

(including **IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE, INVASION OF THE SAUCER MEN** and **THE FOUR SKULLS OF JONATHAN DRAKE**), reportedly knocked out this more-than-serviceable sort-of-Mummy picture in a mere six days. When an excavator working for the Museo di Napoli ("on the fourth hill of Pompeii") unearths a box containing priceless jewelry and the lava-encased body of its avowed protector, the former Etruscan slave gladiator Quintillus Aurelius, artist Tina Enright (Elaine Edwards) begins suffering from related nightmares and channeling their dark imagery into her paintings. Her fiancé, Dr. Paul Mallon (Richard Anderson), is but one of a team of archaeologists (including Luis van Rooten, **PAISAN**'s Gar Moore and **FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER**'s Felix Locher) studying the golem-like remains of the Etruscan, which become dangerously reanimated whenever in proximity to the valuables. These once belonged to his beloved Lucilla Helena, a member of the Pompeian aristocracy forbidden to one of his slavish social standing, and whose spirit he recognizes as reincarnated in Tina. Scripted by Cahn's **IT!** scribe Jerome Bixby (who went on to write several genre scripts of note, including **TWILIGHT ZONE**'s "It's A Good Life"), this is largely a film of learned men slowly figuring out what the kids in the audience quickly understand, narrated by a storyteller who takes no active part in the story itself. There are saving graces: it's well-photographed by future **OUTER LIMITS** cameraman Kenneth Peach and effectively presages any fresh gunpowder that Hammer would apply to their remake of **THE MUMMY** the following year, short of being shot in Technicolor. Bill Bryant's Quintillus, in a costume designed



*One of the gruesome surprises in store for a group of partygoers in **DEATH'S DOOR**.*

by ape suit specialist Charles Gemora, is very much the same door-crashing juggernaut as Christopher Lee's Kharis and manages some eerie sequences; granted, the timeless love story is not played with the pathos found in the Hammer film, but the idea of a Bridey Murphy-type heroine communing with her past lives through her art was an original touch.

The B&W feature is handsomely presented in a sharp, richly contrasted 1.85:1 rendering, with one or two smudgy-looking shots (see 13:25-38), and a bold DTS-HD 2.0 track that lends force to Gerald Fried's score while also drawing attention to some sloppy foley work. Chris Alexander's off-the-cuff commentary about this "piece-of-shit movie" and other works in the "fucked-up" genre is frankly unworthy of him—rambling, disrespectful, ill-prepared (Roger Corman directed **THE ALLIGATOR PEOPLE**?) and more profane than a talk

about a family-friendly movie should be. Say what you will about Edward L. Cahn, he showed up for work prepared and his 67 minutes feel like 30. Trailers from two other KL releases round out the package.

DEATH'S DOOR

2008, MVD Visual, 91m 44s, \$12.95, DVD-0

By Lloyd Haynes

Written and directed by Kennedy Goldsby and previously released in 2011 by Celebrity Home Entertainment as **THE TRAP DOOR**, this trite and superficial tale of ghostly revenge finds a disparate group of twenty-somethings invited by text message to spend the evening at a party in an empty mansion. An altercation between two of the partygoers early on leads them to step outside only for the front entrance to be locked and all other exit points to be similarly impenetrable. As the party split up to search the house for an



A ghost with appetite runs amok in the found footage of THE FEED.

escape route, the building appears to be playing a series of elaborate tricks on its guests—a charred skeleton emerges in a hallway, a guillotine may or may not be a prop, and one character finds herself locked in a casket (although a far more grisly fate awaits her).

A series of flashbacks to 1931 reveal that a magician, Mesmer (Obba Babbatundé), was burned to death while attempting to escape from a locked coffin which had been set alight, and that the party guests are descendants of those whom Mesmer holds responsible. The script fails to make clear how this conclusion is reached as only one of the group has any direct family link to the events that claimed Mesmer's life 80 years earlier, but Goldsby's screenplay has problems in many other areas.

The characters (who include a regulatory virginal geek and trouble-making bitch) are thoroughly disagreeable, the direction is flat and devoid of style or suspense, and the editing by Eric Chase lacks any sense of rhythm or continuity. The movie is further

hampered by offscreen killings and an over-emphatic score by John Barnes. Tommy "Tiny" Lister (**THE FIFTH ELEMENT**) receives star billing as Jomo, Mesmer's undead minion, although he has little to do except listen to the cast shouting and screaming and wandering along gloomy corridors.

The extras on this 1.78:1 MVD Visual presentation consist of a behind-the-scenes featurette (7m) and a music video by Sizzel Pop and Sean Samar for their song "Shorty Wassup."

THE FEED

*2010, IndieGO!,
70m 43s, \$14.93, DVD-0
By Chris Herzog*

One of the challenges for creators of "found footage" horror films is to construct a context or backstory for their film which is both plausible and not transparently derivative of the most effective examples of the genre, like **THE BLAIR WITCH PROJECT** (1999), **CLOVERFIELD** (2008) or **TROLL HUNTER** (2010). A

Pennsylvania-lensed ghost story, **THE FEED** makes a valiant attempt at novelty, in a genre no longer noted for it, by structuring itself as a full episode of one of those "Did you hear that??" ghost hunter cable reality shows. The emulation is indeed fairly thorough. There's an amiable host, a guest psychic and a band of slacker technicians whose continuous low level squabbling provides a base level of tension even when nothing is happening. There are even commercial breaks, complete with fully produced TV spots for lawyers and imaginary drugs. These do tend to undercut the eerie atmosphere the filmmakers are presumably attempting to establish, since a certain amount of satire creeps almost unavoidably into the otherwise realistic presentation, particularly when Troma's Lloyd Kaufman turns in a cameo as a low-rent personal injury attorney.

THE FEED is definitely a slow build, with much of its running time devoted to explaining the history of the haunted theater where this putative "live broadcast" is