

FANGORIA

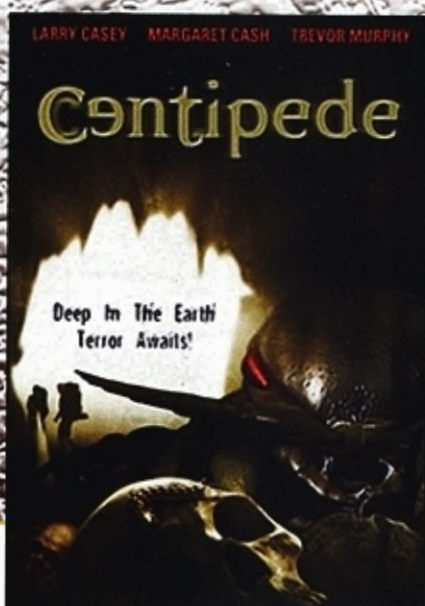
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FANGORIA #246



ST LOOK: Director Marc S. *My Little Eye* is a glum, obsessive psychological thriller that's a painful human tragedy, but it's a full-blown madness. At the helm is lead performance by Colin Hanks, best known for romantic comedy *Wedding Crashers* and *Days of Wrath* but also known for his unshingled change of heart in *My Little Eye*. Hanks and Ben Blom (played by married Brits Ben Blom and Ben Blom) have an auto accident that leaves them both paralyzed. Ben blames himself for the accident when he wakes up, since he was the driver. Making his pain even worse is that a young pop starlet, who is so everywhere Ben turns, is also paralyzed. In this generic celebrity thriller, Ben turns, with genuine pain. The movie enters horror territory when it shows visions connected to the location of the singer and Ben, who is obsessed with her—so much so that he considers Ben a suspect. Despite the fact that he was the driver, *Trauma's* primary weakness is its script, which bounces between focus and pads out Ben's character with a developed supporting character who is a friendly New Age therapist who takes Ben's mind to a new level. Fricker plays an ex-girlfriend who passes Ben off when she reads the news about Elisa. On the surface, the experiences split-second, which justifiably freaks out Ben. Ben can't tell what's real in his fragmented mind, which is a *Ladder-style* nightmarish Evans maintains an edge by peppering the film with references (such as Ben's collection of books) and slowly infesting his mind. It doesn't add up to much, with a mix of fresh ideas and a reliance on obvious "revelations" for jittery, disheveled faces. This pretentious patchwork of a less personable actor would've been impossible to watch for even a moment.

PG:



CENTIPEDE! (CREEPFX/MAVERICK; DVD only): There really is no substitute for common sense, in the B-horror world or any other: When multimillion-dollar movies from major studios still haven't completely solved the problem of CGI that usually looks like CGI, what chance do low-end producers have? Perhaps recognizing CGI's limitations—or perhaps unable to afford it!—the shot-in-India *Centipede!* resorts to real-life, on-the-set "giant centipedes." The result is a movie with anachronistic-looking monsters, as well as an anachronistic plot...and I had an old-fashioned good time. The storyline is the usual, or perhaps a bit less: A group of American young 'uns decide that, in lieu of giving a friend a bachelor party, they'll induce him to come to India with them and go "caving." Reaching the three-miles-down point quicker than I could walk three miles, they take time off to play music and dance—but spelunk goes ker-plunk when it turns out they've invaded the space of centipedes the size of rolled ballroom carpets. An explosion causes a partial collapse that forces them to search for an alternate exit while the centipedes search for them. The group is made up of all the usual "types" (including one guy with a bug phobia) who say all the usual things (mostly "Gogogogogol"), but they're a little more lifelike and likable than the average gaggle found in yarns like this; and the movie offers us an occasional breath of fresh air by cutting to activities on the surface, where rescue efforts are underway. The centipedes aren't going to win any FX awards (or even close), but just the novelty of a giant monster that's *obviously right there* in front of the actors is a huge improvement over the FX we'd get in a "conventional" 2005 movie of this type. And director Gregory Gieras even generates mild suspense in scenes in which the centipedes are present but *not seen*—for instance, having them represented by moving surges on an underground pool's surface, or as the force pulling on the unseen last guy in a roped-together climbing party, to cent-impede all the others. It's actually kinda funny that a decade or so of CGI has gotten us to the point where the B-moviemakers who reject it in favor of simple things like a so-so prop monster may be the ones with an improved chance of delivering the goods.

CYCLOPS RATING:



ZOMBIEZ (LIONS GATE; DVD only): If you couldn't guess from the title, this is a double dose of no-budget, low-budget horror. Our first entry, *Zombiez*, is a Crap Trifecta: it's dull, stupid, and gets even worse! Jenicia Garcia plays Josephine, a demolition crew member preparing to raze a remote village with a few sickle-wielding cannibals, unlike the usual cinematic genre where the creatures are chemically controlled mind-control witch doctor. Although Josephine has capes, the creatures soon take over, which leads to more boring scenes for her life and displaying zero competence. For example, Josephine tries to pass a car, only to cause an accident with the driver! As for the FX, sweat on your face and clothes, gross out, You're a zombie! And if you're a victim, make sure they have realistic innards stuffed under their skin with real prosthetics. Writer/director Gieras is ashamed of foisting this on horror fans...After suffering through *Hood of the Living Dead* is a movie with writer/directors Jose and following three important rules: keep it moving and keep it bloody. A teenage brother Jermaine is murdered by a drive-by shooting, older sibling Jermaine (Ington) becomes crazy with grief and works at an Oakland laboratory where he concocted an experimental formula, and he decides to turn himself into the first human guinea pig. Jermaine awakens on the way to work, rips apart any warm body in the neighborhood (drug dealer, etc., etc., down) and infects others with a vicious bite. Since the Oakland lab is on donut breaks, a hardened named Romero (wink wink) is hired to clean up this mess—with the caveat that after their prey and only a gut-wrenching heart stopping 'em. Amidst all the carnage and wooden acting, the characters squeeze in a smidgen of humanity even pay respect to their bigger, bigger undead antecedents. Though it's still low-grade schlocky fun.

HOOD: ZOMBIE