# DEMONIQUE Journal of the Obscure Horror

Cinema





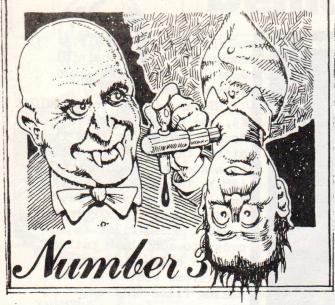
This issue: Hispanic Horror Films · Mother's Day

# Jules Warne's



TERENCE STAMP · PETER CUSHING · IAN SERA · DAVID HAT TON

GASPHAR IPUA-BIANCA ESTRADA and ANA OBREGON-PAUL NASCHY as FLYNT - Director: J. PIQUER Photography: A. BERENGUER - Visual Elects: E. RUIZ - Productions: F. ARIZA - ALMENA FILMS and FORT FILMS PRODUCTIONS [color-dinavision]



# DEMONIQUE

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Special thanks for one thing or another go to:
Micheal Secula
Bob Blair, Vice-President of VCI
Eric Caidin, Hollywood Book & Poster Co.
Jim Mulay
Avco-Embassy TV
WSNS TV 44, Chicago
Sarah Matuk; Secretarial work
Marc Tompulis; Dude assistance
Lois Kaufman
SRK Corporation
Variety
Alan G. Frank

Artwork on pages 2 and 36 by Brian Colin Back Cover; Leatherface by Mark Stills:

Page 3; DEAR DEAD DELILAH, Page 6; NIGHT OF THE WEREWOLF, Pages 11 and 12; TEXAS CHAINSAW and MOTHER'S DAY, Page 14; DEAR DEAD DELILAH, Page 15; SANTO Y BLUE DEMON CONTRE DRACULA Y EL HOMBRE LOBO, Page 20; TOMBS OF BLIND DEAD, Page 21; MARTA, Page 24; NOCHE DE GAVIATOS, Page 26; SANTO FRENTE A LA MUERTE, Page 28; DISCIPLE OF DEATH, Page 29; EL CONDE DRACULA, Page 30; MADHOUSE, Page 31; TORTURE DUNGEON, Pages 33 through 35; NOCHE DE WALPURGIS. Stills copyright their respective studios.



# **Editorial**



Some folks just take all the fun out of the horror film genre. Currently, both the major studios and many independents are at fault for transforming the horror movie into a mechanical, non-feeling entity The majority of horror films today work on one level; set up a group of people(most desirably young, happy teenagers), introduce a character who has a background filled with the most extreme tragedy(i.e. seeing a parent die, being cruelly teased, etc.) and have the group killed off violently one by one. There are some films, like the revolting I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE, that don't even bother giving characters motivation for their crimes. Instead, the three men brutally rape and beat the young woman to get their retarded friend Matthew to join in. These aren't really horror films; they are films about psychologically disturbed individuals, sometimes appearing as if they were made by persons with worse imbalances. In the same dull (but much less offensive) vein as I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE are FRIDAY THE 13th Part II, THE BURNING, FINAL EXAM, MANIAC and EYES OF A STRANGER. None of these pictures has anything new to offer in the way of plot, photography or style. The best of this bunch is MANIAC, as it does contain some amazing(albeit gory) effects by Tom Savini and more importantly an outstanding performance by Joe Spinell as the title character. Yet it is an undeniable fact that films such as these exist

solely to murder their characters off in painful ways; without spirit, and without passion.

So as we come to DEMONIQUE #3, the horror film isn't faring any better than it was at the time of #2's publication one year ago(June of 1980). The MPAA is cracking down harder on violence, forcing many filmmakers to re-edit their films in order to achiebe R ratings. What is edited, of course, is extreme violence, thus making films that exist for this purpose(such as FRIDAY THE 13th Part II) totally pointless. For this reason, this issue of DEMONIQUE will concentrate mainly on the obscurities of years gone by; films that were far from per-

fect in some cases, but made with the creativity that is so absent in current horror productions. To contrast the new product and the old, Jim Mulay looks at MOTHER'S DAY, and finds its roots in TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE. For the foreign horror film fan there is Micheal Secula's feature article HISPANIC HORROR FILMS; AN INFORMAL GENRE SURVEY and an in-depth retrospective on Naschy's NOCHE DE WALPURGIS. The fifties aren't forgotten either, as David Jenkins looks back on MONSTER A GO-GO and finds more humor than horror in this epic masterpiece. On the domestic front there is 1972's Southern Star production of DEAR DEAD DELILAH (remember that one?), THE EVIL, I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE and many others in the Mini-Review section. And of course there are the usual columns: Hundreds of Horrors, Video Update and Demonique Letters. All in all, DEMONIQUE #3 supports the byline "Journal of Obscure Horror Cinema" faithfully.

The response to <u>DEMONIQUE</u> has been astounding, making clear the fact that there are hundreds of horror fans in the nation with an interest much deeper than <u>ALIEN</u> or <u>FRIDAY THE 13th.I</u> was appalled that some people wrote to me in defense of <u>FRIDAY THE 13th</u>; I suppose those who enjoyed <u>FRIDAY THE 13th</u> and its sequel) have not seen enough films (horror or otherwise) to realize how unoriginal and highly derivative Cunningham's <u>FRIDAY</u> really is. Its not the violence I object to, but the fact that Cunningham uses it as a focal point to build his entire film around. What about

# **Hundreds of Horrors**

How many can we stand? Last issue it seemed a record number of horror/violence films were slated for production or slated for release. Well, as we go to press, the number has more than doubled; the quality is probably equal to the square of the inverse of that number.

The Cannon Group Inc. is promising quite a few titles(in addition to many announced last issue which haven't been released. Their new titles are X-Ray with Jill St. John, SCHIZOID II again to be directed by David Paulsen, Harvest of Fear, Lover's Lane with Wayne Newton and New Year's Evil II. Interesting to note that two of these five titles are sequels. In addition to motion picture production, Cannon is planning to market foreign product, with some horror titles on the roster. There are Bloodsucking Freaks(title change is in order), Bloody Day and the even more subtle sounding Decapitation Inc. . Pure class from the Cannon Group.

Kids are getting into the act with Teddy("Jamie wouldn't kill anyone...unless Teddy told him to!"), the Carolco production of Incubus with John Cassavettes and John Ireland, and The Boogens which bears a disturbing resemblence

to The Brood.

One of the sleaziest distributors of all time, Manson International, has some becoming items to offer later this year. The Attic with Ray Milland presented by, who else, Attic Associates, Scream for Vengeance! with an ad campaign that boasts a man impaled to a wall with a pitchfork, The Glove (which could not achieve release under its previous title, Blood Mad) with Rosey Grier and, still not released, Human Experiments. Another distrib of the same caliber is New Line Inc., as it offers Delusion with Joseph Cotten, The Intruder, which appears to be a much better version of 1979's The Dark, and a mysterious title, Albino, starring Christopher Lee. Associated film merchants warns Don't Go in the Woods (unless you want to be slashed by the indefatiguable hairy person with a butcher knife) and also offers the grotesque and gory Frozen Scream, a Christmas story.

More classy, if not as interesting, will be Nightkill from Filmcrest International. Nightkill stars Jaclyn Smith, Mike Conners 4



Good, clean fun in Bloodsucking Freaks. As good an example as any of the turn the current wave of horror films has taken. Human dart boards, eh?

James Franciscus and Robert Mitchum. The plot deals with a crabby old man who dies and comes back to life(or does he?) to get revenge on his employees. An old angle handled with a new twist. "Very violent" should accurately describe Nightmares, from director John Lamond who seems to have a morbid fascination with broken glass.

Later in 1981 or early '82 Group I promises Alligator: Part 2, which could be as good as the original as most of the original crew(including director Lewis Teague and writer Frank Perilli) and cast(those who were not eaten) will be retained for the sequel. Ulli Lommel, infamous for last year's Boogey Man, will direct Nightshift, tho the name will probably be changed due to inevitable legal pressure from Stephen King who wrote the novel of the same name. More gore will be flowing in Cataclysm starring Cameron Mitchell. The same distrib, First International, has commenced pre-production on a new version of Day of the Triffids. with a proposed budget of \$2.5 million.

In the holiday department we have Bloody Birthday with Jose Ferrer, Day After Halloween, Happy(?) Anniversary, and Christmas Eve. Someone is going to have to invent some new holidays



for the horror film industry.

On the international side the horror film scene is very promising as American distributors search for more original material. Due to the low level of horror films that are being produced in the U.S., we should finally be seeing quite a bit of the new foreign product that is announced on the following pages.

Let us start with undoubtedly the most prolific, and possibly the

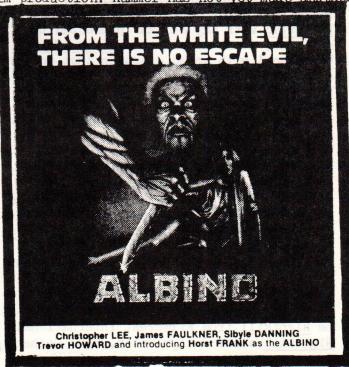
most original, country; Italy.

Lamberto Bava, Mario's son, has finally completed production on his long-awaited Macabre, which Lamberto says, "...is very much in the spirit of my father's work, with complex camera movemeents and brooding atmosphere". The House on the Edge of the Park has been picked up for American distribution by Manson/Atlas Int., and will undoubtedly receive an 'X' from the MPAA unless considerable nudity and violence is removed. On a lighter note is My Wife is a Witch(should be popular in America) with Helmut Berger, which is similar to 1942's I Married a Witch but with more erotic overtones. A very creative Italian filmmaker, Damiano Damiani, has just finished his first horror film, The Warning, starring Martin Balsam. Lucio Fulci, producer/director of Zombi(a.k.a. Zombie) and Zombi II has a two picture contract with Fulvia Films. Both films will be horror; one is Beauty Killer, a thriller similar to Bava's Hatchet for the Honeymoon, and the other is The Beyond, a film of a more supernatural-based content. Ovidio Assonitis, who brought us The Visitor and Beyond the Door, is now producing the American Pirahna, Part II, which starts shooting December 1st in Savannah, Georgia. Humor of the darkest kind will be found in Una Vacanza Bestiale (A Hell of a Holiday), while a man will acquire the ability to live forever in Immortal. Needless to say, his ego gets the best of him and he does everything he ever wanted to do, including murdering his best friends. Lucio Fulci is also presently involved in an Italian/British coproduction of The Black Cat, loosely

based on Poe's story. Release is already set for late August '82 in Great Britain. Franco Prosperi, director of the controversial Mondo Cane and Africa Addio, is helming Savage Zoo, now shooting in West Berlin. Due to a fluky drug leak, the city's animal population escapes and rips apart all human beings in sight; extreme violence is Prosperi's specialty. Savage Zoo could see release in the U.S. later this year. Prosperi has also recently completed shooting on Last House on the Beach, a title concocted by American distribs to cash in on the success of Last House on the Left. More animals are on the loose in Rattles, to be released in February '82, and Spiders, an arachnid film with a sense of humor. Extremely interesting is the Italian/Spanish/British coproduction of Verne's Mystery of Monster Island, which stars Terence Stamp, Peter Cushing and none other than Paul Naschy. The 102 minute film boasts a budget of 2 million dollars and should see domestic release by September '81.

In the Far East, current film production is mostly limited to hardcore pornography, however some horror and related pictures are in production and post-production. Toho is presenting Demon Spies and Star Godzilla, both films aimed at the younger market. The Shaw Brothers have come up with a couple typically exploitative titles, namely Blood-Thirsty Dead and Corpse Mania. Equally gory should be the Pearl production of Beasts, about mad hunters who go en masse to rid the world of tigers and the like, only to become graphically dissected and devoured. Yum, yum. Shochiku offers The Wicked, which asks the unusual question, 'How fearful can women be?".

Great Britain, surprisingly, offers little more than the Far East in the way of horror film production. Hammer has not yet made another





Night of the Werewolf(Dalmata Films, 1981)

feature film, though they have completed work on a horror series for television entitled Hammer's House of Horror. Unfortunately it is not likely the series will be seen in the U.S., and if it is it will most likely be in a cut version, for the series does contain some nudity and violence. Brent Walker productions has moved from pornography to horror with their recently completed Loophole, directed by John Quested and starring Martin Sheen. Currently shooting in New Orleans is Rampage, featuring a British cast but backed by U.S. producers. Of a more horrific nature is The Enigma, now in the planning stages and to be released in March of '82 domestically by Orion pictures. London's Entertainment Film Distributors Ltd. who specialize in exploitation items have completed Savage Weekend ("Violence Beyond Belief") and Rosemarie's Killer ('The thriller of thrillers...unbearable suspense!"). Other upcoming British titles include Dark Crystal, Dead Kids, Evil Under the Sun with Peter Ustinov and Roddy McDowall, Shock Treatment, and The Return (an independent extreme gore effort).

With the exception of Paul Naschy's recently formed Dalmata Films, Spain's horror output is not particularly impressive in quantity, though the quality of the few does seem promising. Beginning with Naschy's Dalmata Films, he has recently completed Night of the Werewolf and Human Beasts, both with similar casts and many of the same sets. Fortunately, both of these films are being offered to the U.S. at this year's Mifed film market. Currently in production at Dalmata is El Carnival de las Bestias (Carnival of Beasts), which is being made in collaboration with the Japanese Hoi Kikaku Productions. This film, which stars Naschy and

is being directed by him, is the first Japanese/Spanish film coproduction ever. Also being directed by a starring Naschy is Los Cantabros, which will complete shhoting in August of '81. Many new Spanish production companies are trying to cash in on the current horror trend. Some rather gory thrillers from new studios are MIEDO A SALIR DE NOCHE (Fear of Going Out at Night), MORIR DE MIEDO(Die of Fear) and MAS ALLA DEL FERROR(on the other side of Terror). Of these three, MAS ALLA was a big grosser in Europe and has a good chance of reaching American theatres. More X-Rated gore and sex will be seen in APOCALIP-SIS CANIBAL (Cannibal Apocalypse), with American star Robert O'Neal and a budget of \$2 million. Inspired by the success of Ossorio's Blind Dead series, Jose Luis Merino has completed SIETE CABALGAN HACIA I.A MUERTE (Seven Ride Towards Death), a Western with horror trappings. Naschy has obviously inspired other Spanish filmmakers, as Antonio Fernandez directed EL PODEROSO INFUJO DE LA LUNA(Powerful Influence of the Moon) which deals with werewolves and the like. Other Spanish horror titles recently completed are SEMILLA DE MUERTE (Seed of Death), MANO NEGRA(Black Hand) and the more serious LA QUINTA DEL PORRO (The Fifth from Hell). Though many of these films are typical gore items, some that will be approaching American shores are fascinating pieces of art, particularly Naschy's new works and MAS ALLA DEL TERROR. EDITORIAL(Continued from page 3) Romero's DAWN OF THE DEAD, you might ask. In the first place, DAWN began with the four main characters; the events grew from there. In the second place it had something to say; it made a statement on American social and material ideals, while FRIDAY THE 13th made a statement on American moviegoer mentality. But let's look at FRIDAY and DAWN on a less sophisticated level. In other words, which one gives you more of what you came for for your money? In its 92 minute running time, FRIDAY contains exactly 22 seconds of hard gore. In its 122 minutes, DAWN contains about 32 minutes of hard gore. So even on a simply visceral level, FRIDAY THE 13th hardly succeeds.

The real hope for the horror genre, as I see it, lies in the foreign market. The few films from Italy and Spain that have been making it to theatres have been far more interesting, if sometimes less coherent, than their American counterparts. The way I see it, one thing is certain. No matter who makes the films, they should be made. DEMONIQUE wouldn't be here without them.

# Tower of Evil (a.k.a. Horror on Snape Island)

The Story

An old man and a private detective arrive on Snape Island one foggy night to investigate the disappearance of two young men and two young women. They find the mutilated body of one of the boys, and upon touching one of the girls corpses its head rolls off. The old man wanders off into part of an abandoned lighthouse when he hears a strange noise. A screaming girl bursts out of a door and brutally stabs the old man. She runs blindly into the fog until being knocked out by the detective.

She is brought, in her catatonic state, to a hospital specializing in psychiatric disorders, as she is suspected of killing her three companions on the island. One of the murder weapons found on the island was a 3,000 year old Phoenecian sword, inspiring an archaeological expedition to investigate the island. The private detective accompanies the explorers, still intent on finding the cause of the murders to eliminate the accusations imposed upon the unconscious girl. The next evening, the group arrives on Snape island, a team consisting of one professional archaeologist, his virile(to say the least) young assistant, the detective and the archaeologists inexperienced friend. Along for the ride are the two men's wives, who have other things on their minds than their own husbands.

Back on the mainland, doctors are trying to bring the girl out of her semi-conscious state. She has some horrifying visions of events that occured on Snape Island. A small, shrouded figure viciously attacks her boyfriend, first severing his hand and then tearing the skin off his back. The creature then pins the other girl's boyfriend to a wall with the ancient sword, and the other girl is slashed and then decapitated. Finally, after these visions recur several times, the girl awakens and tells the doctors her story.

She is too late, however, as the group on the island hears an explosion and runs back to shore only to find their boat destroyed. Upon returning back to their settlement in the lighthouse, they find their radio destroyed as well.

The next morning, after a few affairs are taken care of by the virile assistant, the intrepid explorers discover a large Phoenecian temple beneath the island's

surface. Soon after, a decayed body is found in one of the wive's rocking chairs, taken by most as an omen of things to come. Three of the expedition members are gruesomely murdered, and the detective discovers that the murderer is the hideously deformed son of the old lady who was found in the rocking chair. A battle ensues in which another member is killed. Suddenly, a kerosene lamp falls and starts the creature aflame as the remaining three escape from the burning lighthouse.

Commentary

Some films reveal their intentions in a subtle fashion, others do so overtly, and some are so esoteric that the point can only be inferred. Tower of Evil is neither subtle nor esoteric; it is so explicit that if it can be accepted at all it must be taken as a hardcore horror film. Plot elements are left unexplained as if writer/director Jim O'Connolly hopes to satisfy the audience with his straightforward approach. His success is partial yet admirable. The film's first few minutes are so atmospheric, with its fog-enshrouded island and what-not, that Tower of Evil achieves a genuine feeling of class. This of the success is partial on P.



BRYANT HALIDAY - JILL HAWORTH and introducing GARY HAMILTON as BROM

Denotes Section Product Produc

#### \*-Not recommended \*\*-Recommended \*\*\*-A must

# Video Update

Both the independent and major videocassette distribs have finally realized that horror is a most popular genre in terms of repeat viewings, and therefore most suitable for videocassette releases. VCI and Cinema Concepts have released some very obscure and worthwhile horror titles, while Warners, Paramount, and Magnetic Video companies have taken care of the more popular titles.

832 Silas Deane Highway
Wethersfield, CT 06109
Tapes retail at \$59.95

AXE\*\frac{1}{2}; Will prove most amusing for blood & gore fans, others may enjoy some of the more creepy moments. Very fast paced, with a murder every seven minutes or so.
Video quality decent, though

some complexions are overexposed.

DEAR DEAD DELILAH\*\*½; See article elsewhere in this issue. Contrast on tape itself is a bit extreme; usually on the bright side. FRANKENSTEIN'S CASTLE OF FREAKS\*; Yes, a foreign film, and very silly at that. For diehard horror afficionadoes, the sight of a bedraggled Dracula sucking Frankenstein's Morster's blood might be amusing enough to warrant a look(the film co-stars Boris Lugosi). Abominable photography and worse special effects. Nice quality tape though.

THE MAD BUTCHER\*\*\*; A rarely seen classic. Shades of Sweeney Todd as Victor Buono plays a demented butcher whose sausages have a highly human content. The acting by Buono, John Ireland and Brad Harris is well above-average, and the fact that Buono sells his sausages to the police department is played to its best advantage. Really gross stuff, but well-produced and often amusing. Video quality is excellent, but the print the tape was struck from is rather scratchy.

TASTE OF HELL\*\*; Slightly above average action/horror flick, elevated by a powerful performance by William Smith and some inspired direction by Angelo Velguez.Not terribly original, but interesting.Quality of the tape itself is top-notch.

a HARRY NOVAK presentation
AT LAST...
TOTAL
TERROR!

witchmaker\*; Late 60's sadism at its most perverse. Hardly a minute goes by before some nubile young lady is being threatened with a bizarre torture. Totally pedestrian direction and unenthusiatic acting make this one hardly worth a look.

6555 E. Skelly Drive Tulsa, OK 74145 Tapes retail at \$54.95 DR. BLACK, MR. HYDE; Probably the least interesting film in VCI's new line, DR. BLACK, MR. HYDE is simply a negro version of THE INCREDIBLE HULK. The considerable talents of Bernie Casey are wasted behind white contact lenses and a white fright wig. Poor choice of music and other cast members doesn't help. Video quality excellent as usual with all VCI

releases.

DRACULA'S DOG\*\*½; Not nearly as bad as it sounds. A vampire and his bloodsucking dog travel to L.A. to find Dracula's last living descendant. Jose Ferrer and Micheal Pataki seem to be enjoying themselves, as will most viewers.

LEGEND OF THE WOLFWOMAN \*\*; Why would I recommend something called LEGEND OF THE WOLFWOMAN? Because this is the most silly, grotesque attempt at subtle eroticism ever put on film. WOLFWOMAN almost achieves high camp. Almost, if it weren't so downright sleazy. Chocolate-colored blood flows profusely, and at one point our heroine even makes love to an iguana. Pure class from Dimension Pictures and VCI. HORROR HOSPITAL\*\*1; Very amusing and gory British film concerning Dr. Storm (Micheal Gough) and his "clinic" for teenagers. Gough handles the whole affair very nicely, with raised-eyebrows and sinister smiles aplenty. Some might find the sick humor offensive, otherwise an outstanding comedy/ horror effort.

DEMON\*\*½; Not to be confused with the 1977
Larry Cohen production (a.k.a. GOD TOLD ME
TO), we have here a 1981 horror item that
has received virtually no release as of
this writing. This is a real hardcore terror
piece, complete with the rampaging monster

-8-

and determined detective. Inspired, comic-book film done without any great pretensions or any heavy message. Acting, special effects, and direction are all way above par for this type of

affair.

REDEEMER\*: A reel shame. Some fantastic potential here with some striking effects, beautiful lighting and intriguing plot devices. The problem is that REDEEMER is totally incoherent, as it starts and ends with a child coming out of a bottomless lake which somehow causes six men and women to be murdered at a bizarre high-school reunion. Some great sequences, like a disturbing segment involving a giant ventriloquist's dummy and a spear, are lost in the shuffle. Worth a look for more enthusiastic fans.

DEVIL'S WEDDING NIGHT \*\*\*; Probably the ultimate example of Spanish/Italian

gothic horror, DEVIL'S WEDDING NIGHT contains most of the conventional and contemporary horror trappings. The conventional are the vampires, magic rings, spooky mansions and foggy nights; contemporary are the scenes of eroticism, explicit violence and sacrifice. The only real problem is the overabundance of nudity, some of which was cut for American release. Still, at times DEVIL'S WEDDING NIGHT borders on the pornographic with uncomfortable lesbian scenes and the like. Needless to say, the photography is stunning -- one hell of a finale, I might add. Other titles of interest

from VCI: SCREAM BLOODY MURDER\*\*, NIGHT CREATURE\*\*\* SCREAMS OF A WINTER NIGHT\*\*

TERROR\*\*. RUBY \*2.

TOOLBOX MURDERS\*\*\*

Wizard of Video

(Available through WoV dealers) I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE; I puke in your face. (See mini-review section) The worst film ever made. Period.

ZOMBIE\*\*An unabashedly cheap shot at cashing in on the success of DAWN OF THE DEAD and yet quite a success on its own level. The gore is so overdone it's laughable, as is the rest of the film, which is its real saving grace. Effects are on par with Savini's -- the eye sequence must be seen to be helieved (no pun intended). BLOOD BEACH\*; One of those monster-on-theloose pictures where we never see the feature menace. We do hear a lot of interesting speculation and attempted comic

relief, unfortunately the total lack of action makes all previous talk simply annoying. A genuinely boring horror film.

(Available through all Warner Video dealers) HUMANOIDS FROM THE DEEP\*\*1; A 50's horror script shot in 1979, HUMANOIDS is a simple-minded, rude piece of exploitation that manages to be entertaining through its frantic pacing and frank approach. The cast is so sincere, the images so revolting and the action so plentiful that one can't help but be taken in. Extremely bloody; not a tape to take home to show the kids, but an engrossing horror epic.

DEATH RACE 2000\*\*\*; Another hilarious Corman science-fiction masterpiece. DEATH RACE satirizes everything from politicians to consumerism, and manages to fit in quite a bit of violence and nudity along the way. Some unbelievably well-timed editing and highkey performances help immeasurably. David

Carradine is terrific as the popular racing hero who continuously sets records with the number of citizens he runs over. DEATHSPORT\*; A followup of sorts to DEATH RACE, DEATHSPORT has neither the satirical edge or breakneck pacing of the original. Carradine plays a champion motorcycle rider this time, only he is given little more to do than look mean and ride hard. The main difference between the two films is in the script, which goes to show how a lousy one can really screw up the works.

TOWER OF EVIL

feeling is quickly erased when the old man is stabbed very graphically, blood pouring this way and that. Soon afterwards, TOWER OF EVIL soon deteriorates

into the typical early seventies exploitation rut; we are introduced to the archaeologists, young punks, sex-starved wives and inept detectives. All opportunities for nudity and sex are jumped on(no pun intended) by O'Connolly, and most of these scenes are, if not laughable, than unnecessarily brutal.

More interesting are the scenes in which psychologists attempt to decipher the events that have taken place on Snape Island from the inner-thoughts of the surviving girl. Flashbacks of the gory murders are stylishly edited between the colored lights which are used to hypnotize the girl; more is suggested than actually shown. Then again, O'Connolly does not have nearly enough restraint to make a truly frightening film. We are not bored because we know O'Connolly will dish out more explicit gore later in the film; the real horror is the lack of finesse.

THE DEVIL'S DESCIPLES ... GOLIATH VS. THE HUNCHBACK... Frankensteins

ROSSANO BRAZZI • MICHAEL DUNN and EDMUND PURDOM • ••• Gordon Michael - Alain Collins Loren Ewing • Xiro Papas • Boris Lugosi • CHRISTIANE ROYCE

Castle of Freaks

# THE AND MOTHER TEXAS AND CHAINSAW MASSACRE

The State of the American Family By Jim Mulay

As Robin Wood points out in his book American Nightmare, "Since Psycho, the Hollywood cinema has implicitly recognized Horror as both American and familial". This statement still holds true. Since the release of Halloween (with the opening murder of a teenage girl by her younger brother) the market has been glutted with hundreds of horror films. One of the big-ggest moneymakers, Friday the 13th, had a crazed mother seeking revenge for the death of her young son. A recent release, Mother's Day, has very obvious roots in an earlier film, The Texas Chainsaw Massacre. By examining the two films we shall see extreme contrasts and similarities that will show an indication of the depresing downswing in the quality and orginality of the current cycle of horror films. The insight and intelligence that was shown ten years earlier in pictures like Romero's Night of the Living Dead and Tobe Hooper's Texas Chainsaw Massacre has given way to the stupidity and unimaginativeness of current "shockers" such as I Spit on Your Grave and Mother's Day.

The "monsters" in both films are family groups based in out-of-the-way backwoods type of environments. Texas Chainsaw's family consists of the almost dead grandpa, the father, and his two sons, one able to leave the home, the other, Leatherface, stays at home and is considered the "cook". The family is all male and according to Wood, "The absence of women (conceived of as a civilizing, humanizing influence) deprives

"THE TEXAS
CHAINSAN
MASSACRE"

America's most bizarre and brutal crimes

What happened is true. Now the motion picture that's just as real.

the family of its social sense and social meaning while leaving the strenth of primitive loyalties untouched". But then there is Mother's Day. The family consists of Mother, who is first seen attending a self-improvement seminar, and her two boys (who are reminiscent of Lenny and Squiggy on Laverne and Shirley). If women represent a "civilizing, humanizing influence" to the men in Texas Chainsaw, then they represent the exact opposite in Mother's Day. Herein Mother encourages her boys to go out and kidnap female victims for tortuous entertainment. In Mother's Day, Mother

represents perversion.

The victims in both films are similar, but with a difference that is typical of the recent developments in the horror film. In Texas Chainsaw we are thrown into a van full of young people on vacation, two couples and a young man in a wheelchair. Franklin, the one in the wheelchair, is the brother of one of the girls, Sally. There is a constant tension between the two; Sally is torn between concern for her brother and her desire to be rid of him. Franklin would like to be considered normal, but deep down he knows he is a burden. We are brought into the lives of these characters just as if we were a hitchhiker they had picked up (The hitchhiker they do pick up turns out to be one of their future tormentors). We pick them up at a certain point in their lives and any identification we enact with them is achieved through dialogue and actions

them is achieved through dialogue and actions.

Not so in Mother's Day. The victims
happen to be three young, independent women. One lives in New York City, one in Chicago, and one in Los Angeles. The three were former roommates in college who, once every year, plan a "surprise" weekend. One person would plan the outing and the three would meet at a certain place at a preordained time. The planner would then blindfold the others and take them to the surprise location. This year the outing is a camping trip to the wilds of New Jersey. The identification and sympathy we get for these characters is about as subtle as Leatherface's chainsaw. During the credits we are treated to home movies of the girls' campus life. "Cute" things like the girls getting ready for dates and the "wild" parties they attended. Worse than that are lengthy and dull flashbacks as each reminisces about the others. We see how one of the girls, Jackie, had rotten luck when it came to men, and how the girls rigged a complicated and unbelievable revenge for a particularly loathsome boyfriend, which involved de-pantsing the guy on the football field.



"THE TEXAS CHAIN SAW MASSACRE"

These sophomoric flashbacks are obvious and drum up false sympathy for the characters. There is really no thematic depth to their dialogue, so we have to be treated to glimp. ses of their college days for any characterization.

Both films deal with the disintegration of the American family. The family in Texas Chainsaw is displaced and confused, and has had a tradition of working in the slaughterhouse. From grandpa down to Leatherface they all wielded the sledgehammers down on the heads of the cattle. When the new cattle "gun" comes along, which killed cattle easier than the hammers, the family is put out of work. In a capitalstic society that demands men must work, the family has no choice but to bring their work home. Without the influence of a woman the men disintegrated into grisly creativity. They decorate their home with morbid leftovers from their work. Lamps made from parts of human skin and bones, and even Leatherface's mask is not leather but human skin. Society has fed off of their family, so the family now feeds off society. The family has been distorted to a point where their normal creative impulses bend towards the hideous.

Where Texas Chainsaw shows reason for the detrioration, Mother's Day contains none. When we are first introduced to the family, Mother has trapped a young couple on a country road. Out of the woods jump her boys who decapitate the man and attempt to rape the woman, all with Mother looking on approvingly. The next time we see the family as a group, the boys have dragged the three women into the house. The house is littered with consumer goods; boxes of cereal, cat chow, Triscuits, baby food, doughnuts, candy bars and Crackerjack. There are dozens of working, and broken, television sets scattered around the house. The boys' room is full of pop personality posters and toys. Mother is seen reading a Sears catalogue.

Somehow all this induces violence. The boys tie the girls up and then, when Mother gives the signal, they drag Jackie out into the yard. Mother gets her rocking chair and sits down to watch. The boys play games with



'THE TEXAS CHAIN SAW MASSACRE'

her, apparently based on scenes from television. Then one of the boys throws her down and rapes her. Considering Jackie was shown to have so much trouble with the male sex I find this scene not only to be in bad taste but particularly disgusting as well. The only reason the flashback showing Jackie's trouble was inserted was to make the rape seem more tragic and ironic.

But what causes this violence? In Texas Chainsaw violence is what the men did for a living. In Mother's Day we are just shown ridiculous amounts of consumer goods and are expected to assume that American consumerism leads to violence. The director, Charles Kaufman's, own explanation is vague, "This was Mother's perception of what society is about...She wanted to take what was good from the city and the rest of it you can keep. This was her perception of what's good. The problem is we are never given any indication of why Mother's perception is the way it is. We are never sure what motivates Mother, or in fact where the family is getting the money to purchase all their goods. The film pretends to be making comments on consumerism, but the development of the theme goes as scattering boxes of junk food in front of the camera. There is no way to gauge how the family has disintegrated, because we are never told what the family cause we are never was like before.

From this point on the film falls into the traditional "escape and revenge" formula. The girls escape the house, gather up their belongings and decide to return to get revenge, "For Jackie" (She had been murdered



Working Woman's Punishment in "Mother's Day"



Texas Chainsaw deals with its themes through a careful buildup of dialogue, action and images... Mother's Day practically throws its simple messages at you..."

#### One big, happy family in "TEXAS CHAINSAW"

after the rape). The end of the film simply shows how the two women kill their tormentors. It is shown as a triumph and the two don't show any remorse or disgust over their violent acts (even the killers in Wes Craven's Last House on the Left were disgusted by what they had done). But it isn't shown as a character change. We, the audience, are made to feel that the women were completely justified in their actions. We are not given any indication that the girls will have any trouble adjusting to society after they make it back.

Which brings us to the end of the film. In the early part of the film we see Mother telling her boys to watch out for "Queenie". Apparently "Queenie" is Mother's sister, who happens to be a deformed mutant-type who lives in the woods. So after the women will the family and start heading back to civilization, "Queenie" leaps out of the bushes with a howl. The shot freeze frames, we hear screams, and then the awful theme song, "I Think We're Alone Now" swells up. An easy way to avoid any kind of summation of the film's themes is to just tag on an ending that provides one more shock.

The violence in both films is worlds apart. Over the years Texas Chainsaw has garnered the reputation of being an incredibly bloody film. Though there is little actual blood in the film, its intensity and disturbing qualities make the audience

Family portrait from TEXAS CHAINSAW"

feel it is incredibly graphic. Most of the bloodletting is done through suggestion. The girl getting put on the meathook is hacrifying, but we do not see the hook enter or exit her body. Franklin getting ripped apart by the chainsaw is terrifying, but we never see of art, but when the whirring blade acountrious films tually cut into his flesh. Texas Chainsaw's violence is memorable because it was lead up to and resented so well. The film is an



"THE TEXAS CHAIN SAW MASSACRE"

intense, disturbing experience done by an intelligent, creative filmmaker.

Mother's Day contains an overabundance of extremely graphic violence. There is an explicit decapitation in the first five minutes. We are treated to a rope slowly sawing through the hands of one of the girls (a sick and gratuitous scene). We see a man vomit blood after a bottle of Drano has been poured down his throat. We see a car antenna plunged through a man's throat. Plus countless other acts of useless violence, including a fairly graphic rape scene that borders on the pornographic. Most of this violence is overdone and unnecessary. Some pieces of gore seem like throw-aways to pad out the film. The amount and design of the killings draws attention away from the basic failings of the script. The only creativity in the film is

the way the characters are killed.

Though neither film is particularly subtle, Texas Chainsaw is successful due to its approach while Mother's Day fails. Texas Chainsaw deals with its themes through a careful buildup of dialogue, action, and images. It is the kind of film one thinks about later because the mind has absorbed so many of the images shown it. Mother's Day practically throws its simple messages at you and then proceeds to beat you over the head with them. A few consumer products in the background and maybe a little characterization would have worked better. But the filmmaker took the easy way out and fell back on graphic violence and a formula script. There is no depth to Mother's Day because there is nothing there

Which illustrates the alarming trend in current horror films, the only creativity

in the majority of them being in new ways to depict violence. I don't object to the films that don't pretend to be works pretentious films like Mother's Da come out, it sends the credibility of the horror film down to the basement.

to see.



Violence due to society? More likely greed in "MOTHER'S DAY"

#### "MONSTER A GO-GO"

Cast: Phil Morton, June Travis, George Perry and Henry Hite as the monster. Directed by H.G. Lewis(as Sheldon Seymour)

and Bill Rebune.

(1965) 70 Mins. Black and White

The narrator informs us that a manned space capsule has crashed near the Chicago Space labs. The airforce starts a search for the capsule, but when a helicopter pilot finds it, he is cooked alive by some unknown force. Upon discovering his body, the airforce calls in Dr. Logan and his associates. Logan investigates the area and finds that the body of the capsule pilot, Douglas, is missing and that several areas of ground are mysteriously burned. At his lab the following day, Logan proves that the helicopter pilot was killed by a massive dose of radiation and yet there were no traces of radiation on the capsule itself. Logan theorizes that Douglas has mutated into something, having survived the crash. Dr. Mannering is called in to take control of the project.

That night, a teenage couple is attacked by the hulking form of Douglas. The following day, Dr. Logan investigates the area. Not for long, however, as he backs into the monster who proceeds to strangle him. Meanwhile, Dr. Mannering is having a quiet dinner with Ruth, Douglas's fiancee, at a restaurant, when a phone call alerts him to what has happened. When Mannering and Ruth arrive, they find Logan's body, even more hideously charred than the others.

Two months pass and nothing is heard of the monster. A new doctor, Brent, investigates and finds that Douglas has been switched from planted doses of Serum #50(which protected him from radiation) to a not fully tested Serum #51 by Dr. Logan and his brother Conrad. Confronting Conrad with this info, Conrad confesses to it and informs the, that the serum, when tested, caused a lab rat to grow twice its size and kill the other rats it touched.

The narrator then explains that Logan has hidden the monster in the other lab all this time in an effort to change him back to normal with the aid of yet another serum. When he returns to his lab, he finds the monster has escaped and taken the antidote with him. He reports this to Dr. Brent, who is somewhat disturbed at the news.

As usual, the military is called in to defeat the monster but all attempts are futile. In the area of the attack, while a trucker helps a lady driver out of her car, the monster climbs onto the back of

his truck. The trucker drives off, unaware of the menace hidden in the back of the truck.

Meanwhile, the military commander devises a way to stop the monster by firing an airdart into the creature's body, an airdart filled with enough antidote to neutralize the radioactive aura around the creature's body.

Once the truck makes it into the city, it stops and the body of the trucker falls dead onto the ground. The monster leaves the truck and goes for an evening stroll. The military finds the body and immediately surround the area with geiger counters. As the net grows tighter around the monster, it escapes down a manhole and into a sewer. Donning protective garments against the radioactivity and armed with the airdart gun. Just as they corner the monster at the end of the tunnel, it dissappears into thin air. Once they get out of the sewers they are handed a celegram by Conrad. The narrator then tells us hat Douglas has been found floating on a rubber raft in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, with o knowledge of how he got there or how he scaped the capsule. Finally, the narrator peculates as to who or what the monster was, and "Is it still here?".

#### -COMMENTARY-

Filmed in 1963-4 by Bill Rebune as Terror At Halfday, it was released in 1965 as Monster A Go-Go with additional footage shot by Herschell Gordon Lewis under the name of Sheldon Seymour. This film is extremely obscure; so much so that most books on sci-fi movies and schlock films pass this gem up. Monster A Go-Go was made as a low-budget ripoff of Amazing Colossal Man, and made the original look like an epic masterpiece. The plot is confusing, scenes jump from one to the other without any master shots to connect them(are you sure Larry Buchanan didn't have a hand in this?)or to establish even a semblance of order. We have no idea what time or what day it is, unless the narrator says it(which he rarely does). As for the narrator, he does a thoroughly lousy job of trying to make sense of what is going on, while at the same time trying to do an immitation of Rod Serling. In fact, the ending is a blatant ripoff of Twilight Zone.

There is absolutely no effort to develop characters in Monster A Go-Go. Actors appear and dissappear as swiftly as possible. Only the woman who plays Dr. Kramer and the man who plays Conrad Logan remain onscreen long enough to make any real impact. As for the monster, the majority of his action takes place off-screen. When he does appear, it is in scenes that last anywhere from 30 seconds to a minute in length. The total amount of time he appears on screen is a smashing five minutes. In most shots we only see his legs moving. The only makeup on the monster is some scar tissue around the face, and even that missing in the final scenes!

(Continued on page 26)

# DEAR DEAD DELILAH

One of the few examples of 'classical horror' made in the 1970's, DEAR DEAD DELILAH is an intelligent, well-acted and spirited film that received little playoff in the Northern and Midwestern states. What we have in DDD is an extremely Southern film. The Southern atmosphere is all-encompassing: the accents, the mansion, and even the characters are of the deepest South in nature. It is not being too bold to say that if you don't like the South, you will not like DDD. Even the plot is "classic" Southern.

DEAR DEAD DELILAH tells the story of six relatives in search of the 'horse-money' that belonged to Delilah's father. Delilah(Agnes Moorehead) is the head of the family, constantly on the verge of death.

As nephew Robert Gentry puts it. Delilah is wasting away, ever so slowly, and at the top of her voice". As members are violently murdered, the culprit becomes clearer: either the nephew(Rich ard), the nurse and his wife (Ellie), or the new housekeeper (Luddy).

It just so happens that Luddy axed her mother twenty years earlier, and having been recently released from the Tennessee Rehabilitation Center still has nightmares about the experience. As it turns out, Richard and Ellie are in cahoots, and Richard eventually finds the six-hundred thousand in 'Papa's' crypt. He then cuts his wife in two so he doesn't have to divide the money that way. Luddy has been having her nightmares again, but the washed-up family doctor convinces her that she is innocent. Richard, however, decides to incriminate Luddy and take the money and run. Delilah is hardly conscious but musters up enough strength

to pick up a rifle and blow Richard's face off. She dies afterwards, and Luddy and the family doctor Alonzo walk off laughing about how many children they will bring to the plantation they now own.

Pretty old stuff no matter how you slice it, but pretty old stuff can be made to seem new with a little interest and forethought. Writer/Director Micheal Farris has these qualities, and milks every scene for all it's worth. Occasionally, as in a scene with Agnes Moorehead conversing with Will Geer, Farris lets the performers take over, a wise decision as both actors have an acute sense of timing that editing would throw out of whack. Most of the characters, particularly Delilah's brother Morgan(Micheal Ansara) and his wife Buffy, are incredible caricatures of the

Southern stereotype. Farris plays a little too much with her innate stupidity during her killing. for when the axe is raised above her head she does not scream or struggle. Instead she looks up terrified and states matter-of-factly 'But it's so sharp". We know, Buffy, we know. Only Gentry as the nephew comes off a bit stiff, though he is comfortable with his more insult-

ing comments. For instance, in one scene he speaks of The Curse of Southhall Plantation, and Luddy asks, 'Oh, your family was gamblers?'' to which he replies, "They'd bet on the number of fleas on a dog's ass".

Which brings us to possibly the best thing about Dear Dead Delilah; the film has a terrific sense of humor about itself, the genre and the surroundings. When the titles come on after a rather downbeat and gruesome scene, the music turns into a silly theme of sorts with banjo and kazoo as the lead instruments. A similar type of black humor is evidenced with Will Geer's death(pictured above). He falls ever so slowly, holding tenaciously onto his (Continued on Page 37)

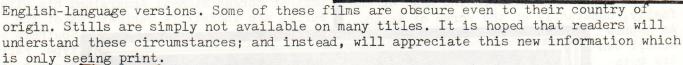


# HISPANIC HORROR FILMS; AN INFORMAL GENRE SURVEY by Micheal Secula

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Following is a three-part genre survey of Hispanic horror films. In it, coverage will be given to Spain, Mexico and parts of Central and South America. Much information already exists, and references to publications which readers may consult are given throughout the text. To avoid redundancy, I have attempted to focus my coverage only to those films which have not to my knowledge been reviewed in any other book or magazine.

You will immediately notice the sparsity of illustrations. An explanation is in order. The films to be discussed were seen by myself in the original Spanish-language prints and, with some exceptions, have not been distrubuted in the United States in



PART 1 "MEXICO"

The busy Mexican Film Industry has been grinding out low-budget horror and fantasy films fore longer than most people realize; their most widely seen output being the AIP-TV distributed pictures from the late 1950's to early 1960's. Yet despite the literally dozens of films dubbed for U.S. audiences, there are still quite a few that escaped AIP's TV net and deserve attention if only because they are so scarce. (Here we will be concerned only with these obscure efforts. Anyone seeking information on the U.S. released titles, and certain un-released films not appearing in this article, should consult the excellent books written by Don Glut).

The Mexicans have a knack for freely incorporating odd horror touches into otherwise non-horrific films. One such example is 1958's DOS FANTASMAS Y UNA MUCHACHA(Two Ghosts and a Girl), a gangster-comedy about stolen loot hidden in a ghost-filled theatre. The title is flawed; there are actually more like two dozen ghosts who cavort onstage and do tricks like tossing their heads around and rearranging their bodies. The "tricks" are obvious to anyone with even a rudimentary knowledge of special effects, and the poor little feature has little to recommend it.

Happily, this is not the case with 1964's MUSEO DEL HORROR (Museum of Horror), a text-book example of Mexican horror filmmaking at its best. As is their wont, the scriptwriters again took their inspiration from an American

film. in this case HOUSE OF WAX, but the similarities are purely superficial. Pic opens with a hooded cloaked figure pursuing a young woman thru darkened, winding streets, accosting her and carting her off to his lair secreted in a neighboring graveyard. Then follows an image which will be repeated throughout the course of the film: that of the poor victim regaining cosciousness just as the moment where a large vat of wax, having the look and consistency of thick dishwater, is dumped rudely onto her face. The fact that this is a messy and highly unlikely procedure (she's laid out on an ordinary table and the stuff is spilling all over the floor) is something that one learns quickly to overlook when reviewing Mexican films. Suffice it to say, that somehow or other, she soon turns up in the villain's wax museum looking none the worse for wear. The film is replete with the images Mexican afficionados hold so dear, like the collection of pickled heads in the jars which the villain keeps neatly arranged on a shel?. There's also a bit of ghoulishness involving two grave-robbers, who are caught in the act by a policeman. Poor fellow should have looked the other way...he is hit on the head with a shovel, tossed into the open grave, and buried alive!

The same production company(Sotomayor) and director(Rafael Baledon, one of the country's most competent directors and an

actor of some merit as well) teamed up again in 1965 to create one of the most infamous but rarely-seen titles, LA LOBA(a.k.a. The She-Wolf). This writer saw a 16mm Spanish print, and it is highly unlikely that the film will ever be seen by English-speaking audiences. This is unfortunate, not because LA LOBA is a great film(it isn't) but because it represents an important transitional period in Mexican horror filmmaking.

Prior to <u>LA LOBA</u>, very few of Mexico's horror pictures utilized blood and gore effects; but by the mid 1960's, the industry was faced with having to keep up with the rest of the world market, in order for their pictures to compete with the Spanish-dubbed foreign films entering Mexico. <u>LA LOBA</u> displays a lack of finesse, not to mention taste,

in this regard.

The plot concerns a brother and sister suffering from Lycanthropy, and hidden away in a creepy old house out in the sticks, where the scientist/father vainly experiments with cures. The aforementioned gore first appears when, after the male werewolf has his chest torn open by a pack of wild dogs, he lumbers home for treatment. Pic then resorts to some gruesome footage shot in a Mexican hospital, to illustrate the operation. Similar heavy-handedness ruins the finale, where the wounded She-Wolf(Kitty de Hoyos) wanders off to die, while her male counterpart struggles with the household's hulking servant. The scenes are edited back and forth, and each time we cut back to the werewolf's struggle, his opponent is in increasing states of bloodiness. After the third cut, we get the point, but the battle continues ad nauseum. LA LOBA is typical of Mexican horror films in a number of ways: wonderfully atmospheric sets, lighting and photography -- all effectively short-circuited by the ludicrous She-Wolf make-up, which resembles nothing so much as loose, shaggy pajamas.

Another director, Alfredo B. Crevenna (see review of LA DINISTIA DRACULA in this issue) is responsible for a number of inferior horror films, among them ROSTRO INFERNAL(a.k.a. Hell Face; extremely limited U.S. release in 1963 as INCREDIBLE FACE OF DR. B) and LA HUELLA MACABRA(The Macabre Mark), two anemic "thrillers" which commit the unpardonable sin, for horror films, of being boring. ROSTRO is

a vapid piece about an ugly man who hangs around a burlesque theatre. LA HEULLA concerns a vampire child brought back from the dead to serve his master--a peculiar gent who likes to stage wrestling matches in his basement. The less said about these two, the better.

Speaking of wrestling matches, even the least knowledgeable fan among us is surely familiar with el Santo--the paunchy star of innumerable horror and non-horror thrillers.

Most familiar to U.S. audiences are SAMSON IN THE WAX MUSEUM, SAMSON VS. THE VAMPIRE WOMEN and INVASION OF THE ZOMBIES, three early 1960's B & W pics that play seemingly every week on schlocky independent TV stations. His later films are covered in depth by Don Glut in THE FRANKENSTEIN LEGEND, THE DRACULA BOOK and CLASSIC MOVIE MONSTERS, which interested parties should purchase posthaste. Here, we will cover those Santo flicks about which little has previously been known.

SANTO EN LA VENGANZA DE LA MOMIA(Santo in the Mummy's Revenge--not to be confused with the Paul Naschy movie of the same name), is a 1971 title, in color as are all post-1967 Santos. In this chapter, Santo tags along with an archaeological expedition on its way to some newly discovered Mayan ruins. Things soon go wrong, as members are murdered one by one, apparently by a living mummy who likes to hunt his prey with a crossbow. Why they bothered to bring Santo along at all is anyone's guess, since the entire expedition is annhilated by the end of the film, with the exception of (naturally but unfortunately) Santo, a small boy, and the requisite screaming heroine. The mummy is unmasked as just another greedy, treasuremongering human, and beaten to a pulp by Santo. Then they all hoof it back to Mexico city just in time to catch the final wrestling match.

But you can't keep a good man down, and Santo continued to make movies. Two nonhorror pictures were made in co-production with Spain: SANTO CONTRE LOS ASESINOS DE LA MAFIA(Santo vs. the Mafia Assassins) and SANTO FRENTE A LA MUERTE(Santo in Front of Death). Mafia is the better of the two, barely. With Santo in town, the Mafia is in panic. They dispatch a hired killer who hides in the rafters of a local wrestling arena with a high-powered rifle. Right at the height of Santo's match below, a shot is fired and Santo is hit! (No, the Ref didn't see it). Our wounded hero is easily captured by the mob and taken to their hideout, where they reveal their phony Santo who plans to take the place of the real thing. Ever on the ball, Santo pulls a switcheroo, and the dumb mobsters stuff their own man into an incinerator. The second film is a routine espionage yarn, with Santo hot on the trail of a group of international conspirators who ripped off some topsecret plans from the Mexican army. You can imagine the rest.

Of course, Mexico has its own Sexploitation/Horrors as well. The aptly titled HORROR AND SEX(again, see Glut) received scant U.S. release as NIGHT OF THE BLOODY APES in 1972. Likewise another, titled LOVE AFTER DEATH(original Spanish title unknown). This poor excuse for a motion picture concerns a wimpy guy whose wife is fooling around with the family doctor. Conveniently, the husband suffers from catalepsy, which allows the sceming adulterers to have him buried alive. Hubby digs himself out of his grave, in a scene handled far more convincingly in PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE, alive but a trifle unhinged by his experience. In order to work out his aggressions, he goes around raping and killing innocent women until finally he goes after his wife. Why he didn't just go after her in the first place is never made clear. Fact is, it takes a lot of footage to make a movie...he's gotta do something. So after a lot of unrelated action, the doc is killed, the wife is strangled, and the authorities arrive. Efforts to capture the maniac result in only a bundle of empty clothes, the living dead man having vanished into thin air. If only the entire film would follow suit. Production values are grade Z all the way, and even the "actors" have a difficult time keeping straight faces, let alone reading a line of dialogue (though to be fair, that blame rests with the dubbers). Pic is irresponsible and makes for uncomfortable viewing. One lesbian sequence features a girl who looks so undernourished, it is hoped that she invested her meager wages from this movie in a good box lunch(no pun intended).

Part Two; Central and South America

In the last section's coverage of Mexico, specific Santo films were discussed at length; but the nadir of the series had yet to be reached. This was remedied when the Man in the Silver Mask ventured South of the (Mexican) border to participate in SANTO EN EL MISTERIO DE LA PERLA NEGRA(Santo in the Mystery of

the Black Pearl). A product of the almost non-existent Colombian film industry, PERLA NEGRA is certainly the worst of the Santo line, if such distinctions are possible. The 'mystery", such as it is, does not even warrant explanation here; but for those who care about these things, this shoddy little epic was directed by Fernando Orozco, also responsible for FRENTE and MAFIA. Cast included Mexican regular Maria Eugenia San Martin, and Spanish actor Francisco(Frank) Brana. Photography was the work of Juan Manuel Herrera, who also directed the following two Colombian titles: KARLA CONTRE LOS JAGUA-RES(Karla vs. the Jaguars) and LOS JAGUARES CONTRA EL INVASOR MISTERIOSO(The Jaguars vs. the Mysterious Invader).

Interesting if only for curio sake, the Jaguar films involve(you guessed it)a group of masked Santo-clones who dress in tigerstriped leotards and ride motorcycles. The KARLA film is the more enjoyable of the two, Karla being a sinister lady scientist backed by an army of robotized humans which she can control from afar. Not as threatening as it sounds, as the "robots" are still susceptible to ordinary bullets, which is demonstrated when one of them is shot and falls forward coughing fake blood onto the low-angled camera lens. Karla's henchmen are are easily identified by the big "K" emblems they wear on their chests: presumably for the benefit of the dimwitted Jaguars, who otherwise wouldn't know who to slug. The second film offers similar hijinks, and also betrays the tiny budget involved by retaining the same supporting cast and utilizing the same sets and locations



as KARLA. Both were produced by Pat Primo (Primo of Colombia, I assume), but the most interesting contributor is without a doubt Albert Levy, credited with the musical scores. Mr. Levy is apparently a record pirate, as the scores for both films were ripped-off from popular Rock albums: KARLA's being an old Black Sabbath tune, INVASOR MISTERIOSO's being the introductory piece to YESSONGS taken right off the album.

Brazilian films present a special research problem. Unlike neighboring countries, the national language of Brazil is Portuguese. As a result of this, few of their movies (this is especially true of the low-budgeters) ever leave the home market. This is particularly frustrating in the case of director Jose Mojica Marin's films: O ESTRANHO MUNDO DE ZE DO CAIXAO (The Strange World of Ze do Caixo) and ESTA NOITE ENCARNAREI SEU CADAVER (Tonight I Will Incarnate Your Corpse, a.k.a. Tonight I Will Paint in Flesh Color); which from all available reports, seem to be daringly avant garde in nature and content.

One Brazilian film I have seen is IN THE DEVIL'S THROAT -- a deceptive title since the movie has nothing to do with the supernatural. The "monsters" in this film are of the human variety: a gang of cutthroats who invade the outback home of a troubled family and show them what trouble is all about. In case you're wondering, the title refers to a geographical quirk of nature located deep in the Brazilian jungle -- a mammoth, indescribable system of waterfalls named Iguassu, that gives one the feeling of the earth swallowing itself. A dubbed version was seen on American television late one night, and is worthwhile viewing should it ever appear in your area. Be advised tho, that the picture's several nude scenes, tame as they are, may not get past local TV censors, depending on standards where you live.

Argentine films have received wide distribution throughout the Latin countries. Their industry has also produced a Jess Franco of sorts in Emilio Vieyra, whose exploitation output has a lot in common with Franco's. Vieyra too, has directed his share of Sex/Shockers: LA BESTIA DESNUDA (The Nude Beast), SANGRE DE VIRGINES (Blood of the Virgins), and PLACER SANGRIENTO (Bloody Pleasure; reportedly released here in 1972 as FEAST OF FLESH). Also like Franco, he has made a number of non-fantastic potboilers, like the ridiculous MAR-IA M., a tame erotic flick starring the blond Argentine bombshell Libertad LeBlanc.

The outrageous premise of this film concerns a street hooker who is led back on the path to salvation by the Virgin Mary herself (!) An equally insipid film is his EXTRANA INVASION (Strange Invasion, a.k.a. STAY TUNED FOR TERROR). Strange indeed. In this one, a whole town is mesmerized by subliminal TV broadcasts, which appear as a lot of wavy lines with a hum. Who is responsible? What is their reason for turning the townfolk into zombified sleepwalkers? It's up to Richard Conte to find out. Saidest thing about this movie is that it would have made a great short-subject. As it is, it resembles a lame spoof of NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD. with the spaced-out TV viewers wandering dazedly into each other's homes, and congregating in the local Television Repair Shop.

Not to be outdone by the Mexicans, Argentina borrowed a popular Universal character in the 1967 color pic EL HOMBRE INVISIBLE ATACA (The Invisible Man Attacks). This semi-comedy is about a group of criminal misfits who rob an armored transport for a part they need to power their invisibility machine. The only novelty of the pic is the way in which the invisible menace is caught -- by having a can of paint dumped onto him. The comedy is of the slapstick variety: the leader of the band of crooks is prone to having weighty objects fall on his head. Ha ha.

But before I give the impression that all Argentine movies are childish and banal, it should be stressed that Argentina has a very competent and highly professional movie industry; it's just that most of their fantasy films are aimed towards a younger audience than ours.

Consider instead 1962's HUIS CLOS(based on the acclaimed play of the same name by Jean-Paul Sartre). This eerily effective tale is about three individuals who find themselves mysteriously lodged together in a seemingly vast but uninhabited hotel. The tragic characters are a frustrated, lovestarved young woman, a man rendered inmpotent by guilt for the war crimes he has committed, and an equally troubled lesbian. Wherever they look around them in the all white hotel room(in the bricked-up windows, in mirrors, etc.), they are confronted by damning visions of their past. And damning is right, for they are in Hell, condemned to spend the rest of Eternity together, in one room, consumed by their own regrets.

A little-known fact is that two versions of this film were shot; one for Argentina,

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another, with a slightly altered cast, for export. This second version which I have not seen, was marketed in the U.S. under the translated title: No Exit. Both versions were the product of a major Argentine studio Aires Cinemtografica, helmed by Fernando Ayala and Hector Olivera. The export version, it should be mentioned, has won several awards at festivals.

Attention should also be given to the U.S./Venezuelan co-production PIRANHA, which has been marketed extensively to American TV as PIRANHA, PIRANHA (how's that for redundancy?) and is also available on videocassette. Yet another adaptation of THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME, PIRANHA is a respectable low-budget film directed by Bill Gibson, and starring a very capable cast headed by William Smith(GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE, INVASION OF THE BEE GIRLS.TASTE OF HELL, and countless Hell's Angels flicks...as an in-joke, he takes part in a motorcycle race which, ironically, is the film's one slow point). Smith gives a very impressive performance as the murderous hunter, and he manages to convey quite convinvingly a sense of hidden evil. He is helped by an extremely wellwritten script, as are the other cast members: Peter Brown, Tom Simcox and Anne Capri -- memorable for her performance in BROTHERHOOD OF SATAN. Catch it, preferably on late night TV, but avoid 90-minute showings at all costs.

Another borderline case is 1967's TERROR IN THE JUNGLE, shot in Peru and distributed to American television by Crown International Pictures -- a bomb manufacturer. "Plot" centers on a young boy (Jimmy Angle) lost in the Amazon jungle and captured by a tribe of headhunters, who quickly make the obnoxious kid their "god" because he's the only one for miles with blonde hair. Highpoints, or lowpoints depending on how you look at it, include the plane crash sequence: with the crippled airplane rapidly sinking into the swamp, the valiant pilot and his trusty stewardess hurl the passengers bodily out of the doomed craft and into the jaws of waiting crocodiles(I prefer to sink, thank you). Nuns, for some reason, really fare poorly in this flick...one is sucked out of the plane in flight, and a dead one is dumped of her coffin so that the boy may use it as a canoe (the coffin, not the stiff nun). The climax comes when the boy is saved from certain death by (are you ready for this?) his toy stuffed-tiger. The picture is totally abominable on all



Night of the Sorcercerers (Avco Embassy, 1975)

among us who enjoy seeing the worst movies ever made, like ROBOT MONSTER, BRAIN THAT WOULDN'T DIE, ATOMIC BRAIN, and unquestionably the most ridiculous horror film ever made: CREEPING TERROR. Like them, TERROR IN THE JUNGLE must be seen to be believed.

Part Three; Spain

Paul Naschy can be credited with starting it all. Prior to his LA MARCA DEL HOMBRE LOBO. Spain's horror output was minimal. The infamous Jesus Franco left his country for greener(\$) pastures. It remained for Naschy to open the floodgates so to speak, and soon, virtually every producer in Spain had at least one horror title under his belt. Since Paul Naschy information and reviews are a principal continuing feature in DEMONIQUE, let us focus instead on some of Spain's less-documented horror movies.

In the space of only a few years, Paul Naschy had established himself as a major, successful Box-Office draw; not only in Spain, but throughout Europe. As can be expected, others soon tried to grab their share of the glory. In 1971, actor George Martin made his bid as a new horror star, when he produced, directed, co-scripted, and starred in ESCALOFRIO DIABOLICO(Diablical Shudder). He assembled a capable supporting cast of veterans, among them Patty Shepard, an attractive American actress and over-night horror star herself(LA NOCHE DE WALPURGIS, LOS MOSTRUOS DEL TERROR, and HANNAH: QUEEN OF THE VAMPIRES to mention but a few). Film was also shot by the talented Alfonso Nieva. So the final failure of SSCALOFRIO DIABOLICO must rest squarely on the shoulders of Mr. Martin. He assumed the most counts, and is highly recommended to those pritical positions, and handled every one of



them ineptly. Whatever singular momemts of interest exist in the film, a good performance by Ms. Shepard for one, <a href="ESCALOFRIO DIABOLICO">ESCALOFRIO DIABOLICO</a> as a whole stands out as the work of a dilettante.

Plot focuses on George Martin, who lives in a castle even tho the film is set in contemporary times. He has the requisite sinister-looking mute servant character on hand as well; but George drives a sports car. so he's a real swinger despite his cliched Gothic tastes. He's also a part time Devil worshipper with evil on his mind. Enter into his life his sisters, who have returned to the family estate after receiving word of their other brother's death. Little do they know that Brother George has both the brother and their toothless hag of a mother chained-up in the house...and he's got plans for his sisters too. They are soon exposed (his plans, not his sisters) and in one of the film's most glaring lapses in common sense, one girl escapes, runs to the street, and hitches a ride with(c'mon guess) another

Satanist on his way to the castle for the big human sacrifice tonight. Everyone gathers in the dungeon and puts on red hoods for effect, the gals are stretched out on the alters, eerie music fills the air, and the party's really starting to swing, you know? When suddenly, the brother-who-isn't really dead bursts in and machine-guns the whole evil bunch. This subtle and ingenious act is supposed to pass for the climax of a supernatural film.

Certainly Martin wasn't the only would-b contender to the horror throne, but his film is the most obvious and illustrative of the also-ran syndrome. Unlike Paul Naschy, George Martin shamelessly displays his ignorance of both the genre and its audience. To pass for horror, he includes unrelated and undevelope situations for the butler: he is first seen carrying a nude feminine form into a ruined section of the castle grounds and burying her beneath large slabs of granite(to show he has super-strength--another undeveloped theme). We later view him halfway through the movie, uncovering the body which we now see to be a mannikin. He then props the dummy up against a wall and begins hacking at it with an axe, which is the cue for a succession of rapid flash-cuts into the butler's mind, where he imagines doing the same thing to a real woman. This sequence is totally irresponsible as it is just an excuse for gory effects. Typical of the sort which contribute to the general public's opinion that all horror films are sadistic trash.

Director Javier Aguirre(EL JORORBADO DE LE MORGUE/HUNCHBACK OF THE MORGUE, EL GRAN" AMOR DEL CONDE DRACULA/DRACULA'S GREAT LOVEwhich was released in 1980 as CEMETERY GIRLS has also used Patty Shepard very well in a couple of his films. One of them being an essentially non-horror title, LIGERAMENTE VIUDAS of 1975. It is included in this surve for one peculiar reason: one sequence in the film has Ms. Shepard going on a date with her boyfriend. He takes her to the movie theatre. We see them sitting together in the audience, and as the credits begin to roll on the film-within-a-film, the feature that they are watching is none other than EL ASESINO ESTA ENTRE LOS TRECE(The Murderer is One of the Thirteen) -- a movie made two years earlier by Aguirre, and starring Paul Naschy and Patty Shepard herself! They continue watching the feature, and we are showr the credits and, countered with cuts back to the two in the audience, all the bloody murder scenes from LOS TRECE. This colossal and totally unexpected in-joke ends when Patty and her date get fed up with the violent

film, and leave the theatre! We last see them standing outside, next to the Spanish poster for LOS TRECE.

Another dark-haired and seductive European actress, the beautiful Marisa Mell(anyone remember her from Mario Bava's DANGER: DIABOLIK?) has lent her considerable talents to the Spanish horror filmmakers. One lesser effort, MARTA, was sold to U.S. television by Avco Embassy Pictures as part of their remarkable Nightmare Theatre package, although viewers should beware of cuts. A far better film, which Avco missed, is 1974's LA ENCADENADA (The Chained Woman) which starred Marisa and Richard Conte. In this picture, she plays a governess hired by the wealthy Conte to take care of his son Marco -- a tragic young man who is both a mute and a victim of periodic fits of uncontrollable violence, during which he must be confined to a cell. But young Marco(Juan Ribo in an impressive performance) is infatuated with his new keeper, as he sees in

her a resemblance to his dead mother. The two become very close, but Marco is angered when he sees the admiring way in which his father looks at his new friend. To win her love, he shows Gina (Mell) the precious jewelry he has in his room; gems that once belonged to his moth-

er. Gina is pleased in a way he cannot imagine -- unknown to all, she accepted the position in the first place in order to case the palacial home for a burglary planned by her larcenous husband.

But the sight of the treasures in Marco's collection brings out the greed in Gina. She plays to young Marco's wide-eyed affection, and tells her husband to get lost. He threatens to inform Conte of her criminal record, so Gina arranges a coldblooded double-cross. Luring her treacherous into a meeting one night in the neighboring church grounds, she beckons him to come for- reportedly been sold to television, but cuts ward with a high-powered flashlight. As the man advances, she shines the light directly into his eyes, blinding him to the open tomb before him. He plummets into the crypt and Cina struggles with the marble slab and seals him up, alive.

It is then that she makes a startling discovery. Back in Marco's room she finds a diary apparently written by his mother. But this is no ordinary journal -- it describes

in detail the method which she planned to kill her husband. No longer a stranger to homicide herself, Gina decides to put the plan into action. One night while Conte is taking a bath. she brings him a drugged beverage. When he lapses into unconsciousness, she turns on a gas outlet, exits the room, and closes the door behind her. She is now free to continue her love affair with young Marco, until another setback threatens to ruin her scheme. The estate's lawyer shows up and informs her that Marco, being mentally unstable, is not his father's legal heir after all...and he's also been digging up some facts about Gina's criminal past.

Gina panics, leaving the house, which sends Marco into a fit of depression over his lost love. Returning the next day to reclaim her belongings, she is met at the door by a jubilant Marco who ushers her up the stairs, obvously pleased with himself. "All is well," he informs her, 'No one will ever take us apart again". And then she sees it ... there, lying dead in the tub

is the lawyer, murdered as she had killed Conte. Shocked almost to numbness, she is taken into another room by Marco, who proudly displays his work: the diary which he, and not his mother, has written. Reading aloud the final entry, he takes her limp hand in his and signs the final page "Gina". Then, taking her by the hand, he leads her down the staircase to his cell,

locks the two of them in together, and throws the key away. Just as he again is overtaken by one of his fits of insanity.....

LA ENCADENADA was given extremely limited U.S. release by Cinema Shares in 1975 as THE EROTIC DIARY OF A MURDERESS. Having seen both the Spanish and American versions, I can testify that the English-dubbed prints are unchanged from the original, with the exception that Marco is now called Marc. U.S. fans will be pleased to know that THE EROTIC DIARY OF A MURDERESS has should be expected. Pic was directed by Manuel Mur Orti and lensed by Alfonso Nieva.

One film that will never make it to American television is SEXY CAT. A rather juvenile but enjoyable picture sporting a 'tomic book plot" in the truest sense of the phrase. Directed by Julio Perez Tabernero and featuring a cast of Spanish horror vets; top among them Dianik Zurakowska, and actress that has appeared in a number of films with Paul Naschy:

LA MARCA DEL HOMBRE LOBO (Mark of the Wolfman, U.S.; Frankenstein's Bloody Terror), LA ORGIA DE LOS MUERTOS (Orgy of the Dead), and also Leon Klimovsky's LA ORGIA NOCTUR-NA DE LOS VAMPIROS (Vampire's Night Orgy, U.S. release from International Amusements in 1974). The Sexy Cat of the title is actually a European Comic Book character who has somehow come to life in order to sabotage a motion picture being made about her. Dianik portrays the actress chosen for the Sexy Cat part, but she does not live long enough to see her name in lights let alone finish the picture. One night while she is taking a shower in her apartment, the "real" Sexy Cat deposits a venemous snake in her room; and so another victim(there have already been several) falls prey to the mysterious Sexy Cat. A detective who has been tracking the killer arrives too late to save the girl, but he does carve up the snake with a handy sword.

More murders occur, until the police finally corner the killer in an automobile junkyard. She is at last unmasked...as a young man(?) introduced earlier in the film, and supposedly confined to a wheelchair. This surprise-identity throws the movie dreadfully off-balance, as the Sexy Cat seen thus far was obviously female. But the police haven't the time to ponder this, as they quickly learn that this cat has claws -- sharp, metal ones in fact. Soon, only the detective remains to battle the villain. The Cat makes a lunge for his throat, the detective side-steps, and the killer is chopped in two by a piece of demolition equipment. Final scene shows the Cat's upper torso face-down on the ground, his/her deadly claws twitching spasmodically in the dirt.

The implied message(altho the film is hardly meant to be taken seriously) is that comic books really do rot your mind. Interesting tho, are the glimpses into the comic book studio, where artists labor at their canvases producing paintings that can best be described as a cross between Frank Frazetta and S. Clay Wilson.

SEXY CAT seems to have been inspired by an earlier, and far more intelligent, French picture made by Alain(TRAITEMENT DE CHOC)

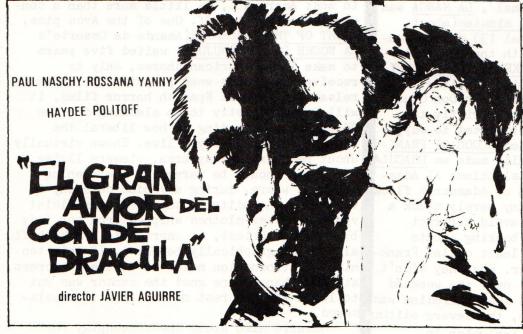
Jessua in 1967. It was called JEU DE MASSACRE and can occasionally be seen on American TV as THE KILLING GAME(Confusion Time: there is another TV movie named THE KILLING GAME-- a lame English-made film from the mid-1970's).

JEU DE MASSACRE concerns a wealthy but totally irresponsible fellow who begins living out the comic book adventures written by a young couple. Included is a brief horror films spoof, when the three enter a movie theatre which is screening a bogus vampire film.Cries the heroine: "Oh no! Your TEETH...ARRRGH!"

But before concluding this survey, let us first take a look at some Spanish titles which have been released here and warrant some discussion since they are likely to be seen on TV.

One Spanish horror that has been turning up a lot on TV recently(at least here in the Bay area) is GRAVEYARD OF HORROR. Made in 1971 by director Miguel Madrid(credited Michael Skaife on dubbed prints) and known in Spain variously as NECROPHAGUS and EL DESCUARTIZADOR DE BINBROOK(The Dismemberer of Binbrook), pic is distributed to U.S. TV by AIP. Not an especially great film, it concerns a man(Bill Curran) returning home to be reunited with his pregnant wife after a prolonged stay abroad. Upon arriving, he is heartbroken to learn that both his wife and his scientist/brother are

dead, the wife's family blaming him for causing her death by not writing all this time. which led her to believe he had deserted her. His letters were really intercepted by his wife's juvenile sister who has a crush on him, and his brother apparently died as the result of some experiments. Story involves the man's efforts to learn the truth; a truth held secret by the graveyard where most of the film's action takes place. The deaths are connected in some way with the family doctor(Frank Brana, seen in HANNAH: QUEEN OF THE VAMPIRES), and there is an



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effectively creepy scene in the graveyard where Curran frantically digs up his wife's coffin only to find...

It can be told that his brother has somehow mutated into a hideous subhuman thing, and has to be buried underground and fed fresh corpses. This scary bit of knowledge is revealed when we are shown a heaving mound of earth in the cemetery(accompanied by heavy breathing on the sound-track) that has tubes leading into it, connected above ground to plasma bottles. Sharp-eyed fans will notice a resemblance between the creature and the monster in the Philippine-made BRIDES OF BLOOD(shown on TV as ISLAND OF LIVING HORROR, and recently released as GRAVE DESIRES).

Of course, everyone is doubtlessly familiar with the strange fate of LA MARCA DEL HOMBRE LOBO. Picked up for U.S. release by Independent International , LA MARCA was shorn of an incredible 50 minutes (about three reels) of its original 133 minute running time; and saddled with the highly inappropriate title of FRANKENSTEIN'S BLOODY TERROR. Reasons for the bizarre title change were finally brought to light in Don Glut's book Classic Movie Monsters. Briefly tho, the company was already obligated to supply theatres with a film called BLOOD OF FRANK-ENSTEIN(which was eventually made as DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN by the talentless Al Adamson). When the production of Adamson's flick ran into snags, the company merely stuck a new title on LA MARCA to avoid contract problems, and to satisfy booking agents with a movie that was at least called Frankenstein-something-or-other. Why they didn't have Adamson whip one out over the weekend remains a mystery (perhaps John Carradine was out of town). In any case, the severe editing sored. which certainly warrants inclusion in

The Guiness Book of World Records showed all the way; and so, Paul Naschy did not make a very good first impression on American horror fans.

LA MANSION DE LA NIEBLA (Mansion of the Mist) and LA CAMPANA DEL INFIERNO were two movies picked up by Avco Embassy Television as part of their 'Nightmare Theatre' package, and retitled MURDER MANSION and A BELL FROM HELL (literal translation). MURDER MANSION is an undistinguished picture, directed by a gent named F. Lara Polop, which is heavy on atmosphere but low on any sort of pay-off. The second film I have seen only in Spanish, but if the U.S. TV version is half as good, it must be great. LA CAMPANA DEL INFIERNO is a Spanish/French co-production directed by Claudio Guerin Hill

and starring Renaud Verley, Viveca Lindfors, and Maribel Martin(seen in HOUSE THAT SCREAMED). The Spanish version boasted a strong musical score contributed by Adolfo Waitzman; in particular, a fascinating piece performed on the harpsichord which lends itself quite dramatically to the movie's original and unexpected climax. A BELL FROM HELL, despite its odd title, is highly recommended.

It should be mentioned that Av-Emb horror acquisitions ever saw a movie screen in this country. While the company is to be applauded for its shrewd choices, once they actually got the films, they went through precious little effort to market them theatrically. It is presumed (tho very possibly incorrectly so) that the executives in charge regarded this bunch of Europeanmade horror movies, boasting casts unfamiliar to most Americans, as little more than a convenient tax write-off. One of the Avco pics, NIGHT OF THE SORCERERS (Amando de Ossorio's LA NOCHE DE LOS BRUJUS), waited five years to make it to American shores, only to receive meager one-week playoffs in limited release. Like most Spanish horror films, it will present pretty tough sledding for the TV censors, depending on how liberal the standards are where you live. Shown virtually uncut here in the Bay area, viewers living elsewhere should be warned of the opening prologue where, during a voodoo ceremony involving much nudity, a captured sacrificial victim has her clothes whipped from her body by the High Priest, is carried to a makeshift altar, and graphically beheaded. If this tenminute introduction makes it to the TV screen at all, chances are good the censor was out to lunch and the rest of the film is unscis-

Ossorio also wrote the screenplay for

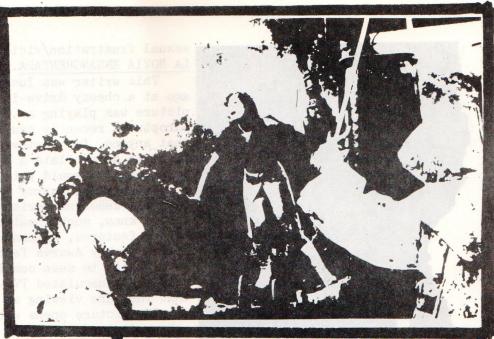
NIGHT OF THE SORCERERS, which was about a voodoo cult in Africa(pic was shot in Portugal) which preys upon an expedition by ::illing off the males and lopping off the heads of the females; which for some unexplained reason turns the women into ravenous vampire girls, complete with leopardskin bikinis that keep falling off. Why don't their severed heads fall off as well? Because the gals all wear magical neck chokers, that's why. Any guesses as as to how they are defeated? As laughable as this description sounds, the film is

actually a lot of fun for those who can still enjoy a blatantly sexist 90 minutes of fluff without feeling guilty about it. Harsh as parts of this review may sound, Ossorio has fashioned a true "popcorn movie" here, as even the opening torture scene is not handled wickedly or distastefully; for Ossorio is ever the master of flashy, colorful spectacle, who is sometimes too obviously just having fun making

horror pictures.

His Blind Dead films, LA NOCHE DEL TERROR CIECO(Night of the Blind Terror), EL ATAQUE DE LOS MUERTOS SIN OJOS (Attack of the Eyeless Dead), and LA NOCHE DE LAS GAVIOTAS(Night of the Seagulls), have made him a popular filmmaker in Europe, and the series may be longer than just those three. What many fans do not know is that Ossorio is also responsible for the incredible make-up of his Blind Dead Knights Templar, as his visually well-crafted horror movies are also an opportunity for him to experiment with the special make-up effects he does so well. The first film of the series is probably familiar to most U.S. fans via Hallmark Releasing Corporation, whose English-dubbed version is known as TOMBS OF THE BLIND DEAD. Whether any of its sequels ever made it to the States, I do not know. (Another has; Night of the Seagulls retitled GHOST SHIP OF THE BLIND DEAD- Fd.)

Better left in Spain was Ossorio's first horror effort MALENKA, LA SOBRINA DEL VAMPIRO (Malenka, the Niece of the Vampire), seen here as FANGS OF THE LIVING DEAD from the hit-or-miss releasing firm Europix International. The less said about it, the better, thus: the vampire film starred Anita Ekberg, and Julian Ugarte



as a vampire -- fresh from his Dracula-type role in FRANKENSTEIN'S BLOODY TERROR.

Another Avco Spanish purchase to receive U.S. release was Eugenio(HORROR EXPRESS) Martin's UNA VELA PARA EL DIABLO, which is known in America under three different titles: A CANDLE FOR THE DEVIL (translation), NIGHTMARE HOTEL, and IT HAPENNED AT NICHTMARE INN. Another hotpotato for the TV censors, this one told the tale of two religious spinsters who run a hotel; and who take it upon themselves to rid the world(or at least Spain) of immorality by murdering objectionable female tourists. British actress Judy Geeson arrives to investigate the disappearance of her sister, who was killed in the opening minutes of the film when the old maids caught her sunbathing nude on the roof. Judy's manner of dress and the company she keeps are watched closely by the self-righteous bitties, who meanwhile kill off two other girls (one of them innocent; the other not quite so...). The police finally get suspicious when a human eyeball is found in one of the geust's breakfast plates; and Ms. Geeson, who made the tragic mistake of coming home very late from a date with a man, is narrowly saved from the lunch menu by the timely arrival of the police and her boyfriend.

One often wonders why these R-Rated films are sold to television in the first place, since the irresponsible cuts are likely to offend most intelligent film viewers more than the skin and bloodshed(anyone out there see TAXI DRIVER on CBS?). To illustrate how television censorship can render a highly literate movie assinine, we will now conclude this survey with a detailed look at the most adult-minded interpretation of the Karnstein saga, and a truly remarkable utilization of the horror genre to deal abstractly with

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In the United States, BLOOD was billed with BRIDES OF I DISMEMBER MAMA by Europix Int.

sexual frustration/victimization -- Vincent Aranda's LA NOVIA ENSANGRENTADA.

This writer was lucky enough to see it several years ago at a cheezy drive-in near Philidelphia, where the picture was playing as THE BLOOD-SPATTERED BRIDE from Europix. I recently saw the TV version and was appalled that anyone, for whatever reasons, should have the legal right to so mutilate a work of art; one that in its original form would put to shame the network producers of the leering, smarmy pap they pass off as entertainment. The film deserves serious play at an art house; but as we all know, such theatre chains turn their noses up at horror features, unless exhibiting them as part of a Golden Turkey Awards fest. LA NOVIA ENSANGRENTADA may never again be seen complete. For those who have seen only the emasculated TV version, they should understand that they are viewing an abortion of the original.

The picture opens with a newlywed couple driving a long distance to reach the husband's family's estate before nightfall. The road trip fatigues them tho, and they decide to stop at a motel for the night instead. Checking into a room, the husband leaves his new bride alone while he goes off on a short errand. He is not gone long when a man wearing a stocking mask bursts into the room, grabs his wife, and rips off her clothing before raping her. The husband returns to find his wife in tears, but she gives no explanation of what has happened, keeping the misery to herself to spare her spouse the grief as well. 'Let's just go ... NOW" is all

she says, and so they leave.

Arriving at the estate late that night, the new bride(played by Maribel Martin) is hastened thru the introduction to her in-laws; then she and her husbamd (Simon Anreu) retire to the upstairs bedroom and their first night together. Her husband approaches to undress her, which he does by ripping away her negligee. Only then does she realize who was under the stocking-mask, as her face betrays her shattered hopes for love, replaced by fear. Andreu's unfeeling drive to dominate his wife sexually is given brief but mercilessly clear delineation by the director; as in one scene where the young bride retreats to the strange household aviary, locking the door between her and her husband; all the while surrounded by the panicking birds with whom she shares the cage.

Lting in bed one night, she arises and gorily murders the sleeping man by stabbing him again and again with a dagger. She awakens in a cold sweat. It had only been a dream. But the weapon, an ivory handled knife, is real. The husband is on the beach the next day, when he spies what looks like the top of a snorkel sticking out of the sand. He digs at the wet beach and uncovers a nude woman, somehow buried beneath the sand and in a state of shock. He takes her back to the house to be cared for. She claims to have no recollection of how she ended up on the beach, but her name, she says, is Carmilla Karnstein.

Immediately, Carmilla (Alexandra Bastedo) and the young bride are drawn to each other. Andreu eventually spies the shrouded form of Carmilla making off into the night across the castle grounds. his wife following behind. Observing this strange business a second night, he sets off to follow the two women to learn what they are up to. What he sees both shocks and repulses him, as up ahead in

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a little grotto, he sees first one and then the other take the ivory handled knife and inflict cuts on her wrist...and then, they drink each other's blood from the wounds. Sickened by the things he has witnessed, Andreu soon connects recent deaths to the unholy Carmilla; but his wife as well?

The film's ending is edited so rapidly, and Aranda has the audience so totally swept up and mesmerized by the sheer pace of the events, that a simple written account of the action will be clumsy at best; so imagine thw following sequence of events taking place in just ten short minutes. Pursued through the surrounding wooded terrain. Carmilla is snared in one of the groundkeeper's animal traps. The other girl tries vainly to release The trap from her ankle, but hears someone expproaching and hides. It is the groundskeeper, who makes some rather vulgar remarks about what his trap has snared. Laying down his shotgun so that he may better take advantage of the helpless Carmilla, he has barely unbuckled his trousers when he is blasted off his feet by a shot fired by the bride. Lying dead on his back, she unloads the second

barrel into his groin. The husbard, armed with a rifle, comes upon the body and tracks the two back to their lair as the sun begins to rise. Finding in a hidden cove a casket, he opens it to reveal the two vampires asleep in each other's arms. Closing the coffin lid and stepping back several paces, he unloads shot after shot after shot into the coffin, until blood pours from the holes left by the exiting bullets. Then, grasping the hated dagger in hand, he throws open the lid once more and reaches for the vampire's left breast. And the harrowing, unsettling film ends on a freeze-frame -- that of a newspaper's front page, Andreu's picture below the headline which reads: 'MADMAN CONVICTED OF CUTTING OUT WOMEN'S HEARTS". The End.

....but don't expect to see much of this on television...

THE BLOOD SPATTERED BRIDE is only an example. Many worthwhile movies are destroyed by television censorship. If this sort of indiscriminate film butchering infuriates you as much as it does me, don't put up with it. Some things can be done; write to the FCJ and express your concern over these practices. Contact the station that showed the picture in the first place. Be reasonable tho...movies shown during the daytime should be edited for younger viewers. But there is no excuse for late-night films to be cut. And of course, when a station broadcasts their films intact, be sure to let them

DEMONIQUE

know that you appreciate it; because there's probably some jerk out there writing an angry letter at the same time.

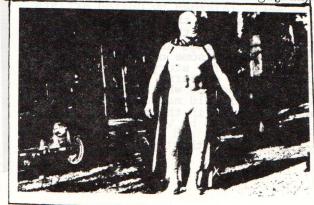
In closing, I would just like to say that I have never been to Spain, or South of the border, or even out of this country for that matter. As incredible as it may sound, all of the films covered thus far were seen by myself in the United States.

The San Francisco/Oakland Bay area boasts a large Hispanic population; and thus, many movie theatres catering exclusively to Spanish-speaking people. These theatres are a primary source for fans interested in seeing horror films that will probably never be released in the U.S. in English, and the movies screened are the original Spanish theatrical prints. If there are any Spanish-language movie theatres in your area, check them out. All it takes is a little dedication and a workable knowledge of the language(I generally have to see a film twice before I'm sure of character relationships).

Many regions of the United States are covered by the Spanish International(television)Network: SIN. Mexican and South American horror movies are regularly shown. Anyone with a TV set can watch.

Lastly, I would like to thank the now-defunct KEMO-TV of San Francisco for their weird little library of films, and the opportunity to view them. Adios, amigos. MONSTER A GO-GO(Continued)

OK, if the film is such a failure, what about the special effects. Effects? They can't even show a moving vehicle until the film's conclusion when the civil defense unit moves in. And when a phone rings, they have someone off stage making the noise just before the receiver is picked up. Better yet, the stars that the military men wear are cloth cutouts of the Star of David. You don't get effects like this every day; thank the Lord for small favors. Still, this flick is tailor-made to suit those who prefer this type of schlock. As for me, I'll take the original that this mess attempted to rip-off. (Credit notes and info- Micheal Burgujian)



#### DEMONIQUE Mini-Reviews.

THE DEAD HAND THAT CRAWLS KILLS AND LIVES!!!

#### **And Now The Screaming Starts**

1973(Original title: FENGRIFFEN) Starring Peter Cushing, Herbert Lom, Stephanie Beecham, Patrick Magee and Ian Ogilvy Directed by Roy Ward Baker Released by Cinerama Rated 'R'

An absolutely superb gothic ghost story that has everything going for it, and a wonder that not many people know what it is. A cast of brilliant actors are bathed in an array of gorgeous sets and costuming, and the scenes of such lush countryside are worth the price of admission alone. The masof the house of Fengriffen has raped the virgin bride of a peasant living on his proerty, whereupon the latter places a terrible curse on the next Fengriffen descendant to bring

his bride (who must also be a virgin) to the estate will be violated as well. This forms the basis for an abundance of gruesome action action that is predictable but very well done. Things like the blood-dripping stump of an arm, punctured eyes, strangulations, axings, dismemberments, and a malevolent severed hand that bursts through the face of a portrait (when you least expect it) makes for edge-of-theseat entertainment when one is not being enthralled by the beautiful photography. The main theme during the opening and closing credits is unsurpassed by even the best James Bernard scores. The flowing Douglas Gamely music is rich in what the film conveys to us visually: sorrow, frustration, anger etc. Peter Cushing is great as usual (and gets top billing though he doesn't make his entrance until the film is half over) and Stephanie Beacham has never been so ravishing

due in part to the fact that, like Hammer, Amicus makes full use of her cleavage. A fantastic, must-see film. -Andrew MacDougall

#### The Evil

1977 Starring Richard Krenna, Denise Audrey Released by Rantoon Pictures Rated 'R' 87 Minutes

Recently reissued by United Artists in some areas with their MOTEL HELL, THE EVIL is one of those American productions that brings about the realization of how good some of those foreign thrillers are. The story is hopelessly elementary and concerns a group of reformed drug addicts who attempt to renovate a gigantic old mansion but instead unleash the evil in the basement. The evil turns out to be Victor Buono complete with horns, and the hero and heroine escape without consequence.

The film has a pervading atmosphere of poverty which is defied only in the clever, totally bizarre confrontation between Crenna and Buono near the film's end. But what with all we have been made to swallow throughout THE EVIL, this concluding scene is the last straw, not to mention out of context.

The plot of THE EVIL is not its sin-

The plot of THE EVIL is not its single problem. There are matters of direction, photography and atmosphere, all of which never rise above mediocrity. Yet another unexceptional American horror effort in the spirit of THE DARK; just horrendously dull and pointless.

-Barry Kaufman

#### The Baby

1973 Starring Ruth
Roman, Anjanette Comer, and Marianna Hill.
Directed by Ted Post
A Scotia Int'l Release

A disturbing, solemn psychological terror piece that benefits from its serious approach and low-key performances.

Ruth Roman plays
the mother who takes
revenge on men by
depriving her 19 year
old son of all learning
processes, environmental and otherwise. The
sight of a grown man in
diapers and confined to
a crib is alarming to
say the least. The conclusion, in which social worker Anjanette
Comer tries to free
"Baby" from his overprotective relations,
is doubly effective
in that it is the first
time in the entire film
we see any blood, and
we care about Comer's
character. The twist
ending that unfortunately typifies this type
of film is obvious, but
not to the extent that

it damages all that has gone before.

Technically, THE BABY is amazingly simple, with little moving camera and not much interest generated in terms of visual composition. Maybe this is all for the best, as THE BABY is a film more concerned with characters than beautiful photography. In the case of a film such as this, the lack of beauty works just fine.

—Ralph Darren

IN COLOR

#### The Comeback

1978 British Starring Jack Jones and David Doyle Directed by Pete Walker

Rated 'PG' 100 Minutes
Seemingly heavily cut before released
here, this Pete Walker film is just as
nasty as SCHIZO, FRIGHTMARE or FLESH AND
BLOOD SHOW. More of a haunted house thrilTer than anything else, this film has enough

### MORE MINITER VICENS

decaying corpses, psychos, axe murders and weirdos to fit in with any of dalker's other films. He has the strange ability to take the most tried-andtrue, time-worn cliches and make them seem fresh and possibly more repulsive than they should be. I'm not a big Walker fan but a more thorough examination of his films may be in order.

-David L. Farley

#### TERROR FROM UNDER THE HOUSE

1971 (originally UP IN THE CELIAR) Starring Joan Collins and James Booth A Rank Organization Production directed by Sidney Hayers Rated 'PG'

by Sidney Hayers Rated 'PG'
Commonly found as a third feature,
TERROR FROM UNDER THE HOUSE is a fairly
minor horror melodrama that suffers
from very average, almost television
style direction and two silly titles.

The story generally concerns a pub owner's ordeal with the body of the not-quite dead rapist that killed one of his daughters. There are quite a few subplots that manage to sustain interest as well as some subdued yet effective violence. But the main substance of this film lies in its performances, including a superb job by James Booth in portraying the man stuck with the main responsibility for the rapist's body. The plot takes many twists, and in a sloppy manner throws everything at the audience in the last five minutes. The stabbing at the film's end is sufficiently rousing, but the mid section suffers from an overabundance of long, drawn-out takes which can most likely be blamed on director Sidney Hayers who has proved himself much more capable. His earlier, more efficiently directed efforts include CIRCUS OF HORRORS ('59), the excellent drama PAYROLL as well as the equally good NIGHT OF THE EAGLE ('62).

Still an interesting film despite all this; definitely worthy of one or two viewings.

-Barry Kaufman



# TERROR from under the HOUSE

You may never dare go in the basement again!

OLOR A HEMISPHEHE PICTURES RELEASE PG 🚉



Disciple of Death

1973; Starring ...ike kaven and Virginia wetherali A Disciple production directed by Tom Parkinson Rated 'R'

Unusual, atmcs herically photographed British obscurity featuring the acting talent of Mike Raven, who wanted to become an English Paul Naschy but instead returned to radio broadcasting. The reason for his return was the financial failure of this picture.

Raven plays a 19th century vampire who, instead of biting his victims' necks, wrings their hearts out into a goblet. Through unorthodox methods, Raven attains the bride he is looking for...almost. He succumbs to the usual fiery climax while Bach's Fugue in D Minor reaches its apex in the background.

A film filled to the brim with antitheses; Raven plays his part in a broad
theatrical style while most other players
seem decidedly uncomfortable in their
colonial surroundings. Parkinson handles
some scenes with style and distinction,
while others are unusually drawn out and
flat. Some sets are impressive, others
laughably cheap. These opposites make for
a very uneven picture that contains much
promise not quite realized. Raven wrote
the intriguing script along with Parkinson,
a script filled with witty dialogue and
clever touches which were incorrectly
brought to the screen. Blood and gore tend
to be dominant in many scenes, though the
period setting and organ music lessen most
of the extreme unpleasantness.

— Barry Kaufman

**Vampire Circus** 

1972 Starring Adrienne Corri, Laurence Payne, Anthony Corlan Directed by Robert Young A Hammer Film Production Rated 'R'

At art from their early classics, this is probably the greatest film ever done by Hammer, and the most exciting horror film I have ever seen. The action moves so quickly that there is no time to catch one's breath, highlighted by Moray Grant's rhotography which has never been better. Focus is so sharp and everything on the screen shimmers with such brilliance you'd swear you were on the set. The music also uts all other Hammer scores to shame (with the possible exception of a few of the braculas) from the brief but dreamy victin-dominated sequence where young

#### More Mini-Reviews

VAMPIRE CIRCUS (Cont'd)

Jenny Schiltz marvels at the splendor of the castle Mitterhouse interiors, to the pulse pounding organ that is church-like in effect.

Prints of Vampire Circus released in this country were cut down in terms of sex and gore to allow for a 'PG' rating. Collectors can get these missing scenes by purchasing the 4-reel abridged feature in Super 8 from Walton films in England. Like Vampire Lovers, Vampire Circus shows much of the sexuality inherent in vampirism, especially in the opening scenes. But, unlike its predecessors the film shows its villains as being individuals of youth and virility who can quickly become snarling, hissing demons in human or animal form who rip and tear the bodies of their victims mercilessly. This results in some disgusting, very gory scenes. Dave Prowse is quite

menacing as the mute strongman who aids the Circus of Nights in fullfilling the curse of Count Mitterhouse to slaughter the inhabitants of the town of Schtettel. Robert Tayman as Mitterhouse and Anthony Corlan as his cousin Emil must be credited with bringing the description of how evil and venemous a vampire should be to its zenith. Don't miss this one!

-Andraw MacDougall

Bloodthirsty Butchers Mishkin & 1969 Constition Films Starring John Mir-

Directed, Written and anda, Jane Helay Photographed by Andy Milligan Rated 'R'
A drive-in favorite from England. This down-and-out group of butchers in merry ole England decide that the easiest

and cheapest meat to obtain is the human kind. So, one goes around raping and disembowelling young ladies, while the the other enjoys weilding a nasty meat cleaver. It's not long(it can't be with a 78 minute running time) before inner conflict develops and butcher innards are

flying this way and that.

Andy Milligan, who went on to make such discreet efforts as Blood and Fever, skips social commentary and any attempt at art in favor of gratuitous flesh and blood. It's something of a shame as the art direction by James Fox evokes the atmosphere of the period very effectively.

The script, co-authored by Milligan and John Borske, while unremarkable is adequate and uses humor in an intelligent if offbeat manner. The main fault, then, seems to be Milligan's direction which is not only uninteresting but extremely

static. If their would have been some xreative direction accompanying the high class art direction and photography, Bloodthirsty Butchers might have been more than popular drive-in fare. Certainly not boring, in any

My Bloody Valentine -Raplh Darren
My Bloody Valentine 1980 Starring Paul Kelman, Lori Hallier and Neil Affeck Written by John Beaird Directed by George Rated 'R' 91 Minutes Mihalka

One of the many new terror pictures to be picked up by a major distributor(this one by Paramount), My Bloody Valentine would stand out if the story didn't borrow so shamelessly from Halloween's.

Valentine's Day, twenty years ago, a crazed miner named Harry went on a killing

spree with his pickaxe, murdering a businessman and a bunch of kids at a holiday dance. February 12, present. For the first time in twenty years, a new Valentine's Day dance is being held. Following the announcement, certain members of the community receive hearts that aren't exactly candy. When the head of the dance is found dead in a washing machine, the event is cancelled. The kids, against the sherriff's orders, hold their own party at the mine. Harry (or a facsimile thereof)quickly takes the

life out of the party.

If all this sounds familiar, that's because it is. And boring. When you know a story backwards and forwards, it becomes dull no matter how well it's exicuted. My Bloody Valentine has some great potential; effective photography, convincing effects, a fast pace and decent acting. The familiarity of the screenplay defies interest at every turn. The violence will turn the unfamiliar off. Worth a look for the more tolerant horror fans, if only to see a variation on a worn- out theme. -Barry Kaufman

Kong Island Kong Island (a.k.a. King of Kong Island) Starring Brad Harris, Marc Lawrence and Laura Nell Directed by Alfred DeRito Rated R Talk about misrepresentation. There isn't a giant ape in sight on "Kong" Island, only poor Phillipinnians in ape suits. Despite the title, though, this is not a kiddie film. In the first ten minutes, six military men are violently machine gunned, A mad doctor (what

else?)does gory surgery on an ape's brain, and Laura Nell nearly lets it all hang out. And the violence goes on in great abundance.

#### More Mini-Reviews



Robert Quarry, Peter Cushing and Vincent Price in a scene from 1974's Madhouse (AIP, 1974)

KONG ISLAND cont'd All jibes aside, this is one silly film that totally fails in its attempts to cover its poverty row budget. Its 95 minute running time is padded heavily with shots of animals eating, running, playing and staring at the camera. As a wildlife documentary, Kong Island isn't such a bad film.Otherwise, its as much fun as watching a bowlful of ape excretion.

-Donald Relizzo

#### Last House on Dead End Street

Starring John Weber, Anne Motaro Directed by Eric Jason (Enrique Jesutos)

An obscure horror film if there ever was one, Last House on Dead End Street is possibly the most disgusting, confusing and well photographed piece of trash ever produced. As far as I could tell, the plot concerned a porno film producer(16mm cheapies) whose distributor is tiring of his product. is tiring of his product. He says, "Ah, sex is boring. We need something that'll make their eyes pop out!". Though he did not mention intestines, our hero and his associate decide to make a snuff film; you know, the old dis-embowel your unfaithful wife on-screen routine. He tells his wife she is going to be in another one of their films. "It is a role I've always wanted you to play" he smiles. They put her on a slab, slice her face lightly with a razor, cut off her leg with a ribbon saw, cut something off which I don't care to mention thing off which I don't care to mention, and then take out her innards with a large icepick. The director then looks at his friend and says, "We got ourselves a hit". If this all sounds rather sick and degenerate that's because it is. This is one of those foreign horrors that belongs in a group with Autopsy, The Tempter and the like; absolute trash but somehow irresistable. There is simply something "right" about Last House on Dead End Street that makes

it watchable. Like many of Bava's films, it is so deftly photographed and atmospheric that some of the degenerate content is lifted to a different level. Only the humor is out of place at times, for after we have witnessed an excrutiating torture (and incredibly explicit) laughing is not morally or filmically in context. Evaluation of this one is more or less up to the individual viewer; if you can stomach the gore, most likely the uniqueness will become obvious. Definitely not for the uninitiated, it will probably be rated X if it turns up at the drive-ins in '81.

-Barry Kaufman

#### La Dinistia Dracula

(The Dracula Dynasty) 1978 Mexican; color Starring Fabian, Silvia Manriquez, Ruben Rojo Written by Jorge Patino Directed by Alfredo B. Crevenna Photographed by Javier Cruz

Some things never change...like Mexican vampire films for instance. I don't know what I expected to see when I wandered off San Francisco's busy Mission Street and into the lobby of one of its Latino cinemas, but the resulting film resembled little more than a color reworking of El Vampiro, with elements lifted from other Mexican horrors of twenty years ago.

Briefly, an evil vampire is tried and executed by the Spanish Inquisition in a scene recalling the opening of The Brainiac. His vampire mistress witnesses the staking, but escapes by turning herself into a big black dog and loping off. Centuries later she returns, this time allied with Dracula, played by a Mexican Frank Langella who dresses like German Robles's Count Lavud. Numerous fangings and predictable action follow, culminating in the big resurrection scene and the showdown with Dracula which, though effectively staged, come far too late to save the picture from a slow death.

Director Crenna is a veteran at this sort of thing, and his style has improved 100% since the days of Hell Face and La Huella Macabra, which really isn't saying much. On the plus side, La Dinistia Dracula does offer some modest innovations: vampires appear and disappear out of thin air, or amidst flashes of fire and brimstone; and holy water produces an effect like gasoline tossed on a campfire. In one offbeat sequence, a vampire girl is staked in her coffin, then has her fanged mouth stuffed with garlic(at least she'll smell dead). Otherwise routine vampire film is smartly photographed and benefits from some striking location work, infinitely preferable to the overused interiors of Churobusco Studios from days-gone-by.

-Micheal Secula

#### SISTERS

Starring Margot Kidder, Jennifer Salt, Charles Durning Directed by Brian DePalma Screenplay by Brian DePalma and Louisa Rose Rated R

Brian DePalma's one true masterpiece. The accomplished director from New York has made a number of interesting horror films (Dressed to Kill('79), Carrie('76) and so on) but none of them reach the level of efficiency that Sisters does. A highly techniqued merger of Hitchcock and horror film, Sisters is quite simply one of the best American horror movies of the seventies.

Beginning with the murder of Domonique/

#### More Mini-Reviews

SISTERS (Cont'd)

Danielle Blanchion's black lower, the film leads us to a strange and often baffling tangent. As one character put it, "None of this is simple" An understatement, at best

this is simple". An understatement, at best. From the viewpoint of technique, DePalma has never been better. His use of splitscreen is marvelous, and it's very absorbing for the viewer as he/she tries to keep track of the action on both sides of the screen. DePalma's skillfull merging of color and black and white stock during the dream sequences is utterly flawless, and leads us into the best scene of Sisters: Jennifer Salt as Grace Collier, the reporter who sees the murder earlier in the film, has been trapped at the insame asylum where Dominique is living, and is drugged. In her drugged state, she finds herself as the siamese twin to Margot Kidder, who plays Dominique/Danielle(told you this was a complicated film). During one of the dream sequences, Salt and Kidder are about to be separated from each

other. As the hatchet that the doctor is planning to use on them is passed around the room, the skillfullness of DePalma's choice of angles and brooding camera movements makes the suspense almost unbearable.

The acting in Sisters is marvelous, rarticular by Margot Kidder. She never over plays her role; never slips into the raving

lunatic routine (see Jack Nicholson in The Shining) that would have been a much easier way out. Bernard Hermann's eerie musical score adds more tension at times than is actually present, but, all in all, for horror and even Hitchcock fans, Sisters is a frightening triumph!

-Micheal R. Owen

1969 Starring Alan Weatherby Written and directed by Andy Milligan Constitution Films A William Mishkin Release Rated R

Handy Andy Milligan strikes again! But this time around we have an interesting plot, passable performances, and some fairly inspired direction from Milligan. Gore predominates as an old hag(presumably a witch) orders her black-hooded henchmen to have a field day. Knives, hatchets and pitchforks are featured in the rest of the film's 80 minute running time. The interest this time

lies in the bizarre characters; the old hag is certianly the most unusual creature that Milligan has ever come up with. These unusual characters, excellent art direction and passable photography create quite an effective atmosphere, something that is lackin some of Millikan's other efforts. Very sick stuff, but spirited and amusing this time around. Donald Relizzo

MADHOUSTE

Starring Vincent Price, Peter Cushing, Robert Quarry Produced by Max J. Rosenberg and Milt Subotsky Screenplay by Greg Morrison from the novel Devilday by Angus Hall Rated PG

Mainly one big in-joke, Madhouse works and works well mainly due to an interesting script and the excellent performances of two veteran horror stars. Price plays Paul Toombes, a horror star forced into retirement when he is suspected of murdering his fiancee. Now he is making a comeback with the help of his actorfriend Herbert Flay(Peter Cushing). Suddenly Paul's friends (mostly women) start dying this

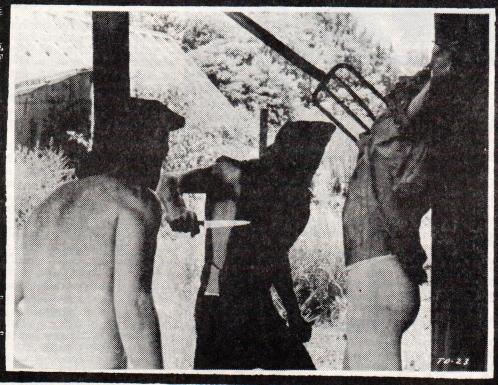
way and that. Soon Paul has doubts about his own sanity, until he finds that Herbert has commited the murders just to get Paul's role. He sets the studio ablaze and everyone assumes him dead; the role is given to Herbert. As it turns out, Paul did not perish, and he returns and kills Herbert. The last thing we see is Paul putting on Herbert's face, all prepared to play his final role

Why Madhouse received such little notice upon its release in 1974 is not clear; it had good publicity from AIP, all the necessary horror

Torture Dungeon(Constitutution, 1969) elements. These

ingredients and even good critical response should have made a hit out of Madhouse. But no matter what is said about the poor public response to this picture, it is still a superior example of the "Grand Guignal" style of horror filmmaking that went out in the 40's when Universal went into science fiction films. There is the "haunted" mansion, the hooded killer, the bluish fog and almost theatrical acting; everything fits perfectly into place. And most likely one of the nicest things about Madhouse is that there is nothing in it to offend even the most sensitive viewer. Very little blood, no aggressive violence, no nudity; real talent was at work in Madhouse. For this there is no substitute.

-Barry Kaufman





"Noche de Walpurguis"

Paul Naschy as Waldemar Daninski

Paty Shepard as
Countess DeBathsdory

Gaby Fuchs as Alveara

Barbara Capell as Genevieve

Andres Fuerno as Inspector Marcelle

Special Effects
Antonio Molina

Written by Jacinto Molina

Directed by Leon Klimovsky

Review by Barry Kaufman

If any one individual has disproved the film buff's maxim 'a sequel never equals", Paul Naschy has. To date, Naschy has made nine films featuring the condemned lycanthrope Waldemar Daninski, most improved over the first Daninski picture, La Marca Del Hombre Lobo. These films were most successful when set against the mist enshrouded Spanish moors, impressive structures that so reinforced the gothic atmosphere one almost believed the tomfoolery being presented. This is why the science fiction premise of Les Monstruos Del Terror (Assignment; Terror) produced such ridiculous results; believing that an external force can transform the inner-self is difficult because the menace is identifiable, in this case being an extraterrestrial force specializing in advanced heart surgery. The unknown force, as in La Noche de Walpurguis, is more acceptable (as well as frightening) because it can not be repudiated. Explanation is not only unnecessary but usually ends up being a dissappointment, like the family curse of the Wolfstiens in Frankenstein's Bloody Terror. This is only a suggestion as to why Noche de Walpurguis was so successful where other Daninski films failed, but of course other factors are involved in formulating a particularly noteworthy horror film.

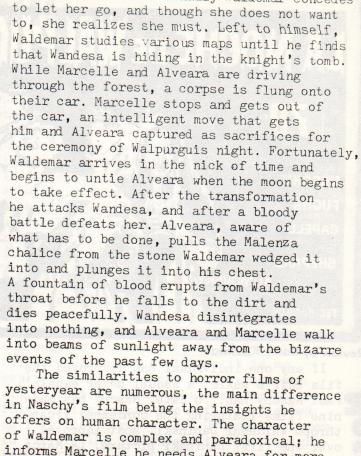
Jacinto Molina's screenplay, though as usual highly derivitave of the old Universal horrors of the 30's and 40's, contained enough oddities and conflict to maintain interest. Two adventurous young French students, Alveara and Genevieve, decide to take a trip to the Castle Bartulave in

search of evidence of the existence of Countess Wandesa de Bathsdory, who they had done extensive research on in a history course. Alveara's fiancé, Inspector Marcelle, warns them against the trip, but of course they disregard his warnings. Upon nearing the castle, they notice a stately mansion which they are forced to investigate when their car runs out of gas. Here they meet Waldemar, a lonely recluse stationed in the mountains to write a novel. He offers the ladies dinner and lodgings for the night, and assures them tomorrow his servant Pierre will go into town for gas. The conversation at the dinner table goes fine until Alveara mentions their search for Wandesa. Waldemar suddenly becomes hostile and tells them to retire for the evening. The next morning he apologizes and says he will assist them on their search. That evening, they set out on their quest, and after several hours, discover her tomb near an old monestary. Upon opening the tomb, Genevieve gashes her wrist on the stone, dripping blood onto the remains of Wandesa. Later that night Genevieve is awakened from her sleep and called outside, only to be bitten on the wrist by Wandesa. In the house, Alveara is getting a drink when she is startled by the sight of Genevieve gliding down a misty corridor. Almost hypnotized. Alveara screams and Waldemar arrives with a silver cross(the Yon Malenza chalice) to drive away Genevieve, who flees shrieking. That morning, Pierre takes Alveara for gas, but upon returning gets enough energy himself to knock Alveara out and attempt to take her to his room.

32-

Noche de Walpurguis

Waldemar intervenes, in wolf form, forcing Pierre to drop Alveara and then viciously biting him in the face and neck. Alveara questions Waldemar concerning the event and he recounts the tragedy thrust upon him. The only way he can be cured from his condemnation is to be stabbed with the Malenza chalice by someone who loves him. But for the time being, he takes stake in hand searching for Genevieve and other possible victims of Wandesa. In some old castle ruins, he meets up with Genevieve and after a struggle impales her on a portruding piece of jagged cement. Meanwhile, Wandesa and a friend drop in on Alveara. Wandesa stabs Alveara in the neck with the Malenza chalice, collects the blood in a golden goblet, and enthusiastically drinks it. Startled by a noise, Alveara awakens to find she was only dreaming. However, back outside Waldemar fiercely attacks an innocent camper, not returning home until the next morning. After not hearing from Alveara for so many days, Marcelle sets out to find her. The relationship between Alveara and Waldemar grows closer and closer until Marcelle finds them on information acquired from a village barmaid. Marcelle is surprised when he moves to kiss Alveara and she shies away; so suprised, in fact, that he threatens to incriminate Waldemar if he does not tell Alveara to leave. Waldemar explains that his reasons for needing Alveara are not 'merely sexual", but this only aggrivates



Marcelle even more. Finally Waldemar concedes

informs Marcelle he needs Alveara for more than "mere sexual reasons", and yet he made love to her the night before. Freedom from lycanthropy is the most important thing to him, and yet he frees Alveara because his

disease might be exposed to the public. Naschy(under the psuedonym Jacinto Molina) wrote these paradoxes into the story intentionally, as he wanted to have (or be) a hero who was human, susceptible to mortal weakness yet victim of a disease that made him immortal. Unfortunately, the secondary characters do not have the depth of Waldemar, though Alveara is typically feminine in her indecision (and her situation). Still, both Alveara and Genevieve are supportive of the European woman image; preoccupied with sex and external qualities. And though it is hardly explicit(in fact nudity is extremely restrained for a Molina screenplay)La Noche de Walpurgis is very erotic. Eroticism is a very common element in all of Naschy's film, but in this picture the sensuality lies beneath the surface. Waldemar has a retarded sister whose lesbianic tendencies





Noche de Walpurgis are never fully satisfied, the sexual encounter between Waldemar and Alveara is not shown but implied through character changes, and there is always an alterior motif evident in Wandesa's vampiric outings. Nothing need be said of the women's nighttime attire. In any case, this more subtle approach is more effective, and somewhat more desirable, because it doesn't cheapen the film as a whole. Where something like El Retorno de Walpurgis(1973) could be condemned due to its overly explicit sexual content, Noche de Walpurgis does not get carried away with the more exploitative possibilities of the genre, which is definitely for the best. Which brings us back to the character of Waldemar, a character Naschy wrote for himself. It evidences a highly idealistic visualization of heterosexual relationships, the lycanthropic curse being an excuse for the necessity of a woman. Marcelle is an exaggeration of human selfishness, and Naschy uses his own character's fantastic situation(needing to be killed by a woman who loves him) to obviate his caricature. Marcelle's wont of Alveara seems almost ridiculous in lieu of Waldemar's situation, so much so that we are satisfied that Marcelle was captured by Wandesa. But as a rule, Naschy does not kill off his "good guys" (though there are exceptions such as Horror Rises From the Tomb) so we are left with a rather contemptible Marcelle and a quasi-nice Alveara walking away into the blinding light. Another rather romantic element in Naschy's screenplay is the fact that Waldemar, even in his lupine state,

fights to save Alveara. He would have not killed Pierre(he wasn't even aware that he did so) had he not been holding Alveara. A rather valiant statement that the innerself is as involved in a love relationship as the external self, a suggestion backed up by some overly morose music played over Noche's many scenes of pathos. But no matter how romantic all of these events are, it seems that Naschy is not terribly fond of women. It is a woman that destroys Waldemar, the women are the menace, in this case the vampires, Naschy has a retarded sister with strange ideas as to Mrs. Right", the barmaid in the village is an obnoxious wench, and Waldemar was getting along as he wanted to until these two women intruded on his territory(connotationnosy). It is astounding that a film with the American release title Werewolf vs. the Vampire Woman has such an abundance of

But unique psychological implications aren't the only thing that set Noche apart from the many films of its type. For a low budget item, Noche has an amazing aura of class and realism about it. Shot in 70mm, Dolby sound and Technicolor it looked as good, if not better, than some of the Hammer gothic efforts, the main distinction between the two being the annoying dubbing present in Noche. And dubbing is something many mistake for cheap; it is actually the Americans that were cheap if the dubbing is bad, as ninety-nine percent of all dubbing is done on our shores or Great Britain.

Once a horror fan, or any film viewer for



Noche de Walpurgis

that matter, becomes able to compensate for poor dubbing, a new field of films opens up. So, ignoring the dubbing, Noche de Walpurgis is technically superb, with some very eerily lit interiors as well as some effective underexposures to simulate nighttime. Here it seems is a big difference between Klimovsky's direction and someone like Carlos Aured who directed Horror Rises From the Tomb and Mummy's Revenge. Some of Aured's interiors (as well as some of Naschy's other directors) have an appalling amateur look, with an overabundance of shadows and harsh light sources, particularly noticeable in the close interior shots in Horror Rises. Klimovsky, on the other hand, masterfully underlights all scenes to add to the sense of mystery, only slipping during the final battle between Waldemar and Wandesa when he decides to employ some high key lighting. Because of this, and Wandesa's costume (which is highly effective during the rest of the picture), the final scene comes off slightly on the humorous side until Waldemar's death. Otherwise, Klimovsky shows his experience well in Noche, with some clever utilization of high speed photography during most of the vampire scenes.

An extremely important factor in any hardcore horror effort such as this is special effects/makeup, and fortunately Noche de Walpurgis fares well in both departments. The makeup on Naschy's wolfman continues to improve to this very day, with the job on the creature in Night of the Howling Beast (1981) outdoing any screen

lycanthrope in history. In Noche the wolfman was not quite of this caliber, but was still both convincing and frightening. Naschy suffers through seven hours of application for each transformation, more when it takes place on screen. The blood and gore so typical in Naschy's film is much more re strained here, certain scenes stoping at a more comfortable point than in his later films. It is undeniable, however, that this is still essentially an action/exploitation picture at heart; but as usual with Naschy's films, this does not stop him from bringing it up to a level that denies its budget and the conditions under which it was made.

Klimovsky, a veteran at this type of thing, does an admirable job as far as camera placement

and aesthetic properties of a film dealing with vampires and werewolves go, but his overuse of filters, zooms and rack focuses becomes annoying after about fifteen minutes. The phenomenon of the proliferation of zooms and rack focuses in Spanish and Italian films could be the discussion for an entire essay, but after viewing some three-hundred films of this nature one wonders what is behind this compulsion. Obviously, in the films of someone like Jess Franco(Count Dracula, Jack the Ripper) or Jean Rollin (The Nude Vampire and the like) it is a mixture of time limitations and lack of knowledge. These two, and others like them, are under the impression that the zoom is a fine substitute for other more difficult camera movements. They think that the more they zoom, the more the audience will be thrust into the action, an incorrect supposition if there ever was one. Then there are directors like Mario Bava (Hatchet for the Honeymoon, Shock and countless others) and Klimovsky (Saga of the Draculas, Noche de Walpurgis and others) who have incorporated the zoom as a part of their style. Bava usually uses at least fifty zooms in any one film, Klimovsky more like twenty. And these are not slow, suspense building zooms, but swift, smooth and often distracting ones. One must take the rack focuses as an artistic attempt to lift these films above the rest of the lot, but as the old saying goes "a little goes a long way".

Through all of this, La Noche de Walpurgis emerges as one of Naschy's most accomplished films. His Daninski character achieves a depth it has not to this day achieved again, and the film itself is the definitive Daninski picture; the blood and guts come second this time.



## Demonique Letters

Your ideas and suggestions are the main basis for the ingredients of DEMONIQUE. The majority of readers asked for more coverage of foreign horror and American obscurities of the seventies. Therefore, DEMONIQUE #3 is slanted towards more contemporary horror pictures, with a large dose of foreign films as well. Keep the letters coming to:

DEMONIQUE Mailbag, 2901 Polly Lane, Flossmoor, Illinois 60422

David K. Farley

Dear Barry.

I can't tell you how much I'm in love with DEMONIQUE(particularly the coverage of my favorite movie CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS). I'm no big fan of excessive gore but I do feel that these films, mainly because of their great inaccesibility, deserve this kind of exposure. In its constant uncovering of obscure films DEMONIQUE almost fills the gap left by the untimely death of CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN, a magazine so cheaply made it almost deteriorated in your hands. Forever behind schedule and poorly distributed, no slick, expensive film magazine today can compare with it. This is the highest praise I can pay to DEMONIQUE. Long may she wave.

Thanks, David K. Farley

Fandom Unlimited Enterprises Randall D. Larson 774 Vista Grande Ave. Los Altos, California 94022

Barry-

I am very pleased to see <u>DEMONIQUE #2</u>; your collection of material on obscure and unheard of horror films is an invaluable aid to fans and researchers. My only complaint is that <u>DEMONIQUE</u> isn't stapledand therefore is difficult to organize while reading; and the paste-up, which looks a little rushed -- but actually this is all water under the bridge.

While a crisper layout and pasteup, better artwork (that situation has been remedied by Brian Colin- Ed.) and stapled pages would make DEMONIQUE more attractive, and therefore may help you obtain some bookstore and dealer orders (I have -- from California, Ohio and London, England- Ed.), the true value of DEMONIQUE lies within its articles on these films, rather than the gushy, uncritical praise that reeks throughout FAMOUS MONSTERS and other juvenile horror publications. Keep up the good work -- I hope to see DEMONIQUE coming out for a long time to come.

Best, Randall Larson

Editor here; I highly recommend sending \$3.00 to Randall for his CINEFAN #2, a publication that will definitely be of interest to DEMONIQUE readers with its through coverage of the horror cinema(obscurities as well).

Gordon Harmer Southern Ontario, Canada

Dear Barry,

What can I say? <u>DEMONIQUE</u> #2 was simply great. The fabulous wealth of information harkens back to the days when the now defunct CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN also provided a similar

mindboggling amount of info.

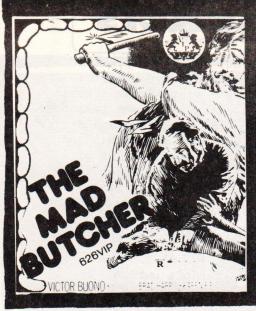
Films such as WITCH WHO CAME FROM THE SEA, BLOODY MURDER, OGRO(ad infinitum) are really news to me. I subscribe to a large number of H/SF/Fan film mags; with fanzines from here to Europe which contain large film indexes I usually hunt down and secure 90% of the known genre titles but along comes DEMONIQUE and all the new, bizarre titles I've never heard of send me scurrying to my file cards to add endless additions and corrections (I think Micheal Secula will have you buying a whole new file cabinet, Ed.). Many thanks.

Tony Rosati 319 Huffman Dayton, Ohio 45403

Barry,

This is just to congratulate you for the really fine job you have done with DEMONIQUE





#2. It was a real pleasure to read.

My only suggestion would be to add much more in the way of reviews, perhaps in the capsule form.

I'm sure that for myself and many other obscure film fans the major interest will always be to

reviews of past and current films which we might never have the privilege to see. Keep up the really fine work.

Ronald Coulter Toledo, Ohio

Barry-

Though it looks nice with the modern layout and interesting ad mats/stills, I find DEMONIQUE a rather pointless publication, and though I will continue to subscribe, I do feel that a few changes are necessary to make DEMONIQUE worthwhile reading. To begin with, don't be so hard on the mainstream films like FRIDAY THE 13th and DAWN OF THE DEAD(DEMONIQUE would be the last publication to print anything negative on DAWN- Ed.). You cover the foreign obscurities and cover them well, but who the hell is going to see these films?! I have never seen a Paul Naschy film and probably never will be able to, so what good is reading about them (I happen to know from another fan in Toledo that your independent station 4 has televised FRANKENSTEIN'S BLOODY TERROR, DRACULA'S GREAT LOVE, MUMMY'S REVENCE, HORROR RISES FROM THE TOMB and ASSIGNMENT TERROR in the past year -- weren't you watching the TV Guide? - Ed.). DEMONIQUE is an interesting concept, but your handling of content leaves much to be desired. With your current approach I doubt DEMON-IQUE will be around for a 3rd issue. (I think you're wrong, Ron- Ed.)

Bruce C. Johnson Gaithersburg, Maryland

Dear Mr. Kaufman,

First of all let me tell you how much I have enjoyed reading your Journal of the Obscure Horror Cinema. You really get

into the great ones(thanks). I've got a huge collection of books, mags and stills but no one goes into the real detail as you do. I really appreciate Video Update; I have not seen a section as informative as this to the horror collector in any publication. Thanks again for a great journal.

Note: Some letters edited due to length.

severed hand. And though the violence in DEAR DEAD DELILAH is explicit, it is not in an uncomfortable, sadistic vein; in the case of certain characters, such as Buffy, it is even a relief. Two scenes are rather extreme: one where Richard beheads one of his cousins, the other where Richard gets his face blown off, an effect which has incredible impact due to clever editing.

DEAR DEAD DELILAH is a rarity in another way as well, for it is a member of the rare breed of horror film that leaves a pleasant feeling after the credits roll by. This satisfaction is the result of numerous subtle touches by Farris, who has a pretty good idea of how to manipulate his audience. The major theme of DDD is children. The nurse, Ellie, goes around Southhall singing "All the Children of the World", Luddy murdered her mother over her child(a child she never got to see) and Alonzo had a child with a 16-year old girl, therefore causing him to go to jail and never see the child. Delilah herself declares, There never have been enough children here at Southhall". Because of all this frustration, Farris makes the viewer want to see the need for children be satisfied; age is presented as a menace. When Alonzo and Luddy, two sympathetic characters, walk off talking about their new children, the final goal has been achieved. The "goodguys" have triumphed, while the "bad-guys" have been disposed of in most satisfying ways.

Here is the major difference between

DEAR DEAD and the current wave of axe-&slash pictures; DDD has a meaningful theme, characterization, acting, and, most importantly, was made by an individual whose concerns were not merely of a financial nature. DDD is a contemporary comic classic.

