

Looker's listless looniness



by Ken Burke
(gad, wot an atrocious title!)

Looker, a film that Michael Chrichton is responsible for, may or may not be playing in town when you read this (there were three other people in the theatre when I was there), but after I saw it, I knew that it was a truly memorable effort and couldn't let it pass without handing out some special achievement awards to this exceptional film. So, without further ado, here are the first annual **Lookers**. The envelope, please...

- the **I didn't write this, did I?** award to writer Chrichton for

making Susan Dey utter lines such as "I have the right to know if somebody's trying to kill me!", and, after descending into a huge computer that flashed lights all over her nude body for 15 minutes to make an exact computer duplicate of her, "Boy, that was the weirdest thing that ever happened to me." A special **Can I Hold the Tape Measure?** award is due for having a model-turned-actress casually intone the exact diameter of her aureolas to the last micrometer in one scene.

- the **Plot Credibility? This is Entertainment!** award to a script

that absolutely boggles the mind with 'how come's', all of which are too painfully obvious to mention here, but I guess I must, in order to show what I mean. For instance, Albert Finney (as a dashing Beverly Hills plastic surgeon) discovers that: a) sunglasses, and b) a special smoke device, are effective against the villain's hypnotic gun. **Why doesn't he ever bother to use these defenses?** Why do the villains also forget to use these devices when he uses the gun on them? (They thought up these defenses!) And how come when the villains do have Finney hypnotized and immobile, they try to kill him by punching him, not shooting with their numerous guns, or the ol'iron bar smashing the head in trick, but... Punching?

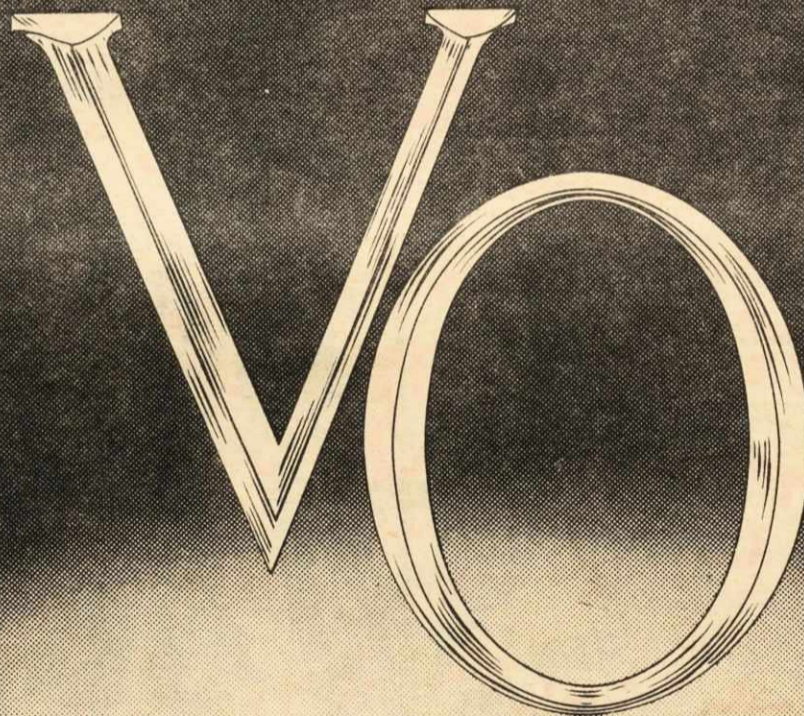
- the **My Agent Said It was a Good Idea** award to the cast, who managed to make Chrichton's deathless script sound even worse during some truly awful performances. James Coburn and Albert Finney merely sleepwalk through it to pick up their cheques; Coburn's villain is totally ignorable, and even pleasant, until the last 15 minutes.

- the **Sorry, Laurie** award to any film that can possibly state that Susan Dey, ex-Laurie Partridge, is a 'perfect female type'. Especially after seeing the two big moles she has on her frontal chestal area - eeauchh!

- the **I want a Gell - You Need Fluoride!** award to the ending, which places Coburn, dying of a bloody throat wound, in a chirpy toothpaste commercial singing about the wonderful things that'll happen to your mouth if you use it. Mmmmmm.

- the **So What?** award to the film itself, which couldn't be much of anything, except unintentionally loony. The concept was okay - a thriller about television commercials - but it had no discernable tension until the last shoot-out. The villains were more pathetic than anything, the characters all seemed half-wits, and it dropped a social message into the ending that the rest of the film forgot about. In other words, **Looker** is most definitely a film to be over-looked.

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Trivia Quiz

Last week's answers:

1. Faulkner; 2. Alex and Cookie;
3. Amanda Cleveland; 4. masturbation; 5. L'Anse Aux Meadows; 6. Halifax Cornwallis;
7. Pop'N Fresh; 8. David Johansen; 9. Alex Johnson;
10. Dale Murray; 11. Vic Wertz;
12. Bill wambsganss.