

MARCH 1988

DEEPRED

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NO.2

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ZOMBIES!

Foreign Gore

Dr. Butcher

**BLOODY
BEST**
Horror
Videos

REVIEWS

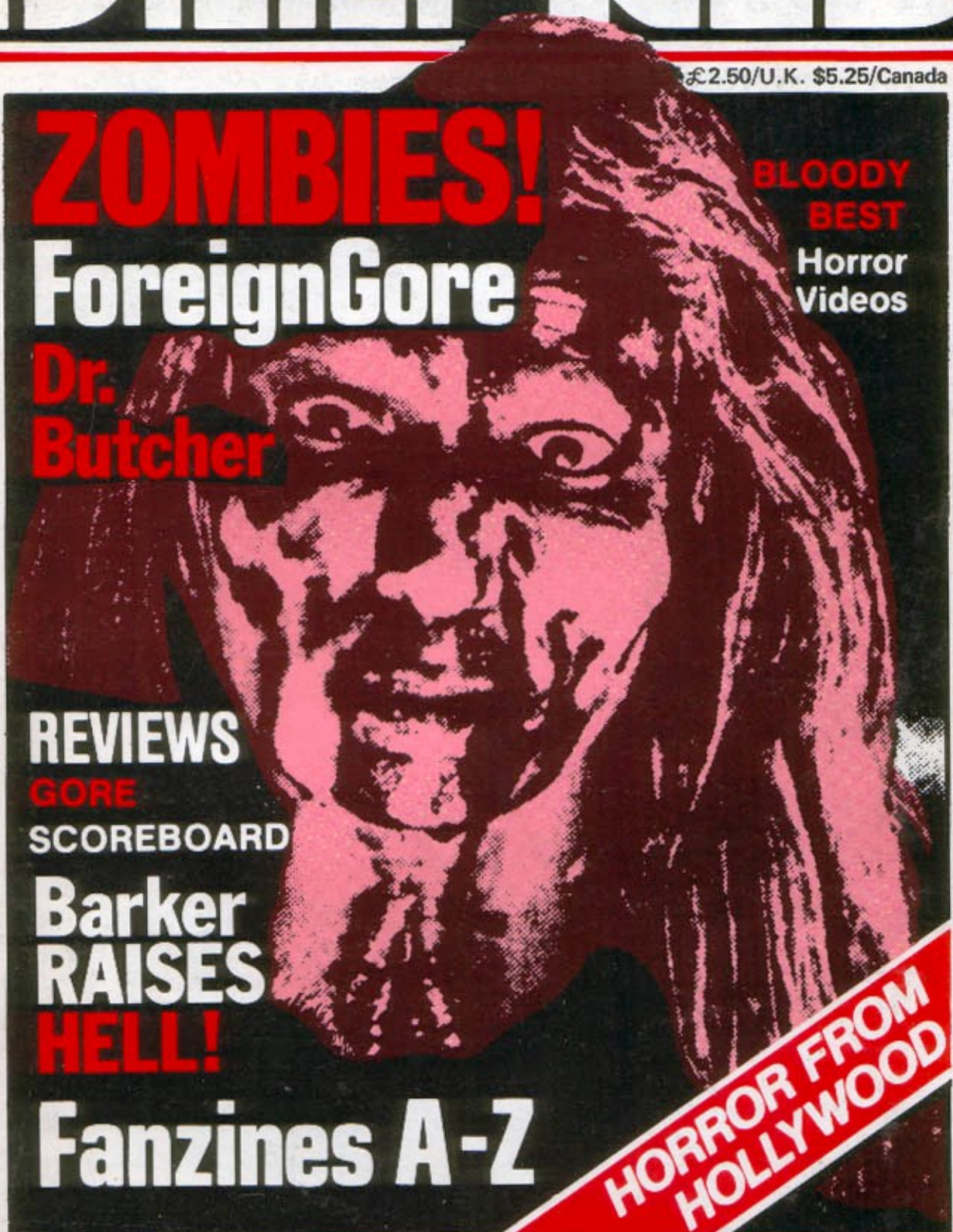
GORE

SCOREBOARD

**Barker
RAISES
HELL!**

Fanzines A-Z

**HORROR FROM
HOLLYWOOD**

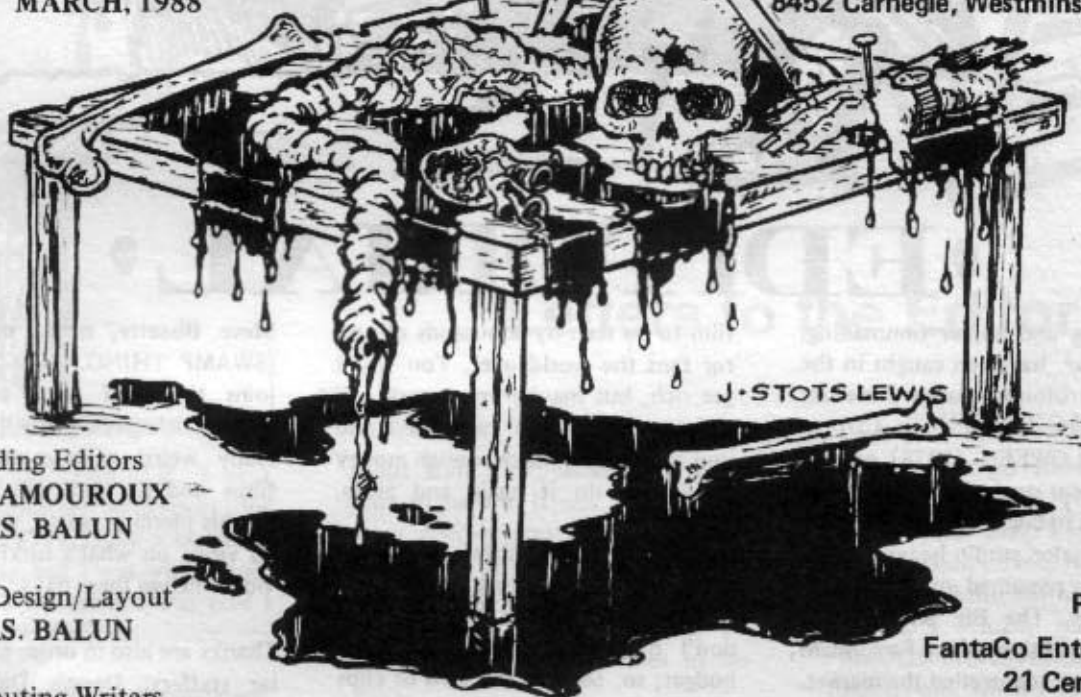


DEEP RED



NUMBER 2 MARCH, 1988

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DEEP RED MAGAZINE # 2

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• EDITORIAL •

Filmmaking and horror filmmaking, in particular, has been caught in the throes of profound change these last several years. Before John Carpenter's HALLOWEEN (1978) opened the doors for an independent genre production to compete right up there with the major studio heavy hitters, the formula remained much the same for decades. The Big Shots, being Paramount, 20th Century Fox, MGM, Universal, etc. controlled the market. Independents were forced to show their wares in the lowly drive-in, most times for \$3 a carload, as part of a triple bill, or maybe as part of a "film festival" at a sparsely-attended "art house" theatre.

The ancillary markets of video, cable, and foreign release patterns were only in their infancy. You played in theatres or else...your film died before it ever saw the light of a projector. Yeh, fine, Chas, but what's that got to do with monsters, zombies, sucking chest wounds, or splatter films, huh?

Well, what I am saying is that this is a fine time, maybe even a very fine time, for independent genre filmmaking and monsters, zombies, aliens, and things that go splat in the night, in general. So, even if your little backyard Godzilla pic never ever plays in even one theatre, you'll still have an opportunity for your

film to be seen by thousands of horror fans the world over. You won't get rich, but maybe your work will be appreciated and celebrated and you might even make enough money to get to do it again and again.

DEEP RED is committed to encouraging and promoting the NEW BLOOD on the block. We know you don't have a \$250,000 advertising budget; so, send us the info or clips about your production and we'll do our best to get the word out. We're on to something here and, judging by the letters and calls of support we've been receiving, you're just as excited as we are at the possibilities. Remember, we're all in this TOGETHER.

By the way...hope you enjoy the changes we've trotted out in this issue...Wow! Sixteen more pages! All typeset, a little more color... Sure, but what we're most proud of is the caliber of writing, reporting, and opinions expressed herein.

I'm very pleased to have the privilege of introducing Gunnar Hansen, our special guest writer, who's contributed a great piece on CHAINSAW DATING ETIQUETTE. Of course, Gunnar's portrayal of the quintessential cannibal killer, Leatherface, in THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE assures him a place in every fan's horror hall o' fame.

Steve Bisette, noted comic artist (SWAMP THING, GODZILLA) also joins the staff as a contributing writer. This guy's got a line on some really weird, mondo obscuro type films and we think you'll really enjoy his piercing, witty, well-researched views on what's lurking on your video shelves these days.

Thanks are also in order for our regular staffers: Dennis Daniel, Todd French, and Kris Gilpin, who've come through again and again and delivered the groceries, DEEP RED style.

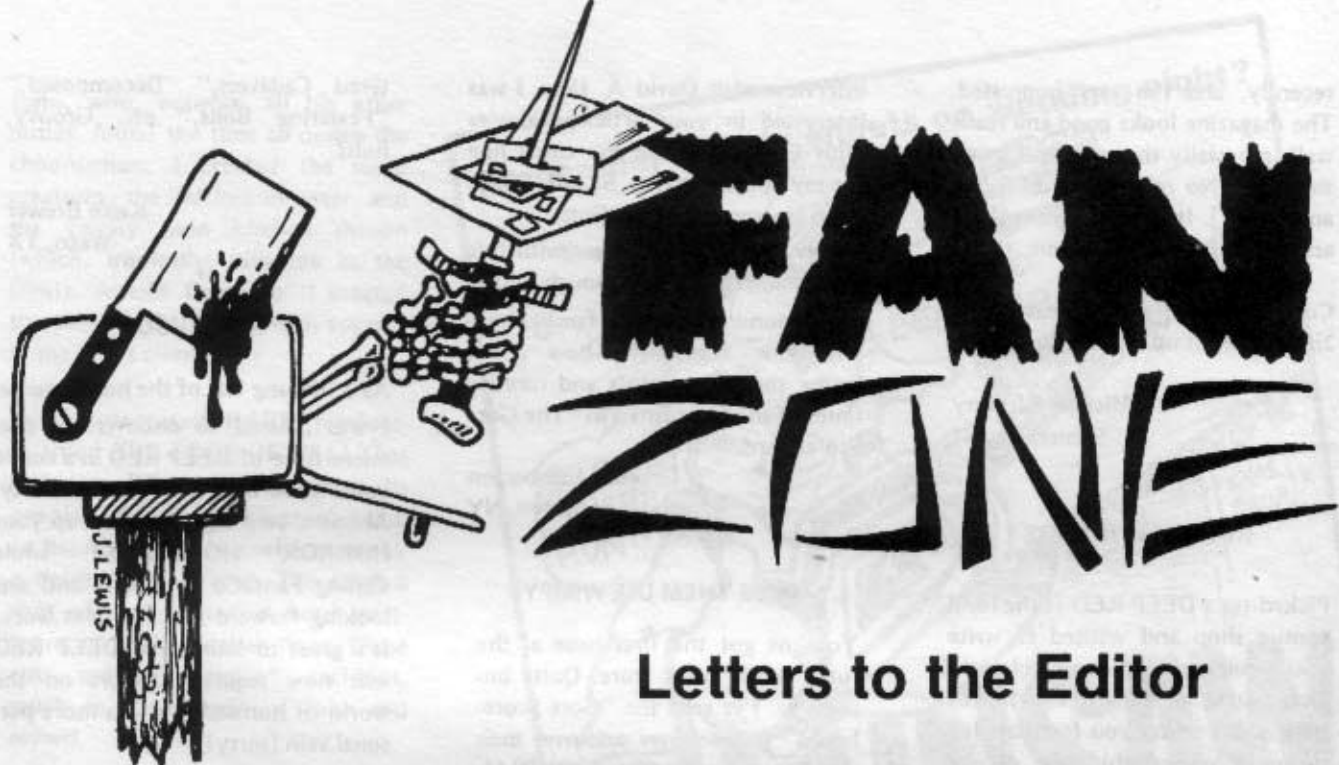
Watch for future changes in 1988: more news, features, exclusive photos, guts...more everything. We'll be a thick, square-bound horror quarterly, come Issue No. 3.

Like I said before, we're on to some thing here, so c'mon, join the party!

LET IT BLEED.

Chas. Balun
Editor, Blood Relation





RAVES FROM DOWN UNDER

Recently I purchased D.R. 1 at a specialist bookstore in Sydney for \$9.50 (U.S. \$13). Quite a considerable price tag, but I was willing and, after reading the issue, I was glad I parted with my shekles.

The "New York Ripper" article was very good. So was the review. The shot you pictured was the cover of CRIMSON CELLULOID (a 'zine I co-edit) No. 9. Incredibly gory still. I'm sure the prints in circulation in the U.S. and Europe are cut. Although obscenely violent, there is a moment in the mutilation of the last woman (eye/nipple slashing) that appears to be cut. I presume the killer went onto mutilate the girl's genitalia. If you notice, when the cop comes in, her groin region has also been carved up. I'm sure Fulci originally shot a close-up of this action. This would have made the film truly revolting. He should've left it in. Fulci's new film, AENIGMA, looks pretty good. I hope it gets released in Australia soon.

Your main piece on Steve Patino was also good. It is nice to see up-'n'-comin' FX artists highlighted.

I was particularly interested to hear

about Wim Vink, whom I've heard little of before. It was also great to see a good-'n'-gory still from PANDORA. It's prompted me to try and track this down from a Dutch connection who hadn't previously informed me of the excesses of his work.

Brett Garten
Gladesville, Australia

PLAN 9 VS. CHAINSAW 2

When at a local comic store, the owner showed me a copy of DEEP RED. I read it and thought it was great. I agreed with the comments on videos/films about Argento's projects. I thought they were great. I, however, thought TEXAS CHAINSAW II was one of the worse fucking movies ever made, even worse than THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW, PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE, and RETURN OF SABATA. At least these were "funny" in the so-bad-they're-good category. The CHAINSAW sequel didn't even do that.

Dale Pierce
Phoenix, AR

FX'ER TO BE

I'm very excited about your new magazine, especially your piece on Steve Patino. Steve's work made a big impression on me. Just like Steve, I've had a fetish for horror films all my life. I actually started reading FAMOUS MONSTERS when I was 10-years-old. When I was 12, my parents bought me a horror film makeup kit with rubber latex, vampire fangs, and fake blood.

Today, I am studying film at the University of Oregon (not far from the famed Timberline Lodge where Jack ("Here's Johnny!") Nicholson went berserk in THE SHINING.

My long-term goal is to be a director, but right now FX is the art. This year is a growing time in my career.

I thank you and your staff for allowing us important insights on the techniques of up-and-coming FX artists.

Dan Stokes
Eugene, OR

SPLATTER SMARTS

I picked up a copy of DEEP RED in Hollywood Book and Poster

recently, and I'm very impressed. The magazine looks good and reads well (especially the reviews--I loved the line, "No blood, or nudity...or anything"). It's nice to know there are intelligent people out there.

Congratulations on a great magazine. Keep it up and all that.

Michael Olcsvary
Somerville, NJ

HI-TECH HURRAHS

Picked up a DEEP RED at the local comics shop and wanted to write you a quick note of congratulations. I see you're covering foreign horror films and I salute you for that. It's so neglected on this side of the Atlantic. Continue to spotlight Argento and Fulci (who has four films yet to be released over here--MURDER ROCK, DEVIL'S HONEY, AENIGMA, and ALICE BROKE THE MIRROR).

DEEP RED can definitely give FANGORIA a run for its money.

I wish you much success.

Craig Ledbetter
Kingwood, TX

(Craig is editor of the nifty 'zine HI-TECH TERROR. See "Fanzines A-Z" in this issue.)

COW CHIP BLUES

Enclosed is \$30. Please send me your next five issues of DEEP RED and enroll me as a subscriber.

Thank you much. Your magazine is a gem among cow chips.

Steve Berlinsky
Killeen, TX

SLIME CITY SEZ

Congratulations on the "first" issue of DEEP RED. All of the articles were fun and I especially enjoyed the

interview with David A. Hess. I was interested in your article, "Movies With Guts," because the catch line for my upcoming film, SLIME CITY, is "A Horror Film With Guts."

I wish you lots of success with this magazine. There's not enough horror rags around to satisfy a fan like myself. One suggestion: how about listing the video labels and running times of the films listed in "The Gore Scoreboard."

Gregory Lamberson
Brooklyn, NY

MAKE THEM DIE WIMPY

Yo...just got the first issue at the local comic book store. Quite impressive. I've read the "Gore Scoreboard" reviews over and over then went out and rented BURIAL GROUND. The review told the truth. The incest scene was hilarious.

I can't wait to see No. 2 just for the fanzine list. Plus the article on DR. BUTCHER, M.D. What did you think of MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY? I thought it was kind of wimpy. Banned in 42 countries! Ha, big deal! Real animal killings... who in their right mind wants to see that? Also, what did you think of SLAUGHTER (aka SNUFF)? Again, wimpy. I'd give it a 3 plus 2 skulls for the torture scene and the gut ripping at the end; but other than that, pure shit baking in the sun on a hot Texas summer day.

Can't wait to see No. 2. I would like very much to get issue after issue. Sometimes I have trouble getting FANGORIA down here. So I don't think I'll always be able to get DEEP RED.

I do a mag called BREAK*NECK. It's death metal/hard-core/splatter. I don't know if you're familiar with any death metal, but most death bands are very influenced by splatter. Bands like "Repulsion" (R.I.P.). Songs like "Splat-

tered Cadavers," "Decomposed," "Festering Boils," etc. Groovy, huh?

Keith Brewer
Waco, TX

NEW BLOOD

As a lifelong fan of the horror genre, I was pleased to discover the premiere issue of DEEP RED in a comic book store here in New York City. About a year ago, I picked up your HORROR HOLOCAUST while visiting FantaCo in Albany and was looking forward to your next work. It's great to know that DEEP RED will now regularly report on the world of horror films in a more personal vein (sorry!).

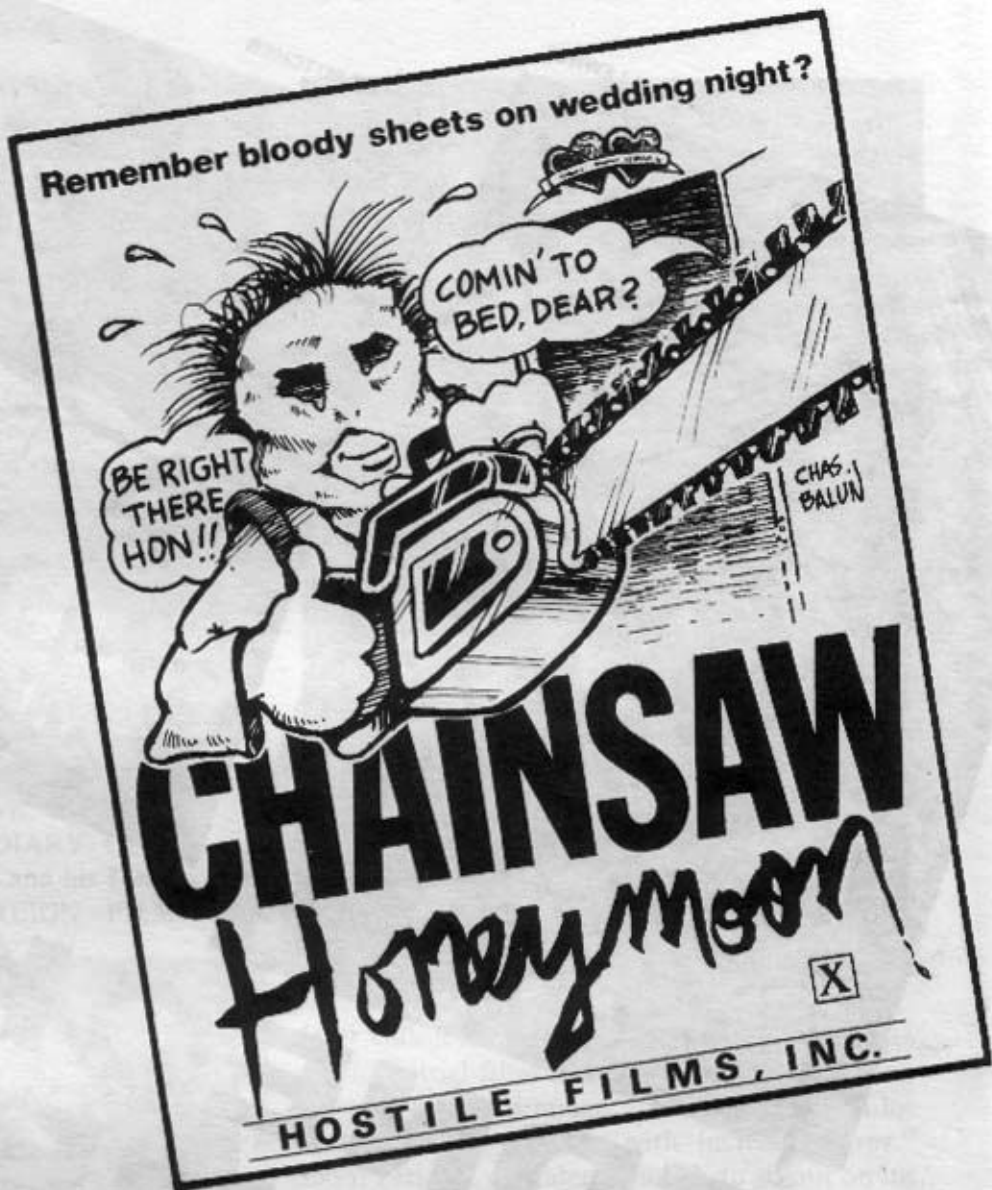
First off, let me correct an error stated in the news column. As second assistant director, FX person, and star of ROCK N' ROLL NIGHTMARE, I must point out that this film is in no way connected to Reeltime Productions. R&RN is a Shapiro Entertainment/Thunder Films production (Jim Cirile of Reeltime appeared in the film as an actor and assisted with the FX). The film, which was released on Academy Video this past June, was directed by my good friend, John Fasano, as a sort of "test" film for Shapiro. We were given an extremely low budget, which John puts into the proper perspective by noting that it matches the budget of Robert Clarke's 1959 schlocker, THE HIDEOUS SUN DEMON. We beat our budgetary limitations by collection a group of extremely talented and ambitious people and doing everything ourselves. Most of the credit certainly goes to John, who wrote, produced, directed, and edited the film. We shot it in ten days, freezing our butts off on location in Toronto in mid-November. It was a true labor of love. All of the FX were created by a talented group of New York artists including Vinnie Modica, John Gibson, Anthony C. Bua, myself and

John, who, between all his other duties, found the time to design the child/demon. I created the squid creatures, the chicken monster, and the briefly seen kitchen demon (which, ironically, kills me in the film!). Arnold Gargiullo II created the skeletal Evil One, which appears in the film's climax.

In its current state, R&RN (previously titled THE EDGE OF HELL) has had two FX scenes cut from its opening sequence. The first is a woman being pulled into a refrigerator by a decomposing demon. The other a shot of a disembodied head splattering onto the kitchen floor. These cuts were "executive" decisions, much to the chagrin of John and myself.

One last thought before I end this letter. Recently something has come to my attention which bothers me a bit. Any true horror fan is familiar with the name Ed Gein, the real-life ghoul whose heinous crimes have been the basis for many books and films, the most famous, of course, being PSYCHO and THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE. Lately, in such genre magazines as FAN-GORIA, I have noticed readers' ads calling for memorabilia concerning Gein. Now, I'd be the first one to defend a child's right to enjoy characters like Michael Meyers, Jason Voorhees and Freddy Krueger. But the word "character" is the key here. They are nothing more than that, fictional bogeymen created to terrify and delight the audience.

Gein is another story. This was a real person who murdered real people in horrible ways. These people had families like you and I who had to deal with the pain and torment of losing a loved one in such an awful manner. I feel that it is the responsibility of magazines like DEEP RED to stress the difference between real life and fantasy to the more impressionable readers. The idea of a 12-year-old thinking of Ed



Gein as a hero is as bad as thinking of Hitler or David "Son of Sam" Berkowitz as a hero. Perhaps by making this clarification from time to time (in articles or editorials), we can make the younger readers aware and perhaps, just a little, dampen the parents' objections to magazines and films of this kind.

Well, that's it for now. Thanks for listening and good luck with DEEP RED. I look forward to the next issue!

Frank F. Dietz
Brooklyn, NY

**THE DEAD
ARE HUNGRY
and
they're coming
to eat you alive!**



DIRECTOR PERI LEWNES

JAKE THE BUTCHER



REDNECK ZOMBIES

BY DENNIS DANIEL

The place, Hell's Kitchen, New York City. My destination...the Troma Building, home of Troma, Inc.--movies of the future. Hell's Kitchen seems to be the perfect location for a company that has cooked up such devilishly delectable cult classic munchies as **THE TOXIC AVENGER**, **CLASS OF NUKES 'EM HIGH**, and their current hit, **SURF NAZIS MUST DIE!** Troma's latest foray into the theatre of blood is Peri Lewnes' film **REDNECK ZOMBIES**, a gruesome, gag-filled tale that centers



on a couple of "good ol' boys" who get exposed to a heavy dose of radiation that turns them into a bunch of hungry zombies. Needless to say, they end up eatin' a heapin' helpin' of harmony grits and guts!

Shot entirely on video in the blood mountain fields of Maryland, **REDNECK ZOMBIES** is a graphic horror/gore/comedy that really delivers the goods! I recently spent an afternoon with director Peri Lewnes at Troma for an exclusive **DEEP RED** interview and preview of this wonderfully sick, demented film.

The story on how **REDNECK ZOMBIES** came about is almost identical to the one told by George A. Romero and John Russo on the birth of **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD**. After an unsuccessful attempt at a career in wrestling (Peri was once an all-state champion), he went on to study film at the University of Maryland. It was here that Peri created little-known, but highly respected classics like **SHOES: DIARY OF A LOST SOLE**, **THE METH-THING**, and his 16mm award-winning **AMERICAN FOREIGN FILM**.



"I've always been a horror movie buff," Peri explains. "When I was a little kid, I would get the shit scared out of me, staying up until 2:00 A.M. watching "Chiller Theatre." I was in awe of **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, as well as some non-classics like **EQUINOX** and **THE BRAIN THAT WOULDN'T DIE**, with that woman's head on the table! And that thing behind the wall! And when that guy gets his arm ripped off...God, I loved it!"

PRODUCER E. BISHOP TRANSFORMS



FERD THE ZOMBIE

After college, Peri worked on local documentaries and industrial films as a \$100-a-week production assistant and cameraman. "I really learned a lot because I was working with incredible pros." Soon, Peri felt confident enough to go out on his own. "I got together with a buddy of mine who graduated with a media degree from Temple University and another friend of mine from Maryland and we started producing industrial films." Pretty soon, Peri was producing local and network television commercials. After a while, they began to feel creatively stifled. "I could produce car dealer commercials with my eyes closed; we were really getting sick of it."

Although Peri began to find his commercial work uninspiring, he was becoming well known for his unique approach to advertising. "I was getting a rep as the wierdest, most bizarre producer in town," Peri explains. "I was really getting my clients a lot of attention and a lot of business." This sense of success gave Peri and his partners, Edward Bishop and George Scott, the confidence to take on their dream project and create their own movie. "I decided...Let's make the movie



on videotape and see if we can market it. They thought I was crazy! After about a year, the video film **BLOOD CULT** hit the marketplace. Then **THE RIPPER** and **SPINE**...all shot on video. We finally decided to go for it!"

From the start, Peri and his partners had to overcome overwhelming obstacles. "We all worked during the week, so the film had to be shot entirely on the weekends. I mean every hour of the weekend! All the actors were friends of ours that worked for free. We did sign contracts with them, just in case, so if we made some money, they'd see a piece of it. But really, we did it all for the sheer pleasure of working together. We seemed to have this energy going."

In the tradition of all great low-budget genre efforts, Peri and his crew came up with the title **REDNECK ZOMBIES** before they even had a script. "We decided to take every exploitation

film we ever loved and put a little piece of it in the film. I'm talkin' about every exploitation film in the genre!"

The man doesn't lie! You'll see everything from 60's psychedelia to 80's high-tech gore in **REDNECK ZOMBIES**. What I found most striking about the film is Peri's use of camera angles, dissolves, and point-of-view shots. It's refreshing to see a medium such as video used in new and different ways. There's even a touch of avant-garde.

"What we set out to do is take the Sam Raimi approach," Peri explains. "It all starts out very tongue-in-cheek, but once it kicks in, it grabs you and doesn't let go!" Indeed! The last 45 minutes of **REDNECK Z's** is a goremeister's dream! It's all there...heads exploding, gut munching, limb pulling...shit, there's even a baby zombie gobbling up some freshly-gnawed entrails! Plus, the added

effect of seeing this all on videotape makes every scene all the more real.

Some of the greatest horror films ever made were created by a small group of dedicated genre lovers who worked their butts off, night and day, doing everything from makeup FX and stunts to acting in their films themselves. The tireless efforts of these horror buffs-turned-moviemakers have brought us such beloved treasures as NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE, BASKET CASE, and THE EVIL DEAD, to name a few. These films possess their own unique charm and originality that is born from the pure joy of making the film. REDNECK ZOMBIES is such a film. A group effort by a bunch of guys, like you and me, who are dying to make our own horror films. Peri admits, "There were times when we would set up the camera, put the microphone on a pole, dig a hole for the pole in the ground, then I'd get behind the camera and take all the close-ups. Then I would play a scene and Ed would take the camera and do my close-ups. I mean we were really nickel-and-diming it, but we just kept going. We tried to get as many angles as possible."

When Peri showed his rough cut to the people at Troma, he was immediately complimented for his efforts and Troma bought the film. "They said it was the BLOODSUCKING FREAKS of the 80's!" The film is now in the final stages of editing and should be on your local video store shelf soon.

To me, REDNECK ZOMBIES is the ultimate party tape. The kind of fun, mindless movie that is a ball to watch. It's also the best all-video production I've seen so far. You'll have fun trying to point out all the different tributes to other great genre legends throughout the film, not to mention the terrific gore FX! It's also an excellent first effort by director Pericles Lewnes and his partners in crime—Ed Bishop (writer, producer, editor) and George Scott (associate producer, lighting director). I don't want to give away the plot of the film so all I can tell you is **CHECK IT OUT!**



THIS BLOOD'S FOR YOU



WILLIAM DECKER AS "JETHRO"



MARK SHOSTROM: NIGHTMARE MAKER

BY CHAS. BALUN

DR: Which directors know how to handle FX scenes the best?

MS: Sam Raimi knows exactly what he wants and how he's going to use it. When I worked with him, I knew a lot of my stuff would be cut so I wasn't disappointed when I saw the film. We put Ted Raimi in the "Henrietta suit" on 11 occasions and what you see on the screen is maybe two minutes.

DR: How about working with Stuart Gordon?

MS: He was an interesting guy. He had very strong ideas, but unfortunately, they weren't always the same ideas I thought were best. He would do storyboards of a scene; then I would do storyboards, too. There was a bit of a subtle clash. He was very avant-garde.

DR: Do directors often supply you with sketches of what it is they want or do they look to you for the inspiration?

MS: Sam Raimi storyboarded and sketched the whole film (EVID DEAD 2). They were fairly comedic-crazy, childlike drawings—but they got the point across. As far as illustrating specifics, Stuart Gordon did a great job. He'd seen "Lumpy," the character I'd done for ALIEN PREDATOR; so he took that idea and went a little further with it and he ended up contributing a lot to the designs used in FROM BEYOND. Stuart would do these great sketches—he has a commercial art background. He's a much better storyboard artist than I ever was.

DR: Do you usually storyboard all your FX sequences?

MS: In NIGHTMARE 2, for example, the director had certain ideas he wanted us to storyboard; so I designed a flamboyant sequence to sell the idea to Bob Shaye (producer). In the script, it just called for Freddy to burst out of Jesse; that's all it said. I designed a sequence using my assistant with some props and photographing it into 35mm prints, pasting them up, making corrections, then drawing it out. The transformation sequence was shot exactly like I storyboarded it. It was great. It was a rare instance where you get to design something and have the ultimate say in how it was to be shot. On the set, they would constantly refer to the storyboards and match it shot for shot.



Special FX have to be shot a certain way; there are technical as well as artistic considerations. No matter how realistic a dummy head is, it must be photographed a certain way to make it appear realistic on the screen.

"A director who approaches a blood-and-guts film seriously is the worst guy to work for. Stuart gets really excited about things, really enthusiastic, and, in turn, gets you excited and inspired. We have fun and that's the whole point, isn't it?"



DR: Was TO ALL A GOODNIGHT your first film experience?

MS: It was my first FX job. I'd done some student films at the American Film Institute, where I made a lot of contacts that I still use today.

DR: The AFI is where David Lynch shot his first film, ERASERHEAD, right?

MS: That's right. I worked with Fred Elms, who shot it, on a couple of early films. TO ALL A GOODNIGHT was my first real feature film. I was 24, but I'd never really done FX before. It was kind of a late start for this business. I didn't even decide to come out to California until I was 24, and it was for different reasons. I had been interested in makeup since I was a little kid, from watching all the old movies.

DR: Which ones?

MS: BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, which is still a very bizarre movie. It was one of the first things I remember seeing and it made quite an impression on me.

DR: Do you think kids raised on FRIDAY THE 13TH slaughterthons can relate to old films like BRIDE or the superbly scary suggested frights in great horror films like Robert Wise's THE HAUNTING?

MS: Jeez, that movie (THE HAUNTING) scared the shit out of me one night when I was working late in my studio and I had it on the VCR. I started to get really freaked out. It still holds up; it's a great film. Today, though, the audience wants something that's going to slam them over the head.

DR: Even in mainstream films like Eddie Murphy's awful GOLDEN CHILD there's plenty of really heavy-duty FX sequences.

MS: I see that in a lot of scripts where they have a mindless motif going, then they throw in some heavyweight FX that have nothing to do with



anything. I like to work on a film that has FX, naturally, but they've got to connect with the story.

DR: So what do you remember about working on *TO ALL A GOODNIGHT*?

MS: I did some slit throats that worked pretty well, but the thing that was most embarrassing was that I had to make a head replica of one of the actresses and I knew absolutely nothing about what I was doing. The dummy head looked nothing at all like the actress and, of course, they just **linger** on the scene for five years.

DR: How did everyone feel about working with the director, David Hess, who was one of the psycho rapists in the notorious *LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT*?

MS: He was a sort of crazed person with a maniacal enthusiasm for the film; he was an amazing guy. I still haven't even seen *LAST HOUSE*.

DR: In your next film, *MUTILATOR* (aka *FALL BREAK*), were you shocked when you saw that nearly all your FX work was cut out for the theatrical release?

MS: You should have seen the dailies; we had some really gross stuff in the scene where the woman is impaled with the giant fish hook. It was so bizarre. When we were shooting that sequence on the set, we had a full body dummy of the girl.

DR: Don't they stick that hook up her....uh...her...?

MS: Uh...yeh...it was horrible. The sound girl was breaking into tears. At one point, a bloody condom comes out on the hook, looking like her intestines, and this girl is groaning and screaming. Everybody on the set, including me, was just about ready to throw up, so I'm glad that they trimmed that scene.

"Uh...yeh...it was horrible. The sound girl was breaking into tears. At one point, a bloody condom comes out on the hook, looking like her intestines, and this girl is groaning and screaming."

I remember taking my girlfriend to that movie... we've since split up. It wasn't a very good film, just a mindless slasher, but I think it's still better than the FRIDAY THE 13TH movies.

DR: How about that lame-ass theme song at the beginning, the hideous "soft rock" number they do... "goin' on a... Fall Break." I knew I was in trouble from the beginning.

MS: (Smiles) Yeh, I know. I've got the 45rpm.

DR: Your other film, THE SUPERNATURALS, is a zombie yarn without the zombies. What happened?

MS: I'm not quite sure. We busted our buns to make these eight complete, head-to-toe costumes, plus other insert effects. It's shot in the dark, in the forest, from 50 feet away in the fog. You get one or two close-ups of one of the masks and that is it.



FREDDY'S TV KILL: NIGHTMARE 3

It was insane. People were on the set storyboarding a sequence that was to be shot in the next 30 minutes. They just tried to have some "big names" in the cast to hopefully pull in an audience. I don't think the film has even been released in theaters.

I have a friend who did these great Civil War costumes for the zombies and you never get to see any of these people's hard work—that's what's disappointing. What the hell, that was back then. (Laughs) I've still got the masks. Maybe I'll use them in a rock video some day.

DR: What was your favorite FX scene in NIGHTMARE 2?

MS: I liked the arm you see splitting open in the back. That was the one I worked the hardest on. Course, it's cut very quickly, but the tricky thing was how to get the flesh to split in three places and peel back.

DR: In PART 3: DREAM WARRIORS did you feel like the script was "FX heavy"? Too much emphasis on spectacular stunts?

MS: When I first read the script, I thought there were too many FX scenes and too many characters. But if they're going to be loyal to their audience, they're going to keep on with the heavy FX scenes. Gets weirder and weirder. My only regrets on PART 3 was that at the time, I was really exhausted and could only take on two sequences.

DR: Would you consider the "Pretorius creature" in FROM BEYOND to be your most ambitious project yet?

MS: Yeh, sure, especially for the money. They didn't know what they wanted. I submitted 50 sketches and ideas to Stuart, but they made a last-minute decision and I sculpted a small version of the creature the night before we got the green light.

"I'd like to do a film with Karel Reiz, who did WHO'LL STOP THE RAIN. That's one of the best films I've ever seen. I just wish I was in makeup back then, I would've killed to work on that film."

DR: What was your inspiration for the design?

MS: I did a lot of research into surrealistic art, based my sketches on things like that.



DR: You know the legs do look like something from a Salvador Dali painting.

MS: I got a lot of inspiration from Dali. Anyway, they didn't want just a man in a suit, so I designed a beast that could include a man on a slant board. His right arm would be the neck and head and, obviously, the way the legs work, there's no one wearing them. They were rod-puppeted on an elevated stage. Everything on it moved. Dave Kindlon did some fantastic mechanics. Sometimes, when the lights are strobing, it looks like it could be stop-motion animation. It looked a little like a Harryhausen scene.

DR: It must feel great to get a chance to work with directors who are really tuned into the genre and willing to take chances. Like Stuart Gordon... Wasn't RE-ANIMATOR the best thing to come down the pike in a long, long time?

MS: Both Stuart and Sam Raimi have a real black comedy streak in them. Stuart even more so. RE-ANIMATOR was so filled with blood but it was also so funny. A director who approaches a blood-and-guts film seriously is the worst guy to work for. Stuart gets really excited about things, really enthusiastic and, in turn, gets you excited and inspired. We have fun and that's the whole point, isn't it?

DR: What do you feel was your most sophisticated FX scene in EVIL DEAD 2?

MS: Obviously, I'm most proud of "Henrietta." That was my baby for the show. It was hard and there was a lot involved. We worked nonstop for nine or ten weeks and then went to North Carolina and worked another three months. There were so many damned FX in that one! We were on the set every day doing one gag or another, or prepping for the next one.

If I were to do that again, I'd just have to ask for 20 times the money and a year to prep it. (Laughs) (Me, too)

DR: What are your future plans?

MS: I love doing good horror films, but I do want to branch out. Doing aging and character makeup, things like that.

DR: What films are responsible for maintaining the high level of interest in genre FX work?

MS: THE EXORCIST for me. It just blew me away what could be done with makeup. AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON started the ball rolling out here in California. I mean nothing like that had ever been done before.

I really love going to movies that colleagues of mine have worked on. They're really an imaginative bunch.

Makeup is really fun to do. I don't know what other people think when I'm here, late at night, sketching some monsters, but it sure beats sitting at a desk all day. Working with monsters, in the movies, is always really creative. There's always something new; a new script in the mail gets you excited thinking about what you could do.

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**"FRANKENSTEIN would be incredible to do by the book. The whole image of the FRANKENSTEIN monster out in the Arctic, floating away on the ice floe. Incredible images! I'd just love to see that film remade."**

DR: Who would you really like to work for?

MS: I'd like to do a film with Karel Reiz, who did WHO'LL STOP THE RAIN. That's one of the best films I've ever seen.

DR: Yeh, the one based on Robert Stone's The Dog Soldiers.

MS: It's an incredible film. I just wished I was in makeup back then, I would've killed to work on that film.

I also like Peter Weir (LAST WAVE, GALLIPOLI, WITNESS), but most of the directors I really like aren't what you would call "genre directors." And David Lynch, too. I'd love to work with David Cronenberg; he's really imaginative and knows how to use FX, you couldn't ask for more.

DR: What films or FX scenes have recently impressed you?

MS: Some films in recent history? Hmm...That's a good question. AMERICAN WEREWOLF, of course, I was blown away with what Rick did; it was incredible. And the other would be THE ELEPHANT MAN. Chris Tucker's makeup is so incredibly real; that was a helluva tough number to pull off.

I'm more impressed with realistic character makeup. Any Dick Smith aging makeup impresses me more than any chang-o head. My favorite makeup job of his is Father Merrin in THE EXORCIST. I was 16 when I first saw it.



DR: You grew up on some of the older classics, the Universal series. Do you think we'll ever see another film to compare with FRANKENSTEIN, THE WOLFMAN, or any of the other revered genre titles?

MS: Horror films have changed a great deal. I still watch THE WOLFMAN and FRANKENSTEIN films; those films were done so radically different than the way horror is done now. I think one problem today is there's just not enough originality. They're doing the same things over and over. And that's really the fault of the writer, the producer. You know, "Well, this film was successful, so let's take one half of its elements and build another story around that." On the other hand, you've got really original thinkers like Sam Raimi and Stuart Gordon.

DR: Don't you think we're being sequeled to death in the 80's?

MS: Well, they've always done sequels, even in the 30's. Then, it was "Son Of ...", "Bride Of...", "Attack Of...", etc. whereas now it's Part 2, 3... It really doesn't bother me because most of these sequels are still creative. I think the character of Freddy Krueger deserves to be seen in sequels.

DR: It seems like we've reached the end of the "Knife Kill" cycle until something like THE STEPFATHER comes upon the scene. It made psycho killing fun again.

MS: I just saw it the other day. It was great. Fantastic!

DR: Is there any film that you're dying to see get made? A remake of an old classic or something you think needs to be made?

MS: That's easy—FRANKENSTEIN. Why hasn't anybody remade that and done it right? Do it by the book—Shelley's book. It would be more of an intellectual film.

DR: Great idea. You could do the FX and David Cronenberg could direct.

MS: (Laughs) FRANKENSTEIN would be incredible to do by the book. The whole image of the FRANKENSTEIN monster out in the Arctic, floating away on the ice floe. Incredible images! In the book, he taught himself to read and write and the films all have him just a lumbering oaf. I'd just love to see that film remade. So if Dino DeLaurentiis is listening...(Laughs)





# LEATHERFACE IN LOVE: Post-Chainsaw Dating Etiquette

I have to admit that being a movie star isn't what I thought it would be. I had this idea that I'd make lots of money, that my presence would overwhelm people, and that my sex life would somehow be like what they talked about in the National Enquirer. You know, "I Want Gunnar's Baby," Young Starlet Sobs." That sort of thing.

I guess I was just naive. The truth is that I have made very little money; most people don't even recognize me; and those who do recognize me certainly don't think about sex. Maybe the problem was with the movie I was in. It was THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE, and I was Leatherface, the brutish, moronic killer who managed to kill four people in the 90-some-odd minutes it took to get through the bloody thing.

BY GUNNAR HANSEN

Actually, now that I look back, I don't mind that it didn't work out the way I expected. Nothing in the movie really did. To begin with, I thought it would make a few hundred thousand dollars, enough to pay back the investors. And I expected that after everything settled down, a few hardcore horror freaks would remember it.

At most I figured the high point for me would be the premiere at an Austin, Texas theater one October night in 1974. The manager had been nice enough to let me in free because I convinced him I really had been in the movie. There for the first time, I saw this grisly thing we had created. For the first time, I saw myself on the screen, running around with that machine. I saw what all of us really looked like, this grotesque family that killed people, cut them up with a chainsaw, and sold them as sausage. I thought it was wonderful. My date walked out in the middle of it. Afterwards, a few friends gathered in the parking lot behind the theater, where they signed the Gunnar Hansen Fan Club charter in red ink and then gave me a defunct chainsaw. We had a great time that night. And, we figured that was that.

But right away things changed. Almost immediately the movie began to get attention, mainly because of its violence. People began to complain, saying it should be rated X. (This climaxed two years later with a cover story in Harper's called "Fashions in Pornography," in which the writer called the movie an example of the "scab picking of the human spirit." Of course, many people

**"No one knows, nor are we ever likely to know, how much money CHAINSAW made. All we know is that we saw almost none of it."**

love to get all worked up about CHAINSAW. But, they're not nearly as irritating as those who fawn on it, mumbling about "a leap forward in genre integrity," and "certain primal needs").

The complaints drew people all over the country to the theaters to see what the fuss was about. This kind of attendance, we realized, might make us a lot of money. And, with this success, we saw that the movie would become much, much more than we had ever expected.

Strangely, the first quarter ended with no money. But these things, we were assured, took time. After all, the production company people said, the first money would be held by the theaters for 90 days before they had to send the distributor 60 percent of it. Then, the distributor would not send us our 60 percent of that money for another



90 days. That meant we would not see any money until after six months after the release. And it might actually be nine months before the increasing momentum of the film's success would be reflected in the royalties.

Finally after nine months, the first checks arrived, the ones we had waited for for so long. The ones that were to be so big.

I got less than \$50.

In the meantime, TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE continued to make more and more money. Some people were estimating a gross between \$15 and \$50 million—not bad for a movie that had cost less than \$100,000 to shoot. But the distributor's accounting reports were so confusing no one could make any sense out of them. No one really knew how much money the movie made.

Accusations were flying.

The production company began to charge the distributor with ripping us off. There was talk that the distributor had double and triple-entered their expenses, had hidden income, and then had created an accounting system so complex that no one could make sense of it.

Others, actors included, began to charge the production company itself with selling us out, with somehow making a deal that cut the small shareholders out.



**"When she heard that, not only was I an actor, but I had been in that film, she became very friendly. She snuggled up to me and stroked me with her voice. I mutely agreed to take her to see the movie the next night."**

The accusations grew heavier and the tempers grew hotter. Some people decided to sue the production company, though they were assuring us that they were as mystified as we about what was happening. Either the movie simply was not making the money we thought it was, they said, or the distributor was ripping us off. So, the production company filed suit against the distributor.

Of course, after years now of charges and counter charges, rumor and lawsuits, and out-of-court settlements, I certainly don't pretend to know what happened to the money. No one knows, nor are we ever likely to know, how much money CHAINSAW made. All we know is that we saw almost none of it.

Still, it's not so bad. I remember early on, when I realized we weren't going to see any money, thinking that my movie career was doing just fine. After all, I could legitimately call myself a film actor, and that had certain advantages. I mean, after all, there's nothing quite so appealing or interesting to women as a movie actor.

Or so I thought. Soon after the movie came out, a friend decided that since I was now a "Movie Star," I should meet some women who were impressed with actors. It took only one, though, for me to decide he was wrong.

One night he took me to meet her. He drove me to a large apartment building in Austin and introduced me to a woman who was one of the most strikingly beautiful I had ever met. I caught my breath and had a hard time speaking.

Not that it mattered. I didn't have to say anything. When she heard that, not only was I an actor, but I had been in that film, she became very friendly. She snuggled up to me and stroked me with her voice. I mutely agreed to take her to see the movie the next night.

When I arrived to pick her up, she was almost panting—and so was I. She suggested a quick drink before leaving, and then said we should come back to her apartment after the show and settle in on the couch for a while. I could quickly see where this was leading; I could see I would like being a Movie Star. She rubbed against me as we drove off to experience TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE.

Close together in the darkness of the theater, we watched me on the screen. We watched as I killed my first victim with a hammer. We watched my favorite scene, in which I impaled my victim on a meat hook. We watched as I used the chainsaw to carve another one in his wheelchair. We watched the whole, nasty little story unwind.

She was strangely quiet on the drive home later. I didn't mind, though. I was occupied with thoughts of what we were going to do when we got behind the locked door of her apartment.



As we walked to her door, she fished her keys from her purse. She began to speak as she slid the key into the lock. "Thank you," she said. "It was very interesting."

She opened the door slightly and turned toward me. She then slipped through the door and slammed it shut.

Evidently she had not liked the movie.

And like many others would in later years, she had somehow confused me with the character I had played.

So now when I meet someone who wants to see the movie with me, I suggest she not see it. After all, it's just another horror movie, the kind I would never go to myself, had I not been in it. I can't stand horror movies, I say. They scare me.

It usually works.

Now, whenever I see CHAINSAW, I feel a certain irony. It seems I have, after all, gained a degree of fame. And that is something that most of us would love to have, if we're honest about it. I know every chainsaw joke there is. And none of them is witty. I wince when someone calls in the middle of the night to talk about the movie or to offer up chainsaw sounds. Every time someone comes up to me and asks me for an autograph or asks if I really was in that movie, I feel both the thrill of acceptance and a certain disappointment. More than just a loss of privacy, the attention locks me into being, in most people's eyes, nothing more than that fellow who killed people back then.

I'd like to be free of all this, but I also admit that there is a certain comfort in it, a confirmation of myself through the attention of others. I can't get around that. Sometimes I even think that, instead of playing down my role in CHAINSAW, I should play it up. I should make the most of it.

**"And I think CHAINSAW, in spite of all the jokes from my friends, is something to be proud of. It is well made, much better made than some people are willing to admit."**

I think that whenever I see Bubba Smith rip off the top of another Miller Lite can. When I first saw him do it, I realized that's what I should be doing. So I wrote to Miller's ad agency, suggesting maybe the killer from CHAINSAW should be cutting the tops of the cans off with a chainsaw and making appropriate jokes.

They never answered my letter.



**"In fact, I'd even do it again. Sure I would. But with a better contract."**

I've thought of other ads, too—American Express. After all, no one sees my face in the movie. And if Steve King can do it, so can I. Or McCullough chainsaws—I can see that one easily enough. We could use a clip of the film, leather mask and all, and cut from that to a shot of me in a backyard scene talking about all the nice lawn furniture I made with my Minimac.

The possibilities are endless.

Of course, none of it will happen. I mean, there's a certain respectability missing in this kind of career. If I am to decide the movie was worth doing, it has to be for what I have gotten from it so far, because things aren't going to get better.

But, even on those terms, the movie was worth doing. At times I was miserable, as we all were, while making it. We struggled through shooting sessions that sometimes dragged on for 26 hours straight. We put up with stinking food, rotting under the lights, and the stink of our clothes which we couldn't wash for fear of damaging them. One night, precariously balanced on my high-heeled boots and peering through a mask that almost blinded me, I fell and pitched the chainsaw up into the darkness about the lights. I covered my head and waited for it to hit. It landed beside me, still running. All of us took





risks like that. During the six weeks of shooting, we were all slowly ground down by the heat and exhaustion, and at times we wondered why in the world we were doing it. But the movie certainly was worth making. I got so much out of it that whatever misery I went through didn't amount to much.

Making CHAINSAW was an amazing experience. It was the first time I worked with people who were good at what they did. I saw that I wanted more of that. It taught me a lot about film and, in its aftermath, about the film business. It also taught me a lot about fame, about my privacy, and about what is valuable to me. And even though the movie has always been a mixed blessing in a way, the experience of making it and of seeing what has happened since then, has been good for me.

And I think CHAINSAW, in spite of all the jokes from my friends, is something to be proud of. It is well made, much better made than some people are willing to admit. And, in spite of the revulsion of critics, even those who clearly have never seen the movie, it is not particularly graphic. No limbs are shown being cut off, no heads explode, like

they do in the more respectable movies like RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK. There are a couple of scenes, though, that make even me wince, and there is plenty of blood, but almost everything in the movie is implied, an illusion. It's more funny than scary.

Nor does it bother me that I was in such a movie. If CHAINSAW is part of America's much-perceived moral decay, the movie itself cannot be blamed. It is, at worst, only a symptom of that decay (that "wet rot," as Harper's put it), not a cause. But I doubt it is even that. Maybe it's just a way for the viewer to get the hell scared out of him and to come out feeling a little different. Maybe it just fills some need people have. Or maybe the movie is merely worthless. But to claim that TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE is evil or hurtful is just plain foolishness.

In fact, I'd even do it again. Sure I would.

But with a better contract.

# HERE'S BLOOD IN YOUR EYE

BY DENNIS  
DANIEL



FLESH HUNGRY AUTHOR DENNIS DANIEL

# I, ZOMBIE!



Ah...Zombies. How we love them! How we long to hear the slurping sounds of freshly gnawed intestines, oozing down their gullets with reckless abandon. How we thrill to the bloody sight of glistening human entrails being yanked and torn from the body of a once-living person and shoved indiscreetly into the craving mouths of the living dead. How we long for the day when our local movie house brings us the latest cinematic gore-feast from the likes of Romero, Savini, Argento, Fulci, Bava, and Barker. Let's face it, we gore-hounds are sick individuals! Why do we enjoy this constant carnage? Why would we rather watch Stuart Gordon's RE-ANIMATOR instead

of OUT OF AFRICA? What makes a goremeister tick?

Let's begin at the beginning. On the first day, Gore created NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD. This 1969 independent film production has passed into legend among genre fans and critics alike. Even after repeated viewings, it still retains an element of terror and originality that makes it unique among horror films. I believe it's the first bona fide Cannabilistic Zombie Film and the catalyst for all that was to follow! In essence, we would not be here without it! Much has been written and said about this groundbreaking film and its director, George A. Romero, so I won't dwell on its cinematic history. Suffice to say that what the discovery of electricity is to the light bulb, NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD is to the zombie genre. It gave us our first taste of human entrails consumed by the living dead and helped to create an entire new hybrid of the horror film genre...The Zombie Gore Film. Why did we love it? We couldn't fuckin' believe it! It was a new horror thrill! With experiences never before portrayed on film in graphic, gory detail!

On the second day, Gore created DAWN OF THE DEAD. Instead of black-and-white, he made the film in color, saw the intestines flying, and said, "This is Gore." Indeed it is...and it's fun! There is no zombie film quite like DAWN OF THE DEAD.

Once again, George Romero broke new ground, creating a film that is as much social satire as it is pure horror. I will never forget what it was like watching this film for the first time!



Bam! A door flies open! Kabang! They blow a guy's head into puree of brains! Shit howdy! And how about that black female zombie biting clean through her husband's arm and neck! And this is just the first ten minutes! You want more? Okay, what say we pin down this here biker and rip him the fuck open! Shit like this just wasn't done. Straight shot...no edits. Allah be praised, this movie has guts. Like you, my goremeister brothers and sisters, I was hooked...big time. My eyes beheld helicopter blades slicing open a head. Zombies gleefully munching out on assorted dismembered body parts held lovingly in their hands. In gore content alone, this film made NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD look like BAMBI! Still, I kept asking myself, why am I enjoying this? Is it some deep-rooted, primitive urge to consume mass quantities of innards?

Then, suddenly, I realized why. I knew it all couldn't happen! Isn't that the basis of all fantasy? Shit like this just doesn't happen! When I watch a zombie film, I feel safe. And even though cannibalism does exist, those fuckers are in deepest, darkest Africa, shrinking heads and munching out on Peace Corp volunteers.

Perhaps another reason why we enjoy zombie films so much is curiosity. That same urge that

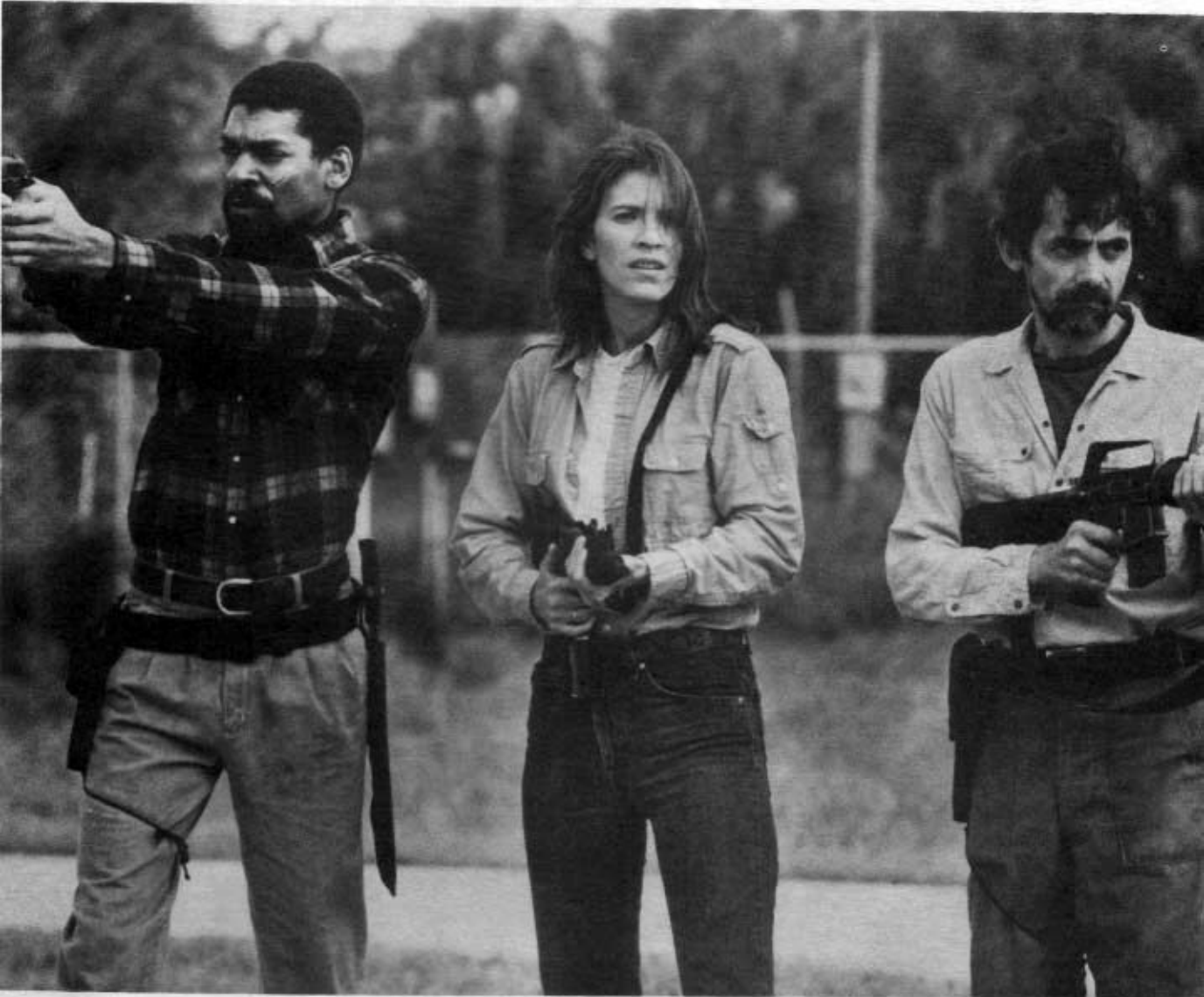
makes us slow down when we drive by a car accident. Maybe we like confronting death and walking away in one piece. Even if it's only a film.

One thing's for sure, as the years go by, the makeup FX just keep getting redder and better. Two films that come immediately to mind are DAY OF THE DEAD and RE-ANIMATOR. I was at the world premier of DAY OF THE DEAD in New York and it was an experience I'll always treasure. Imagine, an entire theatre full of gorehounds with all of the stars of the film...Savini and Romero watching the movie with us! And then...those FX. Everyone was going apeshit! With every effect came a howl of delight and a round of applause. The zombie on the operating table standing up and pouring out! The arm amputation! The head cut in half by the shovel! The body with no face, just a brain! Bub! All those Army assholes being torn apart! It was grue therapy en masse! One big room full of a bunch of goremeisters like you and me, bathing in a sea of blood.



DAY OF THE DEAD





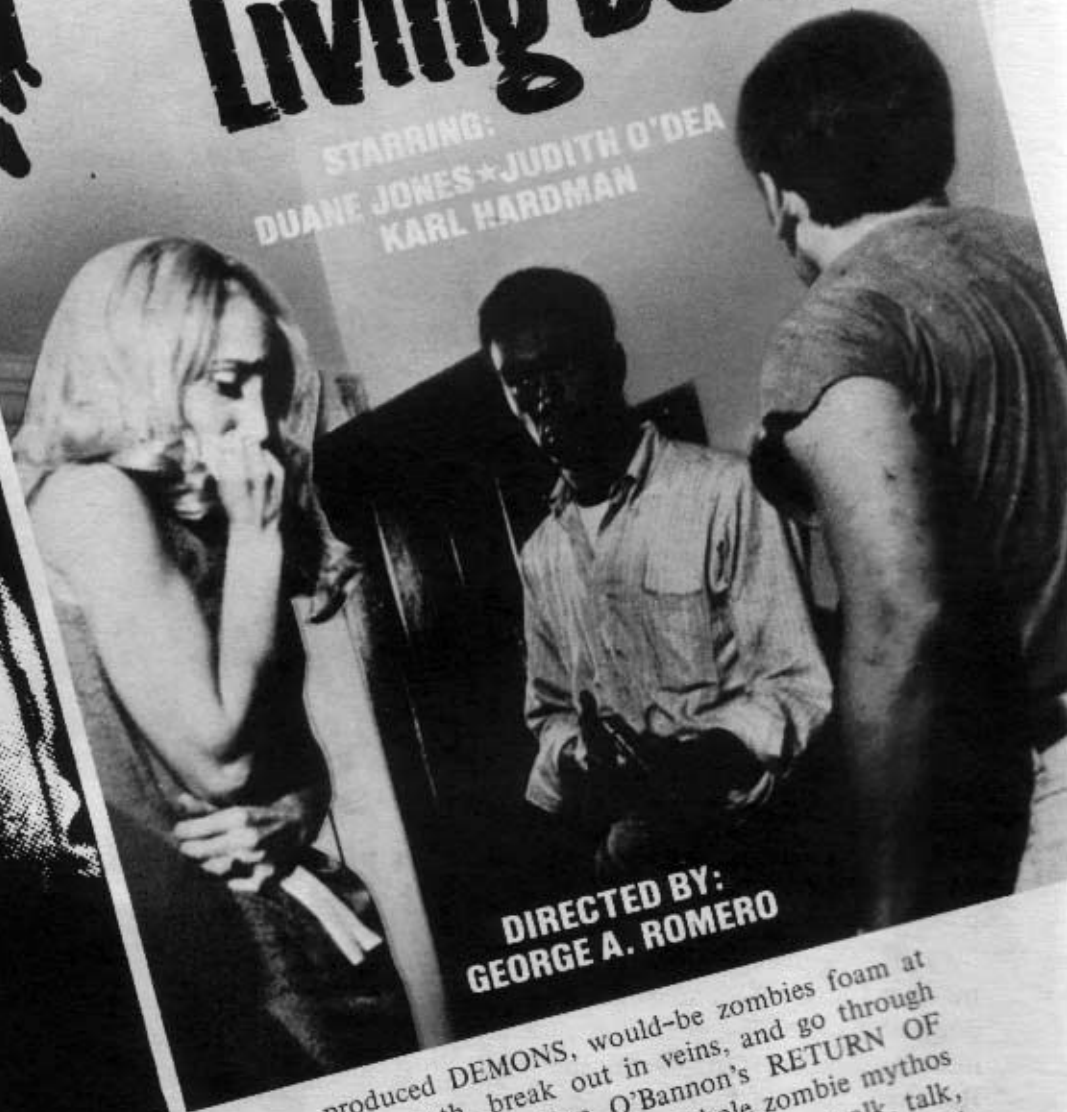
RE-ANIMATOR gave us zombies brought to life by a green, glowing serum. It also gave us some of the best FX, acting, and direction in the genre. I don't think there's a genre fan alive who doesn't like RE-ANIMATOR. With the exception of Romero's zombie films, no other horror outing combines the fine elements of humor, horror, gore, and storyline as well as this modern classic. RE-ANIMATOR is more than a horror film; it is a work of art.

The zombie myth has been handled in different ways by different directors, thus adding an element of variety to the genre. Italian directors like Lucio Fulci (ZOMBIE) and Andrea Bianchi (BURIAL GROUND) like to revive their zombies after they've been dead a **long time**, with plenty of maggots and worms squirming around empty eye sockets and lots of depraved goings on, like



# The night of the Living Dead

STARRING:  
DUANE JONES \* JUDITH O'DEA  
KARL HARDMAN



DIRECTED BY:  
GEORGE A. ROMERO

eyes being splintered, intestines being barfed up and tits being bitten off. Italian zombies are the most frightening looking, too! I still have nightmares imagining those horrifying, ugly faces (like the ones at the end of Fulci's ZOMBIE). Lamberto Bava (Mario's son) introduced the idea of a "zombie virus" that slowly turns people who are still alive into zombies. In the Dario Argento

produced DEMONS, would-be zombies foam at the mouth, break out in veins, and go through withdrawal. In Dan O'Bannon's RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD, the whole zombie mythos is turned upside down. Zombies run, walk, talk, and only eat brains! And a shot in the head will just piss them off!

Why do we love zombies? Because deep down we're zombies too! Walking through life, trying to get a decent meal. Zombies are fun! Zombies come in an infinite variety! And, best of all, they are never racist. Whether you're black, white, yellow, or red, if you meet up with a zombie, you're fucking dead! Long live zombies!

I used to be normal...happy...well-adjusted...  
but that was before...

# ZOMBIE HIGH





Ein  
**ZOMBIE**  
hing am  
Glockenseil

Arbeitsmatters Filmverleih





# BARKER RAISES HELL!

BY TODD  
FRENCH

## An In-Depth Analysis of "Hellraiser"

HELLRAISER, the directorial debut of Briton horror sensation Clive Barker, combines the best elements of his Books of Blood series, and is one of the most ferociously-inspired horror flicks in years, putting him up there with Stuart Gordon as one of the genre's leading heavyweights. It could also be the ideal film for the New Age of Chastity which seems to have gripped America these days.

Case in point, a brief synopsis: an amoral hedonist, looking for new thrills, gets involved with Fetishistic Zombies From Hell, who get him hooked on supernatural sadomasochism, ultimately tearing him to shreds. Later, his brother's wife (with whom he once had an affair) contrives to bring him back from the dead in an attempt to escape her own joyless marriage. But "safe sex" leads to a number of head bashings and exsanguinations, since the regenerated dead man needs flesh and blood to regain his human form.

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Of course, the movie is much more complex than this. Like some of the best stories ("Sex, Death and Starshine," "Age of Desire," etc.) from Barker's Books of Blood series, the horror springs from the physical appetites of his characters. The movie is also a potpourri of other genre antecedents, from FAUST to POLTERGEIST, with the house where all the lunacy has occurred burning down in true Corman-esque fashion. Yet despite all this, HELLRAISER still manages to maintain its own uniquely original sense of pure sexual radicalism, which I haven't seen since Stuart Gordon's FROM BEYOND, with its blending of gloopy Lovecraftian horrors and rioting libidos. But HELLRAISER is an altogether smarter and better film.

The "hellraiser" of the title is a sort of Chinese-puzzle-box-doorway-into-another-dimension, the Lament Configuration, which dissolute sexual adventurer Frank Cotton (Sean Chapman) buys somewhere in the Orient. This good supposedly promises undreamed of physical pleasures at the hands of the box's guardians, the Cenobites, demons dedicated to the pursuit of sensuality. Unfortunately for Frank, the Cenobites, supernatural S&Mers, with their black leather duds and do-it-yourself appendectomies are bad news; instead, Frank gets filleted in their temple-cum-torture chamber.



But, of course, the fun is just beginning. Soon after, Frank's respectable (and dull) brother Larry (Andy Robinson totally unrecognizable from his role as Scorpio in *DIRTY HARRY*) and wife Julia (Clare Higgins), who once had an affair with Frank, move into the hapless brother's house. Almost immediately, Julia starts to hear whispers from a certain room on the top floor to which she soon becomes inexplicably drawn. When Larry cuts himself and spills some blood on the bare boards of the room, it enables the partially regenerated Frank to rise up from the floorboards.

Having escaped the clutches of the Cenobites, Frank trades on Julia's past affections, seducing her into finding victims to satisfy his cannibalistic appetites. However, Julia's lovely young stepdaughter Kirsty (Ashley Laurence) gets wind of the gory goings-on, and by the film's climax, is not only fending off her uncle's gooey incestuous advances, but also the Cenobites who'd love nothing better than to (literally) get their hooks back into Frank.

As you can see, Barker's *Love With The Improper Corpse* hijinks go far beyond the limits of good taste. (As in his fiction, he takes real manic glee in trashing as many taboos as possible.) His zombies are a billion light years from our conception of the usual shambling Romero flesheaters. Barker's zombies don't want to just munch on your spleen, they want to get it on with you! His monsters and victims spend as much time jumping out of their foreskins as their skins. All this ties in with the film's tone of escalating perversity and Barker's own sexual politics.

In any untalented hack's hands, this could have all ended up as pure grind-house fodder, but the flick is a class act all the way because of Barker's ferociously original imagination and his delirious visual sense, which makes the film as auspicious a genre debut as Stuart Gordon's *RE-ANIMATOR*.

Barker's control is evident from the very beginning with a splendid trinity of scenes that sets up the plot with great economy. Frank purchasing the Lament Configuration (a wonderful symbol for the lure of desire and seduction) from a shadowy Oriental. Frank unraveling the box's mystery. Then the grisly aftermath, with a pin-cheeked Cenobite making a jigsaw puzzle out of the ill-fated adventurer's face. Bam! Just like that, we're sucked in, wondering what the hell is going on and barely able to catch our breath as Barker hits us with a ghost train of progressively horrific set pieces.

Aside from the central pleasure of *HELLRAISER*—Barker's recognition of the horror inherent in the manipulation of desire—one of the niceties is the way the movie unfolds in a series of escapes, sketching in a world of drizzle and rain which readily explains why characters move casually into one anteroom of damnation after another. Everyone in *HELLRAISER* is trying to





find some reprieve from a stifling and unsatisfying existence: Julia and Larry moving into Frank's old digs to recharge a troubled marriage; Julia's acceptance of Frank's gloppy advances to escape the sterility of her passionless hausfrau life; Kirsty's own attempt at independence; the (false) escape offered by the Lament Configuration. In this context, it's not hard to see why Barker's nice bourgeois family, the Cottons, start to resemble a Charles Adams nightmare, or why a vital, beautiful woman like Julia takes up with the first randy ghoul to come along.

And it's the Eros and Thanatos shenanigans that give *HELLRAISER* its main charge. The film's love story is the twisted kind of an EC comic book (though Barker never lets the necrophilia angle get so extreme that the film is unwatchable). It's mesmerizing on an upchuck level watching Frank and Julia making zombie eyes at each other or the beautiful but dissatisfied Julia flowering through the act of murder. The mixture of perverse sensuality and conventional scares is unlike anything the genre has seen in a long time.

Barker also sneaks in a number of neat visual conceits and clues throughout the movie. For example, the statues of Christ that are everywhere in Frank's house (foreshadowing the dead man's resurrection and later his own "crucifixion"). Also, the unnamed and mysterious derelict who pops up now and again to spook Kirsty and who turns out by the film's end not to be a guardian angel in disguise, but presumably the demon who tempted the Cenobites into perversion, ready to start the cycle over. There's also an effective scene in a hospital, crosscutting between Kirsty as she's trying to solve the Lament Configuration and the time-lapse image of a rose on her TV signaling the "blossoming" horrors of the parallel world she's about to stumble into.

Barker also injects a strong underlying theme of voyeurism in the proceedings (one of the really good touches in Tobe Hooper's *LIFEFORCE*), giving the film's terror even greater resonance. This comes across in the way Barker gives us shots of Frank gloating over Julia's bloody handiwork, the Cenobites enjoying Frank's sufferings, etc.

But one of the things that really struck me about the movie is how economical it is in terms of its settings. Aside from a couple of exteriors, the action pretty much takes place in one locale, and it's all fairly modest in scale. Yet, it is so rich in its director's powerfully macabre vision that it makes the recent big-budgeted misfires of John Carpenter and Tobe (who?) Hooper look like pea-brained dinosaurs lumbering on their way to the nearest tar pits.

Everything seems right. The richly detailed performances by Higgins and Robinson, and, hell, even Ashley Laurence beats out Jennifer (CREEPERS) Connelly for the Pubescent Heroine Award (and she's a nice departure from the usual virginal innocent cliché we've become accustomed to). And as usual, Barker writes really terrific dialogue, with the monsters getting the best lines, as always. My favorites: when Laurence discovers the rotten Frank masquerading under her dad's stolen skin and scratches him, prompting the ghoul to snarl, "Well, so much for the cat and mouse shit!" Earlier, when Laurence is told by one of the Cenobites, "Please no tears. It's a waste of good suffering."

The technical credits are surprisingly good, despite the budget constraints. Production designer Mike Buchanon's conceptions, ranging from the psycho-sexual-religious bric-a-brac of Frank's house to a no-shit Torture Chamber From Hell, are superb. The special effects by Bob Keen are, on the whole, pretty impressive (especially the great initial set piece with Frank's hideous remains bursting through the floorboards). But he deserves a week being booked in a Cenobite suite for allowing the godawful "Engineer" demon (or as one wit put it, the "wheelbarrow monster") to make it into the final print. Equally laughable (but more endearing by far) is the derelict-demon's transformation at the finale into something that looks like a dehydrated GHIDRAH, THE THREE-HEADED MONSTER. Robin Vidgeon's cinematography is very effective at exploiting pooling shadows and darkened staircases.

But it's Barker's unique visual gifts which really help make this such an auspicious debut. His Cenobites are truly terrifying creations (these guys make Jason and Freddy look like the Care Bears and Cosby Kids all wrapped into one!) and the stuff of all our worst nightmares. They vary

from a faceless dude with the scariest teeth I've ever seen to (my favorite) a scarified blob with shades. These guys are real Adult Monsters for the 80's. Ditto for Frank, ever the slimy seducer even when he's dripping ganglia from his bones. He never fails, despite the tons of latex, to be anything but an all-too-recognizable character.

Barker also comes up with a nice Hitchcockian twist during a scene which addresses all our worst fears about our choice of random sex partners in which a victim-to-be picked up by Julia momentarily turns vicious before meeting his doom. The movie yields some nice surprises on a second viewing as well (the image of one of the Cenobite torture devices on a wall in the opening scene with Frank purchasing the Lament Configuration).

Some horror hounds may be mystified by Barker's more intelligent approach to the genre; but there is certainly enough grue to make most splatter fans happy, with Frank's exsanguinations as messy as one could hope for. And what the Cenobites do to Frank at the film's climax has to be one of the most disturbingly surreal images in horror movies in the last few years.



That's not to say that the film does not have its problems. Barker could still learn something about pacing (there are a few draggy spots here and there) and puh-leasse, no more clichéd "heartbeat" effects anymore, you guys. Give us a break! The ending also turns into one of those mega-effects-for-a-frisson wrappers (à la POLTERGEIST) as Kirsty and her boyfriend flee from the house (and that damn "Engineer" model!) It really does fall flat, and the movie could have benefitted from a bit more humor. More irritating is that old splatter genre pitfall: the terrified heroine comes out of hiding and sobs hysterically in plain sight while a homicidal maniac is running around. Come on, Clive, use them writer-fellah smarts of yours.

However, these are little quibbles in critiquing the minor masterpiece Barker has fashioned, as ingeniously designed as the Lament Configuration. (Hey, look at the opening scenes with the intercutting between Robinson trying to move the marriage bed upstairs, Julia's flashbacks of Frank, then Robinson cutting himself on a nail, symbolizing the blood which will seal the diabolical marriage between Julia and Frank). The care is evident in every frame.

Like a lot of buffs, I have to admit I was carried away by all the hype (the drooling Stephen King quote, "I Have Seen The Future Of Horror...And It Is Named Clive Barker"), hoping beyond hope. Then I saw the wretched RAWHEAD REX (based on a story from his third Book of Blood) and my convert's faith dwindled to resignation as I prepared for the next misguided missiles from Wes (Mr. Inconsistent) Craven, John (When's the Apprenticeship Going to End) Carpenter, and Tobe (Fading Fast) Hooper. But happily, HELLRAISER confirms what I had prayed for—that Stuart Gordon will not be the only dominant, innovative force for the genre in the late 80's.

With its blend of kinky eroticism and ectoplasm and visions of randy corpses and eternal damnation (we know from the beginning that The Beast Must Die, it's just a matter of when and how many he'll take with him), HELLRAISER is the dazzline debut of a genre master who is redefining the limits of his field.

Or, as Frank would probably say in his tongue-wagging Cenobite sign off: you can't keep a good corpse down, or his manhood.







# NEWS

# SLASHES

BY CHAS. BALUN

New Jersey--

Ted Bohus of Filmline Communications, Inc. has announced four upcoming films which should be of interest to every red-blooded DR reader. Ted produced the ambitious, FX-laden *THE DEADLY SPAWN* (1983), a nifty little monster movie which returned a healthy profit on a micro-investment of well under \$100,000. Bohus has a hand in writing, producing, directing, and designing the FX in these new films; and by the looks of the stills he's provided, independent genre filmmaking is alive and well in Joy-zee. Rat-on!



MINDKILLER



SHADOWVISION

*SLIGHTLY ASTOUNDING STORIES* is a sci-fi/horror/comedy/thriller directed by Glenn Takakjian with FX provided by Ed French, Brian Quinn and Mark Sullivan (*ROBOCOP*, *HOUSE 2*).

*DEADLY SPAWN II: METAMORPHOSIS* is currently in pre-production with shooting to commence in the middle of March. *SPAWN II* will also be directed by Glenn Takakjian with Vincent Guastini handling the FX chores.



**MINDKILLER** is about an inept young librarian who learns the secrets of mind expansion and environmental control through a self-help journal, only to have his over-taxed brain turn into a vengeful monster that bursts from his skull and takes on a life of its own. Directed by Mike Krueger, with FX designed and supervised by Ted Bohus, and created by Vincent Guastini (assisted by Pat Denver), **MINDKILLER** is in the can now, due for release in January, 1988.

**SHADOWVISION**, a trilogy of stories written and directed by Bohus, with FX by Guastini, Brian Quinn and John Dods, is now half complete and should be out before summer.



Hollywood—

Camp Motion Pictures recently hosted a righteous no-holds-barred party at the Egyptian Theater on Hollywood Boulevard to celebrate their first birthday and to premiere their first major motion picture: Fred Olen Ray's **HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW HOOKERS**. The film stars Gunnar (Leatherface) Hansen, Linnea Quigley, Michelle Bauer, Jay



Richardson, and Ray's wife, Dawn Wildsmith, who turns in a deliciously wicked, comedic performance as one of the hookers under suspicion for a series of chainsaw-cult slayings. The film is a funky, frequently hilarious, noirish-styled thriller with plenty of the exploitation staples: blood, boobs, and buzzsaws.

Great to see an unmasked Gunnar Hansen, who, incidentally, has one helluva time getting his chainsaw started during a human sacrifice at the cult's temple. Linnea Quigley saves the day with her "Virgin Dance of the Double Chainsaws" and ends up cutting Gunnar down to size.

# HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW

## Hookers

They charge an arm and a leg!

Ray deserves much credit for turning in a film that looks really good and easily betrays its low budget limitations. Cinematographer Scott Ressler is also to be commended for giving the film a proper moody, atmospheric look and hiding whatever flaws the modest sets may exhibit by clever lighting and imaginative camera placements.



HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW HOOKERS

HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW HOOKERS



Camp Motion Pictures is also currently shooting *DEATH ROW DINER*, starring Michelle Bauer and Jay Richardson, again, and directed by Dennis Wood. Filming commenced in November at the Lincoln Heights Prison, a community slammer that hasn't been used in over a decade. A ghoul, electrocuted some thirty years ago, returns to haunt and kill a film crew who've just arrived at the prison to shoot a movie about the "deceased."



And, meanwhile, across town...Phillips and Mora Entertainment (Linnea Quigley's managers) have announced their intentions to enter both the feature film and home video market with several upcoming genre productions. *TAN-TALIZER*, starring Linnea and directed by Dave DeCoteau (*CREEPOZIDS*, *LADY AVENGER*, *THE IMP*), began filming in late November. It's written by genre staple, Bill George, and should be out come summertime. Phillips/Mora also have two other films currently in production. *HAUNTINGS* and *TAN-TALIZER II*.



Eric Caidin, owner of Hollywood Book and Poster Company, has several film festival/retrospectives on tap for next year. Following in the wake of his first show, the sold-out tribute to the films of John Waters (*PINK FLAMINGOS*, *MULTIPLE MANIACS*, *FEMALE TROUBLE*), Eric and his partner at Epics International, Jimmy Maslon, have scheduled a two-day film retrospective on Russ Meyer (*BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS*, *SUPERVIXENS*, *UP!*) in mid-



December, to be followed by other events featuring such luminaries as David Cronenberg, Dario Argento, Wes Craven, and Tobe Hooper (though Eric promises us it won't include INVADERS FROM MARS nor TEXAS CHAINSAW 2).

Caidin has been a tireless supporter and genre fan(atic) for years and years, supplying publications (your editor's especially) with the bloody best stills to be found anywhere, as well as hosting various parties at his store, celebrating the latest chillers to hit the big screen. So, for crissakes, man, get down to his store at 1706 Las Palmas Avenue, say thanx, and buy something!



What about PUMPKINHEAD?

Scheduled for release on October 23, the De-Laurentiis Entertainment Group has now re-scheduled the film for January and re-titled it, in hopes of playing down the seasonal inferences of the old moniker. Well, your ol' editor got a sneak peak during an advance screening for cast, crew, and friends recently at a posh Westwood theatre. You could tell right away the audience was heavily biased as they would break into cheers when some dirty hillbilly farm kids walked a big 500 lb. sow across the road.

To some of the more cynical members of the audience, though, it looked more like DEG delivered another BFD. Sure, P-HEAD looks great, all hi-tech backlighting, strobes, smoke, and the latest latex wonder stomping around in suitably lush, atmospheric set pieces. But...let's get one thing straight...it's a BODY COUNT PICTURE. Only instead of a Jason, we get a Jack-O-Lantern psycho-demon, resurrected by a distraught father to avenge his young child's death. If you've seen ALIENS, PREDATOR, or any installment of the FRIDAY THE 13TH series, then you've already seen this movie. First-time director Stan Winston displays a real flair for moviemaking and, make no bones about it, there are several beautifully staged sequences in the film, inspired even. They still can't hide the fact that, in reality, it's another Badass Hellspawn vs. Obnoxious Kids scenario. Worst of all, the juveniles are a bunch of wise-cracking dirt bikers! Bleaah! You want all of them to die much sooner than they do and in a much more painful and prolonged manner.

This is a film that just can't wait to trot out its next trick from the hi-tech effect grab bag. You know the kind—even a major credit for a "sound designer," whose main job appears to be inserting a blast of deceptive audial cacophony whenever things slow down. Wow! A little dog jumps up into somebody's lap and...Blammo!...major sound effects drill your brains out.

There's still much to recommend about this film, however. Though, in your humble reporter's opinion, JASON does it better...and lots cheaper.



From New York—

As we reported last month, Reeltime's HOME SWEET HOME has undergone a name change. It's now called LURKERS and will be released theatrically this spring. Roberta Findlay's film tells an intriguing story about the mysterious residents of an aging tenement, who actually turn out to be sentinel-like guardians of a passageway to The Beyond. Boffo sledgehammer murder and knife kills, climaxing with a nifty little twist before the credits roll.

Reeltime begins shooting their next horror pic, PRIME EVIL, in January, renting New York's famous Limelight Disco (which happens to be a decommissioned church) for some Black Mass madness. Thanx to Jim Cirile for the updates and exclusive previews of things-to-come.



A new documentary feature about the making of the GONE WITH THE WIND of meat movies... THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE is now in the works and will include contributions from original cast members Jim Siedow (Cook), Ed Neal (Hitchhiker), Gunnar Hansen (Leatherface), and Bob Burns (Art Director and FX man). More news on this project next issue.



PUT UP OR SHUT UP TIME

Your not-so-humble editor has recently been offered an opportunity to finally prove that he's really got some guts. Yep! A film project! Just got the green light from the producer to go ahead.

Am I excited? Does a Pope shit in the woods? Is the bear Catholic? Shee-it! Whaddayou think? Gunnar (Leatherface) Hansen will be in it and he'll also write the screenplay after we've hammered out a treatment. Ever wonder what could possibly scare horrordom's quintessential chainsaw cannibal? You'll find out soon enough. Yours truly has already signed on to write the original story and...ah-hem...direct this baby. I'll also paint a deceptively grandiose poster design to make you think we spent \$10 million on it. Two major FX studios have expressed a desire to participate in the project; and we're

also planning to include other well-known genre troopers like...ah...well, better wait 'til next issue to give you those.

If we can't deliver the groceries, your editor will be summarily disembowelled, drawn and quartered and our production company will sell the footage to **FACES OF DEATH III** to help recover the negative costs. More (lots more) on this "Dream Project" next issue.



South Florida—

Tim Ritter, 20-year-old goremeister and driving force behind **TWISTED ILLUSIONS, INC.** (the folks behind **TRUTH OR DARE—A CRITICAL MADNESS**), has just finished producing, writing, and directing **THE KILLING SPREE**, currently in foreign release and due to hit our shores in early 1988.

It's about a paranoid aviation mechanic who thinks his newlywed wife is making the beast-with-two-backs with everybody in pants. He disposes of his milkman, a TV repair man, an electrician, plumber, and the lawn man and buries them in his backyard. Only...they won't stay dead and these suburban, blue-collar service-oriented zombies want **REVENGE**.

The clip, provided your editor, was a little rough around the edges, though it did showcase some exhilarating **SHOGUN ASSASSIN**-style arterial spurting, as well as chainsaws, claw hammers, screwdrivers, and fan rotor blades put to good use.

Young FX'ers Joel Harlow and Mark Pederson supplied various latex hands, heads, bodies, and guts, and used over 15 gallons of "blood" to get their point across

Like some wag has said in the past, "If you can't make it great, make it **BIG**. If you can't make it big...make it **RED**." Amen to that.



More features on up-and-coming makeup artists, directors, and independent producers; an update on our "Fanzines A-Z" article; and a major piece on H.P. Lovecraft. We'll also take a close look at Troma Films, a very successful New York independent and see what they've got in store for us after **TOXIC AVENGER**, **CLASS OF NUKE 'EM HIGH** and **REDNECK ZOMBIES**.

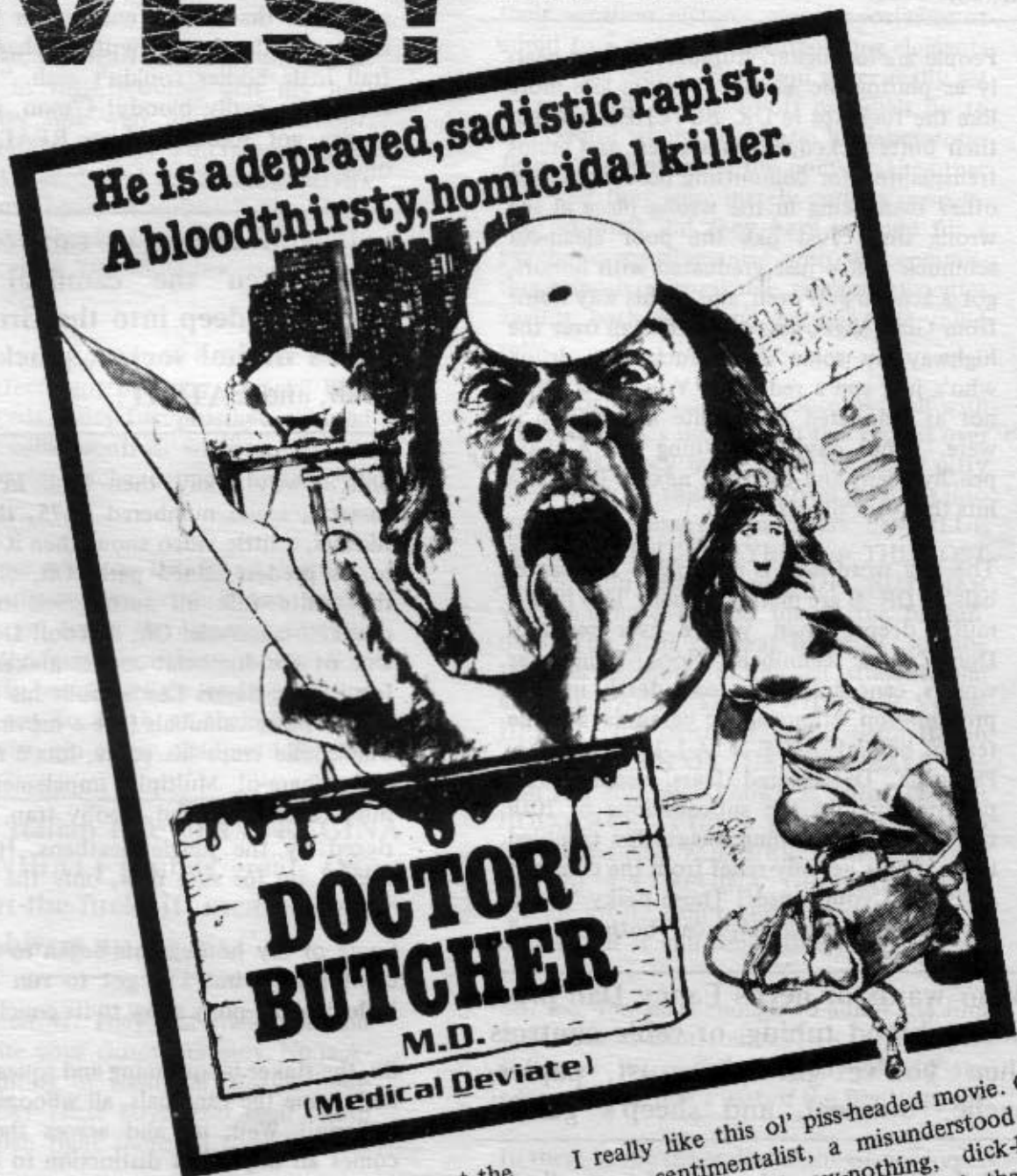
And, next time (I promise) we **will** have lunch with Forrest J. Ackerman and pay tribute to our roots. I mean, where would we **all** be without the groundbreaking **FAMOUS MONSTERS** magazine?

Also, the latest in cannibal terror from our chunk-blowin' Italian blood brothers and all the best (and worst) of the newest video and theatrical releases.

Subscriptions to **DEEP RED** will also be made available, starting with Issue No. 3.

# DR. BUTCHER LIVES!

BY CHAS. BALUN



How do I love this shit? Let me count the ways. To the breadth and depth of thy rivers of blood; beyond sense and reason; thy shine pierces my heart of darkness; your orb plucking, torso staking, and brain salad surgeries have anointed me with thy crimson flow.

I really like this ol' piss-headed movie. Call me a sentimentalist, a misunderstood romantic, or a know-nothing, dick-head poseur. I don't care. To hell with the real tripe: yawners like **OUT OF AFRICA**; bullshit soul man suck-ups like Mr. Wonder Bread's **THE COLOR PURPLE**; or even recent discoflash, big-budget ass biters like **THE LOST BOYS**. These movies all lie. Life don't look like that. Doesn't talk, walk, eat or shit like that.



other to bathe and baptize themselves in his blood. It's splashing all over the place, too; but it's not until he's summarily disemboweled and has his guts eaten in front of him that our little wanker finally gives up the ghost.

By this time, my heart was in my throat, his heart was in their mouths, and my hot-talking party folk were at the front door, waving good-bye. "Hey! You're gonna miss the eyeball scene! And the scalping, larynx snipping, and brain transplant!" They were already gone. Thanks, Doc. Now, let's party! Cannibals...gotta love those rascals. Nobody does it better.

Lots of people do it lots better as far as makeup effects go, but why nitpick? Who wants or needs Fancy Dan prosthetics, blood tubing, or cable controls when you've got pie crust, papier-mache, oatmeal, and sheep's guts?

I found some scenes in DR. B to be actually disarming, quaint even, in their own primal way. Lots of times the cannibal-zombies come into the frame, in a close-up head shot, right there in broad daylight, and just sort of dare you not to laugh at their Play-Doh sculpted faces. No clever, shadowed lighting

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**"Even the Italian title of LA REGINA DIE CANNIBALI sounds great. Don't know what-the-fuck it means, but it still sends shivers up my ass."**

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to hide in either. They just stand still and openly invite your closest scrutiny. No jack-hammer editing or flashy MTV-style jump cuts...No, sir! These boys wear their cheap shit chutzpah right there on their tattered sleeves.

And, who among us can remain unmoved when the cannibal plunges second-digit deep into the Great White Hunter's orbital socket, plucks out his eyeball, and EATS IT! I had a lump in my throat, too, just like our little hungry heathen.

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**"It's actually refreshing to see a film that knows its shit still stinks."**

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Well, before this article becomes the literary equivalent of your grandparents showing off their vacation pictures, your reporter must admit to a couple of disappointing elements about this movie. First, you never really get to see what the pissed-off cannibals do to the Doctor when they storm his laboratory. Jeez, they were none too polite to the other folk and they were merely curious trespassers. So what did they have in mind for a psychotic megalomaniac who was committing heinous, unspeakable, criminal atrocities against both man and nature? The mind reels.

My second and last gripe concerns itself with the many titles used to sell this project over the years. They used up all the really nifty ones! With all this genre drivel parading into town with lame-ass monikers like BLUE MONKEY, NIGHTFLYERS, or THE LOST BOYS, you secretly wish DR. BUTCHER wouldn't have hogged up all the bitchin' ones. The final cut was made by splicing together a short, unfinished student film entitled TALES THAT WILL RIP YOUR HEART OUT with an unsuccessful Italian release, QUEEN OF THE CANNIBALS. The film has also been known as both ZOMBIE HOLOCAUST (Yow!) and THE ISLAND OF THE LAST ZOMBIES. Even the Italian title of LA REGINA DEI CANNIBALI sounds great. Don't know what-the-fuck it means, but it still sends shivers up my ass.

So, see, I'm man enough to admit the film does have its shortcomings; it's far from perfect and it's awfully raggedy 'round the edges. Maybe that's part of the film's appeal.

In these hectic times, lost amongst our hyper-accelerated longings for wealth, sex, order, safety, career advancements, and good grooming, it's actually refreshing to see a film that knows its shit still stinks.

We should be so lucky.



# SYBIL DANNING: Queen B

"Once again Sybil rules," is how the sultry screen beauty described her latest work. "I am the queen of the Amazons in *AMAZON WOMEN ON THE MOON* and I play an alien queen in Fred Olen Ray's *PHANTOM EMPIRE*. I also played the warrior queen in the film of the same name and the queen of the werewolves in *HOWLING II*." Ironically, though, it was for the part of the prostitute/First Lady that the actress was first considered during casting for *AMAZON WOMEN*. Her proper part was cinched when she met with producer/director Robert K. Weiss wearing a purple jumpsuit with golden zippers. "You're here for the **President's wife**?" he asked, after looking her up and down. She walked out of their meeting as the Amazon queen.

BY KRIS GILPIN

The lovely actress (her eyes are beautiful in person) liked the hybrid of comedy and science fiction she found in *AMAZON WOMEN ON THE MOON*. "The costume was great; it took 12 fittings for the costume of the queen reigning on her throne. It looks like a combination of a samurai outfit and something from *MAD MAX*; it's gorgeous." Danning didn't like her other costume, though, which comes in during the second part of the story. "Actually, I **hate** the costume," she laughed. "It's pink and it's a little softer, and I look like Zsa Zsa Gabor in it. It's not really what I intended to look like, but the role has a twist."

The film was even more fun for Sybil Danning when she discovered her segment's director had made her favorite music video, Weird Al Yankovic's Michael Jackson spoof, "Eat It." "Bob Weiss was wonderful, a lot of fun. He's like a big teddy bear, a big little kid, and he genuinely enjoys what he's doing. He's a great director; you know that he knows what he wants but, at the same time, he's flexible. He has great command of the whole situation; yet he's not one to say, 'We do it my way and no other!' When you work on a picture like that, you have to be in a good mood since it all reflects on the picture. It was a lot of fun during shooting; everything worked very smoothly." (The moon scenes were shot out at the famous Vasquez Rocks.)

Despite her tough girl image on screen, Danning is actually a very sweet, soft-spoken and intelligent woman. She can also be currently seen in PHANTOM EMPIRE, which everyone's favorite cinematic queen likened to "one great roller coaster ride; it was hilarious to make. I'd worked with Fred Ray before on THE TOMB. We (he and his actress wife, Dawn Wildsmith, and I) are like one big family, so we had a ball making that movie. It's so great working with Fred, too, because he's very open to suggestions and good for improvisations. Any idea you have is fine with him."

"At first, I was battling a dragon in the film with a sword," she said. "Then we thought, 'No, we've got something better; we've got this huge, beautiful dinosaur.' So, now I'm throwing a spear at this dinosaur and, of course, the dinosaur is not there—it comes later. We had to figure out exactly where the spear should go because you actually see it going into the dinosaur. Then, when we came to that point, we said, 'Oh, wait a minute! There are no spears,' because I'd been running around with this sword. So, as I know it's time to battle it, I look down and just happen to see this spear there..." PHANTOM EMPIRE is a tongue-in-cheek "sideways salute" to the old space/adventure serials.

"Every character in that movie is from another time. It's like a time warp," elaborated the actress. "Everybody's from somewhere else, but it all works very well. My girls in the film, for instance, are like cave bunnies with their little loincloths. I have this metallic spaceship and Robby the Robot is in there, too, and he's mine.

All the good guys are mine, even though I'm the bad guy." Most of the action takes place in the caves at the equally famous Bronson Canyons, which doubled for the center of the Earth. "We shot it at a time when it was cool. It was pleasant when the lights were on, but a little chilly when we were sitting around waiting to shoot. I've been on much, much worse sets," she smiled.

"There was one thing we changed—I was going to torture Jeffrey (RE-ANIMATOR) Combs, who I take as my favorite prisoner because he's kind of cute. But, Jeffrey suggested we do it a little less offensively since the whole film had already taken on this light, airy, fun kind of atmosphere. So we found a cute solution for what I do with him, a lot of which is left up to the imagination so that everyone can have their own fantasy about what happens to him. And Fred said, 'Fine.' It was such great teamwork—that's what it's all about." (Before being credited as The Alien Queen in the picture, her character was known as The Big Lady, due to her shoulder-padded outfit which Ray shot in low angles.)

Born in Austria, Danning felt stifled during her strict, religious upbringing. "What little Catholic Army brat wouldn't feel restrained in little uniforms with bow ties, with black shoes that pinched and hurt, and goofy white kneesocks?" she asked. "We had to wear blue pleated skirts when other girls were wearing petticoats and short dresses. I hated it! My nuns should see me now," she said with a laugh.







Sybil Danning didn't want to act when she was growing up. In fact, "I never had the dream to be **anything**," she stated. "I was in and out of Catholic schools and when I got out at age 14, I went to work. I needed to help my mother. It was a very serious upbringing. I mean going to church every morning before breakfast. We couldn't get to the cafeteria if we didn't go through the chapel first. That's how strict it was." The only fun she had then came from playing tricks on the nuns. The few moments she was outside playing, the young Sybil could usually be found climbing trees with the boys, always the tomboy. "Then, when I went to work, I had a lot of responsibilities for somebody that age, which is why I really think I enjoy playing these roles so much. For me, it's like being a kid again. **Again?** For the first time!"

Her natural beauty earned her work as a model for magazines and fashion companies throughout Europe although she hated getting in and out of the clothes and posing for photographic sessions. She did love the travel, though. "But walking on a stage is so **boring!**" She went on to earn a degree in cosmetology.

It was her photos which got Danning her first screen part, sitting half naked and combing her hair on a cliff at the ocean—the experience nearly gave her pneumonia. "I was so sick," she recalled. "For the amount of money I got I thought, 'This is what filmmaking is? It's not for me.'" And so she went back to modeling but, a year later, another producer saw the picture and offered her a second screen appearance, which she took. "Then I started taking it seriously and thought, 'Well, maybe I can make a living at this.' The second time around wasn't so bad; at least I did not freeze myself to death."

After many subsequent acting assignments (which included *THE SALAMANDER*, *METEOR*, *THE THREE MUSKETEERS*, and *AIRPORT '79*), her first "really, really fun movie" came with Roger Corman's *BATTLE BEYOND THE STARS*. Indeed, with the help of her manager/publicist, S.C. Dacy, it proved to be the current turning point to Danning's career which set the actress's **macha** persona. "That film really started me off with my audience today," she told me. "It was a great, very well-written movie. The reviews said

my costume with the antlers was the best one since BARBARELLA. Corman's studio at that time was this old lumber company he'd just bought. It was so damp there were mushrooms growing up the walls; the wood had rotted. But, we had a lot of fun shooting it."

Directed by Jimmy T. Murakami, the production was visited only once (during Danning's stint on the shoot) by Corman himself. It involved a lengthy shot which ended with a single line delivered by an extra. "I guess he was nervous because Roger was on the set because he kept fluffing his line. It happened once, twice, and I could see Corman was checking his watch and getting nervous himself. They did it again and Roger said, 'Okay, cut the line! Drop it! Get him off the set!' And then he went on with something else."

Danning loves her new image as the premiere street (and galaxy) fighting woman. "I guess it's my sincerity," she stated. "I think the difference in anything you do is if you really enjoy it. I've known actors standing next to me in similar, crazy costumes who looked at their watches and said, 'When are we going to get this over with?' And, I enjoy it. The moment I'm in costume I live the part and I love it! So you have to fight your way through (industry prejudice toward strong roles for women) with people like Fred Ray, Bob Weiss, and John Landis, who are children at heart and love these kinds of movies, and watch them themselves."

Although she works out to maintain the physique necessary for her roles, she doesn't enjoy that aspect of her work. "I hate working out and have to make it a point of doing it. I love gardening and skiing, but working out hurts and I'm just not into hurting myself." The actress also has spent time in gun clubs and shooting ranges, learning how to handle all the lethal hardware of her trade.

She learned to swing a saber in Rome, while filming THE SEVEN MAGNIFICENT GLADIATORS and HERCULES. She developed her own fighting style despite protests from the stunt trainer, who kept telling her she fought like a man. Looking back on HERCULES today, she said, "I thought it was a cute picture for little kids. I've done five movies for Cannon, so that's what I'd like to say about it." She played the evil princess in that Lou Ferrigno film.

Danning's most extensive make-up job came with HOWLING II; it took eight hours to glue countless rows of hairs on her body, from her feet to her head (she had to stand all the while), turning her into the screen's first blonde werewolf. "It was not a suit, they put it all on like eyelashes." All her wolf scenes were then shot immediately afterward, all at the same time.

The blonde beauty had an alternate climax in mind for HOWLING II. "That was my fifth film with Christopher Lee, so I granted his wish, but I would've loved to have had more of a confrontation with him at the end because, after all, we were rivals. We were brother and sister, and it would've been more interesting if we could've had a long, physical challenge before he killed me off, but he wanted to do it in a more spiritual way, as opposed to action. So, I just thought the end scene could have been better."

Sybil Danning loves making her "down-to-earth, dirty street movies," à la REFORM SCHOOL GIRLS and the mini-cult picture CHAINED HEAT, a women-in-prison flick starring Linda Blair. "I loved doing CHAINED HEAT! I'd love to do a good street picture again. I love to see men in prison movies when they play them, but they don't make that many of them." The actress found a healthy outlet for her still-repressed, rebellious nature in the fighting scenes in CHAINED HEAT. "It was a great script and a great character," she said. "I probably gained more female fans from that movie than any other. They wrote and said, 'I loved the way you fought for your rights in that picture!' I think it gave a lot of women the courage to go out and fight for whatever, to stand up for themselves. That was one of the few films I've done in which I was a strong, contemporary character and women loved that."

She believes, in fact, there aren't enough good parts for strong, realistic women in today's films, which she blames on the industry's producers. "Those characters are so hard to find because, if you're a tough woman, the producers find it easier to pass you off as a fantasy character (as opposed to more realistic street drama). I think the writers would love to write those kinds of characters, but it's easier for them to sell scripts the old way, and they have to make a living."

"I like the 'street films' because they're very down-to-earth, which is what I am. I can put so much of myself from my everyday life into the roles. I think an inner strength is more important, too, because anybody can play an outer strength." She did, however, turn down an offer to join Linda Blair onstage in the hilarious play, **WOMEN BEHIND BARS**. Having just finished **CHAINED HEAT**, she felt she had played it all already.

**CHAINED HEAT** had its mandatory shower scene, and Danning has had to appear nude in several films, from her early **BLUEBEARD**, **MEMOIRS OF A FRENCH PUSSYCAT** and **THE LONG, SWIFT SWORD OF SIEGFRIED** to **PRIVATE PASSIONS** and **HOWLING II**. "I did them (then); they had more or less to do with the story. They didn't bother me," she remembered. "I'm very free-thinking and I'm not shy about that." She has tried to cut down on the overtly sexual roles since **THEY'RE PLAYING WITH FIRE** (1984), however, since her fans had reacted to her three nude scenes with relative disinterest. "One theater manager said, 'Your fans were there, but they didn't see the Sybil they wanted to see.' The action fans and the nudity fans might be the same fans, but they don't want it in the same movie. That film really showed me I don't need to take my clothes off; and if I don't have to, I'd rather not." She also appeared in the August, 1983 issue of "Playboy," which is still one of the top five best-selling issues in the magazine's history.

Sybil's legion of fans has grown enough over the years to the point where USA Video approached the actress to host her own video line, "Sybil Danning's Adventure Video." She chooses the film titles herself, then hosts each one wearing a costume (and wielding a weapon) appropriate to that particular movie. The popular line includes a total of 26 titles on tape.

One ill-fated Danning project proved to be 1982's **BLACK DIAMOND** comic book; originally slated to be a film. Sybil (who was aiding the production) got the idea to first turn the storyline into a comic book after speaking with a fan at a convention for **BATTLE BEYOND THE STARS**. However, "the person who claims to have created the property was impossible to work with." While the book did come out (it sold out its printing of

40,000 copies in ten days at \$2.00 each), it was such a messy birth, the film, sadly, was never produced.

She did, however, love her stint on the TV show, "V." "It was my kind of Army uniform," she smiled. "I was hoping the series would go on, I really enjoyed doing it! I'd love to do more interesting TV like that. I'm spontaneous. For me, it comes best the first take; the more I do it, the worse it gets and that's the way TV is. The bad thing about filmmaking is that it takes so long to do."

One of her most recent fantasies was the outrageous, stock shot-packed **WARRIOR QUEEN**, whose unrated (on videotape) sex and violence quota seemed to make it an attempt at the ultimate 'B' movie. What does Danning think of the film now? "Well, I thought the script was interesting—obviously. Otherwise, I would not have done it, but it did get out of hand. I had fun doing it. I was a sort of saint who rides into town to save the girls, but when I saw the movie, I thought it was so interestingly edited that you never really do know what the hell I was doing and why I came and where I was going. In the script it was all so clear, and in the movie nobody understands anything. It's kind of sad because I think it had a great potential, but I don't know what happened. I'm sure it's doing great on video," she laughed.

Sybil Danning receives a steady stream of fan mail, which she personally reads and answers herself (though she said she is way behind in her answering). For the future, the actress looks forward to producing her own projects. "I would like to produce, mainly because I want to do the types of films I'd like to make, which include better roles for women," she said. "Some down-to-earth roles with a good spirit and some action and excitement. I think the way to do that is to eventually produce yourself. I think I can do just as good a job as some current producers, if not better. And who knows? I might even produce for other women, too, and not just for myself."





# In Praise of **RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD**

BY DENNIS DANIEL



As the movie theatre lights dimmed, I sat rigid in my seat, my mind filled with blissful anticipation of the images to come! The title, RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD, alone brought visions of ghastly zombie gluttony to my gore-infested mental faculties. This film was going to be superb! The first image that flashed on the screen was inside the U-Needa Medical Supply Warehouse. The owner (Clu Gulager) is on his way out to prepare for the July 4th weekend. He leaves the closing-up duties to his main man, Frank (James Karen), and new wave punk employee, Freddy (Thom Mathews). Frank shows Freddy how to pack skeletons, where to store half-dogs, and how they keep their cadavers fresh. He also shows Freddy a group of large metal cylinders in the basement that contain the bodies of captured zombies, first brought to life by a chemical the Army used to kill marijuana, that seeped into the ground right next to a cemetery. He explains that it was kept a big secret, but eventually some movie producer caught wind of the whole thing, made the movie NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, and loosely based it on the incident.

"How did the corpses get here?", asks Freddy. "Typical Army fuck up," replies Frank. As they stare at the scary decomposed corpse inside the cylinder, Freddy asks, "Can they get out of there?" Frank, in a confident tone replies, "Hell, no! These tanks were made by the U.S. Army Corps of Reserves!" He proceeds to slap the tank. On impact, a putrid green vapor spurts out, knocking them out and setting into motion one of the most joyous movie experiences I've had in years!

RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD has everything a horror fan wants in a film! A superb cast, excellent FX, and a marvelous script by writer/director Dan O'Bannon (DARK STAR, ALIEN, DEAD AND BURIED).

ROLD is unlike any zombie film past or present. It breaks all the accepted rules for zombie behavior, yet it remains captivating. Director O'Bannon knew he was treading on George A. Romero's turf (and with DAY OF THE DEAD on the way, he was practically sitting on his face). Therefore, he had to create a whole new zombie cosmos. In a

Fangoria interview with Bob Strauss, O'Bannon admits, "I had to find a different tone for the piece, so that I was operating in a different universe than Romero, cinematically speaking." What an understatement! O'Bannon is in a different galaxy.

Let's compare. Romero's zombies are ungainly, gawky, flesh-eating resurrectionists who will devour any and all parts of their victim's anatomy, gleefully swallowing generous portions of ripped-up human entrails. The only way to stop a Romero zombie is to shoot the putrid pecker in the head! O'Bannon's zombies do not lumber about like misdirected somnambulists; these fuckers **RUN!** And they run **FAST!** When they catch you, they're not interested in your intestines, all they want is **brains!** And they're happy to tell you! Yes, these zombies **talk**, and they talk a **lot!** They're conniving, scheming zombies, as well. When the local police arrive to help out the trapped entourage, the zombies kill them, then use their CB radio, asking the local police precinct to "send more cops."

You can forget about shooting them in the head to stop them! In one of the funniest scenes in the film, a freshly revived cadaver comes storming out of a freezer screaming "brains!" and attacking Gulager. James Karen and Thom Mathews pull him off Clu and wrestle him to the ground. Clu wonders, "How do we kill him?" James Karen remembers how it was done in **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD**—"Destroy the brain." So, Clu grabs a large pick, raises it high above his head, and sends it crashing down into the zombie's cranium. Alas, the zombie still lives! Clu exclaims, "I got him in the fucking brain, it didn't work!" Karen laments, "It worked in the movie." (My favorite line!) It is this type of logic that makes **ROLD** unique. The characters refer to **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** for guidance, so the film seems all the more **real**.

In essence, **RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD** is a sequel to **NOLD**. When George A. Romero parted company with **NOLD** co-writer John Russo (a fine horror author in his own right), he kept the rights to the title **DEAD** and Russo kept **LIVING DEAD**. Russo had a **ROLD** screenplay in the can and tried to get financial backing in the late 70's. With the help of producer Tom Fox, they finally received the backing they needed and



slated Tobe Hooper to direct. (Thank God he didn't!) Dan O'Bannon was then hired to update the screenplay, Hooper eventually backed out, and O'Bannon was chosen to make his directorial debut. And a brilliant one it is!

**RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD** is to zombie films what **AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON** is to werewolf films. It is both hysterical and horrifying. And the explanation for the spread of the zombies is pure genius. It also features two of the best character actors in films today—Clu Gulager and James Karen. They give wonderful, believable performances that had me **on the floor!** The supporting cast is also top notch. And the New Wave music gives the film an edgy, surreal presence.

Believe it or not, the Gore Score is pretty low compared to Romero's films, but the screenplay makes up for the lack of hack. The FX and zombie makeup are all state-of-the-art (and the cut-in-half talking corpses are a mind blower!). But, best of all, it's an original approach to what is becoming a very tired formula.

**ROLD** has earned a place in my heart and a position of strength in the zombie film genre. It is 91 minutes of nonstop action, horror and humor, put together by a talented group of professionals! They're back from the dead and they're ready to party!

Grab a hatchet and noisemaker—this is one party you won't want to miss! A future classic!





# GORE

# SCOREBOARD



## THE RATING SYSTEM



bow-wow



nearly worthless



ordinary



solid & scary



hard core horror

## The Gore Score

This evaluation 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**

## NATURAL ENEMIES

d: Jeff Kanew



Interesting idea about a man (Hal Holbrook) who, upon awakening one morning, decides to kill his entire family. Unfortunately, from there it's 100 minutes of virtually nonstop talking heads, though the only pointful dialogue comes between Holbrook and old friend Jose Ferrer. Holbrook's wife is played by Louise Fletcher (she's a depressive who's gone through shock treatment), and he supplies some morose voice-over narration throughout the film. The only interesting part comes when Hal takes five prostitutes (at the same time) to bed and bath (mainly because the constant talk ceases for five minutes). Another woman opens up her life to him while they're stranded in a stuck subway car, telling him, "I want you right now!" But the scene then cuts away, leaving the viewer baffled and hanging. When he finally gets home (it's a day in the life of talking with friends), he has the first significant conversation he's had with his wife in years, then still slaughters them all and himself (off-camera). This talkathon also features Elizabeth (FUNHOUSE, SMOOTH TALK) Berridge, billed here as Beth Berridge, as the daughter; she's in three split-second cuts. An intriguing idea with nowhere to go. This film got a slight distribution in 1979 and (you guessed it) is not worth renting today. (Five years later Kanew did a complete 360 degree turn and made REVENGE OF THE NERDS.) (KG)

## FORTRESS (1985)

d: Arch Nicholson



Rachel Ward stars as an Outback teacher who is kidnapped along with her students by louts wearing Father X-Mas and animal masks. Dumped into a cave for safe keeping, they escape and trigger a vicious cat-and-mouse struggle that ends with a queasy EC comics twist in the final shot. Arch Nicholson's flat, unimaginative direction fails to realize the potential of Everett De Roche's (RAZORBACK, PATRICK, HARLEQUIN/DARK FORCES) script; but there's no denying the edge the violence carries due to the vulnerability and innocence of the younger children in the cast, which the climax naturally exploits in a LORD OF THE FLIES/THE COWBOYS-inspired finale and ghoulish ending. (SB)

## HOUSE OF TERROR (1976)

d: Frederick R. Friedel



Misleading video retitling of Harry Novak's (Boxoffice International) release, THE KIDNAPPER, tries to pass this sluggish little crime drama off as a horror flick, but don't believe it. So skip it. May interest curious completists, though, as it's another obscure, offbeat mood piece by F. R. Friedel, North Carolina auteur of AXE (a.k.a. LISA, LISA and CALIFORNIA AXE MASSACRE, 1974/83). Relationship bet-

ween a kidnapper and his victim weathers rape, beatings, birdwatchers, hillbilly psychos, and tedium to blossom into unlikely, comedic romance. Friedel's direction is more assured and mannered, aided by decent performances (including AXE stars Jack Canon and Leslie Ann Rivers) and production values; but only a very brief sequence with a deaf-mute daughter and her disturbed dad recalls any of AXE's quirky impact. No house, no terror, and not much else if you're in the mood for a horror movie. (SB)

**HAMMER: THE STUDIO THAT DRIPPED BLOOD (1987)**



Just as the backlash from Britain's notorious "video nasties" scandal and subsequent censorship laws threatened to end U.K. public viewing of what David Pirie referred to as "the only staple cinematic myth which Britain can properly claim as its own" (the horror genre), the BBC began broadcasting a complete, uncut retrospective of the Hammer Films. This comprehensive documentary launched the series and is well worth a look—essential viewing for Hammer fans. Revealing interviews with Cushing Lee, Seth Holt, Jimmy Sangster, etc.; rare footage of Terence Fisher directing; and much more, including a hilarious press interview with LUST FOR A VAMPIRE's star, Yutte Stensgaard ("...and I hope someday to win an Academy Award!"). Though Hammer's grislier trademarks are skirted, this reverent overview does give some insight into the studio's decline and demise in the late 1970's, acknowledging Hammer's failure to keep in step with the genre's evolution via NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, THE EXORCIST, TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE, etc. Recommended. (SB)

**WINGS OF DEATH (1985)**



d: Nichola Bruce/Michael Coulson

Nichola Bruce and Michael Coulson's made-for-British television short uses David Lynch's cinematic vocabulary (as well as one of his actors—the child actor from THE ELEPHANT MAN) in a harrowing, but rather pointless, depiction of a teenage junkie's delirium and suicide. An emphasis on foreboding atmospherics detracts from any real characterization of the boy, which robs the film of genuine depth or tragic impact,

despite the horrific intensity of the imagery. The pain of withdrawal is strongly felt, with a gut-wrenching image of the boy's head splitting apart; and the throat slashing which follows provides a disturbing, if hollow, punchline. If we only knew this character with any intimacy, the sense of horror and loss would be unshakable, as in AMERICAN NIGHTMARES/COMBAT SHOCK, which covers similar ground with fewer pretensions and far greater impact. (SB)

**DOT (1982)**

d: Daniel Vincent Carbone



Though it's nearly impossible to see the many fine short films that are made year after year, cable TV has provided a few with sporadic exposure. Daniel Vincent Carbone's DOT is a haunting, black-and-white, post-holocaust parable that uses the nuked wasteland as a device to strip his characters and tale to a stark, raw Theatre of the Absurd intensity, rather than as the point of the parable itself. Dreamlike, engaging, wistfully moving, "student" film blends the organics of David Lynch's universe with the melancholy poetry of Ray Bradbury to memorable effect. (SB)

**MESSIAH OF EVIL (1973)**

a.k.a. DEAD PEOPLE, REVENGE OF THE SCREAMING DEAD

d: Willard Huyck



Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz, prior to the success of their AMERICAN GRAFFITI screenplay, made this nightmarish chiller on their own, only to see it sink into obscurity. Later distributors' run-in with George Romero over retitling the film RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD and use of DAWN OF THE DEAD's promo copy has earned this item a certain notoriety, coupled with genre enthusiasts' dismissal of the film's low gore quotient in the era of Savini and Fulci. Too bad, for on its own modest terms, this sleeper occasionally recalls the impact of CARNIVAL OF SOULS (1962) and undeservedly maligned LET'S SCARE JESSICA TO DEATH (1971). Woman in search of long-lost father stumbles onto a California coastal town inhabited by real weirdos. There's marvelous relocation of a genuine Lovecraftian ambience to the West coast, two or three classic sequences, rich use of mad artist's disorienting studio (walls



covered with distorted perspectives, broken otherworldly faces, and haunting portraits of the local citizenry). Unfortunately, the film's undercut by almost nonexistent characterizations and the manner in which the ingeniously constructed narrative finally collapses in upon itself. Nevertheless, it's moody and atmospheric, worth a look, with Royal Dano and Elisha Cook!

(SB)

**BLACK MAGIC** (1979) and  
**BLACK MAGIC 2/REVENGE OF THE ZOMBIES** (1980/81)

d: Ho Meng-Hau



Recommended viewing for exploitation lovers in search of a new fix! Even the cut U.S. television prints (which trim the nudity) deliver the goods. Director Ho Meng-Hua's companion features showcase an intoxicating plethora of Oriental occultism and sadism, including cannibalism, zombie fucking, human meltdowns, stigmata, mutilation, parasitic worms under the skin, etc. **BLACK MAGIC 2/REVENGE OF THE ZOMBIES** is particularly lurid, concerning a vampiric sorcerer who lives on human breast milk. In one incredible scene, he shaves a woman's crotch, using the pubic hair in a potion that induces instant lactation and "false" pregnancy (and the birth of a monstrous, malformed fetus)! He creates a small army of zombies by driving nine-inch spikes into the top of their skulls. This peculiar Eastern take on black magic and sorcery lends a distinct hallucinogenic edge to the proceedings. Phil Hardy's exhaustive Encyclopedia of Horror Movies neglects these two, but provides information on many other Oriental horrors unseen in the U.S., which blend intense eroticism with graphic violence as a matter of course. Redder pastures lie across the Pacific!

(SB)

**BLUE MONKEY**  
d: William Fruet



Nonsensical title (I thought it might be akin to Steve (LIFEFORCE) Railsback's **TORCHLIGHT**) for a horror flick which takes place inside a hospital. Railsback is the hero (he deserves a lot better than this), and the bloodletting and exiting creature FX are fun in this tale of growing monsters on the loose, but, in the end, it just looks like a huge ant on the chase. The

cinematography and editing are nice to watch, but this one's best to catch on a good double bill.

(KG)

**THE LOST BOYS** (1987)

d: Richard Wenk



Big budget vampire film that looks great, but is bloodless! How can you make a vampire film without blood? (Actually, there is a little blood, but the potential for more was staggering.) Once again, we have a young stud with a hard-on who falls for some female vampire slut. She hangs out with this group of Billy Idol, Motley Crue look-alikes who haunt the local carnival, swooping down on necking lovers and carrying them away to be sucked. Comedy relief is provided by two young would-be Van Helsing's, who try to destroy the vampire clan.

Major studio horror created to cash in on the teenage movie-going masses. No guts! (DD)

**DEVIL TIMES FIVE** (1974)

d: Sean MacGregor

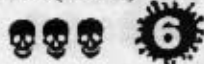


No, this isn't another **EXORCIST** rip-off; originally released as **THE HORRIBLE HOUSE ON THE HILL** and **PEOPLETOYS**, this is a little gem. Accident on an icy mountain road unleashes psychotic moppets from the acute ward of the state mental hospital. The acute little darlings are given shelter by a family of haughty, rich backstabbers, gathering at Poppa Doc's (gruff Gene Evans) winter retreat, resulting in all sorts of juicy mayhem. Singularly awkward opening, complete with trendy music, tiresome bickering, and an inept cat fight, but stay with it. The second half builds to a believable, startling intensity that will definitely wipe that smirk off your face, beginning with a grotesque slow-mo murder (using pitchfork, hatchet, sledgehammer, and chains) that erupts into explosive frenzy as the rich hosts catch on to the homicidal nature of their young guests. Director Sean MacGregor also made **NIGHTMARE COUNTY** during this period, but this is a much better film than that dull plantation owners vs. hippy slaves might suggest.

(SB)



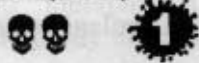
## LONG LIVE THE NEW FLESH! (1986)



Canadian television documentary chronicles David Cronenberg's growth as filmmaker extraordinaire. CBC broadcast a one hour version that, sadly, failed to include footage or mention of Cronenberg's rarely screened **STEREO**, **CRIMES OF THE FUTURE**, or **FAST COMPANY** (not to mention his early short films or four 30-minute dramas produced for CBC TV anthology programs in the mid-1970's), though these may be covered in the original 90-minute version. Interviews and commentary by Cronenberg, Martin Scorsese, Robin Wood, James Woods, and others are intelligently juxtaposed with lots of graphic footage from all of Cronenberg's explosive horror features, providing a behind-the-scenes look at one of the genre's most controversial and consciously amoral visionaries. Despite (or rather, because of) the plethora of clips featuring bizarre organs, vomited parasites, exploding heads, and other Cronenbergian grotesques, the film's most offensive moment comes when a little black square is superimposed over Marilyn Chambers' **nipple** during a clip from **RABID**...a particularly boneheaded bit of censorship. Pour on the sauce, boys, but heaven forbid we should be exposed to a woman's breast! (SB)

## I WAS A ZOMBIE FOR THE FBI (1982)

d: Marius Penczner



Low budget, entertaining addition to the current revivalist/revisionist regurgitation of 1950's drive-in, sci-fi film elements, cliches, and stereotypes. Alien invaders pollute popular soft drinks with mind-control drugs while in search of secret cola formula, a moot point now that Coca Cola has lost their own formula in real life. Cutrate Marius Penczner direction yields deadpan fun, including an animated "monster in the basement" and the monotonous Raspberry Brothers as G-men heroes. (SB)

## BUSTER AND BILLIE (1974)

d: Daniel Petrie

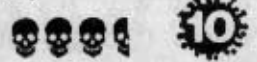


This 1974 flick is a minor revenge item aided by some performances and characterizations which are a bit better than the norm. Jan-Michael Vin-

cent is engaged to Pamela Sue Martin in a small town in the 1940s. Screen newcomer Joan Goodfellow is the introverted, misunderstood loner in town who puts out for all the boys in order to feel wanted. Pamela Sue won't do it with Vincent until they're hitched, so he turns to Joan and eventually falls in love with her. His schoolmates then rape and beat the shy girl to death. Jan-Michael later gets one of them across the eyes with a pool cue and beats another's brains in with a billiard ball in one brief scene. Goodfellow was pretty good, but I think she downplayed her part so much it killed her budding career (I can't recall her in anything since). Martin is adorable (everyone looks like a baby in this) and Robert (Freddy Krueger) Englund is on hand as a semi simp. Worth a peek for history's sake (though I've spoiled the ending for you now!). (KG)

## COMBAT SHOCK (1984/86)

d: Buddy Giovinazzo



Troma strikes again, with a pick up that has more on its mind than all the rest of their productions put together. Under its misleading new title (original title-**AMERICAN NIGHTMARES**) you'll find this one shamelessly packaged as an action/adventure, Vietnam-vet-on-the-rampage thriller in ye old video shop. Blockheads who rent this expecting a **RAMBO** clone will be contemplating suicide before its over; it's actually the most obsessive and grueling independent horror film since **THE EVIL DEAD**. Angry, uncompromisingly bleak vision of life in the lower depths: dishonorably discharged Vietnam vet suffers an impoverished existence with his burn-out wife and hideous Agent Orange mutant infant in an absolute shithole apartment, while piecemeal memories of a war atrocity he may or may not have been responsible for finally drive him over the edge, culminating in an inevitable, almost unbearable climatic bloodbath of murder, suicide, and baby baking.

Director Buddy Giovinazzo shot it for peanuts on Staten Island, but it's a brutal, brilliant film that pulls no punches. Though it recalls elements of **ERASERHEAD**, **TAXI DRIVER**, **DRILLER KILLER**, and **PANIC IN NEEDLE PARK**, it's an original that remains all too believable. Nastiest sequence has a junkie cramming a fix into his vein with a fucking coat hanger...just a warm up

for the final jolting movement of the film. Relentless, grim, terribly disturbing fare for those who can get into it. **BE WARNED**, this is **BUMMER** stuff. **RECOMMENDED**, with reservations. (SB)

### THE CURSE (1987)

d: David Keith



Actor David (FIRESTARTER) Keith's directorial debut is about a farmhouse family, headed by Claude Akins (to whose character you'd like to administer a shotgun enema), whose water supply becomes contaminated. This causes Mom to grow huge welts on her face (which no one seems to notice). Soon the contaminated become homicidal. There is a minimum of blood, but we're talking exploding maggots galore. For a horror film, it's pretty inept, but it offers a fair amount of fun in a Saturday Night Schlock, campy way. It's good for a few unintentional laughs (though you shouldn't spend a lot of money on it). Also stars Wil (STAND BY ME) Wheaton. (KG)

### DEATH SMILES ON A MURDERER (1973)

d: Aristide Massaccesi



Even the presence of ol' throbbing-vein-headed Klaus Kinski can't save this incomprehensible Italian shocker (whoever explains it to me gets my Argento tapes) about re-animating the dead. Only reason to tune in is to watch Ewa (CANDY) Aulin turn into a corpse as she's getting it on with a young landowner. (TF)

### THE ROSARY MURDERS

d: Fred Walton



Slow, ultimately quite forgettable mystery "thriller" concerning the methodic bumping off of monks in a monkery. Donald Sutherland and Charles Durning star, and Belinda (TIMERIDER) Bauer's eyes are the only things that keep you awake. An incest theme is tossed in too late and is just a bogus sleaze element. Pass on paying for this one in a theatre, or renting it on tape—it's barely worth a free view on cable. (KG)

### THE HIDDEN (1987)

d: Jack Sholder



THE HIDDEN, a spirited (at least for the first half) sci-fi/thriller about a nasty body-hopping alien, can't get past its shallow script or emphasis on the central relationship between its two heroes, which is never fully realized. Despite its reasonably well-constructed chase format (especially bang-up opening pursuit, following a great credit sequence over a bank TV camera, as a Milquetoast accountant type pulls out a shotgun and starts blowing folks away), the film is unable to overcome the story's B-movie familiarity and lack of chemistry between L.A. homicide detective Michael (FLASHDANCE) Nouri and FBI-agent-good-alien-in-disguise Kyle (DUNE) MacLachlan as the guys on the trail of the body snatching creature, which has a penchant for red Ferraris, heavy metal music, and gleeful violence. The monster effects are no great shakes, and the ET-style "happy ending" falls absolutely flat as well. (TF)

### THE OUTING (1987)

d: Tom Daley



General ineptitude and chintzy effects sink this story about a bunch of teenagers who spend the night in a museum, only to be menaced by a malevolent genie.

The film, which basically lapses into a predictable FRIDAY THE 13TH-style body count, does, however, boast one incredible gore sequence that would even make CB's aorta spurt with joy: while the heroine and her boyfriend are fleeing the genie (a risible creation courtesy of Martin Becker's Reel FX), the latter resurrects a display mummy which promptly chows down on the boy's throat. Totally unexpected and shocking as hell, it's the most terrifying sequence in the film (grue consisting, for the most part, of a couple of tame head twistings and a death via overhead fan).

A note of interest for genre fans: Robert (TEXAS CHAINSAW) Burns did the production design. (TF)



## PRINCE OF DARKNESS (1987)

d: John Carpenter



John Carpenter's admirable return-to-his-roots begins with this first of four low-budget films for Alive Films (via Universal/MCA release). Alas, despite the best of intentions, this one's a dud. Carpenter's direction has always been rather flat, unpretentiously serving his stories with solid craftsmanship and few stylistic flourishes. Here, he is lending his skills to a confused, poorly structured pastiche of Nigel Kneale's classic **QUATERMASS AND THE PIT/FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH**, written by Carpenter himself under the pseudonym "Martin Quatermass" (get it?). Marvelous opening credits economically introduce all the major characters and themes in sure, broad strokes, laying the bedrock for a supernatural variation on Carpenter's **ASSAULT ON PRECINCT 13**. Priest (Donald Pleasence at his flabbiest), physicist (Victor Wong), and scientific team composed of university students shut themselves into the ruins of a dilapidated urban cathedral to study an ancient container containing the seething, liquid essence of Satan himself. They are soon under seige, trapped inside by a possessed gang of street people (led by Alice Cooper) as they are attacked from within by Ol' Scratch's evil manipulations and rebirth. Initially compelling theological vs. scientific concepts of reality and evil quickly devolve into tedious, garbled metaphysical ramblings and religious dogma that only obscure key plot lines. Understated, but often shoddy, special effects and makeup undermine the few imaginative and/or horrific moments (including a body reanimated by insects, endless squirt-gun vomiting of the demonic liquid, a statically staged possession/pregnancy/rebirth sequence, and the finale's tepid mirror magic). Worst of all, Carpenter allows his narrative to grind to a halt during a stupid, unnecessary daytime sequence, during which absolutely nothing happens. Nevertheless, the film is often eerie and atmospheric, with a knee-jerk sting in its tail (a la **CARRIE**) that had the audience jumping out of their seats, which will probably save this turkey at the box office. Hopefully, Carpenter will go on to better things, either working with another writer or from a real screenplay. His admiration for Nigel Kneale's seminal accomplishments as a writer may be genuine, but after the mess he and

Tommy Lee Wallace made of Kneale's script for **HALLOWEEN III: SEASON OF THE WITCH** and this sorry homage, Carpenter had better acknowledge that he's out of his depth even **attempting** the intelligent blend of horror and science fiction Kneale is capable of. An ambitious effort; sadly, it's Carpenter's least interesting film, despite compelling touches and a bold (if derivative) concept. (SB)

## SOLDIER BLUE (1970)

d: Ralph Nelson



Crass companion to Arthur Penn's **LITTLE BIG MAN** of the same year, Ralph Nelson's reactionary post-**WILD BUNCH** western (even borrowing Jerry Goldsmith's WB theme at times, along with obvious use of Peckinpah's slow-motion violence) remains significant despite its many weaknesses. Slight story climaxes with shockingly graphic depiction of the Sand Creek massacre of 1864, wherein 700 U.S. Calvary brutally exterminated over 500 Indians...most of them women and children. Concluding ten minute catalog of carnage ends with celebratory shots of limb and head carrying soldiers that oddly recalls 2000 **MANIACS** as much as Vietnam's My Lai massacre. Seminal "splatter movie" as clumsily sincere and effective humanist statement against military atrocities and genocide remains relevant in era of Reagan foreign policies. Outraged Catholic officials took away the award they had given Ralph Nelson for **LILIES OF THE FIELD** after seeing this film! Peter Strauss, Candice Bergen. (SB)

## CRIMINALLY INSANE (1975)



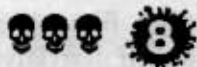
You'll never eat another Nilla wafer after watching this mercifully short feature about shock-therapy patient Big Ethel (Priscilla Alden) whose compulsive overeating leads to murder when Grandma locks up the food bin. Next to go is the delivery boy, who tries to withhold Ethel's grocery order. Ethel eats, kills, eats, eats, eats, kills, eats...you get the idea. The fine line between death and food finally blurs into... Ah, you see it for yourself! Mind-numbing, compulsive viewing, definitely a sick puppy; dreadfully sordid and nauseating, but as fascinating as the old National Enquirer. Great cast of



weirdos, splashy (but phony) gore, and the dreariest musical score since **BLOOD FEAST**, all anchored by Alden's performance. Move over, Shirley Stoler! (SB)

### VAMPYRES (1974)

d: Joseph Larraz



Along with Vicente Aranda's 1972 **LA NOVIA ENSANGRETADA/THE BLOOD-SPLATTERED BRIDE**, this is the most savage of the "Carmilla"-inspired lesbian vampire movies of the early 1970's. Like Aranda, director Joseph (Jose) Larraz is Spanish, lending his vision of predatory females (who lure, dominate, and feed upon unwary "innocent" male victims) a particularly nasty edge, portraying them as desirable but deadly, castrating bitches in need of a new man every night...a twisted male fantasy at heart. Larraz made this film in England, creating the most explicit and energetic British vampire flick since **HORROR OF DRACULA**: two blood-drinking beauties seduce their victims in an isolated mansion, leaving their ravaged bodies in staged auto accidents for the police to pick up the next morn. When one of their victims survives the night of sex and being bled, he comes back around for another bout, and another...leading to the vampires apparently snuffing it in an evasive popcorn fart of an ending. This one is strong stuff, with genuinely shocking eruptions of violence amid the bouts of lovemaking, charging the film with a nightmarish atmosphere that is vividly erotic even as it reeks of the grave. Worth a look! (SB)

### ANGUISH (1987)

d: Bigas Luna



For about the first half of **ANGUISH**, a pretentious Spanish horror flick offering some tired, "knowing" commentary on the splatter genre and its fans, this movie seems unable to decide if it's trying to give Edward D. Wood a run for his directorial honors or settle down to the business of being The Most Disturbing Splatter Movie Ever Made.

Despite a risible William Castle-style prologue ("WARNING: DURING THIS FILM YOU WILL BE SUBJECTED TO SUBLIMINAL

MESSAGES AND A STATE OF BRIEF HYPNOSIS"), the movie actually gets off to a good start, centering on one of the most bizarre mother/son relationships since **PSYCHO**.

Unfolding in disturbing fashion, it tells the tale of a nebbish, mother-dominated orderly (Michael Lerner), who works in a clinic where he is in charge of a huge collection of eyeballs in alcohol. When a rich-bitch patient complains about his clumsy behavior, he is dismissed. However, under the auspices of his mother's (**POLTERGEIST**'s munchkin ghostbuster, Zelda Rubinstein, in a hysterically over-the-top camp performance) psychic control, he seeks revenge, killing the woman and her effete husband, and cutting out their eyes with a scalpel to add them to his own collection. Later, he makes his way to a cinema (showing the 1925 **LOST WORLD**) and starts collecting more eyes from the unfortunate habitues.

At this point, writer-director Bigas pulls back to reveal that this is all a film-within-a-film and switches the action to another mother-obsessed psycho who starts mowing down filmgoers with a silencer gun. The rest of the film intercuts between the two killers as they make their final stand.

Though the early scenes score with some elegant, cyclical camera work worthy of Mario Bava (especially of Lerner's house, complete with pet snails in a bowl) and the initial murder set pieces exploit all our worst phobias about our old glassies, with a terrific performance by Lerner, Bigas scuttles what frisson of shock the first half achieves with his shift. Instead, we get a couple of whimpy teenage girl protagonists, the usual moronic splatter victims with only two neurons to rub together, uneven technical credits, and, yup, that old Carpenter/Craven standby--The Lame Twist Ending.

The film's most nervy scene: opening sequence with Lerner trying to retrieve a pigeon trapped between a wall and a cabinet.

I know the Spanish can make great psychological horror/splatter films--Claudio Guerin Hill's **A BELL FROM HELL** (1973) proves it. Unfortunately, this isn't one of them. Disappointing.

(TF)



**BLOOD FRENZY (1987)**

d: Hal Freeman



This mess comes in one of the slick and glossy oversized video boxes. You know, the kind with too much color on it and the flashy, embossed lettering? First clue-to-content. It also features a bloody hand and knife plus photos of the seven victims-to-be. Second clue. Third and final one: it's got a maniac, an RV, a tent, and a desert locale. You fill in the blanks. (CB)

**THIRST (1979)**

d: Rod Hardy



Non-supernatural "medical vampires" are nothing new (from 1933's *THE VAMPIRE BAT* to 1984's *THE BLACK ROOM*). Few, though, have been as harrowing as this one; and only one other (Alain Jessua's 1973 *SHOCK TREATMENT*) has the evocative scope of Rod Hardy's *THIRST*. Descendant of infamous Countess Elizabeth Bathory is kidnapped by "the Brotherhood," an international cartel of "vampires" who consider blood drinking the "ultimate aristocratic act." They attempt to condition her toward acceptance of her legacy within the confines of a sterile, high-tech clinic ("one of many around the world," and derivative of similar trappings in Jessua's thriller). The clinic, a "blood dairy," geared to mass production and distribution of pre-packaged plasma for the Brotherhood's wealthy members, is the film's most effective and frighteningly believable conceit; its pale, listless "donors" wandering like cattle between methodical "milkings." The film falters whenever it needlessly embraces the traditional gothic elements its concept brilliantly eschews: the artificial fangs, glowing red eyes, and ritualistic sacrifices pale in the shadow of the cold dread the clinic inspires. Though tame in comparison with more aggressive horror films, the visual use of blood is potent, as the almost

mathematical escalation of quantity (from cartoned pints to bottled quarts to showers and vats full of the substance) for queasy emotional impact may get to even hardened gorehounds. With David Hemmings and Henry Silva as members of the Hyma Brotherhood. Music by Brian May (*MAD MAX*, *ROAD WARRIOR*). (SB)

**THE REVENGE OF DR. X**



A dreadful film, but it's a real curio and fun in a mind-numbing way. Does ANYBODY know ANYTHING about this film? The video distributors list the cast of *MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND* on the tape (and the synopsis of that film on the box), but it really stars Kent Taylor on the downslide as a bullheaded scientist in the Orient who grows a deadly, but hilarious, humanoid, carnivorous plant creature to prove his insane theories about human evolution, stemming (sorry) from the plant kingdom. The rubbery shrub uproots itself and stalks (ouch) the countryside in search of victims before Kent hokeypokeys with it on a volcano and they plunge to their deaths. Looks and feels like an Eddie Romero/Hemisphere Phillipino picture, but there's nary a clue as to its real identity, and my own research yields zip! Help! Fans of *FROM HELL IT CAME*, *THE WOMANEATER*, or *SWAMP THING* might enjoy this variation on the theme; perhaps this was an American/Japanese coproduction a la *THE MANSTER* (1959) ...your guess is as good as mine. (The first *DEEP RED* reader able to provide hard facts on this unknown arfer will win a free pen-and-ink original drawing by yours truly, artist for DC's *SWAMP THING*, Dark Horse's *GODZILLA*, etc.). (SB)

**PSYCHOS IN LOVE**

d: Gorman Bechard



Jeez, with a name like Gorman, it's got to be good, right? Wrong. This tale of two knife-crossed lovers who always slaughtered their dates until they met one another is an atrocious bomb. The only thing that saves this film from being a complete dog is the T & A factor. As usual, the video box artwork looked great. Oh well, fucked again. (DD)



**FORBIDDEN ZONE (1982)**

d: Richard Elfman



Delightful Richard Elfman hallucinogenic fantasy/comedy/musical may be an acquired taste, inspiring complete befuddlement on first viewing, rewarding fun upon repeated exposure. Elfman and his brother Danny (who steals the show doing a Cab Calloway Satan number) lead the West Coast band Oingo Boingo, whose other members also play multiple roles as well as doing the music. Herve Villechaize and the incredible Susan Tyrell (**BAD, NIGHT WARNING, FLESH AND BLOOD**) rule the crazy quilt Forbidden Zone, into which an insane cast of characters plunge for adventures that must be seen and heard to be believed. An obvious labor of love, effortlessly meshing the sensibilities, sights, and sounds of Georges Melies, the Fleischer Bros.' **BETTY BOOP** cartoons, vaudeville, exploitation movies (nudity, gore, and a Joe Spinell cameo), the Three Stooges, underground comix, and the "new wave" scene Oingo Boingo grew from. A collage of theatrical live action, performed amid cartoony costumes and sets, hilarious effects and animation, and old recordings (adapted to perverse effect) with new music creates a unique entertainment. As Frenchy (Marie Pascale-Elfman) puts it, "How cure-ee-us!" (SB)

**NEAR DARK (1987)**

d: Kathryn Bigelow

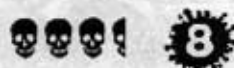


Horny Texas youth makes the moves on pretty li'l blonde lass, who falls for him and pulls him into a parasitic relationship and nomadic night-life with a scary "family" of bloodsuckers (Lance Henriksen, Jenette Goldstein, and Bill Paxton from **ALIENS**, and the gun-toting little brother of **RIVER'S EDGE**). Horrifying rites-of-passage include a hair-raising sequence in a desert bar, wherein the murderous drifters butcher every dude in the joint, leading to a savage shoot-out in a motel and climactic show-down and barbeque at dawn. Clever, kinetic, and haunting, though technically a hybrid of the western and vampire genres—forget the absurdities of **CURSE OF THE UNDEAD (1959)** and **BILLY THE KID VS. DRACULA (1965)**. Kathryn Bigelow's seductive, evocative direction continually surprises with its volatile blend of heady romanticism and explosive violence, telling its story with nary a misstep (only the

"cure" is annoyingly vague, detracting somewhat from the film's considerable impact). The chemistry between the **ALIENS** veteran cast is often exhilarating, lending the film much of its cutting edge and economy. Recommended. (SB)

**HELLRAISER (1987)**

d: Clive Barker



In this mad slasher, zombie-infested cinematic world we live in, it is indeed a rare event to stumble upon a genre offering that is both unique and original. These two words define **HELLRAISER**. **HELLRAISER** is Clive Barker made flesh. In his directorial debut, Clive Barker has brought his atypical writing style to the screen in all its bloody glory. Based on his novella, "The Hell Bound Heart," **HELLRAISER** deals with one man's obsessive search to experience the ultimate in physical ecstasy. This quest leads him to a Chinese mystic who hands him a strange golden puzzle box called The Lament Configuration. Figure out the puzzle and you summon up four demons from Hell called Cenobites, who are experts when it comes to pleasure, but with that pleasure must come unimaginable agony! In short, the Cenobites rip this guy to shreds! One day, quite by accident, blood spills on the floor where this guy was dismembered. The blood brings him back to life but only as a mass of raw flesh (an excellent FX sequence!). He needs more blood, and later, skin to help make him whole again. He enlists the aid of his brother's wife (his former lover) who plays like a hooker in order to lure fresh meat to his lair. (This seems a drastic step to take for the sake of a good fuck, but what the hey!)

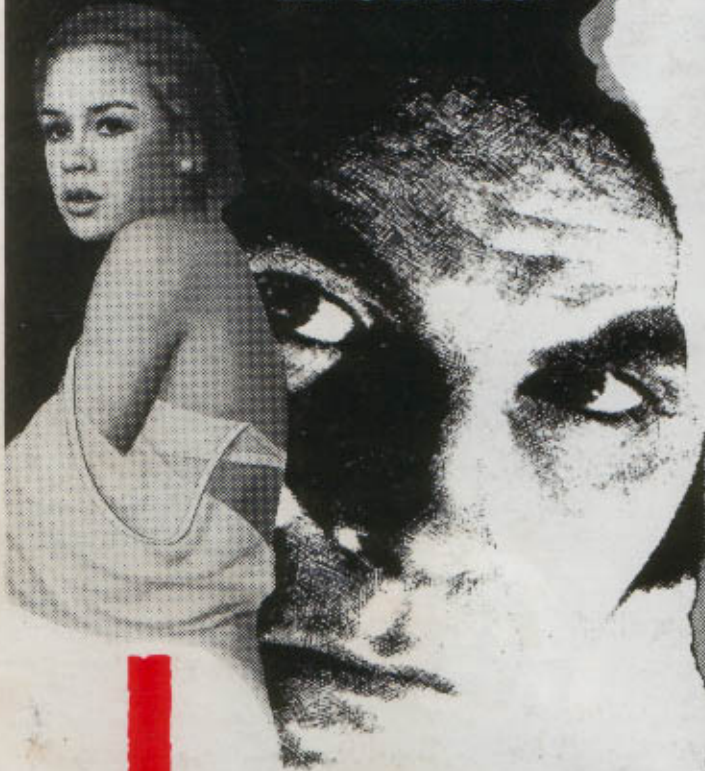
I really loved this film! The Cenobites are fantastic creations, designed by Barker, that define the word grotesque. The cinematography is perfectly dark and moody, the acting more than sufficient. I can't wait to see what Barker will come up with next.

There are those who feel **HELLRAISER**'s Cenobark is worse than its Cenobite! I guess my praise of Barker's film is a bit biased due to my love of his written work, but fuck it! **HELLRAISER** is an exemplary effort for first-time director Barker. It sure beats the shit out of Stephen King's directorial debut. (DD)



# A FRENZY OF BLOOD!

*Haunting desires  
seething in his mind  
lead to a night  
of **ghastly**  
atrocities!*



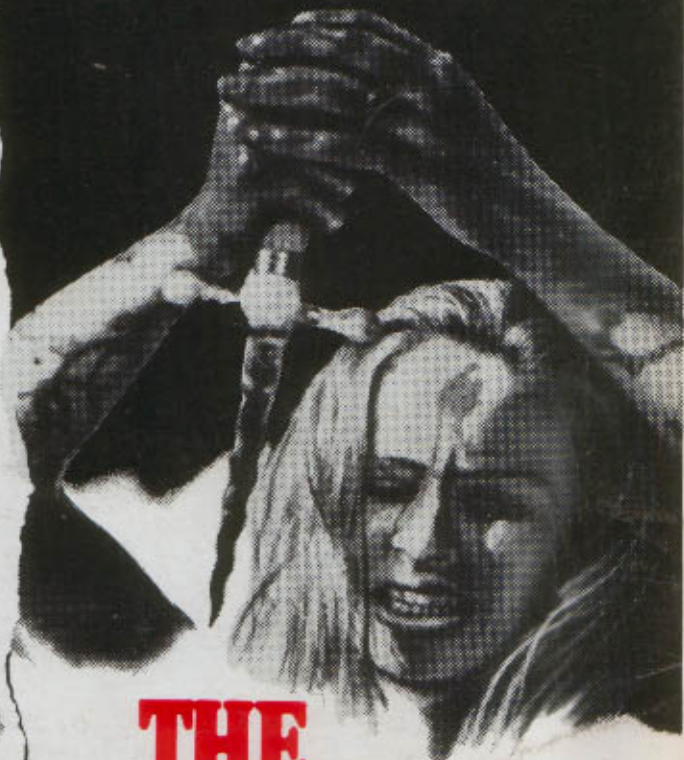
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# I DISMEMBER DISMEMBER MAMA

Starring  
ZOOEY HALL • GERI REISCHL • JOANNE MOORE JORDAN  
MARLENE TRACY • Screenplay by WILLIAM NORTON  
Directed by PAUL LEDER  
Music by HERSCHEL BURKE GILBERT • In COLOR

**R** RESTRICTED Under 17 requires  
accompanying  
parent or adult guardian

*The **savage** revenge  
of a young bride  
**ravaged** on her  
wedding night!*



# THE BLOOD SPATTERED BRIDE

Starring  
SIMON ANDREW • MARIBEL MARTIN  
ALEXANDRA BASTEDO • DEAN SELMIER  
Written and Directed by VICENTE ARANDA  
EASTMANCOLOR

**R** RESTRICTED Under 17 requires  
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