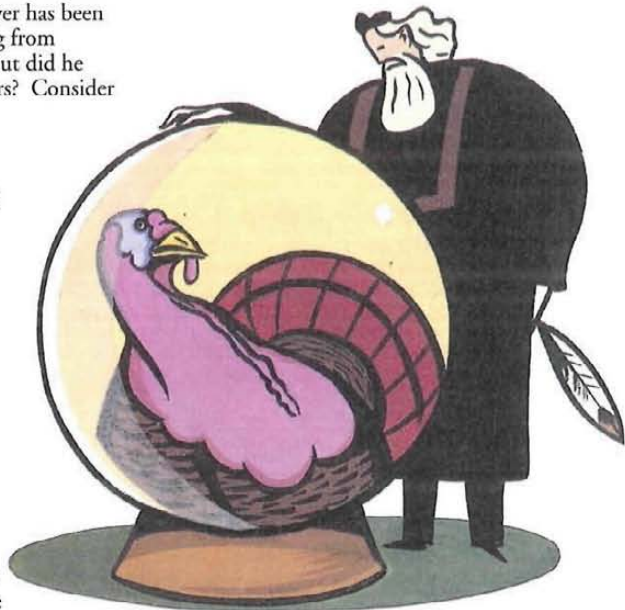
The artist who shall depict such slights As are shown forth at the gate of Paradise Shall be cast down, and not rise back to his throne, Even though the time of dragons passes and is gone.

Michael Cimino's *Heaven's Gate* was such a colossal flop it was never released, and he was considered a pariah. His later film, *Year of the Dragon*, failed to bring him back into favor.

Nostradamus may have also commented on certain Hollywood individuals. Consider the following quatrain, which has been variously interpreted as describing Lafayette, Haile Selassie, and the Dreyfus affair:

*J'en ai eu assez, trois années à high école de français,  
N'est pas suffisant pour écrire tout ça, alors je vais  
Make un list de mots français, maison canard oublie,  
Putain cheval dormir va t'en fromage chemise fourmi.*

In the New Land shall there be a sick-healing fool, He will be spurned and despised, in words most cruel,



Yet France's flock to him laurels shall bring, And crown him for all eternity their king.

No one fits this description more aptly than Jerry Lewis: he heals the sick, in a sense, with his annual Muscular Dystrophy Telethon, and he is certainly "spurned and despised" in this country, though worshiped in France. The "king" reference could be a playful nod to *The King of Comedy*, Lewis' lone critical success as an actor.

Of course, spotting past flops is easy. Can we—or rather can flop-wary studio execs—draw any lessons for the future from the Gallic supervisory? Perhaps; consider these lines, long thought to predict Edward VIII's abdication of the throne for Wallis Simpson but which may actually contain a warning about a *Silence of the Lambs* sequel:

*Seulement les cons ennuyante doivent essayer à lire  
Tous les chose français que je écrire,  
Readez les autres parts, laisse-moi seul,  
Et quand tu as fini, ferme ta guelle.*

When the sweet-faced agent shoots the mincing killer, Millions shall flock to bleat approval of the thriller, But if a sequel comes, the film shall bomb, And hell vomit forth opprobrium, making earth a barren tomb.

No one can deny that *Silence II* looks tempting. But would you go against the man who predicted *Ishtar* 400 years before Warren Beatty was born? *Non, justement!*

—Ian Maxstone-Graham

ILLUSTRATION: CHRISTOPH HITZ

B I G S C R E E N S



# NEVER SAY DIE!

**LISA EILBACHER**  
(*Beverly Hills Cop*)

**GEORGE WENDY**  
(NBC-TV's *Cheers*)

...Not since Hitchcock has a tale of two ordinary people caught up in a web of murder, mystery and international intrigue unwind with such powerful suspense and drama!

A great mid-line movie...  
A great mid-line price!

ONLY  
**\$59<sup>95</sup>**  
SUGG. RETAIL



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# HEAT

What's Hot, and What's Really Hot!

## HOT PROSPECTS

BY THE HOT PROSPECTOR

The sharpest ears are kept to the rails along Hollywood Boulevard, where tomorrow's hot topics are only a simmer today. Hot directors and hot producers have to know a hot prospect before you do, but here's an inside track on what you'll be lining up for twenty-four months from now:

**Redlighting**—the fast-rising hot-rod sport—is a simple twist on drag racing, except red traffic lights mean "go" and green ones mean "stop." Right now only a gaggle of Hollywood bratlets can afford the bail money redlighting entails, but just you wait—by '93 it'll catch on big. *Red Light Go!*, a teen screen dream machine starring superhot Macaulay (*The Power*) Culkin, is already on the boards at Tri-Star. Hey—he'll have a learner's permit by then!

Empathy is out and **sarcasm** is *in*—so say directors who can smell tomorrow's hit audiences. "We're giving everyone the same reading: do it like you don't give a shit," mutters Penny (*The Power*) Marshall, who tried starting the cynicism snowball more than a decade ago.

And speaking of snow...don't look now, but **snow bubbles**, those kitschy collectibles, are going to be the hottest prop going, figuring prominently in three movie posters by the end of '93 and becoming the central element in a blood-o-rama horror pic that summer. Don't ask us how the schlocky souvenir goes its victims, but the flick's campaign screams, "Don't shake it up!"

The next hot expression to be made Movie Title will be "**W-Time**," the exciting new replacement for the passé "Let's split." (It's short for "wasting time," abbreviated for folks too busy to say the whole thing.) The hot money says this one'll be a hit flick by '94, because by that time, everyone's lips will be forming the fabulous phrase.

The Pentagon may not know it yet, but our industry insiders have the scoop on the next U.S. military skirmish. Of course, no one's talking on the record (hush-hush, nat'l sec'y and all that), but they *are* talking to hot Jimmy (*The Power*) Smits about playing the soon-to-be-ousted leader of a country you've been hearing *my mucho* about of late. Guess you'll just have to read the papers to keep up with what Sr. Smits already knows.

Hard to believe, but **trough eating** is making a comeback for the second time in 1,300 years, if the folks at Fox have their way. Last week they rented Murray's—the can't-get-in bistro on Laguna—for the whole day and outfitted it with the piggy pots. All in a day's budget for the next Madonna flick. And in case you're wondering, trough eating's last revival was way back in 1974.

If your kids haven't already told you, crack is wack—has been for a couple of years now. Next on the wavy horizon is a new drug called **Spaz**, which turns dopers into whirling dervishes of unadulterated evil for fifteen minutes at a pop. Spaz figures to be the numero-uno cause for action-pic action in coming months, with back-from-the-dead Ray (*The Power*) Walston playing a hard-bitten pusher in the first, still untitled from Disney. Disney? Hey—why do you think they call it Spaz?

**Fax machines that fall in love** make up the plots of three—count 'em, three—laff-riot pics from two different studios (Paramount alone has two on the boards). A crazy idea, but maybe just crazy enough to work three times.

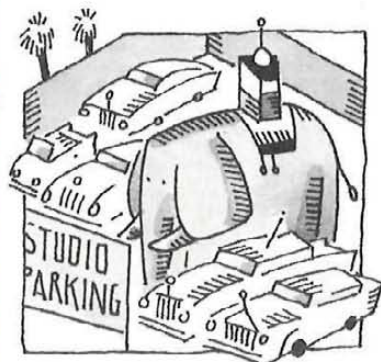
Hot-pink bikinis for the gals and Speedos for the guys—that's what you'll be wearing come winter of '92, if the makers of the now-being-penned *Winter Heat* have their way.

That's 'cause the plot revolves around current hot topic **global warming**—but this time from the long-overdue favorable perspective. Stephen (*The Power*) Frears is slated for the director's chair.

One last thing: word around town is that sticky yellow Post-its are out out out, and any project with a Post-it attached is goodbye good luck.

The **new memo method** involves folding over the corner of the cover page and scribbling on the back. Better go through that stack of scripts, Sidney (*The Power*) Lumet!

Till next time, get out of the shade and into the H-E-A-T!



## HOT FOREIGNER

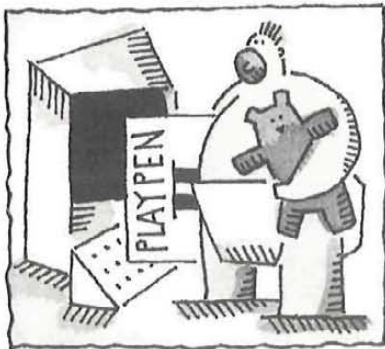
*Amita Bitameata, Indian*  
He may be the sexiest man in India and the king of Bombay's popular mystic comedies, but few people outside of Punjab have heard of Hindu film legend Amita Bitameata, despite the 3,000-plus Indian feature films he's made in the past five years alone. That's all going to change next year, when the coolie superstar makes his American debut as a convenience-store clerk in the crazed John Candy/Treat Williams action flick, *Donut Cops*. "I work in the store where John Candy buys frozen drinks," said Bitameata in India's second-largest weekly, *The Bitameata Beat*. "It is purely

HEAT ILLUSTRATIONS: ROBIN JAREAX



delightful, though I am amazed that these great men have not made so many films." (Big fat Candy has made only 158 features, and Williams is a lightweight with just two we can remember.)

Sources in the back rooms of Bombay are betting that Bitameata will be next year's Depardieu, despite the failure of previous Indian actors to make the big crossover jump. You may remember that Johnny Quest's sage young Oriental companion, Haji, never got beyond the Saturday-morning circuit. Still, Bitameata is paving the way for what some Indian actors hope will be an East-West lovefest. Already, 15,000 of India's top stars have found work as onstage props for stand-up comedians looking to freshen up a lot of reliable but well-worn convenience-store material. Says outrageous funnyman Sam Kinison, "They're easy to deal with, and real strong little fuckers."



## HOT SENSEI

*Jerry Golding, Screenplay Coach*

"My son was taking Suzuki violin—he could play Mozart flawlessly by the age of five. That gave me an idea," says **Jerry Golding**. Two years later, Golding's screenwriting school is turning out some of the most sought-after writers in the business: eight-year-old Kyle Field recently received \$750,000 for *Gross-Out!*, and April Bianca, seven, was brought in for the final draft of *I Know You Are, but What Am I?*

For Golding (who receives no portion of his students' earnings), success is to be expected. "It's no secret that screenwriters are made, not born," he explains. "So

why wait around to make them at nineteen, twenty, twenty-one? If you have to be that old to understand your story, you almost certainly have a problem."

The teaching methods draw on Suzuki techniques and are "simplicity itself," Golding says. "As soon as they're able to read, we start them on rote learning, simply copying today's hot screenplays. Then we gradually introduce small variations into their copying—different names, locales, and so forth. After that, they graduate."

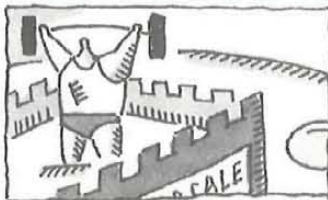
Because of the individual attention necessary for each student, the six-month classes are kept very small; but, as Golding notes, "Screenwriting's not for everyone. We've found that a kid is as likely to cry or play with crayons as sit down at his word processor and work. But if a kid is willing, I'm ready."

And if the next *The Power* is lurking in some child's mind, odds are that Jerry Golding will be the one to get it out.

## HOT SPOTS

*Oscar Lindenfeld, Dry Cleaner*

When an overenthusiastic autograph hound accidentally splattered ink on Tom Cruise's \$2,000 microfibre-and-viscose Giorgio Armani sport coat, the star of *Top Gun* and *Days of Thunder* didn't panic. Instead, he smiled winningly at the fan—and went to Oscar Lindenfeld.



## HOT PROPERTIES

*In the Hollywood Hills!*

Just made available! Perfect hillside retreat for the discerning denizen of historic Hollywood. A "modern Gothic" estate first built by Boris Karloff, the eight-bedroom home has secret passageways, a family crypt, a very-hot tub, and a picturesque dungeon area. Later owned by Shirley Temple, who added a concrete hopscotch area, along with a wading pool and a dance studio just off the nursery. Bing Crosby

# HEAT

And What's Really, **REALLY** Hot!

Working out of the same small shop he opened near Griffith Park in 1937, the short, white-haired Lindenfeld has not changed his cleaning methods at all over the years—but how he works his magic is one of the best-kept secrets in Los Angeles. Certainly, he uses none of the "modern techniques" of cleaning. "Nowhere on my premises," he says contemptuously, "will you find Martinizing, camphor-based mothproofing, one-day service, or plastic covers." Instead, the client is shown into a wood-paneled den for a "stain consultation." Price and time required vary—while Paramount chairman Marvin Davis pays \$22.50 per tie (time: four weeks), it is rumored that Tony Curtis spent hundreds of dollars over a seven-month period to remove a variety of spots from a favorite cream-colored suit. Lindenfeld neither confirms nor denies these reports, but notes that his clientele has scheduled cleaning projects with him "far into 1993."

purchased the home and extended the seventy-five-foot driveway to 2.3 miles, nicknaming it "The Road to the Front Door." Later, swimmer/actress Esther Williams added an Olympic-size figure-eight pool, graced by the twelve-ton Italian marble "Mermaids of the Deep" fountain. Later owned by Elizabeth Taylor, who converted three closets to jewelry safes, each with its own combination. When action star Arnold Schwarzenegger purchased it, he added a complete weight-training center, along with a spectacular light show which—with the flick of a switch—simulates the explosion and fiery destruction of the home. Most recently rented by billboard-famous glamour girl Angelyne, who added nipples to the pool design. Four-car garage, pool house, master bath convertible to maid's room. Breathtaking view. *No gangs*. A privilege at \$6 million.

**How did Hollywood, in a time of recession and despite its own anti-blockbuster bluster, decide to gamble its entire summer bankroll on a single production? How did the heads of the six major studios persuade theater owners to guarantee this film 22,000 of the nation's 23,700 screens from Memorial to Labor Day? And how, exactly, is it even possible to spend one billion dollars on a single movie anyway?**

**BIG SCREEN** went behind the scenes and below the line to find out. Using state-of-the-art aerial photographs, graphic re-creations, stolen documents, and lots of quotes from insiders, we'll show you the powers behind *The Power*, as well as the people behind those powers, all the way from the Katzenbergs and Ovitzes down to the key grips, best boys, and writers. We'll also give you an exclusive look at the stunt that killed Bruce Willis. And there'll be star interviews, too.

**The Power.** Is it the biggest moguldoggie of all time? Or is it, as ABC's Joel Siegel called it, "A One-Billion-Watt Idea Whose Time Has Come!!!!"?

# THE WILL TO POWER

*The time has come to get back to our roots....Like lemmings, we are all racing faster and faster into the sea, each of us trying to outrun and outspend and out-earn the other in a mad sprint toward the mirage of making the next blockbuster.*

From the Internal Correspondence of  
Walt Disney Studios Chairman  
Jeffrey Katzenberg  
dated January 11, 1991

**K**ATZENBERG put the rumors to rest once and for all: Walt Disney was dead. No longer would the Magic Kingdom be the land of extravagant fantasies and artsy comic-strip dicks and computers that wore tennis shoes. From now on, Katzenberg had dictated, "the idea is king." It would be a smaller world, after all.

Dick Cook, president of Disney's Buena Vista Pictures Distribution, conveyed the message in more concrete

terms. "The emphasis has shifted to stories," he announced, "to substance rather than glitz."

Katzenberg wasted no time in launching his new Reign of Enlightenment. In a second memo, edicted only forty-five minutes after that first, more infamous missive, Katzenberg instructed Disney acquisitions to make a \$50,000 bid for Stephen W. Hawking's *A Brief History of Time*. Before Disney's offer even reached Hawking's agent, however, Katzenberg's memo had circulated through the majors and six other bids were pending on the book—the most lucrative from Carolco, which was offering Hawking \$500,000 and a three-picture deal worth \$2.5 million, with the chance to direct. Outraged, the short-wicked Katzenberg petulantly bulldozed Carolco's bid with a half interest in merchandising from "The Big Bang" pavilion planned for the Franco-Disneyland.

Katzenberg immediately put Nora Ephron to work adapting *Time* for

Touchstone, only to have Ephron report back two days and \$250,000 later that the book was not only unadaptable, it was unreadable. When ICM refused to allow its client, Joe Eszterhas, to even skim the book jacket for less than \$2 million, the project was put into turnaround, where former Pink Floydist Roger Waters bought all rights for \$5,000. (Waters intends to turn *Time* into a palindromic rock opera that will sound the same played backwards and forwards.)

Meanwhile, Hollywood was buying up substance like it was going out of style:

\* MCA spent \$650,000 for the rights to adapt the new James Allen Smith tome, *The Idea Brokers: Think Tanks and the Rise of the New Policy Elite*, about the increasing influence of experts in Washington. The script went through more than six drafts before studio heads realized it was a virtual duplicate of the 1939 film *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*.

MEL GIBSON: AP/WIDE WORLD



**A. SCHWARZENEGGER**  
\$12M, plus \$250,000 per word.



**BRUCE WILLIS**  
\$12M, plus funeral costs.



**MEL GIBSON**  
\$9M; contractual recognition of "acting ability."



**JACK NICHOLSON**  
\$9M per on-screen minute, in cash.



**KEVIN COSTNER**  
\$8M, plus \$1M to Siouxmade Films, Inc.



**MAICALAY CULKIN**  
\$18M in U.S. savings bonds.

• *The Great Thoughts*, a book of quotations edited by George Seldes, brought \$700,000 from Warner Bros., but was instantly shelved when a reader pointed out that the quotes followed no particular narrative scheme and the book had more than a thousand speaking roles with no clear central protagonist.

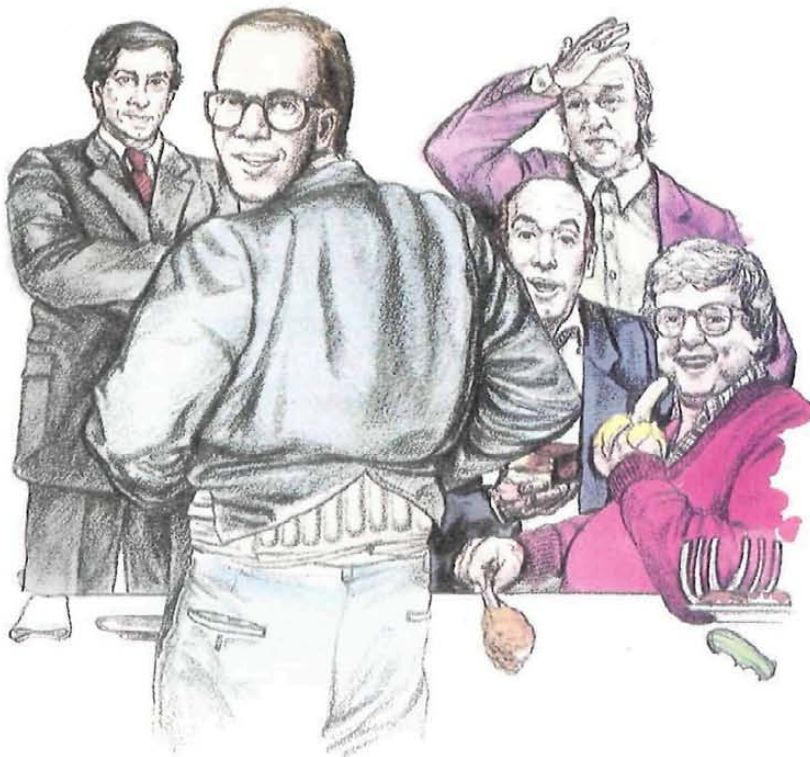
• Grant Nance, Twentieth Century Fox's nineteen-year-old vice president for development, authorized \$2 million for Sartre's *Being and Nothingness*, and then abruptly quit, sheepishly admitting he couldn't get past the first page. Nance is now attending a community college back in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, while *Nothingness* is currently being filmed in Toronto under the working title *Reality Trap*.

• Disney got burned a second time, paying \$2.5 million for the rights to *100 Great Rainy Day Ideas*, which turned out to be a coloring book. Nevertheless, Katzenberg foisted the book on newly hired producers Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, who proceeded to destroy more than \$12 million in sets attempting to create "the ultimate rainy day" before production was shut down due to a West Coast water shortage.

• Columbia paid Robert Fulghum \$5 million to adapt, direct, and star in *All I Really Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten*, only to quickly discover that two things Fulghum didn't learn in kindergarten were how to act or direct.

Despite the setbacks, Katzenberg wasn't about to give up on his "deep thoughts, not pockets" philosophy. Late on the evening of February 14, while driving home and flipping through the channels, the Disney studio head accidentally caught a rerun of *The Power of Myth*, the PBS series featuring the philosopher Joseph Campbell being interviewed by Bill Moyers. Intrigued by the below-the-line possibilities of a movie in which two people just talked about ideas, Katzenberg immediately placed a call to Mort Janklow, Campbell's posthumous literary agent.

Katzenberg should have known that his cellular phone was being monitored, but nevertheless expressed extreme displeasure when Janklow put him on hold for thirty seconds and then came back to report that he had been outbid by \$600,000 plus a \$2 million first-look



option on Campbell's next four books.

**T**HE NEXT MORNING, when bidding for *Myth* topped \$8 million, the easy-to-weal Katzenberg developed a full body rash and, in the words of one insider, "went nutzoid. Yelling, screaming, spitting. Like some crazy duck."

But as instantly as he angered, Katzenberg became eerily calm. He called in a full secretarial phalanx and began dictating yet another long, rambling memo—this one a record ninety-two pages—in which he kept repeating that it was "time to end the madness," and strongly suggesting that he intended to commit suicide at midnight that evening at Mortons, a posh L.A. eatery. Finishing the memo in mid-sentence, he instructed that it be read only by the late Walt Disney, and left for the day—at 3 P.M. on a Friday. "People all over the compound were literally weeping," one

Disney insider recalled.

The ruse worked. The Disney studio chief strolled into Mortons at 11:59 P.M., smiling broadly at the assembled. "Good evening, fellow lemmings," he said in an uncharacteristically charming tone of voice.

They were all there: Barry Diller, Robert Daly, Franks Mancuso and Price, Tom Pollock, Gene Siskel and Roger Ebert—the most powerful men in Hollywood.

"I've got good news and bad news," Katzenberg said. "First of all, I'm not going to kill myself."

"And the good news?" Diller asked. Katzenberg smiled evenly. "The good news? The good news is that I'm wearing twenty-two pounds of dynamite and I think it's time we talked."

Katzenberg later admitted that the bags strapped under his arms contained

(CUT TO page 16)

COLOR REENACTMENT: BILL FURDOK



**DUSTIN HOFFMAN**  
\$100 more than De Niro.



**ROBERT DE NIRO**  
\$25 more than Hoffman.



**ALEC BALDWIN**  
\$8M; conjugal visits with Basinger as needed.



**MICHAEL J. FOX**  
\$8M, plus costly growth-hormone injections.



**ROBIN WILLIAMS**  
\$7M, plus round-the-clock nanny.



**JOHNNY DEPP**  
\$7M, plus on-set tattoo capability.

# THE WAY IT WAS

## AN EXCLUSIVE FIRSTHAND REPORT FROM THE POWER SET

*A seamless wall of silence was thrown up around the set of 'The Power from the first day of shooting.' Coordinated by ex-Mossad agent Avi Schneerman, the security arrangements were virtually impenetrable. The only firsthand information to leak through were the following excerpts from what appears to be a journal, kept by someone who could move freely about the*

*set at will. Originally published last month in Der Spiegel, BIG SCREEN now presents these documents to the American public for the first time.*

February 25: My first day on the set and I'm already tremendously appreciated. I've been asked by the director, Martin Scorsese, to contribute creatively to the

film. During a break he came over and said, "Good idea, kiddo, to put lemon slices in the ice water. Keep up the good work." I think I'm going to like it here.

After the break I observed an error during an important exploding-tugboat scene, when that little prick Macaulay Culkin interrupted my train of thought and asked me to get him a pack of Jujubes and M&M's for his milk-and-cookies time. I can't believe I've been assigned to that little weasel.

Bruce Willis died today. Big day tomorrow. We're shooting battle scenes and I'm in charge of shaving the extras!

February 27: Filmed John Candy all morning. Marty chose a tracking shot. I would have gone with shallow focus and was just about to tell him so when a fight broke out between Mr. Culkin—he makes me call him that—and Michael J.

## THE POWER SET: THE SKY ABOVE, THE STARS BELOW

*To date, this is the only known photo of the Power set, taken exclusively for BS by a pirate satellite.*

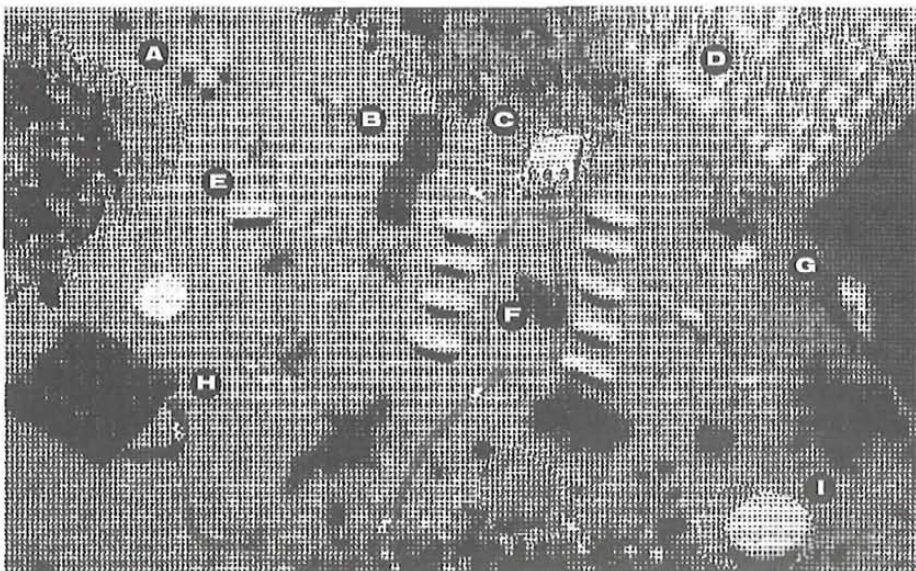
*And even this is not the set in its entirety—that would have taxed the resolution capability of even the most powerful spy technology. Focusing mainly on the stars' trailer area, this photo puts to rest a number of backstage whispers, while exposing a number of new mysteries yet to be solved.*

**A** Though many stars and crew members continue to deny its existence, here is the much-talked-about collagen tank. It's said that by the final days of filming, this youth-making skin complex had to be rationed, causing more than one fight on an already tense set.

**B** These dual buildings constitute the gymnasium complex. There was some grumbling about the "one for Arnold, one for everyone else" arrangement, but a contract's a contract. Besides, confided insiders, watching him slobber down his chunky, viscous energy drinks was so off-putting that the other stars were relieved to have a refuge.

**C** One rare source of communal good feeling was these baths, although the authentic imported Roman interior, as well as the frisky high jinks therein, made some wonder if they hadn't stumbled onto the set of *Caligula*. But if the Romans had had a stock ticker and a wide-screen TV like these demigods, perhaps they wouldn't have declined and fell!

**D** Tent city for quarantined Toronto inhabitants. The studios' mandate to keep the set closed prevented Torontonians from making long-distance phone calls, sending mail, or leaving—for any reason—this crowded makeshift community, cheerfully nicknamed Mudville because of constant flooding.



**E** In an emotional ritual, Bruce Willis's trailer was segregated from the rest by superstitious stars after his death. "I loved Bruce," said Oscar winner Kevin Costner, "but it's important to keep the set positive and free from the evil magic that obviously infected him."

**F** This patch is believed to be Macaulay Culkin's play area, though some intelligence experts claim it is actually a mud-wrestling pit. Rumors of a "tournament" that kept swirling around the set tend to support the latter theory.

**G** Artificial body of water created for a "Lady of the Lake" sequence, cut from filming. Stars used it for bathing; Toronto citizens, as their source of fresh water.

**H** Not all stars rated trailers, as this large dormitory (ecologically heated by solar-collecting panels) proves. Though low-status, dorm was high-comfort. Reported Rick Moranis, "We really liked the ice machine at the end of every hall."

**I** An unidentified round building. Pool? Editing room? The world's largest gel bed? Infrared scanning suggests the latter, but we'll just have to wait for the tell-all memoirs for the answers.

# TWIN SPEAKS

Fox. A couple of A.D.'s pulled them apart. Eventually they shook hands and Marty presided over a reconciliation, but you could tell they weren't sincere. We wrapped early. Tom Hanks asked if I thought he'd make a good lawyer. I told him he'd be fine in the film. "No," he said. "I mean in real life. I'm quitting acting." We spent the evening talking.

**March 3:** Nobody knows what they're doing on this movie. The art director's *mise en cadre* is all wrong. The *metteur en scène* doesn't know the first thing about materialist cinema. Horrible thought #1—the movie is degenerating into latter-day socialist realism. Horrible thought #2—I'm being kept out of the loop and unable to help. Today when I tried to explain to Bobby D. that his preparation had been all wrong, I was ordered to go out and find arm bleach for one of the McGough twins. Must talk with Marty.

**March 7:** I was thinking, I might very well make a documentary on the making of this movie. The material is so rich: on the one hand, the allegorical aspects in the Garden of Eden scenes resemble mythic genre films; on the other hand, *The Power* is an age-of-anxiety film. It mirrors Bergman's psychoanalytic/religious approach, Hitchcock's paranoia, and Fellini's neorealist social themes. Major problem on the set this week: the silicone in Patrick Swayze's cheekbones began to shift. He had to be rushed to Toronto Ear, Eye, Nose, Throat, and Cheekbone.

**March 13:** Shot Dustin Hoffman leading the Jews out of Manhattan. I was in charge of traffic control. I made sure to pay attention to the paradigmatic, syntagmatic, and diegetic elements in the scene and made copious mental notes. I also had to make sure no civilians wandered into the shot or stole snacks off the buffet table. Unfortunately, I got a third-party 900 line on my walkie-talkie, became involved in the conversation, and wound up screwing up the scene. Even though I got bawled out by Francis Ford Coppola, I learned something important about production values and put another feather in my cap (I think).

Coppola keeps yelling about continuity, and I just keep wondering, when is this old windbag going to pack it in? I mean, have these people not heard of Godard's creation of a dialectical synthesis between montage and *mise en scène* exploding the boundaries of conventional narrative? I tried to explain, but was cut off by one of Mr. Culklin's people demanding I fix him a peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich and read him a story. I wonder if I'd be a good lawyer.

When MaryBeth and MaryJane McGough landed all three of the female leads in small pictures' upcoming *The Power*, no one was more surprised than MaryBeth and MaryJane themselves. "We had done some clerks, sexy girls on the street, you know, and stuff, but really, nothing like this," says MaryBeth. "This was really a stretch for us."

That's not to say the twenty-nine-year-old McGough twins haven't been around. The dynamic duo got their start at a very early age, sharing the title role in *Daddy's Little Woman*, a short-lived CBS sitcom (September 10, 1967—September 17, 1967) in which a New England widower (Monte Markham) finds himself, through a series of bureaucratic mix-ups, married to his own four-year-old daughter, Jamie (alternately played by MB and MJ because of the child-labor laws of the time).

MB and MJ didn't work again until the late 1980s, when they enjoyed a brief stint as the cockteasing *Doublemint Twins*. They were released from their contract after being photographed "lap dancing" over the faces of Matthew and Gunner Nelson at the 1989 *Twins Festival* in Twinsville, Ohio. It was this latter incident that caught the attention of *Power* co-executive producer Don Simpson, and the rest, as they say, is Hollywood legend.

**BIG SCREEN** sent LAURENCE FINE to catch up with MB and MJ at *Hot Ciao*, a trendy diner in West Hollywood.

**BS:** Well, I guess the question on everybody's mind is: what was it like working with Mel Gibson?

**MB:** He was wonderful. I've heard it been said that Mel is, like, the Marlon Brando of our time—and I think that's true. He's a very giving actor, very funny and a very sensitive man, and like, really a special man and actor.

**BS:** What about Arnold Schwarzenegger? What was he like?

**MB:** Well, Arnold, Arnold was wonderful, such a sensitive actor, and so funny, he's really a funny guy, very giving. I think if there can be more than one Marlon Brando for our time, then I think he's one, too.

**BS:** And Kevin Costner?

**MB:** Well, Kevin...well, when we were shooting—this has to be off the record, okay, Larry?

**BS:** Sure.

**MB:** You promise?

**BS:** Promise.

(*MB made some remarks off the record.*)

**BS:** Speaking of nude body doubles, I understand that you both played each other's nude body doubles in the film. Uh, why?

**MB:** Well, I don't like my breasts—at all. And MaryJane doesn't like her butt.

**BS:** But you *are* identical twins.

**MB:** Well, yes, we really are identical, but we really don't want to get into all this, because, Larry, we both feel—well, I feel—that like, we were really exploited.

**BS:** There were an awful lot of nude scenes.



MB (LEFT) AND MJ (RIGHT) SHOW SIGNS OF STRESS FROM THEIR GRUELING MEDIA SCHEDULE.

**MB:** Well, first of all, I never took my clothes off, so I don't understand how they got all those nude scenes. We were exploited very badly by a couple of directors, who I really don't want to mention.

**BS:** Could you tell us some of the films they directed?

**MB:** The *point* is we never agreed to take our clothes off, and we never did it, I just swear on our dog's death that I didn't, and then I look at the screen and I—I'm naked.

**BS:** About 60 percent of the time.

**MB:** I know, and those are really our bodies as well, so we feel so very exploited because we didn't agree to do that and then they, and then you know, and then we did it.

**BS:** There's one scene where the two of you are having breakfast on the roof of the White House, and you're nude.

(ZOOM TO page 26)

**POWER** (FADE IN from page 13)

all-beef hot dogs, but for now, he had their complete attention. Mortons was closed for a "private function," and for the next three days, the biggest powers in Hollywood, and perhaps the free world, hammered out the biggest deal in Hollywood history. While a detailed depiction of what became known as "The Power Midnight Snack" would take a 1,000-page tome to recount (Tracy Kidder is said to be working on just such a book), suffice it to say that the drooping heads of the six largest film studios left Mortons at 7 A.M., Monday, February 18, in full agreement on six points:

- The six studios would drop their competing bids for *Myth*, and an independent company (called small pictures) would be formed to acquire the rights and develop the film. As a result, *Myth* was acquired for a paltry \$20,000, although the production did end up purchasing more than 50,000 copies of the trade paperback.
- The film, to be called *The Power* (it was feared that the word "myth" would confuse audiences and undermine the necessary suspension of disbelief), would be a compelling romantic fantasy adventure—or, as Diller put it, "a woman's film that guys can enjoy."

The plot would be based on what the moguls determined to be the three great women of myth: Helen of Troy, Queen Guinevere of Camelot, and Lilith, the oft-overlooked night demon who, according to Kabbalistic writings, was Adam's first wife, and embodied all the qualities of female perniciousness: seduction, connivance, deceit, and a toothy



blowjob. Originally, Mary of Nazareth was to be included in the film, but was dropped as "not mythic enough."

- A special fund would be established to pay Schwarzenegger "whatever it takes" to play Hercules.
- In exchange for an equal share in the profits from this one film, the studios agreed not to release any other movies throughout the summer season; major new video releases would also be postponed until the fall, to encourage people to abandon their VCRs for the neighborhood movie theater—or "wake up and smell the Milk Duds," as the now-familiar American Theater Owners promo-

tions say.

- All movies currently in production would be halted to provide the talent necessary to complete the film before its Memorial Day opening.
- In exchange for not being killed, Siskel and Ebert agreed to give whatever film resulted "two enthusiastic thumbs up."

All of the pieces were in place, but not in legalese. And so, bright and early that Monday morning, 2,000 attorneys, representing nearly two-thirds of the legal departments of all six studios, were put to work drafting a comprehensive deal memo (see *SUCH A DEAL!*); the studios' 1,200 remaining legal eagles immediately began preparing a defense against antitrust prosecution. (They needn't have bothered. Gayle Clamato, a spokeswoman for White House spokesman Marlin Fitzwater, made the administration's view quite clear: "I'm told that the president is looking forward to seeing *The Power*. My understanding is he wouldn't miss it.")

The "i"s and "r"s were dotted and crossed in record time, twenty-three hours, and at record expense, 53,000 billable hours at \$500 per. *The Power* that would be was a go.

*The Power* would eventually become the most substantive film ever made—"a real workout for the old noodle; top-drawer stuff," as Harold Bloom says in his foreword to the Classics Illustrated adaptation. But so much substance, such *Power*, would not come without a price—a price to be paid in blood, sweat, toil, and dollars.

**SUCH A DEAL**

It was the biggest deal in Hollywood history. And **BIG SCREEN** has got it.

**BIG SCREEN** has obtained an exclusive Xeroxed copy of the deal memo behind *The Power*, allowing us to give you an inside look at just how massive this deal was.

- At 1,879 pages, the deal memo is 200 pages longer than the Manhattan telephone book.
- It weighs seven pounds, three ounces, and would cost \$26.49 to mail first-class if the U.S. Postal Service accepted first-class packages that heavy, which it does not.
- With one-inch margins and forty-two single-spaced lines per page, that comes out to approximately 790,000 words, almost exactly the number of words there are in the English language (including technical terms).
- The shortest word in the memo is "a." The longest: "Schwarzeneggerish."



JOHN CANDY: TOM HANKS; AP/WIDE WORLD; ILLUSTRATION: TIM GRAJEK; COLOR REENACTMENT: BILL PURDOM



**J-C VAN DAMME**  
\$6M; \$8M if dubbing unnecessary.



**TOM CRUISE**  
\$6M, plus 20% of poster sales.



**ANDY GARCIA**  
\$5M, plus \$1M ethnic-stereotype bonus.



**JOHN CANDY**  
\$4M, plus 15-minute head start at buffet.



**TOM HANKS**  
\$3M for one scene, cut from film.



**JOHN CUSACK**  
\$3M, for role only referred to in dialogue.



IN RETROSPECT, I guess we all went a little insane," one source close to the production said. "If, six months ago, you had said to me, 'I want you to make me a major, major motion picture and have it ready in ninety days,' I'd've said, 'Fuck me.' But once the other summer product went down the toilet, there was no turning back.

"But, you know," he added almost wistfully, "it was sort of fun."

Expensive fun. With a preproduction schedule of only six days, there was little

## WHITHER SLY?

When the credits for *The Power* roll across the big screen this summer, one name will be conspicuously not above the title: Sylvester Stallone's.

Was it the \$16 million Stallone is now demanding per picture?

"No, it wasn't the money," one production insider told **BIG SCREEN**.

"It wasn't the money," echoed another. "We spent nearly \$16 million for Arnold's dancing lessons."

"Let me put it this way," said the first insider. "If you spend \$800 million on a Ming vase, would you fill it with \$16 million worth of runny dog shit?"

Stallone could not be reached for comment.



## OVITZ VS. OVITZ

By 6:45 P.M. on February 18, Jeffrey Katzenberg had already talked to superagent Mike Ovitz thirty-seven times that afternoon, hammering out the on-the-set trailer designations and personal-trainer arrangements for the big stars. But this thirty-eighth phone call was different.

"Katz," said Ovitz, "I got a beef."

"Speak your mind, Mike."

"I understand you agreed to pay Dustin Hoffman eight mil plus points."

"Of course—you negotiated it yourself—"

"Never mind where I heard it from, I heard it. Listen, my client De Niro won't take anything less than what Hoffman's getting. In fact, we want the same package, with the rider that De Niro will always make a hundred dollars more than Hoffman."

"I don't like being pushed around, Ovitz."

"This is Bobby De Niro we're talking, not some kind of fresh-faced acting-school punk."

"Fine. A hundred dollars more. Now get off my phone, I've got business to attend to."

And with that, the conversation ended. But not five minutes later, Katzenberg's assistant buzzed him on the intercom, explaining that Mike Ovitz was on the phone again and he sounded "steamed." Katzenberg picked up.

"Katzenberg here."



"Katz." Ovitz's voice was ice-cold and steady. "What are we gonna do here? Hmmm? What're we gonna do?"

"What are you talking about, Ovitz?"

"You know damn well, Katz. You're paying De Niro a hundred bucks more than my man Dustin, and Dustin is livid,

needless to say."

"But you—"

"Let's leave the finger pointing for later.

Right now we have a situation. Dustin is three heartbeats away from walking right out of this picture."

"So what's he want?"

"Twenty-five dollars more than De Niro."

"Are you kidding?"

"Never ask me if I'm kidding, Katz, because I never am."

"Jesus—fine. It's in writing. Send someone over tomorrow for the paperwork."

"You're a beautiful person, Katz. I hope you stay that way."

And so it has come to be. De Niro is guaranteed one hundred dollars more than Hoffman, while Hoffman must make twenty-five more than De Niro. For now, things are fine. But studio numbers crunchers are concerned that within ten years, this Chinese-puzzle arrangement could collapse the United States economy. Unless, of course, Hoffman or De Niro dies. Only time will tell.

time to haggle over prices. Big-name producers were brought in at big-ticket prices with big-time peccadilloes. (Squabbling became so intense that when TV actress Delta Burke, who is not involved in the movie in any way, demanded to be included in *The Power* action-figure series, everyone quickly agreed just to avoid another fight.) In order to get a workable script, twenty of Hollywood's hottest screenwriters were commissioned to write five-hour drafts (at a cool million per) on a same-day basis, with the final script being cut and pasted by the Wallace family, perhaps best known for their *Book of Lists* books and *The Intimate Sex Lives of Famous People*. (In an unprecedented move, the Writers Guild eventually decided to give final screen credit to "Ed All.")

Once word got around that *The Power* was not only the hottest project in town, but in fact the only one, every major female star in Hollywood wanted to read for the roles of Helen, Gwynne, and Lilly, but in the end, the co-executive producers decided that virtual unknowns MaryBeth and MaryJane McGough would take turns playing the mythic triptych (see *TWIN SPEAKS*, p. 15).

"They're this year's *Pretty Women*," heralded co-executive producer Don Simpson, "and at last year's prices."

Bolstered by his success in convincing the McGough twins to work for scale, Katzenberg insisted on personally conducting contract talks with the rest of "the freelance employees" (read "talent") and set a twenty-four-hour limit to complete all negotiations. It was a disastrous mistake. Working twelve phones simultaneously (see *OVITZ VS. OVITZ*),

(DISSOLVE TO page 20)

JIMMY SMITS: AFWIDE WORLD ILLUSTRATIONS: TIM GRAJER



**NICOLAS CAGE**  
\$2M, plus dental.

**KIEFER SUTHERLAND**  
\$2M, plus small role for his dad.



**JOHN GOODMAN**  
\$2M; installation of Slim-Fast pipeline.



**JIMMY SMITS**  
\$1M, plus low-riding limo.



**MARTIN SHORT**  
\$1M, plus unlimited truffles for pet pig.



**RICK MORANIS**  
\$1M, plus distinction from Short in publicity.

# THE MOST EXPENSIVE STORY EVER TOLD

Though the story line that drives *The Power* is Hollywood's best-kept secret, **BIG SCREEN** has been able to reconstruct the following sneak peak summary, based solely on promotional material.

**SPOILER ALERT:** Read no further if you prefer your movies to be surprising!

McGough Twins), awakes in bed with her son Caine Mordred King (Kiefer Sutherland). Back in Washington, widower Vice President Lance Knight (Kevin Costner) plays a classified computer war game with his genius golden-haired son, Galahad (Macaulay Culkin). The veep loses (again!). Suddenly, in Montana, a tractor backfires and slams Herk back into his private 'Nam hell. Imagining his young wife and child are his former Vietnamese wife and child, he slays them. Moments later, deep inside the Beltway, terrorists from the remote but crafty country of Sodomia storm the White House helipad (see **THE STUNT THAT KILLED BRUCE WILLIS**, p. 20) and

Sodomitic prince Feris Bullah Natas (Johnny Depp) and forced to cover her nakedness with diaphanous black veils. Steamed, President King calls an emergency Cabinet meeting to discuss recent polls concerning Helen's kidnapping. Secretary of State Percy Vale (Patrick Swayze) rushes in: "We've got another problem, Mr. President." Far away in a country of evil, Abdul Natas laughs a scary laugh.

## THE POWER III THREE TO GET READY

Broadbent gives Herk his first mission: terminate Lionel Neiman (Ray Liotta), Broadbent's ex-wife's thick-skinned



TRACKING SHOT, SLIGHT UP ANGLE...  
HERK CUTS THROUGH BUREAUCRATIC RED TAPE.



SOFT-FOCUS LENS... SHOWER SCENE #12  
POV KID GALAHAD (CULKIN)

## THE POWER I

### IN THE BEGINNING...

Retired Special Forces commando Adolph "Herk" Herculopolis (Arnold Schwarzenegger) rises early on a clean country day in splendid Montana, where he lives close to the land with his deeply beloved wife and child. Methodically cleaning the stables, Herk revels in his new life. It is hot. He removes his shirt. Meanwhile, thousands of miles away in the nation's capital, President Adam "Aggie" King (Bruce Willis) brunches with his brother, CIA chief Manuel "U.S." King (Mel Gibson) and their wives, Gwynne and Helen (the McGough Twins). At the very same time but in the top-floor suite of one of New York City's most decadent luxury hotels, the president's first wife, Lilly Morgan le Fay King (one or other of the

take Helen Troy-King captive. As Helen endures unspeakable horrors, Lilly sucks the meat from a soft-boiled egg and chats on the phone with Sodomia's evil dictator, Abdul Natas (Jack Nicholson), in perfect Arabic.

## THE POWER II

### IN THE BEGINNING, PART II

Montana's National Guard is sent to Herk's farm to try to contain the insanely dangerous vet. He kills most of them with his customized flensing knife and combat boomerang before finally giving himself up to his former commander, Lieutenant Christian Broadbent (Brian Dennehy). In exchange for not being prosecuted, Herk agrees to perform twelve more missions "off the books" for Broadbent. Meanwhile, in Sodomia, Helen Troy-King is brought before

divorce attorney. Herk complies. In Washington, Manny "U.S." King puts together an elite fighting force to rescue his wife, while Secretary of State Vale (now played by Dennis Quaid) explains the "other problem" to the president: it seems eccentric inventor Merlin Wizzard (Robin Williams) has perfected his Holo-GR:AYL (Holographic Godhead Reificator: Allah, Yahweh, Lord), a state-of-the-art biochip which, if inhaled, causes its user to "see God." In the wrong hands, such a device could allow an unscrupulous foreign leader to justify any military action. Vale reports that the Holo-GR:AYL has been stolen by the Chinese, who plan to sell it to the highest bidder. Upstairs, meanwhile, Vice President Lance Knight accidentally walks in on the first lady, Gwynne Eve King, as she slinks out of a long, hot

shower. She smiles and says, "Is that a Patriot in your pocket, or are you just saluting, soldier?"

**THE POWER IV  
AND FOUR TO...**

Herk's second mission: terminate Broadbent's nine immediate supervisors. Difficult indeed, as every time Herk salutes one bureaucrat, two are hired in his place. Manny "U.S." King brings his tall black ships and 400,000 elite U.S. fighting forces and support troops to the desert shores of Sodomia. Uh-oh! While most soldiers are "good to go," General Ulysses F. Grant (John Candy) has lost his marching orders and has to return to Washington! The journey home becomes a wild and woolly road trip when Ulysses and his nutty, scaredy-cat crew get lost. Back at the White House, the veep and the first lady make steamy

Secretary of State Percy Vale, Commerce Secretary G. Wayne Green (Alec Baldwin), and budget czar Keaton Bors (Michael J. Fox) on a Far East diplomatic mission to retrieve the HoloGR:AYL. Knight, a single dad, takes young Galahad along. The fighting forces stationed in Sodomia grow restless waiting for congressional approval to start the war. "He took my wife, I'll take his life," Manny King says of Natas, to the cheers of U.S. troops.

**THE POWER VII  
THE POWER OF LOVE**

Lilly arrives at the White House and tries to seduce the president with crack, the highly addictive cocaine derivative, but the scheme fails. Humiliated, she vows to destroy him. At the same time, Gwynne is acting out herself, trying to seduce Secretary Vale while he showers.

Meanwhile, Lilly helps Sodomitic terrorists take New York City hostage while Lance Knight and company encounter the mystical in the Far East. Also meanwhile, Ulysses and his gang encounter a huge one-eyed guy (Dan Aykroyd in heavy makeup) and take him out, Three Stooges-style. Herk reluctantly carries out his fourth mission, killing an old boor who insulted Broadbent at an officers' club party. Back East, honest shopkeeper Moses Levy (Dustin Hoffman) leads the Jews out of Manhattan. And meanwhile meanwhile, on the front line, a petulant Lieutenant General "Chili" quits the war when Manny "U.S." King scores a very flattering profile in *Jane's Defence Weekly* (don't blink or you'll miss Sean Connery playing the hard-bitten Brit journalist). Somewhere deep inside Sodomia, Abdul Natas grins his wicked grin.



INSERT... SFX: CHILI'S HEEL EXPLODES. CHILI: "HOLY SHIT!"



ECU... HERK: "DON'T LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH, ASSHOLE!"

love as the president watches on closed-circuit television. Slamming his (Robert Redford's) fist down on the desk, King decides the veep must go. But how?

**THE POWER V  
THE POWER THAT WAS**

At this point, all the events of the previous four movies are recapitulated for the benefit of people who came late. Music is by Angelo Badalamenti.

**THE POWER VI  
THE BUILDUP**

Herk becomes suspicious when Broadbent assigns the third mission: terminate a young deer that has been nibbling flowers at Broadbent's country estate. He complies nevertheless. The president, meanwhile, solves his problems by sending VP Lance Knight,

Moments later, in a different shower, G. Wayne Green tries to rape Gwynne, but Bors pulls Green off, only to be accused by the first lady of being a "homo," which he is. By now, our old friend Ulysses and his crew of hopeless screw-ups (Rick Moranis, Martin Short, Dana Carvey, and Mike Myers) have had many insane adventures! On a more serious side, Abdul Natas taunts elite U.S. troops over Sodomitic radio, causing hothead Lieutenant General Achillo "Chili" Zapata (Andy Garcia) to lose his temper and start the war without congressional approval.

**THE POWER VIII  
THE POWERS OF WAR**

War wins a 90 percent approval rating in a *USA Today*-Gannett poll; Congress quickly applies the rubber stamp.

**THE POWER IX**

**BATTLE OF THE SUPERPOWERS**

Feris Natas sends Manny "U.S." King Polaroids of his wife, Helen, in compromising positions. Manny challenges Feris to mano a mano combat, winner take Helen. An eighty-five-minute donnybrook ensues. It is inconclusive. The big question: does Natas have the HoloGR:AYL and will he use it? Also: is this strange man that Ulysses and his crew picked up really Zeus (George Burns)?

**THE POWER X**

**THE STORY THUS FAR**

Another recap, music this time by John Williams and Danny Elfman, with additional songs by Bobby McFerrin, Queensryche, and INXS.

(JUMP CUT to page 26)

## POWER (PAN FROM page 17)

Katzenberg did manage to nab nearly every major male star in Hollywood for a role (see *WHITHER SLY?*, p. 17), as well as a lot of top directing talent—who drew cards to determine their segments and pay scales. What's more, Katzenberg persuaded the stars to defer their salaries in exchange for generous back-end deals. "He was quite pleased with himself," one insider reported.

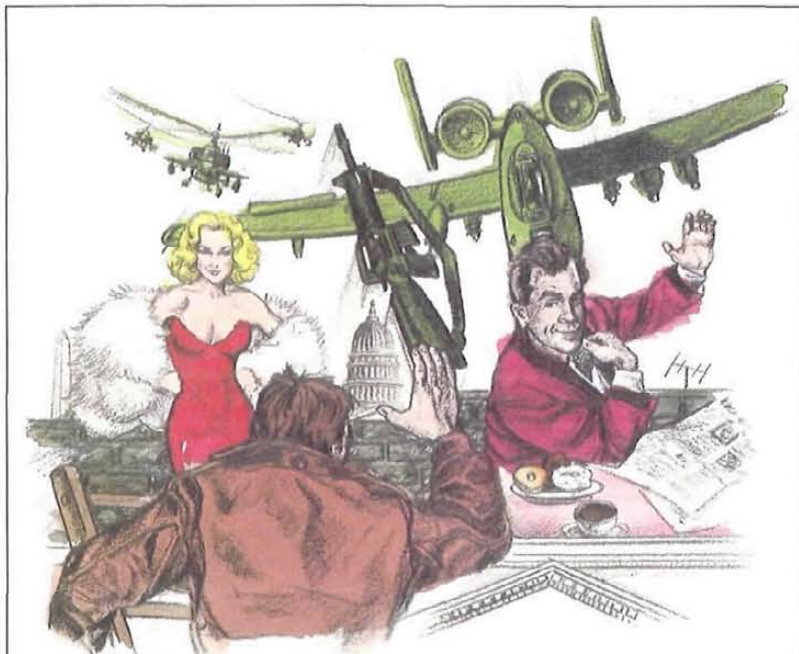
But on Tuesday, when the stardust had settled, a routine audit of the contracts revealed that more than seventy-five principals had been given an aggregate total of more than 630 percentage points of the film's profits. In order to ward off a crippling onslaught of breach-of-contract suits, Katzenberg was forced to meet the most outrageous salary and on-the-set perquisite demands, pushing the above-the-line costs (the amount of money spent before a foot of film is shot) of *The Power* to more than a half billion dollars.

FILMING of *The Power* began on Monday, February 25, one day behind schedule and already \$460 million over budget. On one level, it was an utter fiasco; on another, it was what moviemaking is all about.

"Movies are life; life is overcoming adversity," philosophized co-executive producer Peter Guber, visibly changed by his *Power* experience. "And if one-tenth—one-jillionth—of what, of all the...*shit* we went through ends up on that screen, well, I think, it just, I..." Guber could not continue.

Like virtually every blockbuster before it, *The Power* was plagued with on-the-set problems from the very beginning, not the least of which was the death of Bruce Willis on the very first day of shooting (see *THE STUNT THAT KILLED BRUCE WILLIS*).

Because Willis played such a central role in *The Power* (as U.S. president Adam Agamemnon "Aggie" King, husband of Gwynne, brother-in-law of Helen Troy-King, and ex-husband of Lilly Morgan le Fay), his sudden unavailability threatened to shut down the entire production. After spending nearly \$20 million on plastic surgery in an ultimately unsuccessful attempt to groom



## THE INSIDE STORY OF THE STUNT THAT KILLED BRUCE WILLIS

It was the role that Bruce Willis was born to play—U.S. president Adam "Aggie" King, a tough, romantic wisecracking politician modeled along the lines of a young, hip Jack Kennedy—but even funnier. Following his "Bombfires" setback, this was the role that would have reestablished Willis as a superstar with B.O. plenty—that is, if it hadn't killed him.

Based on interviews, tissue samples, and other forensic evidence, **BIG SCREEN** was able to piece together the events that led to Willis's untimely death so early in the shooting.

The scene: Willis, as King, and his wife, Gwynne (MaryBeth McGough) are enjoying a leisurely breakfast on the roof of the White House with King's brother, Manuel (Mel Gibson) and his beautiful wife, Helen (MaryJane McGough), when terrorists from the fictional Middle East country of Sodomia storm the White House in Apache attack copters and kidnap Helen.

According to production notes, Willis was supposed to yell to one of his Secret Service bodyguards to toss him an M-16, but the throw was high and Willis jumped up into the jet intake of a defending A-10A Thunderbolt.

"In retrospect, maybe we shouldn't have tried something this complicated on the first day of shooting," admitted *Power* stunt coordinator Greg Smack.

Robert Downey, Jr. to take over the role, it was decided that the remainder of Willis's scenes would be filmed with the Willis character shot from behind in his chair in the Oval Office, looking out onto the Capitol. Willis's voice was supplied by *Saturday Night Live* funnyman Phil Hartman.

There were other costly setbacks as well, both monetarily and in terms of

human life (see *THE FINAL TOLL*, opposite page). Moreover, Willis was not the last case of talent making things difficult on the set. Patrick Swayze, pegged for the film's coveted "hunk" role, walked out midway through filming when he was offered the part of Bobby in the Los Angeles touring company of *A Chorus Line*. "Who can blame him?" one *Power* insider asked philosophically. "It was his



**PATRICK SWAYZE**  
\$1M, plus own dance studio.



**DENNIS QU Aid**  
\$250,000 Swayze stand-in fee.



**ROBERT REDFORD**  
\$1M hand-modelling fee.



**SEAN CONNERY**  
\$1M; \$250,000 bonus for extra-thick accent.



**HARRISON FORD**  
\$0M; uses pre-existing footage. In litigation.

ROBERT REDFORD, SEAN CONNERY: GEORGE BURNS; AP/WIDE WORLD; COLOR REENACTMENT; BILL PURDOM



## THE FINAL TOLL

The real cost of an undertaking as mammoth as *The Power* was painfully hammered home with the death of superstar Bruce Willis on the first day of shooting. But Willis's body was just the tip of the iceberg in this grueling round-the-clock endeavor, which some crew members nicknamed the "Project of Sorrows."

• Willis died on day one. The ensuing lawsuit by Demi Moore prompted Jeffrey Katzenberg to say, "People are always gung-ho for action movies, especially when the actor does his own stunts. But when the body bags start coming home, it's a different tune."

• Twelve carpenters were buried to their necks in concrete during construction of the Sodomia set. A court order ruled in favor of burying them all the way.

• A cholera epidemic at the Ontario location wiped out nearly all the inhabitants of a local Indian reservation, many of whom were hired as extras. The cholera was introduced in a baker's dozen of bad doughnuts, it is believed.

• Nearly 120,000 acres of topsoil were lost because *Power* producers paid South Dakota farmers not to plant crops in order to create a barren expanse for a dream sequence. It worked too well—wind and erosion have made the state mostly desert.

• Dense concentrations of cellular phones on and around the Toronto set have caused enormous sunspots, exciting the sun's constantly fluctuating outer hydrogen shell, astronomers say. Expect global temps five to ten degrees higher than normal for the next forty years.

• During the course of filming, so many crew members were brought to Canada from the Los Angeles area that L.A.'s economy virtually collapsed. Although the SoCal water shortage was helped by the removal of so many thirsty bodies, now that filming is over, that state is experiencing one of its worst housing crises ever as returning workers—many with Canadian wives, husbands, and half-breed children—require more space.

life's dream." Swayze was immediately replaced by Dennis Quaid—but because *The Power* was shot out of sequence and because there was no time to reshoot Swayze's scenes, the role of U.S. senator Percy Vale is played by both Swayze and Quaid interchangeably. (Quaid even does the closeups that immediately follow some of Swayze's medium shots.) A marketing insider reports that test audiences either did not notice the cast change or were unbothered by it.

Probably the most difficult time in the filming came when Hollywood wunderkid Steven Spielberg, who had been handed \$10 million and carte blanche to film a vital ninety-minute segment of the film, returned a month late with a seven-minute fully animated cartoon incorporating child versions of all the stars. In fairness, the cartoon is quite charming (and will be shown before the fifth, tenth, and last installments of *The Power*), but it did leave a gaping hole in the narrative.

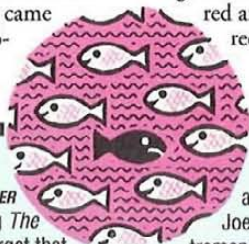
*The Power's* producers turned in desperation to Francis Ford Coppola, who, in what the film industry saw as a supreme irony, managed to produce a workmanlike cut of Spielberg's portion of the film in nine days with money left over from his own assignment. The euphoria over this minor budget victory dissipated rapidly when it was discovered that Coppola had shot and edited both his and Spielberg's segments with a VHS camcorder. But then, in keeping with the never-say-die attitude that came to typify the project, Spielberg came through by allowing the producers to piece together his segment out of outtakes

from his three *Indiana Jones* movies.

The production also had its share of almost comical, but expensive, minor glitches. Toronto, chosen for its cheap labor and willingness to bend over backwards or forwards for filmmakers, had to be completely shut down for the entire two-month shooting schedule, creating numerous sanitation and crowd-control problems in the temporary camps set up for its citizens. (As part of a reparations agreement with the Canadian government, Paramount chairman Frank Mancuso agreed to resign to avoid extradition.) Furthermore, a full-time focus group, brought in to pass judgment on the film's dailies, developed a negative attitude, forcing many scenes to be reshot for no good reason. Even the McGough twins proved to be no bargain, eventually collecting \$22 million in an out-of-court settlement of a sexual harassment suit naming thirty-five of the film's co-executive producers.

WHEN SHOOTING WRAPPED ON May 10, the producers were left with slightly more than 1.2 million feet of usable film from which to craft a fifteen-part twenty-two-and-a-half-hour movie—meaning they would have to use every foot of the film they had, about 10 percent of it twice. What's more, they only had three weeks to do it—a labor even Hercules, Schwarzenegger or no Schwarzenegger, would find intimidating. Katzenberg, moreover, had become red and puffy almost beyond recognition.

(WIPE TO page 28)



## MAVERICK

### A DISSIDENTING VIEW ON *THE POWER*

With all the hype surrounding *The Power* megaflick, one can forget that not everyone is as enthusiastic about it as its makers and the critics. Hearing he had been disparaging the superpicture, we caught up with insider Bernard Reznik (former film professor and script doctor—he whipped *Diner* into shape) at a sumptuous Hollywood watering hole. He had this to say:

"We've blown our chance to convey the

full sense of the supreme joys and sadnesses of the human soul. Joe Campbell was a tremendous, tremendous man, and I can't think of a more fitting memorial, but what's with these female leads played by two chicks I never heard of?

"I hope to God I'm wrong when I say the *Power* fiasco is not an isolated incident but is part of a trend, an ongoing decline in the quality of Hollywood movies—a decline that's been going on for at least two or three years. But I don't think I am."

DAN AYKROYD, EDDIE MURPHY: ARWIDE WORLD ILLUSTRATIONS: TIM GRAJEX



**DAVE THOMAS**  
\$5,000 (cameo); bit part in Wendy's tie-in.



**DAN AYKROYD**  
Cab fare; all he can eat.



**MARYBETH MCGOUGH**  
SAG scale, plus \$7/day meal money.



**MARYJANE MCGOUGH**  
Favored nations clause with sister MaryBeth.



**MARLON BRANDO**  
\$500 a day as Candy stunt double.



**EDDIE MURPHY**  
\$3M just to stay away from the set.

# REELING IN THE YEARS

## A HOME FOR US: NEGLECTED CLASSIC OF THE FATHERLAND GENRE

BY MACK JAMES ARTHUR

The importance of home, family, and duty. The conviction that a nation's spirit and will can triumph in the end, no matter what its worldly enemies may do. The uplifting rebirth of shattered morale. These themes, once out of fashion, now have a special resonance for us; and if we wish to find a rarely equaled example of their cinematic expression, we need go no further than *A Home for Us* (1935), recently released on video by Time Warner.

*A Home for Us* belongs to the genre of "fatherland films"—pro-Nazi movies made in Hollywood prior to 1939. In those days, the Germans' feel-good insistence that "tomorrow belongs to me" was more popular in America than is commonly remembered. Of course, when the political climate changed, the genre fell out of favor, and many of these movies faded into obscurity. But the viewer who is ready to put World War II behind him will fully enjoy their portrayal of a more innocent time—and, in the case of *A Home for Us*, some very exciting filmmaking.

Aside from the rare historical dramatization like *The Munich Story* (1937), the fatherland films tend to fall into two types. The first type, the better remembered of the two, is the screwball comedy, with its emphasis on pure physical humor—for example, *Club Berlin's* (1934) zany backstage chase scene between portly Zionist spy/club owner Albert and virtuous Helmut, played to a T by Rudy Vallee. But even fatherland movies at their funniest—such as Billy Wilder's *President Hermann* (1936) or *Anschluss Partners* (1937), with its famous "You're German, he's Austrian" routine—never rise above stock characterization and cartoony mugging.

But when we turn to the second type, the sentimental drama, we find that the fatherland films were capable of real emotion and a vigorous, mature storytelling that could well teach us a thing or

two today. And of these, *A Home for Us* is clearly the best.

William Wyler was the original director of *A Home for Us*, and, while Nelson Parker had to take over when Wyler became ill, the movie still has something of his heartfelt narrative sweep. It is the populist story of the Mullers, a large,

once-prosperous German family whose lives are ravaged by World War I. Denied financing to start anew by the grinning banker Jacobs (C. Aubrey Smith), the family experiences hard times during the Weimar years—especially young Hermann (George Sanders), the heir. Then, at a rally, Hermann meets Margaret (Gail Patrick) and begins to understand the true meaning of self-reliance. Hermann calls upon his neighbors to help rebuild the Mullers' munitions works, and they do so, in a beautiful episode that undoubtedly influenced the barn-raising scene in *Witness*. "I think we're ready to face the future," an emotionally overwhelmed Hermann says. "Yes!" answers Margaret. "For tomorrow—and the day after—and a thousand years—and forever!"

In cold type, such dialogue appears overblown. Yet it never feels that way to the viewer, for the characters are portrayed with irresistible passion. In scene after scene, the film avoids melodrama, often through the simplest of effects: the slight, duplicitous shift of Jacobs's eyes as

he denies the Mullers their loan, and the beginnings of a grin playing on his face after they leave; the catch in Hermann's voice as he vows that his family will never again be humiliated; the lovely pan across the crowd, catching the dawn of joy as the munitions factory springs to life. Always uncluttered, Parker's direction reaches a peak in this movie, with a mixture of dramatic long shots and emotion-packed closeups. Nothing showy, just effective filmmaking, as sincere as its message of renewal.

Because of its attention to storytelling, *A Home for Us* can emphasize thematic material—the importance of "home," traditional family values—without preaching, an accomplishment all too rare these days. For all the bleakness of the post-Great War scenes, the overall effect of the movie is optimistic and hopeful, without the didacticism of many films in this genre, such as Hitchcock's *Night of Glass*. (A small but important example of the difference: *Night of Glass's* score is heavy-handed, almost grotesquely triumphal during the title scene; but Erich Wolfgang Korngold's subtle, Copland-influenced music for *A Home for Us* deserves to be heard on its own.)

There is, of course, much of interest in all the fatherland films. Their sincere championing of "values" and their abundant moral sensibility—even in the comedies—surely prove instructive to us today; and if they sometimes go too far into propaganda, they are not the only films ever to do so. In looking for a film that transcends its genre, you would do well to check out *A Home for Us*. You might even begin to regret the fact that history is written by the winners.



IN *A HOME FOR US*, BUSY HANDS MAKE WARM HEARTS.

# PROP CLOSET

A few of the items from Hollywood's attic on the block this month at Sotheby's:

**DOG PROD** used in *Lassie Come Home*

**ARCH SUPPORTS** worn by Fred Astaire in *Top Hat*

**BELT** broken by Orson Welles during filming of *The Muppet Movie*

**SQUEEGEE** used by Alfred Hitchcock in *Rear Window*

**FISH** thrown back by Spencer Tracy in *The Old Man and the Sea*

**TWO COINS** used in *Three Coins in the Fountain*

**BACON STRIP** from *Breakfast at Tiffany's*

**PHONE MESSAGE** received by Woody Allen while directing *Interiors*

**FAT GLOBULE** used in *Fantastic Voyage*

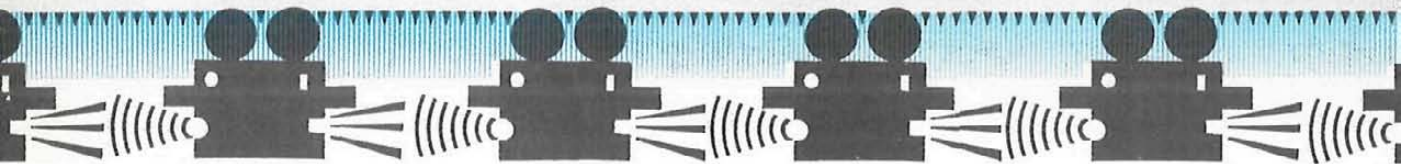
PHOTO: MICHAEL CHAN

Much has been made of the success, and thus the implications, of last year's blockbuster hit, Garry Marshall's *Pretty Woman*. This issue's cinematic forum discusses what *Pretty Woman* reflects about our society when viewed in three different formats: on film, on video, and on cable.

BIG SCREEN invited critics GENE SISKEL (Siskel

& Ebert), J. HOBERMAN (*the Village Voice*), GENE SHALIT (*the Today show*), and cultural critic SUSAN SONTAG (*Notes on Camp*) to New York's *Gotham Bar and Grill* for their observations. Sontag acted as moderator; discussion began when she opened an old copy of *Variety* and circled the listing of 1990's top films. *Pretty Woman* was the second-highest-grossing.

# BIG SCREEN FORUM



**SUSAN SONTAG:** First of all, let's answer the question, why was this movie so popular? It made \$168 million in domestic release alone.

**J. HOBERMAN:** Right—by pushing a male-dominated fantasy about shedding capitalist obligations in exchange for free sex. Doesn't take much more than that to make a hit.

**GENE SISKEL:** Well, Julia Roberts put in a very winning performance, and I think a people went to see her.

**GENE SHALIT:** She can "Wooh! Wooh! Wooh!" in my car anytime!

**SONTAG:** I thought the film was quite charming, and I agree, it had some very good performances. I was disturbed, though, by the video: we rent the tape the way Gere "rented" Julia Roberts. We, in turn, de-moralize the film itself—embracing it for a night, and returning it to the store for the next person to use. Did anyone else pick up on that?

**HOBERMAN:** Sliding the tape back into the box is very reminiscent of sheathing the penis.

**SHALIT:** Jim, we're eating.

**SISKEL:** I think the main problem with watching this movie on TV, or any movie for that matter, is the aspect ratio difference. Movie screens are a 2:1 ratio, while a TV screen is essentially 4:3.

**SONTAG:** Perhaps, but computer screens are also 4:3, and J. F. Lawton wrote *Pretty Woman* on a computer.

**HOBERMAN:** Good point. That's why the bigger statement about this film's value system can be found in what they

cropped off the edges in the pan-and-scan video transfer.

**SONTAG:** Yes—I was outraged at the way the bellboy's been practically removed from the elevator scenes entirely. All we see is his shoulder. What does that say about the filmmakers' true intent?

**SISKEL:** Now wait a minute, Susan. That's unfortunate, sure, but aren't Mr. Gere and Ms. Roberts the central concerns of those scenes? What difference does it make whether we see the bellboy? We're just talking about a few wide-eyed reaction shots, if I recall.

**SONTAG:** I'm surprised at you, Gene. Could the metaphor have been more blatant? Gere plays a corporate rapist. Roberts plays a hooker. Didn't it seem a trifle forced that they'd be rising and falling in an elevator together? Maybe they should have put a subtitle on the screen: "Hey, Siskel! Capitalism in a Nutshell!"

**HOBERMAN:** How the bellboy reacts in those scenes is critical to the semiotics of the film. Delete the bellboy and you have no movie.

**SHALIT:** Hey: you look up "Pretty Woman" in the dictionary, there's a picture of Julia Roberts! Hoo-hoo!

**SISKEL:** I have to tell you, I never actually rented the movie. I saw it in the theaters, of course, and then later I caught it on cable.

**HOBERMAN:** Pay-per-view or as a feature presentation? Because the two have absolutely nothing in common.

**SONTAG:** The point is, once a film is pumped through a cathode-ray tube, its essence is corrupted. Because film is a warm, inviting female and television is a cold, off-putting male.

**HOBERMAN:** To voluntarily watch a movie on TV is to deny female power. To rent a movie is out-and-out sexism at its worst. Obviously you've never understood this, Gene. I've seen this flaw in your reviews for years.

**WAITER:** How is everybody doing here?

**SHALIT:** Hey, did you see *Pretty Woman*?

**WAITER:** Yes...

**SHALIT:** In the movies?

**WAITER:** Yes, and I rented it.

**SHALIT:** Good. What do you think is the biggest difference between the movie and the video?

**WAITER:** I remember the video being a little darker. Can I get anybody some dessert?

*(Dessert is declined. The waiter leaves to compose the check.)*

**HOBERMAN:** He's right. The video was darker.

**SONTAG:** Absolutely. There's a sense of despair that permeates the video. I couldn't put my finger on it before.

**SISKEL:** Yeah, the cable version too. It depressed me in a way the movie hadn't.

**WAITER:** Your check.

**SHALIT:** Siskel touched it first. Thanks, Gene!



# DEEP FOCUS

BY N. MURDOCH-DIORIO

"When you wish upon a star," Jiminy Cricket crooned in Walt Disney's 1940 *Pinocchio*, "your dreams come true." Today we see a fascinating and growing trend in film, namely a protagonist attempting to realize a dream. Though this development has not been adequately studied, it is unarguably full of portent vis-à-vis American culture. This much is clear: the spate of wish fulfillment fantasies on film is both disturbing and revealing, holding up a mirror reflecting facets of our culture that offers insight into ourselves. A cursory inventory of some recently released films makes this undercurrent obvious. Let us take just three recent examples:

—Four industrious young men wish to meet women. At a Coast Guard auction, they purchase a confiscated yacht for a fraction of its true worth. They spend the summer using the yacht to convince international bathing beauties that they are really wealthier than they actually are, so as to further their amorous/sexual pursuits. This is a *dream* situation for the young men to find themselves in.

—A young mother, suddenly widowed, must move herself and her young daughter in with the mother of her deceased husband. They have never met before. The young mother's *dream* of a stable domestic situation, symbolized by an antique mirror, is shattered. After initially rubbing each other the wrong way, and overcoming unexpected illness, the three women learn to live together. The mirror, and the *dream*, are restored.

—A streetwise L.A. police detective dreams of being able to nail a drug dealing ex-general, whose high-ranking friends have placed him above the law. Like all the others, his dream comes true, though, of course, not exactly as he might have planned.

Even the most casual filmgoer will recognize these as the plots to this spring's teen comedy, *Yacht to Trot*; Lorraine Bracco's starring vehicle as a young mother, *Winter Memories*; and Fred Dryer's thriller, *Sudden Velocity*.

Undeniably, films like these usher in a new direction for American movies: the

representation of characters who dream of some goal and then seek to achieve it. Does this have antecedents? Where will this lead? And, most significantly, what does it say about us, the audience? Critical opinion on this issue has not yet sorted itself out.

"Well, you could knock me over with a feather," says sociologist and critic Todd Crispman Postlin of Johns Hopkins University, when reached by phone. "Characters seeking to get something, that's a real good thesis you've got there. I'd run with it."

Jay Boorlin Gittstin of USC concurs. "Have you—excuse me, I'm not laughing at you, I just remembered something that was funny—have you checked to see if the characters seeking their dreams have to overcome obstacles? If you find a pattern there, well, then, I'd say you're onto something."

Gittstin couldn't be more correct.

Obstacles indeed abound! In *Yacht to Trot*, drug-running pirates try to steal the boat, and yacht-club snobs seek to expose the boys; in *Winter Memories*,

Bracco's character must prevail over both the death of her husband (played, all too

briefly, by Peter Coyote) and then the idiosyncrasies of her mother-in-law (portrayed brilliantly by Olympia Dukakis). *Sudden Velocity* finds Dryer's dream quest hampered not only by sinister thugs but by red tape and duplicity in the very justice system that he is trying to protect. Far from detracting from the dreams in question, however, these *obstacles* only serve to enhance their fulfillment at the movie's climax, thereby deepening our response.

The question remains: Why are we seeing this sudden spate of dream realizations in recent releases? Postlin cannot offer any concrete models that would answer this question. Gittstin is equally opaque: "Perhaps the movies provide a—how simply can I put this—a *means of escape*."

Indeed. Perhaps there is some *escape* that the audience finds in seeing other made-up people overcoming hardships and getting things, things that the audience might want themselves. Is this an element of attraction? "That's a difficult one," concedes Postlin. "I'd really put in a lot of thought and effort to figuring it out for sure, if I were you."

N. Murdoch-Diorio is associate professor of cinema studies at the Learning Annex.



PHOTO: FOST

## If it had been filmed in North Carolina, it would have come in under budget.

**Things North Carolina has:** blue skies, labs, modern equipment rental, top-of-the-line location support, friendly locals, a government that knows the value of your dollar.

**Things North Carolina doesn't have:** pollution, union hassles, animal-rights controversies.

And North Carolina is not what you might expect. Along with our lush hills, we're also a land of cities, the arts, museums, the Charlotte Symphony Orchestra—in short, a setting for the most sophisticated taste, the most delicate sensibility, the most modern vision.

### Films shot recently in North Carolina:

- The Ugly Country* (independent)
- Some Day I'm Gonna Leave*
- This Place I Hate* (independent)
- The Town That Dreaded*
- Outsiders* (independent)
- The Ballad of Cooter Bob* (independent)
- Lightnin' Juice Express* (independent)
- Cooter Bob and the Wild Ladies of Homer's Landing* (independent)
- Pedal to the Metal* (independent)

Write: **Film North Carolina**, Raleigh, Box 120. Include SASE for fast response.

**STORY** (FADE IN from page 19)

### THE POWER XI

#### MAXIMUM POWER!

The Sodomitic forces fight damn fiercely, until the U.S. soldiers, scared and tired, have their backs against their tall ships. But when Lieutenant General Chili's best friend (Nicolas Cage) is killed by Feris's brother Hector (Jean-Claude Van Damme), he reenters combat long enough to waste Hector and drag his broken body from the back of a Bradley fighting vehicle before quitting again. Back in the States, however, Lilly helps Sodomitic terrorists sink San Diego. Noah Arkin (Robert De Niro), a San Diego shipbuilder, saves all the animals in the zoo. Elsewhere: the search for the Holo-GR:AYL leads Knight and company up a mountain in Tibet; Ulysses and Co., still lost in the Middle East, receive a much needed morale-boosting visit from Bob ("Woodja lookit the size of these sand traps") Hope (Dave Thomas); and Colonel Frank "Fragger" Atlas (Tom Cruise), unseen until this point, goes nuts and kills some cows.

### THE POWER XII

#### TO THE NTH POWER

Herk's fifth mission, to clean all the toilets at Broadbent's massive survivalist headquarters in Montana, incites a flashback of his previous flashback, and Herk kills Broadbent, donning a radar-confounding Stealth fighter as a cloak of invisibility. Lieutenant General Chili goes berserk when his other best friend (Jimmy Smits) is killed in battle. He kills tons of Sodomians before he himself is killed after stepping on an unexploded piece of ordnance from a cluster bomb. In Tibet, Knight and his men reach the peak only to discover that Merlin Wizzard is already there. To attain the Holo-GR:AYL, Wizzard tells them, they must pass through a mystical obstacle course (a Super Mario Bros. IV tie-in). Lilly, still in the U.S., hatches a plot to find the original Tree of the Forbidden Fruit, believing the knowledge it instills will restore a matriarchal society and thus topple her ex-husband.

### THE POWER XIII

#### THE SMELL OF DEFEAT

The U.S. men and women in Sodomia, demoralized by the death of Lieutenant General Chili, suffer terrible losses, while Lilly, hoping to get the information necessary to decode the clues to the whereabouts of the Garden of Eden, sleeps with televangelist the Reverend Bub Beezle (Nicholson). When President King learns of Lilly's plan, he sends archaeologist Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford) after the Forbidden Fruit. On a

wind-swept Tibetan mountaintop, only young golden-haired supergenius Galahad is pure enough and quick-wristed enough to defeat the acid-spitting Yeti and gain access to the Holo-GR:AYL. But he starts to sneeze, inhales the biochip, and disappears in a brilliant ball of white light. Meanwhile, Herk arrives in Sodomia and asks if there's anything he can do.

### THE POWER XIV

#### TOTAL POWER!

Yes, there is something Herk can do. But first, in a massive feint, all of the U.S. troops are brought home, 'Nam-style. "But this time, we won't lose," says Herk, moments before having himself sewn into the belly of a fine Arabian horse by the old Geranian cavalry leader Nestor Oldman (William Hickey). The horse is left outside the gates of the Sodomitic capital as a gift. In the morning, it is brought to Abdul Natas, who has the audacity to inspect the mare's choppers. Suddenly, fantastically, Herk's fist busts through the horse's teeth and kills Natas, while Herk's muffled voice can be heard to say, "Don't look a gift horse in the mouth, asshole!" Herk singlehandedly slays the Sodomitic forces. Back home, Manny "U.S." King is reunited with Helen, but initially rejects her as used goods. She shows some tit, and they embrace. Bors returns to Washington, too, with the Holo-GR:AYL. Lance Knight, emotionally messed-up, remains in a Tibetan monastery. Gwynne, distraught over Lance, joins a nunnery so that they may be together in spirit. Indiana Jones reaches the Tree of Forbidden Fruit first and Lilly is eaten by snakes. Ulysses and his goofball gang are last seen stranded on an island, living like pigs and loving it.

### THE POWER XV

#### THE BEGINNING...?

The president sits in the Oval Office, contemplating the items on his desk: the address of the convent his wife has fled to, the Holo-GR:AYL, and a big basket of Forbidden Fruit. He must choose. As he considers, a fifteen-minute montage of the film's highlights are played over a dance mix of Prince's "Tower of Power (I Got 1 4 U)." The president makes a decision and begins to reach for his choice (using the hand of segment director Martin Scorsese). A door opens. It is the Lord Jesus Christ (Bill Murray in an uncredited roll). The final credits (forty-five minutes' worth) are shown over several still photographs especially chosen from the Toronto Chamber of Commerce photo library. They depict Canada.

**TWINS** (IRIS from page 15)

**MB:** We never agreed to that scene and I said I didn't think it would be right for the character, but obviously, you know, they disagreed.

**BS:** Then I'm curious: how do you feel about the *Power* action-figure series, you're both—

**MB:** The what?

**BS:** There's a toy series of little action figures—dolls—from *The Power*, and you and your sister, you're the only figures that don't come with any clothes. There's no outfits at all for you.

**MB:** Well, you see, we didn't agree to that at all. Can we change the subject?

**BS:** So what's next for the McGoughs?

**MB:** Well, you know, Larry, ultimately I want to direct. MaryJane and I are starting our own production company—we're naming it after my dog, Sheena.

**BS:** Sheena Films?

**MB:** Well, we might change it. But the important point is we have our own production company. We want to do a lot of important films, like I want very much to do that new Bret Easton Ellis book. I hear there's a very good role for a woman in it.

**BS:** But again, though, there's a lot of nude scenes in that book. I'd say the women in that book are mostly nude.

**MB:** Is it important to the story?

**BS:** They're being tortured.

**MB:** Well, there you go, Larry.

**BS:** Listen, I really want to thank you for talking to me, I—

**MB:** Is this it? You haven't asked us at all about our lives, you know, what we feel about things. Because, you know, we came from a dysfunctional family, Larry. My sister and I, our parents weren't alcoholics, or child beaters, or anything, but they were, like, dysfunctional.

**BS:** One last question. You two were on the set the day Bruce Willis died—

**MB:** It was such a horrible thing that happened, and Bruce was such a sensitive actor and to see him being cut down like that—not just to see him but to actually watch it, it was truly a tragedy of epic proportions, but I guess, these things happen, and you have to go on. But he was a dear, dear man. We loved him.

**BS:** And yet, you didn't attend the funeral.

**MB:** We couldn't make it that day.

**BS:** But his death did make you sad.

**MB:** Terribly sad.

**MB:** Yes, sad.

# CATTLE CALL



(Editor's note: Legal obligations incurred by *American Beef and Meat* require us to run this final installment of Ivan Grazwitzki's slaughterhouse-issues column, *Cattle Call*. Although BIG SCREEN has asked Mr. Grazwitzki to discuss a film-related issue, we take no responsibility for the content of this column.)

Howdy, pardners. This column was supposed to be about Slabroom safety. Why the Slabroom? Because when you've got 800 steers moving on ceiling tracks at fifteen miles an hour, with a thirty-man hack team workin' the back side of a double shift, and the thermo's cranked down to the regulation twenty—lower if the foreman's trying to cut corners—you're gonna be five minutes into your coffee break before you notice old man thumb's not sitting with the rest of the gang! Just ask Harry "Claw" Wrzyzynski, or Jimmy "Hopper" Shaughnessy, or Steve "Loose Pants" Gledwycz. Or ask Mrs. Gledwycz. Or ask the mailman. Do the math, baby! You can talk about your rendering kettles, your trimming lines, your hide scrapers till you're blue in the nuts, but I'll give you fillet to flank you'll never

find more personal flesh-loss accidents per man/steer-hour than in the Slabroom. Getting to the point, this column was supposed to help Slabroom workers punch out with the same "attached equipment" they punched in with. But the longhairs who took this place over have a better idea—they want me to write about the best unproduced goddamn screenplays. What's a screenplay? Good question. Seems that when one pill-poppin' pansy wants to make a movie, he pays another pill-poppin' pansy he went to college with one million dollars (of *your* money) to write down some lines for the actors to say. That's all it is. It beats workin'.

Now don't get me wrong, I like some movies okay. I watch *Brian's Song* on the eight-track every Sunday there's no Bears game, and I like the parts in *Rocky* where the Italian guy beats up on those steers—I've wanted to do that myself more than once! But a lot of movies just make me want to puke down my apron. A few years back, some college boy took my daughter to see something called *9 1/2 Weeks*, with that Mickey Rourke character, and I overheard her on the phone telling someone what it was about. Next day I took a little drive over to Champaign-Urbana with my Stunmaster *Classic* (thanks to the *Stunco* folks for a great sales meeting, by the by), and I don't think Mr. Movie Buff sat down comfortably for at least 9 1/2 weeks!

But I've never laid eyes on a screenplay, so I'm just going to have to wing this one, telling you the best movies that haven't been made yet. Find out for yourself whether some pansy's written a screenplay for 'em!

*Slabroom of Fear*—The long-haired, hollow-chested editor of a movie magazine stumbles into a meat-packing plant. The Slabroom staff give him "The Treatment," and he cries like a baby because he can't take it. Featuring Brian Dennehy as Mike, the Slabroom Foreman.

*Brian's Song 2: The Story Continues*—Current and former Bears stars talk about Brian Piccolo, the movie *Brian's Song*, and the great Bears tradition. Includes previously unreleased footage from *Brian's Song*, and four hours of Bears highlights, including the entire telecast of Super Bowl XX. Brian Dennehy narrates.

*Safety Be Not Mocked*—Brian Dennehy plays a columnist who, when forced to ignore safety issues by the new staff of his magazine, takes them hostage and gives them a lesson in safety they'll never forget.

*Kettle of Pretty Boys*—A bunch of fancy-dressed longhairs are having a big laugh at someone else's expense when the floor opens and they tumble into hell, which takes the form of a giant rendering kettle. God: Brian Dennehy. Satan: Mickey Rourke.

*Not with My Daughter You Don't*—A pervert takes a girl out to put ideas in her head, then gets a nasty surprise when he takes a wrong turn into a meat-packing plant. Brian Dennehy plays the Night Watchman.

*What Are You Looking At?*—A dispute in the men's room of a meat-industry magazine recently taken over by a movie magazine turns into an orgy of violence. Brian Dennehy stars and directs.

*Brian's Revenge*—Brian Piccolo's son teams up with a magazine columnist to rid Illinois of troublemakers. Brian Dennehy plays both roles.

*Beverly Hills Bloodbath*—A sequel to *Brian's Revenge*, in which the vengeful pair, again played by Brian Dennehy, take a little "search and destroy" tour of movieland. Featuring Mickey Rourke as the Startled Producer.

Happy Trails!

Ivan Grazwitzki

SUBMARINE PHOTO: AP/WIDE WORLD; GRAZWITZKI PHOTO: MICHAEL CHAN

## SUBMARINES? GREECE HAS THREE!



Greece is not just the cradle of civilization, yes, and it is also the site of much of the exteriors of the high-grossing *The Guns of Navarone*. Once there were gods in Greece now there are such stars as Anthony Quinn, Gregory Peck, David Niven, and Irene Papas. What brings this kind of star to Greece?

Greece, as you know surely, has perfect hot sunny days all summer

and the Mediterranean all winter.

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## THE SURE THING: SELLING THE POWER

When *The Power* opens in nearly every theater nationwide this Memorial Day weekend, it already will have made back most of its billion-dollar budget. How is this possible? A lucrative overseas distribution deal (\$200 million for the Schwarzenegger footage alone) and smart auxiliary merchandising (*The Power* contains more than \$350 million in product placements, including the first-ever use of "reverse placement"—Coca-Cola paid \$20 million to have Pepsi poured into the wounds of U.S. soldiers in the Sodomite torture sequences) tell part of the story, but the true heroes in *The Power's* guaranteed financial success are those oft-vilified but all-too-necessary Hollywood evils: marketing and publicity.

Even before a frame of *The Power* was shot, a small army of vice presidents began crafting a marketing plan that would ensure that *The Power's* intended audience would want to watch every single foot of the film, over and over again. They had their work cut out for them; the word from above was that the target audience for *The Power* would be "every man, woman, and child on the planet."

"It wasn't really a matter of getting the public to choose this movie over any of the others available; there aren't any others," explained Mel Greenbaum, small pictures VP, Theatrical Cardboard Displays Under \$10. "It was a matter of creating a want-to-see level in the public that would reach panic proportions.

"Heaven help the poor bastard who tries to stay home," Greenbaum chortled.

Much of *The Power's* market-research budget was deployed into hiring a battery of psychologists and psychiatrists, especially those specializing in group dynamics, peer pressure, and behavioral modification. Using tactics previously reserved for overthrowing Third World dictators and encouraging teen smoking, several marketing approaches received special attention:

- "I've Seen *The Power*" campaign. (Variation: "How Many Times Have You Seen *The Power*?") In television and print ads, patrons appear increasingly attractive, successful, popular, and able to afford premium-brand liqueurs for having seen *The Power*. After repeated viewings, patrons get taller, have fluffier, glossier hair, and seem to develop cheekbones.

Conversely,

some print ads depict derelict stereotypes as people who have not bought their *Power* tickets yet. Also, life-size cardboard-cutout figures of overweight, unkempt, middle-aged Americans were placed in high-traffic areas such as malls, factory parking lots, and Jenny Craig locations with cartoon balloons reading "Who needs *The Power*?" and "The *Power*? Didn't see it."

- Power Parties. Recalling the staggering success of *Topperware* in its early years, a network of "Power Party Planners" has been created nationwide to direct a widespread campaign of gatherings in neighborhoods, churches, schools, and social organizations for the purpose of "understanding" and "appreciating" the film. The "Power Party Kit" includes: a brief sixty-page guide containing an annotated synopsis as well as thought-provoking quotes from the actors or from the script itself; makeup tips from Helen, recipes from Gwynne, and Lilly's views on parenting; a songbook; and a collection of games-any-group-can-play that encourage retention of quantities of *Power* trivia.

- Gamble on *The Power*. Lotteries in thirty-eight states were redesigned to include facts from the movie: How many helicopters were involved in the Siege of the Holiday Inn? How many lovers did President King have in his first term? How many terrorists were invited to the cocktail party? What was the total number of Herk's "hard kills"? Winning entries had to be correct in number and appear in the order drawn at random; winners received copies of the film on videocassette, allowing them to stay home the entire summer. Lottery sales soared beyond all previous records.

In reviewing the publicity plan for *The Power*, Shelley Eisenberg, small pictures VP, Press Junkets for 200 or More, emphasized, "We had every talk show in the country. A.M., P.M., Good Morning everywhere. With that kind of exposure, it's hard not to give away too much of the story.

"So we were careful to have the talent end sentences with incomplete

thoughts, implying that the audience should know—like 'And then my character just screams out... Oh, but you know.' As a result, audiences were encouraged to see the film or to see it again so that they would know what everybody was talking about."

— Judy McGuinn

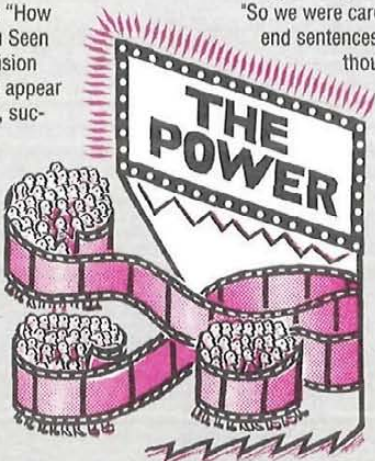


ILLUSTRATION: TIM GROJKE

## BIG BUCKS (PAN FROM page 9)

overall deal at Universal, with a pay-or-play option to direct the third script. Schmough (pronounced, appropriately enough, "Shmoe") said he was "surprised as heck" when he read the ad. "I wouldn't even have called them if it hadn't been for the 800 number," said Schmough, who had been working as an assistant lab technician at Chroma-Kern Film Processing in Hollywood. "The management's pretty strict about personal phone calls."

But call them he did, and Schmough, who has since taken an "extended leave of absence" from Chroma-Kern, was apparently a shoo-in. "A lot of things appealed to me about the program: the money, of course, the chance to meet women, and the easy deadlines. But it was the lack of any talent requirement—you know, being good at stuff—that really sold me. That and the 800 number thing."

"There are a lot of hard-luck tales in this town," said Intertalent's Bill Bloch, who has been representing Schmough since last week, "about guys who toil for years over spec scripts and can't even get them read by the studios. It's refreshing to hear the reverse: Joe, a total loser—no experience, very little talent—reads a classified ad in a film-processing newsletter and finds out about this wonderfully generous program. I've got a feeling the other nine spots are going to be filled darn quick when people hear about this."

## CREDITS AND CORRECTIONS

Due to a computer glitch that could not be debugged at press time, a number of articles in this issue were incorrectly credited:

**Tipsey Klein** was globe-trotting and could not write her editorial this month. Her able secretary, **Anne Bornstein**, wrote it for her.

**BSSSSST...** was gathered by **BSers S. Bodow, D. Patrio, N. Steinberg, R. Leighton, B. Metcalf, D. Rabas, C. Marcell, D. J. O'Keefe, S. Johnson, L. Doyle, G. Barkin**, and former *American Beef* and *Meat* beat writer, **Ian Maxtone-Graham**. **QUICK CUTS** were reported by **David Feuer, Neil Steinberg, Sam Johnson**, and **Larry Doyle**. **BONER BRIGADE** letters were opened by **Chris Kelly**. **CINE LE INTERNATIONALE** was faxed by **John Derevlany**.

**HEAT** was generated by **Judy McGuinn, Richard Lavenstein, Chris Marcell, and John Derevlany**. **Bob Cooper**, the *real* Hot Prospector, was accidentally laid off during the transition from *American Beef* and *Meat*. **Robert Leighton** filled in admirably.

**Doris Lovine** translated **THE WAY IT WAS** from the original German.

The part of **MaryBeth McGough** was played by **Ellen Barkin**. **Chris Marcell** and **Sam Johnson** were in charge of satellite and **CELEBRIVISION** surveillance.

**Mack James Arthur**, the man credited with writing **REELING IN THE YEARS**, didn't pick up his check. **Chris Marcell** gets the check and the credit.

**Ron Barrett** picked the props out of the **PROP CLOSET**.

**FILM FORUM** was transcribed by **Robert Leighton**, who also brought in the Chaplin Colorscan account.

**N. Murdoch-Diorio's** research assistant for **DEEP FOCUS** was **Chris Kelly**, who also punched up the location ads.

**IN LITTLE SCREEN ROUNDUP**, we inadvertently changed **Richard Lavenstein's** name to **Estelle Freilinghaus**. **Danny O'Keefe** edited the **FILMOGRAPHY** and **ASK THE FILM EXPERTS** columns.

**Ivan Grazwitski** asked former *American Beef* and *Meat* beat writer, **Ian Maxtone-Graham**, to type his final **CATTLE CALL**.

**Milt Hibbs's** death was sensitively reported by **Anne Bornstein**.

**David Feuer** writes ad copy for the Institute for the Advancement of American Cinema, but what he'd really like to do is direct.

**BIG SCREEN** regrets these errors and omissions.

# BIG SCREEN'S LITTLE SCREEN ROUNDUP

The most complete guide to your film-viewing options you can find. Ever.

That's our goal. We want to do videos and oh so much more. Of course, our goal is complicated this month because, thanks to The Power moguls, there are no new video releases from the major studios. But that hasn't stopped us. We left no stone unturned—and if there was an image moving on it, so much the better.

Here are this month's best.

## DIRECT TO VIDEO

For direct-to-video mavericks, this summer should be a feast. Because of *The Power* hyperdeal, there will be no new theatrical releases on video—that means a prime opportunity to check out the following:

### Not Angry, Just Disappointed.

*The Power* bumped this tough, tender movie, which was slated for major theatrical release. Roy Scheider stars as a martinet father incapable of dealing with his sensitive teenage son. Powerful and gripping. (Ed Crowther)

### A Hundred and Ten Percent.

Starring Ed Marinaro, Shelley Long, Gregory Hines, and Rip Torn, this is the story of four very close old friends who are forced to reexamine their relationship when they each attempt to get into the *Guinness Book of World Records*. Moving stuff, with Hines in top form as everybody's good black friend. (Sam Johnson)

### Secret of the Kercadoret Burial Chamber in Locmariaquer.

An intriguing piece of historical sleuthery in which a prehistoric detective (Timothy Bottoms) must solve a series of murders taking place near an ancient Brittany stone burial chamber. (S.J.)

### Passage into Terror: Death in the

**Split-Chamber Burial Halls of Guilliguy at Ploudalmézeau.** Timothy Bottoms is back as Guurn, the detective of the prehistoric gallery-grave-building people of central Brittany. This time, there's tense drama aplenty as Guurn must find a serial killer before the Festival of Carved Stones. (S.J.)

**Guurn and the Menhir Boy of Kerloas.** Weakest of the Guurn movies, this one

place with a minimum of action and a maximum of MOR soundtrack music. Richelieu takes us to Marseilles, a seaside city terrorized by a giant manta ray. Macho leading man Gérard Pommès-Frites is the oceanographer who must outwit bumbling police to save the day—and the beautiful young diver who may be the next victim. (JMCG)

**Mike Tyson's Managing Your Money.** The former champ guides the neophyte investor through the rudiments of personal finance, from the basics like endorsing a check, selecting a big wallet, and finding expensive stores to complex savings strategies, including sticking it in the glove compartment, giving it to a friend, and lighting a cigar with it. (IM-G)

**Carol Alt's "You Will Speak German."** A welcome change from the dry, functional Berlitz-type language tapes on the market. Posing in a variety of swimsuits and loungewear, Alt persuades viewers in sweet, comforting tones that they can learn to speak German. No actual instruction provided, but this tape makes a perfect "get psyched" introduction to the many dry, functional Berlitz-type tapes on the market. (IM-G)

**Carol Channing's "Examine Your Breasts."** At press time, BS couldn't get anyone to view this tape.

## KIDS

**The Little Mermaid: The Collector's Edition.** A deluxe version for the *Mermaid*-aholic in your home, complete with outtakes, an interview with Pat Carroll, and an exclusive new version of the movie's hit song

"Under the Sea (Is Where the Natives Belong)." (EC)

**I'm Scared of Daddy: The Best of the "ABC Afterschool Special."** Topics like parental incest, sibling alcoholism, drug addiction, and incurable cancer covered with sensitivity, relevance—and humor. (EC)

**Sing Along with Broderick Crawford and Wilford Brimley.** A gruff yet gentle treatment of childhood classics like "The Farmer in the Dell" and "My Old Kentucky Home," genially acted out by Crawford and Brimley. Highlight: Crawford as the Steam Drill in their version of "John Henry." (EC)

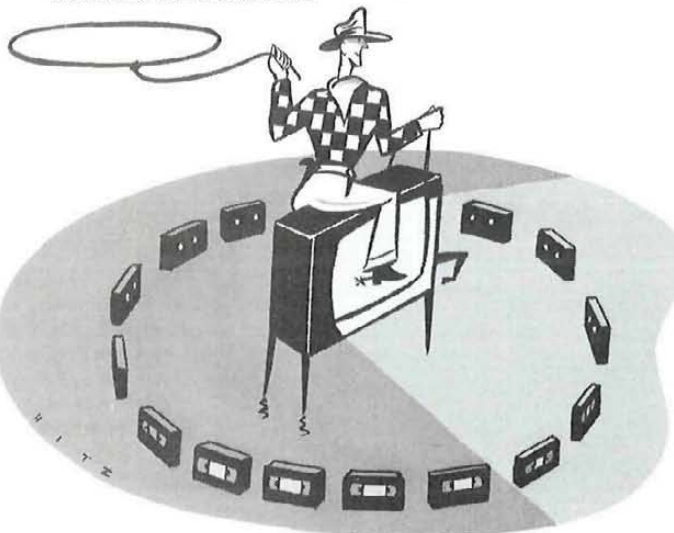
## SPORTS

by WARREN SARGOL-WOOD

**Michael Jordan: Ten Feet High and Rising.** This thrill-a-minute jamfest should answer your question "Just how great is Michael Jordan?" Highlight: a backboard-shaking superslam gives a blind guy his sight back while the Boys' Choir of Harlem sings "Ode to Joy."

**18 Holes with Michael Jordan.** Jordan is just as talented on the links as on the court—and just as video-genic, too. Video follows Jordan through an ordinary round. He shoots 78. Truly riveting.

**Michael Jordan's Football Follies.** Title is something of a misnomer, since Jordan only appears as a poster in Worcester's Midline Inn, but the bank shots and power fooses make this worth your watching. Overhead cam rarely used to better effect.



follows Bronze Age detective Guurn as he tracks down a friend's killer while helping the friend's son win the annual stone monolith carving championship at Kerhouezel. Exciting finish doesn't make up for the rest. A real disappointment. (S.J.)

**Special Needs Malone.** Genre thriller with a twist: the tough, streetwise cop trying to bust a violent inner-city crack ring and save his troubled marriage is retarded. Stars Larry Drake (*L.A. Law*). Tender and tough. (Daniel O'Keefe)

**Life's a Bitch.** In this Blake Edwards comedy, Tim Matheson is a horny man who comes back in the body of a dog. He falls desperately in love with Heather Locklear, and humps her leg until she has him committed to the local pound. (Debra Rabas)

**Sweat, Sweet Teen.** A cast of promising unknowns comes together in this thriller about a sadistic gym teacher (Ann Jillian) who kills her students with a regimen of brutal aerobics. Most notable is the "jumping jacks, five hard whacks" scene. (DR)

**Tomb of the Alien Computer Vixen.** Cryogenics, terror, and the singles scene in a combination that will melt your dry-ice pack. Tawny St. Clair stars as the single from another planet whose game is computer dating but whose dates never make it home. An action-packed sci-fi thriller that seems destined for cult-film status. (Judy McGuinn)

**Poisson de Mort (Fish of Death).** French director Yves Richelieu attacks the myth that French films must take

## ADULT/CLASSIC

**Deep Vagina.** This early (1952) porn flick, now dated, shocked the nation with its portrayal of a woman who, because of a medical aberration, enjoys intercourse. Laura Likesex meets, dates, and has sexual intercourse with two men, only one of whom she marries. This version includes the famous "I love it when you do that" line, which even Times Square's seediest smut houses demanded be cut before they would show the film. (Ian Maxtone-Graham)

## SELF-HELP/ INFOMERCIALS

**"How Would I Look with Ali MacGraw's Nose?"** A serene, composed MacGraw is very effective here. Ordinary people attach paper-doll-like cutouts of celebrities' body parts to themselves for reassurance prior to the difficult leap into the realm of physical rearrangement. (DR)

**How to Make Your Own Real Estate.** Another sad example of misleadingly titled videos. This does not cover killings in the realty market at all, but is instead a guide to owning and operating your own landfill. Nice dump shots don't make up for this tragic scandal. (DR)

**Duke Law School on Video.** *The Paper Chase* meets instructional video. Everything from torts to corporate law is covered from the point of view of beginning law students with a hunger for knowledge. Helpful self-test at the end. (EC)

## TOP VIDEO RENTALS IN TOKYO

### WEEK OF APRIL 29, 1991

1. **Incredible! The Baby Speaks!** John Travolta (Touchstone-Nippon)
2. **Big Airport, Lone Warrior** Bruce Willis (Twentieth Century Fox overseas)
3. **Ford Fairlane! Sex Rude Detective!** Andrew Dice Clay (Twentieth Century Fox overseas)
4. **She's a Cute Prostitute!** Richard Gere (Touchstone-Nippon)
5. **Big Building, Lone Warrior** Bruce Willis (Twentieth Century Fox-Nippon)
5. (tie) **Did He Kill His Wife?** Harrison Ford (Warner Bros.)

## MUSIC

by BOB MCGRAITH

**Blues and Bows.** In his latest encounter, well-traveled cellist Yo-Yo Ma duets with John Lee Hooker. Script is a little forced (sample dialogue: "You're an original soul man, baby." "You, too."), but the cello never sounded this delightfully dirty before.

**Hey! VH-1 Raps!** Hosted by Billy Joel and Carly Simon, this is a video to laugh at, not with, as superstars of bland try to step off, with disastrous results like "Sucks in My Beach House." So-Bad-It's-Good rental of the month.

**Thirst for Volume.** Stereo TVs only! This concert compilation of the loudest in metal literally shakes the camera—and in a thrilling moment near the end, a lens actually cracks! Charged-up fans burning each other with cigarette lighters may be unsuitable for young viewers.

## INDUSTRIAL FILMS

by NEIL STEINBERG

*A hot source of new video product, hundreds of "indies"—short industrial films prepared for specialized audiences—are enjoying wide viewership. The top five, as reported by Blockbuster Video stores:*

**Super Deal Closers** (Pathic, 1974). One of the many indies to feature stars before fame hit. A very young William Hurt in long sideburns and a powder-blue leisure suit shows car salesmen how to clinch that deal. Look for the '74 Trans Am. 22 minutes.

**"Be a Safety Monkey"** (Nalco, 1970). The first and still best of the Safety Monkey series. The team of animated simian danger watchers scamper over an oil-cracking facility, gibbering to themselves and pointing out careless work practices and unsafe situations. 9 minutes.

**From the Cow to the Home** (American Dairy Drivers, 1948). Relentless milkman propaganda, but a nice portrait of small-town America, and a hilarious attempt to equate store-bought milk with "the enemy within." Included are quaint histories of cottage cheese, sour cream, and butter. Narrated by Ray Milland. 30 minutes.

**Medical Guidelines: Intubation** (St. Luke's, 1983). More raw thrills for horror fans. A thorough look at the proper procedures for clearing an airway and insertion of the intubation tube. Not for the squeamish. Brief cameo by Macaulay Culkin as an infant in the waiting room. 25 minutes.

**Defending Yourself Against Blunt-Object Attack** (CMS Video, 1988). Real-life encounters with club-wielding, hammer-wielding, and brick-wielding assailants, acted out with humor by members of Chicago's Second City troupe. Meant for policemen, the film has great warmth if you can get past the often gruesome photos of blunt-object trauma. 60 minutes.

## VIEWMASTER 3-D™

by ROBERT LEIGHTON

**Popeye™** in **Gettinsk Skisick**. Middle-brow effort from Popeye and Brutus concerning the latter's attempt to toss Popeye from his ski lift. Interesting 3-D effects marred by now all-too-familiar

spinach denouement.

**Binkles Bunny™** and **Dopey the Dingbat™** in **Who's Shoes?** Plot twists keep this otherwise simple tale rolling along through the entire reel (seven panels), although a tree drawn to appear behind Dopey mysteriously appears nearer the viewer. Also, title should read "Whose," not "Who's."

## STUDENT FILMS

*If you're in the neighborhood of these campuses, it's worth calling up the directors and asking them to show you these gems-in-the-making:*

**Paranoid Psycho Paradox** (UCLA). Jamie Skaggs's award-winning romp focuses on delusional pyromaniac who burns his only friend, a mannequin, when he discovers she's been wearing his clothes. Look for Denise O'Williams, "The Garbo of Student Films," as "Girl in Underwear." (DR)

**The Visible World and the Element of Fire** (SUNY Buffalo). A mixed bag from Adam Oakley. While the title promises Costa-Gavras-style social allegory, this three-minute film of a match being lit, shot facing into a bathroom mirror, seems devoid of political content. The dramatic tension created when the Match-Striker's first attempts at lighting the match fail is never adequately resolved. (DOK)

**In the Tunnel** (Cal State). Two men sit in a car, driving through a gray, poorly lit "tunnel." They ask each other when they will "get there" and when the "tunnel" will end. A taut five-and-one-quarter-minute remake (by Sarah Briley) of *48 HRS.* set in an Orwellian dystopia. (DOK)

**The Flight from Axminster** (Ohio State). Miranda Clark's ingenious reworking of

## FILMOGRAPHY

**Helena Gutierrez:** Helena Gutierrez probably can't believe her career has turned out as well as it has. Born in Jacksonville, Florida, on June 15, 1974, Gutierrez was told at age sixteen by her mentor, lover, and high school acting coach that she would never make it as an actress. Stung, she changed her name (from "Helen Gutierrez") and moved to Los Angeles to prove him wrong. She became a full-time cashier and fryperson at Wendy's, marrying Jamie Garity, manager of the restaurant and director of films like *Torture Bitch* and *Stalk and Snuff*. Shortly thereafter, Garity cast her in *The Man with the Jiffy Knife*, the film for which she is best remembered. Reports that Gutierrez was difficult to work with notwithstanding, she turned in a passionate and believable performance in *The Man with the Jiffy Knife* that will not be soon forgotten. She is currently separated from her husband.

As actress:

1989 *The Man with the Jiffy Knife*

*Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*, now set in a declining carpet mill in a small Rust Belt town. A masterpiece of obscurity without pretension. (Estelle Freilinghaus)

*Ex/Mex/Chemex* (Texas) A brilliantly filmed version of Jorge diMatteo's per-

formance piece of the same title, which is about many things. Among them: love, loss of reason, chemicals in the landscape, coffee plantations in Venezuela, baseball. Can't-miss soundtrack features Wagner and Johnny Mercer. (EF)

## ASK THE FILM EXPERTS

### Q+A with Hollywood's Top Directors

**Q:** I'm getting married in a few weeks, and intend to videotape my wedding. I feel that it would be artistically and aesthetically inappropriate to film my soon-to-be mother-in-law because of her advanced age and extreme physical unattractiveness; this would violate the mood of the piece, which is meant to be an affirmation of life, youth, and so on. My problem is, the old hag is going to be sitting in front row left, and I can't think of any way to film the festivities without also picking up her hunchbacked little form. Is there any camera angle or anything else I can use to avoid having to see her on videotape every anniversary for the rest of my life?

Mark Spondue  
Hijo de Puta, Calif.

**A:** Yes. You can use a soft-focus wide-angle shot (I recommend not more than 115 degrees) from a position slightly to the old lady's right. This will give you an interesting asymmetric view of the altar from below. If you don't want to sacrifice seeing other relatives in the crowd, you could go with the traditional behind-the-altar camera placement, though the boom might distract the minister, unless he's done this before or is in Equity. In this case you could camouflage the offending mother-in-law with an impressionistic feel, using smoke machines, maybe a soft-blue gel. Computer imaging is done very well these days—you could even film and then superimpose over her the image of a more popular and deceased relative looking on approvingly, surrounded by an eerie otherworldly glow. All you need for this is an old photograph. If your budget is not sufficient to cover special effects like these, you could get the woman to wear a futuristic metal suit you could weld yourself, and pretend when watching the video that she was a warrior from another dimension who attended your wedding in your honor. How to get her into the suit, though, is *your* problem.

Tim Burton  
Director of *Beetlejuice*, *Batman*,  
and *Eduard Scissorhands*

# CELEBRIVISION

It's paparazzi *plus*  
as **BS** goes off location.



Recovered from his helicopter crash (with the help of laetrile and tiger balm, sources say), **Kirk Douglas** sponsors a good old-fashioned fox hunt at his spacious ranch in the heart of L.A. Tallyho and all that rot, but watch where you swing that thing, big fellah!



**Woody's a-poppin'...** A mall rendezvous may fool the other paparazzi, but **BS** catches the Woodman with once (and future?) co-star **Bette Midler** examining what we hear are some very candid photos! Later, they had an **Orange Julius** and forgot where they had parked.



**Clowning** around for the benefit of the cameras after their recent wedding, **John Candy** and his new wife, pretty **LuAnne Topkin**, reenact how they first met at a free-for-all in an L.A. Forum skybox during a Kings game. Since then, Topkin, a former card-shop clerk, has become Candy's personal manager. The two are now affiliated with the *Cats: The Movie* project.



PHOTOFEST

Seems like old times. . . **Woody Allen** waits for a bus with former flame **Diane Keaton**, sporting a fabulously retro "Annie Hall" look. "We're just friends," the old saw goes, but what would mama **Mia** say?



PHOTOFEST

**At Jack Nicholson's** annual spring bash, the only rule is "No holds barred!" Here Jack demonstrates, telling a hungry **Jessica Lange** how to get to the buffet line.





PHOTOFEEST

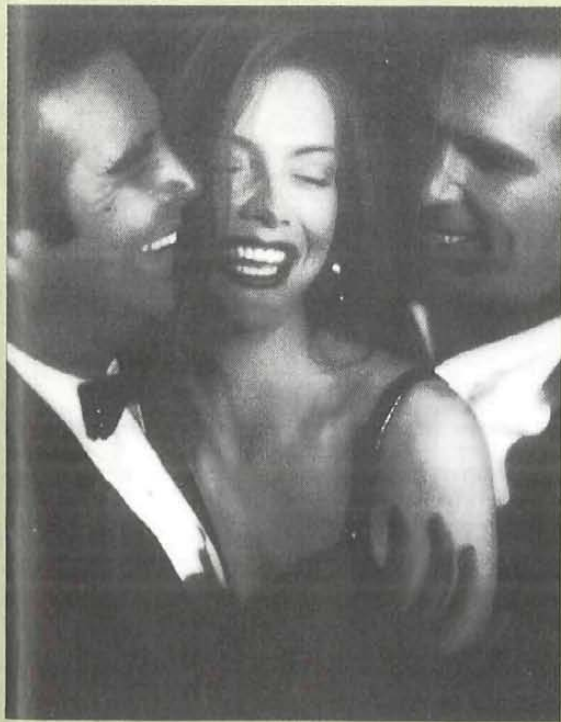
**E**arth to Daryl! At an American Film Institute luncheon, militant vegetarian **Daryl Hannah** falls off the wagon and eats her first lobster. Too bad nobody mentioned you don't eat the shell! Growing girl Hannah, who now eats *only* meat and refers to vegetables as "rabbit food," snarfed down three of the crunchy crustaceans before anyone had the nerve to tell her the proper way to eat them. "I know," she feigned, perky as could be, "I just happen to like the shells." What a fucking idiot!



**M**ahrverrous! **BS** telephoto catches **Billy Crystal** and **Meg Ryan** lunching at Katz's Delicatessen in New York. Later, the two took in the sights, rode a horse-drawn carriage, and made out in a doorway before Meg's husband and Billy's best bud, **Dennis Quaid**, joined them for snooker and rum drinks at the Hollywood Club uptown.



**N**icholson party update? In his custom-built bar/chapel, **Meryl Streep** succumbs to some friendly urging and offers a preview of her Janis Joplin project, belting out a note-perfect version of "Me and Bobby McGee" while amused Tri-Star executives look on with sick fascination.



**T**hese brothers share *everything*! At Spago's, **Michele Pfeiffer** makes a tasty tomato sandwich for **Jeff** (the cute one) and **Beau** (the fat one) **Bridges**. Yum-yum—now that's what we call a box lunch!

# IT'S A WRAP

## Milton "Milt" Hibbs: A Tribute

**M**ilton "Milt" Hibbs, legendary Hollywood assistant director, died this month at the age of ninety-two. Recognized by many, Hibbs began his career in the silent era as an intern in the artificial-snow department at Paramount and slowly rose through the ranks to the position of production clerk on forgettable musicals such as *Savong Serenade*, *Sombrero Serenade*, *Shanghai Serenade*, and *Tomatoes on Parade*.

His first credit as an assistant director was on the noir classic *The Man with the Tin Face*, and his career reached its zenith in the late forties with his contribution to gut-wrenching tearjerkers such as *Heartbreak and Hankies*. His membership in a number of suspected Communist-front organizations, including the Committee for the Support of International Freedom Throughout the World, led to his being blacklisted in the

1950s, but after he gave frank testimony before HUAC his career recovered rapidly, and screenplays for such low-budget exploitation films as *Hot Rod Hoedown* and *Bloodsuckers Serenade* further enhanced his reputation. He attempted a comeback in 1971 with the light comedy *Pardon My Postman*, but public response was less than enthusiastic.

Hibbs was noted for his love of the outdoors and had one of the largest fishing lure collections in Hollywood. He appears in many Hollywood chronicles as "the man who taught Selznick pinochle." He weathered three marriages, including one to temperamental RKO seamstress Esther "Stitches" Turnsky. At the time of his death he was living in a modest one-room efficiency over Pat's Formal Wear in downtown Culver City. The character of Frank "Breezy" Martin, the crusty washed-up has-been in Paddy Chayefsky's

unproduced teleplay *Dead End for Breezy*, was said to be based upon him.

In tribute to Milton "Milt" Hibbs, we asked a number of Hollywood's finest to share their memories with us:

"My brief encounters with him were always pleasant and courteous. He appeared to enjoy his work."

—Elizabeth Taylor

"He was that rare person who is rarely appreciated in his own lifetime."

—Audrey Hepburn

"Although our acquaintance was short-lived, I remember him fondly when I happen to think of him."

—George Roy Hill

"His work stands as a testament to his memory. His memory stands as a testament to his work."

—Darryl Zanuck, Jr.

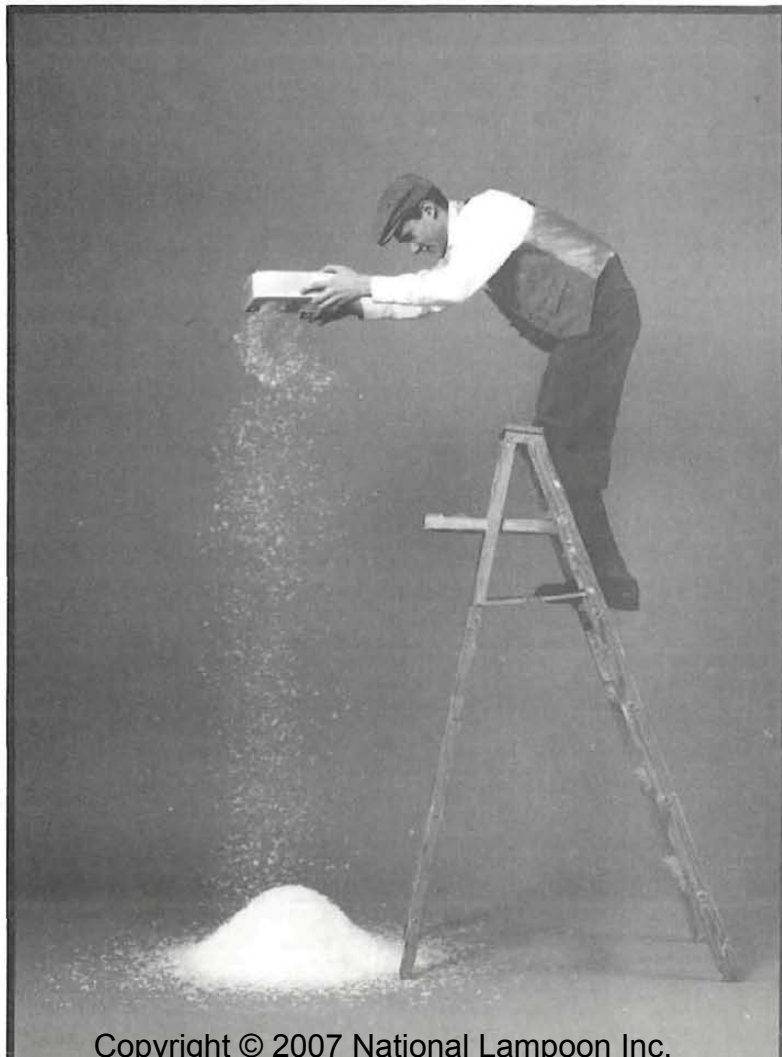


PHOTO: DAVID VINE

# What would you really like to do?

**"Developing new vaccines is rewarding, but what I'd really like to do is direct."**



**—Jonas Salk**  
MEDICAL RESEARCHER, LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA

**"When this Palestinian thing is over, what I'd really like to do is direct."**



**—Yitzhak Shamir**  
PRIME MINISTER, TEL AVIV, ISRAEL

**"What's next after four Super Bowl rings? Well, what I'd really like to do is direct."**



**—Ronnie Lott**  
SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS

AP/WIDE WORLD

**T**HE INSTITUTE FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF AMERICAN CINEMA is currently accepting applications for its New Directors' Laboratory. By encouraging and nurturing personal creative vision, N.D.L. offers its members the opportunity to change their lives—and the face of American cinema.

The following questionnaire is designed to help N.D.L. determine whether you might be among the select few with the deep personal artistic vision our exciting program demands. To find out the answers, simply clip the coupon below.

- Your film's hero is an offbeat, spontaneous, big-city cop. A scene that best conveys this trait might have him: (a) singing along with his car radio in a loud, off-key voice. (b) stopping in the middle of the Brooklyn Bridge and tying up traffic. (c) painting flames on the hood of his rented car. (d) removing his own prostate with a penknife.
- Your film's villain is kidnapping defenseless toddlers to use in a white-slavery ring. The best choice for his ethnic origin is: (a) Lakota Sioux. (b) Jewish. (c) Amazon Indian. (d) Arab.
- Your film's female lead is a non-nonsense public defender. Which of the following would you consider to be gratuitous nudity? (a) While poring over legal briefs in the law library, she decides to do a breast examination, thus exposing her breasts. (b) While cross-examining a key witness, she decides to take a shower, thus exposing her

breasts. (c) While delivering her summation to the jury, she decides to fix the clasp on her bra, thus exposing her breasts. (d) None of the above.

- A psychotic killer's victims are all handicapped persons. Which afflicted character will generate the *least* audience sympathy? (a) A young, quadriplegic Vietnam vet. (b) A beautiful, terminally ill figure skater. (c) A cute and kindhearted idiot savant. (d) An Oriental delivery boy with weeping facial fistulas.
- During a high-speed chase sequence, your hero's car races toward an opening drawbridge. The line of dialogue that works best here is: (a) "Damn! Got away again!" (b) "Let's see what the boys at the lab have to tell us." (c) "I didn't expect *this*." (d) "Holy shit!"
- In your screwball comedy, all hell breaks loose at a fancy dinner party. What is the most innovative way to "punch it up"? (a) The family dog cocks its head. (b) The family butler shakes his head. (c) The pizza delivery boy says, "Holy shit!" (d) Any of the above.
- Directors must often convey a character's altered state of consciousness *visually*. Match your character's altered state with the best visual choice:
 

(a) dreaming	(1) slow motion, soft focus
(b) remembering	(2) slow motion, soft focus
(c) drugged out	(3) slow motion, soft focus
(d) having sex	(4) slow motion, soft focus
- You are directing your action thriller's climax. What happens to your psychotic killer? He (a) is killed. (b) is

not dead, gets up, and is killed again. (c) is still not really dead, gets up again, is killed again. (d) is killed, not really, killed, not really, killed, not really, killed.

- The most courageous directorial choice for ending your film is: (a) the freeze frame. (b) the revelation that it was only a dream. (c) doing whatever the test audience tells you to. (d) (a) and (c).

If you have answered at least half the above questions correctly, you most likely possess the uncompromising personal artistic vision that we at New Directors' Laboratory are looking for.

So, if what you "really want to do is direct," what are you waiting for? Simply fill out the coupon below and mail it *today*. Remember, there's a chair out there with your name on it.

Yes, what I really want to do is direct. Let me know if I have what it takes. Send me the answers and information about the New Directors' Laboratory. Enclosed is my check for \$30 for processing.

No, I would rather stay at my present dead-end job and die a bitter, frustrated person.

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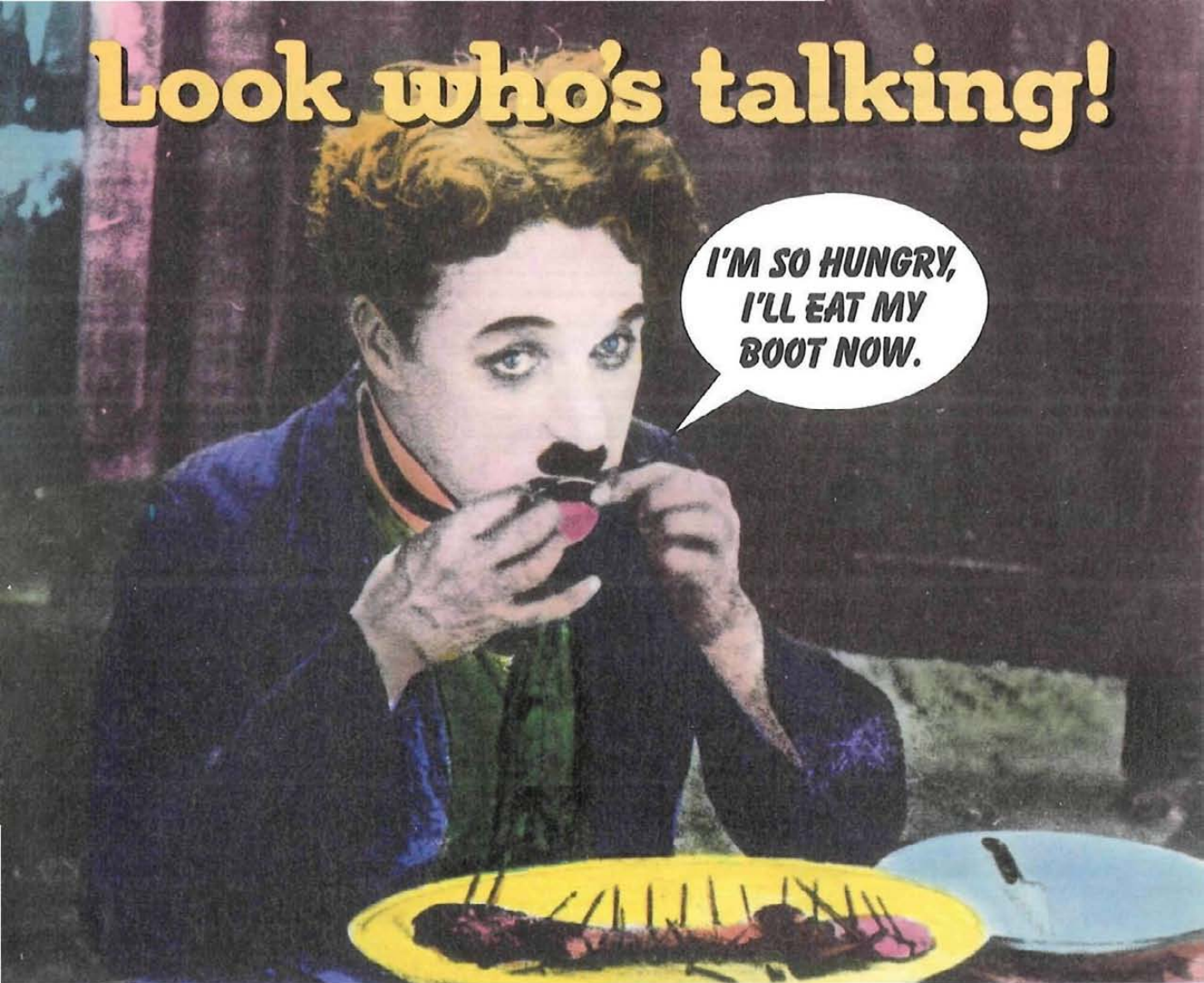
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# Look who's talking!



PHOTOFEST

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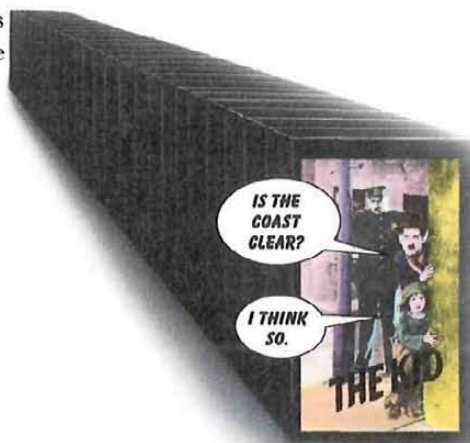
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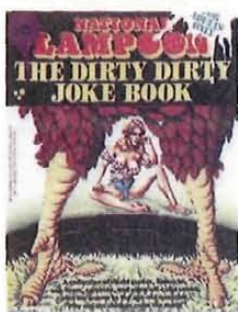
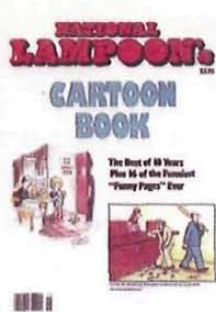
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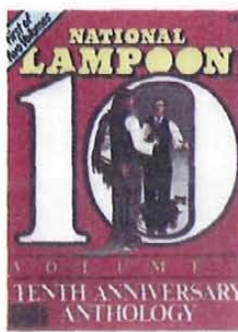
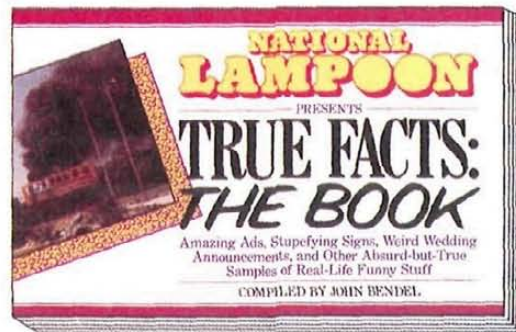
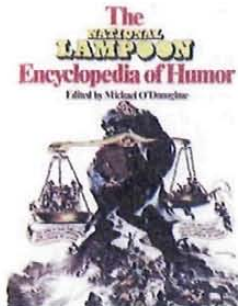
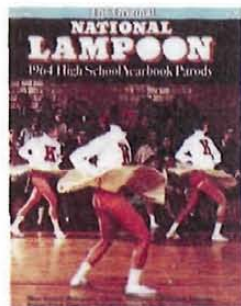
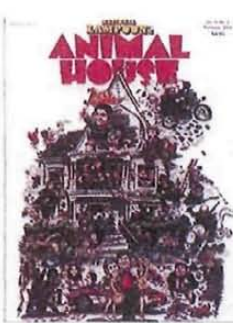
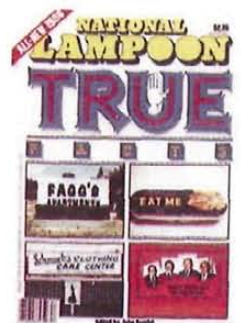
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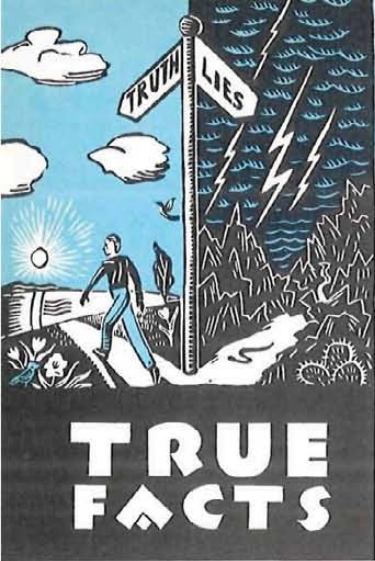
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Edited by John Bendel



TRUE FACTS

SCOTT BALDWIN

AN ARGUMENT BETWEEN Rodney Cox Watson, forty-four, and his twenty-year-old son Adrian led to a fistfight. The *Rocky Mountain News* reported that "the elder Watson then grabbed a shotgun and fired a blast at his fleeing son. That shot missed, and Watson fired a second shot as his son climbed down from a second-story balcony, police said."

The Westminster, Colorado, police who arrested Rodney Watson said the fight erupted over a game of Monopoly. "I have no idea who was winning," said officer Paul Newton. "I don't think the game was completed. I don't know who was the thimble and who was the little race car, either." (contributed by Rick Bradstreet)

POLICE IN WARREN, Ohio, arrested Terry Ball after he allegedly flagged down an unmarked cruiser

and offered to sell three officers twenty-five dollars' worth of crack cocaine. The cops, who were on their way back from a drug raid, were wearing jackets and hats that read "Police" and "Trumbull County Drug Task Force" in large yellow letters. (Canton, Ohio) *Repository* (contributed by Dennis Stark)

FROM THE CHICAGO *Tribune*:

"According to the Center for Science in the Public Interest, the regular Taco Bell taco contains 183 calories; the Taco Light has twice as many. A Taco Bell spokesman confirmed the figures and said the chain is phasing out the Taco Light." (contributed by Austin McLean)

FROM THE FRESNO BEE: "Hong Kong watchman Lee Wun has had an uncontrollable urge to turn on faucets since he was hit by a truck and suffered brain damage. The High Court has awarded the sixty-nine-year-old Lee \$116,666 in damages against the drivers, saying part of the award was to cover increased water bills due to his obsession." (contributed by Marilyn Mooneyham)

SOVIET AUTHORITIES recently revealed the case of Larisa Savitska, the sole survivor of a midair crash involving an Aeroflot AN-24 airliner and a military transport near the Chinese border in 1981. Savitska, reported *Pravda*, was still recovering from injuries sustained when she fell from a height of three miles. While the item did not detail how Savitska landed, it did note that she was compensated fifty dollars for her lost luggage. *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by David & Terri Ostovich)

THREE STUDENTS complained they had failed entrance exams for the Bandung Institute of Technology (ITB) in Jakarta despite using "magic pencils" to take the test.

According to the *Jakarta Post*, Indonesian police arrested a pencil seller who told buyers "his pencils, with copper wire around them, would confuse computers....The man claimed that the wire had been filled with electronic signals that would automatically correct any false answer they made and

Dillinger joins bank staff

Phil Carson, president of The National Bank of Commerce, recently announced the addition of Michael Dillinger as vice president/commercial loan officer.

Dillinger brings to the bank considerable experience in banking with his latest affiliation being First National Bank in Ardmore. He will be available to offer customers a full line of commercial loans including SBA loans, working capital loans, and acquisition or expansion loans. His business acumen will combine NBC's lending capabilities with the borrowers' needs.

Dillinger was active in the community of Ardmore, where he was a deacon and Sunday School teacher at the First Baptist Church; a member of the Ardmore Rotary Club; executive director of the Salvation Army; executive directors for Cross Timbers Hospice; past drive chairman, past president and current budget chairman for United Way; and past director of the Ardmore Chamber of Commerce.

"We are extremely proud to have Michael associated with the bank and living in Ardmore. We are confident he will be an asset to our community."



MICHAEL DILLINGER

Randall Gupton Altus (Oklahoma) Times

Red Cross will look for blood in Howard

If you live in the village of Howard — the American Red Cross wants your blood the day before Christmas.

The village is sponsoring a blood drive Dec. 24 to help meet the rising need for blood donations during the holiday. The goal is at least 50 donations. The blood drive...

Daniel Palmcook (Green Bay, Wisconsin) Press-Gazette

Residents of Crested Butte glad to have gas

By Steve Lipsher Post Staff Writer

Jim De Lutes Denver Post

275 children getting crack at 'King and I'

Rick Remsburg Bloomington (Indiana) Herald-Telephone

Trainer praised after youth

they would thereby pass the entrance exam with very high marks."

The man sold dozens of the pencils for \$445 each. (contributed by Thom Proctor)

□ T O F

**SUMMONED TO GEORGIA'S** Chatham County courthouse, a U.S. Army bomb squad blew up a suspicious package described by the sheriff as "very professionally done." It was addressed simply "To Lisa." The deliberate blast destroyed the box and injured the three-month-old kitten inside.

"This is a very sweet kitty," said the veterinarian called to attend the blasted kitten. "It has been very trusting, not angry or snippy." *Atlanta Journal and Constitution* (contributed by Tony Harris)

□ T O F

**POLICE ARRESTED** twenty-four-year-old Thomas Wetzell for stealing a Pittsburgh school-lunch truck containing, among other things, 2,500 trays of turkey nuggets. Commenting on the theft, school business affairs director Aldo Colautti said, "It shows public appreciation of our school lunches is increasing." *Boston Globe* (contributed by Greg Tarlin)

□ T O F

**UKRAINIAN OFFICIALS** are offering tours of the Chernobyl nuclear-disaster site, complete with before-and-after geiger-counter checks for radiation exposure. If medical treatment is required, according to *Pravda*, it will be provided "at no extra charge." *Detroit News* (contributed by Michael P. Rys)

□ T O F

**WHEN THIRTEEN-YEAR-**old Daniel Gordon spotted what looked like a black bear in the upper branches of a pine tree on his family's Keithville, Louisiana, farm, the Gordons notified authorities.

A crowd of onlookers gathered as deputies and wildlife agents arrived, strung a net below the tree, then began shooting tranquilizer darts at their target some fifty to sixty feet up in the branches. Some people noted that "the beast flinched when it was hit," but remained firmly in place.

Finally, at 3:30 A.M., eight hours after the effort began, the would-be rescuers chopped down the tree to find a garbage bag riddled with tranquilizer darts. (*Memphis, Tennessee Commercial Appeal* (contributed by William L. Burnett))

□ T O F

**ATTENTION CONTRIBUTORS!** We send each contributor the sensational "True Facts" T-shirt for every submission used, as well as a credit. For every photo used, we send each contributor a T-shirt plus ten dollars in genuine American currency—and, of course, a credit. Make sure to include the shirt size you want (S-M-L-XL) with every group of True Facts or True Facts photos sent us. Send your contributions to

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**True Headlines:  
A Kooky Cavalcade of Current Events**

**Purgatory lays off 75% of crew**

Rocky Mountain News Fri., May 18, 1990

Financial crisis temporarily curtails maintenance at resort

Associated Press

**DURANGO** — The Purgatory Ski Resort has laid off about 75% of its employees because of a financial crunch, and officials say it will be at least two weeks before it's back in operation.

Jack Turner, Purgatory director of marketing, said 90 of the ski area's 120 workers were laid off.

"We told people that we won't have work for them for two weeks," said John Ogier, Purgatory's president. "We temporarily curtailed operations to not spend money we don't have."

Ogier said negotiations continue with United Bank of Denver for the ski area's seasonal line of credit.

"Every year, we borrow money to operate in the summer and pay it back in the winter," Ogier said.

Raymond Elsner  
Rocky Mountain News

"As we all know, it wasn't a good season, so it's made the negotiations more difficult this year."

The Purgatory Village hotel remains open. Purgatory-Durango Central Reservations continues to operate, and marketing, personnel and accounting work will continue, Ogier said.

Otherwise, work at the ski area is being deferred until financial arrangements are made.

Asked if the layoffs were a prelude to a sale of the ski area or a bankruptcy filing, Ogier said "No."

He said Purgatory has fielded inquiries about selling or adding a partner from time to time, but there is nothing active.

Employees said to file for...

turn to work and don't have to seek other employment in order to satisfy their claim.

Lawther Boyd, an employment representative at the Durango Job Service Office, said he had seen about 10 Purgatory employees. Next week would be a wait week for them, he said. They are still out of work, would be compensated for the following week.

Ogier said the alpine Purgatory is expected to schedule its mid-June events planned by food service staff.

Purgatory seasonal...

**Scene and Heard**



**A madcap night for leukemia**

Mike Long  
Tennessean Living

**Yolo officials question Dick in male prostitute's death**

Warren E. Dick — suspected in the murder of 7-year-old Ysidro "Punky" Valles while on parole this year — also has been questioned in the suspicious death of drifter Michael Thomas "Ozzie" McKinrick, 19, according to Yolo County authorities.

McKinrick's naked body was found off the shoulder of a road on Aug. 31.

Sacramento since he was released from prison in May after serving 10 years for his fourth sex-attack conviction.

He was returned to prison for parole violations involving sexual molestation of a child in West Sacramento and drug possession in Sacramento.

"The Ozzie case is still active, and we've been looking into the relationship between Dick and Ozzie," said Yolo County sheriff's homicide de-

**breaks neck on ice**

Martin Wallace  
(Halifax, Nova Scotia) Daily News

# WAY OF PEACE, WAY OF WAR, WAY OF FEAR

## How My Bodyguard Scared the Shit Out of Me

by Ben Metcalf

*"But there's always a threat."*

—Pete Traina  
Martial Artist and Security Expert

**E**lmer's time is free time—all of it. And most of his free time is spent at home, in bed, in his small Village apartment. He urinates into a plastic receptacle his wife calmly empties and washes (with soap) every night and returns to the nightstand. When he's up, he makes liberal use of an orthopedic cane and complains almost constantly of "spasms" no doctor can name. He worships a god he calls "utter, total security," and pride is the price he pays. Just recently, he insisted his wife buy a box of incontinence briefs for his birthday.

"Thanks," Elmer says when I call to invite him over, "but there's a limited number of things that can go wrong if I

stay here, and most of them are preventable."

"What if I told you that the Mad Dragon, a 235-pound world-famous martial-arts expert and *licensed professional bodyguard*, will accompany us everywhere we go today, and that he's sworn to protect our lives with his own?"

"I'd have to say, 'Kung fu's no guarantee of safety.' Plenty of people have black belts. I've even got one."

"Big deal. This guy has five. And he's got two brown belts and an icepick disguised as a fountain pen. You were just joking about having a black belt, right?"

"No, actually."

"Hmm, that could influence how unfairly I treat you in the article."

"Why didn't you say it was an article? I'll be there in, like, fifteen minutes."

"Slut."

Mr. Pete Traina, a.k.a. the Mad

Dragon, has successfully guarded the bodies of such luminaries as Diana Ross, Van Halen, the Who, Mark Gastineau, Joe Franklin, and Luigi Cardinal Ciappi of Rome since he started his Executive Protection & Surveillance Agency in 1971. He's also the only notary public you're likely to hear say, "No matter how big you are, if I take out a knee or a shin and you don't know how to fight on one leg, you're fucked."

"You can fight on one leg?"

"Oh sure—you gotta know how. The fight don't end because your leg is broken; it only starts."

"Pete, I don't know what's going to happen out there today, but I'd feel a lot better if you and I could just reach an understanding right off the bat about certain . . . issues."

"Sounds reasonable, Mr. Metcalf. What's on your mind?"

"It's like this: if my leg gets broken,

PHOTOGRAPHED BY WOLFGANG FREITHOF



the fight, as far as I'm concerned, is totally and completely over. And should never have happened in the first place."

"Check."

**E**lmer and Pete are discussing ballistics in my living room. "Within city limits," says Pete, showing Elmer his gun, permits, and custom-made bullets, "I can't use a normal .44 bullet. Because I don't want to hit somebody's grandmother down the block. Especially if she's a lawyer's grandmother. That would be bad."

"Wow," says an excited Elmer. "Is that level of protection really necessary?"

"Are you kidding? If some six-foot-three foaming-at-the-mouth large guy with a hatchet in his hand and blood on the other hand just came crashing through that door, there's only one thing that's gonna stop him: you shoot, and you shoot to kill, because dead men tell no lies. Because after the crisis is over, he'll say he was drunk, he was disoriented, he thought it was his house. And he'll sue you. It happens all the time."

"Intense," says Elmer, touching the gun they call the Desert Eagle.

Out on Broadway, it occurs to me that while Pete is a great guy to have on the team, his mere presence opens doorways to danger I've never considered. Won't guys pick fights with Pete just to prove they've got balls? What if one of these guys just happens to have six black belts and an Uzi? And what if killing Pete and Elmer isn't enough for him?

"Let's bother people," says Elmer. Above Houston Street, a middle-aged woman is walking a sweater-wearing Yorkshire terrier.

"I think I'd like to pet that dog, Pete," I say. I'm hoping to establish a precedent for good-natured, sportsman-like, relatively danger-free high jinks here. But something goes wrong.

"Ma'am," Pete says amiably, approaching the woman, "Mr. Metcalf would like to pet your dog." He points me out to her. I smile and wave and pray. She certainly looks unarmed.

"I . . . okay." She smiles back at me, which probably means she hasn't noticed the Desert Eagle yet. Pete bends down and picks up the dog with one hand. "Wait—what are you doing?"

"I'm bringing the dog to Mr. Metcalf. Does it bite?"

"I think you'd better put her down," the woman says, looking around nervously (for the hidden videocam? for a

cop?). She is no longer smiling. Pete looks at me, I nod nervously, and the dog is returned to the pavement.

As we watch the pair cross the street, Pete sighs and says, "Look, guys—I don't care what we do today, as long as it's within the bounds of the law, but don't you want to do something more dangerous?"

**O**ne of Pete's personal (and corporate) mottoes is "Way of peace, way of war." Or, as he puts it, "I'm basically a peaceful guy, but if you fuck with me, you got a world of shit on your hands."

The maître d' at the Tribeca Grill comes dangerously close when he tells Pete, "I am sorry, but our kitchen has closed."

"That's a problem," says Pete.



Squashed shutterbug: The Mad Dragon provides total security.

"Let me ask around," the d' says. "Surely *something* must be open." He picks up the phone and has a reservation for us at Odeon in just under twenty seconds. Pete has been timing him.

"That was too easy," Elmer says on the way. "This could be a trap."

When we get there, Pete surveys the street, then waves us across and into the vestibule, where he instructs us to wait. He goes inside, locates the secondary exits, "reads" the crowd (three people) for potential threats, and waves us in. He then secures the reservation and indicates smoking. The hostess motions us to a table near the bar. Pete stops her.

"Mr. Metcalf and Mr. Green will require a table in back," he says. "Facing the entrance, if possible."

"How about that one?" asks Elmer, pointing to an unoccupied table in back and ignoring my don't-make-trouble face. "I'd very much like to sit

at that table."

"I'm sorry, sir," says the hostess. "That's nonsmoking."

"Then we'll need an ashtray on that table," says Pete. She buckles. Elmer and I sit down, but Pete remains standing. "If we're going to do this thing right," he says, "I should stand by the entrance while you eat."

Over a cheeseburger, I try to make Elmer understand why having a bodyguard makes me tense. I point to a bespectacled Euro in a booth who's so obviously trying to seem unimpressed with us. "What if that ordinary-looking guy there is really a psycho with a gun who leaves regular people alone but blows holes in big shots whenever he gets the chance?"

"The chances of that geek shooting us are nil," Elmer scoffs. "Pete would

toast him before he could take aim. You're just afraid of seeing Pete go off on somebody. Then you'd feel responsible, right?"

"Of course I'd feel responsible."

"Well, you'd *be* responsible, too. But the Mad Dragon is about defense, not offense." Elmer motions Pete over and asks him, point-blank, if he's ever killed anyone. I am appalled.

"No," answers Pete. Elmer beams at me. "But," Pete continues, "there's a lot of people limping this earth that are maimed, totally, for life, because of fucking with me seriously."

"What kind of damage?" I ask.

"Blind, deaf, can't move their neck, fractured spines and kneecaps, steel plates in their shins. And I've never had a legal case won against me. Any jury would say, 'That's all you did to this guy?'"

Elmer shrugs and avoids my eyes for a while.

Before we leave, I tell Pete I have to

go to the bathroom. He checks out each stall before waving me in and saying, "It's safe, Mr. Metcalf, and pretty clean, too."

Outside, I can feel that cheeseburger slowing me down. Elmer suggests Pete carry me for a while. "Just across streets," I insist. "I can manage sidewalks by myself." After several blocks, Pete astutely observes that if a crisis should present itself while he is carrying me, he'd be forced to drop me in order to get to his weapon in time. In short, I'm risking injury. I agree to take my chances on foot.

Elmer soon calls our attention to the other side of the street, where he believes a young woman may have just snapped a picture of Pete and me.

"We'll need that film, Pete," says Elmer. "Metcalf may have been in that shot."

Pete approaches the carrot-top bohemienne and explains the situation: "Mr. Metcalf doesn't want any unauthorized photos. I'll have to confiscate that film."

"Mr. who?" she asks. Then she gets a load of Pete. "What the fuck!?" The film is surrendered without further resistance.

Elmer takes leave and I decide to have Pete help me "correct" a situation in my professional life. First stop is *Spin* magazine. We demand to see editor and publisher Bob Guccione, Jr. "at once." Twenty minutes later, I am granted an audience.

"What's on your mind, Ben?" asks Guccione with his usual deceptive charm.

"Well, I was just wondering if you'd reached any sort of decision on that Prince/Joni Mitchell axis piece I proposed a . . ."

"Don't know if it's our sort of thing, really," he says with a concerned half-smile. "I don't get the connection, really. Who is this?" Pete is now standing beside Guccione's chair with his hand on the *Desert Eagle*.

"Oh," I chortle. "Where are my manners? Mr. Bob Guccione, Jr., meet Mr. Pete Traina—martial artist, firearms expert, and my *personal body-guard*."

For a second Guccione's face goes white. Then he takes Pete's hand and shakes it firmly. "Good to meet you, man," he gushes. "I'm into the martial arts myself, as well."

"No kidding," says Pete with a twinkle in his eye. They discover they have a mutual friend in the martial-arts world (Guccione's *sensei*, or teacher),

and I am forgotten. I'm looking through Guccione's records and tapes when I feel something whiz past my ear. When I turn, Guccione is lowering his foot and guffawing with Pete. *Look how incredibly close that kick came to removing Metcalf's head from his shoulders.* Maybe Bob and Pete would like to swap fighting stories in private. I take the elevator down and wait in the lobby.

When Pete finally comes down, I tell him we're going to pick up my girlfriend at work. I ask him to give her a few self-defense tips.

"Sure, Mr. Metcalf—no problem."

The truth is those "tips" will benefit me as much as Katharine, and possibly even more. For her they may offer some valuable clues to the mechanics and practical philosophy of self-preservation, but for me they might help reclaim some small crumb of the pride I lost when I dropped out of intramural tae kwon do to spend more time alone in my dorm room.

We hook up with Katharine and hop on the subway, where Pete makes good on his promise: when Katharine is offered a seat, he stops her. "Never take the seat by the door—that's just asking somebody to reach in and grab your bag. And don't think you'll be able to see it coming. Nobody's gonna announce themselves. They're gonna come up on you like sauce on spaghetti."

"And if she's attacked?" I prompt him, eager to begin my apprenticeship. Several surrounding riders have tuned in as well.

"It depends on how," he says, turning back to Katharine. "If you're getting choked, a lot of people will grab the guy's arms. What are you doing that for? Unless the guy stabs you and tries making it with a dead body, how you react before and during a rape can influence the confidence this guy has."

"Is screaming good?" asks Katharine cheerfully. Quite a few straphangers have been jockeying for position, hoping to hear the Mad Dragon's counsel more clearly. But then plenty have spotted the .44 magnum and split, too.

"Truthfully, how many innocent bystanders are gonna help you out?" Pete looks around him; none of the eavesdroppers will meet his gaze. "When you're playing baseball, you're not gonna try and hit a home run on a pitch that's not there, right? If he's got a blade out, or he's hitting you, don't try and resist right away—save it. In order for him to rape you, he's gotta take his thing out. That's a pretty big target area, and pretty soon it's even bigger. . . ."

Katharine is obviously getting a lot from this—practical know-how that one day may help her evade an attacker. But what about me? I haven't learned one single kung fu move yet, and it's already dark out. By the time we get home, my impatience is showing. I interrupt Pete's lecture on evasion and ask him how to put somebody's eye out. He shows how to take an index finger, bend it slightly to avoid breaking the finger itself on impact, and then ram it into an eye socket.

Then Elmer arrives. "We're all going jogging in Central Park," he yells. "Tonight!" He's arranged to fulfill, with Pete's help, the nearly two-year-long dream of our solitary, health-conscious friend, Evonne. Well, why not . . .

On the way to meet Evonne at the Dakota (Elmer does like his danger), I ask Pete how I'm supposed to compete in the big leagues with nothing but the finger-in-eye and the breaking-elbow-with-forearm moves in my arsenal.

"You'd be surprised at how much damage can be done with even the most limited skill if chi is involved," he replies. "Chi is that inner force, the power within. See, when I get into a fight, the same thing goes through my stomach as goes through yours, but the difference is I can turn that potential panic into power—unstoppable power."

"I think there's something wrong with my chi, Pete."

"It's just that you're sensitive to pain, is all. But I can't stop with the pain. I gotta do this guy in because he might pull out a knife and stab me in the throat or something."

The first thing Evonne asks the Dragon is "Have you ever killed anyone?" I am appalled.

"No," says Pete.

On our supposedly worry-free jog through the park, I am haunted by fears that are more than the paranoid suspicions they once were. Without really noticing (I did have that cheeseburger), I've begun to fall back from the entourage. And, God help me, every new inch between us brings utter security. Maybe my chi is flawed in some way, but I am getting the hell off of this death ride as soon as I can. And as I watch their doomed forms rendered smaller and smaller each time they go bounding through pathlight, I'm so goddamn glad to be rid of those guys, and I *know* things will start getting better now. And then Elmer's faint frantic scream can be heard in the distance: "Oh, shit! Where did Ben go?" And I know they will find me. ■

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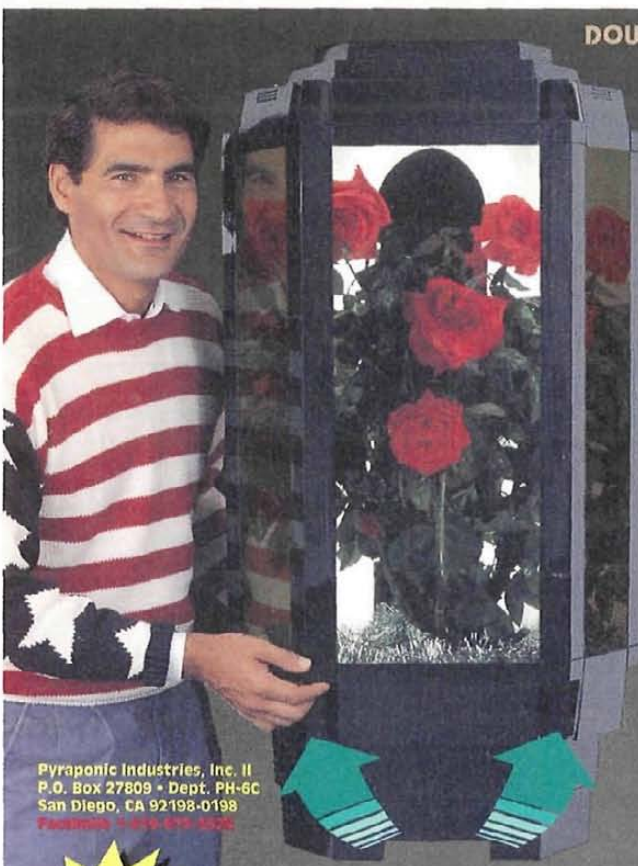
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SCOTT BALDWIN

# TRUE TRADES

BY JOHN DEREVLANY

## No Boxing Champs Here

As the second anniversary of the Tiananmen Square bloodbath approaches this June, few things have changed in China, particularly in the corrugated-box industry, according to *Paperboard Packaging* magazine. "When I was in Beijing, and on Tiananmen Square the night before the riots," Larry McVicker, a vice president of Packaging Corp. of America, is quoted as saying in a recent issue of *PP*, "I saw a frustrated people."

Why were they frustrated? Was it because of the oppressive rule of Chinese leader Deng Xiaoping? Or merely the "chuck damage and misalignment waste" found in their containerboard? McVicker does not explain, noting only that "whether it be in plastic molded fiber, corrugated or folding cartons... we're cautiously approaching the situation and keeping our relationships *alive*" [italics added] — possibly a veiled reference to diplomatic efforts seeking the release of Chinese dissidents in the paperboard packaging industry.

While I normally admire *PP*'s in-depth international analysis, this time they're totally off the mark. We all know that the *real* story of that fateful afternoon in June had little to do with the inferior quality of China's corrugated boxes, as a quick look at *Chinese Patent Abstracts* confirms. On the very same day as the massacre—June 3, 1989—the Yingkou Straw Board Factory of China officially unveiled a glass-fiber-reinforced paperboard, complete with an English translation of their politically charged patent application, which claimed that their new product is so strong "it is hardly broken" [sic].

Such inspirational words must speak to the unflinching ideals of the

Chinese, for within eight months of the lifting of martial law in early 1990, two other local inventors received patent approvals for revolutionary paperboard products, including paper chopsticks ("immersed in a molten polyethylene suitable for food") and the aptly titled "Insecticide Smoking Paper."

## Drone Alone

But, while I'm on the subject, perhaps *PP* would have liked product placement in A. Kastrop's article in *Gleanings in Bee Culture* titled "A Swarm of Bees and a Cardboard Box."

It is from *Gleanings* and other trendy apian journals that we learn romance is still alive and well in the honeybee hive. And, inevitably, sex sells. Thus, pieces like the *Journal of Apicultural Research*'s "Correct Queen Maintenance Before and After Instrumental Insemination, Tested in Egypt" remind us that one of the most important things to do is *treat your woman right*. (Don't store her in a "queen bank." She will hurt her legs and probably die.) And J. R. Harbo writes in *Bee Genetics and Breeding* that the key to a successful pregnancy is to collect "large quantities of [bee] semen *before* beginning inseminations, rather than collecting semen between inseminations, and [use] glass rather than plastic insemination tips." (Italics added.)

Although I admit a voyeuristic fascination with what I will euphemistically refer to as "the birds and the bees," I feel these apiculture journalists have gone overboard in their attempts to shock us. First it was sex; now, more recently, I've noticed a disturbing trend toward explosive racial innuendo. Note the language in "Genetic Improvement for New Zealand Beekeeping," from the otherwise staid *New Zealand Beekeeper*: "The use of discriminant function analysis to classify races of honeybees"—what some of us might call *stereotyping*—"is explained, as well as... the advantages and disadvantages of importing new races or lines of honeybees into New Zealand." Worse still, many of these racial supremacists are now writing about isolating certain drones in what they shamelessly refer to as "colonies." Is it any wonder that the Germans released *Haltung und Zucht der Biene (Keeping and Rearing Bees)* just in time for that country's reunification? Could a fifth edition of that far more racially charged work, *Mein Freund der Dachshund*, be far behind?

Fortunately, Norman E. Gary puts

the issue in perspective in January's *America Bee Journal: The Beekeeper's Companion Since 1861* with an enlightened egalitarianism and a subtle satire of racial mores. For starters, we should all applaud Gary's use of the politically correct term "Africanized bee" when referring to a much-maligned species of insect in his optimistic article. "Who knows... perhaps in a few years the best traits of Africanized bees can be incorporated into our European stock with the result that a gentle, disease resistant, productive super bee will have been created. I have previously suggested that this new bee should be called the American Bee." But even here, there's a stinger. "To date," he explains in a disheartening footnote, "this name has excited nobody!"

## POETRY CORNER

*"Unforgettable melody:  
A steam rig  
drilling away at 3 a.m.  
on a calm, crisp night—  
unless you are roughnecking  
and have to trip  
a wet string before dawn."*

From "Stories," by R. W. Scott,  
World Oil, January 1991



Open your eyes and see just how many subjects are covered in the new edition of the Consumer Information Catalog. It's free just for the asking and so are nearly half of the 200 federal publications described inside. Booklets on subjects like financial and career planning; eating right, exercising, and staying healthy; housing and child care; federal benefit programs. Just about everything you would need to know. Write today. We'll send you the latest edition of the Consumer Information Catalog, which is updated and published quarterly. It'll be a great help, you'll see. Just write:

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**THE SHADOW OF THE TYPEWRITER**

I sometimes write on my IBM Actionwriter 1 typewriter. This machine has two lines of memory, but it's just a typewriter, not a computer or word processor. It's just a typewriter.

One time after dinner I typed a page and a half of my current project, a mystery novel. I had just written these words: "Somebody with no access to a key could have simply stayed in the building when the guard locked up at 5:30." As I pushed the tab button for the next paragraph indentation, my hand brushed some of the keys—I don't know which, but I vaguely remember hitting more than one together. Suddenly the machine made a rumbling sound and started typing. It first moved to a new line, and then produced the following:

The head and in frontal attack on an english writer that the character of that the time of who ever told the problem for an unexpected.  
 The head and in frontal attack on an english writer that the character of that the time of who ever told the problem for an unexpected.  
 The head and in frontal attack on an english writer that the character of that the time of who ever told the problem for an unexpected.

**TRUE TERROR**

The thing stopped only because I turned it off. I looked at the machine carefully. In my rendering of the message I have put the words "character of" and "unexpected" on separate lines because my margins on this computer cannot extend the previous line, but what actually happened on the Actionwriter that time was that the line extended all the way to the right border and beyond: I could see words typed onto the black roller to the right of the paper, after "character of." The extra words were "is point is therefore an." This did not help.

After ten minutes I turned the typewriter back on again. It made its normal whirring sound and moved the carriage into place. It did nothing unusual, and has done nothing unusual since then.

I have tried to think about this experience. Had I ever typed those phrases previously?—since these are obviously not sentences but also are not isolated words or nonsense syllables; they are occasional clumps of words making more or less sensible phrases. And they are my kind of phrases, too, as I've been an English teacher and am capable of writing about a frontal attack on an english writer.

But I am sure I have never used that phrase, and I can swear that I used none of those phrases in the page and a half that was the only stuff typed after I turned on the machine last night after dinner. The Actionwriter's memory only lasts two lines and then the first line's memory is cleared. And the memory completely goes when you turn off the typewriter; nothing is stored. I told a salesman in a fancy typewriter store about this but he just mumbled and turned away.

This really happened and I don't know why.

—Deborah O'Keefe

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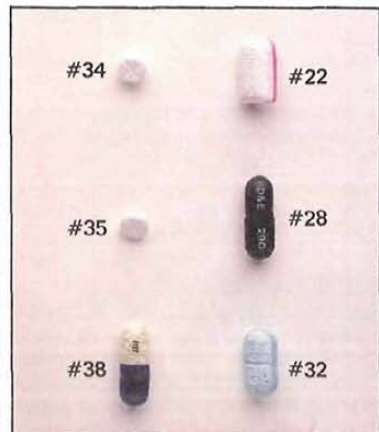
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## LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

Sirs:

Last night on *The Tonight Show*, I heard Tony Danza mention that he would be appearing in a program on something called "CBS." Is this the mysterious "other network" I have heard reference to so many times? Where can I find it? Is there a special hookup involved?

Zeda Stengl  
Baltimore, Md.

Sirs:

This is to inform you that, effective June 5, 1991, due to budget cutbacks and rising fuel costs, time will now take the bus when you're having fun. Please plan accordingly.

Bureau of Weights and Measures  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Colleagues:

Over a night of strident clouds, warm rains rush. Are we screaming in the wind? Are those our faces screwed in the grip of shattered air? To what home in gray light is the sky rolling? Our sound is the flap of leaves. Over us, in the shadow's belly, titanic forms combine. Worlds of cloud. The grinning King and his Daughter, the beauty of the nomad kingdom. The ambitious Prince. Their prominence of Strongholds and flying Towers. The

King's Dog. The Daughter's Comb. The Prince's Goblet. Carts full of grain. The severe Lake, and the Elk that test its tree lines. Angels and Mountain Ranges. Beneath it all, a rope drums on a flagpole. If only the wind would take me. If only it would take me, not where, but into its motion, its forgiveness.

Sincerely,  
Willard Scott

Sirs:

The first blade may cut us. The second blade may cut us again before we snap back. But nothing will ever crush our spirit.

Che Follicle  
Trac II Resistance Movement  
*Faces everywhere*

Sirs:

Man, do you think it's just coincidence that the NEA and the DEA sound so much alike? No way. It's because they're both acronyms. Think about it. Pretty scary, huh?

Frank E. Armstrong  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Nice classroom, huh? Nice lounge, nice library. Notice anything missing? That's right, schmuck. We're nowhere to be found! Fooled you again, didn't we?

All Those Gorgeous Babes  
*In the university brochure*

## EDITORIAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

that the mayor is the Antichrist. For the record, Bob McNaught is not the Antichrist. The Antichrist is Bryan Reed, Paul Bodeen, and The Ax, three talented musicians who play Thursdays and Fridays at the Goat's Head Soup Kitchen out on old Schwermer Road. The *Vigilante-Statesman* did not mean to inadvertently imply that these earnest young men were in any way responsible for the slow, inexorable degradation of our fair city into filth and decay.

And finally, we would like to state most emphatically that pigs are actually intelligent and clean animals, and likely would not lie down with the mayor, nor any other corrupt official. They are also safe to eat. In an attempt to draw a comparison with the mayor, the editorial failed to make this distinction clear.

We understand the County Farmers' Association is considering canceling "Pork Barrel Days" as a result of this ill-considered metaphor. We hope this will not be the case, and that we can all put this whole unfortunate affair behind us.

Toward that end, I have taken steps as publisher to ensure that the *Vigilante-Statesman* remains free of such offenses in the future. Reluctantly, I have accepted the resignation of Jim Hamsterman, our editorial-page editor, and have suspended without pay our two editorial writers, Ted Nuggles and Lissa McNaught. Lucy Hamsterman, the editorial-page copy editor who should have caught these mistakes, has been reassigned and will not be eligible for this year's World Series tickets pool.

And yet, even this is not enough. In a very real sense, all of us here at the *Vigilante-Statesman* are responsible for fostering the ignorance, prejudice, and unprofessionalism that led to these truly regrettable errors. Therefore, I am announcing that, with this afternoon's sports final, the *Vigilante-Statesman* will cease publication for the next three weeks, during which time I want the remaining staff of this paper to think about what we've done.

## Clarification

In an editorial in yesterday's paper, Mayor Bob McNaught was referred to as Mayor Boob, Mayor McNutt, Boob McNothing, Boo McMuffin, and in a number of other ways that cannot be printed in a family newspaper. According to *Vigilante-Statesman* style, these are all nicknames and should have been identified as such with the use of quotation marks. The *Vigilante-Statesman* regrets the error. ■

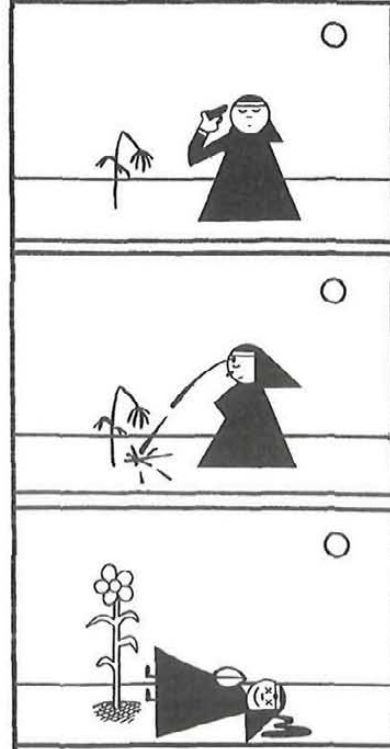


"It's already quite apparent which is the dominant twin."



© 1991, Mark Newgarden

\*Model / actress Ronee Blakley fucks actor / writer Jerzy Kosinski. Actor / writer Jerzy Kosinski fucks writer / singer Debbie Harry. Writer / singer Debbie Harry fucks singer / athlete Freddy Blassie. Singer / athlete Freddy Blassie fucks athlete / actress Suzy Chaffee. Athlete / actress Suzy Chaffee fucks actor / singer Rudy Vallee. Actor / singer Rudy Vallee fucks singer / junkie Billie Holiday. Singer / junkie Billie Holiday fucks junkie / actor Bela Lugosi. Junkie / actor Bela Lugosi fucks actor / comic Mickey Rooney. Actor / comic Mickey Rooney fucks comic / tragic Jackie Kennedy. Comic / tragic Jackie Kennedy fucks tragic / comic Morty Gunty. Tragic / comic Morty Gunty fucks comic character Silly Millie. Comic character Silly Millie fucks character actor Charlie Murray. Character actor Charlie Murray fucks actress / dead shot Annie Oakley. Actress / dead shot Annie Oakley fucks dead shot / brother Bobby Kennedy. Dead shot / brother Bobby Kennedy fucks brother / poet Percy Shelley. Brother / poet Percy Shelley fucks poet / singer Woody Guthrie. Poet / singer Woody Guthrie fucks singer / actor Jimmy Durante. Singer / actor Jimmy Durante fucks actor / comic Wally Beery. Actor / comic Wally Beery fucks comic / artist Percy Crosby. Comic / artist Percy Crosby fucks artist / satirist Honoré Daumier. Artist / satirist Honoré Daumier fucks satirist's character Annie Fanny. Satirist's character Annie Fanny fucks character / journalist Andy Rooney. Character / personality Andy Rooney fucks personality / puppet Cathy Lee Crosby. Personality / puppet Cathy Lee Crosby fucks puppet / actor Charlie McCarthy. Puppet / actor Charlie McCarthy fucks actor / cowboy Harry Carey. Actor / cowboy Harry Carey fucks cowboy / singer Audie Murphy. Cowboy / singer Audie Murphy fucks singer / musician Harry Belafonte. Singer / musician Harry Belafonte fucks musician / composer Tommy Dorsey. Musician / composer Tommy Dorsey fucks composer / Italian Giuseppe Verdi. Composer / Italian Giuseppe Verdi fucks Italian / actor Danny Bonaduce. Italian / actor Danny Bonaduce fucks actress / model Christie Brinkley. Actress / model Christie Brinkley fucks model / actress Ronee Blakley. Model / actress Ronee Blakley fucks actor / writer Jerzy Kosinski ...



<p><i>fraternal existence</i></p> <p><b>TALK</b></p> <p><b>FRATERNAL</b></p>	<p>INSERT ONE CHICKPEA INTO A BOWL OF MELTED CUSTARD FOR EVERY EMOTIONAL SCAR SUSTAINED BETWEEN THE AGES OF 16 AND 23.</p>	<p>START A FAMILY ALBUM FOR ALL THE UPC CODES THAT HAVE MEANT SOMETHING OVER THE YEARS.</p>	<p>FAX LARGE PORTIONS OF THE KING JAMES BIBLE TO A DENTIST'S OFFICE IN MANITOBA.</p>
	<p>CREATE A SOCK-PUPPET PAL, THEN EMOTIONALLY DEPRIVE IT UNTIL IT WITHERS AND CRAWLS AWAY TO DIE.</p>	<p>FILL OUT THE 86 NECESSARY GOVT. FORMS TO LEGALLY CHANGE YOUR MIDDLE NAME TO BRIAN.</p>	<p>REMOVE ONE CHICKPEA FROM A BOWL OF MELTED CUSTARD FOR EVERY EMOTIONAL SCAR SUSTAINED BETWEEN THE AGES OF 16 AND 23.</p>



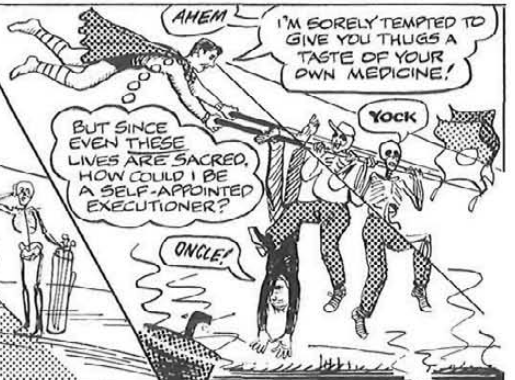
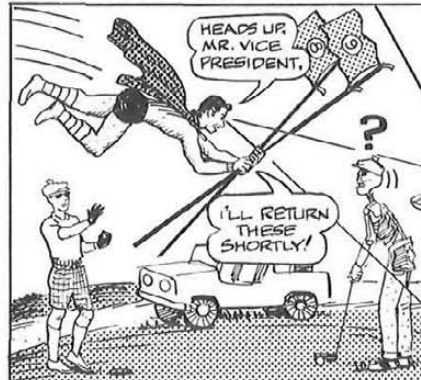
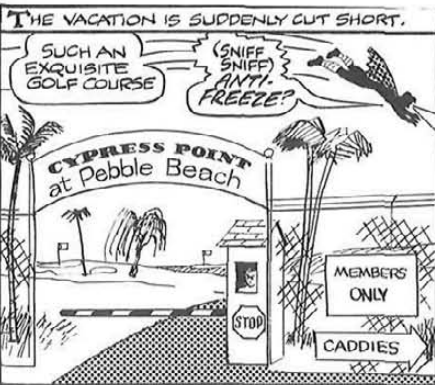
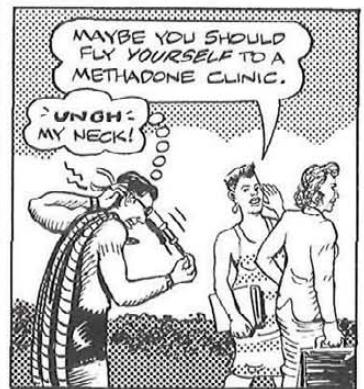
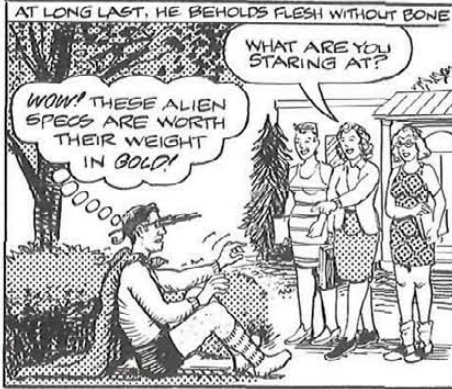
# THE SUPER LIFE

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JUSTIN GREEN



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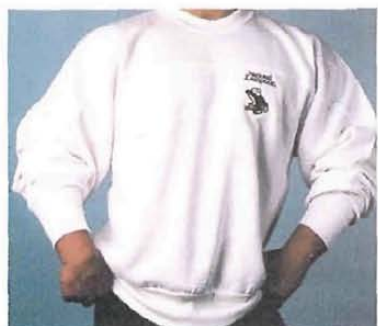




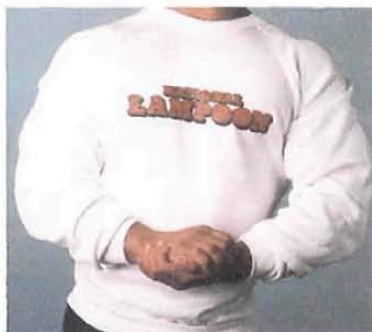
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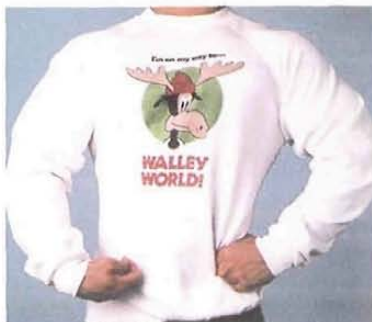
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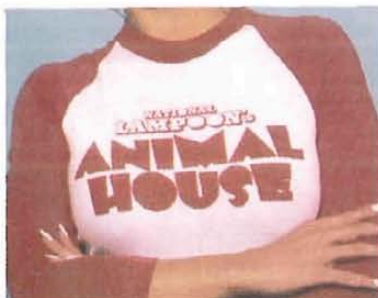
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TS 1043—National Lampoon's Vacation Sweatshirt. Starring Marty Moose on the front. \$16.95

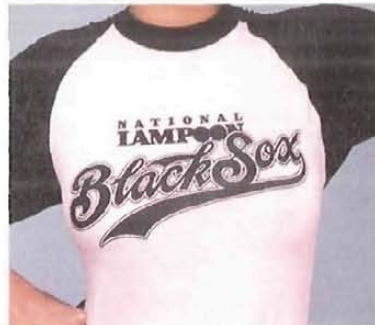


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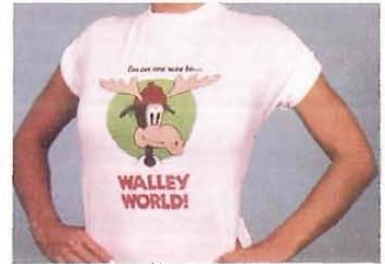
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 TS 1044 — Sweatshirt (not shown) \$16.95 same logo as above



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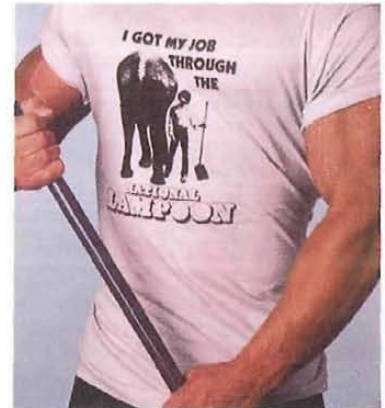
TS 1067— National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation Sweatshirt. This time with Santa Claus as the logo. \$21.95  
 TS 1068—T-shirt (not shown). Same logo as above. \$7.95

(A) WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA—Four riflemen firing a ceremonial salute at a military funeral accidentally shot the minister.  
 — San Francisco Chronicle

(B) MANCHESTER, IOWA—To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the bathroom to wear a toilet seat around his neck.  
 — Washington Post

(C) After an eighteen-month study, the British Academy of Science recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks.  
 — UMKC University News

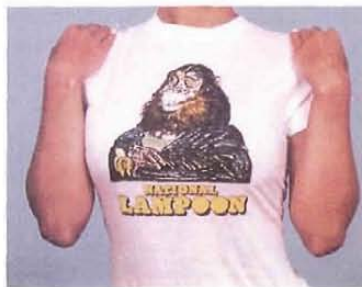
(D) A local citizen was arrested and charged with public indecency after he allegedly was observed placing his male organ in a jar of slow dressing at the local supermarket  
 — Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter



TS 1041—"I Got My Job Through the National Lampoon" T-shirt. And you can buy this shirt through the National Lampoon as well. \$6.95



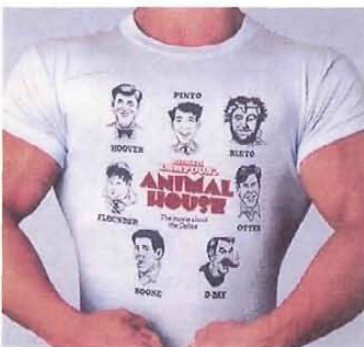
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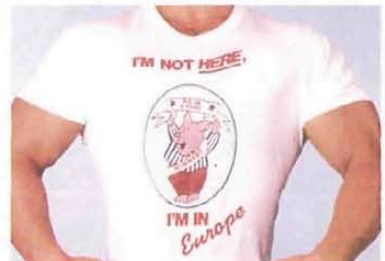
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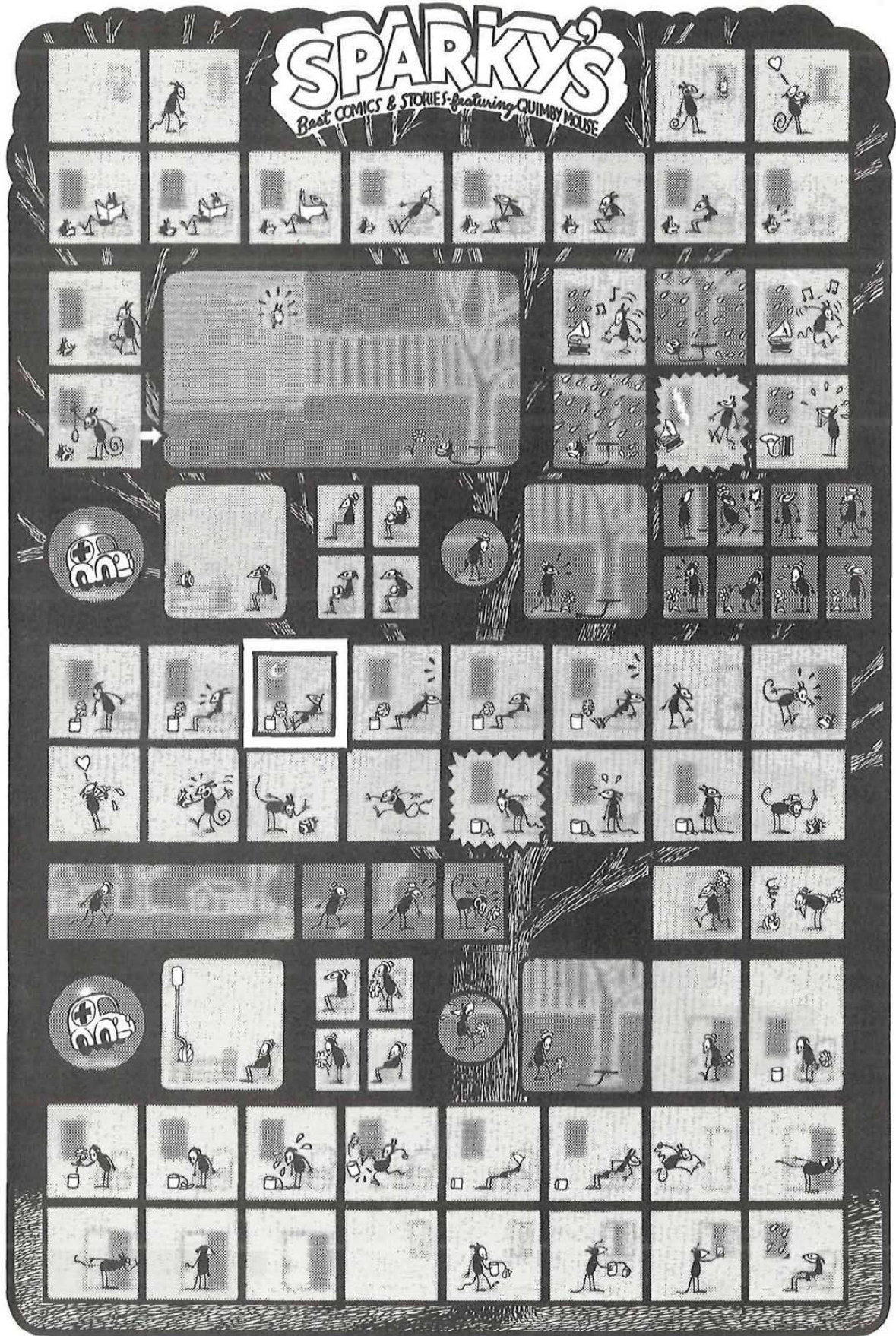
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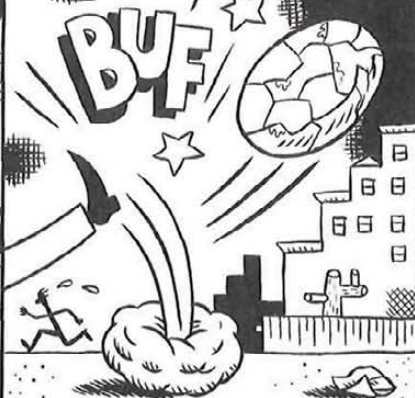


huh! WHAT'S THIS? AN EGG! I HATE EGGS!

NO PLEASURE, NO PAIN--- CONTROLLED GRACE!



BUFF!



SPLAT!

BORN AGAIN!



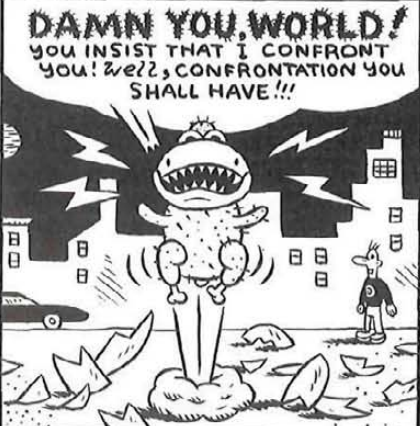
DAMN YOU, WORLD! YOU INSIST THAT I CONFRONT YOU! Well?, CONFRONTATION YOU SHALL HAVE!!!

LATER

TAKE THAT, YOU SCUMBAGS! HA HA! GO ON, RUN, YOU DAMN ASSWIPES!

HA! IT'S NOT SO BAD OUT HERE IN THE COLD WORLD!

I JUST HAVE TO BE A LITTLE ASSERTIVE!



BOING! BOING!

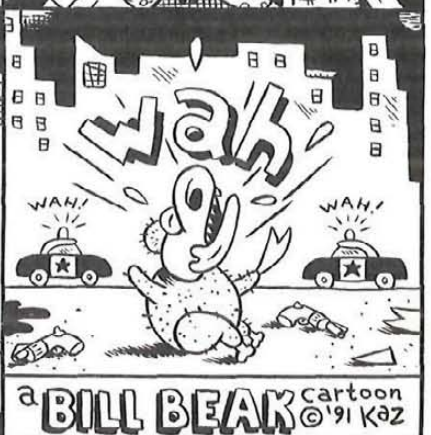
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wah!



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# Graffiti Algebra

LEGEND  
 O = OIL  
 B = BLOOD  
 D = DEATH  
 M = MONEY

"NO BLOOD FOR OIL." Hmmm... negative blood equals oil.  $-B = O$ . And:

"DEATH IS INTO BLOOD MONEY FOR OIL."  $\frac{BM}{D} = O$

And: "MONEY IS INTO BLOOD FOR OIL"

$$\frac{B}{M} = O$$

So what do we have?

$$\frac{BM}{D} = O \quad O = -B \quad O = \frac{B}{M} \quad D = \frac{BM}{O} \quad \text{Therefore:}$$

$$\textcircled{1} \frac{BM}{D} = \frac{B}{M} \quad \textcircled{2} \frac{BM^2}{D} = B \quad \textcircled{3} \frac{M^2}{D} = 1 \quad \textcircled{4} M^2 = D \quad \textcircled{5} M^2 = \frac{BM}{O}$$

$$\textcircled{6} OM^2 = BM \quad \textcircled{7} OM = B \quad \textcircled{8} \frac{B}{O} = M \quad \textcircled{9} \frac{O(\frac{BM}{O})}{B} = M = \frac{B}{M}$$

If  $\frac{BM}{D} = O$  then  $BM = OD$ , so  $\frac{BM^2}{D} \times \frac{B}{M} = \frac{BM}{D} \times M^2$  and

$$\textcircled{1} \frac{B^2 M^2}{DM} = \frac{BM^3}{D} \quad \textcircled{2} \frac{B^2 M}{D} = \frac{BM^3}{D} \quad \textcircled{3} B^2 M = BM^3 \quad \textcircled{4} B^2 = BM^2$$

and  $\textcircled{5} B = M^2$ .

THEN  $D = B = M^2 = O$ , so  $M^2 = D$  and  $M = \frac{D}{M} = \frac{B}{M}$ .

THEREFORE, not only  $\frac{BM}{D} = O$ , but also  $\frac{DM}{D} = O$  and  $\frac{BM}{M^2} = O$ .

If  $O = \frac{BD}{M} = \frac{B}{M}$ , then Oil =  $\pm 1$  and Death =  $\pm 1$  and

Blood =  $\pm 1$  and Money =  $\pm 1$ !

$$\left( \text{Later that night: } \frac{(MO)^2}{(OD)^2} = \frac{M^2 + 2OM + O^2}{O^2 + 2OD + D^2} \right)$$

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