

# BITE HORSE

A brief memoir of intergalactic exorcism and  
music video production in London Fields



"If You can imagine Chris Cunningham doing some crossover  
music video project between Tom Waits & Jack White then this  
astonishing short might well be the result." - Flick Feast





FOR MARCUS



Words – Sam Walker  
Photography – Ben Miller Cole



Making films and music used to be something.  
My Brother and I grew up watching Mean Streets  
and listening to Hendrix and Beefheart.  
What happened to the 70's.  
Its all about the money now.  
Filthy stinking money.  
Look at him one bastard goes in and another bastard comes out.  
Thats the world and its getting worse.  
Stinking generation of phone hacked walking billboard adverts  
and corporate sally's reeking up the planet.  
filling their eyes with muck and singing about how don't it taste like cherry pie.  
While the locusts fill their boots.  
Well this is the real thing.  
This is what it is supposed to be.  
And here the bastard is  
Three years later than expected.  
Three years of fighting and sucking up filth like a hoover eats ash.  
Til I for one couldn't even say my name without feeling sick.  
This is all for you.  
And its free.  
Hows that?  
Free.  
Why? I don't?  
Exactly.  
Its free because of China Town and The Wicker Man and Robert Johnson and Mr Ferrera and  
Anthony Soprano and Paul MCarthy and Steven King and Dee Brown and Iron Mike and Richard  
Mattheson and Bill Sienkiewicz and Marcus Waterloo and our mum.

Finally putting out this collaboration between me and my brother I feel like Harvey  
Kietel does at the end of Bad Lieutenant handing over his life savings to a couple of nun  
rapists. So enjoy it and get on the fucking bus because you're life ain't worth shit in  
this town.

Samuel and Hopper

2016



A person is seen from the back, wearing a light blue, short-sleeved, pleated dress. They are carrying a large, brown burlap sack over their shoulder, which is secured with a rope. The person is standing in a kitchen or dining area. In the background, there are wooden shelves filled with various bottles and containers. To the left, a wooden table holds a plate of fruit, including bananas and apples. The overall atmosphere is warm and rustic.

# BITE HORSE



Baby come home  
Sooner or later  
A bite from the horse

and the Alligator

Sooner or Later

Alligator

BIT  
BITE Horse  
BITE Horse  
BITE BITE  
I I I





Fig. 01

It was a Wednesday.

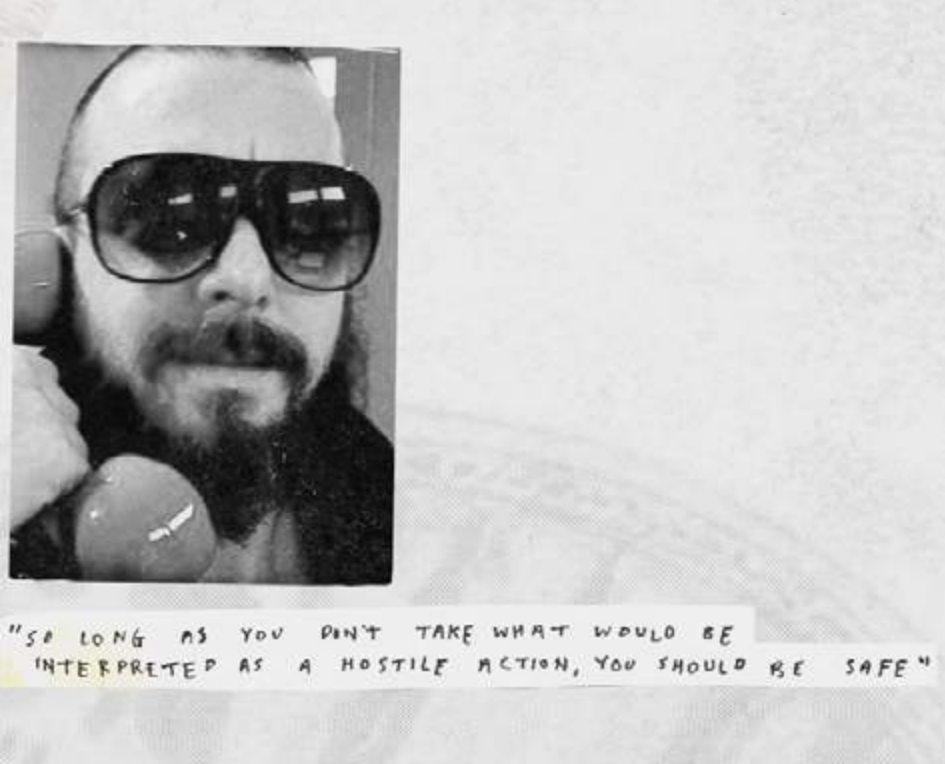
I was sitting at my desk next to the bins in a shared studio space having for some years given up on being a man and thus succumbing to the need to earn the filthy coin which as everyone knows is just a made up way to keep us all subservient as whores in a sex dungeon while the fat and the talentless laugh in our shit eating faces.

It was not meant to have gone this way but this is the way it had gone.

It had been a while since I had made anything that didn't make me want to cut my own throat.

I drew this picture and I felt better.

All ideas come from somewhere and Bite Horse started here.



The band are Mississippi Witch.

Bite Horse is business but the CC RIDER is an actual living breathing MONSTER. Hopper wrote this song in the toilet of his house next to the porno studios in St George's Bristol. I used to live in Bristol too so I know how he feels. It drove me to kill 8 children and behead several of my friends naked on a conveyor belt.

I remember hearing Bite Horse for the first time blacking out and waking up 3 days later covered in gasoline with blood on my hands and feathers in my mouth. In a good way. In the best way. In the only way. Anyway I asked him for an explanation for how the actor should say the words and this is it.



BABY COME HOME - VERY LAZY  
SOONER OR LATER - AGAIN VERY LAZY  
FEED ME THE HORSE OTHER OPTION BRING ME THE HORSE BUT FEED IS BETTER  
THE ALLIGATOR AMERICAN SLANG "ALLIGATAA"

SURE TO COME HOME - LONG LAZY "HOME"  
SOONER OR LATER  
A BITE FROM THE HORSE - MISS OUT TWO LETTERS OF HORSE  
AN ALLIGATOR - SOUNDS LIKE "WHORE"

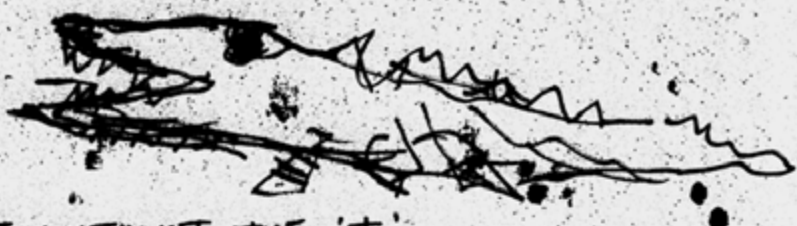
A BIG WIND - COMBINE THE WORD WIND WITH THE WORD WOOD  
A V.C - AH AS IN APPLE... VC  
A BROWN LEFT AGAIN, AH AS IN APPLE  
A SEE PAW - PAW AS IN THE BEGINNING OF THE WORD POWER, AMERICAN

YEAH...BABY COME HOME  
SOONER OR LATER  
A BITE FROM THE HORSE  
AND AN ALLIGATOR



A BIG WIND - WIND BUT TRY AND SQUEEZE AN 'O' IN BEFORE THE 'I'  
A V.C - AH AS IN APPLE... VC  
A BROWN LEFF THE WORD LEFT WITHOUT THE 'T'  
A RIGHT PAW - PAW AS IN THE BEGINNING OF THE WORD POWER, AMERICAN  
AAAAAAH EEEEEEE AAAAAAAH OOOOOOH AAAAAAAH K

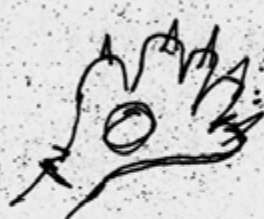
OH YOU BETTER COME HOME  
SOONER OR LATER  
A BITE FROM THE HORSE  
AND AN ALLIGATOR



A BIG WOOD  
A V.C - AH AS IN APPLE... VC  
A BROWN LEFF - THE WORD LEFT WITHOUT THE 'T'  
A BROWN RIE - THE ~~WORD~~ WORD IS RIGHT WITHOUT THE 'GHT'

RIGHT PAW

PAW  
PAW  
PAW  
PAW  
PAW  
PAW



COME HOME - SOUNDS LIKE 'COME ON', AMERICAN TWANG  
SOONER OR LATER  
A BITE FROM THE HORSE - OPTION, CHANGE HORSE FOR HOW, AMERICAN  
AND AN ALLIGATOR... OH



A BIG WOOD  
A V.C  
A BUNG LEAR - LEAR AS IN LEARJET, HEAVY DRUNKEN AMERICAN  
A RIGHT PAW



611v



The idea for the film came from drawing naked girls with horse heads on a scrap of paper in a state of misery not known since the plague years but I believe its origin in not feeling very well when I went to pick up my then girlfriend from where she worked as a stripper. Never having spent much time in strip clubs I figured that it should be each to their own and who was I to judge what a person did to earn a crust. Except that when I went to pick her up there was a fat man shouting get your cunt out while she danced. Then she had to collect her coins in a pint glass in her pants.

Shortly after this a crazy looking homeboy in New York told me to get out of his pizza queue and I chased him down the road and pinned him against the wall. Artie Bucco had it right when he told the dirty food thieving priest how he felt.

"Father I dont just hate this man I hate all men.

606



BACK IN TO  
DARK

LATH

1142



1003  
Muscular

Only White



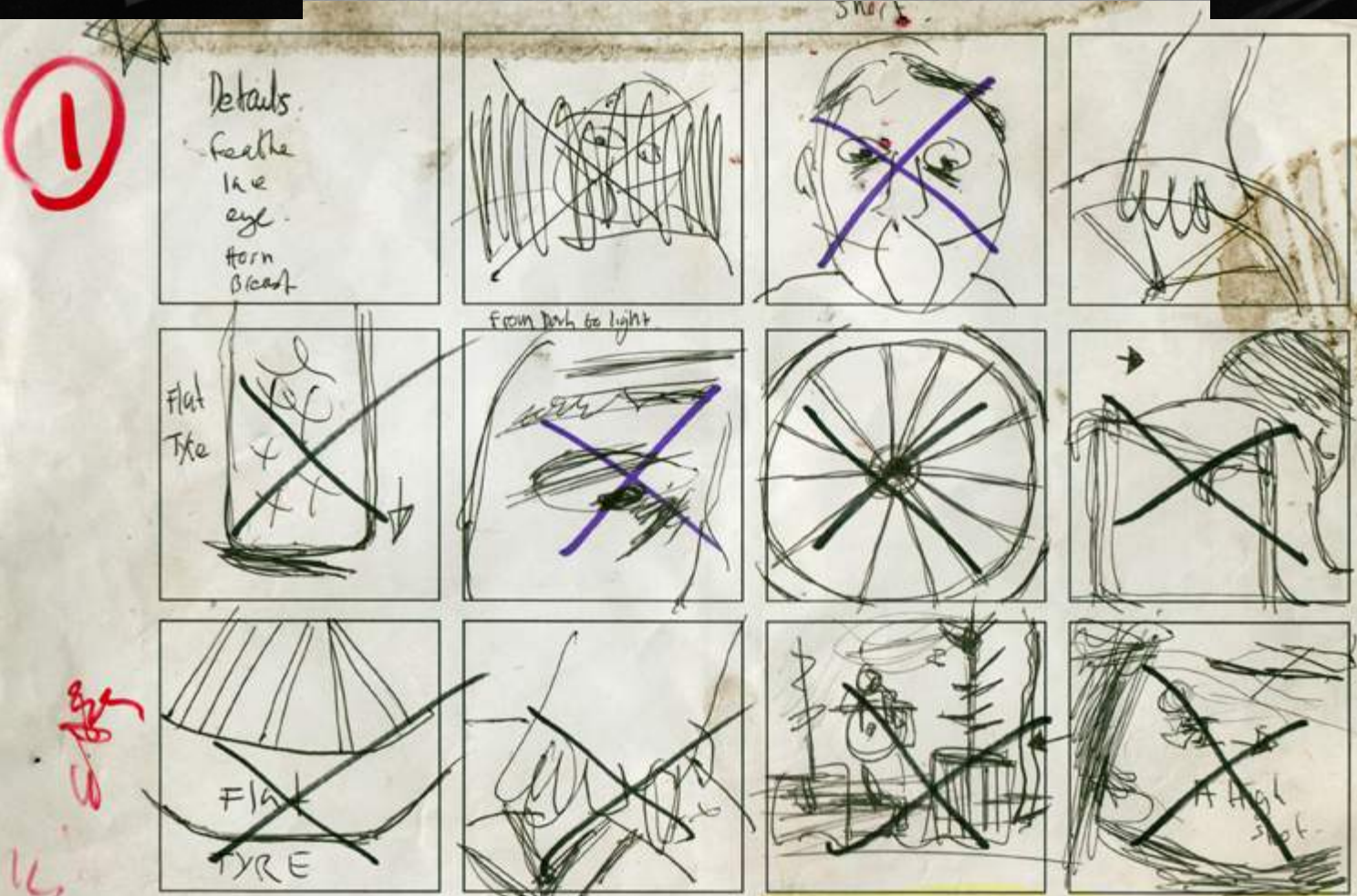
Pretky

Decayed.



I also had some as yet unresolved business with another female who had haunted my skull meat for one too many years and the doctors being busy and them not likely having a cure for man rage or being a bit of a prick I figured making this film might help to cleanse my soul. It might seem a bit weird that you would put yourself in a situation like this where you are having to put your face in your own muck but that's where the glory is, thats where it lives. Right at the bottom.

If you look close you can see Haitian Carnival, Begotten, Paul McCarthy (Thats McCarthy not McCartney no-one should have anything to do with that poisonous whining hack) and Hitchcocks Vertigo. I like how in Vertigo the main character falls in to a coma when he gets his heart broken. An actual coma. Watch the film and look at his blank chump face. I know that look. I also know what its like to dream that you are a talentless beat boxer at a Christmas party where your ex-lover is smooching her pretty new boyfriend and two old ladies tell you it would be better if you just went home. Films are like old magic, you take all your feelings all your love and pain and stuff it into them like a butcher stuffs his sausage then turn up the heat and watch it sizzle.



The thing is that you can't copy anyone else and each time its different. There is no course or book that can help you with the exception of Bury my heart at Wounded Knee and possibly Anthony Beevors Stalingrad but even then that is just theory.

The battle of the Kursk makes for a useful perspective when you can't get a clown out of a ditch in an ice storm but ultimately you're on your own. It's intense, you are close to the edge of your energy limits and your mental faculties and you are dealing with idiots, weather and fire. Making films is like some kind of cauldron and you have to have the right ingredients.

Walking to get a pizza after the second day of shooting a man with no teeth and smelling of urine picked me out of the crowd and came right up in my face. He jabbed a dirty finger against my chest and whispered in my ear 'Its all psychedelic man' He knew what was what. Moments like that let you know you are heading in the right direction.

I remember looking at the crow outfit.  
And thinking Crow mask yes. Ballet  
skirt correct.  
But something is missing.  
It was a stump hand.  
A burnt stump hand with a pretty bow.  
That is what was missing.  
And a black neck.  
And a burnt bloody back.  
Like where its wings had been torn off.  
The key with art direction and produc-  
tion design is to make an effort and to  
layer things. And if in doubt add  
a burnt stump hand.  
Its all in China Town, Richard Sylbert  
is hiding stuff all over the place.  
Someone told me once they thought that  
film was boring. Thats like saying  
breathing is boring. Thats like saying  
Dennis Hopper is boring. Thats like  
asking to get kicked in the face.





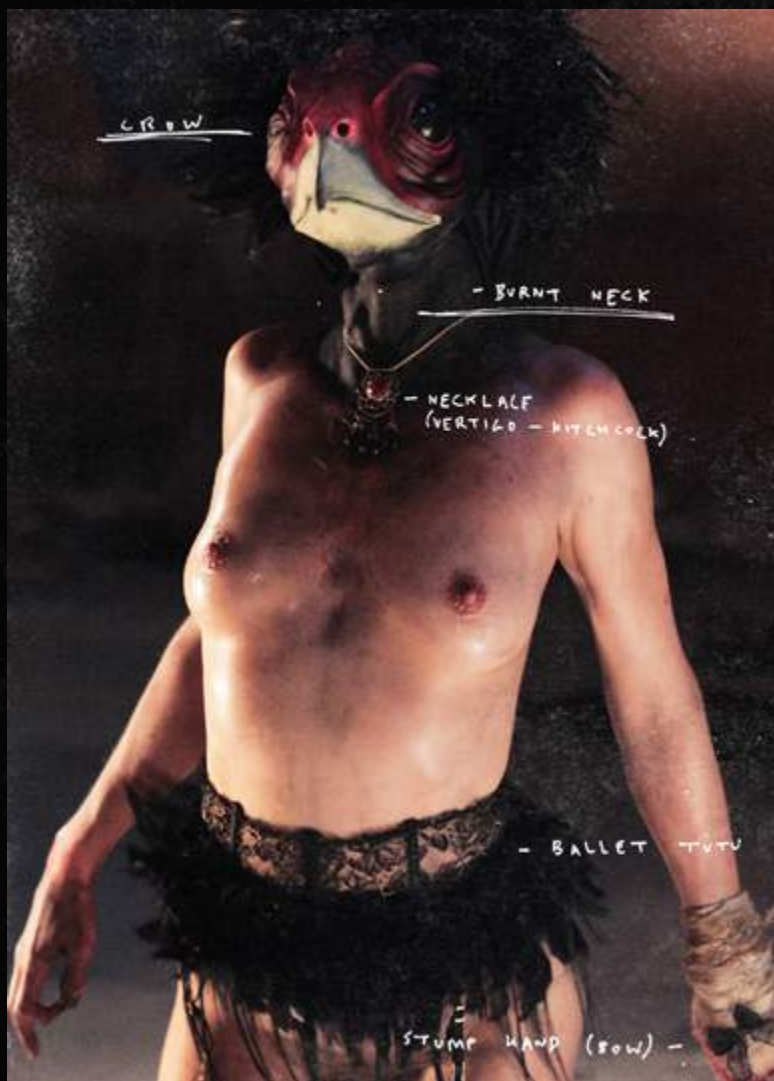


Marcus held his hand over the table and wiggled his fingers making shadows on the surface. The light should look like this he said. It should be flickering so nothing is static and it should be dirty like we are peering into an old greenhouse and seeing something we shouldn't be. That's what he created. Exactly that. I remember on the last day on of the shoot when the whole crew had bailed and it was just him and me and a runner and I turned to him and said Marcus we need a man lost in infinite blackness but we also need to be able to see him, how do we do it? He just went off and worked it out. That was Marcus. Marcus I'm making a film about a morgue worker who finds solace shouting up dead girls cunts - Sounds good I'm in. I need to create outer space - I'll get a fish tank and some oil. I'm trying to make a feature film on 20k in the desert - I'll come if there will be cake. They don't come braver or finer than he.











It was carnage in the warehouse, and freezing cold, you work til your brain turns to mush and then work some more. That's what I love about making films, particularly ones with no budget. You work harder than you ever normally would, in the worst conditions and there's no money involved. Its just for the sheer hell of doing it, and to make something beautiful. There's something truly powerful in that. It goes against everything the world of corporate hustle understands. It stands for independence and something more important than cash. The atmosphere brings out the best and the worst in people and in yourself. But most of all it is an adventure. A real adventure into the wilderness. You get the best people you can around you and you strike out for the top of the mountain, sometimes you lose people along the way and sometimes your fingers go black and you have to cut them off with a pair of pliers but if you can get to the top all the pain is worth it.











- What kind of knife should it be?

- I don't know, like maybe an old dagger? How about a scalpel or bread knife...Something jagged?

- I don't think they would be able to get knives like that. They probably don't have shops where they come from...

- Hmm...Tricky one...

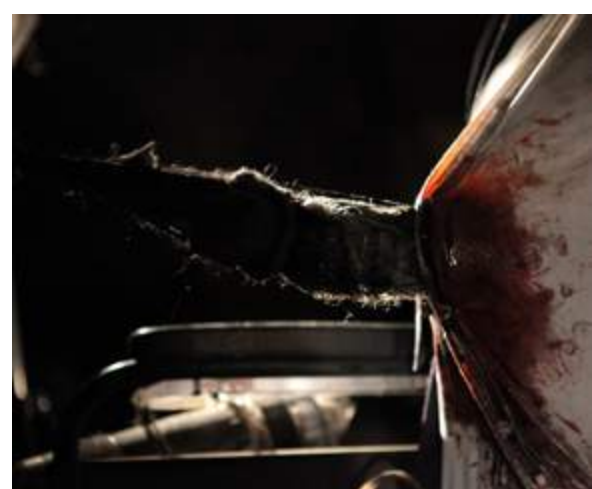
- What about an ancient dagger. Something sacrificial.

- Like its been hacked out of stone. Like it has been around since the dawn of time. A thing of power and death. Like its been used to cut mens hearts out on ancient pyramids in the hot sun and butcher them on stone tables for the sating of ancient gods.

- Yeah something like that sounds good.











The plug hair thing is made up of some pretty odd stuff. I'm not even going to say what I put in there because that's my business, suffice to say it's made out of a whole lot of home made voodoo and sealed with wax. I wanted to put things in that creature that I wanted gone so I got the art department to sew them in to it.

Just before the shoot started my dad went to hospital for a fairly routine operation. I got a call saying that there had been a problem and to get there fast if I wanted to see him alive again. I arrived at the hospital to find him bleeding to death from internal wound. He looked like a drowning man and kept calling out help me while he choked on his own blood.



Standing there watching him struggle on the edge of life and death I realised that he looked just like the actor I had chosen and that operation was in the same place as he gets stabbed in the film. The way he was moving was also eerily similar the way I had been telling the actor to move in the rehearsals. Choking, rasping, drowning, exhausted etc. He fell in to a coma and me and my half brother went home and watched Goodfellas wondering if he would die or get brain damage. Then I went back to the shoot. It was a bit strange, I hadn't made a film in 4 years and he chose that particular moment to go and nearly die. I finished the shoot and he came out of his coma pretty much unscathed except for still being a selfish prick.

The reason I am mentioning it is that making films is a weird process and the act of doing it is like some kind of ancient ritual. You take an idea and try to bring it into the world but the intensity through which it happens is powerful. The extremity of the process and the mental and physical state you put yourself in affects everything around you. Like with the homeless man who told me its all psychedelic. As you get to the edge all the creatures that live there start to get attracted to you. Its a bit like you are breaking a seal in reality and connecting with something on the other side. You make the film but then the film starts making itself and all sorts of crazy stuff starts happening. I was in Bristol making a film about a shark in swimming pool once and a guy on a phone walked past me and said the films title as he passed. I don't really know what thats all about but theres something very interesting happens when you do intense creative activity that affects things around you.





A little while ago I had a dream about a curse that was embedded as a code on an old analog cassette tape. It was trying to get into the hands of a gang of private school girls in red blazers with black pulled up socks who would ensure that it could be put on the Internet and thus infect the world. The only way to kill the girls was to throw them off of high buildings. But there were so many of them it seemed an impossible task.

They were trying to strangle me with their fat sweaty hands and then I realised that if I said something like 'hey your dads come to pick you up' it distracted them enough for me to grab them and throw them over the side of the balcony where they fell to their deaths. I was throwing these school girls over the balcony in some weird scene from a children's version of the Matrix because I knew above all things I had to stop the toxic code on the cassette tape from getting on to the Internet.

Then I saw the beast. A giant beetle / ant eater succubus with huge teeth for filtering human lives and souls existing in a dimension close to ours. It was manipulating us to destroy ourselves and the cassette was its message of silent death. The crux of the dream was that film and sculpture and writing and art and music were battling the toxic code and trying to prevent the curse from spreading. It was like all the work that you do, all the real, pure creative work are like arrows in the beasts belly and it feels them. Art and music are effective weapons and whether they are successful commercially or not they act on levels that we don't understand if they are done in the right way and outside of the control of money. There was also something about always being in a geographic triangle with Robert Morgan and Dave McKeen and some singing crucified pink worms whose song lyrics I couldn't quite hear but all in all I felt the message was clear.









After the shoot was done the art department handed me the plug hair creature in a plastic bag. I stood outside the location on my own exhausted with dirt and dried blood on my hands and face. There was no way that thing was going in a bin. Not after all the weirdness of the shoot. I was so tired I thought my face was going to fall off my face and I just wanted to sleep but I knew that the thing needed to be destroyed. I bought a mini barbeque, some lighter fluid, a box of matches and a bottle of rum and went to the park. At first the bastard wouldn't catch so I emptied the entire bottle of lighter fluid on it and that finally did the trick.



It got  
smoke



I sat at a safe distance and watched the creature burn staring into the flames. A jogger ran over to it, he took one look at what probably appeared like some kind of nightmare fetus on a barbecue and legged it. I wondered what it would take to end it. It felt like this was still part of the film. The final scene. Not being filmed but as important a part of the process as any. The rum was warm and harsh and eventually a fat man came over, shouted in disgust and stamped out the fire so I could go home.



MARCUS TEST GRADE

The film was a beast to edit but as soon as I saw Marcus's test all the lights went on in my head. We spent 12 hours in an edit suite in Soho doing the grade then went back to the studio and did the whole thing again ourselves because we weren't happy with it.

Soho is nice, there is good Italian coffee and Madame Jo Jo's, at least there was until the fascist vermin decided it would be part of their cultural cleansing programme where by the whole of London will be transformed into a giant face-less new build with all the charm of Southampton in 1945 inhabited by I-phone adverts instead of people but other than that unless you are an Ad-man with 100k to spend on making toilet cleaner look like Aunt Sally's shiny white ass then I would avoid it and do all your sound and colour yourself.



I'm not sure what that thing in the corner is.

We spotted it about half way through the color process. Maybe we're just exhausted but it looked to us like a face.

A giant green Face. Which was made up out of the layers of glass and fabric and plants. Someone said it looked like the Green man or Papa Bois the god that releases animals from traps.

I'm not sure about that but it does seem strange and with this film I wouldn't be surprised.

Film Festivals are nice, its a good feeling to sit in a cinema and watch the confused faces of an audience as your thoughts go into their minds.

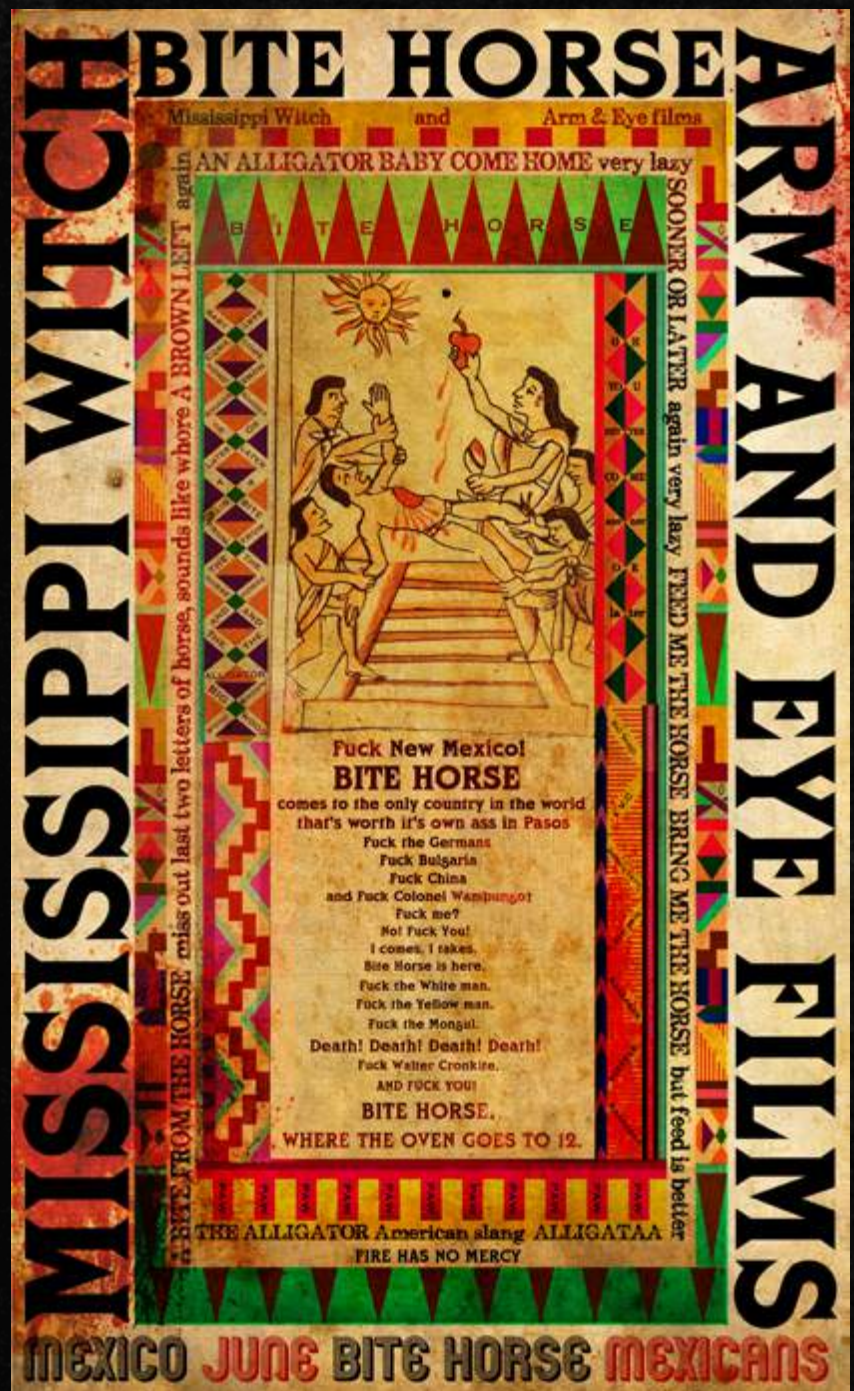
When applying to festivals try to write a snappy up beat synopsis that sums up the drama of the film, avoid phrases like fuck Bulgaria especially if the festival is in Bulgaria.

Threats are also good. Like 'Dear Sir / Madame this is my film I have bled for it. I hope you like it. If you do not I will send you The emissary of death and he will hack out an ossuary for your family's bones in your first born's chest cavity.

This is really only worth it if the film hits the mark. I have made a few that didn't and these are best put in the bin no matter how many years you have worked on them. Film no good. In the bin. 5 years of suffering. Thats a shame. In the bin. It wasn't my fault, the producer screwed me. In the Bin. Maybe its not that bad, we could re-cut it...IN THE BIN PRICK.

I remember when I made my first film and the local film festival turned down my submission. I called them up and told them that the kids in the film were all from deprived backgrounds and that two of them had down syndrome. And did they want to break the hearts of the poor and disabled. None of which was entirely true. I suppose they were from a pretty shit bit of Bristol and their school had closed been down. I was fucking deprived too, my flat had mould and I could hear the hookers banging in the car park opposite. They took the film and rightly so because it won everything there was to win after that.

Hopper wrote all the festival intros for this film and I feel that he captured the appropriate mood quite well.



London -

Greasy pigs in grease, London, where men stink of shit and whores ~~and~~ stink ~~of~~ of bin and your filth ~~retches~~ retches in its stink ~~and~~ Bite Horse comes to London where people are an advert for the holocaust.

or

London -

Bite Horse comes to London

or

Bite Horse will be playing in London.

# WHAT IS THAT? HAWAII?



**BITE HORSE BY TET HOSRE CAM POP**

**CHAM POO PAPO SEOUL KOREA NOON!**



Congratulations people of Texas in this foul week of poison and  
fury you have cheered me well the fuck up.  
You clearly have impecable taste and dispite your thirst for  
oils and knee high boots you are clearly men of worth  
Hail Satan.

After all is said and done and you are rotting in a box or sitting in a pot of dust on your family's mantle or transported into a parallel dimension where you are married to your grandma what really counts? It is not money. Money is fine it lets you eat and buy shit you don't need. I don't think its being happy. No-one is always happy and though it feels nice it is not generally a lasting situation.

I find peace and comfort in the eye of the storm. Right in the middle of the chaos. Standing with the best people making art. Facing down the forces that really do not want you to get out alive. Thats where you know yourself. Thats where you find out. I guess thats why people climb mountains or go to war or enter catfish wrestling contests. A man who has battled a sharp toothed fish can sleep soundly at night knowing that he has dared and come through.

Marcus passed away this year. I feel sad and at the same time grateful to have known such a creative force and to have been able to work with him on a project like Bite Horse. If Marcus stood for anything it was as an inspiration to those who knew him to fill our lives with love and passion and madness and to fight to create art and things of wonder in the world.

The way this film looks and the fact that it actually happened at all is a testament to his skill, daring and belief. He was an artist in the real sense of the word and he is irreplaceable. Maybe thats why putting this film out now feels more important.



Bite Horse and CC Rider are two sides of the same coin. Bite Horse is a broken insane blues dirge that sounds like it is fighting to stay in existence while the world collapses around it. CC rider is the redemption that comes after. Violent, vengeful and ready for love. No one is making music like Mississippi Witch. All the White Stripes and the Queens of the Stone age albums put together and all the cookie monsters rasping about bow leg whores and preaching midgets can't prepare you for this band.

I am excited to see this project finally come out. I am not quite sure why it took 3 years to happen but things like this just seem to have their own time frames. I have heard the second album, from which this single comes and somehow it manages to top the first. There's something about the passion and the ferocity and the riffs that seem to have come straight from the 70's when films and music had some balls. Before all the whining and over production.

The lyrics sound like some insane combination of William Blake, Robert Johnson and William Burroughs. And whether they end up becoming as big as they should be or not, one thing is for sure, the beast can feel those arrows as they strike the soft part of its succubus underbelly. And I bet they sting like bloody murder. I shall let Hopper have the final word. The End.



Oh sit back and take a breath  
Oh the better man said the bull has fallen down  
Repent to golden rage  
Cut off, and built in sand

Oh bring your heavy lead  
Oh the better man says he'll cut you nice and clean  
Be false and left aside  
And the lean will watch you die

And the sun will leave it's burn  
Cause the Pepperman needs time to move  
Oh Peperanol your pomerade is red  
Within the ball I'm round, and that looks after me

Hopper Walker / Leopard Marmalade (Bastard Marmalade)  
From the forthcoming Mississippi Witch album  
HORSE ABRAHAM

# CREDITS

MAN	CHRIS BEARNE
BIRD	ANNETTE FROST
BULL	COCO
PIG	ISOLDA RUBISTEIN
SACK	OTILIE WRIGHT
HAND DOUBLE	MICHAELA REYSENN
DOP	MARCUS WATERLOO
PRODUCTION DESIGN	EDOUARD LYONS
ART DIRECTOR & PROPS DESIGNER	LEE FENTON WILKINSON
PRODUCTION MANAGER	ANTONIO AUSTONI
COSTUME DESIGNER	GEMMA BEBEAU
MASK DESIGNER	ANDREA GREENWOOD
MAKE UP & SPECIAL MAKE UP	PATT FOAD
MAKE UP	ROBB CRAFER
STILL PHOTOGRAPHY	BEN COLE
SET CONSTRUCTION	NIALL GALLACHER
RUNNER	LOUIS COOPER ROBINSON
RUNNER	IAIN STOKES
RUNNER	TIM HAWKEN
RUNNER	BEN CUMMINS
CATERING	NIGEL SMITH
EDIT	SAM WALKER
GRADE	MARCUS WATERLOO
MUSIC	MISSISSIPPI WITCH
SOUND MIX	TAKATSUNA MUKAI
ONLINE	ADAM EDDY
DIRECTOR	SAM WALKER



[WWW.BITEHORSE.COM](http://WWW.BITEHORSE.COM)