

Dolla Morte reissue

2010 Wide Eye Releasing

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I was nine come the fateful day I was barred from the neighbors of my cousin's house when I played with their daughter on the stoop and I took my full-size Chewbacca action figure and pumped my friend's Barbie up the wazoo. Yes, I even made Chewie's warbled ralfing while doing so. Honestly, I didn't think I was doing much wrong considering my femme playmate had used the word "shit" in my presence and besides, I'd already learned about sex courtesy of a stray *Hustle* magazine on a coffeetable. I'd been told sex wasn't harmful when you loved the person you were doing it with and that sex felt good. So why shouldn't my overworked Chewbacca figure, already having stamped down Darth Vader and stormtroopers galore, get a little respite? Yeah, Chewbacca maybe be deathly loyal to Han Solo, but I'd decided then my Wookiee pal was in love with Barbie, since she was rammed in my face every time I saw my little friend of yesteryear. Hey, walking carpets need nookie too.

Now come on, this isn't that outrageous. Kids over time have made their toys have sex with each other. It's natural. It just happens. Normally nobody gets offended because kids are smart enough not to get caught. I just happened to be a showman at heart and yes, I *got caught*.

That being said, I understand where guerrilla director Bill Zebub (aka "Professor Dum Dum") was coming from with his dastardly *Dolla Morte*, originally released in 2006. You have to see enough of his brackish comedies and disturbing horror flicks to get this guy, because one film isn't going to make you forgive him. By all means *do not* start with *Kill the Scream Queen* unless you have *Metalheads*, *Dirtbags: The Armpit of Metal*, *Skits-O-Phrenia* and *Assmonster: The Making of a Horror Movie* in your reach. Otherwise, you'll think the guy needs the death sentence in 20 galaxies handed down upon him. Better yet, have Zebub's low-budget metal documentaries on-hand as well, to tell yourself the guy *can* ground himself, just a little. How will you stomach *Jesus Christ: Serial Rapist* and how will you get over *Dolla Morte*, Bill Zebub's most over-the-top film using nothing but action figures and dolls?

Between his magazine *The Grimoire of Exalted Deeds* and his button-pushing films, we've come to know Bill Zebub is most fond of the following: death metal, black metal, gore, laughing at stereotypes and course, tits. It's also evident he's most at home in the woods, where a lot of his films are shot—aside from the Jersey suburbs and the Dingbatz rock club. While this writer finds nudity in the woods to be an exhilarating form of art when handled with class, you can forget class with Zebub. The woods are a hidey hole for his perversions and *Dolla Morte* is his own escapist club where everyone from Jesus to Barbie and Ken to Osama Bin Laden are ripe for the raping.

We can also say Bill Zebub has a disturbing affinity for naked chicks strapped to crucifixes. Refer to *Kill the Scream Queen*, and most assuredly *Dolla Morte*, where every nefarious thing that's crossed his mind to film is fleshed out, pun intended. While Zebub would never subject his real-life actresses to impalement through the crotch (think *Cannibal Holocaust*), a Barbie doll permits him to act out with deliberate gross misconduct. Known to hover on certain scenes for long minutes as shock establishment, the opening credits to *Dolla Morte* lingers nearly five minutes of its 70-minute running time on the sodomized and crucified remains of Barbie dolls with felt-tip nipples and sardonic hair patches glued to their pelvic regions. Victims of a serial rapist who has his way with another doll beforehand, gratuitously shown and detailed with penetration and a cum shot. Seriously, *Dolla Morte* is that *fucked-up*.

Nobody is safe in *Dolla Morte*, as Zebub goes out of his mind tormenting his plastic cast with screwing, beating, torturing and shark biting. His Ken dolls are complete bastards, setting afire to another doll believed to be a witch. Dracula (featured with massive facial hair and implied to be Bin Laden) squares off against

Bush, the Pope has a hit put upon him and Jesus masturbates to his own crucified image. All blueprinted by Hitler, who is hovering obstusely in space. Jesus, hypothesized by *Dolla Morte* to be the first true vampire, also gets chomped by a toy shark that lunges preposterously out of the creek Zebub uses in his rafting sequences. You've been warned.

Everyone's trying to bring up *Robot Chicken* and *Team America* by means of comparison to *Dolla Morte*, but those films don't have The Big Boss Man (eighties pro wrasslin' figurehead) in action figure form whirling racist taunts (the film uses a classic Superman joke to push the N-word by means of roasting pigs) and they're better off without them.

Do not, I repeat, *do not* watch *Dolla Morte* if you're sensitive to religion, politics, sexuality, race issues or you were offended by The Beatles' infamous butcher's block cover. *Dolla Morte*, which should be taken as seriously as a french fry dipped in peanut butter, is the sick and twisted playground of a trash mogul whose intent is really nothing more than to dick around and have some laughs.

Bill Zebub is the penultimate locker room ass clown; no matter how lowbrow he has to dip in order to gain laughs, he'll go there. *Dolla Morte* really is *wrong* in every single frame, a cross between Andrew "Dice" Clay and *Make Them Die Slowly*. Nothing is taboo, all gloves are off, pick your cliché. When the Pope is raped by his own clergy, I can't stress it enough...you've been warned. That being said, another cliché comes flying to mind: you have to see it to believe it.