

# Redford dons the old school 'Sneakers'

by Hollywood Rob

*Sneakers* is one of the most intelligent action-comedies to come out of Hollywood in a long, long time. Smart scripting and an outstanding ensemble cast make this film extremely enjoyable while it's qualities recall the feeling of a more intelligent *Lethal Weapon*. That's of course in pre-three days when *Lethal Weapon* meant quality. *Sneakers* is far from perfect, but it's better than most of the films of the last few months.

The story kicks off in 1969 at a college where Martin (played by a young Robert Redford look-alike) and his buddy Cosmo break into the files of a major bank, via computer, making generous contributions to the likes of the Peace Corps from the accounts of Richard Nixon and other high-ranking government officials. When Redford's character steps out to get the two a pizza, federal officials swoop in and arrest his friend before he even gets out of the parking lot. Martin changes his last

name and begins his 23-year lamb from the feds.

In the present, Martin heads a motley crew who survive as raiders hired by large corporations to see how good their security systems actually work. All in Martin's crew have a dark past. Unfortunately, his past is the only one ex-

presentation. In the first act, he introduces the characters and the little-black-box that is the object of every character's attention. This box contains the power to break computer codes that are supposedly impossible to decode. This would allow the user to get into systems such as the

begins, it starts to appear as though this team will eat up scenery. And they do throughout the middle portion where it clearly becomes Martin's ballgame. The story becomes intricate-to the point of moments of confusion. In this type of movie, things need to be constructed just as this one is. The story complications demand it.

As the film moves into it's final act, the team unites to pull off "the big caper" that will get things back the way they're supposed to be, even though two of the actors are nearly wasted. River Phoenix really doesn't have much of a part to begin with and Martin's girlfriend (Mary McDonnell) merely services the story as an easy plot device, and not really a character we can care about.

The wrap-up caper is very satisfying, however the film continues on into sappy territory long after the real fun has ended.

*Sneakers* is a return to a form of sorts for Redford. His idealistic liberal character has been missing from

the screen for many years. Keen observers will note the makers of this film took as many shots at the Republican party and our current presidential administration as they could. Overall, even though it probably won't win any awards, *Sneakers* is the best new bet around for your entertainment dollar.

**Sneakers**

Starring Robert Redford, Sidney Poitier  
and Dan Aykroyd  
Directed by Phil Alden Robinson

plored. All the other characters' pasts are probed in a one-line explanation or less. This is more than likely an effect of time constraints as opposed to the lack of character background in the script. The movie runs about two hours and 10 minutes and uses most of it's time very efficiently except for the middle of the film which does it's fair share of dawdling.

Director Phil Alden Robinson (*Field of Dreams*) has put *Sneakers* together in a clear-cut three-act

Federal Reserve and Air Traffic Control - heavy stuff.

Each member of Martin's team is supposed to have special abilities although Sidney Poitier, an ex-CIA agent, and Dan Aykroyd, an electronics whiz, are the only ones to display them. Aykroyd and Poitier's conflicting personalities feed some highly-comedic moments because Aykroyd's character is slightly crazed and believes everything is based on conspiracy.

Once the second act

## Ratings Scale

**8** The Goods-Creme of the Crop

Solid Flick



Flawed, but worth watching

Doesn't cut the mustard



Mr. Potty says pee-yew

## Lollapaloozapinion/ from page four

group's got some spin on its songs, just a little English that makes them groove right along. The highlights of their set were the huge "JESUS"-covered amps and the lead singer flipping us off the sly way: pushing up his shades.

And in the middle of this witches' brew someone dropped Ice Cube. I've got news for all you tough-guy-redneck-pseudo-skinhead-Nazi pricks out there: rap is a powerful form of music and it is going to be around for a long time. So put your guns and swastikas away and ease your frustrations the way the rest of us humans do it: without blowing people away.

Ice Cube kicked my ass, pure and simple. His pose—or whatever he called them—owned the stage and the crowd and left no doubt as to what Ice Cube came to do: rap his ass off in front of 20,000 people. As the stadium chanted "Fuck you, Ice Cube," his smile got bigger and bigger until we finally stopped. "Oh, yeahhhh," he said, and

walked off the stage smiling.

While waiting for the next band, my wife and I contemplated going out to the booths surrounding the amphitheater, but we were both too scared to get up.

We both were having paranoid delusions about the people around us, with me at one point saying in Martha's ear, "We don't fit in," and a few seconds later asking her, "Do you think we're safe?" We both got saved from that mindset by Soundgarden, who diverted our attention completely. I was overwhelmed by this time, my mind racing on to unfamiliar territory while I tried to stay upright in my seat.

The next 45 minutes do

not belong on paper but should only exist in the three-dimensional—a truly weak way of saying I don't have the skill to say what I saw and felt.

Ministry snapped me out of that phase. Once again, the L.A. crowd showed its fickle nature by pissing on Ministry's energy. They were expecting

more from the penultimate band of the day, but Ministry had to go on after dark in order to use their projected visual show. That visual aspect plus the sheer audio attack they unleashed still has my ears and brain ringing.

Finally, the band everyone was waiting for, the Red Hot Chili Peppers, took

the stage, but my wife and I left in order to get some food and beat the traffic. For info about the booths, you'll need to look to other articles or go to the inevitable Lollapalooza III next year. If you have any questions, save 'em because you should have gone to the show yourself.

**2** Condomania  
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