

BOXED LYNCH  
David's Daughter's Daring Debut

FDC 50202

THE OTHER MOVIE MAGAZINE

# FILM THREAT™

## MUTANTS ON THE LOOSE

ANOMALOUS  
AUTEURS  
ALEX  
WINTER  
AND  
TOM  
STERN  
'FREEK'  
OUT

Issue 10 • June 1993  
\$3.95 U.S./Can. • £2.10 U.K.



**ULTRA EXCLUSIVE!!!**  
First Look at *The Fantastic Four*





**Hey, Kids!**

# **FILM THREAT**

THE OTHER MOVIE MAGAZINE

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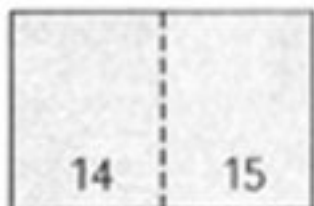
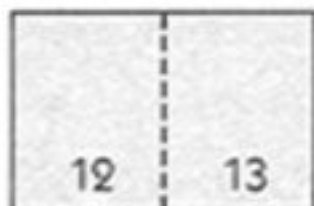
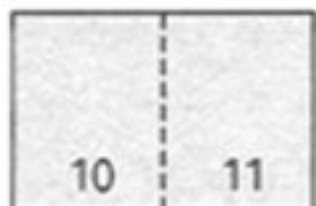
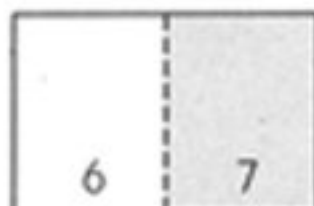
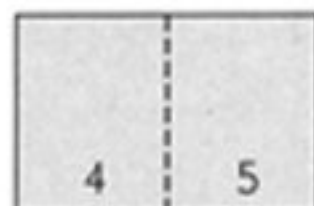
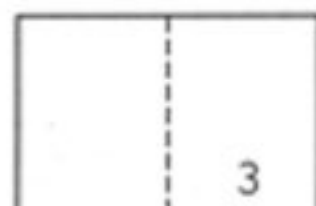


Number Ten June 1993 A.D.



Alex Winter and Tom Stern are living proof that a tiny gene pool can produce genius.

Photo: Elona Lieberman  
Head: Screaming Mad George



### X

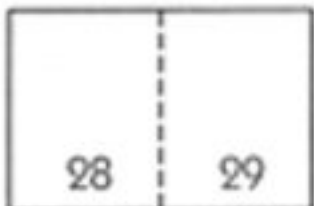
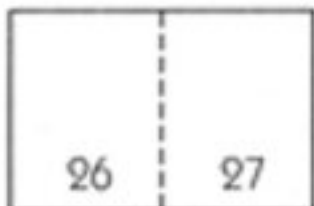
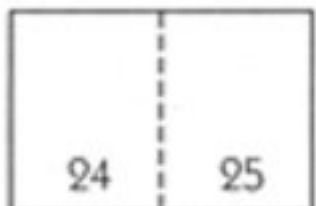
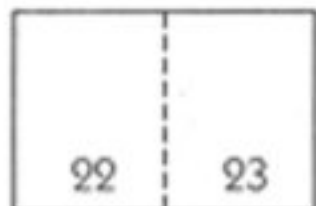
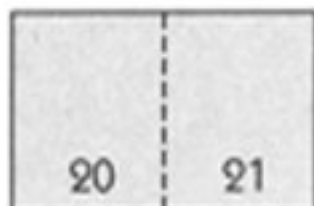
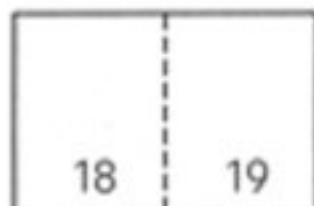
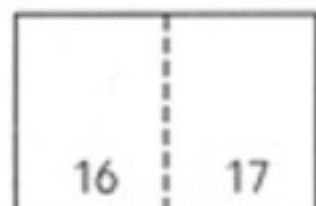
Easier to find than the G spot and the gateway to hours of fun!

**hate mail**  
Die-hard readers become famous for 1/4 of a page or less, in tiny type.

**editorial**  
Gore has gone "stroft"—strong, yet soft.

### popcorn

More air-popped roughage to clear out red-meat-clogged bowels, provoke a laugh and fill up about eight pages. Get the inside dope on the proposed Betty Page movie, be the first to see *The Fantastic Four* in action, stalk stars from the comfort of your den, and get a load of the Rev. Donald Wildmon and Jesse Helms making asses of themselves!



### THIS IS WAR!

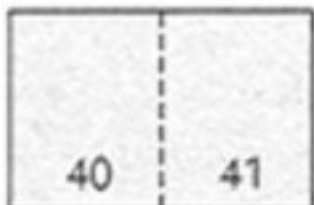
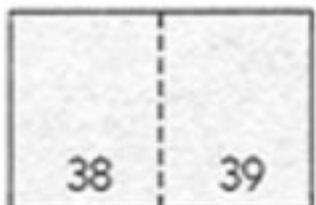
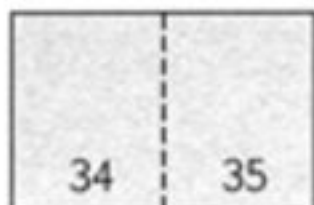
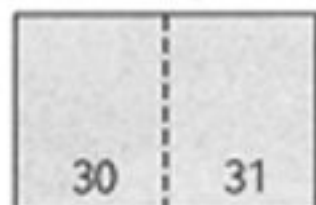
Tired of "The Movie Magazine" and its gushy butt-kissing? Enlist in the FT Army!

### tales from the casting couch

Out of the closet and onto the couch!

### le palm d' bore

Sonny Bono may have had Cher (Chastity is proof), but now Mayor Bono has got the Palm Springs Film Festival, babe. Enjoy the dry heat with John Sayles's *Passion Fish*, the serial killer romp *Man Bites Dog* and the premiere of Paul Bartel's *Shelf Life*. (Hey, Sonny, whatever happened to that furry vest?)

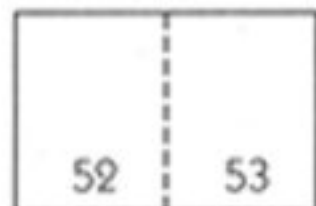
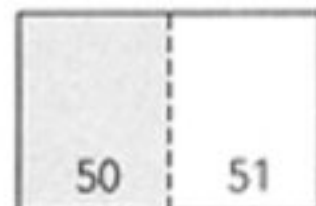
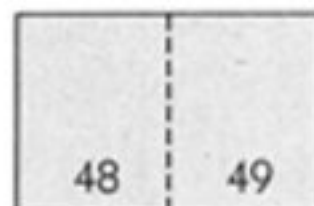
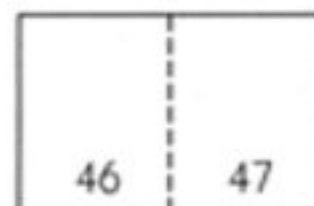
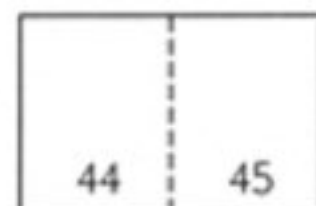
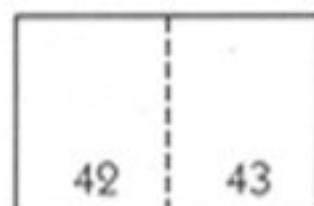


### hip shooters: the tortured odd-yssey of alex and tom

Two very special lunatics exploit genetic defects for big laughs in their first feature, *Hideous Mutant Freekz*. Find out how they sold their souls to make a Hollywood deal, pushed their script past its X-rated inception and brought their pustule-ridden, flagrantly un-PC visions to the screen.



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### crate beginnings

Is it *Eraserhead: The Next Generation* or something completely different? Jennifer Lynch proves weirdness is hereditary with her directorial bow, *Boxing Helena*.

### on the fly

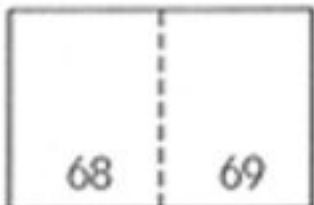
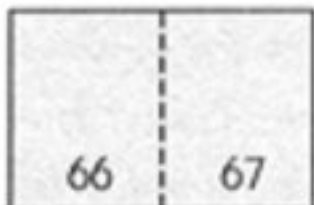
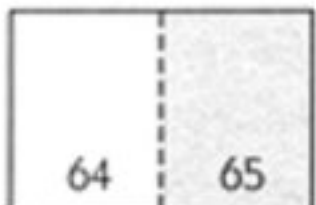
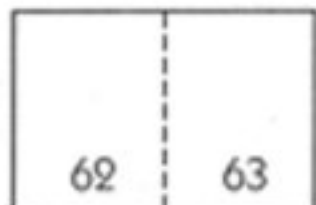
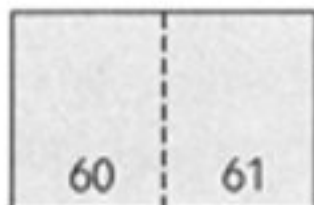
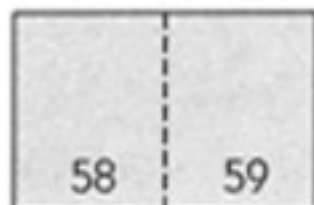
Never fear—Robert Townsend is here with *The Meteor Man*, the greatest black superhero since Malcolm X.

### ihola hollywood!

How \$7,000 (lunch money in Hollywood) became a feature in the assassin saga *El Mariachi*.



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### the final cut

Judy Tenuta wrestles Madonna to the mattress, *Hoffa* and *Malcolm X* duke it out with their documentary counterparts, and one FT critic gets sentenced to several hours of community service in our expanded review section.

### special offer

All the info you need to become part of the FT family—at an unbeatable price.

### underground

Severed heads, arms and other body parts thicken a stew of hilariously graphic indie horror.

### comics

At home with subculture icons Lydia Lunch and R. Kern.

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## hate mail

FILM THREAT Hate Mail, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA Nine-Zero-Two-One-Zero. (Enclose an SASE if you'd like a response.)  
Feel free to fax us your effluvia too: (310) 274-7985. It's good to know you readers study this mag so closely—but even I have a life.

### I KNOW WHO YOU ARE!

### WANTED: MORE READERS LIKE "MR. PSYCHO"!

DEAR Film Threat  
I really do enjoy your MAG!  
Guess what I AM A VERY, VERY,  
BIG  
CELEBRITY!  
Figure me out AND WRITE ME IN EACH  
MAG. IF YOU CAN GUESS ME,  
I'll PAY YOU A LOT OF MONEY!  
THAT'S ALL YOU GET—OH! AND I'M UNION ~~ST~~ • H. J. T. •

“Stay Tuned...”

Chris. — 11/5/92

THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO  
SEE HOW I DRESSED UP FOR  
HALLOWEEN. I MODIFIED IT LATER  
TO ADD THE BLACK LIPS +  
WIG.

SEE YA—  
—Dad

Dear Corey Haim,  
You're not a "big" celebrity—and I know you can't afford to  
pay me a lot of money. So please do yourself a favor and get a  
decent day job.

### SORE BOOZER

Dear FT,  
This is in response to all the hype regarding RESERVOIR  
DOGS. Tarantino's student film is probably the most overrated  
in the last twenty years. Give us a break! What's  
all the praise about anyway?  
Like I said—the film should be retitled: RESERVOIR DOGS. I  
regret saying the \$37, when I could have instead rented  
a couple of tapes starring the real thing: Jimmy Cagney,  
Eddie G. Robinson or even Bogey.  
Charles Bukowski,  
San Pedro, CA

Charles,  
We appreciate your opinion, especially coming from a real-life  
tough guy like yourself. But give Tarantino a break. I consider  
Reservoir Dogs one of the best films of '92, so lighten up and  
write another book! (Next time, sneak some wine into the  
theater. You'll have a much better experience.)

### BIG, THREATENING BALLS!

MISTER GORE —  
KEEP PUTTING THE "THREAT" IN FILM THREAT. GOD KNOWS  
NO ONE ELSE HAS THE BALLS.

YOURSTRULY,  
Frank G. DiMario  
(FRANK G. DIMARIO)  
ITHACA, NY

Hey Frank!  
You know what? I will!

DEAR CHRISTIAN,  
I JUST DISCOVERED "FILM THREAT" 2  
ISSUES AGO & I AM HOOKED!  
CONGRATS ON TAKING ON THE  
MOTION PICTURE ESTABLISHMENT  
& EXPOSING ALL THE LAME  
BULLSHIT THAT THEY TRY TO  
SHOVE DOWN OUR THROATS. I  
ALSO PUBLISH A MAG (COPY  
ENCLOSED) & OUR SECOND ISSUE  
IS DUE OUT JANUARY 1, 1993.  
ANY MENTION YOU COULD MAKE  
OF "SOUNDS OF DEATH" IN FILM  
THREAT WOULD BE MOST COOL,  
WELL, KEEP UP THE EXCELLENT  
WORK.  
THANKS AGAIN FOR PUBLISHING  
ONE OF THE FEW MAGS  
WITH ANY BALLS!

YOUR FRIEND  
David Horn

David,  
Here's your mention. And you're the second  
person this issue who has praised our balls.  
I sure am glad their gargantuan dimen-  
sions have not gone unnoticed. Give yours a tug for me!





## LOST AT SEA

Dear FT,

Last Night, I had a really wet dream! In it, I dreamed that I was on a boat with Jodie Foster, Winona Ryder, and Caroline Munro! They were dressed up as buccaneers, wearing black bandanas in their hair, white, sleeveless blouses, skintight leather hotpants, and long, black leather, high-heeled boots! I tied them up and shackled their feet with balls'n' chains! I then tickled their soft feet and nibbled their cute, soft pink ears!

What Do you think of this dream? Did you ever had dreams like this? I Bet you do! Get Wet!

Dear Wet,

That's actually a pretty lame dream. Picture this: You're being force-fed chewy, crisp bacon with all the good meat part and none of the fat. And then you realize it's not very greasy or even tasty. In fact, it's not bacon at all—it's your own scabs. Then a goat walks in. I dreamt this! Scary, huh?

## GORE GALORE

Dear Chris,

So you're not related to Tipper or Al, eh? How about Leslie?

Michael Will  
Montreal.



Dear Michael,  
Frankly, it's kind of annoying when I show my driver's license and am asked, "Are you related?" At least my last name has fast become a household word—it's just too bad poor Al is such a bore. With any luck, in the year 2000 you'll be asking if I'm related to the President!

## BEND OVER...

Dear Mr. Gore,

I have enjoyed your magazine for some time since the days when you were not located in Beverly Hills. During the time I was reading your magazine I was attending college and have recently graduated. I have always thought that it would be very interesting to write for your magazine so that is why I have sent this letter.

At any rate, I would like to know how I can obtain a position at your magazine. I would be willing to start with some other position and work my way up but I believe writing is my strength. I apologize for the length of this letter and if you decide to publish it, don't make the new asshole you tear me too big.

Thanks.

Chris H. Ullrich

*Chris H. Ullrich*

Hey Chris,

The "position" I prefer is on top. If you agree, you are eligible for that spot on the staff.

## AD-MONISHMENT

Dear FILM THREAT:

While sitting in an AMC theatre waiting to see "1492," an advertisement for AMC's movie watchers club was shown. I have two questions regarding the cast of this mini epic.

1. Is that Chick Corea in the white jacket and laughing like a goof?
2. Is the woman who does a pirouette, her dress floating upward, wearing panties?

The latter question has caused considerable debate amongst my friends and moi and sitting in the first row peering keenly upward has only resulted in a stiff neck.

Waiting Anxiously.  
Jeff Teets  
P.O. Box 451  
Lakewood, CA 90712

Mr. Teets,

Regarding your questions—who cares? The question you should really be asking is why you tolerated this stupid commercial at a movie theater when you probably paid \$7.50 (plus \$3 for parking and \$10 for popcorn and refreshments). You got screwed, my friend. The only commercials I can tolerate are trailers for other films. Stand up and be a man! (By the way, the panties were pink.)

## THE ENEMY IS US

### MEDIA AND THE LAW

Legal Intelligence for Editors, Publishers, and Broadcasters  
THOMPSON/PELLANE GREENWOOD/STANLEY

Dear Colleague,

You are not liked.

Oh sure, your family still loves you, your co-workers think you're the tops, and dogs wag their tails when you enter the room.

But out there in the cold cruel world you and I are disliked and distrusted. We are the "media" — the friendless Fourth Estate — and we're in the crosshairs.

Cordially,

*Robert Nylan*

Robert Nylan  
Editor

Robert,

Do what I did to stave off those paranoid feelings—buy yourself a gun. In fact, get a .44 Magnum and keep it under your pillow. You'll sleep a lot easier.



RULE OF THE GOLDEN EUNUCH

Brace yourselves: It's the time of year when the movie industry hands itself those neutered statuettes to boost its latest dreck. What a perfect symbol for the Hollywood studio heads, who made 1992 the worst year for films ever.

That dull reread *Batman Returns*? Go read the Frank Miller graphic novels for a truly manly, heroic story. That unfunny blockbuster *Home Alone 2*? Try reruns of *The Three Stooges* for really good, violent humor. That extremely biased, politically naive, yet critically acclaimed, *Bob Roberts*? See the 1992 Presidential election for the most intense drama in four years (or, for the best laughs, just watch the news every night). The romanticized, whitewashed, softened-for-public-consumption and stylistically derivative *Malcolm X*? Go buy some X-chips and watch a documentary on the real Malcolm (why does Spike Lee want an Oscar, the white man's movie award, so badly, anyway?)

What's most disappointing about the continuing aesthetic decline of theatrical releases is that it hasn't impacted the tremendous amounts of money they're making. Last year was the best ever at the box office, which rang up approximately \$1.3 billion domestically. Yet while studio execs celebrate their "creative genius," they might also ponder who



GORE'S TOP 10 OF '92

1. Reservoir Dogs
2. The Player
3. Bad Lieutenant
4. Dream Deceivers
5. Feed
6. Unforgiven
7. Husbands and Wives
8. Oops! Ran out!
9. Oops! Ran out!
10. Oops! Ran out!

the real heroes are—the marketing and promotion departments. These are the people responsible for the ad campaigns that made Coppola's *Dracula* actually look like it was going to be good—the folks who design the posters and oversee the making of trailers and commercials. And let's not forget the flacks who so dearly love the other entertainment mags for helping them publicize their refuse.

I would like to propose that the Academy Awards create a new category for these overlooked talents. *The Hollywood Reporter* already hands out prizes to the best key poster art for films (I'd like to award the ad agency that designed the bat logo poster to promote 1989's *Batman*, which has been copied by virtually every major studio). I've rarely ever seen a bad trailer (except for Robin Williams's *Toys*); trailer editors cut a great-looking two-minute movie, so why shouldn't they be recognized for that? I mean, doesn't the publicist who got Tom Cruise's smug puss on the cover of every major movie rag to promote *A Few Good Men* deserve a shot at golden glory? "And the Oscar goes to...the marketing department!"

Christian Gore  
Editor in Chief

**FILM THREAT**  
THE OTHER MOVIE MAGAZINE

LARRY FLYNT  
publisher  
JIM KOHLS  
president  
DONNA HAHNER  
corporate vice-president





# POPCORN

Settle back and chow down on these buttery kernels of burning joy.

Edited by Gabriel Alvarez and Kevin Burke

A MUST-SEE

## Damned in the U.S.A.

Directed by Paul Yule, 68 min.

This documentary about censorship in America was banned for a short time pursuant to an injunction won by that vocal family values proponent the Rev. Donald Wildmon (who's also

one of the film's "stars"). However, the injunction and Wildmon's multimillion-dollar lawsuit were eventually defeated in court, allowing the release of this revealing portrait of free speech and American politics. Rabid diatribes by Senators Jesse Helms and Alfonse D'Amato on NEA-funded art are juxtaposed with explicit photos by Robert Mapplethorpe—whose work the politicians dismiss as "trash," "pornography" and "blatantly homoerotic."

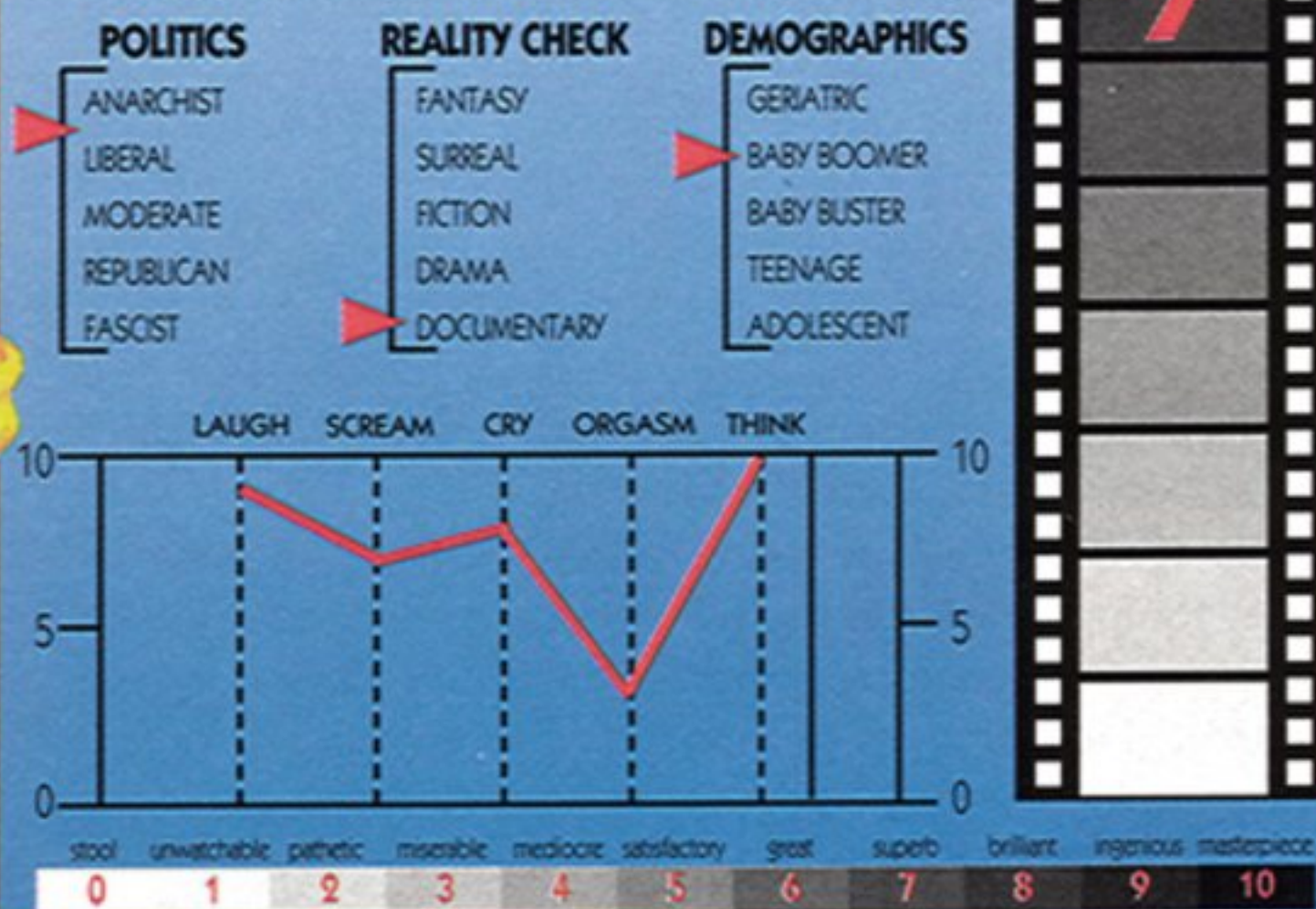


"Pliss Christ" by Andres Serrano

### the breakdown:

Censorship, controversy, Lou Reed, 2 Live Crew, urine-soaked stigmata, ultraright-wing red-necks, ban-happy Bible thumpers, homophobic hicks, Elvis's birthplace.

### meter readings:



overall rating



## SLAM-O-GRAMS

Who needs Hallmark's feel-good missives when you have Topp's Gruesome Greetings Cards? Created by Mark Newgarden, the man who brought you the Garbage Pail Kids, these mean messages run along the lines of: "Sweetheart, with friends like you... who needs FIREWOOD?" As a bonus, select cards are tainted with "Scratch 'N Stink!" seals that have to be smelled to be believed. "Many of these things have been censored," says Newgarden, citing one card that depicts a paperboy desecrating a nonpaying customer's house. "We got away with the dog shit, but we had to take out the dog hanging from a noose."



## MERCHANDISING MANIA

### You Can Do It With Plato



When she's not on the lam, ex-kiddie performer Dana Plato appears in thousands of homes nightly—but not on reruns of *Diff'rent*

*Strokes*. Before you can say, "Whatcha talkin' 'bout, Willis?" along comes *Night Trap*, a video game (for use on the Sega Genesis with the Sega CD™ system) resembling a digitalized movie that features the hold-up specialist/actress as part of a family you must protect! Gaming tip: Have loads of fun letting Plato get offed in the only role she can get nowadays.





# Lights, Camera... CLOBBERIN' TIME!



Super lineup (left to right): Alex Hyde-White as Mr. Fantastic, model Rebecca Staab as The Invisible Woman, stuntman Carl Ciarfallo as The Thing and Jay Underwood as The Human Torch.

The silver screen has seen its share of costumed heroes from DC Comics, but the characters from the Marvel universe seem to have been lost in limbo—until now. A big-budget film of *The Fantastic Four*, the 30-year-old comic book created by Stan Lee and drawn by Jack Kirby, is headed into theaters in '93—and FILM THREAT is first in line with these exclusive photos.

The Concorde Pictures/Constantine Films production commenced shooting in Los Angeles last December 28,



Super pose-down: Michael Bailey Smith as Ben Grimm and Carl Ciarfallo as Ben's alter ego, The Thing.

on a closed set. However, an FT snitch was able to learn some exciting specifics. The story focuses on the foursome's flight into space and the cosmic mishap that creates Mr. Fantastic, The Human Torch, Invisible Woman and The Thing. While discovering their newfound abilities, the quartet is taken captive by Doctor Doom. Of course, battles ensue and the four learn that through their cooperative efforts, they can defeat their evil nemesis.

With a cast of virtual unknowns, most of the budget is being lavished on the elaborate computer effects that will enable Reed Richards to *stretch* and Johnny Storm to *flame on*. The Thing has been brought to vivid life with an expensive full-body latex suit that requires three technicians with remote controls to create the character's subtle, realistic movements. This and the Doctor Doom costume—plus all of the makeup effects—are in the capable hands of Optic Nerve (Tom Savini's *Night of the Living Dead*) and director Oley Sassone (*Bloodfist 3*, *Final Embrace*, various music videos), who are staying faithful to the John Byrne *FF* comic book series of the 1980s.

Although no one can say how successful this comic-to-film adaptation will be given recent disappointments like Tim Burton's *Batman* series, there is already talk of *FF* sequels and possibly a TV series. One source close to the production reveals: "Stan Lee was on the set the first day of shooting, and when he saw the characters in full dress and makeup he said they looked exactly how he envisioned them. He was pretty impressed."

Stay tuned to FT for more on the *FF*.



Super all-around craftsmanship: John Vulich of the special F/X house Optic Nerve cradles his menacing mask for Doctor Doom.



# POSTCARDS OFF THE

Have you always wanted to stalk a celebrity, but you just don't have the time?

FILM THREAT makes it easy for you to be the crazy wingnut that you knew you could be. Just

fill in the blanks of our convenient Star Stalker™

Greeting Cards and send 'em to the celebrity of your choice.

# STALKER



Dear \_\_\_\_\_ :

I've been receiving your telepathic messages--thank you so much! I waited at the restaurant, but you never showed up. I agree with you that we are meant for each other. And don't worry, I love you too. See you Wednesday!

Love,

PLACE STAMP HERE

TO:

DEAR  
I LOVE YOU SO MUCH THAT I  
WANT TO GET YOU UP INTO  
MY RECES. COME SHARE IT  
WITH ME ONE ROOM APART. I KNOW  
YOU'VE BEEN SAYING YOURSELF FOR  
ME AND IT'S WORTH IT WHEN I  
MAKE ALL YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE  
BY THE WAY WAS THAT PERSON  
WE MET AT SPAGO LAST WEEK ONE  
OF YOUR RELATIVES? HOPE SO I  
KNOW YOU GREATLY ENJOY ON ME  
AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO  
BE SEEING YA! LOVE IN KISS.

PLACE STAMP HERE

TO:

JUST A SHORT NOTE  
I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU  
AGAIN. IF ANY OF THOSE  
CREEPS TRY TO PIMP YOU  
I'LL KILL THEM DEAD IN  
THE STREET.  
P.S. I WROTE THIS WITH MY OWN  
BLOOD!



PLACE STAMP HERE

TO:





# TALKIN' 'BOUT THE STAR WARS GENERATION

**T**railblazer of fanzine journalism and *Star Wars* pop culture enthusiast Jon Snyder is pandering to unemployed baby-busters everywhere with his self-published mag *Report From the Star Wars Generation*. It's invigorating to think that this by-product of the '70s is pioneering a whole new movement. Here we reprint (with Jon's grudging permission) a selection from his touching second issue.

## The Weekend of Living Star Wars

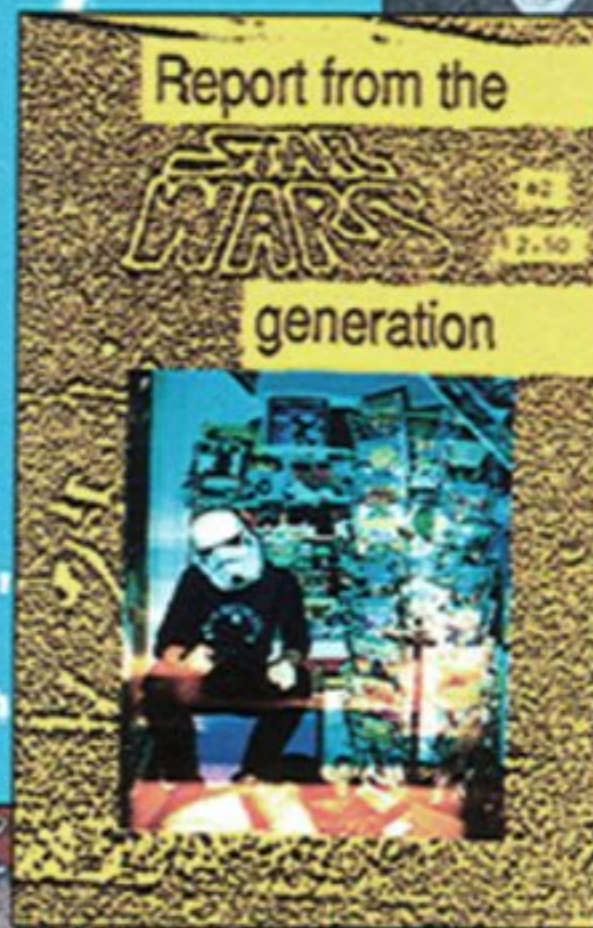
The second weekend in May the YWCA sponsored a glorious screening of the *Star Wars* trilogy at the Eastside Cinemas in Spokane, Washington. My friends Bruce, Greg and I could not miss this fabulous opportunity to celebrate our *Star Wars*-ness.

We donned our Darth Vader, Yoda and Stormtrooper masks, respectively, and loaded my R2D2 clothes hamper into the car. We sped off, excited to see one of the greatest films of all time on the big screen once again. As we approached the ticket booth one of the ticket girls started giggling, so Bruce shot her with my battery-operated Han Solo laser pistol. They also chuckled as I wheeled my R2 toy box up to the box office. Little did they know that I had secretly filled R2 with an ice-cold case of Black Label Beer. Laugh it up, fuzzballs.

We entered the theater and I heard someone say, "Uh-oh, looks like the real hardcores are here." You'd better believe it, pal! Bruce and Greg maneuvered R2 into a seat while I canvassed the audience with *R.F.T.S.W.G.* flyers. I was greeted with a mix of excitement and apprehension as some people wondered

aloud at the mental stability of grown men in *Star Wars* masks. Some guy asked me, "Are you a part of the official fan club or something?" Heck no, I replied, we're the evil, unofficial fan club.

While watching the movie it occurred to me that there has not been a widespread attempt to "Rocky Horrorize" the *Star Wars* trilogy with



**Star Whores (top to bottom):** Party time with the Millennium Falcon; the starry-eyed rag itself; and Jon with his R2D2 clothes hamper.

clever audience responses. One thing we here at *R.F.T.S.W.G.* always love to do, however, is yell out, "Incest!" at the two points where Princess Leia kisses Luke on the lips. We were greeted with much laughter upon doing this at the Eastside Cinemas, even from those viewers clearly too young to fully understand the meaning of the word.

The movie ended and as we left the theater the staff thanked us for bringing some small excitement into their otherwise dull lives. They informed us that we were the only ones who had dressed up all weekend, which did not surprise me. After all, being a member of the *Star Wars* Generation Elite is something that only comes after years of faith and devotion to the *Star Wars* trilogy. It is up to the hardcores, if you will, to pass the torch to a new generation. Until the next trilogy screening, may the force be with us.

For a sample copy of *REPORT FROM THE STAR WARS GENERATION*, send \$3 to: Jon Snyder, c/o High Drive Publications, Box 23, 2300 Market Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.



**I**n the '50s, Betty Page's curvaceous charms and jet-black bangs fortified the male multitudes—even after she abruptly dropped from public view in 1957. Today, her profitable legacy of collectible photos and resurgence in comic book circles continue to enthrall Hollywood.

Greg Theakston, publisher of *The Betty Pages*, a popular fanzine, spent five years looking for Page before locating her in Florida last year. "It was like finding Amelia Earhart," says Theakston, who plans to make a film about the pin-up queen/Irving Klaw bondage model.

Creative Artists Agency reportedly is also talking up a script written by Mark (*Pumpkinhead*) Carducci and Robert (*Body Double*) Avrech—which is likely to be a vehicle for Sherilyn Fenn. According to Theakston, HBO was apparently interested in doing a Betty project as well; CAA, meanwhile, tried to woo Page directly. But the sexy septuagenarian rejected their offer. Subsequently, Theakston, whose own screenplay has made its way to John Landis and Diane Keaton, was contacted by CAA to talk to Page about the rejected deal. Why, then, did she say no? "Probably because she doesn't know who CAA is," says Theakston. "It's just a matter of Betty not wanting to be bothered by all these offers."

## getting PAGED





## SPROCKET TO 'EM

Anyone can be an actor. All you need is a mug-shot and enough money to take out an ad in the revered industry trade rag *The Hollywood Reporter*. Aspiring performer Tim Bross did just that: He advertised for "commercial representation." It's hard to believe that with a face like Bross's, he hasn't been snapped up by ICM. Luckily for us, Bross is still answering his own phone and still seeking *anything*. After a call from David Moskowitz of "Inter-Media Talent" (actually an FT operative), the gullible Bross was duped into believing he was about to star in the new Milos Forman film *The Missing Link*, which we described as a "dramatic love story version of *Encino Man*." After he was sure he got the part, the newly confident Bross asked why we called him: "Was it the



Tim Bross

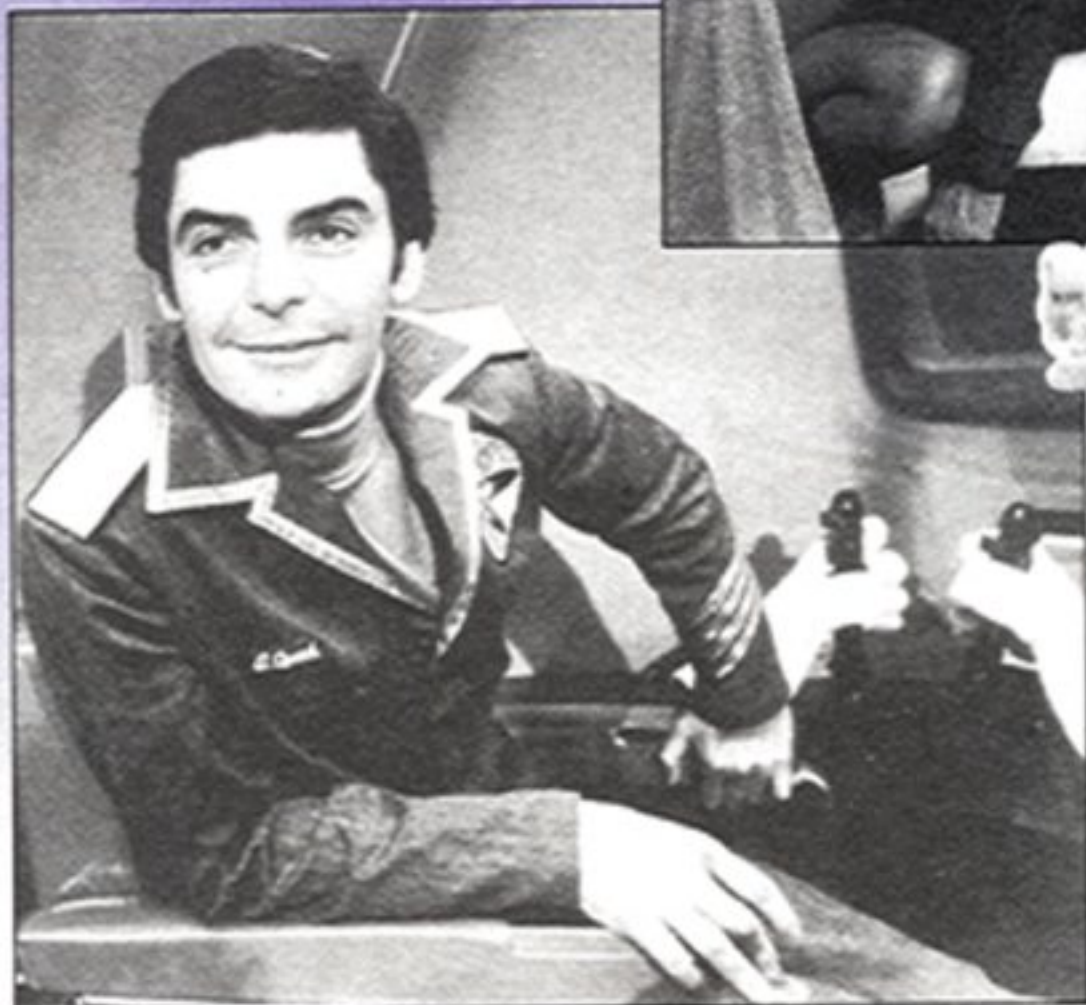
moustache? It was the

moustache, wasn't it?!"



## THE TV SCRAP HEAP **Quark**

This 1978 NBC sci-fi spoof starred Richard Benjamin as the anxious captain of a garbage-hauling spaceship. Unfortunately, less than one season after it started, *Quark* was canned by the short-sighted network. "We got an order for eight shows, and in those days, if you weren't getting big ratings after eight, that was that," says Benjamin. But audiences, he concedes, were a little slow too: "They didn't get it until right towards the end. By then, it was too late. People would say, 'Is this a kid's show?'" Then again, perhaps the catalyst for the show's demise lay in the fickle TV-viewing habits of its core followers: nuclear physicists.



Benjamin as the young Captain Adam Quark and (inset) as a horny-old-fart Quark.

### SHE SAYS:

I knew this subject was over my head when the hostess with the moistness, Fanny Fatale, casually declared that all I needed to locate my G-Spot was a clear, plastic speculum. Being that the closest utensil I could find was a spatula, I sat this one out. Fanny and her finger-happy friends demonstrate just how to ejaculate, but after watching this all-gal circle jerk, I'm not sure I ever want to find that darn spot. I admit to being slightly shocked by the graphic nature of flowing secretions, which one dildo-ing dame described as having a *buttery* flavor. Since I'm pitifully out of shape, perhaps I'll save the money I'd spend joining a gym and start practicing Kegel exercises in the comfort of my apartment. While the tape is informative, it never answers the most basic question—what the hell does the G stand for?

## G MARKS THE SPOT

As a public service, *FILM THREAT* presents two sensitive points of view on the ground-breaking instructional video

How to Female Ejaculate.

by Jamie Painter and Kevin Burke



### HE SAYS:

Like Jamie, I had trouble finding my G-spot. I looked everywhere and I even used a clear, plastic speculum. It doesn't matter, though, because the video is highly detailed and even more entertaining. It isn't hard to fall in love with this enlightening program, especially when one of the female instructors grunts, "This one's for Annie Sprinkle!" while ejaculating on the leg of one of her partners. In fact, I was so excited that I went straight to my local Kmart's electronics department and deliriously played the tape for anyone who'd watch it—at least until I was restrained by mall security. Everyone can learn from *H.T.F.E.*, and as ejaculation expert Fanny Fatale says, "Don't forget to do those Kegels!" (You'll just have to buy the tape to find out what that means.)



## Screw, BALL t-SHIRT DEAL?!

Send \$15 and score the shirt and my catalog! Or just keep buying trendy mall crap, see if I care! Shirt is top quality 100% cotton, purple with black and white prints.



**Slimy Dog Grafix**  
535 W. Allen #2  
San Dimas CA 91773



## anything for a PUCK

You can knock stuntman Kane Hodder for playing Jason Voorhees, the bloodthirsty supervillain of the *Friday the 13th* flicks. But being in a hockey mask beats being in hock. And turning movie theaters into human charnel houses can be pretty therapeutic too. "I think I get most of my aggressions out at work," says the imposing, 6'3" non-method actor, who nevertheless bangs his head against the nearest wall before shooting a "kill." "I also do things like growling and pacing, which I guess some people would consider 'method,'" he laughs.

Hodder, a 15-year industry veteran, assumed the critically maligned role in part seven and reprises it a third time in the somewhat redundantly titled *Friday the 13th: Jason Goes to Hell*, which purportedly is the series' final installment (yeah, right). This one, of course, spotlights the usual extreme gore—plus a makeover of sorts for the maniac himself. "The hockey mask has been on so long that it's more or less embedded in Jason's flesh," Hodder says. "You can see his bones and things, too, so he looks like a real corpse."



While aware of a rumored big-screen face-off between Jason and *Nightmare on Elm Street* baddie Freddy Krueger, Hodder would rather not indulge the sado-masochistic fantasies of *Fangoria* fanboys. He has his hands full dealing with these degenerates when he appears—sans mask and prosthetics—at

conventions and speaking engagements. "Twice I've had guys beg me, 'Would you grab me by my hair and throw me over a table so I can say I've been attacked by Jason?'" he says, shaking his head over the rather desperate tone of the requests. "They're like, 'Come on, man. I won't sue if I get hurt. Please.'" One geek, in fact, was so insistent that Hodder favored him with a firm slap on the back. "I nailed him pretty good. He went, 'Oh, yeah!'"

If guys find him such a turn-on, what about the ladies? Hodder won't say: He's saving it for—you guessed it—a book.



Braising Kane: Hodder in—and out—of Jason's overcooked new look.

ANOTHER  
FT  
CONTEST!

## Keening over keanu

Are you one of the millions who believe that they can out-act Keanu Reeves? If you think he really sucked in *Bram Stoker's Dracula*, this contest is for YOU! The rules are as simple as Keanu's life: Videotape yourself reenacting a scene from one of Keanu's movies (excluding the *Bill & Ted* films and *River's Edge*). All entries (30 seconds maximum, please) will first be judged by the FT staff and then compiled for the viewing pleasure of Mr. Reeves's agent. Three lucky winners will receive FILM THREAT glow-in-the-dark caps. Mail VHS video entries to: *Acting the Fool*, c/o FILM THREAT, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.



## STAMP AND DELIVER

Yes, now you can annoy and offend Hollywood's most annoying and offensive denizens by mail. Include a copy of *Final Exit*, the controversial guide to auto-annihilation, if you like.



**TOM ARNOLD**  
c/o The Jackie Thomas Show  
4024 Radford Ave.  
Editorial Bldg. 1, #108  
Studio City, CA 91604

**ARSENIO HALL**  
c/o The Arsenio Hall Show  
Paramount Studios  
5555 Melrose Ave.  
Los Angeles, CA 90038

**WARREN BEATTY**  
c/o Creative Artists Agency  
9830 Wilshire Blvd.  
Beverly Hills, CA 90212  
Attn: Ron Meyer

**MICHAEL JACKSON**  
c/o Creative Artists Agency  
Attn: Rick Nicita

**KEVIN COSTNER**  
c/o Creative Artists Agency  
Attn: Jane Sindell

**MICKEY ROURKE**  
c/o Creative Artists Agency  
Attn: Michael Menchel

**THE TOM CRUISE FAMILY**  
c/o Creative Artists Agency  
Attn: Doug Robinson

**PATRICK SWAYZE**  
c/o William Morris Agency  
151 El Camino Drive  
Beverly Hills, CA 90212  
Attn: Nicole David

**THE SHANNEN DOHERTY  
FAN CLUB**  
c/o Fox Television  
P.O. Box 900  
Beverly Hills, CA 90213

**VAN DAMME**  
c/o International Creative Mgmt.  
8899 Beverly Blvd.  
Los Angeles, CA 90048  
Attn: Jack Tildardi



# speck scripts

It quickly became the New Testament for frustrated screenwriters when it appeared in 1989: Free of the booby traps created by the film industry's labyrinthine system of script readers, story editors and agents, *The Hollywood Producers Story Directory*—a handy paperback that was updated quarterly until its demise in 1991—offered an unfiltered listing of synopses submitted from would-be scripters from around the country. That's right, anyone could get their idea into the itchy palms of project-hungry producers—for a \$100 fee.

One left-field pitch in the directory's spring 1990 edition came from Elizabeth Jones of Crystal Springs, Mississippi. Her script, titled *Mr. Frank and the Billy Goat*, is a TV sitcom inspired by a dream she had as a young girl about a man and a billy goat who become lovers. "I don't act or nothing—all I did was wrote it [sic]," says Jones, who works on a chicken farm. "It's about a real billy goat just like you see a billy goat in real life." Who does she envision in the bestial role? "Somebody funny like Eddie Murphy. Yeah, he could be a goat."

Now that we've piqued your interest, Jones's unabridged synopsis—as it appeared in the directory—read as follows: "Once upon a time a billy goat fell in love with Mr. Frank. They lived together on the farm. When Mr. Frank got married to a woman named Debbie the billy goat hated her. He would jump the fence at Mrs. Frank. The billy goat soon learned to love Mr. Frank's whole family. His three children Linda, Sherry and Mona. The family and the billy goat then began to do many things together and became one big happy family."

"I haven't got no offers yet," says Jones. "Do you know someone who would like to buy it?"

Attention, producers: Let the bidding begin!

## THE HOLLYWOOD PRODUCERS STORY DIRECTORY

The Writer Producer Connection

Volume III  
Summer 1990

### CINEMAQUATIONS

*Late for Dinner* + Mel Gibson's bare ass + two annoying brats = *Forever Young*

*Basic Instinct* – ice pick + handcuffs + Madonna's bare ass – shock value = *Body of Evidence*

*Naked Gun* – Zucker/Abrahams/Zucker + box office receipts = *National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1*

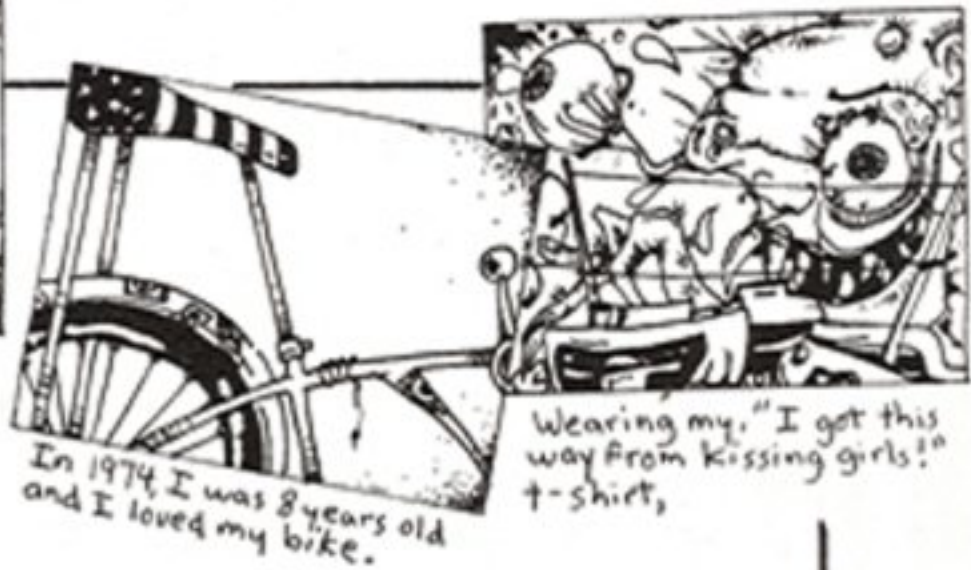
*Sinbad*, et. al. + The Three Stooges + Bridget Fonda cameo x 1/4 *Evil Dead 2* = *Army of Darkness*

*Gandhi* – India + sex + Hitler 'stache ÷ 2-hour-plus movie seat sores – Oscar = *Chaplin*

*Treasure of the Sierra Madre* – unruly Mexican bandits + rap artists = *Trespass*

*Moonstruck* + *Fried Green Tomatoes* + *Terms of Endearment* + Oscar bait = *Used People*

FILM THREAT's Cinemaquations + *Entertainment Weekly* staff weasel Ty Burr – integrity = EW's "Happy Hour" movie mixing guide (Dec. 18, 1992)



Score in a nutston, jelly gross.

#### THE RESERVOIR DOGS SCREWDRIER

1 part *The Killing*

1 part *The Asphalt Jungle*

Garnish over the top with slices of *Mean Streets*, *Taxi Driver*, *Raging Bull*, *GoodFellas*.

#### THE HERO SCUR

Reprinted with permission from Issue 2 of *Report From the Star Wars Generation*.



# THE WALK OF SHAME

Oh Tom  
A KARTOON  
BY ME

YOU KNOW WHO I AM  
DON'T YOU?  
I'M TOM CRUISE!  
BOY WONDER OF THE  
CINEMA!

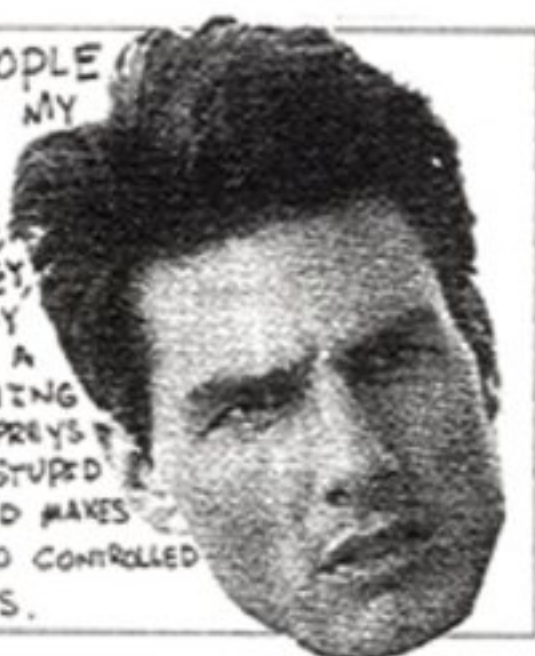


I'M DYSLEXIC  
AND I'M AS DUMB  
AS A BOX OF  
DIRT!



TOM  
CRUISE  
FIGHTS

SOME PEOPLE  
SAY THAT MY  
CHOSEN  
RELIGION,  
SCIENTOLOGY,  
IS A FLEMSY  
FRONT FOR A  
BRAINWASHING  
CULT THAT PREYS  
ON WEAK, STUPID  
PEOPLE AND MAKES  
THEM ENTO CONTROLLED  
VEGETABLES.



BUT I'M  
LIVING PROOF  
THAT ITS JUST  
NOT TRUE!  
STILL... ANYONE  
WHO DOESN'T  
BELIEVE IN  
L. RON HUBBARD  
WILL GO TO  
HELL!



TRIPLE FEATURES  
THAT SAVE  
SPACE ON THE  
MARQUEE

featuring  
**STEPHEN  
KING**

THE SHINING SILVER  
BULLITT

CHILDREN OF THE CORN  
SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD ZONE THINGS

THE BIG BLUE SLEEPWALKERS

THE LAWNMOWER MAN WITH 2 BRAINS  
THAT WOULDN'T DIE

THE MISERY ADVENTURES IN BABYSITTING OF  
MERLIN JONES

THE CRAWLING CAT'S EYE FROM OUTER SPACE  
CUJO JO FLASHDANCER, YOUR LIFE IS CALLING

SON OF DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE  
GRAVEYARD SHIFT

HOWARDS MAXIMUM OVER DEAD END  
DRIVE-IN

THE RUNNING MANNEQUIN ON EMPTY

IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA OF LOVE

THE CREEPSHOW BOATNIKS

—Michael Gaither

## WHERE TO FIND FILM THREAT?

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Medford, NY 11763

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New York, NY 10003

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EIDE'S ENTERTAINMENT  
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7711 Melrose Ave  
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across America!

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to carry FILM THREAT in your store



## ABBY CRAPS OUT

Syndicated pundit Abigail Van Buren, better known as "Dear Abby," is paid handsomely to hand out her opinions. So imagine our surprise when the geriatric gammon-giver failed to respond to the following published plea. In the spirit of journalistic altruism, FT offers its own response:

DEAR ABBY: You can count me among those people who are disgusted with filthy language used in some movies and even on late-night television.

My husband rented a movie starring Tom Selleck, and we were shocked to hear him use the "F word." I was embarrassed, and it really made me sick. I know it was in the script, but he could have told the director that he didn't want to use words like that.

Well, I guess I will just have to keep watching reruns of "Gunsmoke" with James Arness. I know that he would never use language like that.

I am 60 years old, and I could never get used to dirty language.

—TEXAS GRANNY

DEAR GRANNY: Bless your failing heart. That darn Tom Selleck; let's just say he's no James Arness. Did you know that he has paraded his naked, hairy butt on film before? That's mighty disgraceful—even in this filthy cesspool of a world we live in today. Call me old-fashioned, but I like fine, upstanding shows like *Amos & Andy*. Why they take good, clean fun off the air, I'll never know. Ol' Tom should have said something because directors need that kind of input from overpaid actors. Well, I've got to go—it's medication time!



# All That Razz

As if Nickelodeon's firing of *Ren & Stimpy* creator John Kricfalusi wasn't enough, the 14th Annual CableACE Awards celebration at the Pantages Theater in Hollywood in January was another slap in the animator's face. The castrated, moody chihuahua and his fat feline cohort lost in the Best Animated Programming Special or Series category to HBO *Storybook Musicals: Ira Sleeps Over*. (HBO, incidentally, had 104 nominations.) Even the astounded winners commented on stage: "It seems strange that we won against *Ren & Stimpy*."

The biggest loss, however, was the solemn stand-in acceptance speech Spumco writer Richard Pursel wasn't able to give: "John Kricfalusi asked me to thank you on behalf of Spumco. Had he not been fired from the show he created he might still be with us. Last night John shot himself." Kricfalusi, by the way, *isn't* dead, but maybe someone should put award ceremonies out of their misery. Here's a big, squishy fart from FILM THREAT on *Ren and Stimpy's* behalf.



Which award is more honest—the CableACE (right) or the Razzie? Ask Bill Cosby, who gladly accepted the latter for *LEONARD PART 6* in 1987.

Speaking of rank expulsions, get ready for the 13th Annual Golden Raspberry Awards. Traditionally held 24 hours before the Oscars, the Razzies presentation is usually a low-rent (but always well-attended) press conference in Hollywood highlighted by gleefully bad song parodies (e.g., "Hooray for What's No Good") and loving recitations from the winners' most scathing reviews. And, unlike the Academy Awards, the Razzies recognizes all of a given nominee's flops for the year. "If you do 16 pictures that suck, we'll list all 16 of 'em," says founder John Wilson, adding that Charlie Sheen holds the record with five duds in one 12-month period.

Although the Razzies' 1992 balloting wasn't completed as FILM THREAT went to press, Wilson predicted the ponderous World War II drama *Shining Through*, the Hitchcockless thriller *Final Analysis* and the soggy Christopher Columbus epic *1492* would be duking it out for Worst Picture. Break out your whoopee cushions!

For info on how to join the razzing masses, write the Golden Raspberry Award Foundation, P.O. Box 56931, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413-6931.



## PERSONAL THREAT

If the influx of mail in response to FILM THREAT's personals ad last issue is any indication, you'll soon see FT's first matched-up couple on the national news—they're the two on that cross-country killing spree.

### Women Seeking Men

I'm an atheist, and I'm cute to boot! If you're in your 20s and you hate God as much as I do, then we'll be perfect together! Respond #1001

I like movies, taking long walks on the beach and serious S&M. If you're over 6' and want to be dominated, then I'm the one for you! Respond #1002

### Men Seeking Women

I'm depressing, creepy, ugly and unemployed. I'm look-

ing for a beautiful dream girl to save me from a life of pain and loneliness. Respond #1003

Hollywood producer wants to meet a *real* person for sincere and loving relationship. No uglies, please. Respond #1004

### Women Seeking Women

Help! I need an experienced lesbian to show me the ropes—and whips and chains! I'm 27, but your age doesn't matter. Respond #10005

### Men Seeking Men

Snuggle with me! I'm 23, 6'1" and ready to fall in love. Looking for a hot top who wants to take control. Respond #1006

### ? Seeking Women

Unmarried male, 34. If 21-35 female, unattached, like



Respond #1007

the following *Point Break*, *Casablanca*, *Duck Soup*, *Until the End of the World*, *Videodrome*, *The Conversation*.

### Men Seeking ?

Hey! Wild bisexual seeks M/F humans for craziness. Filmmakers, artists, clubs, video, punk, cyber. Mutants *need* apply! Respond #1008.

Don't wait another day! Send the essentials (30-word max.; photos encouraged) to: FILM THREAT Personals, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. And, if you want to respond to an FT personal ad, make sure to include that code number on the envelope.



## RTS Video

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- All film genres available:
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  - Silents
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  - "B's", all genres
  - Foreign
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Whatever your film tastes, RTS can fill your needs! We offer separate catalogs at \$1.00 each: 1) All categories, 2) "B's", 3) Extensive soundtrack/original cast LP recordings. Our big descriptive video catalog is also available for \$9.95 (over 300 pages).

**SPECIAL SALE: \$19.98 EACH** (Reg. \$30-\$60)  
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1. *BAD GIRLS DORMITORY* (EROTIC, Cary Zuzak)
2. *KLANSMAN* (ACTION, Lee Marvin, Onda Eveas)
3. *SWEET SUGAR* (EROTIC, Phyllis Davis)
4. *EMBRYO* (HORROR, Rock Hudson, Barbara Carrera)
5. *DAUGHTER OF DEATH* (SENSUAL, R. Sybil Denning)
6. *DEATH RIDES A HORSE* (WEST, John Phillip Law)
7. *HOOKED* (DRAMA, Angie Dickinson)
8. *HOW AMPUL ABOUT ALLAN* (THRILLER, Tony Perkins)
9. *HOT SWEAT* (EROTIC, Rutger Hauer, Monique Van DeVen)
10. *BIBOCENT* (CULT, R. Laura Antonelli; Visconti film)
11. *MAZES & MONSTERS* (DRAMA, Tom Hanks, Susan Strasberg)
12. *TRACK 29* (DRAMA, R. Theresa Russell)

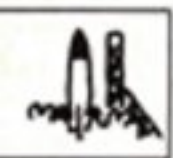
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Orders or questions: Call (702)363-2330 after 12 noon  
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# THESSIS

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16





# WAR!

**FILM  
THREAT**

**I**n the annals of human conflict, there have been the great wars: Chevy vs. Ford, Coke vs. Pepsi, McDonald's vs. Burger King, Adidas vs. Nike and Nintendo vs. Sega. These battles have been waged on fronts familiar to us all: TV, radio, newspapers, magazines—the mirrors of our existence. We have watched, captivated,

As the Marines mop up those marauding Somalians, the Navy and Air Force give Saddam another heat-seeking enema and the United Nations tries to work out that messy situation in Bosnia, **FILM THREAT** is positioning itself to take Hollywood back from *Premiere!*

**PREMIERE**

the first strike, progression and continuance of such media blitzkriegs. Consequently, consumers have taken sides. Now, once again, the time has come for the people to enter the fog of combat and decide. For it is with great measure that **FILM THREAT**, *The Other Movie Magazine*, declares war on *Premiere*, *The Movie Magazine*.







## *A Formal Declaration of War*

*Whereas Premiere, without provocation, occupied the territory of Hollywood on July 15, 1987 with the debut of its first issue; and...*

*Whereas Premiere's conventional, boring, smug, ass-kissing, slickly disguised press releases and demonstrated willingness to use weapons of mass publicity are a further detriment to the shriveling mind set of the average moviegoer; and...*

*Whereas Premiere has persisted, despite reported financial losses, its insidious transgressions of, and flagrant disrespect for, the filmgoing public. Now, therefore, be it...*

*Resolved by Film Threat, The Other Movie Magazine, to provide an inventive, informative and—above all—entertaining alternative to the dearly acceptable and tasteful pages of Premiere.*

*For the purposes of this order, the date for the commencement of combat is hereby designated as April 6, 1993.*

### **THE CONFLICT BEYOND THE COVERS**

Confronted by this furtive yet all-too-visible enemy on the Hollywood battlefield, FILM THREAT must leave the relative safety of its pages and dig itself deep into the trenches of combat. Positioned as the Viet Cong, if you will, of movie magazines, FILM THREAT has fought and proved victorious over smaller but no less despicable opponents: *American Film* (now defunct), *Film Comment* (dull and doddering) and *Movieline* (a sloppy-seconds boneyard of has-beens). However, in order to mount the Mother of All Media Wars, we need soldiers—namely YOU, our dedicated readers.

Without your support, FILM THREAT cannot bring an end to the fusillade of lousy propaganda that masquerades as entertainment journalism.

### **WHY WE MUST FIGHT!**

Our attack centers on the source of glossy industry bullshit, *Premiere*. The so-named periodical stands accused:

#### **STUDIO COLLUSION**

While it's not literally owned by the studios, it might as well be. When was the last time a big-budget production or overpaid star(let) wasn't plastered across *Premiere*'s greasy cover? (Never!) This publication is a

slave to the Tinseltown publicity machine: If it's big and expensive, *Premiere* feels compelled to cover it as a masterpiece—NO MATTER HOW AWFUL THE FILM TURNS OUT. The recent unveiling of UK and Japanese editions illustrates *Premiere*'s exportation of the myopic Hollywood Doctrine to new fronts—threatening to fell the last aesthetic vestiges of the world cinema in domino-like fashion.

#### **CINEMATIC WHITEWASHING**

As was *Pravda* for the Communist regime, *Premiere* is a shill for the studios. Being "The Movie Magazine," it must carefully maintain and cultivate





its ties to the establishment by substituting opinion and criticism with the occasional bit of harmless gossip. (Which explains why they don't have a review section but continue to employ the fictitious likes of Libby Gelman Waxner.) Who cares who slighted who at Spago? What FILM THREAT cares about is whether or not the gossipees make good movies. This society of mutual masturbation must be crushed.

**EXCESSIVE WEIGHT THROWING**  
By exercising its studio-fueled "clout" and demanding exclusive coverage of particular films, *Premiere* prohibits alternative press and alternative viewpoints—ensuring the status quo and preventing YOU, the moviegoing public, from being fully informed.

**HIDING BEHIND ITS BLOATED SELF-IMPORTANCE**  
The *Premiere* editorial staff is out of touch and rife with softbellies incapable of surviving outside its pages. Would you trust someone who can't operate an automobile to recommend a movie for you and your date? Would you allow anyone unable to master personal hygiene problems (say, halitosis?) to blow hot air over the finer points of filmmaking? Laden with invites to free screenings, these folks have no idea what it's like to waste \$7.50 on a bad film! The FILM THREAT staff actually pays for the vast majority of

films it sees, writes about and reviews. We don't have to get in touch with the masses—we *are* the masses.

**DOWN DEEP, IT'S FRENCH!**  
*Premiere* isn't even an original idea—but an Americanized mutation of a Gallic guide to *le cinéma*. And despite the millions of dollars no less than three publishing companies have spent over the last five years, *Premiere* has yet to turn a profit. FILM THREAT is 100% MADE IN THE USA. (Need we say more?)

### YOUR BATTALION

Led ruthlessly but shrewdly by autocratic Commander-in-Chief Christian Gore, this admittedly lopsided battle favors the side of corporate excess and greed. Yet with Gore's fanatical leadership resembling a cross between Fidel Castro's and Ross Perot's, FT Headquarters hums like an efficient, well-oiled machine. Admirals Dean Lamanna and David E. Williams administer the editorial missions concocted by Gore, while five-star Generals Kevin Burke and Gabriel Alvarez are constantly reminded that, should their superiors fall in combat, the vacant posts must be filled immediately (as in the jungles of Vietnam, field promotions are expected). Whether engaged



in copy machine sorties or assuming aliases while infiltrating strategic points in *Premiere's* internship program, Lieutenants Jamie Painter, Carlo Silvio, Chris O'Flaherty, Michael Ling and Chris Froude will find themselves frequently living the words "War is hell." These are the people on the front lines, ready to sacrifice everything (even weekends) to stop the enemy. But FILM THREAT's battle plan also entails various points of reader participation.

### RECONNAISSANCE REPORTS

At least once every two months, FILM THREAT shall submit to readers a summary of our efforts to halt *Premiere's* global march. Declassified maps and charts will be released in subsequent issues, detailing our progress in the war and highlighting reader contributions from around the world!

### LET THE BATTLE BEGIN!

Although millions could be lost in a brutal campaign costing several hundred dollars, we know that eradicating the world of this blight, this Hitler of movie magazines, is a duty we will not neglect or disregard. It is a mission we cannot ignore. JOIN US!

To get your FREE OFFICIAL FILM THREAT BATTLE KIT, send an SASE to:  
FILM THREAT's Great Magazine War,  
9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300,  
Beverly Hills, CA 90210  
ATTN: Sgt. at Arms

**ENLIST**

Do so early and often by subscribing to FILM THREAT. Send us an SASE and you will receive an OFFICIAL FT BATTLE KIT that includes:

- ☛ 1 official draft card, complete with the FT Oath.
- ☛ 5 FT stickers, capable of neutralizing enemy publications.
- ☛ 1 TOP SECRET Battle Map with attack instructions: Attach a telephone book to their sub cards

and mail it. Infiltrate their encampments: At all newsstands, move copies of FILM THREAT in front of *Premiere*.  
  
☛ You can even increase your rank! Receive the Purple Heart for the paper cuts you'll suffer as you flip excitedly through our pages

or the writer's cramp you'll endure while scribbling relentlessly to FT Headquarters about how *Premiere* tortured you with candy-coated verbiage. Send photos of yourself "in combat!"  
Buy war bonds: Get your friends to join the FT army. **SUBSCRIBE NOW!** (See page 62.)



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## tales from the casting couch

*In Hollywood, perhaps more than anywhere else, sexual harassment is an equal-opportunity employer.*

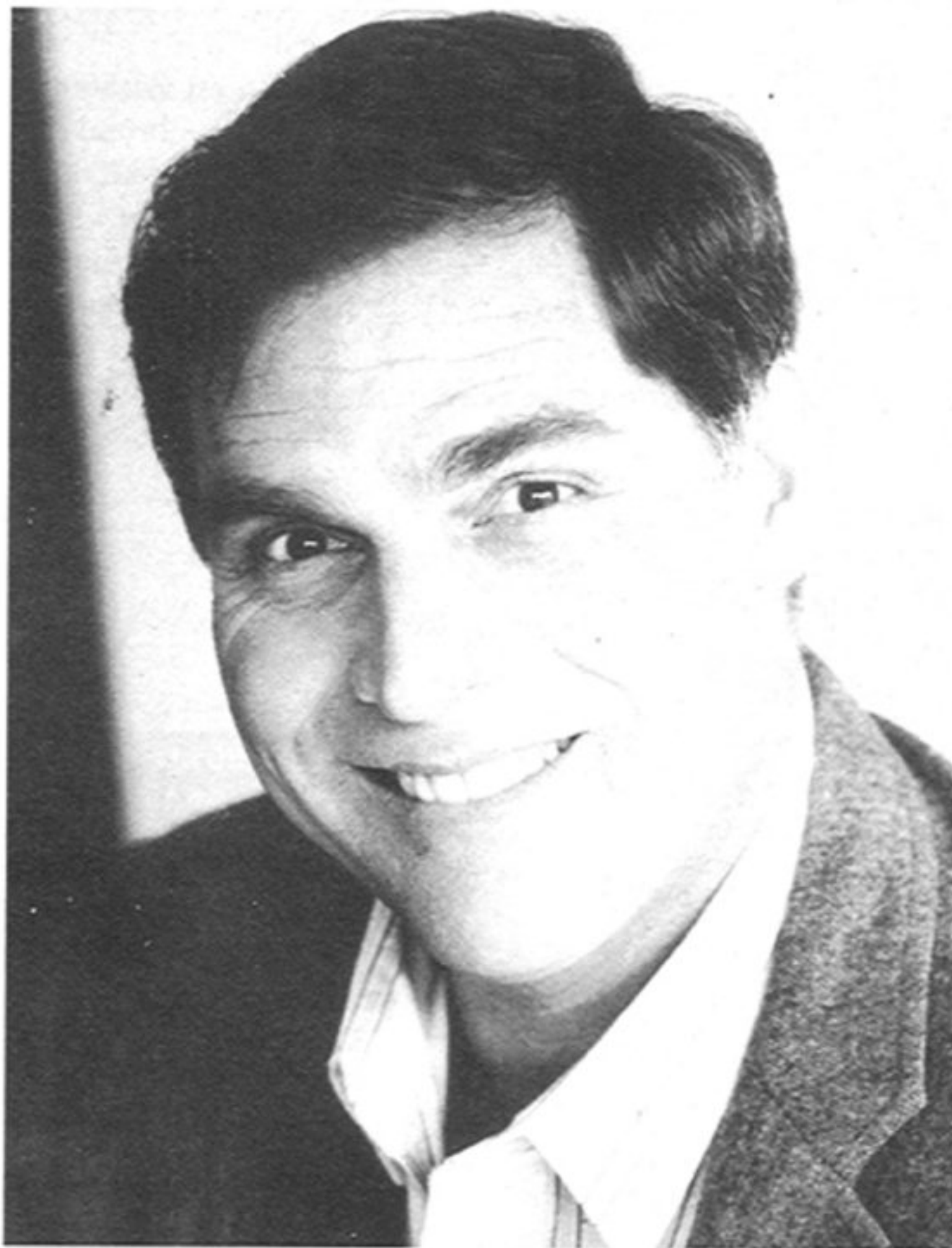
by Bruce Maibaum

As we saw in a recent story herein, the casting couch isn't the exclusive domain of the straight. But what may surprise some is that the fabled sofa has been worn threadbare by as many homosexual abuses as heterosexual ones. Like homosexuality itself, the problem was once so closeted that, in 1979, it moved openly gay actor Dale Reynolds to found the Alliance for Gay and Lesbian Artists in the Entertainment Industry (AGLA)—an organization designed to address the needs and concerns of gay show business workers.

"The Screen Actors Guild at that time wouldn't deal with women's issues, let alone men's," says the charmingly self-effacing, 6'1" Southern California native. "So AGLA became an important industry watchdog group during the '80s. We were actively involved with the industry—not attempting to censor, but trying to encourage the development of better attitudes toward the gay and lesbian community."

Lacking funding and strong leadership, AGLA folded in 1991 as higher-profile organizations like the Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD) came to the fore. But Reynolds, 48, a veteran supporting player whose credits run the gamut from features (*Repo Man*) to television (*Murder, She Wrote*; *Knots Landing*) to Broadway (*Lysistrata*), remains outspoken on the subject of gay casting

couches. "It's based on sex as currency," says the actor, who's also an independent producer and freelance journalist. "But what it really shows is a lack of self-esteem on the part of both participants. It's a 'just fuck 'em and throw 'em away like an old condom' mentality, and that's sad."



Actor Dale Reynolds

During his years with AGLA, Reynolds saw and heard it all. One case involved a man who had tried to bring the controversial gay love story *The Front Runner* to the screen. "He had raised a couple million dollars to make this movie and it became a living joke

until he died," Reynolds says of the hapless producer, who succumbed to AIDS in 1990. "Every six months he'd put in the trades that he was getting started, but he would always complain that he was having trouble casting it. Then, an assistant of his who'd quit came into one of our meetings and said

the guy was propositioning almost everyone who auditioned. Meanwhile, he was living off all this money." The producer was stripped of his SAG franchise when someone finally complained.

The couch has been no slouch on the television side of the biz, either. According to Reynolds, two well-known gay casting directors for major series were canned during the '80s due to sexual misconduct. One of these, a casting director for the silly sex-tease sitcom *Three's Company*, had a perversely oblique come-on. "He got fired," Reynolds says, "because he said to a couple of people, 'This isn't quid pro quo for a job, but I'm really sexually attracted to you, and if you're interested I'd really love to go to bed with you. But again, it isn't required of the job.'"

On the flip side, Reynolds says the same casting director claimed to have been approached several times—without provocation—by outwardly straight male actors. "They'd proffer themselves by saying, 'Well, what do you want to do



to me?' Naturally, there's a power trip in that. One big, macho guy—this is pre-AIDS—even said to him, 'I want you to fuck me.' He was obviously a closet case, because you just don't say that unless you really want to do it. The casting director was so excited he ruined his pants."

The most notable of Reynolds's own near-upholstery burns also occurred with a TV casting person—one for the short-lived 1974 series *The Planet of the Apes*. Reynolds, fresh off the play *St. Joan* at L.A.'s Ahmanson Theatre, was introduced around the set of the simian drama by his friend James Naughton, who'd been cast as astronaut Pete Burke. "They asked me to read for this part of a horseback-riding ape," he recalls. "So I auditioned, and the casting director said, 'You're a good actor; you read well. Why don't you come up tonight and we can talk about it?' I said no. He then said, 'I just want to show you my theatrical posters because I know you're into that.' I politely refused. So he finally said, 'Well, then, it really is too bad. You would have been so right for this job.'"

After Reynolds's agent castigated the offender over the phone, the actor didn't hear from this casting director again until a dozen years later, when he hired Reynolds for a week's work on *General Hospital*. The casting director didn't make a peep about his past transgression. "We never talked about it. But I found it hard to ignore the fact that what he did distorted my career for 12 years."

Reynolds credits his sunny outlook and sense of humor for his survival. "It's certainly no big deal for me to lie back and get a blowjob," he laughs. "But I don't want it connected to my work. It has to do with how you feel about yourself. It's embarrassing. It's *tacky*."

"I've never put out for a job," he adds proudly. "I would have been a hit at the game if I had. But I think it's simply uncalled for. There's no need for it. Any actor worth his or her salt shouldn't have to feel, *If I don't put out, I won't get a job*. There are too many opportunities to get a job that way. In this age of AIDS, I can't imagine anyone wanting to do that."

**"The casting director said, 'You're a good actor. Why don't you come up tonight and we can talk about it?' I said no. And he said, 'Well, then, it really is too bad. You would have been so right for this job.'"**

Still, Reynolds is amazed by the lengths to which some will go to get ahead in the industry. "I knew a lesbian—this was a *sick* person—who was living with a guy just because he was getting her into auditions. She was a bombshell model, but she couldn't act at all. I said to her once, 'What do you do?' And she said, 'Oh, I just give blowjobs.' She ended up marrying the guy because she couldn't find an older lesbian in the business who'd take care of her. She was a true bimchette—not terribly bright, but terribly eager to be somebody. That combination is scary."

Reynolds is quick to point out that he doesn't take any moral stance on sex, acknowledging only that "the trouble with it is that it *can* help, whether you're in show business or in banking. But I tell people they shouldn't do it in exchange for work, because they won't feel good about themselves later. Dignity is hard to maintain in this business, and the

more legitimate places you can find success—by studying, making the rounds, getting the agent, doing it the hard way—the more meaningful the payoff is." Same goes for agents. "When you're an agent, your job is not to fuck people—it's maybe to fuck them *over*—but your real job is to get your clients work."

Overall, Reynolds believes sexual harassment in the entertainment industry is on the wane—thanks to highly publicized lawsuits like those involving former Geffen Records executive Marko Babineau. "It used to be that no one would say anything. But the times are different, because now they can get their asses kicked."

Although not an advocate of outing, Reynolds abhors the hypocrisy of homosexuals in the industry who use antigay sentiment to cover their own butts. "I'm part of this community that's now actively saying, 'Get out and stop this harassment shit.' There's nothing worse than a gay person hiding behind the hatred." Reynolds describes one prominent former film executive who was so homophobic that "no gay could work around him. He was an evil man to begin with, because he was so closeted. All I can assume he was thinking was, *No one should get near me.*"

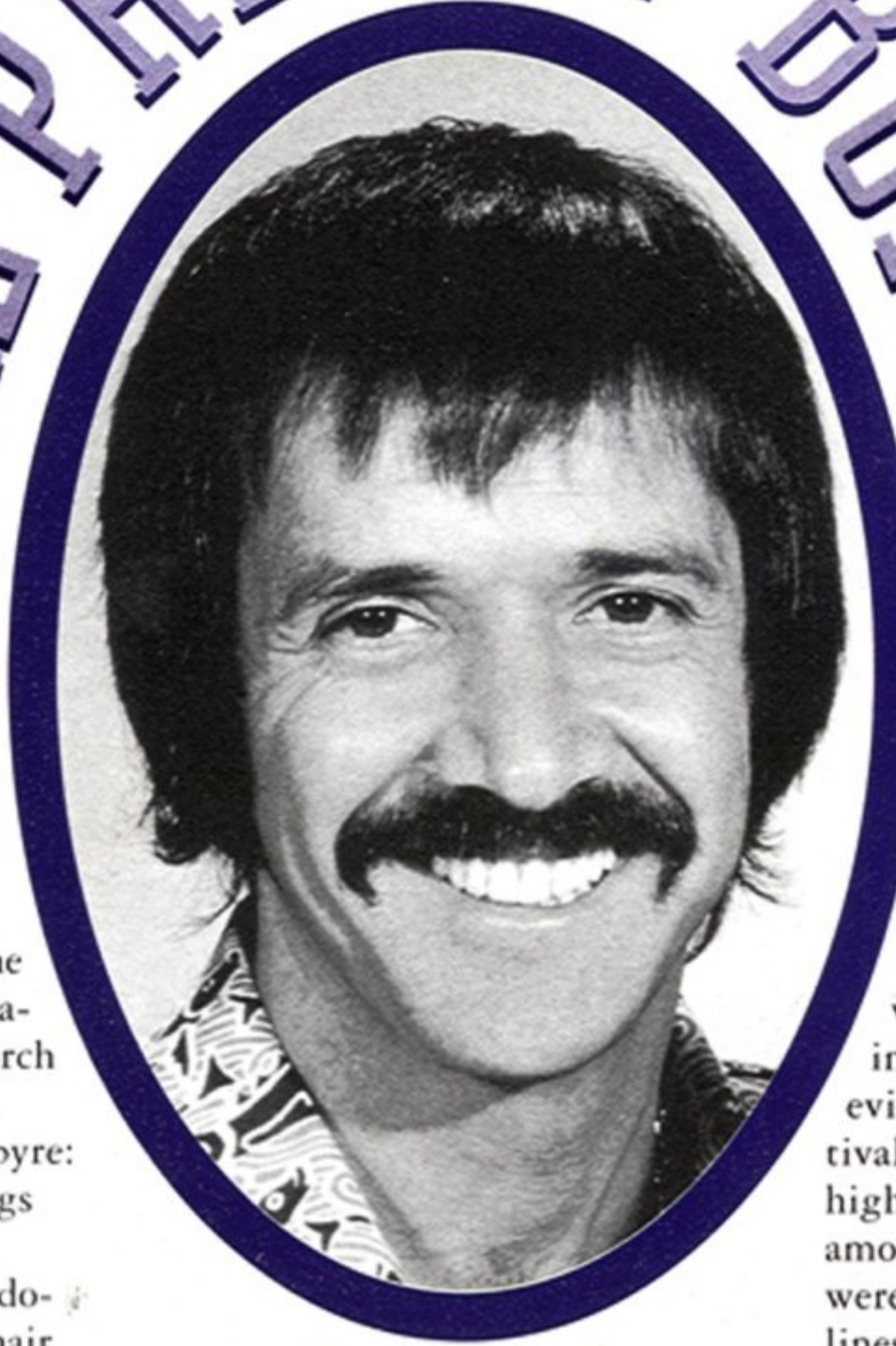
Yet the situation, Reynolds feels, is gradually changing. "David Geffen finally came out. Some of the industry's leading actors and professionals will come out too. But not now. There are too many people out there waiting to hurt them. They'll eventually find a way, though, because it's too deadly trying to do your best work when you're constantly looking over your shoulder." 📺

## Report Sexual Harassment!

Are you a *casting couchette*? Have you ever been asked to compromise your virtue for a film or TV role? If so, write to FILM THREAT, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.



# THE PALM of BURKE



You know I don't go out anymore! My beer gut is much too big to be seen in public! Never call me at my house again!" *Click.* That was cantankerous FILM THREAT Editor in Chief Christian Gore, ranting from his hermetically sealed abode—making it clear that the time had come for a new generation to take the film festival torch and burn down any city dumb enough to host one. Our next pyre: the Fourth Annual Palm Springs International Film Festival.

Donning our huge, super-hedonistic "I Got You Babe" furry-hair vests, we loaded the vehicular unit with alcohol, a tape recorder, a camera and lots of bad intentions. We then crossed the desert to the Riviera Hotel and the Sonny Bono of film fests, where we were to catch a star-stymied tribute to that Rat-Packing semi-vegetable, Frank Sinatra, and—as long as we were there—watch a truckload of movies...FOR FREE!

## WEEKEND I

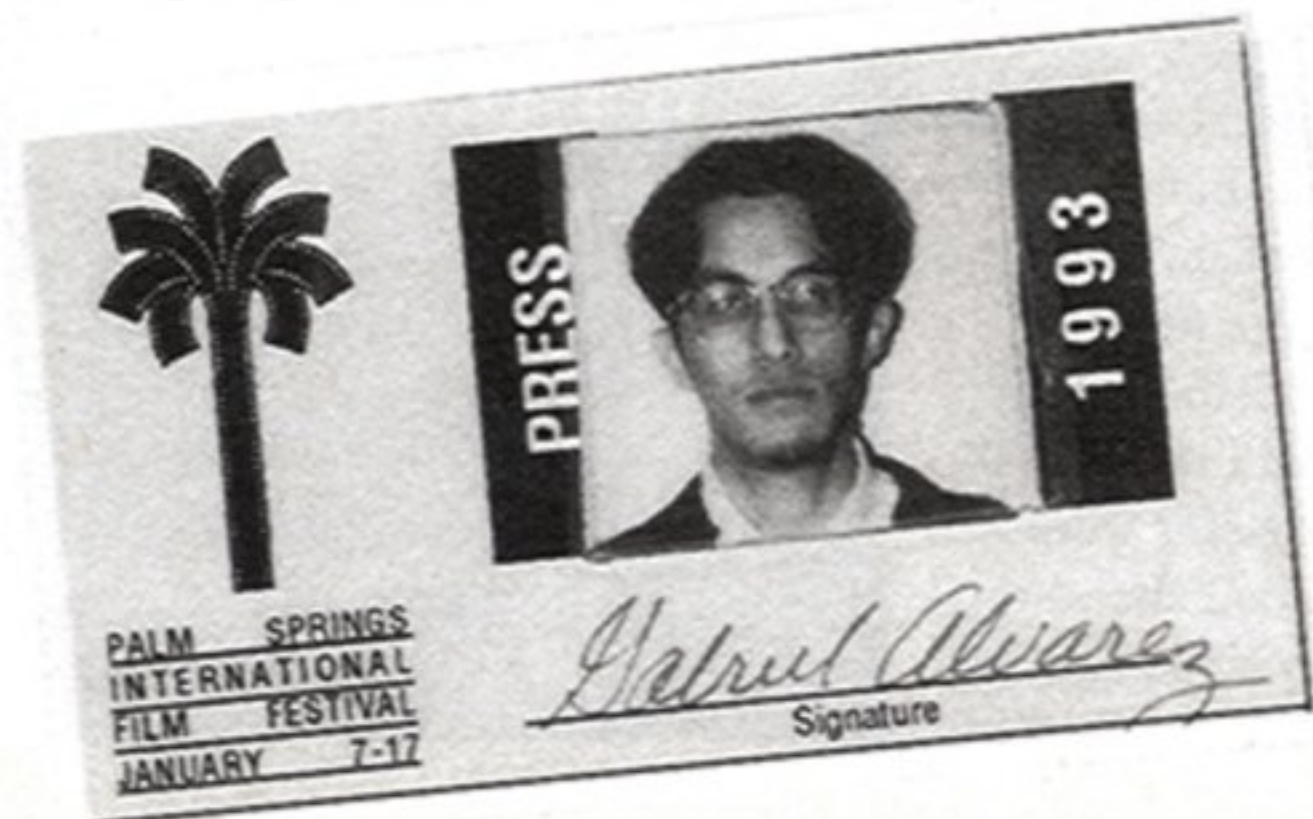
We excitedly scoured downtown Palm Springs for some action, but

sadly, there was no evidence of rioting teens. We may have missed them after losing precious minutes wandering around the really cool dinosaur park on the outskirts of town—the one Pee-wee Herman visited in *Pee-wee's Big Adventure*. Although it was boss gabbing with the crazy woman who lives in the brontosaurus, it became evident upon our return to the festival that we had missed several highly entertaining fistfights among angry ticketholders who were waiting in hopelessly long lines for badly acted Sinatra flicks. But no matter! There would be plenty of confrontations later, and in any case, we had a lot of drinking to do before tackling Ol' Blue Eyes at his honorary gala.

To meld with the thronging paparazzi, we whipped out a PXL camera and started filming guests clad in the skins of small mammals as they exited their limousines, Cadillacs, Mercedes, BMWs and other well-shammied showboats. More like a dog show than a swank social gathering, this repetitive collection of old rich people was—like most of Palm Springs itself—astonishingly Cau-

*Off we go to the land of sun and  
Sonny Bono for the Fourth  
Annual Palm Springs  
International Film Festival.  
Our mission: to not get invited  
back next year.*

by Gabriel Alvarez  
and Kevin Burke





"I understand what  
you guys are  
trying to do with  
FILM THREAT.  
But you need an  
adult to slap  
you around."

—Harlan Jacobson,  
former editor,  
FILM COMMENT

casian. It was as if all of the golf courses had emptied into the hotel lobby, where the liver-spotted duffers were now swinging champagne glasses instead of clubs. Aroused by the concentrated wealth, FT Associate Editor Gabriel Alvarez—resplendent in his moth-eaten poncho and holey *guaraches*—saw the opportunity to make a fast buck by begging for dollars. Were it not for the kindness of a hotel valet who donated some loose change to his cause, our poor Gabe would have been universally overlooked.

After watching Sinatra being carted to the stage for his tribute, the only thing left to do was dog his ex-highness, former Palm Springs mayor Sonny Bono, through the party. Our golden opportunity came as he passed us in the hallway amid a phalanx of doting admirers. "Mr. Bono!" we screamed. "Do you still have

Cher's phone number? Does Cher's tattoo haunt you? How is Cher wearing her hair these days? Do you still own that big, furry-hair vest you wore in the 'I Got You Babe' video?" We were heartbroken when he completely ignored our questions by talking to his wife. *How rude!*

It was here that we also ran into Harlan Jacobson, the former editor of *Film Comment*. "I understand what you guys are trying to do with the magazine," he said. "And most of the time, you get it right. But there's

that small percentage of the time when you need an adult to slap you around." For emphasis, the cloyingly paternal Jacobson whacked us with the complimentary FT issue we gave him. He then confided to us that he was "out there" as well during his stint at *Film Comment*. We nodded knowingly.

Following a beer stop, we strapped on our crash helmets and drove to our first screening. Although several priggish onlookers laughed and pointed at our protective headgear,

## FROM HERE TO SENILITY

**F**rank Sinatra may still be married to the mob, but the aging Rat-Packer seems divorced from reality. To be sure, watching *O' Glazed Eyes* accept the 1993 Desert Palm Achievement Award at the Palm Springs International Film Festival made us feel good that our faculties are intact. The ceremony, held at the posh Riviera Hotel, got under way when the hefty singer/actor/Mafia chum was gingerly wheeled in and propped up next to last year's Desert Palm winner, Jimmy Stewart. The press then dive-bombed the 77-year-old crooner. "Mr. Sinatra, how do you feel?" the vultures asked—more in reference to his well-being than to the insignificant award. Sinatra's response to that concerned query (and to all others, for that matter) was an unrehearsed, "Ah, uh, gabba, uh, goo, uh.... What?!" You'd think that the obscenely wealthy senior would spring for a state-of-the-art hearing aid—or at least a part-time interpreter. 🐦



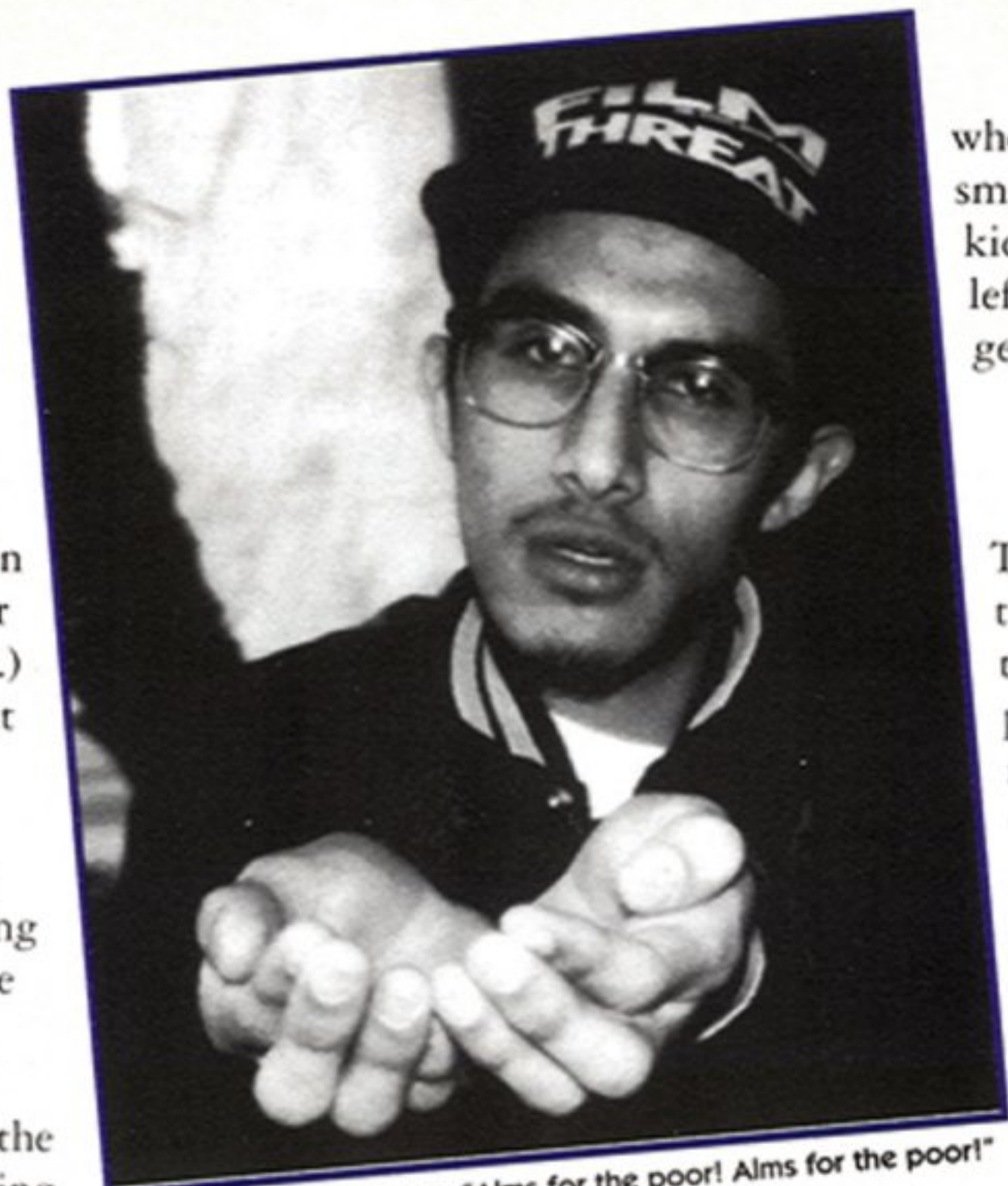
Shell-shocked! Frank Sinatra's famous 50-yard stare brims with aged wisdom.



we dismissed their jeers—secure in the knowledge that in the event of a drunken accident our craniums would be shielded from major trauma. “Fools!” we shouted out the window. But this did nothing to daunt their mirth, so we caused them to scatter by pretending to swerve uncontrollably in their direction. (Unfortunately, our fender did clip one deserving snob.) Finally, we arrived at the late-night showing of the campy *Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me* (see sidebar, page 27) and pushed our way past some common ticketholders, waving our hallowed press passes at anyone who would look.

After the screening, the festival closed for the night. Depressed by the prospect of returning to our charming Motel 6, we instead made a mad dash for the open desert—just to see what it looked like at night (we were not impressed). We wasted the remainder of the evening in a zombie-like stupor trying to find our way back to the motel, where we passed out watching USA's *Up All Night*.

The following morning, we attended a particularly sobering actor/director panel featuring the wry British humor of Malcolm McDowell and



Groveling Gabe in action: “Alms for the poor! Alms for the poor!”

that incredibly puny critic Bill “The Cable Cop” Harris, who has made a living doing commercials for Showtime, repeating the pilfered-cable litany—“If the deal’s a steal, you’ll pay!” The indulgent discussion consisted mainly of mutual admiration between the performers and filmmakers.

After learning that there were no interesting screenings that afternoon, we slipped off to a local Toys “R” Us,

where we threw merchandise at small children until we were kicked out of the store. We then left for a storm-soaked Los Angeles to recuperate.

## WEEKEND II

Things were decidedly calmer this time out. An MTV crew that had been stalking us the previous weekend was, fortunately, nowhere to be found (see box, below). We were able to watch some of the films in peace—and a few of them turned out to be remarkably good.

But our cinematic escapades ended prematurely when a funny noise sud-

denly became apparent on our motel phone line. While the faint buzzing may have been benign static caused by the inclement weather, we strongly suspected that Frank Sinatra’s mob goons were on to us. Fearing for our lives, we frantically packed our bags and bid a teary-eyed adieu to Palm Springs—checking the underside of the car for pipe bombs before pulling away.

See you at Spring Break, Sonny!

# MTV IS FOR PUSSIES!

Like an albatross, the remote crew for MTV’s *The Big Picture*—led by a pugilistic and nameless Chris Connelly minion—hung around our necks all weekend. The omnipresent field unit first muscled in on our territory at the Frank Sinatra photo opportunity, but they were too timid to actually ask Ol’ Glazed Eyes any questions. They then trailed us out to the parking lot where the walking dead (i.e., the guests) were arriving. We threatened to

rumble with the insipid cable gang, but they backed down—claiming their goading was all in good fun.

Later, the reporting team actually interviewed us at a festival reception, but the segment ended up on the cutting room floor because we used the word *pussy* to describe the typical MTV fan. Disappointed, the crew admonished us after the incident. “You should have used the word *vagina*,” they said. “We can’t use *pussy*.” Imag-

ine that! The same network that regularly runs Rock the Vote anti-censorship commercials makes more censorial cuts than the broadcast networks (which, unlike MTV, are regulated by the FCC). Ask yourself how many videos have been banned from MTV for “sexual” content—Madonna’s erotic forays are not the only cases.

In the revered words of the Dead Kennedys, “MTV, Get Off the Air!”



# THE BIDDING WARS BEGIN!

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SEX-CRAZED MONEY MAN**



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BY ALEX S. GABOR

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— Alex S. Gabor.

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# THE GOLDEN BONO AWARDS



A film fest hosted by the same city that once elected Sonny Bono mayor has to be pretty wacky. But the films that were unspooling at the Palm Springs International Film Festival sounded even more tediously "offbeat" than we expected. *The Peach Blossom Land*, *Greenkeeping*, *North of Pittsburgh*, *Strictly Ballroom*, *Indochine* and *Peter's Friends* were some of the movies we skipped because our intuition told us they would be snorefests (although the intriguingly titled *Leon the Pig Farmer* and *Tale of the Vampire* proved to be literal "sleepers" as well).

However, we were pleasantly surprised to find a select few entries worthy of FILM THREAT's Golden Bono Awards. Affectionately nicknamed the Boner, this prize is our acknowledgement of the truly good films that seemed to rise above the festival's generally stiff offerings. And the winners are...



## PASSION FISH

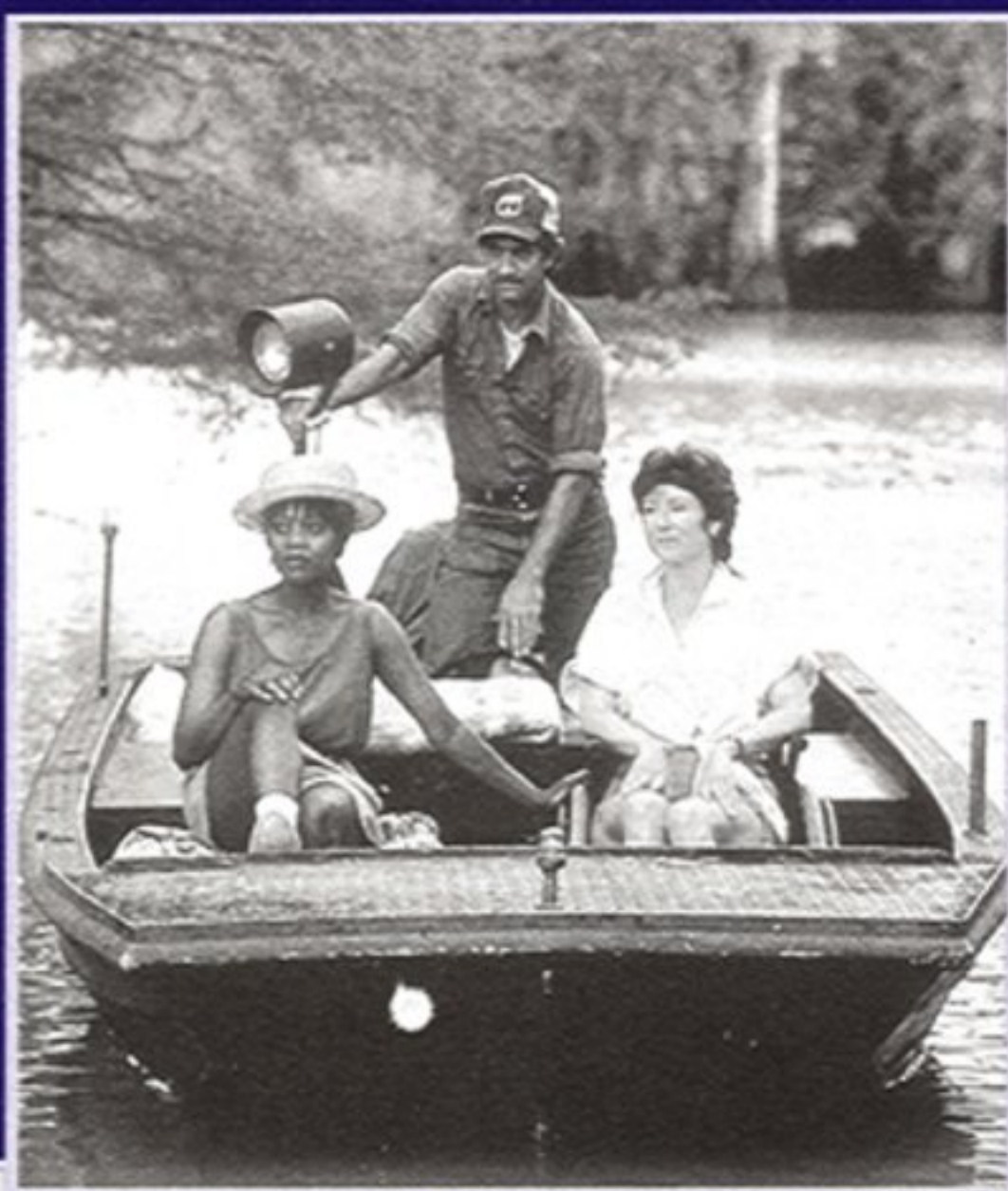
*The Golden Bono for Filmic Finesse*

On the surface, the storyline of John Sayles's *PASSION FISH* is the lowly telefilm's most beloved standby: that warm-the-cockles-of-your-heart tale of a courageous, ill-stricken woman. This serene yet engrossing yarn revolves around a soap opera actress named May-Alice (Mary McDonnell of *DANCES WITH WOLVES* and *GRAND CANYON*) who must cope with paralysis following an auto accident. It's the type of movie that the older Palm Springs set would wet their pants over, and for that reason, it was one of the biggest hits of the festival.

And deservedly so: *PASSION FISH* avoids the standard "feel good" manipulation associated with tear-jerkers. After a series of nurses either quit or are terminated by the progressively bitchy paraplegic, a black caretaker named Chantelle (Alfre Woodard) arrives. Now, grueling "race relations" tripe like *DRIVING MISS DAISY* would have you believe that matching a white character with a black character would result in, at best, begrudging harmony. (In *DAISY*, the evil curmudgeon finally grants her friendship to the lucky manservant.) Fortunately, in this film, each person is given their own identity and race is not the focal point.



Having independently written and directed such critically lauded films as *BROTHER FROM ANOTHER PLANET*, *MATEWAN* and *CITY OF HOPE*, the scribe of that clever 1978 *JAWS* spoof *PIRANHA* has come full circle with *PASSION FISH*. Sayles extracts performances from his players that are unburdened by buddy-formula posturing.



Alfre Woodard, David Strathairn and Mary McDonnell out on the bayou; (left) writer/director Sayles is nobody's toady.

But that accomplishment doesn't necessarily mean that the director and performers must become tight. "You don't have to be friends with the actors," Sayles told FT. "I find a lot of my job is handicapping the actors so they can help each other. It's like a boxing match. You get two actors in the ring and you're the referee."

Not surprisingly, much of Sayles's filmmaking savvy stems from his own acting background. "One of the things that I do when I write a script is act all the parts to see if it's doable," he explained, adding that he heads off ego problems by not accepting condition-bound funds and paying everyone scale. "Right away there's a leveling that happens there. Otherwise, [the director is] basically an employee."





# SHELF LIFE

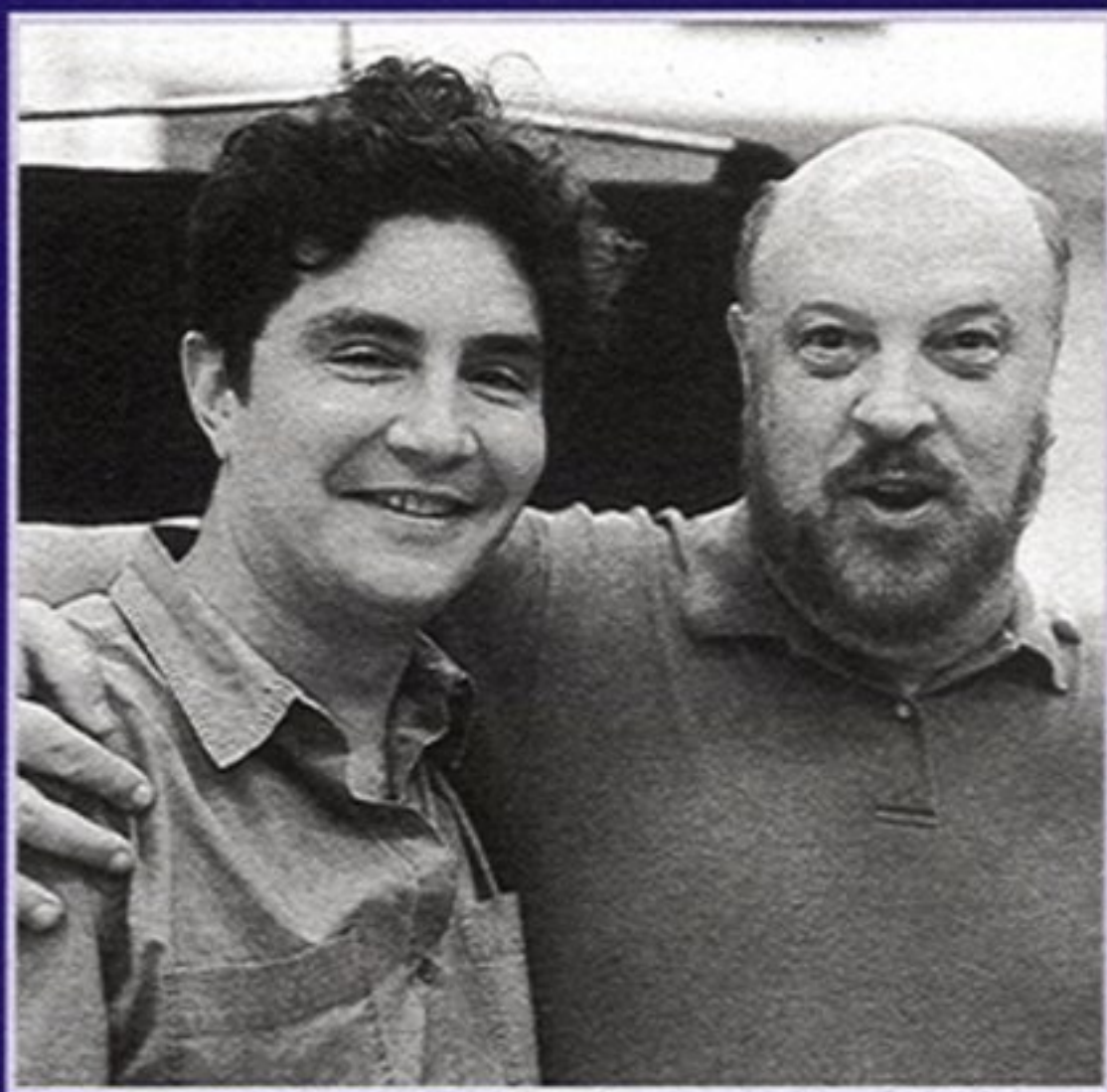
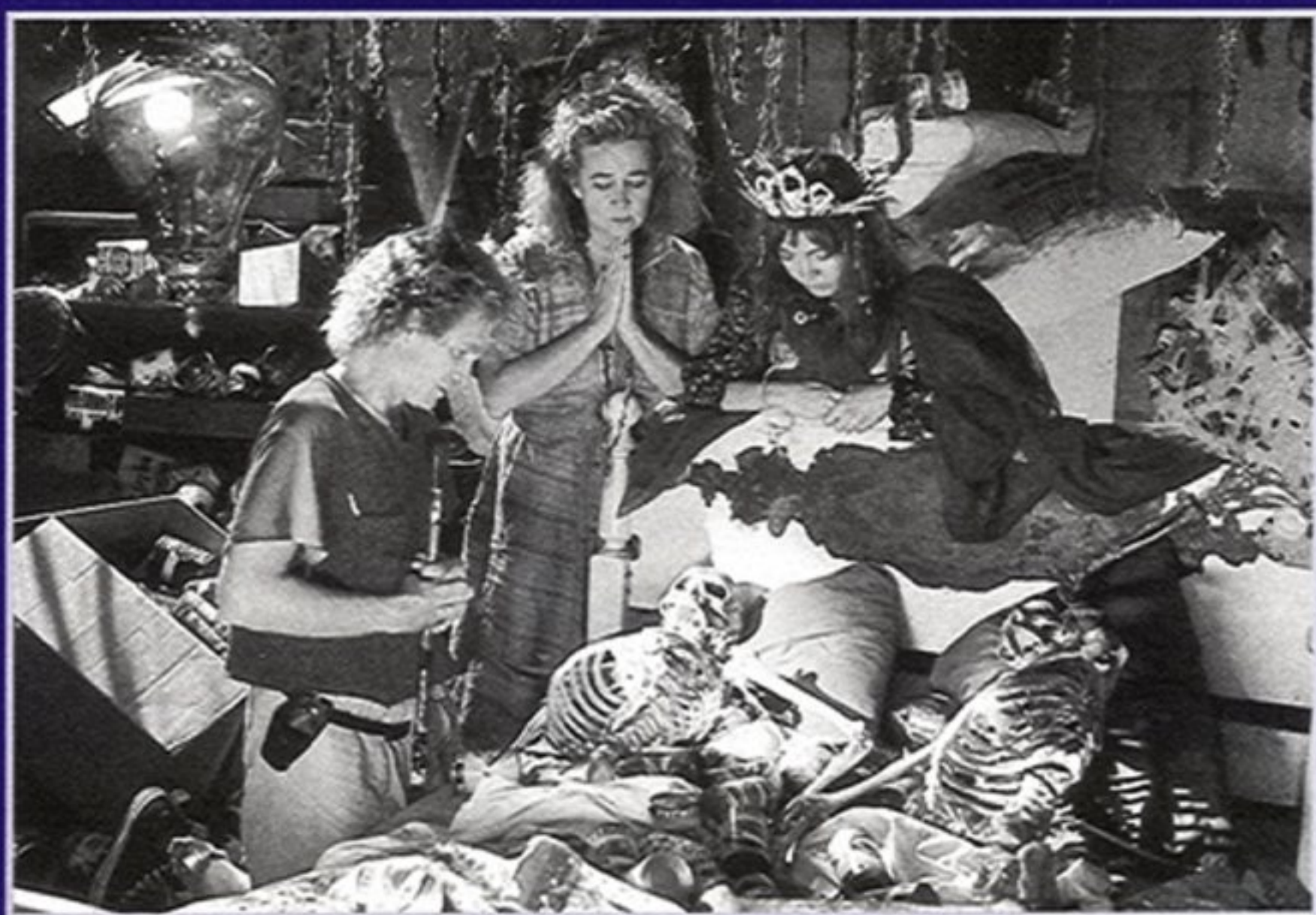
The Golden Bono for Cinematic Excellence

Perhaps the festival's biggest Bono was the supremely unconventional **SHELF LIFE**, which made its way to Palm Springs on the back of director Paul Bartel. Until the day of its screening, Bartel's idiosyncratic film was listed as a "work in progress"; but to everyone's delight, it was announced that the final edit had just been printed and that we would be seeing its world premiere.

Bartel spoke to the expectant audience about **SHELF LIFE**'s unusual form: "This film is unlike other films in that it does not have three distinct acts. Rather, it is comprised of a series of vignettes in which the three characters act out some of their fantasies." A movie about the role-playing fantasies of three middle-aged siblings, who with their ultra-paranoid (and possibly neo-Nazi) parents had locked themselves in a homemade bomb shelter to weather the siege of "Com mies and Martians," **SHELF LIFE** has a completely untraditional plot. Mom and Dad have long since kicked the, um, can as the result of ingesting some contaminated salmon in a tin container, and the children have been left to socialize themselves.

Bartel warned the audience that they shouldn't anticipate a disaster-flick-style denouement of escape. He also warned us not to expect **EATING RAOUL II**. And rightfully so, because **SHELF LIFE** is

unlike anything Bartel has done in the past—due mostly to the story's creators and stars: O-Lan Jones, Andrea Stein and Jim Turner, all of whom originally performed the tale as a stage play in Los Angeles. The film itself relies heavily on stage aesthetic, bolstered by a brilliant production design that keeps the



According to the Sundance Film Festival, producer Brad Laven and director Paul Bartel are not who they claim to be; (center) the latchkey kids (Jim Turner, Andrea Stein, O-Lan Jones) pray to their parents, now bags of bones; (top) the family anticipates the Communist/Martian invasion.

cramped setting from becoming uncomfortably claustrophobic. For example, in the "Egyptian Fantasy" sequence—during which the increasingly schizoid Scotty (Jim Turner) portrays a heroic Moses and an evil Pharaoh simultaneously—high-key lighting, mood music and subtle camera movement manage to alleviate the tightness of the space. As much as this is a "performance" film, Bartel's direction is the real star here.

(NOTE: According to Bartel, the Sundance Film Festival turned down **SHELF LIFE** flat. "They rejected it, saying that 'it wasn't a Paul Bartel film,'" he said. Presumably, the folks at Sundance subscribe to the notions that: A. Bartel is not allowed to make a film that is different from **EATING RAOUL**, and B. that any film made by Bartel must first be approved by others as an official Paul Bartel film.)





# HOLD ME, THRILL ME, KISS ME

*The Golden Bono for Celluloid Mastery*

Trailer park trash usually don't lead interesting lives. But in the hands of writer/director Joel Hershman, the low-rent world of wife-murdering fugitives, psychopathic socialites, virginal animal-lovers and dildo-wielding porno actresses vibrates with hilarious intensity.

Hershman's wild ride through the provincial, prison-release-program area of El Monte, California, is called **HOLD ME, THRILL ME, KISS ME**—a madcap romp filled with sex, lies and Moo-Moo juice. Starring Adrienne Shelly (of Hal Hartley's **TRUST** and **UNBELIEVABLE TRUTH**), Sean Young, Diane Ladd, ex-May Co. model Max Parrish and drug guru Timothy Leary, this was perhaps the closest the fest got to "midnight movie" material.

"I think people are still a little afraid of me after seeing this movie," said Hershman, who attended NYU before stints as an actor in chintzy TV dramas like *Divorce*

surd turmoil, which has lead some to anoint Hershman the "American Almodovar."

**HOLD ME's** production began in similar tumultuous fashion. Producer Travis Swords met with investors who wanted to back an exotic-dancer actioner. Preliminary "casting" occurred during a meeting at the Hollywood Tropicana, the famous mud-wrestling haven. Ultimately, the script had "far too many explosions" for the budget, so Hershman concocted **HOLD ME's** premise on the spot and bluffed his way to his first directing gig.

To save money, Hershman plotted all the action within a five-mile radius and hired many of the trailer park residents as extras. But one area that demanded extra dollars was the film's soundtrack. Songs from alternative acts like the Pixies, King Missile and Violent Femmes punctuate the crass on-screen mayhem.

Additional energy is provided by Sabra, the movie's

sexy, young Cruella Deville, who's either gyrating in a G-string or making porno flicks through most of the film. Played by the manic Andrea Naschak, she equips herself with an arsenal of self-arousal implements, which the producer reveals were the actress's own. "At the end of the shoot, her **Mighty Max** was missing," said Swords. Hershman laughed, "You

have to break those things in, you know."

Hershman's own breaking into Hollywood is a lesson in schmoozing, luck and paranormal phenomena. "I met Diane Ladd, who's psychic, at a party, and she put her hand on my forehead and said, 'You're going

to be a famous director.'" Hershman bypassed Ladd's agent and sent her the screenplay directly. "If Diane Ladd's agent had read lines like 'Would you titty-fuck me really quick?' he would have said, 'Diane, you can't do this.'"

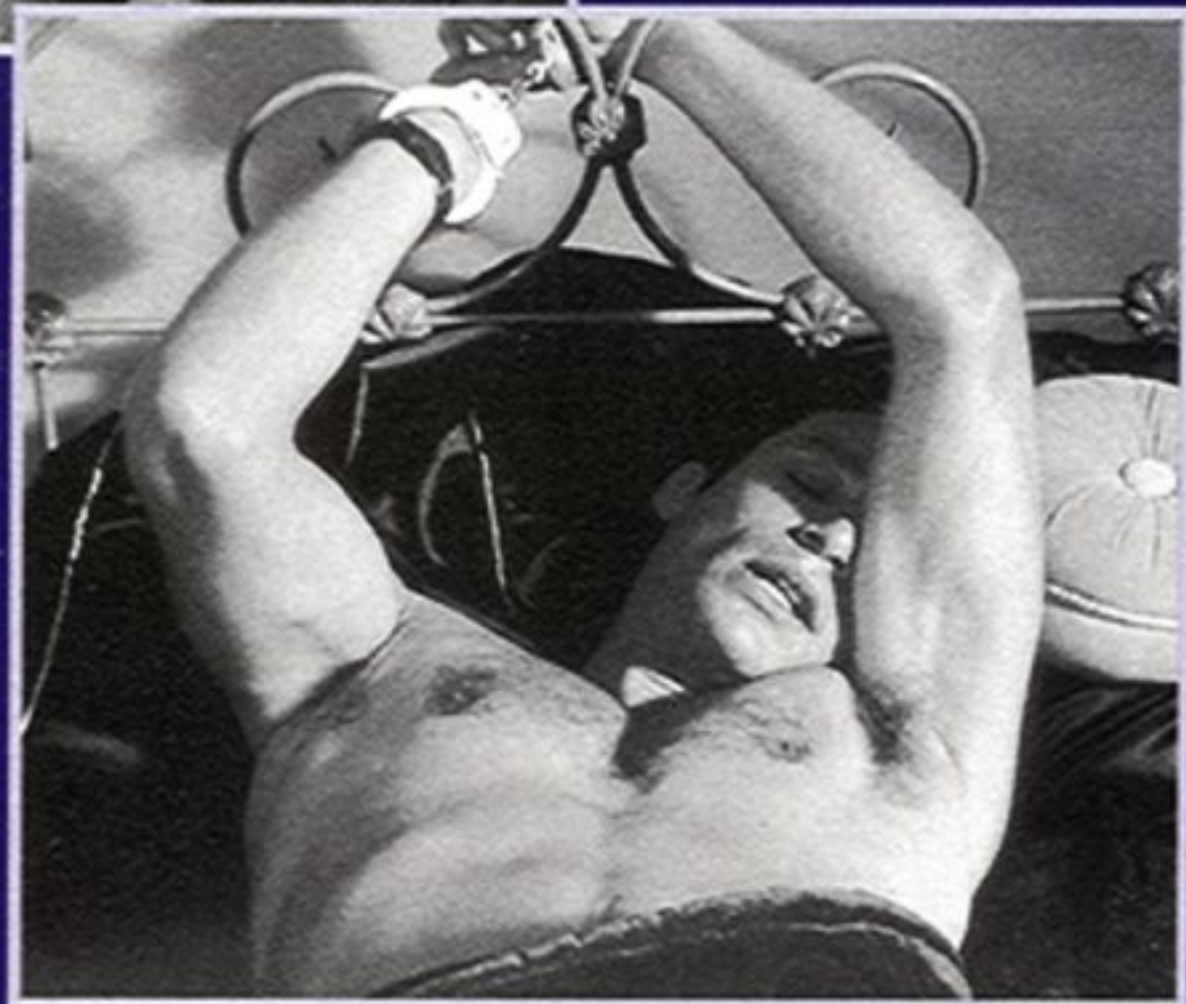
Oddly enough, Ladd's next-door neighbor is sister-in-psychosis Sean Young. We couldn't resist asking Hershman who's crazier. Prodded into answering, he said, "I think that Diane has been crazier longer than Sean." ❧



"Kiss me, or else!" Twiggy (Sean Young) enforces her marriage of inconvenience to Bud (Max Parrish); (left) director Hershman peptalks actress Adrienne Shelly; (below) Bud awakens to strange vibrations.



Court (in which he played a "nymphomaniac husband") and as a phone sex operator. He terms his films "fuckball comedies." "In the '30s, actors weren't allowed to sleep in the same bed or say anything nasty," said the Preston Sturges fan. "So I updated the screwball genre by putting in adult situations and coarse language." The result is a coagulation of kinetic characters in constant, ab-







# MAN BITES DOG

*The Golden Bono for Marvelous Movie-Making*

**M**AN BITES DOG, the faux documentary from Belgium about the life and times of a lively and charismatic murderer, is a daring original: Its mix of casual killings, low-brow humor and authentic char-

acters makes for an entirely disturbing yet totally engaging film. Not surprisingly, a few patrons walked out—and anytime that happens in Palm Springs, the picture must be good.

As commentary on the proliferation of so-called reality programs as ordinary boob-tube fodder (e.g., the American TV verité *Cops*), Doc attacks the notion of "false objectivity." Coincidentally, the three Belgian-French directors—Benoit Poelvoorde (who plays the assassin), Rémy Belvaux and André Bonzel (who portray the dedicated crew on the trail of the killer)—were astonished to see *Cops* while attending the New York Film Festival earlier this year. "We were amazed because it is exactly like our film, but reversed," Bonzel said.

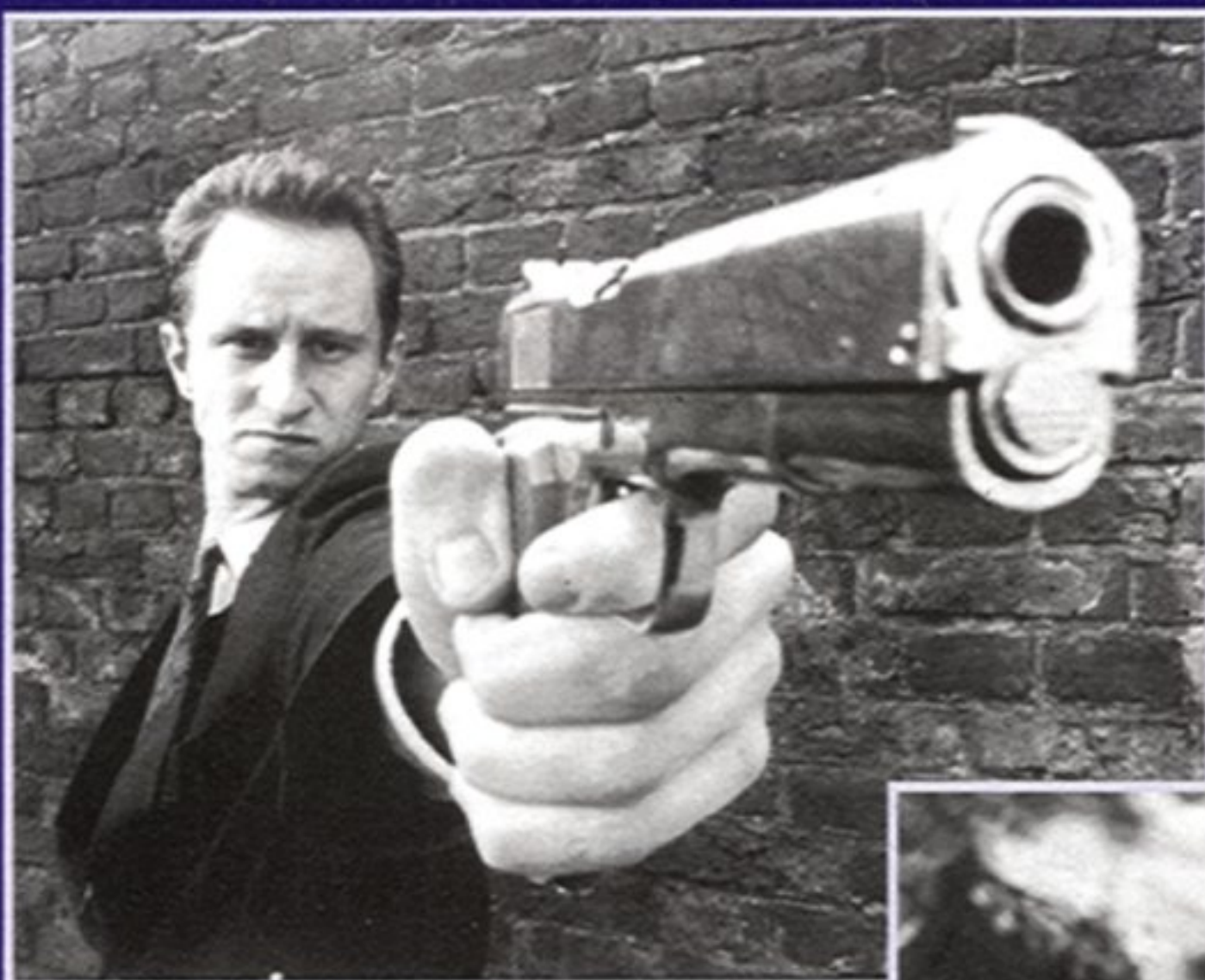
That audiences inadvertently get in cahoots with the killer is, in part, due to Poelvoorde's performance as the amusing annihilator. "What he's doing is so horrible that the character has to be sympathetic in some ways," Bonzel said. "There's a similarity between the film crew, which is being seduced by Benoit's

character, and the viewer, who's following the same path as it gets sicker and sicker."

How much this black-and-white, 16mm film relies on simple human observation is remarkable. As Bonzel related, the depiction of pure evil is one of the inventions of filmdom. "People are not all black or all white," he said. "That's why even though he is a murderer, he has a family. In fact, he's not even a serial killer. He's only a guy who's job is to kill people to earn his living, like a plumber."

Much like their anti-hero, the filmmakers also employed whatever means necessary to complete Doc

(many who worked on the film were nonpaid family members). This fact influenced Doc's final look and style, according to Bonzel. "If we'd have had a lot of money, the movie would have been different," he said, adding that they chose black-and-white stock, despite its greater cost, to avoid the typical Tech-



Clockwise, from top: Psycho-killer Ben (Benoit Poelvoorde) speaks loudly and carries a big gun; directors Bonzel, Poelvoorde and Belvaux after a murderous day on the set; even on a kill, Benoit mugs for the camera.

nicolor gore effects. "It's more a film about filmmaking than killing people."

The MPAA, however, isn't convinced. Even after an intense rape scene was pared, Doc still was tagged with an NC-17. "At that point, you can't be too sympathetic with the character anymore," says Bonzel. "Ultimately, we wanted it to be more angrier and less funnier towards the end." The filmmakers apparently succeeded, because we killed the first Palm Spring resident we crossed following the screening. ☛



BY DAVE PARKER

# SHOOTERS

**Hey,** moviegoer! Put down that gun!

Yeah, we know you're unhappy. It's springtime, which can only mean one thing: shitty movies! 'Tis the season for the studios' worst bottom-of-the-barrel dreck—the flicks the idiots in power are contractually obliged to deliver even though they'd be hard-pressed to find someone to rent them for 99¢, much less see them for \$7.50. Let's face it, Dan Aykroyd and Chevy Chase own these vernal months.

Occasionally, however, the Earth tilts off its axis a little and something decent like *The Silence of the Lambs* escapes. The year 1993 may also go down as one of those infrequent burps in film history, because very soon two young and recklessly impulsive auteurs named Alex Winter and Tom Stern will bless us with a movie so amazing, so stupendous, so goddamn *funny*, that the title cannot be merely spoken. It must be screamed from every salt-filled pore...

**HIDEOUS MUTANT FREEKZ!**





Photo by Ilona Lieberman.  
Super Soakers™ courtesy of Larami Corp.



If there's anything that can be termed a freak in the inately strange and deformed world of Hollywood, it's the incredible two-headed director. There are the Zucker brothers, who, along with Jim Abrahams, hit the jackpot with *Airplane!* and *The Naked Gun*. There are Rob Allen and Bill Tevlin, those wacky guys responsible for *Goofus and Gallant: The Movie*. There are the infamous Dark Brothers, whose joyously sleazy exploits have reinvigorated the adult-film genre.

And now there are Alex Winter and Tom Stern, two Tinseltown misfits who are determined to transform your neighborhood movie house into a shrieking, reeking, retch-inducing chamber of human abnormalities with *Hideous Mutant Freakz*—the first traveling sideshow ever to roll out nationally on a single day. The project marks their second directorial collaboration (their earlier and equally sick

16mm short, *Squeal of Death*, is a FILM THREAT Video title that debuted on the pair's now-defunct MTV comedy show, *The Idiot Box*) and their first for a major studio (20th Century Fox).

Surprisingly, deprivation—not depravity—is Alex and Tom's main reason for unleashing *Freakz*. For these twentysomething filmmakers, one of the worst aspects of being born during the '60s—besides missing out on the inexpensive drugs and the carefree sex—was not being able to experience a genuine freak show. Sure, when some two-bit county fair set up in town, they might have been treated to a three-headed cow or a baby with a harelip floating in formaldehyde. But it was never a live show featuring real folks who could inspire such flatteries as, "Jesus Christ, there's something *wrong* with that guy!"

"TV really killed the traveling freak show," laments Alex, relaxing with his codependent codirector this balmy Southern California evening

in a popular Venice crack house. "Why would people want to pay money to see freaks when they could just turn on the set and watch Gary Coleman? There's always a freak somewhere on TV."

Tom, the taller and less photogenic of the two, agrees. "It's a shame, really, because the freak show was the oldest form of entertainment around. Back when there were cavemen, you can imagine everyone checking out the guy with three eyes. Freak shows were how these kinds of people made money. How else is someone with balls the size of a Volkswagen gonna earn a living?"

"Yeah," says Alex, "we've always been interested in the exhibition of freaks. There's something both tragic and funny about them. They're the ultimate in pathos."

Okay, so *Hideous Mutant Freakz* isn't the first movie to spotlight the *very* physically challenged (see sidebar, page 35). But it is the first comedy, as far as we know, that

# A T W I S T E D

## THE PECULIAR EVOLUTION OF A

**5/18/65**

Tom Stern pops into reality.

**7/17/65**

Alex Winter enters the world.

**12/8/67**

Alex's first camera experience. After this photo is taken, he tries to eat the film.

BABY ALEX



**2/22/67**

Tom's first camera encounter. Spotting one perched on a table edge, he knocks it to the floor. He then tries to eat the film.

BABY TOM



**2/25/73**

Alex (living in St. Louis) and Tom (residing in New York) both receive 8mm cameras for Christ-

mas. Although they have yet to meet, they both begin shooting *Candid Camera*-style films, using their respective families as unwitting dupes.

**12/28/73**

Police in St. Louis and New York are baffled by reports of Peeping Toms with cameras. Although they are never identified, both Alex and Tom consider their crimes their first brush with fame.

**3/16/76**

In school, Tom becomes part of the AV crowd, replacing

OUR VACATION PALS



A PUNTO

MEDITERRANEO

burned-out projector bulbs and making sure the screen over the blackboard is pulled down. He incorrectly assumes that he is immensely respected and decides to become a filmmaker.

**5/31/77**

Alex sees *STAR WARS* and really likes it.

EXUBERANT ALEX



**9/2/83**

Alex and Tom finally meet when they both enroll at NYU. Tom decides to major in filmmaking while Alex opts for a career in haberdashery.

FILM SCHOOL FREAKS



**12/83 5/85**

Alex and Tom codirect a series of films starring Howie, an in-

credible idiot, which later becomes the basis for their mega-smash hit, *SQUEAL OF DEATH*. At the end of their sophomore year, Alex drops out to star as a knife-wielding punk

RELENTANT COVERBOYS





deals with this delicate subject. In these days of political correctness, it just isn't acceptable to laugh at other people's problems.

"Fuck delicacy!" barks Alex. "Cynical comedy is on the up-swing—probably because this country is so far in the shitter. And what could be more cynical than laughing at someone else's misfortune? That's why we made the main character such an asshole. The audience will enjoy seeing him get screwed over. The joke's on him, not the freaks!"

## BIRTH DEFECTS

The film's antagonistic protagonist is Ricky Coogin (Alex Winter), a conceited prick of an actor who's become rich playing a character called Ghost Dude in a series of highly profitable films. Coogin's greed catches up to him when a shifty big corporation called EES (Everything Except Shoes) offers him \$5 million to travel about promoting a toxic, biogenetic South American fertiliz-



**Alex: "TV really killed the traveling freak show. Why would people want to pay to see freaks when they could just turn on the set and see Gary Coleman?"**

er. After arriving in the country of Santa Flan (named after the patron saint of desserts), Coogin and his buddy Ernie (Michael Stoyanov) stop off at a sideshow, where they are converted into freaks by the evil proprietor, Elijah C. Skuggs (Randy Quaid) and his nasty, freak-making goop. To say more would be giving too much away. (And besides, mere words can't do this demented film justice.)

Although *Freekz* is truly bizarre, its conception was even stranger. The original script was to have starred the Butthole Surfers, one of Tom and Alex's all-time favorite bands. Due to its sick and disgusting nature, however, no studio was interested in making it.

"We couldn't figure it out," says Tom. "We thought this was the most commercial idea ever put on paper. It's hard to believe nobody wanted to see Gibby Haynes [head Butthole] jerking off into a red-hot skillet with his semen spelling out the word *Satan*."

# UMBILICAL

## ALEX WINTER AND TOM STERN

in *DEATH WISH 3*, a fang-baring vampire in *THE LOST BOYS* and a phone booth-crashing, brain-deficient moron in *BILL & TED'S EXCELLENT ADVENTURE*.

**1/21/88**  
Tom joins Alex in Hollywood to direct music

videos for the Butthole Surfers, Jane's Addiction and the Red Hot Chili Peppers. In a pathetic bid to sell out, they write a screenplay for Universal about a spoiled kid who's abducted by bikers. The end result doesn't survive the office paper shredder.



PITCHING DISNEY IN "ERNEST"

**5/7/88**  
Alex and Tom pitch Disney an idea for the next "Ernest" movie titled *SUPER ERNEST VS. THE DREADED DOUGH-NUTS OF DOOM*. Disney is not amused.

**4/14/89**  
After directing some more music videos for

got involved in the middle of a hellacious gang fight), Alex and Tom write, direct and star in *The Idiot Box* for MTV. Although peeved at Alex for not taking a job as a VJ (in which he'd be forced to act as Bill from *BILL & TED*), MTV gives the two prodigies millions of

the likes of Extreme, Circus of Power and Ice Cube (during which they almost

dollars to crank out a series that actually makes the ball-less, dull-edged music network look good.

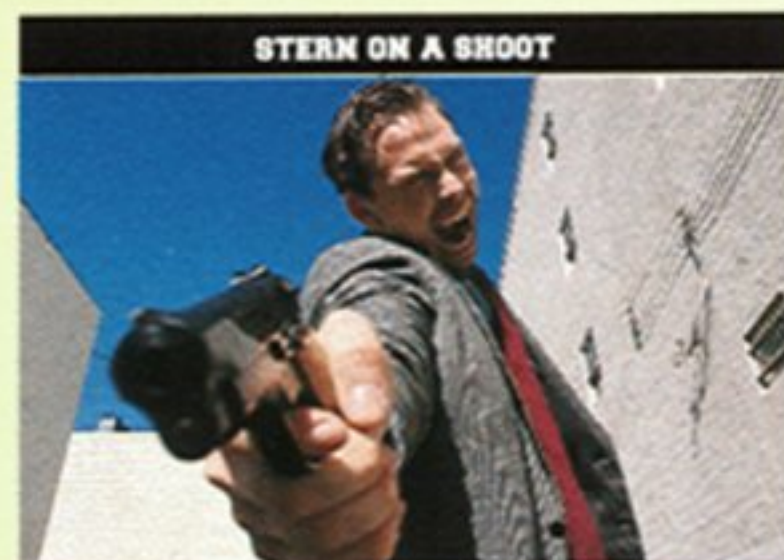
**MUTANT FREEKZ.** Tragedy mars the film's success when Alex is arrested for the murder of Tom following an argument over



CHILLIN' WITH THE CHILI PEPPERS



WARMING UP TO ICE CUBE



STERN ON A SHOOT

**5/26/93**  
After slaying everyone who gets in their way, Alex and Tom write and direct *HIDEOUS*

drugs. Alex is sentenced to 800 years of back-to-back *BILL & TED* movies without parole.





During a break in filming, Alex teaches his actor pal Michael Stoyanov how to pick up chicks.

"The original intention," explains Alex, "was to make the ultimate cult film that would take all the elements that you'd see in a cult film and exaggerate them a hundred times. You know, *The Hills Have Eyes* kind of cult film—where the innocent family ends up in a horrible environment and they can't get out of it and just get beat on from beginning to end."

Once producers Harry Ufland and Mary Jane Ufland (*Not Without My Daughter, Night and the City*) joined the show, Fox expressed an interest—but only after a major rewrite. "Joe Roth deserves a shitload of credit," says Alex of the studio head, who subsequently departed for Disney. "It took a lot of balls to go for this idea."

"They were right in thinking the script was a little too hard-core," says Tom. "But once they got interested, we realized we wanted to do something that was a bit more horror/comedy as opposed to just a weird slasher film with lots of bodily fluids."

Tim Burns, a Canadian writer with an actual sense of humor who Tom met when they both slaved on *The Jim Henson Hour*, was enlisted to help make the story more of a comedy. "I have to admit, I just didn't get it," says Burns. "So I basically ridiculed it just to get on those guys' nerves. But for some reason, they liked the ideas I jokingly came up with and I ended up rewriting the script with them."

Without this rewrite, *Freakz* would almost surely have been made as an underground film shot on Super 8—maybe 16mm, if a little cash was raised. Of course, there's nothing wrong with that. Yet Tom and Alex now have the opportunity to subvert many more impressionable young minds than they would have had otherwise. Making the script slightly less disgusting is a small price to pay when you consider how many kids may now grow up warped.

"Sure, it's a little more mainstream," admits Tom, punching a

crackhead who's been gibbering at us for the past five minutes. "But we're talking degrees here. It's still fairly gross by most people's standards—and a lot more clever than it was. Compared to most comedies, it's not at all mainstream."

But selling out always has some drawbacks. One thing audiences will miss is the sight of the guitar player from the Butthole Surfers playing someone's spinal cord as the innocent victim screams in pain. Oh, the heartbreak.

## SUPERFREEKZ

Freaks, needless to say, are integral to the film. At first, there weren't enough *very* special people in the script. So Tim Burns set out to multiply the number of human oddities. "I really wanted to make the film more expensive," he laughs. "And I figured more freaks would definitely drive up the budget."

While new mutants were added, others were discarded. "The Human Bong was a real favorite," says Tom



# leaving NORMAL

Never ones to pass up a two-headed cash cow, the media have long exploited nature's mistakes.



Every once in a while something jars us from the stupor of daily existence and shakes us to the very core of our being. It happened a couple of years ago when diminutive Michael Anderson danced and talked backwards in that nightmarish early episode of David Lynch's *Twin Peaks*. It happened this past January when Siamese twins Yvonne and Yvette McCarther died in California after 43 years of



Chinese man, a 600 lb.-woman (now a staple of every daytime talk show) and the ever-popular half-man—get the spotlight here.



Other films utilizing very special people include *HOUSE OF THE DAMNED* (1963), featuring a half-man and a limbless woman; *THE MUTATIONS* (1973), with an alligator lady and a guy whose eyes pop out of his skull; *THE ELEPHANT MAN*

(1980), about a man with a face like unmolded Play-Doh; and *MASK* (1985), starring a woman whose entire body has been rebuilt through plastic surgery. For a thorough listing of every freak film ever made, refer to *Shock Xpress* (see review, page 67).

## BOOKS

There seems to have been an explosion of books about freaks. The

being joined at the head, and again the same month when reports surfaced that Pepsi used a young white boy in one of its commercials to portray Michael Jackson at an early age (the singer denied it). In virtually every medium, freaks have held the world's fascination for ages. Here's a random sampling, past and present.

## FILMS

The grandfather of freak films has to be Tod Browning's *FREAKS* (a.k.a. *NATURE'S MISTAKES*). Made in 1932 and banned for a good many years thereafter, this creepy flick features the hopping torso of the Half-Man, the crab-walking Siamese Twins and an amazing array of scheming pinheads.

On the documentary side, nothing beats *I AM NOT A FREAK* (1987), a modern-day foray into the world of the physically ungifted. Six freaks—including a two-headed



Two views of Tod Browning's *FREAKS*.

first one I ever saw, Frederick Drimmer's *Very Special People*, was published in 1976 and heavily advertised in comic books. It's a remarkable introduction and has just been reissued by Citadel Press.

However, no one should be without another Citadel offering titled *Human Oddities* (1987), by Martin Monestier. One of the book's chapters, "Sexual Monstrosities," has some of the most stomach-churning photos you will ever see.

In the realm of fiction, Katherine Dunn's *Geek Love* (Alfred A. Knopf, 1988) is worth a read; it also happens to be in development, in case you want to wait for the movie.

## MUSIC

Last year produced the first and only album I know of devoted to freaks. *The Residents' Freak Show* (Cryptic) is an incredible piece of work. With such cuts as "Harry the Head,"



"Mickey the Mumbling Midget" and "Jack the Boneless Boy," the eyeball guys nail the whole spirit of the old-fashioned freak show right on its pointy little head.

Dark Horse has also produced an identically titled comic book based on the album. This macabre collection of human abominations by artists such as Brian Bolland, John Bolton, Richard Sala and Pore No Graphics will burn into your brain and leave you with a dirty feeling.

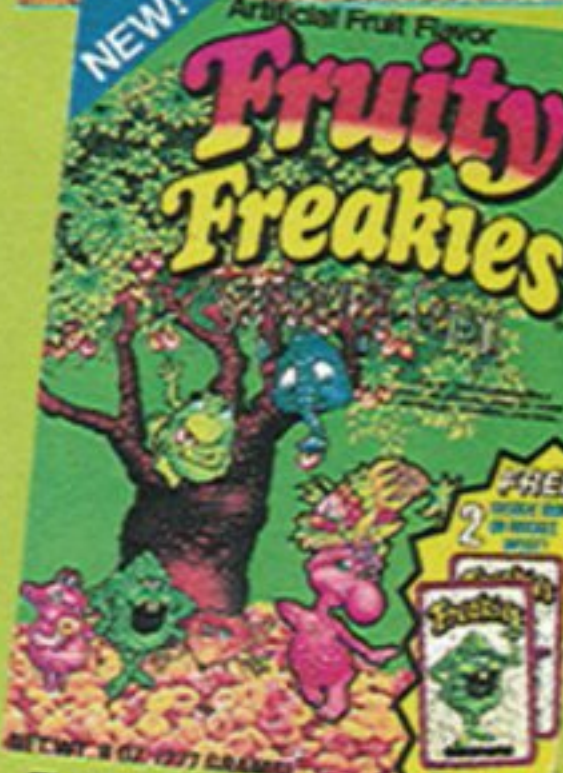
## EXHIBITIONS

Nah, we're not talking those tacky Guinness Book of World Records



and Ripley's Believe It or Not attractions in Hollywood, Las Vegas and Niagara Falls. We're talking the closest thing to a traveling freak show in latter-day America:

the Jim Rose Circus Sideshow. A squirm-inducing side dish to last summer's mega-successful Lollapalooza tour, the act has been signed by a major talent agency and is now making its way around the country. Marvel at the fleshy fortitude of Mr. Lifty, who lifts weighty objects with rings that pierce his nipples and other parts. And feast your eyes upon Matt (the Tube) Crowley, who imbibes a nauseating brew of beer, ketchup and chocolate



These very special breakfast cereals were introduced in the early '70s.

syrup, then promptly regurgitates it.

## MAGAZINES

There's yet to be a periodical devoted solely to human freaks, although *Soldier of Fortune*





**Tom: "We thought this was the most commercial idea ever put on paper. It's hard to believe nobody wanted to see Gibby Haynes jerking off into a red-hot skillet."**

wistfully. "His butt acted as the carb while you smoked his mouth." "That, of course, was the civilized version," reminisces Alex, the sadness apparent in his voice. "We originally had the smoke coming out his ass. But we thought that might be just a little too hard-core."

"Some people might have called it bad taste," agrees Tom.

Instead of a few completely unnatural oddities, there is now a healthy balance between the basic, old-time classic freaks and some that could only exist in the kind of nightmares you get after eating too many hash brownies at a Grateful Dead concert. Take, for instance, Juan the Dog-Faced Boy. Dog Boys (sometimes known as Wolf Boys) were a common freak show attraction. Usually it was some poor kid who had the misfortune of having hair growing all over his face. Many times there was also some bullshit story about how the carnival had discovered the little tyke

being nursed by coyotes. "Our Dog Boy is slightly different," says Tom. "Juan likes to do 'dog things'—like chase after squirrels and lick his balls. All the things we wish we could do."

There's also that eternal crowd-pleaser, the Bearded Lady. Imagine if Madonna's whiskers grew even more pronounced, and you'll get the picture. Moreover, this bearded lady is not a woman, but a man who got in touch with his feminine side after being exposed to Skugg's secret freak-producing formula. "His act consists of giving fashion and beauty tips to the audience," says Alex. "It's really very beautiful."

Two of the stranger freaks are the Eternal Flame and Wormie, the Worm Man. The Eternal Flame started out as something similar to the Human Torch of *The Fantastic Four*. "The best way to describe him," explains Burns, "is just that he was a guy who erupted into flames without warning and stayed



**A meeting of freaks (from left): The Bearded Lady (Mr. T), Sock Head (Karen Sercelj), Wormie (Derek McGrath), Julie/Ernie (Megan Ward/Michael Stoyanov) and the hapless Ricky Coogin (Alex Winter, far right and insets).**

Photos: Melissa Moseley © 1993 20th Century Fox





Winter believes his big-screen directorial bow is nothing short of explosive.

that way until someone put him out." When Burns jokingly suggested that the Eternal Flame be a guy with fire spewing from his rectum, Tom and Alex—never ones to turn down a good fart joke—took him

seriously and worked the character into the script.

Wormie, meanwhile, is a freak loosely based on the real-life Caterpillar Man—a guy with no arms or legs who kind of wiggled his way

around. His big schtick was rolling a cigarette and then smoking it. "We basically twisted the concept around a little bit," says Alex, pausing to pull a revolver and blow a pigeon off a nearby windowsill. "Wormie is a guy who gets turned into a giant worm. He's sort of pathetic in that he's always begging people to wipe his ass for him."

Other freaks on parade include CowBoy, a guy with a cow's head and udders dangling from his belly; Rosie the Pinhead, a staple of any true freak show; Nosey, a jerk whose nose is so big it takes up his entire head; Sock Head, basically a guy whose brain is encased in a sock instead of a skull; and Frog Man, a scuba diver who speaks French.

The remainder of this cretinous crew is truly so bizarre, so outlandish, that they are not discussed by the writers. "Some of the stuff you just have to see to believe," says Tom. "The effects are incredible!"

## VERY SPECIAL F/X

With a budget of somewhere between \$10-15 million (\$100 million if you count all the drugs quietly supplied to the set), one would expect the effects to be pretty damn good. "About 30% of the money went to Tom and me," Alex cheerfully confides. "Whatever was left we kinda dished out to the effects guys."

One of the makeup experts commissioned was the uniquely gifted Screaming Mad George (see sidebar, page 38). "He was the first guy to help us conceive of how to actually bring these freaks to life in a practical way," says Alex. "He was with us since the very beginning, and when the script changed, we all worked together on these really weird characters."

The pair also promise some really cool claymation, animatronics and "Tex Avery-style" computer graphics. "We're very happy with the effects," brags Tom, dodging a wayward bullet. "We were given enough money to actually do what we wanted ef-



fects-wise and still have enough left to support our debilitating, time-consuming cocaine habits."

The set, a luridly realistic sideshow from hell, is also pretty amazing. With such attractions as the HEAVY PETTING ZOO, where customers get to swap spit with their favorite barnyard animal, and I'LL FART YOUR WEIGHT, featuring a guy who holds a megaphone to his buttocks, then guesses your weight and farts it out pound by pound, you'd think that the merchandising possibilities would be endless.

"Mattel and Kenner were actually interested in doing some kind of toys," claims Alex. "They came down to check out the set and thought it was pretty cool. They even molded some figurines based on a couple of the characters."



Randy Quaid mugs as master freak-maker Elijah C. Skuggs.

**BABBLIN' WITH**

# Brooke

*America's pretty baby grows up and gets ugly—sort of—in Hideous Mutant Freekz.*

Brooke Shields became a precocious star when she played a 12-year-old prostitute in Louis Malle's critically praised *Pretty Baby*. Fifteen years and umpteen Bob Hope television specials later, it's hard to believe that the lissome, oft-denim-clad lass is on the cusp of 30—and even harder to believe that she'd subject herself to the warped mentalities of Alex Winter and Tom Stern.

*What drew you to the role of the mutant talk show host?*

The script is very campy and bizarre. I got to parody myself as well as what one would typically envision to be the quintessential talk show host.

*How did you feel about having those latex appliances on your million-dollar legs?*

You're kind. It was wonderful because on one hand, I'm supposedly this glamorous character, when in actuality I feel like I have this disfigurement. I just never feel as glamorous as people project onto me.

*We heard from a production assistant that you were romantically involved with either Alex or Tom—*

NO! If you know something I don't, I'll have to act on this! [laughs]

*If you had to choose, who would it be—Alex or Tom?*

They think the same, they walk the same. It's almost like they're the same person. I'd have to go out with both of them—more of a good thing. [laughs]

*Have you had any personal contact with a real freak, besides Michael Jackson?*

[laughs] That's unkind. NO! Actually, I deal with enough freaks in Hollywood, so the circus in this film is nothing.

—Kevin Burke



Brooke's acting career may stink, but her feet—despite their appearance—are odor-free.



# OUT ON A WHIM

Whaddya get when you plumb the most demented minds in the movie makeup business?  
A cavalcade of grotesqueries!

**W**hile literally hundreds of Hollywood's top special effects pros were commissioned to bring *HIDEOUS MUTANT FREEKZ* to disgusting life, two in particular—Screaming Mad George and Tony Gardner—were crucial to the development of the film's more exotic aberrations.

Screaming Mad George, a self-described "surrealistic makeup effects artist" whose work has appeared in *POLTERGEIST II*, *BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA*, *A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 4: THE DREAM MASTER* and last year's black comedy of manners *SOCIETY* (FT Issue #4), was brought aboard by Winter and Stern when the script was still in its X-rated infancy. "It was very underground—really twisted humor," he recalls of the abortive first draft. "There really wasn't enough money to afford them everything they wanted." Responsible for all of the freaks' initial design concepts, George also created several of the costumes—including the otherwise "normal" Brooke Shields's monster feet and a few others Tom Stern would shoot me for revealing.

Tony Gardner, the 29-year-old founder of Alterian Studios and the  
*(continued on page 41)*



The dashing CowBoy.



Meet Rosie, the first pinhead with sex appeal.

But then the unthinkable happened: They read the script! "After that, all interest kinda disappeared. This is definitely not a kid's movie."

Too bad. Imagine *Freekz* action figures or Elijah C. Skuggs's Instant Freek Goop to spread on your little brother's face, or even *Freekz* Pez Dispensers. Nah, forget that last one. You'd have to be a real whore to sell out to a candy company.

## FREEKING OUT

With two idea-packed craniums jockeying for position behind the camera, you'd think there would be some major fistfights. Not so with the Winter-Stern organism. "We've done it for so long that we don't even think about it," says Alex. "We do

everything together right from the start. We write together, plan the shot list together; we even take turns with the casting couch. Basically, the whole design of the film is a collaborative effort, so once we get shooting, there really aren't any problems."

"We even yell at the same people together," says Tom. "At one point, we ganged up and screamed at John Ritter so hard that he burst into tears. He was unable to complete his role as the hermaphroditic dwarf, so we had to write him out of the picture. No big loss, now that I think about it."

Yet Alex disputes reports that the pair are tyrants. "Sure, we can be tough sometimes," he says. "But we really do have big hearts and truly love everyone involved."



Alex: "Cynical comedy is on the upswing—probably because this country is so far in the shitter."





Screaming Mad George at work (left); and a flattering portrait of Sock Head.



"Except for Dino, the thieving production assistant," snarls Tom. "That asshole quit our film to write for *The Ben Stiller Show*. And what's the first thing he does? He creates a talking sock character! That sonuvabitch!"

"And don't forget that propmaster!" reminds Alex.

"Oh, yeah, a word of advice for aspiring young filmmakers," says Tom. "Always keep your eyes on the greedy, conniving propmaster. Companies pay them off to sneak their products into shots. Every time I looked through the lens, I'd see a Budweiser can in the middle of the frame. I'd swear it wasn't there five seconds ago."

"The rotten bastard," grumbles Alex.

Since word leaked from the super-secret closed set (FT Issue #7),

Hollywood has been abuzz about the number of celebrities appearing in *Freekz*. Unfortunately, many of the star cameos landed on the cutting room floor. ("Deservedly so," sniffs Tom.) So forget about Schwarzenegger, Cruise, Madonna, Costner and the rest of those no-talent, spineless, overpaid, *Premiere*-posing hacks. Their "contributions" to *Freekz* will never be seen. Unless, of course, Tom and Alex someday release a high-priced director's cut on laserdisc.

"No way!" bellows Alex, throwing an empty beer bottle at a nearby mirror for emphasis. "We burned all the trims. And most of the people in 'em—especially Bruce Willis and Robin Wright—should be grateful that we did."

The good news, however, is that plenty of stars did survive the final cut. Besides Randy Quaid, there's William Sadler (*Trespass, Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey*) as the head creep of the evil EES corporation, Mr. T as the Bearded Lady, Megan Ward (*Encino Man*) as the feminist babe, Brooke Shields as a television show hostess (see sidebar, page 38), Larry "Bud" Melman as a dork and Keanu Reeves as Juan the Dog-Faced Boy. Wait a second—*Keanu Reeves*?

"Keanu gets a bad rap," says Alex. "He's had the misfortune of being miscast a few times and everyone gets down on him. He's actually very funny and has a great comedic sense that hasn't ever been used to its full potential before now."



man behind some of the more ambitious effects in *THE BLOB* (1988 remake), *DARKMAN*, *THE ADDAMS FAMILY* and *STEPHEN KING'S SLEEPWALKERS*, realized most of the film's marquee curiosities—such as Wormie, Cow-Boy, Sock Head and Juan the Dog-Faced Boy. "Juan went through about seven incarnations before we finally settled on a cross between a Doberman and a mutt," laughs the former Rick Baker protégé, adding that Sock Head was "even more difficult in that it involved a lot of thought, stamina and hydraulics. I really felt sorry for the girl in that costume!"

Of course, designing such intricate and precisely fitted outerwear requires a potentially dicey degree of intimacy with the performers. Which leads me to the inevitable query: Did Brooke Shields have stinky toes?

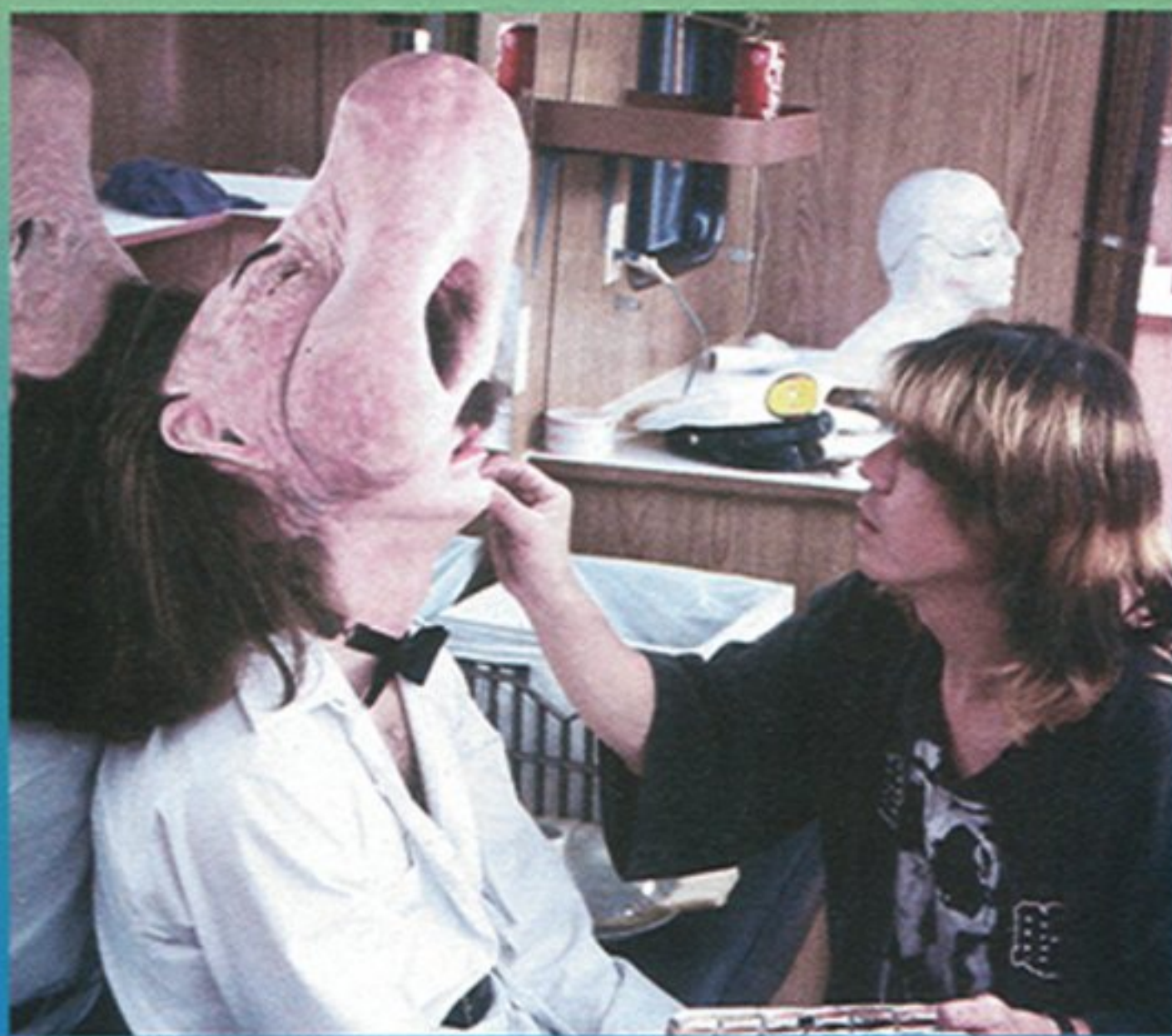
"She has very nice feet," says George. "I didn't notice any smell at all."

Befouled air is unavoidable, however, in the vicinity of Winter and Stern. "Working with them isn't easy," says Gardner of the chronically incontinent pair. "Alex tends to wet his pants a lot, which is very distracting. And as for Tom, well, let's just say it's hard to get to know a guy who's always bent over, puking his guts out."

—DP



Clockwise from top right: the Sock Head torture device; picking Nosey; and Tony Gardner and friend.



"It's true," says Tom with a straight face. "People will be very surprised when they see how funny he is in *Freekz*."

"It sounds cornball to say this," adds Alex, saying it anyway. "But, we are very happy with the whole cast. Everyone was easy and fun to work with. I miss everybody."

"So do I," weeps Tom. "So do I."

But there's no time for tears. The duo are currently entertaining offers from all the major studios, and it won't be easy for them to select just one. "We're definitely going to do *Freekz 2: Electric Boogaloo* at some point," swears Tom, brightening as he blows a hawker into a filthy hanky. "And everyone keeps bugging us to do the *Eddie, the Flying Gimp From Outer Space* movie. But our next directing as-

signment will be some Chuck Norris deodorant ads."

But first, Winter may have to sweat out a third *Bill & Ted* movie—minus Ted. "Keanu was smart enough to get out of his contract, so this one just has Bill in it," Alex explains. "This time, Bill and Rufus take the phone booth into Bill's body to try and make him less of a fuckin' retard. It's called *Bill's Fantastically Bogus Voyage*."

On that note, we carefully pick our way through the crack house's dazed occupants. After Tom stops to rifle the pocket of one comatose customer, we head out into the night—vowing to recognize the inherent worth of every human being. Even if they do have an arm growing out of their forehead. 🍷



Tom: "Our next directing assignment will be some Chuck Norris deodorant ads."



# LIMB



Helena (Sherilyn Fenn) and Nick (Julian Sands): mutually disarming.

FILM  
T H R E A T





# LESS Love

The gloves (and arms and legs) are off as debuting director Jennifer Lynch defends her disturbing psychodrama, *Boxing Helena*.

by Shari Roman and Dean Lamanna

Watch out—Jennifer Lynch has a major-league chip on her shoulder. “Some people have already made the decision to dislike me,” complains the gutsy, cigarette-smoking, 25-year-old progeny of that weird-movie meister, David. “I do think a lot of people assume I’m some rich director’s daughter who gets it all easily. They have preconceived notions about me being some sort of princess or spoon-fed thing.”

Well, maybe not the former—but quite possibly the latter. It has been hinted by some who are close to the Lynch clan that brown-haired Jennifer’s difficult birth partially inspired the mewling, bandaged-up baby from hell in her father’s 1978 masterpiece, *Eraserhead*: Exactly ten years earlier, Jennifer came into the world with clubbed feet that required her to be encased in casts up to her waist.

Right now, Ms. Lynch wants it known that she’s standing on her own two legs, thank you. “My father does not support me financially,” she declares. “If I need something, certainly he’s there for me—he’s my best friend in the whole world. But people can think what they want, because if I’d heard about me I’d probably think the same thing. I can only hope that they realize that I was not handed a single, fucking thing on this film.”

The movie Lynch is defending is *Boxing Helena*, her first directorial

effort. A treacherous black comedy, the film stars Sherilyn Fenn as Helena, a calculating, ravishing sexpot who’s coveted by Nick Cavanaugh (Julian Sands), a coitally inept surgeon so smitten with her that that he amputates her limbs after she’s injured in a hit-and-run auto accident and keeps her in a box in his dining room.

A pointed allegory of obsessive male-female relationships and sexual double standards, the story, Lynch admits, is susceptible to misinterpretation. “So many people thought that, one, I was making a horror film. And, two, that I was taking myself very seriously. They’re both wrong. I take portions of it seriously, but what I’m looking at is how we make both fools and heroes of ourselves; the way we make attempts to change ourselves and each other when we think that the other person has what we want. I mean, men wouldn’t be able to sleep at night if they had to look at another man’s penis and compare it to their own. But women are used to comparing their body parts all the time. We’ve gotten used to being pushed into a corner where a lot of our self-worth has to do with our physical appearance.

“It’s *not* a horror film,” repeats Lynch, who says *Boxing Helena* appeals more to women than to men. “People are shocked by how tender it is.” That tenderness, ironically, emanates from Nick and not from

the caustic Helena. “His urges toward her are not necessarily sexual. Nick’s an infant in a man’s body who is half the time a brilliant surgeon and the other half a very frightened child. With Helena, he’s like a child who sees a puppy for the first time: He plays with it, adores it. But when the dog wants to go away and sniff something else, he presses it to the ground, not wanting it to move. His motivation is not to hurt it, but to discover it. In a very sort of ass-backwards way, Nick is stumbling upon the right way to love someone.”

That’s not to say that Nick transforms Helena into a living fetish. “She challenges his attempt to make her an object of obsession,” Lynch says. “And her box is very much a throne: Nick places it on the pedestal on which [a replica of] the Venus de Milo stands in his house; he really does deify her. Yet, at the same time, he lowers her to the level of a patient.”

## MONSTERS IN A BOX

It’s a wonder Jennifer didn’t become a patient herself while trying to launch *Boxing Helena*. “It cost me an arm and a leg,” laughs Lynch, who, at age 19, wrote the first draft from an idea she developed with her coproducer, Philippe Caland. They spent two years making the rounds. “I had certainly dreamed of directing it,” she says. “But I had no intention to because I really thought my age or my association with David would





slow the project down. I just wanted to make sure the film that eventually came from the screenplay would be the film it should be."

Carl Mazzone, president of Main Line Pictures, also wanted the film to be what it should—hence his adamant that Jennifer direct. Once the deal was struck, however, little did Lynch know that casting the pivotal role of Helena would turn her dream into—as she puts it—"a fucking nightmare." At different times, both Kim Basinger and Madonna, disrespectfully, signed on and dropped out just a few weeks before the start of production—resulting in massive losses for the \$9.6 million picture and breach-of-contract charges against Basinger.

What infuriates Lynch even more than the lost time and money is the actresses' lack of explanation for leaving. "My assumption is that it had everything to do with fear: They were vocal about their bravery and how little [the role] frightened them. People aren't real big on recognizing that one of the bravest things you can say is that you are afraid. The people I ended up working with were those who could say they were afraid and could therefore execute the material with honesty." She pauses, then adds cattily: "I owe Madonna and Kim for



**Neither Basinger nor Madonna gave much explanation for backing out. "They were vocal about how little the role frightened them. But those I ended up working with were those who could say they were afraid. I owe Madonna and Kim for showing me some colors of people I didn't know existed."**

showing me some colors of people I didn't know existed."

Jennifer is pleased that the role eventually went to veteran Lynch player Sherilyn Fenn (*Twin Peaks*, *Wild at Heart*). "She didn't do it because the other two women didn't," Lynch says. "She came to me and said, 'I'm terrified of it—and that's why I want to do it.' That takes balls. She knew there was a lot she could learn by doing it."

One thing Lynch wanted the cast and crew alike to learn was to trust her direction, although she never came out and told them. A verbal reassurance may have helped, however, the first time Fenn climbed into the confining crate. "It was very scary for Sherilyn to be in the box. It was a heavy-duty thing. It was quiet on the set and I didn't even ask it to be," says Lynch, who wouldn't allow the

actress to see the film until it was finished.

Fenn wept when she finally did. "She just kept saying how much I'd come through," Lynch recalls. "She was terrified to see it, because she'd heard some people say, 'Wow, you did that *Box* thing.' As anyone would, you start to wonder what it's going to look like."

## OF DISFIGUREMENT AND DESIRE

Before filming began, Lynch encouraged the cast to discuss the script's sure-to-be-controversial voyeuristic elements—particularly a scene in which Nick makes love to a call girl while Helena observes. "What I find most fascinating about voyeurism is that from day one, the way I learned almost everything was by watching people. Of all the voyeuristic things you could do, going into a dark theater and watching people live out their lives has got to be it. This film involves watching people making love because that's what's relevant to the characters. That's what Nick needs to learn—or what Helena needs to see Nick learn."

Did Lynch use any personal references to flesh out these scenes? "Absolutely. I haven't been watching many other people have sex throughout my life. I used my own sexual activity as a starting point, then moved toward making [the characters] who I thought they were as people and how much value they based on sex; what it meant to them, what I thought they were looking to feel—

Are we having Fenn yet? Director Lynch (right) clearly has a leg up on the situation.





whether it was love or wholeness or strength or confidence. All of those things had to be carefully picked because not all of them are true for me."

The degree to which Lynch could base the film on her own experiences had a literal cut-off point, of course: She's never been dismembered and placed in a box.

"Only emotionally," she says. "It's about feelings as much as anything. Early on, Helena's nudity is much more her armor than one

would expect. She's more comfortable naked because, from the get-go, that's what she has been told she's worth. She bases her value on her physical beauty. I don't really think anyone looked her straight in the eye until she grew breasts."

## IN DREAMS

Given the outward gruesomeness of Helena's situation, audiences will be relieved to learn that it is actually taking place not in the crate, but in one of the character's heads. "The only way I would make this film is if it were a dream," says Lynch. "I want no part of any movie that condones the act of removing a woman's arms and legs as the way to get someone to love you. That's bullshit—a horrifying idea. What I enjoy about [my approach] is the opportunity to look at how we try to change each other and steal from each other and feel bigger and stronger than the other person.

"I in no way, shape or form try to tell people how to feel about this at the end," Lynch continues. "I ask them how it makes them feel. Which I think is why when people don't like the movie, they are upset by it. They're accustomed to being told how to feel by either music or dialogue or direction. It may be an awk-



Meeting Venus: Little does Helena know that she'll go from a sex kitten to an ampu-tease.

ward situation for some, but this is always, always, always the way I intended it."

While many may consider the film's dream conceit—one of Hollywood's most hackneyed—a cheap surprise, Lynch feels otherwise. "I was raised to base a tremendous amount of value on my dreams," says the Los Angeles resident, who decided to skip college after double-

Helena taunts Nick by hoofing with his nephew at the doctor's housewarming.



majoring in writing and painting at a Michigan art school (lest we forget, she penned *The Secret Diary of Laura Palmer* in 1990). "Dreams aren't just little things you have at night; they're what's going on inside you. The fact that people may or may not feel that I copped out at the end has everything to do with how much respect they have for their subconscious. If you're not paying attention to the voice inside you, there's some kind of denial happening there. I don't consider my dreams prophecies, but I don't ignore them. It was a tremendous gift for me,

as a child, that nobody put fences around my imagination."

That Lynch has seen *Boxing Helena* to completion exceeds even her most optimistic dreams. "I will never forget the people who thought I could do this because there were certainly times when I thought I couldn't. People who loved me didn't want me to do this because they were afraid it was going to kill me."



## A MATTER OF THRUST

While Lynch survived the film's making, the subsequent torture she endured at the hands of the MPAA ratings board took a toll. "I had expected an NC-17 because of how the MPAA operates," she says. "But I had assumed they would pick on the amputations, which they did not. They were thoroughly impressed with the fact that this is a tender movie and so nonviolent."

Instead, the board seized upon three very brief shots of passionately pistoning hips. "I'm sorry, but I would much rather have my child see this movie because it's on the whole about feeling lost and trying to feel found. I would not send my children anywhere near *Basic Instinct* to see someone get fucked and stabbed with an ice pick. I don't understand why that's okay and lovemaking is not. There's a tremendously poisonous mixed message being sent out."

Besides, Lynch continues, "There's more thrusting in *Basic Instinct* than I could believe. But that doesn't bother me because that's what you do when you have sex. If I have to cut the film for domestic, I'll do it. But I want to appeal it first." And what about overseas? "Europeans don't mind thrusting," she laughs.

## CRATE EXPECTATIONS

NC-17 or no, all the hype has everyone wondering: Can Lynch direct her way out of a box? "People have been hearing so much about



BOXING match: Lynch coaches principals Sands and Fenn.


this movie and how they're supposed to like it," she says with a twinge of bitterness. "That has to get really annoying, you know what I mean? If somebody told me I was supposed to like something again and again and again, I'd walk in ready to hate it."

In the best tradition of Lynch Family product, early reaction to *Boxing Helena* has indeed been mixed. "It was just tough," says Jennifer, who sat in on several screenings at the Sundance Film Festival last January. "Nobody was laughing. Nobody was getting into it. And you could feel that in the room."

"I didn't want to manipulate the audience by making something too

bright and beautiful when it was a dark subject matter. I wanted to insinuate to them that Nick's perspective on this was of the perfect world—that everything would be sunny, beautiful and perfect if only Helena would be with him. I think I'm giving them a gift, but some people don't look at it that way because they're all pissed off. I can only say that I didn't do that to piss you off; I did it to allow you to *decide*." She laughs in frustration, adding that her father—who once said that he could never touch the film's subject—"totally digs the movie."

Whether the public digs *Boxing Helena* enough to make it a success is inconsequential to Lynch. (While foreign rights had been sold, domestic distribution was still up in the air as FT went to press; Lynch is hoping to screen the film at Cannes in May.) Several studios have been courting her with big-budget projects; she herself would like to try another novel and either write or solicit another screenplay to direct.

Whatever Jennifer Lynch decides to do, she's going to do it at her own speed. "I'm going to have to be really careful about the next project I pick," she says. "The unfortunate thing," she adds wearily, "is that I would very much like to pay my rent." 

"What I find most fascinating about voyeurism is that from day one, the way I learned almost everything was by watching people. Of all the voyeuristic things you could do, going into a dark theater and watching people live out their lives has got to be it."





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# ON THE FLY

Shuffling past Shaft, Dolemite and Action Jackson, Robert Townsend takes flight with *The Meteor Man*—the big screen's first black superhero.

by Chris O'Flaherty

**S**pike Lee and John Singleton have nothing on Robert Townsend. The writer/director of the well-received and innovatively (read that "credit card") financed 1987 comedy *Hollywood Shuffle* seems to avoid the controversy and racial angst that accompanies the work of many African-American filmmakers—mainly because he chooses less hard-hitting ways to get his messages across. For instance, his first movie dealt humorously with the stereotyping faced by a young black actor trying to establish a career. His second, *The Five Heartbeats*—about the rocky rise of a '60s rhythm-and-blues group—was an unabashed mash note to Motown. And his latest, *The Meteor Man*, is an action-comedy about the galvanization of an impoverished community.

Shot mostly in Baltimore but set in Washington, D.C., *The Meteor Man* is the story of Jefferson Reed (Townsend), an inner-city schoolteacher who longs to pursue a career as a jazz musician until a mysterious, green meteor strikes him out of the blue. Leaving

him dazed but otherwise unharmed, the weird rock, Reed soon learns, has given him super-human powers and the ability to fly—albeit only a few feet above the ground. Reed's newfound status as a reluctant superhero forces him to re-examine his old ambitions: He decides to focus on improving his crime-ridden neighborhood rather than to trying to escape from it.

The film features an impressive cast of fresh and veteran personalities, such as Bill Cosby, Marla Gibbs, Frank Gorshin, James Earl Jones, Sinbad and rappers Another Bad Creation, Biz Markie and Cypress Hill—all of whom happily worked for scale (or less) on the MGM release, which is due out in April. Townsend has already moved on to two new projects, including a collaboration with Keenen Ivory Wayans and a Duke Ellington biopic. And Eddie Murphy, who Townsend directed in the 1987 concert film *Eddie Murphy Raw*, has asked him to helm his next project. FILM THREAT caught up with the effervescent director shortly after he completed post-production last winter.

FILM THREAT



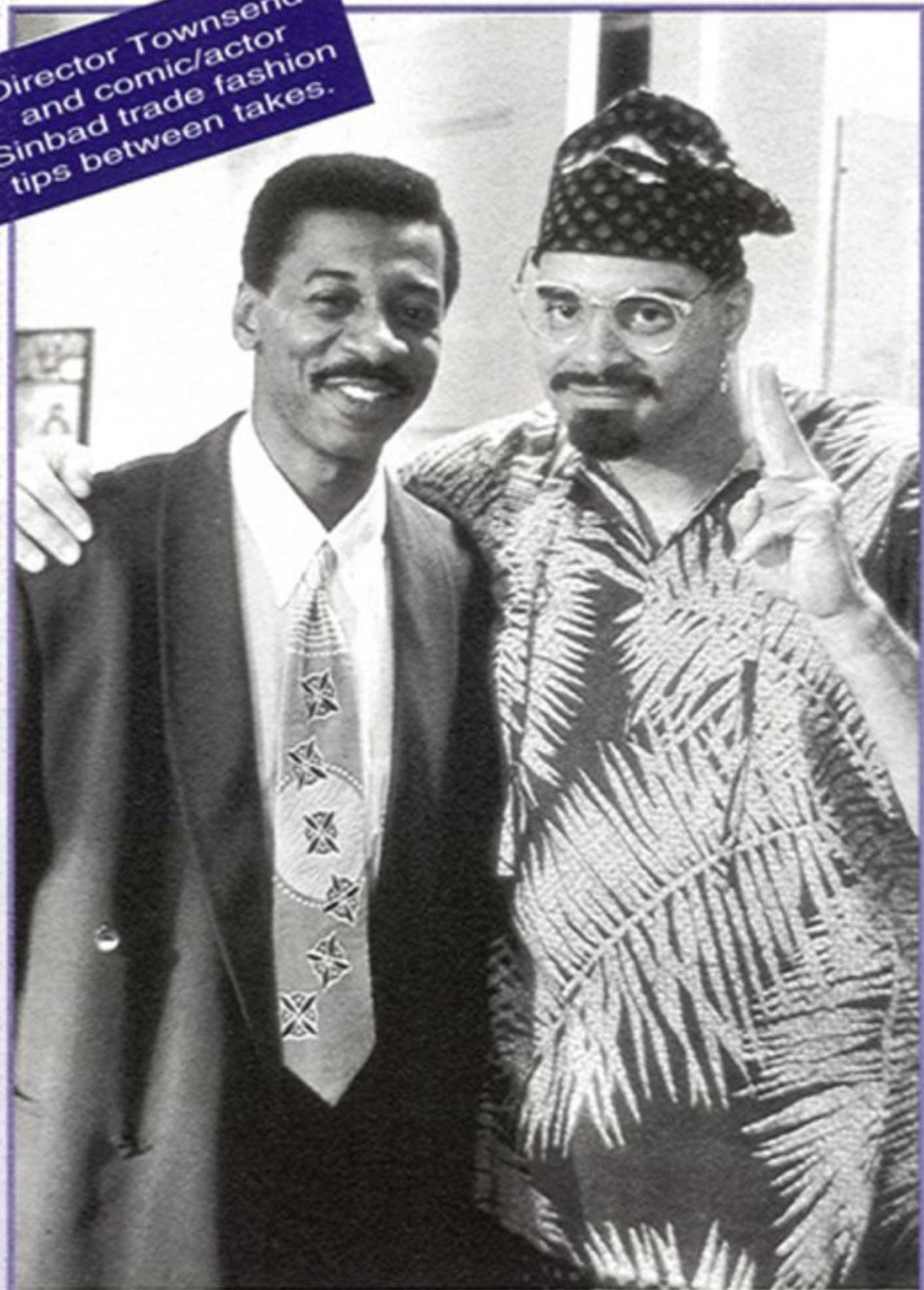
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Director Townsend and comic/actor Sinbad trade fashion tips between takes.



*The Meteor Man* appears to be a combination of genres—a swashbuckler, a comedy, an heroic adventure tale. Is there one thing you tried to accomplish with it thematically? It's really about the hero within and making a difference. The character I play is just a regular guy—a guy that if there was a crime going on in the street, he'd just look the other way. 'Cause the average person really doesn't want to get involved. And then all of a sudden this meteor comes into his life and takes him on a journey. Once he gets on that journey, he can't get out. And when he does have a chance to get out, it makes him analyze who he was. It affects the community and everybody. I know it sounds corny, but it's really about how one person can make a change.

*Jefferson Reed is a complex character—a schoolteacher, a musician and, BOOM!, a superhero filled with ambivalence. Is he reflective of you?*  
[laughs] Well, yeah...and no. The real deal with me is that I know exactly what I want to do. Sometimes it'll get a little crazy. I'm a director, an actor, a writer—I kind of like all worlds. But you find yourself always having to make decisions, and it's hard. With Jeff Reed, he's more torn between being a jazz musician and

not so much a schoolteacher. He's into teaching because it pays bills and he did it for his family, but jazz is his main thing. Then, when he becomes a superhero, he becomes obligated to the community. I love superhero movies, but I wanted to make the Meteor Man more of a human superhero. I wrote it so that everybody in the community knows he has super powers—and everybody has different things that they want from him. His mother is so proud of him that she tells everybody: "My son can fly!" [laughs]

*You also did flying scenes in *Hollywood Shuffle* and in one of your HBO specials. Do you like to fly?*

I love flying, and playing a superhero was always top on the list. I mean, I grew up on *Batman* and *Superman*. And the stuff George Lucas's company, ILM, has done in *The Meteor Man* is just incredible. Like when the meteor hits me and melts into my chest, they mixed it in with morphing. The flying scenes are great—but then, unlike other superheroes, I fly only four feet off the ground!

*So Jefferson is afraid of heights?*

Exactly. I wanted to make my superhero different every step of the way. We've seen Superman fly to the highest areas, and the Rocketeer and all of that. I said to myself, *No one's ever flown low*. So when people see me coming at them just four feet off the ground, it's kind of bizarre.

*Was the flying harness uncomfortable? Did it give you a mega-wedgie?*

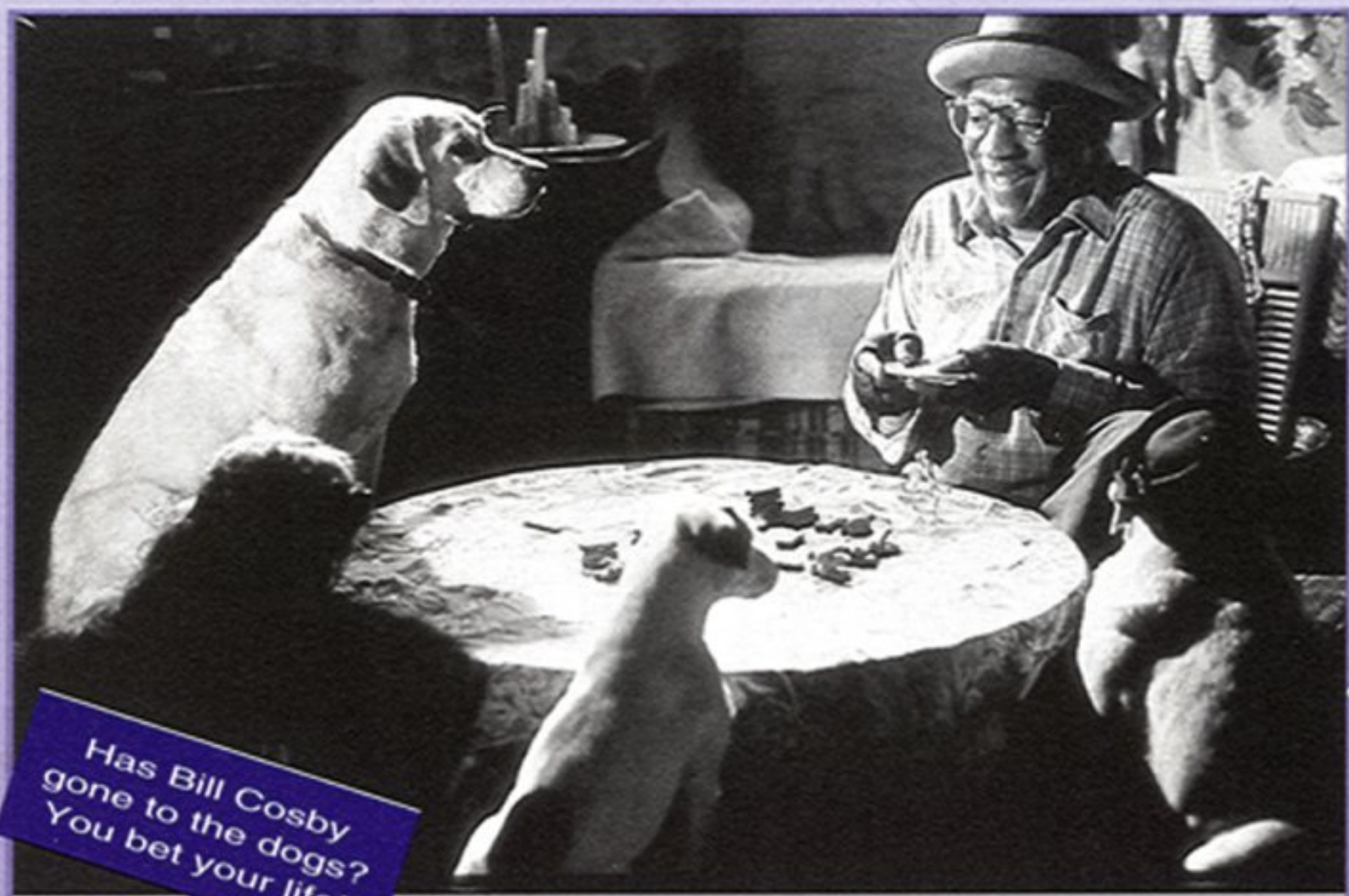
A wedgie? Yeah. [laughs] But the ultimate wedgie was when I flew off a balcony in my HBO series *Partners in Crime*. For *The Meteor Man*, ILM designed a special harness for me and I didn't feel anything. It was wrapped around my thighs with Velcro and it went around my shoulders. It felt like a glove.

*Was it comfortable shooting in Baltimore?*

Parts were filmed in L.A., but Baltimore had the Washington, D.C. look I wanted. We took over this block in a rough neighborhood on Reservoir Hill for about six weeks; I felt it was the kind of neighborhood Jeff would really live in. It was interesting because we would shoot scenes where we had, like, uzis going off—and then we'd stop shooting and hear uzis in the distance. It was like, "Oh, okay, I guess another film must be shooting." Or it was real-life shooting.

*What effect did your presence have on the neighborhood?*

It was kind of like the circus had come to town—and in a good way! I wanted the people in the community to be extras in the film. There was this one kid who was a drug dealer, a young kid, and



Has Bill Cosby gone to the dogs? You bet your life!



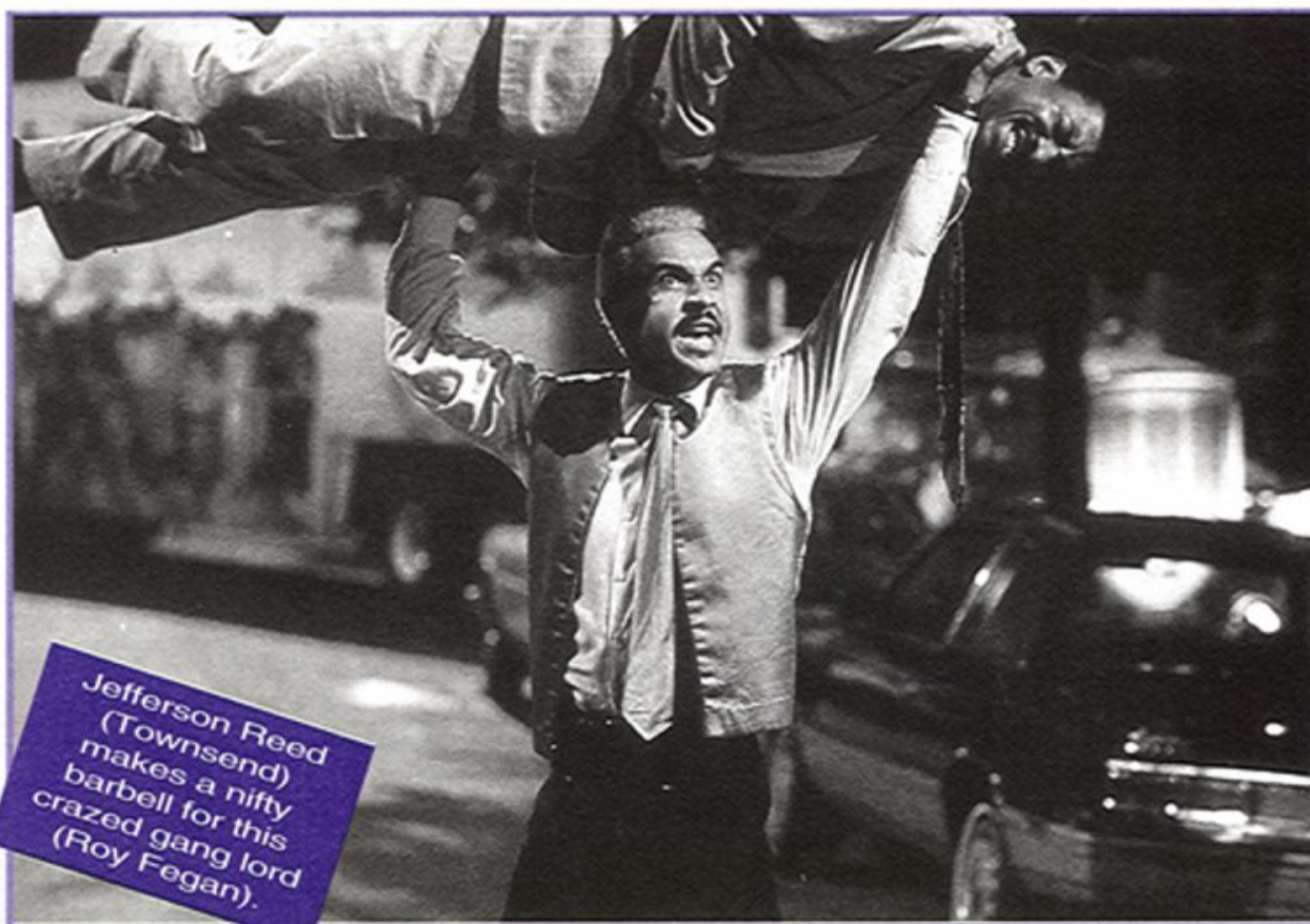
when Bill Cosby was on the set the kid was there and he had this little mark on his face where he'd been shot. Bill Cosby put him in this chair—the one with Cosby's name on it—and he said, "I hear that you're really bright, and this whole thing with these drugs—why?" There were a couple of reporters who wanted to talk to Bill, but he was really into this kid. The kid came back the next couple of days; he was trying to work on his reading and he had some kind of book about Malcolm X, and he said, "I'm gonna learn how to read this." Everybody—Luther Vandross, James Earl Jones—was just walking around talking to people. It was sad the day we left, really sad, because we had made all these friends.

*With so many stars involved, did you have to be extra-sensitive with egos?*

No. Everybody came aboard with a real good attitude, because I called on faith. I told them, "Hey, I'm doing this movie—I want to do a superhero, and I want to make sure the superhero gets launched in a good way. But I don't have a lot of money to pay." Cosby said, "Hey, I just want a hundred dollars a day. And I want it in cash." [laughs] Everybody took a pay cut, because there's never been an inner-city fairy tale and everybody thought it sounded like an incredible story. The actors came in and gave 120% to the film.

*Do you still hang out with Keenen Ivory Wayans, your cowriter on Hollywood Shuffle?*

Keenen is, like, my best friend. He's just good people. There's a script we wrote



Jefferson Reed (Townsend) makes a nifty barbell for this crazed gang lord (Roy Fegan).

**"Everybody took a pay cut, because there's never been an inner-city fairy tale. The actors gave 120% to the film."**

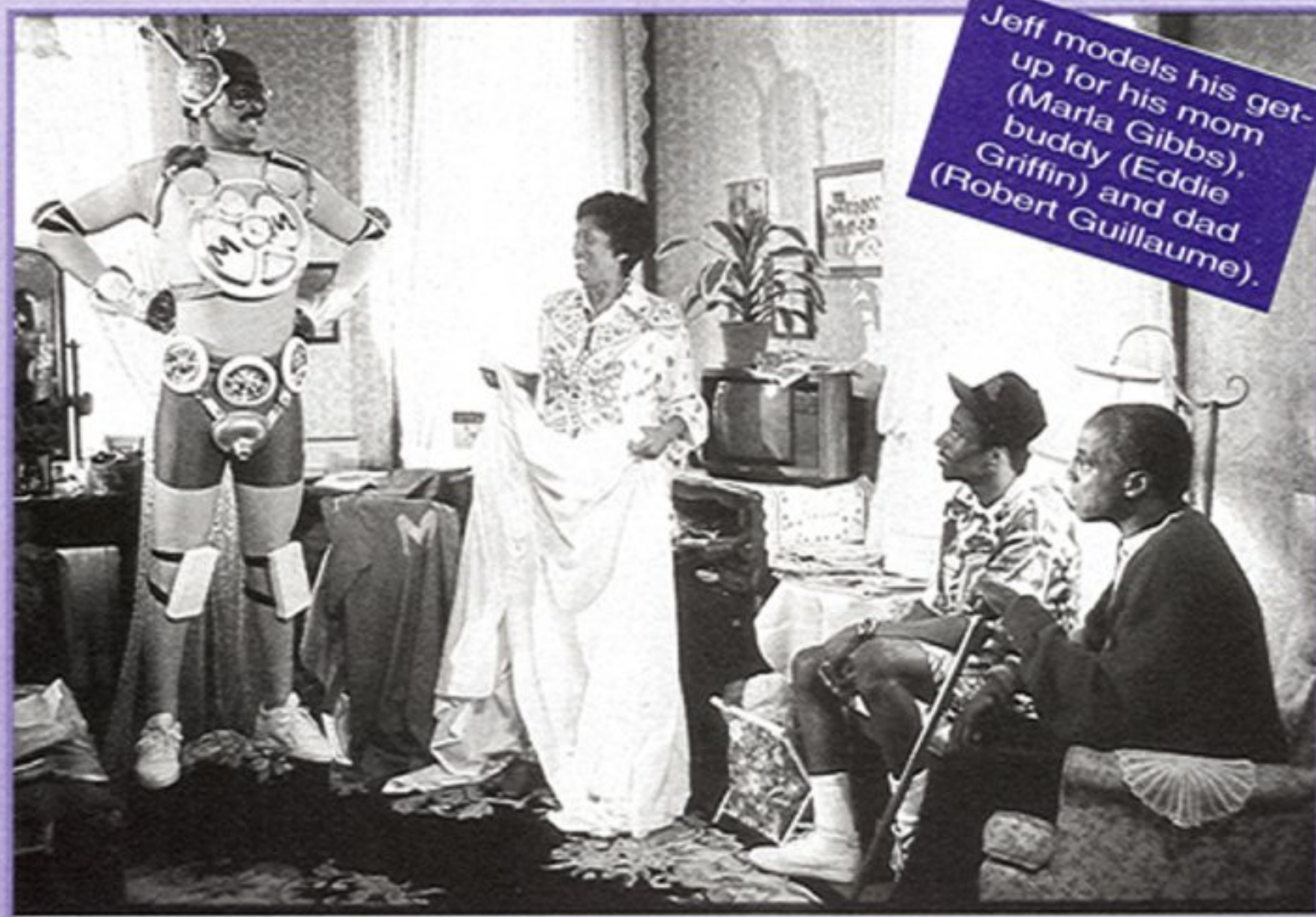
called *Another Kind of Horror* that we're going to do with his brothers Sean and Marlon. We're gonna be working on that probably come this summer. There's also a TV show, *The Bold, the Black and Beautiful*, that we're thinking about doing.

*Speaking of bold and black, if not beautiful, what did you think of Spike Lee's work in Malcolm X?*

I thought it was incredible. Spike did a hell of a job; he really nailed it. Denzel [Washington] is a real good friend of mine; we go to church together every Sunday. It's a shame nobody's going out to see the film, but I think Denzel's going to be in that Oscar race. I thought Denzel was sure to win—until I saw *Scent of a Woman*. It's going to be between him and Al Pacino.

*How has filmmaking changed for you since Hollywood Shuffle?*

It's constantly changing and growing; it's constantly trying different things. Because I take my time writing my scripts to make sure the story is the story I want to tell, every movie becomes an adventure. *The Meteor Man* was just another adventure—one where I broke all the rules. I got to work with kids, with visual effects, a lot of celebrities. It was a lot of work, but I'm really happy with the way everything came out. As a filmmaker, I want to challenge myself. As an actor, the only thing I can ask for is to be able to be dramatic, be funny, be silly and—you know—save the day. 🎬



Jeff models his get-up for his mom (Marla Gibbs), buddy (Eddie Griffin) and dad (Robert Guillaume).

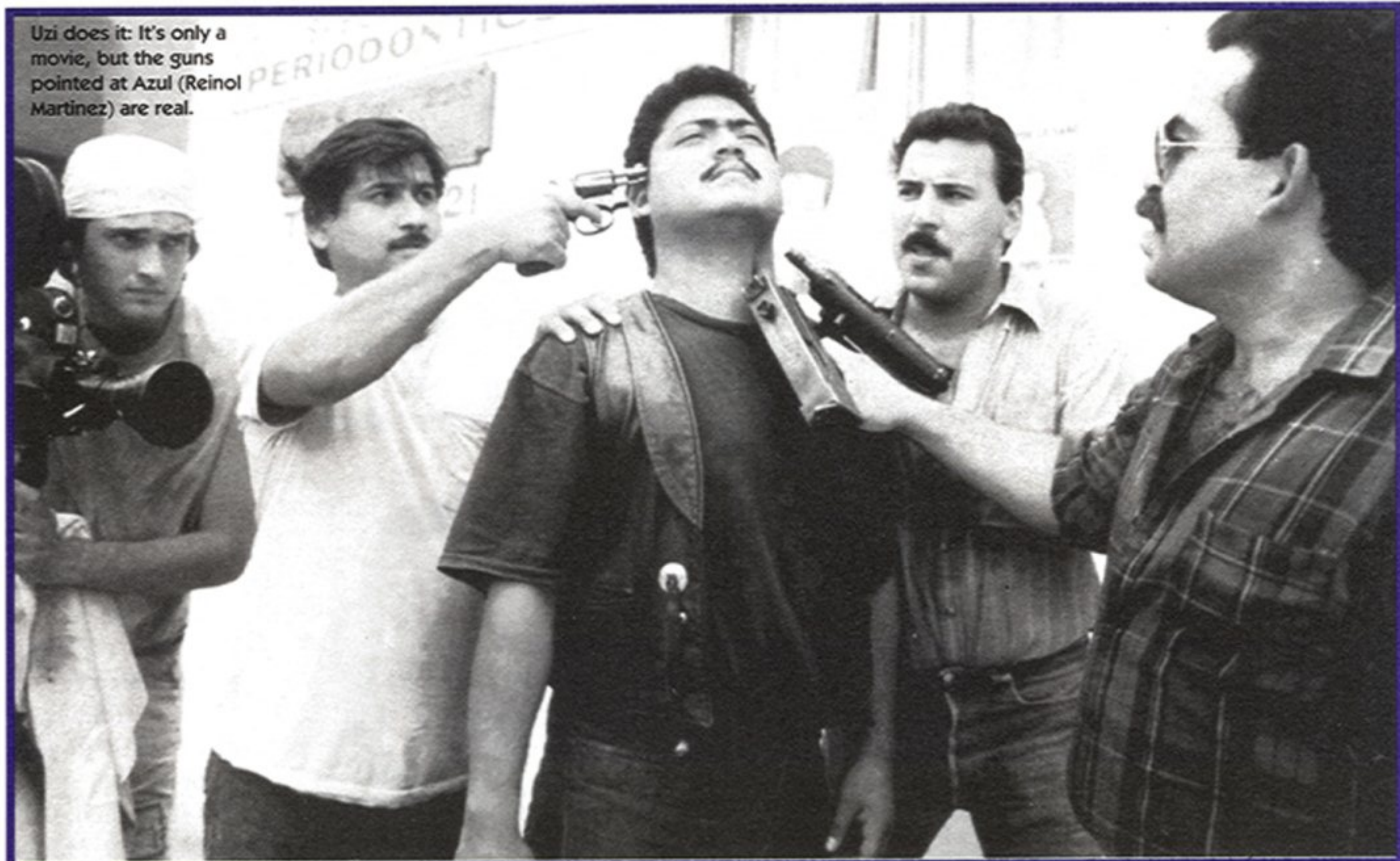


# ¡HOLA HOLLYWOOD!

Find out why Columbia Pictures is doing a bat dance over a young filmmaker named Robert Rodriguez and his \$7,000, 16mm feature, *El Mariachi*.

BY DAVE PARKER

Uzi does it: It's only a movie, but the guns pointed at Azul (Reinol Martinez) are real.



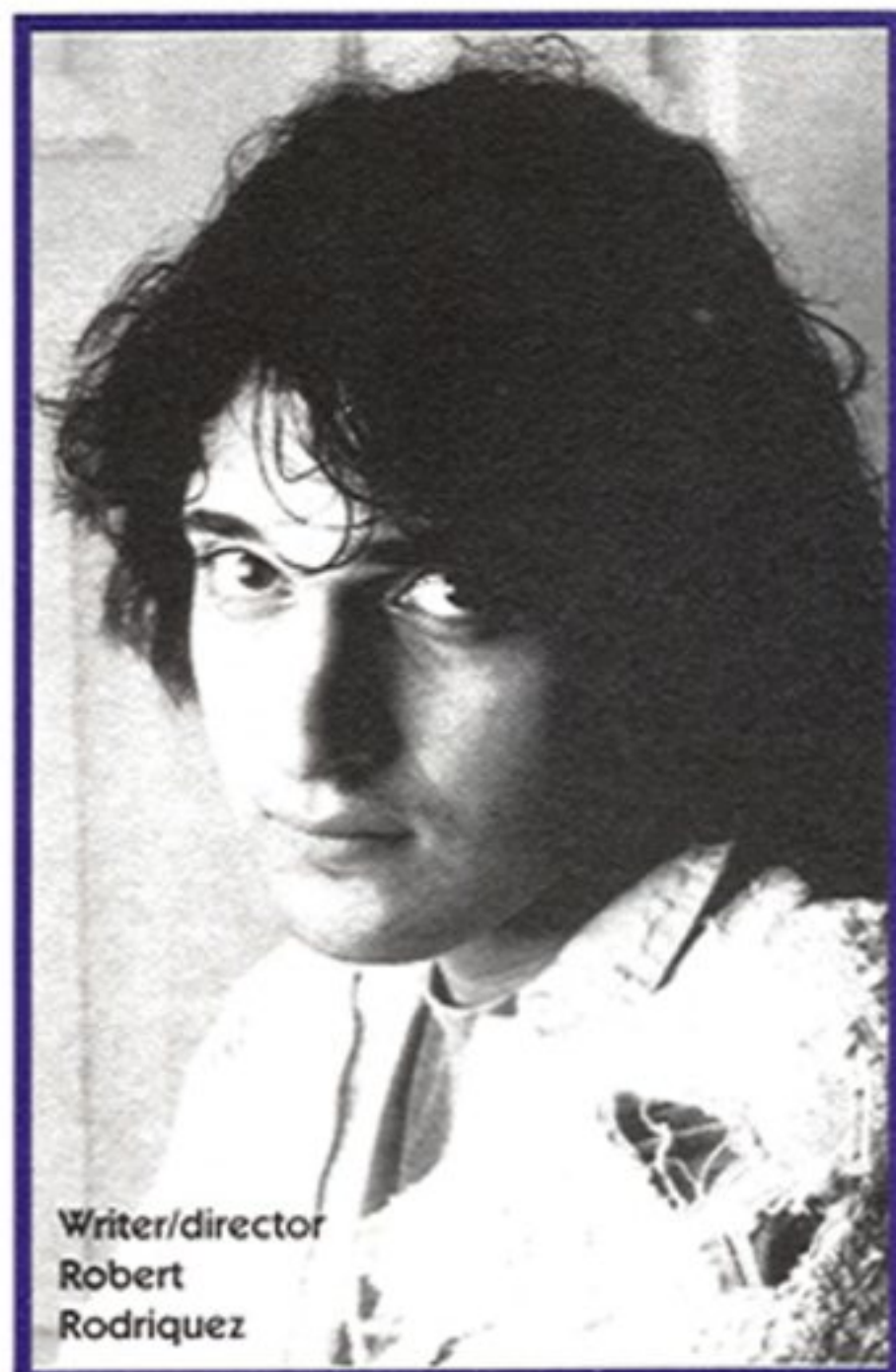
It's a known fact in the film industry that talent takes a backseat to the Rolodex. It's not how good you are, it's who you know. Do you honestly think that Frank Marshall (*Arachnophobia*, *Alive*) would be directing if he wasn't tight with Steven Spielberg? Does it hearten you to know that the writer/director of the worthless *Aspen Extreme* got the job because he's Michael Eisner's ski instructor?

So, if you don't happen to have Mike Ovitz's home phone number, how do you break into the business? Well, you could try really hard to write a great script that by some miracle gets passed on to someone who matters. Or even make a low-budget film that manages to get played at one of those high-brow

film festivals, where Roger Ebert proceeds to praise it endlessly. Or maybe you could go the route of Robert Rodriguez, writer/director of the extremely inexpensive action-adventure *El Mariachi*.

"I never thought in my wildest dreams that this movie would be something that Hollywood would be interested in," claims Rodriguez, a 24-year-old San Antonio, Texas, native. "I made it to sell to the Mexican home video market. That's why I shot the thing in Spanish. I thought that it might be a decent film to show to the studios as an example of what I could do, but I never thought they'd buy the thing!"

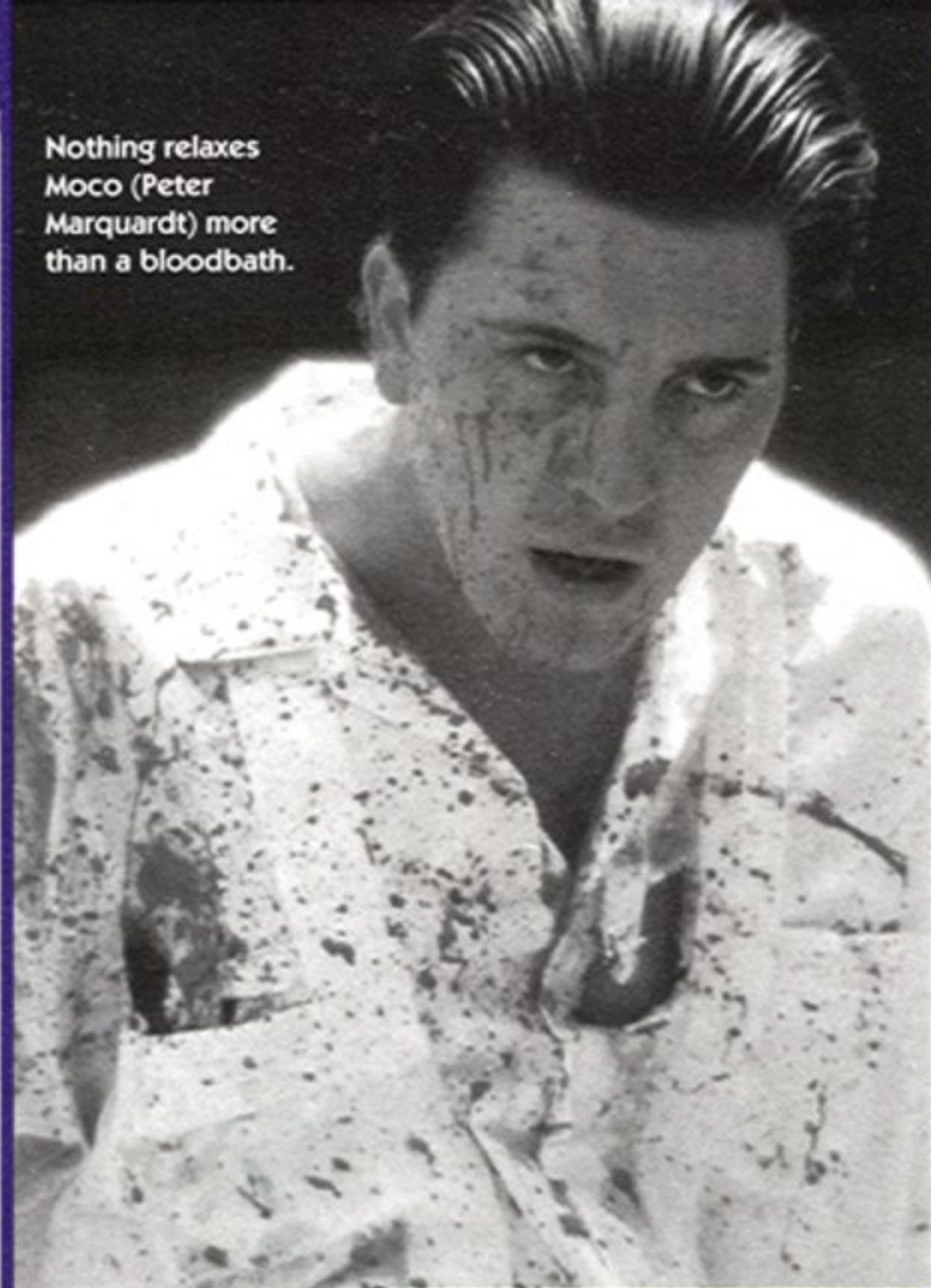
*El Mariachi* is about a lovelorn guitar player who wanders into a small town looking for work. At the



Writer/director  
Robert  
Rodriguez



Nothing relaxes Moco (Peter Marquardt) more than a bloodbath.



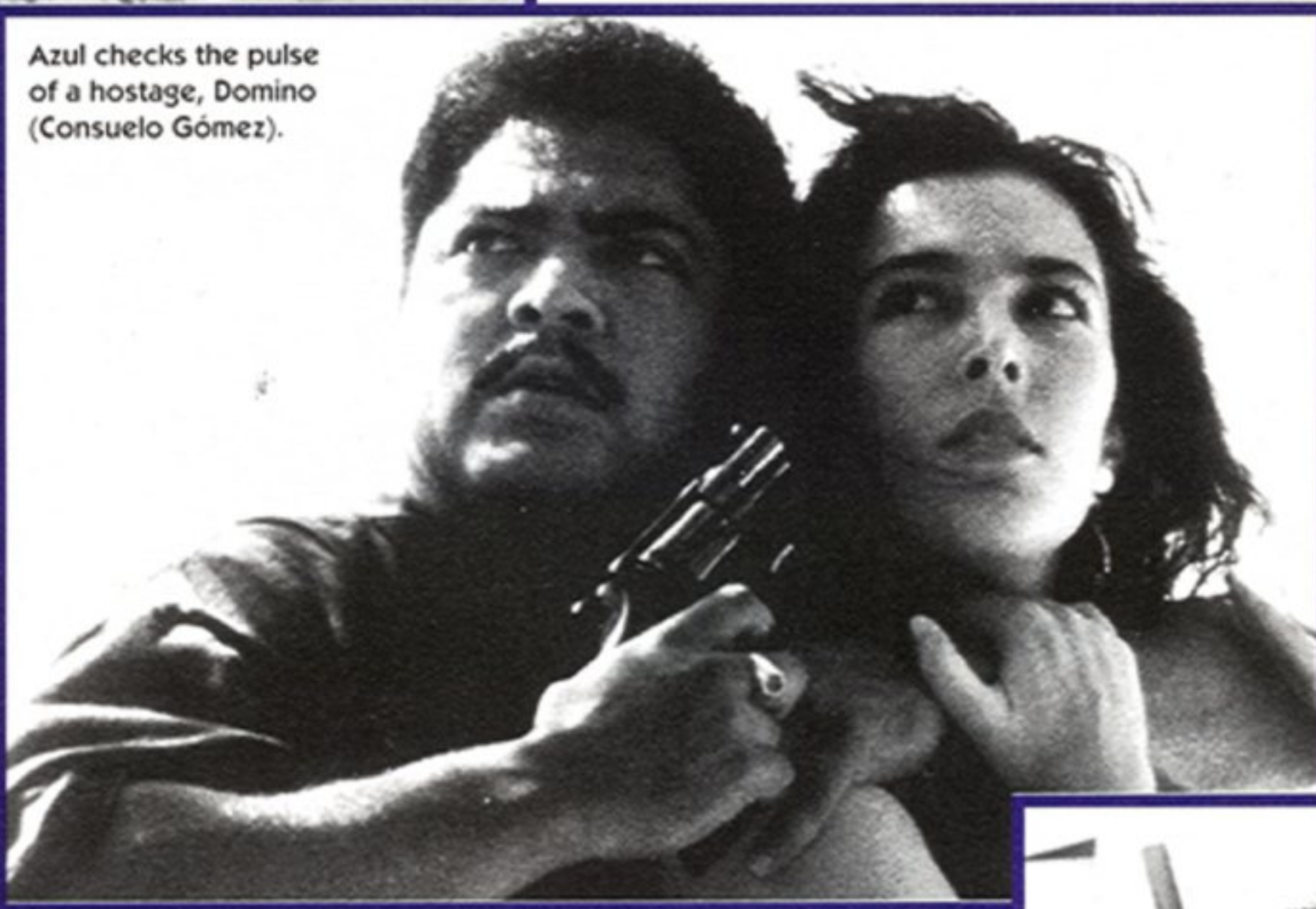
**“I look forward to having positive Latin heroes in Hollywood. But I promise I’m not going to be the Latin Spike Lee.”**

“Peter doesn’t speak a word of Spanish,” claims Rodriguez. “So I had to phonetically feed him each line before we shot it. He did an amazing job, considering that he doesn’t know what the hell he’s saying.”

Using an Arriflex 16mm camera, which is so noisy that he had to record all the dialogue and effects separately with a standard tape recorder, Rodriguez shot the entire film in two weeks. “Every shot was planned out and edited in my head,” he says. “I didn’t shoot anything I didn’t need to because basically I didn’t have the money to waste on multiple takes.”

After the movie was completed, Rodriguez tried to sell it to the Mexican home video market. “I told everyone who was interested that I had spent \$70,000 and they believed

Azul checks the pulse of a hostage, Domino (Consuelo Gómez).



same time, a nasty assassin who carries his weapons of destruction in a guitar case similar to that of the protagonist escapes from the local prison. What follows is basically a case of mistaken identity that combines the action flair of John Woo

with the atmospheric dreaminess of David Lynch. But what really sets this film apart—besides the great acting, stylish direction and fluid camera work—is the fact that it was made for \$7,000. Yes, that’s right—*seven grand*.

“I raised some of the money by participating in an experiment at a drug research center,” says Rodriguez. “I was locked up for 30 days, but I did manage to write the script and come out with \$3,000 in cash.”

After that, it was just a matter of finding the right actors, which is actually pretty easy when you don’t

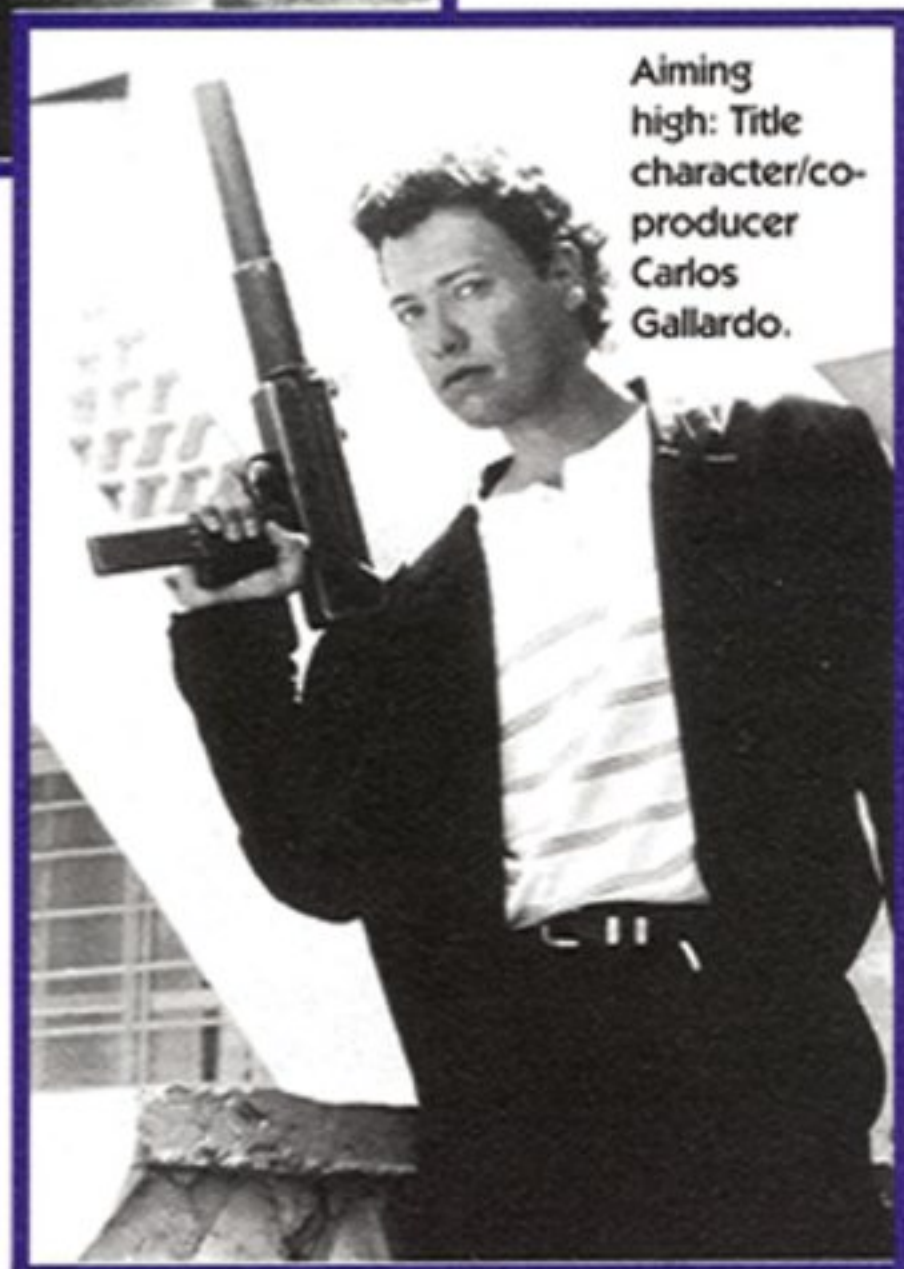
use any. “Basically, everyone in the film is a friend of mine,” admits Rodriguez. “We’d have ‘em work for just a couple of hours a day, so they wouldn’t have time to get bored and start thinking about money. And since everything was done in just one take, no one really hung around.”

Besides casting his producer and co-writer, Carlos Gallardo, as the unlucky mariachi, Rodriguez also called upon the non-Spanish-speaking Peter Marquardt, whom he met while serving as a human guinea pig at the research center, to play the major role of a mafioso big cheese.

it,” laughs Rodriguez. “But still the best offer I got was \$17,000 for all Mexican and American rights, which I thought was a pretty good profit. I was ready to go for it.”

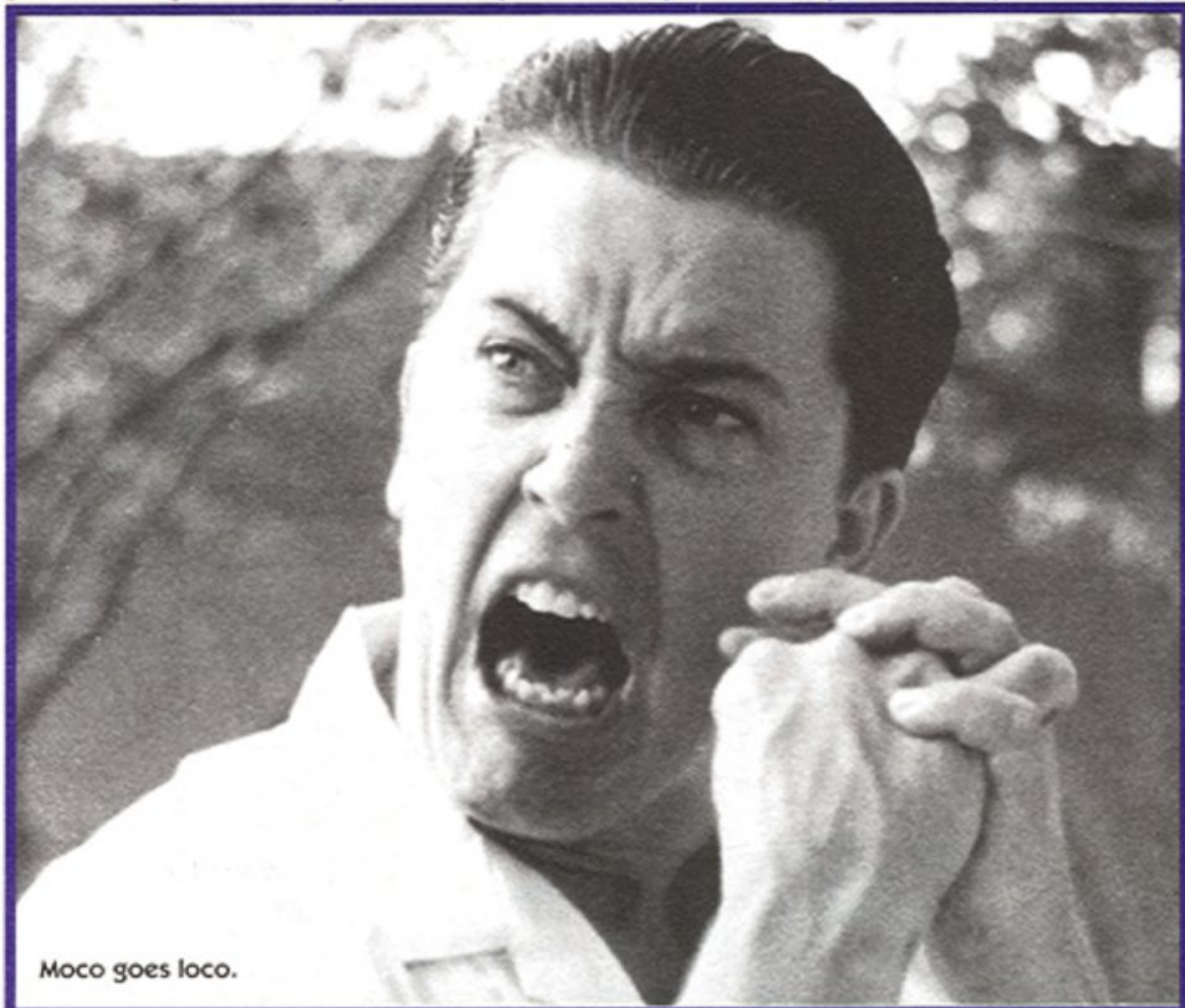
But then, fate (or rather, Hollywood) intervened. While

Aiming high: Title character/co-producer Carlos Gallardo.



PHOTOS © 1992 COLUMBIA PICTURES





Moco goes loco.

shopping the movie to various video companies, Rodriguez also dropped a copy by the offices of ICM, the mega-huge talent agency. "All I wanted was an honest opinion as to whether or not I might have a little talent," claims the modest Rodriguez. "The next thing I know, they've signed me on and sent out 100 copies to all the different studios. I really looked upon the film as a demo, not something that Hollywood would want to buy."

Indeed, it's hard to imagine major studio executives actually sitting through a movie with subtitles. Usually the only things they have the patience to read are articles that mention their own names; on occasion, however, they do recognize true talent when they see it. Rodriguez suddenly became a hot item. Still, that didn't mean big shots weren't going to jerk him around.

"I was definitely given some real bullshit," laughs Rodriguez. "Everyone wanted to change something about it. One studio, who shall remain nameless, even wanted to make the mariachi into a rock guitar player who gets wounded and taken to an Indian reservation, where he gets nursed back to health


and learns how to really play. I mean, I heard some really ridiculous stuff!"

Fortunately, Columbia Pictures—where he now has a two-year development and production deal—had the good sense to realize that the film needed no executive tinkering. In fact, Columbia has taken the

self-assured step of blowing the film up to 35mm and releasing it as is, instead of insisting on a multi-million-dollar remake. "I'm actually the one who wants to redo it," admits Rodriguez. "There are so many things I wish I'd had the money to do. But, instead I'll probably be doing an English sequel next."

Thus far, Rodriguez has not only gotten a lot of press play for making a film so cheaply, but also because he happens to be Hispanic. "It doesn't bother me to be referred to as a 'Hispanic director,'" says the Hispanic director. "I look forward to actually having some positive heroes in Hollywood who are Latin. I mean, we're a big part of the population. But I promise I'm not going to be the Latin Spike Lee or anything."

"It's been real fun so far," he adds. "I didn't have any expectations going into this, so there's no way I could be disappointed. Besides, I know I haven't made it until I'm in *FILM THREAT*. It's the only magazine out there that matters!"

He may be new in town, but Robert Rodriguez definitely knows who to suck up to. 

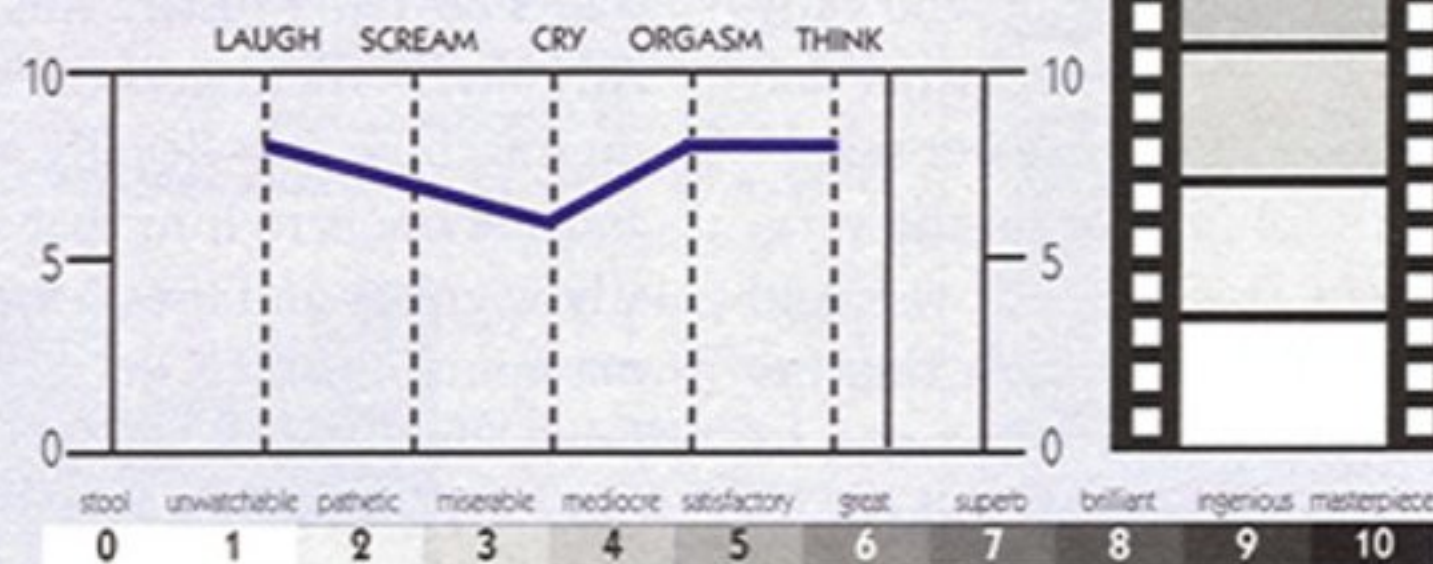
### El Mariachi

Directed by Robert Rodriguez, 90 min.

#### the breakdown:

Violent deaths, bad Mexican mariachi music, beautiful bartenders, really nasty bad guys, a near-brush with castration, English subtitles, ugly dogs and (unfortunately) no sex.

#### meter readings:





# THE FINAL CUT

Yeah, everyone's a critic, but **FILM THREAT** administers the straight dope on films, videos, books, comics, etc.

EDITED BY DEAN LAMANNA



## The Goddess of Love vs. the Goddess of Lust

Guest Review by Judy Tenuta

### BODY OF EVIDENCE

Directed by Uli Edel  
Written by Brad Mirman  
(MGM, 102 min.)

Madonna's new film, *Body of Evidence*, is *Basic Instinct Lite*. The material girl plays a scheming bitch whore who screws



old men to death for their money. (Oh, that's a stretch. Like I never pictured the "Virginal One" as a ruthless, man-eating disciplinarian who ties up her lawyer, pours hot wax on his chest and humps him on the hood of a car!)

Now, about the video vixen's looks. Hey, Madonna, it's 1993—where are your eyebrows? She reminds me of a Slavic cleaning woman with sex toys. (Yeah, that's a turn-on, Broomhilda.) Willem Dafoe is a married man who's supposed to legally represent her and in the process becomes her sex slave. (It's ironic that on the very night I saw this movie, I was told by the pig I trusted most that he needed a fat British lesbian to walk on his chest with spiked

heels and spank his nasty buttocks with a giant bullwhip until he yells, "Mammy!" NICE! So don't tell me that "life doesn't imitate film" crap.)

Back to the plot. So the slut is on trial for murdering a rich old man for his \$8 million, and she's been having kinky sex with her lawyer. The lawyer's wife finds out, slaps her—and now Madonna wants *her* too. (Justify this, slut!) Anyway, Willem gets the spreading machine off—legally, that is—and she brags to him that she really is guilty and uses sex to manipulate men. (Oh, that's a surprise. How else do you get a film career? Hello, layaway plan!)



Much of the movie was meant to be erotic, but it's just laughable—like Madonna's porno book, *Sex*. One of the funniest moments occurs near the beginning, when Willem

waits for Madonna as she gets acupuncture. She's lying there naked with giant needles sticking out of her back and says, "Frank, give me a ride home." Right, like he's gonna get hot for a porcupine in a push-up bra. (Hey, it could happen.)

Oh, by the way, I'm not going to give away the film's ending where Madonna gets shot because I hate it when anal-retentive movie critics do that.

Love,

*When she isn't preaching the joys of "Judyism" via her frequent cable specials and outrageous videos, comedian Judy Tenuta is on the road tantalizing the patrons of the nation's top comedy clubs.*



**ALIVE**

Directed by Frank Marshall  
Written by John Patrick Shanley  
(Touchstone/Paramount, 123 min.)  
*Andes Extreme* might have been a more accurate title for this grueling saga, based on the 1972 true story of a Uruguayan rugby team stranded by a plane crash for over two months in that forbidding mountain range. Opening with the horrific crash (filmdom's most intense air disaster ever), Shanley's screenplay attempts to establish distinct identities for each of the two dozen or so survivors through a combination of numbing dialogue ("Isn't anyone going to go out for pizza?") and varying degrees of



Staying ALIVE: Ethan Hawke and pals pass the vittles.

silly behavior. But our dread and anticipation of the big "C" snowplows everything. That Marshall and company don't pull any punches in the human deli department is brave (it's even more graphic and disgusting than another flick on the same subject, the 1976 Mexican cheapie *Survive!*). Yet however noble its intentions, *Alive* is a story that may have been better left unfiled.

—Dean Lamanna

**BAD LIEUTENANT**

Written and directed by Abel Ferrara  
(Aries Releasing, 95 min.)  
This must be the most vicious (and biting) religious parable since Buñuel stopped breathing. Ferrara exchanges the slickness of *King of New*



*York* for raw intensity in this unwavering walk down the line between good and evil. Harvey Keitel really kicks as a super-corrupt cop on a hellbound spree of sex, drugs and gambling; both he and the film actually live up to the hype. Add a killer track from rapper Schoolly D and you have to rate this one mighty high on the sin quotient. Even if you aren't Catholic, you'll feel compelled to say a Hail Mary after leaving the theater. —Gabriel Alvarez

**THE CRYING GAME**

Written and directed by Neil Jordan  
(Miramax, 112 min.)  
Jordan (*Mona Lisa*) has already proved himself a great storyteller. What makes *The Crying Game* so intriguing is its resistance to genre categorization. Weaving together a political thriller, an ill-fated love tale, a divine tragedy and a sinister comedy, the story never settles for the predictable. In a precisely cali-



brated performance, Stephen Rea is Fergus, a disillusioned IRA terrorist who takes a British soldier (Forest Whitaker) hostage. Relying on his heart rather than his bullets, Fergus treks incognito to London in search of the soldier's lover, Dil (Jaye Davidson), who's a hairdresser by day and a lounge diva by night. Like almost every other critic, I think it would be criminal to reveal any more of the plot. Suffice it to say that nothing is what it appears to be as we

Stephen Rea gives Forest Whitaker something to cry about.



watch these characters shed their skins. —Jamie Painter

**THE DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN**

Directed by Jonathan Lynn  
Written by Marty Kaplan  
(Hollywood Pictures, 111 min.)  
Eddie Murphy is hardly a "distinguished" gent—only one whose charismatic flashes of "I'm hip and you're not" humor have saved countless movies with by-the-number plots. That can't be said of this one: It's laden with the same Murphy jokes you've been hearing since back when he still hung out with Joe Piscopo. Halfway through, this already mushy fable about a con man (Murphy) who gets



Un-DISTINGUISHED: Eddie Murphy and Grant Tinker are tongue-tied.

elected to office turns morality play with the inclusion of a cancer-stricken little girl and a framed-by-the-bad-white-guys congressman that Mr. "Party All the Time" supports. In the realm of political humor, Dan Quayle did it better. —GA

**IN THE SOUP**

Directed by Alexandre Rockwell  
Written by Alexandre Rockwell and Hank Blumental  
(Triton Pictures, 90 min.)  
Any film that includes a cameo by cult director Jim Jarmusch is okay by me. Jarmusch poses as the sleazy producer of a cable show called *The Naked Truth*. Steve Buscemi (*Reservoir Dogs*) stars as Adolpho, a financially desperate screenwriter who,



Steve Buscemi and Seymour Cassel find hearty roles IN THE SOUP.

after appearing nude on the program, places a newspaper ad to sell his 500-page screenplay. Under the guise of a film financier, an eccentric gangster named Joe (Seymour Cassel) sweet-talks the naive Adolpho into his criminal schemes. An unlikely father-son bond is forged, and Joe's world provides a far tastier script for Adolpho to base a film on. Director Rockwell dishes up a story seasoned with deadpan humor and simmering performances—plus savory dialogue that, unlike the usual "soup," isn't canned. —JP

**FILM THREAT**

**RATINGS**

**Excellent**



**Good**



**Okay**  
(the sound of one hand clapping)



**Lame**



**Sucks**





## LEAP OF FAITH

Directed by

Richard Pearce

Written by Michael Manheim and David V. Picker

(Paramount, 109 min.)

Okay, so people stayed away from this evangelical satire in droves. But it's nevertheless a recession blue-plate special that entertains compassionately. Holy rolling con artist Jonas (Steve Martin) and his sidekick, Jane (Debra Winger), bring their road tour to a drought-ridden, down-on-its-luck Kansas town. Will (Liam Neeson), the proud local sheriff, resents the intrusion and tries, unsuccessfully, to stop it. The revival tent is raised and the "miracles" flow—until a *real* miracle comes along, leaving Jonas shaken. Martin delivers a touching and animated performance that will have even the toughest viewers reaching for their hankies.

—Tancie Tsuzuki

## LOST PROPHECY

Directed by Michael de Avila

Written by Michael de Avila, Drew Morone, Larry O'Neil and Shannon Goldman

(Rockville Pictures, 75 min.)

Currently playing the film festival circuit, this independently made, black-and-white feature is a highly atmospheric journey through one man's psychological torment. Jim (James Burton), an apparent vagrant, takes up residence in a shuttered Lake George, New York, summer resort. As he settles in, his visions—and actions—become increasingly violent. Occasionally slipping into gratuitous mayhem, the narrative—involving a shady real estate agent, a New Age

**LOST PROPHECY:** James Burton is adrift in the recesses of his mind.



witch and a really foul-mouthed kid—is a negligible muddle. But director de Avila's dreamlike camerawork and whispering soundtrack effectively seduce and chill.

And Burton, through his eyes alone, says more than any dialogue could express. An impressive debut—all on a budget of about \$40,000. —DL

## NATIONAL LAMPOON'S LOADED WEAPON I

Directed by Gene Quintano

Written by Don Holley and Gene Quintano

(New Line, 96 min.)

I had half-expected this to be a par-for-the-course *Naked Gun*



**When Sam Jackson and Emilio Estevez load up, you should too.**

rip-off—an expectation initially fulfilled by the film's clichéd opening number (e.g., easy Hindu humor, labored fast-food jokes) involving the trashing of a convenience store. But no more than five minutes into *Loaded*, I decided to get myself loaded on the two six-packs I'd smuggled in. Almost immediately I began feeling... *funny*. And after the seventh (or so) can of tepid Pabst Blue Ribbon, *everything* was hilarious. Just seeing William Shatner on the big screen once again (here as a constipated villain named General Mortars) was enough to send me rolling down the aisle. Sure, I may not have been able to drive home, but it was worth it—if only to leave a sticky mess of beer cans and spilled popcorn for the disgruntled ushers.

—Kevin Burke

## TOYS

Directed by

Barry Levinson

Written by Valerie Curtin and Barry Levinson

(20th Century Fox, 121 min.)

A trip into a modern-art museum can result in mental queries of "What's it mean?"—but it's gauche to come right out and ask. *Toys* raised the same question in me. Twelve years ago, Barry Levinson wanted this story—about a toy maker (Robin Williams) who must save his father's factory from his warmongering uncle—to be his directorial debut, but the idea was relegated to the back burner while he went on to other projects. The director's second linkup with Williams (his first was *Good Morning, Vietnam*) is a beautiful film, with a careful eye for cinematography and design—the foldout house, among other fanciful touches, is a sight to see. Unfortunately, that's about it. The movie ends up being a series of noncohesive sketches, with little character establishment and a *l-o-n-g*, anti-war ending. Just goes to show you that time doesn't heal all.

—Andy Eddy



**Joan Cusack gives Robin Williams great headgear in *Toys*.**

■ videos ■

## BEBE'S KIDS

Directed by Bruce Smith

Written by Reginald Hudlin

(Paramount Home Video, 74 min.)

For a bit of context, you might want to check out the late comedian Robin Harris's stand-up routines before you watch this film based on the personalities he created. Harris's cartoon alter ego Robin gets more than he bargains for when he falls in love with the comely Jamika—namely, four irrepressible kids who turn the couple's date at a

theme park into a queasy roller coaster ride. Predominately populated by African-American characters, *Bebe's Kids* has a certain street hipness that may escape the average viewer. (I was the only one chuckling at the Rodney King and "Momma" jokes when I saw this in a



**Curbside withdrawal:** On a trip to a local fun park, Robin gets rocked by *BEBE'S KIDS*.

theater.) The story might have been slightly more effective as the TV sitcom it was intended to be, but it certainly lives up to its "animation with an attitude" sell line.

—William Howell

## CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT

Directed by Tony Randel

Written by Nicolas Falacci

(Columbia TriStar Home Video, 90 min.)

Lucy (Ami Dolenz), a virginal high school senior, teams up with a sympathetic teacher

(Peter DeLuise) to battle the town's walking dead.

It seems Lucy unwittingly awoke a hibernating vampire while taking a dip in a flooded crypt. (She swims in dark, deserted mausoleums and doesn't put out? What gives?)

Now, he wants her pure blood. The acting is good

for a few laughs; Garrett Morris, for one, is a hoot as the town drunk. Director Randel keeps the action fresh, too, with stylish camerawork and cool gore effects.

—Christian Froude

## EDWARD II

Directed by Derek Jarman

Written by Derek Jarman,

Stephen McBride and Ken Butler

(New Line Home Video, 91 min.)

Jarman's unconventional adaptation of Christopher Marlowe's classic play mixes stunning visuals with an equally daring



love story: The dalliance of King Edward (Steven Waddington) with the brash and handsome Gaveston (Andrew Tiernan) not only throws the king's court into an uproar, but causes his beautiful wife, Queen Isabella (Tilda Swinton), to seek revenge. Jarman employs modern imagery but keeps the original dialogue intact, making the language sometimes difficult to grasp. Although this approach gives the movie a certain edge, it also renders the characters distant. When Annie Lennox shows up to sing a Cole Porter tune, however, she blows all the pomp and circumstance out of the water. —Delores Anderson

## THE LAWNMOWER MAN

Directed by Brett Leonard  
Written by Brett Leonard and Gimel Everett  
(New Line Home Video, 141 min.)  
Yup—this unrated director's cut is nearly an *hour* longer than the theatrical version. The additional frames more or less clarify what was initially a choppy storyline, but the net result is about as dynamic as a



Mouth-to-mouth morphing fails to fuel THE LAWNMOWER MAN.

bag of grass clippings. Blame it on the TV-level acting by Pierce Brosnan as the brilliant scientist and Jeff Fahey as the retarded title character. Or blame it on the overgrown screenplay, which would have done better to resurrect the ghoulish gardener with green pubic hair from the original Stephen King story. The computer animation is indeed

# THE BIOPICS VS. THE DOCUVIDS

Here's how Hoffa and Malcolm X stack up against the men themselves.

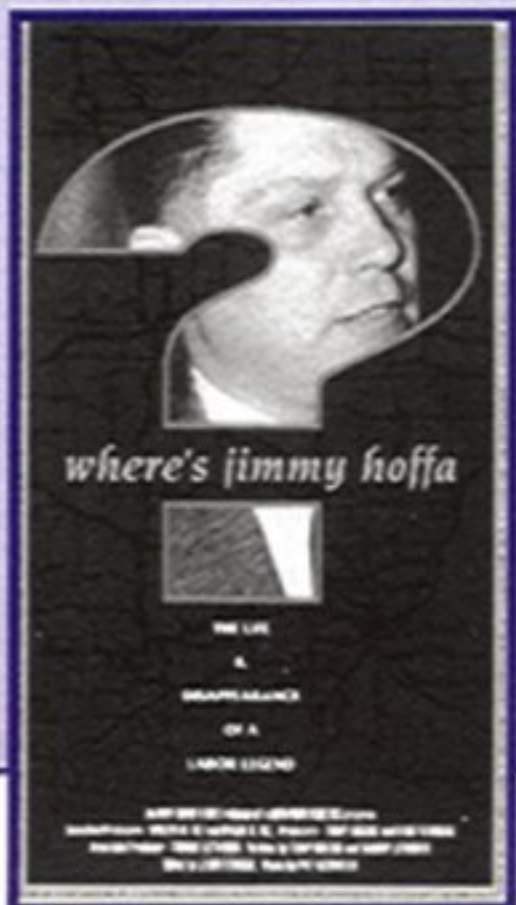
## HOFFA

Directed by Danny DeVito  
Written by David Mamet  
(20th Century Fox, 140 min.)  
Superficially bolstered by an almost-slumming Jack Nicholson as jumpin' Jimmy H., this self-consciously styled b.o.-pic tells us nothing about the inner workings or background of the doomed Teamsters boss; even a few obligatory reminiscences with his wife (the attractive and criminally underutilized Natalija Nogulich) or childhood flashbacks would have helped. Aside from sparking a few bloody street brawls (lovingly photographed from high-angle crane shots), Hoffa is never once shown to be less than a saint. The film comes across as a buddy vehicle for real-life buds Nicholson and DeVito; how else to explain the latter's outsized role as Hoffa's faux pal Bobby Ciaro (he almost gets the same amount of screen time!). Too bad DeVito didn't drop the camera and take a jackhammer to Giants Stadium's north end zone instead. —Larry Jameson



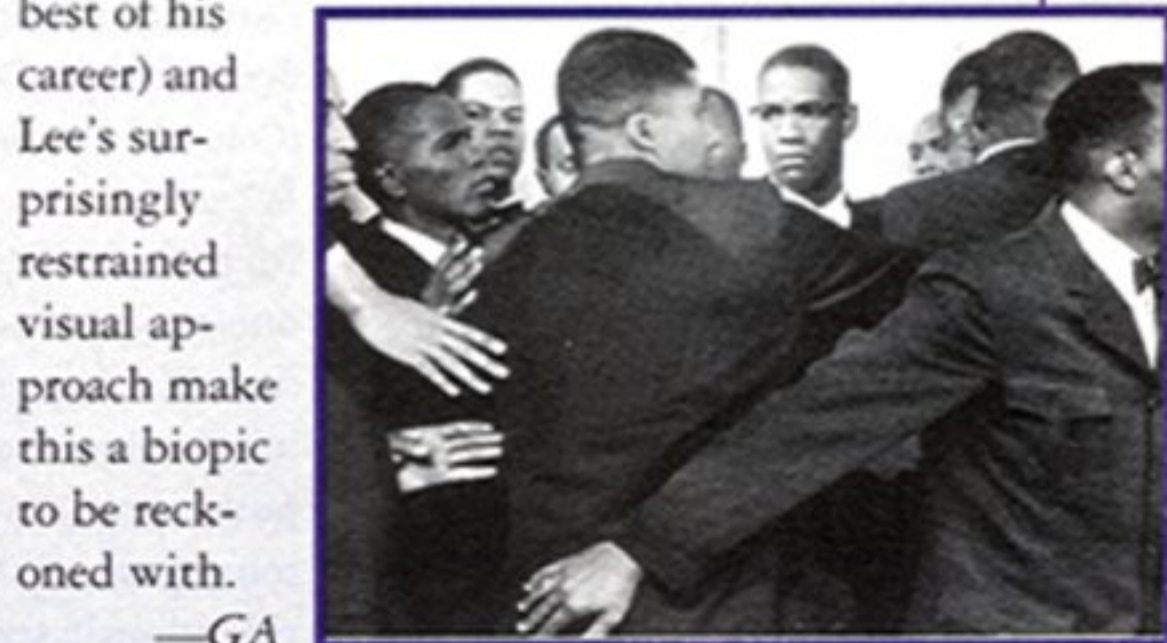
## WHERE'S JIMMY HOFFA?

Edited by John Strolia  
Written by Tony Rogers and Tammy Letherer  
(MPI Home Video, 85 min.)  
Obviously rushed together to capitalize on the Nicholson bio-pic, this documentary succeeds on few levels. As a refresher course on who Jimmy Hoffa was in the history of the labor movement, it is excellent. (I grew up in Michigan and saw the local news of Hoffa's disappearance on TV.) For those familiar with the man, his myth and his deeds, it merely offers a few new theories as to the reasons and methods of his disappearance—the most interesting being that Jimmy was done in by the Feds. Videotaped interviews with his supporters and detractors make for a fairly nonbiased look at a controversial man. Senate hearing footage of the man himself spouting off at Robert Kennedy is worth giving this a look. No one could swear, threaten or inspire a crowd of boneheaded UAW workers like Hoffa. I'd like to see Jack stand up to the real Jimmy. No contest. —Christian Gore



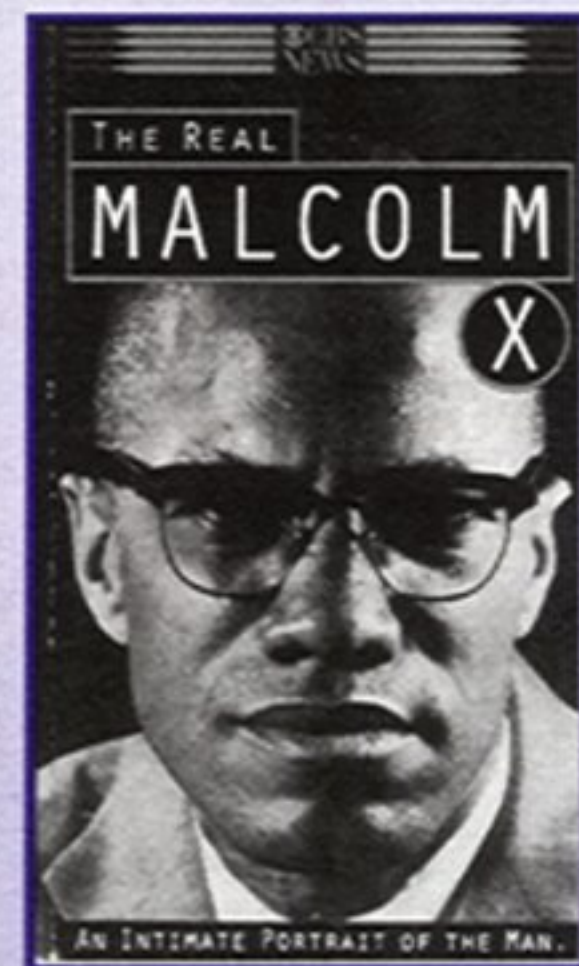
## MALCOLM X

Directed by Spike Lee  
Written by Arnold Perl and Spike Lee  
(Warner Bros., 195 min.)  
What happened, Spike?! You masterminded the biggest promotional campaign since the first *Batman*—and X still stalled at the box office. Maybe the multitudes of black youth sporting X caps scared off the select white, BMW-driving, conscientious X-cap-wearing folks. Or maybe it was that marathon running time! But let's not get bogged down with politics, because Spike sure didn't. Like DeVito in *Hoffa*, he cast himself as Malcolm's best friend—a potentially fatal mistake. But the strength of Denzel Washington's lead performance (the best of his career) and Lee's surprisingly restrained visual approach make this a biopic to be reckoned with. —GA



## THE REAL MALCOLM X

Written and directed by Brett Alexander and Andrew Lack  
(CBS Video, 60 min.)  
Dug from the vaults of CBS News and newly marketed for home video, this documentary is narrated by Mike Wallace and Dan Rather. The real Malcolm is presented through old TV footage, photographs and some fascinating TV debates from the '50s. We even learn that Malcolm had a sense of humor. Though not a comprehensive look at the man and his movement, to me, anything is better than a dramatization. The photos and footage convey how Malcolm actually felt and how he suffered—not as reinterpreted through a trendy, big-budget biopic. —CG



FILM  
THREAT





stunning, but unlike *Altered States*—to which *The Lawnmower Man* seems to aspire—the mind-trip sequences have virtually no dramatic support. It's like playing a video game during a brown-out. —DL

### MEDUSA: DARE TO BE TRUTHFUL



Directed by John Fortenberry  
Written by Julie Brown and Charlie Coffie  
(Columbia TriStar Home Video, 68 min.)

If you gagged on Madonna's *Truth or Dare*, you'll probably sink your teeth into this raucous takeoff. As the Blonde One, Julie Brown sings spoofs such as "Vague," "Like a Video" and "Expose Yourself," which are so grating that they themselves nearly cross over



When it comes to dissing Madonna, Julie Brown has the MEDUSA touch.

into abject bad taste. Highlights include Brown sucking the life out of a watermelon (Madonna did it with a bottle) and sobbing over the burial site of her dearly departed doggie, Boomer (Madonna visited her mother's grave). While Julie makes a good floozie, her Spandex-encased thunder thighs eventually make you wish for the real thing. —JP

### A MIDNIGHT CLEAR



Written and directed by Keith Gordon  
(Columbia TriStar Home Video, 108 min.)

Europe, 1944. A squad of young soldiers led by Ethan Hawke (*Alive*) is sent on a recon mission deep into Ger-

man-occupied territory. Instead of finding lost American soldiers, they discover a troop of Germans more than willing to surrender. Should they trust the enemy or is this a plot that could get them all killed? The platoon also includes Peter Berg, Kevin Dillon, Arye Gross and Gary Sinise, but the competent roster isn't enough: Almost from the film's beginning, I was annoyed by its unnecessary and confusing flashbacks, chatty characterizations and an ending that could have happened anytime after the first 25 minutes. Definitely a flick to fold laundry by.

—Carlo Silvio

### SINGLE WHITE FEMALE



Directed by Barbet Schroeder  
Screenplay by Don Roos  
(Columbia TriStar Home Video, 107 min.)

Meet Allie (Bridget Fonda), the one-too-many-times-fucked-over Manhattanite. After kicking out her cheating beau, Allie reluctantly advertises for a roommate so she can keep her ridiculously spacious (for New York), rent-controlled apartment. Single white sickie Hedra (Jennifer Jason Leigh) comes a-calling. They become pals, except Hedy wants Allie all to herself. When Allie's boyfriend moves back into her life, Hedy furiously tries to get him out before they kick her out. Director Schroeder's shadowy staging of the occasionally over-the-top violence and sex (including some light lesbianism) is scarily effective. And Leigh's chameleonlike femme fatale is unforgettable. —Stephanie DeGhnee

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall—  
who's the sickest of them all?"



James Spader and Jason Robards need a road map to find their way through STORYVILLE.

### STORYVILLE



Directed by Mark Frost  
Written by Mark Frost and Lee Reynolds  
(Columbia TriStar Home Video, 112 min.)

Without the twisted input of *Twin Peaks* cocreator David Lynch, Frost loses his license to be weird—a mixed blessing at best. New Orleans politics are convoluted enough in reality, so when good-guy politico James Spader finds himself caught in a maelstrom of shotgun "accidents," ethnically diverse prostitutes and good ol' boy types, it borders on parody. Deftly juggling the advances of his amorous ex (Joanne Whalley-Kilmer), an attempt to blackmail him with a steamy videotaped tryst and his run for Congress, Spader's character has all the makings of a representative from a small Southern state. But the barrage of plot complications and devices does not make a great movie. Like Frost's script for the 1987 horror yarn *The Believers*, *Storyville* is noteworthy for its *Chinatown*-esque style—but it's ultimately more shocking for its predictability.

—David E. Williams

### U2: ACHTUNG BABY, THE VIDEOS, THE CAMEOS AND A WHOLE LOT OF INTERFERENCE FROM ZOO TV



Directed by Maurice Linnane  
(Island Visual Arts, 67 min.)  
Those who hate U2 are mainly former fans who resent the band for "selling out" its "alternative" roots. So admitting to liking them is like a guy confessing to wearing ladies' underwear: Everyone reacts with horror—even men who secretly frequent Frederick's of Holly-

wood. That said, this blitzkrieg compilation of all that's U2, from the impassioned songs and bad haircuts of the early '80s to the flashy success of their latest album, *Achtung Baby*, is worth watching—if only to decide

whether or not front man Bono and company are really guilty of inflated egos, as some have charged. Die-hard followers and transvestites alike will want to check out the three different versions of the video "One," especially the clip featuring band members in drag.

—GA

### television

### HOTEL ROOM



Directed by David Lynch and James Signorelli  
Written by Barry Gifford and Jay McInerney  
(Propaganda/Asymmetrical, 85 min.)

It sure *sounded* good: A bizarre anthology series for cable (HBO) created by David Lynch, with each story set in the same New York hotel room in different decades. Yet the pilot, comprised of three individual episodes (two directed by Lynch), is a talky, moody mess—full of overheated dialogue and mildly interesting characters (e.g., a scheming tramp contemplating marriage to her rich boyfriend, a woman gone irretrievably wacko over her child's accidental drowning) that keep hitting blank walls. Trapped inside Room 603, dependably offbeat performers like Harry Dean Stan-



Crispin Glover and Alicia Witt plot their escape from HOTEL ROOM.



ton, Griffin Dunne and Crispin Glover are reduced to ordering room service for excitement. Unless the series improves, Lynch's slide into hackdom will continue unabated. —LJ

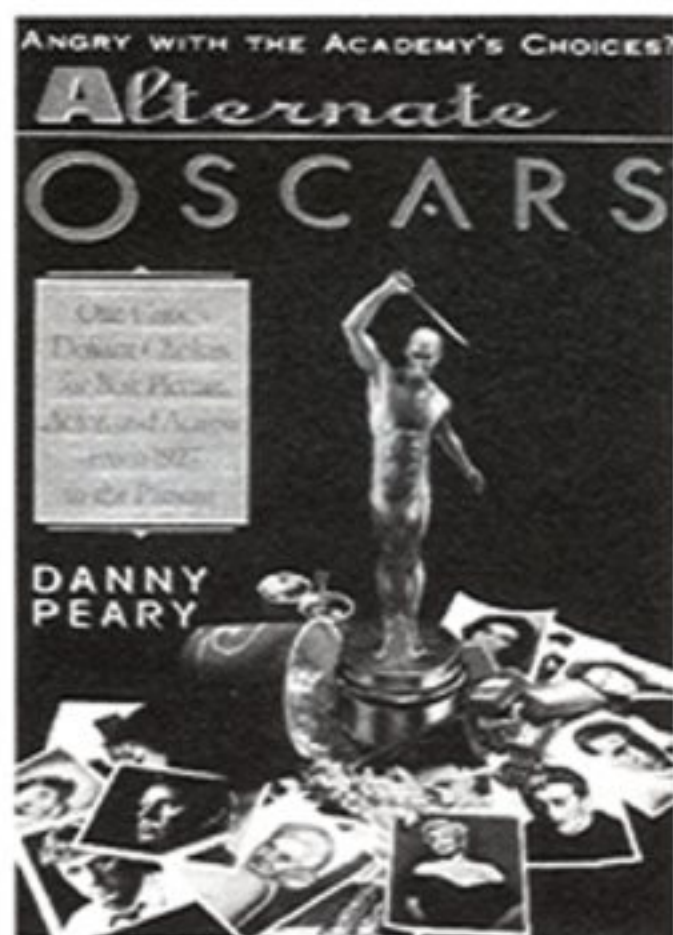
• books •

**ALTERNATE OSCARS**

By Danny Peary

(Delta Books, \$17.50)

Based on the premise that ever since the first Oscar was handed out in 1927, the Acad-



emy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has rarely gotten it *right*, Danny Peary has penned over 150 essays dealing with those films, actors and actresses who, in his opinion, truly deserved to win. Peary attempts to reconstruct the rationale behind the Academy's decisions for each award while offering his own reasons for his alternate choices (e.g., in 1982, the sheer quality of *E.T.* should have won over *Gandhi's* unchallenging direction). Be forewarned that some of the essays contain complete movie synopses, including plot surprises and endings. Peary's arguments are generally well-composed and thought-provoking, and if the author gets his way, they'll fuel living room wars for years to come.

—Scott Krakoff

**THE BARE FACTS VIDEO GUIDE**

By Craig Hosoda

(The Bare Facts, \$11.95)

The cover of this third edition reads, "Where to find your favorite actors and actresses nude



on videotape." So where are the photos? If I wanted a set of encyclopedias, I'd go to Sears. But then I started to read it. *Bare Facts*, it turns out, is a hilarious and very thorough guide to celebrity naughty bits. The real fun is looking up your favorites and reading the descriptions. My actor pal Tim Conlon (*Prom Night III*) has an entry that reads, "Brief buns and very brief balls when the flag he's wearing falls off." For Bill (*The Dark Backward*) Paxton: "Buns, while taking off jumpsuit and diving into bed with his three fat girlfriends." And for Sherilyn (*Two Moon Junction*) Fenn: "Brief left breast and buns in shower." Women and gays will be happy to note that every appearance of Mel Gibson's buns is also documented. —CG

**CARTOON CONFIDENTIAL**

By Jim Korkis and John Cawley

(Malibu Graphics, \$14.95)

Ultimately a disappointment in the information department but worth a read if you want



Much-loved Milton gets resurrected by CARTOON CONFIDENTIAL.

to look at some great artwork. A superficial history of banned comics, you'll get to read about everything from the old E.C. stuff to *Fritz the Cat*. Not essential for a comics library, but a half-decent introduction for the uninitiated. —CG

**HOLLYWOOD AND THE SUPERNATURAL**

By Sherry Hansen-Steiger and Brad Steiger

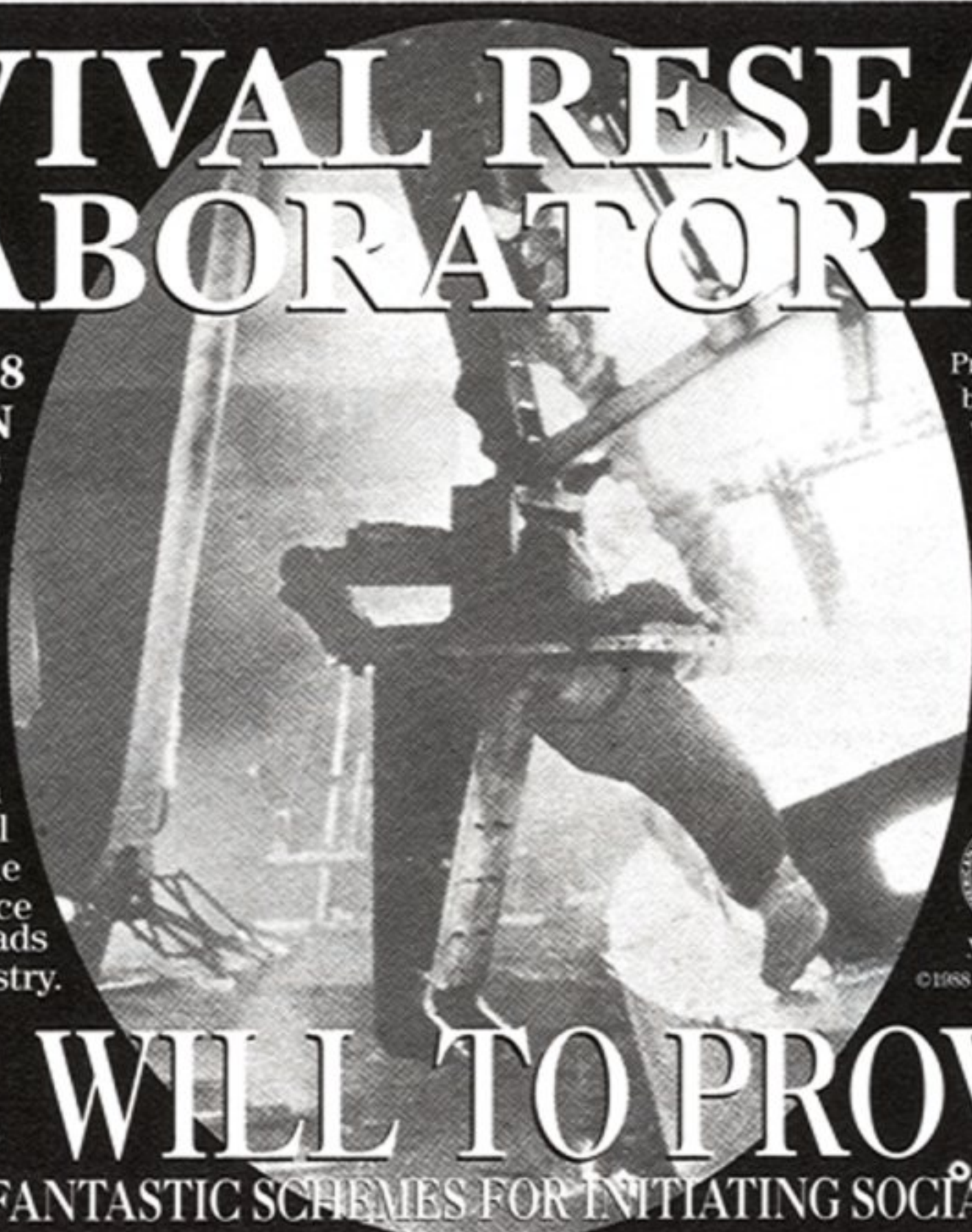
(Berkley Books, \$4.99)

Why does Hollywood have the highest rate of supernat-



# SURVIVAL RESEARCH LABORATORIES

**THE 1988 EUROPEAN PERFORMANCES BY SURVIVAL RESEARCH LABORATORIES:** Mark Pauline's troupe of creative technicians whose ritualized interactions between machines, robots, special effects devices and the human audience crosswire the twin leads of art and industry.



Produced and directed by Jonathan Reiss. With original music by Agustin Barchuk.

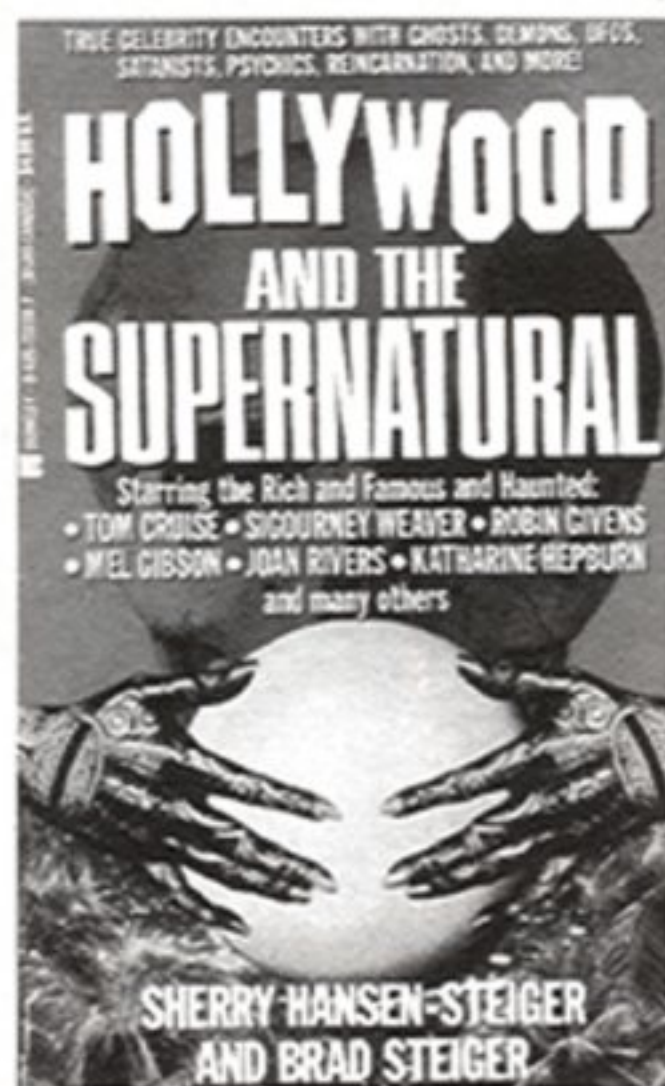
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**"THE WILL TO PROVOKE: AN ACCOUNT OF FANTASTIC SCHEMES FOR INITIATING SOCIAL IMPROVEMENTS"**





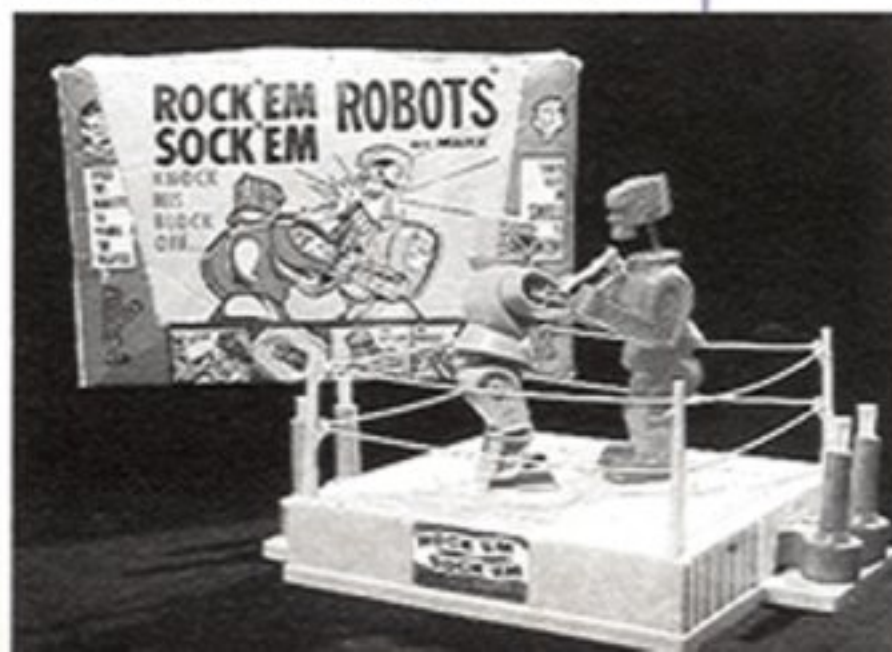
ural occurrences reported? Because it's the capital of crackpots and bored rich people who have nothing better to do with their time. Perhaps the most irritating aspect of this book is that it forgets to laugh at itself: It's chock-full of ridiculously serious celebrity tales of ghosts and ghoulies (my fave is about Mickey Rooney's run-in with a busboy from heaven). Why are all these celebrities claiming to be the beheaded mistresses of Henry VIII or Julius Caesar? With any luck, these Shirley MacLaine wannabes will reincarnate into navel lint. —JP

### SPIN AGAIN

By Rick Polizzi and Fred Schaefer

(Chronicle Books, \$16.95) Take a trip down memory game with this beautiful coffee table book, which is packed with great photos of all those fun board games Mom threw away after we grew up. See and read about Ouija, Green Ghost, Rock 'Em Sock 'Em Robots, Mystic Skull and more. The affiliated and similarly titled magazine

SPIN AGAIN's cataloguing of our childhood toys is a nostalgic knockout.



is even better than the book: It details the stories behind the games and interviews their creators. The second issue of *Spin Again* magazine even has an in-depth cover story on a line of toys known as Thingmakers. I had one called Strange Change Machine—comprised of a hot plate and square plastic cubes to create monsters. I burned myself real good as I proceeded to put other plastic toys in it that I shouldn't have. Oh, I miss the days of dangerous toys! (A sample issue of *Spin Again* magazine is \$4; a four-issue subscription is \$16. Send check payable to Rick Polizzi, c/o *Spin Again*, 12210 Nebraska Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025.) —CG

### magazines

### ANIMAG: THE MAGAZINE OF JAPANESE ANIMATION

Edited by Dana Kurtin (Malibu Graphics, \$5.95) I figured I'd be bored stiff by this one. I mean, I know as



A tad esoteric, but a fascinating look at Japanimation nonetheless.

much about Japanese animation as Keanu Reeves knows about British accents. After the first few pages of Vol. 2, Issue 1 (I also perused Issue 2), my worst fears were confirmed: The mag is loaded with terms and artists I've never heard of. But an article about a show called *Gatchaman* (later

seen in the U.S. as *Battle of the Planets*, one of my childhood favorites!)—about a group of crime-fighting kids who zing around in a spaceship—was so in-depth and fascinatingly detailed that I couldn't resist reading the other articles. A treasure trove for "Japanimation" fans and at least an interesting diversion for everyone else.

—Mike Ling

### STRANGE MAGAZINE

Edited and published by Mark Chorvinsky

Looking for a magazine completely devoted to unusual phenomenon—but with a sense of humor? Look no further. Editor Chorvinsky is an inspiration as he explains how he devised a hoax involving a book burning by fabricating fake newspaper clippings. (The media bought it hook, line and sinker.) Not just a soapbox for UFO fanatics, *Strange* is extremely critical in its analysis of the unexplainable. The fun is in reading about all of these weird events, from aliens to fish-people, the Loch Ness Monster, Big Foot and many others. Perhaps the best feature is the annual "10



Project Blue Book can't hold a candle to this weird periodical.

Strangest" list. Topping this year's are reports from around the world of sightings of the Virgin Mary, werewolves in

Wisconsin, vampires in Manila, giant fungi and green-glowing water. Word has it that a *Strange* TV show something like that '70s favorite *In Search Of* is in the works, so catch up with the hottest and weirdest magazine in the solar system. (A four-issue subscription is \$17.95; send to: *Strange Magazine*, P.O. Box 2246, Rockville, MD 20847.) —CG

etc.

### CINEMANIA

(Microsoft, \$79.95)

It was a stroke of brilliance to combine three of the industry's most indispensable references—Leonard



Cinemaniacs everywhere will overdose on Microsoft's informative (and entertaining) guide.

*Maltin's Movie and Video Guide*, *The Motion Picture Guide* and *The Encyclopedia of Film*—into one practical, easy-access resource. You won't be able to tear yourself away from this comprehensive, fully cross-referenced program, which contains detailed synopses and production credits for about 19,000 films dating from 1914 to 1991. Most fun of all are the stills (some in color) and dialogue/music snippets (in sharp CD sound) that accompany many of the entries. Registered users can update Cinemania for \$30 yearly—several times the cost of the latest fat-bound Maltin guide. But, hey, think of the trees you'll save—not to mention the space on your bookshelf. —DL



PERFORMING A  
**COMMUNITY SERVICE**  
BY AARON J. VANEK

**T**ired of shelling out to Blockbuster for their cheap three-day videos?

There is a solution. Tucked away in the subsidiary folds of the store, between the Romance and Romance Comedy sections, are the Community Service videos. These half-hour shows cover a wide variety of topics, from quitting smoking to breast examination. But the best thing about them is that they're free!

And because they're free, you're only supposed to rent one of these videos at a time. The minimum-wage clerks get real pissy when you try to check out several at once, so bring along a bag of fast-food burgers to make them happy. (And don't forget to trip the video alarm on your way out.)

**COLLEGE SURVIVAL GUIDE**

Misleading title. It's actually a talking head show akin to commercial television. The host, a no-name John Davidson look-alike, explains the steps you must take to get into the



college of your choice as a studio audience of pimply-faced high schoolers give their rapt attention. A plethora of administrators from varying institutional learning facilities like Columbia, Iowa State and Loyola Marymount only add to the boredom. Dig deep and splurge on *Animal House* instead.

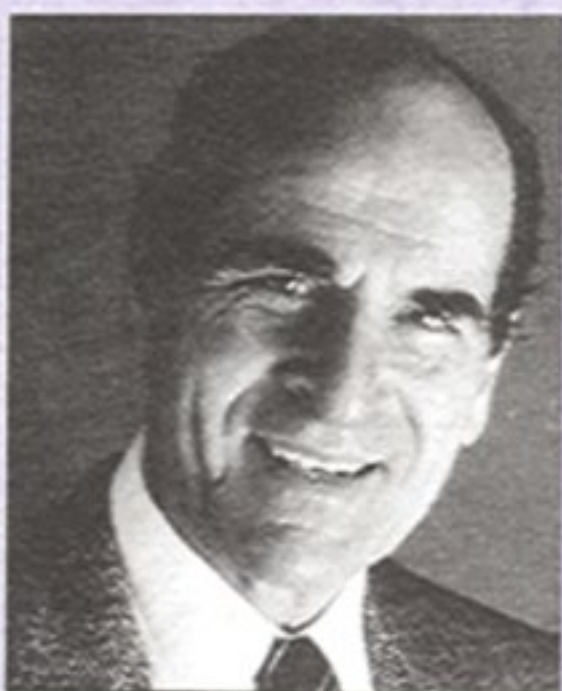
party or going to an older boy's drug- and alcohol-fueled rager. The show tries to be a musical, yet flunks horribly. This OFFICIAL "Just Say No" video is a bigger joke than the irksome Nancy Reagan phrase that inspired it.



**DR. HEIMLICH'S FIRST-AID VIDEO**

Great stuff. The good doctor Henry Heimlich (yes, he really exists!) offers some straight talk on how to jam your fist into someone's gut to blow a chunk of chow out of their pharynx, plus other handy first aid tips. The special F/X are pretty gruesome, espe-

*Dr. Heimlich's*  
**HOME FIRST-AID VIDEO**

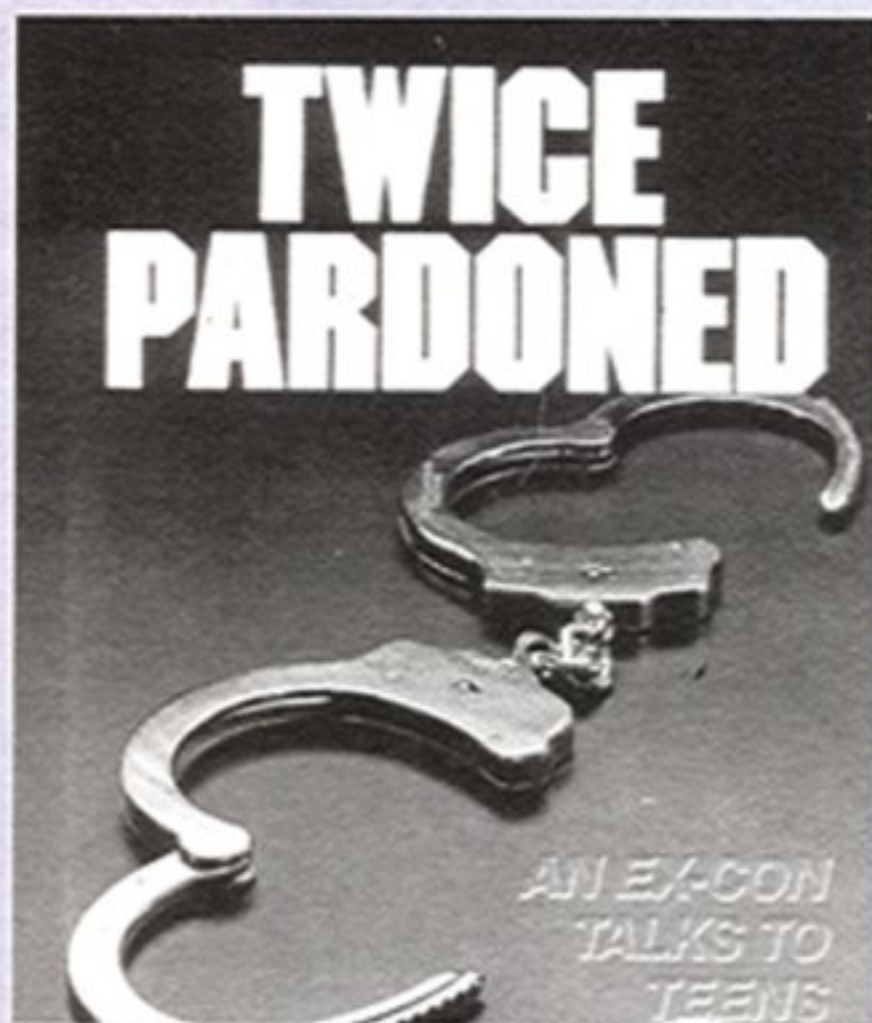


cially when a little girl stares agape at her blood-soaked leg while her mommy says, "Look at it!

Look—it's bleeding." Heimlich also explains how to deal with accidental poisoning and burns of every degree. When you don't have the dough to rent a splatter flick, pick this puppy up.

**TWICE PARDONED**

This is simply a taped lecture from a nobody ex-con named Harold Morris to an auditorium of impressionable youths. Describing in cautionary fashion his addiction to drugs and alcohol and how it landed him a spot on Georgia State Penitentiary's Death Row (he was "miraculously" pardoned after ten years in the lockup), he's ostensibly doing his part for America's future. Morris almost crosses the line into Bible-thumping, however—particularly when he mentions homosexuality in the same breath as substance abuse. Thank God he isn't running for public office.



**WHERE DO I COME FROM?**

Based on the children's book by Peter Mayle and Arthur Robins, this sex ed video opens with an ominous parental advisory; in fact, the tape's been branded with an NC-17. (Wow, a free porno!) It has sex, all right—even a revealing bubble bath scene. Alas, it's all animated—not the erotic Boris Vallejo/*Heavy Metal* type, but more along the lines of Nickelodeon's *Rugrats*. But any video that describes sex as a "tickling feeling" and orgasms as "sneezes" while shows tadpole-like sperm swimming laps in an Olympic-sized pool deserves a peek.



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Chris Gore  
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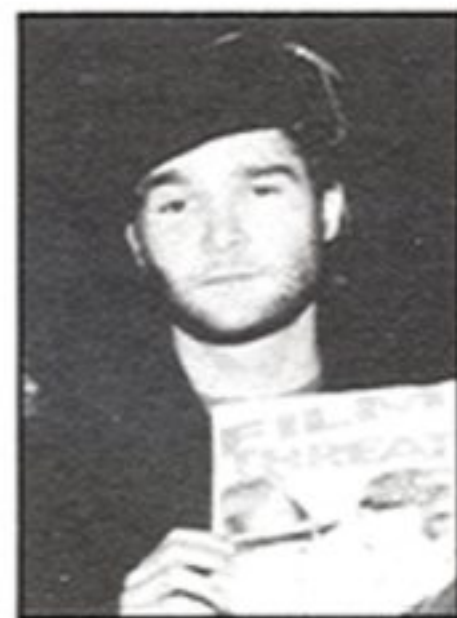
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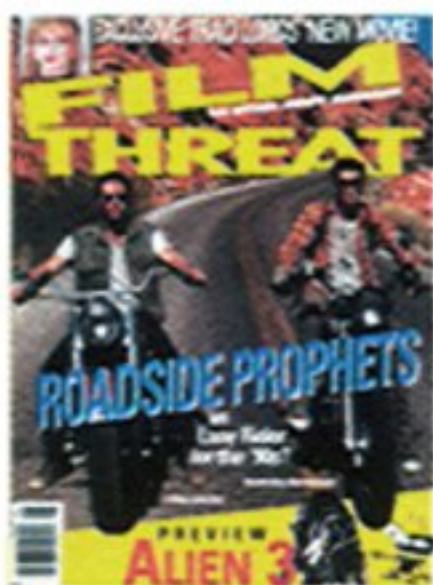
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*Alien 3* preview, Traci Lords in *The Nutty Nut*, John Doe in *Roadside Prophets* and outing Hollywood's gay animal stars.



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The complete guide to *Ren & Stimpy*, 2nd Annual Frigid 50, Peter (Braindead) Jackson, plus B-Queen Brinke Stevens on the casting couch.



**10, June '93**  
This is the mag you're reading right now. Don't order it unless you're really stupid.



**2, Feb. '92**  
Traci Lords assaults the Walk of Fame, crashing the Toronto Film Fest, *Naked Lunch*, *Army of Darkness* and a talk with Peter Greenaway.



**5, Aug. '92**  
Clipping Batman's wings, Clive Barker on *Hellraiser III*, south of the border with Alex Cox and a *Night on Earth* with Jim Jarmusch.



**8, Feb. '93**  
*Reservoir Dogs*, *Loaded Weapon*, 1993 Dead Celebrities Calendar, Toronto Film Festival '92 and Dario Argento's *Trauma*.



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## underground

Here's a potpourri of high-octane horror videos whose creators didn't worry about good taste, the MPAA or (in most cases) big budgets.

by David E. Williams

### DEATH MAGIC

When a bunch of meddling kids conjure up the evil spirit of a bloodthirsty Union major bent on avenging his hanging circa 1870, you might think you're watching an episode of *Scooby Doo*. But add gratuitous gore effects and generous glimpses of nudity, and you've got the lascivious throes of *Death Magic*. Long on intricate staging, Civil War-era re-creations and excuses for the female cast members to shed their clothes (well, *naked* necromancy is just more effective!), this supernatural shocker is equally short on logic—but who cares!

Boasting a near-*Plan 9 From Outer Space* camp quotient, *Death Magic* plasters the scenery with plenty of putty and red paint as double impalements, decapitations and numerous other amputations break up bouts of exposition. Ironically, filmmaker Paul Clinco's day job is that of an emergency room M.D., in which he deals with hundreds of hideous injuries every year. That accounts for the film's anatomically correct wounds, if not the gallons of blood.

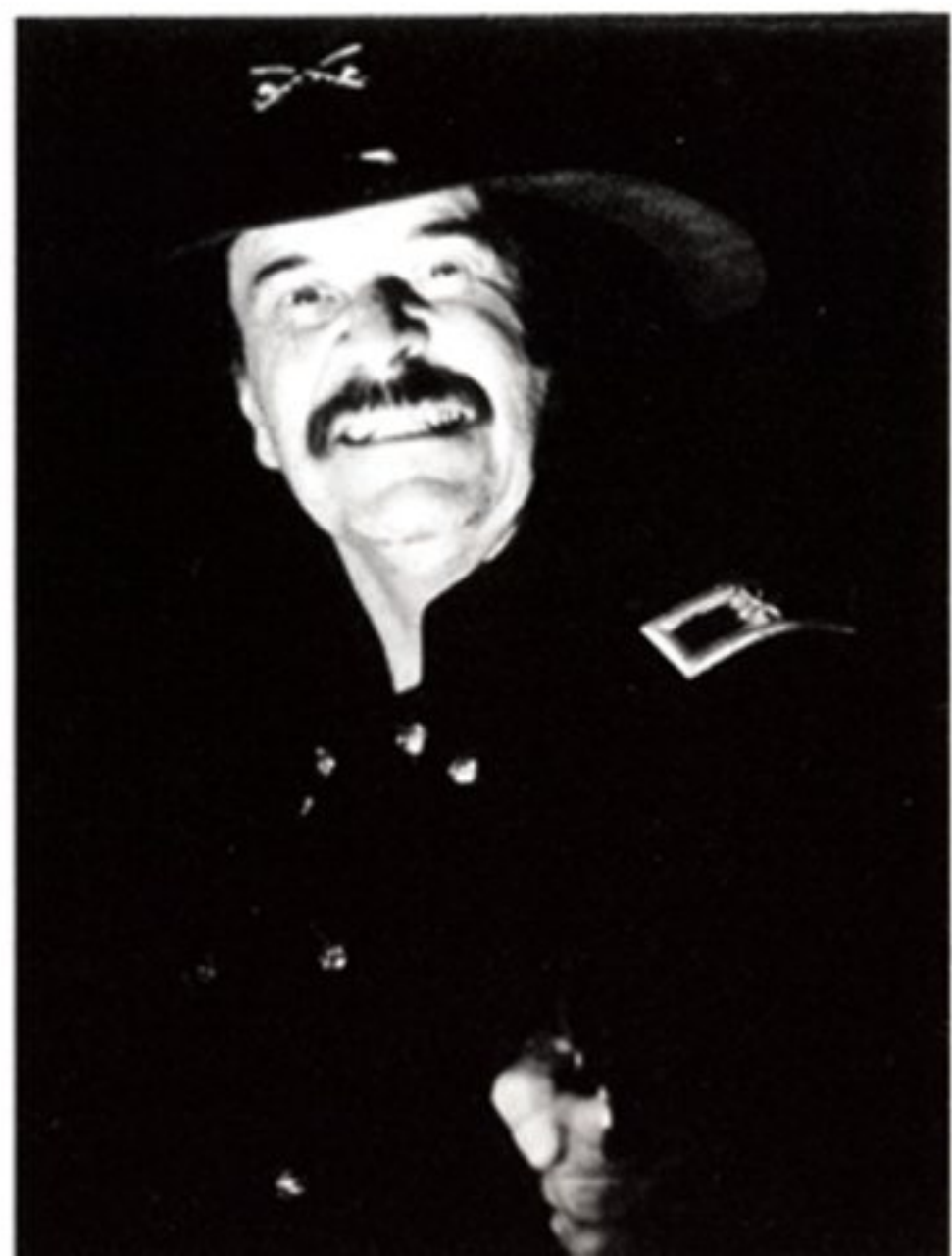
*The Domino Theatre,*  
P.O. Box 57637, Tucson,  
AZ 85732.

### VAMPIRES AND OTHER STEREOTYPES

Like Sam Raimi's *Evil Dead 2*, the film it most obviously resembles, this gross-out comedy is funny at several levels (but succeeds best at the unintentional) as a trio of Amy

Fisher-types and their Jersey Shore beau battle demons, zombies and (yes) vampires to save the world from Satan. Small-scale violence quickly ensues, and the grue flows freely amidst dumb-blonde gags and ludicrous dialogue as the apparently methadone-addled cast staggers through each effects sequence. Unique to this feature effort is the curious blue glow that

DEATH MAGIC, clockwise from top: Necromancy in the buff is always more effective; the murderous Yankee spirit cuts loose; Paul Clinco's emergency room experiences inspired bisected noggins and other nasty wounds.



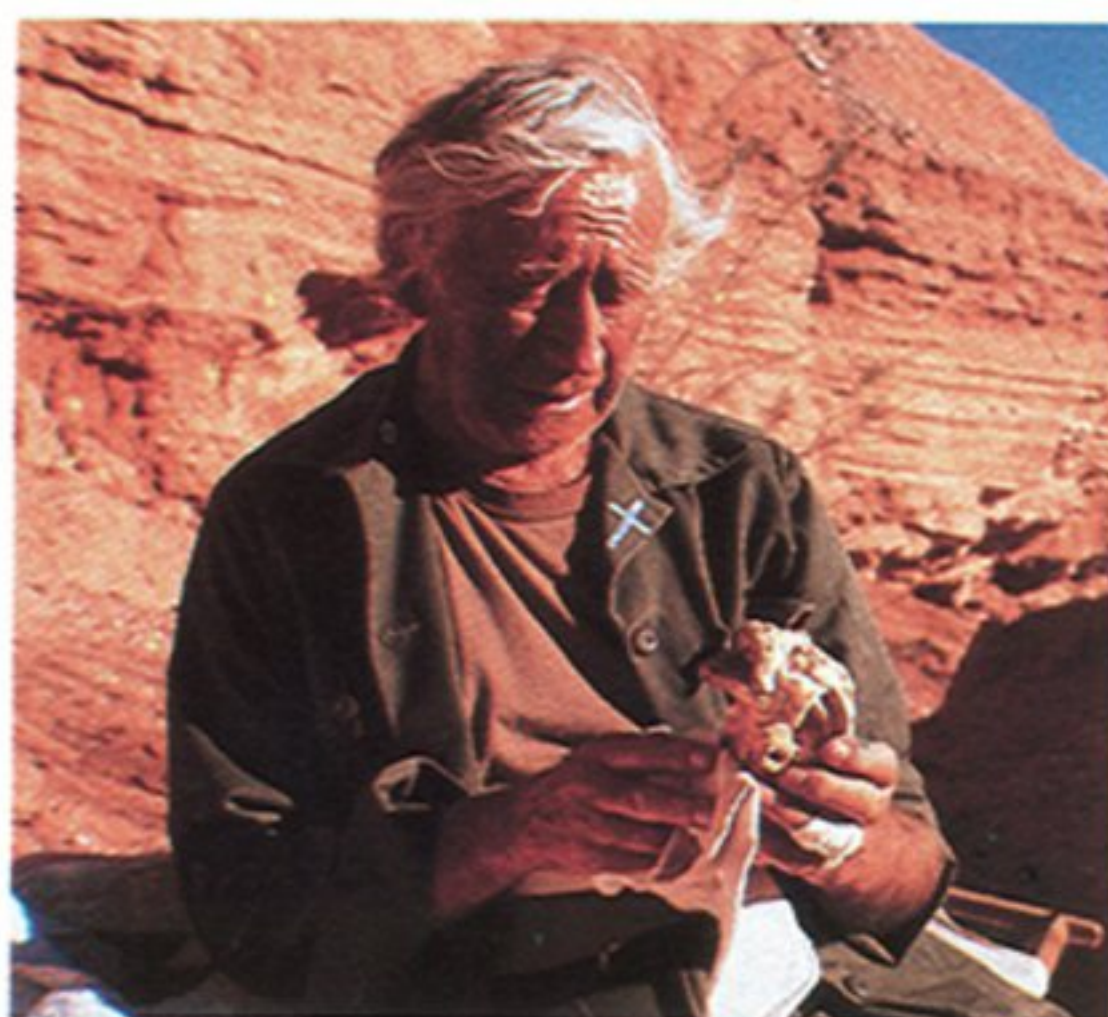


accompanies the scenes set in hell, though that may be more indicative of my cultural expectations than any fault of writer/producer/director Kevin Lindemuth—who appears briefly in the film as the Swamp Monster. *Ooooooh*, scary stuff, kids!

*Brimstone Productions, 37-33 28th St., Apt. 24, Long Island City, NY 11101.*

### THE ANTI-CHRIST

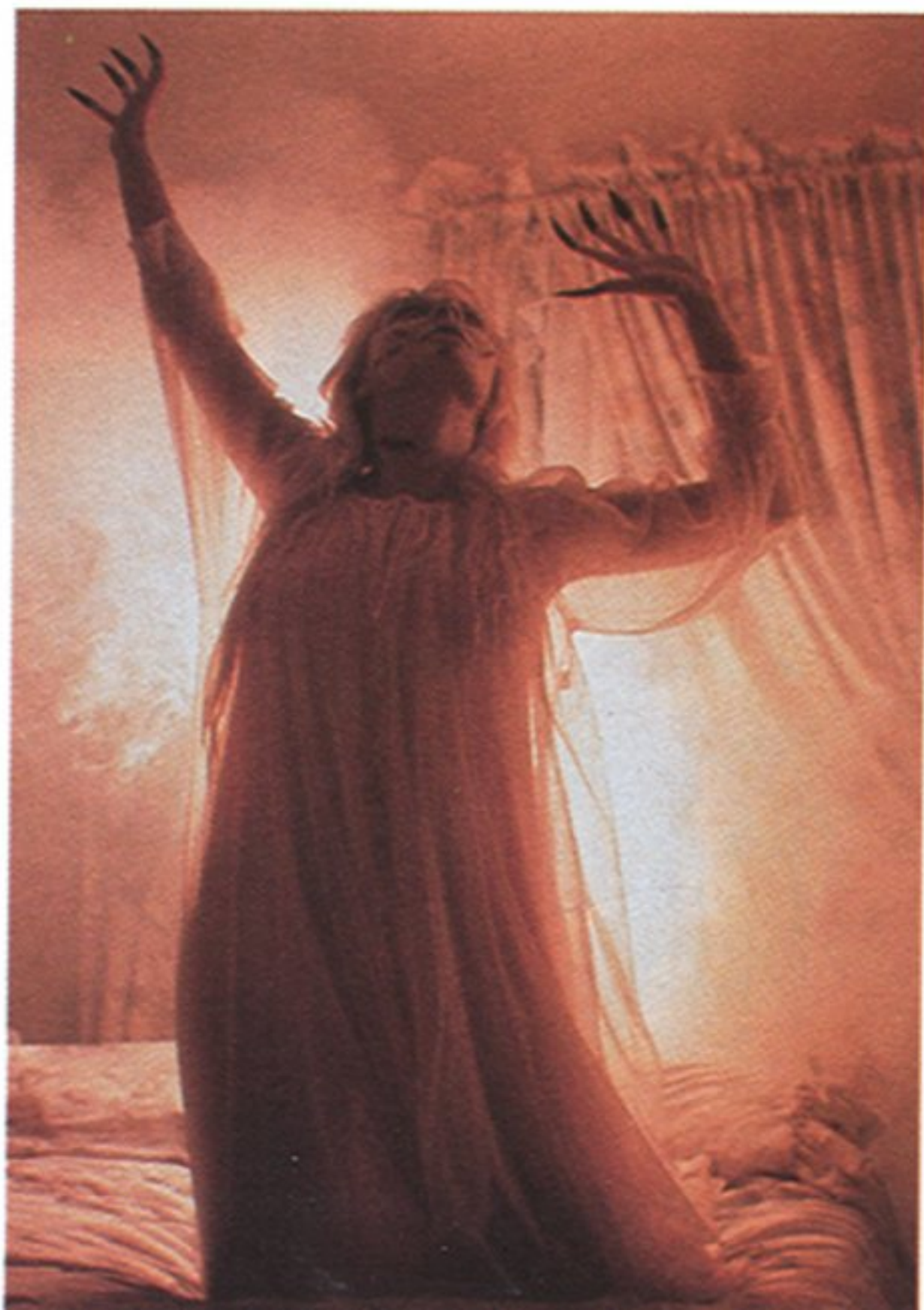
Eschewing such decidedly American horror elements as hockey-masked sociopaths, transplanted French filmmaker Guy Bodart relies instead on the Old World charms of demonic possession, exorcism and gravelly voices played backwards to elicit



white clown makeup all over her face, her voice oscillating with more reverb effects than Ozzy Osbourne's during his last farewell concert. The subsequent exorcism is relatively uneventful and ultimately unsuccessful—making the ending a welcome downer as our pasty-faced incubus-incubator offs the priest in a shower of blood.

*Talisman Pictures, 981 Whitney Ranch Rd. #1315, Henderson, NV 89014.*

THE ANTI-CHRIST, left and below: Digging up demonic artifacts is just the beginning in this homage to THE EXORCIST.



cheap scares. Though it closely parallels that superior Catholic wet dream *The Exorcist*, this feature is highly entertaining in its blatant recycling of that pea-soup-spewing classic. The trouble starts when an overly active geriatric *padre* discovers a demonic icon in the Middle East—so it only stands to reason that 25 years later (according to the intertitle), Satan begins stalking a blonde, Rubenesque beauty (played by Lorelei Lanford) as she plays Frisbee with her mother in a downtown Las Vegas park. (Okay, just *roll* with it.) Soon, our pert beauty is convulsing in bed with



Decapitations are explained—and made easy—in the shockumentary CORPSE FUCKING ART.

### CORPSE FUCKING ART

An astonishingly complete behind-the-scenes shockumentary chronicling the cinematic exploits of German gore specialist Jorg Buttgerit, *Corpse Fucking Art* does little to take the horrific edge off his feature films *Nekromantik*, *The Death King* and *Nekromantik 2*, but goes a long way in displaying the enthusiasm and ingenuity no-budget filmmakers are capable of mustering. Though many will be terminally turned off by Buttgerit's themes of necrophilia, suicide and all things related to death, one has to admire the sight of the director and his coscriptor, Franz Rodenkirchen, swinging picks and shovels in a faux graveyard for a lack of production assistants. Buttgerit confesses his embarrassment that they have to "do everything," but it's easy to detect a twinge of pride. Aside from these high jinks, *CFA* meticulously documents the evolution of script ideas, development of camera techniques and execution of the distasteful splatter effects Buttgerit is known for. The revelation that a certain dead cat from *Nekromantik* was actually a \$12 prop filled with red food coloring and scrambled eggs may not dumbfound you, but I was entertained to learn that it was a dyed, chunky omelet that almost made me hurl upon initial viewing.

*FILM THREAT Video, P.O. Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170.*

### BAD KARMA

John Carpenter's 1982 remake of *The Thing* marked the apex of gloppy



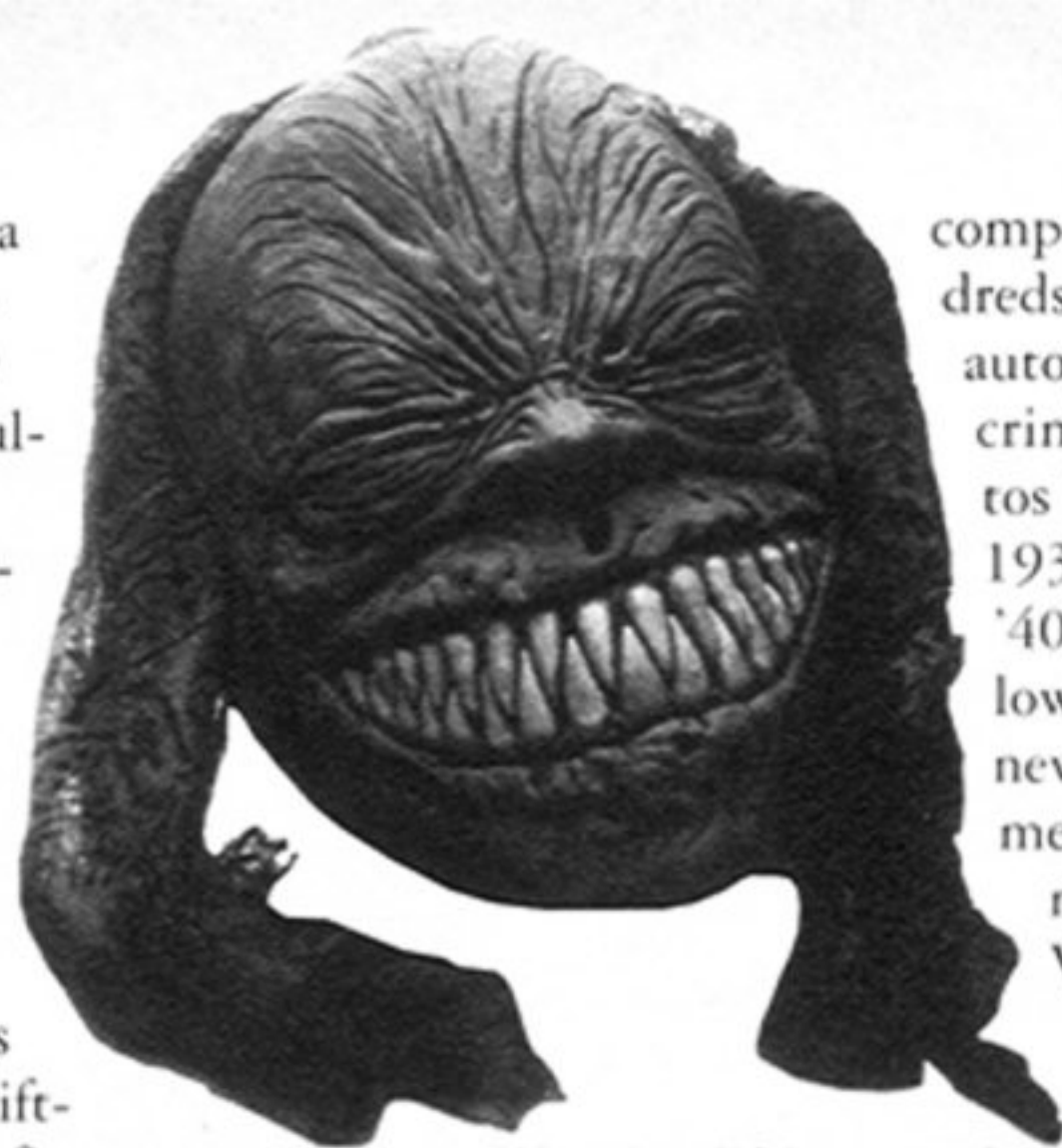
horror—inspiring a generation of budding horror auteurs to dabble in the pulsating realm of metamorphic monsters. Englishman Alex Chandon inventively revives this gooey tradition in his short film *Bad Karma*, which pits a cadre of shape-shifting Hare Krishnas first against a klatch of ale-swilling yuppies and later a clan of inbred, Yankee hillbillies. Sprouting six-inch metallic incisors and an assortment of equally deadly (and absurd) spines, claws and other projections, the pig-tailed tambourine-bangers make hilariously short work of the upwardly mobile stereotypes—slashing latex throats and lopping off rubber limbs with bloodthirsty gusto. The effects, brazenly executed sans the contrivances of physics or physiology (hey, they're *monsters*), are hilariously over-the-top as crimson Karo syrup and green pus jet everywhere.

*Shape-Shifting Films*, 29 Brookfield Mansions, 5 Highgate West Hill, London N6 6AT England.

#### DEATH SCENES II

While there was really no place on Earth for the first installment—

**Heads up!** The real-life horror of the Vic Morrow tragedy will sicken in DEATH SCENES II.



Shape-shifting Hare Krishnas wreak mayhem in *BAD KARMA*.

composed of hundreds of actual autopsy and crime-scene photos from the 1930s and '40s—this follow-up adds a new, more commercial twist: movement! Watching all those gruesome stills blow across the screen in part one was

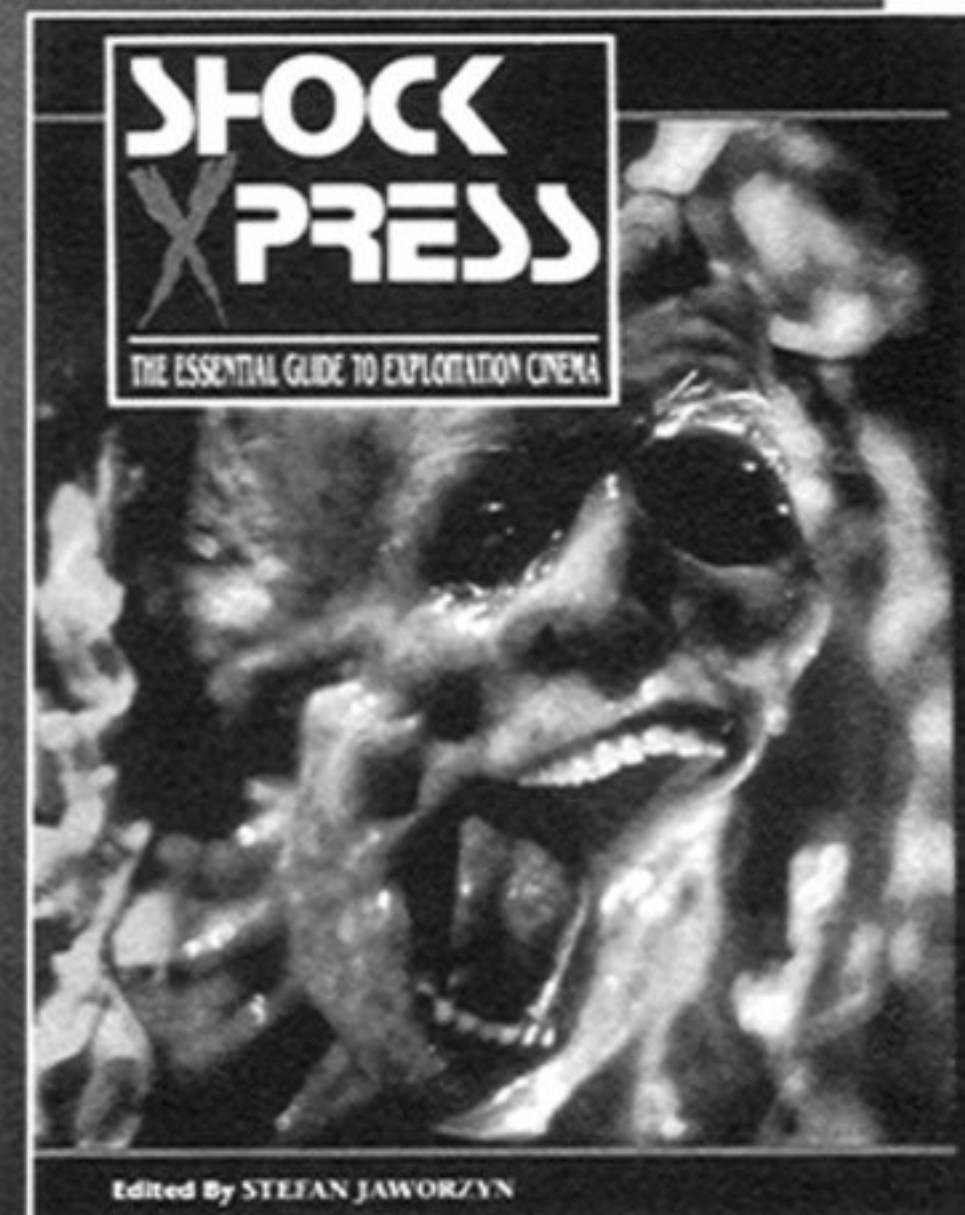
not only admittedly disgusting and perverse, but pretty boring. Fortunately, though, *DS II* improves on the original by condensing hundreds of actual, on-camera, death-related film and video clips into a program guaranteed to make you scramble for the STOP button on the VCR remote. So universally repugnant is this tape that I would recommend it only to those who feel there is no hope for humanity. Highlights (if one can call them that) include uncensored images of the Manson murders, several scenes of people jumping to their deaths from high buildings and the footage documenting the *Twilight Zone*/Vic Morrow tragedy—analyzed in agonizing, frame-by-frame detail.

*Cine-Vision*, 14701 Arminta St., Ste. H, Van Nuys, CA 91402. 📺

film, ink.

## SHOCK XPRESS

Covering the world of schlock cinema, editor Stefan Jaworzyn's magazine has always been one of the best, but this softcover book version—compiled from the best of past issues—is a godsend to the cin-



ematically impoverished. Need to brush up on your Mario Bava trivia? Looking for the title of that Mexican vampire wrestling movie you caught on cable last night? Can't tell one Italian zombie flick from another? (Hint: There are actually only two, but they get retitled a lot.) Well, look no further.

Titan Books Ltd., 58 St. Giles High St., London WC2H 8LH England. (Some back issues of the magazine are also available.)

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**STARRING:**  
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 R. KERN  
 WITH  
 MARY NATIONS &  
 LUNG LEG  
 AS  
 THE MERTZES

©1993  
**BOB FINGERMAN**



OH, LYDIAAAA,  
 I'M HOODOME!



SOUND EFFECT:  
**APPLAUSE!**



HI, RICKY! I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HOME!!! C'MON, GIMME A KISS, YA SKINNY #\*%!

NOW LYDIA, YOU KNOW I WON'T TOUCH YOU IN A CARNAL MANNER!!! I RESPECT YOU TOO MUCH FOR THAT!

SOUND EFFECT:  
**THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE!**



OH SURE!!! YOU'LL LET ME GET POKED, PRODDED, FINGERED AND ~~POKED~~ ED IN YOUR LITTLE FILMS, BUT I ASK FOR A LITTLE LOVIN' AND NOTHIN' HAPPENS!



BUT THAT'S ART, BABY!!! IN REALITY I CAN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF ME SULLYING YOUR FABULOUS BEAUTY! I'M NOT WORTHY.

DID SOMEONE SAY, "WE'RE NOT WORTHY?" THAT'S OUR LINE!



F I L M  
 T H R E A T







SHUT THE @#%\* UP, YOU PHONEY HOLLYWOOD #1\*ES!

OH, MAN! WHY DIDN'T I CATCH THAT ON FILM? IT WOULD'VE BEEN GREAT, NOT TO MENTION CHEAP.

SOUND EFFECT:

**BLAM! BLAM!**



WELL, THAT WAS ALMOST EXCITING... GOD, WHAT'S A THRILL-STARVED VIXEN GOTTA DO TO GET SOME EXCITEMENT AROUND THIS #@%\*ING DUMP? OH... THE DOORBELL...

SOUND EFFECT:

**DING-DONG!**



IF IT ISN'T OUR NEIGHBORS, MARTY and LUNG MERTZ, COME ON IN, YA @#%S, AND TAKE A LOAD OFF...

ACKSHULLY, WE WANNID T'KNOW IF YA WANNID T'JOIN US. WE WUZ JUS' A-HEADIN' OVER T'TH' SNAKE-PIT. BAY-BUH...YEAH... C'MOAN!

mumble... mumble...

MY LIFE WITH THE THRILL KILL 'S CULT

SOUND EFFECT:

**APPLAUSE!**



THE SNAKE-PIT, EH? SO WHAT'S GOING ON OVER AT OUR FAVE LOCAL PERFORMANCE ARTSPACE and TACO EMPORIUM THAT A CERTAIN CAMERA-CARRYING RAT OF A HUBBY OF MINE HASN'T TOLD ME ABOUT?

GULP... N-NOT MUCH, LYDIA, SWEETUMS... J-JUST FOETUS DOING A SHOW... TH-THAT'S ALL... GULP...



HE'S DOING A SHOW THERE?? BUT I WAS S'POSED TO BE ON THE BILL TONIGHT! I WANNA BE IN THE SHOW, TOO!

BUT LYDIA, YOU CAN'T BE IN THE SHOW. IT'S THE ANNUAL "MACHO AUSTRALIAN CARROT-TOP CREON-OFF" AND YOU'RE @GULP@ A WOMAN OOOOF!

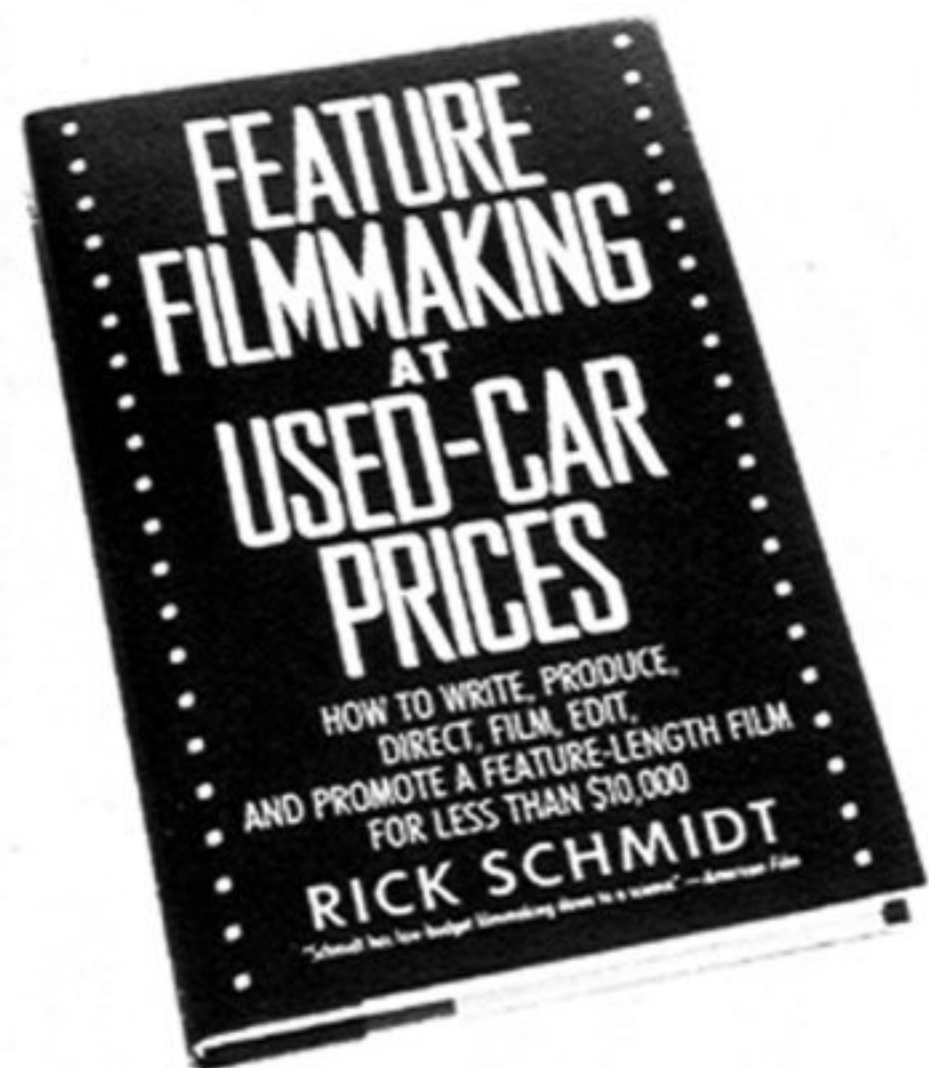


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WAAAAAAH!

END.





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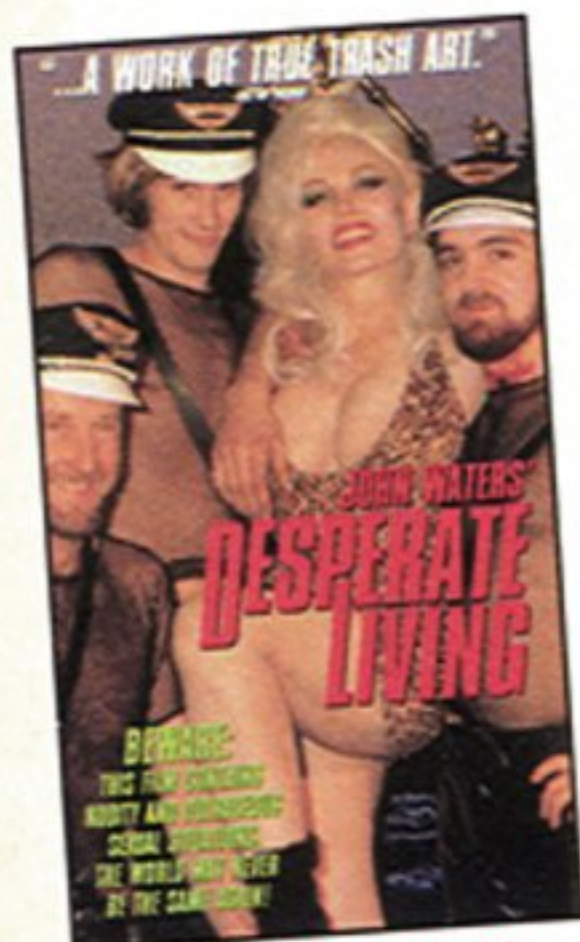
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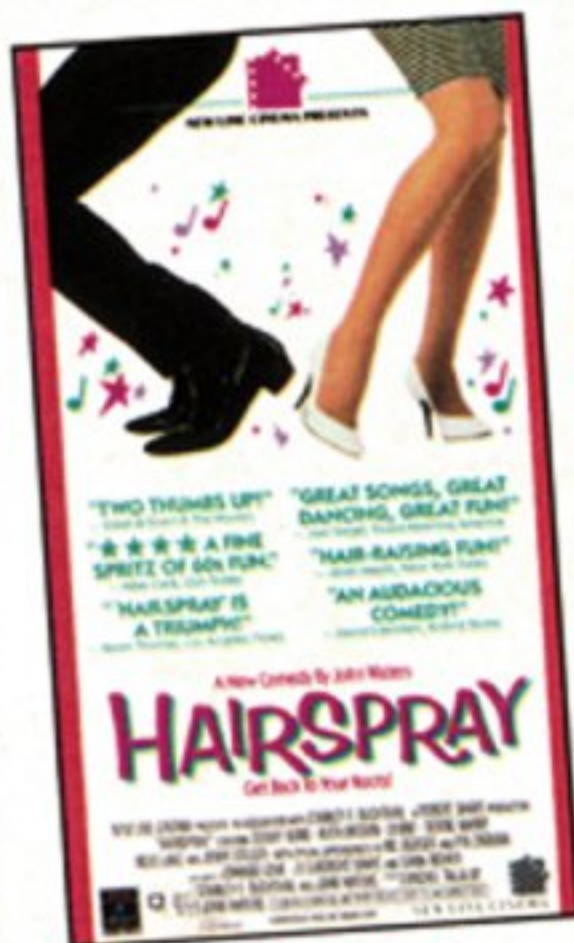
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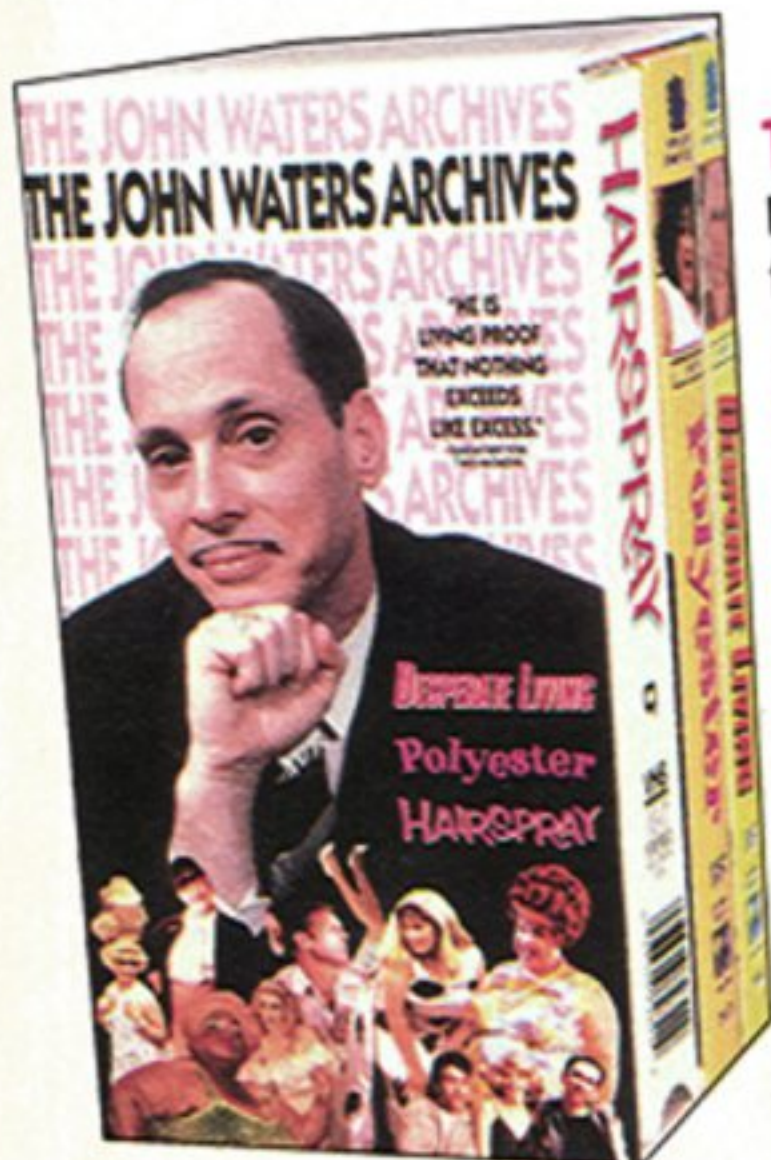
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