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DEEP RED



JOHNNY: DISMEMBER ME
An Italian Sleaze Legend
BURIED TREASURES
FANZINE UPDATE
PETER WALKER

DEEP RED

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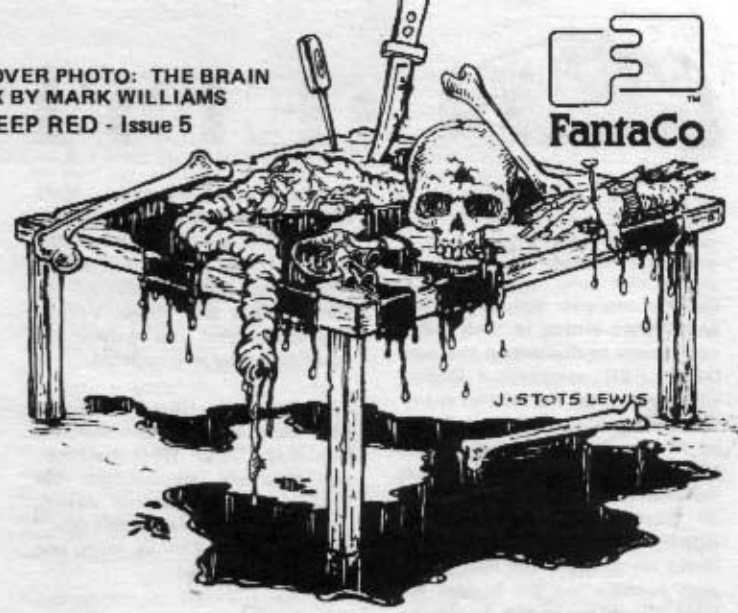


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DEEP RED

You will NEVER forget it!!!



TAKES YOU ALL THE WAY!

NOTE: "WORD OF WARNING: THE VOMITIOUS NATURE OF CERTAIN SEQUENCES MAY BE EMOTIONALLY HAZARDOUS FOR THE SQUEAMISH OR FOR THOSE WITH WEAK HEARTS." - L.A. TIMES

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WARNING! NOT RECOMMENDED FOR PERSONS WITH SCHIZOPHRENIC TENDENCIES!

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• EDITORIAL •



PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Exactly one year ago, Chas., Pat and I were sitting in their backyard busily orchestrating the new DEEP RED magazine. During what would be the first of many "summit conferences," we decided formats, writers, release dates, still selections, cover and logo designs, budgets and a multitude of other details necessary to launch a new magazine. How could we produce the best magazine possible on the budget we had? Would we be able to get the continuous stills and articles we needed? How would we get the widest distribution possible? Would we make it?

Now, with five issues released on our first anniversary, we have the answers to many of our questions. While it is our intent to remain a non-newstand magazine, each and every issue of DEEP RED is available at specialty shops throughout the United States, Canada and Europe as well as select locations in South America, Australia and New Zealand. Comic book stores are increasingly good sources for DEEP RED magazine and are to be commended for offering their customers something a little different.

Most importantly for you, the reader, we have attracted some of the most talented, enthusiastic and entertaining writers working in the field today. This international team is contributing a steady stream of stills, information, reviews, interviews, illustrations and articles which you will rarely, if ever, encounter in other horror film magazines. My profound thanks go to each one of these people for their commitment and energy. Keep up the great work!

As with any venture, there are people contributing time, creativity, suggestions, support and plain sweat who will not show up in the credits. These are the people "behind the scenes," the people who've given that extra bit of themselves either directly or indirectly: Phil (how about Italian-Chinese?) Seuling, Fred (wanna publish this?) Hembek, Wendy and Richard Pini, Rita (straight-shooter) Eisenstein, Michael Martens, Cindy Marks, Marty Stever, Tom Filna, Susan Funari, Jim Leonard, John Nicols, Peter

Maresca, Alex Minewski, Mary Clare, Louisa Lombardo, Kevin Cahill, Veronica Cahill, Roger Green, Hank Jansen III, Sinisa Milenkovic, Augustus Mattick III, Gary Svehla and Raoul Vezina. You know what you've done and you know why you're listed.

And finally to Chas. Balun and Pat Petric, the dynamic duo, the lean mean DEEP RED machine—my heartfelt appreciation for finally proving that old axiom, "friends and business don't mix," dead wrong!! Thanks, guys, and happy anniversary!

Tom Skulan
Publisher



Moments are all we've really got. They flicker in, out and through our lives like individual frames of film jumping suddenly into existence for split seconds in front of a projector's beam. Yet, these tiny fractions of film, these images held only momentarily in our minds, sometimes contain the entire essence of things. These frozen moments can leave indelible marks upon our lives and remain the source of pleasure and inspiration for years and years.

Stay with me now, I'm waxing nostalgic a wee bit, but it is an anniversary, a celebratory occasion, time to get some perspective on things. Like, why are we here? Where are we going?

DEEP RED exists because of those aforementioned moments. The idea was born and affectionately nurtured long before it became a magazine. I wanted to do something...anything that would allow me to share some of the magical times I experienced at the movies. Growing up watching such films as THE SON OF KONG, GODZILLA, THE THING, MIGHTY JOE YOUNG, EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS (hey, the magazine's only a year old, but I'm 40; so dig) or 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH, I was caught up in a wonderful world of imagination, amazement, wonder and bewilderment, adventure, and a secure feeling that the world was somehow more fantastic, more magical than it ever appeared in the newspapers or on TV.

God, how I wept nightly during the MILLION DOLLAR MOVIE when little Kong's bandaged hand sank beneath the waves after he'd saved Robert Armstrong's life. Not once, but eight times a week (there were three matinees during the weekends). I knew James Arness was waiting behind that greenhouse door in THE THING every night, just as I knew he would get fried into molten mush at the climax. Fuck it! I didn't care; I wanted to be there for that moment each and every time. It felt wonderful.

In a nutshell, chums, that's really why we're here. All of us have been touched in some way by those kind of moments. That's why we can patiently suffer through hundreds of hours of cinematic shit in order to reach the cinematic shinola. After all, it's only the moments we're after. No matter how fleeting and infrequent they may be, we'll make them last. Forever, if need be.

DEEP RED exists to help us rekindle those times. The quirky, eclectic, inspiring, bizarre, outrageous times we've all experienced at the movies. Whether the catalyst be BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, SON OF KONG, HELLRAISER, or EVIL DEAD is of no matter. The feelings, the sense of magic, is the same. And, believe me, I'm not a completely mawkish sentimentalist either. I'm just as moved, just as thrilled, upon seeing Dr. Hill's re-animated intestines explode out of his decapitated torso and strangle poor ol' Herbert West as I am of hearing the lightning and thunder explode overhead Dr. Frankenstein's laboratory while waiting

for those fateful words, "It's Alive. It's Alive."

Well, DEEP RED is ALIVE!

Only a year old but ready to take on all comers. We'll continue to change, experiment, and refine our format. We want to be consistently challenging, fresh, exciting, and unpredictable. We want to champion the neglected, underrated, and unheralded talents out there who burn with the same fire that lights us up. That's a promise you can take to the bank, folks.

I would like to extend a heartfelt thanks to our readers, whose support and letters of encouragement have brightened many a day and given us the impression that we're definitely doing something right(eous).

Special thanks to Tom Skulan, our publisher, who has steadfastly believed in our dream; to our contributing writers who've faithfully delivered the groceries; and finally, to my wife (and co-editor) Pat, who (thanks to my persistent badgering) can now spot a Gianetto De Rossi effect or a Joe D'Amato film from a block away. We're all family now.

It's been a great year, indeed, but here's to the future. Keep it MOIST, MEATY, RED and DEEPI!

Chas. Balun
Editor





Letters to the Editor
8452 Carnegie
Westminster, California 92683

PRAISE THE GORE

HALLELUJAH, Brethren, and Praise The Gore!!!

After DR1, I was titillated and enthused, albeit somewhat skeptical. "How could these guys top this?" I pondered.

DR2 appeared and promptly buried its foot in my derriere. Still, my foolish skepticism flourished. "Nothing good ever lasts!" the doubting Thomas within me insisted.

Now, as I casually strolled into FantaCo one afternoon, I'm stunned and transposed by the mere sight of DR3's shrieking color cover. My initial elation was paltry compared to the euphoria that engulfed me as I oozed through the text. I was incredulous! "This can't be happening!" I said aloud. "Some kinda crazy nightmare!" I informed the confused and uneasy passengers on the bus I was riding. That rag did not escape my sweaty grasp until the very last page!

Suffice it to say, Brothers and Sisters, I AM A BELIEVER!!! And nary a caution shall I covet as I quiver in anticipation of DEEP RED 4!

Your magazine is like sex with a new lover, each time is incredible, but the next time is even better! KEEP IT UP!!!

Raymond Morgans
Latham, NY

SAWBUCK SHOCK

I really enjoy DEEP RED except for its price. At \$10 Australian, it is easily the most expensive 'zine around and, because of this, is somewhat limited in its chances for distribution in this country. Nevertheless, DEEP RED's economic status is often more than balanced out by the quality of its subject material and the handling of such material. A highlight for me was the coverage given to COMBAT SHOCK in Issue 3.

Keep the DEEP RED flowing.

Michael Helms
Northcote, Australia

(Michael is editor of the fanzine FATAL VISIONS, mentioned on page 11.)

COMBAT SHOCK

I really enjoyed the article on COMBAT SHOCK by Steve Bisette. The article really hit home base, because COMBAT SHOCK has been the best horror movie I've seen in a really long time. My boyfriend and I collect horror films, so I've seen a lot of them. Usually after seeing a horror movie, the impression of the movie leaves after a few days. That's not the case with COMBAT SHOCK. I still have vivid images of the movie in my mind. Like I said, it was an excellent movie and I recommend it to everybody who appreciates a true horror film. Thanks for the great article, Steve.

Jeanette Brunner
Newburgh, NY

ZOMBIE MANIA

You're my last hope. Perhaps you can help me with something. How about doing a feature on the first Italian cannibal zombie film ever made (no, not Fulci's ZOMBIE)? I'm talking about DON'T OPEN THE WINDOW (a.k.a. THE LIVING DEAD OF MANCHESTER MORGUE). The film is supposed to be a classic with Gianetto de Rossi handling the FX chores. These include the infamous breast-chomping scene.

Second, is there going to be a sequel to ZOMBIE? I heard rumors it is to be made in 3-D.

Finally, I defy anyone to say they saw DAWN OF THE DEAD more than I have. I bought the videotape in 1984 and must have seen it 150 times (no exaggeration).

Anthony Perticaro
Philadelphia, PA

(Check next issue for a review of MANCHESTER MORGUE. There will be a sequel to ZOMBIE, but Fulci is not filming in 3-D.

You've got us, Tony. We're only into double figures on DAWN.)

DEEP DELIVERIES

DEEP RED is a truly great magazine that definitely delivers the goods as well as the best in current and upcoming mainstream and exploitation horror films. You guys are as good as FAN-GORIA!

Although I don't always agree with Dennis Daniel's criticisms (EVIL DEAD II on the lousy sequels shitlist? Come on! That film was truly the best film out of all the other duds that were released during the first half of '87) his "Here's Blood in Your Eye" column on sequelitis really hit the point on most horror sequels, with RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD, Part II a perfect example. This lame and wimpy attempt at being the AIRPLANE of zombie films was simply a lost cause with its surprisingly below-average zombie makeup and terrible misuse (and waste) of the fine talents of Thom Matthews, James Karen and Suzanne Snyder. Where were Clu Gulager, Linnea Quigley, and all the other fine people from Part I when you really needed them?

Keep up the good work, gang!

Steven Millan
Rohnert Park, CA

RED ATTITUDE

I finally managed to lay my hands on DEEP RED 2 and 3 and I dug 'em like crazy! You've got a great attitude when it comes to these flicks. It's also nice to read Steve Bisette's stuff.

Scott Phillips
Albuquerque, NM

FAN SHOCK

I'm in shock! I loved Issues 1 and 2 of DEEP RED. And it keeps getting better. Issue 3 has been the best so far. The color cover is a nice added touch. The Savini interview was very in-depth and what I wanted to know. It was great seeing an article on H.P. Lovecraft, a true master. Plus good ol' Ackerman has always been one of the greats of horror in my book. It was great reading what he's been up to! Also, it's about time a mag ran an article on COMBAT SHOCK; it's a good movie and deserves some recognition.

One thing I would like to see in the future would be information on some good makeup schools. I'm sure others will agree. It's hard to acquire information on top-notch FX schools that will help future FX artists.

The only complaint I have is only four issues a year. But, great things take time, right? You're the best. Keep it up!

James Calhoun
Portland, OR

HELL N' SAWS

I just finished reading Issue 2 and felt I had to drop you a line. You have put out a quality magazine in a genre usually mired in hyperbole. I especially enjoyed the HELLRAISER analysis. Now this is what we need more of! I've always liked intelligent readings on the genre.

Gunnar Hansen's "Leatherface in Love" was a great bit of fun. It's good to see Gunnar back in horror with HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW HOOKERS. Speaking of which, I've been trying to find out something about this film but have been coming up with the big nada. Is it ever going to be released anywhere but California and New York City? Or, is it already in video and my shops just won't stock it?

Keep up the good work. I look forward to future issues.

Charles Burnley
Dallas, TX

(CHAINSAW HOOKERS has been released on video, but we haven't seen a copy either. Call Camp Video (213) 935-8650 for details.)

HUBBA, HUBBA

Having had three issues to judge DEEP RED, my verdict is simply--Keep Up the Great Fuckin' Work!

Very rarely with fanzines do I enjoy every article, but DEEP RED has been the exception. A favorite piece has been the overview "Whatever Happened to Tobe Hooper." A similar analysis could be applied to Wes Craven (though SERPENT AND THE RAINBOW was an attempt to go a new direction and, for the most part, works).

The new Savini interview was full of current information and not the usual rethread of already-known information.

How about an interview with Jim Siedow (the Cook from TCM 1 and 2). I have never seen any documentation of his experiences in both films.

Again, much success.

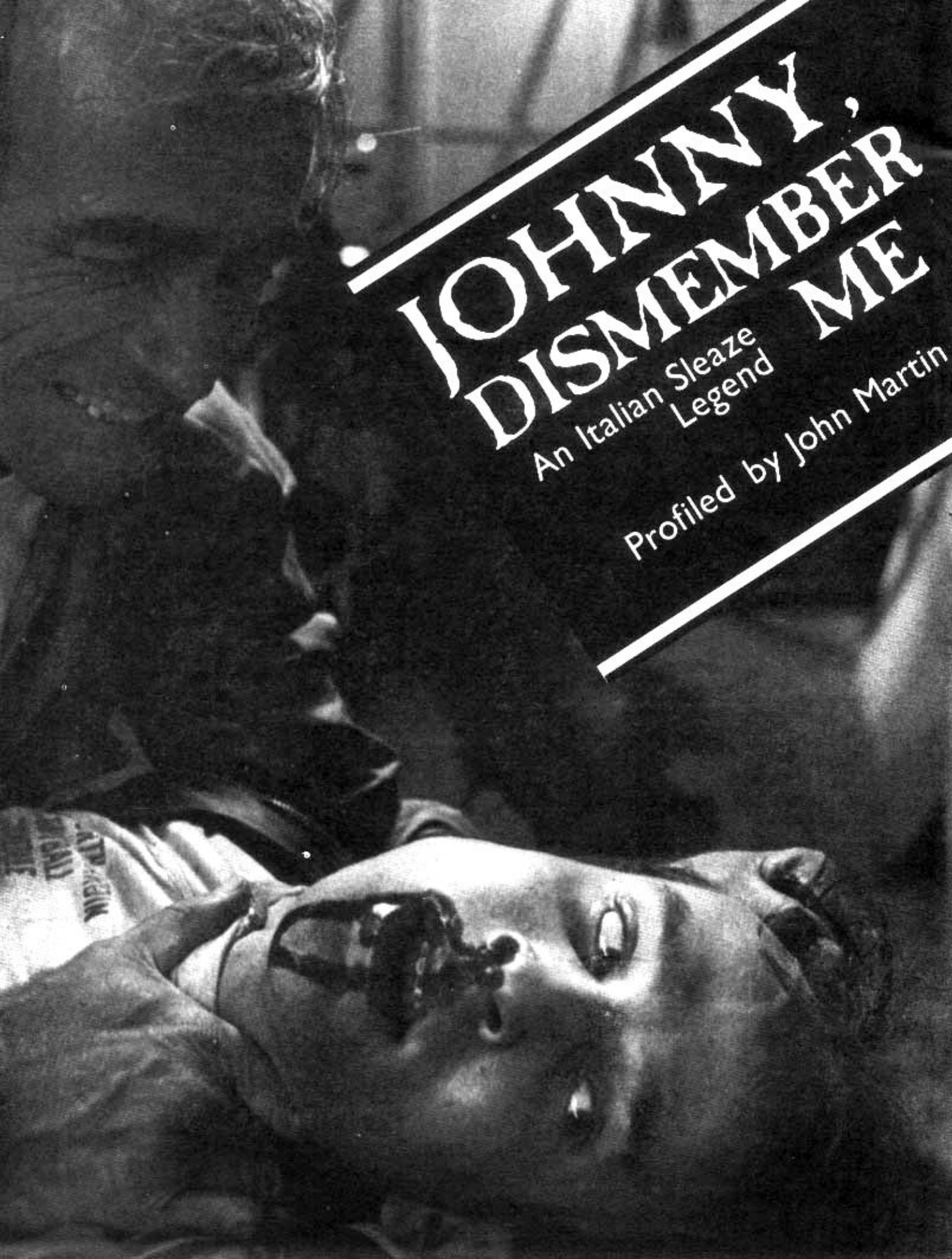
Henry Hoffman
Miami, OK

DARK DEFENDER

I was agreeing with most everything you said in the Issue 4 editorial of DEEP RED until you mentioned the film NEAR DARK in the same breath as the execrable DEAD HEAT and FRIDAY THE 13TH, PART 7. Come on, Chas., has watching all those cannibal films eaten away your brain cells? NEAR DARK was one of the most refreshing and original genre outings of the '80's. And why do you insist on comparing every film with NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD and TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE? Don't you understand that these films are classics and only come around once in a decade? Do you really expect every recent horror release to measure up to the standards set by these two films? To quote you, "get off the pot."

Joseph Parda
Levittown, NY

(Add ALIEN, THE FLY, HELLRAISER, and EVIL DEAD to the list of films that everybody raved about but me. NEAR DARK seemed unnecessarily bombastic, contrived, and too clever for its own good. Oh, shit! Here comes the hate mail!)



JOHNNY, DISMEMBER ME

An Italian Sleaze
Legend

Profiled by John Martin

John Morghen--a man barely alive. Gentlemen, we can deconstruct him; we have the technology. We can slice him with a razor; we can dice him with a machete. We can blow out unnecessary internal organs with a shotgun and remove superfluous brain tissue with a drill. We can hack off his dick and eat it. We can even lop off the top of his head, as though it were a boiled egg, and dine on the contents of his skull. This is called "Movie Magic"...

LISTEN, I don't give a flying fuck that Bruce Campbell had to smash a few plates over his head to make *EVIL DEAD 2*. Italian mega-masochist John Morghen has suffered all of the above and more, while mixing it with the grungiest zombies the Cinecitta boys could round up and the hungriest cannibals that ever inhabited an Italian studio back lot. Morghen, whose sweating, leering, bug-eyed features have adorned a string of spaghetti splatter classics, makes Clive Barker's Cenobites look like a bunch of limp-wristed sissies in his willingness to undergo mortifying physical punishment for the sake of his art.

Morghen (given name Giovanni Lombardo Radice) first came to the attention of an astonished world in Ruggero Deodato's 1979 outrage, *HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF THE PARK*, in which he plays Ricky, retardo sidekick to David Hess' psychotic car mechanic, Alex. Our heroes are picked up and taken home by a bunch of bored rich kids looking to have a few laughs at the expense of some geeky proles. When he gets hip to what is going on, the enraged Alex humiliates, beats, rapes, and pisses on the yups as Ricky drools and gibbers his approval. Alex is just hitting top form when a sweet young thing called Cindy knocks at the door. He strips her, deriving no end of amusement from the fact that she is having her period, then sings a catchy little calypso number as he cuts her breasts up with a razor. At this point, Ricky goes all chickenshit on his partner, protesting that if he isn't careful, things could go too far! Considering the gamut of atrocities that the yuppies have already been put through, Ricky's definition of "going too far" buggars the imagination! It certainly irritates Alex, who squeezes Ricky's balls and slashes him with the razor, then breaks down in tears when he realizes what he has done to his buddy.

Unfortunately, a contrived, cop-out twist ending detracts somewhat from *HOUSE ON THE EDGE*'s impact, but Deodato's film remains one of the cinema's most viciously black essays in class warfare. And nothing could

obliterate the memory of Morghen as Ricky, whether demonstrating his disco-dancing techniques, performing an impromptu striptease, or gleefully urging Hess on to new excesses.

If Morghen's character in *HOUSE ON THE EDGE* proved himself unfit to mix in polite company, the one he plays in Lucio Fulci's fabled chunk-blower, *THE GATES OF HELL* (a.k.a. *CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD*, 1980), is hardly less of a social misfit. "Bob" is Dunwich's resident child molester, but he's not the town's only problem--occult dabblings by the local clergy have lead to the expected uprising of crusty-faced zombies, witnessed in New York by participants in a drug-crazed séance.

Fulci stalwart Catriona Maccoll and Christopher George are dispatched to Dunwich to close the Gates of Hell with the warning that "at this very precise moment, in some other distant town, horrendously awful things are happening--things that will shatter your imagination." Fulci cuts straight from this to a pointblank mug shot of Bob, who is staggering around aimlessly in a gale. He seems to do this a lot. His clothes are caked in filth and he lives in a derelict hovel with a blow-up doll. He is getting it on with this latex lovely when he notices a worm-infested baby decom-

posing in the corner of his room. Bob's response to this is to roll his eyes and gibber maniacally; but then this appears to be his response to just about everything, especially the regular visits he receives from the undead Father Thomas (whose suicide started off all this shit in the first place). Bob isn't so stupid that he can't work out he'd better find somewhere else to live; he opts for the back seat of bit-part specialist Venantino Venantini's car. Meanwhile, the Dunwich cops discover various human remains in his former abode. "Good Lord," remarks Sheriff Russell. "That kid's gonna fry! Mark my words!" Needless to say, his fate is nothing so mundane; ol' Venantino discovers his daughter Anne sharing a joint with Bob and is so pissed off that he skewers the poor lad's head on a huge drill. Fulci has commented "I intended this scene as a cry I wanted to launch against a certain kind of fascism." That may well be true, Lucio, but it also made the film very popular with gorehounds who just wanted to see guys getting their heads drilled.

Bob later returns as a vengeful zombie to eat the regulars of Junie's Lounge (all three of them). Hereafter, the story continues on its confusing and bloody way, to an incomprehensible finale; but, once

CANNIBAL APOCALYPSE



たら忘れ
島のゾンビ兵士がいま、カリフォルニア

Die der KANNIBALEN

Arabella Filmverleih



again, it is Morghen's antics that remain most firmly lodged in the memory.

It was inevitable that Morghen would one day play that archetypal alienated figure of our times, the Vietnam Vet. Francis Ford Coppola's APOCALYPSE NOW had dealt with the dehumanizing effects of war; Michael Cimino's THE DEER HUNTER portrayed post-war social dislocation; but not until Antonio Marghereti's THE CANNIBALS ARE IN THE STREETS (a.k.a. CANNIBAL APOCALYPSE, 1980) did a film have the guts to tackle the taboo subject of cannibal G.I.'s. Morghen plays Charlie Bukowski (= Charles Bronson!) whose commanding officer Hopper (John Saxon) discovers him in a pit somewhere in Indochina, chowing down on fragrant, crispy Vietcong with his buddy Tommy.

Back home in Atlanta, the boys end up in "The Hospital for Mental Disorders." When Charlie is discharged, he heads straight for a cinema showing a war film and takes advantage of the dark to bite the throat out of the first nubile girl he finds. Audience reaction to this is understandably hostile; so he holes up in a shopping mall and shoots everyone who comes in looking for him. Worse, he starts singing "Yankee Doodle went to Vietnam...Yankee Doodle got shot up and called it macaroni."

"He'll be singing through his ass by the time I've finished with him," grumbles Police Captain McCoy, obviously a music lover.

Talked out by Hopper, Charlie is returned to the hospital, where he and Tommy proceed to eat their way through the staff. They escape and spread their cannibal contagion throughout the city. At one point, a cop is discovered munching a lady colleague's tit. "Oh, my God," implores McCoy, "put it down, son!" (This guy gets all the best lines.) The cannibals, now including Hopper, are ambushed by a chapter of Hell's Angels (whom they promptly beat the living crap out of) before adjourning to the sewer system, where they are trapped and killed off in various graphic ways. Morghen is blown apart with a shotgun; Marghereti does not waste the opportunity to poke his camera through Johnny's gaping midriff. "Call the coroner and tell him this fucking mess is over," orders McCoy; but Marghereti's final shot reveals that the kids who live next door to Hopper have chopped their Mom up and put her in the fridge.

Not surprisingly, considering all he had suffered in just three films, Morghen was in a "no more Mister Nice Guy" mood when he erupted from the jungle in Umberto Lenzi's MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY (a.k.a. CANNI-

BAL FERROX, 1981). Johnny sported long, bleached-blond hair and had acquired (from David Hess) the endearing habit of addressing everyone as "twat" for his role as Mike, a drug pusher who burns a couple of gangsters in a deal and has to move out of New York to safer climes; so naturally, he chooses a cannibal-infested jungle! There, amid the rampant stock footage of animals eating each other, he meets a team of anthropologists (led by Lorraine de Selle from HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF THE PARK) who aim to prove that cannibalism does not exist! These guys obviously haven't seen many Italian horror movies. Mike attempts to persuade them otherwise by recounting, through his permanently clenched teeth, what happened to one of his locals. "They castrated him with a machete," he groans, mugging frantically. "...THEN THEY ATE HIS GENITALS!!!" But flashbacks reveal that it was Mike himself who tortured, castrated, gouged the eyes out of and killed various natives while he was wired on cocaine.

Needless to say, when the natives catch up with him and his new-found traveling companions, the kid gloves are off. For starters, Mike's girlfriend Pat (Zora Kerova) has her breasts skewered on hooks, by which she is hauled into the air and left to dangle.

Mike is tied to the village totem pole and poked with spears. He spits in the chief's eye, an act of bravado he instantly comes to regret. Wiping his eye, the chief pulls out Mike's honky schlong and whacks it off (all in unflinching close-up) with his machete. While the cannibal chorus line wave their spears in the air and give it the old college cheer, he swallows the Morghen organ in one go--that's what I call deep-throating! It is here that Morghen really proves his mettle (or perhaps just the invigorating properties of cocaine): escaping from the cannibals, despite the agony of his condition; having his hand chopped off as punishment when they recapture him; then escaping yet again only to be captured a third time. At this point, the cannibals decide enough is enough; besides, they're starting to feel a bit

where he seduces Zora Kerova by giving her coke and telling her, "I had you nailed the minute I saw you--a hot pussy little whore who came down here looking for freedom; a victim of puritanical breeding seeking release for strange new feelings." That's the way to do it, boys! The film will also be long cherished by connoisseurs of trash for an overkill ad campaign which promised "24 scenes of extreme and explicit violence...banned in 31 countries."

Exhausted by all this sex, drugs, and violence, Morghen all but disappeared for several years. During this lean period, he did write and appear in Lenzi's *DAUGHTER OF THE JUNGLE* (1982) and he was also seen in Larry Ludman's (Fabrizio de Angelis') *DEADLY IMPACT* (1984); though

In a twist borrowed from Tobe Hooper's *THE FUNHOUSE*, the bogeyman kidnaps Brett and uses him as a decoy. Bound, gagged, and wearing the owl mask, Brett is chopped up by his co-dancers, who only realise their mistake when they unmask him.

Later in the same year, Morghen hooked up with Antonio Marghereti again for a TV movie entitled *SPACE ISLAND*, a bizarre interstellar reworking of Robert Louis Stevenson's *TREASURE ISLAND*. As Israel Hands, he is again on subdued form, but even on his best behaviour, Johnny can't resist stabbing young Tim Hawkins in the neck. Is this an indication that we can hope for a return to the barnstorming, scenery-chewing, full-blown psychosis that characterized Morghen's '79-'81 performances? Or have his



peckish. Reasoning that the best brain food is brain food, they wedge Mike under a table with a hole in its centre, through which the top of his head protrudes. They lop this exposed portion off with that trusty machete and...Hey, Prestol Brains in a bowl! Even Mike can't manage another escape after that. Lorraine de Selle has to share a submerged bamboo cage with fat blood-sucking leeches, but slips away before the full measure of cannibal justice can be meted out to her. The film closes with her presenting her doctrinal dissertation on the nonexistence of cannibalism. So go figure.

FEROX is unquestionably Morghen's finest hour. Quite apart from the mandatory ultraviolence, who could forget Johnny's mastery of the Art of Love, as demonstrated in the scene

neither film is noted for any graphic gut-crunching.

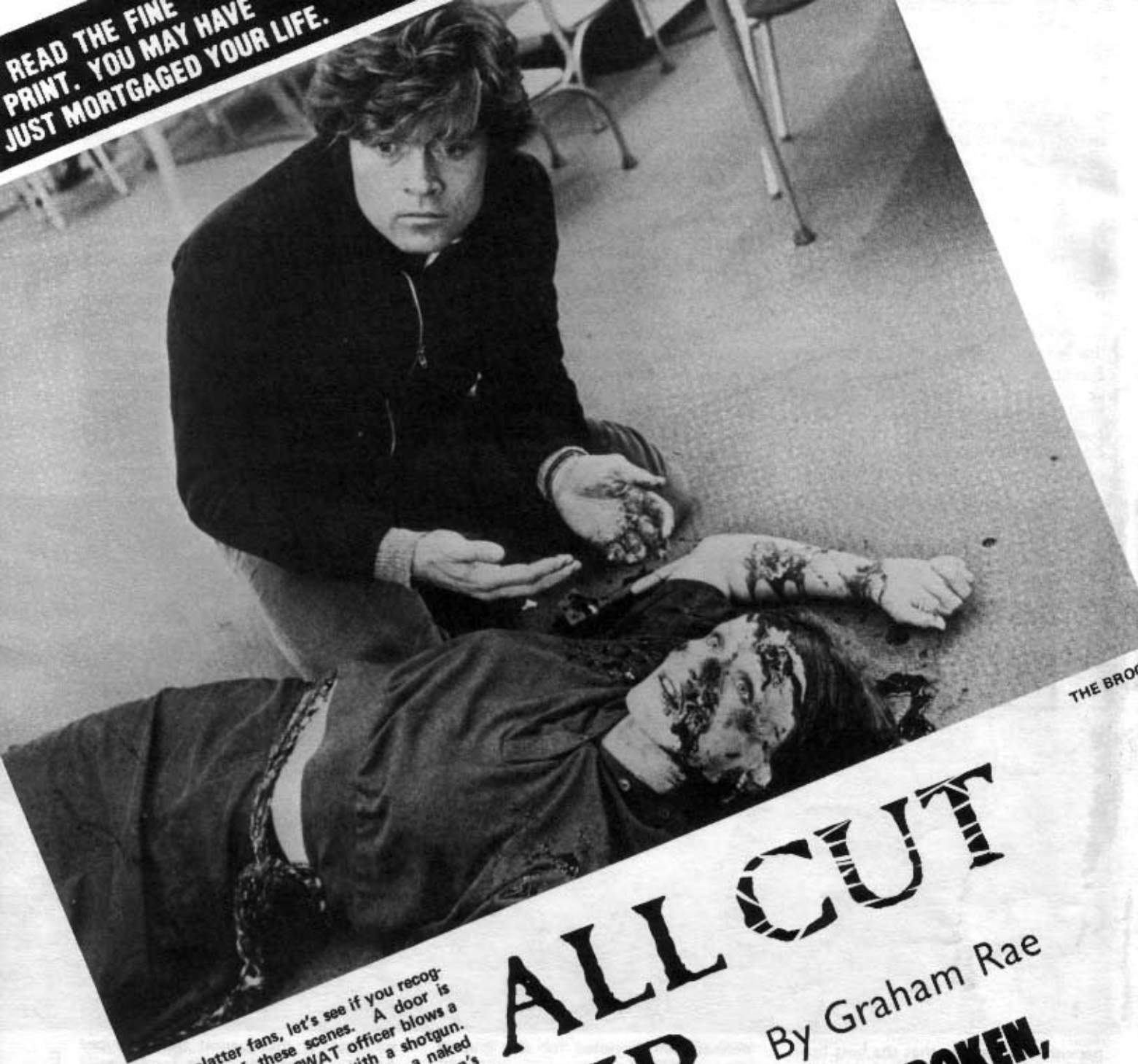
In 1987, he was recruited by Argento, acolyte Michele Soavi, who had suffered with him in *THE GATES OF HELL* (Soavi's the guy who was forced to watch his girlfriend puking her guts up, then had his brains yanked out by Father Thomas) for the latter's feature debut as director, *STAGE FRIGHT*, which was produced by sleaze specialist Joe D'Amato and written by *THE GRIM REAPER* no less, Luigi Montefiore. Morghen, looking wasted, plays Brett, a gay dancer fighting for his life against excruciating dubbing and a style-conscious serial murderer who dons an ornate owl mask to stalk Brett and his colleagues around a locked-up theatre with knives, axes, drills, and chainsaws.

excesses in that period truly reduced him to a shadow of his former self? Probably if these questions were put to the great man himself, he would reply with words he used in *CANNIBAL FEROX*, "Get off my case, mother-fucker!" And, of course, such questions are ultimately academic anyway. John Morghen will always be biting girls in cinemas, fishing out eyeballs with spears, head-butting drills, spilling his guts in sewers, and donating brains to hungry natives so long as the world contains VCRs, Italian splatter movies on video, and enough degenerates of the kind who read this magazine to watch them.

When you think of Johnny, think of this--it's better to burn out than it is to rust.

(Thanks to Gordon Finlayson for his assistance in researching this piece.)

READ THE FINE
PRINT. YOU MAY HAVE
JUST MORTGAGED YOUR LIFE.



THE BRO

ALL UP

By Graham Rae

Okay, splatter fans, let's see if you recognise some of these scenes. A door is kicked open and a SWAT officer blows a head into crunchy jello with a shotgun. A severed head gives 'head' to a naked woman strapped to a table. A head is insides decide to break out. A Ford. A squished under the wheel of a screaming zombie bites the fingers from a screaming soldier.

If you recognised these scenes as being from DAWN OF THE DEAD, RE-ANIMATOR, VIDEODROME, THE TOXIC AVENGER and DAY OF THE DEAD respectively, give yourself a pat on the back. If, however, you are a British (or, indeed, European) fan of splatter, chances are you'll be saying to yourself, "What the hell is he talking about? I didn't see those scenes in those films." Well, you know who to blame

**CUT, CHOPPED, BROKEN,
and BURNED BEYOND
RECOGNITION.**

BECAUSE OF THE INTENSE
NATURE OF THIS FILM,
STOMACH DISTRESS **MAY**
OCCUR.

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FOR PERSONS
OVER 30!

**TO AVOID
FAINTING
KEEP REPEATING,
..ONLY A MOVIE
..ONLY A MOVIE**

GO TOO FAR?

**VOMIT
BAG**



**...AN ACT
OF REVENGE**

(if you're British, at least), don't you? Of course. The British Board of Film Censors (the BBFC). They are responsible for excising all of the above scenes and more. So, let's see if we can try to trace the point when rampant horror film induced paranoia really began to take place, shall we?

The golden days of splatter in the U.K. began at the start of 1980 and ran to about the middle of 1983, which was when the rot started to set in. In the early days of video, anything went. I myself have fond memories of watching such delights (?) as ZOMBIE FLESH EATERS (ZOMBIE to U.S. readers), CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST, CANNIBAL FEROX, DRILLER KILLER, CANNIBAL APOCALYPSE, and, of course, the classic TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE in full fleshy versions. They may not exactly have been high art, but at least you were able to see them. Some would argue that video cut its own throat freedom wise, but whatever the cause, the effect was still the same. There began



compelled to turn themselves inside out as a result of viewing this scene. Jesus!

And, things haven't gotten any better since then. Copies of all the above mentioned films (with the exception of the watered-down VIDEODROME) and more have been confiscated and destroyed by the police, along with classics like THE HILLS HAVE EYES and NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD.

I think a lot of American splatter fans may have heard a bit about the BBFC and their policies, but may not realise how severe they are. Well, let me explain them to you.

A new film comes out in the U.S. that contains a lot of splatter. It may not have the luxury of being allowed to play every cinema chain if it receives an 'X' rating; but at least if it is cut in most cases (like VIDEODROME), the video version is full of the scenes cut for general release. I may have messed it up slightly, but that is how the U.S. rating system appears to me. Here in the U.K., we don't have the option of unrated material anymore, even in our own homes. When the U.S. released film is ready for distribution in Britain, it is submitted to the BBFC, who cut it. It has a theatrical run (normally, but direct-to-video releases are becoming more and more common), then it is ready for video release. With it so far? So then what do you think the BBFC does? You will never guess. They cut the fucking film again! Remember that these are the same board of guys, cutting even more scenes from a film they have already cut, to make it more palatable for video release! Where the hell is the logic in this system? Why cut something twice?

When there's no more
room in HELL
the dead will walk
the EARTH

GEORGE A.
ROMERO'S

DAWN OF THE DEAD

Starring DAVID EMGE KEN FOREE SCOTT H. REINIGER GAYLEN ROSS

to be growing cries to ban the likes of I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE and LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT, claiming they were 'degrading to women' (Which I guess I would agree with in both these cases. Let's not be hypocritical, huh? I mean, rape via bottle and forced lesbian acts never did anyone's reputation any good.) and could have a 'desensitising effect' on those viewing them. Horror fans dug in, buying up copies of SCANNERS and other gore epics, realising trouble was in the air.

But circa 1983, the shit really hit the fan. Remember one of the big releases of that year, Cronenberg's masterful

VIDEODROME? Yes, well, so do I. But not the full version; the above mentioned body-bursting scene was excised along with several others by the distributing video company themselves, to avoid censorship and ratings problems (the maximum rating a British release can secure is an '18'—roughly equivalent to the U.S. 'R' rating). But let's go back a few steps. If the government and pressure groups were scared of the poor, brainless British public imitating the violence they viewed in horror films, why did they excise the body-bursting scene? Who the fuck could imitate that? But I suppose it's all for the best; imagine all the splatter fans who might have been

Why not just transfer the already cut cinema version direct to video without excising any more scenes?

The answer to these questions don't really exist, I suppose. Mary Whitehouse (a Tipper Gore type viewer watchdog) and her cronies can go on forever about 'desensitisation'; but in the end, they are just a bunch of killjoys with a set of double standards. Case in hand—remember the sequence in RE-ANIMATOR where a freshly re-animated corpse bites off two of Dean Halsey's fingers? Now, remember the scene in DAY OF THE DEAD where a zombie removes two of soldier Rickles' fingers via impromptu incisor surgery? These scenes are really the same, aren't they? Then why was the

ANIMATOR is missing much of its classic bloodshed, including the Barbara Crampton 'head' scene, a drill exiting through a chest, a spade in the neck, etc. DAWN OF THE DEAD doesn't contain the exploding head, machete to head, bikers being ripped open, etc. MANIAC has had all the violent Savini effects removed.

I would also urge British viewers to check out older versions of THE HILLS HAVE EYES, NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, SHIVERS, THE BROOD, RABID, ASSAULT ON PRECINCT 13, and THE NESTING, to name but a few. These films have all been re-released after being recut; so if you can find older copies on a dusty shelf somewhere, you're liable to

find some footage missing from the new re-releases. Also, if anyone out there in the British readership has unrated versions of RE-ANIMATOR or THE TOXIC AVENGER, I would be grateful if they could get in touch with me via the editor. I have unrated versions of DAWN and DAY OF THE DEAD, and would be happy to lend them to other blood brothers and sisters in exchange for material I have not seen myself.

Finally, let me just say something in a totally uncensored form that I've always wanted to say. I think I speak for splatter fans when I say "FUCK THE CENSORS! LONG LIVE THE NEW FLESH!"

RE-ANIMATOR: HEAD OF ITS CLASS

"THE REAL THING, RED AND RAW
AND DRIPPING" SOUNDS

"A MASTERPIECE OF MODERN HORROR"

CITY LIMITS

GEORGE A. ROMERO'S

DAY OF THE DEAD

18

"a master horror film maker at work" TIME OUT



finger-spittin' good scene cut from DAY OF THE DEAD and left in RE-ANIMATOR? Anybody in the world have a satisfactory answer? I doubt it. Let's get this straight. Let them cut the film for cinema release if they have to. Then, would it not be possible to leave the film intact for video release? This would save British horror fans like myself getting angry every time we see a scene in DEEP RED or FANGORIA or GOREZONE that we know we're never going to get to see. It makes me mad that people like the BBFC and Mary Whitehouse can watch hour upon hour of violence and never deem themselves to be affected by it. Yet, if an 'ordinary' individual watches the same material, they will instantly be turned into a ferocious, misogynistic killer. Fucking patronising, I call it.

In signing off, I would just like to warn British viewers of a few films that have been significantly hacked. There is no violence whatsoever in the video TOXIC AVENGER, making a nonsense of the box's claim that the film is filled with "unnecessary sex and violence." RE-



FANZINE UPDATE

BY CHAS. BALUN

ENDLESS PARTY
Chris Amouroux, 1765 N. Highland Avenue, Box 703 Hollywood, CA 90078 Free (Send 50 cents postage, at least! You cheapskates!)

Yep! The same Chris who's on our masthead as a founding editor of DEEP RED, only she's marching to the beat of a different drummer. One with a heavy, heavy back beat and plenty of volume. Her nifty professional-looking tabloid is crammed with local rockers, record reviews, interviews with musicians and horror personalities, wrestling updates, and splatter reviews. Endless Party has been going strong for a couple of years now as attested by its five figure circulation. Say "hi" to Chris for us.

FATAL VISIONS
Michael Helms, P.O. Box 133, Northcote 3070 Australia Published Quarterly (\$12 a year)

Covering the "violent media scene and heard in Melbourne": films, TV, book reviews. Large size format, 24 pages, funky ad art and quirky features.

GRANDELINQUENCE
Nicholas Haysom, 45 Springvale Road, Kingsworthy, Winchester, Hants, United Kingdom (90 p., Write for U.S. rates)

Thick, classy, 64-page first issue shows incredible promise. Witty, fun-to-read and well-informed commentary on the classics and the clunkers. Absolutely packed with checklists, reviews, interviews, art and photos. Very impressive.

IMAGINATOR
Ken Miller, Brands House, Kingshill Road, Four Ashes, High Wycombe Bucks HP 13 5BB England, 60 pages per issue (Send \$4.00 to cover international airmail)

Rapidly improving British 'zine is already approaching Samhain (my personal favorite) for its thorough, indepth coverage of the European splatter scene. Number 2 was a thick 36 pages with features including "Eco-Horrors," "Axe Grinding Corner," and "Radioactive

IMAGINATOR



RAW VIRUS

ISSUE No 1 - 60p BLOOD! GORE! (NOT MUCH MORE!)



retard tells of urge to kill Mentally ill Parents!

IN A CASE of BILE#2

Reviews." Lots of reviews ranging from the totally off-the-wall (DEPORTED WOMEN OF THE SPECIAL SECTION, LEGACY OF SATAN, ATTACK OF THE MUSHROOM PEOPLE) to the genre mainstainers (PREDATOR, INNERSPACE). Latest 'ish included ten horror picks from a worldwide assortment of 'zine editors. A good bet.

MONDO VIDEO/SPLATTER TIMES
Donald Farmer, 154 Big Spring Circle, Cookeville, Tennessee 38501 (\$6 for 6 issues)

THE SHOCK REVIEW

SHOCK AFTER SHOCK AFTER SHOCK!

THOU SHALT NOT KILL UNLESS VIOLENCE DEMANDS REVENGE

FATAL VISIONS



After coming West to shoot his second video feature (CANNIBAL HOOKERS), Farmer is back home doing what he does best. The latest issues are newsletter format rather than the nifty tabloid form it was in the past, though the new look is already goin' through the changes. Lots of reviews, interviews, and features by a guy who knows his shit.

RATS IN THE CELLAR
S. Dunn/Rodent Press, 8 Limestone Road, Burniston, Scarborough, North Yorkshire YO13 ODG United Kingdom (\$10 for 6 issues)

Homey, friendly little 'zine likes H.G. Lewis a lot and rates the current crop of English and stateside releases according to their very own, patented rat-o-meter. These guys obviously like their work.

RAW VIRUS

Nige Bartlett, 30 Vicar Street, Wednesbury West Midlands WS10 9HF, 60 pages (Send \$2.50 for international postage)

Former editor of *Yeeeeuch!* produces this thick newsletter style 'zine with plenty of Italian, Spanish, German, Japanese, and French gore flicks we only hear rumors about. Nicely written, highly enthusiastic stuff.

SAVAGE CINEMA

Peter Zirschky, Horror Relations, Box 8887, 1006 JB Amsterdam, Holland (Send \$5.00 to cover international postage)

Huge issue includes over 100 reviews, interviews with Ruggero Deodato and Lamberto Bava, a Lucio Fulci update, and news of the European splatter scene. Issue 1 also lists Zirschky's exhaustive catalog of foreign posters, lobby cards, films and soundtracks for sale. This guy has it all. An absolute gold mine for the serious connoisseur.

THE SHOCK REVIEW

Tom Stockman, 1435 Sproule, St. Louis, MO 63139, Bi-monthly (\$4 per year)

Newsletter style, 6-8 pages, informed, intelligent, caustic reviews, and lots of features on Paul Naschy. Nice, friendly feel.

STINK

Nick the Yak, 27 Hillcrest Street, Staten Island, NY 10308, Free subscription (but for crissakes, send the guy somethin')

Funny, irreverent and weird as hell, this giant size 'zine calls itself "the magazine as bad as the films it reviews." The Yak's favorite film of all time is *BLOOD FEAST* and he has stringent rules for films to be included in future issues: each must contain totally obscure subject matter; bad acting; bad effects; all around badness. Honest and spirited stuff.

A TASTE OF BILE

Keith Brewer, P.O. Box 7150, Waco, Texas (\$2.50 per 4-issue subscription)

Naughty little rag that tells it like it is—rowdy, crude and awfully rude. Last issue was 8 pages and featured reviews and blistering commentary on such films as *TRAP THEM AND KILL THEM*, *BLUE HOLOCAUST*, *MARK OF THE DEVIL*, and *LAST ORGY OF THE THIRD REICH*. Lives up to its claim on masthead—"The Lowest in Cinematic Slime."

VISUAL VIOLENCE

Darren Cole, 18 Romulus Street, Winston Hills, NSW Australia 2153 (\$9 for 12 issues)

Lots of reviews evaluating films on a 1-10 scale for both entertainment value and gore/violence. Well written, newsletter style and printed on blood red stock.

WHIPLASH SMILE

John Hill, 29 Skirbeck Road, Boston, Lincs PE21 6DA England (Send \$4.50 to cover international postage)

Slick, large format 'zine with solid writing and crammed to bursting with reviews and features like "The Zombies That Ate Spaghetti," "Crypt of Terror," and "The Splatter Spot." Neat ad mats from European films we never got to see. You'll like it.

WORLD OF FANDOM

Allen Shevy, 8518 Catalina Drive, Tampa, Florida 33615, Published Quarterly (\$.75 each)

Large format, 40 pages on newsprint features comics, horror in film and TV, sci-fi, and rock 'n' roll. Emphasis on comic art and mainstream fare like *ROBOCOP*, *STAR TREK*, *PRINCE OF DARKNESS*. Something for everybody.

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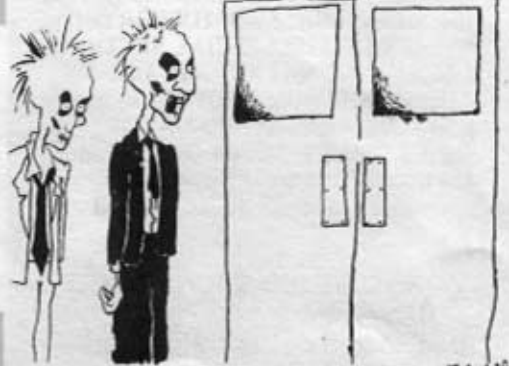
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Oh, Goody, Vegetables!

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK JUHL



Bloody Ol' Blighty

THE FILMS OF

PETER WALKER

BY GREG GOODSSELL

Odd commodities these horror flicks be.

Of the countless supply available on the video racks, the discerning viewer turns to critical reference books to sniff out a prospective title. But sometimes, criticism is not an accurate barometer of a horror film's worthiness. In order for this genre to succeed, they must oft-times push buttons and emotions which are offensive and disturbing to their audience. It's funny just how reviled the original FRANKENSTEIN, Hitchcock's PSYCHO, the Hammer remakes, and THE EXORCIST were at the time of their release. We watch these films today with interest and enjoyment, having earned their "classic" status by succeeding all too well with the audiences of their day.

Such is the fate of the horror films of director Pete Walker. Condemned in his home country England, his work has

been variously described as "nauseating," "vile," "derivative," "sadistic," and "grotesquely violent." All evidence that Walker does his job all too well.

Pete Walker is a definite, singular voice in horror cinema. All his films share distinct thematic threads and twisted views on modern life. Walker's films have gore aplenty, but not necessarily to fulfill the gorehound's expectations for splatter. He lures us into his stories with cunning and skill, only to bludgeon us unexpectedly and in such a way to make us feel sorry for having asked for it. Walker's movies make us squirm.

At all times, we feel a malign intelligence behind the camera. Gore is never featured decoratively and often only the sympathetic characters are murdered in coldly repulsive ways. The usual escape

routes in the gore genre, such as crudity, poor acting, and lack of believability, are nowhere in sight. Walker's films are as bluntly professional as mechanized slaughterhouse ritual. The stories he tells are so ruthlessly nasty and pessimistic we begin to wonder what entertainment value is inherent in the "horror film."

You want examples?

Okay, in Walker's FRIGHTMARE (1974) we see a benign old farm wife (Sheila Keith, Walker regular) reading a young girl's fortune in her rustic parlor. She is by turns gentle, askance, angry, and ultimately homicidal as she, without warning, bludgeons the young girl to death.

Keith drags the young girl inside the barn, eyes aglow with psychotic fervor. She lays the girl on the ground and whips out a huge electric power drill, large bit inserted, and begins to bore into the girl's head.

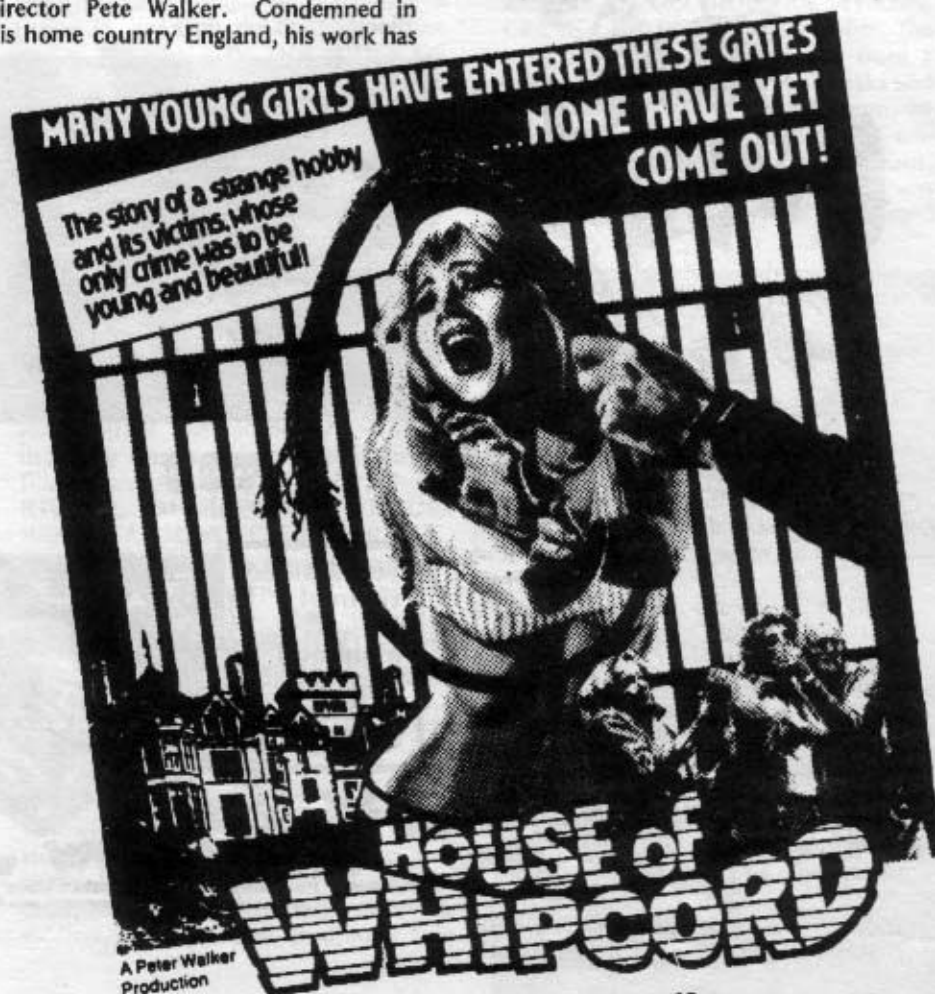
But this scene isn't over until we see blood, bone, and brains splatter the old biddy's face—as we see her greedily eat it!

Or what about his THE CONFESIONAL/HOUSE OF MORTAL SIN (1976)? Keith returns as a mannish house servant for an evil priest whose mode of entertainment is tormenting his paralyzed mother. We watch Keith torture this pathetic old woman in a wheelchair for an ungodly amount of time as we wonder how the film will sink even further into depravity.

Or how about the part in SCHIZO (1979) when we watch a young psychic girl walking home stalked by a maniac. We see gloved hands seize a nearby sledgehammer, and watch her head get bashed in with the blunt end prior to being shoved in front of a ten ton lorry (truck to us Yanks).

Clearly Walker wants us to feel for his characters.

Walker was chiefly known for his soft-core nudie work in the late '60's and early '70's such as COOL IT, CAROL (1968) and SCHOOL FOR SEX (1974) before venturing into shocker territory with THE FLESH AND BLOOD SHOW (1970). While very mild by today's standards, it introduced themes that would resurface in his later works. BLOOD SHOW tells the tale of a young acting troupe, putting on plays in an abandoned seaside resort theatre, picked off by a hooded prowler. The prowler is revealed to be a doddering old man who previously entombed his mistress alive behind a dressing room wall while he played the lead in Othello. Originally a 3-D feature, it introduced the



Walker theme of the old tormenting the young and featured an uncomfortable molestation scene of a hysterical ingenue.

It was only after Walker made **HOUSE OF WHIPCORD** (1974) that he began to hit his stride. Teamed with screenwriter/collaborator David McGillivray, **WHIPCORD** detailed the tribulations of a saucy French bimbo trapped in an isolated women's prison run by wackos. Many rent this in hopes of some cheap S&M porn, jolly ol' caning and all that. They find **WHIPCORD** a relentlessly grim exercise in deprivation and injustice. Presided over by a senile, blind judge (blind justice?) and maintained by clock-stoppingly ugly prison matrons, torture is doled out with callous, indifferent bureaucracy.

The major themes of Walker's thrillers are presented for the first time:

THE DISENFRANCHISED: Walker touches upon the poor, the neglected. His England is one of poverty and endless cold water flats. The disenfranchised are kept in check by the young and powerful, occasionally lashing out in the next theme--

THE POWER OF TRADITION: The new generation tries to cast off the shackles of the preceding one, only to be trapped by a sense of family duty or obligation. This points to Walker's most radical tangent of all--

THE INSTITUTION AS MONSTER: In horror flicks, the monster antagonist is an external threat to society. In Walker's universe, bluntly put, the society is the monster.

If Walker painted an unflattering portrait of the judicial system in **WHIPCORD**, he completely savages the family unit in **FRIGHTMARE**, arguably his masterpiece. In **FRIGHTMARE**, a rural farming couple are cannibals kept in check by their dutiful daughter who lives in the city. Her younger sister, however, has picked up some of her elder clan's less savory aspects and the carefully maintained facade is ultimately all for naught. Keith as the cannibal Gran is brilliant, going from kindly to maniacal in seconds. All too believable, she reminds us of the inherent nastiness in little old ladies.

After attacking the family and society, Walker concluded this trilogy with his best-known film, **THE CONFESSIONAL**, an attack upon the church. Released in 1976 when the horror genre was full of devil possession and heroic clerics, imagine the audacity Walker had in building this film around a psychotic priest. Anthony Sharpe

plays the lead role, tape recording the confessions of a girl whom he blackmails into serving "God's will." When any of her friends get in the way, he strangles one with a rosary, poisons another with a communion wafer, and bludgeons the other with an incense burner. The hysterical heroine's frantic pleas fall on deaf ears; who on earth would suspect a kindly old priest of such a thing?

As scripted by McGillivray, the heroic protagonist is usually persuaded by the monstrous antagonist away from the usual happy ending by feigning innocence. In **THE CONFESSIONAL**, Sharpe convinces a young priest about to give up the cloth to remain, the deaths incurred by Sharpe made to look like the work of someone else. He is left unencumbered to pursue the heroine. **FRIGHTMARE** has the daughter return to the ancestral home out of family concern only to meet her death.

SCHIZO (1977) offered a few variations on this story. Lynne Frederick is a happy newlywed stalked by a repugnant old codger who may or may not be the murderer of her mother. Contrasting

SCHIZOPHRENIA...
WHEN THE LEFT HAND DOESN'T KNOW WHO
THE RIGHT HAND IS KILLING!!



upwardly mobile suburban London with the sleazy dregs of the stalker, it touched on most of the same ground of Walker's previous features. That Frederick is really the murderess pushing knitting needles through old ladies' heads and out their eyeballs seems redundant; by now Walker and McGillivray had subverted enough genre conventions. As expected, we see the friend of the young couple waving cheerily goodbye as they board the plane for their honeymoon with Frederick out to kill hubby as the screen fades to **THE END**.

Walker's last film to the states, **THE HOUSE OF LONG SHADOWS** (1984),

starred horror veterans Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing, Vincent Price, and John Carradine. It was the old dark house schtick played for elderly actors in need of this month's rent check.

While Walker has a cult following, it seems they're not vocal enough. The kindest one historian got in defining Walker's place was his "Michael Reeve-like hatred for authority figures." Reeves was the young upstart punk who offed himself after directing the depressing **CONQUEROR WORM/WITCH-FINDER GENERAL** (1968). Any Walker film is as easily bleak and disturbing as anything Reeve was connected with, and, furthermore, continues to grind 'em out, disdaining the impact his films have on the lucrative American market.

Think of any hotshot genre director with telephone number-size budgets remaking old '50's science-fiction classics as stalling gestures. Stack 'em against anything in **FRIGHTMARE** or **SCHIZO**, made for peanuts and as solidly made as anything from Hollywood.

If you like your horror very strong, with keen intelligence evident on both sides of the camera, then the films of Pete Walker just may be your spot of tea.

Bloody good job, mate!

- THE FLESH AND BLOOD SHOW (1970)
- DIE SCREAMING, MARIANNE (1970)
- HOUSE OF WHIPCORD (1974)
- FRIGHTMARE (aka FRIGHTMARE II, ONCE UPON A FRIGHTMARE) (1974)
- THE CONFESSIONAL (original title HOUSE OF MORTAL SIN) (1976)
- THE COMEBACK (1979)
- HOUSE OF LONG DARK SHADOWS (1984)



She drained them of their manhood -and then- of their LIVES!

The Devil's Widow
AVA GARDNER · IAN McSHANE · "THE DEVIL'S WIDOW"
MERCURY INTERNATIONAL

SLEEPERS

BY STEVE BISSETTE

AU COEUR DE LA VIE/IN THE MIDST OF LIFE (1961/63)

d: Robert Enrico

THE BEGUILLED (1971)

d: Don Siegel

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE is a subdued, exquisitely realized black-and-white French anthology film, somewhat in the tradition of *DEAD OF NIGHT*. It takes its title from Ambrose Bierce's 1898 collection (his first book), adapting three of Bierce's sardonically horrific tales of soldiers and death set during the War Between the States (which Bierce fought in, becoming a major in the Union Army before the end of the war). *IN THE MIDST OF LIFE* has, unfortunately, become a 'lost film' as a result of its three segments being separated and shown as short films; sadly diminishing the cumulative impact of Enrico's film and his own stature in this country as a filmmaker. The feature remains neglected and unknown, rarely mentioned in even the most exhaustively complete studies of the genre. While two of the segments, *THE MOCKINGBIRD* and *CHICKAMAUGA*, were quickly relegated to the oblivion of 16mm film rentals (rare high school showings in literature classes and the occasional TV filler broadcast), the third, *LA RIVIERE DU HIBOU/AN OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE*, won the Academy Award for Best Short Film and was subsequently shown in slightly abridged form as an episode of Rod Serling's *THE TWILIGHT ZONE*. It is currently available on videocassette from the latter broadcast; its popularity has completely eclipsed the context of Enrico's accompanying feature.

The first episode, *CHICKAMAUGA* follows a blonde deaf-mute boy as he stumbles upon a battlefield after the battle has been fought. We see the dead, dying, and horribly wounded soldiers, while the boy innocently sees

them as clowns, mules, and playmates; his fantasy leads to his riding and 'playing war' with the dead and dying in a grotesque and quietly devastating sequence. He returns home to find his mother murdered and home in flames... while he played, the war moved on. The second, *THE MOCKINGBIRD*, is the story of twin brothers who teach their pet mockingbird a distinctive song. They are separated as children; the narrative follows the brother who becomes a Union sentry. Confronted by a dimly-seen Confederate soldier while on guard duty, he shoots and hears the mockingbird sing their song; he has killed his twin brother who fights with the South. The final and most famous, *AN OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE*, begins with the hanging of a Confederate spy from a bridge. Incredibly, the rope breaks and he escapes. After a tortuous run, he makes his way home; as his wife embraces him, the rope snaps taut, breaking his neck. His 'escape' was the split-second fantasy of a doomed man.

The film is most successful as a mood piece, with its deliberate pacing, careful attention to detail, and naturalistic use of sound (the film is practically silent, relying on minimal dialogue, spare but effective use of Henri Lanoe's musical score, and the live sound of streams, forests, and animals) building dark tone-poems around the faithful adaptations of Bierce's fatalistic tales. Modern audiences may find it too mannered and slow, but the film certainly doesn't deserve the void it has vanished into.

Though this was Enrico's first film, it was hardly his last, as he directed over fifteen features between *IN THE MIDST OF LIFE* and 1983's *FOR THOSE I LOVED*. Enrico's *THE OLD GUN* ('76) recalls much of the mood and impact of his Bierce adaptations, though it is a much more brutal film, depicting the methodical, violent revenge a man (Philippe Noiret) takes upon the SS officers who raped and butchered his wife and daughter in Nazi-occupied France. Also recommended



viewing, it isn't a horror film, but it is a gut-wrencher.

Ambrose Bierce's stories would seem to be prime sources for film adaptations, especially his supernatural tales, or the hilariously depraved "Oil of Dog," in which the narrator's greedy parents begin to enhance their medicinal dog oil with boiled-down, aborted fetuses, homeless children, and hobos. However, only "An Occurrence At Owl Creek Bridge" has had the privilege, being adapted at least three other times. Immigrant director Charles Vidor (who would direct Boris Karloff in MGM's torture epic, *THE MASK OF FU MANCHU*, 1932) filmed the tale for his first American film short, *THE BRIDGE*, a.k.a. *THE SPY* (1931).

Made without sound and with much less than half the running time of Enrico's later version, Vidor necessarily tells the tale in cruder, broader strokes, relying upon its natural settings, juggernaut pacing and editing (heavily influenced by Russian 'montage' techniques of the silent cinema), and superimposed imagery. It remains an effective, if badly dated, version of Bierce's story; also note that Vidor does not use the Civil War trappings, although the latter adaptations do. These include one for British television and another for

ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS, while more recently another story from *In the Midst of Life*, "One of the Missing," was made into a short (I've been unable to find out much about it. Info, anyone?).

The strongest evocation of Bierce's brand of Civil War Gothic remains Don Siegel's and Clint Eastwood's 1971 classic *THE BEGUILLED*, from Thomas Cullinan's novel of the same name. It would make an ideal co-feature with Enrico's film, as Siegel emulates the fatalistic tone, deliberate pacing, and elegant, autumnal imagery of the French anthology, meshed with a much headier blend of realistic wartime settings and unsettling sex-and-death Gothic overtones. *THE BEGUILLED* also boasts better performances, tighter (i.e., more palatable to American audiences) direction, and some horrifying sequences, including the most harrowing amputation on film until *DAY OF THE DEAD* gave us a graphic first-aid primer on dealing with zombie bite wounds.

The story is deceptively simple: while picking mushrooms, the youngest student at a decaying Confederate boarding school for girls discovers a wounded Union soldier (Clint Eastwood). She brings him back to the

school, where the head mistress (Geraldine Page) reluctantly takes him in, intending to nurse him back to health only to turn him over to the Confederate Army upon their arrival. Reluctant to find himself a prisoner in the notorious Southern camps, Eastwood opportunistically charms the women one by one, hoping to exchange sexual favors for a chance at escape. His advances backfire, however, when one of the women push him down the stairs in a fit of jealous rage; rebreaking his leg and leading to the (probably unnecessary) amputation of the limb. When he awakens, he is uncontrollable; the film builds to its grim conclusion as Eastwood is fed poison mushrooms even as he apologizes and announces his intention of marrying one of the teachers (Elizabeth Hartman).

Though Siegel is perhaps best known for his other collaborations with Eastwood (*COOGAN'S BLUFF*, *TWO MULES FOR SISTER SARA*, and the riveting *DIRTY HARRY*), don't forget he also directed the original *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS*. *THE BEGUILLED* is without a doubt Siegel's best film, though it was a boxoffice disaster. Clint's fans despised it most of all, uncomfortable with his victimization, symbolic 'castration,' and death



at the hands of mere schoolmarms and girls! Eastwood recalls having doubts about doing the film, at which point Siegel "became the driving force. He said, 'You can always be in a Western or adventure, but you may never get a chance to do a picture like this again.' The studio was willing, so we did it." (interview with Stuart M. Kaminsky, Clint Eastwood, 1974) Eastwood gives one of his finest performances, though he is (appropriately enough) eclipsed by the ensemble acting of the all-female cast, especially Geraldine Page, who is by turns touchingly vulnerable and demonically overbearing. Further enhanced by Bruce Surtees' atmospheric cinematography and Lalo Schifrin's richly textured score with an unhealthy dollop of incest and psychosexual stewings, THE BE-GUILED is a little gem of horror that rewards repeated viewings (in its uncut form; the TV cuts compromise its nastier moments, natch). Reviled and misunderstood by fans of Eastwood and westerns and for the most part ignored by horror fans who would get into the film if they knew what it was, THE BE-GUILED is a prime candidate for rediscovery.

Eastwood was also responsible for another film that bears mention as a genre 'sleeper,' PLAY MISTY FOR ME (also '71), which was also his first film as director. Though Eastwood was once again at the business end of a blade wielded by a possessive, psychotic woman (this time in contemporary California), MISTY did well at the box-office; undoubtedly due to its being a more traditional psychotriller than THE BE-GUILED. Eastwood ultimately survives the bloody mayhem, but not before the leisurely buildup pays off with some genuine shocks and one hell of a stalk 'n' slash climax (severely truncated in TV prints, natch). MISTY provided the inspiration and blow-by-blow blueprint for this past year's megahit FATAL ATTRACTION, a derivation none of the mainstream critics made mention of. (Wake up and smell the coffee, lobsters.) Clint crafted quite a rousing shocker with MISTY, and three of his other directorial efforts reaffirm his affinity with the genre: the supernatural westerns HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER ('72, lifting its vengeful ghost tale from Sergio Garrone's spaghetti western DJANGO THE BASTARD, '69) and, to a much

lesser degree, PALE RIDER ('85), along with Dirty Harry's last outing, the miserable gang-bang vigilante sleazer SUDDEN IMPACT ('83).

Eastwood started his film career with bit parts in Universal's REVENGE OF THE CREATURE, FRANCIS IN THE NAVY, and TARANTULA (all '55) and also appeared in the Italian witchcraft anthology film LE STREGHE/THE WITCHES ('65/67), in Vittorio De Sica's "A Night Like Any Other" segment of this rarely-seen obscurity. Clint also followed his debut with Francis the Talking Ass with a guest shot on the MR. ED show in '61. Talking to animals must have warmed him up for EVERY WHICH WAY BUT LOOSE orangutan antics, as well as his current duties as mayor.





NEWS

SLASHES

BY CHAS. BALUN

DREAM'S DOOR

Independent regional filmmakers Jay Woelfel and Dyrk Ashton have completed post-production work on their ambitious, Lovecraftian thriller **BEYOND DREAM'S DOOR** (Deep Red 4). Shot in 16mm in and around Columbus, Ohio, it is about a "Lovecraftian Hell for those who choose to ignore that part of themselves that dreams." Over the years, this repressed "dream energy" comes to life, assumes a physical form, and destroys the non-dreamer. Writer/director Woelfel has won numerous regional and national awards for his film and video work, including first prize at a national video festival for the original 20-minute version of **BEYOND DREAM'S DOOR** as well as an American Film Institute Award for **THE DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO POINTS**. Producer Ashton has been involved with numerous award-winning film and video productions for years and currently teaches film production at Ohio State University.



horror/zombie film" co-starring Scott (CRITTERS) Grimes, Anthony (PENITENTIARY III), Geary, John (ADDAMS FAMILY) Astin, and Phil (FIRESIGN THEATRE) Proctor. DEEP RED correspondent Kris Gilpin will have a set report and interview with both Grimes and Reardon in an upcoming issue.

Scottish correspondent Graham Rae (see his "All Cut Up" article on censorship in the U.K. in this issue) reports that local constables have banned forever any showings of such films as **THE EXORCIST**, **THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE**, **THE DEVILS**, and (get this) **MONTY PYTHON'S THE MEANING OF LIFE!**

It seems, as time marches on, the mind marches backwards. It's looking like it can only get worse, too, as all the whimpering, chickenshit, fascist-insect politicians seek out a handy scapegoat for their worries. Whether it be sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll or splatter movies, there will always be a contingent of sourpussed, anal-retentive, self-righteous types who must embark upon their holy crusades, often at the expense of others and their rights. Two hundred years ago, Thomas Jefferson expressed concern over "the impious presumptions of legislators, who, being themselves but fallible and uninspired men,

have assumed dominion over others, setting up their own opinions and modes of thinking as the only true and infallible..." And today, those "uninspired" minions continue their insidious work all around the world. DEEP RED says, "Resist much. Obey little..." and prepare to man the barricades!

European splatter fests to look out for are: Umberto (CANNIBAL FEROX) Lenzi's **GHOST HOUSE**, **REVENGE OF THE LIVING DEAD** (from France) and the enthusiastically received **LE DEMON DANS L'ILE/ DEMON ON THE ISLAND**.

Had to include one more photo from the Barker/Savini meeting during the Fangoria Convention last April. This was the very first time the pair had ever met and Savini made a grand entrance, replete with candle, skull, and cape, into Barker's darkened room. This photo was snapped just after they were asked "What scares you?"



From the **I WANT TO GROW UP AND MAKE MOVIES** file... Mark Williams, 28-year-old FX artist, and his shop manager, Ray Greer, recently stopped by the RED headquarters just before this issue was to go to press. With a nifty, miniature prop from the upcoming **THE WICKED STEPMOTHER** under one arm and a box of slides in the other, Mark wondered if there might be something of interest in his portfolio that we might find useful. Uh...yes...there just might be, Mark. Williams' first job in the FX business was as a sculptor on the creature crew of **ALIENS**. He's worked on **THE FLY**, **BLUE MONKEY**, rigged Alice Cooper's '86-'88 national tours, and has just finished a trio of Larry Cohen films including: **ISLAND OF THE ALIVE**, **RETURN TO SALEM'S LOT** and **THE WICKED STEPMOTHER** (starring Bette Davis and Barbara Carrera). He's also just completed FX chores on **THE BRAIN** (seen on our cover), directed by Ed Hunt and starring David (REANIMATOR) Gale.

Needless to say, there was much meat in the portfolio, but due to lack of space and an encroaching deadline, we can only offer up a few morsels. We'll remedy that next issue with an interview and a visit to Mark Williams' Effects, a new shop in the area that is also celebrating its first anniversary.

Just received a portfolio of powerhouse graphic works from Gurchaim Singh, a 21-year-old artist from England whose "Tales from the Pits" appears on our back cover. Certainly, a contender to the throne of Berni Wrightson, Singh's work will be further explored in an extensive layout in our next issue. Got a good hand, Gurch!

Hopeful Lovecraft fans will have to wait a few more months for the film's video release to see if there really could be another Stuart Gordon lurking out back in the wilds of Columbus, Ohio. (By the way, Stuart, come back! We miss ya.)

A persistent and audacious rumor circulating amongst the various major league FX studios in the Hollywood area is that Rob Bottin may direct **THE THING 2**. The FX budget is out-of-this-world and is likely to undergo some slight...uh...modifications before it ever sees the light of a projector.

Actually, the idea seems somewhat redundant. Carpenter's **THE THING** had a very healthy budget and featured special effects that still haven't been surpassed; yet, the film bombed spectacularly at the box office. Oh well, that's the critical observer in me talking. I'd kill to see Bottin's sequel.

Craig (FUNHOUSE, POLTERGEIST) Reardon is doing makeup FX in **NIGHT LIFE**, a "teen



Speaking of comic artists, Steve Bissette, DEEP RED staffer and illustrator supreme, will be the subject of an article in Issue 6. We'll include an in-depth interview and a portfolio of his most recent works (*Taboo*, *Gore Shriek*, *Godzilla*, *Swamp Thing*, etc.) In case you don't know, he's been referred to by knowledgeable critics as "the best horror comic illustrator of the decade." Not only that, but the dude sees more weird genre films than anybody on the planet and he'll let us know how we can get our hands on some of the most obscure and sought-after titles imaginable.

Perhaps we can coax a future cover illustration from the lad as well.



BLUE MONKEY

Coming Spring 1989

THE DEEP RED HORROR HANDBOOK

A thick, meaty new book bursting with over 500 reviews; profiles on directors, FX artists, and stars of the genre; exclusive interviews; behind-the-scenes photos; a "how to" makeup section; and the most gut-bustin' selection of stills ever assembled.

The definitive guide to splatter cinema of the last decade.

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVE BISSETTE

HERE'S BLOOD IN YOUR EYE!

BY DENNIS DANIEL

Independent filmmakers come in all shapes, sizes, and budgets. Nathan Schiff's films are made on the lowest budgets known to man; yet, his films are engaging, quite gory, and entertaining. Nathan's films are shot on Super 8mm sound stock and have inviting titles like: **THEY DON'T CUT THE GRASS ANYMORE**, **WEASELS RIP MY FLESH**, and **THE LONG ISLAND CANNIBAL MASSACRE**. He writes the screenplays, creates the gore FX, shoots the film, and directs. He does it all...including the financing. And he does it all for one reason...fun. He's not looking to make money, impress producers, or make statements. He's just an average guy, like you or me, who loves horror films so much he has to feel like he's a part of it in some way.

One has to start somewhere and Nathan has decided to start with himself. Sure, he'd like to make major motion pictures with tremendous budgets and state-of-the-art FX. Many of us would. But, if we all just sit on our asses, lamenting about the odds against us without trying to work with the tools we have available, we will surely go nowhere. The mere fact that Nathan is out there trying is reason enough for him to receive some attention.

Nathan's creative mind began working at an early age. "I used to have hallucinations when I was 2 or 3 years of seeing monsters...before I had ever seen a horror movie. Horrific images have always been in my head from the beginning." Nathan grew up when **CREATURE FEATURES** and **CHILLER THEATRE** were television staples. "Everyone is mesmerized by something, and for me it was horror. I caught a lot of the Corman pictures on television. I remember seeing **IT CONQUERED THE WORLD** and that scare the living pooh-pooh out of me. The creature was very odd looking. I know we adults laugh at it now; but as a child, it was a disturbing image to me. It was surrealistic and horrifying; it did not conform to my young perceptions of the world."



Nathan Schiff's MONDO MASSACRES



it brown; put in the teeth; and had my monster. I knew that the thing wasn't that convincing so I shot it in shadow, behind trees, using quick shots...and it worked."

The lesson to be learned from Nathan Schiff is...fuck the odds! Go out and do it! Success is not truly measured monetarily; success comes from your own inner sense of pride at a job well done with the tools available to you. I like Nathan's films. Many people do. For him, that's the ultimate compliment. I'm sure we'll be hearing more from Nathan Schiff in the future.

(If you are interested in seeing any of Nathan's films, drop him a line at: Nathan Schiff, 1 Austin Place, Lake Success, NY 11020.)

SCHIFF AND BRAIN-SUCKING PARASIT



One particular monster that bent young Nathan's head was GODZILLA. To this day, Nathan is one of the biggest GODZILLA fans I've ever met. "GODZILLA really had a strange effect on me. As the years went on and many of my friends grew out of their love for him, I stayed devoted. I think this is because I saw GODZILLA at such an early age...4 years old. Most people don't remember anything from that age. I remember seeing this huge monster destroying a city; as a kid that young, you don't know that it's a movie! It turned me on as well as frightened me; I always felt sorry for the monster." (Nathan is in the process of writing a book about GODZILLA and the entire Japanese Giant Monster Mythos.)

he had discovered a new style of filmmaking. "I didn't realize at the time that it was ineptitude," Nathan recalls. "So, for many years I went by that. When I started making films, the productions I had seen were always in the back of my mind. I also fell in love with all the stock music they used; I would watch cartoons and hear the same music!"

Due to the low budgets with which he worked, Nathan had to make his films very visual. "Hitchcock said that the best way to learn filmmaking was to watch the early silents. So, for me, the music and the visuals were the first priority. Dialogue came later. Music plays an important role. What would PSYCHO be without the music?"

Much of creative inspiration is derived from childhood experiences and loves. Nathan has channeled these energies and used them to express himself with film. Many current directors have confessed the same. Romero, Savini, Carpenter, Landis, Hooper...they all cite memories from childhood of reading EC Comics or seeing Corman, Hammer, and Universal films as sources which influenced them.

Nathan had no filmmaking experience whatsoever. He did what came naturally through years of watching all kinds of horror films from every era. "I had the camera; all I needed was a monster. So, I bought some chicken wire; bent it into the shape of an animal; covered it with cotton; spray painted

For some strange reason, these influences led Nathan into a "gore" frame of mind. His first film, WEASELS RIP MY FLESH, was made in 1979, a year before FRIDAY THE 13TH, yet it contains some pretty heavy gore scenes for its time. "I guess my inspiration came from an issue of The Monster Times that had an article on H.G. Lewis. I had never seen shit like that before! Another source was LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT, which I saw in 1972. To see disembowelments and mutilations on film was a new kind of horror-Meat House Horror!"

After viewing a series of low-budget meat house horror films like DONT LOOK IN THE BASEMENT and BLOOD AND LACE, Nathan thought



**A veil of LACE
becomes a mask for
MURDER!**

as desire meets
with Death
in a hidden
corner
of the
unknown!



BLOOD & LACE

STARRING GLORIA GRAHAME - MILTON SELZER - LEN LESSER
VICTAYBACK MELODY PATTERSON ELLIC COLOR BY DELUXE
WRITTEN BY GIL LASKY - CHASE MISHKIN - ED CARLIN and GIL LASKY - PHILIP GILBERT
A CENTURY-FILM RELEASES/COLUMBIA COMPANY PRODUCTION - FINANCED BY AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES

**All That Glistens
Is Not Gold**

These are our "Buried Treasures," films we can watch almost any day of the week, endlessly. Many of them had a profound effect on us at an early age, thus making them unforgettable. Some are "guilty pleasures," loathed by others, but somehow endearing to us. Many are important to the horror genre historically, yet remain unrecognized as such by mainstream film critics. Still others have been deemed completely unwatchable by our best friends and closest relatives, which perversely makes us cotton to them all the more! Many are films we both love without the faintest idea as to why. We just do.

So, here they are, offered for your scrutiny without apology or justification. We only hope you enjoy reading about them, and that, perhaps, you'll find something in here that's new to you. By all means, search them out and watch them for yourself!



**"SOS...MONSTER ATTACKING...GIANT SUSPENSION
BRIDGE DESTROYED...SKYSCRAPERS LEVELLED...
THOUSANDS KILLED...RUSH H-BOMBS..."**



By Steve Bissette
and Dennis Daniel

BURIED TREASURES

GREAT BLOOD-HORRORS TO RIP OUT YOUR GUTS!

*Half woman—
half
snake!*

SO WEIRD!..
SO SHOCKING!
Do YOU dare
see it!

THE BEATLE

Starring NOEL RAY Also Starring JENNIFER JACQUELINE
WILLMAN-BARRETT DANIEL PEARCE
Produced by ANTHONY NELSON KEYS - Directed by JOHN GILLING
Screenplay by JOHN ELDER
A Seven Arts-Hammer Production Released by 20th Century-Fox

COLOR BY DELUXE

But, first a few ground rules. Before you scan this list, take a look at the sidebar that accompanies this article. Herein are listed the films we had to put aside in order to arrive at the true "Buried Treasures." This sidebar lists: THE CLASSICS--Required Viewing for all DEEP RED readers in our estimation; HONORABLE MENTIONS--The Near Classics, Recommended Viewing; and the nasty but necessary DISHONORABLE MENTIONS--films we both might hate personally but agree are somehow important to the evolution of the genre.

Also bear in mind, we've excluded the works of directors already acknowledged and embraced by DEEP RED staff and readers, and, hence, hardly "Buried Treasures" in present company. Among the exclusions we made are

works by Dario Argento, Brian DePalma, Wes Craven, H.G. Lewis, Andy Milligan, John Waters, Russ Meyer, Larry Cohen, John Carpenter, and David Cronenberg. Those who have been maligned in these pages, however, may creep in.

In cases where certain films run into the same specific time and genre, we have chosen two examples that best exemplify the "type" of film discussed and the best example of that kind.

Finally, many recent films that have been already discussed in DEEP RED have also been necessarily excluded, though we both felt they deserved a place on the list. Films like STREET TRASH, STAGE FRIGHT, NEAR DARK, FORBIDDEN ZONE, FROM BEYOND, TRANCE, etc...flip

back through our reviews in this zine, you'll find them adequately covered.

Now, without further ado, here they are. In alphabetical order, the entries are:



ATOM-AGE VAMPIRE/SEDDOK, L'EREDE DI SATANA (1960): A creature feature favorite from childhood. Contains amazing transformation sequences, nice looking babes, and mood up the ying yang. We love any kind of movie about scientists who want to save deformed women with big tits and nice legs. Produced by Mario FAVA, not Bava, as has been mistakenly reported for years now. Bava expert Tim Lucas got the correction straight from Mario Bava's son Lamberto. (European prints credit Elio Ippolito Mellino as Producer.)

ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTERS (1957): Great title, huh? Great movie, too! First off, it lives up to its name... no gimmicky title here. Secondly, it's one of Roger Corman's best low-budget efforts. It's got it all: gore (a guy's head is bitten off, another's hand is severed); a '50's female with big tits; fucked-up dialogue; and plot themes. Best of all, every five minutes someone is screaming in agony! Almost every scene ends with some kind of tragedy. It's 64 minutes of death and dread; ya gotta love it. For more great vintage Corman, see **NOT OF THIS EARTH**, which was originally double billed with **CRAB MONSTERS**.

BLOOD AND LACE (1970): Deviant American Gothic thrills in the days when an 'M' rating really meant something! Begins with a grisly hammer murder (cut from TV prints), then works up to a boil with a boarding home for runaways run by cruel Gloria Grahame. Season with torture, gore, state-financed, body-shuffling, barely-alive "tenants" in the freezer and a heady dash of incest. Undernourished but decidedly sicko sleaze gem.

BLOOD BATH/TRACK OF THE VAMPIRE (1966) and **MILL OF THE STONE WOMEN/IL MULINO DELLE DONNE DI PIETRA (1960):** We're talking favorite "Mad Sculptor/Artist/Doctor kills innocent girls and turns them into statues" films here. Dennis' fave is **BLOOD BATH** for many reasons: (1) the artist is also a vam-

Before you read our lists (and say, "Hey, these assholes forgot about..."), please understand one thing. This is our opinion...nothing more. We are not stuffy-nosed, fat-assed, know-it-all critics here to lecture you on the place of horror cinema in a nuclear society. **DEEP RED** is written by fans, for fans, and that's what we are.

If we don't list a film you think deserves mention, or see one listed you don't agree with...great! By all means, write us and give us your list...we'd love to see it. Our main purpose for composing these lists was to provide you with the titles of films we believe it's necessary for you to see to understand the current state-of-the-art in horror films. Hopefully, we'll tip you on a title you've never had a chance to see before and would like to catch up on.

Noting our ignorance of the Asian horror films (check out Phil Hardy's exhaustive **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE HORROR FILM** for some mouth-watering titles we've never had the opportunity to see), here's our primer on what is necessary viewing, what's recommended viewing, and the nasty-but-necessary groundbreakers and extremities. We wouldn't want to have to defend the latter films in court, but they remain, nevertheless, important films because of socially unredeeming value.

Film titles divided with a slash (/) indicate multiple titles for the same film, either due to retitling for U.S. release or re-release titles for the same film. Those that are particularly difficult to see, but are well worth the trouble, are marked with an asterisks (*)

REQUIRED VIEWING The Classics

- LA BELLE ET LA BETE/BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (1946)
- THE BROOD (1979)
- THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI (1920)
- THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON (1954)
- CURSE OF THE DEMON/NIGHT OF THE DEMON (1956)
- * DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE (both Barrymore '20 and March '32 versions)
- ERASERHEAD (1977)
- THE EXORCIST (1973)
- FRANKENSTEIN ('31)-BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN ('35)-SON OF FRANKENSTEIN ('39)
- FREAKS (1932)
- THE HAUNTING (1963)
- HORROR OF DRACULA (1958)
- ISLAND OF THE LOST SOULS (1935)
- KING KONG (1933)
- * MAD LOVE (1935)
- LA MASCHERA DEL DEMONIO/BLACK SUNDAY (1960)
- THE MUMMY (1933)
- NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD (1968)
 - DAWN OF THE DEAD ('78)
 - DAY OF THE DEAD ('85)
- NOSFERATU (1921)
- PEEPING TOM (1959)
- PSYCHO (1960)
- REPULSION (1965)
- THE SHINING (1980)
- TAXI DRIVER (1976)
- THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE (1974)
- * VAMPIR (1932)
- THE WITCHFINDER GENERAL/THE CONQUEROR WORM (1968)
- * LE YEUX SANS VISAGE/HORROR CHAMBER OF DR. FAUSTUS (1958)



HONORABLE MENTION

Recommended Viewing

- * THE ACT OF SEEING WITH ONE'S OWN EYES (1971)
- ALIEN (1979)
- AMERICAN NIGHTMARES/COMBAT SHOCK (1984)
- ANGEL HEART (1987)
- ANTEFATTO/BAY OF BLOOD/CARNAGE/TWITCH OF THE DEATH NERVE/LAST HOUSE PART 2 (1971)
- BASKET CASE (1981)
- THE BIRDS (1963)
- THE BLACK CAT (1934)
- BLOOD AND BLACK LACE/SEI DONNE PER L'ASSASSINO (1964)
- UNCHIEN ANDALOU (1928)
- DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS/LE ROUGE AUX LEVRES (1971)
- DELIVERANCE (1972)
- THE DEVILS (1970)
- LES DIABOLIQUES (1955)
- DON'T LOOK NOW (1973)
- THE EVIL DEAD (1983)
- THE FLY (both '58 and '86 versions)
- HALLOWEEN (1978)
- * HAXAN/WITCHCRAFT THROUGH THE AGES (1921)
- HELLRAISER (1987)
- THE HILLS HAVE EYES (1977)
- THE HOWLING (1981)
- * INFERNO (1980)
- INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS (1956)
- MARTIN (1976)
- * MESHES OF THE AFTERNOON (1943)
- A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET (1984)
- NIGHT OF THE HUNTER (1955)
- ORPHEUS (1949)
- THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA (1925)
- THE RE-ANIMATOR (1985)
- RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD (1985)
- ROBOCOP (1987)
- SECONDS (1966)
- SHIVERS/THEY CAME FROM WITHIN (1976)
- SISTERS (1973)
- STRAW DOGS (1971)
- TARGETS (1967)
- THE THING (both '51 and '83 versions)
- TOUCH OF EVIL (1958)
- 2000 MANIACS (1964)
- VIDEODROME (1983)
- WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE? (1962)
- WHITE ZOMBIE (1932)

...and Val Lewton production of your choice.



NIGHTMARE

T-E-R-R-O-R BEYOND THE POWER OF PRIEST OR SCIENCE TO EXORCISE!



THEY CAME FROM WITHIN

DISHONORABLE MENTION

Nasty But Necessary Evils

- BLOOD FEAST (1963)
- BLOODSUCKING FREAKS/THE INCREDIBLE TORTURE SHOW (1976)
- * CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST (1979)
- FRIDAY THE 13TH ad infinitum (1980 to present)
- I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE/DAY OF THE WOMAN (1979)
- LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT (1972)
- MANIAC (both '34 and '81 versions)
- MARK OF THE DEVIL/HEXEN BIS AUFS BLUT GEQUAELT (1969)
- * SALO: 120 DAYS OF SODOM (1975)

A NEW HIGH IN BLOOD CHILING HORROR

THE
FANTASTIC
versus

THE UNEARTHLY
as Science Fiction
challenges the Forces
of Darkness



pire (1); (2) the killer-stalking-girls scenes (featuring two extremely erotic vampire attacks underwater); and (3) the beatniks! Also contains a lot of sexy girls in bikinis dancing on the beach. A really original vampire flick. AIP bought a Yugoslavian vampire film and shot new scenes to go with it; they did a great job! Michael Weldon also traces footage from 1965's PORTRAIT OF TERROR in here. Bissette's vote is Euro-horror gem MILL OF THE STONE WOMEN for its weird color atmospherics; a jolting nightmare sequence (which Mario Bava or his father had a hand in); and effective burn-'em-up climax.

BLOOD ON SATAN'S CLAW/ SATAN'S SKIN (1970): Rich evocation of 17th century English countryside, its superstitions, customs, and manners, coupled with some genuinely shuddery moments and an original take on demonic possession which more than make up for the popcorn fart finale. Farmer plows up the remains of a demon and local children become a coven, "harvesting" the patches of "Satan's Skin" that begin to inexplicably grow on the villagers. Beware of cuts. Note that the film's premise and situations (such as Linda Hayden's seduction of the priest in his own church) make it as a clear precedent to Clive Barker's brilliant short story "Rawhead Rex" (as well as the not-so-brilliant film version), though Clive's critter sure outclasses the sorry monster that shambles into view here.

THE BLOOD SPATTERED BRIDE/ LA NOVIA ENSANGENTADA (1974): Without a doubt, this is the most savage of all the lesbian "Carmilla" films and a nasty revelation of the peculiarly Spanish macho fear and loathing of women. The erotic discovery of the blonde vampiress buried under the sandy beach (wearing a mask and snorkels and nothing else) is a classic moment, as is the horrific (and almost justified) castration nightmare and blade-to-the-breast freeze-frame climax. Mind your cajones, amigos.

THE BRAIN FROM PLANET AROUS (1958): You'll all think we're crazy, but this film still scares us! John Agar has never been better! He's fuckin' out of hand in this one with those black eyes, that maniacal laugh, those giant floating brains, the atomic explosions,

HORROR...
SHARP
AS A
RAZOR'S
EDGE!

Written
in
Blood!



MAGNA Pictures

TECHNICOLOR
BARBARA STEELE • PETER BALDWIN
Leonard G. Fish • Ramon White • Carl Swartz
Directed by Robert S. Siodmak
Presented by MAGNA PICTURES DISTRIBUTION CORPORATION

the alien possessed Rin-Tin-Tin schtick. This is '50's science fiction/horror heaven!

THE BRAIN THAT WOULDN'T DIE: Shot in 1959, finally released in '62, this American counterpart to THE HEAD is an Absurdist Classic. It really bent our heads at age eight and it still does. Insane situations and dialogue, smarmy atmosphere of twisted sexuality, great pre-BLOOD FEAST gore (trimmed from the Warner video, intact on television...you go figure), and the best monster-in-the-closet in history. FROZEN DEAD is a close second here, with a chilling living-head-in-a-box.

BRIDE OF THE MONSTER/BRIDE OF THE ATOM (1956) and THE DEVIL BAT/KILLER BATS (1941): Bela at his worst best! In the first, Lugosi gave his last speaking performance under director Ed (PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE) Wood, with Tor Johnson and a rubber octopus thrown in for good measure. The second shows Bela in his PRC prime.

creating a giant bat attracted to the after-shave lotion ("Apply it here, on the tender part of the neck.") Lugosi gives to his victims. Five years later, PRC remade it with George Zucco and a stuffed Quetzalcoatl, instead of Bela and his bat as **THE FLYING SERPENT**.

BRING ME THE HEAD OF ALFREDO GARCIA (1974): Another "head" movie, but of a very different breed. Sam Peckinpah's brutal, unpleasant, much-maligned masterpiece pushes his one-man **WILD BUNCH** mercenary into Poe territory. Even better than the cathartic, self-destruct bloodbath climax are the priceless conversations between Warren Oates and Garcia's fly-blown severed head.

CALIGULA (1980): In '79, Playboy Productions produced Roman Polanski's superior (and incredibly violent) **MACBETH**. Not to be bested, **Penthouse** publisher Bob Guccione paid Gore Vidal to write and bugfuck Italian director Tinto Brass to film this porno-splatter epic. It's extraordinarily gory and sleazy. You won't believe what you're seeing: sicko mayhem alternates with dizzy Marx Brothers-like lunacy (Caligula, exhausted from a night of sex with his horse, "Take him to the stables!" he whines, laying in bed with the animal!); graphic sex; and bloodshed between stretches of absolute tedium. Malcolm McDowell briefly mangled his career with his performance in the title role as "Little Boots" himself, goose-stepping and fist-fucking his way into your heart, with Peter O'Toole and John Gielgud slumming along, too. Sprawling, overlong, irredeemable, indefensible, oddly endearing...what a treasure! There's even a state-of-the-art decapitation machine. Accept no substitutes! This is **THE TEN COMMANDMENTS** of vulgarity, depravity, and twisted excess.

CARNIVAL OF SOULS (1962): The sleeper of the '60's, a slight but haunting weird tale. Filmed on a shoestring in Lawrence, Kansas by director Herk Harvey, who also plays "the Man," an eerie, ever-present apparition that haunts a withdrawn church organist who miraculously survives drowning in a car accident. Her visions of the abandoned lakeside pavilion where the dead walk and waltz are truly eerie and unforgettable. The most expressionistic American horror film since Maya Deren's underground classic **MESHES**

OF THE AFTERNOON (1943), PRC's **STRANGLER OF THE SWAMP ('45)**, and **DEMENTIA/DAUGHTER OF HORROR ('55)**, and a subtle precedent to **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD**. Fragile, subdued, glass-boned gem of terror.

CATAclysm/THE NIGHTMARE NEVER ENDS/SATAN'S SUPPER (1980). Ah, forget **THE OMEN** and its like, this is a much more compelling Satan-on-Earth tale, despite serious flaws. A fascinating Philip Yordan script is compromised by the mishmash crafted by three credited directors working with a miserably low budget and a lead actress who nearly deep-sixes the entire film. Cameron Mitchell and craggy ol' Marc Lawrence (who directed and starred in his own horror cheapy, **DADDY'S DEADLY DARLING/PIGS**) help a bit, but it's the portrayal of Satan and the pre-**RE-ANIMATOR** writhing-guts surgical climax that makes this one work. The "Reader's Digest" condensed version appears in **NIGHT TRAIN TO TERROR**; see the real item

instead, on tape under the latter two titles listed above.

CIRCUS OF HORRORS (1960): "If your life doesn't seem worth the living", Sing along with us now! The ultimate Circus Horror Film (well, okay, next to **FREAKS**) with plenty of tits and ass, cruel graphic murders, bizarre mutilation fetishism, and the amazing Anton Diffring and Donald Pleasence. Dennis confesses to having jerked off to this one during his adolescence many times! (Bissette refuses to admit to anything of the sort.)

THE CONFSSIONAL/HOUSE OF MORTAL SIN (1976) and **ALICE, SWEET ALICE/COMMUNION/HOLY TERROR (1976):** The underbelly of Catholicism exposed and exploited! Blackmailing, murderous priest! Death by rosary, toxic host, incense-burner, crucifix swallowing, and more! Brooke Shields' burning corpse disrupts mass! Fucked up! Incredible! Blasphemous! Seriously, these are two great shockers, the best films by Pete Walker and



**PRETTY SALLY MAE
DIED A VERY UNNATURAL
DEATH!**

...but the
worst
hasn't
happened
to her
yet!



DERANGED ...THE CONFESSIONS OF A NECROPHILE

Alfred Sole, respectively, and sure to tarnish your mortal soul. Say 500 'Hail Mary's' after viewing. Paula Sheppard, the twisted sister of COM-MUNION, later appeared in LIQUID SKY as the bitchy lesbian junkie.

DEATHDREAM/DEAD OF NIGHT

(1972): Bob Clark rates as one of the great unsung American masters of horror; prior to PORKY'S, Clark delivered CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS, BLACK CHRISTMAS/STRANGER IN THE HOUSE, MURDER BY DECREE, and this, which is his masterwork. Low-key, scary, 'Nam vet variation on the chestnut "The Monkey's Paw," with a harrowing shooting-up scene and great Alan Ormsby and Tom Savini makeup.

DEMENTIA/DAUGHTER OF HORROR

(1955): The ERASERHEAD of the '50's! Dark, evocative nightmarish melding of film noir and horror films was shot silent with music and narration added. And we don't give a shit how much he denies it--that's Ed McMahon's voice on the narration. And what a narration! Unforgettable.

DERANGED (1974):

Robert Blossoms is unnervingly believable as Ed Gein in this no-punches-pulled gory black comedy directed by Alan Ormsby (CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS, etc.) and Jeff Gillen. Other than changing Gein to "Ezra Cobb" and altering the facts of the murder that got 'im caught (with a teenage girl instead of an elderly woman as the victim), this is a surprisingly accurate account of Gein's life and crimes. There's also plenty of primo

early Savini makeup to be seen. PSYCHO and TEXAS CHAINSAW notwithstanding, this is the definitive Gein flick.

DEVIL DOLL (1963): Do yourself a favor...do not attempt to watch this film at 2:00 a.m. alone in an empty house...YOU WILL NOT SURVIVE! This is one scary film! The best "ventriloquist dummy" horror film there is! The moody atmosphere is so thick you could cut it with a knife. Bryant Halliday gives the performance of a lifetime as the Great Vorelli and the dummy Hugo will fuck your head up for sure!

THE DRACULA SAGA/THE SAGA OF DRACULA/DRACULA: THE BLOOD LINE CONTINUES

(1972): Count Dracula's pregnant granddaughter shows up with her monotone stud hubby; while he falls for the many voluptuous vampiresses, she's brought to the brink of insanity by the burden of nurturing the latest in a generation of inbred monsters. Very unusual Spanish horror sneaks up on you, building to a bizarre and very bloody finale with a stomach-turning stinger in its tail. More vampire baby antics enliven GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE (1972), which makes a great second feature.

**YESTERDAY they were COLD & DEAD—
TODAY—they're HOT & BOTHERED!**



DRACULA vs. FRANKENSTEIN

ALL NEW/ALL COLOR
COLOR by DeLuxe an INDEPENDENT-INTERNATIONAL Picture

**DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN/
BLOOD OF FRANKENSTEIN/
THEY'RE COMING TO GET YOU**
(1969): A Chiller Theatre favorite! Gives us our last glimpses of Lon

Chaney, Jr. and J. Carrol Naish...as well as some campy, bottom-of-the-barrel shit from the likes of Russ Tamblyn, Angelo Rossitto, and Forrest J. Ackerman! This one has it all...LSD, hippies, gore, bad acting...come on! What's not to like?

DR. FRANKENSTEIN ON CAMPUS

(1970): Contemporary Canadian low-budget horror title sez all. Low key and tame, but the incredible stitch-popping climax predates Warhol's 3-D FRANKENSTEIN by a couple of years.

DRILLER KILLER (1979):

Artist in desperate need of a little peace and quiet and a break from his landlord takes it all out on New York bums with an oversized power drill. Psychotic first film by Abel Ferrara (MS. 45, FEAR CITY, CHINA GIRL) has a real bum rap, but we still find it oddly personal and unnerving, with a creepy open-ended last shot. Crude, disturbing, heartfelt gut-wrencher.

EATEN ALIVE/LEGEND OF THE BAYOU/DEATH TRAP/STARLIGHT SLAUGHTER

(1976): A berserk elaboration on real-life Texas murderer Joe Ball (who fed his victims to his 'gators), this is a great thriller--Tobe Hooper's most sustained nightmare next to TEXAS CHAINSAW. Though compromised by the producer's tampering and lack of Tobe's hand in the final edit, the look of this film (and its menagerie of weirdos) is unforgettable. What a cast! Sally Burns, William Finley, even Robert Englund (Freddy, 'natch) get swallowed by the croc Neville Brand's homicidal Popeye performance anchors the frequent frenzies of violence, accompanied by the most brain-damaging country-western soundtrack ever. I've included this because it still gets the cold shoulder from almost everybody. Fuck 'em.

FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE

DESTROYED (1969): A slighted Hammer classic, the most extreme of their FRANKENSTEIN series for Peter Cushing's portrayal of the obsessed doctor. He is a ruthless motherfucker here; a man of tight-lipped, reptilian, cold-blooded brilliance who either uses or disposes of anyone who crosses his path. Recent TV showings have surprisingly reinstated the unsettling rape that has (until now) been cut from U.S. prints. As with most of the Hammer

IT WILL
SHATTER
YOU!

DRILLER KILLER

FRANKENSTEIN films, the Doctor himself is the amoral monster; his "creation" is just another pathetic, simpering discard of the surgeon's quest for knowledge.

FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER

(1958): Okay, we promise, this is the last junky FRANKENSTEIN entry...yet another CHILLER THEATRE standby. The plot makes no sense, of course, just another of those '50's "let's make a monster flick and rake in the bucks" kind of films, but it has its own unique charms. Featuring two of the trashiest monsters on film, including one sick, ugly hulk of dubious gender.

GANJA AND HESS/DOUBLE POSSESSION/BLOOD COUPLE (1973):

Even in truncated form, this sensuous, serious black "vampire" rarity is an unusually intelligent and elegant horror film. Duane Jones (of NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD fame) and the stunning Marlene Clark gain immortality and an addiction for blood drinking after being stabbed by a ceremonial Myrthian blade. Rich African/folk/spiritual score considerably enhances the dreamlike intensity of the tale. The previous year's BLACULA is a ridiculously rude and crude precedent that is inferior in every way. Just guess which one is easier to see.

GOKE! THE BODYSNATCHER FROM HELL/KYUKETSUKI GOKEMIDORO

(1969): Colorful, loony Japanese AIR-PORT-science fiction-horror with silver slime aliens who split your face open and slither on inside to control your mind. Weird anti-war polemic features an American woman who can't bear to have the fissure-faced alien hosts hurt (even in self-defense) because they remind her of the facial wound on her husband's body who had his face blown off in 'Nam! We could list lots of Jap horror "guilty pleasures," but this one, THE H-MAN (see below), and ATTACK OF THE MUSHROOM PEOPLE take the cake. Since MUSHROOM PEOPLE is widely beloved, GOKE earns placement here. MUSHROOM maniacs should also scope out WORK...IS A

FOUR-LETTER WORD, bizarre British mushroom movie with Marxist aspirations.

THE GORGON (1964) and PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES (1966): Two of Hammer's real sleepers that are also total originals, being neither remakes, derivations, or series entries. THE GORGON boasts an all-pervasive, eerie autumnal "slow death" atmosphere and some truly agonizing petrifications that more than compensate for Roy Ashton's bummed Medusa makeup (doesn't hold a birthday candle to Ray Harryhausen's definitive Medusa in CLASH OF THE TITANS). PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES is the scariest pre-Romero walking dead film, especially for its humdinger nightmare sequence. John Gilling directed this one back-to-back with another worthy Hammer original, THE REPTILE (also suffering from a less than convincing Ashton snake woman makeup). There are plenty of fine Hammer films to recommend, but these are our personal favorites.

THE H-MAN/BIJYO TO EKITAINGREN (1958): Believe us when we tell you that there is no better BLOB movie. Toho Studios outdid themselves with this disturbing, film noirish horror film. Best of all, you get to see this Blob devour its victims in Eiji Tsuburaya's graphic pre-STREET TRASH human meltdowns...leaving nothing but a pile of steaming empty clothes. Superb!

THE HEAD/DIE NACKTE UND DER SATAN (1959): We know this one's hard to find, but once found, you will love it! Made in Germany the same time as THE BRAIN THAT WOULDN'T DIE, this mini-masterpiece contains many of the same elements...with the added bonus of a hunchback female who receives a new body (and what a body!). The Head itself is hysterical...always begging to be killed. Of course, there's a sexually deviant doctor who likes killing beautiful strippers as the slinky sax plays on. A bizarre oddity!

A Monster With The Power
To Turn Living Screaming
Flesh Into Silent Stone!



THE GORGON

PETRIFYING COLOR!

BLACK
STAMP
MONSTER
SHOW
THAT WILL
KNOCK
YOU
FOR A
GHOUL
!



THE HONEYMOON KILLERS (1970): A you-are-there style documentary of love, death, and madness. Shot in gloomy black-and-white, this film could be the last word in psychological character study films. Tony LoBianco (of Larry Cohen's *GOD TOLD ME TO/DEMON*) and Shirley Stoler (of *PEE-WEE'S PLAYHOUSE!*) have never been better.

THE HORRIBLE DR. HICHCOCK/ L'ORRIBILE SEGRETO DEL DR. HICHCOCK (1962) and THE GHOST/ LO SPETTRO (1963): Let's talk Barbara Steele. She has been perfect in every film she's appeared in. Why? That face. Those eyes. Those lips. That body. They should put her picture in the dictionary to define the word "Gothic." Here, she stars in director Riccardo Freda's companion odes to necrophilia and madness. The first finds Steele as the innocent wife of a doctor who likes to play with dead things...or inject his lovers with overdoses of anesthetics to simulate death. In the second, she's the seething, sexually hungry wife of an ugly crippled doctor who begin a cat-and-mouse game that ends in murder and an ironic twist. *THE GHOST* also features the first razor murder seen from the point of

view of the victim, with the camera lense filling with blood...a cliché now, a shocker in '63.



I DRINK YOUR BLOOD (1971): Shriill over-the-top rabid satanist-hippies versus rabid rednecks classic, rates here as another beloved drive-in memory. I loved it, but my friend Alan threatened to beat me up and drive my car home if we didn't split after this flick was over. Gee, I never did get to see *I EAT YOUR SKIN*, its co-feature. Director David Durston made one other sleaze gem, *STIGMA* (see *DEEP RED 3*), also recommended viewing.

ILSA, SHE-WOLF OF THE SS (1974): Repulsive, ugly, fascinating sex and

death drive-in classic. Dyanne Thorne is Ilsa, the Nazi medical researcher who uses her concentration camp's inmates to prove to the Third Reich that women can tolerate more pain than men and are, hence, of value as soldiers on the front. Thorne's scenery-chewing performance redeems the almost unbearable aura of pain and cruelty enough to keep this watchable; also, the twisted inversion of TV's popular *HOGAN'S HEROES* (ILSA was filmed on the sets of the comedy series!) adds to the fascination. Notorious adult film producer David Friedman (who also produced H.G. Lewis' gore trilogy) only recently admitted to having produced *ILSA*. I mean, you know if he didn't want his name on it, this was one rude movie. It still is. Spawned two official sequels, one unofficial imitation/sequel, and a deluge of Italian and French Nazi torture films ('76-'78). Sick shit, a wall-to-wall carpet of horrors: castrations, electro-shock dildos, graphic torture, maggot-infested wounds, venereal disease, exploding heads, etc. Proceed at your own risk!

ISLAND OF TERROR (1966): Along with the classic "flying brains" of *FIEND WITHOUT A FACE* ('58), which are fairly well known and, hence, excluded from this listing, *ISLAND OF TERROR*'s creatures are the nastiest organic nightmares of the pre-Cronen-

berg era. Cancer researchers accidentally create outsized, turtle-like virus critters that slither about, sucking the bones out of their victims, leaving hideous, spongy bags of flesh behind. Imaginative oddity delivers the groceries with real atmosphere and a rousing final assault on the island church where the survivors make their last stand. The budget and occasional unintentional laughs (the silicates look pretty goofy dropping from the trees) are minor flaws in Terence Fisher's best non-Hammer film.

IT: THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE (1958): Believed by many to be the source of inspiration for the ALIEN-ALIENS films, this low-budget quickie is an efficient, no-nonsense shocker. Features Crash Corrigan in an alien costume designed by Paul Blaisdell (which fits him so poorly you can see his chin sticking out of the creature's mouth!). Contains many horrific images...including a dead, blood-drained body stuffed up an airshaft. The film has a moody, otherworldly quality about it that still stands out, despite Edward Cahn's usual deadpan direction.

THE KILLER SHREWS (1959): Tacky little monsterpiece is genuinely funny and genuinely suspenseful. It scared us both shitless as kids, and remains entrancing now. With all the tongue-in-cheek chatter about this film, nobody has mentioned the fact that it is a surprisingly complete blueprint for both Hitchcock's THE BIRDS and especially Romero's NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD in terms of structure. Even individual sequences are similar: the humans trapped in the house as the shrews chew through the walls (echoed by the beaks through the door/the hands through the windows; the scary break-in of one of the critters; and the fight between the hero and the cowardly asshole who shuts him outside with the shrews (lifted complete for NIGHT). Ripe pickings when you're "in the mood"!

LISA E IL DIAVOLO/LISA AND THE DEVIL (1972) and SHOCK-TRANSFER SUSPENSE HYPNOS/BEYOND THE DOOR II (1977): Horror maestro Mario Bava's last two features were granted minimal, shoddy release here in the States, and are understandably underrated as a result. The former is Bava's exquisite (and often savage and funny) paean to necrophilia, when that subject matter was still the sole province of the horror genre (before BAD TIMING: A SENSUAL OBSESSION '80, or this year's LOVE IS A DOG FROM HELL). It resurfaced in 1975

TERROR LIVES BEYOND THE DOOR ...



Beyond this door the ever-continuing cycle of evil is about to occur again!
In the ALL NEW...

with drastic re-editing and added possession and exorcism footage as THE HOUSE OF EXORCISM. Though this version hopelessly ruins the original's rhythm and poetry, the violence and central story remains relatively intact. The latter film, misleadingly presented as a sequel to BEYOND THE DOOR (which it isn't), was co-directed by Mario's son Lamberto Bava (DEMONS) and tells its tale of guilt, insanity, and incest with breathtaking economy and impact. A truly scary "ghost story."

THE MAN WHO TURNED TO STONE (1956): If you love "women used for scientific experiments by mad doctors" movies, this one is it! It's a combo women-in-prison/horror film about a bunch of 200-year-old scientists who kidnap women from the prison they run, throw them in a tub full of chemicals, sap out their life force, and use it to stay alive. If they don't get their fix, they harden into stone and their heartbeat gets so loud you can hear it. Features supreme ham Victor Jory as the lead loon plus lots of girls in nightgowns being carried away. Buy the premise...buy the flick.

THE MANSTER/THE SPLIT (1962): The first and best two-headed monster film. Shot in black-and-white, this baby still delivers the goods. Who can forget the eye on the shoulder scene...nobody who's seen it! We don't want to give away the ending, but it's a killer.

MONTY PYTHON'S MEANING OF LIFE (1983): Go out and see this now! Contains: (1) the greatest barfing scene in film history, with the elephantine Mr. Creosote; (2) the greatest liver transplant in film history; and (3) the greatest birth scene in film history. Add the climactic parody of the Amicus anthology movies, with Death collecting a particularly dim party of souls, and you've got definitive DEEP RED entertainment. Nuff said?

MUTATIONS/THE FREAKMAKER (1973): With a tip of the hat to Tod Browning's FREAKS this is the weirdest "freaks on the rampage" movie. Once again, we have good ol' Donald Pleasence as a mad doctor creating bizarre hybrid beings, including a Venus Flytrap Man. The film features real circus freaks in living color, including this really fucked up one who does weird shit with his eyes. Tom Baker (DR. WHO) plays an Elephant Man type with his usual hamminess and Michael Dunn (Dr. Loveless on THE WILD, WILD WEST) appears in his final role.

MUTAT



OUT OF THE BLUE (1983): Dennis Hopper directed this meandering slice-of-life portrait of a down-and-out family taking the final plunge. Intense performances, all-too-believable story (framed with an opening and a climax of jaw-dropping impact), this is harrowing drama crossing the line into horror...brutally honest, unpleasant, and unforgettable.

POSSESSION (1981): Even in its butchered, barely coherent U.S. cut, this is wild stuff. Relentlessly abrasive primal scream of a film, wallowing in Kabuki-stylized performances (seething with hatred, bile, and ever-shrieking dialogue), gory death, and raw monster-humping-in-a-shithole-flat. Isabelle Adjani also has a spectacularly spastic miscarriage in a subway, pouring literally gallons of slime from every orifice in her body. Deliciously loathsome and definitely one-of-a-kind. Gee, why does everyone hate this one?

A ghastly elegance that suggests Tennessee Williams!

London Observer
on "Dr. Faustus"

THE MASTER SUSPENSE THRILL SHOW!

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horror classics
of our time."

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SEE THE
TWO-HEADED
KILLER
CREATURE!

Selected
for special
showings
at the
Edinburgh Film
Festival!

"THE HORROR CHAMBER OF DR. FAUSTUS" AND "THE MANSTER Half Man-Half Monster"

PRIVATE PARTS (1972): Paul Bartel's perverse first feature is his least seen, but definitely his best film. Kinky going-ons in the seedy King Edward Hotel overwhelm the sexually curious runaway nymphet staying there with her weird Aunt Martha (Lucille Benson, lately of TV's BOSOM BUDDIES) who oversees the joint. At the center of this potpourri of deviant characters is the voyeuristic photographer who makes love with his water doll by jamming a hypo filled with his own blood into the doll's...ah, see it for yourself. A classic sick puppy that's also intentionally quite funny.

RAW MEAT/DEATH LINE (1974): Impossible to see, but if you should ever get the chance, jump on it! Cannibal survivor of 1800's London subway excavating crew haunts the modern tubes in search of food for himself and his pregnant, dying wife, while ballsy Donald Pleasence (in one of his last good roles) investigates, uncovering the government crime and cover-up. Murky, oppressively claustrophobic mood, shocking gore, and Pleasence even tells Chris Lee to fuck off. "Mind the doors!"

THE RETURN OF COUNT YORGA (1971). Bob Kelljan directed this sequel to his surprise success COUNT YORGA, VAMPIRE of the year before. Although it's virtually a remake, it improves on his first effort immeasurably. Lots of hair-raising scenes, savage action and Kelljan's take on vampires really hit a nerve in the early '70's. Incorporating aspects of Romero's walking dead, these gross, buck-toothed, shuffle-and-bolt bloodsuckers seemed unstoppable. When you see it, remember that the freeze-frame finale was still a fresh device in '71...it had the audience howling.

ROBOT VS. THE AZTEC MUMMY (1957) and EL BARON DEL TERROR/ THE BRAINIAC (1961): The best two examples of Mexihorror movies. The first for its inane plot (including a weirdly garbed "batman" who walks through one shot, never to appear or be mentioned again!) and equally ridiculous monster design and confrontation; the second for its lunatic creature and aristocratic silver-spoon brain eating. For more silly fun, watch any SANTO movie.

THE SEDUCERS/DEATH GAME (1976): Pre-Eastwood Sondra Locke as one of a pair of psychotic nymphos who completely fuck over the middle-aged business man who picks 'em up for a night of sex and then expects them to skedaddle. No way, Jose, they say. They throw his cat through the window amidst the sex and death games that ensue; so an S.P.C.A. van nails them in the hilarious last shot. Like, can you dig it?

TALES FROM THE CRYPT (1972) and I TRE VOLTE DELLA PAURA/ BLACK SABBATH (1963): Two of the best examples of what a horror anthology film should be all about! Despite a British director, cast and crew interpreting seminal 1950's American EC horror comics, TALES FROM THE CRYPT carries the distinctive EC brand of grue to the screen with remarkable energy and fidelity. It boasts some bravura performances, with Peter Cushing's the standout; all-in-all it is far superior to King and Romero's self-conscious ode to EC, CREEPSHOW ('82), even in the gore department. BLACK SABBATH is marred by AIP's tampering with the second of three stories (excising the episode's adult handling of lesbian overtones), but Mario Bava's direction and mind-blowing cinematography and Boris Karloff's "Wurdulak" more than make up for it.

THE THRILL KILLERS (1965): This also popped up at drive-ins as **THE MANIACS ARE LOOSE!**, which sums up the plot. Ray Dennis Steckler's slickest production, made on the heels of his best-known oddity, **THE INCREDIBLY STRANGE CREATURES WHO STOPPED LIVING AND BECAME MIXED-UP ZOMBIES** (Steckler also photographed Ebar Lobato's obscure **SCREAM OF THE BUTTERFLY** the same year). The opening narration is worthy of Ed Wood, with our hero stuck in "non-reality," while the down-to-earth, hard-working father, firmly rooted in "reality," is immediately offed by Mad Dog Glick (Steckler acting under the pseudonym "Cash Flagg"). Though this movie is a joke next to **THE SADIST**, one extended ax murder sequence is pretty grueling.



TOURIST TRAP (1978): Favorite of the Chuck Conners' "Rogue's Gallery," which also includes the pill-popping trucker of **DEATH IN SMALL DOSES** ('57), **THE MAD BOMBER** ('73), and the one-handed comicbook villain with attachable weaponry for his stump in **99 AND 44/100% DEAD** ('74), along with the primal wolf in Fox TV's **WEREWOLF** series. This is iron-jawed Chuck's best role, though, as a backroad psychic psycho who can animate inanimate objects, including his collection of wax and plaster dummies...and turn his victims into dolls, too! Mannequin horrors have never been more lucidly brought to the screen, embellished by lots of sick sexual overtones, vicious violence, and grotesque comedy; the horribly consistent sense of nightmare illogic somehow anchors the creepy nonsense.

THE TOXIC AVENGER (1986): Troma Films at their worst/best. The uncut version on tape contains some of the sickest gore we've ever seen. For

example: not only is a little boy run over by a car, they back up and roll over his face; a guide dog is shot; an old lady midget is dry cleaned to death; a head is crushed by Nautilus weights; a **FAT** (and I mean **FAT**) guy's guts are pulled out. All this in the name of Freedom, Justice, and the American Way.

TWENTY MILLION MILES TO EARTH (1957): The ever-growing Venusian Ymir is Ray Harryhausen's liveliest creation, and one of the great tragic '50's icons...move over, James Dean! Dragged away from his home planet as a "speciman"; hatching from his gelatinous egg (great sequence) to be poked, prodded, grabbed and caged; breaking loose to harmlessly stalk the Italian hills in search of sulfur (see, he doesn't even eat meat!); only to then be pitchforked, shot, hounded down, and electrocuted...it's a sorry tale. Completely schizo filmmaking, as the brain-dead "heroes" we're supposedly identifying with simply bore us shitless, relieving their tedious existence by torturing, chaining, and finally murdering the irrepressible Ymir, who's the most sympathetic character in the film...a valuable parable for all children of the '50's. Harryhausen's **EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS** also rates a mention, the archetypal flying saucer flick of all time, with its creepy alien voice-overs and rousing destruction of Washington, D.C. Raygun the Reagan! Burn the Bush!

THE UNEARTHLY (1957): What would a list of buried treasures be without at least one John Carradine film! In this one, he runs an insane asylum where he turns patients into mutants. Features two of our all-time favorite B-Movie stars, Allison (50 FOOT WOMAN) Hayes and Tor (LOBO) Johnson. The mutant makeup is a scream and we get to see Allison in a bathing suit (Boing!) Hey, come on, sex and horror in the '50's can't be beat! "Good Lord, what if they do live forever?"

THE WITCHMAKER (1969): Another from the heyday of "M" ratings; the pre-credits sequence alone would earn an "R" today. This is a great "Witches in the Swamps" movie with plenty of depravity, senseless violence, devil worshipping and bad acting. We never miss this one when it's on! Alvy Moore (Mr. Kimball on **GREEN ACRES** and here playing a psychic researcher) and L.Q. Jones (character actor who frequently appeared alongside Strother Martin in westerns) began their partnership as producers with this film, following it with **THE BROTHERHOOD OF SATAN** (1971) and **A BOY AND HIS DOG** (1975), which are even better.

ZEDER/REVENGE OF THE DEAD (1983): In direct contrast to our previous listing, this Italian horror film is the **CARNIVAL OF SOULS** of the '80's. Its misleading U.S. release poster suggested more Fulci-style rotting undead and gut-munching; putting off those who would appreciate this eerie mood piece, while pissing off gore-hounds in search of a fix...only to find metaphysical terrors triggered by the ribbon on an old typewriter and the discovery of K-zones (areas where time and death do not exist...and, hence, the dead to not remain dead). Uncanny, compelling, and haunting.

ZOMBIE (1979) and SEVEN DOORS OF DEATH/...E TU VIVRAI NEL TERRORE! L'ALDILA (1981): Fulci's finest! The scariest zombies ever put on film! **ZOMBIE** also sports a memorable Zombie-munches-Jaws sequence, and who can forget the splinter in the eye? We know the middle drags, but the payoff is more than worth waiting for. Still gives us the chills. **SEVEN DOORS** is even more hallucinogenic with its horrors: the agonizingly slow spider attack; the little girl's head blown to shit; the nightmarish illogic of the final image. Marvelously senseless and savage hemo-wetdreams!



That's all folks! This list is by no means complete. We could go on and on about hundreds of titles: **BAD, UNKNOWN ISLAND, THE DAY MARS INVADED EARTH, THE UNSEEN, JUNGLE JIM IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND, THE SLIME PEOPLE, SEASON OF THE WITCH, LET'S SCARE JESSICA TO DEATH, THE CYCLOPS, NIGHT WARNING/BUTCHER, BAKER, NIGHTMARE MAKER, THE BOOGENS, GAMES, NIGHTMARE CASTLE, OPERAZIONE PAURA/KILL, BABY, KILL/CURSE OF THE LIVING DEAD, SEASON OF THE WITCH, THE BLACK SCORPION, CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS, THE INCREDIBLE MR. LIMPET**, every dinosaur movie ever made, and TV movies like **FEAR NO EVIL, TRILOGY OF TERROR, GARGOYLES, SWEET, SWEET RACHEL, KILLER BEES**, and **A COLD NIGHT'S DEATH**...and these are just off the top of our heads.

Go ahead...send us your "Buried Treasures" list. We're not going to print 'em, but we'd love to see your choices.

Good digging.....

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WYAMES

FROM THE

POPTS



"The GURCH" '87