

LEGACY TAPES

ISSUE #001

06/2025

ACTION TAPES

Built on Muscle, Run on Tape
THE EVOLUTION OF THE ACTION MOVIES

Half Man. Half Machine. All Legacy
TAPE OF THE MONTH: ROBOCOP (1987)

Go to the Video store again!
THE TOP 3 ACTION GEMS

This Month at the Krueger VHS Club:
COMMANDO VS. COBRA — TOMMY VS. SAMMY

Tune in every month

on Spotify

LEGACY



FREQUENCY

A PODCAST

It's not a podcast!

**It's a transmission from
the past!**

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Thank you note



Editor's note:

The Kid Who Fell for Action Films

It felt like everyone in the neighborhood had a VCR before we did. One of the great "tragedies" of my childhood was that my parents weren't exactly early adopters – and honestly, we didn't have the money to be. Sure, we had a TV, a game console, a cassette player, and I even got a little Casio synth eventually. Just... always a bit later than the others.

We lived in a terraced house on the edge of town, the kind where the neighbors' arguments echoed through the walls and you could smell what everyone was cooking for dinner. It wasn't fancy, but it was home. And I got hooked on tech early. When VHS entered the picture, I was all in. I never passed up a chance to hit play.

So when one of my classmates – who happened to be my best friend at the time – invited me over to watch a movie, I said yes without even asking what it was. I liked the guy, maybe even had a little crush on him, in that shy, boyish way kids sometimes do. And when Gabe said, "You've never seen an action film this badass," well... I believed him.

Truth is, I wasn't really into action movies. But to be fair, I hadn't seen many. If you've followed my writing, you know horror's always been my main thing. So this was new territory. At 7 or 8, my idea of an action film was either a war drama or James Bond – and neither exactly thrilled me as a kid. Still, I figured I'd give it a shot. Worst case? I'd be bored. Wouldn't be the first time.

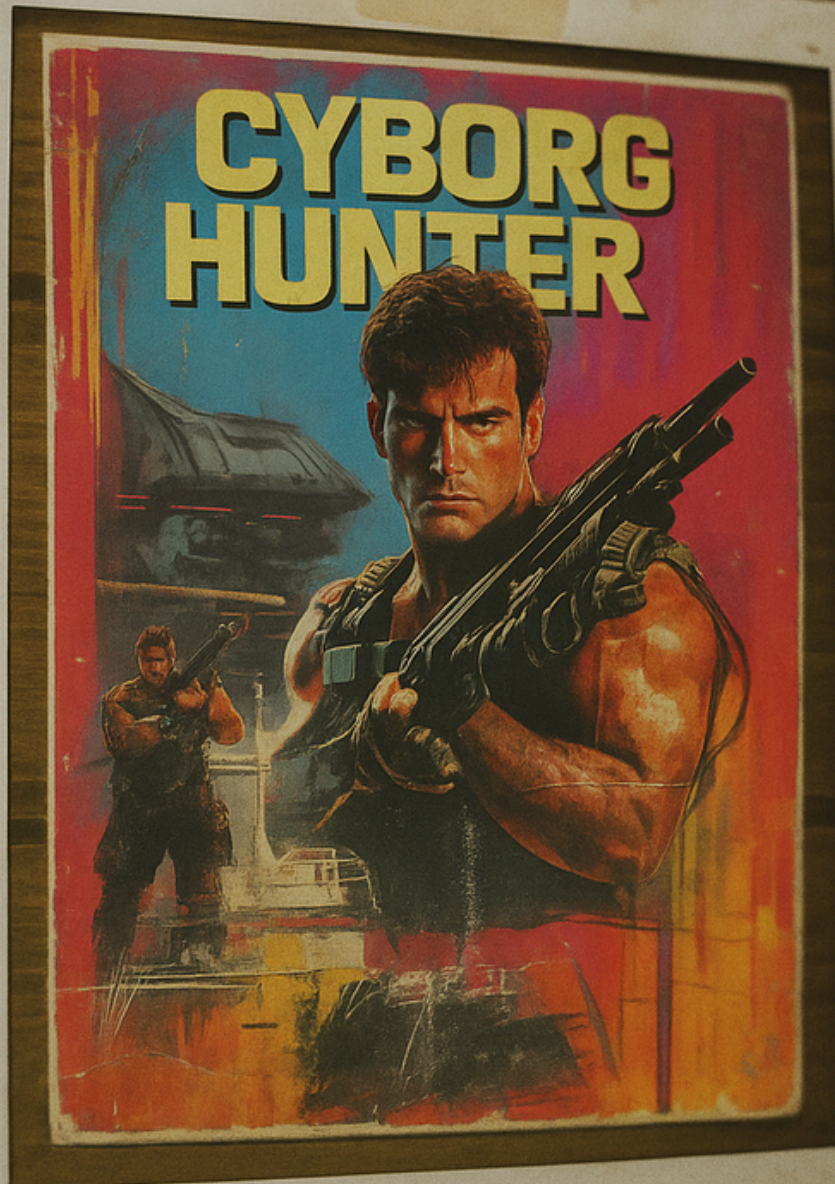
But bored? Not even close. We watched *First Blood* on a worn-out, dubbed-over VHS with a monotone voiceover. At first I thought, "Okay, another war movie, just this time it's about Vietnam instead of World War II or whatever – but war is war, right?" That lasted right up until the sheriff arrested Rambo.

And once the movie really kicked in – boom. I can count on one hand the moments I've felt an adrenaline rush like that.

Maybe the closest was the time I fell into a disused water shaft and had to wait while my friends ran for help, terrified something slimy and misshapen would crawl out of the dark and drag me into the deep tunnels to eat me alive while I stared, frozen, at the bones of all the kids who came before me.

That's the age we're going back to now. And I know that somewhere inside you, that kid still exists too. The one who stared at the VHS cover and truly believed that one person could be a whole damn army.





Poster from
Timmy's wall

Timmy Says:
"This dude's arms are bigger than my whole torso. I
don't even care what the plot is—he's got two guns and a
death stare, I'm in."

A collage of various action movie stills, including characters in combat, explosions, and dramatic scenes, arranged in a layered, overlapping fashion. The colors are predominantly blue, orange, and red, giving it a high-contrast, cinematic feel.

THE HERO
WE WERE
WAITING FOR

—

THE EVOLUTION OF
ACTION FILMS

The world around us has never been fair. And in the 1980s, that felt especially true. Cold War paranoia, economic instability, urban crime, and Reagan-era militarism were more than background noise — they were pressure cookers.

And action films, much like horror at the time, started to change. The genre wasn't afraid to throw punches, and it began gathering a new wave of talent to redefine itself. Sometimes it leaned on familiar thrills, sometimes it hit dead ends. And when it got stuck, it wasn't afraid to borrow a map from its sibling genre: horror.

By the early '80s, horror had already moved past its teenage rebellion and was diving headfirst into society's deepest fears. Action, on the other hand, was still dragging the moral baggage of the '70s — slow, hesitant, overly thoughtful. But the world had changed, and so had the audience. The new generation didn't want conflicted cops and broken systems. They didn't want heroes with a conscience. They wanted justice. Not the kind you earn through courts and procedures — the kind you get when a guy in a tank top blows up a drug cartel.

Villains weren't just crooked politicians or sad junkies anymore. They were monsters in human skin — cartel warlords, rogue generals, armored terrorists. Dirty Harry wasn't going to cut it anymore. Neither was Serpico. The '70s action films were bogged down in ethics, procedural drama, and a world that still pretended things could be fixed.

Horror, by contrast, had already figured it out: keep it simple. One setting. One threat. One goal — survive. Horror taught action something essential: audiences don't want to think. They want to feel. They want someone on screen to fight for them, when the world outside has written them off.

Audiences craved justice for the everyman — the exhausted vet who barely made it out of Vietnam, the beat cop getting chewed up by the system and gunned down by the mob. Action films found their place when they started fighting for the civilian. The guy who wasn't special — just fed up.

The 1980s became action cinema's testing ground. The genre was still figuring itself out: What works? What doesn't? And right when it needed room to breathe, VHS arrived.

The tape era didn't just catapult horror into the mainstream — it gave action films a playground. Home video didn't care about theater ratings or network censors. Anything could make it onto tape. And if something bombed, no big deal — you didn't lose a fortune in box office. That meant experimentation. That meant chaos. And action needed chaos.

Who should lead? A soldier? A rogue cop? A vengeful nobody? Maybe a ninja?

What should the tone be? Dead serious? Blood-soaked? Sci-fi? Funny?

Solo hero or team effort?

Big questions — and the big answers didn't come until the '90s:

- The refined Hollywood formula (Die Hard, Speed, The Rock)
- Postmodern self-awareness (Last Action Hero, True Lies)
- The Hong Kong invasion (John Woo — Hard Boiled, Face/Off)

But none of that would've happened without the chaotic language of '80s VHS. It was the decade of excess, of trial by cassette, of blood and bullets and brute force.

All you needed to be a hero was guts, style, and a moral compass that pointed toward mayhem. Acting chops? Optional. Punching, kicking, and blowing up bad guys? Required.

In the video store, two kinds of hell sat side by side: ghosts and ghouls, and rocket-launcher cops.

If horror got too nasty, action picked up the slack – with bigger explosions. We didn't remember the whole plot. We remembered the knife to the chest, the thug chopped in half by a helicopter blade. No long-winded backstories. Just one wronged man and one massive injustice. That's how action mastered the perfect 90-minute runtime – tight, fast, and brutal.

Horror also brought the body. Gore and wounds and screams. And action followed suit – trading in off-screen punches and blank-squib gunshots for bursting wounds, snapped limbs, and screaming flesh. The body wasn't just a prop anymore. It was the battlefield.

And then came sex. Action embraced eroticism in the '80s – first as decoration, then as adrenaline fuel. What started as skin shots led to full-blown heat. This opened the door for the erotic thriller boom of the '90s (Basic Instinct, Sliver, Showgirls), where action, sex, and violence collided like sweaty, neon-lit freight trains.

By the end of the '80s, action movies weren't looking for heroes. They were looking for escape routes. The tapes were our tunnels. And the guys on screen? They were just ahead of us, clearing the path.

And the selection? Insane.

Horror hybrids (RoboCop, Terminator, Predator, Cobra).

Buddy cop comedies (Lethal Weapon, Beverly Hills Cop, Tango & Cash).

Fantasy-apocalypse weirdness (Conan, Mad Max, Escape from New York).

Classic brute-force flicks (First Blood, Commando, 48 Hrs).

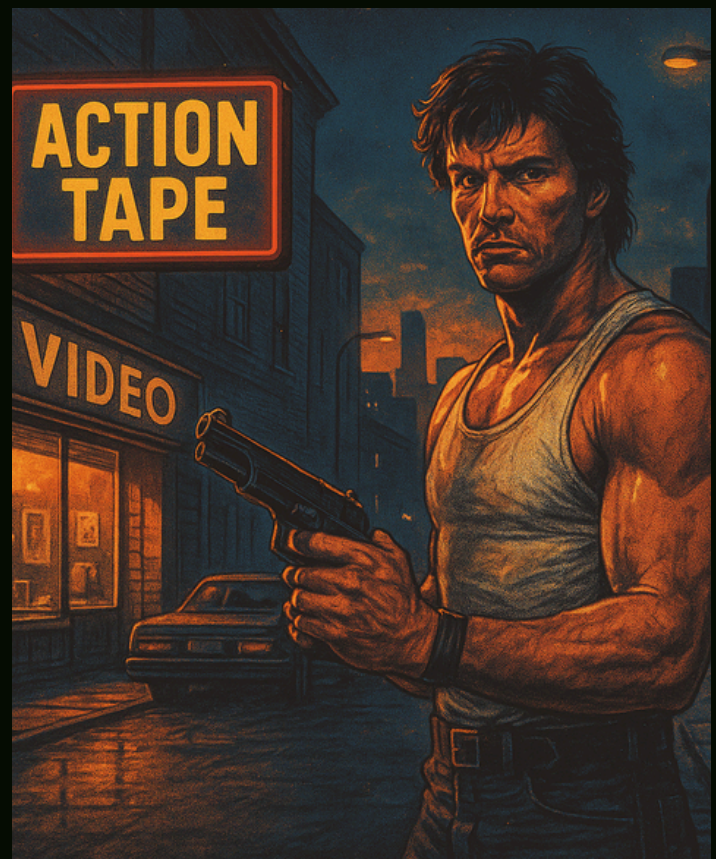
Jet-fueled military mayhem (Blue Thunder, Iron Eagle, Firefox).

And yes, the superhero seeds were planted (Superman II, Batman).

By the end of the decade, action had tried everything. It had bled, screamed, exploded, fused with horror, flirted with sci-fi, and held hands with comedy. It knew how to squeeze justice into 90 minutes, led by one man against the world. And then came the revelation:

It's not the story – it's the style.
Not reality – attitude.

By the late '80s, action films weren't asking questions anymore. They just cracked open a beer, shouldered a weapon, and got moving. To save the world. Or at least rewind the tape.



The '90s were about fine-tuning. The search was over – now it was about perfecting the hit. Audiences were hungry. Video shelves were stacked. Action cinema was ready to cement itself.

The formula was set: charismatic lone hero + iconic villain + ticking clock. The Die Hard model reigned supreme: single location, hostage crisis, one pissed-off guy. Under Siege, Speed, Cliffhanger, Air Force One – they all drank from the same well.

The heroes didn't change much – but the packaging did. Sharper edits, better music, and even without CGI, the action felt crisper. Films began to lean on timing and rhythm – The Rock, Face/Off, Con Air. Everything was faster, louder, tighter.

And then came the punchline phase. The genre started laughing at itself: Last Action Hero, Hot Shots Part Deux, True Lies. These weren't mockeries – they were love letters. The genre winked at us, and we grinned back.

Franchises flourished: Lethal Weapon, Die Hard, Mission: Impossible, Batman. Sequels were the new currency.

Old-school stars like Stallone and Schwarzenegger weren't actors anymore – they were brands. Just putting them on a poster was enough.

By the mid-'90s, action cinema was running like a dream. Every shot was calculated, every explosion choreographed. Audiences got exactly what they paid for.

But when something works too well – can it still surprise?

That's when the genre reached its crossroads. Could action still evolve? Could it still shock? Could it still mean something?

And so emerged the Style-Action Era. The what didn't matter. Only the how.

Enter John Woo's operatic bullets. Michael Bay's commercial-glam shrapnel.

They didn't change the rules – they just stretched the frame. From 4:3 to widescreen, metaphorically speaking. Same movie – but suddenly it felt bigger. It was hyper-saturated, hyper-cut, hyper-real.

And then... the Matrix dropped.

No one was ready. And no one could stop talking about it.

The Matrix took the language of style-action and made it sing. Its choreography nodded to John Woo – but cleaner, colder.

The bullet time wasn't just an effect – it was the climax of motion control. The camera paused not just to look cool, but to show you the system, to unplug you.

The Matrix didn't ask how you feel. It showed you what you need to see to feel free. Hollywood lost its mind. And it never recovered.

Suddenly everyone wanted to be the Matrix. They copied the coats, the slow-mo, the green tint, the kung-fu, the dual pistols. But they missed the point.

Because The Matrix wasn't just a tech demo. It was a personal, philosophical scream. An emotional download from the Wachowski sisters. An allegory of trans identity, alienation, truth, and rebirth. And yet all Hollywood saw was: trench coats = money.

So came the copies: Equilibrium, Ultraviolet, Aeon Flux, Wanted. Same bullets. Same poses. Same nothing underneath.

By the 2000s, the body had vanished.
CGI ruled. Real pain was gone.

Flesh was replaced with filters. The
hero didn't sweat – he floated.

The '80s action hero screamed. Bled.
Roared. The 2000s action hero glided.
Rendered. Glitched.

And still, studios chased The Matrix.
But you can't copy truth. You can copy a
silhouette, not a soul.

The Wachowskis didn't want to be
cool. They wanted to be free. And the
world felt that – even if it didn't
fully understand it.

Hollywood grabbed the coat. But never
looked inside. And maybe that's why we
still long for that old-school action.

Because today's world?

It's scary as hell. More unfair than
ever.

We need our heroes back. Not perfect
ones. Not plastic ones.

Just someone who's fed up enough to
fight.

Someone who's ready to ask the big
questions again:

Where do we go from here?

And what still works in this broken
world?

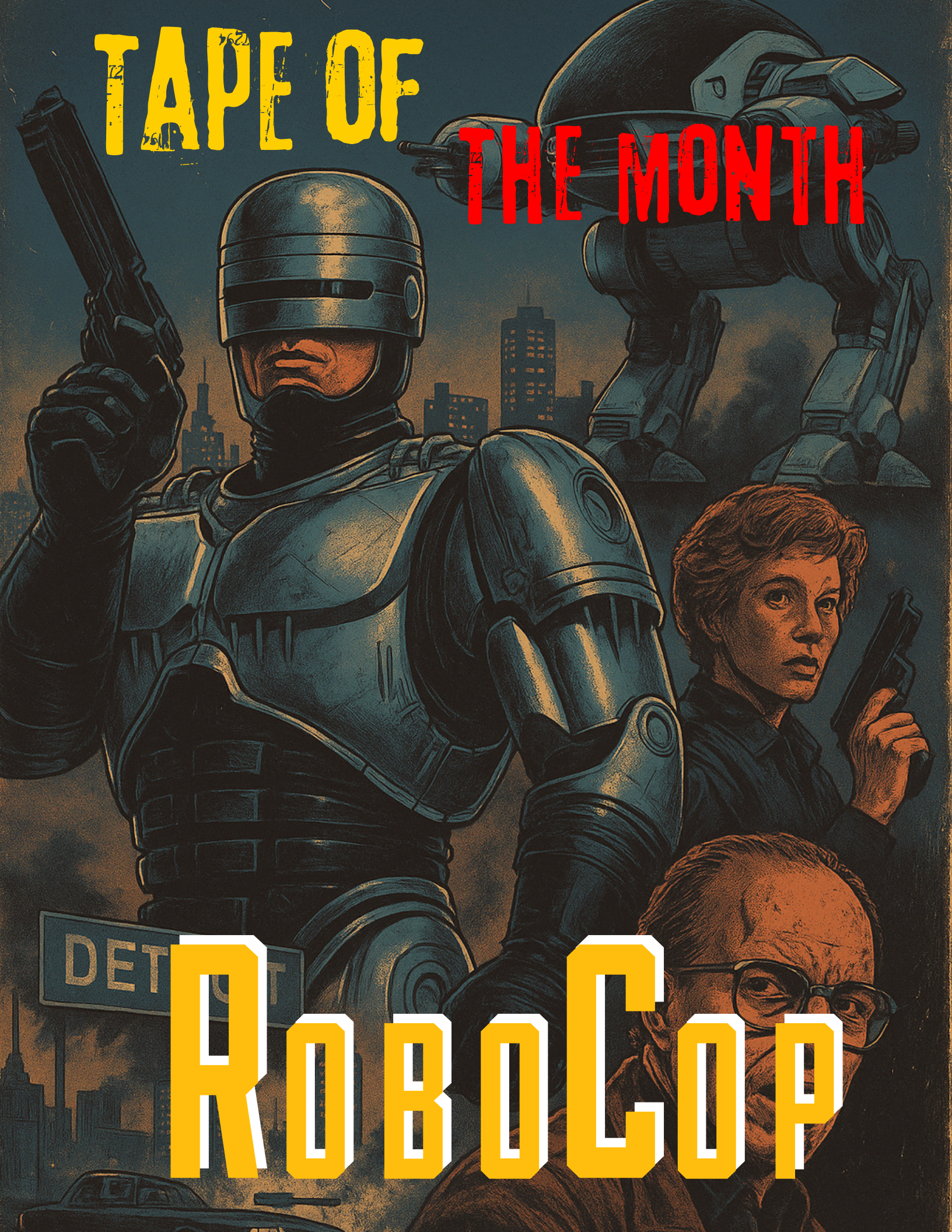
If we had those answers, maybe action
could save us again.

Not just the world – but our joy, our
thrill, our reason to press play again.



TAPE OF

THE MONTH



ROBOCOP

Some films are more than memories – they're origin stories. Mine begins around '89 or maybe '90, during a family pig slaughter, naturally. My aunt, a saint of the video underground, brought along a copied, dubbed VHS to keep me out from underfoot. The first film on the tape was Spider-Man (1977) – not exactly high art, but a decent warm-up.

Then came RoboCop. And from the very first frame, I was hooked. The world, the design, the music – and yeah, the brutal violence. I wasn't the only little kid whose eyes sparkled because of that.

Even now, it holds up. That's the best thing about a film that's put together with real thought: it survives. It's been nearly 40 years, and RoboCop is still an absolute beast.

So for this month's Action Legacy, let's give it up for Paul Verhoeven's cybernetic gut-punch.

Spoiler alert – and if this classic still hasn't made it into your player, then buddy... you missed more than a movie.



What's It About?

The year is 1987. Detroit is drowning in crime, corruption, and corporate overreach. Enter Alex Murphy, a dedicated cop who gets shredded by a gang mid-duty. He's resurrected by the mega-corporation OCP (Omni Consumer Products), who turn what's left of him into RoboCop – part man, part machine, all justice. But Murphy's memories start bleeding back through the circuitry, and with them, a need for vengeance.

Cultural Impact & Cult Status

RoboCop didn't just survive – it exploded. Sequels, comics, cartoons, toys, a TV series – it became a merchandise mine. That design? ED-209? That armor? That gun? It wasn't just cool. It was iconic. And it still is. Cosplayers today still rock the suit. And yeah, they tried a remake. Let's not talk about that. I'd rather rewatch RoboCop 3 – at least that one earns being bad.

Innovative Effects

The '80s were the golden age of practical effects. No CGI safety net. You had matte paintings (OCP Tower's upper floors), you had stop-motion (ED-209), you had suits that actually looked heavy. It was gritty, textured, and had weight. It looked like something you could touch. Or get crushed by.

Verhoeven's Direction

Let's be real: without Verhoeven, this would've been just another cop movie. (See: the remake. Or rather, don't.) But he brought raw action, pitch-black satire, and social commentary that hits like a gut punch.

And if you've only seen the theatrical cut — do yourself a favor. Watch the director's cut. Not because there's more blood (though... yeah, there is), but because it's honest. It doesn't flinch. Kinney's death? Longer, gorier, unforgettable. Verhoeven doesn't pretend justice is elegant — here, violence has weight. And if it makes you squirm, that's on purpose.

A film needs stakes. If violence has no consequence, then there's nothing to fight against. In a peaceful world, there's no need for RoboCop at all. The director's cut isn't longer — it's braver. It doesn't ask "What can we show?" It asks: "What don't we dare look at?"

Action With Purpose

Every shootout, every explosion has narrative weight. Murphy's execution, the battle with ED-209, the final showdown with Clarence — they all serve story, character, and theme. It's violent, sure, but never empty.

Iconic Characters

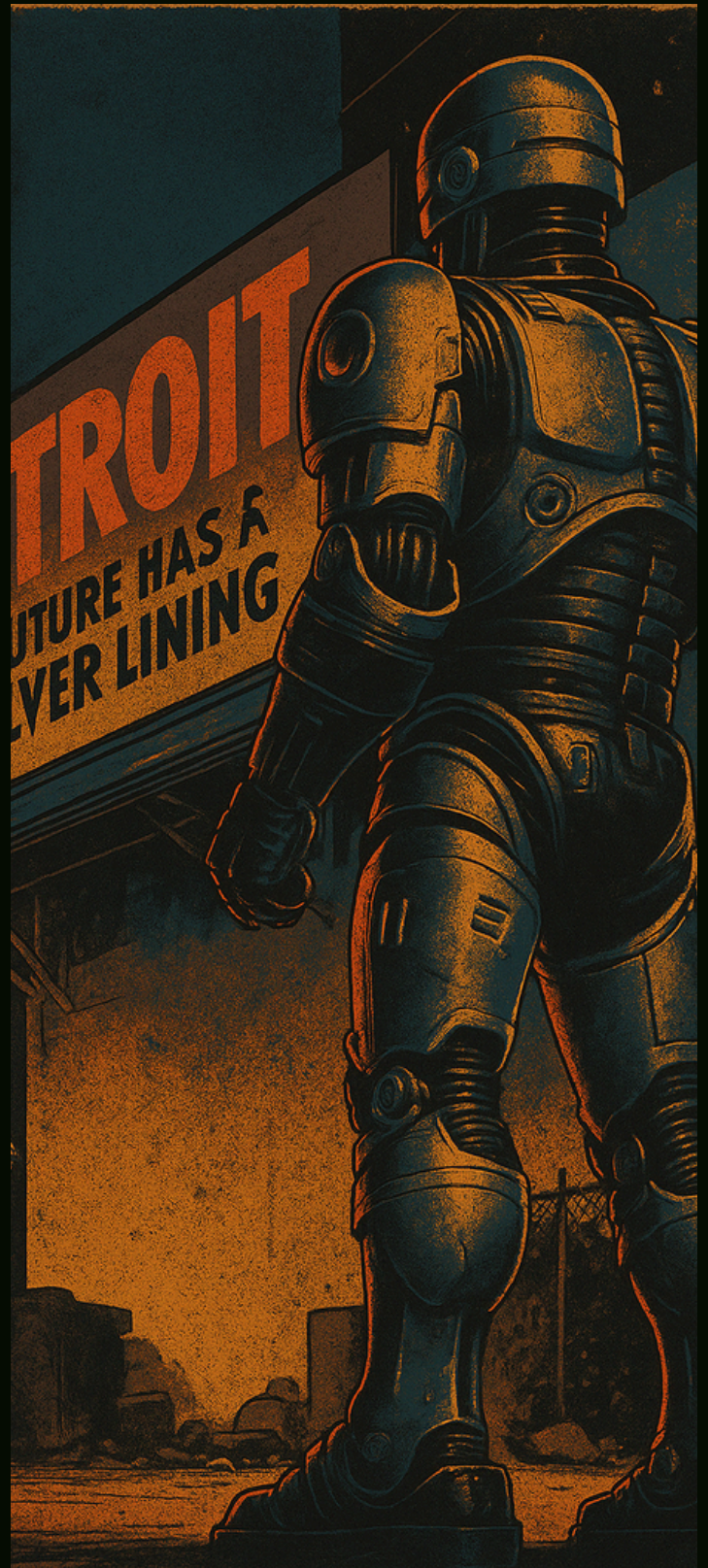
RoboCop isn't just cool — he's practically mythological. Verhoeven himself called him an American Jesus: murdered, resurrected in a new body, walking on water (literally), and delivering judgment. But the supporting cast? Also gold. Dick Jones, the corporate puppet master. Clarence Boddicker, slimeball deluxe. And Lewis — Nancy Allen's no-nonsense partner, who brings heart to the hardware.

Score That Slaps

Basil Poledouris went full beast mode with the soundtrack. The main theme is instantly recognizable, and the score overall elevates everything — from chase scenes to tragic flashbacks. It's not background. It's backbone.

Dystopia Done Right

Detroit here is a wasteland. The cops are privatized. The media's a circus. The streets are war zones. It's all so overblown, it feels like satire. Until you realize... we kind of live there now. RoboCop isn't sci-fi anymore. It's prophetic.



6+1 Questions RoboCop Dares to Ask

Even '80s action flicks could get philosophical – especially when wrapped in chrome and vengeance. Here are six (plus one) questions RoboCop forces us to confront:

- What makes someone human? Murphy's body is gone, but his memories remain. Is he still human? What happens to identity when you replace the flesh?
- Do we have free will? If your decisions are programmed – by a corporation or a culture – are they still yours? Murphy's directives say one thing. His soul says another.
- Where's the ethical line in tech? When does enhancement become erasure? When does science stop being medicine and start being theft?
- What do corporations owe society? OCP doesn't just ignore ethics – it laughs at them. Is this what happens when profit has no leash? (Spoiler: Yes.)
- Can the soul survive without the body? Murphy's a machine with a mind. But does he still have a soul? And if so, what does that say about us?
- Can violence serve justice? RoboCop kills. A lot. But is justice served by bullets? Or is the cost too high?
- +1. What power does the media really hold? The news in RoboCop doesn't inform. It distracts. It numbs. It sells. And if that doesn't feel familiar, maybe it should.

Final Thought

We might not have all the answers. But RoboCop still asks the right questions. And maybe that's why it matters more now than ever. Because it doesn't just deliver justice – it reminds us what we're afraid to protect.

And maybe, just maybe:

“Dead or alive, we still need heroes.”

The RoboCop logo is rendered in a bold, three-dimensional, metallic blue font. The letters are blocky and have a weathered, industrial appearance with visible rivets and a slightly distressed surface. The 'R' and 'C' are particularly large and prominent, anchoring the word. The background is a dark, textured grey.

WELCOME TO LEGACY VHS RENTAL

Straight from the scorched reels of action cinema - these tapes are loud, lethal, and locked & loaded. Snag one before someone else pulls the trigger on your chance.

⚠ Warning:

May cause adrenaline spikes, over-the-top one-liners, or sudden urges to bench press a VCR.

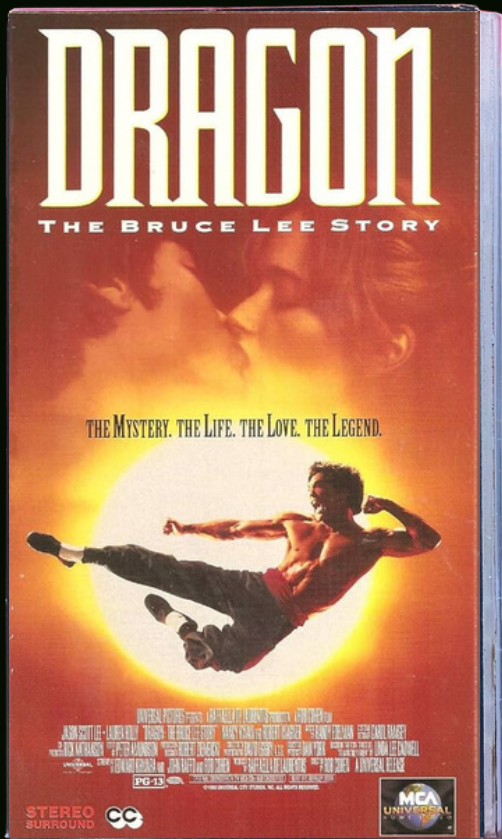


Universal Pictures
presents



THE DRAGON - THE BRUCE LEE STORY (1993)

He broke the rules. He broke the mold. Then he broke
the world open with one kick.



Timmy Reviews
(Krueger VHS Club Member)

"Dude. I wore out the tape.
I was six and thought I
could backflip kick bullies
after watching it. The
demon part? Nightmare fuel.
But Bruce? Legend. I don't
care if it's 100% true—it
feels right."



Film Details

Director: Rob Cohen
Release Date: May 7, 1993 (USA)
Budget: ~\$14 million
Box Office: ~\$63 million worldwide
Runtime: 120 minutes
Format: Pan-and-scan VHS glory
Starring: Jason Scott Lee, Lauren Holly,
Robert Wagner
Score: Randy Edelman - pure '90s adrenaline

Plot

This ain't your average biopic. The
Dragon reimagines Bruce Lee's rise
from Hong Kong troublemaker to
martial arts legend and Hollywood
icon. Add a mystical demon, broken
bones, love, loss, and more flying
kicks than your VCR can handle.
It's part inspiration, part fantasy—
and somehow, it totally works.



Trivia & VHS Gold

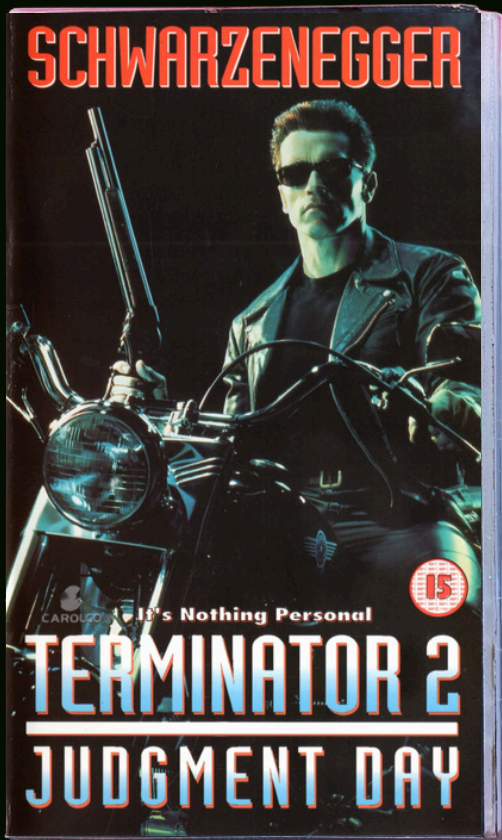
Jason Scott Lee had zero martial arts experience before the role. He trained so hard,
he broke his back—literally.

The "Dream Demon" scenes? Pure 90s fantasy cheese—but somehow it works.
This tape was a rental shop favorite. If you found it rewound, count yourself lucky.

TriStar Pictures / Carolco / Lightstorm
presents

TERMINATOR 2: JUDGMENT DAY (1991)

Same mission. New enemy. No fate but what we rewind.



Timmy Reviews
(Krueger VHS Club Member)

"Bro. This wasn't just a movie—it was an event. Arnie with a shotgun and roses? Linda doing pull-ups in a cell? I didn't know if I should cheer or hide under the couch."

Film Details

Director: James Cameron
Release Date: July 3, 1991 (USA)
Budget: ~\$100 million
Box Office: ~\$520 million worldwide
Runtime: 137 minutes (theatrical)
Format: Full-throttle hi-fi stereo
VHS beast
Starring: Arnold Schwarzenegger,
Linda Hamilton, Edward Furlong,
Robert Patrick
Score: Brad Fiedel - metallic pulse
meets synth apocalypse

Plot

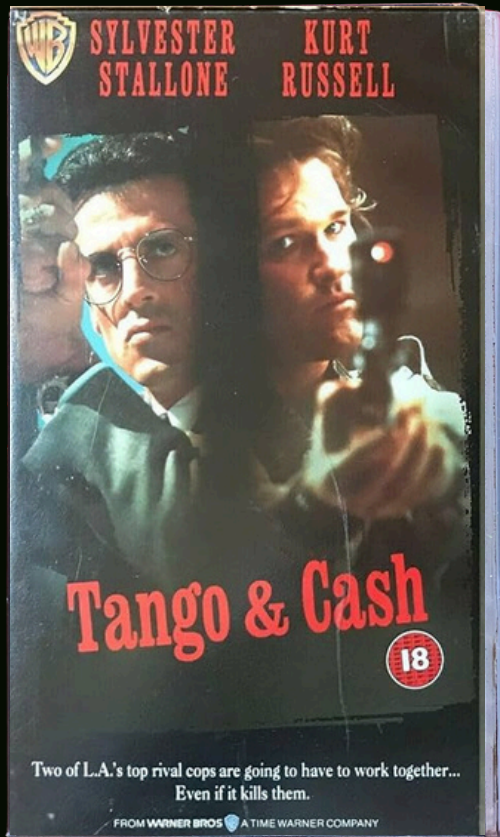
Sarah Connor's worst nightmare comes back—but this time, the killer robot's on her side. The T-800 returns to protect her son from an advanced liquid metal Terminator, and all hell breaks loose in a machine-versus-machine future war on present-day highways. It's explosions, emotion, and endoskeletons—sci-fi action turned into pure VHS myth.

★ Trivia & VHS Gold

First film to cost \$100 million—and every dollar's on screen.
Robert Patrick trained to run without blinking to look more robotic.
The VHS sold millions—many stores couldn't keep it on shelves.
Early tapes had a hi-fi stereo mix that made your crappy speakers sound nuclear.

Warner Bros.
presents

TANGO & CASH (1989)
Two cops. One frame-up. Zero chill



Tommy Reviews
(Krueger VHS Club Member)

"This movie taught me two things: never trust a truck with guns on the roof, and never skip leg day if you're gonna wear tight pants like Stallone. This tape? Peak sleepover fuel."

 Film Details

Director: Andrei Konchalovsky (well... mostly)
Release Date: December 22, 1989 (USA)
Budget: ~\$54 million
Box Office: ~\$63 million worldwide
Runtime: 104 minutes
Format: Grainy, loud, and gloriously out-of-sync VHS delight
Starring: Sylvester Stallone, Kurt Russell
Score: Harold Faltermeyer - synths, sax, and slow-mo struts

 Plot

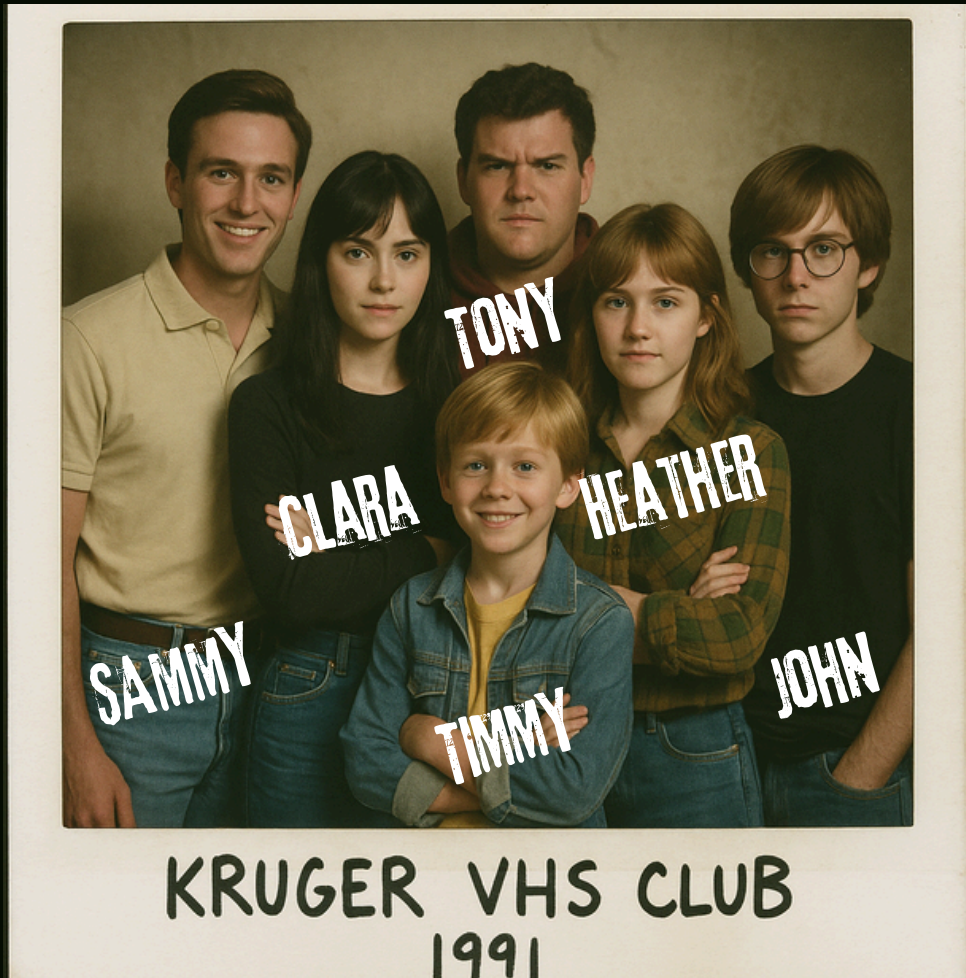
Ray Tango is the suit-and-tie guy. Gabe Cash is the loose cannon with a mullet and a grenade. Together they're framed, thrown in jail, and forced to bust out, clean up, and blow up everything in sight while exchanging one-liners like it's a sport. Think Lethal Weapon on creatine... then throw in a shower scene, a monster truck, and a rat-infested prison riot.

 Trivia & VHS Gold

Stallone wears glasses just to look smart. Classic.
Multiple directors came and went. The chaos shows—and it's glorious.
The VHS cover was everywhere in the '90s. Half the kids thought it was a sequel to something.
Kurt Russell in drag? Still legendary.
And those butts? Mother of mercy. Unforgettable.

IT'S FICTION TIME!

Memories of the former-legendary
Krueger VHS Club!



The Krueger VHS Club operated from 1985 to 1999 - in an old wooden workshop at the back of one kid's grandfather's garden. Once a place for tools and sawdust, it became their private temple: thick curtains, a couple of battered armchairs, a flickering TV, two VCRs, and a growing collection of horror tapes. Every single cassette was a copy - dubbed, traded, rescued from flea markets - and nothing was ever thrown away. Flyers, schedules, snack wrappers, Polaroids, fan-made posters... they kept it all.

No one watched horror alone - that was the rule. Sammy was the leader, Clara the heart, Tony the brain, John the conscience, Heather the voice, and Timmy the future. Together they created a world that felt more real than anything outside. They wrote, drew, filmed, argued, laughed, got scared together. It wasn't an official club - but it meant more than most official things ever could.

They say the club dissolved in 1999, but the tapes still surface now and then. And if you ever find one, listen closely. You might just hear Heather laughing behind the camera... or Timmy's quiet gasp when someone dies too soon on screen.

Krueger CHS Club
Meeting Minutes – June 17, 1991 – Monday 2 PM

Attending:

Sammy aka "MasterofScream" / Club Leader
Clara aka "ScreamQueen" / Club Member / Vice Leader
Tony aka "TheMonsterMind" / Club Member
Timmy aka "TheFinalBoy" / Club Member
Heather aka "MrsVorhees" / Club Member / Secretary
John aka "NotASimpleGuy" / Club Member

Absent:

Nobody

Topic: Weekly Meeting – What movies should we watch this week?

Sammy spoke first. He wants to keep going with the 1987–1988 marathon. His picks: Poltergeist 3, Ghoulies 2, Howling 4, Friday the 13th Part VII, and Child's Play.

Tony still backs monster horror. In addition to Ghoulies 2 and Howling 4, he suggests Fright Night and Monkey Shines. He's cool with Child's Play too.

Clara, as usual, supports Sammy.

(Personal note: Ever since they got together, she's been all Team Sammy. I swear Clara's brain got fried by love. She said Ghoulies 2 was "artistic," but last week she didn't even get what the toilet monsters were doing. And now she gets to pick our schedule? Ugh.)

Timmy wants to shake things up. He watched a movie with his dad over the weekend and loved it. It's called Commando, and it's about a jacked guy who takes out an entire army solo to save his daughter.

Sammy hasn't seen it, but he's heard about it and says it doesn't count—it's just an action flick, and that breaks

Club Rule #2: "Only horror films allowed."

Timmy argues there's enough blood and violence to qualify as horror. Plus, it's loud—and he loves loud movies.

Sammy says action isn't horror. And besides, the guy's not even American, and his family's too patriotic to watch non-American heroes. Also, the dude's shirtless the whole time—and Sammy "doesn't want to watch shirtless dudes." Says "it's too gay".

(Personal note: Sammy says shirtless guys are weird, but he watches Rocky IV every week. He even copies the training montage. Hypocrite alert.)

Timmy says by that logic, Sammy should skip the beach too—way too many shirtless dudes there. Also, he's being a hypocrite. Hellraiser's director Barker isn't American—he's British. And Timmy's dad told him Barker's gay, too. Yet Sammy's never had a problem with Hellraiser. So Timmy stands by Commando.

(Personal note: Just last week, Sammy was hyped about Van Damme kicking dudes on TV. Now suddenly everything has to be all-American? Fine, Sammy. Only hamburgers from now on. Actually, I read somewhere that hamburgers aren't even American. Guess you can't trust anyone these days, huh, patriotic Sammy? :D)

Sammy mutters something under his breath.

(Personal note: Timmy totally got him there. Hellraiser is Sammy's favorite, and he acts like a know-it-all—but he didn't even know about Barker. Busted.)

Then it got quiet.

Tony jumped in. Said he might have a fix. Everyone perked up. Even Sammy, still sulking, started listening.

Tony admits Commando is straight action, but says it's dumb to rule out all other genres—especially if there's some horror in the mix. He heard about a movie where an alien comes to Earth to hunt humans. Blood, skinned bodies, ripped spines, skulls, a freakin' monster. It's called Predator, and his brother says it's epic. Back in '87, everyone in high school was obsessed with it.

(Personal note: Predator really is from '87. I've seen it—it rules. Sammy could totally count it for the marathon. But he's too busy pouting.)

Bonus: Same actor as Commando.

Everyone starts thinking.

(Personal note: While they're thinking, Tony whispers to Timmy that the guy's shirtless in this one too. I whisper back that there's a naked dude in it too—okay, he's dead, but his butt's still visible. So I'm in.)

Sammy finally gives in. Says we can watch it—but we'll need to update the club rules. If we break all the rules, it's chaos. And his dad says chaos is what ruined the country—people just doing whatever they wanted.

So Rule #2 is now:

"Only films that are scary enough to count as horror are allowed."

Everyone voted to accept the change.

Clara made the weekly schedule:

Monday – Poltergeist 3 / Sammy's house (VCR at the club is broken—repair guy coming Wednesday)

Tuesday – Ghoulies 2 / Sammy's house (same reason)

Wednesday – Howling 4 / Clubroom (if fixed; if not, still at Sammy's)

Thursday – Predator / Clubroom (if fixed; otherwise Sammy's again)

Friday – Popcorn (it's new this year—most haven't seen it, but I did at my cousin's. I just hope Sammy doesn't overanalyze and ruin it. I just wanna enjoy it, okay?)

Saturday & Sunday – Free program: swimming, biking, hiking, sunset watching (aka Sammy & Clara kissing a lot).

(Personal note: "Sunset watching" usually means Sammy and Clara eat club-funded ice cream by the lake while the rest of us fix busted bikes. Thanks.)

Everyone voted to approve the schedule.

(Personal note: Good thing too—I really had to pee, and Sammy never lets anyone leave until we vote. Or maybe this wasn't a vote... maybe it was a roast. Muhahaha!)

Minutes reviewed and approved by: Sammy

Signature

(Club Leader/Master of Screams):

Sammy Star
(Master of Scream)

(Sammy's personal note: Heather—enough with the personal notes. You'll be replaced if you don't quit it!)

(Heather's personal note: Then you'll be replaced as Club Leader, 'cause half of us already know more about horror than you.

(Sammy's personal note: My dad says democracy is stupid.)

(Heather's personal note: You don't even know what that means.)

(Sammy—)

Tony: Took the paper out of the typewriter. Enough with the arguing. Meeting adjourned.

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If you've ever hit pause
just to breathe...

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Friday the 13th is the boodiest...

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Thank you...

...for being part of the debut issue of the Legacy Tapes Zine.

And just like that, the reels stop spinning on our June edition: Action Tape.

Not gonna lie—my brain had a hard time shifting gears from horror to action after spending six straight months writing The Big 80s Horror Legacy Vol. I. But you know what? I'm glad I did. It felt good to step outside the haunted house for a while and flex some different film muscles. After all, even die-hard horror fans can get as narrow-minded as Sammy from the Krueger VHS Club. (Though in Sammy's defense—he was barely 14 back in 1991.)

Of course, I know I didn't cover everything. The world of action films is just as sprawling and chaotic as horror. So if you felt something was missing, you're absolutely right. But I promise—it wasn't laziness. Most of the big subgenres I skipped this time are getting their own tapes in the future. Martial arts? Coming. Women-led action? Absolutely. War and combat films? On the horizon. So don't worry, if you're an action junkie, I'm not leaving you behind. There's more testosterone-fueled chaos on the way—I just need a little space to explore my other cinematic obsessions too.

To keep things manageable, I'm organizing the Zine in 6-month cycles—six issues planned ahead. Since I'm not doing this just for myself, I want the community around these tapes to help shape them. I'd love to hear what you think of each issue. Eventually, I'm planning a special edition at the end of each cycle—where you get to choose the two main features, and steer the entire theme of the Zine for that month. But more on that later.

In the meantime, if you enjoy my film ramblings, check out my Medium page (@norbertdemeterwrites). It's still new and a bit scrappy, but I love going deep. Right now, there's a four-part essay on The Crow, and another four-part dive into the rise and fall of superhero films. So yeah—technically, still in the action zone. :) More essays are coming too—rants about the crisis of modern cinema, Top 3 VHS picks from every genre, and all kinds of offbeat obsessions. Also, I've got a podcast! Legacy Frequency drops a new episode each month on Spotify.

And if you're curious about how 1980s culture, society, and tech shaped horror as we know it, check out The Big 80s Horror Legacy Vol. I - Shadows of Fear. It's out now on Amazon.

Thanks again for your support. I'm seriously grateful. And hey—if today's movies just aren't doing it for you, the solution's simple: rewind and rediscover the old tapes. They still slap. See you next time, when we dive headfirst into the blood-splattered world of Summer Slashers.

(Heather would probably say: "See? Told you he couldn't stay away from horror for long." And... yeah. She'd be right.)

Take care, and don't forget to enjoy the ride.



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