

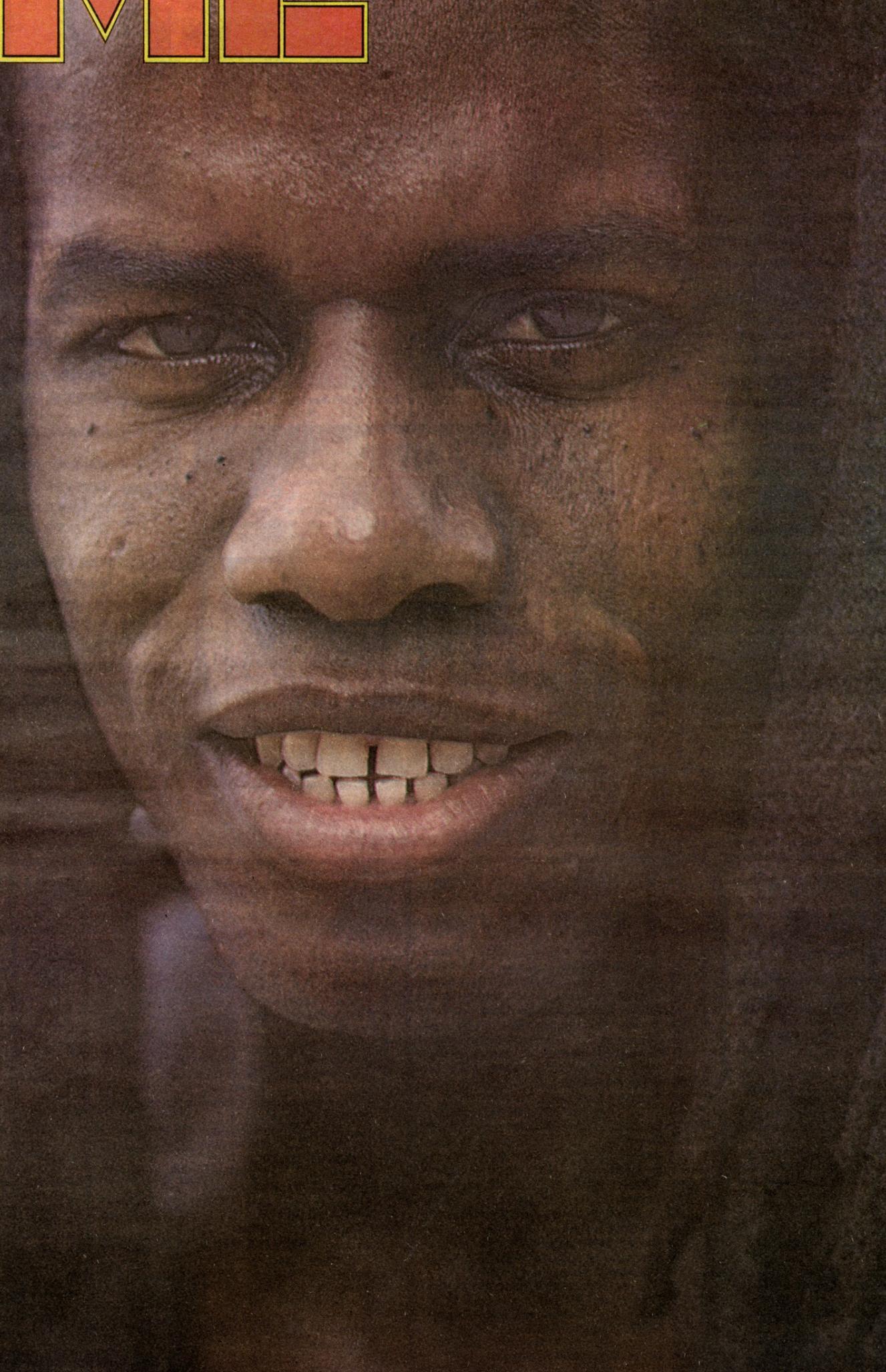
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Typically topical

WALKING ON SUNSHINE

The Irresistible Rise Of Eddy Grant

Interview by Paul Du Noyer



**SILVER SCREEN IN COLOUR - THE HIGSONS
BLACK FLAG - JAH WOBBLE - TEARS FOR FEARS
THE STRANGE MANIFESTO - DAVID THOMAS**

Malaysia \$2.50 Sph 200pts IR 52p (inc. VAT)

Eddy Grant in Barbados. Pic Anton Corbijn



The Evil Dead: Richard Cook enjoys a nice tasty bowl of soup.

THE HORROR!

The Evil Dead
Directed by Sam Raimi
Starring Bruce Campbell,
Ellen Sandweiss and Hal
Delrich (Palace)

Hot from the London Film Festival,
Richard Cook shivers through the
debut offering from Romero's
spiritual son Sam Raimi

THE ANSWER to all manner of important questions are thrown up by *The Evil Dead*: like what's the colour of the average stomach lining, how long it takes to turn a door handle (a long time), how sharp the edge of a spade is...

A disgraceful and hugely enjoyable ride through every shriek and creak in the book of horrors, *The Evil Dead* contrives to set up all the familiar blunders in the genre — gushing bodies, unsightly shocks from behind closed doors, unspeakable terrors summoned by ancient incantations — and blows

them all up in the audience's face.

The bewhiskered plot's dozy enough: five young hotheads (all pretty dumb, though not quite hatefully stupid) rent an isolated log cabin up in the Tennessee woods, discover a book of demonic resurrection rites and are systematically overtaken by the awakened spirits. But the treatment is original and fanatically involved enough to effortlessly dump all over the usual trash exploiter.

The audacious opening frames are enough to arouse

expectations, yet this is only one of a fistful of visual aces. The first entry to the cabin is drawn into a chilling spiral that heaps on tension to the point of crescendo, an object lesson in making something from almost nothing. When the blood starts coming out (and believe me, there's a river to get through) it's only after every conceivable screw has been turned on.

21-year-old Sam Raimi's the director and centre of a production team youthful enough to carry off every carve-up with an almost vivacious enthusiasm. They're

sufficiently eager to easily surpass the tired 'horror' garbage that the US drive-in circuit gorges itself on (and which ends up in the more putrefying pages of our video catalogues — ask Andy 'Plasma' Gill, the only known connoisseur of this field); but their seriousness equally avoids the parable-making of cynical prophets like David Cronenberg and Wes Craven.

It's like Raimi's saying — okay, it's drivel, but we're sure as hell gonna make it as smart and scary as possible. You bet, even if some of the joints do slip through. If you want proof of the director's talent, try a dip in the drenching waves of surreal paranoia which accompany the heroic Ash's search for the final demon. I loved every disgusting minute.

Richard Cook.

Don Watson interviews Mai Zetterling, director of *Scrubbers*

action' front of the film there is a minutely observed three-dimensional representation of the people involved, inmates and warders alike:

"What surprised me in the research I did," Mai explains in a measured Scandinavian sing-song, "was the curiously ambivalent relationship between the screws and the girls; there was an extraordinary need of one another which I didn't expect to come across — I expected discipline, obviously I knew it wasn't going to be black and white, but I did find a level of complexity that I didn't expect and that I found highly fascinating.

"Often the screws are rather disappointed and bitter women, like the girls become bitter when they are imprisoned at such a young age — all that pent-up energy is turned into hate and anger and bitterness. The warders frequently have failed marriages, they come from backgrounds not dissimilar to the girls', and they have to put up with the same conditions for a lot of time, but the thing that I sensed which fascinated me was that the warders would feed on the energy of the girls — that they, in a way, had given up.

"It's a highly complex situation — and I don't think it's a healthy one."

EVEN THIS level of research and will to understand, however, was not going to make the film a success. Ultimately the power of the film comes from the forceful performances of virtual unknowns like Chrissie Cotterill, whose clear conviction in their roles brings a necessary sense of unity to the film:

"First of all I wanted working class girls, because I wanted the real language that you find in a Borstal, not some middle class approximation — that would have broken it completely.

"I also wanted girls who had lived some, even though they were only sixteen, girls with some tough background who had to fight for themselves. Also I didn't want any known people — I wanted people who would depend on one another.

"I wanted to build up a sense of togetherness within the girls, I felt it was very important to get them to care for one another and get to know each other very well, because they were supposed to be a small group stuck together in one place and I wanted them to genuinely feel like that. I didn't want one actress to come one day having never seen the others — I wanted them to be together almost all the time, which was very important and very good.

"A lot of the girls still see each other now, and I still see about four or five of them — it's a very strong bond that we

CONTINUED OVER



Mai Zetterling

PALACE BREAKS INTO W.H. SMITH AND AT ONLY £29.95 A TAPE

At all W.H. Smith branches with video departments.



£29.95
ONLY

'A boundlessly energetic cocktail of satirical fancy... a divine debut' N.M.E.

£29.95
ONLY



'The most painfully funny movie I've seen in years' TIME OUT



£29.95
ONLY

'The most original horror movie in years' NEWSWEEK

£29.95
ONLY

'Herzog's magic journey... dramatic, enthralling and heart-stopping... SUNDAY TIMES



Palace at W.H. Smith's
At £29.95 a tape, it's the
Videological choice.

WHSMITH

Prices correct at time of going to press. At selected Video branches where you see this sign.