



Summer '92 film fare

Alien 3

 They must've offered Sigourney Weaver truckloads of dough to approve a script as boring and flawed as this one. Neat haircut, nothing to do. What happened to James Cameron? Eye-popping visuals and cool camera moves can be attributed to director David Fincher. The big question is why they didn't hire a real writer. Major bummer alert: The producer has planned a sequel even though Ripley got cremated in the apocalyptically bad special effects sequence at the end. (HR)


A League of Their Own

 The key word in any Penny Marshall film is "sappy." This overly-sentimental film about a woman's baseball league becomes trite with a weak lead performance by Geena Davis and a poorly developed ensemble cast. (DD)


Batman Returns

8 Dark and brooding return of the caped crusader (Michael Keaton), this time to do battle with the Penguin (Danny Devito) and Catwoman (Michelle Pfeiffer). Much sexier and funnier than the original, *Batman Returns* lacks a linear narrative, but aims to please the dark side in all of us. (DD)


Boomerang

 Eddie Murphy returns to the silver screen as a suave and sophisticated cosmetics executive in a romantic comedy featuring Halle Berry and Robin Givins. *Boomerang* has its amusing moments, but doesn't quite cut it as an entire film. Murphy could indeed be the next Cary Grant if he can get his hands on some better scripts, or stop writing his own. (DD)

Buffy The Vampire Slayer

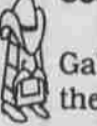
 Valley girls slaying the living dead. Talk about two tired genres within themselves, let alone together. The concept might actually be all right if it were a parody or a spoof, but this suck-job flick almost takes itself as a seriously funny movie. Seriously stupid might be a better assessment. (See Review on page 10) (DD)

Class Act

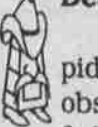
 Kid N' Play return from the rap scene to the big screen with this mistaken

identity romp. While, *Class Act* far surpasses *House Party 2*, it can't touch the original *House Party*, especially since *Act* is missing the hilarious hijinks of Kid N' Play's arch-nemesis', Full Force.


Cool World

 Comic book artist Gabriel Byrne enters the world of one of his comics and gets romantically involved with cartoon vixen, Holli Would (Kim Basinger). Animation whiz Ralph Bakshi directed and overloaded this stinker with meaningless cartoon characters and forgot to include a story. With a cast that features Byrne and Basinger as well as Brad Pitt, I expected a lot more than this lump of caca poo-poo. (DD)


Death Becomes Her

 Outrageously stupid story of two women obsessed with youthful appearances (Meryl Streep and Goldie Hawn) who both want to love and kill Bruce Willis. Bad casting, bad movie. (DD)

Encino Man

 Two dudes (Pauly Shore and Sean Astin) from Encino dig up and thaw out otter-popped caveman (Brendan Fraser) and bring him to high school for show and tell. The film is pretty predictable, yet it milks the inane premise for some fish-out-of-water laughs. The normally obnoxious Shore steals the film from the awful Astin. (HR)

Far And Away


 I've come to the conclusion that despite his earnest directorial debut *Night Shift*, Ron Howard's films have no heart. The only saving graces of *Far And Away* are Mikael Solomon's breathtaking cinematography and the performances of Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman as Irish folk who bust out on Zeppelin's "Immigrant Song" and jam on over to Oklahoma for the land rushes. Howard's story is too disjunctive and forced and makes me want to stay away from corned beef and cabbage for a long time. (DD)

The Hairdresser's Husband


8 France's Patrice Leconte (*Monsieur Hire*) directed this whimsical coming-of-age tale of a young boy who grows up with an obsession for the women who

crop his locks. This film is a pure example of a comedic tragedy that epitomizes the wild and eccentric elements of a kindred romance combined with the ensuing sadness that perfect relationships exist only on Fantasy Island. (DD)

Honey, I Blew Up The Kid

 Debatably the most sturdily-built sequel of the summer. This one takes the premise of the first, reverses it and tells the story from Rick Moranis' point of view. It takes time to re-introduce the characters but unfortunately the last 20 minutes are marred by transparent special effects. Anyone who lives here will see the geography of Vegas was effected by a disruption in the space-time continuum that displaced the Hard Rock to the strip when Disney came to town. (HR)


Housesitter

 Steve Martin has become one of the hardest-working comedic actors in Hollywood and this is one of his best. Martin's house is overrun by interloper Goldie Hawn when she learns Martin has an unused home in the hills, moves herself in, and lies about being his wife. Previews and commercials could not do it justice due to the non-gag oriented humor that builds throughout this excellent romantic comedy. (HR)


Howard's End

8 Producer/Director team Merchant and Ivory bring to the big screen the enchanting E.M. Forster tale of the interaction of two vastly different families in Edwardian England. Superb filmmaking in all respects, acting, cinematography, and narrative. (DD)

Lethal Weapon 3


 Mindless action flick featuring the entertaining tag-team cop combo of Danny Glover and Mel Gibson. Too bad director Dick Donner forgot to include some assemblance of a storyline or a purpose. Rumor has it *Lethal Weapon* producer Joel Silver is already busy plotting *Lethal Weapon 4*. Please Joel, spare the unlabotimized the agony of sitting through another dud like this. (DD)

Man Trouble


 Jack Nicholson as dog trainer. Ellen Barkin as a Milli

Vanilli opera singer. Yawn, yawn. I can't take no more. Wake me when *Hoffa* comes out. (MC)


Night on Earth

 Five different stories of taxi cab drivers (Winona Ryder, Armin Mueller Stahl, etc.) from around the world is the premise behind indie filmmaker Jim Jarmusch's latest effort, *Night On Earth*. Each story has its moments, but the storytelling is too uneven. Each story doesn't know where to end either, not unlike most "Saturday Night Live" sketches. Only two of the stories really stand out as a whole, New York and Rome. (DD)


Patriot Games

 Harrison Ford turned out to be an adequate, if whitebread replacement for Alec Baldwin as Tom Clancy's Jack Ryan. The story was predictable, but pacingly interesting until the final scene telegraphs it's punch minutes before it arrives. In retrospect, Clancy's gripes with the script seem like a well thought-out publicity stunt. (HR)


Poison Ivy

 *Poison Ivy* is a dark and grungy, yet stylish film, about a teenage drifter (Drew Barrymore) who befriends a loner (Sara Gilbert) and basically takes over her family. The story has no focus or direction, but isolated scenes from the film are very moving and hypnotic in a Zalman King sort-of-way. (DD)

Prelude To A Kiss


 Charming story of a botched kindred relationship between a cynical-socialist loner (Meg Ryan) and a dry-witted nice guy (Alec Baldwin). An old geezer (Sydney Walker) shows up at their wedding to kiss the bride and a soul switching is underway. The first hour of Ryan's and Baldwin's romance far surpasses the whole switcheroo of the second and third act. I guess I'm kinda biased toward this film because I really like Ryan and Baldwin. You could throw the two of them in *Beastmaster 3* and I would probably still enjoy it. (DD)

Single White Female


 Is there a film Jennifer Jason Leigh appears in where we don't see her naked? In any case she makes a solid psychotic

chick bringing down Bridget Fonda's day to the tune of a number of bodies thumping on the floor. Solid acting by the whole cast, decent thriller storyline and ultra-stylish direction make this one a real winner. (HR)

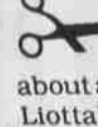
Sister Act

 Whoopi Goldberg stars as a Reno lounge singer who accidentally walks in on her mobster boyfriend (Harvey Keitel) while he's rubbing out a former associate. The police put Goldberg in a witness protection program and relocate her to a San Francisco convent. There she joins the nun's choir and teaches them how to get down and boogie. The story is very predictable and very drab at times, but the shenanigans of Goldberg and her posse of nuns make the film worth seeing. (DD)

Universal Soldier

 Enough steroids in this flick to run a horse race. As reanimated Vietnam soldiers, European martial art types Jean Claude Van Damme and Dolph Lundgren battle the audience and each other senseless. (MC)

Unlawful Entry

 By-the-book psycho thriller about a demented cop (Ray Liotta) who attempts to interfere in a couple's lives (Kurt Russell and Madeline Stowe) to suit his own needs. This film is way too clinical and predictable, not unlike *The Hand That Rocks The Cradle*. (DD)

Unforgiven

8 I don't usually like Clint Eastwood films, but *Unforgiven* is a finely-crafted Western that says there were no actual white-hat heroes in the Wild West, they were all killers in one way or another, so their hats should be gray if anything. If Eastwood never makes another film, he could hang 'em high with this one. (DD)

(DD)-Daniel W. Duffy
(HR)-Hollywood Rob
(MC)-M. Ray Carrigan
For the key to the Tempest Rating System, please see page nine of this issue of Tempest.