

simplistic , silly and tedious .

it's so laddish and juvenile , only teenage boys could possibly find it funny .

exploitative and largely devoid of the depth or sophistication that would make watching such a graphic treatment of the crimes bearable .

[garbus] discards the potential for pathological study , exhuming instead , the skewed melodrama of the circumstantial situation .

a visually flashy but narratively opaque and emotionally vapid exercise in style and mystification .

the story is also as unoriginal as they come , already having been recycled more times than i'd care to count .

about the only thing to give the movie points for is bravado -- to take an entirely stale concept and push it through the audience's meat grinder one more time .

not so much farcical as sour .

unfortunately the story and the actors are served with a hack script .

all the more disquieting for its relatively gore-free allusions to the serial murders , but it falls down in its attempts to humanize its subject .

a sentimental mess that never rings true .

while the performances are often engaging , this loose collection of largely improvised numbers would probably have worked better as a one-hour tv documentary .

interesting , but not compelling .

on a cutting room floor somewhere lies . . . footage that might have made no such thing a trenchant , ironic cultural satire instead of a frustrating misfire .

while the ensemble player who gained notice in guy ritchie's lock , stock and two smoking barrels and snatch has the bod , he's unlikely to become a household name on the basis of his first starring vehicle .

there is a difference between movies with the courage to go over the top and movies that don't care about being stupid

nothing here seems as funny as it did in analyze this , not even joe viterelli as de niro's right-hand goombah .

such master screenwriting comes courtesy of john pogue , the yale grad who previously gave us " the skulls " and last year's " rollerball . " enough said , except : film overboard !

here , common sense flies out the window , along with the hail of bullets , none of which ever seem to hit sascha .

this 100-minute movie only has about 25 minutes of decent material .

the execution is so pedestrian that the most positive comment we can make is that rob schneider actually turns in a pretty convincing performance as a prissy teenage girl .

on its own , it's not very interesting . as a remake , it's a pale imitation .

it shows that some studios firmly believe that people have lost the ability to think and will forgive any shoddy product as long as there's a little girl-on-girl action .

a farce of a parody of a comedy of a premise , it isn't a comparison to reality so much as it is a commentary about our knowledge of films .

as exciting as all this exoticism might sound to the typical pax viewer , the rest of us will be lulled into a coma .

the party scenes deliver some tawdry kicks . the rest of the film . . . is dudsville .

our culture is headed down the toilet with the ferocity of a frozen burrito after an all-night tequila bender ó and i know this because i've seen 'jackass : the movie . '

the criticism never rises above easy , cynical potshots at morally bankrupt characters . . .

the movie's something-borrowed construction feels less the product of loving , well integrated homage and more like a mere excuse for the wan , thinly sketched story . killing time , that's all that's going on here .

stupid , infantile , redundant , sloppy , over-the-top , and amateurish . yep , it's " waking up in reno . " go back to sleep .

somewhere in the middle , the film compels , as demme experiments he harvests a few movie moment gems , but the field of roughage dominates .

the action clichÈs just pile up .

payami tries to raise some serious issues about iran's electoral process , but the result is a film that's about as subtle as a party political broadcast .

the only surprise is that heavyweights joel silver and robert zemeckis agreed to produce this ; i assume the director has pictures of them cavorting in ladies' underwear .

another useless recycling of a brutal mid-'70s american sports movie .

i didn't laugh . i didn't smile . i survived .

please , someone , stop eric schaeffer before he makes another film .

most of the problems with the film don't derive from the screenplay , but rather the mediocre performances by most of the actors involved

. . . if you're just in the mood for a fun -- but bad -- movie , you might want to catch freaks as a matinee .

curling may be a unique sport but men with brooms is distinctly ordinary .

though the opera itself takes place mostly indoors , jacquot seems unsure of how to evoke any sort of naturalism on the set .

there's no getting around the fact that this is revenge of the nerds revisited -- again .

the effort is sincere and the results are honest , but the film is so bleak that it's hardly watchable

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analyze that regurgitates and waters down many of the previous film's successes , with a few new swings thrown in .

with flashbulb editing as cover for the absence of narrative continuity , undisputed is nearly incoherent , an excuse to get to the closing bout . . . by which time it's impossible to care who wins .

stinks from start to finish , like a wet burlap sack of gloom .

to the civilized mind , a movie like ballistic : ecks vs . sever is more of an ordeal than an amusement .

equilibrium could pass for a thirteen-year-old's book report on the totalitarian themes of 1984 and fahrenheit 451 .

the lack of naturalness makes everything seem self-consciously poetic and forced . . . it's a pity that [nelson's] achievement doesn't match his ambition .

everything is off .

when seagal appeared in an orange prison jumpsuit , i wanted to stand up in the theater and shout , 'hey , kool-aid ! '