



## The “N” Pages from Nabonga to Nymphs

### NABONGA

(1944 - aka *The Girl & the Gorilla*; *Gorilla*; *Jungle Woman*) dir: Sam Newfield; w/ Buster Crabbe, Barton MacLane, Fifi D’Orsay, Julie London.

In search of an embezzler who escaped across Africa years before, Buster finds instead the crook’s daughter, grown up in the wild jungle with her companion and protector, a killer gorilla. Of course, bad man’s are tracking them down for the stolen money and our jungle babe is perfectly clueless about everything except makeup. It’s a cornball little potboiler that spreads itself out by inserting random stock footage every six seconds. The script itself is just a hasty afterthought and it’s best not to even mention the budget. Buster, however, turns in quite a good performance. Not a whole lot of fun here, but it’s cute enough if you’ve a taste for such things.



### NAIL GUN MASSACRE

(1985) dir: Bill Leslie & Terry Lofton; w/ Rocky Patterson, Ron Queen, Michelle Meyer, Beau Leland. Plenty o’ skin; plenty o’ blood.

Some lady gets raped and then a mysterious figure in a black helmet is hunting folks down with a nail gun -- and that is the entire movie; I didn’t leave a thing out. It’s a micro-budget indie that is actually well filmed, although the sound and acting



are only rudimentary. The script, however, seems to be a vague afterthought; new characters are constantly introduced only to get nailed minutes later as the killer pops off on whoever is handy; meanwhile, the sheriff & coroner stomp around like mannequins and spend all their time proving they don't know the first thing about medicine or police work. And it all takes place in an odd Texas county full of horny men with hairy backs and women who can't keep their clothes on -- obviously a place in desperate need of a wacko with a power tool. With a lot of strippin' & grindin' and plenty of nailing, the movie actually succeeds well on that count, and where the movie fails, it fails quite entertainingly.

## the NAKED CAGE

See the WIP page.

## NAKED EVIL

(1966 - UK) writ & dir: Stanley Goulder; w/ Basil Dignam, Anthony Ainley, Suzanne Neve, Richard Coleman. No skin; no gore.

When two black gangs in England start using Voodoo charms against each other, it ends up involving the Jamaican students at a respectable school -- and then the British guys just strut around acting stuffy a lot. It's well played and the photography is very nice, but it's just a stodgy, thin-blooded suspense flick that sports a vague whiff of real supernatural menace at the very end. Just the sort of thing you'd expect from upper-class filmmakers who think they're really too sophisticated to be slumming in the zombie district. It's like I sat there for 90 minutes waiting to see a movie... and I never got one.

In the late 70's, Sam Sherman (Al Adamson's cohort) got hold of this and made *Exorcism at Midnight*. Using Lawrence Tierney and a few other local actors, he filmed a flimsy bookend involving a psychologist who uses colored lights to evoke suppressed memories. When he is brought a traumatized Jamaican student, it serves as an excuse to run the above movie intact, but under a series of color filters. Thus rendering a film that is not only dull but ugly as sin as well.



## NAKED MASSACRE

(1976 - W. Germany/Canada/France/Italy - aka *Born for Hell*) dir: Denis Heroux; w/ Mathieu Carriere, Debby Berger, Christine Boisson. A little skin; mild gore.

An American GI fresh out from Vietnam is stranded in bomb-torn Belfast whilst having some issues with his



self esteem and sexual identity. So eventually he breaks into a house full of young nurses and slashes them up one by one. Well, the home invasion scene is grim, realistic and suitably tense -- but it stands as the film's sole point of interest and is still just a two dimensional portrayal of psychotic violence (clearly inspired by the Richard Speck murders ten years earlier). The wind-up is long, vague and dull, and the conclusion is merely vague with a last-minute dash of social commentary thrown in. Although it has pretensions to be something more, it is purely a woman-killer exploitation flick with no actual depth. An interesting specimen, but it is neither gutsy enough to be shocking nor literary enough to be thought-provoking, so it just falls between the cracks.

## the NANNY

(1965 - 7 Arts/Hammer) dir: Seth Holt; w/ Bette Davis, Wendy Craig, Jill Bennett, James Villiers.

An emotionally disturbed young boy (in a family full of rich neurotics) thinks his creepy old nanny murdered his little sister. Just precisely what happened and who is the real monster is eked out very slowly by the script. It has a nice atmosphere and there are some spooky bits, but on the whole it takes too much time and unleashes the terrors too late. An interesting flick, but it's a long way from the best of the 1960's "has-been horrors."



## NAUGHTY NYMPHS

(1972 - W. Germany/Switzerland - aka *Blutjung und Liebeshungrig*; *Don't Tell Daddy*; *Passion Pill Swingers*) dir: Franz Antel; w/ Sybill Danning, Eva Garden, Alena Penz, Christiane Maybach. Some skin; no gore.

Poppa is the prudish type and his eldest daughter is just as stern, but the two younger daughters are doing their best to lower the household standards. It's a typically weak-minded sex farce that includes all the usual shenanigans with aphrodisiacs and the women who don't need them. Oddly, it is a bit prudish in that there is only one instance of random sex (and that is sincerely apologized for) and everyone winds up with the fiancé of their choice. The nudity is inadequate for a flick of this type, and the humor is barely adequate (what of it that survives the flat English dubbing job). It's of some use in showing us an early & unexaggerated Sybill, but beyond that, it's barely enough to keep us awake.



## the NAUGHTY STEWARDESSES

(1975 (filmed in '73) – aka *Fresh Air*) dir: Al Adamson; w/ Robert Livingston, Connie Hoffman, Richard Smedley, Donna Desmond. Just a bit o' skin.

Some swinging stewardesses do some, um, naughty stuff. Yup, that's about it for the script. It's a string of lightweight erotic vignettes separated by blindingly dull padding, and then in a belated stab at plot, they throw in the weediest excuse for a kidnapping you'll ever see -- and every scene is stretched to its snapping point. There is just a smidgen of acting talent here, but the characters behave so oddly, this could very well have been filmed in an alternate universe. It's a pleasantly harmless little flick, but far more likely to send you to sleep than get you aroused.

Followed by an equally inane semi-sequel, *Blazing Stewardesses*.



## NAUTILUS

(1998) dir: Rodney McDonald; w/ Richard Norton, Hannes Jaenicke, Miranda Wolfe. No skin; no gore; no excitement.

In the dying world of the 22nd century, an idealistic scientist takes his time-traveling submarine back to 1999 to stop the industrialist who is about to kill the Earth's ecosystem. He winds up facing down ecoterrorists, billionaire businessmen, the U.S. Navy, and one hard-nosed security chief. And somehow it's all really ordinary. The talent is decent and the production values are okay -- but all they really amount to is a lightweight & generic action flick indistinguishable from all the other DTV dreck. The sci-fi gloss and the military stock footage aside, all we've got is a few fist fights, some gunfights, and an explosion or two. Yawn.



## the NAVY vs THE NIGHT MONSTERS

(1966 - aka *Monsters of the Night*; *The Night Crawlers*) writ & dir: Michael E. Hoey; w/ Mamie Van Doren, Anthony Eisley; based on the novel *Monster from Earth's End* by Murray Leinster.

The best word I can apply to this movie is *cute*. Plant specimens from Antarctica grow into acid-spewing man-eating monsters (only at night, to save on special fx), and they spawn babies that look like crawling tree stumps! They nearly destroy a remote island Navy base (that looks suspiciously like southern California). The plot flops around as if they had edited the scenes together in the wrong order, and

it's full of sappy dialogue and pointless & unresolved attempts at character conflict. Most of this flick is played like a bad sitcom -- the first half hour I thought I had stumbled across a lost episode of Petticoat Junction. Oddly, it's partially saved by a surprisingly strong cast. And in true low-budget fashion, they eschew a spectacular final showdown in favor of wiping out the monsters with stock footage of Navy fighter-bombers. It's cute, in a stupid-looking stuffed-toy kind of way.

## NEAR DARK

(1987) dir: Kathryn Bigelow; w/ Lance Henriksen, Adrian Pasdar, Jenny Wright, Tim Thomerson, Bill Paxton.

A sadly under-rated little flick -- vampirism as a disease (both physical and social) and a young man's struggle to rescue himself and his girl from it. The film is almost elevated to big-budget status by Lance Henriksen's chilling portrayal of a homicidal sociopath (leader of the vampire family, of course).

## NECROMANIA

See the Ed Wood page.

## NECRONOMICON (1969)

See Succubus.

## NECRONOMICON (1993)

See the Lovecraft page.

## NECROPOLIS

(1986) Writ & Dir: Bruce Hickey; w/ Leeanne Baker.

A witch from old Salem is reincarnated as a leather biker slut who wanders around terrorizing other reincarnated foes & victims. I really can't believe this thing only had one little bit of skin. It could have been saved by (a lot) more skin. At least then it would have had a purpose. Or if it had a lot of gore, it could have been a splatter flick. Alas, all it has is a low budget, bad acting, and a vague plot that meanders & leaps around until it gets to one of those unsatisfying not-quite-the-end endings. Only MST3K or powerful hallucinogens could make this thing worth watching.

BAD CINEMA DIARY

## NEKROMANTIK

(1987 - Germany) dir: Jörg Buttgerreit; w/ Daktari Lorenz, Beatrice M. Some skin, utterly revolting gore (it's not so much the parts as what they do with them).

Well, first we see scenes of people pissing, people dying, and rabbits being butchered. Then we meet a nice couple that collects spare body parts from traffic accidents. Their love life is spiced up when they have a menage á trois with a half-decayed corpse (they give him a lead pipe for a hard-on). But the girl prefers the dead guy and runs off with the stiff. Our loser is desolate at first, but after bathing in fresh cat guts & killing a prostitute, he finally achieves the ultimate orgasm by disemboweling himself. This sucker is way off the yuckometer scale -- if nothing in this flick makes you squirm, you need therapy. It's not entirely without artistic merit and there are even some funny moments, but for Pete's sake, don't show this to anyone with a sensitive nature (or weak stomach).



## NEMESIS

(1993 - US/Denmark) dir: Albert Pyun; w/ Olivier Gruner, Tim Thomerson, Cary-Hiroyuki Tagawa, Merle Kennedy, Brion James. A tidbit o' skin; mild gore.

A cyborg cop tries to get out of the system but finds himself as humanity's last hope against an evil conspiracy by bad cyborgs to take over the world. Oh, heck, the plot is just an afterthought and it needs a lot of narration to keep the audience following it. What Albert tries to do here is imitate John Woo a little and rip off *Terminator* a lot. The action scenes aren't bad at all, and Tim Thomerson as the baddest android in town is a lot of fun. But Gruner's excitement level is on par with a turnip, the dialogue seems to spill out at random, and the flick never actually makes sense. Mildly amusing, if you're really determined to murder 90 minutes of your time.



## NEON MANIACS

(1985) dir: Joseph Mangine; w/ Allan Hayes, Leilani Sarelle, Donna Locke. No skin; mildest gore.

The necking teens of San Francisco are being slaughtered by mutant killers who dissolve nicely in water; a young girl who loves horror movies helps to sort it all out. A low-budget, low-talent production



that never really goes anywhere -- this thing moves with the speed of a dead worm in a rain puddle -- and is almost as much fun to watch. And at the end... there is no ending nor explanation; the flick just stops as if fully expecting that the fans would demand part two. It appears to be a lame attempt to start a new “cool killers” franchise along the lines of *Puppetmaster*. But since they combine the glacial pacing with a soundtrack full of sweet, gentle bubblegum music, it’s really just a recipe for a room full of snoring people.

## the NEST

(1988 - from a novel by Eli Cantor) dir: Terence Winkless; w/ Robert Lansing, Lisa Langlois. No skin, moderate gore, good sfx.

An average effort -- good cast and production quality, and nowhere near as boring as the eco-disaster movies of the previous decade. It’s a well-done take on a standard formula: renegade scientist produces highly adaptive carnivorous cockroaches that begin devouring the denizens of a small tourist island (northeast coast, my guess). While it’s not a complete waste of time, it’s nothing special, either.

## NEW CRIME CITY: Los Angeles 2020

(1994 -- Roger Corman Presents) dir: Jonathan Winfrey; w/ Rick Rossovich, Stacy Keach, Sherrie Rose, Rick Dean. A little skin (one sim-sex scene).

Um, basically, this is a low-budget *Escape From LA* with different dialogue. The script is weak (particularly the ending), but there’s gobs of action and some real fun performances from the bad guys.

## the NEW CUTEY HONEY

(1994 - Japanime) dir: Yasuchika Nagaoka; created by Go Nagai.

An update of an old series featuring lots of butt-kickin’ and clothes-rippin’ -- Cutey Honey is a transformer cyborg who’s just in time to save the city from a crime wave that makes the Mafia look like a gang of jaywalkers. She can assume a variety of lovely & deadly forms, and best of all, every time she transforms, her clothes explode! Each volume contains two (VHS) or four (DVD) half hour episodes -- most are the usual Anime fireworks, but there’s a heavier dose of unrestrained action than in most similar titles I’ve seen. It’s actually fun (after episode one, my first comment was, “Holy Sh\_t!”). And watching her clothes fly off is nice, too.



## NEW WORLD DISORDER

(1999 - US/Germany) dir: R. D. Spence; w/ Rutger Hauer, Andrew McCarthy, Tara Fitzgerald. No skin; no gore; no thrills.

Well, a violent gang of robbers is ripping off chip-making factories (with Luxembourg standing in quite well for Silicon Valley), and they almost get their hands on a super-encryption program. But a scheming dweeb employee has already ripped it off. So now the bad guys are after the dweeb and the cops are after everybody. But what it really boils down to is an average little buddy-cop thing highlighting the unlikely team of a young, cyber-smart FBI nymphet and a cyber-phobic, over-the-hill (& paunchy) detective. Despite the added weight, Hauer is doing better work here than in many of his recent flicks. Alas, it's not enough to save this movie. During the credits we get to see the robbers preparing for the attack -- they grab fistfuls of bullets out of a box -- and we can clearly see they are blank cartridges. While it would be cute to say that the entire movie is just firing blanks, it would be a bit unfair (but not by much). It has sort of a cutesy TV pilot feel to it, and the cast is decent. But the plot is just paint-by-numbers and the action is sparse, dull, and uses slow-motion to approximate excitement. It doesn't suck, it's just rather sleepy & forgettable.



## the NIGHT CALLER

(1965 - UK - aka *Night Caller from Outer Space*; *Blood Beast from Outer Space*) dir: John Gilling; w/ John Saxon, Maurice Denham, Patricia Haines. No skin; no gore.

The moons of Jupiter need our women! A strange sphere drops onto England and it is followed by a big, ugly spaceman -- this menace from space then... well, actually, he steals a car, sets himself up as a model's agent, and lures young women through the want ads. Okay, that has got to be the flakiest notion for an interplanetary invasion I've ever seen. Sluggish pacing, dull photography, and semi-conscious acting make for a rather dull tale, actually. It's only the alarmingly idiotic script that provides any real amusement.



BAD CINEMA DIARY

## the NIGHT EVELYN CAME OUT OF THE GRAVE

(1971 - Italy) dir: Emilio P. Miraglia; w/ Anthony Steffen, Marina Malfatti. A tidbit o' skin; no gore.

Some rich nutter preys on redheaded loose women -- no, wait, he's not the only nutter in the family and it's an inheritance plot -- no, wait, it's turning into a Gaslight thing -- um, have we forgotten that this guy used to kill people? The scriptwriter was either way too fond of plot twists or he had the attention span of a fruit fly. The plot and editing are so spastic it can be hard to tell if you're watching only one movie. It's cheap, dull, and senseless, and their "showcase" moments amount to a few unimaginative kill scenes. This thing will kill off a few brain cells, but that's about it.



## NIGHTFORCE

(1986) writ & dir: Lawrence D. Foldes; w/ Linda Blair, James Van Patten, Chad McQueen, Richard Lynch, (Cameron Mitchell cameo). A little skin (none of it Linda's); no gore.

Hang on to your hats -- the senator's daughter is kidnapped by greasy South American commies, but the government is helpless, so her five college buddies load their guns & bazookas into a jeep and drive down there to rescue her. With the help of a tough Gringo mercenary (Lynch), they slaughter every terrorist within 100 miles. *Ow*. Say that out loud, and it sounds so stupid it hurts. The sad fact is, the flick looks even dumber than it sounds. The bulk of the flick is astonishingly dull & predictable drivel that takes itself quite seriously. Finally, we get a truly massive shoot-out. The explosions are awfully pretty, but the action's just as moronic as the rest of the movie. See Linda Blair, college girl, get knocked off her horse by a grenade and hit the ground shooting. Of all the cast & crew, only Richard Lynch seems to be aware of how frighteningly stupid this movie is going to be. He actually looks like he's in pain whenever he has to deliver some more corny, clichéd dialogue (I know the movie gave *me* a bellyache). The script is braindead, the acting stinks, and I've seen more realistic action scenes in the Thundercats. However, the film might be of some use at a grad school for psychologists. Mr. Foldes plastered his name all over the credits, proclaiming in bold letters, "A LAWRENCE D. FOLDES FILM." Trying to figure out how any human being could be so proud of such a steaming turd of a movie is certainly worthy of a master's thesis.



## NIGHT HUNTER

(1995) dir: Rick Jacobson; w/ Don “the Dragon” Wilson, Nicholas Guest, Melanie Smith, Ronald Winston Yuan, Cash Casey, Maria Ford. No skin, a little blood.

An interesting concept: the last member of a vampire-hunting family must track down the last remaining vampires, but the L.A. cops only know that some sicko is offing respected citizens. Unfortunately, the script lacks imagination and much-needed humor, and Wilson’s character is just a dour-faced, tight-lipped sort of guy. The fight scenes showed creativity, but they were very tightly edited, and the ! %@\*!! director used the “shaky camera” gimmick to indicate excitement. <yeesh> All in all, it doesn’t stink, but could have been way better, because the cast & locations were quite good.

## NIGHT MONSTER

(1942) prod & dir: Ford Beebe; w/ Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, Ralph Morgan.

A grand hoary old melodrama complete with fog machines on overdrive, creaky doors, and screams in the dark. A crippled old man invites some prominent physicians to his home. Of course, these are all the doctors who failed to help him when he got crippled. And now a mysterious and powerful figure in the fog is strangling them all one by one. The local constable isn’t helped at all by the fact that there is not one person in the household who is not loony, lecherous, or obsessed about something. This would be just another horror/suspense potboiler were it not for an exceptionally fast-paced and fun script with great characters and witty dialogue. This little-known gem is a must-see for fans of vintage suspense.



## the NIGHT OF A THOUSAND CATS

(1972 - Mexico - aka *Blood Feast*) dir: René Cardona, Jr.; w/ Anjanette Comer, Zulma Faiad, Hugo Stiglitz, Christa Linder. Eensy-weensy bit o’ skin; no gore.

A serial killer preys upon lovely ladies -- but he also keeps a pit full of hundreds of feral cats that are fed only upon the flesh of his victims. But to tell the truth, there’s not much movie beyond that. The bulk of it proceeds with little dialogue and even less plot. We just watch this guy stalk & court several ladies until he gets his oh-so-obvious comeuppance. And the cast isn’t guilty of bad acting as much as not acting at all.



It has a few fun elements -- the mute, brutish henchman, the pit of cats -- but it's mostly just an empty movie... and a rather dull one at that.

## NIGHT OF THE BIG HEAT

See *Island of the Burning Doomed*.

## NIGHT OF THE BLOODY APES

(1968 - Mexico - aka *Gomar, the Human Gorilla; Horror & Sex*) writ & dir: Rene Cardona; w/ Jose Elias Moreno, Carlos Lopez Moctezuma, Norma Lazareno. Some skin; some gore, including snippets of actual surgery footage.

The doctor's son is dying of leukemia, so the doctor decides the best treatment is to transplant the heart of a gorilla into him. Alas, this instantly transforms the young man into a muscley, muddy-faced, mutant killer-rapist who runs around in pajama bottoms hitched up to his navel. Realizing his mistake, the doctor swaps the gorilla heart for the heart of a female wrestler -- which instantly transforms the young man into a muscley, muddy-faced, mutant killer-rapist who runs around in pajama bottoms *and* pajama top (the female heart made him more modest, I suppose). Whee-hah -- turgid acting, lady wrestlers, cheap gore, basement laboratories, clumsy rape, eyeball popping, dress ripping, and bad dubbing. This is shameless exploitation cinema of the first order. It's a riot -- even the boring bits are a heckler's paradise.



## NIGHT OF THE DEMON

(1983 -- not to be confused with *Night of the Demons* ) dir: James C. Wasson; w/ Michael J. Cutt, Joy Allen, Bob Collins, Jodi Lazarus, Richard Fields, Melanie Graham. A little skin, some cheap, but explicit, gore.

A professor & students journey to the backwoods in search of bigfoot, only to find a murderous yeti & a wacko satanic cult. A low-budget, amateurish, and really bad flick, but it's good for yucks. The script totally lacks logic, and if this isn't the creators' first film, it must be their first horror film. The gruesome death scenes are overdone to the point where they're almost comical. It's a hash of footage of widely varying quality -- buried among the schlock is a terrific portrait of a psycho backwoods preacher & his unfortunate daughter (who gets raped by bigfoot -- when the prof digs up the baby's skeleton to determine if it was indeed a crossbreed, he announces "Yes, it is bigfoot!" while the camera is showing plainly the tiny coffin containing one horse skull). Although ripe for heckling, this flick

was made with either such callous disregard for competence or such a cynical disrespect for the audience, I felt like I needed a shower after watching it.

## NIGHT OF THE DEMON

See also Curse of the Demon.

## NIGHT OF THE GHOULS

See the Ed Wood page.

## NIGHT OF THE GRIZZLY

(1966) dir: Joseph Pevney; w/ Clint Walker, Martha Hyer, Keenan Wynn, Nancy Kulp, Jack Elam, Ron Ely.

Sheriff Clint hangs up his star and takes his family out to the wild west to settle down to a peaceful life as a rancher -- except he just moved in next door to the orneriest grizzly bear in the west. Toss in the batty locals, a greedy land baron, and an old enemy gunslinger, and you've got a rather nice little horse opera, even though the grizzly is just a minor plot device to keep things moving. As a grizzly attack movie, it doesn't even rate, but as a fun little family flick, it's darn good. The landscape is pretty, the plot moves well, and there's a passel of fun exaggerated western characters.



## NIGHT OF THE LEPUS

(1972) dir: William F. Caxton; w/ Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh, Rory Calhoun, DeForest Kelly. No skin; no gore.

An attempt to halt a rabbit plague in Arizona backfires and all of a sudden we get gargantuan fluffy-bunnies bouncing all over. They've grown to the size of Volkswagens and prefer to munch on townsfolk rather than turnips. We learn to fear their approach by the sound of their thump-thumping feet and their bloodthirsty growls. The sensitive scientist, the crusty sheriff and the National Guard team up to save the town from the menace of cute, bouncy man-eaters. No, it's not a parody, and yes, they actually expect us to swallow that. The effects in this are alarmingly cheap and mostly consist of crude film splicing (show the actor grimacing, show a closeup of an ordinary bunny, repeat). And then there's brave Janet Leigh, confirming her has-been status, waving a road-side flare and pretending to fend off a horde of



giant killer bun-buns. The flick is irredeemably stupid, but that does lend it a certain charm.

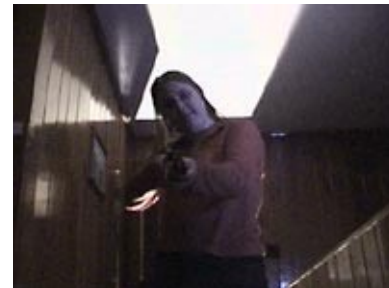
## NIGHT OF THE SILICATES

See Island of Terror.

## NIGHT OF THE SNAKEHEAD FISH

(2002) writ, prod & dir: Richard A. Lester; w/ Charity Mulder, Julia Finch, Lacy Norman, Jeremy Blankenship. No skin; no gore.

A few teenagers at a cabin by the lake learn too late that the land-crawling snakehead fish is a danger to far more than just the ecosystem. This is a dime-budget indie with barely adequate photography & sound and somewhat less than adequate acting. But the flick's real problem is a writer/director with delusions of being a writer/director. He obviously cares not at all about the fish-attack thing, but does put a good deal of effort into long scenes of teenagers talking about their lives & loves. *Bleh.* After 40 minutes of padding (in a 54 minute movie), we finally get to the scenes of terror that are nothing more than a little running and screaming, a few lame film jokes, and special fx that amount to a blurry camera and a glimpse of an inflatable shark toy. If you must make movies this devoid of content, go to Hollywood.



## NIGHT VISION (1997)

See the Cynthia Rothrock page.

## NIGHTMARE CASTLE

(1965 - Italy - aka *Lovers Beyond the Tomb; Night of the Doomed; Faceless Monster; Orgasmo*) dir: Allen Grunewald (actually Mario Caiano); w/ Barbara Steele, Paul Müller, Helga Liné. No skin, no gore.

Okay, concentrate now -- mad scientist murders his rich but unfaithful wife (and her lover). Oops, she left all her money to her half-loony sister. So the mad scientist marries the sister, but his first wife's ghost is interfering with his plans to drive his second wife full-loony. Meanwhile, the mad scientist's housemaid & mistress is getting a lot younger thanks to his mad experiments and exactly where that fits into the plot I have no idea. Although moderately amusing, this thing has a clumsy, unfinished, and almost amateurish feel to it. The cast & sets are good, and the ending gets a



little kinky and a lot weird. However, the directing & photography are uninspired and the script lurches and stumbles. And a half-baked English dubbing job doesn't help, either. Don't get me wrong, it is certainly worth watching for fans of Steele or Italian Gothic, but it fails its aspirations and only ranks as a second-rate might-have-been.

## NIGHTMARE CIRCUS

(1973 - aka *Barn of the Naked Dead*; *Terror Circus*) dir: Alan Rudolph; w/ Andrew Prine, Manuella Thiess, Sherry Alberoni, Gyl Roland. No skin; no gore; no class.

A lunatic animal trainer decides that the greatest circus act would be a troupe of trained women; so he lures hitchhikers & tourists to his secluded desert home and chains them up in the barn and tries to train them as if they were wild lions. Not only that, but he has a pet cougar and a pet atomic mutant to take care of trouble-makers. Okay, there are some cute, if rather mixed-up, ideas here, and the acting is at least enthusiastic (hard-working TV veteran Prine really digs into his role as the fruitcake). But the sound is bad, the script is a meandering mess that never really does go anywhere, and the photography simply sucks. In the end, it seems to be just a low-budget celebration of female degradation dressed up with a few drive-in exploitation gimmicks. Vaguely amusing, but far from satisfying.



## NIGHTMARE HOUSE

See *Scream*, *Baby*, *Scream*.

## NIGHTMARE WEEKEND

(1985) dir: H. Sala; w/ Debbie Laster, Dale Midkoff, Debra Hunter, Lori Lewis. A little bit o' skin; a little blood.

I have a problem -- it's real hard to describe this movie without sounding like I was stoned out of my gourd when I watched it. Swear to God I was sober; here goes... This guy's necklace turns into a silver ball and rips his face off, then there's some girls talking, and then there's some guys at a bar, and there's a kindly scientist who's developed a computer that turns ordinary objects into silver balls that jump down test animals' throats and cures them of psychoses, then it's back to the bar for awhile, but then the scientist's two-timing bitch of an assistant is selling him out to some rich guy so she invites some school girls to a mansion where she uses the technique on them and they start going crazy and their faces start falling off, then the scientist's daughter has a robot puppet who



programs a computer to blow up whoever threatens her but then she falls in love with the bitch's henchman who turns out to be a nice guy, and then some guy dies because his girlfriend's panties jump down his throat and gag him. And after that, it stops making any sense at all. It appears the filmmakers just put on film whatever seemed cool at the moment and then spliced the bits together and called it a movie. If you don't believe my description of the movie, I can't really blame you -- I just watched the damned thing and I don't believe it myself.

## the NIGHTS OF TERROR

See Burial Ground

## 1990: THE BRONX WARRIORS

(1982 - Italy) dir: Enzo G. Castellari; w/ Vic Morrow, Christopher Connelly, Fred Williamson, Mark Gregory. No skin; no gore.

In 1990, the Bronx is a lawless zone ruled by a ruthless biker gang led by a muscley pretty-boy with jeans so tight his butt looks like a pair of Tupperware bowls. A violent mercenary is sent in to bring back a poor little rich girl who ran away. Yup, it's a week-kneed (and agonizingly slow) Italian take on *Escape from New York*. But this version has vicious roller skaters, brutal gangs of tap dancers, a cast of actors who could be mistaken for a lumber yard, clumsy fight scenes, a lot of standing around looking cool, and some "poignant" moments that may cause instantaneous projectile vomiting in viewer's who've been drinking too much. Fred Williamson has no shame; he goes along with the silliness; but poor Vic Morrow swings between overacting and what appears to be clinical depression. Yes, there's some jaw-dropping stupidity in this one, but you have to be willing to sit through all the boring bits and the eyeball-clawing attempts at high drama <twitch>.



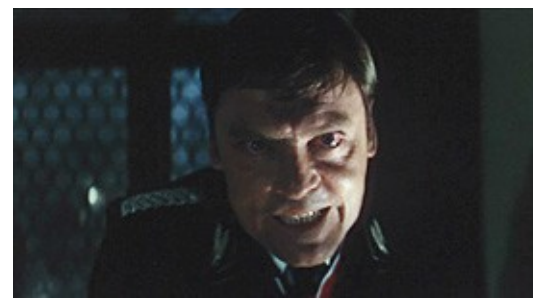
## 99 WOMEN

See the Women in Prison pages.

## the NINTH CONFIGURATION

(1980) writ, prod & dir: William Peter Blatty; w/ Stacy Keach, Scott Wilson, Jason Miller, Ed Flanders, Neville Brand, (Richard Lynch bit). No skin; no gore.

A new military psychiatrist takes charge of an asylum full of comical crazies, but finds himself



struggling with his own mental and spiritual balance. And then he sets out to prove the existence of God. Ooookay. Well, Blatty can certainly come up with some great visuals, but let's face it; the script is absurd and pretentious. Yes, the photography is good and the cast is outstanding; but the humor was infinitely better when we first saw it on M\*A\*S\*H, and the film's central arguments, both religious and psychological, have less intellectual merit than the average shampoo commercial. This gives every indication of being a "serious" movie, but it comes off more like a joke in extraordinarily bad taste. Or perhaps it was merely intended for people with the philosophical depth of a Hallmark card.

(Yes, I know -- some people are impressed by this flick and it won a Golden Globe for best screenplay. It's still shallow.)

## NO CONTEST

(1994) dir: Paul Lynch; w/ Shannon Tweed, Robert Davi, Andrew (Dice) Clay, Roddy Piper. No skin, a little blood.

Terrorists invade a beauty pageant (!?) and take the finalists hostage. Sadly for them, they also seize the hostess, a former pageant winner and star of Kung Fu action flicks. Of course, she breaks loose and kicks butt. <yawn> To be fair, this is vastly superior to the very similar *Face the Evil*. The script, although silly in spots, is passable enough to be exciting and there are some terrific characters. Clay and Piper, in particular, make wonderful comic-book bad guys. It is the unexciting and unconvincing choice to cast Tweed as the action star (as well as her lackluster action scenes) that make the downfall of this flick. Again, being fair, it isn't entirely Tweed's fault – her character is flat and her fight scenes are clumsy & short.

## NO ESCAPE

(1994 - filmed in Australia - aka *Escape from Absolom*) dir: Martin Campbell; w/ Ray Liotta, Lance Henriksen, Stuart Wilson, Kevin Dillon. No skin; mild gore.

In the future, the most violent and incorrigible prisoners are dumped on a remote island and left to fend for themselves. The tough new guy ends up caught between the nasty cannibal tribe and the Sweetness & Light tribe. This is a decent sort of stupid movie, kind of. On the one hand, the budget is respectable, there are some very good action scenes, and the cast is an outstanding group that has a lot of fun with some terrific characters. On the other, they spend a lot of time on smarmy philosophizin' & pointless subplots. The plot is predictable, paper thin & completely implausible, and the only truly exciting characters are the bad guys. But if you crank your expectations down a few notches, this can be some good fun.



## NO RETREAT, NO SURRENDER

(1985 - aka *Karate Tiger*) dir: Corey Yuen; w/ Kurt McKinney, J. W. Fails, Ron Pohnel, (Jean-Claude van Damme in a bit).

A young karate student gets beaten up a lot, until he gets personal lessons from the ghost of Bruce Lee (nope, sorry, I'm not kidding). And then he ends up in a death match with the Mafia when they try taking over all the karate schools. Yah, right, lotsa money to be made there. We got wretched acting, boring subplots, but the fight scenes were awfully damn good. It's a shame they're embedded in a pathetic adolescent soap opera. They gave this a PG rating, but it looks for all the world like it was directed at the grade school crowd.

## NO RETREAT, NO SURRENDER 2

See the Cynthia Rothrock page.

## NO RETREAT, NO SURRENDER 3: Blood Brothers

(1990) dir: Lucas Lo; w/ Loren Avedon, Keith Vitali, Joseph Campanella, Rion Hunter. No skin; a little blood.

Well, our Kickboxing Kid is back in the States, and it turns out he hates his older brother (probably because he's a really bad actor). But when their ex-CIA dad is assassinated, they have to team up to take down the bad guys. This one tries for humor in spots, but it also tries way to hard to look "tough & deadly". Mostly it just looks like a suspicious stool sample. Long stretches of boring attempts at drama are punctuated by some frenetic fight scenes, although the action is too contrived and metronomic to be really commendable. However, if you have a cruel streak, you might get some jollies by making fun of Vitali's efforts at acting.

## NOSFERATU (1922)

See the Silent Movie page.

## NOSFERATU THE VAMPYRE

(1979 - German/French - aka *Nosferatu, Phantom der Nacht*) prod, writ, & dir: Werner Herzog; w/ Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, Bruno Ganz. No skin; no gore.

This is a curious remake that spends way more effort on atmosphere than plot. There's so much atmosphere, in fact, that it sometimes borders on surreal (and occasionally comical). The events proceed very slowly, but there's plenty of terrific photography and spooky images to fill the time. However, Kinski's Dracula is more of a creepy schmuck than an overpowering menace, and the flick isn't really



scary. It's still worth watching, and for more than just the evocative imagery and subtle humor. Although it starts out as a traditional remake of the Dracula play (borrowing F. W. Murnau's interpretation, of course), it introduces a few cute twists. Not the least of which has Lucy replacing Van Helsing as the vampire-hunting savior.

## NOTHING BUT THE NIGHT

(1972 - UK - aka *The Devil's Undead*; *The Resurrection Syndicate*) dir: Peter Sasdy; w/ Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing, Diana Dors, Georgia Brown. No skin; no gore.

The trustees of an elite boarding school are being murdered -- could it be the fuming mad mother of one of the girls? This thing spends a long time being a dreary little suspense flick and at the very end tosses in a suggestion of wicked brain surgery and killer children. However, it is too little and far too late to save us from boredom. The sluggish British pacing and a quite badly crafted script sink this one before it has a chance to begin; Cushing and Lee are utterly wasted in roles that could have been adequately played by community theater rejects. Duller than dirt.



## NOWHERE LAND

(1999) dir: Rupert Hitzig; w/ Peter Dobson, Dina Meyer, Martin Kove. No skin, no nothin'.

This flick bills itself as “gun-toting lady versus the mob” but it really goes more like: some Wise Guy turns federal witness, some lady (who happens to be a firearms instructor) gets sent into hiding with him for no real reason, and they both get set up for a couple of “quaint” mob hitmen characters (and this takes a good hour), then finally Dina Meyer gets to shoot her gun a little and all the predictable, unexciting stuff happens. The cast is fair to good, and the production values are decent, but the script is a dead bore. Although it has the gloss of an action flick, this is really just a miserably failed attempt at a character drama. Nowhere movie with a nowhere title.

## NUDE FOR SATAN

(1974 - Italy) writ & dir: Paolo Solvay (aka Luigi Batzella); w/ Rita Calderoni, James Harris, Renato Lupi, Iolanda Mascitti. Lotsa skin; no gore.

A couple of travelers are stranded at the most obviously haunted house I've ever seen -- they



meet their doppelgangers from a previous era who mistake them for their own lovers -- and ladies' clothes fall off real easy -- ooh, and then a lady gets whipped -- um, then there's the fakiest looking spider menacing another lady's boob. Urg... if that doesn't make sense to you right now, don't worry -- by the end of this movie, your brain won't be able to make sense of anything any more. It's a staggeringly slow movie at times, but on the other hand, this loopy flick is the cinematic version of climbing into the clothes dryer -- there's illogical nonsense in place of an actual plot, the dialogue is mixed-up philosophizing about time and space, and to keep things from flowing along too smoothly, there's screwy dream sequences (I would complain that they have nothing to do with the plot, but since there's no plot...). On the plus side, naked ladies pop out of nowhere for no reason at all, and there are some laughably gratuitous and wonderfully cheesy nudie-horror scenes that exist solely for the sake of their imagery. An utterly classic example of unashamed sleaze that almost certainly wasn't created by sober minds -- and probably shouldn't be viewed that way, either.

## NUDE ON THE MOON

(1962 - aka *Girls on the Moon; Moondolls*)

dir: Anthony Brooks (actually Doris Wishman, who also scripted & produced); w/ Marietta, William Mayer, Lester Brown. Lots o' skin.

Two half-baked rocket scientists (working in a high school lab) build a rocket and fly to the moon, which turns out to be a nice garden spot full of half-naked people. And for the rest of the film, they just stand around watching the topless ladies frolic. As nudie cuties go, this one is rather dull and poorly photographed -- plus, the women are only half naked. To make up for that, the abysmally low production values are good for quite a few laughs. Most notably, the astronauts are garbed in the most pathetic excuses for spacesuits ever put on film. They wear -- I'm not exaggerating here -- long-johns, Howdy Doody cowboy boots, rubberized gloves, plastic Halloween-costume jet pilot helmets, and some vest-armor thingies probably also from some off-the-rack Halloween costume. I nearly fell out of my chair when they first appeared on screen.



## NUDIST COLONY OF THE DEAD

(1991) writ & dir: Mark Pirro; w/ Deborah Stern, Tony Cicchetti, (Forry Ackerman cameo). A teeny bit o' skin; a little gore.

When the local nudist camp is shut down by narrow-minded bible-wavers, the dedicated nudists kill themselves rather than leave. And when the church takes over the land, there's undead naked zombies out for revenge on the zealots. And it's all a musical farce done on a budget that might buy dinner for four in New York. What's even more amazing is that it's a *good* musical farce. The cast is terrific, the songs are actually good, and it's even quite funny -- so long as you don't mind the obscene lyrics and vulgar parodies of religious fundamentalists (if you're a church-goer who is not easily offended... this will still probably offend you -- they worked real hard at that). But if you can appreciate a good joke and don't mind some entrails with your slapstick, this is a terrific little flick.



## NYMPHOID BARBARIAN IN DINOSAUR HELL

(1997 -- another Troma-Team disappointment) writ & dir: Brett Piper; w/ Linda Corwin, Paul Guzzi, Alex Pirnie. One ittsy-bittsy flash o' boob.

Young girl in leather bikini seeks love in a post-apocalyptic nightmare world. The fact that this film has no nudity is a felony violation of the universal laws of filmmaking. The tale is slow & plotless, and there is only one saving grace: the psuedo-dino monsters, a mix of giant puppets and stop-motion animation, are really a lot of fun & quite nostalgic for Harryhausen fans. Watch it for the critters & outlandish costumes, but don't harbor any hopes that this film will be funny, sexy, or action-packed.

## NYMPHS ANONYMOUS

(1968) dir: Manuel S. Conde; w/ (no one who would give their real name). Lotsa skin; no gore.

A frustrated housewife joins a secret league of ladies dedicated to conquering the world through sex -- meanwhile, they supply an endless stream of compliant males for their ladies' satisfaction. But her husband takes exception and starts shooting the gigolos -- then becomes a gigolo himself -- sort of. This is a silly softcore farce that does appear to have had a script at one point. That notion, however, was not shared with the editor, who spliced the repetitive scenes together in a



nearly random order. But what the heck, it serves to string together a whole mess of naked broads (going through the usual gimmicks to avoid showing pubic hair, to stay within the legal lines of the era), which was really the only point of the flick anyhow. It's a harmless enough nudie cutie if you're up for some nostalgia.

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Icon Glossary:



**Good Stinker** -- These are the films where a good deal of the entertainment comes from filmmaking incompetence; fun to watch in spite of themselves.



**Goopy Gore** -- These films exhibit distinctly above-normal quantities of unpleasantly abused body parts.



**Naughty Nudie** -- Films with this flag feature frequent and/or explicit nudity (almost always female) beyond that normally found in your average T&A flick.



**Butt Stompin'** -- These films feature at least one superior violent fight or shootout scene that will get the testosterone pumping.



**Gold Star** -- These are the flicks that I felt reached above their expectations or at least pleasantly surprised me; they may not always be actually good flicks, but I did find something in them worthwhile.



**Blue Max Medal of Really Goodness** -- These are flicks that I not only enjoyed, but I think are actually quite good films (not always the same thing).



**Lethal Cinema** -- These wretched viewing experiences go beyond being merely bad to become genuine sources of pain and regret; they should be avoided by all but the most masochistic trash cinema veterans. Don't say I didn't warn you.