

HOUND DAWG MAGAZINE

"I'M A HOUND DAWG!"

NO. 17 APRIL 2012

TOM SAVINI

**HORROR EFFECTS
LEGEND TALKS ROMERO
AND 'NAM**

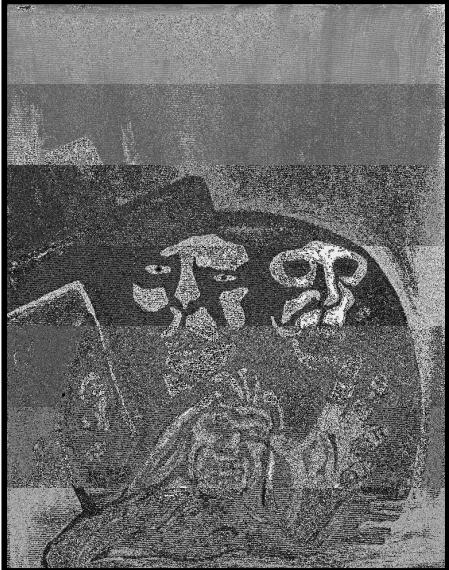
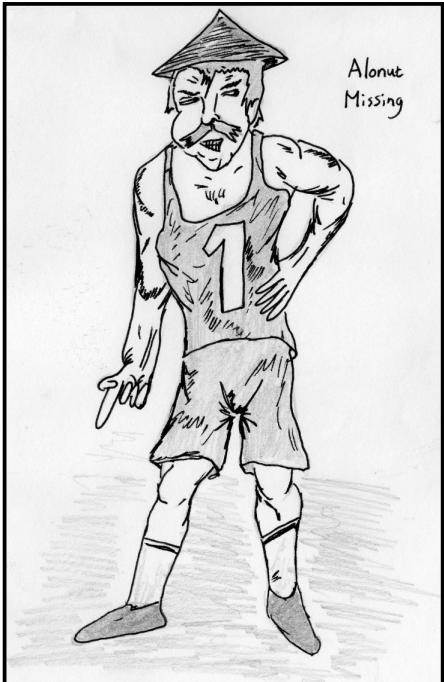
PROMISCUVILLE RISE OF THE DEAD

**CHRIS WADE ON HIS NEW
ZOMBIE NOVEL**



PLUS! TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE

**MARTIN DELANEY SYMPATHISES WITH
POOR JOURNALIST SAMANTHA BRICK**



HOUND DAWG ISSUE 17

APRIL 2012

WISDOM TWINS BOOKS

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Issue 17 has arrived. I always feared Hound Dawg getting to Issue 17, as in my life 17 has been a cursed dark number. When I was 17 I nearly swallowed my tongue. Naturally you can see why I am nervous about this issue. But, if all goes well, by the end of the magazine everything should be OK. In fact, as I am now 7 lines into the introduction and nothing has gone wrong yet, I think I can safely say this issue is going to run smoothly. So yes, here it is, the 17th Hound Dawg Magazine, 2 and a half years on from the first ever issue. Things have changed in that time; nights seem longer, swamps seem slimier and the walls are closing in. Actually, ignore that last one. But it is a great little issue this time folks. You may be interested in the interview with horror legend Tom Savini, and the star profile of world renowned archaeologist Alonut Missing, a delightfully moustached celeb whose achievements include running through a sewer with Dustin Hoffman. You will also see a snippet of Reginald And Stanford, which is now available as a free audiobook from Wisdom Twins Books, written and performed by me and my dad.

Well, here goes. Get your salad cream out and enjoy the fireworks.

CLASSIC FILM



TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE

No matter how many slasher, psycho yokel gore flicks come along, and god knows there have been a lot, none of them come close to the original Texas Chainsaw Massacre. A terrifying experience that keeps you on the edge of your seat for the whole latter half of the film, it's hard to think of a more frightening and disturbing film than this. It was always one of those movies that I turned my nose up at as a younger kid. For some reason I had imagined it to be some video nasty crud fest, cheap and tacky, with nothing going for it other than some bloody visual gore. Of course I couldn't have been more wrong. Tobe Hooper's film is perfect, visually stunning with its bleak cinematography, wonderfully played by a cast of unknowns, and filmed with such a shaky rawness you feel like you're right there smack in the middle of it all.

Following a group of young friends on a summer road trip, they find their perfect journey interrupted by a strange young simpleton who they pick up in their van. When he starts to cause trouble, they throw him out, which only sends him more unhinged, as he smears a symbol in his own blood on the back of the van. When the five friends stop to refuel, two of them come across an old house, seemingly empty and full of skulls, feathers and a general stench of doom. Here lurks Leatherface, the iconic figure of horror himself, with his chainsaw and mallet, both of which he uses with sheer brute force to wipe out the teens until only one girl is left. It is in the final ten or so minutes that the film really delivers something special. The family dinner table sequence, where Leatherface, his brother, Grandpa and dad enjoy their meal with the bound girl at the head of the table, is for me the single most unsettling, macabre and brilliantly executed scene in horror history. Grandpa is a grotesque and unforgettable figure, sucking blood from the terrified young girl's finger as they offer her up for him to kill. Too limp and half dead with frailty to hit her with the hammer, the family of nutters end up bickering among themselves like squabbling kids fighting over toys, except here they are fighting over who gets to kill this captured prize of theirs. In the end she flees the psychos and finds



herself driven to an apparent safety on the back of a truck, laughing with hysteria, half mad with fear and relief that she is still alive.

Even though I have seen much gorier and explicit films, I cannot think of a film that affected and spooked me quite like this did. *Wolf Creek* was admittedly a graphic, disturbing piece of cinema, but it was just over the top, leaving nothing to the imagination, and a little too unsettling too, relying on explicit gore to dish out the *yuk* factor. Tobe Hooper directed *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* with a realism that separates it from other gore flicks; shaky cameras, sweaty close ups and a hell of a lot of raw agonising screams! Shooting the film was reportedly a dark experience, with the combination of heat, underpaid crew, tight budget and the stench of rotten bones that decorate the yokel's house brewing a most distressful atmosphere. Hooper pushed the cast and crew to the point that the tension was real, much like William Friedkin's *The Exorcist*, where the director had used real tactics to get what he wanted from his cast (such as firing guns before takes and slapping people round the chops). Real art is created by utter dedication and Hooper was hell bent on making a real psychological horror. He nailed it with *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, a film that may be nearly 40 years old, but just as brilliant as ever. **CW**

"PEOPLE HATE ME BECAUSE I AM HANDSOME!"

THE POOR LITTLE RIG SON, MARTIN DELANEY, HAS HAD TO ENDURE A LIFE TIME OF AWKWARDNESS AND UPSET 'COS HE'S SO GOOD LOOKING. HERE, HE POURS HIS LITTLE F*ING HEART OUT TO CHRIS WADE OF HOUND DAWG MAGAZINE, AND TELLS US OF HIS LIFE STRUGGLE.**

When did you first realise you were more handsome than everyone else?

At birth. I realised that my pronounced chin, classic profile and perfect body would be causing trouble as soon as I entered society. There are a lot of jealous people out there.

How did you combat these issues?

I used to grow beards as soon as I was old enough, just to hide my good looks really. I also used to walk in a funny way, in a bid to resemble a freak, just so men would not spit at me for being so dashing.

Did it work?

Yes, I found that people became less jealous of me. Still, I couldn't mask my true self forever and I grew tired of this. Eventually I had to emerge from my shell and get on with living a proper life as a handsome man about town.

Do you have many friends?

Oh no, certainly not. Any time I try to make friends they are instantly jealous and act rather odd. I once tried to get chummy with a work colleague on a work night out and I could tell he was threatened by my perfection because he instantly grabbed his girlfriend and held her tight, as if he knew I could have her if I wanted her and that she would inevitably submit to my delights.

Does this happen a lot to you?

Oh yes, for sure. It happens all the time. It's got to the point where people won't even speak to me now. I have also had



Martin Delaney during his baptism.....Isn't he handsome?

good friend's wives and girlfriends sidle round to me and say 'If you want it, I'm up for it. You're ten times better looking than my fella and I'd have you any time.' But I have to say no to them. I can't go round stealing other people's girlfriends, even though I could if I really wanted to. I could do it all the time. You know that Lynx advert when all the birds want that fella. That's my life that is! It can be hard work sometimes.

Has it ever affected your work life, being so good looking?

Yep, that too. I once went for an interview and the interviewer was clearly disturbed by my looks. He wouldn't even look me in the eye. I must admit that I did look particularly fine that day as I was wearing my orange trousers and paisley shirt and I even fancied myself to be honest, but I could tell he wasn't going to hire me. He was not bad looking himself, for sure the best looking man in the office and if I had joined up I would have taken his place as numero uno on the girl's sex watch list. So yes, it can affect work life too, which is a shame. Jealousy really is ugly isn't it?

Don't you think this is all a bit vain mate?

Aha! (points at Chris sharply) I knew you were jealous too! I could tell by the look in your pissy little eyes. Fear not Chris, you're not that bad really.

I'm not jealous of you Martin, not at all!

Oh yes you are. Everyone is. And who can blame them?

You can read Martin's column in the Arrogant Times every week

FILM REVIEW

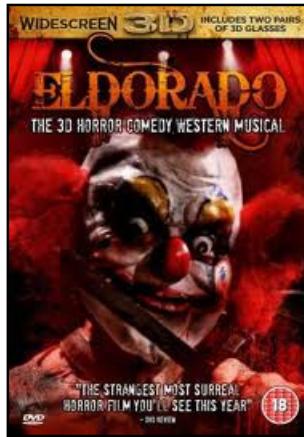
ELDORADO (2012)

DIRECTED BY RICHARD DRISCOLL

ALL STAR CAST IN INTERESTING AND BAFFLING HORROR COMEDY MUSICAL

It's clear when browsing the net that only one film critic seems to write about horror film maker Richard Driscoll, and that is horror aficionado Mr. J. who seems to continually slam him in 20.000 word reviews! He hasn't yet reviewed Eldorado. Now, I have been seeing adverts and bits of promo for this movie for around 2 years now, and Rik Mayall himself described it to me as one mad film. I had been thinking it could either be a real fun ride or a huge stinker. They call it *Mamma Mia* for horror fans which will surely put anyone off. The "viral" ads on You Tube are bad too, with Britney Spears and Jack Sparrow lookalikes telling us of the film's release date. But as for the film? Well, I have seen it now and.... Here goes.

Needless to say, it's different! It's clearly aiming to be the new *Rocky Horror Picture Show*, but it doesn't quite get there. So what is it? It begins with a rather lost looking Peter O' Toole, in an arm chair, clearly reading from a script he holds in his hand, beginning to narrate a tale involving a Blues Brothers tribute act, Stan and Ollie, who are clearly two English men (one of them is Driscoll as actor Stephen Crane) both of whom are putting on appalling American accents. They make their way to their next show at a sleazy strip club in Eldorado, a journey interspersed with Daryl Hannah of all people dressed in white reciting Edgar Allan Poe poetry on some long highway. On the way there Stan and Ollie sing *Rawhide* in the car, then they stop at a café where Freedom Brothers is sung, almost exactly as it is performed in the 1980 classic by Aretha Franklin only much weaker. We are presented with a spectacled Steve Guttenburg with flies around him singing *Stand by Your Man* (surely the Cocoon star must be wondering what has happened to his career). The journey to Eldorado continues, with a small bubble in the right hand corner featuring Peter O'Toole's face telling us the ensuing plot. We have a limp ode to *Blazing Saddles*, with a fireside fart fest. Then we get Kryton himself, Robert Llewellyn wanting to duff the "Jews Brothers" up. Llewellyn dives into a mimed rendition of *Everybody Needs Somebody to Love!* So is this a film in itself or an obvious ode to The Blues Brothers? At this point I wasn't sure.



After a seemingly pointless Easy Rider homage, we are introduced to a family of inbreds chopping up body parts in a scene reminiscent of *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, before the family take part in a Reservoir Dogs style slow mo walk to Little Green Bag. Then we have Darryl Hannah again, doing more poetry in the desert (with a strange CGI role for the late

David Carradine, who had signed up for the film but died before filming, so they bought footage from another Carradine picture and used that instead, weirdly enough). It all seems thrown together at this point. Even Peter O Toole, just as I was thinking this, introduces a scene he calls "a flashback, one that doesn't really fit in anywhere, but it's too good to lose. And with these girls," he says, "who can blame them?" On comes a pornographic sequence in a dressing room with Bridgette Nielsen in a Basque singing *RESPECT*, surrounded by topless or scantily clad women cavorting, dancing and copulating with each other. Even the narrator has told us that this scene of titillation has nothing to do with the "plot". It's like Driscoll has shamelessly admitted he just wanted to see some tits and some girls kissing and stuck it in there for that reason alone. Then there's a painful scene where the Jews Brothers ask the inbred killer for directions to Eldorado. Main problem is those American accents are not only so obviously fake, they're unbelievably irritating too. Michael Barber is by far the most annoying thing in this film though, his hammy performance way too over the top to even enjoy. His scene with the chainsaw in the barn could have been something quite chilling, but it inevitably fails. Although it's far from a triumph, it does provide the odd thrill, especially when a new well known and unexpected face pops up. When Michael Madsen orders a drink at the bar you smile at the sight of him, unfortunately he then ends up on a ridiculous scene where he totally embarrasses himself miming to another Blues Brothers song, accompanied by two strippers in thongs and leather masks. It's ironic that the man they had only ten minutes earlier paid homage to in the Reservoir Dogs tribute, is now making a tit of himself. Bagging a cast like this and having them miming to Blues Brothers songs just seems like a waste, rather like getting the finest collection of Shakespearian actors to read out a Mills and Boon book... in a strange way. But you've got to tip your hat to Driscoll for somehow getting them all involved.

And so it goes on, Michael Madsen being employed by strip club owner Patrick Bergen to retrieve his lost girlfriend

(who happens to have taken some of his money). Each sequence seems more puzzling and detached from the film than the last one did. For the first hour and a bit, you wonder what you've been watching, and where it's all going. The second of David Carradine's scenes seems, rather like the pervy Bridgette Nielsen bit, totally pointless. As Carradine plays the flute and then engages in something very confusing and murky with Daryl Hannah (once again reading poetry) in a strange hazy sequence that turns into a kung fu scrap/dance off with some bint. These distractions might be interesting, but they not only slow the film down, they make it baffling to the point of irritating. What on earth was the relevance of that scene?

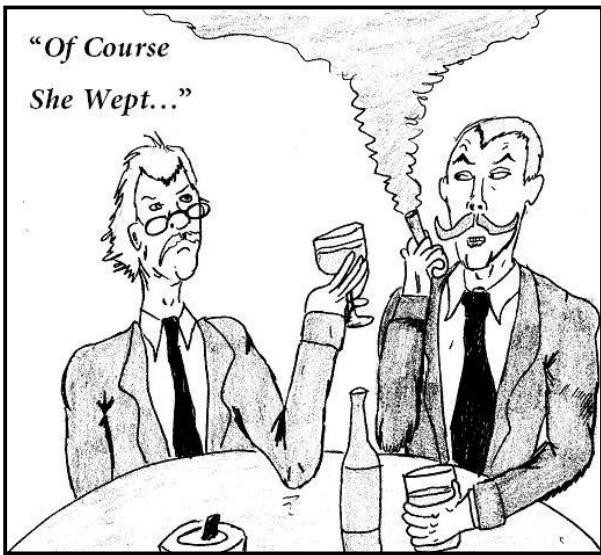


O'Toole then introduces "what we call in the industry, a wild card, with a new group of unexpected characters entering the plot." The Jews Brothers finally arrive in Eldorado, their shocking Yankee accents still intact. When they arrive for their gig, there has been a slight mix up, with the townsfolk of Eldorado expecting The Soggy Bottom Boys to be entertaining at the town ball. We then end up in a barn with another weaker version of a Blues Brothers song, this one paling in comparison to the Ray Charles original. Cue pointless dancing sequence. Now the film has totally veered off into another area. There's a bad Johnny Depp lookalike as the town sheriff showing tourists who have just got off a bus round the village. A pointless Pirates of the Caribbean sequence follows, for no reason at all! The Captain Jake in the desert part is just embarrassing. Finally the gig begins with Michael Barber as an even more annoying Elvis lookalike, before the irritating Jews Brothers, pretending to be the Soggy Bottom Boys as they perform their gig before the "city folk." They play some country hit with fake beards on. A second equally pointless Reservoir Dogs tribute follows as Barber dons a clown mask and dances to Stuck in the Middle With You around a man tied to a chair, before chopping his ear off. This is the second bit of gore in a film advertised as a sick violent horror musical. Then there's another song as Bergen sings to Madsen what he's going to do his pesky girlfriend, with Madsen miming a harmonica solo! Problem is it isn't directed like a musical,

with no extravagance on the direction at all. It's just straight forward angles with little excitement. Not in the least bit theatrical.

Enter Rik Mayall hamming it up as Chef Mario, smeared with blood and cooking up a meal that is "fit for a king!" Then he starts miming to an Italian opera song flamboyantly. What made Rik want to do this film after reading his part's scenes is a mystery to me! This is Mayall's second film with Driscoll, following their work together on 2002's Evil Calls (re-released a couple of times since under different titles), so he obviously sees something in his movies. He should be doing comedy that suits him, but instead he seems to be popping up in awful British film as of late. Although it is slightly entertaining as a novelty, spotting the stars in disguise miming to Blues Brothers songs, the script itself is awful. The dialogue is stilted, there are no real jokes, lots of silly accents, bad dubbing (some of Madsen's lines are dubbed on by another actor I am sure) and the acting is dire. The Daryl Hannah interludes become tiring, the pace is slower than a dead slug and it seems to take forever to reach... well, nowhere I guess. It looks OK, but I also feel Driscoll's direction is quite amateur. Still, you got to admire him for trying something completely different and I can kind of see what he was going for. It just doesn't work as what it sets out to be that's all, which is a shame because it could have been a good laugh. It reminds me of Rocky Horror's sequel Shock Treatment which funnily enough also featured Rik Mayall. Plus Peter O'Toole clearly reading a script in his hand is so off putting. By the end Barber's laugh had got so annoying that I wanted to cut my own ears off, and not even ironically to the tune of Stuck in the Middle With You, just to save myself the torment of his acting. My one moment of joy came when the Jews Brothers killed the tit! When O'Toole announces "this is what we call a finale" as the gun fight starts out, a wave of relief washed over me. It was nice of him to keep us on track with his commentary, offering explanations at key points, because without him I would have been totally lost. In the end it just seems like a waste of 2 hours. Nothing really happened and little of it made any sense. Daryl Hannah finishes it all off with Poe's Eldorado poem and the credits start. We are given a little discloser about Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi creating the characters of the Blues Brothers and Universal owning the rights to them. Clearly, they threatened legal action and this was Driscoll's way of avoiding a lawsuit. I can see why Mr J goes on for so long about Driscoll's work as it is so mind boggling that I could see myself going on about it for a long time. It isn't a good film by any stretch of the imagination, it is actually very bad. But it has some things going for it, for one the sheer confidence it has in just going on, revealing guest star after guest star. Most troubling...

REGINALD AND STANFORD



Reginald and Stanford were enjoying a cigar and a glass of sherry in Braithwaites Gentlemen's Club, like on most days of their lives.

REGINALD: Stanford... I too was having a dreadful Sunday morning.

STANFORD: Really?

REGINALD: Yes I am afraid so. I had a very good night out on the Saturday with the mistress and her children. I am afraid I had too much champagne.

STANFORD: Oh dear...

REGINALD: I said to Rosemary, the wife, DO NOT wake me until 9:05. I am afraid to say that at 9:02 I was shaken by Rosemary and awakened.

STANFORD: At what?

REGINALD: At 9:02.

STANFORD: Having you already told her to wake you at 9:05?

REGINALD: Indeed.

STANFORD: The harlot!

REGINALD: She wakes me with a tray of tea, bacon, eggs, a copy of the Guardian... Of course I threw the bloody lot in the air and rubbed the egg in her face. I

rolled the Guardian into a club shape, smiting her round the head with it soundly... Of course she wept.

STANFORD: Well of course she did. Anyone would have. When you roll that up tight enough it can become a dangerous weapon.

REGINALD: If it hadn't been for the weeping, my Sunday would have been completely ruined.

STANFORD: Out of 5, how would you rate your Sunday?

REGINALD: Hmm..... 3.

STANFORD: Without her weeping?

REGINALD: Oh probably a 2. It lifted it bearable. On Halloween something similar happened. There was a knock on the door. There stood 2 working class children dressed as werewolves.

STANFORD: Oh how cheap!

REGINALD: So I grabbed a copy of the Times literary supplement. Rolled it into a club shape. Beat them. Shut the door. Leaving them weeping. A few minutes later there was another knock at the door. I thought 'the cheeky little blaggards are coming back for more!' Grabbed the Observer.

STANFORD: A thicker publication unless I am very much mistaken.

REGINALD: Thicker, heavier... can give a more thorough beating. Opened the door. It was Sir Caruthers' little boy and girl!

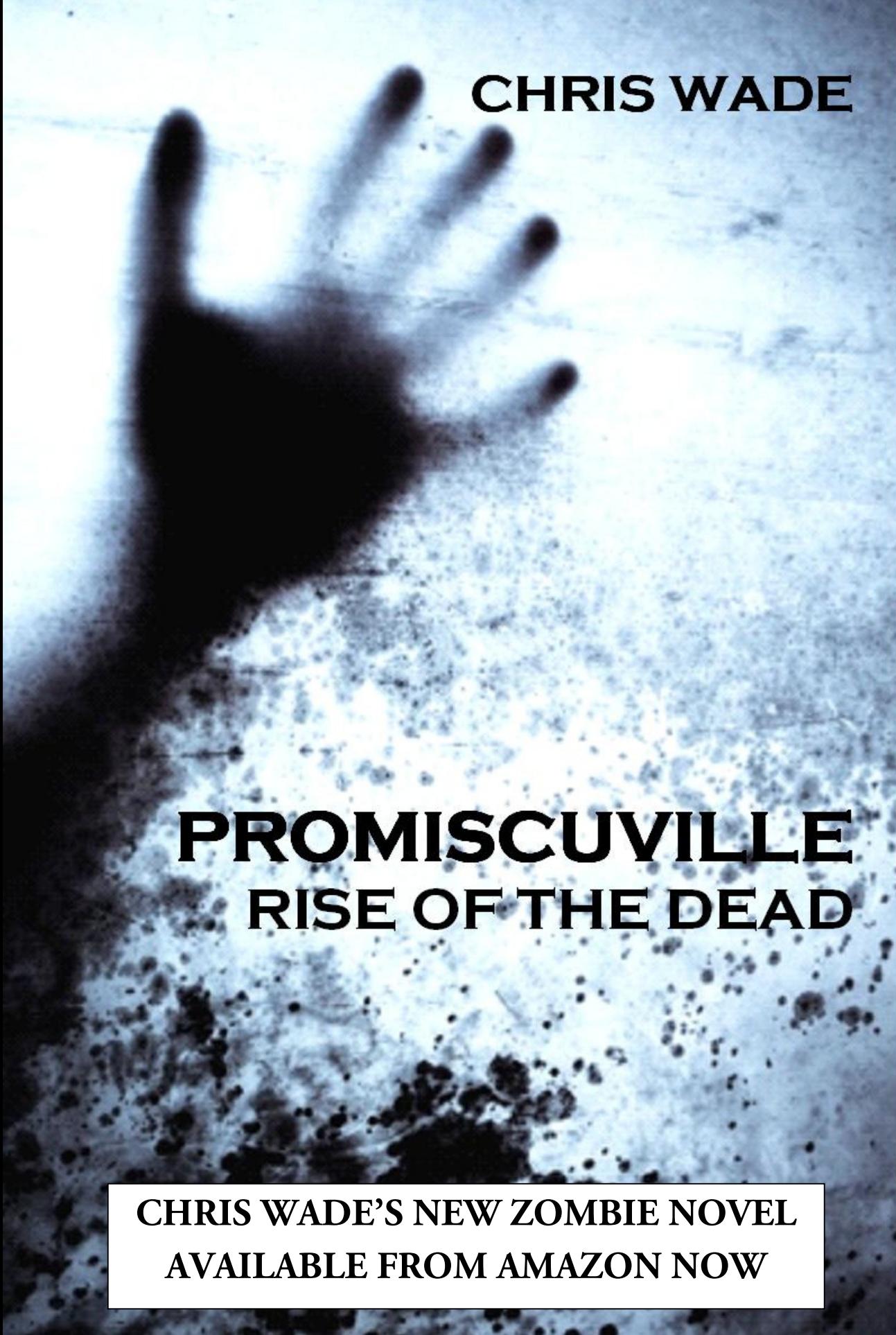
STANFORD: Oh marvellous. What were they dressed as?

REGINALD: Jekyll and Hyde.

STANFORD: Oh how cultured.

REGINALD: Of course I gave them a brand new Rolex and a box of Black Magic chocolates each. Patted them on their heads and sent them on their way. As for the working class children... they stood to one side watching all this. Of course... they wept.

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CHRIS WADE

**PROMISCUVILLE
RISE OF THE DEAD**

**CHRIS WADE'S NEW ZOMBIE NOVEL
AVAILABLE FROM AMAZON NOW**

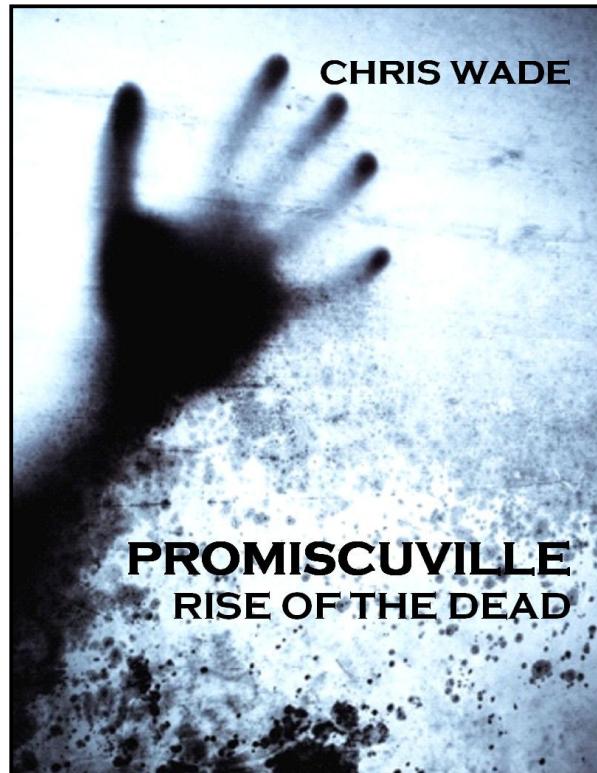
PROMISCUVILLE: RISE OF THE DEAD

CHRIS WADE'S LATEST FICTION BOOK IS
A ZOMBIE HORROR TALE OF LUST,
GREED, REPENTENCE AND EVIL...

I have always had a macabre fondness for the undead, and I don't mean in a pervy way. I love zombie films, I love the darkness of them, the often black humour, the doomy atmosphere and of course the goriness. The genre itself is something that has grown gradually over the years, one that in past times found itself frowned upon for its graphic violence and shunned by the critics. Now of course, zombies are quite possibly as popular as their more appealing horror brothers, the vampires and have finally reached iconic status. Video games, movies, books and TV shows are flooded with the undead.

Now, I have always adored George A Romero's zombie movies more than the rest. While the genre has its other classics (the Return of the Living Dead series, 28 Days Later, even Peter Jackson's Braindead), no one has made the zombie epidemic seem quite as hopeless and chilling as Romero. The stark black and white chills of Night of the Living Dead, the more jovial yet still dark Dawn of the Dead and the plain nasty Day of the Dead; these are just some factors of his 6 movie long double trilogy of zombie horror. I paid homage to Romero last year, writing Speak of the Dead, a celebratory book on his work.

But Zombie fiction is all the rage now too, and I have always been keen to pen my own undead tale. Knowing there is so much of it out there in the market, especially self published, I was faced with the realisation that I had to do something a little different. While plenty of authors have also taken an unusual often comedic slant on the genre (the recent X Factor of the Deaf for example), I wanted to give mine a clearer message about society. Although it does contain dark humour, the book is sort of an exploration of the darkness that comes from within and how this darkness could quite possibly over boil and create a hell on earth, a kind of overdose of evil that totally messes up the town of Promiscuville. It sounds slightly biblical, and I suppose it could be interpreted as that, but I am not religious. I have simply attempted to create a thought provoking slice of social commentary, looking at Britain and just what might have gone wrong with it; the looters, the crime, the drugs, the unemployment, it's all here.... There are also a shit load of zombies too! I made the zombies baffling, and pondered over what drives them, where they have come from and just what they want. They lurk around the book for the first 80 pages, spreading their virus with subtlety, biting the odd citizen here and there, gradually building up their numbers.



At the same time Beth Almond is telling psychiatrist Dr Hurst all about the murder of her husband, which she claims was performed by a mad cannibal who bit chunks of him away before leaving the house, for areas unknown to her. Of course the authorities do not believe her, and blame her for the killing. But their scepticism is proved wrong when the virus spreads out through this run down sleazy town. At first it's shopkeepers and prostitutes, then it is everywhere, this dark wave of terror that washes over Promiscuville. We follow a group of survivors attempting to flee the town, which is littered with bloodied limbs and crawling with the creatures. My favourite characters are Monty and Keith, two vile drunkards who live in a squat and drink whiskey non stop. I wanted to create characters that were at first disgusting, before you find the funny, human side of them that is. I still want people to route for these people, even though they can be quite foul. One character I loved writing was Peter, an ex criminal who feels his time is up, shutting him and his friend Langdon away in a hotel room and watching the chaotic genocide from out of the window. It was important for me to create strong characters, people who contradicted themselves and were not simply black and white. The interviewer on Bricks of the Dead commented to me that it was the characters in zombie novels he found the most important aspect, and I agreed with him. You need to feel something for the characters, even if it's hatred or loathing. Then that way, even if a character

I loved writing this book and it was a real departure from my comically surreal stuff. I hope fans of the genre enjoy it too.

"Promiscuville: Rise of the Dead" is available now from Amazon and Wisdom Twins Books



AN INTERVIEW WITH....

TOM SAVINI

THE MOVIE SPECIAL EFFECTS LEGEND, KNOWN FOR HIS REALISTIC GORE MAKE UP AND HIS ROLE AS SEX MACHINE IN TARRANTINO'S FROM DUSK TILL DAWN, CHATS ABOUT VIETNAM AND HIS WORK WITH GEORGE A ROMERO.

INTERVIEW BY CHRIS WADE

(TAKEN FROM HIS BOOK 'SPEAK OF THE DEAD')

You were a combat photographer in Vietnam. Did any films about the war really capture anywhere near what it was like out there and if so which ones?

Platoon came pretty close and not surprising as Oliver Stone is a Vietnam vet, but also surprising to me that he didn't put in little details that no

one knows about unless they've been there like how we moved Vietcong bodies out of the way with como wire, waiting till rigor set in to put one wire behind the head and another around the feet to lift and toss them into trucks. The Deer Hunter had some very real emotional editing in it when one minute they are having fun in the states, and the very next minute they are there in the Jungle. This is how it felt. You didn't believe you were there, and that jump in time was real and felt real to me when I saw it. Full Metal Jacket was the best as far as the feeling of really being there.

How did you journey from war photographer to special effects?

That's a misconception and I'm tired of it. My career in special make up effects did NOT begin in Vietnam. I started when I was 11 years old with my interest in make up effects, and characters, and old age, and monsters. Vietnam

was simply for me a lesson in anatomy. You know, seeing the real thing, the real destruction to a human being mutilated and exploded and fucked up. My safety net was the mind set of how I would create the horrible shit I was seeing with special effects. That is what set me apart in the effects world, as I am the only make up effects artist who has seen the real thing first hand. My reputation for realism comes from that.

I read that you were lined up to do effects for Night of the Living Dead. How come you didn't end up doing the effects?

I had enlisted in the Army on the HOLD program which means there's something like 140 days or so within which they call you in. They called me in before I was able to do Night of the Living Dead.

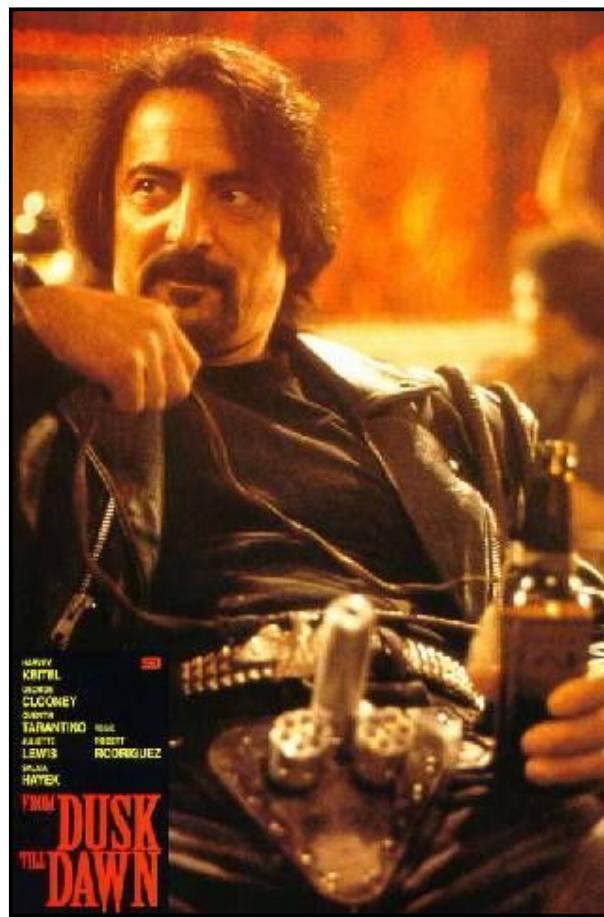
How did you come to be employed for the make up effects for Romero's follow up Dawn of the Dead?

Well, when I returned to Pittsburgh, this is after Vietnam and being stationed at Fort Bragg in North Carolina, and after my discharge staying in North Carolina and working in theatre for seven years....and after doing Martin with George. I was back in North Carolina doing a play, The Lion In Winter, and got a telegram from George saying "We've got another gig. Start thinking of ways to kill people." The rest is history.

How does Romero stand as a collaborator and director in comparison to other directors you have worked with on their films?

Most of the directors I've worked with were like George in that they were up for suggestions and improvisations with the make up effects. George would let you improvise as a make up man and as an actor and there was always more familiarity with George as we have worked together so often,

and we're Pittsburghers so it was more like a family and you were hanging out with your friends.



Day of the Dead, at the time ignored in comparison to Dawn, is definitely the goriest of the dead movies. Was there a conscious decision to "up" the gore?

Day is George's favourite of the Dead movies and mine too. I think it's my masterpiece as far as the gore and a shining example of how George let me come up with stuff and then do it. Like, okay



we want to tear off Taso's head. George: "Okay"....or we want to tear Joe Pilato in half. George: "Okay".....or we're thinking of taking off a zombie's head with a shovel...same response and we came up with a lot of stuff like that.

Do you think computer effects have ruined the magic?

When it's done badly, and on the other hand, in the hands of artists who know what they're doing, the best make up effects I see are the result of combining make up effects with CGI. I love it

when it's done well, but as far as magic, that is destroyed as soon as you get behind the camera. I wish I could see a movie again through the eyes of the 10 year old child when that magic existed and everything you saw was real. It is replaced with the magic of creating. Good, but not the same.

How do you look back on your work in Romero's films and would you ever like to work with him again?

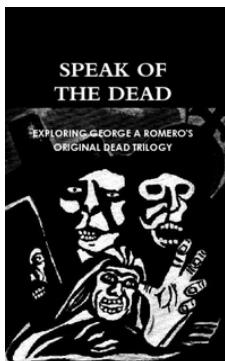
It's what made us both famous, it was fun, it was creative, everyday was Halloween, and we are still doing appearances and every time there is a new release or someone buys one of the DVDs it's like we just did it, and new generations are discovering our work and keeping us in the spotlight.

You've become a definite cult icon and now seem to have made a smooth transition into acting. Do you get as much satisfaction from performing?

Yes, just as much satisfaction. Maybe more. Acting is the hardest thing there is to do. You have to cry in five minutes. Imagine what it takes to gear yourself up emotionally for your body to produce tears, and believing so much who you are in a character that anyone looking at you fifty feet high and sixty feet wide in a movie theatre also believes with you. That's tough, and when it works it's magic.

Finally, could you describe Romero in five words if you can?

Bright, funny, charming, professional, and loyal.



Speak of the Dead, the book on Romero's Dead Trilogy is available on Amazon as a Kindle ebook and paperback.

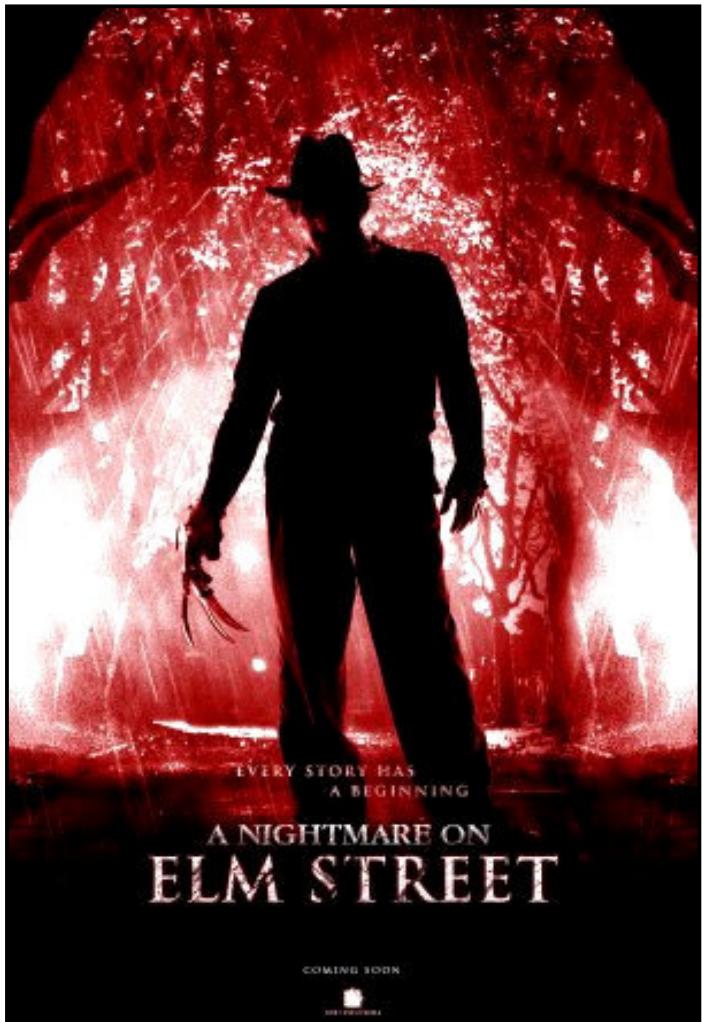
NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET

– Should It Have Been Brought Back?

By Samuel Shiro

The Nightmare on Elm Street has captured the hearts and released the lunches of millions worldwide. It was fantastic, it was horrifying (at the time), and it created a character which has certainly stood the test of time. But director Samuel Bayer has decided to take command of an effort to remake the original Nightmare on Elm Street film. Unlike most film reviews which provide their verdict at the end of the piece I, as a lover of the original Robert Englund series of Freddy movies, can honestly say that I absolutely hated it and whoever had the idea of carrying out this project should never work again.

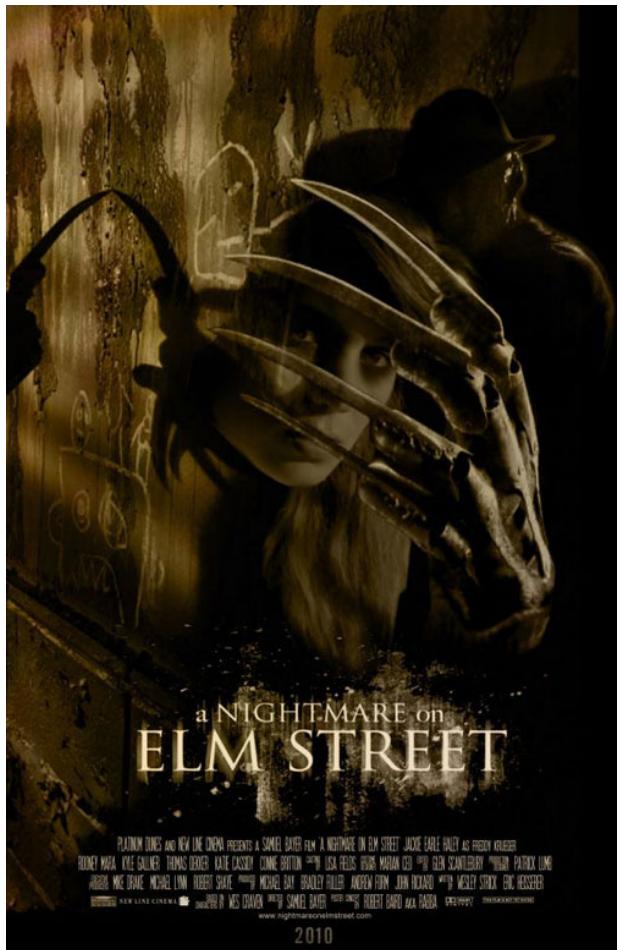
Anyone who has watched both films will clearly be able to see that the plots differ significantly, and that's usually what remakes do. That's not the issue here. The issue is the fact that they have completely changed the fabric of who Freddy is. Let's look at two major character flaws of Freddy in this film. Firstly, the voice is absolutely horrific. The voice is so deep that it just sounds like the sound guys were drunk on a combination of Tesco's own brand Vodka and nail varnish. Admittedly, the voice does get more tolerable as the film goes on, but then it just looks like they are trying to cover up for their terrible mistakes with a half-assed response. Secondly, Freddy looks like a burns victim, which he should, but why is his teeth still healthy? The teeth look nearly perfect. Now I don't know who Freddy's



dentist is, but he's clearly a miracle worker or the film just screwed up. I'm going with the latter.

As already mentioned, there's no issue with deviating from the original plot in places because that's exactly what a remake is supposed to do, but what they shouldn't have done is mess around with the iconic parts of the series. The first of these is Nancy's house. Nancy's house is perhaps the most iconic location of the series, as it also plays a major role in the later films, but it doesn't play hardly any part at all in this.

And perhaps the biggest sin of all is the lack of the boiler room. The boiler room makes absolutely no appearance in this, which also means that Nancy never picks up the famous glove which really makes her understand how much danger she's in. This wouldn't be a problem if they made it clear they weren't going to go down this route, but in the dream world Freddy is still chasing them



around the same sort of environment. Can someone tell me how Freddy, who in this film is a child rapist in a preschool and eventually burned in an abandoned building, came to use the same environment? It makes absolutely no sense at all.

The final real issue which appears here is the role of the psychological torture and the stalking. The killing just happens so fast. This was one of the reasons why the original film was so successful because Freddy was never a typical slasher villain, he was a master of mental torture who played with his victims first. In the remake he's just a typical villain with too much make up on.

This is not just a rant, though. There are some aspects which were enjoyable. The fact that the film makers decided to keep some of the original scenarios, like Nancy's bath scene and the same methods of killing, was something which evoked the memories of the original. Obviously, the advances in film industry technology were also clearly evident as Freddy did look more like a burns victim; the hole in his cheek was especially effective, simply brilliant.

Even though my verdict was given at the beginning, I will finish in the manner of a conventional review just to tie up any lose ends. If this was a standalone film and Nightmare on Elm Street hadn't existed before this then it would be a good film. But because the film is a remake, it had a lot to measure up to. And, ultimately, it failed terribly at this as it took the soul out of the franchise. Samuel Bayer should be ashamed of himself as he has ripped the soul out of one of the greatest horror movie villains in history and relegated him to nothing more than a bad looking high school villain with a fetish for the slashy slashy.

Let's end on this sorry note with a suitable catchphrase for the desecrator of Nightmare on Elm Street Director Samuel Bayer and all the people who worked on this film: Catch it, Bin it, Kill it (with fire!).

BIG SNAKES MYSTERY ORCHESTRA

The musical mystery unfolds... and grunts like orange bother.

When did you form the band?

Well firstly I have to say that we didn't form the band: that particular crime was perpetrated by fictional scoundrel, demi-urge and all round bad-apple Bigelow Snakes...but as a project things started up early 2010, or late 1937 (parallel 17) depending on which of the 2 super-imposed realities that the band shamble along in we're dealing with here....

Who were your influences if any?

Varied and many musically: Kurt Weil, Cab Calloway, Syd Barrett, Nina Simone, Bowie, The Beatles, Bauhaus, Bugsy Malone, Dresden Dolls, The Cramps, Manson, Nick Cave, Tom Waits, flipron, Tiger Lillies....non musically: Philip K Dick, Kafka, The Prisoner, ww2, Grant Morrison(everyone should read "the coyote gospel"), Robert Heinlein, the three penny opera and the "carry on" films....those and soul crushing poverty..

What made you opt for the Ukulele and how did you choose this style for the band?

I didn't really opt for it... I always, as a singer, backed myself up on guitar, then my wrists went all blootey, like soft Alan and I had to stop playing...an ex of mine then bought me a uke for Christmas and I discovered it to be the instrument I should have been playing all along... so thanks r.s.i, you revolutionised my life. The style just came along with the instrument and all its connotations era-wise, and the fact that it's just what comes out when I write on uke and the band get hold of it....

Could you talk me through your line up?
"near miss" Hendrick....bass, double bass, harmony vox, chucking stuff at stuff to make noise. Leela Fludulike....cello, harmony vox, refreshments, Tomlette T Ommlette...drums drums and drums, and hair.....Jacob Sladder....lead vox, uke, rabblerousing....

What kind of subject matter do you focus on lyrically? Is there a particular theme you're exploring or is it just fun music?

The words I write are really just about how I feel at the time, things that are going on in my life and the lives of others...they sometimes tackle very dark subjects, but they are masked beneath symbolism, metaphor and black comedy...also I like to just say stuff purely for visceral impact at certain points in a song...

You got any up coming gigs and shows for the next few months?

Yes we are house band at this:
<http://www.miscellarium.co.uk/>, with the mighty professor elemental next local gig is on saturday may 19th at royal park cellars...

Where do you see the band going? Apart from the Piece Hall in Halifax...

To hell in a hand basket....and to the chippy...expansion, invasion, proliferation, and some kind of carnie-road show...also we are forming our own semi-fictional record label "horse pizza"....

Also, if I were to give you a blancmange and a blood scarf, how long would you take to offer me something artistic?

depending on the quality of the ingredients anywhere between 27 minutes and a lifetime of anguish...blancmange is notoriously difficult to work with and its hard work getting blood out of a Primark tuxedo so I assume protective clothing will be provided....

The Made Up Music News on Shedsday the Weft of Fleftember 20egg12 (Stephen Smith)

Pink Floyd's long awaited comeback?

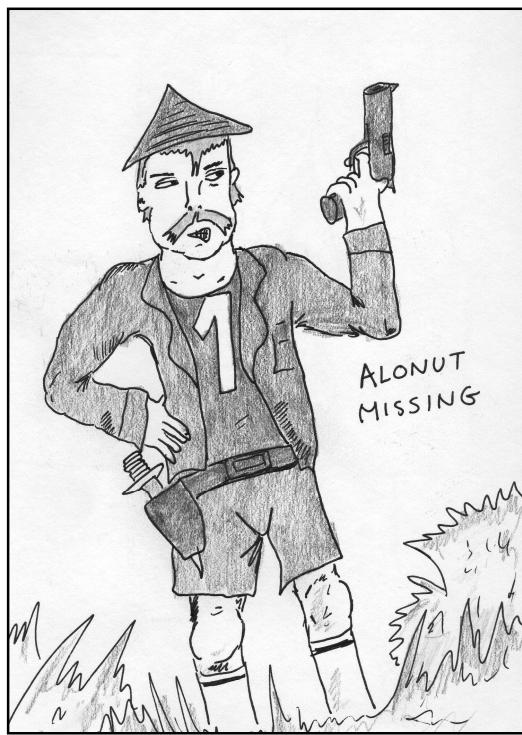
Once upon a time there was a cheese amplifier that was thought to add extra calcium to the aural experience gained from listening to Pink Floyd's 'One Over the Bread Bin' album, but on practice it emerged that the listener was subjected to more than just music. A case study in Germany found out that one fan of the aforementioned progressive rock combo died engulfed in Brie that had poured from his speakers and encased the man into a big bolus of fromage that eventually got stuck inside of a chimney. After 3 hours of constant battle, firemen gave up the futile struggle as the man had clearly died of suffocation; it was 2 days later that the autopsy revealed some startling facts. Upon opening the cheese coffin, a noise was heard resembling some familiar music, then, as the mouth of the victim was prised apart Pink Floyd could be heard blaring out, gaining volume expediently. The band horrified by the death of a fan, decided that as the ultimate tribute they would connect the dead man to an ordinary amplifier and use him as a special segment of their following tour, they would turn him up for the guitar and drum solo's to ease pressure on the musicians' regular sections. Fans loved their novel way to present music, and as sales increased so did the number of copycat suicides. The army of Floyd fans later went crazy over death by cheese music amplification as they believed it was a way to secure their status as a fully fledged member of Pink Floyd who could go on tour and play with their heroes, an idyllic afterlife of sorts. After the 500th member of Pink Floyd was recruited, the band underwent a tragedy, one of the musical corpses fell off the stage via its own bass vibrations that had caused the metal safety restraining pins to come undone, causing the 300 pound Ukrainian dead man to land on top of three fans at the front, crushing them to the guitar solo of 'Comfortably Numb'. The show was stopped, and a riot ensued. Pink Floyd was later taken to court and successfully sued over the death of three fans 'via an unrestrained cheese corpse amplification unit' and were forced to hand over their extensive range of band members. They were also ordered to stop playing music for the next 25 years, or until a time in the future that could accommodate such art house musical styles. Now after 12 years the band believes it is time once again for the world to hear their vision, and the debate over musical safety still continues. Should they be allowed to return using the previously banned musical corpses? Tell us your thoughts via email to bob-pard@hotmail.co.uk



Above: Poster for the new erotic thriller starring Michael Keaton and Great Uncle Nibbler (CW)

ALL ABOUT ME

BY ALONUT MISSING



"Hello everybody. No doubt that most of you reading this book will know all about me. But those of you who don't know who I am, I pity you. My name is Alonut Missing and I am the most famous, lovely, handsome and brilliant Archaeologist the world has ever seen. I have gone on some of the most daring and dangerous expeditions in history, venturing out to such places as Cambodia, Egypt, Brazil and Doncaster. I am well known for having discovered a species of bird called the Oggie Whisk, as well as finding the world famous Lion Boy who had been living in the bins round the back of B and Q. I had not always been an Archaeologist though. In fact, I began my professional career as a "Cuddy Buddy." What's that, you ask? Well, I'll tell you. It was a company I started with my late friend Gordon Stickerbook, where we offered cuddles for a small sum (5 pounds for a hug, with discounts for the clinically fed up). After the company folded (my co worker had enough of the pressure and ended up cuddling himself to death, which is of course a rather sad memory for me so don't expect me to focus on that for very long) I found myself involved in various activities which put me in the public eye. I had done a celebrity marathon through the sewers of London with Dustin Hoffman, sponsored by kiddy pop giants "Hippo Fluid" which lead to various missions abroad. Soon after this I began my career as an archaeologist. My most famous excursion, as you may

know, was dubbed in the press as 'Alonut Missing and the Nipple of Doom.' I had found myself in a previously unearthed tomb, which held the infamous, believed to be non-existent, nipple of doom. It was a two man mission, and I chose the great (but not as great as me of course) Cosmic Dad to go in with me. I lost him somewhere down the long dark tunnel to the tomb (I think he was eaten by some hermits that came out of the walls) but finally found the nipple there on a stone slab. At first it was hard to take it off, impossible in fact. But I soon got my way round the task by tweaking the nipple. Before I knew it the milk was flowing, the moistness loosening the nipple's grip on the slab that it had sat on for 4000 years, and I took it in my famous hand. The nipple now stands with pride in the Smoochyville Museum, all thanks to my bravery. But this is just everyday life for me you see and I don't even bat an eye lid at a spot of danger. It just doesn't bother me. It is wonderful being me; I've got to admit it....."

STAR PROFILE

Name – "Why, Alonut Missing of course!"

Age – "30 this year. Looking good am I not?"

Favourite things – "Me, pictures of me and anything related to me in any way. Even things that vaguely remind me of myself are also great!"

FANS OF ALONUT WILL LIKE TO KNOW THAT HE WILL BE APPEARING AT THE FOLLOWING EVENTS THIS COMING YEAR...

The Fishing For Compliments Annual Riverside Picnic

The Great Dig of Smoochyville

The Vaguely Cinematic Battle Against the Towering Squid

The Search For Good Old Tappo Tappo

The Jungle Book Fancy Dress Orgy

Alonut Missing's Hide and Seek Weekend

The Monthly Steve Guttenberg Film Festival in Yeadon
(This Year Not Playing 3 Men and a Baby) **CW**

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