

Entertainment
VIDEO JACK BACK



WE GET NEEDY AND PORKY TO RAID THE CORNER STORE FOR THE CINEMATIC PIECES OF EXCELLENCE OF THEIR CHOICE
 (Groan! — Ed.)

It's an unlikely seating arrangement but one which under the circumstances suits me rather well. Porky my idiot cat yowls from beneath an overturned milk crate separated from my bum by a thick sheet of plywood. Well damn it - it's necessary! He can't keep go on using the VCR as a litter box.

Opening up a couple of cans and sticking the straw of one through the plastic grille for my enraged feline, who just takes a gulp and then spits it out again, we start to watch *PREDATOR*. Unfortunately as is the want of these stupid macho films there is a lot of suspect buddy-buddy crap with muscles flexing in stated frenzy all over the place. Quite frankly Arnie old love, I should go and see a sexual therapist before Maria begins to suspect that the real reason you're hanging around with the gardner really doesn't have anything to do with tips about potted geraniums.

Once this is over and done with however, the picture takes off at a fair old clip. There's this other-world totalbastard thingie see, which looks on armed human beings as we might look on bunnies, birds, large bugs, rocks or whatever else it is that New Brunswickers take to the woods to blow up. Whulp, the upshot of it is this extra-terrestrial monstrosity skins and partially digest everyone except our Arnie (what a completely unsuspected surprise!) who has to use his wits to get the better of something that looks only slightly worse than your average male at the Social Club on a good evening. If you like mindless violence though, as Porky does, the pyrotechnic extravaganza during the storming of the rebel camp is really quite breathtaking. Otherwise it's a stupid fascist, chauvinist, violent film that is quite good fun if you can ignore the putrid masculinity throbbing all over the place.

Robocop is next and this is a real belter of a movie. Although it has a title made for the funny papers this is first rate entertainment. It's got schlock! It's got humanism! It's got bathos! It's got real slimy shit-head baddies that feed their grannies to pirahnas!

In the plot we have an out of town rookie cop teamed up with gorgeous but deadly copette that surprise a street gang counting the loot: - blondie gets whacked while distracted by a black gentleman's dick but the new kid in town gets sadistically shot to swiss cheese. But enter science and aggressive materialism and the aforementioned recipient of a truck-load of hot-lead is reanimated as a cyborg - yes, one of those Steve Austin things where living organisms melt with computensed hardware to produce a superbeing. *Robocop* (for it is he) though is as personable as an automatic cash dispenser or an engineering graduate: even though fully logical, *Robocop* is only able to

utter standardized law and order cliches, such as "Stop, you are under arrest," etc. To cut a long story short, one night ole tin-head manages to have a dream. Suddenly, memories of family, home and his grisly demise begin to come gnawing back at his repressed brain and it's GO GET 'EM TIME!

Robocop is a wonderfully directed and produced film with startling cinematography using shots at breath-taking angles (actually reminiscent of latter-day comic book styles) to create an uneasy and exciting pace

Porky is still wandering around the place with a saucepan on his head though, thinking he's some kind of robocat, but I think he'll soon drop the idea after I've oiled him several times.

Strongly recommended is *THE NAME OF THE ROSE* starring Sean Connery as a moderate monk attending a convention of like-minded souls at a castle in Eastern Europe in the middle ages.

I'm always drawn to works that use barren, filthy and wind-swept sets to create a grim atmosphere and this particular piece is a good example; Club Med will definitely not be offering this place with next year's selection of places to get pissed and laid at. Monks are dying rather strange deaths and it's up to our Sean to find out just what the devil is going on (*Hooray! A pun!*). An unorthodox detective story to say the least but compulsive viewing nonetheless. Includes one of the most erotic and yet simultaneously unsettling love-scenes you'll see this decade in conventional cinema. get it out.

Turkeys that should be left well alone are the bloody ludicrous *MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE* where people are made into mincemeat by anything that's run on a battery (kind of a night of the living dead where the zombies are replaced by Mack Trucks), *WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE* where Rutger Hauer meets Gene Simmons (sic) in a piece of gratuitously fascist tripe, *EXTREME PREJUDICE*, Walter Hill's worst piece of work to date, and *MANHUNTER*, Michael 'Miami-Vice' Mann's piece of sub-psychological nonsense that even the excellent William Petersen can't save from squawking all over the shop.

Do catch *RIVER'S EDGE* though, the twisted tale of a gang of teenage fry-heads trying to reconcile the fact that one of their moronic mid-west members has turned his girlfriend's lights out, and *RAISING ARIZONA*, a bloody hilarious study of emotional kidnapping produced and directed by the severely gifted Joel and Ethan Cohen. Don't believe any dickhead that says otherwise because it's naffin' brill!

Until next time I'm yer pal

Neddy

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