

JULY 86

DEEP RED

2.50

**HORROR FROM
THE HEART OF
HOLLYWOOD**

**PREMIER
ISSUE!**

Savini Video

**MEAT MARKET
MAYHEM**

**EXPLODING
HEADS**

**In Praise of
RE-ANIMATOR**

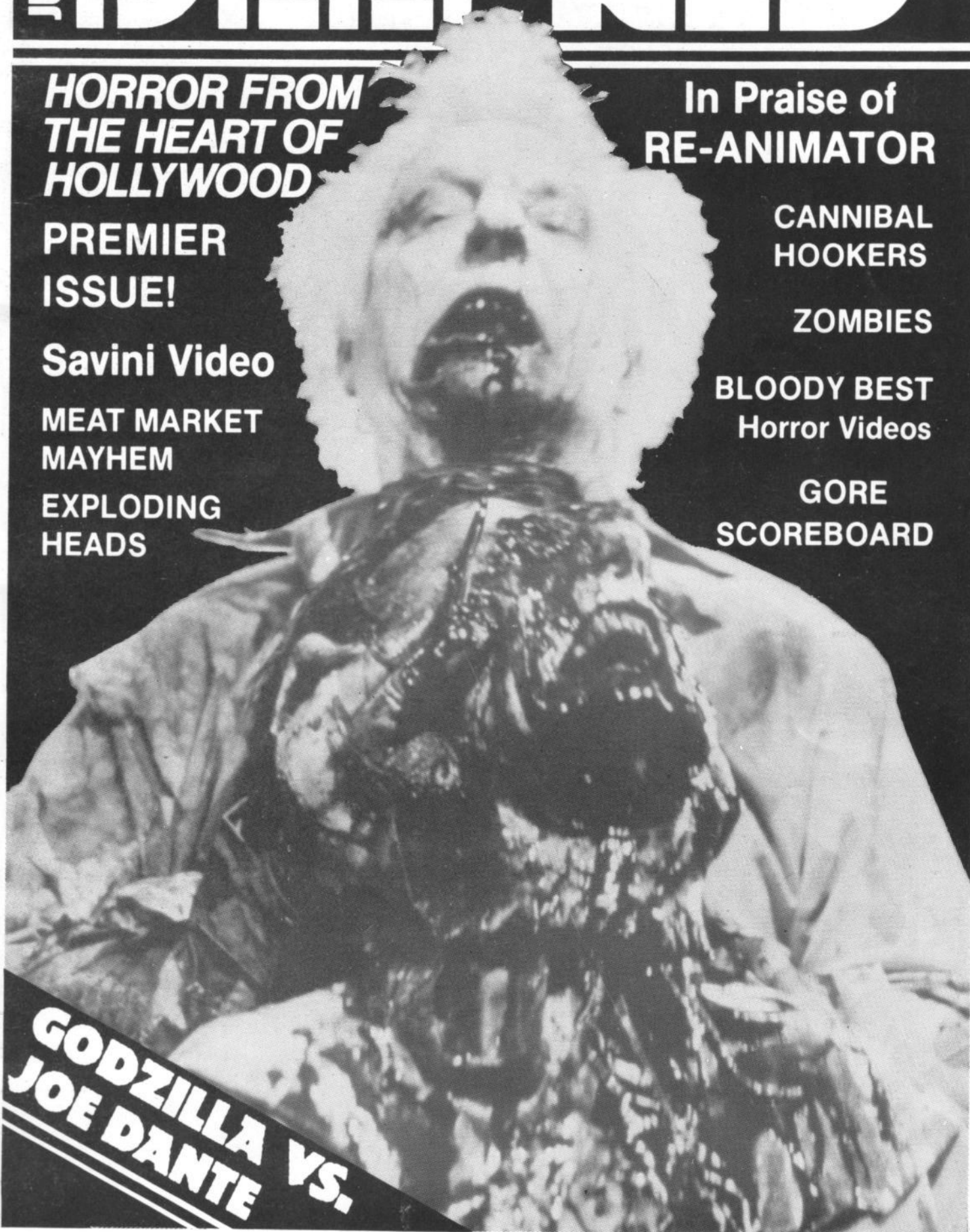
**CANNIBAL
HOOKERS**

ZOMBIES

**BLOODY BEST
Horror Videos**

**Gore
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**GODZILLA VS.
JOE DANTE**





EDITORIAL

HOW-DEE-DO GOREHOUNDS!!!

...And WELCOME to the FIRST issue of DEEP RED. Boy, are you lucky. Just think, this issue will become a collectors' edition and be worth millions of \$\$\$ before you can say "Son Of The Zombie Slave Dogs From Mars." What Chas and I want to accomplish with this mag is to bring you the best coverage of HORROR, GORE, & CULT flicks from where they should be reported...HOLLYWOOD! Look at it like this...there are only two decent publications for these types of films--FANGORIA and SPLATTER TIMES. Unfortunately, ST only comes out two or three times a year. So we figured there was room for another gut-churning rag for your folks to throw in the trash.

I met Chas through the shop I work at (see ad on back cover); and when he mentioned doing a magazine together I knew he was wacky enough that we could put out a publication that would give others a run for their money. With his artistic abilities and my...uh...my...um... Connections! Yeah, that's right, connections! We should get rich in no time...then we can make our own films.

I was doing a fanzine with a friend called Beyond The Blackout that was music-related, but we interviewed people like Michael Berryman and John Waters, so it's not like I'm new at this. I just got tired of dealing with rock stars. Besides, it got to the point that I was renting more videotapes than buying records, so it was time for a change. It was also tiring (not to mention expensive) renting tapes I knew nothing about by the artwork on the cover. Usually the cover is better than the film itself. That is one reason we try to have a lot of video reviews--so YOU don't waste your money on bad--very bad--videos.

I would like to thank Eric and Pat for helping out. If anyone out there wants to send us mail, artwork, money, praise...whatever...we will gladly take the time to digest all of it.

See you next issue.

Chris Amouroux

Here's the magazine I've always wanted to buy! Plenty of repulsive, barf-inducing photos, witty, intelligent articles, loads of reviews and commentary and a firmly established, irreverent point-of-view.

I've been accused by the book reviewer at FANGORIA magazine of "biting the hand that feeds me;" and, I promise you friends, I'll continue along the same lines. We will not be publicity geeks for limp-dick genre offerings that insult our intelligence and are unable to deliver the GOODS. Say goodbye to cover stories and feature articles on such bona fide AKC Registered mutts like LEGEND, HIGHLANDER, APRIL FOOL'S DAY, POLTERGEIST II, AMITYVILLE IV, OR HOWLING II. The mushminds that produce this drek will get no help from us. And, if you've always thought that ZOLTAN, HOUND OF DRACULA or BLOODSUCKING FREAKS was better than anything Steven Spielberg has ever done...well, you've got a soul mate for an editor.

I guarantee we'll turn you on to plenty of the weird stuff plus get you in touch with the independent, iconoclastic auteurs who are really the life blood of this genre. It's going to be fun and I promise we'll show you things you'll never see anywhere else.

Besides all this, we've even got celebrity guests! This is Hollywood, after all. Thanks and a tip of the butcher's cleaver to our friend (and one of my favorite directors), Joe Dante, for gracing our very first issue with a splendid, howlingly funny interview with Godzilla on page 6.

Stick with us, friends. We'll make ya' proud.

Your blood brother,

Chas. Balun

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HORROR FROM THE HEART OF HOLLYWOOD JULY 86

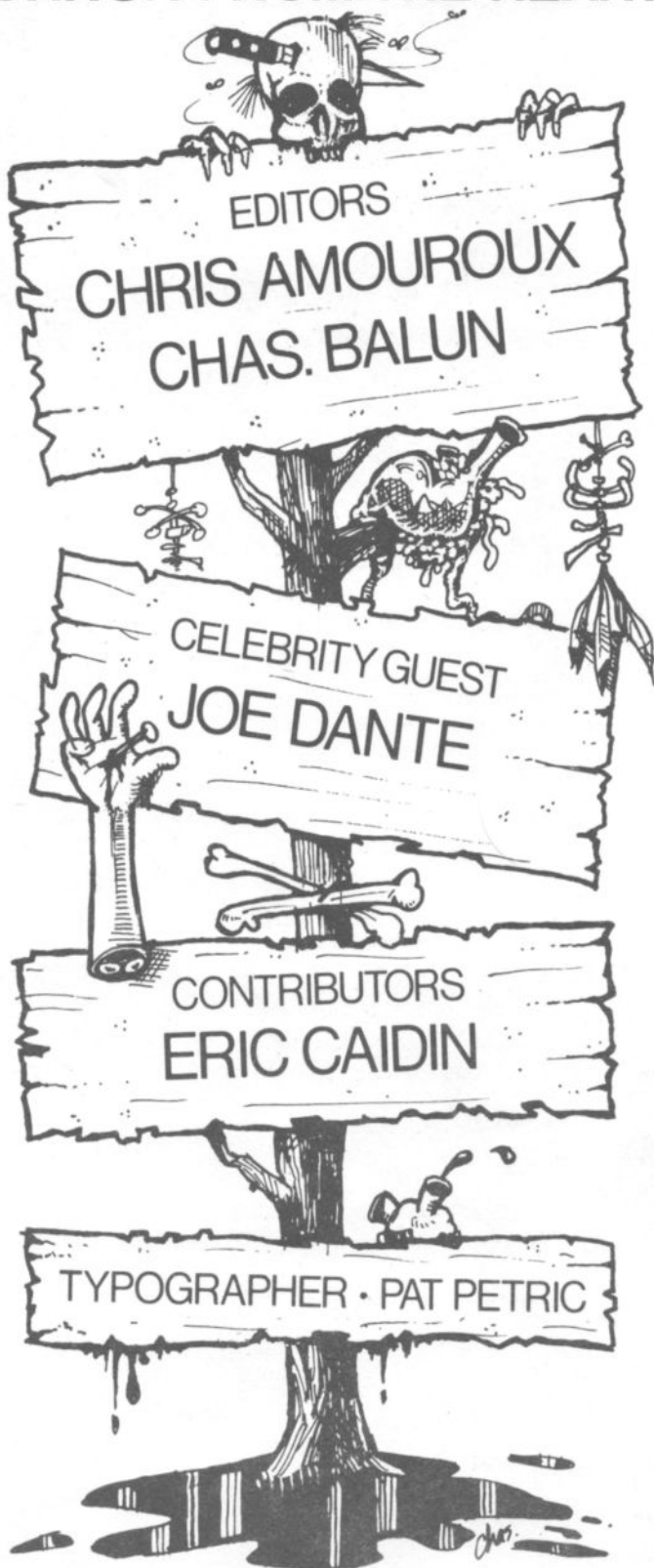
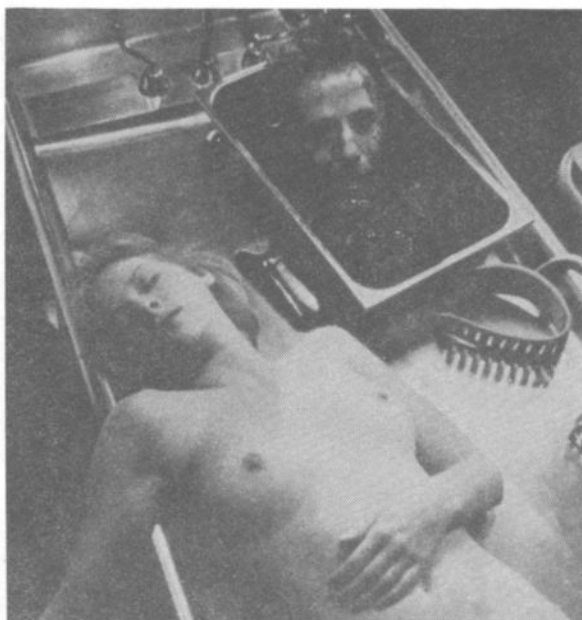


Photo by Pat Petric

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SCREAM GREATS: Tom Savini

My World and Welcome To It



Upon meeting Tom Savini at a recent Horror-Sci-Fi Convention in Anaheim, California, I was left with the feeling that not only is this man a consummate artist and craftsman, but one of the very few adults I know who truly loves his work. Even if you had never seen any of the splatter films containing his very special effects work, you still come away with a feeling of admiration, respect, and even envy for this man who is so obviously and charmingly ENTHUSIASTIC about his vocation. It wouldn't matter what field of work this guy was in, you just know he'd do one helluva job. Savini gave an animated, entertaining hour-long talk showing slides of his work and demonstrating several of his techniques with a box full of props he'd brought along. The man also exhibited an amazing degree of trust in his fellow man (especially with an L.A. audience) by allowing several small, sculpted pieces to be passed around the overflow crowd. (He got 'em all back, too...I guess I'm just such an unrepentant cynic.)

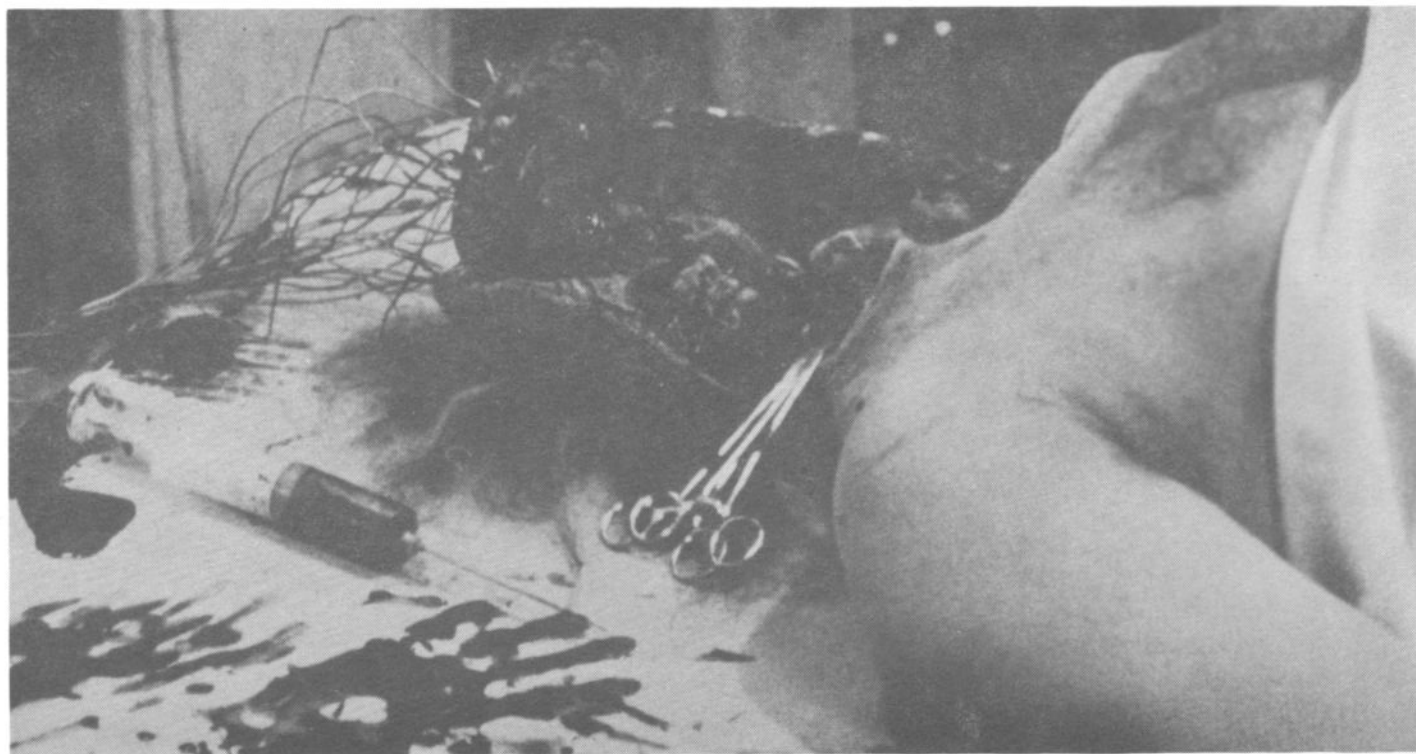
After a brief five-minute question-and-answer session was completed, he suggested adjourning to a nearby empty lecture hall where he would be glad to answer



other questions, give out autographs, examine portfolios and have pictures taken. You know what? He meant it. The guy stayed for as long as it took to answer every question, sign the last autograph, or have the last photo taken with a bubbling fan. This man is one damn fine gentleman in my book.

Now, with the release of Starlog's SCREAM GREATS, Vol. I, you get the chance to see and appreciate what I mean. See if you don't feel as I did, that these were the most pleasant and enjoyable 51 minutes I'd spent in front of a videoscreen in quite some time. Not only do you get to see every Savini effect you ever wanted to see, uncut and unedited, but you also get the opportunity to know the man himself through several candid interviews with his crew, wife and his foster-dad, George Romero.

Mrs. Savini explains how Tom just loves to scare people and reveals some of his secrets that have scared her senseless at home. She's a good sport, too, as she allows herself to be wired up for a series of particularly nasty bullet hits, much to the amusement of the attendant neighborhood kids.





The video is also loaded with plenty of behind-the-scenes action during the filming of DAY OF THE DEAD, INCLUDING a hilarious anecdote about the staging of Joe Pilato's disembowelment scene. The video goes on to show nearly EVERY effects shot in DOD, complete with a Savini voice over explaining the techniques used.

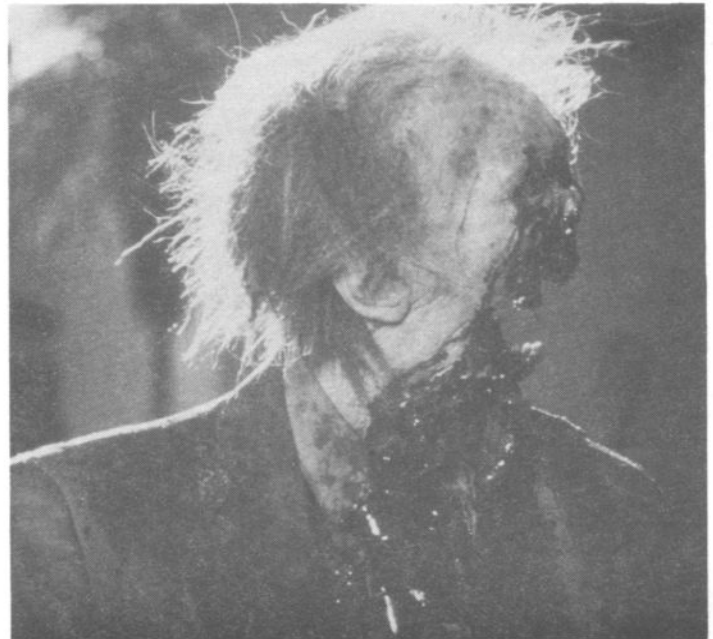
In spite of all the fantastic, stirring SPX work shown in startlingly explicit detail, I found that some of the other segments, especially Savini reminiscing about his childhood dreams while strolling through his old neighborhood, to be very memorable, and, in fact, quite touching. It's a very fine sight, indeed, to witness a friend's dreams come true.

As much as I enjoyed all the exploding heads, macheted faces, and cannibal craziness, it was even more rewarding to see some of the soul beneath the guts.

And I'll eat my leg if you don't have as good a time as I had. Okay?

CB

(Savini Update: According to our normally reliable Hollywood correspondent, Savini is in Texas, completing effects work on Tobe Hooper's desperately awaited TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE II.)



MEAT MARKET MAYHEM

Beyond Splatter Movies...the REAL THING!

BY CHAS. BALUN



It was inevitable that after sensationally explicit horror films like *DAWN OF THE DEAD* (1979), *ZOMBIE FLESH EATERS* (aka *ZOMBIE*) (1980), *BURIED ALIVE* (1980), and *CANNIBAL FEROX* (1981) the boundaries of on-screen violence and graphic gore would be taken even further. And, for the keenly-tuned gorehound who could always spot a latex prosthetic device, a phony decapitation, or a balsa wood machete a mile away, there was always the real thing.

We all knew that hidden away somewhere in some dark, forbidding, temperature controlled vault were miles and miles of barfola footage shot, not by bloodthirsty cinematographers and exploitation filmmakers, but by the police pathology lab, the Federal Aviation Administration, and the Highway Patrol. Rumors abounded concerning this kind of forbidden footage and occasionally a few minutes worth of *SERIOUS SPLATTER* was inserted into a driver's education film, a medical documentary, or a police training film. But, let's face it, the folks who really wanted to see this stuff *NEVER GOT THE CHANCE!* Well, now it's time has truly arrived, and in full flower yet!

In this hothouse arena of vicious terrorism, mass starvations, Tylenol poisonings, glass shards in baby food, bizarre serial killers and mass murderers, what the fuck is so alarming about documentary presentations of autopsies, slaughterhouses, police shot outs, or plane wrecks? Like the corporate merger of Cheryl Tiegs and Sears Roebuck Co., the marriage of entertainment and human or animal suffering was truly pre-ordained.



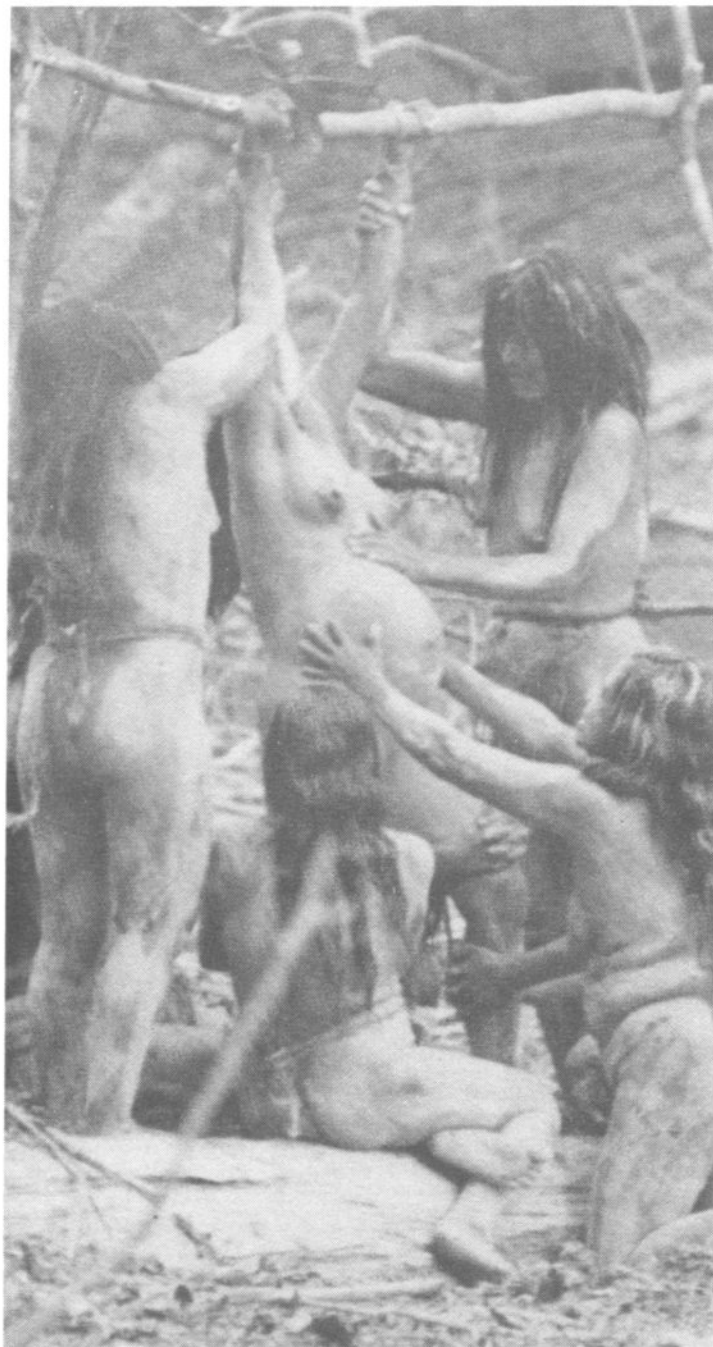
MONDO BIZARRO and the FACES OF DEATH

This trend for on-screen realism was calmly ushered in by the release of all those weirdly titled Mondo movies in the 60's, i.e., *MONDO BIZARRO*, *BALORDO*, *SEX-0*, and undoubtedly the most famous pair--*MONDO CANE* and its sequel *MONDO CANE 2*. The first mondo movie ever seen had a hit single theme song, one that you or I have probably hummed or whistled more than a few times in addition to its inclusion in more than its fair share of weddings and anniversaries. The song, of course, is "More" (theme from *MONDO CANE*). C'mon, you know, the one..."More than the greatest love the world has known. More..." The chances of the theme music for *FACES OF DEATH* becoming a recognizable hit are about as remote as Nancy Reagan frying on a controlled substance and slamdancing to the *Butthole Surfers*. The 1986 equivalent to Mondo mentality has been rich but not varied. The *FACES OF DEATH* series, an extremely unsettling, go-for-broke barf-a-rama goes about as far as one can go, short of being the first to arrive at an early morning, fog shrouded head-on collision on your way to work. Even hardened, jaded, tough-skinned cynics are bound to flinch at some of this stuff. Sure, some of the scenes have been re-created or deceptively edited, but the majority of the footage is all too REAL. Boy! Wait 'til you see what they do to your face, brains, and guts on the autopsy table! I know you've always wondered how that peacefully grazing ol' bossie cow got nestled in between the sesame buns and tomato slices, too, huh? Not to mention what a bicycling college coed looks like after being on the losing end of a casual encounter with a 5-ton truck. Believe me, after an hour and a half of this stuff, you're more than ready to get back to psychos escaping institutions and the good ol' man-in-a-suit monster shit!

The other films in this series are not nearly as intense, but, most certainly, they do have their highlights. (Low points?...The drastic descent into the bowels of poor taste? Was Pablo Picasso really correct when he said, "The chief enemy of creativity is good taste?" or where the cannibals in *JUNGLE HOLOCAUST* really on-the-money with "FUCK GOOD TASTE, WE WANT STUFF THAT TASTES GOOD.")

Most of the other films concentrate more on bizarre religious cults, African or South American primitives, psychic surgeons, worm eaters, snake suckers, cow molesters, or just some camera-hungry mental defective who'll put simply ANYTHING in his mouth. He's definitely got something in common with some of these bogus thrill-seeking quasi-documentarians who'll put anything on screen. The useless DE LE MUERTE (1978) (OF THE DEAD) is a Spanish production spotlighting the most boring burial rituals throughout the world, with very little of any sensational nature to it. There is one emergency room scene involving a particularly nasty multiple knife wound victim (Geez! They stuff so much shit in this guy's thoracic cavity to stop the blood, they could outfit Brenda Vacarro in Super Soakie Maxi Pads for life!) and a short take as a body is burned to a crisp in a crematorium. But, hell, you can see that stuff on the 6 o'clock news! You'll never see the stuff in the self-titled SHOCK BOX on TV, though.

These companion features, MONDO MAGIC and SHOCKING ASIA, get out of the hospital and autopsy room and right into the jungles where they belong! Very uneven in terms of vivid sensationalism, but worthwhile, nonetheless, for their documenting of some of the weirdest things people do to their bodies, brains, and digestive tracts. I couldn't categorize the cow-pussy sucking, shit eating, sodomizing African tribesmen either under the title of KINKY SEX CUSTOMS or BIZARRE RELIGIOUS RITUAL (in an anthropological sense, of course) but,



suffice to say, you'll have plenty to tell your buddies at work the next day. Inarguably, the centerpiece of SHOCKING ASIA has to be the up-close and personal treatment given to a sex change operation-inprogress. Yes, they do what you had always feared they'd do, only...IT'S A LOT WORSE than even YOU FIGURED! The slicing, skinning, and removal of the male wazoo is nothing compared to the fist-size hole they cut in your Southern hemisphere in order to fashion you a new "honey pot" out of the old "nugget sack." Whew! I got so dizzy I could only re-run it 3 or 4 times before even I screamed "enough" of this shameful thing! Well, if one end of the mega-splatter sub-genre is the ersatz documentary, its companion has got to be the Italian Cannibal Zombie Industry. This bustling little cottage industry really churns out the product, too. Instead of having a major film released every couple of years, it is certainly not unusual for an Italian goremeister to have two or three films being distributed in a single year. These prolific horror auteurs generally fall into one of the two well-established sub-genres: THE HORROR ART FILM and the GUT BUSTER.

(To be continued next issue.)

GODZILLA VS. JOE DANTE

EXCLUSIVE
CELEBRITY
INTERVIEW!
BY JOE DANTE



I met with Godzilla at a Ginza sushi bar on a recent visit to Japan. Although in seemingly good health, he pretended not to remember me as the director of his only American picture of the past 30 years, HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD (1975). Since I had heard that he considered this the lowest point of his career, I decided not to mention it.

--J.D.

JD: How did you get on with Raymond Burr?

G: Ray? Ray's okay, I guess. We never really met, you know. All his stuff was added later. I guess somebody figured they needed it, I don't know.

JD: He showed up again in your recent comeback film.

G: Yeah, can you believe it? At least I still got top billing.

JOE DANTE: So--how's things with the Big Guy?

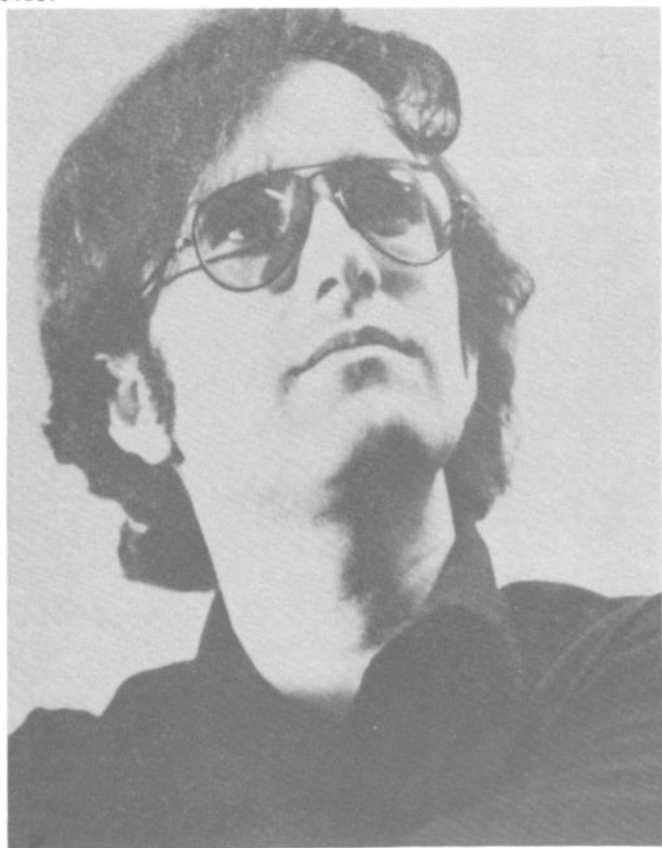
GODZILLA: Ah, I can't complain. Been through some pretty rough times in my career, but it's going pretty well at the moment. Knock Rubber.

JD: As you reflect on your legacy, how does it feel?

G: It feels damn good! Look, I've gone from a green kid--well, you know what I mean--to a beloved veteran in only 30 years. I've survived typecasting, outlasted my imitators, and I'm a household word all over the world! Pretty good for an overscale reptile who thought he'd bought the farm after his first picture.

JD: What do you mean?

G: Well, in those days we used real radioactivity, none of that expensive special effects stuff. I was sick all during that picture. Left me with a couple of nasty scars, too. That's why I always favor my right side.



JD: I always thought of you as the Clint Eastwood of monsters. I mean, look how your career took off after you went overseas.

G: Yeah, not many people know that I'm not really Japanese, or that GODZILLA wasn't really my first picture.

JD: Godzilla isn't even your real name, is it?

G: No, but after all these years, it feels like it is. It's a neat name, don't you think? Like Liberace or Fabian. My real name is, uh...Harold something. I forget. Anyway...where were we?

JD: Your first job in Hollywood.

G: Oh, yeah. I started out doing voiceovers in the early '50s. I did all the dinosaur voices for THE LOST CONTINENT (1951). You should have heard the ridiculous stuff they were gonna use. My pal, Jack Rabin, got me my real break--I got to do the voice for THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS (1953). They even offered me the lead in a sequel, but right around that time all the Giant Insects came in and dinosaur people couldn't get arrested. I should've seen it coming--I mean how many times can people sit through that same lizard fight from ONE MILLION B.C.? Then, I turned down a lot of real shit, KING DINOSAUR, stuff like that. I thought of myself as more of a leading man. Let the iguanas have the third act walk-ons.

JD: So, how'd you end up at Toho Studios?

G: Tom Tanaka, who was running the place at the time, caught a cameo role I'd done in a cheeseball called UNKNOWN ISLAND. I wasn't really very good in it--in fact, I was so wasted I could hardly stand up. See the picture and look for the one that totters around a lot--that's me (in a really crummy lizard suit). That was it for me--no more lizards-in-a-lizard suit pictures for me. Anyway, Tom flew me over to Tokyo. Ever ride in a Japanese cargo plane? The pits.

JD: That original GODZILLA picture is still my favorite.

G: Mine, too. Real dramatic, no campy stuff. Later some of the pictures got really stupid, but I had a contract, so all I could do was grouse about it. I had some heavy self-doubts around the time they were teaming me with Mothra, let me tell you. So many years, so many disappointments. I've had more title changes on my pictures than even Christopher Lee.

JD: You've had some big hits, though. What was it like working with King Kong?

G: Whew! Poor Kong. What a mess, I mean, you've seen the picture. A disaster. Even the SMOG MONSTER picture was better. Sure, Kong was the greatest back in '33, but by '62 he was in bad shape. He was a big, sweet guy, but let's face it, most of the time he didn't even know where he was. One night he drank both me and my pal Ghidra under the table--and Ghidra has three heads! Poor guy got so bloated he was almost unrecognizable. I had to double him in a couple of scenes. For awhile, they were holding him up with big balloons. They tried to rewrite the picture 'cause they couldn't hide the balloons--oh, it was awful. They let him beat me in the American version as a sop to the more bigoted elements of the public, but it was impossible. No way I couldn't have taken him. The picture made some quick money, but word-of-mouth was so bad I ended up at AIP for the next ten years.

JD: Seems like you've both made big comebacks in recent years.



G: Well, the real Kong passed away in the mid-sixties, you know. RKO kept it out of the American papers. Collapsed on the set of KING KONG ESCAPES, right on top of Rhodes Reason, the human lead in the picture. They hushed that up, too. Ever since then he's been impersonated by his brother Rex. Nobody noticed. What a business!

JD: Who plays Kong today?

G: A bunch of different guys--Rick Baker, Mighty Joe Young, whoever's around and can fit in the suit. I hear there's a big replica of Kong now on the Universal tour, but it won't convince me unless its breath smells like Wild Turkey.

JD: You sound a little bitter.

G: Well, nobody's been after me to license any Godzilla rides, know what I mean? Probably waiting for me to bite the big one, then I'll be in the public domain and they can write sleazy biographies about me, saying I was a homosexual Nazi. Sometimes this business stinks, I mean it.

JD: Well, Godz, I guess we better wrap this up. Any last thoughts?

G: Well, what I'd really like to do is direct. I've been talking to Mike Medavoy at Orion, but he never calls me back. Say...how come you didn't use me in GREMLINS? I'm an actor! I can act small...

After serving his apprenticeship with Roger Corman at New World Pictures as film editor, Joe directed HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD (1975), PIRANHA (1978), THE HOWLING (1981), episode #3 of TWILIGHT ZONE: THE MOVIE (1983), GREMLINS (1984), and EXPLORERS (1985).

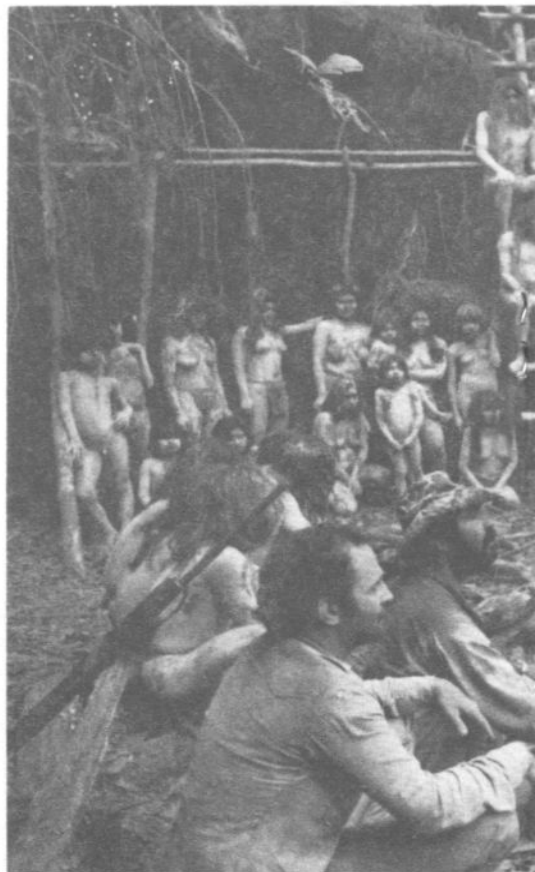
He also co-wrote ROCK N' ROLL HIGH SCHOOL (1979) and has directed several episodes of the new TWILIGHT ZONE television show, including the superlative SHADOWMAN.

THANKS AGAIN, JOE!

NACKT UND ZERFLEISCHT

Cannibal Massaker

Verleih: 9



What's a person to do about these nutty cannibals? Here they are again, misbehaving and carrying on with their funky, heathen rituals. Looks like our camera crew got there just in time for lunch, no? Our jungle gourmet tells us that creamed pecker of whiteman is a much sought after rain forest delicacy.

Tune in next time for the dessert menu.



IN PRAISE OF RE-ANIMATOR

Explicit Proof the Zombie Sub-Genre is NOT Brain Dead



BY CHAS. BALUN

Moments after viewing the pre-title sequence of Stuart Gordon's superlative 1985 zombie thriller, RE-ANIMATOR, one begins to feel a sudden rush of excitement, energy and hope that, perhaps, this film might be the one to lift the genre out of the moribund cycle of fucking teens, big knife-psycho-mayhem, bumbling cops and brain dead plots that has hopelessly mired down contemporary horror since the early eighties. After an exhilarating ninety minutes, the hopeful feelings have turned to awe...jaw dropping astonishment at the fact that this film is oh, so right, so sublime.

Director Stuart Gordon, Producer Brian Yunza and an incredibly talented cast of Los Angeles stage actors look like they have been shooting genre films for years; when, in fact, this is their very first attempt at a feature film! The camera placements, the swift editing, stirring music, brilliantly macabre dialog, and the simply outrageous effects work betray the fact that we are witnessing the freshman effort of a group of people with no prior movie experience!

Much credit must go to novice Producer Brian Yuzna who not only assembled a most impressive cast and crew, but took a firm stance about the film's content and refused to compromise it in order to get a MPAA approved rating of "R" (Restricted). The commercial pressure to release an "R" rated film must have been especially intense to these first time filmmakers; as an industry rule-of-thumb holds that an unrated independent is in serious trouble as far as distribution goes. Most theaters will not carry films unsanctioned by the MPAA because theater owners assume that the rating is an "X" and most theater chains will not carry these films. Many newspapers, the Los Angeles Times included, will not print ad art for these films nor mention them in anyway under the theater showtimes.

George Romero had to slash his budget on DAY OF THE DEAD from \$8-9 million to around \$2 million because he informed his investors and producers that the fans would not tolerate an "R" rated sequel to the notorious DAWN OF THE DEAD. So these brave little moguls with their wimpy little bourgeois tastes pulled out the big bucks because of their fear of upsetting the legions of the brain-dead moviegoers who think shit-brained movies like GHOST STORY or the flatulently overwrought THE SHINING are scary, take-it-to-the-edge "horror masterpieces." There are numerous scenes in RE-ANIMATOR which would have to be completely eliminated or feverishly truncated in order to even begin to approach a R rating. In fact, more than any other film in recent memory, this sophisticated splatterfest "goes beyond the pale of any acceptable human conduct"--something it has in common with Col. Kurtz and APOCALYPSE NOW. But, it is this reckless, effervescent energy that propels RE-ANIMATOR into the rarefied stratospheric heights of an instant classic. This film is so lively, irreverent, and raucous that you wonder why in the hell hasn't anybody done this before? And...thankfully, they plan to do it again; adapting more of H. P. Lovecraft's short stories into a series of films, using much of the same talent engaged in RE-ANIMATOR.

Much of RE-ANIMATOR's success is owed to the fact that the producer and director established a solid, believable quasi-medical-scientific framework on which to hang the dynamics of an extremely surreal, wacko script. The impressive medical jargon and verisimilitude of hospital, lab, and morgue set-ups within the confines of the fictional Miskatonic University lend a credibility to the incredible. The deranged, but brilliant doctor or medical researcher is not new; in fact, it has always been a staple entity in the horror field from FRANKENSTEIN to BRAIN FROM PLANET

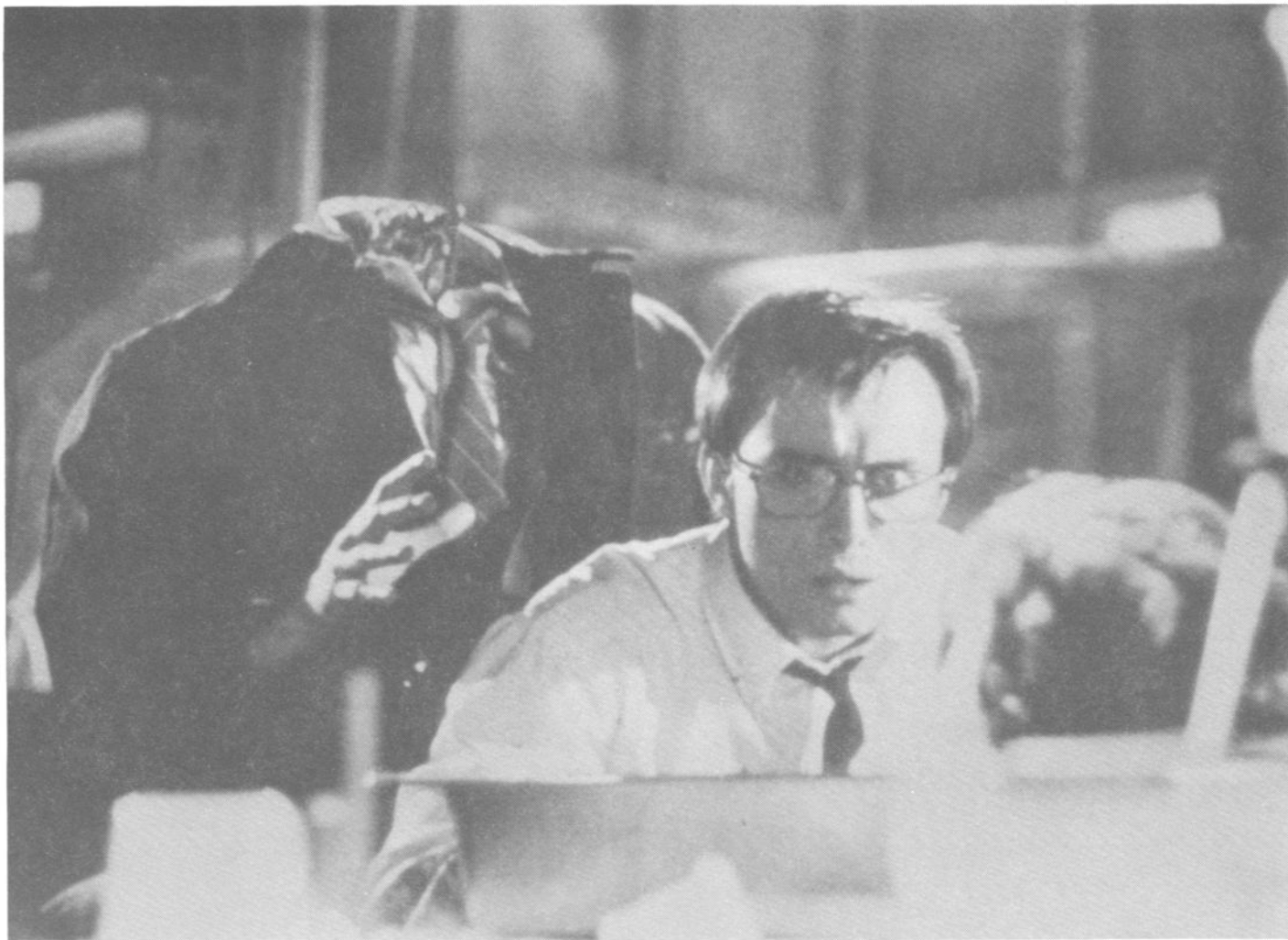
AROUS to DR. BUTCHER, M.D. to DR. JECKYLL AND MR. HYDE and back again. Many scenes call to mind Dr. Victor Frankenstein's exhortations and lamentations concerning the frailty and inevitable death and decay of the human body. When renegade medical experimenter Herbert West (Jeffrey Coombs) decries that "we can defeat death. We can achieve every doctor's dream. We can live lifetimes...", he is only mirroring the sentiments expressed by Dr. Victor Frankenstein's conversation with a worried Dr. Waldman when he muses--"Where would we be if nobody tried to find out what lies beyond? Have you never wanted to look beyond the clouds and the stars or to know what causes the trees to bud? And what changes the darkness into light?"

Well, in RE-ANIMATOR it is Herbert West's glowing, chartreuse re-agent that changes the "darkness into light" by bringing the dead back to life. But, instead of Frankenstein's megalomaniacal wail upon electrifying the monster "Oh, God...God...now I know what it is to be God...", Herbert West deftly and calmly explains upon bringing a dead animal back to life..."Well, don't expect it to tango, you know its back's been broken."

Besides the parallels with earlier "mad doctor" type movies, RE-ANIMATOR bears virtually no similarity at all with other current genre films. It is not peopled with stupid, wise-cracking teens who serve no other plot function other than to be slaughtered-by-the-numbers, nor does this film condescend to its audience by offering an easily identifiable formula plot. All of the characters in the film are unusually robust and well defined, and the solid, believable love story at

its core helps to balance the extremely grotesque elements sprinkled liberally throughout. Rarely has a story incorporated such a beautiful and tragically involving affair; a real sense of potential loss is felt whenever these characters come into peril, whether emotionally or violently. The empathy and concern felt for these people allow the film to have some anchor in a reasonable reality, while all about a howling mutilated zombie army is taking liberties with your sense of disbelief. And, oh...let us not forget about the aforementioned hideosities. No, siree, in self confession, I could have probably done without the sensitive love story, the medical/scientific verisimilitude, the great ensemble acting and homages to classics past; but, hell, the shocking grotesque, mondo gutso shit... that's...uh...sort of why we're here, no?

Oh, and we hardened cynics were not to be disappointed in the least. After thousands of hours of watching various methods of staged interpersonal mayhem, one begins to experience a very blurry area developing between one decapitation or disembowling and the next. It's tough to remember which scene went with what movie. Well, lads and lassies, you'll never have that problem with RE-ANIMATOR, no way! Just as that slo-mo "14" splinter-in-the-eyeball sequence in Lucio Fulci's ZOMBIE broke new grounds for shameless gratuitous gore, the operating room confrontation between Herbert West and his decapitated nemesis, Dr. Hill, has got to go down in the record books. Consider these exquisitely demented elements generously crammed into a simply breathtaking, vigorously transcendent ten minute sequence in the final reel: a zombie-fied laser-loboto-



mized father ripping his nubile daughter's clothes off, shackling her spread-eagled up and allowing uncertain liberties to be taken upon her person by a lecherous, tongue-wagging, decapitated head; a riotous attack by zombies in all stages of decomposition, electrocutions, dismemberments, laser drill frontal lobotomies, lots of moist things thrown and splattered on walls; and last and most certainly not least is the first onscreen (to my knowledge--readers...please correct me if I'm wrong) strangulation death by a 30 foot coil of thrashing re-animated intestines, splendidly catalyzed by a stirring Hermann-esque orchestrated soundtrack. REANIMATOR fills each frame to bursting with ideas, excitement, effects, and a wacky sense of macabre humor long since dead and buried in zombie thrillers. To miss this film is to miss the NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD of the '80s. It's the best in the last decade. Don't take my word for it, I suggest listening to the eminent medical specialist Dr. Carl Hill...but..."Who's going to believe a talking head, anyway?"

Hell, I sure did.

RE-ANIMATOR en Excelsis! Hosanna in the Highest!



HOLLYWOOD HORROR HOTLINE

Blood in Bed CANNIBAL HOOKERS!



Don Farmer, East Coast blood brother and editor of the excellent horror zine, THE SPLATTER TIMES, has informed us that he is busy shooting a made-for-video horror pic seductively entitled CANNIBAL HOOKERS. Shot in a 3/4 inch video format, this splattersex opus will be distributed by First Cinema Ventures, a Los Angeles based company helmed by Lon Kerr, a former Vice President of Motion Picture Marketing (GATES OF HELL, NIGHT OF THE ZOMBIES.). According to Farmer, "We're loading CANNIBAL HOOKERS with plenty of the two B's: blood and boobs."

It's nice to hear such lofty aspirations coming from a fledgling, first time director. The future of contemporary cannibalism seems assured.

Good luck, Don!

SHOPPE O' THE MONTH

Ever walked into a NoWherehouse to rent a Russ Meyer film? HA! GOOD LUCK! Of course, you can't find it among the John Hughes or Spielberg films...so you go up to one of the employees to ask what Mudhoney is under ...MUD HUH? How many times have you gotten blank expressions just cause you asked for titles like BLOOD-SUCKING FREAKS, MOTHER'S DAY, TWO THOUSAND MANIACS, ILSA, SHE WOLF OF THE SS. Tired of having clerks back away in horror as if you were going to whip out your Black and Decker and relieve them of that ugly lump on their shoulders!

Let me tell you about the birds and bees and BUDGET VIDEO. If you're lucky enough to live in Southern California, then you can cruise on up to Hollywood to check out their ULTRA-COOL selection. You can find video titles like BLACK DEVIL DOG FROM HELL, CRIMINALLY INSANE, HORROR EXPRESS, MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY, BRAIN FROM THE PLANET AROUS, MESA OF LOST WOMEN, MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS, BENEATH THE VALLEY OF THE ULTRA VIXENS, EVIL DEAD, DEADLY SPAWN. Face it, you won't find films like these at Licorice Pizza or Music +. They even release their own line of obscure films on the BUDGET VIDEO label.

Unfortunately, they are only open 10:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m., Monday through Saturday. Rentals are \$3/day, but with the kind of selection they stock, prices and hours don't seem to matter all that much. YEAH, DUDES, THEY DO MAIL ORDERS!!!

So if your bag is Zombies, Vixens, Slashers, Camp, Cannibals, or Mutant Pig Boys from West Covina...then run, don't walk to their store at 1534 North Highland Avenue between Sunset and Hollywood Boulevards, or call (213) 466-2431 and say "hi" to Steven, Bruce, and Dave (self proclaimed VID-KIDS).

P.S. Don't forget to tell 'em the folks at DEEP RED sent you.



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DEMONS (1986)
d: Lamberto Bava

DEMONS is quite an impressive shocker, combining elements of EVIL DEAD and THE LIVING DEAD cycle of films effectively. Long on visual flair and short on logic, DEMONS works well on its own level--that of scaring the hell out of the audience!

A group of people, invited to a special premiere showing of an unknown horror film, must battle for their lives as the Cannabilistic Zombies on screen come alive to terrorize the trapped audience.

Ripping and tearing their victims to pieces, the zombies form a literal army as they break through the theatre, INTO THE STREETS!

The transformation scenes are amazing, as those bitten by the creatures become legions of the dead with glowing eyes and extended fangs dripping with blood and gore. In one scene, a demon rips his way out of a girl's back. This is done in one continuous sequence and comes off almost unwatchable.

The all-Italian cast does a good job of acting thanks to decent dubbing, and the film never slows down.

The ending is left open for a sequel and DEMONS 2 is already in production at this time.

All in all, a good scary show and highly recommended to all lovers of the bizarre and gory thrillers. EC

BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA (1986)
d: John Carpenter



Carpenter's homage to Kung Fu, karate, and samurai films really pays off in a nonstop action film mixed effectively with touches of fantasy horror and the supernatural.

Kurt Russell, in the lead as Jack Burton, has what all the other superheroes of the screen (Stallone, Norris, Bronson, etc.) lack in their respective films--good acting and a great sense of humor. Russell gets caught up in the mysterious underworld of San Francisco's Chinatown. To save the girlfriend of his companion, Wang Chi (Dennis Pun), and new-found friend Gracie Law (Kim Cattrall), he must battle samurai warriors with supernatural powers of strength and quickness, a warlord's army of spirits and demons and a group of super warriors.

The effects are dazzling and the fight sequences are unbelievable (Carpenter carefully selected some of the best Kung Fu and karate experts) with good acting all

around. Special attention must be given to the vast sets of antiques and curios making up the palace chamber and museum seen throughout the film. The photography captures all the atmosphere beautifully.

All in all, a must see for all fans of action, adventure, comedy, Kung Fu, monster and ghost story films. In other words, highly recommended for everyone! EC

NIGHT TRAIN TO TERROR (1985)
d:



Here's a nice, little surprise, an anthology film that works. Despite all the seemingly diverse elements (the punk band, the MTV sequences, the linking device and the randomness of the stories), the film moves so swiftly that you don't have time to check if everything adds up.

God and the Devil are on some kind of cosmic runaway train while they ruminate upon the fates of several souls who must deal with the challenges of their lives. Unexpectedly gory dismemberments and messy aortic spurting during impromptu heart surgeries gives us gore-hounds something to really wallow in, too.

Entertaining, independent effort starring John Philip Law, Richard Moll (NIGHT COURT) and, of course, our old pal, Cameron Mitchell.

Check it out. CB

DEATH WARMED UP (1984)
d:



A surprisingly good zombie thriller from Australia. And I hate Australian films...they're usually about as gripping and involving as an episode of AMAZING STORIES. But, here we've got TRANS CRANIAL surgeries, film noir effects, really crazy folks with big scars across their foreheads, and exploding brains! Not bad. This film even purportedly won the grand prize at some French Horror Sci-Fi Festival. But, wait a minute. They also think Jerry Lewis is a genius!

A bit overrated and slightly confusing, but much better than 90% of the stuff lurking on your video rental shelves these days. CB

DEADLINE (1983)
d:



This film gets my vote for the 1986 Neglected Horror Video Award. (A similar honor was bestowed to the 1983 non-hit film, NIGHT WARNINGS.)

A best-selling horror fiction author and screenwriter is invited to speak at a college class only to be verbally abused by the reactionary, egg-sucking yuppie audience who accuse him of being exploitive, hyperviolent and minimally talented. Assholes!

Soon, hell comes to his house as his children begin acting out some grisly scenes from his books with unfortunate results. Unusually well-thought out film with provoking dialog, bloodsoaked effects (including multiple dismemberment by the nastiest piece of farm machinery you've seen), and one doozy of an ending. Don't forget, you read about it here first! CB

CANNIBAL FEROX
(MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY) (1981)
d: Umberto Lenzi



Umberto Lenzi's jungle gorefest takes cinematic sadism to the limit. This rowdy, shameless wallow in misbehavior is prefaced by a nifty disclaimer that warns this is "one of the most violent films ever made. There are 24 scenes of barbaric cruelty and sadistic torture, graphically shown. If the presentation of disgusting and repulsive materials offends you, please do not view this film." Whew! This movie is like a Greatest Hits package...24 scenes never released together...Your favorite acts of dismemberment, gut munching, eyeball violence, penis wacking, braining and nipple torture--All together for the first time!! Besides living up to its "banned in 31 countries" label, it's also a much better film than you would ever expect from the director of the really stupid, nearly insufferable CITY OF THE WALKING DEAD (1979). CB

BURIED ALIVE (1984)
d: Joe D'Amato



A film alleged to have used real corpses that were mutilated during filming. Maybe, maybe not, though the crematorium scene gave me the chills. Good, on-the-money autopsy stuff, plenty of sleazy appeal and even some semblance of a coherent plot may not be major points to shower accolades upon, but considering the fact the previous effort, the piss-awful GRIM REAPER (1982), looked to have been directed by someone suffering a massive stroke, you can perhaps see why BURIED ALIVE looks pretty good. CB

HOWLING II (1986)
d: Phillippe Mora



Sure, I was expecting the worst from this ersatz sequel, but, shit, that's never ever slowed me down before. Yep, it's bad, but not nearly as dreadful as the advance word-of-mouth. The main problem is the inevitable comparison with the original, inarguably the finest, funniest werewolf movie of all time. Another irritating flaw with HOWLING II, besides its general incoherence, is not nearly enough time and talent was spent on the werewolves. The pitiful attempt to match Dee Wallace's makeup when they re-stage "her" death during the newscast, is a case in point. And what's Christopher Lee doing here? He's got too flimsy a part to really sink his teeth into. We know what Sybil Danning is doing, but we don't care.

You've been warned, Bunky. CB

SILENT NIGHT, DEADLY NIGHT (1985)
d:



Yes, this is the notorious Christmas slasher that got pulled from the theatres due to intense pressure applied by the PTA, Legion of Decency, etc. You know, all the morally uptight, decent folks who buy hardcover Bill Cosby books and Cabbage Patch Dolls for their kids. Actually, it's hardly that sensational, even viewing the UNRATED video version which contains PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED FOOTAGE NOT SEEN IN THEATERS. It has a very promising, yet unsettling, first reel, as a small child witnesses the Christmas Eve slaughter of his parents by a gun and knife-wielding psycho dressed in a Santa Claus suit.

The producers must be ex-Catholics, too, judging by their portrayals of life in a Catholic school for orphans run by Herman Goering's illegitimate sister-turned-Mother Superior. I also felt rather uncomfortable with the scenes involving children witnessing two Santa Clauses shot dead in front of them by the police as well as the incident where the little girl receives an X-acto knife from a Santa Claus character who had just murdered her family. Am I just gettin' old and sentimental, or what? CB

THE RIPPER (1986)
d: Christopher Lewis



STARRING TOM SAVINI! Gee, the guy's only in it for about five minutes and his makeup contributions are just a cape, a funny little goatee-thing and a pair of those contact lenses that make your eyes look like lizards'.

This made-for-video feature is from the horrormeisters in Tulsa, Oklahoma whose first feature, BLOOD CULT, did little to improve the current state of contemporary psycho-slashers. Fortunately, THE RIPPER is quite an improvement, boasting really professional looking sets, good production values and lots of explicit, graphic mayhem. It is way too long, though, (104 minutes) and you can never shake that "soap opera" look that all video productions invariably retain. CB

HORROR HOSPITAL (1973)
d:



I've seen this movie many times on TV, but knew it was edited; so when I saw it at my local video shop, I snatched it up.

The movie stars Michael Gough as a demented scientist who turns young vagrants into obedient subjects for his personal desires. There's a hero hippy, a damsel in distress, a dwarf, a perverted travel agent, an X-hooker, and even a car that cuts off peoples' heads. (Wish my car did that!!) CA

DEVIL'S NIGHTMARE (1971)
d: Jean Brismee



A semi-interesting story of a tour bus which breaks down and the passengers spend the night at a Baron's house whose family has been cursed with Succubi.

Everything is fine until a mysterious female shows up at the castle and begins to kill off the unsuspecting guests. Has moments. CA

ZONE TROOPERS (1985)
d: Danny Bilson



Okay, another WWII film showing how uncool Nazis are--Yawn. But, throw in a couple of martians and lazer effects, then you have ZONE TROOPERS. This movie had potential, but you never find out why the heck those dang spacemen are here or where they're from. Some good characterization of the American soldiers, but falls short when the sci-fi stuff starts. CA

HARD ROCK ZOMBIES (1984)
d: Krishna Shah



Have you ever watched a movie that was so dumb you couldn't stop watching...no matter how many times you get up to switch it off. Ever wonder what kind of minds could make a movie like this? I'd rather not know. Thanks all the same. Picture this...a very lame hard rock band, a town named Grand Guignol, a family of psychos headed by Adolph Hitler, directed by someone named Krishna? Lots of zombies doing nutty things. CA

CREEPERS (1984)
d: Dario Argento



Known for his outstanding gore/art films, Director Dario Argento wins again with this story of an actor's daughter sent to a private school for girls with a killer loose. Sound familiar? It should, but this girl is in tune with insects, so don't bug her (yuk, yuk). Also, there's a soundtrack by some of the best metal bands around. But the question remains...Will the mutant snout boy get the girl? Only Tanga, the wonder monkey, knows for sure. CA

SS HELL CAMP (1984)
d: Ivan Katansky



Along the lines of the Ilsa films, but without imagination or humor. A sadistic/female/German/scientist tortures various men and women for the sake of science. Her protege is a Neanderthal sex machine...what was his motivation? Headed by an all-star Italian cast.
CA

SHE BEAST (1965)
d: Mike Reeves



Barbara Steele stars in a slow-moving film about a woman on vacation who becomes possessed by a demon to fulfill a curse on a Transylvanian village. Too long, but still a decent film.
CA

HOME SWEET HOME (1986)
d:



Hey! Here's an original one for you. An escaped psycho kills a bunch of people on Thanksgiving Day! The big twist is that the killer is a bodybuilder (some musclehead, name of Jake, from Hollywood, who does workout videos and trains movie stars). His acting abilities are in inverse proportion to the amount of muscle mass this hunkeroo exhibits. Another holiday slasher bites the moose flanks.
CB

SHADOW OF KILIMANJARO (1986)
d:



This one had some potential...ravenous, slaving 100 pound killer baboons chewing the shit out of a bunch of white hunters and their native flunkies in drought starved Kenya...and supposedly based on a true story, too! Baboons can be pretty scary...if you've ever been to a zoo, you know what I mean. Hell, they've even got scary looking ASSES!

My imagination ran wild with the possibilities of MONKEY MASS MURDER! Guess what? There aren't thousands or hundreds or even an impolite crowd of the killer-'boons! Nope, about twelve to fifteen of 'em and one third of that number included dinky little 8 or 10 pounders that my cat could whip!

The only time they show more than a dozen of the little hairballs is by inserting stock jungle footage or by clumsily animating them through optical "enhancement" trickery. Poorly done at that, too.

Save your money, friends.
CB

SPIDER BABY (1963)
d: Jack Hill



THE MADDEST STORY EVERY TOLD is the other title of this black-and-white wacky flick. Lon Chaney, Jr. stars as the keeper of The Merry Family who has inbred for generations, resulting in a clan of cannibals, a girl who thinks she's a spider (hence the title), and various other freaks to keep things interesting. The plot thickens when a distant relative comes to claim their estate and gets more than he hoped for. Great acting from a perfect cast.
CA

MANTIS IN LACE (1968)
d: Harry Novak



I guess I expected too much from a movie about a go-go dancer who takes acid and kills men she brings to her pad. It sounds good, but it isn't. The lead actress can't act or dance--it's just the same thing over and over when she meets a guy and then kills him. No blood or nudity...or anything.
CA

THE LIFT (1985)
d: Dick Maas



With all the press I saw on this film, I thought it might be good, but it's soooo boring. The story goes that a respected electronic company did some weird thing to the controls of an elevator that kills people. Killings are few and as exciting as snail races in molasses.
CA

DOLL SQUAD (1973)
d: Ted V. Mikels



A bunch of gun-totin' babes save the world from South American terrorist. Lots of karate kicks and James Bond type devices. Tura Satana (ASTRO ZOMBIES, FASTER PUSSYCAT! KILL! KILL!) fans will be glad to see her as a Doll on the right side of the law for a change. Charlie's Angels was supposed to have been based on this action-packed flick.
CA

SATAN'S SADISTS (1969)
d: Al Adamson



What a great film! Russ Tamblyn stars as the leader of the orneriest gang of bikers YET on the screen. Regina Carrol is the ultimate biker mama who will do anything...no matter how humiliating...for her man.

Lots of violence, sex, and drugs...probably the best of the exploitation biker films.
CA

MIND SNATCHERS (1972)
d: Bernard Girard



What makes this film scary is that it's probably true. Christopher Walken stars as a schizophrenic sent to a German hospital for experiments in "curing" his type of "illness" by inserting a wire in his brain which sends a calming electrical current through his body.
CA

SUPER VIXEN (1975)
d: Russ Meyer



This is my second favorite Russ Meyer film after FASTER PUSSYCAT! KILL! KILL! Shari Eubank plays a double role as the bitchy Super Angel and then as the opposite Super Vixen excellently. Super Angel wears out her husband, Clint, in bed and becomes frustrated. They fight, which brings out Officer Harry Sledge, who is sadistic and impotent and kills Super Angel when he can't satisfy her. Haji is a neglected barmaid who fingers Clint as Angel's killer and sends him on the run. Hitchhiking, Clint meets Super Cherry who causes trouble (beaten, mugged and left on the roadside) only to be helped by Stuart Lancaster, who brings home to his Austrian wife, Sol (Uschi Digard), who milks cows and men. Clint goes on to the Crest Motel and is seduced by the owner's daughter, which sends him on the run again into the arms and bed of Super Vixen. All is well until Harry Sledge shows up and causes more mayhem by trying to kill Clint and Vixen with dynamite which backfires and Harry gets blown up real good. Everyone left gets to live happily ever after.
CA

TERRORVISION (1985)
d: Charles Band



And what about TERRORVISION, you say? IT SUCKS FARTS OUT OF DEAD CATS. (And it's even got Mary Woronov in it!) Shame on you, Chas Band!
CB

SLEEPAWAY CAMP (1984)
d: Robert Hiltzik



I consider this to be one of the better summer camp/slasher films only because the lead kids have such a nutty mom. Lots of victims to keep things lively. CA

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