

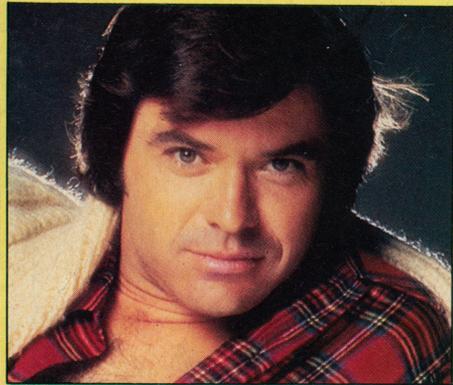
MOVIES & VIDEO

THE CINEMA & HOME SCREEN MONTHLY

75p

VEGAS

Burned me out!
Confesses
ROBERT URICH



ATTENBOROUGH'S GANDHI GAMBLE

THE ANGUISH
OF
ANN-MARGRET



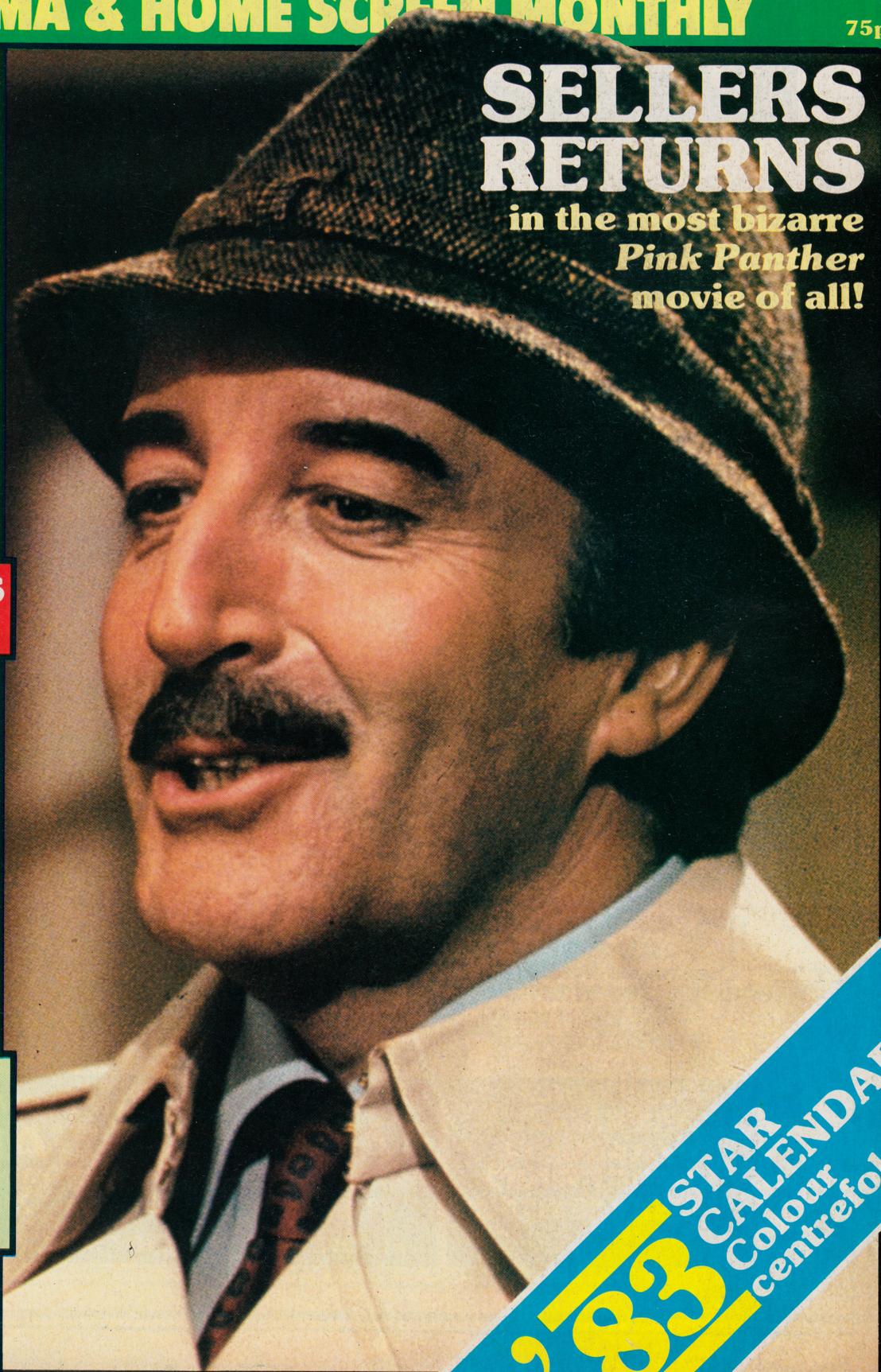
OLIVIA & TRAVOLTA TEAM AGAIN!

A special report

ALL THE LATEST
SCREEN NEWS
AND REVIEWS

SELLERS RETURNS

in the most bizarre
Pink Panther
movie of all!



1983
STAR
CALENDAR
Colour
centrefold

SCRUBBERS (X). Coming from the same stable — a case of law and ordure? — as *Scum*, this account of Borstal girls lays itself open to the same accusation that could be made against that film: of using a violent, enclosed predicament for the sake of gratuitous sensationalism. For me *Scrubbers* works so much better, because director Mai Zetterling, while allowing a whole sewage-farm of foul language, has avoided unnecessary brutality: the actions spring from character. In a sense that such a subject can achieve it, this is a most stylish film as well as one that is genuinely affecting. Most of the girls are below the poverty line of intelligence, yet their feelings for affection are as valid as anyone else's. Several stories surface, the main one being that of Annetta (Chrissie Cotterill), whose small daughter is in a church home and whose yearning for her inhabits most of her waking — and dreaming — thoughts. Enmities erupt in the borstal to become vicious fights; lesbian love is seen not as a physical fact but as the desperation for emotional contact. The officers are too tired, or brutish, to care. Is the atmosphere

in such a place always so overwrought? My guess is that it must be, considering the withdrawal of liberty from girls who are barely intelligent enough to know why what is being done to them is being done to them. Of course, Annetta would not be able to look after her child, but some way should be found to re-establish and maintain love. The real evil is the system itself. In promoting that, via characters — marvellously well-played — who are detestable but understandable the film becomes a very moving experience. **T.H.**

Director/Mai Zetterling
Producer/Don Boyd
Screenplay/Roy Minton, Jeremy Watt, Mai Zetterling
Photography/Ernest A. Vincze
Music/Michael Hurd
Handmade Films
119 minutes

AnnettaCHRISSIE COTTERILL
 CarolAMANDA YORK
 EddieKATE INGRAM
 KathleenELIZABETH EDMONDS
 DoreenDEBBIE BISHOP
 MaryDAWN ARCHIBALD
 MacAMANDA SYMONDS

CREEPSHOW (AA). Heh, heh, welcome kiddies to the creepshow ... five old-fashioned tales of things that go bump and creek in the mist, just like they used to do in those stylish Fifties comic books. In fact the film opens on page one of "The Creepshow Comic" and lurches its Gothic way, sometimes using detailed cartoons, through to the last page, spanning a selection of yarns written by horror chief Stephen (*The Shining/Carrie*) King specifically for director George (*Zombies/Night Of The Living Dead*) Romero. The first one dwells on the groaning grave of dotty Aunt Bedelia's untimely-departed father; the second on hick farmer Jordy Verrill (acted by King himself) who finds a mystery meteor on his land; the third is about a crate marked "Arctic Expedition 1834" found hidden in the dark recesses of a college campus stairway; the fourth, aptly entitled 'Something To Tide You Over', involves a jealous husband's deviously liquid

remedy for his erring wife's misdemeanours; and the last — and nastiest — includes a cast of thousands (cockroaches that is), a millionaire and a phobia or two. All nice juicy stuff, some more succulent than others. Although I enjoyed the film — in a way it was rather like an amusement park with its diversity of choice — a lot of it could have been much tighter and thus more scary without turning grey. Romero has obviously made an effort to play down his own horror image but somehow in his move from black-and-white to colour and mini-budget to mego 8 million dollars backing, he's watered down his ability to frighten, and replaced it with something quite giggly and comfortable. A novelty for the whole family, particularly the, heh heh, kiddies. **M.G.**

Director/George A. Romero
Producer/Richard P. Rubinstein
Screenplay/Stephen King
Photography/Michael Gornick
Music/John Harrison
Alpha Films
119 minutes

Aunt BedeliaVIVECA LINDFORS
 Henry NorthupHAL HOLBROOK
 Wilma NorthupADRIENNE BARBEAU
 Professor DexterFRITZ WEAVER
 Upton PrattE.G. MARSHALL
 RichardLESLIE NIELSEN
 SylviaCARRIE NYE

THE EVIL DEAD (X). "You are about to see a film designed to pull scream after scream from the base of your spine and from the depths of your soul." That is the selling-line of yet another horror film with some really twitchily-nasty special effects. It's made by three young men — Sam Raimi, Bruce Campbell, and Robert Tapert — whose combined age is less than sixty and, while its acting is appalling and its premise risible, it has a youthful glee in its execution which convinced me of its energy if nothing else. Five college friends, holidaying in an isolated cabin in the Tennessee mountains, find a tape-recorder left by an archaeologist who used to live there. There's an ancient Sumerian incantation on it — well, there would be wouldn't there? — which brings up buried evils that take over the friends' bodies one by one. Slime slavers, mutilated limbs shudder into life, heads disintegrate: a whole barrel of laughs, presumably on the basis that one good stomach-churn deserves another. Eventually the survivor staggers down to the cellar where there is a projector casting its image on to a white sheet. Blood from above falls on to that screen, thus making its own jokey comment on what we are seeing. A joke? Well, that's one way to forestall criticism. But not enough. However, the camera moves like an express train, the editing steps up the ferocity of the pace. It's awful and yet it does have something. What? I know: cheek. **T.H.**

Director-Screenplay/Samuel M. Raimi
Producer/Robert G. Tapert
Photography/Tim Philo
Music/Joe LoDuca
Palace Pictures
90 minutes

AshBRUCE CAMPBELL
 CherylELLEN SANDWEISS
 LindaBETSY BAKER
 ScottHAL DELRICH
 ShelleySARAH YORK

