

an attempt to murder his cheating girlfriend and winds up with a possessed hook in its place. The second story concerns a comatose woman, Julie (Sonia Deleo), doomed to continually experience her murder at the hands of her lover, Beau (Donovan Cerminara). The third segment takes place in a house haunted by a really fucking stupid-looking hair-based creature, and the final story (the worst of the batch, if you can even make it that far), features Gordo, a self-harming band manager who goes homicidally batshit after being fired.

Before I go on, I have to note that Lewis' contribution to the horror genre cannot be understated, and we owe much to his business acumen that brought over-the-top gore and schlock to cinemas before the film industry even had the wherewithal to regulate it. Also, it's important to remember that nearly every horror filmmaker has at least one stinker in their filmography, even the greats. That said, this movie is truly an embarrassment to everyone involved, and a ruddy shit-stain on Lewis' cinematic legacy. It's hard to isolate the faults when it has zero strengths to speak of, but the writing is puerile (and at times, downright misogynist), with production values that would offend the sensibilities of the most amateur film student. Overall, *BloodMania* bummed me out on numerous levels, and I wish there was a way to sear it from my memory, as well as that of poor Herschell. May he rest in peace.

ANDREA SUBISSATI

HOT AND FATHERED

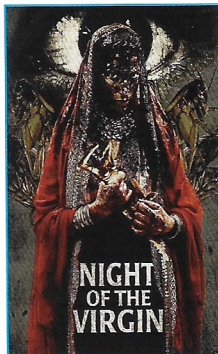
THE NIGHT OF THE VIRGIN

Starring Javier Bódalo, Miriam Martín and Victor Amilibia
Directed by Roberto San Sebastián
Written by Guillermo Guerrero
Cleopatra Films

A desperate virgin looking to get laid gets more than he bargained for in *The Night of the Virgin*, a Spanish grossout flick that, like a lot of one-night stands, contains its fair share of horror and comedy, and goes on a bit too long.

Javier Bódalo (he played one of the orphans in Guillermo del Toro's *The Devil's Backbone*) stars as the titular virgin Nico, who gets picked up at a club on New Year's Eve by an older woman, Medea (Miriam Martín). She takes the horny kid back to her cockroach-infested apartment, but that's not enough to dissuade him from trying to get his dickie wet, nor is the cup of menstrual blood stored in her bathroom, or her apparent devotion to a Tibetan goddess cursed to never have children. Add up virginity, blood, sex and fertility worship and you may have some idea where *Night of the Virgin* is heading. Fortunately, you are only partly right.

Director Roberto San Sebastián and screenwriter Guillermo Guerrero take a rather pitiful hookup



between two oddballs and wring all the weird possibilities out of it. But no matter how outrageous things get – and things get pretty outrageous (two words: “ass” and “birth”) – Bódalo and Martín sell it to their fullest. The bug-eyed Bódalo is perfect as the would-be fucker about to be fucked with, while Martín makes Medea always sympathetic, even at her craziest. It's a remarkable balancing act that gives *The Night of the Virgin* heart, even when its leads are caked in muck and gore.

My only criticism is that at 100 minutes, *Virgin* goes on too long; I would love to see a super-tight 50-minute cut of the film. But the extra time makes Nico and Medea that much more real, while the unreal practical effects are shocking enough to make us stick around.

Overall, it's messy and mostly satisfying – just like a one-night stand.

SEAN PLUMMER

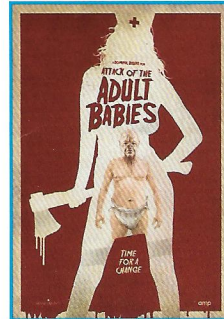
DAY OF THE DIAPER

ATTACK OF THE ADULT BABIES

Starring Joanne Mitchell, Kate Coogan and Kurtis Lowe
Directed by Dominic Brunt
Written by Joanne Mitchell and Paul Shrimpton
Mitchell-Brunt Films

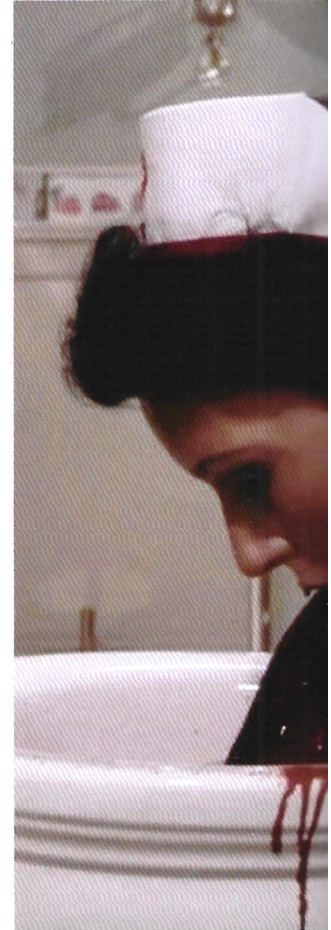
Director Dominic Brunt's *Attack of the Adult Babies* almost defies description. A satirical shocker, complete with upper-class Englishmen

sprouting upturned pig snouts, shit splattered across walls, and a guy massaging his own disembowelled intestines, it might not appease those horror fans with more sophisticated taste buds, but make no mistake – this bloody, toilet-humour fuelled flick is destined to become a midnight movie cult classic.



A dysfunctional family's board game is interrupted when two masked mobsters break into their home and demand that they steal top-secret documents from a secluded mansion. With the help of their mom, teenagers Tim (Kurtis Lowe) and Kim (Mica Proctor) sneak into the manor and are shocked to discover that it's occupied by a group of high-powered, middle-aged men indulging their crude, infant-like fantasies under the care of “nurses.” If that wasn't enough, Tim and Kim uncover even more sinister secrets buried in the mansion's basement that threaten to eradicate the entire world's economy.

Beneath scenes of graphic violence and explosive diarrhea, *Attack of the Adult Babies* offers a clever interrogation of masculinity and social class that feels more poignant than ever. The movie also packs a punch with over-the-top special effects, culminating in a final bloodsoaked



claymation sequence that you won't want to say the least.

Brunt's off-the-wall premise corralled a fair share of eye-roll inducing moments as a woman drowning in literal shit, forms that look like they were purchased at a discount costume shop, pornographic naked woman bouncing on a trampoliner, truly sublime laxative scene. Best viewed in the late hours of the night, *Adult Babies* is certainly unlike anything else there, for better or worse.

MADDI

PEEPING MOM

WHO'S WATCHING OLIVER

Starring Russell Geoffrey Banks, Sara Male, Margaret Roche
Directed by Richie Moore
Written by Russell Geoffrey Banks, Raimund Richie Moore
Gravitas Ventures

In case you wondered, Oliver's mother (Margaret Roche) is the one who's watching means of a video camera on his laptop. She brings girls home, mostly prostitutes, and murders them via live broadcast. The twist: the sadistic matriarch is not murdering, she's inciting him. It's for her perverted pleasure much more than anything turned into a serial killer.

Oliver is a clumsy, transparently unreliable mama's boy (well-played

ISSUED

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done with it!

LAST CHANCE LANCE