

**BATTLE OF THE WORLDS (I MOSTRI
1968)
RCA Italiana**



Mr. Peanut . . . **BONGO, THE ASTROCHIMP**
 Lee Van Cleef **"BILLY"**
 Christopher Lee **EMPEROR AZAZEL**
 Jacques Debrot **INTERPLANETARY
APE HANDLER**
 Jack Palance **FLIGHT DIRECTOR
GUNTER BRAUN**
 Miou-Miou **HIPPIE-GIRL SCIENTIST**

An inspiring tale about interplanetary
 teamwork . . . **THE NEW YORK TIMES**
 So **THRILLING**. . . you won't know whether to
 cry or scream! . . . **HOLLYWOOD REPORTER**
 This is filmmaking at its most magnificent—
 bloodcurdling yet sexy. . . **SCREEN CHILLS**
 Bongo shines as a NASA Casanova with an
 animal's appetite for love . . . **PLAYBOY**

With subzero surface temperatures and virtually no water or oxygen, the Red Planet had long been deemed inhospitable to life. So when they received the Martian radio transmission, the brainiacs at RAND had urged caution. They needed time to crack the language and communicate with the aliens. No such luck, though.

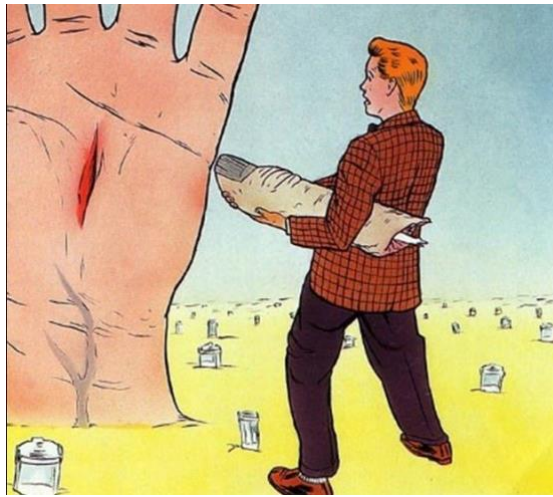
In the Invincible's darkened Radar Room, the Spaceape, Bongo, puffs on a cigarette as he hangs upside down by his feet. Doubtless, each of the crew had their own reasons for leaving the Homeplanet. A divorce, perhaps, or a bankruptcy, or maybe just a hankering for adventure. And Bongo? The hairless white men back at NASA had taught him sign language and how to count. But could he be he's not sure of anything anymore.

Then on DAY 099 of the Mars Occupation, the spiderpeople appear. A squad of Calvary Flotilla snipers pull on their jetpants and blast away furiously at the monsters from above. Waves of spiderpeople explode against the Intrepid's forcefield bubble like it's a humungous bug light. Maybe it's time to initiate the auto-destruct sequence, Houston suggests, and prevent the Martians from stealing their technology.

"Please confirm, Invincible. Invincible, are you receiving? We've cracked the Martian language! They—" The spaceradio crackles with static. Bongo, manning the COMS station, pulls back his lips and bares his teeth at the receiver. Reaching forward he slams the radio's mouthpiece to the floor.

"God help us," the Commander whispers. Grimacing with irritation, he puts on his red dust-encrusted space boots and retrieves a bubble-shaped helmet. Making his way to the airlock, he steps outside of the sliding door. As he descends the rocketship ladder, the Commander looks up at the Space Cadets hovering above him in their jetpants and smiles at them, then raises a space-mitted thumbs-up and strides into the alien tsunami.

SATAN'S PLAGUE (1967)
Bat Cave Films



Max von Sydow **VOICE OF THE STIGMATA**
 Edie Sedgwick **THE GREAT TEEN SPIRIT**
 Robert Blake **MAN-SHAPED FLAME**
 Jackie Gleason **ATOMIC BLOB**
 Jacques Debrot **COACH MEATLOCK**
 Eartha Kitt **DEAD MOM**
 Twiggy **TEEN MOM**

The *Generation Gap* is an infinite wailing void in this Summer of Love's boffo creature feature . . . **VARIETY**
 Warn your children! . . . **ANN ARBOR ARGUS**
 Science created it. Now a posse of misfit teen mutants must exterminate it . . .
SEVENTEEN MAGAZINE
 People of Earth, your world is about to be destroyed. So sorry for the inconvenience . . .
THE DAILY PLANET

It's the Last Prom Night on Earth and the mutant kids, classed up in their rental threads, are slow dancing in the Cockytown

High School gym. Girls with dogs for arms. One-eyed monsters. Football creatures with shaggy green heads like Muppets. Turns out some supervirus is to blame. A bug that hitched a ride on a comet. Or got hatched in a Nazi gene lab.

Dead Mom thinks she's stumbled on a cure. "Why not rejigger the DNA 10-23 base?" she asks after the Bio Honors class— still in their prom clothes—digs her up and shuttles her cold body back to the science lab. "Pair it with some enzymatic polypeptide? That should do the trick."

The lab falls silent.

"You know what, mutant kids?" the shimmering Man-Shaped Flame says. "Dead Mom's crazy idea just might work."

Dead Mom is wearing the clothes she died in. Filthy now. Hard to believe that only a year ago she was simply Mrs. Eddie.

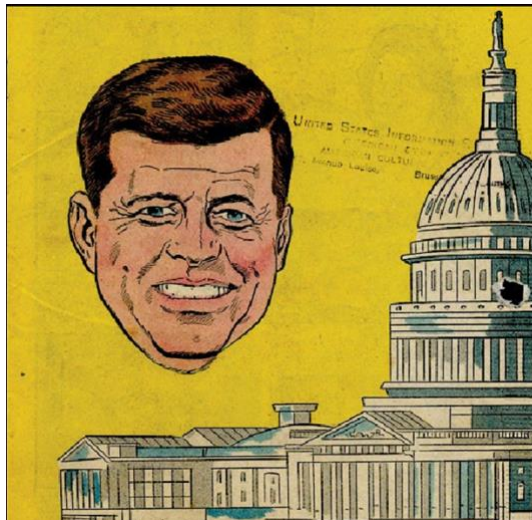
"C'mon let's get to work," Dead Mom says. Carefully, so as not to break off her stick-thin legs, Two-Headed Whitey Wood carries the corpse to the workbench. Another student, the invisible Teen Spirit, places a microscope and a tray of slides in front of her. The dead woman thanks them and lowers her balding head to the eyepiece lens. She doesn't know if she's up to it. Her brain's in a fog. It's hard to concentrate when you're dead.

"Teen Spirit," she says weakly to the invisible girl, "hand me the next slide."

Now it's a race against the clock and the Antichrist's got time to spare.

ZOMBIE TERROR (1985)

All-American Pictures



Cher **JOURNALIST VICKY HARDASS**
Lawrence "L.T." Taylor **LEATHERDADDY**
Sir Tab Hunter **EX-PATRIOT**
Zsa Zsa Gabor **TROPHY WIFE**
Jacques Debrot **PISTOLERO #5**
E. Howard Hunt **as HIMSELF**
Liberace **JFK SIMULACRUM**
Sammy Davis, Jr. **PLAYBOY**

A movie that should be on the syllabus of every American Civics class. . . **SCHOLASTIC NEWS**

The future is history. . . **THE RATTLESNAKE CANYON INTELLIGENCER**

Our Presidents have always known that with great power comes great responsibility. . . **ORANGE COUNTY INK**

It's JFK who, forty-eight hours after resuming atmospheric nuclear testing in the Bikini Atoll, first meets secretly with a delegation from the Crab Nebula. As if on invisible wheels, their leader, a spookily beautiful anthropoid, glides towards the Resolute Desk where the President gazes up

at her in astonishment. "For millennia," the beautiful Nebulan tells him telepathically, "the Galactic Empire has observed a rule of non-interference with your race. But the people of Earth now pose a grave threat to the galaxy. We offer you Universal Peace, but we will not allow humanity to jeopardize the achievement of a million years of progress."

The Oval Office is suddenly in flux. The walls melt away. Then after a sudden flash of light, the President is immersed in something like a 3D movie. "Thirty-nine years from now," the alien Presence announces. As she raises her hand, an image of Manhattan's World Trade Center comes into view.

"By century's end," the alien says, "future humans affiliated with the Legion of Evil will already have infiltrated the temporal gateway and traveled back in time to alter the course of history." The President watches as a passenger jet, trapped inside the Legion's tractor beam, zooms towards Tower One and explodes in a red fireball.

"Seventy-five years into the future," the Nebulan says, pointing to an immense ruined building, the U.S. Capitol. The bone-white dome has been smashed and an army of zombies stream towards the White House. "Across your nation state, similar scenes of devastation are being played out."

All at once, we see the top third of the Washington Monument being snapped off as if it were a pretzel stick and tumbling into the National Mall like moon rubble.

The President is shaken. "How can I help?" he gasps.