

FANGORIA
#231

WIN TEXAS CHAINSAW 2-DVD set!

APRIL
UK
£3.99

HELLBOY
EXCLUSIVE!

SMS presents

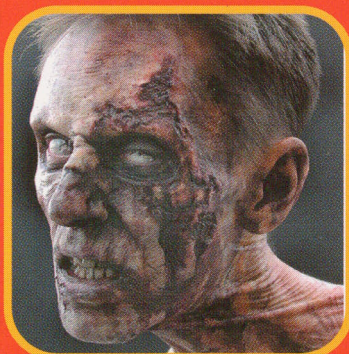
FANGORIA®



VAN HELSING
Spectacular set visit

JU-ON
Japanese
sensation haunts U.S.

Stephen King Things:
SECRET WINDOW
Johnny Depp's writer's shock
First news!
SALEM'S LOT revisited



**DAWN
OF THE
DEAD**
The controversy continues

\$7.99 U.S./\$11.99 CANADA



www.fangoria.com



HORROR
HERO

SMASHES
EVIL





Ashley Fester (center, with fellow documentarian Richard Stanley) is always happy to support Cinemuerte's Kier-la Janisse.

a detective who discovers what's really behind a series of strange disappearances.

Two filmmakers too long absent from screens contribute Thursday's viewing choices. Fantasia favorite Richard Stanley hasn't been idle in the years since *Island of Dr. Moreau*; he's been busy assembling a series of documentaries, including the previously shown *White Darkness* and *Voice of the Moon* and tonight's *The Secret Glory*. This one tells the story of Otto Rahn, a Nazi lieutenant with a fascination for the occult and an obsession with the Holy Grail, and does so in compelling fashion.

Next up, over at the smaller J.A. De Sève auditorium across the street from the Concordia, is Scooter's *Sixteen Tongues*, his first feature since turning the zombie genre on its severed head with *Shatter Dead*. Set in an X-rated hotel of the future, it focuses on the relationship between a surgically altered cop and a genetically bred assassin. While there's a good deal more talk than action, here's a case where that seems dictated by ambition rather than budget (though the computer-screen graphics are quite impressive), and it works because there are real ideas being expressed in both the filmmaking and the dialogue.

Continuing in the underground vein is a sneak showing of *The Untitled Star Wars Mockumentary*, in which Damon Packard uses the miracle of home-computer editing to take a lightsaber to George Lucas and his empire; its humor is hit-and-miss, but parts are uproarious. Track down this copy-right-infringement-fest if you can; it's certainly more entertaining than Packard's official Fantasia entry, an unwatchable, absurdly overpraised piece of self-indulgence called *Reflections of Evil*.

Two Fantasia pals are represented by my first Friday feature (at the de Sève), *Celluloid Horror*, in which documentar-

ian Ashley Fester chronicles Kier-la's tireless efforts in staging Vancouver's Cinemuerte Film Festival over the past several years. I enjoy every minute of this affectionate portrait of a fellow horror-obsessive—I only wish I could've made some of her fests myself! (Kier-la is currently lending her expertise to the film events at Austin, Texas' Alamo Drafthouse.)

Back at the Concordia that night is the world premiere of *Jeepers Creepers II*, a sequel that I'm more enthusiastic about than some. But how could I not have a great time seeing the movie in the

No one asks Torque (Crawford James) and Ginny (Jane Chase) to hold their *Sixteen Tongues*.



company of a sold-out crowd and Wise, whose heroics are cheered by the audience at every turn? Next up is Pepe de las Heras' Spanish gore comedy *Mucha Sangre*, which I stick around for even as most of my group heads over to Brutopia. But after the second or third scene of someone getting a faceful of shit (which is also around the second or third time Paul Naschy's character anally violates another man), I decide to step out myself. I feel bound to point out, though, that the rest of the audience seems to be having a ball.

It all ends too soon for me on Saturday, with an Asian double feature. Hitoshi Ishikawa's *Big Slaughter Club* comes billed as a schoolgirls-on-a-rampage flick, but instead proves to be the deranged story of a student/hooker who accidentally kills a john, who comes back from the dead to haunt the girl and her friends. More goofy than scary, the shot-on-video production has its moments and, at 71 minutes, goes on no longer than it needs to. Then, having seen one of the fest's best on my first day, my cinematic tour goes out with a *Bang Rajan*. Based on historical events, Tanit Jitnukul's multi-

Thai-Film-Award-winner centers on the titular Siamese village, whose residents fended off the much larger and better-equipped Burmese army for a couple of bloody days. Muscular filmmaking, graphic and startling battle scenes and a soundtrack that booms all over the Concordia make this a stirring experience, one of the great modern war movies. Produced by Nang Nak director Nonzee Nimbutr, it deserves wider exposure in North America.

Comes Sunday, and it's time, sadly, to head home. It only seems appropriate that it's pouring rain as we head out toward New York. My disappointment is especially acute in that I'm missing the first public showing of *Cold Blinded Murders*, which is part of a "Quebec DIY Shorts" collection being presented today at the de Sève.

However (postscript time), I return to drop in on some of my Montreal friends in November, and my trip ends up coinciding with one of the short film fests held by Les Productions Spasm (www.spasm.ca). This showcase of local talent makes for a most entertaining evening, even if I don't understand the movies' French dialogue, and includes one revelation: the world premiere of Éric Desgagnés' *Le Diable Dedans* (*The Devil Within*). This almost dialogue-less short, running about a half-hour, follows an artist into a subterranean nightmare world beneath his new loft, leading to supremely creepy imagery and genuine chills. It's a mighty impressive debut, and you're reading it here first: If and when Desgagnés gets into features, he promises to become a major genre name.