



THE EMPIRE
REVIEW OF 1989

FROM
THE
MAKERS
OF
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EMPIRE

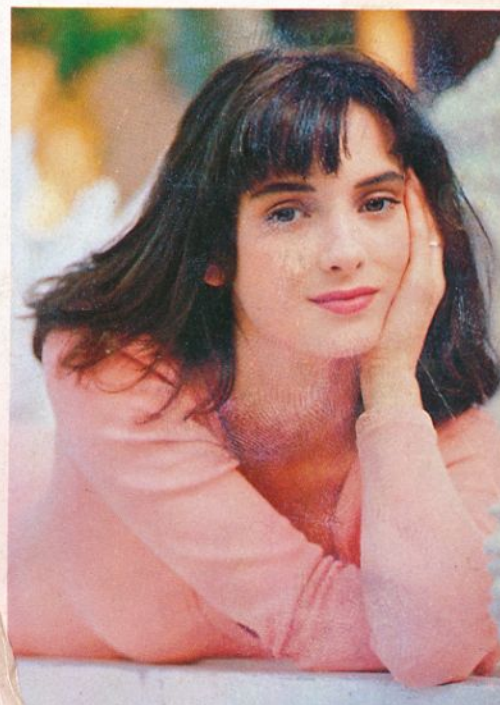
DECEMBER 1989 £1.50 US\$4.95

The Modern Guide To Screen Entertainment

STEVE MARTIN

"Would you
like to see me
make strange
animals with
balloons?"

THE ART OF
PARENTHOOD
IN THE EMPIRE
INTERVIEW



SCHOOL'S OUT!

Winona Ryder runs
riot in *Heathers*

Inside The
Disney Dynasty



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PLUS
OVER
200
**FILMS &
VIDEOS**
REVIEWED
INSIDE

EMPIRE

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The Way We Were: the extraordinary tale of Peter Bogdanovich (right, with Cybill Shepherd) on page 58.

Cartoon capers: inside the Disney dynasty on page 40.

NEWS

10/11/12/14/15 GLOBAL PICTURES

Bruce Willis plays a baby's voice! Mel Smith in serious movie shock! Donald Sutherland in undignified movie-tussle outrage! *Empire's* international correspondents fax in all the hot news from around the world.

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Michael J. Fox's Marty McFly goes back to the future in *Back To The Future Part II*. We have the incontrovertible photographic evidence.

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SHORTS

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There's a little shop in Hollywood where you too can pay way over the odds for Michael Jackson's junked jacket, Patrick Swayze's soiled sweatpants and all manner of second-hand apparel that once clad the stars.

24 NOW NOT SHOWING

Hundreds of films are made and never shown in British cinemas, consigned immediately to the catalogues of video companies. How, we discreetly inquire, come?

28 POETRY IN MOTION

Share those latent poetic "skills" with fellow thespians at Hollywood's Cafe Largo. Hello trees, hello sky!

29 COMPETITION

"Sir" Kenneth Branagh is Guy Fawkes. Marlon "Fatman" Brando is the gunpowder barrel. But who'll play Santa in *this* month's *It's Your Movie*?

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Messrs Andrews, Dance and Irons — Tom Hibbert inspects the "glittering" careers of three quintessential English exports.



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With *Heathers*, the *High School* movie has finally come of age. Lloyd Bradley investigates how heavy petting gave way to murder and suicide, while Henri Behar interviews the film's star, the, if you will, *luminous* Winona Ryder.

40 MICKEY MOUSE KNEW MY UNCLE

Doesn't *everyone's* uncle read them *Pinocchio* and then make it into a film if you give him the OK? Tom Hibbert talks to Roy Disney, heir apparent to the empire that bears his name.

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The hits, the horror, the haircuts! The *Empire* team look back on the year they're all already calling "1989".

58 THOSE PETER BOGDANOVICH BLUES

In 1971 a first-time director called Peter Bogdanovich made the highly-acclaimed film, *The Last Picture Show*. As he finally makes the sequel, *Texasville*, he tells Nina J. Easton his own extraordinary tale of 18 years of success, failure, bankruptcy and murder most foul.

64 THE EMPIRE INTERVIEW

With *Parenthood* set to open in early 1990, Steve Martin takes a look back over his ever onwards-and-upwards career. "I'm a great guy to have around at parties," he promises Craig Moderno.

EMPIRE DIRECTORY

KOBAL



Lest We Forget: The Late Great Bette Davis recalled on page 106.

The *Empire* Directory starts on page 73 and is a unique 42-page guide to all forms of screen entertainment, from films you can see at the cinema to those you can rent or buy on video, as well as new film books and movie soundtracks. Bette Davis is lovingly remembered on page 106, the Danny Baker "column" is on page 111, your letters are on page 112, subscription details are on page 113 and the Directory ends on page 114 with James Stewart's classic speech from *Mr Smith Goes To Washington*.

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DECEMBER 1

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PET SEMATARY ¹⁸

Directed by Mary Lambert. Starring Dale Midkiff, Fred Gwynne, Denise Crosby. 103 mins. (United International Pictures/USA)

Making bad or indifferent movies from the novels of Stephen King is quite an art form. Of the 15-plus King-derived movies, only *Carrie*, *Stand By Me* and (debatable) *The Shining* are outstanding. It's also notable that no one is better at making bad or indifferent movies from the novels of Stephen King than Stephen King himself — he directed the video-only travesty *Maximum Overdrive* and scripted such losers as *Silver Bullet*, *Cat's Eye* and *Creepshow*. *Pet Sematary* is one of King's most personal and deeply affecting horror novels, replaying *The Monkey's Paw* on an epic scale in order to tackle the fear of death, parental anguish and other weighty topics. Here, though, he's hacked it up with yet another sloppy screenplay.

One of the problems is that King usually writes about cliché subjects so well that you don't notice the hackneyed aspects of his books, and so when all the character detail, precise backgrounding and elaborate plot setting-up mechanisms are pruned away, all you get is a dumb TV movie with characters doing insanely stupid things to prolong the agony.

Here, our hero (Midkiff) is told by an eccentric old neighbour (Gwynne) that things buried in the Micmac graveyard beyond the pet cemetery come back to life as soulless

monsters. This is demonstrated when a dead cat returns as a neon-eyed fiend. Midkiff is also told that human beings come back as violent zombies, and there's a brain-spattering ghost popping up at odd intervals warning him never to tamper with the forces of life and death. Predictably, he ignores the advice and when his toddling son is killed on the road, he robs his child's grave with a pathetic cry of "I'm gonna bust you out, son" and heads off to get the kid back.

In the book, with 300 pages of motivation, you can just about swallow the plot. But in the film this is impossible and you have to sit impatiently through scene after silly scene before the zombie attacks start.

Pet Sematary has ambitions to be more than just another zombie flick, but it finally comes over as being more like a precis of its source novel than a proper adaptation of it. ★

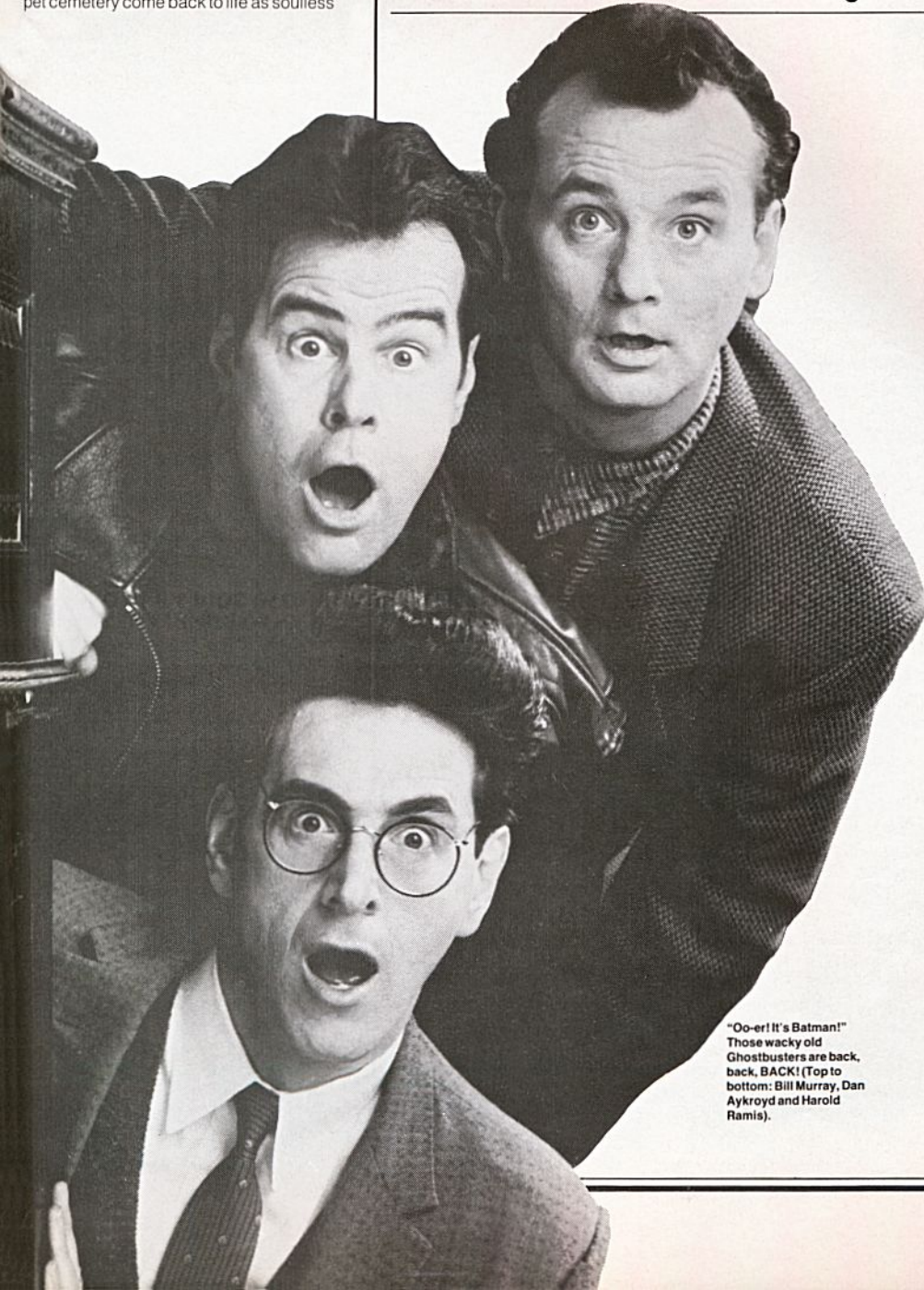
KIM NEWMAN



Denise Crosby and neon-eyed fiend in *Pet Sematary*: nine out of ten cats say they preferred the book.

Back! Back! BACK!

Wobbling slightly under the weight of their hefty fees, the original ghoulish foursome return with less than a vengeance.



GHOSTBUSTERS II ^{PG}

Directed by Ivan Reitman. Starring Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, Harold Ramis, Rick Moranis, Ernie Hudson, Annie Potts and Peter MacNichol. 108 mins. (Columbia Tri-Star/USA)

Venkman, Spengler, Stantz and Zeddemore are back, chasing the kind of success that won *Ghostbusters* huge popularity, spawned a TV show, shifted tons of merchandise and raked in a massive \$220 million at the box office, making it the biggest-grossing comedy of all time. The opening weekend of *Ghostbusters II* grossed a wallet-bulging \$29 million and things looked good. Then *Batman* opened and things didn't look so good. Still, it had hit upwards of \$110 million after 94 days in the U.S. and while there's still some way to go, Columbia boss Dawn Steel has probably won her gamble to bring Murray and Co. back. (All the original cast return, and Reitman again directs.)

Since sending the Pillsbury Doughboy back to the land of Homepride, Venkman (Murray) and his buddies have been hit by the city for a repair bill and are generally derided as frauds. Times are hard, Stantz (Aykroyd) and Zeddemore (Hudson) now guest at children's parties between the jelly and the conjuror, their earlier exploits largely forgotten: in response to the chant "Who yuh gonna call?", the yuppie larvae shout "He-Man!". Venkman hosts a risible TV show for armchair psychics and Spengler has retreated into research. But they're reunited when Weaver's son Oscar becomes the victim of a playful poltergeist. She goes to Spengler (Ramis) for help and the trail leads them under the city where a monstrous Stygian river of pink slime is generating enough negative energy to turn the population of New York into a bunch of complete assholes.

Ramis and Aykroyd have written a sharp script with more than a casual eye on the children. The slime is OK (it likes to listen to Jackie Wilson and, in the film's most seditious moment, there's a suspicion that Spengler has been sleeping with it) and the whole affair is funny in a harmless, gloopy sort of way. The cast (including Rick Moranis and Annie Potts) supply the necessary high spirits, and Peter MacNichol who pursues Weaver as the hideously accented Janosz Poha will no doubt be impersonated by kids all over the country.

But the attempts to integrate Murray into mainstream society (he's seen cooing over baby Oscar in a way that's not entirely ironic) is uncomfortable. The character shone in the original because he was allowed to be self-centred, immature and careless; placing him in a relationship that demands genuine warmth simply doesn't work. In addition, too much action is carried by Aykroyd, Ramis and Hudson as Murray tries to rekindle his old flame, and the climax is a pale rerun of the original's classic confrontation: "Let's show the Sumerian bitch how we do things downtown!"

That said, there are going to be many worse things to do this Christmas than see *Ghostbusters II*. ★★

ROB BEATTIE

"Oo-er! It's Batman!" Those wacky old Ghostbusters are back, back, BACK! (Top to bottom: Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd and Harold Ramis).

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