

Turkey Dinner

with Trent Drake

This week: Yor, The Hunter From the Future Okay, here's the deal. This is a movie review column, but it doesn't cover the kind of movie that they show over at the Charlottetown Cinemas. This column is reserved for B-movies. Bombs. Turkeys. The movies so bad even CBC doesn't play them. Asinine films that the video stores don't admit to having. The films reviewed here from week to week will help you to turn off the grey matter for an evening of mindless fun.

First up: Yor, the Hunter From the Future, starring Reb Brown as Yor, Corine Clery as Ka La, and John Steiner as the Overlord. Filmed in 1983 for Columbia Pictures in Italy with an English-speaking cast, this is one of the worst science fiction epics ever made. The editing is choppy, the dialogue horrendous and the acting stiffer than two week old Pit chili.


Here's the premise: Yor, a mysterious blonde barbarian in a world of neanderthals, saves Ka La (a cavegirl) and Pagk (an aging caveman) from a bloodthirsty triceratops. Yor is different from other men, or so we are told repeatedly, and he doesn't know why, but he does have a golden tinfoil medallion that you just know will explain everything. Then Ka La's people are wiped out in an attack by Ukhan and his cavemen (who look just like blue Klingons). Ka La gets captured despite a lot of unconvincing duelling on the part of Yor. Pagk, who has a primitive but highly accurate set of bow and arrows, helps Yor find the cave where Ka La is held

hostage. Yor finds new use for a giant bat corpse and he and Ka La escape by flooding the cave with an underground lake, drowning the Klingons but leaving the villagers unharmed (trust me). Then Yor, Pagk and Ka La set out on a journey to find a woman the elder said had a medallion like Yor's. From this point on, the movie gets a little confusing.

The performances and the terrible special effects make this one of the best bombs in history. Reb Brown, probably best known for his work in The Howling: Part II, cannot wipe his stupid grin off his face, not even when he's about to be executed by the mummy men. The giant bat looks like a furry kite. Action figures do a trapeze act over a big red hole that's supposed to be a nuclear reactor. The dubbing crew was at least one second out of sync with the actors: even though the actors spoke English, and even though the dubbed track is English, everyone appears to be doing a Bruce Lee impression. And underscoring everything is the most moronic soundtrack of all time: chase scenes are underscored with bouncy circus music, and the Queen-style song that opens the movie has the awful lyrics "Yor's world, he's the man, Yor's world, he's the maaaaaaannnn...." and neat disco sound.

Judgement: I loved this movie. It's schlock cinema at its finest, without the slightest redeeming quality. From the giant dinosaurs to the Darth Vader clones, it's the dumbest caveman pic I've ever seen. Watch it with friends, because as former roommate of mine said, it's "dumb as fuck."

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