

THE BRUTAL BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION OF FLO PARAMUS AND SLADE FRISBE INTO THE SHARPEST MANIPULATORS OF BODY TEMPERATURE IQ EVER TO HAMMER OUT POWER RAGE CRIMINAL FORNICATION'S HARD CONFLICTS AND NAIL THEM INTO THE JEOPARDY OF SOLID BAR SEX'S OPAQUE PASSIONS! YOU WILL SEE THEM TRANSFORM REAL SMASH MOUTH WALL LOVE INTO THE MOST TERRIFYINGLY OBLIQUE LUST ACT EVER YEARNED FOR ANYWHERE SINCE THE ETERNAL SORDID BIRTH OF THE FECUNDATION OF HOT FLESH GATE

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| Adults. Vidor dream. | She Tarzan. Female. | One second. There. | Song: ' <i>I Stalk Alone.</i> ' | Iron. Can opener torn. |
| Kids. Toon beam. | He Tallulah. Male. | Oooh. That's it. | F.W. Murnau | Song: ' <i>Hard When Love</i> |
| Teens. MGM ream. | She Fellini smart. | Must you spit? | Montage: Flo. | <i>Cold Bars Shove.</i> ' |
| Jeans splice. Cream. | Deceit is her art. | By the way. Did Dallas. | Butterfly. Rage. | I've always. Ugh! |
| On wide screen. | He Dreyer hunger from. | From onus. Not malice. | Slade. Lion. Cage. | Loved you. Mug! |
| Big. John Ford green. | Detector of scum. | Idiotic conspiracy? | Dust. Ice. Old fridge. | Me too! Zugh! |
| Song: ' <i>The Love Wall.</i> ' | Life evil glitch. | Take politics seriously! | Sunrise. Bridge. | You zoo! Yugh! |
| Gush. Hush. Pall. | In Hal Wallis ditch. | Song: ' <i>Cheap Fanfare.</i> ' | Arrow. Goal. Mole. | Eat. Pandora Box glugh! |
| Not one small. | She. Numb niche. | Sit. Schvitz. Stare. | Very thin pole. | Smash my Gong. Crash. |
| Star at all. | Song: ' <i>Lobby. No Twitch.</i> ' | Terribly unaware. | Gropes. Wall. Hole. | Mash my Kong. Bash. |
| After Cezanne titles. | Nose wart. Titch titch. | Hidden bomb device. | Pudovkin knife. Cuts. | Bars loose! Out of wall! |
| Chopin sound littles. | Rhymes with itch. | Blows up. Yiiiiiiiiice! | Cattle. Guts. | Inhibitions! Fall! |
| Dostoyevsky chase. | We find him pretty. | We see body parts. | Faucet. Red. Drips. | Less is more. |
| Balzac drug case. | Hard. Stanwyck gritty. | Fly. Hot pink darts. | The big calendar. Flips. | Love juice. Gore. |
| Capra corn pace. | But. Weismuller titty. | Cut warts. Thighs. | Fritz Lang future time: | Roar the floor. |
| Lovely Hitchcock face. | Head. Factor#9 skin. | Blood. Mifune cries. | Grime. Sweat. Slime. | I've been a fool. |
| Screams. Kafka! Rape! | Song: ' <i>Hate Sifter.</i> ' | Condo. Arbuckle size. | Her stare Ollie steady. | Chevalier my jewel. |
| Buckets of FX mace. | She G. Cooper thin. | Plus. J. Harlow garage. | His eyes Stan beady. | Ginger my drool. |
| Bystanders gape. | Weight lifter. | Get non-sexual massage. | In adjoining cells. | Lamarr my cruel. |
| Miles. Yellow tape. | Buddhist guy. | Plaster board flies. | Song: ' <i>Ennui Wells.</i> ' | Sterile my Errol. |
| Two crooks. Base. | Song: ' <i>Not Quite Bi.</i> ' | Sabu carpetings. Rise. | Third moon. | Lupino my feral. |
| Caught. Big disgrace. | She got tossed. | They now realize. | Planet. Goon. | Laughton my fool. |
| Police. Get whim. | Val Luten mother. | G.W. Pabst past lives: | Unisex prison. | B. Lugosi my fuel. |
| Beat up victim. | He got bossed. | Lucretia The Ripper. | Three sun system. | B. Karloff my gruel. |
| Smart talk. Bright. | Bette Davis father. | Jack The Kipper. | Constellation. | N. Kalmus ecstasy gets. |
| Yes. Bite my flashlight. | She robs. | Bomb inept splurt. | Rectom. | ! 3 ! Count them. ! 3 ! |
| Song: ' <i>OK Lick My AK.</i> ' | Sharks. Loan. | Cheap WWI blurt. | 30 years pass. | Dry for wet sunsets. |
| As police yak. | He robs. | Song: ' <i>Kazan Baby Dirt.</i> ' | She wants his ass. | Three. Orange. Wings. |
| Citizen Kane flashback. | Banks. Alone. | Skin. Rockne polished. | Up against the bars. | Song: ' <i>The best Things</i> |
| Crook #1. 20TH foxy. | Both think | Demolished. | Father of scars. | <i>In Life Bar Free.</i> ' |
| White sleaze. Fake. | All cops stink. | So? Egos hurt. | Eisenstein. Raw. Grim. | Toland day for night. |
| Crook #2. UFA nazi. | Rob trucks. Brinks. | But. Gold calves fatten. | Can I whip him. | Light. H. Fonda white. |
| Head. Cheese cake. | Jewels. Minks. Banks. | Same old Manhattan. | Here? Maybe there? | Here comes night. |
| He. Garbo young. | All cops think. | Police palms. | He wants her mars. | Pardon my bite. |
| Marlene D. hung. | They slime kink. | P. Yordan greased. | Up against the bars. | Of you. That's white. |
| Ear lobes rung. | Song: ' <i>S.O.B. Finks.</i> ' | Mayor's qualms. | Mother of cigars. | Me Flo. You Slade. |
| 9 crosses. Tongue. | <i>Kink Tanks.</i> ' | D. Hammett eased. | Can I rip her. | Mmm. Rough trade. |
| Licks tooth. Gold. | Sex status. Boring. | City Hall leased. | Flipper. Where? | Eat my bummm. |
| She Bogart old. | Can't get no refraction. | FBI not pleased. | My. His torn porn. | Hmmmm. |
| Penis. G. Raft mold. | Hemingway sack action. | Crippled. He loses she. | Can. Creamed corn. | Fade. |
| Entire soul. Agent sold. | Almost boaring. | Scars. She loses he. | He? Ms. de Sade? | To. Sun rays. Praying. |
| Mental conflict city. | Song: ' <i>Odets Affair.</i> ' | Both on own. | Her spray can? Raid? | C. B. de Mille. Saying: |
| Terse. De Sica Pity. | Both naked. Bare. | Mood. Bare bone. | No. Her bio-horn. | For sin. They are paying. |

STARS SHINE BRIGHT ON SHATTER LIGHT. RE-LIGHT FAKE FOR REAL AND DAY FOR NIGHT HOKES. GREAT WIDE SCREEN UNOBSCENE. BUT DIRTY ENOUGH FOR MORAL FIBBER. JANE AND JOE DOKES. NEITHER CARDBOARD BLOOD. NOR PAPER BARS. NOR PLASTIC ACTORS. CAN A PRISON MAKE. FOLKS.