



The “W” Pages from W.B. to Wrestling

W.B., BLUE & THE BEAN

(1989 - aka *Bail Out*) writ, prod & dir: Max Kleven; w/ David Hasselhoff, Linda Blair, (John Vernon bit). No skin; no gore.

A smooth young bounty hunter and his pals are all set to baby-sit an heiress on her way to court when she starts getting kidnapped and the whole thing ends up with a small war against a drug cartel in Baja. It's a stupid little flick that, well, I actually got a kick out of -- boy, am I embarrassed. Yeah, it's a mindless, formulaic piece of white-bread mush that has the distinct odor of a failed TV pilot. But what the heck -- the plot is lively, the characters are fun, and the music is good. It's still just a dip of a flick, but it's also more entertaining than it has a right to be. As long as you shut down your brain *and* your self-respect, you might have fun, too.



WAKE OF DEATH

(2004 - UK/Ger/Fr/SA) dir: Philippe Martinez; w/ Jean-Claude Van Damme; Simon Yam, Valerie Tian. Smidgen o'skin; smidgen o' gore.

Thanks to an innocent involvement with a runaway girl, the Chinese mob kills his wife. They fail to kill him. Say goodbye to the Chinese mob. Okay, nothing new here, but it's a



reliable formula if handled well. And this one is quite well crafted; it unreels some very nice action scenes and Van Damme carries the role well. However, it earns demerits for trying to get too stylish and for being much too slow for the kind of movie it seems to want to be. Although it is sufficiently entertaining, it never really sinks the hook in and leaves plenty of time to go refresh your drink. Nice, but quite skippable unless you've gone far too long without seeing Jean-Claude's buttocks.

the WALKING DEAD

(1936) dir: Michael Curtiz; w/ Boris Karloff, Ricardo Cortez, Edmund Gwenn.

Karloff plays an innocent schmuck who is framed for the assassination of a crusading judge. But the scientist who knows he's innocent revives his corpse after the execution, and although the man seems to remember nothing of his previous life, he possesses uncanny knowledge of the conspirators who sent him to the chair. Yes, that plot has been re-used a few times, but this is decidedly the best of the lot. There's a great cast, a tight script, and director Curtiz delivers some tense & spooky scenes. And only Karloff could give a piano recital that sends chills down your spine. Pardon me while I hide under the covers...



WAR GODDESS

(1974 - Italy/Spain/France - aka *The Amazons*) dir: Terence Young; w/ Alena Johnston, Sabine Sun, Rosanna Yanni, (bits for Helga Line, Lucianna Paluzzi). Some skin; no gore.

Those man-killing Amazons hit a rough patch when their new queen starts to go soft on men & children -- but really, I'm sure it was hard for her to stay focused amid all the topless wrasslin', attempted coups, and the plot that bounced around like an overpowered pogo stick. Finally, a manly Greek shows them how much happier they'd be with the guys in charge. This is more than a bit tongue-in-cheek and childishly sexist, but they do try to have fun with it. Besides the freakish editing, the most bewildering thing about this is the relatively healthy budget they poured into it; they actually score some decent battle scenes with a respectably big cast. There are actually some hints here that at one point it was intended to be a



more serious flick, as there are a few dark notes still showing; but in the end, it's just a lightweight and very dated trifle with a bit of a split personality.

WAR GODS OF BABYLON

(1962 - Italy) dir: Silvio Amadio; w/ Howard Duff, Jackie (Jocelyn) Lane, Giancarlo Sbragia.

The mighty Assyrian empire come to a sticky end with a little prophecy, some betrayal, and a whole bunch of jealousy... oh, and pissing off the gods didn't help, either. This tries to be a big-budget epic, but neither the budget nor the material were quite sufficient. They do have some big sets and fancy costumes, but their battle scenes are rudimentary, the miniatures effects for the flood & fire disaster scenes are hopelessly silly, and the script has the literary level of a cheap comic book. Nonetheless, they put in some good work and the flick at least hurtles at a reckless pace and then smacks into a big, messy ending. Sorta fun, actually, if you're in the mood for a sappy costume drama.



WAR-GODS OF THE DEEP

(1965 - aka *The City Under the Sea*)
dir: Jacques Tourneur; w/ Vincent Price, Tab Hunter, Susan Hart, David Tomlinson.

A couple of nice young people get dragged off to an ancient undersea city (just yards off the British coast). In spite of some odd lapses, this is a nifty flick. Inspired by the Poe poem, *City Under the Sea*, it tells a mixed up tale of ancient gill-men, not-quite-ancient thieves, and a threatening volcano. No, the film doesn't do a much better job of explaining it all, but it's fun to watch nonetheless. I take points off for Hunter & Hart acting like they're in a teen beach movie, some low-budget fx (the gill-men suits weren't stapled together well), and an underwater fight scene wherein everyone wears a diving helmet and you can't possibly figure out what the heck is going on. Still, the atmosphere is creepy at times, the sets are good, and Price's moody performance helps elevate the whole thing.



WAR OF THE COLOSSAL BEAST

(1958) prod & dir: Bert I. Gordon; w/ Sally Fraser, Roger Pace, Dean Parkin.

Well, it appears that Glen the Giant survived the end of *The Amazing Colossal Man*, but now he's disfigured and brain-damaged -- just like the dialogue in this flick. His sister tries to save him and the Army tries to psychoanalyze him. Meanwhile, the audience tries to stay awake. The plot is a connect-the-dots series of clichés and the cast couldn't be stiffer if they were all store mannequins. It may be good for a few yucks, but you could heckle the dishwasher just as easily.



WAR OF THE PLANETS

(2003 - aka *Terrarium*) writ & dir: Mike Conway; w/ Timothy S. Daley, Jason Hall, Sheila Conway, Shae Wilson. No skin; mild gore.

Crash-landed on a strange planet, the first astronauts to another world find themselves the target of murderous aliens. This poor thing has budget-crunch written all over it; the minimal locations, cheap props, bad acting, and crappy effects. Plus, it's chock full of painfully gratuitous throw-aways like the generic, unexplained aliens, the tribute to faith, and the sad family backgrounds. *ick*. But what really makes this such an annoying trash-bin of a movie, is the laboriously slow, connect-the-dots script that never bothers to actually tell a story, nor even have much of an ending. How many skulls do we need to crack before people learn that a single idea does not amount to a plot?



H. G. Wells' the WAR OF THE WORLDS (2005/UK)

(2005 - UK) photo, writ & dir: Timothy Hines; w/ Anthony Piana, Jack Clay, John Kaufmann, Darlene Renee Sellers. No skin; no gore.

In contrast to Spielberg's megabudget travesty, here's an adaptation that sticks much closer to the book and even sets it in the right time period. I'd love to tell you they did it right -- but what we have here is a microbudget travesty. It's a long



and self-indulgent “Oooh, I’m making a dramatic movie” movie. The script concentrates on the duller parts -- there’s a lot of talking, way too much walking through the woods, a little tea drinking, a bunch of bread chewing, and one grotesquely fake mustache. Some of the scenes which should have been terrifying were comically clumsy, while some of the scenes that might have been suspenseful went on long after the suspense had worn thin -- if the three hour running time had been cut by a third, I might have still given this thing a passing grade. There was also a heavy reliance on CG for everything from backdrops to the weather; and while some of the effects are quite respectable there are a few CG scenes so bad they’ll knock you clean out of your seat. I really wanted to like this one better, even with the cheap fx, but the storytelling is much too clumsy and the editing nowhere near tight enough... unless you really like watching a guy walk through the woods for three hours.

Poor H. G. Wells; he’s turned over in his grave so often, the neighbors are starting to complain.

H. G. Wells’ **WAR OF THE WORLDS (2005)**

(2005) prod, writ & dir: David Michael Latt; w/ C. Thomas Howell, Andy Lauer, Rhett Giles, Jake Busey. No skin; mild gore.

An occasionally faithful adaptation that updates the story to the modern era. Of the three recent versions, including Spielberg’s, this has by far the best script. Nonetheless, it squanders vast amounts of time on wandering around dazed and waxing philosophical. It gets more than a bit full of itself at times, but over all is a nice production. The CG effects are low budget but they don’t suck, and some of the sets and mattes are quite good. I can’t actually recommend it until it gets a much tighter edit, but it’s still a pleasant enough view for those interested in comparing the adaptations.



WAR OF THE WORLDS 2: The Next Wave

(2008) dir: C. Thomas Howell; w/ C. Thomas Howell, Christopher Reid, Kim Little, Fred Griffith. No skin; no gore.

The Earth's last defenders struggle against a new invasion while Howell wanders the bowels of the enemy ship (literally) – it's a pseudo-sequel to the 2005 David Latt film. Allowing for the puny budget, they manage a decent job with the visuals -- and that's the last kind thing I have



to say. The soundtrack, sound effects, and editing were just abysmal, and the performances, I hope, reveal more about the obvious lack of rehearsal time than the actual talents. But worse than any of that was one of the clumsiest and most childish scripts I have ever had to sit through. All the money in Hollywood could not have made this turd worth 85 minutes of anyone's life. Rather sad, actually.

the WAR IN SPACE

(1977 - Japan) dir: Jun Fukuda; w/ Kansaku Morita, Yuko Asano, Hiroshi Miyauchi, Katsutoshi Arata.

Only Japan's super-battle-driller-space-thingy can save us from the menace of evil space-Romans and their axe-wielding mutant wookies! It's a very large plate of cheese that appears to be an ill-advised but delightfully unrestrained attempt to combine Star Wars and Flash Gordon, with a dash of James Bond thrown in for good measure. There's dastardly deeds, melodramatic monologues, heroic sacrifice, a big, greasy space battle, and the Arch de Triumph gets blown up. As long as you're prepared for it to be impossibly silly, it's quite a lot of fun.



WARLORDS

(1988) dir: Fred Olen Ray; w/ David Carradine, Dawn Wildsmith, Sid Haig, Ross Hagen, Robert Quarry, Fox Harris. A little skin.

A successful example of dime-budget dreck -- Carradine is the stiff-lipped hero who cleans up the mutant-infested post-apocalyptic desert. It's rambling, pointless, overacted, & kind of fun.



WARRIOR OF THE LOST WORLD

(1983 - Italy/US - aka *Mad Rider*) writ & dir: David Worth; w/ Robert Ginty, Persis Khambatta, Donald Pleasance, Fred Williamson. No skin; no gore.

It's a post-apocalypse so bleak that everything has a stupid sound effect and even the computers can't spell. Into the usual mix of degenerates, idealists, and evil overlords comes a warrior who looks like a chipmunk, rides a smart-alec super-cycle, and always acts like he just woke up. This one distinguishes itself from the usual drivel of this sub-genre by being more idiotic than most. Slapped together with little budget, an ad-lib script, and very little concern for how it came out, the fun here is limited to the stupidity. Fortunately, there's quite a lot of that available. However, there is a mild note of horror in the ending that promises a sequel. Oh, well -- it is a good target for the MST3K treatment.



WARRIOR QUEEN

(1986) dir: Chuck Vincent; w/ Sybil Danning, Donald Pleasance, Richard Hill. Gobs o' skin (in the unrated version), a smidgen o' gore.

Well, that started out with the clumsiest damn fight scene I've ever seen. About twenty minutes in there is the barest glimmer of a plot -- something about *blonde* Palestinian slaves fighting for their freedom in Pompeii just before the big sneeze. But really there is no plot -- just three big sections: a) a lot of simulated sex in the brothel, b) a bunch of gladiatorial contests (including that well known favorite: the razor-frisbee), and c) a low-budget disaster sequence. Each segment is padded by repeating the basic footage three or four times. Pleasance is the only bright spot -- he wallows in his role as a decadent Roman noble. And if you've got a thing for Sybil, forget it -- she and Donald are the only ones who get to keep their clothes on.

WASABI

(2001 - France/Japan) dir: Gerard Krawczyk; w/ Jean Reno, Michel Muller, Ryoko Hirose. No skin; no gore.

Reno is a Paris supercop who just doesn't know what to do when he's not punching someone. When he is called to Japan to attend the funeral of his one great love, who



abandoned him mysteriously 19 years ago, he discovers that she was actually murdered and the daughter he never knew he had is the next target -- and it's Frenchy Harry versus the Yakuza! The title refers to the hot Japanese horseradish paste -- and the flick does a fair job of living up to it. Good photography, good music, and a great cast -- this is a comedy/action flick that actually has good comedy and although it is not heavy on action, what's there is extremely cool. Reno is delightful to watch as he splits his time between attempting to figure out fatherhood and protecting his new daughter by the expert application of excessive violence. A heck of a lot of fun all 'round.

WASP WOMAN (1960)

(1960) prod & dir: Roger Corman; w/ Susan Cabot, Fred Eisley, Barboura Morris.

A genial Mad Scientist comes up with a fountain of youth in wasp's royal jelly, but an aging cosmetics tycoon takes it a bit too far. She ends up with a really bad papier maché face and kills people with stingers in her fingers and sucks their blood. Sounds like proper wasp behavior to me. *<ahem>* This one is kind of fun, if you've got the patience (or a six-pack). It proceeds with such glacial slowness and with so much padding, that a little tighter editing would have made it a ten minute Twilight Zone short. It also suffers from a budget that was cheap even by Corman standards -- they slap a paper semicircle over a sliding hall door and pretend it's an elevator, cops run around in casual wear and use the only set they have as a field office, and so on. A nice little classic, but not a gem.



WASP WOMAN (1995)

(1995, a Roger Corman presentation) dir: Jim Wynorski; w/ Jennifer Rubin, Doug Wert, Maria Ford, Melissa Brasselle, Daniel J. Travanti. Teensy bit o' skin (a couple booby shots).

It starts out as a faithful remake of the 1960 original -- aging & vain cosmetics executive gambles on a dangerous wasp-hormone rejuvenation therapy, only to discover some bitchin' side-effects. It turns darker than the original, though, making Janice Starlin overtly predatory, even consciously homicidal, once the wasp-hormone takes over. Also, she tends to change into wasp form when having sex -- Holy penis trauma, Batman! The She-wasp critter fx are terrific, complete with wasp-cleavage! Okay, that part might draw a snicker, but it still looks great. The script has a few wobbly spots in it, but it's a fun movie, and a particularly great nostalgia trip for fans of old-fashioned monster flicks.

WEASELS RIP MY FLESH

(1979) writ, prod & dir: Nathan H. Schiff; w/ Fred Dabby, John Smihula, Fred Borges, Jody Kadish. No skin; silly gore.

Radioactive goop from space turns a weasel into a monster! People foam at the mouth! Mad scientist plots to take over world! What's really going on is that a 17 year old kid got his first sound camera and set out to make a flick just like those of Ed Wood and Al Adamson. Whereas he does a fair job of emulating his icons, this kid doesn't have a fraction the filmmaking knowledge or talent that Wood or Adamson had on even their worst days. And therein, of course, lies the film's true entertainment value. I found it took some patience to sit through, but there are plenty enough cheap props and pathetic effects to make this a fair to middling party movie.



WEIRD WOMAN

(1944 - one of Universal's Inner Sanctum series) dir: Reginald leBorg; w/ Lon Chaney (Jr.), Anne Gwynne, Evelyn Ankers, Ralph Morgan.

A rational professor's young wife still clings to the superstitious witchcraft of her island home. But her voodoo is no match for the bitch-witches in the big city. This thing is a lot more about petty, backbiting campus politics than witchcraft. It's an adaptation of Fritz Leiber's *Conjure Wife* -- a bit slow & belabored, but a nicely done mystery yarn for those who have the patience.

WELCOME HOME BROTHER CHARLES

See *Soul Vengeance*.

WELCOME TO BLOOD CITY

(1977 - Canada/UK - aka *Blood City*) dir: Peter Sasdy; w/ Jack Palance, Keir Dullea, Samantha Egggar. No skin; no gore.

In the near future, undesirables are sentenced to a virtual reality where they are forced to become slaves or killers in a bloodthirsty Old West town ruled by Jack Palance. Sort of makes you want to run right out & get arrested. However, it's all an Evil Government Conspiracy™ to train killer soldiers. A cool concept & a good cast are all smothered by a harebrained script that goes all emotional on us. I'll admit that there are a few neat moments; but in the end, it's all a waste. Our hero, in spite of much build-up, succeeds not on his own merits but because someone else always saves his butt. And the system is upset not by our supposed protagonists,



but by squabbling programmers. Ironically, it does succeed in feeling just like a bad computer game. You know the kind -- they set up a logical premise, but logical moves don't get you anywhere at all. Except, of course, for the very logical move of hitting the 'eject' button.

WELCOME II THE TERRORDOME

(1993 - England) writ & dir: Ngozi Onwurah; w/ Suzzete Llwellyn, Saffron Burrows, Felix Joseph, Valentine Nonyela.
No skin; no gore.

In the near future (or an alternate present), all the African-Americans have been walled up into a death ghetto, and when a gang of white outsiders cause trouble, the black gangs unite for some serious payback. Well, first off, it's just too damn weird watching a bunch of guys with cultured British accents trying to come off like American hip-hop homeboy gangstas (they look so uncomfortable trying to squeeze out a curse word here & there). It is actually a well made film, but once you get past the refined language, you run across a plot that just meanders drunkenly through a series of bizarre social allegories. We alternate between quotes from Malcolm X, flashbacks to the slave trade, and cop-killing fantasies. Finally, it boils down to a naked appeal for violent resistance among the black community. At the same time, however, it undermines its own position by unflinchingly embracing racism and hate. It is a very personal and angry film that demands a sort of morbid fascination -- but is a little too personal & angry to really succeed.

Black gangsta: "The only good white person is a dead one."

His white girlfriend, sarcastically: "Are there any exceptions to that?"

Black gangsta: "Michael Jackson?"



WENDIGO

(2001) writ & dir: Larry Fessenden; w/ Patricia Clarkson, Jake Weber, Erik Per Sullivan, John Speridakos. A teensy peek o' skin; no gore.

A young couple and their boy go to the wintry mountains to enjoy a weekend at the cabin; so of course they are terrorized by the local redneck nutcookie. But they are avenged because the young boy believes in the spirit of Wendigo. Um . . . yah.

Oh dear lord but that was duller than dirt! This appears to be Fessenden's attempt to do a movie just like M. Night Shamalamadingdong (whatever). Which means for over an hour we wade through great long scenes full of people who murmur realistic dialogue while not a damn



thing ever actually happens. Sure, the quality of the filming and acting is quite good, but the flick is so childishly pretentious and drenched in self-conscious “artiness” that it left me feeling like I’d been slimed. This falls into the cinema as punishment category; put it on the shelf in the interrogation room.

the WEREWOLF

(1956) dir: Fred F. Sears; w/ Don Megowan, Joyce Holden, Steven Ritch, Harry Lauter.

An amnesiac drifter arrives at a small mountain town -- the title tells you what he is, but he’s not the victim of an ancient curse, he’s a product of twisted science who turns into a beast only when he’s threatened. The sheriff & the town doctor struggle with their need to protect the town from the beast and their desire to help the poor, confused man who really doesn’t want to hurt anybody. This flick is an odd mix of low-budget formula and unexpected originality. The script has most of the standard sci-fi/horror elements, but a number of dramatic turns as well, and the whole thing is played with an atmosphere more appropriate to a noir thriller. It does get talky at times, and the makeup is an uninspired copy of the original Wolfman, complete with cheap scene-dissolve transformation effects. Yes, it is a bit cheesy, but nonetheless rather likable.



WEREWOLF IN A GIRL’S DORMITORY

(1961 - Italy/Austria - aka *Lycanthropus*; *The Ghoul in School*; *I Married a Werewolf*) dir: Richard Benson (aka Paolo Heusch); w/ Barbara Lass, Carl Schell. No skin; no gore.

A werewolf stalks the grounds of an up-scale reform school for girls. Is it the handsome new teacher with the shady past, or the lecherous nobleman who funds the place? The U.S. distributors tried to package & sell this thing like a campy spoof, but it is really a serious European attempt at a horror movie. It doesn’t quite succeed, but there’s enough cute stuff here that I sorta liked it. It comes off more like a suspense thing with a slightly sleazy tang. About two-thirds of the way through, you might even start thinking that is turning out to be a decent little mystery yarn -- and that’s when the screenwriter just starts pulling stuff out of his ass and things go every which way. Anyhow, there should be enough murder, bitchy babes, adultery, blackmail, twisted henchmen, and throat



slashing to keep you entertained. And besides... that leading lady is cute enough to make the Pope propose marriage. Yow.

WEREWOLF SHADOW

See Werewolf versus the Vampire Woman.

WEREWOLF OF LONDON

(1935 - aka *The Unholy Hour*) dir: Stuart Walker; w/ Henry Hull, Warner Oland.

While on an expedition to Tibet, a British botanist is bitten by a werewolf -- coincidentally, the rare plant he was after turns out to be a treatment for lycanthropy. But there are only enough blossoms to treat one victim, and our botanist isn't the only werewolf abroad in London. This first werewolf film of the sound era might have been an interesting variation on the wolfman tale but it is stomped into a mudhole by over-characterized, flowery dialog delivered by a bunch of American actors giving their least subtle impressions of daffy Britons. Virtually all the dialog suffers from melodramatic bloat and the whole of the script can be predicted after the first ten minutes. I have to give the cast a little credit, 'though; several times, they used the word "werewolfery" -- that's not easy to say, straight face or no. Although the make-up for the wolfman is rather good, the werewolf-paw gloves can be seen slipping out from under his cuffs. He is, however, a very British wolfman. The first thing he does after transforming is don a proper scarf and hat and *then* he goes out to kill someone. I had to rewind the tape and watch that again just to make sure I wasn't hallucinating. There might, at some point, have been a decent movie in here -- but it's impossible to see behind the florid dialogue and hammy acting.



the WEREWOLF VERSUS THE VAMPIRE WOMAN

(1971 - Spain - aka *La Noche de Walpurgis; Nacht der Vampire; Werewolf's Shadow; Blood Moon*) dir: Leon Klimovsky; w/ Paul Naschy (Jacinto Molina, he also scripted), Gaby Fuchs, Barbara Capell, Patty Shepherd. No skin (but some nice peeks); cheesy, mild gore.

Waldemar the werewolf is hiding out in northern France when he encounters two pretty archeology students and soon they all stumble across a random zombie, a reanimated witch-vampire, a horny handy-man, and several quarts of werewolf-drool. In a script that



proceeds by belches and spasms and never actually does make sense, Waldemar tries heroically to both end his own suffering and stop the plague of the Vampire Woman. Hoo, boy. The sound is bad and the music sucks, but in general, the production values are decent. And I certainly have to give the flick credit for delivering on its promise -- there's decayed corpses, vampire neck-nookie, werewolf neck-nookie (Did you know that a vampire is destroyed by a werewolf bite?), the shadow of The Devil... and yet more werewolf-drool. It's an enthusiastic production that provides enough unashamed cheese & silliness to make a fun movie.

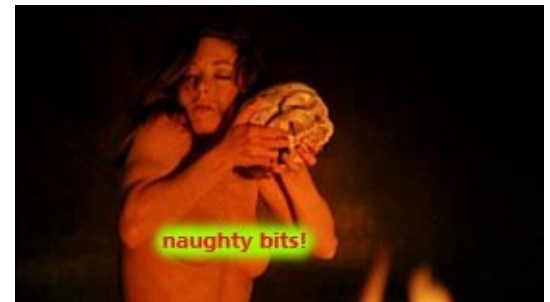
A more complete cut is available under the title *Werewolf Shadow*. Although it doesn't actually make any more sense, there is at least a smidgen of nudity.



WEREWOLVES ON WHEELS

(1971) dir: Michel Levesque; w/ Stephen Oliver, D. J. Anderson, Duece Berry, William Gray. A little skin; miniscule gore.

When a hell-raising gang of bikers kick the tar out of some devil-worshippers, they get slapped with a curse and some of their members wind up torn to pieces each morning. An oddity, this one; not strictly an exploitation flick, but not really level-headed either. It has good music, great photography, and an outstanding cast -- but the movie itself suffers in parts from an excess of sixties-era artiness while other parts seem to suffer from an excess of sixties-era dope. But even when viewed while sober, the flick is likeable enough, it just lacks real content. And it fails spectacularly when the monsters are finally revealed on screen, since it looks like the same old werewolf mask & gloves that had been bouncing around Hollywood for decades. Weird, but kinda fun.



WEST OF ZANZIBAR

See the Silent Movies page.

WHAT

See The Whip & the Body below.

WHAM-BAM-THANK YOU, SPACEMAN

(1973 -- a Harry Novak presentation) prod & dir: William Levey; w/ Jay Rasumny, Chet Norris, Dyanne Thorne. Lots of nudity -- it's a soft-core sex flick.

Aliens need Earth broads to procreate their species. This thing has the usual non-budget of a back-room soft-core porn movie -- actors in oversized papier maché heads sit in a cardboard flying saucer and “peep” at Earth sex. When the woman gets naked, they freeze time (I guess) and teleport her unconscious body up to the ship, where they use their extensible tongues to impregnate her (and get her really hot). The humor is on a junior high school level at best, and despite all the nudity, this flick's re-watchability is pretty low. One high point is a lampoon of a porn movie director that's hilarious for anyone familiar with theatre people.

WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH

(1969 -- Hammer) dir: Val Guest; w/ Victoria Vetri (aka Playmate Angela Dorian), Robin Hawdon, Patrick Allen. No skin unless you get the European cut.

Boy meets girl -- unfortunately, everyone else thinks the girl needs to be sacrificed to save the world. This flick is incredibly inventive and beautifully filmed, but when it comes right down to it, its sole purpose is to provide an excuse to show some stop-motion dinosaurs and a bunch of babes in fur bikinis. Which is fine by me.

**WHEN THE SCREAMING STOPS**

See The Loreley's Grasp.

WHEN WOMEN HAD TAILS

(1970 -- Italian) dir: Pasquale Festa Campanile; w/ Senta Berger, Giuliano Gemma, Frank Wolff. Music by Ennio Morricone(!?). A few teensy flashes of skin.



A bunch of really stupid cavemen discover women, sex, and relationship problems. This silly Italian farce is only mildly entertaining -- for my tastes, there's far too little skin to put up with the idiotic humor. It's passable, but you should bring a six-pack.

WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE

(1951) dir: Rudolph Maté; w/ Richard Derr, Barbara Rush, Peter Hanson, John Hoyt.

Astronomers discover a rogue star on a collision course that will bring to Earth the grandpappy of all disasters. The few scientists and industrialists who believe the prediction race to build a space-ark before the end of the world. Producer George Pal didn't have near the budget he would have hoped for on this one, but it still ranks as one of his best. And that is despite a script that is spattered with schmaltz-stains -- they even resort to the cute kid & puppy gimmick. But it survives all of that because otherwise it's an intelligent & exciting script with credible characters. Disasters, greed, rioting mobs, self-sacrifice, and a big ol' space rocket -- cool movie.



the WHIP AND THE BODY

(1965 - Italy/France - aka *What; Night is the Phantom; Son of Satan, The Way & the Body; The Body & the Whip*) dir: John M. Old (Mario Bava); w/ Daliah Lavi, Christopher Lee. No skin; no gore.

Christopher Lee is the Black Sheep of a rather messy Old World family -- he's made everybody's life miserable, but when he is murdered, things just get worse. He comes back for a little haunting and some sadomasochism from beyond the grave. But is it a ghost or is there a flesh & blood murderer stalking the halls of the castle? If you want to find out, bring some strong coffee. This flick definitely has its moments, but everything moves so excruciatingly slowly it's like watching an entire movie in slow motion. The cast moves slow, they talk slow, the camera pans slow -- I virtually never fall asleep in the middle of a flick, I'm not really a napper. But I'll be darned if smack in the middle of "tense" suspense scene this thing didn't put me in dreamland. I want to like this thing simply because of the great atmosphere and the tickle one gets from watching Daliah Lavi chew the scenery (she's especially enthusiastic about it when she's being whipped) -- but I'll bet that if you set this thing on fast forward and



somebody walked into the room, it'd be a good five minutes before they realized it was on fast forward.

a WHISPER TO A SCREAM

(1989 - Canada) dir: Robert Bergman; w/ Nadia Capone, Yaphet Kotto, Lawrence Bayne, Silvio Oliviero. Frequent skin; a little blood.

A twisted artist becomes obsessed with synthesizing music from samples of the voices of dying women. And he's worshipping a phone sex lady as his personal goddess. Don't worry, you'll have plenty of time to absorb that, as the movie wanders off and becomes little more than a pretentious showcase for some drama school grads to strut their thespian stuff. Okay, get this -- the movie's main location is a stripper bar, so every other scene involves a striptease act. And the script is about a serial killer who preys on women. These folks had to realize that they were making an exploitation movie. And somehow it made sense to them to... fill it with classical mythology metaphors and biblical poetry. Huh? Man, that's just sick. I have a sudden urge to kick this movie in the nuts.



the WHISPERER IN DARKNESS

See the Lovecraft page.

WHITE PONGO

(1945 - aka *Adventure Unlimited*) dir: Sam Newfield; w/ Richard Fraser, Maris Wrixon, Lionel Royce.

An expedition braves darkest Africa in search of a rare white gorilla with near-human intelligence -- but the heck with the monkey, these guys are up to their necks with a love triangle, double-crossing gold smugglers, and a secret agent. When they do finally meet the big white fuzzy, it turns out he's developed quite a jones for the leading lady. It's a shallow & predictable little potboiler, but it's well made and they keep the boring bits and random stock footage to a minimum, although they do top it all off with what must be the longest monkey vs. monkey battle on film. If you like the old-fashioned flicks, this one's kinda cute.



WHITE SLAVE

(1986 - Italy - aka *Captive Women 7; Amazonia: the Catherine Miles Story*) dir: Ray Garrett (aka Mario Gariazzo); w/ Elvire Audray, Will Gonzalez, Dick Marshall. A little skin; a trifle of gore.

This purports to be a true story, played out as the testimony at a murder trial. A young girl, heiress to a rich plantation in the Amazon, sees her parents murdered and is taken captive by a tribe of headhunters. Eventually she adjusts to life with the tribe and learns that the true murderers of her parents were a pair of ambitious employees; so she returns from the jungle to exact revenge. Well, it's very nicely photographed, and there is an attempt at an actual plot, but the script is stretched thin over the running time and the acting is just dreadful. And without any redeeming values, you'd think the exploitation angle wouldn't be so played down. One critic has complained about the "excessive nudity & gore" in this flick. (Snort.) The truth is, this thing has a meager fraction of the amount of skin & blood any cult film fan has the right to expect from an Italian cannibal film called *White Slave*. The nude scenes are subdued and the gore, although plentiful, is cheap and unconvincing. Leaving pretty much nothing to commend the film for.



WHITE SLAVE VIRGINS

(2003 - Canada/Czech) prod & dir: Lloyd A. Simandl; w/ Rena Riffel, John Comer, David O'Kelly. Lotsa skin; no gore.

Some young Serbian lasses on the run from the militia hide out in a cabin -- and they become the love slaves of a horny lesbo dominatrix who squeezes their tender bits and forces them to chop wood. And, um, that's pretty much it. The scenes of wood chopping and lesbian groping are interrupted by a couple of half-hearted stabs at plot, but for all practical purposes, there is no script here. It's just as well, for in the few samples we get, the dialogue and acting are equally incompetent. And to accompany it all, we have a music score that seems to have been provided by a few preset keys on an electric piano. This is just a mush-minded stag reel that is almost erotic enough to excite a 14 year old boy.



WHITE ZOMBIE

(1932) dir: Victor Halperin; w/ Bela Lugosi, Madge Bellamy, Joseph Cawthorn.

A lustful plantation owner in Haiti falls for another man's bride, so he uses the wicked Voodoo Master (Bela) to turn her into a zombie so he can have her for himself. But it's the Voodoo Master that ends up possessing *everyone*! This is an old fashioned heavy-handed melodrama full of loud screams, deep shadows, and murky plot points. But don't let that throw you -- it has wonderful sets and photography, Bela's ooky-spooky histrionics suit the film perfectly, and since this film comes from a time before Hollywood watered down its horror scripts to avoid causing the audience any actual emotions, this one still has a touch of the genuinely nasty. It's a great looking flick that deserves to be enjoyed at face value.



WICKED CITY

(1992 - Hong Kong) dir: Mak Tai Kit; w/ Leon Lai, Jacky Cheung, Michele Reis, Tatsuya Nakadai. A little vague nudity.

This is an odd live-action version of the popular Anime -- trans-dimensional demons are taking over our world, Hong Kong in particular. They operate a bit like an infernal mafia; but then there is mob warfare; but then there's some demons who want to live in peace with humans; but then there's some cross-breed romancing. And all the while they are being hunted by the human psychic Anti-Monster Squad. It's way too silly for the average viewer (psychic secret agents clench their fists and use "human magnetic energy" to land a 747 on top of I. M. Pei's Bank of China Tower), but Anime fans will get a kick out of this live-action rendition. Some of the effects are low-budget but well filmed, the action & editing is almost frenetic, and the flick is full of wild surreal images. It's certainly not dull, even if you can't tell what's going on most of the time.

the WICKEDS

(2005) prod & dir: John Poague; w/ Ron Jeremy, Justin Alvarez, Anna Bridgforth, Kelly Roth. Teensy bit o' skin; lotsa cheap gore.

Some kids break into an old house being used as a set for a cheap horror flick (wink, wink); meanwhile, graverobbers wake the dead. So then we get the criminals and the kids versus the zombie attack. Well,



with pocket change for a budget, it does show a little talent. The makeup fx are good, the script doesn't waste a lot of time, and the cast is surprisingly strong (if you forgive the occasional scenery chewing). However, the editing and photography are dreadful and the plot is just the same old undead retread. Although it is obviously just for fun, it's neither good enough to satisfy nor bad enough to entertain, and it's not wild enough to rate as a party flick. Which leaves nothing to really commend the film for... except maybe that Ron Jeremy keeps his clothes on.

WILD GUITAR

(1962) dir: Ray Dennis Steckler; w/ Arch Hall, Jr., William Watters (aka Arch Hall, Sr.), Cash Flagg (aka R. D. Steckler), Nancy Czar.

A nice young hick from South Dakota arrives in L.A. to make his fortune in the music biz and is immediately snapped up by a crooked promoter who steals all his money and worse yet, keeps him from his sweetie. It's the usual sappy & predictable rags to riches story, but at least it moves along nicely. And Junior's songs -- if not his actual singing -- are, well, adequate anyway (until he hits that ballad number -- ye gods). And even if you could tolerate that, we've got ham-fisted direction on top of ham-headed acting to deal with. But what really puts a damper on the whole thing and sends it into the MST3K bin is the screen presence of the hero and his girl. Nice enough young folk, I expect, but with all the color & pizzazz of mashed potatoes. The only thing that livens up the proceedings is the director's downright greasy portrayal of the evil henchman. Just a good load of heckling material, really.



WILD, WILD PLANET

(1965 - Italy - aka *Criminals of the Galaxy*) dir: Anthony Dawson (actually Antonio Margheriti); w/ Tony Russell, Lisa Gastoni, Massimo Serato, Franco Nero. No skin.

In the future, gorgeous babes with big hairdos will kidnap people by shrinking them to doll size; and it's all a plot by the evil "corporations" to -- um, well, redesign the human race? Merge male & female? It's hard to tell -- but some cockamamie Italian scientist has some cockamamie plan that can't be good. Our hero fails a lot at first, but then succeeds when he just starts punching people in the nose, and then the bad guys all drown in a sea of blood. I think. Oh, the script is just badly translated Italian



gobbledygook. But it's the futuristic cars, cityscapes, spaceship miniatures, chase scenes with toys on strings, and gee-whiz gizmos that fill this movie that make it so darn much fun to watch.

the WILD WOMEN OF WONGO

(1958) dir: James L. Wolcott; w/ Jean Hawkshaw, Johnny Walsh. No skin; no gore.

Wongo is a prehistoric village where all the women are gorgeous and all the men are scruffy and abusive. Then they discover a neighboring village with very pretty men and ugly, jealous women. Of course, all heck breaks out (albeit with stupefying slowness) and the women of Wongo take it into their own hands to corral new husbands. It's an alarmingly incompetent production with very little titillation value (except for maybe the cute gator-wrasslin' scene). The dreadful acting and wretched attempts at humor may provide some amusement, but this thing plays out so slowly it could substitute for anesthesia. Mildly amusing, but only for battle-hardened trash cinema veterans.



WILD ZERO

(2000 - Japan) dir: Takeuchi Tetsuro; w/ Endo Masashi, Shitichai Kwancharu, Inamiya Makoto, Guitar Wolf. Teensy bit o' skin; cartoony gore.

An uncool young dweeb worships Guitar Wolf, a fifties-style rocker who tries so hard to ooze cool that he looks rather dorky himself. But our little dweeb finds his manhood when he inherits the spirit of Rock & Roll, then battles an army of zombies and his own gender bias to find true love with a transsexual. And then the zombies find love, too. And then the crooked promoter shoots lightning from his eyeballs. And then the dorky-cool rock star defeats the UFO invasion. Um, actually it makes less sense than that. From a director of music videos, this doesn't quite hang together as well as the average music video. It's a schizophrenic mix of odd ideas, odder characters, slapstick, and a hefty dose of old-fashioned rock & roll... with the blender set on 'high'. The whole flick seems to try a little too hard, but it's light-hearted lack of sanity keeps it amusing -- although it'll probably go down best when you're already mostly toasted.



WILDER

(2000 - Canada - aka *Slow Burn*) dir: Rodney Gibbons; w/ Pam Grier, Rutger Hauer, Romano Orzari. Teeny peek o' skin; no gore.

Sassy detective Grier tries to nail obnoxious gynecologist Hauer for the murder of a young girl -- but winds up allying with him against the evil corporation. Yah, that's as unoriginal and unexciting as it sounds. It's fairly well made and Grier & Hauer turn in some good work, but it plays out like an episode of a bad TV series and the script was so painfully stupid it left me feeling unclean. A complete waste of time & talent.



WILDERNESS

(1996 - UK TV) dir: Ben Bolt; w/ Amanda Ooms, Owen Teale, Michael Kitchen. A little nudity; no gore.

A young English librarian is sex-obsessed and love-starved -- and once a month she turns into a wolf. Is it lycanthropy or PMS? Does it make a difference? She struggles with her multiple personality disorder until things are brought to a crisis as she is pressed on the one side by a good-hearted man who genuinely cares for her and on the other side by a complete fruitcake of a psychoanalyst who believes that she will eventually make him famous and give him a blowjob.

Not at all a horror movie, this is a chick-flick drama that focuses on issues of female sexual power and frustration. And I rather liked it a lot. Although sometimes too stylish for its own good, the photography, music, and cast are simply excellent, and the plot is just original enough to avoid predictability. It is a good story and well told.



the WILLIES

(1991) dir: Brian Peck; w/ Sean Astin, Michael Bower, Ralph Drischell, Kathleen Freeman. No skin; a little gore.

Some kids on a campout introduce a series of creepy tales -- three gross-out shorts and two longer eerie stories involving a school janitor who eats bad kids, and a fat boy whose bug obsession ends up getting the better of him. On the down side, these stories are rather trite and a little boring (at least for viewers who spent their entire childhood reading creepy tales). On the up side, they have a certain



goosebumpy charm, some actual “willies” moments, a touch of humor, and a few production gaffes that are good for unintended giggles. It’s a good one for kids or for when you’re in the mood for juvenile spook tales.

WING COMMANDER

(1999) dir: Chris Roberts; w/ Freddie Prinze Jr., Saffron Burrows, Matthew Lillard, Tcheky Karyo, Jürgen Prochnow, David Suchet, David Warner. No skin; no gore.

A single carrier and its crew of young space-fighter pilots is all that stands between Earth and a huge invasion fleet -- since the creator of the original computer game is the director, this film is naturally quite faithful to the original. Which is not necessarily a good thing. I have to grant that the movie isn’t badly done -- the cast does a good job, the low budget CG effects look nice, and the sets are good (even if they do seem to be borrowed from an old submarine movie, and I had a hard time believing that 27th century technology looks exactly like surplus 1970’s military equipment). This flick’s *second* biggest flaw is that it is, well, simply dull. It tries to be a space opera shoot-em-up, but is as thrilling as a walk across your back yard. The *biggest* flaw is that this film is thunderously unoriginal, from plot to dialogue to visuals. I’ll wager dollars to donuts that I could recreate this movie, scene by scene and character by character, by splicing together clips from a few old World War 2 movies. The script is so shallow and well worn, it’s as if they deliberately wanted to make this movie one big fat cliché. The “plot” in the computer games actually had more depth. This movie doesn’t actually suck, it’s just utterly pointless.



the WITCH FROM NEPAL

(1985 - Hong Kong) dir: Siu-Tung Ching; w/ Chow Yun Fat, Emily Chu. Teensiest bit o’ skin; no gore.

Chow Yun Fat plays an innocent artist who finds himself with an uninvited houseguest; she’s a strange lady from Nepal who seems to enjoy catching on fire and exploding. She claims he’s the new defender of her tribe, grants him mystical powers, and messes up his life with a love triangle. Finally, Chow gets to have a big Dragonball-style fight with a generic bad guy who snarls a lot and wants his magic necklace. Okay, it’s silly enough to be



fun, but it moves rather slowly and doesn't actually make any sense at all. It's a juvenile trifle that I can really only recommend for hardcore Chow fans.

WITCHCRAFT 8: SALEM'S GHOST

(1994) dir: Joseph John Barmettler, Jr.; w/ Lee Grober, Kim Kopf, Tom Overmyer, David Weills, Jack Van Landingham. Some nudity, mild gore.

The spawn of Satan is executed in Salem in 1692. So they bury him in the basement of a house which 300 years later is sold to an unsuspecting California couple. Yup. After that, it's just a parade of clichés and idiotic choices. Basically, this is a really boring haunted house schtick which is interrupted by a few fabulously gratuitous "artsy" sex scenes wherein pretty ladies have sim-sex with homely guys who keep their pants on, all to soft pop music. I must give this movie the ultimate insult: even the nude scenes were boring. I could film something just as erotic with a close-up lens & the crook of my elbow.



WITCHERY

(1980 - aka *La Casa 4; Witchcraft; Evil Dead 4; Ghosthouse 2*) dir: Martin Newlin (aka Fabrizio Laurenti); w/ David Hasselhoff, Linda Blair, Catherine Hickland, Hildegard Knief. One stingy bit o' skin (Hickland); some mild gore.

Some random dull people get stranded on an island and the old house is already occupied by a mean old witch who wears too much makeup -- she does icky things to them because of some incredibly vague vengeance-thing. Get a cheap location, add in a few truly lousy actors, and give it a wandering script that doesn't know what to do and a director who wouldn't know how to do it anyway. Okay, the flick does manage to score some nifty moments of nightmare imagery -- but those moments are buried deep in a sticky mass of dreary mediocrity. Fortunately, the movie also scores some moments of extraordinary silliness -- the weather and time of day skip about spastically, the characters have all the depth and sense of direction of a scrap of paper in a high wind, and, actually, once Linda gets her mad-hair on, it becomes quite funny. But it's a coin toss whether there are enough guffaws in this failure to make up for all the yawns. I suppose it will depend on how much fun you can derive from belittling the cast.





the WITCHES

(1966 - 7 Arts/Hammer - aka *The Devil's Own*) dir: Cyril Frankel; w/ Joan Fontaine, Kay Walsh, Alec McCowen, Duncan Lamont. No skin; no gore.

A school teacher who's had a bad experience with witch doctors in Africa moves to a quiet English village to relax. So of course, she ends up fighting tooth & nail with a coven of middle class witches. The first half of this flick is a dull soap opera that only barely manages an atmosphere of foreboding. On the

other hand, it's superb as a display of frumpy, matronly clothes. Then the witch conspiracy finally gets going and we think maybe it's going to get tense -- then suddenly we are treated to a version of a Black Mass that looks like a bunch of homeless people auditioning as go-go dancers. It's a complete failure in the scare department -- at best, it'll draw snickers & giggles from the audience. Walsh & Fontaine put in strong performances, all completely wasted on a plodding script and rather silly art direction.



WITCHFINDER GENERAL

See The Conqueror Worm.

WITHIN OUR GATES

See the Segregated Cinema page.

WITHOUT A CLUE

(1988 - UK/US) dir: Thom Eberhardt; w/ Michael Caine, Ben Kingsley, Jeffrey Jones, Lysette Anthony.



It turns out that Dr. Watson is the real brains, and Sherlock Holmes is just a moronic actor hired as the front-man. But when the slow-witted drunkard becomes too much of a burden and Watson tries to dump him, the doctor finds himself trapped by the legend of Holmes he himself created. It's a light-hearted spoof all in good fun, and although low on budget, it's got a great cast. It's not a *great* comedy by any means and the humor varies from subtle to goofy, but it is suitably amusing.

WITHOUT WARNING!

(1952) dir: Arnold Laven; w/ Adam Williams, Meg Randall.

Part of the flick follows our unbalanced but cagey serial killer as he introduces blondes to the business end of his pruning shears. The other part is police procedural as brainy cops use forensics, profiling and old-fashioned leg-work to track the madman. A fairly formulaic tale for modern viewers, but in 1952 it was way ahead of its time. It is a tad slow in spots but it is well-filmed and the 'B' cast is excellent. And in a rare move, the script is actually intelligent and plausible. It's quite a good film, and can be seen as an ancestor of both slasher flicks and "CSI".



the WIZARD OF GORE

(1970) prod & dir: Herchell Gordon Lewis; w/ Ray Sager, Judy Cler, Wayne Ratay. No skin; a bunch o' cheap gore.

A wacky stage magician performs illusions of gruesome slayings on members of his audience; the volunteers seem to come through it okay, but hours later, they die as those same wounds reappear. The plot, however, is nothing but a smokescreen. It exists solely to provide an excuse for the gore and in the end, it dissolves into a void that seems likely to have been inspired by smoking too much pot. The camera work is clumsy and the acting more so, but the gore is plentiful. Although enthusiastic, the gore scenes are not terribly convincing, thanks to the dismal acting capacity of the young ladies being slaughtered. One girl can be seen breaking into giggles as the magician pretends to yank her brains out through her ear. Oh, well -- gobs of cheap gore combined with atrocious acting do help make this thing an entertaining piece of trash.



WIZARDS OF THE DEMONSWORD

(1991) dir: Fred Olen Ray; w/ Lyle Waggoner, Russ Tamblyn, Blake Bahner, Heidi Paine, Dawn Wildsmith, (Lawrence Tierney bit). Teeny bit o' skin, no gore.

Um, okay... there's this college jock -- um, I mean Barbarian Warrior -- who rescues this scantily clad cheerleader chippie -- erm, I mean damsel in distress -- and together they must retrieve the plastic dagger -- um, darnit, I mean sacred demon blade -- from the evil overlord, Lyle Waggoner (now that last part, I can believe). It looks just like a bunch of college kids making a cheap-ass swords & sorcery flick -- and not doing a particularly good job at it. They try to keep their tongues in cheek, but don't quite have the coordination for it. The dialogue is florid, campy, and so badly delivered that it's painful. And if that doesn't make you wince, the puns will. However, if you've got enough brewed lubrication, it can be kinda funny to watch.

Lyle Waggoner says: "I *am* eternal damnation!"



the WOLF MAN

(1941) prod & dir: George Waggoner; w/ Lon Chaney, Jr., Claude Rains, Ralph Bellamy.

The iconic werewolf film -- this one has an interesting story and some good performances, plus the classic Jack Pierce makeup. But the photography is unimaginative and even as a kid I never found this one scary at all. Still, it's a nostalgic kind of fun.

WOLFHOUND

(2002) dir: Donovan Kelly; w/ Allen Scotti, Jennifer Courtney, Julie Cialini. Lotsa skin & sim-sex; no gore.

An American writer takes his family to live in his ancestral home in Ireland, and then he has these flashbacks full of boobies & bondage. And then he meets this hot local chick who turns out to be a dog. I mean a *dog* dog -- I suppose she transforms into a naked chick when she wants to get laid. And then he has to transform into a dog, too, so he can fight the Alpha male. Oh, Lordy. But heck, the vacuous and childish plot is just an excuse for some softcore, poorly filmed, vacuous and childish bondage fantasies. It's just your lackluster and bloodless Playboy Channel sort of crap -- that, and two of the worst child actors they could find. Ouch.



the WOMAN EATER

(1958 - British) dir: Charles Saunders; w/ George Coulouris, Vera Day, Peter Wayn, Joyce Gregg. No skin; no gore.

A creepy old explorer goes to the Amazon and discovers the secret of restoring the dead to life -- naturally, it involves feeding a weird plant a steady diet of babes. Although he claims to be working for the good of mankind, I think I know what this sleazy crackpot was really in it for -- he (Coulouris) practically has an on-screen orgasm every time he sees a woman being devoured by the plant. The bulk of this flick is a curdled little melodrama that crawls along in an exacting procedural narrative. It pays off a little bit near the end with a staring zombie and a little blouse-ripping; but most of it is rather dull, despite doing their best to cash in on Vera Day's bust line.

WOMEN IN FURY

See the Women in Prison page.

WOMAN IN THE MOON

See the Silent Movies page.

WOMEN IN CAGES

See the Women in Prison page.

WOMEN OF DEVIL'S ISLAND

See the Women in Prison page.

WOMEN OF THE PREHISTORIC PLANET

(1966) dir: Arthur C. Pierce; w/ Wendell Corey, Keith Larsen, John Agar.

Oog. Forget the title and all the misleading taglines -- what really happens is that they rip off a bit of *Forbidden Planet* and a smidge of *Planet of the Vampires* but leave out all the interesting bits, and then act as if they fully expected this thing to become the science fiction equivalent of *Gone With the Wind*. But the thing is so laborious, slow, and incompetent that it's more like the cinematic equivalent of constipation. The plot, such as it is, involves a deep-space ship that crashes on a prehistoric planet; when their rescuers arrive almost twenty years later, one descendant of the survivors is running around and falls for one of the female passengers on the rescue ship. All this happens pretty quickly and then the script comes to a dead halt and everyone sort of wanders around in an endless dribble of ponderous padding and pompous attempts at serious character drama.



Then, of course, the dramatic twist ending that's kind of been done a few dozen times before. Sort of sad & hilarious at the same time.

WOMEN'S CAMP 119

(1977 - Italy - aka *KZ9 - Lager di Stermino; SS Extermination Love Camp*)
dir: Bruno Mattei; w/ Ivano Staccioli;
Ria de Simone, Nello Rivié, Gabrielle Carrara. Lots of skin; some gore.

A Nazi women's prison is really a center for bizarre medical experiments run by corrupt sadists. The security officer uses his pet idiot to rape the inmates while the lunatic doctor performs random transplants. This is not nearly as revolting as *Ilsa, She-Wolf of the SS*, but it covers the same territory. However, the lack of plot, lack of interesting characters and the methodical way in which the sleaze is trotted out in scene after fragmentary scene makes this flick feel unimaginative and almost routine. It is sincerely sleazy and as politically incorrect as possible, but it relies solely on shock value and avoids boredom only by the skin of its teeth.



WOMEN'S PENITENTIARY 2, 3, etc.

See the Women in Prison page.

WORLD GONE MAD

(1933 - aka *The Public Be Damned*) dir: Christy Cabanne;
w/ Pat O'Brien, Evelyn Brent, Neil Hamilton, J. Carrol Naish.

In the depths of the depression, the villains here aren't gangsters, but crooked executives who cook the books and bilk the investors. When the crusading DA is assassinated, his untried assistant (who would grow up to be Commissioner Gordon to Adam West's Batman) tries to fill his shoes. But it's a shifty reporter with the ethics of a flatworm and a mouth like a machine-gun who runs rings around them all. Well, it really is just a sappy, pennyweight potboiler complete with Cute Kid and Kindly Old Man characters. But the script is not only coherent but has surprising intricacy and moves at a breakneck pace. Combined with a good cast and tight direction from one of the most prolific directors who ever held a megaphone, this actually works out to be a nifty little flick.



WORLD GONE WILD

(1987) dir: Lee H. Katzin; w/ Bruce Dern, Michael Paré, Adam Ant, Catherine Mary Stewart. Virtually no skin, a high body count.

This is a silly post-holocaust flick, very like *Waterworld* without water, but more fun. A band of unlikely heroes defend the country's last waterhole from wacko cultists. All the cast is great, having fun with their characters (especially Dern) -- Paré and Stewart are the only ones who really play it deadpan. It falls short of being a classic, but tongue-in-cheek humor and a lot of good action make it quite worthwhile

WORLD WITHOUT END

(1956) writ & dir: Edwards Bernds; w/ Hugh Marlowe, Nancy Gates, Nelson Leigh, Rod Taylor.

The Earth's first space rocket gets hurled off course and they land on some strange planet. The crew soon discovers that they've arrived home -- 500 years too late. It starts off with some wonderfully cheesy giant spiders and mutant troglodytes. But when the crew discovers the withered remnants of humanity and tries to convince them to come out of their stainless steel shelters before the species dies out entirely, it becomes a nifty little science fiction melodrama.

It has a solid plot and believable characters, and themes from this film would be echoed in *Planet of the Apes* and *The Time Machine* -- and a half dozen episodes of *Star Trek*. This one deserves to be better known; I think it deserves a place among the early SF classics.



the WRAITH

(1986) writ & dir: Mike Marvin; w/ Charlie Sheen, Nick Cassavetes, Sherilyn Fenn, Randy Quaid, Clint Howard. Teensiest bit o' skin; no gore.

A car from outer space terrorizes an evil gang of small-town hot-rodders -- it's vengeance from beyond the grave... with a turbocharger. Generally, it's well made if rather bland; there are some fine car stunts and a few screwy characters. But the whole thing has a polished, inoffensive, mall-crawler sort of mediocrity -- it's like the movie version of Valium. Fortunately, a few of the cast put in some hard work on our behalf and add a little fun to the flick.



the WRECKING CREW

(1999) dir: Albert Pyun; w/ Ice T, Snoop Dogg, Ernie Hudson Jr. No skin; no gore; no redeeming values.

The street gangs have taken over the city and are engaging in open warfare! The helpless authorities call in a secret kill squad to wipe out the gangs, and it was supposed to come down to a showdown between assassin Ice T and Big Boss Dogg. But the entire premise is tossed out the window in what has all the symptoms of an aborted film project. Snoop's role amounts to less than a cameo, and Ice T has less than two minutes screen time. The bulk of the "story" consists of the lesser billed actors running around inside an abandoned Slovakian sausage factory and pretending to have a gang war in Chicago (please ignore the fact that most of their homies look suspiciously like pale white Eastern Europeans). To make it even worse, Albert Pyun is still deep in his art-house mode but has even less of a budget this time out. The picture quality sucks, the sound is bad, and Pyun even resorts to the Corman school techniques of re-using sets, scenes and even footage from an earlier film (*Urban Menace* in this case). The action is sparse and what's there is clumsily done, and the characterization is limited to a few well placed profanities. Well, we can't blame any of it on Dogg, for all practical purposes, he wasn't in the movie. Ice T helped produce, so he gets a few vulgarities tossed his way -- he's capable of much better. And dear Albert Pyun, even compared to his recent string of forgettable oddball flicks, this is one exceptionally smelly movie.



the WRESTLING WOMEN VERSUS THE AZTEC MUMMY

(1964 - Mexico) dir: Rene Cardona; w/ Lorena Velazquez, Armand Silvestre, Elizabeth Campbell, Chucho Salinas. No skin; no gore.

An Oriental villain is after the Aztec treasure -- but as far as evil masterminds go, this guy just sucks. The heroes from *Doctor of Doom* return in another dizzy, disjointed tale inspired by the old serial flicks. The bad guy fails repeatedly until he is unceremoniously erased and the plot is rewritten by the mummy. It's lightweight cheesy fun with wrasslin' babes, hypnotized babes, and a mummy that turns into a bat.



The Bad Cinema Diary™ - 6th edition July 2009

This file is part of the Bad Cinema Diary™ eBook; it is copyright ©2009 by Bruce V. Edwards, all rights reserved.

The Bad Cinema Diary is copyrighted but provided free of charge. These files are published under the Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 3.0 License; see

<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/3.0/>

For the latest editions and access to all the files, visit the Bad Cinema Diary at

<http://www.cathuria.com/bcd>

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.