

TRASH CITY

£1.25



13

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Editor Jim McLennan. He's the man who is so paranoid that he refuses to leave me alone in the room with the this file. Wonder why? He's even resorted to delivering my post (from before Xmas!!) as a feeble excuse to stick around. The idea that he thinks people would fall for such an obvious ploy is insulting to all the true paranoids around here. Back to reality for a second. Welcome to the thirteenth issue of this Quarterly 'zine, published but ~~three-times~~ twice a year. This is actually the Summer '92 issue, which is why we've stopped putting the date on the cover... It's birth in John London's hands at Copyprint was accompanied by assorted shepherds and three wise men. All praise the subscription price which remains at 75p/issue, \$2 (or £2 if you prefer) Europe, \$3 Elsewhere, £395 for Martin Bangemann. Hallelujah my brothers! The TC Old Testament (Books I to XII) have been burned by religious extremists. A plate will be going round shortly for your contributions, however large and expensive. Securitor preferred. All offerings, holy relics and Jimmy Swaggart's tissue collection should be sent to the following address:

34 Perran Road, Tulse Hill, LONDON SW2 3DL

WELCOME TO THE VIDEODROME

This issue is, as you may have noticed, late, even by our standards. I suppose you want an explanation. Well, I've been kinda busy; been out of the house for the past eleven evenings to one thing or another, from evening classes to Ministry concerts to films to gratuitous socializing. But this is merely the pleasant tip of an iceberg of time-eating activities of variable pleasantness, such as moving house (please note the new address on the opposite page), going on holiday, and trying to get the new abode into a semi-habitable state, though the last-named has stalled somewhat recently, the first flush of home ownership enthusiasm having worn off.

As I write this, Per is visiting Cronenbergland, in Toronto, and Steve is probably in Lewisham (nothing is ever certain with regard to Lewisham); I can confidently state he's not here. So it's just me and a large packet of choccie cookies (Shu-gah britz!), together with track 98 of the Nine Inch Nails CD at appropriately Industrial volume. All things considered, life could be a whole lot worse.

Mind you it could be better. My paranoia tells me that eleven nights out will inevitably be followed by eleven nights in, pining for the fjords, waiting for the phone to ring [gosh, this automatic cliché generator is fun, isn't it?], or some such pseudo-cyclical tosh. But it is worrying that I tried to phone someone just now, in order to try and arrange something for later this week, only to get no reply... My paranoia is now saying, once again, there is this really good, massive party to which everyone in the universe, bar me, has been invited!

Ah well, you're never alone with a psychosis. My complex and I will head off for a quick beer later, take in a film, and probably sleep in tomorrow morning. But can I get the damn thing to do all my work for me as well?

TC was available from Psychotronik Videos, Mega-City Comics, and Forbidden Planet (all in London), the Sheffield Space Centre, Videodrom Berlin, plus by mail order from Dark Carnival, Z-Video (Trick or Treat's new name!) and Daystar Books - who did have some seriously back issues when I bumped into them (presume it was them!) at a film fair; I even glimpsed a TC7...

At this point, a swift plug for the TC calendars; six pages of endearingly A3-sized Oriental smut, [subscribers may remember last issue's insert - same babe, six different costumes!] covering the period from March 93 to April 94 - this strange concept of year-dom is another product of our tardiness! Three quid each plus 50p p&p (for any number) to the usual address. Strictly limited to er, however many Kanji could sneak out of the printshop; about fifty or so.

Thanks this issue to: Adam and the Seishun crew, Steve, Steve and Steve(!), Kanji, John, Paul, Claire, Stefan, Oddone + Max (without these two, the Moana Pozzi/Cicciolina piece would have been a bit short), James, Jeff, Darren + John, Andy, Ewart, Peter, Pandora Powell at Partridge and Storey, Kim Sweet at the ICA, Helen, Lino + Tony, Mr. X, Josh and the other Steve.

"Death is not a punishment. Death is my friend. The only real dishonour is compromise and self betrayal. Death is my independence."

LETTERS

Let's start with a rather sad post-script to TC12's column, which probably underlines how long has gone by since last issue:

Dick Klemensen, Des Moines: "Thanks for the new issue of TC. But one of the oddities of life, shortly after I got it with my letter about being married to Espie...the fucking marriage broke up! Combination of a lot of things. The pressure from the Immigration service, the age difference, her total immaturity (turning a younger woman from another culture loose in a country as rich as the USA is like turning a child loose in a candy store...Just remember - tight Oriental pussy cuts off the blood supply to your brain and you don't think straight. But it is OHHHH so nice...!"

Further proof of how things Oriental can give one grief, comes from the co-editor of "Invasion of the Sad Man-Eating Mushrooms":

Darren Jones, Upminster Bridge: "Speaking of illegal doings, I went up London a couple of weeks ago to interview Kim Newman. Unfortunately I got completely pissed very quickly and remember nothing of the interview. Anyway, afterwards, me and this other guy went looking for Cannon and Co. as I was after seeing what anime they had...We found Newport Road [Ed: Cannon and Co is in Newport Place] and it turned out to be a magazine shop of a dubious nature. He sent us around the corner to the proper address. Now, we were both pretty drunk and I looked at the address which was quite definitely right. The door was open and led straight up a flight of stairs, and a sign on the stairs read 'Attractive Males Required'. We had a quick vote, decided it was indeed the right place, and promptly charged up a few flights of stairs to find this clinically white door with a bell on it. I rang it...Well, the door opens and out comes this gorgeous woman, nothing on except a white body stocking which left nothing to the imagination. I could hear Jason gagging behind me and felt my own brain somersaulting in it's juices. "Do you boys come here often?", she purrs. "Erm, no - do you sell Japanese animation?" I ask. Trying to fix a stare to her eyes (totally impossible I can tell you, it was fixed firmly to the strand of string disappearing between her legs). "Oh, I think you've got the wrong address", she says and slowly closes the door...The moral of the story is, don't get^{so} pissed you can't read street names."

There's also an interesting bit about losing a watch, which I'd better not print. It's gone to the Zine Editors Blackmail File, before 'Miller, Ken', and after the following demonstration of how 'zinedom corrupts, but pro-zinedom corrupts absolutely...

Steve Green, The Dark Side: "Knowing your respect for Ms.Beart, thought the enclosed might prove helpful."

"The enclosed" is a picture of the blessed Emmanuelle not wearing many clothes, which is fair enough - however, the paper hankie he carefully attached clearly establishes something about someone!

Brian Bower, Preston: "The Customary Practice article: with it and the references to Liverpool TSO and in the comics review, can one assume that you have had recent dealings with The Thought Police? [Ed: luckily, not so far, but they probably still think I live at 247 Underhill Road!] I don't know who was responsible for Three Pin Plugs - always good, this time

excellent...This one was made more interesting than some articles I've read (in other fanzines, of course!). [Ed: Per, remind me to cut this bit out before Lino sees it] Enjoyed your Grievous Bodily Harm piece, apart from the completely unnecessary, completely unfounded, completely untrue reference to the very lovely, very talented Ms.Rothrock!"

Oh dear. There I was, about to congratulate Brian on his good taste and he blows it... I think we've now agreed to differ on that topic!

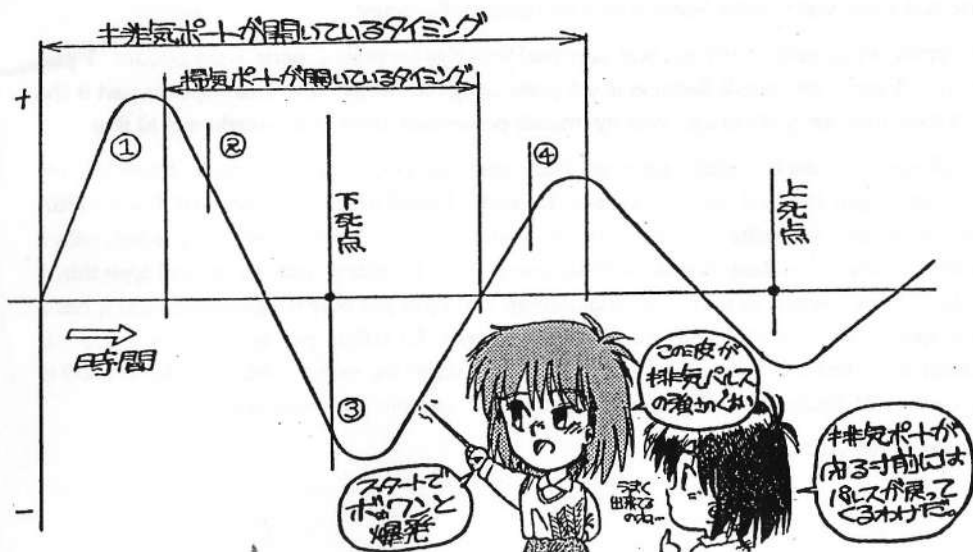
David Oya, Banbury: "Time to resub to Trash City, hence the enclosed cheque for £3 for the next four issues. Sorry that I've taken the Passive Consumer stance so far, but other than stand agog in amazement at the Galaxy of Wonderment That is TC, there's very little I feel I can do. Be assured though, that I'm thoroughly enjoying the 3D surround-sound subscribership experience...Loved the UFOs Conspiracy Corner...no doubt, to be filmed as a mini-series starring Christopher Casenove as John F.Kennedy and Emma Samms as the cunning, scheming Alien Sex Goddess Leather Lesbian Bondage-Fetish Evil Empress of the Universe. Or perhaps not"

Mike Landers, Colne: "I'm currently having a discussion with David Hines over the bimbo on the cover, I think it's Ellen Barkin with Jamie Lee Curtis' face, he thinks it's Kim Basinger...The Conspiracy Corner piece was all the more impressive when MTV interviewed a bloke who supported much of Cooper's claims just one day after receiving TC...Cooper's rantings have just enough coherence to believe some of it, obviously not all but a lot of it does make sense"

Exactly my opinion, I'm always more worried if things sound just plausible enough to be possible. The next letter hits the mark about right...

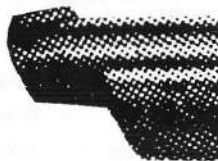
Lee Clark, Saltash: "Just thought I'd write to tell you that after about 6 months of thinking about it, I've just had the back cover of 'Trash City' 9 tattooed, full size, on my arm. It hurt like fuck but it was worth it"

And on that thought, goodbye - I'm off to have a copy of TC10 put through my nose!



Hot night, summer in the city, back o' my trigger finger gettin' itchy... In these enlightened (not!) days of milk and honey on our city streets, there is something to be said about people who embrace the concept of heavy personal armament - usually, this is something like:

RUN-HE'S GOT A BIG GUN!



What is the compulsion that drives gun freaks? What is the driving desire that enslaves these people to potential instruments of death?

Well, I'll tell you. No matter how moral, how strong in your belief that life is sacred and unnecessary property damage is bad for you, it's hard to hang on to these high ideals when you're holding several pounds of bucking bronco submachine-gun spitting 9mm lead at wooden targets that look like they're being put through a shredder.

There's something about the stench of cordite, the hot flare of the brass fountaining out of the ejection port that reduces most people to a psychotic frenzy. My guess is that it's like a more destructive form of primal scream therapy.

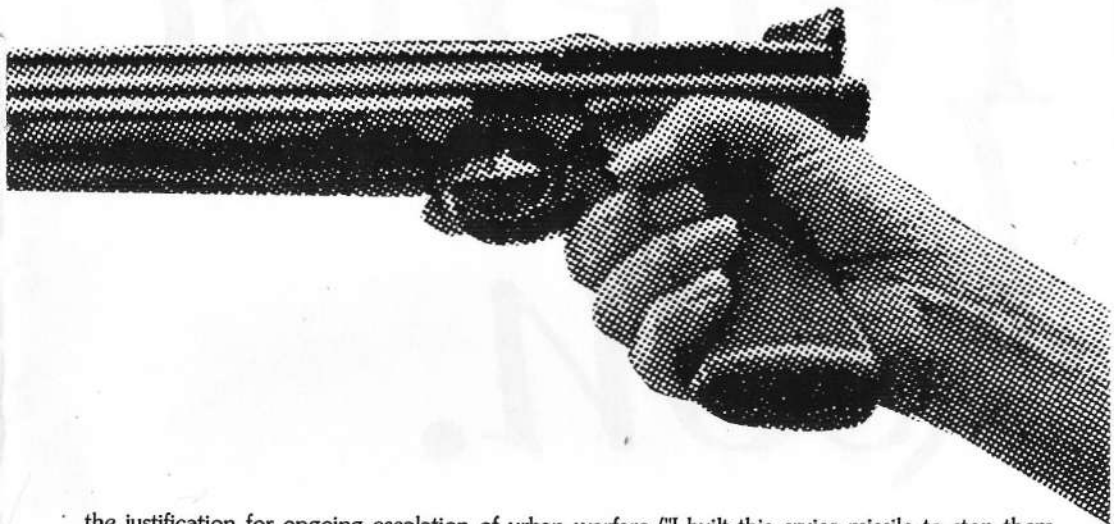
A good example of this is Sanka thingy - can't remember his last name, the Asian chappy who present Def II's "Rough Guide" series with Magenta (luv those sunglasses) DeVine. On a trip to the USA, he visited a gun range and, after saying how sad it all was, wasted a slew of targets with gusto and a grin that Charles Manson used on Sundays. Go figure.

The typical weaponeer is perhaps best described with this formula: 2 parts Train Spotter, 1 part Moralist, 3 parts Honourable Samurai and 5 parts Gung-Ho Nihilist - the Train Spotter part is the bit of them that can quote muzzle velocity, rounds-per-second, bullet grain weight and all that.

My collection of guns is limited - some are real, some not, I won't tell you which...break into my house one night and find out for yourself. Recently, I purchased a Heckler and Koch MP5K submachine-gun. It's a nifty little thing, just small enough for me to hide under my jacket, with a banana clip that holds thirty rounds of 9mm ammunition. It's sitting next to me as I type this, a product of that German stormtrooper engineering. It weights just over 6 1/2 pounds and it has a cyclic rate of fire of 800 rounds per minute, just over 13 bullets per second. You'll see this weapon in the hands of terrorists in 'Die Hard 2', and under the expert control of the T-1000 in 'Terminator 2'. Black plastic, ABS probably, all smooth and precision maintained...

Are you scared yet?

When The Fall Of Civilization comes (survivalist talk here), the gun owner will be ready, able to waste slews of the hordes until the ammo dries up or the Commies/Dinks/Muhfuggers/insert cultural minority here have been pushed out of East Cheam. This is the coda of the weaponeer,



the justification for ongoing escalation of urban warfare ("I built this cruise missile to stop them kids from playin' ZZ Top..."). Are we too far down to stop it? Answer yourself, by looking towards Los Angeles, Bangkok and Yugoslavia...

But, meanwhile, the little voices still talk. The neighbour with the loud stereo, the kid with the dog that pisses on your flowers, that git who sneered at you when you were at school. And it's so eay, so simple, to turn out the lights and track them walking past your window, sunlight glinting off the scope. All you gotta do is pull the trigger.

Given the chance, I'd carry a gun at all times - I've been mugged at knifepoint and it's left the scars on me - but I wouldn't want anyone else to have one. That's how it ends.

Given the chance, I'd line up my fears and shoot 'em till I passed out from orgasming, but for now I walk the streets, safe in the knowledge that guns don't kill people, people with guns kill people.

Of course, back on the firing range, once you put on the amber glasses, and place the ear defenders on your head, your stream of consciousness becomes a blare of hot lead and brass, like putting a Paul Verhoeven film on fast-forward. All the thunder, the smell of napalm in the morning, the blood, the thrashing, and the almost sexual release as the target evaporates under a hail of fire, bullets with more acronymic names than a US defense contractor, the fire, the screaming, the brass fountain...

Then again, perhaps it's just me.

Keep that powder dry.

Jim Swallow

PeterJac

PeterJackson.
KRSOON.

HORROR MOVIE TAKES NZ FILM DOWN NEW PATH

YJFQ

WELLINGTON, SEPT 15, REUTER - A NEW BLOOD-AND-GUTS HORROR MOVIE, "BRAINDEAD", SCORNS NEW ZEALAND TRADITION OF ART FILMS BY MAKING EVEN THE "TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE" SEEM LIKE A FAIRYTALE.

"IF YOU THOUGHT THE '50S WAS ALL BOBBY-SOX AND INNOCENCE YOU DIDN'T LIVE NEXT DOOR TO LIONEL," THE FILM'S PUBLICITY MATERIAL PROCLAIMS. SET IN WELLINGTON, "BRAINDEAD" IS ABOUT 25-YEAR-OLD LIONEL COSGROVE, WHOSE LIFE GOES OFF THE RAILS AFTER HIS BOSSY MUM IS BITTEN BY A RARE CARNIVEROUS RAT MONKEY AT THE ZOO.

BUT FAR FROM CLUTCHING THE SIDES OF THEIR SEATS IN TERROR, THE AUDIENCE AT THE PREMIER WERE ROLLING IN THE AISLES WITH LAUGHTER. DIRECTOR PETER JACKSON INSISTS THE FILM IS A COMEDY.

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ENDS

Very few low-budget film directors have ever make it to the rarefied atmosphere of a Reuters news bulletin, a medium more accustomed to reporting foreign exchange news and political comment. With the appearance of the above story, Peter Jackson can safely be said to have "made it", beyond the world of fandom.

His debut, 'Bad Taste' was ensured of a place in the genre hall of fame as soon as it was seized by Customs immediately on it's arrival in Britain, and his latest movie, 'Brain Dead', seems set to acquire even greater fame/notoriety. Yet Jackson's eye for combining splatter with humour leaves the viewer helpless with laughter most of the time, rather than throwing up. TC had a chat with this unique film-maker in Nuremberg, at the public premiere of 'Brain Dead':

TC - The speed of the film was incredible...

PJ - Yeah, I don't like boring movies! When I see 'Bad Taste' now, I don't like all that stuff at the beginning when they're talking and I think, "God, get on with it - why did I put all this stuff in, why don't we get on with the action?". On 'Brain Dead' I was determined not to have too much dialogue, just enough to set the stories and the characters, and then just let it rip.

TC - What's the aim behind the high level of comedy in your films?

PJ - I have a fairly large sense of humour, one of my idols is Buster Keaton, and you look at some stuff in 'Brain Dead', it's Buster Keaton with blood. I don't take stuff seriously - I saw 'Hellraiser 3' the other day at Cannes; it's OK, it's a good film, I didn't hate it or anything - I thought it was quite good - but it was all just so serious. Some guy walking round with pins sticking out of his face, I just can't sit there and think "This is really scary". If I made a Hellraiser film, I'd like Pinhead to be whacked against a wall and have all the pins flattened into his face. I immediately start thinking of funny things and gags - that's just the way I am, I doubt I could ever control myself sufficiently to make a serious horror film.

TC - How does it feel for a film fan who began as an amateur film-maker, to be a world

PJ - It's good. I'm no different from any other fans. I like going to watch movies; I'm looking forward to 'Evil Dead III' as much as you guys. I'm just lucky I guess that I've had the opportunity to be able to make movies as well. I know that often fans make movies and some of them are very good, but I've managed to make them on 16mm and do it professionally. I guess I'm actually lucky to be living in New Zealand, because the New Zealand government are quite supportive of what I'm doing, and they've given me several million dollars to make these sorts of movies. Not many other fans around the world have got the chance to spend that sort of money!

TC - Is being a film director your dream career?

PJ - It'll be my dream career when I've got total freedom to do what I want without having to worry about the budget. At the moment I'm always worried about what I'm going to do next, and whether I'm going to be able to get the money. 'Brain Dead' cost \$3 million New Zealand dollars - that's about the limit that I can make a film for as it's almost





impossible for me to get any more money there. And some of the ideas I've got are for bigger budget - I've got an idea for a \$10 million movie, but at this stage I've no idea when or how I'm gonna make it. So it's a dream come true but I still don't feel as if I've got total freedom to do what I want. It's always a struggle.

TC - What were the budgets for your three movies to date?

PJ - In US dollars, 'Bad Taste' was about 150,000, 'Meet the Feebles' was about 450,000 and 'Brain Dead' was 1.8 million so it's quite a leap up from the other films, but we had to use actors which cost an enormous amount of money. Puppets were much cheaper!

TC - Have you ever consider moving to the US and filming in Hollywood, or would you prefer to stay in New Zealand?

PJ - I wouldn't got to the United States unless I had a firm offer. I couldn't just go over there and say "Hey guys, here I am in town, give me some work". It would depend on what the script was - if it was one of my scripts, and I needed a lot more money to make, and the opportunity was there in Hollywood, or it was someone else's script that I really liked. I'd like to do it one day just to get the experience. To have a broad experience of film-making you've got to make a film in America, just to find out what it's all about. What I have in New Zealand, and 'Brain Dead' is a direct result of this, is total freedom. The Film Commission never came up and told me what to do, they turned up about once just to have a look, they were there for about an hour looking

around, then they went off again. They never came to the rushes, they basically give me the money, then six months later, I screen the movie for them and it's finished. They can't do anything about it and they don't try to. It's a great way to be - don't care about censorship, don't care what the investors think, don't care about what anyone thinks, I just do my own stuff. If I was in Los Angeles, as you will be fully aware, it would be a very different story. I'd be having to make a film for somebody else, I would be employed by someone to make their movie. They would have authority over what I was doing, and I wouldn't like that situation, I'd find it very hard to deal with.

TC - Had you any problems convincing the Film Commission to give you money for your films?

PJ - The Film Commission didn't give me money for 3 years for 'Bad Taste', they turned me down a lot. And we tried to make 'Brain Dead' in 1989, the Film Commission wouldn't put all the money up then, though the amount of money we were asking for was the same, ultimately, as what they did put up in 1991. No, there's no real problem, see I work on the scripts with other writers - Steven Sinclair and Fran Walsh wrote 'Brain Dead' with me - and we just work on the scripts and make sure that they are of a certain standard. The Film Commission get given a lot of scripts to read, by filmmakers wanting money and they can only afford to finance 3 or 4 a year, so what you've got to do is make sure that your script is one of the three or four best scripts that they're going to read. It really comes down to doing the work on the script and making sure that it's good enough before you give it to them to read.

TC - Had they any problems with the gore?

PJ - They never had much experience of these films before 'Bad Taste'. In New Zealand, over the last 10 or 12 years, there's been fifty or sixty movies made and only about three or four of them have made a profit. 'Bad Taste' was one of them, so they thought "Hey, you put blood and gore in a movie and it can make money for us". And they get money back so they can invest it in someone else's film the next year. so it's a good thing to do. Plus they know the fan reactions round the world, I sometimes give them copies of odd magazines and articles that have been written about the film so they realise that a lot of people round the world like that type of movie. I don't think they'd be quite so keen if they were serious horror movies, like 'Texas Chainsaw Massacre' or something, but my movies are basically comedies, they've a lot of humour in them. The two top people at the Film Commission were in Cannes and they came along to 'Brain Dead', and it was a really good screening, there was a lot of laughing and clapping. They're not going to see any other New Zealand movie which has that sort of reaction at all, so I think they realise that these films aren't so bad.

TC - What have been the things that turned out much



more difficult, and what was easier?

PJ - I was a bit worried about working with actors in 'Brain Dead' for the first time, because I'd never worked with professional actors, but that was easier than I thought. You've just got to basically explain to them what you want to do. 'Brain Dead' was a much easier movie to make from my point than 'Meet The Feebles', which was the hardest thing I've ever done in my life. That was a real nightmare, from beginning to end - it was a very, very difficult film to make in all sorts of ways. We managed to finish it and get it out and I was exhausted by the end of that, and I thought "God, that was like going through hell" so I had a bit of trepidation with 'Brain Dead' because it's a much bigger film in many respects, with more complications. But 'Brain Dead' was very simple, actually, in the end I found it a very easy film to make. It looks very complicated when you see it, but we planned all the effects, it was very thoroughly story-boarded, we had 12 weeks to shoot it and we basically went through on a fairly good schedule. We weren't too rushed most of the time, and it was very straightforward in terms of production. Working with puppets was a nightmare, it was really horrible, very, very difficult, working with actors is much easier.

TC - Have you had any reaction from the Hensons to 'Meet The Feebles'?

PJ - The only thing I heard is that there was a screening in Los Angeles of 'Meet The Feebles', for Universal. I wasn't there, I wasn't even in the country, but Universal wanted to have a look at the film and Lisa Henson - Jim Henson's daughter, she's an executive at Universal - saw it and apparently enjoyed it. She was quite shocked when she saw Kermit nailed on a cross!

TC - 'Brain Dead' is, I think, the goriest movie I've ever seen. Is this the direction you're going to keep going in?

PJ - I'm not going to continue making films like 'Brain Dead' all my life, but on the other hand I don't want to have a career where I leave that kind of film behind and never go back to doing a splatter film. The next film I make will probably be one called 'Heavenly Creatures' it's a true story about a New Zealand murder case that happened in 1954. That's something different as well, it's a psychological drama with a bit of comedy. Then after that, I don't know; one day we might do a 'Bad Taste 2' which I guess would have to be more gory than 'Brain Dead'. You get into a situation where you have to top yourself every time, do better than the film before, and I don't want to spend my life making films that have more gore than the last one, there'd be no end to it. I don't know - maybe I'll never make another film as gory as BD. I don't have a plan. Who knows what's going to happen - you might get married or divorced or go to another country, you just don't know. All I know is that I'm like you guys, I'm a fan of these sorts of movies and I'll probably keep on making them in one form or another.

TC - Do you have any advice for film-makers wanting to follow in your footsteps?

PJ - I just think you should go ahead and do it. If anyone wants to make movies badly enough, and are prepared to sacrifice a lot, then they'll make it. Ultimately, if you want to make movies, a lot of it depends on how much of yourself - or how much money - you're prepared to sacrifice. I did 'Bad Taste' over four years, that took an enormous amount of effort to keep going, and I

spent \$17,000 of my own money. I was working at a job I hated doing, in a newspaper, but I did it because it was paying for my film stock, and paying for my processing, and I spent 17 grand over three years. And anybody can do that. Anybody can keep on going, keep spending their own money, and make a really good movie. If you believe in yourself, you will ultimately make a good film and that will impress people. People are always looking out for new talent, for new young filmmakers. It's not impossible to start making movies if you've never had the experience, everyone's got to make their first movie sometime. So if you have something you made that is of a good enough standard, someone in Los Angeles - John Landis or Joe Dante or Sam Raimi - might look at one of your films and say, "Hey, this guy's great" and give you a call. You just never know what's going to happen so go for it and don't give up, one day it'll pay off.

TC - Any final message?

PJ - I'm very happy that anyone likes the films that I'm making. As I said, I'm just a fan myself, I'm no-one more special, I've just been lucky to be able to make the films. The films that I'm making are very reflective of my sense of humour, and the types of movies that I like watching, and in a sense if I know that there are a lot of other people out there that basically share the same sort of tastes as I do, I'm really pleased. Then I feel I'm not alone in liking these films.



HECKLER & KOCH

H & K MP5K GAN
GUN

Aileen Wuornos (Nick Broomfield) - This documentary, by the man who did 'The Chicken Ranch' and 'Tattooed Tears', is about the woman claimed by the media to be America's first female serial killer, a hitch-hiking hooker who supposedly offed seven clients. Well, actually, it's more to do with the really sick people who're exploiting her and the situation, including her lawyer and foster mother. Movie deals, interview fees, the works, and the documentary slowly warps into something that could be very black satire. When Wuornos herself finally appears, she's about the sanest person we've seen and her 'self-defence' pleas seem horribly plausible - in an estimated 8,000 clients, seven psychos isn't impossible. The film is stomach-churning, hilarious and totally gripping. A perfect documentary, and a must-see when it appears on C4. A+.

Bad Karma and Drill Bit (Alex Chandon) - Coming in on a wave of reviews are a pair of films from London-based Shapeshifter Productions. And hey, they're actually pretty good. 'Bad Karma' scores with a gleefully energetic and imaginative approach cramming in warped idea after warped idea into an end product that's part "Personal Services", part "Evil Dead 2", but is mostly unique (trans-dimensional creatures disguised as crazed Hare Krishnas?). While not all the ideas quite work, bonus points are due for having the gall to try, and the film is certainly miles away from the usual cliches. The story in 'Drillbit' starts off just as imaginatively - an AIDS cure turns people into zombies - but it peters out and becomes a show-case for violence and splatter (spot the TC contributor as a crazed killer!), though as it's an extended show-reel rather than a finished movie, this is to be expected. Technically, both films are certainly as good as many pro-production I've seen, thanks in no small part to some impressive effects. Amateur psychologists may care to ponder the way that Alex's mother ends up dying killed horribly in both films! B+ and C.

C'est Arrive Pres De Chez Vous aka Man Bites Dog (Remy Belvaux/Andre Bonzel/Benoit Poelvoorde) - This ultra-cheap, b&w Belgian film is based around a serial killer (co-director Poelvoorde), followed by a camera team for a '40 Minutes' type documentary about his life and family (played by Poelvoorde's real family, who didn't know what the film was about!). At first, it's a cheery exercise in black humour and sharp editing, with lots of shoulder-cam turning the murders into a psychopathic version of 'Treasure Hunt'. But just as the killer is established as a near-likeable chap, the film crew gets drawn into complicity and the "hero" is gradually revealed as a real sicko, notably in one very nasty sequence that probably beats the "home video" scene

WINNERS

in 'Henry', and is a near-cert for BBFC removal. The movie isn't easy to watch, and it's origins as a short film are occasionally far too clear, but it raises all sorts of questions about the nature of violence, and as debuts go, it's uncomfortably impressive and intelligent. B

Hollywood Scream Queens Hot Tub Party ("Bill Carson") - Michelle Bauer, Monique Gabrielle, Brinke Stevens, and a couple of lesser known names find a variety of reasons to take their clothes off in a near-plotless excuse for gratuitous nudity, mixing movie clips with special footage (see Michelle Bauer lick that chainsaw!). I detect Jim Wynorski and Fred Olen Ray at work, under pseudonyms ("Joseph D'Amato" as dialogue coach??) and it's full of their usual trademarks - such as acting most politely described as 'minimalist'. However, they know the target audience wants T&A and they deliver the pizza with never a dull moment from the time the scream queens put on their lingerie for a seance - as any cinephile knows, seances are **always** conducted so clad. Highly sexist and politically incorrect, so definitely recommended. B

Night on Earth (Jim Jarmusch) - For a film in which, basically, nothing happens, this is surprisingly good. It's a collection of five stories, set in different cities at the same time, all concerning taxi drivers and their passengers. Few have much plot development, most just peter out with no real conclusion. But they are effectively directed, evoking the spirit of the cities effectively, and they're also well acted all round, with nary a duff performance. Definite highlight has to be a manic Roberto Benigni confessing his sins to an unwilling passenger-priest, just ahead of a cutely smudged Winona Ryder as her tale is a little too schmaltzy. Only real complaint is the



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Best Side SWF seeks female to share an
unworthy/iv.../ar... al...

Living with a roommate can be murder.

repetitive approach - it might have been better to have a different director doing each story, maybe Abel Ferrara for New York, or Dario Argento for Rome? B.

The Rapture (Michael Tolkin) - This is possibly the *strangest* film to come out of Hollywood in years and I'm not quite sure what to make of it. Telephone operator Mimi Rogers, disenchanted with a life of depravity, gets religion and heads off into the desert with her daughter, convinced the end of the world is near. I spent most of the film wondering when it was going to slip over into full-blown zealotry, as it's pretty sympathetic to religion (even to Jehovah's Witnesses!). But it stubbornly refused to go, and had my hair standing on end with some effective apocalyptic imagery and a last half-hour of general weirdness. Thought provoking stuff, albeit the thoughts were mostly "Eh?". B-

Romper Stomper (Geoffrey Wright) - Anyone else think 'Reservoir Dogs' was nothing but a rip-off, right from the opening credits of men in suits and dark glasses walking in slo-mo, as seen in a million HK movies? Wish someone had told it's director that "funny psychos" went out with 'Nightmare on Elm Street 4'? Want ultraviolence? Try this Australian movie, an unmoralistic look at a gang of Melbourne skins and their 'relationship' with the local immigrants. Most memorable sequence is a fight/chase around the gang's base, but most of the opening 45 minutes is chilling stuff. Then, as if to demonstrate skinheads are human too, the director throws in a lurve triangle. Big mistake - while perhaps realistic, it's hard to accept and, hell, it was far more enjoyable to see them as monsters! So it finally ends up a maudlin love story/road movie, but (if you'll pardon the pun) a nice stab, nonetheless. C.

Single White Female (Barbet Schroeder) - The key question in this film is not "whodunnit?", which is obvious from the start, nor is it "will she get away with it?", this being mainstream Hollywood fodder. No, the

most gripping thing about this film is trying to decide how many times Jennifer Jason Leigh is going to take her clothes off. I won't spoil the movie by giving away the answer, but suffice to say, it's non-zero. Oh yeah, the plot - psycho flatmate tries to duplicate identity of her co-habitee. Nice 'n' sleazy stuff, though why anyone would choose a computer consultant as a role model beats me... Bridget Fonda doesn't need to act, so doesn't bother, JLL turns in her usual effective psychonaut. File under "lingerie or less". C.

Tale of a Vampire (Shimako Sato) - Financed in Japan, directed by a lady, inspired by an Edgar Allen Poe poem, and oozing Anne Rice-ness - strange in many ways! Julian Sands is the title character, pining for a love lost last century, who finds a replacement working in a dust-filled library, but he's also pursued by a mysterious man with a grudge (Kenneth Cranham). Sands seems born to the role ('Gothic' was good experience, no doubt) and Cranham is a good foil: together, with help from excellent cinematography, they overcome a script with some glaring errors (I doubt many public libraries in London are open till closing time) and the result, on a budget of less than a million pounds, is striking. More 'Daughters of Darkness' than 'The Lost Boys', gore bores will hate it, but if your IQ is less lukewarm you could do a great deal worse. B-

Tiny Toons: How I Spent My Vacation - Fifty years on, Bugs, Daffy, Porky, etc. have grown up, married, moved to the suburbs and had kids. The results are depicted in this weird, surreal and very funny cartoon, which borrows heavily from places most American animated films don't go: 'Texas Chainsaw Massacre' and 'Deliverance' are obvious steals. It's style, a relentless barrage of visual gags, is a straight take from the 40's Warner Brothers stuff, updated to include sharp digs at Disney ('Happyworldland, the happiest place on Earth') and other icons guaranteed to sail over the heads of most kids. Probably the best American cartoon in ages, despite it's Spielbergian roots. Trivia note: co-writer and executive producer Sheri Stoner starred in 'Reform School Girls' as bunny-clutching Lisa (who leaps off a tower after getting her ass branded) and was also the live-action model for Disney's Little Mermaid and Beauty. This may explain a lot... B

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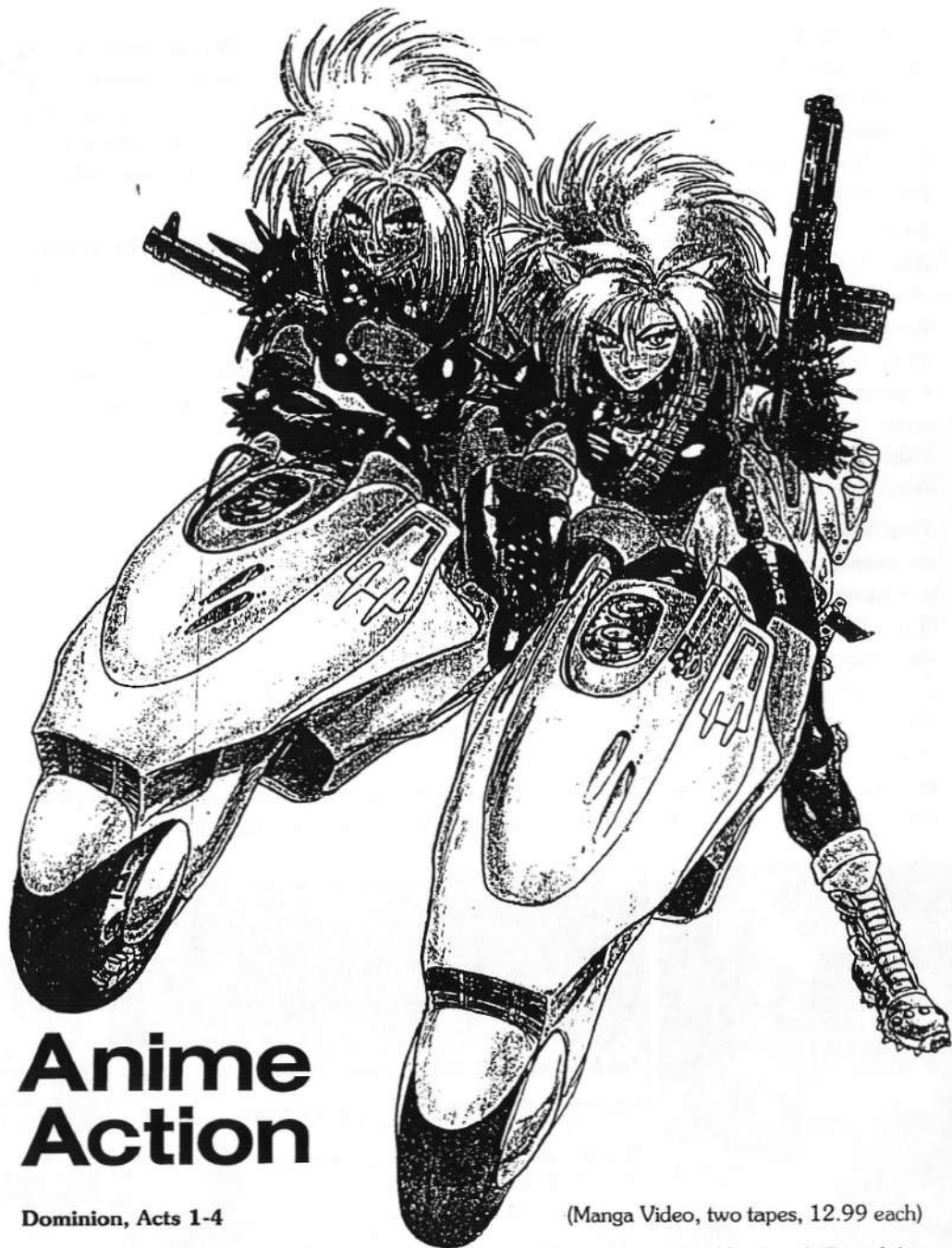
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Anime Action

Dominion, Acts 1-4

(Manga Video, two tapes, 12.99 each)

This Island World release continues certain themes seen in predecessors, 'Akira' and 'Fist of the North Star'. All three are set in the future, following some sort of global catastrophe, and contain healthy helpings of mayhem in one form or another. 'Dominion' probably has more in common with 'Akira' than 'Fist', sharing its urban setting and dark-edge SF style.

Though despite taking place in a world where pollution is so bad that face-masks are vital, 'Dominion' is pure entertainment with few pretensions. Destruction of property, black humour and sex are key features, but it could hardly be played any other way when the police drive tanks, would like to get tactical nukes, and are chasing a trio of criminals consisting of a half-cyborg and a pair of bioengineered cat-bimbos known as the Puma Twins - who in turn are after a batch of urine samples from humans unaffected by the hyper-icky atmosphere.

The tapes are dubbed, rather than subtitled, but it's very well done and 95% of the time you could hardly tell they weren't made in English. However, Island World also replaced the music, and the new soundtrack isn't really suitable, notably during the Puma Twins diversionary strip-show, and is wimpy to the point of being annoying. [This contrasts with their version of 'Project A-ko', where the music was untouched, but the dubbing left a lot to be desired, the three lead characters sounding almost the same. It gets a C, a serious markdown from the A- given to the subbed 'A-ko' in TC12. What a difference a dub makes...].

The second tape is overall slower in pace, albeit only compared to the frenetic pace of the first half, and mostly deals with how cyborg Buaku has to team up with police gal Leoni for their mutual survival. Naturally, there's the obligatory grand finale, which does perhaps leave a few too many loose ends unexplained. However, in the final analysis, both tapes provided me with an entirely acceptable, thoroughly enjoyable, hour of entertainment and are probably the best anime release yet. B+

Odin (Manga Video, 12.99)

The anime fan network is pretty sharp at picking up on good films. Word of mouth ensures that any decent anime will usually rapidly appear in Britain - for example, copies of the 'Silent Mobius' movie appeared here about two weeks after it's Japanese video release. Given this, it says a lot about 'Odin' that, despite it being seven years old, I could find no-one who'd ever seen it before Island World released it.

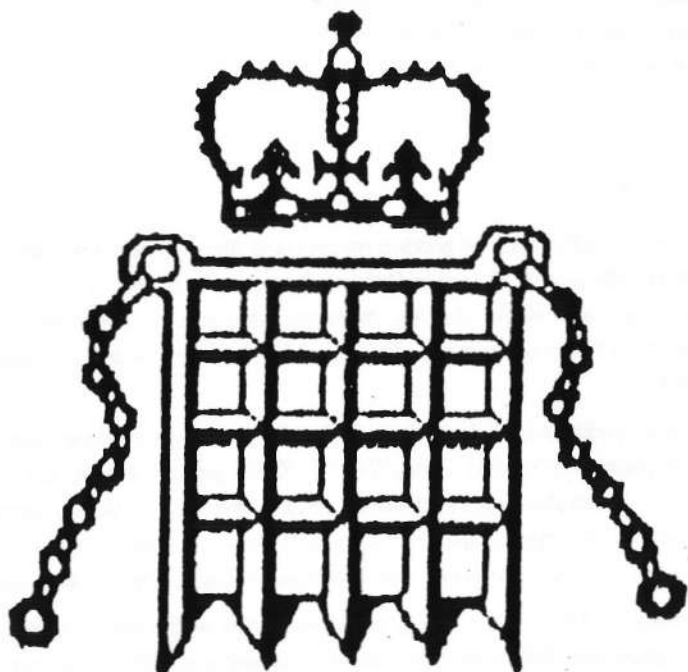
But maybe 'Odin' was an undiscovered classic, a gem that fandom had somehow missed. Well, to quote the great philosophers, Wayne and Garth, "NOT!". 'Odin' gets my vote as the worst anime yet inflicted on us - even 'Fist of the North Star', while shoddily dubbed and poorly animated, at least had a gleefully enthusiastic eye for splatter. 'Odin' lacks even that, being a tired space opera which looks perhaps ten years older than it is, and it was past it's sell-by date to start with.

It starts off on the wrong foot with some dodgy pseudo-scientific waffle about starships powered by light, and rapidly goes downhill when we meet the characters, who all possess Japanese names, but have strong American accents. The storyline singularly failed to capture my interest; the first attempt, I fell asleep after 19 minutes, and even after a rerun, I can't remember much about it. Read the box, if you must - TC has better things to do with the column inches!

It's nice to see Island World demonstrating the breadth of anime. Like films or television, it runs from the excellent to the very poor, and the only possible reason I can think of why they released 'Odin' was as an example of the latter. Avoid, most definitely. E-.

KNOW YOUR ENEMY

THE VIDEO RECORDINGS ACT



"A person who supplies, or offers to supply, a video recording containing a video work in respect of which no certificate has been issued, is guilty of an offence unless

- a) the supply is, or would if it took place be, an exempted supply,
- or b) the video work is an exempted work"

It's just over eight years since Graham Bright's Private Members Bill was swept into law on a wave of tabloid hysteria and public 'concern'. Video cassettes are now the most rigorously controlled medium in this country, with a legal requirement to be vetted and censored before being seen by the public, and the law which made it so is the subject of much wailing and gnashing of teeth by genre fans.

But how many people actually know what it says? Few have ever read it, despite it being quite easy to get hold of a copy. A polite letter to your local Trading Standards Office may well be enough, though fans may be a little worried about sending their name and address to the body responsible for enforcing the law!

When you have your copy, you then have to translate the Act into English. While the booklet Trading Standards sent had explanatory notes at the start, it's still difficult, especially for a non-lawyer like me, to wade through sentences like:

"The supply of a video recording otherwise than for reward, being a supply made for the purpose only of supplying it to a person who previously made an exempted supply of the recording, is also an exempted supply".

So let the reader beware and I accept no responsibility for anything!

Exemptions

As the quote at the head of this article hints, certain exceptions to the law are given in the Act. The legalspeak paragraph quoted above comes from Section 3, 'Exempted Supply', probably the most useful bit as it also lists a number of circumstances where "the supply of a video recording is an exempted supply for the purposes of this Act". Or put another way, how you can circulate uncertificated videos and get away with it.

Briefly summarised, the important ones are as follows:

- i) Providing a record of an occasion to those who took part in it (weddings, school concerts, etc).
- ii) Giving it to someone in the business (time-coded tapes, or for conversion/duplication purposes).
- iii) Supply for use by the BBC, IBA, a cable or satellite company.
- iv) Sending it off for classification.
- v) Training for, or carrying on, any medical or related profession.
- vi) Giving it back after any of the above (the legal speak paragraph!).

and most importantly of all, worth quoting in full

vii) "The supply of a video recording by any person is an exempted supply if it is neither

(a) a supply for reward, nor

(b) a supply in the course or furtherance of a business".

As the accompanying notes say, "A gift of a cassette from one private individual to another is an exempt supply". This would appear to mean that non-profit copying is not an offence, but be slightly wary - if you swap a copy of 'The Exorcist' for one of 'The Texas Chainsaw Massacre', I suspect you'd still be breaking the law, as you're getting a "reward", albeit in the shape of a TCM tape. If the tape is blank, you're probably ok.

I don't think there's a similar "not for reward" get-out in the Obscene Publications Act, so even non-profit copying of the 39 nasties that have been declared obscene will still be illegal.

Some videos are also exempt from certification. Those designed to "inform, educate or instruct", video games, and tapes concerned with sport, religion or music, are all exempt. However, depicting sex, violence or nudity is still out - as the notes put it, in a droll way:

"The Act does not cover such videograms as those which deal innocuously with cookery, golf tuition, orchestral music and the like, but programmes...which might dwell upon the hunting and killing of animals before cookery, nudists playing golf, or an opera involving a prolonged scene of someone's eyes being gouged out would probably not be exempt".

I should mention that as the booklet was written in August 1985, the eye-gouging opera is unlikely to be a veiled reference to Dario Argento's splat-art flick.

Another loophole struck me while playing 'Turtles in Time' on the Super NES, in which you get the nunchaku-wielding Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle in all his un-BBFCed glory. This led me to wonder what the status of computer software is, as with the rapid advancement in storage, it will soon be possible to store an entire movie, sound and pictures, on a floppy disc. Checking in the Video Recordings Act, it defines "video work" as **"any series of visual images (with or without sound) produced electronically by the use of information contained on any disc or magnetic tape and shown as a moving picture"**. This would not appear to cover 'cartridges', such as are used by the consoles; maybe some enterprising company should bring out 'The New York Ripper' for the Game Boy.

Video games are generally exempted in the same way as sport, music, etc, but the same restrictions apply - they may not depict "acts of gross violence". Now, your average computer game - or at least any **decent** one, I exclude those featuring a wimpoid midget mustachioed plumber - leaves more corpses littering the screen than a Schwarzenegger movie. Even in something like 'Prince of Persia', the hero can get sliced in two (with a beautifully sickening crunch) or impaled on spikes - so one wonders when the Trading Standards people are going to start raiding Woolworth's and picking up those copies of 'Tetris'. It might get them off horror fans' backs for a while, but could you handle news reports with screen shots from 'Lemmings', accompanied by a solemn voiceover saying how these are real rodents plunging to their doom?

Offences

The most obvious offence under the Act is supplying uncertificated tapes. However, it is equally much an offence to **offer** to supply them, and even the possession of uncertificated tapes is an

offence, if it's with **intent** to supply them, both subject to the exemptions discussed above. Any of these offences are punishable by a fine, not greater than twenty thousand pounds - ouch - but, unlike the Obscene Publications Act, there is no provision for a jail sentence.

The other offences, each of which might land you with a fine of up to 2,000 pounds, are as follows:

a) Supplying or offering to supply a certified video recording in breach of it's classification (for example, renting an '18' video to someone younger). Again, the 'not for reward' exception applies, so you can lend that copy of 'Bad Taste' to your little nephew!

b) Supplying or offering to supply restricted videos (cert. 18R) on premises either than a licenced sex-shop. I'd not expect many genre fans to fall foul of this one!

c) Supplying or (altogether!) offering to supply (thank you!) a tape without the required labelling as to classification. This is detailed in the Video Recordings (Labelling) Regulations 1985 and is very dull, unless you're keen to know things like the minimum height of the letters (5 mm!).

d) Supplying or etc, etc, a tape which lies about it's certificate, or claims to have one when it doesn't.

It might seem appealing to stick '18' certificates on all your videos, so that you'll be done for offence d) rather than a 20-grand one, but unless you can prove "reasonable grounds" for believing 'The New York Ripper' does have an '18' certificate, you'll just get charged with both!

Overall, the Act seems to be fairer and better worded than I expected. It appears to be targeted, not at the average fan but at professional dealers, and given the number of rip-off merchants in that field, it may not be quite as appalling a piece of legislation as is usually thought...



SOUTHERN GOMORY

THREE PIN PLUGS



TC

[Ed - We would like to apologise for the shocking, amateurish and totally unjustifiable lack of price/order info on some of the following reviews. Lino didn't give me the damn 'zines back!]

Jim sits waiting to unleash a new issue of Trash City; did he really give me a bag full of fanzines to review five months ago? Oh blimey, he did! And have I left it so long that I've only got three pages to review them in? Ok, let's not waste any more time, on with the reviews.

Invasion of the Sad Man-Eating Mushrooms. Issue 5 contains a Lloyd Kaufman interview (this is just the beginning), an overview of Italian zombie movies and, quite surprisingly, an article about John Waters. Also, there's a feature on anime (by Jim "Omnipresent" McLennan). "Mushrooms" is always entertaining (it can ramble, but then don't we all!) and is definitely worth shelling out your hard-earned money on. So there! PO Box 7, Upminster, Essex, RM14 2RH.

Nightfall. Not much to say, really: comic-strip based, issue 4 contains artwork that ranges from very good ('Sirens') to terrible - umm, actually none of the artwork was terrible, but some of the stories did leave something to be desired.

Ooh My Brain Hurts. Daniel Auty & Co return with issue 7 of their photocopied and stapled 'zine. Struggling to escape from their 33-page paper prison are such delights as interviews with Alex Chandon and Jorg Buttgerit, a George Romero retrospective and reviews ranging from 'Cape Fear' to 'El Topo'. All that and it only costs 100p. Blimey, what a bargain. Daniel Auty, 9 Andrew Close, Wokingham, Berks RG11 2HY.

Detroit Graves. Five issues old, but this is the first one I've had thrust at me (missus!). It's the usual mish-mash of reviews, show reports (the tired old Black Sunday) and it's only saving grace, an article on the superb "Married With Children" which my local TV region LWT has see fit to drop (even when it was on, it was very late and only occasionally). I have to get my fix by watching RTL TV to see Al, Peg, Kelly and Bud babble on in Das German [Ed - Here's a good place to mention 'Children of a Far Greater God' the MWC fanzine covering all things Bundyish. Two issues, er, about 1.50 each from Miles Wood, 2nd floor, 221 Ashmore Road, Queens Park, London, W9 3DB] Anyway, I digress. [Me, too!] Detroit Graves is nothing special, and **very** overpriced at £1.50, but who cares what I say!

Mentally Penetrated by an Acid Enema. Issue two, and PMBAAE is cheap in comparison (only £1!), it features an interview with Alex Chandon (hmmm...), comic reviews, a Kiss retro (ahh, those were the days) and a piece on serial killers. There is lots more inside, but I really can't bring myself to write words like coprophilia! Leighton Phillips, 4 James St. Abertillery Gwent NP3 1AA.

Mkultra. Issue 8 is good, even better than the previous seven, if that's possible. It contains article on William Burroughs and Cronenberg, intelligent reviews, but...no articles written by or about me. Apart from the last omission, I can't recommend Mkultra highly enough (if Andrej Karczewski wants to give me any cash, he can reach me through Jim).

Dark Star. Issue 9 features a Lloyd Kaufman interview (gag!), an informative news page, a feature on the Twin Peaks of '93 "Eerie, Indiana" (watch out for it on C4 in March). Nice movie/video review section and an article on anime NOT written by Jim "I'm the everywhere man" McLennan. Lots more besides but slightly overpriced at £1.75 Rob Dyer, 64 Arthur St, Gravesend, Kent, DA11 0PR.

Strange Adventures, Holy Moley, the big Four Oh for SA, this issue features (aargh!) a Lloyd Kaufman interview (I really do wish that fanzines sat on these things instead of printing them all at once thereby making you sick of both Lloyd Kaufman and the fanzine). At least SA tries to be different by including a Troma filmography. Also included are pictures of Kathleen Turner, bundles of reviews (including porn films!!) and a nice comic strip (Captain Cliche...this one will run and run...sic). One of the better 'zines available, but it could benefit from a colour cover [Ed - ah, wouldn't we all!] Tony Lee, 13 Hazely Combe, Arreton, Isle of Wight, PO30 3AJ.

Shock Cinema. From the land of the rising exchange rate, SC reaches issue 4. Includes reviews of fave films from various fanzine bods and...in fact, nothing else BUT reviews, which I must admit I think I liked. Well, who wants yet another feature on Dario Argento [Ed - or Lloyd Kaufman?]

Midnight in Hell. Not really my cup of old rosey lee, MiH is fiction based; now while I like reading the occasional short story in a fanzine, I couldn't get to grips with an entire fanzine filled with fearful fiction (blimey, that's good). Having said that, it all comes down to horses for courses, and MiH contains some cracking stories, my favourite being "Backseat Dreamer". If you're looking for a change from all the Lloyd Kaufman interviews, grab yourself a copy of MiH. George Houston, The Cottage, Smithy Brae, Kilmalcolm, Renfrewshire, PA13 4BN.

Can I just say at this point that I only took on the job of fanzine reviews so I could vent my anger and really slag off some dire pieces of toilet paper. But so far, it's all been reasonably good. Oh, well, such is life.

The Wild Places. AWOOGA, AWOOGA, LOONEY ALERT!!! Well, that's what I thought when I started reading TWP. Well, a fanzine dedicated to UFO's, human possession and the occult, but much as I hate to admit it, the people behind the 'zine take a rational look at the things from which the Sunday Sport has made it's millions, Very intelligently written, but not aimed at your average gorehound [Ed - or even "so not aimed at your average gorehound..."] Kevin McClure, 20 Trembear Road, St Austell, Cornwall PL25 5NY.

Tales From the Cajun Sushi Bar. "Great, super, smashing", to quote Gentleman Jim Bowen. CSB contains enough anime fiction to keep even Jim "I Wish I'd thought of that" McLennan happy for hours. Jim Swallow has taken his love for anime and produced a 'zine even I would read from cover to cover (hang on, I did). Timed perfectly to (hopefully) cash in on the current anime explosion, I really hope that the 'zine sells well and keeps on selling. Jim Swallow, 21 Wadham House, 12 College Close, Edmonton, London N18 2XT.

In the Flesh. Steve C is just like the Duracell Bunny (with less hair). I mean that he just keeps on going, and like a fine wine, gets better and better with each issue [Ed - eh?]. ITF 11 is no

exception: apart from the fact that it has a great picture of me on page 2, Steve's 'zine now benefits from a colour cover and is a serious contender to the grand-daddy of all 'zines, 'Samhain', which in my opinion is looking a bit tired (John, go into hiding, and come back with a new look). There's a full colour "Beyond" poster in the middle of the mag (the poster has always been a bit of a lame idea, but who am I to say!). A Pete Jackson interview (one of the first) and the usual mix of reviews, news and comps. Sorry, but I can't fault it!

Headcheese and Chainsaws/Sludgefeast. Two 'zines for the price of one. Yes, why bother buying two average mags when you can buy this good one. Well, it does suffer slightly from trying to cram too much information into too little space. The issue I read had articles ranging from "Dodgy" dodgy video dealers to comic and book reviews. It's chewy, but crunchy - sorry, that's a Double Decker. I mean, it's two mags, but it's one, check it out, boys, girls and Mr.Uncut. Paul Mallinson, 63 Doncaster Lane, Woodlands, Doncaster, DN6 7QN.

Dementia 13. As with MiH, D13 is a fiction only 'zine, and the stories are neither good nor bad. The only thing that did annoy me were the really awful illustrations that accompany some of the stories. Other than that, if you like MiH, you'll enjoy this one [Ed - the new issue has gone mostly-fiction-with-other-bits, and I'd class it as a successful leap]. Pam Creais, 17 Pinewood Avenue, Sidcup, Kent, DA15 8BB.

Hullabaloo. I'm sorry, but any fanzine with a picture of Yoko Ono on the bloody cover isn't worth the paper it's bloody well photocopied onto. I'm not even going to lower myself by reviewing it. "A load of old toss"...'Lino', 1993.

Film Extremes. Ken (Mr.Ken Pack) Miller and Rick (I've been to New Zealand) Baker team up to bring you the best of Hong Kong horror, action, romance and Western monster movies. FE 1 contains interviews with (my close personal friend) Jorg Buttgerreit, reviews and a natty free flexidisc. Recommended. FE 2 contains more of the same with some great colour stills. My only gripe is that it's slightly overpriced.

Right, that's it. I'll see you all at Film Extremes III, or in Psychotronik Video in Camden.

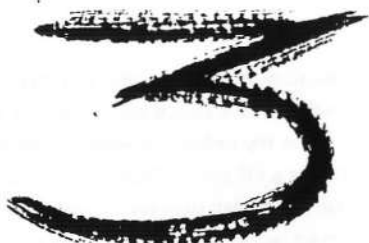
I LOVE YOU ALL! XXX

Thank you, Lino, Mr. Slightly Overpriced. I detected a certain mercenary feel to this issue's column, maybe he's spent all his money on other things. I mean, this is the guy who gets his smut personally delivered. Serious Plutonium Account holder!

Must mention the latest glossies from Tim Greaves, he follows his impressive Yutte 'Lust for a Vampire' Stensgaard mag with another on the same lady, and one on Madeline Smith. Both are full of great pictures and anecdotes. £1.95 each from Tim, 118 High Street, Eastleigh, Hants, SO5 5LR. He's now working on a 'Vampyres' issue, and is looking for any info or material. Finally, a plug for Anime Day 3, a weekend devoted to Japanese animation which is taking place at the Rutland Hotel in Sheffield over the 16th-18th April. £20 for a weekend ticker, £12/day, for the chance to immerse yourself in cuteness/violence/icky things, and spend a lot of money on Dirty Pair dolls. Send an SAE to Anime Day, 14 Cavendish Place, Maltby, Rotherham, S66 7DW.

FILM

Extremes



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Film Extremes and Psychotronic Videos are happy to announce the following film folk as guests for the March 20th bash.....

ROGER DICKEN- The veteran FX man, who has worked on ALIEN and THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT, will be at the show exhibiting some of his creatures!!

GRAHAM HUMPHREYS- The artist responsible for the UK posters for THE EVIL DEAD and A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET will be showing his artwork in an exhibition for the first time!

RICHARD STANLEY- The director of HARDWARE and DUST DEVIL will be giving you the chance to view props from his movies!

STEVE ARCHER- The animator of film monsters from CLASH OF THE TITANS and GATE II will present some rare FX footage of scenes made by Willis (KING KONG) O'Brien!

JOHN BROSINAN and **KIM NEWMAN**- Two of the best genre writers in the UK will be attending the festival.



The event will be taking place at **THE SCALA CINEMA** (Pentonville Road, Kings Cross, London-a couple of minutes walk from Kings Cross Station) on **Saturday 20th March**. Doors open at 11.00 am and the show finishes at 9.00 pm.

To buy your ticket send **£9.00** to Film Extremes 3, PO Box 409, London, SE18 3DW. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to; **FILM EXTREMES**. Tickets bought on the door will cost **£10.00**.

THE STORY OF LINDA aka LINDA (Jack Griffin) -

Katja Bienert, Ursula Fellner, Raquel Evans, Antonio Mayans.

While most films on Sky Movies have been out on video for ages and are Hollywood dross in varying flavours, the odd one does get through - and 'The Story of Linda' can certainly be described as 'odd'. Though shown in "slashed by the BBFC" format, it's not the sort of film you'll find 50 copies of in Blockbuster Video and it is at least **European** dross (which we'd better get used to, as come next year, we can expect lots of it!) and, what's more, dross of a surreally tacky nature.

The film starts with a girl being chased along a beach by two men in a land-rover. They catch her and drag her off into the Rio Amore, a high-class sex club (decor heavily influenced by 'Emmanuelle', all wicker chairs and hammocks). There, for the amusement of the patrons, she is whipped - or at least, I assume so, there's barely an edit in the first 10 minutes where the hand of the ever-vigilant Jim Furman can't be detected. We are introduced to the madame, Sheila, and her lover, whom she found playing piano in a gay bar and who rejoices in the decidedly un-Hispanic name of Ron Medford, despite looking the epitome of a Mediterranean type, right down to the Zapata moustache.

He's currently having a fling with Betsy, the receptionist at the nearby hotel, who is awaiting the arrival of Linda, her convent educated sister. But when Sheila finds out about the Betsy and Ray, she arranges for hotel manager Zorro(!) and his 6 ft plus, bald, psychopathic side-kick to charge Betsy with stealing \$10,000 from the hotel safe. We also learn that Sheila keeps pet scorpions (hint, hint).

Ron gives Betsy money for a plane ticket, but her escape attempt is foiled when she gets into a taxi driven by the same 6 ft plus, bald, psychopathic side-kick who was intimidating her in the previous scene. In mitigation, it has to be said he is now cunningly disguised - or at least, is wearing a hat. Betsy is taken to the brothel to work off her 'debt', and Sheila greets her with "We have a special treatment for calming rebellious girls. It's one that all my customers appreciate as well!"

The next thing we see is a nun, and I briefly wondered whether Sheila's "special treatment" would be a medley of songs from 'The Sound of Music'. However, I'd forgotten convent educated Linda, and in a flash of religiously inspired insight, it becomes crystal clear how the rest of the film is going to turn out. Linda will find her sister missing, try to locate her, end up in the Rio Amore as well, be forced into depravity and corruption, and eventually the pair will escape and live happily ever after.

INCREDIBL

And initially the film runs straight down the expected line. Like all convent schoolgirls in movies, Linda:

a) is cute (though she could shave her armpits better),

b) possesses an interesting selection of lingerie,

c) demonstrates a fondness for lesbian love scenes,

and d) has the ability to go from nought-to-moaning-orgasm in about thirty seconds, though this may be due to Mr. Furman again, more than any inherent skills.

Back in the Rio Amore, we discover that the special treatment is Betsy writhing about inside a plexiglass cube filled to a depth of about three inches with dry ice fumes. Meanwhile, Ron and Sheila make love and there's a close-up of the scorpions (hint, hint).

Arriving at Funchal airport, Linda is waiting for her sister when her bag is stolen. Fortunately, the thief is tripped up by Juan, a passing student, who cheerfully returns the bag, but makes no effort to detain the thief, despite said criminal hanging around for a fair while before mumbling "bastard" and wandering off.

Quicker than you can say "gratuitous travelogue", Juan is giving Linda a tour of Tenerife ("I've never seen anything so beautiful! It looks like paradise!"), which suggests the local tourist board put up half the budget. Juan lives with his sister, or maybe it's sisterS, the script (or at least the dubbing) tends to confusion on this point. And indeed several others - Linda's holiday varies between one and three weeks long as the mood takes her.

Sheila and Ron have sex again - "It's like making love to a scorpion", he says (HINT, HINT!), and in the light of this remark takes things appropriately gingerly, attempting to mount the outside of Sheila's thigh. In the club, one of the punters is talked by Betsy into delivering a note to Ron, but they're overheard by Annie, another of the girls. When the client leaves, Annie follows him and, we can only assume, mugs him, because **she** eventually delivers the note to Ron. They are spotted by the hat-wearing psychopathic thug and a fight ensues. Annie runs off, Ray steals the thug's car - call it a no-score draw.

Linda and Juan find a nudist beach, where to no-one's surprise (except possibly Linda's), they engage in the sort of writhing in the breakers last seen in David Bowie's "China Girl" video (or more accurately, last seen in 'Return to the Blue Lagoon' - er, not, of course, that I actually **saw** that!), even though the beach looks painfully rocky. Betsy is chained up by two other hookers who say "We're going to teach you not to scream, once and for all" before reaching for a plank of wood and...well, we never discover what they do - while it may or may not have been a fate worse

BLY BAD FI

than death, it certainly was worse than the BBFC would allow.

Ron storms in to Sheila's room, slaps her round a bit, but ends up, yes, making love to her. After blow-jobbing him into unconsciousness, she takes her pet scorpions and drops them onto the floor, before returning to the sex, as the creatures scuttle menacingly across the carpet.

However, Annie bursts in, shoots Sheila, and squashes the scorpions before vanishing from the film without saying a word. The viewer can, I think, be pardoned for going "Eh?" at this point, but no explanation at all is offered. It does let Ron free Betsy, and the film ends with them accidentally bumping into Linda, on her way home. Betsy doesn't mention that she's been kidnapped, tortured, forced into prostitution and rescued (she does Hint Darkly, in the 90 seconds they're together before parting again), and Linda doesn't ask the obvious question, "Hey sis, why are you wandering round Tenerife in bloodstained lingerie?". This scene is crucial as it foils the otherwise convincing theory that Linda and Betsy were originally characters in two totally different films, joined in the editing suite to form an incoherent whole.

I've seen better soft-porn. I've seen funnier soft-porn. I've seen sexier soft-porn. But for weirdness, incoherency and jaw-dropping relentlessness - the longest period without some form of sex or nudity is roughly 3 minutes 50 seconds - 'The Story of Linda' is definitely hard to beat.

I've carefully withheld one piece of information, of which I was ignorant when most of the above was written, and which means the whole film suddenly makes sense - or at least helps explain it's nature:

'The Story of Linda' was directed by Jess Franco.

Ta-raaa. Now, the person who recommended 'Linda' to me was unaware, not only of the 'real' director, but also of Franco's reputation as a maker of deeply bizarre crap. But my friend knew 'The Story of Linda' was classic badfilm and having watched it, I heartily concur.

When you know that Jack Griffin is a Franco pseudonym, a lot of things about the film click into place: the nudity, the plot consisting of a series of tenuously linked holes, and the dialogue - I didn't think people said things like "I want to feel you deep inside me", even in badly dubbed foreign schlock movies. All that's missing is a few of his trademark fades-to-black-by-zooming-in-on-the-leading-lady's-pussy.

By anyone else's standards it'd be awful, but for a Franco movie it's ok; at least it doesn't sink beyond "so bad it's good" to "so bad it's unwatchable". While the main emotions provoked in the viewer may be bafflement and annoyance, this is two more than most Jess Franco films generate. I look forward to Sky's Franco season, with showings of 'Ilsa, the Wicked Warden' and 'Faceless'. But I'm NOT holding my breath...

LM SHOW



Alone
Together

'Men!', my travelling companion snorted.

It was her first remark since I had joined her in the train's Ladies Only compartment, boarding, as I had, at a rural halt with a single island platform. I had thought such stations and compartments to have long since vanished from British Rail. There was a sense of travelling in time, as well as in space. Glancing down at my hem, I was almost surprised to see the short skirt in which I'd set out that morning, rather than the floor-sweeping fashion of Edwardian times.

"Men!", she repeated loudly, seeming to demand a response.

"Men?", I asked diffidently.

"Yes - great ugly brutes. Their skin grows a horrible hairy rind. Every day they peel it off with sharp blades, only to have it regrow by night."

I smiled. Her reply, seemed to suppose that I, of all people, didn't know what men were.

"Not all of them", I ventured placidly.

"Not all of what, what?"

"Not all men peel off their hairy rind. Some have beards."

"Tush, child! Do not speak of them! They're the worst... All are rapists... And some are..."

"Are what?"

"It is best that one of your tender years does not know. Indeed, I've already said too much. I should not have mentioned men at all... Not in your hearing, anyway"

"Why not in MY hearing in particular?" I suddenly must have looked more my age with a hint of a frown, since she evidently now intended to take me into her full confidence. She leant forward, as if there were someone else ear-wiggling. The mouth hypnotised me with the way it spoke.

"Men, my dear, are foul-mouthed creatures who do not rightfully belong on Mother Earth." She sat back with a flourish.

I nodded, despite thinking her proposition ludicrous. Being alone together with someone in a corridorless train does carry with it the responsibility of tact and diplomacy.

"Well," she resumed, leaning forward again, "even as recent as Edwardian days, there had only been ladies in the world. Till these aliens came from outer space with their coiled arrangements below their bellies. They brainwashed most of us to believe that they had always been here and that we actually needed them. They called themselves 'men' for short".

The train was drawing into Norwood Junction alongside two platforms which enabled egress from either side of the carriages. A close shave, I thought, as I stumbled from the Ladies Only compartment...into a lady in high fashion gloves who was simultaneously embarking. She was no doubt en route for Victoria Station (my own original destination). I gave her a warning look, my eyes swivelling to that lady in the corner with the strange ideas. The warning went unnoticed, perhaps consciously unheeded, even relished.

As I scoured the timetable for the next train to Victoria (changing my mind half way by looking for the arrival of the next train bound for Brighton), I tugged down my skirt which was trying to ride even higher up my thighs. I was afraid of what it would otherwise reveal.

Those who believe in the concept of 'the gentle sex' should bear in mind that the-most successful serial killer in history was not Henry Lee Lucas, Ted Bundy or any similarly boring wimp. According to the Guinness Book of Records, the all-time champion was Countess Erszbet Bathory, who offed about 650 peasant girls in medieval Rumania. Now, obviously she had an advantage living in an era when the ruling class could do whatever they wanted to the rabble - nowadays, they have to hold an election first (hah! Political satire!) - but it's still impressive evidence that psychosis is not purely masculine.

And mad women have been a common feature of entertainment since very early days. Greek theatre had it's Clytemnestra , wandering the streets, shrieking prophecies and maledictions. Shakespeare has Lady Macbeth and Ophelia, to name but two (I'm using "psycho" here as a generic catch-all, rather than a psychological specific!). But this year, they would seem to be "in". We've already had 'The Hand That Rocks The Cradle' (see below) and Jennifer Jason Leigh - an actress who's made a career out of playing variously unstable characters - as a flatmate from hell in 'Single White Female' and will soon get Drew Barrymore psycho-teening as 'Poison Ivy'.

Most fall into one of four broad groups:

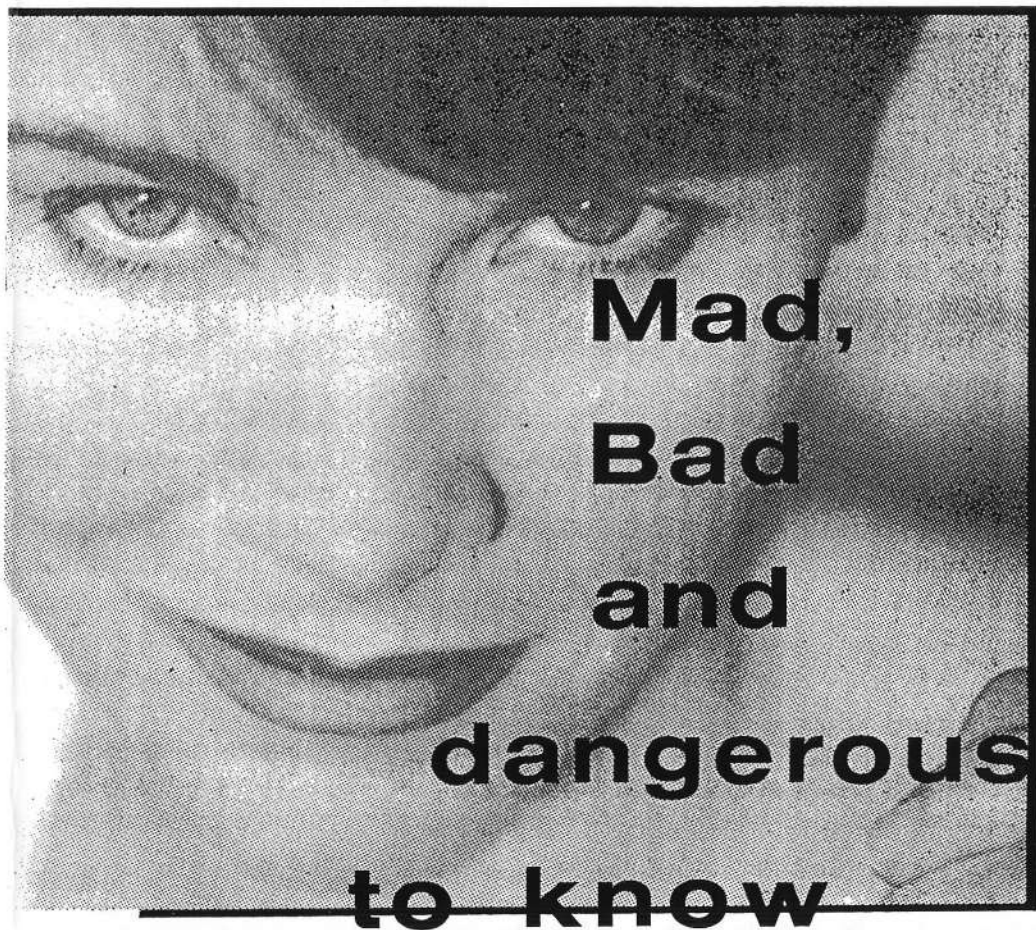
- a) Revengeful
- b) Femme Fatale
- c) Euro-psycho
- d) Supernatural.

though naturally there is an element of overlap. Let's take each of these in turn, and examine a specific example.

The Hand That Rocks The Cradle (Curtis Hanson) - Rebecca de Mornay, Annabella Sciorra.

To some extent, the success of this film could have been predicted. The biggest trend in horror films of recent years has been "body horror": the threat is internal, the threat is YOU. Combine this with the breakdown of moral values (for which Hollywood, according to Dan Quayle, is to blame) and it's a logical step to have the threat coming from within the family, trying to destroy it. That the protagonists are woman should be no surprise either: "female" = "family" as far as Hollywood is concerned. On one level, 'The Hand...' is a predictable affirmation of these traditional values, and fits in entirely with expected patterns. But it escapes from the limitations placed on it, thanks to polished execution all-round.

After ten minutes, the viewer could be forgiven for checking his ticket to make sure they're in the right cinema as it starts off as some sort of medical rape film, as Annabella Sciorra is assaulted by her doctor during a gynaecological examination. Following this disconcerting start, all becomes clear after she goes public with the case: the doctor commits suicide and his wife (Rebecca de Mornay) has a miscarriage. Several months later, said wife turns up on Sciorra and hubby's doorstep, surely the perfect nanny for the newborn child...



De Mornay wants the child very badly, to replace the one she lost, and sets about systematically wrecking the family, turning husband and daughter against mother, and getting rid of anyone she perceives as a threat, in a spectacular display of perverse cunning that had me grinning at every turn of the screw. It's neatly constructed, and suitably twisty, though you can spot the plot devices as they appear - a set of wind-chimes here, an asthma inhaler there - for ticking off as they're used later, and at the end it does degenerate into something a little too familiar to 'Friday the 13th' fans. Still, it's substantially better than any of that series - Rebecca de Mornay and Anthony Hopkins would make a fine couple! B.

The Fourth Man (Paul Verhoeven) - Jeroen Krabbe, Renee Soutendijk.

In the wake of all the fuss surrounding 'Basic Instinct', now seems a good time to mention Paul Verhoeven's earlier shocker, about a writer (Krabbe) who has an affair with a thrice-widowed lady

(Soutendijk), only to discover she might have killed all of her previous husbands. Those protesting about the portrayal of homosexuals in 'Basic Instinct' should maybe have seen this film before whining, as it does show Verhoeven is no homophobe.

The film has a lot of parallels with his latest work: both films have blond, literary females, who may or may not be psychopaths - in neither film is it ever made 100% clear whether it's just masculine paranoia. A non-heterosexual love triangle is a significant element of both and neither movie has a truly heroic figure, with both Douglas and Krabbe, scheming creatures not all that far away from psychosis either. Both films also have significantly pleasant helpings of sex and violence.

Where 'The Fourth Man' scores over 'Basic Instinct' is its cross-genre delivery. It's not only a thriller, but a love story, a religious parable, a dissertation on the nature of reality, and has the one of the all-time best dream sequences I've ever seen in the cinema. Aided by a pair of performances that are virtually perfect (tho' less so in the dubbed video version than at the cinema), while this may or may not be more enjoyable than Verhoeven's work since coming to Hollywood, it's undoubtedly more *interesting*.

Renee Soutendijk was most recently seen in 'Eve of Destruction', as a psychopathic robot (if a robot can be thus described, having no psyche to go pathic about). Some things never change. A+.

Dial: Help (Ruggero Deodato) - Charlotte Lewis

A general rule of thumb in continental movies is that the prettier the actress, the looser her grip on sanity - if this has any basis in reality, it's worth remembering the next time you contemplate a holiday romance. In any case, Euro-psychos form a distinct sub-class: the classic example is Beatrice Dalle in 'Betty Blue', a nose ahead of Isabelle Adjani, whose career almost seems to be based on psychopathy, and there's barely an actress in France who hasn't been warped at some point.

While the French generally concentrate on femme fatales, with a healthy dose of revenge, the Italians, probably thanks to the influence of Dario Argento and his crew, seem to prefer the supernatural aspects as this sub-genre allows the director to almost completely dispense with the plot, in favour of scriptural hand-waving about "the occult". Only the Italians could possibly make a film about killer phones, such as "Dial: Help".

Jenny (Charlotte Lewis) is a model, who dials a wrong number and somehow - handwave, handwave - taps into a source of energy, which (understandably) decides to fancy her. It starts offing anyone it perceives as a threat or who is nasty to Jenny (I'm not sure which category her goldfish, who also get it, fall into) in a variety of interesting ways, most notably the mugger shot by high-velocity coins fired from the reject slot of a coin box.

Very little of this film makes any sense at all, yet the whole thing is really quite enjoyable. The improvement over the annoying plotlessness of Argento is that once you accept the premise - admittedly silly - of an intelligent, insane telephone number, the rest of the film is plausible, at least

by comparison. Argento piles idiocy upon idiocy until even my disbelief can no longer be suspended.

As for the female psycho, Charlotte Lewis starts off okay, but by the end is seriously cracking up. The final proof of this is her decision to dress up in stockings, suspenders and a black basque, purely to roll around in the bath for five minutes. While this casts doubts on her character's sanity, it proves that director Deodato knows how many beans make five. The entire scene is completely gratuitous, adds nothing to the story, and is quite, quite wonderful. B+.

Dracula's Widow (Christopher Coppola) - Sylvia Kristel, Lennie van Dohlen

Equal opportunities in the occult are a variable kinda thing. In certain fields, such as werewolves, men have the field almost to themselves - the most notable exception being Sybil Danning in 'The Howling 2' - maybe because hairy palms are not considered aesthetically appealing. On the other hand, the "possessed teen" genre has been mostly a girls' domain; Regan, Carrie, Mary Lou and their kin. Somewhere in the middle stands the vampire, currently undergoing something of a renaissance thanks to Gary Oldman's appearance as Dracula. But it was not the first Coppola version of the story, although "Dracula's Widow" is certainly not Francis Ford in action.

Not all female vampires can be classed as obviously insane - Delphine Seyrig, in 'Daughters of Darkness' is as cool and collected an individual as you could see - but drinking human blood is not normal behaviour by most standards (except in certain parts of the West of Scotland...). And when combined with scenery-chewing, such as we see Sylvia Kristel doing here, we're definitely deep into the zone of the 'differently sane'.



She arrives in America enclosed in a crate sent to the Hollywood House of Wax, A run-down establishment operated by Lennie van Dohlen and his girlfriend. Kristel chomps her way through various members of the community and turns Van Dohlen into her accomplice as she seeks a somewhat belated revenge on Van Helsing. He'd offed her husband back in Transylvania a century ago, so isn't about but any descendant of his will do. He, meanwhile, starts to view his girl-friend, less as a sex object, and more as lunch.

The film seems uncertain whether it's tongue-in-cheek or not; some elements are definitely parody-ish, while others seem intended to be taken seriously, and the whole thing looks seriously patchwork as a result. This uncertainty extends to the era - could be anytime from the 40's on. Try turning the colour off and viewing it in b&w, as this enhances the faux-noir feel, though you do lose the icky bits.

Still, van Dohlen's performance is engagingly loopy, reminiscent of a young Anthony Perkins and Sylvia Kristel - remarkably, keeping her clothes on with unusual decorum - manages to be convincingly European, though I imagine actually being European is something of an advantage. Overall, as TVM's go, it's an amiable way to pass ninety minutes and it's several steps above Stuart Gordon's very disappointing 'Daughter of Darkness'. C-.

It probably sums up much of the difference between Italy and Britain that, in the recent general elections, candidates here

included a terminally wet Olympic champion and a TV presenter whose jumpers are more interesting than he is, while Italy not only had Mussolini's granddaughter (fascist, but cute!), but also a serious challenge from the twin queens of Italian pornography, Ilona Staller (aka La Cicciolina) and Moana Pozzi.



Cicciolina was born in Budapest, the daughter of an official in the Ministry of the Interior and a midwife. Even in her teenage days, she was already a model with Hungary's top agency, but her course towards international stardom really took off when she moved to Italy. There, she became host of a talk show called 'Radio Luna', which caused a national scandal with its "frank" approach, though this was nothing compared to her TV appearance in 1978, when her breasts became the first (of many) to be seen bared on Italian TV.

It was the following year that she entered politics, and her fame spread outside Italy, thanks to the international coverage of her campaigns, and her habit of pulling a crowd by shrugging herself out of whatever strapless dress she happened to be barely wearing. In a turn-up that warmed the hearts of all those who view politics as hell, she was elected the election before last, and the next time I saw her was on Jonathan Ross's show, complete with an interpreter and a soft toy, repeating the dress-shrugging trick on national TV.

Odd corners of the British media have reported on Ilona's progress since, but the stories were never the same twice. She went to the event marking the departure of the first (or was it the last?) Russian tanks from Hungary (Czechoslovakia?), and released a symbolic bird (of some species or other). About the only fact the accounts gleefully agreed on, was that a tank rapidly reduced the creature to a feathered, bloody pancake. It all adds to the myth that is Cicciolina, a myth that has

seen her barred from the States as "undesirable", the subject of a top 30 record in Britain - I treasure the memory of several hundred PWEI fans sweeping onto a Northern Line train, chanting 'Cicciolina, Cicciolina, C-C-C-Cicciolina' - and the centre of an enormous industry in Italy: books, comics and magazines, from the explicit to, well, the even more explicit.

Then there was her relationship with pop artist Jeff Koons - double life-size sculptures of him and Cicciolina making love (Koons' "blue period"?), flanked by enormous photographic studies of the pair, were exhibited at such illustrious shows as the Venice Biennale. The couple married and claimed - life imitating art imitating life - to make love seven times a day, interspersed with breaks to watch 'Bambi'. But Jeff wanted her to give up the more public expressions of her sexuality (such as the bits involving pythons), and Ilona was having none of it: "Cicciolina belongs to the nation", she declared. So, amid a frenzied blast of media hype, it all ended. Or did it? They were breaking up. Then they'd got back together. Then they were splitting again. Then they were trying for a baby, and lo, she was pregnant. Then she wasn't.

Moana Pozzi is the lesser known of the two, at least internationally, but she was given the lead position on the Partito dell' Amore ('Party of Love') ticket after Cicciolina's on-off marriage and pregnancy initially ruled her out. Moana was born in Genoa in 1960, the daughter of a nuclear physicist, from a well-off, Catholic family - at least reputedly, as biographical details for both her and Cicciolina are seen through a haze of disinformation. But they're not really important!

Like Cicciolina, she possesses a charisma capable of charming support out of the most unlikely places, including Umberto Eco, author of 'The Name of the Rose', and also a reporter from a respectable British Sunday paper, who found her "pleasant, amusing, articulate and highly intelligent", none of which are traits normally associated with the porn industry. In addition, she is also undeniably cute, an improvement on Ms. Staller whom no-one could really describe as a classic beauty.

"People are looking at us, to start with I am sure, because our approach is different and stimulating, and then they get interested because they like what we have to say", said Moana, and her campaign meetings certainly sound more interesting than Neil Kinnock or John Major sitting behind a desk, wittering on about interest rates. "I sing a little bit, then I do a strip and an erotic dance...then I address the audience, I talk politics. I take a question-and-answer session and promote the party ...The audiences love it, we can never get enough of them in through the door". Should someone at the Beeb decide, in a moment of madness, to screen this sort of thing, I imagine it would get far better ratings than any British party conference.

Unfortunately, neither candidate made it to parliament in the election earlier this year. Though this might have seemed wise given the current state of the Italian economy, one wonders what might have happened - perhaps the Lira wouldn't have nose-dived, maybe the country's credit rating wouldn't have been slashed, had Moana 'n' Ilona been there. Sex-as-political-statement may have last been popular in the 60's, but whether in parliament or out of it, Staller and Pozzi are doing their damndest to keep the Summer of Love alive - and their way is far more fun than anything involving wimpy designer drugs and crap haircuts!

Moana Pozzi filmography:

* = porn + = with Cicciolina

1981 La Compagna di Viaggio

I Miracoloni

Delitto Carnale

(soft-core version of a porn movie)

Valentina Ragazza in Calore *

Erotic Flash *

aka Erotica Flasha

Viva La Foca

Moana La Pantera Blonda

(soft-core, porn added later)

1982 Borotalco

Vieni Avanti Cretino

1983 La Vita Continua

Vacanze di Natale

1984 Dagobert

A Tu Per Tu

1985 Ginger E Fred (Fellini!)

Doppio Misto

I Pompieri

1986 Fantastica Moana *

1987 Moana, La Bella Di Giorno *

Moana La Scandalosa *

1988 Provocazione

Diva Futura L'Avventura Nell'Amore +

(and directed by C.)

Una Calda Femina Da Letto *

1989 Ecstasy

Super Vogliose Di Maschi * +

Senza Respiro * +

(porn footage collection)

Inside Napoli *

Vogliose Ed Insaziabili Per Stalloni

Superdotati * +

I Vizi Transessuali di Moana *

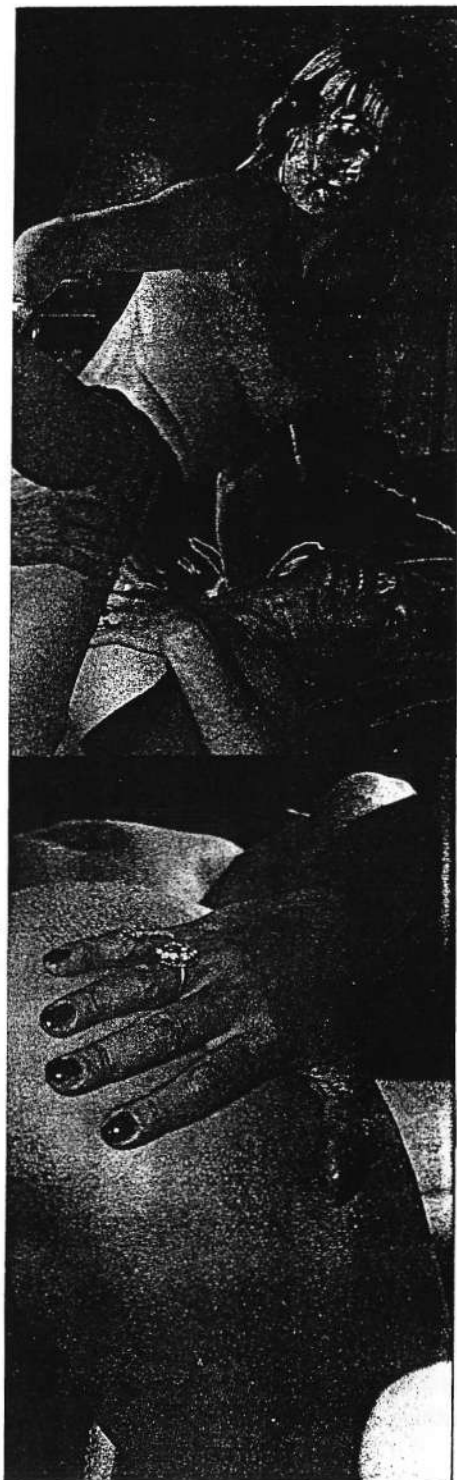
Moana, I; Trans E La Tettona *

1990 Cicciolina E Moana Ai Mondiali * +

Le Calde Labbra Bagnate Di Moana *

Malibu Gorilla *

La Casa Del Piacere *





1991

Moana L'Insaziabile *
Le Donne Di Mandingo * +
Tutte Le Provocazione Di Moana *
La Professoressa Di Leziona Anali *
Sole E Sesso A Malibu *
Una Signora Per Bene *
Sotto Il Vestito Nienti *
Buco Profondo *



This filmog should be pretty complete and correct. The only problem is that a bunch of movie have been released for selling in news-stands, and often titles are created just to fool people who get an old movie under a new title. Also available are soft version of her porn movies and compilations of sex scenes mixed with those of other Italian porn stars such as Cicciolina, Miss Pomodoro, Lilli Carati, Karine Schubert, etc.

Max Della Mora



Bedtime Stories (A. Van Dike & J.Matheus)

(MIA, £9.79)

Ilona Staller, Patricia Basso, Giancarlo Marinangeli

It's kinda surprising it's taken so long for anyone to attempt to release any of Cicciolina's movies in this country. Although some of her films were available before she became famous i.e. Yellow Emmanuelle, there's only one currently available - by coincidence, it was released as the above piece was being researched, so it seemed like a good idea to review it!

Accompanied by some of the worst music I've heard - ever, anywhere - it has Cicciolina as a talk show host with the radio equivalent of an 0898 service. One of her listeners, Ricky, meets her and, in the words of the blurb, "they embark on a series of sensual, erotic adventures in an attempt to work out what really turns them on". Or, put another way. See Cicciolina rolling in mud. See Cicciolina walking mostly naked through Rome. See Cicciolina sing. Apologies if this review is beginning to sound like a Dick and Jane reader.

The film doesn't actually look that cut, though it has an annoying tendency for scenes to end just as they get interesting. I assume it was originally created as soft-core, and appears to be spliced together footage from different movies (and different eras, as Cicciolina's "look" jumps wildly about), with linking scenes to give the semblance of a plot. But the absence of much coherent narrative works in it's favour, giving it a dreamlike quality, and it has some amusing moments, for example the population's reaction to her Rome walk, and an inventive use of marmalade.

Pity the release is rather shoddy, managing to mis-spell her name, both on the box and in the credits. The sound quality is bad enough to make the dialogue frequently inaudible and the pan-and-scanning is annoying, though I suppose letterboxed Ilona Staller would be too much to hope for! Still, what with the additional novelty in the concept of an English language Cicciolina film, it kept me interested for 84 minutes and somewhat against my will, I found myself actually liking this Europorn version of 'Pump Up the Volume'. C+.

STRANGE DEVE

Jeff Koons & others. Anthony d'Offay gallery -October 1992.

Modern art is, to a large extent, an area of minimal interest to me. Splodges of paint, concrete blocks and the pretentious ramblings of art critics are not my cup of tea, perhaps because I prefer an aesthetic beauty sadly lacking from much modern art, most of which is about as pleasing to the eye as a mis-inserted contact lens.

However, the prospect of seeing some of Jeff Koons' work was sufficient to drag me, dressed in a suit and tie to make it clear I was a connoisseur rather than a perv, into a gallery just off New Bond Street. Embarrassment meant I had to endure the rest of the exhibition first, but this did let me play 'pin-the-bollocks-on-the-artwork', trying to match the hyperbole of the press release to the actual pieces. That showroom dummy with added genitalia, has it "plunged beneath the surface to explore the demons of sexual abuse and erotic nightmares that underlie the foundations of a contemporary woman's self identity"? Or maybe it "reflects the strange combination of eroticism, self-degradation (sic) and everyday practicality that can infuse even the most ordinary episode of housework".

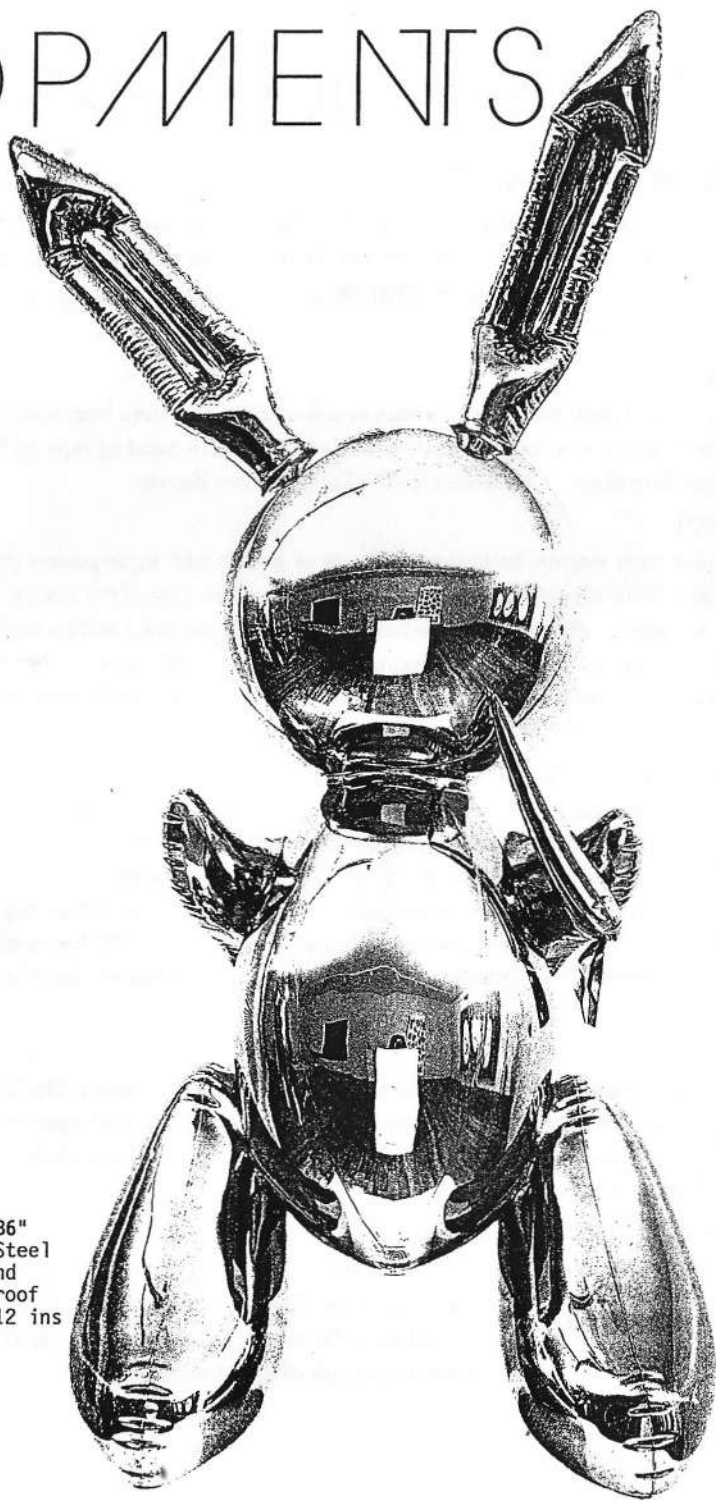
About the only piece of any appeal at all was a 3D paper-and-ink figure of a woman hanging herself, suspended from the ceiling. It did at least have a nice "let's throw ourselves in the abyss" sort of quality, and looked as if someone had spent more than five minutes creating it, though I confess having to resist a temptation to look up the figure's skirt.

Then, literally in the final corner, I saw two very large - maybe eight foot by ten - photographic quality screenprints of Koons and Cicciolina. Had they appeared in a magazine rather than hanging on a gallery wall, both would have been pounced upon with glee by the Obscene Publications Squad, One was entitled 'Jeff on Top, Pulling Out', the other 'Butt Red'. Neither really require much more elaboration, except perhaps that the latter had Cicciolina in a fetching set of lacy red lingerie.

But is anal sex art? Personally, I have doubts. Porn works on a personal level, not as an object of artistic veneration, and displayed, shorn of context in a gallery (rather than a bedroom?), it loses much of whatever power it might otherwise have had. Definitely Schwing Factor Zero.

To a certain degree, Jeff Koons can be accused of exploiting Cicciolina; few people had heard of him before his relationship with her began. And who is the real pop artist? Koons' work starts at 65 grand, while Cicciolina's "art" is available - at least, in more civilized countries than this one - for a few quid. But it does have one positive feature; after you've been confronted by eighty square foot of Italian MP getting screwed up the ass, it makes the fuss over Madonna's book (Zzzzz...) seem pretty small beer!

LOPMENTS



"Rabbit 1986"
Stainless Steel
Edn of 3 and
artist's proof
41 x 19 x 12 ins

SAN FOTURO CHRONICLES...

THE VERTIGINOUS ABYSS

It's an odd feeling, there I've been getting the "best" half dozen (subjectively speaking) DC titles and thus showing refined "taste". So wadda they go and do ??? Go and give those titles their own imprint thaz what. Now I just get (nearly) all the **VERTIGO** titles... pah!! Ah well, at least I should do them some justice and mention them here...

ANIMAL MAN

Once a superhero, then he died, then he came back as a demon-type creature from a stegosaurus egg, then he was born again as a human. Now his wife's in New York avoiding rape and getting pulled in as a hooker. Errmmmm... I guess we aren't in Toto anymore Kansas.

DOOM PATROL

Wow. This one has a really original basic theme. Group of people with super-powers go round defeating the bad guys. Well, it's actually a tad more original than that. One of the team is "Danny the Street", who's a... errrm... street. The group base themselves on the street and try to do good. Things don't work out quite as they should though, as most of the "team" seem to be psycho's. Recently the head of the group died, after killing one of the main characters. Something weird I guess, but a little too superhero for my liking.

DEATH: THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

Ahhh... this is more like it. Less of the superheroes and more of the cute-if-blackly-dressed babes in skimpy tops. However, this babe (Didi) is really the personification of death. Once a century, she gets to spend a day on Earth mingling with the mortals without taking life... and this is what this three issue mini-series is about. Only one more issue to go, but it's good stuff so buy it. P.S. as a follow-up tale to the TC cover someone had tattooed a while back... TC has a scoop on getting people to have secret Death tattoos... Honest, it's not our fault that we know a load of weirdos.

SANDMAN

What is there to say that hasn't already been said a thousand times... How about "Don't buy the current story-line 'cos the artworks crap" ? Next issue may actually have an artist again instead of someone who does a wonderful impression of a 5 year-old with a crayon, so have a look as it may be back to the good old days.

SANDMAN MYSTERY THEATRE

Gosh! What now ? A **new** title ? Well, yes **actually**. In fact it's sort of as return to the olden days of "Golden Age" Sandman - before he went all creepy and Endless, when he was just a bloke in funny clothes that was into spraying stuff at bad guys. So far, so bad. Now for the good news... It's written by Matt Wagner, and seems to have a huge lack of superheroes! Yippee!

SHADE - THE CHANGING (W)OMAN

Well, there was this alien called Shade, then he changed into a woman (growing bits & losing bits & all that), then he realized he was dead, and so tried to recreate himself, this didn't work, so he went away and came back in the head of an empty body that was wandering around a lunatic asylum. Meanwhile, his girlfriend had shacked up with one of her (girl) friends and was staying in a nearby hotel. The girlfriend got captured by a psychopath who uses pain to get into his "garden" and Shade's giving his girlfriend's friend a quicky. Errmmm... but that's not quite what's going on or summat. Maybe the next issue will explain it (and maybe I ought to have the comics I'm "reviewing" on hand so I know what I'm waffling about).

ENIGMA

Another new title! Tada! This one's an eight issue mini-series. Weird art and a weird plot. It's got something to do with a superhero known as the Enigma (very appropriate considering how enigmatic he's been in the first two issues!) and a chap who goes around with a straw sucking peoples brains out through their noses. The chap with the straw is somehow related to a cute little lizard that people keep finding... but bugged if I know what's going on. Not that I'm thinking of giving it up... there's only six more issues, and it can't get more confusing.

JOHN CONSTANTINE - HELLBLAZER

So, he's defeated lung cancer & demons at a stroke, he's shacked up with an Irish bird, and now he's getting up the nose of a bunch of National Front types who have plans for the archangel Gabriel. Signs of a return to good old-fashioned blood & guts horror for JC here. I'm actually quite looking forward to the next issue of this at the moment.. we'll just have to see how it develops.

SWAMP THING

You've heard it all before, so I won't waste time & space on it here. Suck it & see, it may be just your thang.

That's it... well, that's the titles that are currently in the **VERTIGO** line-up. They're all that bit off the wall, and they're all worth a look. The only thing that I find myself wondering is just how will they decide which titles are **VERTIGO** worthy, and which are just plain old DC? The obvious things are that the current **VERTIGO** titles are vaguely outside the standard "DC Universe" - not many of the characters have much by way of cross-overs (well, excluding John Constantine, but he generally just pops up in Swamp Thing anyway), and the few occasions that the standard DC characters have popped in it's been a pretty blatant ploy to boost sales. Hopefully those cross-overs will now be a thing of the past... hopefully. Let's wait and see.

BACK TO THE (SUR)REAL WORLD...

SPAWN

Tod McFarlane has finally called in the heavy mob to write for him. Not that Spawn necessarily needed much assistance, but it'll be interesting to see what happens. The up-coming special guest writers are... Alan Moore (for issue 8 - out now!); Neil Gaiman (9); Dave Sim (10); and Frank Miller (11). Each of these issues will also have a "poster" by someone-or-other... actually just a glossy centre-spread (roughly A4 size), but I'm sure someone'll be overjoyed at their presence.

TWISTED IMAGE - LOOMPANICS COLLECTION

Good selection of Ace Backwards' strips. Including quite a lot of **funny** ones. Includes some of his more "underground" (i.e. crude lewd and generally rude... but still funny) work. Well worth a look, but the chances of spotting it around are low. Then again, I spotted it so why shouldn't you!

ENCHANTER

This is finally coming out in full after having been abandoned by Eclipse after 3 issues. The basic story-line is pretty standard fantasy stuff - elves and a big bad evil critter and all that. However, the artwork is good, and the story showed promise in it's initial issues. Hopefully it'll get to finish this time!

DECROSCOPE

Oooh... this is fun, innit ? Brian Lumley original story about Vampires & psychic powers and drowned women. I haven't read any of the books, and don't think I'd really like to - but the comic definitely works... or so I reckon.

SAP TUNES.

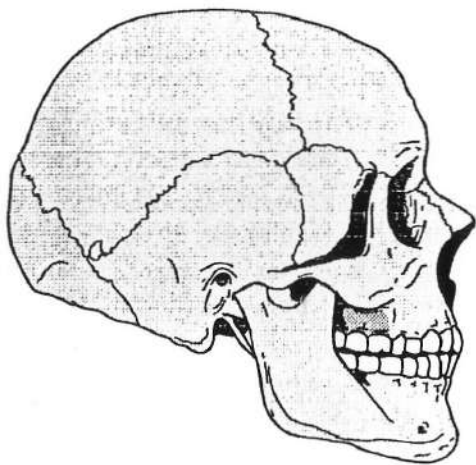
Cool shit. Just a couple of weird black and white tales per issue with cool art & a load of style! Probably completely unsuitable for TC readers...

REN & STIMPY

As raved about by Jim, and now in their own comeek book... The weird humour of Krisfaluci lives on, even if the animated version has had his plug pulled... and the comic has a completely different author! The comic keeps faith with the original series - Powdered Toast Man, the Space Yak and Muddy Mudskipper Meals all feature and it's even got adverts for Log in it. What more can we ask. Happy, happy, joy, joy!

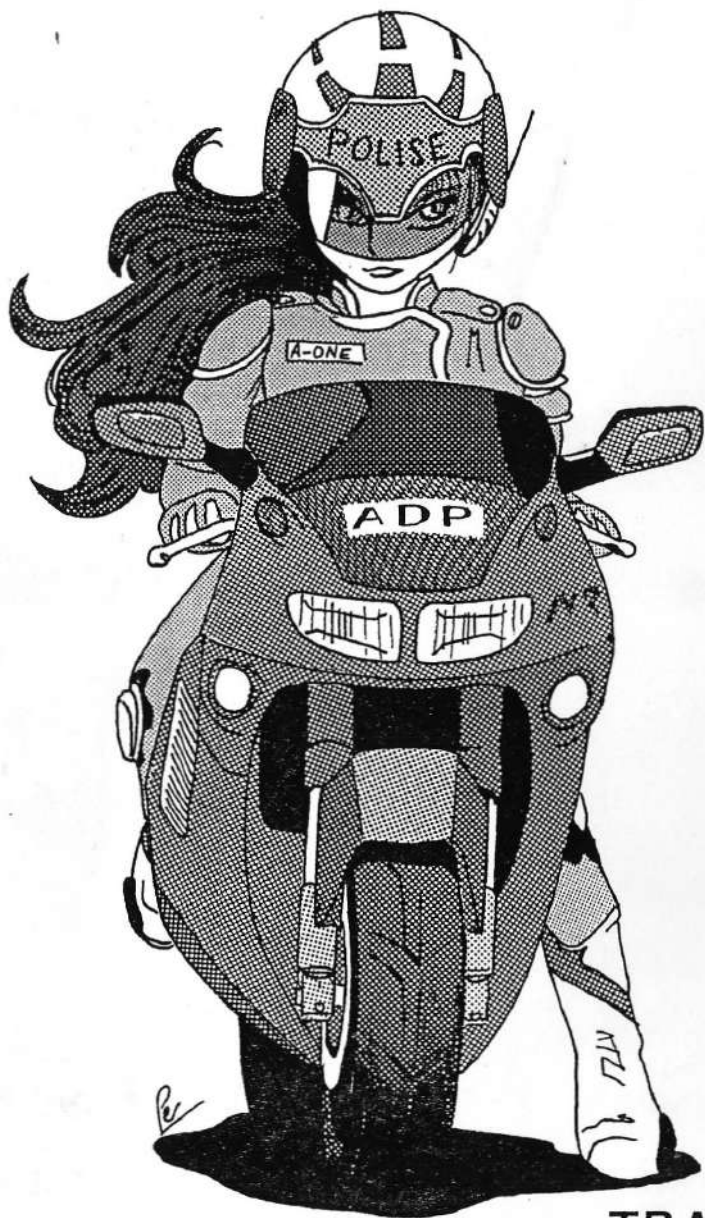
FAUST - THE MOVIE

Errm... this is more Jim's area... apparently Stuart "Reanimator" Gordon is looking at making a movie out of the sickest, most violent comic-book of the past few years. Ahhhh... what a blissful idea... However, if the comics can't get through Customs, what's the chance of the film not getting chopped to shreds by the BBFC. Faust vs. the BBFC, maybe that'd make a good sequel... hehehehehehe...



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LEFT NEARLY BLANK**





TRASH CITY

It was impossible to think of anything for this issue's subscribers-only freebie that would out-do last issue's little exercise in gratuitous nudity, so in addition to the Cicciolina postcard, there's an extra freebie in the shape of this 'It Must Be True' supplement.

Some explanation of the source may be necessary. In our office, we have a feed from the Reuters news agency: this is used by our computers to get foreign exchange rates, but there's a lot of other information available; everything from sumo wrestling results to weather forecasts. It's a bit like Ceefax or Oracle. One of the facilities is news reports - call up page NEW1, and you'll get something that might look like this:

1004 REUTER WORLD HEADLINES	NEW1
MORE HEADLINES - NEW2	
0921 DRAFT CONFERENCE PAPER CALLS FOR MAJOR NEW UN MOVE	YIZD
0910 SOUTH AFRICA RETIRES 13 POLICE GENERALS	YIZC
0906 CORRECTED TO -IRAQ VOWS TO RESIST	YJOW
0848 CHIRAC CALLS FOR FRENCH YES TO MAASTRICHT TREATY	YJOT
0838 IRAQ SAYS NO COMBAT FLIGHT MISSION UNLESS ATTACKED	YJOR
0800 ARMENIA, AZERBAIJAN START PEACE TALKS IN ALMA-ATA	YJOM
0744 ENVOY SAYS RUSSIA WANTS TO KEEP VIETNAM BASE	YJOK
0736 HK GOVERNOR TO VISIT CHINA FOR FIRST TIME IN OCT	YJOC
-----POLITICAL NEWS ANALYSIS - RMPG-----	

However, what this doesn't tell you is that hidden away, in some of the pages between those listed, are the small-but-beautifully-marked items, far more interesting than the latest troubles in Bosnia...

So, in the wee small hours of the morning, when no-one's about, I've set the computer up to automatically trawl the uncharted depths of the Reuters pages, and produce a list of all the headlines. The next morning, when I came in, I'd examine the list and pull out the stories that looked cool, weird, or just interesting. The best of these are reprinted in the pages that follow, divided roughly into the following sections:

Page 2 - Our Animal Friends
3-5 - Law and Disorder
6 - Sex...
7 - ...Violence
8 - The just damn strange!

If you enjoy them, let me know and this may become a regular feature. Incredibly ultra-cute it maybe isn't, but on the other hand, it's a lot less embarrassing to read on the train...!

THE ONES THAT GOT AWAY

Although the computer grabs the headlines every day, at weekends and bank holidays I'm not there, so sometimes intriguing sounding stories vanish before I can capture full details. Here are a few I regret having missed:

NUDITY EXPOSES GERMANY'S MORAL DIVIDE
RELIGIOUS FREEDOM STOPS AT VIRGIN SACRIFICES
SCANTILY-CLAD GIRLS TAKE TO THE WILD
BRING OUT YOUR DEAD - THEY HAVE TO VOTE
U.S. PILOTS ARRESTED FOR ABUSING DUMMY COP
BURMESE TROOPS TAKE ELEPHANTS HOSTAGE
COLD-HEARTED BURGLAR IN BUDGIE BANGER MAYHEM
MAN USED JOB SCHEME TO HIRE PROSTITUTES
ELVIS PRESLEY BACKS DEMOCRATS
CANADIAN WHO MISTAKES DOG FOR COUGAR, KILLS COUSIN

CHINA SCIENTISTS IN SLIME-AND-MOTION STUDY

YIZV

BEIJING, REUTER - CHINESE SCIENTISTS ARE STUDYING A MASSIVE SLIME MOULD THAT WEIGHS 35 KG (77 LB) AND "CAN MOVE SLOWLY ACROSS THE GROUND ON ITS OWN", THE OFFICIAL XINHUA NEWS AGENCY SAID ON TUESDAY.

THE SLIME WAS FOUND IN A RIVER IN THE NORTHWESTERN PROVINCE OF SHAANXI IN AUGUST AND PUT ON 10 KG (22 LB) WITHIN THREE DAYS.

"SPECIALISTS AT THE BIOLOGY DEPARTMENT OF NORTHWEST UNIVERSITY IN XIAN HAVE DETERMINED THAT IS IS RELATED TO FUNGUS AND IT IS STILL ALIVE. IT IS USUALLY FOUND IN COOL, MOIST AND DARK PLACES SUCH AS GRASSLAND, ROTTED LOGS AND WITHERED LEAVES, AND IT CAN MOVE ACROSS THE GROUND SLOWLY ON ITS OWN," IT SAID.
13-OCT-1052. HHK038 HA102622 NEVL

ENDS

HUNDREDS OF BIRDS FALL OUT OF MEXICAN SKY

YJHS

MEXICO CITY, REUTER - MIGRATING BIRDS ARE FALLING OUT OF THE SKY IN HUNDREDS OF OVER THE MEXICAN COAST AND EXPERTS DO NOT KNOW THE REASON, ACCORDING TO A REPORT HERE.

THE MEXICAN NEWS AGENCY NOTIMEX SAID ON TUESDAY THAT BIRDS OF SOME 16 SPECIES HAD PLUMMETED TO EARTH, DYING ON IMPACT, AROUND THE COASTAL CITY OF CAMPECHE OVER THE PAST THREE WEEKS. MORE THAN 200 HAD FALLEN ONTO A RANCH NEAR THE CITY.

ENVIRONMENTALISTS WITH THE PRONATURA GROUP SAY MOST OF THE BIRDS APPEAR TO HAVE DIED OF HEAD INJURIES FROM THE FALL. THEY RULED OUT SUCH CAUSES AS CONTAMINATED AIR OR A DETERIORATION IN THEIR FEATHER COATING.

21-OCT-0121. HHK126 HA110791 NEVM

ENDS

FIFTEEN ATTACKED IN CHINA PANDA-MONIUM

YJJEY

BEIJING, REUTER - ONE OF CHINA'S RARE GIANT PANDAS ATTACKED AND INJURED 15 VILLAGERS WHEN THEY ATTEMPTED TO CATCH IT FOR SCIENTIFIC OBSERVATION, THE OFFICIAL CHINA DAILY SAID ON WEDNESDAY.

THE ANIMAL, WEIGHING SOME 80 KG (176 POUNDS), WAS FOUND ON MOUNT EMEI IN THE SOUTHWESTERN PROVINCE OF SICHUAN. WHEN 20 VILLAGERS ENCIRCLED THE ANIMAL, "THE PANDA, FRIGHTENED BY THE SITUATION, ATTACKED", IT SAID.

AFTER A STRUGGLE THAT INJURED 15 PEOPLE, INCLUDING SOME WHO WERE GORED, THE PANDA WAS BROUGHT UNDER CONTROL AND SENT TO THE LOCAL FORESTRY DEPARTMENT, IT SAID.

11-NOV-0435. HHK152 HA149736 NEVK

ENDS

THE CASE OF THE 100 HEADLESS CATS

YJDA

HONG KONG, SEPT 24, REUTER - POLICE IN THE PORTUGUESE TERRITORY MACAU STOPPED A CAR AND DISCOVERED 100 HEADLESS CATS DESTINED FOR THE DINNER TABLE.

THE CATS HAD BEEN SMUGGLED IN FROM NEIGHBOURING CHINA AND WOULD HAVE BEEN FROZEN BEFORE BEING EATEN DURING THE WINTER, A LOCAL NEWSPAPER SAID.

THE PORTUGUESE NEWS AGENCY LUSA QUOTED A VET AS SAYING THE CATS HAD BEEN BEHEADED BECAUSE OF THE PREVALENCE OF EAR INFECTIONS. HE DECLARED MOST OF THEM UNFIT TO EAT.

CATS, DOGS AND SNAKES ARE CONSIDERED CHOICE WINTER DISHES IN MOST PARTS OF CHINA, WHERE EATING THEM IS LEGAL.

24-SEP-1056. HHK865 HKG2055 NEVN

ENDS

BANK STAFF HELD AT POINT OF INVISIBLE GUN YIZP

DUBLIN, REUTER - IRISH POLICE ARE HUNTING A DRUNKEN ROBBER WHO ATTEMPTED TO HOLD UP A BANK WITH AN INVISIBLE GUN.

THE INEBRIATED MAN IN HIS MID-20S ENTERED A BANK IN THE WESTERN TOWN OF MACROOM AND SAID: "THIS IS A STICK UP."

HE POINTED HIS ARM, HIDDEN BY A COAT, AT STAFF AND CUSTOMERS, ORDERING THEM TO LIE ON THE GROUND. THE COAT SLIPPED, REVEALING HE WAS UNARMED.

THE MAN TOLD THE PEOPLE IN THE BANK "IT'S AN INVISIBLE GUN." HE RAN OFF WHEN THEY STARTED TO LAUGH.

08-OCT-1021. HHK497 HA132385 NEVQ

ENDS

ALL-FEMALE ASIAN GANGS TO HIT NORTH AMERICA YJLD

CALGARY, ALBERTA, JULY 16, REUTER - ALL-FEMALE ASIAN GANGS, TIRED OF TAKING A BACK-SEAT TO THEIR VIOLENT MALE COUNTERPARTS, WILL BECOME AN INCREASINGLY COMMON PHENOMENON IN THE U.S. AND CANADA IN THE NEXT TWO YEARS, AN EXPERT PREDICTED ON THURSDAY.

THE FEMALE GANG MEMBERS, 10 TO 18 YEARS OF AGE, WANT THE FEELING OF POWER THAT COMES WITH COMMITTING CRIMES WITHOUT THE HELP OF MALE GANG MEMBERS, SAID MARCUS FRANK, A DETECTIVE.

"THE FRUSTRATION LEVEL FOR SOME OF THESE GIRLS GOT REAL HIGH. THEY WANTED TO HAVE ALL THE FUN, TYING UP A VICTIM, TERRORISING A FAMILY, AND THE MALES WOULDN'T LET THEM," FRANK SAID AFTER SPEAKING TO A CONFERENCE ON ASIAN ORGANISED CRIME.

17-JUL-0055. HHK950 HA171645 NEVN

ENDS

RED FACES AFTER CRIME SCHOOL HEIST YIZZ

BRUSSELS, REUTER - THERE WERE RED FACES AT THE BRUSSELS SCHOOL OF CRIMINOLOGY ON WEDNESDAY AS THEY SHEEPISHLY ANNOUNCED IT HAD TAKEN THEM THREE DAYS TO DISCOVER THAT THEIR OWN OFFICE HAD BEEN BURGLERD.

A SPOKESMAN FOR THE CITY'S CRIMINAL COURT WHICH HOUSES THE SCHOOL'S SECRETARIAT SAID A THIEF USED A KEY STOLEN FROM ONE OF THE SCHOOL'S EMPLOYEES TO GET AT A CASH BOX CONTAINING 18,000 FRANCS (\$580). MICHEL PEYTIER SAID THE THEFT HAD TAKEN PLACE OVER THE WEEKEND BUT HAD NOT BEEN DISCOVERED UNTIL TUESDAY, EVEN THOUGH THE EMPLOYEE HAD NOTICED HER KEY WAS MISSING AND THE OFFICE HAD BEEN FOUND UNLOCKED ON MONDAY MORNING.

24-SEP-0012. HHK387 HA183864 NEVJ

ENDS

ITALIAN THIEVES RIP OFF TOILET PAPER YJCY

NAPLES, ITALY, SEPT 24, REUTER - EVEN TOILET PAPER IS A PREY FOR ITALY'S HIGHWAY ROBBERS, WHO USUALLY SPECIALISE IN HOLDING UP TRUCKS LOADED WITH VALUABLE CONSUMER GOODS.

ON WEDNESDAY, TWO ARMED MEN HELD UP A TRUCK IN NAPLES AND DROVE OFF WITH \$16,000 WORTH OF TOILET PAPER -- DESPITE PROTESTS FROM AN INCREDULOUS LORRY DRIVER WHO TOLD THEM THAT HE WAS ONLY TRANSPORTING LAVATORY ROLLS.

POLICE SAID THEY HAD NO CLUES WHERE THE TOILET PAPER HAD GONE.

24-SEP-1046. HHK862 HA13776 NEVM

ENDS

DIAL M FOR MURDER

YJOK

HONG KONG, REUTER - A MAN IN HONG KONG, THE ELECTRONIC PAGER CAPITAL OF THE WORLD, HAS BEEN ACCUSED OF STRANGLING HIS ELDERLY FATHER FOR THE MONEY TO RENT ONE OF THE DEVICES, A NEWSPAPER SAID ON TUESDAY.

THE SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST QUOTED PROSECUTORS AS SAYING LUNG CHICK-NGAI STRANGLER HIS 82-YEAR-OLD FATHER LUNG YUNG-YIU LAST NOVEMBER AFTER HE REFUSED TO GIVE HIM MONEY.

LUNG, 20, THEN TOOK HK\$1,000 (\$128) AND RENTED A PAGER, PROSECUTORS SAID. LUNG HAS DENIED MURDERING HIS FATHER.

MORE THAN 15 PER CENT OF HONG KONG'S SIX MILLION PEOPLE USE PAGERS, THE HIGHEST PROPORTION IN THE WORLD.

13-OCT-0426. HHK758 HA74263 NEVJ

ENDS

DUTCH POLICE GRAPPLE WITH IDENTITY CRISIS

YJMH

AMSTERDAM, REUTER - POLICE IN THE DUTCH TOWN OF ROSENDAAL ARRESTED A NIGERIAN FOUND IN POSSESSION OF 186 FALSE PAPERS, THE ALGEMEEN DAGBLAD NEWSPAPER SAID ON SATURDAY.

THE MAN, IN HIS EARLY 20S, HAD 29 NIGERIAN PASSPORTS, 30 BRITISH PASSPORTS, 74 DUTCH WORK PERMITS, 12 BRITISH DRIVING LICENCES, 18 BIRTH OR DEATH CERTIFICATES, TWO BRITISH STUDENT CARDS, AN INTERNATIONAL DRIVING LICENCE AND 20 FORGED CHEQUES.

POLICE SAID HIS IDENTIFICATION WAS NOT YET 100 PER CENT CERTAIN.

04-OCT-0244. HHK962 HA163921 NEVK

ENDS

THEY SHOOT COWS, DON'T THEY?

YJIS

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, REUTER - A NEW CRIME HAS POLICE IN RURAL AMERICA PUZZLED -- DRIVE-BY COW SHOOTING.

TEN COWS HAVE BEEN KILLED IN THE PAST WEEK, MOST IN CLAY COUNTY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF KANSAS CITY, A COUNTY WHERE CATTLE RUSTLING IS STILL A HANGING OFFENCE. AUTHORITIES AREN'T TOO SURE WHAT THE PENALTY IS FOR COW SHOOTING.

"IT'S NOT A SATANIC THING, OR A CATTLE-RUSTLING GANG," DETECTIVE SERGEANT RON NICOLA SAID. "IT'S DRIVE-BY COW SHOOTINGS."

"IT'S REALLY NOT THAT EASY TO INVESTIGATE," NICOLA SAID. "THE REMAINING COWS MAKE POOR WITNESSES."

19-DEC-0204. HHK081 HA70956 NEVP

ENDS

JAIL SWITCH PAIR NO BUDDING GENIUSES

YJKV

LOS ANGELES, REUTER - A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED, SO WHEN WILFRED GENUS WAS SENTENCED TO 15 DAYS IN JAIL HE ASKED HIS OLD BUDDY, ALBERT FLOWERS, TO SERVE THE SENTENCE FOR HIM, AND FLOWERS AGREED.

BUT GENUS, 20, WAS CAUGHT WHEN HE VISITED THE JAIL WHERE FLOWERS, 32, WAS INCARCERATED IN HIS PLACE. SINCE HE HAD COCAINE AND A PISTOL WITH HIM, HE FACES 10 YEARS IN PRISON.

"THESE ARE NOT ROCKET SCIENTISTS," COMMENTED SHERIFF'S DEPUTY GABE RAMIREZ IN ANNOUNCING GENUS' ARREST ON THURSDAY. FLOWERS WAS CHARGED WITH "IMPERSONATING ANOTHER IN ORDER TO SERVE A SENTENCE" AND FACES UP TO A YEAR IN JAIL.

22-JAN-0112. HHK073 HA22549 NEVP

ENDS

ARGY-BARGY PENSIONERS IN RIOT FRENZY

YJAJ

BUENOS AIRES, REUTER - HUNDREDS OF IRATE ARGENTINE PENSIONERS DEMANDING HIGHER PAY ON WEDNESDAY CLASHED WITH POLICE DURING A RALLY OUTSIDE CONGRESS, WOUNDING AT LEAST THREE POLICEMEN. LOCAL TELEVISION SHOWED SCENES OF PENSIONERS AND THEIR SUPPORTERS BEATING AND KICKING POLICEMEN AFTER SCUFFLES BROKE OUT OUTSIDE THE CONGRESS BUILDING IN CENTRAL BUENOS AIRES.

THE POLICE HAD TO DEPLOY ANTI-RIOT CORPS AROUND CONGRESS TO CONTROL THE PENSIONERS WHO WERE PROTESTING AGAINST THE LOW SALARIES PAID BY THE STATE TO RETIRED WORKERS.

PENSIONERS WANT THE GOVERNMENT TO RAISE THE MINIMUM MONTHLY PENSION PAYMENTS FROM \$120 TO \$450.
24-SEP-0211. HHK452 HA185046 NEVJ

ENDS

BLUEBEARD PARDONED AFTER 550 YEARS

YJNX

PARIS, REUTER - SOME 552 YEARS AFTER HE WAS HANGED AND BURNED FOR THE SEXUAL ABUSE AND MURDER OF 150 CHILDREN, THE REAL-LIFE MODEL FOR THE FICTIONAL BLUEBEARD GOT HIS DAY IN COURT AGAIN ON MONDAY -- AND WAS CLEARED.

A SELF-STYLED COURT OF ARBITRATION, INCLUDING REAL MAGISTRATES AND A FORMER JUSTICE MINISTER, FOUND THAT GILLES DE RAIS HAD BEEN WRONGLY SENTENCED. GILLES DE RAIS, A TOP BATTLEFIELD COMPANION OF JOAN OF ARC AND ONE OF THE RICHEST AND MOST POWERFUL MEN OF HIS TIME, WAS EXECUTED IN 1440 AFTER A TWO-WEEK TRIAL. THE COURT WILL APPEAL TO PRESIDENT FRANCOIS MITTERRAND TO CLEAR THE NAME OF GILLES.
10-NOV-0125. HHK278 HA1985 NEVL

ENDS

SOCCER - GROPING COSTS SPANIARD 5,000 DOLLARS

SPOD

MADRID, SEPT 19, REUTER - REAL MADRID'S MICHEL GONZALEZ HAS BEEN FINED 5,000 DOLLARS FOR GROPING A FELLOW PLAYER'S GENITALS IN A SPANISH SOCCER MATCH EARLIER THIS MONTH BUT HAS ESCAPED SUSPENSION.

THE STAR MIDFIELDER SWORE HIS ACTIONS TOWARDS VALLADOLID'S COLOMBIAN INTERNATIONAL CARLOS VALDERRAMA WERE JUST A JOKE.

BUT JUDGE JOSE JAVIER FORCEN OF THE SPORTING DISCIPLINARY COMMITTEE SAID ON WEDNESDAY THAT THE ACT -- "PUBLICLY MANIPULATING THE GIFT NATURE GIVES ONLY TO MEN" -- COULD ONLY BE TAKEN AS A LOSS OF THE PROPER DECORUM AND COMPOSURE EXPECTED OF SPORTSMEN.

19-SEP-1249. EQU093 PF1901784

ENDS

REPUBLICAN SUES CLINTON FOR "EMOTIONAL STRESS"

YIZC

LOS ANGELES, REUTER - A CALIFORNIA REPUBLICAN VOTER IS SUING DEMOCRAT BILL CLINTON FOR EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS SHE SAYS HIS PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDACY HAS CAUSED.

IN A LAWSUIT FILED ON TUESDAY IN A LOS ANGELES SUBURB KATHERINE BALOG, 60, ALLEGED THAT CLINTON WAS A "DRAFT DODGER" AND "COMMUNIST SYMPATHISER" AND SAID THE PROSPECT OF HIM AS PRESIDENT WAS CAUSING HER "SERIOUS EMOTIONAL AND MENTAL STRESS."

THE SUIT, WHICH BALOG PREPARED BY HERSELF USING THE COUNTY LAW LIBRARY, ALSO NAMED THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AS A CO-DEFENDANT.

A SPOKESMAN FOR CLINTON'S CALIFORNIA CAMPAIGN CALLED IT "AN OFF-THE-WALL PUBLICITY STUNT."

15-OCT-0921. HHK192 HA180295 NEVK

ENDS

LUST IN SPACE A NO-NO SAY NASA

YJOU

CAPE CANAVERAL, FLORIDA, REUTER - THE SPACE SHUTTLE ENDEAVOUR IS SCHEDULED TO LIFT OFF ON SATURDAY WITH THE FIRST HUSBAND-WIFE TEAM TO GO INTO ORBIT BUT OFFICIALS INSIST SEX IS NOT ON THE HORIZON.

NASA HAS BEEN FIELDING MORE QUESTIONS ABOUT POTENTIAL HANKY-PANKY IN ORBIT THAN ABOUT THE EXPERIMENTS ON SUPERCONDUCTORS AND EMBRYO DEVELOPMENT THE CREW WILL CONDUCT.

ASTRONAUTS MARK LEE, 40 AND JAN DAVIS, 38, MARRIED IN JANUARY 1991. NASA OFFICIALS ARE ADAMANT THAT SEXUAL INTERCOURSE BETWEEN CREW MEMBERS IS FORBIDDEN. "THESE PEOPLE ARE PROFESSIONALS," SAID FLIGHT DIRECTOR MILT HEFLIN.

10-SEP-0234. HHK548 HA74533 NEVO

ENDS

SPANISH FLY INTO RAGE OVER DIY SEX MANUAL

YJGU

MADRID, REUTER - A CAMPAIGN TO CURB THE RATE OF TEENAGE PREGNANCIES IN SPAIN HAS HORRIFIED CONSERVATIVES AND SCANDALISED THE CATHOLIC CHURCH BY SUGGESTING SEX IS FUN.

THE CAMPAIGN IS ABOUT TO HIT HIGH SCHOOLS WHERE STUDENTS AGED 15 AND UPWARDS WILL BE GIVEN A BOOKLET CONTAINING FACT SHEETS ABOUT HOW THEIR BODIES WORK, CONTRACEPTION, SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED DISEASES AND A NOW NOTORIOUS PAGE ON MASTURBATION.

BUT BLAS CAMACHO, A CONSERVATIVE POLITICIAN SAYS, "I THINK MASTURBATION MAKES YOUNG PEOPLE WEAK-WILLED, INTROVERTED AND IS NOT GOOD FOR THEIR WORK RATE."

02-NOV-0347. HHK735 HA68352 NEVK

ENDS

BUT WHAT IF THEY WANT TO BURN?

YJMZ

AMSTERDAM, REUTER - A NEW DUTCH BOOKLET RECOMMENDS SPECIAL FIRE SAFETY REGULATIONS FOR BROTHELS CATERING TO SADO-MASOCHISM -- IN CASE CLIENTS ARE TOO TIED UP TO MAKE A QUICK ESCAPE.

DUTCH TOWN COUNCILS, WHICH WILL SOON ISSUE LICENCES TO BROTHELS, WILL BE ABLE TO CONSULT THE BOOKLET WHEN GRANTING PERMITS TO THOSE WITH A SADO-MASOCHISM ROOM. IT RECOMMENDS STRICTER FIRE SAFETY REGULATIONS BECAUSE "PEOPLE WHO ARE HANDCUFFED OR TIED UP NEED MORE TIME TO GET OUT OF A BUILDING," A SPOKEMAN FOR AUTHORS VWA SAID. VWA, SAID IT PRODUCED THE BROCHURE BECAUSE "THE AVERAGE CIVIL SERVANT CANNOT BE EXPECTED TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT IS INVOLVED WITH SADO-MASOCHISM".

03-NOV-0125. HHK291 HA52129 NEVH

ENDS

VIETNAMESE SINGER BANNED AFTER 'ORGY'

YJLJ

HANOI - VIETNAM HAS DETAINED A LOCAL SINGER, BANNED HIM FROM PERFORMING AND ORDERED CASSETTES OF HIS MUSIC CONFISCATED AFTER HE HELPED ORGANISE A BIRTHDAY PARTY THAT TURNED INTO A SEX-AND-DRUGS ORGY, NEWSPAPERS AND RESIDENTS SAID. THE COMMUNIST PARTY NEWSPAPER, NHAN DAN, REPORTED ON TUESDAY THAT THE GOVERNMENT HAD FORBIDDEN PHAM NGOC SON, 24, FROM GIVING ANY PERFORMANCES BECAUSE HE HAD SUNG POLITICALLY INCORRECT SONGS AND ACTED IN A "DEPRAVED WAY". IT SAID HE HAD IGNORED EARLIER GOVERNMENT WARNINGS AND "CONTINUED SINGING BANNED SONGS AND SHOWING INCREASING SIGNS OF LIBERALISM, NON-DISCIPLINE, ARROGANCE, OBSTINACY AND UTTER DEPRAVITY".

12-JAN-0742. HHK452 HA10569 NEVP

ENDS

FISHERMAN TRIES TO FEED WIFE TO SHARKS

YJCX

TOKYO, SEPT 24, REUTER - POLICE ARRESTED A JAPANESE FISHERMAN AFTER HE TRIED TO FEED HIS WIFE TO THE SHARKS FOLLOWING AN ARGUMENT, POLICE OFFICIALS SAID ON THURSDAY.

THE 40-YEAR-OLD MAN FROM EHIME PREFECTURE, SOUTHWEST JAPAN, WRAPPED HIS 22-YEAR-OLD WIFE IN A FISHING NET AND DRAGGED HER BEHIND HIS BOAT FOR ABOUT HALF AN HOUR, POLICE SAID.

"I WAS TRYING TO FEED HER TO A SHARK," POLICE QUOTED THE MAN AS SAYING. THE WOMAN SUFFERED ONLY MINOR INJURIES.

A FISHERMAN WENT MISSING AND WAS BELIEVED KILLED BY A SHARK IN THE SAME AREA IN MARCH WHILE DIVING FOR SHELLFISH.

24-SEP-1040. HHK861 T2465252 NEVM

ENDS

ESTRANGED WIFE TAKES REVENGE ON EX-HUSBAND

YJOY

DHAKA, SEPT 22, REUTER - A BANGLADESHI WOMAN WAS ARRESTED AFTER SHE CUT OFF THE PENIS OF HER FORMER HUSBAND AND FORCED HIM TO HOLD IT UP BEFORE LAUGHING FRIENDS, POLICE SAID ON TUESDAY.

THEY SAID SHARMIN BEGUM, DIVORCED SIX MONTHS AGO, CALLED HER EX-HUSBAND ABDUL MOTALED INTO HER HOME ON SUNDAY NIGHT, SAYING THEIR TWO-YEAR-OLD SON WAS VERY SICK. WHEN HE ARRIVED AT THE HOUSE "SOME PEOPLE" HELD HIM TO THE FLOOR, POLICE SAID.

BEGUM THEN TOOK OUT A RAZOR BLADE AND SLICED HIS PENIS OFF. "THEN SHE FORCED THE SCREAMING MAN TO HOLD UP THE SEVERED PENIS IN FRONT OF LAUGHING FRIENDS," POLICE SAID. MOTALED WAS TAKEN TO DHAKA MEDICAL COLLEGE HOSPITAL AND DETAINED BEGUM.

22-SEP-0625. HHK356 HA68791 NEVJ

ENDS

WOMAN TAKES REVENGE ON FAITHLESS LOVER

YJXX

MOSCOW, REUTER - WHEN 35-YEAR-OLD TAMARA'S YOUNG LOVER TOLD HER HE WAS LEAVING BECAUSE OF A 10-YEAR AGE GAP BETWEEN THEM, SHE LURED HIM BACK TO HER BEDROOM WITH PROMISES OF A FINAL BOUT OF PASSION.

SHE KEPT HER WORD...AFTER A BOUT OF LOVE PLAY, SHE CUT OFF HIS PENIS AND TESTICLES WITH A KNIFE. ITAR-TASS NEWS AGENCY SAID POLICE IN THE RUSSIAN FAR EAST PORT OF NAKHODKA HAD OPENED A CRIMINAL CASE AGAINST TAMARA FOR "ORGAN-SABOTAGE".

TASS SAID MANY LOCAL WOMEN WERE GLOATING OVER THE BLOODY DRAMA AS A BLOW STRUCK BY THE "WEAKER SEX" AGAINST FAITHLESS PARTNERS.

21-OCT-1118. HHK526 HA42931 NEVO

ENDS

MAN CUTS OFF BODY PARTS AFTER ROW

YJOD

PERTH, AUSTRALIA, REUTER - A PERTH MAN CUT OFF HIS EARS, PENIS AND TESTICLES IN A FIT OF RAGE AFTER ARGUING WITH A WOMAN AND HAS REFUSED TO HAVE THEM RE-ATTACHED, POLICE SAID ON THURSDAY.

THE 32-YEAR-OLD MAN SEVERED THE ORGANS WITH A KITCHEN KNIFE AT HIS SUBURBAN HOME AFTER AN ARGUMENT WITH A WOMAN LATE ON WEDNESDAY. POLICE SAID THE MAN PLACED THE ORGANS IN A FREEZER AND DROVE HIMSELF SEVEN KM (FIVE MILES) TO HOSPITAL.

HOSPITAL STAFF WOULD NOT COMMENT BUT A POLICE SPOKESMAN SAID THE MAN HAD REJECTED ATTEMPTS TO SEW THE ORGANS BACK ON.

08-OCT-0625. HHK298 SYD004329 NEVO

ENDS

STREISAND GUSHES OVER "ZEN MASTER" AGASSI

YJCA

NEW YORK, SEPT 10, REUTER - ANDRE AGASSI HAS WON ANOTHER GUSHING FEMALE FAN IN BARBRA STREISAND. AGASSI, LOSER TO JIM COURIER IN THE U.S. OPEN QUARTER-FINALS, IS "VERY, VERY SENSITIVE -- VERY EVOLVED, MORE THAN HIS LINEAR YEARS," ACCORDING TO THE ACTRESS/DIRECTOR/SINGER. SHE MADE THE COMMENTS AFTER WATCHING AGASSI DASH AROUND THE COURT, EARRING DANGLING, SHIRT BILLING PERFECTLY TO REVEAL A TAUT UPPER BODY AS HE DISMANTLED SPANIARD CARLOS COSTA THE OTHER NIGHT. "HE PLAYS LIKE A ZEN MASTER. IT'S VERY IN THE MOMENT. AND IN FACT, VERY CONCENTRATED, VERY FOCUSED, BUT VERY MUCH AWARE OF WHAT'S HAPPENING," SAID STREISAND WITHOUT OFFERING A TRANSLATION.

10-SEP-1053. HHK963 HA107540 NEVH

ENDS

JAPAN SCENTS NEW WAY OF IMPROVING TIES

YJAY

SEOUL, REUTER - JAPAN HAS GIVEN PERMISSION FOR THE RETURN OF SOME 20,000 NOSES LOPPED OFF KOREANS NEARLY 400 YEARS AGO.

PUSAN UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR KIM MOON-GIL TOLD REUTERS HE HAD BEEN GIVEN PERMISSION TO EXCAVATE THE NOSES AT THE 1,000-NOSE TOMB, NEAR THE JAPANESE TOWN OF BIZEN IN OKAYAMA PREFECTURE.

THE NOSES BELONG TO KOREAN SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS CAPTURED AND KILLED DURING THE JAPANESE INVASION OF KOREA IN 1597.

THE JAPANESE MILITARY COMMANDER ORDERED HIS TROOPS TO CUT OFF THE HEADS OF KOREAN GENERALS AND THE NOSES OF SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS AND BRING THEM BACK TO JAPAN AS SPOILS OF WAR.

22-SEP-1226. HHK597 HA181497 NEVM

ENDS

DEADLY CAESIUM-137 STOLEN IN KAZAKHSTAN - TASS

YJLI

MOSCOW, SEPT 23, REUTER - A CONTAINER OF DEADLY RADIOACTIVE CAESIUM-137 HAS BEEN STOLEN FROM A SILO IN WESTERN KAZAKHSTAN, ITAR-TASS NEWS AGENCY SAID.

THE THIEVES USED A CRANE TO LIFT THE LEAD-CASED CONTAINER FROM ITS SILO AT AN OIL-PROCESSING PLANT IN THE CITY OF GURVEY NEAR THE CASPIAN SEA.

THE AGENCY DID NOT SAY WHEN THE THEFT TOOK PLACE AND IT WAS NOT CLEAR WHY THE CAESIUM WAS STORED AT THE PLANT.

TASS QUOTED A LOCAL NEWSPAPER AS SAYING THE THIEVES WERE LIKELY TO TRY AND SMUGGLE THEIR DANGEROUS CARGO ABROAD, WHERE THE CAESIUM WOULD FETCH THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS.

BUT IF THE THIEVES WERE AFTER THE LEAD AND WERE NOT AWARE WHAT WAS INSIDE, THE PAPER SAID, THEY MIGHT TRY TO REMOVE THE CONTAINER COVER.

"IN THAT CASE, A SOURCE OF RADIATION MORTAL TO EVERYTHING LIVING AROUND WILL BE EXPOSED," THE PAPER SAID.

23-SEP-1336. MON320 L238762 NEVN

CONTINUED FROM - YJLI

ENDS

Which seems like a suitable place to finish! This one does illustrate the most galling thing about so many of these reports, the tendency to throw the reader a mere hint and then nothing more is ever heard. "What happened next?", I often find myself asking - but at least in the case above, I think we can safely say that if the container had been opened, we would probably have heard something by now...