

3:15 - THE MOMENT OF TRUTH

Dir. Larry Gross / 1986

A well-meaning high school student is forced into violent behavior by ruthless gangs.

Punk rock music didn't widely permeate teen culture until about 1980, with hardcore music gaining a foothold in LA and other areas. Parents were shit-scared, and there was no better time to revive the classic juvenile delinquent dramas from the 1950s. From highbrow entries like *Rumble Fish* to 42nd St. classics like *Class of 1984*, the genre was back and revving on all cylinders.

Although a minor entry in this hormone-fueled canon, *3:15 - The Moment of Truth* is worth mentioning for one reason, or rather one actor. A director has no reason to cast Adam Baldwin in his film other than violence. Any movie he's in—*My Bodyguard*, *Full Metal Jacket*, *Cohen and Tate*—rest assured that Baldwin's fist will be going through someone's face. Against his nature, he's cast here playing the good guy. Baldwin is Jeff Hannah, former member of a youth gang called The Cobras. After a particularly vicious fight at the hamburger drive-thru with some rednecks, Hannah walks away from the gang after its leader Cinco insists that Jeff kill a "good old boy."

One year later, Jeff's high school has been turned into a pharmacy by his former comrades. Cinco is still smarting from Jeff's betrayal and swears vengeance on him. Busted in a youth drug dragnet, Cinco trumps up a bogus narc accusation. Now caught in

a squeeze play between the school's vengeance-seeking gangs and a scummy D.A.R.E.-addled principal, Jeff has no choice but to start throwing people out of windows. The flick culminates in Jeff taking on the Cobras...at 3:15.

Hilarious cameos by Gina Gershon as a skeezebag and Mario Van Peebles as another gang leader add to the fun. Last but not least, John Doe from *X* makes an appearance as a drunk getting booted from a lowlife nightclub packed with countless shadowy punk figures. As he's being roughed up by the bouncer, he mutters, "I know you're a tough guy, but you got a soft heart." Pure poetry. (JS)

8MM

Dir. Joel Schumacher / 1999

Snuff goes Hollywood.

The usually adventurous Nicolas Cage is totally wasted in this epic snoozefest about an enervated private detective who gets embroiled in a dangerous underworld while investigating the origins of a pornographic snuff film. He ends up in LA, where he spots a green-haired punk while headed to a subterranean skin flick swap meet. Peter Stormare steals scenes left and right as a pornographer with a reputation for being "the Jim Jarmusch of S&M." What does this mean? That he has a penchant for long, black-and-white tracking shots poeticizing the mundane reality of his international cast of aimless sadomasochistic musicians? We are left to wonder. (TS)

9 1/2 WEEKS

Dir. Adrian Lyne / 1986

Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger play yuppie droids who engage in an affair that has little to offer anyone involved, including the viewer.

Adrian Lyne is the most enthusiastic proponent of boring white people to ever shoot a single frame of film. Throughout his career, he's been the champion and publicist of the mundane, upper-middle-class blue-eyed human. *9 1/2 Weeks* may be his ultimate statement in a filmography stuffed in the rafters with statements on emotionally-deadened caucasoids. This film is supremely '80s Lyne, from the fetishistic portrayal of hi-tech products to the montages scored with horribly dated synth-pop. The movie is largely a dead end, in which the heavy-breathing viewer waits for the next "wild and crazy" sex scene as a respite from the coma-inducing dreck that comprises the bulk of this two-hour headache. The aforementioned "dreck" is populated by characters that are boring upscale honkeys fresh from the cracker factory. In fact, if I had to color code the character development, the hue representing the dramatic arc for all of the characters would be a very light beige.

Kim Basinger represents clueless yuppie scum everywhere by performing the ultimate act of cracker spectacle: she dances to reggae at a flea market. Mickey Rourke oozes his usual slime, but this time without any charisma or intrigue; of course, since his script probably consisted of some blank white pages, what can we expect? The tryst that Rourke and Basinger engage in is soulless and filled with "kinky" sex that verges on animalistic, but it's not enough to keep the sinking ship afloat. I admit that emotionless sex is a national pastime, however, *9 1/2 Weeks* fails to make any sort of worthwhile statement on the subject beyond the insinuation that being cultured is equal to being very boring, except when engaging in meaningless pumping (and even then the emergence of any personality is questionable). Maybe Lyne beat Neil LaBute and Todd Solondz to the punch with this film.

The cinematography evokes a long string of perfume commercials, and the method in which Lyne shoots Rourke's hi-tech gizmos is disconcerting, as if *The Sharper Image* had financed a softcore porn. Basinger looks like a cross between Rocky Dennis and Nico in her close-ups, and everything else has a glossy yuppie sheen, as if the film itself were a product in a showroom. The movie turns very arid at the 20-minute mark, and continues on as a trek through a barren desert for the remainder, offering no oasis for the viewer.

There are items of peripheral interest in the film. Rourke is equipped with the best pick-up line of all time: "Every time I see you, you're buying chickens." The most interesting character, who appears only twice and with no dialogue, is the flower delivery guy in dark sunglasses, who relentlessly grooves to some major '80s buttrock blasting from his headphones. I'd like to see a movie about him.

The scene in which some snot-nosed kid tells Rourke that his brother can fart the theme from *Jaws* for five dollars is pretty priceless. And, of course, what would a N.Y. yuppie film be without some punk ambience? The first punk is glimpsed for a few seconds at the flea market wearing a headscarf with a shock of blue hair peeking out from under it. The second punk is total gold: hanging out in the background at a lame art opening, and sticking out like a gangrenous thumb, this punk is straight from *The Road Warrior*. His insane bleached white fauxhawk could be spotted from the Statue of Liberty, he's wearing a Sid Vicious padlock-n-chain around his neck, and of course, a leather vest. Now get him, the babushka punk and the rock 'n' roll flower delivery dude together as principal players in a movie, and we've got something. (SC)

10 THINGS I HATE ABOUT YOU

Dir. Gil Junger / 1999

A script inspired by a 400-year-old play turns up the feminism
...and the ska.

If you say *10 Things I Hate About You* out loud, it would be a stretch to assert that it sounds like *The Taming of the Shrew*, but it's almost there. Which, coincidentally, is also a good way to describe this movie. If you look past the flatulent, pseudo-Shakespearean dialogue, and the unlikeable leads, it's pretty decent.

Kat and Bianca Stratford are sisters growing up in a single-father household. Their mother abandoned the family, and now the father watches over his daughters with an unblinking vigilance. To make matters worse, he's an obstetrician who reminds them daily that the impure intentions of boys are what keep him "up to his elbows in placenta." Therefore, the girls are forbidden to date. No problem for wannabe riot grrrl Kat (Julia Stiles), but for Bianca it's a serious social disability. To take the heat off himself, their father makes a new rule that allows Bianca to date as soon as Kat does. He figures he has nothing to worry about, but Bianca is a hot property and there are quite a few guys willing to do whatever it takes to have her. To get a boyfriend for Kat, Bianca's admirers enlist the help of mysterious hooligan Patrick (Heath Ledger), who can't help but wonder why Bianca is worth all the trouble: "What is it with this chick? She have beer flavored nipples?"

Although he has a tough-guy rep, Patrick has to borrow street cred from his silent, mohawked companion, otherwise he's just a bump on a log with screwy vowel phonology. This was Ledger's big break in Hollywood, and watching his clunky performance in this film, one has to be amazed that he ended up an Academy Award-winning actor. Stiles is no better, and with hair like oscillating clumps of yarn, watching her for 90 minutes will test even the steeliest of gag reflexes. Luckily, there are some strong performances in the supporting cast that save this film from being intolerable. (LAF)

18 AGAIN!

Dir. Paul Flaherty / 1988

The mind-switch movie formula benefits from skipping a generation.

Lovable, sprightly 81-year-old businessman Jack (a 92-year-old George Burns) endures a car accident that inexplicably causes him to switch brains with his teenage grandson David (Charlie Schlatter). Gloriously released from his arthritic state, Jack-In-David's-Body cavorts, flirts with ladies and smokes non-stop cigars while unleashing a heapin' helpin' of that patented old-man charm. The modern age of 1988 holds many untapped mysteries, including nude life drawing classes and men with earrings, but the greatest generation clash comes when he takes his burgeoning ladyfriend to a Dickies concert. The not-quite-seedy-enough venue is boiling over with spiked mohawks, denim battlegear and bleached variations on both. The band blasts out a raw, blistering version of their early hit "You Drive Me Ape (You Big Gorilla)" with singer Leonard Phillips hammin' in a monkey mask while LA's goofiest punk extras do their thing. Young Schlatter shuffles and mugs through an impressive George Burns impression, but his respectable grandpa appeal is dwarfed by a truly endearing supporting performance from the late, great Red Buttons. If all Hollywood comedies were built on the adventures of adorable old men instead of boobs and marijuana, the impending apocalypse could be canceled. (ZC)

200 CIGARETTES

Dir. Risa Bramon Garcia / 1999

It's a mad race through New York as the clock ticks
closer to midnight on New Year's Eve.

This is a 1980 period film set in New York's new wavy Lower East Side. An interesting cast, the most notable being a pre-transformed Courtney Love and Paul Rudd (paired as pals), a cameo by Elvis Costello and Affleck brothers Ben and Casey. Affleck the Younger plays Tom, a sensitive punk who gets more screen time *and* the cute girl (Kate Hudson), while Ben, not having to stretch far from his own personality, is only a klutzy flannel-shirt wearin' bartender stud who gets ditched twice before waking next to some hapless woman the next morning.

Dave Chappelle plays a cabbie who transports various characters as they dash about the city. Christina Ricci appears as an underage girl from Long Island. Dragging her reluctant friend along to the party, the two girls get lost and stop in at a punk club called Satan's Pit. A live band plays, sounding nothing like punk, and the audience looks as though they'd been yanked out of a mid-'80s LA new wave concert. (BI)

964 PINOCCHIO

Dir. Shozin Fukui / 1991

Sex robot gets wild.

964 Pinocchio is an android prototype that's released from the sex asylum by his creators when he fails to perform. His would-be rescuer Himiko attempts to civilize him and create a world where they can live without memory. Meanwhile, his creators are seeking him out for destruction. This disorienting, visually stunning, experimental feature is a cyberpunk nightmare. There's lots of viscera on display here (blood, gore, puke, garbage and colorful fluids galore) and the effects are pretty impressive. The camerawork is hectic, colorful and claustrophobic, and it all boils your skull very nicely. The

women at the sex asylum are decked out in bondage gear, and have teased, dyed punk hair. Pinocchio himself sports a tiny mohawk on the front of his head, and resembles a classic circus pinhead crossed with a Butoh dancer (the film has a heavy Butoh influence throughout). Some scenes were clearly shot guerrilla-style; onlookers gawk as Pinocchio runs spastically through the city dragging a large, silver pyramid. One of the most unforgettable moments occurs when Himiko gets violently ill in a train station and pukes everywhere. Fukui next directed *Rubber's Lover*. (KK)

976-EVIL

Dir. Robert Englund / 1989

A hopeless geek uses his telephone to gain occult powers.

Englund's directorial debut is every bit as much of a nerd's vengeance fantasy as you could expect from a man who's spent his entire life working in the horror genre. A post-*Fright Night*/pre-porn Stephen Geoffreys plays Hoax, a simple-minded teen who giggles at nude photos in *National Geographic* and lives under the thumb of his overbearing religious mother (Sandy Dennis of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*) Hoax is obsessed with his "bad boy" cousin Spike and desperately struggles to impress him, which is difficult to do with your head shoved down the high school toilet. The dunkers responsible are a deeply bizarre assemblage of faux punks, including my personal favorite, "Airhead," who shaves Charlie Brown T-shirt-style zigzag patterns into his sidewalls and dresses like a Mormon variation of the Desert Storm soldier uniform. The bullies' leader Marcus feigns dangerousness in his *I Drink Your Blood* T-shirt, but his overall aesthetic would have gotten him kicked out of The Culture Club for wussiness. Spike's girlfriend Suzie displays a single mom-esque variation on Madonna's malltrash chic. Hoax spies on the couple having sex and later fondles her discarded panties. Desperate for his own piece of the world, Hoax becomes drawn in to a supernatural phone line that predicts, alters and ultimately cancels the future of its callers. In a short time, the mysterious service empowers the once-timid teenager with all the forces of darkness, and he begins a rampage of reckoning and powermad violence.

Much of the film takes place in one of those '80s high schools where every flat surface is tagged with PG-13 profanities and Top 40 alternative band names. Outside the counselor's office, a kid with a spiked mohawk bangs his head to the new wave ditty pumping through his walkman. Though the film takes place past punk's social prime, the back alleys are infinitely richer in creative spray paint, with multiple "DEVO" and "BLACK FLAG" scrawlings across the crumbling brickwork. (ZC)

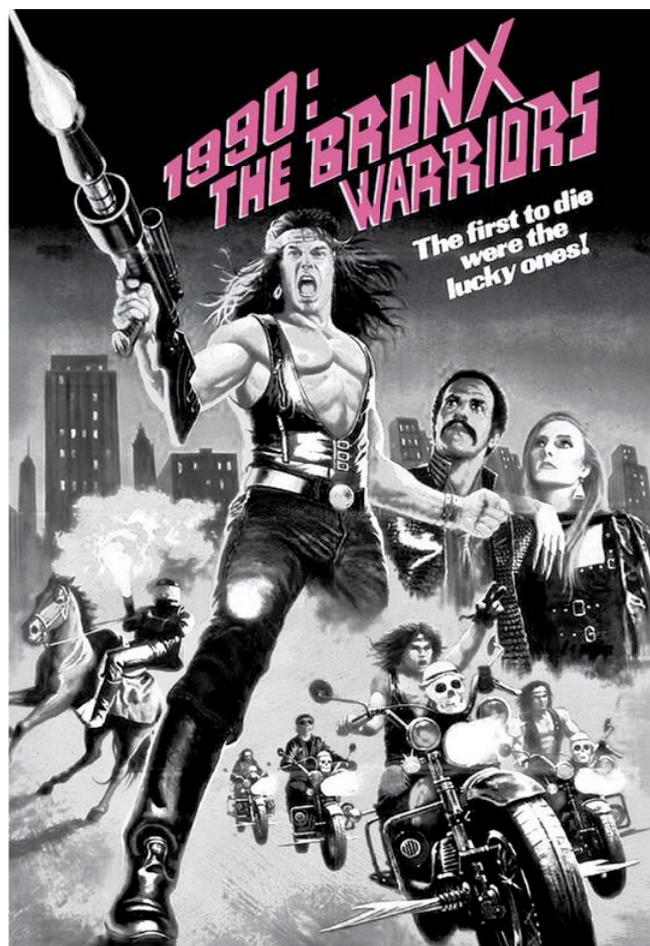
1990: THE BRONX WARRIORS

Dir. Enzo Castellari / 1982

Nuke-proof tough guys resist evil forces.

This post-apocalyptic bloodstorm flaunts its artistic assets in the opening credits, with static images of face-painted urban soldiers and sci-fi thug weaponry. The text is just as entertaining, with the film's action sequences credited to "Rocky's Stuntmen Team" and The Hells Angels.

The most enthusiastic of Italy's *Escape from New York* knock-offs, *1990* also follows the concept of New York's degeneration into a lawless colony of manimals, but infuses it with even more power fantasies and general action. In the cordoned Bronx, Trash (17-year-old Marco di Gregorio) and his fellow Riders do all they can to maintain order, armed with spikes, blades and skull-adorned motorbikes



in a nonstop war against cannibals and other sentient crud. Rival gangs are everywhere, including Ogre (Fred Williamson) and his boys, a posh assortment that includes a member in a silk suit and tall yellow mohawk. The real enemy arrives in the form of Hammer (Vic Morrow), sent in by the government to wipe out everyone on their long list of undesirables.

The plot grows more intricate, but remains a sparse structure to fill with sternum-bursting shotgun blasts and bone-shattering chopper wars. At the midway point, the movie temporarily transforms into a *Warriors*-inspired gauntlet run through various caricaturesque gangs, the best of which are a cabaret clan of synchronized tap dancers, complete with gold bowler caps and deadly sword canes. Castellari had long before laid out his legacy as an exploitation film factory, but seems to have injected a little more heart and playfulness than usual here. This is partly evidenced by several scenes of middle-aged men exchanging playground insults including "fagface," "piss-head" and "You've got your gray matter in your BUTT!" (ZC)

1991: THE YEAR PUNK BROKE

Dir. Dave Markey / 1992

Tour footage and interviews, much of it of Sonic Youth and Nirvana as they play concerts in Europe.

This is sort of *The Blank Generation* for the early '90s music scene. Kim Gordon asks, "Did punk break in 1991?" before the band goes into "Teenage Riot." It probably broke a year later when every

band in this film was on a major label. Thurston Moore talks about destroying record companies. He probably meant all of them except for the one that signed him. All kidding aside, this film is an excellent documentary, capturing the time when stud belts were traded for flannels, except for the Ramones (also in *The Blank Generation*) who never sacrificed their leather and jeans. Here they perform “Commando,” and, in true punk fashion, the sound isn’t as good as all the other bands’ in the film. A few punks can be seen in the audience at various points, but it’s mostly a bunch of longhairs and glue-sniffers. At its release, the film sold well largely for its footage of Nirvana, who perform a great version of “Negative Creep.” Backstage she-nanigans include Dave Grohl and Krist Noveselic playing with their food and Kurt Cobain staring at rotating meat. On stage, Cobain is dressed as a mad scientist and hits his head against band equipment. Moore wears a T-shirt with a cartoon punk duck on it that says “Punks Not Dead.” A French journalist asks if Raymond Pettibon is a fellow countryman. This film is a window into the last hurrah of good alternative music before the mid-’90s slump. (BC)

2019: AFTER THE FALL OF NEW YORK

Dir. Sergio Martino / 1983

A mercenary is hired to infiltrate New York City’s ruins and rescue the last fertile woman on Earth.

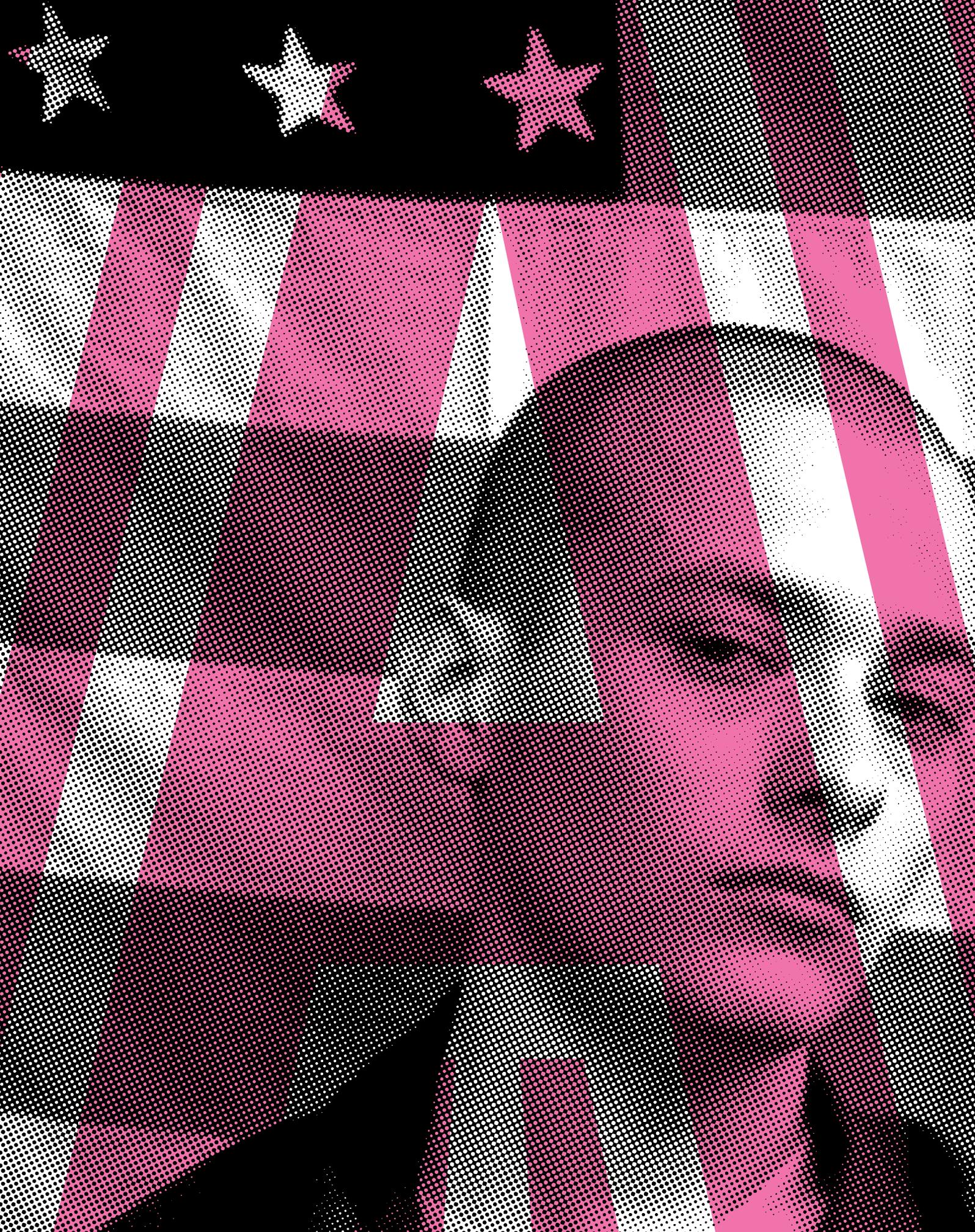
Here it is: the *Citizen Kane* of Italian post-apocalyptic rip-offs. I know that’s not really saying much, but amidst many counterparts, 2019: *After the Fall of New York* stands inches above its radioactive cinematic kin. Many similar spaghetti sci-fi epics seem to be filmed exclusively at a deserted rock quarry, but 2019 is an explosion of colorful characters, varied locations and a script that finds inspiration in multiple post-nuke movies beyond *Mad Max* films. It’s a familiar story—but without pausing for thought, genre-hopping director Sergio Martino knows how to keep the ridiculous action moving.

In the aftermath of war, two governments are battling for control of the United States. There’s the Pan-American Confederacy, who have the fancier computers and control panels, and the Euracs, who have mean soldiers in black that ride white horses and hunt contaminated humans. Michael Sopkiw (*Blastfighter*) stars as Snake Plisskin...uh, wait...I mean Parsifal...who’s trying to get by in the bleak future of 2019. When the story begins, he’s in Nevada participating in a jousting demolition derby. The audience is a punk blur of chains, liberty spikes and pumping fists. Parsifal wins but, shortly thereafter, is abducted by the Pan-American Confederacy and taken to Alaska, where the film settles right into a variation on the plot

of John Carpenter’s *Escape from New York*. Instead of rescuing the president, Parsifal is coerced (with a promise of a trip to Alpha Centauri on a rocket!) into rescuing the last fertile American virgin, who is somewhere in Eurac-controlled New York City. In pursuing the ripe lady, Parsifal teams with cyborg Ratchet and Bronx, a guy with a robot arm. The trio travels through the sewers, city dumps and greasy side streets, and eventually come across weird characters like a rodent-whipping freak called Rat Eater King, horny half-simian Big Ape (George Eastman), a midget named Shorty (who has a great death scene) and a trumpet-playing vagrant. There’s a souped-up, super-charged station wagon, some unexpected monkey love, plus all the requisite flamethrowers and eye-gougings you’d expect from the best in this genre. (SH)







ACCELERATION PUNK

Dir. Robert Glassman / 1977

A primordial, chaotic camcorder view of Europe's burgeoning punk scene.

Carnival footage is intercut with early, urgent performances by The Jam and The Police. People scream, roll around on apartment floors and watch lesser-known bands like French act Stinky Toys. Professionally shot film footage of The Damned doing "New Rose" is followed by an exhibitionistic audience member disrobing during American icon Wayne County's "You Make Me Cream in My Jeans." County later does a full costume/gender change on stage in mid-song. Borrowed footage of the Sex Pistols' legendary boat concert is included. And so this short, loose French production goes: calamitous, amateurish, directionless and hugely entertaining for the punk-history completist. (ZC)

ACE VENTURA: PET DETECTIVE

Dir. Tom Shadyac / 1994

An obnoxious man who claims to solve pet related crimes is on the case of a missing dolphin.

Chaplin had his pathos. Keaton had his fearless stunt work. Carrey talks with his ass. This film sparked the Jim Carrey hitfest that continued through the '90s with *Dumb and Dumber* and *The Mask*, offering middle school boys across America a stockpile of quotes. This film (and its sequel) is Carrey at his wildest. Ventura is equal parts klutz, impersonator and uberpest. During his investigation, he attends a Cannibal Corpse show, where various period-appropriate grungers and a man with an oversized mohawk circle him in the pit. Udo Kier plays a German. (BC)

THE ACCIDENTAL TOURIST

Dir. Lawrence Kasdan / 1988

Boring schlub re-awakened by irreverent love.

William Hurt personifies the detached white everyman. With his perpetual handdog expression and Dramamine drawl, he slumps and shuffles about in a fog of middle class malaise. This guy could blot out the Eastern Seaboard with projected dreariness. He emanates so much disdain and boredom that it's nearly metaphysical.

So of course Hurt is going to be plopped down in something as cozily soft as *The Accidental Tourist*. He plays Macon Leary, a travel writer whose son has been killed in a shooting, and as a result of his admirable detachment, his wife has left him. According to Hollywood, Macon needs a healthy dose of off-the-cuff unconventional-ity in the form of spunky dog trainer Geena Davis to shake him out of his existential funk. Lots of snore-inducing soul searching ensues as the old human speed bump can't make up his mind about anything, drifting listlessly through the hazy gauze of Lawrence Kasdan's tasteful, inert direction.

The lone spark comes in the form of the three '77 style punks Leary crosses paths with in London. The trio's leader has the leather jacket ensemble down, with a real trophy of a mohawk to bring it all together. He's trailed by a blue-haired moptop wearing a striking pink scarf, and a stunning goth punk with a high rise rat's nest of orange hair, providing the only dabs of color in the entire film. (SC)

ACTION

Dir. Tinto Brass / 1980

A man is caught in a surreal world.

Brass' first film to follow his notorious *Caligula* is composed of plotless, meandering journeys through various sets. The handsomely hollow Luc Merenda takes the lead, wandering from graveyards to bathrooms to wastelands while interacting with assorted goofs and amputees. In a horizon-spanning junkyard, he cowers from the sudden arrival of a gang of Dali-esque punks, each wildly and/or scantily clad and bearing a heavy layer of facepaint. Nudity, swastikas and bondage gear are the favorites of these borderline clowns as they intimidate a terrified hobo. One of the males wears a gorilla fur jacket and rubber breasts while a lady cohort dangles a plastic baby doll on a cord from her vagina. The gang eventually turns their sights on our hero; terrorizing him with strap-on penises and facial triangles. The fashion-retarded non-humans force him to dance at gunpoint before they run off into the horizon.

Action was a stylistic departure for Italian filmmaker Tinto Brass, who was often known as a buttocks-obsessed erotic auteur. Though he performs very little of his trademarked bun fetishizing here, there are certainly a fair number of rumps on display. It's possible that the secret of his muse lies in his name, which—if you remove just three letters—becomes "*into ass.*" (ZC)

THE ADDAMS FAMILY

Dir. Barry Sonnenfeld / 1991

The world's most macabre family encounters a conniving foe.

This rambunctious tribute to the classic creations of cartoonist Charles Addams has a great deal more pep than the '60s TV series, largely due to Christopher Lloyd's enthusiastic performance as Uncle Fester. When the film kicks off, Fester is missing and the Addams clan yearns for him dearly, especially his brother Gomez (Raul Julia). A corrupt real estate investor masterminds a plan to pass off her pasty, hulking son as the long-lost member of the Addams family, and through a cornball maelstrom of mistaken identity and wacky coincidences, all is set right.

Director Sonnenfeld had already established himself as a talented cinematographer for the Coen Brothers, but unleashed on his own project he's an aesthetic maniac. The Addams' manor is chock-full of enough high-end Halloween Superstore ephemera to choke ten Tim Burtons. Most impressive is the Addams' gala family reunion ball, where every form of ghoul is present, including ever-popular hairball Cousin It. A child in a particularly lazy punk costume is among a group of trick-or-treaters frightened by gargantuan butler Lurch at the end of the film. (ZC)

THE ADVENTURES OF FORD FAIRLANE

Dir. Renny Harlin / 1990

Detective-to-the-rock-stars Ford Fairlane (Andrew "Dice" Clay) must find Ms. Zuzu Petals before a gang of murderous misfits do some serious damage.

Don't listen to what anybody says. This movie is great.

Those who thought the Diceman's sexist stand-up personality was "The Real Him" just don't understand his comic genius. This film showcases it all: he croons, makes faces, does noises, chain-smokes and drops one-liners like they were pretzels. He's brilliant, no foolin'. Sure, the plot is weak, but the supporting cast could make up for a hundred lame scripts. Ed O'Neill yells "Bootytime!" and shakes his tail feather. Mötley Crüe frontman Vince Neil dies and his corpse rolls down a hill. Gilbert Gottfried is a DJ led around on a leash by Priscilla Presley. Tone Lóc raps in front of Dice's office. Morris



Day, Robert Englund, Sheila E and a half-dressed Wayne Newton... the list just goes on and they're each giving it all they've got. A punk with liberty spikes attends a funeral. A koala bear puppet eats potato chips. Newton tortures Dice's guitar until info is spilled. This movie got Harlin the director's slot for *Die Hard 2*, and its fun, glossy, non-stop craziness was possibly an unspoken template for later '90s action films like *True Romance* and *Last Action Hero*. If not, it should've been. (BC)

THE ADVENTURES OF SEBASTIAN COLE

Dir. Tod Williams / 1998

1983. A young man leaves New Jersey to go to England with his mother. He comes back a newly punkified hooligan and lives with his stepfather, who's in the process of becoming his stepmother.

This is the story of a typical American family. There's divorce, children leaving for college and sexual reassignment surgery. The main character is young Sebastian, taken by his mother to England after her second husband announces his new choice in gender. Sebastian is unhappy in the UK with his drunken mom, and in his dissatisfaction adopts the punk look (if not lifestyle). He returns to America to stepdad Hank, who is now going by Henrietta.

We follow Sebastian as he goes on his titular adventures. He wakes up in the hospital after drinking two bottles of liquor and ending up face down in a pool of blood. Next, he and his pot-retarded friends decide to truck into the city to see a punk band. There he meets a distressed bottle blonde who tells him she and her sister are being held hostage by a man called "Chi-town," and Sebastian decides to rescue them. After some brief negotiations, it's decided that Chi-town will release the girls for \$11.00 and a wristwatch.

Does Sebastian learn anything? Not really. Does his family ever come together or understand one another? Come on. Does everything end up roses and buttercups? Nope. Just like a real family. (JH)

AFFLICTION

Dir. Mark Hejnar / 1996

A mondo style film about "shocking" underground performance art.



A who's-who/who-cares about gross-out hollow artistic statements from talentless, empty people. A few of them cut themselves with razorblades. GG Allin licks a human butt. Darts get thrown into somebody's back. Wait a minute...you're supposed to throw those at a dartboard, but they're throwing them at a person. That's crazy. My world is totally turned upside down. Sigh. A man fucks a baby doll. Scissors touch the inside of an eyelid. A punk girl has sex. Bloody boners. Shit. Crap. Poop. The best—and only good—segment is actual art criminal Mike Diana trying to vomit on a crucifix and having a heck of a time raising his chunder. Not for the faint of heart or anybody else. (BC)

AFTER HOURS

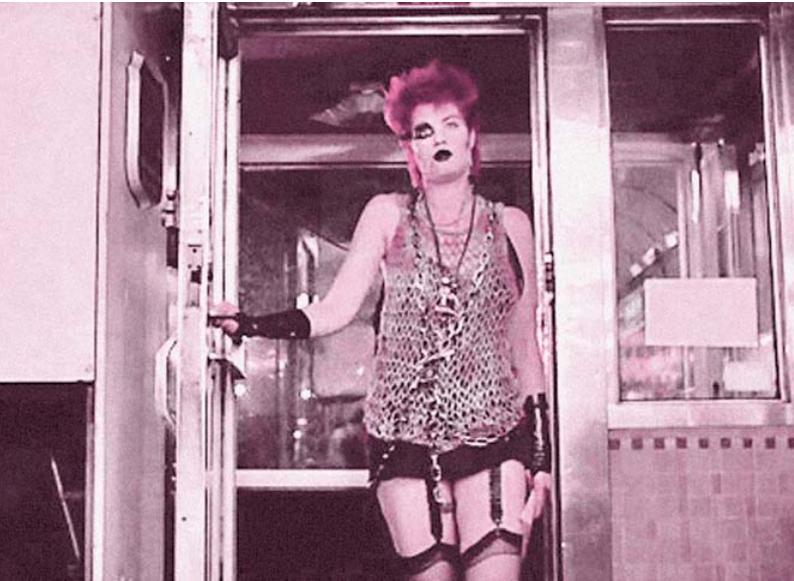
Dir. Martin Scorsese / 1985

Paul Hackett (Griffin Dunne) is unable to get home after a series of unlikely events leaves him stranded late at night in New York City's Soho district.



A wayward comedy of errors along the lines of *Into the Night* and *Something Wild*, but with a little extra darkness. This film and *King of Comedy* proved that Scorsese can pull off humor as well as drama. Here, he's definitely having fun. Dunne offers an excellent performance, giving his character subtle quirks and always playing it in a realm of believability while outlandish situations happen around him. Paul goes to the Club Berlin to look for some people. He isn't let in because he doesn't have a mohawk. Eventually, he's able to enter, but is overwhelmed by the punks slamming to Bad Brains' "Pay to Cum." Members of the crowd try to shave his head into a new wave cut, and he runs away, calling them barbarians. As over-the-top as the forced hairstyling idea is, the punks in this scene all seem like the real deal. Watch for Scorsese in a cameo, working the dance floor spotlight from a platform.

Towards the end of the film, Paul is hunted by an angry mob and is intercepted by a punk girl with red hair, a painted face and a major amount of scrap metal jewelry. The actress is Robin Johnson, who played new wave gutter icon Nicky in *Times Square*. She hands him a flyer for a conceptual art show at Club Berlin, and he heads back to the club to escape his pursuers. Rosanna Arquette plays Paul's troubled date who talks about a six-hour rape experience and her *Wizard of Oz*-obsessed ex-husband. Catherine O'Hara appears in a stud bracelet, a metal belt with a skull on it and drives



a Mr. Frosty truck. Following Scorsese's wishes, Dunne supposedly didn't sleep or have sex during the production of this film to add stress and paranoia to his character. (BC)

AGAINST ALL ODDS

Dir. Taylor Hackford / 1984

An unshaven Jeff Bridges stumbles into a heap of trouble in this remake of *Out of the Past*.

A typical '80s noir throwback that benefits by having the dad from *Webster* in it. Though full of plot twists, it's predictable, and the only surprise was the woman with intense eye make-up, chopped, messy bleached hair and bullet belt mingling with the wealthy at a posh nightclub. Later she dances to the safe sounds of Kid Creole & The Coconuts. Richard Widmark plays a corrupt angry man. He's fine. Phil Collins has his title song play over the end credits. He's paid. I watch this movie on my television. I'm bored. (BC)

AGE OF DEMONS

Dir. Damon Foster / 1992

A satanic cult targets a punk band's vocalist as the focus of their transdimensional domination plot.

The occult society Zordak completes their hundredth human sacrifice, successfully opening a powerful portal. Lackeys are dispatched to grab teenage thrasher Mitch due to his unharnessed, dormant magical powers. He's dragged into their subterranean lair where he battles female Zordakian warriors and inadvertently ushers a horned, red gorilla-creature through the demongate. The beast is unleashed into our world, tearing through the air and blowing up a station wagon with eye-borne lightning bolts. When the beast lands, it decapitates and disembowels without mercy. Only Mitch and his friends can prevent Zordak from enslaving the universe, and they'll use every type of magic, martial arts and weaponry in their quest.

That's the plot. Now here's the catch: the entire film was shot on VHS camcorder for 85 bucks. Writer/director/actor/stuntman Foster has been knocking out homemade epics like this for two decades, allowing no financial obstacle to bar his crackpot visions. Though such drive is respectable, it certainly doesn't qualify the man as an exceptionally brilliant creator. *Age of Demons* is littered with gay jokes,

oversized breasts and questionable stereotypes, indicating that racism, nudity and homophobia don't cost a goddamn thing. (ZC)

THE AGE OF INSECTS

Dir. Eric Morano / 1991

An insect-obsessed quack doctor performs social experiments.

This was one of the heavier-handed products of the *Film Threat*-era independent VHS scene. Megalomaniacal mind-control madman Dr. Benedict is commissioned to reprogram a businessman's wayward son. When the boy and his friends arrive, the doctor is disgusted by their mildly punk aesthetic. He gazes at them in absolute horror through a peephole, his voiceover narration referring to them as "leather-clad lice" and "typically brutal humanoid American larvae." He pipes down when given the opportunity to view their mating practices. Later, the teens are treated to a beverage that induces a psychedelic mental breakdown, and they end up destroying the room in a chemical frenzy before being subdued with chloroform gas. Benedict performs depraved processes on his primary subject, coating him in psychotropic ooze while muttering about the boy's pupal metamorphosis. As the treatments continue, the doctor, his patient and the viewer melt into total braindeath. (ZC)

AIRHEADS

Dir. Michael Lehmann / 1994

Wayne's World meets *Dog Day Afternoon* when rock band The Lone Rangers hold the employees of a radio station hostage.

Typical early '90s comedy fluff. Brendan Fraser, Steve Buscemi and Adam Sandler are the rock combo. They tragically wear Cat-in-the-Hat hats in their first scene. A laugh riot is not in store. Pretty much just an hour and a half of usually funny people meandering around. There is however the underused/underappreciated Ernie Hudson who, in this film, is underused and underappreciated. This movie is filled with those inane late 20th century insults like "dicksmoke," "butt puppet" and "dick cheeseburger." Punks show up in crowd scenes, especially toward the end when a group amasses outside the radio station. A dude in a mohawk yells "Barney Fife" at a cop played by a babyfaced Chris Farley. Beavis and Butt-head make an embarrassing voice-only cameo as two youngsters who phone the station. Michael Richards is enjoyable as his usual stumblin' self, especially when he sets fire to someone's green hair. The Lone Rangers' hit "Degenerated" was actually performed by hard-luck punk legends Reagan Youth. (BC)

ALIEN FROM L.A.

Dir. Albert Pyun / 1988

A young woman stumbles upon a lost civilization that strives to deny (and end) her existence.

Unbelievably shrill *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit model Kathy Ireland makes her cinematic debut as Wanda Saksunsem, a beach bunny in search of her missing father. She accidentally follows his trail to the Earth's core, where the subterranean civilization of Atlantis exists in a state of malfunctioning, post-apocalyptic film noir aesthetics. Though the denizens of the sunken city have avoided learning anything of the surface world, their technology and spoken language is 100% 1988 American, including their fashion sense, which runs half Saudi Arabian/half mall-purchased new wave. Wanda quickly finds herself on the lam, hiding from the "alien"-fearing



underworld government, and by the time they've put a price on her head, she's already become a local celebrity. She allies herself with Gus, a hard-as-steel toughie with an unexplained Australian accent, and what follows is the type of aimless, awkward action film on which director Pyun (*Captain America*, *Dollman*) has built a decades-long career.

Though this movie isn't noted for its literary references, it's worth mentioning that Wanda's tongue-twisting last name is borrowed from a male character in Jules Verne's *Journey to the Center of the Earth*. Even more unlikely is the fact that *Alien from L.A.* spawned a sequel that featured several of the same Atlantean characters, lifted its title from Verne's novel, and was an even greater strike against humanity. (ZC)

ALIEN SPACE AVENGER

Dir. Richard W. Haines / 1989

A sci-fi-fueled superhero tale with an overdose of severed limbs.

The writer/director of *Class of Nuke 'Em High* was behind this unnecessarily entertaining VHS goonride, which kicks off in the 1930s as two rough-and-tumble fellas and their dames are taken over by parasitic alien criminals. After killing the veterans at the local legion hall, they bury themselves in their spaceship to dodge the intergalactic police force. The quartet reemerges 50 years later in New York City, where they immediately see a gay punk couple walking through Greenwich Village: "These creatures got *much* stranger!" While on a weapons hunt, they attempt to fire an enormous dildo like a shotgun and punch out a drug dealer because he has no uranium.

Cut to a comic book artist having sex with his girlfriend (the scene

which places this film in the science fiction category). He's Matt, the chronicler of low-sales pulp hero Space Avenger. When not fretting over flagging newsstand sales, he hangs out at the local new wave club, and it's only a matter of time before the starborne criminals appear, armed and ready for violence. But the lawkeepers of the universe are still on their tails, and Matt is soon drafted in the war against the lowlifes, becoming the Alien Space Avenger himself.



Somehow, it all works. Director Haines clearly has a genuine affection for the raucous innocence of middle-wave drive-in trash, and it manages to shine through all the movie's gore and cleavage. Speaking of which, hideous, classic porn star Jamie Gillis puts in a cameo as the schlub businessman who gets melted wang-first by one of the overheated alien girls. The lead villain is played by underused ham Robert Prichard, who made his memorable debut as über-bully Slug in the first *Toxic Avenger* film. (ZC)

ALONE IN THE DARK

Dir. Jack Sholder / 1982

Four delusional maniacs escape a mental institution to deal out bloody retribution for an imagined murder.



Jack Palance leads (and steals) the show as Frank Hawkes, a violent, schizophrenic ex-G.I. and patient at Valley Hills Hospital. Convinced that the new doctor (Dwight Schultz) is a killer, Hawkes rallies firebug Martin Landau, obese child-eater Erland van Lidth and a bonus mystery nut together to break free and attack. Most of the action takes place in the doc's barricaded house as the four crazies assault his family from all sides.

This film's casting agent should be rewarded with a solid-gold Cadillac. Donald Pleasence appears severely medicated as hospital head Dr. Leo Bain, mumbling through his scenes and bumping into furniture, but still manages to exhibit his wide-eyed, desperate charm. And the uncharacteristically spastic Landau's brain-damaged opening dream sequence is like a birthday party for your eyeballs. Even the wuss doctor is a lowbrow celebrity, played by none other than Animal from *The A-Team*!

As things are just starting to heat up, the family's punkish sister-in-law decides to head down to the local night spot to take in a

performance by The Sic Fucks, who play an endless version of their "Chop Up Your Mother" while waving giant cardboard axes over the spiky heads of the colorful '80s pogo trash crowd. The 'Fucks are more cabaret than rock, with props, back-up singers and a frontman who sounds like a post-pubescent Grover. Writer/director Sholder was so off the punk mark that he ended right on target, as later bands like (ugh) Gwar and (ugh ugh) Green Jello should be mailing him royalty checks for the gory puppet show schtick pioneered here.

Another monumental punk moment occurs when a new wave teen ditz goes inexplicably sweet on the blood-soaked 63-year-old Palance outside the club. But, despite its heavy doses of homicidal lunatics and hideous haircuts, the nuttiest thing about this movie is the fact that The Sic Fucks were an actual New York band who pulled off some legendarily outrageous stage shows. Consisting of wackily-clad members with names like Bob Hopeless and Dick String, the band was one of the East Coast's more rock 'n' roll answer to The Dickies. But antics and *Alone in the Dark* sadly weren't enough to properly immortalize them, and they ended up moving onto more glamorous musical projects like Dayglo Abortions. Ugh ugh ugh. (ZC)

AMERICAN DRIVE-IN

Dir. Krishna Shah / 1985

Various oddball characters enjoy a summer night at the drive-in until a ruthless gang starts causing trouble.

Crazy jokes, nudity and awkwardly serious moments abound throughout this beautiful mess. It takes place entirely at a drive-in theater. Characters come and go as they please in what feels like real time. The gang of brats features a punk in a red coat, a greaser wearing a dog collar and a dude in a flannel. The first scene of the film features them shouting that they want to "see some beaver" as they chase a couple in a van. Funny. Later on, they attempt to perform a gang rape. Not so funny. A fat family brings a table of food to the movie and there's a montage of them pigging out. Very very funny. There are constant uncomfortable jokes about a dude trying to get a blowjob. The not-entirely-punk gang is called on their shit and one would expect everything to end on a wacky just-desserts finish, but instead they're forced to fight each other to the death in front of the bloodthirsty audience.

The film playing on the drive-in screen is a massively underbaked musical horror epic that was initially filmed in wee chunks as background fodder for this production. However, director Shah quickly returned to the project and padded it out with a zany Hitler domination plot and several scenes of corpses performing shredding ditties, and released that movie to theaters as *Hard Rock Zombies* the same year. (BC)

AMERICAN FLYERS

Dir. John Badham / 1985

Two brothers bond through bicycle racing.

This film really packs in the competition, love, death, action and, of course, Rae Dawn Chong. Even with all the life lessons stuffed into the movie, the most impressive feat is that the filmmakers captured Kevin Costner on celluloid while he still had a pulse. For a sports movie, *American Flyers* delivers, running along at a brisk pace and always keeping the sparks flying, sometimes at the cost of coherence, but who cares? We just gotta see that underdog win in the end.

Marcus Sommers (Costner) is estranged from his family; his brother, David (David Grant) stuck around to take care of mom after dad passed away from a brain hemorrhage. Marcus is the ambitious one in the Sommers clan, and has resentment for the way David has

passed up opportunities to shine by using their widowed mother as an excuse for any lack of ambition. The wayward son returns to breathe life into his relationship with David, and to give him some direction in life. Movies have taught us that the best way to set someone straight, the be-all end-all cure for any directionless loafer, is sports. Road trips help a lot, too. So, Marcus and David take a road trip with Chong to a massive, grueling bicycle race in Colorado entitled “Hell of the West” and learn some valuable lessons along the way about life and love.

The plot progresses as expected, with sibling rivalry erupting between the brothers as the past is exhumed. Triumph and bitter-sweet uplift are just around the corner as well. All the clichés are trotted out, but there is a sincerity and passion that dampens the shopworn plot devices. The success of the film is also aided by *American Flyers*’ stellar supporting cast: John Amos plays a health nut with an underachieving chubbins for a son; Jennifer Grey is a hysterical goof; and Robert Townsend is the ubiquitous black buddy.

Even with its sturdy construction, the film has one amusing and detrimental fault: the product placement is extremely distracting, as a certain fast food chain takes a supporting role in the film. Not content to merely show its product prominently within the movie, Satan’s favorite restaurant figures into the script with a presence so glaring you may clog an artery just from staring at the screen. The personification of said chain’s disregard for health or subtlety is an ex-hippie who defects from her flaky vegetarian friends, who are just eating “store-bought nuts,” to a new land of crass consumerism and free choice, i.e. a fast food restaurant in which she orders some name-brand flesh.

A film that is funded by a corporation whose profits depend on death and willful ignorance reduces the punk moment in this film to a fleeting and insignificant head shot of wacky hairdos: one spiky red number and the other a skunky streaked barber crime. While the film is low on the punk meter, it is very high on the inspiration and free-market economy chart. (SC)

AMERICAN HISTORY X

Dir. Tony Kaye / 1998

A white-power figurehead must face up to the consequences of his lifestyle and its effect on his family.

Many films about racism, especially those produced within the Hollywood system, rely on generalizations and one-dimensional types in order to hammer the “racism is bad” message into the audience’s brains. This leaves little room for nuance and complexities. *American History X* is not completely unsuccessful in its bid for a better understanding of the seething rage that infuses much of the racial climate, but it does rely on those symbolic and uncomplicated figures that lend themselves to a clean and easy message.

The Edward Norton character, Derek Vinyard, is certainly the most complicated and, as the film progresses, we watch his growth and transforming ideals. Vinyard is magnetic as a skinhead icon; the rallying diatribes he delivers are the most relevant aspect of the film, and are strikingly reminiscent of much of the bile spewed by right wing talk-radio hosts and pundits. The nature vs. nurture debate is the cornerstone of most of Vinyard’s monologues, in that environment and social status are completely ignored, making personal responsibility the sole factor in an individual’s behavior. This sort of reductive thinking goes for the heart, not the head, and in some ways, the film itself resorts to these tactics. In explaining the seed of Derek’s racial hate, we have a simple family dinner in which the father extols the virtues of questioning the laziness of blacks. Also, Derek learns to love black people by befriending a wacky fellow

inmate who happens to be black, and also happens to be the comic relief. The overblown soundtrack swells in order to cue the appropriate emotion in the audience. Along with the score, the viewer’s eyes are assaulted with an overabundance of American flag imagery, perhaps as an ironic gesture; a little elbow nudge that tells us, “America ain’t perfect, son.”



Like most American social injustice, the culprit behind the brutal gang of disaffected skinheads in *American History X* is a craggy-faced white male, represented by Cameron Alexander (Stacy Keach). Keach’s performance is subtle and insidious; he’s a manipulative tyrant who uses angry youth as a means for spreading racial hate. His character makes the film a little more interesting, as his influence raises a question of whether this gang would exist if he weren’t around, which takes some blame away from the misguided youth and brings us back to the concept of nature vs. nurture.

One of Alexander’s tactics to lure new soldiers for his skin army is hardcore punk, as we see in a party scene at his house. He allows substandard (but extremely aggressive) bands to play in his backyard, whipping the lunkheads into a frenzy of violent slamming and skanking, all in the name of the Aryan brotherhood. For some reason, the guitarist for one skin band is wearing a Gilligan-style fishing hat, which diffuses much of the threat the band might have posed. Nonetheless, hardcore is an actual traditional recruiting tool for the white-power movement, as the genre is fairly easy to play and immediately strikes a chord in disenfranchised, unemployed and—most importantly—bored youth. The party scene is particularly truthful because of the tradition of using abrasive music to attract youngsters to an ideology that is extremely base and uncomplicated. The scenes of violence, including the show at Alexander’s compound, are effective in displaying the sheer uncaring brutality of these blank teens, and in these moments, the film is successful. The skinheads’ raid of a grocery store, the subsequent degradation and violation of the employees, and the bookend scenes of Derek’s treatment of a few black carjackers are striking. The film is sporadically effective, mostly in its scenes of jarring and shocking violence and when Derek blares one of his hate-filled monologues. However, when the blatant message of “racism BAD” occurs in the film, it begins to flounder and loses some of its truth. (SC)

AMERICAN POP

Dir. Ralph Bakshi / 1981

An animated epic follows four generations of a family through their relationship to the pop music of their respective eras.

Bakshi’s musical masterpiece starts in Czarist Russia with a boy named Zalmie, who escapes to America and starts passing out

chorus slips for a penny in rollicking Prohibition nightclubs. He's succeeded by a son, Benny, who complacently marries into a powerful mob family and spends his nights playing piano in all-black clubs, an act his father mistakes for a lack of ambition. Benny dies overseas after enlisting in WWII, but leaves his harmonica to his own young son Tony, a cynical hipster who runs away from home to become a successful counterculture songwriter before getting embroiled in heroin addiction and codependent relationships. Tony's son Pete, the product of a one-night stand with an innocent girl in rural Kansas, seeks out Tony, only to be trained in the art of drug-dealing (and, inadvertently, songwriting) before Tony abandons him. All these men have had their hard knocks, but Pete is perhaps the worst off of all. Nevertheless, he's the one who decides to take his love of the music to the next level, to get out of the gutters and make something of himself.

The musical landscape Pete saunters through consists of Pat Benatar and the Sex Pistols. A cover of the latter's "Pretty Vacant" is matched with surreal visuals that act as a grotesque, exaggerated caricature of punk rock: broken windows, oversized electrical outlets, razorblades, safety pins and pinball games, disembodied fishnet legs and a plethora of pogoing pink-and-blue haired dropouts who buy heroin from the jaded, jive-walking Pete. Eventually Pete tires of playing candyman to other successful musicians and holds his coke for ransom until someone will listen to his songs. But, despite his environment, punk doesn't inform Pete's songwriting; his debut hit is a rendition of Bob Seger's "Night Moves."

The voicework in this film is incredible, especially Ron Thompson as Tony and Marya Small as his Janis Joplin-esque muse Frankie; it's rare to have so much nuance and genuine emotion come through animated film. Also featured in bit parts are the voices of character actors Vincent Schiavelli as the theater owner, Richard Moll as a beatnik poet and Fear member Philo Cramer as "Punk Guitarist." (KJ)

AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON

Dir. John Landis / 1981

A pair of tourists is attacked by a werewolf and the survivor unwittingly unleashes his lycanthropic curse on London.

David (David Naughton) and Jack (Griffin Dunne) are a couple of carefree Americans backpacking across the English moors. On one stormy night, they end up at a pub called The Slaughtered Lamb where the patrons are none too friendly (look carefully, one of the lads playing chess is none other than Rik Mayall of *The Young Ones*). The two are eventually chased out of the bar and find themselves wandering the spooky countryside when suddenly, werewolf attack! Jack is killed (sort of), the werewolf is exterminated and David wakes up in the hospital wondering what the hell happened. He's plagued by nightmares (and nightmares within nightmares) and visited by the decaying spirit of his dead friend. David also meets a kind nurse named Alex (the always engaging Jenny Agutter). The two hit it off and she invites him to share her flat and, eventually, her shower. David and Alex take the Underground to her place and, while on the subway, David dorks it up and makes funny faces at a group of young punks, who look refreshingly like the real deal with their mohawks, leopard-spotted hair, snotty noses, spikes and pimples, and who probably walked right off King's Road. Before long, the moon is full and bright and you know what that means: a long, painful, Academy Award-winning transformation where David gets mean 'n' hairy and starts killing. It all ends up in a messy showdown in Piccadilly Circus, where the wolf's carnage is nearly matched by a multi-car collision.



1981 was a super-bonanza year for werewolf cinema: it featured Joe Dante's *The Howling*, the so-so *Wolfen* and this film, John Landis' follow-up to his smash hit *The Blues Brothers*. *An American Werewolf in London* was the only one I managed to see, and it was a pretty intense experience for 12-year-old me. My friend nearly had a heart attack. Many have remarked about *American Werewolf's* effective blend of humor and horror. The film's tone is reminiscent of Howard Hawks' ability to find comedy and amusing characterizations in the most brutal circumstances. This achievement results in stronger characters (aided by a sympathetic cast, particularly Agutter and Dunne) and the film is able to earn its laughs and scares, resulting in a movie that holds up well 25 years later. (SH)

AMY

Dir. Nadia Tass / 1998

An overwrought Australian drama concerning a mute girl who learns to communicate through song.

Traumatized by witnessing her rock star father's onstage electrocution in front of his marginally subcultural fanbase, Amy acts semicatatonic and barely responds to her emotionally-shipwrecked mother. It takes a down-and-out songwriting neighbor to bring both of them out of their misery. As expected, everyone learns the true meaning of friendship, including a wife-beating alcoholic who's pummeled in an alley by two greaseball punks. The only redeeming moment is when a policeman sings about how he loves to eat

hamburgers. Avoid at all costs, unless you're inspired by watching anguished people fall to their knees and weep in the rain, in which case I will avoid you at all costs. (ZC)

ANARCHISM IN AMERICA

Dirs. Steven Fischler & Joel Sucher / 1983

A documentary adventure of three young, well-read dissenters searching for anarchy on the American road.

A general history of anarchism is laid out while the Sex Pistols' "Anarchy in the UK" plays in the background. The filmmakers' narration openly admits their lack of comprehensive knowledge on their subject, and they set out in an RV to investigate the movement and its most active participants, past and present. Activist leaders and exiled political figures are interviewed, with footage of founding revolutionary Emma Goldman thrown in for good measure. Towards the end of the film, the Dead Kennedys are shown performing "California Uber Alles" to a rapt crowd of hometown fans. Afterwards, bassist Klaus Flouride and guitarist East Bay Ray sit silently as frontman/mouthpiece Jello Biafra is interviewed on the nature of anarchy, stating that no considerable changes will be made until "we're all long dead." (ZC)

ANARCHY IN JAPAN-SUKE

Dir. Takahisa Zeze / 1999

An amoral lady meets a horny male. Gross antics ensue.

Because of Japan's strict No Genitals onscreen limitation, *pinkus* (Japanese softcore features known by Westerners as "pink films") are forced to be creative with their exploitations of the human body. This picture makes up for the lack of visible bathing suit areas by blazing over the top with fetishes. The central female character is raped by a man with greasy, floppy hair and shaved temples. His personal severity is expressed via the locked chain around his neck and the Exploited album hanging on the bedroom wall. She complains that she can't have any babies due to his violent sexual tactics. He finds this very funny. Horrible abuse, potty humor and a complete lack of humanity make this a tragic, hateful film. I'm not sure whether to laugh or cry during the multiple scenes featuring a man who purposefully poops in his adult diaper and forces a woman to change him, so I'll just choose the third option: being incredibly bored. (BC)

ANGEL

Dir. Robert Vincent O'Neill / 1984

A teenage prostitute is forced to battle a serial killer.

LA's dark alleys have gotten more than their share of screen time. With the great wave of '70s sexploitation came countless chronicles of the "working girl" walking the shadows of the City of Angels. But few of them carried any real force, opting to showcase the steamier side of the profession, until this popular teen hooker film helped bring a more tragic, genuine face to the genre.

Donna Wilkes plays 15-year-old high school student Molly Stewart. She studies hard, gets good grades and pays her rent by picking up Johns. As "Angel," her best friends are other prostitutes, including a middle-aged transvestite named Mae (Dick Shawn). Mae anchors the grim tone of the film with some modest comic relief. She licks an angry man's nose, and when she bumps into a cherry-coiffed denim punk, she exclaims, "Goddamn freaks!" The same punk shows up in other shots, as does a guy with a blue mohawk who seems suspiciously tight with the local police. The

girls' Hollywood Blvd. father figure is retired cowboy Kit Carson (Rory Calhoun), who waves his pistols for the tourists and tips his wide-brimmed hat to the young streetwalkers in a sincere, gentlemanly gesture. A cop named Andrews (Cliff Gorman) watches out for Molly, aware of her age and situation and desperately hoping to see her rise above it.



Molly is also cared for by her new wave lesbian landlord Solly, played by the great Susan Tyrrell with her reliably overdriven zeal. Solly's a postmodern painter, which explains her crazily drawn-on eyebrows. While the teen is at school, Solly and Mae whittle the time away cheating each other at card games and slinging homophobic insults across the table. But at night, Molly is out on the town and making her living, despite stories of a "bisexual, impotent necro" who's been killing hookers.

When the rumors turn out to be true, Molly arms herself with a pistol and continues unabated. She runs across three taunting jock classmates (one of whom is played by *The Last American Virgin*'s Joe Rubbo), who demand to see her "whisker biscuit" until she makes one piss his jeans at gunpoint. Things ramp up and the murderer's spree intensifies as Molly's closest friends begin showing up in the morgue.

The killer is played with unnerving perfection by second-string actor John Diehl, putting everything he's got into his first major non-comic role. Scenes of him simply staring at a wall should have ensured him a long career as a high-priced Hollywood heavy. Also, Calhoun's portrayal of displaced Golden Age cowboy Carson is unbelievably strong, and the engrossing friendship between him and Molly is just one of many high points in the film. Solly and Mae's repartee is equally captivating, even when things turn tragic: "You can't die...you owe me \$147, you fucking faggot!" In fact, every character is rounded and well-drawn in a way rarely seen in award-winning dramas, much less late-night masterpieces wrongly relegated to video-shop porn sections.

Despite its lurid poster art and widespread popularity among "blue" movie fans, *Angel* is as unerotic as a movie gets. Writer/director O'Neill had scripted the incredible, savage hooker epic *Vice Squad* two years earlier, which portrayed an even darker vision of Los Angeles night life. In his harsh, believable takes on the sex industry, the Hollywood streets are populated solely by cops, dope fiends and sadists, and romance has breathed its last. (ZC)

ANGEL MINE

Dir. David Blyth / 1978

An unhappily married couple indulges in ineffective fantasies.

This hour-long art epic of domestic sexual frustration kicks off with a beach scene of a naked woman sitting on an outdoor toilet. A sailor rises out of the waves and straps a bra on her. This is our introduction to *Angel Mine*'s central characters, a painfully comfortable, unnamed man 'n' wife incapable of achieving any level of pleasure. In their quest, they watch porn, engage in surgical roleplay, devise imaginary homosexual superheroes and mow the lawn in a black cowl. These fixations on fruitless, erotic targets naturally lead nowhere. The husband's most consistent voyeuristic indulgence is a grainy video of a futuristic new wave couple locked in an awkward, choreographed standoff. These two proto-mutant night rocker types are played by the same actors portraying the wedded losers. Later, they break into the pair's middle-class home to sloppily devour a roast chicken and murder their more complacent, dead-eyed selves. Afterwards, they tear off each other's clothes and engage in primal sex. An early New Zealand punk cinema offering from director Blyth, who would later helm the equally jarring new wave paranoia film *Death Warmed Up*. (ZC)

ANGUISH

Dir. Bigas Luna / 1987

A killing within a knifing within a butchering.

Zelda "Little Z" Rubinstein of *Poltergeist* fame stars in this complex slasher opus as a sadistic mother who controls her adult son (Michael Lerner) via hypnosis. Powerless under her gaze, he murders anyone she disapproves of. Where this simple premise could already be enough for

a compelling frightshow, the film soon careens off on an entirely different tangent where a psychopath holds the fate of an unwitting movie audience in his trembling hands. Among the viewers is a young, pale-faced female punk who is best seen bursting out of the theater toward the story's climax. Almost every moment in the film is an unexpected turn, and these endless surprises make it impossible to describe *Anguish* without ruining the plot. This underseen multi-octave ode to homicide is the Rubik's Cube of '80s horror cinema. (ZC)

ANIMAL ROOM

Dir. Craig Singer / 1995

Grunge-era youths lazily spiral out of control.

A crew of impotent shit-starters smoke, swear and terrorize other 28-year-old teenagers. Most of this gang appear to have just snuck into a Blind Melon concert, while their de facto leader Doug (Matthew Lillard) wears hoop earrings and dresses like the manager of a 1970s Chinese restaurant. This incredibly non-intimidating crew rules their graffitied high school hallways and classrooms, taking special interest in a bald classmate who's later seen running a recording session for the late '90s incarnation of the Misfits. The group's rightfully temporary vocalist Michale Graves is even given a line of dialogue to flub.

Animal Room is a brutally unnecessary entry in the already worthless Teen Indie Drama genre. The film's influences are made all the more transparent by the monumentally embarrassing tagline on the video cover: "Echoing Alarms of *Clockwork Orange*." In all fairness, Neil Patrick Harris puts in a strong performance as a bullied innocent, especially considering that playing the frightened victim to Matthew Lillard is like losing a beauty contest to Rhea Perlman. (ZC)



ANOTHER STATE OF MIND

Dirs. Adam Small & Peter Stuart / 1984

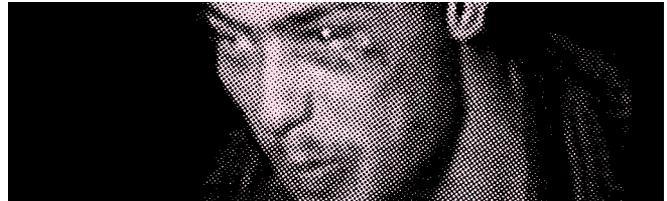
The ultimate punk tour document.

"Punk is misunderstood," opens Shawn Stern of Better Youth Organization, who then succinctly lays out what the movement means and its origins in teenage frustration. He also announces that his band Youth Brigade has purchased a bus to cross the nation on a full-scale tour with Social Distortion. Stern's optimism and drive are a powerful force, and he anticipates that the outing can serve a major purpose in the punk scene. The other $\frac{2}{3}$ of Youth Brigade is composed of additional Stern siblings Mark and Adam, who are noticeably softer-spoken than their crusading brother. At the time, Social Distortion was only a few years in, and the 30-city trek was to be their first tour.

The road crew and band members introduce themselves and the school bus hits the highway. First stop is San Francisco, where SD frontman Mike Ness explains the emotional impact of his smeared mascara while preparing for their set. The show goes well, but the bands leave with a mere 40 bucks, partially paid in rolls of pennies.

The bus crosses over into Calgary and the travelers are treated to a boisterous family-style chili feast. Canada's punks state they're at war with their fellow townsfolk, and tell stories of the threats and resistance they've endured in the name of maintaining their scene. The crowd in Winnipeg is the most enthused yet, filling a large venue and piling against one another in a steaming whirlpool. Montreal street punk Manon tells her story in charmingly stunted English: "I used to beg and snatch purses and beat up faggots with some friends of mine, just to get something to eat, you know?" Leather-clad, brain-damaged accident victim Marcel adds, "I am going to die in two years

so I hope that everyone comes to my funeral...I'll die because life is not amusement for me." The Montreal show itself is hampered by foul weather; the bands leave without their guarantee and the waitress at the all-night diner won't even take the bands' orders due to their appearance. When they try to catch her attention, she calls the police and the boys are evicted from the restaurant.



Things look grim, but by the time they reach Chicago, faith is renewed and energy has returned. This shift is the first strong representation of the incessant ebb and flow of the tour's success and the participants' sanity. Members of the crew start to desert via Greyhound buses in week three, after the school bus' umpteenth breakdown. While awaiting repairs in D.C., the bands head to the legendary Dischord House in time to catch a Minor Threat practice set. There's a truly righteous straight-edge rant from the movement's venerable founding father Ian MacKaye, interspersed with footage of him scooping ice cream at his Häagen-Dazs day job. Though the East Coast shows are incredible, Social Distortion just isn't prepared for the rigors of the road and they vacate, leaving singer Ness behind in despondent frustration. With one final bus breakdown just days from LA, the tour ends and the remaining soldiers return home by any possible means. Stern admits that the tour was a failure by financial definition, but his closing interview is so rich with inspired optimism that the success of his flawed mission is undeniable.

As in *The Decline of Western Civilization*, several scene youths are interviewed about their personal experiences, drives and the importance of maintaining a confrontational fashion aesthetic. Even Circle Jerk/former Black Flag frontman Keith Morris chimes in. A showgoing enthusiast demonstrates crucial slam pit tactics. Conscientious LA teens are seen at a diving pool where they practice the best methods to avoid injuring people while stage diving. In the same city, a bizarre Christian halfway house for born-again punks is shown, where a formally dressed pastor explains that the extreme visual nature of punk is clearly just an expression of Satan's palette, and the loud music "does nothing to bring glory to God." This footage of a room full of mohawked teens singing along with a clunky Psalm may be the most depressing segment in any documentary made about something other than the Holocaust. Strangely enough, this Bible-thumping punk haven—named The Wig Factory after the building's original use—was co-founded by former street hardcore icon John Macias of Santa Monica hardcore group Circle One. Fortunately, a great deal more non-Christian punks voice their stances, bringing the film away from the Lord and back to solid, reasonable ground.

Filmmakers Small and Stuart weren't exactly punks themselves, but were high school friends with the Stern Brothers and decided to follow the tour in a rented cargo truck. Everything was shot with two cameras on $\frac{3}{4}$ " video. Once the film was completed, porn company Coastline Pictures shelled out the \$20,000 for the blow-up to 16mm, and print ads marketed hardcore sex films along with the doc. Named for a Social Distortion song partly written over the course of the tour, *Another State of Mind* debuted at LA's Beverly Cinema, where Tony Cadena of the Adolescents assaulted the projector and ruined the screening; a perfect clincher to one of the most epic struggles in documented punk history. (ZC)

NAME	MICHAEL NESS c/o GARY ALFORD
ADDRESS	Venice, Ca 90291
UNION	0
AGE	23
HEIGHT	5'10"
WEIGHT	150
HAIR	B+K
EYES	HZL
SIZES	
DRESS	
BUST	
WAIST	
HIPS	
MEN	
PANTS	29/30
JACKET	34
SHIRT	MEDIUM
SPECIAL ABILITIES	MUSICIAN, ATHLETIC
EXPERIENCE (IF ANY)	
AVAILABILITY	DAYS OR NIGHTS, IMMEDIATE
DATE	11/5/85
SIGNATURE	Michael Ness

C.A.S.H.
CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS' SERVICE OF HOLLYWOOD

IAN MacKAYE

Vocalist – FUGAZI; Self – ANOTHER STATE OF MIND

IM: What's extremely interesting is if you were to say to me, "Have you seen"—whatever the blockbuster is—"have you seen *Batman* yet?" It's assumed that of course we're all gonna see it, so then the only question is *when* are you going to see it? But then, if I was to run to you and say, "Have you read that new Danielle Steele book yet?" You'd go, "What?! What the fuck? Why would I be reading that?"

The thing is, I love movies. As a kid I made movies, I was obsessed with acting and I really appreciate solid cinema. I'm into it, but I felt like most of the punk representation in Hollywood was so absurd and missed the point. I think when I turned the radio off in 1979 I pretty much turned Hollywood off too, for the most part. I just stopped paying attention and that's why I think Fugazi has never given any music to movies: because it seemed so stupid and disrespectful to the music.

But, don't get me wrong, I am a fan of the form and there are some really, really well-made movies. But, as an industry, deeply fucked up and wasteful. And it's the only industry I know of in the world that spends untold millions of dollars on just wastefulness in creating a product that they then spend millions and millions of dollars to advertise and hoist upon the public and then they have an awards ceremony where they congratulate themselves for putting it out and everybody in the world tunes in. And that's the only thing, as a punk rock band, you can play against The Super Bowl, but you cannot play against the Oscars and that's just fucked.

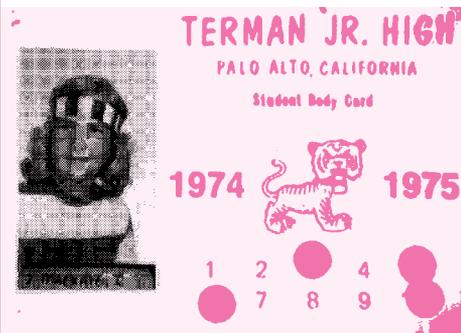
DAM: Everyone else that I'm talking to for the most part is a member of the industry. You're obviously aggressively detached from that.

Well, not exactly because I worked with Jem Cohen and I support independent filmmaking.

But you're not part of the narrative film-making thing where everyone's being nice to each other in the hopes that they're gonna further their career.

Right. I don't give a fuck about that.

What are some of the better or worse depictions of punks that you've seen?



It just seems in most movies, punks are portrayed as these hyper nihilists with ridiculous self-destructive behaviors; like they're crushing beer cans on their heads or frat boy crap, but with spiky hair or a shaved head or a mohawk. It just has to do with this deeply confused impression that straight society has about punk rock, and this largely has to do with what has traction in our media, and that's violence and sex and sensationalism. So, those are the kind of cartoony elements of punk rock that often are central identifiers in terms of punk rock characters in film. And a lot of times, people who are actually punks will collaborate with this because they think it's funny or ironic, but ultimately, it just reinforces this nonsense, and I think that from my point of view, punk rock is the free space, and that's where the new ideas

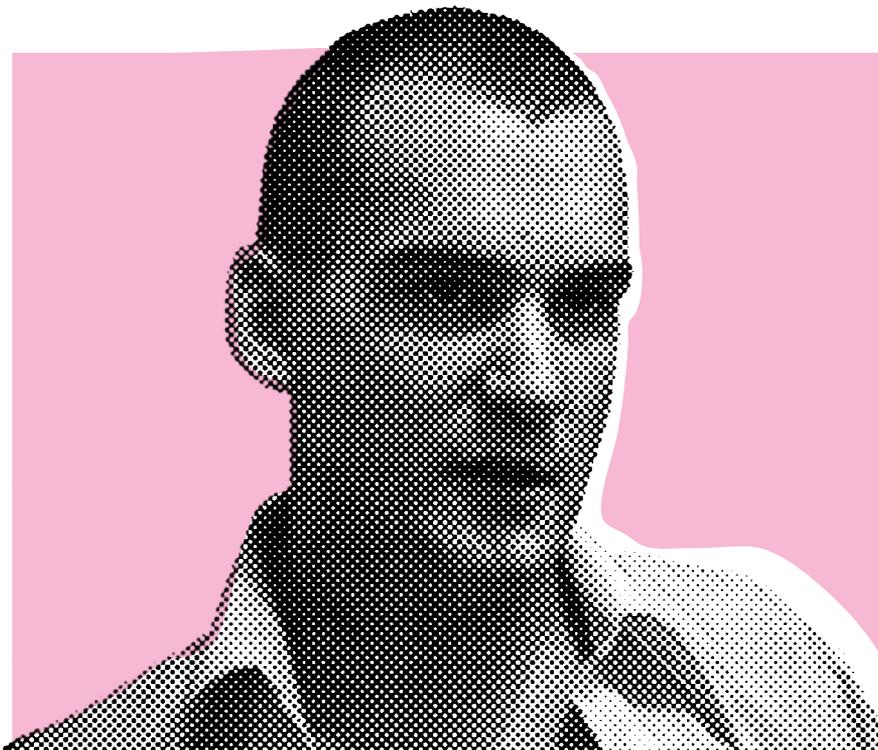
were, are and will be presented because profit isn't dictating every step of the way.

So, in my mind, what was happening for instance in the early '80s with the hardcore bands like Black Flag and Minor Threat and Dead Kennedys and all that craziness, it sort of set the cadence for the ideas about punk rock and the representation of punk rock in the media. But most people I knew were really thoughtful, brilliant, creative, loving people, and the representation that you see in movies is usually quite the opposite.

You have these documentaries that did their best to capture what was really going on, and then alternately, you have the narrative films with this really garish subhuman version of what that subculture was.

A lot of times, the documentaries are put through a major distribution. They're often tweaked. That *American Hardcore* movie—I know the guys who made that movie, I'm in the movie—but my analogy for that movie is it's like watching people fuck through a keyhole. It's titillating, but it's not even close to what was actually happening. It was just taking a specific perspective on it, and in that case it was really about the kind of violence and aggression that the two filmmakers were so drawn to. I don't think they were actually in a band. The aspect of the sensationalism—if you look at the people being interviewed, they're all like, "Yeah, we were crazy! That shit was nuts. We beat the fuck outta that guy! This guy threw a fuckin' bag of vomit at me!" It was like all this war-story kind of component. Even in documentaries, I think people, once you put a camera on them, they just can't help but say some stupid shit. And even if they did say something that wasn't stupid, you know how it works with editing. Those people who were interviewed said a lot more than was in those movies; I can certainly tell you that I did. And I come off fairly reasonable in that thing compared to some of the other people.

This is a sideline, but documentaries have become altered. They've shifted into a narrative form that has a narrative arc, so then it's not a documentary anymore... they create this fiction in a way. Because you have narration, you have someone setting a scene and then you have supporting footage. It's come a long way from even *Another State of Mind*, which was also illusionary, and they put a narrative arc on



it too. But, even that, because it was being filmed at the time, people were not quite as self-conscious about what they were doing as being punk. They weren't talking about being punks: they were *being* punks. It's just something I've noticed.

I don't know anybody who's in any, for lack of a better work, subculture that, when faced with representation in a fictional form of media, is going to be comfortable. Because there are always these weird amalgams. Like even some movie characters that were allegedly based on me are absurd. When I saw them, I was like, how is that based on me? They obviously don't know me at all.

So, you mentioned *Another State of Mind* and how even that had some manufacturing going on?

When you watch the film, it's kind of obvious because there are all these establishing shots interviewing Shawn sort of placed throughout the film, and they were shot after the tour is over. His hair is longer and he tries to keep his tenses in place like, "I guess we're going to be going here now."

They didn't end up in Washington. They make it seem like they left the van in Washington and that's not what happened. They made it back to Texas, I think.

So, did you know when they said they wanted to do a show with you guys that

they were going to be coming along with a crew?

Yeah, we knew they were traveling with a camera crew. It was just way more convoluted than that. I mean, they arrived in town broken down and they ended up having their school bus towed up to Cynthia Connolly's, who I was going out with at the time. She and her sister lived up with their mom up in this fairly well-to-do neighborhood, and they towed the bus up there and there were like 12 of them crashing at the house and Cynthia's mother was not excited by this. So, we ended up getting everything transferred down to the Dischord House, so they ended up staying here.

I had no problem with the camera crew. I think the first show we did with them was in Baltimore, but they'd come to Washington first and then we went up to Baltimore and that's the footage that you see of Minor Threat, where I guess the PA goes out or something. And then the interview with me, the reason that I'm so hoarse is because I did the show the night before with no PA. I think they filmed me at Häagen-Dazs too. But I actually haven't seen that movie in many years.

I'm a little irritated because, like everybody else in that movie, we had to sign a contract and were paid a dollar. We couldn't have been less film business savvy, we just thought they were some kids filming. And then the guys who made

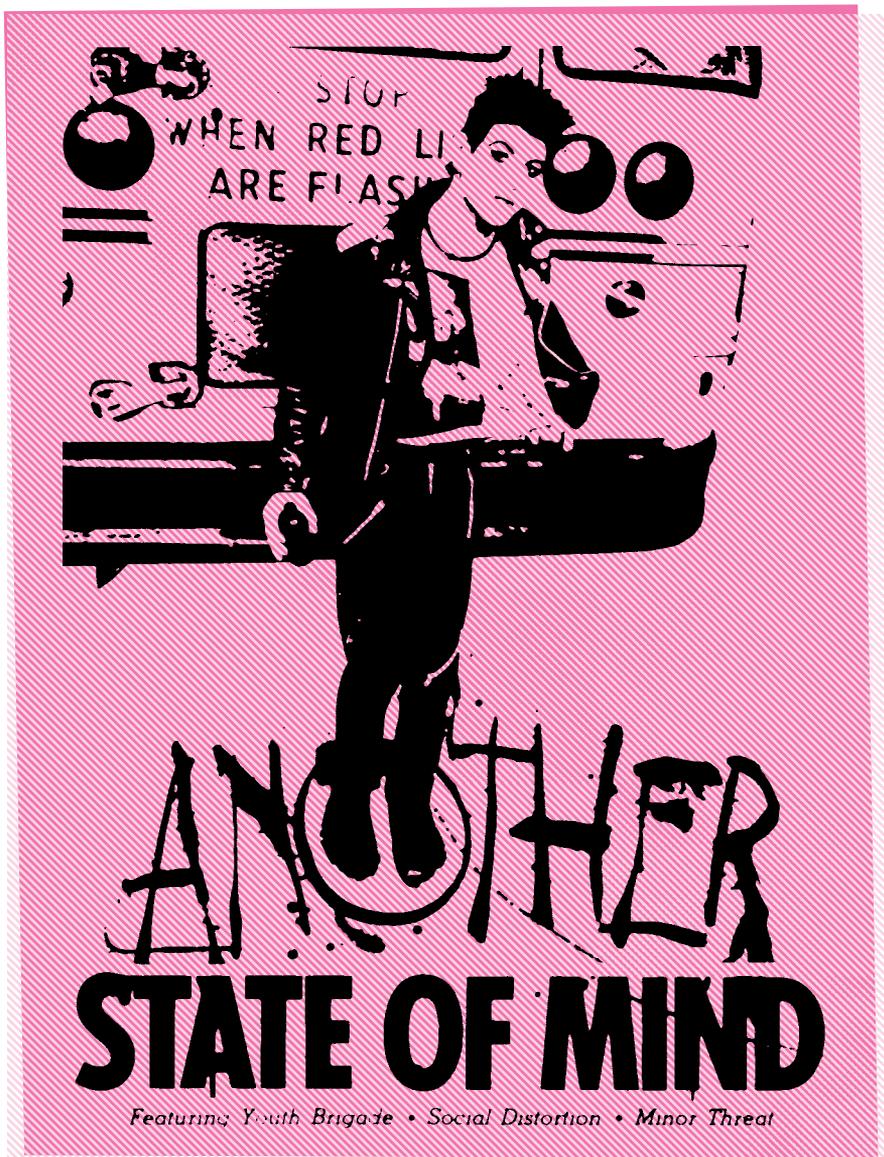
it used that footage of the Dischord House and gave it to the *Ripley's Believe it or Not* television show. They're talking about weird hairdos and suddenly they showed a guy who was living here giving someone a mohawk on our front porch. So they were selling their footage around.

And it really bugs me that they obviously filmed a lot—they were running video all the time—so there's all this outtake stuff and nobody knows where it is. I tried to get a hold of the Minor Threat stuff and the Dischord stuff because I was working on a DVD and I thought it'd be perfect, but whoever was distributing it went out of business, it went up for auction and I think Shawn and his brother were bidding for it. But they got outbid by Mike Ness' management, so his company got a hold of it, the rumor being that there was like really unflattering footage of him in the outtakes—I don't know if that's true or not, but the DVD was released and you can see Minor Threat very prominently included in the advertising. Actually, I think it's arguable that Minor Threat is one of the main selling points of that thing. That footage is pretty legendary, at least for people who know the movie. But, no one ever sent one, so I had to go out and buy my own copy of the DVD. It's just weird. I don't think I should be paid, I don't want money, but I want a little fucking respect, that's all.

But that movie, for instance, is also like teaching people how to slamdance; that's just absurd. The kid practicing stage diving in the swimming pool? It's hilarious, but it's ridiculous. Let's put it this way: in my world that shit has never happened. Now, maybe that's what they do out there in LA, but not in Washington. We didn't practice slamdancing.

I don't think anyone believes that they did that in LA either.

I actually remember seeing that film when it came out and I was just appalled by it. But I thought the Minor Threat footage was pretty amazing. And I liked the French punks. There's that guy in the wheelchair who says [affects a philosophical French accent], "Life is not amusement for me." I love that guy, he was incredible. I knew a lot of the people in the movie because we were touring at the same time, so that was cool. But I hated the movie when I first saw it because it felt weird. I think it's like seeing your high school picture. But then I saw it again, maybe 10 or 12 years after it came out,



and I loved it. I just laughed and laughed. It's just so crazy; the idea that it ever even happened. So to that degree, it's an incredible document, and I would say that it's a fairly representative piece of work.

So, despite its faults and despite their sleight of hand, as far as their interviewing goes, you think that it's overall worthwhile?

Sure. You have to remember that my kind of complaints about the kind of shift from actual documentary to narrative documentary, that's not a deal breaker as far as people's work, it just changes things. It makes you realize that it's a little bit of an illusion. And I'm interested in not being fooled. But I also understand that they were trying to figure out how best to go about doing it. Once DVD came out, it changed

the nature of film in terms of the fact that it's not linear anymore and you have these extras. So you could have actually had explanatory information included in the overall package without having to insert it into the movie, thus rendering it fiction. But I'm just being a pain in the ass about that so ignore me. Having been there and having known those people, and it's been ten or 15 years since I saw it last, but I would say to my memory it's fairly accurate. And it really was me: that much I can assert.

I know The Dils were in *Up in Smoke* with Cheech and Chong and I remember that being kind of goofy but interesting.

Yeah, that's a really fun movie. You wouldn't expect Cheech and Chong to get really punk-heavy, but those scenes are pretty strong.

Definitely. And I guess Darby Crash is in a movie...he shows up in the crowd in *Rock 'n' Roll High School*. Actually I think that film did strange damage to the Ramones. You couldn't fuck with their first four albums, but then they kind of tipped their comic book hand. I think it really changed things.

That was one of the earlier widely seen films where punks were prominent...I mean, that was '79.

Actually, I was in The Teen Idles playing bass and we'd played a show opening for The Cramps before the D.C. premiere of *Rock 'n' Roll High School*. There was a guy who would have bands play before whenever he'd show a punk movie. And the Ramones were there signing autographs. Guy actually got their autograph, and maybe I got it too, I might have a signed single from them.

But you hated the movie even then?

Yeah, I thought it was dumb as hell. And I'm sensitive about this stuff because I actually don't think punk is a joke. And I feel like that's always the default: punk is a joke. Like punk rock is probably what got you working on this project. It's a good thing, not a joke. And it's not like you're sitting around picking your nose; you're working your ass off! Where'd that come from? Punk rock and industry—like in the true sense of the word industry—those things are fucking married together because punk rockers know that nobody else is gonna do it for them. The idea that a punk is this lazy guy picking his nose or sniffing glue or whatever is just absurd. Maybe it's just as well; maybe having that kind of representation is a little bit like having a totem pole or a gargoyle, just something that keeps the kooks out. The hippies got it bad too, I mean, my God.

Every culture got misrepresented. As soon as they were established then people would try to use them for the purpose of entertainment and they'd get it all wrong.

Right. So that's why I feel like it's part of a fine tradition. It really made me think about things like *Easy Rider*. That's probably a bunch of bullshit. Biker movies? My God.

Imagine what people in the hip-hop and breaking communities thought when they saw *Breakin' 2: Electric Boogaloo*. It's all severely white people in garish spandex doing cartwheels.

Actually, there are these movies about go-go—D.C. funk music like Trouble Funk, Mass Extinction, Rare Essence—and it's been going on for 35 years. There's still go-go scenes going on to this day. They tried to break it wide open a couple of times. One go-go song called "Da Butt" appeared in Spike Lee's movie *School Daze*. But they tried to do a movie here called *Good to Go*.

That was also called *Short Fuse*, I think. With Art Garfunkel?

Yeah, but it was called *Good to Go*.

It ended up being released on VHS as *Short Fuse*.

They changed the name of it?

It bombed so fucking hard in theaters that they changed the name for video release and repackaged it to look like a crime thriller.

[Laughs.] I saw that movie when it came out, because I thought, oh wow, it's gonna be go-go. And it's unbearably embarrassing and horrible. There's another go-go movie called *D.C. Cab* with Mr. T in it. And there's a scene where a junkyard band are playing on their buckets and that's pretty incredible. But that's go-go music. We were talking about *Another State of Mind*.

Wasn't it in Washington where they interview that goth girl who's doing all that black-and-white topless photography

that's got nothing to do with anything?

That was in Baltimore. But, that was just a nude scene, right?

Yeah. It was totally gratuitous and confusing as to why it was even in there.

I knew her! That was ridiculous!

Yeah, it's got nothing to do with anything.

Actually, there's a detail of that movie that has driven me insane. They come to the Dischord House, right?

Yeah...

They come up the stairs. They focus in on a sign on our front door. And the sign says: "No Girls Allowed" or something.

Oh, that's right.

That fucking shot has been an unending headache for me because it's been used time and time again as evidence of our so-called deeply misogynistic scene here in Washington, which is fucking absurd. The thing about it was—we lived at the Dischord House. It was all boys who lived here, but boys and girls, all the punk kids hung out all the time. Because everyone was living at home still and it was an opportunity to get out of your house and come hang out here. We just watched television all the time, we watched *Little Rascals*. There's a scene in *Little Rascals* where they go to the clubhouse and they put a sign on the clubhouse that says "No Girls Allowed." So Eddie, as a joke, just

scrawled that and pinned it to our front door, but there were like 12 of us watching the show—half of which were girls. But, like most things, what you put on a wall just disappears and becomes part of the scenery. So, I wasn't even thinking about that when they shot the movie, but during the early part of the so-called Riot Grrrrl Era, there were definitely people who used that as "proof" of how sexist we were.

The thing about it is, if you watch the movie, you see the sign and then they come in the house and there's women sitting there in the house. We're all hanging out and talking, so it's obviously ridiculous. But that's an example of how powerful that medium is and how misrepresentative it can be. I don't think they intended to do that, but man...what a fucking headache.

After that happened, you guys managed to avoid being in other documentaries at that time. You've been musically active non-stop and there's been a lot of stuff they could have tracked you down for, so was that deliberate?

I don't think many people really approached us... well, Fugazi was approached by Hollywood to be in this movie called *Kingpin*.

The bowling comedy??

Yeah. They wanted us to play in it.

[Both laugh.]

SHAWN STERN

Guitarist/Vocalist – YOUTH BRIGADE; Self – ANOTHER STATE OF MIND

DAM: How did the filmmakers approach you?

SS: I knew them both from high school. Adam Small had all the gear...he was working for this rich guy, going out to video him on his boats or at his houses whenever the guy called. So, he used his stuff and his money to do the film, unknown to the rich guy, whose name was Big Bob. He was a pretty conservative Republican, according

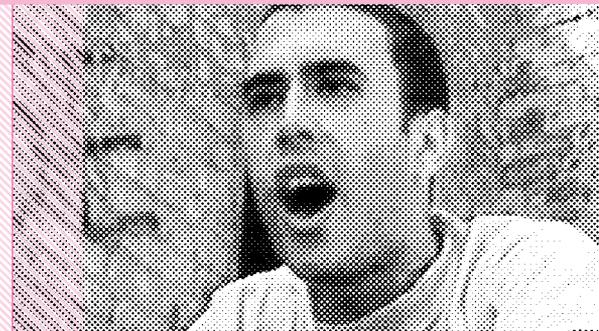
to what Adam told me, and would not have been OK with them following around punk bands on his dime.

What are some of the most glaring differences between putting together a punk tour then vs. now?

Of course, it was much harder then because the network didn't really exist. We got people to take a chance, whether it

was an established nightclub or a college or promoter. A lot of them didn't know what punk was, or at least who we were. Nowadays it's much easier to book a tour and many people have said that *Another State of Mind* helped them understand how to do a tour...or what not to do!

What are some of the most challenging things that happened in association with



the documentary and tour? Any comedies of error not captured in the movie?

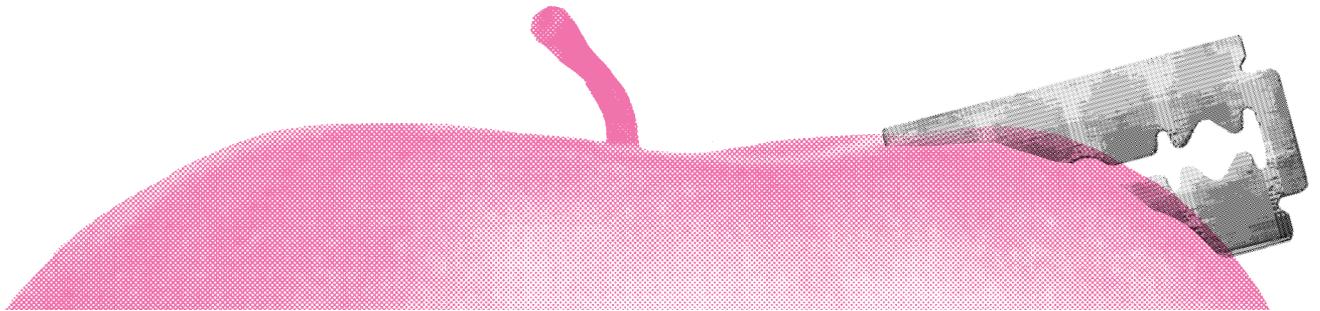
Well, the bus became the star because it kept breaking down and without it we couldn't actually do the tour. Every show we missed meant money we didn't have and a longer drive. Luckily, we had Monk and we were able to make it as far as we did. The crew missed some crazy fights and drunkenness, but I'm not sure why.

When you watch the movie now, is it painful or entertaining?

It's great, always entertaining. There are parts I still think are stupid, like the scene they made up having kids diving in their pool to "practice" stage diving and the goth girl in D.C. who didn't come to the show and really had nothing to do with the tour in particular. But overall it's a wonderful documentary.

Do you maintain a relationship with anyone involved outside of your own band?

I saw Adam Small and Peter Stuart at a screening of the movie celebrating its 20-year anniversary a few years ago at the LA Film Festival. I see Mike Ness every once in awhile. I see Derek O'Brien, Social Distortion's drummer, the most cause he plays for the Adolescents. Other than that, not much as the other guys don't seem to be around the punk scene anymore.



THE APPLE

Dir. Menahem Golan / 1980

A surreal journey through the neon hell of the music industry.

This PG-rated g-string 'n' glitter fairytale is set in the future year of 1994, where titanic music monarchy BIM (Boogalow International Music) has achieved a tight grip on the world's imagination. The company is led by the brazenly devilish Mr. Boogalow (Vladek Sheybal), an underfed, smirking demon of a man who delights in high finance and moral corruption. Once he sets his sights on the clean-cut, folk-singing duo of Bibi (Catherine Mary Stewart) and Alphie (George Gilmour), the young couple is sent flying into a decadent netherworld that tears them apart and causes them to burst into song often and without fair warning.

Drugged by Boogalow's flashy goons at a glitzy party, Alphie takes in a kaleidoscopic parade of high-end lowlifes, each pitter-pattering past the blurred camera in their tinfoil wardrobes and pastel facepaint. Among them is a towering, lanky, sallow nightbeast in red space goggles, blue lipstick and leopard-print garb. Though he's the only identifiably new wave member of Boogalow's expansive entourage, he's certainly not alone in his garish vampirism of post-punk outrageousness. In the world of *The Apple*, everyone from toddlers to grandpas indulge in the eye-gouging excesses of future fashion, all of which is marketed by the nefarious BIM. Fortunately, God later shows up in a flying Cadillac to sort things out.

Director Golan would see success in the industry through making and/or marketing films, many under his action-oriented Cannon Group umbrella along with partner Yoram Globus. *The Apple* is a departure from his (or anyone's) other work, and seems like a much more personally-driven project, with him writing and producing as well. Upon its release, audiences were open and sincere with their reaction to the movie; *Apple*-goers at Hollywood's Paramount Theater were allegedly so disgusted that they pelted the screen with the premiere's giveaway items, causing serious damage. Critics were no

less savage, and the movie disappeared as quickly as its male lead Gilmour, who never set foot in front of a camera again. (ZC)

ARMED AND DANGEROUS

Dir. Mark L. Lester / 1986

Two security guards investigate their corrupt employer.

John Candy and Eugene Levy play the inquisitive watchmen in this action comedy from the director of the incredible *Class of 1984*. In one scene, the two run into a porno shop where various sleazoids stare them down. A man with a mohawk paces the floor. Candy leaves disguised as a Divine look-alike. Levy wears assless chaps, a dog collar and a stud bracelet. A man with a green mohawk stands outside. Tito Puente has a cameo for no good reason, and Steve Railsback is off the motherfucking hook as a hyped-up cowboy who rams his semi truck through rush-hour traffic. (BC)

ATHENS, GA: INSIDE OUT

Dir. Tony Gayton / 1987

A neighborly documentary on the then-flourishing Athens independent rock scene.

The B-B-Que Killers' drunken beats provide the only definable punk assaults in the film, but several of the showcased acts are equally resolute in their originality. Groups like The B-52s and R.E.M. are given no more special treatment than lesser-known, locals-only legends Limbo District and The Squalls. A huge amount of respect is shown for Pylon, a primal but danceable band that was crucial to the founding of Athens' musical community. Live early footage of the group conveys their intense, unconventional energy.

Director Gayton seems to have been impacted by the smartly-detached, but human-centric work of Errol Morris, as Athens' tone is set as much through interviews with non-musical denizens as its performers. Even the proprietor of Walter's Barbecue is given a platform to expound on the small town's unique properties, and

mentions the time R.E.M. brought “The Asshole Surfers” by his legendary establishment. Also included is a fascinating interview with elderly self-proclaimed visionary artist Reverend Howard Finster, a heaven-powered fingerpainter who provided the art for the Talking Heads *Little Creatures* record. The release was later given an Album Cover of the Year award despite the fact that Finster had initially painted their name as “The Peeping Heads.” (ZC)

ATOLLADERO

Dir. Oscar Aibar / 1995

In the year 2048, small-town deputy Lenny dreams of leaving the Texas Rangers for the Los Angeles police force.

How this movie has gone without notice for so long continues to boggle my mind. Equal parts Alex Cox and Alex de la Iglesia, *Atolladero* should really be up for a larger cult status and midnight showings. Still, not having a legit U.S. release (DVD or otherwise) probably answers for its lacking fanbase.

A small ramshackle town in South Texas is lorded over by a 150-year-old judge; a prune of a man who is held together by a computer that needs the occasional car-battery jumpstart! The town itself is filled with social miscreants and evildoers that dare not leave. Just try and the mechanized hounds and rangers will stop you. Permanently. A lone, fed-up, epileptic deputy Lenny decides to quit the force and move on. He fears telling his fellow officers that he’s leaving since everyone in town answers to the maniacal robo-judge. He’s just two weeks away from joining the LA police department, but will he make it as crime and the townsfolk’s fears escalate out of control?

A fairly simple plot, to be sure, but peppered with enough colorful characters that it’ll never leave you bored, and more often than not, your jaw will be hanging wide open. There’s the half-breed pedophile henchman Madden (Iggy Pop); the priest with a bleeding cock and a fear of Japanese world takeover; the comic-loving masked wrestling fanatic who hopes to someday save the world; etc. Spewing over with cartoon violence and pitch black humor, *Atolladero* has a feel not too far off center of both Alexes’ *Repo Man*, *El Patrullero*, *Accion Mutante* or *El Dia de la Bestia*. Spaghetti Western fans will dig the overall tone (All men are ruthless and all women are whores. Is this a Leone picture? Maybe Peckinpah?), and post-apocalypse nerds will take in the *Mad Max*-style gadgetry and maniacs with glee. The only real drawback to the whole experience is the

somewhat clunky digital effects that sprout up now and again (the hounds I mentioned look like *Power Ranger* outtakes), but nothing takes away from the overall gonzo good-time feel. Hell, a movie with flying cars, “Everybody dies” cowboy aesthetics, and masked wrestlers? Did I mention Iggy Pop? (RF)

ATTACK OF THE HIDEOPOID

Dir. Rick Werner Fahr / 1989

A shot-on-video “wonder” from the Pacific Northwest.

There’s a female character with messy, but styled, bleached hair. There’s some random digitized footage of giant breasts being rubbed. A cat eats some brains. The gore in the movie is really bad and the blood looks like BBQ sauce. The actor who plays protagonist Billy is craazy. He likes to eat raw meat and control peoples’ minds with a blue cartoon snake. A group of women start a band. One cuts her hair short and wears leather and a skull-and-crossbones shirt. She can somehow play electric riffs with an acoustic guitar. Another girl has orange hair and wears a leopard-print dress. A homeless person calls them “goddamn fuckin’ punks.” Someone named Orange Juice did the lighting for this film. (BC)

AVENGING ANGEL

Dir. Robert Vincent O’Neill / 1985

Molly seeks vengeance for the murder of her friend Lt. Andrews.

Though the film was released just a year after the first *Angel*, our story begins half a decade later. Now free of her life of prostitution, Molly is shocked to hear of Andrews’ death. She returns to the old neighborhood and bands her crew together to take care of business. Returning for the second round are Chaplin impersonator Yo-Yo Charlie, lovable cowboy Kit Carson and the unstoppable Solly, this time with a Buzzcocks T-shirt and rainbow suspenders. They’re joined by a star-spangled street corner goof named Johnny Glitter, and the gang is ready for action.

As you may have guessed, the second installment has nothing on its predecessor. It’s played too much for laughs and feels like the rushed production it likely was, but there are still some effective moments, like when Molly stops a crooked cop from shooting her by bouncing a bagel off his forehead. Also, don’t give up before the baby vs. corpse scene. (ZC)

