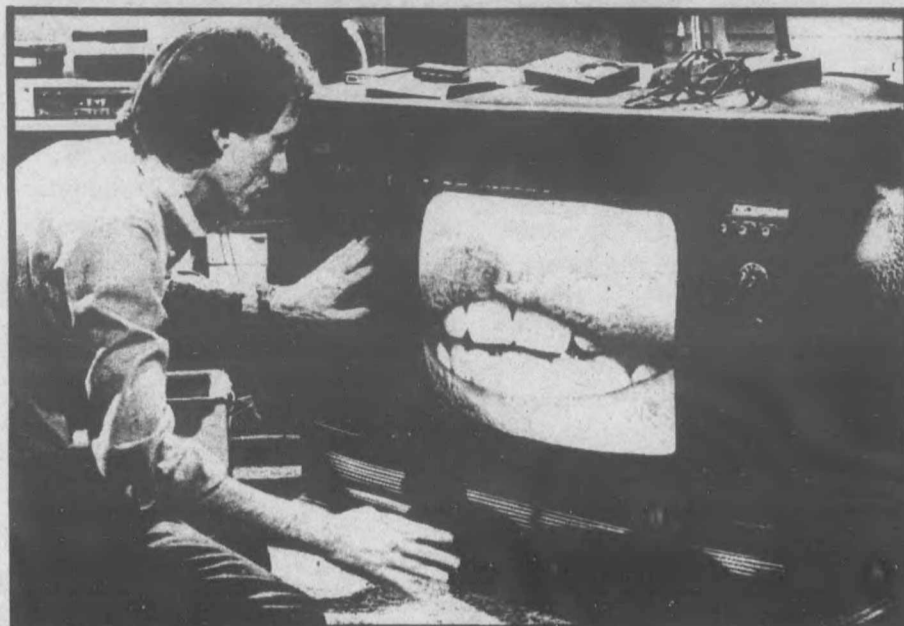


em
tter
ling
ive
t for
er is
the
rds
Ray
ood
the
you
all
s, if
and
a; if
good
xas,
ille
will
am

VIDEOVIDEOVIDEOVIDEOVIDEO VIDEOV



VIDEOVIDEOVIDEOVIDEOVIDEO VIDEOV

RED HEAT - Its one of those Walter Hill films so its pretty obvious to anyone that's got any 'cred' that it's going crunch bang-a-whallop akimbo matey, and we're not wrong. Arnie 'condom-full-of-walnuts' Schwartz-en-eggle is a commie cop that comes stateside to pursue a nasty Georgian piece of work that is trying to get several B-52s full of nose-candy back to the Russkies. Culture clash? You betcha Bambino! His capitalist hook-up is none other than Jim 'no the other one's dead' Belushi who can be an offensive pig despite a hearty breakfast of carbollic soap washed down with clearasil. Yo - its formulaic for sure but hey this is what we want right? All the characters carry elephant guns as side arms and, well... Hill is directing so we can almost expect structural devastation of an almost apocalyptic scale involving a couple of city buses - and good golly Miss Mollykin's we sho' nuff get a real bastard. To the film's credit, a barely suppressed hatred simmers between the two lead actors right up until the end only to be quashed by a real dippy watch exchanging sequence. Its clinched and morally repugnant but its a hoot and that to some may be a bit worrying.

WHO'S HARRY CRUMB?

Harry Crumb, private investigator, modestly considers himself an expert sleuth. With nerves of steel, body of iron and brain of stone, he fearlessly stares trouble in the face. Trouble is, he has no idea what he's looking at. Somehow, Harry always manages to bungle and bamboozle his way towards the solution of every crime. After all, he is a Crumb. "Part of Harry Crumb's charm is that he believes so deeply in himself," notes *Who's Harry Crumb?* screenwriter Peter Martin Wortmann. "Although Harry never gets anything right, he never knows it so his self-image remains intact. All of the comedy in this film comes out of the fact that the audience knows what's going on and Harry Crumb doesn't." Wortmann co-wrote *Who's Harry Crumb?* with his longtime collaborator Robert Conte. The two hoped to create a contemporary American mystery-comedy, which eventually became *Who's Harry Crumb?* Harry Crumb is the last Crumb in a long line of distinguished Crumb investigators. First there was Augustus Crumb, then Lionel Crumb. But, as Harry will tell you, he is his own Crumb. The famous detective has been summoned to

THE DEAD POOL - More gratuitous phallic worship in the latest of a continually bad series of latter-day Dirty Harold films. Rather than the ultra grim realism and downright nastiness of the early seventies trilogy, the most recent episodes, namely this piece of cartoon crap and the equally risible *Sudden Impact* just don't make it down the barrel. Formula: - Harry is indestructible; Harry is surrounded by beaucratic pricks that hate his guts; Harry has a partner of ethnic minority; Harry meets a tasty babe with whom he has a turbulent love hate relationship; Harry turns all the baddies into spurting dog food scapings. For those of you that can momentarily consider the plot over villians heads exploding like melons, it will become apparent that the screenwriter has less talent than Bono. The characters surrounding Callaghan are shallow and entirely unconvincing but hey - we want to see blood, guts and police cruisers being chased by radio controlled models strapped with P4 right? Right. Other than that though it is complete" and utter drivel.

nothing to nab the devious criminal. And this kidnapping case is full of them. Conniving Helen Downing, a sly, golddigging bombshell, who's obviously married P.J. Downing for his multi-millions. She's having a torrid affair with Vince Barnes, the local tennis pro with biceps and a tan and a lust for Helen and her husband's fortune. (Not necessarily in that order.) And that smarmy Elliot Draisen, who's brought Harry in to uncover the kidnapping. Or so he says. He's so smug. But, he underestimates his colleague Crumb. Might have something to do with Harry's unfortunate habit of destroying Elliot's office every time he approaches it. This trio is trouble and Crumb knows it. Even if he doesn't know he does. Crumb's on the prowl and rest assured, he'll solve this kidnapping. In spite of himself.

CONTACT LENSES

David G. Harding

CONTACT LENS PRACTITIONER

- Devoted exclusively to the fitting, dispensing, and follow up care of contact lenses
- Eye examinations arranged promptly
- Personal and complete service
- Information and consultation

458-0270

Suite 504, Fredericton Medical Clinic, 1015 Regent St.

Meat impressario Neddy Stebbins takes a gander at some things you can stuff in your sweaty little box over the weekend.

DIE HARD - A huge office building gets taken over by some international crime ring posing as revolutionaries. What an extraordinary piece of luck that David Addison just happens to be running around the place in his undershirt to sweat on 'em. There is nothing more to report here except to use a plethora of onomatopoeias that might ostensibly conjure up baddies exploding into constellation of dog-meat and plate glass windows bursting like brittle fruit in a microwave. Bruce Willis is actually pretty ace as the displaced cop from the Big Apple in L.A. on Xmas eve in an attempt to patch up a relationship with

his super successful corporate wife. His policeman character has zest and tremendous appeal as a person that finds himself against awe-inspiring evil - he's no lantern-jawed hero, his fear and apprehension seep into the audience quite readily making the final victory all the more worthy of our mindless adulation. One aspect which made me go 'puh-yuke!' was the relationship with a joe-blow patrolman on the outside, the only person to be in actual contact with Bruno throughout the whole ordeal, natch. Lovey-dovey scenes at the end, the sleazoid police commissioner gets a thump on the nose and all that predictable crap manifest itself with

alarming predictability. Too bad. Swallow the lumpy bits though and you're still left with an almost first-rate thriller.

YOUNG GUNS - For an Eighties cowpoke flick this ain't half bad. Just because the second-time orphans include Keifer Sutherland (Lost Boys), brothers Charlie Sheen and Emilio Estevez and Lou Diamond Phillips (La Bamba) every dickhead that can read that pompous shit-rag *People* magazine will call this a Brat-Pack movie. But naff off crusties!. Its a well made and enchanting picture that employs cliché to good effect sure, but the relationship between the actors and the characters they play is often quite magical. Crikey! Includes a dodgy drug taking scene! Whallop! Emilio's Billy the Kid is really mental! Blimey! no happy ending! Apparently historically correct, *Young Guns* is a good bet for chasing two hours away - go gettem floyd!!

"Harry turns all the baddies into spurting dog food scapings...."

"Plate glass windows explode like brittle fruit in a microwave...." (Stebbins see me - Ed.)



BULL DURHAM

If I remember rightly, this little bit of nonsense was quite a hit last year - but I cannot fathom why. It is complete wank. Story: Baseball pitcher for a minor league team has a good arm but can't win for bollocks. Enter Crash Davies, a bit of a wrinkly but a cool dude with a heart of gold that believes Lee Harvey Oswald acted on his own (Ha!) He's supposed to coach this Nuke la Rouche kid to the point of success but not before the goofy theological srengali cum man eater Susan Sarandon can indulge in prolonged bondage capers. The film centers around this tug of influence for the most part with - who would've guessed it - Sarandon and Kevin Costner (for it is he) sailing off into greener bleachers at the end. Well made but extremely ho-hum, if Crash Davies had been played by Paul Newman á la Reggie Dunlop (Slapshot), *Bull Durham* which lacks so much imagination it hurts, might have salvaged something. But no. Leave it on the shelves.



"Hang on Chaps, they actually liked us!" Emilio the kid barely stops himself firing off in *Young Guns*

THE TANNING WORLD

WITH 4 TANNING BEDS TO SERVE YOU!

TUESDAY IS CRAZY DAY

TAN FOR ONLY \$2.50 PER SESSION



115 PROSPECT ST. 459-5260