

the B-Movie Buffet

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Jesus Christ Vampire Hunter [Odessa Film Works]

2003; color

Directed by Lee Demarbre

Starring: Phil Caracas, Murielle Varhelyi, Ian Driscoll and Maria Moulton

A wise man with a guitar that shoots sparks out of it's neck once said "don't fuck around with Kung Fu Jesus;" and when he said it, I believed him.

Unfortunately, the Spo-its didn't make this movie. (Even though they did work the theme before Odessa with the video for the song "Kung Fu Jesus.") I think if I could have chosen one entity that I would

like to see make a film containing the following elements - Jesus, lesbianism, Mexican wrestling, kung fu, vampirism and music - the Spo-its would have been my first, second and third choice but it wasn't my choice. Nor was it my choice to watch this movie. Nonetheless, we watch and review everything submitted to the B-Movie Buffet so I watched this.

Now comes the unpleasant part. Actually, when I was watching Jesus Christ Vampire Hunter I thought I was going through the unpleasant part then but when I sat down to write this review I realized that the really unpleasant part was yet to come. Specifically, I had to decide which way to go with this review.

Should I tell the truth? Which, as the truth often does, might hurt—you know, hurt the feelings of the people that made the film. People who more than likely

love B-Movies as much as I do and probably meant well when they set out to make this. Or should I gloss over this film's numerous, glaringly obvious flaws—keeping in mind that I normally love films with glaringly obvious flaws—because there just that aren't that many independent B-Movie makers out there to begin with and we should encourage their existence. I mean, maybe someday the same people will make a movie I enjoy.

Hmmmm. The normal tone of the

magazine would dictate that I rip it to shreds without hesitation but instead I think I'll try to stick to the middle of the road with this one. I will say that, unless you have a real penchant for bad film, I recommend you don't get anywhere near this flick. If you want, you can look at the box cover; that's one of the better parts of the whole package anyway. I will also point out that I was horrified, and I mean that, to see they had a character in the movie named El Santos who wears a silver mask a la the actual Mexican movie/wrestling hero Santo. That's just not cool at all. I mean, if I put a silver mask on the Kommandant does he become Santo? Fuck no! He becomes El Moronico, the best guitar playing bass player the Cosmic Commander's Intergalactic Rockestra has to offer, but that is another story altogether. The very least they could have done is thought up a clever name of their own for their masked crusader like they did for every other character in the movie besides Jesus and the guy in the mask. On the bright side, this does have some funny bits and a wacky doctor who kind of looks like Josh Homme's fat retarded drunk cousin (if you like that sort of thing.) The girls in the movie are pretty cute though, especially Mary Magnum. Anyway, watch if you dare but don't say I didn't warn you.
—Bunny

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