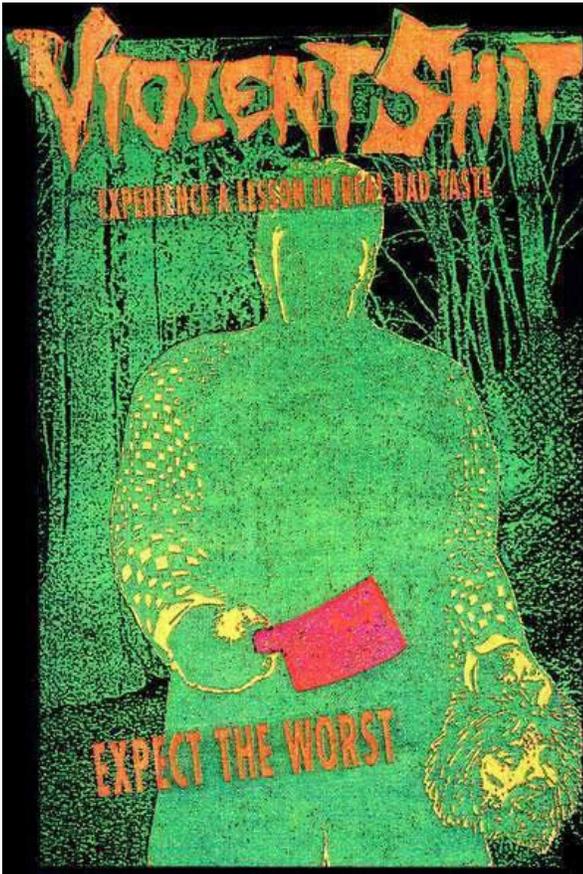


Andreas Schnaas

On the horror party slasher movie fringe

While acting upon the embryonic cells, the neurulation process commences a delicate phase during the embryo development; more specifically, the neuronal plaque expands forming various regions where the very neuronal differentiation will take place; the cells hectically migrate in order to find their ultimate position, the function they're made for and it's right here during this phase that the first archetypes which will embrace hereditary ideas are most likely defined: this is the primordial territory wherein Andreas Schnaas' (Hamburg, Germany, April 1 1968) cinema sways.



Violent Shit's cover

Let's start from the "fetus" concept to outline an excursus that deals with a gestation which won't ever give birth to a "being", everything happens within a belly/sphere where "the possible" transfigures, as well as to deliver an-other interpretation to a hard-to-digest cinema although full of interesting hints; the idea is to approach this artist shunning every bias and peeking at the diegesis (even through a window on known portals, just to see what we're heading to) as if it were a rupestrian painting.

Andreas has been pursuing his daemon from the very beginning and at the age of eight he literally devoured "*Horror of the Zombies*" (whose original title is "*El bouque maldito*", by Armando De Ossorio, Spain 1974), a movie that flamed his interest toward that kind of cinema and that pushed him to direct his first movies from the age of twelve: "*Hunted*" (a mercenary film), "*Bloody Full Moon*", "*Horror Game*", "*Running Man*" are all short and middle-length films where the "shocker" concept is central and in which he coarsely plays with syrups, tomato juices and other astute pumps and pipes devices doing their dirty work whenever the tool at stake (a knife, a machete, a chainsaw, etc) slashes the meat of the unlucky victims.

His 1989 *“Violent shit”* is a turning point (sort of a landmark movie of the genre) which he directed, interpreted and filmed it in the vhs format. It's a tape about the schizoid and ravaging acts of Karl “The Butcher” Shitter, a serial killer that after escaping from a police van brutally kills anyone he meets while moving around the fields of a well-known German location. Despite the lack of direction, apart from a trembling shoulder camera, and even if it's treated almost like an amateurish clip from the fans of the genre, the movie features some engaging scenes like the syncopated intro montage (when some opening titles also roll on) where we can see the greenish acid figure of a young Karl playing with a ball over a dark background; or his dialog with Lucifer (a smoky dummy), the ending apostasy – which I won't reveal – and the closure that sounds like a tribute to D'Amato's *“Antrophophagus”* (1980) he would later realize a remake of, in which the exhausted main character at the end of his “path” bites his own guts and gives birth. To me this is Schnaas' apex as he's able to concoct a really schizophrenic, almost unwatchable, work due to its extensive length as well as the massive use of the stroboscopic effect that entraps the audience into a claustrophobic tunnel of violence, and lastly because of the insisting repeated angles/shots on the gore scenes that enforce this merciless totentanz (dance macabre).



Opening titles

In the meantime his directing skills improve and as the budgets rise significantly the SFX quality ameliorates. There will be two sequels of *Violent Shit* where Karl's son and the “Karl (as zombie) and son couple” respectively will be protagonist. In the third chapter the odd couple wander on a island followed by troops of evil subjects, all masked like “The Butcher”. We can perceive here Andreas' taste both for an old way to make movies (*“The most dangerous game”*, 1932) which ushered in the “man-hunting” series (Nocturno docet) since the plot unravels on an island where the unfortunate victims are hunted down like animals, and for kung-fu because of the totally de-contextualized combats over the infamous isle. Schnaas will also direct in Rome the 35 mm film *“Demonium”* (1991) confirming his fondness toward the italian horror scene; nevertheless this effort would disappoint all the fans who were waiting for Andreas' definitive jump although it proved him to be the ultra-gore king. He has recently performed as actor with Timo Rose (Rellingen, Germany, February 22 1977), another german splatter director.



Still from Violent Shit

The cinema concocted by this German boy is atavistic and wonderfully *pedestrian* in its evolution and apropos, this excerpt taken from the fundamental volume, historigraphically thorough, hyper-detailed (or whatever you'd like to call it), *“Sex and Violence”* by Curti e La Selva, perfectly explains what happens when we abuse blood: *“Setting the new hemoglobin usage (on a movie set) world record it's not enough to be qualified as an outsider. Extremeness is not a matter of quantity, nay the*

discomfort-factor seems to be inversely proportional to the increase of first matter, especially when the latter is lavishly offered with nonchalance". As we are used to chew this kind of cinema on a large scale, we know that most of the times we get excited by the idea, not by its realization, that pushes us to watch the film again just to see the sequence which is worth the whole movie.

All the movies are 18 certificated, we'd like to remind it for decency convenience, and they could be easily found inside DVD boxsets, limited editions and obviously as old vhs tapes for collectors. Ozymoron: his filmography is disgustingly beautiful. He says of himself: *"Just because I shot violent movies doesn't mean I'm a violent person. War is nonsense and I can't bear the American way to solve the situation! Peace on Earth!"*