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In the last chapter of “Horrible Horror” (a pointless five-part special feature of my equally meaningless *Catching Up at the Video Store* feature) “[Slashed, Bashed and Rehash](#)”, we touched upon movies that left lasting impressions — mainly in the form of critical wounds. This time ‘round, though, we’re going to take a look at a selection of movies that will absolutely, positively and unquestionably cause you to cower in the corner in an inexorable state of fear for years to come. But it’s not because of their subject matter itself, kids. Oh, no. This selection of runny, smelly cheese consists of *peliculas* so obtuse, so inane and so direct-to-video in nature, that I can only ask: “You Call *This* Horror?”

As a fore note, I should point out that five of the six movies featured in this article helm from the same “filmmaker.” After the world made that auspicious transition from analog to digital, it became easier for people to make their own “professional” moving pictures via computers and [high-definition video cameras](#). While it’s great that anyone can now make a movie, it’s also sad to note that now, *anyone* can make a movie. One such anyone would be a fellow named [Creep Creepersin](#), who, aside from being born to the world’s most unimaginable mental parents, also fancies himself a filmmaker. And musician. And egotist, as plasters his name over everything and handles virtually every aspect of his “*avant-tard* cinema” — an attribute of self-importance that most likely extends from the fact that he’s probably the only crewmember on his entire staff.

But I kid the guy. He’s doing what he loves (even if he *is* making some people suffer in the process), is presumably having a good time in the process, and has amassed a sizable fanbase around the world to boot. Then again, Jerry Lewis has done the same thing by running around screaming “Lady!”

In any case: enjoy (if at all possible).



- *Creep Creepersin's Frankenstein* (2007) (MVD Visual)

The Short Version: The birth of a monster. For cinema, that is.

The Slightly-Elongated Version: Mr. Creep's first feature-length film is barely one at that, clocking in at a brisk 60 minutes. Well, perhaps "brisk" isn't the word I want to use, as *Creep Creepersin's Frankenstein* is anything but a vigorous exercise in filmfare. The story here focuses on a reclusive, detached lad named Victor (James Porter), who sits around all day watching old horror films (I can relate) and receiving ghostly weird visits by his dead mother (strangely, I can relate to that, too). One day, it dawns on Victor that just having a pet rat for a friend isn't cutting it (wow, that one sounds familiar, too!), so he decides to construct his own pal.



- *He* (2008) (MVD Visual)

The Short Version: The titles *She* and *It* were already taken.

The Slightly-Elongated Version: While not a "horror" film by definition (other than the fact that everything about this movie is horrific), Creepersin's psychological thriller *He* tells the tale of an overweight mental slob of a guy that the credits refer to as "he" (Creep), who is in the midst of a dilemma with his wife (Ariauna Albright), who has grown to completely and utterly hate him. She may have even grown to hate him so much that she wants to kill him — or, at least, that's what he believes.

Throughout the 70-minute feature, "he" hallucinates that his spouse is conspiring to murder him — a sentiment that I wholeheartedly share after sitting through five of Creep's shot-on-video films.



- *Ding Dong Dead* (2009) (MVD Visual)

The Short Version: Oy vey, not another one!

The Slightly-Elongated Version: Round four of the Creep Creepersin fest finds us in a neighborhood terrorized by a girl gang who call themselves the Ding Dong Ditchers. Their *modus operandi*? Ringing doorbells and running, the fiends. Their aberrant activities annoy all, needless to say, but local loser Doug (Luke Y. Thompson) is not going to endure their pranks any longer, and is hoping that his courageous commotion will attract the eye of a local cougar. Soon, one of the Ditchers disappears — to wit the gang blame Doug — and a region-wide war breaks out.

Whatever.



- *Peeping Blog* (2010) (MVD Visual)

The Short Version: Make it stop. Make it stop. Make it stop.

The Slightly-Elongated Version: The good news is that this is the final Creep Creepersin feature for this article. The bad news is that it's still a Creep Creepersin film, this one depicting the reprehensible hobby of a stalker (played by Creep himself) who records his prey and uploads it to the Interweb so that other would-be shady shadows can learn the fine art of it all. Sadly for The Peeper, the sister of one of his stalkees comes-a-calling one fateful day — placing him in that precarious position of “Do I kill this bitch or not?”



· *The Puppet Monster Massacre* (2011) (MVD Visual)

The Short Version: For those of you who truly never stopped watching *Sesame Street*.

The Slightly-Elongated Version: After pleading with the mighty movie gods to take pity on me and spare me from the horrors of another Creep Creepersin production, they proved, once again, to have an indefinably sadistic sense of humor — and threw *The Puppet Monster Massacre* my way instead. Taking a nod from Peter Jackson's *Meet the Feebles*, *The Puppet Monster Massacre* tells the tale of a group of teens who spend the night in a spooky old mansion, where they are besieged by a mad

scientist's ravenous creation, only it is portrayed entirely by puppets. Smoke it if you got it, that's all I'm going to say.

Happy viewing, kids.