

R V I E W S

ISSUE N° 1 - 60p

BLOOD! GORE!(NOT MUCH MORE!)



**MORGHEN MAYHEM - JOHN ASHLEY VS. ECO HORRORS - STAGED SNUFF - FANZINE FEVER -
Plus-REVIEWS OF CHEAP, NASTY EURO GORE MOVIES!**

**ATOMIC ZOMBIES! MASKED MANIACS! ALIENS vs MUSCLE MEN! VAMP/ZOMBIES!
FEMALE BIKER GANGS! UNSPEAKABLE SPANISH/ITALIAN GORE ATROCITIES!**

A YEEFUUCHI PUBLICATIONS PRODUCT 1988

RAW VIRUS — NEW BEGINNING ?

A WORD(OR TWO) TO THE HORROR FILM FREAK.....

Well hello again. Remember me? I'm the chap who used to churn out that little rag which dealt with ultra gore movies, YEEUUUCH! It has certainly been a long time since I last wrote anything to do with horror films or anything connected with them, in fact it has been too long.

My original zine was just a small tip sheet type thing with no lush covers or anything, just a few bits of photocopied paper with some awful reviews and shitty pictures (in most cases). However this "rag" proved to be immensely (to me anyhow) popular and by issue #4 I was getting twenty letters a week tops. Meantime I also got a job in an insurance brokers and this really began to take it's toll on me and I struggled to get issue 5 out. I managed and it was my most successful issue yet, however after #5 I went into a state of decay and became what I consider to be a recluse from the horror circuit, preferring to idle my time inconstrucively getting drunk and going to gigs (I blame GBH's infectious albums). But soon I tired of that and went on to do nothing until I recieved a few zines through the door and christ was I jealous! So come November 15th I splashed out on a brand new typewriter (well it was my 18th birthday) and went home watched my video tapes, made notes and thought of doing a new fanzine much better than YEEUUUCH! don't get me wrong I loved doing YEEUUUCH! but if I'm honest with myself I must admit that I could have done a lot better and to prove this I came up with RAW VIRUS. I'm quite pleased with the way things have turned out on this issue and I hope you lot will enjoy it. I take this opportunity to thank you all for your support with YEEUUUCH! and also to apologise sincerely for not keeping in touch with people, in particular John Martin who was a continued help and so was Gordon Finlayson, John Gullidge and also Mike Slatter and Trevor Barley who really helped me shift some copies of YEEUUUCH! If you are reading this now and recognise yourself as one of these people I'd like to thank you for having so much patience. Well that's my life story out of the way and on with the show. As in YEEUUUCH! I aim to review the less known side of horror from toad faced drak to well crafted shit-scary movies. Whatever the film may be I promise you'll never see the big budget money takers like ALIENS reviewed in these pages. Having said that I would dearly love to cover the 50's monster movies and also the euro horrors of the 60's and 70's. Stick with me and I'll produce what you want. Publication of RV will be less frequent than YEEUUUCH! providing I've got sufficient material to bring out an interesting issue and the money as well I will do so gladly. The price on the cover has had to rise due to the price of photocopying it's really astronomical! I've reached out and also included articles as well, I had been planning the Morghen article for ages but only recently got round to doing it, I also think that Mike Slatter's SNUFF article is one of the best features in this month's issue. What I really want to know is YOUR views on it all so pleaseeeeeeeeeeeee drop me a line and tell me frankly what you think, I can take criticism these days, why I think I can even take it from Paul Higson as long as it's constructive.

I'm pleased but also sorry to announce that there are absolutely ZILCH copies of YEEUUUCH! left as I have completely sold out so please don't send any money for them as I can't be able to fulfill your orders. I may start a subscription service for RV but that all depends on the popularity of this issue. Well that's all from me for this issue, but before I take a well earned rest let me recommend a few mega lp's for all you music lovers. Look out for NO NEED TO PANIC, CITY BABY ATTACKED BY RATS and CITY BABIES REVENGE from GBH, NEVER AGAIN from DISCHARGE, THE GHOST OF CALIN from NEW MODEL ARMY and THE ALARM'S latest, EYE OF THE HURRICANE. All goodly records. So this the end of the editorial but the start of a new fanzine and a new outlook on life from me.

Until next issue, Beast Wishes!



NIGEL BARTLETT, EDITOR AND CONTRIBUTOR ETC.

MARCH 1988.

THANK-YOU TIME

JOHN MARTIN (for patience), GORDON FINLAYSON, JOHN GULLIDGE, MIKE SLATTER, JOHN HILL, TONY CATELEY (for more patience), GARY GITTINGS, SID, ALAN FAIRBURN, PHIL AND LEON, TREVOR BARLEY, DAVE FLINT, ANDREW DAVIS and every body who put their hands in their pockets and bought a copy of YEEUUUCH! This stuffs for you! Hello to JIM(18 pints and slightly paralowen, Si and Daz f.

RAW VIRUS, c/o NIGEL BARTLETT, 30, VICAR STREET, WEDNESBURY, WEST MIDLANDS, WS10 9HF.
Please make all cheques and PO's payable to NIGEL BARTLETT, I have a hard time telling the TSB THAT MY NAME IS YEEUUUCH!!

TOMB TALK...

THE DOOR TO THE CRYPT SWINGS OPEN AND THE VOICE OF A DEAD GOREHOUND WHISPERS.....

HUGGERO BREGATO'S new movie is currently underway and word has it that this may be the long awaited return to form that evidentially has been missing from his most recent efforts. The new title is SQUILLIBRIO- or to us UNBALANCED..THE HOUSE ON RUBENS STREET or to the Italians- LA CASA NELLA VIA RUBENS. The people who are handling the movie are DANIA FILM DMV- RETELATTIALIA and the film stars MICHAEL YORK, DONALD PLEASANCE, MINSY FARMER and EDWIGE FERECH. The screenplay is by CLERICIO MANNINO and filming started late June.

Also the much awaited movie from DARIO ARGENTO should have been finished by now. At this particular moment, not a great deal is known about L'OPERA. Argento scripts, directs and produces, whilst Ronnie Taylor is the man behind the lens. The cast is CRISTINA MARSILLACH, URBANO BARBERINI, DARIA NICOLLODI and a small guest appearance from VANESSA REDGRAVE. Filming started late May.

LUCIO FULCI'S new movie, ENIGMA, is taking longer than expected to finish. Fulci these days is supposed to be a pitiful spectacle being pushed around in his wheelchair, this may well be his last movie. It is interesting to note that everyone says that ENIGMA will be a sequel to his very stylish L'ALDELA. We shall see.

Excellent news from Spain, PAUL NASCHY- Spain's #1 export werewolf makes a much awaited comeback to the silver screen with his latest offering - EL AULLIDO DEL DIABLO aka THE HOWL OF THE DEVIL. After a hiatus of nearly four years this comes as excellent news to us NASCHY fans.

It's also good to see that STREKY TRASH will get a nationwide release in the US. It's just a pity that we don't get one. Come on AVATAR save the straight to video act for the real turkeys.

JOE D'PORNO is still making his strangeley titled THREE MUSKETEERS 87'. He's been on the producing side for a while, but this new film is supposed to be a Vietnam tale apparently..... which brings me on to another Nam film, but this is one to avoid. ROMANO SCAVOLINI'S DOG TAGS which stars Big Ears Warpo, BAIRD STAFFORD.

Well that just about fastens the strait jacket for this issue. More next time.....

NEXT ISSUE:

In RAW VIRUS#2 I'll be taking a detailed look at the work of Paul Naschy, one of Europe's most famous horror actors of the seventies. With the aid of my good friend Gordon Finlayson we hope to provide you with a comprehensive filmography including the movies that he never actually appeared in. There'll be a peek at the abominable trio of home made sci-fi and horror movies of Don (DIY) Cholera, an insight to the wonderful world of MEXICAN WRESTLING MOVIES (I think I'd better make that horror movies). Also there will be lots of reviews, rantings, tomb talk, necrophilia, rancid butt-burps and other things to horrific to mention. Oh I nearly forgot, a detailed look at Blake's 7, star trek, dr who and logans run!

To order your issue from me refer to the editorial page for the price and then send your money, bag of teeth, good looking sister (been used before I know) and anything else that you can come up with to 30, VICAR STREET, WEDNESBURY, WEST MIDLANDS, WS10 9HF.

TACHA AOKAWA GOMKIEY, which is Japanese for get up and move.

Oh, I almost forgot (and that just would'nt do) I do intend to cover the trio of sick FACES OF DEATH documentaries, space permitting of course, if however I don't have the space I will cover them plus a few other Mondo type movies (including the unforgettable SPK video, DESPAIR) in a later issue.

NOTE

I forgot to mention in the editorial (and that just would'nt do that the new logo design was conceived by Mike Slatber and my thanx go out to him producing a great design, cheers mate! Well it is good innit?

Fanzine Fever PUTTING FUN BACK INTO THE FANZINE.

Now's my chance to get my own back! No as in every other zine I'm not out to slag any fellow zine editors off for their sags because as a rule we all stick together. What I've done is mention all the zines that I've come across and print the all important addresses. If any budding zine editors want their works mentioned in these pages just send me a sample copy with details and I'll gladly give it a mention in the next RAW VIRUS. Anyway we'll start the ball rolling with the first mention which also (to my knowledge) was the first U.K zine of it's kind;

PRETTY POISON

PP IS A FOUR PAGE TIP SHEET COVERING ANYTHING THAT MANAGES TO WORK IT'S WAY INTO THE EDITOR'S HANDS.IT'S WELL WRITTEN AND INFORMATIVE AND IS HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY YOURS TRULY. PP IS PUBLISHED BY A REFORMED DRUNK (only joking!) and is available for 10p plus postage from; GARY GLITTINGS, c/o 307 bloxwich road, leamore, walsall, west mid.

SAMHAIN

Well what we have here is a magazine bordering on the professional but without the fancy trappings of a mag like SHOCK XPRESS. John Gallidge has produced a sag that easily replaces rubbish like STARBUST and is totally unbiased in it's coverage of the genre as a whole.For £1.00 and a little postage you get a glossy A4 mag packed with articles, reviews, interviews with stars and lots of news! Buy it now from; 19 ELM GROVE ROAD, TOPSHAM, EXETER, DEVON EX3 0EQ.

WHIPLASH SMILE

WS is a relatively new fanzine in the mold of SAMHAIN but on a much smaller scale. It's printed on glossy paper and covers all aspects of horror. It's editor, John Hill is one of the most friendliest editors about and this reflects in his work. I'm supposed to be writing a piece for WS soon but I'm such a lazy ne'er do well I haven't got round to doing it yet,John as old mate fear not I shall post some stuff off to you as soon as possible. You can buy WS from; 29,SKIRBECK ROAD, BOSTON, Lincs PE21 6DA.Go on be a devil!

MACABRO

For some reason the future of this great zine from my homeland, Wales seems to be in doubt. The zine is produced by two depraved celt brother in laws and I felt it had a lot of potential. Although the first issue reviewed films of a mundane subject matter (down to lack of contacts I presume) there was the enthusiasm which brightened the whole mag up also the inclusion of a smashing poem by "Mell" made the fanzine that much better. Come on boys don't give up yet! Write to - 1d WOOD STREET, PEMARTH, SOUTH GLAMORGAN, CF6 2LB.

BLEEDER'S DIGEST

Right here we come to a big fanzine which differs from the others in so much as it doesn't have any stills or any illustrations on display for that matter. It's editor sole contributor etc is a trivia fanatic and loves writing hundreds of reviews each issue. It has a style all of it's own and for 50p + postage you can't go far wrong. Write to; PAUL HIGSON, 83 GROFFEREY STREET, CHORLEY, LANCASHIRE, PR6 0HF.

SMER FILTH

This is an absolute gem! Dave Flint is a genius to come up with something as good as this. It's an A5 sized zine which covers the most sleaziest and filthiest films made.Fetish fans will get a real kick out of this one! Recommended reading. For £1.00 you can get the first two issues. Write to 39 MOLLY ST, OFFERTON, STOCKPORT, SK1 4DP.

Well that's all for this issue, I'll give the zines that I missed out this issue a mention next time. Please always remember when corresponding with any of these guys ALWAYS enclose an S.A.E. as it is costly to keep buying hundreds of stamps every month or so! Anyway happy reading!

SNUFF!

IS IT ART OR IS IT A HEAP OF SHIT ?

By ²MIKE SLATTER

What can one possibly say about SNUFF? Probably the most (in)famous video nasty on the block. A triumph of vile exploitation, plain film-making ignorance and inspired media manipulation. If you want bad lighting, plotless story, atrocious acting, clumsy dubbing, unconvincing gross-out FX and boredom on a huge scale then this is the film for you.

Back in it's humble beginnings, as "THE SLAUGHTER" (a title dropped after a threatened lawsuit from Colombia, filming under the same name), director Michael Findlay had an idea to capitalize on the sensational Charles Manson murders. He scraped together \$50,000 and flew a crew to Argentina. No live sound was ever recorded due to the non-English speaking actors. After three months of filming just outside Buenos Aires, it was shelved.

Five years later, 1976, Allan Shackleton, head of Monarch distributing films a new five minute section and tacks it onto the end of Findlays masterpiece(wot? Ed). Shackleton then removed all screen credits and puts the word around that the film contained the actual ON SCREEN mutilation of a New York actress. Public outcry swiftly followed, with the gutter press screaming thier SHOCK! HORROR! headlines, and American cinemas being picketed by outraged citizens.

Ah, but if only they had bothered to actually watch the film.

As far as credits go, the title, SNUFF is all we are entitled to. Unfortunatley, this gives us no indication of the next eighty odd minutes of utter tedium. The first images we see are of two girls zooming along a road on a large motorbike. The soundtrack banga along at an equally fast rate, reflecting the psychedelic almost heavy metal, fashion of the time. A third girl is met, and this trio chase after a forth, a junkie, high on cocaine. For not sharing her drugs, she is shot in the shoulder (very unconvincingly, a theme running through the whole movie), and treated to a rather nasty toe cutting torture. A man arrives and commands her to obey him, thus beginning the constant reference to the Manson phenomena. His name is SATAN- pronounced almost like SULTAN.

A new scene: the airport. In the gents, a woman stabs a young man in the back and then slits his throat. Lashings of tomato sauce ruin his clothes. This actually would all be very well, but it has no bearing on the story whatsoever.

Staying at the airport, a film director, Max, and his protege, Terri, arrive to begin shooting a picture (more Mansonalia - Sharon Tate and Roman Polanski character doubles). The soundtrack suddenly changes to all tinkly pianos, as we are treated to some yswful scenes of the actress swimming. She phones her lover, Horst - a rich smoothie who is also having an affair with Angelica, who, unknown to Horst, is Satan's favourite concubine (pshaw!). It must be mentioned here that the dubbing leaves a lot to be desired. The swimming pool scenes sound as if someone is dipping their fingers in a glass of water (and probably are).

Back to the psychedelic soundtrack, and Satan is telling Angelica that he wants that baby. Now, if this sounds a bit confusing, well.....er....it is! What we find out some time later in the film is that our Horst, in the few hours that he had been with our Terri, has made her pregnant (a la Sharon Tate), and this is the baby that Satan wants (to kill actually) Satan goes on in his menacing Mickey Mouse type voice, about his world shattering plans. He tells Angelica: "I will change man's destiny. First I will get rid of this Marsh. The rest follows...." A new existence is to be created from the swamp, with the actress and our Horst to be used as sacrifices. Quite how all this is supposed to relate is a mystery. They go for a swim. The other girls join them, and in a scene about as erotic as a kick in the



teeth, peel off(most) of thier clothes, and go for a communal plunge.

Another soundtrack change - oops! we must be back with the actress and our Horst, having a row. Terri insists she "must try to be something herself", without relying on his money. He makes the reasonable suggestion that sex films are not exactly big time.

Cue : THE CARNIVAL. Copius, over long, even more yawnful shots of the Mardi Gras complete with dreadful french scengadornning the once proud soundtrack. If we'd wanted a film about carnivals...right? The actors are obviously situated nowhere near the actual event, although there is a laughable attempt to make us believe that this is the case. Anyway Max (remember him ?) and Terri are having a drink together until our Horst (in a mask) sweeps her away for a dance and then something a bit more carnal (don't even

think about asking where the bedroom came from). Meanwhile Angelica, on instruction from our Horst, stabs Max down a dark alley (also don't ask why she did this, as Horst had chucked her over for Terri ages before). (The mind boggles ED)

In the morning the police question Terri. "seven people were killed last night, with a knife like this" (holds up said article) "Each one had a knife like this embedded in thier back". Is it worth mentioning here that the director was stabbed in the chest?

Back to pianos and unrealistic swimming pool noises. The lovers meet his father, a shady type of character who's buisness



SHUFF



involves selling arms to the Middle East. During this point, Angelica and Satan turn up and insist upon having thier point of view heard on this arms selling buisness. They would have had more response from Speaker's corner.

More motorbike film, more psychedelic music, a new recruit is humiliated into renouncing Christ and a village store is attacked by the women with more unconvincing shootings, including one of the women which doesn't appear to deplete their numbers at all. Angelica has a flashback- she describes being raped when younger (using a different actress, looking nothing like the original - very silly), and how her father was punished for drunkenness by having his hands chopped off and hung up for all to see. All this adds up to mega boredom. Anyone watching this who has not yet reached for the fast forward button is probably asleep, or brain dead - or both (your humble reviewer watching only out of a sense of duty).

Anyway back to the film, it is seven months later and Satan orders a "slaughter". At our Horst's house, he is entertaining a tipsy young couple. He gets the husband's permission to take his wife upstairs for a bit of bonking (yeah weird I know). The steamy sex scenes include five minutes of the couple in a passionate embrace- not moving. The women turn up, stab the gatsman, the woman's husband and set off in hot pursuit of our Horst. Quite how they manage to catch with, overcome, and tie up this athletic, muscly young man is another one of those super mysteries. They whip him and stab him in places unmentionable and unfilable and thus RIP to our Horst.

Now, if you're wondering what had happened to Terri, the actress, all this time, wonder no more. The women find her upstairs in bed with the father (no really!). The father is shot, and heavily pregnant Terri is stabbed in the lump (dare I mention Sharon Tate again?).

Cue : NEW BIT.

A film crew purportedly filming this infanticide (but not really) calls it a day. One technician offers to do an extra scene for the cam^{era}, because one of the actresses will not yield to his early charms, he throws her on the bed and holds a knife to her throat-

He then cuts into her shoulder (this is crap - the knife is about two inches above it). The remaining film crew hold her down while he uses pliers to cut her fingers off, (awful - you can see her real finger under the model). Plenty of the old plasma when he finds a rip-saw and rip-saws her arm off, while she coughs up some more red stuff. The piece of resistance comes when the technician slits her stomach open and pulls out the contents (pathetic - a painted balloon and some bloody obvious sheep entrails). The last thing you hear the crew say is "did you get it all? Let's get out of here".

Blank screen.

And that's what all the fuss was about. Whether actual snuff movies do exist is doubtful, but the last word must go to camera woman, Roberta Findlay (husband of Michael "The worst thing that happened to anyone on our film was that I got stung by a bee".

AI NO CORRIDA (1976) - JAPAN/FRANCE

aka IN THE REALM OF THE SENSES aka ARMSADA: L'ARISSE DEI SENSI aka EMPIRE OF THE SENSES.

Starring - JUNKO MIJASHITA, HIDEAKI EZUMI, EIKO MATSUDA, TATSUYA FUJI.

Directed by - NAGISHA OSHINA/NOBORO TANAKA.

Reviewed by JOHN MARTIN.

Though he didn't come to the attention of most westerners until MERRY XMAS MR LAWRENCE, Nagisha Oshina had been making extra-ordinary films for years. Readers may care to investigate his AI NO BOREI (EMPIRE OF PASSION), a story of adultery punished from beyond the grave which contains Lucio Fulci type eye violence and a shaven-haven sequence that I was amazed to see intact in the print that was screened on HTV a few years ago.

AI NO CORRIDA drew a huge cult following in cinema clubs and college film societies in the late seventies, appealing as it did to pseudo-intellectuals, gorehounds and perverts. I was happy on all three counts. The film never appeared on the Scotland Yard "VIDEO NASTIES LIST" even though it more graphic than just about everything else that did. You can get away with a lot when you label your product "ART".

With war looming, and the increasing militarisation of Japanese society Fuji and his mistress, Sada, (matsuda) withdraw into a LAST TANGO IN PARIS twilight world and proceed to explore the outer limits of sexual love. Highlights include a fellatio scene as explicit as anything in the annals of hardcore and, returning the complement Fuji's character eating hard boiled eggs that Sada has dipped in her vagina. There's also a hilarious orgy scene during which a skinny GAP does a traditional Japanese folk dance over the bodies writhing on the floor, and more laughs when a banjo-pickin' Giesha girl is told to liven the proceedings with a merry song and she proceeds to whine some excruciating dirge. This woman can't keep up with the pace (which admittedly would exhaust even Ralph Halpern) and she is literally bonked to death.

Elsewhere several gishas hold sada down while they use a large phall on her. The two lovers progress to heavy sado-masochism - maybe Oshina is equating the strong passions aroused in love and war. Whatever, hardened cases have been known to blanch at the conclusion, Sada strangles her man (at his request) and holds a knife to the corpse's vanger. The camera cuts to another shot, to our relief, but our relief is short lived - the next thing we see, she's hacking it off with great gusto, and she removes his nuts for good measure.

This is all rendered in a disturbing degree of realism. For an encore, Sada uses his bleeding plonker to write a message on his chest. The epilogue informs us that the police picked Sada up when she aroused their suspicion by walking down a road with a dick in her hands! She was released by public demand because her actions had made her a national heroine!?! AI NO CORRIDA, you'll be appalled to hear is in fact a well documented true story (and Sada was the woman's real name). Something tells me you'd really shift some YEEHUCH'S in Japan, Nige!

ED'S NOTE

I have two different sets of credits for this movie, one from John and another from an Italian source. I'd be grateful to anyone who could possibly furnish me with the right credits.

HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF THE PARK (1979) ITALY

aka LA CASA SPENTUDA NEL PARCO.

Starring - DAVID HESS, ANNIE BELLE, JOHN MORGHEN, LORRAINE DE SELLE.

Directed by - RUGGERO DEODATO (Roger Deodato).

"Sweetly oh sweetly" wails the high pitched voice of some Italian singer accompanied by the elegant piano playing of Riz Ortolani (theme to MONDO CANE and CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST). David Hess (looking no different from seven years earlier in LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT) drives along a road on the outskirts of a large illuminated city. He spies a young girl in her sports car and attempts to get her to pull over. When he gets no success he pulls up sharply in front of her as she tries to travel round a bend and causes her to skid violently. Hess gets out of his car and opens the car to the girl's car. Inside is a petrified young girl alone and vulnerable, typical Hess fodder. "Well hello pretty girl!" exclaims Hess batting his eyelids furiously. "You remember us, at the discoteque", of course the girl does'nt so ol' creep face rapes her (which was what he was going to do anyway) and strangles her.

And so begins Deodato's vicious masterpiece. A film so obviously inspired by Craven's LAST HOUSE, and even employing the same male lead, Hess. I think Deodato would be the first to admit that his film borrows from Craven's vile shocker. Where these similarities start they also end, Deodato's film is far more excessive in terms of sadism and humiliation, but at the same time the film is much more accessible than Craven's picture. In LAST HOUSE the villains outnumbered the victims, but in this film the victims outnumber the aggressors. Deodato also manipulates the Craven ideology of bringing terror and pain to one's home- a place normally equated with safety and peace of mind (unless you live in my house!). The idea of the victims outnumbering the villain is used to good effect with Hess being required to turn in a convincing performance, which he does so with comparative ease. In a recent issue of DEEP RED he explained that to play a role of someone with so much hate inside them was not that hard, he just thought about his past life and all the bad things that had happened to him, then he would just let out all the frustration out while he was acting. In effect he is playing a little of his own personality as well as that of a rapist.

The film's centerpiece is the house of a rich yuppie type, Howard who is holding a house party for some of his friends, a collection of reps from the bourgeoisie society who clash with Hess and his slightly retarded friend Ricky (played by Morghen) who in turn watches Hess hold the collection of upper class echelons at bay with a cut-throat razor, changes sides after he grows up (to be blunt) and then falls prey to Hess' abrasive temperament.

The characters are all pretty unlikeable save probably for Morghen's and maybe Lorraine (CANNIBAL FEROX, WILD BEASTS) De Selle, and after a while I could'nt help but feel glad that they were getting beaten up etc. The most disturbing scene comes at the near end of the film where Annie (BLACK EMMANUELLE, WHITE EMMANUELLE, ABSURD) Belle's boyfriend's sister, a rather sweet, innocent looking girl is stripped by Hess and then slashed with his razor, you do actually feel pity for the poor girl and for the pathetic onlookers. Actually this scene, as razor has it, is supposed to be cut. A scene where Hess pulls out the girl's bloody tampon was supposedly present according to Rick Sullivan in an issue of the GORE GAZETTE, personally I doubt this but imagine if it was true!

House has a lot of excessive violence, although Deodato manages to keep the gore content to a bare minimum. The film's goriest scenes are where Hess beats someone's face of a table until it is reduced to a bloody pulp, and the scene to have you cringing where Hess slashes a naked girl to pieces with a cut-throat razor.

Together with CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST, House must rank as one of Deodato's finest hours. He has yet to better himself.

Brilliant stuff.



Produced by ... Directed by ...

STAGEFRIGHT (1986) - ITALY

aka STAGEFRIGHT- AQUARIUS aka AQUARIUS aka DELIRIA.

Starring - DAVID BRANDON, BARBARA CUPISITI, DON FIORE, ROBERT GILGROV, MICKEY KNOX,
JOHN MORGHEN, CLAIN PARKER, LORI PARRELL, MARTIN PHILLIPS, JAMES E.R. SAMPSON
ULRIKE SCHWERK.

Directed by - MICHAELE SOAVI.

Former Argento understudy and cameraman, Soavi smashes all other competitors with this superb horror/thriller, I'm in no doubt that this is the best horror film to be released on video in the U.K this year. After a terrible drought of Italian horror films (their place being taken by the influx of beach-buggy/warrior type films, the best being ATLANTIS INTERCEPTORS, which is'nt much to go by, and the worst one being RUSH THE ASSASSIN), Stagefright was a welcome relief. After a first viewing it was just that, a welcome relief, but after a second, more thorough examination, I was amazed by how much I enjoyed it.

Soavi has debbled on the directorial side of things before, earlier attempts being the much sought after documentary - DARIO ARGENTO'S WORLD OF HORROR, and his homage to Argento's BIRD WITH A CRYSTAL PLUMAGE being BLOODY BIRD. STAGEFRIGHT however, must be Soavi's first serious (for want of a better word) attempt at a film.

The plot of STAGEFRIGHT is fairly rudimentary maybe owing to the fact that LUIGI MONTIFIORE was responsible for devising the story and also for writing the screenplay so it comes as no real suprise, after all he was responsible for devising the story for Massaccesi's opus ANTHROPOGEOUS THE BEAST. Scripts are definitely not Montifiore's strongest point. While we're on the subject of Massaccesi (Joe D'Arato to the less initiated of you) you will note that he was responsible for producing STAGEFRIGHT.

Montifiore's plot (written under the pseudonym of Lew Cooper) places a group of small time dancers at the peril of a homicidal maniac named (and get this) Irving Wallace. It all starts off mid-way through a practice session of a play entitled "THE NIGHT OWL", a play which the troupe hope will give them the break they need. After a particularly disastrous start the director (Brandon) decides to take a break. Things get worse when one of the dancers (Cupusiti) hurts her ankle. A backstage hand (in a CHAMPS t-shirt) offers to take her to a near-by hospital, but for some strange reason she takes her to a psychiatric hospital. But needless to say they do manage to sooth the sprain and as the girls chat to the friendly doctor they learn that the hospital is holding Wallace (described as the actor who went mad and chopped all those people up into pieces!). The girls leave but as they do the camera enters Wallace's cell where a young male nurse lies with a syringe in his neck, Wallace is loose!

Back at the car park outside the dance studio the backstage hand is found dead with a first aid kit and a

axe in her face. The police are notified and are soon on the scene. A lot of the troupe are sent home but a few of them stop behind in order to get the routine right for the nearing open night. While the dancers change, one girl ventures into a dark changing room and as she changes someone starts rattling the door, she screams and the rattling stops but when her friends arrive there is nobody there. The blame immediatley falls upon the joker of the pack John Morghen who strongly denies it. Later while they are going through the steps of the dance



who strongly denies it. Later while they are going through the steps of the dance

STAGEFRIGHT cont.

when Morghen fails to make an appearance. After such calling a figure in a large owl mask appears and begins to dance with one of the girls, Brandon tells the guy in the owl mask (who he thinks is Morghen) to strangle the girl as part of the dance routine, instead he brandishes a knife and repeatedly stabs her. The killer makes a quick exit leaving victim #3 (he has already killed Morghen as you can gather). The frightened dancers look for the exit but discover that Wallace has been there first and has locked the door and has thrown away the key.

Now the fun begins as Wallace stalks the dancers around a dark and foreboding theatre. Now what makes STAGEFRIGHT different from other slasher films is the fact that it is well made, it has good production values. The photography is exceptional, the camera searching out every little inch of the theatre. The numerous visionary ideas of Soavi are strung together very nicely and you can't really pick such at fault with that department.

Where the film doesn't score is in the rather banal storyline, the weak script however the simplicity of the plot doesn't really detract from the film that much. STAGEFRIGHT is made interesting by the strong visual presence and Soavi creating set pieces with images such as the tremendous ending where the killer sits all the dead dancers around him plays some classical type of music and sits in an armchair with the feathers of his owl mask blowing all around him, truly the work of a talent to be reckoned with. The acting is fairly mediocre with Brandon and Morghen turning in good performances. On the subject of violence, STAGEFRIGHT didn't fare too badly at the hands of the censors, in fact only minimal cuts were made but sadly they were made to some of the films key gore scenes, such as Brandon's untimely demise with a chainsaw and an axe and also the power drilling of the poofter who goes round calling the cast with his clipboard. Anyway gore is way down the goodpoints list for this movie. Soavi, it is interesting to note, makes a cameo appearance as a cop with an uncanny likeness to James Dean. You can also see him as a masked ticket seller in DEMONS, A motorbiker in both CREEPERS and ABSURD, a patholer in ALIEN TERROR and an amorous boyfriend in CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD. Anywhere that I have missed out I apologise for.

Well there's not much else I can add to that except the news that there could be a sequel in the pipeline. Remember you read it here last!

SHE DEVILS ON WHEELS (1968) USA

Starring - BETTY CONNELL, PAT POSTON, NANCY NOBLE, RODNEY BUCKELL.

Directed By - HERSCHELL GORDON LEWIS.

Biking girls, hippies, sex, drugs, rock n' roll and gore. What else could you ask for? H.G. delivers the goods once again with this off beat biker-gore movie about two rival gangs, the MANEATERS (a bunch of women) and the STUDES, who race each other, fight each other and also screw each other. Karen leaves home (a quiet little suburban street) and goes to join the infamous female bike gang, the Maneaters for a bit of action. She is informed by the gang leader, Queen, that she is to race against against the rest of the gang members in order to get a choice in picking one of the Studs for a spot of rump. Karen wins the race and picks a chap named Bill, she does this nearly every time the two gangs meet and this causes the Maneaters to become a little suspicious of it all and they think that Karen is breaking thier golden rule of "no emotions" between the Girls and the Studs. This said Queen issues Karen with an ultimatum, either tie Bill to a cycle and drag him around the race track or be dragged herself. Rather than get hurt she opts to turn Bill into a bloody pulp. Then somewhere along the line the Maneaters turf gets taken over by another gang called the JOE BAY'S gang. The Maneaters race them and thrash them and leave them to go home with thier legs between thier tails (just a sec, shouldn't that be the other way round? ah well). J.B.'s gang are sore after losing AND getting a golden shower too so they swear revenge and do so by killing one of Maneaters. The girls retaliate by placing wire across the road and decapitating one of the macho men as he drives over the wire which cuts into his neck. The police arrest queen but she is soon back with her sisters and back on her bike.

So there you go another profit maker for H.G. and another insane but nevertheless quite wonderful gore/biker film. Look at the supposedly tough girls take four or five attempts to start thier little Honda scooters. Also as a point of interest I believe thCRAMPS recorded the these tune to this movie, GET OFF THE ROAD.

WHO'S THAT ITALIAN?

Have you ever sat in front of a T.V. screen (of course you have) watching some ridiculous dubbed import item and noticed that one of the actors is very familiar? You vaguely remember seeing him in other super-cheap Italian potboilers, his face is very distinctive yet his name is unknown. Giovanni Lombardo Radice is one such person. Radice, better known under his English nickname as John Morghen, must be what Italian film makers imagine the perfect victim to be. A perfect face, dying like no-one else could in various unspeakable ways unimaginable to the average sane human.

I suppose to the virgin or average middle of the road horror fan Morghen is just another dubbed lunatic, swearing and dying a lot at the hands of rabid extras., but to us continental film fans he is a cult character, a person who no matter how low down on the cast list he may be still manages to make a token appearance and sometimes steals the show from the "stars". To me personally, Morghen is the Lord Oliver of the Italian horror film world, playing as he does, a whole host of characters with a certain amount of conviction. This article is specifically designed to introduce you to one of the best Italian horror actors ever and also to cover his work because no-one else has bothered to yet. I regret that I have missed out totally any personal details as these are virtually impossible to find. First let me try to answer the question, "why is John Morghen so interesting to me? Well it's hard to explain really, I suppose it's mainly down to his sheer enthusiasm for the roles that he has played making them very memorable. Normally he is cast as a villain but what ever role he plays he is always a lunatic. The one single thing that is remarkable about Morghen roles is the fact that he has died in every film that I've seen him in save for LA CASA SPERTUDA NEL PARCO. So remember when you see a tall wiry figure with a receding hairline and crooked teeth being hacked, beaten, broken and disfigured beyond belief just remember that he may actually be having the time of his life!

Morghen's output to date is (or may seen) quite limited, but most likely he has appeared in numerous other oddities and who knows he may even have appeared on Italian T.V. who knows? The earliest credit that I have for Morghen is actually Deodato's above mentioned movie LA CASA (see review). I suppose this film introduced Morghen into the wide, wild and whacky world of exploitation / horror films. Made in Rome in 1979, LA CASA concentrates on the difference in attitude between a different group of people, both of totally separate backgrounds and the hatred that is aroused from this clash of attitude. This idea is presented by way of David Hess meeting headlong with Annie Belle and her friends at a party. Belle and all her friends are sly, bitchy types whilst Hess is meant to be the strong, not necessarily macho type bloke with a animal sex drive. Morghen is the balance between the two. Ricky is slightly retarded and Deodato exploits this to a great extent by getting Morghen to act nasty when Hess tells him too and then also to show some pity for Belle and her friends when Hess starts to razor them up. This "piggy in the middle" idea has been used before in many films but more noticeably in this case Wes Craven used it in LAST HOUSE where Hess' son junior was a dope mutant and was quite gullible when the two girls tried to escape from Hess. Essentially Ricky is a role that demands sympathy from the viewer, when you see Morghen get down in his Y's to some real bad disco dirge I guarantee you will roar with laughter but also feel quite sorry for the chap! The sloppy scene in the film coars at the end where Morghen is seduced into Howard the yuppie greenhouse by a tasty Lorraine (CANNIBAL FERROX, WILD BEASTS) De Selle for a spot of carnal activity. Morghen bulging eyes, fumbling and shaking whilst De Selle tries to teach our John the Italian Karma Sutra. Guaranteed embarrassment!

The next film on the list is another of my favourites, APOCALISSE DOMANI, Antonio Margheretti's action packed Cannibal atrocity gem. Apocalisse boasts the acting talents of both Morghen and another of my favourites John Saxon as well as some state of the art gore fx from GIANNETO DE ROSSI and DON SHELLEY in an understudy role. The uk print even though it is banned, is missing about five minutes of what is rumored to be some serious gore. I suppose you are all completely aware of the plot and I don't really need to go into such detail about it all. Basically it concerns a pair of captive GI's who contract a cannibal virus in Vietnam and take it home with them where they escape into the city on a rampage of destruction and cannibalism (sounds like us lot when the Talbot is closed) only to be shot like rats in the sewer system. Morghen has one of the main parts in this film and indeed it is Morghen's character, Bukowski, who is responsible for bringing the virus to sunny Atlanta. The Bukowski role is a depraved one but also a humorous one too. Intentional black humour occurs when John boy saws the leg off a garage mechanic and licks his lips at the sight of flesh and blood. A tasty dish indeed.

The end of Morghen occurs during the shoot out where he is trapped between a gate in the sewer. He is facing the oncoming police who promptly blow two large holes in his chest. Marghereti, in a sudden fit of artistic flair solves the camera down to Morghen's chest and views the tunnel through the gaping wound. Actually the demise of all of the "stars" in this picture are pretty poor on the whole, with only Morghen's really showing any sort of imagination. On the whole Morghen's role in APCALISSE DOMANI is his second best.

A year later Morghen was to star in a film that would be a turning point in his career (god this is beginning to sound like an official autobiography of a rich and famous hollywood star). Morghen was to have the lead role in what is most likely considered the most infamous, the goriest and one of the best loved Italian gore films ever. In 1981 Umberto Lenzi directed CANNIBAL FEROX. Whether he intended it to be the goriest Cannibal film ever is unknown but he certainly sat down for a while and dreamt Morghen's death out. As Morghen was to play a really vile character he needed a good ending too so he got one! Anyone unfamiliar with CANNIBAL FEROX (and there shouldn't be) the story goes like this; Lorraine De selle, her brother Bryan Redford and thier friend Zora Kerova trek out to darkest New Guinea in order that DE selle can prove that the fabled reports of cannibalism are just a myth for her theses paper. Along the way they encounter an Indio chewing upon fluorescent orange slugs and a close up of the Indio's mouth confirms this. Anyway not one to be upset by this they continue thier jolly trek until they come across another two Indio's spiked in a trap as they examine these dead natives they hear a rustling and out pops Mergy babes cursing and dragging another white man with him. "Help us" he asks and they do so by sitting the two down and giving them a good stiff drink. Morghen introduces himself as Mike and his friend as "that asshole is Joe", what a guy! Morghen explains that they have been hassled by cannibals and that a third member, Portugal, is already dead. He goes on to explain that they tied him to a stake in the centre of thier damned village and castrated him with a machete. Then... (eyes bulging and deep breath) they ATE HIS GENITALS! De Selle is quite alarmed at this and seeing her opportunity asks Morghen to take them to the village! Morghen freaks at this and shouts "We spent three days in a stinking bamboo cage covered in six inch blood-suckers! Do you know how much blood we lost?". But in the end they end up in the village, all the young males are away hunting and there is just a bunch of old fogies and a load of women. ON a stake in the center of the village is the unrecognisable corpse of what is supposedly Portugal. Rudi (DE SELLE'S brother takes a few holiday snaps of the rotting corpse and the maggots that live in it's eye sockets. Later it turns out that Morghen is a cocaine smuggler on the run from a big drugs baron in New York and is in the jungle in search of emeralds of all things. It also turns out that Morghen was lying about the Portugal fellah, in fact it was an Indio who was supposed to have found the emerald outcrop in a river but never did. So while Morghen was high on coke he tortured the Indio until he died and then started on a few others. The rest of the film sees the Americans captured by the tribe and submitted to super torture. Rudi is killed while trying to escape, Joe is already dead due to malaria and the cannibals eat him after slitting his down the middle with a fishing spear. Kerova is killed in aslightly more painful way, she has her breasts punctured with huge spears and trussed up like a dead animal as she slowly dies. Morghen however dies a little more extravagantly.



"EITHER GET A FLIP TOP HEAD OR....."

First of all he is tied to a stake and fessed a bit with some spears until he does a greenie in one of the natives eyes. Down come his trousers but comes the machete and off comes his willie as we are treated to an ON SCREEN castration. Then the oddball native says a tribal toast and all the other ogling natives cry namunga as the chief chews on Mr Morghen's willie. The wound is cauterized and soon Morghen is up and about. When a plane passes overhead and he tries to attract the pilots attention the natives hold him down and chop his hand off with the by now infamous machete. This once again is ON SCREEN. Now it's back to the village and Morghen is on the menu. His head is conveniently placed in a hole in a table and then the top of his head is visible so then the cannibals can lop the top of his head off and get at the brains inside. And thus RIP Morghen. A fitting end for what is definitely Morghen's nastiest character to date. Mike the drug smuggler, a man full of contempt for his fellow man, a low down back stabbing fink with absolutely no social morals whatsoever. Morghen turns in what I consider to be his best performance hampered only by an originality bankrupt script. As a last word on CANNIBAL FEROX as regards the fx, they are some of the most convincing in any film that I have ever seen so congrats are in order for Gino DE Rossi who supplied the gory prosthetics. If wasn't for people like Lenzi, DE Rossi and indeed Morghen my sundanè existence would bugger off into a state of

perpetual stagnation, we'll take a closer look at De Rossi's work in a later issue. In the same year as FEROX Morghen was to suffer a similar fate at the hands of Venantini Venantini and in particular a massive black and decker (these Italians ain't joking they REALLY mean business.) The film in question is Lucio Fulci's plodding CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD in which Morghen plays a retard aptly named Mad Bob. Everyone reading this now should be familiar with the storyline (if you aren't then shame on you!). Father Thomas brings himself in the peaceful town of Dunwich and thus opens the gates to hell (the US title) and also releases a bunch of ready break faced deadaters upon the peaceful community. The late Christopher George and Italian favourite Katherine MacColl with the help of a rather chubby Janet Agren travel to Dunwich to sort some shit out. The freaky goings on result in the death of a local girl and the blame immediately falls upon resident pervert and child molester, Morghen. Due to the history of the character, Bob is the only likely suspect and like the police man says "That boy's gonna fry. Mark my words!"

Morghen, whilst playing with his blow up sex doll has a visit from a zombie and he totally freaks and finds shelter in a local girl's car. She discovers him sleeping there the next morning and wakes him up. The only problem is that her father also sees Morghen and because he believes that Morghen was responsible for the death of the local girl he attacks him, overpowers him and rams his head down on a bench drill. Then slowly he pushes his head nearer the spinning drill and before you can say "Morghen has a splitting headache" the six inch drill bores right through the poor chap's head. Actually this scene can only really be found in European prints and some US prints, but for all our safety (or so they tell us) this particular scene was snipped. The role of Bob was quite a brief one, but nevertheless it was an important factor to the film, in fact this is the only human thing about the whole movie (don't get me wrong I adore the film) Morghen's alienation from the rest of the community is really quite sad. But you soon forget about all that when people get thier brains scrunched and barf thier entire intestinal tract up!

Well I now have a silly little problem the next couple of films that I have Morghen down for are ones that I have't seen yet. One of them is a crime thriller called DEADLY IMPACT which stars big bad homophobic Bo Svensson and Morghen as a fruit machine bandit and master criminal, it sounds like fun but as I say I have yet to see it. Another is Umberto Lenzi's DUE RAGAZZI NELLA GIUNGLA (TWO DAUGHTERS OF THE JUNGLE) which is a film that I know nothing about and any help would be greatly appreciated. Also I have another title , SPACE ISLAND which is all I have got! As I say if you do have any info on these films do write me. Morghen's comeback to the silver screen was Nicolo' Soavi's brilliant STAGEFRIGHT in which Morghen plays a homo dancer of all things. This was a very welcome return to the world of horror and he did turn in an excellent performance too. It was quite alarming to see how much he'd aged in the last couple of years (Gary G reckons it was too much coke in FEROX) but he still managed to astound his number one fan. So now we come to the end of my Morghen appreciation piece. No-one else was going to cover the great man so I thought I would pay homage first. All I want now is to get an interview with the man..... wishfull thinking!



Here we have a really spandicuous mug shot of John Morghen in a scene from CARNIVAL FEROX. Thank you out to John Gullidge for making it possible. Any other info or stills you may have morghen please do get in touch with me at the editorial adress, I'll look forward to hearing from you. "But I like you kids so I'll stay!"

CEREMONIA SANGRIENTA (1972) ITALY/SPAIN

aka THE FEMALE BUTCHER, aka THE LEGEND OF BLOOD CASTLE aka COUNTESS DRACULA aka LADY DRACULA aka BLOODY CEREMONY aka LE VENGINI CAVALCAVO LA MORTE.

Starring - LUCIA BOSE, EWA AULIN, ESPARTO SANTONI, ANA FARRA, FRANCA GREY, SILVANO TRANQUILLI, LOGA GASS, ANGEL MEMENDES, ENRICO VICO.

Directed by - JORGE GRAU.

This is more like it. A classy and atmospheric piece of work from a director with an eye for the unusual, but also a self control over the imagery by not letting the camera freak out and start filming any old drivel. Jorge Grau yet again makes excellent use of the surrounding scenery as he did so well with his fantastic NO PROFANAR EL SUEÑO DE LOS MUERTOS. It comes as a surprise that it should take a spaniard to make the best possible use of the northern Lake district scenery. CEREMONIA is an atmospheric piece of work with shades of Bava's LA MASCHERA DEL DEMONIA, the film is often beautifully shot, but at times the atmosphere is ruined by the dark shots which tend to appear at frequent intervals.

The film, needless to say is a variation of the Bathory legend. At the start of the film a suspected witch is burned alive at the stake in order to kill the demon within her which the villagers believe is responsible for the various atrocities that have occurred in the surrounding countryside. Even though the witch was killed the killings still flourished and because of this the local count commits suicide. He returns as a vampire and continues to kill innocent girls for his wife, Elizabeth, who uses the blood to keep herself young looking. Why she never used oil of wlay we'll never know. And so the film continues to tell the sordid tales of Elizabeth Bathory and her reign of terror. Actually the blood orgy (according to legend) was supposed to have occurred over a ten year period in which three hundred to six hundred young girls were brutally slaughtered by the Countesses' men-servants. Anyone with books on this kind of stuff (not novels) drop me a line and we'll see if we can sort something out.

Ceremonia is a fascinating film on a fascinating subject and it has one of the creepiest endings in a horror film as Bathory (Bose) is bricked up alive only to die staring at the camera with a pile of dirty dishes around her [it looks better than it actually sounds!]. CEREMONIA was actually released in the UK on the now defunct REPLAY label (responsible for the release of CANNIBAL FEROX and APOCALYPSE as well as LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT. So if your browsing through the furthest shelf in your local video shop and you happen upon it don't pass it by, snap it up and I'm sure you'll enjoy it.

BLOOD OF GHASTLY HORROR (1971) USA/PHILIPPINES

aka THE FIEND WITH THE ELECTRONIC BRAIN aka PSYCHO-A-GO-GO aka THE MAN WITH THE SYNTHETIC BRAIN.

Starring - REGINA CAROL, ROY MORTON, TRACEY ROBBINS, KENT TAYLOR, JOHN CARRADINE, TOMMY KIRK.

Directed by - AL ADAMSON.

Here's a film from possibly one of THE most incompetent film-makers the world has ever known. BLOOD absolutely defies any want on my part to list any good qualities that this execrable lizard fart may have. It's not even close to being a good/bad movie, it's far too dull for that. The actual finished product, BLOOD, is in fact a build up of a movie that Adamson had made in 1965 which was called PSYCHO A GO-GO. It was considered too bad to release and thus it died a quick death. However Adamson was not a man to give up and when it came to shooting NEW footage and re-releasing the movie as THE FIEND WITH THE ELECTRONIC BRAIN he jumped at the chance and went on to make himself another small pocket. Again the film was released as BLOOD OF GHASTLY HORROR and even more new scenes were added this time adding the overwhelming presence of John Carradine and at the same time suckering more patrons into seeing a film that they'd already seen two thirds of. Obviously over the six year span between the three releases the story was going to have a few changes made to it.

The original story was about some crussy jewel thieves who were using a scarred Vietnam veteran as their "secret weapon". But in the latest version the story turned into a sad doctor style thing with some dreadful special fx and execrable make-up, which looks resolutely like that gunge that you can buy from joke shops. And the acting, well save John Carradine it is HG LEWIS level. The only redeeming feature this film has is the presence of Regina Carol and it's good/bad potential. If it was not for these the film would be unbearable. Watch it out of curiosity only.

INCUBO SULLA CITA' CONTANINATA (1980) ITALY/SPAIN

aka NIGHTMARE CITY aka CITY OF THE WALKING DEAD aka LA INVASION DE LOS ZOMBIES ATOMICOS aka INVASION BY THE ATOMIC ZOMBIES.

Starring - HUGO STIGLITZ, LAURA TROTTER, MEL FESSER, FRANCISCO RABAL, SONIA VIVIANI, MARIA ROSARIA OMAGGIO, EDUARDO FAJARADO, MANOLO ZARZO, ALEJANDRO DE ENCISO.

Directed by - UMBERTO LENZI (HUMPHREY HUBERT).

Crude, incompetent, plotless shambles but quite wonderful! The legendary Umberto Lenzi, director of the most infamous cannibal atrocity, CANNIBAL FEROX (1981), strikes with this undemanding slice of hokum guaranteed to have the viewer roaring in hysterics. The terribly thin plot revolves around a mysterious plane which lands at an airport unleashing a horde of crud faces armed to the teeth with sub-machine guns, spanners and knives and dressed in pinstripe suits. They quickly dispatch the welcome party and run off into the city in search of some tasty openair. And so the story runs awok rather like a frenzied version of DAWN OF THE DEAD with the DAWN OF THE MUMMY type crusties shooting up the town and slaughtering anyone who steps in thier way. The army is called in but it is only Dean Miller (Stiglitz) and his companion (Trotter) who can save the day. The fx are unbelievably crude. For instance a zombie jumps out of the plane and slices a soldier's throat from ear to ear but doesn't draw any blood and proceeds to suck the soldier's neck!

Tremendously bad shit this, but you can actually learn to love this type of thing. It's not really worth slagging films like this off because they don't take themselves too seriously and are nothing more than a little undemanding fun to pass a night with a tv packed full of the worst antipodean soap operas ever. The british release (sporting a cover that has been used more recently on the box of the re released INCUBUS) has the usual cuts but only minor ones this time, for instance a girl in a leatard has her breast sliced off with a bayonet and another woman has her eye fished out with a poker by a crud face in a poloneck jumper. So what do you make of it? Sadly this and numerous others have now been taken from our video shop shelves and due to a new law must have a certificate which could mean a lot of cuts for most (just look at the apex release of CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD). One thing is for certain, the video shops are going to void of any real low budget gems for a long time.

NIGHTMARES IN A DAMAGED BRAIN (1981) USA (with Italian crew)

aka NIGHTMARE aka NIGHTMARES.

Starring - BAIRD STAFFORD, SHARON SMITH, C.J. COOKE, MIK CRIBBEN, DANNY ROMEN, JOHN WATKINS, WILLIAM MILLING, SCOTT PRAETORIUS, WILLIAM S. KIRKSEY, CHRISTINA KEEFE.

Directed By - ROMANO SCAVOLINI.

A total depresser from ex-hardcore porn film director Scavolini. Heralding the infamous "VIDEO NASTIES" list as one of the vilest titles on it, NIGHTMARES is not quite the sort of wretched crap that some people would make it out to be. I will freely admit that it is not a film that is easily accessible to the majority of horror fans, appealing as it does to gore fans and Italian horror film fans (although the film is decidedly more of an American film). Take for instance these comments from two devoted horror film fans, Chas Balun said in his GORE SCORE book that NIGHTMARES was far the most tolerant splatter fans only, whilst Michael Weldon (PSYCHOTRONIC ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FILM) echoed Chas' words by saying it was only for "hardcore horror fans only". So you can see NIGHTMARES is definitely an aquired taste. HALLOWEEN and THE SHINING are two of the many films that Scavolini burgled for ideas and imagery, but he also added a few of his own personal touches to the film such as the inclusion of extremely heavy sexual overtones, possibly down to his previous work, and the inclusion of OTT gore which of course was all the rage at that time. The film's best scene is right at the start.

A clock radio ticks away in a corner of a darkened bedroom. The camera slowly pans the claustrophobic gloom and rests it's gaze on figure writhing about sweating and farting in his sleep. Suddenly he wakes up startled, pulls back the bed sheets (giving us an unpleasant view of the chap's Y's all soiled and yellow) and AAAARRRRROH! Holy fried fetus, theres a head surrounded by limbs, giblets n' stuff, and what's more the head opens it's eyes and stares at the poor chap. The scene then dramatically shifts to a close up of the warps head as he screams and struggles in his strait jacket. Two beefy M.D.'s run into the padded cell, jab him with some vicious looking hypocs and leave the sweaty mess to drip body fluid all over the floor. The story basically concerns a chap who chopped his father and female dominatrix up when he was a kid for indulging in a spot of heavy SAM who returns to his old house years later to terrify his sister or mother (it's not clear) if you get the chance to see this movie do so with a fairly open mind and then you may enjoy it.

E TU VIVRAI NEL TERRORE (1981) ITALY

aka L'ALDILA aka AND YOU'LL LIVE IN TERROR! THE BEYOND aka THE BEYOND aka SEVEN DOORS OF DEATH.

Starring- KATHERINE MACCOLL, DAVID WARBECK, SARAH KELLER, ANTOINE SAINT JOHN, VERONICA LAZAR, ANTHONY FLEES, GIOVANNI DE NAVA, NICHELE MIRABELLA, PIER LUIGI CONTI.

Directed By - LUCIO FULCI.

My favourite Fulci picture next to ZOMBIE FLESH EATERS (1979). THE BEYOND is also Fulci's goriest picture to date and also his most imaginative and stylish. The film begins with a prologue set in Louisiana in the 1920's where a group of vagrant villagers storm the isolated hotel belonging to a guy who was supposed to be a practising warlock. They break into the hotel and find him painting a picture of hell in his basement. After a formal speech the villagers attack him with spiked balls on chains and rip him to shreds, then they crucify him to the wall with nails through his wrists and shovel acid in his face until he is reduced to a bloody pulp. All this is executed with an abnormal degree of reality and the camera lingers on the close up shots just how we love it!

Present day: the hotel is taken over by a new proprietor, MacCOLL, who is unaware of the hotel's past and also that it is built on one of the seven doors of hell. She employs a hippie and a bimbo to fix up the run down looking place. When the bearded hippie guy messes in the cellar with a crumbling wall a clawed hand shoots out and fishes his eye out with it's long thumb nail. Again all this is shown in loving detail and it just happens to be about the best eye gouging I've ever seen in a film. Credit is definitely due to fx wizard Gianetto De Rossi and his assistant Germano Natali for coming up with so many really gross out fx, cheers chaps, we owe you one!

MacColl soon discovers that on a certain appointed day the dead will rise from their graves and all hell will be let loose upon mortals. Pretty heavy no? Well as we all hoped the zombies do arrive and pretty gross they are too what with all flesh n' shit hanging from their persons. David Warbeck is a hospital doctor and also a friend of MacCOLL who witnesses all his subjects getting up and munching on the hospital staff, so he gets his dubrey magnum out and starts to blow holes in the rotting intruders just as he is about to escape from the zombie ridden hospital, his friend surgeon, Al Cliver is pinned to a wall and dies as hundreds of shards of glass shoot out and pierce his face and general anatomy. Warbeck escapes and meets up with a rather distraught MacCOLL only to find

themselves in Hell in the form of the painting in cellar. Fulci's now finished AENIGMA is rumored to be a sequel to the BEYOND which the ending positiv cries out for. AENIGMA should be out in Italy soon just in time for when I go in June so I'll hopefully bring a full report home on that one as well as L'OPERA and any other oddities that I may come across in the two weeks that I'll be there so look out for that in a future issue.

To summarize on THE BEYOND, definitely Fulci's most adventurous picture so far with a good use of the scenery and inventive camera work by Fulci regular Sergio Salvati (who also worked on CRAWLSPACE). As I said before the fx are total Al bringing THE BEYOND an extra dimension of gross out and brain damaged sickness. As an extra bit of useless info let me tell you about one scene where Warbeck shoots a zombie from very close range with what can only be described as a cannon. During the filming of this scene the extra was hurt by the impact of the blank and was in agony when Fulci and De Rossi asked him politely to do the take again. Trivia fans may also notice Giovanni De Nava as the hotel's previous owner, he also played the indestructible Dr Freudstien in Fulci's HOUSE BY THE CEMETERY.

THE BEYOND is available from Elephant video in a heavily edited version price around £14.99. It's a shame that it had to be edited as it would lose a lot of it's punch but let's give credit to Barry Jacobs at Elephant for at least getting these forgotten classics back on the shelves.

**...E TU VIVRAI
NEL TERRORE!**



L'ALDILA'

KATHERINE MACCOLL - DAVID WARBECK - SARAH KELLER
ANTOINE SAINT JOHN - VERONICA LAZAR
LUCIO FULCI

I WAS A THIRTY YEAR OLD TEENAGE CHLOROPHYLL STOMPER.

The 1970's like any other era produced some REALLY bad horror movies. Many of these stinkers owed their debits to budget restrictions, awkward producers and of course complete lack of a very important factor, talent. What films that may have had a little potential on which to build were completely hushed by the incompetence of the film-makers and actors alike. The films in particular that fit that description were the various horror/sci-fi that came from the Philippines. More notably the "BLOOD ISLAND" films that starred a chubby American actor named John Ashley and were directed by two stalwart exploitation directors Eddie Romero (the junior cameraman on the classic APOCALYPSE NOW) and Gerardo De Leon.

Most readers who have been (un)lucky enough to happen across an Ashley/Romero/De Leon collaboration will no doubt agree with me in saying that they are quite simply some of the most tedious horror films ever made. The BLOOD ISLAND films are incredibly silly and amazingly dull. Having said that it would be a little unfair to say that they are the worst films of the 70's, that title must definitely go to two films. First of all the intolerable one that is Ted V. Mikels BLOOD GORY OF THE SHE DEVILS and worst of all George Schenck's totally unbearable ISLAND OF LOST SOULS rip, SUPER BEAST. The latter is a mind numbingly boring exercise into the depressing world of medical phenomena and mad scientists. You must at all costs avoid this kind of intolerable nonsense or it could take you into a human cabbage. The BLOOD ISLAND films are strange set of films. They are fairly well known amongst horror fans but are also neglected by other publications, although there was a really good article and interview with Ashley in an early issue of FANGORIA in which Ashley explained his reasons for acting in the films and why he went back to do sequels and other films in the same type of vein.

The first BLOOD ISLAND film is now a cult classic amongst certain sections of the horror fans. In 1968 THE MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND was released. Today that film is still a Filipino favourite and it's villain, the Chlorophyll Man, is hailed as one of the best make-up jobs in the history of the Filipino horror cinema. Previously Ashley had starred in various teen beach party movies in the 60's playing teenage beach bums at the tender age of 25! He also appeared in Dick (MISSILE TO THE MOON) Cunha's camp FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER in which he played the teenage lover of Sandra Knight battling against the ugly creation of Oliver Frankenstein. Eddie Romero, as I stated earlier was a budding young cameraman who had also previously made a few war films including THE RAVENERS, THE WALLS OF HELL and MORG WITCH DOCTOR amongst others. Gerardo De Leon's output was definitely more in the horror mould with TERROR IS A MAN (1959), a mad doctor romp in which a man is crossed with a leopard and thus becomes a leopard man. Eddie Romero was the executive producer along with Kane Lynn. Also De Leon directed THE BLOOD DRINKERS (1966) and a sequel (of sorts) in the form of CURSE OF THE VAMPIRES. Most of De Leon's movies have an ugly dull coloured tint to them giving them an old look which can give the viewer a bloody headache too. Back to MAD DOCTOR, the story is sort of re-telling of TERROR IS A MAN where by Dr Loran (Ronald Ramsey) is experimenting with a new chlorophyll drug/serum. His human guinea pig (his lover's husband) turns into a half man - half plant who then escapes into the jungle and terrorises a few people, but the main problem is that it's head won't stop on! The film is a real gas of the inept cinema and is ninety minutes of total mayhem, what with a plant man (see cover of this issue) running around a Philippines island being chased by a chubby Ashley complete with immense side-boards and paisley shirt. Some trekkies may remember a thing or two when they see this film, one is the presence of the gorgeous Angelique Pettyjohn (who later changed her name to Heaven St. John, because a very successful porn starlet and starred in such softcore romps as BODY TALK and the incredibly soft TITILLATION. Also a technical trick that was used in STAR TREK was the over indulgence of the zoom lens which gives of the "I was there" feel this is used so much in MAD DOCTOR that after a short while you really begin to tire of it (this was again used even more in the second of the three, BRIDES OF BLOOD). Overall though MAD DOCTOR is an entertaining little movie never really taking time to develop any deep, psychological meaning just delivering a feverishly paced action gore film. Speaking of gore, for it's time this film is quite strong with bullet wounds and decapitations galore! The film has also been released as TOMS OF THE LIVING DEAD on the Horror Time label in Britain along with the other two BLOOD ISLAND films.

Next on the agenda was BRIDES OF BLOOD (GRAVE DESIRES, ISLAND OF LIVING HORROR) which was again to star Ashley in the lead role with such the same cast as MAD DOCTOR but with another sexy starlet in the female lead, Beverly Miller who also changed her name to Beverly Hills! This time radioactive bomb blasts are blamed for the ecological freak



outs that have happened on BLOOD ISLAND. Trees come alive and attack the natives, some of the wildlife turns into other things whilst others become mutants and come out only at night. The worst thing though is that a villager mutated into (or so the ads would have us believe) a terrifying creature lusting for the taste of human flesh, in fact the "monster" is an absolutely ludicrous looking mess of dripping blobs that has flared nostrils, pearly white teeth who runs round the jungle capturing naked women and eating them off screen. The end result is hilarious, big A travels to Blood Island is shocked by the awful special effects that abound so he decides to destroy all the props but ends up acting in a badly edited, dimly lit sub-normal horror movie which fails in all departments. No, seriously the film really is the worst out of the three mainly because it is SO boring, Romero and De Leon both waste the film running time with endless trivial shots of landscape, wildlife that does'nt move and ugly native girls that make you want to barf. However the most annoying aspect of this film is the non stop use of the pissing zoom lens. In fact every time the monster is on show the camera starts to zoom in and out at such a rapid pace that it gives you a bad headache!



The music in all three is shamefully bad, in fact it sounds like it was stolen from an old classics hit pack from the 30's. Expect Max Bygraves to re-record the whole soundtrack again and release it as a golden medley. Max sings the MAD DOCTOR BLUES. At the original screenings of this film, female patrons were given free plastic wedding rings, in fact MAD DOCTOR also had a publicity gimmick, before the film started there was a special prologue which encouraged you to drink the little vial of green water that you were issued with upon entry of the theatre. This prologue is missing from a lot of prints but I have a print which contains it, it's quite hilarious to see a group of typical 60's teens sitting together drinking coloured water while some narrator rabbits on about some curse.

The third in the series was also a sequel to MAD DOCTOR. BEAST OF BLOOD comes over as the most entertaining of the three. Ashley travels to Blood Island yet again and this time has the chlorophyll man aboard his boat. However the beast breaks loose and despatches a few fillipino extras in a remarkably gory fashion (a huge gash down one chap's face with a massive axe) and gets to the Island first. Yet again the head won't stay on and most of the time it is in a tank. However it does manage to scare Ashley's female lead, Celeste Yarnall. At original screenings of this movie patrons were given "survival kits" containing air plane barf bags. A nice gesture considering this is the goriest of the trio. This one kays off the zoom lens a bit and makes more space for some exterior shots. The fx are crude by today's standards but are quite gory such as a card board head on a dinner table. Ashley is incredible as usual as the kind hearted scientist type who's fave line in all three is, "You wait here, I'll go on ahead". The film was also released as BEAST OF THE DEAD and also BLOOD DEVILS. The company responsible for the release of all these films were Hemisphere a joint U.S. and Phillipine venture who also released some of the other Ashley and Romero adventures which were not connected with the BLOOD ISLAND movies. The two carried on making horror and sci-fi films in the philippines and were responsible for THE BEAST OF THE YELLOW NIGHT (1970), TWILIGHT PEOPLE (1971) and also a bitches behind bar romp that ifi can recall correctly was called caged fury as a pose to CAGED HEAT.



"HEADS YOU WIN....."

These days little or nothing has been heard of Kiddie Romero, but for Ashley he (believe it or not) is none other than the millionaire producer of the A-TEAM! In fact it is his voice that you can hear on the intro to the programme. But of course it is these forgotten low budget stinkers that we will rarely forget however boring they may be. Although technically crude, the enthusiasm and energy was there to balance. It would be a shame not to give these films a page or two as they are horror films or films of a fantastic nature and therefore have a much right in these pages as my favourite movies like CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST, ZOMBIE FLESH KATKNS, HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF THE PARK etc.

The Blood Island films are a very strange set of movies worth checking out for geek

value alone. Try them out sometime.

JACK THE RIPPER (1978) Germany/Switzerland/Spain.
aka DER DIRENMOENDERER VON LONDON.

Starring - KLAUS KINSKI, JOSEPHINE CHAPLIN, HERBERT FUCHS, URSULA VON WIESE, LINA ROMAY,
ANDREAS MANKOPFF, HANS GAUGLER, FRANCINE CUSTER, OLGA GENIARD, NICOLA WIESSE.

Directed by - JESUS FRANCO.

Amazingly incoherent crap from the relentless Spanish movie man, Franco. Franco yet again uses his ideas of killing women for various reasons, this time using the ripper motive (Kinski's fear of women) as an excuse for slaughtering various subiles (and not so subiles). Indeed it is only the presence of Kinski that saves this film from a fate worse than death!

What we have here is Kinski playing a philanthropic doctor who's petrifying fear of women leads to a murderous obsession. The whole picture is ugly to look at and some of the women are so vile to look at, that one wonders why the film was ever made. The imagery is strong, with some really wierd shots of a prostitutes bedroom tinted in some pretty garish colours. Gore fans will no doubt be pleased by the various atrocities on show. One stomach churning scene of Kinski bursting some great boll on one bloke's foot resulting in a small shower of pus, more serious scenes in particular the breast amputation and the eyeball violence that is on show. This must be the shortest review that I've written yet, but I honestly can't find much to comment upon in this super bad shocker. If you want to hear (or read more) about Franco I suggest you read the article in SAMHAIN #5 written by Kevin Lyons which also combines a near complete filmography for the man which is a task in it's own right.

LA NOTTE DEI DIAVOLI (1972) ITALY/SPAIN.
aka NIGHT OF THE DEVILS aka LA NOCHE DE LOS DIABLOS.

Starring - GIANNI GARO, AGOSTINA BELLI, MARK ROBERTS, CINZIA DE CARLOS, TERESA GIMPERA
UNBERTO RAINO, WILLIAM VANDERS, LUIS SUAREZ.

Directed by - GIORGIO FERRONI.

Ah, the joy of more incomprehensible joint continental movie making! Minor Spanish director, Ferroni makes an attempt at a loose re-working of the Tolstoy novel, THE WUSDULAK. Having never read the book (nor wanted to) I didn't really know what to expect. After only ten minutes of the film being screened I was totally lost. Just what in Antonella Caspodifiori's name was going on? First scenes of some man in a forest, the next an exploding maggot infested face and some entrail extracting! Those spaniards, they get you every time.

Well your humble editor just sat there in disbelief scratching down notes only to find that I was missing certain 'key scenes' so I abandoned the whole concept of note-taking and rewound the tape and started to watch it again. Still no better, I still felt like I was in Piccadilly circus surrounded by Black Lace fans. So what is one to do? Well I watched the movie to the end and immediately consulted some of my books to try and see if any of these great literate minds could decipher what was supposed to have happened. Only Phil Hardy could come up with something that could remotely represent the film's bizarre story. What could be established is that a young man, Nicola (yes I'm as confused as you are) is down on his luck and after wandering aimlessly in the woods stumbles across a peasant family who, unknown to him, are infected with vampirism. The rest of the film I just can't understand.

The film offers no attempt at any explanation as to why cadavers frequently appear on screen, why a face keeps exploding in graphic detail was Ferroni on acid or something? Who knows? Carlo Rambaldi created the gory fx, which incidentally are very poor. Maybe this is down to the age of the film and also the obvious budget restrictions, mind you I've never really rated Rambaldi anyway, but that's another story altogether. I don't recommend LA NOTTE mainly because it's a very difficult movie to get to grips with as a result the film becomes VERY boring. But if you must watch it you'll have to look hard for it as it has never had an official release in Britain. There are two versions available an English speaking copy and a german language copy too. Anyone with information on any of Ferroni's other outings would be greatly appreciated, I'm curious to see if his other films are as tedious as this one, I'm a sucker for punishment but there you go!

PREDATOR (1986) USA

aka EL DEPREDADOR aka THE PREDATOR.

Starring - ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER, CARL WARTHENS, ELPIDIA CARRILLO, BILL DUKE, JESSE VENTURA, SONNY LANDHAM, RICHARD CHAVES, KEVIN PETER HALL, SEAN BLACK.

Directed by - JOHN McTIERNAN.

While I was on holiday in Spain recently I managed to get a sneak preview of this eagerly awaited action/sci-fi/horror film that was featured prominently in recent issues of Fangoria. It was a late night showing at a bar in Benidorm. I settled back with a table full of bacardi gussling spick-wince and watched the tiny screen flicker.

Location: South East Asia. Big bullet bitin' Arnie "BOOLSHE" is called upon to sniff out a bunch of Gaurillas who are slaughtering Yankee troops. Arnie, playing the role of Dutch meets up with Carl weathers (wearing a ridiculous flared tie) who joins Arnie and his crew and set off in the jungle together in search of some serious GBB. And so the film begins to unfold, one by one we get a brief insight into each troops personality which is also used as an excuse to show off the vast array of weaponry on show. They land in hostile territory and locate the enemy camp. Then they proceed to indulge in a spot of total annihilation of the enemy, but hell they do manage to take a prisoner a rather innocent looking asian woman. As they make thier way back to the helicopter they stumble across a set of skinned bodies hanging from some trees. They think nothing of it until they start to deplete in thier numbers, killed by some wierd apparition which sweeps upon the victim and kills it in an instant.

The intruder leaves the bodies in a mess, holes in thier heads, guts pulled out and the like. It takes Arnie a while to come to terms with the fact that he and the few remaining crew members are dealing with something that is far from human. After one particular struggle a trail of yellow blood is left behind and Arnie grimaces "If it bleeds, we can kill it". Anyway the inevitable happens and Arnie is left as the sole survivor. The intruder, it is revealed is a giant alien hunter using the crack commando squad as training fodder for it's game. In the final segment of the movie, the big A is left to face the invincible looking opponent in a fistcuffs duel that will have you on the edge of your seat. No prizes for guessing who wins. The actual death of the alien is rather anti-climatic, in fact it's a really poor finish to the film. The alien lies trapped under a log and presses it's self destruct button and blows itself sky-high. And there you have it, basically it's a big budget remake of Don Dolbers atrocious NIGHT BEAST (covered next issue) with ideas lifted straight out of Arnie's other cutings, THE TERMINATOR and COMMANDO. I was mighty disappointed with the finished product, the film is so derivative of other films that any originality that might have shone through is trampled upon by McTiernan's haste to get the action moving. The script is poor, considering the budget I'm suprised that they didn't pay for a good script writer, Arnie and Weather's lines being the worst. The film tends to drag in some

places where tension could be created, but sadly this is not to be. However, having said that, the film does score in a couple of departments mainly the absolute wizardry of Stan Winston's Alien design and also in the atmospheric music and camera work. However these fine points are washed over by the intelligence insulting script and the appalling acting (save for Sean Black and Jesse Ventura who both turn in good performances as two of the more characteristic members of the team.

Stan Winston's amazing FX sadly are wasted in such drivel, but I suppose without these the film would be even worse even though they appear to be a dollop of cranberry sauce in a sea full of turkeys. People who will shell out to see this on gore serit will be sorely disappointed because there is hardly any to speak of. The one scene that is particularly memorable is the one where Weathers gets his arm shot off with a laser beam, but apart from this there isn't much more.

So that's it, PREDATOR, a massive disappointment, now where's that bleeding monster mask?...

