

IT CAME FROM BOWEN'S BASEMENT

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DRIVE-INS, DELETE BINS AND OTHER SINS

Spiller Thriller

by John W. Bowen

I have many unsavoury diversions besides horror films, *Wretched Reader*, and I've probably alluded to most of them in this column over the years: true crime documentaries, fart jokes, dangerous food, classical music and, until mortality nearly intervened a couple of years back, an appetite for alcohol that made John Bonham look like a fuckin' Baptist. But did I ever mention that I also love me some porn? 'Cause you'd best believe I do, although I'm pretty picky about it. In fact, my taste for the stuff is governed more by my dislikes than my likes, and among the stuff I wouldn't touch with your mama's strap-on, there's that curious, one-note-joke pop-cultural footnote, the porn parody.

Edward Penishands, *Honey I Blew Everybody*, *It's a Wonderful Sex Life*, *E.T. the Extraterrestrial*, *Missionary Position Impossible* and gay near-classics *Shaving Ryan's Privates* and *Everybody Does Raymond* – sure, they're fun to name-drop at your next father-daughter purity ball, but can you actually imagine getting your fap on to any of them? I myself cannot – irony makes me happy, but not horny – so really, what's the point? And there are plenty of XXX horror satires out there – *A Wet Dream on Elm Street*, anyone? *The Texas Vibrator Massacre?* *Queef of the Mutilated?* (Can you guess which of those I made up?) But *Driller: A Sexual Thriller* has a bit more pure curiosity value going for it than... well, maybe it doesn't, but it's the one Dave Alexander tossed down the stairs to me in a plain brown envelope, so here comes the column.

Driller is ostensibly a hardcore takeoff on Michael Jackson's "Thriller" vid, at least for the first twenty minutes or so. We start out with '80s porn also-ran Taija Rae playing nerdy Louise, who attends a concert by Mr. J (some sorry wet-head-



ed '80s git who looks less like Jacko and more like an emaciated Rockwell). Left unsatisfied by some cursory post-concert sex with her dorky boyfriend, Louise's fantasies take over.

Then things get interesting. Well, maybe that's too strong a word. After yet another painful dance number (sadly, there are several) Louise gets rogered in her dreams by Mr. J, who transforms into a werewolf with a huge, spinning black schlong that spooges green jizz. Then we're off to Mr. J's sex dungeon to witness a largely unconnected series of sex scenes that range from uninspired to, um, uninspired but at least making a token effort. A guy in a Toxic Avenger mask (seriously) coaches a PVC-clad woman while she masturbates, some gal in a bridal gown gets double-teamed by a pair of would-be goth dudes, a couple of gold-plated lesbians service each other with a glowing dildo and then there's an orgy. This would-be climax is as close as *Driller* gets to generating any real heat, although it's seriously derailed by a couple of guys in rubber American president masks (Nixon and Reagan – that's right, the sexy presidents) who toss out one-liners while they plow a few extras. And that's pretty much it. Did I mention most of it takes place in a dungeon? Does that help? No?

Taija Rae – a soft 'n' curvaceous type who might well have become a bigger star if she'd worked in the '70s – is the only recognizable performer in the cast, and also a member of that curious subgroup, Porn Actors Who Can Actually Sorta Act (seriously, they're not just an urban legend).

In the extras, producer Timothy Green Beckley, a virtual live cartoon of a skeezy smut merchant, relates some admittedly interesting anecdotes, though they're frequently undermined by lofty claims, including his assurance that the editor is now an Oscar winner who doesn't want his real name used (shocker, no?).

"We wanted to do the greatest adult parody of all time," he declares, adding, "I'm also one of the world's leading authorities on the paranormal in general and UFOs in particular." Hey, even in horror porn satire, it's all about the street cred. And controversy: "One magazine published a spread and they were not allowed to send it to Canada, because the werewolf was considered bestiality." Oh Canada, indeed.

I'm sure *Driller* must float a few pervs' boats, but it's only given me a hankerin' for some proper porn. To that end, I've just relocated that Sunny McKay compilation I made on VHS back in the '90s, so you'd best get the hell out of my basement while I have some "me" time. Unless... you'd like to watch. 🍆

