

# King gases up with 'Lawnmower Man'

Jason Sandhaus  
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Stephen King is at it again. This time the master of horror brings us "The Lawnmower Man."

Every time an adaptation of one of King's works is brought to the silver screen, I worry. I'm afraid Stephen King will have something to do with it. Either writing the screenplay or even getting his cute little face in front of the camera. In case you've never seen the man, he won't win any beauty pageants.

The man was put on this planet to scare the hell out of us. Normally, that's what he does. But with "Lawnmower Man" we see a side of King we rarely glimpse. He delves into the realm of science fiction, virtual reality, if you please.

The film stars Pierce Brosnan as the mind behind the science, who's come up with a method of increasing an inferior

subjects intellect.

He tests his theory on monkeys, until one of his prized pupils goes berserk and shoots everything in sight. The company Brosnan works for wants to eventually use

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the system on humans, to train them to be weapons. The subjects are injected with an aggression formula.

After the monkey debacle, Brosnan becomes depressed until he comes up with the idea of increasing the IQ of Job, the deadbeat who mows his lawn. Job is played by Jeff Fahey. He lives in a shack behind a church and is constantly being abused and taken advantage of. But not for long.

The doctor starts Job on a program of "games" in his house to increase his

intelligence. Job learns quickly, so quickly that the good doctor can no longer work with Job at his home. So, off to the lab they go.

The doctor takes him to the lab, and swears that Job will not end up like the monkeys. Job absorbs so much that he is now more intelligent than the man who is teaching him.

A certain power is bestowed upon Job, and he starts to read people's minds. He can control objects by thinking about them. He is a living example of mind over matter.

Then, of course, the doctor's creation goes berserk. Revenge is the first thing on his mind. Job persists in getting back at everyone who ever treated him in a hostile, or even not-so-hostile, manner.

To say the story is original is not enough. I have to give King a lot of credit for what he has created. Praise must also go to the film's stars, Brosnan and Fahey. You may remember Fahey from the movie

"Body Parts," or you may not. It was a very forgettable film.

The script is well-written, with a few holes, one of which is an open ending. I hate open endings. But looking at the ticket sales the King name can generate, I wouldn't be surprised if a sequel was in the works.

The special effects rival those of "Terminator 2," and are highly advanced in computer graphics. Virtual reality does exist, but not in the form the movie shows. It puts you in a world where you can fly.

Even people who are not fans of the science fiction genre will enjoy this film. It's not your typical "man in the future" science fiction piece. It deals with something that is here today and will be a force to reckon with tomorrow.

So look out...the person who cuts your grass may not be who you think he is. (2 1/2 stars out of 4)

# 'Once Upon a Crime' a movie violation

Jason Sandhaus  
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What do John Candy and Eugene Levy have in common? Who really cares? In case you were wondering, they are both alumni of SCTV.

Remember the film classic, "Armed and Dangerous," they starred in? Of course you don't. It was a dud. Just like the film I most recently viewed. Candy and Levy team up again, this time for the film "Once Upon a Crime."

This time Candy stars and Levy directs. Don't worry, John Candy is not the only

Belushi and the wonderful and beautiful Cybil Shepard. They play a married couple on a "love" trip, until Belushi takes their trip money and heads to the casino.

There he meets Candy, who has forgotten the ways of how NOT to gamble. The two team up and lose everything. BOO HOO.

Back to the main plot, as if you thought there wasn't one. Lewis and Young arrive at the house where the dog

belongs, but there's one problem--the owner's dead. From that point on it's a whodunnit comedy, and not much of one.

Aside from the poor script, poor direction, and awful acting by its stars, I'd say this film has everything.

It took three people to write the screenplay; surely you could assume that one of them had something funny to say. But apparently not.

There is one bright spot, however, and

I don't mean the dog. Of all people, it's Lewis, who easily gives the performance of his life. If you believe that, I have plenty more for you.

But seriously, Lewis is the best part of this pitiful feature. He was given most, if not all, of the funniest lines. Even if there were only two of them to give.

The great scholar MacGruff once said, "Help take a bite out of crime." In this case, he was right. (1 out of 4 stars)

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bankable star to have a hand in this fiasco. Also starring are Jim (don't call me James) Belushi, Cybil Shepard, Sean Young, Richard Lewis, Ornella Muti, and George Hamilton.

That's right, the bronzed one himself even makes an appearance. Don't all jump for joy at once.

Oh yeah, a dog also stars in the film, no not Phyllis Diller--a dachshund, the world's longest and ugliest dog. It's sad, but the dog played a major role in the movie.

The film starts out with Sean Young walking and crying her way through Italy. She stumbles across a dog that has a large reward for its return, and into Richard Lewis.

The two call up the owner and plan a rendezvous for the lost pup with its owner. The only problem is that the owner lives in Monte Carlo.

In case you were wondering, Lewis plays an out-of-work actor (quite a stretch for him), and the two hop on a train and head off to Monte Carlo (not Montalban). On the train the couple come across a stout John Candy. He's a refugee of Gamblers Anonymous. Can Overeaters Anonymous be far behind?

Sounds exciting doesn't it? Enter Jim

# New name, old ideas discussed

Jeff Leader  
Capital Times Staff

For personal reasons, I am having my name changed to Jeff Leader: maternal family name; no that wasn't my likeness you saw in the post office.

I want to teach birds how to drive so I can poop on their cars. Great visual, huh?

If his dad would let him compete, I wonder how Jesus would do in Barcelona this summer; I wonder what Madonna's mother calls her; a vision of Cher when she's 80: her breasts are still perky, but the natural parts are sagging; what is Barbara Bush going to look like when she's 80? She looks 80 now.

Doesn't it seem like Jimmy Stewart should have died a long time ago? Your cars never stop growing; I wonder how Prince Charles feels about that; Barbra Streisand had a nose job, and she still needs a permit to take the thing out in public.

I would like to see Oprah Winfrey in a Save-The-Whales t-shirt; the next Geraldo Rivera show: tobacco-chewing, nose-picking, prepubescent space aliens and their earthling wives...the next Sally Jesse Raphael show: earthling women who had their hearts broken by tobacco-chewing, nose-picking, prepubescent space aliens.

Whenever I see Zsa Zsa The-Bore, I

can't help but think of the Wizard of Oz scarecrow singing "If I only had a brain"...I'll save you a letter to the editor: whenever I read one of Jeff's columns, I can't help but think of the Wizard of Oz

## JUST A THOUGHT...

scarecrow singing "If I only had a brain."

When I think of the Academy Awards, I think of Brooke Shields...NOT! Michael Jackson is more woman than Martina Navratilova ever wanted to be; HI-C Fruit Juice is 10% real fruit juice, 90% what???

Saying she is tired of lonely nights, Tammy Faye Bakker is single again. That means she'll be trying to get a new man. That means she'll be wanting to look her best. That means you should invest in Avon.

Since it's called the "gubernatorial race," shouldn't the winner be called the governor? Jerry Tarkanian, the embattled UNLV hoops coach, looks more like Yoda every day; brown underwear seems like an awfully practical idea.

Let's face it, Freud was just plain weird; We haven't heard much of Pee Wee Herman lately...I guess he's got his hands full.

Have you seen the commercial for

Depends? The concept is that people who have limited control over their bowel movements, can whip on a pair of Depends Adult Diapers and go about their active lifestyles.

The commercial features two elderly people jogging down a beach. This creates a very disturbing mental picture.

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