



The Women in Prison Pages

Babes Behind Bars - the WiP flicks

The “Women in Prison” film has been a reliable subgenre of exploitation films since their beginnings in the teen “reform school” movies. Known as WiP films to cineastes, to less formal fans they are affectionately called the **Chicks in Chains** flicks. Most of these stick pretty close to formula: some third world hellhole of a hoosegow is filled with gorgeous babes who get to take a lot of showers; after 80 minutes of being mistreated, some flimsy pretense gives them the upper hand and they stage a bloody breakout in which all but two or three of the cast gets killed.

Although a psychologist could analyze the snot out of these things in any number of ways (bondage fetishes, misogyny, rape fantasies, etc.), the fundamental cinematic appeal is simple: a bunch of women who get naked frequently.

There are several related sub-genres: captive women, JD, Nazi sleaze camps, etc. I'll limit this page to exploitation flicks of the traditional penitentiary motif -- they are gathered here partly to ease confusion over the frequent re-titlings these films suffered over the years.



presented in chronological order

WOMEN OF DEVIL'S ISLAND

(1961 - Italy) dir: Domenico Paolella; w/ Paul Müller, Marisa Belli, Guy Madison, Michèle Mercier. No skin, but a few nice tease shots.

It's an early chicks-in-chains flick that actually has a little class. France in the 18th century had a lot of really gorgeous female prisoners, so they were all sent to a tropical island to pan for gold. There's the usual abuse & escape attempts, but then a reformist commandant arrives and things start to get rather complicated, and it all heads towards a spectacular prison riot aided by pirates who are not quite what they seem to be. It's cute, in an old-fashioned costume drama sort of way, it keeps up a good pace, and it's fun to watch.



99 WOMEN

(1969 - Spain/UK - aka *The Hot Death; Island of Despair; Isle of Lost Women*) dir: Jess Franco; w/ Maria Schell, Mercedes McCambridge, Herbert Lom, (Luciana Paluzzi Cameo). Teeny bit o' skin; no gore.

Good girls and bad girls behind bars, plus the warden that makes Stalin look like a Care Bear -- then comes a prison reformer who winds up mired almost as deeply as the prisoners. Well golly, it's an art-house chicks-in-chains flick -- there's a lot of gorgeous photography on this one (unfortunately, there's also a lot of Franco's zoom-lens fetish here). But despite good looks and a fun cast, this thing is really quite alarmingly dull. Their attempts at plot and character have less depth than the back of a cereal box and only succeed in draining the flick of sleaze potential, and Franco's erotic interludes are overlong and out of focus (ooh, artsy). This is the sort of film from which a lot of great stills can be taken, but the flick that strings those images together is just empty calories.





WOMEN IN CAGES

(1971 - aka *Women's Penitentiary 3*) dir: Gerry de Leon; w/ Judy Brown, Roberta Collins, Jannifer Gan, Pam Grier. Softcore nudity.

The sordid world of a Phillipino women's prison -- of course, an American girl is wrongly imprisoned. Pam Grier plays the dyke-bitch chief matron (not her finest moment). It starts out as the usual trashy chicks-in-chains schtick, but halfway through they try to turn it into an action-adventure film. But -- did they actually believe anyone would think there was any point to this flick beyond the topless torture scenes? The script is childish, there's some freakish acting, and what passes for the soundtrack is provided by an electric organ. There is neither enough nudity nor perversity to make up for the lack of substance here.

[Not to be confused with *The Big Doll House*, which was also released under this title.]



the BIG DOLL HOUSE

(1971 - filmed in the Phillipines; aka *Bamboo Doll House*, *Women's Penitentiary 3*, *Women in Cages*) dir: Jack Hill; w/ Judy Brown, Roberta Collins, Pam Grier, Sid Haig, Kathryn Loder. Some skin, no gore.

It's the usual chicks-in-chains gig -- gorgeous babes stuck in a banana republic hoosegow get the drop on their abusive keepers & make a break for it. Pam Grier plays the Big Daddy of cell block 2. There's not much beyond the low-budget formula here, but they seem to be having fun with it. However, it's hard to tell if they had their tongue in their



cheek or just their thumb up their butt -- we get cockroach races, mud wrasslin', and a food fight instead of a real riot. And the extras in the mess hall scene looked like Filipino ladies who walked in off the street, nice hairdos and all. Despite being lazily filmed and a with plot not worth the postage stamp it was written on, it's still sorta fun.

the BIG BIRD CAGE

(1972 - filmed in the Phillipines - aka *Women's Penitentiary 2*) writ & dir: Jack Hill; w/ Pam Grier, Anitra Ford, Candice Roman, Teda Bracci, Sid Haig. Just a little skin.

Well, the mere synopsis doesn't do this justice -- gorgeous babes in a Phillipine work camp make a bloody breakout with the help of some idiotic revolutionaries who want their booty (& I don't mean treasure). This time, Pam Grier plays a rebel who's planted on the inside to help orchestrate the break. The girls in this camp are worked to death, of course, but also sex-starved -- you see, the commandant is a constipated prude who only hires gay men for guards and they padlock the lesbian to her bed at night. And for that commandant, they cast some out-of-control Filipino actor who runs around gnawing the scenery and playing the most sphincter-cramped human imaginable. Compared to other WIP flicks, this one has very little nudity, but more than makes up for it with a story to tell, great characters, and good humor. Did I say "good humor"? I laughed so hard, I thought I was gonna puke. You simply haven't lived until you've seen a homophobic bitch chased down by a naked 7-foot lesbian covered with chicken fat. Certainly one of the best (and funniest) chicks in chains flicks ever.

Upon finding an escapee being gang-raped by the local hoodlums, the gay guard says, "Darn, nothing like that ever happens to me."



BAD CINEMA DIARY

SWEET SUGAR

(1972 -- aka *Hellfire on Ice, She Devils in Chains, Captive Women 3, Chaingang Girls*) dir: Michel Levesque; w/ Phyllis Davis, Ella Edwards, Timothy Brown, Pamela Collins, Cliff Osmond. Some nice skin sprinkled throughout.

Oh, my -- pretty girls get set up & sentenced to cut sugar cane in Cost Rica. The chief guard is a sadist and the camp doctor is mad as a hatter -- but a nympho named Sugar just won't be pushed around. This is classic exploitation trash, and it's actually fun. The production values are okay, the bad guys are really bad, and there's some nice humor & a couple of shower scenes.



FEMALE PRISONER 701 SCORPION

(1972 - Japan) dir: Shunya Ito; w/ Meiko Kaji, Rie Yokoyama, Yayoi Watanabe, Yoko Mihara. Some skin; mild gore.

Betrayed by her lover (a corrupt cop), beaten, raped and sent up the river to be endlessly brutalized by both guards and fellow prisoners, this young lady now lives only for ice cold vengeance. And it's all wrapped up in filmmaking that plunges through Avant Garde, brushes with Vaudeville, and finds a home in the heart of brain-damage territory. It's a wild, if somewhat disorienting, ride through a Manga-inspired alternate reality that somehow blends silliness, cruelty, slapstick and mutilation into one big ball of morally bankrupt entertainment. I'd be afraid for a psychologist to say exactly what it was about this flick that I enjoyed so much, but it will be a refreshingly demented joy ride for any fans of either chicks-in-chains or vengeful dames.





TERMINAL ISLAND

(1973 - aka *Knuckle Men*) dir: Stephanie Rothman; w/ Don Marshall, Phyllis Davis, Ena Hartmann, Tom Selleck. Teeny bit o' skin; no gore.

When the death penalty is abolished, California decides to dump its life-term prisoners on a remote island and let them sort it all out. So it boils down to the Bad Gang versus the Good Gang in a fight to the death over who gets to boink the hot cuties (because, as we know from watching movies, all female prisoners are hot cuties). The film gives short shrift to plot and logic; sadly, it also doesn't pay much attention to exploitation or action. It meanders along in TV-movie fashion, providing a few stingy glimpses of T & A and a few clumsy fight scenes. But it's silly enough to be mildly entertaining if your standards aren't too high.



CAGED HEAT

(1974 - aka *Caged Females; Renegade Girls*) writ & dir: Jonathan Demme; w/ Juanita Brown, Roberta Collins, Erica Gavin, Ella Reid, Rainbeaux (Cheryl) Smith, Barbara Steele. Some skin, no gore.

Demme's directorial debut is a bit scatterbrained and a far cry from *Silence of the Lambs*, but it was fun enough to become the best-known classic of the chicks-in-chains genre. In a prison full of hot babes, there are no poor innocents, just hard-as-nails hellcats who yearn for freedom -- and yearn for a little revenge on the wheelchair-bound, prudish warden (Steele) who thinks electroshock treatments are progressive therapy. The script wanders a lot and is full of unnecessary scenes and some really weird-ass dream sequences with no point whatsoever, but it also has some good sleaze and the



requisite shower scenes. Plus a decent bluegrass score to give it a touch of class. A little weird, even for a WIP flick, but still fun.

DECAPITATION ISLAND

(1974ish - Japan - aka *Secret of Women's Prison Island*) dir: Toshiaki Tahara; w/ Genshu Hanayagi, Reiko Kasahara. Teensy bit o' skin; no gore.

In old Japan, naughty women (all 14 of them) are sent to a tiny prison island where both guards and inmates spend their time on petty rivalries, petty intrigues, and petty cruelties. But the guards are supplementing their income by selling inmates as sex slaves, corruption runs amuck, and a disgraced samurai and the Plague get mixed in for some excitement. It's an odd little film that delivers a few of the usual exploitation nuggets but spends most of its effort on a drama that never actually goes anywhere. Still, it's kind of fun to watch, just a little low key. On a side note: looking at the available references to this flick on the web, they all seem to parrot some enthusiastic ad copy that bills this as an outrageous exploitation flick -- nope, not even close.



BARBED WIRE DOLLS

(1975 - Switzerland - aka *Frauengefängnis; Caged Women*) dir: Jess Franco; w/ Lina Romay, Monika Swinn, Paul Müller. Plenty of full nudity & softcore porn.

Well, there are some gorgeous women in a prison on some island. And then some lady writhes on a bed and masturbates. The captives suffer all manner of indignities from their degenerate keepers, both male & female. And then some lady writhes on a bed and masturbates. The warden is a sadistic lesbian with a monocle. And then some lady writhes on a bed and masturbates. Until finally we realize that there isn't even a ghost of a plot in this silly thing. Oh, well -- there are plenty of pretty ladies taking their clothes off and I guess that's the only point. However, Franco's filmwork here is far from his best, and the acting is simply ghastly. And there's this incestuous rape scene that isn't filmed in slow motion, the actors are *moving* in slow motion! With the right crowd, it would make a decent party tape, but only if no one paid much attention to it.



BARE BEHIND BARS

(1980 - Brazil) writ & dir: Oswaldo de Oliveira; w/ Maria Stella Splendore, Neide Ribeiro. Gobs o' skin, a little hardcore sex, and even a smidgen o' gore.

This isn't actually a "normal" chicks-in-chains flick, but rather a pornographic lampoon of the whole genre. We get to look in at the sordid life of the momma of all women's prisons, where rats roam at will, prisoners are beaten as a matter of routine, and both guards and inmates strut around half-dressed and insanely horny. There's not much that smells of story in this one, but a plot would only have gotten in the way of this crackpot carnival of sex, sadism, and worse -- just when you think the flick has covered all the bases, it plunges into some serious nastiness. If there was an Oscar for Least Subtle Film, this would have been unbeatable. The uncut version may have some folks rushing to call the FBI, but people who have watched too many WiP films will be laughing too hard to call anyone.



TEN VIOLENT WOMEN

(1980 - aka *Women's Penitentiary*) prod & dir: Ted V. Mikels; w/ Sherri Vernon, Dixie Lauren, Sally Alice Gamble, Georgia Morgan. Just a teensy bit o' skin.

Some nice girls decide that the way to get ahead is to go on a crime spree. Their enthusiasm doesn't quite make up for their lack of experience, and between crooked fences and undercover cops, things go bad quickly and some of them wind up in a cell block run



by absolute wackos. A nice cross between the Girl Gang and WIP genres, and although it's a little light on blatant exploitation (as in nudity & violence), it serves up a nice plate of sleaze. See Ted Mikels get stomped to death. See prison babes take showers with their underwear on (Ted couldn't pay them enough, I guess). If nothing else, see Georgia Morgan steal the show as the meanest, most corrupt dyke warden you'd ever want to see. A lot of fun, so long as you ain't got no taste.

VIOLENCE IN A WOMEN'S PRISON

(1982 - Italy/France - aka *Emanuelle in Hell*; *Caged Women*; *Women's Penitentiary 4*) dir: Vincent Dawn (aka Bruno Mattei); w/ Laura Gemser, Gabriele Tinti. Some skin; no gore.

A pretty reporter (aka Black Emanuelle) goes undercover at a prison that turns out to be the usual cesspit of sadistic lust. Can the brave doctor with the tragic past save her before they grease the little snitch? Our heroine is so slack-jawed stupid it is doubtful that anyone will care.

As a WiP flick, this one is a rather disappointing one-lunger. Although there are some sick jokes and sicker characters here, the sex is neither very revealing nor erotic, and the sleazy elements are just watered-down versions of scenes that were done better in previous films. Worse, the flick spends a lot of time pretending to have a plot. But the attempts at story are just careless shots in the dark, and Bruno (who also edited) was clearly relying on an audience that would not actually be paying attention. It doesn't stink, really, but it hardly lives up to expectations, either.



TORTURED ANGELS

(1982 - Hong Kong - aka *Strike of the Tortured Angels*)
 dir: Roy Rosenberg; w/ Susan Lee, Stella Jone, Laura Sode.
 Brief peek o' skin; no gore.

The Hong Kong women's detention center is... not bad, really. And since every cell block needs a tough black broad... they have a Chinese girl in a bad afro wig & dark makeup. woo. But one of the girls gets sort of pushed around a little and has vengeance on her mind. Excuse me, I'm more than a little disoriented here -- is this a chicks-in-chains flick written for teenage girls? The punishment for attempted escape is... scrubbing the toilets! And when they break out and go after that two-timing man... they throw rocks through his windows! Eventually, someone does actually get shot, but it takes a phenomenal amount of whining to get it done. It may be the most spineless WiP flick ever made. Despite this being completely inept and bizarre, I really must advise you to avoid it -- it's the sort of thing you would have to take away from your dog and bury in the alley.



HELL BEHIND BARS

(1983 - Italy/Spain - aka *Captive Women Hell: Hell Penitentiary*) dir: Willy Regent (Gianni Siragusa); w/ Ajita Wilson, Rita Silva, Linda Jones. Gobs o' skin; no gore.

A saucy young babe rips off the mob; but then she gets tossed in a Spanish pokey on another charge. And although the place is run by a sadistic lesbo/nympho, it doesn't seem like all that bad a prison, since everyone is constantly having sex with everyone else. But then the mob tracks her there and things get sticky and they have to drown one girl in the sewer and they almost escape but they really just wanted to kill the warden. Well, sort of -- the script is just the vaguest suggestion of a plot -- it serves mostly as a spacer in between sex scenes. And the flick is so low-budget, the guards have to settle for plain overcoats as uniforms and the inmates don't get uniforms at all; they just walk around in their street-clothes & high heels. A fine example of unadulterated eurotrash sleaze.



BAD CINEMA DIARY

HELL PENITENTIARY

(1983 - Italy/Spain - aka *Captive Women 8: Hell Penitentiary*) dir: Willy Regant (Gianni Siragusa); w/ Ajita Wilson, Rita Silva, Linda Jones. Gobs o'skin; no gore.

A rich lady gets herself sent to prison so she can get the goods on the mobster that killed her sister, but then there's also something about a prison revolt. Oh, heck -- the plot doesn't matter because every other scene is random sex or torture without much sense to it at all. Obviously filmed at the same time and with the same cast & crew as *Hell Behind Bars*, this one shares most of the same elements but mixes them for a slightly different excuse to show lots of sleazy sex & violence. The flick has some extra entertainment thanks to even more careless plot & character development. The dialogue is inane (not including some very bad jokes inserted by the English dubbers), and the characters don't seem to remember what movie they're in. Another good sample of mindless sleaze -- except for the one thing I really wasn't expecting: the rosy-pink happy ending. Eeeugh.

The prison doctor says to the prisoner/nurse: "I love you madly."

The prisoner/nurse says, "And I you."

And within two seconds he's groping her crotch. That's about the most subtle character development you'll see in here.



CHAINED HEAT

(1983) dir: Paul Nicolas (Nicholas); w/ Linda Blair, John Vernon, Sybil Danning, Tamara Dobson, Stella Stevens, Henry Silva. Some skin; no gore.

Linda Blair is the nice girl sent to a really strange prison that has very little security & plenty of makeup supplies. The guards are all either rapists, sadists, or drug-pushers -- and the warden is all three. Blair ends up bounced between a complex series of gang rivalries on both sides of the bars as she tries to defend herself from dyke inmates, psychopathic guards, and the coke-snorting, porno-filming warden. And the cast seems to be having entirely too much fun. Blair actually seems a little out of place here, doing her darnedest to actually act, when the rest of the stellar cast seems more like they're prancing around with their fingers in their ears, just having a good time in a silly movie. The script, bless its little heart, never slows down long enough for the audience to realize that all this crap can't possibly be happening on the same planet. This is a real jewel among chicks-in-chains flicks; don't miss it.



RED HEAT

(1985 - W. Germany/US) dir: Robert Collector; w/ Linda Blair, William Ostrander, Sue Kiel, Sylvia Kristel. A teeny bit o' skin; no gore.

Linda Blair is a clueless American whiner who stumbles into a spy-thing in Germany and “disappears” into an East German hoosegow which is filled with mean people like Sylvia Kristel. So now it's up to her studly Army boyfriend to organize a commando raid to bust her out. *Sigh.* Wait a minute -- this isn't just another insipid WiP exploiter -- they tried to make this thing a freakin' Cold War drama! It's a weird-feeling mix here. It has some great production values, good sets, music by Tangerine Dream (!?), and manages to achieve a few milliseconds of tension. On the other hand, it's got lame, shallow attempts at drama, exaggerated characters, and plenty of sleaze, but all the juicy bits are off camera. In short, it's got all the bad parts of the classic WiP formula without any of the good parts. It is a curious specimen, but watch it for archival reasons only.



WOMEN IN FURY

(1985 - Italy/Brazil - aka *Women's Penitentiary 5*) writ & dir: Michele Massimo Tarantini; w/ Suzane Varvalho, Rossana Ghesa, Gloria Cristal, Henri Pagnoncelli. Some skin; no gore.

A young lady is sent to a Brazilian penitentiary which of course is stuffed with lovely lustful lesbo sadists. This one delivers only a bit of its promised sordid exploitation, but there are some entertainingly wacky characters. But mostly it settles for a simple-minded take on the “crusading prison doctor” and “innocent escapee” shtick. And the simplistic script and editing combine to make this version shallow and dull even by the standards of other WiP flicks. The director seemed to think that any shot that exposed a breast was worthy of special concentration... and beyond that, he didn't appear to be concentrating. Within the expectations of this sub-genre, it's adequate, I suppose, if rather tame. But all of it has been done much better in many other flicks.



the NAKED CAGE

(1986) writ & dir: Paul Nicholas; w/ Shari Shattuck, Angel Tompkins, Lucinda Crosby, Stacey Shaffer, Christine Whitaker. Lots o' skin; a little blood.

Through the usual transparent machinations, the good girl is sent to the pen, where the lesbo warden, rapist guards, and steroid-enhanced inmates make things tough for her. But when the bad girl nemesis who sent her up arrives back in prison, the feminine hygiene articles really hit the fan! But ya know, despite a rather sappy sheen, this thing manages to score with a good cast, fun characters, and a refreshingly intricate script. Whodathunkit? A chicks-in-chains flick with a plot! It serves up enough nudity to make the schmaltzy girl-chum stuff bearable, and it even dishes out some action when the inmates stage a massive riot. Another stand-out WIP film from Paul Nicholas.



REFORM SCHOOL GIRLS

(1986) writ & dir: Ted DeSimone; w/ Pat Ast, Wendy O. Williams, Linda Carol, Sybil Danning. Some skin (a couple extended shower scenes), decent music.

Evil lesbian overlords terrorize poor chicks behind bars. Under-budget, over-acted, and one of the least subtle movies I've ever seen. At times it plays it almost straight, then at times it's almost camp. It's actually kind of fun, but it's Pat Ast that really makes this flick worth recommending -- she absolutely wallows in her role as the baddest-ass dorm mother this side of Ma Barker. I would almost consider buying a copy of this one, solely because her hammed-up performance is so much fun to watch.

PURGATORY

(1988) prod & dir: Ami Artzi; w/ Tanya Roberts, Julie Pop, Hal Orlandini. A little bit of skin.

Well, the opening scene informs us that this is Africa -- we're looking at military trucks driving down a road lined with telephone poles and English road signs & street markings. American Peace Corps broads are set up & tossed into an abusive third world pokey. A decent performance by Roberts is wasted on a chicks-in-chains flick that fails to deliver -- what we get is a pathetically "sensitive" portrayal of women forced into prostitution. Women who are whiney victims until the last ten minutes, when they start stabbing people & throwing molotov cocktails. The soundtrack music is pretty decent, 'though.

CAGED FURY

(1989) prod, writ, & dir: Bill Milling; w/ Erik Estrada, Richie Barathy, Roxanna Michaels, Paul Smith. Some skin, but not near enough to make this thing worthwhile.

A chicks in chains schtick that turns out to be an elaborate cover for a white slavery ring. The script is weak and it takes forever for it to get to where you know it's going, and it fails to deliver on most of its promises, and there's this bonked-out ending that they threw everything they could think of into. It's not without plusses -- some unexpected humor, a few surprising cameos (from porno flicks as well as the mainstream), and a few cute scenes. Far too much dullness in between, however.

CHAINED HEAT 2

(1993 - filmed in Prague) dir: Lloyd Simandl. w/ Brigitte Nielsen, Paul Koslo, Kimberley Kates. Much skin; no gore.

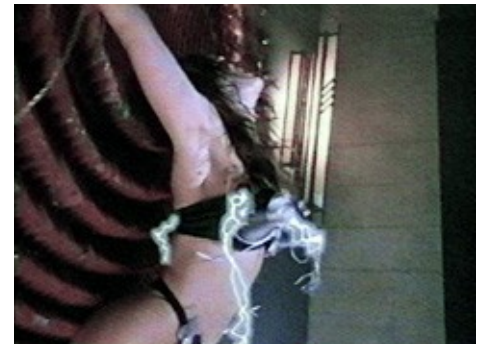
Brigitte is the S/M dyke warden of a Czech prison and she has pretty foreign babes framed so they can work in her cocaine factory, porno studio & brothel disguised as a hoosegow. But the brave sister of her latest victim is determined to end the corruption. Well, it doesn't stink. There's no subtlety here and they try hard to crank the sleaze-o-meter. Still, it's remarkably slow & tepid, and as if their lack of originality wasn't obvious enough, they toss in a few ideas copped straight out of *Midnight Express*. However, there are a few shower scenes and the finale riot is suitably spectacular -- and it's particularly good fodder if you like to make fun of Brigitte Nielsen.



CAGED HEAT 3000

(1995) dir: Aaron Osborne; w/ Cassandra Leigh (aka Lisa Boyle), Kena Land, Robert J. Ferrelli, Zaneta Polard. Lots of skin, a little bondage & SM.

Chicks in chains in space! A way-too-tough broad shakes things up in a corrupt penal colony on an asteroid. Low-budget but creative, with some good visual FX. The script & direction are sometimes, um, psychedelic -- made me wonder if controlled substances were a part of the budget. There are a number of fight scenes involving people who couldn't actually fight, but they were edited skillfully to give the illusion that they knew what they were doing. The whole thing gave me the



impression of being a big-budget porno movie that cut the explicit sex and tried to provide an actual plot. Well, there's no explicit sex, but there's not much of a plot, either. The action-filled ending is as haphazard & vague as the rest of the flick. But I confess I kind of enjoyed it -- the frequent unnecessary nudity probably helped.

UNDER LOCK & KEY

(1995 - aka *Prime Target*) dir: Henri Charr; w/ Wendi Westbrook, Barbara Niven, Taylor Leigh. Some skin; no gore.

At first, you think it's a WIP flick -- gorgeous babes in prison get naked a lot, and spend the rest of their time beating each other up because everybody wants "something" from this mousy little lady; and one of them is so painfully obvious as a law enforcement plant that she should have been iced in the first five minutes. But wait, they must have gotten tired of the chicks-in-chains motif, so they get out of prison, kill off the mousy lady, and then the bad guy kidnaps the FBI lady's daughter and now she has to team up with a tough-babe prison guard 'cause the FBI won't help -- no, wait -- umm, yah, I think I got that right... Anyhow, that's not enough to take down Mr. Super Druglord (who is really a fashion designer), so they team up with some wisp of a fashion model who actually works for the "European Secret Service" and she helps the operation a lot by distracting one guy 'cause he's too busy raping her -- but then they all have to be saved by the FBI guys. *Yeugh*, yucky. It's a low budget, confused piece of dreck that looks like it suffered a bad case of the last-minute re-writes. Not to mention the laughably bad acting, cartoon dialogue, and plot-logic that wouldn't convince a Cocker Spaniel. And in the middle of all this, the female lead is trying to play it *so* seriously -- she even emotes a couple of times. So damn clumsy and stupid, it winds up rather entertaining in spite of itself.



CHAINED HEAT 3: HELL MOUNTAIN

(1998 - Canada/Czech - aka *Hell Mountain*) dir: Michael Rohl; w/ Jack Scalia, Sarah Douglas, Bentley Mitchum, Nicole Nieth. Generous skin; no gore (varies between the US & European cuts).

It's the Post-Holocaust world, and Mr. Smirking Badguy takes the prettiest young ladies from the village and... puts them to work in the salt mines. No, really. And they must be good at it, too -- they work all day in the mines and still have perfect nails. A couple of tough babes on the inside



work on a plan while our studly <snicker> hero (Mitchum, who looks exactly like that chunky kid behind the fast-food counter) gets four hours in training from the last “teacher” and breaks into the fortress to kick ass. Um, yah. I have to admit that they had some nice characters and the Czech sets & locations were outstanding. But the floppy little script they had wasted all of it with dead ends & pointless padding. This thing might have been saved by more skin (although there’s plenty in the first ten minutes) or action scenes that were more than just looped gunfire sound effects and cheap stage explosions. As it is, it just barely qualifies as a party tape.

Not to be confused with *Chained Heat 3: No Holds Barred*; see under the title *Dark Confessions*.

CHAINED HEAT 2001: Slave Lovers

(2000 - Canada - aka *Rage of the Innocents*) prod & dir: Lloyd A. Simandl; w/ Justine Priestly, Todd Farr, Kira Reed. Lots of skin; no gore.

This is basically a remake of *Chained Heat 3: Hell Mountain* -- in the same sense that a high school play is a remake of a Broadway hit. However little talent and promise the original film showed, this one is utterly devoid of merit and hopes to make up for it with nudity. They used some footage from the original, and a highly condensed version of the plot. The script could not have run more than three paragraphs and the remainder is padded out with interminably long scenes of lesbian groping which are “artistically” intercut with interminably long scenes of the prisoner babes crawling through the mine tunnels. Every once in a while we switch to a vague stab at plot. We see two “actors” -- who couldn’t change their expressions if you jammed traffic cones up their asses -- recite a few lines about having a devious plan. Then it’s back for another ten minutes of group grope “artistically” intercut with more mining footage. Aargh! I try to be generous and give a flick some slack for its low budget, but this steaming turd just reeks of being a rip-off designed to squeeze more cash out of the video distributors with previously used footage, sets, & titles. It’s all covered up with tits in the hopes that no one will notice before Simandl can cash his check. He might as well just squat on us movie-fans and take a dump -- it amounts to the same thing and the experience can’t be any worse than sitting through this damnable flick.



Title Confusion:

Many of these films were endlessly re-released to drive-in & video markets under different titles. In particular, “Women’s Penitentiary” (number 2, 3, whatever) seems to be the most popular video retitling choice, and it should never be taken seriously as a means to identify a film. Also, “Women in Cages” has been used as the video title for at least two of the above films, both starring Pam Grier, and has caused some confusion.

The Bad Cinema Diary™ - 6th edition July 2009

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Icon Glossary:



Good Stinker -- These are the films where a good deal of the entertainment comes from filmmaking incompetence; fun to watch in spite of themselves.



Goopy Gore -- These films exhibit distinctly above-normal quantities of unpleasantly abused body parts.



Naughty Nudie -- Films with this flag feature frequent and/or explicit nudity (almost always female) beyond that normally found in your average T&A flick.



Butt Stompin' -- These films feature at least one superior violent fight or shootout scene that will get the testosterone pumping.



Gold Star -- These are the flicks that I felt reached above their expectations or at least pleasantly surprised me; they may not always be actually good flicks, but I did find something in them worthwhile.



Blue Max Medal of Really Goodness -- These are flicks that I not only enjoyed, but I think are actually quite good films (not always the same thing).



Lethal Cinema -- These wretched viewing experiences go beyond being merely bad to become genuine sources of pain and regret; they should be avoided by all but the most masochistic trash cinema veterans. Don't say I didn't warn you.