

*The*  
**ULTIMATE  
SUMMER  
MOVIE  
GUIDE**

Forget it, Jake. It's 'Chinatown'...20 years later

# PREMIERE

THE MOVIE MAGAZINE • JUNE 1994

## THE TOP 20

STARRING

Kevin Costner, Keanu  
Reeves, Billy Crystal,  
Julia Roberts, Michelle  
Pfeiffer, Arnold  
Schwarzenegger, Jim  
Carrey, John Hughes,  
Tommy Lee Jones  
—and the Lion King!

*Mel, Jodie, and Jim wheel  
and deal in 'MAVERICK'*

BY FRED SCHRUEERS

# Mavericks

U.S.A. \$2.95 • CANADA \$3.50





# PREMIERE



## The shadow nose:

A retrospective  
of Jack Nicholson  
and company  
in Chinatown.  
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### How the West Was Fun..... 46

BY FRED SCHRUEERS

Welcome to the high-concept chaparral (actually, it's Arizona): Mix Mel, Jodie, and the *Lethal Weapon* director with a William Goldman script based on the TV classic *Maverick*. Then saddle up the original Maverick (James Garner to you), and we'll all ride off into the sunset in Warner Bros.' Gulfstream jet. That's the way it works in the wild, wild West of Blockbuster City.

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Move over, GI Joe. With director Penny Marshall calling the drill, just watch these

*Renaissance Man* men (including Marky Mark, no relation to da Vinci) turn into lean, mean fighting machines.

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BY CATHERINE SEIPP

A funny thing happened to **Brendan Fraser** on his trip from Seattle to grad school in Texas: He stopped in L.A. and was snatched up by an agent his first day there. As he remembers it, "I wrote a letter to the college apologizing, explaining I'd just been cast in a Paramount picture called *School Ties*." He goes back to school again (Harvard, no less) in *With Honors*. Whatta guy.

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Are you here for the Lee family reunion? Spike collaborated on the *Crooklyn* script—

about a family growing up in Brooklyn—with his sister and brother. They claim it's not autobiographical. Hmm.

### The Low Road to 'Chinatown'... 68

BY PETER BISKIND

"Forget it, Jake. It's Chinatown." In the twenty years since that line sealed its grisly denouement, *Chinatown* has passed justly into legend. Here's a look back at the epic harangues, confrontations, and carryings-on, starring some of Hollywood's most outrageous figures. Did you know that Robert Towne originally wrote a happier ending? What about director Roman Polanski's war with star Faye Dunaway? And then there's Polanski's showdown with Jack Nicholson (over the actor's viewing of a Lakers game during filming). They don't make 'em like





**Bombay talkie:**  
I'm ready for my  
close-up. Page 88



**Poker face:**  
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this anymore—or if they do, we won't find out about it for another twenty years.

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Say you're holding the purse strings of a Bruce Willis–Eddie Murphy enormo-pic, and suddenly a dip in exchange rates wipes out your “foreign coin” (as *Variety* would say). What's a producer to do? A co-scripter of *Die Hard* shows how a snappy rewrite can save, oh, \$23 mil. Lunch is on me, babe.

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY  
MARY ELLEN MARK  
TEXT BY ANDREW POWELL  
India, Inc.: It's one of the most productive film communi-

ties in the world, producing 800 features per year. Meet the Bogarts and Bacalls of Bollywood, Bombay's answer to Hollywood.

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Not to pat ourselves on the back, but we picked a quiet little sleeper called *Jurassic Park* as number one last year. In our eighth annual preview, calling the top twenty is riskier, with fewer sequels and no Spielberg. In any case, Herr Schwarzenegger will be back—if director James Cameron isn't fibbing about making the date for *True Lies*.

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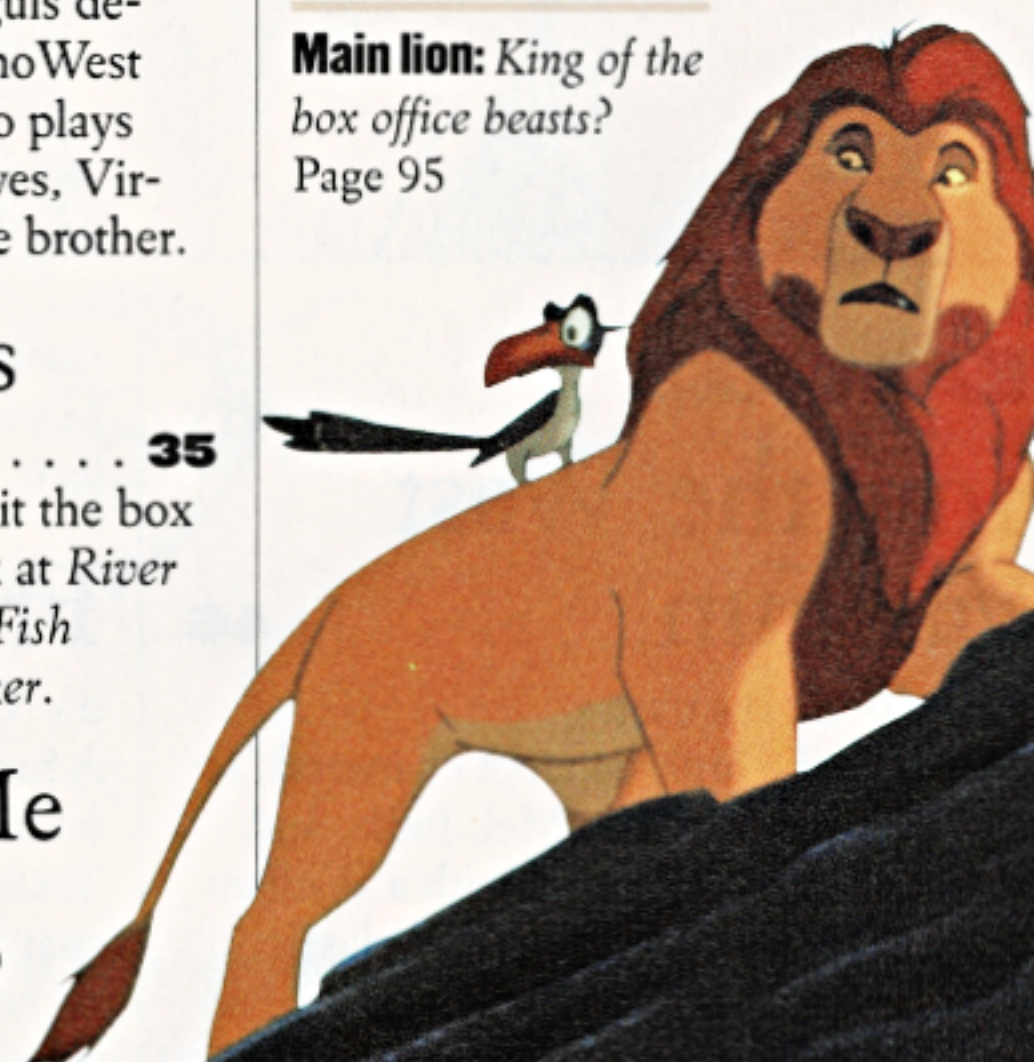
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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY FIROOZ ZAHEDI

STYLISTS, JANE ROSS AND MAYA RAHME; PROP STYLIST, RICK FLOYD; FOSTER: HAIR, ENZIO ANGILERI/THE SPOT; MAKEUP, LUCIENNE ZAMMIT/CLOUTIER; JACKET, JIL SANDER; EARRINGS AND NECKLACE, CATHY WATERMAN; RING, LEE BREVARD; GIBSON: GROOMING, ROBYN LYNCH/CELESTINE; GIBSON AND GARNER: SWEATERS, N. PEAL CASHMERES

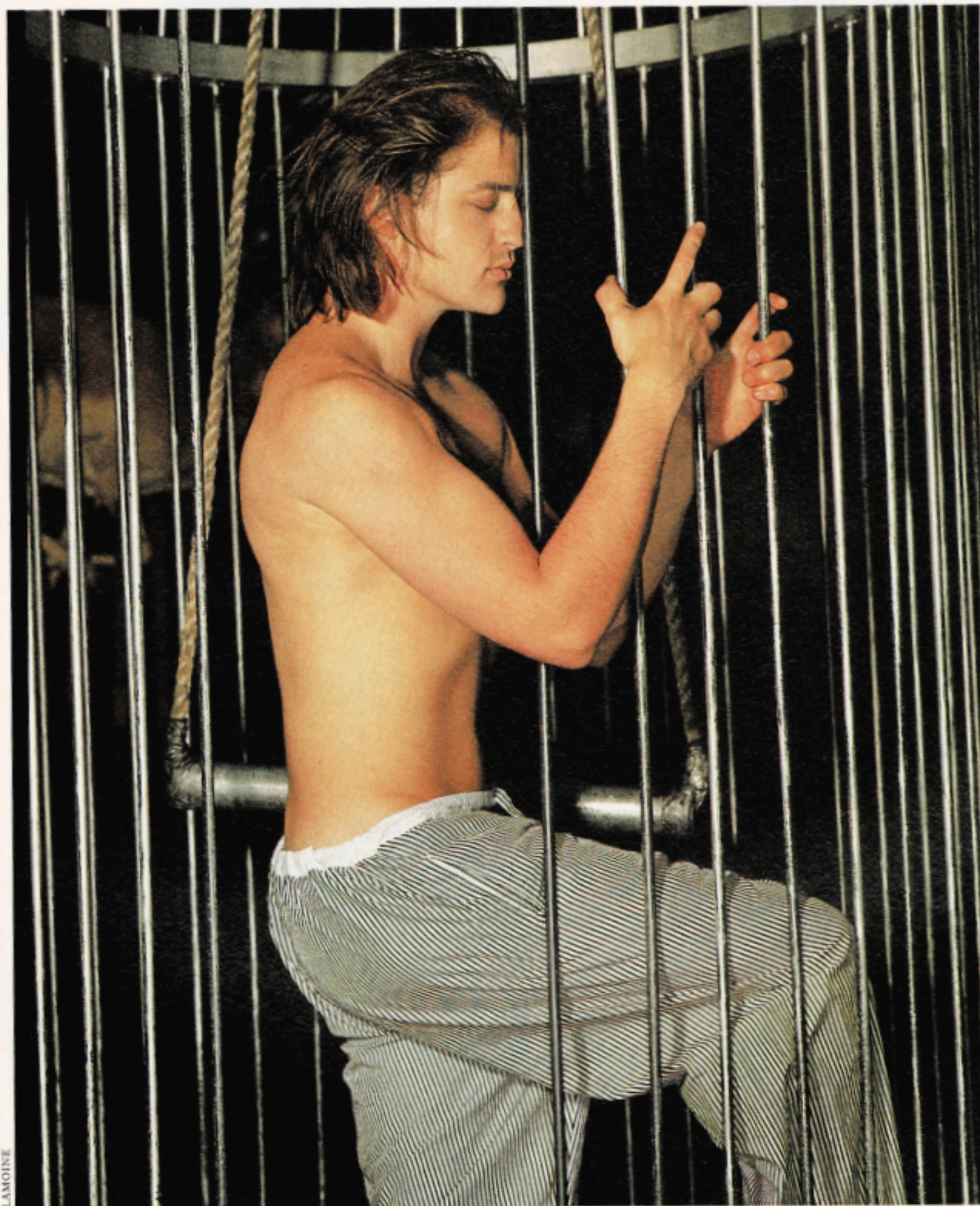
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**Main lion:** King of the  
box office beasts?  
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# Fraser's Edge



LAMORINE

*A young actor scores in Hollywood without a trace of angst or pretentiousness (we're not kidding)*

BY CATHERINE SEIPP  
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOB FRAME

IF THERE WERE STILL A Schwab's, Brendan Fraser would have been discovered there. As it is, the fast rise of this 25-year-old actor—currently starring in *With Honors* and, later this month, *Airheads*—sounds rather like a '90s version of the Hollywood fairy tale. ● It began three years ago, when an unknown Fraser auditioned for *Bound by Honor*, director Taylor Hackford's tale of Latino gangs in East L.A. Casting director Sharon Bialy knew that the fair-skinned kid who stood before her was completely wrong for the part. His only professional credits were an internship at Seattle's Intiman Theatre Company and one line as Sailor #1 in *Dogfight*, which, Fraser is still pleased to recall, got him a SAG card and a \$50 stunt adjustment when Sailor #1 was pushed into a pinball machine. It was a résumé not unlike that of hundreds of talented and struggling actors, and, as one might expect, Fraser didn't get the job. But there was something about his reading, recalls Bialy, that "literally blew me away. It was probably the most exciting audition in my ten years in the business."





**Idol eyes:**

Fraser claims not to be thoroughly settled in L.A. and is still tongue-tied when introducing himself to celebrities. Asked about his teen heartthrob status, he points out that he is not a teen. No, that's heartthrob to teens. "Oh," he deadpans, "I'm catching on."





**Better off read:**

*Despite a cosmopolitan background, Fraser is not, he's quick to point out, that well-read. "I'm trying to get through Breakfast at Tiffany's right now," he says. "Somebody handed it to me. The only way I read books is if people say, 'Now, Brendan, you have to read this.'"*



**B**IALY SUGGESTED that Fraser, who had a B.F.A. in theater from Seattle's Cornish College of the Arts and was on his way to a graduate program at SMU in Dallas, stop in Los Angeles before continuing on to Texas. When he showed up at her Hollywood and Vine office, driving his mother's borrowed car, the casting director gave him the Thomas Guide and arranged for him to meet Brian Swardstrom, then a young agent at Triad. (Calling agents to recommend unknown actors, Bialy notes, is something she almost never does.) Swardstrom went back to his office after the meeting and told his bosses he wanted to sign Fraser immediately.

It's hard to imagine how the notoriously shy Fraser—who is as sweet and sincere in person as he is on-screen—could wow the pants off an agent over lunch, but, says Swardstrom, sometimes with actors, “you can just tell. There's something within the soul. . . . They let you in.” Although he remembers Fraser as quite naive at that first meeting—he'd brought along a letter of recommendation from his college professor—the young actor's head shots did make an impression. “He was just a grungy guy having lunch with me,” recalls Swardstrom, who is now Fraser's manager. “But in these pictures he really came alive.”

Within a few months, Fraser was cast in a couple of TV projects. Within a year and a half, he had a lead role in two studio features: Disney's *Encino Man*, a Pauly Shore comedy in which Fraser played a defrosted Cro-Magnon who scores in a Valley high school; and *School Ties*, a Stanley Jaffe passion project, in which the Irish Catholic Fraser played a Jewish quarterback in a bigoted '50s prep school.

Graduate studies got put on hold. But, Fraser points out, “I didn't just not show up. I wrote a letter to the college apologizing, explaining I'd just been cast in a Paramount picture called *School Ties* and I couldn't do both things at once. I hope they got it. I never got a reply.”

The moral of this '90s fairy tale? “I feel like I'm getting away with something,” Fraser says. “There are a lot of very good actors who are deserving of better careers. I just stumbled onto something.” Something quite big, in fact, and carefully orchestrated too. Fraser's 1994 roles once again showcase his impressive, preppy-to-Neanderthal range: In *With Honors* he plays a Harvard student who befriends local vagrant Joe Pesci, while in *Airheads* he's the lunkhead leader of three would-be rock stars who take over a radio station. Next, Fraser's set to star—for a reported \$1.5 million—in *The Scout*, opposite Albert Brooks, as a baseball phenomenon.

Not that it's gone to his head. “It was frighteningly easy to work with him,” says *Airheads* producer Robert Simonds. “He's very generous with the other actors,” says Michael Lehmann, the film's director, “which is unusual in an actor in



the leading role.” Notes Swardstrom, “He's definitely the real thing as far as actors go. He doesn't care about being a star, there's never been a hint of that.” The only thing Fraser asks for in negotiations, Swardstrom says, are things that will help him with the part—like baseball training for *The Scout*.

Although born in the United States, Fraser is the youngest of four sons of a retired Canadian government official and his wife. His parents, who are now settled in Seattle, moved throughout Canada and Europe every couple of years or so while he was growing up. Fraser learned French in Ottawa and Dutch in The Hague, and acquired an appreciation of theater in London, where the family would often go on weekends to see plays. He was never much of a student. “I recently saw my transcript,” he says, referring to his years at Upper Canada College, a boarding school in Toronto. “I laughed out loud. It was something like 68 out of 100. It was a pretty hallowed place and a lot of fun, actually, but there was also a great deal of sadness, and to cry was a sign of weakness. I don't mean to sound like the Sensitive Man here, but crying was something that you'd do in the shower.”

In Hollywood, Fraser lives a quiet yuppie life. He has a girlfriend, likes to cook, and sometimes goes out to shoot pool with friends. He avoids the club scene. “I'm kind of scared of those places, to tell you the truth. I'm kind of a wallflower. I'm always worried they're going to throw me out or something, or I won't be admitted, or I do get admitted and then I can't leave. But I do have friends who work in those places and I fear for them, because there've been shootings, women stalked by repeat customers. It's creepy and it's frightening. Those places can be fun, but you're playing with fire.”

Anyway, clubland seems a bit out of character. “I always had my head so screwed on,” Fraser says. “My parents never had to worry that I was going to get into trouble.” If this sounds square, it's working. In Brendan Fraser's fairy tale, trouble seems far, far away. ■

Catherine Seipp is a senior editor at Buzz magazine.

PREVIOUS SPREAD,  
LEFT: PANTS, DKNY.  
RIGHT: PANTS, J. MORGAN  
PUETT; SHIRT, INDUSTRIA;  
SHOES, GOLDEN OLDIES.  
ABOVE: PANTS, DKNY.  
GROOMING, JOHN CARUSO;  
STYLIST, RANDI PACKARD