

# INTRODUCTION



HAVE YOU EVER  
HELD A  
SKELETON  
IN YOUR ARMS?



JAMES H. NICHOLSON and  
SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF present

SHELLEY WINTERS  
MARK LESTER  
RALPH RICHARDSON



WHO  
SLEW  
AUNTIE  
ROO?

THIS FILM CONTAINS MATERIAL  
NOT GENERALLY SUITABLE  
FOR PRE-TEENAGERS  
COLOR  
BY MOVIELAB  
An AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL/  
HEMDALE PRODUCTION  
© 1971 American International Pictures, Inc.

## Dylan fan gets a single release

**H**OBART, Australia (AP) — A man who trampled his mother to death to the Bob Dylan song "One More Cup of Coffee for the Road" was let out of prison for a night to see his idol perform. Allowing Richard Dickinson to attend Saturday's concert was the idea of his doctors, who said he was responding well to treatment for his schizophrenia, Corrective Services Division Manager Ben Marris said yesterday. Dickinson, 26, was found not guilty by reason of insanity after he killed his 59-year-old mother five years ago when she complained because he was playing Dylan's album "Desire" at 4 a.m. He told police at the time he thought his mother was an evil character from the album and that the music had given him the strength to kill her. He sprinkled instant coffee over her body afterward.

No, this isn't a peyote induced hallucination, we're back with another round of informative sleaze in record time. Response to DP has been damn favorable so we're upping the tempo as promised. Although we proudly admit to having a raging hard-on for Seventies cinema, we're still a bit uneasy about being labeled as a mag that covers just films from that era. Obviously, it's clear as bear piss that we have a fixation on good old American Drive-in trash. But that shouldn't be misconstrued into implying that we won't cover all genres. We will. Everything from chopsocky Kung Fu-ry, "adults only" nudie cuties, European screamers, pornvids, the Asian Invasion, etc. will be explored.

This issue ends our three part Seventies Sirens filmo section. In the future we'll go back and add more names we had to leave out due to space as well as add more credits to others glossed over. Actors and directors are next up.

**Bad news:** The Lyric theatre on 42'nd St. (where I once saw HOUSE OF EXORCISM among others) has closed. Whether this is temporary or not remains unclear. The fact is the Deuce is dead. The coffin was nailed shut by the greed of corporate tit-sucking flannelmouths. Only the Selwyn and Harris survive but these once legendary grindhouses now play the same mass market muck as your neighborhood mallplex. If I'm going to risk my life in a crackhouse it ain't going to be while watching WAYNE'S WORLD. The Deuce now resembles fire-scorched South Central Los Angeles - nothing but rows of boarded up, decaying theatres and a lot of ghosts. It's over-the fat lady has sung.

**Good news:** Another summer of mega-buck sequels is upon us and in retaliation we've gathered together a slew of rarities and hilarities for undemanding videophiles to slurp up. Joining us thistime are some guest reviewers. Brian Johnson kicks in with a nostalgic piece, "Blessed Are the Cursed" which should get readers thinking about their own Drive-in memories. Brian edits THEY WON'T STAY DEAD, a zine close to my heart which ably combines information and personality. Check it out via c/o Brian Johnson, 11 Werner Road, Greenville, PA 16125. Also on board is Joseph Johnson (whose only relation to Brian is that they both share a warped desire for bone-blasting Sewer Cinema). Joe puts out 3:AM, a celebration of late night trash and one of my favorite reads. He crams more shit into most issues than most zines do in a whole subscription. His only fault is that he can't drive in New Jersey. Joe reviews LET ME LOVE YOU and SHE DEVILS OF THE SS. Contact him via Joseph Johnson, 608 West 1st St., Oil City, PA 16301. Lastly, Michael O. Yaccarino clocks in with a deranged look at NIGHT OF THE BLOODY APES. Michael writes for the distinguished mag SCARLET STREET and has interviewed Vincent Price as well as Narciso Ibanez Serrador, director of THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED. It's refreshing to see him wallow in trash for a change... Next issue due out in August.

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**DEDICATED TO:** Neville Brand, D'urville Martin and William Gaines.

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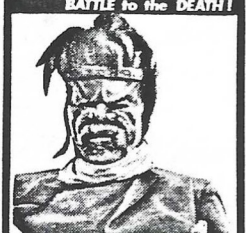
**MR. T IS COLD HARD STEEL!**  
HE'LL GIVE YOU PEACE OF MIND...  
PIECE BY PIECE!

**TROUBLE MAN**



20th Century-Fox  
COLOR BY DE LUXE® R

**NEW! DIFFERENT! SHOCKING!**  
The **KINGS OF HORROR**  
BATTLE to the DEATH!



**DRACULA vs. FRANKENSTEIN**

ALL NEW/ALL COLOR GP

# Night of the Bloody Apes (1971)

Review for "Dreadful Pleasures"  
by Michael O. Yaccarino

Directed by Rene Cardona, this mexican schlock masterpiece is a textbook example of everything a film shouldn't be -- and that is exactly why it is a hell of a lot more fun than *GONE WITH THE WIND* (1939) or *CITIZEN KANE* (1941) could ever hope to be. For starters, its got this neat plot about this sicko mad doctor (played by this badly dubbed geek who must be South of the Border's answer to George Kennedy) whose son is dying from leukemia (pronounced "lou-see-mia" in the movie). The doctor attempts to cure him by giving him a gorilla heart transplant...well, it makes sense, doesn't it? No sooner than you can say, "Viva Zappata!", junior literally goes ape-dick -- transforming into an overweight linebacker with a shit-colored mug and a taste for melons and taco of the female variety. Back at el rancho, he is being hunted down by some copper whose girlfriend happens to be a female wrestler. After mutating back and forth between Magilla and the unconscious son (with the help of badly executed super-impositions) a few dozen times, he ends up being shot down on a hospital roof. Hey, at least its got a beginning, middle and end!

There's some really wild action in this little gem. During one scene, monkey-dong is mauling some hot tamale in a park. Well, it had to be filmed on a set because as the sorry babe kicks up her heels she proceeds to kick up half of the artificial grass to reveal the metal flooring beneath her! Having escaped, after being thoroughly molested, she runs (hair undone, dress ripped and boobs bobbing) to a nearby phone. By the time the police arrive, she's shown no worse for wear -- her dress miraculously repaired! There's also a hilarious eye-gouging scene and the decapitation of the doctor's assistant, Goyo -- Oh, Boy-a! And for some reason, there are endless, and I MEAN ENDLESS, shots of people walking up and down staircases.

The film stars Jose Elias Moreno, Carlos Lopez Mactezuma, Norma Lazareno, Augustin Mtz. Solares and Armando Silvestre -- who the hell are these losers and more importantly *where are they today?*! Don't ask me who's who in the cast -- the credits sure didn't help. See this movie and you'll never feel the same way about Taco Bell again!

# AN ORGY OF TERROR!

Half man  
half beast  
all horror



Nobody  
sleeps the...

**NIGHT OF  
THE BLOODY  
APES**

PLUS

a cult of  
the living  
dead!

**Feast  
of Flesh**

GERALD INTRATOR

RELEASER

WILLIAM WALKER PRODUCTIONS

ARMAND SILVA · NORMA LAZAR

A UNISTAR FILM · COLOR · A JERAND FILMS RELEASE

BLUEBEARD (72) - Directed by Edward Dmytryk. Starring Richard Burton.

Review for "Dreadful Pleasures"  
by Michael O. Yaccarino

There's something obscenely gratifying about watching a great actor embarrassing himself in a piece of film trash. You can just see it in their nervous performance - hoping against hope that the critics will not find out about the Euro-mess quickie they've done in-between more respectable work. Such is the case of Richard Burton in Edward Dmytryk's BLUEBEARD (72).

The film was made during the golden age of co-european, stylishly mounted boob and blood masterpieces. This semi-dubbed Rome/Paris/Munich production, shot in Hungary, has a lot to offer - the least of which is its silly storyline. The classic tale of the nefarious wife-killer is updated to the 1930's to include confused references to Nazism and Feminism which never pan out. What is really surprising is that director Dmytryk was no stranger to quality fare - having helmed some real classics including BACK TO BATAAN (1945) with John Wayne, THE CAINE MUTINY (1954) and THE LEFT HAND OF GOD (1955) both with Humphrey Bogart. Maybe he made BLUEBEARD as revenge for his own black-listing in the early 1940's during the era of anti-communist propaganda? With that said, let's get to the good stuff!

Based on the worst case of blueballs in fairytale history, it seems that Baron von Zephyr (Burton) can't get it up in the sack. So, what's the most logical solution in those days before Masters and Johnson's sex therapy? You guessed it (feminists close your eyes!) - blame it on the wife and do her in for good measure. Much of the film (and its fun) comes from flashbacks depicting Zephyr's wives and their grisly demises which are ingeniously played out.

The women are portrayed by a gallery of european glamour-pussies, almost all of whom rise above the shabby material to give some memorable cameos. With frizzy red tresses and feather boas flying, Virna Lisi (as "The Singer") can't stop crooning "You're the Cream in My Coffee" long enough for Burton to spill his own - but long enough for him to guillotine her. Nathalie Delon (Erika) gets after-hours lessons in lesbianism from a scrawny looking Sybil Danning (as "The Prostitute") before they are mutually impaled by a very phallic-looking chandelier. Luscious Rocky Welch plays a nympho-nun who recounts the scores of men she's had before her lips are finally sealed alive in a coffin. Before being whipped topless (much to her liking) and then drowned in a vat of red wine (not to her liking), Marilu Tolo portrays Brigitte - a despiser of men who secretly loves to be dominated. Agostina Belli (Caroline) is cut down to size by Burton's pet falcon and Karin Schubert (Greta) bites the dust in a hunting "accident" - by the way, we are treated to the same scene of the lifeless Schubert falling on the carcass of a wild boar several times (along with several sleazy, slo-mo, animal snuff-shots). Lest we forget, the abominable Joey Heatherton (you remember, the mattress-hawking, Laugh-In graduate who later became a burned-out druggie?) tries to give a perky performance as Anne - the wife who's gonna cure 'ol Blue's wrecked pecker by exposing her minimal breasts in the film's only truly horrifying scene.

It should also be noted that the opening credits include mention for wigs, furs, and jewelry for the ladies and even the tailor for Mr. Burton's cheesy wardrobe gets a nod! Lastly, why is the closing musical theme by Ennio Morricone over the credits quacked out by a duck - I kid you not? Well worth the price of admission.



**VIRNA LISI**  
beautiful body...guillotined



**MARILU' TOLO**  
beautiful body...drowned



**AGOSTINA BELLI**  
beautiful body...falconated



THE BLOOD SPATTERED BRIDE (72) - Directed by Vicente Aranda.

Review for "Dreadful Pleasures"  
by Michael O. Yaccarino

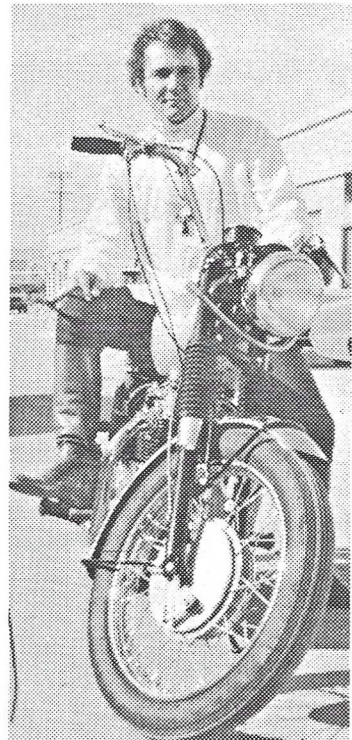
What with a serious sounding opening quote from Plato and the credit that states Sheridan Le Fanu's "Carmilla" as inspiration for the film, THE BLOOD SPATTERED BRIDE begins respectfully enough. Little does the unwary viewer realize that in minutes he is about to be plunged into a non-stop orgy of lust, forced oral-sex, vampirism and genital mutilation - the heart just sighs in anticipation!

Our story, not really suitable for the whole family, concerns the marriage of a wealthy, Spanish lecher (Simon Andreu's role is simply referred to as "He" in the credits) to the young, virginal Susan (Maribel Martin, who, at the time, had recently gotten slashed in a greenhouse in the fantastic Spanish shocker THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED (72) by Narciso Ibanez Serrador). She seems to have a few problems - not least is the fact that she fantasizes about being raped by a panty-hosed faced man on her wedding day. She soon discovers that her husband *esta bien bellaco* (translation: Her husband is very horny). Frustrated at her not putting out as often as his *mucho machismo* demands, he goes for a lonely stroll on the beach. In a truly original touch, he discovers the strangely beautiful and completely nude Carmilla (Alexandra Bastedo) buried beneath the sand and breathing through a snorkel. He is unaware that she is actually an incarnation of the vampiric Mircalla Karstein (sound familiar?) who puts the bite on his wife causing her to go lesbian-a-go-go in a big way.

Finally, the husband destroys them in their sexy coffin (which the two women share... nude, of course) in a shower of bullets and lastly by cutting their hearts out in the shocking final images (the censors left this bit out when the film was originally shown on a double bill with I DISMEMBER MAMA (72)).

The film is brimming with so many quirky, almost surreal elements, it's difficult to know where to begin - there's the hysterically blatant misuse of sexual symbolism (the nubile bride's veil is caught on a very erect canon knick-knack as she is carried into the bedroom; "He" teases a sleeping Susan by playfully inserting a jam-covered index finger into her mouth; after a close-up muff-shot, we see a gardener literally trimming the bushes!), or the outrageous dialogue ( Before making love to her husband for the first time, Susan seductively asks, "My poor lover, my timid husband, what can I do for you?". After politely asking if he should turn around while she disrobes, he violently rips open the front of her wedding gown!). How about the doctor with the dubbed Texan accent who states that, "Susan is being dominated by a lesbian." or the bizarre dream sequence (featuring strobe lights and rip-off Nino Rota-esque music that sounds like its being played on a "Close-and-Play record player with busted volume control) in which Susan graphically castrates her husband and upon waking is caught in the act of checking to see if his crank is still in working order? For these reasons alone and the film's many "artsy", beautifully filmed sequences, the action keeps moving and interest is kept up. Check it out!

A RAINBOW DISTRIBUTORS, INC. RELEASE  
Starring: MICHAEL PATAKI, BOB MINOR,  
and STEPHEN STUCKER  
with SHARON KELLEY, BRENDA MILLER,  
and ROBERTA PEDON  
EASTMANCOLOR



MIKE PATAKI

Slaughter at the Drive-In  
featuring  
**GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE (1972)**  
&  
**BLOOD AND LACE (1971)**

by MICHAEL ORLANDO YACCARINO

"How can you like those movies?!" How many times have YOU been asked that very same question by a loved one...or not so loved one? Speaking for myself, while my peers were busy numbing out with re-runs of Gilligan's Island and The Monkees in the early 1970's, I was enraptured in front of the family's black-and-white 14" giggling at the horrified expression of George Riviere as he fully realizes what he thought was a night of passion with the delectable Barbara Steele was in actuality a furious bout of necrophiliac bonking in CASTLE OF BLOOD (1963). Truthfully, at the time, I didn't really know all the in's and out's of necrophilia or bonking for that matter -- but, I had a feeling that what I was watching was a helluva lot more interesting and educational than Thurston Howell III getting off that goddamn island! I guess it paid off, since now, while the majority of those angst-ridden Generation X'r's are busy searching for the meaning of life, I've already got that shit figured out -- it's in enjoying the gloriously vast cinematic wasteland of American and Euro-trash from the '60's and '70's! And what a rich treasure trove it is.

Although both GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE (1972/directed by John Patrick Hayes) and BLOOD AND LACE (1971/directed by Philip Gilbert) are certainly not top-notch, they are atmospheric slices of Americana cheapie horror released during the final flickering years of the Age of the Drive-in. What's great about this type of film is that as long as you catch the first and last ten-minutes, you'll have enjoyed its best parts. These movies were designed to allow ample time in between for those activities essential to the drive-in experience...use your imagination and pass the Ju-Ju Bees while you're at it.

Near the beginning of GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE, a gynecologist informs a mother-to-be (Kitty Vallacher) of the unusual condition of her unborn child -- "What's inside your womb isn't human...it's a parasite!" Not a big surprise, really, since she had recently had an unwanted "encounter of the third kind" with a nasty looking bloodsucker in an open grave (You may recognize this horny nosferatu as exploitation actor, Michael Pataki, from BAT PEOPLE/1973 and DRACULA'S DOG/1978). Needless to say, she doesn't go for a second opinion. After giving birth, she accidentally discovers that Junior has a sweet-tooth for the red stuff. (There's a disturbing incident in which mom fills a baby bottle with her own blood to keep the little nipper properly fed.

You know, I vividly remember seeing this scene when the film was aired on network t.v. on a Sunday afternoon about seventeen years ago...oh, those days are long gone!)

Years later, the now grown (and supposedly non-vampiric) man, James Eastman (played by William Smith - a biker-flick veteran), is on a vendetta-hunt for dear old dad who just happens to be teaching a university course on "Myths and the Occult" (during the five-minute class we learn about the essential black magic use of Goober Dust...yes, you guessed it, it's found on peanut husks and not on the candy you'll undoubtedly be chucking at the screen or fellow viewers).

During a swingin' party in which obviously overage co-eds sporting Room 222 outfits dance against walls decorated with Peter Max and Rider Tarot deck posters, Eastman hooks up with a female student who really seems to dig him. Back at his pad, she finds the remains of a very rare steak in the kitchen. He proclaims in a studly fashion, "The meat's mine." Which he then promptly proves to her.

Later, after a seance, Pop shows up (in a cape no less!) to do battle with his vengeful offspring. Although their show-down provides some sorely needed action, it consists mostly of the two tweaking each other's noses. Sonny boy is the victor only to be transformed into a vampire himself. The closing title reads, "The End or is it?" Luckily, there weren't any sequels.



They  
transplanted a  
**WHITE BIGOT'S**  
head onto a  
**Soul Brother's Body**  
...Now they're in  
**Deeeeeeep trouble!**

SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF Presents

**Ray Milland**  
and  
**"Rosey" Grier**  
OS...

**"The THING**  
with **2**  
**HEADS"**



**PG COLOR**  
A Saber Production  
An American International Release

© 1972 American International Pictures, Inc.

Gloria Grahame (1916, the star of **BLOOD AND LACE** (1971), was a well-respected Hollywood supporting actress in the 1940's and '50's. She worked with some of the cinema's most important directors, including Frank Capra, Fritz Lang and Nicholas Ray (who, by the way, was one of her four husbands). She was not only an Academy Award nominee (for **CROSSFIRE**/1947), but earned an Oscar for her role in **THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL** (1952). In **THE BIG HEAT** (1953), Lee Marvin throws a cup of boiling coffee in her face (my sentiments exactly after surviving her pouty mug in today's feature). Alas, Ms. Grahame died in 1981, in fact, almost during a flight en route to New York ("Coffee, nuts...body-bag?").

It's curious to note that Ms. Gramahe's New York Times obituary sketchily states, "During the late 1950's her roles declined, as she devoted herself to raising her children. In the 1970's she made occasional appearances in films." Of course, what the Times fails to mention is that Gloria must really have cut-loose after raising those brats for she appeared in a bunch of biker and horror pics including: **THE LONERS** (1972), **MAMA'S DIRTY GIRLS** (1974), **MANSION OF THE DOOMED** (1976 - directed by aforementioned vamp Michael Pataki) and **THE NESTING** (1980). **BLOOD AND LACE** ain't no big-budget picture. I guess the actress who memorably sang "Cain't Say No" in **OKLAHOMA!** (1953) couldn't.

The story concerns Ellie Masters, who is orphaned after supposedly witnessing her mother's brutal murder by a hammer-wielding maniac (I know, you've got it figured out already). Ellie is portrayed by Melody Patterson with literally TONS AND TONS of eye make-up (although I'm sure you'll remember her as Wrangler Jane from **F-Troop**/1965-67, I bet you didn't know that she was only 15-years-old at the time of that television show. I wonder how well she knew Forrest Tucker and his **CRAWLING EYE**

...well, that's another story!). She ends up at an orphanage run by the deranged Mrs. Deere (Grahame) whose establishment seems to be the last-stop for teen look-a-likes for cast members of **My Three Sons**. Mrs. Deere will do literally anything to continue receiving state funds for her wards -- from disposing of attempted runaways (keeping their bodies in a meat locker) to screwing the seedy Mr. Mullins (Milton Selzer), the town social worker.

Ellie soon gets a crush on the Bobby Sherman-esque house hunk, Walter (played by the often shirtless Ronald Taft) who ultimately rejects her. Soon, she wants out after realizing that the place is actually a prison in which disobedience is punished with trips to the attic without food or water for days...and worse. Matters aren't helped much when she believes she is being stalked by a hammer-wielding maniac like the one who killed momma! After a series of contrivances, the social worker is done in, Mrs. Deere and her henchman (Len Lesser) end up dead in the deep-freeze and the zombie-like minors miss an opportunity to escape.

The story ends with Ellie being chased by a masked lunatic who turns out to be the detective (Vic Tayback - who gained t.v. notoriety as Mel, the hash-slinging short-order cook of **Alice**) who originally brought her to the institution. As if we didn't know, Ellie turns out to be her mother's murderer (NOTE: Just in case you don't notice, Variety called this part of the film the "nail-chewer climax"!). And then, in an unexpected, incestuous twist, the detective reveals that he is actually her father and offers her a catch-22 ultimatum -- either marry him OR HANG! The film ends with Ellie's now insane laughter echoing madly as she finally goes completely and utterly out of her mind. Not really a bad choice, considering her options. I mean, would you marry Vic Tayback...?

Special note must be made regarding cinematographer Paul Hipp's work here. Most of the film is so dark and poorly shot that it is really a strain to figure out sometimes what the hell is going on. There's one scene in particular, which takes place in a car interior, wherein, I swear, the only damn thing you can make out are the actors' teeth! There are several hysterical attempts at creating P.O.V shots from the killer's perspective. It's painfully obvious that a hammer was simply mounted to the side of the camera and then jerked around the set. Mr. Hipp also shot **GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE** -- at least, for the most part, we could make out the groovy decor of that film.

Lastly, either John Rons, the composer of the filmscore, is Tchaikowsky reincarnated or the music used was copped from somewhere else. The lushly symphonic soundtrack is outrageously inappropriate played against the cheesy goings-on. But then again, that's what gives the film its "drive-in charm".

I guess there's a message to be had from both **GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE** and **BLOOD AND LACE**. First of all, try as we might, we all will end up just like our parents (streetwalkers, vampires, etc.) anyway. And secondly, after winning your first Oscar (or even if you're just nominated), never, and I mean never, accept a role in a film which lists Vic Tayback within the first five names of the credits.

**THE TEACHERS ARE IN TROUBLE!**

SOMETIMES A STUDENT WILL DO ANYTHING TO PASS ... ANYTHING!

**KISS THE TEACHER GOODBYE!** COLOR

①

② TRIP with the TEACHER They forced her to commit the ultimate sacrifice! COLOR R

③

**THE TEACHER**

HER BEST LESSONS WERE TAUGHT AFTER CLASS!

COLOR R

You better get those kids the hell out of there!

**THE MASSACRE AT CENTRAL HIGH**

...THE 'GREASE' OF THE 70's

The first film about teenagers, played exclusively by teenagers. Absolutely no one in this film is under 15 or over 18.

CAST: MARY-ANNE INGLE, STEVEN, BOB CARROLL, KIMBERLY, BOB, MARILYN, DAVE, BOB, LARRY, ANDREW. WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY ROBERT DALZIEL. EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: JIM ROSE. PRODUCED BY MARCEL SCHE. ALL FILMS COMPANY. PRODUCED BY BRAD DODD. THE COMPANY IS A COLLECTIVE. R RESTRICTED. STARTS FRIDAY, OCT. 22 AT A FLAGSHIP THEATRE NEAR YOU

**HORROR EXPRESS (72)** - Directed by Eugenio Martin. Starring Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee, Helga Line and Telly Savalas.

REVIEWED BY MICHAEL ORLANDO YACCARINO

Directed by Eugenio Martin, this Spanish-British co-production combines elements of horror, science-fiction, romance and espionage with pseudo-political overtones...have you ever eaten paella and bangers'n'mash at the same meal?

The story of this 1906 period piece begins with bombastic scientific explorer Professor Saxon (Lee) uncovering the fossilized remains of what looks like a frozen ape-suit. The crated primordial brute is loaded onto the elegant Trans-Siberian Express along with a colorful melange of one-dimensional characters you'd swear you've seen in better movies. There's the genteel Dr. Wells (Cushing) and his portly, butch assistant Miss Jones who has a penchant for gray flannel; a wealthy Polish aristocrat and his flirty wife (sporting a 1970's version of a turn-of-the-century couture coiffure) whose spiritual lives are guided by a maniacal monk; a shady inspector (Alberto de Mendoza) and a sexy Mata Hari-type spy (played by luscious genre actress Helga Line, whose continuing career has included roles in NIGHTMARE CASTLE and HORROR RISES FROM THE TOMB and more recently as a supporting player in Pedro Almodovar's LAW OF DESIRE). Rounding out this quirky ensemble is Telly Savalas as the brash, obnoxious Captain Kazan -- who after barking out an incomprehensible speech (as Mr. Savalas tends to do in such an outing) thankfully snuffs it not too long after his appearance.

Soon, the iced critter defrosts and then the fun begins. Equipped with a nasty case of red-eye, the creature proceeds to selectively reduce the passenger list through a gruesome process of psychical "brain-drainage" which leaves the recipients with boiled eyes, their stupefied faces artistically streaked with blood and understandably quite dead. It seems that the beastie is simply a container of some demonic, alien life-form that fell from the heavens millenia ago.

The malevolent entity has existed and adapted using both animal and man as temporary hosts to secure its survival. Now, the E.T. wants to go home.

It never makes it though -- ultimately foiled by the valiant efforts of Lee and Cushing who finally join forces to battle the monster who, by the finale, has invaded the bodies of the inspector, the mad monk, and, most frightening of all, Telly Savalas! The film ends with our heroes and remaining passengers saved as a portion of the train crawling with zombies (don't ask!) is uncoupled and sent plunging into a chasm before exploding into flames.

Speaking of train wrecks, The Motion Picture Guide notes that the making of the film was the result of the fact that its producer, Bernard Gordon, owned the model train utilized in NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDER (71). In all fairness, it should be noted that HORROR EXPRESS is fun and worth several viewings for its wild storyline, enjoyably peculiar cast and decent production values. Also the score by John Cacavas contains an opening theme with a melody that will stick in your subconscious whether you like it or not. But, this is the type of film where that same melody is later whistled by the train's baggage man, played on a piano by the Polish countess and, it is inexplicably inferred, actually whistled by the creature! Yes, it's that kind of picture.

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80¢ to 1 Ton Inc.

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SHOCKER OF ALL TIME!**

UNLIKE ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER SEEN ON THE SCREEN BEFORE!

**THE  
FREAK**

**EXTRA! ON STAGE!  
You Won't Believe Your Eyes!  
STRANGE UNBELIEVABLE  
PEOPLE IN PERSON!**

**Starts WED. ROBERT MITCHUM  
in "BLOOD ON THE MOON"**

What terrifying craving  
made her kill...  
and kill...  
and kill...?



**FREAKWARE**

Rupert DAVIES - Sheila KEITH

Guest Stars  
DEBORAH FAIRFAX  
PAUL GREENWOOD  
KIM BUTCHER

Guest Stars  
LEO GENN  
GERALD FLOOD

©1972 RKO



## SPERMULA (1976)

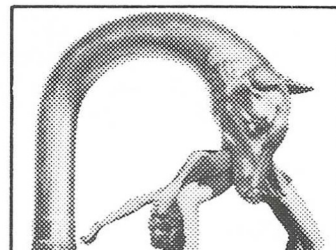
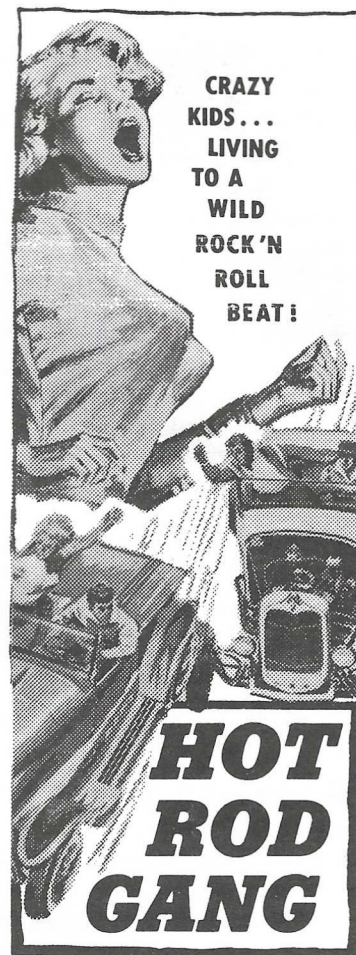
by Michael Orlando Yaccarino

Would you refuse a little fellatio by a gorgeous babe who was more than willing...even if she was a diabolical alien fueling up on the special sauce she craves to stay alive and take over the planet? Yeah, I know, let the next guy worry about it. Well, it's just that kind of reckless attitude that almost leads to total global domination when a squadron of outer-space femme fatales literally blow into town, or should I say, blow their way through the local townsmen in Bernard Lenteric's **SPERMULA** (1976).

This bizarre French oddity is the soft-core/horror combo midway point between **DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS** (1971) and **THE HUNGER** (1983). Similar to these equally orally-fixated features, **SPERMULA** relies heavily upon building almost suffocating atmosphere by using outrageous Art Deco settings, a hypnotic musical score and costumes from the pages of Paris Vogue. But unlike them, it goes much further in the skin department. Some of the succulent bonbons to be sampled here are scenes which include a gyrating, topless singer having a flailing cat thrown at her; a clergymen being happily molested in a swimming pool; and a newlywed bride diddling herself on a bedpost. Believe me, you will be using your freeze-frame button for this flick!

This, of course, is not to ignore the genuine acting talents displayed such as those of cult-fave Udo Kier (**ANDY WARHOL'S FRANKENSTEIN** —1973, **THE STORY OF O**—1975 and **SUSPIRIA**—1977) who ends up dead in an upside down Peugeot at the bottom of the previously mentioned swimming pool. Or, the lovely Dayle Haddon, who, as the head of the exotically evil intruders, undermines the mission by falling in love with an earthman. Both successful fashion model and actress, the stunning, Montreal-born Haddon had already appeared in Disney's **THE WORLD'S GREATEST ATHLETE** (1973) by this time and would continue her career in many more European and U.S films such as **NORTH DALLAS FORTY** (1979), **LOVE SONGS** (1986) and **CYBORG** (1986). Notice should also be given to **SPERMULA'S** other fine, but lesser known cast, for amongst them one actress, in a highly memorable scene, proves that it is possible to give a credible performance and even speak lines while being buggered.

Lastly, it doesn't much matter that the only currently available prints of this film are in French. There really isn't much dialogue anyway since, fortunately, Earth as well as alien proper etiquette dictate not to speak with a full mouth...







# How to Read Euro-Trash Cinema

by MICHAEL ORLANDO YACCARINO

When a film fanatic has a craving for his favorite type of flick, it can only be satisfied one way - and that's by entering the dream-world of motion pictures where life is the way it should be. In this place, a fan can stop along the way to savor those familiar sights and sounds he has come to cherish. If you are fortunate enough to be an aficionado of the Euro-trash horror film of the late 60's through the mid-70's, you've got quite a varied and weird lot to explore. The Italian shocker *THE NIGHT EVELYN CAME OUT OF THE GRAVE* (1971) can be seen as an archetype of this sub-genre of the horror film since it contains many of the unique elements most closely associated with it in terms of plot, cinematography, music and many other fascinating aspects as well.

But before we get into the particulars, it can be noted that one of the most prevalent characteristics of this type of film is its frequent use of opposites. Although this defining aspect might be deliberate or inadvertent in some cases, it is precisely this element of the unexpected which gives these films their kick or, as the cinéaste might say, their *frisson*.

We know we're in Euro-trash country right away from the first notes of *EVELYN's* theme song with Bruno Nicolai's trademark use of harpsichord and female vocalized "ah's" and "la, la, la's" (possibly a theme song without words makes it easier for the eventual dubbing and exportation of such a film). Later, this more formal sounding piece is juxtaposed with psychedelic electric guitars.

Similar to the storylines of their most famous operas, the Europeans usually hinge their horror plots on infidelity and murder with a smattering of the supernatural. *EVELYN* concerns a lascivious, wealthy swinger, Lord Alan Cunningham (Antonio de Teffé, AKA "Anthony Steffen") who has a penchant

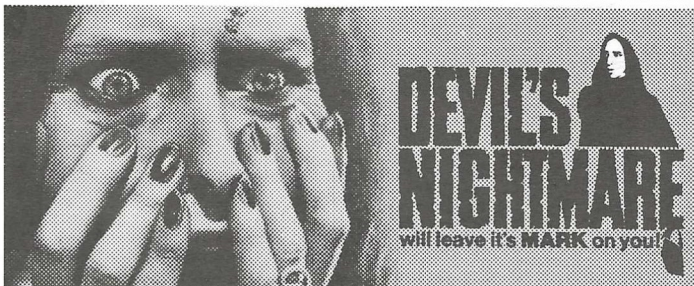
"It's not uncommon for a man to want to do strange things to get his kicks."

-from *THE NIGHT EVELYN CAME OUT OF THE GRAVE*

for whipping the living daylights out of an assortment of redheads in the privacy of his cozy dungeon hideaway. It seems that he picked up the habit after becoming slightly insane upon the death of his equally redheaded wife, Evelyn, whose pig-like face appears in a series of hallucinatory flashbacks. She apparently snuffed it during childbirth to an offspring that just might not be her husband's and she is now seemingly attempting to control him from beyond the grave. At the advice of the family psychiatrist, he finally settles down with a new bride - the luscious Gladys (Marina Malfatti) who proceeds to drive him over the edge of sanity only to be ultimately destroyed herself - all the while garbed in an eyefilling array of negligees with plunging necklines. Believe me, the plot details are more convoluted than a steaming dish of fettuccine.

In an inane trend adopted-by European producers that never seems to work but whose origin may have its basis in an Italian inferiority complex for the worth of their own films, many of the story locales, character names and, even more hysterically, supposed actors' names are Anglicized for exportation purposes - I mean, is there *really* a "Joan C. Davies" as listed in the credits? In *EVELYN's* dubbed version, the characters are saddled with a variety of outrageous but familiar sounding British accents - the work of overzealous dubbers making up for their lack of any screen visibility. So, one-third of the way into the film, the viewer believes he is watching one of those lame all-star animated flops "featuring the voices of...", in

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this case, Richard Burton, Ringo Starr and Julie Andrews. The dialogue is peppered with such frequent exclamations as "My word!" and endearments such as "old boy". In another example of this pseudo-geographical sham, we are assured, while watching the curly, black-haired and long side-burned "Lord Cunningham" speed towards his crumbling villa in a Ferrari, that all of this is taking place in merry old England.

Related to the dubbing element, the "Ahhhhhh...ahhhhhh... Syndrome" simply must be touched upon in any real discussion of the Euro-trash horror film. It seems that the voluptuous women here react to any given situation with a cooing, orgasmic groan. Take for example, the following plot points involving the character of Gladys from EVELYN - Gladys has a spicy tête-à-tête with Lord Cunningham; later, she emerges from a shower to towel off; at one point, she gets a severe shock; and, in the finale, she is poisoned. From such a seemingly mixed bag of emotional events comes the identical response - a sexy, throaty "Ahhhhh...ahhhhh".

Deranged, debauched, but always stylishly turned out, Lord Cunningham and his ilk people the world of Euro-trash cinema - lost generation hell-bent on self-destruction. They are the spoilt, sex-crazed, drunken brats of a landed aristocracy whose values have crumbled. In a way, this attitude may be symbolically displayed in the actual film settings utilized -another example of the use of "opposites".

Besides the fact that the authentic locales look great and add tremendously to the atmosphere of the Euro-trash horror film, the use of actual castles and villas was more likely due to

budgetary constraints than artistic vision. To show that this younger generation had arrived, the enormous high-vaulted, Renaissance frescoed rooms are filled with up-to-date streamlined furnishings. This clash of the Baroque and the Mod is most evident in an early sequence in EVELYN wherein Lord Cunningham leads an unknowing partygirl to his kinky below-stairs lair. First the two travel through a dank, cobweb-filled grand hall which is then juxtaposed with an inner, hipper room containing white and chrome sofas and then finally on to the

torture chamber - fully-equipped with a leather-cushioned whipping trestle, steaming branding irons and a throne upholstered in red-velvet. Of course, this is all shot in vibrant primary colors of red, yellow and blue in the style of cinematography indicative of this sub-genre.

But all cinematic analysis aside, probably the most powerful statement of these films is their unrelenting nihilistic view of the human condition. There is no doubt

that the creatures, human or supernatural, that fill the universe of the Euro-trash horror film are damned from the start. Their violent and often illogical existence's are simply a dance of death that will not end when the electric blue lids of their sleek, designer coffins are nailed shut. They'll take part in a sexy afterlife which will provide them with many of the same illicit pleasures they enjoyed on the other side of the grave. These are just some of the many reasons to keep returning to the unique and unsettling world of the Euro-trash horror film. Ashes to ashes and trash to trash...but don't ever forget, "The worms are waiting!"

