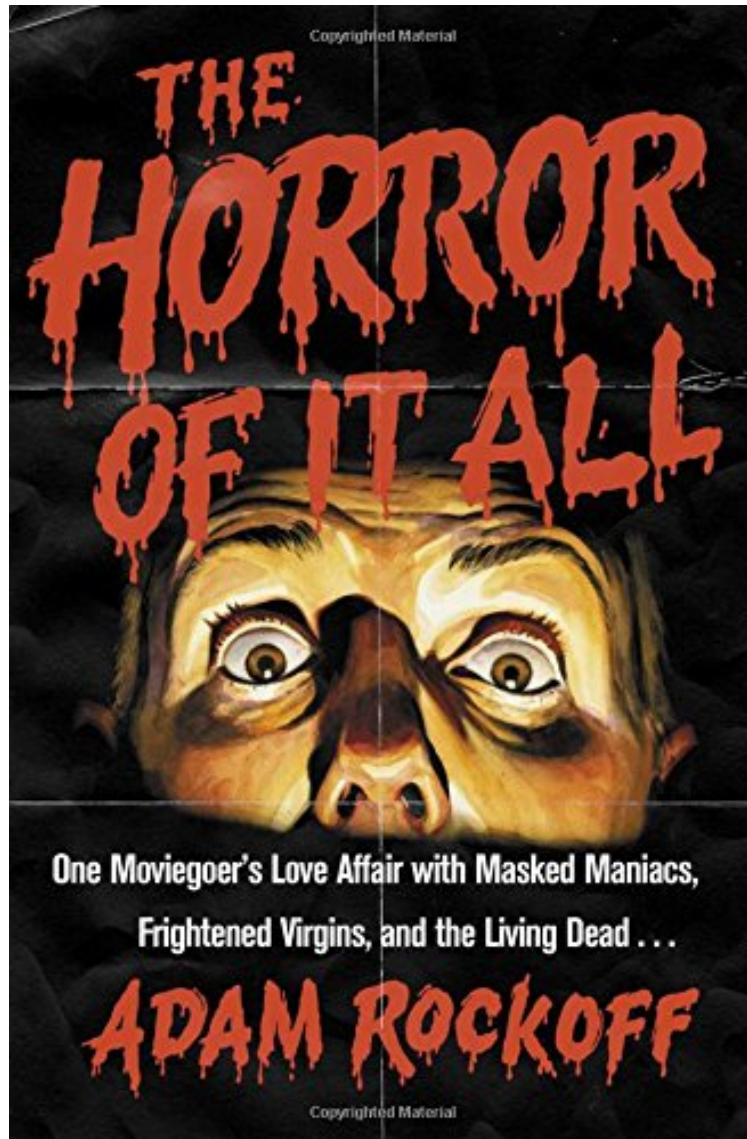


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## The Horror of It All: One Moviegoers Love Affair with Masked Maniacs, Frightened Virgins, and the Living Dead...

*Adam Rockoff*

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**Adam Rockoff : The Horror of It All: One Moviegoers Love Affair with Masked Maniacs, Frightened Virgins, and the Living Dead...** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Horror of It All: One Moviegoers Love Affair with Masked Maniacs, Frightened Virgins, and the Living Dead...:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. rockoff is one of us, no doubtBy bugmanthe horror of it all by adam rockoff. rokoff, who wrote the screenplay for the remake of i spit on your grave, delivers this delightful horror memoir, wherein he describes his own obsession with horror fandom, and frames the state of horror in today's current world. along the way, rockoff, who is an excellent and hilarious writer, shares anecdotes about horror folks he's rubbed shoulders with, and also breaks down pivotal moments in horror's history, such as the tipper gore parental label hearings (this whole section had me in tears of laughter), the video nasties saga, and the rise of the internet. rockoff also very smartly puts us in our place, horror fans that is, celebrating our strengths, and exposing our foibles, many of which, as he sees it, are the result of an inferiority complex developed as a result of societies general outlook on our preferred genre of choice. rockoff waves the horror flag and encourages all of us to stand-up and be proud of who we are. i like rockoff a lot, and i like the confidence with which he holds his opinions, many of which i agree with, many of which i don't (rockoff can't stand scream, but he does make an intelligent case for his feelings. i don't agree, but i respect his position, and i especially appreciate reading about his thoughtful, opposing viewpoints).the horror of it all is an extremely entertaining read, one that i'm sure most horror fans can find commonality with. there's plenty of good gristle to chew on, and he concludes with a passage that perfectly sums up how i feel about horror. read this book!0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. VERY ENTERTAINING READBy Tony CrumptonA very entertaining read. As a life-long (well, since I was 7) horror fan in his early 40's, many of Mr. Rockoff's anecdotes and observations hit home, taking me back to the days of my own youth. As the subtitle tells you, this is not a book for those looking for an in depth exploration of the horror film, but a nostalgic observation of the horror film from the heyday of the slasher film through today. I'm not saying there's not a lot to learn from this breezy read, just that it's aimed more toward the already devoted horror aficionados and readers of Fangoria and Rue Morgue. If you're one of these, you shouldn't hesitate in buying a copy. If you're not, you should buy a copy anyway. Seriously, it's some good stuff.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Fun horror book for genre fansBy Giovanni M. DeldioIt's really well written and fun and makes for a fast and informative page turner. It's a book for horror fans by a horror fan.

Pop culture history meets blood-soaked memoir as a horror film aficionado and screenwriter recalls a life spent watching blockbuster slasher films, cult classics, and everything in between.Horror films have simultaneously captivated and terrified audiences for generations, racking up billions of dollars at the box office and infusing our nightmares with unrelenting zombies, chainsaw-wielding madmen, and myriad incarnations of ghosts, ghouls, and the devil himself. Despite evolving modes of storytelling and the fluctuating popularity of other genres, horror endures. The Horror of It All is a memoir from the front lines of the industry that dissects (and occasionally defends) the hugely popular phenomenon of scary movies. Author Adam Rockoff traces the highs and lows of the horror genre through the lens of his own obsessive fandom, born in the aisles of his local video store and nurtured with a steady diet of cable trash. From Siskel and Eberts crusade against slasher films to horrors Renaissance in the wake of Scream, Rockoff mines the rich history of the genre, braiding critical analysis with his own firsthand experiences. Be afraid. Be very afraid.

Rockoff is an amiable and often amusing guide a passionate defender of the creative rights of filmmakers, no matter how shocking or disturbing their creations might be, and a convincing advocate for scary movies as transgressive art or just plain fun. (Kirkus)Adam Rockoff is the ultimate authority on horror film and fandom, and no one captures the full dimensions of the genre with greater wit, humor, nostalgia and charm. The Horror of it All is bloody brilliant! (Adrienne King, star of "Friday the 13th")"Adam Rockoff's The Horror of It All may well have been titled Everything You Always Wanted to Know About the Horror Industry But Were Too Afraid To Ask. It's a no bullshit look at the culture of horror and the films that define it, from a professional who hasn't lost his ability to be a fan. Written with the know-how of an academic and the crackerjack honesty of bathroom graffiti, The Horror of It All will satiate horror hounds and film buffs alike." (Rodrigo Gudino, RUE MORGUE)"[Rockoff] knows horror movies like the Colonel knows chicken.... Rockoffs genuine love for the genre shouts from every page." (Buzzmag.com)Some of the sharpest pop culture criticism you'll find in any medium today, delivered with evocative writing that veers between thoughtful, heartfelt and hilarious. a compulsively readable package that's likely to become the most popular non-fiction book horror aficionados will clamor for this year. (Rue Morgue)"Adam Rockoff writes from his heart with cleverness and wit as well as a hell of a lot of knowledge. The Horror Of It All is right up there with any classic tome of horror criticism and history." (Scream Magazine)The author is a passionate fan of the horror genre in all its forms. The Horror of It All twitches with manic, foul-mouthed, bloggy energy. (The New York Times Book )About the AuthorAdam Rockoff is the screenwriter of Wicked Lake, a film so depraved it caused Ron Jeremy to storm out of the theater in anger. However, his 2010 adaptation of the classic exploitation film, I Spit on Your Grave, received nearly unanimous praise from horror critics. His first book, Going to Pieces: The Rise and Fall of the Slasher Film, 1978-1986, a critical examination of the slasher genre, was made into a documentary which premiered on STARZ. When he's not getting his hands bloody, Rockoff runs the television production company, FlashRock Films. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. The Horror of It All Prologue It was the best of times, it was the worst of times... Those immortal

words were almost certainly not written to anticipate the horror boom in the early years of the twenty-first century. And yet they most surely apply. It was the best of times because interest in horror movies, and all the accompanying cultural detritus, is at an all-time high. I just got back from Barnes Noble, as good a barometer as any for measuring the zeitgeist. On this day, the magazine rack was stocked with no fewer than eleven titles devoted exclusively to horror and exploitation films. Eleven! And lest anyone think Im exaggerating for effect, here they are: Fangoria, Rue Morgue, Scary Monsters Magazine, Diabolique, HorrorHound, Famous Monsters of Filmland, Shadowland Magazine, Filmfax, VideoScope, Video Watchdog, and The Walking Dead: The Official Magazine. There were exactly zero magazines dedicated to Westerns. None for comedies either. Zilch for family films, dramas, and musicals. While there were also a handful of general entertainment periodicals, those publications included horror, too, whenever it hit the mainstream. The 2011 Best Picture Oscar winner, *The Artist*, grossed a total of \$44 million. That same year, in just its opening weekend, the third installment of the Paranormal Activity series grossed \$52 million. This is just one example, but its indicative of what a commercial juggernaut horror has become. If the genre is as healthy as its ever been, how can it possibly also be the worst of times? Well, because as incredible as this might seem, the golden age of horror journalism which I would argue were in has a downside: it seems as if everything worth writing has already been written. I love the Friday the 13th series as much as anyone, but after Peter M. Brackes exhaustive fully illustrated oral history, *Crystal Lake Memories*, as well as both Daniel Farrandss accompanying documentary adaptation and his earlier film *His Name Was Jason: 30 Years of Friday the 13th*, theres absolutely nothing to add to the legacy of everyones favorite hockey-masked maniac. We now have a handful of books I could legitimately describe as the definitive work on Dario Argento, and with Mario Bava: *All the Colors of the Dark* and *Beyond Terror: The Films of Lucio Fulci*, Tim Lucas and Stephen Thrower respectively have provided the final word on these Italian titans. I cant imagine anyone writing about the grindhouse and trash cinema more lovingly than Bill Landis and Michelle Clifford. And if a Peter Biskindesque look at horror cinemas most famous feuds and faces is your thing, you probably cant do better than Jason Zinomans *Shock Value: How a Few Eccentric Outsiders Gave Us Nightmares, Conquered Hollywood, and Invented Modern Horror* or David Konows *Reel Terror: The Scary, Bloody, Gory, Hundred-Year History of Classic Horror Films*. I could go on and on, and on and on. So whats the problem with this embarrassment of riches? Twenty years ago, when I was digging around the back of a moth-infested used-book store for a battered copy of John McCartys *Splatter Movies: Breaking the Last Taboo of the Screen*, I could never have dreamed that some Monday I would be able to order the biography of Peter Cushing, a history of horror fanzines, and a beautiful full-color coffee table book showcasing Metallica guitarist Kirk Hammetts unparalleled horror memorabilia collection, only to have all of them arrive at my front door on Tuesday morning. The more I thought about it, the more I realized that this was only a problem for me. It had been over a decade since my first book, *Going to Pieces: The Rise and Fall of the Slasher Film*, came out, and I had been itching to write a follow-up. But about what? Then it hit me. I was in the bathroom reading *Fargo Rock City* for the umpteenth time both on the toilet and in general. I know I sound like some hack comedian, but every single good idea Ive ever had has come to me either in the shower or while emptying my bowels. For those of you who dont know, *Fargo Rock City* is Chuck Klostermans memoir about growing up as a heavy metal fan in rural North Dakota. On the surface, its both a history and critical analysis of hair metal, but filtered through Klostermans personal experiences it becomes something much more profound. What if I could do the same thing with horror movies? To my knowledge, this had never been done. Kier-La Janisses masterful *House of Psychotic Women* comes close. But two things gave me reason to believe there might be room for another voice. One, and most obvious, Janisse is a woman. We may like to pretend that gender has no effect on how we process art and culture, but thats a lie, and everyone knows it. Plus, her hardscrabble life was markedly different from my own uneventful suburban upbringing. Two, and this is equally apparent just from her books subtitle *An Autobiographical Topography of Female Neurosis in Horror and Exploitation Films* Janisse is a far better writer than Ill ever be. This isnt false modesty. Unfortunately, I have plenty of examples to support this claim. The first testimonial (the very first one) on the back cover of *Going to Pieces* states: *Rockoff is no blood-in-his-eye moron. Have you ever heard such effusive praise? I might not be the smartest guy in the room. Or the most eloquent. But hey, at least Im no moron! I might as well be the thinnest guy at fat camp.* Then theres the fact that a signed copy of my book is selling on eBay for less money than a brand-new one. So I have the dubious distinction of being one of the lucky authors whose signature actually devalues the work. This reminds me of a hot dog stand near my hometown where a buttered roll actually cost less than a plain roll. As adventurous as my friends and I were, we never dared sample that butter. So why waste your hard-earned money on this book? As a close friend of mine recently asked, *Who the hell wants to read about your experiences? Why is that interesting to anybody except for you?* I realized two things. One, I need some new friends. But two, my experiences, while unique to me, are really nothing more than a window to your own. A mirror to reflect back those memories that may have been forgotten, misplaced, or shelved away in the furthest recesses of your mind. Part of the subtitle of this book is *One Moviegoers Love Affair*. Thats both true and misleading. I distinctly remember the first time I ever saw the 1978 film *Class Reunion Massacre*. On some level, I understood that hundreds of people were responsible for its conception, production, and release; thousands more had eventually seen it in theaters or on home video. But the film itself was so weird, and my experience of watching it so personal, that at the time I couldnt

imagine anyone else even being aware of its existence. Once I started discussing horror films with like-minded fans, I soon learned that many people were indeed aware of Class Reunion Massacre. One or two had even seen it in some shitty theater under its original title, The Redeemer: Son of Satan! Then it became crystal clear. Although I can only write about my own experiences, I can draw on the collective consciousness of horror fandom. And this is why you might like this book. Because my memories are yours. Im almost forty now, no longer the target demographic for horror movies. And yet I love them more than ever. Lots of my friends do too. As someone who came of age during the slasher boom in the early eighties, Ive seen the genre rise, and fall, and rise again. Since then, horror films have undergone more transformations than even Dr. Moreau could fathom. Scream ushered in an era of snarky, self-conscious, postmodern horror. The Blair Witch Project obliterated the studio model and proved that any bozo with a camcorder could make a scary movie, while superior documentary-style films such as The Last Exorcism, The Devil Inside, and the Paranormal Activity series proved to be not the exception but the rule. The term torture porn was coined to describe the uncompromising films of Eli Roth and Rob Zombie, giving media pundits a perfect sobriquet for the objects of their derision. Films released barely twenty years earlier were remade or reimagined in droves, including each of the holy trinity of slasherdome: Halloween, Friday the 13th, and A Nightmare on Elm Street. Vampires were sexy, then gritty, then sexy again. And, eventually, zombies were freakin everywhere. The time is once again ripe to ask the question: why do horror films continue to not only endure but prosper? Its a question that will be answered not by the cultural arbiters forever frustrated by their inability to explain the allure of horror but by someone on the front lines. Because to really understand the modern horror film, you have to live it. You have to embrace the outr, dive headfirst into the rabbit hole with eyes wide open (or shut), and not be afraid to slay the sacred cows. And for those of us who do, its a helluva ride.