

3. For a film to be nominated,
Upon reviews its chances are fated,
When your film was judged by Ebert,
On him Cimino had some dirt,
So instead of voicing applause and rave,
A thumbs down to you he gave,
By threatening to expose his graft,
You get him now to recant his draft,
You soon find out that on your set,
Cimino planted a spy for info to get,
This makeup man may capitalize,
By spreading wicked and public lies,
To his office you now walk,
With this Canadian you must talk.
4. You now threaten the makeup traitor,
If to Cimino he does cater,
With talk of sex and drug abuse,
Among the actors that you use,
You tell him if he spreads this din,
In this town he'll never work again,
He finally confesses and admits a plan,
Cimino had to ruin your lead man,
The dope's under the Culver City motto,
That was to be planted in O'Toole's auto,
It's a taxi you must flag,
to avoid this evil gag,
For with this bad publicity,
They'd question his acting's authenticity.
5. You've now saved O'Toole's career,
Before the plan was put in gear,
You now think his nomination's clear,
But Cimino's tactics you do fear,
For an insider's told you that he'll fake,
The Oscar ballots in the next take,
The next address you should piece in one,
And to this site you now should run,
It's there he'll meet you with his news,
So to the garage top you should cruise,
To the Southern entrance go,
And grab the animal hanging so,
For on the second floor he does stroll,
Upon one Kodak film roll,
For this next scheme to unravel,
Down the escalator travel,
And to find the clue from your rep,
Please be sure and watch your step,
And by a phone get the Plaza address,
So you can stop this voting mess.
6. Your informer was found on the floor of this place,
Killed in Cimino's Oscar race,
And now another crook Cimino did pay,
So he could be nominated on voting day,
You find the doctored ballots in front,
In a gazebo where you now hunt,
And the animal you must seize,
Is grazing calmly at Sundries.
7. Luckily the ballots you did find,
For the trumped results insult the mind,
Every category "The Road to Fame" would have dominated,
And your film would not even have been nominated,
The fraudulent deeds have been exposed,
The process proceeds as originally supposed,
Disappointed but not beat,
Cimino thinks of another way to cheat,

He knows he'll still be a nominee,
He's blackmailed half of the community,
For without his B films today,
Thousands of extras would be without pay,
He knows the power of accusation,
And how it can mar a reputation,
To litigation he'll now resort,
By suing Lear for plagiarism in open court,
In a frog's mouth a note he left to his spouse,
In the alley behind his fantasy house,
An ice cream mansion built from the money wagon,
He fleeced from his staff in "The Year of the Dragon".

8. Poor Lear never plagiarized in his life,
Just ask Marsha Mason, his ex-wife,
But bad publicity you don't need,
For in the votes you must now lead,
Your morals have yet withstood this race,
Though between a rock and one hard place,
Look closely now at this nominations flier,
For its time to fight fire with fire,
Up Santa Monica to Beverly,
To your Easy Rider victory,
There your next clue's right behind,
2-M-5-4-9-9.
9. New rumors Cimino's now been circulating,
That leading lady Turner you are dating,
And though Kathleen has sex appeal,
To you your marriage is more real,
To the voters infidelity's low,
And inquiring minds always want to know,
You've counterclaimed in district court,
For the tactics for which he did resort,
But in a mudslinging campaign,
It's strategic advice you need to gain,
Between LaBrea and Highland on Hollywood Blvd.,
You'll find a way to improve your guard,
There a message is left at her feet,
Plug the words of her note on your sheet.
10. For his tactics Cimino did pay,
To strangers you've whispered along the way,
Evil truths that you revealed,
Of his members in the acting field,
You tell an AP publicity man,
That Pia Isadora was once a man,
Not that it bothered Richard Gere,
With his gerbils he was a queer,
And Shelley Winters is so large,
That all her takes required a barge,
You're not of these statements terribly proud,
But why then should he be allowed?
You're now in the audience, your hands are sweating,
Will the Oscar your picture be getting?
For now at the Statue of Peace,
The presenter has said, "The envelope, please . . .,"
For now at the presenter's feet,
Is the product of Cimino's deceit.
11. Snatched from the jaws of victory,
Oscar's taken to the Museum of Natural History,
Cimino has the statue there,
To Expo park you must now dare,
Take 110 South, and right on Exposition,
And a left on Fig for your mission.
12. The rock you found starred as a prop,
But with his attached suicide note don't stop,

Go now down the highway far,
The street you need is where rocks star.

13. Down Sep to PV, left is right,
And to Avenue F is your might,
Past PCH and you've just rode,
To Cimino's suicide abode.

HOTLINE 540 - 6019

THE OSCAR NOMINEES' CLUES

1. On tape

2. In Videotape,
"Zulu Dawn"

Sid, I've seen your competition,
Cimino's new flop deerves no mention,
"The Road to Fame" really stinks,
And Cimino's up to his old hijinks,
"The Eleventh Commandment" he cannot muster,
He knows it could be a great blockbuster,
Your film distribution he did quell,
By paying distributors very well,
You hire an independent one now,
But Cimino's still gotten to the critics somehow,
To Siskel and Ebert, you must now crawl,
It's ~~the~~ Santa Monica mall,
Take PCH to the Incline,
And right and south on Ocean's fine,
North on Wilshire will get you there,
Consult your map if you do care.

the open ←

Your fan,

Greta

Saturday

CHICAGO SUN TIMES

June 16, 1990

Lumet's "Eleventh Commandment" Violates the First Ten

Viewers, if you have a wish, I suggest you make it while watching the falling star of Sidney Lumet crash and burn in his latest film catastrophe, "The Eleventh Commandment". Inspiring viewers previously with "Dog Day Afternoon" and "Network", This last picture about the Spanish invasion of the Amazon delta would be hardpressed to elicit a bowel movement. Disregard any speculation about Oscar nominations, as this drivel's only claim to fame is that of being The Most Nauseating Film of the 1990's.

A free-for-all acting class has clearly been substituted for firm and accurate direction. Laughable acting, is best seen in Kathleen Turner's tour de farce in which that sultry whorish voice and those clipped eyebrows appear to be doing overtime. Seven-time nominated Peter O'Toole clearly has given up trying to win, as we see him sashaying through the Amazon swamp like an oversexed dragqueen wearing last night's make-up. And the supporting cast is worst, as Meg Tilly and Jeff

Goldblum try to act their ways out of a paper sack, in this case, an impossible task. Somehow, "The Nympho and the Nerd" might seem to be an appropriate television pilot for them to channel this "enormous" dramatic energy. Streisand's score is the usual shrill screeching that best resembles a staccato cat in heat. On the literary aspect, Lear's script is horrendously unfocused and pedantic. Ostensibly, his writing is best when it is of the self-centered, shmaltzy variety with which he has victimized over the years. Nyqvist's cinematography is the film's crowning glory, as he proceeds to dizzy his viewing audience with quick pans and close-ups to a point of profound nausea.