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MOVIES WITH GUTS

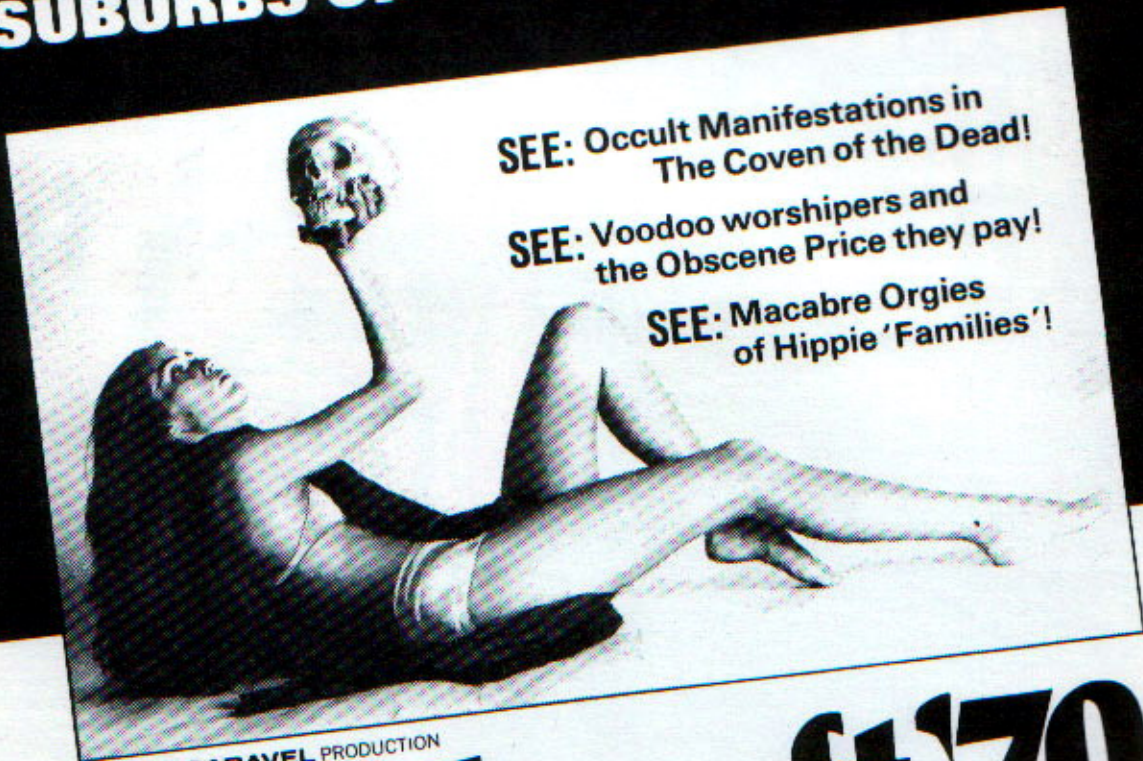
BLOODY BEST
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SCOREBOARD

LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT

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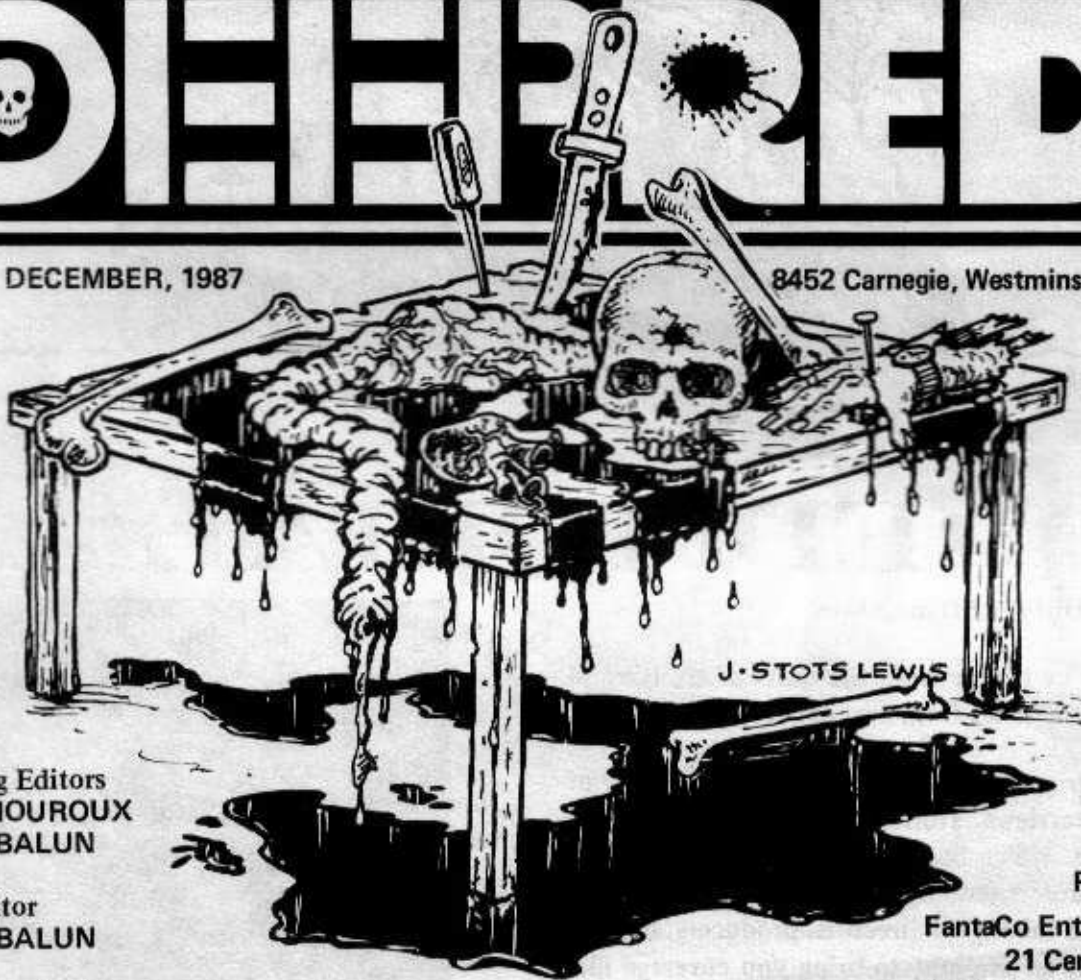
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DEEP RED

NUMBER 1 DECEMBER, 1987

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And, my blood brother,
TOM SKULAN at FantaCo
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DEEP RED MAGAZINE #1

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• EDITORIAL •

Welcome to DEEP RED magazine!

We'll bring you horror from the heart of Hollywood as well as oozin' news from everywhere.

We're awfully proud of this issue; we've got plenty of exclusive interviews, stories, and photos you'll see nowhere else. We've been visiting various movie sets and FX studios; attending sneak previews of upcoming films; and talking to directors, producers, writers, and actors in an attempt to bring you coverage like you've never seen. It's going to be a little more personal, friendlier, and family like. We wish to encourage a sense of community within the genre, between both the professionals, on one side of the camera, and fans, in the audience, on the other side.

We wish to cover films, directors, and FX artists who haven't been given their due respects. DEEP RED has an abiding faith in modestly budgeted, regional genre offerings and believes the hope of future horror lies with these enthusiastic, iconoclastic auteurs who are not afraid to push beyond the boundaries of conventional fright. Many of the professionals we've spoken to are in complete agreement with us and our intentions at DEEP RED magazine and have openly encouraged and supported our efforts.

I would like to personally thank James Karen, Tom Fox, Steve Patino, Mark Shostrom, and David Hess for giving so freely and generously of their time. And although your editor is tremendously pleased with this premiere issue, it's only a glimpse of what you're going to see in future issues of DEEP RED!



"We have such sights to show you."

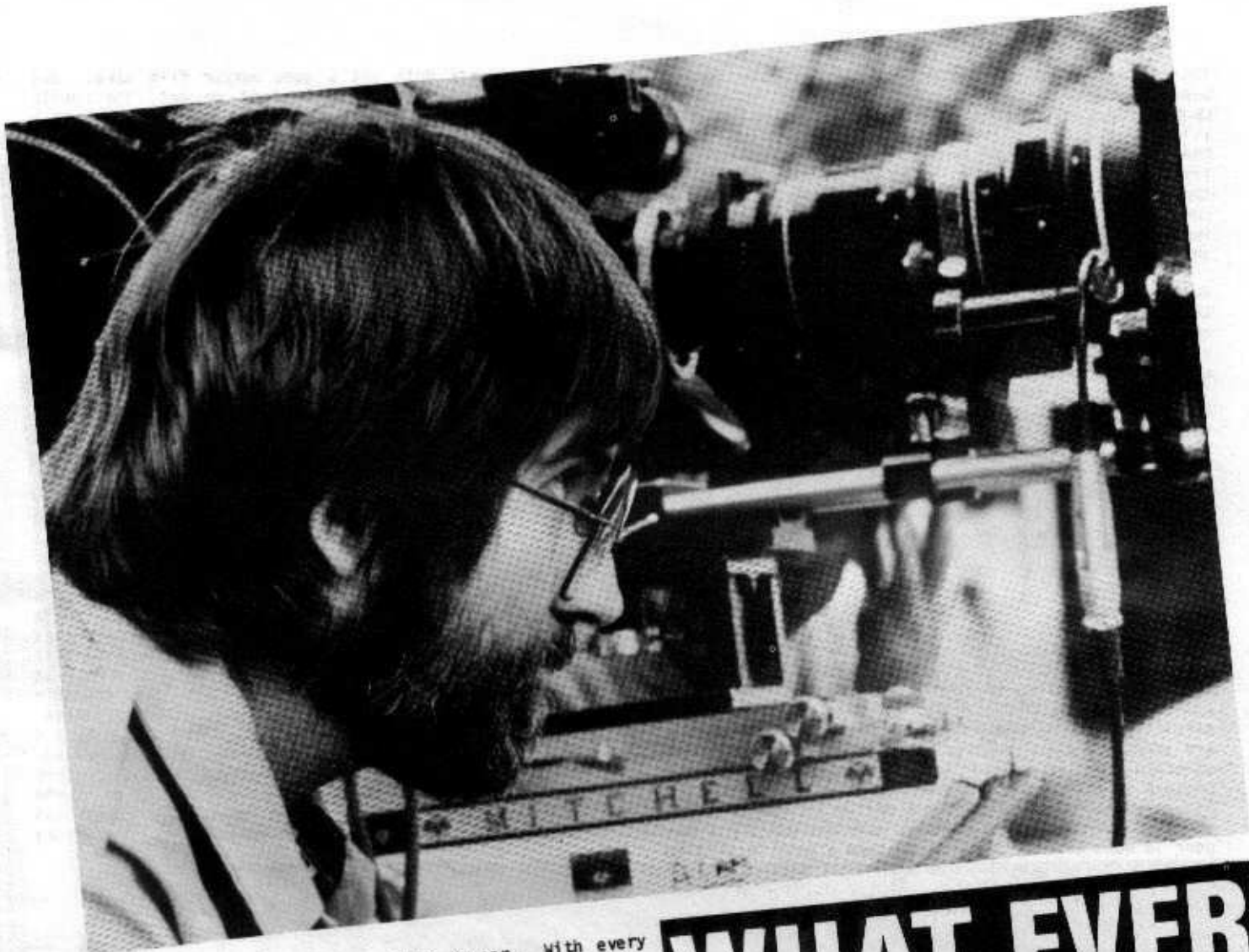
Stick with us, friends, we'll make ya' proud!

Your blood brother,

Chas. Balun
Editor

P.S. Just to keep the record straight, and for all you collector/completists out there...Yes, there really was an issue of DEEP RED before this. My good friend and founding coeditor, Chris Amouroux, and I put out a 20-page fanzine last year in a limited edition run of some 600 copies. It's been sold out completely for some time now and I even hear they're getting \$15 for an old ish' back in New York collector's circles. I guess we must've done something right, no?

Anyway, that's history now, so let's look to the future of horror...the all new, improved DEEP RED!



Don't get me wrong...I love Tobe Hooper. With every one of his films, there's something to treasure. But, as the saying goes, "You always hurt the one you love," and Tobe, in the last three years, you've broken my heart!

Each time I walked out of the theatre after seeing your latest effort, I found myself repeating over and over, "Whatever happened to Tobe Hooper?" After much careful thought, I think I've figured it out. It's really not hard to understand, but since I'm a big fan of Tobe's, it is very hard to swallow. Tobe Hooper is suffering from a disease called "moneyitis" (also known as "The Tobe Hooper Big Budget Contract Massacre"). In order to find the cause of the disease, we must first examine the symptoms.

It all began way back in the 70's--1974 to be exact. When a hungry, young, cigar-chomping, bearded wonder named Tobe directed a film whose title alone made you want to vomit, THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE. It was a purely horrifying cinematic experience. The key factor that made the film so terrifying was the element of realism. It looked like someone was actually there filming everything as it happened! You could feel the hot Texas sun and smell the stench of death from beginning to end. The film presented very bizarre, macabre images and characters unlike anything seen before in the horror cinema. Movie monsters of the past like Frankenstein, Dracula, the Wolfman, and the Mummy may have been scary, but you knew they weren't real. But these TEXAS CHAINSAW fuckers could actually exist, thereby

WHAT EVER HAPPENED

TO TOBE HOOPER?

or

"TOBE OR NOT TOBE"

BY DENNIS DANIEL

increasing the terror factor ten fold! Tobe Hooper used this knowledge to create a realistic, claustrophobic nightmare world that made absolutely no sense at all and from which there was no escape! THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE is a horrific, low-budget labor of love. The film was low on gore, but high on suggestive terror. Many critics and fans alike (myself included) consider it a "classic." The fact that it was produced for under \$500,000 makes you think, "Wow, I wonder what this guy Hooper could do if he had more money!"

Naturally, he got some major studio financing and continued to make horror films. In 1976, he directed a neat little movie called EATEN ALIVE. It was a far cry from TCM (What film wouldn't be?), but it missed the mark, due to studio interference in the editing room. Still, a lot of Tobe's visual finesse shines through! The cast put on a good show and featured a potpourri of Hollywood has-beens like Mel Ferrer, Carolyn ("Tish") Jones, and Stuart (Guyana Jones) Whitman. It was a simple story about some nut hotel owner, played by Neville Brand, who threw unwanted guests into his pond, where they were promptly swallowed by Brand's pet alligator. It might have been a hit for Hooper, but it was distributed poorly and was quickly forgotten. Oh well, back to the chopping board.

In 1979, Tobe directed one of my all-time favorite made-for-TV films, Stephen King's SALEM'S LOT, featuring one of the greatest hams of all time, James Mason, as the guardian of Barlow, a very Nosferatu-looking, 8 ft. tall vampire. The film reeks with gothic vampire atmosphere! And the scenes of floating child vampires, scratching on windows with white eyes and sharp teeth, are very scary and surreal. Tobe does a damn good directing job with this one, keeping his characters believable without losing an overall sense of the bizarre. Not a bad effort for a medium like television, where the restrictions are many and the quality piss-poor in most cases. If he could make a good television horror film, what would his next theatrical effort be like? My mind reeled with the possibilities! Tobe seemed to be getting closer to that second "classic" film.

In 1981, he made THE FUNHOUSE, a nifty little monster-at-the-carnival movie. In this film, Tobe takes all the directorial skills he has honed and crafted, putting them all to good use. The monster makeup by Rick Baker and Craig Reardon is quite original. The story is told at a good pace, establishing characters and setting us up for the big finish.

So far Tobe has created some interesting, if not groundbreaking, post CHAINSAW films. The budgets increased with each new project, but he didn't come off as being too foolish with the money he was given. The film quality was there, the special effects got better, he used the camera to its best advantage, he had decent actors, and the scripts were slightly better than average. Still, he seemed to be missing the mark. When would he return to that "no-holds-barred, fast paced "get-me-the-fuck-outta-here" kind of horror film.

Thank God it wasn't a 1982 horseshit horror film called VENOM, a film Tobe was originally involved with. His next project turned out to be the highly-overrated PULTERGEIST. (Listen, horror hounds, just because a movie has Steven Spielberg's name on it, doesn't mean it's a cinematic souvenir.) With the direction of PULTERGEIST, Tobe Hooper became a "big time" kind of guy, who "does lunch," "runs ideas up the flagpole to see who salutes them," has "his girl call your girl," "puts things on the back burner," and "pencils you in for an appointment." The ghost of Steven Spielberg haunts Tobe Hooper all through PULTERGEIST. The film reeks of big budget bravado from beginning to end.

Great effects doth not a good horror film make. But regardless of whether I liked it or not, the public loved it! It made millions and it made Tobe Hooper a bankable director. He spent the next 2 1/2 years of his life wheeling and dealing, lurching and munching on his cigar, until he finally nailed down a multi-million dollar 3-picture deal with Cannon Films. It is during this period that Tobe Hooper developed the first symptoms of "moneyitis," that dreaded Hollywood disease that sucks the creative juices from directors' brains and fills their souls with "my shit don't stink" delusions of grandeur.

The disease first started oozing from Tobe's brain in 1985 when his \$25 million, would-be epic LIFEFORCE hit the screens. LIFEFORCE (a shitty title compared to the original SPACE VAMPIRES) was a sight to behold! The special effects were dazzling and, in some cases, hysterical! (I loved all the "lifeforce exchange" scenes and the jailhouse scene when the vampire crashes into the bars and turns to dust!) Steve Railsback (who played Charlie Manson in the TV film HELTER SKELTER) did a pretty good job in his role as the possessed shuttle pilot. The other cast members were almost forgettable, except for the nude vampire. (Where did they find her?) From a purely visual standpoint, the film is terrific! The opening scenes inside Halley's Comet, the male and female vampires escaping, the female vampire moulded from blood and the final scene that rivals DEEP THROAT as the ultimate in sexual climax! The trouble with the film is the story itself. It seemed like a great idea, too! Space vampires contaminate the Earth, causing a plague, mass zombie hysteria, and the end of the world. But it was told in such a disjointed way! There were too many holes left unfilled. What started out as a simple, yet effective plot, became a crazy mixed-up mess! Too much money was spent on the amazing John Dykstra effects, and not enough time was spent developing the story to fit in with all the visual



CHAINSAW 2



FUNHOUSE



hoo-ha. When I left the theatre, I found myself saying, "That was really fantastic! What the hell was it?"

I was willing to forgive Tobe for LIFEFORCE. It was a real nice try. I figured it was the writer's fault more than Tobe's. He can't help it if he has millions to spend for special effects and not enough story in which to fit them. Besides, his next project had a story all set to go that every science fiction movie fan already knew! How could Tobe fail with such sure-fire material as INVADERS FROM MARS? It sucked! Plain and simple. Don't take this too personally, Tobe. I'm just a fan, not a critic, but your INVADERS FROM MARS was a resounding failure! Why hast thou forsaken me, Tobe? Why did you remake one of my favorite 50's science fiction B-movies and turn it into a forgettable, dumb monster movie? And, to top it all off, it was boring! Twelve million dollars worth of boredom! With equally boring and uninspired performances by some of my favorite actors and actresses! It was Lame City, U.S.A. for Timothy Bottoms, Karen Black, Louise Fletcher, Laraine Newman, and Hunter Carson. Only James Karen rose for the occasion. Why couldn't you get these people to act? What the fuck happened? As usual, the special effects were fantastic, but who gives a shit! The Martians were better actors than the humans! I never felt so empty and disappointed! Does anybody out there agree with me? Did you see INVADERS FROM MARS? They did a better job in 1953 with a low budget, zip-up costumes, and poor house effects, than you did with \$12 million. Where was the atmosphere? Where was the childhood sense of wonder and dread? Where's the Tobe Hooper I know and love? What has all that money done to you? I can't imagine how you could sit through the final cut of your film, tell them, "That's a wrap," and send it out to a gullible public. Tobe, let's face it, you've lost the hunger! I could go on and on about how awful this film was, but I don't want to sound too negative.

Besides, I still have to talk about THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE 2, the long-awaited sequel to your brilliant debut. The film all Tobe Hooper fans have been waiting for! The film no one else but you could or should make. The film you couldn't possibly fuck up! You fucked up! I couldn't believe it! Only this time, you weren't alone, screenwriter Kit Carson and makeup effects madman Tom Savini came along for the ride. It wasn't as bad as INVADERS FROM MARS (nothing is that bad), but it didn't live up to what was promised! Of all the post-CHAINSAW films, this was the one that could have saved you from the fluke pit! The one that could have proven, without a doubt, that Tobe Hooper was a horror talent to be reckoned with! What could have been a 1980's anti-Yuppie social statement, turned out to be nothing more than a \$4 million bad remake of the first film. Once again, you concentrated too much on the overall look of the film, and totally forgot about developing your famous characters.

When I first heard about the basic plot of TCSM II, I was very excited. The Chainsaw family now runs a carnival midway/Yuppie meat market, sawing those alligator shirts to shreds and using the Yuppie entrails as the main ingredient for award-winning Texas chili. I was looking forward to seeing some great Savini splatter, funny dialogue, and good old Leatherface sawing up a storm. As I sat in the theatre and watched the opening credits, I had butterflies in my stomach, my mind filled with anticipation of the images to come. (I forgot all about LIFEFORCE and INVADERS FROM MARS.) College kids in the Mercedes with the car phone looked like prime meat to me. When they finally met up with Leatherface and Pop-Top, I was psyched and ready. The





FULCI'S RIPPER

BY TODD FRENCH

Yes, Binky, it's the latest flick from ol' Lucio 14-inch-splinter-through-the-eye Fulci, the giallo-meister of intestinal upchuck. And judging by this newest entry into the black-gloved Argento/Bava sweepstakes, I don't think I'm about to toss Dario's tapes into the nearest bin yet.

Don't think the Angry Old Man of Italian splatter (has to be in his 60s by now) has mellowed one little bit. You won't find any of that fancy why-use-five-shots-when-one-will-do Argento camera bullshit here. None of that Bavaesque Christmas-tree lighting or Iron Maiden to cover up that old Italian buggaboo--bad dubbing. Nope, Lucio hasn't gone artsy yet. He just sets up that camera and lets grand Guignol take its course.

His latest movie deals with...so help me God, may the Mothers of Whispers, Darkness and Tears feed me to the rats if I'm lying...an ass-bite mad slasher who does demented Donald Duck impressions while he carves up one Pretty Young Thing after another in the Big Apple. I was hoping Fulci had stumbled onto a little sense of parody and maybe Howard the Duck was going to stumble out of the alley and explain how he had been possessed by a Dark Overlord from the Nexus of Somnax, but no, no such luck here.

Nope, Lucio wouldn't disappoint us. The first girl gets "split up from her joy-trail," as one wit vividly puts it, while she's waiting on a ferry. The next one gets an appendectomy with a broken bottle (and we get to watch in close-up as she just stands there screaming with interminable shots of the widening gore pièce-de-résistance in which the detective hero's girlfriend is treated to an UNCHIEN ANDALOU orb-slashing and her



scenes of Leatherface standing on the truck as it drove backward, chainsawing his way into the car were terrific and very scary! When he sawed the Yuppie's head in half, I was slightly let down because I didn't actually see it happening. And the final effect with those four tiny spurts of blood coming out of his brain were not up to Savini's realistic standards. No matter, it was only 10 minutes into the film. I could hang out and wait for more. Guess what? It never came. From that point on, there were no more Yuppie killings. Just a semi-interesting story about a disc jockey helping Dennis Hopper track down the family.

The scene at the radio station was pretty well done, especially the introductions to Pop-Top (the best performance in the film), the bloody hammering of the boyfriend, and the destruction of the station. But what was all that shit with Leatherface and the girl? Since when did he get a hard-on? I'm sorry, Tobe, I couldn't buy it. After the way he treated Marilyn Burns in CHAINSAW I, there ain't no way he's gonna fall for any living human being. And with the addition of millions of dead bodies and skeletons all over the place, the Leatherface love story just didn't jive! Another scene that was just plain stupid was the boyfriend in the meatlocker scene. After being beaten

with a hammer and half skinned alive, there ain't no way anyone's gonna get up, talk, move, or spit. The rest of the movie was just a rehash of all the dining room scenes in TEXAS I, with better Savini grandpa makeup and a bigger hammer. The chainsaw duel at the end was lackluster, and we don't even get to see them blow up! All in all, TEXAS II had its moments, but the sum does not equal the parts. It was a big disappointment for me and my gore-loving friends. Imagine, making Leatherface want to bang beaver!

I think Tobe's last three films failed because he tried too hard and spent too much. Money is truly the root of all evil for talented directors. The "Big Time" is not "The Best Time," and Tobe's not alone! Other genre greats like John Carpenter and David Cronenberg have fallen victim to the big money movie game. It seems once you take away the hunger aspect...once it becomes more like a business than a love affair with horror... you tend to lose something in the transition. But I haven't lost all hope. Tobe will be back! And I'll be ready. If life teaches us anything, it teaches us to learn from our mistakes. If Tobe learns anything from his, the next Tobe Hooper film is bound to be a "Classic"!

nipple hacked off for good measure. And if you think this all takes place off screen, you obviously haven't seen a Fulci film, guys. But, it's all pretty fake looking, too.

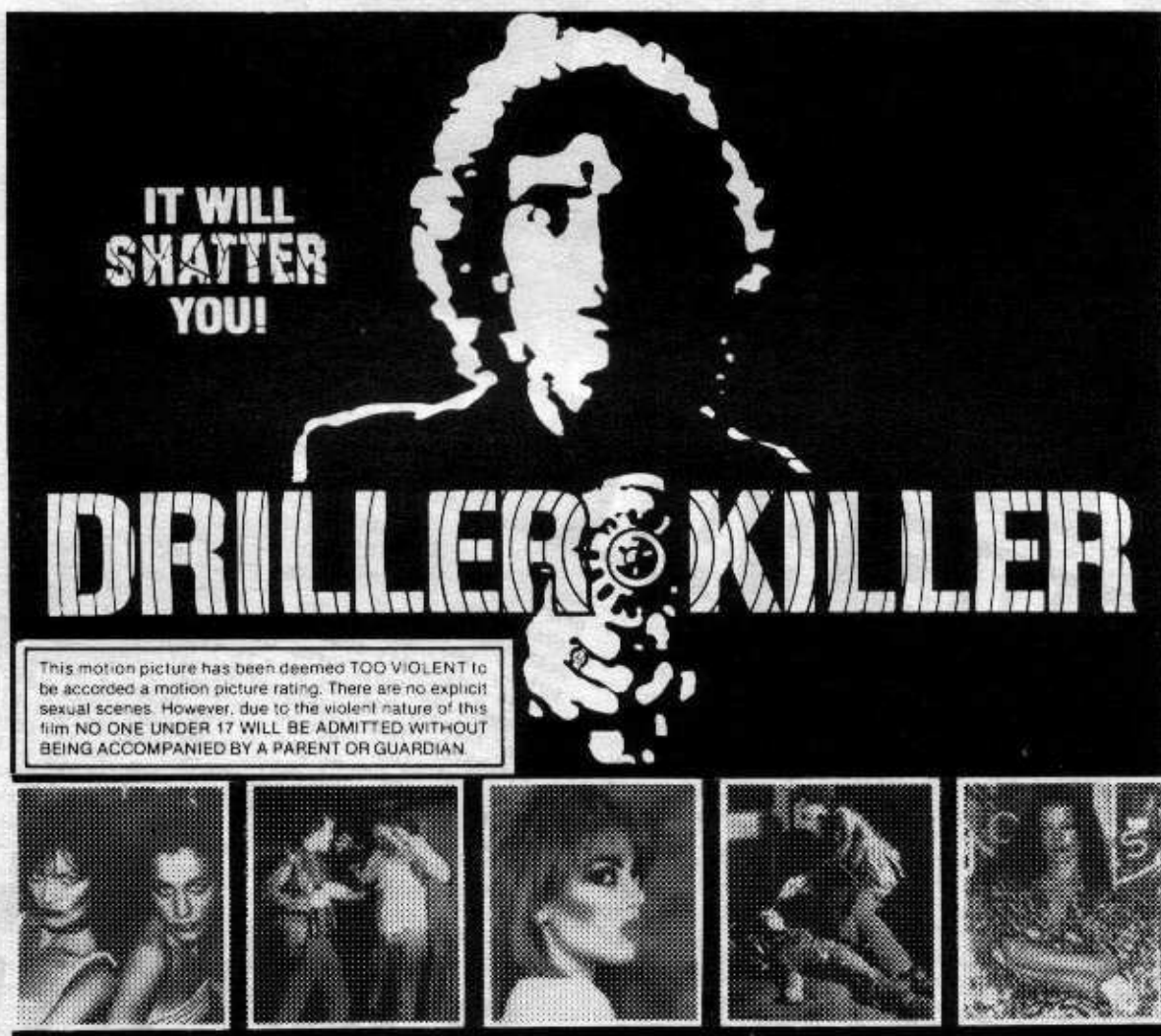
And who's the psycho? Well, at least Fulci knows how to use red herrings, and gives us a number of suspects (and like Argento, uses multiple psychopaths whose motives and methods mesh): a psychiatrist brought in to help the leathery-faced detective on the case (and to convince us the psychiatrist is smart we get lots of shots of him playing chess); a rich, effete doctor with a penchant for obscene recordings; a mysterious Man With A Deformed Hand; and a clean-cut looking young guy and his girlfriend. Hell, I was still hoping Howard the Duck, gone ape-shit from the radioactive (or is that duck-shit) bite of a Dark Overlord, would pop up and confess.

But no problem, the splatter crown as far as giallo goes is still safe on Dario's head.

First off, the movie looks as if it has been filmed on Naugahyde, lots of ugly browns and grays. Hey, at least Dario made the Big Apple look like a lasarium

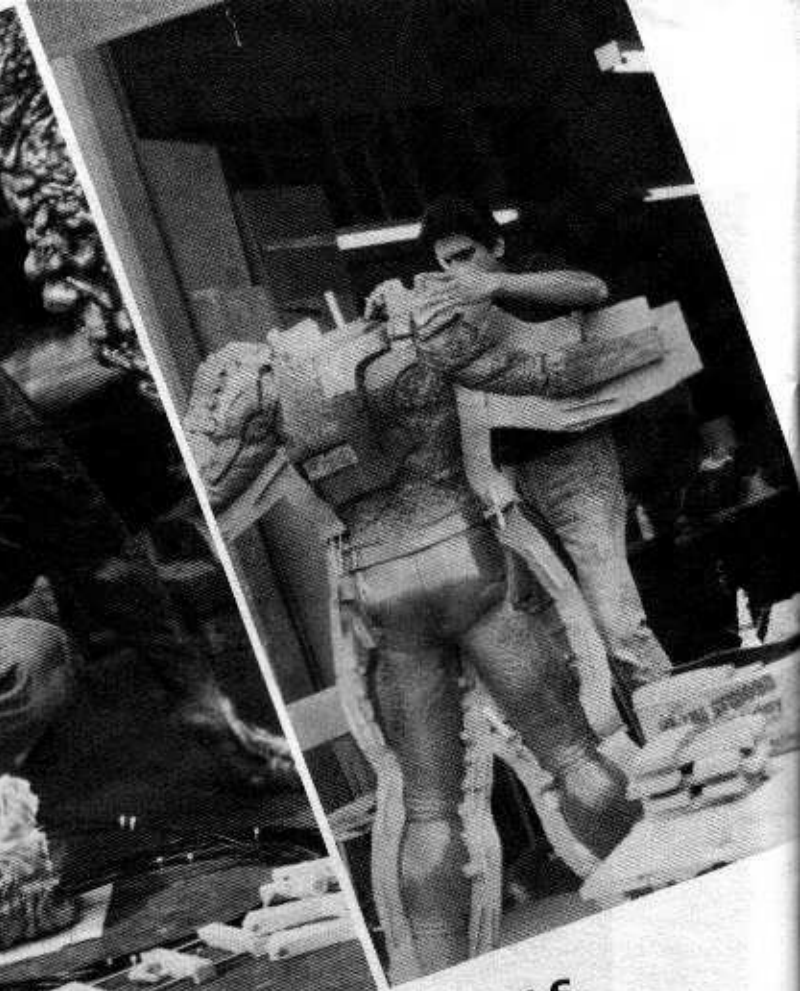
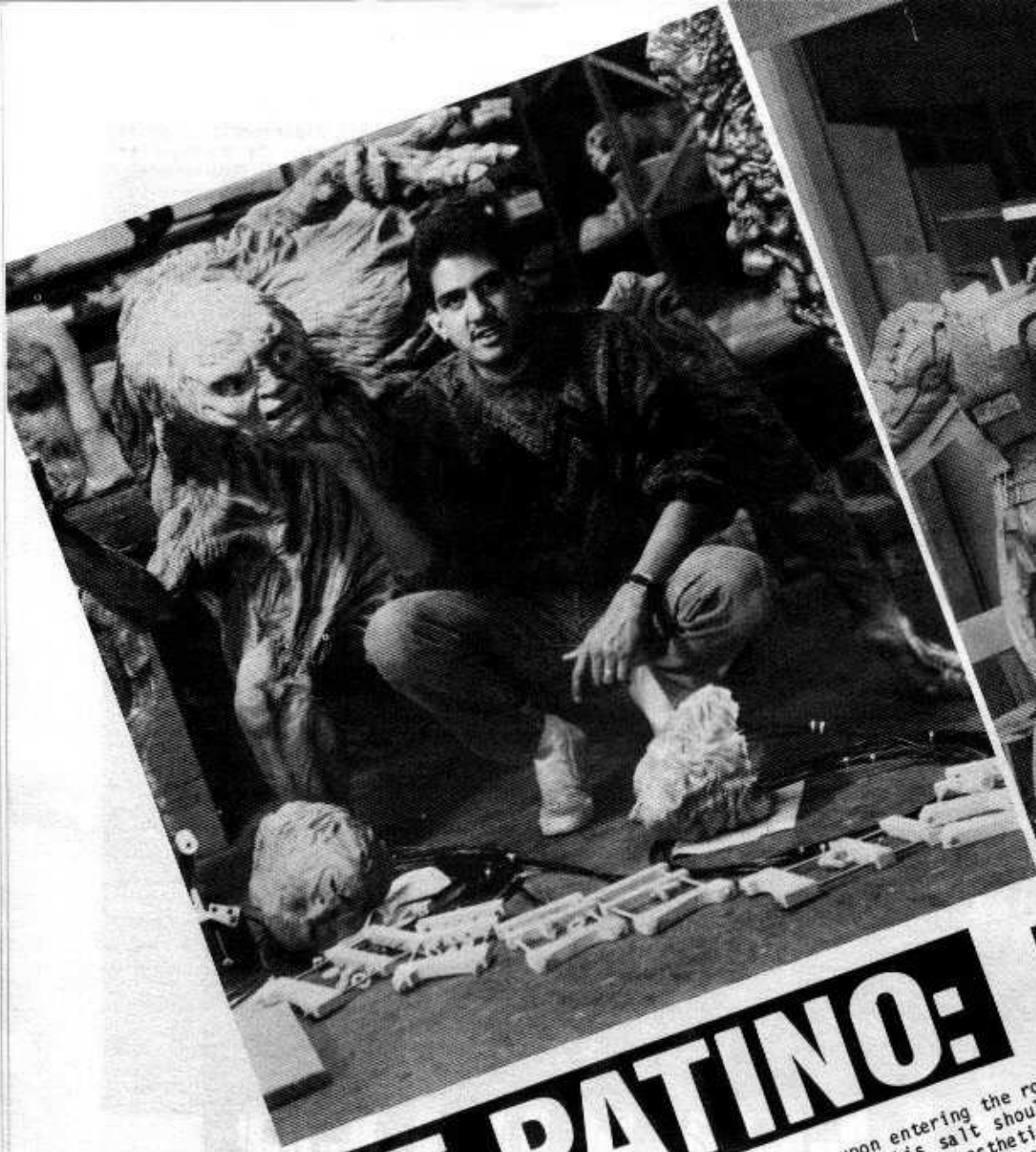
from some plane of hell with his experimental lighting effects in that occult bash INFERNO. The dialogue and story...well, I kept hoping for Goblin to start rumbling on the soundtrack. Maybe if Fulci had a style, any sense of style, it would distract us from the contrived and laughably inept gore (maybe it really was a comedy, I keep thinking about the duck impressions!) which he shoots in the same unfancy, dead-on way. I'm not saying he should send his camera crawling up the side of a building to hunt down his victims (ala the artifice in Argento's recent video release of UNSANE), but some style would help make this stuff bearable.

There are a couple of nice elements. The great bullet-through-the-cheek shot which dispatches The Duck at the end, and a subplot involving a terminally ill child who's pivotal role sheds light on the killer's identity. As in HOUSE BY THE CEMETERY, Fulci reveals, oddly enough, a talent for working with child actors, and these disconcerting moments of tenderness make you wonder if Fulci's talents aren't elsewhere. The last couple frames of the movie disturbed me more than any of the blood letting that preceded them.



Starring **CAROLYN MARZ • JIMMY LAINE • BAYBI DAY**
with **BOB DE FRANK • PETER YELLEN • HARRY SCHULTZ**
AND FEATURING **TONY COCA COLA AND THE ROOSTERS**

Screenplay by **NICHOLAS ST. JOHN** • Music by **JOSEPH DELIA** • Director of Photography **KEN KELSCH**
Sound **J.P. MAC INTYRE** • Executive Producer **ROCHELLE WEISBERG**
Produced by **NAVARON FILMS** • Directed by **ABEL FERRARA**



BY CHAS. BALUN

STEVE PATINO:

In a quiet, sedate, and unassuming neighborhood in the Los Angeles suburb of Whittier lies what is perhaps one of the finest collections of contemporary special effects props ever assembled. Various dummies, masks, aliens, and assorted other bizarre life forms are all generously crammed into this tidy, suburban home. The room, the garage, and finally into a workshop facility located just blocks away. This collection, still growing by leaps and bounds, is meticulously cared for and thoughtfully preserved by knowing, loving hands. This collection, in fact, rivals and may even surpass the famous and heavily publicized Forrest Ackerman collection, housed a few miles away in the Hollywood Hills.

Immediately upon entering the room, any self-respecting genre fan worth his salt should be able to recognize dozens of props and prosthetics fresh from their appearances in many of the current crop of splatter epics. Why, there's the kid in NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 2 who gets split apart when Freddy comes a callin'; six or seven werewolf arms used in EVIL DEAD 2; the splattered hitchhiker from CREEPSHOW 2; various sculptures of the Dr. Pretorius creature in FROM BEYOND; a bitten, dismembered arm from DAY OF THE DEAD; a split skull from RE-ANIMATOR; a burned-up head from HILLS HAVE EYES; and a transformed arm/claw piece from FRIGHT NIGHT. And that's all included in but one small corner of the room! The proud owner of all this is a soft-spoken, modest, 27-year-old, FX artist whose film credits read

MOLD MAKER TO THE STARS

like a roll call of every important genre film made in the last five years. RE-ANIMATOR, FROM BEYOND, DUNE, NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 3, CREEPSHOW 2, EVIL DEAD 2, PREDATOR, MONSTER SQUAD, THE KINDRED, and CRITTERS are but a few of the many heavyweight genre offerings this artist has been involved with. His name is Steve Patino, and the only thing we can't figure out is why Deep Red magazine is the first publication to bring this guy to everyone's attention. This kid is hot and Steve's given us an exclusive interview and tour of his facilities. So dig it.

Steve has currently been finishing up work on Stuart Gordon's ROBOJOX, a \$10 million FX extravaganza from Empire Pictures; worked with Stan Winston on both MONSTER SQUAD and the upcoming PUMPKINHEAD; and has just completed all the "demon tank" FX on John Carpenter's latest film--the eagerly anticipated PRINCE OF DARKNESS. He's now preparing for work on Stuart Gordon's TEENY WEENIES as well as supplying additional FX inserts to Fred Olen Ray's DEEP SPACE and redoing all the FX work in Sandy Howard's DARK TOWER.



Steve likes to refer to himself as "the mold maker to the stars" and his expertise in lightweight, custom fiberglass molding procedures has taken him all over the splatter map and promises to insure him a busy future in genre film work. Many of his close friends in the FX field have contributed some extremely impressive props to his collection because they know each piece will receive the proper care and attention it deserves. These "pals" include Tom Savini, Rob Bottin, Rick Baker, Mark Shostrom, Stuart Gordon, Robert Englund, John Carpenter, Screaming Mad George, Bob Burns...Need I go on? I think you get the point. This is a man with a collection worth reckoning with.

Steve started his career as a teenager, working at Universal Studios doing magic and makeup demonstrations. He later was hired for full-time work at Don Post Studios and eventually moved over to Richard Edlund's Boss Films, working in the Creature Shop with

fellow artists Ken Diaz (THE THING), Steve Johnson (FRIGHT NIGHT, VIDEO DROME, AMERICAN WEREWOLF, etc.), and Screaming Mad George (POLTERGEIST 2, BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA). He has since become a freelance artist and established his own shop in town, Steve Patino's Sho-Glas Molds and Props, which is currently filled to bursting with models, molds, and masks from CRITTERS, PUMPKINHEAD, DEEP SPACE, NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 3, POLTERGEIST 2, and EVIL DEAD 2.

As we are ushered in, past the imposing zombie figure sculpted by Mark Shostrom for THE SUPERNATURALS, we enter yet another room that has to have more FX work per square foot than probably any place else on Earth. Steve explains that this is only a small part of his collection, as many pieces have been "on tour" in a special movie prop show making the rounds in Japan and also throughout Europe.

It all started a scant five years ago when Steve was hired by the production crew for DUNE. "I got hired as a go-fer, but I was already familiar with the fiberglass mold techniques they were using. So, within about two weeks, I was on the FX crew, making the still suits worn by most of the characters."

To get more work after his initial "tour of duty," Patino says, "You can't be shy in this business. I took my portfolio around to everybody. I would beg for work. I told them I would work for free to show what I could do. I was working full time at Don Post Studios then coming home and working another eight hours at night or on weekends. I really pushed myself, but you've got to be ready for rejection, for criticism. You've just got to learn to take it."

"Learn the arts," Patino continues, "Drawing, painting, sculpting, basic makeup and be prepared for lots of footwork, staying up until midnight or around the clock, not eating." And the pressure, yes, better get used to the ultimatums issued by the producers and directors who want something mighty quick...or else. "In one of my latest jobs I was informed of a makeup change and told, 'You've got three days to get this right or you're fired.' So, for three days, I locked the doors to my studio, had pizzas delivered nightly and worked 'round the clock 'til we finished--just a couple of hours before we were due on the set. But, we made it."

Steve recalls his work on Stuart Gordon's superlative RE-ANIMATOR as being a bit of a breakthrough, both for himself and for horror films in general. "When they called me, they wanted a fiberglass body for Dr. Hill. John Navin asked me to build a fiberglass understructure for the guy's head, the one the re-animated body would be carrying around. I was a big Lovecraft fan, knew he liked twisted, bizarre things, but I didn't know what to expect from this film."

Originally, after Patino heard about the infamous "head scene" with the stark naked Barbara Crampton, he found himself muttering quietly, "Are these guys making a porno film? Who's gonna see this? This ain't gonna work."

He admits he wasn't too sure he wanted his name on a film that still defies simple categorizing. "There was a special screening for the cast and crew to be held at the Directors' Guild and, finally after the opening sequence when the doctor's eyes blow out of his head, I was convinced that they were ON to something. Everything worked. Everything came together--the FX work, the direction, the editing. The audience was standing and clapping. RE-ANIMATOR is comical rather than grisly but Stuart Gordon showed it could be done and done right. He fought for the 'head scene' because he felt it was very important to the movie."



After the critical success of RE-ANIMATOR, Patino knew that another film would be in the works and planned to use the same FX crews. It was during this time that Steve first met Mark Shostrom (MUTILATOR, THE SUPERNATURALS, EVIL DEAD 2, NIGHTMARE 2) and learned they would need someone to do some very ambitious fiberglass molding.

"The Pretorius monster design was so bizarre, so unique, I was really jazzed. The producers approved the small model that was sculpted and wanted me to make the molds for the huge version. It was to stand 5 feet tall and be as wide as 4 1/2 to 5 feet. It took over a ton of clay for the initial sculpture. Definitely the biggest job I'd ever taken on."

Patino explains, "The texture had every different kind of surface look...wrinkles, folds, an extended pineal gland. Originally, it was to be a 14 piece mold, but we broke it down to 12 then 9 and finally to 7 pieces."

Patino enthuses about crew member and chief designer, Mark Shostrom, who he considers one of the best in the business and somebody who always gives more than required. "Mark has got the bulk of the best FX in the movie and the crew we worked with was the best ever. Greg Nicotero, who was Savini's right-hand man, was there. David Kindlon did the mechanics and he's fantastic, and Robert Kurtzman was running foam and painting."

"This job is a constant learning experience and I pick up something new every day. You've got to analyze everything, absorb it, and be able to use that knowledge later on." Steve also admits, "I never just look at



this as some job. I enjoy it and deep down inside me I'm just a fan. My job brings out the kid in me. Not everybody can get up in the morning and go to work and make monsters! The first time you see your work up on the screen, it's like a high--a natural high--and then to see your name up there...that's the real satisfaction of this business."

Steve cautions would-be FX artists that the market is chock full of aspiring talent. "There's always someone out there who's way better than you." He says, "I don't sculpt or draw really well, so early on I knew I needed a specialty. Something to separate me from the masses. So, I went for the fiberglass molding."

When asked to name his favorite FX scenes from past films, he mentions DAY OF THE DEAD (for the partial shovel decapitation especially), NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 2 ("for Mark's incredible transformation work"), THE HOWLING ("really faked me out, blew me away"), and THE EXORCIST. While working on DUNE, Steve met Max Von Sydow and says, "I was shocked at first to find out he wasn't a really old man."

He rates Dick Smith as #1 and goes on to say some of the most startling FX work in THE EXORCIST was eventually cut. Steve attended a special screening at the Academy of Science Fiction and Horror when author Peter Blatty showed up with the UNCUT film.

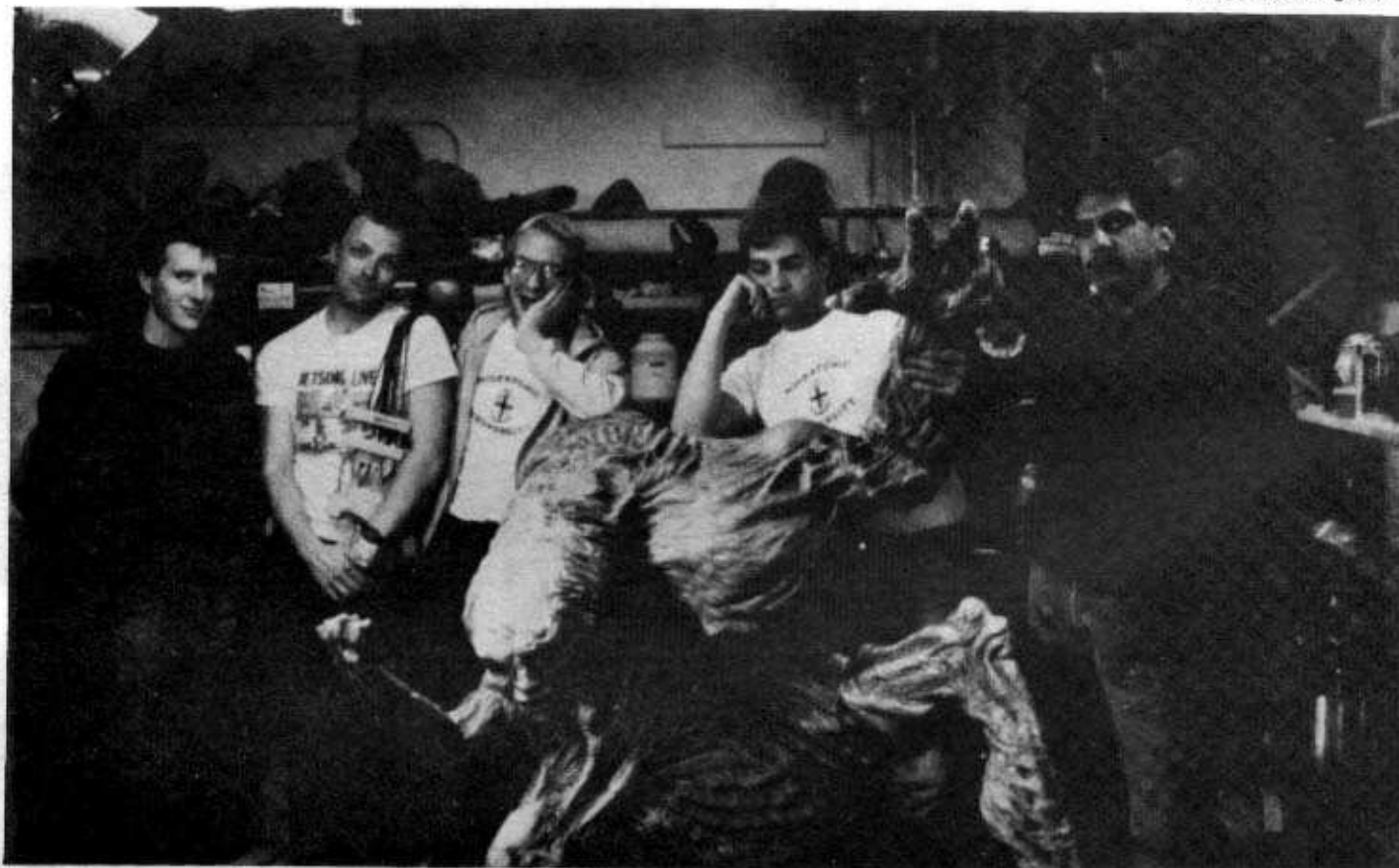
Patino's extensive prop collection boasts of several pieces from the above gentlemen, as well as some item from nearly every FX heavyweight now working. He's justifiably proud of his collection and says, "I'm considered #3 in the United States, behind Forrest Ackerman and Bob Burns. But, I know I've got the largest prosthetic appliance collection in the United States."



One of the most shocking scenes, according to Patino is when, "Regan appears at the top of the stairs and folds herself back like a crab and begins crawling down, skipping several steps at a time before she attacks her mom's friends. She bites their ankles and ends up with blood all over her face. They also cut the scene where Regan kills Bert Dennings, her mother's handsome boy friend. When he goes up to check on her, Regan grabs him, twists his head around, and throws him through the window."

Besides being an ardent admirer of Dick Smith's work, he also places Savini ("the KING of Gore"), Baker, Rob Bottin and Mark Shostrom at the top of his FX list, citing films like THE THING, DAWN OF THE DEAD, FROM BEYOND, EVIL DEAD, NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET, THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE, and THE SENTINEL as being among his favorites.





Parts of his collection have been touring Japan, Germany, and Spain for the past couple of years and he recently renegotiated with a Japanese firm to continue exhibiting in the Orient for several years to come.

"This work is art. An odd art form, maybe, but the craftsmanship, the patience, the man hours, the sweat and blood really show. It's a piece of magic that can be preserved and shared with others in the future."

People in this field are aware of the attention and care Steve lavishes on his props, and as a result, most of his pieces have been donated by friends who know their work will be well treated.

"I've only paid for one prop and that was actually a birthday present from my mom," pointing to the Don Post Studios Nosferatu mask encased in plastic across the room. "Everything else was given to me or is from the films I've worked on. Like I said, it's my way of keeping the magic alive."

EXCLUSIVE CARPENTER'S PRINCE OF DARKNESS

Patino and his crew, consisting of Randy Killon, Burt Davidson, and a 19-year-old newcomer from Chicago, Steve Cowdrey, have just finished the "demon tank" FX work for John Carpenter's PRINCE OF DARKNESS, which has just wrapped its 24-day shoot in and around the Los Angeles area. Frequently operating beneath a cloak of secrecy, PRINCE promises to be a return to form for director Carpenter, who also conceptualized all the special FX in the film, both visual and mechanical. The creative teams responsible for bringing Carpenter's ideas to life include production designer Dan Lomino, FX coordinators Kevin Quibell and Robert Grasmere, Jim Danforth, Frank Carriosa, and Kent Johnson.

Patino's assignment, to create an 80-gallon, 5 ft. plexiglas tank to house the title character, was completed in some round-the-clock, feverish activity, ending at 4:30 a.m. on the morning the cannister was due on the set.

"They loved it--it's fantastic," Patino enthuses. "We don't know how you did it but it looks great." Despite the frantic deadlines, Steve says of Carpenter, "John really cares about his actors and crew members. This was a hand-picked crew, with some members dating back to the early days of THE FOG. Everybody made you feel good about your work; John's got such a great attitude that all the FX crews involved worked as one unit. We were under pressure, but still, it was the best experience I've ever had on a film."

Carpenter's idea for the look of the cannister in which Satan lives was based on the containers seen in the 1958 film ATTACK OF THE PUPPET PEOPLE. Carpenter showed Patino a Polaroid photo he'd taken from a TV screen,



along with some rough sketches he'd done and explained "this was the look he wanted."

After the cannister work was completed, Patino also did some last-minute fiberglass casting of a head, arm, and hand which his good friend, Mark Shostrom, used to make the prosthetic pieces needed for the gag. "Being under so much pressure, I called Mark for help and he came through. Thanks, buddy."

Steve concludes with, "I really enjoyed the one-on-one relationship I had with John; he's always ready to sit and explain exactly what he wants from you."



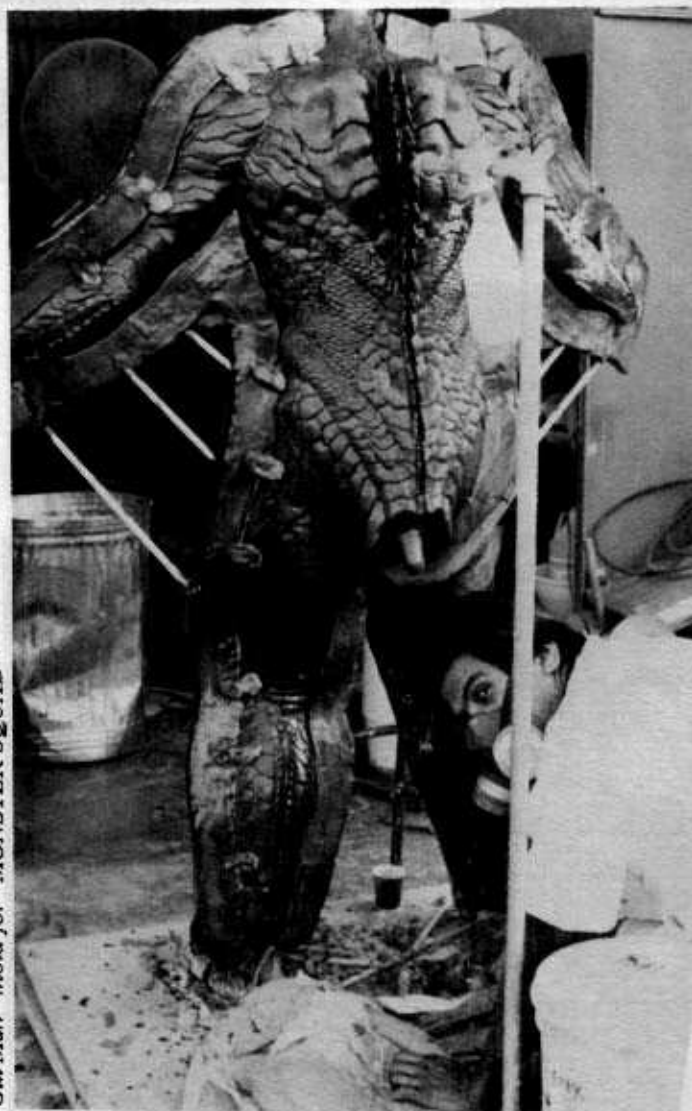
PRINCE OF DARKNESS, based on an original script by Carpenter (and it's a killer) for Haunted Machine Productions, Inc., is due in theatres for Halloween. This tale of a 7000-year-old evil, guarded in an underground church altar by a mysterious cult, promises to be Carpenter's best genre effort since HALLOWEEN. It's tough, hard-edged, scary as hell, and filled with state-of-the-arts FX work.

Deep Red would like to thank both Steve Patino and John Carpenter for this exclusive look behind the scenes of what could be the monster hit for the fall season.

ONE FINAL NOTE: Congratulations are in order to Steve and his wife, Stephanie, on the addition of a brand new crew member, born during the second week of September. Beast wishes to all!

FILMOGRAPHY

DUNE, SWORDKILL, WEIRD SCIENCE, RE-ANIMATOR, CRITTERS, CAPTAIN EO video, FROM BEYOND, THE KINDRED, BACK TO SCHOOL, PREDATOR, COLLECTOR (Douglas Trumbull), EVIL DEAD 2, THE GATE, DEEP SPACE, TEENY WEENIES, DARK TOWER, DEAD HEAT, PUMPKINHEAD, PRINCE OF DARKNESS, McDonald's Moon Man, CREEPSHOW 2, MONSTER SQUAD, NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 3, ROBOJOX, CROCK, GREEN MONKEY, DRACULA'S WIDOW, HELL COMES TO FROGTOWN, JAWS 4, OUTER HEAT



"Gill Man" mold for "MONSTER SQUAD"

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Mark Shostrom, Ken Diaz, Steve Johnson, Steve Wang, Tom Iavini, John Carpenter, Larry Franco, and Steve Neil.

Additional Contributors To Patino's Collection Are:

Richard Edlund, Robert Kurtzman, Howard Burger, Craig Reardon, Mark Steston, Shannon Shea, Greg Nicotero, John Naulin, Alex Gillis, Tom Woodruff, John Rosengrant, Carl Fullerton, Bob Burns, Mark Williams, Matt Rose, Greg Cannon, Todd Masters, Leslie Ecker, Pat McClung, John Caglione, Steve Laport, Screaming Mad George, Lance Anderson, Mike Mills, Ed and Alex Felix, Craig Caton, Rick Baker, Jim Leonard, Don Pennington, Don Post, Mark Seagal, Dave Miller, Chris Swift, Mike McCracken, Bob Short, Lane Liska



Filmmakers wishing to enlist the services of Steve Patino's Sho-Glas Props & Molds are invited to contact Steve c/o DEEP RED magazine, (714) 893-2185. Check masthead for mailing address.



NEWS

SLASHES

HOLLYWOOD HORROR HOTLINE

Just attended a sneak preview at 20th Century Fox for the cast and crew of HALLOWEEN PARTY (you guess the release date). Directed by Kevin Tenney (WITCHBOARD) and written and produced by Joe (helluva-nice-guy) Augustyn. Steve Johnson (FRIGHT NIGHT, VIDEODROME, AMERICAN WEREWOLF) late of Boss Films, supplied the FX, including an extremely startling scene involving Linnea Quigley's left nipple and a chromed tube of lipstick. It's a long scene with plenty of nudity and it will probably have to be toned down just a bit to secure a "R" rating. The movie could best be described as HELL NIGHT meets THE EVIL DEAD. It boasts of top-notch atmospheric cinematography; a solid, punchy soundtrack; good performances; and plenty of FX possessions, dismemberments, and demons to feast upon. The superior production values betray the film's under \$2 million budget.

HALLOWEEN PARTY joins John Carpenter's PRINCE OF DARKNESS and Stan Winston's PUMPKINHEAD as this season's holiday offerings.



Steve Wang, FX concept artist on both PREDATOR and MONSTER SQUAD, is now working on Don (THE DEMON LOVER, 1976) Jackson's wacky, sci-fi, horror comedy HELL COMES TO FROGTOWN. Steve did some marvelous work on the "Gillman" creature recently seen in MONSTER SQUAD. In a small, largely unseen tribute to Steve's favorite monster in CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON, Wang sculpted an exact replica of the original Gillman on the new creature's Adam's apple, done in sharp detail and less than the size of a quarter. So small, indeed, that FX

U.S. NEWS-EUROGORE

supervisor Stan Winston completely missed it when he approved the design. Steve also sculpted a hidden message onto the PREDATOR's ankle armor which only reveals its meaning upon extreme close-up. It's not "Hi, Mom!" either.

These FX artistes, whatcha gonna do with 'em?



TERROR NIGHT is now shooting in Los Angeles. It's about kids, killings, and kinkiness in an old Hollywood mansion, owned by an aging film star. Stars John Ireland, Alan Hale (the skipper from "Gilligan's Island"), and genre workhorse Aldo Ray. Directed by F. J. Lincoln and written by Ken Hall (director/writer of DEADLY STING, aka EVIL SPAWN), Murray Levi and David Riggs.



GUNNAR HANSEN IS BACK! The one, the only Leatherface, moviedom's meatiest maniac, is back in films, starring in Fred Olen Ray's HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW HOOKERS. He plays the "Mysterious Stranger." Fans who missed his 1976 film THE DEMON LOVER (you, me, and everybody else) will get a glimpse of the unmasked master of mayhem.

Gunnar is currently working on a script treatment for his original story, THE GUARDIAN, in addition to possible script rewrites for other genre films currently in preproduction. One of the more recent contacts remarked to Gunnar, "We want one fast scene after another, with lots of gore, like NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET and TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE. Charles tells us you were Leatherhead."

A complete, full-length interview, with loads of pictures from both CHAINSAW MASSACRE and CHAINSAW HOOKERS will be included in Fangoria #70. Your editor completed the assignment this summer; and, I promise you, you'll know everything you've ever wanted to know about THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE.

Gunnar wants to get actively involved in movies once again, both as an actor and screenwriter and he invites SERIOUS offers from interested parties to respond, in care of Acadia FilmVideo, to the address listed in Gunnar's ad at the back of the magazine.

May your McCullough continue to smoke and rip for years to come!



Director David DeCoteau and his partner, producer John Schouweiler, have just signed a two-year, ten-picture deal with Empire Entertainment. Most of the films will

be shot in the U.S. with budgets of around \$1 million, though at least two films will be shot at Empire's facilities in Rome with budgets in the \$2-3 million range.

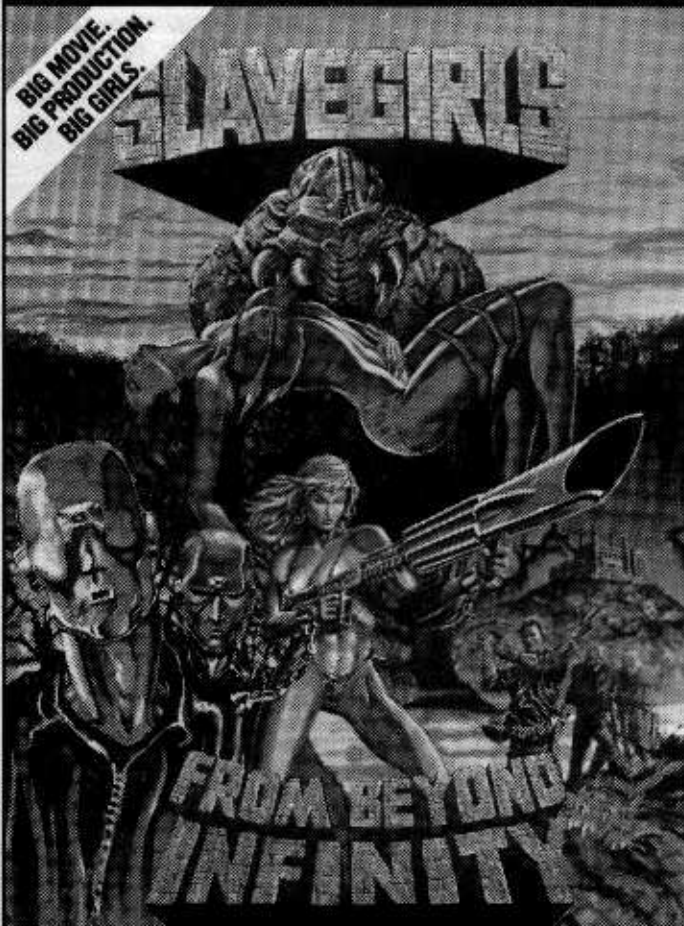
DeCoteau plans to fly to Rome in January to begin filming FIENDS, which will be theatrically released here by Empire Pictures. Other titles include THE IMP, starring Linnea Quigley, with Craig Caton, formerly of Boss Films, supplying the FX; SPACE SLUTS IN THE SLAMMER; I WAS A TEENAGE SEX MUTANT; and CORPSES NEVER LIE (aka ZOMBIE RAMPAGE). DeCoteau, 25, has really been on a roll lately, also wrapping work on CREEPOZIDS and LADY AVENGER. In September, DeCoteau and Schouweiler are shooting their own independent effort for the company they founded, Cinema Home Video Productions, entitled SORORITY SUCCUBUS SISTERS, starring Linnea Quigley and Michelle (THE TOMB, TERROR ON TAPE) Bauer.

Your editor has had the pleasure of speaking at length with Dave DeCoteau on the set of CREEPOZIDS (check Fangoria #69 for the interview/article) as well as on the set of the "Chas Balun BBQ Massacre," when I invited

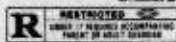
ATTACK OF THE DOUBLE FEATURE

THE MOVIES YOUR MOTHER WOULDN'T TAKE YOU TO SEE.

BIG MOVIE.
BIG PRODUCTION.
BIG GIRLS.



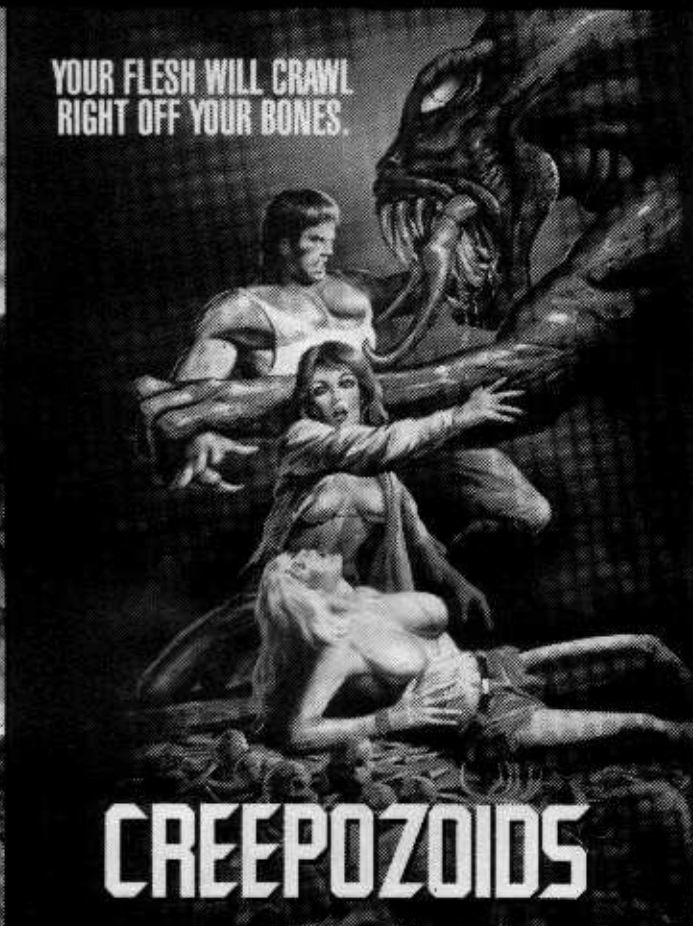
TITAN PRODUCTIONS Presents "SLAVE GIRLS FROM BEYOND INFINITY" Starring ELIZABETH CAYTON, CINDY REAL, BRINKE STEVENS, DON SCRIBNER and featuring CARL HORNER as the
Directed by KEN WATRAK and TOM CALLAWAY and Produced by CARL DANTE and KEN DIXON
Co-Producers JON ENG and MARK WOLF
Screenplay by KEN DIXON



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YOUR FLESH WILL CRAWL
RIGHT OFF YOUR BONES.



CREEPOZIDS

TITAN PRODUCTIONS Presents "CREEPOZIDS" Starring LINNEA QUIGLEY, KEN ABRAHAM, MICHAEL ARANDA, RICHARD HAWKINS, KIM McKAMY and JOI WILSON
Directed by ROYCE MATHEW and JOHN CRISWELL and Produced by THOMAS CALLAWAY and MIRIAM L. PREISSEL
Screenplay by BURFORD HAUSER and DAVID DeCOTEAU and JOHN SCHOUWEILER
Directed by DAVID DeCOTEAU and JOHN SCHOUWEILER



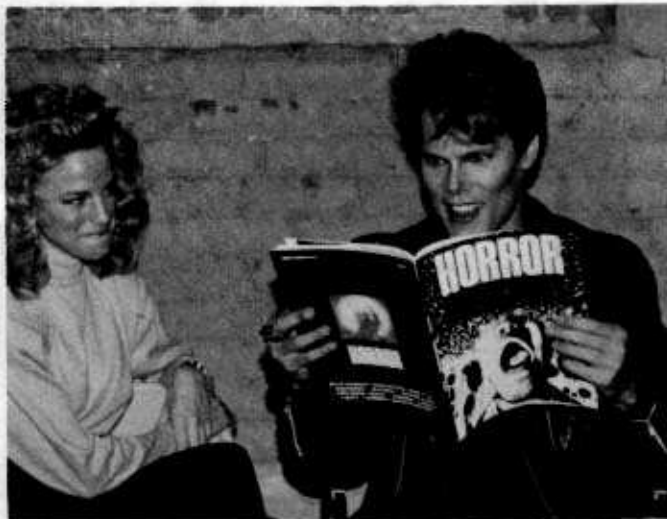
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him over for dinner and an evening of watching loads of bad movie trailers from my personal collection. He's bright, witty, enthusiastic, loves the genre with a passion, and has progressed amazingly fast from his days as President of the Roger Corman Fan Club. His 1986 directorial debut was a bargain-basement slasher entitled DREAMANIAC, which Dave wishes to disown, though your editor found it much better than the usual sluts n' splatter fare.

DeCoteau also likes the freedom afforded to independent, unrated horror films. So, come prepared--the guy likes to splash the red stuff around--A LOT!

Good luck, Dave. Make us proud!



ESP Productions has established a complete filmmaking facility in Riverside, California, and they're planning an extremely ambitious lineup of genre titles, including horror and action thrillers.

During some recent filming in the local cemetery for MAX BLOOD, a zombie bashing revenge yarn, crew members were visited by the local constables, a lawyer, and other nervous, fundamentalist Christian types who were sure something really naughty and profane was taking place.

Based on a script by director Bill Yigil, MAX BLOOD is about a dead guy who is resurrected by his girlfriend



during a satanic ritual to avenge his death and her rape.

The script promises lots of zombie stompings, punk violence, black humor, and rock n' roll, and, in fact, never lets up from page 1. Deep Red paid a set visit to MAX BLOOD during filming of a punkoid alley fight, found the set to be covered with graffiti, peopled with some mondo bizarro extras, and lit like a scene from an Argento film. Even more amazing was the fact that so many people were so awake at this God-awful hour of the night. (They were shooting from 9:00 p.m. to 7:00 a.m. and your reporter hasn't been up that late since his all-night high school grad party ('66)!



Fred Olen Ray continues to be one of the busiest guys in regional genre filmmaking with three films--HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW HOOKERS, DEEP SPACE, and PHANTOM EMPIRE currently awaiting release.

Fred Olen Ray celebrated a recent birthday with a champagne screening of PHANTOM EMPIRE at Warners Hollywood. The film is a wacked-out homage to those early serials about brazen, adventuress cavegirls, aliens, dinosaurs, and journeys to the center of the Earth. Most of the stars of the film were there to wish Fred "Happy Birthday" including: Sybil Danning, Jeffrey Combs, and Russ Tamblyn. Ray's wife plays a cigar-chomping, wise-cracking companion to a private detective hired to find a mysterious jewel located deep within the Earth. Also in attendance was Linnea Quigley (who's been working constantly), Bo Svenson, and our beloved Dick Miller, whose two-minute cameo in INNERSPACE was, for your editor anyway, the highlight of that film.

I mentioned to Bo Svenson how much I appreciated his agitated, frenzied cop performance in the much-neglected NIGHT WARNING (BUTCHER, BAKER, NIGHTMARE MAKER). He confessed that he worked on a deferred payment plan during that film and anything I could do to get ol' Bo paid would be sincerely appreciated. Sure 'nuff. The Gore Score (my Bible in these matters) calls NIGHT WARNING "exciting and stylish...a definite plus for knife-kill pictures...****"

The film also won a Best Picture Award in 1982 from the Academy of Science Fiction, Horror, and Fantasy and is, along with the current release of THE STEPFATHER, one of the best and most offbeat slashers you'll ever see.

Bo also stars in Fred Olen Ray's most recent sci-fi/monster opus, DEEP SPACE. The 6'5" Svenson is one guy your editor can see eye-to-eye with.



Kenneth Hall's EVIL SPAWN (aka DEADLY STING) should be in video stores by now. It features Bobby Bresee and an 8-ft.-tall insectoid monster on a rampage amidst lots of naked girls and ripped-up guys. Ken is also writing SORORITY SUCCUBUS SISTERS for Dave DeCoteau's Cinema Home Video Productions.



Mark Shostrom, much-in-demand artist whose recent FX tour-de-forces have been the highlights of NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 2 and 3, FROM BEYOND, and EVIL DEAD 2, is shown here with the child corpse deemed "too frightening to use" by the makers of NIGHTMARE 3. Mark said he based his design concept for the puppet on photographs of WWII concentration camp victims; after delivering his creation to the set, director Chuck Russel began to have some second thoughts. Production people thought the audience might be repulsed by the stark realism of the puppet as well as by the knowledge that this was a very young child's corpse. Another effect was hastily substituted on the set and Mark's superlative work was never on the screen.



Currently, Mark is considering several major film offers, none of which he was able to discuss when DEEP RED paid a visit to his South Pasadena studio last week. In issue #2 of DEEP RED we will have an in-depth interview with Mark, as well as an exclusive photo tour of his studio. By that time, he promises to have all the details of the FX project he has chosen, in addition to some more behind-the-scenes stories and photos from his work in THE SUPERNATURALS, THE MUTILATOR, TIGHTROPE, DEADLY FORCE, etc.





FROM NEW YORK - Reeltime Distributing Corporation has a full slate of genre offerings upcoming including: ROCK N' ROLL NIGHTMARE, BLOOD SISTERS, THE SPELL, and HOME SWEET HOME. The latter film, based on a script by Film Journal's Ed Kelleher, with FX by Ed French, may be undergoing a title change, due to its sharing a moniker with a 1985 stinkeroo about a musclehead (Jake Steinfeld) murdering some folks on Thanksgiving Day.

Roberta Findlay, cameraperson on SNUFF and director of ORACLE, TENEMENT, and BLOOD SISTERS, is the president of Reeltime, and their latest offering, HOME SWEET HOME, is described as being about "Hell, soul brokers, emotional manipulation, and a beautiful cellist who does not survive the finale."

Jim Cirile, general manager, associate producer, and pinch-hitting FX man, says HSH "is a return to ambitious, low-budget filmmaking...it's got good production values, an involving story, and on top of it all...BLOOD." "A girl's head gets disintegrated by a sledge hammer and a gimpy guy suffers lots of full frontal stabbings." This "rather old-fashioned ghost story with great FX" also features "delightfully subtle Ed French prosthetic work on the 'Lurkers' (ghosts)."

The just-released-on-video ROCK N' ROLL NIGHTMARE marks the debut of director John Fasano and offers up an impressive slate of FX-on-a-budget (teeny) including a succubus, cyclops, chest burster, and a stove monster.

Watch for future releases from Reeltime; they're real blood brothers and BLOOD SISTERS back there.



EUROGORE

HORROR HOTLINE -- EUROGORE

The original TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE (1974) has recently been banned in the democratic state of West Germany, as the wave of splatter paranoia continues to ooze its way throughout most of Europe.



ENGLAND - TV violence, Rambo movies and the "video nasties" are being blamed in the wake of Britain's

worst mass murder. Seventeen people were shot to death when a man, described in various accounts as "a Momma's boy, a loner with no girlfriends, who didn't drink and certainly didn't take drugs," opened fire with automatic weapons in the small town (5,000) residents of Hungerford. Newspapers reported the gunman was "dressed and armed like John Rambo when he went on the rampage."

Violent English videos have come under heavy fire before, and this most recent catastrophe will, no doubt, serve as a catalyst for further shelling. Many columnists, social workers, and political types have already blamed the gunman's behavior on the "video nasties" (I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE, BASKET CASE, even TOXIC AVENGER) and have said, "In the aftermath of Hungerford it is sheer intellectual cowardice to pretend that these images have no effect on behavior."

Sorry to get real for just a moment, but the repercussions from these charges, as well as the various other movements bent on censoring "questionable" films and music, will continue to be felt right here at home, too. And, right there in your living room. Expect to have to make at least a token gesture by way of an opinion sometime in your future.



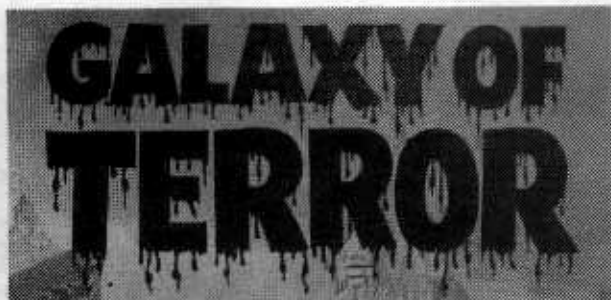
PANDORA





Our reliable Dutch correspondent, Hennie Vredevelde, reports that local filmmaker Wim Vink is, in fact, the "one and only hard-core cult director in Holland. His low-budget, independent films are filled with good FX and action. He's won film awards in France, Italy, Germany, Holland, and Canada." Hennie's sure American gorehounds will like Wim's work (if they ever get the chance to see it) and doesn't want U.S. fans to judge the Dutch only on the basis of THE LIFT.

Vink has made five films including PANDORA and DANCE MACABRE, the latter being his most recent effort and the recipient of rave reviews from local goremeisters.





MOVIES WITH GUTS



by
**Chas.
Balun**

A slightly different perspective is called for here. So instead of merely listing a catalogue of the most violent, most grisly films ever made, an effort will be made to expand the parameters of the heading beyond merely viscera as metaphor, into a study of films whose gut-level impact on their audience far exceeds simple titillation. It's far too easy for filmmakers to fill their frames with splashy gore effects and buckets of blood for want of anything better. Too easy indeed. We need to go a bit further, a little deeper into what it really means to label a film "one with guts." "Fortitude and stamina, having a strong impact or immediate relevance," says the dictionary. So, let's at least acknowledge another side to the slime before we immerse ourselves in the blood-red tide.

Many, many horror films have shown incredibly raw nerve, courage if you will, in showing us sights and sounds and feelings never fully explored before in the genre. These groundbreaking, brave little films have often been intensely more frightening and even more nerve shattering than the most explicit carnage you could ever imagine. In fact, with the recent release and success of the *FACES OF DEATH* series, *THE SHOCKING ASIA* and *MONDO MAGIC* films, as well as various video sickies featuring autopsies, car wrecks, animal cruelty, pig fucking, and God-knows-what-else, many horror fans (myself included) have begun to feel more like scabrous geeks at a side show than conscientious, dues-paying horror aficionados and film connoisseurs. How much courage and stamina does it really take to tie up some animal and slaughter it in front of the camera, then run around with the entrails? Or photographing mutilated

bodies, slaughterhouses, embalming rooms, or suicides. Jeez-us, I'm no fucking prude, but these films make me feel like a Peeping Tom. Some unclean thing jerking off in a darkened, stinking room while images of death, torture, suffering and grievous pain flicker before me like a hyped-up, heavy metal video from hell.

To witness these "death videos" is to wonder why you ever got involved in horror films in the first place. Is this where it all ends? Will real snuff films become the ultimate horror "high," taking you some place you're really not sure you would want to book passage to? So, to maintain some semblance to a "critical" journal of contemporary horror filmmaking, we need to define our territory and establish some criteria to intelligently assess those "films with guts."

Before you're wide eyed with surprise at some of the omissions on the following list, let me first explain why you won't be seeing such gut-busting titles as CANNIBAL FEROX, EATEN ALIVE BY THE CANNIBALS, FACES OF DEATH, CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST, or MONDO anything in the accompanying article. Films that feature gratuitous set-up scenes involving animal mutilation, torture, and killing simply have no place in serious or even semi-serious film studies. Film is an entertainment medium, sometimes even an artistic one, with far-reaching consequences, so we must eventually come to grips with how far to extend these boundaries. I may find some of these films titillating or simply outrageous, but I fail to see any evidence of "courage or stamina" or "bravery" on the part of the filmmakers.

Shooting autopsies, slaughterhouses, murder scenes, plane wrecks, and corpse mutilations, and then slickly packaging the film for the ever-jaded video market for financial gain is the ultimate in self-serving cynicism. Just the perfect thing for a world wallowing in terrorism, suspicion, fanaticism, vigilante death, mass murders, freeway shootings, and a jaded public that is so hungry for stimulation, so bereft of any moral center that nothing can ever go TOO FAR. Christ, here in Los Angeles a nuclear holocaust is not something taken as a final global apocalypse, but just another "inconvenience" that could put a bit of a crimp in a career.

While we're wandering about, or more aptly, careening about through this "high concept" editorial preface, let's not lose sight of why we're here. To discuss, critique, analyze, and, yes, admire films which have shocked, stimulated, scared and revitalized us--the audience. Films which have excited us and challenged our very ideas of life and death, of the nature of good and evil. Films to ponder and films in which to be proud.

So excuse the somewhat pompous, self-righteous tone of the above diatribe. Its intention was not to lay down the rules of responsible moral guardianship (from a splatter film editor no less!), but merely to inform you of where we at Deep Red stand on the issue. It's a tough job...but somebody's got to do it.

Lest you begin to worry that we've gone soft and gun shy towards gut slinging, let me assure you this will never be the case with Deep Red. We're here to wallow with you, knee deep if need be, in the bloody-best gore films of all time. Let's just not lose sight of the fact there is a distinction between REAL death and horror and THE REEL thing as presented by FX artists and technicians. These are illusions, magic, if you will, and light years away from the perverse visions of camera-toting crews of sadists and butchers who really do kill for the coin.

Okay. Lecture's over. Let's jump in.



FREAKS (1932) 64 minutes
d: Tod Browning

One year after finishing DRACULA, director/producer Browning made this film, which effectively ended his Hollywood career, and would remain nearly unseen for almost 35 years. A rare print surfaced at the Venice Film Festival of 1967 and modern audiences got their first chance to view what is perhaps one of the most unsettling, disturbing, heartfelt, and sincere horror films of all time.

An almost transcendent, shimmering long shot during the film's opening sequence introduces us to the "freaks" at play in a farmer's field, dancing, skipping, crawling, and hopping about in a scene highly charged with conflicting emotional content. Shock, revulsion, and contempt quickly give way to a sympathetic understanding with these people, who are ferociously loyal to one another and apparently free of most of the greed, treachery, dishonesty, and hubris which afflicts their "normal" counterparts. Browning was widely accused by the media of exploiting these people for their deformities, but any perceptive viewer will immediately see that this film was crafted by loving, tender hands and a warm, understanding, and merciful heart.

Also known under the alternative titles of NATURE'S MISTAKES, THE MONSTER SHOW, and FORBIDDEN LOVE.

PEEPING TOM (1960) 109 minutes
d: Michael Powell

Here is one more instance of a widely criticized and highly controversial film bringing down the career of yet another powerful, imaginative filmmaker who tried to stretch the limits of his craft beyond simple bourgeois diversion.

Powell directed the 1948 dance classic, THE RED SHOES, but the critics, journalists, and politicians who witnessed PEEPING TOM's uncompromising approach to its distasteful subject matter could only see "red" after that.

A twisted boy, tormented by his father (played by Powell), becomes a twisted adult, obsessed with capturing on film the most intense emotions imaginable. He rigs his 16mm camera with both a mirror and tripod-spike attachment, so his victims can die while they watch themselves being filmed in their death throes.

This is a shattering, complex, and provoking film experience, and due to paranoid censors and moral watchdogs, U.S. audiences had been unable to see the complete version until 1979, when director Martin Scorsese helped restore an uncut, 35mm, pristine print, which screened at the New York Film Festival.

Rife with seething undercurrents of sadomasochism, child abuse, sexual gratification through violence, and suicide, this "lost horror" was a good decade or two ahead of its time; and it remains a chilling, sobering reminder of the dark side of genius.



THE CONQUEROR WORM (1968) 87 minutes
(a.k.a. THE WITCHFINDER GENERAL)
d: Michael Reeves

Based on the factual account of Matthew Hopkins, a 17th century witchhunter who tortured and killed nearly 200 people during a one-year reign of terror, this American International release remains one of Vincent Price's most accomplished performances.

Witchfinder Hopkins (Price) and his partner John Stearne were not always (if ever) convinced that the people they tortured and killed were, in fact, real witches; but they relished their "job" and savored the money, bribes, and sexual favors granted them by the anxious townspeople.

The film is relentlessly depressing, cynical and mean-spirited, and very realistic when it comes to portraying the torture/executions. Based on historical fact and not on a work by Edgar Allen Poe, this film merely uses a couple of his lines in the prologue: "That, the play is the tragedy 'Man.' And its hero the Conqueror Worm."

The Worm turned on director Reeves shortly after this film was released and he was found dead of a drug overdose at age 25.

"The Tragedy 'Man,'" indeed.



THE DEVILS (1971) 109 minutes
d: Ken Russell

Based on Aldous Huxley's DEVILS OF LOUDUN, this surreal, frenzied, cinematic tour de force has been called "the most violent and blasphemous and censurable film in existence." They may very well be right this time. Reportedly, many scenes were cut from the possessed nun's exorcism ritual and other violent episodes, but what remains will stiffen even the most jaded exploitation fan.

Wildly profane and hyper-violent in extremes, no film scene has yet matched the pure perversion of the freshly crucified Christ on the cross about to be orally copulated by a hunchbacked, hysterical nun (played by Vanessa Redgrave). Your editor, being an unrepentant, fallen-away Catholic, assumes just writing the above lines will assure hellfire.

Though marginally based on Huxley's painstakingly researched account on politics and demon possessions in 17th century France, this film assumes a life all its own. Better be well prepared; this one'll put you on your ear.



ANDY WARHOL'S FRANKENSTEIN 3-D (1974) 94 min.
(a.k.a. FLESH FOR FRANKENSTEIN, THE DEVIL AND
DR. FRANKENSTEIN)
d: Margheriti/Morrissey

Baron Frankenstein (Udo Kier) is now a raving lunatic, who can only be sexually aroused by autopsies declaring, "To know life you must fuck death in the gall bladder." He is ready and willing to stitch any head, any body, or parts together anytime.

Lots of the fun is removed from this film when you don't get to see it in theatres and in 3-D. The climax has Keir impaled on a lance, his speared guts sticking out over the audience for, say, 50 or 60 feet as he delivers his impassioned and lengthy final goodbye. All amidst a grand clutter of body parts, blood, and corpses (supplied by FX artist Carlo Rambaldi).

This is grand camp fun of the highest order.

THE INCREDIBLE TORTURE SHOW (1977) 88 min.
d: Joel M. Reed

Here's a film with something to offend everybody...and that's a guarantee. Whether ye be female or male, cannibal or vegetarian, dancer or dwarf, this one delivers the two-finger eye poke and a hearty Bronx cheer to nearly every segment of any audience. I guess that's part of the perverse charm of this film; it spends so much time trying to alienate, disgust, and enrage its audience that by the time its over, you actually begin to enjoy its guttersnipe defiance.

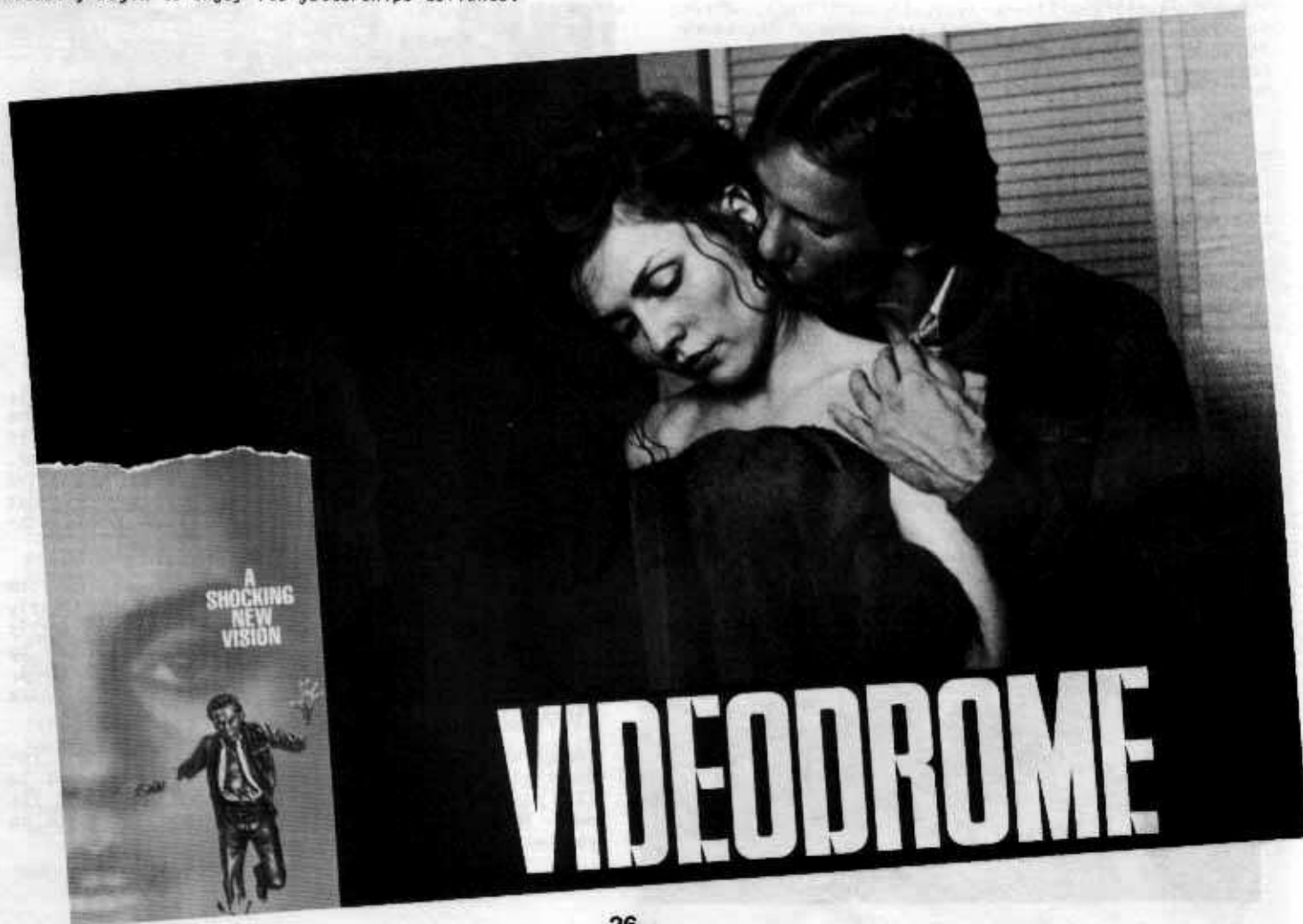
Sardu the Great, a burned-out, white-slaver, magician/huckster, has been staging Grand Guignol stage shows in a run-down theatre in Manhattan, when he decides to kidnap a prima ballerina and add her to his collection of caged cannibal girls. Her hunk-of-a-guy boyfriend and a private detective eventually track her down, but not before you've been exposed to eyeball pluckings, dismemberments, ass violence, teeth yankings, tongue pullings, etc. The film's centerpiece has a guy pulling out all this poor unfortunate's teeth before shaving her head, drilling into her brains, and suckin' 'em out through a straw!

Fortunately, the film is so hyperexcessive, ridiculously phony, and so broadly played that it's pretty difficult to become really revolted or disturbed by it. Owes much to Herschell Gordon Lewis' WIZARD OF GORE, though this one does it better, badder, and bloodier.

Retitled BLOODSUCKING FREAKS by Troma Productions, it was rereleased with new ad art and title after briefly being banned by outraged Women Against Pornography.

MANIAC (1980) 88 min.
d: William Lustig

Oh, oh! What's this one doing here? Even knowledgeable genre critics have called this "the single most reprehensible film EVER made." Worse even, than THE GOLDEN CHILD, CROCODILE DUNDEE, or BEVERLY HILLS COP 2? No, not really, but it is an unrelenting slip into sleaze, major league style, and is filled with enough misogynistic sentiments to fuel a dozen slashers.



Joe Spinell (the co-writer/producer) kills women and nails their scalps to mannequins he collects in his squalid apartment. The violence is sickeningly brutal, prolonged, and explicit. The camera never gets cold feet; it's right there, up close and very personal. It tried to deliver what it thought gore-crazy audiences were dying for--uncut, X-rated scenes of interpersonal mayhem, orchestrated by the top FX man in the business (Savini)! They really guessed wrong because, oddly enough, even the hard-core gorehounds were turned off by this one.

Still, you've got to give these guys credit where credit's due. To offend an audience made up entirely of folks who usually cheer every knife thrust, machete plunge, shotgun blast, razor cut, or ice pick attack is really something.

The movie remains a repellent film experience but it still retains an undeniable, stubbornly perverse power, undiminished by time or reason.

VIDEODROME (1983) 88 min.
d: David Cronenberg

This exciting, original, and challenging effort is, along with THE BROOD, Cronenberg's best and most realized film. However, it does commit the unpardonable sin of asking a bit too much from its audience. VIDEODROME forces you to see into the future and witness one possible consequence of our insatiable appetite for sex, violence, titillation, and stupefaction.

James Woods turns in a typically brilliant, driven performance as a video pirate attempting to locate the origins of a satellite transmission whose offerings include sex-torture-snuff films for stateside subscribers.

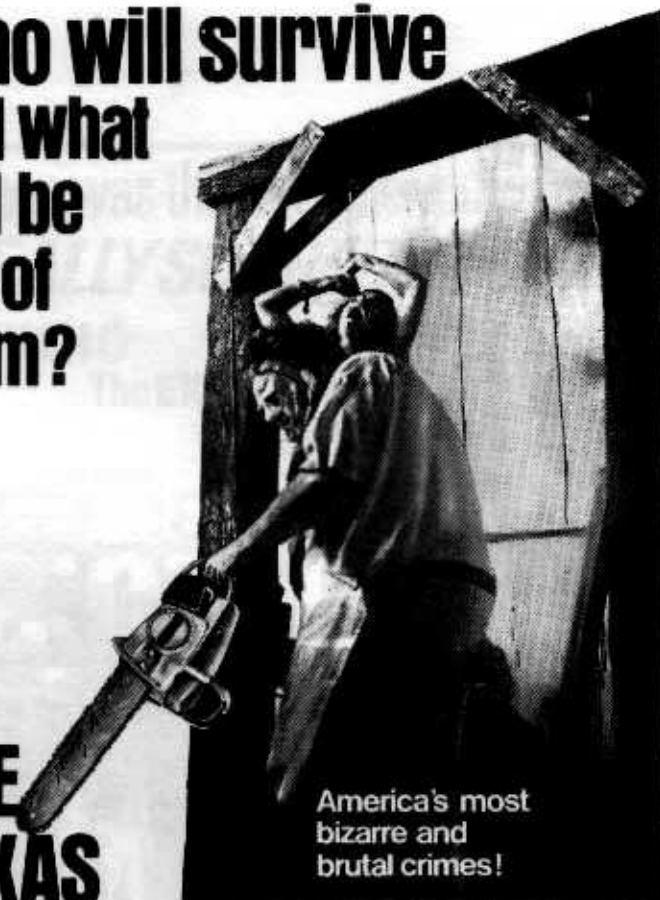
The film abounds with dreamy, surreal imagery that attempts to pry into our hearts and souls and lay bare the reasoning behind our constant quest for stimulation.

Rick Baker's FX are squishy, brilliant, and shocking in equal degrees. Cronenberg has rarely been more invigorating or experimental.



THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE

Who will survive
and what
will be
left of
them?



America's most
bizarre and
brutal crimes!

THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE

What happened is true. Now the motion picture that's just as real.

THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE: A film by TOBE HOOPER. Starring MARILYN BURNEL and GURRAY HANCOX as "Leatherface". Story & Screenplay by RAY WENDEL and TOBE HOOPER. Produced and Directed by TOBE HOOPER. COLOR. A BRANTON PICTURES RELEASE. **R** RESTRICTED **42+**

THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE (1974) 87 min.
d: Tobe Hooper

and

RE-ANIMATOR (1985) 86 min.
d: Stuart Gordon

Knowing the audience familiarity with these films as well as having written at length about them before leads your editor to the assumption that he should be succinct and not hyperbolic and attempt a summation of sorts that puts these films in perspective. Though light years apart by way of content, execution, and impact, these two films do share common ground. A particularly hallowed common ground, that is.

Simply put, with little fear of reproach, these cornerstones of contemporary carnage represent two of the three most important, most influential horror films to be released in the last 20 years. Oops! There I go again. Sorry (sort of). But then...I am the editor... so sue me.

CRS
FOX
VIDEO

OOG IN OOG MET DE HEL...

ARGENTO'S INFERNO

BY TODD FRENCH

When I first saw Dario Argento's *SUSPIRIA* in '77, I was knocked out of my socks. I had always been impressed by Argento, the best of the post-Bava Italian horror (giallo) maestros, and his series of stylish whodunits in the 70's (*BIRD WITH THE CRYSTAL PLUMAGE*, *FOUR FLIES ON GRAY VELVET*, etc); but none of those had prepared me for *SUSPIRIA*'s showboat audiovisual pyrotechnics. So what if the story of a witches' coven in a girls' dance academy was hackneyed? *SUSPIRIA* was stylish, terrifying and fun. And who could forget the opening murder set piece, one of the most horrifying scenes in the genre in which a young girl is pulled against and through a glass pane by someone or something unseen? Man!

INFERNO is Argento's sequel to that lavish occult bash and a mesmerizing tour de force which firmly establishes Argento as the true inheritor of Mario Bava's mantle.

The plot: poetess Rose Elliot (Irene Miracle) lives in New York in a neo-Gothic apartment house designed by an architect and alchemist, Varelli. From antiquarian Kazanian (Sacha Pitoeff), she buys Varelli's book, *The Three Mothers*, and learns that her house and two other dwellings in Rome and Germany (settings for *SUSPIRIA*) were built for the diabolical trinity of the Mothers of Whispers, Darkness, and Tears, malicious beings who rule the Earth.

Writing to her brother, Mark (Leigh McCloskey), a music student in Rome about her discovery, her letter is read by mistake by his girlfriend, Sara (Eleonora Giorgi), who goes off to the local library in quest of the book. There she is menaced in the library basement by a mysterious figure with taloned hands. She takes refuge with an acquaintance, Carlo (Gabrielle Lavia), and they are both brutally murdered. Distraught, Mark flies to New York only to learn that Rose has disappeared.

First, *INFERNO* doesn't even come close to making sense on a narrative level other than providing the basic framework of meting out violent, surreal deaths to a number of characters who have the bad fortune to stumble upon the lairs of the Mothers of Tears and Darkness. One of the main criticisms of Argento has been that his scripts come in a definite second to his aural-visual fireworks. However, unlike his less talented contemporaries in giallo, Fulci and Cozzi for example, his movie projects such a sense of a nightmarish dimension apart from reality that the bravura gleefully submerges the lack of logic. Like the best nightmares, *INFERNO* requires no explanation.

For horror buffs, reared on the usual penny dreadful Sean S. Cunningham/Wes Craven splatter clones, *INFERNO* will prove mystifying. It may irritate some people that a teenage nymphet shows up in Mark's music class for no apparent reason (though she'll probably turn out

to be the Mother of Tears in the third film) or seemingly unrelated subplots (i.e. the crippled bookseller's war on the local cats) are thrown in like so much unconscious flotsam and jetsam; but there are a number of sequences that will satisfy even the most jaded splatter fans. In a scene reminiscent of the first death in *SUSPIRIA*, Rose receives a slow decapitation at the clawed hands of an unseen assailant. In another, bookseller Kazanian is devoured by rats while drowning cats in Central Park during an eclipse of the moon. There are also some choice stabbings and eye gougings.

Argento is adept at conjuring up a night world of chaos and evil forces waiting to break out from the cover of everyday reality, a cruel climate where anything can, and probably will, happen. Both of his heroines are murdered on both sides of the Atlantic on the same night. Threatening whispers abound in baroque-looking deathtraps, increasing the characters' and our own sense of paranoia and helplessness. We aren't surprised when a hotdog vendor, huffing and puffing his way to a potential victim, turns out to be one of the minions of the Three Mothers. It's not long before we start to believe in evil forces and a world where the only constant is Death, no matter how stylishly done.

INFERNO's richness of detail also enhances the general sense of doom--lost and found objects leading protagonists to gruesome deaths, malevolent tomes worthy of the Necronomicon, architectural doppelgangers (it may take repeated viewing of *INFERNO* to catch the identical addresses and serpent motifs of both the houses in New York and Rome), drops of blood and pieces of glass as portents, and all this wrapped up in Bavaesque blues, reds, and greens.

In *SUSPIRIA*, Jessica Harper says, "Magic is all around us," and Argento backed it up by showing us automatic doors, seemingly imbued with a life of their own, experimental lighting and a thunderous soundtrack, courtesy of long-time Argento collaborator, Goblin. In *INFERNO*, the Three Mothers couldn't have done a better job directing, especially in one scene which rivals anything in *SUSPIRIA*: Rose wanders around one of those places where "angels fear to tread," except in this case it all happens underwater.

Of course, this is not to say that *INFERNO* is without its faults. That old Italian horror movie bugaboo, indifferent dubbing, occasionally pops up now and again and many American eyes may end up leading to all the sumptuous atmosphere. The nonlinear plot is sure to annoy those folks who are more in the market for orthodox scares.

Unlike *SUSPIRIA*, which was a louder work in every way, Argento's approach is much more muted in its art direction (we don't have the screaming blood-red exterior of the Tanz Academie, for example). Argento still experiments with lighting effects (faces are lit with blues and greens to suggest terror, etc.), while Giuseppe Bassan's fluid photography gives the movie a hypnotic sheen. Keith Emerson's pounding rock score compels the ear without wiping out our eardrums, another first for Argento. The production values are the best in an Italian horror film for quite some time, lending every scene a sense of opulence amidst all the gore.

INFERNO is another bold entry in the horror genre by an original talent who is reshaping the format into his own distinct, personal vision. By the way, when's the third film coming out?

When was the last time you were
REALLY SCARED!!!?

PSYCHO

The EXORCIST

JAWS

Now there's

DEEP RED



A Dario Argento Film

DEEP RED

You will **NEVER** forget it!!!

Starring **DAVID HEMMINGS** Daria Nicolodi

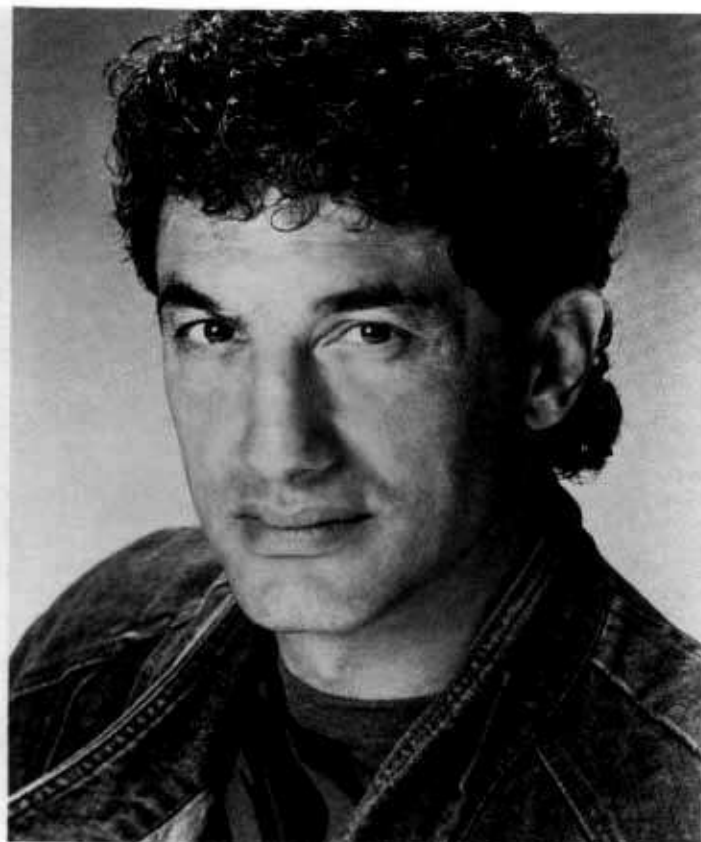
with Gabriele Lavia, Cara Cokina, Macha Meril, Gaudio Mauri, Eros Pagni, Giuliana Calandri
Screenplay by Giuseppe Bassan. Costumes by Elena Mimmi. Original Music by George Göttsch
Executive Producer Claudio Argento. A film produced by SALVATORE ARGENTO for SEDA, SPETTACOLI
Story by Dario Argento and Bernardo Zapponi. Director of Photography Luigi Kuvalter
Worldwide distribution: CINEFIZ, Rome. A Les J. Marks/Roadside Associates Ltd. Feature Film

A Directors' - Mahler Films Release **R** RESTRICTED-13

DAVID A. HESS

SINGER SCHOLAR PSYCHO

BY KRIS GILPIN



David A. Hess made an unforgettable, frightening splash on the silver screen as Krug, the head of the escaped killer gang, in Wes Craven's infamous *LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT*. Hess's death scene would, in fact, open the cinematic blood/floodgates for chainsaw epics in future years. (He got his head sawed off by a powersaw at the end of Craven's intense filmic workout.)

A few years later, the actor would give another excellent performance, portraying a character even more reprehensible, in Ruggero Deodato's *HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF THE PARK*. I was pleasantly surprised to learn that David Hess is also a very accomplished screen/songwriter (he has even won two Grammy Awards), and holds a Master's Degree from New York's Columbia University.

I had the pleasure of finally meeting and speaking with David A. Hess on the night of August 24, 1987. He sported a salt-and-pepper beard and I found him to be a very personable guy with a great sense of humor. (When I told him the name of this new publication, he laughed and said, "Deep Red? I love it!") And other potential interviewees for this premiere issue never even bothered to return my call once they got wind of this mag's name!

KG: How did you get *LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT*?

DH: Initially, the producers hired me to play the comic relief in a film during the era of porno films. They were trying to break out of that, so they decided to do a kind of "V for Violence" (an early, self-imposed movie rating) film instead. I was hired to do the music and at the last minute they asked me if I had done any acting before. I had, but I'd never done a film. They said, "Well, you look the type. Want to read for us?" So I did, and I scared them! I got paid \$1,000 for the lead in *LAST HOUSE* and \$18,000 to do the music! (Laughs)

KG: What was it like to make that film?

DH: Long hours, short pay--we lived in a motel sometimes, other times we lived in the producer's, Sean S. (HOUSE, FRIDAY THE 13TH) Cunningham, house. Hot-and-cold running women, as usual on low-budget films because you need a lot of P.A.s (producer's assistants, i.e., go-fers). It was a lot of fun, really a generous, family-type communal effort. I think that's why the picture did as well as it did--the believability of the film had a lot to do with the comfort of the whole set. I enjoyed it immensely.

KG: Did you have any idea it would be so controversial?

DH: Absolutely not. We knew we had a good film right from the start, but we had no idea what was going to happen with it because of budget restrictions. The production was presold, which was the only way the producer could raise the money for it. I knew it was going to be an intense film. I couldn't get another film after that, that's how intense it was. People who viewed it didn't want to know who I was. I still get old ladies who'll walk across the street when they see me coming. In Europe, especially, it's phenomenal. Every country it played in it did well and I think it's finally going to be released in Europe after all these years. There's not so much blood in the film if you look at it. It's the helpless aspect of the film that makes people so crazy. You're helpless to do anything because of the situation; it's very Swedish in its approach.

KG: Yes, some said it was based on Ingmar Bergman's *THE VIRGIN SPRING* (which also concerned a father's revenge).

DH: Yes, I think it was loosely based on it. Bergman's not a bad guy to copy, really. (Smiles)

KG: I did wonder about any personal flak you might've gotten from the film.

DH: I went to Europe shortly thereafter and lived there for ten years. I think it was something I always had in mind to do anyway. In addition to cutting off acting offers, LAST HOUSE closed a lot of songwriting doors for me, too. It was like being blacklisted without being blackballed for having taken that kind of quantum leap into the unknown area of screen violence. I really can understand it; I'm absolutely not affected by it whatsoever. I raised my three kids without violence. They're aware of it, but they're aware of when it's movie violence and when it's actual violence. So, I got an offer to go to Europe and I moved there. I ran a record firm over there which was essentially my background--music.

KG: One of the most disturbing moments for me in that film is when the last girl walks into the water, praying to herself; she knows she's going to die. This almost serene music comes up and you get a look on your face of...not remorse...almost disgust before you shoot her to death.

DH: That's exactly what we were going for in that scene. We had long discussions about this because Sean wanted to do it another way. But we said, "Look, I don't care how bad you make these guys, but there has to be some kind of redeeming quality. How or where you put it in doesn't matter, but the audience has to get in touch with them somehow." So, we purposely made the drunk scene in the bedroom--where they're passing the bottle across the bed--funny. That other scene was intentionally done; it was set up before that, after I rape her, when I scrape the "evil" off my hands and everything. The whole gang was disturbed by it; Krug had taken himself too far. I think all killers do realize that, too. Get me on the subject of prison sometime.

KG: Where and when were you born?

DH: New York, 1942.

KG: And what did you get your Master's in, music?

DH: No, archaeology. I did some acting in high school and college. I always knew my career would switch into acting somewhere down the line. I never had been a company man and that's why my career's been up and down. It seems like it's been mostly horror films. I haven't been able to break that genre as well as I'd have liked. (Laughs)

KG: Does that bother you?

DH: Yes and no--I'm still challenged by it. I think I set a precedent with Krug, trying to put some kind of human quality into him and I always try to reach for that in whatever roles I do. I've been writing music since I was 12, including a lot of hit records. I wrote "Speedy Gonzales," "I Got Stung," "Start Movin'," all the Sal Mineo records.

KG: What'd you win your Grammys for?

DH: A multi-media rock opera called The Naked Carmen, which was a kind of amalgamation of classical and pop. I got some nominations for "Speedy Gonzales," and a couple for the Elvis Presley tunes I wrote (such as "I Got Stung," "Come Along," and "Sandcastles").

KG: What was Elvis like to work with?

DH: I should consider myself either one of the lucky ones or one of the unlucky ones--I never met the man. I spoke to him once on the phone (Laughs) and my tenure of writing for him was a good six or seven years, although I think we'd have probably gotten along if we'd ever met. I was putting myself through college (as a songwriter) and doing it for a living. I wrote rock, pop, folk; I was classically trained and went to

MARI, SEVENTEEN,
IS DYING. EVEN FOR HER
THE WORST IS YET
TO COME!



LAST HOUSE
ON THE LEFT

WARNING!
NOT RECOMMENDED
FOR PERSONS
OVER 30!

HELD OVER!

TO AVOID
FAINTING

KEEP REPEATING,
IT'S ONLY A MOVIE
ONLY A MOVIE
ONLY A MOVIE
ONLY A MOVIE
ONLY A MOVIE

...IT'S
JUST
ACROSS
THE
STREET
FROM
"JOE"!

Julliard and Columbia Universities for three years. For a year and a half I averaged 29 credits a semester--madness!

KG: What's TOURIST TRAP, your new film also directed by Deodato, about?

DH: A co-production between the U.S. and Italy, we shot some of it here and some there. It's unreleased as we speak. It was made just last year--a black, horror comedy about a group of kids who go up into the mountains for a weekend and are bumped off by Sasquatch a Bigfoot. I think it's called BODY COUNT now; it's really a silly little movie. Charles (THE NIGHT STALKER, CHERRY, HARRY AND RAQUEL) Napier's in it; he's fun to work with, too. (Hearty laugh) Neither of us take things too seriously. It was like--how many different roles could we do in our parts? "You do John Wayne and I'll do Jimmy Stewart, then you can do Jimmy Cagney and I'll do Humphrey Bogart." We actually did this in the movie--you see the posturing and everything. It was very funny. It's a really bizarre film; it's fun and it's frightening because some of the murders in it are pretty gruesome--like getting pulled through glass. I play a not-too-bright owner of a camp whose son is off in the Army and whose wife's been cheating on him with Napier for the last 20 years. He's been hunting this Sasquatch for 10 those many years while his wife is getting banged in the bedroom by the local sheriff.

KG: Where do you draw such hate from in order to play a character so reprehensible as in HOUSE AT THE EDGE OF THE PARK?

DH: Well, it's not hard to hate. What's hard on yourself, I guess, is to carry it with you. But, it's not hard to visualize emotion or go back in your past and find a time you really hated someone or something. Mind you, I'm an eternal optimist where the human race is concerned, but we can be pretty nasty, individually, to one another. My object in playing that character was just to hit everybody with as much bile and vituperousness as possible, because I think a character

like that is hiding behind something. That's why I wanted that scene in the beginning, where he's dressing. You notice how particular he was in the way he looked. He did that because he's hiding behind something--his use of mirrors. I put on 20 lbs. for that movie because I wanted him to be sloppy. In the shower scene, where he goes in the shower with the girl, he was embarrassed. He was embarrassed climbing into bed with a girl, she wasn't.

Now, the thing about that movie was that everyone in it was reprehensible. There wasn't a likable person in the whole movie. I think that was the failure of the movie. It's too bad because I think that nihilism has its place. A lot of great writers wrote in the nihilistic mode: Sartre, Proust. They tried to bring in a balance with the kids and the retribution at the end. But, I'm the guy you love to hate, and somehow you get so involved with hating a character like that, by the end of the movie, you're identifying with the hated character. What does that say to you? Is hate close to love? Well, everybody knows that; it's two sides of the same emotion. You might say I work psychologically in my films, to bring about that kind of awareness, but you can't do it unless you have a director and writer who writes for you. And, as I said before, it's very hard when you're dealing with limited budgets. Give me \$10 million to do something like that and I'll blow you out of your seat.

KG: What kind of flak did you get from that one, because I know a lot of people were shocked by that film?

DH: (Laughs) I got a lot of hateful phone calls when people found my number. Then, after talking to me for a few minutes, they'd realize I'm a good guy and I'm just out there doing a job--it's the job they want me to do. It's they who are the bad guys for going and seeing it, and getting off on it. (Smiles) I wonder how much of what I've done on film people have tried to do in real life? That's a scary thought--you're setting some half psycho up to do one of these things.

KG: How do you answer those who say a film can go "too far"?

DH: I don't think a film can go too far, but I want to quality that. I think it's like taking, let's say, a LSD trip. The reason for a bad trip is because you're exposed to only badness, and you might have someone there who won't lead you through the trip and who's vindictive. I think you can go as far as you want with a film, but you have to include all the other possibilities that go along with going that far. So, if you're going to do these heinous, reprehensible characters, the chances are that, in reality, they will meet their fates somehow in the same way. You've got to include that in a film because, of course, you are compacting reality so people can see it in an hour and a half. So, I don't think you can go too far as long as you include the peripherals; I think if you take only one point of view, you go too far.

KG: What did you think of I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE (perhaps the ultimate, misogynistically abusive revenge flick ever made)?

DH: I thought it was gratuitous; I've never made a gratuitous movie. I've made a lot of films which have gratuity in them: gratuitous sex, gratuitous violence, gratuitous sadism. But, that's just a part of the film; there's, hopefully, always some other part which will balance that.

KG: Is playing the ultimate bad guy as much fun as it looks?

DH: Well, you certainly get to take a point of view, don't you? (Smiles) Yeah, it's fun.

KG: Just to go apeshit and let it all out...
DH: Well, you can't do that, although it's made to look very natural. For instance, in HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF THE PARK, there's a scene where I'm crying. I had a very tough time controlling myself in that scene and not just stopping and breaking down completely. Because there were so many thoughts, so many keys, that got me to the point I could cry. I had to deal with them while having to deal with dialogue and the people around me, and try to make it natural. So you have to really do your homework. It's a lot of fun once you do your homework, to know how far you can go with it. And, it's a lot of fun to do something a bit differently each time to keep your opponents, or the good guys, off guard. It's not fair to the other actors to run totally amok, because what are they going to react to? Where's the balance?

KG: Are you still interested in playing bad guys?
DH: Oh sure, but good bad guys; you know, great bad guys!

KG: You worked with the great Jack (INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN, CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON) Arnold on THE SWISS CONSPIRACY. What was he like to work with?
DH: Great guy, terrific. He's a wonderful guy, and he's forgotten more than most people know. I learned more from watching Jack than from talking to him. I was one of the killers in the film, obviously, and the head killer was John (NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET) Saxon, so most of my time was spent with Saxon. At the time, I wasn't much of a name--I don't know that I am now. But, watching the way Jack moved the camera around helped me a lot.

KG: How about SWAMP THING?

DH: A blast, fun from one minute to the next. It was so difficult, though, a lot of political snipings and in-fighting on that film. I think if Wes Craven had his way and had been able to make the film he wanted to make, it would have been more successful. The picture has just gone through the roof on television, cable and video. Maybe they just fucked it over in the release and didn't get it out in the theatres the way it should've been, because it did so well in the other markets. And Nicholas (DON'T ANSWER THE PHONE, NO WAY OUT) Worth and I are good ol' buddies; we speak pretty regularly. We had terrific fun on that movie together. He's a funny guy; Nicholas is my Los Angeles zealot!

KG: What is Craven like to work with?

DH: He knows what he wants, he's easy going, very strong minded and strong willed. He allows you a tremendous amount of latitude in terms of your own creativity and, I think, doesn't like to work with people he doesn't respect. Wes is essentially an intellectual, as well as I know him, and I think he tries to cast the most interesting people he can and who he considers the most malleable actors with the most latitude of acting experience.

KG: How had he or his directorial style changed between LAST HOUSE and SWAMP THING?

DH: That's a difficult question to answer. Obviously, he grew after having made maybe a half dozen films in between. I don't think his intrinsic style changed too much; he obviously knew more about camera placement, taking shortcuts and emphasis. I think his heart was more into doing a film like LAST HOUSE rather than SWAMP THING. Don't forget--LAST HOUSE said a lot; that's why it's endured for so long. SWAMP THING was a comic book. Everybody should make at least one attempt at trying to make a comic book in their life, but it's not the same kind of film. And Wes, because he's also a writer, is the kind of director who likes to trouble people. My guess is that he's not happy unless he's asking questions.

KG: You had a cameo at the end of ARMED AND DANGEROUS. What was it like working with John Candy and Eugene Levy (of SCTV fame), and what'd you think of the final film?

DH: It was a shit film, a piece of garbage with lousy direction. Mark (FIRESTARTER, CLASS OF 1984) Lester is just not a good director; he did not know what he was doing. I think the producer (also an actor, James Keach), who's a wonderful guy, was caught between a rock and a hard place and was in the middle of a real problem. I just think he got in over his head. I was the ice cream man at the end; you blink once and I'm gone. I did it because it was a fun thing to do and I needed the job at the time. I also did it because I wanted to prove to myself it didn't make a fucking bit of difference whether you did a lead in a film--where you controlled it for 90% of the time--or if you had two shots in the film. It doesn't matter; it doesn't change the person, or who you are as a human being. But I really hated the way it turned out; I think that film was just a bona fide mistake all the way around. I think if you hire John Candy you have the makings of a good film; his presence is outstanding and he had a good supporting cast. They're funny guys and they lost them!

KG: You also had a cameo in LET'S GET HARRY, which never got a theatrical release, but went straight to tape. The director, Stuart (AMITYVILLE HORROR) Rosenberg, even had his name taken off the film. (He used "Alan Smithee," the name directors use when they've disowned their films.)

DH: I never saw LET'S GET HARRY from beginning to end. Did you see it?

KG: Yeah, we saw the tape. As an actioneer, it's only fair. There's too much sitting around and talking, although the actors (Robert Duvall, Gary Busey, etc.) were good.

DH: I played a funny scene with the knife and the posturing and all that. That's why I did it. (Producer) Daniel H. (V) Blatt asked me to do the cameo because he originally wanted me to play Harry (Mark Harmon in the film), but he couldn't get the idea



Hess' playmates in *LAST HOUSE*, Weasel and Sadie



through Stuart or the rest of the people involved. But, he wanted me in the film, so he gave me that bit instead, saying, "It ain't much, but it'll get you a week of work in Chicago, and you'll have fun." So I said, "Fine, I'll do it." He's a terrific guy and a good friend of mine.

KG: How'd you get your chance to direct the made-for-video release horror *TO ALL A GOODNIGHT* and what do you think of the way it turned out?

DH: (Laughs) Essentially, the same way I got to be in *LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT*--somebody called me and asked me if I wanted to direct! "Sure, why not!" And, I'm about to embark on directing something else; I'm just putting it together now. I think that everyone should direct at least once in their life and, if they like it, more. It's like writing songs; unless you've produced a song, what the fuck's the point of writing it? I loved directing *GOODNIGHT*; it took us 12 1/2 days to shoot. We shot it for \$67,000 and it's made over \$1 million. It was made strictly for the ancillary market although I think it may be released theatrically now because the rights have come back. It's a good little Santa Claus thriller. I think it holds up with the rest of the stuff. It was a one-set film,

shot all in one place, a house. I got muscles lugging around an old Mitchell camera, which we used on the film. We worked 18 hours a day. There was no "interior/exterior." It was just, "Okay, guys, we worked six hours inside, now let's go outside!" I had a lot of fun making that film, and, for that kind of money, I don't think it could've turned out better. There's a beginning, a middle, and an end. "Thank you, God!" (Laughs)

KG: When did you first become interested in writing?

DH: Oh, I've always been writing; I just like to write. I'm a writer; if you're a writer, it doesn't matter--you'll write anything. You can't help it; you experiment. I've written a 6-hour mini-series on the Falasha that's about to go into pre-production in Italy. The Falasha are the Ethiopian Jews who live in the highlands of Ethiopia, in the Gondar region. I wrote a script that was produced by a Tex-Mex company called *WHEN EAGLES FALL*. It was a semi-loosely-based biographical thing on singer Freddie Fender; he'd spent a lot of time in prison. It was a theatrical release, although I think it was (Laughs) only released in the Mexican market, about three or four years ago. And, I'm really close right now to having a couple of things produced. Danny (*SAVAGE STREETS, FRIDAY THE 13TH, PART 4*) Steinman and I are going to do a film together. I'll be playing a good guy now, a 45-yr-old archaeo--

logist--hello! (Laughs) Is that typecasting! I'm not going to give up the bad guy; he's too much fun. But, I'd like to try my hand at something which is, perhaps, a little more heroic and maybe, I don't know, set a good example for my children. There are these two sides of me. I think it's probably harder to do a really good guy than it is to do a really good bad guy. You don't really have much latitude in doing a good guy--you're just there. You're a reactor as opposed to an actor.

The film's about this archaeologist hired to find the linkup between the sightings of extraterrestrials. He goes to South America and makes a connection with the Incan ruins there that have all the petroglyphs on them which look like they could, perhaps, be star people. It's not a new theory, but maybe a new wrinkle. There is only a first-draft script at this point. And, I'll probably do more episodic TV this year; it pays the bills. I'm lucky enough that I have a lot of friends. I normally don't get many jobs through my agent. I normally get phone calls and have my agent just negotiate it; it's always worked that way with me. I don't get sent on that many interviews, for instance. I'll probably do a Buck James show--a new series--a Simon & Simon and a Cagney and Lacey, I'm sure, if I'm in town. (Hess has done spots on Baretta, Knight Rider, A-Team, Fall Guy, and others.)

KG: You're a singer, too?

DH: Yeah, I'm a songwriter/singer; I record my own material. There's a recording studio right down the street from me. I did the record called "Two Brothers" --"One wore blue and one wore grey." It was a pretty big hit. And, I sang The Naked Carmen. You make me very nostalgic when I think about singing; I haven't done enough of it, but you can't do everything. I'm

also playing Michelangelo in an Italian mini-series. Jerry (SHOGUN) London is directing it; he's a pretty decent guy. And BODY COUNT will be out soon. I basically took the last year off to sit back and do some writing. I felt if I made myself scarce, it might change the industry's concept of who I was, and might help me to get some--not better--but different roles.

KG: Where would you like your career to go from here?

DH: Would I like a TV series? If I thought the show could really say something, yeah. I'd like to do a kind of "everyman" thing, something heroic with my feet on the ground. Someone who's normal, who shows his difficulties in life. I don't want to be a hero's hero, so to speak, but I'd like to try to do some of the other kinds of roles. And, there's always a horror film out there I can jump into. That's not a problem, you know. I think people have had enough of me scaring them, anyway (Smiles).

KG: Have we mentioned everything lined up in your future?

DH: I'm going to direct a vampire Western. I'm in the process of writing it right now and it has already been funded. I'm pretty much set for the next year.



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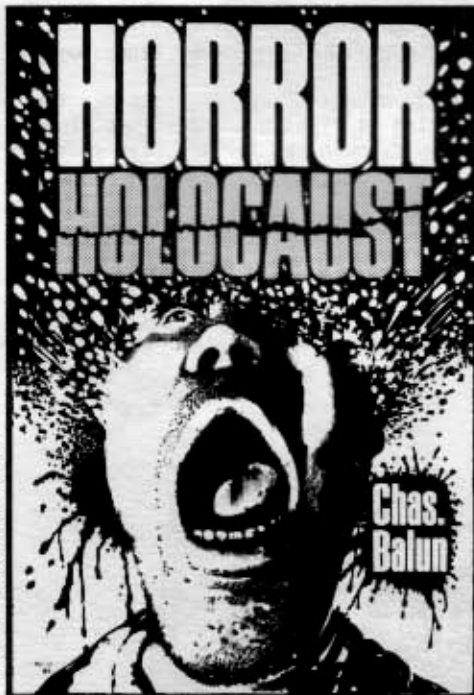
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INTERVIEW

STAR JAMES KAREN PRODUCER TOM FOX

RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD

BY CHAS. BALUN
& DENNIS DANIEL



DR: Your portrayal of the medical supply warehouseman in RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD shows an unusual depth of characterization for a zombie film.

JK: The response to the character I play in the film, Frank, shows the fans are not just insensitive gore mad people who can't recognize quality material. They responded when they got more. They deserve better acting. I had a particularly good field day at the time. I liked O'Bannon's direction a lot and the material and everything combined to inspire me.

DR: What did you draw from for your character, Frank?

JK: My father. My father would never make a phone call without combing his hair, adjusting his tie, and making sure his glasses were clean. He always thought people could see him on the phone.

DR: Was the comedy element envisioned as a way to have the film more attractive to other than just the hardcore gore crowd?

JK: It was written as a marvelous, high camp spoof with gore. It was a double whammy. We were hoping we would attract people who weren't just fans of horror films, but people who just enjoyed good comedy, too.

DR: The ensemble acting was quite remarkable for a zombie film.

JK: Dan O'Bannon, with the blessing of producer Tom Fox, had us rehearse for a week before, which made all the difference in the world. We all got to know one another and the entire cast was there. We were paid

for the rehearsal which was a brave thing and an expensive thing for the producers to do.

TF: We wanted to figure out early which actors to murder off before the filming started!

JK: Oh, that Tom Fox has a mean quirk in character that I predict will get him into trouble later on in life.

JK: We rehearsed it as we would a play. We knew scene 138 by heart. We had an emotional map of the entire movie.

DR: Did working with the graphic FX and nudity bother you at all?

TF: He's always nervous around naked ladies.

JK: First of all, we had a young lady named Linnea Quigley, an absolute great lady who was nude most of the picture, but the minute the camera cut, some one came over to Linnea, put a blanket over her and she was so sweet that no one ever thought anything ugly or vulgar about her. She was truly a sweet girl, who knew what she was doing. She was working, in the nude, to create an effect and it had nothing to do with her personally. I admired her very much for that.

DR: And the frontal nudity?

TF: We used a cod piece to cover her pubic area so she wasn't totally nude.

JK: You mean she wasn't totally nude? And here all the time I was playing it as if she were totally nude.

DR: Your zombies are unlike the usual shuffling, dim-witted cannibals seen in most walking dead films.

TF: The real genius was Dan O'Bannon's writing, he was responsible for the zombies not looking like or acting like any others ever seen on the screen before.

JK: Dan's a very complicated man and has, I would say right to his face, a lot of enemies, but I found Dan's work so creative that it was both exciting and difficult to work with him. He's not the easiest man to work with, but it was very exciting.

DR: How did you first get the role? Was it Tobe Hooper (the original director's) doing?

JK: Yes, Tobe originally cast me, but O'Bannon found out he would be directing because of Tobe's commitment to LIFEFORCE, I'm extraordinarily fond of Tobe from my experience with POLTERGEIST and I also did INVADERS FROM MARS for Tobe after that. I wanted to work with him and I was really disappointed to find out he wasn't going to direct it. But then, Dan came up and said that he'd agreed with Tobe that "you're right for the part and I'd like to use you." I never thought I was right for the part. I've never played blue-collar guys...usually sophisticated, scheming characters... upper crust, upper level types. I thought they were all nuts for hiring me. So, I drew upon my father, who was a blue-collar laborer who worked until he was 85 and could still hoist 100 lbs. of potatoes up to a shelf. I really liked my father. I look at the picture and I'm reminded that some of the people back in my hometown of Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania, who knew my dad, said, "My God, it's like watching your father."

DR: What about the rights to use "Living Dead" in the title?

TF: I've got all the rights from John Russo for all "Living Dead" titles. He had a script based on his novel, but Orion Pictures decided that was not the script they wanted to do.

DR: What did his script look like?

TF: It was very similar to the original NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD--A Pittsburgh farmhouse, a rural area, and all the action takes place in the one farmhouse. Our film is totally different from Russo's story. We have a legal right to credit the original story to him, but he had no connection whatsoever with our story.



DR: Did Russo see your film?

JK: Oh, yeh, he really liked it.

TF: Jack Russo's a lovely guy and he really loved it. He had no problems with it at all.

JK: Dan allowed us to take off from his script, to use it as a springboard, and contribute our own input.

DR: About your cremation scene--

JK: I didn't wish to wander about throughout the movie and I didn't want to die like an extra (laughs all around).

TF: Well said. He was also hoping for a role in another picture and he didn't want to hang around us too long.

JK: I suggested to Dan that we find a way for me not to join the other zombies. Originally, when I run out of the chapel, I was supposed to escape out a window and join the rest of the zombies. Although I was tempted to join them and hang around with Linnea Quigley for all eternity, I suggested that my character commit suicide and then Dan worked it out. When we were doing the scene in the crematorium with the rabid weasels, Dan said we could set up my death scene with a line of dialog. So, when they fire up the oven, I say, "Christ, I can work that goddamn thing myself." That was another of my father's lines.

DR: Were you familiar with O'Bannon's other work--his student film days? Did you feel confident working for a first-time director?

JK: Well, I don't know how Dan convinced Tom he could direct it, but it's different for me. As an actor, I've always found it exciting to be there at the beginning of someone's career.

TF: You've got to know the kind of person Dan is. Dan is such an incredibly brilliant man, so intense, that you have the feeling that he's capable of doing any single thing he wants to do. And I had no doubt he could direct this picture.

JK: He has an inner intensity, a brilliance.

DR: You've invented a new folklore for zombies. They talk, run, etc.--truly original in zombie films, unlike the lumbering, sonambulistic Fulci/Romero zombies.

TF: Those zombies are too easy to escape from and therefore less frightening. We didn't want that. We wanted them to be mean, tough, grim, and ugly.

JK: And those Italian zombies--they're so used to all the pasta, they don't care what they eat!

DR: What is your favorite role in all your genre appearances--the one you're most proud of?

JK: Frank in RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD. I think that it was the most inspired. I liked what I did in POLTERGEIST quite a bit, but Frank was a more intricate and complicated character.

DR: What did you think about INVADERS FROM MARS when you saw the final cut?

JK: (Long Pause) Something happened that wasn't Tobe's fault. Many very important, key scenes are not in the finished film. Cannon Films made it very difficult for Tobe, very difficult. I wish they'd have left him alone a little bit more.

DR: Do you think he experienced similar treatment with his cut of LIFEFORCE?

JK: When Tobe first showed me the film, it was an absolutely gorgeous, beautiful picture. You really cared about all of those people. Next time I saw it, there were 28 minutes cut out of the picture--a lot from the beginning where you got to know the characters and feel concern about their survival. I didn't care about their survival at all and I think that's what happened to LIFEFORCE.



DR: How did you make the audience care about Frank and your partner, played by Thom Matthews?

JK: We went very slow at the beginning and we established our characters.

DR: RETURN never seems to condescend to its audience or assume they're marginal human beings for being at a zombie film.

JK: Most of the kids I meet who go to these horror pictures are usually kids who are very, very bright.

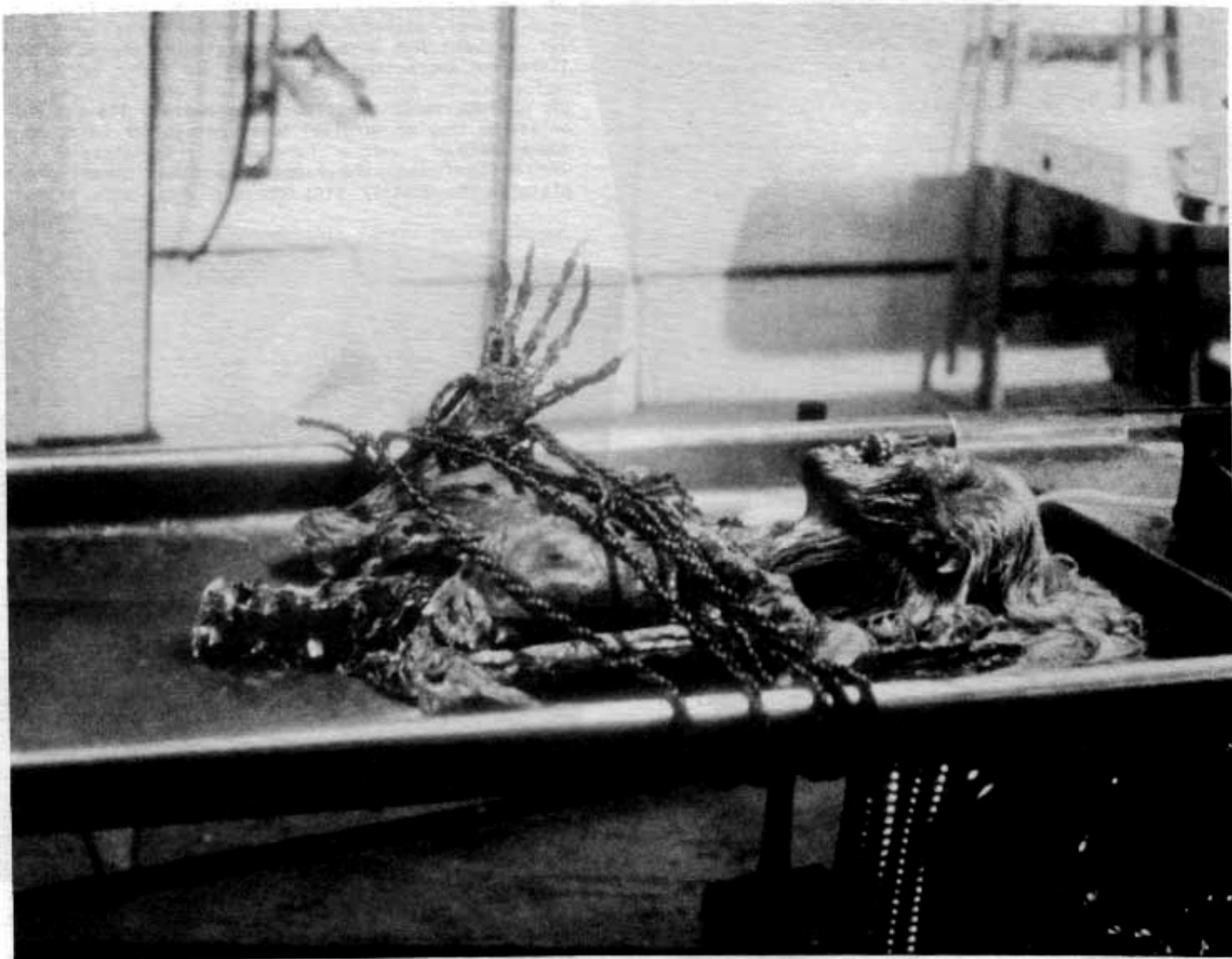


DR: Were there any unsung heroes in RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD who deserve more credit than they got?

JK: Listen, there was one kid on the set who really never got the credit for his efforts, and that was Jerome, he was just wonderful. He played the "half person" who was eating the brain of the policeman and he gets shot by Don Calfa (the mortician). Well, Jerome is what you see. He's only got half a body and he's such a good sport. When he came in to audition for us, I just went crazy for him, he was so eager. He said, "Look! I can walk, too," and he doesn't have much to walk with. "I can walk, watch! I can do rollovers and get up again!" He's just an absolutely wonderful guy. He worked so hard, he stuck his face right in there to eat those brains and he came up with them in his mouth. He really worked to the top of anyone's ability. I really admire him; he had a couple of rough, rough nights out there in the cold and he's quite fragile.

DR: You know, James, it's so refreshing to hear an "adult" who loves his work and is so enthusiastic about it. Most people these days don't seem to have much of a passion for anything.

JK: I'm so lucky because most of my contemporaries are now thinking about retirement while I'm busy thinking about all the great parts I can play now that I couldn't play when I was 20, 30, 40, or 50. And, listen, I've already willed my body to a horror film. When I've cooled, I still want to be working!



DR: Any horror films in the near future, James?
 JK: Yep! RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD 2. And I'll be frank with you, I won't be returning as Frank. I'm going to be Ed, but I can't tell you much more because we're under wraps about it for now. I'll be playing an entirely new person who just happens to have a somewhat slight resemblance to Frank.

DR: What are your favorite horror films of the past?
 JK: I just loved FRANKENSTEIN and Boris Karloff. I worked with him on Broadway in ARSENIC AND OLD LACE when I was young and playing romantic leads. I also liked the Charles Laughton film, ISLE OF LOST SOULS.

DR: Any genre film made in the last 20 years which you particularly enjoyed?
 JK: I liked AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON quite a bit.

DR: What is it about horror films that the audience finds so fascinating?
 JK: I think everybody thinks about death, which is ultimate, and something everyone must face. Horror pictures make it seem a bit more palatable, and in their own weird way, they help to "humanize" death. Of course, people also love titillation, the thrill of being scared.

DR: Thanks so much for spending the afternoon with us and answering all our questions, James and Tom.
 JK: Well, let me just say it was a pleasure to have you guys here and I admire what everybody does to help keep the genre alive.



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



GORE

SCOREBOARD



THE RATING SYSTEM

-  bow-wow
-  nearly worthless
-  ordinary
-  solid & scary
-  hard core horror

The Gore Score

This evaluation then, deals with nothing but the **quantity** of blood, brains, guts and assorted precious bodily fluids, spilled during the course of the film. It's quite simple really, "The Bad News Bears Go To Japan" would get a big, fat zero in the Gore Score category while "Dr. Butcher M.D." and "Maniac" would most likely receive juicy nines or tens.



Mary Poppins, Dumbo and Terms of Endearment



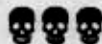
"Bloodsucking Freaks," "The Evil Dead" and "The Gates Of Hell"

STRIPPED TO KILL
d: Katt Shea Ruben



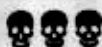
This tale of a stripper is 20% storyline and 80% T&A --so who really cares? The near-constant stripping scenes make this one a horny little devil, proving that some women directors can sleaze out with the best of 'em. The action and surprises in the last ten minutes are good. If only the blood quotient had been up to the skin quota, this might've been a little sleaze classic. And, it's always great to see Kay (HOUSE) Lenz again. (KG)

THE MIND SNATCHERS
d: Bernard Girard



This obscurity is actually a well-made little drama/chiller concerning the horrors of brain experimentation. Ralph (FOOD FOR THE GODS) Meeker runs a small hospital which specializes in unsolicited, Army brain manipulations. The direction is sensitive, the flick features excellent work (1972) by Christopher (DEAD ZONE) Walken and Ronny (DELIVERANCE) Cox is great as an extroverted quasi-hick who ultimately gets off on administering himself endless, electronic cerebral zaps. Purposely goes against the exploitation grain, but if you're in the mood for subtle stuff, this is very rewarding viewing. (KG)

HUNTER'S BLOOD
d: Robert C. Hughes



A good (albeit talky) derivative of DELIVERANCE, as a group of hunting buddies falls prey to some hard-core rednecks in the woods. This one never received much of a theatrical life, but the bad guys are truly obnoxious (the sign of a better violence epic). When the blood flows, it's very effective--large blood squibs are exploded during the rifle-fight scenes; one creep gets some deer antlers in the shoulder blades; and there's one excellent, shocking effect of the aftermath of a face which has been blown off. Clu (RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD) Gulager has fun as a redneck-kicking dude. (KG)

GATOR BAIT
d: Ferd & Beverly Sebastian



This backwoods sleaze/melodrama stars the late, lovely Claudia Jennings as a gator poacher framed for murder ("y'all"). Her attempt at a Cajun accent here was not half bad, and she was not a bad actress. Also features Janit Baldwin (who had those big eyes in the hilariously inept RUBY), very pretty here as Claudia's li'l sister. Her shotgun/rape scene was such a shock it caused half the audience to promptly get up and leave when I first saw this flick. It also stars Bill (MOUNTAINTOP MOTEL MASSACRE) Thurman, who was to director Larry (CURSE OF THE SWAMP CREATURE) Buchanan what Dick Miller is to Joe Dante. I've always found Thurman fascinating to watch. As usual, Claudia makes this one worth a look. (KG)

EYES OF FIRE (1984)
d: Avery Crouse



Artsy, off-beat, period ghost story by Missouri filmmaker Avery Crouse has a plot that could best be described as THE EVIL DEAD meets THE WILDERNESS FAMILY. The story takes place circa 1750 as a small band of American settlers (led by an adulterous Hawthornesque minister) set up homesteading in a valley haunted by a malevolent Indian nature demon. The movie boasts some nice locale shooting and truly impressive bits of action. At one point, a pioneer granny suddenly unearths a screaming severed head with her shovel. In another scene, charred bones start raining down on the settlers. The demon effects are quite good, though these alternate with some chintzy, blazing video mattes that betray the film's low budget. However, the flick, on the whole, is undone by its incomprehensibility, its too leisurely pacing, perfunctory acting, and ghosts so prosaically handled, I started hoping a few of Fulci's flesh-eaters would pop out of the obligatory Indian burial ground featured prominently throughout. Still, on the strength of some of the visuals (my favorite being a scene where the settlers wander through a forest transformed by a snowfall of white feathers into a veritable faerie wood), Crouse could be someone to watch in the future. (TF)

NIGHT FORCE
d: Lawrence D. Foldes



This nearly bloodless "actioneer" involves a group of friends who go down to Central America to rescue a girlfriend of theirs. (Yeah, sure.) She is the kidnapped daughter of a senator back home and is forced to sit naked in a bamboo hut in some California woods, masquerading as Central America. Stars Linda Blair (it's always fun to see her act tough), Cameron Mitchell, and Richard Lynch as a hired mercenary who also enjoys blowing his flute around the campfire. From the opening bloodless shootout, this film offers endless, nighttime dialogue scenes worthy of Fast Forward; an obnoxiously, unfunny "comedic" character; occasional bad sound; and a purely gratuitous shower scene (it's only memorable moment). The acting is uniformly uninspired, right down to the bogus accents, and the single skull is for the nudity (not Linda's), although this one is not worth the price of a rental. You can skip this farce, I mean FORCE. (KG)

SPLATTER - ARCHITECTS OF FEAR
d: Peter Rowe



This entertaining video uses the "film within a film" premise to interpret what goes on behind the scenes of a splatter movie production. The special FX include throat slashings, gut munching, head chopping, and total body dismemberment, all supervised by Tim Mogg. Tim shows us how to sever hands, blow up heads, and tear arms off! The entire production is shot on video and gives the FX that realistic "you are there" look (i.e., BLOOD CULT, THE RIPPER).

First, they show you a scene from their movie SPLATTER (your typical mutants vs. Amazon woman futuristic horror film). Each scene contains about five or six splatter FX. Afterwards, they show you how the FX work was accomplished. It's an appealing concept, even if the "film" they're making is a bit bogus. Comic relief is provided by a Quasimodo-type character named FANG.

Worth a look.

(DD)

BURIAL GROUND
d: Andrea Bianchi



"The earth shall tremble...graves shall open...they shall come among the living...messengers of death, and there shall be nights of terror!" And how! This is a direct quote from the PROPHECY OF THE BLACK SPIDER, required reading for up-and-coming resurrectors of the dead. Speak those words and you'll have a movie just like BURIAL GROUND, another entry in the never-ending blood stream of dubbed Italian zombie movies. Forget about the plot, just enjoy the gore! BURIAL GROUND delivers the goods en masse! It's all here...maggot infested walking corpses, entrail munching, heads decapitated and blown off, nudity, incest (a young zombie bites his mommy's titty off!), and a woman gets her eyes poked by broken glass in a scene that would make Lucio Fulci proud! Best of all, everybody dies! So much for Italian family sentimentality! (DD)

THE SUPERNATURALS (1985)
d: Armand Mastroianni



What could have been a very interesting story about resurrected civil war corpses turns out to be just another entry in the "shoot fast, die young" school of schlock cinema. The talents of Michelle (Lt. Uhura) Nicholas, Scott Jacoby, and Levar (Kunta-Kinta) Burton are pitifully wasted. So was my time! (DD)

BREEDERS (1985)
d: Tim Kincaid



Alien spores land on Earth to rape virgins in New York. I don't think it's supposed to be a comedy, but it was laughable during some scenes. The best part is when all the victims gather for what seems to be a steaming sperm bath. Heck, I enjoyed it. (CA)

PLAYGIRL KILLER (1965)
d: Enrick Santamaran



Eek! NEIL SEDAKA IN A BATHING SUIT! How horrifying. An artist whose models won't hold still solves the problem by killing and then posing them in the freezer. For a similar story, refer to H.G. Lewis' COLOR ME BLOOD RED (without pudgy teen idol). Both are great films. (CA)

BLOODSUCKERS FROM OUTER SPACE
d: Glen Coburn



Some weird alien force is infesting a farming community. Farmers start coughing up blood and end up as pasty-faced ghouls. Pat Paulsen does a cameo as President of the U.S. Truly a wacky film. (CA)

THE BEAST AND THE VIXENS
d: Ray Naneau



A soft-core film with a shaggy carpet bigfoot thrown in for fun. Ushi Digard (of Russ Meyer fame) shows both her talents throughout the film. (CA)

NIGHT OF THE CREEPS (1986)
d: Fred Dekker



NIGHT OF THE CREEPS pays loving tribute to just about every horror/science fiction/zombie film that's been made. Writer/director Fred Dekker leaves no stone unturned telling his tale of a college fraternity prank gone awry! Predictability dominates! You'll recognize almost every scene, from the 1959 lovers' lane black-and-white flashbacks, complete with spaceship landing, to the guy leaving the girl alone in the car and both ending up in a heap of trouble! As well as the 1986 "I saw a zombie and no one believes me" story.

The film has space monsters, escaped madmen with axes, slimy creatures and some pretty good zombies, plus an extra added twist that I don't want to give away. The splatter factor is about average, and so is the acting; but overall, it's a lot of fun to watch! How can you go wrong when you have characters with names like Chris Romero, J. C. Hooper, Cynthia Cronenberg, and Brad Craven.

A nice effort by obvious genre fan Fred Dekker. (DD)

NIGHTMARE CIRCUS (1973)
d: Alan Rudolph



Andrew Prine's mom ran away and his dad is a radiation mutant. What's a guy to do? For starters, he kidnaps about ten girls and keeps them chained in a barn. Sometimes he even paints sheep blood on 'em so Dad can play too. Also released as BARN OF THE NAKED DEAD. No one gets naked but they all seem dead. (CA)

FLESHEATERS (1964)
d: Jack Curtis



Here's a cool one for you! A charter plane lands on an island which is inhabited by a scientist doing research. The research has to do with cannibal sea creatures that work faster than piranha. They mutate into a funky thing that has to be seen!

One amazing scene happens when Omar the Beatnik accidentally drinks the Flesheaters and they eat him inside out! Ouch. (CA)



LONG ISLAND CANNIBAL MASSACRE (1984)
d: Nathan Schiff



You can't rent this film. You gotta buy it (for \$22.45, including postage) from Rick Sullivan's *Gore Gazette*. He called it "100 minutes of sheer depravity that brought down the house when premiered at the Dive. Highly recommended!" What you DO get is a Super 8mm home movie (complete with whirring noises on the soundtrack from the noisy camera) that will alienate you from your friends, family, and loved ones.

It does have a few splashy gore scenes and a relatively neat staking and chainsaw dismemberment at the climax, but \$22.00 for 22 seconds of stuff?

I really hate to have these personal embarrassments made public, so forgive me if I've neglected to go into detail about this movie. I've really got no one to blame but myself for this one. (CB)

NAKED VENGEANCE (1985)
d: J. Maharaj



Pretty exciting female DEATH WISH potboiler, much better than your average rape/revenge scenario. This lady has it lots tougher than Charles Bronson, too, as her husband, father, AND mother are beaten and murdered and then she's gang raped. She gets even in all sorts of suitably gory ways, including relieving one guy of his offending male member in a scene sure to rival the pecker punishment meted out in the bathtub during I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE. (CB)

NAIL GUN MASSACRE (1985)
d: Leslie/Lofton



After yet another poor lass is savagely gang raped by leering construction workers, a wisecracking helmeted avenger with a synthesized voice begins to even the score by nail gunning the guilty. The self-deprecating, bozo humor works some of the time, but it still leaves about 70 minutes worth of lousy acting, sub-par FX work and formula plotting to chew through.

Co-director Terry Lofton proves himself to be quite a renaissance man as he single-handedly wrote the script, produced it, did the (not-so) special effects, as well as being the head stunt man. Hope the guy didn't quit his day job. (CB)

UNSAFE (1982)
d: Dario Argento



Italian horror maestro Dario Argento makes splatter films that should be hanging in the Louvre. If there's such thing as a gore/art director of the 80's, Argento's it. This '82 import (known overseas as *TENEBRAE*) owes more in plot to his 70's whodunits (*BIRD WITH THE CRYSTAL PLUMAGE*, *DEEP RED*, etc.) than his recent dizzily surrealistic entries in his "Three Mothers" occult trilogy (*SUSPIRIA*, *INFERNO*) and tells the story of best-selling mystery writer Peter Neal (Anthony Franciosa) who arrives in Rome to promote his latest thriller, *Tenebrae*. No sooner does he arrive, then some black-gloved psycho starts slashing throats and sending Neal photos of the victims along with quotes from his book. As usual in an Argento flick, the movie's filled with meticulously staged murder set pieces (though nothing rivals the slow decapitation sequence in *INFERNO* or the opening murder in *SUSPIRIA*), including the axing of a major villain which will even make the Jason Voorhees crowd forgive the artsy serpentine camera work and get off on the grue. Vintage Argento scenes: p.o.v. shot through a slashed T-shirt as a girl views her razor-wielding attacker; the stabbing of John Saxon in broad daylight outside a busy shopping precinct. As in Argento's movies, apartments are painted a blinding white and heroines dressed similarly to contrast a nice splatter of deep red. (TF)

NIGHT OF THE DEATH CULT (1977)
d: Amando De Ossorio



Don't be alarmed when the video titles come on and this film suddenly becomes "Night of the Seagulls." Under either title, it's still part of the acclaimed *BLIND DEAD* series of moody, atmospheric Spanish horror tales and this one serves as one fine introduction to the series if you've never seen one before (your reviewer included).

These zombie knights rise from their graves every seven years to participate in ritual human sacrifices arranged by the sympathetic folk in a remote town. Hearts are torn out and offered up before the donor is set upon and eaten by the ravenous, hooded dead-heads.

Sumptuous cinematography, eery set pieces and some splendid slow motion shots of zombies on horseback will surprise anyone accustomed to the usual boneheaded Italian/Spanish walking dead films. They don't hold back on the red stuff either and this film boasts of several splashy scenes sure to please.

First rate horror, played for real and played for keeps.

Recommended. (CB)

VIDEO VIOLENCE: WHEN RENTING IS NOT ENOUGH
d: Gary Cohen (1986)



An apparent snuff film, detailing the murder of the town's postman, is left in the night drop at a video store as the owner contacts the police only to find the tape and his co-worker have suddenly disappeared. This ultra cheapo, homemade video production is filled with snickering misogynists, ugly ideas, and bogus FX work you could do right there at home. Makes *BLOOD CULT* seem like a classic. (CB)

BLOOD TRACKS (1985)
d: Mike Jackson



The video box proudly states "from makers of NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET," but we know better. None of the creative talent, cast, crew, or writers from that series. Nope! Merely the same distributors--Smart Egg Pictures.

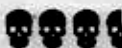
This one plays like a limp version of a snow-covered HILLS HAVE EYES. A lame-assed, head-banging rock group arrives at a mountain resort to shoot a music video and are trapped by an avalanche. Unbeknownst to them, 40 years earlier a woman killed her husband and then snatched her kids up and went into hiding in these very same mountains! The mutant family then preys upon the group and their air-head girlfriends in unspectacular fashion. For further details consult the video box. They're far more forgiving than your reviewer. (CB)

RAWHEAD REX (1986)
d: George Pavlou



Put simply: PISSED OFF CELTIC TROGLODYTE COMES BACK TO DO THE RODAN SHUFFLE ON AN IRISH VILLAGE. Real tame Gaelic gore, despite being a much ballyhooed release of an adaptation of Briton horror sensation Clive Barker's Books of Blood series. Half-hearted, timid grue (all decapitations take place off screen, don't you know, eh wot?), rubbery-looking shitty monster effects, and plain ol' indifferent direction sink this thing from scene one. The only pluses: most of the carnage (what there is) takes place in daylight in a bucolic Irish countryside, and the contrast of the monster's impacted sexuality with his victims who are usually going at it hot and heavy. Don't fucking bother--just go see HELLRAISER instead, if you want a real indication of the cinematic realization of Barker's work. (TF)

SUSPIRIA (1977)
d: Dario Argento



I'm still not sure I didn't dream this thing when I saw it on a double-bill in '77 with TERROR HOUSE (a.k.a. FOLKS AT RED WOLF INN). Italian gore/art meister Dario Argento's no-holds-barred witch flick (the first chapter in his "Three Mothers" trilogy followed up with 80's INFERNO) is a surreal, hypnotic, hyped-up aural-visual rollercoaster ride through the splatter genre. It also includes one of the most fucking scary openings in horror cinema history in which we're treated to the sight of a young girl having her face pulled against and then through a window by "someone or something unseen." Ignore the hokey storyline in which an innocent, pretty young thing (Jessica Harper) enrolls in a German dance academy only to discover it's a front for a witches' coven. This is a pure exercise in style, combining great camera work, art/set direction, music and enough experimental lighting to make the ghost of Mario Bava pull the plug on the Christmas tree off screen. Treats include: a maggot infestation, a girl getting dropped into a room of barbed wire, and some open-heart surgery via butcher knife. Throughout the movie, Argento works up an atmosphere of deep dish dread. Hell, Argento can even make the automatic doors of an airport seem scary! I've never seen anything like this.

So, Dario, when's MOTHER OF TEARS coming out, huh? (TF)

THE TOXIC AVENGER (1984)
d: Michael Herz and Sam Weir



What can you say about a movie where the hero tells the

villain, "Let's see what kind of guts you've got," then pulls them out? This hilariously, tasteless spoof of comic book heroes is so irredeemably sick, it makes Fulci look like Sunn Classic International. The plot revolves around grinning spaz Melvin (Mark Torgl), the mop boy at the Tromaville health club and special target for the taunts of the leotarded cuties and their iron-pumping boyfriends. An idea of joy riding for a pair of these jigglettes and their ass-bit hunks is to run over kids with their car and take photos to remember the carnage by. Boy, this town needs a hero, so enter Melvin, who falls into a vat of toxic waste and is turned into THE TOXIC AVENGER, a do-gooding monster (still wearing the remnants of a pink ballet tutu) who dispenses eye-popping EC comic-style justice to a variety of evil doers. Aside from the over-the-top, eye gougings, mutilations, dismemberments, and general H.G. Lewis-style fun, we have some gore effects that nearly border the surreal. My favorite bit: during a fight in a fast food place, the hero comes up with his own version of a milk shake, tee-hee-hee.

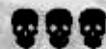
The shoestring budget is evident throughout and sometimes the humour pales, but the movie's audaciousness and its send up of genres and our own culture (boy, do they have fun with yups), make it an instant classic. (TF)

THE DEVIL (1981)
d: Chang Jen Chieh



Feel like a change of pace from the same old slasher-mutant-alien-zombie rut you've been in for the past few months? Well, then, we've got just the thing for you. This Chinese horror film dispenses with the usual accoutrements of the genre and celebrates bile spewing, lesion lancing, and reptile, worm, and insect life to a most alarming degree. No fancy-ass special effects, prosthetics, or dummy head either. A cast of eager Oriental goofballs stuff their mouths with real, live, wriggling snakes, eels, centipedes, worms, and maggots and barf them up on cue. It's really quite incredible and believe me, you've never seen anything like this puppy. The film itself is a hootin' stinkeroo, but deserves to be seen for its geek value alone.

THE LADIES' CLUB (1985)
d:



Here's a real unheralded gem of an exploitation film, as good or better than either the original DEATH WISH or MS. 45.

A group of women who've all been assaulted and raped in the past get tough (REAL tough) on the rapists who are still lurking the streets. Since one of the victims was a cop and the other a doctor, a nasty conspiracy is set in motion to pinpoint the pricks and drug, kidnap, and castrate 'em before dumping their sorry asses back on the street.

You'll feel this one for weeks afterwards.





BY CHRIS AMOUROUX

BLOOD DINER (1987)
 d: Jackie Kong

BLOOD DINER happens to be another one of those "so bad it's great" movies. Directed by Jackie Kong (THE BEING NIGHT PATROL), Kong seems to have done a job much like a modern day H. G. Lewis. This doesn't surprise me since the film was originally penned as a sequel to the cult classic, BLOODFEAST. Plus, the screenplay was written by Lewis worshipper Michael Sonje (DEADLY SPAWN PRISON SHIP) which means plenty of off-the-wall wackiness to keep you in stitches...literally.

The story opens with a flashback of two small boys playing in their quiet suburban home and the radio is broadcasting the news of an escaped maniac with "a cleaver in one hand and his genitals in the other." The maniac turns out to be the boys' Uncle Anwar, who arrived to inform the boys of their heritage. So, 20 years later, the Tutman brothers have a successful health food restaurant where there's more to the veggie burgers than meets the eyeball. The brothers dig up Uncle Anwar's grave and steal his brain to guide them in their worship of the goddess Sheetar. Uncle Anwar instructs the boys to build the goddess from "body parts of many immoral girls," so when the Tutmans machine gun a group of topless aerobic cheerleaders, the immoral pickings are plenty.

In pursuit of the Tutman duo are a pair of detectives who get closer to the truth of the "Blood Buffet" just in time for the hilarious ending, complete with Texas rocker, Dino Lee, the King of White Trash.

I should mention that BLOOD DINER is produced by Jimmy Maslon, partner in the Shock Video Company who has brought many H. G. Lewis films into our humble abodes. I recommend BLOOD DINER, especially if you're a fan of schlock and gore. I would give thumbs up, but I'm afraid they may end up on the menu!



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H. P. LOVECRAFT

After seeing RE-ANIMATOR and FROM BEYOND, I wanted to find out all I could about H. P. Lovecraft. Who was he? What was he like? How did he write? The answers will fascinate you! We'll be discussing the life, art, and times of H. P. Lovecraft in upcoming issues of DEEP RED. For now, if you'd like to find out more about HPL, there are various outlets available to you.

1. **CRYPT OF CTHULHU** — A sort of fanzine/theological journal dedicated to all forms of Lovecraftia. (Cthulhu is the name of one of the outerworld Gods created by HPL in his Cthulhu mythos). For more information, write to Cryptic Publications, Robert M. Price, Editor, 107 E. James Street, Mount Olive, North Carolina 28365.
2. **WEINBERG BOOKS** — Weinberg carries an amazing assortment of Lovecraft material, including all his books and selected letter editions. For their catalog, write: Weinberg Books, 15145 Oxford Street, Oak Forest, Illinois 60452.
3. **L. W. CURREY, INC.** — The source for anything and everything Lovecraftian! A mindblowing collection of material too numerous to mention! For a catalog, write to L. W. Currey, Inc., Antiquarian Bookseller, Elizabethtown, New York 12932 or phone (518) 873-6477.

Be on the lookout for more on H. P. Lovecraft in DEEP RED!

Dennis Daniel



ATTENTION FX ARTISTS!

Beginning with issue No. 3 of DEEP RED, a regular feature of the magazine will be devoted to introducing new and outstanding FX artists who are just starting their careers. We will include photos of your best pieces as well as your comments on technique, materials, inspirations, etc. By including this feature on a regular basis, we hope to encourage and promote all the NEW BLOOD out there and establish a network through which filmmakers, writers, and FX artists can communicate with one another. We will keep your photos and resumes on file and refer to them when suitable job offerings become available.

There are a lot of highly motivated, original talents out there just waiting for the RIGHT connection to come along. We hope DEEP RED magazine can be that connection. We want to involve you directly with this magazine and make it a little easier for the next generation of frightmeisters.

Most of the directors, writers, FX artists, and technicians now doing genre work were horror fans first, just like you or me. They built their careers upon their passions, worked diligently and tirelessly, yet they "got by with a little help from their friends," too.

Since DEEP RED magazine is based in the Los Angeles/Hollywood metropolis (where MOST of the movies are made), we felt there was a great opportunity to provide some degree of service for our own local filmmakers and artists. God knows, there's still plenty of room for those who can really deliver the goods...those who can keep splatter, well, **SUBLIME**.

This message is also addressed to all of the working professionals in our field. Need NEW BLOOD? New stories, FX, actors, artists? Know of somebody who deserves to be included in DEEP RED? Keep us in mind; we'll try to make the proper connections for you.

If you think you could be the next Savini, Baker, Bottin, or Patino, you're invited to send us 35mm slides or prints of your best work and wait for issue No. 3. Fuckin' A then! Let's GO FOR IT!



..... COMING FOR CHRISTMAS.....
SPECIAL ZOMBIE ISSUE FEATURING:

- Foreign and domestic Walking, Ripping Dead
- Exclusive interview with Mark (NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 2 & 3, EVIL DEAD 2, FROM BEYOND) Shostrom and photo tour of his studio
- Celebrity guest writer Gunnar ("Leatherface") Hansen (THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE, HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW HOOKERS)
- Obscure European Gore Films
- In praise of RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD
- Complete horror film fanzine list with skulls/splatter rating system. This is the only complete list of U.S. and foreign fanzines ever compiled. Worth \$3.95 by itself!
- Commentary on DR. BUTCHER, M.D.
- Monster Makers Annual Halloween Makeup Contest with photos
- Interview with Jeffrey Combs (RE-ANIMATOR, FROM BEYOND) on the set of his current film
- Lunch with Forry Ackerman
- Newest video and theatrical horrors
- Checklist of hard-to-find, obscure gore titles
- Even More

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