

KONFLIKT IN THE KINO

Issue 9

When pictures and sound collide there are fatalities

Nursery Rhymes Gone Sour!

Cinema and the Fairy Tale

Once upon a time there was a girl named Little Red Riding Hood. She lived with her granny who was very frail looking and ugly. Sadly, makeup couldn't save her wrenched looks. Granny asked Red to go to the video store and pick her up some videos cuz she was spending too much on home shopping channels. How many ceramic orchids could one old bat have?

R.R. Hood was walking in the forest. It looked like Finland. She was happy until a wolf bumped into her. He heard Red talking to herself saying she needed to rent Granny a movie with her bingo money. The Wolf had just what she wanted and showed her tons of videotapes of films of all kinds of Fairy Tales and Nursery Rhymes that she could watch in the privacy of her own home – and on DVD too!

She looked at the titles and said, "What crap!"

The wolf got mad and ate her with just one gulp while uttering "Take that, J.K. Rowling!" His laugh was like Ricky Ricardo, the result of being angry at Red for having a "closed mind" about home entertainment. He vanished into the Technicolor hillside, trying to pawn off his Mother Goose endorsed videotapes to other people in North America and the rest of the world who just couldn't stand seeing another summer blockbuster again.

The story doesn't end here folks. The jungles of our cities and towns are littered with wolves. That's right, the wolves of the entertainment world!

Don't suffer the same fate as R.R. Hood. Make sound choices when it comes to the Fairy Tale tapes of ALL varieties. It's no "teddy bears picnic" trying to find some fun and fabled home entertainment. Let us help you out!

CINDERELLA 2000 (1977)

Director: Al Adamson

Al Adamson is famous for his B-Grade classics such as "Satan's Sadists" and the incredible "Dracula vs. Frankenstein", but my personal favorite of his films would be this one. The whole thing takes place in the



"future", and it's a musical! While Cinderella goes out in the country to read a fairy tale book, a UFO comes out of the sky. After seeing some humans dressed in some pathetic "mime-bunny" clothing mating, they sing the sappy moog-driven "We all need love". It doesn't stop there. There are also more bottom-of-the-bucket sets which look like retro-Ikea and the stepsisters sing a song called "Doin' Without". So it's a tacky nudie movie with "kissin and stuff", but compared to other films by Independent-International pictures, technically and musically, it looks like "Gone with the Wind". Beware of overpriced DVD copies of this on EBay! They are pirates. Be sure not to confuse this with the Michael Pataki musical "Cinderella" (not set in space) or the Vivid Video release of "Sinderella" with the now deceased Savannah.



Cinderella 2000 "Doin' Without."

PINOCCHIO'S REVENGE (1996)

Director: Kevin Tenney

Here in Toronto, we at one point had tons of "Amazing Video Machines" everywhere. They look like pop machines, but you rent videos with them via credit card, and hit a button like a pop machine. PINOCCHIO'S

REVENGE seemed to be stocked in all of them at one time or another, but I could never find this release anywhere else (except in Russia). What gives? It's awesome! Rosalind Allen plays public defender Jennifer Garrick who receives a puppet from one of her sex-offender clients. She brings the "evidence" home and her daughter falls in love with it. Afterwards, Pinoc starts talking to the creepy little kid asking her to cut his strings, thus freeing him to wreck havoc on everyone, making little Zoe's life hell (Zoe is brattily portrayed by Brittany Alyse Smith). Isn't it always funny to hear Pinocchio dolls utter the word "bitch"? Far superior to any of the "Child's Play" movies, it's a sleeper in search of an audience. An excellent performance by everyone and the puppet itself is creepy. One of the few well crafted horror films out of the nineties. And it even follows some of the elements of the fable to boot!

RUMPELSTILZCHEN (West Germany, 1955)

Director: Herbert B. Fredersdorf

There is a version with Amy Irving and there is a horror version of Rumpelstiltskin from the late nineties, but by all means seek out this tinny version of the legend from West Germany. Rhino Video has re-released it, but you can find a copy of it on Canada's long-gone Interglobal Video. The film print looks like it had played every kiddie matinee for years and being that the film was released by K. Gordon Murray, who always brought North Americans the finest in dubbed children's entertainment from Mexico, you know that this film is a site to behold. The badly illustrated posters screamed to deaf parental ears. "SEE! Straw spun into gold! SEE! The mad little man of magic! SEE! The wedding of the king to the miller's daughter!" Creepy Werner Krüger plays the little guy with the big beard that I'm sure just on looks alone made many kids tinkle in their beds with fear. I'd feel like I spun straw into gold if I was a kid that got to sit through this as a kid! The best comment came from the imdb, "Don't knock yourself out looking for this film unless, like me, you like oddities, and not even particularly good ones at that." What's he saying! Your children might not like you for showing them it, but it's as "satisfying as a strudel".

FAIRYTALES (1978)

Director: Harry Hurwitz

From the director of "The Projectionist" comes this somewhat dull R rated sex comedy produced by Charles Band. The trailer was really good, as the narrator would go, "It's not a science

SKRAtCHEZ FROM THE EDITOR

Since our last issue, everything has changed, except maybe my taste in cinema!

The fine city of Toronto has gone through SARS, Mad Cow Disease, West Nile Virus, and now "Rolling Blackouts". The worse thing was Torontonians bought into some of it. It made me want to get into a subway car, eat a huge burger and start coughing. Could it be he has West Nile? SARS? More likely someone's cheap cologne is making my eyes water.

As the Toronto Film Fest approaches, here are some ideas that would really reflect both the Canadian psyche and the pulse of the city. I've gloated to friends how good it would be to see these made into movies, and why not? Can it be any worse than the other films that have hit movie houses this summer season?

SEXY SARS QUARANTINE: A couple in SARS quarantine learn about love and themselves. Locked in their home, they listen to Don Ho albums along with failed band "Acid Test". After they find a book of the Karma Sutra, these Torontonians deal with SARS all day and all night!

ESCAPE FROM THE WEST NILE! Millions of larvae in Lake Ontario spawn bazillions of mosquitoes carrying West Nile virus. They invade the CNE, the SARS concert (for budget reasons, we'll have a band such as Danko Jones play). Not since "The Swarm" would a film bring such infestation to the screen. Look for Shawn Desman uttering the line, "I need a repellent! With deet!"

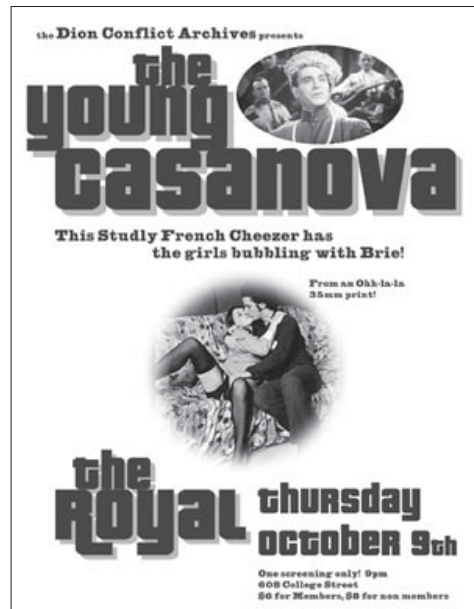
HOLY COW! In the fine tradition of "Carry On" movies comes "Holy Cow!" as the little town of "Tugnut" hires two Midwest Canadian lads to find "that mad cow" (named Fudgepuppy). Stephen Baldwin gives his best performance in a Canadian film.

BLACKOUT OF 2003 - Space aliens absorb power from the Northwest power grid of North America and the American government works on the "cover up". The UFO looks like a mosquito, mixed with a burger. Atom Egoyan will direct.

Well, I can dream can't I?

Here's hoping that the rest of the summer will be fruitful as this issue of KONFLIKT IN THE KINO. With interviews with Mike White, Teresa Strasser, and in ode of tonight's film the comic "Otto & Tupelo" from Finland's great comic illustrator Pekka Manninen, only one thing comes to mind. You can close your eyes looking at this and hear Pebbles and Bam-Bam sing "So let the sun shine in"

And mark down OCTOBER 9th @ 9pm at the Royal Cinema (608 College Street) for our presentation of the 1975 French classic "Young Casanova". This film finally returns to the screen after being hidden and not on VHS for ages. But you won't ever have to miss out on the fun when you sign up for the CONFLICT ARCHIVES mailing list! Drop us a line at eurocoleco@hotmail.com to be added to the fun.



Fractured Fables continued

fiction picture!" Well, it's also not a particularly good motion picture! Snow White sings a song while little midgets ogle her with their eyes. Little Bo-Peep loses more than her sheep. The "woman who lives in a shoe's" digs are impressive, but sadly, we want to see a decent film, not the "Sunday Gallery of Homes". A joker and the end of the trailer says, "It's fantastic!" Not.

MAGIC LAND OF MOTHER GOOSE (1967)

Director: Herschell Gordon Lewis

When it comes to this film, Mother Goose's hen is cooked! Director Herschell Gordon Lewis shows that he really must have hated children by doing this dime store production that is troubling to get through, even at a little

over an hour! What the director of such gore classics as "Blood Feast", "2000 Maniacs" and my favorite "Moonshine Mountain" did was film a boring kids stage play, make a handful of edits and voila, instant kiddie picture. Usually I'm all for praising such thrifty values in cinema, but this just sucks. There's not a lot to tell you about except lots of characters pop out of boxes. Even for die hard fans of Lewis, there's a reason this film hasn't achieved the fanfare of other Lewis films.

I hope we've helped some of you around some interesting fabled tales that you might want to check out there. If you were hoping for a more comprehensive list, there's only one thing I can say to you.

Get off YOUR tuffet!



KONFLIKT IN THE KINO

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To be added to the CONFLICT ARCHIVES e-mail list, or to comment/argue on KITK, recipes for good chocolate martinis, tapes of the band "Amentia All-Stars" (of Helsinki?), or a VHS copy of the film "Soul to Soul", contact us at:

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This issue is dedicated to Dave of the "Nostalgia Cinema". The curtain has never closed for all who visited, and we've taken a little bit of you away with watching a movie.

3 QUESTIONS

Painting a Pretty Picture -

While you were out

Teresa Strasser hangs her paint roller to dry

Do I really need to do much introduction for (or even explain) the TLC program, WHILE YOU WERE OUT? Simply, it's the room renovation show that takes place while a spouse lies the get the other out over a period of two days - and it's a bona-fide hit. If you haven't heard of it, maybe you're living in Finland or something.

My mom got me watching it one Sunday afternoon. Originally, I tried to concentrate on surfing for junk on Ebay, but my attention kept being pulled over. Everyone seemed nice on it, and pretty down to earth with the homeowners that they were helping renovate the space. Must I now admit to my mom that I enjoyed the program after all the horrible Saturday afternoons as a small child that she would take me to places like "The Wallpaper Centre" and "St Clair: The Paint and Paper People"? Could someone like me now appreciate the show even if While You Were Out's designer Chayse Dacoda would consider the design of my studio loft "Kabul Chiq" or "Tikrit Mod"?

I was shocked to hear my co-workers (primarily jocks) confess to watching the show as well. Statements such as "Andrew Dan-Jumbo is slacking!" and "Can you believe they cut the deck?" filtered into water cooler conversation. Oddly enough, other motley people in my life would rant on about the show too, showing the same communal passion that hasn't been exhibited since we watched "90210" together.

Teresa Strasser, the host of WHILE YOU WERE OUT, has many talents beyond soldering a joint for a backyard shower. Besides being a syndicated columnist on the ups and downs of dating, she's also acted in films and theatre, written for the show "Win Ben Stein's Money" (for which she was Emmy-nominated in 2000), and won the 2001 Rockower award for excellence in singles writing. Strasser's creativity shines whether she's building an archway, or writing about the sound of an ice machine while drinking tequila.

As she winds down her tenure on WHILE YOU WERE OUT, she cancelled a date, put down the power tools, and answered THE THREE QUESTIONS...

KONFLIKT IN THE KINO / (Dion Conflict): QUESTION #1:

I'm hoping that you leaving WHILE YOU WERE OUT is just a hoax, but I guess it's time to move on after fifty episodes with the TLC show. But Teresa, I'm thinking that maybe there's another reason you're leaving the fans and have come up with these three scenarios:

- A secret relationship with Andrew Dan-Jumbo went sour because of that one episode where he built that box for the indoor football player dude with the hinges the wrong way (and who could blame you!)*
- You're going to be writing "The Ben Stein Movie"*
- In a move just like Arnold Schwarzenegger, you are not going into politics, but are going to join the band Velvet Underground, and sing Nico tracks. (I know your rendition of "Femme Fatale" would be splendid)*



Photo Courtesy, Teresa Strasser

WHILE YOU WERE OUT's Teresa Strasser with a nice flower. Will it go with the color of the room?

If I'm not right on any of the above, my question is, why are you leaving the show?

Teresa Strasser: How many times can you open a can of paint and say, "I think it's going to dry darker"?

KITK QUESTION #2:

Many people might not know that you wear many hats. You've acted in films such as "Land of Milk and Honey", hosted game shows, done theatre, and write syndicated columns. If you were given total creative control to do whatever you want right now, which medium would you work in and what would you like to do?

Teresa Strasser: I'd like to be Andy Rooney. You know, sit in an office and spout off once a week with some nice rouge and cases of old books behind me. Is that so much to ask? I'd also keep a bottle of something or other in my desk drawer in case I needed a "muse."

KITK QUESTION #3:

KONFLIKT IN THE KINO is published in both Finland and Canada. *Do you have any kind of connection with either country, and what would you do if you had a week paid to do whatever you want in either country?*

Teresa Strasser: I have a very soft spot for Canadians. They write me thoughtful, incredibly generous e-mails. And I got several "I Love Toronto" t-shirts for my birthday. I'm very easily swayed by gifts, as I think I'm revealing right now. Anyway, WYWO seems to be very popular there, so I would just walk around and wait for the love. Also, I've dated two Canadian guys, one from Vancouver and one with a shady past who I could never pin down on a locale. Both had excellent manners and a certain reserve I find very sexy.

I've never been to Finland, so I would probably just spend the day getting lost.

Luckily this isn't "Four Questions", cuz my 4th one would have been "Will you marry me?" It would be just like a great seventies Indian musical. We'd sing by a pond (with a "water feature") and have a honeymoon in Iceland, after I complete my sellout feature in Hollywood. Sigh! Thanks again Teresa for your time and answering the Three

Questions. WHILE YOU WERE OUT airs Fridays at 8pm and 9pm (EST) on TLC. For those interested in reading Teresa's excellent articles, be sure to visit www.teresastrasser.com.



Photo Courtesy, Ryan Wurtz

Teresa and the UK's most famous carpenter, Andrew Dan-Jumbo, take on a deck.

Pulp Friction

Mike White's short film asks Quentin Tarantino, "Who Do You Think You're Fooling?"

To slag the "talents" of Quentin Tarantino to some would be like saying to others that you think Osama would be sexy "if he just shaved off his beard". The offended parties glare at you and then you get to hear the obvious statements such as "Well, you know nothing about film!" or "He's the most original filmmaker of our time!" These people probably voted for Mulroney and Bush 41 and 43 as well.

The one thing that could be best said about Tarantino's work is that it clearly leaves one with a certain feeling after the viewing of almost any of his films. Which is, "Geez, haven't I seen something like that before?" Take his segment in "Four Rooms" for instance. Who hasn't seen that "Twilight Zone" episode? "Jackie Brown" could be "Foxy Brown". It all kind of interchanges with other work located in the nether regions of the video store.

"Who Do You Think You're Fooling" even takes that a step further by showing how "artistic" Tarantino supposedly is. By splitting the screen, you can see where Tarantino rips off vast action sequences from other films, including angles.

Mike White, editor of the excellent magazine, "Cashiers Du Cinemarts" had taken it even further after viewing Tarantino's RESERVOIR DOGS and finding similarities to a certain Hong Kong action film. He explains...

KONFLIKT IN THE KINO (KITK): What made you make WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE FOOLING? What were the roots of this project?

Mike White: I made WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE FOOLING with one main goal in mind - having a simple-to-use comparison tool so I didn't have to make folks sit through all of RESERVOIR DOGS and all of CITY ON FIRE (heaven forbid) in order to then say, "So, did you see the similarities?" All of my housemates in college were big RESERVOIR DOG fans and I knew they'd be interested to see the similarities but would be bored to tears if I made them watch Ringo Lam's film. Also, I love editing and wanted to have a go at the editing gear at U of M (University of Michigan).

KITK: When you first saw PULP FICTION, what were your first thoughts?

Mike White: I didn't have many. I had read the script a few months prior so when I finally went to see the film my main thoughts were, "Wow, he filmed this just the way I thought he would." Tarantino's a terrific writer in this sense - he can really "put the camera in a reader's head" as it were. It's the rare screenwriter that can do that without reverting to an overabundance of screen direction.

KITK: Back to WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE FOOLING? Has Quentin ever publicly said "Yes, CITY ON FIRE was the one that was an influence"?

Mike White: To my knowledge, no. I kept an avid watch on any and all articles/interviews about/with Quentin back in "the day" and the closest he came to saying that he had even 'seen' CITY ON FIRE was to say that he loved it and had the poster for it. Meanwhile, he was asked by several magazines to pen little articles about movies that influenced his work. CITY ON FIRE was suspiciously absent.

KITK: What kind of reactions have you gotten over the public screenings of the flick? What have people said to you?

Mike White: Initially, I faced a lot of confusion. Despite the rather cut-and-dry intro to the film I had a lot of people come up to me and ask, "So Tarantino directed that Chinese movie?" I think that these are the same people that like to write profanity-laced tirades on my website's guestbook (www.impossiblefunky.com/qt). It always cracks me up when these people write about how great Tarantino is but then fail completely to spell his name. I suppose that idol worship has its limits.

KITK: Why do you think Chris Gore at *Film Threat* decided not to release it as a free video for subscriptions to his mag?

Mike White: Probably because it didn't hold any financial gain for him. Also, I often doubt that *Film Threat* actually gave away videos to



Photo Courtesy, Richelle Forsey

subscribers. Chris seems more interested in scamming people for money than actually providing any kind of service or entertainment.

KITK: Do you consider WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE FOOLING? the "Stairway to Heaven/Backwards Masking" of cinema?

Mike White: I'd rather think of it as the THIN BLUE LINE of film comparison documentaries.

KITK: Why do you think the film world, on a whole, loves Quentin Tarantino?

Mike White: They do?

KITK: One time when I met you here in Toronto, you were reading the KILL BILL script. Since none have seen it yet, what did you think of the script itself?

Mike White: It was typical Tarantino. In this one he's biting a lot of my favourite Japanese films so he's got some good material to work with. Alas, I'm not a fan of Uma Thurman's at all. Likewise, I'm getting kind of tired of some Tarantinoisms such as the disjointed time structure thing. It seems that he's muddying his waters so that we don't know how deep (or not) they go.

KITK: Is Quentin a by-product of the media's longing to create a cinematic genius, or is he just a by-product, period (like a can of SPAM)?

Mike White: I think he was in the right place at the right time and had the right mix of enthusiasm, geekiness, and Miramax money.

KITK: If you and I were to go to Ponderosa with Quentin Tarantino, what would be the "meat and potatoes" of the primary conversation?

Mike White: From what I know of Tarantino's temper, he'd probably punch me in the face. Then it'd just be you and me talking about, "Did you see when his eyes bugged out? Want more mashed potatoes?"

Mike White's short film is by all means the perfect gift for all Tarantino fans and Miramax employees. The holiday season is coming! By all means go to www.superhappyfun.com and pick one up. "Kill Bill" hits theatres sometime in October. His trailer gleefully rips off excellent Golden Harvest trailers of classic 70's kung fu movies.

How do you escape media overload and morons in your life? Get some...DIESEL THERAPY

Prisoners load into a bus with heavy chrome and steel over the windows, and are transported to other prisons throughout the United States. The prisoner thinks the journey seems aimless, as sometimes he has no idea how long the journey or what the route. This gave birth to the term "Diesel Therapy". No, I don't know about this from a sentence in the clink. I found out by reading the Jim Bakker book "I Was Wrong" (ASIN: 0785274251), and believe me, he got plenty of it!

Bonnie was having a BBQ pool party in Columbus, Ohio, and asked me to go almost a year before she had the actual soiree. As the date grew closer, I arranged with my friends in Cleveland exactly what we were doing. My times in Ohio have always been interesting to say the least. Between my first tattoo done before a SOCKEYE concert, the Kent State Bar refusing to serve me after 15 minutes, to a "kegger" party where everyone threw their bottles out on the street so it sounded like rain, Ohio always provides you with at least two things: mental stimulus and a stiff drink.

Just like "The Pina Colada Song" says, it was time for me to escape. My life was ending up as the "same old same old". Constant meetings, constant cinema, constant e-mail. Blah! It's hard to feel that you're living when you feel routine slowly slink around your neck, the grip tightening, and then the stool collapses from under your feet. Frankly, I enjoy it when my life isn't routine. Not routine? Maybe running into someone removing their glass eye in a donut shop while eating apple fritters, or a drunk Mongolian trying to change his dirty undies on the bus, or someone buying 30 packages of Blueberry Jell-O in the supermarket. Just show me that we're not all the same, so I can deal with my own life, and obsessions.

It was time to leave this "cookie cutter Canadian Life" and "mix it up" a bit for a trip to Ohio. Having some problems renting a car, it looked like taking the bus was a much better option. After going into Russia through the forests of Finland by bus, or grabbing the "Charter" to Windsor after being up for 40 hours, it couldn't be that bad - right?

The bus is barely full as we depart "T dot" in the foggy morning - which reminded me of bad seventies Sherlock Holmes movies with Dudley Moore. As we travel the wet highways, I just glare out at the window and look vacant, as if I'm on my way from a "cult deprogrammer" or something. The bus is forcing me to unwind.

For those who haven't experienced United States Customs as of late, it's even more intimidating then going through Russian customs. A dog that has "US" tattooed on his belly sniffs for drugs. They search my luggage and ask me about the Yugoslavian wine that will be a gift for the soon-to-be married couple. Wait a minute - Yugoslavia? Didn't the US bomb them once?

After being grilled by the customs agents, it's onto the Buffalo bus terminal. When we get there, we're told that the bus to Cleveland has held on for us and we have to grab our bags and hop on - now! This begins the diesel therapy.

As I hold my luggage walking down the aisle, it seems that nobody really wants to give up their seats as you hear the obvious moans. Some even fake sleep.

"Uh Driver," I say in a low voice, "Um, well, Uh, I don't think there's any seats left."

She gets on the bus intercom, "People, share the seats and all that good stuff!"

There's a guy that looks like Bill Cosby who's seen rougher days. On the seat beside him is a huge bottle of Faygo Red Pop (a brand of soda pop that's native to Detroit with a large amount of red dye) plus a very warn paper Pepsi cup (size medium), "sitting" in the seat beside

him.

"May I sit here sir?" As I ask "Ratty Bill Cosby with Faygo" for the 2nd time.

He reluctantly gives up the seat for his large 2 litre bottle of soda and the Pepsi cup, while grumbling something directed my way. It doesn't bother me - I'm just soaking in this odd experience. "Cosby", with his bad red t-shirt promoting some bad jazz bar in Columbus happily sips his red soda in the ratty cup. Around Erie, PA I get off to stretch. On my return, it seems that Bill Cosby has given away my seat to some guy who looks like a Kirby Vacuum salesperson - he's overtly gay but with vertical striped button up long sleeves. Across from him, we've picked up some quite large Amish people who were eating lots of caramel corn.

I move to the back of the bus and sit beside an old man

who has one of those tubes that helps him speak electronically (or sound like those early Intellivision games).

In the robotic voice, the man (who's clutching a bible) speaks to me, "Hello, How are you?"

Damn we are crowded together! I return

the hello. The man with the robot voice has a friend, who moves in on my right. He has a stick the blind can use, but is wearing glasses. The best way to describe how he would look in front of you is to ask a friend to look at their nose. The man was cross eyed, and it gave me the feeling that I was always being looked at while we sat in the back of the bus. So, here's the picture: Me, decked out in Ecco gear between these two lads, in front of a guy that would rather his bottle of soda pop sit there rather than me. How dare I!

My return to Toronto was another nice shot of diesel therapy. The bus doesn't seem to be filled with as many people traveling from Cleveland to Buffalo. The ride was pretty normal at first. Then we get off at some "filling station" that offers Burger King, junk, and gas. Not in that particular order.

As I come out of the station drinking Yoo-hoo, a visual presents itself. A "hippy rave type" couple is on the ground. She's got her legs spread while he kisses her, and he squeezes her boob like a Nerf ball as they lay on the cement. The black hip-hop brothers are laughing. Instead of taking it to a room, the couple rejoins the bus passengers. He's about 22. She's the same.

Once seated the hippie kid informs us all that his feet were itchy. This makes sense as he also tells us he hasn't taken off his shoes for a week. His socks have been on since Texas. Once the shoes are removed, the bus filled with the aroma of stinky feet and Whopper burgers that passengers happily scarfed down. But it gets better.

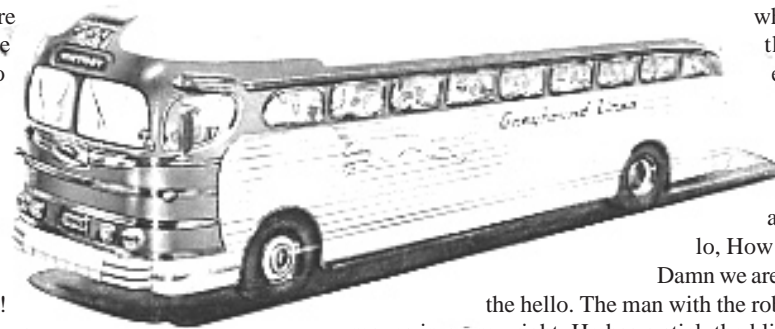
White hippie chick asks one of the black brothers if he's got a big "piece" because there's "no black guys in Canada and he'd be famous" (!!!) She tells them she's from Caledon. The black guy who looks like Theo Huckstable mixed with L.L. Cool J. His Rockets basketball jersey was cool. And he was about to make things interesting.

"Yo" says Theo to the Hippie-Raver kid from Caledon, "I'll give you fifty dollaz to sleep with your girl. She'll love it."

Stinky foot rave boy doesn't miss a beat, "What do I get out of it?"

Fifty dollars wasn't exchanged, but e-mails and phone numbers were for the next time Theo and his boy decided to visit Canada. Everyone broke up once we got to the Buffalo bus terminal (that also smelled like the Caledon kids feet). Too bad they didn't join me on the bus back to Canada. One just can't buy entertainment like this!

A little diesel therapy gets me ready to drive down the road of everyday life. Go Greyhound!



OTTO & TUPELO

THE AMUR CHIMPS

BY
P.A. MANNINEN

HEY! MOMMY
WENT TO
WORK!
LET'S PUT
A DVD ON!

AN
EXCELLENT
IDEA!

WHAT ABOUT
THIS...

WELL...
WOULD THIS
DO?

TOO
CORNY!

NO
WAY! THAT
GUY IS TOO
SCARY!

Monster,
Go Home!

Klaus Kinski
Woyzeck

NOW I KNOW...
YOU WANT TO
WATCH THIS!

WOO!

THAT IS
THE **BEST**
MOVIE **EVER!**

SHE'S IN ON
SECRET!

QUEEN
WONG

junk

DARR (India 1994)

Starring: Sunny Deol, Juhi Chawla, Shahrukh Khan

Director: Yash Chopra

A stuttering psychopath named Rahul (Shahrukh Khan) stalks his high school sweetheart. First from afar (the beginning is shot in Switzerland, and feels like Argento's "Phenomenon"), but as his target's relationship with Sunil grows, so does Rahul's jealousy. He carves her name into his chest, and calls her saying "I love you K-K-Kiran". But it's not only a psychopathic stalker movie, but since it's out of Bollywood, it's also a musical ("Tu Mere Saamane" is the best track)! It's funny to see Khan playing a "bad guy", but he's great. Sunny Deol is like wallpaper - he's there. Chopra always delivers good flicks, and this one is no exception. It has a "Psycho" feel (in a musical), set all in pretty Switzerland!



THE GUN (1974)

Starring: Stephen Elliot, Pepe Serna

Director: John Badham

By far, one of the most excellent TV movies from the 70s, which should be in anyone's top 10 list of that decade. It would make an interesting film to show before a screening of "Bowling for Columbine". No-name actors follow this interesting story - the autobiography of a firearm - from its original manufacture to the hands it goes through. It's first owned by an older person, paranoid of break ins, but ends with a fatality that freaked me out enough to actually rewind the disk to see if my eyes were deceiving me. Jay Benson (who's produced lots of TV movies) deserves credit along with Badham for writing a fascinating script with a format one wonders why it's not copied more. *Universal* has been somewhat "so-so" about releasing its TV movies, but in the meantime, grab a copy at www.superhappyfun.com.

THE DEADLY SPAWN (1983)

Starring: Charles George Hildebrandt, Tom DeFranco

Director: Douglas McKeown

I happily shelled out money for a UK DVD of this (still not on DVD here). "The Deadly Spawn" seems to have a bit of a small cult following. Wake up people! Filmed with well under \$30,000, it delivers buckets of red dyed corn syrup. The story features the standard "meteor crashing with a monster from outer space" story, but the monsters are kind of like "killer tadpoles". Think of the flick as the "El Mariachi" of early 80s exploitation gore films. This VIPCO disk is still a little dark transfer wise, and the "bonus material" isn't that good (considering I helped the producer of this film find a 35mm trailer for it for a DVD he told me they were doing) the film is still great fun. RESIDENTS fans might note that the soundtrack was done by Michael Perilstein.

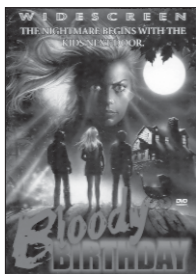


BLOODY BIRTHDAY (1981)

Starring: Billy Jayne, Susan Strasburg

Director: Ed Hunt

From the director of the seldom seen Cronenberg rip-off "The Plague" comes "Bloody Birthday". Critics seemed to rip into the film even more when it was released on home video, but don't believe them! It's pretty good! Three kids born during a solar eclipse come into the world with no conscience. The siblings bond together and attack and kill those who "do them wrong". Billy Jayne ("Road Kill" / "Parker Lewis Can't Lose") tries putting rat poison on a birthday cake. Veterans Susan Strasburg and Jose Ferrar also appear. "Bloody Birthday" offers a nice slice of early 80s horror genre film-making. Look for Julie Brown, who does a brief nude scene.



SALSA (1988)

Starring: Robbie Rosa

Director: Boaz Davidson

Cannon films thought this would be their answer to Vestron's "Dirty Dancing" at the box office. It wasn't, and quicker than you can say "Buenos Dias", it was gone. Robbie Rosa (from Mex-Boyband "Menudo") stars as Rico who wants to "make it" in a big Salsa competition, with the grand prize being a trip to Puerto Rico. The best scene is when Rico pulls some drunk ho into his flat and turns on the disco lamp and starts dancing to the song "Under Your Skin" (sung by Robbie Rosa). The ads for the film screamed "Salsa...It's hot!" but the film, if compared to the tomato-based dip, is just tangy and mild. This re-issue on DVD, which I waited ages for (thank you MGM Home Video!) features the theatrical trailer but not the video "How To Salsa with Kenny Ortega", which sold separately in its original Eighties home video release. (Don't ask me how I know this stuff)



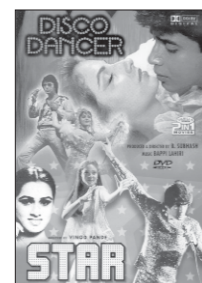
DISCO DANCER (India 1982)

STAR (India 1982)

Starring: Kumar Gaurav (Star), Mithun Chakraborty (Disco Dancer)

Director: Babar Subhash (Disco Dancer), Vinod Pande (Star)

For those of you that have asked that age old question, "Is there such a thing as Saturday Night Fever inspired Indian movies, and better yet, two on one DVD?" The answer is yes! And are they kitschy! DISCO DANCER tells the young story about a boy with a ukulele who gets it stolen by your token rich guy. As he grows older and becomes a "singer", he vows to get revenge on the town that turned on him and his mother. It also features a very tacky Elvis-disco esque dance number "I am a disco dancer". The print is so shot color wise, that for the transfer they bump it up so everything looks pastel. Meanwhile, STAR (produced by disco legend Biddu) follows the rise of Kumar Gaurav who "makes it" at one of 2 big disco clubs. The rival club's owner sends out thugs to strangle him. Will his voice come back so he can sing in the tacky Indian-esque version of Eurovision? Both of these Bollywood films provide tacky fun with a disco beat. STAR seems rather short, clocking in at just over 2 hours!



TURIST ÖMER UZAY YOLUNDA (Turkey 1973)

Starring: Sadri Alisik, Erol Amac

Director: Hulki Saner

Words cannot describe this very tacky Turkish "Star Trek" rip-off. In this version, Mr. Spock is "Mr. Spak" (Erol Amac) and there are a great many scenes of them in barren areas of Turkey, while PINK FLOYD's classic "Echoes" plays. Saner also saves some filmmaking cash by reversing some scratchy shots of the original Star Trek TV opening. Video freaks constantly, and bizarrely, seek this title, even if it isn't subtitled. This rather short film was released on VCD in Turkey (where my copy came from), and is now out of print, but still can be found elsewhere. It's fine Turkish rip-off trash, but still is pale in comparison to the Turkish rip-off of "E.T." ("Badi").



PÄIVI LEPISTÖ "Yöperhonen"

Universal Music Finland

Lepistö, Tampere's sexy songstress from the techno-pop band MOVETRON, moves into the solo realm with this effort (which everyone could see coming). "Yöperhonen" moves Lepistö away from her electronic, synth driven Europop, and throws some nice guitar licks in it (as with tracks like the first, "Mä tuun mä meen"), which gives the "Tampere waitress by day" a whole new sound. It's fairly decent, but is still lacking the catchy qualities of MOVETRON classics albums, (except that last English one which wasn't too hot). Maybe Universal Finland felt the same way - as this was a 2002 release and I can't find



anything about it on their website. Still, "Yöperhonen" is a fine CD to throw on for those who like Finnish pop with a strip-bar beat!

V/A "TODAY'S CHRISTIAN MUSIC"

Chordant Music Group

I kind of like some contemporary Christian music, much to the "disgust" of some of my friends. Have any of us really lived without having a Christian hip-hop or grunge CD in our collection? All joking aside, here's a CD that I had to wait to pick up in Euclid, OH (on a recent trip to the great US Midwest). It's too bad it's a pretty mediocre sampling of this scene. STEPHEN CURTIS-CHAPMAN's "We Will Dance" is somewhat corny, but I'd rather hear this track at relatives' weddings than CELINE DION's "Glory of Love". SMOKIE NORFUL tries to pull a "Christian BARRY WHITE" with his soulful "Same Sad Song", but the message just comes out cheesy. JEREMY CAMP sounds like the Canadian band THE TEA PARTY, mixed with PEARL JAM. AUDIO ADRENALINE, who are starting to sound like a "Christian U2", rock out with their snotty guitar stadium rock sounding "Worldwide: One". A couple of tracks (and its low price tag) save this from falling in the "Sin stack of so-so contemporary Christian compilations". And where does one get this "exclusive" compilation praising "The Big Guy"? K-Mart!

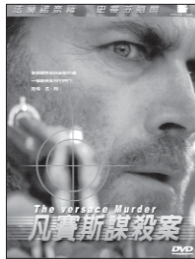


THE VERSACE MURDER (1998)

Starring: Franco Nero, Steven Bauer, Shane Perdue

Director: Meneham Golan

Gianni Versace must have rolled in his grave (wearing one of his suits) when this movie came out (the same year of his murder). You gotta see it to really believe it. Loser Andrew Cunanan (horribly acted by Shane Perdue) knocks off ex-gay lovers and shoots TV sets where Versace (Franco Nero) is shown blowing kisses to the paparazzi around a decadent pool party. Cunanan says, "God, I hate Versace's clothes!" As we all know, it ends with Cunanan shooting Versace (while opera music plays). Still, as directed by Meneham Golan (one of the founding fathers of Cannon Films), it's well worth checking out. Amidst the sludge, Nero gives his typically excellent performance, but looks slightly embarrassed being involved with this dodge Golan film. Still, I'm all for any projects by the Israeli cinematic "visionary". (If only they could have got the funding for the Elian "Janet Reno Sent Me Back To Cuba" Gonzalez flick!)

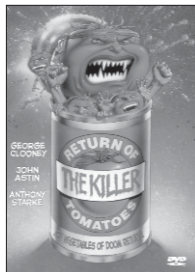


RETURN OF THE KILLER TOMATOES (1988)

Starring: Anthony Starke, George Clooney, Karen Mistal

Director: John DeBello

Viewing this DVD brought back fond memories of me skipping school and heading to Toronto for a Halloween "free screening" of this at the Bloor Cinema (where I sat beside a nun and a traffic light!). And for some reason, George Clooney doesn't want to talk about his fine "early" films such as this now. An evil scientist (played by John Astin) creates an evil race of "tomato people" and one of his sexy female ones (Karen Mistal, who most people know as adult film star, Tori Welles) falls for the pizza making Matt (Starke). The film also brings in lots of "product placement" so filming can continue (years before the recent "Josie and the Pussycats"). When you hear dialogue such as, "They are carpenters and they are gardeners. They are not tomato men", who wouldn't be (like the audience I viewed it with on Halloween) entertained? The Anchor Bay DVD has virtually no extras (except a trailer).



GO ASK ALICE (TV 1973)

THE STRANGERS IN 7A (TV 1972)

Skip the forgettable feature on this double sided Andy Griffith DVD, which would be "The Stranger in 7A" (with a very wasted Ida Lupino). "7A", with a somewhat "over the top" soundtrack of "horn oriented television soundtrack music," is the tale of bank robbers held up in an apartment building – and it shows why it's not appearing in syndication more. But for those with a penchant for TV movies of drugged up teens on LSD, you'll

love the other film. "Go Ask Alice" is based on the true-life diary of an "out of control" teen junkie. In the film, Alice (played by Jamie Smith-Jackson) goes from bored teenage geek to having LSD slipped to her at a party in her soda (while a horrible version of "Dear Mister Fantasy" plays). Her dad in the movie is played by William Shatner, so could you REALLY blame her for doing drugs? Andy Griffith plays the "Priest that understands kids". It's great to see this "don't do drugs" relic is finally in the digital domain. The book "Retro-Hell" (put out by the *Ben is Dead* folks), goes on and on about the greatness of GO ASK ALICE. By all means, run, don't walk, to Zellers and buy a copy of this \$5 DVD, if only for "Go Ask Alice" alone.

LOVE AT TIMES SQUARE (India 2003)

Starring: Dev Anand, Heene Kaushik, Salman Khan

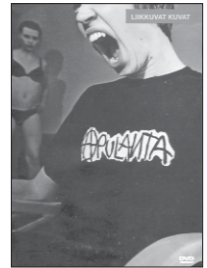
Director: Dev Anand

Dev Anand should confine himself to acting as this film might be one of the absolute worst Bollywood flicks (so far) of 2003. Two men and a young woman meet in Times Square during New Years Eve 2001. Which of the two men does Sweetie (Kaushik) fall for? Grade school productions of Macbeth have provided more fruitful actors than the ones on display in this film. And Salman Khan's "dance number" is hastily spliced in (and could be from ANY movie). Speaking of spliced footage, one scene contains the male hero in the hospital, when one of the visitors opens the blinds and actual real footage is spliced in of one of the planes smashing into one of the World Trade Centre towers! Later, Sweetie's father (Anand) says, "I should call Rudy Giuliani". Barf!

APULANTA – "Likkuvat Kuvat"

Levy-Yhtiö

On my next flight to Finland, I might have to suck my friend Hannele's toes, as I told her I would if I ever got my hands on this. "Likkuvat Kuvat" is a DVD that contains pretty much all of APULANTA's music videos (until I about 2001) including ones such as "Mitä Kuuluu" (1995) and classics such as "Anna Mulle Piiskaa" and ones that I hadn't seen such as "Odotus" and "Ei Yhtään Todistajaa" (which are very gloomy and have the band obsessed with body bags). The DVD also features some extras including commentary by the band about the videos (in Finnish), and footage at Torre and Ankarock live (where I saw them). Does anyone notice that lead singer Toni in later videos looks like a demonic Pinocchio doll? The grungy, punk influenced band is still a fave of mine and owning this DVD is worth sucking any female's toes for!



SCANDINAVIAN MUSIC GROUP "Ei mun oo Hyvä Olla Yksin / Mitä Hyödyttää 'Letitä Tukkan'"

BMG Finland Oy

These two singles were well worth waiting for, even if the SCANDINAVIAN MUSIC GROUP isn't getting the fanfare that "Ultra Bra" generated (members of UB are now in SMG). The singles are excellent. "Ei Mun oo hyvä Ollayksin" I first heard one afternoon on YLE-X and it played in my head for some time. That was, until I heard the excellent "Letitä Tukkan" single. The cover appears as if SMG had got the same art director as PINK FLOYD did during their Pompeii days, but "Letitä Tukkan" is a fine pop track that builds in intensity (an approach which is very lacking in current North American music of all sorts), then the next track ("Nää Aamut") sounds like NEGATIVE APPROACH or The HELLA COPTERS mixed with ULTRA BRA! If fans are expecting an UB copy, I don't think we're going to get it, but the inspirations of UB are now being applied to this new project. Still, SCANDINAVIAN MUSIC GROUP is providing something not going on with a majority of the garbage music created in North America. They are creating tracks that are hard to classify. I can tell you now. It's "Fucking Excellent".

