WATCH OUT ALIENS!! HERE COMES DEREK!!

WINGOUT FILMS IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE NEW ZEALAND FILM COMMISSION PRESENT

Trash City III

"MONTY PYTHON MEETS THE EVIL DEAD IN A HEAD ON COLLISION WITH THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE VIA A PRANG WITH NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD - YOU'VE GOT BAD TASTE IF YOU MISS IT"

Jonathan Richards

"BAD TASTE IS QUITE A REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT"

Kim Newman, Monthly Film Bulletin

"ALIENS AND SPLATTERS OF FUNNY

GORE"

Kim Newmon

"MORE ACCOMPLISHED AND IMAGINATIVE THAN MANY HOLLYWOOD

EXPLOITATION

Nigel Kend

produced and directed by PETER JACKSON

with PETER O'HERNE . MIKE MINETT . TERRY POTTER . PETER JACKSON . CRAIG SMITH

Distributed by Blue Dolphin

October 1989

October 1989

'Trash City' is an irregular publication (which attempts to be quarterly) produced as a form of therapy for it's editor, whose obsessions include Nastassja Kinski, exploitation in entertainment, beauty, death, splatter movies, computer games, travel, UFO's, general weirdness and anything else he gets talked into printing. The style is best described as 'conversational' and 'informal' - the emphasis is very much on the words - whether or not we can produce semi-decent pictures depends a lot on whether or not we can find another nice copier to play with, sob!

It is currently only available by subscription; I made a vague attempt to get it into Psychotronic Videos, but Bal never got back to me after I left him a copy for perusal - no matter! Send 40p/issue in cheques/p.o./cash (made payable to Jim McLennan where appropriate, 60p/\$1 EEC, \$2.50 elsewhere) to the address below; your name and address might be a good idea too. This offer expires and goes to heaven whenever the Post Office put their prices up. If you're already a subscriber, the number next to your name on the envelope tells you how much of your sub is left - if it's less than one issue's worth, time to renew it; if it's negative, we'll be round for your intestines shortly. Articles, artwork, etc are also extremely welcome so get in touch for more details.

Issue 0 is out of print, but will be redone in the same format as last/this issue if enough people are interested. 50p, though don't hold your breath!

Issue 1 (Black Sunday, Kinski, Half Way to Heaven, Salo & DIY flame-throwers) and Issue 2 (Shock, Kinski, Reform School Girls, Sherlock Holmes & A Road Accident) still available - 50p including p&p.

Thought, comments, insults, ideas and suggestions to : Jim McLennan

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SE22 OPB.

Texts: in alphabetical order; David Beynon, Just, Jim McLennan, Martin Murray, our correspondent of the fairer sex, Richard Owen, Per Porter, Mark Stevens, Phil Taylor, Steve Welburn and Simon Wood.

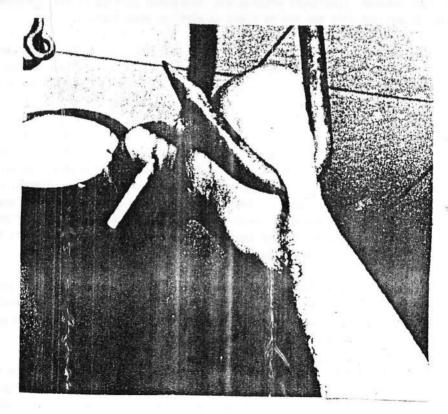
Back Cover : The sleeve for 'Revenge of the Teenage Vixens from Outer Space', a classic of minimalist cinema; minimal acting, minimal special effects...

The views expressed in this 'zine are not necessarily those of the editor or publisher, and may well merely be an excuse to publish an otherwise gratuitous picture of Nastassja Kinski, Patsy Kensit or Wendy James.

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We regret to announce that, due to a shortage of train crews, the page numbers for Irash City 3 have been cancelled. We apologise for any inconvenience caused. [Well, if British Rail can get away with it...]

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The editor does his penance.

"Demons was directed by Lamberto Bava, Demons was directed by Lamberto Bava..."

WELCOME TO THE VIDEODROME.

Trash City very nearly followed in the finest traditions of fanzines everywhere this issue, by Being Late. The main reason for this was the holiday I took in September, though actually I had allowed for it - what I hadn't allowed for was that when I came back I'd realise that most of the stuff I'd written beforehand was unusable...

Another problem was the Linnea article, mostly because I was faced with the task of watching eight or so of her films over the course of a weekend, which left me with a rather jaundiced view of her. I nearly junked the whole idea but decided to leave it, so you can see how my opinion of her deteriorates through the article...

Then there was the week spent sitting in the Scala, when they had one of those weeks where I HAD to go six nights out of seven... Not to mention the new toy I bought an Atari ST computer, theoretically to help with TC, but there are more to do than read through desk-top publishing manuals... I'm still trying to get the balance right between time spent writing and time spent putting it all yet again, it was out with the axe as I end up with too much text.

On the plus side, Steve came up with the long-awaited comics piece. The cynics among you might say it was more than mere coincidence that after waiting six months for it, I got the first draft less than a week after an 'interesting' photograph of him was taken...

A few words on the debacle of last issue, when two pages from a draft copy slithered into the finished version, leaving a lot of people wondering why I thoght Dario Argento directed 'Demons'. Fortunately, that one was caught before the second edition was sent out, though if there's one thing worse than stapling 'zines, it's unstapling them to change a page... Some people wondered about my sanity, saying they wouldn't have noticed the minor error; the crux isn't whether YOU knew or not - I knew, and that was enough to make the hassle worthwhile. Plus, I couldn't have stood getting twenty letters pointing out the error...

'Bad Taste' opened in the cinema, with much gloating in the genre about how stupid the BBFC had been to let it through uncut. A little counter-productive - I feel we ought to applaud them for realising the nature of the film and encourage them to do so more often. Better to have the people with the scissors on our side!

TC4 will be our first anniversary. I'll have to put my thinking cap on and see what I can come up with to commemorate the occasion; a competition of some sort perhaps? A colour cover? Depends what the TC piggy-bank holds - don't expect TOO much...

LINNEA QUIGLEY - THE ULTIMATE BIMBO?

[In a deliberate move, this article does not contain any pictures of the lady in question. If you want that sort of thing, buy 'Slaughterhouse' - Trash City is a clean, morally uplifting publication, and will do nothing likely to encourage readers to practice self-abuse. Can we get into W.H.Smith's now, please?]

"I like her in tight-fitting clothes that are real revealing. But I'd rather have her out of her clothes. And so would the crew." ---- Dave DeCoteau, director.

Over the years, there have been several contenders for the title "Queen of the B's"; Caroline Munro, from the Hammer stable, Sybil Danning and Linda Blair have all been claimants to the throne. However, if you were to carry out an opinion poll, the probable winner would be Iowa's finest, Linnea Quigley.

Born in Davenport an indeterminate number of years ago - though she doesn't discuss her age we do know she graduated from high school in 1976; I'll leave it up to you to do the arithmetic. Her family moved out to sunny California where Linnea, after a brief spell as a model (following her graduation from the John Robert Powers Modelling School), entered the acting profession courtesy of Charles Band, who selected her to appear in 'Fairy Tales' (though there seems to be some discussion as to whether this was her first film, or whether 'Summer Camp' or "Don't Go Near the Park" came first).

Since then, her career has consisted of appearing in a long series of otherwise instantly forgettable films with her contribution usually being little more than to take her clothes off at the slightest excuse (having had to watch these, I can testify to the mind-numbing awfulness of some of them!). The budget of these pictures is very low by Hollywood standards, usually less than a million dollars and sometimes sinking to figures like \$175,000 ("Creepozoids") or even lower. How has she managed to become such a cult figure given these factors?

Charisma has certainly got something to do with it. Having had the privilege of meeting her briefly, I can tell you she does have a certain 'presence' (the other thing that struck me was her size [height, perverts!] - I'm not tall, and she barely came up to my chin, even in high heels). Her continuing devotion to the genre has won her fans too; unlike certain actresses we could mention, she hasn't moved onto 'better things' and tried to disparage her early efforts.

She doesn't make a fortune out of her film-making. As bimbos come, she's pretty cheap, being only paid union rates, and the low end of the scale at that. This is about \$1300/week, worth bearing in mind if you're making that low-budget picture, though I'm not sure whether that includes food and *ransport.

You'll also have to be aware of Linnea's taboos. Oddly, and perhaps contrary to what you might have thought, she doesn't do full nude scenes. In "Return of the Living Dead", she wore a flesh coloured 'prosthetic device', which left her looking even more like a Barbie doll than usual. Nor does she do anything involving cruelty to animals, which means she might not be the best person for "Debbie Does Dobermans"...

Space prevents a full description of all of her films, as we managed for Nastassja - Linnea is a busy little bee and churns pictures out at an impressive rate. There is also a SEVERE problem with titles; many of her films have appeared under a couple of names or more and there are also occasional projects announced which never manage to see the light of day, for whatever reason. Thus, the list has been divided into two parts: the first section is 'confirmed sightings' while the other half is a collection of 'maybes' to keep an eye out for.

1978 - FAIRY TALES

1979 - GRADUATION DAY - 'Friday 13th' style clunker also starring Christopher George which involves members of a high-school track team being bumped off.

SUMMER CAMP

DON'T GO NEAR THE PARK (aka Nightstalker) - this one made it onto the DPP list of video nasties. A potential future Incredibly Bad Film, it resembles a school production - "There is not one single aspect... that could possibly be rendered any worse" --- Greg Goodsell.

STONE COLD DEAD

1980 - STILL SMOKIN'

1981 - CHEECH & CHONG'S NICE DREAMS - this and the previous one are both 'comedies' starring Cheech and Chong, two Americans who spend all their time stoned. Might be funny if you're in the same state.

1982 - THE YOUNG WARRIORS - Bizarre teenage vigilante thriller also starring Ernest Borgnine, Richard Roundtree and Lynda Day George.

1983 - THE BLACK ROOM

1985 SAVAGE STREETS - Shock! Horror! A surprisingly decent pic, with Linnea playing Linda Blair's deaf-mute sister, who is raped, causing Linda to go after the attackers. The British version has a lot of nudity and violence cut, yet still has a low-life nastiness that bites. Probably her best bit of acting to date.

SILENT NIGHT, DEADLY NIGHT - Mundame slasher pic that achieved a certain amount of notoriety after being withdrawn from circulation, chiefly because of it's

use of Santa as a psycho. Linnea is one of his victims, impaled (topless, natch!) on a set of antlers.

RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD - Possibly the movie she's most known for, this remains one of the few films to successfully combine horror and comedy. Linnea plays a punkette with some odd ideas about death - her idea of fun is doing a strip-tease on a tombstone, prompting the immortal line "Trash's taking her clothes off again!".

1987 - NIGHTMARE SISTERS - written in six days, filmed in four. Enough said.

TREASURE OF THE MOON GODDESS - shot in two chunks. It started off in Mexico, and was so bad (having a director who spoke only Spanish didn't help) it was shelved for two years before eventually being finished in the Phillipines.

1988 - CREEPOZOIDS - Made in fifteen days, this post-holocaust remake of 'Alien' without the frightening bits lacks the humour that'd justify the bad FX. A group of survivors are picked off by a genetic experiment; Linnea is the second last to get killed, tho' she takes a shower first. If a nuclear war would stop films like this being made, I'm for pressing the button now.

THE IMP - (aka "Sorority Babes in the Slimeball Bowl-O-Rama")

HOLLYWOOD HOOKERS - (aka "Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers") this was made_over two weekends on a budget rumoured to be as low as \$80,000, by schlock-meister Fred Olen Ray. Blood and nudity in equal (large) measure, courtesy of some chainsaws and Linnea, respectively; the latter is a chainsaw-worshipper, wearing little apart from a snake tattoo, which took six hours to apply. Ah, how the artist must suffer.

NIGHT OF THE DEMONS - (aka "Halloween Party")

DOCTOR ALIEN - (aka "I was a Teenage Sex Mutant") High bimbo quotient, a decent script (by Ken 'Metamorphosis' Hall) and good performances, especially from Judy Landers in the title role lifts this 'aliens-turn-nerd-into-sex-machine' movie above the average, even if the end sucks. LQ's role is fortunately negligible; she barely says a word and just takes her top off instead.

VICE ACADEMY AMERICAN RAMPAGE

1989 - ASSAULT OF THE PARTY NERDS

A SELECTION OF UNCONFIRMED SIGHTINGS, ALTERNATE TITLES, PROJECTS IN PRODUCTION AND OTHER POSSIBILITIES.

Tantal izer Blood Nasty Space Sluts in the Slammer Nightmare on Elm Street IV

Sex Bomb Psycho in Texas Sorority Succubus Sisters American Gigolo

Deadly Embrace Hauntings

[I don't REMEMBER seeing her in the last one, tho' I wasn't really looking!]

LINNEA QUIGLEY'S KNOCKERS

[Sorry, couldn't resist that one!] Let's be honest and admit there are certainly people who don't like her and will have read the previous pages through gritted teeth. The case for the prosecution:

10 THINGS WRONG WITH LINNEA QUIGLEY

- 1. She's too short.
- 2. Her ribs stick out too much.
- 3. Her lips.
- 4. Her hair.
- 5. She looks generally grotty.
- 6. She works more than Barbara Crampton.
- 7. She believes her hype.
- 8. Her husband worked on a film in South Africa.
- 9. The films she appears in.
- 10. She never pulled that lipstick back out from inside her breast.

I A sense of chivalry forces me to Linnea's defence. The first five, dealing with her appearance, probably come down to personal taste; she IS small - I don't regard that as a problem. Never really noticed her ribs much - normally when they're visible, so are more, er, interesting things. Her lips don't seem at all abnormal, though I must admit her hair does resemble an explosion in an asbestos factory. The second five are a little more objective; a few more Barbara Crampton films would certainly be good to see and it is probably true that there are millions of better looking bimbos who CAN act out there. Eight may well be irrelevant and isn't her fault anyway. Nine, well, alright - unlike Sybil Danning, who can drag an otherwise appaling film up to acceptable ("The Howling II") by sheer power & charisma, the best movies LQ is in are good for reasons other than her presence. And can I have an explanation of number 10, please? It's clearly connected with 'Night of the Demons', where she did screw a lipstick into her nipple - beyond that, I'm at a loss...]

I could certainly have reviewed more of her films, but after having watched the ones I did, I ran out of interesting ways to say 'this is a total waste of time and those responsible should be fried in batter'. Space is TC is short enough without wasting it on low-budget movies with no originality just because an average-looking bimbo is in them. I MIGHT, I stress MIGHT, review some more next issue. Oh, sod it, I'm off to watch 'Passion Flower Hotel' again...

[Thanks to Just, Richard Owen, Steve, Mark Stevens & Glyn Williams for their help in writing the preceding pages. All incoherencies & inaccuracies are mine...]



One thing that is sadly missing from the music scene today is a sense of humour; everyone takes it all so seriously, there no longer seems to be room for fun. Is there any act now to compare with Devo?

Who? Fair enough - they are perhaps one of the most neglected and misunderstood bands to have managed to fill venues as large as Newcastle City Hall. They've met with critical incomprehension and public ridicule due to their mode of dress ('flowerpot' hats & yellow jumpsuits') as well as their bizarre philosophy.

The Devo story began in the early 70's in Akron, Ohio. Two sets of brothers, the Mothersbaughs (Mark, Bob & Jim) and the Casales (Gerard and Bob) were the initial members, though Jim soon left to be replaced by Alan Myers. They produced a complete mixed-media and lifestyle package; music, videos and the theory of 'De-Evolution', based on the idea that mankind was actually reversing the process of evolution through increasing reliance upon consumer culture (Devo followed this theory by releasing increasingly commercial/sanitised LP's, culminating in the 'E-Z Listening' discs; Devo songs done in Musak/supermarket music style). Their latest release, 'Now It can be Told', marks something of a return to basics and is perhaps the better for it.

Helped by David Bowie, they record their first LP with Brian Eno at the controls, and 'O: Are We Not Men? A: We are Devo!" was released in 1978, when punk had taken root in the psyche of both Britain and the US; indeed, Devo described themselves as "the fluid in punk's enema bag". An extraordinary achievement, unlike anything recorded before, the highlight (and near hit, reaching no. 41 in the charts here) was a robotic version of the Stones' "Satisfaction", which bore little or no resemblance to the original. This catapulted them into the spotlight, especially in California and New York, where they appeared on the infamous 'Saturday Night Live'.

Since then, they've released seven studio LP's, plus three live ones (though since one of these only had one side, and another comes in at under 18 minutes long, it's probably nearer two!), gradually, as mentioned above, becoming more synthetic.

Commercial success here has always eluded them, though 'Whip It' sold over a million in America.

The best way to appreciate the Devo ideology is to see their videos; "We're All Devo!", out on Virgin for 9.99 or occasionally available for rent, contains many of their best songs from the first five records and also stars some of the weird personalities that inhabit the Devo world; Rod Rooter, the sleazy record exec brought to it's obvious extreme, Dr Byrthfood, their 'creator' (played by acid guru Dr Timothy Leary), General Boy, commander of the Devo army (in reality, the Mothersbaugh boys' father!) and Booji Boy, a mutant doll-faced peculiarity who acts as Devo's mascot.

Their sense of humour is rather odd. They got into Major Trouble with their record company for 'forgetting' to mention that the lyrics to one of their songs were taken from a poem by presidential assassin (failed) and one time president of the Jodie Foster fan club, John Hinckley Jr. "I desire / Your attention / I desire / Your perfect love / I desire / Nothing more or less" it went, and Warner Bros had to pay royalties to a crazed gunman. The Devo contract was not renewed.

Basically, there are so many aspects of Devo that it's impossible to cover them all. Their habit of covering famous songs in their own style (not only 'Satisfaction', also 'Are You Experienced?', 'Working in a Coal Mine' and "Don't Be Cruel', to name just a few), their ill-fated church which fell through due to death threats (it was another example of their sense of humour - they're all atheists), an LP of Devo imitators, film soundtracks (they had a track on the '9 1/2 Weeks' album, though oddly enough not on the UK release of the film, due to copyright problems I think) - all combine to make up one of the most amusing, interesting and, quite frankly, astonishing bands to have come out of the United States.

Discography: Q: Are We Not Men? A: We Are Devo!

Duty Now for the Future
Freedom of Choice
Devo Live
New Traditionalists
Oh No! It's Devo
Shout
Total Devo

Discography: Q: Are We Net Are Devo!

Music
We're All Devo
Films: Rock & Roll High School
Heavy Metal
Dr. Detroit
9 1/2 Weeks

Many of their LP's are now available for 3.99. As a special Trash City offer, and to encourage you to try them, if you want to send me a blank cassette (C60 or C90) and an SAE, I'll put together a sample tape. What have you got to lose?

Pray TV

Now It Can Be Told (Live 3-sided LP)

BORDERLINE CINEMA

[The following contributed article isn't standard, cheery TC fare, but I think it needs to be printed. I print it in the form it was received, with minimal changes to punctuation and text. The contributor wishes to remain anonymous. You have been warned.]

There has been much debate in these pages, and in the film & comic magazines, about censorship, certification, and the damage done to material ny 'censoring' offending bits (for example, the razor blade sequences in "Hellbound: Hellraiser II" or the 'flip you' in "Repo Man"). It is very difficult to agree on the grounds for cutting or even if there are grounds, if the integrity of the material suffers.

At least, that is how I would have summarised things yesterday. Yesterday, I could not conceive of any material being COMPLETELY unsuitable for viewing. There is a world of difference between foul language / exploding latex heads and the video I saw last night. It is one thing to see Leatherface chase hippies with chainsaws. This is special effects, clever editing, acting, FANTASY. It is quite another to witness the real thing.

I know what you're thinking: I've been there! You're thinking that you can handle it, that you've seen just about everything and that you wouldn't be distressed. Wrong. I discovered that I couldn't imagine the real thing. I've never witnessed anything stronger than violence on TV news. But to actually see such monstrous acts performed on a living human in front of the camera? Are you beginning to understand me?

I watched a woman beaten and tortured until she wept. I saw her raped with objects designed to cause intense pain. I looked at her, cowering in the corner, shivering and crying. That was 10 minutes into the film. My notes stopped with the words 'Shit, this is for real'. I felt like I was riding an emotional roller-coaster - I couldn't get off and was powerless to intervene. That I was fascinated by the total lack of respect for human life is an indication of it's 'power'. It's 'purity'. It's hate. After they had beaten, humiliated and disfigured her for life, I had to deal with the realisation that the people who took part in it are really sick fucks, probably beyond help, and the rest of us must ABSOLUTELY be protected from this.

My apologies if I glamourise this in any way; it was genuinely appaling and whatever language I use to describe it can not do my horror justice...

[I recall seeing something similar myself once; to be more accurate, 25 seconds of it before I realised what it was and hit the STOP button. I wanted to watch on, and try to find some evidence it was all a sick joke - I don't think I'd have found any.

The whole thing brings up quite a few points that deserve to be answered. Where is the line between 'acceptable' and 'unacceptable' violence? I can handle most things, as long as I know that it didn't 'really' happen - I'm quite happy to cheer when people get torn apart, be it by zombies, hooks on the end of chains or demons - but anything that smacks of reality, and I'll sit in stony silence. I remember seeing on the news, footage of Israeli soldiers taking boulders and using them to legs of Palestinian demonstrators. That shocked & frightened me far more about anything I've seen on video or film.

The closer something gets to reality, the worse it is. I don't find psychos with masks on stalking girls entertaining, because such things HAPPEN. Rape matter what the context of them, give me no entertainment at all. REAL violence of any sort has a very good chance of making me reach for the off switch.

All of which gives the lie to the much repeated statement that watching violence leads to a 'desensitisation' in some way. True, it diminishes the appeal of the same thing, but ONLY on screen. The 'peeled body' in "Hellraiser" was shocking; by the time "Hellbound" appeared, it was 'oh look, a peeled body'. It is, as mentioned above, an astonishingly different thing to see it for real. I don't think there can be any justification for showing REAL violence on REAL people as entertainment.

From here, it's a short step to the taboo subject of snuff movies. The general standpoint of most genre publications is that they don't exist. The 25 seconds I saw were fucking close. If there's anyone out there who has seen one, and STILL feels that censorship is a bad thing, I'd like to hear from them - complete anonymity will naturally be preserved.

Apologies if any of the above is a little incoherent. It's not an easy subject to talk about. I, too, felt that there was nothing more that could shock me, that I'd seen it all. It was only by accident - I was given the wrong tape - that I came across the film at all. The brief glimpse I had of it left me, for the first time ever in my life, NEEDING a drink. It was BEYOND anything even my imagination could come up with. Nightmares, from which I'd wake up shaking, and fumbling for the radio switch, were amateur in comparison.

There can be no excuses. To watch such a film proves, beyond all reasonable doubt, that you are sick. Not even the 'release' argument holds good - people who need such a channel for their energies don't need an outlet, they need help. Certain things do not qualify as entertainment. The deliberate infliction of pain on unwilling human beings is one of them, and it has no place in the splatter genre, or in society as a whole.

Not as many letters this time - my paranoia tells me that this is because I've succeeded in alienating most of the subscribers. Alternatively, it could be that TC was so perfect last time that no-one had any complaints. However, these are probably both complete rubbish and you've all had better things to do with your time over the summer (if this is the greenhouse effect, pass me that aerosol!). Pleasantly, it means I can taken up Glyn Williams' suggestion from last time and print more than two lines per letter! "..." indicates an editor's edit, by the way. Let's start with the last word on Argento & Bava:

Ben Gruber, New York - "I'm beginning to believe that there is only one director in all of Europe, who just resorts to thousands of pseudonyms to fuck us Yankee barbarians. This ultimate schlock-meister's primary identity always contains the initials J-F - I believe there must be a Masonic connection? ... Did get to see an unrated version [of "Troma's War"] which, although repetitive to the point of having to watch the same 40 odd players getting resurrected about ten times, had a pizazz about it that kept me watching till the end."

The censorship debate continues; here's a letter with some interesting points:

Alun Fairburn, Ammanford - "I can also understand why certain films should be banned; my hit list is as follows - "Nekromantik", "Island of Death", "Faces of Death" and various films that depict 'a day in the life of a murderer', depicting gore without a good storyline to involve the viewer... To keep what 'they' regard as obscene videos out of the country, they must make them illegal AND curb the demand for them, by censoring mail and all publications (commercial & otherwise) that carry reviews of them. Their half-baked, half-democratic methods have created a massive black market that can supply these films to the younger generation in a far more uncontrolled manner than would video stores."

On a lighter note, some more on Wendy O. Williams, star of "Reform School Girls":

Richard Owen, Skewen - "In keeping with 'Reform School Girls' & female masturbation [bet you want to see the preceding paragraph!], did you know Wendy O. Williams once got arrested for that act? It happened when she was with the Plasmatics, when on stage in about 1979 and I believe it was in Oregon. I can't remember whether the charge was masturbation, simulated masturbation or simulated masturbation with a microphone. I can't remember the outcome, either. Someone gave me a Plasmatics record a few years back - one of the best picture discs I've ever seen, bugger taking acid, just lob the record on the turntable and get euphoric whenever you want. Turn the sound down first though, 'cos the song is crap."

Was nearly tempted by a Plasmatics video I saw while on holiday, but decided to wait until I'd got back to buy it. Needless to say, I haven't seen it since. Meanwhile, the Linnea Quigley backlash starts here; Richard again:

"...stood up and told genre fans about the lies they are being told by innumerable publications. The woman is ugly... From the accompanying photo it looks like, god forbid, she has actually put on weight. Her cheeks look fatter and she shows all the signs of a possible double chin... Can this mean she will no longer look like Kylie Minogue with tits?... She might be pregnant. Remember, you heard it here first."

Mr. Owen has now gone into hiding to prevent a suicide attack by crazed "Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers" fans. "It Must Be True" generally provoked 'intrigued repulsion':

Simon Wood, Newcastle "There is a (somewhat hazy) line where articles can be just TOO sick, and that's where real suffering is involved. I wouldn't say that your article crossed the line, as obviously...those involved were incredibly lucky to be alive and so the article was basically positive...I did read an article in another fanzine where the writer reviewed a number of actual accidents that he'd seen."

Sounds fair enough. It was the fact that the people involved in the accidents did survive that attracted me - if they had died, I wouldn't have been interested. The "Sunday Sport", a while back, scraped the bottom of the barrel - they had a story about babies being sold for their skeletons, illustrated with a picture of someone cutting a (supposedly live) baby's head off. If real, it showed quite appalling insensitivity and if fake, it's was probably an even more sickening example of 'journalism'. Meanwhile, in the 'what-I-did-on-my-summer-holidays' stakes:

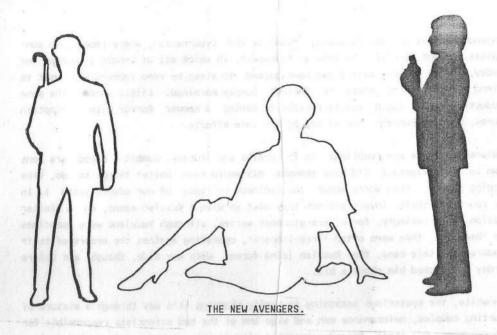
Michael Braithwaite, Sheffield - "Over this summer, I have been working at Tonka in their reliability labs testing all the toys and as temporary jobs go, this must be one of the best out... The tests we had to do varied from item to item; for example, on Care Bears we attached weights to their eyes, using hot wires to sizzle the plastic and get a good grip. This test made sure the eyes wouldn't pull off. We also got to torch the bears to make sure they weren't too flammable - it was great fun!"

Lucky man! To finish off with, here's a perfect example of how you can't please all of the people all of the time, from TC2's 'Incredibly Bad Film Show':

D.J.Lewis, Kent - "I liked the picture on page 30."

RO - "If I ever see that bloody still from 'Lust for a Vampire' again, God knows what I'll do..."

What's an editor to do?



- 1) Patrick MacNee, one of the most instantly recognisable characters on British TV over the last 25 years. With his bowler hat, umbrella and disarming smile, he is the archetypal English gentlemen he still appears, irregularly, as An Upper-Class Eccentric (his recent performance in "Waxwork" is a classic example of how to steal a movie).
- 2) Joanna Lumley, as well as being one of the loveliest creatures to grace the television screen and possessing a voice resembling liquid honey, capable of charming the birds out of the trees, also possesses an acute intelligence which has earned her the awful label of "thinking man's crumpet".
- 3) Gareth Hunt. Yes, well. Er... Now more notorious for appearing in the Nescafe coffee commercials, even if he did turn up in the Pet Shop Boys film.

With there being word of a film version of 'The Avengers' (Mel Gibson having been slated for the Steed role), it seems like a good time to review the sequel series, following last issue's look at an American spy soap. This will be more of a homage than a fact-file - if you want the latter, I suggest 'The Avengers Anew' by Dave Rogers, as THE definitive volume. Let's look at one episode in particular: 'Gnaws'.

When written down on paper, the plot is ridiculous. Giant creatures roaming the sewers of London, thanks to a scientist pouring a radioactive growth hormone down the sink, may show a total disregard for the laws of physics and biology but while watching it, the ludicrous storyline is easily forgotten. This wasn't an especially OTT episode either - others included "K is for Kill", with Russian agents in

suspended animation for 30 years, "Last of the Cybernauts", where robots in sunglasses are out to kill the trio or "Sleeper", in which all of London (except for Purdey, in her pyjama suit) has been gassed to sleep by some robbers who want to extend bank opening hours to include Sunday mornings. Little wonder the same production team could easily switch to making a Hammer Horror film - "Captain Kronos, Vampire Hunter", one of the better late efforts.

I digress. There are rumblings in the drains and Purdey, Gambit & Steed are sent down to investigate (I'd have thought MI5 would have better things to do, like tapping phones, than worry about the imminent collapse of our sewer system). In the course of their investigations they meet up with a Russian agent, on a similar mission. Interestingly, for a pre-glasnost series, although Russians were sometimes the 'baddies', thse were often 'free-lancers', operating against the orders of their leaders. In this case, the Russian joins forces with our side, though not before Purdey has kicked him about a bit.

Meanwhile, the mysterious something is busily chomping it's way through a mixture of courting couples, maintenance men and also one of the mad scientists responsible for the creature. Our three friends concoct a vile-smelling substance in a bid to lure it into the open; the Russian is shot by the remaining scientist; Purdey arrives just a little too late and is captured, with the eventual aim of using her as bait. However, as she's about to be nibbled to death by the thing, which turns out to be a giant rat, Gambit arrives in the nick of time, carrying an armour-piercing rocket launcher, and produces Rodent McNuggets.

As I said, pretty ludicrous. However, as in much of the best trash entertainment, the holes in the plot whizz past at such a rate that you can hardly see them, let alone realise what they are. The highly hackneyed subject matter (so you thought radioactive mutants went out in the 50's!) is given a fresh lick of paint to bring up to date what is, after all, little more than a remake of 'Them!'. If you can make the leap of accepting the basic premise, the rest follows surprisingly easily and there are a few moments that are genuinely, well, frightening might be going a bit far, but not by all that much.

It only lasted two series. Twenty-six episodes, and that was it. Still, it does get repeated, usually at about two o'clock in the morning - keep an eye out for it in the schedules and you might well be surprised at just how well it's withstood the passage of time.

[Channel 5 have very recently (October 6th) released a couple of videos of the series; neither of them feature the story discussed above, but at 9.99 each, they'll do for now! The four episodes are "The Last of the Cybernauts"/"Sleeper" (both of which are mentioned above) & "Target"/"Faces".]



Dennis Hopper shows us "The American Way".

FILM BLITZ.

[A couple of points arising from last time. "Blood Bath", the Mario Bava film, turns out to be one of the many names for a film he shot in 1971, so he thus gets bonus points for making 'Friday the 13th' a decade before the Americans did. "Edge of Sanity" was reviewed last time - the director, Gerard Kikoine, is now strongly rumoured to be Jesus Franco. This is a bit of a surprise, since his other films i.e. 'Virgin Among The Living Dead", are naff. Still, anyone can make ONE good movie if they churn out enough of them - I'm now less hopeful his next will be as fun. 1

Alice (Jan Svankmaer) - Very strange animated/live version of Lewis Carroll's story, with just Alice 'live', and even her only for some of the time. Takes a bit of time for your brain to adjust to it, though when it does, the effect is perhaps a little like a Sam "Evil Dead" Raimi version of the Magic Roundabout - steak and socks come to life, Alice attacks the White Rabbit etc. It was partly produced by Channel 4, so keep an eye out for it. 7/10

Amazon Women on the Moon (Joe Dante, John Landis & others) - Based around a spoof 50's Sci-fi film, that keeps getting interrupted by commercials & other programs. Like all 'compilation movies', highly variable - most of it is hysterically funny (an "Arthur C. Clarke's Mysterious World" style program called "Bullshit or Not?") while other bits have one inspired idea and drag it out too long. Stars 'lots of actors' - Russ Meyer, Sybil Danning, Carrie Fisher & Steve Guttenberg among others. Definitely worth a look. 8/10

The American Way (Maurice Phillips) - Dennis Hopper and his group of weird Vietnam vets, who run a pirate TV station from an old bomber, do battle against an 'Iron Lady' presidential candidate in a media war. Black humour, reminiscent of "Repo Man" in parts, that superbly piss-takes TV evangelism, politics and life in general. Great characters, even if I did spot the twist in the tail very early - only other complaint is a badly mixed soundtrack which is sometimes hard to decipher. 8/10

Angel (Robert O'Neill) - Child prostitutes being stalked by psycho killers? Yes, it's Roger Corman and New World Pictures time! Thoroughly moral tale (Angel isn't allowed to ENJOY her work) with some nice characterizations, decent acting and gratuitous shower scenes, as you'd expect from the company who made "Reform School Girls". It never sinks beyond the bounds of good taste, yet retains a tacky sleaziness which makes it almost plausible, except perhaps when the killer shoots his way out of an identity parade! Recommended. 8/10

Avenging Angel (Robert O'Neill) - Less of the same, in this sequel to "Angel". The cop who helped her in the original is killed, so Angel returns to the streets to try and find the killer. After a barn-storming first 15 minutes, which surpass anything

in the first film, it calms down into something dangerously near a TV movie , with little of the grittiness of it's predecessor. Most of the cast are back, but seem sadly out of place and Donna Wilkes is too all-American to believe in. 4/10

Big Meat Eater (Chris Windsor) - Spoof sci-fi pic with a hint of Rocky Horror which throws everything but the kitchen sink (psychopathic Turkish butcher's assistant, aliens, corrupt mayor, psychic Middle Europeans, etc.) at the viewer. This scatter-gun approach has some hits, notably the BAD effects (the aliens are really battery toy robots) but overall the result is too blatantly "let's go and make a cult movie" to work. 5/10

Cannibal Ferox (Umberto Lenzi) - Sums up all that's worst about Italian 'horror' films. Totally pedestrian direction, diabolical plotline and rotten effects almost make this a candidate for the Incredibly Bad section, with the highlight being two women captured by the cannibals indulging in a spot of community singing to raise their spirits. Purporting to be social comment about whether we are more civilised than the savages, the only question it raised in my mind was 'Why do cannibals in Italian pictures only ever eat intestines or brains?" Unfortunately, there are some totally pointless scenes involving cruelty to animals which mean it probably does deserve to be banned. Someone tell these people there's more to the genre than being unpleasant to furry things. 2/10

City of the Living Dead (Umberto Lenzi) - A priest kills himself, opening the gates to hell and causing the dead to rise (cue spooky music). Christopher George and company mst put a stop to this before All Souls' Day - along the way there are a few brains being eaten and a girl is forced to puke up her internal organs. Yum, yum.

Dangerous Liasons (Stephen Frears) - Trash City reviewing an Oscar winner? After last time, with 'The Accused', this might be a surprise, so to retain street-cred, I'll claim I only went because Uma Thurmann was in it. However, it is a damn good film - 'Dynasty' in pre-revolution France (Stephen Malkovich's accent being more Brooklyn than Bordeaux), with lots of intrigue, an approach which is occasionally surprisingly trashy (helped by Peter 'Lair of the White Worm' Capaldi) and Uma Thurmann IS very cute! 8/10.

Demons 2 (Dario Arge.. No, make that Lamberto Bava) - That rare beast, a sequel that's BETTER than the original! Admittedly, not difficult since 'Demons' was BAAAAAD and anything would be an improvement. This has a slightly less ridiculous plot and the set-pieces are OK; the censor seems to have been a little more tolerant too. Still not good, atrociously dubbed and tedious long before the end. 4/10

The Devils (Ken Russell) - Faintly reminiscent in parts of "Name of the Rose";

Oliver Reed is the priest who is framed on witchcraft charges for getting involved with Cardinal Richelieu's political machinations. Some HEAVY religious imagery means it occasionally looks like a Christian Death video though it's salvaged by excellent performances by Reed (to my surprise) and Michael Gothard as the obsessive witch-hunter; watch out for Brian Murphy ("George & Mildred") as a torturer! The sets, designed by Derek Jarman, are also breathtaking and, overall, it's a pity that it's been suppressed due to it's 'blasphemous' imagery. 9/10

Dogs in Space (Richard Lowenstein) - Winner of the TC3 prize for making a little plot go a long way is this film about life in a Melbourne squat during the halcyon days of punk (remember them? I don't.). The inhabitants have wild parties, sleep around, go to concerts and take drugs, with the expected tragic consequences. Michael Hutchence (pause for at least one reader to take a cold shower!), late of INXS, does well when he doesn't have to act, though he fails to gain our sympathy when he should do. Overall, a successful film that knows it's limits and works well within them. 6/10

Les Eaux Printenaires (Jerzy Skolimowski) - Nastassja's latest pic, shown in competition at Cannes, is a variation on the eternal triangle story, set in Germany around 100 years ago. NK plays the rich wife of an Army officer - her idea of fun is watching duels, which she has provoked. Timothy Hutton is the man who becomes infatuated with her (and no wonder - she's looking as good as she has in quite a while), though it all comes to a Bad End [Apologies for any errors in the above; the version I saw was in French!]. Lushly photographed, reminiscent of 'Tess' in style, this is a lot better than I feared with a decent amount of Kinski, even if she is clothed! After a couple of bad films, even by her standards, hopefully this points the way forwards - if she's not going to appear in trash films, at least she can appear in GOOD art-house movies.

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

The Exorcist II - The Heretic (John Boorman) - This weak sequel to the excellent original has Father Lamont (Richard Burton) discovering that some of the evil is still alive in Regan (Linda Blair). The storyline gets a bit mixed up and Burton's performance is like he's been put in a trance by one of the hypnotic devices seen in the film. Max von Sydow puts in an appearance in flashbacks and new footage.

Finders Keepers, Lovers Weepers (Russ Meyer) - Possibly the most uneven director in trash cinema, Meyer is capable of making superb films, combining wit, action and sex, while also turning out turgid melodramas like this clunker, which has 'dated' written all over it. A plot which combines brothels, robbers and frustrated housewives who want to be go-go dancers might sound promising - however, it takes so long to get going that you'll have lost interest long before the end. The most

interesting, and downright implausible, part has a man tied up with rope using a blow-torch to cut himself free... 3/10

hairspray (John Waters) - A particularly unsubtle plot which shoe-horns a racial integration message into a TV dance show setting still leaves you a fair bit to enjoy in this mildly trashy (by John Water's standards) film. The music is naff and the dances cringeingly awful; the acting is good, especially from Divine who plays both the heroine's mother and the (* male) owner of the TV station. Stylish and colourful - can't see anyone doing a similar film about the 80's! 6/10

Ilsa, Harem Keeper of the Oil Sheikhs (Don Edmonds) - Third in the 'notorious' Ilsa series, after 'She-Wolf of the SS' and 'Tigress of Siberia', and surprisingly mild, with little even the BBFC could object to. Bimbos galore, the odd chunk of imaginative nastiness and the pneumatic Dyanne Thorne make this a solid action/adventure pic. Storyline? Yep; the sheikh is keeping the rightful heir to the throne in a dungeon but there's revolution in the air... 8/10

The Immoral Mr. Teas (Russ Meyer) - One of his earlier films, nothing more than a chance to show pretty ladies in a state of undress by following the 'hero', a perpetual voyeur, around. Still, it operates with such a delightful sense of self-parody, aided by a commentary that veers wildly from the smutty ("Men have been fretting over G-strings ever since" - about guitars, of course), to the totally irrelevant. The final conclusion, that "some men just enjoy being sick", is one that I feel sure we can all agree with... 7/10

The Kindred (Jeffrey Obrow / Stephen Carpenter) - Slow starter this one, perks up noticeably when Amanda Pays (soon to appear, wearing WET lingerie, in "Leviathan") arrives. This genetic-experiment-on-the-loose pic rips off 'Alien' & 'The Thing' in equal measure, with bits from 'Re-Animator' and 'The Evil Dead'. Plus points: lots of slime, a couple of nice effects + Amanda Pays. Minuses: Predictable, not enough annoying American teenagers get killed, Amanda Pays vanishes too early and the monster is laughable. 5/10

Lady Jane (Trevor Nunn) - "The Middle Ages - sanitized for your protection" should be the motto of this historical drama, where grubby peasants are only glimpsed in long shot and disease is no more than a plot device. Apart from that, and a hideous tendency to sink into sickly Mills & Boon romance far too often, this is actually a pretty nifty movie. The cast are without exception excellent (including Michael Hordern & Jane "The Dark Angel" Lapotaire), Helena Bonham-Carter acts her socks off as usual (though unfortunately not the rest of her clothes) and there are some moments of completely absorbing drama. 7/10

The Legend of the Holy Drinker (Ermano Olmi) - Rutger Hauer should be well known to readers, for his performances as a psychopath in 'The Hitcher', a barely controlled psychopath in 'Wanted: Dead or Alive' and a psychopath (medieval variety) in 'Flesh and Blood'. Although always near-perfect, he never seemed to be out of second gear which made the prospect of him playing a down-and-out an intriguing one. Set in Paris, he is given 200 francs by a mysterious stranger (Anthony Quayle) with the request to pay it back to a church when he can. Unfortunately, he keeps meeting figures from his past who distract him from this goal and gradually tell us about his earlier life. With no 'action' and almost no plot, the film relies heavily on Hauer, with him rarely being off the screen, so it's a good job he's up to the task. He seems very aware of the risk of over-acting, especially in a character of few words as he has here - indeed, if anything he's TOO subtle, making the viewer concentrate to avoid missing the gestures and looks without which some scenes are meaningless. Ermanno Olmi shows us a different side to Paris from that normally filmed, and overall, perhaps the best tribute is to say that from now on, when I see Rutger Hauer, I'll no longer automatically expect him to pull out a shot-gun and start blasting! 8/10

Lorna (Russ Meyer) - Another Meyer tale of frustrated housewives, escaped convicts, religious maniacs, sex and death. A morality play in the same way that "Friday the 13th" is (have sex and die), this is bad, even by Russ's standards - acting alternately completely OTT or non-existent, pantomime characters and not much nudity, since it's about 30 years old. Brilliant, it isn't; fun, it is. 6/10

Mountaintop Motel Massacre (Jim McCullough) - Fractionally above average slasher that rehashes "Psycho", with the mother being the murderer. A couple of messyish murders and a sub-plot involving singing bimbos are the nice features, which just about compensate for the sheer predictability of it all. The best thing about it is the "Reform School Girls" trailer at the start. 5/10.

Parasite (Charles Band) - Bob Glaudini has a monster (designed by Stan Winston, who went on to create the 'Aliens' amongst others) in a thermos flask, and another in his stomach. When a gang of punks steal the thermos, old Stan has a GREAT time steering said monster through people's heads... 6/10

Pink Flamingoes (John Waters) - What can you say about a film where the most memorable moment is a female impersonator eating a freshly dropped dog turd?? Blegh! Difficult to believe this is directed by the same man as 'Hairspray', since it's a very amateur film yet not without style. It doesn't quite gel as a whole; unlike Russ Meyer's best pics, where the sex does seem to fit in, here we have a chunk of plot, then a totally irrelevant bit, and now a scene to SHOCK you! 5/10

Rutger Hauer gives probably the greatest performance of his career...

A magical film" ELLE

RUTGER HAUER IN

Apline ERMANNO OLMI

Based on the short model by JOSEPH ROTH

BUSTHALIANTHA BI ST SCRIT NPL A) Silver Ribbons 1989 for

Italian Oscars 1989 to BIST DIRICIOR BINITIA

BUST CINEMATOGRAPHY (Dante S)

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Pretty Baby (Louis Malle) - The good news is this has Brooke Shields 'getting her kit off'. The bad news is, er, she was eleven when she made it. Distinctly unnerving experience, seeing an undoubtedly beautiful (I stress, in an AESTHETIC sense) preteenager playing a New Orleans hooker, whose virginity is auctioned off for \$400. Fortunately, it's shot unleeringly (though that didn't prevent problems with the censor) and a good supporting cast (Susan Sarandon, Antonio Fargas and Barbara Steele) make it a film that is both worthy and justifiable. 7/10

River's Edge (Tim Hunter) - Group of delinquent American teenagers discover one of their number is a murderer and agonise about what to do. I briefly fell asleep in the opening credits and, on the whole, would have preferred the shut-eye. A couple of far more interesting sub-plots are never fully developed, and the movie doesn't really gets going. 3/10

Salome's Last Dance (Ken Russell) - Rampant camp version of Oscar Wilde's banned play, set in a London brothel on Guy Faukes' night. Never been much of a fan of Mr Wilde (too witty by half), fortunately we don't see much of him. Instead we get Stratford Johns as Herod and Glenda Jackson as his wife mixing it with midget Jews, page 3 models for guards and a highly-impressive Imogen Millais Scott as a lollipoplicking, high-heeled Salome who resembles Bonnie Langford on cocaine. Very, very odd, definitely trashy and strong evidence for Ken Russell's insanity! 8/10

SS Experiment Camp - Another 'banned' film & surprise, surprise, it is quite one of the worst, most tedious 'horror' films ever. It's sole raison d'etre it to show remarkably well-fed 'Jewish' women in the nude (at least the actress in 'Love Camp 7' LOOKED Jewish). Very little 'so bad it's funny' potential either. Reread the first sentence so it sinks in. More enjoyable than falling under a train. Just. 1/10

Superstar (Todd Haynes) - Tells the story of the death of Karen Carpenter (of The Carpenters, noted squeaky-clean duo of the early 70's) from anorexia, using (wait for it) Barbie dolls instead of actors. A well-intentioned idea, symbolising as it does commercial packaging of women, etc - unfortunately it's just too ridiculous to work and when I saw it the audience giggled throughout. A shame, too, since the non-Barbie bits, a mix of found footage and hand-held video, are well thought-out and do perhaps give something of an insight into the world of the anorexic. 5/10

Valerie and Her Week of Wonders (Jaromil Jires) - In our perpetual quest for the odd, here's a 1970 Czech vampire film, full of beautiful imagery & subtle symbolism. The bad news is that I fell asleep in the middle. What I saw, I enjoyed, even if the complexities of the plot, involving a girl who discovers her grandfather is really her father (or is he?), went over $\,$ my (nodding) head. I'll make an effort to see it again, if I remember to take the black coffee with me. 6/10

San Futuro Chronicles. - Volume One

Way back in February, The Media Show, on Channel 4, was due to have an covered Troma - the film company who brought us such delights as The Toxic Avenger, Surf Nazis Must Die and (this one's one of Jim's faves!!) Rabid Grannies. However, there I was, waiting with bated breath, and they decided to show a program about "Irangate" instead. This wasn't totally disappointing to me though, as the program was dealing with investigations by the Christic Institute into the American government's "covert operations", and specifically Brought To Light a "comic book" revealling just what our friends across the Atlantic get up to. Yes, this is it, a massive seven months in the making (about 6 months longer than it'd take to make the majority of Jim's favorite films!!), and here it is... the comics article!! I quess that you've all heard some mention of the new Batman movie by now (don't worry, I'm not about to waffle on about that), and you probably have vague memories of The Incredible Hulk & Wonderwoman on the idiot-box, However, the wonderful world of comics goes way beyond Spiderman, Superman et al. - just how far, I will attempt to show...

With all the Bat-hype of the past few months, it'd be difficult to avoid the fact that comics do affect other media, but the extent to which has happened recently is quite surprising — it seems that comics are something of a cult hobby at the moment. Just this year, we've had: The Media Show (as mentioned above); before that, there was an edition of Signals in January about The Day Comics Grew Up (which included pretty piccies from some of the better comics around and also had clips from Akira — The Movie Tokyo's biggest grossing film of '88 and a great event if it eventually gets over here (for more mention of who/what Akira is, read on gracious reader); in America, they've seen Batman, The Punisher, and Return Of The Swamp Thing all based on



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comicbook characters. there're plenty of rumours that Terry Gilliam is doing a Watchmen movie; Judge Dredd - The Movie is still, apparently, going to be produced. Maybe it's a sign that comics really are growing up, mebbe it's just a sign that there're a lot of people out there in need of some good, cheap, escapist entertainment!!

As a complete escapist, I manage to totally ruin the cheapness argument, but still - who needs to eat anyway!! As an introduction to what's available, here's reviews of my favourite comics from the current crop - i.e. the ones I regard as the best of those I've bought recently (or at least of those I still look for in the shops, as some haven't been seen lately, but aren't officially over & done with!)

Akira by Katsuhiro Otomo

Published by Epic

Set in Japan after World War III, Akira tells of mutants with psychic powers. As a comic for 'mature' readers, it is somewhat unusual as the majority of the 'cast' is young. Kaneda, the 15 year old hero of the tale, his friend Tetsuo, and their gang of biker friends are 'students' at a "Youth Vocational Training School", with all the bad habits that that suggests (drugs, general thrill-seeking and apparent death-wishes being their most obvious vices). Whilst working off some of their youthful enthusiasm, Tetsuo crashes whilst avoiding a mysterious figure. Kaneda is understandably worked up by this, and soon finds himself involved with terrorists, the government and various mutants with 'special-powers'.

Akira is a Japanese comic, and is something of an epic - apparently totalling some 1800 pages when the final 'volume' is comes out. In Japan, Akira is in black & white, but Epic have seen fit to apply computerised colouration to it - this does, in fact, work a lot less tackily than the idea may at first suggest. You may consider a dozen issues into a series to be too late to start, but there's a synopsis of "the story so far" in each issue to so new readers won't be completely lost - go out & buy yourself a copy and prove to yourself how good Japanese comics can be.

Deadline by "Various Artists" Published by Deadline Publications Ltd (!)
This is a British, A4 size, Black & White anthology zine, and with strips

like "Tank Girl" and
"Jonny Nemo", should
(hopefully) be around
for ages. Varying from
the anarchic to the
insane, Deadline offers
readers a chance to
read great - if a tad
arty - strips plus
music reviews and
interviews with
personalities from the

comics & pop worlds. Pop down to W.H.Smiths & treat yourself to a copy (assuming they haven't already sold out of course!!).



Evangel ine

This is one to read purely for fun. Evangeline is a futuristic assassin in a science-fiction "space-opera" type setting. What makes Evangeline different is that she is an agent for the Roman Catholic Church - a Nun to be precise. Set in the future, Evangeline gets to zip around in space-ships wearing skin-tight clothing and carrying high-tech weaponry, with only an ever-present crucifix as a hint to her 'mission'. I suppose the actual stories are somewhat 'ordinary' comic fare, but somehow the writer/artist manages to bring Evangeline far enough above the Marvel/DC dross (i.e. the vast majority of Superman/Spiderman/Wonderwoman/Daredevil etc.) to keep it interesting - plus of course, there's the artists obvious enjoyment whenever he draws Evangeline. Unfortunately, as I write this, it's a few months since I last saw an issue - it never was particularly regular though, so keep your eyes open!! Published by First.



Hawkworld

Published by DC

Two issues down, and it's definitely looking good. This is about a world populated on two levels, both socially & physically. The upper levels are



occupied by the elite and the streets - way, way below - by a mixture of criminals & aliens that have been brought in as (basically) slave-labour. One of the elite, ??????, becomes involved with revolutionaries attempting to gain fair do's for the ground dwellers, but is caught, branded as a traitor & exiled. Eventually returning to the city (on the ground-floor of course!), he discovers that the society's decadence has caught up with it & things are in horrendous disarray. At the end of the second issue, things look as though they could be hetting up, with a nicely degenerate world ready for rescue from itself, and our hero in on the ground floor.

John Constantine - Hellblazer Published by D.C.

John Constantine originally appeared in Swamp
Thing, as the main protagonist of the "American Gothic"
storyline. Constantine is a British occultist,
troubleshooting in the dark realms of demons and other
evils. With the Delano/Ridgeway combination, some
marvellous horror was produced - including the totally
wonderful "Yuppies From Hell". Ridgeway's replacement
artist was Piers Raynor, his style differed from R's,
but still worked... however, yet another artist turns
his hand to the series now, as JC loses his dirty tan

trenchcoat and get's mean with a black coat & shades - whether this is a good or bad sign has yet to be ascertained. The Fear Machine storyline, which has

been running for the past seven or so issues, is now hurtling towards it's conclusion, so anything could happen, and probably will.

Just recently, the first Hellblazer Annual came out, giving a tale of Constantine & his ancestry, with art by Brian Talbot and a nice - in a horrific sort of way - storyline involving Merlin & King Arthur. Probably a good introduction to the world of Constantine, if you can find yourself a copy.

Knockabout

Published by Knockabout

Black & white anthology of comics from the world's independant publishers/writers. As my re-introduction to comics, I have a soft spot for this, and it's "underground" feel. It touches on many taboo's, and could offend sensitive, moral majority readers, but I can't see that bothering trashophiles like you lot!! It is extremely irregular, but is quite readily available - I first got it from a bookshop in Oxford.

Love & Rockets

Published by Fantagraphics

Los Bros Hernandez produce this, and tis wunderful. Jaime Hernandez offers "Los Locos"/"Mechanix", a tale of a group of girls, their friends, their relatives and their adventures (as the saying goes... 'an everyday tale



of lesbian, punk wrestlers' !!). Gilbert H. offers Duck Soup, set in a Central American town called "Palomar", and tells of the events that affect the town's inhabitants. What makes Love & Rockets so special, is the characterization (terrible word, but it's the one I want). Mebbe I'm just a sucker for a cute story, but this is one of the few comics in which I've found myself truly interested in what happens to a character (probably because, just like in the real world, there's no telling what could happen)

Miracleman

Published by First

Alan Moore's aging superhero - he who was once known as Marvelman. A great tale covering the difficulties M'man has in coming to terms with his rediscovered powers. Probably one of the comics I'd have most difficulty describing without making it sound terrible, so I'll just recommend that if you believe superheroes are asexual & inhuman, Miracleman could make you think again. N.B. This comes out very irregularly

Yummy Fur

Published by Vortex

Decidedly odd, decidedly offbeat, but still decidedly pleasant. Yummy Fur is Chester Brown"s comic, and it"s contents show that CB has ideas aplenty. The main tale is that of "Ed the Happy Clown", a pleasant enough chap, ho somehow gets into weirder and weirder

situations. As a backup to this, CB is serializing Mark (Yup, the one from the New Testament!!). All in all, a decidedly odd combination.

THE INCREDIBLY BAD FILM SHOW.

Revenge of the Teenage Vixens from Outer Space (Jeff Ferrell)

"The Vixens are coming... the Vixens are coming... They've landed on earth to wreak havoc on the male student bodies at Mayland High School. The Vixens come from a far off planetary system and every so often they'll visit earth to fulfill their ravenous desires. Unfortunately, the adolescent boys are no match for these lustful female aliens, and in their frustration the Vixens start zapping them with ray guns. So what's a teenager to do? Be sure to see this fun filled high-camp classic. You'll stare in awe at the shapely Vixens. You'll bite your fingernails to the knuckles trying to figure out how to save the earth from the foxy zappers! You're sure to have the strangest dreams of your life after you see this remarkable film!"

Very few films that set out trying to be 'cult' actually manage it. Movies like 'Assault of the Killer Bimbos', 'Surf Nazis Must Die' and 'Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers' all failed, to some extent, to live up to their titles. However, now and again, one appears that deserves fame for completely different reasons to those it aspires to. Such a film is 'Revenge of the Teenage Vixens from Outer Space', picked up for 4.99 in a car boot sale near Heathrow Airport and never seen anywhere else before or since. It's roughly the cinematic equivalent of a footballer trying a shot from 25 yards out, miskicking, and still scoring via two defenders and the post.

There are no name actors in the film at all. To make up for this, there are several actors with interesting, rather than famous, names. One such person is called Sterling Ramburg. Whether this is his real one or not is uncertain: if the former, he is deserving of some sympathy; the latter and it's a sharp tap on the wrist for borrowing the name of a second division West German soccer team ("Bayern Munich 5, Sterling Ramberg 1"). Meanwhile, the leading lady is Lisa Schwedop and we also have an Amy Crumpacker and a Julian Schembri; scarcely the most lyrical names I've heard.

We first meet the cliches, sorry, characters at a party in the woods. There's Danny the Macho Asshole (Ramburg), Stephanie the Bimbo Bitch (Crumpacker), Carla the Nice Girl (Schwedop) and Paul the Squeaky Clean (the relatively normally-named Howard Scott). After some rambling conversation we see, posed against a background of dry ice, the four Teenage Vixens. Carla returns home and finds said TV's there; she's remarkably unfazed by the presence in her front room at 2 a.m of bimbos wearing off-the-shoulder Bacofoil, greeting them with a mild 'What are you doing here?'. They explain that they received a copy of a magazine (called "Teen Drivel" that's the wittiest idea in the film, folks!) and are wanting some pointers on boys, having just 'moved to the area'. Carla's brother, a DJ, returns home and also barely notices the TV's (who deserve to join Wendy O. Williams in the geriatric

teenager hall of fame).

The next day, at school. One of the TV's, Zodie, arrives in Biology class, given by Mr. Morelli (Schembri), who is Paul's father. We discover that Stephanie has the hots for the teacher; he rejects her, only to find Zodie has the same idea. Here the film earns the '15' certificate as she rubs the stalk of a flower, which moans squeakily before spurting nectar all over the place and drooping. It wouldn't surprise me to find out that somewhere in the bowels of the BBFC is a big, black book with "Explicit masturbation of flora - 15 rating" written in it...

It's about now we get a shower scene. Or at least, a brief shot of a shower head, which there may or may not be anyone using - as happens so often in this movie, any nudity and violence happens out of shot. However, since it takes place in the BOYS changing room (the director clearly hasn't quite got the hang of exploitation!), this coyness is probably a good thing.

Clara and Paul go on a date. Zodie visits Mr. Morrelli for some 'private tuition' (out of shot). Stephanie and Danny break into the school for a quick (out of shot) session on the teacher's desk. The Vixens are chewing their way through the male population (out of shot), which annoys the hell out of the local girls, who give their guys an ultimatum: leave the TV's alone, or suffer the consequences. For the record, the consequences involve getting yoghurt poured down your shorts. This, surprisingly, happens IN shot.

Stephanie finds out about Mr. Morelli's extra-curricular activities with Zodie, and gets him suspended. He reveals to his son that the TV's were here before, 16 years ago - he'd had a dalliance with one and Paul was the result. In a moment of high drama, he also reveals that they are not of this earth!! At least, it might be high drama, if this fact wasn't already blatantly apparent from the title of the film. Mr. Morelli rushes out to find them, hoping his one is with them again; Paul goes to collect Clara and follow his father.

Our hero has just discovered his powers as a half-alien, specifically that "by thinking about things, I can make them happen" (it says a lot for his intelligence that he has reached the age of 15 without noticing this talent). And what is the first thing he does with his ability to alter reality? He undoes Carla's dress without touching it. Wow. Naturally, we see nothing apart from a bikini line that could have been drawn with a ruler, and has 'sun-lamp' written all over it.

Up at the old school, where the TV's are based (we know it's an old school, because there's a sign next to it saying 'old school'), Mr Morelli meets his old flame, who is now a Queen of the Teenage Vixens and is wearing a milk-bottle top dressing gown.

The TV's 'came to find love', having received the misdirected copy of 'Teen Drivel',

but have been a little disappointed with the boys here.

Said TV's begin to get nasty when the local girls try to rail-road them out of town. One turns into a cat (out of shot, and the cat is an average moggie, nothing cool like a black panther. I'm sure there's a joke in there about pussy; that's where it's going to stay.) and savages a girl to death (out of shot). The other girls, despite their ability to change space-time, resort to good old-fashioned ray guns which turn the rest of the students (tho' Danny & Stephanie escape) to vegetables, Mr. Potato Head style, complete with high-pitched voices and little beasy eyes. 90% of this happens, yes, you guessed it, out of shot; since the effects for the remainder are the most un-special I've seen, it's easy to understand why.

We next see Peter and Carla post (out of shot) coital bliss in the back of a car, though by the next scene, the car's totally vanished and they're walking along railway tracks. They return to the old school and discover the vixens are from a planet where there are no men and they have to mate with plants (which probably explains why they are so good at giving hand-jobs to flowers).

Peter & Carla go home and meet Carla's brother, just in time to see Danny get-his come-uppance when the TV's turn him into a giant pickle. Then the TV's really start to get their ass in gear despite the efforts of a rampaging mob of villagers to prevent them, though the efforts are little more than a set-up for a weak joke:

"We all saw those girls, there's nothing like them on Earth!"
"Well, there's Brooke Shields..."

The town of Springfield is turned into a summer squash; Laurel Heights becomes a humongous courgette. Mayland is evacuated (though there is no-one else on the roads) and the military prepare to attack - cue stock footage of planes, tanks and soldiers. Mr. Morelli has returned to warn the TV's, which is where his son and friends catch up with him. Now things get VERY confused. The Queen of the TV's leaps up through the roof (FX - something being pulled, with a very visible string, through a model roof) with Mr. Morelli clinging to her legs and they both crash into a plane. John uses his 'talent' - "There's no place like home" - to return to the TV's planet and escape the rapidly arriving Air Force. The End.

"Fun filled, high-camp cult classic..." claims the video box. What they forget is that there's more to high-camp than bad acting; while "Reform School Girls" was superbly OTT, the entire cast here seems doped up to the eyeballs on Valium. It's strained attempts at matiness (asides to the camera such as "Well, it's not THAT far fetched!) provoke nausea; the complete lack of sex and violence leave only the sheer awfulness to sustain the viewer through what is claimed to be 72 minutes, but seems a LOT longer. In that department, at least, it does not disappoint...

TRASH LITERATURE

DEEP RED HORROR HANDBOOK ed. Chas Balun, Fantaco, 11.95

I have, to be honest, to declare a bit of a vested interest in this one, since TC gets a mention in the list of fanzines, even if it's at the old address and if many Americans expect 48 page: air-mailed for a dollar, I'm heading rapidly towards bankruptcy. Do you realise how much a kick there is to be had from seeing YOUR name in a BOOK? Not a 'zine, but a real, printed, book! I'll try and be objective...

Nearly 320 pages, roughly Ab sized. The first 2/3 is a collection of essays on the genre by various figures, some known (Chas. Balun), others not. The topics of these are wide and varied ranging from Dario Argento (wince!) through to the British horror scene (which contains the obligatory standard rant against the censors), via cannibal pics, eco-hazard movies, an Incredibly Bad Film section and numerous short bits/filmographies of people like Tobe Hooper, Fred Olen Ray and Sean S. Cunningham. I found it mainly interesting stuff, although fewer obscure European directors and insubtle digs at Shock Xpress (we're all in it together, guys!) would have helpe! Graham Rae, author of the British section, might show a bit more tolerance all round - describing non horror fans as 'unanointed, self-righteous, pretentious clowns', or the BBFC as 'idiots' does nothing to convince people of the validity of the genre.

The final third is an update of 'The Gore Score' - almost every messy movie made in the last ten years, with brief, well-written reviews and marks for both 'artistic' and 'body fluid' content. As ever with American books, titles change and censors cut, which explain some of the apparent differences - I agree with most of the marks for splatter, but 'Cannibal Ferox' a better film than 'Cat People'? Come on...

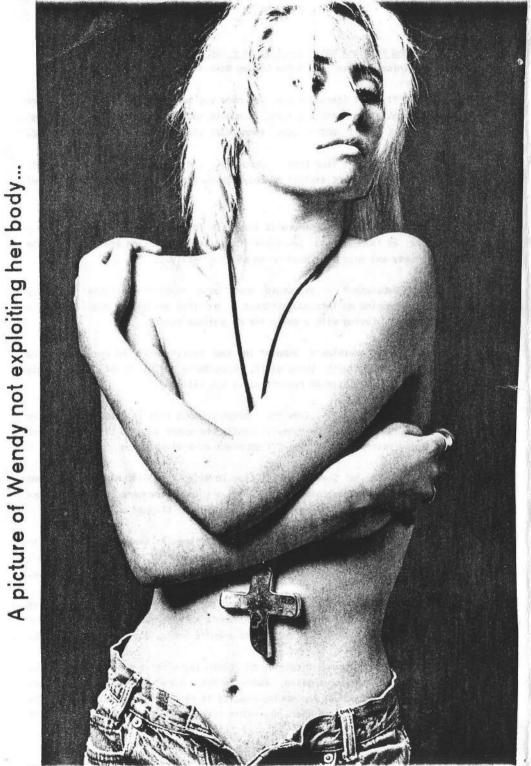
Add to this a list of recommended reading, the aforementioned 'zine list and some interesting, if useless to us Brits, adverts and you have good value for money. As an up-to-datish (oddly, many films are mentioned in the essays yet ignored in the Gore Score) guide to the scene, it's probably the best around.

NEXT ISSUE

Which might, or might not, come out before Xmas; there's a whole heap of stuff which I've had to cut out of previous issues due solely to a lack of space, so I quite like the idea of using them up. Otherwise, who knows what'll be in it? Fred Olen Ray's "The Tomb" will be dissected in 'Incredibly Bad Films'; there'll be a piece on the cartoon equivalent of 'The Evil Dead', Tom & Jerry; for all contact lens wearers there'll be 20 great moments of eye violence and if I find myself with not enough other stuff, there's a good chance you'll get the 1989 'what-I-did-on-my-holidays'. You have been warned...

Sex and Bimbos and Rock and Roll: Ten (or so) Pop Songs Sold By Lust. [Totally chauvinist - I can't find the London Boys at all attractive!]

- 1. EIGHTH WONDER "I'm Not Scared" can you name any member of this band APART from Patsy Kensit? Megligible acting talent, arguable vocal talent yet her 'singing' (keep your feet still and wriggle everything else) is strangely endearing.
- TRANSVISION VAMP "I Want Your Love" Wendy "No, I'm not a bimbo. Really I'm not.
 Honestly. Not at all. I don't exploit my body" James wins the Trash City Deep Throat
 award for microphone (ab)use.
- 3. SABRINA "Summertime Love" otherwise instantly forgettable Europap that enjoyed a brief moment of fame due to Sabrina's enthusiastic bouncing around. What she lacked in subtlety was mote than made up in sheer quantity...
- 4. KATE BUSH "Babooshka" it could have been 'Wuthering Heights' (partly responsible for dragging me into adolescence!) but this one has KB dressed up as a barbarian bimbo and playing with a cello for no obvious reason.
- 5. MALCOLM McLAREN "Something's Jumpin' in Your Shirt" if MM has a worrying tendency to hang around with young girls, Lisa Marie is at least astonishingly pretty. Make up your own childish comment about the title.
- 6. EMMA RIDLEY "School's Out" gives the impression that this is Madonna's daughter playing at dressing up 'just like Mummy'. Easily the worst song in the list, so the video necessarily resorts to the most OTT approach as a distraction.
- 7. THE STRANGLERS "Nice 'n' Sleazy" Shot live in Nice, this features an assortment of French strippers, someone lashing them with a whip and members of the audience joining in, all of which meant it got an '18' certificate slapped on it!
- 8. MADONNA "Like a Virgin" Oh yeah, pull the other one. At least one contributor to TC has a wedding dress fetish which merits the inclusion of Madonna writhing on a gondola. Gave the star of "A Certain Sacrifice" a hit. Pity the film wasn't as sexy.
- 9. CHRISTIAN DEATH "Church of No Return" Goes for that sex/religion combination guaranteed to get you into trouble. Gitane Demone's hair varies from pink to cornblonde and her costume ranges from lingerie to a nun's habit. Not bad for no budget.
- 10. It'd be unfair to choose any single tenth candidate, with so many possibilities: The Bangles, Blondie, Broken English, Danielle Dax, Duran Duran, Robert Palmer, Sinitra, Whitney Houston and ZZ Top spring easily to mind. Good job too given the current state of the charts, is there any other reason to watch 'Top of the Pops'?



PSYCHOS - The ten people we'd least like to meet down a dark alley.

- 1. Dennis Hopper in "Blue Velvet"
- 2. Anthony Perkins in "Edge of Sanity"
- 3. Rutger Hauer in "The Hitcher"
- 3. Zoe Tamerlis in "Ms 45 Angel of Vengeance"
- 4. Jack Nicholson in "Batman"
- 6. Mel Gibson in "Mad Max"
- 7. Dyanne Thorne in "Ilsa, She-Wolf of the SS"
- 8. Clare Higgins in "Hellraiser".
- 9. Bruce Campbell, by the end of "Evil Dead 2"
- 10. Pat Ast in "Reform School Girls"

ACTRESSES - 10 I'd quite like to meet down a dark alley, or anywhere for that matter

- 1. N*st*ssi* K*nsk* in "Passion Flower Hotel"
- 2. Sybil Danning in "Reform School Girls"
- 3. Mathilde May in "Lifeforce" (and she's got better since!)
- 4. Phoebe Cates in "Gremlins"
- 5. Jenny Agutter in "The Railway Children"
- 6. Brooke Shields in "Endless Love"
- 7. Emanuelle Beart in "Manon des Source"
- 8. Uma Thurmann in "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen"
- 9. Amanda Pays in "The Kindred"
- 10. Patsy Kensit in "Lethal Weapon 2"

[Three blondes (more or less natural), one redhead and six dark-haired. As for nationality: three Brits, three Americans, two French, one German and an Austrian (Sybil Danning). I'm sure I've missed out a few. To balance things up a bit, here is a contributed list of ten actors with similar qualities]

- 1. Michael Hutchence in 'Dogs in Space'
- 2. Mel Gibson in 'Year of Living Dangerously', 'Lethal Weapon', etc
- 3. Christopher Lambert in all his films
- 4. Keifer Sutherland in 'The Lost Boys'
- 5. Mickey Rourke in '9 1/2 Weeks'
- 6. Sting in 'Brimstone & Treacle' dream sequence.
- 7. Rutger Hauer in 'Bladerunner'
- 8. Tim Curry in 'Rocky Horror Picture Show' & 'Legend'
- 9. Omar Sharif
- 10. Matthew Broderick



Nastassja Kinski tries to decide if this is her day.

ACTRESSES - Acting ability this time, rather than droolability.

BEST

WORST

1. Kathleen Turner

Pia Zadora

2. Helena Bonham-Carter

Patsy Kensit

3. Miranda Richardson

Yutte Stensgaard

4. Glenn Close

Charlotte McGinnis

5. Nastassja Kinski (on a good day!) Linnea Quigley

Being a bad actress isn't purely a matter of a lack of talent. It's difficult to telll just how bad Linnea Quigles is, since she has the common sense to avoid any films with good actresses. Although Patsy Kensit generally does this too, she screwed up badly by appearing in 'Arms and the Man'; rarely has anyone been as comprehensively acted off the screen as she was, by the superb Helena Bonham-Carter. Meanwhile, Pia Zadora's awfulness shines out even in junk films. She has three expressions: lust, fear and sadness, and uses these in strict rotation, with no regard for what's actually happening at the time. See TC2 for full details of Charlotte McGinnis' classic performance in 'Reform School Girls'.

ACTORS - acting ability

BEST.

WORST

- 1. Peter Cushing
- 2. Harry Dean Stanton
- 3. Harrison Ford.
- 4. Edward Woodward
- 5. Rutger Hauer

Hmm, tough one. While I'm quite happy to sit through a film where the actresses can't act for peanuts, as long as they're pretty, the same is NOT true for actors. So I can't really think of any really bad actors. Except Dustin, of course...

NUN BUT THE BRAVE - Nine naughty nuns who give a new meaning to "bad habits". This list is dedicated to the Borgias, the last people to combine sex and religion really successfully.

- 1. Cicciolina in "Racconti Sensuale" see elsewhere...
- 2, Koo Stark in "Cruel Passions" well, almost. Did you know she's an Arsenal fan??
- 3. Catherine Oxenburg in "Lair of the White Worm" raped by Roman soldiers in the nightmare sequences.
- 4. Most of the cast of Walerian Borowczyk's "Within Convent Walls" general sexual frustration.
- 5. Zoe Tamerlis in "Ms. 45 Angel of Vengeance" shoots people!
 - 6. Nastassja Kinski in "To the Devil a Daughter" black magic.
 - 7. Vanessa Redgrave in "The Devils" fantasises about having sex with Jesus, or at least, Oliver Reed.
 - 8. Brigitte Bardot in "The Novices" sunbathing in a bikini.
 - 9. Kathleen Turner in "Crimes of Passion" leaping about on a bed with Anthony Perkins.

KINSKI'S KICKS - A SEX GODDESS'S PERVERSIONS.

You may recall me throwing some jibe at Jodie Foster for getting gang-raped as a career move. To be fair, NK has not exactly made her living by portraying clean-cut all-American girls. Here's a list of some of the things the characters she's played have either done or had done to them:

- 1. Bestiality (implied) "Cat People"
- 2. Prostitution "Passion Flower Hotel", "Paris, Texas" [sort of!]
- 3. Lesbianium (& dressing up as a bear!) "The Hotel New Hampshire"
- 4. Under age sex "For Your Love Only", "Passion Flower Hotel"
- 5. Raped "Yess"
- 6. Bondage "Cat People"
- 7. Kidnapped "Harem"
- 8. Murderered "The Moon in the Gutter"
- 9. Masturbation "Maria's Lovers"
- 10. Incest "Cat People", and real life, according to her father Klaus...

There's also something to do with AIDS - she's been making a film called 'Up to Date' with Rutger Hauer (and Faye Dunaway). I believe it's a drama about the disease, with Hauer playing a journalist who becomes HIV-positive. It all sounds terribly interesting; one of my favourite actors in a film with my favourite actress. More details as we get them. In her latest film, 'Torrents of Spring', her character enjoys watching duels - possibly an antique version of a snuff movie?

On the Kinski front, some other news of projects in progress:
Silent Night (Monico Tenber) - with Franco Nero, Trevor Howard, David Warner.
The Actor (Jeff Angelucci) - with Anthony Quinn, Lauren Bacall and Brooke Shields.
Secret - no details known.

It, Non-there I would be affected the

Ten Inventions Without Which Life As We Know Would Be No Fun.

- 1. The Photocopier. Writing out 50 copies of TC by hand doesn't appeal much.
- 2. The Word-Processor. In fact, neither does writing out one!
- 3. The Video Cassette Recorder. Fancy waiting for 'Re-Animator' to be on TV?
- 4. The Walkman. Or the hell of commuting would send me insane FAST!
- 5. The Train. I don't have a driving licence; ever tried cycling in London?
- 6. The Telephone. Although when I'm in the bath, I'm not so sure.
- 7. The Frozen Meal. Since my cooking burns, chops and breaks food beyond repair.
- 8. The Washing Machine. But why can't someone invent a machine to iron shirts?
- 9. The Post. Despite it being slow, infuriating and DEADLY for videos!
- 10. The Camera. Drawings of NK don't have QUITE the same appeal!

JIM MCLENNAN'S TOTALLY SELF-INDULGENT, ALL-TIME, FAVOURITE 50 FILMS.

A few comments are necessary before going on. 'Favourite' is a difficult word, since it means so many different things - the reasons I like "Passion Flower Hotel" are not the same as those why I like "Videodrome"! There are films on the list that I don't even enjoy watching in the conventional sense, such as "Blue Velvet", yet I'd quite happily go to see them again. Perhaps that's the best way to interpret it the films I'd most want to take to a desert island. Rather than try and decide positions, I've grouped them into four 'divisions' and arranged them alphabetically.

It's naturally biased towards the films I've seen most recently. I tend to judge films by 'memorable moments' and this will tend to benefit those where time has yet to dull them. I've restricted myself to one film in any 'series'. The most notable effect this has had is to reduce the entire Hammer genre to ONE film - terribly unfair, given the range of output, but the alternative was to have about 40! Those where this has happened are shown by a #. Before we start, though, here are some that didn't quite make it, yet deserve some recognition:

Alien
Bambi
The Beast
Carry on Jack #
Gremlins
Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers
Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom
Legend

DIVISION 1.

An American Werewolf in London
Cat People (1982)
Dracula has Risen From the Grave #
Evil Dead #
Hellraiser
Lair of the White Worm
Manon des Sources #
Passion Flower Hotel
The Railway Children
Rabid Grannies
Re-Animator
Reform School Girls
Videodrome

Nekromantik
Parents
Return of the Living Dead
Salome's Last Dance
Some Like It Hot
The Texas Chainsaw Massacre
The Tingler
View To a Kill #
Virgin (36 Fillette)

DIVISION 2.

The Wicker Man

Bad Taste
Brain Damage
Cat People (1942)/Curse of the Cat People
The Devils
Excalibur
Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!
The Hidden
The Hitcher
Paris, Texas
Supervixens
2000 Maniacs

DIVISION 3.

Blade Runner
Edge of Sanity
Elvira, Mistress of the Dark
The Fly (1986)
Ghosts of the Civil Dead
The Gruesome Twosome
Ms. 45 - Angel of Vengeance
The Name of the Rose
Picnic at Hanging Rock
Quatermass and the Pit
Robocop
Tess
The Thing (1982)

DIVISION 4.

Black Sunday
Blood of Dr. Jekyll
Blue Velvet
Crazy Love
Crimes of Passion
Flesh for Frankenstein
From Beyond
Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1956)
Mad Max #
Prison Ship Star Blammer
Repo Man
The Seventh Sign



Pinhead expresses his delight at being chosen for the first team.

NIGHTMARES IN A DAMAGED BRAIN

Ok, so maybe it wasn't such a good idea.

Everybody makes mistakes I guess, but this was one time when I would have preferred not to do things with so much style.

In retrospect, things started to go seriously wrong the moment I entered The Country Kitchen. The place was more brightly lit than a pathologist's laboratory, tiled like a school baths (an impression helped by the restless primary colours which assaulted the eye like a game show set) and filled with more annoyingly shiny tables than music journos in Wendy James. Anyway, I succeeded in ordering a shallow cappuccino from a pair of high-mileage members of the Salman Rushdie Depreciation Society using a language resembling English, but without the verbs, clicked a course through the joint which looked so convincingly like the passenger deck on a cross-channel ferry it took all my concentration to walk in a straight line, and sat down.

At the latter task I was less successful, the table and chair being fixed to the floor, presumably in case of theft, and shaped with an exciting "designer" flair without actually allowing a human leg to pass between them. At least not one that bends in the usual places. All I succeeded in doing was irrigating the formica with coffee only slightly warmer than Jimmy Knapp's handshake, and catching the eye of the bimbo.

The fact that I was looking right at her may or may not have had been related to the blue PVC mini skirt she didn't so much wear as keep warm and pliable.

It is, of course, virtually impossible to actually relax in a fast food emporium. I found relief in dismantling a plastic palm and reassembling it in an order which evolution hadn't quite got to yet, but it wasn't enough to prevent questions from forming themselves in my mind. Like why one sees oneself reversed left-right in a mirror, but not upside down, or why things are back-to-front when the right way up, but the right way round when upside-down. No wonder I had trouble shaving.

I supposed it was just one of those great imponderables, like what Mary and Joseph did with the gold, who gave all those silly names to sea areas on the shipping forecast, and what's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this (or what am I doing in a place like this if I'm looking for a nice girl...)?

I guess she belonged to the "if you've got it, flaunt it" school. Trouble was, I was looking for the "if you've got it, share it out with the guy in the trenchcoat" kind. Rutger Hauer said that friends are people who turn up in a bathing suit with a six-pack, but I figured if I had a friend like her, I'd be prepared to forego the

bathing suit.

A shot rang out. Well, it didn't really, but it's one hell of a way to start a paragraph. It was "The Chicken Song" that did it, a single that landed on the Number One spot like a Pan-Am Jumbo. Well, whatever the reason, I was returned to the real world, and if it isn't the real world, then just whose idea of a joke is it and could I please spend some time in a different one, one where the underdog wins and relationships with women work out.

Even the dudes who wrote the Bible realised that, sod the fight between right and wrong, we mortals go for the underdog every time - like Robin Hood, who was tumbled by a judicial system less enlightened than our own (where you are guilty until proven more guilty), they cast Christ as an outlaw and the tale has survived centuries.

Littered around this starship diner were a curious assortment of irregularly sized, shaped and presumably hungry individuals who blinked in the light, chattered rapidly, shifted from one buttock to the other and generally looked unlike the impossibly tall, dog walking, toy-town figures who usually inhabited interior design land.

There was the biker, wrapped round a cup of coffee like an arctic explorer in a black leather chrysalis, aiming well ground knee scrapes at anyone who looked in his direction. There was the Next executive with the LSD tripping sperm tie, skate-boarding youth whose fluorescent shorts seemed to know who to have a good time even if he didn't, and the girl whose dress and shoes looked eager for an evening out and a night off, but she wasn't going far on a Belgian bun and a coke.

The dial on my wrist said 'Cartier', but the fraudulent Taiwanese bastard said it was later than the Ayatollah. I made my move.

I guess it was the depth of her voice that gave it away though.

BLACK'S BACK

Black Sunday, the Northern equivalent of 'Shock Around the Clock', will be on again next year. Now describing itself as 'the UK horror film festival', it's in two chunks: the 17th February at The Metro, Ashton-under-Lyme, Manchester and the 24th February at The Salon Cinema, Hillhead, Glasgow. Each festival will contain ten horror films, previously unreleased here, though it's not clear whether there'll be an overlap between the two or not. Tickets for each cost 17.50, or 15 for students and last year's attendants. For more details and a booking form, send an SAE to:

Black Sunday, 70 Thatch Leach Lane, Whitefield, MANCHESTER, M25 6EW

POLITICS

Now, before you turn off completely, let me explain it's ITALIAN politics we're talking about here. Italian politicians are loadsa fun. And by a strange coincidence that last sentence happens to be an anagram of 'Ilona Staller gets her kit off' (if you take some letters away and change a few others). Yes, as promised a long time ago (in Issue 0), I finally review a film by Cicciolina, the porn star turned Italian M.P.

Now, I have no great enthusiasm for explicit sex on the screen - even at best it's like watching someone else eating a good meal, and most films are shot so badly as to make sex seem about as interesting as noughts and crosses by post. However, what I'd heard and seen of Cicciolina indicated, shall we say, a refreshing attitude towards it all so it was with an open mind (and a four-pack of Guinness) that I sat down to watch "Racconti Sensuale" (which I expect can be translated as 'Erotic Tales').

Problem one. Dubbed films, I can cope with. Subtitled films, I can cope with. What about a film in ITALIAN, dubbed into GERMAN, with DUTCH subtitles? My German is not brilliant and my Dutch non-existent, which made following the plot a little tricky. Yes, 'plot' - there did seem to be an attempt to justify what was going on. This involved Cicciolina writing in her diary, using an oddly-shaped Biro with a thick barrel and two lumps on one end, though she eventually puts it to another use...

Beyond this, what we got were four little scenarios linked by brief returns to Cicciolina scribbling away (each time with fewer clothes on). The first one involves nymphs and satyrs playing around in a field, at least until they get down to the serious business of playing around with Cicciolina instead. Here we see the first appearance of the Spare Man. Enthusiastic though Miss Staller's oral sex 8technique is, even she is unable to cope with THREE men simultaneously, which means one is left waving his apparatus around in the air like a hot-dog salesman. Unfortunately, it's always the same bloke, and you can see him gradually getting more and more miffed as his colleagues get all the fun.

The second, and probably most interesting, part is Cicciolina's remake of "The Sound of Music". Ok, so she doesn't sing and there are no children or goats involved, but she is a nun, albeit of the Ken Russell variety. She and her two Sisters live a simple monastic life of praying, fondling doves and shaving. Yes, you read that correctly - shaving...

Suddenly, for no apparent reason (though this may be due as much to my lack of Dutch and/or German as any deficiencies in the film), into this peaceful religious



One of the less dodgy pages from 'Les Aventures de Cicciolina', the only comic-strip I've seen that could also be used as a gynaecology textbook. It's French, naturally!

community come three robbers. At least I assume this is what they are, since they have stocking masks over their heads, though oddly enough these have holes cut out for the mouths. The reason why they need freedom of movement for their tongues becomes obvious later on.

Instead of carrying out their original plan of stealing the candlesticks, they wisely decide to take Cicciolina instead - in a variety of imaginative ways, climaxing (if that's not the wrong phrase) on the altar (presumably in a Catholic country like Italy, this is pretty near blasphemy. Once again, the Spare Man is left to fend for himself, though it may be a different person - it's difficult to tell with the stocking masks on. Then Cicciolina's co-nuns join in, and we are treated to something that looks like a nude rugby scrum.

So far, so mildly entertaining. There's been a certain trashy value about watching an MP, even an Italian one, in such a film - there's no real equivalent I can give; imagine perhaps Sam Fox getting elected to parliament? Anyway, the first half is shot with some panache and the music, varying between stolen classical and jangly Europop, adds to the surreal atmosphere of the whole thing.

The third scene is just nasty. Starts off O.K, with a collection of women of dubious virtue standing around some woods - Cicciolina's costume is intriguing in itself, being little more than a few sheets of clingfilm with holes here and there. However, after a few minutes of mindless posing, the whole thing degenerates into something unpleasantly near a rape fantasy, complete with fake blood. Enough said.

After another brief interlude, something very odd happens. The next scene doesn't have Cicciolina in it at all, taking place in a mock dungeon and featuring a variety of light bondage. It seems to have been slotted in from a completely different movie to boost the running time - as if to prove it, when this sequence is finished, they show the entire thing, frame for frame, again. Very strange. Finally, there are a few shots of Cicciolina in a similar setting - by then my attention was wandering, due in part to the Guinness, no doubt.

Overall, interesting if unerotic. The general approach seemed to be to throw every possible sexual act at the camera from bondage to 'water sports' via S/M, sex using most body apertures, lesbian lust, masturbation, etc and try to please everyone. However, this leaves long gaps when what's happening on the screen is just not sexy, no matter how novel it is. It seems that Italians are heavily into buggery, which is pretty far down my list of things to do where Ms. Staller is concerned (a waste of at least two orifices!!), and provokes nothing but mild disgust. However, it had some neat moments and she does have a certain cuteness that does nothing to change my view that more MP's like her would leave most countries in a better state!

THE SECTION WITH NO NAME

Most of the 'zine editors must have been out sun-bathing and sipping long, cool drinks for the past three months rather than sitting inside sweating over a word-processer or video, since it's been a rather quiet quarter. Still, those received:

CREEPING UNKNOWN - 24 pages A4, 50p + SAE. Nick & Cath join the slim band of 'zines to make it to 10 issues. This one is occasionally a little illegible, yet it's worth the effort - a nice, informal style and a good mix of the obscure and well-known.

DARK STAR - 28 pages A4, 1.50. Strange how this one seems to get 'missed', since it's also in the amateur/pro grey area inhabited by Samhain and Shock Xpress. Like TC, a wide range of subjects - Sherlock Holmes, Roger Rabbit, comics - written in a variety of styles. A touch uneven due to this variety, still worth a look.

THE DOGS HEAD BARKS - 8 pages A5 for an SAE. Idiosyncratic personal-zine, comes out VERY irregularly; 18 months since the last one! The man's interests seem to be comics, films and Dr. Who, thus if these appeal (and at least one of them should do to TC readers!), so should DHB!

GORE GAZETTE - 12 pages A4, \$2.00. I must admit to enjoying this more than the last issue. It's "News of the World" style mix of fact and totally unsubstantiated rumour (Robert Englund aka Freddy Krueger, having a drug problem) makes fun reading, even if he totally misunderstood the point of 'Nekromantik'. Still, he liked 'Edge of Sanity' a lot, which shows his heart's in the right place.

Creeping Unknown - Nick and Cath, 29 Westland Ave, Hucknall, NOTTINGHAM, NG15 6FW. Dark Star - Publishing House, 50 Wrotham Road, GRAVESEND, Kent, DA11 0QF.

The Dogs Head Barks - Douglas Angel, 69 Chestnut Ave, Bradwell, GT. YARMOUTH, Norfolk, NR31 8PL.

Gore Gazette - Stefan Kwiatkowski, 2A The Mount, Erdington, BIRMINGHAM B23 7NG.

More about Black Sunday 1990; as you may be aware, it looks as if the second section of it, in Glasgow, clashes with the planned 'Samhain' splatter fest down here in London. With 52 weekends in the year to choose from, this is, shall we say, a little unfortunate. I don't know how many other people would like to go to both and now have to decide which to miss - let's just hope the people involved come to some agreement to switch one date. Both groups seem sensible adults so I'd like to think that neither would be childish and refuse to consider an alteration, for the benefit of all concerned.

SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT.

Difficult though it may be to credit, there are people out there, who have never seen a Sybil Danning film. I regard it as my mission in life to bring some succour to these poor, deprived people, and introduce them to the delights of trash films. Missionary work, you could call it. So, for those who are novices, here are a few films they might care to try.

First, however, a few words on the films included. All of them should be legally and (more or less) easily obtainable from your local video store. I've avoided the more extreme films, so there's no "Re-Animator" and no "Evil Dead 2" - I think they are both great films, but having been put off horror films for four years by seeing 'Cannibal Holocaust' at age 14, I can appreciate the risks of going off the deep end TOO early!

Trash films generally come into three categories: sex, violence and humour. 'Sex' covers a wide range of sins, from the schoolboy smut of 'Carry On' films, through the bimbos-in-lingerie pic, up to completely gratuitous nudity such as seen in 'Gwendoline'. Violence, too, is a many-splendoured thing - at the lower end is the cartoon, knockabout style of Schwarzenegger while at the other is the merciless, totally OTT approach of 'Bad Taste', The third category, humour, is perhaps the most vital, and is simultaneously the most difficult to pin down. Although everyone knows sex when they see it, there is no such agreement on what is funny.

Bearing this in mind, here are ten recommendations, with brief (even by our standards!) reviews, rated for each of the three categories. If you watch these and enjoy them, you'll have a good foundation on which to base further choices. Those marked (a) are especially recommended for beginners.

AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON - The best in the early 80's were-revival, updating lycanthropy to it's obvious conclusions. S: *** V: **** H: **** (a)

BAD TASTE - Due out November 17th I think, possibly the messiest film to get a BBFC certificate. Colonial splatter. S: NONE! V: ***** H: ***

ELVIRA, MISTRESS OF THE DARK - The only '15' rated film, relying equally on doubleentendre and Cassanda Peterson's cleavage. S: **** V: ** H: *****

GWENDOLINE - See TC1. French silliness, with actresses' clothes falling off at the slightest opportunity. S: ***** V: ** H: **** (a)

THE HIDDEN - Starts by writing off a Ferrari and never lets up. Part sci-fi, part cop pic, all action, to steal a quote. Great fun. S: NONE! V: **** H: **** (a)

THE HITCHER - Hauer's finest hour, what it lacks in laughs it more than makes up for with it's delight in slaughter. S: * V: **** H: *

REFORM SCHOOL GIRLS - See TC2. Sheer exploitation, NOT to be taken seriously and very, very silly. S: ***** V: **** H: ****

RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD - Great fun, whether you've seen the original or not. Loud music, non-stop action and Linnea Quigley. 5: *** V: **** H: **** (a)

ROBOCOP - Ultra-violent, comic book satire with sharp social comment and pantomime heroes/villains. S: NONE V: ***** H: *** (@)

SALOME'S LAST DANCE · (see Film Blitz) Ken Russell has got very odd in his old age - this will do until 'Lair of the White Worm' appears! S: **** V: * H: ***

A DOUBLE HELPING OF THE DINNER PARTY GAME.

Mark Stevens (editor, 'Squirm)

MALE

Ray Dennis Steckler

Arthur Bostrom (of "'Allo 'Allo" - he
went to the same school as I do!)

Andy Warhol

Jonathan Ross

Herschell Gordon Lewis

FEMALE

Seka (hardore starlet + one of the sexiest people alive) Dyanne Thorne (as above, last six words) Jerry Hall (so I could insult her) Mandy Smith (phenomenally tasty)

INBETWEEN - The hermaphrodites from "Shocking Asia

Just (editor, "Death Bane")

Dario Argento

MALE

Me
Dario Argento
Dave Freeman (Britain's greatest
pornographer)
Andy Warhol
Bryon [??]
Salvador Dali

FEMALE

Gail McKenna (page 3 sex goddess!)
Elvira
Joan Collins
Jennifer Connolly
Joanne Conway (ice-skater)
Cicciolina

[Hmmm... Not 100% sure about some of the females here - they may be pretty, are they good dinner guests? Mandy Smith isn't exactly noted for her conversation!]

BEATS REALITY, DOESN'T IT?

May as well start with a story about Cicciolina, since she seems to be in favour this issue. To celebrate the withdrawal of Russian tanks Ms. Staller returned to her native Hungary and, in a touching ceremony, released a white dove as the first tank prepared to roll out. Unfortunately, the dove fluttered down to land in the path of said tank, and was flattened.

TOAD LICKING POSES THREAT TO AMERICAN YOUTH - After crack and ecstacy, the latest drug problem in the states seems to be amphibians. The Cane Toad secretes a substance called bufotinine to ward off predators - in small quantities it causes hallucinations, in larger doses it can be deadly; four Australians died last year after brewing up toad-skin tea. Bufotinine is a controlled drug, in the same group as herion and LSD in the States - "if you tried to lick this toad it would be a felonious act", said Dr. Alex Stalcup, head of the drug treatment program at the Haight Ashbury Clinic in San Francisco.

Mammoth mystery - Soviet scientists are studying the skull of a mammoth which died in Siberia 10,000 years ago, because a neat bullet hole has been discovered in the right cheek of the animal. Bone growth around the hole indicates that the mammoth lived for several years after the wound was made.

OVERSEXED GHOST DRIVES FOUR STUDENTS FROM APARTMENT - "I woke up one night with the sensation that a woman's soft hands were fondling my body" said one of them. All well & good, except that they eventually saw the figure, which turned out to be "an ugly, toothless old crone of about 90". The apartment manager put it all down to "raging male hormones".

WRITER SAYS HE GOOFED... - The July 25th issue of the WWN tells us about Edgar Whisenant who predicted the end of the world last year. He blamed the cock-up on forgetting that there wasn't a 0 A.D, which threw his sums out. So, in case you didn't notice, the world ended on the 1st of September.

4,000-YEAR-OLD POP BOTTLE... - Found in Southern France, it may be "space garbage left by an ET litterbug", because it has twin necks and two mouths. Some skeptics say it looks more like a religious icon than a drinks container, but analysis of trace elements left on the interior apparently indicate that the drink was quite similar to colas that people drink today. However, the report leaves out the most important point - was it Pepsi or Coke?

Desperate Mom gives herself a caesarean - Helen Macabee, a rancher's wife from Rawlinna, Australia, found herself with a bit of a problem when her twins, one of whom was in the breech position, decided to arrive two months early. She was so

Fiends from hell invade suburban home emons burned m to a crisp 73-year-old man murdered by his love slave, say cops but bites man as he es a horror movie! Togo fekin Writer says he goofed on end of the world 4,000-year-o Diver mistakes chubby mom-in-law for shark

pop bottle fou

- and spears her!

worried they wouldn't survive a natural delivery and the emergency team were out on another call, so she cut her babies out herself using a sterilised knife from their veterinary supply and ice to dull the pair. All three are now doing fine.

DEMONS BURNED MY HUSBAND TO A CRISP! - "Maria Holtzberg was a typical suburban housewife with hardly a worry in the world - until a band of shrieking green demons invaded her home and turned her beloved husband to ashes!". Hmmm. Perhaps they ought to check her and see if she's been licking any toads lately...

On a more serious note, the press had a field day a while ago with the 'Excalibur killer' - "a doting baby-sitter became a murdering psychopath after watching a video of medieval violence and butchered the two small children he treated as his own" (Evening Standard, 11th July). With opening paragraphs like that one, it's not surprising that the rather relevant details of his past were relegated to side-bars. Nine years ago (and therefore presumably before he saw the film), he had been convicted of attacking two men; one with a knife and the other by shooting him, at point blank range in the face, with an air pistol and also shooting at old lady in the mouth with the same weapon. Another comment down the page was from Chief Inspector Paul Aylott; "We don't know what was so special about this film - it is on general release and there are many far more violent". Nowhere did I see anyone draw the obvious conclusiond that a) the bloke was a long-term headcase and b) if you're such a psycho, anything, even a '15' rated film that's been shown on TV, could push you over the edge. According to "Time Out", there is some doubt as to whether he even watched the video, not that the papers bothered to print a correction.

Fans of this section could do a lot worse than send 2.50 to Fortean Times, 96 Mansfield Road, LONDON, NW3 2HX and ask for Issue 52. In exchange, you'll get 84 pages of stories similar to those featured in these pages, taken from a wide range of sources (most of which are a little more reliable than the Weekly World News!) The rest of this page are examples of these, starting with two animal tales:

- * A dead pheasant weighing three and a half pounds struck the wife of the man who shot it on an estate in Hampshire. The 50-year old woman was sitting on her shooting stick when the bird hit her in the back, rupturing her spleen. She recovered after an operation.
- * In New Zealand, at least three power-cuts were caused by the weight of droppings from herons on the lines across the Bullen River. Nearer home, in West Dorset at Burton Bradstock, , a blackbird flew into a power terminal at a sub-station, plunging over 1200 homes into darkness.
- * A Ukrainian funeral turned to disaster when mourners drank the same black market spirit as the man they had just buried. 8 died and 80 were hospitalised. Cheers!!

