



## The “J” Pages from J-Men to Just

### J-MEN FOREVER

(1979) dir: Richard Patterson; w/ Peter Bergman, Philip Proctor.

An evil moon-man is out to destroy our safe & dull lives with Rock & Roll & Pot. The government’s J-men use excessive violence to keep the world safe for polka. What’s really going on is that the brains behind the Firesign Theater comedy group put together a funny, irreverent, and extremely silly movie that’s developed its own cult following. Except for a few brief scenes with Bergman & Proctor, all the action is pasted together from snippets of old serial films, redubbed with new & ruder dialogue. It’s a curious lot of fun to see the old serials spliced together like that, although I suppose it’s funnier if you’re less than sober when watching. Definitely a party flick and a minor classic of non-PC filmmaking.



### JACK FROST (1966)

(1966 - Russo-Finnish)dir: Aleksandr Rou; w/ Aleksandr Khvylya, Natasha Sedykh.

Although a Grandfather Frost character appears briefly, this is really a slavic variant of Cinderella -- it places more story emphasis on the vain young man who must learn humility & compassion before he can win Cinderella’s heart. The flick is a bit confusing, being a mixed-up kid’s movie, but it doesn’t suck. The wicked stepmother & slob stepsister are a hoot to watch, and there are some nice visuals.

## JACK FROST (1996)

(1996) writ & dir: Michael Cooney; w/ Chris Allport, Stephen Mendel, F. William Parker, Rob la Belle, Eileen Seeley, Scott MacDonald. A smidge o' pg-rated skin, mild gore.

A wicked serial killer is on his way to execution when his paddy wagon crashes into a snow bank along with a truck full of "genetic acid," and thereby the killer is transformed into Frosty the Snowman's evil twin. The concept alone is enough to keep you giggling for days. To be fair, this thing is a gas to watch. It gets points off for being slow moving in spots, but the cast & crew seem to be having fun with the ridiculous concept, and some real talent shows through (and the music is good). The flick opens with a wonderfully twisted bedtime story about a mad killer who would "stick knives in their faces and cut out their tummies, and stamp on their heads 'till their brains got all runny." Although it's not quite tongue-in-cheek, this film certainly doesn't take itself seriously -- there are several bad jokes and a few good ones. It's fun.



## JACK FROST 2: Revenge of the Mutant Killer Snowman

(2000) writ & dir: Michael Cooney; w/ Christopher Allport, Eileen Seeley, Scott MacDonald. A tidbit o' skin; a bit o' gore.

Still traumatized by his encounter with the frosty killer, the sherrif takes his next Christmas in the Caribbean. However, thanks to the usual mix of ill-advised scientists and clumsy custodians, Jack is reconstituted and bent on revenge -- he brings snow to Bermuda and burps up cute little baby mutant killer snowballs. A distinctly lower budget is visible on this one, but they make up for it by having more fun. The sequel is less scary and a whole lot more screwy. Basically, it's a gonzo comedy with a little dismemberment for spice. If you're willing to give it a little slack, it's a lot of fun.



## JACK THE GIANT KILLER (1962)

(1962) dir: Nathan Juran; w/ Kerwin Mathews, Judi Meredith, Torin Thatcher.

A heroic young man must slay giants & dragons to free the princess of Cornwall from the evil Prince of Witches. Along the way, he gathers a group of odd but honest helpers and together they restore niceness to the land. Yup, it's a kiddie-fantasy flick and, well, it's a lot of fun. The effects are sometimes crude, but they're imaginative -- add an intricate script & brilliant, unrestrained art direction and you have a surprising treat for all ages.



**WARNING:** This film exists in two versions. Apparently, at some point, a demented individual purchased it and turned it into a musical. He simply pasted songs into the soundtrack and looped some action in synch with the music. This musically butchered version can be seen on TV -- I have not seen it myself, but two witnesses confirm that it is quite putrid.

## JACK THE RIPPER GOES WEST

See Knife for the Ladies.

## JACK-O

(1995) Ex Prod: Fred Olen Ray; dir: Steve Latshaw; w/ Linnea Quigley, Rebecca Wicks, Gary Doles; cameos by John Carradine, Cameron Mitchell, Brinke Stevens. One little bit of skin (so pathetically contrived it makes the boobs-shot in *Airplane!* look natural & artistic), mild gore.

A 19th century wizard lays a curse & his demon is later inadvertently rebonkerized & begins scything the townsfolk. Clumsily edited & poorly acted, this is still kinda fun despite some boring bits. The Jack-o-lantern demon looks good, if not actually scary, and there is a cute lampoon of Rush Limbaugh stuck into the middle of the film. I would have to classify it as a near miss, but still a miss.

## JAIL BAIT

See the Ed Wood page.

## JAN-GEL, BEAST FROM THE EAST

(1999) prod, wirt & dir: Conrad Brooks; w/ Conrad Brooks, Gary Schroeder, Dale Clukey. No skin; no gore; no talent.



A pot-bellied caveman thaws out and causes mild consternation -- he's so fierce, he takes ten minutes to kill a rubber snake! Only the pot-bellied Conrad Brooks can save us now. Mother of Gumption, but that was sorry -- Conrad was of course trying to make a "bad movie" here, but he really only had the talent to get as far as "painful hemorrhoid". The script is a mere fragment and the acting is bad enough to stun a charging rhino. The rest of the filmwork is not simply inept, it's downright thoughtless. Okay, there is some heckling value here (providing the audience is sufficiently stewed), but Conrad put so little effort into this that it just isn't worth the time it steals from your life.

And it still looks like Oscar material compared to the sequel he did in 2001 (spelled "Jen-Gal 2"). To call the level of production on that one amateurish would be too high praise. It rather looks like he slapped it together from camcorder footage of rehearsals and screen tests. Freakin' ow.

## JEKYLL & HYDE of all varieties

See the Jekylls & Hydies page.

## JESSE JAMES MEETS FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER

(1966) dir: William "One-shot" Beaudine; w/ John Lupton, Nestor Paiva, Narda Onyx, Jim Davis.

One might be tempted to pass up on this ultra-cheapy, but you'd be missing something... The one wonderful saving grace of this film is the titular villain. The actress goes way beyond devotion to the genre and delivers an over-the-top, wacked-out performance as the mad doctor's even loonier daughter. As long as she's on the screen, it's fun!

## JESUS CHRIST, VAMPIRE HUNTER

(2001 - Canada) photo & dir: Lee Gordon Demarbre; w/ Phil Caracas, Murielle Varhelyi, Maria Moulton, Tim Devries. No skin; cartoonish gore.

The Second Coming is finally here; Jesus sings & dances (quite badly, actually), gets hip, gets pierced, and pounds the snot out of the Atheist Gang. Then he teams up with Mexican wrestling hero El Santo to save Canada's lesbian population from a plague of vampires. The music is good, the acting is not, and the whole thing has a very cheap home-movie feel to it. However, it is a rather silly & fun home movie that makes for an amusing evening (and it didn't hurt that Mary Magnum was cute enough to make my teeth hurt). And although conservative Christians might not appreciate its irreverent humor or its message that God is fond of lesbians, the film is not disrespectful (religiously speaking) and is even capped off



by some genuine gospel preaching. But really, it's just a silly piece of fluff -- although I'm sure it can claim to be one of the finest films ever made in the Religious Kung Fu Musical sub-category.

## JET ATTACK

(1958) dir: Edward L. Cahn; w/ John Agar, Audrey Totter, Gregory Walcott, James Dobson.

A top-secret radio scientist gets shot down over North Korea -- naturally, a jet ace and his two dippy buddies are parachuted behind enemy lines and with help from the turncoat Russian lady, try to rescue the scientist. Basically, you get a soapy melodrama sandwiched between two wads of stock footage. Urm, it's kinda fun, I suppose, but it's aimed squarely at the Saturday morning crowd. It has sappy characters, dorky dialogue, and manages to be slightly more "gritty and serious" than Gilligan's Island.

From the radio promo: "Thrills as jagged as a sky battle as jet smashes jet, whipping death across the blazing sky."

## JOHNNY FIRECLOUD

(1975 - aka *Revenge of Johnny Firecloud*) dir: William A. Castleman; w/ Victor Mohica, Ralph Meeker, David Canary. Tidbit o' skin; a hint o' gore.

When the asshole land baron pushes the Vietnam vet (who's the wrong color and too close to his daughter) too far... it's the raging redskin versus the racist rednecks. A purely typical revenge formula that seems designed as a filler for the drive-in all-nighter. While it is capably filmed and played, it's also catatonically dull; the characters are flat, the dialogue is numbing, and even the violent scenes are somehow sleepy. The ending is a non-event that is an obvious attempt to lead into sequels for this Billy Jack wannabe -- mercifully, none have materialized.



## the JOHNSONS

(1992 - Netherlands) dir: Rudolf Van den Berg; w/ Monique Van de Ven, Esmee de la Bretoniere, Kenneth Herdigein. Teensy bits o' skin (more male than female); no gore but buckets o' blood.

A young girl troubled by dreams of blood and rape; septuplet murderers imprisoned in a secret jail; and a lost anthropology expedition that may have stolen the



sacred devil-fetus of an Amazonian tribe. Eventually, this all comes together in an interesting tale of ancient evil on the rise. It is a well crafted flick -- however, it plays out too slowly and with too much mystery to generate much suspense, and the ending is a little trite and surprisingly unimaginative. It's a flawed film, but achieves enough creepiness to be worth a view.

## **JOLLY ROGER: Massacre at Cutter's Cove**

(2005) dir: Gary Jones; w/ Rhett Giles, Tom Nagel, Kristina Korn, Thomas Downey. A little skin; a little gore.

This ol' undead pirate has a score to settle with the descendants of his mutinous crew.

Meanwhile, the nice but completely ineffectual policeman slowly learns to accept that it really is an undead pirate who is wandering around lopping off the heads of the townsfolk. The supposed heroes, a squeaky clean teen couple,

are almost as ineffectual, serving only to uncover the meager back-story. Okay, it's nicely filmed, the fx are decent, and they're thoughtful enough to include a couple of gratuitous strippers. But the plot is what you might expect from preschoolers -- it's far too clumsy and shallow to be any fun at all. A few lame jokes and even lamer stabs at campy spoofing are more a hindrance than a help. Pretty much a complete waste of time -- except perhaps for the strippers.



## **JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF TIME**

(1967 - aka Time Warp) dir: David L. Hewitt; w/ Scott Brady, Gigi Perreau, Anthony Easley, (Lyle Waggoner in a bit part).

In an experiment designed to look into other times, three scientists and their jerk of a boss get hurled into the future and back again into prehistory. Which might have made for an interesting movie, if the budget had been able to afford a screenwriter. What passes for the plot consists of a lot of concerned people talking and talking and talking and spouting a lot of pseudo-science gobbledegook. There is a little conversational dialogue, but it suffers from rigor mortis. And when they travel through time, we see lots of stock footage with concerned faces superimposed over it. And then there's almost an action scene, but, um, there's more photo montage, instead. And, woops, there's more superimposition and stock footage, we must be time traveling. Ooh, they get menaced by a lizard -- I think -- the lady said she was scared and they spliced in a picture of a lizard.



Hmm, French cartoons are easier to follow than this thing. And finally, they must have lost the last pages of the script, because they end with a fast-forward highlight replay of the entire damn movie, because, ya know, it's a time loop thingy. *Woof*. Let this be a lesson to you young filmmakers out there: if you don't have enough footage for a real movie, you can still fake it if you spend enough time on the splicing machine.

## JOURNEY TO THE SEVENTH PLANET

(1962 - US/Denmark) prod & dir: Sid Pink; w/ John Agar, Greta Thyssen, Carl Ottosen. No skin; no gore.

In the idyllic future of 2001, the UN sends the first exploration spacecraft to the ever-so-carefully pronounced yer-AH-nus. Our intrepid heroes land to discover... Denmark! Actually, a God-Like-Alien-Being has read their minds and is manufacturing windmills, luscious babes and silly monsters in the hopes of conquering the Earth.



The attempt is doomed simply because the commander (the claw-nosed general from Reptilicus) is almost as bright as a mudpie, and the first officer (Agar) has no brains outside of his gonads and does nothing but squeeze the squeezable ladies who constantly pop out of thin air. Sadly, this thing isn't as fun or imaginative as I would expect from Sid Pink & Ib Melchior. The sets are surprisingly good, while the effects are dismal, the plot is repetitive, and the dialogue is unnervingly mindless. The only real joy I found in the flick was that stop-motion one-eyed dino-rat who was just so huggably cute I started blubbering baby-talk at it! But then someone sang the Ballad of the Seventh Planet over the end credits & damn near traumatized me.

## JUDGE AND JURY

(1996) writ & dir: John Eyres; w/ David Keith, Martin Kove, Paul Koslo. No skin; no gore.

An executed killer comes back from the dead for vengeance on the man who killed his sweetums during a botched robbery. Meanwhile, the “hero” in question is revealed to be a pathetic butt-head who deserves to get killed, so why should we care? This flick is a slow-paced turd that takes itself completely seriously; it tries to go from horror/thriller to psycho-drama with scenes of “intense personal drama” and “dramatic slow-motion action.” <gag> The characters are wretches, the action is grossly unrealistic (our heroes' car flips end over end at high speed -- they dust themselves off, crack a joke, & drive the car away), and the plot (even accepting the notion that people come back from the dead) is pathetically

unbelievable. David Keith tries to inject a little fun with his maniacal killer character who keeps adopting different personas (perhaps he's possessing different bodies; that's never made clear); but it's not enough to save this piece of crap. It's one of the few movies which leaves me not merely annoyed, but genuinely pissed at the filmmakers.

## JUDGMENT DAY

(1999) dir: John Terlesky; w/ Ice T, Suzy Amis, Tommy "Tiny" Lister, Jr., Mario Van Peebles. No skin; no gore.

Another asteroid is about to stomp the Earth back to the Stone Age -- but this time, there's an abandoned space project that can stop the rock. Unfortunately, the only scientist who knows the codes to reactivate the device has been kidnapped by a wacky, militant preacher who doesn't want anyone to interfere with the End of the World. So naturally, the only people sent on the mission to retrieve said scientist and save the Earth are a tough lady FBI agent and a felon with a score to settle. Considering that the planet is about to be toast, there's a remarkable lack of real suspense here, and the plot proceeds quite predictably. On the other hand, it is a well made flick, and there are some great characters and performances in this thing. The budget restrains both the amount of action and special effects, but what they do have is nicely done. It's a nice little flick, just rather ordinary, but fans of the cast will have a good time.



## JUNGLE GIRL (1941)

See the Serial Movie page.

## JUNGLE HERO

(2001 - India) dir: K. I. Shaikh; w/ Amit Pachori, Kirti Shetty. No skin; no gore.

In Africa (sort, of, I think?) a half-Indian, half-native boy is orphaned by evil men and learns all he needs to know from his jungle-critter buddies. Years later, Bollywood comes to his jungle to shoot a Tarzan picture; when the leading lady gets in trouble, she is surprised to be rescued by the *real* "Tarzan" -- but when she tries to teach him about love, things don't go so smoothly. In addition to the usual singing, fighting, and romancing, we get slapstick, a really dirty catfight, and a very broad lampoon of penny-pinching filmmakers, all woven into an intricate, if rather scatterbrained, script involving destiny, revenge, jealousy, buried treasure,



and an egotistical actor out to get laid. However, even allowing for the budget, this one suffers from production values that are just shoddy. The camera work & editing are inept, the stock footage is junk, and even the songs are just average. It's only the energy of the cast that saves this thing. It's cute & worth a few chuckles, but even Bollywood's skid row is capable of better than this.

## JUNGLE HOLOCAUST

(1977 - Italy - aka *Last Cannibal World*) dir: Ruggero Deodato; w/ Massimo Foschi, Me Me Lai, Ivan Rassimov. Lots o' nekkid natives; a bit o' gore.

It starts out nice & tense as he's chased by cannibals; then he gets captured and watches as the cannibals do weird stuff. It gets bizarre enough with the pee-pee pulling contest and the underground bungee jumping, but then gets more than a little morally suspect when the naked little boys pee on him. Not as much gore as Deodato's more famous *Cannibal Holocaust*, and the script is not as coherent, either. It's a curdled mix of gritty survival drama and gratuitous exploitation elements including animal slaughter, primitive sex, and Massimo's wang flapping in the breeze for most of the flick. Cockeyed, yes, but certainly not dull.



## JUNGLE JIM (1937)

See the Serial Movie page.

## JUNGLE JIM feature films

see the Jungle Jim Page

## JUNIOR

(1984 - Canada - aka *Hot Water*) dir: Jim Hanley; w/ Suzanne deLaurentis, Linda Singer, Jeremy Ratchford, Michael McKeever, Ken Roberts. A little skin; mild gore (varies with the cut).

A pair of buxom ex-con hookers head for a small town and try to go straight. Naturally, they're harassed by the moron sheriff and his redneck pals. And then we get a whole string of random cutesy scenes, soap opera moments, and the occasional screamingly gratuitous sim-sex scene. Eventually, almost as an afterthought, a local wacko tries to kill some folk. It bills itself as a chainsaw-killer *Stalk & Slash*, but really it's just a seedy little soap with a smidgen of violence tacked on at the end. Most of the time, the cast just rambles around letting the screenwriter impress himself with his



ability to write “witty banter”, and the director seems interested in little else beyond the bikinis. Somewhere along the line, they all seem to have lost track of what kind of movie they were trying to make. Oh, it scores a few nice scenes, and Ratchford puts in a fun performance as the numbskull who thinks meeting a new girl and raping her amount to the same thing. But even the good bits are derivative and rather dull. The rest of it is simply dull.

## JUST BEFORE DAWN

(1981) dir: Jeff Lieberman; w/ Chris Lemmon, Gregg Henry, Deborah Benson, (George Kennedy bit). Teensy bit o' skin; mild gore.

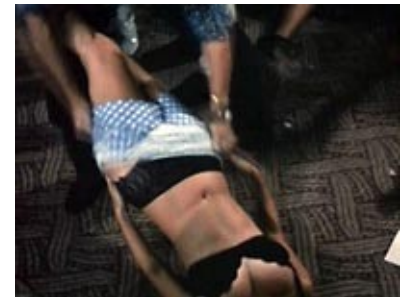
Young folks in the woods become the target of the local inbred nutcookie with a machete. Although graced with better values and a more original ending than the average drivel in this category, this is still only marginally above average. It gets bonus points for gorgeous locations and good photography, but is dragged down by a plot so badly contrived that it begs for instant amnesia from the audience, and characters so fantastically stupid that killing them amounts to a service to the gene pool. Fun enough to watch if you like this sort of thing, but it does require you to hammer your brain into a very small hole.



## JUST FOR THE HELL OF IT

(1968 - aka *Destruction, Inc.*) prod & dir: Herschell Gordon Lewis; w/ Ray Sager, Rodney Bedell, Agi Gyenes, Nancy Lee Noble. Vague flash o' skin; no gore.

A gang of violent drop-outs terrorize suburbia because they've been turned evil by rock & roll. The police can do nothing to stop this rampage because... um, they have less than a hundred witnesses and they haven't invented fingerprinting yet? Um, geez, I don't know. Like many of Lewis' movies, this is all sizzle and no steak. A featureless plot with neither point nor ending (and we won't even go into the whole “logic” thing), dismal acting, murky photography, and a music track that must be what it's like to listen to the screams of the damned through a bad hearing aid. With a few small exceptions, the exploitation content here is limp, and the rest of it is just what are really a bunch of clean-cut squares strutting around trying to act tough & rebellious. Their leader is well-groomed and well-spoken, but we can tell he's evil because he says “Man” a lot and calls the police “Fuzz”. *Yeesh.*



## JUST IMAGINE

(1930) dir: David Butler; w/ El Brendel, Maureen O'Sullivan, Marjorie White, John Garrick.

Our young hero is distraught because the government marriage tribunal has assigned the woman he loves to marry someone else -- so he promptly volunteers to fly the first rocket ship to Mars. This all takes place in the glittering future of 1980, where everyone drives hover-planes and babies come from vending machines. It's also a romantic musical comedy that is, in truth, utterly dreadful. Yes, there's some wonderfully fanciful art direction, thoroughly delightful "futuristic" doohickies, and a very silly sojourn with the Martians. However, even judged by the standards of its era, the script is dry as dust, the characters are all saps, the jokes are lousy, and the musical numbers are dull enough to petrify a redwood. There are some things in here that are fun to watch, but trying to sit through the whole movie without a fast-forward button would be serious masochism.



The Bad Cinema Diary™ - 6<sup>th</sup> 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.