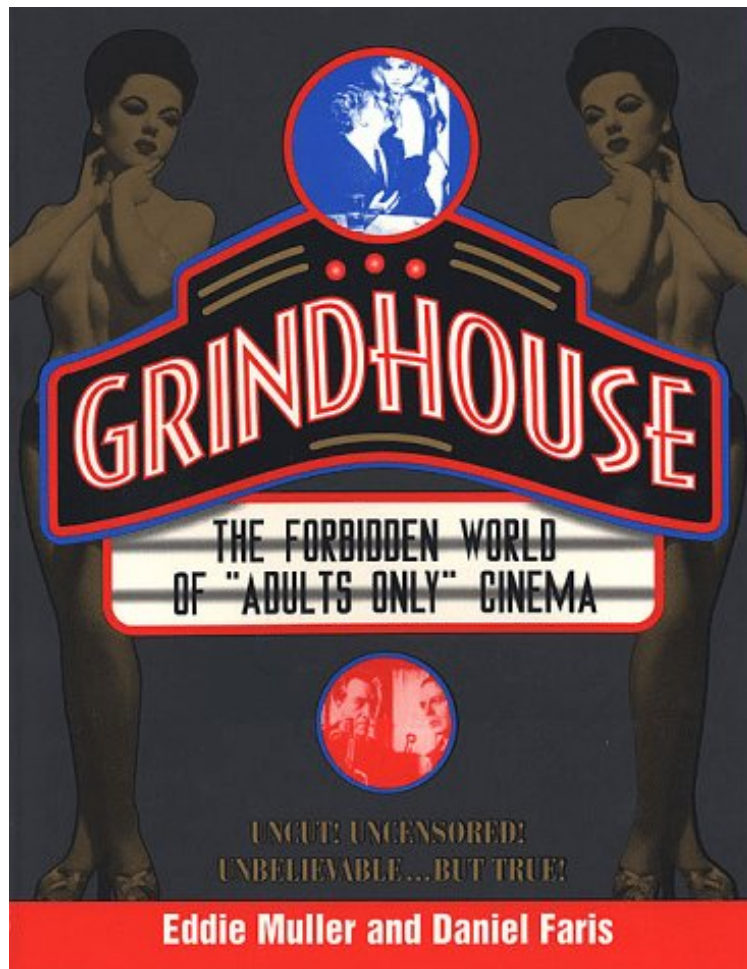


Grindhouse: The Forbidden World of "Adults Only" Cinema

Eddie Muller, Daniel Faris

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Eddie Muller, Daniel Faris : Grindhouse: The Forbidden World of "Adults Only" Cinema before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Grindhouse: The Forbidden World of "Adults Only" Cinema:

3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. The best book on the subject By Dennis Eddie Muller is truly a historian critic with a love for the B-side of life, and this was his first major history. I don't know of another book that covers the American Grindhouse as well and with as much style as this one. Simply put, if you want to know more about this "seamy" side of the cinema industry, then, simply, get a copy and feast your eyes and get into it. Occasionally, a critic has said such as "Unfortunately, Muller and Faris seem content with superficiality: Most accounts are taken from second-hand sources, and the book's attempts at placing its subject within a larger cultural context often seem ridiculously generalized. Additionally, they seem ambiguous about their subject, alternately deciding upon repugnance, kitsch appreciation and timid justification before switching into a nostalgic mode when

describing the genre's death, which accompanied the emergence of hardcore and the popularity of VCRs" (...)BUT there's nobody in the actual industry of grindhouse I know of, who lived it, and then wrote a sweeping or monumental history of the subject, and no film critic of contemporary times was there to see all the grindhouse movies themselves... so call this a fine popular history that gets at the heart and heat of the grindhouse phenomena. I won't be reselling my copy. 2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. Lots of fun, in spite of a few factual errors. By Aussiescribbler This book is a lot of fun. It's a breezy romp through the history of exploitation movies in the United States. While it does deal with movies from other parts of the world it only discusses them in the context of their distribution in the U.S. Muller and Faris have a great deal of enthusiasm for the subject, though they don't always get their facts right. While Jack Nicholson did write the screenplay for Roger Corman's movie "The Trip", he didn't appear in the film, which starred Peter Fonda. And "Teenage Bride" was not one of Harry Novak's hillbilly movies. It had an urban setting. All the same, this witty book, with its proliferation of posters, stills and newspaper ads, provides a fine introduction to the wonderful world of U.S. exploitation cinema. 8 of 8 people found the following review helpful. Bawdy, Naughty Nutty. By A Customer Extremely interesting look at the world of "adults only" cinema, with a great layout, plenty of photographs, interviews and behind-the-scenes details about early drug, nudist and atrocity movies that usually promised a lot more than they offered! Seems well-researched and is thankfully non-judgmental about the films in question, most of which would probably rate a PG-13 on today's modern screens.

Grindhouse lovingly traces the sordid history of the "adults only" film, from Poverty Row productions of the 1930s to the swinging '70s and the days of free love. In truth, the movies themselves were extremely tame by today's standards--replaced by hardcore pornography and the advent of VCRs. Grindhouse brims with rare posters and lobby cards for these outrageous subculture masterpieces. color photos. 180 bw illustrations.

.com Vice Rackets! Narcotics! Nazis! Nudists! Cults! Wrestling Women! No sooner than the first movie camera was invented, it was put to sordid use. Grindhouse is a sexy and sardonic romp through the history of "adults only" cinema, from the roadshows and "hygiene" movies of the '30s, to the burlesque and vice movies of the '40s, to the Scandinavian Invasion of the '70s. Includes photos of rare posters and lobby cards as well as portraits of the auteurs of the films, such as Russ Meyer and David F. Friedman. From Booklist Before the advent of the corner video store, connoisseurs of sex and sensation sought the stuff they loved in grindhouses. Although the low-budget films these low-rent venues screened promised more lewdness, nudity, and weirdness than they delivered, some are monuments of ludicrous filmmaking. Perhaps the best known is Ed Wood's transvestite opus, *Glen or Glenda*, but it is just one of the daffy and scuzzy movies Muller and Faris note in their decade-by-decade tour of yesterday's prurience. As historically responsible scribes, the pair recognizes the role of such big-budget, more hard-core movies as *Deep Throat* in the demise of the grindhouse genre and recounts how a film now considered a genuine classic, *Tod Browning's Freaks*, was once double-billed with classic trash like *Wages of Sin* and *Reefer Madness*. Possessed of some reference value for collocating the many titles under which the same sleazy shows were repeatedly recycled, the book's most endearing aspect may be its many illustrations--a rogue's gallery of cheesy publicity for cheesier flickers. Mike Tribby