



Killing Time

ISSUE TWO
AUTUMN 2005
TWO PAGES

...why we love Rob
...zombie fatigue
...meet the directors
...a week doing Jack
...Chan-wook Park preview
...mourn the death of Pinhead

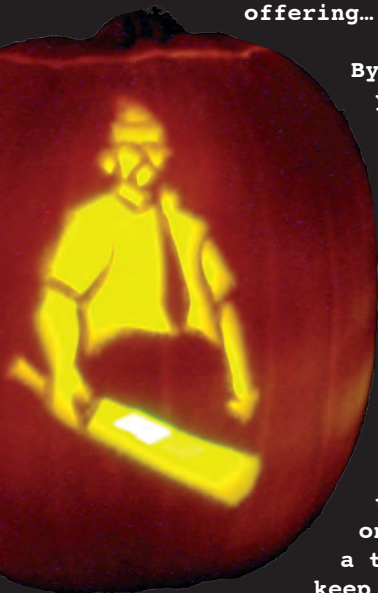
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Right. We're back with the tricky second issue and we've been putting in the work to score a Franz Ferdinand of a return and not to mail in a lame duck Athlete offering... but enough of the music metaphors we're here to talk movies.

By the time you get your mitts on this injection of *Killing Time* you'll have lived through another Halloween and already be getting sick of the pre-Christmas drivel that creeps out as soon as the nights draw in. And talking of the season of the witch and the season of goodwill and drivel - there's a remake of Bob Clarke's proto-Halloween stalk 'n' slash classic Black Christmas on the way... great news, huh?

But while remakes continue to roll off the Hollywood conveyor belt, at least there is some new stuff coming out from indie house studios. *Killing Time* met two very different directors, one a kid from Texas the other a thirtysomething from Scotland: keep reading and you'll find out who they are and what they're doing.

But what are we doing telling you what's in this issue - what aren't you just reading it? GO!



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TIME

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KILLING TIME

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DUE TO THE SPECIFIC AND HORRIFIC NATURE OF THIS FANZINE
THIS AREA IS NOT GRAPHICALLY ILLUSTRATED TO AVOID
OFFENCE

NOT RECOMMENDED FOR PERSONS
UNDER 18 YEARS OF AGE



Backpacking bogeymen

That high-pitched sound you can hear is the Eli Roth fan club squealing with delight. After screening at the Toronto Film Festival back in September, Lions Gate announced that Roth's follow up to Cabin Fever will get a stateside release on January 6. While there's no news on a UK release date, the MPAA showed maturity by making minimal cuts which could well bode well for its treatment at the BBFC.

Plotwise Eli himself has told fans to steer clear of press coverage and so, in respect to one of the freshest and bloodiest talents on the scene, we'll say no more than it concerns the exploits of two US backpackers who stumble into an Eastern Europe nightmare at a hostel that doesn't appear in the YHA 'must see' list.

Good top fifty list shocker

Hats off to the guys at Total Film whose stab at a top 50 horror movies of all time (*TF:108*) elevated above the usual 'advert in disguise' mess that many of these lists turn out to be.

Among the usual suspects were scattered a few choice bloodfests usually too left field for such WHSmith shelf-filling fare. Fulci's *The Beyond* crept into the number 49 slot followed by everyone's favourite corpse-canoodling porno *Nekromantic* – not exactly one you'll find in the latest twoferone promo down HMVirgin. Igmar Bergman's *Hour of the Wolf* howled in at 48, while Craven's post-Nam reimagining of *The Virgin Spring*, *Last House on the Left*, didn't even get a sniff.

Brit-talent shone through in Neil Marshall's *The Descent* at 44, though *Killing Time* reckons it'll creep up the charts over the next few years. But how *Switchblade Romance*, aka *Haute Tension*, managed to get to 23 is pure PR drivel if you ask us.

With stalk and slash daddy Mario Bava's *Bay of Blood* in at number 28, depressingly the list could end up pinned to the walls of lazy studio fatcats looking for the next classic to remake. They'll have to look further than the top ten though as eight have already been done, a ninth was touted as a Brian De Palma project a few years back and is now rumoured to be getting the US television remake treatment (*Rosemary's Baby*), and the tenth? Well the tenth is *Cannibal Holocaust* so we should be safe on that score at least. As for the remaining 40 flicks: Cross off the ones already done, tick the one's currently in reimagining hell and highlight those

courting remake rumour...there's a few left. Here's their ten for you to deliberate: 10: *Cannibal Holocaust*; 9: *Don't Look Now*; 8: *Rosemary's Baby*; 7: *The Wicker Man*; 6: *Psycho*; 5: *The Shining*; 4: *Dawn of the Dead*; 3: *Suspiria*; 2: *Halloween*; 1: *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*.

When pagans go bad

Oh, God! Oh, Jesus Christ! Oh, my God! Christ! No, no, dear God! No Christ! No, no.' Edward Woodward's performance as Sergeant Howie in Brit thriller-horror *The Wicker Man* is the stuff of legend – a defining moment in the genre – but by next summer he'll have competition if Hollywood has anything to do about it.

Of all the remakes shuffling their way along the conveyor belt Neil Labute's take on the tale of Scottish occult is one of the most obscure. As a film and theatre writer/director Labute's proved he knows how to shape terrifying social situations but the psychologically evil city-boys and socialites of *In the Company of Men* and *Your Friends and Neighbors* are a far cry from the pagan terrors of Robin Hardy's freakish harvest festival. So, when you think that the policeman is no longer a

virgin, Lord Summerisle is now a woman and that the action has been relocated to the states and there's a side story about bee sting allergies, it makes sense that Hardy has kicked up something of a stink.

In an interview with *The Scotsman* Hardy waxed cynical about what's been done and claimed he's demanded his name is removed from the publicity material. The very notion that this seventies hippy-horror is being remade after having been so rudely dragged backwards through the bushes by its distributors British Lion Film sounds like the plot of a horror film in itself. Various cuts of the movie exist with Anchor Bay's extended version the closest to Hardy's cut, though rumours still abound that there is further footage somewhere under the M3, sent off to a landfill site by the disgruntled distributors who axed two hours down to 87 minutes.

Still, Hardy is managing to get some good publicity for his long-time-coming movie *May Day*, originally titled *The Riding of the Laddie*. By all accounts a rehash of some of the paganistic ideas he threw into *The Wicker Man* Hardy's got Christopher Lee on board and hobbit boy Sean Austin. Promising?

But in the meantime, with Nic Cage having turned in a few wooden performances recently maybe he's just the right choice to go up in flames.

Reckless remaking #132

After doing so much to revive Hollywood's passion for horror in the nineties it looked like the formidable Weinsteins planned to do more of the same after selling Miramax to the big eared mouse. However, while the Tarantino/Rodriguez two-hander *Grindhouse* looks like a burst of life to old fashioned portmanteau terror, the news that the brothers grim are still planning a remake of John Carpenter's *Halloween* isn't so welcome. According to a report in the *New York Times* the boys came away from their severance deal with Disney clasp onto the Dimension name and with their claws in the sequel rights to a potential 15 franchise projects... Not news that bodes well for a new phase in original fright films anytime soon.

Ravin' Craven

Rumors persist of a fourth entry in the *Scream* franchise. However, since pulling in the crowds with his in-flight thriller *Red Eye*, and crossing swords with the aforementioned Weinsteins during

Cursed, Wes Craven is unlikely to have much to do with it. As well as overseeing Alexandre Aja's remake of *The Hills Have Eyes* he's been chatting with old friend Sean Cunningham and is apparently set to remake *The Last House on the Left*... But with the unofficial remake *Chaos* doing the circuits on the US horror scene is there really much need?

Read by dawn

Scottish scarefest darling Adele Hartley is celebrating the 13th birthday of her horror movie festival *Dead by Dawn* next year with the publication of an anthology of fan-written terror tales with Ramsey Campbell as host author.

Adele wants narratives that leave the reader unsettle, vulnerable and challenged: 'I want stories that break barriers people didn't know they had, stories that make the ordinary seem threatening, stories which ruin daily things for people.' The rules are simple enough. Send your stories of around 5,000 words to Adele before 15 December and if yours makes the grade you'll get a snip at the royalties and your work in print. To find out more email her at info@deadbydawn.co.uk





ROB ZOMBIE

As a straight man living a straight life with my straight girlfriend what I'm about to tell you shouldn't come naturally... but it does. In fact, it is with no shame whatsoever that I proclaim "I love Rob Zombie". So why this heterosexual infatuation?

For starters, Rob's story doesn't need clichéd "sex, drugs and rock'n'roll" embellishments. Born Robert Cummings on 12 January 1966 in Massachusetts, childhood experiences of travelling with his family as part of a carnival troupe planted the seeds of imagination that would blossom in later life. The influences of this bizarre world are seen throughout his creative career. But it was his adoration of television and drive-through culture that most influenced him and with his brother Michael (later known as Spider 1) he shared a particular love of horror and sci-fi. And from this sensual diet was born the man of my dreams: Rob Zombie as we now know him.

Enviably living the dream Rob moved to New York to find an outlet for his twisted mind. While there he briefly worked in design, the porn industry and as a producer on Pee Wee Herman's Playhouse until he decided to form a band. Named after the old Bela Lugosi flick, White Zombie combined the theatrics of Kiss, the groove of Black Sabbath and grit of Ministry, all themed on zombies, extra-terrestrials and evil clowns on LSD. Highlights of my hero's career included redecorating the MTV studio and self-financing 12 pages of Rob's artwork for 1995's Astro Creep album after their record label only agreed to four. You've gotta love the guy, I mean there's too many talents not to! Rob got involved in numerous collaborations from animating the hallucination scene from Beavis and Butt Head Do America, to developing self-parodying action figures with Todd McFarlane, releasing his Spookshow International comics and even dueting with Alice Cooper, Howard Stern and (most unbelievably) Lionel Richie. On top of this he directed all of his own promos. The video to "I'm Your Boogiemán" brought him to the attention of movie executives who asked him to pen the next Crow sequel. The project moved excruciatingly slowly and was eventually rejected for being too unconventional.

But the big man's big chance came when MGM/Universal gave him \$5 million to make his debut feature, House of 1000 Corpses - his homage to Texas Chainsaw Massacre and Last House on the Left. Unfortunately, Universal were not prepared to release the movie fearing that it would not sit comfortably with modern audiences used to being fed bland reworkings of reliable formulae - the McDonalds of the movie industry. Eventually the film was released by Lions Gate who also financed this year's sequel, The Devil's Rejects, a disturbing 70's influenced thriller.

Everything about Rob screams that he is totally engrossed in the darker side of culture. A man who constantly strives to take the next evolutionary step, both in his creative output and the sheer breadth of his endeavours. His sense of experimentation and unpredictability leaves fans expectant for what's coming next. Rob Zombie's Blood'n'Guts pasta sauce anyone?

So yeah, there are also more mundane reasons why I love him. His image, his trophy wife, his calm yet absorbing demeanour, his soft hands.....

I am straight, I am straight. Am I straight?



After seeing

Wolf Creek

the voices told me

never to drink in

a Walkabout bar again

even on 2 for 1 night



Killing Time: You're not alone



Some nights the zzzz's of my slumber spell the word zombie. I dream of being raised on a breast-fed diet of Fulci's flesh-munching creatures. Of a childhood spent charging through local woods picking off wandering undead wretches. And of teenage years preparing an army to take back my planet from the crowds of creeping corpses. I'm the kind of guy that's deadly jealous of the kid Derren Brown duped into starring in his own House of the Dead nightmare. I tell you this so you'll understand how hard it is to admit that I'm feeling the onset effects of zombie fatigue...



For every three horror movies that come along, at least one seems to be populated by a cast that's risen from the dead – and we're not just talking about z-grade actors here. Where ten years ago the closest you'd get to zombies in the multiplex were the bored kids selling you over-priced popcorn, now you'll find the place over-run

BLAND OF THE DEAD

by the undead on a bi-monthly basis.

Ever since Danny Boyle did the unthinkable and drew in UK and US audiences with his lo-fi flick 28 Days Later, enraged undead types have been on the lips of all the major studios. While strictly speaking Boyle's breed of no-brainers were not bona fide zombies – check out the fanboy forums if you fancy getting into an argument on 'infection' versus zombification – he more than proved that the lack of a pulse can be box office gold.

Hot on the heels of 28 Days was the slicked up Dawn of the Dead redux: Opinion remains split. Some saw it as a clever, socially aware attempt at updating a dated movie that suffers from some slow pacing and jarring humour vs. hardcore gore. Others saw it as a cheap cash-in based on a bunch of flesh-hungry dead guys running around, flouting every 'zombie law' under the sun, and yet another example of the way horror

is bent out of shape to get the box-office buck.

But once again the bucks rolled in, leaving the red carpet open for more zombie-themed seat-fillers. Ireland's Dead Meat, Thailand's SARS Wars, the laughable Day of the Dead 2: Contagium, a planned remake of 1985's Day of the Dead, bat-zombie combo The Roost, Doom's spacebeast-zombies, the big yin Billy Connelly himself in Canada's Fido, a remake of Romero's The Crazies... And that doesn't even begin to look at the two disc special edition DVD reissues of older titles. If the lovingly made rom-zom-com Shaun of the Dead wasn't able to put super strength nails in the coffin, it's unlikely the studios will give up anytime soon.

So why, in the midst of this rotting renaissance, would a Romero-romanticist, a Fulci-fetishist and even a Mattei-apologist like myself stand up and walk away? Perhaps it's the fact that your average 21st century zombie just isn't interested in his roots. Legends of the dead crawling from their graves to walk again were ripe in the age when intrepid, white explorers first put foot on far-flung lands like the island of Haiti. In these exotic worlds populated by the black man and his strange ways studies like the 1927 book Magic Island, written by anthropologist-come-man-of-letters William Seabrook, exposed a world of mindless, expressionless men put to

work in sugar plantations for days on end at the behest of voodoo practicing masters.

This macabre, but strangely romantic, folklore describes first-blood zombies as the lackeys of voodoo priests. These men of the black arts would visit their victims while they slept with murderous plans in mind. Having sucked the souls from their victims through the keyhole of the home the poor dupe would fall ill, only to collapse days later leaving a relative sized hole in another family. But, as midnight struck on the day of their burial the evil voodoo vendor would weave their spell and call back the dead

man's spirit from the next world. Back on Earth the spirit would found its way back to the body it once inhabited and was transformed into a puppet slave, reanimated to fulfil every dastardly deed that.

Why, in the midst of this rotting renaissance, would a Romero-romanticist and Fulci-fetishist stand up and walk away?

For cinematic nods take a look at the once lost then rediscovered White Zombie, the inspiration behind Rob Zombie's rock output. In this 1932 flick Bela Lugosi comes face-to-face with the ultimate non-unioned workforce, an employee list of possessed partisans forced to keep the wheels of a mill turning for their grand master. Follow this with a dose of 1943's thriller-cum-romantic-drama I Walked With a Zombie where one of horror's early masters, Jacques Tourneur, spun a Caribbean yarn. If you fancy something a bit closer to home you could do a



lot worse than pick up Hammer's Plague of the Zombies (1968) where you'll get a another true taste of zombies as a tool of The Man, this time as the less-than-minimum-wage miners digging for tin.

But that was then and all things considered, it's been sometime since we last got a zombie flick that harked back to these legends. Aside from Fulci's 1979 magnum opus Zombie Flesh Eaters, no filmmaker has seen fit to reference the Caribbean connection since Wes Craven's mixed bag The Serpent and the Rainbow back in 1987.

So maybe the reason I fell out of love with the peeled-skin slackers is the fact that in their heyday zombies seemed to genuinely stand for something else. Something bigger.

Give or take a few exceptions (keep checking those fanboy weblogs), zombies as we know them today are Romero's children. Seemingly 'inexplicably' risen from their graves with an desperate taste for flesh, blood and intestines; taken out by a stern blow to the head or most favourably a bullet to the brain; and barely able to stay in one piece as they pursue their victims at little more than a snails pace. While in interview recently Romero himself, in typically rye tone, joked that if his zombies were to launch into a sprint they'd more than likely snap their ankles!

For years his living dead trilogy stood as some of the most politicised horror on the shelf. Night of the Living Dead has

a lot to answer for. Its scares aren't focused wholly on the fear of seeing rising corpses and after just a few scenes the 1968 political hues of its young, post-hippy, director are clear. Just take in the allusions to racist lynching in the Southern States and a half-heard radio broadcast that blames the arrival of the radioactive age and the spectre of the nuclear bomb. Come 1977 Romero's vision to say more than 'boo' was back in Dawn of the Dead where he sent up the excesses of consumerism, and took sly stabs at America as the planets largest shopping mall. And finally, in the zombiefather's homage to Darwinian thought and a coked-up Reagan Cold war army, 1985's Day of the Dead was a see-saw from extreme gore to the cuteness of walkman-wearing, telephone-using Bob: the first über-zombie capable of re-learning what he once knew when he breathed air and ate fries.

Essentially, these are a set of movies that stand above the criticisms often thrown at the genre. So how come Romero's latest instalment, the big budget, box-office pleasing Land of the Dead, seems like the beginning of the end?

Blatantly bankrolled as a side effect of the present re-ignition of the sub-genre, Land of the Dead plays painfully less like the daddy's return to the fold and more like a stray rehash that has missed the boat. With political landmarks pinpointing the appearance of his previous movies you know that when Romero gets back to his

beloved babies something's going on and fair enough the blows he delivers as snide views of he gated communities and power-hungry leaders 'creeped' out by their enemy add some nice touches. But, like his heavy framed spectacles, the heavy-handed approach to showing us one zombie to rule them all and the general sheen of a studio polished, 15-rated horror takes the edge off his previously razor-edged observation. For three movies he's been ahead of his time – now he seems to be playing catch-up.

If it's true terror and stomach churning fear that you're after the next generation of celluloid freaks are already upon us.

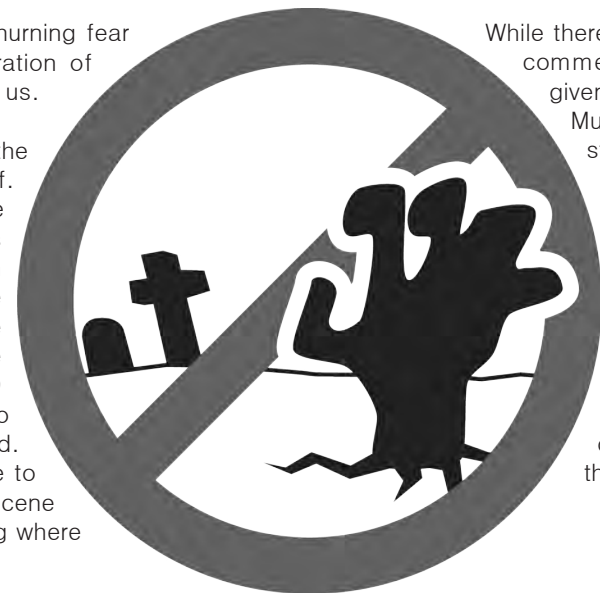
Never mind the living dead – it's the living that we should be afraid of. Take Captain Spalding and the Firefly family in Rob Zombie's The Devil's Rejects, a mismatch of bored, psychiatric case studies who took great pleasure in slaughtering whoever came their way in House of 1,000 Corpses and then proceeded to do likewise when they hit the road. It would take a mindless zombie to sit through the motel torture scene without squirming. Here's a gang where

people are killed with a smile, hobbyist murderers with a lot of free time on their hands.

And even more devastatingly dirty is Wolf Creek. A film that takes its time in setting you up with its lead characters. Lets you settle down with them. Laugh with them. Feel comfortable... Only to force you to watch as they are cut, hung, chased, beaten, shot, terrorised, ridiculed and abused. All for the pleasure of a bored outback freak that does it because he can.

While there's scope for clever contemporary commentary in the new lease of life (sic) given to zombies in this post-9/11, Muslimphobic environment, it's the stories that ditch the fantasy and cut straight to the bone that there are living, breathing evil people out there that are sending the real shivers down spines.

Big budget, little budget or no budget the zombie bandwagon is trundling through town but judging by some efforts it's debatable how much life is left in the undead.





WHEN HORROR CAME HOME TO ROOST

Picture the scene: an American back road, the dead of night, four friends stuck in a car en route to a Halloween wedding. The car breaks down and the kids look for help in a nearby barn. And a cynical audience thinks they know the rest. Only this time it's different...

Ti West's directorial debut The Roost opens in a black and white ghost train graveyard with a hokey TV horror host parading around a cheesy cobwebbed set. From the tongue-in-cheek intro and the movie's mixed up ménage of bats and zombies it's clear this guy knows just what we're expecting, just what we want and just how to bowl us a swerve ball when we least expect it.

Watching the Texan's lo-fi homage to b-movies, horror cheapies and late night drive-in screenings you'll spot a whole movie store of influences from the haunting atmosphere of Jacques Tourneur to the fun of early Sam Raimi. Spooky sound, minimal gore and a daring narrative punch two thirds of the way through.

To say any more would spoil it, it's easier if we let Ti do the talking...

KILLING TIME: It's a pretty mean feat to direct your first feature at just 22, tell us about yourself and the experience of helming your first feature film?

Ti West: It's been pretty awesome so far and I'm very fortunate to have had the opportunity so young. It's intimidating being responsible for someone else's money making a first film, but you just have to toughen up and do what you know... I mean, this is all I know how to do... I'm no good at anything else. Thankfully there were no huge disasters or problems and the film has been going down really well with audiences.

Cult director/producer/actor Larry Fessenden was the producer on The Roost – how did your relationship with him and his ScareFlix outfit come about?

I met Larry in college through a teacher/mutual friend. We hit it off right away, and he really liked my short films. After a few years of friendship and minor collaborations he offered up the idea of making a film together. I had just graduated film school, and there is no greater goal than getting to jump right into making

a film. I gave him some ideas, he liked The Roost the best, and basically said, "I don't have a lot of money, so no guarantees... But let's see if we can get this thing made." And that was it...

There are loads of creature features and loads of zombie flicks, what made you combine the two and how do you get on with bats yourself?

The idea just popped into my head one day and I made the rest up as I went along. I wrote it in just under three weeks, with no outline. It shaped itself as I typed...It's a lame answer, but it is the truth. I never expected the movie to make it this far, so it is kind of weird taking credit for it sometimes. As for bats, no, I'm not scared of them in fact I'm fascinated by them, they're amazing creatures – just check out the DVD release for some great bat insights.

The barn setting came about through necessity – and in fact was used in Hitchcock's Marie – how easy was it to write to the location?

It was pretty easy in that I didn't have any other choice! We didn't have money to build anything, so once I found the barn it was like 'make it work or don't make the film'. I took the themes of what I'd written and applied them to the specifics of the location. I like writing based on real places, it makes things a lot easier. There was a pretty special vibe on set... I don't know if it was Hitchcock, but whatever it was, I was appreciative.

There's a drive-in, late night cheapy feel to the film. What made you want to pay tribute to this lo-fi era?

The Roost is 'tone' driven... At its core it's a ridiculous b-movie so it's hard for me to take most of the plot elements too seriously, or to think of them as actually scary. But at the same time, the film is more straight-up horror than almost anything else out there today. Nonsensical horror can be treated two ways, either campy and postmodern, or completely straight. Both of those come with risky consequences. I'm not a fan of postmodern, campy 'in-joke' type horror, and neither do I like b-movies that pretend to be something more than they are. My approach was to treat the story totally seriously with a lot of realism, but have this other element surrounding it that sorta goofed on it... But NEVER called attention to itself. I love pulp horror and EC comics, and those stories are all so pure and serious... Yet completely absurd. It's a weird balance that rarely works for people, and The Roost is the same. Some love it... Some hate it... But it's a style I enjoy.

How did you hook Manhunter's tooth-fairy killer for the role of the horror host and what about the decision to let him interrupt the plot?

Tom Noonan lives in Larry's neighbourhood and they pass by each other on the street. One day Larry just handed him the script. He took it home, read it, and said





yes. The intervening segment was something I came up with to pull the audience out of the film for a moment, to remind them that there is another element in control of these characters. When the film returns to the last act everything gets a bit more over the top, based on the host's frustrations with these kids. It's kind of like his last chance for payback. (Another answer to the question though, is simply that the majority of the movie takes place in a pitch dark barn and you can only keep that interesting for so long!)

There are some great noises blended into the score, how did you go about creating this?

Graham Reznick [sound designer] and I have been friends forever. We work on all of our films together and he's done the sound for all of my shorts. We basically lock ourselves in his basement in front of Pro Tools and start going nuts. Because the movie is pulpy in tone, we had a lot of freedom in creating the sound... Nothing was too much... Well, almost nothing...

The promo material for The Roost is a great slice of old school horror movie art. Where did your ideas come from?

I'm a big collector geek. I love promotional stuff which is why we have so many different designs and limited edition stuff. Seventies and eighties horror posters are my taste, it's what I grew up with. Nowadays all artwork looks the same with redundant PhotoShopped faces. I remember when the marketing was made up of one-of-a-kind artworks and every movie had its own promotion style... That was way better for my money.

You were at the UK premiere at FrightFest how do you think the screening went with the Brit-horror crowd?

FrightFest was amazing. That was our biggest crowd yet, and the best response so far. I was very impressed by the turnout and the reaction. It was unbelievably gratifying to go to another country for the first time and meet a huge group of people who appreciated my art. It is a really great feeling, but like I said before, I never expected any of this from the film, so it is all very surreal.

Are there any plans to release your short movies?

I think we'll put one short film on the American DVD release and a different one on the UK release... I want to keep the editions packed with extras, but vary them so anyone that's really into it has something to collect.

Zombies are everywhere at the moment, you've gone that extra jump by making them the result of a creature infection, what is it that makes the undead so popular with audiences?

Zombies were always popular, it just so happens that recently a few zombie films have made money. So Hollywood cranks out a ton of worthless clones, while indie people finally have access to some money to make their own opuses. The problem is censorship and political correctness make zombie films nearly impossible to succeed.

Horror is really hot right now, but most of it sucks... Everything is toned down and played safe out of the fear of being offensive. There is no hope of getting classics like Dawn of the Dead, or Braindead ever again... unless the filmmakers finance them on their own with no hopes of recouping any money... That most likely won't happen... But we can keep hoping...

What's next, are you going to serve up another slice of back-to-the-roots horror or have got a rom-com stored away?

I don't want to only make horror movies, but I'd like to make mostly horror movies. I'm working on another horror film right now, and it'll get made sooner or later, but it seems that the people with money prefer later rather than sooner. It's frustrating, but the reality – certainly not my favorite aspect of things – seems that it may be more difficult to get the second film made than the first... But hey perseverance is everything.

Follow Ti's progress at www.theroostmovie.com





London. 2 AM

A thick fog lies heavy throughout the streets. The laughter and songs of the drunk and the desperate echo in putrid alleys, and pigeons tuck weary heads under filthy, broken wings. Sickly lights tentatively probe the shadows, yet the transactions of vice stay hidden in the darkest corners. Thieves and rapists stalk those foolish enough to remain out, while the murderous twins of disease and poverty are silently killing the men and women who sleep with the rats and the cockroaches behind grimy doors. Within this inescapable maze of despair, the line between life and death is as thin as the final sigh from a slit throat. In the centre of it all, a lone figure is sober and alert. A fire is burning in his eyes, his nerves are poised on a hair trigger. A coffee is poured. Another DVD begins to spin. It's the Killing Time RipperFest. Welcome to Hell.

FIVE DAYS DOING JACK...

It's not surprising that Jack the Ripper has become a well worn subject for the cinema. The image of a top hat wearing gent (although most accounts point to a deerstalker), slipping from daylight respectability into night time bloodlust has become one of the most enduring evocations of Victorian London. Even more so, the idea of the lone killer, methodically wreaking revenge upon female kind, is the basis for horror cinema on a global scale: the one string that holds together the many sub genres – Giallo, Slasher, Gothic, Grindhouse. And so the production of films assessing the original myth continues, with each taking the most modern theory (which is always taken to be the 'final solution'), as their basis.

For my own treacherous investigation into Ripper fact and fiction I chose the cinematic path less well trod. With Patricia Cornwell's Jack the Ripper: Case Closed freshly read and digested I set out to spend five sessions immersed in Jack to see if there is a definitive answer cowering in the rancid streets of East London.

DAY ONE: Jack The Ripper (Jess Franco, 1976)

Having disliked Ilsa The Wicked Warden, I was looking forward to discovering why Jess Franco commands such devotion and respect in exploitation circuits. Unfortunately, this film left me none the wiser. With Patricia Cornwell's theorising washing around in my mind I was already lying awake at night trying to make connections as if operating an ancient telephone switchboard. I'd google the names

of incidental characters while at work, and find ways of casually dropping the subject into conversation. Watching Klaus Kinski stare his way through Franco's contribution to the myth was at least a relief from this, because from what little I know about the subject, I can safely say that I know more than Franco.

This film bears no relation to the reality of the murders – it's not even filmed in London, and instead fails to pass off a dramatically lit Zurich as the stage for Jack's work. Interestingly, Kinski plays the Ripper as a possibly impotent doctor haunted by hallucinations and a landlady intent on force-feeding him tea! But the most criminal deviation from the facts is the representation of the investigating officer. For some unexplained reason he restricts the scope of his investigation to a single pub, and three potential witnesses, one of whom is blind but blessed with the ability to smell whether somebody is wearing a disguise or not... Hampering his efforts further is his second in command, a bizarrely camp and cheery policeman, who suffers more than others at the hands of the dubbing editor. Make no mistake: This film is appalling. The Whitechapel murders are open to interpretation, theorising, and re-imagining. It would be ridiculous to attack an account solely for disregarding facts, when it is not facts that have repeatedly drawn authors, investigators and filmmakers back to the subject. That Franco treated the murders from a thematic perspective is not his crime. Producing a boring and pointless film is a far more serious charge.



DAY TWO: The Secret Identity Of Jack The Ripper (1988)

The first of the documentaries is a Crimewatch special, hosted by none other than plum-voiced actor/playwright Peter Ustinov. Creaky recreations of Whitechapel are flooded with dry ice; victims stagger around drunk, screaming authentic period exclamations and a man in a hat walks in and out of alleys. All the while Ustinov heads up a lifeless panel of experts, comprised of two FBI forensic investigators, a QC Lawyer and the obligatory author/expert, who deliver analysis to a voting studio audience.

What elevates this journey above other panel-based investigations is the live element. Jan Leeming of Pebble Mill fame joins the team 'live' from Scotland Yard, chipping in occasionally to point up extra facts and to give reports from the actual scenes of the crimes. It sounds like a setup as wooden as the recreations of East London, but it's probably the best of the investigative bunch giving a good overview and balanced argument for all the key players. As is the case in many enquiries into Jack's identity, it posits Queen Victoria's nephew Prince Albert Edward as a suspect on the grounds that he may have fathered an illegitimate child with one of the victims before being forced to cover his tracks when falling foul to blackmail. However, as is always countered, it is noted that he had a cast iron alibi via court records proving that he was in Scotland for at least two of the murders. Still,

with its royal scandal angle it's a theory that rarely fails to get thrown into the pot.

While this isn't a bad introduction to the subject, it's hardly gripping and after a limp process concludes by suggesting that one of the usual suspects probably dunnit. It's fitting that a non-expert studio audience should deliver the final verdict, and the whole show might as well end with Ustinov shrugging his shoulders and skipping off into the dry ice with a jaunty whistle. In fact, that would have been a much better ending.

DAY THREE: Jack The Ripper (David Wickes, 1988)

Appearing at the same time as the Ustinov vehicle, this account is a three-hour TV drama following iconic cockney actor Michael Caine as the heroic Chief Inspector Frederick Abberline, the man in charge of the original investigation. The result is a surprisingly evocative account of the era, which, while it suffers from the problem of having a little too much glint and cleanliness about it, at least makes what was probably a tedious and excruciatingly frustrating investigation appear exciting.

Like Alan Moore and Eddie Campbell's graphic novel (and subsequent film) *From Hell*, Caine's investigations focuses on the Gull conspiracy. Sir William Gull was the Queen's physician who, as well as having strong connections to the once accused Prince, was reportedly interested in the darker side of medical research and was heavily into

the world of freemasonry. Other themes are pulled in, including a theatre production of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde that was fittingly running at the time and there's even a love interest for Abberline which humanises a man who has since become almost as mythic as Jack himself.

Although the drama sags in the middle, this isn't really a fair criticism as the two-parter was never intended to be watched in one long midnight viewing. The final half hour is high on tension, and the payoff is made all the more emotional by the long trek to get there. However, by the time it ended, I was already getting a bit tired of Jack, and was seriously questioning my ability to make it all the way though my ill-chosen catalogue of cold fact.

DAY FOUR: The Diary of Jack The Ripper – Beyond Reasonable Doubt? (1993)

Another day, another panel-based investigation. The principle subject of this documentary is the emergence in 1992 of what seemed to be the diary of the Ripper himself. Labourer Mike Barrett claimed to have uncovered the diary while pulling up floorboards in a house in Liverpool, and appears in this documentary looking bothered and weary, presumably after a year of detailed interviews and public accusations of forgery. Luckily a panel is on hand to lift the grimy lid on the mystery. Or not.

Despite possessing honed expert skills of speculation, the panels conclusion is one of meticulously researched

inconclusiveness. Unhelpfully, yet another name is pulled from the top hat of suspects – cotton trader James Maybrick, whose diary gives a motive of revenge based on being cuckolded in Whitechapel. Whitechapel, Liverpool that is. It's the first in a series of bizarre coincidences that splits opinion regarding the diary's authenticity. Old evidence and photographs are re-examined in light of the diary and clues to back it up appear from everywhere. One especially tenuous suggestion is that two 'V' shapes carved into the face of a victim could be put together to form an *M* for 'Maybrick'. The recreations aren't up to much with murders depicted by flashing blades and abstract shadows, and most of the budget seems to have been spent on scenes of a man writing with a quill pen.

Of course, every panel needs a cuddly English front man, and in this case, Michael Winner does the honours from the comfort of an anonymous edit suite. Full of bluster and doom, he informs us that 'Whoever Jack the Ripper was, he was a depraved and loathsome creature'. Calm down dear, it's only a Ripper! etc.

DAY FIVE: Jack The Ripper Conspiracies (Liam Dale, 2002)

In our conspiracy hungry times Liam Dale serves up a post-millennial overview of the theories that have expanded as the myth of Jack the Ripper has matured. Eschewing the wisdom of the panel, he instead personally narrates over a series of illustrations, clips, and recreations. The



recreations are in balls-to-the-wall full colour, backed by some ruthless synths and breathing sounds. The scenes are familiar: Watery blood trickling over arms and legs, flickering street lamps, and Victorian pub signs. More interesting are some modern location scenes of where the murders took place, and they are in such abundance as to recreate the magic of a guided tour of Whitechapel, only without the sense of collective tourist shame.

These are the good bits, but they are far outweighed by a single failing. Liam Dale has ruined his own film simply by using his own monstrous voiceover. I can't even begin to describe how bad it is, I could suggest that it's like a drunken dad doing a horrible caricature of Jeremy Clarkson, but that would only limit the imagination. The truth is far worse. Every other word is emphasised, so that each sentence sounds exactly the same. He even does his own dramatic incidental voices. At first it's comical, and I genuinely thought I'd stumbled across a pastiche of the kind of investigative programs that I've already watched. But, no.

There is little else to say about Jack The Ripper Conspiracies, because once Liam Dale starts talking, nothing else has any value. An unbelievable mistake, especially considering this must have been his own pet project, and a miserable way to end my Jack the Ripper odyssey.

So, five films, and one book later, I'm certainly wiser about Jack the Ripper. I hadn't thought it would interest me as much as it has, but this isn't really to do with the films, but rather, the legend itself. There is something beautifully enduring about the relevance of the crimes within their historical context. If the Victorian society was notable for the antagonisms between public and private, then the Ripper murders can be seen as the venting of those impossible pressures. The fact that the suspects are often of decent, if not high, social standing suggests that we conceive of respectability as only being one side of a forced social duality. And that to be extremely gentile or respectable can naturally coexist with the depraved and the anti-social.

There are, of course, other examples of this from the era. Oscar Wilde's *The Portrait of Dorian Gray* is possibly the first modern attempt at portraying this but the real life fascination with John Merrick is another, representing as he did, the inversion of this clean outer image and dirtied soul. Most closely though is Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* which could be a metaphor for the Ripper himself. That a doctor should also injure and kill, that a lone killer should seek publicity. As horror film fans, it's important to understand our fascination for the frightening, uncanny, and perverted. And the Ripper case tells us that the only way we can understand a society so constricted by repression, is to investigate the situations of inevitable release, however unpleasant they may be.



REVENGE, SERVED KOREAN STYLE

When Tartan toured with their first Asian Extreme series back in 2003 it was a mixed bag. The Happiness of the Katakuris, A Snake of June, Fulltime Killer, Shiri, Bad Guy, Public Enemy and, tucked in the middle, a tragedy of Shakespearean scope.

There wasn't much of a fanfare when Sympathy for Mr Vengeance hit UK screens. However, in the tale of a mute caught up in betrayal, organ theft, kidnappings and revenge there was clearly something strange going on in Chan-Wook Park's bitterly nihilistic story. Not least that it marked the moment when fans of edgy world cinema started paying a little more attention to Korea.

Then in 2004 the follow up, Old Boy, hit Cannes and the world went crazy. This second instalment in a proposed revenge trilogy was proclaimed by Quentin Tarantino as a masterpiece in violence and duly won the Grand Prix du Jury. With it's almost preposterous set up of a man imprisoned in a hotel room for 15 years, then inexplicably given five days to work out why, Old Boy kept the bleak outlook of the earlier film and added a streak of black humour as subtle as a tarmaced motorway.

So, when Park announced the finale, Sympathy for Lady Vengeance, anticipation ran high. Last month it played the London Film Festival where Killing Time went along to see find out what's in store for us when it's officially released in early 2006.

Renamed Lady Vengeance, from the outset this trilogy closer is a very different beast to what's been before. The opening credits, which got a standing ovation at Venice, are a thing of beauty. A back ivy-design tattoo crawls

its way along an arm, occasionally bursting forth with red flowers, leading us to a gun toting hand. With stark whites, black and red combining violence with food, it's reminiscent of the credits to Mary Hannon's American Psycho – which can only ever be a good thing.

Plotwise, like Park's previous efforts (bar his debut, the more routine JSA), the less you know going in the better. Still, to say that it picks up themes from both Sympathy... and Old Boy is giving nothing away. Our protagonist this time is Geum-ja Lee (Young-ae Lee) whose release from a 13-year stint for child murder erupts in a series of events tapping directly into the 'hell hath no fury' school of thought. Drawing on support from her ex-fellow inmates she tracks down the man for whom she took the rap and exacts the kind of revenge we've come to expect from Korean cinema.

The death count is drastically reduced as this time Park gives us a person with a clear plan and while there are both moments of black humour and brutality the overall tone is of a more serious film. A bizarre dream sequence where Geum-ja drags a caged, man-headed dog out into a snow covered field and blows it's brains out with a hand gun is one of the highlights as is the finale which throws wide open questions of gang-mentality and the lengths we go to to exorcise demons.

It's not going to blow you apart as much as its two predecessors - and at times it seems that Park is delivering scenes he knows Western audiences will fall for (the axe moment for instance) - but if you liked the starter and main of this three course revenge menu you'll be sure to like the dessert.

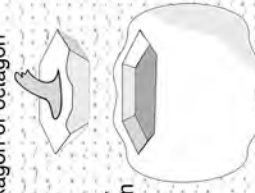


THE ART OF PUMPKIN CARVEERY

Right, first things first. We know that Halloween has come and gone. But there's nothing like preparation. And besides, who said you can't have a pumpkin instead of a Christmas tree this year – have you learnt nothing from Tim Burton?

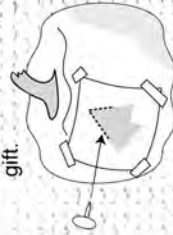
So, get a pumpkin. Choose a big handsome one – avoid any with dirty marks. You'll also need a large chopping knife just like Norman Bates', a big metal spoon, a pin and a long thin knife. If you're not allowed knife, get a parent or a screw to help you. Start off by cutting a lid into your pumpkin. Remember, it's got to be large enough to get your whole hand in. And do your carving at an angle so that your lid sits nicely and doesn't fall on top of your candle.

Take your large knife and stab around the top of the pumpkin in a hexagon or octagon shape – whichever takes your fancy. This isn't just for show though, it's so you can slot your lid back easily.



Now scoop out the guts of your massive orange fruit with your spoon. You're gonna get messy so it might be worth your while to dress down – or maybe even to get naked for a quick-wipe clean later. When you've scooped out all the pulpy seed stuff you need to scrape away at the sides and get those pumpkin walls thin enough that you can carve your creepy Halloween design.

And so on to designs... you could go for your traditional Jack-o'-lantern or branch out a little and give yours a unique spin. Being the film fans that we are Killing Time opted to track down über pumpkin design house www.zombiepumpkins.com and took up the challenge of a design modelled on everyone's new favourite Brit zombie hunter, Shaun of the Dead. And because we can we've included our stencil as a neat cut-out-and-keep free gift.



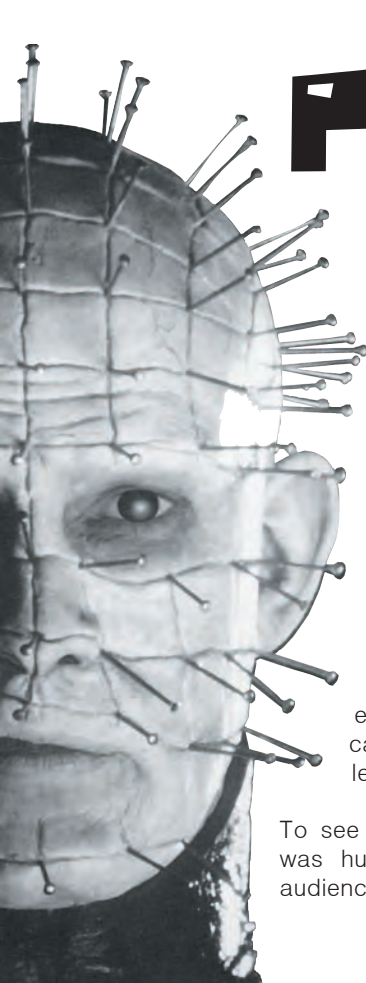
But whatever you decide to carve you'll need a stencil. Cut the excess edges off and tape your picture up close and personal with the thick orange flesh. Take your pin and prick your way around the edge of the design... oo err misses. When you're done, peel off your design and voila there's your cutting guide. Magic huh? It's carving time!

Here's where your long thin knife comes in handy. Slice 'n' dice your way around the pin pricks and you should see the flesh of your fruit drop away, revealing the beauty of Shaun and his cricket bat – or whatever design you've chosen to extract.

For those of you getting ready before the big night, why not hike out that old tub of Vaseline and smear a little around the cut edges. You'll be glad you did as it'll make your macheted masterpiece last that few days extra before the inevitable rot sets in.

HAPPY CARVING FRIGHT FANS





PINHEAD... R.I.P

CENOBIITE, n. A man who piously shuts himself up to meditate upon the sin of wickedness; and to keep it fresh in his mind joins a brotherhood of awful examples. (The Devil's Dictionary, Ambrose Bierce)

For his first on-screen appearance in 1987's *Hellraiser* he was referred to in the credits as 'Lead Cenobite', however, thanks to some unusual facial jewellery everyone who saw the film called him Pinhead – and so a legend was born.

To see a different type of anti-hero was hugely refreshing for a horror audience used to being given little

more than faceless mutes or comedy bad men. Here was a villain clearly more intelligent than your average slasher. Pinhead did things in a different way. Rather than indiscriminately killing everyone he encountered, he targeted only those who called upon him and even then, didn't actually kill them. Instead he took them to hell and tortured them – which was, perversely, just what they wanted – for *Hellraiser* marked one of the first genre explorations of the seedy underworld of hardcore S&M fetishists. In fact it was filmed under the working title *Sadomasochists From Beyond the Grave!*

In the hands of Clive Barker, sadomasochists in the know opened the puzzle box called the Lament Configuration in complete awareness that it would provide their passage to everlasting pains. With the ultimate pleasure being the possibility of joining the Sadean Order of Cenobites in deepest depths of Hell.

The S&M influences of this new cinematic icon extended to the visuals of the movie with a wardrobe that distinguished Pinhead and his posse of Cenobites as being some of the best dressed villains ever spawned from the depths of Hell. As they traverse the red carpet heading towards



Hollywood's hottest new fetish club you could almost hear the gossip columnists cry – 'These guys are hot – dressed in black latex and PVC. Awesome body modifications, and chains are the must have accessory of the season.'

Rather than opting for the usual machete or chainsaw, the Cenobites were a creative bunch when it came to torture – maiming with pleasure using everyday objects and electronic devices to their advantage (see *Hellraiser 3: Hell on Earth* for some winch-worthy moments) as well as the traditional hooks and chains approach.

Since making his debut appearance an entire world has been created around the *Hellraiser* mythos. You could even call it the Pinhead franchise.

Clive Barker's original novella 'The Hellbound Heart' has spawned no less than eight films, pies of comics and even a video game. In fact, especially judged on latter celluloid attempts, the comics are probably the most intelligent explorations of the whole *Hellraiser* world with numerous characters in settings from all periods and places in time. Leviathan is God in this world ruling over his labyrinth and representing logic

and order, the flip side to mankind's self created chaos. And surrounding him, as Barker puts it 'explorers in the further regions of experience, Demons to some, Angels to others': an army of Cenobites created to fight the war to sway mankind from its world of flesh and chaos towards the devil's ways of purpose and reason.

As in the first movie Barker's original story saw the Cenobites summoned into our world via a puzzle box called The Lament Configuration, which opened the gateway to The Labyrinth. More often than not these were tasks completed by humans erring toward the dark half, those looking for more than our world has to offer. As a punishment, or reward, for their illicit lusts some must be condemned to wander the Labyrinth forever feeding the Leviathan with their misery while others are chosen to become Cenobites themselves.

When he wrote the story Barker took his cue from the real life history of French architect Philip LeMarchand, who, sometime in the early 18th century is said to have made over two hundred such boxes and is rumoured to have murdered a large number of people along the way to obtain the human fat required for the alchemical process



behind the obscure and inexplicable puzzle mechanisms. In ‘The Hellbound Heart’ one of these boxes falls into the hands of Captain Elliot Spencer, a veteran of the Great War. Tired of the pleasures this world has to offer, and having seen untold atrocities during his time in service, he has become excited by the darker side of existence and, solving the puzzle, Spencer opens the gates of hell only to ‘become one’ with the spirit of Xipe Totec (whose name translates as Our God the Flayed One). And Behold!, our leather-clad Pinhead is born.



Having made the leap from book to silver screen Pinhead was quickly the coolest villain on the horror block – out-doing his peers Jason Voorhees, Freddy Kruger and Michael Myers, in both style and sadism. However, in recent years the inventiveness of the initial trilogy – Hellraiser, Hellbound: Hellraiser II (1988) and Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth (1992), his outings have been made straight for VHS/DVD-release where Pinhead is little more than an extra, not even getting the great lines that used to be his trademark. A cynic might suggest that for these later excursions, lazy screenwriters and movie producers have simply taken any second rate story, written in a cameo for Pinhead, slapped the brand name on and tied it up with the Hellraiser series. It’s a difficult point to argue

against when looking at the seventh instalment, the oddly named Deader. What were they thinking? And such a stupid name, I’m not even sure if it’s English! They took an unused script from an abandoned film project (abandoned, presumably because it’s a piece of crap!) and wrote in a couple of short scenes featuring now relatively tame Cenobites and penned in a weak tag-line to pass it off as yet another Hellraiser sequel. But sad to say whoever owns the rights seems determined to continue pumping out more spin-offs using Pinhead as a pawn in their evil money making schemes.

Even five years ago Barker, who threw in his towel after just one sequel and went on to make the Candyman trilogy (1992–1999), spoke out in an interview calling the then latest release, Hellraiser: Inferno (2000), an ‘abomination’. With just three minutes of screentime for Pinhead it’s hardly surprising that he felt the Hellraiser moniker was being misused.

‘I want to actively go on record as saying I warn people away from this movie,’ he blurted, presumably much to the dismay of the studio. ‘It’s really terrible and it’s shockingly bad, and should never have been made. I want to give Pinhead a good send off. I want to do it right. If we are going to get rid of the old guy, let’s do it with style.’

And bear in mind that he’d already seen

Hellraiser IV: Bloodline come and go with the humiliation of an Alan Smithee director tag – the name planted on movies when no one wants to take responsibility for the mess they’ve become (blame real director Kevin Yeager if you ever have the pain of sitting through this instalment).

Like Frankenstein’s monster Barker’s creation really has taken on a life and personality of its own. And, like Dr Frankenstein himself, Barker has been left with no choice but to destroy him before his legacy turns into total humiliation. Though with “bobbing head” Pinhead toys already selling in a store near you, is there much hope? It’s a sorry picture compounded by the fact that Doug Bradley, the actor who has played Pinhead from the beginning, is getting a bit long in the tooth now and, dare I say it, has put on a few pounds. Pinhead shouldn’t age. Evil is eternal, not tubby. In all seriousness, how much longer can this go on?

Well aware of the monster turning to mockery Barker has taken the only measure left open to him and has declared that our Black Pope of Hell will finally be brought to rest in his next book, a collection of short stories.

The main story in The Scarlet Gospels will document the final showdown between Pinhead and Harry D’Amour, his demon-fighting psychic detective from the movie Lord of Illusions (played by Quantum Leap’s Scott Bakula) and the novels, the Great and Secret Show and Everville. Yet, with no sign of a concrete release date the exact details

of his death have yet to be confirmed. Let’s hope Barker hasn’t been swayed out of his killing-of-mercy by the lure of Hollywood bucks!

Those of you who’ve remained faithful to the series, however, might see Barker’s announcement as no big deal recalling that, in true horror cinema style Pinhead was killed for the first time in Hellraiser IV: Bloodline on a space station somewhere in the future.

Still, after having watched his baby being mistreated for the past decade who can blame Barker for picking up a few genre clichés along the way and locating his anti-Christ Angel of Suffering outside of the laws of space and time?

Hellraiser timeline

Hellraiser (1987)
 Hellbound: Hellraiser II (1988)
 Hellraiser III: Hell on earth (1992)
 Hellraiser IV; Bloodline (1995)
 Hellraiser V: Inferno (2000)
 Hellraiser VI: Hellseeker (2002)
 Hellraiser VII: Deader (2005)
 Hellraiser VIII: Hellworld (2005)



IT'S A HIGHLAND
FANG

Escaping the success of the heroin-addled hit *Trainspotting* has proven a difficult task for Scottish filmmakers. But, over a decade since we fell for that web of social horror, a new film has set its sights on reminding us of the terrors that coined the term 'Scotland the Brave'.

Kicking off like a *Kilbride* spin on *Kes*, writer/director Craig Strachan's *Wild Country* packs a social message by throwing its four street-savvy weegies into a Highland trek through the hellish kind of night under the stars the Scottish tourist board is unlikely to advertise. The film's lavender scented lycanthropic lunge recalls the moor scenes from *An American Werewolf in London*, mixed with the the survive or suffer pace

of *Dog Soldiers*. Like always these kids don't stick to the path – and they ain't all gonna be coming home for breakfast at the end.

Catching up with Craig after the film's UK premiere at FrightFest last August *Killing Time* found a man keen to get in touch with his animalistic nature...

KILLING TIME: Your first major credit was on the black comedy *Bring Me the Head of Mavis Davis*, which you followed up with the comedy short *Hidden* – so why the move to horror?

Craig Strachan: Well, *Hidden* is actually pretty horrific – it has four characters, three of whom die horrible deaths in the space of 13 minutes! But I've always been a fan of the horror genre – the Hammer and Amicus films, American 70's stuff from Carpenter/Craven/Romero, and (my secret passion) the Charles & Albert Band/Empire Pictures productions from the mid-to-late 80s. Everybody likes *Re-Animator* and so do I. I also like *Dolls*, *Puppetmaster* and *Troll*! I've always thought that it was a shame that Scotland, which certainly has a strong literary and folk tradition of horror and fantasy, hasn't made many horror films. So I set out to make one!

When you came up with the idea of *Wild Country*'s 'shadow beasts' were there any Scottish urban myths, along the lines of the *Beast of Bodmin Moor*, that you could draw on?

Yes, there are. There is actually one about Mugdock Country Park, where we filmed much of *Wild Country*. I don't know how well-documented it is, but it's a story I was very familiar with as a kid growing up near there and playing in the park. There are a couple of ruined castles in Mugdock, and the story is that the owner of one of them kept a private zoo. Of course, one of the animals escaped (accounts vary but it was usually told as a mountain lion)– and was seen roaming the area, mutilating sheep and cows etc. There even used to be large disused and rusted cages near one of the ruins, which lent some credence to the legend. I think I had almost forgotten this until a location scout told me the story again when we were scouting Mugdock. Still, it was clearly there unconsciously when I was writing the script!

You've described the film as 'Ken Loach goes horror', was that always an aim in your writing?

I think Ken Loach has put authentic West of Scotland characters on film in a way that few other filmmakers have – not bad going for an Englishman! The reference was not so much to any political agenda I had, but to the naturalistic style I wanted. I put the dramatic theme of parenthood in the film because I was writing the script in the weeks immediately after the birth of my first child. I experienced parenthood quite differently from friends of mine who went all touchy-feely and new-manish. For me it was a primal thing. The urge to protect-and-defend was strong, and I could imagine myself doing

violence in a way that I couldn't before. So I channeled a lot of that into the script.

Wild Country has a very naturalistic feel to it, thanks mainly to some great performances, was the film scripted or did you work with the actors to get the dialogue you wanted?

I think the performances are the strongest aspect of the film. It was scripted, although I was very open to the young actors changing lines to make them seem more natural. I mean, they would know. It's been a while since I was a West of Scotland teen myself!



The film marks Peter Capaldi's return to horror after the cult classic *The Lair of the White Worm* – how was he to work with and did he enjoy the role as the horny clergyman Father Steve?

Peter Capaldi was great to work with, very professional and focused. The role of Father Steve was basically written for him. Partly because Peter is himself a director [winning an Oscar for his short *Franz Kafka's It's a Wonderful Life*], and partly because we shot his role in the first days of the schedule when I was still finding my feet, I felt quite inhibited about communicating what I wanted from his performance. But Peter gave me it anyway! I think he enjoyed the role, although maybe not the part when he had to go butt-naked to camera...

You worked with Dog Soldier's SFX man Bob Keen on your creatures how did you decide on the look of the beast?

We decided to stay as far away as possible from the look of the Dog Soldiers creatures, from the outset that meant our creature was going to be a quadraped. Then Dave Bonneywell came up with the idea of the 'direwolf' – a massive pre-historic ancestor of the wolf. Our initial plan was to put the wolf suit on large trained dogs. At first I liked the idea as it would give us real canine movement but as time went on I became increasingly uneasy until one morning I woke from a nightmare where our costumed dogs refused to perform! We had a rethink

and made a suit that a person could fit in it – although in some considerable discomfort.

A lot of the film is set in the middle of the night in the middle of nowhere, how did the production go?

The amazing truth is that in the two-weeks in October and November that we were outside at night, we lost just two hours of filming time to weather. We were prepared for relentless rain and wind but thankfully it ended up being unseasonably mild.

Producer Ros Borland has said that getting the film greenlit could have been much easier if you'd dropped the regional accents. How important was it to you to make a Scottish film with a real Scottish sound?

Ros Borland raised the money for the movie slowly but surely over about three years from private investors. At one point she even took out a second mortgage on her home: that's commitment! We probably could have gotten funded sooner if we were willing to iron out the accents, or even set the film elsewhere than in Scotland. I don't want to pretend that we didn't consider it. We did. We were tempted. We wobbled in our resolve. But then we steadied ourselves and I'm glad we did. Martin Compston [who plays Lee in the movie] told me that he can do an RP accent but that he feels like a tit when he does and I think that's a common feeling amongst Scottish actors. The problem is that heavy Scottish accents are regarded

as a negative, in the business sense, by London-based sales agents and financiers. They think they'll need subtitles in England, never mind America. I think the healthy response from Scottish filmmakers is to say, fine, we're not an English speaking country! Maybe we should just be like Denmark, which makes a fair number of films every year solely for its domestic market of 5m. If the films are good and they travel, great. But if they only play at home, so be it. Never mind "will it play in Peoria". How about "will it play in Pitlochry"?

Compared to the bloodshed before it the ending is a sweet affair with a twisted kind of salvation, was it always planned this way?

Absolutely. I think the ending makes sense of everything that has gone before. And I stuck to it despite spirited arguments from some – most notably Bob Keen – that it wasn't a 'horror' ending.

Finally, why do you think horror is so big at the moment?

I think it's probably no coincidence that the last golden age of horror was in the 1970s, when the world was rocked by terrorism, war and economic uncertainty caused by soaring oil prices. Sounds familiar, doesn't it? I think we turn to the horror genre in times of uncertainty, partly as a catharsis, and partly as a way to help us interpret our fears. And our biggest fear is death, especially of the untimely and violent variety!



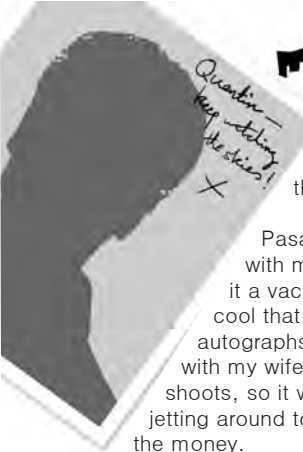
And all because she wouldn't share around her copy of KILLING TIME...

But it doesn't have to be this way.

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Remember: you're not alone.





my Unconventional Life: 'Space 1886'

I've gotta couple of weeks of downtime at the moment, but after that it's off to the Pasadena Expo.

Pasadena is pretty close, so I'll drive down with my wife and daughters. Try and make it a vacation. The girls still think it's pretty cool that their Daddy gets on stage and signs autographs, but it's not always so straight forward with my wife. When we met I wasn't working on long shoots, so it wasn't too easy for her when I started jetting around to the shows. Still, she appreciates the money.

The last time I went to Pasadena, things didn't go so smoothly, and I want her there for the moral support. It's not one of the biggest shows but the cowboys who run it are kids with corporate sponsorship via Mom and Pop. In short: good money, bad vibes.

Last year, I landed in town about ten, had a drink with the other names. Come eleven thirty, the organizers call me up, drag me out of bed and say that they need a dress rehearsal. Straight away, I smell trouble. I catch a cab over to the Pasadena Expo Village, and the kids hand me a script. I tell them that I'm only there for the signing and the smiling if this was an acting gig, then they need to go back over the union rules. They tell me that they've got it all worked out, and besides, the other names have already agreed. I'm to act out a scene from a script specially commissioned from a well-known screenwriter, a guy I'd worked with

before. They promise me it'll be a blast, and remind me that I'm an actor – I'm like 'Sure, I'm an actor, but you didn't hire me to act', and they're telling me that my agent has all the right signatures on all the right papers. So I long distance my agent. She says that she doesn't remember agreeing to this, but she can check the contract. The contract is in the safe, at her agency, and she won't be able to get it until morning. The kids can't find their copy, and after all, it's only a little acting, right?

So, I'm reading through the scene with one of these kids, who obviously thinks of himself as an actor. It's embarrassing, but I figure that it'll be worse if I land up on a stage with no idea of what's going on. They've bought my time, and it's not like they're firing me out of a goddamn cannon. The scene is set around an alien invasion in the Wild West, and I'm playing the Sheriff. There's no way I can get through these goofy lines without making an ass out of myself. 'I'm the Sheriff in these parts, and if there's anybody from outta space in town, they still gotta check their weapons at the office', etc. I'm guessing that the kids wrote it themselves, but it's too late to do anything about it. So we read through, in an empty auditorium.

I finally crash around four, and I'm on stage at one. The kids have to be there from eight. As I lay on my economy bed, listening to the aircon whirring like a hairdryer, I figure that they would be too tired to go through with this thing. If not, there was always my contract. As soon as I wake, I'm on the phone to my agent.

She's with another (more lucrative) client, but her assistant is looking into the contract thing. This makes for another anxious ride to the Expo centre. The show is pretty lively by the time I get there. For the afternoon there's a lot more people than I expect to see. The stalls near the front of the building all still have queues, and we're talking almost four hours after opening. I find my way to the backroom, where the kids are sweetening up the other guests. A brief poll confirms what I suspect: I'm the only jackass who's agreed to even talk about the acting gig. The kids still seem fired up by the idea and hand me my outfit. By now it's pretty clear that the contract is insignificant. Whatever the verdict, my time as Sheriff Rino is due.

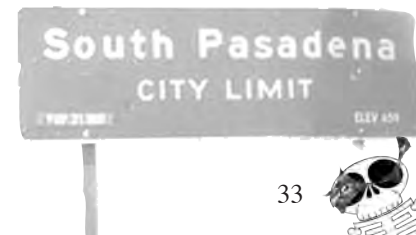
The crowds are seated for the screening of my best-known movies and I realise that this is probably the biggest live audience I've encountered on the circuit. Others have done much bigger than this, but others probably haven't had to act in Space 1886. The other guests don't believe that I'm gonna go up there, and stare with a mixture of pity and respect when my cellphone buzzes. Sandy has found my contract, and I can't go through with the gig. Union regulations and my own deal with the agency make it clear that if I say as much as one scripted word, there'll be some serious lawsuits for these kids. They've tested my patience but I'm not ready to land them into a world of pinstriped shit. They're both on the stage already, and I'm dressed for the part. I can hear alien voices and neighing coming through the PA, it's my cue. With a half-assed plan, and my balls in my throat, I step on stage.

Space 1886 didn't go quite the way the kids were expecting. I took to the stage and ad-libbed my way through fifteen minutes

of alien/cowboy comedy entirely of my own design. Totally unrehearsed, straight off the bat. I figured that as long as I didn't touch the script, we were all keeping on the right side of the law. It wasn't easy, not least because my co-stars weren't prepared for standing in front of a live audience without a script. Still, I saved all our asses, doubled my fees, and brought the house down. A total scream. Best in show. It certainly played out better than it would have done if I'd stuck to the plan. Last year at the Pasadena Expo, I realised that it pays to be philosophical about things. It pays to remember what you're best at. And it pays twice as good once you prove your worth.

You can imagine why I don't really want a repeat of that kind of drama. Had my wife or my agent or even my goddamn dog been with me, then they would have been able to talk some sense into me. It's a confidence thing, and you'd be surprised at how easily manipulated most actors are when they don't have their support staff with them. A little tap on the shoulder of your ego, and you'd belly dance for the president if it means recognition. If you're on the circuit, you sometimes need to be reminded how you got there. I'd like to think that I'm a little wiser now, and I'm certainly more familiar with contracts. But just to be safe, the wife and kids are coming with me this year. I'm kinda looking forward to it.

Ciao



The most frightening thing about Jacob Singer's nightmare is that he isn't dreaming: JACOB'S LADDER

MAUSOLEUM: REVISITING THE CLASSICS

When Meister Eckhart sat down in the thirteenth century and composed his religious philosophies it's unlikely any divine intervention told him that his theorising on God and heavenly existence would become the backbone message of a 1990 psychological thriller made by US journeyman director Adrian Lynn. But then it's probably just as unlikely that Tim Robbins, who gave one of his best performances in this often overlooked movie, would have realised that 15 years later he'd be hamming it up in a Spielberg remake of War of the Worlds.

Jacob's Ladder is one of those films that worms its way into the audience's minds thanks not only to its high quota of horrific imagery but also to the fact that it handles some pretty meaty ideas which, thanks to an enigmatic narrative, mean that revisits to the movie are always rewarded.

Starting off in Vietnam mode with a gang of soldiers getting high before killing some gooks, the movie spins off into the 'rubber reality' that has made a number of genre movies over the past fifteen years nightmarishly tricky to follow but incredibly involving to anyone willing to give themselves up to the narrative. Like Angel Heart, Lost Highway, Fight Club, Memento, The I Inside, The

Butterfly Effect, Abre los ojos and Vanilla Sky, eXistenZ, and most recently The Jacket and The Machinist it's a film that once you've sat through once and processed up your own understanding you can watch again picking up cues, hidden hints and evidence that backs up the sum of the whole

Essentially though, underneath Jacob's Ladder's playfulness with 'Nam flashback trauma and drugs testing conspiracies the closest cinema has come since was nine years later with the box office hit The Sixth Sense. But where once the twist of The Sixth Sense is out of the bag the movie is reduced to a relatively straightforward jigsaw pic, Jacob's Ladder gives up its secrets and almost gets messier in a good way.

Getting back to the aforementioned Meister Eckhart though. In the movie we follow Jacob Singer (Tim Robbins) as he sleepwalks his way through a failing relationship, a mind-numbing postal job and a trippy party where he watches his girlfriend appear to writhe sexually with a terrifying demon. If we're looking for the key scene it comes two thirds of the way through when the philosophies of Eckhart offer us an answer for the living nightmare of his life. After hearing countless references

to dreaming and death, a palm reader who tells Jacob he's already dead and a horrific surgery scene where again we're told the lead is dead, the very existence of our lead man has been thrown into question a number of times. Then suddenly we're fed a moment of religious enlightenment akin to M. Night Shyamalan having Bruce Willis spot his wedding ring.

Having his spine crunched back into place by the amicable, but heavy handed, chiropractor Louis (Danny Aiello), Jacob's only grounded friendship leads into an attempt to 'save' our confused protagonist. 'The only thing that burns in Hell is the part of you that won't let go of life', Louis soothingly tells Jacob. 'Your memories, your attachments, you burn them all away. But they're not punishing you, they're freeing your soul.' Paraphrasing Eckhart Louis continues: 'If you're frightened of dying and you're holding on you'll see devil's tearing your life away. But if you're made your peace then the devils are really angels freeing you from the Earth.'

And with these words the pain of Jacob's experiences start to slott into place. So who was Eckhart? Meister Eckhart (c. 1260–1327/8) was a Christian mystic who made his name theorising on the power of God, both

on Earth and in the next world. Taking traditional Christian language and spicing it up for the masses Eckhart built a large audience of readers keen to give time to deep, intellectual contemplation of the 'eternal mysteries'. Through vivid imagery his writings spoke of the spark of the soul, the Abyss and the desert and the birth of the word of God in the human heart all in a bid to get closer to what lies beyond earthly life. As a result his writings found favour not only within the Christian community but across a number of religions, however, as was often the case with mystics of the time Eckhart found himself facing charges of heresy and, following his death, a substantial body of his work was condemned as heretical and to this day his place within the Catholic church is undecided.

The role Eckhart plays in Jacob's Ladder is to explain the religious motives that have been



appearing and recurring throughout.

The 'ladder' of the movie's plot is outwardly the journey taken after exposure to the clinical drugs test allegedly carried out on some Vietnam vets an attempt to capture the anger and violence contained in primal fear and to use it as a force against the enemy. However, Biblically speaking Jacob's Ladder was the path to Heaven's as dreamt by Jacob and taken to signify that Jesus was sent down to Earth as man's ladder to God's side. Compare this with the end of the movie where Jacob's dead son (played by an un-billed Macaulay Culkin and who has been a haunting presence throughout) descends an ethereally lit staircase ready to take his father by the hand. That the son's name is Gabriel, as in God's chosen messenger, now becomes clear. And with various other Biblically coloured names

throughout his first wife Sarah, his lover Jezebel the movie becomes an important modern religious text.

Take this interpretation and since waking up on the subway to 'hell' (check out the advert on his carriage) Jacob is seemingly being terrorised on all fronts by the demons he left behind him when he first signed up for his tour of duty. Tormented by the death of his son and the possibility of some minor flirtation with a co-worker, Jacob's path to the next world has been strewn with obstacles so much so in fact that he hasn't been able to let go.

Of course there are many paths on which to hang interpretations of Jacob's Ladder but perhaps the most uplifting is to see that with guidance from Louis and the helping hand of his son, those steps Jacob Singer takes towards the light, combined with the closing scene of a doctor in a Vietnam medical tent pronouncing a US soldier dead, tell of a man's passage across our modern River Styx. A coming to terms with severance from this life, and his embrace of the life beyond.



KILLING KULTURE

remember the clock's ticking, get out there and get cool the KT way

BRET'S BACK

It's a shame that no one gets anything out of a crappy interviewer. The guest gets bored and the audience gets frustrated. Luckily Bret Easton Ellis, everyone's favourite Wall Street serial killer apologist, didn't seem too distressed that the questions fired at him seemed more Heat magazine than the Times Literary Supplement.

In London on the promo trail for **Lunar Park** (Picador, rrp £16.99), his first novel in six years, the sarcastic king of American satire pleasingly wore Armani – Patrick Bateman would have approved. The book itself is, according to Ellis, a ghost story – a piece of Stephen King inspired pulp. Only of course this isn't the whole picture. The lead character is an author named Bret Easton Ellis known for courting controversy both in his novels and in his liking of pharmaceutically enhanced high living. And as for the haunting the ghosts in his life seem plenty – not least a certain character he invented to slice 'n dice the financial top dogs of Manhattan.

Read it as a semi-autobiographical biography or as a post-post modern twist on truth-telling. Just be sure you're seen reading it. Appearance is everything.

BEAUTIFUL MUTATIONS

Wanna stay invisible on public transport? Then for God's sake don't get into graphic novels. But if the odd stare gives you a buzz, or you just

don't care, get out there and buy Charles Burns' **Black Holes** (Jonathan Cape, rrp £16.99). Every frame is a beautifully stark litho-block of paranoid, b-movie fear with a sly dose of throwback stoner laughs.

Narratively, think of a meeting between the twin Davids of weird: Lynch and Cronenberg. Copulating kids in smalltown America start mutating, growing tails, shedding skin and so move to the woods to escape persecution. Graphically, think of Robert Crumb being reigned in by David Gibbons then reimagined by MC Escher.

Take it as an allegory on the joys of puberty and sexual awakening, segregation and the fear of the 'other' or just take it as a great, dizzying read in a familiar world that's slipped just the right side of queasy.

HANDHELD WHORE

It is almost impossible to do the PSP justice in ordinary words. This 21st century wonder is a gaming marvel, a window into another world and the envy of everyone - all in a size that fits so soothingly into your cupped hands.

The screen is unlike anything you have ever seen; the game graphics come close to anything on the ps2; the sound is divine; movies on the move and wireless gaming to boot. Take it out on the tube and you'll be the envy of everyone. Especially the muggers with knives.

TWO KILLER DVDS

JE SUIS UN FREE MAN

Given the chance to mumble a few incantations instead of sitting in a cell to pay for your misdeeds against society we'd all take the chance wouldn't we? When an inmate stumbles across a book of magical rites in French movie **Malefique** (FrightFest Presents, rrp £19.99) it's hardly surprising everyone wants a bit of the black arts if it's gonna give them the power to walk through walls – only they don't bank on these walls being more spiritual than physical.

Playing like a medieval version of Canadian sci-fi thriller Cube there are good performances (just check out the macho transsexual) and plenty of hide-your-face moments. Catch it before the US remake screws up yet another classic slice of world horror.

GIRLS WHO GO DOWN

Losing your partner and kid is rough enough. Seeing them killed in a freak car crash that you walked away from is worse. It's no wonder some extreme pot-holing in an unmapped Canadian cave doesn't phase Shauna Macdonald in Neil Marshall's great horror flick **The Descent** (Pathe, rrp £16.99).

If claustrophobia is your thing then turn down the lights, take the phone off the hook and get your torch and hardhat ready because this movie is manna from heaven. The best Brit-Horror flick in years the movie balances expert use of light with rippling good performances from its female cast with some flesh-rippingly good underground gore. Strong women, blood, fights, chases and death – show me another two-dics set that offers this much and I'll show you my pick axe.





WORTH THE HYPE?

Don't trip up on over-hyped, over-priced imports. To save you €50 a shot Killing Time reviews what global releases are worth your money and what's best left on the shelf

Think of student films, and what comes to mind? Whatever it is, chances are it's a rough approximation of Kichiku Dai Enkai. This film has got it all – the layered metaphorical imagery, the long silences, and the grainy photography. Set in a grim kibbutz for the teenage members of a left wing political activist group, “Large Banquet of The Brutes” weaves an awkward tale of corruption, sexuality and violence, with the latter dominating fifty minutes of the hundred minute running time. ‘Enkai’ is a Japanese drinking party; a regimented tradition that is commonly used as a bonding ritual between professional or social colleagues who might not otherwise socialise together, and in the spirit of tenuous metaphor, the inevitable collapse of this alcohol fuelled ritual into pandemonium is a worthwhile summary of how Kichiku portrays the shifts of power within a group with no leader. For the first fifty minutes, the action is slow and deliberate, as the handful of

kids attempt to become accustomed with the fact that their leader has ended up in the slammer, and the only female of the group has been handed the crown. Screwing, smoking, and staring are employed as both coping mechanisms and power games, and the static shots of these activities are used to bring us the escalating violence and tension as the group begins to disintergrate underneath the new aggressive matriarchal rule. It's not until one them is condemned to be taken care of in the woods for committing an act of betrayal that the real reason for the film's notoriety is revealed.

Make no mistake: This film is nuts. Once the shotguns and razor blades make an appearance, the tone switches from ponderous political allegory to balls deep bloodshed, as the female boss and her henchman make dog food out of characters whose only crime in the first half of the film was to play folk guitar and nervously chuckle



at each other. If the film hadn't have ridden its way to box set luxury on the promise of hardcore gore, then the change in pace and content would definitely be a kick in the privates. The camera that was previously riveted half an inch from the characters' faces is now a swooping, speeding menace, and the students switch from performing statuesque poses to acting like frightening lunatics within the space of a single gunshot. Heads are ripped open, a penis is cut off, guts are removed, and a shotgun ditches its coy phallic symbolism to become a full on penetrative tool. If this film were a mixtape, it would be half an hour of Massive Attack followed by some ear splitting death metal.

Of course, at Killing Time we're trying to do more than wet our pants over every physiologically accurate prop, and it wouldn't be fair to say that the second half is in some way a compensation for the first. Neither is as polished or structured as well as it could have been, and the frequent dips in the action tend to reveal the confused pretension that underlies the story. The political stance is unclear, and the messages regarding corruption, commune ideals, and female authority seem contradictory at best, but virtually unfathomable as the action reaches its unpleasant crescendo. The slow pace of the opening half may well be a way of increasing the shock of the second,



but many of the long motionless scenes seem almost wasteful when the closing scenes are moving so fast as to seem rushed.

Kichiku Dai Enkai is seriously flawed, but the preachy stance maintains a sense of honesty, (unlike, for example, the ultra-pretentious “Subconscious Cruelty”). The gore is there to please and delight, to elicit screams of shock and guilty pleasure, which may detract from the serious message, but at least gives transit to the hefty ideas.

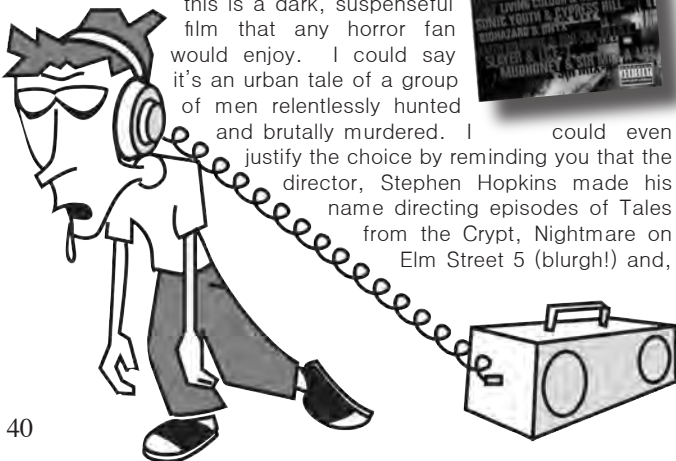
The DVD comes with a ‘making of’ documentary that is a true pleasure to watch. It is hard to believe that so much fun could be had making a film as brutal and confrontational as Kichiku. The crew appear to have been kitted out with only a single extremely loud and cumbersome handheld film camera, and wrapped every harrowing sequence with fits of hysterics. This could well be the result of manic exhaustion from sprinting around the woods after the delirious lead female, but having watched many of these types of features only to find stony faced directors talking in monotone about how hard the shoot was, it's refreshing and inspiring to see a crew employing guerrilla film tactics without falling apart much like the fictional group portrayed in this film.

Fantasy and horror movie soundtracks are a mixed bunch, ranging from shameless film studio/record label tie-ins to bizarre mish-mashes of b-sides and 'exclusive' remixes, to the rare original composition. However, if you hunt carefully diamonds can be found on the cubic zirconia encrusted tiara that is the soundtrack section of your local HMV Virgin.

It's hereby my pleasure to present a few of these gems, some chosen for their originality, others for their sheer creativity and at least one because it rocks like a teenager masturbating in a hammock! Get ready for the **Killing Time** top five OSTs

5. Judgement Night

I know what you are thinking. The first entry in a top fantasy and horror list and isn't either category. I could argue that this is a dark, suspenseful film that any horror fan would enjoy. I could say it's an urban tale of a group of men relentlessly hunted and brutally murdered. I could even justify the choice by reminding you that the director, Stephen Hopkins made his name directing episodes of Tales from the Crypt, Nightmare on Elm Street 5 (blurgh!) and,



more impressively, Predator 2. I could say all of that but I won't bother since once you've given it a listen you'll hear it for the genius it is! Released in 1993, this pioneering concept saw eleven collaborations between rock bands and the leading hip-hop artists of the day. The result was an album of original songs that appealed to fans of both genres. From the violent angst of Faith No More & Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E to the dreamy, stoned vibe of Sonic Youth & Cypress Hill, this album has something for even the most angst-ridden headbanger or the most badass gangsta. Original 'mash-up', man!

4. The Crow

As you're sitting there reading Killing Time I know what you're thinking. You're wishing you were standing on a rooftop, wailing guitar in hand, your face painted white and eyes encrusted in black eyeliner like some sadistic mime. You are The Crow: the movie that launched a thousand Goths.

For some of us though it wasn't the film that was special, it was the soundtrack. Released months before the movie hit screens in 1994, the album was heavy with eagerly anticipated tracks from bands with cult followings - stand-out tracks being Nine Inch Nails' cover of Joy Division's Dead Souls, The Cure's Burn and My Life with the Thrill Kill Cult serving up After the Flesh - and a bunch of tasty



new treats from lesser known acts like Machines of Loving Grace and For Love Not Lisa.

By the time we finally got to watch the movie, you could hear Satan's teenage minions singing along to every word from the back of the cinema.

3. Spawn

There were high hopes for Spawn the Movie. Based on Todd McFarlane's dark comic chronicling the revenge of a former mercenary turned supernatural vigilante who makes a pact with the devil, this could have been spectacular. Instead it was another average action movie with as much depth as the Princess Diana Memorial Fountain.

However, this turd did have some polish in its awesome soundtrack. Following the blueprint laid down by Judgement Night, this album meshed the guitar crunch of rock with the pounding beats of dance across fourteen tracks of (largely) original brilliance. Filter & The Crystal Method had you wishing you were boogieing the night away while Slayer & Atari Teenage Riot put you in the mood to rip someone's face off. All the ingredients for the perfect night out.

For visual entertainment, pick up the animated series: For pure aural pleasure, get your hands on the album.

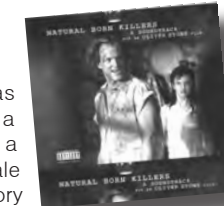
2. Natural Born Killers

Again not strictly speaking horror, this was certainly one of the most controversial cinema releases of the nineties. Oliver Stone created a media storm with his violent and nihilistic tale of the bloody rampage of Mickey and Mallory Knox and their unintentionally ascent to media anti-heroes. Stone gave the brutal redneck rampage a rocking soundtrack via the talents of Nine Inch Nails' Trent Reznor who compiled an equally harrowing collection of musical mayhem featuring 27 tracks from the film blended atmospherically with clips of knife-sharp dialogue. It's an eclectic and unsettling journey through the realms of kidnap, torture and brutality.

With Patty Smith, Leonard Cohen, Dr. Dre and Nine Inch Nails themselves, on paper this shouldn't work but it does.

1. Highlander (AKA Queen - A Kind of Magic)

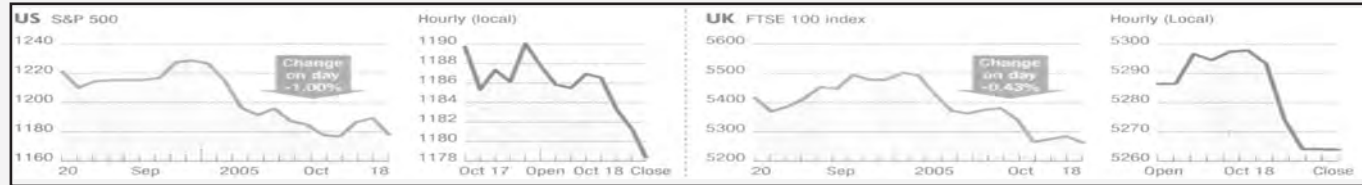
Immortals, swords, beheading, dodgy accents, Queen and 'fried chicken'! What more can I say that Freddie, Christopher and Sean haven't already roared? Yeah some might call it dad-rock in our post-millennial snobbery but get an air guitar in hand, imagine yourself on the top of a heather-covered mountain and I guarantee you'll be living the dream.



THE LISTENING DEAD: the ultimate movie soundtracks or music to soothe tortured souls



KT Loves



KEEPING YOU UP TO DATE WITH THE STOCKS AND SHARES IN WHAT'S HOT AND WHAT'S NOT

A: ONE'S TO WATCH

John Waters's A Dirty Shame ('my clitoris is in crisis!') is out on region 1 DVD.

Six Feet Under's Nate finally snuffs it – sorry, but hooray!

TASTY ALTERNATIVES?

For the bachelor, Sainsbury's new TTD macaroni cheese is a sickly but scrumptious treat – eat it straight from the plastic tray for maximum effect!

B: LOOKING TO THE FUTURE

The Xiu Xiu album, Glamorama, stove top espresso, adult freewill.

WEBWISE

ukresistance.co.uk
www.lovefilm.co.uk

SOUND INVESTMENTS

Shitt&Chevs, (fucked up anti-remixes), finding a bottle of JD at the back of my cupboard, Final Fantasy VII soundtrack, a million pounds of sludge from

New York to New Jersey, having my own hair clippers, Nurofen Plus, Miss AMP, P'EZ, ice. Saturday morning in bed as the rain pounds down behind thick rotten curtains, Blackstock Road N4, LK.

C: STAYING PUT

Friday nights and starting fights. Xbox Live and a Mercedes drive. Jack and coke and Beacon's smoke. Nine Inch Nails and spam e-mail. London Town and getting down. GTA and monthly pay day. Italian food and being rude. Going

to bed and slaying the dead. Ice cold beer and Christmas cheer.

PLAY THE MARKET

And Orange Wednesdays which doesn't really rhyme with anything and the flow is all wrong.

D: LAST MINUTE DEALS

MF Doom and DangerMouse in the cross-bred cartoon hip-hop superama we've been waiting for. Nathan Barley on DVD. And a great-fiancee: Mel B!

The next log you look under... may be your last

WOODLOIDS

John and Sarah Anderson want a new life in a new home. The sleepy town of Fearhole seems perfect to get away from it all... but when an ancient Indian log is disturbed in the nearby woods, the people of Fearhole will be lucky to get away with their lives!

Strange bites are found on the town's woodwork...

An unseen horror stalks the woods by night, growing stronger with each feeding...

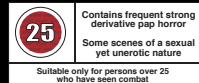
And slumbering beneath the floorboards of the Andersons' dream home, a nightmare beyond their darkest fantasies is about to wake.

Lost for years, found, deliberately lost again and finally rediscovered, this classic shocker will make you curl into a ball as a defense against the terror... of WOODLOIDS!



...It's going to be a lousy night

geddit?



Contains frequent strong derivative pap horror
Some scenes of a sexual yet unerotic nature

Suitable only for persons over 25 who have seen combat

THE SOUNDS OF HORROR



Buio Omega



Zombi 3



The Beyond



Re-Animator



Suspiria



Dawn of the Dead



Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer



Profondo Rosso



Martin



New York Ripper



Deadly Spawn



The Omen



Dawn of the Dead Incidental Music



Day of the Dead



Mark of the Devil Parts 1 & 2



Maniac



Night of the Living Dead 1990



Invasion of the Body Snatchers



Don't Torture a Duckling



Tenebre

New Releases



Cannibal Holocaust



The Howling



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