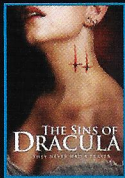




OVERLOOKED, FORGOTTEN AND DISMISSED

THIS ISSUE: LANCE LAPS UP SOME RE-IMAGINED MONSTERS

A ROLE YOU CAN SINK YOUR TEETH INTO



THE SINS OF DRACULA

MVD Visual

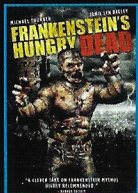
For horror fans of any age, there's nothing like sitting back and watching the classic films that started it all: the black and white *Dracula*, *Frankenstein* and *The Mummy*. Unfortunately, these classics have been reissued, recycled and re-imagined *ad nauseam* so studios can make a quick buck on a fan favourite. Case in point: *The Sins of Dracula*. Though this movie features an actor in the role of Dracula who does

his best to channel the late John Carradine, the fact that the movie is about a Devil-worshipping theatre troupe trying to make a musical version of the 1978 Jonestown Massacre and resurrect Drac, leaves a lot to be desired. It might just make you wish someone would come along and drive stakes through both your eyeballs.

BODY COUNT: 16

BEST VAMPIRE DEATH: Wooden stake through the ass

GROUNDING FOR LIFE



FRANKENSTEIN'S HUNGRY DEAD

Wildeye Releasing

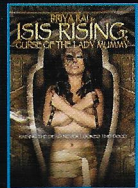
I'm one of those people who thought the monster in *Frankenstein* was actually called "Frankenstein." Yes, I sniffed a lot of glue as a kid and did poorly in school. But as punishment I was never sent to a wax museum like the six kids in this movie. And, they like it so much that they later break back in, only to discover that the nefarious proprietor, Dr. Frankenstein, has been making zombies of their classmates. The special effects are tolerable at best but peppered with very questionable CGI, and

I'm guessing the cast members were paid in cheeseburgers and methadone, as they look like they're tweaking. Overall, *Frankenstein's Hungry Dead* will leave you wishing someone would stitch your eyes closed.

BODY COUNT: 14

BEST FRANKENSTEIN DEATH: Electrical eyeball explosion

PYRAMID SCHEME



ISIS RISING: CURSE OF THE LADY MUMMY

MVD Visual

When your resume boasts *Mommy Got Boobs 2* and *Jack's Big Tit Show Part 9*, I'm guessing your acting chops are not your biggest assets and making the move to horror must have been a tough choice. Starring the staggeringly well-endowed Priya Rai as the, ahem, titular Lady Mummy, this cinematic catastrophe follows Egyptology students who mistakenly re-animate the corpse of a goddess, who then goes on a

limb-ripping rampage, trying to rebuild the body of her dead lover. If I made that sound cool, I apologize, because the styrofoam sets, shitty CGI and the fact that Isis has a voice like a broken robot will make you wish someone would blindfold you with bandages and leave you in the desert.

BODY COUNT: 12

BEST MUMMY DEATH: Dismembered during a hand-job

LAST CHANCE LANCE

culture, with the results being not always entirely flattering. It may not be the full cultural exchange we might've gotten had things turned out different, but it's the next best thing.

PRESTON FASSEL

LOSE THE FOUND FOOTAGE

GHOUL

Starring Jennifer Armour, Alina Golovyola

and Jeremy Isabella

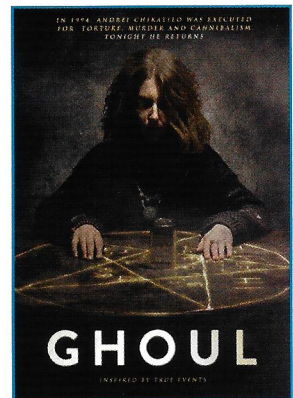
Directed by Petr Ják

Written by Petr Ják and Petr Bok

Vega, Baby!

Dude, found footage? Again? *Seriously?* Because as much as I was blown away by the ingenuity of *The Blair Witch Project* and the visceral power of the first *Paranormal Activity*, this method has been so over(ab) used in recent years, I'd rather spend a weekend alone in the Burkittsville woods with no food or porn than sit through this tired-ass gimmick again. If you have more patience for this kind of thing than I, the recent Czech/American production *Ghoul* might hold your interest. Then again, it still might not.

Russian serial killer Andrei Chikatilo, who murdered more than 50 people between 1978 and 1990 in southern Russia, Ukraine and Uzbekistan, has been the subject of two previous films, one great (*Citizen X*, 1995) and one so-so (*Evilenko*, 2004). *Ghoul*, on the other hand, isn't fact-based; while Chikatilo is connected to the plot (and I won't spoil that element), this is essentially a ghost story in which an American movie crew travels to the Ukraine to shoot a doc about another prolific serial killer who first resorted to cannibalism during the Ukrainian famine of 1932, then continued



to nosh on the locals after perogies became plentiful again. The filmmakers land in Kiev, hook up with a decidedly sketchy guide (who's constantly asking for more money), a gorgeous translator and a standard-issue twitchy psychic and head deep into the woods to a house that's the alleged site of multiple murders. Seances, makeshift ouija board fuckery, arguments and hookups ensue for about an hour, then people lose their minds and chase each other around in the dark and get killed. There are some genuine jump-scaries, but that's such an easy ploy with the found-footage conceit that it does little to alleviate our seen-it-all-before issues.

It's worth noting that one of *Ghoul's* executive producers is Rob Cohen, a Hollywood veteran who directed *The Skulls* (2000) and *The Fast and the Furious* (2001). The former provoked the most impassioned booring I've ever heard in a movie theatre; the latter was so bad I called my best friend at 2 a.m., woke him up and made him watch part of it, just because. *Ghoul* is, if nothing else, a step up from both, so I suppose that qualifies as a semblance of progress.

JOHN W. BOWEN