

YOUR GUIDE TO CULT MOVIES, ARTHOUSE ODDITIES, DRIVE-IN SWILL, AND UNDERGROUND OBSCURITIES!

# SHOCK

## CINEMA

Number 44

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### SHIRLEY KNIGHT

THE RAIN PEOPLE, PETULIA, SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH

### BARBARA BOUCHET

CASINO ROYALE (1967), SWEET CHARITY, CALIBER 9

### JON POLITO

MILLER'S CROSSING, BLANKMAN, THE FRESHMAN



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taste of an old rural legend. After a trippy opening sequence sprinkled with gratuitous nudity and gore, an amnesiac (spaghetti western vet Gianni Garko) is found wandering the countryside and a bed is booked for him at the local mental hospital. The man, identified as Nicola, seems unnaturally terrified of the dark and freaks out when he meets

a woman from his past. What made him such a traumatized basketcase? In flashbacks we see how, after wrecking his car in the woods, Nicola was invited by a farming family to stay the night. They're an odd, unfriendly lot though — whispering about some sort of curse, locking themselves

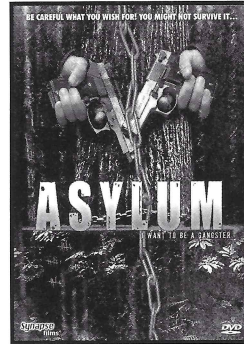
securely into their home the moment it gets dark and fearful of an evil witch they've repeatedly tried to kill. Unfortunately, those who fail become infected and transform into pale, red-eyed, undead "Vourdalaks" (conventionally known as vampires) who thirst for human blood. The only bright spot in his stay is Sdenka (Agostina Belli), the sultriest farm girl in all of Italy, who promptly bounces into Nicola's bed. One of the final features from director Giorgio Ferroni (MILL OF THE STONE WOMEN), it's stunningly shot and thick with atmospheric menace. Although the set-up is a little on the slow side, Ferroni artfully draws the viewer into his sinister saga, complete with goopy decomposing heads (gotta love Carlos Rambaldi's old-school practical effects!), wooden-staked hearts, creepy possessed children, plus a chillingly tragic conclusion. The Blu-ray includes a half-hour interview with composer Giorgio Gastini.

Most low-budget DIY monster movies tend to rely on cheap gore or gratuitous sex, but director/co-writer Charles Roxburgh's ingratiating creature feature satire, **DON'T LET THE RIVERBEAST GET YOU!** (Brain Damage Films) — the latest effort from the creators of FREAKY FARLEY and MONSTERS, MARRIAGE AND MANCHVEGAS — instead offers redemption, romance, eccentric humor, a cheap-ass beast costume, plus a squeaky-clean, oddly-timeless veneer that resembles a Larry

Buchanan-directed episode of THE ANDY GRIFFITH SHOW. Disgraced Neil (co-writer/producer Matt Farley) returns to River Town, USA for a family wedding, but the poor guy is still a local laughing stock due to his past tirade regarding a creature called the Riverbeast. Once his town's finest tutor, Neil accepts a job teaching recently-expelled Allie (Sharon Scalzo), who shares his inquisitive streak. When the pair aren't trying to dig up proof of the Riverbeast's existence, Neil hopes to win back ex-fiancée Emmaline (Elizabeth Peterson), who's currently engaged to a dickhead. Of course, we viewers know that this Riverbeast is real, since we've seen it (complete with a big ol' seam running down its back) wandering about the woods; unfortunately, guess who becomes a prime suspect when townsfolk are murdered? The script is littered with absurd con-

versations (such as the many uses of kitty litter, or a wild new dance called "popping"), oddball characters — from muckraking local reporter Sparky Watts, to a famous big game hunter hired by Neil — and even squeezes in a musical interlude when local legends The River Mud Warriors reunite! Plus it's hard to consider this Riverbeast a genuine threat since it only tends to slaughter the town's biggest assholes. The performances might range from goofily inspired to "Er, don't quit your day job," but it's all kept afloat by the production's small-town charm and boundless ingenuity. The DVD includes a cast and crew commentary.

The 2008 feature debut from French writer-director Olivier Chateau, **ASYLUM a.k.a. I WANT TO BE A GANGSTER** (Synapse), takes some bold twists as it follows a wannabe gangster through a bloody, sadistic, stylish, and occasionally surreal comedy of errors. Jack (Julien Courbey) has always dreamt of being an honest-to-goodness gangster, and as this film begins,

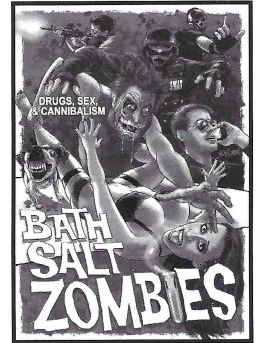


he's pulling off scams on other low-lives. But this time around, he's stolen from the wrong guy, with a cache of dope belonging to one of the city's top Mafioso only the beginning of Jack's voyage into the most twisted niches of the criminal underworld. Although Jack turns out to be more cunning than you might

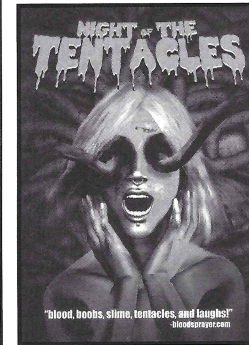
initially expect, one teen, gun-related screw-up soon lands the poor schmuck in a world of shit, by severely pissing off "Le Grand Patron" [The Big Boss] (a cameo by WEEKEND's Jean-Pierre Kalfon). His punishment? Jack is chained to a tree in a remote forest and left to die like some kind of animal — and we're not even halfway into the film! Determined to find some way out of this dire predicament, days soon turn into weeks, with Jack making rambling confessionals into a found video camera, having the occasional strange encounter, and becoming increasingly crazed from hunger, thirst, paranoia, and his own nightmares. Chateau wrings a good deal of suspense out of this seemingly modest situation, lacing it with stylish directorial touches and a brutal comic edge — practical-jokester hitmen, bizarre stand-offs, unlucky ricochets, right down to its remarkably futile finale — while the film's grainy, washed-out cinematography adds grit to this unpredictable story. The disc includes a making-of featurette, plus Chateau's 2003 short film **HOMER**, the comically-destructive misadventures of a psychotic pet rabbit while his human owner is out of town.

2013 isn't even half over yet and filmmaker Dustin Mills already has a pair of micro-budgeted horror-comedies under his belt! For the last few years, synthetic drugs known as "bath salts" have kept the fearmongering media stoked with stories of zombie-like behavior, savage violence and even cannibalism. I'm surprised it took so long for an enterprising filmmaker to exploit the concept; I'm even more surprised at the amount of ridiculous fun unleashed by **BATH SALT ZOMBIES** (MVDvisual), courtesy of director/editor/cinematographer Mills (who also co-wrote the script with producer Clint Weiler). Brandon Salkil stars as New York City bath salt junkie Richie, but after just a few puffs of an insanely-potent new strain, he's tripping out and peeling a woman's face clean off. This dude is instantly hooked and seriously fucked! The *real* culprits are bath salt pusher

Bubbles (Ethan Holey) and his chemist buddy (once again, Dustin Mills!), who've used a military chemical weapon in their latest batch of the shit, transforming Richie and his friends into twitching, grimacing, super-strong killers responsible for a nightclub massacre. Meanwhile, Josh Eal plays Agent Forster, a lawman so macho that he singlehandedly annihilates the city's most notorious bath salt gang, and is now tackling these recent murders. In addition to the low-rent gore, gratuitous nudity, pathetically dumb-ass characters, and pounding punk soundtrack, Mills concocts some outrageous throw-aways (e.g. a drug-transformed canine), genuinely impressive sequences (kudos for that S.W.A.T.-



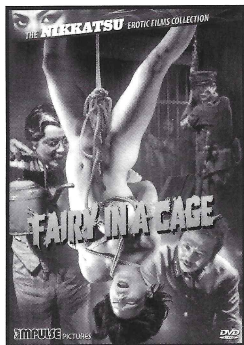
team slaughter finale!), as well as ingenious ways to stretch his tight budget (like having his star, Salkil, also play *all* of the conveniently-masked S.W.A.T. and gang members). Still, a few stock shots of NYC can't hide the fact that *nothing* else even remotely looks like it was shot there. It's 70 demented minutes of top-notch schlock, and the DVD includes a commentary with Mills and Salkil... Next up is writer-director Dustin Mills' **NIGHT OF THE TENTACLES** (MVDvisual), a riotous mix of cut-rate monster shenanigans, skewed laughs, plus the ultimate meet-cute premise — boy likes girl; boy jacks off to girl while eavesdropping on the sounds of her masturbating; boy and girl fall for each other, despite his blood-soaked Faustian pact. Brandon Salkil once again tackles the lead role as Dave, a gawky digital artist who specializes in "fantasy erotica" and is smitten with pregnant, unwed, downstairs neighbor Esther (Nicole Gerity). Following a surprise heart attack, Dave is visited by the Devil (a cheapie beastie with



four glowing eyes), who offers him a deal that's hard to pass up. All of Dave's heart problems will be eliminated, but in exchange he must care for a voracious "heart" that resides inside a small wooden chest, speaks to him and requires human meat to survive! Luckily, Dave has a lot of asshole neighbors — one of

whom even threatened to kill his cute little dog — and in the finest LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS tradition, begins rounding up its meals. Eventually the demands made by this tentacled monstrosity become too great though, with Dave spiraling into drunken despair. Mills keeps the energy high, the weirdness non-stop, its gory laughs tempered with moments of dread, and his budget low by setting most of it inside this one apartment. Salkil gives the type of wildly overwrought performance that makes Crispin Glover look sedate, but grounds his character in true emotional turmoil, with Mills popping up as his horny landlord. Although the film unloads some seriously dodgy digital-FX during the creature carnage, it's refreshing to find DIY horror fare that's genuinely inventive and unpredictable, instead of the usual interchangeable dreck. The DVD has a director's commentary.

Undoubtedly one of the roughest entries in Nikkatsu's Roman Porno line, director Kôyû Ohara took a respite from the usual sex, fetishes and rape we've come to expect from their kinky productions, in favor of sado-masochism and the abuse of power for 1977's **FAIRY IN A CAGE (Impulse)**. Set during the World War II era, unscrupulous Judge Murayama (Minoru Okochi) uses political influence to satisfy his darkest desires, by having the military — who routinely torture anti-Emperor dissidents in their private jail — arrest pretty women on trumped up charges, so the judge can get his kicks watching them being punished (a hobby that he considers "noble"). His latest target is Kimiko (Naomi Tani), a jeweler's young wife, who's falsely accused of funding an anti-war protester and hauled out of her home in the middle of the night, with our judge supervising



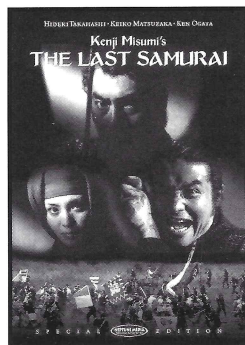
her highly-unorthodox 'interrogation.' Kimiko is stripped, hung by her ankles and tickled with a feather, plus there's genital torture and a humiliating urination gag, as Murayama and his equally kinky colleagues revel in her suffering. Amidst Kimiko's torment, there's also Taoka, a moral young soldier who eventually real-

izes that he's following the orders of an unconscionable sadist, plus an imprisoned kabuki star taken advantage of sexually by Murayama's crazy mistress. Tani makes an all-too-convincing victim, and this is one incredibly grim, 71-minute dirge, with even the slightest glimmer of hope quashed within minutes. Still, it certainly gives S&M fans plenty to enjoy, even as Ohara subversively paints Japan's high-ranking military and judiciary as abusive perverts, with corruption endemic throughout the system. It's a beautiful widescreen transfer and the lone extra is an essay by Jasper Sharp.

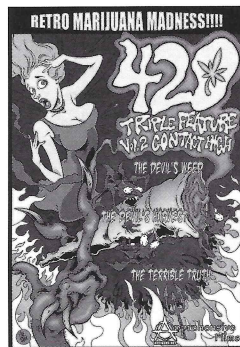
Packed with simplistic, anti-drug claptrap, **420 TRIPLE FEATURE: Vol. 2 CONTACT HIGH (Apprehensive)** contains three early, marijuana-demonizing films, but comes up short in terms of the high camp laughs that baked viewers require. It begins with 1951's **THE TERRIBLE TRUTH**, a 10-minute portrait of a teenager's road to ruin. After reading fake newspaper headlines about teen drug addiction, L.A. Juvenile Court Judge William B. McKesson visits the Howard Family, whose daughter Phyllis — once a happy, ugly-permed high school senior — is newly released from a narcotics ward. Grilled by McKesson, we learn how her friends smoked pot ("that's jive talk for marijuana") and she succumbed to peer pressure (since grass makes "everything speed up to 100 miles per hour"). Only minutes after meeting drug "peddler" Chuck (who wears a suit and tie while dealing to kids on busy street corners), weak-willed Phyllis was shooting up heroin and quickly became a straggly-haired, desperate-for-a-fix junkie. hilariously idiotic, it's shot in color but lacks sync-sound, with narration provided by "Phyllis" and (future Los Angeles County District Attorney) McKesson. Best of all, it ultimately blames the godforsaken Commies (!) for promoting drugs in America, in order to undermine our national morale!... Next up, a high schooler goes undercover in director Ray Test's 1942, poverty-row **DEVIL'S HARVEST**. It begins well, with an innocent-looking hot dog stand across from a school selling joints hidden inside their buns, but it's all downhill from there. Good girl Kay O'Farrell

(June Doyle) is invited to dance at a ritzy shindig, but when marijuana leads to a female partygoer's death, the police ask Kay to help take down the town's weed-pushing mobsters by getting a show-girl job at the crooks' nightclub. This kid has moxie to spare, but the film devolves into a dull, sub-standard crime tale. No surprise, it was the first and only acting gig for the entire cast. Originally clocking in at 52 minutes, this particular print was crudely hacked to a half-hour — trimming tedious gangster subplots and Kay's parents — but it's all so lousy that the shorter, the better... Finally, 1949's **THE DEVIL'S WEED** bounced around the exploitation circuit for a decade under such alternate titles as **WILD WEED** and **SHE SHOULD SAID NO**, but boasts decent production values, legit actors and lots of overwrought drama. Naive Anne Lester (Lila Leeds, who was arrested for marijuana possession a year earlier with Robert Mitchum) is seduced into blazing up a joint by a maryjane-pushing romeo. One puff can't hurt, right? But 30 seconds later, she's glassy-eyed and addicted! Amidst the usual weed freak-out scenes — from physical violence to a silly Hollywood Bowl fantasy — Anne helps her beau sell grass at private gatherings (imagine a stoner's version of a Tupperware party), until she's hauled in by the head of the LAPD's Narcotic Division (Lyle Talbot), with his scare tactics convincing her to turn rat. Directed by B-movie legend Sam Newfield, it's sprinkled with unintentional laughs, along with 28-year-old Jack Elam as a henchman.

Kenji Misumi directed **THE TALE OF ZATOICHI** and the first four **LONE WOLF AND CUB** outings, but he's never gotten the respect he deserved. His final feature, 1974's chambera epic **THE LAST SAMURAI [Okami Yo Rakujiutsu O Kire]** (Neptune Media), might not be his finest work, but it often feels like one of his most personal. Spanning 14 years of tumultuous civil warfare during the 19th-century, the script weaves intimate drama, bursts of action and an impressive scope, but at 158 minutes, also gets quite long-winded. Takahashi Hideki stars as Sugi Toranosuke, a contemplative samurai torn between two battling factions — the Tokugawa Shogunate, who's ruled for over 200 years, and Loyalists to the Emperor. Returning

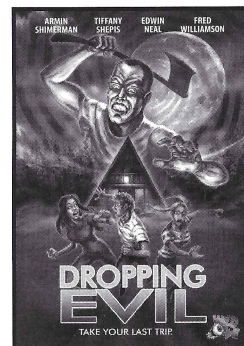


to his old home, Sugi saves one woman from being beaten for gambling debts and another after her traveling companion is murdered (using his katana skills to slaughter a dozen soldiers!), but also has some major decisions to make about his own future. Meanwhile, Ogata Ken is Nakamura Hanjirô, a feisty bad-ass who kills any man in his way, takes any woman he desires, crosses paths with Sugi, and supports restoring Imperial rule to Japan. In the film's second half, these men take very different paths, with Sugi retiring and marrying, while Nakamura rises within the Emperor's ranks. But when Sugi's wife is attacked by



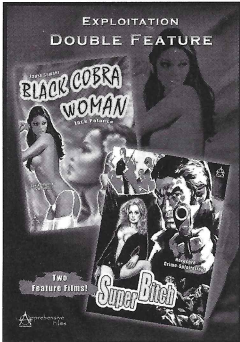
Imperials, you can imagine just how dangerous a pissed-off, vengeful ex-samurai can be (especially if you're the guy who's getting his head chopping clean in half). Don't expect non-stop swordplay though, because the sweeping story is primarily about two men adjusting to this new world, with its final showdown over a sensei's murder far more thoughtful than cathartic. The real stand-out here is Ogata, whose compelling character outshines our unobtrusive protagonist, and it's no surprise Ogata soon went onto acclaimed fare like Shohei Imamura's **VENGEANCE IS MINE** and Paul Schrader's **MISHIMA**. Bonus materials include a trailer, stills and an essay by Tom Mes.

It may begin like just another home-made, dead-teen slasher romp, but **DROPPING EVIL (Wild Eye)** is far from typical — eventually morphing into some kind of disjointed, quasi-religious sci-fi conspiracy. And while director Adam Protector gets points for tackling heady, overly-elaborate ideas on a micro-budget, he also misses by a mile! When Mike and Samantha embark on a camping weekend, they invite lonely "loser" Becky, in hopes of setting her up with a wimpy, annoyingly-religious guy named Nancy (Zachary Lint). A fairly standard horror set-up, right? That is, until we learn that a high-tech corporation has secretly installed cameras inside Becky's eyeballs and are surveilling this roadtrip, amidst talk about potential warfare and demi-gods. Wha?! Meanwhile, in hopes of shutting up Nancy's incessant prattling about the evils of pre-marital sex, beer and rock music, they dose this Jesus freak with L.S.D.! Bad move, because Nancy is soon tripping his ass off, murdering everyone and referring to himself as "the arm of god." Confused? It gets weirder, kids, because assassins are soon dispatched, we get an axe-throwing showdown, a gun grows from a guy's forehead, and there's cryptic talk about "divine" children with



extraordinary powers. As for its top-billed "stars": Armin Shimerman (**STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE**) is the boss of this mysterious corporation, ValYouCorp; Tiffany Shepis shows up briefly as sultry goddess Dionysia; plus **TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE**'s Edwin Neal is spotted on TV as the President. And what about Fred Williamson's Commander Death Blood? "The Hammer" only appears for *one lousy minute* in a coming attraction at the film's end, offing a few guys in silly costumes! Only 75 minutes long yet excruciatingly over-padded, the flick is a technical nightmare, the acting is amateurish, the script is unfathomable, and your first reaction will be "What the fuck was that?" The disc includes a ValYouCorp commercial, deleted scenes, plus a trio of "sequel" featurettes that include additional footage of Shepis, Williamson and Shimerman. In the 16-minute **DADDY-O DIED SO LOVE COULD LIVE**, God has gone missing, death is no more, and a living-dead chick must choose between her lesbian lover or Death Blood's zombie army... **THE RISE OF GUNHEAD** spends 20 minutes on Nancy's conspiracy-nut brother Zachariah, relationship problems between Mike and Sam's decapitated head, and Mike developing his organic-weaponry skills... Finally, in the 19-minute **BECKY'S THE BOSS**, Becky reawakens in captivity, discovers her own powers and rises to ValYouCorp's executive heights, along with a surreal musical interlude.

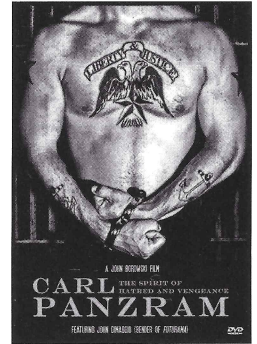
Having little in common except for their pursuit of cheap thrills, this low-rent exploitation duet from **Apprehensive Films** gives you two films for the price of one, plus all of the ragged splices, emulsion scratches and jumpy reel changes you'd get in an old 42nd Street grindhouse... With writer-director Joe D'Amato at the helm, it's no surprise to learn that 1976's **BLACK COBRA WOMAN** is a slipshod trainwreck, with **BLACK EMANUELLE**'s Laura Gemser playing exotic nightclub performer Eva, in Hong Kong with her dancing-topless-with-a-not-at-all-phallic-snake-wrapped-around-her act. Wealthy Judas (Jack Palance) keeps a collection of venomous snakes at his swanky pad, instantly falls for kindred spirit Eva and becomes her sugar daddy — soon she's living at his place, driving flashy cars, accepting expensive gifts, and jealously watched by Judas' brother Jules (Gemser's husband and frequent co-star, Gabriele Tinti), leading to manipulation, murder and an outrageously vengeful climax that would've had Deuce patrons going fucking nuts [spoiler: it's a snake shoved up the ass!]. Ever wonder why Palance was so ecstatic when he won his **CITY SLICKERS** Oscar? Because he wouldn't have to appear in shit like this ever again! At least it was a change from Jack's typical tough guy roles, and he plays Judas with a goofy energy. Meanwhile, the "script" finds any excuse for Indonesian-born Gemser to doff her clothes — a



nude massage parlor, long showers, some lesbian dalliance — but she lacks any visible enthusiasm. Insufferably dull, astoundingly stupid and altogether typical D'Amato slop... It's paired with director Massimo Dallamano's 1973 Eurocrime thriller **SUPERBITCH** [a.k.a. **Mafia Junction**], which offers more excitement, superior production values and a convoluted, country-hopping plot full of double crosses. Swarthy Ivan Rassimov stars as Cliff, a US narcotics agent who's gone deep undercover in hopes of taking down two competing crime families — Morell's London escort/extortion biz and a Beirut-based drug cartel run by vicious Mamma the Turk (Patricia Hayes, who'd later play **A FISH CALLED WANDA**'s elderly dog owner) — while Stephanie Beacham is Joanne, Cliff's girlfriend and one of Morell's top escorts [Note: the brief scenes of nude Beacham are hotter than all of Gemser's combined bare flesh in **BLACK COBRA**]. The plot is punctuated by bloodshed, such as Morell's henchmen posing as cops and massacring Mamma's goons, but once this vicious old broad and her sociopathic 'children' hit town, the stakes are raised. Joanne is rudely snatched off the street, while Cliff concocts a trap that'll reel in *both* gangs and benefit himself financially, with the filmmakers heading to Brooklyn and into Manhattan for a massive heroin shipment and climactic shoot-out. Though no classic, it's a fast-paced romp with a sly sense of humor.

The latest true crime portrait from filmmaker John Borowski (H.H. **HOLMES**, **ALBERT FISH**) chronicles the twisted tale of a renowned mass-murderer, cold-blooded psychopath and old timey son-of-a-bitch in **CARL PANZRAM: THE SPIRIT OF HATRED AND VENGEANCE** (**Waterfront Productions**; [panzram.com](http://panzram.com)), with the 80-minute film mixing dramatic recreations, talking-head insights and passages from his jailhouse writings

(read by John DiMaggio, the voice of **FUTURAMA**'s Bender). When Panzram was arrested in 1928 and confessed to numerous murders, young prison guard Henry Lesser smuggled him paper and a pencil, convincing Carl to write his life story, which spans being institutionalized and sexually abused as a child; becoming a homeless, cruel loner with a self-confessed fondness for "whisky and sodomy"; a stint in the Army; hopping from one godawful prison to the next; along with jailbreaks, burglaries, assaults, rapes, and murders. Even at his own execution, Panzram couldn't help being a dickhead! Sprinkled throughout are various experts — a criminologist, a former police detective, the head of San Diego State University's Special Collection (where Panzram's papers are stored), a whiny human rights activist, artist Joe Coleman, even recollections of Panzram penned by fellow inmate Robert Stroud (the Birdman of Alcatraz!) — while the most intriguing clips are from a videotaped 1979 interview with an aged Lesser. The film bogs down during its analysis of Carl's anti-social behavior (blaming his upbringing and inhumane prisons), but Panzram's story is so repulsively compelling that it transcends vapid dime-store psychology or the production's budget limitations. The DVD includes a making-of featurette (with DiMaggio's outtakes providing much-needed laughs), deleted scenes, plus the *complete* 45-minute Lesser interview.



**PERFECT THOUGHTS** [[doronmaxhagay.blogspot.com](http://doronmaxhagay.blogspot.com)] (2012). So why exactly does this film — a 50-minute indie by director/producer/co-writer/editor Doron Max Hagay — warrant its own special section? Because it doesn't technically fit into the parameters of "DVDementia," since my screener arrived on good ol' fashioned VHS, with its packaging cleverly designed to resemble a book that's a pivotal prop in the story. Andrea Finlayson stars as Andrea, an unsettled young woman who's not the most outgoing person and has trouble making friends; that is, until she meets Michael (co-scripter Michael Newton), who assists a "famous" writer, travels around the country for seminars and is deeply into "philosophical" stuff (uh oh, Andrea, run!). On their first lunch date, he pressures her to read his mentor's self-help hardcover, "Perfect Thoughts," and as we follow Andrea through her dull daily routine — workplace conversations, shopping, plus following the book's various vapid steps (e.g.



'believing turns into achieving') — she becomes increasingly hooked on unnaturally-platonic 'boyfriend' Michael and this equally creepy book. The everyday narrative takes a strange twist when she discovers a weird lump growing under her armpit. The viewer never actually sees it, but a physician is highly concerned and all of her acquaintances say it's incredibly gross. Is it a cyst? Cancer? Something unknown? As she struggles to discover herself, Andrea's body seems to be in revolt. Avoiding any overt horror, the script takes a more suggestive route, with all-around naturalistic performances (though Andrea seems so untethered that it's hard to believe she could hold down a job or fend for herself). Hagay's mix of social and sexual anxieties, along with an intimate, almost voyeuristic style keeps our interest piqued throughout, even if its intentions are left purposefully (and a bit disappointingly) vague. It's basically what you'd imagine an episode of **GIRLS**, directed by David Cronenberg, might resemble.

### **BARBARA BOUCHET** *Cont. from PAGE 8*

"What am I going to say to him?" [laughs] "Well, you can see if there's a part for you. You might go back to work, and it would be perfect for you."

So I called my girlfriend, who was a casting director, and said, "Sheila? This is Barb. Is there anything of interest in that film?" She said, "You know, it's mainly Cameron Diaz. There isn't much in it except one other part. But it's a small one: Mrs. Schermerhorn." I said, "Sheila, I don't give a shit. I want it." So I went in, did my screen test, and everything was fine. "Okay. You're in," Sheila said.

And I'll never forget the first day I was on the set, Marty [Scorsese] came up to me and said, "Miss Bouchet, thank you very much for accepting your part in this picture. I've seen a lot of your

films." "You've seen my films?" I said to him. "Yes," he said. "Unfortunately, there isn't much dialogue in your part." "For you, I'd even go without any dialogue." And it was great.

#### **SC: What's your next project?**

Bouchet: Well, my first project involved films and television. My second project concerned health, beauty, and exercise. And now I'm onto my third project: wine. I'm going back home to study to become a sommelier, and then my goal is to prepare tours for Americans in Italy's wine country.

**SC: Well, best of luck to you with that project. Before signing off, do you have any favorite Barbara Bouchet movies?**

Bouchet: There was one film I did that's never mentioned: **VALERIA DENTRO E FUORI** [Valeria Inside and Outside] (1972), and I play the lead character Valeria. I loved doing that part. I played a crazy lady in a nuthouse. It was at the beginning of my European films, and I always say, "If I followed through on that kind of movie, my career might have been totally different." But I wasn't able to wait for my next job to be *that* specific type of a drama. With an actor, you never know how long your money is going to last until your next film. So you always have to keep working. That's more or less what it's like. Ω

Thanks to: Eddie Brandt's Saturday Matinee Video [[ebsmvideo.com](http://ebsmvideo.com)].