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Old jokes, characters ruin Police Academy II

By Ward W. Triplett III Sports Editor

If they had a penalty for moving picure violations, Police Academy II would be among the first offenders. The film, which is little more than a studio uickie to capitalize on the surprising uccess of the first Police Academy, is

REVIEW

nade cheaply enough to get back its nvestment and more. However, a thin

acters should prevent anyone from out routines they can pull along the tent enough to let our friends become off potential robbers. The best part, wanting to see chapter three.

II centers around Mahoney (Steve Gutning joke that kept Police Academy alive. In this sequel, the recruits are sent to an "unnamed district in an unnamed city to aid a captain (Howard , Neighborhood Watch group naked. Hesseman) who is being railroaded out of office because of his inability to cur- metic store punks who get away with tail a trouble-making gang.

Of course, it's no secret that the recruits eventually wipe out the gang. tory, too many old jokes and flat char- The only question is how many gross-

way. Most are directed at the audience, heroes. Like Police Academy, Police Academy such as an overweight officer who eats his cereal after flicking kitty litter off tenberg) and five of his fellow police it. Others are directed at the in-house recruits, none of whom should be antagonist, a lieutenant with the usual trusted in public roles. That's the run- comedy bad-guy tricks who wants Heaseman's job. The gang does things such as substitute shampoo for epoxy and trick him into walking in front of a

> The villians gang is made up of cosnearly everything. They wreck Tim Kazurinsky's store and then destroy a grocery store, yet no one can stop them. Not the police, of course, who are incompe- well as his poster of Dirty Harry to scare

Q. Who will appear at The Drumstick

this week? Check one.

It all makes for silly stuff, but one nagging issue keeps Police Academy II from being something you should see.

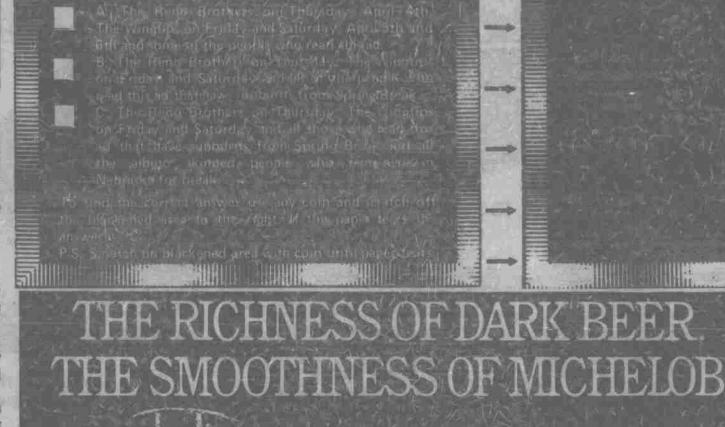
No matter how hard the producers try, it still isn't as funny as Airplane, the multi-cast, joke-a-minute comedy it's based on. It isn't even as funny as it could be, or should be, and when you're left enough time to actually let some of this sink in, Police Academy II becomes flat parody.

Police Academy II has a few bright spots. Kazurinaky's portrayal of the put-upon shop owner is amusing as

though it too is a bit overdone, is Tackleberry's (David Graf) affair with a female onicer who is equally into firearms.

Tackleberry's affair is by far the best and most consistently funny part of the movie, particularly a visit to his mate's home, where even he is taken aback by" the customary violence.

In fact, with a bit of variation, this whole movie might have flown on that relationship. Instead of Police Academy II, maybe Tackleberry I would have been a better idea. Instead, Police Academy II is, like most sequals, definitely not a must see.



the last weekend of winter vacation. Miles and his buddy Phillip "Flip" Buglicsi meet at Eddie's Diner, a hambergerous haven. With one semester left in their college careers, Miles silence for a moment. "Nice burgers, addes another anxiety to his collection - his girifriend has yelled out to the kitchen, changing the just broken up with him.

before

Was I so unwise? - the night cheese. before

When I held you near You were so sincere

Treat me like you did the night we'll make it," Flip said. before

(Beatles, 1965)

Rood

lohn

Part II - Some people collect money. (Helen was heir to the "Viewstamps, others collect coins. Master" empire. Miles and Flip could Miles Braun collects phobias, never understand how one toy could New York City, January 1965 - . make so much money. But it did, and the Woodwards had redefined wealth.) Their breakup came as a surprise to Miles, and it hurt.

The two stared at each other in Eddie! Is this a St. Bernard?" Flip subject. Miles cracked a small grin. Eddie gestered obscenely in Italian, Were you telling lies? -- the night laughing loudly. His tatooed anchor flexed as he flipped over a grilled

> "Hey listen, Braun, 'Goldfinger' starts at the Palace at midnight. Whaddya say we catch it for the third time? If we run,

"Deal." Miles appreciated Flip's efforts, seeing his hero in action might help him forget. They grabbed their coats and ran out into the dark. The sleet still fell, glazing over the streets. The marquis at the theater reads, "GOLD INGER," the Palace was known

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The two sat down in the booth as their burgers were brought over.

"So, Braun, how was vacation?" Flip inquired between chews.

"All work and no play makes Miles a dull boy."

"Wrong, boy, you were born boring," Flip teased with a mouth glutted with food. They both laughed. "Wanna cig?" Flip asked as he pulled out a Lucky Strike.

"You know I don't smoke, Flip," Miles scolded. It was like offering Mister Rogers a six-pack.

"Right, Iggy, but It doesn't hurt to ask, does it?" It was another name he called Miles, short for ignorant. Flip lit the cigarette. "So how's Helen?"

Miles looked down at his plate, then slowly up at Flip. "We broke up New fear's Eve," he disclosed with a traightforward hush.

Flip's unshaven face was stunned. No kiddin'? For real? You two were onna get hitched!"

"Were," Miles accented quietly. He meared a french fry in some ketchup. Helen Woodward had been his girl or three years. They were what eve-one called the perfect couple, "Goody our-shoes," Filp used to some them. liles loved Helen for her, not for her

for its missing letters. Little was said during the movie.

"Hey, Miles, you gotts a suit like Bond's." Miles was obsessed with James Bond --- his subtle slyness, danger with class. No dame was gonna upset James Bond, no sir. Flip amused himself throughout the movie by blowing squeaking noises through his Good-N-Plenty box.

The two left the thester and walked along the shadowed streets. Steam puffed out in the cold air as they spoke.

"Wanna cig. 007?"

"No thanks, pal." If Miles was to ever smoke, he knew just the brand it would be, James Bond smoked Chesterfields.

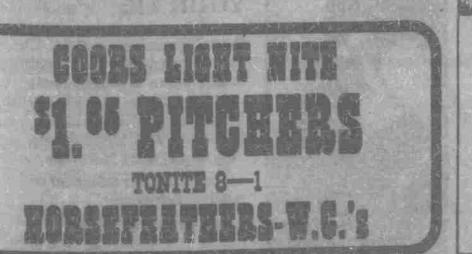
Their dress shoes clapped on the wet sidewalk as they strolled back to the diner.

Flip turned to him. "You gonna see her?" he asked quietly.

"I've got to. Tomorrow maybe."

A few silent minutes passed, then suddenly, in a burst, Flip ran ahead of him, jamming on an imaginary guitar, screaming an appropriate tune. "You think you lost your love, well I saw her yesterday-yay! It's you she's thinking of, and she told me what to say-yay!" Flip stopped and looked back, laughing hysterically.

Bugilosi, you're nuts." Miles showed his boyish grin.





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