



Studios have developed an insidious trick with lousy movies: They hold off on showing them to critics in the hope that reviews will run late or not at all. This semiregular column is dedicated to exposing the scum that got away.

### Sex. Lies and Masking Tape

What a pathetic rip off of that 1989 classic. So it had a bondage theme and we learnt that masking tape can make a great sex toy, but as a silent film? I guess Reynolds (Bart) is looking for work.

### Outhouse (a.k.a. Roadhouse II)

Patrick Sleazy taking a dump? All defecation in this one. Sleazy plays a bouncer in a Middle Eastern Public toilette system. You could actually smell the s-it. This time a bonus, Sleazy seemed to enjoy this part more.

### Rocky 428

Few know this but we managed to break into the Rocky files and discovered that there are 500 Rocky movies already made. We saw #428! Rocky fights Ninja Turtles. It will be a classic in a few centuries.

## Woody Allen Masturbates

The ultimate in Allenesque self-indulgence. 2 hours of Allen mastur-

bating. The end? He still doesn't come, but there is a lot of raw exposed flesh for the gore-lovers.

# The Haunts of Red October (The Real Story)

Kevin Costner is a pimp. Faye Dunaway is Red October. She is a prostitute. This film stinks but its important. Why? This was the script that was used as the basis of the novel by Tom Clancy. Red was his first woman. He was twelve.

### The Carson Years

Over-rated docu-drama. Carson plays himself but Doyle steals the show with her lagoesque performance. Her lady Macbeth speech about "hoase beavers" is a peach. Sent shivers down our spines. Carson is an engineer. He should stick to that.

### Lord of the Fleas

Buzzing, itching, biting. The fleas are drawn to the rotting carcass of a dead boy. The boy (Jason Lewis) is a man reduced in age and size by chewing on flea gum, a post modern gu/goo developed by Nuclear Physicists to counter the erosion of the Ozone layer during the darker days of society's demise for die it must. Amen!

Lions, signifies, deconstructed by a self conscious foregrounding of a twisted discourse rooted in a phallocentrics desire for anal vomiting. Such self-conscious juxtaposition of ideological convulsions has made this a film to see.

Picture this. Cut away-close up, long shot, close-ups long shot, close shot focused on finger rotting with gangrene, blurring to soft look at bush of bees and fleas at war (wonderful stunt work) and the black. Pitch black for five minutes. The silence is evocative of no sound. It overwhelms all hearing.

Performances. The fleas were good. Alf was out of his depth in this part. One couldn't believe him to be a gerwine 20 year old nymphomaniac. Cinematography esquisite - all grey, lots of smoke and a cleverly placed hair in the middle of all the shots.

Director Steven Spleenbourough has made a film to be forgotten. See it if you care.

WE HATE THE OSCARS! Cruise is a jerk and Sewad believes this dearly". "Born on the First of July" Reviewed.

### **Emawk Sewad**

We at Rolling Stoned hate the Grammy Awards. We do because these days we can't truly claim to be a radical, counter-culture magazine. We have become watered-down mainstream dribble and so we look forward each year to exercise our hippie, flower children, anti-establishment attitude in our hatred of the Grammys. We also hate the Academy Awards. We hate them. We

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never feature t and that, we w ming the jerks really artsy ma pathetic. God, angst. Every g one.

Wealsoha some stars. Lil dweeb! (that this is a review establishmen title is Born or a sorry excuse action. So lit blood, but wh crying over s Real men don man. I mean kind of star w he actually p Now he is a V hate Grammy Awards - Osc good!)

> Now, don see the film. know how mi these days. A boiled carrots nant octopus ognize my Ro So I don't see limp lettuce l I would be da from review people's faces films. Resear first words in was like. The blank faces. you believe tl like that. So have nothing but I hate his p a jerk and I do doesn't want t that is fine, b about the this take leaks too, Couldn't he j to sign a piece stars. I hate C an Oscar wir