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ISSUE # 11



On the set of Tenement By Gene Mazza II aka DedKid

I'm interrupting the flow of my serial story "The Rage" to ramble on about an incredibly fortunate stroke of luck that recently backhanded me. Provided Eve hasn't filleted my intestines for turning in something other than my serial, "Rage" will be back next issue.

A couple of months ago, a friend of mine called me up to tell me he had auditioned for an indie horror flick up in Peekskill, NY. "Cool," I said. "I told them about you." My eyes lit up, "No fuckin' shit?" I asked. "Yeah, the director's gonna call you." VERY cool. FYI, I've been messing around with FX for years, something I got into when, no joke, I was in the fifth grade and wanted to be Jason for Halloween. Since the only consumer grade hockey masks available at the time sucked & looked nothing like Jason, I opted to drill extra holes in mine & paint it to the best of my ability. I went as far as shredding up some old clothes (this was 1988, I was 11 years old and Part VII, The New Blood had just come out & had such a profound effect on my young psyche), I got a plastic machete & painted it to give the illusion that it was all rusty & bloody. Since then, I've had the bug. Now, here was an opportunity I had been aching for smack me upside the head.

A few nights later, as I sat in the smoke-hazed studio space I set up for myself in the garage, the phone rang. "Thrill me" I intoned. Prophetic words when viewed in hindsight. MAJOR fucking thrill.

"Gene?"

"Yup."

"This is Glen Baisley, of Light & Dark Productions. You were referred to me by someone I just cast in my upcoming film."

"Oh really?!"

"Yeah. Listen, I heard you do FX."

"I do."

"Good, I need an FX man."

And so it began.

You see, up until now, the limit of my experience with films had been props. Tombstones, skulls, limbs, etc.; I was never even required to be on set. It was always, "This is what I need, what's it gonna cost me?" I'd give them the figures, do the work, drop it off (a couple of them picked the stuff up or sent their PA's to do it) and that was the extent of it. Over the course of this initial conversation we had, Glen informed me of stabbings, guttings, beatings, psychos, werewolves, beheadings & other things that got the little fanboy inside me all giddy. It was clear my presence would be required & that I would be doing actual FX work as opposed to just making shit in my garage that I'd hand off & never see in person again. No, I was actually going to be INVOLVED in the creative process. I crossed my fingers & hoped I didn't make too much of an ass out of myself during that conversation.

I sent him the link to my website and we arranged a meeting so I could show him some props & masks I had laying around. I hung up the phone, glowing with morbid glee at the prospect of engineering the brutal deaths of total strangers. At least I was being considered. It beats the hell out of flat out rejection. We met in a diner, hit it off, and to ice the cake, he dug my work. I was in. I drove home in a state of disbelief.

Fast forward to April, 2002: Glen called together myself, Brian Spears & Peter Gerner (two amazingly talented gents also providing the glue on the project) to take a life cast of Fangoria's assistant editor, Mike Gingold, who would be portraying diabolical fictitious filmmaker, Winston Korman. My first thought: "Holy shit!" I mean, this is the number two guy at the only major publication that caters to our small contingent. Pleasant & good-humored, the casting went off without any of the hitches typically associated with the process. He was a good patient & the cast came out PERFECT. Props to Brian and Peter for sculpting a really brutal looking appliance on top of it, these guys have been truly awesome to work with. While we were casting on it, in my head,



Rellik prepares to dismember the hand that created him



L to R: Judy Burrett, Gene and producer/director Glen Baisley. Are you looking at what Felix is looking at?



Fangoria's Mike Gingold stalked by the Black Rose Killer

like a mantra, was the refrain, "This is really happening." Small indie flick or not, I was finally at the gateway of my wet dreams.

The events following as production ramped up will forever be etched in my mind like a scar from a white-hot chainsaw blade. I learned firsthand all the boring and stressful parts of filmmaking that "the guys on the side" deal with: like waiting around for hours for take after take after take, only to spring into action at breakneck speed to get an effect applied before the sun moves too far West, which could've ruined the continuity of where shadows fell. Or sitting around an incredibly hot, humid loft at one in the morning, constantly reapplying blood because the heat was making the Karyo runny (and it was mixed with a thickening agent too), with the smell of fresh horseshit wafting up through the floor. And of course, how could one forget working in a condemned farmhouse that was home to birds that would periodically dive bomb & crap all over everything throughout the course of the day?

Suffer as we may have for our art, I have no complaints because some of the stuff that's happened was just too ludicrous to take seriously. No matter how taxing the situation, we were all able to find the humor in it. Even the time I volunteered to do a stunt bit as a slasher in a gas mask. I wound up getting whacked but good with a steel chair (all I'm saying is that better look awesome on film). Now, I felt, I had really lived both spectrums of the dream. This time, not only did I get to slop gore on people & rend heads from bodies, but I also got suited up in front of the camera to chase a scantily clad babe of an actress around with an ax. I was so pumped up when we did that, I asked the director if he'd be able to work something in that would allow me to walk through a glass door. Everyone else on hand was too uneasy with the idea & determined that I had finally lost my gourd. The clothes I had on were protective enough, I reasoned. But, no dice. Maybe one of these days. As I've said, I have no complaints.

The Tenement is an anthology a la Creepshow/Tales From The Darkside. Four stories, plus a wraparound narrative. The first segment (which stars Gingold and Seduction Cinema starlet Suzy Leigh) is the origin story of "The Black Rose Killer," a slasher introduced in Light & Dark's first feature (award winning feature to be precise), Fear of The Dark. This budding stalker, Ethan, is in a situation reminiscent to that of the late, great Norman Bates, and after a humiliating series of events, this milquetoast horror fan snaps. Throughout the story, Ethan watches the films of B-Movie master and all around prick, Winston Korman. Creating the Korman films that Ethan so adores has certainly been the highlight of working on this. It was within that context that I got to play slasher myself and just recently, perform a gutting with tripe (a cows stomach in case you don't know, but I'm sure most of you do) in a hot, cramped basement that was overlaken by the stench of spoiling innards. Glen told me he just cut that scene together, and 'disturbing' is the word that came to mind when he watched it. He also doesn't trust me around sharp objects anymore. Call me happy as the proverbial pig in shit, but to me, that's just an amazing compliment, one that I'm still taken aback over.

Next story, certainly my favorite concept of the whole film, centers on a rather neurotic fellow who starts becoming a werewolf. Or does he? Its in the vein (pun intended) of Romero's masterwork, Martin. This one's also got a really wicked sense of humor & a great actor named Mike Lane filling the lead. He's got a knack for spur of the moment improv, having spat out some really clever lines right there on the spot that I think will help this tale stand apart from the others. Have I mentioned how much I love the concept itself?

Third, we have a tale of psycho cab driver picking up and even more psychotic female fare (which also features some fine G&S corpse bits that were used in Midnight Mass). This installment also yielded one of the funniest moments of the shoot that I can't reveal because it'd be a huge spoiler, but it involved someone "taking a shot in the mouth" and a rectal syringe. Use your imagination (insert sinister cackle here).

And lastly, is the story of an odd mute girl, being terrorized by the local voyeur, but there's someone -- or something -- watching after her. This is probably the most twisted story out of them all, very ethereal in tone & cruel at heart.

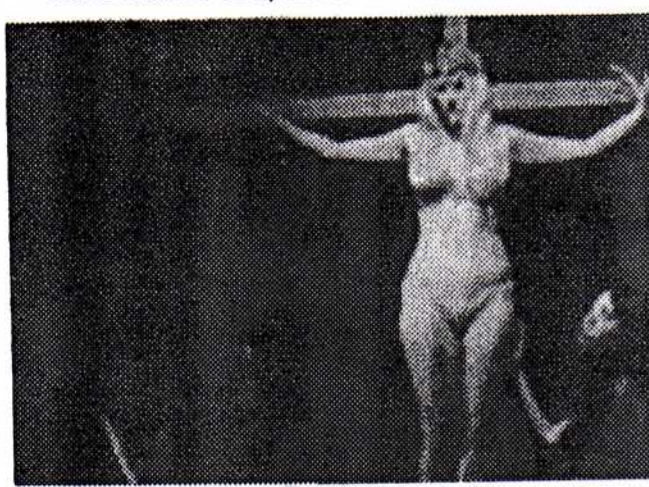
My first two major responsibilities on the project were make a shovel that we could safely beat Mike Gingold with and create a mask for a character called "Rellik", who appears in one of the Korman films. The shovel, while safer than a real one, wound up bruising Mike up a bit (my bad, or was the overzealous Ethan to blame?), but he was a good sport



Pete Gerner, Brian Spears and Gene Mazza free Mike Gingold of a lifecast



Spur of the moment stalker: FX artist Gene Mazza gets in on the action, looking to introduce actress Judy Burrett to his ax.



Actress Suzy Leigh upon the cross as actor Rich Redmond & *friends* look on

TENEMENT: CONCLUSION

about it. Though he did vow revenge on Glen in some way, shape or form. I told him I'd help him devise a spectacular chainsaw death by way of bisection from crotch to throat. He grinned and Glen looked worried for a minute. This ones going to be held over his head for a while. "Rellik" was a different story. As I touched on earlier, I have a deep fascination with masked slashers (Jason, Myers, Leatherface, The Prowler, etc.). Now having the chance to create my own, I immediately set to the task of producing an armload of sketches. We selected one & from there I developed a prototype. I handed it off and Glen took it down to the Chiller convention. He told me the mask had received kudos from Tom Savini. Someone stab me so I know if I'm tripping or not.

The night "Rellik" went into action, I reached the Frankenstein moment. Watching this very large (and by large, I mean built) mountain of a guy in the outfit terrorize a half naked babe on a cross, I felt like I was watching my firstborn. Fortunately, this incredibly large, intimidating guy happened to be incredibly polite and good natured, because he had on a thick leather trench coat, black shirt, black jeans, boots, leather gloves, spiked gauntlets and the mask. He easily could've eaten all of us had the discomfort driven him to do so.

Being so involved in the creation of this mini-opus has given me the opportunity to do more than I'd ever dared to hope (up to & including the directing of a pivotal scene) and I've enjoyed every minute of it, even if I'm not smiling in the behind-the-scenes pictures I wound up in. I realize that this is still small scale & that I may wind up back in the garage when all is said and done with it, but its given me a taste of what it'd be like to be doing this for real. And what can I say? I want more.

What's the relevance to all this? Nothing really, just one fanboy to a few hundred more relating a positive experience, one that I'd like to have again, and certainly would LOVE to have in an even more professional capacity. If that happens, I might die of shock, because I never thought I'd get out of the garage, even if only for a brief while. I'm enjoying it while I can and learning never to say "never" again. And by all means, if you're ever afforded a chance to pitch in on a production, no matter how small, I say grab that bull by the balls. So what if it's only an epic to you? Being in the company of like minds, watching & doing the things that are done in turn to provide us with the horror we cherish, is an experience that I feel can be appreciated by blood-buffs the world around.

DAVID TYPBOR: CONCLUSION

Eve: Who are your mentors?

David: Early John Carpenter, i.e. assault on *Precinct 13*, *Halloween*, *The Thing*. Lately he's lost his edge, though. I just don't think he's hungry to put out original ideas like he used to. I think money changes you, and takes away the ambition. At least with some people. I hope that never happens to me. So far I've put a lot of my own cash into my films. At least I've always made my money back, knock on wood.

Eve: You are lucky, since a lot of Indie filmmakers don't even make half of their money back.

David: I know, I feel blessed. Half of this crazy world of Indie filmmaking is marketing, and I think I'm pretty good at it. It also helps to knock on the right doors.

Eve: What is your view on digital film making?

David: I must say I was pretty damn pissed off at the digital revolution, because it took away from what I call serious filmmaking, but I've given in to the dark side, and I think that a really good script with really good actors can make a good story; whether shot on film or digital. So with that said, just about anybody can become a filmmaker. Budget isn't as much of a concern as it used to be, if they're dedicated and have a very good script. I can't point out

how important that is. If they've got those things, then the world is their oyster.

Eve: What is your personal favorite horror film?

David: *Dawn of the Dead* is my all time favorite. I am completely inspired by the sheer complexity and grand scale vision that Romero had for such a minuscule budget. Nothing comes close. *Dawn of the Dead* is more shock than scare, and I believe that the same could be said for *Attic*.

Eve: What would be your advice to a new filmmaker today?

David: Just keep doing it.

For further information on David and his film you can visit his website <http://www.rachelsattic.com>

CHARLES MANSON: CONCLUSION

nearly nine months. All were found guilty, except for Linda Kasabian, who turned State's Evidence. Manson and most of his cult members faced Death Row. However, because of California's abolishment of the death penalty, they all received life imprisonment instead.

Manson himself is eligible for parole yearly, and every year he is turned down. Tex Watson has become a Born Again Christian, and has since fathered four children. He is incarcerated, but is allowed visits from his wife. He wants to someday be paroled so he can preach the word of God. Clem Grogan is now paroled, his whereabouts unknown. Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme was involved with the plan to assassinate President Ford in 1975. She is currently in prison, serving a life sentence. Susan "Sadie" Atkins is serving her life sentence at the California Institution for Women at Frontera. She has been married twice. She was denied parole at her last hearing in February of 2000. It was her tenth try at parole. At her hearing she said, "I don't have to just make amends to the victims and families, I have to make amends to society. I sinned against God and everything this country stands for." Patricia "Katie" Krenwinkle is serving her life sentence at the same place Atkins is, but did not show up for her parole hearing in 1997; and is scheduled for another in 2002. At this time, the author believes that the majority Manson's clan will never again see the light of day. Charles Manson himself will probably die in prison, a maniac, a legend, and a leader of the most blood thirsty family to ever live in America.

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