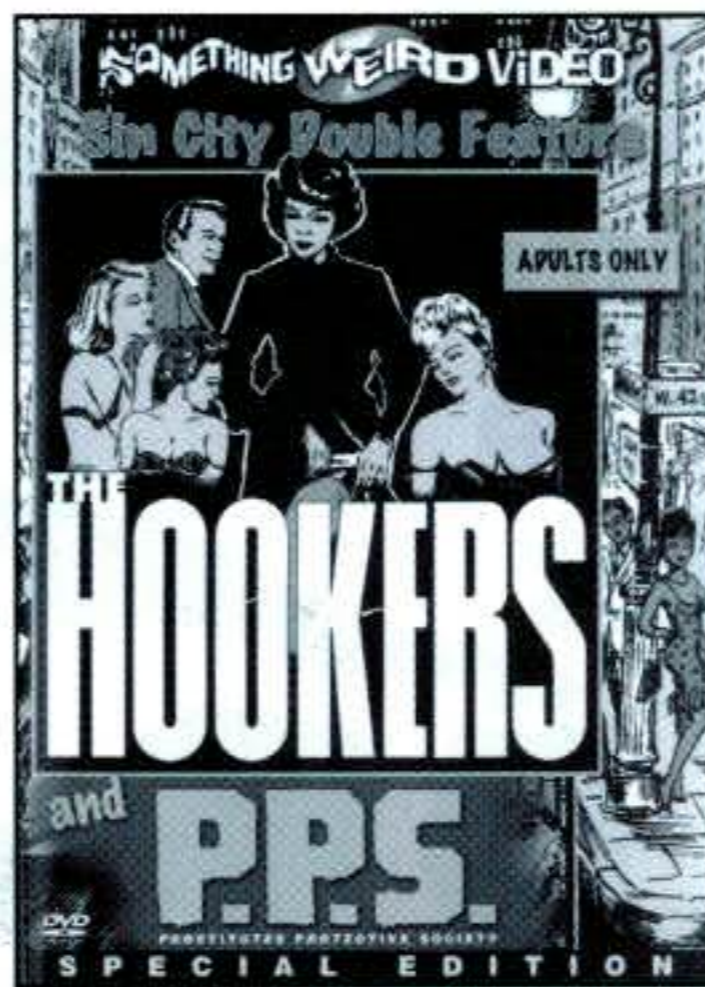


receive expensive presents from that Buddhist dude who used to be married to Cindy Crawford? No? Yes? Either way, I just did. While we're still somewhat on the subject of things these films are not like, the first portion of this double feature, *The Hookers*, is totally nothing like that book I read *The Happy Hooker*. In that book, Xaviera Hollander extols the positive virtues of being a sexual salesperson. In this movie, three unfortunate young women share their unfortunate experiences with prostitution. There's Callie Sue, the African-American girl who survived a childhood assault by two local (white) red-necks only to sell herself to a gross, bald, fat, white co-worker (which totally makes no sense since she's already got a job); Julie, the dancer whose manager boyfriend offers her up - for a fee of course - to a guy he's trying to do business with (a scenario I totally believe; I'm sure that shit happens daily in certain sections of California); and Barbara, a desperate suburban housewife who's so bored with her happy home life that she's taken up a gambling habit to pass the time and follows that up by volunteering her services to her bookie in order to pay off her ever-growing debt. (I suppose it could happen.) This much is for sure, no one is gonna think of prostitution as a glamorous profession after viewing this. Our second feature, is more of a proper movie, although it features ladies no more proper than the ladies in the first one. When it comes to these "Times Square Streetwalkers" though, it's more of a Heidi Fleiss vibe, as these prostitutes are pimped by a pretty blond with a crazy ass foreign accent, Madame Sue. All seems to be going just fine and dandy at her house of ill-repute until a local mobster, Carney Bill (zuh? shouldn't that be Mobster Bill?), decides he wants a piece of her action. She denies his fiduciary demands and before long hookers start meeting mysterious and untimely deaths. In some cases Johns get killed too, but who cares about them. All of this forces the hookers who haven't been killed yet to band together as the Prostitutes Protective Society, AKA the P.P.S., and open a can of revenge-filled eye-for-an-eye type whoop-tushie on these mobster's asses, and they do just that. You go, girls! Rounding out this DVD are the ever present SWV extras: trailers for both of these films, a bunch of trailers for other hooker-ific films, and a mini-feature entitled *Meeting On 69th Street*, which I'm sure is a short film about an evening at *Alcoholics Anonymous*. Just kidding - that bit is about whoring as well. This one's not for everyone but those who enjoy the more forgotten corners of the sexploitation genre, or anyone who likes cool old footage of Times Square, should find something of interest here.

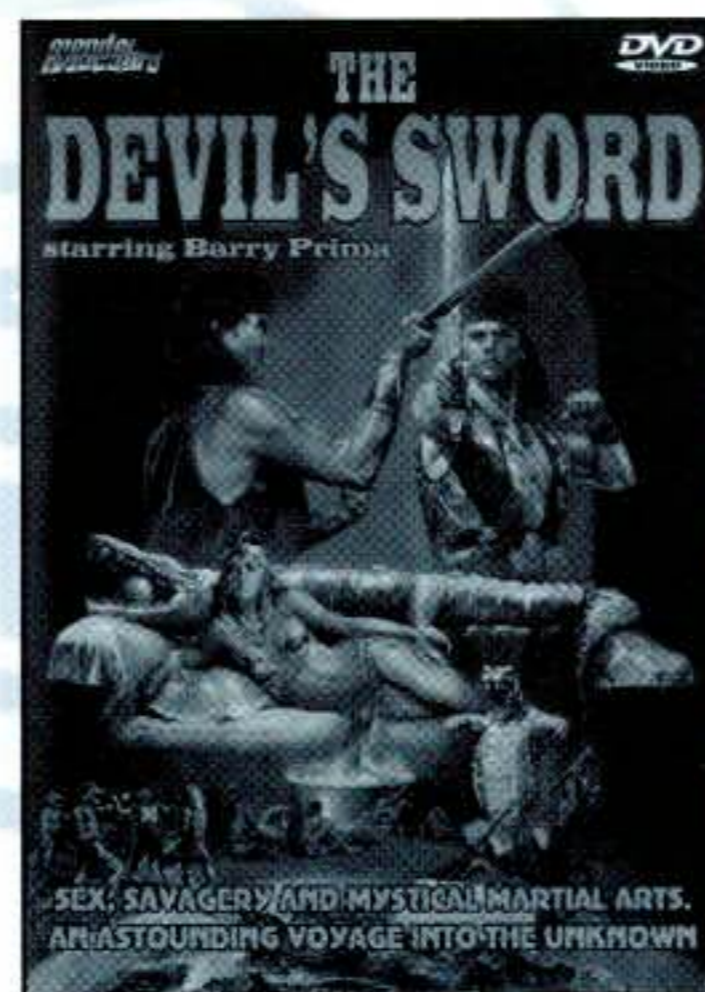
## THE DEVIL'S SWORD

[Mondo Macabro; www.mondomacabrodvd.com]

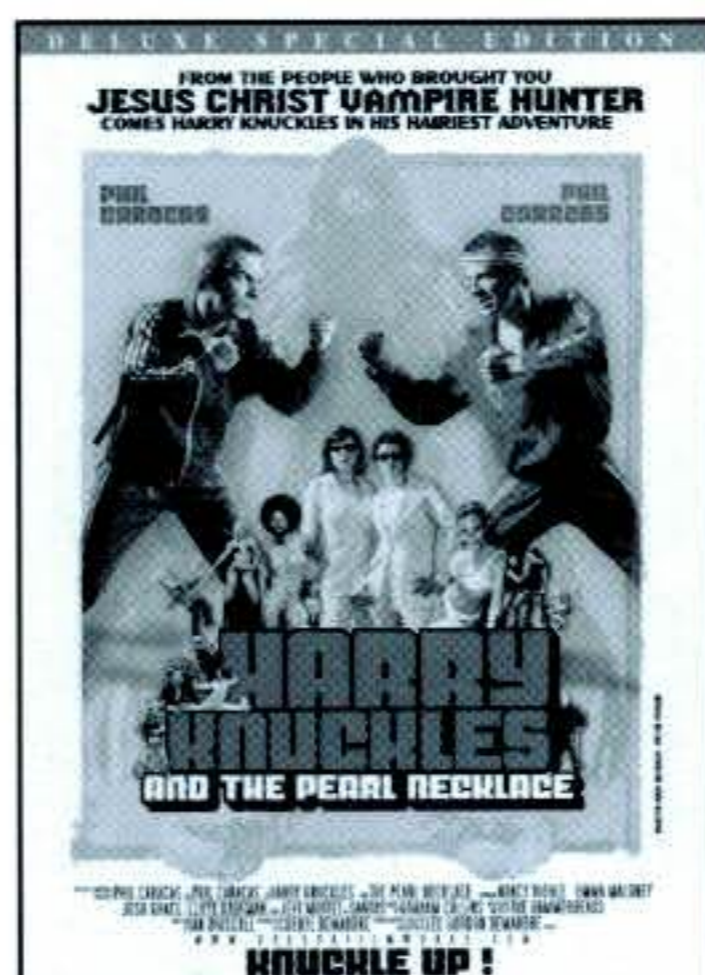
Those of you who frequent the webby version of the BMB are probably familiar with Mondo Macabro by now, as we have reviewed almost every one of their domestic releases to date. For the benefit of the rest of you, they're a UK based company which has focused its efforts on bringing viewers obscure movie gems from foreign shores. (Well, foreign to those of us who live in the United States at least.) To put it another way, they're like the *Something Weird* of wacky world cinema. Also much like SWV, MM doesn't exclusively stick to a particular genre; they've released gory horror films, spy flicks, Euro-sleaze, psychological thrillers, and at least one film containing the unbeatable combination of martial arts, science fiction, sword fighting heroes, oversexed females and men in crocodile suits. Which, not so coincidentally, brings us to the subject of this review, *The Devil's Sword*. Generally speaking, blurbs from DVD box covers cannot be trusted. With this in mind, you'd think that a sleeve which promises "sex, savagery, and mystical martial arts"; "an astounding voyage into the unknown"; and "an outrageous journey into a world where sex and magic breed monsters" couldn't possibly be accurate but, even given my limited capacity as far as understanding what the fuck went on in this movie, I would have to concur with all of those blurbs. Especially the second one, since astounding and unknown are two excellent adjectives to describe this movie's plot. (Especially the second adjective!) Despite my better judgment against trying to describe the storyline, I'll give it a shot. It all starts out at some point a long, long time ago, when a wise old scraggly-haired wizard witnessed a meteorite falling to, uh, wherever wise old scraggly-haired wizard dudes lived back in the day. Shortly thereafter, he decided to seize this opportunity and forge a deadly sword - perhaps a devilish sword - out of the meteor's molten metal aftermath. The deal with the sword is, it's full of electric energy, or some kinda shit, and whoever is in possession of it ultimately holds the key to the world's power, metaphorically speaking. (I think.) Naturally all the power hungry evil doers (namely the oversexed female leader of an underwa-



I forgot. Suffice it to say, it's a lot to take in in one setting. But I am gonna give it another shot. Maybe after we go to press and I have a clearer head. In case the movie itself isn't kooky enough for you, be sure to check out the extras section which features, among other things, a seriously bizarre interview with the one and only Barry Prima.



to say over the course of the rest of this review, let me jump in here and say the second one, *Harry Knuckles And The Treasure Of The Aztec Mummy*, wasn't that bad. Which brings us to my first point of disappointment with *The Pearl Necklace* - it's two hours long, AKA way too long! A little editing could have really gone a long way here. While we're still in the complaint department, I would have preferred that the series as a whole, and this movie specifically, did not feature a chunky, awkward dude in a silver mask who dares to refer to himself as El Santos as Knuckles' sidekick. Of course, it's not like anyone is going to mistake this guy for El Santo, or even El Hijo Del Santo, but it's just a matter of respect; or rather, the lack thereof that bugs me. The bits with an elementary school-aged El Santos were kind of funny, and in all honesty there were some other slapstick-y type things that made me laugh as well (like the *Unknown Gas Station Attendant*) but one hundred and twenty minutes of crap like that only works if you're Leslie Nielsen. The last point of contention I have to mention - well, the last one I'm gonna mention here - is the dubbing. What can be said about it really, other than it's just so bad. I don't know, maybe it's just me. I guess I should briefly run down the plot while we're still here. As you may have inferred from the title, Harry is dispatched to track down a stolen pearl necklace believed to be snatched by none other than Bigfoot and somehow this all leads to our hero coming face to face with his own identical twin and engaging in a display of sibling rivalry of near biblical proportions. Who will prove to be the alpha brother and raise his hairy knuckled fist in victory? If you can make it through all two hours, eventually you'll find out.



## HARRY KNUCKLES AND THE PEARL NECKLACE

[Odessa Filmworks; www.odessafilmworks.com]

A couple years ago, in what I believe to be the BMB's second appearance in these pages, I reviewed another film by this Canadian company, *Jesus Christ Vampire Hunter*. Without going off on a whole tangent here, I didn't really like that movie too much. And I had a whole list of reasons why. Still, I tried to go into this movie with an open mind; and the fact that it was sent to me as a freshly burned promo from the US distributor's computer did help with that, as I didn't know if it had a similar cast, director, screenwriter, etc. until I put it in. Since I didn't bother to look it up, I still didn't know some of the specifics as far as the credits go but, sadly, a lot of what I don't like about JCVH is present in *Harry Knuckles And The Pearl Necklace*. What I did learn from my brief research is that this is apparently the third entry in a series of films which features petite hirsute hero Harry Knuckles. The sequel to the original, which is only about a half an hour long, is featured in the extras section of the DVD. Since I may not be able to find something nice

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