

...and Valentine you'll never be mine

12H
My Bloody Valentine is a bloody disgrace.

In the opening scene, even before the titles, a buxom blonde is impaled on a pick axe. By the time the end discredits appear on screen (at the Imperial Six and other Toronto theatres), half the town of Valentine Bluffs is dead at the hands of a bloodthirsty maniac.

In between, enough hearts are chopped out of bodies, done up in bows and delivered to sweethearts, with rhyming little ditties enclosed, to turn you off romance on a permanent basis.

What is even sicker is that the movie is shot with such stilted dialogue that scenes presumed dramatic or upsetting are rendered repulsively funny.

Murder and mayhem is mutilated by incompetence into perverse camp humor. You begin to laugh despite yourself as each new victim is bludgeoned to death and his heart is ripped out for special delivery.

I want to tell you now that My Bloody Valentine is a Canadian horror flick. "More Canadian crap!" you say. Yes and no. Canadians are making excellent films. This just doesn't happen to be one. In fact, it fits the distressing mold manufactured in America to serve a salacious segment of the movie-going public.

On a recent trip to New York City, I dropped in on three American-made horror flicks, each one in its own way as

brutish and badly conceived and executed as My Bloody Valentine.

Maniac shows a depraved, son-of-a-whore killer with an Oedipus complex scalping women in Manhattan.

Fear No Evil features a depraved,

son-of-the-devil killer in a kid's disguise killing his teen rivals in a small town (kind of a guttersnipe Exorcist).

Blood Beach conjures up The Creature From the Black Lagoon with a son-of-your-nightmares monster

lurking under the sand of a popular beach.

All for our titillation, the sand demon gobbles up little old ladies, small dogs and frolicsome bathers ("Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the water — you can't get to it").

Please, give me a break! Yet I admit it's true I didn't have to go to these turkeys. It is a matter of choice. So I choose never to return to My Bloody Valentine.

For the record, the story is built around a legendary Nova Scotian nut case, Harry Warden. Harry murdered several of his supervisors after recovering from a mine cave-in on Valentine's Day that left several men dead and Harry, man alive, trapped.

While Harry ate the flesh of other victims to stay alive, the town partied for the sake of their Valentines. That's enough to make a man mad, you know.

When the murders begin again, 20 years later, Harry Warden is suspected, of course.

If you bother to go, try and guess who is the son-of-Harry. I did, long before he/she/it is revealed.

Also for the record, the director is George Mihalka (he also did that awful Pinball Summer); the screenwriter is John Beaird; some of the actors in lead roles include Paul Kelman, Lori Hallier, Neil Affleck and Don Francks. My condolences, sweet gentlefolk.



HELENE UDY and non-friend. A mystery why they ever got together.