

The Princess Bride a winner

Movie Review

by Rob Farnham
Collegian Staff Writer

The Princess Bride, Director Rob Reiner's attempt to follow up the tremendous commercial success of last year's *Stand by Me*, seems very likely to follow in the lucrative footsteps of its predecessor. It has received reams of praise from critics, a heavy promotional push from the studio (20th Century Fox), and evidently very favorable responses from viewers. In fact, in some print ads all of the glowing copy has been replaced with a single statement: "Just ask anyone who's seen it." Obviously, those behind *The Princess Bride* gave a great deal of faith in the quality of their work. Is this faith justified? Well, just ask someone who's seen it, and the answer will almost certainly be yes. *The Princess Bride* is a witty, well-crafted, and extremely likable film which disappoints only

in that it does not fulfill quite all of its tremendous potential. Reiner has chosen to use the unusual structure of a film within a film, setting up at first in the "real world" with Peter Falk as an elderly man reading aloud to his grandson, who has the flu. As he begins narrating the tale of *The Princess Bride*, the scene shifts to the lovely European countryside where we meet the peasant girl, Buttercup, (Robin Wright) and her true love, Westly, (Cary Elwes). The value of this two-level structure becomes apparent whenever the fairy-tale dialogue starts to sound stilted or pompous, as Reiner is able to break up the mood of high seriousness with a well-timed interruption from the grandson for comic effect. The dialogue throughout alternates the speech of classic fairy tales with the wisecracks of modern movie

comedy. The principal storyline is supposed to revolve around Buttercup's travails after Westly is kidnapped by pirates and she is forced into betrothal to Prince Humperdinck (Chris Sarandon), the heir to the throne. But Wright's performance leaves Buttercup as little more than a stereotype, with little hold on an audience's interest. Despite the princess' top billing, this film really belongs to the secondary characters. Mandy Patinkin is superb as Inigo Montayo, a Spanish swordsman out to avenge his father's murder, and gargantuan pro wrestler Andre the Giant turns in an excellent comic performance as Fezzik the (what else?) Giant. Sarandon (the vampire in *Fright Night*) is convincingly slimy as the conniving Humperdinck, and Billy Crystal gets a funny

cameo part as "Miracle Max," although you'd never recognize him under the makeup. Montoya's quest for revenge alone could have made a fine movie in its own right, and that brings up the biggest problem with *The Princess Bride*: Its makers may have tried to do a little too much all at once. For instance, Wallace Shawn appears as Vizzini, a fiendish Sicilian in charge of a kidnapping plot. He is a memorable villain and a very funny character, but his part ends much too early on because there's not enough time for him and everything else screenwriter William Goldman wants to include. Fezzik doesn't get as much screen time as a character of his quality normally would, for that same reason. Overall, there is a sense of scenes and characters being rushed by in order to cram

them all into just over 90 minutes of film. Even Westly, the heroic avatar of true love, suffers from this, as he never resolves the issue of whether he is supposed to be a bland, idealized figure like his beloved Buttercup or the lively swashbuckler he appears to be in his better scenes. None of this is to imply that *The Princess Bride* is less than an excellent piece of entertainment. Reiner and Goldman have done a fine job of applying the fairy-tale tradition to a very modern comedy, and good performances abound. It's just that one wishes the movie were a little longer, with more time reserved for the likes of Shawn and Patinkin to perform. Perhaps they will take that into account if they ever choose to make *The Princess Bride II*. But until that time, the original will do quite nicely.

Poetry corner

Tears

Rob Eggleston
Collegian Staff Writer

Tears

Tears are for joy
I cry because I love you.
are for happiness
I cry because you love me.
are for frustration
I cry because I must let you go
from my sight and my touch.
are for joy
I cry because I love you.
AC

Of Future Days

by Panama
Contributing Writer

Long have I walked past the cold street lamps,
past their lonesome grey poles late at night
where nestled underneath their protective glow the ladies linger
and squawk at sailors sailing down the avenue's straits
oh so unlike the sirens
and their alluring songs of long ago.

Long have I wandered aimlessly down these streets
and felt underfoot not grass nor trodden earth
but asphalt,
and concrete,
rock hard and cold,
unrelenting in their stoney molds,
speckled with cigarette butts
and the green and white shards
of broken glass.

And I have seen the buildings that surround me:
great grey towers of brick and tinted glass
spiraling skywards
until the sun merely becomes a caster of their shadows
and cause men to curse the day
and give thanks for the darkness that envelops the city,
and at night their lofty parapets seek to hide the stars.

As the city grows ever larger,
as its confines lengthen,
as the days grow even darker,
men will never know others than themselves,
silently slipping into prisons of their own flesh and bones,
never to truly understand or love one another.
Our progress is but a finely crafted skeleton key
unwittingly placed in the hands of fate
and it slowly turns to lock the cold iron gates of our soul's cell
threatening to forever shut love out from the world.
Although man shapes and molds his environment
it's the environment that shapes and molds man.

And so the days pass,
the belt of smog that constricts the city like some coiled snake
continues to tighten its grip
notch by notch,
while the men below toil and sweat
to make the city better:
to fashion a longer street;
to design a vaster subway system;
to create a larger airport;
to build a taller skyscraper.
Yes, ignorantly that is what they do.
They build this great tower as He looks down upon them,
furling His aged brow,
a ponderous yet disdainful flicker in His eyes,
as it rises forth towards the heavens
far above the plains of Babel.

Who is this guy

by Suzie Jalosky
Collegian Staff Writer

Thunderous applause and roars of laughter filled Erie Hall Saturday, October 24. A full house of over 900 students and Erie residents came to enjoy an evening of rasping and writhing humor by Bob "Bobcat" Goldthwait. The "Bobcat," as he is nicknamed stood on stage, Tab in hand as usual, wearing a worn out t-shirt and a grubby pair of too-big blue jeans. He started his routine by exclaiming, "A A A A R R R H H H H K K K... If you came here to see my HBO special, aagh, YOU SHOULD HAVE TAPED IT A A K L M F F H!" he blurted. Although Goldthwait eventually snuck in some of his HBO material, he primarily "babbled," as he calls it, about whatever came to mind. He talked about his bride and his baby daughter. "I call Ann my bride because wife sounds like I bought her from goats!" he said. "My bride and I pounded out a new baby girl recently," he continued. "She's beautiful. Most babies have to go through that playground fun factory of life y'know, but...but my baby's head was nice and round because we had a C-section." he said, pulling his fingers through his thinning shoulder length hair. He then went on to discuss the traumas his daughter would inevitably face, "Is that your old man?" he cried. He reflected for a moment to say that he was every parents dream, "...HI, aagh, is your daughter home? aagh," he moaned, forcing a look of innocence through his demented smile.

During a telephone interview, Goldthwait admitted that he's nervous on stage. He bases his material on fear, and uses that nervous energy as a part of his persona. "I usually keep babbling until I figure out where to stop; It's

pretty scary sometimes." On this night, Goldthwait came to a monumental end with his Bono impression. "With the risk of being like Joe Piscapo, I'm going to do an impression. It'll either be good, or it'll suck! hggmf." he said. The lights went down and the music to U2's "With or Without You" began. Goldthwait appeared wearing a black leather vest, and his hair pulled back to look like Bono. His expressions and movements were performed exactly like the music video. Goldthwait sang the song just like the music video. Goldthwait sang the entire song as he hypnotically stared into the audience. When it was over, he walked off-stage. The crowd went crazy!

As the interview continued, Goldthwait talked about his parents, family, and home life. He grew up in Syracuse, N.Y. with four older brothers and sisters. His father is a sheet metal worker and his mother worked at Sears. He described his old neighborhood as an "ET-like neighborhood." He talked very seriously on the telephone and rarely made jokes. Goldthwait says, "I think it's rude to tell jokes and try to be funny when someone is interviewing you."

Goldthwait became interested in "show biz" at a very young age. His parents had always encouraged him to do what he wanted to do, so at 15 he formed his own comedy troupe. Later he moved to Boston where young comedians had a better chance of getting on stage. That's where Goldthwait encountered... "the heckler." "I found that if I didn't get mad, just asked that guy more about what he was saying, sooner or later he would look pretty stupid," said Goldthwait in *Seventeen's* Apr. 1 '87 issue. When asked if he felt insecure on stage, Goldthwait replied, "No, I've always believed in myself. I'm an ego maniac." He also denied finding security within

his performances. When asked his wife's opinion of his performances, Goldthwait replied, "She hates it; she feels sorry for me." Goldthwait talks consistently about his baby, family, parents and his friends yet he denies being sensitive. Goldthwait could better be described as sincere. On the subjects of racism, homophobia, and other derogatory issues, which are often topics for many comedians, Goldthwait disagreed that these make for good humor.

At a private press conference, Goldthwait arrogantly walked in, smiled at the camera men, and took his seat. Tommy, better known as Tomcat, is his best friend and touring partner. Tomcat often opens for Goldthwait and did so at Behrend's performance. "Is this it? I had more fun at the senates" Goldthwait said sarcastically. He went on babbling about his adventures in Wesleyville. He and his crew announced themselves as "The Dirtbags" when they stopped at Russ' Dinor located on Buffalo Road. He then took the liberty of giving the waitresses free tickets to the show. Goldthwait's nutty charm had the participants of the press conference in hysterics. After posing for a few photographs,

Goldthwait and his crew decided to depart for a trip to Millcreek Mall. Considering his appearance, I'm sure he blended in quite well.

Bob "Bobcat" Goldthwait is probably best known for his HBO Special, and movie role as Zed, the biker, in *Police Academy II, III, and IV*. Or as Goldthwait refers to them, "Police Lobotomies." Goldthwait's long list of credentials doesn't stop there. He co-starred with Whoopie Goldberg in *Burgler*, and is presently working on a movie of his own, entitled *Hot to Trot*. He calls it, "a punk Mr. Ed". He is also collaborating with Tim Kazarinski on a film entitled *Road to Ruin*.

Goldthwait says that he really has no preference between film and stage, but he does like the freedom of the stage. "I like to ad lib in some of the movies...that doesn't go over too well. I'm happy with whatever I'm doing at the time."

Whether he's on stage, in front of the camera, or doing one of his cable television specials, Goldthwait's deranged sense of humor makes people laugh. As stated in a Goldthwait profile, "It's the laugh you laugh when what you really want to do is scream."

Crossword Companion

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12			13				14			
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57					58				59	

1. Scottish cap
4. Oral
8. County in Florida
12. Southern state (abbr.)
13. Against
14. In the middle
15. Give in
17. Vigor
19. Sun God
20. Boy
21. Inferior
22. Edge of cloth
23. Always
25. Create current of breeze
26. Leave
27. Small rug
28. Heat source
29. Courtesy title for woman
32. Exist
33. Sand build-up on shore
35. 4th musical scale note
36. Law
38. Sick
39. Tap gently
40. Actual weight (abbr.)
41. Morning breakfast item
42. Cat
43. Fall behind
45. Pertaining to (suf.)
46. Small, temporary bed
47. I am (cost.)

48. Employ
49. Not awake
52. Bastion
54. S. E. Asia bird
56. Recruit form (pref.)
57. Great Lake
58. 12 months
59. Three (pref.)

- DOWN
1. Blacktop
 2. Beer
 3. Wooden hammer
 4. Fine beach footing
 5. Picnic pest
 6. Indefinite pronoun
 7. Couch
 8. Water barrier
 9. Be
 10. Distraught
 11. Cheese
 16. Listening organ
 18. Division of the psyche
 21. Wound cover
 22. Built to transport bricks
 23. Send forth
 24. Holds flowers
 25. Good time
 26. Fish
 28. Sit (p.t.)
 29. Bad (pref.)
 30. From a distance
 31. Spouse
 33. Repair with thread
 34. Large
 37. Pester; annoy
 39. Inventor's sole right
 41. Foe
 42. Poland (abbr.)
 43. Living organism
 44. Love
 45. Exist
 46. Former Russian emperor (sp. var.)
 48. N. Amer. Indians
 49. Collection
 50. Ever (Poetic)
 51. Hawaiian food
 53. Southern N. England state (abbr.)
 55. You (Poetic)



photo by Rick Brooks

Bobcat (no caption required)

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