



# THE GORE-MET

## MENU: THREE ON A MEATHOOK



**T**HE SCREENERS HAVE BEEN PILING UP at Casa del Gore-met lately, so let's dissect a few...

With all the movie sites and horror forums there are few surprises to be had anymore, so I can't begin to describe my glee at discovering *Brutal Relax*, a completely over-the-top, fifteen-minute Spanish splatterfest by directors Adrián Cardona, Rafa Dengrá and David Muñoz.

Jose M. Angorrilla shines as Mr. Olivares, a high-strung man discharged from a sanitarium who is urged by his doctor to take a relaxing vacation. Olivares heads to an idyllic and popular beach, plopping himself down and enjoying some reggae on his Walkman. Not even a horde of green pus-spewing zombies rising out of the surf to rip apart beachgoers can break his reverie – until his Walkman batteries die. Enraged, Olivares vents his frustration on the undead.

The cartoonishly gory mayhem recalls the lawnmower scene in *Dead Alive*. Heads are punched through, bodies are ripped in half, spines are pulled out and, in the best sequence, a dead toddler is used as a flail! See for yourself in HD on YouTube and Dailymotion! (Note: some bare breasts are starred out.)



*Bleeding Lady* (Vicious Circle Films) is Canuck gore god Ryan Nicholson's follow-up to his gleefully perverse *Hanger* (RM#97). Dan Ellis, delightful as The John in *Hanger*, returns as Don Cardini, an irascible driver for low-budget film crews. He's excited that his latest assignment includes driving his favourite scream queen, Riversa Red (Sindy Faraguna), to and from the remote location of a backwoods slasher. However, his reverence for Riversa quickly turns to obsession, and his contempt for the snotty director (Nathan Durec)



triggers extreme violence as he casts them in his own very real horror movie.

This psycho play is much more grounded than Nicholson's overtly offensive earlier works, yet still



contains his trademark blood and boobs, including a rather wet beheading, nasty crowbar carnage and assorted dismembered corpses. Jay Gavin's cinematography is exceptional for a low-budget film and Gianni Rossi's retro '80s rock score is brilliantly evocative of the era, but Nicholson's secret weapon remains Ellis, who dominates the proceedings as the intense yet eminently likeable psycho.

Indie maverick Bill Zebub can legitimately claim the appellation "notorious" after the Canada Border Services Agency recently determined that his satirical snuff film *Ravage the Scream Queen* (2009) is obscene and not legal for distribution here. This despite the fact that it was submitted to and approved by provincial film classification boards and was – and continues to be – sold through Amazon.ca. His most recent release, *Zombie Christ* (now available on Amazon.com), is not likely to win him any friends in our befuddled bureaucracies either.

Zebub's films are offensive, but only superficially so. The explicit nudity and goofy scatological and racial humour are mere trappings to lure you into listening to his clunky dialogue. Therein lays his philosophical message, which is essentially to question authority and seek your own truths. Zebub is a dissident, not a rebel.

In *Zombie Christ*, a Druid resurrects the skeletal remains of Jesus to exact revenge against his enemies and bring on a new age. This is not the Jesus of the Bible though, but rather a historical representation of

Jesus as influenced by the theories of Dead Sea Scrolls scholar Barbara Thiering, who posits that Jesus was married twice and had four children, amongst other shocking revelations.

Jesus (Zebub in flashback sequences) kills these enemies, who coincidentally are nubile, mostly naked women, then attempts to restore his physical being by smearing his bones with the feces of women who have taken communion. In one scene he decides to rape a nun but, lacking a penis, he improvises by inserting a chicken drumstick into his pelvis. Eventually he seeks to free himself by eliminating his bloodline, with his ultimate target being the direct descendant of Mary Magdalene (Jessica Alexandra Green).

It's an ambitious plot and, as this is a Zebub film, there are some hilarious moments, particularly scenes in which the skeleton walks on water, a priest's penis explodes and the feet and hands of the skeleton wrangler make unintentional cameos. And of course all the mayhem is set to Zebub's typical doom and death metal soundtrack. Blasphemy, thy name is Bill.

