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EUROPEAN TRASH CINEMA



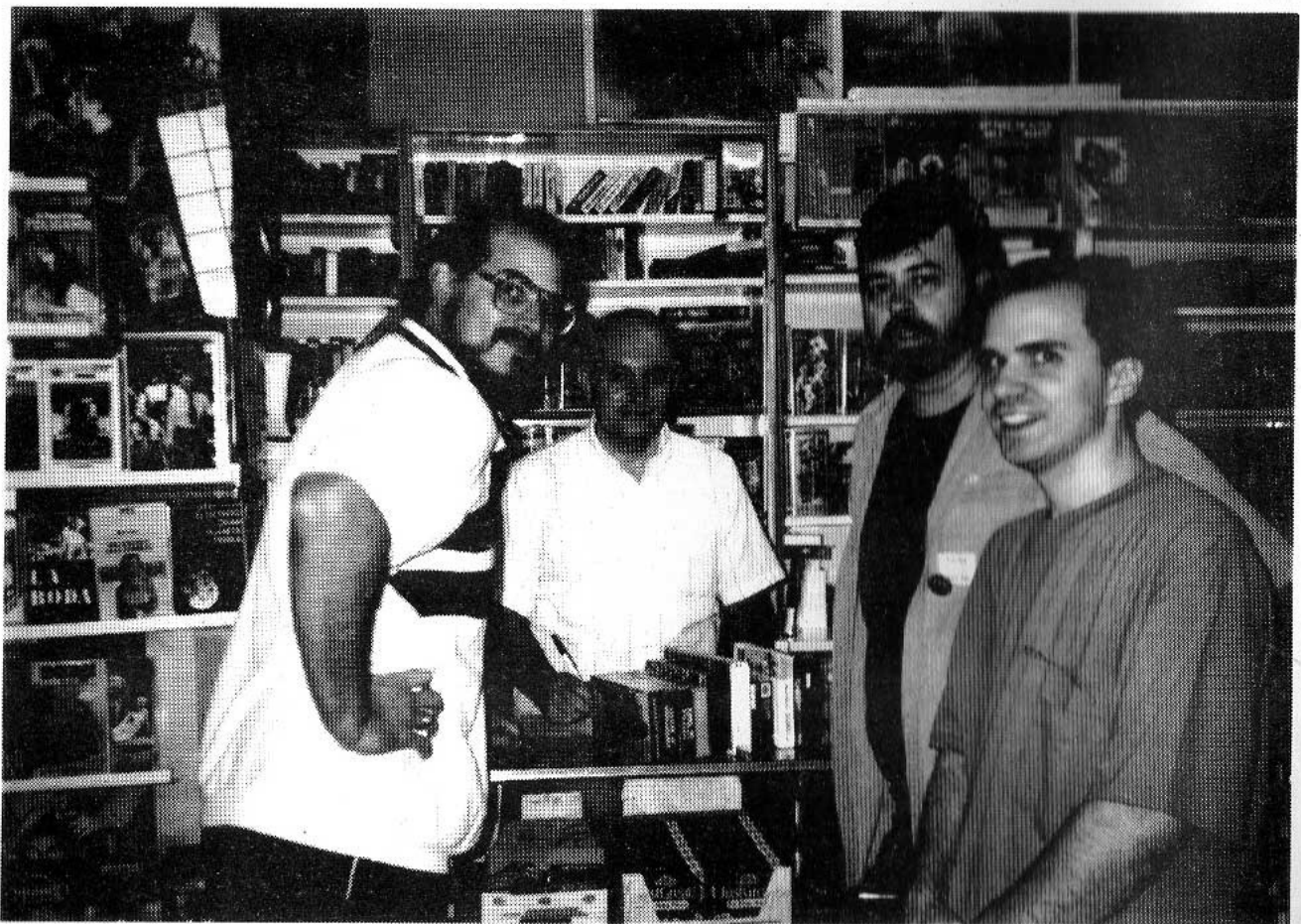
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BEST SELECTION IN FLORIDA

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COVER THIS ISSUE

A TENDER SCENE FROM ANTONIO
MARGHERITI'S INVASION OF THE FLESH
HUNTERS AS RENDERED BY
STEVE BISSETTE.


SPECIAL THANKS

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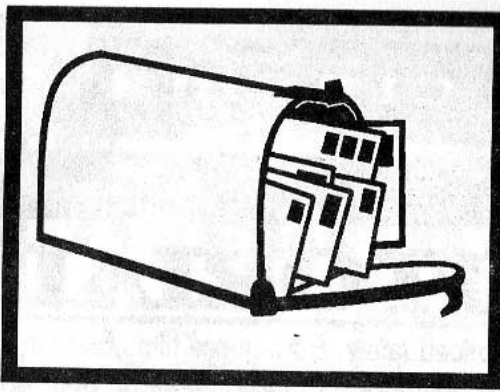
EDITORIAL

If you've noticed lately, Euro-genre films and film-makers are getting a lot more coverage, both in the fan and glossy publications. Part of this is due to the fact that a lot of fans are getting real bored with the U.S. film scene. After you have seen all the sequels, the shot-on-video atrocities, the big budget sleaze you realize everyone is stuck in neutral. So you start looking elsewhere, overseas for instance, for something different. This leads to the second reason for more Euro-fare coverage: These films are showing up and being seen on the underground circuit. I applaud the fact that this stuff is being viewed, but it chaps my ass a bit when certain "Big Name Writers" come across like they are the true "bearers of the light". What most folks don't realize is that an awful lot of these films are gaining circulation due to the efforts of Tom Weisser, ETC's humble publisher. Tom has supplied myself, Chas. Balun, Barry Kaufman, Tim Lucas and others with these films and without Tom's fanaticism and dedication, a lot of genre publications would be the poorer for it. Tom's too modest to accept any credit for this (and when you see NAKED!SCREAMING!TERROR! 4/5 you'll discover he's doing the same thing for Oriental Trash Cinema), but because Tom is one of the best friends I have, I wanted you to know. The next time you see myself or Chas. Balun refer to all the wonders you can find in ethnic video stores, just remember that it was probably Tom Weisser doing all the behind-the-scenes sleuthing to make us look good.

ADIOS



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EUROPEAN TRASH COMMENTS

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The following are spelling corrections to your listing of Joe D'Amato films in Vol 2 #1:

PUGNI, PIRATI E KARATE
NOVELLE LICENZIOSE DI VERGINI VOGLIOSE
EROI ALL 'INFERNO
GIUBBE ROSSE
VOTO DI CASTITA
IMMAGINI DI UN CONVENTO
LE NINFOMANE
LABBRE VOGLIOSE
IL CALDO PROFUMO DI UNA VERGINE
LE PORNO INVESTIGATRICI
ATOR L'INVINCIBILE
CALIGOLA . . . LA STORIA MAI RACCONTATA
DELIZIE EROTICHE

Title translation errors:

DELIZIE EROTICHE -- EROTIC DELIGHTS, not
DELICIOUS EROTICISM
LUSSURIA -- LUST, not **LUXURY**

Additions:

1979 - **LE PORNO LIBIDINI DI JUSTINE** (supervision only)
1982 - **MESSALINA-ORGASMO IMPERIALE** ("Oliver J. Clarke")
1986 - **DELIZIA** ("Dario Donati")
LA MONACA NEL PECCATO ("Dario Danati")
1988 - **DIRTY LOVE** (Joe D'Amato)

"Alan W. Cools" is a pseudonym for Mario Bianchi. **EMANUELLE IN THE COUNTRY/COUNTRY NURSE** is his 1980 production **CORNETTI A COLAZIONE**.

Horacio Higuchi
Quincy, MA

ETC seems to go hand in hand with VIDEO WATCHDOG, they both compliment each other, like a geriatric bible for all you oldies who've flipped your wigs, since switching to only Euro-flicks . . . Here's what makes ETC great; It's the genuine, misguided loyalty and love on show, especially the great piece by Pompano Joe Torrez -- that was a fun thing to read . . . What a collection of enthusiastic writers you have -- the creme de la creme -- or something close. Steve Bissette writes a review of a film that's been reviewed in every publication, yet manages to add a fresh perspective and enough trivia to make it all seem worthwhile . . . The new ETC is a landmark step in spreading the word about Eurocinema.

Ant Timpson
Auckland, NZ

Having received the first "new" ETC I feel compelled to let you know that your publication joins a handful of others as one that will regularly irritate and infuriate me. In fact, I am inclined to view it as almost a waste of my money. I read it cover to cover in one sitting and find myself starving for more. What kind of pleasure is there in that? There are points I disagree with. It wouldn't be a fanzine if there weren't. I continue to be a supporter of Lucio Fulci. I think his **THE BEYOND** can stand beside the best of Argento or the elder Bava. I also agree totally with Joe Torrez about Laura Gemser. She may be a weak actress but she is a powerful erotic force just standing there, preferably nude.

John Thonen
Raytown, MO

I'm not sure if another **ATOR** film is what the world needs, but I do understand where you are coming from! It's great to see the coverage of D'Amato's work (the filmography pullout section being very useful). The question that keeps me awake at nights in the cold Canadian hinterlands is, "What is **PORNO HOLOCAUST?**" (*It's EROTIC NIGHTS OF THE LIVING DEAD with porno inserts - ED.*) My favorite D'Amato film is probably **IMMAGINI DI UN CONVENTO**, just because of its sweet, wholesome and morally uplifting presentation of lesbian nuns possessed by a satanic statue in the courtyard. It wasn't tasteful by any means, but it was a lot more fun to watch than **EMANUELLE IN AMERICA**, which made my skin crawl. As for the rest of ETC #1, I was impressed although some of the reviews seemed to cover films that have had a lot of press before. I understand however, that with the wider distribution of ETC there are probably new readers who haven't discovered these films, so it's just a minor gripe at best. How about a feature on Massimo Dallamano, who did **WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO SOLANGE?**, or an article on the rarer Fulci films? (*Hopefully the review of Fulci's ONE ON TOP OF THE OTHER is a step in that direction. As far as Dallamano goes, we'll get to him eventually - ED.*)

Erik Sulev
Canada

ETC looks and feels great yet still is filled with the inimitable spirit of Craig Ledbetter and Euro-trash mania. My only possible request would be that the next issue feature a color pull-out of the beautiful Laura Gemser, your favorite and mine (only kidding). Here were the highlights for me: P.Joe Torrez's (who is this guy?) wonderfully evocative and enjoyable "View From Twin Shore" drive-in memory hymn--it's a piece I'll not soon

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forget--the only disappointment to me was that the reviews accompanying it weren't as personal and off-beat; Bissette's D'Amato review, literate and insightful as always; Secula's trailblazing info on the Argentinian vampire flick--I loved his delineation of the thematic difference (vampires equated with the end of sex rather than with sexual liberation) between this film and most other vampire flicks; and finally Marshall Crist's Rollin review and one I've been waiting for: **REQUIEM**--interesting and informed as always. Thanks for putting out ETC, in any form or fashion, much less the current impressive incarnation.

David Walker
Tennessee

Fulci's film is **DANGEROUS OBSESSION**, not **DEADLY OBSESSION**; the latter title is of putrid film about a guy who poisons ice cream, ala the Tylenol tampering of yore. Suggestion, in the future do something on Ovidio Assonitis, a director/producer who nobody ever mentions even though his credits--**BEYOND THE DOOR**, **MADHOUSE**, **THE CURSE**, **THE VISITOR**--are many.

Lorne Marshall
Glen burnie, MD

BLUE EROTIC ANIMAL JOB is not a D'Amato film. He only made porno films during a three year period (1980-1983). Porno films made after that period but which use his name are by a lady director (and others) named Giuliana Gamba (who now makes only soft-core films). Also, I found out that Moira Chen is not Laura Gemser's real name. Laura Gemser is her real name and Moira Chen is the pseudonym. (More will be revealed in Max's interview with D'Amato in an upcoming ETC - ED.)

Max Della Mora
Italy

The pullout filmography was a dynamic idea and I was glad to see you follow a D'Amato theme this issue. Suggestions for future filmography subjects: How about Joseph Larraz, Pupi Avati, Bruno Mattei, Carlos Aured, Fernando Di Leo, or Amando De Ossorio? (Upcoming filmographies include *Umberto Lenzi* and *Sergio Martino* - ED.)

Robert Sargent
Alexandria, VA

One sour point to ETC is the writing of Pompano Joe Torrez (your Miami connection and only advertiser?) but then again I am biased towards Mondo films of any kind and would love to see wider coverage of ETC type material that falls into this category (especially **MONDO 2000** and the more recent stuff) preferably by a more perceptive and intelligent writer.

Michael Helms
Australia

POMPANO JOE TORREZ REPLIES:

ETC editor Craig Ledbetter showed me this letter and asked if I wanted to personally respond. So here goes, directly to Michael from Pompano: Let's put this into perspective, okay? Even the illustrious director (Romano Vanderbees) of **THIS IS AMERICA 1 & 2** doesn't take his work as seriously as you seem to. C'mon, the guy is such an opportunist that he took these "fascinating" Mondo flicks, re-edited them with even phonier (funnier?) dialogue, and turned the whole preposterous mess into a COMEDY for an American release, called **KSEX** (aka **THE SEX O'CLOCK NEWS**)! But then maybe it takes a more perceptive and intelligent writer (than I am) to understand the finer nuances of this auspicious endeavor. Right?

Errata . . . Last issue's cover was from **THE MURDER CLINIC**. Steve Bissette's review in issue 1 was excerpted from his book on cannibalism **WE'RE GOING TO EAT YOU**.

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AUTOPSY

DIRECTED BY JORGE FORQUE
REVIEWED BY PAUL MERRITT

I doubt **AUTOPSY** is the original title of this film (*It's not, TAROT is the actual title - ED.*). The credits start, then when the title comes up, it's like one of those little cards being held up by hand just out of frame. The rest of the original credit sequence is well done as a vaguely ominous motorcycle rider speeds past some lovely scenery while tarot cards are superimposed over it.

The ominous rider turns out to be Sue (**LOLITA**) Lyon, who is working as a sort of amateur prostitute. She thinks she's taking on a young stud but in reality it is blind, old, Fernando Rey. This pisses Sue off so she leaves. However, we are supposed to believe that Fernando, after a quick Braille feel up, is madly in love with twenty three year old (and looking all of forty) Sue.

Inevitably, Sue and Rey's young valet stud get together and of course, they naturally have her marry blind, old Fernando so they can "have it all." Fernando never questions this arrangement until things become too obvious to ignore. He hits upon a brilliant plan and so has the maid drive him into town (the maid is pissed because the valet is no longer boffing her) but really doubles back to the house. He discovers the lovers in the bathtub and pulling out a gun, attempts to shoot them. Unbelievably, he shoots the bathtub full of holes (the lovers had long since vacated it) and is drowned (!) in the ensuing flood.

There follows an even more incredible scene where Sue attempts to distract the maid and the cook while the valet staggers down to the pool with Fernando's body banging around bordering on the hilarious. Well, the maid figures it out and attempts to cut herself in, so the valet sets her up for murder too. However, she guns him down and returns to find Sue totally over the edge and confessing to the two-man local police force.

AUTOPSY is extremely boring and predictable with a truly awful performance by Sue Lyon. It is even more bizarre to see Gloria Grahame doing a Betty Davis-in-excess bit while Fernando Rey and others underact to the hilt. Michel Colombier has provided a nice theme but

someone put idiotic words to it as a "singer" wails on until you want to scream. Take a pass on this one. Formerly available from **MOGUL VIDEO** but currently discontinued.

DE SADE'S JUSTINE

DIRECTED BY CHRIS BOGER
REVIEWED BY BOB SARGENT

Considered somewhat of a cult film, **DE SADE'S JUSTINE** (1978) caused quite a stir in Britain (because the lead actress was dating royalty at the time) and is as cathartic a viewing experience as I've ever encountered. Bloody swordplay, kinky sex and gory deaths are among the thrills served up in generous portions.

The story revolves around two recently orphaned young girls in a convent school where corruption and lesbianism run rampant. The chaste Justine (Koo Stark) and her promiscuous sister Juliet (Lydia Lisle) witness the burial of their parents by an indifferent pastor who refuses to read over them until offered payment. Shortly thereafter we find Justine in prayer while Juliet performs a solo sex show for the gratification of one of the depraved nuns. She

later attempts to introduce Justine to her philosophy (seek out depravity in order to exploit it) but they are interrupted.

A radiant beauty who seems to inspire in almost everyone an uncontrollable desire to tear her clothes off, Justine causes even the Holy Mother to succumb and assault her. Juliet has to interrupt one of her nightly liaisons in order to rescue her little sister from the raving leech.

Not surprisingly, the next morning both girls are turned out penniless. Hitching a ride with a handsome nobleman (Martin Potter, who was in **CRAZE** with Jack Palance who was in Jess Franco's version of **JUSTINE** - how's that for a roundabout connection), they head for London so that they might try their hand at prostitution. Stopping at an inn, the smitten nobleman and Juliet thrash about on the floor while Justine silently watches their frenzied coupling from her bed (reflected in a mirror).

The action moves to a brothel where the girls are introduced to a French madame who begins their



instruction immediately. After witnessing various sordid exercises (culminating in Juliet fellating an effeminate idiot named George), Justine decides to take flight. On the way out she runs into the nobleman (I never heard his name mentioned once) on the stairs. Unable to convince Justine to embrace her situation he opts to boff Juliet instead.

Justine's poor timing next lands her on the doorstep of Pastor John (from the earlier burial scene). He offers her a bed but later attempts to rape her. Chasing Justine to the rooftop, the randy clergyman accidentally takes a high dive and splatters his brains all over the ground below. Justine flees but immediately falls into the clutches of a trio of thieves (presently robbing a grave) and their opportunist leader (a crone who calls herself Old Bonnie). Taking the girl aside, Old Bonnie offers Justine a grim proposition - either serve her interests or be thrown to the goons (who already have their pants unzipped).

Returning to the brothel we find our jealous nobleman rescuing his beloved Juliet from a degenerate aristocrat with a penchant for whipping. Worried about her little sister, Juliet dispatches the nobleman to find her. As fate (and the script) would have it, the same trio of thieves use Justine to waylay his coach and then slaughter the occupants. Heads are blown off, throats are cut and even a little boy is run through before the carnage ends. Only the nobleman is spared at Justine's insistence. One of the goons sees fit to indulge himself in a little necrophilia before they depart.

Justine and the nobleman manage to escape that same night but the killers trail then to the inn. After the nobleman defeats Pierce (the head goon) in a swordfight, the pair take flight once again. Pierce's death so enrages the remainder of the thieves that they employ vicious dogs to continue their search.

In keeping with the bleak theme, the ending is suitably downbeat. While watching Justine (who amazingly enough is still a virgin) bathe in a convenient lake, our hero is suddenly overcome by lust and sodomizes her. About this time the killers arrive and quite literally catch our hero with his pants down. Justine is unceremoniously raped and dumped in the water by the two remaining goons while Old Bonnie cackles away nearby. The dogs overtake the nobleman and tear him to bloody bits before he is finished by a well-placed sword thrust.

The film moves itself along at a good clip. I was reminded of **THE PERILS OF PAULINE** by the way the narrative propels Justine into situations that go from bad to worse. The director certainly seems comfortable with filming sexual situations as he boldly took advantage of every opportunity to undress his actresses and capture some of the most lurid scenes of depravity ever committed to celluloid. Juliet, in particular, is in the nude more often than not and the scenes of her writhing in bed with one sister after another at the convent are energetically rendered.

But this film is at it's best in Justine's nightmares when it crosses out of exploitation and into fantasy. One sequence that was particularly memorable has the heroine on a huge flaming cross as a horde of pasty-faced ghouls presided over the event from the gallery above. Another had her parents' coffins explode into flames during the opening moments of the film. The locations used were splendidly gloomy and contributed greatly to an already overwhelming atmosphere of dread.

With it's unflattering portrayal of humanity (in general) and the church (in particular) I found **DE SADE'S JUSTINE** to be somewhat reminiscent of **ALUCARDA** and Jess Franco's **THE DEMONS** (as both films dealt with similar subject matter in like settings). The story has been done before but who cares? Not for the barf-bag splatter crowd but if soft-core porn laced with horrific elements and just about every perversion under the sun is your bag, **DE SADE'S JUSTINE** shouldn't disappoint you. All that aside, see it for Koo Stark (and find out for yourself what the commotion was all about). Available from **VCE VIDEO**.

DER RUFF DER BLONDEN GOTTIN

DIRECTED BY JESUS FRANCO

REVIEWED BY CRAIG LEDBETTER

Jesus Franco has received more press in this country (and abroad) in the last few years than in any other time in his 30 year career. And what would a zine called European Trash Cinema be if it didn't review his more obscure work? I purposely avoided Franco in the first issue because I was about Franco-ed out. However, since quite a few ETC subscribers expected some type of Franco coverage, I won't make that mistake again.

I've seen almost a hundred of his films (and lived to tell about it). I always find something in each of his films to enjoy, however very few hold up over their entire 90 minutes. His two best periods were the 60's B&W era and the French productions he made during the early 70's. The nadir of his career (in my opinion) are the late 70's films he made for Erwin C. Dietrich's Elite Films. All those women-in-prison films feature mix and match casts and plots that any hack could have produced. As the censorship practices relaxed throughout the world's film colonies, Franco's mise en scene (I've always wanted to use that word) weakened considerably. All the care and attention to detail he utilized in films like **THE HORRIBLE DR. ORLOFF** on up to **MRS. HYDE** seemed to vanish when sex and nudity become commonplace on the screen.

This long-winded pre-ambule is especially apropos when it comes to shit like **DER RUF DER BLONDEN GOTTIN**. Even though it purports to be a "voodoo" film, as usual for Franco during this time frame, it's merely an excuse

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

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for wall-to-wall female nudity. Action, violence and even plot details all occur off-camera. However, whenever it's time for one of the actresses to bathe, writhe around on the bed nude or walk around the house (also nude), the camera takes every opportunity to fix its stare and not quit until the last tidbit of ogling female nudity can be extracted. Being a heterosexual male, I can appreciate the abundance of female flesh, but that's all it is; an excuse to titillate and nothing more. After 90 minutes I'm bored out of my fucking skull.

The plot to this film is simple enough and if not for the presence of Franco regulars Karine Gambier and Jack Taylor (his "acting" here telegraphs how fed up he was in appearing in such shit), I'd write off this entire experience as tedium personified. Seems that Jack's (Jack Taylor) new bride Susan (Vicky Adams) has joined him to live on a Caribbean island where he's employed by the British consul. She meets Jack's nympho "sister" (actually his lover) Olga (Karine Gambier) along with their native housekeeper Inez (Ada Tauler - a hard-body version of French actress Alice Arno). Before too long Susan awakens after midnight and participates in arcane voodoo rituals (chickens are beheaded and the blood drips onto her naked chest). After each ritual, Susan is seen killing off several of Jack's business associates (the murders, like most of the other action sequences occur off-screen), as part of his plan to prevent the discovery of his true identity. When Inez and her associates discover they had unwittingly helped Jack in his plan, they kidnap him and extract their own revenge (off-camera of course). Susan leaves the next morning and as the pressbook says, "Perhaps someday she will be able to forget and only thinks [SIC] of the horrible occurrences on the wonderful island like a dream." Yeah, sure.

At least 40% of the time, we watch the natives perform their voodoo ritual dances. Franco films it like a National Geographic TV special except he adds his patented zoom-to-the-crotch shots. A word or two about Karine Gambier. Jeez, this woman oozes sleaze from every open pore and orifice. True to form, in **DER RUF DER BLONDEN GOTTIN**, as in damn near everything I've seen her in, Gambier takes a very soapy bath and still looks like she was gang banged by the entire cast and crew. If Jean Harlow had been born in the sixties and became a porno goddess in the eighties, she would be the spitting image of Ms. Gambier. K.G. has that drugged out, don't give a shit look most porno "actresses" have right before they stick their head in the oven.

For Franco completists like me only, others need not bother.

KILLSTREET

DIRECTED BY JEAN ROLLIN

REVIEWED BY DAVID KERESKES

Originally released as **LES TROTTOIRS DE BANGKOK** (1984), **KILLSTREET** is one of Jean Rollin's more

recent movies. Alongside his other later thrillers like **LES ECHAPÉES** (1981) and **LES MEURTRIÈRES** (1983), **KILLSTREET** (1984) seems to indicate a general move for Rollin, away from the sex vampire and horror movies of **LA VAMPIRE NUE** (1969), **LE FRISSON DES VAMPIRES** (1970) and **LA MORTE VIVANT** (1982) towards the more down to earth worlds of crime and espionage. **KILLSTREET** is a rather half-hearted movie; an indistinguished tale of double-dealings and double-agents. While **KILLSTREET** involves the often violent murder of several agents for custody of the 'Bangkok tape,' it is really only Rollin's keen eye for a pretty face (and compromising situation) that saves the movie from being a total write-off.

A waif-like figure by the name of Yoko spends all of her time on the run, and is the source of a constant struggle between the good guys and bad guys. Apart from Yoko, Rudy the dog is quite interesting, being a kind of latter day-Lassie and saving people from being shot, untying agents from railway lines with his teeth, and even saving the day in the end. But only the closing moments provide **KILLSTREET** with the ambitious and sleazy direction usually associated with Jean Rollin: a girl gets flogged under the surveillance of closed-circuit TV for the delectation of the 'evil mastermind'...whoever he might be.

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LA NUIT DES TRAQUÉES

DIRECTED BY JEAN ROLLIN

REVIEWED BY MARSHALL CRIST

What would happen if someone grafted the sentimental romanticism of Jean Rollin, France's lesbian vampire auteur, onto the icy medical detachment of David Cronenberg's early films? You'd probably get something akin to the interesting and occasionally entertaining 1980 production **LA NUIT DES TRAQUÉES** (approximate translation: **NIGHT OF THE HUNTED**). Made during an off-period for Rollin, this picture saw the light of day around the same time as the director's mega-bomb **ZOMBIE LAKE**. Needless to say, the former is a better film.

What I could discern of the plot of this French-language print goes as follows. A young woman (Brigitte Lahaie, in at least her third non-porno Rollin film) is constantly trying to escape from a sinister, futuristic medical clinic. Apparently the organization running the operation is trying to control human behavior with gamma rays, and are slowly draining the wills of Lahaie and her co-captors.

These subjects are driven to seemingly random acts of sexual aggression and homicidal and suicidal violence, depicted in loving detail. Ms. Lahaie's character must endure the systematic physical deterioration and death of several of her friends before her boyfriend (David Naughton lookalike Vincent Gardair) tries to rescue her. The result is a typical Rollin ending; the lovers are reunited, but not in the way they had hoped.

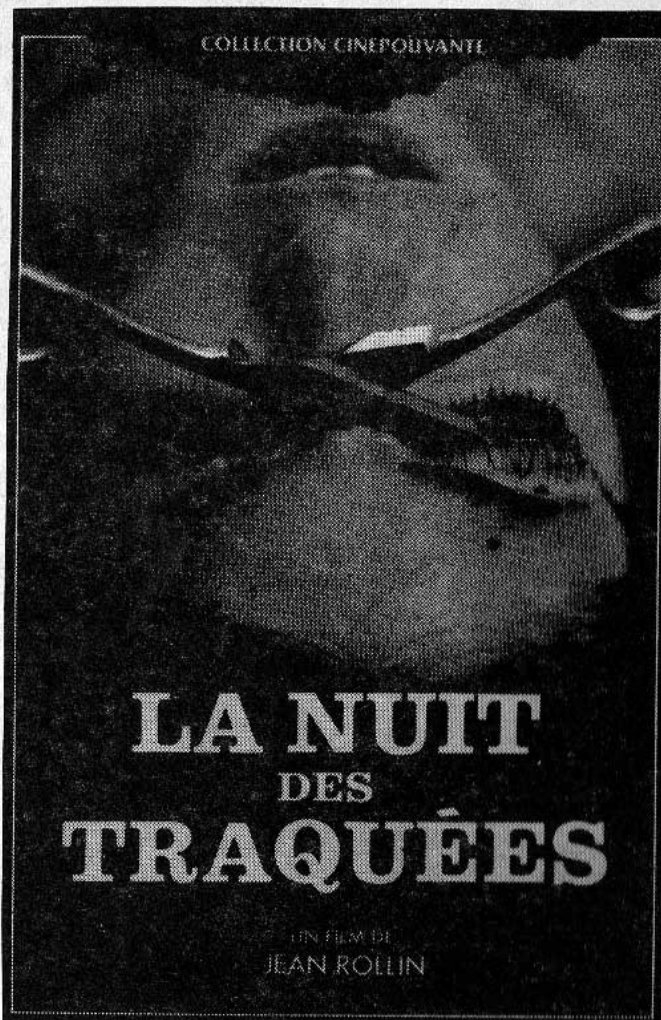
That this is not the greatest French fantasy film ever made should be obvious to anyone watching the first 45 minutes, which rival the aforementioned **ZOMBIE LAKE** and Rollin's **LA ROSE DE FER** on the tedium scale. The second half of the film is improved not so much by the increase in violence and sexual activity, as it is by the overwhelming atmosphere of hopelessness and despair which is so effectively conveyed. (If the statement seems self-contradictory, then this is not the film for you) There is no intentional comic relief in this movie --

no Paul Bisciglia bumbling about as a lust-crazed gamma ray zombie -- only the sense that, as in Cronenberg's films, the only constant in life is the breakdown and decay of the life systems themselves.

This theme is promoted not only by the plot, but also by technique. The soundtrack rumbles mechanically like **ERASERHEAD**. The visuals consist of long takes and wide angles, emotionally (and literally) distancing the spectator from the drama. The editing is deliberate as there are no reactionshots during dialogue, which should show the impact of a line upon the person being addressed.

While seemingly combining two opposite and extremely discordant styles of filmmaking, **LA NUIT DES TRAQUÉES** is ironically Jean Rollin's most unified film, thematically. Still while one may be impressed by the director's resourcefulness and vision on what appears to be an even lower budget than usual, it's hard not to be nostalgic for the times when Rollin would go on location to a castle with a generous supply of colored spotlights and naked actors, and emerge with a film that contained eroticism, humor, and surrealism, rather than dispassionate intellectual dry humping.

Fetish note: this film contains trains, but no beaches or clowns. (Highly significant that the mechanical is chosen over the organic! Yes, I'm kidding.)



MAGDALENA VOM TEUFEL BESESSEN

DIRECTED BY MICHAEL WALTER

REVIEWED BY MICHAEL SECULA

Masquerading as **THE DEVIL'S FEMALE** on Venezuelan videocassette (but a rose by any other name ...), this 1974 German production is a rousing possession flick which admirably exploits-without-plagiarizing its megabuck predecessor.

The story begins in sensational fashion when the body of Josef Winter is found crucified to the door of his apartment house on Ash Wednesday. We are then introduced to the virginal Magdalena, orphaned resident of a boarding school for girls and granddaughter of Josef Winter. In a neatly staged shock sequence, an invisible demonic presence exits the old man's corpse; simultaneously, Magdalena suffers a seizure, followed by a violent fit in which she attempts to fight off an unseen attacker. The school's physician dismisses the episodes as hysteria and gives her a sedative. Half-conscious and thus defenseless, Magdalena is raped and possessed by the invisible demon. The next day, while visiting her friend Father Conrad, she casually blasphemes the sacrament of Communion (with a line that will bring even long-lapsed Catholics to attention) and, after numerous bouts of naked obscenity-spewing, winds up in the care of a psychiatrist, Professor Falk, and his assistant, Doctor Stone.

The subplot of the police investigation into Winter's murder yields hints of Satanism and perversion which, while never clearly spelled out, serve as the basis for Magdalena's diabolic behavior (though only the priest is willing to consider a supernatural cause). Magdalena's conduct swings back and forth -- from innocent and pure to lascivious and obscene -- with calculated cunning. She arouses two strangers with promises of sex for the sole pleasure of inciting them to violence, and uses Dr. Stone's affection for her as a means to seduce and disgrace him. The demon's identity is finally revealed when Professor Falk places Magdalena under hypnosis; but it is only after her attempt on his life and one final outburst of mayhem that he at last decides to follow Father Conrad's advice. Hypnotized once again, Magdalena is compelled to recite a prayer, whereupon she promptly vomits a serpent and returns to her normal self. After that, she and Dr. Stone stroll off together, as the camera lingers on one of the roadside shrines common to predominantly Catholic southern Germany. Praise the Lord!

What we have here is a veritable catalog of those things which A) alienate most Americans from European commercial cinema, and B) attract the readers of ETC. Theatrically released here as **BEYOND THE DARKNESS** in 1976, the film was greeted with predictable derision by elitist genre publications which first branded it a cheap **EXORCIST** rip-off, then complained when it failed to live up to their expectations of what an **EXORCIST** rip-off should be. Of course, a poorly dubbed cast of unknowns is often too big an obstacle for many attention spans. Still, it's amusing to note that while the German filmzine **VAMPIR** commended "...the fact that the Holzhammer Method (word-exorcism and snake) was chosen over the nevertheless renowned -- though reduced to tastelessness through films -- Theological Exorcism (Holy water and crucifix)", the American **CINEFANTASTIQUE** felt cheated because it contained "no exorcism".

Not surprisingly, the film's weakest moments are those few that are swipes from Friedkin's film (Magdalena's



low-budget telekinetic display reminded me of Andy Milligan's **CARNAGE**). For a welcome change, the blatantly exploitative treatment of a familiar theme actually contributes to, rather than detracts from, the overall effectiveness; since the notion of licentiousness-as-evil more accurately targets the traditional hang-ups of Catholicism than Linda Blair's oh-so-scary antics and special effects hokum. But what really makes this film work is the exceptional performance of Dagmar Hedrich as Magdalena. A former model making her cinema debut, her credibility transcends even the handicap of the dubbing. The fact that she also spends much of the running time naked makes the film all the more watchable. Available from CIC VIDEO.

ONE ON TOP OF THE OTHER

DIRECTED BY LUCIO FULCI

REVIEWED BY CRAIG LEDBETTER

Lucio Fulci is one of my favorite directors. Except for the extremely lame films starring the Duke Mitchell and Sammy Petrillo of Italy (Franco & Ciccio), Fulci has always directed (and usually contributed to the script)

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with an eye for entertainment. **THE BEYOND**, **ZOMBIE**, and **GATES OF HELL** all help to make Fulci a household word to horror fans (and bandwagon jumping journalists) during the early eighties. I love those films too, but to ignore or disregard his work prior to that period is criminal. **ONE ON TOP OF THE OTHER** (1969/ original Italian title is **UNA SULL'ALTRA**) is a precursor to the thrillers of Dario Argento in plot if not style. Nothing flashy is directionally performed during the film's running time, which is to its benefit, because it would have certainly distracted from the rather byzantine storyline.

George Murrier (Jean Sorel, who also starred in Fulci's **A LIZARD IN A WOMEN'S SKIN**) is the hedonistic co-owner (along with his brother) of the Murrier Clinic. George lives in the fast lane and is always hatching schemes to finance both the clinic's operation and his lifestyle. His wife Susan (Marisa Mell also starred in Mario Bava's **DANGER: DIABOLIK**), is in poor health and dies soon after the film begins. This sets the plot into motion as George discovers a stripper who bears an uncanny resemblance to Susan, while the police learn that George's wife was poisoned. Plot twists are continually introduced up to and including the conclusion, with a police detective (John Ireland, who dubs his own voice) summing up everything and explaining it all for those in the audience not paying attention. There's no real mystery for the audience as we are let in on what happened at the same time George was. Like the best Hitchcock films (no, I'm not comparing Fulci to Alfred Hitchcock), we must suffer right along with the main character in a race to prove his innocence.

The exteriors were filmed in San Francisco and as you might imagine, sixties paraphernalia is everywhere. Riz Ortolani's loud, brass, jazzy music score reflects the times (the deriguer sitar solo makes an appearance) as accurately as Alejandro Ulloa's cinematography. Ulloa's camera work (he also photographed **HORROR EXPRESS**, **THE CRAVING**, and **HUMAN BEASTS** along with numerous westerns) is noteworthy for its lack of overindulgence when it comes to angles and movement.

No one in the cast is guilty of over-emoting and it was nice to see familiar faces such as Jean Sobieski (**DEATH LAID AN EGG**), Jorge Rigaud (**EYEBALL**), and Alberto DeMendoza (**THE TAIL OF THE SCORPION**). Token American Faith Domergue (Howard Hughes ex-mistress) as Susan's sister contributes nothing to the affair and Elsa Martinelli has a thankless role as George's mistress (her short butch-like haircut does add credibility in a scene where she attempts to seduce Monica, the Susan-clone also played by Marisa Mell). The centerpiece performance belongs to Marisa Mell and this film showcases her talents as no other film has. As the sickly and hateful Susan, she's the image of a Spouse From Hell. Spitting out both phlegm and invectives at her husband, one can understand why George anxiously flees the room whenever she enters. On the other side of the coin, as the blonde (as in dumb) stripper with a mercenary's heart-she freely disrobes for both the club's audience as well as whomever pays her enough

money back at her apartment. Ample nude scenes display Mell's obvious attributes which unfortunately became ravaged by drugs and scandal as the next decade reached its mid-point (her haggard, severe appearance in Umberto Lenzi's **SETTE ORCHIDEE MACCHIAE DI ROSSO** among others).

The film contains the usual cameo appearance by Fulci (he plays a police scientist) and was released on video in Great Britain on the Inter-Ocean Video label. What a shame it has yet to gain such an appearance in this country.

PLANET ON THE PROWL

DIRECTED BY ANTONIO MARGHERITI
REVIEWED BY CRAIG LEDBETTER

Antonio Margheriti (hiding behind the pseudonym Anthony Dawson) directed 6 SF films in the 60's, of which **MISSIONE PLANÈTE ERRANTE / WAR BETWEEN THE PLANETS** has to be the weakest. Margheriti is still active today and generally rips off whatever's popular. Italian SF films are not noted for their innovations and from this example it's easy to see why. Crummy miniatures, comic book characters who speak dialogue like "What's new helium head?", and wooden acting don't add up to much as far as **PLANET ON THE PROWL** is concerned.

Commander Rod Jackson (Giacomo Rossi Stuart) is sent to Space Station Gamma One. It seems the earth is plagued by earthquakes, volcanoes, and tidal waves so Jackson is ordered to determine why. After introducing some extraneous plot details (the usual love triangle found in pulp fiction), Commander Jackson leads a squadron of fighters to a living planet whose entry into earth's orbit has caused all the problems. Some of the cardboard characters are consumed by the living planet before Jackson detonates an anti-matter bomb, saving the day for Planet Earth.

This plot was a cliché in the 30's when it appeared in **PLANET STORIES**, so no amount of visual razzle-dazzle is going to make this a sight for sore eyes. Giacomo Rossi Stuart (Americanized as Jack Stuart in the credits) is a typical square-jawed hero who never makes a wrong decision, all the women love, and saves the day at least once a week. No amount of care was taken in filming the special effects (wires are visible throughout) so even the filmmakers lacked interest. The dubbed dialogue usually results in a howler or two. For example, when Commander Jackson orders his troops into action, his inspiring words are "Well, we better get over there." Whew, that would've motivated a marine.

Not worth the effort of inserting the tape into the machine. **Available from MONTEREY VIDEO.**

THE PRIZE OF PERIL

DIRECTED BY YVES BOISSET
REVIEWED BY JOHN THONEN

There is certainly nothing unusual about cheap foreign films that ripoff big budget American hits. What is unusual is to find a moderately budgeted foreign film that has been blatantly ripped off in a mega budget American film. It would seem to me that the creators of **THE PRIZE OF PERIL** might have a good case for a law suit against the makers of **THE RUNNING MAN** since

processes are obviously a little different.

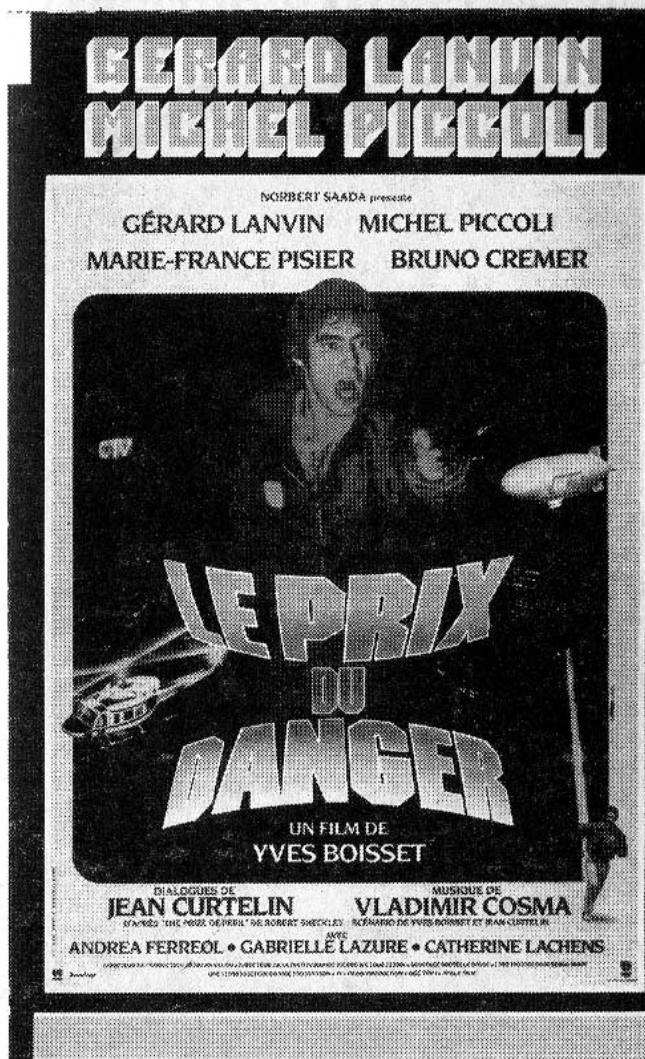
The film is based on a Robert Sheckley short story, whose similarly themed novel **THE SIXTH VICTIM** was itself a 1965 Italian film, inexplicably titled **THE TENTH VICTIM**. The film offers us an economically ravaged future where the public is placated by a popular game show called **THE PRIZE OF PERIL**. In it, everyday citizens (not steroid ridden hulks) have a chance to win a million dollar prize if they can elude a team of killers for four hours. The show is run by a slimy host/creator named Marley (Michel Piccoli) who smoothly segues from death to product plugs and drags contestant's widows before the camera to claim \$10,000 consolation prizes (what, no home version?).

Problems arise when Marley and his team of assistants select Frederick (Gerard Lanvin) as their next contestant. Marley is unsure about the choice but is convinced by his producer (the lovely Marie France Pisier) who thinks the man has a special quality that will appeal to audiences. The roguishly handsome Frederick (who looks a bit like a taller, slimmer Jean Paul Belmondo) is indeed popular, he's also trouble. During his game he kills some of his pursuers, strictly against the rules, and uncovers that the entire game is a sham. No one is ever to win and the producers secretly help the contestants out whenever the pursuers get close enough to threaten the show's length, and hence it's upcoming commercials.

Frederick is never really a hero, he willingly dumps his loving girlfriend in favor of the glory and money the show promises, and has no more regard for human life than do the show's creators. There is certainly no happy ending here. This is a cold and cynical look at audiences as voyeurs and the TV industry as pushers of nothing more than a visually administrated drug for the masses. Frederick's pursuers are also everyday types chosen from would be contestants. In classic game show style they are interviewed by Marley on the show. Each tells a little about themselves, family, job, hobbies and then why they are all too willing to chase and kill another human being. It's a chilling moment, and all too believable.

The original copyright date on this tape is unreadable but it has been on video for several years so it easily outdates **THE RUNNING MAN**. Judging from hair styles and Pisier's youthfulness I would guess it to be a mid-seventies production. **THE RUNNING MAN** was a simple minded excursion into unbelievable action and clear cut good guys and bad guys. It was marred even further by a sappy, happy ending which implied that a seemingly totalitarian government and an economically and morally devastated society could somehow be salvaged by a single act of heroism. **THE PRIZE OF PERIL** sees a similar problem in our future but does not offer the simplistic solutions. This is obviously a film made by people who are willing to think while watching a film instead of turning off their brain and just watching the pretty colors move.

There is enough action here to satisfy those looking for a simple diversion, but for those who are willing, there is also an intelligent subtext here that says some accurate,



that film bares far more resemblance to this French production than it does to the Stephen King story it is supposedly based on.

Those whose love of European films is based largely on the mood and atmosphere so prevalent in Italian, German, and Spanish films may be disappointed here. French filmmaking tends more towards the slick professionalism of American films which is probably one of the very qualities that has driven so many of us away from American films. Still, these are the people who think Jerry Lewis is a cinematic genius so their thought

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and not too likeable, things about our society and those who find an outlet for their own problems by sinking into televised catatonia. Sound like anyone you know? Formerly available from LIGHTNING VIDEO but currently discontinued.

SYNDICATE SADISTS

DIRECTED BY UMBERTO LENZI

REVIEWED BY CHRIS POGGIALI

Umberto Lenzi's **RAMBO SFIDA LA CITTA** is a fast-paced, enjoyable action picture in the same vein as Lenzi's **ALMOST HUMAN** and **BRUTAL JUSTICE**. Tomas

everyone he can see. Predictably, Rambo ends up losing a few friends and wiping out the bad guys in a wave of gunfire, squealing tires, and speeding cars. In the most interesting scene, Rambo's old flame is killed by being punched in the face! She dies instantly, on her knees, with bugged out eyes and an open mouth! It's a bizarre death, both silly and unsettling at the same time, and since there's no nudity, bad language, or graphic violence, it's probably the reason why the film got an R rating in the States.

In the U.S., **RAMBO SFIDA LA CITTA** is known as **SYNDICATE SADISTS**. It was briefly released to theatres in the early 80's; if you lived in New York City you could have seen it on a double bill with **THE ONE-ARMED EXECUTIONER** in Times Square. In fact, many Lenzi films were in the U.S. release at that time -- **MAKE THEM DIE**



IL GIUSTIZIERE SFIDA LA CITTA'

JOSEPH COTTEN

MARIA FIORE · MARIO PIAVE · FEMI BENUSSI · LUCIANO CATENACCI

Milian, who was the villain in those two films, takes a turn as the hero this time around. He plays Rambo, a tough biker with a crazy wardrobe (a winter cap, goggles, and a leather jacket) who returns to his old neighborhood to visit a friend who works for the police department. Rambo's pal tells him that the cops have their hands full dealing with a crimewave engineered by mobster Joseph Cotten, who is really blind but very good at convincing

SLOWLY, **CITY OF THE WALKING DEAD**, **DOOMED TO DIE**, and **ASSAULT WITH A DEADLY WEAPON** (reissue of **BRUTAL JUSTICE** that features all pseudonyms in the credits; the director listed is "Walter Gains") all had theatrical runs between 1982 and 1984. With **SYNDICATE SADISTS**, Lenzi took a fairly simple plot and made it an exciting, non-stop cops 'n' robbers tale with an air of good humor. The music by Franco Micalizzi is great,

and Milian makes a good hero, although I think he's more at home as a bad guy. The editing is also exceptionally well done, lending a nice comic book feel to the movie. Joseph Cotten, about as far from **CITIZEN KANE** as he could possibly get, turns in a lazy performance that reeks of "Gimme the paycheck and I'll give this page-and-a-half a quick read-through." The front cover of this video has a grinning bald man waving a blowtorch at a wailing woman who is chained to a wall. Needless to say, that scene doesn't appear in the movie. **Formerly available from SUPER VIDEO but currently discontinued.**

THE THREE MUSKETEERS OF THE WEST

DIRECTED BY BRUNO CORBUCCI

REVIEWED BY
PAUL HIGSON

"What in tarnation is a tarnation and what the tarnation is this?", I cried upon stumbling across this for sale (at a ridiculously low price) in a local U.K. video store, one of the last ignorant, brave, or stupid enough to keep such pre-classification and fallen labels on their shelves. George Eastman was prominent in the Italian Western long before he was called on for his plasma drenching in the films of Joe D'Amato. In that hot period from '67 to '73 when the spaghetti dreadfuls were king in the genre and film public awareness, Eastman (or Luigi Montefiore need it be told) starred in more than half a dozen, amongst them, **POKER WITH PISTOLS** (67) and **ODIA IL PROSSIMO TUO** (68). Though these and others can be discovered made mentioned of in at least Phil Hardy's *Aurum Encyclopedia of the Westerns*, nothing in my admittedly limited resources can be found on the movie in review. This I find most odd considering its cast includes such Euro-Trash names as Eastman, Timothy Brent, Karin Schubert and Chris Huertas. Maybe Phil is saving the title for a later volume focusing on comedy, farce or just pure idiocy.

Dart Coldwater, Jr. (Timothy Brent), the son of a Texas Ranger and local hero, is looked upon by his

townfolk to provide further glory, notoriety and place for their happy little home of Cheese Valley. A dance is the setting for the fond farewell of our young hero's premiere adventure. The square dance lyrics are particularly appalling and amusing: "Follow me to what you do, dish me out the kalamazoo, keep her watered, keep her to, can't you beat that Irish stew."

Dart Jr.'s mission is to find and team up with his father's fellow Texas Rangers and attain for himself some of that glory stirred by their name. In crossing the desert, he spends the night at a posada where he discovers the meeting of a crooked banker named Le Duc and a top revolutionary honcho called Cabezón, who is promised gold (which could buy him arms and strengthen his legions) in turn for the rights to the country's mining properties following a successful overthrow. Transport for the gold is arranged.

Upon finding his father's former comrades he discovers



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them to be womanizing, cheating and in the case of Portland, gastronomically overindulging louts who collected more buckshot from the equally corrupt Dart Sr. during their last great battle than they did from the enemy. He fools McAthos (Eastman), Aramirez, and Portland into decimating LeDuc who had come into town with the gold hidden in a phoney ambulance driven by the attractive but equally treacherous Alice (that doll Schubert). The promise of gold keeps the Texas Rangers loyal to Dart Jr. but only until they can have it for themselves. When Alice's original travelling companions are incapacitated, the four step in under the pretension of being good and true escorts for the medical wagon and its important "medicinal" cargo.

A blockade is broken through and they are ambushed by "hippies" -- yeah, plenty of those around during the turn of the century, weren't there? The hippies steal the wagon and are then allowed to punch one another over a loaf of bread before the musketeers take hold of their leader. Turns out he sold the wagon and so they force the information out of him, threatening to lose his prized stench by submerging him in a river.

The information takes them to an early chinatown waiting for a city to be built around it. A kung-fu fight ensues involving Cin-Ciao (the leader of the oriental community), his thugs, and a number of downtrodden locals siding with the "brave" musketeers. Dart Jr. soon gets the hang of this kung-fu along with Alice, who takes on five oriental girls, whose kick action managing to tie them together with their own pigtails. She escapes their clutches only to be intercepted and jammed upside down in a barrel by the three elder Texas Rangers who then steal off with what it is shortly learned to be, the wrong ambulance wagon. Alice drugs Dart Jr. and takes off with the real wagon and gold.

The four musketeers finally catch up with her, LeDuc, his men, revolutionaries, bandits and a troop of circus performers on a train in the most ridiculous fight yet, culminating in the escape of Alice and the musketeers four, with the gold. There is a rather odd toneless footnote with Alice and company hinting to have taken the gold to the revolutionaries and aid them in the overthrow of tyranny.

Alexander Dumas' most renowned creations were never the innocents nor averse to beer consumption, but in this demented offering the four musketeers are for almost the entire length of the movie presented as a bunch of untrustworthy, thieving stooges who would probably sell their own mothers, and probably did, for their next bottle of hooch. A bastardization of the Dumas story and aborting its more positive moral elements damn near completely, this oft amusing and always entertaining tale which kept busy the typewriters of four people: Tito Carpi (originating the entire genre mangle), Leonardo Martin, Peter Berling and the film's director Bruno Corbucci. Barring perhaps a few oriental subjects, everyone in the story is of irredeemingly bad character, their every woken hour devoted to philandery, swindling and self preservation. Even the four musketeers famous

cry is besmirched to become an entrance for several fights, "All for one and a punch from all," "All for one and I'm going to run," and "All for one and free for all." Richard Lester was making his epic and wonderful farce on the continent and the scale of that production was obviously seen by Carpi as advantageous with the suggestion to rush out a very unique version and catch the Lester epic's enormous publicity campaign, not that the production hadn't been self publicizing enough as it was. In the close European film community, Carpi may even have secured a preview of its shooting.

The fight sequences are especially ludicrous, borrowing from Curly, Moe and Larry to lesser success. The timing is dreadful and the absurdity of the action is met with the equally preposterous and after a time, irritating, sound effects. This is reminiscent of Alfonso Brescia's (aka Al Bradley) work, with the difference of a camera brought closer to the subjects and the humor more accurate. The humor is rife as is the imagination and unsavory attitudes and Miss Schubert's tits can't convince me that this isn't a family film -- it's as anarchic as any child's favorite.

Timothy Brent's real name was revealed to me (by expert in these matters, Bethany Venice Rhys-Morgan) as Giancarlo Prete. He didn't need the sound effects and daft cuts and jumps to be irritating as he rhymes stupid by his script and looks stupid by his face. At least one of the musketeers was to get back at him successfully for his tricks on them in this film when George Eastman buggered Timmy in Enzo Castellari's **I NUOVI BARBARAINI** nine years later.

Naturally not a good film, but brilliantly lousy. It doesn't rate too well in any genre but there's never a dull moment, so what more could be asked for (Er'um! Good camerawork, perfect dubbing, more girls, a monster, Ennio Morricone...)

WILD, WILD PLANET

DIRECTED BY ANTONIO MARGHERITI
REVIEWED BY CONRAD WIDENER

Most Euro-buffs agree that Mario Bava's **PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES** (1965) is the best example of Italian science fiction. While it was Bava who made the best, it was Antonio Margheriti who got the ball rolling with **ASSIGNMENT OUTER SPACE** (1960). Margheriti followed this effort with **BATTLE OF THE WORLDS** (1965, *not* to be confused with the terrible **COSMOS, WAR OF THE PLANETS**), **THE WILD, WILD PLANET** (1965, a sequel to **WAR OF THE PLANETS**), **SNOW DEVILS** (1965), and **WAR BETWEEN THE PLANETS** (aka **PLANET ON THE PROWL**). All have their colorful moments, but **THE WILD, WILD PLANET** is my favorite.

In the 21st century, a number of important people are kidnapped. The man behind the abductions is Dr. Norme (Massimo Serrato). Norme is trying to create the perfect race of humans by uniting the various body parts of his

kidnap victims. His perfect human will have both male and female limbs! A type of hermaphroditic society! That *would* be a wild, wild planet! When the doctor meets space lady Lt. Connie Gomez (Lisa Gastoni), he wants to add her to his collection of perfect specimens. This doesn't set too well with Connie's boyfriend, Commander Mike Holstead (Tony Russel). Mike is suspicious of the doc, but has no proof he is involved in the people snatching. Norme eventually nabs Lt. Gomez and is just about to fuse with her, when Commander Mike and his fellow space cadets break things up.

This is the most outrageous of Margheriti's 1960's space epics, complete with inflatable men and women, ray guns that shoot fire and nice futuristic cars. The inflatable men have four arms and wear cool black leather jackets with matching hats and shades. These and other far out plot elements overshadow most of the routine characters. Of the principal players, only Massimo Serato's Dr. Norme stands out. Norme is more of a Dr. Frankenstein in space than the usual ranting mad man. Although his ideas might seem insane (they sure seem nutty to me), he feels his work is in the interest of science and will benefit mankind. Serrato, a fine actor, brings a strange dignity to the part. Tony Russel is okay as the strong-faced hero but the script never develops his character beyond the standard good guy. Lisa Gastoni has the thankless role of the woman who must be saved. Gastoni is given little to do except look great, which she does quite well. Watch for Franco Nero in a small part as Jake. Dubbing is good and includes the line "You heluim-headed idiot!" The tinker toy sets and miniature cities designed by Piero Poletto are laughably charming, while the destruction of Serrato's dwelling is impressive for 1965. Nice score by A.F. Lavagnino. With its way out plot, fans of pasta science fiction will have a good time if they visit **THE WILD, WILD PLANET**.

NEWS FROM SPAIN

BY DALE PIERCE

Salvador Sainz recently completed a horror short called **IMPOSSIBLE LOVE**, which is not a **PEYTON PLACE** or **LOVE STORY** type of plot as the title might imply, but

a horror comedy which features an unlikely gay/transvestite wolfman. By now, the endless tirade between Paul Naschy and Sainz has become old news, ever since the controversy over the authorship of **HOWL OF THE DEVIL**, yet the two continue to take shots at each other. While American audiences would assume this film (if it even makes it to video or for a filler on cable TV) was a routine horror-comedy, the Spaniards would see it for what really is. This is yet another shot Sainz has taken at his arch-enemy, Naschy, and yet another attempt to deflate the stocky macho actor's screen image. In Spain, Naschy is as well known for the wolfman role as Chaney Jr. was in America and has actually played a werewolf more times than Chaney Jr. on film. The message is taking the Naschy character and mocking it in the most offensive way possible. For an American comparison, picture a John Wayne or Clint Eastwood look-alike being used in a film in which they emerge on screen a la Monty Python, do a dance with each other, and walk off arm in arm into the sunset.

Spanish director German Monzo is reportedly planning a horror series for Spanish Television, similar to **TWILIGHT ZONE**, **NIGHT GALLERY** or **FRIDAY THE 13TH - THE SERIES**. It deals with horror stories set in Spain, and is in one hour segments, debuting sometime in 1991. While such projects have been constant in the USA since the invention of television, the idea of a Spanish-based, Spanish-produced horror series on TV is new and untried. Monzo, curiously unknown in the United States, is gaining a favorable reputation in Europe since the debut of **MAGIC LONDON** three years ago, an uncanny film which combined Satanism with voodoo, murder, monsters, and kung fu, and starred hard-working character actor, Victor Israel in the lead role.

Bigas Lunas has evidently run into a number of problems with an upcoming film, including a big controversy over the amount of nudity in the script, actresses turning down or backing out of the parts, and other technicalities. Rather than outright, psychopathic terror, as utilized in his most famous movie, **ANGUISH**, this project is reportedly a murky, kinkier type of story (as if something could get kinkier than a man who brings eyeballs home for his mother), reflecting back to an earlier work, unseen as of yet in America, called **BILBAO**. It's going to be curious to see how this new work turns out.

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PERIODICALS

SELECTED AND REVIEWED BY CRAIG LEDBETTER

In keeping with the nature of ETC, the following fanzine reviews will concentrate on those that cover non-US film fare. There are plenty of fanzines around that cover US films, so why add to the glut?

CINEZINEZONE #48 - \$7.00 Pierre Charles, 16, Avenue Emile Zola, 94100 Saint Maur des Fosses, France, 68 pages. Always excellent French language zine, this issue features a detailed look at **MILL OF THE STONE WOMEN**, **MUSEO DEL HORROR** (Mexican Horror film), **LE MONSTRE RESSUCITE** (Mexican Horror film), an article on Mexican Horror films, and the recent French Horror film **TREPANATOR** which features French director Jean Rollin in an acting role. Highly Recommended.

ECCO #13 - \$8.00 for 4 issues, Kill-Gore Productions, PO Box 65742, Washington, DC 20035. Published quarterly. This excellent zine recently upgraded to slick covers and expanded page count. The theme this issue is Dirty Westerns, but editor Kilgore reviews assorted Giallos (**BLADE IN THE DARK & CAT O' NINE TAILS**) and Cannibal Gut Munchers (**MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY & WHITE SLAVE**) along with the German produced **THE HEAD**. Recommended.

EYEBALL #2 - \$5.00 Stephen Thrower, 20, Kintyre Court, New Park Road, Brixton Hill, London SW2 4DY, England. A four star publication devoted to European Sex & Horror films. The best film zine on the planet covers Riccardo Freda (**WITCH'S CURSE & TRAGIC CEREMONIA EN VILLA ALEXANDER**), and Lucio Fulci (set report from his new film **DEMONIA**) and reviews (**DON'T TORTURE A DUCKLING**, **HORROR RISES FROM THE TOMB**, **OPERA**, **LORNA L'EXORCISTE** and many others). A must buy!

FANTASY FILM MEMORY #1 - \$9.00 Pierre Jouis, 21/23, rue Victor Hugo, 94700 Maisons - ALFORT, France, 36 pages. First issue is devoted entirely to the film **CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST**. There's a Ruggero Deodato filmography along with a discussion of the film (all in English). Plenty of excellently produced stills and lobby cards from the film (12 pages in color). Highly recommended.

FATAL VISIONS #9 - \$5.00 Michael Helms, PO Box 133, North Cote, Victoria, Australia 3070, 32 pages. Includes an interview with Alejandro Jodorowsky along with reviews of **SANTA SANGRE**, **THE ADVENTURES OF PEPE CARVALHO** (a very strange Spanish TV series) and a slew of H.K. films. A zine that keeps on improving (and it was already excellent three issue ago). Recommended.

HORROR PICTURES COLLECTION - MARIO BAVA BOOK II - \$8.00 Gerard Noel, 90, rue Gandhi, 46000 Cahors France, 40 pages. A four star effort devoted to Mario Bava. Stills, posters and lobby cards from such Bava films as **THE EVIL EYE**, **KILL BABY KILL**, **BLACK SUNDAY**, **BLOOD AND BLACK LACE**, **WHAT**, **PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES**, and many others. Over 12 pages in color. Highly Recommended.

IMAGINATOR #6 - \$4.50 Ken Miller, Unit 1, Hawk House, Peregrine Park, Gomm Road, High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, HP13 7DL, England. 36 pages. Glossy layout and professionally printed, **IMAGINATOR** features an excellent article on **THE MAD**, **MAD WORLD OF HONG KONG FILMS** plus reviews of 14 H.K. films. **ZOMBIE** and **DARIO ARGENTO'S WORLD OF HORROR** are also reviewed. Recommended.

KILLBABY #5 - \$3.00 Steve Fentone, PO Box 742, Station Q, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4T 2N5. 84 pages. Reviews of **THE FANTOMAS** films, **THE CHURCH**, **INQUISITION**, **SADIST OF NOTRE DAME**,

BOTAS NEGRAS, **LATIGO DE CUERO**, **FURIA EN EL TROPICO**, **REVANCHE DES MORTE** and much more. Recommended.

PANICOS!! #2 - \$2.50 Steve Fentone, see **KILLBABY** address. 80 pages. A zine devoted totally to Mexican Exploitation films. Filmographies on Federico Curiel and Rene Cordona Sr. along with over 20 film reviews. I love zines that cover uncharted film territory and **PANICOS!!** does that in spades. Highly Recommended.

PSYCHOTRONIC #7 - \$3.00 Michael Weldon, 151 First Avenue, Dept. PV, New York, NY 10003. 66 pages. Highlight this issue is the Paul Naschy coverage. Lucas Balbo contributes the Naschy interview (disappointing in its brevity) and Michael Secula, the Naschy filmography. Foreign films reviewed includes Fulci's **THE BLACK CAT** and Robert Oliver's **FRANKENSTEIN'S CASTLE OF FREAKS**. Recommended.

SAMHAIN #23 - \$5.00 John Gullidge, 19 Elm, Grove Road, Topsham, Exeter, Devon EX3 0EQ, England. 40 pages. One of the best looking zines around, this issue features a Dario Argento interview and a review of **2 EVIL EYES**. Recommended.

SPAGHETTI CINEMA #41 - \$5.00 Bill Connolly, 6635 Delongpre #4, Hollywood, CA 90028. 50 pages. This issue is devoted to films produced and released in the year 1968 (from all over the world, not just Italy and Spain). A definite change of pace issue (usually you'll find reviews and an interview or two) with lots of as mats and reprints from **UNITALIA** yearbooks. This zine was critical to my Euro-conversion and all back issues are available (and a must to own). Highly Recommended.

TRASH COMPACTOR Vol. 2 #5 - \$3.50 Hal Kelly, 253 College Street, #108, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5T 1R5. 46 pages. This issue is devoted to John Ashley's film career. Of special interest to fans of Filipino Horror and Exploitation due to Ashley's extensive work there during the 70's. Author John Lamont does an excellent job on the man both with a career overview and interview. Recommended.

VIDEOOZE #1 - \$3.00 Robert Sargent, PO Box 9911, Alexandria, VA 22304. 26 pages. Excellent debut issue and one of the better designed zines around. There's a feature article on Witch-hunting in Horror films, a mini-profile on Rosalba Neri, plus reviews of **BURIED ALIVE**, **THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED**, **THE DEVIL'S FEMALE**, **LA BESTIA Y LA ESPADA MAGICA**, **SADIST OF NOTRE DAME** and many more. Recommended.



ANTONIO MARGHERITTI

A COMPLETE FILMOGRAPHY

Born September 19, 1930 in Rome, Italy. Started career as screenplay writer, assistant director and special effects technician. Signed his first film as "Anthony Daisies", a literal translation of his name; potentially unflattering connotations of that pseudonym prompted him to change it to "Anthony Dawson". In the late 60s he added the middle initial "M.", presumably to avoid confusion with English actor Anthony Dawson.*

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original screenplay by: JIMMY GOULD

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SHORTLY IN USA

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ANTONIO MARGHERITI FILMOGRAPHY

Filmography as director (Italian release title in boldface; U.S. video distributor in *italics*)

(as "Anthony Daisies")

1960 **SPACE MEN**
US release title: ASSIGNMENT — OUTER SPACE (*Sinister Cinema*)
Italy (Ultra Film-Titanus).
Screenplay: Vassilij Petrov.
Photography: Marcello Masciocchi. Music: J. K. Broady [?]. Cast: Rik von Nutter, Gabrielle Farinon, Archie Savage, Alain Dijon, Franco Fantasia.
Science fiction adventure

(as "Anthony Dawson")

1961 **IL PIANETA DEGLI UOMINI SPENTI**
Export title: THE ARRIVAL OF THE OUTSIDER
US release title: BATTLE OF THE WORLDS (*Goodtimes Video*)
Reissued in 1978 as GUERRE PLANETARI
Italy (Ultra Film-Sicilia)
Screenplay: Vassilij Petrov. Photography: Marcello Masciocchi. Music: Mario Migliardi.
Editor: Jorge Serralonga. Cast: Claude Rains, Maya Brent, Bill Carter, Umberto Orsini, Jacqueline Derval, Giuliano Gemma.
Science fiction adventure

1962 **LA FRECCIA D'ORO**
Alternative title: L'ARCIERE DELLE MILLE E UNE NOTTE
Export title/US release title: THE GOLDEN ARROW
Italy (Titanus)
Screenplay: Bruno Vailati, Augusto Frassinetti, Filippo Sanjust, Giorgio Prosperi & Giorgio Arlorio.
Photography: Gábor Pogány. Music: Mario Nascimbene. Editor: Mario Serandrei. Art director: Flavio Mogherini. Cast: Tab Hunter, Rossana Podestà, Umberto Melnati, Giustino Durano, Dominique Boschero.
Oriental fantasy-adventure

1963 **IL CROLLO DI ROMA**
US release title: THE FALL OF ROME
Italy (Atlantica)
Screenplay: Antonio Margheriti, Gianni Astolfi & Mauro Mancini. Photography: Riccardo Pallottini. Music: Riz Ortolani. Editor: Renato Cinquini. Cast: Giancarlo Sbragia, Carl Möhner, Loredana Nusciak, Ida Galli [later "Evelyn Stewart"], Andrea Aureli, Maria Grazia Buccella.
Historical adventure

LA DANZA MACABRA

French title: DANSE MACABRE
Production title: TERRORE
US release title: CASTLE OF BLOOD (*Sinister Cinema*)
US TV title: CASTLE OF TERROR
Italy/France (Vulsinia-Jolly /Ulysse-Léo Lax)
Co-directed by Sergio Corbucci (uncredited).
Screenplay: Jean Grimaud [Gianni Grimaldi] & Gordon Wilson Jr. [Sergio Corbucci].
Photography: Richard Kramer [Riccardo Pallottini].
Music: Riz Ortolani. Editor: Otel Loughul [Otello Colangeli]. Art director: Warner Scott [Ottavio Scotti]. Cast: Barbara Steele, Georges Rivière, Margaret Robsham, Silvia Sorrente, Salvo Randone.
Horror drama

1964

ANTHAR L'INVINCIBILE

Alternative title: IL MERCANTE DI SCHIAVE
Italy (Antares)
Screenplay: Guido Malatesta & Antonio Margheriti, based on a story by Guido Malatesta. Photography: Alejandro Ulloa.
Music: Georges Garvarentz. Editor: Otello Colangeli. Cast: Kirk Morris, Michèle Girardon, Mario Feliciani, Renato Baldini.
Mythological fantasy-adventure

IL PELO NEL MONDO

Export titles: WEIRD, WICKED WORLD; WICKED WORLD
US release title: GO, GO, GO WORLD! (*Video Yesteryear*)
Italy (Atlantica)
Co-directed by Renato Marvi [Marco Vicario].
Screenplay: Marco Vicario. Photography: Editor: Mario Morra. Art director: Francesco Longo. Narration: Nico Rienzi (original version); Stephen Garret(US version).
Exposé documentary

I LUNGI CAPELLI DELLA MORTE

Export title/British title/US video title: THE LONG HAIR OF DEATH (*Sinister Cinema*)
Italy (Cinegay)
Screenplay: Robert Bohr [Bruno Valeri], based on a story by Julian Berry [Ernesto Gastaldi].
Photography: Richard Thierry [Riccardo Pallottini].
Music: Eivurust [Carlo Rusticelli]. Editor: Mark Sirandrews [Mario Serandrei]. Art director: George Greenwood [Giorgio Cerioni]. Cast: Barbara Steele, Giorgio Ardisson, Halina Zalewska, Robert Rains, Laureen Nuyen [Laura Nucci], Jean Rafferty [Giuliano Raffaelli].
Horror drama

LA VERGINE DI NORIMBERGA

ANTONIO MARGHERITI FILMOGRAPHY

- Export title/US video title: **THE VIRGIN OF NUREMBERG** (*Panther Video*)
 US release title: **HORROR CASTLE**
 US re-release title: **TERROR CASTLE**
 British release title: **THE CASTLE OF TERROR**
 Italy (Atlantica)
 Screenplay: Anthony Dawson, Edmond T. Gréville, Gastad Green [Ernesto Gastaldi], 'based on the novel *The Virgin of Nuremberg*, by Frank Bogart [?]. Photography: Richard Pallton [Riccardo Pallottini]. Music: Riz Ortolani. Editor: Angel Coly [Otello Colangeli]. Art director: Riccardo Dominici. Cast: Rossana Podestà, Georges Rivière, Christopher Lee, Jim Dolen, Lucille St. Simon.
Horror drama
- URSUS, IL TERRORE DEI KIRGHISI**
 US TV title: **HERCULES, PRISONER OF EVIL** (*Sinister Cinema*)
 Italy (Adelphia-Ambrosiana)
 [Completed by Ruggero Deodato; Margheriti reportedly left in mid-production].
 Screenplay: Marcello Sartarelli. Photography: Gábor Pogany. Editor: Otello Colangeli. Art director: Dick Domenici [Riccardo Dominici]. Cast: Reg Park, Mireille Granelli, Ettore Manni, Furio Meniconi, Maria Teresa Orsini.
Mythological fantasy-horror adventure
- I GIGANTI DI ROMA**
 Italy/France (Devon/Radius)
 Screenplay: Ernesto Gastaldi & Luciano Martino. Photography: Fausto Zuccoli. Music: Carlo Rustichelli. Editor: Romana Fortini. Cast: Richard Harrison, Wandisa Guida, Ettore Manni, Ralph Hudson, Nicole Tessier.
Historical adventure
- 1965 **I CRIMINALI DELLA GALASSIA**
 US release title: **THE WILD, WILD PLANET**
 Italy (Mercury)
 Screenplay: Ivan Reiner & Renato Moretti. Photography: Riccardo Pallottini. Music: Angelo Francesco Lavagnino. Editor: Otello Colangeli. Art director: Piero Poletto. Cast: Tony Russell, Lisa Gastoni, Franco Nero, Massimo Serato, Enzo Fiermonte, Carlo Giustini.
Science fiction adventure
- I DIAFANOIDI VENGONO DA MARTE**
 Alternative title: **I DIAFANOIDI PORTANO LA MORTE**
 Export title: **THE DEADLY DIAPHANOIDS**
 US release title: **WAR OF THE PLANETS**
 Italy (Mercury)
 Screenplay: Ivan Reiner & Renato Moretti. Photography: Riccardo Pallottini. Music: Angelo Francesco Lavagnino. Editor: Otello Colangeli. Art director: Piero Poletto. Cast: Tony Russell,
- Jane Fate [Lisa Gastoni], Franco Nero, Michel Lemoine, Enzo Fiermonte, Carlo Giustini, Linda Sini.
Science fiction adventure
- MISSIONE PIANETA ERRANTE**
 Alternative title: **IL PIANETA ERRANTE**
 British release title: **WAR BETWEEN THE PLANETS**
 US TV/video title: **PLANET ON THE PROWL** (*Monterey Video*)
 Italy (Mercury)
 Screenplay: Ivan Reiner & Renato Moretti. Photography: Riccardo Pallottini. Music: Angelo Francesco Lavagnino. Editor: Otello Colangeli. Art director: Piero Poletto. Cast: Jack Stuart [Giacomo Rossi-Stuart], Ombretta Colli, Enzo Fiermonte, Halina Zalewska, Freddy Unger, Peter Martell.
Science fiction adventure
- LA MORTE VIENE DAL PIANETA AYTIN**
 Alternative title: **I DIAVOLI DELLO SPAZIO**
 Export title: **SNOW DEVILS**
 Italy (Mercury)
 Screenplay: Ivan Reiner & Renato Moretti. Photography: Riccardo Pallottini. Music: Angelo Francesco Lavagnino. Editor: Otello Colangeli. Art director: Piero Poletto. Cast: Jack Stuart [Giacomo Rossi-Stuart], Ombretta Colli, Renato Baldini, Enzo Fiermonte, Halina Zalewska, Freddy Unger.
Science fiction adventure
- 1966 **A 077 SFIDA AI KILLERS**
 British release title: **KILLERS ARE CHALLENGED**
 Italy (Zenith-Flora-Regina)
 Screenplay: Julian Berry [Ernesto Gastaldi]. Photography: Richard Thierry [Riccardo Pallottini]. Music: Carlo Savina. Editor: Jack Quintly [Renato Cinquini]. Art director: Dick Sanders [Riccardo Dominici]. Cast: Richard Harrison, Susy Andersen, Wandisa Guida, Janine Reynaud, Mitsouko.
Spy thriller/science fiction adventure
- OPERAZIONE GOLDMAN**
 Spanish title: **OPERACIÓN GOLDMAN**
 US release title: **LIGHTNING BOLT** (*Saturn Video*)
 Italy/Spain (Seven/Balcazar)
 Screenplay: Alfonso Balcazar & José Antonio de la Loma. Photography: Riccardo Pallottini. Music: Riz Ortolani. Editors: Juan Oliver & Otello Colangeli. Art director: Juan Alberto Soler. Cast: Anthony Eisley, Wandisa Guida, Folco Lulli, Diana Lorys, Ursula Parker, José Maria Caffarell.
Spy thriller/science fiction adventure
- 1967 **JOE, L'IMPLACABILE**
 Spanish title: **DINAMITE JOE**
 Italy/Spain (Seven/Hispaner)
 Screenplay: Maria del Carmine Martínez.

ANTONIO MARGHERITI FILMOGRAPHY

Photography: Manuel Merino. Music: Carlo Savina. Editor: Otello Colangeli. Cast: Rik von Nutter, Halina Zaleska, Mercedes Castro, Renato Baldini, Berta Barri.
Western

NUDE... SI MUORE

US release title: THE YOUNG, THE EVIL AND THE SAVAGE
US video title: SCHOOLGIRL KILLER (*Air Video*)
Italy (Super International)
Screenplay: Anthony Dawson & Franco Bottari, based on a story by Giovanni Simonelli.
Photography: Fausto Zuccoli. Music: Carlo Savina. Editor: Otello Colangeli. Art director: Antonio Visone. Cast: Michael Rennie, Mark Damon, Eleonora Brown, Sally Smith, Alan Collins [Luciano Pigozzi], Silvia Dionisio.
"Giallo" mystery thriller

1968

IO TI AMO

Italy (Genesio)
Screenplay: Renato Polselli, Italo Fasan & Antonio Margheriti. Photography: Riccardo Pallottini.
Music: Angelo Francesco Lavagnino. Editor: Tommasina Tedeschi. Cast: Dalida, Alberto Lupo, Marisa Quattrini, Gioia Desideri, Mirella Pamphili.
Romantic fantasy

(As "Anthony M. Dawson")

JOKO, INVOCA DIO... E MUORI

US 16mm print title: VENGEANCE
Italy (Super International)
Screenplay: Antonio Margheriti & Renato Savino.
Photography: Riccardo Pallottini. Music: Carlo Savina. Editor: Otello Colangeli. Cast: Richard Harrison, Claudio Camaso, Sheyla Rosin, Werner Pochat, Paolo Goslino.
Western

1969

CONTRONATURA

German title: SCHREIE IN DER NACHT
Export title: THE UNNATURALS
Italy/West Germany (Super International-Edo/CCC)

Screenplay: Antonio Margheriti & Hannes Dahlberg. Photography: Riccardo Pallottini.
Music: Carlo Savina. Editor: Otello Colangeli. Art director: Fabrizio Frisardi. Cast: Joachim Fuchsberger, Marianne Koch, Dominique Boschero, Claudio Camaso, Alan Collins.
Horror drama

1972

FINALMENTE... LE MILLE E UNA NOTTE

Italy (Pink-Medusa)
Screenplay: Dino Verde & Antonio Margheriti.
Photography: Sergio D'Offizzi. Music: Carlo Savina. Editor: Roberto Colangeli. Cast: Barbara Bouchet, Femi Benussi, Barbara Marzano, Esmeralda Barros, Pupo De Luca, Barbara Betti, Annie Carol Edel.
Sex fantasy-comedy

1970

E DIO DISSE A CAINO...

Export title/US video title: AND GOD SAID TO

CAIN (*Unicorn Video*)

Italy (DC7)
Screenplay: Giovanni Addessi & Antonio Margheriti.
Photography: Luciano Trasatti & Riccardo Pallottini. Music: Carlo Savina. Editor: Nella Nannuzzi. Cast: Klaus Kinski, Peter Carsten, Marco Michelangeli, Antonio Cantafora, Giulia Raffaelli, Alan Collins.
Western

L'INAFFERRABILE, INVINCIBILE MISTER I NVISIBILE

Spanish title: EL INVENCIBLE HOMBRE
INVISIBLE
German title: MISTER UNSICHTBAR
Export title/US video title: MR. SUPERINVISIBLE
(*Scimitar Entertainment*)
Italy/Spain/West Germany (Edo/Dia/Carsten)
Screenplay: Mary Eller & Luis Marquina Pichot.
Photography: Alejandro Ulloa. Music: Carlo Savina. Editor: Otello Colangeli. Art directors: Adolfo Cofiño & Aurelio Crugnola. Cast: Dean Jones, Gastone Moschin, Ingeborg Schöner, Roberto Camardiel, Peter Carsten, Alan Collins.
Science fiction comedy

NELLA STRETTA MORSA DEL RAGNO

Alternative title: E VENNE L'ALBA... MA TINTA DI ROSSO
German title: DRACULA IM SCHLOSS DES SCHRECKENS
French titles: PRISONNIER DE L'ARAIGNÉE; EDGAR POE CHEZ LES MORTS VIVANTS
Export title/US TV & video title: WEB OF THE SPIDER (*Sinister Cinema*)
Italy/West Germany/France (DC7/Terra/Paris Cannes)
Screenplay: Bruno Corbucci & Giovanni Grimaldi.
Photography: Sandro & Memmo Mancori.
Music: Riz Ortolani. Editor: Otello Colangeli. Art director: Ottavio Scotti. Cast: Anthony Franciosa, Michèle Mercier, Karin Field, Klaus Kinski, Peter Carsten, Irina Malewa, Raf Baldassare.
Horror drama [Remake of LA DANZA MACABRA]

NOVELLE GALEOTTE D'AMORE



KILLER FISH

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CONTRAST



ANTONIO MARGHERITI FILMOGRAPHY

Production title: NOVELLE GALEOTTE
D'AMORE DEL DECAMERONE
Italy (Seven)
Screenplay: Luigi Russo & Antonio Margheriti.
Photography: Guglielmo Mancori. Music:
Alessandro Alessandroni. Editor: Otello Colangeli.
Cast: Alberto Atenari, Marlene Rhan, Luis La
Torre, Eva Maria Grubmüller, Annie Carol Edel.
Sex comedy

LA MORTE NEGLI OCCHI DEL GATTO
German title: SIEBEN TOTEN IN DEN AUGEN
DER KATZE
Production title: CORRINGA
Export title/US video title: SEVEN DEAD IN THE
CAT'S EYES (*Prism Video*)
Italy/West Germany/France (Starkiss-
Falcon/Roxy/Capitol)
Screenplay: Antonio Margheriti & Giovanni
Simonelli, based on a novel by Peter Bryan.
Photography: Carlo Carlini. Music: Riz Ortolani.
Editor: Giorgio [Jorge] Serralonga. Cast: Jane
Birkin, Hiram Keller, Anton Diffring, Françoise
Christophe, Doris Kunstmann,
Venantino Venantini, Dana Ghia.
"Giallo" horror-mystery

1973 **MING, RAGAZZI!**
Italy (Champion)
Co-directed by Giovanni Simonelli. Screenplay:
Antonio Margheriti & Gianni Simonelli, based
on a story by Luciano Vincenzoni & Sergio Donati.
Photography: Luciano Trasatti. Music: Carlo
Savina. Editor: Mario Morra. Cast: Tom Scott,
Fred Harris, Jolina Mitchell, Chai Lee, George
Wang, Alan Collins.
Action comedy

1974 **MANONE IL LADRONE**
Italy (Champion)
Screenplay: Antonio Margheriti & Gianni Simonelli.
Photography: Claudio Cirillo. Music: Carlo Savina.
Editor: Roberto Colangeli. Cast: Fred Harris,
Rosalba Grottesi, Ileana Rigano, Flavio
Colombaioni, Franco Ressel, Ugo Fangareggi.
Comedy

WHISKEY E FANTASMI
Italy/Spain (Champion/CIPI)
Screenplay: Antonio Margheriti, Gianni Simonelli &
Miguel de Echarrri. Photography: Alejandro
Ulloa. Music: Paolo Vasile. Editor: Jorge
Serralonga. Cast: Tom Scott, Fred Harris,
Maribel Martín, Rafael Abacín, Ricardo Palacios.
Comedy

LÀ DOVE NON BATTE IL SOLE
Export title/British release title: BLOOD MONEY

US video title: THE STRANGER AND THE
GUNFIGHTER (*RCA Columbia*)
Italy/Spain (Champion/Midega)
Screenplay: Antonio Margheriti & Giovanni Simonelli.
Photography: Alejandro Ulloa. Music: Carlo Savina.
Editor: Jorge Serralonga. Cast: Lee Van Cleef, Lo
Lieh, Karen Yeh, Patty Sheppard, Erika Blanc,
Femi Benussi.
Western comedy-adventure

**IL MOSTRO È IN TAVOLA... BARONE
FRANKSTEIN** [sic]
Production title: CARNE PER FRANKENSTEIN
US release title: ANDY WARHOL'S
FRANKENSTEIN (*Video Gems*)
British title/ Alternative title: FLESH FOR
FRANKENSTEIN
Italy/France/USA (Champion-IRS/Bryanston-
Warhol CCC/Yanne & Rassam)
Directed by Paul Morissey; Italian version
"supervised" by Anthony M. Dawson.
Screenplay: Paul Morissey & Andy Warhol (?).
Photography: Luigi Kuveiller. Music: Claudio
Gizzi. Editor: Franca Silvi. Art director: Enrico Job.
Cast: Udo Kier, Monique van Vooren, Joe
D'Alessandro, Carla Mancini, Srdjan Zelenovic.

**DRACULA CERCA SANGUE DI VERGINE E...
MORÌ DI SETE!**
Alternative release title: DRACULA VUOLE
VIVERE: CERCA SANGUE DI VERGINE!
Production title: SANGUE PER DRACULA
US release title: ANDY WARHOL'S DRACULA
(*Video Gems*)
British title/ Alternative title: BLOOD FOR
DRACULA
Italy/France/USA (Champion-IRS/Bryanston-
Warhol CCC/Yanne & Rassam)
Directed by Paul Morissey; Italian version
"supervised" by Anthony M. Dawson.
Screenplay: Paul Morissey & Andy Warhol (?).
Photography: Luigi Kuveiller. Music: Claudio
Gizzi. Editor: Franca Silvi. Art director: Enrico Job.
Cast: Udo Kier, Maxine McKendry, Silvia Dionisio,
Milena Vukotic, Vittorio De Sica, Roman Polanski.
Horror comedy

1975 **LA PAROLA DI UN FUORILEGGE... È LEGGE!**
US title: TAKE A HARD RIDE (*CBS-Fox Video*)
Italy/USA (Bernsen-Ludwig-Bercovici)
Screenplay: Eric Bercovici & Jerry Ludwig.
Photography: Riccardo Pallottini. Music: Jerry
Goldsmith. Cast: Lee Van Cleef, Jim Brown, Fred
Williamson, Catherine Spaak, Jim Kelly, Barry
Sullivan, Harry Carey Jr., Dana Andrews.
Western

CONTRORAPINA
US production title: THE RIP-OFF

ANTONIO MARGHERITI FILMOGRAPHY

- US TV title: THE SQUEEZE
Italy/USA (Dritte Centana/Maverick)
Screenplay: Simon O'Neal [Giovanni Simonelli],
Mark Princi & Paul Costello.
Photography: Sergio D'Offizzi. Music: Paolo
Vasile. Editor: Renato Sterbini. Art director:
Francesco Bronzi. Cast: Lee Van Cleef, Karen
Black, Edward Albert, Lionel 1980
Stander, Robert Alda, Peter Carsten, Angelo
Infanti, Antonella Murgia.
Crime action-adventure
- 1976 **CON LA RABBIA AGLI OCCHI**
Production title: GLI INDESIDERABILI
US TV & video title: DEATH RAGE (*VidAmerica*)
Italy (SJ International)
Screenplay: Guy Casals. Photography: Sergio
D'Offizzi. Music: Guido de Angelis. Editor:
Fima Novelli. Cast: Yul Brynner, Barbara
Bouchet, Martin Balsam, Massimo Ranieri,
Giancarlo Sbragia.
Crime action-adventure
- 1979 **KILLER FISH — L'AGGUATO SUL FONDO**
Brazilian title: O PEIXE ASSASSINO
French title: L'INVASION DES PIRANHAS
Export title: TREASURE OF THE PIRANHA
US TV & video title: KILLER FISH (*Vestron*
Video)
Brazil/France/Italy [?] (Filmar do Brasil/Victoria)
Screenplay: Michael Rogers [Kenneth Ross],
based on a story by Mark Princi & Giovanni
Simonelli. Photography: Alberto Spagnoli. Music: 1982
Guido & Maurizio de Angelis. Editor: Roberto
Sterbini. Art director: Francesco Bronzi. Cast:
Lee Majors, Karen Black, James Franciscus,
Margaux Hemingway, Marisa Berenson, Anthony
Steffen [Antonio de Tefé].
Action-adventure
- APOCALYPSE DOMANI** [sic]
Alternative [correct Italian] spelling:
APOCALISSE DOMANI
Spanish title: VIRUS
Production titles: CANNIBAL APOCALISSE
(Italian); CANIBAL APOCALIPSIS
(Spanish)
Export titles: SAVAGE SLAUGHTERERS;
CANNIBALS IN THE STREETS;
SAVAGE APOCALYPSE; THE
SLAUGHTERERS; CANNIBALS IN THE
CITY; VIRUS
US video title: INVASION OF THE FLESH
HUNTERS (*Vestron Video*)
Italy/Spain (New Fida/José Frade)
Screenplay: José Luis Martínez Molla. 1983
Photography: Fernando Aribes. Music:
Alessandro Blonksteiner. Art director: Walter
- Patriarca. Cast: John Saxon, Elisabeth Turner,
May Heatherly, Cinzia de Carolis, Tony King, John
Morghen.
Science fiction/horror action-adventure
- L'ULTIMO CACCIATORE**
Production title: IL CACCIATORE 2
Export title/US video title: THE LAST HUNTER
(*Lightning Video*)
Alternative export title: HUNTER OF THE
APOCALYPSE
Italy (Flora-Gico)
Screenplay: Dardano Sacchetti, based on a story
by Gianfranco Couyomdjian.
Photography: Riccardo Pallottini. Music: Franco
Micalizzi. Editor: Alberto Moriani. Art director:
Bartolomeo Scavici. Cast: David Warbeck, Tisa
Farrow, Tony King, Bobby Rhodes, John Steiner.
War drama/action-adventure
- CAR CRASH**
Spanish title/US video title: CAR CRASH (*Sony*
Video)
Italy/Spain/Mexico (Scorpio /Hespera/América)
Screenplay: Massimo De Rita, based on a story by
Marco Tullio Giordana. Photography: Hans
Burman. Music: Mario & Giosy Capuano. Editor:
Sergio Serralonga. Cast: Joey Travolta, Ana
Obregón, Vittorio Mezzogiorno, Ricardo Palacios,
John Steiner, Salvatore Borgese.
Action-adventure
- FUGA DALL'ARCIPELAGO MALEDETTO**
Export title/US video title: TIGER JOE (*Vestron*
Video)
Italy (Flora)
Screenplay: Tito Carpi, based on a story by
Gianfranco Couyomdjian. Photography: Riccardo
Palottini. Music: Carlo Savina. Editor: Alberto
Moriani. Cast: David Warbeck, Annie Bell, Tony
King, Alan Collins, Giancarlo Badessi.
Action-adventure
- I CACCIATORI DEL COBRA D'ORO**
Export title/US video title: HUNTERS OF THE
GOLDEN COBRA (*Lightning Video*)
Italy/Philippines (Flora)
Screenplay: Tito Carpi, based on a story by
Gianfranco Couyomdjian. Photography: Sandro
Mancori. Music: Carlo Savina. Editor: Alberto
Moriani. Cast: David Warbeck, John Steiner,
Almanta Suska, Alan Collins.
Fantasy action-adventure
- IL MONDO DI YOR**
US release title: YOR — THE HUNTER FROM
THE FUTURE (*RCA Columbia*)

ANTONIO MARGHERITI FILMOGRAPHY

Italy/Turkey (RAI/Diamant)
 Screenplay: Anthony M. Dawson, based on the novel (or comic strip?) *Yor, il Cacciatore* by Juan Zanolto & Ray Collins. Photography: Marcello Masciocchi. Music: Guido & Maurizio de Angelis. Editors: Sergio Serralonga & Alberto Moriani. Cast: Reb Brown, Corinne Clery, Alan Collins, John Steiner, Carole André.
Fantasy/science fiction adventure

TORNADO

Export title/US video title: TORNADO (*Lightning Video*)

Italy (Gico)

Screenplay: Tito Carpi, based on a story by Gianfranco Couyoumdjian. Photography: Sandro Mancori. Music: Aldo Tamborelli. Editor: Marcello Malvestito. Art director: Antonio Visone. Cast: Timothy Brent, Tony Marsina, Alan Collins.
War action-adventure

1984

ARCOBALENO SELVAGGIO — WILD RAINBOW

German title: GEHEIMCODE WILDGÄNSE
 British release title/US video title: CODENAME: WILDGEESE (*New World Video*)

West Germany/Italy (Ascot/Gico)

Screenplay: Tito Carpi & Gianfranco Couyoumdjian, based on a story by Willy Bar. Photography: Peter Baumgartner. Music: Jan Nemeč. Cast: Lewis Collins, Lee Van Cleef, Klaus Kinski, Ernest Borgnine, Mimsy Farmer, Manfred Lehmann.

War action-adventure

I SOPRAVVISSUTI DELLA CITTÀ MORTA

Production title: L'ARCA DEL DIO SOLE
 Export title/US video title: THE ARK OF THE SUN GOD (*TWE Video*)

Italy (Fiora)

Screenplay: Giorgio Simonelli, based on a story by Giovanni Paolucci. Photography: Sandro Mancori. Music: Aldo Tamborelli. Editor: Alberto Moriani. Cast: David Warbeck, John Steiner, Alan Collins, Ricardo Palacios.

Fantasy action-adventure

1985

LA LEGGENDA DEL RUBINO MALESE

Production title: CAPTAIN YANKEE
 US video title: JUNGLE RAIDERS (*MGM/UA Video*)

Italy (L'Immagine-Cannon Italia)

Screenplay: Giovanni Simonelli. Photography: Guglielmo Mancori. Music: Cal Taormina. Editor: Alberto Moriani. Art director: Walter Patriarca. Cast: Christopher Connelly, Lee Van Cleef, Marina Costa, Alan Collins, Miles Monty.

Fantasy action-adventure

COMMANDO LEOPARD

German title: KOMMANDO LEOPARD
 British release title: COMMANDO LEOPARD
 West Germany/Italy (Ascot/Prestige)
 Screenplay: Ray Nelson [Giacomo Furia, based on a story by Tito Carpi]. Photography: Peter Baumgartner. Music: Goran Kuzminac & Ennio Morricone. Editor: Alberto Moriani. Art director: Elio Baletti. Cast: Lewis Collins, Klaus Kinski, Cristina Donadio, Manfred Lehmann, John Steiner, Hans Leutenegger.

War action-adventure

L'ISOLA DEL TESORO

German title/Export title: SPACE PIRATES
 Production export title: TREASURE ISLAND
 Italy/West Germany (RAI-Canale 5-TF1/Bavaria)
 Screenplay: Renato Castellani & Lucio de Cara, suggested by the novel *Treasure Island* by Robert L. Stevenson. Photography: Sandro Messina. Music: Gianfranco Plenizio. Cast: Anthony Quinn, Itaco Nardulli, Philippe Leroy, Klaus Löwitsch, Ernest Borgnine, David Warbeck, Ulrich von Dobschütz.
Science fiction adventure [feature-length version of TV miniseries]

[Italian title unavailable]

German title: DER COMMANDER [sic]

West Germany/Italy (Ascot/Prestige)

Screenplay: Arne Elsholtz & Tito Carpi.

Photography: Peter Baumgartner. Music: 'Elo'.

Editor: Marie-Luise Buschke. Cast: Lewis Collins,

Lee Van Cleef, Donald Pleasence, John Steiner,

Manfred Lehmann, Brett Halsey.

War action-adventure

1987

1988

1989

INDIO

US video title: INDIO (*Media Home Entertainment*)

Italy (Filmauro-RPA-Reteitalia)

Screenplay: Franco Bucci & Peter Gonzales.

Photography: Sergio D'Offizzi. Music: Pino

Donaggio. Editor: Claudio Cutry. Art director:

Giorgio Postiglione. Cast: Francesco Quinn,

Brian Dennehy, 'Marvelous' Marvin Hagler.

Action-adventure

ALIEN DEGLI ABISSI

Italy (Gico-Dania-National-VIP International)

Screenplay: Tito Carpi. Photography: Fausto

Maria Zuccoli. Music: Andrea Ridolfi. Editor:

Alberto Moriani. Art director: [uncredited]. Cast:

Daniel Bosch, Julia McKay, Alan Collins, Robert

Paul Marius, Charles Napier.

Science fiction/horror adventure

ANTONIO MARGHERITI FILMOGRAPHY

Screenplay only:

1976 LO SGARBO

Some special effects credits (among many others):

1966 SPARA FORTE, PIÙ FORTE... NON CAPISCO!
[US: SHOOT LOUD, LOUDER... I
DON'T UNDERSTAND] (Eduardo De Filippo)

1968 ...4 ...3 ...2 ...1 MORTE! [US: MISSION
STARDUST] (Primo Zeglio)

1971 GIÙ LA TESTA [US: A FISTFUL OF
DYNAMITE] (Sergio Leone)

Margheriti claims he was asked by Stanley Kubrick for technical advice during the production of 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

* Many respectable sources (such as the American Film Institute's *Catalog of Feature Films 1961-1970*) still mix up Margheriti and English actor Anthony Dawson.

An informative interview with Margheriti was published in Jean-Pierre Bouyxou's *La Science-Fiction au Cinéma* (@1972, Éditions 10-18, Paris).

All dates above indicate year of production, not of release. The precise order in which these movies were produced is open to question.

Researched and compiled by Craig Ledbetter and Horácio Higuchi
Additions and corrections are welcome and appreciated





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"WILD, WILD PLANET"
An MGM Picture

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6/7/201

THE IMMORAL TALES OF WALERIAN BOROWCZYK BY ERIK SULEV



Ever wonder how some filmmakers get financing for their bizarre visions? I don't mean the D'Amatos, the Francos, or the Lenzis, I mean the ones who make films that are completely skewed in their imagery! One of the strangest European filmmakers still working has got to be the Polish born Walerian Borowczyk. Best known to American horror audiences for his variation on the Jekyll and Hyde fable with Udo Kier (available here as **BLOODLUST**), his initial claim to fame was his Terry Gilliam styled animated films from the 50's and the 60's. We at ETC however, are concerned with his more questionable output (this is what sells magazines) from the 70's namely the two 1974 films **IMMORAL TALES** and **THE BEAST** respectively.

These two "art-films" are definitely not geared

towards the average audience, since the topics dealt with in them involve strange sex with strange people. While the average ETC reader may appreciate it, your grandmother would probably cut you out of her will if she caught you with these in your VCR!

The first film, the accurately named **IMMORAL TALES** is an anthology film with four separate tales of unnatural lust. Despite the initial potential, this is the weaker of the two films. The first story is simply entitled "The Tide". A quote by Andre-Pierre De Mandiargues, the European author who is responsible for this "erotic classic" flashes on the screen before the story begins. Boasting "My cousin Julie was sixteen, I was twenty, and because of that difference she obeyed me.", we know right away that this raunchy twenty year old is up to no good! He and his cousin

European trash cinema

make their way to the beach where they promptly get stranded on the rocks thanks to the high tide and his careful planning. Once out there he announces his intentions to "educate" her. The foreshadowing of what happens next occurred early on when he boasts of his games with Parisian hookers.

"Do they kiss?" asks the young girl.

"No, but they use their mouths," replies her manipulative cousin.

The following scene tries to be erotic as he explains the nature of the tides to her while she fellates him. The only result however, is a bad taste in the viewers mouth (or is that a poor choice of words?). The whiny male announces that he has just done his duty of "educating her", as the first tale ends. Despite any lack of overt sadism or explicitness, there is a disconcerting theme of cruelty present. Whether or not Borowczyk meant this to be a subtle criticism of traditional attitudes is unknown, but the result is far from pleasurable. I know that the American print I saw is missing 15 minutes of footage. The missing footage is most likely hardcore sex from this and the following stories.

The second tale is called "Therese the Philosopher". An overt attack on the hypocrisies inherent in Christianity, the tale is based upon a supposedly true tale of "a pious young girl who was shamefully raped by a vagabond." Locked in a room for three days and nights by her fanatical Aunt Sally, young Therese finds an old pornographic book entitled "Therese the Philosopher". She is quickly drawn towards the explicit engravings that illustrate the book, and her religious and physical passions soon collide and combine. Masturbating with several cucumbers that were meant for her dinner, she cries out "I am coming to you sweet Jesus, my soul is open!" As each cucumber is broken by her desires (if you can't figure this out, then there's no hope), she is finally satiated by a new type of religious frenzy. Escaping through a window, she runs through a field, and under the watchful eye of a cow, she is jumped by a grungy tramp. Another not-so-happy tale has come to an end. Less patient viewers may tire at this point, but it should be added that these are the two weakest tales of the film.

The third tale is the sinister "Countess Bathory". Starring as the title character is none other than the current popular designer Paloma Picasso, and yes they are related (father and daughter). Check out any issue of Vogue in the last few years to see the woman herself. For those few unfamiliar with the tale, there is little to add other than Bathory along with her page and soldiers, abduct a number of peasant girls from a Hungarian peasant town, clean them up in the showers, then slaughter them so that she can retain her youthful features by bathing in their blood. Everyone, including Ms. Picasso removes their clothing in this one, and although there is nothing graphic in terms of sex and violence (again there are polished cuts during an orgy sequence), the bathing scene is chilling. The image of the Countess covered in very thick red blood is a stunning shot that doesn't go away quickly. By far this

is the best episode.

The last tale "Lucretia Borgia" is easily the most perverse as it shatters as many taboos as possible. Anyone familiar with the Borgia legend knows the rumours of the beautiful Lucretia's incestuous relationship with both her brother Cesare and her father Pope Alexander VI. Before you can blink your eyes, the three of them are playing with more than just their rosary beads. Since ETC is a magazine that one should be proud to display to friends and relatives, there is no need to go into further details about the happy family's antics, other than devout Catholics will be choking on their "Hail Mary's" as the missionary position is quickly replaced by more inventive techniques. I shouldn't have to say it, but there must be cuts to this sequence. Despite the eyebrow raising content of this story, it is also the funniest of the four. One cannot help but laugh as the impotent Giovanni tries to avoid eating the Pope's cookies laced with the infamous Borgia "white powder". Needless to say, this is not for all tastes.

While the last two tales are the standouts, the first two hamper the film's effectiveness. While some may argue that the first two tales are necessary in order to convey the complete image of what is perceived to be "immoral" by our society, I found that their grimness conflicted with the more theatrical flair of the final two tales. This example of the European style of filmmaking however, is recommended to anyone who likes this sort of thing.

The second film **THE BEAST** is the better film of the two. Apparently, a sequence in the film was supposed to be the fifth immoral tale, but Borowczyk's fondness for the story allowed it to grow into its own feature. While not considered to be a sequel to the first film, the connection between the two is easily recognized. The original tape that I own is in Italian, and since my Italian is fair, some of the more subtle aspects may have been overlooked. Sorry folks!

Borowczyk wastes no time in alienating any mainstream audience when he starts the film off with graphic footage of two horses mating. This is the real thing friends, so even in this age of realistic cannibal films, be forewarned! Set in the de Balo country estate, one quickly realizes that this is not the place for a summer vacation. Two brothers, the Marquis, and the Duke are awaiting the arrival of an American girl Lucy Broadhurst and her elder Aunt Virginia. Pierre, the elder Marquis, forces his wheelchair-bound Duke brother Romaldelo to orchestrate a plot to relieve Lucy of a fortune left to her. The innocent Lucy arrives and promptly takes polaroids of the two horses mating, much to the disgust of her Aunt. Later, when she finds an old erotic book (much like the one in **IMMORAL TALES**), she masturbates over it. There must be something in the air because as time increases, Lucy finds herself masturbating more and more. One time she graphically copulates with a rose, sent to her by her husband. Watch those thorns Lucy!

By now you're realizing that you've seen the vegetable aspect of **THE BEAST**, where's the animal, namely the

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beast himself? Not to worry folks, because Walerian doesn't let you down. The circulating legend deals with Romilda (Lucy's erotic book is about her and Sirpa Lane plays her during the flashbacks) and the de Balo household not only has the detailed book, but also, what may be the lace underwear owned by Romilda on display (what, no black velvet paintings?). As Lucy further works herself into sensual frenzy, the film drifts into the Romilda legend. I suspect that the Romilda footage was intended for the first film. Chasing an escaped lamb into the dark woods, Romilda soon runs into a hideous creature munching on the poor creature (more symbolism folks). Although some of his appetites have been satiated, there is one more thing that the beast needs, so he smiles a sly grin at the terrified woman and gives chase. Although the beast (which looks like a cross between a bear and a wolf) is not state of the art special effects, Borowczyk has expertly directed these sequences, instantly captivating the viewer. Soon enough she loses her clothes, and tries to escape up a tree with little success. Nuzzling his nose in her crotch, the beast soon gets down to business.

Some may be offended by the fact that the young woman who has now lost her virginity (Borowczyk offers her blood-stained dress as proof), quickly enjoys what has happened to her and becomes the dominating half in this relationship. A scene of Romilda straddling the creature giving him the hand-job of his life has been snipped from the Italian print. I've seen a photo of the scene, so I know it exists, but I'm certain that ensuing cum-shot (yes, it's true, maybe your editor will be daring enough to print a

picture) was even a little too gross for Italian audiences. (The French language version, **LE BETE**, has appeared on video in the Netherlands. It is completely uncut and features all the graphic business Erik mentions - grossly effective folks - ED.) The beast dies, and the satisfied Romilda buries him with fallen leaves and makes her way back to the house. What does all this have to do with the rest of the movie, you ask? Good question. It seems that a certain individual is revealed to be the offspring of this bizarre coupling, complete with a spinal tail. Who is it? I don't want to give it away, but when you find out you're not surprised that he spent all his free time with the horny horses!

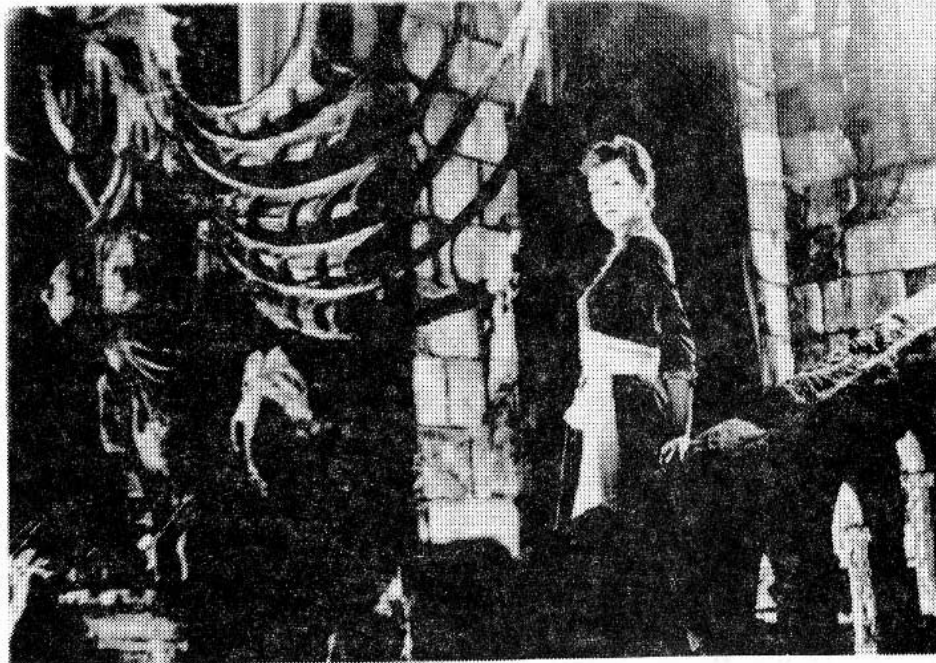
Often perverse, although with a current of black humour throughout, **THE BEAST** is truly a one-of-a kind film. I don't know if everybody will be amused by Borowczyk's sensibilities, but no one can deny the fact that he's different and proves it with his work. Sometimes slow, yet usually involving, the two films bridge an important gap between the art film and pure exploitation, an idea further expressed by Pasolini's outrageous swan song **SALO**. Borowczyk excels at twisting around popular tales and histories to suit his own vision. This style would surface again in the previously mentioned **BLOODLUST (DR. JEKYLL ET LES FEMMES)** as well as 1980's **LULU**, which again featured Udo Kier and dealt with Jack the Ripper. These, as well as **IMMORAL TALES** and **THE BEAST** are easily recommended to those with the taste, and the stomach for decidedly different European trash treat. **IMMORAL TALES** was formerly available from **FORCE VIDEO**, but is currently discontinued.



IMMORAL TALES (1974)

BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL

AN INTERVIEW WITH RICCARDO FREDA



I VAMPIRI/THE DEVIL'S COMMANDMENT (1956)

This interview with Riccardo Freda first appeared in the second issue of the Italian language fanzine *SPLAT* in 1986. It was conducted by Giovanni Arduini and was translated by Max Della Mora.

GA: For some of your movies, have you ever been influenced American Horror movies from the 30's?

RF: No, there doesn't seem to be any influence. Also I don't like the term "horror." I much prefer that they be referred to as Thrillers. It was more like a personal challenge to the dominance of Anglo-American cinema. It was not only a challenge to their horror films but also to try and set a precedent for non-American cinematic experiences, such as the Epic film. I like to remember *TEODORA* because one American newspaper wrote that it might help dispel any illusions the U.S. might have to monopolizing the world film market. Making *I VAMPIRI (THE DEVIL'S COMMANDMENT)* was a similar challenge. There was a widespread opinion that Italians were unable to make that type of film. The people at Titanus (Donati, Carpentieri and Lombardo) thought I was crazy when I proposed this "Poe" like film. They gave me 14 days to complete it and forced me to use a pseudonym (Robert Hampton) outside Italy. I remember when it premiered in Sanremo, people left the lobby

immediately when they realized the director was Italian.

GA: You began the Italian horror cycle with *I VAMPIRI* in 1957. During that same year, Terence Fisher was directing his first Fantastic film. What elements do you think the two of you have in common?

RF: To tell you the truth, I never thought of him as an influence and I'm sure he felt the same way. *We're both pseudo-artists whose bizarre brains sprouted ideas spontaneously.*

GA: A phrase by Terence Fisher was, "If good exists, evil is always present. Evil anyway is always auto-destructive." What do you think?

RF: I think Fisher was an optimist. Personally, I'm convinced of the opposite. The one thing that *always* triumphs is evil. I'm for Satan, not the Holy Father.

GA: Is it true that the producers of *I VAMPIRI* re-edited the movie by adding the "police" part that was directed by Mario Bava?

RF: Yes. The first version, the one that was 100% mine was better because those additional scenes had nothing to do with the film I made. I didn't object to the changes because I don't consider movies to be art like sculpture and painting. For example, I preferred my ending, where

european trash cinema

the girl, instead of being found in the trunk, was hung many feet above the ground. It created much stronger emotions than the present ending. I'm only sorry that Mario Bava was involved in the tampering.

GA: For **CALTIKI**, were you influenced by the American monster films of the fifties or were you trying to create something different?

RF: **CALTIKI** was created because I was trying to get Mario Bava to graduate from photography to direction. The film can be considered to be 70% by Bava and 30% by myself. I put the producers through Hell for two weeks so I was replaced (this happened to me many times) by Mario Bava. He completed the film by himself. He was a man of great intelligence and endless talent. He was especially good with the Thriller films.

GA: Couldn't the **CALTIKI** creature be influenced by the fantasies of H.P. Lovecraft?

RF: Do you know how the monster was made?

GA: With tripe.

RF: That's true! So all those big words you used should be discussed with Mario Bava's butcher. Bava no doubt saw the tripe and was inspired to create a deformed monster without any analogies two either the U.S. or Japanese ones.

GA: **L'OSSESSIONE CHE UCCIDE (FEAR)** is your lesser known Thriller. Can you discuss it?

RF: It was badly distributed and appeared in very few theatres. It's a pity because it received popular comments. This is quite rare because I'm always being ill-

treated by the critics. One noteworthy sequence was the ending. Unfortunately, because of the speed at which the movie was made (this is an innate characteristic of mine) **L'OSSESSIONE CHE UCCIDE** suffers from a lack of production values which is typical of Italian movies. For example, in the concert sequence I filled the room with only 5 people.

GA: What's your opinion of Italian Neo-realism and French Nouvelle Vague?

RF: They make me want to vomit! Thank God this phenomenon was replaced, if not by "Commedia All'Italiana," then by the spectacular ones. Above them all are the films of Steven Spielberg, a man that still, to this day, is able to make people dream.

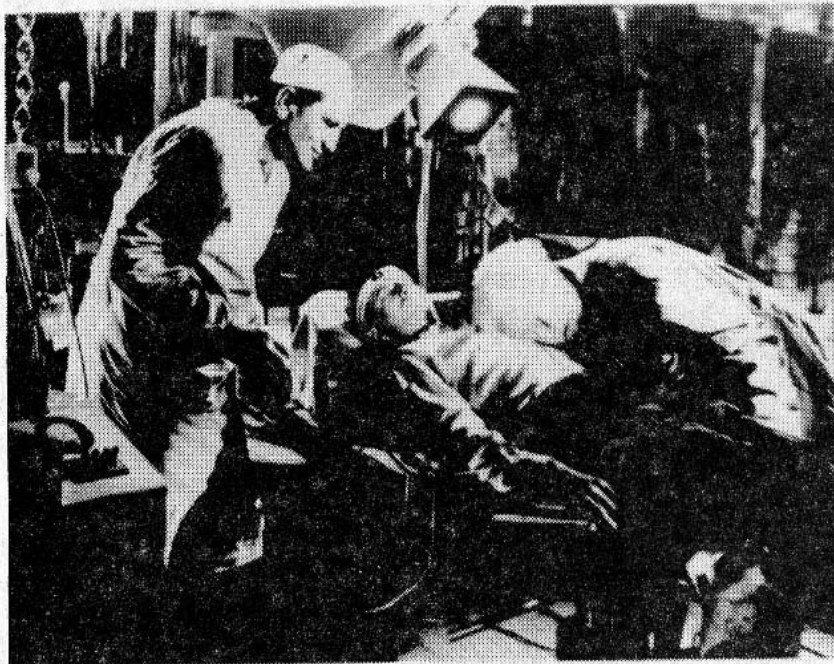
GA: Which is your favorite movie and which one do you consider your worst?

RF: At the moment I don't know. I'm most fond of **AQUILA NERA**, that was the most successful film ever made in Italy. The worst? There are many unfortunately. One is **GUARANY**, a comedy I was forced to do. Producers kept on refusing my projects, so to eat...

GA: Is there a possibility of a new film being added to your filmography?

RF: It is more likely I'll return as a producer and not as a director since other producers deemed my last idea unworthy of being produced. It was a "light" story, with animals, a fantasy work much like Walt Disney, if you will. Unfortunately nothing came of it.

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I VAMPIRI/THE DEVIL'S COMMANDMENT (1956)

SERGIO CORBUCCI **AND THE ITALIAN WESTERN** **BY HORACIO HIGUCHI**



european trash cinema

JACKSON: *So, Django, you came here to pray, huh? Pity you can't even make the Sign of the Cross with those hands... Let me help you: In the name of the Father... (shoots) ... the Son... (shoots) ... and the Holy... (shoots) Spirit! (shoots)*
DJANGO: *Amen!* (shoots Jackson dead)

— from **DJANGO** [1966]

The untimely passing of Sergio Corbucci last December 2, a few days short of his 63rd birthday, was a hard blow for all of us who like Italian movies, and for that matter good cinema. This consummate craftsman of quality entertainment reportedly succumbed to a heart failure after having just completed a TV movie entitled "Women in Arms", ending a career that spanned more than four decades. The recognition of Corbucci's talents by the mainstream press came only in recent years, through critical acclaim for comedies such as **GIALLO NAPOLETANO**, **IL CONTE TACCHIA** or **RIMINI RIMINI**. Nevertheless, for the *cognoscenti*, his contributions to genre cinema in the sixties — particularly his Westerns — are certainly more significant and resounding than those later works.

Sergio Corbucci was born in Rome on December 6, 1927. He apparently became seriously interested in cinema during his school years: conflicting sources indicate he either dropped out of his Business and Commerce college program, or he switched careers just after graduation and started writing film reviews and essays. (An article in the French edition of *Vampirella*, issue #9, mentions he was a reviewer for a magazine called *Stars and Stripes*; I wonder if this was in fact the well-known U.S. Army publication — perhaps an edition circulating among the post-war occupation forces?) By the end of the forties he would get good hands-on experience in the movie industry as an apprentice: he worked in this capacity for Neorealist auteurs like Rossellini and also for helmers of lowbrow programmers. His assistantship to Aldo Vergano may have influenced his future work: the latter's **I FUORILEGGE** [literally, "The Outlaws", 1950] was a well-received treatment of Sicilian banditism, now considered a forerunner of Francesco Rosi's **SALVATORE GIULIANO** and its ridiculous remake, Michael Cimino's **THE SICILIAN**.

Corbucci's own directorial debut happened in 1951 with the melodramatic **SALVATE MIA FIGLIA** ["Save My Daughter"]. Like many other Cinecittà journeymen of his generation, for the next ten years he would try his hand at whatever genre there was an audience for — from lurid crime dramas (**ACQUE AMARE** ["Bitter Waters"] was noted by German critics for being particularly violent) to Neapolitan tearjerkers and vehicles for the ever-popular comedian Totò. As the sixties began, he naturally got into the sword-and-sandal bandwagon — and his well-crafted entries in this field managed to find theatrical release in the U.S.: **ROMOLO E REMO/DUEL OF THE TITANS**, with Steve Reeves and Gordon Scott slugging it out at each other as the very founders of the Eternal City; **IL FIGLIO DI SPARTACUS/THE SLAVE**, with Reeves as a Zorro-like Roman hero who also happens to be Spartacus's offspring; and the remarkable **MACISTE CONTRO IL VAMPIRO/GOLIATH AND THE VAMPIRES**. The latter title, officially signed by Giacomo Gentilomo but co-written (with Duccio Tessari, future helmer of many Giuliano Gemma movies) and co-directed by Corbucci, is a

genuinely eerie horror fantasy with less emphasis on the hero's brawn than on the macabre machinations of a sorcerer/chemist (the "vampire" of the title) and his army of zombies. While Mario Bava's and Vittorio Cottafavi's Hercules adventures are generally considered the best of their kind, this Gentilomo-Corbucci joint effort has been unfairly overlooked: yet it is every bit as good as those — and its well-organized plot structure, excellent pace and Lovecraftian atmosphere are unmatched. This **MACISTE** is a superior fantasy movie with a muscleman hero, not an iron-pumper epic with fantasy elements.

Corbucci also helped directing what is regarded as Anthony Dawson (Antonio Margheriti)'s masterpiece, the Gothic supernatural melodrama **DANZA MACABRA/CASTLE OF BLOOD** — an oppressively dense, moody period ghost story with a suite of bizarre, depraved and sexually twisted characters, a trademark of Italian horror movies. His Totò comedies were big hits (especially **I DUE MARESCIALLI** ["The Two Marshalls"], set against the events around the collapse of the Fascist government on 8 September 1943), and he even had a chance to direct an all-star, big-budget production, **IL GIORNO PIÙ CORTO** ["The Shortest Day"] a war comedy intended to cash in on the title of the similarly star-ridden **THE LONGEST DAY** but centered on the *First World War*. **GIORNO** showcased that immensely popular duo of Sicilian vaudevillians, Franco Franchi & Ciccio Ingrassia¹, with whom Corbucci would make one more movie — **I FIGLI DEL LEOPARDO** ["Sons of the Leopard"], a parody of Visconti's **THE LEOPARD** — before turning them to the hands of his brother and fellow director Bruno. In 1965 Corbucci made **L'UOMO CHE RIDE**, a fine adaptation of Victor Hugo's *The Man who Laughs*; his care for period settings, noticeable even in the cheap Visconti spoof mentioned above, was put to excellent advantage in this swashbuckler.

But Sergio Corbucci will be forever remembered for his Italian Westerns, a genre he helped shape and codify with his other two illustrious namesakes, Leone and Sollima. Unfairly scorned by the mainstream critics, Italian Westerns were in fact a valid and special genre that, after a hesitant, imitative start, soon took form and substance of its own. (The derogatory expression "spaghetti-Western" only reveals the ethnic prejudice and ignorance of the American press: would Hollywood dare call, for instance, **COUSINS** a "hamburger-mélo", or the recent **BLIND FURY** an "apple pie-chambara"?). And much of the evolution of this genre is indebted to that Triumvirate of the Sergios.

Corbucci's first involvement with Old West gunslingers happened as a co-director with Albert Band (Alfredo Antonini) in **MASSACRO AL GRANDE CANYON** (1963), a fairly conventional piece with James Mitchum as Ringo helping farmers fight bandits. He signed it "Stanley Corbett", but for his next Western he went back to his real name, as there was no further need to disguise the Mediterranean origins of those peculiar shoot'em-ups with such an unusually high body count. **MINNESOTA CLAY**, made the following year, is a revenge tale like many others — wrongly jailed gunfighter returns to settle things straight — but with the twist of having a *blind* hero who eventually takes advantage of his impairment and kills the villain in a shootout in a dark cellar. But the big break with the traditional Western came with **DJANGO** (1966), a classic whose impact and importance can only be properly evaluated in retrospect.

european trash cinema

DJANGO doesn't in fact reinvent the Italian Western so much as it turns the American Western formula upside down. This is no good guys vs. bad guys oater, and the hero doesn't wear pretty buckskins nor square-dances with his girl or rides a white horse. (Hell, he doesn't even *ride* a horse.) It is an incredibly violent, brutal movie with ruthless characters right and left, set not in an ersatz Monument Valley or Dodge City, but in a grim and grimy mud-stuck hole-in-the-wall little village that could well be Anytown, Third World — yet should be U.S. territory because, after all, this is supposed to be a *Western*.² The title hero (Franco Nero, then an obscure minor actor) is a derelict Union war vet bent on vengeance against an ex-Confederate Klansman sleazeball who murdered his wife — and mixed up in the process are Mexican *federales*, bandits, racketeers, prostitutes and an unscrupulous evangelist. People everywhere are rough and tough, filthy and grisly all over, desperate characters trying to survive in a no-win situation. The scenery is accordingly harsh and inhospitable, the predominant colors are gray and dark brown. Brutality here is a way of life: a woman is spared from being gang-whipped only to be almost burned at the stake by her "saviors", corrupt officials from both sides of the border make dirty deals and exchange atrocities, a priest is forced to eat his own cut-off ear, the hero's hands are crushed beyond repair under stomping horses' hooves. Capping off this spectacle of sadism we have a masochistic hero who agonizingly manages to settle the score using his *teeth* to set his gun in firing position. There is no closing ride into the sunset because there is *no* sunset: this is just another chapter in a cycle of continuous, unflinching butchery and retribution that is the Conquest of the West *secondo* Corbucci.

Of course, the limited scope of the action here — plot and characters are as compact as the small set — is mainly due to financial constraints: this is a *cheap* flick. But Corbucci made the best out of his meagre production values³, and pointed a way to fellow low-budget filmmakers who would otherwise feel impotent pondering over the higher road taken by Sergio Leone, thanks to megaproducer Alberto Grimaldi and a lucrative worldwide distribution deal. Corbucci paved the way for a kind of Western that, using local talent and shot in Italian language with no particular concern for lip-synching in English, could be wrapped up inexpensively and exploited domestically at a good profit. An explosion of quickies in the same mold as **DJANGO** followed, all with downcast, ragged heroes in long capes and a predilection for mayhem — either Django himself (played by different actors for diverse studios), or someone else with a silly copycat name such as "Djurado" or "Cjamango". Those were mostly mediocre *vendetta* melodramas transposed to the American West, but with a characteristic hot-blooded, *angry* quality totally at odds with the traditional values extolled by the average Hollywood cowboy saga.

Although Corbucci's film was aimed at the domestic market, somehow it found international distribution, and its impact soon reverberated throughout Continental Europe, South America and the Far East. (English-speaking audiences on both sides of the Atlantic had to wait a couple of *decades* more to get acquainted with it via video.) By 1968 it was an enormous hit everywhere, and a vocal version of the theme music (*Django, hai amato solo lei...*) made the charts on three continents. (No kidding: I've seen all kinds of echoes, from a Japanese comic strip parody with a coffin-dragging cat called "Nyango" to a Brazilian Western (!) with a hero named "D'gajão".) While we

had to wait until 1987 for the *real* Django's comeback — in Nello Rossati's curious semi-Western **DJANGO 2 - IL GRANDE RITORNO** — in the meantime there were some notable ripoffs that extended the sadistic overtones of the original to incredible extremes (Giulio Questi's **SE SEI VIVO SPARA/DJANGO KILL**, 1967) and the hero's persona to the limits of the supernatural (Sergio Garrone's **DJANGO IL BASTARDO/THE STRANGER'S GUNDOWN**, 1970).

In the same year as **DJANGO** Corbucci made **JOHNNY ORO**, described by the international press as a not particularly remarkable Western — although French critic Alain Petit mentions a gruesome scene in it, a "well accomplished" shot of a head cracked open by an axe. Corbucci's following two Westerns enjoyed U.S. distribution, perhaps due to the presence of better-known Americans in the lead roles. **I CRUDELI/THE HELLBENDERS** is a suspenseful and tragic adventure with an excellent script, starring Joseph Cotten as a mad Confederate officer who, following the debacle of General Lee's forces, massacres a Union detachment and steals a million dollar booty with which he hopes to make the South rise again. The rest of the story follows Cotten's misadventures in a long trek to his family ranch in the Midwest, with the booty (hidden inside a coffin) constantly switching hands as the rebel contingent faces Yankee troops, Mexican bandits and Indians. Again, this is no conventional yarn or morality play: all characters are doomed from the start, Cotten is in permanent conflict with his own sons (who are no paragons of virtue or sanity), men and women they find along are all selfish, conniving or dishonest. Photographed in lush blue and orange tones (it resembles a Mario Bava horror movie), and with an inspired score by Ennio Morricone, this is an underappreciated gem that at times looks like a Western version of *King Lear*.

With **NAVAJO JOE** (1967), Corbucci's left-wing political bent starts showing in his Westerns. The story (written by Ugo Pirro, later to co-script Elio Petri's devastating denunciation of power abuse, **INVESTIGATION OF A CITIZEN ABOVE SUSPICION**) centers on a Native American survivor (Burt Reynolds!) of a massacre perpetrated by Caucasian outlaws; his revenge, though beneficial to the townspeople threatened by the villains, doesn't make him any more popular in the village he moves into. The hero then charges a dollar from every family in town for each outlaw he kills (hence the original production title, **UN DOLLARO A TESTA**): in a society rife with prejudice, this is the only way to achieve respect. (Those jabs at American capitalism are also present in Leone's Westerns: Clint Eastwood's character counts bounties, not corpses.) Yet a more uncompromising, angry social comment would underline Corbucci's next work — in my opinion his absolute masterpiece — **IL GRANDE SILENZIO** (1968), once again scandalously ignored in this country.

IL GRANDE SILENZIO — the title itself has two levels of meaning: The Great Silence could be just that, Silence (the hero's name) The Great, or instead a bitter commentary on society's indifference to a blatantly unjust situation where the Law protects only the powerful. For this time *bandits* are the good guys, downtrodden simple folks who resort to crime in order to survive, while enforcers of the legal system represent the interests of the rich and oppressive. Silence (Jean-Louis Trintignant), the avenger whose vocal cords were permanently cut by an evil character now on the sheriff's side, joins the good outlaws in what proves to be a lost cause. In a shocking conclusion, the audience's expectations of sharing a vicarious victory of good over evil are brutally

thwarted: the hero is slaughtered by the sheriff's posse (among whom a gloating Klaus Kinski at his most despicable) and injustice prevails. This is not the first time a Corbucci hero dies — Minnesota Clay also gave up his ghost at the end, but not before killing the villain. Here, however, Silence's death is the triumph of evil, and also a call for arms directed at the audience: the entertainment is over, the (political) fight goes on beyond the screen.

This is the supreme twist on the conventions of the traditional Western. Yes, the lawmen *do* defeat the outlaws as in any cut-and-dried, "authentic" Hollywood sagebrush saga — but the audience is meant to side with the criminals! Sure, cynics might argue that anti-authoritarianism was a trend of the times: witness, for instance, **BONNIE AND CLYDE**. But, contrary to Arthur Penn's overrated gangster melodrama, **SILENZIO** doesn't glamorize the outlaw as an "alternative lifestyle": the bandits here are refugees of an unfair society who would gladly lead a decent, "righteous" existence if they could. Also, as if yet another clue to a total breakup with the American Western was needed, Corbucci chooses a *black* woman (the gorgeous Vonetta McGee) as the heroine. The movie is further graced with absolutely sumptuous visuals, the extreme opposite of **DJANGO**: instead of the mud-soaked, nightmarish world of the latter, we have a Western set entirely in a immaculately white, *snowy* environment. This beautiful backdrop accentuates the contrast between the well-to-do lawmen, comfortably lounging away in a log cabin, and the dispossessed outlaws, freezing in their misery and first shown led by an ominous woman clad in black and holding a scythe.

The third generation of Italian Westerns, characterized by the exaltation of revolutionary values against the established power, was born. Curiously, sandwiching a throwback to the Django-like revenge story of **GLI SPECIALISTI/DROP THEM OR I'LL SHOOT** (1969), Corbucci refurbished Franco Nero as a Leone-style greedy bounty hunter for both **IL MERCENARIO/THE MERCENARY** (1968) and **VAMOS A MATAR, COMPAÑEROS/COMPANEROS** (1970), with the novelty of making him a European (Polish in the former, Swedish in the latter) who inadvertently gets involved with, and ultimately helps, Mexican revolutionaries. This trend of having Europeans momentarily forgo their cupidity and join forces with south-of-the-border insurgents may have been a reflection of many Continental intellectuals' explicit sympathy for Third World liberation movements in the late sixties. (And I'm not talking cop-out "revolutionary" in the Hollywood sense of, say, **VIVA ZAPATA** or **CHE!**) The third, unsung great Sergio — Sollima — went even further in the politicization of the genre by having the Mexican *peón* himself as the hero, with no European support: see his **LA RESA DEI CONTI/THE BIG GUNDOWN** or the extraordinary **FACCIA A FACCIA** (both 1967).

Corbucci made three other Westerns of sorts. **CHE C'ENTRIAMO NOI CON LA RIVOLUZIONE?** ("What the Hell Are We Doing in this Revolution?", 1972) is in fact a neo-Western comedy about a politically apathetic hammy actor (Vittorio Gassman) unwittingly caught in the middle of the Mexican Revolution; he sneaks through it thanks to his talent for disguises, and ultimately gives his life for the rebel cause. This is not the sneering vision of heroism-as-a-demagogical-necessity of Jorge Luis Borges's *Theme of the Traitor and the Hero* (filmed by Bertolucci as **THE SPIDER'S STRATAGEM**); rather, it is a

case for heroes not being born, but reluctantly forged by the circumstances, as in the Mad Max movies. **LA BANDA J & S — CRONACA CRIMINALE DER FAR WEST/SONNY AND JESS** (1973) is a Bonnie & Clyde-type story, a decidedly lesser work hampered by some obtrusive comic relief to compensate for the violence and the **DJANGO**-like desolate scenery — though Corbucci's penchant for the grotesque is present as ever in the form of Telly Savalas sadistic blind sheriff. Indeed, bizarre elements are everywhere in his Westerns: Django dragging his coffin around was just the beginning, for soon we were to be treated with the sight of Jack Palance sacrificing his hand (he deliberately has his pet hawk eat it) to escape from being crucified in **COMPANEROS**, after having being killed in clown makeup in **THE MERCENARY**; of anachronistic hippies having a grass smoke-in in **DROP THEM OR I'LL SHOOT**, or of Shakespeare's *Richard III* starting an upheaval in **CHE C'ENTRIAMO NOI...** This outlandishness reached metalinguistic levels in Corbucci's farewell to the genre, **IL BIANCO, IL GIALLO, IL NERO** ["The White One, the Yellow One, the Black One", 1974], a farce about the mishaps of a Japanese samurai (Cuban actor Tomás Milian!) in the West. Here we find visual references to his early works, and even some lines in the script made out of titles of Italian Westerns! By the mid-70s, exhausted by the excessive knockabout slapstick of the "Trinity" spin-offs and with nowhere to go, the genre was dead — and Corbucci bowed out with this broad comedy, a far cry from his own past exercises in cruelty and social injustice.

Unlike most of his colleagues in the industry, Corbucci didn't meander through other filoni — he ventured only once in the secret agent thriller genre with **BERSAGLIO MOBILE/MOVING TARGET**, a spy adventure with Ty Hardin briefly released here in the early seventies — and went on to make comedies. He shot some vehicles for the Terence Hill/Bud Spencer duo and for popular entertainers Adriano Celentano and Renato Pozzetto, and then went upscale. In the last ten years of his career he worked for both television and the big screen, bringing about well-financed projects with mainstream appeal and the cream of the Italian star-system — Stefania Sandrelli, Marcello Mastroianni, Monica Vitti, Giancarlo Giannini, Alberto Sordi, Laura Antonelli, Nino Manfredi, Sylva Koscina and the late, great Ugo Tognazzi. Corbucci probably got better coverage and reviews for his output in this later phase than ever before — but his professional ascension was a mixed blessing, for the B-movie industry lost one of its best directors.

It is smugly said that Einstein's greatness came early in his life, peaked with his formulation of the Theory of Special Relativity, and never again achieved the same heights in the following fifty years of his life. Outrageous as the reference may sound, it still remains true that a single significant contribution in any instant of one's life can suffice to insure immortality in his or her field of activity. In the small, inconsequential and perhaps irrelevant world of filmmaking, Sergio Corbucci will be remembered mainly for his Italian Westerns. The man who gave us **DJANGO** and **IL GRANDE SILENZIO** was a true pioneer, a trailblazer who helped transform a despised *filone* into a genuine *genere* with its own peculiar language, ideology and style. *E per tutto questo Vi siamo gratissimi, signor Corbucci.*

(Special thanks to Michael Secula for his kind assistance — and, indirectly, to Alain Petit and François Joyeux.)

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1 These much-maligned comedians and their peculiar kind of crude burlesque, wordplay parody and regional humor deserve to be someday re-evaluated in their proper context. What has been written about them in the English-language press is usually a passing reference in an article on Buster Keaton, Vincent Price or Mario Bava, and invariably a contemptuous dismissal scribbled by uninformed reviewers. Humor is often culture-dependent, and many American stalwarts of stand-up, radio, TV or film comedy aren't always found to be funny in other countries. Franco & Ciccio were no worse (or better) than, say, Abbott & Costello. (But I'd have them *any time* over Martin & Lewis.) The fact that they were brought out of retirement by the Taviani Brothers for a sketch in their *KAOS* (1984) is further proof of their importance in Sicilian popular culture.

2 I think the "mythical" qualities of Italian Western heroes have been grossly exaggerated by hasty essayists, and Django is no exception. (The so-called Man With No Name, a monicker that by itself qualifies the character as Instant Myth, was just a clever invention by the publicity staff at United Artists:

Leone's cynical bounty hunter actually *had* a name, Joe or Monco ["One-Arm"].) Django may be less of a cypher than Joe/Monco — he at least *has* a past, and a more focused mission than collecting rewards for outlaws at large — but is hardly meant to represent anything archetypal. He walks into town in regulation Myth garb and moves — mysterious, brooding, wearing a dark cape and dragging a coffin. Is he the Grim Reaper? Is he anticipating his own death, like *Moby Dick's* Queequeg? No, he's just a smart dude: Corbucci pulls the flimsy Joseph Campbell carpet from underneath as Django, pragmatic as ever, produces a handy Gatling gun out of the casket to wipe out the opposition. So much for heavy symbolism.

3 Three members of Corbucci's crew deserve special mention: director of photography Enzo Barboni, future "E. B. Clucher" and creator of the fourth generation of Italian Westerns with the "Trinity" series; set and costume designer Carlo (or Giancarlo) Simi, who worked in most of the better genre entries; and assistant director Ruggero Deodato, later to reach the ultimate in no-holds-barred sadism with his cannibal movies of the 70s and 80s.



THE GRAND SILENCE

FILMOGRAPHY

All movies are Italian productions unless otherwise indicated
 Italian release titles given in **boldface**
 US video release companies quoted in *italic*

- | | | | | | |
|------|--|--|------|--|--|
| 1951 | SALVATE MIA FIGLIA | | | | MASSACRO AL GRANDE CANYON
Production title: PASCOLI ROSSI Directed by "Stanley Corbett"; co-directed by Albert Band [Alfredo Antonini] |
| 1953 | LA PECCATRICE DELL'ISOLA
US release (?) title: THE ISLAND SINNER | | 1964 | MINNESOTA CLAY [Italo-Hispano-French]
Spanish title/US release title: MINNESOTA CLAY
French title: L'HOMME DU MINNESOTA | |
| 1954 | TERRA STRANIERA
BARACCA E BURATTINI
ACQUE AMARE | | 1965 | I FIGLI DEL LEOPARDO
L'UOMO CHE RIDE [Italo-French]
French title: L'HOMME QUI RIT
US release title: THE MAN WHO LAUGHS | |
| 1955 | CAROVANA DI CANZONI
SOGNO D'AMORE
Alternative title in Neapolitan dialect: SUONNO D'AMMORE | | 1966 | JOHNNY ORO
DJANGO [Italo-Spanish]
Spanish title/US video title: DJANGO (<i>Magnum Video</i>) | |
| 1956 | SUPREMA CONFESSIONE [Italo-West German]
German title: DIE GROSSE SÜNDE
Production title: NON C'È PACE PER CHI AMA | | 1967 | I CRUDELI [Italo-Spanish]
Spanish title: LOS DESAPIEDADOS
Export title: THE CRUEL ONES
US release title: THE HELLBENDERS (<i>Embassy Home Video</i>) | |
| 1957 | IL RAGAZZO DAL CUORE DI FANGO
Alternative title: GIOVENTÙ DISPERATA
A VENT'ANNI È SEMPRE FESTA | | | NAVAJO JOE [Italo-Spanish]
Production title: UN DOLLARO A TESTA
Spanish title: JOE, EL IMPLACABLE
US release title: NAVAJO JOE (<i>AEC Video</i>) | |
| 1959 | I RAGAZZI DEI PARIOLI | | | BERSAGLIO MOBILE
US release title: MOVING TARGET | |
| 1960 | CHI SI FERMA È PERDUTO | | 1968 | IL GRANDE SILENZIO [Italo-French] French title: LE GRAND SILENCE Export title: THE GREAT SILENCE | |
| 1961 | TOTÒ, PEPPINO E... LA DOLCE VITA
I DUE MARESCIALLI
ROMOLO E REMO
US release title: DUEL OF THE TITANS (<i>Sinister Cinema</i>)
MACISTE CONTRO IL VAMPIRO
US release title: GOLIATH AND THE VAMPIRES
Co-directed by Giacomo Gentilomo | | | IL MERCENARIO [Italo-Spanish]
Spanish title: SALARIO PARA MATAR
Export title/British release title: A PROFESSIONAL GUN
US release title: THE MERCENARY | |
| 1962 | IL FIGLIO DI SPARTACUS
Export title: SON OF SPARTACUS
US release title: THE SLAVE
LO SMEMORATO DI COLLEGNO
IL GIORNO PIÙ CORTO | | 1969 | GLI SPECIALISTI [Italo-Franco-West German]
French title: LE SPÉCIALISTE German title: FAHRT ZUR HÖLLE, IHR HALUNKEN
US TV (?) title: DROP THEM OR I'LL SHOOT | |
| 1963 | IL MONACO DI MONZA
GLI ONOREVOLI
LA DANZA MACABRA [Italo-French]
French title: DANSE MACABRE
Production title: TERRORE
US release title: CASTLE OF BLOOD (<i>Sinister Cinema</i>)
US TV title: CASTLE OF TERROR
Directed by Anthony Dawson [Antonio Margheriti]
Corbucci's directorial participation uncredited; co-authorship of screenplay signed "Gordon Wilson Jr." | | 1970 | VAMOS A MATAR, COMPAÑEROS [Italo-Hispano-West German]
Spanish title: LOS COMPAÑEROS
German title: LASST UNS TÖTEN, COMPAÑEROS
British release title/US TV title: COMPAÑEROS (<i>Lettuce Entertain You Video</i>) | |
| | | | 1971 | ER PIÙ — STORIA D'AMORE E DI COLTELLO | |
| | | | 1972 | CHE C'ENTRIAMO NOI CON LA | |

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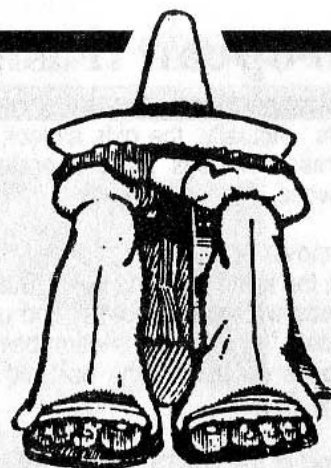


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|------|--|------|--|
| | RIVOLUZIONE? [Italo-Spanish] | | D'AMORE E DI VENDETTA
Export title: ATROCIOUS ACTS OF LOVE AND REVENGE |
| 1973 | LA BANDA J. & S. — CRONACA CRIMINALE DEL FAR WEST [Italo-Hispano-West German]
German title: DIE ROTE SONNE DER RACHE
US TV title: SONNY AND JED
US video title: BANDERA BANDITS (<i>TWE Video</i>) | 1979 | POLIZIOTTO SUPERPIÙ
Export title: SUPERSNOOPER
British title/US TV title: SUPER FUZZ |
| 1974 | IL BIANCO, IL GIALLO, IL NERO [Italo-Hispano-French]
French title: LE BLANC, LE JAUNE ET LE NOIR
US video title: SAMURAI (<i>Lettuce Entertain You Video</i>) | 1980 | NON TI CONOSCO PIÙ, AMORE MI FACCIO LA BARCA |
| | IL BESTIONE [Italo-French]
French title: DEUX GRANDES GUEULES
Production title: LES MALABARS | 1981 | CHI TROVA UN AMICO, TROVA UN TESORO [Italo-American]
US title: WHO FINDS A FRIEND FINDS A TREASURE |
| 1975 | DI CHE SEGNO SEI? | 1982 | BELLO MIO, BELLEZZA MIA IL CONTE TACCHIA |
| 1976 | BLUFF — STORIA DI TRUFFE E DI IMBROGLIONI
Production title: IL GRANDE BLUFF
US release (?) title: HIGH ROLLERS
US video title: THE CON ARTISTS (<i>VidAmerica</i>) | 1983 | SING SING QUESTO E QUELLO |
| | IL SIGNOR ROBINSON — MOSTRUOSA STORIA D'AMORE E D'AVVENTURA
Production title: ROBINSON CRUSOE — MOSTRUOSA STORIA D'AMORE E DI SOLITUDINE | 1984 | A TU PER TU |
| 1977 | TRE TIGRI CONTRO TRE TIGRI
Co-directed by Steno [Stefano Vanzina]
ECCO NOI PER ESEMPIO... | 1985 | SONO UN FENOMENO PARANORMALE |
| 1978 | PARI E DISPARI
British release title: ODDS AND EVENS
LA MAZZETTA
Export title: THE PAYOFF
GIALLO NAPOLETANO
Production subtitle: ATTI ATROCISSIMI | 1987 | RIMINI RIMINI
ROBA DA RICCHI
Alternative title: MONTE CARLO MONTE CARLO
Production title: COSTA AZZURRA... COSTA CARA |
| | | 1988 | I GIORNI DEL COMMISSARIO AMBROSIO
[Feature-length pilot for TV series] |
| | | 1989 | NIGHT CLUB |
| | | 1990 | (WOMEN IN ARMS) — TV |

Corrections and additions are welcome and appreciated

THE VIEW FROM TWIN SHORE

A BIASED LOOK AT EUROPEAN TRASH CINEMA
BY POMPANO JOE TORREZ



Recently, I received a letter from Kris Gilpin (who also reviews for this mag). He wrote: "I loved your piece in the first revamped ETC" (he's got good taste, ¿si correcto bien?) "It really brought back memories," he continued, "I'm from Miami too. I spent many lovely years checking out the mostly soft core offerings of the Boulevard Drive-In and the Towne Theatre downtown. Both sites (as well as the Twin Shore Drive-In) are long gone now; sad, eh?! Eventually, I moved to Los Angeles..."

Well, I regret that I never knew Kris when he lived in Miami. I'm sure we would've been hanging out together at the Twin Shore Drive-In. As I mentioned in ETC's last issue, that's where I discovered the glory of European Trash Cinema. The old Twin Shore Drive-In. With a steady diet of sleazy horror pics, sexy soft core epics (and a few outrageous Kung Fu oddities), the Twin Shore was my 42nd Street.

Today, the spirit of Twin Shore haunts my living room. The speaker posts are missing, but the spirit is there. Joe D'Amato and Lucio Fulci (and Argento, Deodato, Lenzi, et al) still mystify me. Only now it's through the magic of video tapes.

Here are four more views from the Twin Shore:

CAMPING DEL TERRORE

aka **BODY COUNT**

Directed by Ruggero Deodato

What a movie! This is the ultimate **FRIDAY THE 13TH** type slasher film, with a rare bonus: an intelligent script.

In the past, Deodato has demonstrated his ability to do great gore, take a look at **CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST** or the unedited **CUT AND RUN (INFERNO A DIRETTA)** for proven examples. But this time the excessive bloodletting serves more as a backdrop to the actual theme of the movie. The real story here (amazingly!) is about the Generation Gap or, specifically, the lack of communication between the older and the younger generations (ya-a-a-w-w-n, huh? No! Read on...)

Don't misunderstand, if you're looking for graphic killings, decapitations, guttings, brutal knifings, eviscerations, or skewerings, this movie delivers. As I

said before, it's the *ultimate* slasher-rips-camping-teenagers-apart film. And it's suspenseful. Plus scary. But, unlike other movies of this ilk, there's more.

Now this is rather hard to explain. Bear with me for a moment. Okay? There are two completely independent and separate plots woven into this movie. And they never meet. It's kind of like real life. Here's what I mean: Let's say you're driving down the street in your car and you come to a stop light. While you're sitting there, another car pulls up next to you. You glance at the driver. For a brief moment, there's eye contact. A glimmer. Then the light changes, cars go, and you never see that person again.

That's what happens in this movie. There are two totally unrelated plots (one deals with the "thirtysomething" generation, a violent love triangle involving an unhappily married couple and a cop; the other is about teenagers being stalked and mutilated by a masked psycho). Except for the fact that both stories unfold at the same time, in the same place (a backwoods campsite), there's no interaction between the otherwise detached groups of people. They are totally indifferent to each other. And, ironically, that indifference ends up killing them. Each group knows something that would help the other, something that would have kept the other from being brutally murdered.

Yes, Ruggero Deodato has created a perfect movie about the "Detached Decade" without being preachy. Or arty. Or dull. This is a one-of-a-kind experience, a thinking man's gore film. And to top it all off, there's an incredible cast of horror sleaze veterans including David Hess, Mimsy Farmer, Charles Napier, and John Steiner. Muy bien.

KID, TERROR OF THE WEST

Directed by Tony Good (pseudonym for Tonino Ricci)

Tonino Ricci directed some bad Westerns (**THE GREAT TREASURE HUNT** and **THREE SILVER DOLLARS**), but this one was so terrible, so off-the-wall, that he tried to hide behind the Tony Good pseudonym.

Here's the story of two desperate cowboy killers with a price on their heads who decide to take refuge in a ghost town. But, surprise! It's not a ghost town at all!

This town is completely populated by children. Children who dress, talk, and act like adults. Well, perhaps more correctly: they dress, talk, and act like a pedophile's impression of children dressing, talking, and acting like

european trash cinema

adults. Actually, the girls all look like saloon-dancing whores; the boys try desperately to be like Clint Eastwood.

The movie is filled with moronic, tasteless gags. I.e., when the killers demand beer ("But we don't have any," the kids whine; "You better find us some," the killers threaten; "All we have is warm beer," the kids answer), the boys go behind the bar and piss into a pitcher! Funny. Right?

It's sort of the **BUGSY MALONE** motif gone haywire. It's enough to make Sergio Leone turn over in his grave.

ASPHALT WARRIORS

Directed by Sergio Gobbi

This is a very odd, sleazy entry from France dealing with gang violence and gang related crime. And also dealing with one cop's way of attacking the problem.

Falco, the police inspector, steals a drug shipment and gives it to The Judges, a Neo-Nazi gang of delinquents. There is one stipulation. He tells them that they must kill off all the other gangs in Paris (the Chinks, the Blackies, the Viets, the Arabs, the Fags. Whew, huh?).

Yes, it's a bloodbath, but it's a gang movie with **DIRTY HARRY** sentiment, too. Inspector Falco is a most peculiar, bigotted hero, with no-nonsense scorn for most people. For example: during a streetwalker bust, one of the girls cries "Who is this guy?" and Falco answers by smacking her so hard that her wig flips and she bites her tongue off. In another scene, Falco (while on an undercover assignment) is trying to buy drugs from a homosexual pusher: "I said coke not cocks!" he yells, pulls out his gun and blows the dealer away. ¡Que grande película!

THE CHURCH

Directed by Michele Soavi

Produced and written by Dario Argento

Stylish. Atmospheric. Lavish. Moody. Each of these words help to describe this stately release from Dario Argento and his new protege, Michele (**STAGE FRIGHT**) Soavi. It looks real good. Kinda like those old Hammer films (with just a touch of Euro).

But unfortunately there are also some descriptive words that do not apply to this movie: Original. Fresh. Creative.

This film is yet another weary variation of Argento's **DEMON**-concept. This time people are trapped inside a church, rather than in a theatre (**DEMONS 1**) or an apartment house (**DEMONS 2**). But, the plot remains the same. Innocent people are trapped and they can't get out, but (of course) they must get out, but they can't get out 'cause if they do, they'll let the evil out too.

We've seen it all before. It's such a shame. **Avaiable** from **SOUTHGATE ENTERTAINMENT**.

ODDS AND ENDS

(the stuff after the reviews)

MEAN MACHINE (1973) is a badly titled man-tries-to-get-even-with-the-mob film directed by Tulio Demichelli, starring Chris Mitchum, Barbara Bouchet and Arthur Kennedy. Recently I had the opportunity to see the uncut Euro version called **RICCO**. While it is true that the camera lingers longer on the gore scenes, the biggest (and most shocking) difference takes place when mob-boss Kennedy finds his wife in the midst of an adulterous affair.

In the American (Monterey Home Video) release, the action cuts from the discovery to a scene wherein Kennedy's henchmen dump the lover's body into a vat of acid. But in the original Euro version, we see the gangsters hold the lover, spreadeagle, on the bed and (in graphic detail) Kennedy reaches, grabs the man's genitals and slices everything off. After that, he force-feeds it all to the screaming victim. *Then* the body is dumped into the acid.

Just thought you might like to know. ¿Tu puedes creer estos?

There seems to be some talk about one of my reviews from the last issue of ETC. Some disparaging talk. Like maybe I fabricated, like maybe I lied about the existence of a certain film called **JOURNEY TO AN UNKNOWN WORLD**. Well, for you nonbelieving trouble makers (you know who you are) there really is a movie that mixes mondo footage with children's animation, flying saucers, cannibal tribes in the Amazon, killer robots, and hallucinatory drugs. It truly does exist! And to prove it, here's a reproduction of the video-box art work. See next page...

CLASSIFIED

WHY DON'T GIRLS SUBSCRIBE TO ETC? CRAIG LEDBETTER, THE EDITOR OF THIS MAG CONFIDED TO ME THAT HE DOESN'T HAVE ONE FEMALE SUBSCRIBER (CAN YOU IMAGINE?). NOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE? IF YOU ARE A BEAUTIFUL (KEY WORD) GIRL AND YOU'RE READING THIS, STOP! TAKE A MINUTE AND BE THE FIRST ONE TO SUBSCRIBE. IF YOU ACT TODAY, YOU COULD (ANOTHER KEY WORD) WIN A DATE WITH ME (OH BOY!) POMPANO JOE. I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE OLD SITE OF TWIN SHORE DRIVE-IN. WHAT A NIGHT THAT WOULD BE! ¿SI, FANTASTICO?



Journey
to an
UNKNOWN WORLD

a visit to eurocine

BY DONALD FARMER

Walking down the Avenue Des Champs Elysees in Paris, at one end the massive Arc De Triumphe looks down on the busy commercial district, from the opposite end you can barely see the Grand Palais gallery and the "obelisque" which marks the spot of dozens of beheadings during the French Revolution some 200 years ago. But somewhere in between the casual visitor might overlook an attraction of considerably more interest to the readers of ETC - the offices of Eurocine (France's leading supplier of horror and exploitation films) a company which only recently has begun a campaign of upgrading its image with the production of more "upscale" product like **FALL OF THE EAGLES** with Mark Hamill and Christopher Lee or **ESMERALDA BAY** with George Kennedy and Charlie Sheen's lesser known sibling, Ramon Sheen.

For most of us, though, the name Eurocine is more associated with those frugally financed Wizard Video releases like **EROTIKILL**, **ZOMBIE LAKE**, and **THE INVISIBLE DEAD**. And the inevitable common denominator of most Eurocine fare is the name Jess Franco, an association with the company's father and son Marius and Daniel Lesoeur which goes back to Franco's classic **AWFUL DR. ORLOFF**, which was produced by Marius. Thirty years later, you'll find Marius Lesoeur's "Executive Producer" credit on the just-completed **FALL OF THE EAGLES**, with son Daniel listed as "Producer" and director Franco assuming various jobs under his aliases - "Screenplay by A.M. Frank". . . Edited by J.P. Johnson." (*A.M. Frank is also used by Lesoeur - ED.*)

I'm in Paris for a few days in early December and have stopped by the Eurocine offices to pick up publicity materials on **FALL OF THE EAGLES**, but can hardly resist the chance for a few moments with Daniel Lesoeur. Stepping inside the huge office plaza which houses Eurocine, I find their offices on the fourth floor (right next to The French Variety headquarters), but can hardly believe the cramped spaces the company operates from. The reception area serves on one end as a makeshift storage closet, with cans of 35mm film stacked to the ceiling and folded posters and press kits stuffed here and there in between. Displayed on the walls are posters for some of the company's less memorable efforts - the Sybil Danning cheapie **PANTHER SQUAD**, something called **CHEWING GUM AND SPAGHETTI**, and a curiously titled action film called **CHASING BARBARA** with a cast list boasting Jean Rollin.

After our introductions have been made, I can't resist asking Lesoeur, "Is that Jean Rollin the director?"

"Oh, yes," Lesoeur replies. "He's a good friend of ours but hasn't directed for some time. You know, he did **ZOMBIE LAKE** for us."

Of course, who could forget **ZOMBIE LAKE**. That's the picture even Franco turned down and which Rollin reportedly accepted with only three or four days of preproduction. Looking over Lesoeur's shoulder, into the small office of his assistant, I spot some poster art for Franco's **GOLDEN TEMPLE AMAZONS**. "That one's still available for America, if you know anyone who's interested," Lesoeur says.

Daniel Lesoeur's own office is the only room at Eurocine to which the word "spacious" might apply. On one side, the wall is filled by huge posters for their newest Franco collaboration, a **FALL OF THE EAGLES** design which closely matches the presskit art

Lesoeur gave me, plus an earlier pre-production design under the film's original title **WAR SONG**. On the opposite wall behind Lesoeur's desk is a tempting assortment of videotapes - I spot a cassette for **THE AWFUL DR. ORLOFF** under its French title **L'HORRIBLE DR. ORLOFF** along with other Franco rarities, but I resist the urge to ask Lesoeur to put one on his VCR while we talk - I've already been handed a dozen or so color stills and assorted press sheets and don't want to push my luck. I mention to Lesoeur that one of his employees arranged my Fangoria interview with Franco during the '89 Cannes Film Festival, but Lesoeur doesn't read Fangoria so I promise to mail him a copy. Noting that my old phone number for Franco now gives one of those "disconnected" recordings, I quickly find out that the producer of Jess Franco's last three movies has no more clue to the director's current whereabouts than I do.

"He does this from time to time - just disappears, maybe for years at a time without a word. Then one day he pops up and wants to know if we can work together again. The last time was the early 80's when he went off to Spain (ETC readers doubtless know this period produced hispanic sexploitors like **MACUMBA SEXUAL**, **EROTISMO**, and **MIL SEXOS TIENE LA NOCHE**). I'm sure he'll be back, but at the moment we're not in communication."

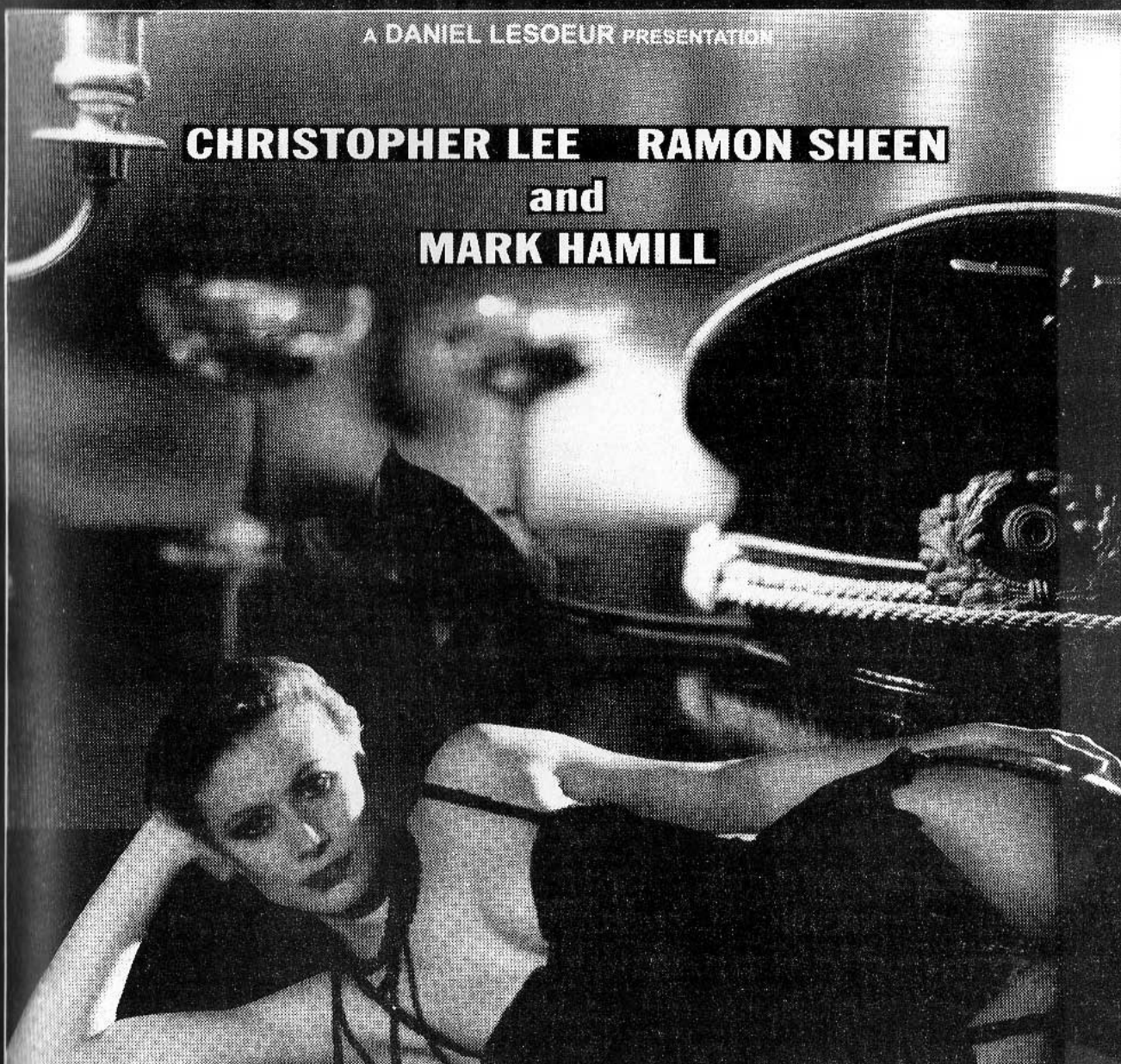
The strained look Lesoeur gives me after a few more Franco questions lets me know this is NOT his favorite topic of conversation. Lesoeur would much rather talk about Ramon Sheen, an actor Eurocine is boosting through **FALL OF THE EAGLES** and **ESMERALDA BAY**. "I think he could be as big as his brothers," Lesoeur enthuses, a remark which echoes a similar prediction Franco made the previous year. Of course, Lesoeur is also proud to have Mark Hamill in his new film, and he seems especially pleased with the line-up in Eurocine's upcoming **MANIA** - the threesome of Robert Ginty, Chuck Connors and Bo Swenson. Franco didn't direct this one, but close inspection of the poster's credit list reveals "Executive Producer A.M. Frank." Where have we seen THAT name before?

Lesoeur has no screening cassettes of **MANIA** or **FALL OF THE EAGLES** available, so ETC readers can only guess how these two turned out. But when I tell Lesoeur I enjoyed **DARK MISSION** considerably more than **ESMERALDA BAY**, the Eurocine head shoots back, "But **ESMERALDA BAY** is a very good picture. It hasn't sold to America as **DARK MISSION** has, but I'm not happy with the sale of that picture." **DARK MISSION**, I seem to recall, came out through Media Home Entertainment for its U.S. release, but Lesoeur (who does all contract negotiations for Eurocine himself) says he never sold to Media. "I sold **DARK MISSION** to Roger Corman - it was a flat amount for all U.S. rights. Corman then sold the film to Media, but I'm not happy at all with that deal." Lesoeur doesn't volunteer specifics regarding his problem with the Corman deal, but it seems to me that any U.S. video release is better than nothing - the fate shared by **ESMERALDA BAY**, **GOLDEN TEMPLE AMAZONS** and dozens of other Eurocine product.

Anyway, time's up. Lesoeur needs to get back to work. I want to head down the street to squeeze in a couple more movies before my flight home the following day. Considering the 15 some years it took for Eurocine's **EROTIKILL (LOVES OF IRINA)** to find a U.S. distributor (on video no less) I hope we at least aren't looking at that kind of wait before this newest group of Eurocine productions appears stateside.

A DANIEL LESOEUR PRESENTATION

CHRISTOPHER LEE RAMON SHEEN
and
MARK HAMILL



FALL OF THE EAGLES



STARRING **CHRISTOPHER LEE · RAMON SHEEN** AND **MARK HAMILL**
WITH **HARRISON GRIMM** AND **CAROLE KEEPER** MUSIC BY **DANIEL J. WHITE** EDITED BY **J.P. JOHNSON**
PHOTOGRAPHED BY **J.J. BOUHON** STORY BY **A.M. FRANK** SCREENPLAY BY **A.M. FRANK & DAVID KHUNE** SCREENPLAY ADAPTED BY **JESS FRANCO & GEORGE FREEDLAND**
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER **ILONA KUNESOVA** EXECUTIVE PRODUCER **MARIUS LESOEUR** PRODUCED BY **DANIEL LESOEUR** DIRECTED BY **JESS FRANCO**

ULTRA STEREO

LAURA GEMSER



THE CONTROVERSY CONTINUES...SEE PAGE 4