

GRAFFITI

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Yes. That's right. Graffiti is back. In celebration of our last Omnibus of the 1988-89 school year, we wanted to write our first article to let the seniors know how much we will miss them. Please note that we are design editors, not writers, so bear with us.

Our first victims are the old staffers from the Jean Regime. **Cathy McHugh** led the merry band. You may remember Cathy as the infamous Omni editor with eyes that "really do twinkle." She always handled the weekly crisis with a special flair. We'll never forget when she spent days with lipstick on her cheeks. Let's clarify that last statement. She was a clown for Halloween and used "long-lasting" lipstick to make the little, obnoxious red dots on her face. She was rosy for a week.

We had two assistant editors during that year with Jean. We started out with **Jenny Livingston**, who continued her reign from the year before. As Cathy's friend/confidant/roommate, Jenny had a special insight into helping Cathy deal with our many crises. After Christmas, however, disaster struck. Cathy said that our beloved Jenny fell down a staircase and shattered her wrist. "She won't be able to help us with Omnibus any more because she has a contraption on her arm that looks like an erector set." We panicked! Then **Eleni Chamis** appeared out of the blue to save Omnibus. But then again, she may have appeared just to use the DTH phones.

Jenny came to visit a couple of times to assure us that she was OK. On one visit, only half healed from her accident, she saved the day by writing the circus cover story at the last minute when the computer ate the original. Come to think of it, she hasn't been back since.

When the Jean Regime ended and Sharon's Harem took over, Cathy and Eleni passed the torch on to the next sucker (sorry, James). They had to do something silly like... finding a job. Sniff! We had to bid our fearless leaders good-bye.

Our next victims are the few senior writers who stuck around after the changing of the Omni guard. **Andy Lawler** (the infamous "Godspell" reviewer) continued to write the General College updates. We would like to take this space to thank him for putting up with all the times we told him that his articles could be 25 inches after he spent half an hour cutting three inches out of his masterpiece. Thanks Andy!

Every week we looked forward to **Winston Lloyd's** "Edited 4 TV." He scared us to death, though, when he listed "CHIPS" as one of his 10 favorite shows of all-time. Luckily, he was joking, and we fell for it. He regained our trust, however, by making "Cheers" his No. 1 show of all time. We'll miss your column, Winston. Next year's Omnibus won't be the same without it.

And who will ever replace **Randal Bullock** and his... well... interesting album reviews? We used to call it "Ontrax." Then we called it "Offtrax." Now we don't know what to call it. We'll never forget his review of Sneeches, which can best be described as existential. Randal, you get the award for writing the wierdest thing we ever pasted up. Congratulations!

Our last distinguished writer is the one and only **James Dean**. Yes, Omnibus really does



Yes, this is James Dean. No, he's not dead.

Tar Heel/file photo

have a guy named James Dean who writes movie reviews. We aren't clever enough to come up with that one on our own. For those readers who don't know, James is British. The guy even writes with an accent. Check out the first line of his review of "Crusoe" and see for yourself. We'll miss your clever quips on the movie page, James.

Next victim please. **David Minton**, come on down. You didn't think you would escape this article, did you? Thank you for not killing us every time we came up with a photo assignment one day before we went to press. Not to mention the many times we had you take DTH file photos out of your file. What are we going to do without his immense library of photos?

Finally, we salute two honorary seniors. First, **Mir. Joe Bob**

Briggs. He's not even a student here (contrary to popular belief), but he deserves mention. Since only one member of the Omni editing staff likes Joe Bob, he is no longer with us. We, the design editors, differ on our opinions of Joe Bob Briggs. Laura says "Joe Bob is sexist and in bad taste. Yes, I realize that is the point, but I do not have to like it." Lisa, being the above mentioned sole Joe Bob fan, admits, "He is offensive, but he is funny as hell. Anyone who can make me laugh while they offend me has something going for him." But please kids do not try this trick at home. You may receive some gratuitous Karate Fu.

Last but not least, we hail our fearless editor, **James Benton**, who has no idea what we are saying about him. Thank God for the First Amendment.

James, thank you for taking over the Omnibus when no one else would. We realize what a sacrifice you made this semester, but in the end, wasn't it worth it? Don't answer that. Look out E'haus — here comes James Benton, the RA from hell! Well we've almost made it to the end of our first article. If you've stayed with us, thank you. What stamina you have! We want to apologize to James Dean (we had to say his name one last time) for using his picture. James will be proud to know that he inspired this article, so any unsatisfied reader can blame him.

Thanks for the memories, guys! Good luck next year! We'll miss you!

By the way, as design editors, we reserve the right to put our article on page three. Ain't power great?

Movie Review

Don't Believe the Hype for "She's Out of Control"

By RON CRAWFORD
Staff Writer

You can call this column a tribute to the great Hollywood hype machine, because if it weren't for public relations, I never would have seen *She's Out of Control*.

It all started one day last week when this big, fat package arrived at our offices. That was their first good idea, because around here the fattest packages are always opened first.

Inside the fat package was a huge press kit for this relatively small movie. You've seen the ads — Tony Danza as a nervous dad trying to keep his hot teenage daughter down on the farm-not

the stuff that gets the Academy breathing hard.

Well, it's not the kind of stuff that gets critics excited, either; when my editor handed me the folder, I snorted derisively, "Tony Danza?"

But then, I read it. By the time I was finished, I was raving. "I have to see this movie," I foamed. "If it's one-millionth as good as its press kit, I'll throw my duck fits."

Well, I went to see "She's Out of Control." Very little fit-throwing went on, but darn it, it was a cute movie.

The real fun, however, came after the movie, when I sat down with the press kit and compared the product to its poop.

First of all, this press kit weighed about four pounds and was bound in a glossy cover with a cool logo.

Inside the press kit were a half-dozen 5"x 7" glossies, a 42-page bound booklet describing "Control" in minute detail and several "press releases" with titles like "Real Dad Tony Danza Identifies with Movie Dad" and "Ami Dolenz Calls Tony Danza Her Good Luck Charm."

But in the "Cast" section, there was some really good stuff: *Fledgling teen heart-throb Dana Ashbrook appears as Joey, one of Katie's macho boyfriends complete with motorcycle duds and pierced earring.*

Ha, ha! Joey turned out to be

a marshmallow in a pickup truck. But the greatest thing is he looks exactly like that guy on the cover of the Cramps' "Bad Music For Bad People." No, really! You have to see it to believe it.

And, of course, on Danza himself: *With the good-natured persona of a young and playful Tony Curtis or Jack Lemmon, Danza plays Doug Simpson in this broad-based comedy.*

Actually, Danza doesn't resemble Lemmon or Curtis near as much as, and I say this with all sincerity, Rodney Dangerfield. He's funny. He twitches. His eyes pop. He is the young Dangerfield.

And, finally, the movie itself: *The story hits at the very heartbeat of*

the emotional bonding between contemporary fathers and daughters... "Control" depicts the tug of war relationship with a steady eye that tells both the father's and daughter's viewpoints.

I'll buy that. It also has carloads of cute chicks and cool guys, explosions, car races, slapstick, cool clothes and pop music. It's also glitzy, often silly, and almost one hundred percent predictable. In other words, pre-packaged for pre-pubescent.

So, if you happen to be 12 or if you can convince yourself you are for two hours, go see this movie. Otherwise, don't bother — that is, unless you have a press kit.