

Turkey hunting and gratuitous Jack Lalanne

Repossessed

Linda Blair, Ned Beatty and Leslie Nielsen

☆☆ 1/2

Since it's turkey-hunting season again, I know I'm gonna get major flak from Wanda Bodine as soon as I whip out the old full-choke twelve-gauge, jump into a camouflage jumpsuit and put on my hat with the little ear flaps.

For the last three, four years, Wanda's been on this animal-rights binge which includes turkeys. Like they're not gonna die anyway!

I told her, "Wanda, there is nothing strange or perverted about blowing the head off a gobbler and splattering a little turkey flesh on a tree trunk. The whole country was founded on this principle. The Pilgrims did it."

But she won't listen. She thinks a human being with a twelve-gauge shotgun has an *advantage* over a turkey. And I've told her, "Wanda, there's more turkeys that escape than there are getting wasted. We only kill the stupid ones. It's important that the stupid turkeys die. Darwin said so."

But you can't use logic on this woman. So this year I'm gonna set down the complete rules and procedures of turkey hunting so that all you un-American Pilgrim-haters can understand.

1) We don't chase the turkeys. No man could move that fast while lugging a beer chest. We sit in a hollowed out tree-log with bushes on our head, and we make a female turkey noise with a little reedy rubber gizmo that sounds like a fat man blowing his nose. If you're a male turkey, this sounds like a female turkey is saying, "Hey,

JOE BOB BRIGGS

At the Drive-In

Rambo, wanna party?" When you hear a gobble, that means a tom turkey is answering back — and, as soon as he gets close to you, you unload both barrels of buckshot and watch him crumple to the earth and bleed to death. In other words, it's like working Times Square.

2) But let's say you don't want a tom turkey. Most females are smarter than the males, so about the only ones you have a chance with are the jail-bait female turkeys, the ones that were hatched this spring. You can buy a honker that will make em think they're going to an M.C. Hammer concert. Sometimes ten or twenty of em will run up to you together, like you're the New Kids on the Block road manager. You can kill a lot more of these, because they're smaller. We professional turkey hunters call this the Roman Polanski Technique.

3) But the true turkey-hunting experts want to get the old gobblers, the ones that are so old they don't mate anymore, and so you don't have a chance using the singles-bar line. They're just like human old people, though. All they wanna do is sit around and talk to other turkeys and complain about their children. So what do you do? You make these horrible yelping sounds, which is what old gobblers sound like when they're whining, and makes the elderly turkeys think you are an elderly turkey, too, and so you might be willing to listen to him. You're making these noises that, to the turkey, sound like, "Have I told you about my kidney problem?" And so they slowly wander over to you, but they're ornery. They don't trust you. You've got to keep

talking forever — and it's worth it, because they're the biggest turkeys you can kill. And so you throw in stuff like "There hasn't been any decent music since Tommy Dorsey died," and "That Sid Caesar — now there was a comedian." And pretty soon the turkey comes over to bore you — only, as soon as he does, he gets three tons of shotgun pellets in his cute little elderly Mr. Grandpa Turkey face.

And Wanda thinks this is cruel to animals.

This is an *art form*.

And speaking of huge turkeys, *Repossessed* sounded like a great idea: Leslie Nielsen performs an exorcism on Linda Blair. But it's one of those deals that can't decide whether it wants to be a pure-dee *Naked Gun* rip-off, with 9,000 sight gags, or have a real honest-to-God comedy plot, and so it's neither fish nor fowl, turkey nor carp. It's got some horse laughs in it, but you keep going "Shouldn't I be laughing again by now?"

I don't wanna be too hard on it, though, because Linda Blair is the ultimate drive-in star of the eighties. Even when she's spewing vomit all over her family, like she is in this movie, she gets more attention from red-blooded American males than Playboy Playmates do. Whenever we wanna pump up the ratings on my cable show, we show a Linda Blair movie. I'm not kidding. Something about that East German shot-putter look that just drives the guys wild. For once in my life I'm stumped. I can't figure it out.

Four breasts. Chunk-spewing. Poodle dog ground up in a tree-branch compactor. Fire-breathing. 745 sight gags. Evian holy water. Gratuitous rap song. Gratuitous Wally George. Gratuitous Jack Lalanne. A 54 on the Vomit Meter. Split peasoupFu. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Anthony Starke, as the Catholic priest



Linda Blair, seen here after she has been fully healed of demonic possession by Ned Beatty and his lipstick lizard wife, Lana Schwab, in the holiday classic *'Repossessed'*

who motivates himself by reading *Believe in Yourself*, by Charles Manson; Leslie Nielsen, as Father Mayii, for saying "Luke, remember, when you fall on your face, you're still moving forward;" and, of course, Linda, for caking on the cracked-skin makeup,

ratting her hair, puckering up again after all these years, turning herself into a giant ice-cream cone and screaming "Lick me! Lick me!" What an actress.

Two and a half stars. Joe Bob says check it out.

Cheers to Kirstie Alley's mixed-up family frenzy

Sibling Rivalry

Kirstie Alley, Bill Pullman, Scott Bakula, Ed O'Neill

directed by Carl Reiner

Plaza
967-4737

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Kirstie Alley playing a neurotic, uptight, repressed wife? Unbelievable!

Okay, not so unbelievable.

How about this: *Married with Children's* Al Bundy, Ed O'Neill, as a caring, sensitive, romantic police officer?

Unbelievable! But true!

Alley and director Carl Reiner have scored a hit with *Sibling Rivalry*, a comedy of corpses, conspiracies and communication breakdowns. Any

CHIP SUDDERTH

Movies

doubts about Alley's ability to carry a movie vanished with the success of *Look Who's Talking*, in which she not only shone, but helped resurrect John Travolta's career. This time Reiner gives her sole possession of the lime-light, and she pulls it off again.

The producers of *Cheers* deserve a round of applause for "discovering" Alley, otherwise this talented actress might still be stuck on the Starship Enterprise as *Star Trek II's* Lt. Saavik. Instead, she has emerged as a gifted comedienne whose characters redefine "hysteria."

Alley's character Marjorie has a great deal to be hysterical about. She's stuck in a passionless marriage with Harry (Scott Bakula of *Quantum Leap*), a mama's, papa's, sister's and

brother's boy. His familial devotion frustrates Marjorie, because Harry's family refuses to accept her or even acknowledge her presence.

When Marjorie's sister encourages her to have an affair and dump Harry, Marjorie surprises herself by hooking up with some guy in the grocery-store checkout lane.

Complication No. 1: Eight years of repressed passion cause her to give her one-night stand a fatal heart attack.

Complication No. 2: She discovers afterward that she's just killed her brother-in-law Charles (Sam Elliot).

It's too much for a sweet Catholic girl to take.

It gets worse.

Complication No. 3: Nick (Bill Pullman), a hapless purveyor of vertical blinds, sneaks into the hotel room that was the site of Marjorie and Charles' ill-fated tryst. (The door happened to be open, and his job hinges on getting a demonstration

room set up.) He slips and crashes a heavy bar onto Charles' "sleeping" body. He therefore believes he killed Charles.

Under an inexperienced director, a plot driven by mistaken impressions, breakdowns in communication and conspiracies will turn out no better than an average *Three's Company* episode. But Carl Reiner's success stems from his effective pacing; as Alley becomes more frenzied, so does the rest of the picture. Martha Goldhirsh's script doesn't seem to take particular advantage of Alley's abilities, but builds to a climax steadily and effectively. The only major fault lies in an overlong epilogue which makes for some nice sentimental drama, but just isn't as funny as the rest of the picture.

Things to watch for in *Sibling Rivalry*:

• The scene where Marjorie and Nick, in an effort to destroy the evidence of the one-night fling, search

for a missing "article of protection." Watching the repressed Alley retrace her steps in the hotel room and recreate poses, trying to find where she and Charles might have left that article, is hilarious.

• Ed O'Neill playing a gentleman. No kidding. He wants to date Marjorie's sister because "She makes me feel good about myself." Al Bundy, what's happened to you?

• The reason this movie is called *Sibling Rivalry*, when the plot has little to do with sibling rivalry. If you figure out why, you're one up on this reviewer. Despite that little problem, this is a must-see movie.

THE RATINGS

- — wait for the video
- — go to the dollar theater
- — only pay matinee price
- — pay full price
- — take your sister, too