

# This movie stinks. Period.

The Incubus  
Cineplex 9

review by Gilbert Bouchard

Some movies are bad. Some are really bad. Some are even pure, unadulterated shit. But any and all of the above are better than *The Incubus*.

According to legend, the incubus is "a spirit which assumes the likeness of men in order to have intercourse with human females, a function often performed as the woman sleeps and the reality of which is covered by the belief that the woman was having an erotic dream."

According to the movie, an incubus is a boogiemaniac-like monster who rapes women to death in broad daylight, usually in public.

In legend women enjoyed incubus visitations. In the movie, women don't live long enough to enjoy anything.

The movie defines an incubus as a creature who seduces both men and women, and while the movie incubus spends most of the movie in female form, the monster only ravishes female characters. The males it kills are dispatched quickly and unmolested sexually.

The movie is an endless progression of corpses. Women are raped at the beach, in public washrooms, in the shower, in wheelchairs, and in their own beds.

In fact not only does the film totally ignore the subtler psychological and sociological ramifications of the incubus superstition, it's message is clearly anti-woman, antisex, and proviolence. After all, the incubus legend arises from female sexuality, as an expression of honest and vital human lust, not the antiwoman, antisexuality beast of repression the movie propagates.

And granted I'm all for artistic freedom and I'm not against nudity in films but *The Incubus* is an endless stream of irrelevant

nude shots with no relevance to the plot, not artistic purpose, and seemed to be included for simple titillation

And to think that this is a Canadian film that a bunch of fat cats financed to write off production costs and avoid paying taxes; i.e. indirect public financing.

Well, I'm all for public support of the arts, but to fund porn films like *The Incubus*?

If you see this bomb don't forget your trenchcoat.

## Rumour

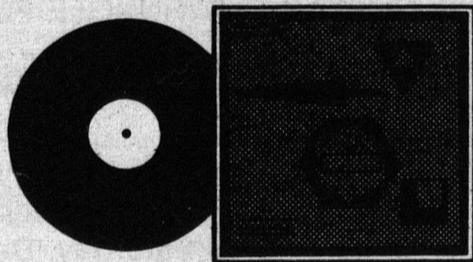
Don't tell anyone this, but rumour has it that Slash and the Bleeding Hearts are busting up. After their Dec. 9 engagement at Dinwoodie, that is. Should be a wild time. You should go. If you like wild times, that is.



Kingbees are appearing at the convention centre Dec. 9 courtesy of the Downhill Riders Ski Club. They're Canadian, eh, and good because, and in spite of it. Drink, eat, and be merry. Have Fun. Yippee. Yahoo. Zowee.

## ROUNDABOUT

by Nate LaRoi



Lords of the New Church  
*Is Nothing Sacred?*  
IRS

by Nate LaRoi

A tough sounding band with tough-minded lyrics, the Lords of the New Church

galloped into town last year with swords flashing and all the confidence of cock-sure crusaders. Bringing into focus the raw energy of ex-Dead Boys singer Stiv Bators and ex-Damned guitarist Brian James, their debut album burned its way into hearts and minds with stainless steel sermons that tore at the flesh of religious/political institutions.

With the second coming of the Lords, *Is Nothing Sacred?*, Stiv Bators' powerful vocals, Brian James' gleaming metallic guitar, Dave Tregunna's surging bass, and Nicky Turner's crashing drums continue to give the New Church an admirable sonic crunch. However, by directing their rage less against those in power than against the frustrations of everyday life, they've pulled a zoom-lense manoeuvre that may be construed as an evasion of larger (and presumably more important?) issues.

Furthermore, if the Sex Pistols struck against mainstream rock by stripping it to a

brutal primitive core of crudely recorded guitar, bass, and drums, then the Lords, by now encompassing synthesizer, piano, organ, sax, and trumpet, are slowly disowning the very minimalism punk originally stood for. And Stiv Bators, a much improved singer with a new, cleaner image, may now disturb not "straights" with his crassness but punks with his growing respectability.

Ironically, when *Is Nothing Sacred?* fails, it's usually in retracing the frantic antics of its adrenalin pumping predecessor. "Going Downtown", for example, carries on in the New Church mold without offering anything even remotely new while "Tale of Two Cities" merely echoes last year's "Holy War." Luckily, however, such lapses are infrequent and, though clearly inferior to *Lords of the New Church*, *Is Nothing Sacred?* is just hallow enough to carry on the faith.

**CABARETS**  
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Farewell  
SLASH and  
the Bleeding  
Hearts

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