



**Saving Film & Television for Future Generations**

*UCLA Film & Television Archive Presents Catch a Thrill! Celebrating 10 Years of the American Genre Film Archive from July 12 - August 17, 2019 at the Billy Wilder Theater at the Hammer Museum in Westwood*

**FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE**

**LOS ANGELES, CA (June 21, 2019)** – The UCLA Film & Television Archive is excited to present *Catch a Thrill! Celebrating 10 Years of the American Genre Film Archive*, featuring a six-night (+ one off-site) series including the strangest, coolest, and head-trippiest titles from AGFA's outlandish collection, screening July 12-August 17, 2019 at the Billy Wilder Theater at the Hammer Museum, 10899 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90024.

Started in 2006 as a hoard of 35mm film prints, the American Genre Film Archive has rapidly grown to over 6,000 film elements, from grindhouse trailers to exploitation features now considered canonized classics. Based in Austin, Texas, this bastion of horror, action, exploitation, fantasy and weirdo cult cinema has single-handedly saved an entire subset of filmic output from decimation. Officially established as a non-profit in 2009, AGFA has successfully moved from collecting and preserving into theatrical distribution, with a catalogue that could populate any arthouse's midnight movie slot for at least a decade. With preservation of these sometimes delicate elements, we should probably be knighting the folks behind its daily, labor-intensive operations. But something tells us they actually might prefer superhero capes.

With guests for this mind-blowing tribute to the world's best archive of fringe cinema, we are thrilled to present:

**July 12, 7:30 p.m. - *Don't Panic***

**In person:** Joe Ziemba, Sebastian del Castillo, Alicia Coombs, Bret Berg, American Genre Film Archive; Rebekah McKendry, Robert Galluzzo, Elric Kane, Shock Waves Podcast.

***Don't Panic (Mexico, 1988)*** The greatest movie you've never seen about a 30-year-old teenager who wears dinosaur pajamas while battling a satanic demon named Virgil. *Don't Panic* is one of dozens of Mexican horror movies from the late 1980s that transformed familiar American tropes into beautiful abstractions from reality. Using *A Nightmare on Elm Street* and *Saved by the Bell* as jumping off points, it has an awe-inspiring ignorance of its own flaws. And that only helps to fuel its dinosaur-jammies-and-unibrow-fueled POWER!

**July 13, 7:30 p.m. - *Reel One Party!***

**In person:** Joe Ziemba, Sebastian del Castillo, Alicia Coombs, Bret Berg, American Genre Film Archive.

***Reel One Party!*** Somewhere deep within the 6,000-strong 35mm print collection of the American Genre Film Archive is a cult cinephile's next fix, one promising to deliver that sweet hit of

outlandish, pleasurable discovery. Many of the country's leading exploitation experts sometimes have no idea what they're looking at. Come on a very special journey of spontaneous discovery as Joe, Bret, Seb and Alicia present the first reel of four wildly different, completely random flicks from the annals of exploitation ambiguity. Within each rare print lies myriad mysteries, just waiting to be unleashed on an unassuming audience!

[July 21, 7:00 p.m. - \*I Was a Teenage Serial Killer\* / \*Mary Jane's Not a Virgin Anymore\* / \*Limbo\*](#)

***I Was a Teenage Serial Killer (1993)*** Inspired by underground cinema, record labels and 'zine culture, Sarah Jacobson was a one-woman '90s DIY powerhouse. Like *Slacker* meets Valerie Solanas, the film depicts a 19-year-old woman who responds to catcalls, condescension and bad sex the only way she knows how — with murder. Taking on every major function from production through distribution, Jacobson's f\*ck-you, can-do attitude shone through her on-screen work and beyond. *I Was a Teenage Serial Killer* was produced with the encouragement of filmmaker George Kuchar (*Hold Me While I'm Naked*, 1966), who was Jacobson's instructor at San Francisco Institute of the Arts. — Alicia Coombs

***Mary Jane's Not a Virgin Anymore (1998)*** Sarah Jacobson's only feature film is a vibrant and vital antidote to every phony Hollywood teen picture. It brings lo-fi realness to the coming-of-age genre, and it mostly takes place in a repertory movie theater! First job, first time, crushes, friendships, fitting in and figuring it out—all are handled with utter honesty. — Alicia Coombs

***Limbo (1999)*** After starring in 100 movies over the past two decades, Tina Krause has established herself as an unstoppable warrior from the DIY fringes. *Limbo* is the first—and to this day, only—movie written and directed by Krause. And it's truly invigorating. *Limbo* presents three days in the life of a woman named Elizabeth, as she deals with identity issues, sexist mouth-breathers, supernatural manifestations... and a possible trip to hell. Combining video collage experiments with dreamy horror mood, this is what might happen if David Lynch and Nine Inch Nails collaborated on a shot-on-video horror movie. Previously only available via VHS, AGFA and Bleeding Skull! are honored to present a brand new transfer of *Limbo* from the original S-VHS master tapes. — Joseph A. Ziemba

[July 26, 7:30 p.m. - \*Lady Terminator\* / \*Sister Street Fighter\*](#)

***Lady Terminator (Indonesia, 1999)*** Indonesia is a beautiful place. Because only Indonesia is capable of transforming a combination of anti-logic, haste and ambition into the miracle beyond miracles known as *Lady Terminator*. When a man steals a ghost snake from a sex-witch, she promises revenge on his great-great-granddaughter. 100 years later, a lady anthropologist is attacked by the same ghost snake and becomes a cyber-robotic master of death. Her purpose? SEX! MUTILATION! LAZER EYEZ! All in the interest of making life unbearable for a pop star who also happens to be a certain great-great-granddaughter. — Joseph A. Ziemba

***Sister Street Fighter (Japan, 1974)*** After the massive success of *The Street Fighter*, Japanese studio Toei built a new karate series around a female lead, casting a young actress who had appeared in a cameo alongside her mentor Sonny Chiba in the origin film. Still a teenager at the time, Etsuko Shihomi exploded on screen and created a new character type: a tough fighter who

was fierce, fearless, good-hearted and decidedly non-sexualised—a departure from Toei’s typical formula. Shihomi is the half-Chinese, half-Japanese Li Koryu, who travels to Yokohama to investigate the disappearance of her undercover cop brother. Li discovers a smuggling ring run by a drug lord with his own personal army of deadly fighters. —Arrow Video

**[August 8, 7:30 p.m. - Grand Dames of the Grindhouse: The Films of Roberta Findlay and Doris Wishman](#)**

**Note: This event will take place at the Philosophical Research Society, 3910 Los Feliz Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90027. Tickets will be available at [miskatonicinstitute.com](http://miskatonicinstitute.com).**

***Grand Dames of the Grindhouse: The Films of Roberta Findlay and Doris Wishman*** - Lisa Petrucci of Something Weird Video appears at the Miskatonic Institute of Horror Studies with a lively illustrated lecture on the films of exploitation mavericks Roberta Findlay and Doris Wishman, looking at their historical contexts, their comparable trajectory from nudies and roughies to porn and horror, and seeking to reconcile their aversion to feminism with their status as pioneering women filmmakers. Founded in 2010, The Miskatonic Institute of Horror Studies offers classes in horror history, theory and production, with branches in London, New York and Los Angeles, as well as hosting special events worldwide.

**[August 9, 7:30 p.m. - Nude on the Moon / Smut Without Smut: Bizarro Horror Night](#)**

**In person:** Something Weird Video’s Lisa Petrucci.

***Nude on the Moon (1961) New Digital Preservation! Los Angeles Premiere!***

This second feature from reigning exploitation auteurist Doris Wishman (1912-2002), according to fellow schlock-maker Frank Henenlotter, “represents everything that’s perfect about American pop culture. Stupid to the point of breathtaking, *Nude on the Moon* is also one of the most enjoyable examples the long-extinct nudie-cutie,” a tamer sexploitation sub-genre that grew out of the popular American nudist colonies of the 1950s. With the moon played by Southern Florida’s weirdo tourist attraction Coral Castle, the end result of Wishman’s vision produces, (Henenlotter again), “less a movie than a catalog of pure kitsch delirium.”

***Smut Without Smut: Bizarro Horror Night*** Beneath the dumpsters of 1970s America, a netherworld of “adults only” horror movies lurked in the gutter. But what if these movies were less about the smut—and more about the horror? *Smut Without Smut: Bizarro Horror Nite* is hardcore horror movies with the hardcore removed. In other words, the parameters of reality will never be the same again. WATCH! Argento-esque gore killings in skid row apartments! SEE! Bigfoot in his most “natural” habitat! OBSERVE! Credits like “Art Direction by DeSade!” Dreamy, hilarious and filled with plastic vampire fangs, *Smut Without Smut: Bizarro Horror Nite* is the most unforgettable party you’ll attend this year. That said, we cannot be held responsible for any lasting trauma.—Joseph A. Ziembra

**[August 17, 7:30 p.m. - Suburbia / Rock ‘N’ Roll High School](#)**

**In person:** director Penelope Spheeris.

***Suburbia (1984)*** Filmed primarily in the abandoned housing tracts that would soon become Interstate 105, writer-director Penelope Spheeris' narrative follow-up to her seminal punk rock doc *The Decline of Western Civilization* is deeply embedded within a group of disillusioned young runaways fed up with the pains inflicted by a cul-de-sac lifestyle. Roaming Los Angeles' southeastern Gateway Cities is a pitch-perfect cast made up of authentic street kids and musicians, most of whom had never passed before the lens of a movie camera—including a future Red Hot Chili Peppers bassist herein credited as "Mike B. The Flea."

***Rock 'N' Roll High School (1979)*** Teenage punkette Riff Randell is, without question, the world's biggest Ramones fan—if the world is only as big as Vince Lombardi High School. But isn't the quad our entire world when we're adolescents? In a rare depiction of total high school solidarity against the fascistic powers-that-be, this Crayola-colored cadre of high school hellcats stands toe-to-toe with *Grease* and screams "I don't care about history!" Director Allan Arkush, says Nathin Rabin, "channels Frank Tashlin and the smartass spirit of *Mad Magazine* throughout the film, transforming his love letter to rock 'n' roll and the eternal allure of being a teenager at war with parents into a live-action cartoon filled with giddily surreal touches."

More details and tickets are available on the Archive [website](#).

**Doors open approximately 30 minutes prior to program start time. Tickets are \$10 each online. \$9 general admission; \$8 discount for non-UCLA students, seniors and UCLA Alumni Association Members; free for UCLA students at the box office.**

### **About UCLA Film & Television Archive**

The mission of the UCLA Film & Television Archive is to save film and television for future generations.

The Archive is internationally renowned for rescuing, preserving and showcasing moving image media and is dedicated to ensuring that the visual achievements of our time are available for information, education and enjoyment. The sixth-largest moving image repository in the world, and the second largest in the U.S., behind only the Library of Congress, the Archive's more than 450,000 holdings are stored in a state-of-the-art facility that meets and exceeds all preservation standards, from nitrate film to digital.

A unit of the UCLA School of Theater, Film and Television, the Archive's Research and Study Center provides free access to its holdings to researchers, writers and educators. Many of the Archive's projects are screened at prestigious film events around the globe, as well as [locally at UCLA's Billy Wilder Theater](#).

**For more information, please contact** Marisa Soto at (310) 206-8588 or [msoto@cinema.ucla.edu](mailto:msoto@cinema.ucla.edu)