## Movie Dr. Giggles in dire need of a plot transplant

### Jason Sandhaus Capital Times Staff

Most people are afraid of going to the doctor. But what if the doctor came to you?

This isn't just any doctor either. It's Dr. Giggles, escaped patient from a mental hospital.

Alas, a horror film that fits my description of what a horror film is: some scares and lots of gorc. And that is certainly the case in Universal Pictures latest release, Dr. Giggles.

Larry Drake (Benny from L.A. Law) stars as the good doctor. He escapes from the hospital and goes back to where he lived as a child, Moorchigh.

The identity of Dr. Giggles, as he is called by the medical staff, is not known. But he is believed to be the son of a wacko doctor, Even Rendell, who lived in

Moorchigh.

Dr. Rendell's wife had a heart problem, and each day that she grew sicker, the crazier Rendell became. And when she

## Movie Haus

#### finally died, he went berserk.

He started to kill off his patients, removing their hearts so he could find a replacement for his wife's bad ticker. He is eventually caught and stoned to death. But what happened to his son? He mysteriously disappeared. How did he get out?

Dr. Giggles returns to Moorchigh to avenge his father's death. One by one, he murders the residents of the quiet town.

Sometime before, during or after a murder, Giggles will use a medical cliche

like "You'll catch your death of cold walking around like that," or my favorite (after he drills into a person) "You think that's bad, wait'll you see my bill."

One thing Giggles doesn't plan on is meeting a person, Jennifer, who has heart trouble. He finds this out and wants to complete his father's work, a heart transplant. In a three bears mode, he takes the hearts from his fresh victims and matches them up to Jennifer's chest. One heart is too big, another too small, and then there is one that is just right.

This film is a throwback to the horror films of the mid 80s--a shallow plot mixed in with a lot of gore. You have throats being slit, bodies being carved into and a scene where Dr. Giggles operates on himself to remove a bullet. He has such nice tissue.

Unfortunately, what it has in special

effects, it lacks in most other areas. Drake is fine as the psychotic doctor, but I must admit that when I first saw him in a normal role I was mad. I really thought he was retarded--he had me fooled. Acting--Genius!!!

The rest of the cast is downright awful. The girl who played Jennifer will probably not get a role again. Another case of the fleeing female who falls down a hill only to be caught by the bad guy. Ever hear of originality??

The script was ridiculous. Anyone could have written this slasher flick and thrown in some medical jargon and overused expressions.

As far as horror films go, this leaves a lot to be desired. Granted, it's better than some of the recent dogs like *Pet Semetary II*. If you want to see a good horror film, there are plenty of them on video or in the theater.

# For the stupid people, this is the headline

### Honus P. Wagner Capital Times Staff

Walk up to a total stranger and call them stupid and you'll have a 70 percent change of being correct. That means that seven out of 10 people, including the 10 reading this article, are stupid. Seven people reading this article have just been insulted, but don't worry, you're one of the smart ones, so you can keep reading. Take a peck at the guy sitting across the Lion's Den. Wait! Not so obvious... he's one of the stupid ones.

How can I make this claim, you ask? If you are a commuting student at PSH, you are surrounded by stupid people at least twice a day. For example, I was driving down the left lane of Rt. 230 on my way to school today and as I was passing someone, she decided she, too, wanted to be in the left lane. And she wanted to be there NOW. Unfortunately for her, I was already beside her. A smart person would have slowed down and switched lanes behind me. But this person wanted over so badly, she decided to go the same speed as I was traveling.

Being a nice person and a defensive driver (and a fool as well,) I slowed down and allowed her to pull in front of me, which was fine, since we were both going 55. Then she decided to induced me to pass her. Listen hon, if you only wanted to go 45, why the hell didn't you just slow down and get behind me?! Maybe because you're stupid.

Insert transition sentence here. (Unless

you're stupid, in which case you won't know what a transition sentence is and should have stopped reading after the third sentence anyway.) "Friday the 13th, The Series," which, thankfully, had no relation to the movies with which it shares a name, outside of

## HonuS Operandi

The most annoying display of stupidity, however, is from people who believe that moral values are objective and, therefore, try to impose their values on everyone else. It never occurs to them that someone else's values may differ and they may hold them for different reasons. And that's OK because we live in a democracy where we have freedom of choice, freedom of expression and other basic rights guaranteed by our constituion. Does this mean that you can go out and kill stupid people because it isn't against your moral values? I wish. Unfortunately, that would be taking away stupid people's basic rights, and we can't do that.

Is all this to say that I am a godless heathen, wanting nothing more than the freedom to do whatever I wish (and the freedom to avoid stupid people)? Quite the opposite. I believe my morals are more penitent than many of the people I know. (If penitent slips ya up, see note on transition sentence above.) However, I do not believe that gives me the right to tell them how to live their lives, though I could (and often do) tell them where to get off.

Allow me, my intelligent friends, to

illustrate with another example. Take "Friday the 13th, The Series," which, thankfully, had no relation to the movies with which it shares a name, outside of some executive's idea of good marketing. It was, in my opinion, a good show. It was also one of the top rated shows in syndication at the time. Unfortunately, some people decided it was against their morals.

Now what would a smart person have done? They would not have watched the show. But it seems the stupid people couldn't control themselves and found that they stayed up until 11:30 every Saturday evening, mysteriously drawn to the show. Their only solution: write to the show's advertisers and tell them that they wouldn't buy their products if they continued advertising on the show.

You might be saying that they have the right to express themselves. That's true. I would love to talk with them about why they didn't like the show. However, what they did wasn't expressing an opinion, but threating the advertisers, thus taking away my freedom to choose. I will never understand why people who don't like something can't just leave it alone. If no one likes it, it will go away. If enough people like it, then it will stay. It is somchow hurting someone or something, then they have a point.

"The kids," you cry. "The show was hurting kids with their young impressionable minds." Parents should be able to control what their kids watch, without having everything they don't want them watching removed from the airwaves.

"Friday the 13th" was on after 11 p.m. on every chanel that carried them in the area, except one which also carried it in the afternoon. Now, if the kids are too young to make their own decisions about what to watch on TV, why are they up at 11:30 on a Saturday night watching TV by themselves? One cannot expect the world to babysit their kids. Now you could complain about the station that aired it earlier in the day, but the smart solution is to write a letter to that station, not have the show cancelled.

I was 20 at the time I was watching the show and old enough to make my own choices about what to watch on TV. If someone wants to make a show that occasionaly delves rather deeply into satanistic rituals and I want to watch it, then I should be able to. If you don't want to watch such a show, THEN DON'T WATCH IT. Pretty simple, eh?

I could go on and on with more examples of stupid people. Examples from my many commutes to and from PSH would more than fill an entire issue. (Hey editor, I smell a theme insert here!) But do you really want to read my whining anymore this issue?

In closing I would just like to say three things:

First, I am not a famous baseball player; second, if you made it this far I guess you must be one of the three smart ones, and; lastly thanks for reading...can ya hear me?

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