

# DEMONIQUE

JOURNAL OF THE OBSCURE HORROR  
CINEMA





starring PAUL HAMPTON • JOE SILVER  
written and directed by DAVID CRONENBERG

# DEMONIQUE

## T.E.R.R.O.R

BEYOND THE  
POWER OF PRIEST  
OR SCIENCE  
TO EXORCISE



## THEY CAME FROM WITHIN

Color prints by Movielab  
a TRANS-AMERICAN FILMS Release  
produced by IVAN REITMAN  
© 1975 Trans American Films

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## Next Issue

In the next issue of DEMONIQUE will be an extensive feature on HOUSE OF SEVEN CORPSES, a 1973 film starring John Ireland, Faith Domergue, John Carradine and Carole Wells. There will also be a discussion concerning Independent Spanish horror productions and their long treks to the United States. In addition to this, an interview with the director of 1974's DEAR DEAD DELILAH is scheduled, as is a more general background of this classic. & of course you'll be kept up to date with the newest horror films from Spain, Europe and the Far East, including stills from Paul Naschy's latest horror film. All this and much, much more in DEMONIQUE #2...



do  
you  
dare  
spend a  
night with  
**VINCENT  
PRICE**  
in the

## Mad House

Starring  
**VINCENT PRICE • PETER CUSHING • ROBERT QUARRY**  
Screenplay by GREG MORRISON and KEN LEVISON • Based on the novel Devil by Angus MacAllister • Produced by MILTON SUBOTSKY and MAX ROSENBERG  
Directed by JAMES CLARK • Original music composed and conducted by DOUGLAS GAMLEY  
An AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL AMICUS Co-Production • An AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL Release

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PG  
PARENTAL STRONG CAUTION  
SOME MATERIAL MAY BE INAPPROPRIATE FOR CHILDREN

## Acknowledgements

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# Editorial The Subject as Villain...



Horror films. In the thirties they were great. In the forties they were fun. They really weren't terribly good in the fifties, but still worth a laugh. The sixties brought some acceptable horror movies; some still could be called art. Then came the seventies. There went horror films as a decent genre. Sure, horror films were commonplace; so commonplace many were shoved aside and ignored without receiving a near decent release. When you think about it, there were very few major horror releases in the seventies, so with the exception of JAWS and a few other blockbusters (EXORCIST, HALLOWEEN) most horror pictures went out of sight. As enforcement for a waning film category, the eighties look somewhat more promising; John Carpenter, David Cronenberg, Don Coscarelli and George Romero are becoming more widely accepted (or at least publicized) than ever before. Help is in sight.

But the main barrier in any art remains prejudice. In any given individual there is usually a prejudice against one art form or another, whether it be opera, legitimate theatre, sculpture or whatever.



Film is generally the most accepted, or television if you consider it an art form. Certain types of films are still ridiculed or disliked by the general public. The Western is a great example. John Ford made an amazing amount of 'B' Westerns (which weren't really 'B' films) with his stock company that consisted of John Wayne, John Ireland, Maureen O'Hara and a good many others. If THREE GODFATHERS is being shown on the television many pass it up because it is "just another John Wayne Western". Specifically concerning THREE GODFATHERS, this statement is doing the film a supreme injustice. But even looking at STAGECOACH, or RIO GRANDE or any other of the Wayne/Ford pictures none of them are "just another Western". Every one has something new about it; something that qualifies it as an individual work, definitely not to be grouped, labelled or classified as any one type of film. The same idea goes just as well with horror films as an example.

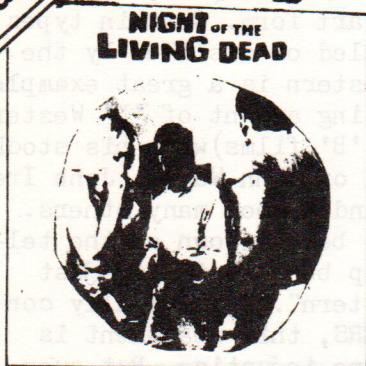
Let's use something critically accepted, like the 1961 British film GORG0. The truth about how much someone knows about film is brought out extremely well upon discussion of GORG0. One friend of mine said that GORG0 must have been, "The worst British film ever made". Now that's quite a statement to make, especially since he hadn't seen it in a couple of years and since the British film output is so large. Another made it obvious he was simply prejudiced against any film that had a child character and would make someone think he was childish if he enjoyed it. So some filmically educated people think GORG0 is worthless as a film. Alright, let's replace the baby Gorgo with a seven year old child, and the parent Gorgo with a middle class working man. Instead of having the parent Gorgo searching the city of London for its kidnapped child we'll have the middle class male combing the city for his youngster. In the course of our constructed film, the man could get fed up with society and try to destroy the people in the city, much like Gorgo destroys London. Now if we asked the individuals who disliked the monster movie how they would like to go see a suspense drama, the answer would most likely be different. In fact, many films are not at all really about what they seem to be. GORG0 is not as concerned with its monster story as it is with human relationships. The monsters can be replaced with real life characters, and GORG0, like any other movie, does have a moral and a message. So due to personal taste more than knowledge, many films like GORG0 get dumped due to lack of insight and open mindedness. So DEMONIQUE will not only serve as an informative source on misunderstood and scarce horror movies, but as a promoter of greater filmic comprehension. Quite a task, but as I hope to demonstrate, not an impossible one.



**Demonique  
Update**

# Super 8;16mm;Video

Red fox inc. films



## NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

Made in 1970, Judith O'Dea, Duane Jones, Marilyn Eastman. Directed by George A. Romero. This shocking "cult classic". "Night of the Living Dead" is a terrifying effective horror film. The newly dead come back to life march upon a horrified humanity, devouring human. While scientists are trying to find the cause of the wa corpses, a small group of people fight for their lives. film accomplishes what most horror films are supposed to do - scare you thoroughly. It's definitely not for squeamish or the young.

REG. \$139.00

**Super Special \$94.99**

8 when projecting at far ranges. Videocassettes are infinitely less expensive than film format, but somehow the theatre atmosphere is lost when watching features on television. Still, color quality is good and remains so for 4 to 15 years depending on storage. So at times purchasing a feature is much more advantageous than renting. With all of this in mind, here is a list of films related to our subject matter that are available from various distributors:

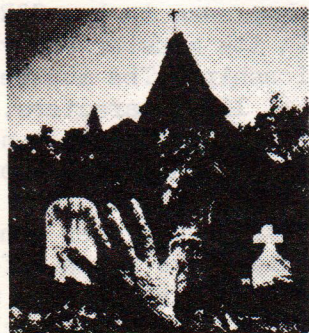
**HORROR EXPRESS**, 95 Minutes, Color, 1973, Rated R:(See article elsewhere in this issue for description) **HORROR EXPRESS** is as good an example as any to make the point of price variation from distributor to distributor. DeMaio Film Service offers it for \$159.00 in Super 8, Red Fox Films for \$179.00, \$249.00 from Reel Images, \$250 from Niles Cinema and \$269.00 from Halco Films. Since all prints are made from the same source it would be sensible to buy from either Red Fox or DeMaio. Both dealers offer convenient Layaway plans on which you can pay 10% down and take up to 60 days to pay. This is especially valuable in DeMaio's case as many of their discount films are

For film aficionados fortunate enough to own a Super 8, 16mm or videocassette projector a gigantic world of film offerings has opened up in the past few years. 16mm rentals are nice, however they can end up running you as much for rental as it would cost to purchase a print of your favorite film(s). Buying in 16mm is expensive, however picture clarity is improved over Super

in stock for a very limited amount of time. My print from DeMaio is of rather exceptional quality; flesh tones not washed out, and colors ranging from very vivid to good at times. Sound quality is mostly superb, with no dialogue slips, except for the opening music which is a little warbled. All in all a great print of a great film, received from DeMaio in less than 2 weeks. Well-worth owning due to its rarity, frequent sparks of genius from Eugenio Martin, and the great chemistry between Cushing and Lee. Available in VHS or Beta from Niles Cinema for \$49.95. Inquire to Niles for 16mm prices.

**NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD**- 101 Minutes, B/W, 1969: Anyone reading **DEMONIQUE** who hasn't heard of **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** must either be 5 years old or extremely new to the horror field. Probably one of the most talked about films of the 60's, and now a cult favorite, **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** has been available from Reel Images in Super 8 for many years at \$189.00. As of late, sale after sale on **NIGHT** have been popping up all over the newest catalogs. **NIGHT** is available from DeMaio for an unbelievable \$89.00 in Super 8, \$94.99 from Red Fox Films, or \$94.99 from Niles Cinema. Since it is black and white, picture quality is continuously good, and the sound is near perfect with exception of a minor 10 second defect in the third reel. Also available in 16mm from Niles Cinema for \$199.00. VHS and Beta from Niles \$49.95, Reel Images \$49.95.

**HOUSE OF SEVEN CORPSES**- 91 minutes, Color, 1973; To be covered in-depthly in **DEMONIQUE #2**, **HOUSE OF SEVEN CORPSES** is a film met with great acceptance, total nonchalance, or a high level of hostility. The main reason for its unacceptance is usually because "It



**EIGHT GRAVES:  
SEVEN BODIES:  
ONE KILLER...  
AND HE'S ALREADY DEAD.**

**THE HOUSE OF SEVEN CORPSES**

AN INTERNATIONAL AMUSEMENTS CORPORATION RELEASE OF A TCA PRODUCTION  
Starring JOHN IRELAND / FAITH DOMERGUE / JOHN CARRADINE / CAROLE WELLS  
Written, Produced & Directed by PAUL HARRISON / COLOR

PG



## THE HOUSE OF SEVEN CORPSES.

1973 - John Ireland, Faith Domergue, and John Carradine. At a Victorian mansion on a lonely country estate, a motion picture company has started filming an occult suspense movie based on a grisly death that recently occurred there. Little by little, members of the company learn of the gory history of violent death which surrounds the mysterious house. An atmosphere of impending disaster hovers over the film-makers as strange happenings engulf them. Discovery of a secret room in which rites of black magic are performed; evidence of witchcraft; and the appearance of a frightful supernatural being, combine to terrorize everyone who lives in the shadow of this bloodcurdling adventure. The action unfolds within a period of forty-eight hours, everyone of them filled with horror as this unique and highly imaginative tale progresses.

4S436 Super 8 Sound, Color, 90 Min.  
6S436 16mm Sound, Color, 90 Min.

\$199.00  
\$399.00



wasn't scary enough". Well, for better or worse HOUSE OF SEVEN CORPSES was more concerned with characters than exploitation effects(though a "monster" does appear in the film's last 25 minutes to violently kill all the main characters). Prints are available only from Reel Images or Niles Cinema for \$199.00 in Super 8, \$399.00 in 16mm. I've never seen HOUSE on discount in any catalogs for a very long time, but hopefully DeMaio will remedy this situation. My print is from Reel Images and is nowhere near the quality of HORROR EXPRESS, the main problem being that many times complexions appear overexposed or washed-out. Color is otherwise good, but additional problems are created by very poor sound in the first reel of five. Music is audible and not at all impaired, but much dialogue, some of which is very clever and mandatory to plot development, is incomprehensible. Not yet available in videocassette; not likely to appear either.

GORG-82 Minutes, color, 1961- Noted by many critics as the best contemporary monster film ever made, GORG is a film concerned with its characters as well as its special effects. Made from original Technicolor materials, my print(again from DeMaio)is absolutely superior in terms of color brilliance and contrast. The sound is excellent as well. Highly recommended. Available from Demaio for \$149.95 or Red Fox for \$189.00(both Super 8). Soon to be released in videocassette. Inquire to Reel Images for 16mm price.

YOUNG HANNAH, QUEEN OF THE VAMPIRES-78 minutes, color, 1973; An extremely overlooked mild exploitationer, YOUNG HANNAH (a.k.a. CRYPT OF THE LIVING DEAD) is an unpretentious, atmospheric violent and fast moving piece involving the ressurection and eventual demise of Hannah. Since YOUNG HANNAH was made on a fairly low budget, the color originally wasn't very nice, so when put onto Super 8 color is only fair--consistent mind you, but not too good. The sound however, is of amazing depth and clarity which comes as a bit of a surprise. As with HOUSE OF SEVEN CORPSES, the price is steep, but the movie itself is worth it. Available from Reel Images and Niles at \$199.00. Not available in 16mm or videocassette.

CONDENSATIONS: Mass distributors(Ken, Universal 8, MGM etc.) frequently put out new releases in 400', 18 minute digest forms. Though they retain little of the original film's atmosphere or pacing, condensations are nice to have if your favorite film is not available in feature form or your budget does not allow feature buying.

INCREDIBLE MELTING MAN, Ken Films, Rated R: This condensation contains a couple of advantages over the feature: less of the mostly dismal acting and more of Baker's great effects. The narrative is clear, well-defined and easy to follow. A highly recommended version(as usual with Ken, color is excellent). Red Fox for \$37.95

HOUSE OF SEVEN CORPSES, Niles Films, Rated PG; Really not a condensation but the fifth reel of the feature with titles tacked on, this version of HOUSE OF SEVEN CORPSES is well-done but doesn't capture the intention of the original film. Some of the best scenes are included. Very highly recommended. Niles-\$49.98  
YOUNG HANNAH, QUEEN OF THE VAMPIRES, Niles, PG; Since the feature version was fast paced at 78 minutes, at 18 this seems more like a trailer for the movie. Some good scenes remain but to little or no effect. Still this gives an idea of YOUNG HANNAH's mood and story. Niles-\$49.98

Since SQUIRM is unlikely ever to appear in feature form in Super 8 or videocassette, the 400' version of this film is excellent if you're not easily nauseated. This 400 footer contains the movies best scenes and is a real

treat for gore lovers.\$37.95 from Red

Fox Films.

ADDRESSES:

Demaio Film Service,

20222 Morristown

Circle 7 Huntington

Beach, CA 92646

Ph. 714-964-1979

Red fox inc.

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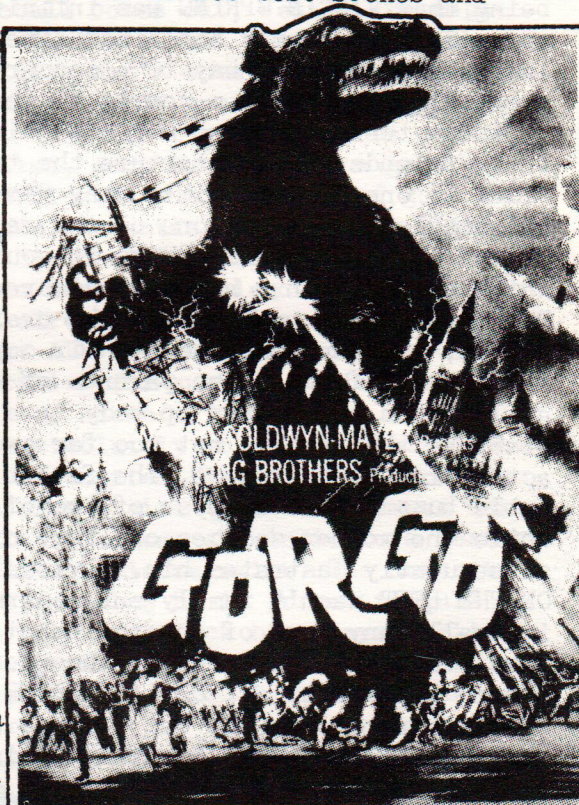
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available

from DeMaio,

Red Fox,

and Niles.



RED FOX INC.

Super 8 Sound Color

List \$224.<sup>95</sup>

SPECIAL \$189<sup>00</sup>

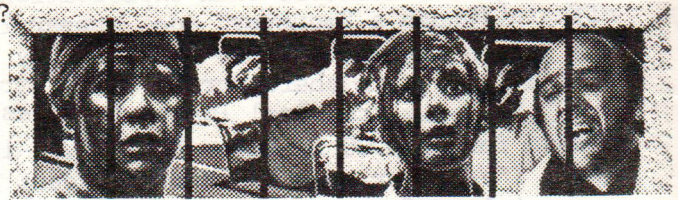
DEMAIO  
149.95  
GORG



# Hallmark Hall of Fame

Have any of you out there ever heard of Wes Craven? No, huh. Well, how about Micheal Armstrong? Oh, he was the first guy on the moon! No, not correct, that was Neil. Certainly you know who S.F. Brownrigg is. Or Jorge Grau, perhaps. Give up? Not only are all these men directors, but they've all worked under the auspices of Hallmark Productions, a company infamous for their incredibly gory and perverse horror films. Most critics and film experts alike totally disregard any and all Hallmark movies; more often than not they find them lacking in every area, films devoid of any value or merit. It then might be a surprise to some of you familiar with this company that in this article some Hallmark films shall actually be praised in certain areas, for if you look at Craven's or Grau's work as you would any other director's, there is an amazing amount of potential and style in each's work.

Hallmark's first and most financially rewarding film was titled *LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT*, distributed domestically by American International in early 1972. Written and directed by Wes Craven, *LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT* was really a violent remake of Ingmar Bergman's *THE VIRGIN SPRING*, the main difference being that *VIRGIN SPRING* was infinitely more subtle and made by a highly acclaimed director. Two young ladies are on their way to a concert by the rock group *Bloodlust* when a couple of gentleman intercept the teens. The two men are joined by two of their friends and its torture the teenybopper time. In one of the film's many moments of unbelievable bad taste, one of the rapists tells one of the young girls, "Piss in your pants", which she does in a not very discreet manner. The madmen then proceed to poke orafices with knives, and generally maim their captives. This is sick stuff. When the parents of one of the girls finds her beaten up body in a lake, and observes the rapists not too far away, they enact a plan of vengeance. The father uses a portable buzz saw to dispose of two of the maniacs, while the mother seduces one into oral sex and subsequently castrates him. Obviously, *LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT* wasn't family entertainment, nor was it really any sort of entertainment for that matter. Craven incorporates an uncomfortable atmosphere throughout all of *LAST HOUSE*, an atmosphere culminating in the all out carnage at the conclusion. Yet the most important thing in *LAST*



*HOUSE* is its startling imagery; the mark of a successful director is the audience's recollection of scenes. If someone is talking about their child being a little devil and you remember Linda Blair vomiting at that moment William Freidkin has succeeded. To an extent this is the case with *LAST HOUSE*; certain moonlit torture sequences are difficult to forget, and these sequences cause any insipid qualities the film might have to fade against the memory. The acting ranges from satisfactory to amazing; David Hess does a fine job as the leader of the hippies, however Stephanie Blake as one of the unfortunate females does not fare as well (to say the least). Though *LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT* was admittedly explicit in sexual and violent content, most of the rash criticisms are unfounded. There is little blood actually shown on screen; as with Tobe Hooper's *TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE*, most of the violence is suggested and not seen, but what is shown is more often than not more than necessary to get the effect across.

Because of the critical outrage condemning it, *LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT* was a phenomenal success and Hallmark officials were screaming for even more

THE MAKERS OF *LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT*  
WARN YOU AGAIN TO  
KEEP REPEATING...

NOT  
RECOMMENDED  
FOR PERSONS  
OVER 10

TO AVOID  
FAINTING  
KEEP REPEATING,  
IT'S ONLY A MOVIE  
ONLY A MOVIE  
ONLY A MOVIE  
ONLY A MOVIE

"DON'T  
LOOK IN THE BASEMENT"



Certificate X



gore. So American International, again in association with Hallmark, assigned S.F. Brownrigg to direct ASYLUM, from a script by Sean Cunningham(Craven's alter-ego). As it turned out, Cinerama had in current release their film ASYLUM, so Cunningham was forced to change his title to the much more Hallmarkian DON'T LOOK IN THE BASEMENT. Cunningham in his script made sure to include more opportunities for violence than in LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT, and the results were equally repulsive if only less than effective. If anything, DON'T LOOK IN THE BASEMENT proved how ridiculous critical controversy can be; the violence in DON'T LOOK is overdone to a point of near hilarity. The context the gore is used in, however, is distasteful to say the least. A nurse joins an asylum(headed by a laconic William McBain) and soon discovers the patients are allowed to enact their fantasies in order to snap them back to reality. One patient wants to again be able to love his wife. So the head of the institution has the wife's corpse unburied(she's been dead for seven months)and brought to the lonely man. We then are treated to a three minute scene of husband and mutilated corpse making love. In addition to this, eyes are skewered on paper holders, tongues are extracted, axes are swung into backs and heads and necks are slashed in closeup. Director S.F. Brownrigg extracts some of the most lifeless performances in cinematic history from his cast, though cinematographer G. Lenthin does a most admirable job with his assortment of lenses and filters. Some of the Long Island locations are nice, as are the convincing if overdone gore effects, but DON'T LOOK IN THE BASEMENT doesn't create any atmosphere. This is partly due to the terrible acting, but more because of the dull editing, music and lighting. These three factors, mandatory to Craven in LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT, are overlooked in favor of long, drawn out "overtakes" that consisted of violence and more violence. It is rumored that the first director who worked on DON'T LOOK IN THE BASEMENT died. He probably died of laughter after looking at the first day's rushes, or maybe from the smell of the many pounds of animal innards that were so often used in the film.

Their next three films, SLAUGHTER HOTEL



(1974), APARTMENT ON THE 13th FLOOR(1975) and HOUSE THAT VANISHED(1975) were all directed by assorted amateurs who produced less than acceptable exploits by any standards. By the time APARTMENT ON THE 13th FLOOR was finished, Hallmark had lost their partnership with American International. This was due both to declining boxoffice receipts(though by no means poor) and the fact that AIP wanted to become more active in making their own films. So now Hallmark was really an independent company, and possibly this was a positive rather than negative occurrence. With HOUSE THAT VANISHED nudity came into play much more than it had in other Hallmark movies, suggesting that AIP could have been pressuring Hallmark to keep it light in this area.

Hallmark had an indirect involvement with what was to be their best film, THE LIVING DEAD AT MANCHESTER MORGUE(also titled BREAKFAST AT THE MANCHESTER MORGUE when it was briefly released in the U.S., then DON'T OPEN THE WINDOWS when AIP rereleased it in early 1978). The director Jorge Grau created some marvellously atmospheric scenes, even more effective than Craven's LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT. Many scenes are reminiscent of NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, especially those involving the dead walking the countryside, but Grau exhibited much more directorial talent than Romero in these and other related scenes. Still LIVING DEAD AT MANCHESTER MORGUE does not totally rely on gore effects, though there are more in this film than any other Hallmark picture. In fact, the first scene, which has no violence or gore, is the best and most nightmarish in the whole film; the hero, George, leaves a highly unusual town to visit a few friends. In the middle of the dank city, an old man is crouched over in a doorway shakily shoving pills into his mouth. A bird with its neck split lies dead in a small gutter. On a bus platform, unemotional faces glare through steaming glass windows. Smoke swirls slowly from grills in the street. Than the scene abruptly ends and George is in lush green countryside. The transition is shaky; we no sooner get an extremely uncomfortable feeling when we hear a bus door shut and suddenly we see the countryside. The contrast Grau attempts to play upon is amusing, but by dwelling on the city he could have more effectively foreshadowed events to come.



The original script has but one major loop-hole; a doctor discovers a baby's nervous system is in a very elementary stage, but he does not believe a nearby radioactive machine to be responsible. The babies escape, are discovered to be homicidal(like IT'S ALIVE)and disappear from the script without explanation. Grau does not leave the audience feeling shortchanged in terms of violence; one of the most gory sequences ever appears in LIVING DEAD AT MANCHESTER MORGUE. In a churchyard a constable is killed by a few tired-looking zombies, then in extremely graphic detail we see them eat a goodly portion of the constable. During this scene, in a revolting high point of violence, the constable has his eyes gouged out and eaten. And even when the story is at its most typical, the film is never boring. Grau creates such an eccentric and unusual series of events that the audience never gets a chance to catch its breath. In sum, LIVING DEAD AT MANCHESTER MORGUE is almost a great film, but too many ideas are left undeveloped, and the transitions are too sharp and at times hard to understand. But even taking this into consideration, this Spanish/Italian co-production shot in England's picturesque Lake District is the most promising thing Hallmark was ever involved with.

Their next film, HORROR HOSPITAL, came very close to L.D.A.M.M. in atmosphere, but the direction by Antony Balch was too heavy handed and didn't do justice to the excellent performances. HORROR HOSPITAL dealt with Jason Jones, a young unemployed songwriter who is persuaded to

take a vacation in England at Brittlehurst Manor. The manor is described as a "health hotel" where young people are cured of their hangups at a single stroke. At the stroke, that is, of Dr. Storm's surgical knife. Dr. Storm is a crippled mad genius in a wheel chair who uses the place as a laboratory for hideous(and graphic)brain experiments on young people. The doctor almost reaches his goal as the entire lab is engulfed in flames. If the story seems a bit old hat, that's because it is. Fortunately, Micheal Gough is on hand as the scientist to add a bit of dignity to the whole affair. The other performers, Robin Askwith, Venessa Shaw, Skip Martin and Ellen Pollock are young newcomers and extremely able at that. Special guest star Dennis Price as Mr. Pollock is an old hand at his distrusting and falsely concerned parent part and as such adds much to the overall effectiveness of HORROR HOSPITAL. And effective it is. Violence is used in a more conservative manner than in past Hallmark films, and the contemporary atmosphere creates a sterile, unemotional feeling that prevails throughout the movie. But even more of a surprise than the film's quality and taste is the fact that it was a critical success upon initial release. "The ultimate in blood and screams" said Dilys Powell of the Sunday Times. Nigel Andrews of the financial times added,"A piece of brilliant surrealistic film making. HORROR HOSPITAL is a film of genuine individuality and style". Hopefully, HORROR HOSPITAL will soon receive a more general release soon, as it certainly deserves more than the tiny amount of recognition received at initial screenings.

Currently, Hallmark has a new film just finished for winter or spring release. Directed and produced by Wes Craven(this time billing himself as Sean Cunningham)the movie is entitled FRIDAY THE 13th, and filming has just been concluded in the wilds of New Jersey. Little has been revealed about the film's specific content, but the fact that Tom Savini, the man responsible for the amazing gore effects in DAWN OF THE DEAD, is working on FRIDAY THE 13th should make it plain that Hallmark is still attempting to be the King of Violent Cinema.



Breakfast at The Manchester Morgue

170



8



# From Waldemar to Hunchback to Amenhotep The Films of Paul Naschy

For many years now, the Spanish cinema has been composed of only the most primitive directors, writers, and actors. As a result, American shores have seen a scarce amount of films from south of the border. The ones that do get here are most often picked up by the cheapest fly-by-night distributors, and being so are usually never seen by more than a few thousand fortunate (or occasionally unfortunate) individuals. Some of the poorer of these efforts include CURSE OF THE STONE HAND (from Medallion), THE LIVING COFFIN (from an American International subsidiary called Young American Pictures), THE LIVING HEAD (from Azteca), and the John Ashley "Chlorophyll man" epics. These terrible little films are the ones which receive the most distribution, which isn't saying much, but still give the American public the same attitude towards all Mexican films. Well, one man from Spain is responsible for some of the best contemporary films ever to come from this country, though most of them are ignored due to extremely limited distribution from Avco Embassy. This man is, of course, Paul Naschy.

A former weightlifting champion, Naschy was not initially interested in film. But director Henry Egan (actually Enrique Aquiluz) was looking for a man to play the character Waldemar Daninski, an unfortunate Polish lycanthrope. Being a very low budget production, Aquiluz could not afford any "name" Spanish actors, so, the idea struck him while seeing Naschy weightlifting at a circus to cast this unknown as Waldemar Daninski. Naschy, not exactly making a fortune where he was, decided this could be the break he was waiting for, and took Aquiluz up on his offer.



As a result, in 1968's LA MARCA DEL HOMBRE LOBO, Naschy transformed himself into the sympathetic Lon Chaney Jr. type wolfman Waldemar Daninski. Even in this, his first film, it was obvious that Naschy's performance was well thought-out. The film itself was so popular in Spain that the infamous Independent International Distribution Corporation was induced to distribute it in the United States and much later in Great Britain. Given the unbelievably silly title of FRANKENSTEIN'S BLOODY TERROR, along with some godawful dubbing, narration and confused reediting, the film was less than well received in the U.S., but underservedly so. In its original form, LA MARCA DEL HOMBRE LOBO is enjoyable entertainment, with some fine acting by Naschy, and even if you aren't familiar with the Spanish language, the plot is comprehensible. When Independent International got hold of the film, they obviously concluded that the film's wolfman theme was old hat and would not make for attractive publicity, so they intelligently gave it a garbled Frankenstein premise, which inexplicably enraged audiences and critics alike. But the story in the narrative that connected the Frankenstein legend was totally banal; It seems the Frankenstein family has had the werewolf's curse handed down to them, so now they are Wolfstein. Shades of FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACE MONSTER. Title notwithstanding, even in its American vulcanized form the film still had its effective moments. Especially outstanding, as with most of Naschy's wolfman movies, is the transformation and final makeup. Unfortunately, the effectiveness of the wolfman's appearance is erased by Independent's silly dubbing; in the original Spanish version, Naschy's lupine characterization is that of a low, wolf-like growl. Independent replaced this with short, ridiculous grunts that tend to evoke uncontrollable laughter, rather than induce any frightening atmosphere that might have been possible. Interestingly enough, Independent attempted to bring back an old 50's trend by releasing FRANKENSTEIN BLOODY TERROR in some areas with the added attraction of 3D. In their publicity campaign for the movie, Independent included a prominent Frankenstein monster in the ad art. Also deceiving was the ad slogan, "See; the gnashing wolf monster's lust for beautiful women Naschy never had much lust for his victims; he more or less ripped them apart. An interesting piece of trivia is the fact that this





is just about the only Naschy vehicle in which he didn't go to bed with the leading lady. Aquiluz's direction wasn't totally without inspiration. In the final scene where Naschy is shot by his female interest (Ledora Nuili), various low angles, distorted lenses, and camera movements to give an added impact to the stories climax. Again, the distributors interfere with the scene, as almost all impact is lost when Independent dubbed Daninski screaming, "The silver bullet, the silver bullet!" before his demise. Independent International contradicts its ruination of this film by releasing it in costly 70mm "Chill-o-Rama", and their extensive ad campaign which is estimated near a million dollars (more than the film cost!), but it was all in vain. LA MARCA DEL HOMBRE LOBO was a well-made showcase of Spanish filmmaking talent. FRANKENTIN'S BLOODY TERROR is a very poor film, as confusing as it is sloppy, as jumbled as it is badly Americanized by Independent International.

Fortunately because Naschy was a success in his first film, and the retitled LA MARCA DEL HOMBRE LOBO as HELL'S CREATURES did well in Britian, Leon Klimovsky decided it wise to continue the Daninski character with Naschy in the title role. Having made several vampire films (including the distasteful but nicely constructed tale LA ORGIA NOCTURNA DE LOS VAMPIROS/THE VAMPIRES' NIGHT ORGY), Klimovsky was convinced by Naschy to stay with his successful formula and elaborate on it. Leon did this successfully in LA NOCHE DE WALPURGIS, in which Naschy aids some teenagers in a battle against a coven of witches with vampiric tendencies.

The plot generally continues from LA MARCA DEL HOMBRE LOBO, ignoring the fact that Waldemar was definitively killed at the conclusion of the aforementioned film. This is resolved when Wandesa de Nadasdy discovers the frozen Naschy and mistakenly removes the silver bullet, causing the curse to be again revived. But in the last reel evil triumphs over evil as Naschy is shot with a silver bullet by one of the vampire women who has fallen in love with him. A much better film than LA MARCA DEL HOMBRE LOBO, LA NOCHE DE WAPURGIS again suffered due to poor American handling, though nowhere near-as damaging as Independent International's. Because of their failure with FRANKENSTEIN'S BLOODY TERROR, Independent passed up this film, so it remained unreleased for a good many years. Finally, 3 years later Avco Embassy decided the flick was good property for quick playoff so they purchased it for a small price. Could Avco leave the film with a decent title like THE NIGHT OF THE WOLFMAN? Well, they could have but instead chose the charming title of WEREWOLF VS. THE VAMPIRE WOMEN. There must be something about Naschy's films that inspires such insipid names. In any case, Avco was more successful than Independent in that, for the most part, they did not "play" with the film in an attempt to make it anything it wasn't. In fact, except for the script and title, Avco actually left the film intact, ignoring the fact that Naschy's love scene was butchered because of the explicit nudity Klimovsky so typically uses. Through sale to television very quickly after its initial run, Avco did pull in a good amount for what they spent. In Spain, however, the film really paid off, and turned out to be that country's number 8 grosser for the year 1970. With this film, Naschy really gave







his all in his performance, and he really pulled the movie through. The Countess Wandas de Nadasy was played by the attractive Paty Shepard. In LA NOCHE DE WALPURGIS she is, in a flashback, accused of bathing in the blood of nude beauties. The audience sees all these activities and more in rather revolting graphic depiction. Paty Shepard also played the Countess in EL RETORNO DE WALPURGIS, which was again directed by Klimovsky and starred Naschy but wasn't released in the United States until 1977 when it turned up as HOUSE OF PSYCHOTIC WOMEN. Avco's WEREWOLF VS. THE VAMPIRE WOMEN was given a very limited release, and did as well as could be expected on the bottom half of a double bill. Very seldom seen in the U.S., WEREWOLF VS. THE VAMPIRE WOMEN was most likely one of Naschy's best Waldemar Daninski efforts, and as such should be seen if the rare chance ever arises.

It is not known if LAS NOCHES DEL HOMBRE LOBO was made after LA MARCA DEL HOMBRE LOBO or LA NOCHE DE WALPURGIS, but due to plot elements that involved past happenings related to Countess Wandas de Nadasy it would have to be assumed that LA NOCHE DE WALPURGIS was the predecessor of LAS NOCHES DEL HOMBRE LOBO. Directed by Rene Gover, this was one of many films Paul Naschy played Daninski in that never made it to American shores. The reason is not clear-- it was certainly not as well-made as Naschy's previous two films, but this never seemed to phase the distributors before. Mainly centered on the exposition of female anatomy, LAS NOCHES DEL HOMBRE LOBO was still more cleverly crafted than today's so-called "thrillers" such as THE DARK, THE OMEN, THE OMEN II, WHEN A STRANGER CALLS, or any of the "frightening" American tripe

in this vein. More of a mystery film than horror, this particular film still mainly concerned itself with the plight of Waldemar, but too often went off track with a subplot that had something to do with a woman doctor doing some bizzare things with naked woman. This, not Naschy, is the film's major shortcoming; Gover seemed to think that repeatedly showing these bits of surgery (sometimes using obvious stock footage that was seen earlier) would make the movie more exciting. But, due to excess of these shots, they caused the film to drag, almost to the point of extreme boredom. Gover would then bring us back to Naschy and his problem of uncovering the place where this is being done. By the end of the film, some fantastically choreographed fight scenes take place until Naschy gets the obligatory silver bullet.

About this time, things were going very well for Naschy, with his films being great successes in Spain, Mexico, Britain (when they weren't condemned) and Japan. Being a great fan of the vintage American horror movies, he decided to try his hand at writing. So, in 1970 under the name of Jacinto Molina, Naschy wrote the screenplay for LA FURIA DEL HOMBRE LOBO, which was to be directed by veteran Jose Maria Zabazar. Also starring in the movie, Naschy played Waldemar Daninski once again, this time surrounded by a more complicated and interesting plot due to the fact that he himself wrote it. It generally dealt with Paul as Waldemar being bitten by a werewolf and then used as a guinea pig for experiments by his disloyal wife. With this film, Naschy as writer seemed to disconcert himself with previous productions and started from scratch. The result was a marvelous film which, to date, is the best film Naschy has ever made concerning Waldemar. From the writing standpoint, there are some factors pleasingly





reminiscent of the old Universal wolfman pictures, but Naschy(or Molina, if you so desire)did add a few new twists to the old legend. Most notably the final scene where Naschy's wife transforms his new found girlfriend into a werewolf through chemical injection and hypnosis. Then Naschy turns into his usual wolfman and breaks the chains. There then takes place a fantastic confrontation between the two in which Naschy kills her. Then his evil wife tries to force him to kill another one of his female acquaintances, where he, as in so many of the old Universal Frankenstein/mummy films, turns against his maker and kills her. She dies, but not before shooting him with the reliable silver bullet. She might not have loved him anymore, but they were married. In the Spanish version, this idea was

played upon at the film's conclusion, but in the American release was eliminated and replaced with some trivial garbage. Avco Embassy turned to a few Independent Int. tactics and almost totally destroyed any of the film's original impact and merit. This time around, the dubbing was just about the

worst ever done by Avco. Naschy himself was dubbed with a highly inappropriate American accent, which not only did not fit his physical characteristics but failed to match most of Naschy's lip movements as well. On a more positive note, the original growls from the Spanish version were left in, so the effectiveness of most of the wolfman scenes remains. Avco Embassy finally stuck with the Spanish title and translated it into the much more restrained FURY OF THE WOLFMAN. As the evidence shows, FURY OF THE WOLFMAN never received domestic theatrical release. This is a shame because many of the film's more violent scenes or those that contained nudity had to be edited, and done in a rather obvious manner at that. Jose

Maria Zabalazar did an admirable, if not exceptional, job of providing a modern but moody atmosphere. And fortunately for Naschy, Zabalazar interpreted his script correctly and managed to make some of the possibly hilarious scenes come off as frightening. Unfortunately, some originally frightening scenes that involve mutated results of Naschy's wife's experiments running amok were dubbed with silly, infantile squeals that make the atmospheric scene laughable. Avco Embassy did leave the movie's somewhat bizarre violence almost intact, but cut out a few of Naschy's battles with the mutations, as some of these encounters rather resembled scenes from George Romero's DAWN OF THE DEAD. Not surprisingly, FURY OF THE WOLFMAN made a very quick appearance on television after its initial play. Depending on censorship codes in certain areas,

it could possibly be a good idea to watch it if its playing on a local station, but with heavy butchering would most likely be an extreme disappointment.

Later in 1970, Naschy made another appearance as Waldemar in another film that has not yet reached American shores, and probably never will. Sadly, it is one of his more artistic efforts. With the rather unoriginal title LOS MONSTRUOS DE TERROR,



Naschy as Jacinto Molina again wrote the original story and screenplay. Essentially, the film is simply a "werewolf vs. vampire" type flick, but for once the characters go deeper than this. Naschy brings an interesting possibility to the Waldemar Daninski wolfman by making the audience wonder if man as wolf really knows what he is and what he's doing. One superbly acted scene brings out this whole point rather bluntly but carefully; After a transformation, the wolfman is running through the woods after his lover, when he sees some water and stops to take a drink. We see, all in one take mind you, Naschy put his head into the water, lift it out and begin to run again when he is jarred by something-- his own reflection. He stares confusedly into the water and following this goes into a fit of rage where-

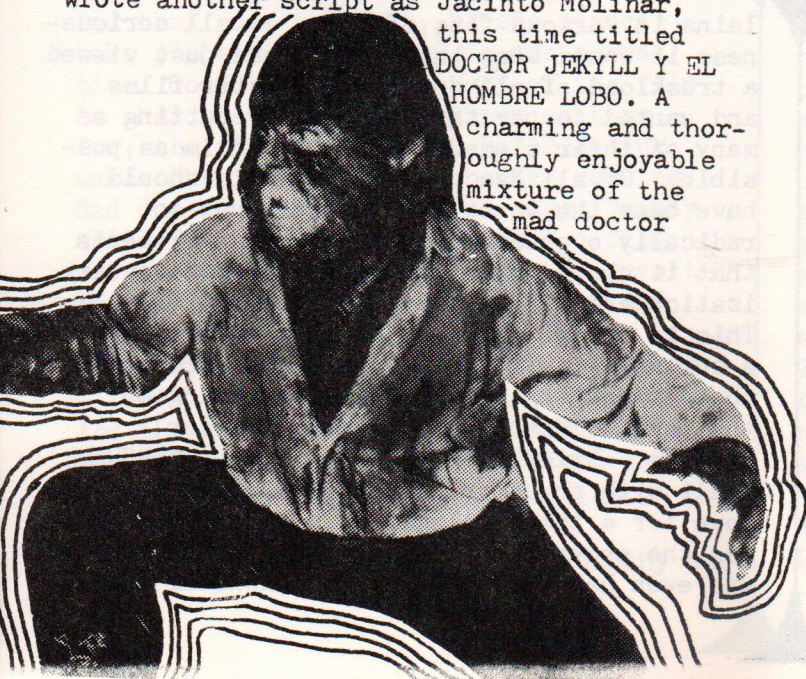




in he claws at his face and a tear(!) rolls down his cheek. Certainly this isn't anything so unusual, but the fact remains that this bit of sensitivity brings out the more sympathetic side of the Daninski character in a rather risky way. Done in the wrong context, or by the wrong performer, this scene could've been hilarious. The most probable reason why the audience isn't inspired into hysterics does not, in this case, involve the director, but Naschy himself. Working with his continually small budgets and limited talents surrounding him, Naschy puts his all into every performance, a concept most evident in *LOS MONSTRUOS DE TERROR*. Most likely the film that best expresses Naschy's acting range, *LOS MONSTRUOS DE TERROR* might soon be picked up by Cinema Shares, and of all the films in this article, is the one that is meant for a specific, and filmicly educated, audience.

Almost immediately following the Spanish success of *LOS MONSTRUOS DE TERROR*, Naschy wrote another script as Jacinto Molinar,

this time titled *DOCTOR JEKYLL Y EL HOMBRE LOBO*. A charming and thoroughly enjoyable mixture of the mad doctor



story and lycanthropy. This time Naschy's story revolved around Waldemar's involvement with science and his eventual mistake as, through a potion, he transformed into his usual wolfman, with the added twist that different concentrations of the formula wore off in dissimilar periods of time. Naschy proved his writing talents in a scene that shows him brutally killing a friend. Suddenly, the potion wears off and he becomes normal again. Still having the torn corpse in his grasp, he looks at it in disgust and murmurs, "How can I do this?" (a rough Spanish translation). Though there were quite a few amusing scenes like this, *DOCTOR JEKYLL Y EL HOMBRE LOBO* was not essentially a tongue-in-cheek work. Naschy put in his usual ambitious and forceful performance, and with direction by the excellent Leon Klimovsky, *DOCTOR JEKYLL Y EL HOMBRE LOBO* is a delight to behold. Released very limitedly in Britain as *DOCTOR JEKYLL AND THE WEREWOLF*, this is yet another of Naschy's movies that hasn't yet seen American release. This is particularly hard to understand with this specific film, because with its goodly amounts of nudity and violence, it is a rather exploitable piece. Though set in contemporary buildings and filled with new Spanish "styles", this certain film maintains an inexplicable Gothic atmosphere that adds a feeling of claustrophobia unparalleled in most American productions. Through dark lighting that framed the actors almost continually, Klimovsky subtly transmitted the feeling that Naschy could never gain escape from his craving until shot by his lover in the final scene. Interestingly enough, this scene is just about the only one in the film that was shot in daylight, which directly relates to the fact that Naschy has escaped his curse once again. Though not one of Naschy's more significant works, *DOCTOR JEKYLL Y EL HOMBRE LOBO* entertains in a sort of old-fashioned manner a few levels above the old Universal classic monster films.

Naschy made no other films in 1971, but in 1972 he was deeply involved in two of his best productions.

First came *EL GRANDE AMORE DEL CONDE DRACULA*, the first film in which Naschy played the infamous count himself. Written by Naschy, a particularly intriguing concept was brought about in the script and developed as the movie's main theme. Naschy played a vampire count who would not vampirize the girl he loved unless she was willing to join him in the world of the undead.



In the film, Naschy does not go under the name Dracula, but hides the truth with the alias Dr. Wendell, who is the operator of a nursing home. Four travelers become stranded and go to Wendell's nursing home for shelter. Dracula/Wendell falls in love with one of the travelers; a beautiful girl named Karen. In the ensuing two days, Wendell vampirizes all of Karen's friends, which makes Karen suspect that all isn't well in the nursing home. Eventually, Wendell reveals his plans to her: If she agrees, he will vampirize her, making her Queen of the Undead and simultaneously reviving the preserved bones of Dracula's daughter. Karen is less than enthusiastic about the idea and doesn't agree to become Dracula's bride. Broken-hearted, Wendell (as Dracula) picks up a stake and forces it into his chest, thus bringing him out of his misery and saving him from any more such discontent.

A beautiful film in all aspects of filmmaking, *EL GRANDE AMORE DEL CONDE DRACULA* is probably Naschy's most perfect film in this respect. Instead of being backed up by expressionless Spanish stock performers, this time Naschy had some real actors to play to. Probably the best of the supporting cast is Karen as portrayed by Haydee Poltoff. Though she is made out to be a childish and shallow character, her performance tells us that she really doesn't mean to be that way, but she can't help it. And that element brings up an interesting parallel; just as Dracula/Wendell can't rid himself of his ancestral curse, so can't Karen help her attitudes and morals, which are so much like Wendell's yet so different in their execution. These two sympathetic central characters instead of one are a major factor as to why *EL GRANDE AMORE DEL CONDE DRACULA* is as effective as it is. The audience is forced to decide which is the lesser of two evils, and wants to know the final outcome to see if they are "correct". Visually, the film is just as well done. A depressing, Gothic atmosphere is brought about through excessively dark lighting and some movements so exaggeratedly reduced that they seem to be in slow motion. Contradicting this point is the fact that



the pacing is so fast that the film never becomes boring or tiresome, as do so many of the earlier Dracula films. Partly responsible for this is some unusually well planned editing, but just as much if not more credit should go to director Javier Agguire. Totally disregarding the word censorship, Agguire made it quite clear that whatever the audience thinks should happen. Therefore, Naschy exposes himself various times, and has some unusual (to say the least) encounters with some vampiric and non-vampiric ladies. And though some of the vampire attacks aren't shown, the ones that are tend to be much more vicious than those shown in most other films. This approach by Agguire lifts the film and makes it all seem much more realistic by giving a no-holds-barred account of what is, in essence, more of a tragic love story than a horror film.

The next film in Naschy's career was a

definite antithesis of *EL GRANDE AMORE DEL CONDE DRACULA* in just about every way possible. While Naschy's Dracula film wasn't so much a horror film as it was a love story, *EL JOROBADO DE LA MORQUE* was a horror film with many familiar horror elements to get the point across. Written by Naschy under his pseudonym Jacinto Molina, the script included generous doses of on-screen cremation, internal organs, mad scientists, laboratories, and flaming rats. There was, in addition to the hunchback of the title, also a silly looking monster that had a habit of breaking out of its cell and knocking off the villains in various fits of rage. In all seriousness it would seem that Naschy had just viewed a truckload of old Universal monster films and wanted to pay them tribute by putting as many of their elements into this film as possible. Of all Naschy's films, this should have been the worst. The script was so radically oversaturated with horror elements that it should have caused lack of characterization and little humor to ruin the film. This is why *EL JOROBADO DE LA MORQUE* is such a curiosity; it is a great film. Credit that to amazing devotion and suffering on the part of Naschy and director Javier Agguire. Briefly, *EL JOROBADO DE LA MORQUE* dealt with an unfortunate hunchback's (Naschy) love for a beautiful girl. The hunchback was the servant of a stereotyped mad scientist who even had a mutated spinach monster locked



up in his basement for good measure. At the scientist's command, the creature would jump out of his cell and attack the bad guys in the film. Here as ever Naschy, not unlike Lon Chaney Sr., suffered greatly for his work. A well-known example of this is the scene in which Naschy as the hunchback is attacked by hundreds of flaming rats. While other actors would demand some sort of optical effect or at least domesticated rats, for the sake of realism Naschy demanded that real, wild rats be used. In addition to being put aflame, Naschy made certain the rodents were hungry so the scene would be that much more realistic. This resulted in Naschy being bitten several times, but when viewing this part of the movie it is obvious his efforts payed off. Not only is the scene genuinely frightening,

but its enough to make a diehard fan feel a bit queasy. If this wasn't enough, to assure authenticity in another scene, a real corpse was obtained from a morgue in Spain and beheaded in front of the camera. For the horror fan who enjoys a gothic atmosphere and many gore scenes, EL JOROBADO DE LA MORGUE is a classic. Not only is this film a classic in the horror department, but Agguire's direction showed very abundant gothic flair. This is especially evident with the use of lighting and character movement in the underground dungeon scenes. As entertainment, EL JOROBADO DE LA MORGUE fares extremely well, if possibly a bit morbid in its sense of humor. As a piece of art, it holds up quite nicely considering that its initial intention was that of pure horror for the sake of horror.

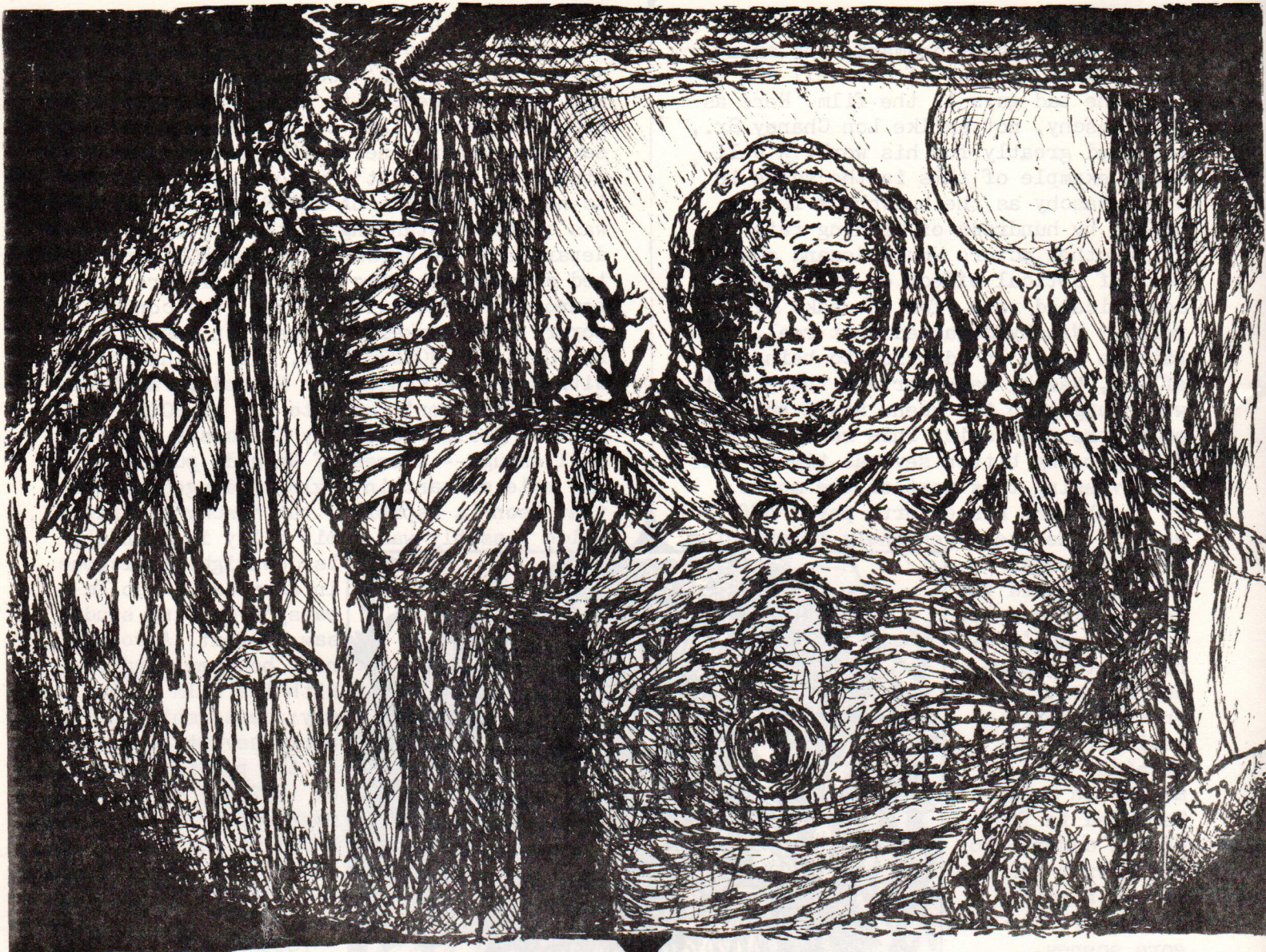
Naschy was again back as Waldemar Daninski, again pitted against Paty Shepard's Countess Wandes de Nadasdy in 1973's EL RETORNO DE WALPURGIS (CURSE OF THE DEVIL in Britain; HOUSE OF PSYCHOTIC WOMEN in the U.S.). Though Klimovsky still directed, and Jacinto Molina had many liberties taken with his excellent script, EL RETORNO DE WAL-



PURGIS continued to prove that a little ingenuity can go a long way. With a story quite similar to LA NOCHE DE WALPURGIS, and many references to LA NOCHE, it would stand to reason that both films are the same and seeing one is like seeing the other. In a way, it's unfortunate that this is not true. While LA NOCHE DE WALPURGIS was quite outstanding in the atmosphere department, EL RETORNO DE WALPURGIS rejected a gothic setting in favor of more contemporary surroundings. True, the contemporary mode worked very well in Naschy's LA FURIA DEL HOMBRE LOBO, but in this case with Countess Wandes de Nadasdy, vampires and wolfmen don't seem to fit in 20th century Spain. Certainly Klimovsky directs well enough-- scenes of Nadasdy punishing her male servant in a gloomy dungeon prove that Leon is capable-- but Naschy's script, which possibly was a bit silly in Spanish, is downright ludicrous in American. Avco Embassy's dubbing studio saw to that. Avco did not, however, tamper with the film in any way; censorship in the early seventies gave way to the permissiveness of 1977, so even the most explicit scenes in HOUSE OF PSYCHOTIC WOMEN were left untouched, and all the better for it.

1973 brought, in addition to EL RETORNO DE WALPURGIS, a radical departure from the Daninski series or even Naschy's norm for that matter. LA REVANCHE DU AMENHOTEP concerned itself with a tyrannical, blood-drinking pharaoh who is buried alive for his sins. He is discovered in 1972 and commences a search, with the help of an assistant, to find the perfect bride for him. Even from this brief summary it is obvious that LA REVANCHE DU AMENHOTEP is not terribly original plotwise, nor does the story seem particularly interesting, but Naschy, again working under Klimovsky, employed his usual determination and taste for violence to create a minor classic. Using Hammer's 1959 MUMMY film as his springboard, Naschy(Molina)wrote a script that too often became filled with violent scenes, but fortunately never became dull. In fact, the first scene grabs ud immediately. Set in ancient Egypt, we see Naschy in pharaoh garb with awfully scantily clad empress





Amon-Ra falling all over him. Then comes the first scene of extreme violence; the sadistic whipping and slashing of two young virgins. If this wasn't enough, Amen-ho-Tep and Amon-Ra collect the blood of the virgins and sloppily drink it. After a bit of inane American narration, an end is put to Amen-ho-Tep's tyrannical reign by Prince Osah-ariss, who poisons Naschy's nightly drink of blood. As in the earlier mummy films, Amen-ho-Tep is buried alive along with his empress confining their souls to wander eternally in the land of the undead. Of course, a band of archaeologists discover the tomb and bring Amen-ho-Tep back to their museum. Enter Oseth-Bey, a "professor" currently studying the reign of Amen-ho-Tep. In reality, Oseth Bey (Paul Naschy) is a distant relative of the tyrannical pharaoh bent on reviving him so he can enact his plans of revenge. An unbelievable amount of violence ensues until eventually Oseth-Bey and Amen-ho-Tep are discovered and set aflame along with their temple.

Definitely Naschy's most inconsistent film of his career, *LA REVANCHE DU AMENHOTEP* proved most interesting due to the amount of violence written into the script. Considering the miniscule budget, *REVANCHE* creates a strong gothic atmosphere in some scenes, while disregarding atmosphere over explicit sex and violence in others. A few scenes, however, manage to generate extreme disgust; the slitting of young virgins' throats for blood, another virgin having her neck caved in, a police constable receiving a large wooden pole through his chest, and most noticeably a museum guard getting his head crushed in an amazing closeup shot. Some potentially revolting scenes become ludicrous in the American version due to ridiculous dubbing. One scene in which Naschy turns the faces of three virgins inside out becomes laughable when, upon slashing their faces, he declares, "This one's not worthy of me!". American and British release was handled by Avco Embassy. In the United Kingdom *LA REVANCHE DU AMENHOTEP* achieved theatrical release as *THE MUMMY'S VENGEANCE*, but Avco decided to confine the



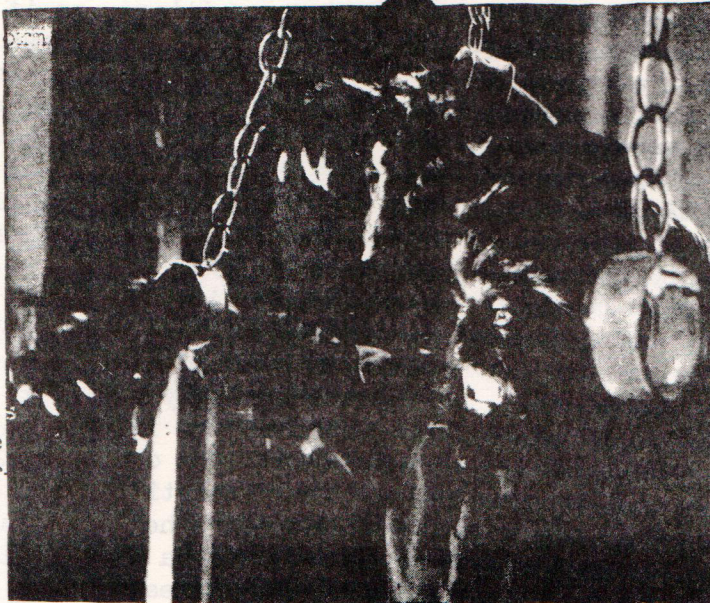
film's distribution in the U.S. to television. So Avco eliminated most extreme violence and sold the rights to a small amount of independent stations, and for very little money at that due to the fact that MUMMY'S VENGEANCE fared well in Great Britain.

What MUMMY'S REVENGE most needed (in addition to the replacement of the deleted scenes) was some half decent line readers to dub over the Spanish track. Most of the actors (Paul Naschy, Jack Taylor, Luis Davuler, Maria Silva and Helga Line) put in good performances in the Spanish version, but with Amen-ho-Tep dubbed in a kindergarten interpretation of a tyrant and Davuler's inspector made to sound like a mixture of Telly Savalas and Peter Falk, little of

the original performance showed through. Avco did show a spark of decency by at least leaving Alfonso Sebastian's creative electronic score intact. All in all, MUMMY'S REVENGE was Naschy's most obvious ripoff of the old Universal horror films, and simultaneously revealed the weakness created

by an overambitious writer and actor; too much attempted in too little time.

As of late 1973, Naschy had played all the Universal classics except one; the Frankenstein monster. This was remedied when Naschy played the monster in EL HOMBRE QUE UNNO DEL HOMMO (translates as The Man Who Came From Umno), again directed by Klimovsky. Though it was made before MUMMY'S REVENGE, it did not receive any release until late 1973. It differed from MUMMY'S REVENGE in many ways, but most noticeable in the monsters themselves. While the mummy guise in REVENGE was very interesting and visually horrific, the Frankenstein monster can only be termed as original. A rather curious setback due to the fact that makeup is usually a most outstanding factor in Naschy's movies. Unfortunately, Klimovsky's direction was limited to creating a dark atmosphere and many unnecessary gore effects. Commercially, EL HOMBRE QUE



UNO DEL HOMMO was successful in Germany, Spain and Great Britain (where it was known as ASSIGNMENT TERROR; 1970) but it was a failure in most other respects. But even in these impoverished surroundings, Naschy put in a determined and convincing performance.

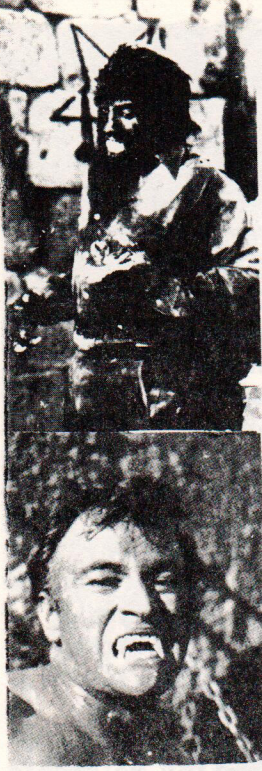
The main problem with EL HOMBRE QUE UNO DEL HOMMO was that it is impossible to produce a good, involving and well thought-out film on a 6 day shooting schedule (though Roger Corman proved this theory incorrect when he shot the TERROR with Boris Karloff and Jack Nicholson in 3 days). Too little time was allowed to consider effective screen composition, a factor which was very important to Naschy and which he watched continually

regardless of director. Fortunately, Naschy's next film would involve much more forethought and consideration before and during actual shooting.

1974 brought Naschy into a bit of untread territory; instead of reworking an old monster theme, characterization figured much more prominently in EL ESPANTO SURGE DE LA TUMBA. The rather contrived but clever script (again written by Naschy as Molina) dealt with a medieval knight returning to life to reclaim his head which was removed from his body when he was found in bed with the King's wife. Naschy plays a dual role, much like in the mummy film, portraying the beheaded knight and, for a change of pace, a normal vacationer who finds something strange going on in an old village. A twist emerges later in the film when Naschy learns he is related to the vengeful knight.

With EL ESPANTO SURGE DE LA TUMBA, Leon Klimovsky displays his talent to the fullest. Certain scenes are much more subtle than what could usually be expected from the Klimovsky/Naschy team. For instance, the portion of the film where Helga Line (a capable actress who has appeared in several of Naschy's movies) is forced to watch the beheading of her demon lover while hanging naked by the ankles is not explicit in content, yet it is strongly erotic; moreso than more revealing scenes in EL GRANDE AMORE DEL CONDE DRACULA, EL JOROBADO DE LA MORQUE or MUMMY'S





REVENGE. There are some scenes in EL ESPANTO SURGE DE LA TUMBA that are so atmospheric and beautiful that they suggest the question, "What could Naschy do under better conditions and with a larger budget?". Naschy himself considers a larger budget the one item that could bring him international fame, therefore freeing him from making almost strictly exploitation films (though he does enjoy making them) and moving on to other things. But there is a different turn that could take place; with a lot of money, competent casts and decent shooting schedules the whole attraction of Naschy's movies could

be eliminated, resulting in possibly worse conditions than are present now. In any case, EL ESPANTO SURGE DE LA TUMBA shows how much can be done with less than two-hundred thousand dollars. The best thing about EL ESPANTO remains the fact that characters are the center of attraction, not make-ups, sex or violence (though there is plenty of the latter two). Earlier films such as LA MARCA DEL HOMBRE LOBO or LA NOCHE DU WALPURGIS had a tendency to shy away from concentrating on Waldemar as a character. Sure, we saw his constant torment a la Lon Chaney Jr., but we didn't get enough background on what had gone before. EL ESPANTO certainly doesn't involve Waldemar Daninski, but it does show that what is basically an exploitation film can come off successfully as a piece of art if the cast, writer and director put their hearts into it, which Naschy (literally) and Klimovsky did. EL ESPANTO did appear in a few American theatres with the typical but acceptable title HORROR RISES FROM THE TOMB. Avco Embassy again was responsible for giving it a one week playoff, chopping it up (mainly the elimination of nudity and gore), and selling it to independent television stations. Even in its watered down version, EL ESPANTO SURGE DE LA TUMBA is an excellent example of possibly the best thing to come from the Klimovsky/Naschy team.

Naschy made another film in 1974, LES MONSTRUOS DE LA NOCHE, which, unfortunately, was nowhere near the level of

If the premise wasn't totally original, it seemed at least to be a workable one. But however restrained EL ESPANTO SURGE DE LA TUMBA was in its explicitness, LES MONSTRUOS DE LA NOCHE was that much moreso. Directed by Carlos Aured, who was also responsible for MUMMY'S REVENGE, LES MONSTRUOS seems to attempt a Val Lewton approach; the unseen is more terrifying than the obvious. This concept seemed to be misinterpreted by both Aured and Naschy; Lewton did not mean that censoring your own films would make them more terrifying. For example, in one scene Naschy encounters a very large vampire, takes a gigantic dagger from the wall, and just as he is about to impale the creature we are forced into another scene. This creates a rather irritating and uneven film; the scene transitions seem to be more or less juxtapositions, as if that particular print was to be shown on prime time network television. However dissapointing the film is in terms of sensibility, Maria Silva is quite fetching and convincing as the virgin-turned-vampire, and Naschy's performance remains excellent. The other main problem with LES MONSTRUOS DE LA NOCHE is its overcomplex story. Scenes jump from city to city with no explanation, reasonable choronologicality is ignored, and dreams mix with dreams confusingly and with little or no effect. Still, the film is not totally without merit. The color photography is particularly beautiful, and some shots are well choreographed and composed. As could be expected, a Naschy film (or any foreign film not featuring a well-known actor (i.e. Marcello Mastroianni) or director (i.e. Federico Fellini)) without violence or sex is hardly marketable, so therefore even the reliable Avco Embassy did not and evidently will not bid on LES MONSTRUOS DE LA NOCHE. Even the loss of this film is unfortunate, as even bad Naschy is better than most of the exploitative tripe squirming into cinemas these days.

1975 turned out to be a golden year for Naschy, as his only film this year, LA HOMBRE LOBO EN LA YETI, has the promise of receiving thorough



AVCO EMBASSY PICTURES Release  
**Paul Naschy**  
**Maria Silva**



US release through Avco Embassy, and possibly creating some of the international recognition he has been waiting for. Hopefully Avco will alter the silly title of WEREWOLF VS. YETI (a.k.a. WEREWOLF AND THE YETI) to something a little more sophisticated. Produced and distributed in Spain by Profilmes SA, LA HOMBRE LOBO EN LA YETI is not as much of a "monster against monster" movie as the title suggests. Rather it concerns Naschy's quest for a creature that killed his wife on a mountaineering expedition. Naschy as Daninski is still consulting various religious societies for a cure to his curse, but fortunately is not cured until his final encounter with the creature. This particular film, again written by Molina and directed by Klimovsky, concerns itself more with the Daninski character but at all times is leading towards the inevitable encounter. The gothic atmosphere, sustained rather well throughout most of the movie, tends to disappear in some scenes, but reemerges very strongly for the climactic battle between Daninski and the "Yeti". Most of the fight takes place in a somewhat subdued manner in the mist enshrouded ruins of an old church, and picks up speed when officials arrive. Until now, the violence and gore was well-handled and restrained, so it is both good and bad that some explicit, bloody scenes take place at this point in the narrative. Good because this part of the film is what the audience has been waiting for; the intensity of the bloodletting makes the finale that much more rousing. Bad due to the fact that it seems Naschy still has not been able to make a film very involving without the use of revolt-the-audience methods. And though I did say EL ESPANTO SURGE DE LA TUMBA was more restrained, the climax only becomes climactic when the blood begins to pour. And though LES MONSTRUOS DE LA NOCHE was almost nil in terms of violent content, it was also a somewhat dull and indistinctive film.

Still, there is evidence that Naschy has

matured much as a filmmaker since his humble beginnings; symbolism, foreshadowing, visual strategy and an awareness of screen composition are all very prominent in LA HOMBRE LOBO EN LA YETI. Naschy shows character strength and psychologically implies this trait by using a common tool among good directors; by having his character move to the right or placing that character right-center on the screen. In the same manner, negative psychological reaction is induced by moving the character to the left of the frame. And even though Klimovsky directed this movie, Naschy always enforced this tool by looking through the camera himself during the shooting of many of his more

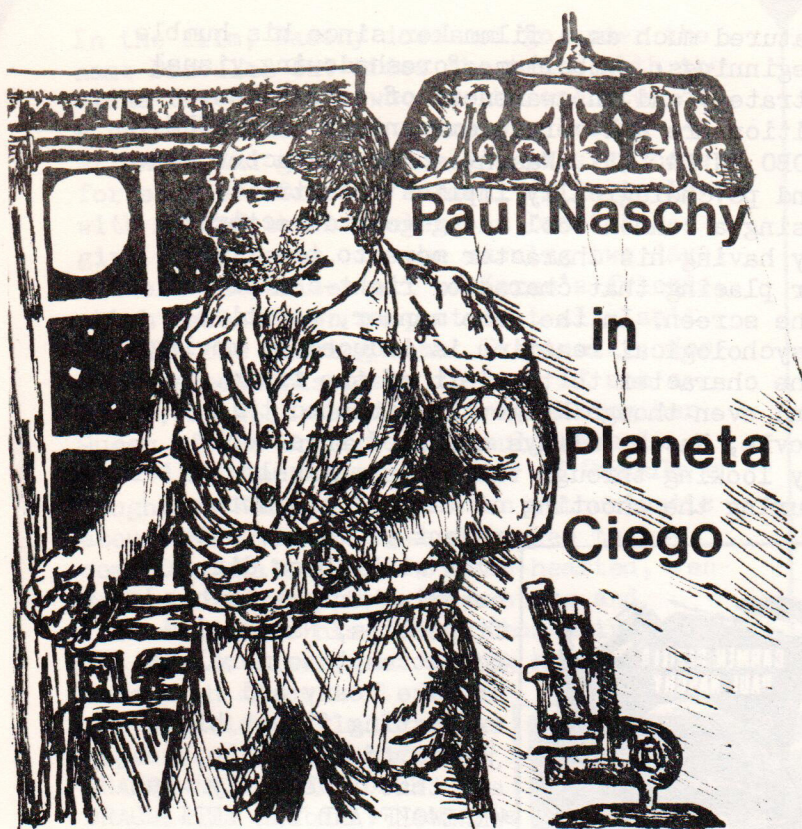
recent pictures. But even with these directorial tricks at his fingertips, Naschy did not attempt to moralize or make heavy and exhausting films; his job is to entertain, and that is exactly what WEREWOLF AND THE YETI does; give enjoyment, however violent a film of his got, through fantastic creatures and occasionally just as fantastic concepts.

In the year 1976 Naschy finally turned to a field he had always been familiar with but never actually attempted; film direction. Not only did Naschy direct INQUISICION in '76; he wrote and played the leading role as well. Though production has been completed as well as Spanish

distribution, I have only seen several production stills and a Spanish theatrical trailer. Judging from these alone it seems as if Naschy is more capable, if possibly not as experienced or polished, than many of his other directors, including Klimovsky. As usual, graphic violence is as prominent as ever (one scene in the trailer showed a man's body being severed) as is nudity; and the nudity in the preview was explicit enough to have INQUISICION condemned in England and X-rated in the US. The atmosphere and scenery are both strongly gothic, with castles, candles and torture devices galore; it will definitely be interesting to see what the result is of a combination similar to the extreme horror elements in LA JORABADO DE LA MORGUE, with Naschy at







the helm.

Early in 1977, Leon Klimovsky presented Naschy with a script that touched on a field previously unexplored by either of the two men; science-fiction. Intrigued with the ideas the story involved, but dissatisfied with many of the specifics, Naschy took matters into his own hands and penned dialogue and scene order for PLANETA CIEGO (BLIND PLANET). Set in the not-too-distant future, PLANETA CIEGO would not be another STAR WARS rehash and actually had little to do with space at all. Naschy is a scientist convinced that he has achieved contact with another planet, much to the amusement of his associates. Nobody will believe that there is a large, inhabited planet past Pluto, thus getting Naschy involved in a complicated web of murder and espionage. Containing some restrained violence and heavy doses of nudity, PLANETA CIEGO stands a chance, albeit a small one, of receiving American distribution. From all information and opinions collected on this film, it seems that the team of Naschy and Klimovsky has adapted to a new field, and very well at that. Supporting Naschy were some rather able, if not exceptional, Spanish performers. Teresa Gimpera and Maria Perschy (both Klimovsky stock performers) portrayed Naschy's disloyal lovers, and Nadiuska, a popular Spanish teevee celebrity, ably acted as one of Naschy's enemy scientists.

Thus Naschy's success might be speculative, but his determination and talent certainly aren't.

Immediately following PLANETA CIEGO came yet another diversion from what used to be Naschy's norm. With MUERTE DE UN QUINQUI, the days of Waldemar Daninski seemed very far behind and not likely to return. And though Klimovsky again directed and Naschy wrote, MUERTE DE UN QUINQUI bore little resemblance to the pair's earlier works. This film had no wolfmen, vampires, alien intelligences or scientists. Instead we have a low budget James Bond clone that borrowed the character but not any of the juvenile gadgets or gags. Its best description comes in two words from a French newspaper ad; Thriller Erotique. There are many love scenes (as usual), but much of the movie is a psychological character study that attempts, in places, to explain why certain men resort to espionage and other forms of crime. Unfortunately, MUERTE DE UN QUINQUI lacks one important element; restraint. Scenes of violence just go on too long and become unnecessary; neither vital to the narrative nor mandatory to the film's overall effectiveness. Carmen Sevilla, another popular Spanish horror celebrity, put in a strangely unrestrained performance, and if her acting tended to convince it was only due to those surrounding her in any one scene. The most outstanding element in MUERTE DE UN QUINQUI, apart from Klimovsky's fast pacing, is Naschy's script; a variation on the double spy theme, with more twists than all of Hitchcock's films combined. But this works in a positive and negative manner. At first, the surprises are fresh and amusing, but after the next three (when we find that the individual we thought responsible for the death of the other double spy who killed the spy who we suspect is already dead) twists it becomes doubtful what is real and unreal. One thing, however, is certain; Naschy has definitely come a long way as a filmmaker and an actor. In the days of FRANKENSTEIN'S BLOODY TERROR, who would've thought Naschy would be using tools like symbolism, filters, foreshadowing, surrealism, or in fact even being behind the camera himself in less than ten years after his film debut.

More recently, Naschy showed his new film FOUR FACES OF THE DEVIL at the Paris Science Fiction Film Festival to positive reaction from most distributors present. Here Naschy received 1 of 2 special mentions from the jury for his speech in defense of the Spanish horror cinema.



# HORROR EXPRESS

©1973

with Christopher Lee  
Peter Cushing  
Telly Savalas  
Alberto de Mendoza  
Produced & Directed by  
Eugenio Martin

A Scotia International Release

**A NON-STOP  
RIDE TO HELL!!**



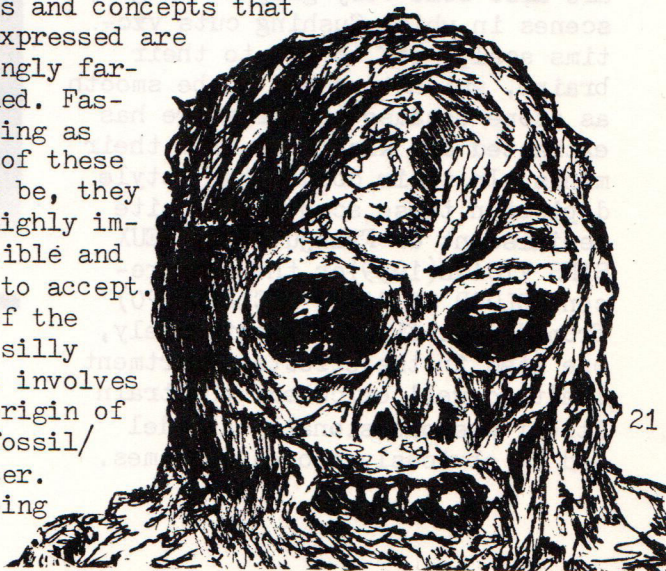
**HORROR EXPRESS**

Shot in Spain under the title of PANICO EN EL TRANSIBERIANO, HORROR EXPRESS is a perfect example of what can be done with small budget and a lot of determination. The odds were against this film from the very beginning; Martin, who thought he had a budget of 1.3 million dollars to work with, found this amount shortened when the independent Martin discovered he would have to rent some of the facilities he thought he would be able to use for no charge. These costs brought his shooting budget down to a rather meager one million dollars. And director/producer Martin had already signed Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee to play the two major male roles, therefore having their high salaries to pay as well. But Martin knew he could pull the film through with a basic script, some decent horror effects, and a lot of work.

And boy, was this a basic, if intriguing, script. Briefly, the story was set in 1904 and involved the exploits of a scientist (Christopher Lee) transporting a mysterious

fossil across Europe, but, to his discontent is joined by a fellow archaeologist (Peter Cushing) who doesn't think the fossil is all that dead. His suspicions are confirmed when the creature starts murdering passengers and absorbing their whole lifetime experiences from their brains by way of their eyes. After the creature is shot and killed, it is realized that the monster is an alien intelligence and has possessed one of the passengers. At this moment, a Cossack police chief (Telly Savalas) and his men enter the train to enforce martial law that was ordered over the telegraph. Eventually, Savalas and his are taken over by the extraterrestrial force and, in an exciting climax, the forces of good and evil battle it out until the monster and most of the train go over a cliff and explode.

Admittedly the story isn't very original, but the superb period setting and convincing violence help the film along and hide the familiarity of the plot. Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee are both obviously enthusiastic and involved in their parts. Telly Savalas is another story. His overt attempts to seem like a tyrannical ruler and his scene chewing excesses almost destroy the impact of any scene he's in. Lines he growls are mostly in the order of, "Watch yourself or you'll wind up a corpse". This is unusual because most of the other lines are intelligently written, and to hear such silliness in the middle of a potentially intense scene sequence somewhat ruins the film's believability. And some of the events and concepts that are expressed are amazingly far-fetched. Fascinating as some of these might be, they are highly implausible and hard to accept. One of the more silly ideas involves the origin of the fossil/monster. On doing an





# Horror Express

autopsy of the creature, Cushing notes it has an unusually large eye. Upon observing fluid from the eye, Cushing makes an astounding discovery; in the fluid he sees an image of the Earth as viewed from space! As he looks at more liquid, he observes primitive life forms; dinosaurs, neanderthal man and the image of Chris Lee shooting at the creature lead Cushing to conclude that it received all its information through the one eye and stored it there. As ridiculous as this sounds, Peter Cushing plays it like he means it, so instead of evoking laughter the scene seems rather intriguing in what it presents.

Maybe the main weakness in the movie lies in its repetitiveness. We see the creature kill five people. The first couple are effective in that they keep our attention; first the eyes roll up in the head, then blood starts to drip out of the nose and eyes and finally the eyes are totally white as the victim spits up more blood. But something of this nature can only remain interesting for a limited amount of time. Martin has each of the gory killings take about a minute or two in a dreamlike, slow motion fashion, which does tend to become a bit tiresome. But the film as a whole rarely becomes tiresome, partly due to some good acting and mainly due to a very fast paced last twenty minutes, in which all genres of film are blended to make a rousing finale. There are swordfights, fistfights, walking dead, stabbings, strangulations, and just about every type of action that could be fit into one scene.

Another important part of HORROR EXPRESS is makeup and special effects. Most of the murders are at least convincing, but at best they are quite frightening. There are also some very graphic surgery scenes in which Cushing cuts victims scalps off to get to their brains, which turn out to be smooth as stone because the creature has extracted all knowledge from their minds. In their documentary style depiction these scenes are quite reminiscent of Franju's LES YEUX SANS VISAGE(1959) or the more recent BLOOD ON SATAN'S CLAW(1970) from Hammer films. Unfortunately, one item in the effects department isn't so well executed; the train itself was occasionally a model and it obviously showed at times.

Also less than satisfactory was the living fossil(the creature that committed the murders). Though effective in terms of facial design, its body was too obviously a man in a gorilla skin. The murder scenes themselves are done in a slow but original fashion: one stage of possession will be shown, then there will be a dissolve to a bit of blood starting to drip from the eyes, and following the eyes would roll up and the final fade will show the eyes "glowing" in the dark. Interesting, but as was mentioned before, it does get repetitious after a while.

The music, mostly electronic, is well orchestrated and adds nicely to many of the more frightening scenes. But at times in HORROR EXPRESS it seems Scotia International stuck in some of their stock music, as the violins and French horns don't mix terribly well with synthesizers and bass guitar when played in different keys. Considering the handling some of Naschy's films have received, Scotia International left the film intact but gave it a rather small publicity campaign. As a result, HORROR EXPRESS failed at the American box offices, but fared better in Europe where it at least doubled its money.

If you are lucky, HORROR EXPRESS might show up on a local independent station, and the print I saw on TV, though cut excessively, left in many of the more violent scenes. Cut excessively or not, HORROR EXPRESS is a very well-made film, not to mention extremely entertaining.





# Hundreds of New Horrors

The eighties have brought with them a huge surge in horror film production and distribution.

From Carolco comes THE CHANGELING with George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere and Jean Marsh from Russell Hunter's bestseller. Carolco also brings us THE LAST CHASE with Lee Majors and Burgess Meridith. The ad blurb informs us, "The story of a phantom jet chasing the last car left in the world". Then in the HALLOWEEN spinoff department we get BLOODBATH, a J. Lee Thompson film. WOLF LAKE is an admitted remake of THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME starring Rod Steiger.

Avco Embassy will bring us John Carpenter's long awaited new film THE FOG, and Avco promises another new film, THE HOWLING will "Tear the terror out of your Throat".

PSO will be presenting us with John Huston's PHOBIA starring Paul Micallef. And even though Paul Micallef has the lead, PHOBIA promises to be one of 1980's greatest horror releases. This PHOBIA should not be confused with a second PHOBIA coming in 1980. This one deals with a haunted house and the decision a family has to make whether to remain or leave. The makers of ALIEN bring to the screen DEAD AND BURIED, which Shusett-O'Bannon claims will "Take your breath away...all of it".

Though it was announced that Don Coscarelli would act as director and writer for PHANTASM II as he did for PHANTASM, it is now fact that Coscarelli has bowed out of the PHANTASM II scene. The film is still in production at Avco Embassy.

David Cronenberg, the talented Canadian filmmaker who wrote and directed SHIVERS, RABID and THE BROOD now has commenced production on SCANNERS, a movie dealing with extra-sensory perception when used as a weapon.

Another independent, Manson International, has two shockers ready for release; a perverse and violent thriller entitled HUMAN EXPERIMENTS and the SF-oriented DAY TIME ENDED.

No longer involved in a drug scandal, Linda Blair has completed her first film since the horrendous EXORCIST II, a typical "More terror than ever before" borer SUMMER OF FEAR.

The spirit of the Japanese monster film is alive and well and living in Spain with THE SNAKE, and THE GEMINI STRAIN (again Spanish)

involves more KILLER BEES than you've ever seen before.

Donald Pleasance is appearing in more and more trash these days, the latest heap being NIGHT CREATURE, a PG rated attempt at cashing in on the wolfman legend from Lone Star Pictures.

HALLOWEEN rip-off dept.- Picture Company of America presents BLOODRAGE (If He Wants You...He'll Get You) to be directed by Joe Bigwood. Magnum Pictures has started principal photography on MANIAC, a big budget picture in Dolby stereo and Panavision.

In the EXORCIST vein we have BEYOND EVIL with John Saxon and Linda Day George, as well as YASHAOAKE from Shochiku in Japan.

DAWN OF THE DEAD has inspired quite a few cannibal pics that might better be left unshown. From the new Fida organization comes "the most hallucinating experience ever filmed" (yes, hallucinating was misspelled) entitled SAVAGE SLAUGHTERERS (a.k.a. CANNIBALS IN THE STREETS). THE CANNIBAL directed by Franco Prosperi and QUEEN OF THE CANNIBALS are both Italian expositions of flesh and blood. George Romero himself has set aside his third living dead film, DAY OF THE DEAD, and is currently in preproduction on KNIGHTS. KNIGHTS is the name of a motorcycle gang that considers themselves latter day medieval warriors.

David Hess, star of LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT, is currently playing the male lead in a movie obviously inspired by LAST HOUSE called HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF THE PARK.

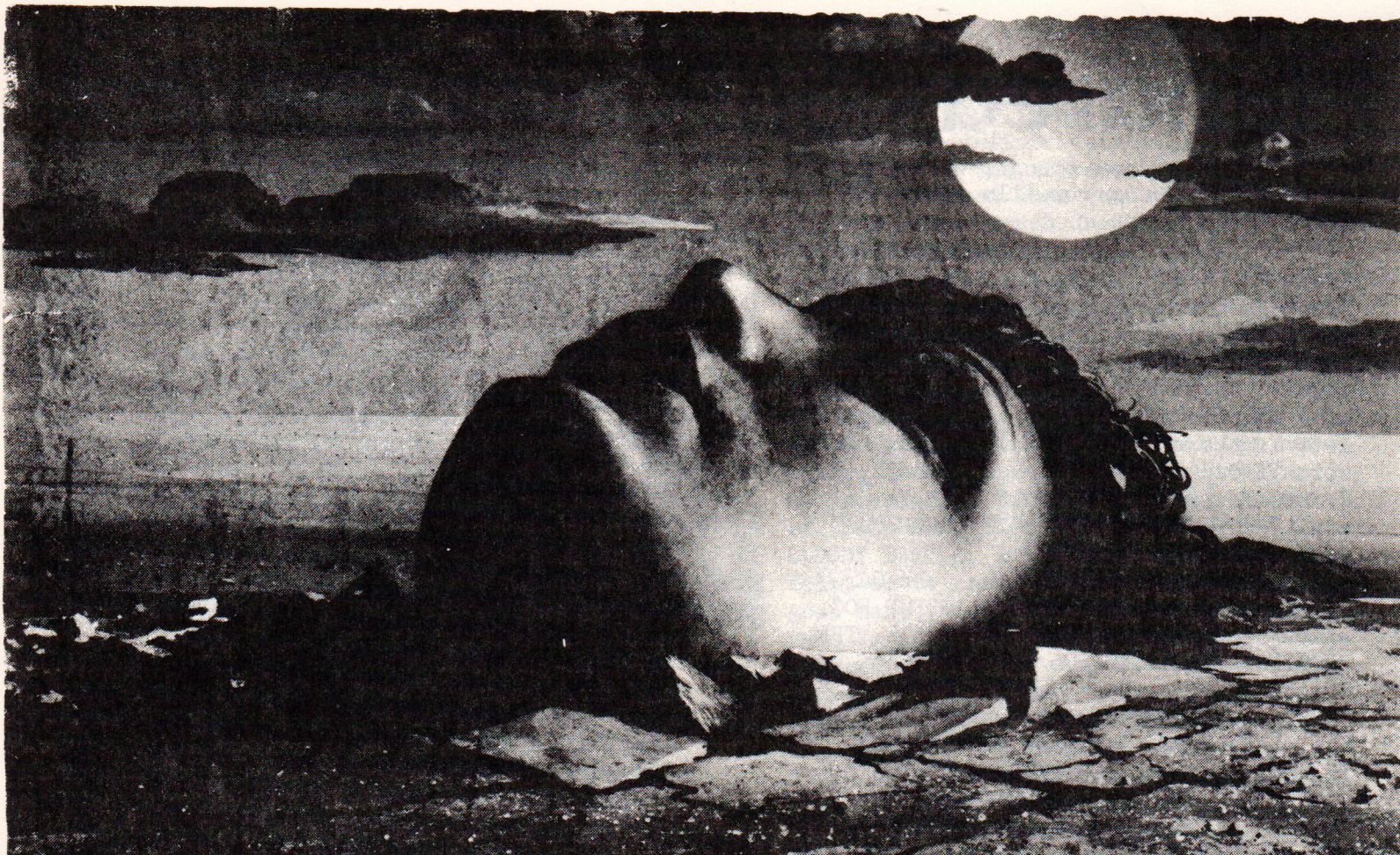
The Orient brings us FACES OF DEATH, billed as "the most shocking commercial feature film ever". FACES OF DEATH will definitely be released in America early in 1981.

Orion/EMI are involved in some very promising horror films from Great Britain and Europe. THE WAKING with Charlton Heston and Susannah York should arrive in mid 1980 via Orion. The multi-million dollar production of THE COMING starring Anthony Franciosa, Barbara Bach and the great Peter Cushing will be directed by none other than Robert Feist. THE COMING will appear by winter of 1980.

Filmways will invite you to ALLISON'S BIRTHDAY as soon as they import it from France next year. Cinema Shares will be presenting the long-awaited Australian production THIRST this Summer.

Golan Globus is responsible for our latest TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE rehash with KILLER





# DEAD & BURIED

It will take your breath away...  
all of it.

**A RONALD SHUSETT PRODUCTION**

**A Shusett-O'Bannon Screenplay**



BEHIND THE MASK presented by the Upstate Murder Company(!).

From AIP(celebrating its 25th anniversary) we have a softcore violence thriller entitled THE EVICTORS, produced by Samuel Z. Arkoff and starring Vic Morrow.

Avco Embassy has requested that the makers of PIHRANA come up with a sequel, but Roger Corman's New World Pictures, makers of the original film, are not permitting Avco to use any of the staff or actors involved. So New World is making a PIHRANA-type thriller called SHAPES.

Cinema Shares Int., in addition to THIRST, will import a violent shocker DEAD ON ARRIVAL starring Jack Palance and Christopher Mitchum.

From Davis productions, who brought you SLITHIS, now comes(in addition to RETURN OF THE SLITHIS) THE FLESH TWISTERS. The film is to be directed and produced by Gary Fox.

Academy Int. is busy with their line of schlock productions. Their latest is(get this original title)MONSTER, THE LEGEND THAT BECAME A TERROR, which stars the indefatigable John Carradine and a rapidly declining Keenan Wynn. Academy Int. is also warning us that THE MONKEYS "are coming to get you!". And if monkeys aren't enough, big beasts are in sight in AI's CLAWS, similar in title to JAWS and similar in content to GRIZZLY.

Meanwhile, back in Italy, four exploiters have been completed and have a definite possibility of receiving American release. The most intriguing of these is CROCODILE, and if the film turns out to be considerably less exciting it won't be surprising with this ad campaign:"Now Ready! Two years in the making! CROCODILE; Bigger than

a King Kong! Shot in Thailand Swamps and Korean Jungles. You've never seen anything like CROCODILE! Hundreds perish in the sea- Mutilated bodies- Villages destroyed and Ships wrecked. He's a street block long and eats humans alive. TREMENDOUS SPECIAL EFFECTS created by Sompote Saengduenchai who helped create the Japanese King Kong; Godzilla and Mothra. A PICTURE OF REAL TERROR!" Yes, all that really is in one ad. With all that to live up to, how can you not see it(if only to prove how wrong the publicists were)? Look for it coming from Spectacular Trading Company. Similar to CROCODILE but a bit more toned down in its publicity campaign is ALLIGATOR RIVER with Barbara Bach. Lucio Fulci will direct ISLAND OF THE LIVING DEAD(ZOMBI 2)

and Vayquez Figuera directs MANAOS from Italy as well.

Russy Film presents KING OF DARKNESS to be written and produced by Peter Karp, and Paul Naschy's company Profilmes SA has recently completed FOUR FACES OF THE DEVIL, written by Jacinto Molina.

Shakespeare's TEMPEST is being given the British treatment in a film of the same name soon to be released through Boyd's Co.

The Independents are alive and working on such films as MICROWAVE MASSACRE, COFFIN, DEATH DO US PART and BLOODY EVENINGS. Rip-off company Sunn Classic Pictures will be releasing their version of FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER later this winter. Hopefully because this is the first time Sunn has used a big name star(Martin Landau) something above the quality of their other dubious efforts(BEYOND AND BACK, IN SEARCH OF HISTORIC JESUS, IN SEARCH OF NOAH'S ARK)can be expected. This is their first PG rated film, so maybe Sunn in changing their ways.

Hallmark Films, makers of LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT, now are bringing you FRIDAY THE 13th with makeup and effects by Tom(DAWN OF THE DEAD)Savini. A bit of confusion might be caused by another film to be released at about the same time with the title FRIDAY THE 13th. The latter film is also violent and odd but deals with an orphan who is deprived of love and warmth in his childhood getting revenge on the adult world. Rumor has it that the title will be altered to FRIDAY THE 13th-THE ORPHAN to dismiss possibility of confusion.

PHOTO: BLOODRAGE(Picture Co. of America,1980)



**BLOODRAGE**



# THE INCREDIBLE MELTING MAN

Columbia Pictures



An American International Picture; 1977.  
 Music Composed and Conducted by Arlon Ober. Director of Photography: Willy Curtis. Special Effects and Makeup by Rick Baker. Optical Effects by Harry Woolman. Edited by James Beshears. Produced by Samuel W. Gelfman and Max J. Rosenberg. Written and Directed by William Sachs. Lighting: Ned Leederman.

## CAST:

Colonel Steve West.....Alex Reebar  
 General Perry.....Myron Healey  
 Dr. Ted Nelson.....Burr DeBenning  
 Sheriff Blake.....Micheal Aldredge  
 Dr. Loring.....Lisle Wilson  
 Judy Nelson.....Ann Sweeney  
 The Model.....Rainbeaux Smith  
 Carol.....Julie Drezen  
 Review: "...Most situations here lead to shots of the melting man devouring victims...often disgusting..." -VARIETY

©1978 Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc.

## The Story

Colonel Steve West has returned from the first successful voyage to Saturn, and soon after found ill and taken to a nearby hospital. Seeing himself in the mirror after removing his bandages, Steve goes crazy and escapes. When a nurse sees him escaping, he runs after her and...

Later the nurse is found partially devoured and covered with an odd sort of slime. Dr.'s Ted Nelson and Loring are puzzled, and finally hypothesize that there is some sort of change going on in Steve's chemical makeup; an organism most likely returned with Steve from Saturn and is causing him to melt! Following Steve's escape from the hospital, a small Air Force town is subject to some various killings. When Sheriff Blake discovers Ted Nelson's mother and father partially eaten in a car by the side of a road, he concludes Steve is responsible. It is then concluded that Steve must eat human flesh to slow down his continual rate of deterioration.

Meanwhile, the Air Force has the yeomanly job of keeping the revolting matter from the greedy hands of the press. Though attempts are made to capture the crumbling colonel before he commits any more murders, the number of victims steadily increases.

If having the sheriff, doctors, and Air Force staff after him isn't enough, Steve gets his arm severed by a young lady who is quite handy with a meat cleaver. Now forced to hide, the rapidly melting Colonel West discovers it quite difficult to find flesh, human or otherwise. Weakened and confused, he instinctively comes out of hiding and searches for food.

Back at the Air Force base, a posse is dispatched to search for West, who is by now disintegrating so rapidly that if the posse doesn't hurry they might not find anything. Among the revealing items left along the way by West are an ear, an arm and a trail of blood. Steve's friend Ted Nelson discovers the trail along with a deputy sheriff and follow it to the base's power plant. It is there the duo finds Steve. Ted attempts to communicate, but in the ensuing confusion is shot in the head. Then Steve, wounded by the deputy, heaves him over a railing onto live high tension wires far below.

Wounded and without food, Steve slowly melts into a pile of slime, only to be swept up by a weary janitor and dumped into a trash can. But on the air force P.A. system a new flight to Saturn is announced...



# Commentary



Certainly the concept of man returning from space carrying some unknown disease has been used before. In the 50's we had *FIRST MAN INTO SPACE* and *THE QUARTERMASS EXPERIMENT*. The 60's brought *THE X FROM OUTER SPACE* and *THE GREEN SLIME*, and with the 70's came *THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN*. The usual problem in all of these films was either a lack of budget, poor special effects or rather silly scripts. With the exception of *THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN* and *THE QUARTERMASS EXPERIMENT* this was the case, and these disadvantages are part of the reason that *THE INCREDIBLE MELTING MAN* never reached its potential.

There is the question of what can the potential be for a film of such ridiculous conception. The idea of a melting man is silly but intriguing, and handled correctly has great filmic possibilities. Unfortunately, with a shooting schedule of 1 month and a budget in the area of 800,000 dollars very few films have been known to be classics. And no film could be much further from being a classic than *THE INCREDIBLE MELTING MAN*.

But that doesn't mean the film is totally without merit. Definitely the most outstanding department is that

of makeup. Rick Baker shows what can be done with a little ingenuity and even less money. His visuals that depict West's increasing deterioration are as revolting as they are realistic. Baker only got 15 to 20 minutes for a makeup job that should have taken 3 hours. Though he had some ingenious plans for depicting the melting process, it ended up that he had to make a series of rubber masks and pour Karo syrup over them. Regarding this, Baker quips, "It wasn't exactly what I had in mind". This shouldn't have come off as well as it did, and wouldn't have if it hadn't been handled with a good deal of restraint. There is another disturbingly effective sequence that involves a fisherman's head after it has been torn off. With this sequence, AIP wanted to show, in one take, the head fall over a waterfall, hit a rock, and open up with blood and brains spilling out in all directions. Baker did it correctly the first time, and in one continuous take.

Alas, special effects can break a film, not make one, and in most other departments, *INCREDIBLE MELTING MAN* is little better than any other of its predecessors. The script, written by director William Sachs, is even worse than his uninspired direction. With some awfully contrived sequences, not to mention an abundance of inane dialogue, most of the script seems to be a flashback to some of the worst films of the fifties. Some characters, like Ted Nelson's mother and father, are so dimwittedly stereotyped it is amazing even AIP would accept the script.

Sach's directing really isn't much better, though a flair for the macabre is exhibited when West is swept up by the old janitor. One must also admire Sachs for going unbelievably far with certain scenes of graphic gore. His fondness of violence is typefied in scenes like the head falling over the waterfall, West's final disintegration wherein his eyeball oozes out, West's arm amputated with a meat cleaver, and the melting man's chest being blown out with a magnum near the movie's end. But this isn't all; there is cannibalism, gory murders and a general overflow (no pun intended) of gook and slime. As satisfying as this might be to Hirschel G. (*BLOODFEAST*) Lewis fans, this overdone violence only cheapens an already cheap film. Due to the fact that AIP knew they would receive an R rating for subject matter, a ridiculous scene of nudity was inserted for absolutely no reason whatsoever. In a deserted field, a photographer informs a girl to kindly remove her halter because she is to be a centerfold for his magazine. She doesn't comply, thus he is forced to pull it down and click his camera until the girl's leg is touched by the dead fisherman's hand. Because of scenes like this that are more unnecessary anything else, *INCREDIBLE MELTING MAN* as a whole is reduced to the level of any other poorly made exploitation film.

Two other good points, excepting Rick Baker's make-ups, are the only redeeming factors in the movie. One was Arlon Ober's fascinating musical score. Combining electronic music and regular orchestration, a bizarre, haunting style was created the likes

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# Last Man On Earth

Starring Vincent Price-Franca Bettoia-Giacomo Rossinni

Produced by Robert L. Lippert-Directed by Syd Salkow

From the Novel "I Am Legend" by Richard Matheson

"Now, Price is a fine actor," once declared Richard Matheson, author of I AM LEGEND (from which LAST MAN ON EARTH was derived), "But he was all wrong for the part (of Robert Morgan, the main character in LAST MAN ON EARTH)". Possibly because of Matheson's statement, or due to blatant disregard of the movie itself, LAST MAN ON EARTH has never been thought of as more than a poor 'B' quickie. True, what we have here is a B film, and a quickie at that, but it is as far from poor as INCREDIBLE MELTING MAN is from being a classic.

The main argument about LAST MAN ON EARTH is that it so poorly follows Matheson's original story, and does not present the same atmosphere as was initially intended. This comparison is extremely trivial; if a film is well-made, that is the important thing. The novel it was based on is and should be presented as a minor factor. Corman's so-called "Poe adaptations" such as PIT AND THE PENDULUM or MASQUE OF RED DEATH are respected filmic works and yet they only contain distantly related elements of the stories they were based on. In other words, if one hasn't read Matheson's novel or doesn't take novel-to-film

accuracy into consideration, LAST MAN ON EARTH is an effective if overmoralistic movie.

If any limiting factor is evident on screen, budget limitations is just that. Though the black and white grainy film adds effect much as it did to Romero's NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, some of the subjects on that film put in less-than-convincing performances. The best example is the young lady who portrayed Price's wife, Emma Danieli, and the feeling of gratitude expressed by the audience once she is overcome with the armegoddian disease. And though Price's performance might not be what Matheson had in mind, let us not forget that Richard is a great author but in no way a film critic or even thoroughly qualified to conclude if a film is good or not. Budget in some cases is more important than in others, and this is one film where it didn't seem to detract from the overall effectiveness. The screenplay penned by Logan Swanson and William Leicester (Matheson's pen name; "It was so bad I didn't want to be connected with it.") was the main problem; some inane dialogue and pedestrian characterizations lessen the impact of certain scenes, while Price's able performance heightens the effectiveness of others. And Syd Salkow's static direction almost seems as if it is trying to induce boredom. Camera placement and the length of some shots seem to be for the sole purpose of moving the story along, with little or no directorial in-

sight involved. It seems as if Salkow tries to make up for his neglect through the use of strategic lighting and overdoses of overt symbolism. This guy should be told that lots of crosses and harsh backlighting don't make a film more successful, critically or financially. Some religious references, the church setting at the film's conclusion, seem less contrived than a shiny cross hanging on a door, simply because Salkow feels it necessary to zoom into the cross, as if to make sure he's using symbolism. So much for filmic motivation on the part of the director.

Even taking this into consideration, it must be noted that LAST MAN ON EARTH is an engrossing

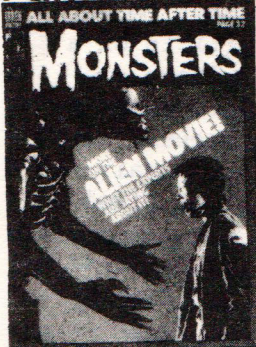


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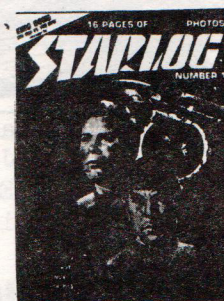
# 'Zine Scene

## Famous Monsters-



The originator of the "monster magazine", FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND, which was once the best of its type, has now been sadly reduced to the level of the 5 to 13 year old. It is not editor Forrest J. Ackerman's fault, or at least not ALL his fault. His sometimes amusing puns are usually blamed for FM's current juvenile state, but many other factors are involved. First and foremost is its trendy attitude that has developed since the release of STAR WARS. Instead of giving the somewhat rare information, star biographies and interesting filmbooks that were once found in the mag, we now are inundated with commonly seen stills and boring info on any one current "blockbuster" that comes along. STAR WARS was featured in nearly 14 consecutive issues. Next came CLOSE ENCOUNTERS which got considerable coverage in 4 consecutive issues. MOONRAKER could be found in 3 issues. BATTLESTAR GALACTICA tallied 5 dull feature articles. SUPERMAN got 3 equally uninteresting pieces of coverage. And currently ALIEN is getting the saturation treatment, with 5 features so far and more to follow. Still, FAMOUS MONSTERS has survived a long, long time. The earlier issues were labors of love by Forrest J. Ackerman. The newer ones are simply attempts to keep FM going, the only good thing about any new issue being an occasional 7 or 8 good stills and some interesting information on films to come. Otherwise, FM is fun for the younger set, but the serious collector buys an issue just to have it, and will sometimes put it on his/her shelf without even opening it. With the price currently at \$1.50 for a 66 page newsprint mag, it just isn't worth it anymore.

Above FAMOUS MONSTERS in quality and variety is STARLOG, a newer magazine that concerns itself with a lot more science fact than FM. On the whole, STARLOG has a few advantages over FM: 1) Glossy pages 2) Extensive use of color 3) Interesting interviews 4) An adult approach 5) Fewer advertisements. So in other words STARLOG beats FM in all areas. The



## Starlog-

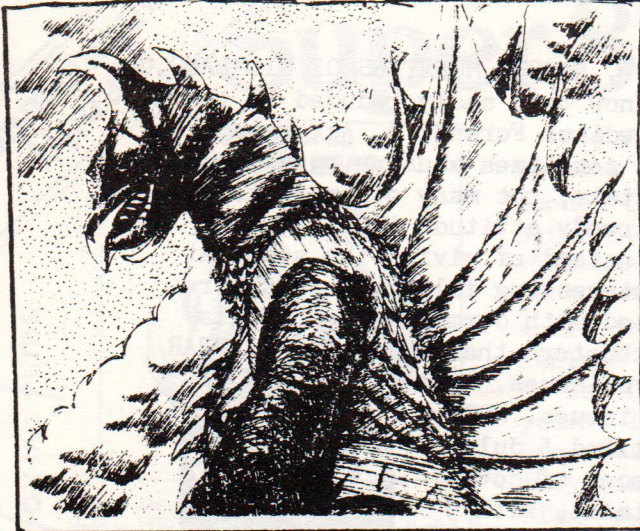
writing in even the worst of articles is far superior to anything ever published in FM. With the past few issues, STARLOG has tended to drift away more and more from writing about and covering "monster" films, giving them more room for Nasa coverage and things like this. And though I don't find science particularly interesting, the folks at STARLOG have a knack for making it rather provocative instead of rather dull. Of course the magazine does concern itself with the fantastic cinema, but does know when to quit relating to any one particular film. Though extensive coverage was given to ALIEN, most of it was in the form of interviews, behind the scenes shots and other items of this sort thus making the articles more worthwhile. The horror side of STARLOG has been replaced by the best magazine of its type ever to be published on the horror cinema entitled FANGORIA, which is published by the group that brings you STARLOG.

## Fangoria-

Probably the most similar magazine to DEMONIQUE available on the stands, FANGORIA is a superbly done publication that, as late as issue #4, has only improved in quality and variety. Each issue contains in-depth interviews with various make-up artists, directors and writers usually not seen anywhere else. For example, in recent issues FANGORIA has had interviews with David Cronenberg, Tom Savini, Richard Matheson, Caroline Munro, Don Seigel and Don Coscarelli. As well as covering the latest films, FANGORIA recalls old classics and occasionally gives histories of various characters and celebrities. Their latest issue covered the "Wizard of Gore" Hirschell G. Lewis, and for a bit of contrast the first issue had a well written summary of Godzilla's illustrious screen career. One thing needed badly is a more adult approach, though they cater to a level of intelligence well above the FAMOUS MONSTERS youngsters. Pictorially and artistically the magazine seems too censored; where nudity or violence are concerned, there are a few too many reservations, though the Hirschell Lewis article did contain quite a few gruesome scenes. But most of the time films covered in depth more or less to appease the kiddie audience. Articles on the original KING KONG are totally unnecessary and extremely old hat, as well as the feature in #4 on the STAR TREK film which was adequately covered in both STARLOG and FUTURE LIFE. But even with these shortcomings, FANGORIA ends up being a spark of light on the otherwise dim horror magazine horizon.



# JAPANESE GIANTS



Here's a rarity nowadays; a fanzine on a subject that could be called less than generally popular, yet done in such a professional, informative manner that I can recommend it to anyone reading now. Their most recent issue is #5, and it contains an in-depth article on a rarely seen Japanese film, LATTITUDE ZERO. There are other reviews, bits of news and some beautiful art by co-editor Bill Gudmundson. Editor Ed Godziszewski also does some excellent art and usually writes the main articles. Ed wrote the feature article for the first issue of STARLOG's FANGORIA, thus proving his remarkable writing talents. But JAPANESE GIANT's approach is not limited to Japanese Fantasy cinema. There are record reviews and information on new releases from Japan on Toho's label, telling about various pieces on individual albums by Akira Ifukube, Masuru Soto and other artists. Bill and Ed have also started THE JAPANESE FANTASY FILM SOCIETY, and \$10.00 a year gets you news-

letters, membership card and button, an 8"x10" glossy of Godzilla, and a year's end annual covering the year in Japanese cinema. Both of these endeavors are worthy. JAPANESE GIANTS #5 is available from Ed Godziszewski at 5847 N. Markham, Chicago, Ill. 60646, and write to the same address for information on the JAPANESE FANTASY FILM SOCIETY (or send \$10.00 for a year membership).

## CINEFANTASTIQUE

CINEFANTASTIQUE, POST OFFICE BOX 276  
OAK PARK, ILLINOIS 60303

No fan magazine anymore, CINEFANTASTIQUE is a slickly produced magazine that, even for \$2.95 a 46 page copy, is a fantastic bargain. Their coverage of current horror happenings is absolutely top-notch, and their rare but welcome relapses into the cinema of yesteryear is always complete and in-depth. Their covers are always neat containing marvelous color graphics, and inside it is very well illustrated (if at times a little overly so). The magazine's main problem is its overall snobbish "we know more than you; we're right and you're wrong" atmosphere. Their reviews, as well written as they might be, are almost always too harsh and don't consider the mishaps and limitations of the director. CINEFANTASTIQUE is also too concerned with the blockbusters and current trends; their latest issue has a highly inappropriate feature on the drab telefilm SALEM'S LOT, with long interviews with the producer, director and writer. Other issues were special "Double Issues" with 80 pages and a price tag of \$4.99. These covered (and covered and covered) STAR WARS, CLOSE ENCOUNTERS and FORBIDDEN PLANET, and now one is being published on THE BLACK HOLE, a film that editor Fred Clarke covered adequately in the SALEM'S LOT issue. Sounds like CINEFANTASTIQUE is pretty rotten, no? No, it's not rotten. In its uncensored, extensive coverage of the SF/Horror cinema it is the best magazine around of its rapidly disappearing kind.

## LAST MAN ON EARTH Classified Ads

film. The concept of the dead coming to life has a reality not present in NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, most notably because of Price's performance. The symbolism, as mentioned before, is an interesting attempt by Salkow to make his production seem arty or more meaningful. But his religious representations, as commonplace as they are in LAST MAN ON EARTH, are very disconnected and used to little or no effect. In direct contradiction is the fact that the cross motif culminates quite satisfyingly in the film's final moments; when Price staggers onto the altar, is harpooned by one of the young men living on human serum and declares, "I am... the last man on Earth", the cross in the background (right above his head) is prominent yet not misplaced, possibly because we have seen hints at religion often throughout. In any case, LAST MAN ON EARTH is a film to be seen; a determined attempt to make a filmic mountain out of a molehill, and it very nearly works.

A free DEMONIQUE service; send your ad for DEMONIQUE #2 by July 20, 1980. Limit: 4 lines at 40 characters per. After 4 lines there is a charge of \$1.25 per. GIANTDOM: GD #2 is out! It contains THE GHIDRAH TAPES, SMOG MONSTER film-book and more. \$1.25 to Joe Degiorgio, 4 Banbury Rd., Troy, NY, 12180 JAPANESE FANTASY FILM SOCIETY! Please write JFFS, PO Box 59163, Chicago, IL 60645. Dues: \$10.00 per year. Movie posters, stills (thousands in stock), trailers on Horror and SF films. Good prices. Write for FREE list: Jerry Ohlinger's Movie Material Store Inc., 120 W. 3rd St., New York, NY, 10012. Open every day 1-8 PM. MOJ #3; \$1.25 to Barry Kaufman, 2901 Polly Ln., Flossmoor, Ill., 60422



## Incredible Melting Man-Commentary

of which was relatively unused in low budget films. It seems the men in AIP's sound mixing studio didn't like much of the music, because in many scenes the score is extremely faint. Some of the lighting is effective as well. Certain backlit night scenes come off more atmospheric than the average exploiter's talky interludes. Performances are decent, and this is probably due to the firmly established stereotypes each actor and actress can fall into. Myron Healy, fresh from roles in VARAN to beach party films from Crown International, is the tough talking general, Burr DeBenning is the sympathetic/scientific doctor and Micheal Alldredge is the indignant sheriff. Oh, but we can't end discussion of MELTING MAN without mention of Alex Reebar. AIP was trying to compare his pathos-filled performance as the melting man with Karloff as Frankenstein's monster or Lee as Count Dracula. Well, the comparison is valid in that Reebar, Karloff and Lee have all played film monsters, but in all other ways his performance isn't what one would call comparable to the old masters. And I can think of a better term than pathos-filled;pathetic.



## MIXING SPOOKS & SATIRE ON SATURDAYS-



Every Saturday night at 8:00, a voice declares, "This transgram has been prescribed", and Richard Koz steps out of his coffin, K-Mart wig and all, to introduce the evening's horror feature on SON OF SVENGOLIE. "We get letters that say, 'The movies are terrible but we sit through the movies just to see your bits,' " Koz says, "which is astounding to me because I wonder if I would have the intestinal fortitude to sit through something like 'Attack of the Giant Leeches' ". Well, even if channel 32 presents film that are less than decent on Koz's show, SON OF SVENGOLIE has proved extremely successful. Though this is partly due to the success of deejay Jerry G. Bishop as the original Svengoolie, the fact that Koz has built an audience instead of lost one proves something about Koz's ability. But the hijinks go further than the flurry of rubber chickens at the end of each sketch; one marvelous show had Nixon directing the program and Svengoolie sitting back and watching. "I write all the stuff myself, am most of the offscreen voices, and do much of the art

as well". Thus all the clever political satire, ridiculous (but amusing) voices and extremely well drawn superimposed art is done by Koz, as he tells me, "Believe it or not, the show has become a full time responsibility for me". It's not difficult to see why; Son of Svengoolie receives as many as 450 letters a week, as compared to the 100 he received when the show first aired. Of course the amount is climbing. But as well as creating amusing skits and one-liners, Koz is a clever strategist; ads for SON OF SVENGOLIE are put on during Channel 32's other monster films, and each week he tries to somehow change the format to maintain a high enthusiasm level on the audience's part, and actually Koz's own. After doing the same thing week after week, boredom and fatigue can result and resultantly rub off on the audience. But even though Koz seems to enjoy himself, the show is far from all fun. Looking closely at the political satire, slapstick and media jibes, it becomes evident that SON OF SVENGOLIE is not all kid stuff. So it seems the Saturday night satire will continue, until Koz becomes tired or channel 32 decides to try yet another horror show format. But as long as Koz is such a success (commercially and critically) it is doubtful that 32 will want to change anything, including the quality of the movies.



Horror Express · Last Man On Earth · Inquisicion ·  
Melting Man · Don't Look in the Basement · Mark  
of the Devil · Phantasm II and many others ➡

