

# Sappy, unimaginative comedy fails at humor

By John Payne  
Senior Reporter

Looking to ride the coattails of their mutant turtle cousins, "Spaced Invaders," a lovable band of oh-so-cute aliens has landed in theaters just in time for the summer movie blitz. Sort of a sci-fi slapstick movie directed at kids, "Spaced Invaders"

room around town looking for parts to repair their craft, they soon realize that they have crash-landed on the wrong planet.

"Spaced Invaders" is such an unimaginative movie, it's amazing the producers thought kids would be entertained by it. This is the '90s, and Mars is not as far away as it was in Orson Welles' radio days.

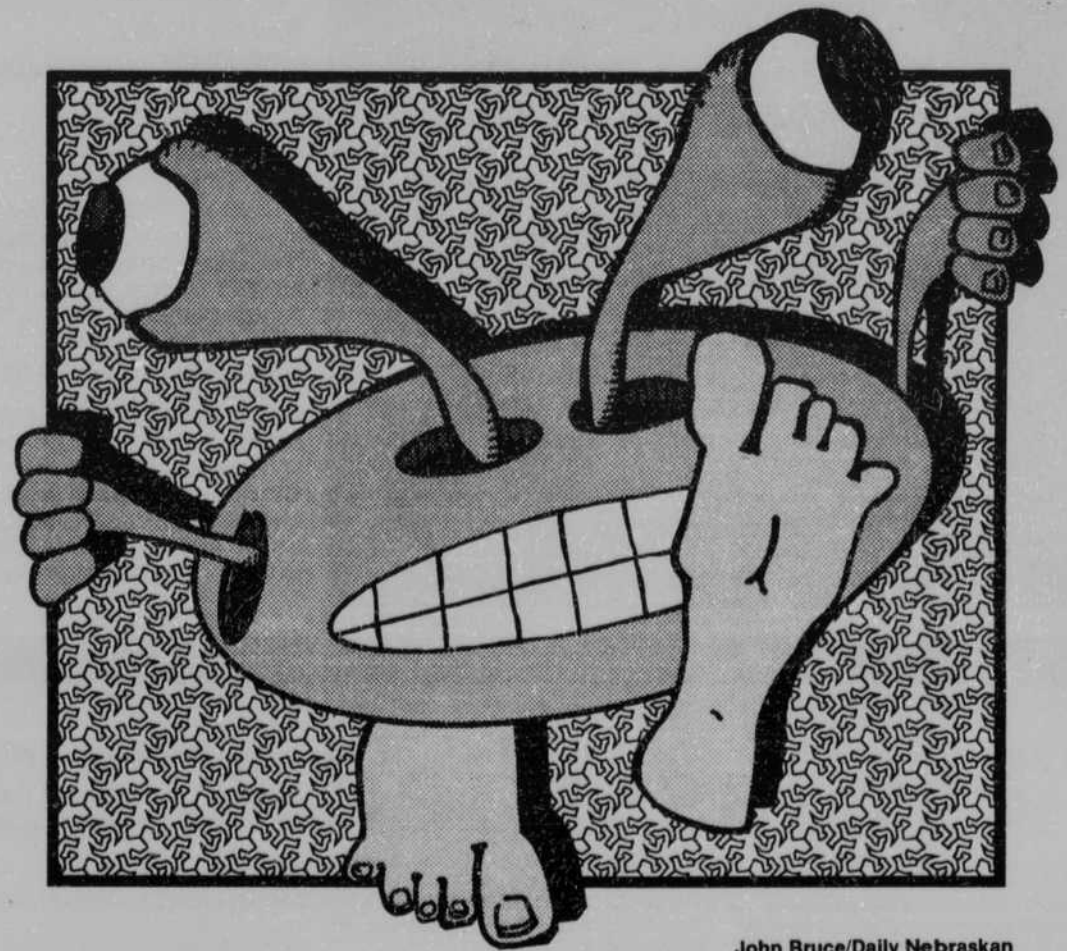
There are a few good running gags in "Spaced Invaders," like the Jack Nicholson-ish alien pilot who even sports a Lakers T-shirt, but his cute one-liners get old pretty quick.

"Spaced Invaders" tries to be an endearing fantasy the caliber of "E.T.," but it is so sappy and unoriginal that its all-too-brief entertaining moments don't seem like much of a reward.

Standard car chases, multiple explosions and other not-so-special effects fill up most of the movie, as does a ludicrous sub-plot involving an old farmer about to lose his place to the ruthless town banker. Of course, everything gets tied up conveniently when the lost aliens devise a way to fix their craft, leave Earth and save the old man's farm.

Audiences will be rooting against them both by the time the film mercifully comes to a close.

Space this flick off. "Spaced Invaders" is playing at the Edgewood 3, 56th and Highway 2.



John Bruce/Daily Nebraskan

## movie REVIEW

is a dismal little comedy that is not much fun for children or adults.

Douglas Bahr plays the sheriff of a small Illinois town that receives an extraterrestrial visit on Halloween night. Bahr may be best known for his role as "Howie" on T.V.'s "The Fall Guy."

Is there no end to this man's talent?

While Bahr and his bumbling deputy try to track down the diminutive Martians, the town's children are out trick-or-treating, and so, of course, the aliens fit right in.

What is intended to be humorous about the little creatures is their lovable ineptitude. They mistakenly think that Earth is the planet marked for invasion by the Martian Fleet, and this is reinforced when they hear a rebroadcast of "War of the Worlds" on the radio.

And so as the five green little men

# Angkor Wat's release is frighteningly fresh

By Michael Deeds  
Senior Editor

Angkor Wat  
"Corpus Christi"  
Metal Blade

Screw Sub Pop. Screw grunge. Clean, chunky thrash still is kicking around in Texas -- this time in the form of Metal Blade Records' latest demonic darling, Angkor Wat.

Unlike garage moshers from Seattle, this refreshing trio is unashamed of quality production and displays it through industrial vocals, sampling and slicing tempo changes that bor-

row from bands as different as Ministry and Metallica.

But metal is the unchallenged root of this music, a chaotic tempo-changing march through hard-core purgatory. Guitarist/vocalist/leader Adam Grossman obviously is the main cranium behind Angkor Wat and undoubtedly is a little odd.

The band's first release, "When Obscenity Becomes The Norm . . . Awake," dabbled in social commentary much in the method of Anthrax and Megadeth. But "Corpus Christi," which actually is the band's hometown, leans more toward psychotic love affairs and pure soul catharsis.

Grossman's vocals range from a

sulfuric acid gargle to a processed cyberspeak, but rarely are we treated to his frank, naked voice -- which may be a good thing. Grossman took



on the screaming chores for the first time on this release after parting with two members, including the vocalist, since last album.

But the microwaved screeches are more than effective and complement

the slicing barrage of muted guitar and bolting tempo changes. Songs by Grossman tend to be tunes within tunes, rhythmic layers that change quickly in a completely unorthodox style. In this sense, Angkor Wat makes media-hyped newcomers Prong look like Milli Vanilli.

Highlights of "Corpus Christi" include "Turn of the Screw" and an almost laughable cover of Heart's "Barracuda." Guest vocalist Mike Soliz manages to imitate Nancy Wilson well, hitting only a few flat notes in the process. But the raging guitar attack is more than enough to ensure that Grossman means business -- and it is refreshing business.

Angkor Wat's lone setback may be a weakness for overachievement. Sampling always is fun for metal bands; but opening track "Indestructible: Innocence 1990," though not a bad attempt at industrial noise, is a primitive shot in comparison to any Wax Trax band. Hearing recorded "Blue Velvet" lines by Dennis Hopper is great, but the music itself lacks substance.

Ultimately, Angkor Wat succeeds in avoiding a label by trying a variety of hooks, all tied into crunching metal. Nothing is really new on "Corpus Christi," but what Angkor Wat does cumulatively is frighteningly fresh. This is metal to kill for.

## Hanna

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for parking planners and meter monitors.

**POLICE:** I must be careful here. I don't want any trouble with the Lincoln police. I must admit, it's awfully nice to know that in real emergencies, armed help is just a phone call and a few minutes away. I have a great deal of respect for a person whose job is to take a bullet for me should it be necessary. It's just unfortunate that these people who were my friends in elementary school have to spend so much time bugging me today.

I remember when I used to wave to every police officer, and they would wave back. If I waved to one today,

he or she would think I was being a smart-ass and give me a ticket. Geez, folks, get a hobby that doesn't entail scowling at me.

**ATHLETICS:** I probably have wimped out here. I haven't taken too many shots at our athletic department. It's not that I don't have a grudge about all of the attention football gets around here, but I don't see the point in complaining. It's too big to stop. Also, many of the athletes are too big to stop, should they decide my puny head needs popping for an unfavorable comment in one of my columns. Not to worry, though. If they give me any trouble, I always can call on my friend's at the Lincoln Police Department to protect me.

**BIL KEANE:** Still not funny.

**TREE PROTESTERS:** Still misguided and self-important. Recycling efforts of J Burger, however, are commendable. I'm nothing if not gracious.

**FINANCIAL AID OFFICE:** Still inefficient but improving (yeah, like they care what I think).

Now, I dare anybody to say I'm afraid to take a controversial opinion. Let's take a gander into the crystal ball and see what I may find to complain about next year . . .

**RESTRUCTURING OF HIGHER EDUCATION:** I'll be the first to admit I have absolutely no idea what this is all about. I've read the news stories and editorials, but I still don't get it.

My guess is that I'll figure it out by next fall and be able to rip on it to some capacity. Even if I don't, my own ignorance on a subject has never stopped me from forming an opinion about it, and this should be no exception.

**FOUR MORE FOR ORR:** Let's pause one second while I shudder. I haven't taken any good swipes at our governor this year, but as the fall election rolls around, I'm sure I'll make up some fantasy story that mocks Kay. Like the time Kay and I were teamed up on Super Sloppy Double Dare and just missed the grand prize when she biffed on the Human Hamster Wheel. I'll never forgive her for that . . .

**THE 1990s:** Once the decade is

about a year old, some definite trends will surface. Whey they do, I'll be there to mercilessly hound them with my unsalubrious writing style.

**THESAURUS:** This summer, I intend to study my thesaurus so I can come up with more words like unsalubrious.

Until then, however, I'm going to vacate my brain. Not a single funny thought will penetrate my noggin for at least three months. Then I'll come back, funnier than ever, with enough ideas to fill an entire year's worth of Daily Nebraskans.

Sleep easy -- I'll save the teary farewell 'til next May.

Hanna is a senior theater major and a Daily Nebraskan staff reporter and columnist.

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