

# The Last Word by Bebé Démelo

Did anyone catch a glimpse of those luscious Mickey-licking-lolli-pop-ladies on the '97 Shootout brochure?! Wow!!! You know, yesterday I would have shot myself if I turned into a short, fat, big-eared rodent, but today I'd crawl a mile on broken glass just to be that Mouse. Disney should be paying royalties.

Speaking of short, fat, big-eared rodents, I want to ask a question that's been nagging me for months: how come male (Vancouverite) Porsche drivers are so ugly? Every time I pull up beside a 944 at a red light and glance seductively over, hoping he's attractive, alone, and not wearing the golden handcuff, I'm greeted by a middle-aged homo sapien carrying the spare around his waist and his hair on his back. God, it's enough to make you pine after a Kits man on a bicycle.

And now that God's in the conversation, what gives with the WIF-sponsored "event" that had us paying 10 bucks to "share the excitement!" of listening to Baton's pres promote his new TV station – *and* buying our own drinks! Perhaps I'm just petty, but I have images of Ivan and some slimy executive laughing at their clever way to bankroll the launch party the majority of us lowly filmmakers *didn't* get invited to. You know, we who break our backs making quality home-grown programs we can only hope they'll squeeze in between reruns of *Friends*. Great idea those windows – while *Gerry Shandling*

is airing, they can watch us suckers making rent money working Robson street.

Or, if Judy's camera is anything to go by, maybe the women's bathroom at Martini Madness. Five bucks and I'll share my lipstick with you...on you...whatever. Sure beats the deadweights in the lounge knocking back the courage just so they can pass out before you even get to third base. Yup, girlfriends are really where it's at: the ultimate high, a panacea for all our woes, the best revenge for a bad date. And we come with better lingerie.

Well, except maybe for the tall, blond-haired, blue-eyed Dutch crewman in Carleen's dreams. Sounds like the same one I had on my last trip to Amsterdam. He was pretty good with the sunscreen, too, if I remember correctly. Tell me, Carleen, did yours like whipped cream and strawberries for breakfast? Did he bark when you fed him? Let's get together, sister, compare notes. There might be a film in there somewhere.

Lastly, hurling back uncomfortably to the present, word from the weather office is that El Niño is going to make for a very wet winter here. No doubt a direct response to David Duchovny's endless whining. Not to credit Davey baby with so much importance that he can actually affect the weather, but God's got a great sense of humor and God likes Canadians. So go ahead, Dave, piss off back to L.A., and may an earthquake realign your attitude.



## M A N D A T E

Women in Film and Video Vancouver (WIF&VV) is a non-profit organization of professional women founded to promote the achievements and improve the status and portrayal of women in film, video and television through education, training, lobbying, networking and advocacy. Vancouver Women in Film and Video is an independent entity internationally affiliated with Women in Film chapters throughout North America, Great Britain, Europe and Australia. Membership is open to all professionals in film, video and television and includes representation from creative, technical, administrative and service fields.

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