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FRONT COVER: The final scientific - one living, one dead - confront each other in Allen Koszowski's blood-red cover from WOLFGANG PETERSEN: INSIDE FRONT: Richard Wolf terrifies readers who occupy the HOUSE, designed by Allen Koszowski. INSIDE BACK: Robert H. Knox evokes a marriage of Heaven s.r. male readers that spanned ALIEN/ALIENS. BACK COVER: David Robinson contrasts the innocence of the universe to the evil of Darkness (the Derry) from Ridley Scott's L298D.

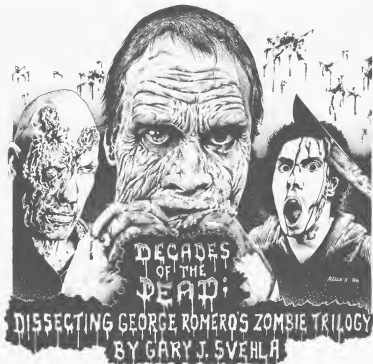
DEDICATION: to Mrs. R. Svohla (November 1922 - March 1986) - an inspirational mother to me, and a loving wife to my father, Richard.

Welcome to issue #75 of Midnight Manque, celebrating our 22nd year of publication. No one likes being caught in the middle, but sometimes, an legendary blizzard Robert Johnson once sang - "I'm standing at the crossroads, believe I'm drinkin' beer" - I feel caught between a rock and a hard place.

A few months ago, after mulling out a flier announcing the contents of this current issue, I received a curt letter from a faithful reader who politely declined to buy my newest issue because of our coverage of ultra-gore cinema. Far be it presumptuous of me to mention that the bulk of our issues are devoted to horror/science fiction films produced BEFORE 1965, but because of one article devoted to re-evaluate, "Demolish of the Dead," this subscriber is shaking both the baby and the bath water. "Here else are you going to find a fantasy film magazine that covers these classic films...anywhere?" my wife Sam crined to my defense. True, we cannot always please everyone, but MidMag is devoted to the celebration of horror/s.f. cinema both past and present. Many of today's films are little more than garbage, but much of the modern fantasy film genre is engaging, unexpected, and inspired. Movies such as ROSEN'S DAY OF THE DEAD, DROZDBERG'S DE ILL, HOOPER'S DEAD DAWN, MARSHALL PARI 2, and CHEEVER'S BLIND SCILLA as today in mid-life such as the same sewer as HORROR OF DRACULA terrified me when I was eight years old.

Too many readers of my generation view approach: film as they approach music and popular culture in general. These "Piggified" colleagues are no fat anyone. They are too sophisticated to

[[Continued on Page 25]]



Horror films thrive from energy created via their visual imagery, those memorable elements and characters burrowed into the consciousness of the movie-going public: razor-sharp vampire teeth ready to plunge into delicate soft flesh; an anguished man looking down at heavy palms as the luminous full-moon beacons overhead; a raging thunder voice thumping brightly lit spinning wheels into motion to bring life to the dead; and finally, the dead expressions of jerky-jerky, brain-dead zombies—their arms grasping like the blind—inquisitively searching out the flesh of the living. What inspires, horrifies, and Frankenstein's monster need to the generation of movie-goers of the past, continue today inspire the latest generation of horror movie connoisseurs. Even though the American zombie film can be traced back to such crooked times as the Fifties' *TEENAGE ZOMBIES*, Val Lewton's *I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE*, and the Halperin Brothers' *WHITE ZOMBIE*, the breed of zombie film that impacts such an irrefutable hold on today's audiences presently began with George A. Romero's *DEAD TRILOGY*: *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* (1968), *DAWN OF THE DEAD* (1978), and *DAY OF THE*

DEAD (1985). Unlike the success of their more celluloid vision Romero's films quickly generated they being almost always qualitative and all so inferior). *Night* definitely has an artistic method to his commercial madness. By delving into the "flesh" of these three movies, Romero's artistic vision begs for further analytical dissection. Not to imply that Romero is not first and foremost a commercially inspired filmmaker, but perhaps surprisingly so now, his films do communicate intellectual ideas within their gore-splattered veneer of disgust and outrage.

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, then initially forgotten drive-in programmer, when first released in 1968, caught critical attention simply on the virtue of its excessive abhorrence. Every element, upon initial viewing, appears to go over the top—with the exception of the budget. Some embarrassingly inadequate writing, working within a very limited or-limited setting, underscores the effectiveness of the film. *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* garnered media attention because it dared to shock audiences in a manner considered taboo by the motion picture community—by graphically depicting human

concellous. But **HOWARD**, true to the Hippie-inspired "Me-you-we-thing" ethos, was a lone wolf, a maverick who manifested an undisciplined commercial instinct in producing and distributing movies.

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, more so than his later movies in the series, shows **HOWARD's** "roots," having formerly produced both industrial and documentary films. **LIVING DEAD** is basically two movies existing parallel to each other in time. The first movie is the newly emerging dramatic cinema-side of **HOWARD**, projecting a morbid tale of survival featuring a succession of American society forced to work together (even though they are at each other's throats) or die. The pressure created by a world of ever-increasing living dead who eventually attempt to "oversee" the household are actually secondary to the mesmerizing human bond existing between the living occupants within the house. It is no coincidence that director **HOWARD's** name appears superimposed over the image of the American flag in the opening credits.

The second parallel movie is the more familiar (to **HOWARD**) one of cinema-verite, the documentary. As inhabitants of the household hunker and yell over where the best place to die would be, the radio (at first) and later the television create a show in itself. Via the media bulletin the audience learns of "...apocalypse news anchors...explosions...quarrying such of nature..." news bulletins reveal that these "things" (the most oft-used term to describe the living dead) were created from radiation emitted from a NASA satellite destroyed by the government while it was returning to Earth after orbiting Venus. We learn from television that "people who recently died are coming back to life and seeking human victims." Citizens, at first warned to remain locked-up tight in their houses, are now advised to move to National Guard controlled rescue stations throughout the state (such real-life Pennsylvania cities as Latrobe are posed as rescue centers across the bottom of TV screens). Scientists interviewed on television encourage citizens to "forgo the dubious comforts a funeral service might give...corpses must be buried." George **HOWARD**, in a small cameo as a researcher interviewing NASA scientists on the street, symbolizes the process of what **HOWARD** the filmmaker has become: a documentary movie-maker caught within a world of dramatic exploitation.

Let's not be pretentious! **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** was probably envisioned by **HOWARD** as his "meal-ticket" to the megapopularity of big-time commercial success. However, **LIVING DEAD** became a evening audience mainly because of the intrinsic relationships existing between the actor characters and the human society at large. And these human relationships are framed within the larger context of man's trivial need to dominate his fellow man.

Three societal "outside" exist in the movie: everywhere "outside" the secure home, the "upper" level consisting of the first and second floors of the home, and finally, the basement or the "subterranean" level. The "subterranean" level houses **HERRY** and Helen Cooper, a middle-aged married couple who think only of their own family's survival. Also down there are **BOB** and **JUDY**, the "outs" and generally good-hearted teenage couple.

The "upper" level is occupied by **BAR**, a determined and pragmatic young black, and **BERTIE**, a young woman suffering emotionally from witnessing the death of her brother **JERRY**, her entire performance reflecting her trance-like state of shock and psychosis.

The "outside" is comprised of ghoulie feeding upon the living and pallion-directed citizens' petrole who roam the courtyards shooting the breeze out of the living dead ("Kill the brain you kill the ghoul") and bawling the bodies.

Via the mirror in which **HOWARD** interposes these three "levels" of society, illustrating pressures from within each stratum and from without, the substance (here I say thematic definition) of **LIVING DEAD** becomes apparent.

As the viewer is first introduced to **HOWARD's** world of the "upper" level of the house, the barely cognizant **BERTIE** merely sits and stares, once at a while screaming, "We got to help **JERRY**," as the goitly determined **BAR** rounds up food and supplies and barricades windows and doors with available lumber. Unknown to these two survivors, the **COOPERS** and the young teenage couple have been hiding in the cellar listening to and ignoring all activity above, thus denying a chance to help other human beings. The bald, stolid leader **HERRY**, finally appearing above, starts the already terrified **BERTIE** and announces that the basement is the safest

place to be. "We risk our lives because somebody might need help" best sums up **HERRY's** "we-first" attitude.

BAR, leader of the "upper" level, thinks **HERRY** is foolish to suggest that all survivors lock themselves down in the cellar where **HOWARD** may find themselves with their backs against the wall without any exit. **HERRY** believes that the flimsy boards offer little protection above. Helen is upset with **HERRY** when she learns "there's a radio up there and you headed us down here!" The taciturn pet diplomat **BOB** effaces, "We'd all be a lot better off working together." **BAR** finally sets the boundaries on **HERRY**, retreating to his "subterranean" world (where his daughter **JANE** lies morally wounded), tries to gather together people who support his certain ideas of survival: "We may not enjoy living together but doing together won't prove anything." **BAR** concludes, "I'm boss up here. You can be boss down there. I'm fighting up here for the food and the radio!" **HERRY** gladly responds telling everyone that when his cellar door is locked, it remains locked and will not be reopened. But in a matter of moments, these little shells playing "king of the hill" once again merge their respective "worlds" together again. Whenever survival is involved, **HOWARD** shows us the true nature of human beings: self-serving, greedy, jealous, and caring only for their own survival and petty power.

This insensitive vision of humanity is continued "outside" embodied by the pallion-directed citizens' rescue petrole. While being interviewed by a reporter (actually local Pennsylvania TV personality **Bill Cardille**), the local pallion chief responds enthusiastically, "Best we can burn 'em they go up pretty easy!" When asked if the ghouls are also eating, the pallion chief answers matter-of-factly, "They're dead. They're all...eaten up." The

Top: Three distinct personalities clash in...a disturbed **BERTIE**, pragmatic **BAR**, and diplomat **BOB**; **Bottom:** The dead don't stay dead for long in **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD**, **HOWARD's** first "classic"





After frantically on young Tom and Jerry, the living dead use a rear door to over-pass the human occupants of the house in **LIVING DEAD**

vacator finally implies that this police action can hopefully be wrapped up in 24 hours. Gradually, the police approach their duty as though they were picking off a hoard of wild dogs instead of blasting away the remains of human beings, many of which were their neighbors and friends.

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD not only explores the lack of humanity existing among the living, but briefly investigates humanity's lack of respect for its dead. The movie's initial sequence: Jerry and Barbara putting a wreath on their father's grave (judging the cemetery told optimal time that they were the living harbor toward the dead. Jerry complains about driving six hours from Pittsburgh- their mother's special request -to spend five minutes over a year changing the wreath on the grave with (white shroud) mother remains at home). He annoyingly mentions the fact that he is probably buying the same wreath year-after-year. As Barbara solemnly kneels to pray, Jerry desperately interjects, "Come on Barbara, church was this morning!" (as though the satellite radiation becomes the logical explanation of why "hundred victims... partially devoured by...are killing and eating their victims...eating the flesh of the people they kill," Romero's hell-on-earth- human beings literally and symbolically eating each other- appears to be just as much the result of the living's insensitivity to each other and its disregard toward the dead. Perhaps **RESCUE OF THE LIVING DEAD** might have proven to be a more fitting title in retrospect.

Reading his grand book, Romero, by the film's climax, juxtaposes the ultimate disintegration of human brotherhood with the final victory of the dead. After young Tom and Jerry are consumed in the fiery explosion of a pick-up truck, their barest flesh becomes a grisly, ghastly feast. Ben fights his way back to the house only to face Jerry's refusal to unlock the front door. After Ben eventually breaks it down, Jerry immediately comes to the black man's aid when it appears the ghouls will overrun the house. Violently gassing Jerry, Ben exclaims, "I ought to feed you to these things!" After being motivated by their human resemblance, the living dead, using the human's heavy wooden torch on their red-hot, attempt to break through the boarded barricades. Jerry, seizing the opportunity, grabs Ben's fallen rifle (while Ben struggles to push the spalls aside and ease of the dead back outside) and orders everyone down into the basement- his terrain. Ben and Jerry struggle for control as Jerry is critically wounded by a rifle blast, and Jerry crawls into the cellar to die at the foot of his daughter's bed. Momentarily, the daughter (having died becoming "one of these things") begins to riddle upon Daddy, soon becoming suddenly interrupted by a dead mommy. Gently reaching for a garden spade, the little girl awfully (yet unemotionally) stabs her mother to death. This stark image of young innocents creating this ultimate act of violence with parents as the victims remains eerily unswerving still when viewed today. Outside, as the ghouls overrun the house, Barbara is confronted by Johnny, her brother, who has joined the ever-increasing league of the

living dead. By scoring only Ben survives, and he is just as easily and unobscuredly shot through the forehead by the citizens' rescue team who assume he is a ghoul- "Run right between the eyes... good shot, he's dead. There's another one for the fire."

As human insensitivity increases, as humanity is consumed by its own vice and fratricide, the grades of the living dead increase in both strength and numbers. Our three societal "levels"- the "outside," the "upper" level, and the "subterranean"- all will perish, all being over-run by swarms of the living dead taking their revenge.

To further grind out the gears, Romero places his end credits superimposed upon realistic, grainy freeze-frame photos (they could be directly out of the front pages of tomorrow's newspapers) displaying corpses (including Ben) being piled high into human waste piles ready to be hauled.

As an involving midnight/drive-in/hull movie, **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** succeeds only too well. It is scary, violent, suspenseful, stomach-turning, and involving. This most audience readily admit. What most audiences fail to remember is that **LIVING DEAD** is also, in its own bargain-basement way, apocalyptic.

Two years later, emerging with a substantially inflated budget and a superior technical crew, 1978 brought George A. Romero's first sequel, **DAWN OF THE DEAD**, to movie theater screens across America. In a daring political move, refusing to sell the excessive gore for an "R" rating, nor accepting the provocative "X" rating, Romero released the film "MPA" not rated, supposedly ensuring a quick, commercial death. Surprisingly, the film received major distribution with accompanying program books and tie-in kits sold inside theater concession stands. **DAWN OF THE DEAD** entered in the era of ultra-gore, becoming, if nothing more, a poster-child film being to transposed accepted (and the strong political arm of the MPAA rating board. But like **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** before it, **DAWN** succeeded not only by being irreverent and tasteless for its "gory-hardy" adolescent audience, it succeeded an artistic intent and its ability to communicate a message to its violence-injured audience.

Probably due more to increased budget than any other factor, **DAWN OF THE DEAD**'s social critique has exceeded from the original borderlines of the "outside" world, the "upper" level, and the "subterranean" level. **DAWN** introduces the three levels of "hell-on-earth in flight"- the only safe place to be- which obviously flies over the zombie-infested, dying world of the living. As land, at the suburban mall, the living intelligences were again enemy the "upper" levels while the living dead occupy the "subterranean" levels of the shopping center. Once our four protagonists- two dead members and two social people- barricade themselves in the turn-of-storage network above the mall, the main objective leading up to secondary is totally ignored and declared off-limits even by humans so that ghouls will never gain access to the upper level, not even by accident.

Since **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** ended, human society is crumbling as the dead are literally over-running the living. The TV station, now becoming the symbol of rational society, has only one goal

IN **DAWN OF THE DEAD** (1978), the ghouls exhibit signs of intelligence



-to remain broadcasting. Again playing a cameo role early on, Rogers portrays a television director attempting to keep his station on the air, but the sense of panic and disintegration is prevalent. On a much more personal level the federal government, via the media, states, "Citizens may not any longer occupy private residences...no matter how well protected or stocked." The station technician announces, "We'll be off the air by 12: that's when emergency networks take over...our responsibility is finished." Our "home, sweet home" is outlawed, and the government is taking over the airwaves. Certainly, civilization has crashed in the wake of necessary totalitarianism.

However, Romero's most meaningful sequence, and one of the most visually recalled (owing to a definite crowd-pleaser), is the S&M invasion of an inner-city tenement building, trying to apprehend Martinez, a "generic" minority outlaw. As the professional police force assaults the dilapidated apartment building, many innocent residents huddle together as gun blasts tear the walls out. As the S&M force attacks, escorted policemen yell, "Go-life bastards...How all their PE and Nigger assed! Big ass fancy hotel- this is better than I get!" When our politicians are shot through the forehead, a fellow officer goes "ape shit" breaking into apartments and rambles savagely murdering innocent dwellers, cutting them down with automatic weapon blasts. "Come on you little bastards...too, best" he scathingly gloats, totally evoked by his own indiscriminate violence. Wearing gas masks and uniforms, the police may resemble zombies. They definitely look alien, as the scurrying S&M members try to subdue their revivable member.

Immediately thereafter, one innocent tenement victim, shot to death only moments earlier, suddenly and vainly returns to life. S&M members are overcome by fright; as is even too terrified to shoot the dead "thug" in the head. Nevertheless, he points his weapon toward his temple and blows his own brains out. juxtaposed to earlier scenes of human emergency with the police revivifying innocent people, we now have scenes of the same S&M force just as callously and cruelly "rescuing" souls of the dead.

Down in the "subterranean" level, the building's basement, bodies of the recent dead are temporarily buried so the tenement's elderly black sinner steps back-rises over their bodies. Our two future major characters, Black Peter and white Roger (a continuing motif in each of Romero's three zombie films) decide to "bur" to save their own necks in the safety of a friend's helicopter (later Stephen and Terrence, two employees of the recently discussed TV station). Before Roger and Peter put their victims of the zombie epidemic back to permanent rest, they are confronted by the minister himself: "You are stronger than us, but soon, I think, they be stronger than you...we must stop the killing or lose the war!" When Roger asks Peter why these corpses were stored here in the first place, Peter responds, "Because these people still believe there's respect in dying."

Perhaps more vividly and powerfully expressed than it ever has or ever will be expressed, Romero has brilliantly transposed **DEAD OF THE DEAD** into a suburban shopping mall into an arena of the dead - note the ghoul wearing nothing but Bermuda shorts



Even children are not spared the "hard-core" fate in Romero's **DEAD**

the police brutality of human beings to the brutality of the living dead without missing a beat. This sequence has both the purpose and effect of desensitizing the audience against future scenes of extreme violence and mutilation. The audience is at first horrified, sickened, and repulsed by sequences of ultra-violence, but pretty soon it accepts such sequences, sits side-eyed when even more outrageously ghoulish and debilitating gore sequences sweep, and finally, the audience applauds future visceral violence. The audience, as manipulated by one-master Romero, has acquired the same hard-shell that allows it to not only accept but relish the dissolution of human flesh just as the S&M force portrayed on screen sipped blood-suck for its own reward. [Alas, the S&M force learns that hard-shell is indeed fair play as the same violence that they at first initiated is now directed against them] Just as **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** reminded its audience of the disquiet that the living holds for the dead (Johnny's complaint of having to place a wreath on his father's grave), **DEAD OF THE DEAD** again reminds the audience of this sacrifice due in the basement of a tenement building where the poor, who cannot do more, respectfully remember their dead.

But even the living dead fail to remain static, non-thinking, non-feeling human residue in Romero's vision. They too are evolving. Once situated atop the wall, our four major characters wonder why the dead rarely circulate in a morbid watching of action carried on in regular life. The human survivor notes, "A memory, instinct...this place was apartment in their lives." Creating one of Romero's most powerful images, these human survivors activate the wall's operations room turning on lights, music, and sales promotions as the ghouls, decaying dead emotionlessly scunter about, oddly contrasted to equally expressionless mosquitoes. Ghouls, in heavy-porky spurs, walk like glay walls, stumble into vegetable ponds flapping around, and battle dead escalators. The images of the ghouls themselves are startling as well as humorous: an over-weight zombie wears nothing but Bermuda shorts, a head-shaver buzz shaves taking a tasteless (whose black expression looks exactly the same, living or dead), and a solitary out-of-place run represent only a few odd examples. Several zombies even attempt to play hockey.

But though Romero utilizes such stereotyping for both humorous and shocking effect, his logic of the dead has become an evolving species no longer members of the human family. The late media broadcast offers, "Are these animals- no. This is interspecies activity...they prey on humans, but not on each other...that's the difference." A hint of intelligence is most touched upon: "...seemingly little reasoning power- but skills remain basically remembered from their normal life." The ghouls are finally described as being "retrained instinct- not family members or friends."

Sometimes Romero humorously reminds us of the emergency contained within the human species which reveals as even surpasses the violence of the living dead. Earlier, before arriving atop the wall, the helicopter safely travels over rural downtown. An occupant of the copter declares, "These suburbs are probably enjoying the whole thing" as the audience partakes in a brief interlude of hunters loading up, weighing beef, and taking pot-shots at zombies on weekend sport. Later Peter, coming down from ceiling peeling





Above: Even if the living members of the tenement building respect their dead in *DAYS OF THE DEAD*, the dead certainly do not respect the living: Opposite Howard Sherman as Rob, a zombie who is being "rethought" the essence of humanity from *DAYS OF THE DEAD* (1985) above, drops into a sporting goods store to apprehend an arsenal of weapons and ammo and is stalked by several mounted animal heads on the wall reminding the viewer of a similar trophy room sequence from *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD*, as well as reminding the viewer of accepted instances of actual human violence directed against our friendly alien-species "children" of nature.

After the foursome has "conquered" the mall, after having destroyed the majority of zombies within (two huge U-boat-like trucks are used to block the main entrance), "killilation" interviews with close-up detail (isolated) glimpsing of corpses, new code on the wall for hair-cuts and new clothes, and finally, Stephen and Franklin enjoy an elegant candlelight dinner. But this results in fleeing, and as the foursome stand over the deserted mall, the clumping of goods piling to enter heard in the distance, Peter intuitively reveals, "They don't know why... they just remember they want to be here...they're after the piggy-bank." Finally remembering the prophetic words of his Vespa priest grandfather, Peter gleefully reveals, "When there's no room left in hell, the dead will walk the earth." Thus Romero has created a pivotal image of his zombie-infested world: the apocalyptic vision of literal hell-on-Earth, the hell created by human cruelty and inhumanity. Humanity has made its bed of blood and must consent to lie in it. Franklin asks, "What are they?" Peter responds, "They're us...there's no more room in hell."

Shortly after this facade of normalcy is created, the reality of hell-on-Earth swiftly returns. Roger (the victim of an outside zombie attack), slowly dying on a stretcher repeatedly being injected with large doses of morphine, an earlier victim of his own self-confidence and carelessness, awakes and tells Peter, "You take care of me when I go...I don't want to be walking around...like that! Don't do it until you're sure I'm coming back! I've gotta try not to...come back!"

Interpreted as Roger's death agony is the final TV broadcast: the station is in obvious distress, air-cameras interviewees hold bottles of beer in hand, and the interviewed scientist-guest yells at his mid-audience to shut up. "Beats are already dead and the letters are alive...I'm trying to help you dumbass," he raves. His suggestions include feeding the dead in order to control them and "taking" all major cities to wipe out the pestilence (the baby as well as the bath water).

As the broadcast continues, Roger dies, returns to ghostly up-life, and as Peter films the shot ending his reanimation in hell-on-Earth, the scientist, over the air-waves, pleads with his audience, "We've got to remain rational; there's no choice...it's that or the end!" The truth has never been more acutely generated via Romero's skillful technique that humanity has failed, the dead have over-taken the living.

Soon, the motorcycle riders, a professional army of bikers, invade the mall, breaking through the entrance, allowing thousands of zombies to enter and over-take the mall. These crazed, irrational, and fun-loving hedonists represent our culture's "junk-aesthetic



to the pill. For the cycle gang, the zombies are easy prey—ridden loudly as. Motorcycle riders enjoy pelting zombies with guns in the face and shooting Seltzer water in their face because zombies fail to offer any real resistance. Thus, when leader Tom Savini breaks the wall protected by a human army of living warriors, his face becomes dementedly thrilled with the prospect of a real, challenging encounter. The acts of violence committed by armies of the dead are no worse than the joyful violence committed on them by these deprived human survivors armed with night-visioners and machine-guns.

Ironically, Stephen, trapped alone in the elevator, seriously wounded by a shot from a cyclist, is rescued by a dozen ghosts who savagely bite him to death. Remembering essentially to reconstructed life, Stephen's memory and instincts lead the zombie troops to the hidden passage leading to the stairwell which leads to the "upper" level of safety and human control. Peter, after putting Stephen to rest, briefly considers putting the rest bullets into his temple, but quickly decides to opt for life, shooting ghosts, and heading for the safety of the helicopter now headed by zombie pilot Franklin. The two fly straight up to temporary safety overlooking the mall which now has been conquered and is controlled by armies of the living dead.

According to George Romero, 1985's *DAYS OF THE DEAD*, the final link in the trilogy, was not the film he originally envisioned. Citing an option to receive financing for a big-budgeted picture only if he allowed editing for an "R" rating, the maverick Romero once again rebelled, opted for his almost necessary "R" rating, and thus received only the partial budget he required to produce the epic apocalyptic finale envisioned in his mind. Due to studio distribution which opened the fate in very limited, selected fine artsate theaters several months apart across the nation (therefore saving money by producing fewer prints which could be re-distributed for different city premieres), *DAYS OF THE DEAD* never had the opportunity to become the financial blockbuster that *DAYS OF THE DEAD* had been. But even though most genre buffs cite the middle-produced *DAYS* as best of the (three-way), *DAYS OF THE DEAD* for the sheer electrographic horror, its totally disgusting and utterly televisive gore-effects, and its artistic vision—strikes us as the most creatively startling of the bunch.

As Romero the filmmaker becomes more innovative and stylish, some of his warrier films as a craftsman become more glaring-for instance, Romero has never utilized recognized professionals



George A. Romero, the father of "zombies," poses with his children from *DAY OF THE DEAD*, the most creatively startling of the trilogy. In the cast of any zombie film, at best "adequate" is the kindest word to describe performances by unknowns such as Diane Jones, Kim Fowle, or Gayle Form. *DAY OF THE DEAD*'s emphasis on over-blown comic book caricatures of real human beings begins to grate on the viewer's sensibilities. However, the performance of Richard Liberty as Dr. Logan (see Frankenstein) and Howard Sherman as Bub, Romero's first zombie with personality, transcended these typical acting deficiencies on behalf of the rest of the cast. Romero, who has always been more concerned with the visual look of his productions (the cinematography, the special makeup effects preceding state-of-the-art gore effects created by Tom Savini in the second and third *DEAD* features), stretches his creative talents in *DAY OF THE DEAD* by concentrating more on a fully idea-laden plot and more fully realized characterization of at least a few of the major personalities introduced. But if growth can be observed in *DAY OF THE DEAD* when compared to the far earlier *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD*, there also exists an on-going continuity of themes and images introduced in the earlier two movies.

In a basic coin, just as Romero's name appeared superimposed over the image of an American flag in 1968, in 1985 his name appears superimposed over both the image of a movie theater marquee and over the image of a decaying magnet-infused corpse. Not only has social order deteriorated, but the human species has been wiped out by the time *DAY OF THE DEAD* arrives.

Romero is similarly preoccupied with the "levels" of social strata that his dystopic world exists upon. In *Daybreak*, the ghouls occupied the lower-berths (the cellar, the basement of the town's building, the ground level of the mall) and humans dominated the upper levels (with ultimate safety afforded only in mid-air via the helicopter). Now, in *DAY OF THE DEAD*, the ghouls dominate the "upper" levels and humans are forced to operate "down below" in the hellish, subterranean bowels of a nearly deserted underground military installation. Not even there, even in the infinite wire shafts, the robust out-number human beings (Dr. Logan estimates the ghouls out-number humans 400,000 to 1). True, the only safety still remains the safety of flight- high above the virus-infected Earth. And even there safety exists only as long as fuel can be found (fuel which is manufactured only by the ever-diminishing living).

Evolution as a stationary filmmaker, Romero cleverly frames his third *DEAD* movie in three disorienting dream sequences. The first, concerning scientist Sarah (Lori Cardillo, the daughter of "Daddy Billy" Cardillo, one of the on-screen regulars in the original *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD*), involves her alone in a concrete block room, staring at a calendar that is set for October 31. As she slowly reaches out for the calendar, her weary hand outstretched, a sudden explosion of ghoulish hands and arms rip through the concrete walls toward her. She suddenly awakes in the safety of the cockpit of a helicopter.

In the middle of the film, after being exposed to Dr. Logan's Grand Guignol operating room of the almost always slow wittedness a ghoul (its abdominal cavity opened) attempts to sit up as intention and stomach reflex flip to the floor, Sarah sits in friend Nigel's



Here makeup/effects artist, Tom Savini, poses in his workshop. He added "Semi-lard," projecting effects for *DAY OF THE DEAD*. Savini joined Romero with *WALKER*, an ultra-violence vampire film.

quarters watching this living human being's guts spill out suddenly as he gropes closer from his bed. Sarah suddenly returns to the world of reality shaking off the nightmare.

Then, at *DAY*'s finale, as Sarah and two other survivors run to the copter from one direction, the army of the dead rushing to converge upon the copter from the opposite direction, Sarah is first to reach the security of the helicopter and first to be decoupled upon by one hungry ghoul already waiting inside the copter. Really for is it still a dream, a dream of life as death (what's new?) (Interviews as the survivors are comfortably larded upon a tropical beach fishing as the helicopter sits silently on the beach.

Besides their obvious shock value, these dreams are important for furthering character development and creating interesting visual images. For the first example, feminist Sarah is forced to assume the masculine stereotype of acting hard-core while always being in control, but her horrifying and private nightmares (and her reactions to these phantasmagoric intrusions) reveal vulnerability hidden below the surface. Secondly, the horrifying image of a ghoul literally pulling its intestines out of its mouth in the image of a perfectly healthy living human doing the same allows the viewer to discover the extent to which our human sensibilities have been hardened, desensitized, and desensitized. If the raw disemboweling of a corpse doesn't adversely affect the viewer, perhaps the disemboweling of a living person will. It most profoundly the difference makes no difference, but this conditioned reflex performed as the viewer allowing her to readily accept human disembowement without becoming emotionally involved lies at the heart of meaning in the Romero trilogy. This process of watching this dream sequence appreciates the process in society at large of humanity becoming something less-than-human. And Romero seems to be implying that this process is not limited to on-screen action alone!

In fact, Dr. Logan and Bub, in a not very subtle replay of the Thor and Monster relationship from *MON OF FRANKENSTEIN*, drive home the theme of the emerging humanity to be found in the living dead compared to increasing levels of savagery to be found in the human animal. As Logan, the mad genius and litigious leader of the scientists, is pressured by the military to show practical results of his work, he announces, "I'll show that that these creatures can be domesticated...we can condition them...control them...it's our only hope!"

Trying to condition the ghouls by feeding them military issued "beef treats" which the ghouls (and the living) refuse to eat, Logan realizes he is only trying to "...satisfy the urge. They are an extension of us, the same animal but functioning less perfectly. They can be tricked into being good little girls and boys...and it is the keys they must be awarded!" After the ghoul throws his can of food away, Logan decides the thing as if it was a naughty little boy: "You can just stand there in the dark and think about what you've done." Logan turns the lights off as the living dead creep, shackled to the walls, ghouls.

But Logan's major success, and also the performance analysis of the movie, is Howard Searns's portrayal of Bub, the ghost that allows Logan to be in close proximity without being the scientist as well. Allowing Bub to examine a paperback copy of Salmon EGG, a porno, and a toothbrush, the ghost remembers and mixes the role behavior associated with "being" those articles. When Captain Warden enters, Bub, who is now examining a a telephone, explains Warden recognizing his military dress. The captain refuses to return the salute of this "pile of walking pain."

Bub, more than slightly influenced by Boris Striaff's child-like portrayal of the Minister in SHINE of FRANKENSTEIN (Bansho even has Bub shakeled to three inter-connecting wooden crosses on the wall), successfully creates a sensitive, touching portrayal of a non-living entity remembering pieces of prior existence. This sensitivity is contrasted to the not-so-subtle return of returning to the pivotal "filices" motif of having the military battle the team of humanistic scientists, while this typocasting is energetic and fun (in the portrayals of military psychon Warden, Buckles, and Steel go directly overboard from the start, but still they delight strictly on a comic book level), the smaller relationships existing between Logan and Bub, Sarah and John (the last-born philosopher), Sarah and Niguel, and John and McDermott are the only ones which ring true. Even Logan and Bub's relationship hits an emotional peak (in a sequence again influenced by SON OF FRANKENSTEIN) when Bub, wandering aimlessly near free, studies upon Logan's mother-in-gar rattled body lost down in cold blood when Warden discloses Logan "rewarding" Bub with organs from human corpses), emitting screams of vengeance and cries of grief. Shortly thereafter, Bub, armed with a pistol, wounds the fleeing Captain Warden as the over-ripe villain creaks down corridors (showing the scenery every inch of the way) seeking escape. Wanting the audience's desires, Warden opens his door of escape only to run into the awaiting legion of the dead who envenoms the still conscious and screaming Warden, tearing off his legs and lower torso, splitting his guts open, as the ever-advancing Bub salutes the captain one final time.

As this sequence occurs, Sarah and McDermott, later aided by John, are locked behind the safety of the retaining wall and coral deep in the black shadow of the ghost-infected air shaft. Here, in this area of claustrophobia and cool-evaded horror missing since 1968, all hell-or-earth breaks loose as the Servis pulse out all the steps in ghost's head is out in half with a shovel and rolls away...coming to rest- its eyes still open and inert -the top half of the head watches as tumors run away) enabling director Bansho to end this sequence of graphic horror, perhaps even making it the crowning sequence of all three DEAD movies. All the elements of the classic horror genre converge here: sympathetic humans, defenseless and unarmed, have to survive in a pitch-black nightmare world where women seemingly pop out of every corner out-mourning and overwhelming the human survivors. The ghosts themselves- horribly disfigured, relentlessly striving to satisfy their hunger -even seem more monstrous in this virtual underground furnace from hell. And against each odds, the humans miraculously Niguel, using himself as human bait, lures the living dead down into the underground military installation from DAY OF THE DEAD



survive. And atmospheric drills and ultra-gore, Bansho (with Servis's invaluable assist) has crafted the ultimate multi-layer, popcorn-crunching sequence of his career.

But DAY OF THE DEAD has its philosophical component as well! John and McDermott, seemingly the disinterested observers of the war of nerves between scientists and military personnel, live in an isolated trailer (labeled "the Strip") which is decorated to appear as a paradise island hideaway complete with tropical backdrops and beach umbrellas. John, the once-again noticeable black hero, is the duo's philosophic mad-scientist: "We don't believe in what you're doing here. They got the defense department budget down here; they got the regulations of all your favorite movies; they got microfilm tax reports, landgrab records, reports of natural disasters...what does it matter? We are a 14 mile coastline with an asphalt on one wall together to create rooms of what once was...We've been punished by the Creator. We got a curse on us so we might get a look at what hell was like. Maybe he didn't want to see us live ourselves up and put a big hole in his sky. He wanted to show us he was the "Boss man"- too big for our tribbles trying to figure his shit out!"

Continuing to echo his philosophy (or Baner's?), John's solution is a simple one: "That so we'll get left, you know. Plenty to do...I got some tactics and know 'em never to come here to dig these records out."

At DAY OF THE DEAD's end, three survivors- Sarah, John, and McDermott -are lavishly watching birds fly over the bleached white tropical sand as fishing rods bob as the bike currents- Reality... or simply another dream? Sarah, who marked the end of October in the film's beginning dress sequence, just as deftly marks off November 4 of the film's end.

Obviously writer/director (and sometimes editor) Bansho never envisioned these thematic complications 17 years before DAY OF THE DEAD when SHINE OF THE LIVING DEAD, made on a shoestring, was first released to the drive-in circuit. As each film evolved out of commercial necessity, so did the evolution of a doomsday world vision. The car only wonder what must be Bansho's reaction to pitched-up goreheads who werrily screen for less intense sequences of visceral violence as the demands of gore-masters fan base are increasingly put to the test. These same goreheads embody the question of dehumanized humanity (and faith in these films) who have fallen as the dominant species on our planet as the agonized, seemingly god-like rubens of the dead rise up as hell-or-earth reverts a few human survivors of paradise just...forever. When Bansho has characters in the second and third features describe the ghosts as "they are god," perhaps he was speaking directly to his adrenaline-charged audience. For as the fated chapter in the trilogy moves close, the ghosts are evolving into somewhat noble avengers slowly reclaiming the essence of humanity while the human species, equally dying off, have regressed to primitive levels of savagery thus becoming this series' ultimate villains.

And to react to the appeal of these comic film, Bansho, with a shy smile, mottored sister-of-family in a recent video tape interview: "It's a good line!"

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UNIVERSAL'S "GOLDEN AGE"

Some Facts & Figures

by Greg Mank



Over the decades, many cinegoing waxes have hailed the aesthetic art of Universal's "Golden Age" horror classics. Writers have waxed eloquently about the demonic charisma of Lugosi's Count, the haunting bewilderment of Keeloff's Hecate, the surgical brilliance of Paine's Invisible Man, and the spastic propounding of Lisa Lasker's Bride. Indeed, as these wonderful movies and performances became legends, there's developed a romantic tendency to consider all these films as affectionately-prepared children of Universal—each spoiled lovingly by "Uncle Carl" Laemmle, his producer son "Junior," and the front office.

Not so. At Universal, all horror films were not, in the eyes of the slightly Laskerine, created equal—and recently unearthed production information from Universal's archives tells the tale. Facts and figures tell a saga of a studio, naturally helmed on making profits, caught up in the true Hollywood fashion of politics: allowing one director *Carlo Lizzani* while mercilessly riding another; permitting one movie to waddle lovingly over schedule and budget, while others were hounded to quick completion, working one star audaciously for his talents, while scripping in another. These features can't cover all Universal's shenanigans. However, what follows is a sampling of movies, noting Universal's Machiavellian actions and attitudes on some of its most popular and lovingly dissected horror tales.

DRACULA and FRANKENSTEIN, of course, must be the standard bearers for comparison as to Universal's budgets and shooting schedules. Universal originally budgeted **DRACULA** at a quite lavish \$155,250, with a 30-day shooting schedule. The 1st Browning picture began in "the present hub" and at the back lot (in September 29, 1930, and ended with "pick-up" November 15, 1930—6 days over schedule. Nevertheless, **DRACULA** came in at a recorded final cost of \$141,170.29—over \$13,000 under budget. [“Added scenes” shot December 15, 1930, and “retakes” in Dracula's chambers and Seward's office filmed January 2, 1931, etc into this balance.]

As for **FRANKENSTEIN**, Universal provided a \$162,007 budget, and a 30-day schedule. James Whale went 3 days over schedule,

beginning shooting on the showstaged set August 24, 1930, and ending with extra shots of the lower laboratory October 3, 1931. Universal eventually charged \$291,129.13 against its powerhouse hit, putting the classic more than \$29,000 over budget.

At Universal enjoyed the bonanza created by **DRACULA** and **FRANKENSTEIN**, the studio treated that future horror hits would require much less investment. [**THE MUMMY**, for example, came in at a cost of \$126,000.] All in all, every film had its own relationship with the front office, and the following are examples:

MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE (1932)

If young French director Robert Flaherty felt that **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE** would prove to Universal that it had erred in giving **FRANKENSTEIN** to James Whale (after Flaherty had written the original adaptation and directed the Lugosi tests), his hopes were in vain. The production was riddled with trouble from beginning to end.

It's all been documented how Universal, in financial peril before the release of **FRANKENSTEIN**, had wanted to economize on **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE**, demanding a modern setting; hence saving on sets and costumes. Adapter/director Flaherty, already stung by **FRANKENSTEIN**, balked out, so Universal restored Poe's 19th century setting. However, the studio retinkered with a budget of only \$104,220 (almost \$100,000 less than the original budget for **FRANKENSTEIN**, and \$190,000 less than the original figures for **DRACULA**). Shooting began October 29, 1931, on the set of the Herges—however, shooting didn't proceed promisingly, and only 8 days later, Flaherty was already filming "retakes" of the scenes in Murkitt's tent. The movie ran 3 days over its 18-day shooting schedule, "wrap-up" November 15, 1931.

Nevertheless, **FRANKENSTEIN** was playing sensational previews. Junior Laemmle felt Flaherty's film as inferior to Whale's shocker that he ordered **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE** back into production for "retakes" and "added scenes"—\$23,800 worth! Flaherty began shooting the new footage December 10. The work included several nights in the back lot, filming the climactic scenes of Gwilt and Erik the Ape over the Paris rooftop. On December 22, 1931,



Florey again "scrapped" the picture, spending the last day awaiting clearance of a real survey by the Selig Zoo, later applied into scenes of Charlie Chase in his petting mill (with Juliaanna Hurns). By Nov 25, 1932, Universal had changed \$190,000.45 against **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE**, putting the movie \$4009.45 over its revised budget.

In February 1933, **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE** opened at NYC's Hayfair Theatre, where **FRANKSTEIN** had made show business history just weeks before. As its first day, audiences heckled Erik's rooftop cavortings, and the film performed only mediocre business. Nevertheless today due to Lugosi's wildly flamboyant performance as Dr. Kinada, **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE** would be Robert Florey's only non-Flic Universal horror credit. He remained, until his death in 1979, best known to horror fans (despite the flair of his **THE BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS**, for horror Bros. in 1946), the man who lost **FRANKSTEIN**.

THE BLACK CAT (1934)

The first glorious teaming of "KARLOFF and Bela LUGOSI" (on the credits heralded them) was clearly designed by Universal to stand as its best of its two stars.

Universal's Production Executive for Film #677 tallied a mere \$70,129 (less than one-third its cost of **FRANKSTEIN**!) with a shooting schedule of only 19 days! Karloff, an estate high priced (\$1mler Florey, was set to receive a guaranteed "flat" fee of \$7500 (actually computed as 4 weeks' accumulation of his \$1875 he then was reaping weekly as a Universal star). As for Bela Lugosi, he signed to play Dr. Nils Hargrave for a "guaranteed" \$3000-\$3000 per week for 3 weeks' time. It was a useful fee for a star; in fact, David Nevins, dapper romantic lead of **DRACULA** and **THE MUMMY**, twice as handsome Peter Allen, originally was set for a more lucrative salary than Lugosi, signing for \$1250

per week for 2½ weeks' work. Jacqueline Wells, later 3rd/4th Bishop of Warner Bros., signed on as the amazing leading lady, at \$300 per week for 3 weeks' work.

As for Edgar Allan, legendary creative tycoon of **THE BLACK CAT**, he signed for a total fee of \$900—about one-third of what James Whale earned weekly at Universal! Shooting began February 28, 1934, and originally ended St. Patrick's Day—1 day over schedule. However, to clarify Allen's perversely vague story, and definitely set Lugosi on the side of the angels, **THE BLACK CAT** began ½ day of additional scenes and resumed Sunday, March 25, 1934. Besides making Lugosi's Hargrave less shrewd and more tragically heroic, the extra shooting earned Bela \$563.35 in additional salary, hence rightfully establishing him as second highest paid actor in the picture. Allen himself picked up an extra \$150 for his new footage. Also, 4 smiling actresses each earned \$12.50 in these Depression days for posing as preserved corpses in the gloom scenes of Peter's cellar, lavishly perused by Karloff as he stalks the little feline.

The final cost sheet for **THE BLACK CAT**, dated July 14, 1934, shows the tabulation to be \$95,745.31 on a 19-day shoot. As Universal hoped, this Poe-esque classic, released in May 1934 and today hailed as one of Universal's greatest horror tales, was the studio's biggest money-maker of its season—a tribute to the powerful box office charisma of KARLOFF and Bela LUGOSI.

BRIDE OF FRANKSTEIN (1935)

On January 2, 1935, Universal's long-awaited sequel to **FRANKSTEIN** began shooting. Strangely, Universal originally sketched no more money to this trumpeted sequel than it did to the original film. Because the original **FRANKSTEIN** had taken 35 days to shoot, and cost \$251,000, Universal set **BRIDE OF FRANKSTEIN** on a 36-day schedule and a \$297,750 budget.

Due to no more perturbed James Whale, the teamster prepared "New," who proceeded to devote his time and expense necessary to make **BRIDE OF FRANKSTEIN** the glorious fantasy he envisioned. Whale completed Production #727 March 7, 1935 (10 days over schedule) — and at a cost of \$297,025.79 (over \$100,000 over budget). The extra expense ran most heavily in "sets & scenery," "cost outfits," and "additional director salary"; Whale's own fee for the film, estimated at \$15,000 (he was earning \$2500 weekly at Universal), finally tallied \$24,440.

KARLOFF, who enjoyed solo-top-billing (he had, of course, been billed fourth in the original) was now (like Whale) earning \$2500 weekly at Universal. He had surpassed his "Creator," Colin Clive, who was working for \$1900 per week, originally on a 4-week guarantee. One of the best-paid players in the movie was the O'Connor, whose helmet face and commanding screen so delighted Whale that he set her for 3 weeks' work on the picture, at \$850 per week. Since his film ran over schedule, most of his leading actors received bonuses.

Of course, all this insurance which Universal allowed Whale when redefinitely in the final product. **BRIDE OF FRANKSTEIN** opened in April 1935 at Hollywood's Pantages Theatre, and ever since has reigned widely as the pinnacle of Universal's occultive creativity.

THE MUMMY OF LONDON (1935)

Considered for a time as a possible vehicle for Karloff, **THE MUMMY OF LONDON** sharply illustrates politics at Universal. The movie went into production January 28, 1935—26 days after Whale started shooting **BRIDE OF FRANKSTEIN**. It was completed February 23, 1935—12 days before Whale finished shooting **BRIDE OF FRANKSTEIN**. And its final cost was \$195,393.01—over \$200,000 less than the final cost of **BRIDE OF FRANKSTEIN**.

Universal originally budgeted Production #732 at an estimated \$159,000. This included \$2000 for the story by Robert Harris, and \$6550 to scenario author John Gilson, author of Broadway's infamous sex-age **Relay**, featuring that immortal boy Sedis Thompson. Stuart Walker, who had directed Universal's **THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD** on a considerably higher budget (\$215,375), earned \$12,500 for directing this thriller. Janis Iannini's brother-in-law Stanley Bergeman produced on a 20-day shooting schedule.

Henry Hall, then an contract to Universal following his acclaimed performance of Jacobo Lantar in his original Broadway **Taboo** (and

signed for one of the highest salaries paid a horror star at Universal for playing the madman Dr. Melfried Glower—\$2750 per week for 4 weeks' work. (Hall obviously had about as Universal City. The Famous Players street sign provided \$300 as a "Special Arrangement" with Hall's agent, and a mysterious \$1350 for Hall's "Felix Photo.") However, Warner Cloud, cast as Lysanthropic Dr. Yegor, was originally set for the highest fee—\$12,000 for 3 weeks' time. The lovely Marguerite Helmer, Universal's most coveted starlet of 1935, played Hall's wife Lina while simultaneously playing Elizabeth in BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN.

Director Walker completed THE MUMMY OF LONDON 4 days over schedule, at a cost of \$155,993.18—more than \$36,000 over budget. The movie opened in New York one day previous to BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, was manufactured by it, and today is eclipsed by the more popular 1944 THE WOLF MAN.

THE MUMMY (1935)

After THE BLACK CAT scored so handsomely at the box office, Universal was hellbent on producing another "KARLOFF and Bela LUGOSI" frighter—and at the same old-rate price. The original budget of THE MUMMY, Universal Production #754, was \$205,750, only about \$16,000 more than what had so sparingly been afforded THE BLACK CAT.

Most of the difference was due to script trouble. For at least 7 writers had come and gone, trying to adapt Poe's immortal poem into a screenplay. Guy Endore (who contributed to MGM's THE HAWK OF THE SWAMP) earned \$300 for the first try; Clarence Meehan earned \$887.50 for bettering the poem further; one "M. Sweeney" earned \$233.35 for taking yet another stab at it; the bubbly, popular Hollywood hack, took home \$2083.35 for his Follis attempt; John Lynch made \$1750 for his efforts. It was David Boehm, finally, who received screen credit for his successful scenario, which earned him \$975. Even Oren Schwartz, famed to replace Louis B. Meyer as head of MGM, earned \$233.34 for some late flourishes on THE MUMMY's script.

Shooting began March 20, 1935, on a 15-day schedule, under the production of David Diamond and the direction of Louis Friedlander (aka Lou Lander), who was making his Famous debut (after several serials) on THE MUMMY for the fee of \$900. Bela Lugosi, in the dominant role of Dr. Heklan, signed for a 5-week work period, at \$2000 per week. Karloff, as Lugosi's diabolized victim Edmund Hansen, had a role only half Lugosi's size, yet earned exactly twice Lugosi's salary for a 4-week work period, at \$2500 per week.

Friedlander completed THE MUMMY April 5, 1935, right on the 15-day schedule, at a final cost of \$115,205.91—over \$9000 over budget. THE MUMMY opened the 4th of July in NYC, and, of course, was a hit—despite a particularly vehement critical onslaught.

THE INVISIBLE MAN (1936)

The third and last of Universal's "KARLOFF and Bela LUGOSI" vehicles, Universal's Production #763 originally received a budget of \$166,875—a fairly respectable figure, and about twelfth-best more than had been allotted THE BLACK CAT and THE MUMMY. Karloff, in the show role of wrongful, reacquainted Dr. James Hobb, had hit a weekly Universal salary of \$1125; set for 5 weeks' time on THE INVISIBLE MAN, his fee was estimated at \$15,625. Lugosi, who had to surrender a vacation to Hungary to make the picture, was booked with the straight fall part of Dr. Felix Baret, and signed for a "flat" fee—\$4000 for 3 weeks' work.

Ostensibly the relatively modest budget, which afforded lovely leading lady Frances Drake, a fine supporting cast (Frank London, Walter Kingsford, Benish Bendit), and a John Dillon screenplay, meant Walker—initially set to direct—walked out, protesting the time, script, and budget. Universal sensationally pushed Lambert Hillyer into the post, at the estimated fee of \$7500. Shooting began September 17, 1935.

An October revolve, Walker might as well have stayed. THE INVISIBLE MAN ran 22 days over schedule, at \$68,000 over budget—most heavily in "cost overruns," "set lighting," "general set expenses," and "miscellaneous shots." Production finally "snapped" October 25, 1935, at a grand total cost of \$24,875.76—well over double the cost of the first two Boris and Bela frighters. Released in January 1936, and proclaimed on the poster as "Universal's Murchid



Dracula." THE INVISIBLE MAN proved to be one of the studio's finest misfires, splendidly serving "gothic horror" with the still-virgin role of "science fiction."

DRACULA'S DAUGHTER (1936)

Universal's original budget for DRACULA'S DAUGHTER was \$230,425, inevitably making this often-overlooked film one of the highest-budgeted of the horror cinema. Yet much of this money went to people who had little or nothing to do with the finished picture!

E.C. Swerloff, author of Journey's End and adapter of THE INVISIBLE MAN, wrote a continuity for DRACULA'S DAUGHTER, receiving \$10,502.62 ("London payments"), plus \$4750 ("studio payroll") plus \$861.99 ("transportation")—yet his name nowhere appears on the credits. Helmer does the role of Peter Gunn, who earned \$2350 for working on a script. It was Garrett Fort, who had contributed to the scenario for DRACULA and FRANKENSTEIN, who worked at Universal January 4, 1936, to February 28, 1936 (22 days after shooting began), and who earned \$675 and solo scenario credit on DRACULA'S DAUGHTER.

In addition to script complications, Universal had to pay \$17,500 to director Edward Sutherland for "retained time," because studio delays made it impossible for him to direct the picture as planned. Once again, Universal turned to Lambert Hillyer, who took over at a considerably lower fee (\$4000).

Actress Marguerite Churchill, who played the ingenue Janet, also collected \$750 in "accommodation" time due to studio delays. And one retail store received a salary free DRACULA'S DAUGHTER, although he didn't appear in it at all: Bela Lugosi! Universal had to pay Lugosi \$4000 in "accommodation," for the time he had forfeited while the studio had still planned to cast him in the sequel.

Shooting began February 4, 1936, with a 27-day schedule. Gloria Holden, striking in the title role, was paid \$300 per week. Otto

Kruger, as Jeffrey, was making \$2000 weekly, while Edward Van Sloan, replacing his part of Van Helsing, did so for \$600 per week.

DRACULA'S DRAUGHTON ran over its estimated shooting schedule, wrapping March 20, 1936, after 36 days of shooting (in 7-day weeks). The "Revised First Cost Sheet" of Williamson, 1936, gave the final figure as \$278,360.76, making DRACULA'S DRAUGHTON one of the most expensive of all Universal's horror films. The studio released it in May 1936 - a month after the Lammas had passed into exile from Universal, and a new, anti-horror film regime had moved into power.

SON OF FRANKENSTEIN (1939)

Because SON OF FRANKENSTEIN is hailed as the "apex" of Universal's Frankenstein saga, most historians assume that Producer/Director Rowland V. Lee ostentatiously blighted it. Nothing could be further from the truth. Indeed, in the post-Lammas era (where "horror" resumed after the highly successful re-issue of DRACULA and FRANKENSTEIN in 1936), probably no horror film gave Universal's front office as many nightmares as did this third entry in the Monster series.

SON OF FRANKENSTEIN began shooting November 3, 1938, under a great handicap: there was no script. Lee had thrown out the original Willis Cooper draft (with a talking Monster). To meet the arranged release date and get the value out of a high-priced cast already collecting salary, Universal demanded that shooting begin anyway. The studio vaguely based its time and money projections on Lee's production of 1938's REVIVE DE L'ART, hoping for a 27-day shooting period and a \$300,000 budget.

Lee, however, was by no means intimidated by Universal's front office. With stars Basil Rathbone (then one of the world's highest paid actors, earning close \$2000 a week), Karloff as the Monster

(the actor's going rate was then \$750 a week), and Tugan (whose recent unemployment had resulted in Universal's buying him into a \$500 per week deal to play Ygor), plus Lionel Atwill, Josephine Hutchinson, and a large cast, Lee astoundingly took his time artistically making up the movie as he went along. Originally, Universal hoped Lee would complete the film December 10. On that date, Lee told the office he'd be able to finish the movie Christmas Eve. Then he said December 28. About 1:15 a.m., January 3, 1939, Lee finished SON OF FRANKENSTEIN as a final cost of \$400,000.

Almost miraculously, Universal's Editorial, Music, and Sound Departments worked so industriously (and with such overtime) that Universal was able to preview SON OF FRANKENSTEIN on the night of January 7, 1939 - less than 70 hours after Lee finally completed the film. The picture opened at Hollywood's Pantages Theatre January 13, 1939, and was a giant success. Lee went on to produce and direct THE SUB NEVER SETS and TOWER OF LONDON at Universal in 1939, with both movies running over schedule and over budget, although not as monstrously as did SON OF FRANKENSTEIN.

HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN (1944)

In conclusion, we jump ahead to this popular "Monster Rally" of 1944 - and one of the best testimonials to Universal's "efficiency first" factory of the New Years.

Following Karloff's triumph on Broadway and national tour in BRUCE ROSS OLD LAGO, the star signed a 22-week, \$60,000 star contract with Universal. The first 8 weeks and \$40,000 were to go to the CLINIQUE, the remaining 4 weeks and \$20,000 were scheduled for a "picture to come." For this "picture to come," Universal quickly prepared THE DEVIL'S WOOD (as HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN was originally titled). On a 30-day schedule and a \$154,000 budget, the film was designed to employ Karloff for exactly the 4 weeks he would use Universal. The fifth and final week of shooting would be saved for these Dracula sequence scenes which didn't require Karloff's presence, and for a Chewy Wolf New Year's extravaganza.

Karloff's \$20,000 made his, by far, the best-paid star of the movie. Lon Chaney, who of course was under contract to Universal, received a "flat" \$20,000 for his third go-round as the Wolf Man. John Carradine, as Dracula, received \$7500 per week on a 2-week guarantee; J. Carroll Nash, as the Hunchbacked Devil, received special billing on the credits and \$7500 per week on 4 weeks' work. Glenn Strange, in his first appearance as the Monster, signed for only \$200 a week, on a 2-week period (although Universal "bought" him for an extra week after he completed his scenes).

Director Eric C. Stanton completed HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN on location at "Overwood Forest," near Los Angeles (where he filmed shots of Carradine, Ann Deyne, and Peter Lee for the Dracula scenes) on May 8, 1944 - exactly on the 30-day schedule. Universal released HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN December 1944, in competition with the horror film of BOB'S VAL (actor who produced his terror tales in about half the time and with about half the budget) Universal had elected HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN.

WANTED: The Editor is looking to trade for the following horror movie posters/lobby/slide cards: the 1947 Universal Release one-sheet for DRACULA (might also be interested in 22"x28", 14"x28" as well); an original lobby card from the 1950 DRACULA - card must feature a good Lugosi scene; the title lobby card or the only lobby scene featuring the Invisible Man in handbags from the original INVISIBLE MAN - also interested in the window cards and assorted good lobby cards from other 1930s classic horror - the March DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE, DR. Z, MYSTERY OF THE MARIANNA, ISLAND OF LOST SOULS, INVISIBLE MAN, THE SAVAN, etc. I have a beautiful original lobby from the 1931 FRANKENSTEIN to offer in trade, as well as other material. If you are willing only, send me a description of the item and the price. Write or phone: Gary J. Svehla, SON Classroom Road, Baltimore, MD 21204 phone 301-642-1138 (4 p.m. - 10 p.m. weekdays, anytime weekends)

WANTED: I am interested in original lobby cards/posters. I am especially interested in the following items: 22"x28" poster from SINGING IN THE BATH; Judy Garland lobby cards from the 1940s; and posters/lobbies [includes in film] from WILDARD OF DE. Also need Shirley Temple lobbies from her classic early titles, and I need lobbies from THE PHILADELPHIA STORY. Write or phone: Susan Svehla - address/phone above





**UNIVERSAL'S
POVERTY-
ROW:**

By
Arthur Joseph Lundquist

**THE
SAGA OF
PAULA
THE APE
WOMAN**

In 1943, Universal Pictures launched their last original monster. It was just another "B" film, cooked out in the studio mill sure to earn a few bucks and be forgotten. It wasn't particularly original or memorable. Universal released better movies that year. But perhaps the health of a studio is best gauged by the care it takes in its mediocrity.

CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN opens with credits in white letters against a background of flowing fog. A final title credit—"We hereby make grateful acknowledgment to Mr. Clyde Beatty for his cooperation and assistance in making the thrilling animal sequences in this film"—prepares us to see an extraordinary account of lion-taming footage clipped from a 1933 Universal feature, **THE BIG CAGE**. Spoiled (between us are introduced to the "love interest" having a doublet reunion after a two-year sojourn) (Uma elaborating the need to make footage developing a love story); lion tamer Fred Mason (William Stone); typical Universal hero—reasonably handsome, respectfully athletic, sensitive, and a truck (who from the back seat of Pasadena Clyde Beatty); Beth Gilman, typical Evelyn Anastos-style heroine (played by Evelyn Anastos). To create audience identification for this pair of strangers, Mason heroically drives back an escaped tiger (tiger walking footage ran in reverse).

Before the audience has time to wonder if this is really a circus film, Beth narrates in a flashback how she took her sister Dorothy (Martha Matineo) to the Creative Science Institute during a storm in the middle of the night. Dorothy, suffering from "Mason sort of a glandular trouble" is being left in the care of Dr. Sigurd Walters (John Derridine), renowned endocrinologist who "has furthered not one but three attempts at racial improvement."

After some more circus footage we discover that Dr. Walters' goal is to prove that " glands can transform physical matter into any size, shape, or appearance...if we've been able to create through the reborn of glandular extraction such specimens as

as first, what's to prevent us [transforming these glandular extractions from a human being into a higher type of animal?]

One such higher animal is Owele, a female gorilla recently captured by Mason. [Ordinary gorillas and glands had occurred so often in movies, radio melodramas, and pulp that by 1943 it was practically a reflex action. Universal's last original monster was almost a ready-made creation.] Dr. Walters kidnaps Owele with the aid of a disgruntled ex-husband (Paul Fix) who dies in the gorilla's jaws while Dr. Walters watches smiling.

In his laboratory, Dr. Walters infuses huge amounts of Dorothy's blood into Owele. We see that Laboratories have changed a great deal at Universal. The gothic instrumentation of **THE DWYSSIBLE RAY** (1936), has dematerialized via **THE DWYSSIBLE MAN RETURNS** (1939), modernized to the Con Ed sub-vision look of **HW MADE MONSTER** (1941). Expressionism is discarded in the name of "realism." It's not just that budgets are getting lower, but independent "B's" like **THE APE MAN** (1943) and **THE MONSTER MANAGER** (1944) still use laboratories of deliberate artificiality, the frame filled with strange bottles and bubbling beakers against a background of obviously painted flats.

But at Universal, efforts are being spent to make everything look more "real." Every object in Dr. Walters' laboratory might have come from any movie doctor's office. Of Universal's old expressionism, all that remains are the shadows. Veteran photographer George Heister (**THE DWYSSIBLE RAY**) wraps this around every scientific act.

For the audience of a World War, all of Universal's horror stories were shifting away from the gothic, moving closer to Hollywood realism. **THE HUNTER'S HUNT** (1940) has left Egypt for the American sweeps of **THE HUNTER'S HUNT** (1942). London herself never took has become American herself (Lon Chaney Jr. 1943 found even **SHERLOCK HOLMES** in WASHINGTON. The psychological acts of **SON OF BANGKOK** IN

(1939) have hiked westward to HOUSE OF DRACULA (1945), revealing all the way to *Sensations Uncovered* by the time *ADDICT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN* (1946). With each year the experimental became less "sage" and more natural, evolving into "Evil's Sanctus" mysteries, as if the studio felt their war-weary audiences becoming uneasy with the unknown.

The contemplation of the laboratory screen, if not of the whole film, is John Carradine. Surrounded by untroubled sisters, Carradine's voice is a delight, making over every other voice on the soundtrack, commanding us to pay attention to even the most banal "hello" and "oh, thank you."

Nothing better illustrates the imagination Carradine brings to Dr. Walters than the scene of his and his assistant Miss Strand (Fay Wray) watching the gorilla head of Deezle turn human (courtesy of a series of rather clumsy lap dissolves). Dr. Walters stares at the head in utter disbelief, oblivious to the horror of his assistant.

Dr. Walters: [As if he doesn't believe it himself] We've done it. [A smile comes to his face. We turn to Miss Strand, staring his assistant, afraid] We've done it!

Miss Strand: Oh, Dr. Walters, we can't go on with it.

Dr. Walters: [Still silent] Why not?

Miss Strand: In the past I've been willing to help you in your experiments with animals, but this is different. I can't help my hands stained with human blood.

Dr. Walters disengages her with an angry sigh.

Top: "You are Paula Dupree." Carradine unwraps Deezle's bandages to reveal the gorilla transformed into a beautiful woman (Aparanitta) **Bottom:** During one of these accidents that happen wherever *House Of Dracula* goes near the Lions, Paula saves his life gingerly



Miss Strand: Look at this girl. Slowly but surely you're exposing the life out of her. It's matter destiny you can't do it.

Dr. Walters: [With innocence, seized at her concern, as if the thought had never occurred to him] Why should a single life be considered so important? [He smiles pleasantly]

Miss Strand: Look Dr. Walters, for 13 years I've worked with you, shared your experiments, watched you gain the highest honors in the field of embryology. I've seen you gain control over the physical characteristics of men, and changed the breed and sex of animals. I've listened to your dreams of creating a race of supermen.

Dr. Walters: [Reasonable] Isn't that a laudable intent?

Miss Strand: But while you've been doing this you've lost sight of something else.

Dr. Walters: [A touch of impatience creeping into his voice] And what is it?

Miss Strand: Yourself. I saw it start and noticed it grow. Watched a brain that once was fine and brilliant begin to warp. And taper with things no man or woman should ever touch.

Dr. Walters: [Firm, but reasonable] Now maybe you'll listen to me. Haven't I proved beyond a doubt that glands can transform physical matter into any size, shape, or appearance?

Miss Strand: Yes you have, but in doing this, when you took the glands from the guinea-pig and grafted them into the rabbit, the guinea-pig died. When you grafted the frog's glands into a white mouse, the frog died. And you propose to experiment with an ape and a woman. That woman must eventually die.

Dr. Walters: Oh-oh, inevitable! Then she'll die in the advancement of science.

Miss Strand: And suppose your experiment is successful. What will you have? A human face with animal instincts. I won't let you do it! I won't! Please. You must stop!

Dr. Walters: [A light twinkle, his voice softens, and he speaks with agreement] You're right, Miss Strand. [Reasonably, logically] My new creation needs the element of mental stability that could only come from the cerebrum of the human brain. [With a touch of concern] Miss Coleman is essential to us for continued glandular injections. Insulating the creature would bring certain death to her. I can't afford that. [A touch of a smile] But you're a woman with a very *pragmatic* mind.

Miss Strand: No. No! Don't! Stop! Please!

After years of "60 western villains, Carradine does not have to work to convey evil. He handles this scene with quiet professionalism. He wears her a ring of cold conviction, without the sympathy of *Karloff's* mad scientist for *Colombe* [*THE MAN WHO DIED NOT RAG* (1939), *THE MAN WITH NINE LIVES* (1940), etc.] or the exorcism of *Legel*. He and Fay Wray bring but substitutes that are not even in the script, which here is simply a collection of lines from previous mad scientist movies.

In her brief role, Fay Wray gives what is known in the business as *first rate* support. She evokes the same feeling of a woman who has lived with pain being hurt again which she brought to her crippled and abandoned wife in *CRUELING DR. DEATH* (1943) and her murdered ancestor in *THE WOLF MAN* (1941). And she adds the unexpected nobility of an unrequited love for Dr. Walters. She plays the entire scene as an appeal to his benevolent humanity, even infusing such an appeal into her obligatory final scene.

To appreciate the care of Carradine, Wray, and DeWyck, one need only look at similar scenes between Lionel Atwill and Evelyn Ankers in *MAN MADE MONSTER* or Otto Kruger and Helene Ward in *JUNGLE CAPTIVE*.

As Dr. Walters transplants Miss Strand's brain into Deezle, a familiar string theme by New Zeller and an also-familiar electrical drone evokes memories of many Universal laboratories, giving *CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN* that special resonance which conveys even the most Universal horror film.

Carradine unwraps Deezle's bandages to reveal the gorilla transformed into a beautiful woman (Aparanitta), complete with a full head of hair in spite of her recent brain surgery. He gives her a new name and a set of simple instructions:

"You are Paula Dupree. Do you remember what happened? Do you remember anything of your past life? Your mind is my mind. Your every thought is my thought. What I tell you to do, you

will do. What I tell you not to do, you still not do. Do you understand that, Paula Deppes?"

He doesn't respond, but subsequently seems to obey as she is brought to the circus to watch Fred Neeson take lion footage. During one of those accidents that happen whenever Neeson goes near the lions, Paula saves his life by rather gingerly punting the cage and forcing a lion to retreat from his fallen body (lion walking footage cut in reverse). Impressed with his calm and even attitude, Neeson and his smug grin decide to star her in his next act. In the general anticipation that follows, nobody seems to realize that no one has consulted Paula herself. While at first glance this may seem to reveal an early feminist subplot, perhaps it has more to do with a subconscious effort to keep Agnesette from exchanging dialogue with her fellow actors.

All goes well and Paula looks pretty in carnival two-piece and high heels until she spies Fred and Beth entering. They don't notice Paula jealously stalk out of the room. Walter cues Dr. Walters, who exits on the unjustly wrong line: "I'm sorry! I've been away from the monitor too long as it is."

Back in her dressing room, Paula's gorilla flash comes back. It begins as she sees her patiently pacing, brooding down chairs and dresses as her animal instincts assert themselves (though to tell the truth, she remains a little too ladylike to appear more than padded cheesecake). There is a cut to a median closeup as we watch Paula's face (see black. Out to a closeup of her hand blacking, both done certainly to the old technique pioneered in Andrew Moussie's 1931 DR. ZERXO AND HIS HYD. of electromagnetic makeup and a revolving color filter over the camera lens (the fact that turning black to the first step in becoming a gorilla leads to speculation that we may be witnessing an example of over-accrion or even conscious racism). Cut to a shot of Paula approaching a mirror. She opens her lips to reveal sharp teeth. A quick lap dissolve brings more hair down her forehead and eyebrows. Cut to a closeup of her hand as whether lap dissolve brings more hair to her hand. A shot of her face shows they have changed as well.

Paula closes the wall outside Beth's second-floor bedroom. In a nice closeup she tells that more hair has come to her chin and cheeks. For no particular reason, Beth survives the encounter, so we see in a rather pointless equality scene seemingly included only to emphasize the fact.

There follows a fascinating monologue by Dr. Walters delivered to a closeup of Paula (we never see them together in the same shot) now in full wide open-mouthed makeup, including a flared nosepiece and gorilla gloves, explaining everything that has happened and will happen, delivered with total seriousness and combed by Carrollee:

"Everything I've planned, completely destroyed. All because of your madness, your insane attempt to kill Beth Coleman. You know what the police will do to you if they catch you? No, of course you don't. They wouldn't know if you jungle brained that urged you to kill a female that stood between you and a mate. They'll put you on trial. How question after question at you. Will you won't know what anybody's saying. Then they'll put you in the electric chair. And they'll kill you. All because they won't understand. They can't understand. The one thing I hadn't counted on. That terrific emotion would destroy the raw tissues in your gland growths. And I have myself partly to blame. I should have kept you under constant observation...Now I have to do it all over again. Graft raw glands into your body...Give another life to keep you in human form."

Agnes and Greger may be fine actors, but Carrollee is a star.

After a scene where Fred and Beth talk about things which as the audience already know, we find that Fred is going to open his act on a stormy night without Paula. Following more central footage, Beth gets a phone call from Dorothy:

"You've got to take me away from here. I'm scared. He's preparing me for another of those operations. Investments, he calls them...I'm afraid I won't stay here another minute. Something terrible is going on. I know it. I feel it. Beth! This would not be worth quiting at such length were it not the only line Dorothy has in the entire film (beyond "I see" and "Well, I" in her first scene). Which may explain why she does not arouse such sympathy.

While Fred takes more lion footage, Beth goes to free Dorothy. She meets Dr. Walters who explains what he's been doing and expresses appreciation for Beth's "clever mind." With a beautifully cold and ruthless look (momentarily revealing Neeson's largely unfulfilled potential for portraying villainesses, outside of THE SCALP OF DEATH (1946), Beth unleashes Paula, now back in the old gorilla suit.

Over a stormy shot of Crestview Sanatorium, we hear the moral: "And no, behind these gates is buried the legend of a mortal, who went beyond the realm of human powers, and tampered with things no man should ever touch."

Given all the hardware it starts with, CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN is really not that bad. Edward Dmytryk, an '70s film director who'd run out of money, managed to avoid a surprising number of pitfalls. He adds some (some) to a strictly by-the-numbers script from Henry Secker and J. Griffith Jay (co-creators of THE MERRY 1946 and THE MERRY 5 DUES?). He uses Agnesette, who at the time was primarily a model rather than an actress, with the same approach used in models to this day: the "New" act; just be natural! approach, while the other actors act around her. The results are not great, but they are not often embarrassing either.

THE BIG GAG footage is surprisingly well integrated into the new footage with Milton Stone. The gross director is not that great, and George Robinson does a good job of matching the lighting and shadows.

Though they don't quite mesh, the small world of the circus does make an interesting contrast with the shadow world of Dr. Walters. Here, the circus stands in for the normal world, as opposed to the evil of Crestview Sanatorium. Such a contrast is possibly unique in horror films, where the circus is usually a place of strangeness. As in Hollywood, a circus probably felt as normal as anyone else.

In the words of indisputable Doris Clarke, "This Neeson had her career extended into the sequels, both dismal..." This is at best an overqualification of the truth. JACQUELINE WARR, released in 1944, once again opens with credits in white letters against a background of moving fog and the title: "We hardly make Agnesette, in a "Jungle Woman" studio publicity shot, displays her talent as a model. Her acting approach: "Don't act; be natural!"



grateful acknowledgment to Mr. Clyde Beatty for his cooperation and invaluable talent in staging the thrilling animal sequences in this film." [The use of fog as a credits background is not unique to this series. It is also used in CALLING DR. DEATH and the Basil Rathbone Sherlock Holmes series.] JUNGLE WOMAN begins promisingly with a tight time struggle between a man and woman, shown completely by their shadows thrown upon a wall. It seems to end in her death, immediately bucked up by a headline: "Dr. Fletcher is held for Doctor's Inquest." We are taken to that inquest, where almost immediately things start to go wrong.

We recognize William Stone and Evelyn Adams as Fred Hueson and Beth Coleman (now Beth Mason), but the scene centers on a Dr. Fletcher (J. Carroll Nash) accused of murdering a woman at his sanatorium. The scene cuts back and forth from his cross examination to a series of unbelievably clumsy reaction shots of people listening.

Dr. Fletcher tells his story. And vast amounts of flashbacks to CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN is a new conversation between Fred and Dr. Fletcher giving us fresh information about Cheela:

Hueson: Well, I found her on one of my expeditions into the Belgian Congo. You know the natives told me a story of a doctor further back in the interior who'd been experimenting with turning human beings into animals. I was never able to trace the story down but the natives insisted it was true and that Cheela was the result of one of those experiments.

Dr. Fletcher: Oh, there have been every efforts made in that direction. As well as giving animals human qualities by means of various serums.

Which is the first, last, and only time we ever hear anything about Cheela's African origins.

There is more confusion. Flashbacks on top of flashbacks. The very first flashback we see shows the end of CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN, making for bizarre continuity. In Beth's flashbacks she expresses puzzlement about the strange similarities between Paula and Cheela, forgetting how Dr. Walters had explained it all to her.

When the flashbacks end, they have taken up a full third of the picture. [With them goes the last of Hans Salter's music. Henceforth, we hear the sounds of Paul Sawtell], were evocative of first episode and "Dress Serenade" mystique, especially CALLING DR. DEATH, than of the silver age of Universal horror. The next before after Dr. Fletcher has nursed Cheela back to health, when it turns out we are not completely dead at the end of CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN. He has also purchased Creative Sanatorium, complete with the show that continues to rage outside it. However, besides the storm, nothing resembles any set we had ever seen. Even the shadows are gone.

Assailing her is Willie (Edward Hume), whose dialogue ("How go, she lovely.") sounds so unlike any universal assistant that he can be either a case of unexplained originality or an imitation of OF HICE AND HEN'S Larry, perhaps written with (or Chewy D. in mind).

Cheela (shown as never see) disappears from the sanatorium, and Paula Depree (Aguarista again) is found suddenly wandering the grounds. No one can imagine where she came from. Suddenly we are introduced to Dr. Fletcher's daughter, Joan (Iola Collier), and her fiancé, Bob Whitney (Richard Davis). They appear out of nowhere, more than half way through the film, but we are expected to accept them and empathize with them as the "love interest," slight women. The fact that we do not know them appear like strangers in their own film.

As soon as Paula sees Bob, her eyes light up and she starts talking, at which point we suddenly understand why Aguarista was given no dialogue the first time around. A hilariously unintentional moment then occurs as Paula stands beside a window looking (perhaps a quotation of a similar moment in THE CAT PEOPLE-1942). Dr. Fletcher hears her and stands by her side. He listens to her pain but makes no move to comfort, to touch, to even speak. He simply observes her, insulated from her pain.

Strange moments like these are caused not by planning, but by the accidental juxtaposition of different scenes with no awareness of what effect might result. By this time at Universal, horror film was not written by creatively attempting to evoke an atmosphere of fear or sadness. By now they are written like



Top: Carolee and Aguarista from CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN- After years of 8-woman violence, Carolee does not have to work to convey evil; Bottom: Iola Collier and Richard Davis dress of starlets in JUNGLE WOMAN. Did either of them appear in another movie?

any other "B" film, by putting together collections of elements, clothes if you will, that appeared in previous horror films. The other elements are the Assistant, the Love Interest, the Surgeonmaster, and the Superstitious Priestess. All a screenwriter need do is tie enough of these elements together within a sixty-plus minute running time and he has a horror film. Such thinking was probably responsible for GUEST OF FRANKENSTEIN (1942), MAKE UP HIS MIND (1935), and THE MONSTER'S GHOST (1944).

Screenwriters Edward Schubert (MURDER'S CORSE, FROTH GOES-1945) and Henry Secher seem to add an element to Universal. Let us call it the "W" (wrist) element. Keep the audience in ignorance as to what is really happening, than what they imagine shall be more interesting than what we can show. Or simply state: a monster you don't see is more frightening than a monster you can see. Right? True, to keep the audience guessing, no one is allowed to know what's going on.

Note the effect of this approach with the different performance styles. Aguarista speaks her lines like an actress performing in a foreign language, with little awareness as to what they mean. Willie, as written, cannot understand the things he hears. Joan and Bob, as previously noted, are insulated from everything. All the competent minor characters seek on a constant note of fear and confusion. Everybody talks at each other, to no one seems to listen. All except J. Carroll Nash (Nash from his husband in HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN-1944), playing Dr. Fletcher on a single note of perpetual bewilderment. They talk like no people have

ever talked, against characterless standing sets where ZUMA never intrudes. Thus, across pass that tell us nothing, where nothing is communicated, where nobody knows what to do.

George: It gets me, all these gongs, around here. I don't know what's come over this place.

Miss Grogg: I don't know whether to call the police, or what to do.

George: I'm all for sitting here... (Dr. Fletcher enters)

Miss Grogg: Oh, Dr. Fletcher. I'm so glad you're back.

Dr. Fletcher: Why? What's happened now?

Miss Grogg: I... I guess George can explain better than I.

George: Well sir, at sir's pleasant room. I don't know how to start...

It is almost Theater of the Absurd!

Add to that, the style of direction. The characters in ZUMBI WOMAN are constantly walking from one place to another, coming from no place in particular and going nowhere in particular, seemingly with purpose, but so far as the audience can tell, for no conceivable reason. Reginald Kellum obviously told his actors to simply walk across the set, but the result is to emphasize an atmosphere of aimlessness.

Characters seem to appear and disappear at random. In one scene, Paula seems to have a goal. As she creeps up behind Dr. Fletcher, she seems to want to kill him. But as soon as he turns around and speaks, that objective disappears. She says, "I am leaving," then goes for his throat. Dr. Fletcher gains irresistible strength and tosses her to the floor. Bob enters. Dr. Fletcher becomes nonchalant; Paula goes dead. Dr. Fletcher mutters, "Oh, don't misunderstand, son."

The movie becomes a kind of limbo, with people drifting here and there, dying, appearing and disappearing, all at random, like a surrealist dream.

A good editor can sometimes pull things together and impose some unity (see CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN). But here, especially in a scene laboriously pieced after THE PEOPLE where Joan is stalked through the woods by Paula, the editor seems to have been left with piles of footage to stitch together, with no idea of how they were originally meant to fit.

Sometimes this approach works like a Dada poem: Bob runs Joan out onto a lake, shouting "Francis!" dialogue as a radio plays smooth music:

Bob: You know what, Joan?

Joan: What?

Bob: If I were God I'd give every Joe like as a canoe, a lake like this, and someone like you.

Joan: If I were God, you know what I'd do?...I'd give every girl like me a... a magic power, take each wonderful moment like this and shut it...with everlasting light.

Bob: I think you've got something there.

At this moment, the music still playing, we are poised to see something romantic. Instead, we get a shot of the water with Paula's hair swirling just below the surface. It is a strangely unsettling image, because it is not frightening, not funny, not fascinating in the way a shot of another woman is. Through sheer incompetence, the movie comes up with an image that is...weird.

The structure of ZUMBI WOMAN is so strange, that it looks like something went very wrong during production, and the movie had to be pulled together in a state of panic. The results was not a very good film, but it was 60 minutes of movie. Now even that year, the studio was factories designed to turn out movies. People didn't go to see an individual title; people went to see movie-combat movies, western movies, comedy movies, musical movies. Novelty movies. Do many titles wouldn't hurt anybody, not until something better comes along.

Without saying, Dr. Fletcher's story terminates, and the movie cast (including first-billed Akers and Stone, who as haven't seen since the CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN footage ended, two-thirds of the movie ago) goes down to the morgue to view the body. We get one shot of less than a second's duration (the only glimpse in the entire film) of Paula in her apotheosis state, and the movie ends, with a moral to tie everything together: "The evil that was brought shall in the end destroy itself."

Paula returned for one last sequel. After the off-balanced structure of CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN and the almost complete breakdown



Top: Otto Kruger confabulates Jack Pierce's lost Universal monster makeup in ZUMBI CAPTIVE. Note how, as with FRANKENSTEIN, most of the makeup rests on the upper half of the face; below: Otto Kruger's death at the hands of Augustus from ZUMBI CAPTIVE.

of ZUMBI WOMAN, this last film would start to put the pieces back together again. But in doing so it prints the way to the end of the Universal horror factory.

ZUMBI CAPTIVE (1940) opens with credits in white letters against a photograph of a manning fog (similar to the credits for HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN). Clyde Snow reviews the location. The action starts in a completely awful laboratory as Mr. Carl Dr. J. Stenard (Otto Kruger) and his youthful assistants Dan Young (Phil Brown) and Arne Forester (Melitta Ward) electrocute being a rabbit back to life.

Then the shadow of Bonds Hutton thrown against a screen wall brings us back to more traditional horror territory. In a slight reworking of the same script set from ZUMBI WOMAN, we are given a shot of Paula lying in her nest locker in her apotheosis state which is almost (but not quite) identical to the one shot as had of her at the end of her last outing.

We switch between Bill the attendant, call for an ambulance, look the ambulance drivers in a closet, stuff Paula's rigid motionless body in the ambulance, drive it to the country, pack the corpse into a nearby station wagon, and send the ambulance over a cliff.

Then a police officer walks into the morgue, finds the two captive ambulance drivers, calls the police who send Detective Herrigan (George Gowen), and Herrigan discovers the body of the morgue attendant in Paula's locker.

Ambulance Driver: But what's he doing in there?

Herrigan: Oh, come, isn't it?

A telegraph hospital mock from the wrecked ambulance leads Herrigan to Mr. Stenard's office where Herrigan immediately gives Dan the J. Carroll Walsh approach from CALLING DR. DEATH.

Q: You don't suspect me, do you?

HAYES: He-he, He. If I did I'd ask you a lot of routine questions like, uh-where were you last night?

I go into all these events in such detail only because the movie actually shows us every one of these things happening, one right after the other, each leading to the next. Such systematic logic comes as a shock after the aimless wanderings of JUNGLE WOMAN. The change is too total to be simply due to a different set of writers. It is as if someone "lay up" next door a new script, "This time, when somebody's going somewhere, I want to know where he's going, and how he got there!"

Not only as the plot was coherent, screenwriters Delight DeLoach (JUNGLE'S CURSE, DEAD MAN'S CURSE-1944) and Webster S. Coates (SPYGLASS CONFESIONS- 1945, and dozens of westerns) bring new wit to the dialogue, which sounds, if not like speech from life, then at least like speech from better writers. Gen and Ave are even given a few minutes before establishing themselves as the "low interest." Gen ("You can't operate; you're not a surgeon.") Young makes a new perceptible leading man than either Ford ("Oh well, look honey, you're letting your imagination run away with you.") Mason or Bob ("Dear, it was just a bad dream.") writing. However, these improvements leave Paula herself in the background, a minor character in her own movie.

Mr. Stendahl brings Ave to his country retreat where she is introduced to his caretaker, Melick (Brenda Hatten), and to the body of Paula.

Q: Is it her name.

Stendahl: Precisely. This is a new-made creation, an experiment. That's why I had to have the body to prove or disprove my theory of restoring life. After all, I'm not experimenting with a human being. This is an animal you should recognize it as such.

Q: But you committed murder to get it!

Stendahl: Oh yes...you see, Melick is a true scientist. He understands the importance of a new life, and that it might speed progress.

This movie and the operation montage that follows are slowly patterned after the similar scene and montage in CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN, with naturally better dialogue. Unfortunately, a lot of the improved script is defeated by the same sill, involving pace director Harold Hunt bright to THE HENRY'S TOWN and FRODO BAGGINS.

Snappier direction or tighter editing might have helped. But during the war years, a movie did not need to be interesting. The rules would make anything. A movie did, however, have to be 60 minutes long. JUNGLE CAPTIVE barely fills 63. CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN, stock footage and all, only cleared 61. Thus it was not necessarily in the interest of director or writer to make a better movie.

The saving grace of these scenes is Brenda Hatten. Post-life sufferer from the skeletal disorder Anorexia (which enlarges some body parts while leaving others unchanged), Hatten had just completed his breakthrough role of "The Creeper" in the Sherlock Holmes thriller, PEARL OF DEATH. Hatten's Creeper became one of Universal's final successes--the monster who "beats almost no make-up" in HOUSE OF HORRORS, THE BRUIED MAN, and THE SPIDER WOMAN STRIKES BACK (all in 1946)--"Moose face you must see in order to believe there can be one like it." If Paula were a ready-made monster, "The Creeper" took that concept one step further, to stand almost alone as the last germ of the Universal horror factory.

Hatten had no dialogue in PEARL OF DEATH. We discover why in JUNGLE CAPTIVE. He simply reads his words with an affliction or aphasia. His lines come in on cue, but he seems unaware of what we just said to prompt them, as if Hatten studied only his own sides rather than complete scripts. His blank delivery adds something to Lones like, "You gotta put in a new body?"

If all this sounds familiar, it is because Hatten in PEARL OF DEATH and JUNGLE CAPTIVE is handled the same as Acquarone was in CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN and JUNGLE WOMAN, respectively. It's a pity they never played a scene together.

One knock, on the other hand, is a recorded character actor, bringing sense and humor to Mr. Stendahl. The contrast between his committed to his words and Hatten's seeming disorce brings a wild flavor to unbillemously insensitive writing like:

Stendahl: Not worried about her...see you, Melick?

Melick: If you take out too much blood, she'll die.

Stendahl: Oh, Melick. I believe you feel sorry for my pretty assistant. Don't be a fool...with that face you're not exactly a General. (Indicates the eye woman) This is more in your line, Melick.

[Melick would write on both HOUSE OF HORRORS and THE BRUIED MAN, existed in the latter once over by Coates.]

Stendahl: Well, Melick, all this only proves half a theory.

Melick: What's half a theory?

Stendahl: Well, as far we've brought life back to this...hybrid. If she could be transformed into a woman, then I would have brought her back life to a human.

Melick: Then why don't you do it?

Q: Under the eye woman makeup is 18 year-old Vicki Lane. Her Paula is livelier and less body-like than Acquarone's. She is given a single Jack Pierce makeup throughout, which we as the audience have ample opportunity to study [one of the joys of Universal horror which one doesn't often get from any other studio].

After the time passes, Lane is not as pretty, in a fashion much more, as Acquarone's. But her eyes are more expressive. DeLoach and Coates give her neither dialogue nor transformation scenes (their script was written for Acquarone's, and reportedly turned it down), but what we do see is promising. According to the pressbooks: "Miss Lane, one of the few actresses suitable for the part, happened to be the only one who was willing to endure the difficult make-up work." She has no other major film credits.

The middle of the story runs back and forth like a western or a serial: Paula escapes. Is captured. Transfers [footage of the first hand transformation in CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN]. Stendahl seems to have up or down mystery. Paula escapes. Melick looks for Paula. He drives to Stendahl's office. Meets Gen. Gen spots Ave's engaged pin in Melick. Melick drives home. Gen follows Melick. Melick finds Stendahl. Stendahl captures Gen. Gen escapes. Ave escapes. Stendahl and Melick recapture Paula, Gen, and Ave.

All this running around obscures the fact that this movie has nowhere to go, having given us our monsters, the filmmakers have no idea what to do with them.

Yet, if you have never seen the first two films, JUNGLE CAPTIVE yields something unexpected. It leaves an impression of a world filled with monsters. A world whose monsters have past histories one can never know, and here we are touching only a single monster. A world that seems on, almost invisible of its monsters, and are only made pieces of its background.

That same year, HOUSE OF DRACULA was explaining away the supernatural and curing its monsters. A nation aggressively learning to return to normalcy had no place for them. It would shoo them to settle down beneath a blanket of comfort and censorship.

As in HOUSE OF DRACULA, in the final scene, all the waylines leap together and the bodies mount. Stendahl prepares to remove the basin of fully conscious and near-dressed Ave. Melick becomes protective, advances on Stendahl with his stock "Creeper" murder walk. Stendahl shakes Melick. Melick dies. Paula transforms (previously quoted hand transformation run is covered). Breaks straps. Kills Stendahl. Goes after Ave. Is with by Herrington. End frame on the lovers.

There is no moral.

The crucial finale of JUNGLE CAPTIVE. Was the "laboratory" set that could have come from any movie. Experimentation is discarded.



REMEMBERING "THE THING THAT COULDN'T DIE" THAT FORGOTTEN SECOND FEATURE!

By
Paul Anthony Parla

June 8 '86



"They chopped off its head and buried it for 433 years; yet it lives today!"

Quite an impressive ad-line indeed for any unassuming Saturday matinee crowd to encounter, and if we can pause for a moment, rear back to mid-summer of 1956, we might ourselves perusing through an erudite-edited theater lobby about to chance an impassioned glimpse of Christopher Lee in HORROR OF DRACULA, "a head in search of its body" may join your memory a bit, bringing back to mind that forgotten second feature. Soaring aloft the flying vortices, sinister castles atop haunted hills, bobs, and screaming skulls of 1956, THE THING THAT COULDN'T DIE is most certainly an established conversation piece, not only in search of a body, but also deserving of just criticism. This late-night television premiere is really one of the wildest concoctions of fantasy-horror to come about during the chaotic, latter portion of the 1950s. It lides among the lesser Face of Draculit and is yet another perfect example of how the limitations of a meager budget burdenously haunted its creators. This wickedly weaving excursion merits discussion and more clamoring since beneath all of its visual absurdity, within David Deen's story, existed a fun horror film, the epitome of '50s' bizarre extravaganzas. What emerges from Deen's screenplay is a fantasy film played, not by the inexperience of an inanimate staff of pallid production, but the wild irreverence of its cinematic structuring.

THE THING THAT COULDN'T DIE dangles at the slender end of Deen's wilyly complemented get-together, credited members between HENRIER ON THE CAMPUS (1954) and Edward Delfino's CURSE OF THE UNDEAD (1959) and THE LEEDY WOMAN (1960). At the time THE THING THAT

COULDN'T DIE was made, the walled (University)-International special effects staff fixed themselves at the mercy of a sudden gun of low-budget, fast-buck shuckies sent via overnight express and indubly steeped with the genius of either Roger Dornen, the profitable glaucosity of William Castle, or the absurdity of Bert I. Gordon. By mid-1957, the screening variety of Universal's special effects cinematographer, Clifford Stine, whose presence graced the setler, more recognized sci-fantasy films such as IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE (1955), THIS ISLAND EARTH (1956), TARANTULA (1955), THE MOPHID MAMMOTH (1957), THE CUCKY MANUS (1957), and the beautifully landscaped THE LAND UNKNOWN (1957), stood unjustly confined and rarely unexpressed. HENRIER ON THE CAMPUS, THE LEEDY WOMAN, and CURSE OF THE UNDEAD did not offer much for Stine's special photographic sophistication. However, THE THING THAT COULDN'T DIE, an seemingly unimportant film among enthusiasts, did preserve the potential in having Stine further define his craft. Thus, and under the title of THE WHIRL WIND, is perhaps Stine's last exhibition of imaginative 1950's special effects.

Deen's story revolves around Edward Deen (Robin Hughes), an evil 16th century witch severed head lay buried beneath the earth somewhere in the uncharted hills of California. Condemned to an eternal duration and used for his wester deity, Deen's head and corpse are placed in separate graves, his soul lingering far outside in divided torment. Deen Deen will flourish and exercise his satanic powers against the world when his head and body join again, it is told during a brief flashback sequence.

Jessica Harve (Carolyn Hayes) is gifted with the abilities of "second sight." A socially withdrawn young woman, she lives

with her temperately greedy aunt, Flavia McStoye (Peppie Gersweide), on a huge, unexciting ranch nestled in the canyons of northern California. One afternoon, with her chewing gum extended above a dirt path, she experiences a queer sensation while approaching a tall, weeping oak tree beside the ranch-house. Drawn to her guests Gordon Hawthorne (William Reynolds), Linda Mallison (Anita Martin), Herb Martin (Jeffrey Stone), and her aunt Jessica in a sense of the site which will reveal Linda's weird death, lost for days and wedged within the base of the tall oak. When the article is discovered, Gordon manages to uncover an ancient talisman lying under the twisted roots and curiously examines it. When Jessica is overcome by another alien assault, she begs everyone to leave the area and return to the house just as a spectacular bolt of atmospheric flame sweeps a large limb and strikes Linda unconscious. Afterward, Jessica and her aunt, along with ranch staffman Boyd Monerewick (Gene Anderson) and Mike (Dorlan Horvath), stroll over a grassy slope as Jessica casts her bewitching spell. Flavia is certain that an underground water vein exists on the property and locating it would assure her ranch will win a handsome sum of money. Suddenly, the faded rock starts to vibrate downward and stops. Flavia is thrilled at the sight and orders Boyd and Mike to begin digging. Finally, Jessica looks on and upon pleads with her aunt to have them stop the ritual, warning everyone of "something very evil" awaiting below. As Gordon arrives, his suspicions of the talisman come to mind and he ponders the possibility of a buried treasure left by explorers during the 16th century. Hours later, a small, empty chest is unearthed and carried back to the ranch, where Flavia hastily looks it inside a spare room and awaits the arrival of Gordon's geologist colleague, Julian Ash (Farrest Lewis).

While all are asleep that evening, Flavia's appointed assistant, Boyd and Mike, shield the entrance as Jessica quivers fearfully in her sleep, the imminent horror trying feverishly to regain its bearings. Boyd's alarming suspicions of heading the "treasure" lead to persuading Mike, physically sound but mentally deficient, to pay upon the unearthed box. While Boyd wanders off to visit Jessica's cabin (Boyd being a device and habitual midnight "boomer"), Mike lifts the lid and peers dutifully into the face of horror: Eldon Drew. This scene is truly a memorable gem of faraway cinema and is greatly characteristic of Universal's distinguished methods in depicting the title fiend upon an eager audience so as see the ghastly fiend, in quiet slumber, open its eyes and silently emanate to a dead Horvath.

Killing Boyd, Mike grasps the head seductively and drops the body into the forest. As the sight of Boyd's death, Flavia awakens the local police. When Linda becomes the next victim, she succeeds in having Jessica remove the talisman which results in the strengthening of Eldon's over-powering demonic invulnerability. Later, Linda presents Jessica with a "gift." Within the dark, crimsoned bedroom Drew schemes the reuniting of his corpse. Once awakened, Jessica sets out to locate Eldon's remains. Gordon, Herb, Flavia, and Julian are baffled with Jessica's strange behavior, and unaware of the previous occurrence, follow her into the hills. When the coffin is found, it is brought back to the ranch and placed inside the guest room. Flavia is overwhelmed with the notion of selling the "treasure value" to Julian as Linda discreetly instructs Jessica to fetch the "gift." Suddenly, the chest-lid breaks upward to reveal Drew's headless body which rises and wobbles drunkenly upright before the weird eyes of Gordon, Herb, Flavia, and Julian; Linda watching the horrible event with grinning delight. Finally, Jessica walks into the room (Eldon's head is heard) and proceeds in restoring life to Drew's mutilated soul.

Drew, now of human form, stalks murderously around the room before the startled group cloaking his first and ultimate offense. Wielding his dagger, he stands dramatically beside Jessica and pronounces his de Sadean verdict as inevitable dialogue sounds: "Ye lost I breathe again! Satan still lives! Your confessions have not reduced his power! So this is what mankind has become... Rage before the butcher waiting to die!" Tying the hapless crowd, he mocks, "Which one of you will be first! After so long a fast, I thirst for human blood. You (Linda), but I think your blood is too cold, and your blood has turned to steel! (Flavia) Your blood is diluted with the vile stuff you drink (Herb, a light tosser) And you have drunk up! (Julian) Ah, you (Gordon) in his attempt to seize Gordon, Drew stombs back into the closet upon the Golly night of the talisman. When Gordon and Herb reluctantly lift the lid, Drew's skeletal form is seen, freezing Jessica and Linda from her spell as Julian announces, "Satan has finally reached his."

Based upon David Greven's original story *The Water Witch*, the screenplay does contain a number of pills which are difficult to swallow. However, the madness of its execution is expertly expressed through Will Cowan's whimsical and tasteful direction, fashionably embodied by Stone's incisive photographic effects. Cowan's keen directorial eye successfully resolves sufficient mystery and suspense to the point of the "thing's" introduction. Upon discovery of the ominous chest, a subtle inspiration is given as to its possible "owner" contents, revealing the obscure game of its "monster" implied title. Despite this ponderous give-away, Cowan's thoughtfully calculated pacing does manage to bolster the triteness of the film's low-voltage fiend who resembles a 400-year-old Crowd Flynn.

Will Cowan's debut in the motion picture industry as producer came in 1940 at Universal Pictures with *HE'S MY GUY*, which starred Joan Davis and Don Fox. Cowan's successful mixture of drama and breezy big-band entertainment put his firmly at the helm of a continuing array of popular Universal big-budget musicals and features, such as *DAISY DICKERSON*, *LET THERE BE MUSIC*, *DANCING ON THE STARS*, *ROCKIN' THE BARGE*, *SMING TONIGHT*, and *SOUTH SEA RHYTHM*, to name a few. Also during the early 1940s, Cowan teamed up with Universal with such enjoyable feature westerns as *WILDEN CYCLING*, *LAW OF THE RANGE*, *MAN FROM NOWHERE*, *THE BRONCO RANGERS*, and an extravagant "thriller-minute" western-musical entitled *SOME OF THE PLANS* (1943). His top-rated talents led to more generously budgeted, tearful marauders like *ROCKINGE RHYTHM*, *REMEMBER MEAD*, and *ARTISTRY IN BATHING* which featured the Star Nation Orchestra. His versatility progressed with films like *JAMES WARR* (1944), *DEAD MEN'S FEET* (1944), *CALLING DR. DEATH* (1944), and *THE FINEST BEST* (1945). Producing and directing an abundance of television commercials during the 1950s, he briefly returned to feature films at Universal in 1958 with *THE BIG DEAD* and *THE TRAMP PAUL CRADIN'S GUY*...his last motion picture credit. Will Cowan left Universal in 1959 and went on to Warner Brothers for a short six month period and then went on to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Later, as president of Filmmage of California is subsidiary of Filmmage, Inc., he retired from the industry. By then Filmmage of California had become "Will Cowan Productions."

STARE INTO THESE EYES

if you dare!

...and soon you too will become the...willing slave of

THE THING THAT COULDN'T DIE

...the most terrifying monster that ever stalked the earth!

WILLIAM REYNOLDS ANDRAN MARTIN CAROLYN KEARNEY JEFFREY STONE

Story by DAVID GREVEN. Produced and Directed by WILL COWAN. UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL, PICTURES

"The casting of THE THING THAT COULDN'T DIE was excellent, especially the technical aspect of it. You just couldn't do any better. Everyone on the film were all top-notch veterans. Russel Nelly, Ann Gilchrist, Cliff Skira, and so on were all positive figures of technical stature," informed Owen.

The prestigious combination of the award-winning talents contributed by Russel Nelly's distinct photography and Alexander Gelitman's fresh, appropriately artistic art direction, secure the reputation of Universal's polished tradition. Russel Nelly's lensing is a sensual and showcasing word faster throughout the film and a standout when Reynolds is hunched over the coffin chest, showing the forthcoming inscription "If ye witness by inserted soul, open not this accursed chest. For within it lieth the distributed spirits of Eldon Drew, Foster and widowed man whose set fast upon the Earth." This is set over the inward Jessica walking severely out of the door once the forthcoming structural glass, her glowing red underbrush as a rightishward word swirls her virgin-white nightgown. Owen's stride toward manifesting a spirally still more is perfectly unobscured and equally matured intrigue in a most freshish manner.

The story development of THE THING THAT COULDN'T DIE identifies somewhat with that of Aster Picture's story but unusually acas 1956 entry, GIANT FROM THE UNKNOWN. GIANT purports similar depiction of historical fact and fiction, more validly accepted in its visual context, revealing the tale of a depraved and traitorous Donquixote "Hip-yn-Winkle," whose catonic awakening results in modern day mythos. This sort of Drew is obviously more unrestrained in THING, proving upon a certifiable old relic believed to contain the stolen "Sensory treasure belonging to Sir Francis Drake who sailed to the remote shores of California during the 16th century.

See sequences from THE THING THAT COULDN'T DIE featuring Bud Westmore's synthetic head-cast of actor Robin Hayes



This is though, at times, humorously mannered, presumably unintentional.

Performances are displayed abstrusly. Millie Reynolds plays with a confident and viable straight-forwardness, nicely accented by Carolyn Kearny's naive, angelic presence. Miss Kearny's debuting role combines altered modes of impassiveness and subtlety—a piece which she performs viciously. Anne Martin and Jeffrey Stone handle themselves with a certain ease of fluency. Anne is seductively transmitted, and in a few sequences, strikingly curving as the sleazish villainess. Peggy Curveson, in her portrayal of Florida, is particularly vibrant and succeeds in weaving a sense of earthy flamboyancy into her character. He I MARRIED A WOMAN FROM OUTER SPACE, James Anderson is aptly cast as Boyd Adverscrum, one of Florida's crafty and emotionally twisted henchmen. The conviction of Anderson's performance is best observed in a scene wherein his repeated desires to connect with the innocent Jessica are viewed in farewell, midnight visits to her cabin, standing in frustration behind her locked door as he peers primarily into the window to watch the young scene disperse. Anderson's settings, Miss, a lumbering brutish agonism with the mortality of a steel chestnut, is adaptively played by semi-scourton Charles Hereth. Anderson's esquery over his creates some light comedy, usually overshadowed by the impending terror. A fine example of atmospheric creativity comes when Hereth is peered blankly beside the "head" which is neatly perched atop a rotted tree limb staring diabolically at Jessica in the distance. Drew's eyes fix on Hereth and helplessly prompts his next command, giving way to the classically lodged reply, "Yes, she finds things...even bodies." Other scenes similar to the aforementioned show Hereth traipsing around the ranch with Drew's head clutched firmly in hand by a clump of entangled hair, spying into windows in search of Miss Kearny. Hereth thereafter, Hereth is pursued by the local lawmen as we catch a foregone glimpse of his equated behind a huge rock coming from the approaching police, crediting Drew's head in external defense. These actions are technically authentic in utilizing Bud Westmore's synthetic head-cast and are eerily tailored by Russel Nelly's photographic deftness. Gershenson's music is shown sporadically about from CIRCULAR FROM THE BLACK LAGOON, THE ISLAND (ARTH, DE DEADLY HAWK), and TARANULA.

Special praise goes to the brief appearance of Thomas B. Henry who is seen as a strange, hooded figure during the stylishly done flashback sequence. As Jessica wanders through a gloomy, midnight forest, she suddenly lapses into a semi-trance and slips back in time to witness the beheading execution of Eldon Drew. In typically staged Universal fashion, we see a 16th century procession of grisly medieval characters leading a bewildered Drew towards the chopping block, and Gershenson's dirging blues and fog-shrouded wail. As aching hooded man orders the blindfold be removed so Henry reads the scribbled records of Drew's blasphemous crimes—"Remove the cloth and let his see a world where he shall never walk again. Fear not! His eyes cannot shield the vision of just those that surround the ancient lawmen." As the cloth is taken away, Drew blurs viciously, "Gawd! Look at me!" as the others holding their eyes from his corrosive gaze. Hiding the lawmen boldly before Drew, Henry interjects, "Hey! Do you gaze on this? Drew, shaving the sacred metal! Speak not of awards when your own heart fails at vision of the eye you've betrayed. Ay! Grew! And hide those eyes, had here your eyes in this...the record of your evil deeds. Thou Eldon Drew has blasphemed thy creator! Howe voice we heard when the harrower beseeching Satan to overt the wrath of God. Hey! He was robbed and murdered and by the power Satan placed within thine evil eyes, has corrupted better men to do the same!" Drew then proudly proclaims that someday "I shall rise to spread the flames of hell around the world" as Henry further orders, "Hag as shall proceed by our punishment. Let his neck be stretched!" As Drew is escorted to the chopping stump, Henry announces his final admonition: "See! Eldon Drew, the falls before thee...Thou shall not die! Thy head which taught the evil deeds shall be severed from its immediate body. Stepped in the evil thoughts, the head forever living, shall lie in this restless land. While in another plane, thy headless corpse shall find eternity in which to just...and find the time too short to give it ease! This be thy torment! And the curse shall reign, until thy head and body join again!"



Even though each of **THING** was filmed on Universal's back-lot, here is an in-door "outdoor" sequence actually captured on film.

Crew's rack is indeed "stretched" so we see a grainy shot of his head being lopped off and placed into storage. The beheading sequence is surprisingly convincing, but fails to display the slightest drop of blood. This possibly being a fiscally implicit extension of Drew's "bloodless" persona.

The making of **THE THING THAT COULDN'T DIE** evolved during a period of dilemma for its creators. The purchasing and releasing of full-length feature films to television in the fall of 1957 caused considerable damage within the industry and to most of the major studios, so crowds at the box-office began to dwindle and decidedly preferred to stay at home and take advantage of free movie entertainment. Late 1957 was indeed a beleaguered period, very much so for Universal as movie theater grosses suffered a drastic truncating. Over 30 pictures had been completed and slated for release, against a market that had stayed favorably toward television viewing, what resulted in January of 1958 was a massive "clearing out" of contract personnel, technical staffing, and other assorted talent. Universal then prepared to produce a group of lower budgeted projects with the existing funds, reworking these features for production in early 1958. Among this group were **WINGER IN THE NIGHT**, **THE OCEANOGRAPH** (HOSTEN ON THE CAMPUS), **AFFAIRS OF A WAMPINE** (COURSE OF THE LAND), **THE LEON** (THE LEON MENA), and **THE WATER WITCH** (THE THING THAT COULDN'T DIE). Simultaneously, the end of Universal-International drew nearer to a merger with MCA Corporation of America (M.C.A.), which officially came in 1958. When **THE THING THAT COULDN'T DIE** went into production on January 1, 1958, on a budget of \$150,000, the corridors at Universal were emptying.

Willie Green resented in his experience during that period. "When I began making **THE THING THAT COULDN'T DIE**, some interesting situations occurred. With the lines being as they were in early 1958, it was the function of all the department chiefs to clear themselves of contract individuals. This problem, we were most nerve film, was not regarded highly. The chiefs of casting approached all the contracted talent on the lot and suggested they do a part in this picture. Bill St. John was one, among others. They, as their agents, would turn a picture of this budget size which resulted in a suspension, and the studio was no longer obligated to pay them. So what **THE THING THAT COULDN'T DIE** did was "clean out" the contract ranks. Willie Reynolds, Andy Curtis, and Jeffrey Stone were all contracted Universal talent and accepted-Gardner Seery was a rescuer and was latched perk about doing the film."

Mr. Green continued: "Russell Harty and Alexander Golitzen were both available to do the picture and normally would not have been assigned to a project with this low budget. Now, in England, the 2. Arthur Rank Organization wanted to double-bill a low-budget horror film with a production they had at the time recently secured (MURDER OF DRACULA). Universal had worked very closely with them through the years, and **THE THING THAT COULDN'T DIE** was to be that picture. At the time **THE THING THAT COULDN'T DIE** was nearing completion, Universal had dismissed a large chunk of studio faculty.



Young archaeologist William Reynolds given Carolyn Kearney the hellgram which will keep evil away from her...forever

All of the writers were gone, and David Duran remained on the staff as a sole survivor and was given very little time to complete the screenplay. I can clearly remember driving to the studio on the last day of shooting, still undecided on how to direct the finale. So actually the last few minutes of **THING** where the cabinet is brought back to the house and the headless body escapes was somewhat ad-libbed. On the last day of shooting, all of the department chiefs had been present to see what I had come up with for a climax. We shot **THING** in about 18 days and entirely within the universal lot. The rolling title which are seen in the film are actually the Universal back-lot property with the Santa Monica and San Gabriel Mountains in the distance, looking toward Burbank. The ranch house used in the picture can be recognized as the old "No. 96 Palmetto" facade. It had been seen in countless other Universal productions throughout the years and is still standing on part of New England Street on the Universal back roads. The finale was especially fun to do and quite dramatic indeed."

Writer David Duran spoke briefly about his work during his tenure at Universal: "I can't recall the exact year I wrote **The Water Witch** since I failed to keep copies of any of my screenplays or teleplays. I believe I wrote it sometime around 1955 or 1956. I was on a salary at Universal under producer Howard Fine who wanted me to come up with some original science fiction/werewolf stories and screenplays. I first wrote the story and screenplay for a picture which was released under the title **WINGER ON THE CAMPUS** and then wrote **THE WATER WITCH**. As far as I recall, the screenplay to **THE WATER WITCH** did follow the original story closely. I did complete **THE WATER WITCH** myself. This I remember quite well because it was an eerie experience. There were some twenty or more writers working at Universal at the time, all of us in what was then known as the Writers' Building, the week I took Tuesday and Friday off due to some sort of indisposition and then returned to work the following Monday to discover the Writers' Building totally deserted except for a few women in the structural room, one of whom looked at me in amazement and said, 'What are you doing here?' Don't you know that all the writers were filmed last Friday?' I, of course, hadn't known and so went to Howard Fine's office to see if I had been included in the follow-up. I had not been. I entered was going through a chaotic upheaval at the time and cutting back on everything, but Howard had preserved me by saying that I needed only two more weeks to finish the screenplay to **THING**-the implication being that I'd jolly well better finish it in two weeks! So the finale did come off as quite abrupt, but time wasn't on my side. It was very strange being the only one occupying that big old building these last two weeks."

Mr. Duran continued: "I can think of only one particular incident relating to **THE THING THAT COULDN'T DIE**. During the clean-out sequence, since these were Elizabethan times, I decided to put all the dialogue into Latin perambulator. The trouble with this was that the secretaries who would type up the writers' manuscripts

[Continued from Page 3]

listen to new rock 'n' roll music, so instead they either listen to the latest trend in literary, unimaginative rock programming (the so-called "Classic Rock" format geared toward the "happy clientele) or they listen to electronic (but dull) "New Age" synthesized/turntable music because it caters to an elite network of fellow intelligentsia. Many of these same people, so far as film is concerned, blot out the face of DOG, the face of you—visceral violence. Instead of discriminating between good and bad splatter movies, they instead disown NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET and NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET PART II: FREDDY'S BROTHER in the same breath as being openly repulsive. These braindead, non-discriminatory snobs disown an entire sub-genre as trash without even attempting to pick the flowers from the weeds. Today, too many people with too many preconceptions make judgments based solely upon internal prejudices. They claim, sight-unseen, that today's horror movies, disgusting and juvenile, appeal only to perverts who secretly love to see women dismembered. Oh, if film criticism were that easy. The complexity of any film genre needs to be met objectively half-way before being attacked merely on the basis of one's sensibilities being irritated or one's morality being offended.

Slightly stated, Movie will continue to walk the fine line between covering the glories of the past, the controversy of the present, and the promise of the future. Like it or not, but the horror/fantasy movie genre is thriving. As Bob Dylan once warned my entire generation "he who's not busy being born is busy dying."

To end on a much happier note, in but short years Movie will celebrate its 25th anniversary issue. We wish to celebrate our 25 years of publication the right way—tell us how, write us back and help us—keep these letters coming (and enjoy the extra eight pages).

Larry J. Svobla

Gary and Sue Svobla pose in front of Sue's back-drop (which she painted herself) which was created for our "Halloween" Party, held June 28, 1986, celebrating the wonderful years of marriage!

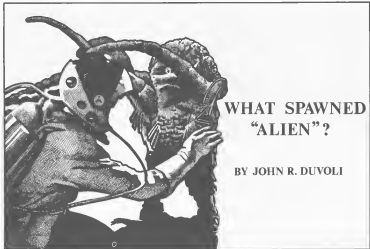


The climax of THE THING THAT GROWS! DIE featuring an ending that was mandated as-libbed (the movie was filmed on only 14 days) was instructed to allow dialogue only so many words to the printed line. This was so it can be rescored themselves. As a line of five Latin feet is generally longer than the allowed number of words, so that my postmaster came back from the typists looking like anything but. This would undoubtedly mean to the stylist for the actor. In vain I pleaded that in this era where the robot has taken and that they type the dialogue line for me as I had written it. I failed in this endeavor through such revision, but as it turned out, the actor playing the score was understood. I was very pleased when I finally saw the movie on television to hear with what gusto actor Robert A. Fuller rolled out this particular section of dialogue.⁸

David Dawson concluded the conversation by discussing some of his other literary accomplishments: "My only original science fiction story and screenplay that never got into film was Dark, Fiction, based on my novel of the same title in 1964. I finished the screenplay and production had started, when to the project of all concerned, the producer, William Fruity, died and the project was cancelled. Dark, Fiction was my first attempt at science fiction and I wrote it because the publishing house of Simon and Schuster was offering a \$1000 prize for the best s.f. novel by a writer who had never written science fiction material before. The book was never entered in the contest because my New York literary agent said it was a serial to Dollie's for a considerably larger sum than the prize would have been. Probably my only screenplay that will outlive me is the screen version of THE TIME MACHINE, based upon the novel by H.G. Wells and then produced by the late George Pal, a wonderful man to have worked with. The screenplay was on a George Helms Award. I was also the original screenplay writer on FANTASTIC VENGEANCE and did not write the story. The screenplay credit went to whomever and I ended up with only the scenario credit, the kind of thing that Infocaster writers as I have undoubtedly inflicted others. For example, later in the same year that I wrote THE WATER WITCH, I was credited by Infocaster to doctor a dismal screenplay called THE LIZZY WORMS, and wrote it to the extent that I was given sole screenplay credit, no doubt to the fury of the original author whom none I do not recall. During my last five years in Hollywood I wrote almost exclusively for television, and with the exception of six or seven teleplays I did for the HEX INFO SPACE series, and one for the OUTER LIMITS series, all originals, none of my other work was in the s.f. category nor did I ever consider myself as primarily a s.f. writer.⁹

THING falls into that bizarre and undulating period when fantasy and horror still retained as honest, bearing us of quality entertainment, before succumbing to such unwatchable atrocities as WILD WOMEN OF WOND (1959), BEAST OF YACCA FLATS (1961), HORROR 8-00-00 (1963), THE ATOMIC BRAIN (1964), THE CREEPING TERROR (1964), and THE BEACH GIRLS & THE MONSTER (1965—also SUN TERROR).

THE THING THAT GROWS! DIE represents a mere transient amidst the waning processes of the late '50's monster-fantasy. However, despite its complete heridity, THING remains traditionally interesting.



WHAT SPAWNED "ALIEN"?

BY JOHN R. DUVOLI

It didn't all start with ALIEN. Audiences who now enjoy this film, its sequel and limited, can think back with fondness on like-minded sci-fi which came before. These films are worth recalling because of the varying degrees of pulp imagination that went into their creation.

It is fitting that *THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE* be discussed first. Not only was it first chronologically (1958), but it often receives credit for being the film that—by accident or design—inspired ALIEN. Though it is seldom seen today, it still has a following and, thanks to director Edward L. Gahn, as a better movie than it should have been.

There are however flaws, particularly in the manner in which writer Jerome Bixby cultivates the romance between hero Marshall Thompson and Susan Smith. This relationship is not only unconvincing, but unattractive. The pre-ALIEN movies were, generally, better when the primary focus was on suspense. Not only did the love interest or friariness get in the way of the energy of the films in which they are used, but, more often than not, they are poorly handled. In *IT* we learn early on that Mr. Smith is engaged to marry Major commander Kim Spaulding. Yet, in only hours, she falls for Thompson and makes only token efforts to hide this fact from the by now terminally ill Spaulding. *IT* would have been better if the relationship had not been triangular, since the speed at which the "heroine" withdraws affection and support from her fiancé renders her unsympathetic. Spaulding eventually meets a brutal death, undeservedly so, apparently just to clear the way for the lovers.

But the key flaw of *IT* is the creature itself, which proves the alien (widely accepted in both fan and filmmaking circles) that no matter how interesting and original the premise is, what one really has is a man in a scary suit and the audience knows it. So, the more we see of the creature, the less we believe in it. It may have looked impressive in preliminary drawings, but the execution is not totally effective. In the first place, it looks more like *THE MONSTER FROM PIEDRAS BLANCAS* than a Martian. Secondly, when seen in close-up for too long, the construction

flaws are readily apparent, especially when the creature is chasing astronauts down corridors. Not only do we have a man in a gorilla suit, but it is an ill-fitting one at that.

In such the same way that director Francis D. Lyon tried to get around the even worse constructed gill-man of *DESTINATION EARTH* (1956) by having it jump out at us at unexpected moments, Gahn apparently knew his creature could not survive long exposure to the audience, and sought to correct this by keeping it shrouded in shadow or artificial fog created by explosives. When he does this, *IT* *THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE* is downright scary. It is unfortunate that Gahn could not avoid showing the monster in close-up altogether.

Finally, by today's standards, *IT* is unintentionally humorous for its lack of scientific foresight, from its 1958 expedition to the pearl-shaped craft itself, complete with promiscuous interiors and cathedral ceilings that would put the lobby of a Beverly hotel to shame. Of course, neither Bixby or Gahn had the advantage of a 1986 perspective. We then has *IT* been treated respectfully for nearly three decades? Stated simply, when it works, it works damn well.

To recap the plot briefly, the only setting (except for two brief Earth-based room conferences) is the rescue ship sent to retrieve Thompson, the only survivor of a previous expedition from the red planet, and return him to Earth for the trial of the murder of his crew. He is believed Thompson's contention that they were picked off by a hostile life force. Thompson's recitation of what happened is among the scariest and most suspenseful moments in the film as he describes the binding, shifting sands and the howling creature (in one can see). It may be producer Robert West wanted to keep the film in a claustrophobic setting. It is even more likely that budget limitations made the shooting of the more impossible. In either event, one wishes that it were filmed. This could have been one of the outstanding scenes in pulp sci-fi movie-making. And too, remember how well the "heterocubes" established the atmosphere of ALIEN.

But Gahn does manage good atmosphere and suspense when it is

discovered that Thompson's remains is now on board. He first sees it as a clutching hand, then just a shadow on the wall, later also in shadow as it attacks his first victim. When efforts are made to kill the creature with grenades, we see it lurching out of the smoke, but only in outline, asserting defiance at its tormentors.

Cohn also builds tension when the monster is not being seen--seen, such as when a flying saucer, all his body fluids drained by what doctor Ann Doman terms (unnecessarily) antibodies, sees his last strength to warn his would-be rescuers away. Later, when an astronaut is trapped by the creature and has only a flame torch for defense, one couldn't see far over successful filmmaking, particularly when it starts breaking down the walls.

So, despite the flaws, it is likely that this film by Cohn (who worked in the sci-fi, wild youth, and rock 'n' roll movie genres so actively and at the same time as Roger Corman, but Cohn never achieved the latter's following) is his finest hour and nine minutes. Corman also got a chance to develop his steps but likable military man persona he perfected in FINDING WITHOUT A FACE and FIRST MEN INTO SPACE.

Of course, no satisfactory reason is ever given why scientists on a station in a dead world would pack enough weaponry (including poison gas) to battle a small army.

A semi-variation on IT, QUEEN OF BLOOD (1966) is among the most interesting films discussed here, because of the ship-deck circumstances under which it was filmed, the result of (uncredited) producer Roger Corman's earlier buying Russian sci-fi films, then building new movies around the footage.

The few European or USSR movies (or parts thereof) that have reached our shores establish that the visual concepts and execution were superior to those of western hemisphere filmmakers of the same period. But few have been seen here, apparently because they were considered non-commercial dramatically. QUEEN OF BLOOD contains several sequences from PLANES OF STERNS and THE HEAVENS CALL, which were also featured in BATTLE BEYOND THE SUN, VESPAE TO THE PRODIGIOUS PLANES (directed by Gertie Harrington under the name "John Sebastian") and Peter Bogdanovich's VESPAE TO THE PLANES OF PROHIBITIVE WOMEN, for which the director was known as "Derek Rossen."

QUEEN OF BLOOD uses extensive new footage set on board a craft returning to Earth with its precious cargo, a female alien (Fionnula Flabby) and futuristic weapons that essentially starts drinking the crew's blood, a further variation on IT.

The film is also distinctive because the crew is fully aware of the alien--if not the consequences in advance--and the "creature" is (mostly) human in appearance. In all other cases, the monster is distinctly alien. It is also a forerunner of Norman S. Macara's HORROR PLANES in which a murderous woman astronaut (Clay Gessen) risks her fellow scientists and cannibalizes them. QUEEN OF BLOOD ends with eggs deposited on board the space craft while HORROR PLANES utilized baby monsters for the "killer."

Now come then what was utilized in QUEEN OF BLOOD to integrate the Russian footage into Harrington's screenplay, even to attaching suspenseful film to film. Though the movie winner will note that the special effects tend to be gaudier than Ray movies, it is doubtful that the drive-in crowd suspected that they were looking at at least two different films. The first half hour, with USSR scenes pertaining to be the rescue mission, tends to be uneventful dramatically. But things pick up nicely when the crew returns to their craft and the stock footage gives way to the astronauts being stalked by Flabby.

Because this space ship was not an spaceship as those in other films (particularly THE GREEN SLIME and IT), Harrington had to substitute cut and the camera with discussion over what to do about Flabby. In a switch, this alien is mostly passive, fiberoptic for hours at a time, when who could easily be alien. Harrington had to therefore make us believe that the being should NOT be destroyed, even after the rampage begins, because of her/its scientific value. (I'm afraid commander Neil Redfords demands the preservation of her life. She perishes anyway, however, when attacked by heroine Juli Heroldin. It seems the "queen" is a hermaphrodite, worshipped on her planet and sent to Earth to populate it with her eggs, which look like pulsating tomatoes.)



Dorsey writer Ray (Crash) Cerrigan portraying the title monster from IT THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE. Note the ill-fitting costume.

Harrington's tone is mostly apical. Unlike most pre-ALIEN films in which the creature (or whatever) stomps away or is brought on board by accident, Flabby's presence is calculated in advance. The film is also anti-science, with the intellectuals uninterested for human life when compared to the need to preserve the alien. They are tragically unaware of the consequences of bringing the queen egg to Earth. At the finish, Susan hopes Redfords knows what he's doing, but it is clear Harrington thinks he doesn't.

The star of QUEEN OF BLOOD is truly Flabby, who smiles out at the equippers through ferns, gleaming lips, looking at them as a food source instead of fellow travelers. Her light green skin tone is appropriately asidic and, because her skin-tight space suit matches the skin, it creates an appearance of nudity. This, and the cat-like manner in which she pursues her prey, gives her actions an underlying sensuality, particularly noticeable as she embraces Dennis Weaver or lies virtually over the unconscious body of Susan.

Interestingly, while IT THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE wasn't even close regarding scientific predictions, QUEEN OF BLOOD was prophetic in its forecasts of moon landings. But its one agreed prediction, worldwide cooperation in the colonization of the planets by 1990, doesn't seem very likely.

Of the films under discussion, MUTINY IN OUTER SPACE (1963) is the only one in which the alien is basically non-intelligent; it is a fungus discovered on the Moon. It is similar in plot to THE GREEN SLIME (1968), the first Japanese-American co-production, in which Jilly brought aboard a space station from an asteroid twelve jobs little green vegetable men. Because the MUTINY IN OUTER SPACE fungus cannot actively visit the astronauts, director Hugo Grimsel cannot build suspense in the usual way. The question is whether the astronauts can control the growth that is not only wiggling itself throughout the space station but around it. The script by Arthur C. Pierce (STATIONERY UNDER SPACE) is purely functional, as are the effects (basic models produced and filmed in Italy) and the Durer like caves in which the fungus is found.

Ship commander William Lewis and heroine Dolores Faith are eventually able to destroy the fungus by freezing it, since the

ship's central heating activates it. The ending of the title is a sub-plot concerning which of the astronaut's proposals should be followed. The film's primary, nostalgic interest today is in the casting of American-International alumni, particularly Richard Garland from *ATTORNEY OF THE CRIME MONSTERS* and *THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY*, the title remake of *MAKING COLLOSSAL MAN* and *MAN OF THE COLLOSSAL BEAST*. Other than that, it is notable only for sharing the bill with Grimaldi and Pizarro's *THE HUMAN DUPLICATORS*. Faint praise indeed.

THE GREEN SLIME was filmed for M-G-M as *BATTLE BEYOND THE STARS* and, on the surface, would not appear to be the studio's most viable money-maker. But, in a shared merchandising campaign, the title was changed, a theme song written by Charles Fox [the it just something in your head, will you believe it when you're dead? ...green slime!], a copy advertising scheme created, and millions of rubber green slime giveaways manufactured. The film thereby "blended" on audiences more than a decade before *EGGHEADS*. The M-G-M ad work-group green creatures standing on a space station, tentacle-wrapped around a lady astronaut in skin tight space suit - reflects what, by accident or design, is the irate nostalgia the film came to reflect.

While **THE GREEN SLIME** cannot be accused of being a good movie in the traditional sense of acting, behavior, and effects; it is a come from a 1940's or 1970's mid-'fifties negative come to life. Scenes such as astronauts floating in space, sliding station Gears III, shooting at the monsters with ray guns, remain in the memory. **THE GREEN SLIME** is pulp and/or comic book fiction transposed (and suspects almost exclusively) to the screen.

The line is the future. An asteroid is on a collision course with Earth. Space hero Robert Horton is sent to take command of the space station long enough to shuttle to the asteroid and detonate it before it can smash into our planet. Small pieces of pulsating jelly are found on the rock formation, but Horton, apparently totally lacking in any scientific imagination, orders the samples be left behind. A fragment of slime finds its way, unselected, into one of the astronaut's space suit. Once on the space station, it feeds off air and all energy sources; it grows and multiplies into a dozen or so non-sized creatures with flapping, mostly ineffective, tentacles. As the fungus of *MUTINY IN OUTER SPACE* is the only non-intelligence on a space station, **THE GREEN SLIME** represents the only non-intelligence that not only evolves into intelligence, but multiplies. They are ominous creatures - in principle if not in appearance. A drop of blood can develop into a full grown monster and will regenerate itself if injured. For practical purposes, they are indestructible.

But though the special effects and creatures may have been stars of the art, as far as the Japan Teiki Studio staff were concerned, they looked rather shabby, even by pre-2001 standards. Virtually none of the models, space shuttles, Earth citadel, or launching pads were adequately realistic. The only reasonable creation was the asteroid itself.

The monsters are a cross between the *GRIMLING EYE* and *BEHOLDERS* from the 1956 Japanese series of short films about *SUPERGIANT*, which (incidentally, were edited together and released in U.S. TV with the hero re-dubbed "Starman") by **THE GREEN SLIME** producer, Walter Newley. Despite their ugliness, including a huge, red cyclops eye, the creatures are never really all that threatening - though a scene in which a deer slides open and a victim falls out (as we see a head of monster in the background) does provide one good jolt.

THE GREEN SLIME also falls back on the, by now, not very original sub-plot of "she shall command" and "is the officer a coward" debate, to a love triangle reminiscent of *IT*. Of the principal actors, at least Richard Jeacock brings energy and intensity to the role, while Horton who before (and after) this was remembered only for the *WAGON TRAIN* TV series, acts disappointingly. Both are in love with moon scientist Louise Pizarro, who is barely visible. Ms. Pizarro jilted Horton to become engaged to Jeacock (who has faced cosmic charges before, a contrivance line that of *DESTINATION INNER SPACE*, which will be discussed momentarily) and naturally Horton is back in her life. Anyone who doesn't know, from the first reel, that Jeacock met eventually go the self-sacrifice route on Horton and Ms. Pizarro can get back together has never seen a "B" movie before.

THE GREEN SLIME has much going against it: poor special effects, unimpressive monsters, indifferent actors, and plot details and turns that provide nothing new to the genre. What then does it have to its favor?

Perhaps more than any film discussed (with the possible exception of *IT*), **THE GREEN SLIME** is what low-budget space pulp adventure is all about; though it is likely the M-G-M marketing department, not the filmmakers, were the first to fully appreciate this. It plays like an old-time serial somehow edited and projected 30 years into the future. At the same time, it must be stressed that **THE GREEN SLIME** can be appreciated on this level only and those who take their science fiction seriously or literally had better keep their distance. For the rest of us, **THE GREEN SLIME** is in a word, fun!

THE GREEN SLIME is also interesting because it embraces two areas of sci-fi film. It is a cinematic irony that M-G-M would release *2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY* during the same year. Newley's film, besides having its philosophical roots in the pulp era, is steeped in the "B" film of the '50s, when audiences still didn't mind if the heroes saw less than convincing. *2001*, for all its postwariness, would forever change all that. Not. **THE GREEN SLIME** is forward looking too. It is obvious the producers were trying to make the special effects an adventure and impressive as possible. It is just that the gods the fast technicians set for themselves was beyond their creative reach. But, if **THE GREEN SLIME** were a better film, it wouldn't be as charming.

Not all alien monsters have been in space. A submarine is also a ship in a hostile environment, and with this in mind are include *ATOMIC SUBMARINE* (1940) and *DESTINATION INNER SPACE* (1966). *ATOMIC SUBMARINE* differs, in other ways, from the film we've been discussing. For most of the movie's length the alien is not actively pursuing the sub crew, and there is never any "heads out" contact. At its best, *ATOMIC SUBMARINE* plays like one of the better episodes of the *OUTER LIMITS*. At its worst, the low-budget creep inside *ATOMIC SUBMARINE* and threatens it.

We're living in the near future. The submarine *Liger Shark* has been sent on a mission to discover why alien craft have the star of *GREEN OF BLOOD* is truly Francesco Turly, who swims out at engineers through beam, glowing light; open them as food



been disappearing under the Apollo 10 caps. Joining skipper Dick Foran is genre veteran Arthur Franz, and the on-board tension is provided by Franz and Brett Halsey, as the "pawprint" son of the inventor whose underwater sphere is to be used during the assignment. But writer Orville H. Hampton doesn't execute this conflict in a traditional way. If for no other reason, **ATOMIC SUBMINE** is notable for the intelligence with which the sub-plot is carried out. In the vast majority of films in which the military versus scientist (or industrialist) conflict is explained, filmmakers have come down firmly on one side or the other, with the favored side often depending on the public mood. Dudd was film (such as **THE IRON**), though a notable exception is **ON THE EDGE OF SPACE** (still generally has a healthy point of view. This reversed during and following the Vietnam era, but the rise of Harold Pinter and Sylvester Stallone has resulted in more all-out films. Though the sci-fi genre has, generally, tended to remain more humanistic.

Hampton elevates what is otherwise a typical "B" movie by engaging successfully for philosophical co-scientists, this as a time when other writers were clearly taking sides then wrapping the argument by killing off whomever we are supposed to be unsympathetic toward. Here, Franz eventually assumes a less idealistic stance by concluding that we should be spending more time solving our society's ills than fighting invaders, and Halsey counters that if an invasion (either from space or from across an ocean) should come, as have seen like Franz to deal with it. But while the two men are saying their verbal sparring matches, Hampton does provide one great line, with Franz suggesting to Halsey that he keep out of the way and make a speech about bearing flying saucers.

The seucer in this case has, in good sci-fi tradition, been sent to Earth to prepare the way for a full-scale invasion. The sub crew possess it around the pole before realizing it, in a last ditch suicide effort. But (somewhat unbearably) the seucer is a living organism that grows new skin and feeds itself, locking the sub in a death grip in the process. Franz and company must board the craft and cut the sub free.

It is here that they encounter the monster, but because it does not stalk the crewmen, **ATOMIC SUBMINE** lacks the energy of some other film in this sub-genre. Yet, the seucer in which the alien does overcome its victims, by incinerating them with infrared light and sound, is harrowing. And the film's set designers defeat the low budget by giving the very sparse sets an almost surreal look. The ahead-of-its-time electronic music score by Alexander Laszlo is also a decided plus during these scenes. At its best (and the scenes on board the alien ship are superior), **ATOMIC SUBMINE** is a fascinating film to look at and listen to.

Actually, initial glow did not call for the monster to be shown at all, but effects supervisor Jack Burt (working in association with Irving Block and Louis D'Amico) told producer Alex Gordon that they could deliver a monster without impacting the film's budget. Gordon recalls that Rubin told him that he had worked on **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS** but perhaps did not say that the creature itself was designed and animated by Ray Harryhausen. In any event, Gordon gave him the green light.

Gordon has never been entirely pleased with what the effects crew delivered (the special effects cost totaled \$25,000, and the entire film, shot in six days, cost \$120,000), yet this alien has since become one of Fawcett's favorites: an octopus-like being with a cyclops eye that speaks (via headphones) in cultured English and can immediately regenerate a new eye when Franz shoots the orb out. It may not be what the producer had in mind, but it is classic pulp sci-fi, rightfully deserving of a place of honor among other Gordon feature creatures including the title monsters of **MOBBID MANN**, **THE CREATURE**, and the mutant of **OH MY GOD! DADDY**.

Unfortunately, the miniature sets and sub suffer from budget limitations, and **ATOMIC SUBMINE** plays best on TV rather than a movie screen, because the ineffectiveness does not lose as large. Scenes in which a model submarine breaks through polar ice caps are mediocre at best, and Hampton doesn't help much by failing to explain why the seucer would emit a jelly-like substance to shield it from torpedoes under the water but not from ballistic missiles which zero in on it as it is escaping the Earth's gravitational pull.

But at least Gordon (here making his first film after leaving American-International, where he was a prolific creative producer) got to work once again with screen veterans whom he hired out of respect rather than just angling for recognizable names at low cost, as other producers did. Here, he talked Tom Conway out of an armoured retirement and signed former western horse, including former singing cowboy Foran and Bob Steele. Gordon always felt most comfortable working within the western genre both as film producer and historian, and he is now a business associate of Gene Autry. His last two films as producer, **ROCKY KILLER** and **REBORN FOR A SUMMERTIME** (1965), were tributes to the "B" western and were filled with the former stars.

ATOMIC SUBMINE is also distinctive in its casting in that it is the only film under discussion without a cosmic triangle or triangle. There is no lady scientist on board the Tiger Shark, and only a token appearance by Ted Lansing (paid \$250 for one day's work) who partakes in a brief, interrupted rendezvous with Franz, strictly for morale value.

It is difficult to decide if **DESTINATION INNER SPACE** is a remake of **THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE** or **ATOMIC SUBMINE**, since it borrows from both. The concept of friction over an aerial criminal or cowardly act is from **IT**, the underwater setting is from **ATOMIC SUBMINE**, and the alien menace is from both.

But the creative, purely atmospheric, is less effective than **IT** and is more apt to produce giggles than gasps. Apparently director Lynn, like Goff, realized he had to jolt his audience to minimize the film in the viewer's conviction (plagued by

type A haem) being because the victim of an ever-spreading fungus discovered on the moon from **HEATHEN IN OUTER SPACE**; between the alien attack of the little green vegetable man of **THE GREEN SLIME**.





Two photos of the flying saucer, from *ATOMIC SUBMARINE*, which has been sent to Earth to prepare the way for a full-scale invasion. The sub is a living organism that grows new skin and heads (left) (see below). This results in several good moments: the appearance of the creature at a porthole; its jumping through an underwater hatch or landing at a character's feet just beyond the camera's range; though "the thing" is not convincing, the more as one of it (and as we see it plenty), the more as one sign ourselves, sit back, and accept it on its own terms.

Screenwriter Pierre expands *ATOMIC SUBMARINE*'s philosophical arguments between the heroes into a direct confrontation. The bewitch between Scott Brady and Mike Road is because Road will not admit his responsibility in the death of a former crew. His eventual confession sets off the film's most tense passage, noted by scripter Wade Hayes, who declares, "Until a minute ago, I couldn't find each in you I really lived, and now I show I could fall in love with you." We are left to wonder if she immediately would have gone into orgasm if this admission had involved the slaughter of thousands.

DESTINATION INNER SPACE doesn't come near recapturing the tension of *IT*, somewhat because the actions are not as confined, but primarily because there is no real suspense. This despite other similarities to *IT*, notably the manner in which attempts are made to destroy the creature. While Mike Road uses hand grenades, Platoon soldiers rigging spaces to explode into the creature when the wiring is tripped. The plays in both films failed. The saucer and monster are finally destroyed by dynamite, along with Road who, in the tradition of '60s movie comedy, must rescue himself by sacrifice. This recalls the machine fired into the escaping alien craft from *ATOMIC SUBMARINE*.



Women make stars, Scott Brady (left) and Gary Merrill (right), try to save humanity from the terror of *DESTINATION INNER SPACE*.

But *DESTINATION INNER SPACE* also has some going holes in logic, which, along with the construction of the monster, do more than their share of damage. We are expected to believe that a cosmic egg, brought into a laboratory, could produce a full grown - and then some - creature when left alone for less than a minute. Even the growth in *ALDIN*, following the famous stomach basting scene, took some time. Yet, despite the flaws, *DESTINATION INNER SPACE* does have energy if not style, and the indeliberate nature over whether to preserve or destroy the creature and various comic possibilities don't get in the way.

Finally, like *ATOMIC SUBMARINE*, *DESTINATION INNER SPACE* is interesting for its casting of veteran performers, from Brady and Gary Merrill to Sherry North and John (THE LADYKILLER) Heward.

In *PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES*, the final film under discussion, the alien presence is disembodied spirit rather than matter. The film is also the most pathos of those under discussion since the force overcomes our astronaut heroes, thereby recalling the post-*ALDIN*, *HORROR PLANET*.

PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES was directed by Mario Bava, known for films in which an exotic visual style usually overcomes a lack of narrative clarity. As *BLACK SUNDAY* is Bava's flagship horror film, *PLANET* is both his best sci-fi film and a superior example of European pulp cinema.

The sci-fi world of Bava is little different from that of his horror films. The *PLANET* theme also mirrors the supernatural genre, in this case demonic possession and the undead. Scenes in which "dead" astronauts return to life to stalk their former companions are really *BLACK SUNDAY* all over again with the planet Auro substituting for a remote castle where family lives against family, once they are among the undead.

The world envisioned by Bava are among the best in sci-fi films. Our first view of space from the starship Argus is one of intense desolation and flashing sensors. It is both lonely and menacing. The planet's surface is even more striking, with its bizarre rock formations and thick mist. The hatch leading to and from the ship fits right in. It is like nothing NASA could have designed, but rather resembles a giant ear hole. It is clear, from the start, that as one in the hands of a master cinema stylist and the visual tricks remain in the memory even if the story and acting is never quite up to the challenge.

The opening scenes recall *ALDIN*. A spaceship (perhaps the most expensive in any of the pre-*ALDIN* films) is sent to Auro by signals received by alien commander Barry Sullivan. The craft is pulled to the planet by a sudden surge in gravity; moments later the crewmen begin attacking each other. It is clear, in retrospect, that the life force infiltrates the wills of the astronauts who pass or fail the test (depending on your point of view).

Once the Argus lands, the astronauts find sections of a previous expedition dead, by self-directed violence. The bodies are buried but as later we see the green slime pulled aside and the dead men



The ver-into landscape of Boris Devo's PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES

energy, still strapped in the transparent body bags they were buried in. This movie is significant, for two reasons, because it is not only a variation on BLACK SUNDAY but for the first time establishes that this is a horror film set in space. The barren landscapes, rock formations, and melting snow is just an isolated graveyard with tombstones from under which the dead still rise. The hardware may be formula sci-fi, but the story is formula horror. This is particularly evident when, as a variation on vampire films, the astronauts open a tomb to see if a deceased creature is still inside. The scene, in which Sullivan pulls away the garments of a "revived" astronaut to reveal a rotting corpse beneath, catches a classic scene between Barbara Steele and John Richardson in BLACK SUNDAY.

There are still standard sci-fi trappings however. The revelation that the life force (seen floating as glowing feet moving lights) are pure energy that must inhabit the dead- or living- bodies of astronauts because their world is dying is typical of the genre. The forces cannot build a spaceship, however, because they lack solid form. So they build the Argos with transmitted energy, in the form of signals.

Unfortunately, PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES falls apart badly at the finale. The beings can inhabit human bodies if the mind allows them to. This is exactly what happens to Sullivan and Morris Bengali, but for no discernible reason. The climax is arbitrary, since no scene dramatically, and obviously had to be manufactured to allow the pair to descend- or what grisly black and white stock footage indicates- to the mid-20th-century Earth.

We have been watching an adventure in the proverbial galaxy far, far away, but the fact that they come to Earth? Maybe it is really a critique for not being able to do anything more imaginative. But it could have been first-rate, if Devo had then colonize prehistoric Earth, becoming the first Adam and Eve. But even with the last scene of the final reel, PLANET is among the best sci-fi programs of the 1960s.

The eclipse of this film presents a curious puzzle. European movie-books credit the screenplay to a host of writers including Devo, Galliano Gualtieri, Antonio Roman, Alberto Ravicovich, and Raphael J. Savio. The "Americanized" version gives full script credit to Ed Weisler (who authored many American-international sci-fi programs) and Louis H. Hayward, the head of overseas production during the final years of the RFP era. It may be assumed (and this is only assumed) that the contribution of Weisler and Hayward amounted to little more than re-writing the script for an American dub, despite the fact that the U.S. credits also go to the length of listing the film's source material as the short story, "The Night of 21 Hours," by Nazario Petriniere, printed in International Magazine #3, probably a European pulp magazine.

Finally, of the films we have probed, PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES has had the most impact in its journey from theater to television. The striking sets and sound effects cannot be fully appreciated in a living room situation. So you may want to sit close to the TV and turn up the sound.

[Continued From Page 43]

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FORGOTTEN FACES OF FANTASTIC FILMS

by Jim Coughlin

E. E. CLIVE (1879-1940)

Although there are genre purists who feel that humor has no place in the horror film, a well written and acted bit of levity often lends a nice balance to the proceedings. James Whale, of course, loved to inject offbeat humor into his films by relying on noteworthy—usually British performers like Ernest Thesiger, the O'Donovan, and E.E. Clive—to bring his eccentric ideas to life. E.E. Clive was a particularly accomplished actor, in addition to being a theatrical producer and director of note, whose dour appearance and droll delivery could evoke laughter in the most serious of situations. His character in films usually possessed a staidness and sense of self importance, "transforming" his way through social situations. Clive was equally adept playing pompous noblemen, affable butlers, and unscrupulous policemen. He easily is remembered in the realm of fantasy for his skillful portrayals in James Whale classics, *THE INVISIBLE MAN* and *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*.

Edward E. Clive was born in Blaweyton, Massachusetts, Maine in 1879, the son of a Welsh carpenter. It was said that he yearned for a life on the stage after reading "The Lion" at Town Hall at the age of 12. Clive nonetheless embarked on a career in medicine, graduating from the University of Wales and then spending four years at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London. Amid his medical studies he began to frequent the London theaters, until he finally worked up the courage to convince the management of the Drury Lane Theatre that he was an experienced actor. He made his debut there at the age of 23 in a featured role in "The White Feather."

For the better part of the ensuing 10 years (1900-1911) Clive toured the British Isles in stock, appearing early on in an old English tradition called "the Perry Gaff." This was a type of portable theatre wherein the company would travel around the country in flat wagons, carrying actors, props, scenery, and even benches for spectators. They would present six different plays over a six-week period before returning to London. While on the set of *THE EARL OF GOSFORD* (1940), Clive was quoted as saying, "No Perry Gaff player ever came away from those tours lacking experience. Because of them, I can say today that I've been in a total of 1,139 plays."

Clive spent his last three years in England under the management of Douglas Fairbank in such plays as "Are You a Man?" He came to the United States in 1912, making early appearances in New York in "The Turnstone Club," "The Great Adventure," and in Harley's Ghost in "A Christmas Carol." Clive then toured America with his own vaudeville sketch, "The Dowd Man Deserves Another," before settling in Boston where he would make a significant impact on the American theater over the next 14 years. Clive initially appeared with the Jewett Players before becoming the manager, director, and actor of his own company, the Dapley Players. Among the popular plays by "Clivia" (as he was known to Boston crowds) at the Dapley were "Ghost Train," which ran for 23 weeks, and "The Creaking Chair." Broadway producers often ventured to opening nights at the Dapley Theatre, with the result that many of Clive's productions, including Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted," were brought to New York where they enjoyed successful runs. Many noted performers spent their developmental years at the Dapley under Clive's tutelage including Lucille Howard, Margaret Sullivan,

Rosalind Russell, and Alan Reddy. Clive considered his years in Boston as the happiest time of his career, having particularly fond memories of putting on free performances for inmates at Massachusetts State Prison. He continued to receive appreciative letters from prisoners for many years after.

When the Dapley folded due to financial pressures, Clive journeyed to Los Angeles where he produced "My Husband's Girl" in 1911. In New York he produced "The Whispering Gallery" and "Shanghai Heritage," before returning to the West Coast to stay. There he formed the Hollywood Playhouse, modeled on the concept of the Dapley Players, and helped launch the careers of Robert Taylor and Jon Hall.

Although he had yet to make a film, Clive was well known in the Hollywood community for his acting as well as his producing of plays. As mentioned, even in dramatic parts Clive had the knack of evoking waves of laughter with his timing, diction, and awareness in particular characterizations. Clive later remarked, "The first time I ever attempted the kind of comedy I have since become identified with was on a Broadway-bound aristocrat, who was an old fossil living in an abandoned palatial carriage, in a play called 'What Might Happen.' My friends advised me to stick to this type, but I never took their suggestions seriously until I recreated it in the film *THE POOR RICH*, *PICCADILLY 141*, and *LIBELLED LADY*. Well, I have been doing them ever since and am quite contented so long as they last on."

James Whale noted that Clive could add the touch he required in the character of P.C. Jeffers in *THE INVISIBLE MAN* (1933). Jeffers is called to the lion's head inn where a mysterious stranger is causing a disturbance. Mrs. Hall (the O'Donovan) sends the policeman upstairs to confront the "homicidal visitor. Jeffers thoughtfully obscures the threats of Griffin (Claude Rains), instructing the burglar-master (E.E. Clive) against violation to the credits of *Marie* (the O'Donovan), the servant, from *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*.



He is come along or he'll have to be handcuffed. Griffin responds by unweaving his bandages, prompting Jeffers to respond, "Look! 'a's all eaten away!" He puns dramatically to collect his wife, concluding, "He's invisible-- that's what's the matter with 'im. If he gets the rest of them clothes off he'll never catch his in a thousand years." Jeffers looks over on back to Griffin's room to find just a shirt in mid-air. They chase Griffin around the room, with Jeffers outbidding, "How can I handcuff a blooded shirt!" As Jeffers attempts to bar his exit, Griffin becomes grandiose then agitated, almost strangling the poor Jeffers. Later, when Jeffers calls the incident in to his superior, he is predictably accused of drinking on the job. He avoids the effects of John P. Fulton and the writing of Claude Rains helped shape THE INVISIBLE MAN into the fantasy classic that H.C. Wells intended, but the deft touch of E.E. Clive clearly marks the handiwork of James Whale.

Clive, like Deigh Frye, the O'Garra, Edward Van Sloan, and others, became a part of James Whale's "stock company" being featured in seven of the director's films, including THE INVISIBLE MAN and BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN. Clive was seen as Gwynne, the money-printer detective, in ONE MORE RINGER (1934), the photographer in REMEMBER LAST NIGHT (1935), the Englishman in SHERLOCK (1934), a general in THE ROAD BACK (1937), and a worker in THE GREAT ESCAPEE (1937).

Within a short time E.E. Clive found that there was great demand for his services as a character player in films. In the set of LONG LOST FATHER (1934) Clive elicited the praise of star Jane Bryan, whose aloof persona often contributed to multiple reactions, for his ability to capture a scene perfectly in one attempt. For W.D. Clive was the chief costume inspector in THE CAT DOWNSIDE (1934), starring Fred Astaire. He played Detective Sergeant Packard of Scotland Yard in CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON (1934), with Warner Oland as Chan. In 1935, Clive was seen as the coast clerk in CAPTAIN BLONDIE, Thomas Sessun in THE HISTORY OF TOMMY BRUCE, and the Judge in Old Bailey in A TALE OF TWO CITIES (which Clive considered his most effective role). The same year he landed in a significant performance in the major genre in BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN (1935).

As the self-important, officious burgomaster, Clive appears early on in BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN as the windmill burn, supposedly destroying the monster (Oris Keeloff). Overwhelmed by the cooking of Minnie (Una D'Amico), the burgomaster encourages the housewife to go home and return to their bed. The monster, he assumes them, is dead, followed by his catkins, "Monster indeed!" Concluding, "You say thank you lucky stars they sent for me to safeguard life and property." This prompts a barrage of insults from Minnie which the burgomaster is too self-preoccupied to comprehend. The burgomaster dispatches a rider to Castle Frankenstein to inform the Baron of Henry's (Dolin Olive) misfortune. Later, the villagers alert the burgomaster that the monster is on the loose. He replies, "Get out the bloodhounds, raise all E.E. Clive in profile opposite the "Great Profile" himself, Jane Bryan, from LONG LOST FATHER (1934 Audio - 1934)



the man you can, look the women (actors), and well for me!" They do indeed trap the monster in a forest. The burgomaster instructs them to bind the monster's feet and tie him to a pole. After the monster is brought to the danger and chained to a chair, the burgomaster announces the whole incident. "He can't take all day over this!" Clive is in the process of disheveling the villagers to their homes once again as the monster escapes and runs amok. A scene wherein Clive is pulled out of his chair through a window and beaten in the street by the monster was part of a lengthy sequence out from the final print. E.E. Clive's characteristic of the burgomaster in BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN was quite vivid, eerie, yet humorous, but played completely straight.

Other performances by E.E. Clive in the fantasy/horror vein include: Sgt. Wilson in DRACULA'S DAUGHTER (1934), King in TROUBLE FOR TWO (1934), Masters in IRISH ESCAPES (1934), and Thomas Cromwell Slope in HAIR OF SPIN (1937) who incidentally to outscore the spot where the body had been "discovered."

Clive also was regularly seen in various detective series, particularly "Balding Brunner." Originally he had a funny bit as an English "bobby" in BALDING BRUNNER STRIKES BACK (1934), starring Harold Lloyd. In BALDING BRUNNER ESCAPES (1937), Clive was Datto, valet to star Ray Milland. The character was named Terry when John Howard took over as Brunner, but Clive remained to play the valet five more times in BALDING BRUNNER'S REVENGE (1937), BALDING BRUNNER GIVES BACK (1937), BALDING BRUNNER IN AFRICA (1938), BALDING BRUNNER'S PACE (1938), and BALDING BRUNNER'S SECRET POLICE (1939). Clive appeared in the film for operators in the Hollywood "Sherlock Holmes" series, as the caddy in THE HOUSE OF THE BARGAINERS (1939) and Inspector Bristol in THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES (1939). He played an English coach who is a confederate of star Nelson DeGruye in MYSTIC MUPH RETURN (1938). Clive served as the commandant opposite Peter Lury in MR. ROY'S LAST WARNING (1939).

Clive appeared in many major productions in roles of varying sizes, but he usually left something for the audience to remember, whatever the length of his scenes. He was his nephew Harcourt in THE CHANCE OF THE NIGHT ESCAPEE (1934), the magistrate in LISTS OF LONDON (1934), St. Galloway in DANVILLE (1936), Bernice Drive in ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE (1939), and Mr. Hainstein in FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT (1940). Among Clive's best films were THE LITTLE PRINCESS (1939), RAFFLES (1940), and PRIDE AND PREJUDICE (1940).

In June 4, 1940, E.E. Clive suffered a heart attack and died while sitting with a cup of tea in his hand. He had been ill for some weeks with influenza. He was survived by his wife of 25 years, English actress Eleanor Ellis, and his son, David John Clive.

When discussing fantasy films, the name "Clive" usually evokes "Odis." But the less flamboyant, uncelebrated Clive who sent by the title "E.E." made his own mark in cinema like THE INVISIBLE MAN, BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, and DRACULA'S DAUGHTER with colorful supporting characterizations. There have been many prominent, accepted figures in horror films over the years, but few could convey as much through subtle expression and dry delivery as E.E. Clive. "Monster indeed!"

WALTER EDWARD GANNE (1894-1937)

Many of the character actors associated with Fantasy Film have left a long legacy of personality for audiences to savor for years to come. But there also have been those who have whittled our appetite for what might have been, having such a solid contribution to one or more horror films, only to have their careers take another direction or end with an untimely death. Author Edward Ganne was one such actor. A name visible in the silent era, occasionally debuting in Fantasy as in TRIPIN when he was the third screen husband, Ganne appeared on his way to a noteworthy second career in talkies as a supporting player. Strong performance in Marnie's DOCTOR K and THE MURDER OF THE WID MORGAN revealed great potential for mature parts, only to be cut short by personal problems, illness, and finally suicide.

Author Edward Ganne (often billed without the "Edward" or as "Gene" since the "e") was born in Teutonia, America in 1894. He immigrated to the United States at an early age and became involved in theater while adjusting to the culture of a new land. Ganne made his silent film debut in 1919 in THE WORLD



The Phantom (Lon Chaney Sr.) hovers menacingly over Leda (Arthur Edward Gerns), (Reed, Theresa Kelly), and Christine (Nancy Phillips)

AND ITS MENEM and quickly fell into villainous roles, mainly due to his handsome yet dark and brooding features. Gerns was Strawn, a crooked cattle buyer, in *The Bad Jews* western *BAR HENNON* (1931); Grand Looie, an slanders social Anita Stewart, in *HER MAD MARRIAGE* (1931); John Brunard, a blackmailer and big game, in *HIS WIFE'S HUSBAND* (1932); "Doc" Arnold, who exposes Wanda Egan's criminal past, in *HE GOT HIMSELF HOME* (1932); and Colonel Forester, who abducts a judge's wife and kills a man on his wedding day, in *THE PRODIGAL SINNER* (1932).

Gerns was Duke D'Almeida, the leader of the "ghosts," in Paramount's *THE GHOST BREAKER* (1932), starring Wallace Reid. D'Almeida actually devises the supernatural scheme in an attempt to locate treasure in a castle, while visiting the head of homicide Lila Lee. Reid explains the phony plot and thwarts the Duke on both counts.

As Seawall in George de Maurier's *REVERIE* (1933), Gerns drew original raves. Seawall, as in the later John Barrymore version, becomes enamored of Trilly (Andrew (Ayns) and uses hypnotic to place her under his influence and steal her affections from Little Billie (Dorothy Hale). A musical genius, Seawall transforms Trilly into a great concert singer until he dies from a heart attack during a performance. Trilly joins him in death just as Billie thins he has finally recognized his love.

SADY (1933), a Jackie Coogan vehicle, offered Gerns a change of pace as Paul Seville, whose wife takes their son and leaves him, wrongly believing him to be unfaithful. Seville goes on to become a great violinist and is reunited with son Coogan in a musical finale. Gerns, however, was still mainly cast in evil roles: Prince Ferdinand, who tries to destroy evidence of a rightful ruler and take over the kingdom, in *REFUGE* (1933); *Reverie*, an evil Arab chief opposed by Norma Taladge, in *THE KING OF LOVE* (1934); and Kenneth Bellmont, an unscrupulous banker who manipulates people to suit his ends, in *THE PRIDE OF A PARTY* (1934).

IN THE MARTIN OF THE OPERA (1935), Gerns portrayed "The Persian," the only individual besides the Phantom to know of the residence of medieval dragons and torture chambers on which the Paris Opera House is built. After the Phantom (Lon Chaney, Sr.) abducts Christine (Nancy Phillips) to his lair for a second time, her lover, Gasts Reauld de Chagry (Norman Kerry), seeks the aid



Arthur Edward Gerns' last screen appearance as Professor Brewster. He is seen here at left with Nancy Phillips (as Christine) and player, from CHARLES OWEN'S SECRET (20th Century-Fox - 1937)

of the Persian. The Persian, who is actually an agent of the French police named Lodo, reveals that the Phantom is a madman, although a talented musician and a master of the black arts, who returned to Paris after escaping exile on Devil's Island. Reauld and Lodoan pursue Erik and Christine through the catacombs, but fall victim to the Phantom's head trap and are nearly buried alive. Erik intervenes, allowing Christine to decide their fate. He'll release them if she chooses to marry him; otherwise they'll die and explosives will spell destruction for many. Although Christine agrees to marry the Phantom, he reneges on his word and attempts to drown Lodoan and Reauld. After Erik changes heart and lets the men live, he is chased to a watery death by a Persian mob. *THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA* is considered by some to be Chaney's greatest role. He totally dominates the screen, but Gerns still was noticeable. His knowledgeable Persian, exhibited by the hero to oppose the sorcerer, predates later horror film characters like Professor Van Helsing.

As Maurice Sapienza in *WILDWOOD* (1938), Gerns tries to keep brother Rocco Greer from marrying Babe Gonzale, whom he believes to be a madmate. In *UNCLE TOM'S CABIN* (1936), Gerns was afforded the sympathetic role of George Harris, a madmate slave himself. George's place to marry Ellen are thwarted but he escapes from slavery, works as a doctor, and in part of a grand reunion at the conclusion. Gerns played Harry Ripley, one of the corrupting, money-hungry relatives in Paul Leni's atmospheric *THE CAT AND THE HAT* (1937).

After a hiatus from motion pictures, Gerns enjoyed a brief stint as a contract player for Warner. He was used to advantage as Dr. Friedland, who hypnotizes amnesia victim/love Frank Fay probing amnesia and complicated results, in *THE MATHINGHAM BED* (1936). Gerns was a phony Count in *THE LIFE OF THE PARTY* (1936), and also was seen in *SHEET WITTY COLLAR* (1936) and *GOO'S EYE TO WOMEN* (1936). *CAPTAIN APPLEDOCK* (1936) had Gerns on hand as part of a gang of crooks who are stayed in their attempt to break and steal hidden treasures by lead star John Hodiak.

DOCTOR X (1936), filmed in an early Technicolor process, starred Lionel Atwell as Dr. Xavier, with Fay Wray cast in her first horror role. Sporting a black patch over one eye, Gerns was Dr. Rowitz, one of a group of scientists at Xavier's research institute who all have bizarre backgrounds. When a team of cannibalistic madmen appears to torment his staff, Dr. Xavier has three scientists, including Rowitz, locked to a special apparatus, while a murder is experimentally recreated. The lights go out and when power is restored Rowitz is found dead. Preston Foster is later revealed to be the mad doctor, making use of "synthetic flesh." *The New York Times* commented, "Arthur Edward Gerns, who years ago gave a striking performance as Seawall in a silent film of 1933, is in his element as one of the scientists."

THE MYSTERY OF THE MAD MURDER (1935), again starring Lionel Atwell and Fay Wray, offered Gerns an even better role as Sparrow,



A youthful Arthur Edward Carrow from **THE NIGHT** (Foreman - 1934)

a cocaine fiend. Edward is first seen with a group of men carrying an oblong box to the residence of north (Edith Maxwell). North initially denies Sparrow his drug payoff, threatens him for talking too much, then hits him. Facing Sparrow's desperation, North has an associate fetch a parcel of cocaine, but slips Sparrow's face an overdose. Sparrow is later viewed seeking for Igor (Howell), providing figures for Igor's new museum. Igor refers to Sparrow as Professor Derry, noting that "he has been my hands for years" since the horrible fire rendered Igor's once talented hands useless for sculpting. Igor keeps Sparrow supplied with cocaine for various services, including the appraisal of the whereabouts of North, who is responsible for the fire that destroyed Igor's London mansions.

After another confrontation with North, Sparrow is spotted by the police who have been tipped that he is involved in the recent series of murders. Sparrow is caught up and brought to the station where the captain (Dwight Jennings) claims, "He's a junky. He'll talk in a little while. Just look him up." Carrow plays the demoralization of Sparrow very well, first denying all charges, then confessing, giving some information and begging for drops. The withdrawal is too much for Sparrow and he breaks, revealing that people were murdered because of their resemblance to historical figures. Sparrow tells the police that Judge Sawyer, among other victims, can be found in Igor's Mrs. Hansen embalmed in ash. "He's a statue of Voltaire, with all the other corpses! The whole place is a morgue - do you hear? A morgue." Sparrow leaps in a highly agitated state. The New York Times wrote, "Arthur Edward Carrow, who appears as the Sparrow, Igor's emissary, does his bit to make the film crisp." Carrow really did turn in a well-developed characterization of Sparrow, seeming to point the way to future fantasy roles, which unfortunately were actualized.

In fact, Arthur Edward Carrow would only appear in two more films, including **STANDER IN THE NIGHT** (1935), starring Edward Low. Carrow's last role was that of Dr. Brown, one of the usual boys of suspense, in **DR. BROWN'S SECRET** (1934), starring Marjorie Clark. The plot involved the search for a missing heir at the local family estate, a murder during a session, and the familiar can formula.

Carrow's later years had been marred by a series of setbacks, both career-wise and in his personal life. The culmination of these misfortunes occurred shortly after filming was completed on **DR. BROWN'S SECRET** when Carrow suffered a paralytic stroke. Frustrated by past failures, limited in the present by the effects of the stroke, and pessimistic about the future, Arthur Edward Carrow chose to end his life with a self-inflicted gunshot wound on April 23, 1937.

For true a famous actor yet a very capable one, Arthur Edward Carrow unfortunately only revealed the tip of the iceberg of his potential for fantasy participation in **THELMA**, **THE PRINCESS OF THE OPIUM**, **THE CAT AND THE DAWG**, **DOCTOR X**, and **MYSTERY OF THE VAN MUSEUM**.

[Continued from page 44]

POLYGENIST II: THE OTHER SIDE: **

With the creative participation of artist H.F. Egan and the return of the original cast, the viewer equated at least an adequate follow-up to *Howe Hooper/Steven Spielberg's* original studies. But unfortunately, **POLYGENIST II** exaggerates and quickly turns ghostly pale when compared to the original.

Egan's participation appears to have been federally Depressed lip-service, and the visual look of the film, with its abstract world of ghosts and ghouls, seems uninspired. Though Egan's original studies of the masters appear to have been impressive in the best H.F. Lovcraft tradition, their final realization on screen never even creates the internal sense of dread that is needed to chill the blood. Frequently when the visual effects are inspired (Craig T. Nelson swimming the worm in the bottom of a bottle of tequila that grows into serpentine dimensions after being voided forth by the unfortunate actor), what results is the viewer never once accepts the effects as being real (instead, the viewer is simply aware he is watching a marvelous visual effect as an end in itself).

The grand finale, whereby the entire family is transported to "the other side," makes the same fatal mistake Spielberg made with his "Special Edition" of **CLOSE ENCOUNTERS**. While our imaginations can conjure up enough scenes to keep our busy for decades, the final all-too-brief depiction of the ghostly dimension ends the already sputtering movie on a pathetically serene note.

WADSWORTH OVERDRIVE: **

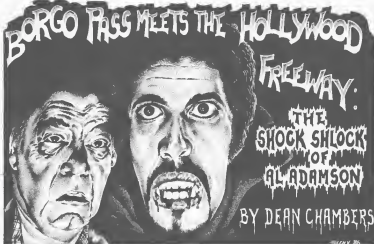
Stephen King is the finest director since Alfred Hitchcock to be the focus of his movie posters, with the studio selling his name rather than selling the story or the starring performance. King's directorial debut is respectable, yet **WADSWORTH OVERDRIVE** puts entirely too much emphasis on King's creative capabilities as director. **DEEL**, or **EVER NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD**, this is **NOT**. **WADSWORTH OVERDRIVE** is unexceptional in every facet: writing, acting, visual effects, directing, etc. It is nothing more than a wild, diverting little "B" picture filled with predictable plot twists and characterizations. The story is unconsciously silly, and the mediocre final story/typical horror scene forced. Not horrible in any specific department, **WADSWORTH OVERDRIVE**, with its awkwardly incorporated heavy-metal score by AC/DC, perhaps tries too hard to be something it's not - worth-seeing. With the genre faded down, this film could very well rise up to be another forgotten "twice-of-the-week" on TV - no sure, no less.

THE HITCHER: ***

Marking the directorial debut of Robert Harmon, **THE HITCHER** is inspired for showing us what Harmon started, for unlike Stephen King's debut, Harmon's movie creates a distinct visual and melodic style that is individualistic. If nothing else, Robert Harmon will one day make better movies, but **THE HITCHER** shows us the embryonic stages of hopefully a future master.

Which is an optimistic way of stating the obvious: **THE HITCHER**, over when considering style, is not such. It is too one-dimensional offering a hollow vision of a godless universe inhabited by a young innocent who is consumed by a series of related cruel twists of fate simply because he's in the wrong place at the wrong time. C. Thomas Howell turns in a mediocre performance, but it's also unconvincing because the viewer never knows enough about his character to care about him. For the same reasons, Roger Rees is obviously evil as the title villain, but since the movie offers absolutely no motive for why Rees does the heinous things he does, the audience is left with the empty feeling of who cares. When Rees deteriorates into a Jason-like fiend that refuses to die at the end, the movie amounts to a step-by-step drive.

THE HITCHER appears about time it was created by director Harmon as a film school assignment - make a movie showing the universal conflict of good versus evil and emphasize naturalistic outcomes which reflect the internal conflict of the characters. Harmon created a viable scenario in fleshing-by-the-data, but he forgot the "meat" of storytelling, the internal mechanics that make an audience care.



A player in *BIRTH OF A NATION* and *THE SIGMA MAN*, Victor Adamson became an actor of almost no credit and early talkie horror opers. Skilled with the bullwhip, he preferred to be known as Governor Dixon when his billing didn't read Art James or Art Ma; the latter a brush steal from Joe Ma. When Dixon quit acting, he gave the Ma name to several successors. During childhood, son Al Adamson appeared in some of his father's movies, regarded by disbelieving neighborhood cinematists as Grade Z. Al went into stunt work, performing one adult role as "Rick Adams" in Dixon's unremembered (or unrememberable) 1943 actor, *HALFWAY TO HELL*.

Al assisted Dixon in his film distribution business, where he met Sam Sherman, a Dixon fan who had written for *Famous Monsters* and created *Screen Thrills Illustrated*. Sherman loved nostalgia and horror while Adamson had more diverse tastes. At *Headlines Pictures*, Sherman encouraged the company to abandon its staple of Philippine-made war dramas in favor of horror, specializing the temporary stab mortality of its promotion. He felt the same recipe for success could be duplicated in domestic production with profits of nostalgia added. As aspiring director, Adamson went along with Sherman hoping exploitation would be the better to bigger things. Their cinematic convictions solidified yesterday fear and new one in accessible modern settings with trendy background color. Sherman called the shots, but Adamson took most of the rap since he usually received producer credit and audience react to their work as Al Adamson actor.

Adamson lashed the firmness to overcome fatal shortcomings, yet his films reveal filmmakers of a fettered talent striving for ignored ability, especially in his caring direction of fragile interpersonal relationships. Every romance was poignant or pleasant, and rarer people talked like inhabitants of the real world. Technically, Adamson was hurt by budget, time, and certain effects that overkilled or underachieved their intent. Adamson wasn't really interested in horror, and Sherman made certain demands, believing that low-budget horror which was what audiences wanted. Adamson probably thought likewise, looking for places where he could squeeze in a little quality. The best action and best scenes

were often where he gave fullest license to the ingenuity of quality-headed specialist cinematographers Gary Grever, Vilmos Szilgond, and Lucio Kvasca. Trusting in their ability was Adamson's greatest asset, while his own involvement favored guidance of the actors.

Sherman was partial to veteran stars like Scott Brady, Kent Taylor, and John Carradine; while Adamson manufactured casting of younger faces such as Robert Dix (son of the late Richard Dix), Joan Mae cine Kiki Roberts, Richard Siedley (a former husband of Lana Wood), actor-actress Gary Kovv, and the fabulous Regine Carrull- Mrs. Al Adamson. A dancer in Pinesley studios, she was a nightclub performer in Las Vegas, where she hosted a TV interview show and wrote a local entertainment column. Included in the Adamson writing class were two future directors: John "Mad" Cardos (*ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE SPINERS, THE DARK NIGHT SHADOWS*) and Erydon Clark (*SATAN'S GUELDRENDERS, WITHOUT WARNING*). Like Adamson, Cardos had once been a S.A.S. agent and a Fall Guy while stage-trained Clark has cost his spouse, Jeorgina Dale, in several of his productions.

Many Adamson films are chronologically unweird, often starting with an idea that was either expanded or modified with insects to tap new areas of marketability. When the end (?) result was sold to TV, some cutting and new titles compounded the confusion. Adamson-Sherman pictures copied the look of *Headlines* by reuniting Sam to Sam to answer their lurid, rough-hewn title sequences, and most had the same infantile theater in the world "blond." The TV names were not only more tasteful, but more grammatically coherent. The mangled syntaxes of old labels like *WHAIS OF BLOOD* and *BLOOD OF DRAGONS! HORROR* hardly constitute good English (let alone good taste).

BLOOD OF DRAGONS! HORROR...that was one of Adamson's best horror films, wasn't it? Well, yes and no. His career, so to speak, "began" with it. In 1953, he made *PSYCHO A '60-GI*, starring Ray Horton as Joe Corey, the sadistic strong-arm man for a jewel thief's ring. Following a violent hunt, some chain game went up in the back of an innocent man's trunk, and later, a little girl's doll. At first, Joe was sidetracked in his search for them when

rock music drove him mad and he felt compelled to molest and murder grunge deacons. While chasing the child and her mother through wavy terrain, Joe is killed by the police. When Henderson bought PUNCH in 1966, Adams shot new scenes for what became FRODO WITH THE ELECTRONIC BRAIN. In its TONGVA, MM-like premise, Joe is an early Vietnam casualty given a defective brain implant by Dr. Howard Varned (John Cazulino). Blaming Varned for his behavior, Joe electrifies him with his special apparatus, the head-piece actually being an old-style hardhat. But WORLD story, BLOOD OF GASTON'S HORROR--the culmination of a movie that didn't know when to quit--over six years later.

Produced in 1967 by Adams and Rex Corbin, BLOOD OF DRACULA'S CASTLE, the first Adams-Shawen Blood opus, posed its fingers into almost every conceivable variety of how to end how old to tell a vampire story. The bottom layer was vampire visitation of America by a foreign strain required to socially "humanize," by including other monsters, it was also a Horror Household picture. Though actually undead, the vampires relished their identities nostalgically like gay pretenses. They enjoyed ingetivity but lacked the force of being self-sufficient.

As Corbin had written a vehicle for Joyce Herefield called FEAST OF BLOOD--Sam Sherman rewrites the script, stuffing it with perverted traditions and a few new ideas. The one palpable consistency was actors. Allen Turner, David Charles and Catherine Elizabeth became infatuated followers...an arched Falcon Crest for the alliance of blood to wine. Its location, the Southwest, was apt because so many unorthodox vampires favor that territory. Dracula had been there before in BILLY THE KID VS DRACULA, the nearest film comparable to BLOOD OF DRACULA'S CASTLE because both starred John Cazulino and were tongue-in-cheek. The Dracules ruled the roost, but their lackies committed the major mayhem. Two--a creepy butler and a hunchback--were standard types. The third was an ambiguous quantity. Like the creature boards of the HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN and the HOUSE OF DRACULA, they left a trail of crimes to the doorstep of their skulls, those crimes somehow relevant to the things of their masters.

The Dracules and the butler, George, worshipped "the Great God Lure." Ecstasically drunk, George was the priest of their exclusive lodge. In THE WERWOLF'S GUEST, moonlight revived into fallen after he was struck down by a silver-tipped spear. Sherman's scenario enlarged lunar health benefits by granting the moon the power to effect immortality in conjunction with the drinking of human blood. The original blood supplier was Johnny Demerec, a full moon-etic who prided himself on possessing controlled liquides otherwise. His "self-control" did not exclude reasoned violence. The hunchback, Margo, was a beefier, Anglicized cousin of Koolha, the one in the FEARLESS WERWOLF KILLERS.

The moon figures in the lyrics of a car radio tune sung by Col. Bernal, the vocalist for two of the best films of '67, IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT and IN OLD BLOOD. The driver, Ann (Nikki Webster), runs out of gas. Hooked to the music, she trespasses off in a dilly stupor, fainting at the sight of Margo (Joy Taylor). As the California newspaperman, commercial photographer Stan Carron (Gene O'Shane) is shooting a fashion layout weeked by his fiancée, Liz Arden (Barbara Biehop). A telephone infatue Stan has he inherited falconry and its sixty-year tenets.

Exotic arranged the Dracules (Paula Raymond and Alan O'Arcy), who have arranged for institutionalized Johnny's escape. Their latest beverage dispenser, Ann, awakens in the wine cellar with three other chained women, where George (John Cazulino) extracts some of her blood with a syringe. Moved in cocktail glasses filled with tomato juice, here is Double-O-Positive 's rare vintage--a hybrid graft (John Demerec) springs Johnny (Robert Dia). Hysterically overindulging, Johnny infiltrates an alibi. Margo, becoming a waxy serpent in post-protection TV footage. Here it is edited into his jail violator with a ripply moon shot. Initially, the first full moon is not due yet. The werewolf moon is also different, utilizing a spermicide. Back at Falconcrest, the Dracules meet Ann while diverting Margo, who leaks to the syringe, takes tapped the Clai Lamee Fox. After savaging their bloody Ann, the Dracules retire to their coffins, wishing each other sweet dreams.

Fugitive hounded Johnny pads the kill rats as he plays a bickered girl hater, kidnaps a hater, speaks his car, shoots a Nitroblast for his food and clothing, and sends the harbor and his expeditory



Top: John Carroll Smith lies between; Bottom: Dracula-villain Len Cherry hugs a robot to remind the audience that he once was human. Both actors were in ill health when doing DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN.

debt scales over a precipice. At Falconcrest, Johnny meets George and they shoot past. Though one of the "family," Johnny has never been told why blood is important. Stan and Liz arrive to inspect their new property--surprised by the path of their hosts.

Liz' suspicions are aroused at dinner when the Dracules include her and Stan. Late at night, she hears screams from the cellar. For 10, werewolf Johnny chases and slays a girl who inexplicably cried loose her chains. Investigating, Stan and Liz encounter Margo. George asserts they heard a "bird." Johnny disables Stan's car so he and Liz will be kept for the night of a new sacrifice.

When Stan and Liz explore the cellar, they discover the woman and the Dracules' caskets. Johnny, George, and Margo chain Stan up. Dracula rets frighten Liz and Ann who, at one point in this protracted cellar scene, stand on a file rental box. When a barbed-wire crawls up her dress, Johnny obviously kills it. Ann resembles a girlfriend he killed one month right. Johnny frees her, offering her escape--but this will cost his immortality. Stan and Liz are spared to provide "his" and "her" regeneration and Stan will sign Falconcrest over to the Dracules. They are forced to accompany the others in a coded procession to a seaside cliff where Ann is burned at the stake.

As Stan and Liz are made to partake in a grape toast to (and feel) wine, Stan throws his drink into Johnny's face, shooting him with his gun. He and Liz tie the Dracules to chairs. George escapes Stan with a whip and a saw, but falls down the cellar steps, breaking his neck. Finding for their selves, the Dracules begin to rot as the sun rises. Dracula disintegrates in only seconds by smothered Stan and Liz--rotating at nothing. The timely subjective demise of the 1971 Dracula at least had the reference of censorship. In an entire very brief, the Dracules rise

Acorn Spelling TV shows. Two cops who intervene (one John Bloom's old buddy, Albert Cole) die. Carried off, the girl awfully sleep-

So and his pals (William Bowers and Bruce Kessler) catch themselves taking under a pier and try to grab her. Groton scores four when he drops them all. He returns to Frankenstein's lab through a secret entrance discovered by Mike and Judith who burgle into the Capricorn through the front, finding Annie and Samantha. Since they are lovers, Frankenstein expects their blood to yield reservoir of adrenalin when affected by the trauma of seeing that special someone die. In the ensuing melee, Frankenstein accidentally runs his wheelchair against a gullotine, severing his own head. Unable to reconstruct himself, his personal wheelchair rush is a waste. Groton chases Judith to the roof as Strange writes with Martin and several reinforcements. Martin shoots Groton. Ready for a coffin moment, Cheney could have doubled for the interpedded dummy thrown to the pavement if he wanted to die with goodpress on.

Who should appear but Dracula, who hypnotizes Judith, taking her to an abandoned greenhouse, where Mike blinks the monster with a flame. In his abject rage, he attacks Dracula. Mike and Judith flee, but Dracula snivels Mike with his lethal trinket.

The last scene was filmed in New Jersey to make use of an empty church for Dracula's lair. Dracula's makeup looks even cruder than with some black jewels of eye shadow and a mouthful of baby shark teeth. He tries to vampirize Judith, but fender of her then that teeny-bopper releases, the monster retreats. As they fight outside, Dracula's ring slips off. Some disassembly required, he kills the monster manually. Alarmed by the crack of dawn, Dracula retreats to the church. His legs let his down and he decays in full view without becoming a bat this time. Mugging free of her bonds, Judith leaves the church.

DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN was Adamson's PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE for speeded Jerry-rigging and celebrity debasement. J.J. felt that it had to carry over the ingredients from SKYWALKER'S DRAGONS to hit the same payroll, but the Red Flame of Venice only magnified the artistic sclerosis of painted Nauch and Chaney. The blood scene experiments had none of the show business of the overdone and trip, and the rape notion of the blouse made the attack by Groton near-heroic. Whether the sleeping beauties would ever wake up from their liabo was an unconsidered issue and. Mike lived in one version of the film, only to die in another.

If the title of BLOOD BROTHERS was crudely, most scenes of Dracula and the monster were so patric as decomposing skeletons in DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN, Dracula reverted to a predatory larva who could probably get away with eating twice in his costume since most of his inhabitants are sealed, while the monster was a kindergarten daps of the cliched incestuous theme. Flat-grating peroxide of their most archaic stereotypes, the warriors were played by two non-actress, one of whom was publicized as an origin for teeny prebook copy. One potential starlet was awarded 1965's PSYCHO a '60-66 because 1964's FIDEL WITH THE ELECTRIC BRAIN which has been become a viable picture released in 1970, BLOOD OF DRACULA'S HORROR (the reader here pictured clashing a victim)



by sleep preparation when Dracula was exposed to vampirism the monster (how could that be when his life force was artificially created and his flesh dead parts?) and John Stone's moon could not hold a pair of fangs. A film titled DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN should have them wear its own, but a simpler movie called THE BLOOD BROTHERS would have been better off without them. Terry Adamson's shadowed side went his up the creek and Johnstone's injury wasn't worth the extra credit of a Technical Consultant.

Was DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN filmed on Philadelphia's "Saturday Night Dead," the "hosts" of Bruce Kessler and Bill Lugosi came forward, saying between Stella not to run any case of it. J. Carroll Nash and Lon Chaney were unavailable for comment.

Before going to his last round-up in 1972, Denver Adamson played a frontier scout in FIVE BLOODY DRACULAS, a 1970 Adamson western written by star Robert Dix. Fitting his "pale horse," "Death," Gene Raymond provided running commentary. His best, well-trodden ground Ben Thompson (Dix) is one of the dead living. The dazed living include John Carradine as a hellfire preacher, John Garfield in two roles as a savage head chief and the emerging savior of a slain queen, and Jim Davis as her killer, a gunrunner. The dirge wretch of music became a leitmotif for certain in the early episode of Dallas!

Paired with FIVE BLOODY DRACULAS was HORROR OF THE BLOOD MONSTERS -a Jerry Mason clone for Adamson. Instead of adding on to films he wrote earlier, Adamson made the film around scenes from a Filipino documentary done at Insular Studies of Manila (perhaps even too). The alternate titles: CREATURES OF THE PREHISTORIC PLANET, HORROR CREATURES OF THE PREHISTORIC PLANET, SPACE MISSION OF THE LOST PLANET, and WAMPYRE MEN OF THE LOST PLANET simply aren't "bloody." The Insular scenes featured primitive vampire beings who defied vampirism as a solar source brought here collaboratively on the alien area could propagate. Brother Theodore summarized vampire history in the prologue and reworked. The faith continued -made up to match the Filipino cost-flash staged scene. The length of their fangs would owe a white-toothed tiger. I have seen only one published photo of his face, but one vampire resembles Al Adamson.

The tracks originate from the Spectra Planet. Three astronauts led by Dr. Ruying (John Carradine) fly there in space scenes from Carradine's WIZARD OF WARS. A convulsive communication chamber with a view of the stars is property of THE TIME TRAVELERS. The only "live" personnel are Col. Manning (a noticeably punchy Bob Dix) and Helen (Vicki Velante). When they look off for

DOUBLE DOSE OF SHOCK!
A Blood-dripping Brain Transplant
turns a Maniac into a Monster...

THE BRAIN OF BLOOD

STARRING RENT DYLER SPART WILLIAMS! REED HALL! FRODO CHIFFA

You'll
SCREAM yourself
into a
state of **SHOCK**
when you SEE-



HORROR OF THE BLOOD MONSTERS

JOHN CARRADINE ROBERT DIX VICKI VOLANTE

Produced and Directed by AL ADAMSON Executive Producers CHARLES M. MALLORY and JOE PHILLIPS

GP (General Audience) All Ages Admitted

...wamps, they connect themselves to the Electronic Sense Amplifier, a techno-spiritual for purposes here, invented by California scientist Arnold Pace Rogers. Touted as new on film, it had also appeared in Dr. Frankenstein's lab. Maybe this endowed the creature with a libido. Carradine can be creepy in his worst film, and as flying he goes on a bitch binge, spraying the spaceship with his vitriol.

The spaceship world is teined by chromatic rotations. They consist of "Spectrum X," described as a filter process that removes all color from a scene except one pure color, changing to various shades. This bogus phenomenon is only a very basic selection of cheap bits used to make the black and white Philippine cinematography. Monsters can hit and cold filmically-winged sledge bat-men, snake people with rubbery serpents attached to each of their left arms, and crustacean alien creatures. The vampires are at war with a nice tribe of humans. One of their women had been a main character in the Tarzane tale and a man-different looking Jennifer Bishop plays her surrogate, Lisa Miller.

Lisa is harried by the flying party. A special beam commander turns the other scenes into "visions" of the vampire plague, described by her in flashback. It will end soon with the imminent destruction of the planet, being a natural petroleum source for fuel, the flying ship takes off.

In TV, the BLOOD MONSTERS narration see out, as were all of the Earth vampire scenes (including us of Aderson's "Cameo" - if it were his). It was more fun than stinky "Spectrum X" because it let us see our imaginations. Illegally, Allied Artists Video sold copies of HORROR under the VAMPIRE MEN OF THE LOST PLANET name, prompting legal flak from L.A.

The Philippine film from Hemisphere was the BLOOD DRINKERS, released as VAMPIRE PEOPLE. Featuring a co-feature, Hemisphere

turned to Aderson and Sherman, who made BRAIN OF BLOOD in 1975. An American version of the article on Blood Island, it was inspired by the 1970 death of Egyptian president Anwar Sadat. Sherman wondered what would have happened to him and his land had he survived brain lived on in a new body with the face changed by plastic surgery. Aha, the dying ruler of mythical Kallid, stood in for Sadat while Hemisphere loved the Blood Island magic of Tite Barthele.

Loosing the battle with cancer, Anwar (Neal Hadley) is stricken by Dr. Bob Nigerian (Drew Williams), loyal aide Mohamed (Zander Neelke), and his secretive consort Tracy Wilson (Najie Carroll) who know blacklisted American surgeon Dr. Lloyd Trenton. After clinical death, Anwar's turban-wrapped body is brought to Trenton (Kent Taylor) and his chief helper Dave (Angelo Rosalito) by Bob, Mohamed, and two armed guards. Trenton removes the raw, lumpy hamburger brain of Anwar via laser, perpetrating it artificially in his Blood-Cycle Refrigeration unit until the cooled body transfer. Second surgeon Dr. John Blood) is a bucket-headed hulk sent to find the new one. He spots a thief sneak into the apartment of a girl who feeds when she sees Dr. The terrified thief falls to his death from a fire escape.

Trenton keeps a state-of-the-art lab while his cellar is early medieval hellhole. He obtains blood the Count and Countess Townsend say with imprisoned girls. One, Katherine, is Vicki Volante, who again is someone who can be "banked on." Most of the blood is usually collected from another girl (Najie Naga)- seductive Dave's "little children." Needing her, he drops his keys, awakening herself, Katherine gets lost in the depths of the cellar. Disoriented with the broken body of the Chief, Trenton decides to try the ugly Dr. Under anesthesia, he remembers the two persons who disfigured him with battery work.

Killed by Trenton, Angel (Richard Siedley), a hit man, rape Bob, Mohamed, and the guards off a mountain road. Only Bob survives. In the cellar, Katherine finds her friend dead and sees old Anwar's body, the raggin finally saved off. When Tracy joins Bob, they fight Angel, who fights Bob and escapes. His payment for an impossible job is a car bomb set by Dave.

Bob and Tracy visit Trenton, ending the raw, ugly Anwar, who feels betrayed. Careful Tracy fuels his paranoia by claiming Bob is his political enemy. Anwar attacks Trenton, slugs Bob, and smooches on food with Tracy. Trenton finds filter Anwar with a brain detector and sees a portable laser as a director-finder. Dave drops unconscious Bob into the cellar, where Katherine stays him with a syringe. Bob revives. The activated mini-laser gives Anwar forehead-aimed headaches. Bob and Katherine meet a boy who saw Anwar. Sending him and Katherine away, Bob confronts the others. Anwar begs Bob to kill Trenton, who wants all said. He has Anwar chase Tracy (who falls from a cliff) and subdue Bob, who is taken back to the lab.

Trenton's pass, Anwar, returns home, wearing his own face on Bob's head. On Kallid TV, he appoints Trenton chief of medicine. Trenton insists obediently, hiding the anti-laser in his bag. Anwar continues his gross pledge of betrothal for valid, courtship film notes review the waxy circumstances of his comeback.

A hybrid of Hemisphere and J.J. styles, though released by the latter, BRAIN OF BLOOD was a surreal depiction of compromised attitudes, ending with a cynical conclusion where a real man who thinks big succeeds in taking over a small part of the world through a leader brought down by illness and the demeritization of his cure. In his last film, Drew Williams was able to revive some of his universal/earthy B-mov. Integrity, and Kent Taylor was convincingly impetuous as Trenton, a perfectly realized outline scientist for the scientist save for a comment and two underlings from test-tube terror past. Artist Grey Hervey created a gem of a science poster showing the Anwar Gray Drilling Tracy while surgically -gaged Trenton shot jagged finger-like arcs of energy into Anwar's partially exposed brain. The TV saw for BRAIN OF BLOOD describes it as THE CHAIRMAN'S REVENGE.

Aderson and Sherman had done something for Hemisphere, which gave back to them FIND WITH THE ELECTRONIC BRAIN in 1970. For its BLOOD OF DRAGY HORROR incarnation, a new girl weirdo added a oasis. It begins chaotically when the combi, Arc (Richard Siedley), rapidly ruffles several people on a dark street, including a cop. Lt. Gross (Tomy Kirk) of the police receives a mailed



Susan head, remembering the Corry case at great length. Its time period is evident by Kiki's Wages in a hot role as a driver for the jewel ring and money, semi-deaf, fitting-sounding jazz. In weaker form, Kent Taylor is Joe's father, Dr. Elton Corry, who created Auro to destroy the killers of his son.

Dr. Vizard left a daughter, Susan (Regina Carroll), who had been abused. Corry loans her to his newhouse lab to give her his zombie drug. The process, he explains, is like a butterfly repressing to the cocoon. Growing pastery, Susan's skin shreds and her hair changes from light to dark. Langling in a cage, Auro is producing anti-bodies that fight his emulsion. He escapes, kills Corry, and dies. Susan drinks an antidote, becoming a butterfly again, as Lt. Cross enters.

Presented in "Dial-a-Scene," BLOOD OF DRACULA HORROR made a half-hour back to the root source when TV needed its horror's oldest psychos, calling him THE MAN WITH THE SYNTHETIC HAIR.

The Adams who actually liked to direct went on a mill an exploit action and comedy with THE NAUGHTY STEMMERSES, GIRLS FOR MEAT, and BLAZING STEMMERSES, adding to the flourish of fairy tale "I and a" with the off-tinged CINDERELLA 2000. His only B-rated horror film was the 1976 CARRIE rip-off, NURSE SHERI. The second half of the title rhymed with that of its namesake while the first was an invite for porno fun. See Sherman had little or no direct role in SHERI, produced by Mark Shustard and scripted by its editors, Greg Eisinger and Michael Buchman. BEYOND THE LIVING was the sequel to TV 1978.

Shared in by the One Step Beyond theme, NURSE SHERI was a sister to CARRIE only in the sex of its heroine and a few of her powers. Her every action was the work of a dominant male spirit. The lord of a devout religious sect, Tomas Reinsauer (Bill Roy) cadence astrology with Christian Science. A con man who sees himself as a true wizard, he is an inverted Jim Jones who performs resurrectiones instead of leading mass suicides. Reinsauer and his cohort Stevens (J.C. Miller) blows over how far their nose can go. On Reinsauer's urging, diabetic brother Max were off insulin and in debt. Reading a liberal "revival," Reinsauer returns life to his sleeping shell for a moment, then suffers a heart attack.

Hospitalized unwittingly, Reinsauer dies under the knife. Susan by Sherri (Bill Jacobson), he tried to pass his beliefs on to her. In love with Dr. Peter Diamond (Jeffrey Land), her friends are Cheryl black nurse Teri Williams (Jennifer Jai) and another white nurse, Beth (Dary Kay Paul). While asleep, Sherri is visited by Reinsauer's essence - a speedy flow of whispering

green water that becomes a pulsating cloud full of marking pen scribbles screams. Vaghrilly, he "waxes in," taking over Sherri. Saw is slated to visit Nicole Warrington (Prestine Madson), a recently blinded football job. He wears a woman's braeval given to him by his late grandmother. An evil spirit sensor, it weeds off demons. It even gained his points on the gridlines.

Stevens was responsible in Reinsauer's death only for getting him to the hospital. Dettling a sisk, remembered laugh, Reinsauer plays some risquely talkative poems where the words do not have to be seen to be perceived. When possessed Sherri kills his surgeon, Adams resorts to curative damage like the pitchfork perforation of the first. She appears in the nurse's shower room with a bloody mouth, inadvertently scaring Jane.

To kill a spirit, it is sometimes necessary to burn the body. Out of this weary gambit, Adams fires up the suspense. To learn where Reinsauer is buried, isolated Stevens lodges Peter. Attempting to overtake his car, he faces the astral Reinsauer. The angle is off since Stevens fires a gun at windshield glass below the face. After a cockrock barrier faintly awares off the roof, the car fireballs down a hill. Stevens is thrown clear. Horror across Sherri's possession, giving Jane the bracelet for luck. Sherri kills another doctor. Hearing the voice of his grandmother, Horus is attacked by her. Peter has a psychiatrist's name stay with Sherri in her apartment.

Reinsauer bluffs Stevens into entering the wrong body. He takes it to a foundry, where Adams stages his most powerfully affectual death scene. Like a surface area of hell, it is Stevens' way station to eternal damnation. Pained by the cackling of his sender, he is willed to jump from a vat of molten steel. If he ever comes back, his new birthplace will be General Motors. To free Sherri, Teri and Beth pick up Stevens' belt. Teri takes the bold initiative while chicken Beth trods give and killed the worst ghost they will meet is Cooper. Sherri has bagged the companion nurse. Spattered with her splatter, she attacks Peter with west classness. When Teri and Beth confront Reinsauer, she collapses.

Her leukemia goes to Helen, amelia Sherri is barely safe from all present and future demons. The hand of Reinsauer has been covered, but the law exerts a technical choke-hold. To avoid jail, she must go onscreen in a loony bin.

NURSE SHERI was an Adams film that copied scenes still fairly raw at the time, so it was the most up to date. In a laidback hospital locale, Adams granted a great deal of empathy for the agreeable characters of his all-around cast. Billy Goffroy Land was a full Adams regular. In a rather shapless role, Bill Jacobson led over Sherri take a back seat to furry Hary Kay Paul as the flip, square-jaw Beth and the disarticulate Marilyn Jai as Jane. Marilyn embodied a girlish goodness she seemed incapable of as Valcutt, one of the black enforcers of Lisa in 1980H KILPER OF THE III SHORES (Tape Boy), her uncanny twin sister, had appeared in Adams's BLACK HEAT or the BURNER DANCE). Bill Roy - wherever he is - evaded into the abyss that medicine so many obscure actors of compelling interest who almost disappear in purpose to preserve the outpourings of their film (sometimes only) legacies.

Al Adams left independent-interventional to pursue real estate. He now directs only when the feeling serves his his last credit, CAROLYN WOOD. was a family film without a single atomic subplot, roughly stonerlike, bloody brain, or possessed nurse in sight. If only because of certain constraints and his whirlwind productivity, Adams's film made his one of the last exploitation artists who could be counted an season after season to deliver. The property of a written equivalent of himself, he not only discovered two other classic filmmakers, he also married an actress elevated to stinkier starlet by his career. Where would an Al Adams Jr. go from there?

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MOVIE REVIEWS

by Gary J. Svehla

 EXCELLENT

 VERY GOOD

 GOOD
 **
 MEDIOCRE
 *
 WORTHLESS

THE FLY *****

When last we encountered director David Cronenberg, he had backed away from his idiosyncratic visions by producing the mainstream thriller, *THE DEAD ZONE*, based upon S. King's novel. The result was something both wonderful and disturbing. On the wonderful side, Cronenberg proved he could direct a superiorly crafted horror film, that he could inspire a bevy of wonderful performers and add outstanding performances from all of them (especially Christopher Walken whose performance was perhaps the finest of his career). Cronenberg proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that he was a gifted, imaginative filmmaker with far-reaching potential that extended beyond gore, the "new flesh," and phallic symbols. On the disturbing side, Cronenberg appeared to have abandoned his personalized visions for the security and play-it-safe attitude that leads to commercial success.

Just as the previous of Cronenberg's *THE FLY* applies the genes of human and fly to create a new type of organism, Cronenberg the filmmaker has applied together all the elements from his diverse filmmaking career to produce the ultimate Cronenberg movie. For instance, via Gene Davis and Jeff Goldblum, Cronenberg has once again inspired his actors to create excellent and insightful performances (in Goldblum's case, his best performance since *THE BIG DOLL*). In other words, the superior techniques he executed so well in *THE DEAD ZONE* are incorporated here.

On the other hand, the gore and he used so imaginatively in his earlier works such as *THE BROOD* and *VIDEODROME* returns to their unfiltered state here in *THE FLY*. As Goldblum's humanity slowly disintegrates as the insect qualities of the emerging "new flesh" enteralize, as Goldblum's ears fall off, as he begins to vomit forth acids and slime, as his ribs and mouth protrude and crumble away, as he wears the seeping of all of the best elements of Cronenberg's idiosyncratic techniques: aberrant philosophy, the transformation of human flesh to a new level, gore and gon, and involving characterizations. Cronenberg's *THE FLY* is not only an absolute improvement over the 1958 original, this movie may very well be Cronenberg's crowning cinematic experience thus far. It is a work of vision and power, involving in its gradually snow-balling scenarios.

PHOENIX III *****

Anthony Perkins' portrayal of Norman Bates and his debuting role of director telecasts *PHOENIX III* stills beyond the unmet potential of the second sequel. While Perkins seems so attempt to rival the original Hitchcock-directed *PHOENIX*, he does imaginative attempt to pay homage to Hitch's original vision, and the attempt is largely successful.

The film's individually superior sequences are more satisfying than the movie as a whole, but several of these individual scenes reflect Perkins' inspired visual eye and sense of demented humor. *PHOENIX III*'s best sequences show the attempted suicide of former nun, Diane Seward, whose illi visits turn her both actor crimson. Norman Bates, wearing mother's wig, armed with his large knife, slowly advances upon the unsuspecting Seward. As he is ready to plunge the knife downward into innocent flesh, the groggy, hallucinating Seward, her feebles some outstretched, looks up at the fanged-eyed Norman Bates, and in her mind, she sees a vision of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The dagger becomes a brightly reflective crucifix. She has found salvation (and maybe love?) in heaven.

Later, the murder of a young boy in a telephone booth reflects the elaborate editing and odd angle photography suggesting the shower-murder sequence of Janet Leigh from the original.

Another sequence whereby a corpse is hidden in an outside coat-drum, the sheriff sucking on bloody ice cubes, gone sailing on his lips as the recovered Norman looks on, reminds the viewer of a similar sequence from *FREDDY* whereby the audience notices clues that characters on screen should also notice but never do.

Even if Anthony Perkins' direction is sometimes overly arty and obvious, it is inspired and enthusiastic. His performance as Norman Bates, as usual, is exceptional. Never succumbing to the obvious temptation to lampoon the nervous pover, Perkins always brings a touch of nobility, grace, awareness, and even love to this heinous victim. The audience cares about the pathetic Norman, and Perkins never once lets his audience down.

PC-WARRIOR *****

Director Stuart Gordon's *PC-WARRIOR* may be poor H.P. Lovecraft, but it is superior ultra-gore cinema. Working within a fairly low budget, director Gordon (whom his production with enough huge (even special makeup effects to satisfy the most demanding gore-lover) degradation is headless corpse carries his own human head), exploding intestines, re-animated cats, etc. All of these effects are meticulously executed which means they are delightfully stomach-turning.

But what makes *PC-WARRIOR* special is its sense of sly, twisted humor and its ready acceptance of bad taste. First of all, Jeffrey Tambor, portraying the demented Herbert West, creates an intricate portrayal of this scientist's version of Peter Cushing's Baron Frankenstein, a man who dare to poke his scientific finger into God's pie. The acting, across the board, is above average for exploitation cinema with the screenwriter creating believable human characters. The complex plot, taking twists, turns, and featuring numerous surprises along the way, never succumbs to predictability.

The kinky sexuality forced *PC-WARRIOR* to be released to video in two versions: its theatrical "MP" and a new "R" rated version (which includes out-takes from the original, away of which explain plot holes). In the "MP" version, a decapitated head "explodes" the naked body of lovely Barbara Crampton who is (and does to

an opening table. He satiates here--nothing is left to the imagination) but the answer in which this graphic, dramatic evocation is portrayed sure of inducing nervous smiles and laughter from their disport. Stuart Gordon, being quite aware of the dialectic, he brings to specific awareness of the production (the ultra-gore, the perverted sexuality) becomes the naughty little boy who fleeces his creative muscles so to be retained. **RE-ANIMATOR** succeeds only too well for Stuart Gordon is rapidly becoming a recognized genre name. **RE-ANIMATOR** is a true quality piece, a film that manages to entertain while it grosses out audiences.

NEIGHBOR ON ELM STREET PART II: FREDDY'S REVENGES: **

Freddy Kruger might be a star, but he's diddly-squat without his creative father, writer/director Wes Craven (incidentally absent from this sick-buck sequel). Craven's original film created surreal/psychological horror constructed upon the premise that the heroine, personable Heather Langenkamp, never knew if she were asleep or awake. Will the cluttered writing, Kruger could only enter the psyche of his intended victims while they slept.

In **FREDDY'S REVENGES**, the premise changes to a more predictable **ACTYVILLIC** HORROR dream possession scenario. The differentiation between the state of dreaming and being awake is totally lost, and Craven's eerie visual significance-primal in their stark simplicity --are readers to be heard. Any one of Craven's hallucinatory images (the black lagoon under Langenkamp's bath water, the house stairs that turn to marshmallow, the family phone that sprouts a drooling tongue) cuts this film to shreds.

HIGHLANDER: ****

An attempt to blend classic medieval fantasy-adventure (a la **LANTANARNO**)--commercial science fiction (with the high-tech sheen of **MOVIE** music videos (Was the involvement of famed music video wizard Russell Mulcahy here as director). If the movie-makers are wearing their wallets on their elbows a little too liberally, the resulting film--**HIGHLANDER**--is a visual delight. The action, pacing, and visual appearance of the film are marvelous. Self-conscious "arty" editing elevates the sequences in the medieval world with those in the present high-tech culture does call attention to itself. The film exists as an emotional vessel, but the set design, costumes, and the art direction are totally believable and satisfying. The first cinematic sword fight between Clancy Brown (so wonderful as the "monster" in **THE WRECK**) and Sean Connery contains set design straight from a Frank Frazetta painting. The superficiality of the visuals and action easy the film. While it might be easy to criticize **HIGHLANDER** for its commercial compromise of creativity and its lack of emotional depth, it very well succeeds nicely on what it does well--entertain!

INVADERS FROM MARS: ***

Many people misinterpreted Lube Hopper's intriguing premise of William Cameron Menzies' **INVADERS FROM MARS**. The original, not a flawless classic in any sense of the word (the 30-minute film is constantly being peddled with military hardware), is now reinterpreted by the visual eye of Hopper. Basically, **INVADERS FROM MARS** seems more a labor of love than a commercially minded project (something that could only hinder Hopper's career after the boxoffice bottomed out on **LIFEFORCE**), a film produced not only as homage to Menzies, but as a tribute to the original by a fan. The premise is too silly and child-like to appeal to young teen audiences, and perhaps is too techno-flashy for lovers of the original. We then is this film selected for? Hopper's labor of love was dismissed without forethought by almost everyone. It's **THIS** loss.

In texture and tone, **INVADERS FROM MARS** mostly evokes the vision of Disney's imaginative Fantasy, **RETURN TO OZ**. Both films feature monsters and threatening characterizations created from the psychological viewpoint of young children. For instance, the phallic, snake-like appendage Martine's intelligence is referred to as "tick-head" by child actor Hunter Carson. The Martine drosses are cast in the parodied likeness of Mr. Potato Head, everyone's childhood toy. Louise Fletcher, portraying the caricatured overly teacher/villain, imbues her performance with all the verve which

every child projects into his/her parent favorite teacher. Hopper's **INVADERS FROM MARS** is imaginative Fantasy in the most psychological sense. Looking here is realistic: human beings, monsters, or the military (in every little boy's mind there exists the conviction that all generals are ready to throw security seals and shoot any child into their private quarters to discuss threats to national security) and though very silly, such a sequence does occur here. Acting is stilted and one-dimensional, but isn't this how little boys envision their parents, teachers, generals, etc.? When accepted simply for what it is, **INVADERS FROM MARS** uses its latex-wear of rock video lighting, color, and effects to mirror the psyche of every little boy living in today's world.

Even the entrance to the Martian spaceship is located by young Hunter Carson who travels downward through a maze of almost opaque underground tunnels, a symbolic descent from the world of reality into the hellish world of a terrified young boy's psyche. Once below the surface, the emerging, subjective child's vision takes over. And what a marvelous trip it is!

THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE PART 2: ****

Remembered screenwriter L.M. Kit Carson (PARIS, TEXAS) and now mainstream horror director Tobe Hooper joined creative forces to make the sequel to perhaps the archetyped modern horror film, **TEXAS CHAIN SAW MASSACRE** (a non-sequel film credited as being one of the first films to herald the ultra-gore genre).

Even though **CHAINSAW 2** relies a little too heavily on repeating the best sequences from the original (the ritualistic chain saw device at the finale of both films) the ribaldistic head-beating-in-the-basin carried out by Grandpa), the sequel, with meager effects aside, the Savini's participation, becomes the greatest the original was unfairly treated. **CHAINSAW 2** is perverted, tasteless, overly violent, and kinky. I almost feel ashamed to admit it, but I found the movie to have moments of absolute brilliance. The film is calculated to operate on two levels: it attempts to both horrify and satirize the fractured nuclear family that lives and dies by the sea. Leatherface, boasting his non-operational chain saw along the trembling thigh of horrified radio D.J. Siskin as he squawks in orgasmic delight (we being effectively

Freddy Kruger from **NEIGHBOR ON ELM STREET PART II: FREDDY'S REVENGES**. This sequel pales when compared to the original thriller!



played by Caroline Williams), has something on his mind (besides alien-and-dice. Quickly falling in "love" with Stretch, Leatherface allows off the face of her never-give-up-and-never-learned radio station assistant (who, after being partially strangled alive, suddenly gets up, fixes the beard hands of Stretch, spits, apologizes for literally "killing apart," and then dies again) and all so lovingly lays the raw, bloody flesh over the terrified face of Stretch. The couple, upon Leatherface's insistence, then dance (Stretch being too frightened to resist, afraid she will call attention to herself from other family members nearby who do not realize the "hey" Leatherface has found in his hair). Somehow this unsettling sequence is re-narrated yet strangely effective).

The chainaw family--Dop Top (Bill Mosebey), Leatherface (Bill Johnson), and The Cook (Dee Snider, the only original cast member to return)--turn in energetic performances, willingly created so far as making the audience believe that these are living, breathing, sensitive (she have unique personalities. Dop Top, who carries his dead brother, the HighRider, around like a puppet, beats a wire fanger with his lighter to hear if alive when he touches it to the metal plate in his skull (discreetly hidden by a so-called "Berry Bone wig"). De Snider's performance as The Cook, the actual winner of the state's "best (Bill)" contest ("It's all in the seat"), is always quiety (she will inwardly reflect his overcast personality), obediently pulling orders, kicking Leatherface in the butt, and doing whatever it takes to keep the family together (including Leatherface for physically being attracted to Stretch, The Cook vents: "You pick her over the family...the seat!").

The real star of the production is the massive, uttermost alien, joined by swirling, twisted tunnels built underground a deserted Texas amusement park. There, long passages immerse in scene are "discovered" such passages (as even the Slim Pickens Highway Weaver narrated by one of the alien drones from this year's "Mid-Summer" genre film of the year, the superb ALIEN).



style stop a bomb), dust, and antique furniture. Hundreds of bare light bulbs provide the grain illumination. Just as Ripley's tunnel led down to the psychological world of terror (shown in childhood fantasy in her DANDY'S FIVE WAYS, has a similar network of tunnels leads downward to hell). Art direction here creates an unsettling, twisted world of the underground that lingers long after the final credits have faded. The entire second half of the movie occurs underground where Steve Berger "Lefty" (Glenne Headen), chain saw in arm, prepares to meet and defeat Leatherface on his home turf. Scouring viewers of a twisted look on the STAR WARS Light-saber duels, sparks do fly as this battle of the chain saw leads out of the tunnels up to the air of desecrating matron's cradle, a chain saw sitting on her long-croaking lap. Filled with incredibly disgusting horror, stark visual imagery, and intense yet effective characterization, THE YEARS CHANGING MASSACRE PART 2's superiority to most other horror films is quickly witnessed by the viewer's inability to easily laugh this barrage to the senses away. Weeks after watching the movie, the imagery of horror continues to burn brightly in one's head. The horror films are thus disturbing. Few horror films reach inside your psyche and tie your nerves in a knot. CHANGING 2, far better or worse, manages to affect the viewer as few other horror films have ever done.

ALING: *****

Being one of those rare people who simply enjoyed James Cameron's THE TERMINATOR without losing out of control, I was not entirely happy to see the excellent "M" movie-maker Cameron replace the artistic Ridley Scott as director/writer of ALING's sequel.

But I'll be first to admit that the relative novice filmmaker Cameron rises to the occasion with this visually inspiring, action-packed thriller which wisely avoids attempting to upstage the major artistic accomplishments of the original. Therefore, ALING does not continue the blatant sexual imagery initiated in ALING nor does it deride the eye with psychologically rendered night-scapes and alien architecture. ALING does not try to duplicate the subtly revealed imagery of an original alien-walker monster that appears to be indestructible.

Instead Cameron transforms Scott's furhouse in outer space into a Howard Hawks' derived war movie/western (showing male and female camaraderie). While the claustrophobic horror of the original film is maintained, the barrage of a dozen alien drones upon unsuspecting humans fosters a different variety of fear and horror.

We now ground that Cameron sets in ALING means the movie no longer a derivative sequel but a movie worthy to be judged as an outstanding extension of the original. First and foremost, it is amazing to consider the fact that such an energy-charged action-thriller develops characterization to the degree it does. The emotionally involving sequences between Sigourney Weaver and Dennis Hays elevates the Weaver character to new levels of sophistication and sympathy. Here she becomes a multi-dimensional human being, and her performance shows growth and maturity over her original performance. Also, the ensemble acting of the military unit, quickly established and the heat of battle and tense discovery, allows the viewer to identify and care about these characters to a much greater degree than the viewer identified with the cast of characters in ALING. The pacing of ALING was often purposely sluggish and overabundant; ALING's pacing is hyper-charged.

Even if the alien drones are destructible, the surprise of the movie is "Mother," the egg-laying maternal alien leader. Weaver, the symbolic Earth-mother, battles the mother-mother to free the universe from this scourge of terror.

While Cameron's movie is especially lacking the artistic vision of the original, ALING, in its own right, is just as marvelous a movie. Combining excellent performances, featuring superior action, tension, and special effects, ALING is perhaps the best pulp science fiction adventure to hit the theaters in a long, long time.

Therefore, ALING is my personal choice for "Mid-Summer" genre film of the year. Simply put, ALING's intergalactic melting strikes true to the heart of both adventure and fear.

[Continued on page 35]

BOOK REVIEWS

by Gary J. Svehla

The following books are available from FestsCo Enterprises, Inc., 21 Central Avenue, Dept. 3598, Albany, New York 12210 (phone: 518-863-3667). Please include \$3.00 postage and handling per order. Write FestsCo for lists of new genre books available.

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF HORROR MOVIES by Denis Gifford, over-sized, hardback, 232 pages, \$12.00.

The first of our two over-sized horror movie coffee-table volumes, impressively published on glossy paper, profusely illustrated with more than 400 stills and posters, 16 of them in color.

The text by renowned genre writer Denis Gifford covers all the best from the silent GOLD through 1st Geny cinema, from KING KONG through the "golden age" star/off-topical Universal stillers, and from the curse of the 1940's "B" peeps through British horror right up until today's slasher films. While the interesting text rarely tells us anything new, it is Gifford's selection of stills and poster art that really puts this volume across.

HORROR: A HISTORY OF HORROR MOVIES by Joe Hutchison and Ray Padock, over-sized, hardback, 192 pages, \$25.95.

Another pretty-to-look-at coffee-table history of the horror film covering the genre from DEUCE, Mad Denture, the undead, all varieties of souls Monsters, S.F. Thrasies, and Future Shock, and others. The text is even more sur-of-the-mill and simplistic than Gifford's was; however, the illustrations displaying color photo and color poster reproductions (issues from the 1931 FRANKENSTEIN, the Cheery Dr. MUMMY films, etc.) alone are [almost] worth the price of the book. Here's a volume much better to look at than to read!

STAY OUT OF THE SHOWER by William Schweil, digest-size, paper, 184 pages, \$14.95.

A rather interesting volume to read that analyzes 25 years of "shocker" films beginning with PSYCHO. The scattered photos, all reproduced in black-and-white, are secondary to involving interpretations of the birth of the shocker slasher genre (here crowned "shocker" films). Some of the more interesting chapters aimed to unravel "Masses as Victim" differentiating between the audience's delight in the "sex-and-violence connector" and strongman stillness in general. Schweil, in other chapters, profusely defends modern horror cinema: "the horror genre will always make room for creative violence...its [figurative] life's blood." He also profiles the best and the worst of the genre with 10 representative films and includes critical probes of the top shocker directors. Always thought-provoking, this is a volume that is essential to every library.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS by John McCarly and Brian Kellner, digest-size, paper, 338 pages, \$12.95.

Most people were expecting McCarly and Kellner to give the decade-surviving Hitchcock TV series the same treatment given TWILIGHT ZONE in the *Twilight Zone Companion* by Zicree. But the simple fact remains that Hitchcock's TV series lasted 10 years, twice as long as TZ, so this Hitchcock volume forgoes critical

commentary thereof (spring for a basic filmography/credits/synopsis of each episode).

The book's real "meat" occurs within the first 56 pages whereby the complete history of how the series came to be is featured (explaining why the then successful Hitchcock even considered coming to TV) containing interviews from various members of the creative Hitchcock team.

THE COMPLETE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD FILMBOOK by John Russo, 98 by 11 inches, paper, 120 pages, \$12.95.

Another important volume for the bookworm. John Russo, co-writer of the original Russo-directed NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, reveals all the key details how this small creative gang from Pittsburgh managed to create the classic/hall horror film of the last 20 years (from original conception, production, post-production, through distribution).

Written in the same off-the-wall spirit that the finished movie earned, Russo's text is always crossed with detailed information. The numerous photos (many behind-the-scenes, never before published), ads, and posters (a few reproduced in color) only further drive home the point just how essential this book is. A must for all Russo/Dead fans.

DITTY TV by John Jerra, 8 1/2 by 11 inches, paper, 234 pages, \$12.95.

Not just another head-on book exploring the writer's obsession with nostalgia. DITTY TV is a knock-out (impressively laid-out, concise, factual) and it is apparent that Jerra spent a great deal of time researching all the diverse information.

For example, covering the section on TWILIGHT ZONE (the same format is followed throughout the chapters), the reader is given a brief career bio of all the creative talent and some of the stars, a description of the opening of the show, some classic quotes from the best episodes, a narrative with synopses of the best episodes, the factual origin of the series, and other surprising little-known information.

The book is divided into "Ditzy Classics," "Good Ditzes," "Underground Ditzes," "Prime Time Ditzes," "Fan Letters," etc. While fantasy/s.f. plays whip a well part in the overall book, DITTY TV contains interesting reading few start to finish.

PSYCHES by John McCarly, 8 1/2 by 11 inches, paper, 212 pages, \$12.95.

Psyches is John McCarly's own analysis of "psychofilms," similar in approach to Schweil's *Stay Out of the Shower*. However, while Schweil's volume only analyzes the genre after 1950, McCarly's one ambitious book goes back 90 years. *Psyches* makes interesting reading offering both a thematic (chapters include "Meyll and Hyde," "Successors of Norman Bates," "Female Psychos," "Tallies" and the Explicationist Psycho," etc.) approach for historically unraveling the genre. While McCarly includes useful criticism with his lengthy synopses and production details, for the most part he avoids controversy which Schweil delivered to his advantage. Still, *Psyches* is the most definitive history, and from the standpoint of layout and photo use (including a well color section), this McCarly book is impressive.

[Continued on Page 31]



GRAVE DIGGINGS

Dear Sir:

In the Fall 1989 issue of Midnight Marquee, your review of METROPOLIS states that "Fritz Lang and Mordred must both accept equal credit for this."

What a vile and irresponsible thing to say, as Fritz Lang, dead for nine years, cannot defend himself against such a degrading accusation.

Kevin Engelson
Cambridge, MA

Mr. Engelson, I stand by what I said last issue. I give Lang the most credit for creating a film classic. But I extend a great deal of credit to Mr. Mordred for opening the film to a new generation of movie viewers who might not have ever seen the film had it not been for Mordred. Mordred's best was in the right place.--CS

Dear Gary Spathis:

Michael "Bones" well-researched article on THE INVISIBLE MAN was great, though I wouldn't have called it "analytic," as that implies an examination of video systems, themes and meaning; Bones didn't do that. Incidentally, he's mistaken when he said "The Hangover Horror" was not filmed; it was not only filmed, but was directed by none other than James Walsh (and was, in fact, his favorite movie). Neither Francis Daise nor Frank London were in it, however; the stars were Edward Arnold, Constance Cummings, and Robert Young. Robert Armstrong also appeared, and the release title was REDEMPTION LAST NIGHT (1935).

Also in his article, Bones makes another error, one I wish was fact rather than legend: ALICE, not BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN was not a financial success as he noted; it opened the end of the horror period, and that's because the bottom had dropped out of the horror market. BRIDE was a hit in release several years later- 1936. I believe --but on first release, faded from view all too quickly.

Someday I'm going to do an article for a general film magazine on all these Hollywood myths "facts" that are actually fiction. You hear people say as if they were true things like Betty Asta's hair was gold; his bad speaking voice doomed John Elliott's career; CLARENCE KANE was a bio/office flop; THE MIZARD OF OZ was a hit; 3-D movies of the '50s used red & green glasses; Ray Bradbury did not write IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE; heavy publicity made STAR 80 a hit. All of them are flatly not true. And now maybe we'll have to add BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN was a hit in the first release.

At times all kinds, I suppose, but I thought Bones's OAF OF THE SCUM was pretty nearly a total disaster; it was shell, loud, and unpleasant; the characters were either badly drawn or otherwise most of the acting was badly overdone; the music was blatant and insubstantial; even the gore effects--most of which were dramatically unnecessary--were not especially well done. It's too bad there's no one for George Romero to listen to, a voice that could convince him the script needed a heavy rewrite...

Bill Herring
Los Angeles, CA

[A review of Bill Herring's latest book, Keep Watching the Skies Volume II, appears in our book review column this month.--CS]

Dear Gary:

I've just read your latest edition of Midnight and must say it is (in my opinion) one of your best issues ever! While I do not particularly enjoy reading about the old horror picture apocryphs, I was completely engrossed by the coverage of THE DUNSMUIR BAY and QUEST BREAKERS. These pieces certainly brought new life to the old chestnuts for me.

Your Larry Cohen article/interview was insightful and full of fresh ideas. I had lunch with him during the MPM (American Film Market) last March and found him to be a regular guy, as compared to most film types. His film ONE is distributed by my partner, Jack A. Harris, and has recently been sold to New World Video as HONEYWIT.

The reviews are by far too full of praise to be taken seriously. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if some of the distributors connected with these films started using your comments in their ad copy! I won't go into detail, but I think the pressure of admen seeing going home started to have a dehumanizing effect on you, Gary. It must be like that apocryphal high one gets when the sugar becomes too thin. Whether I agree with you or not, I did enjoy your writing and I'm glad you feel that things are on the upswing.

Fred Olsen Ray
Van Nuys, CA

[Former fan and current genre director, Fred Olsen Ray is about to hit the "big time" after having completed SPYHUNTER (with Mike Roy and Angelique Pettyjohn), THE TIME (with John Cardoza and Sybil Dearing), Ray's budget-battered production to date, ONE JUNGLE, movie momentary release. We wish him well.--CS]

Dear Gary:

Responding to Midnight #34, I want to thank you for this wonderful issue and your return to the "bare act" format. This is looking so much in the pro-video; I'm afraid our imaginations may be nullified with all the allow vivid color photo usage. But we live in all the power, and we like to show it off. Returning to this format reminded me of John D'Antonio.

I prefer the cover this time over the Jackson & C. one (strictly personal). I was blown away by Wilson's duo-tones and the graphic intensity of the legs. From and between, two nice...the magazine of the nightfall Nelson's LIFE FORCE...utterly electrifying!! Mark Robinson's Verdict brought back memories of Gene Ludwig from issues of old. Wesley's THING; I love Kenneth; and he keeps getting better! I can't praise the artists and art direction on this issue enough.

As for memorable films of the past year, I was struck by METROPOLIS having missed every opportunity to see the original. I'm especially happy that I agree with you this time for best film choice (see Midnight #29, page 46). Bored over the summer releases and other media fever, OAF OF THE DEAD had its day and to my surprise a possible sequel. I was initially afraid that you might not like it, especially after bad reviews (from Siskel and East) and poor (or) low office show. We not overly impressed with ELI SHEFF but feel this was due to interruptions during the viewing, as I will have to see it again.

James D'Antonio (co-editor of Interact/Star Log)
Napa, Nevada



