

New film *Graveyard Shift* just plain sucks

by Robb Frederick
The Collegian

Something is seriously wrong in America.

When millions of moviegoers flock to a film like *Graveyard Shift* and edge the film past its competition for a weekend gross of \$5.1 million, I start to worry.

The film's producers had better enjoy the top spot while they can, because word of mouth, the cinema world's most effective form of persuasion, is going to send this hack-job to an early grave.

Taken from Stephen King's short story of the same name, *Graveyard Shift* proves yet again that the master of horror just can't make the transition to the screen.

The idea for this movie doesn't even make sense on paper. Sure, the short story was good, but it is virtually impossible to stretch a fifteen page story into a feature length film.

Graveyard Shift has all the elements of the typical "B" horror movie: rats, a spooky cemetery, a dark, dangerous factory, rats, a corrupt boss that bribes inspectors and sexually harasses female workers, hard-ass local hicks, big rats, a vengeful ex-lover, a slingshot-wielding drifter hero with a college degree and a checkered past, rats on sandwich bread, a psychotic militant exterminator, ugly leading ladies, skeletons, lots of swimming rats, women who trip every time they run, a faithful dog that drinks Jim Beam, a chewed off arm, rat guts, human guts, close-ups of big, bloody rats, and a climactic slow-motion showdown with a huge mutated bat-rat-scorpion monster.

The film starts off in the

basement of a dilapidated textile mill as an isolated worker is introduced to the bat-rat-scorpion monster that lurks below the basement's basement. The worker's death, compounded by the multiple killings that follow, inspires the evil plant manager to clean the basement.

While sifting through the rat-infested rubble, the clean-up crew, led heroically by the quiet drifter Hall, discovers a trap door that leads to yet another basement.

The group members descend into the blackness, and they are soon racing through mineshafts, with the ubiquitous bat-rat-scorpion monster in pursuit.

The chase continues through the mineshaft and into the monster's cavernous lair. From the lair, which is larger than Carnegie Hall and littered with skeletons, our brave hero fights for the freedom to return to his machine at the factory.

The heroic Hall escapes to the factory, armed with a slingshot and a can of Diet Pepsi, and faces the dreaded bat-rat-scorpion monster.

Sound stupid? Well, it should. *Graveyard Shift* sucks, anyway you look at it.

The film's feeble plot makes no sense. Throughout the course of the movie, viewers find themselves wondering why this textile factory was built with three basements on top of a mine that is somehow connected to a graveyard, why anyone would actually work in the mill, how the hero expects to protect himself with a slingshot, what the rat-bat-scorpion is and why it is killing textile mill workers, and why they spent \$5.25 to see this sample of cinema trash.

Extreme proves that less can be more

by Greg Geibel
The Collegian

Lately, it seems like the music industry has been spitting out heavy metal/hard rock bands faster than an Yngwie Malmsteen lick. They all have the necessary requirements: big hair, good looks, a really really fast guitar player, and well... sometimes even some talent.

But, every once in a while, amidst all of the glamour, hairspray, and mindless lyrics, a good band will come along, a good one.

Extreme's self titled debut album had the early Van Halen "grunge" type of sound, and the songs were pretty much straightforward rock and roll tunes.

With their second album entitled *Pornograffiti*, Extreme follows up their debut with a more intelligent, conscious approach. *Pornograffiti* is a

look at sex, lust, and how society is manipulated by advertising.

Although *Pornograffiti* should not be compared to any of the larger rock operas like Pink Floyd's *The Wall* or The Who's *Tommy*, it does have a thematic element to it and a central character that is followed throughout the album.

Powered by Nuno Bettencourt on guitars and keyboards, Gary Cherone on vocals, Pat Badger on bass, and Paul Geary on drums, Extreme expresses more musical versatility and sheer energy than has been shown by any rock and roll band in a long time.

Bettencourt's biting funky-metal style of guitar playing drives songs like "It (s a Monster)", "Get The Funk Out," and "He-Man Woman Hater."

As quickly as they can put a song right in your face, Extreme can stop you dead in your tracks with a love song like "More

Than Words" and a big band Frank Sinatra-ish "When I First Kissed You" faster than you can say "Wha?"

Produced by Michael Wagener, who was responsible for Skid Row's debut, White Lion's *Big Game*, and about 69 other records, *Pornograffiti* has a rawness to it that allows for all of the instruments to be heard, all at the same time.

Extreme has a refreshing quality about them that will enable them to be in the spotlight for a long time. Their ideas are fresh, their playing styles unique, and their strong attitudes enable them to write the kind of music that they want to write.

Most rock and roll bands today have the attitude that "faster is better." When necessary, Nuno will show you what fast is, but it is really great to see a band like Extreme that has the attitude that "less...is more."

Matchbox Players open *Day Room*

by Floyd J. Csir
The Collegian

Life isn't what it seems when, the latest production of the Matchbox Players, *The Day Room*, opens next Tuesday, at 8 p.m.

The production will run Nov. 6 through 10 and Nov. 13 through 17 at 8 p.m. with 2 p.m. Sunday matinees Nov. 11 and 18.

"The audience will be wondering if they can trust what they see," said Cary L. Greggs, an actor and set/costume designer of *Room*.

Director Steve Buckwald describes the plot: "It's about what happens when the lunatics

take over the asylum, with elements of pathos and comedy."

"There are plenty of twists and turns in the plot to keep the action lively," said Buckwald.

"This play asks 'What is sanity and what is normal?'," said Greggs.

First time actor Hans Masing likes *Room* because "whether or not the audience likes the play, they will definitely talk about it on the way home."

Masing also praises the backstage crew for their hard work. "Without the timing for the lights and sound, the audience would not understand the mood we are trying to establish."

"It's not as easy to do a play

as some people would think," said T.J. Stackhouse, who portrays Nurse Baker.

"Numerous cast and crew members have worked long hours for the past six weeks to put this production together," said Greggs.

"We try to come as close to a professional production as possible, from the technical side (lights, sound and costumes) to the acting performances," said Buckwald.

Tickets for "The Day Room" are \$3.50 for Penn State-Behrend students and \$6 for the general public. For reservations, call 898-6016 or 898-6331.

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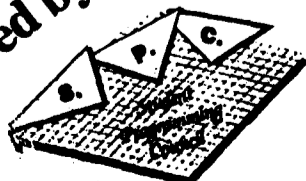
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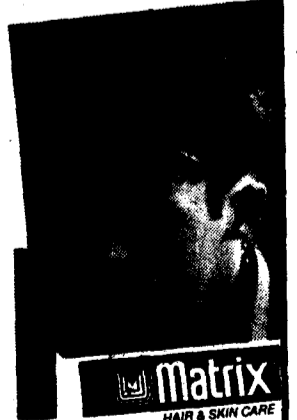
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