

Sept/Oct 1986 No.9

WESTERNS...

ALL'ITALIANA!



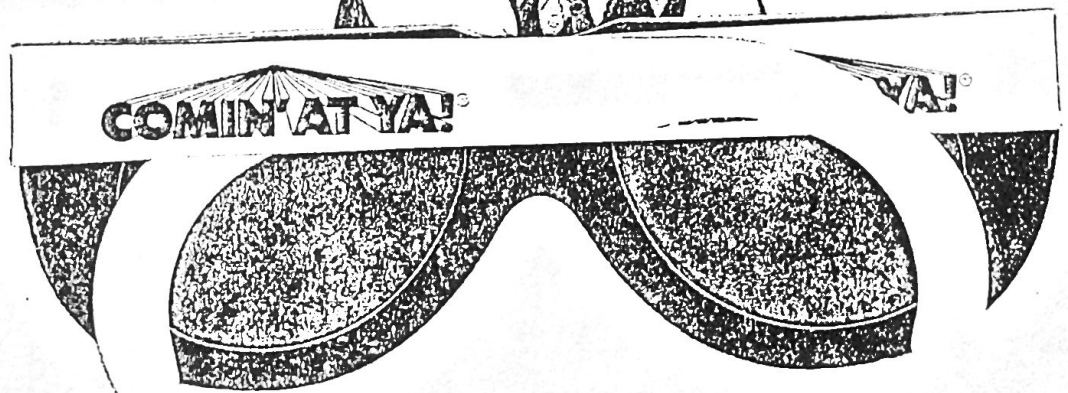
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WESTERNS ... ALL'ITALIANA
Sept/Oct 1986 Issue #9 (#13)

Here is W.A.I. writer Gary Radovich presiding over this unusual Italo-collectable ... the original 3-D glasses passed out at showings of COMIN' AT YA! Gary here is one of fandoms long-time supporters. He's written for countless publications and has one of the most prestigious soundtrack album collections in the U.S.! AND! He's a terrific person ... we're happy to have him on our team.



THE SWINGIN' DOORS

Well, whatta ya think of that cover??! A beauty, ain't it?! Wagon loads of thanks go out to Eric Mache for his artistic craftsmanship that adorns this edition of WESTERNS ... ALL'ITALIANA! . Tomas Milian never looked better!! And we obviously felt that this incredible cover deserved a finer fate than standard xeroxing ... therefore it was offset printed.

After a stunning vacation in Los Angeles and meeting with such Italo-fan luminaries as Bill Connolly, Don Trunick, Tom Betts, Jerry Neeley, Mark Sundown, Shawn Caw, Dennis Fischer and many many more whose names escape me ... the highlight of the stay was attending the ass-kickingly great GOLDEN BOOT AWARDS! Talk about a western fans dream! It is the most fabulous event ever assembled. Below right is your speechless publisher rubbing shoulders with the ever-terrific GUY MADISON! He was just one of dozens of western stars that attended the fest. Dozens?! Hundreds!! It was simply amazing to see so may celebs rounded-up in one place. My forever THANK YOU extends to Rob Word for his gracious phone call that made this all possible. Rob is a #1 fan in every respect and happens to be one of humanities nicest gentleman. For this one, he gets a lifetime free subscription to W.A.I.! SO BE IT!!

Also below (left) is the first eye-to-eye meeting of Tim Ferrante and Tom Betts! We have been putting this 'zine out for the past 18 months via mail and fistfuls of phone conversations. It was a grand moment as Don Trunick snapped this still of your co-editors. By the way, we're standing in front of the legendary 99.5% complete Ennio Morricone record collection of Don's!

Seems a lot of you folks were happy about the video cassette of A FISTFUL OF PREVIEWS! Everyone fell in love with that beauty and their only response was ... MORE! Alas, what you folks have is a ten year assemblage. Unlikely I can expand too greatly ... but if I can get my mitts on some of the less available 35mm material instead of the 16mm ... we just might get another volume up before too long! And that tape is ALWAYS AVAILABLE! You may order it at any time between now and my death ... or thereabouts! Same goes for other vid offers past. ENJOY THIS ISH OF WAI!

ADIOS!

Tim!



RETROSPECTIVE!



From VILLAGE VOICE 5/86!

Wonderland is where you find it. Dean Reed, as almost no one in America knows—despite periodic features in *Time* and *People*, on *60 Minutes* and now with Will Robert's documentary, *American Rebel*—is Colorado's gift to the Warsaw Pact. For 15 years, the East Berlin-based singer has been wowing Russian, East German, and Czech audiences with his cowboy image and denatured folk-rock. A self-described revolutionary artist, he's a unique mixture of Pat Boone, Pete Seeger, Elvis Presley, and the kidstar Raffi.

As *American Rebel* (showing twice this Thursday at the Museum of Modern Art) demonstrates, Reed is not only a "positive hero" in the Soviet sense, he's also a vocational Man as defined by the *Top Gun* press book. With his work clothes, cowboy boots, and chiseled good looks, Reed looks like the star of a Pepsi spot from the Summer of Love even when he's touring People's Mongolia. Butter wouldn't melt in Reed's mouth when he talks politics, but he's so strenuously ingratiating a performer he makes Yevgeny Yevtushenko seem like a stiff.

American Rebel, which had its subject's full cooperation, is less an analysis of the Reed phenomenon than part of it. Clips of Dean performing "This Train Is Bound for Glory" or "Tutti Frutti" on Soviet TV are intercut with various interviews. "I'm a conservative and he's an admitted socialist," explains his down-home dad, while mom remembers how she showed up in East Berlin with "Dean Reed's Mother" stenciled on her T-shirt. The local cops didn't get the joke and neither did Reed: "I'll never do that again," she, sadder but wiser, assures us.

Born in 1938, Reed broke into show biz as a post-Elvis rock'n'roller with modest success. The film includes a clip from *Bachelor Father*, with Dean playing himself and singing a paean to a majorette called "Twirly-Twirly." ("Hollywood is a prostitution camp," he solemnly recalls.) A minor hit in the U.S., Reed's 1959 single "A Summer Romance" turned out to be a monster south of the border. He went on tour and was radicalized. "When Dean went to South America he was a normal American boy," Pa Reed recalls. "There he began to get these—not communistic but socialistic (mumble, mumble)—and don't ask me the difference. He explained it to me once but I forgot (chuckle, wheeze)."

Speaking of explanations, it's not for Roberts to wonder whether Reed was moved by the poverty he saw or stirred by the stardom he received; he simply notes that by 1961, the singer was living in Argentina and supporting left-wing causes. Later moving to Europe, Reed proved the star of the 1965 Helsinki peace confab and was invited to Moscow, where, as Dad explains, he introduced the Russians to rock'n'roll. (Cut to Reed singing "Let's Twist Again" on some makeshift Siberian stage.) Be that as it may, much of Reed's standard material seems closer to the bland inspirationalism of Up with People: "Why did they hurt him so—why did he have to go... away?" he warbles in an original ode to Salvador Allende.

Veteran of eight late-'60s spaghetti westerns, Reed not only sings but writes, directs, and stars in his own films. (His greatest success is the East German *Sing, Cowboy, Sing*.) In a clip from one quasi-autobiographical Bulgarian production, he appears as an American cavalry officer who, disgusted by his role in some atrocious massacre, throws down the stars and stripes and joins up with the Indians. Reed in fact married East German superstar Renate Blume—"He is my *compañero*," she says with a straight face. (No stranger to the lives of the saints, *Compañero* Reed was tapped to play Mrs. Karl Marx in an eight-hour TV miniseries.) Both Reeds are Lenin Prize laureates, the only American citizen and German actress ever so honored.

Taking Reed totally on his own terms, *American Rebel* is workmanlike and unquestioning, a bizarre combination of cinema vérité and socialist realism. Like its subject, the film accentuates the positive. Significant absences include Reed's two previous wives and his father's 1983 suicide. For some reason, too, Cuba is conspicuously ignored (maybe they don't like his music). Eventually, the film ODs on its star's sunny self-righteousness; no less than *Top Gun*, it reminds you of the

DEAN REED Since last issue, Eric Mache and Tom Betts have uncovered this interesting array of DEAN REED articles ...

horror of official culture. Still, however devoid of irony, *American Rebel* is not without its comic moments. In one delirious sequence, possibly produced by the singer himself, Reed visits southern Lebanon and serenades Yasir Arafat with a private rendition of "Ghost Riders in the Sky."

The notion of a 47-year-old, third-rate rocker touring Czechoslovakia suggests a washed up major leaguer gone to Japan. But it's more complicated than that. (Showboat that he is, Reed has had the guts to put his life on the line more than once. In 1983 he returned to Chile, invoked Allende's name, and spent a day or so leading group sings of the illegal ballad "Venceremos" before being put on a plane back to East Berlin.) Behind the platitudes, there's actually a weird form of cultural imperialism at work. Is Reed what *Top Gun* is protecting us from? Has this red Roy Rogers inverted our ideas of stardom, or has he ingeniously applied them to virgin turf?

Below & next page from
NEWSWEEK 3/20/72.

The Red Dean

Even with the protection of twenty Russian policemen, American pop singer Dean Reed was mobbed after the opening performance on his third Russian tour. The throng of stage-door Ninjas ripped his yellow velvet bell-bottoms and, after he was safe inside his car, screamed and rocked it in frustration. One bewildered Russian girl asked an American bystander, "Does this happen to him in America, too?" "I don't know," he said. "I never heard of him."

But the fame of the 33-year-old former Colorado dude-ranch cowboy is second to no American in the Soviet Union. On one of his Soviet tours he sang before 16,000 people in the Lenin Sports Palace, a record for a concert in the U.S.S.R. On this recent tour scalpers asked and got 40 rubles (\$48) for tickets. Reed's phenomenal popularity rests in part on his boyish, matinee-idol good looks and on the impact of his country and Western music (sprinkled with revolutionary songs) upon an unsuspecting audience.

The Russians have never heard country music in the early '60s style. When Reed performs "Maria," "Jericho" or "Country Boy," time turns back as he punctuates his weak, watery voice with sexy little yelps and even grinds his hips a little. He startles, disarms and enchants his audience by descending among them, embracing all the girls he can get arms around, reciting in phonetic Russian "Ty ochen' krasivaya" (You are very beautiful). What he lacks in talent or style he

makes up by oozing sincerity, especially when he declaims his sanctimonious anti-imperialist songs such as "Right here in the U.S.A./People are beginning to say/Injustice has had its day." "He's so warm, he's such a good human being," one entranced member of the audience told NEWSWEEK's Jay Axelbank. "All my songs are love songs," Reed tells his audience. "If you love mankind you must protest injustice. So my protest songs are love songs."

Awakened: Reed's success is heavily subsidized by Kremlin authorities. How often do they get an American who looks like apple pie and treads the party line like a trained bear? He objects to being called the Kremlin's darling, pointing out that other foreigners are not obliged to sing political songs, overlooking conveniently the fact that some of them also have talent.

Reed embraced Marxism after he went to live in South America in 1962. "I was known as the 'Magnificent Gringo,'" he says. "But I was really awakened by the Fascist dictatorships and the poverty." A week before Allende emerged on top in the Chilean elections, Reed was arrested when he symbolically washed the American flag in front of the U.S. Embassy in Santiago. According to Reed, the publicity attending his arrest probably won the election for Allende since his margin in the popular vote was only 1 per cent.

Apart from his modesty (Reed refers to himself as "the Sinatra of the Soviet"), he is obsessed with Marxist politics. And the combination of cowboy and Communist can be disarming. "If there is an injustice down the block, you have to fight," says Reed. "Look what happened to the Jewish people because they waited and did nothing." Having handily disposed of the Jewish question, Reed disposes of the U.S., as he did in a letter to a Soviet newspaper written from Italy where he lives and makes "spaghetti Westerns": "The principles on which your society is built are same, pure and just, while the principles on which my country is built are cruel, selfish and unjust."

For all that, Reed wants to return to the U.S., where his wife, who left him last year, lives with their 3-year-old daughter. He gets homesick and cries when he hears Sinatra or Bing Crosby records. "If Nixon is welcome in Peking, I should be welcome in Hollywood," he says. "After all, I'm not a Maoist."

At right: NEWSWEEK 6/8/81

SOVIET UNION

Crooning for the Kremlin

The handsome singer walks down the street and is soon surrounded by dozens of fans. As the crowd falls silent, he strums a guitar and croons a ballad. An elderly war veteran claps him on the shoulder: "You're a good lad," he says with tears in his eyes. This is not a Hollywood set but Moscow's Gorky Street, and the real-life hero is American Dean Reed—a virtual unknown in his own country but a superstar in the Soviet Union. Boasts Reed: "I'm the Frank Sinatra of Russia."

That may be close. Reed's popularity is so

the Western pop idol. But ideological harmony has also contributed to his Russian success. His repertoire is heavily larded with songs extolling communism. Sample lyrics: "We are the revolutionaries/As Lenin taught us to make our destiny/Ho Chi Minh and Castro too have made the whole world see." Reed's Marxism has apparently earned him some influential admirers: he claims to have close personal ties to East German party leader Erich Honecker, Czechoslovak party leader and President Gustav Husak and Soviet Foreign Minister

Andrei Gromyko. Crooning for the Kremlin, however, has not been without its drawbacks. "Because of my political beliefs," he says, "I can't even get near a recording studio in the United States."

Leftist Gadfly: For whatever reason, Reed has never been taken very seriously at home. In 1962, after only one semisuccessful recording in the United States, he headed to Latin America for a series of concerts. The sight of peasants living in ramshackle barrios inspired his conversion to Marxism, Reed says, and he became a globe-trotting leftist gadfly. On one occasion he was arrested for symbolically laundering an American flag in front of the U.S. Embassy in Santiago, Chile. His activities caught the eye of Communist Party functionaries in Moscow, who arranged the singing debut that transformed Reed into an overnight sensation. Since then he has seldom ventured back to the United States.

For all the adulation, Reed seems rather unhappy. Twice divorced, he struggles each month to raise the \$300 in American currency he needs

to pay child support for a daughter by his first wife. The Soviets will pay him only in rubles that cannot be easily converted to hard currencies. In conversation, Reed frequently drops his upbeat persona to muse about the passing of time. He points repeatedly to the flecks of gray scattered through his thick brown hair and wonders when his voice will fail. Now living in East Germany, he dreams of returning to the United States and achieving the fame that eluded him. "I don't want to grow old in a country that is not my own," he says. "I don't like being an exile." Then a touch of his onstage bravado returns and he adds defiantly: "But I am not going to give up my principles."



Reed in concert: 'I'm the Frank Sinatra of Russia'

great that promoters did not bother to advertise two recent performances in Moscow, and yet both dates were sellouts. Even Communist Party officials scrambled for seats, and scalpers charged as much as ten times the face value for tickets. Onstage, the 42-year-old former Colorado dude-ranch cowboy snipped his fingers, twitched his hips and served up a medley of American folk-rock favorites from the '60s. He drew squeals of "Yes! Yes!" from the audience when he asked if he could take off his jacket, and when a young groupie later managed to sneak backstage in search of an autograph, she sighed: "I love everything about him, his singing, everything."

With his boyish looks and syrupy baritone, Reed embodies every Soviet fantasy of

The Arizona Kid

Review by Eric Maché

As far as I know, "The Arizona Kid" is the only Italian Western to be co-produced with a film company from Manila. The plot follows a Philippino (Chaquito) looking for his uncle in Mexico. En route he stops off at the town of Sierra Vista and teams up with the leading citizen's daughter and her heroic boyfriend. Together they save Mamie Van Doren from murderous Indians.

Sierra Vista is being terrorized by Coyote (Gordon Mitchell) and his gang of bandits. The citizens hire The Arizona Kid to defend them, but he is killed on his way to the town by Coyote's men. One cold night Mamie suggests that Chaquito dress in The Arizona Kid's clothes for warmth. Naturally the townspeople mistake him for their protector. Egged on by the seductive Mamie, Chaquito meets Coyote in a final showdown. The townspeople, led by the heroic boyfriend, intervene and wipe out Coyote and his band. The film ends with Chaquito and Mamie riding off into the sunset in search of his uncle.

Chaquito is a Philippino comedian who specializes in films costarring international beauties. Another one of his films I've seen starred the then-reigning Miss Sweden. His particular brand of humor is very peculiar. I could not figure out whether "The Arizona Kid" was meant for Philippine, Italian, or English audiences. Barely a word of English is spoken throughout the first half hour of the film, and Chaquito jabbars away in Philippino like a man possessed. He even sings the Mexican standard "Cucurucucu Paloma" in Philippino!

Most of the supporting actors are familiar faces in Italian Westerns. Aging sexpot Mamie Van Doren's idea of acting is to show as much cleavage as possible throughout the film. Worse yet, her dubbed voice sounds like a prepubescent Minnie Mouse. The boyfriend hero is a Wayne Newton lookalike who sleepwalks through his scenes. Gordon Mitchell, who can usually be counted on to salvage even the worst of films, has been given a dubbed voice that sounds like he's swallowed a bag of gravel. He looks leaner, meaner, and wilder than ever, and his climactic fight scene with Chaquito should be singled out as a real gem of bad filmmaking. It reminded me of a Popeye cartoon, complete with dumb gags, grunts, and barely intelligible quips.

I generally avoid Italian Western comedies, finding their

particular brand of slapstick humor insulting to the viewer. I'm a bit embarrassed to admit that I laughed throughout "The Arizona Kid", though, simply because it's humor was so incredibly wierd and off-the-wall.

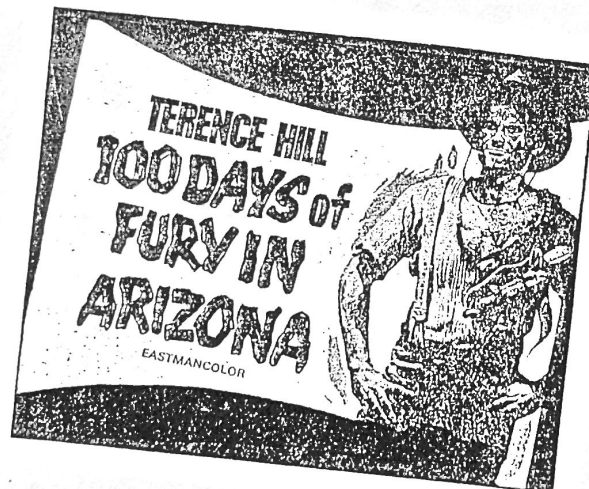
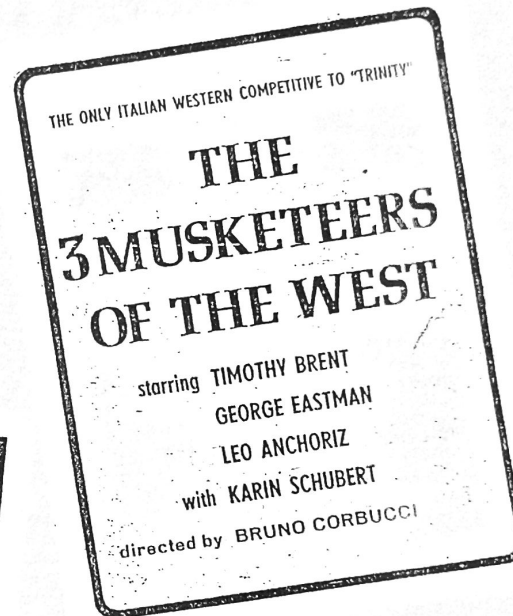
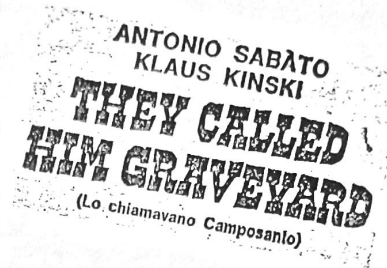
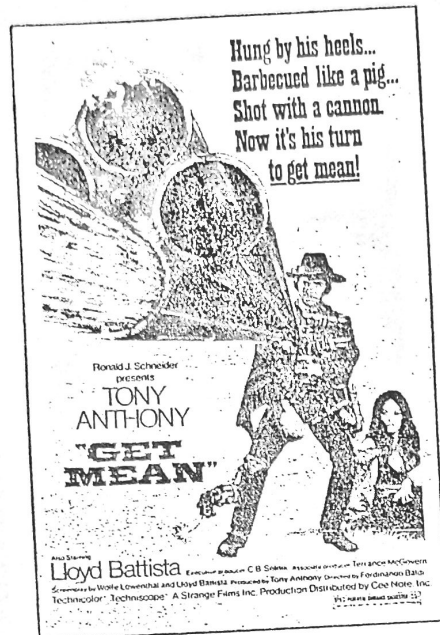
CREDITS:-

Premiere Productions, Inc. present
a Cirio H. Santiago Production,
"ARIZONA KID"

Starring	Cinematographer: Felipe Saodalan F.S.
Chaquito	Music: Restie Umali
Mamie Van Doren	Lyricist: Levi Celerio
Gordon Mitchell	Screenplay: Lino Brocks
Mariela Branger	Producer: Cirio H. Santiago
Bernard Bonnie	Story & Direction: Luciano B. Carlos

Ass. Director: Jose Angel Santos Page
Editor: Bea Barcelon
Color by Premiere Far East, Japan

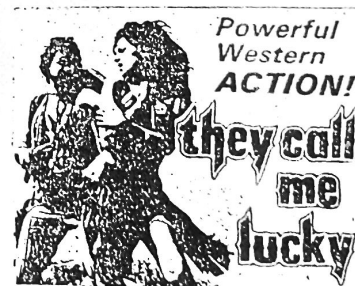




GIULIANO GEMMA
in
THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON
(Solo morti con le scarpe ai piedi)

a film by **LUCIO FULCI**

... Ironically to the West as a Knight of the Plains



Italo Cleffers Hail New Dawn

By HANK WERBA

Rome, May 14.

That old disparaging term "film music" may be heading for the junk heap. This is the opinion of such top Italian composers as Ennio Morricone, Riz Ortolani and Mario Nascimbene — all of whom feel that film scores may finally be getting their due.

Morricone attributes "upbeat trend to a new consciousness — on the part of public and producers alike — of the function and possibilities of film music. "Fifty percent of any film is the sound, and a good part of that is the music. The error in the past was considering music as background and nothing else. But the public has begun to listen and to show discrimination."

Morricone, whose prolific film career has included 150 scores since he burst on the scene a dozen years ago with "A Fistful of Dollars," cites Hitchcock as an example. "See any good Hitchcock film and you can't help notice how brilliantly he uses sound effects, music, even silence, to further psychological impact. He is one director who totally succeeds in uniting the visual and the aural."

Mario Nascimbene, dean of Italo film composers, agrees: "When my own career in pictures began, in 1941, film music was invariably conceived of in spectacular terms. Mammoth orchestras simply ground out big sound backgrounds."

"Fortunately, we've gotten away from all that. Film music has evolved right along with the directors themselves — toward something very intellectual, less spectacular, above all less obvious."

As for a possible definition of film music, Morricone unhesitatingly called it "one art applied to another." Nascimbene agrees, adding that it's more specialized than the public may think. "I give you an example. Ildebrando Pizzetti, one of Italy's great classical composers did the score for one film — "Scipione l'Africano" — and it was a disaster. Composing for cinema presupposes a complete grasp of basic film techniques and no matter how great a composer you are there's no substitute for knowledge of the medium. Stravinsky was right in turning down all those film offers."

Classical Music

Likewise, Nascimbene has only scorn for directors who utilize classical music to "dress up" their films. "It may be pretty to listen to, but it can never be cinematically correct. The important thing is to find the essential quality in what's happening visually so that the music says right away what the film is. Sometimes with two chords you can describe a whole atmosphere."

For Riz Ortolani — 100 films to his credit, including last year's "Valachi Papers" — preparation and approach are often as taxing as composition itself. Citing the trend away from simple themes endlessly repeated, he said today's composer must be ready to express subtle states of being, ambiguous atmospheres, complicated relationships.

An old hand at genre juggling, Ortolani has tackled in a single year a costume film, a comedy, cops 'n robbers and a film about St. Francis (Zeffirelli's "Brother Sun"). Only a close working relationship with the director, he asserts, makes such output possible.

Indeed, most top Italo lensers seem to have their favorite composer. Classic case is longtime working relationship between Fellini and Nino Rota. One source reported that Fellini heard Rota's accordion theme for "Amarcord" and approved rest of score unseen.

If the future appears rosy to most Italo film musicians, there are still some major obstacles to overcome. Biggest problem — one peculiar to Italy — is relationship between producer and composer.

Music Costs

"In Italy," Nascimbene explains, "the musical side of a film is not considered part of the production. It is simply eliminated from the budget. The producer turns everything over to the publisher, granting him 1% of the film's boxoffice gross in return for the publisher assuming cost of musicians, musical arrangements, studio rental, copyists etc."

Nascimbene said that in fact the agreement is essentially between the publisher and the composer. "This is bad, because the publisher is a businessman and often insensitive to purely artistic considerations." The composer made it understood skimping is widespread.

To combat the situation, Nascimbene and 200 of his fellow film musicians three years ago formed ANICOM (National Assn. of Italian Composers). Group has no economic bones to pick, seeks only to wage a psychological campaign that will convince producers to put music back on the same plane as other elements of film.

"What we want is the same artistic integrity that governs any other part of a film — be it acting, makeup, sets, whatever. Music is such a small part of the budget, it's a shame to see it farmed out to a middle man with such woeful results."

Royalties

In Italy, composers stand to gain far more from eventual royalties on sheet music and disk sales than from original film fee. Base pay from producers for complete score may be as low as \$5,000 depending on the composer. Reverse is true in States, where composers are paid three or four times as much for score but get no theatre royalties except outside the U.S.

Plagiarism — a perennial industry problem — is not likely to disappear in the view of the composers interviewed by *Variety*. According to Morricone, simply stealing someone's theme is minor compared to "deliberate and flagrant use of another composer's effects — the musical atmosphere he works so hard to create."

Ortolani allows that plagiarism may even occur unintentionally. Even someone seeking silence is bombarded on all sides with music from tiny radios and cassette players. "It's possible for a theme to enter your head and come out later as something you judge wholly original."

MORE ITALO-HISTORY! Again our good friend Rich Landwehr submits some snazzy material that captures the flavor of the Italian western era. This page features a revealing look at the men who gave us those memorable scores. Rich also tossed in a selection of odd ad mats dating back to the early 70's ... see next page. Rich promises Italo-snippings for future editions.

colonna sonora originale

Film Music Review- IL MIO NOME E' SHANGHAI JOE

by Gary W. Radovich

Music composed and conducted by Bruno Nicolai
Available on TAM YX-8018 (LP, Japan) and TAM YT-1055 (single, Japan)

This overlooked 1973 score by Bruno Nicolai represents something of an oddity in the Italian western genre; a kung fu oater, sort of an "East meets West" concept (not unlike 1971's RED SUN). I had expected Nicolai, who was no stranger to the genre, to score the picture with a predominantly Oriental atmosphere. Much to my surprise he uses a typically italo-western approach and underscores the Eastern influences. Although Nicolai's abilities as a composer have long been underrated (he has a keen gift for melody), the inevitable comparisons to Ennio Morricone have consistently tarnished his reputation and credibility (which is quite unfortunate). Although the score to IL MIO NOME E' SHANGHAI JOE is a rousing one it does invite the same old questions. There are thematic similarities and references to such Morricone scores as THE BIG GUNDOWN, GUNS FOR SAN SEBASTIAN and ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST. Some of the suspense motif passages cite A FISTFUL OF DOLLARS and FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE. And one theme hints of John Barry's YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.

This is not to say that Nicolai's score is a rehash of other composers' material. In fact, much of his music is wholly original. But in his orchestrations and musical arrangements we can hear the Morricone influence. Of course, Nicolai was only one of many Italian film composers to borrow (and in many instances to even expand and improve upon) the Morricone sound. So Bruno Nicolai can hardly be faulted. This was the kind of music very much in vogue during the Italian western's heyday and it was what the producer's wanted.

The score is represented by a generous 14 tracks, 9 of which are standouts (4 tracks are suspense motifs and 1 is an obligatory player piano saloon composition). "Il Mio Nome" (translates as "My Name") sets the tone for the score; a typical orchestration using electric guitars, trumpet, chorus and percussion all set to a fastpaced and melodic theme. Similar exciting selections performed in this style are "Shanghai Joe" (which adds some Oriental flavor as well) and the "Il Mio Nome" recap. Nicolai gives us a nice love theme entitled "Richiami D'Amore" ("Calls of Love") performed by acoustic guitars and given a Latin texture.

"La Partenza" ("The Departure") features interesting keyboards and electric guitars in a melancholy theme while the strange percussion and bell sounds in "Sfida" ("Challenge") will give the listener a sense of deja vu. This track also makes good use of flute and keyboards to impart a feeling of sadness. One of the more interesting tracks (and one which cites from ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST) is "L'Allegro Becchino" ("The Happy Gravedigger"). Though brief in length, the comic arrangement with a player piano and intriguing aural effects makes its presence felt.

"Il Giuramento" ("The Oath") reminded me of John Barry's YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE, especially in its woodwinds. Another brief cut, it has an Oriental color. One of the most memorable compositions for the film is "Remoto" ("Remote"), a lovely but all-too-brief theme played by acoustic guitar and woodwinds.

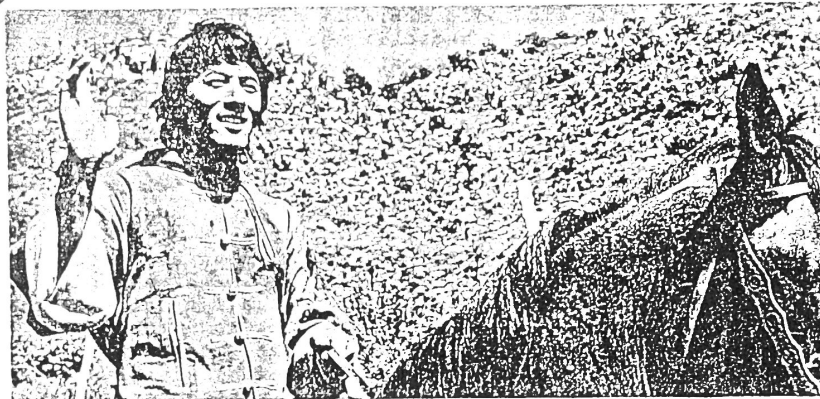
The remainder of the score has 4 suspense motifs ("Nubi," "Caccia All'Uomo," "Alternativa" and "Attimi") which offer little in the way of melody but use effective, and sometimes noteworthy, orchestral arrangements. "Saloon" is the required player piano saloon theme and is adequate.

Readers will have to decide for themselves whether IL MIO NOME E' SHANGHAI JOE is a truly classic genre filmscore. In my opinion it is well worth seeking out. One only wishes that Bruno Nicolai was more active today in filmscoring; his inactivity following the MOSES flare-up with Morricone in 1974 dealt a serious blow to his fans and to those who appreciate melodic and varied music for film. Isn't it about time the 2 had a reconciliation ?

オリジナル・サウンドトラック

東和提供一東宝配給/イタリア映画「荒野のドラゴン」主題曲

荒野のドラゴン ●荒野のドラゴン IL MIO NOME (2:07) ●わたしを恋人と呼んで RICHAMI D'AMORE(3:06)



〈かいせつ〉

世界に吹きまくる驚異的な空手映画ブームの真只中に、殺気に満ちた鋭い闘技とユニークな演技個性で慧星のように登場、《ポスト・ブルース・リー》戦線のトップに躍り上がった新人チェン・リーの衝撃的デビュー作、快心のイタリア製空手スーパー・アクション大作である。出生、経歴ともに不明という謎めいたチェン・リー初登場と共に数ある空手映画の中でも、そのリーがマカロニ・ウェスタンの顔染実録を持つイタリア映画界に斬り込んで、ひととき異彩を放つ。全篇1時間40分、文字通り凄まじい空手アクションのつるべ打ち。しかもチェン・リー扮する上海ジョーという空手の強者が、大西部テキサスの荒野に立ち、並いるガンマン、カウボーイたちと対決、超人的な身の飛躍と俊しの武器である手と足でダイナミックに暴れ廻り、スピーディ歯切れのよい《素

手の暴力》の魅惑をたっぷり味かせてくれる。

出演者は、前記チェン・リーがヒーローの上海ジョーに扮して活躍、これを囲んでマカロニ・ウェスタンのスターたち、ゴードン・ミッチェル、G・R・スチュアルト、クラウス・キンスキー等が競演、また上海ジョー終生のライバル、ミクリキには、日本人みくりや・かつとしが扮して、チェン・リーと互角の見事な闘技をくりひろげているのが圧巻。

なお、監督は「荒野のプロファイター」「荒野の棺桶」などのマリオ・カイアーノが担当、製作はレナート・アジョリーニ、ロベルト・ベッシの二人、音楽は「愛のアンジェラス」のブルノ・ニコライのベスト・スタッフである。

●ブルノ・ニコライ作曲「荒野のドラゴン」30cmLP(14曲入り) YX-8018/¥2,200

MADE IN JAPAN

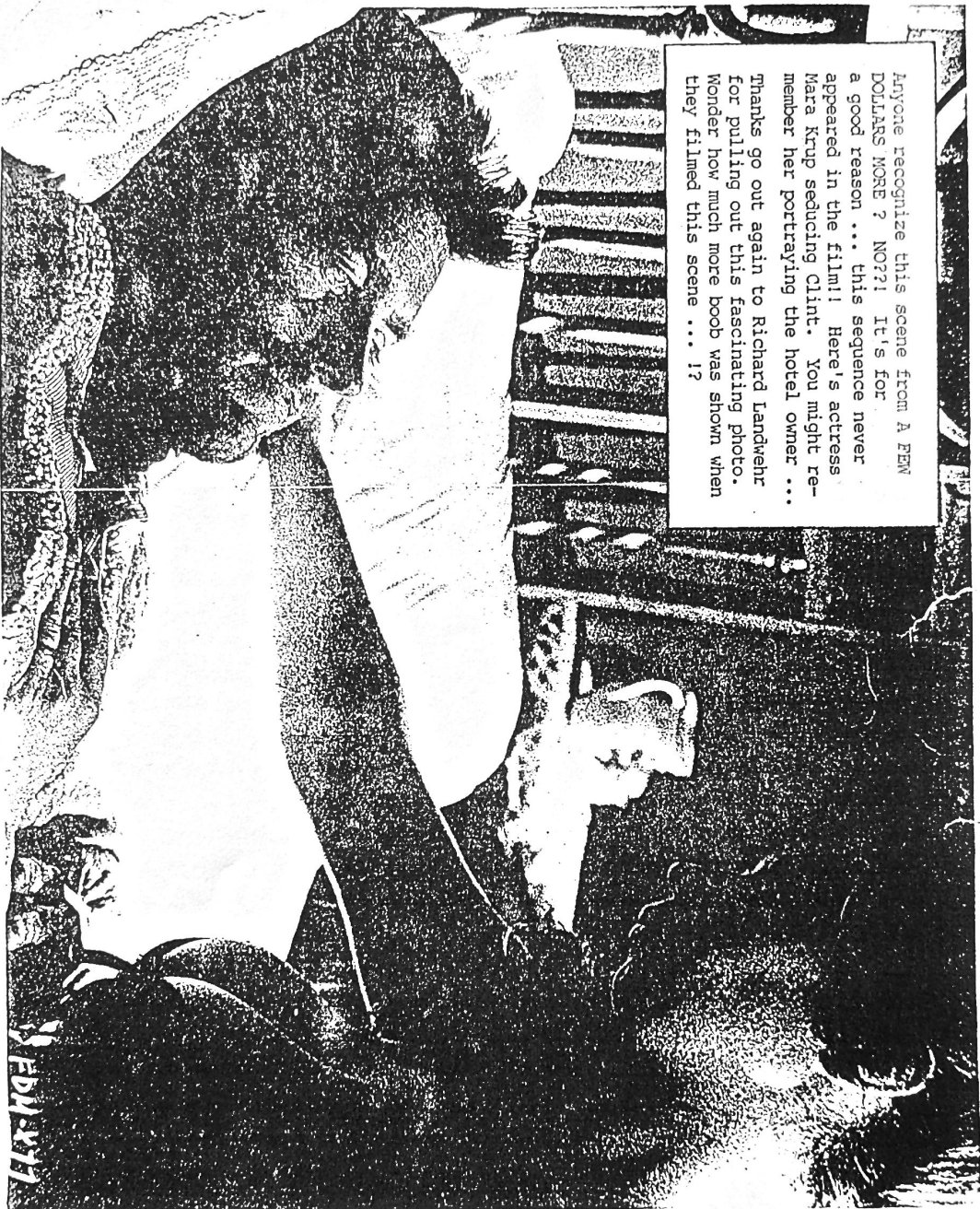
Tam

発売元 ■ 東宝レコード株式会社

※レコードから無断でテープその他を複製することは法律で禁じられています。

YT-1055

Anyone recognize this scene from A FEW DOLLARS MORE ? NO?!! It's for a good reason ... this sequence never appeared in the film!! Here's actress Mara Krup seducing Clint. You might remember her portraying the hotel owner ... Thanks go out again to Richard Landwehr for pulling out this fascinating photo. Wonder how much more boob was shown when they filmed this scene ... !?



9 FEB 4 1977

Earl Hudson again appears in these pages with this quickie Italo-summary of Today We Kill ... Tomorrow We Die!. Now available on video tape in the United States!

The classic motion picture, The Magnificent Seven (1960), was a very influential film. While not an original work, it was based on Kurosawa's Seven Samurai. The plot concerned a group of professional gunmen coming together to defend a village against seemingly impossible odds. This basic plot is borrowed, but reversed in Today We Kill ... Tomorrow We Die!.

Original Italian title of Oggi A Me Domani A Te translates to Today It's Me ... Tomorrow You! and was distributed stateside by Cinerama Releasing. Shot in 1968, picture did not get to the U.S. until 1971 where Herman (I Was A Teen-age Frankenstein) Cohen took "Presenter" credit. One of the strangest mysteries of this film is the billing of star Brett Halsey as Montgomery Ford! Why on earth would a familiar American actors name be changed in his homeland? Halsey was billed as Montgomery Ford in at least one other production ... he even pays homage to this pseudonym in his 1978 novel The Magnificent Strangers by having a character named Monty Ford!

Today We Kill ... takes shape as an Indian enlists some gunmen to help him capture an outlaw who has framed him for the murder of his own wife. What follows is a somewhat less mannered film than most Italo-Westerns. It spotlights more story than action thanks to a strong screenplay by Italy's Horror Master, Dario Argento, with director Tonino Cervi. Fine acting by Bud (Carlo Pedersoli) Spencer, William Berger, Wayne Preston and Tatsuya Nakadai is punctuated by an above average Francesco Lavagnino score. Cinematographer Sergio D'Offizi makes excellent use of autumn colors as much action occurs in wooded area. A bizarre contrast from the usual desert backgrounds. Running a tight 95 minutes, this P.A.C. - Splendid production is certainly deserving of resurrection given the multiple outlets available today. Thank Prism Video for it's home release.

BELOW: Assorted advertising elements from the Today We Kill ... pressbook!

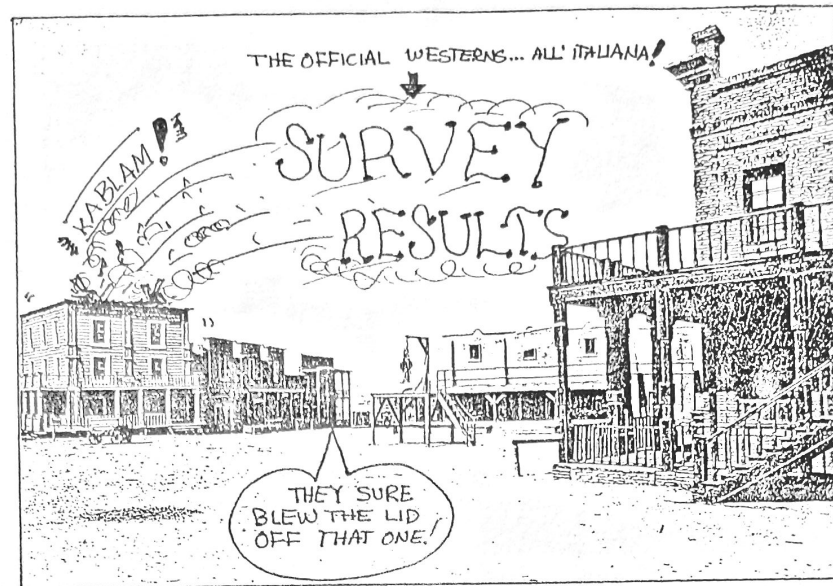


**TODAY WE KILL
... TOMORROW
WE DIE!**

BRUTAL! VIOLENT! SAVAGE!



A HERMAN COHEN Presentation



The ballots have been cast and not one person likes this fanzine. Everyone who sent back the WESTERNS ... ALL'ITALIANA! Survey sheet tucked in last issue all agree that this 'zine is garbage. So, we now shall discontinue publishing. On the other hand, I'm so damned nasty that this fanzine might go on forever ... just to spite you bums!

Gag-time is over. Timmy can put his toys away now and get on with the results. And what a time we had tabulating them. Some of the voting was fierce, as you'll read in a moment ... but knowing most of you, you've no doubt read it already and are reading this last! Hey! Whats the big idea?

There were a variety of interesting comments, some helpful and others downright kind. The general agreement is that everyone appears to enjoy this flimsy bathroom reader and gripes were sparse. Thanks for that! Here is how the votes went and honest to Django, they are real. No bullshit.

FAVORITE ITALIAN WESTERN ACTOR

Clint Eastwood & Lee Van Cleef (Tie for # 1)

- 2) Franco Nero
- 3) Giuliano Gemma

FAVORITE ITALIAN WESTERN

- 1) For a Few Dollars More (Far & away the favorite on all ballots)
- 2) The Good, the Bad and the Ugly
- 3) Once Upon a time in the West

FAVORITE ITALIAN WESTERN FILM SCORE

Italo-composer Ennio Morricone runs away with this catagory! Just look ... !

- 1) The Good, the Bad and the Ugly
- 2) For a Few Dollars More
- 3) My Name is Nobody/The Big Gundown/A Fistful of Dollars (a 3-way TIE for third place!)

FAVORITE W.A.I. ARTICLE

No contest, Gary Radovich's continuing soundtrack review column received the most recognition.

FAVORITE W.A.I. WRITER

After sending the Survey out, we decided this was an unfair question. Rather than say who received the most votes, we'll simply point out that nearly every writer in the history of the fanzine was mentioned. The fact that I voted for myself 92 times has no bearing on any of this!!

LEAST FAVORITE ARTICLE

Everyone seems to want no more TEX articles!!! We get the message ...

Now the neat part. The commentary answers and all had wonderful suggestions ... ones we hope to fulfill.

WHAT DO YOU LIKE MOST ABOUT W.A.I.?

"Sergio Leone western articles"... Bob Cirillo.

"Provides info about films I haven't and am unlikely to ever see." ... Jeff Hall

"Deals with a film genre rarely discussed in most other film magazines." ... Lindsey Blandford

"It covers the comedy and violence of this unique genre." ... Pat Tierney

"Reading articles about Spaghetti westerns I haven't seen in a long time." ... Ken McCoy

"Music reviews are nice. More E. Morricone reviews!." ... Tetsuya Kitagawa

"Backgrounds and histories on the actors, such as Tony Anthony. The fanzine should offer more video for sale. I was very happy to see the trailer tape offered." ... B. Mielenz

"I like the articles & read them all. Letters by readers are enjoyable, posters are great. It's fun to read the promo materials to the films. Being a great film music buff I like the fine reviews by Gary Radovich." ... Peter Kennedy

"To know that I'm not alone being crazy about these movies." ... Rene Hogguer

"Nice tongue-in-cheek, lighthearted attitude. The movies were fun and enjoyable entertainment & so is your fanzine. I like the pressbook ads - movie reviews - letters from the readers section." ... Bob Eddy

"Reading it." Keith Hall, Jr.

"Seeing the different movie ads reprinted & reading about the westerns I've not seen yet."... Mark Sundown (Hi Mark! Great meeting you at the SPAGHETTI CINEMA offices!)

"A lot of info & details about what I have not seen yet and what has played in the theatres. The photos provided by the collectors from around the world." ... Katsumi Honda

"The info and reviews on films and people that the mainstream publications never bother with." ... Jerry Neeley (Hiya Jerry. Too bad all the crazies at Bills house that night didn't live closer together!)

If you don't see your name listed, it's likely you did not answer the question. Now the one we dare to print!

WHAT DO YOU LIKE LEAST ABOUT W.A.I.?

"It's too thin!" ... Blandford

"Can't think of any." ... Cirillo

"I like it all." ... Hall

"None" ... Tierney

"Spaghetti westerns made after 1970." ... McCoy

"Too few articles on Giuliano Gemma." ... Kitagawa

"None" ... Mielenz

"No dislike at all. I find it hard to be negative about such a positive effort." ... Kennedy

"Nothing, actually." ... Hogguer

"Some pictures or ad slicks are quite a few from the original - but I know you do the best you can." ... Eddy

"Finishing it." ... Hall, Jr.

"Understandably ... the lack of color photos." ... Sundown

"I really don't like the quality of the papers. The photos are not vivid. About 10 years ago, we made a magazine from our Western Club in Japan and one of them was about Italian Westerns. The price then was two dollars for an issue. I really don't know how much it costs to make one like that now but in my opinion, charge more for an issue and print them on higher quality paper. I really appreciate the articles and their quality. They are much better than ours were. Perhaps collectors will send you more photos and posters. Then we'll have a very beautiful magazine about Italian Westerns with full color photos and information." ... Honda

"Not a major complaint, but as much as I like music, I find it boring to "read" about. Information about soundtracks available is always useful but I don't care for reviews of music." ... Neeley

Here is what you folks want to see in W.A.I. ...

ARTICLE SUGGESTIONS

More career articles ... more photos ... Italian attitudes towards American films depicting their country's history (i.e. SPARTACUS) ... Robert Woods profile ... Franco Nero profile (see the premiere edition of W.A.I. and read Carlo Boldrighini's terrific article!) ... Tony Anthony profile ... Guy Madison profile (see W.A.I. Newsletter #1) ... George Hilton profile ... Giuliano Gemma profile ... a compilation list of theme soundtracks where we can find obscure tracks ... Italian Western vocal song translations ... heroines in the It. West. ... mid-sixties Spaghetti's ... Bud Spencer article ... Terence Hill filmography ... book reviews of the dollar westerns ... film music composer articles other than Morricone ... more on Lee Van Cleef, Eli Wallach and Leone ... Chas. Bronson profile ... more cooking articles on how to prepare rattlesnake turds with panther piss ...

HEY ! WHO'S THE WISE GUY ???!

And finally ... your general comments about W.A.I. !

COMMENTS

"Screw off, you fat bag of bear balls. I hope your first-born dies of crib death!" ...

Rich Landwehr

"Just keep up the good work. Thanks!" ... Blandford

"Keep up the good work. If you need some information on (actors) perhaps I can help."
... Cirillo

"Very much enjoyed the A FISTFUL OF PREVIEWS video tape - a job well done. How did you unearth all those treasures? (It is my personal collection of over ten years of accumulating! - Tim Ferrante) The 'zine is better every time!" ... Tierney

"I understand you are very busy, but please take care of your health and make a more wonderful W.A.I." ... Kitagawa

"Keep up the good work, but try to add more reviews on Tony Anthony, Joe Namath, Alex Cord and start a transfer to VHS or Beta from 16mm trading corner. Can you write about BLINDMAN or some of the better Italian westerns. Not ones I as well as many others have not even heard of. Write about the good ones in more depth. There are many bad ones, lets write about the good." ... Mielenz

"Continue the bi-monthly format, I think that works best. I look forward to every issue!"
... Kennedy

"Have people say themselves why they like It. Westerns so much." ... Hogguer. (Interesting! anyone care to begin sending their reasons for liking these westerns? A reader forum perhaps? We can all it W.A.I. Anonymous! "Hi, my name is Tim and I like Spaghetti Westerns. It's a disease, I know - but it started so viciously" Well?)

"Just hope you guys don't run out of material for a long time - continue to do the best you can & I'll enjoy the 'zine very much. Many thanks for helping to continue the enjoyment of a great movie genre." ... Eddy

"I enjoy all the research material you guys have dug up about my favorite subject. Keep up the good work." ... Sundown

"The only constructive criticism I can make is that I would like to see thicker issues."
... Neeley (Hey who do you think we are? Bill Connolly???)

"I said screw-off, you clump of cow dung!!!" ... Landwehr.

There you have it my friends. We certainly appreciate everyone who took the time to fill in the questionnaire and we'll do whatever we can to oblige your requests. Some will be tough ... but hell, we're tough guys. Well, Tom can be a little wimpy at times ... and I cry when I don't get rainbow sprinkles on my ice cream cone ... Besides all that, this concludes our Survey Results. Thanks for speaking out!



LEFT: Staunch WESTERNS ... ALL'ITALIANA! supporter, Michael Lang (on right) meets W.A.I. publisher Tim Ferrante at an invitational screening of the new horror hit, RAIDERS OF THE LIVING DEAD. Michael has been a long-time reader of this prestigious publication and worked on RAIDERS in the tedious post-production work. Credit goes to sharpie Kim Hill for the initial meeting of reader and publisher.

Michael Lang ..ace Italo-fanatic!

DAL FILM

CAM recording
AMP 21

WANTED



ABOVE: The scarce 45rpm picture sleeve to the Calvin J. Padgett-directed, **WANTED**. Gianni Ferrio scored this Giuliano Gemma - Teresa Gimpera starrer released way back in 1967. Thanks to Richard Landwehr for loaning this nifty sleeve to the WESTERNS ... ALL'ITALIANA! team.

NEXT ISSUE! Gary Radovich is back again with another sensational film music review and Eric Mache reviews an ultra obscurity, **DO NOT TOUCH THE WHITE WOMAN!** We'll no doubt have an installment to Dale Pierce's early W.A.I. article, **BULLFIGHTS IN THE EUROPEAN WESTERN** and we'll even say our prayers before going to bed. Of course, none of the above may never happen ... till then we bid you \$9.00 .. I mean ... ADIOS!

*will
be
2*