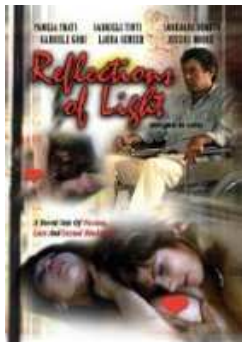


DVD Holocaust



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Reflections of Light



Director: Mario Bianchi (Italy, 1988)

Studio: Sinful Mermaid

Aspect Ratio: 1.33:1

Region: 0

Running Time: 89 minutes

Review posted on 13/06/2009 by Crimson Celluloid

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REVIEW:

Sit back and try to imagine an 80s porno film with all the hardcore sex removed. Now try to imagine a turgid Italian soap opera. Combine that with an atrocious soundtrack, overdone eyebrow acting and a preponderance of zoom shots and you have *Reflections of Light*.

"Accomplished" filmmaker Mario Bianchi (presumably related to Hillside Strangler Ken Bianchi, given the way he strangles the viewer into submission) brings to screen the story of Federico, a talented pianist and composer, who has tragically been left in a wheelchair after the death of his first wife. He is surrounded by the melodramatically dysfunctional family from hell. His sexually frustrated wife Marta, his troubled son Marcello (looking like porn's Jerry Butler with the same acting range) and his secretary-with-lesbian-tendencies Giorgia.

"Sit back and try to imagine an 80s porno film with all the hardcore sex removed. Now try to imagine a turgid Italian soap opera. Combine that with an atrocious soundtrack, overdone eyebrow acting and a preponderance of zoom shots and you have *Reflections of Light*"

Combine these characters in the one environment and you have all the makings of a banner meeting of scenery-chewers anonymous. The wife and the secretary get it on. The husband and wife get it on. The son and his new found girlfriend get it on. The viewer doesn't get aroused. Sure the women are of the bouffant hairdo, voluptuous Italian mode, but despite getting naked together it's some of the most uninspired lesbianism and general sex you'll ever see.

Of interest to DVD HOLOCAUST readers is the casting of Laura Gemser as Federico's late wife Chiara, seen in a couple of flashbacks throughout the film. Aaah, Laura. Queen of the low-budget shitter. Always available to get naked and battle cannibals, wrestle hardcore dykes or, perhaps scariest of all, act alongside Terrence Hill. She's pretty wasted in this role and has one sex scene that isn't up to her usual high-standard, it's hardly likely to inspire vast eruptions of trouser-chowder except in the most depraved individual.

I like to test my bounds and I seldom quit on a film before getting all the way through. But *Reflections* beat me. I quit about three quarters into its running time with no desire to see how it ends. Some may put this down to a lack of professionalism on my part, I prefer to view it as common sense. If you're hitting yourself over the head with a brick it takes a moron to keep doing it once you realise

it hurts.

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