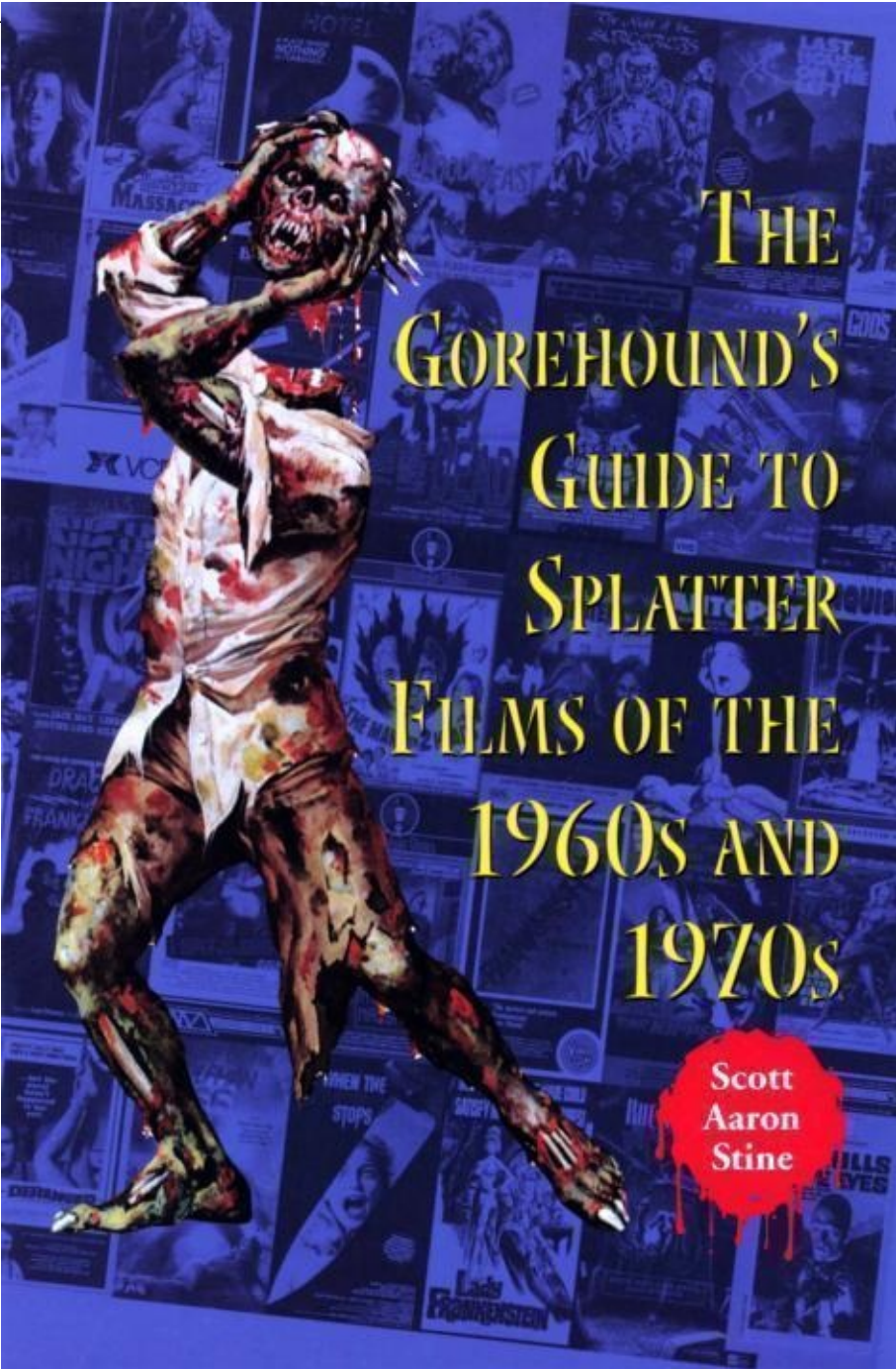


THE
GOREHOUND'S
GUIDE TO
SPLATTER
FILMS OF THE
1960s AND
1970s

Scott
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The Gorehound's Guide to Splatter Films of the 1960s and 1970s

by SCOTT AARON STINE



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The Amazing Herschel/ Gordon Lewis, Asian Trash Cinema, Asian Cult Cinema, Bizarro Sinemal, Brutarian, Carnage, Castle of Frankenstein, Cinefantastique, Cinema: A Critical Dictionary, Cult Movies, Deep Reed, The Deep Red Horror Handbook, Delirium, Demonique, Dracula: The Vampire Legend on Film, Draculina, Ecco, L'Ecran Fantastique, The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction Movies, European Trash Cinema, Eyeball, Famous Monsters of Filmland, Fangoria, Fantastic Cinema Subject Guide, Fatal Visions, Fear, Film Directors: A Complete Guide, Film Threat, Film Threat Video Guide, The Film Yearbook, Filmfax, Flesh & Blood, For One Week Only, Foreign Affairs, G.A.S.P., GICK!, Giallo Pages, Gore Creatures, The Gore Gazette, The Gore Score, Gorezone, Grindhouse, Headpress Magazine, Highball, Horror Fan, Horror Holocaust, House of Horror, Image Movies, Immoral Tales, Is It... Uncut?, Killing for Culture, Knights

of Terror, Little Shoppe of Horrors, Magick Theatre, Midnight Marquee, Midnight Movies, Monsters International, Movie Fantastic, Naked! Screaming! Terror!, Necronomicon, Obsession, The Official Splatter Movie Guide, Oriental Cinema, Outre, The Overlook Film Encyclopedia of Horror, Painful Excursions, Photon, Psychotronic, The Psychotronic Encyclopedia of Film, Reflections of a Teenage Gorehound, Samhain, Scarlet Street, Scary Monsters, Schlock-ORama-The Films of Al Adamson, Scream Queens Illustrated, The Seal of Dracula, Sex-Murder-Art, The Shape of Rage, Shivers, Shock Value, Shock X-Press, Sickoid, Slaughter House, The Sleaze Merchants, Sleazoid Express, Spaher Splatter Holocaust!, Splatter Movies, The Splatter Times, Starburst, Terror on Tape, Toxic Horror Trash Compactor, Trashola, Trauma, The Underground Film Bulletin, Uncut, Ungawa, Variety Movie Guide, Video Junkie Magazine, Video Movie Guide, Video Watchdog, Videooze, Videosonic Art and World of Fandom.

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Preface

Welcome, fellow splatterpunks and trash film aficionados, to The Gorehound's Guide to Splatter Films of the 1960s and 1970s. This handy reference book should make it a little less of a chore for completists and genre enthusiasts to track down information pertaining to their favorite films and most beloved filmmakers' output.

Being one of the aforementioned film geeks, I know what it is like to be at a loss as to just what "A. Frank Drew White" actually is, or to wonder what the original Spanish title for Don't Open the Window is, or if *Il Tuo Vizio a una Stanza Chiusa a Solo Lo Ne Ho la Chiave* actually means something in Italian. Of at least equal importance are: is this film available on video, what label released it, and what are the running times of the available prints?

Of course, this information is geared more towards the lost souls who, like myself, live and breathe this dreck; for those who are simply curious about a particular film (and are-for some odd reason-hung up on finding out if the film in question

is actually good before they spend their hard earned bucks on what could be a turkey), I also took the time to review each and every one of these cinematic killing sprees. (Considering some of the crap I've had to wade through, you should be extremely thankful that I've actually taken the time to, you know, actually watch-or fast forward through each and every film just so I can warn you about which ones to steer clear of.)

So whether you're a dedicated enthusiast praying for an invaluable tool in sorting through the bloody mess that comprises the splatter genre, or you're a burgeoning fan browsing for a primer in the world of celluloid carnage, this book should have what you're looking for. (By the way, if you answered Jesus Franco Manera, No Profanar el Sueno de los Muertos, and "Your Vice Is a Closed Room and Only I Have the Key" to the above three queries, you're obviously one of the former. Good help you.)

Originally, this compendium was to be a complete overview of splatter films as a genre from 1963 to the end of the century. When problems of sheer scale arose, I was forced to make several revisions, not the least of which was breaking it up into three separate volumes. The first of the volumes you now hold, and encompasses those films made from 1963 through 1979. (The second planned volume will span 1980 through 1989, and the third-I'm sure you can see it coming-1990 through 1999.)

Now, on to the essentials.

To avoid any confusion as to exactly what constitutes a splatter film, I will now attempt to define it as clearly and succinctly as humanly possible (a not easy task, I assure you):

Splatter Film n. 1. Any motion picture which contains scenes of extreme violence in graphic and grisly detail, especially those films which also fall into the broader categories of the horror

film and, specifically, the slasher film.

2. Those films produced since 1963 that focus on blooddrenched special effects, often at the expense of minor technicalities like, well, everything else.

Admittedly, this definition is still vague-especially to those individuals unfamiliar with the genre but most film buffs tend to accept this as the criterion "splatter" films must meet. Since movie standards might vary slightly in certain areas (especially concerning "fringe" productions), I will attempt to clarify why certain films which otherwise

might qualify under the above definition didn't make it into my guide, or why others seemingly not up to snuff did.

The biggest stipulation I would like to add to the above definition is that "blood alone doth not a splatter film make." Unless the red stuff is in copious amounts, it is the open wound itself that usually garners a film the "splatter" labeling. Before I start getting too clinical, I would like to add that, yes, I might on occasion stray from the rules I myself have set, but only if I feel that the film in question has an otherwise important contribution to the genre.

One distantly related genre that I took great pains to avoid, though, was the mondo film. The term "mondo" is casually applied to those documentaries which employ a wide range of shock tactics and is derived from the infamous *Mondo Cane* [*A Dog's World*] (1962), a film which is directly responsible for such unpleasantries as the *Faces of Death* series and its inbred kin. Although many of these films fall within the definition of the splatter film, for the most part they employ real-life footage of death, dismemberment, and mutilation (usually newsreel footage or staged animal butchery), unlike the special effects upon which splatter films are so reliant.

(If I were to include every film that simply depicts the real thing, I would have to make room for traffic safety films, war atrocity propaganda, PBS wildlife documentaries, and the like. And-contrary to what would appear to be a widely held view most splatterpunks have little or no use for scenes of real-life bloodshed.)

Our interests lie with filmmakers, special effects, and-in most cases-the catharsis that staged bloodshed offers.

As one can probably foresee, it was not always easy to decide which films are in and which are out. Since it is difficult to measure the blood quart for quart and the wounds inch by inch, much of the decision making process was subjective. I will be the first to admit that some of the films really don't qualify under the given criteria, but how could I not include such films as *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre* (1974) and *Halloween* (1978). These films are not all that gory (except maybe to those who haven't actually seen them), but they have undoubtedly influenced more splatter films than the entirety of Herschell Gordon Lewis' groundbreaking oeuvre.

The Texas Chain Saw Massacre made everyone realize that cannibalism was hot, where *Halloween* jump-started the ailing psycho killer subgenre, giving it a new lease on life as the slash flick. Other films that have managed to weasel their way into this book may not have the same clo-

as these three, but-for whatever reason-I still felt inclined to include them.

Be warned: If you rent or buy a video because you found it listed herein, and it's not the gory riddled wonder you expected, stop to think before sending me any nasty letters. A large number of these films have

been released on domestic video trimmed, cut, or completely hacked by American distributors in an effort to conform to the MPAA's puritan standards. (This is usually the case with the more extreme foreign productions, at least those which are somehow lucky enough to make it through Customs. I think it's safe to assume that films are among the most difficult of contraband to smuggle through our ports.)

Although my tastes continue to "mature" with age and the scope of my interests broaden, I have been a devout splatterpunk for half of my life now (and undoubtedly will be until the end). Since an early age, my greatest obsession was horror, in particular the monster movies shown on television after hours or on weekend afternoons.

Ironically, it is because of these films I am literate. My mother tired of having to read me the listings in the TV Guide-told me that if I learned to read it myself I could watch anything that made it my way to the tube. Not only did I learn to read long before I ever set a foot in school, I also picked up an idiosyncratic habit from this. Since the most opportune time to watch monster movies was on Friday nights, thanks to Nightmare Theater and its vampiric, Barnabas Collins-wannabe host, I would read the TV Guide backwards from end to beginning. I do so to this day.

Unfortunately, the monster movies I passionately sought to ingest became progressively campier as I got older. And-like most television and film addicts-I continued to search for something new. Films that went further into the uncharted territory that the others only hinted at.

By my early teens, things weren't looking too good. Television continued to show the same over-tired prints of movies I had seen religiously a few times too many. Along the way, I had become quite familiar with the adult-oriented horror magazines put out by Warren Publishing (Eerie, Creep, Vampirella), Skywald Enterprises (Psycho, Nightmare, and Scream), and-of course-Eerie Publications, whose sleazy knock-offs (Terror Tales, Weird, Tales from the Tomb, etc.) are surprisingly difficult to find considering the innumerable titles and availability of them. What I wanted to know was if they made films that were similarly intense; productions which dared to show the aftermath that was only implied or alluded to in the films with which I was intimately familiar. Or-better yet-the carnage in progress.

On occasion, Famous Monsters of Filmland would mention a film or-if you were lucky enough-print a still from a production that let younger readers know that, yes, there was life after Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi. Almost overnight I noticed that television began running ad spots for a lower caliber of film than it had previously, piquing my interest even more.

One of the earliest trailers to expose me to more hardcore horrors was Squirm (1976), and shortly thereafter I came across a copy of Starlog magazine that showed stills

from *The Incredible Melting Man* (1977). ("Incredible" in that the special effects here were well beyond the toilet paper and oatmeal-derived prosthetics I had learned from the many how-to books collected fervently.) This stuff made even Hammer's grisly fare (by far the most visceral films I've seen up until then) pale in comparison.

(I also vividly remember now bearing with me being handed a dogeared copy of *Fangoria* #3 - church, of all places - and finding myself dumbfounded by the blood-drenched photos of *The Brood* and more specifically - the shots of Samantha Eggar licking the amniotic gore off of her newborn kid. Ahhh... the memories of youth.)

Although the gears were already in motion, it was a significant event in 1979 that was responsible for sealing my pact with the devil and devoting my life to trash. My father-in-law, in a moment of profound wisdom (or temporary insanity, take your pick) - invested in the family's first VCR. (Long before the craze had hit the country, I might add. This was back in the old days when top-loading Betas - cheap at fifteen hundred bucks - were considered top of the line, and to rent a film we had to drive thirty miles to the nearest video rental outlet and lay down a hundred dollar deposit for each and every video we took home. Needless to say, this monthly excursion was a religious, although often disappointing, experience as this store probably had fewer horror titles than most 7-Elevens have nowadays.)

Pretty soon I had convinced my parents that these films weren't really as bad as the gruesome video box art made them out to be, and within the year I had seen a film that diverted my cinematic interests away from the monster flicks from yesteryear, namely John Carpenter's *Halloween* (1978). Although the bloodshed was sparse (okay... damn near nonexistent), it was such a high-tension, brutal film that I was forever sold on this new celluloid high. By the time I had waded through enough low-rent slasher fare for it to be considered cruel and unusual punishment, I came across a film that was still considered the pinnacle of the genre by most fans.

Then came *Dawn of the Dead* (1979), which showed everything. Everything. Every piece of excavated viscera was held out lovingly for all to see. Aghast, I found myself witness to an epic course in death and dismemberment, and was unable to look away for fear of missing something that would contribute to the nightmares I cherished in my sleeping hours.

(Okay, okay... the first time out, I spent much of the film watching my parents out of the corner of my eye. The looks on their faces during the really nasty moments were worth the price of admission alone. Why they never hit the eject button, I'll never know, although the threat seemed prevalent at the time. Maybe in the backs of their minds they only realized that that would have made things worse.)

But - as most loyal fans would be happy to exclaim - the violence was just the icing on a very bloody cake. Once one had gotten over the hard-hitting realism of most of the effects work (still fairly convincing by today's standards), one realized that this messy little film was good. Even my mother, appalled by the violence - found the rest of the film engaging. (Or at least she feigned interest.) Despite a modest budget, director George Romero succeeded in creating what was undoubtedly the most enjoyable vision of apocalypse ever brought to the screen. Characterization, drama, an unpredictable script, satire, an examination of socio-political themes, and some serious taboo-bashing were all

combined to make one of the most intense and visceral horror films ever made.

(Personally, I feel that 1985's Day of the Dead succeeds on numerous other levels as well-and in my mind the superior film-but I have yet to find anyone who wholeheartedly agrees with me. Charge it up to a chronic case of nostalgia on their parts, I suppose.)

Although I quickly discovered-much to my dismay-that films of this caliber were quite uncommon, I sallied forth, and was able to dig up enough winners to nurture my enthusiasm. It was long before I also gained an appreciation (purely out of necessity?) for truly bad films, particularly the low-budget, drive-in, exploitation fare of the 60s and 70s. I could safely say that my introduction to films of the "so-bad-they're-great" variety was H.G. Lewis' The Wizard of Gore (1970). (Up until a few years ago, I could recite a great deal of its dialogue verbatim, in particular Ray Sager's droning monologues, i.e. "Torture and terror have always fascinated mankind, perhaps..." yadda yadda yadda.) Within a few years, I became just as excited over finding a new Dario Argento or David Cronenberg film as I was about unearthing another Corpse Grinders or Blood Freak. Hook, line, and sinker.

Having currently tired of mainstream dreck (such Hollywood franchises as Friday the 13th, Nightmare on Elm Street, and Child's Play come immediately to mind), I now spend my time musings about the horrors of Blood Island, or futilely trying to sort out the chronology of El Hombre Lobo's and Ilsa's respective histories, or biding the time until Amando de Ossorio Rodriguez gets off his tired butt and films the fifth Blind Dead film. Obviously, the nostalgic yearnings for a repressed childhood play a large part in my current interests.

How to Use This Book

This main section is, essentially, an attempt to compile a complete list of works which fall within the definition of a splatter film. They are arranged alphabetically and are accompanied by information that the film student or casual reader might find important, or information they may simply find insightful or interesting:

Original title of film (year of production)

Production company [country of origin]

DIR: Director/s
PRO: ~~Producer/s~~

SCR: Screenwriter/s
[Availability of source material and or movie novelization and author]
DOP: Director/s of Photography
EXP: Executive Producer/s
SFX: Special Effects
MFX: Makeup Effects
VFX: Visual Effects
MUS: Music Composer/s
STR: Cast (All are alphabetized by last name. Single names—usually dogs or strippers—are alphabetized thus.)
AKA: Alternate titles

Note: In case of alternate versions where additional footage is added and the film is rereleased under a new title, original years of production are given as well. Approximate running time; B&W or Color [3-D, if applicable]

NOV: Availability of film novelization and author [publisher]
SND: Availability of soundtrack [record label]
VID: Availability on video (Video label [format of tape if not standard NTSC]; stated running time of print; language of print and subtitles, if not in English;

widescreen letterboxing [LBX], if available; and—if applicable—any double- or triple-bill features the video may contain)

Note: When the running time of a particular videocassette is erroneously stated on the box label, the actual running time is noted in parentheses immediately following the stated time; we have also done the same with "compressed" running times of non-NTSC formats. As a rule, we tend to round the running time to the nearest minute. Also, RTU means running time unknown.

ADL: A selected adline used to promote the film for either its theatrical or video release.

Of utmost importance are the highly biased, often unrelenting reviews of the film which immediately follow the more technical information. I have done my best to point out any redeeming qualities of each and every film (not an easy chore, I assure you).

Just for fun, I will occasionally include a synopsis of the film culled from the back of the video box, especially if they are completely erroneous and misleading. (If they are way off the mark, I take the time to vent my frustrations at having been deceived and set the record straight.) Sometimes though, these breakdowns just happen to capture the

essence of the film succinctly and with much more grace than yours truly can muster. Whatever the case, a synopsis will directly precede my review, and be set off by quotation marks.

For the politically correct gorehound, I have also included a warning if a particular film contains scenes of animal cruelty or slaughterhouse footage. (I use these two terms to differentiate, loosely whether the scenes are before or after-the-fact.) This information is geared specifically towards those individuals who wish to avoid or simply be prepared for such footage, and is not meant to blacklist such films. If you don't care, ignore it. (I hold a number of these films in high regards despite the scenes... but that won't stop me from bitching about it incessantly.)

On a similar note, I've included a warning if the film contains actual surgery footage. (Although I'm not morally offended by these particular scenes, I do find them unnerving and I do like some forewarning as to what to expect... even though my finger never strays far from the fast-forward button.)

I have given a "hardgore" rating to those films which, in reference to sheer quantity of bloodshed, go way beyond the required excesses of an already frowned upon genre. All of the films I chose to receive this honor contain—in lingering detail—the most graphic dismemberments and eviscerations ever depicted onscreen. These are the heavyweights, or—to put it more poetically—the "dogs

that like to revel in their own stink.”
Those films that fall into this category are marked with a ☠☠☠ (a bastardization of the triple-X rating) immediately following my review. This delineation is aimed towards those unrepentant gorehounds who have no use for any substance in their entertainment outside that of simple evisceration, and indiscriminately search out the nastiest fare they can find.

Although I have not bothered to list the original MPAA ratings for the films (it's safe to assume that most are R, whatever the case), I have marked those films which contain hardcore sex footage with the classic XXX rating. (Of course, this rating doesn't actually exist and is not recognized by the MPAA. For those who don't know, this was originally a ploy by adult filmmakers to convince the audience that their films were "harder" than the usual adult fare, thus deserving three Xs as opposed to one.) This is simply to warn people who do not wish to see penetration shots outside of the violent metaphorical variety that can be found in most slasher pics.

I have also issued several “warnings” as to whether a film contains scenes of animal cruelty and or slaughterhouse footage ☠☠☠, and autopsy footage and or actual surgery footage ☠☠☠.

Non-English-language titles make up almost a fifth of the films included in the filmography. Certain classifications may be helpful in avoiding any confusions that might arise as a result of language barriers.

First, (non-English titles are arranged alphabetically by the first word other than articles (i.e., in English one ignores "a", "an" or "the"). Lest you feel you need to drag out your trusty old foreign dictionaries, here is a list of common articles for French, German, Italian, Portuguese, and Spanish below:

A	Der	El	Il	Le	O	Une
As	Die	Gli	L'	Les	Un	Uno
Das	Ein	I	La	Lo	Una	

Second, standard transliterations of non-Romanized (i.e., Asian) titles are listed when the Romanized version of the title is not available. (It would be very difficult for me to reproduce the titles using the actual Asian ideograms. And how I would go about alphabetizing them is beyond me.) Romanized (transliterated) Asian titles are listed alphabetically, and are followed by translation whenever available.

"Appendix 1. Snuff: The Making of an Urban Legend" is an expose detailing the sordid history America's, nay, the world's most infamous splatter film to date. Despite what one may think of the film itself, Snuff's importance in exploitation cinema is indisputable, and it remains one of the most interesting cases of mass hysteria and sensationalism.

Included herein are known pseudonyms of major players in the genre, with the pseudonyms referring back to the individual's given name (whether they like it or not). Pseudonyms may include Americanized pseudonyms for Asian and European players, and even commonly documented misspellings for some individuals. For pseudonyms used to blanket co-directors, an entry is included for both names.

"Appendix 2. Video Sources" is for you hardcore videohounds out there. I have included a listing of video companies, distributors, and those who sell "from one collector to another" to aid you tracking down those titles not carried by video store.

Helpful Sources

Some books and articles that were of considerable aid come in compiling this work are listed here.

Brunvand, Jan Harold. *Curses! Broiled Again!* New York: W.W. Norton, 1990.

Kerekes, David, and David Slater. *Killing for Culture*. Creation Books, 1995.

Lynch, Jay. "The Facts About the SnuffFilm Rumors." *Oui* 7 (1976): 69-70, 86, 117-118.

McCarty, John. *Splatter Movies*. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1984.

Meyers, Richard. *For One Week Only*. New Jersey: New Century Publishers, 1983.

Palmerini, Luca M., and Gaetano Mistretta. *Spaghetti Nightmares*. Florida: Fantasma Books, 1996.

Sanders, Ed. *The Family-The Story of Charles Manson's Dune Buggy Attack Battalion*. London: Panther Books, 1976.

Smith, Jack. "Snuff Myth-The Bloody Truth About On-Screen Sex Slayings." *Escapade* 8 (1982): 25, 92- 94.

Vale, V., and Andrea Juno. *Re/Search #10-Incredibly Strange Films*. San Francisco: Re/Search Publications, 1986.

Weisser, Thomas, and Yuko Mihara Weisser. *Japanese Cinema Encyclopedia*. Florida: Vital Books, 1997.

A Brief History of the Splatter Film

Since the advent of film, filmmakers have employed grisly and horrific images to depict the darker side of man. Although most of the early pioneers who experimented with what was perceived as more questionable methods of expression chose (or were forced by producers) to do so within the more acceptable restraints of the horror film, there were always the ostracized few who chose (usually for more artistic reasons) to ignore the moral standards of the day. (Tod Browning's 1932 film *Freaky* being an excellent example of subversive filmmaking during this time period.) With these filmmakers, the visceral quality of a film was just as important as the psychological since the two were intricately bound by catharsis, as it relates to the viewer and the artist alike.

One of the earliest and best examples-both reviled and applauded by critics of its time-is a film far removed from the type of cinema this book focuses on, both in time and artistic intent. Still, the movie exploits the same macabre fascination

with the flesh as does each and every film casually labeled "splatter." Luis Bunuel's *Un Chien Andalou* [*An Andalousian Dog*] (1929) is a visual assault of seemingly unrelated nightmarish images that would still garner a reaction from modern filmgoers, despite the fact that its intents to shock the viewer does not adhere to simple geek philosophy. Some of the more extreme scenes include a dismembered hand being consumed by hungry ants, and an unsettling closeup of a straight razor slicing open a woman's eye as she sits complacently. These images-products of co-scenarist Salvador Dali's fevered genius-are violent, but artistically viable attacks on the establishment of his time. It can be argued, though, that these statements still remain valid. Although it was wholly intended as political and social commentary by disgruntled surrealists, the film was-unfortunately-recognized more for its graphic, unrelenting nature, and was disregarded by many as a serious piece of work worthy of attention.

For decades thereafter, the hands of cinema and its progenitors were kept bound by conservatism's apron-strings; if unspoken taboos were breached, and a stern scolding failed to do the trick, a backhand usually sufficed in silencing them. Sex and violence in its purest forms weren't even conceivable; filmmakers were too busy making sure married couples kept to themselves in separate beds, and mobsters riddled with bullets spilled nary a single drop of blood on the sterile setpieces. It was a world of fantasy... but the need to represent the results of man's basest nature would eventually become a pressing issue, and the world of fantasy would become a very unpleasant place indeed. Theatergoers would tire of seeing this unreal, stale representation of a world that ended just off screen and would demand to be shown something more without sacrificing the escapist elements which are the cornerstones of modern film. As could be expected, this chancre finally burst, initiating an entire genre whose sole purpose was to actually show the aforementioned taboos kept under lock and key for all those years. The year was 1963, but first, more on the years leading up to it.

The signs of socio-political repression figured prominently in the previous decade. The 1950s

were a time of McCarthyism, the looming threat of nuclear catastrophe, and last but not least—the growing menace of juvenile delinquency. The rise in underage crime was not attributed as a predictable surge in rebellion,

but was instead blamed on the slight loosening of censorship's belt, especially in respect to film and literature. (Particularly comic books, it would seem. Dr. Frederic Wertham and his puritan attacks on EC Comics were some of the most publicized attempts to reinstall the quickly failing control system the conservatives used to dictate "art," the reverberations of which could still be felt twenty years later with the label "Approved by the Comics Code Authority." Film, though, was allowed to reach something akin to maturity—a stunted growth at best—decades before comics were able to shed some of its stigma.) By the end of the 1950's, the gears were already in motion.

Hammer Studios, a UK production company whose previous output consisted primarily of dramas and murder mysteries, jumped feet first into the horror genre. Even though their initial genre efforts were essentially remakes of the old, by now familiar Universal classics (*Curse of Frankenstein* and *Horror of Dracula*, 1957 and 1958 respectively), they were able to draw on an entirely new audience by injecting sex and violence into the stale proceedings. Although the bloodletting is still fairly tame by today's standards (television still insists on airing cut prints, more than likely for reasons of availability), these films helped open the floodgates. Other companies quickly followed suit and began breaking the unwritten laws that held jurisdiction over the depiction of film violence by producing similarly strong fare. At first it was a slow, gradual process, but within a decade's passing Hammer found themselves having difficulty in keeping up with the trend they themselves helped initiate.

Films like *The Brain That Wouldn't Die* (1959), *The Monster of Piedras Blancas* (1959), *Les Yeux sans Visage* [*The Eyes Without a Face*] (1959), and *The Flesh Eaters* (1963) were intent on showing groundbreaking scenes of gore-laden effects to spice up their typical monster-on-the-loose and science-gone-awry formulas. Dismemberment key shocks in the former two films—were shown on screen, as it happened, the black and white film stock unable to soften the blow as blood was spilled in the name of entertainment. The third—considered by some a stylish classic of the genre—depicted unnerving scenes of skin graft experiments. The fourth film on the list took the idea of mutilation even further, giving the viewer a taste of what it would be like to be eaten alive by what we essentially microscopic piranha.

Unlike the above films, Nobuo Nakagawa took advantage of the trend—for more artistic reasons—and gave us *Jigoku* [*Hell*] (1960), a compelling film whose intent was more like *Un Chien Andalou* in its attempts to make the viewer confront their darker side as opposed to reveling in it. With few restraints, Nakagawa wholly succeeded in depicting Hell as a bloodied tapestry of death and mutilation rivaled only by Dante's troubled visions. Even

today, viewers aren't likely to forget the messages *Jigoku* proffers, thanks in no small part to its use of confrontational imagery.

But it was the aforementioned year of 1963 when it all came to a head. Herschell Gordon Lewis and David F. Friedman (the selfsame men who pioneered the "nudie" films that became the foundation

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