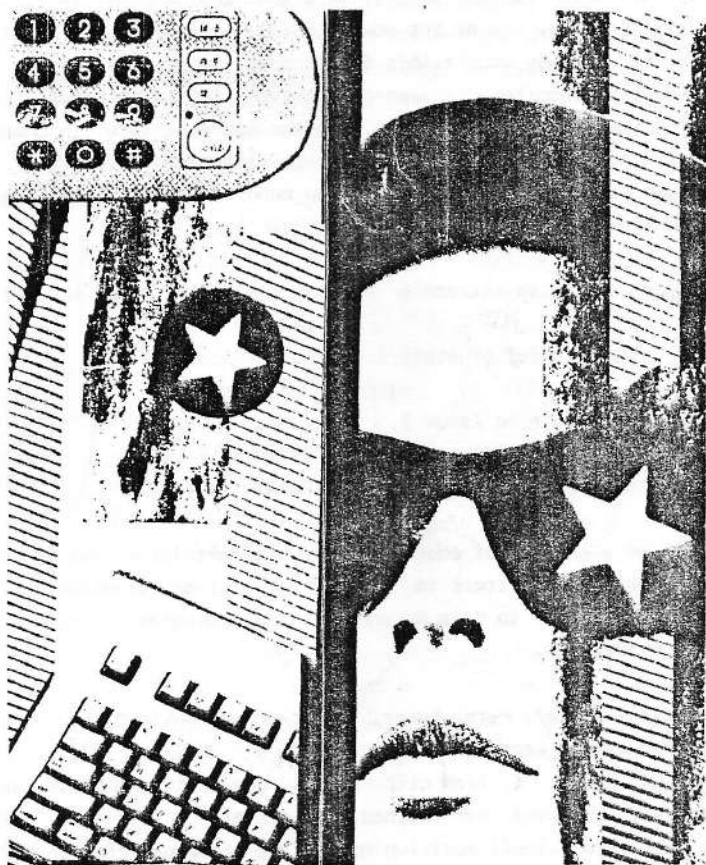


TRASH CITY

ISSUE ONE



50¢ 1985
AFTER

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TRASH CITY - Issue 1

April 1989

'Trash City' is a 'zine devoted to life, liberty, pursuit of happiness, exploitation in entertainment, beauty, death, splatter movies, computer games, Inter-rail holidays, UFO's, general weirdness and anything else the editors see fit to print. The style is best described as 'conversational' and 'informal' - the emphasis is very much on the words, since our method of production makes art tricky and photos almost impossible, save the special embarrassing-to-read-on-the-train back cover!

It is most easily available from me, and it is a good deal cheaper to subscribe, at least if things stay as they are at the moment ; you'll only pay the postage, plus an almost nominal fee. If you bought this from a shop, you'll have had to pay more for it - understandably, shop-keepers aren't keen to stock things there's no profit in!. If you want to be sent future issues, send us 40p per issue in cheques/p.o./cash (made payable to Jim McLennan where appropriate) along with your name and address - we'll then send them to you until your money runs out. This offer expires and goes to heaven whenever we decide.

Articles, artwork,etc are also extremely welcome - get in touch or see Issue 0.

Editor, publisher, general chief of staff :	Jim McLennan,
	81 Cheyne Way,
	Cove,
Back issues : Even though this is Issue 1,	FARNBOROUGH
there was an Issue 0. Copies of it are 40p,	Hants. GU14 8RZ.
from the address at the right.	

* NOTE * There will be a change of address before the next issue, but at the moment I don't know what it will be! Letters to the old one will be forwarded (but NOT if sent to "Trash City", ONLY if to "Jim McLennan"!!) - apologies in advance for any resulting delay in my replies.

Texts : in alphabetical order; Peter Evans, Jim McLennan, David Oliver, Per Porter
Steve Welburn and Simon Wood.

Artwork : Frank C. Rhochs (from clip art by Jim, Per and Steve Welburn).

Back Pic : "Nastassja's taking her clothes off again!" - this rare archive pic shows Nastassja Kinski auditioning for the role of Trash in 'Return of the Living Dead'...

The views expressed in this 'zine are not necessarily those of the editor or publisher, and may well be an attempt to achieve notoriety through being seized by the Customs, condemned by a Conservative MP or banned by a leading newsagent.

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To Trash City,
Very Best
Cliff Barker

A Sort of Editorial

Just when you thought it was safe to go back into the envelope... Trash City !!!
Hello again. Here's the second installment (new readers should send off IMMEDIATELY for Issue 0) of, well, whatever you got last time. You'll have noticed the new format, A5 rather than A4, but the extra pages and the smaller type mean that you're getting the same amount of text. The only problem is that I can no longer use my beloved BOLD TYPE - I'll have to make do with CAPITALS & underlining.

At least it's on schedule (more or less). The same will NOT be true of Issue 2. Instead of appearing mid-July, I'll hold back on it until the start of August - "Shock Around the Clock III" is due the last weekend in July, so instead of you reading about it in Issue 3, three months after every other publication has had it, you'll find out all the gory details pretty much as they happen. The SATC report will be a supplement (at this rate we'll be getting as bad as the Sunday Times) and we should be back on schedule with Issue 3 which will ooze out in October. Right, enough of getting-your-excuses-in-early, on with the news.

Thanks for the feedback on the first issue - some roses, some brickbats, but always constructive and interesting. We're a bit close to things, can't see the wood for the trees as it were, and we rely on you to tell us how we're doing! Keep the letters coming - this time, especially on the "Film Blitz" section. Do you like lots of little reviews, or would you prefer longer articles on fewer films?

What have we got in this one? More artwork, as you'll have seen already. More contributors. More topics - in addition to the second part of the Kinski article, film reviews, books, an expanded Incredibly Bad Film Show section, more lists and the latest Weekly Weird News, there's a report on Black Sunday, a what-I-did-on-my-summer-holiday piece, a bit on banned films, and a lot of stuff not written yet...

In case you were wondering where the Cicciolina film review went to, turns out it was a misprint in the paper, and it was an entirely different film that was on. Also several people thought that 'cos I worked at a stockbroker's, I WAS a stockbroker - not so! I'm just a computer programmer who'd be quite happy if the Stock Market crashed tomorrow (anarchist tendencies coming out again...).

Thanks for this issue go to all our subscribers, contributors and correspondants, without whom etc, Rough Trade (thanks for trying!), the Scala, Samhain (for a 'Zine Zone mention even though we missed the dead-line), Igor (for forthcoming Ferox) and Clive Barker (well, if you're going to name-drop, name-drop big!).

"The rules are, there are no rules. Especially copyright laws."

NASTASSJA KINSKI, SEX GODDESS, PART 2

Last time, we left our heroine at an important point in her career. Having finally made her name as a 'serious actress', after several films where she was mainly employed for her decorative appearance, she then proceeded to appear in one best described as 'disappointing'. What to do now? The answer was simple - get back to taking her clothes off, though of course now in a 'serious' manner :



CAT PEOPLE - Paul Schrader, 1982.

Irena (NK) comes to stay with her brother in New Orleans. He has an Awful Secret - when he gets randy, he turns into a panther (Irena has the same problem, but doesn't know it). Fortunately, he can make love to his sister without getting the urge to sharpen his claws on the furniture; she is not too ecstatic at the thought, as she's fallen in love with a keeper at the zoo where she works.

Remake of the old B/W classic, with a lot more sex and blood. This is a film with something for everyone : incest, bestiality and bondage among other practices. I'm not sure if this is an sexy splatter film or a splattery sex film - it IS torrid, and although it loses the atmosphere of the original, it makes up for it in passion.

This would be THE perfect NK film - she is on the screen almost constantly and indulges in things unlikely to be approved of by Mrs. Whitehouse - except for one thing. Why did she cut her hair?? Sob...

ART : **** ENTERTAINMENT : **** KINSKI CONTENT : **** FLESH : *****

Critically slagged, but loved by the public, after lots of free publicity when NK whined about the amount of nudity/sex in the final version. This guaranteed it success (cf. 9 1/2 Weeks, Last Tango in Paris)!! . Moving rapidly on :

EXPOSED - James Toback, 1982

NK gets involved with Rudolf Nureyev, who plays a musician on the track of a gang of terrorists responsible for a bomb that killed some of his family. She agrees to help him track them down and infiltrates their cell. They are not chuffed when they find out about this...

Reasonable drama, starts off slowly with a lot of unnecessary junk about NK coming to New York after an unhappy love affair and being discovered as a model. When she joins the terrorists, things perk up a bit and it's quite a good ending.

Flesh content not great. New addition to list of NK perversions; being played like a cello. NK is in a lot of scenes, with another new hairstyle, still not as good as when it was long...

ART : *** ENTERTAINMENT : *** KINSKI CONTENT : **** FLESH : **

FRUHLINGSSINFONIE (Spring Symphony) - Peter Schamoni, 1982.

A rare East/West German co-production, this film is based on the life of composer Robert Schumann, and his wife Clara, played by NK. The main point of the film is the conflict between Robert and Clara's father over her; as much a battle between generations as between individuals.

A nice film, basically a remake of 'Immortal Passion' [at least that's what the French title translates as!], starring Katherine Hepburn. The period atmosphere (Germany between the wars) is created well, with good use of costume and sets.

Obviously, the subject matter doesn't lend itself to gratuitous nudity - still, NK is back to looking at her best and there's a blink-and-you-miss-it nipple. For me, the most droolworthy she's looked since becoming a megastar, and about the last film in which she is truly gorgeous. Downhill from here on, folks!

ART : *** ENTERTAINMENT : **** KINSKI CONTENT : **** FLESH : **

THE HOTEL NEW HAMPSHIRE - Tony Richardson, 1982

The trials and tribulations of a family, as they take up ownership of a hotel, try to run it, fail, move to Vienna, get taken hostage by international terrorists and finally live happyish ever after.

A pet project of Jodie Foster's this, based on the book by John Irving. Described by the Daily Mail as 'a very funny film' - since one of the central incidents is Jodie Foster getting gang raped (again!), we can deduce the paper has an odd sense of humour. Weird film, has it's moments, but not enough of them.

NK and Jodie Foster in lesbian love scene!! However, it is incredibly coy, with the sheets pulled up to the neck. NK doesn't appear until late on, and is generally clad in a bear skin. She does take this off once, but it's too dark to tell!

ART : ** ENTERTAINMENT : ** KINSKI CONTENT : * FLESH : *

LA LUNE DANS LE CANIVEAU (The Moon in the Gutter) - Jean-Jacques Beneix, 1982
Gerard Depardieu is obsessed with finding the people responsible for raping and killing his sister. He meets NK, and they embark on a love-affair interspersed with brutality when he wrongly accuses someone of being the murderer. Not a lot else happens. and this is in a 137 mins long filmzzzzzz...



The video box screams STARRING NASTASSJA KINSKI AND GERARD DEPARDIEU . Wrong. Starring Gerard Depardieu with NK wandering through a few scenes. Basically dull, some cool photography, but is over long and has an immense number of long and meaningful glances. French art movie, and not even a good one.

As already mentioned, NK doesn't appear a lot, just sort of drifts about, looking extremely pretty with (yet) another hair-

style. There is some nudity in this film, but NK doesn't take part in any of it. Almost forgettable..

ART : *** ENTERTAINMENT : * KINSKI CONTENT : ** FLESH : *

UNFAITHFULLY YOURS - Howard Zieff, 1983

NK is the wife of succesful conductor Dudley Moore. He becomes convinced that Armand Assante is having an affair with her and hatches a plan to kill them both. Needless to say, things don't quite go as planned.

Dudley Moore stopped being funny when he left Peter Cook. '10' was dull, and this isn't any better. It doesn't bear up at all to repeated viewings - Dudley's lack of acting ability comes close to outweighing the joy of Nastassja-watching.

There's not enough NK in this film. This is clearly a Dudley Moore vehicle. Not a lot to recommend it to the fan, save another freeze-frame topless bit. Probably the worst film she's appeared in.

ART : * ENTERTAINMENT : NONE! KINSKI CONTENT : *** FLESH : **

MARIA'S LOVERS - Andrei Konchalovsky, 1984

A veteran returns from the Second World War, meets his childhood sweetheart (NK) again and marries her. It is not a happy marriage for either of them and they separate to go their own ways.

Marginally interesting product, more arty than normal considering it's a Golem/Globus film. The acting is generally good, though after the previous one, anything would be a distinct improvement! Fairly depressing.

Posters for this depict NK on her back with someone's head between her legs. Pretty hopeful, huh? Again, really very coy - even the scene where she resorts to self-stimulation is entirely inoffensive. Could have been a lot better/worse.

ART : *** ENTERTAINMENT : ** KINSKI CONTENT : *** FLESH : ***

PARIS, TEXAS - Wim Wenders, 1984

Harry Dean Stanton comes out of the desert after vanishing several years ago. He goes to his brother, who has been looking after his son, takes him and tries to find his wife (NK). He does, but not quite where he expected...

Achingly beautiful film, with superb acting from all concerned, especially Harry Dean Stanton. The photography is excellent and is complemented superbly by Ry Cooder's soundtrack. A movie of the open road, needs to be seen on the big screen to be truly appreciated.

NK doesn't appear until near the end of the film, and (shockhorrorscandal) is BLONDE! At one point she threatens to take her clothes off but doesn't - for once it wouldn't have improved the film...

ART : ***** ENTERTAINMENT : **** KINSKI CONTENT : * FLESH : NONE!

HAREM - Roland Joffe, 1985.

An Arab sheik, played by Ben Kingsley, kidnaps a New York stockbroker (NK), and takes her away to be part of his harem. Gradually, she starts to appreciate his way of life, a strange mix of Middle Eastern historic and millionaire playboy - he goes out hawking with his entourage following in Landrovers.

An East-meets-West romance. Terribly unsubstantial - at the end, you don't feel very much of anything at all. Doesn't educate, entertain or inform; the two words to sum up this film are "So" and "what?".

As you might expect from a film with such a title, there are lots of opportunities for flesh. Very little of it is NK's though, with only one shot of her slipping into a swimming pool to awaken some interest in this otherwise dull movie.

ART : *** ENTERTAINMENT : * KINSKI CONTENT : **** FLESH : **

"One from the Heart" had been, in financial terms, a total disaster. It cost \$26 million to make and took in just one million dollars. Surely it was not possible for Nastassja to take part in a bigger box-office flop than THAT. Wrong. Taking in the same amount, but weighing in at a cost of a massive \$28 million, we have :

REVOLUTION - Hugh Hudson, 1985

Nastassja is the daughter of an aristocratic family who becomes a supporter of the growing American Revolution. She meets and falls in love with Al Pacino, a trapper who has also been caught up in it. They are split up during a battle, and Al is told she has been killed...

Not as bad as the reviews (it couldn't be) - not a masterpiece, perhaps, but not a

turkey. The battles are impressively staged and there are a few memorable scenes. Al Pacino is a bit miscast & NK does her best at a challenging role - remember, she is really German!

No sex, and not a lot of Kinski. The poster for this film, with Pacino in the foreground and NK lurking behind his shoulder, about sums it up. NK is looking pretty again, following a couple of films where she looked a lot like a mother of two.

ART : *** ENTERTAINMENT : *** KINSKI CONTENT : ** FLESH : NONE!

And there, for the moment, her career rests; it wouldn't do to ignore the careers of the rest of her family. Father Klaus is well known for appearing in literally hundreds of films, ranging from the classy ("The Return of Martin Guerre") to the trashy ("Titan Find"); he is possibly best known for his performance as Nosferatu. His autobiography was going to be published in this country - unfortunately, since it said a lot of libellous things about almost everyone he's known, especially Werner Herzog, it was withdrawn on legal advice (if you want to, you can catch him in the recently released videos "The Vampires of Venice"). Less well known is Nastassja's sister, Pola. I didn't know she's been in any films myself, until I caught one, almost by accident, in the late night slot on Thames TV. For the sake of completeness, the details I can recall of it are as follows :

YESTERDAY'S TOMORROWS - Wolfgang Staudte, 1978?

The film starts off originally, with the suicide of Pola's character - the rest of the story is told in flashback. It takes place in Germany just after the end of the WW 2 and is the sad tale of Pola falling in love with, marrying, and finally being left by, an American officer.

Pola does have some of her sister's looks, though without her ethereal beauty. The movie is strongly reminiscent of "Maria's Lovers", although set in Europe - it is a good example of a continental film; solid acting, gloomy story!

One area it differs from many European films is the lack of sex. However, since PK isn't quite as pretty, this isn't too worrying. She is on the screen a lot, though.

ART : *** ENTERTAINMENT : *** KINSKI CONTENT : **** FLESH : NONE!

That's about that, filmwise. We're not finished yet - next issue it's quotes, anecdotes and THAT story from 'Sunday' magazine. Pass the cheese-cake.



"Half-way to heaven on the Glacier Express"

One of the best things about travel is the contrasts you encounter. One night you're gambling at Monte Carlo Casino, the next you're sleeping rough on the sea-front at Nice, with no money, no passport and no way to get home. This, however, is getting ahead of myself. What follows is an account of a journey through Europe made in the second half of August 1988 - it may be of interest, or provide a warning, to anyone planning a similar trip!

The journey didn't get off to a brilliant start. My Walkman had been playing up for a while, and one earpiece had now died completely, and the other was sounding decidedly dodgy, so I thought it would be a good chance while I was away to get it fixed as the guarantee would have run out by the time I came back. The only chance I had to go to the shop I bought it was on the Saturday morning I left, so on the way to the railway station I popped into Dixons. Unfortunately, they told me (very nicely) that the guarantee didn't cover the headphones, and that all I could do was buy a new pair. Since my money was all in the form of traveller's cheques and bureau de change aren't exactly numerous in Farnborough, this was not much help - in any case, I had ONE cassette with me ; though I like Simple Minds, two weeks of them would be too much even for me. Finally, the Walkman was jammed in the bottom of the rucksack for the two weeks, minus the headphones, which I junked in a waste-paper bin at Victoria station.

Reached the hover-port at Dover without anything exciting or interesting happening. There, as well as the duty-free shop, they had a variety of machines designed to take the last 10p coins out of your pocket ; fruit machines, video games, etc. I tried to invest my loose change in one; unfortunately I kept winning - by the time I finally gave up trying to get rid of them, I'd won about eight pounds. Something was clearly wrong with the machine ; I watched four or five people playing it, and they all came away better off.

The hovercraft trip was dull - you can't see out, as there's too much spray being blown around, and you can't walk about either, so I got on with reading my book. I decided just to take the one with me, a nice 600 page long epic, and try and ration it out to last me the whole fortnight. In the end, I read it in about three days on Nice beach and from then on, it joined the Walkman at the bottom of the bag.

Didn't get to see much of Paris, just the Metro from one railway station to the next. The train from there to Nice was almost dead, I had a whole carriage to myself and managed a fairly pleasant night, waking up just in time to see the sun rise over the Mediterranean. It was warm - I was still wearing my British Summer clothes (long trousers, training shoes, jumper, etc), and I'd forgotten to pack any shorts so I just had to sit and suffer...

Arrived in Nice, and went to the Tourist Information place to see if they could find me a room. This they did, for the princely sum of F.55 per night, little more than a fiver. I was a little worried about just what I was going to get for that - I needn't have been. The room was small, but perfectly adequate and it even had a fridge in it, which I made a lot of use of during the time I was there. It also had the shower room to one side, the toilet to the other, and the hot water tank for the whole hotel occupied most of one wall. Still, it had a bed and a roof, which was all I really wanted.

First stop was to buy some shorts! I found a hideously repulsive pair in a bin marked 'End of Line' - they were fluorescent yellow and not the sort of thing anyone self-respecting would have bought. I thought they were brilliant. Finally, I could now go down to the beach, or what's supposed to be the beach. In Nice, what they have instead of sand are large pebbles, just big enough to be extremely uncomfortable if you didn't have a beach mat to lie on. Guess who didn't? Decided to pass on the swimming, because last time I swam in the Med was just after some thoughtful tanker owner had decided to wash out his tanks, and the resulting black gunge coated everything it touched, including me. I just lay on the beach and enjoyed the view.

The rest of the week followed pretty much the same pattern. This makes quite dull reading; if you're after excitement, adventure and really wild things, skip the next paragraph.

I'd climb out of bed at about 10 a.m and head for the beach, stopping in at the local supermarket on the way to buy the supplies for the day. These usually consisted of some bread, cold meat, chocolate biscuits (to be eaten on the way to the beach to stop them from melting!) and a large bottle of Orangina, a very popular drink on the continent, only occasionally seen here - it's like Fanta made with real oranges. The day was then spent relaxing in the sun, thoroughly enjoying having absolutely NOTHING to do. About five o'clock, when the sun began to sink behind the hotels, I'd head back to my room and have a sleep (well, it's been a tough day) for a couple of hours before heading out and grabbing something to eat (Nice has two McDonald's).

For the single traveller, Nice in the evenings doesn't have a lot to offer. It's a very 'social' city, and almost all the entertainment is aimed at two or more people; it was still fun for me to people-watch in the pedestrian zone. However, there was a four-day spell when my longest conversation was 'Un grand pommes frites, un cheeseburger et un shake au chocolat, s'il vous plait', so my tongue got a holiday too.

Didn't spend ALL my time on Nice beach. Spent two days on Monte Carlo beach, and two on Cannes beach - the former had smaller rocks than Nice, and Cannes had REAL sand, though the second day I was there there was a strong wind blowing, which meant I got sandblasted ; I was picking grains out of my ears for days. Of course, I overdid the sun. Even with the Protection Factor 10 sun-lotion I splattered about, enough still got through to make it very uncomfortable, with my shoulders, the back of my knees and for some reason my right ear-lobe suffering worst. The last couple of days there, I began to "peel" and itch like mad - sad to see my hard-earned sun-tan coming off in handfuls.

Highlight of the week for me was the evening at the Casino. I'd scouted it out already during one of my visits to the beach, so I knew that the luminous shorts and sandals were OUT. I had brought a half-decent pair of trousers with me (you couldn't see the paint spots unless you looked closely) and a nice shirt with buttons, so they let me in, even though I was wearing training shoes...

There were two rooms you could go to ; the European or the American, the main difference from my point of view being that the European room cost F.50 to get into - I couldn't see why I should have to pay for the privilege of losing money, therefore I went to the American room to find myself a nice place at a Roulette table. The other players were a mix of foreign tourists and 'locals' (well, they spoke French, anyway) and I sat and watched for a while to suss things out. Most of the chips were different colours of plastic - I'd always thought that was to show the values, but I was told that each player had a different colour, and the chips were all F.10. Bigger chips were available if you wanted - these were multi-coloured with a metal disk in the middle, and ranged from F.100 up (and up - outside the European room they had a case with the possible values in. They stopped at 100,000 francs). I handed over my life savings, or at least F.200 of them and received a pile of chips that looked rather smaller than everyone else's!

They needed them. While I spent the whole evening putting ONE chip on a number or a group or numbers, they sprayed them about like confetti. I saw one person get F.1000 worth of chips and use them all up in about three shots. Meanwhile, I kept on playing ONE chip! Fortunately, on just the second shot, I got lucky. My chip was on No.14, and to my astonishment, that was where the ball landed. I'm no poker-face ; in fact, I had to restrain myself from doing a lap of honour round the table as the croupier counted out my F.350. I toyed with the idea of quitting while I was ahead and decided against it - what the hell, you don't get the chance to visit Monte Carlo THAT often. The rest of the evening wasn't quite as successful - I think I won once, F.60 - though since I was playing with their money, I wasn't too bothered. I found it surprisingly exciting, waiting for the ball to stop bouncing and WILLING it towards your number - I can see how people get hooked on it, and it would be VERY easy to lose a large amount of money at it. I left while just about even, having

thoroughly enjoyed it.

On the Saturday night I had to leave for Switzerland. on the night train to Geneva. It had only gone a few miles when I suddenly found that my passport, travellers cheques, Inter-rail card, etc had gone. I don't know whether they were stolen (nothing else in the bag with them was taken) or lost (they were in a zipped up pocket); the hard fact was that I didn't have them. I got off the train at the first stop, and headed back to Nice to see if anyone had handed them in. No-one had. By this time, it was about 9.30 at night, and I had no money at all. I phoned American Express to see if they could replace my travellers cheques, but there was nothing they could do till Sunday - even if they had, all the places to cash them would have been shut. I had one option. Sleep on the beach.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

10 Places in Europe Well Worth a Visit.

- 1) The Swiss Alps. Beauty beyond belief.
- 2) Palace of Versailles. Probably cheaper to buy than most houses in London.
- 3) Alhambra, Seville. Style and cool, where 2) is O.T.T. and trashy.
- 4) Amsterdam Red-Light District. No comment.
- 5) Monte Carlo. On with the mirror shades, down to the harbour and POSE!
- 6) Tivoli Gardens, Copenhagen. Disneyland for grown-ups.
- 7) Vienna. More architecture per acre.
- 8) Florence. History condensed into tins.
- 9) Berlin. East meets West.
- 10) Any railway carriage with nobody in it...

TRASH NEWS

In the last issue, I recall bemoaning the lack of trash politics in Britain - Italy has La Cicciolina, France has Le Pen, but we seemed to have no-one at all capable of dragging the politicians off their high horses down to the level of the rest of us. That was until the arrival of Pamella Bordes.

I just want to take this opportunity to thank the lady for providing us, however unwittingly, with the opportunity to see our respected Members of Parliament rushing to disassociate themselves from this 'research assistant' at top speed. The best quote yet comes from an un-named 'friend' of hers who said, roughly "She has a fantastic oral sex technique - it costs 500 pounds for a blow job, but it's worth every penny". More power to your tongue, Pamella, and hope your face heals up soon!!

LETTERS

Let's start off with the letter I was most pleased to receive in the past three months.

Hampshire County Council, Winchester - "I note your intention to issue proceedings in the Small Claims Court... I am prepared on this occasion, without any admission of liability, to meet your claim."

Finally. Last September, I hit a pothole on my way home from work and since then have been trying to get the Council to pay for the wrecked back wheel my bike sustained. Five months, half a dozen letters and some advice from a solicitor (Scottish, and therefore possibly wrong) later, I tell them I'm going to sue. They cave in. Sigh. Put away the "Jagged Edge" video, Jim, and get on with the real letters. Still not got the money, though that was six weeks back!

The general tone of them was complimentary :

Alun Fairburn, Ammanford - "A very good read indeed."

Simon Wood, Blewbury - "Excellent stuff!! A vast improvement upon most fanzines" This comes as no surprise. If I get a fanzine I dislike, I don't write and explain why, I just don't bother getting it again. Thus we can assume that, for example, Gengiz Mehmet and Michael Corney didn't like it - poor Gengiz thought it was a football fanzine, for reasons too complex to go into here, but entirely unconnected with the Forres v Alloa back cover!

Getting down to specific bits, very few pieces got nothing but a bad response; most bits were liked by SOMEBODY. There were a few 'differences of opinion :

AF - "I particularly enjoyed the 'Nightmares in a Damaged Brain' piece."

Tommy Campbell, Glasgow - "...boring & confused."

Generally received with favour was 'The Incredibly Bad Film Show'...

TC - "Excellent, and should be expanded on."

AF - "Looks like being a very interesting series."

...and 'It Must Be True', alias 'Beats Reality, Doesn't It?'

TC - "...should be kept..."

David Oliver, Whitley Bay - "...very funny..."

Not so popular was 'Classic Splatter' :

AF - "...has already been done to death."

TC - "'The Texas Chainsaw Massacre' is a bit too obvious."

Your wish is my command. It's gone, replaced by 'Borderline Cinema', which will cover splatter, sex and other taboo subjects.

Mixing the text with pictures was NOT a success :

Glyn Williams, Derby - "Overprinting the 'Hellbound' and 'Trash Pop' articles was dumb."

TC - "...parts of 'Hellbound' and 'Trash Pop' were made almost illegible."

Controversy corner stirred up, as hoped, some response :

GW - "Your argument about leaving things to the experts plays straight into the hands of those who argue that experts should decide what the rest of us should watch."

Rob Ingram, Farnborough - "When you elect a government, you're choosing more than an economic policy - there are also moral questions such as who gets social security and how much they get."

The major chunk on Nastassja was received with a mixture of interest and pleas for bits on other actresses :

GW - "I look forward to the next part."

TC - "The NK feature was quite good, although I would think that actresses like Dyanne Thorne [The Ilsa movies] or Linnea Quigley would be more suitable."

DO - "...Linnea Quigley, Barbara Crampton or even Sybil Danning."

I suppose to be fair, we ought to do an article on Richard Gere or some such actor (As Glyn Williams put it, "What IS the male equivalent of a bimbo?"). However, I couldn't hack sitting through all his films and Sybil Danning has done far too many (at least 49!), therefore in preparation, a piece on Linnea. The films we can think of that she's been in are : The Black Room, Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers, Return of the Living Dead, Savage Streets, Night of the Demon, Creepozoids, The Imp, Deadly Friend, Dr Alien and Silent Night, Deadly Night. Anyone out there know of any more?

Finally, Some people liked and some people didn't like my tastes in music :

SW - "I liked your top 10 records list, as I've got 5 of them!"

TC - "Was disappointed at what a conservative taste you have in music"

Paul Smith, Alva - "...listening to rubbish like Tiffany, or even wearing jumpers with sheep on and singing as if something was being shoved up your arse."

My problem is that I like light, fluffy pop a bit more than groups whose sleeves feature a Jesus lookalike shooting up with a syringe of fetid blood (Hi Steve!! Hi Per!!) - I'm pessimistic enough as it is...

Tiffany impaled on a spike, that seems like a good place to stop. Keep the letters coming. We reserve the right to edit, quote selectively, distort and otherwise act just like a real newspaper...

BORDERLINE CINEMA

"Salo - 120 Days of Sodom", Pasolini 1975.

Set in the last days of Mussolini's reign, this film has got into a lot of trouble for it's sadistic imagery - it's full version is still banned in Britain - even in truncated form it still remains a very nasty film. The story is negligible. Four Fascists, including a Duke and a priest, kidnap a number of teenage boys and girls - the next ninety minutes is a graphic depiction of the humiliation of these victims. This includes their sodomy, mutilation and also their being forced, literally, to eat shit. This is not a Disney film.

So what possible justification could there be for this exhibition of atrocities?

"Fascism symbolised here by the total subjugation of the sexual victims is merely the ultimate expression of a tendency latent (and to Pasolini inherent) in every power system which depends, as all power systems do, on the submission of the many to the few" --- David Wilson

Er, what was that again? Oh, I get it - the Fascists in the film are doing to their victims literally, what Pasolini thinks they did to Italy. This film is taking the Italian equivalent of 'The Conservatives are screwing the country' to it's logical extreme.

Ok, it may be a metaphor, now is it an effective one? I don't think so. The film makes it's point in the first half an hour; what follows is pure sledge-hammer cinema, slamming the subject's head off a wall for an hour and a half. This tactic should only be used when absolutely necessary and the idea you are trying to put across is one so alien to the audience that no other way is possible. For example, in "Nekromantik", the director's ideas on sex & death are so weird that anything less than the torrent of body fluids and corpses would just bounce off the average viewer's moral barricades - these NEED to be broken down to get the message across. The message in "Salo" is no more controversial than 'The Italian Fascists did some bad things', which most people would agree with, and is surely not sufficient reason to produce a film where one of the 'highlights' is a meal of steaming turds.

What makes the film especially unpleasant is the absence of any sort of justice. At the end, the torture continues unabated and there is no reason to believe the torturers will eventually be punished for their crimes, even in a 'Dirty Harry' way, or that there will ever be any escape for the victims, except through death. The viewer doesn't get the relief of knowing that crime i.e. torture doesn't pay.

But overall, I can't help thinking there are far better ways of putting the point across. If the Fascists were as evil as the voice-over at the start claims, then a

straight portrayal of their behaviour would have had a greater impact on me than a story written by an 18th century pervert. As it is, the images remain disgustingly striking, but the message of the film is diluted severely by the irrelevance of the story and the generally gratuitous nature of most of the scenes.

SOUNDTRACKS

Since the very earliest days of the first sound movie, "The Jazz Singer", music and films have been extricably linked. In the film industry nowadays, much time and effort is spent getting just the right tunes to go with a movie - a good song can make a vast difference to the profits at the box-office; "The Breakfast Club" would probably not have been as successful if Simple Minds hadn't had a top five hit with the theme-song.

The best soundtracks work on two levels. First, and probably more importantly, they complement the film. They generally reflect the emotion that the director is trying to get across to the viewer, be this tension, sadness, fear or humour. Secondly, it helps if they are good to listen to in their own right, outside the cinema. Given these two aims, here's a list of some of my favourite soundtracks, both specially composed and 'found' - no particular order :

Excalibur
Hellraiser
Return of the Living Dead
Cat People
Repo Man
Paris, Texas
Salvation!

Another interesting idea is working out your own 'soundtrack', either for an already existing movie, or a theoretical one. As an example, here's a possible track listing for a modern vampire film (might please those who think my music tastes are dull!)

Propaganda	- P-Machinery
Laibach	- Drzava
Bauhaus	- Stigmata Martyr
Cabaret Voltaire	- Sleepwalking
Fashion	- Citinite
Talking Heads	- Psycho Killer
Yello	- I Love You
Sisters of Mercy	- This Corrosion
Ultravox	- I want to be a Machine
The Human League	- Introducing

Any more suggestions?

BLACK SUNDAY

[THE event of the year, as far as exploitation films go, is the annual festival of depravity, "Shock Around The Clock", held at the Scala towards the end of July. However, being annual, twelve months go by between one and the next, which is a long time to survive without seeing films such as "Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers", "Nekromantik", etc so it was good to find out about 'Black Sunday', the Northern equivalent, which took place in the Mayfair Cinema, Manchester on the last Sunday in January. I made the long trek up there - this is the report]

While the South has one very interesting place (London) and lots of dull ones (i.e. Farnborough), the North has a few fairly exciting towns, and nowhere that stands out and says 'Visit me!'. Never been to Manchester before. Looks like Leeds. Or Sheffield. Grey. Industrial. Tho' at 7pm on an overcast evening, anywhere would look grey and industrial.

I arrived early. Didn't know where the Mayfair Cinema was - the tickets did have directions on them, but they were brief. I needn't have worried - after an endless bus-ride through housing estate after housing estate, the bus stopped about fifty yards from it. So there I was, four hours to kill in a suburb of Manchester. I did what anyone else would have done and headed for the nearest pub.

The 'locals' must have wondered what had hit them, as a bunch of low-lifes and assorted reprobates wearing unpleasant t-shirts and reading equally unpleasant publications descended on them. It was generally quite easy to spot the gore-hounds - they didn't have whippets or flat caps...

The rest of the evening passed smoothly, discussing great (and not-so-great) films, aided by the consumption of Tetley's Bitter (complete with unidentifiable lumps). Addresses were swapped, fanzines bought/sold and the evening's delights eagerly anticipated. However, a rumour began to spread that the most discussed film, 'Bad Taste', had been seized by the customs at Manchester Airport...

Eventually, we drifted down to the Mayfair, stood outside for a while wondering when we were going to get in until we finally were. Bought our programs and found out 'Bad Taste' was indeed on the list of films to be seized - having seen stills from it, I can tell you it is RIDICULOUSLY splattery, but is entirely tongue-in-cheek and 'ridiculous' is a pretty good word for the film as a whole [see later].

Finally, after a brief word or two from the organisers, we were off...

KEN RUSSELL'S

The FAIR of the White Witch

BY THE AUTHOR
OF DRACULA

11

A Vision of Horror

19

"IT'S A RIOT"
SHAWN HESHER—DAILY MAIL

"ONE OF THE
FUNNIEST

SEXIEST

SILLIEST

HORROR

MOVIE

MONSTERS

IN YEARS"

KIM NEWMAN—CITY LIMITS

"DON'T MISS
THE FUN"

BARBARA ELLEN—NME

"HISSTERICAL"

STEVE SUTHERLAND—MELODY MAKER

WARNER
BROS.
PICTURES

OUT OF THE DARK - Michael Schroeder.

A sleazy slasher movie about a phone sex agency whose employees are being murdered by a clown masked maniac. The police suspect a photographer who does work for the agency, so he sets out to prove them wrong by finding the real killer.

"Yawn! It's all been done before. Nothing new or original in this dull psycho film. Of course, all the girls who work for the agency are young and pretty. Sex and violence with no imagination. (3)"

PAPERHOUSE - Bernard Rose.

Anna is ten and suffering from glandular fever, which is causing her to have hallucinations. She finds she can control these through a sketch she is drawing - then she finds the picture taking on a life of it's own.

"See Trash City 0. Though this wasn't a new film, I still enjoyed it a lot - if anything it's improved on a second viewing. (7)"

LAIR OF THE WHITE WORM - Ken Russell.

A prehistoric skull is unearthed in the Derbyshire countryside and sets in motion a horrific chain of events as it is stolen by the local lady of the manor who is also the head of a pagan snake cult.

"Brilliant. Superbly silly, especially Catherine [Dynasty] Oxenburg dubbed with a Derbyshire accent. Like a Hammer horror film on acid, with Boy Scouts, helpings of nudity and just the right amount of blood. (9)".

ELVIRA - MISTRESS OF THE DARK - James Signorelle.

Elvira is fired from her TV show and goes to collect her inheritance from a timely-deceased aunt. Unfortunately, this is in the New England village of Falwell, whose inhabitants are not happy with her dresses (low-cut), morals, or her approach to life in general, and try to get rid of her...

"Somewhere between "'Allo, 'Allo" and "Carry on Cleavage" lies Elvira, the ultimate bimbo, whose car has a registration of 'KICKASS'. Comedy without any pretensions, just good, simple fun and fine mindless entertainment. (8)"

TO DIE FOR - Deran Serafian.

Vlad Tepes, better known as Count Dracula, is undead and well and living in America. Another update of the vampire story, with the usual problems of convincing the police you're not a lunatic, staking victims, etc.

"ANOTHER modern myth. It's tough to update the vampire - "Near Dark" was about the best - and this one doesn't work. Nothing new/worthy here, save an impressive

decapitation and Brendan Hughes makes a good Vlad. (4)"

THE LADY IN WHITE - Frank La Loggia.

Frankie Scarlatti is locked in the school cloakroom as a Halloween prank, and sees the ghost of a young girl, who turns out to be the victim of a murder. He is then attacked by the murderer, but recovers, and decides to try and solve the mystery.

"See Trash City O. Stayed awake all through this one, which is more than I did for the films on either side - given I'd seen it before, this shows how engrossing it is. STILL think the ending sucks! (8)".

FRIGHT NIGHT 2 - Tommy Lee Wallace.

Charley Brewster has recovered from the ordeal of the first film, and now believes he made it all up, at least until some strange people move into vampire hunter Peter Vincent's apartment block. Once again, battle commences.

"A real sequel, building on the events of "Fright Night", with just enough original touches to make it worthwhile. About as entertaining as the first one; Roddy McDowall steals the (over)acting honours again. (6)"

DEAD HEAT - Mark Goldblatt

Seemingly unkillable robbers are terrorising a city. Turns out they're zombies. One of the cops on the trail is killed, and is revived to try to solve the case before the resurrection wears off.

"Another neat twist on the buddy cop theme. Lots of shoot-outs, the obvious jokes about being dead tired, and a brilliant scene in a Chinese restaurant where the meals come to life. Highly enjoyable (8)".

[Just so you know what we missed, and to give you some idea why it was seized at the airport :]

BAD TASTE.

"In a small, quiet seaside town, all the inhabitants have disappeared. Could someone have chopped them all into pieces? Their fate, it seems, has been caused by a small contingent of violent aliens. They have arrived on Earth in search of human flesh to use as hamburger meat in their chain of inter-galactic fast-food stores.

Before the last inhabitant of the small town breathes no more, a panic stricken call is made to the outside world pleading for help. It is time for the newly formed Alien Investigation and Defence Service, or AIDS as it is known, to come into the scene. Systematically, they begin to deal with the aliens when they can find them.

Their problem escalates when a charity worker arrives in the town. He wants to

collect for a good cause. Instead, he finds himself being marinated in preparation for the aliens' farewell feast. The AIDS team set out to rescue the marinating charity worker. One of the team begins wreaking his personal vengeance on the aliens. The aliens are finally defeated by the leader of the AIDS team in a macabre, gory ritual that takes place in outer space.

Watchout aliens... here comes A.I.D.S!! The ultimate in bad taste."

[The latest info we have on this film is that it has finally got into the country, and is going to be Colourbox Video's first stab at a cinema release - * STOP PRESS * rumour has it that the BBFC have passed it uncut...]

Ah, some space to discuss a couple of things that have cropped up since writing the editorial. Firstly, thanks and apologies to everyone whose sent reviews or other pieces in - the former for taking the trouble, the latter because I failed to include ANY of them, which after my plea for contributions is a bit off! I took two weeks holiday over Easter, and went home (as in the North of Scotland); much of my time was spent working on this issue, writing, getting formats straight, looking out pictures, etc. I came back to Farnborough, with it almost all ready, to find a vast pile of articles - rather than trying to put them in this one (and probably making us the first 'zine to have a late Issue 1!), I've held them all over - they should appear in Issue 2. Please keep sending them in; a rough latest date for next time is the start of July.

The other point came up in a letter from Cathy Barwick, who noticed the 'masculine bias' [Ouch! She'll love the back cover!], and wondered whether I couldn't write what women would think of, for example, a film. An important point. However, when it comes down to it, all I can do is give MY opinions - if the results show masculine bias, it is simply because THEY do, and I refuse to apologise for them. Also, I would never dream of attempting to generalise and say 'Men/Women would like this'; I feel it would be condescending to tell anyone what to like, given the wide range of tastes the people I know of BOTH sexes have. All I can do is say what I like and why - if I say a film has good acting, I hope this is useful to both men and women; similarly, if I say the leading actress takes her clothes off a lot!

However, there are definitely articles, such as the NK piece, which could well be described as sexist. I write about the things I most enjoy; female beauty is one of them, male beauty is not - again, no apologies. I try and write in a spirit of self-parody and hope no offence is taken by ANYONE to ANYTHING. Finally, I am JUST as happy to print female chauvinist drivel as male chauvinist drivel - I appreciate there is something of an imbalance in these pages...!

TRASH LITERATURE

(and literature about trash)

"The I was a Teenage Juvenile Delinquent Rock 'N' Roll Horror Beach Party Movie Book" - Alan Betrock. Plexus. 6.95.

A title that just fits on the spine, and about 150 pages of nostalgia on the subject of the teenage exploitation film, from 1954 to 1969 including gems like "Beach Blanket Bingo", "Diary of a High School Bride", "Girls on the Beach", "The Hallucination Generation", "Kitten with a Whip", "No Time to be Young" and "Teenagers from Outer Space", to name just a few of the 300 or so films catalogued in this book.

They are grouped into eras, with a few pages of text beforehand discussing the general trends, social climate, etc of the period, with about ten lines (plus the credits) describing each film , and normally a still or piece of publicity material to illustrate it.

Therein lies the problem. Most of these movies have similar plots, which means that reading 300 descriptions of more or less the same film is pretty wearing after a while. Alan Betrock tries to pep them up with bits of dialogue and other trivia, such as pointing out early appearances of future stars ; Jack Nicholson, Robert Vaughan (in "Teenage Caveman") and Dennis Hopper, but it's not an easy task, and he can hardly be blamed if some of them are not exactly riveting. The short passages introducing each section are easily the most interesting parts.

The strong point of this book is the artwork, which is a joy to behold, even in black in white. Even nowadays, it still makes you want to see the films, and makes current movie publicity look very tame by comparison [Having seen a few of the films mentioned, I can state that sometimes the poster is easily the best thing!]. The reproduction quality is generally good, helped by the choice of illustrations which look as impressive in black and white as they did in colour.

Overall, a useful reference book, especially for harassed editors looking for cheap illustrations, just a shame that the text isn't quite as wonderful as the pictures.

"Lost, Lonely & Vicious" - Michael Barson. Fourth Estate. 5.95.

This book takes the idea of the one above to it's logical conclusion, and almost dispenses entirely with the text. It is a collection of 'postcards from the great trash films', 30 in all, which works out at a reasonable 20 pence each. They are larger than normal cards, which makes them perfect for expressing sentiments too long to fit onto a normal postcard, though not long enough to justify a letter .

given the nature of the pictures on them they're not perhaps totally suitable for maiden aunts. They portray sex and violence (or at least, sex and violence 50's style, which isn't really all that sexy or violent) in full, glowing COLOUR (for those of you reading in black and white, the previous word was in virulent, fluorescent yellow) and this book really has all the good points of 'I was a...' with none of the disadvantages, except perhaps for the harassed editor who will find that colour doesn't photocopy as well! Buy it, and make your postie smile.

"Cabal" - Clive Barker. Fontana. 2.95

Mr Barker is a busy man. Having got "Hellbound" past the BBFC with far less cuts than was once feared (either 2, 3 or 6 mins depending on who you talk to), he's now busy filming this book, 'with David Cronenberg as the villain, Marc Almond as a hermaphrodite and Suzie Quatro as someone who gets killed'. He then moves on to work on, but alas not direct, "Hell on Earth - Hellraiser III". Then there's the film of "Son of Celluloid", 'about a cancer that does John Wayne impressions, rather than John Wayne, who ended up doing cancer impressions'. All this and a new paperback too.

It's a comparatively slim affair at only 270 odd pages. The 'hero' is a madman, convinced by his doctor that he is responsible for some especially nasty murders. He goes on the run seeking Midian, a sanctuary he has heard of from other insane people, and reaches it, but is gunned down by the police. However, his body vanishes from the morgue, and his girlfriend starts searching for it. She discovers he is now one of the Nightbreed, a strange race of creatures who dwell in the dark beneath a Canadian cemetery.

Writing about this book under "Trash Literature" isn't really accurate as trash it certainly isn't. Clive Barker is the most consistently acclaimed horror author on the scene in Britain today - his only main contender, James Herbert, has turned to ghost stories which fail to horrify, though they are still entertaining. This book is good, even if it doesn't quite reach the heights of 'The Damnation Game' or 'Weaveworld' - it suffers a bit from first-part-itis, being the start of a trilogy, and thus doesn't have a nicely rounded ending (the same sort of feeling you get at the end of 'Friday the 13th Part I/II/III/IV...' when they set up the sequel). No matter. Despite being only an occasional reader of horror, this still entertained me, and I'm looking forward to the second and third parts, not to mention the film!

USEFUL ADDRESS TIME - from "Video World", March 89.

"I need to convert some videos I bought abroad to our PAL system. Can you suggest anyone who might do this and not charge an arm and a leg?"

"No problem. I'd point you in the direction of a company called LTV of Unit 4, Portland Industrial Estate, Portland Depot, Kingsway, LU4 8HA."

FILM BLITZ

[Brief info on a few of the films seen since the last issue. Contributions for this section are especially welcome.]

Ai No Corrida (Nagisa Oshima) - Japanese version of "9 1/2 Weeks", which has a very large and pretty explicit sex content. The storyline is tenuous, to say the least, and the film is just plain DULL, not helped by some truly bad Japanese music.

Barbarian Queen (Hector Olivera) - Lana Carlsson and her team of women in leather armour in a tale of rape, revenge and rescue (sorta "I Spit on Your Broadsword"). Never taxing on the brain, a nice addition to the 'Barbarian Bimbo' genre.

The Beast (Walerian Borowczyk) - EXTREMELY dodgy film. Plot totally indescribable and probably irrelevant. Judging by this, the director is in severe need of therapy. 'Nekromantik' for animal lovers, if you get my drift.

Blood for Dr. Jeckyll (Walerian Borowczyk) - Relatively mild Borowczyk film (it got a certificate!) retelling the classic tale. Atmospheric and reminiscent of 'Nosferatu', with Udo Kier as an excellent Hyde. Recommended.

Blood for Dracula (Paul Morrissey) - Andy Warhol production. The Count is seeking 'würgins'. but the local handyman is de-virginizing them all; poor CD must lick the blood thereby spilled off the floor. The finish is arterial and pure Grand Guignol!

Brain Damage (Frank Henenlotter) - Far more effective than 'Just Say No' as an anti-drugs message, this is low budget horror at it's best, with the ultimate bad trip. However, the ending is a bit weak and too sudden.

The Brood (David Cronenberg) - Early body-horror from the master. Odd tale about a woman whose anger takes physical form - mutant dwarves who kill everyone who annoys her. Bit too obscure for it's own good, although thought-provoking.

Clan of the Cave Bear (Matthew Chapman) - "One Million Years B.C." with Darryl Hannah doing the Racquel Welch bit, without the fur bikinis. Too serious by half. In Neanderthal with subtitles; unlike Racquel, Darryl does her own grunts.

Common Law Cabin (Russ Meyer) - Mr. Meyer has a breast fixation to rival Benny Hill. His films are normally excuses for him to indulge it, but are usually entertaining - this one, though, is little more than average.

Cop (James Harriss) - James Woods as a policeman seeking a psycho killer. Nothing new or original in the plot (I feel asleep, missed 30 min and didn't lose track).

The ending, however, is sharp and very effective.



Crimes of Passion (Ken Russell) - Uneven brilliance. Some of the time it's soap opera, but when Kathleen Turner or Antony Perkins are on the screen it's electric stuff. Perkins joins Dennis Hopper and Rutger Hauer in the Psycho hall of fame.

Dead Ringers (David Cronenberg) - Understated film compared to DC's past efforts. Weird, but an excellent performance from Jeremy Irons as BOTH twins. Not sure exactly what it's about - it's impressive anyway!

The Dead Zone (David Cronenberg) - For me, one of Cronenberg's weaker films to date, not least because it's from a Stephen King (spit!) book. Has some good moments, Christopher Walken is good, and DC's talent shines through.

Death Line (Gary Sherman) - Dire British 70's horror, the sort of thing that killed the genre. Taut where it should be cool, relaxed where it should be tense. Some people (Stefan Jaworzyn, Shock Xpress) like it. Damned if I know why.



SAMANTHA EGGAR IN "THE BROOD" - DON'T
MAKE HER ANGRY!

Die Hard (John McTiernan) - Bruce Willis fighting tower-block terrorists in his bare feet. A violent film, perhaps a bit too flippant now & again, but it is extremely gripping stuff and seems a lot shorter than 130 mins.

Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill! (Russ Meyer) - More Mayer mayhem, starring Tura Satana as the leader of a gang (well, three) thrill-mad hellcats who kidnap a girl after killing her guy. Nice start & end, middle dull.

Flesh for Frankenstein (Paul Morrissey) - One on the 'video nasties' list thanks to it's gore (viscera spilling out, an unrealistic decapitation) supplied by Carlo (E.T.) Rimbaldi. Silly version, great fun for the most part.

The Fly (David Cronenberg) - A slaughterhouse love story, body horror at it's most extreme. A lesser director would be overpowered by the FX, while Cronenberg remains their master. The man is a genius. Sick, but a genius.

Fright Night (Tom Holland) - Mildly entertaining reworking of the vampire movie, mostly thanks to Roddy McDowell hamming it up for all he's worth as a TV vampire hunter. Otherwise normal American-teen-in-peril fare.

Graveyard Shift (Gerard Ciccoritti) - ANOTHER modern vampire story, this one is worse than most. A bit of dull sex, some designer violence and they think they've got a movie. Try getting a plot as well, next time.

Heart of Midnight (Matthew Chapman) - A little less attention to style and a little more to content would have helped this strange tale of a haunted whore-house inherited by Jennifer Jason Leigh. Some nice sequences and JJL is pretty as ever.

Metamorphosis (Kenneth Hall) - Endearingly tacky, micro-budget cross between "The Fly" and "Countess Dracula". Gratuitous nudity (Bobbie Bresee), fair FX and acting ranging from the good (Donna Shock) to the hilarious. Gets better as it goes on.

Motel Hell (Kevin Connor) - Strangely inconsistent film about a motel where the guests end up in sausages. Parts are brilliant black humour, other parts are comparatively slack. Horror for vegetarians?

Personal Services (Terry Jones) - Tho' I'm no fan of Julie Walters, she is excellent as the prim & proper Madam, even if she's more 60's than 80's. Parts are supremely funny and under it all are sly comments on s*x and modern society.

Rabid (David Cronenberg) - DC's version of "Night of the Living Dead", and a far better film than the original. Gradual expansion of the area infected is matched by the increase in the horror. Excellent.

Return of the Living Dead Part II (Ken Wiederhorn) - Not as good as the originals but not as bad as the reviews. Characters too clean and all-American, but some nice effects. Survivable and worth a look.

Robocop (Paul Verhoeven) - By now EVERYONE must have seen this one. Violent, black comedy, satirizing privatisation & big business. Similar style to Verhoeven's other film, "Flesh and Blood", but with explosions and no sex.

"OUTSTANDING...One of the Best French Films of the Year"

David Malcolm The Guardian

VIRGIN

DE FILLETTE

"BRAVO! A French Lolita!

Delphine Zentout brings to the role a freshness and maturity that's a joy to behold"

V.A. Muesco, New York Post

"A GEM... has you squirming in your seat and laughing in embarrassed recognition"

Elaine Patterson, Time Out

"BRILLIANT! Lust, love and frustration without restraint or bounds"

Richard North, NME

TELEVISION SERIES



A FILM BY CATHERINE BREILLAT WITH DELPHINE ZENTOUT

The Running Man (Paul-Michael Glaser)
- [Yes, him from "Starsky and Hutch"!] Schwarzenegger's best film to date, less mindless shooting, more acting. Criticizes 'violence as entertainment' - isn't this a bit dodgy, coming from Arnie?

Salon Kitty (Tinto Brass) - Paris, 1942. The SS open a brothel to find out which officers are traitors. Somewhere beneath the sub-"Allo, 'Allo" acting and atrocious dubbing is a good film. It's buried pretty deep.

Scandal (Michael Caton-Jones) - Keeler & Profumo, 1989 style. Good, solid acting, especially John Hurt, though not much attempt is made to explain the motives of the characters. Still, a worthy film and it resists any temptation to glamourise.

Scanners (David Cronenberg) - Less gory than most people think, with just one exploding head at the start and a gruesome climax. Script not quite up to the usual DC standard, still a lot better than the usual ESP film.



Slaves (Russ Meyer) - Seriously trashy tale of plantations, slaves in revolt and Anoushka Hempel as a Grade A dominatrix who comes out with lines like "No white man gets whipped on my plantation unless I do it"! Classic of blaxploitation.

Teenage Doll (Roger Corman) - 1950's juvenile delinquent picture about a girl who kills a rival in love and has to run from her victim's gang and the police. Dialogue dated now, acting surprisingly good. Highly watchable.

SOMETHING "RABID" IN THE CLOSET.

Terminator - (James Cameron) More Schwarzenegger killing. Interesting idea of altering the present by changing the past, but the film changes pace suddenly too often to work. Grandstand climax, an impressive final 15 minutes.

Trancers (Charles Band) - Cheap B-movie, a cross between "Terminator" (time travel) and "Blade Runner" (Harrison Ford character). Fails to be either, though it is completely acceptable despite this.

Untamed Youth (Howard Koch) - More 50's trash, with NO pleasant shocks in the acting department! Dire tale of cotton-picking prisoners, complete with appalling songs and rotten acting. Into the "so bad it's good" category.

Warrior Queen (Chuck Vincent) - Strange film, just 70 mins long (heavily cut?) with minimal dialogue, Sybil Danning not doing as much warring as the title suggests and the destruction of Pompeii footage clearly from about three other movies. Odd.

Videodrome (David Cronenberg) - Excellent film, simultaneously thought-provoking, horrific and exciting. See it at the cinema if you can, the video's cut heavily. Wonderful. Death to Videodrome!!

Virgin (Catherine Breillat) - Subtitled film, quite reminiscent of "Wish You Were Here". A typically French film, it deals impressively with the subject matter (an affair between a man and a young girl), treading the smut/twee tightrope very well.

Who Framed Roger Rabbit (Roger Zemeckis) - Technically brilliant film, suffers a little from over-hype; you expect it to be the best movie ever and are disappointed when it's only very good.

At some point, possibly Issue 3, we'll be doing a 'list special' - eight or nine pages probably of Top or Bottom 10's/20's/50's/100's. Any topic will be welcome, especially anything to do with films!

Between now and next time, I'm going to investigate the cost of getting printed professionally. I hope the quotes I get are noticeably cheaper than the Aldershot firm who quoted me 1.67 per copy, without folding, stapling or delivery...

To give me something to compare these against, I'd be quite interested to hear how much you think TC's worth, or how much you'd be willing to pay for it. I stress this DOESN'T mean we will be going "glossy", but if it can be done without a massive hike in price, it's worth a thought.

THE INCREDIBLY BAD FILM SHOW

Gwendoline (Just Jaeckin) - Tawny Kitaen, Brent Huff

Gwendoline (Tawny Kitaen) is a luscious, pouting virgin (!), the heroine in a French comic strip with the imaginative title of "The Adventures of Gwendoline". She inhabits a world where heroes parry bad guys with witty one-liners, heroines have extreme difficulty keeping their clothing for more than a few rapid scene changes, and where anything can (and if it's silly enough, probably will) happen.

We first meet her stowed away in a crate full of straw on the docks of Shanghai or some similar exotic set, er, location. Inside two minutes, she has been accosted by oriental villains (with dodgy sneers and even dodgier accents), sold for 300 of whatever-the-local-currency-is (plus 50 for the shoe) and rescued by the designer-stubble clad hero who manages to dispatch everyone present in true comic-book style. Pausing only to adjust his cool (this guy shits ice-cubes), he departs, leaving Gwendoline soggier than the Weetabix you didn't finish yesterday.

What really makes this film 'work' is the style and pace of the direction. One of those rare films where a largish budget was probably involved, yet without obvious result, the action hardly lets up. Any attempt at character development, acting or the building of tension would have slowed things down, and are thankfully avoided. Our hero, Willard (Brent Huff), Gwendoline and her friend/chaperone are put in jail. Why? So Willard can pull the guard's head through the bars leaving his ears behind...

Gwendoline is trying to find her father, a butterfly collector, who has strayed into the depths of the country's interior, where tropical rain forests, deserts, volcanoes and swamps co-exist, blithely oblivious to the laws of nature, and within handy walking distance of Shanghai. Pretty obviously, Willard has no choice but to guide the girls past oriental pirates and rubber crocodiles & boa constrictors, pausing only to deliver one-liners like "Quick, get your clothes off!".

Captured by a tribe called the Cheops(!!) before Willard can come up with a smart remark, they are tied and left on the floor of a bamboo cell overnight to await certain death. Q: How do you make love while tied up? A: With a straw. This scene has to be seen (and heard) to be believed - Just Jaeckin was also responsible for directing "Emmanuelle", and such a scene is his meat and drink. Amazingly enough, they escape certain death (yes, really!) only to be captured by a race of scantily clad 18 year-old girls...

[At this point, some of you may be doubting this is a real film, and is instead merely the product of a deranged imagination. Let me assure you that it IS a real film and that this article is a true and fair account of what goes on in it,

difficult though it may be to believe.]

You might wonder how a race of pretty young things in rubber and foam spiked shoulder pads, bra, g-string and thigh length boots would survive undetected and without men, in the middle of a desert. Well, this film makes absolutely NO attempt to explain. Mind you, with all that pert female flesh bobbling around, this problem doesn't bother the average trash film fan for long.

Somehow, in all the running around in white caves full of shiny machinery doing nothing in particular with lots of steam (Metropolis with the woman's touch?), our hero and heroine disguise themselves as guards (Just how does Willard wear a woman's g-string and why do the guards in these films NEVER recognise each other?). Pretty soon we have met the token mad scientist, enjoyed a Ben Hur style chariot race where the chariots are pulled by women, and laughed at more silly dialogue like "The Queen's will is the will of the Queen" and "Let's find the door and get out of here!".

But true to form, Willard must make love to the victor of a fight to the death between the Queen's best warriors, before dying horribly. I won't spoil the climax, but just tell you he only does one of these...

Coming on like a soft-porn version of either "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" or "Jane & the Lost City", this film is guaranteed to infuriate any feminist who sees it. I can give it no higher praise than that, and finish with some more of the wonderfully cheesy dialogue :

Gwendoline : I'm scared, Beth. How do you make love to a man?

Beth : It's much easier to make love than fight four warriors with your hands tied behind your back...

[Tawny Kitaen, star of this film, has become something of a celebrity since. She starred in "Witchboard" and (my Heavy Metal correspondent tells me) she appeared in a few of Whitesnake's recent videos. I believe she's also married to David Coverdale, their lead singer]

Return of the Barbarian Women (Richard Billi, or Al Bradley, depending whether you believe the video box or the film credits) - Nick Jordan, Mark Hannibal, Lyn Moody and Genie Woods

"Even more action, adventure than in the original - the Barbarian women return in the sequel to the smash hit "Barbarian Women". The Amazonian women are on the trail of a strange god with superhuman powers who uses them in a valley captured by the Barbarian Women. With a superhuman adversary with brilliant Kung Fu abilities - the Rampant Barbarian Women fight harder, hacking and slashing more aggressively than

ever before. In spectacular scenery with superb photography, the Barbarian Women are tougher and faster than ever before...hell has no fury like The Return of the Barbarian Women." ----- Video box blurb.

I've never been a fan of Italian films - many of their modern horror pics seem to me to be vastly over-rated, dull remakes of other countries hits. However, occasionally even they can turn out a classic, although not one that will win any Oscars, unless they start giving them out for WORST actor, WORST special effects and WORST film. "Return of the Barbarian Women" would be guaranteed to sweep the boards at such an event, being a superb example of a really appallingly bad film.

The Italians have always been great ones for using pseudonyms, presumably so that if the film dies a death, they can deny all association with it. It is therefore interesting to note that, as far as I am aware, none of the people credited with making this film have produced anything else, before or since. Either they all decided to change their names when they saw what a turkey they had produced, or they really were all complete amateurs - both explanations are extremely plausible.

Of course, they are not ENTIRELY to blame. Every bad movie has a moment in it when something happens which snuffs out the last, flickering hope of a decent film, and in RotBW, it is provided not by the plot, but by the video company. The particular scene in question has two characters chatting with a camp fire between them - unfortunately, the cutting from cinema screen shape to TV shape has been brutal and manages to leave both characters out of the shot, with the exception of the odd hand gesture. The result is definitely a classic of the genre.

Now, to the film itself. The video blurb quoted above is almost entirely misleading, but given the truth is probably preferable. Pausing only to take a deep breath, here we go. Bear with me...

It starts with the Barbarian Women (hereinafter referred to as the BW, though oddly enough, in the film they're always referred to as "the Amazons") engaged in their version of the Olympics ; climbing poles and shooting arrows at each other, single combat on ground studded with metal spikes, fighting with spike gauntlets, the usual sort of thing. Their Queen then tells them they will go and force Dharma to reveal the secret of his sacred flame.

After this admirably confusing opening, we meet a couple of the other characters. Moog is a coloured gentleman we first see dealing with some trouble-makers who annoy him while he's eating, first by hitting them, then, when this fails to discourage them, by belching and literally blowing them away. Chang is an oriental bloke, who rides on a buffalo - we also meet him just before an encounter with some nasty people. Bandits, in his case, and he disposes of them with a mix of Kung Fu and

swordplay, although not before meeting his love interest (also Oriental, no "Angel Heart" here!), accompanied by some sickly violins.

The scene switches to a village; the BW ride in, round up the inhabitants and demand a tax from them. We find out Dharma has been protecting this village for 400 years - he appears in a flash of pyrotechnics and tells the BW to leave. They chase him and he runs away (strange behaviour for an immortal) before vanishing in another flash of pyrotechnics.

Dharma appears in the village, and receives tributes, which he accepts ungraciously ("Where are my favourite hot peppers? Don't say you've forgotten them again!!"). Now, Dharma's secret is revealed - he is just the latest in a long line of con-men who pretend to be immortal and have been swindling the villagers for centuries and he is now training his successor. This youth goes hunting and helps a BW who is injured when she gets thrown off her horse, clearly frightened by the sickly violin music that wells up.

The BW attack again and this time Dharma is turned into a novelty pin-cushion - before he dies, he tells his successor to go meet Moog & Chang (who are seeking 'immortality' through Dharma's 'sacred flame'), and revenge him. Thus perishes the only half-decent actor in the picture.

Dharma, Chang and Moog meet up in the market place - Moog also meets his sickly violin music, sorry girl, and the three return to Dharma's hideout. Moog & Chang try and become immortal by passing through the 'sacred flame', but only get burned ("Aieeee!" "What did you say?" "I said 'Aieeee!' - that means 'Ouch!' in dialect"). Dharma tells them they must perform a noble deed first - in their case, fighting the BW, who are busy pillaging the village, carrying off 100 sacks of grain and the best of the young men.

They try to recruit the rest of the villagers' help, but with no luck, and are forced to try and rescue the prisoners themselves. This they do (being flung into the BW camp on catapults!), which leaves the BW feeling a bit miffed. Fortunately, some bounty hunters offer to tell the BW how to get into Dharma's refuge. They capture him, but Moog & Chang capture the bounty-hunters and find out how to enter the BW's camp. They rescue Dharma, and escape by PARACHUTING out.

The villagers have now decided to fight back and are prepared, just like in "The Magnificent Seven". The BW attack, but are repulsed with a mix of home-made hand-grenades and TANKS (complete with flamethrowers!). Dharma defeats the BW Queen in single combat and returns to his hideout, leaving Moog & Chang to ride off into the sunset still mortal, and probably no wiser!

As you'll have guessed from this, it is a violent film, but only in the way "Tom and Jerry" is - there is almost no blood. Fight & chase sequences, which together occupy a very impressive 36 minutes out of the 94 the whole film lasts, are accompanied by sound effects, mostly of gongs being hit. The actors leap through the air, turning somersaults as they go, an effect spoiled somewhat when you realise that they are only ever seen in mid air, going straight up or coming straight down. I searched for a 'Trampolines by' credit, but couldn't find one.

Acting is non-existent, dubbing is so bad you wonder if the dialogue comes from an entirely different film, and the direction is not exactly up to Polanski level. In fact, it's difficult to say whose level it IS up to. The music is indescribably cliched - the song at the end must be about the worst I've ever heard in a movie. Not to say this film doesn't have it's good points - it is extremely entertaining and undemandingly enjoyable. However, this is no bar at all to it being, without a doubt, the worst film I have ever seen. Mere words seem totally insufficient to even begin to describe just how monumentally atrocious it is.

One thing still bothers me - both the title and the video blurb imply that this is a sequel. Despite much searching, I've not been able to trace the original, "The Barbarian Women - mind you, I'm not sure I really want to!

(You'll be lucky if you can get a copy of RotBW - my copy came out of a Tottenham Court Road shop when they didn't have a tape of "Q - the Winged Serpent" to replace my faulty one. I think the recommended retail price was 3.99..)

TV DINNERS

Let's start off with a complaint. Easter Monday, BBC2 2235, "Repo Man". "A special version", said the announcer. "Footage never before seen in Britain". That wasn't the only thing special about it - with all the finesse of a rhinoceros, the powers that be overdubbed it, to replace all the naughty F-words with "flip" or "screw". The results were at best unpleasant and at worst unintelligible. Example (and I'm about to use THAT word, in case you're of a nervous disposition) : "I know lots of guys who like to watch their buddies fuck" mutated to "I know lots of guys who like to watch their buddies play"; scarcely the same thing!

This annoys me for several reasons. At Xmas, "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" was shown, without such treatment. What makes it OK for Jack Nicholson to say, but wrong for Harry Dean Stanton? Two, why is only 'that word' dubbed? "Repo Man" also had (more naughty words!) "pussy", "cocksucker" and "wanker" - I can't see anyone who is immune to these being offended by "fuck". If they can't show films as intended by the director, they shouldn't buy them at all.

Still, I had to smile when they finally had to allow one to slip through. Let's face it, "motherflipper" would just have sounded plain dumb...

Going back to January, the TV year started off promisingly enough. First week after New Year, Grampian TV region (I was on holiday!) showed the mini-series of "V", which I'd missed seeing when it was first on, in the summer of 1980 (because my sister wanted to watch the Olympics, boo!). It was surprisingly good, better FX than I expected and reasonable acting (especially from Freddie Krueger, sorry Robert Englund). Pity they spoiled it with a crass last episode.

The other highlight was "The Dark Angel", a BBC adaption of a novel by J. Sheridan Le Fanu (best known for "Carmilla", which was adapted three times, with varying degrees of accuracy and success, by Hammer as "The Vampire Lovers", "Lust for a Vampire" and "Twins of Evil"). It was the sort of period drama the Beeb excels at, and the direction was excellent, especially in the first episode, which included a superb dream sequence combining incest, sadism and necrophilia in about 45 seconds. The best thing I've seen on TV for a while.

Otherwise, between Xmas and Easter was the pits - I can't ever remember watching as little television. Things have perked up recently, with the American series of "Max Headroom" finally getting on - it's based on the pilot show rather than the mix of pop videos/computer heads we got. "Trick or Treat" has provided me with many happy half-hours of amusement, trying hard to believe it really is a subtle joke and not as incredibly bad as it appears, and "Out of Order", ITV's new consumer show, is also worth watching, if only for Brian Hayes. He's the host of a phone-in on LBC, which is superb to listen to, thanks to his habit of shutting up callers with "You don't know what you're talking about" or "You're talking a load of rubbish" - his style is scarcely less abrasive on TV.

The films have improved too. I was especially delighted to see "Excalibur" - I'd bought a copy of it in HMV's sale, but it was faulty. I went to get a new one and they refused to do so because it was now a higher price! I took a cash refund - two days later, I see it's on Channel 4. Hahaha!!

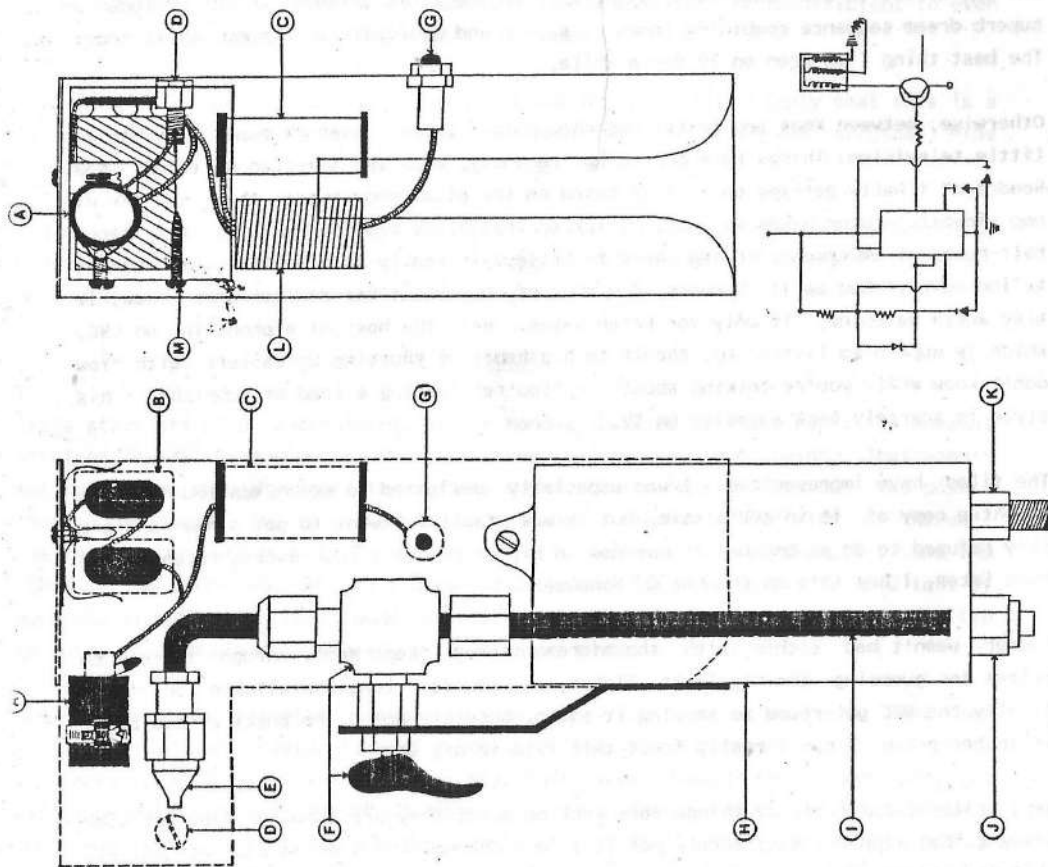
Easter wasn't bad either, with the aforementioned "Repo Man", though there's no prizes for guessing the highlight. "Tess", of course - long unavailable on video, finally the BBC get round to showing it again. Superbly acted, Polanski at his best, NK in her prime, I can't really fault this film in any way.

As I write (April 5th), things are looking good; they are showing Paul Schrader films ("Cat People"? Nah, surely not...) and Channel 4 are doing a SF series. All this and Annabel Croft on "Treasure Hunt" - the video shop might not be as busy...

The device detailed here is basically a hand-held flamethrower. It will produce a blazing flame up to 25 ft. A prototype has been tested proven to be reliable, effective, and safe when handled properly. Fuel requirements are satisfied with gasoline, ethyl ether, kero-fuel, or any variety of flammable liquids. Fuel cell pressure can be achieved with any compressor, tire pump, or aerosol can.

Functioning is as follows: after filling the fuel cell, it is pressurized to approximately 100 psi (actual pressure will depend on nozzle diameter, fluid viscosity and the type of flame desired). Depressing ignition switch G activates Timer circuit C which through the use of a switching transistor allows power from batteries B to pulse through high voltage coil A which produces its discharge across the gap between D and M directly in front of fuel discharge nozzle E. Upon working lever F, pressurized fuel is released from nozzle E and is thus ignited by the spark between D and M.

—Matthew Heckert



- A) High Voltage Coil
- B) Batteries for HV Coil
- C) Ignition Circuit
- D) HV Discharge Mount
- E) Fuel Discharge Nozzle
- F) High Pressure Needle Valve
- G) Ignition Switch
- H) Fuel Cell
- I) Pick-up Tube
- J) Fuel Insertion Point
- K) Fuel Cell Pressurizing Fitting
- L) Battery for Ignition Circuit
- M) Ground Point for HV Discharge

Flamethrower schematic: Dan Osborne.

NIGHTMARES IN A DAMAGED BRAIN

Have you ever really sat down and wondered about the reviewers in the Hi-Fi magazines? For instance, what kind of person can come up with such wild prose as :

"...sound was rather dry and lacking air, while string tone was syrupy..."

"...Image width was par for the course, while the bass was also above average in terms of weight and clarity, showing decent extension as well as good articulation."

"...with grain and tizz very well controlled..."

"...a different sound: it was unusually sweet and tended to give a more relaxed, laid-back impression..."

"...distinctively rich and creamy tonal quality..."

And lastly, because any more would reduce me to incoherency and tears :

"...They were as crisp and clear and fast as reality, with no overhang, no smearing - nothing..."

Did you understand that one? After my brief section-8 in Valladolid, I think I can cope with the simpler concepts involved. Much careful thought into this subject has caused me to come up with two distinct theories to explain these phenomena.

The first possibility is that they are a form of human butterfly. From birth, they live on nothing but old hi-fi reviews, purple prose, hair-raising metaphors and big thesauri. Then, on reaching maturity at about 25, they undergo an astonishing metamorphosis to turn into that fabulous winged beast: The Fully-Fledged Hi-Fi Reviewer (a protected species).

My second theory is altogether more reasonable and is simply this: Aliens. Whether they are here to destroy civilization, by reducing us to idiocy, or just hanging out on this dreary planet waiting for a really serious party, I have yet to discover.

Here, I point out a possible terrifying scenario for our agile minded readers. Imagine our alien/hi-fi reviewer Arnold Eight-Ohms trying to write a piece on the film "Eyebrows". First, he sits down and reads a few other reviews of the equipment, forming a preliminary opinion. Then he goes out and tries to get one for free. Eventually, he (or she, as there could just as well be a distaff sex) will realise that things are different in the world of moving pictures, that films can be more fun than all the hi-fi in the world, and that they are a lot harder to use at home.

"EYEBROWS"

Stars: Julie Robertson, Nicholas Wright, Ferdinand Groot, Maria Teresa Caballero.
Director: Frederico de Apothecaria. Running Time: 1 hr 52 min. Certificate: 18.

Opening Date : 27th April.

Classic cave romp, set in the South of England during the Rather Dark Ages following the separate journeys of the two cavepersons to their joint Mecca. Hallucinogenic is a fourteen letter word.

This film is a floral pastiche of landscapes, architecture and sound. The epic scenery is of such high quality one would think it was made in Switzerland and not, in fact, England. Filmed entirely around Milton Keynes and Cambridge by the British company Hand Maid Filums, this masterpiece of mendacious transcendental art is, in its simplest form, an erratic caveman movie.

The twin separate power supplies of Julie Robertson and Nicholas Wright stand out in the sheer quality of construction. The director obviously believes in using only the best. And what a choice. These two are stars of the first magnitude. After all, who can forget Miss Robertson's enthralling performance as the CD-player with six separate identities in Dino de Longname's 1985 masterpiece "Sunset, Moonrise"? And Nicholas Wright's excellent rendition of a profligate Romeo in the 1978 film "Nuevo Romeo y Juliet, eight-times oversampling"?

In this film, they play two ex-cave inhabitants from Spain who, instead of being pre-occupied with sex and Dolby-B noise reduction, are wholly obsessed with travelling to the mythical centre of the universe, a place known only as Milton Keynes, first seen in the opening credits as the atypical caveperson's nirvana.

Their tribulations and triumphs are set out in fine detail across the awe-inspiring sound stage of post ice-age Britain, fully utilising the six channel surround sound system of the modern cinema (400W rms per channel into a nominal 4 ohms).

Plot wise, the script lacks definition in the lower registers and exhibits a slight tendency to whiffle and splutter in the mid-range. A slight tendency to overstate the obvious affected one of the cross-intermodulated channels, most noticeably on The Velocity Kid. Also, the characters portrayed were creamily indistinct and the lacked the clean focus of a larger, more weighty, budget.

Maria Teresa Caballero comes across as a great newcomer. Her relaxed, laid back style really lends credence to her part as the angel Gabrielle, cancelling out a fractional tribble right at the top of the high end. Watch for the faintly anachronistic car chase between Gabrielle and the anathemised Velocity Kid (Groot again).

Director Frederico de Apothecario ("Sweaty", "One Night Locked in a Cupboard with Vanna White", "Sequel II: The Sequel") has made a visionary break-through in his

use of new technology. Compared to conventional analogue filming, his wholly digital technique gives a far better result for the same expenditure. Indeed, in years to come, this film will be the reference standard against which future digital films will be compared.

The driving rock soundtrack is well matched to the screen imagery, giving one a real feel for the events dramatized on screen. Pure digital recording techniques and the use of a very clever hardware algorithm gives one an impression of really being there. So much so, that during one particularly effective chase scene, where Marta (Robertson) is chased by a horde of drug-crazed Koala bears, I actually ran screaming from the cinema. Be warned, this soundtrack is not for the faint-hearted, those with pacemakers fitted or budding neurotics. It also has a tendency to blow up inadequately rated speakers.

To sum up, this is a great product and I recommend you go out and buy one. Or two even. Take your girlfriend, or boyfriend, or cat even - why not take the whole family and see if you can get rid of a few? I know I will. In fact, as I write, I am going to take my mother-in-law Tabitha Clench to see it. Next month, I will be reviewing the latest animated movies from Japan, including "R-Rated Bears of Doom" and "Fluffy the Rabbit".

[Just about as incomprehensible as the real thing I think...]

THE DINNER PARTY GAME (SECOND SITTING)

Simon Wood's choice of guests :

MEN

Dieter Meier (Yello - "member of the
Swiss national golf team, ex professional
gambler, millionaire, dress designer")
Salvador Dali
Hunter S. Thompson
John Lydon (Johnny Rotten)
Roland Rivron (aka Dr Martin Scrote, etc)
Jack the Ripper ("just to see who it is!")

WOMEN

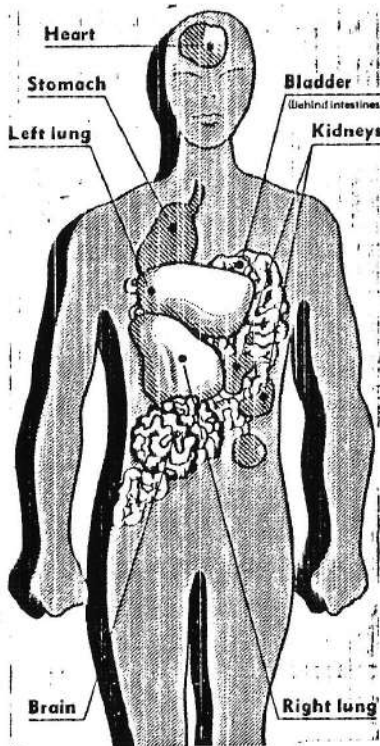
Beatrice Dalle
Edie Sedgewick [???]
Cicciolina
Lydia Lunch
Gala Dali (Salvador's wife)
Princess Margaret

Interesting meal. Simon managed to leave himself out - presume he's the waiter!

You may have seen the "Chimp tears arm off toddler" headlines recently. Now, I know zoos sometimes give monkeys TV to stop them getting bored, but I suspect that the "Cat People" video may not have been a wise move...

**Teen castrates self
when parents won't
take him to the zoo!**

**Seven space alien
bodies found at
site of UFO crash!**



**Bizarre mole people
tribe stole my bride,
says horrified groom**

**Computer charged
with murder after
frying chess champ!**

**Jungle guide is eaten
by 9-foot-tall ants!**

**Girl, 15, is pregnant
with baboon's baby!**

IT MUST BE TRUE...

Once again, we enter a strange universe, full of weird sights, inhabited by unusual creatures, mole people and nine-foot tall ants... It's Weekly World News Time again, but before we start, some people wanted to know where they could get copies of this wonderful publication - the answer is I don't know! I buy mine from Tower Records in London, and I've not even seen it anywhere else - you could try phoning up/writing and asking them if they do mail order. "Tower Records, 1 Piccadilly Circus, London" should get a letter there - phone 01-439-2500. If that fails, let me know and I can acquire copies for you whenever I'm in the area. Enough reality, let's get weird...

The diagram shows the scrambled position of Chinese genius Li Piao's internal organs. In spite of his amazing internal mix-up, Li's in remarkably good health, doctors in Beijing say; "When he exercises vigorously, his head pounds..."

GIRL, 15, IS PREGNANT WITH BABOON'S BABY - She was attacked by a baboon in late May (clearly the sap rising) and ultrasound tests show that the foetus has the facial features of a baboon, and is covered in a thick mat of hair. The mother has vowed to carry the baby to term.

While on the subject of weird pregnancies, the British Journal of Obstetrics and Gynaecology reports the birth, by Caesarian section, of a baby to a girl born with no vagina... She had just had oral sex with her boyfriend when an old flame burst in and stabbed her - the blade pierced both her stomach and one of her fallopian tubes, the rest followed naturally! Keeping up the sex theme:

BIZARRE MOLE PEOPLE TRIBE STOLE MY BRIDE - a West German geologist took his new bride into the interior of Venezuela on honeymoon - "One night our camp was over-run by hideous, pale-skinned men with huge, bug-like eyes the size of golf balls." They were taken into a cave, but the man managed to escape - he now wants to lead a rescue expedition to try and recover her.

JUNGLE GUIDE IS EATEN BY 9-FT TALL ANTS - guess that says it all! "I turned around just in time to see one of the ants capture Jorge in its pincers. Another one grabbed hold of his leg. Then they tore him to shreds." The survivor shot one of the ants, and the others carried it off, leaving him behind. "We must find out more about these ants before it's too late" said Dr Romay, a world renowned expert on South American insects. He's obviously seen "Them" and "Phase IV"!!

SEVEN SPACE ALIEN BODIES... - Apparently, the Soviets have recovered the corpses of seven monkey-sized aliens in Afghanistan and taken them to Moscow for study. This 'amazing revelation' comes from a letter received by a Russian soldiers family. It's worth printing in full:

"Dear Mother: I hope you are as well as I am. Last night I and 30 of my comrades were taken at night by truck 75 km South of Kabul. On a hillside was the burned wreckage of a spaceship and the bodies of seven little men no taller than 3 feet, about the size of a monkey. They were horribly burned, had huge pointed ears and tiny eyes. They were bald with no eyebrows or eyelashes. Their naked bodies were being placed in plastic bags and loaded into a refrigerator truck. Tags attached to their toes said they were bound for Moscow. When my sergeant saw me looking, he chased me away; "These are men from Mars" he said [!!], "Don't look". I and my comrades worked through the night loading the spaceship wreckage on the trucks. When we were finished, we were told not to tell anyone.

With love, your son."

COMPUTER CHARGED... - A Soviet super-computer has been ordered to stand trial for the murder of champion Nikolai Gudkov, electrocuted when he touched the metal board he and the computer were playing on. "This was no accident, it was cold blooded murder. He won three straight games and the computer couldn't stand it" said police investigator Alexei Shainev. There's a picture of a "super computer" - I knew the Russians were behind, but surely they can do better than an old telephone exchange?

SEA SERPENTS FROM SPACE EAT 3 FISHERMEN - In the Med, Capt. Carre and his three crewmen were quietly minding their own business fishing when suddenly they saw a fiery saucer shaped UFO. Then the water below them began to froth and two sea-serpents rose up out of the sea and slithered over the side of the boat; the sheer weight of the creatures broke the boat in two. "Their movements were mechanical", said the good Cap'n. "They acted like robots. I know they were under somebody's control".

A few weeks ago, the WWN reached a new high in journalism when they ran some pix of notorious murderer Ted Bundy after his electrocution and autopsy [Since writing this, I've found out that one of the Sunday papers in Britain did the same]. Here's a letter from their 'Sound Off!' page :

"Congratulations! I'm sure you took guff from some bleeding hearts because you ran the pictures of butcher Ted Bundy, but I want to tell you that everyone I know here in Atlanta thought it was wonderful to see that animal fried and laid out on a slab like that. That edition should be a collector's item. We bought up every one we could find in our neighbourhood. The neighbours have been flocking to our house to see it, and they appreciate it as much as we do. So again, congratulations for having the backbone to show us what that beast looked like when he finally got what he deserved. As someone else said, he never looked better".

Remind me to avoid going to Atlanta. Pleasant dreams.

The Section With No Name

One of the nice things about being a 'zine editor is all the other 'zines that you get sent to you in exchange for yours. The following is a listing of these, plus most of those I subscribe to [Couldn't be bothered thinking of a witty title for this bit, like "Zine and Heard"...]

Films

Fantasynopsis - Professionally printed 'zine, I think, with longer articles on fewer films than most others. As ever, these vary depending on the film, but there tends to be enough behind-the-scenes trivia to make even dull films readable. Interesting bit on being an extra in 'Indiana Jones III'.

Samhain - This 'zine and Shock Xpress have a hate-hate relationship - Sam thinks SX is snobby & patronising and loses no opportunity to slag it off! A nice example of a fanzine grown up to near-pro standards, with colour covers, photos and some 'exclusive' interviews.

Shock Xpress - Meanwhile, SX considers Samhain amateur and ignores it totally! Deals with more obscure areas, and minimal illustration, save the front cover which is worth the price by itself. Text is intelligent, if perhaps a little TOO deep occasionally. Letters column is the best I've seen, with editor Stefan possessing a vicious streak of sarcasm.

Slash Hits - Small, cheap 'zine, basically a big bag of film reviews, plus a few other bits and pieces. Suffers much as TC does from artwork problems, but the text is clear and the writing style is agreeable to read.

Games

The two games 'zines I get are designed mainly for playing games by mail; diplomacy, role-playing, soccer, etc. You'll get most fun if you join in with these, both editors mentioned below have the patience to deal with beginners!

Prisoners of War - General game-playing 'zine, plus odd bits on beer, motor-bikes and other things. Games include a highly professional American football and a game of 'En Garde!' (role-playing in 17th century France), the report on which is a real treat to read.

Sensation - Mainly sports simulations, but with bits on wargaming, books, etc. Also Games range from athletics (I kid you not) through soccer to American football.

Weird Stuff

Fortean Times - Now past it's 50th issue, this is a digest of all the remarkable stories from around the world's newspapers, together with articles on sea monsters, Yetis, ghosts and anything strange. Highly recommended, probably the 'zine I look forward most to getting.

Quest - Much the same situation in the wacky world of British UFOlogy as in British horror. This lot (the Yorkshire UFO Society) and BUFORA (British UFO Research Association) spend as much time insulting each other as investigating UFO's. Quest is a mix of paranoia & research, always entertaining. Read with tongue in cheek.

Odds and Ends

Vague - Strange publication, mix of art and text, produced by Tom Vague, an anarcho-situationalist. Varies from incomprehensible to superb, often in the same sentence. Issue 21 isn't as good as some - ask for Issue 20, and learn all about the Baader-Meinhof gang. Expensive, but worthwhile.

Addresses, etc.

FANTASYNOPSIS - Paul J. Brown, 1 Bascraft Way, Godmanchester, Cambs, PE18 8EG (52 A5, 1.25)

FORTEAN TIMES - 96 Mansfield Road, London, NW3 2HK (84 A5, 2.50)

PRISONERS OF WAR - Wallace Nicoll, 48 Broughton Road, Broughton, Edinburgh EH7 4EK (52 A5, 50p)

QUEST - 15 Pickard Court, Temple Newsam, Leeds LS15 9AY (56 A4, 10.00/year, 6 iss)

SAMHAIN - 19 Elm Grove Road, Topsham, Exeter, EX3 0EQ.

SENSATION - Ellis Simpson, 95 Ormonde Cres, Glasgow, G44 3SW (64 A5, 50p)

SHOCK XPRESS - 26 Stanley Road, Chingford, London, E4 7DB.

SLASH HITS - Rob, 61 Queen St, Brimington, nr Chesterfield, Derbyshire S43 1HS (16 A5, 40p)

VAGUE - BCM BOX 7207, LONDON WC1N 3XX (116 A4, 4.00)

Since there's a little room left, one more I'd like to recommend is "Network Video", a professional magazine, and thus outside the bounds of this area to be strict, but with a charming style all it's own. Reading your first issue is a confusing mixture of in-jokes, references to other members of staff and pure irrelevancies - it's worth persevering with until you suss these out because it does have a lot of interesting stuff and, being published fortnightly, is up to date. Plenty of genre stuff, cinema reviews, etc, all done in an informal style that makes it 65p well spent. If you can find it, that is!

LISTEN TO THE BANNED

Ok, so it should be "Watch the Banned", but it doesn't sound as good. Yes, what this article is about is those naughty illegal films - those of you who think we live in a free society had better think again! Next issue will include a list of these (of course, purely in order to help you avoid acquiring any by accident) though first, a general discussion seems a good idea.

Better begin by defining precisely what we mean. Under the Video Recordings Act, it is an offence to deal in any videos that have not received a certificate from the BBFC, punishable by up to two years in prison and/or a hefty fine. However, if you look at the list of uncertificated videos, it is extremely long and contains a lot of films which have obviously not been submitted e.g. "Fred Basset", as well as those which have been submitted and rejected. It is this second category that we're talking about, along with those, like "The Evil Dead", which have not been sent to the BBFC because those concerned know it would be a waste of time. We will also, with a few exceptions, be sticking to British releases - there are any number of foreign tapes that wouldn't be allowed into the country!

Let's just point out a couple of anomalies in the law. It is quite possible for a video to be banned, while the film version is totally legal. "Zombie Flesh Eaters" received an 'X' certificate on release, but is on the blacklist. Another point is that TV companies often show uncertificated films, for example "Passion Flower Hotel". This means that I can record this film quite happily (ignoring copyright laws!), but if I try to sell the tape, it can be seized by the police. Given the speed at which the bill was rushed through parliament, it's not surprising such contradictions occur.

Trying to discover what videos are 'banned' isn't easy. Not as many films are seized now as were in the past, meaning that most lists are about four years out of date. Adding to the problem are different versions of a film. "The Burning", a video nasty produced by my old employers Thorn-EMI (to their acute embarrassment), came out in three versions: the full version was prosecuted and it was then edited; this censored version was released and was prosecuted; a hurried recall of the tapes, a little extra use of the scissors and finally a legal tape was produced.

Unsurprisingly, a small industry has sprung up around these films, either selling original versions or pirate copies. This operates very much by word of mouth, people 'know' people, and since all it takes is access to two video recorders, it's not very surprising that it's fairly easy to get your hands on copies of "Cannibal Ferox", "Faces of Death" or "Blood Diner" if you put your mind to it. Oddly, for some reason this network seems better developed in the North than the South.

One important thing to stress is the often forgotten fact that just because a film is illegal does not necessarily make it any good! The reverse is probably the case - decent films like "Hellraiser" or "The Fly" have a much better chance of getting passed than mean-spirited movies which exist only as an excuse to show gore. "Driller Killer" is tedious and boring, "Zombie Flesh Eaters" is almost as bad, and "Cannibal Holocaust" has no redeeming features at all as a film. In such cases, you ought to thank the BBFC for saving you from them.

Mind you, some are worthwhile. "Flesh for Frankenstein" (aka "Flesh", aka "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein") is entertaining, in a tacky way, and "The Evil Dead" is a landmark in cinema. These are the exceptions rather than the rule, with the abysmal heavily outnumbering the impressive.

Few of the banned videos now appearing are professional; most of those that do are pirate copies of tapes from America or Europe; "Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2", "Combat Shock", "Lunchmeat" and "Nekromantik" are probably among the 'best sellers', though since there are no charts for such things, this is pure speculation! How these get into the country initially is uncertain - post seems unlikely since the Customs are on the ball about such things; a friend in Germany sent me a BLANK tape to record "Spitting Image" and they opened that (trust they enjoyed watching four hours of snow!). Probably wisest to ignore such questions and just enjoy being able to give the finger to the Nanny State who want to decide what you can, and cannot, watch!

5 Films that have been Horribly Over-Rated.

I fear this list won't make me any friends. I'll just stress that a film appearing in this list doesn't make it a bad film, just one that people have been unwilling to recognise the faults of...

- 1) Night of the Living Dead - A landmark in horror history, true, but it is an excruciatingly dull film. The zombies are as menacing as cold custard.
- 2) The Blues Brothers - What IS it about this film? I can't appreciate why so many people rave about it, dress up like it, sing along, etc. Compared to "Rocky Horror", it's uninspired and VERY derivative. Nice car chase tho'.
- 3) 2001, A Space Odyssey - Kubrick has a severe tendency to forget about things like story-line, and gets obsessed with baffling the viewer by bombarding them with images. This is an example - what the hell IS happening at the end?
- 4) Cry Freedom - Aaargh! Such a bloody ANNOYING film; all the 'white' i.e. in power S. Africans are nasty, all the ANC supporters are nice. Attenborough, not content with rewriting the past ("Gandhi"), now tries to rewrite the present.
- 5) Tootsie - Dustin Hoffman keeps getting the Oscars, but for me the only year the Academy got it right was when he was beaten by John Wayne... Couldn't bear to watch this film again, the least funny comedy since Cannibal Ferox.

FUTURE SCHLOCK

Issue 1 is laid to earth, may it Rest In Peace. The next incarnation, in a little over three months (see Editorial), will quite possibly be in another new format. Exactly what, has yet to be decided - possibilities include engraved on stone (the postage costs might well nail that one), printed on one sheet of paper, 5 foot to a side, or sent to you on a microdot. On the other hand, it might well be A5 again. What is possibly certain is that it might contain some of the following :

*SHOCK AROUND THE CLOCK - quite a few pages of reviews & reports on this, THE exploitation evening.

*THE INCREDIBLY BAD FILM SHOW - one of the 'worst' British films ever made, Hammer's diabolical "Lust For A Vampire" + something else appalling.

*COMICS - The fastest growing media just now, we'll be taking a look at it and making a few suggestions. At least we will, if Steve gets his ass in gear!

*GLACIER EXPRESS - The second part of the holiday postcard.

*WEIRD STUFF - We get a bit splattery and discuss some unpleasant accidents, including the guy who almost decapitated himself with a chainsaw and lived!

*NASTASSJA - The final part of the article. Do I hear a few cheers? Don't know what we're going to do when it's finished...

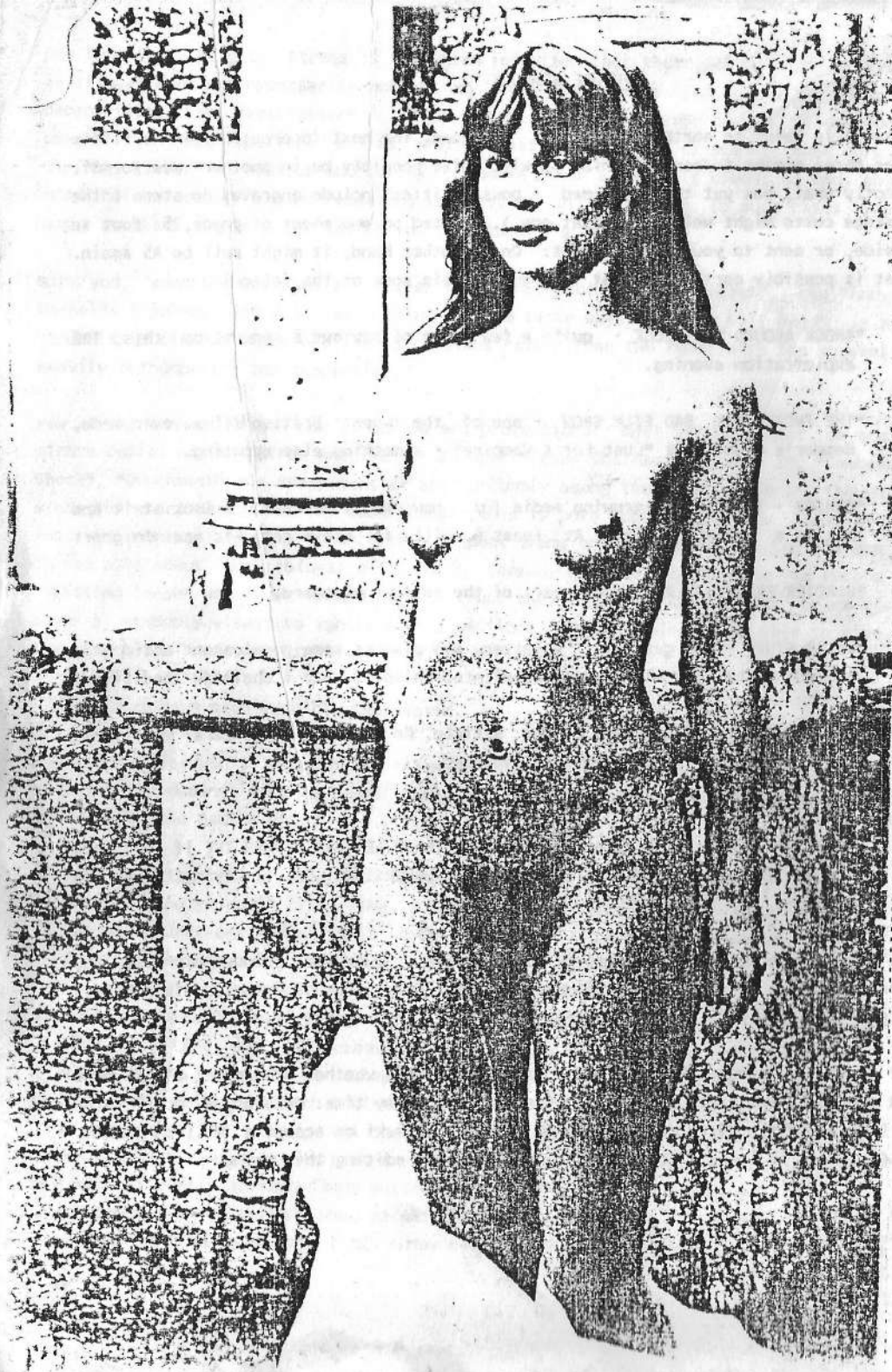
PLUS

*TRASH POP (if I get my ass in gear), TRASH LETTERS, TRASH TV(if Per gets his ass in gear), TRASH FILMS & TRASH PERVERSIONS. Ok, I'm lying about the last one.

The great title debate failed to be either great or a debate. Nobody expressed any strong opinions other than those mentioned last time, thus by default, it's "Trash City" - I'll now wait till you've got used to it, THEN change it...

All of the above depends on time, room, inclination, whether people get things done and whether I can find something better to do with my time. However, I don't think I'll be asked to direct a film, marry Nastassja Kinski or accept a million pounds, so (sigh), it looks like another three months of editing this thing.

See you then!



Great Moment in Cinema, No. 1. Nastassja Kinski undresses on screen for the first time.