

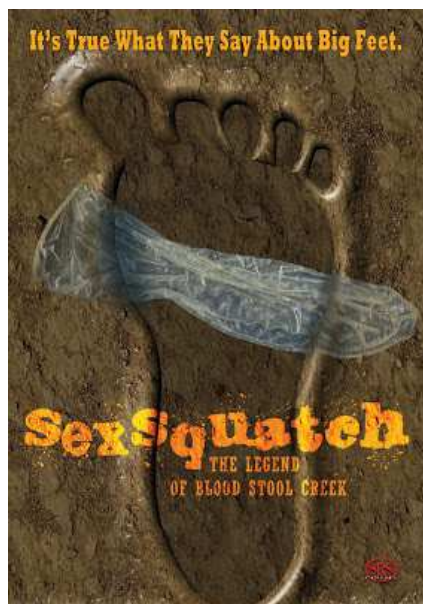
Indie Horror Films

All genres of suspense, terror, and horror will be reviewed by Richard Gary. His address to send preview copies supplied upon request to rbf55@msn.com.

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DVD Review: Sexsquatch: The Legend of Blood Stool Creek

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Sexsquatch: The Legend of Blood Stool Creek

Directed by Chris Seaver

SRS Cinema

70 minutes, 2012 / 2013

Warlockhomevideo.com

www.srscinema.com

www.MVDvisual.com

This is the lovely story of an impetuous lad missing his girl back home as he nobly fights the dog-eat-dog world of... naw, I'm just messin' widcha. As you can pretty much guess from the title, this film is just terrible, mostly ineptly created, and was a joy to watch from beginning to end. And I want to make this clear, it was more so *because* of all of that rather than *despite* it. Heck, I watched it *twice*.

The flick is the kind of nearly softcore film that Rhonda Shear would have introduced on late-night television, if not been in it herself. This is total cheezwhiz on a cracker followed by a cheap beer. But there is a catch...which I will discuss later.

Borrowing from the ending/beginning of *Cloverfield*, we see something splash down in a lake in some rural – I'm pretty sure it's supposed to be hillbilly – spot, which actually looks pretty nice, comprising a big house with a lakefront view and access. It was filmed, of course, in Honeoye, NY (about 35 miles due south of Rochester).

In the prolog scene, a couple with very strange accents (he over-enunciates and she speaks Valley) meet up with the Sexsquatch, and of course, nothing good becomes of it other than joyful separation of body parts for the viewer.

That's when we start to get introduced to the event known as "Joey's Fuck Party." It seems Joey is still a virgin, and to save him from such a terrible state, a group of friends, family and loved ones plan to get him laid, as soon as they can figure out who is going to be the lucky one.

The leader of this group of horndogs is Leo Dechamp (Tobe

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Lerone, aka Josh Suire). Apparently, Leo is a character Josh has played in such previous classic Ron Bonk (he's to SRS Cinema what Charles Band was to Full Moon) releases as *I Spit Chew on Your Grave* (2008; not to be confused with 2001's *I Spit on Your Corpse*, *I Piss on Your Grave*, both of which are also on SRS). Leo sports the purposefully worst wig and mustache on this side of...well, anywhere. With his constant "I Put Ketchup on My Ketchup" tee-shirt, his character is a solid – not to mention chubby – female-body-part-grabby yahoo braggart who has some great lines. He's also part of a threesome who owns the property where the story takes place. In real life, Suire also directed *Death O'Lantern* in 2011.



Skippy and Leo

The female part of the trio is Crystal (Anne Marie Nouvo), who is quite fond of grabbing her *own* boobs at any chance she can get. As with most of the female cast, it's cleavage front and center. Sadly, she is one of the smarter characters in the piece.

The last of the *ménage a trois* is my favorite character, the donut-obsessed Skippy (Steven Deniro, aka Andrew Baltes), who has a long ponytail (I'm guessing also a wig), and is in constant Robert Deniro mode, with the squinched up face and voice. He has, by far, the best bon mots, many of which are non-sequiturs. Here are a few:

1. "Hey, you guys remember Falco? What the fuck was that guy's deal? 'Rock Me Amadeus'? Looks like something that fell out of Boy George's asshole."
2. "Buffalo wings? Bah. You know what they call wings in Buffalo? Wings. Buffalo wings; makes my hole burn."
3. "Looks like a fuckin' mountain goat or one of the velociraptor things I keep hearin' about. I mean, look at the wounds. Classic raptor or goat attack."

Actually, there are so many great and outrageous pieces of dialog throughout that I could do this whole review with parts of the script. Going forward, I'll add some when I discuss the characters. And I'm only scratching the butt... I mean surface.



Joey, the virgin

And to answer Skippy's question of "So who do we have coming to this orgy of pain and pleasure indivisible?" The party is for Joey Jeremiah (Chip Rockastle, who is supposed to be a teen, and the closest he makes that is to get his voice cracking). He's a dumb shit – to be fair, so is everyone else – who can't see what's being offered in front of him. His big life plan? To be *The President of Show Business*. He posits, "I'm just finishing up a great movie idea about a bunch of space turds that invade a New York suburb. I think I can get someone like Woody Allen or

Roman Polanski to direct it."

His obvious love interest is the cute Jennifer (Savanna Ramone, who played the '30s style actress in the 2009 *Terror at Blood Fart Lake*... yes, butt humor is big with this troupe). She has a hysterical blink-and-you-miss-it moment as a Betty Lou muppet move. Jennifer is probably the closest character to reality, but she still gets to say lines like, "Look, I know how you feel about my tits and ass. Do something about it. Like I said, use that passion for your films and put it all over my body. Make me a work of art by using your mighty dick and using it as a pen. My pussy is your canvas. Mold me...experience my flavors."



Muppet wannabe, Jennifer

Also along for the ride is Joey's mom, Muffy (Francine Mitchell, who is probably not much older than most of the other cast). She wears clothes that are too tight and short for her body parts, and can't seem to draw within the lines of her mouth with her lipstick. Oh, and she also commonly makes what is now known as the cell phone self-shooter's "duck lips." The scene where she queefs out the "Happy Fuck Day" cake candles is priceless. She is excited to see her little boy become a man. On arrival, she informs Joey that it "seems like only yesterday I was tit-feeding you. And now, now you're about to bury your flesh trunk into the swollen and juicy caves of some tramp. Life is good. Party! Woo-ho-hoo!" Muff later challenges the potential cherrybuster, "Well, bitch, what say you? Don't leave him hanging. Literally."

Three of the fodder characters are the extremely busty Mudhoney (Varla Darling; nice Russ Meyers reference in her role name), and the 1980s toggled and constant high-fiving Lucas (Dutch Hogan) and Lance (Peter Lieberman). Their best moment is after one of them is killed by the Sexsquatch, the whole group goes Bollywood of sorts, and breaks into a brief Ska moment.

Then of course, there is Stink Fist, the Sexsquatch (Rod Bollo Skin) from another planet who has a bet on how many earthlings he can eliminate by – get this – the Sabbath. He



Marmalade and Stink Fist

kills people and then cornholes them with his (unseen) baseball bat sized schlong of death. Quite erudite, relatively speaking with this group, he has a bit of a British accent and a keen sense of direction of killing (e.g., ripping out intestines, turning victims into human puppets). The ginger make-up and costume on him is both funny and ridiculous, but works in this context.

He is followed around by the insane and corpulent Marmalade (Spamuel L. Jackson, I kid you know; I am assuming that most of the actors' names are made up).

With her TMNT tee-shirt buried under layers of clothes, she

is cross-eyed, and has it in for the group who have not taken kindly to her being there, confronting her with, "Who the fuck are you? Get the fuck outta my fucking house you fucking piece of shit!" (said by Leo). She is totally loony tunes as shown by this piece of dialog between her and the Sexsquatch: *Marmalade:* Now it's just, who's next? Who are you going to pick? I say you go for the ladies first. Then you can cut off one of those big old teats, and I can sew them on my own chest and walk around like Cloris Leachman, or, you know, somebody elegant and fancy like.

Stink Fist: You know, I'm going to say this out loud, so you can grasp the severity of it. You creep me the fuck out. You know how much it takes to creep out the *Sexsquatch*?!

There is some (but not lots of) cartoon blood and gore, but that doesn't stop the party. As Leo states at the top of his lungs at the suggestion of calling the cops, "Fuck the police. Fuck cryin'. Fuck goin' home. Fuck this movie [looking directly at the camera]. We stay; we party like we never partied before!"

Let me digress and give you one more piece of pure heavenly words, once again stated by Leo to Muffy as he flips pepperoni slices into Crystal's ample bosom: "Well, I was All-Star Champion three years running at the International Cleavage Pissing Games in Germany. My award hangs proudly next to my mummified head of Hitler, the various buttholes I scalped off people who fucked me over in the last decade. I can show you Muffy; it's some interesting stuff, I assure you."



Crystal and Leo

A funny thing about this film is that with all the sex talk, the boob and butt grabbage, and the simulated softcoreness I mentioned earlier, there is absolutely not one piece of nudity in the entire thing. Cleavage, a ton. Nipples, nary a one. Well, on the men, there are, but that doesn't really count, does it...

Backing the film is a lot of great ska music, including the likes of Mu330, Troglodyte, Skankin Pickle, and the amazing The Planet Smashers (check out their "Fabricated"). Extras are some SRS trailers and a fun bloopers reel.

Yes, this is one wickedly stupid and inane film that makes *Family Guy* look like *Happy Days*. But it's just so much fun to view. Plus, it seems like everyone on this set was having a blast. And in the words of the Wizard, a character that crops up occasionally in some of Seaver's films, "Shabbat Shalom, motherfucker!"

Posted by **Robert Barry Francos** at 10:52 PM

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