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The artist Frank Stella once said of his paintings, “What you see is what you see.” That’s pretty much the case with porn, although I’m not sure how you could depict an abstract-expressionist blowjob on film. On top of that, do you need a script to depict a blowjob? No, but sometimes porn directors do have a story line between the sex acts. Enter the screenwriter Eric Spitznagel at the bottom of the sex food chain.

Like most young screenwriters in Hollywood, Spitznagel needed to make a living, and the big studios a few miles from where he lived might as well have been ten thousand miles away. Instead of taking a job as a temp or waiter along with the struggling actors, he landed a job in Porn Valley. But he ran into a problem. He’s a terrific writer and deluded himself into thinking that stringing together words coherently into a path-breaking script would impress a director who cranked out something like All Anal on the Western Front. Spitznagel wasn’t under the illusion that one of his screenplays would open the door to a mainstream career, but he did think if he wrote a script that was “so funny, so original, so utterly campy,” it could not be ruined by poor acting or sloppy production.

He was so utterly wrong. But his naïveté paid off. Spitznagel has written a hysterically funny memoir of his Porn Valley days, Fast Forward: Confessions of a Porn Screenwriter, published by Manic D Press. His main contribution to the industry was a script entitled Butt Crazy!— included in the book—which he struggled with mightily for two hours. He presented the finished project to the director, who said it was awful. “For starters, everybody’s fucking talking. Every page, there’s talking, talking, talking.” He asks for a rewrite, and it is at this point Spitznagel gets clued in. The director demands to “look at the first page and see lots of empty, white spaces.”

That does make the daunting task easier. Our man in Porn Valley does the best he can to write white, but in the end, talk still gets the best of him. At one point on the set there’s a break in the production of Butt Crazy! which has eliminated most of the screenwriter’s frivolous talk. A porn performer named Ginger sits down at a table next to Spitznagel. During their casual conversation he doesn’t mention he’s the screenwriter but does asks Ginger what she thinks of the script. She shrugs her shoulders: “It is what it is.”

Ouch!

Spitznagel’s insider account, while critical, allows the porn people to speak their minds without any snarky intrusions, and he has what I believe is an accurate take on what draws people into the industry. “In the end, money has very little to do with why so many wayward souls turn to porn. More than just a source of income, it’s also a safe haven from an outside world that either has no use for them or openly despises them. Here they feel part of a larger community where they’re accepted and surrounded by likeminded (and equally deviant) people. Argue all you want about objectification and degradation, there was nobody being beaten, raped, or verbally abused on that set....It was the best that a lot of them could hope for right now, including myself.”

Spitznagel moved on. He’s now an editor at The Believer magazine. All that he has said in his memoir makes a good read, but I suspect he might agree it was Ginger’s painting that filled in the true colors of Pornlandia. It is what it is. What you see is what you see.
So I just got out of a screening of Ghost Rider. I wasn’t screened for the critics like me, and for obvious reasons; Mark Steven Johnson should be hanged, then shot multiple times, then his head should be removed from his shoulders, garlic stuffed in his mouth, and the remains burned over a basket of living cats. Why they keep giving this guy work with iconic characters such as Ghost Rider I will never understand. Didn’t Marvel Studios learn anything from Daredevil? I think the only guy in Hollywood that sucks cock better than this guy has to be Uwe Boll. Somehow he keeps getting the rights to do movies based on popular video games and spews them like so much vomit over the masses of hoping fandom!

So that brings me to the subject of this little rant: superhero flicks. I’ve been a comic-book junkie since I was a kid. I’ve followed Marvel histories for a long time and am pretty damn familiar with the characters. I know that love affairs are almost always involved with the characters; after all, in order to be fucked-up you have to have a relationship to fuck up. However, I want to go on record as saying that rarely is it a relationship, the central theme of any comic book. I mean, even though the Hulk has Betty, Superman has Lois, and Spidey has MJ, the angst of those relationships is just there to add to the overall fucked-up-ness of the characters, not the theme of the comic itself. So while I can appreciate the interplay of relationships in the flicks being made from them, I’m sick and tired of the relationships being the central theme of the movies. Why does Bruce Wayne need a bitchy Scientologist whispering in his ear not to kill people? Why do I have to see Superman reduced from icon and savior to a Peeping Tom asshole? Wolverine meets Jean Grey and after knowing her for like two days is willing to die for her and doesn’t want to fuck the hot naked blue chick who can look like anyone else? Let’s just cut the balls off the greatest heroes ever to exist in any mythology and turn them into simpering whiny fucking maggots.

Which brings me to Ghost Rider. Why should Ghost Rider, the symbol of bad-ass-ness, a flaming-skill biker, whose chopper has flames for wheels and who uses a long-ass chain to kick ass, be any different? Johnny Blaze, the most badass stunt biker in existence, eats jellybeans and listens to Karen Carpenter, and even after all the flesh burns off his body and he’s a burning skeleton with spiky leathers, he still gets castrated by the love for his childhood sweetheart. He should have been drinking whiskey by the fifth, chain smoking, and fucking five whores a night! The bad guy should have held the girl in his arms, threatening her life, and Ghost Rider should have pointed to her and said in his raspy voice, “I shall have vengeance for your death!”

I gave my rating system in this magazine a couple months ago; I’ll repeat it here for those who didn’t get it before: Thumbs Up, Thumbs Down, and Thumbs Up While Drinking Heavily. You can replace heavy drug use with the drinking heavily if that’s your thing, but beware of psychedelics when watching movies about exploding planets.

I’m going to list the name of a hero or heroine then the movies made about them with ratings for each of them.

**Superman**

Superman: Bad dialogue, out-of-date special effects, and the worst leading lady to ever exist. Thumbs Down.

Superman 2: Same as 1. At least Terence "Kneel before Zod" Stamp makes it bearable. Thumbs Up While Drinking Heavily.

Superman 3: Richard Pryor! Superman fighting Clark Kent! Thumbs Up While Drinking Heavily.

Superman 4: Wow, was this a bad flick? Thumbs Down.

**Hulk**

Hulk: Whoever had the bright idea of handing the story of the Hulk to Angst Lee should be shot! The movie should have started with a gamma bomb blast and been a rampage of wanton destruction the likes of which would make Godzilla jealous! Thumbs Down!

**Constantine**

Loved the way he worked Satan into helping him. Thumbs Up.

**Hellboy**

It’s easy to say Guillermo Del Toro is a genius post- Pan’s Labyrinth, but damn, is he a genius! Thumbs Up While Drinking Heavily!

**Sin City**

Sex, violence, and mayhem! An all-star cast of millions! What really happened to Frodo after the ring corrupted him! Thumbs Up!

**Fantastic Four**

Not so fantastic. Thumbs Down.

**Daredevil**

Crappy dialogue + crappy story + crappy action + no tits or ass to speak of = bad fuckin’ movie! Thumbs Down!

**Elektra**

See the entry for Daredevil. Thumbs Down!

Remember, kids: In prison it’s not gay if you’re the pitcher!
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So I’m sitting here fiddling to Evil Presly’s voice, wishing I could pull him out from my puffy thought cloud and get him to serenade me with a quickie “Are You Lonesome Tonight” bit. “Yes Daddy-O! Yeah you perv, right there!”

Oops? Excuse me. Pop! Don’t dare listen alone.

The Independents, they’re from South Carolina—deadsville. They formed around 1990, bringing a whole lotta cool to a dead town. The band is composed of what seems to be two humanoids, Willy B and Evil Presly (there’s other temporary band members who are disemboweled or DOA). The total hunk and late Joey Ramone volunteered to manage the band after their first full release, In for the Kill. Since then, they’ve toured with the Misfits, The Queers, and some other cats who are worth mentioning. They’re in the know, you know?

The Independents, they’re categorized as horror punk-ska or something. It’s a bit of a tickle, really. Not so sure what this ska is all about, but boy, do I know about horror. I made out with my first boy, Billy, during a horror flick—The Flesh Eaters. It got all hot and heavy in the passion pit while the skin was being sucked off some cat on the screen. Billy was a swooner, a real hunk. Then he died. A freak accident, he ran right into my knife. The spazz got blood and goopy entrails all over my new halter dress. I was totally frosted. Had he called me babydoll, things might not have turned out that way.

So, like, this Eternal Bond album or the unspeakable vengeance of the crazed Evil Presly, is delicious. Compared to the Independents’ other albums, EB is a tad darker and full of zombie rage. Razzes the berries with some pineapple, you know? There’s not one song on this album that’s not total coolsville. Evil’s voice is, like, the most. Willy B’s guitar work is complete melody; it turns other men into beasts while stripping the ladies of their souls. Every song stands out from the next, taking influence from a ton of genres: a little country to old-school rock ‘n’ roll, rockabilly, ska, and beloved punk. Willy B knows how to handle his guitar in all flavors. There’s no flakes here. Listening to this album, you’ll totally be driven to a point midway between death and love.

The dead lovers, they get the royal shaft in EB. She’s killing, he’s killing, she’s killing the neighborhood, then someone’s lonely. There are vile grave robbers! Hungry werewolves! Depraved murderers! Defilers of the dead! Shock upon shock...I can totally relate to the song “Babydoll”: Babydoll, she’s back from the dead, killing some cats who totally rattled her cage. Evil sings, Scratching to find a way/a tortured soul back from the grave/oh babydoll back to kill them all/oh please won’t you stay. See what I mean? Listen, babydoll, I think you have every right to go ape on those cats. I’m sure they are horrible. I mean, they razzed you enough to wake from the long sleep, must be some total greasers. I say, if you gotta let some cats run into your knife, you gotta let some cats run into your knife.

The dead lovers, they aren’t all killing. Some of them just need to go to sleep. “Lullabye” is a pretty little ditty about a nice long sleep. The man in black is coming to close some eyes. Willy B screams it up with the guitar work in this song. Evil Presly can sing me to sleep any day of the week. More songs should be this sweet, something you can sing to a fresh-kissed babe. When I go, it’s gonna be nice and sugary like this song.

The Independents, they’re on tour for EB, right now, in Germany as I mumble. But don’t you fret your classy chassis; they’ll be at Studio 7 on April 15 in a mega-event sponsored by Exotic Underground, details coming next month. I don’t know about you guys, but the girls and I will get all hussied-up to see the Independents. I can just see all the screaming punks sucked into the labyrinth of horror by these blood-starved ghouls from hell. It’ll be the most. If you’ll excuse me now, I need to get back to my puffy little thought cloud.
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