This past weekend, the legendary alien overlords, GWAR, played the Los Angeles House of Blues, and I was there to take part in all the action and dismemberment. Having worked with these deranged monsters on a few prior projects (including their most recent video, “Zombies, March!”), I was invited to join them back stage for some pre-show merriment.

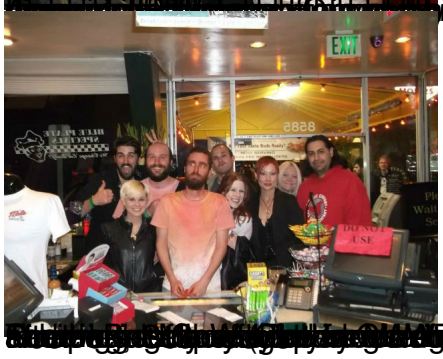
At 9 p.m., I met my friends at the show; a group that looked like a cross-section of horror miscreants. In tow was Jack Bennett (director of CAPRICE), well-known horror model Miss Katonic, horror director Tammi Sutton (most recently known for ILSE OF DOGS), director John Stewart Muller (FLING), Fango writer David Ian, horror genre actor Kyle Morris, and Leslie Andrews who played Izzy in SICK GIRL. We began the night by chatting while we caught the opening acts. I ran into a few of my friends from the GWAR entourage who asked if Miss Katonic and I would like to be part of the show, which means I’d probably end up in some way eviscerated on stage or suffocated with gooey entrails, quite possibly my own. OK, I’ll do it!

We were lead backstage where the monsters were getting ready for the show. Miss Katonic and I were informed we would be sacrifices to the great World Maggot. Well, I guess if I gotta go, being masticated to death by a giant maggot would be my first choice. I then noticed two

familiar faces standing nearby, Joe Lynch (WRONG TURN 2) and Adam Green (HATCHET). Green had also been selected as a World Maggot sacrifice, and Lynch was there to capture it on camera for the duo's upcoming show HOLLISTON.

We were lead to the stage wings to watch the show until our big moment came. It was fascinating watching not only from the band's perspective, but also so close to the action. The audience was a thousand bloody bodies all intensely writhing and dancing and moshing and head butting each other. It was miraculous to get a backstage glance at how much work goes into GWAR's stage shows, which I can know say with first hand knowledge, are brilliantly orchestrated, meticulously organized displays that rival any of the most complicated theatrical productions.

Then, my time came. I gave Dave my camera and asked him to get pictures of my demise. Unfortunately, he decided to get rowdy and ended up snapping pictures from the pit, some of them while crowd surfing. So my only proof of my maggot interaction is blurry pictures full of sweaty bloody arms. A slave grabbed me, and I was shoved head first into a giant writhing maggot mouth. It was gooey and smelled like feet. I blacked out for a short while and later found myself in a pile of tangled limbs on the floor covered in blood, hairballs, and various other unpleasant fluids. Well, I guess I'll go find my friends.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