



JULY/AUGUST

No. 8

Swingin' Doors...

A mighty welcome to our Summer edition of WESTERNS ... ALL'ITALIANA! and we sure have a knockout issue this time. Big news o'course is the video cassette release, but more on that in a tid. Highlights hereabouts includes a snappy review of Intermezzo's newer releases, 3 Westerns by Sergio Corbucci featuring the music of Ennio Morricone. Resident Film Music Editor Gary Radovich sums up this required motion picture soundtrack album. Keith Hall, Jr. has submitted yet another character examination that exceeds the writing requirements of W.A.I.! You guys will love that one ... and be sure not to skip the brief "Missing Scenes" by Keith. SPAGHETTI CINEMA topper, William Connolly wraps up the Pecos film series (all two of 'em!) with his revealing article on Pecos Cleans Up. Some nifty review reprints of Italo-granddaddy A Fistful of Dollars shed light on what the critics of the day thought of this genre bombshell. Tom Betts reports on the rampant Spaghetti Western televising going on in Los Angeles and our highly successful Buried Pasta column, (this time by Sherman Q. Kennis), rounds out this "moneys-worth" periodical! Golly, what next? Glad you asked ...

I can say with tremendous conviction that the flyer enclosed in this issue featuring information on WESTERNS ... ALL'ITALIANA'S video cassette release is deserving of the attention you'd give the President if he were telling us about the nuclear weapons Russia just launched towards America! I mean this, gang. If you NEVER buy another thing through these pages, this is the one item you will NOT want to be without!! Our EXCLUSIVE VIDEO CASSETTE RELEASE, A FISTFUL OF PREVIEWS is so magnificent, so action-packed and so damned great that I will quote one of our readers, Robert Bahn, who was chosen to be one of the first fans to "test screen" this tape!

Robert Bahn says, about A FISTFUL OF PREVIEWS: (no bullshit - a real quote!)

"I would have bought it sight unseen, but after seeing it, I can hardly wait until I receive my own copy. It was great seeing trailers for all these westerns. My favorites (are) the Leone films, but all were so good. I would urge each of you to purchase a copy. You will not be disappointed."

Need more be said?! PLEASE LOOK OVER THE ENCLOSED FLYER AND ORDER TODAY!

To the right is an obituary for Dean Reed, star of ADIOS SABATA among other Italoaters. Sorry to see this talent pass away. This obit appeared June 18th. And below is a comic strip that appeared in newspapers nationwide on June 4th. Thought those who missed it would find it as looney as the rest of us!

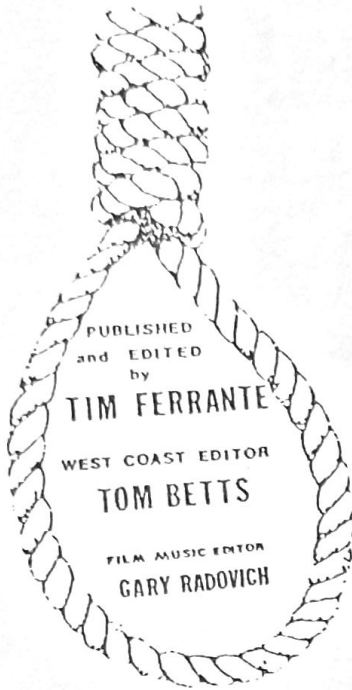
WINNER OF THE FREE A FISTFUL OF PREVIEWS VIDEO TAPE IS:

Peter Kennedy of South Yarmouth, MA. Congratulations go to Peter and his free tape is being enjoyed as we speak. Watch for our next giveaway scam ... er ... contest (!) in future issues!

Till the next go-round, ADIOS!



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WESTERNS...ALL' ITALIANA! July/August 1986
Issue #8 (#12)

Rare ad-mat for KEOMA THE AVENGER submitted by reader Franz Bernhard of Austria. This movie starred Franco Nero, Woody Strode and William Berger and was directed by Enzo G. Castellari (Enzo Girolami). Alternate titles include DJANGO RIDES AGAIN, DJANGO'S GREAT RETURN and THE VIOLENT BREED. The film was made in 1975 and released in the U.S. by VADIB INTERNATIONAL. The full length theatrical preview is part of the WAI videocassette, A FISTFUL OF PREVIEWS. See the enclosed flyer for ordering information!!!



colonna sonora originale

by Gary W. Radovich

Soundtrack review: 3 WESTERNS BY SERGIO CORBUCCI (COMPANEROS, WHAT AM I DOING IN THE MIDDLE OF A REVOLUTION?, THE HELLBENDERS)

Music composed and conducted by Ennio Morricone
available on LP: Intermezzo INGM 009 (stereo)

This, the latest release from Italy's Intermezzo label, is possibly the most eagerly awaited Morricone disc (reissues aside) since ONCE UPON A TIME IN AMERICA, since it culls excerpts from three underrecorded western filmscores on one album. While not a perfect representation of these scores, owing to difficulties in Morricone's editing choices, this LP is a joy to listen to. One 1972 score, WHAT AM I DOING IN THE MIDDLE OF A REVOLUTION?, has never been previously recorded in any format whatsoever, while 1967's THE HELLBENDERS has had but one track available on the Morricone western compilations I WESTERN, VOLUME 2 (RCA ML 33066) and THE ITALIAN WESTERN (RCA ML 31543, 3 LP box set). But it is the Maestro's 1970 score to COMPANEROS which offers the biggest surprise; just three short selections are presented, including two of which were previously released.

In fact, Intermezzo had planned to release the complete COMPANEROS score (sufficient for perhaps one complete album side) but was sidetracked by Morricone, who steadfastly refused to permit the record label to release anything besides the three tracks on this LP. Since these three selections run just over seven minutes in length the original intentions to release the complete COMPANEROS backed with an expanded WHAT AM I DOING IN THE MIDDLE OF A REVOLUTION? were drastically altered. Instead, Intermezzo added THE HELLBENDERS to the programme and presented this older western score on side 2... making me wonder (as always) what the Maestro deleted from these scores when editing the master tapes?

In any event, even these "edited down" score excerpts are a blessing to collectors because the alternative (no release at all) would have certainly been a disaster and caused a great deal of ill will. So we can be somewhat satisfied by these Sergio Corbucci film-scores and Intermezzo merits a lot of credit for taking this initiative and remaining calm throughout the turbulence.

COMPANEROS starts off with the easygoing "Il pinguino" theme, which was the B side of the earlier 45 rpm releases in Italy, France and Germany. This nicely arranged composition features whistling, banjo and harmonica. No doubt this track will be new to many listeners. "La messicana" is new for all listeners and is a lovely piece, highlighted with superb harmonica which suggests a real "Old West" flavor. The well known and rousing "Vamos a matar!" theme completes this all-too-brief representation of COMPANEROS.

Side 1 is rounded out with two nice excerpts from WHAT AM I DOING IN THE MIDDLE OF A REVOLUTION? and these selections, for many fans, are the highlights of this album. Both tracks, thankfully, are lengthy and should satisfy all listeners. "Che c'entriamo noi?" has a lovely

melody and a typical "happy go lucky" Morricone comic western arrangement, featuring whistling and male chorus. This varied theme sounds almost like one of the Maestro's compositions for a comedy film and could easily be inserted in a score such as *ANCHE SE VOLESSI LAVORARE, CHE FACCIO ?* The second track from this film is "Rivoluzione ?" and it is also an excellent cut, perhaps just a notch below the preceding one. Whistling is heard throughout this easygoing selection. Prior to reviewing this album I listened to a cassette recording of the original Italian aural soundtrack to this film to see what other music Morricone supplied for director Corbucci. Aside from some operatic source music both tracks presented on the *Intermezzo* LP supply all the original thematic material. What is missing are at least three variations on the two main themes (there are two other arrangements of the "Che c'entriamo noi ?" theme in the film... one using guitar, flute and comic voice and the other using piano and comic voice in a faster tempo; there is also a version of the "Rivoluzione ?" theme sans whistling and using a dominating harmonica instead). In the film itself, the "Rivoluzione" theme is the one heard most often.

The flip side of the album presents ten tracks from *THE HELLBENDERS*, a western film score written during Morricone's best remembered period for this genre. While working very well within the context of the film, Morricone's score for *THE HELLBENDERS* does not fit the usual mold for his western film music. There is quite a bit of suspense and action music throughout, much of it jarring and nonmelodic. Aside from the tragically beautiful and poignant main title (here represented in five of the ten selections) the balance of the score is somewhat difficult to appreciate on the initial hearing. "Un monumento" is the only previously released composition from *THE HELLBENDERS* and features the best aspects of the main theme and its arrangements. Chorus plays a prominent part in the track, as does the trumpet. But the percussion section of the orchestra seems to dominate the score on the whole, especially in the extensive suspense motifs ("Minacciosamente lontano" being a prime example, with the muted brass blending in with the percussion sounds). I suspect that many collectors will be disappointed with *THE HELLBENDERS* the first time around. But I would urge repeated listenings to fully appreciate the fine atmosphere created by Morricone and to enjoy the beautiful variations on the primary theme. It is highly unlikely that *THE HELLBENDERS* would have been released by a large record company and its inclusion by *Intermezzo* here further catalogues the complete film works of Ennio Morricone on vinyl. This is an important release and this LP has been gladly received. Give it your support !



And Frank ?

by Keith Hall, Jr.

Much was made by the critics when, at age sixty-four, Henry Fonda played his first villain in *ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST*. (These critics must not have seen *FORT APACHE* or *WIRECREEK*.) It was Fonda's presence and performance, along with the film's portentousness, that goaded some critics to give credit to the Italian western genre.

As true as it is that Frank represents the bad guy of the film, it is hard to consider him the villain. He certainly commits cruel acts; but he is actually a pitiable man, someone struggling desperately to survive, and who fails in his attempt.

While Harmonica and Cheyenne are called only nicknames that have been stuck to them, Frank is the only one of the three main characters that owns a real name... and just one at that. Nobody says Frank who? Everybody knows who he is. All one of his gang has to do is mention his name, and it becomes necessary to kill the last McBain.

And whereas Harmonica and Cheyenne arrive out of nowhere by themselves, Frank is preceded by an entourage, one that makes way for him. He is obviously someone special.

Special but doomed. Like Morton, Frank doesn't have much time. Morton is dying because his body is giving out. Frank is dying because his environment is evaporating. Soon there won't be a place for him and his kind. And ironically, Frank is speeding up his demise by assisting



Morton's railroad to move ahead, a development which will shrink Frank's environment further.

Frank realizes this and wants to survive by changing. He knows he cannot continue his lifestyle in the new west, so he decides to imitate the man of the future, Morton. If he can be like Morton he will live on.

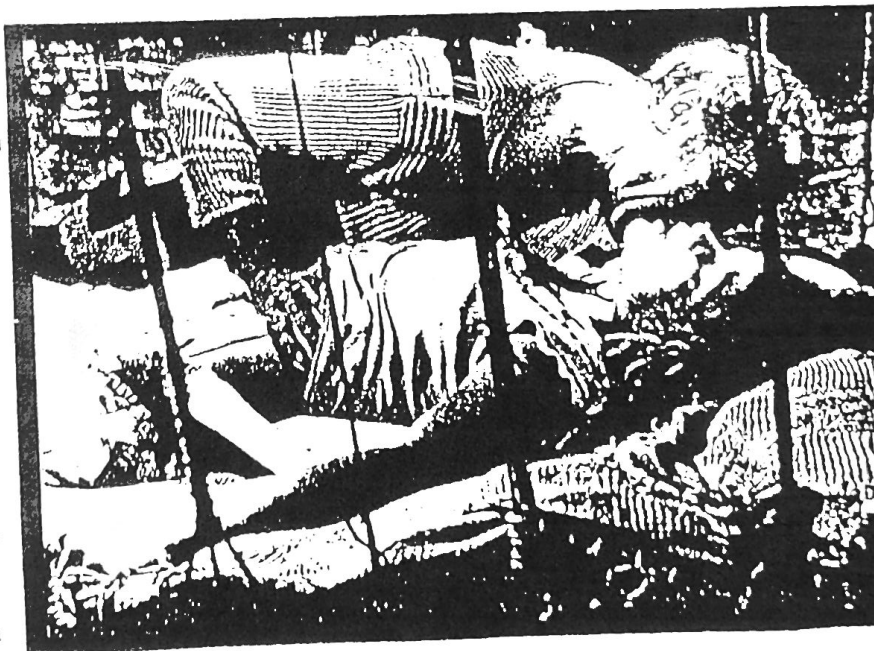
But such change is impossible. "I feel sorry for you," Morton tells Frank. "You can never be like me."

Frank doesn't want to believe this, but it is true. People such as Morton are a different breed. They know that in a civilized west outlaws like Frank are fading and interchangeable. When Frank becomes a problem to Morton, he simply hires away Frank's own men to kill him. It is only Harmonica's intervention which prevents this.

Frank may be on his way out, but he is still very cautious. When Harmonica makes an appointment with him, Frank sends three of his gang (dressed as Cheyenne's men) instead to meet the stranger. When Jill turns up, Frank sends two other men to finish her off. "You used to handle some things personally," Morton chides him. When Morton opens his drawer to get some money (Morton's modern weapon), Frank is sure it has to be a gun (Frank's outdated weapon). Even when Harmonica is putting on his holster for the final showdown, Frank keeps his hand near his gun in case of a trick.

And Frank has every reason to be suspicious. Every person "close" to Frank turns on him or lets him down. Wobbles leads Harmonica to him. Morton decides to have him killed. The men sent to shoot Harmonica and Jill fail. His own gang is bought off. Jill makes love to him solely to save her life. She simply washes his smell off as soon as she is safe. Even the man who saved his life,

Harmonica, only did it so he could have the honor of killing Frank



himself. Frank's world has already shrunk down to nothing.

Naturally he hopes to prevent this, but it is in vain. He realizes that he could become a businessman by marrying Jill, but quickly admits he just isn't cut out for it. He can't truly settle down.

"So you've found out you're not a businessman after all," Harmonica finally states. "Just a man," Frank replies.

But it is man's talent to change, to evolve. Frank seeks to evolve and could possibly succeed, except that Harmonica prevents it at every turn. Harmonica eventually shoots him, but he begins killing Frank long before when he stops him from changing into a more civilized man. Harmonica further and further eliminates Frank's possibilities until death is the only natural next step. Morton, Frank, Harmonica, and Cheyenne are all living dead men. The order in which their hearts stop beating is of little actual importance.

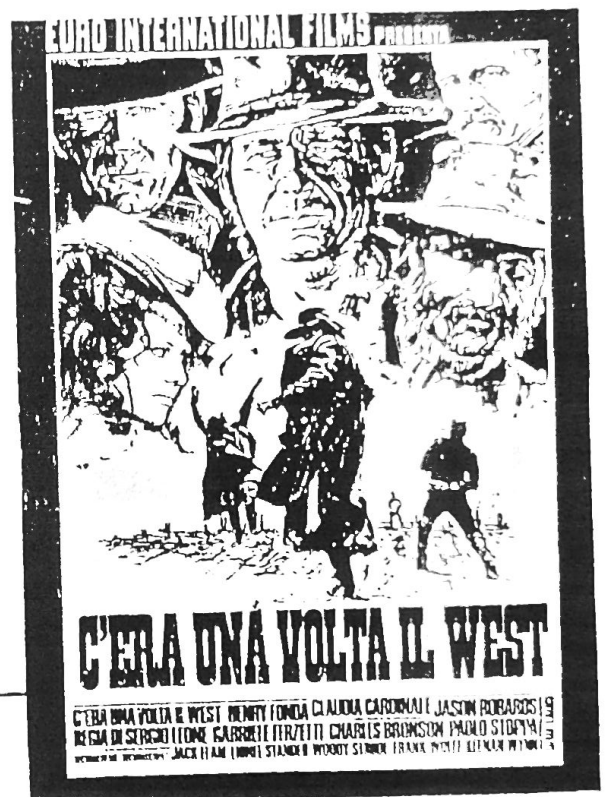
After their deaths, the bodies of the other Leone bad guys are usually shown in contempt. Ramon is hunched over a well. Indio is tossed onto a pile of corpses. Angel Eyes and all his belongings are shot into a grave. But Frank's body falls out of frame, and we never see it again, unlike Cheyenne's, which is draped across a horse like a slab of meat. Frank is now literally out of the picture, below our vision. He wanted to raise himself up, but both couldn't, and wasn't allowed to.

More Missing Scenes!

Keith Hall, Jr.

THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE UGLY

While Tuco is marching him through the desert, Blondie finally collapses in exhaustion. He knows that this is the end for him. Tuco throws a bottle at him which rolls into his head. Seeing Tuco's boot beside his head, Blondie realizes that this is his last chance at getting the drop on Tuco before dying. He makes a grab for the boots, only to find they are empty. Blondie is wearily astonished to spy Tuco sitting with his feet in a tub of water. Knowing that it is the end, Blondie sinks back into helplessness. Tuco is about to shoot him when he hears the coach in the distance.



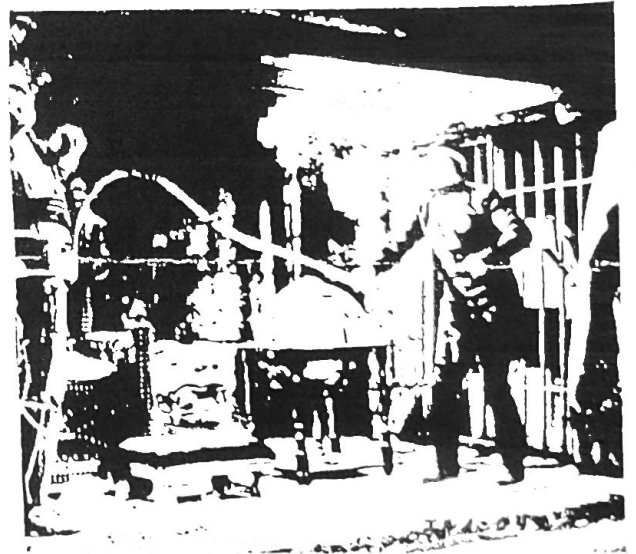
PECOS CLEANS UP

By William Connolly

(This is a sequel to MY NAME IS PECOS, which I reviewed in A.F.I. #5.)

Leading a mule, three Mexican musicians cross the land playing their instruments. (Unfortunately, they are completely out-of-sync with the movie soundtrack.) The three are Paco on guitar, Pepe on trumpet, and Pinto (Umi Ramo played Morton the undertaker in MY NAME IS PECOS, and is almost unrecognizable here with a black wig, darkened skin, and a huge ear ring.) on violin. After arguing over how long ago it was that they last ate, the three hear gunfire and duck behind cover to watch El Supremo's henchmen destroy a ranch. The villains leave, not having found what they sought, and the three musicians go down to the battle scene looking for food. They come upon a man who is still alive, but Pepe decides that he would be better off dead. Just before he is to be put out of his misery, the dying man says the magic word, "Gold." All ears, the trio begs the man to give up his secret before he dies. The man tells of a map hidden in the pigeon coup, the very map El Supremo's men failed to find. Checking out this map, the trio sees that it shows the location of Montezuma's treasure. Unfortunately, the treasure is in the Barrancos Mountains, where El Supremo is, and "El Supremo is death" notes Pepe.

El Supremo (Erno Crisa) considers himself to be the last descendant of Montezuma, and so figures the treasure is rightfully his. Headquartered in an ancient Aztec temple buried into the side of the mountain, the villain plans to use the treasure to finance a revolution in order to save Mexico from the sorry state that it is in, and make himself the supreme ruler. Toward this end, this ambitious man has assembled a small army of outlaws and adventurers, including Drago (Pedro Sanchez of SABATA), who is only interested in getting a cut of the treasure and then deserting.



While trying to figure out a way to get at the hidden gold, the trio performs at a cantina. Into this cantina comes three unruly gringos, who throw beer into the bartender's face, complain about "that stupid Mexican music" and try to see if the musicians can dance to gunfire. Witnessing this, a tall, dark fellow stands up and asks the Americanos how they like

Mexico. When they say they hate it, the fellow draws his gun and shoots them dead. (Once again Pecos proves to be sensitive to how white America treats his countrymen.) After this display, the trio figure that they have found the partner they need to take on El Supremo. At first the Latin fellow, Pecos (Robert Woods), is intrigued by the promise of wealth, but asks what's the catch. The trio mention that the villain is after the treasure too, and Pecos comments, "If the Devil came to Mexico, and he wanted a partner, El Supremo would be his first choice." Knowing that the adventure may be dangerous convinces our hero to throw in with the trio, and they set off.

PECOS CLEANS UP has little in common with MY NAME IS PECOS even though the same creative personnel made it. Considering how thorough our hero was in settling his revenge in the first film, it's obvious that new story material was needed, but it is suprising to see this angry-young-Mexican in a witty comic-book-like adventure. With an underground Aztec temple, lost ancient treasure, and a whip wirlding villain who wants to take over the country, PECOS CLEANS UP has more in common with an old ZORRO serial than with a FISTFUL OF DOLLARS or MY NAME IS PECOS. However, like in the other Italian films, our hero's aspirations and methods are not particularly honorable.

I got a chance to see this film when Channel 52 in L.A. showed it. Unfortunately, this is a Spanish-language station, as Tom mentioned in his article, and so I wasn't able to understand the dialog. This is a peculiar situation since the print they showed is from ZIV, a U.S. television releasing company that handled all of the Italian Westerns that came out on Unicorn Home Video. ZIV buys the English-language versions from Italy, and then dubs their own Spanish version here for the local Latino audience. Unfortunately, none of the English language stations seem interested in these Italian Westerns, so the only way to see them right now is on the Spanish channels. Hopefully, Unicorn will pick up PECOS CLEANS UP for English-language video release.

In the meantime, let me report that Maurizio Lucidi's direction of the action scenes is only okay, and that composer Lallo Gori's main theme sounds very much like a variation on Ennio Morricone's FISTFUL OF DOLLARS theme. (That's the "fistful" theme, not the title theme from FISTFUL.)



Robert Woods looks as impressive as he did in the first film, and I wonder if that nasty scar on his right cheek isn't real. (If he got in an accident and was scarred, maybe that's the reason he was replaced in the MACGREGGORS films.)

PECOS CLEANS UP

Producer: Franco Palombi and Gabriele Silvestri
Director: Maurizio Lucidi
Photography: Franco Villa
Sound Engineer: Oscar De Arcangelis
Screenplay: Adriano Bolzoni, Augusto Caminito, Fernando Di Leo
Film Editor: Renzo Lucidi
Music: Tallo Gori

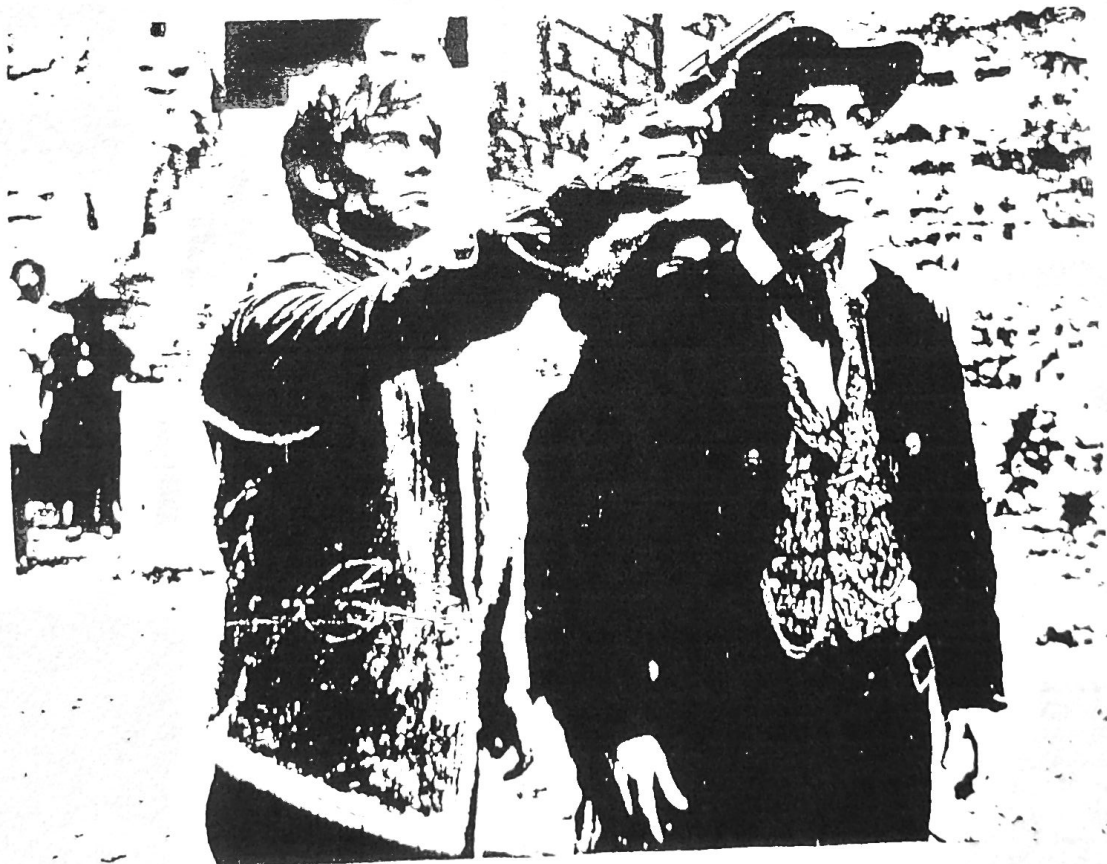
UFA-INTERNATIONAL FILMS (technicolor - techniscope) 87 minutes

cast:

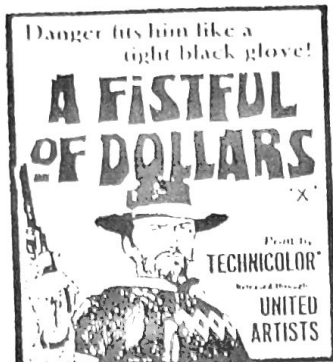
Robert Woods
Erno Crisa
Luciana Gilli
Pedro Sanchez
Umi Ramo

Pecos
El Supremo
Elisa
Drago
Pinto

with: Brigitte Winter, Simon Lafitte, Fred Coplan, Piero Vida



A FISTFUL OF CRITICS



Death and Consequences

GIVE ME an actor with one good expression and I'll be happy," director George Stevens said some time ago. The star of *A Fistful of Dollars*, Clint Eastwood, has that one good expression—a mean sort of squint—and he is making another director, Sergio Leone, very happy indeed.

The facts about this Western blood-bath, in which Eastwood pretty much wipes out a whole town with his deadly accurate six-shooter, are curious. It is, first of all, an Italian film, directed by an Italian, and filmed in Spain with an American, Italian, German, and Spanish cast. The most curious fact about the title credits is that no screenwriter is listed. Was the film improvised by actors and directors as it proceeded? Not at all; it was simply lifted bodily from Kurosawa's Japanese samurai Western, *Yojimbo*, transferred to a Mexican border town, and guns were substituted for knives. It seems that this fact had already been remarked upon by others before United Artists picked the film up for American distribution, and certain understandings were reached with certain injured parties.

The film also arrives here with a record of phenomenal European success. Eastwood has evidently engendered something of an Italian cult and only

Sean Connery, as Bond, has been able to surpass him at the box office. There are two possible assumptions to be made about *A Fistful of Dollars*: 1) that it was made with utter cynicism, and 2) that Leone has analyzed the Western film form with its attendant myths and has come up with a stripped-down version. I'm inclined toward the second assumption, if only because of the fetishistic focus on guns, boots, spurs, and the like at climactic moments. And Leone could hardly have known that he was making a block-buster.

As in *Yojimbo*, a stranger comes into a feuding town, plays one side off against the other, and, having seen to it that all the feuders are dispatched, rides off as a lonely dispenser of primitive justice. While the picture lacks the subtler characterizations of its prototypes it does have fully as much gore, and instead of subtitles it has English dubbing. Eastwood, as the stranger, makes full use of his one expression, dangles a cheroot from the corner of his mouth, and, with two sequels already on the way, is obviously going to replace the aging John Wayne. It is obvious, too, that the American Western is not dead; it has merely gone to Italy. Sergio Leone meet John Ford.

SATURDAY REVIEW

Hollis Alpert 2/18/67

A FISTFUL OF DOLLARS

(United Artists)

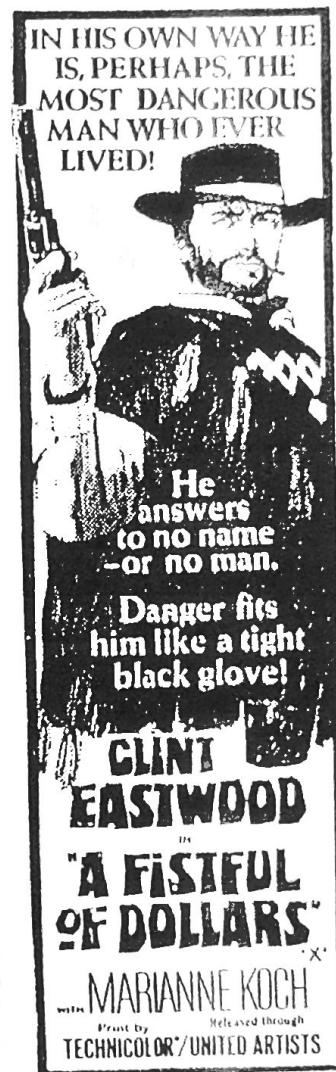
What we have here is a collection of clichés pretending to be a psychological

Western. There's the burnt-out town somewhere in the Southwestern part of the U.S., looking just like the kind of place a man might get himself dry-gulched in. There's the strong, silent "Man with No Name" (Clint Eastwood) who rides into town with chips on both shoulders. And there are the two gangs of booted thugs who control the town between them. Although they outnumber our hero about 20 to one, they are no match for his brand of applied psychology. Before he rides off into the sunset, he has them shooting at each other. In between these two points is sandwiched what seems to be all the shooting, bushwhacking, and arson footage left on the cutting room floor by more discriminating directors of better Westerns.

Moreover, the reasons behind all the blood and thunder are never made clear. Maybe that's because *A Fistful of Dollars* is a Spanish-Italian-German remake of *Yojimbo*, a gory Japanese film spoof about American frontier days. Whatever motivated *Yojimbo* seems to have gotten lost in the European translation. A lot of the dialogue gets lost, too, when the dubbing of the actors' voices fails to match their lip movements.

SENIOR SCHOLASTIC

Margaret Ronan 3/17/67



...the movie, which has been a phenomenal success in Italy and other parts of Europe, a thus cool-cat bandit who is played by Clint Eastwood an American cow-leader who used to do the role of rowdy in the "Rawhide" series on TV. Wearing a Mexican poncho, gnawing a stub of cheroot and peering intently from under a shawl that pulled low over his eyes, he is simply another fabrication of a personality, half cowboy and half gangster going through the ritualistic postures and exercises of each.

His distinction is that he succeeds in being ruthless without seeming cruel, fascinating without being realistic. He is a morbid, amusing, campy fraud.

The other distinction of the picture is that it is full of spectacular violence. Sergio Leone, who directed from a script which we understand is a rewrite of the script of "Yojimbo," a Japanese samurai picture made by Akira Kurosawa with Toshiro Mifune, has crowded it with such juicy splashes as a big fat fellow being squashed by a rolling barrel, a whole squad of soldiers being massacred, and punctured men spitting gore.

Ultimately, the cool, non-hero is beaten to a bloody, swollen pulp, from which he miraculously recovers to go forth and kill his tormentors. Filmed in hard, somber color and paced to a musical score that betrays tricks and themes that sound derivative (remember "Ghost Riders in the Sky"?), "A Fistful of Dollars" is a Western that its sanguine distributors suggest may be losing a new hero on us—a new James Bond. God forbid!

Clearly, the making of the picture, which has been a phenomenal success in Italy and other parts of Europe, a thus cool-cat bandit who is played by Clint Eastwood an American cow-leader who used to do the role of rowdy in the "Rawhide" series on TV. Wearing a Mexican poncho, gnawing a stub of cheroot and peering intently from under a shawl that pulled low over his eyes, he is simply another fabrication of a personality, half cowboy and half gangster going through the ritualistic postures and exercises of each.

There's this fellow who comes out of nowhere, laconic and steely-eyed, looking for business as a killer and fantastically swift on the draw. There are these families, the Baxters and the Rojos, locked in an ineffectual feud over who will control the smuggling business that centers in this Mexican town. There's the timid cantina proprietor, the coffin-maker waiting for clients — everything except the customary moral redemption and the naughty woman with the heart of gold.

It is notable that the lanky gringo who rides into San Miguel and virtually depopulates the area before he rides out again is in no way devoted to justice or aiding the good against the bad. He is in his icy and cynical gunman whose only interest is what's in it for him.

Swiftly, he scans the situation. "There's money to be made in a place like this," he informs the cantina proprietor, and therewith sets about making it. His first piece of business is to gun down four Baxters, not to show that he runs an efficient operation and lure the Rojos into hiring him. But the spin of his secret activities soon includes both sides, playing them one against the other and collecting fees and bounties from both. Finally, after he has mopped off a community hospital and destroyed the last of his employers, he casually rides out of town.

NEW YORK TIMES
Bosley Crowther
February 7, 1967

Daring to Be Different

A Fistful of Dollars. Once in a great while a western comes along that breaks new ground and becomes a classic of the genre. Stagecoach was one. So was High Noon. This year A Fistful of Dollars is the feature that dares to be different. It may well be the first western since The Great Train Robbery without a subplot. A man (Clint Eastwood) rides into town on a mule, kills a whole bunch of bad guys, kills some more bad guys, and then as a change of pace, kills some more bad guys. Then he



EASTWOOD IN "FISTFUL"
Not by the word.

rides out of town. Music up. Fade out.

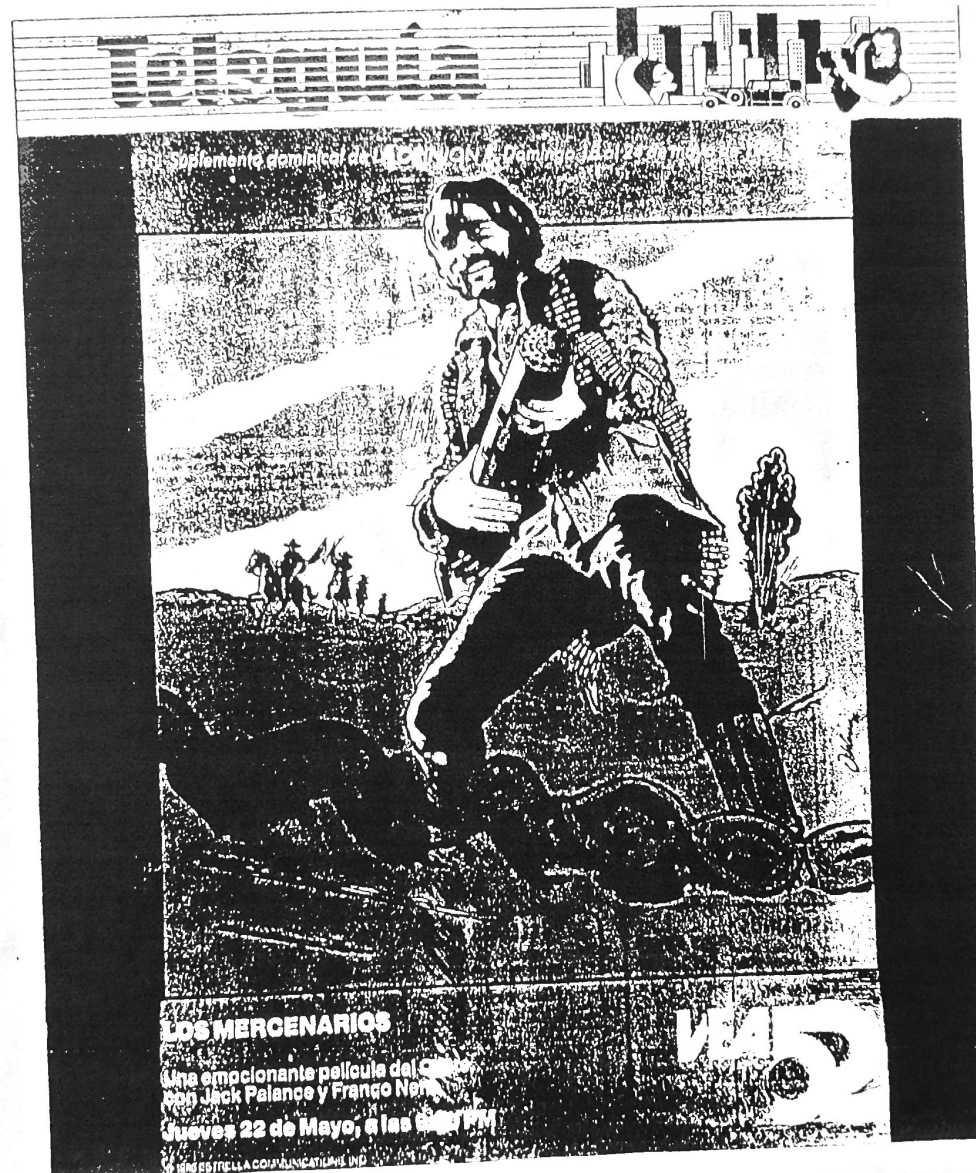
Made overseas by an Italian director (Sergio Leone), based loosely on the Japanese film Yojimbo, and featuring a multilingual cast, Fistful should have been a loser from the word avanti. Instead it has become the fastest draw in Italy, outgrossing My Fair Lady and Mary Poppins. So far, it has made some \$7,000,000 in Europe and spawned two equally hot sequels, The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly and For a Few Dollars More—which earned Eastwood a few dollars more, jumping his salary from \$15,000 per picture to \$250,000.

Whatever his financial arrangements, Actor Eastwood, the sometime star of television's Rawhide, is certainly not paid by the word. In Fistful he hardly talks at all. Doesn't shave, either. Just draws orders. Sometimes the bad guys draw back. Just as tersely. Trouble is, after they stop talking, their feet keep moving. That's because the picture is dubbed. Like the villain, it was shot in Spain. Pity it wasn't buried there.

TIME MAGAZINE
February 14, 1967

The Spaghetti Western Is Alive And Well In L. A.!

by Tom Bett



Because of the large Mexican population in Los Angeles, we have several Spanish speaking radio and TV stations in the area. This had little impact on me until one night around 1 a.m. I was flipping the TV dial in hopes of finding something worth staying up for when my eyes caught a glimpse of a western on channel 34 a Mexican station. Although the film was in Spanish I watched it for a while and thought sure it was of Italian or Spanish origin and not Mexican as most of the time they are. I recognized Richard Harrison and Fernando Sancho and started to look at my research material to find the name of this film. It was RANCHEROS or STAGECOACH OF THE CONDEMNED. Since that night I've found a few more Spaghetti Westerns turn up; THE VENGEANCE OF PANCHO VILLA, THE SECRET OF RINGO and MANOS TORPES.

Then in late November of 1985 a new Mexican station came on the air, channel 52. That first week GUNS FOR SAN SEBASTIAN appeared and although I had seen the film in English, I watched it for the fun of it. Not only was the print much better but an additional 20 minutes of film was shown that had been edited from the English version. Since then hardly a week goes by a Spaghetti Western doesn't appear. The films are released under the Ziv International label and are the English version releases which are dubbed into Spanish. Therefore all the vocals on the soundtrack are in English. I now present a list of the films I have seen or have been shown on KVEA Channel 52. PANCHO VILLA (Telly Savalas, Clint Walker), DJANGO (Franco Nero), THE PRICE OF POWER (Giuliano Gemma, Van Johnson), THE BOUNTY KILLER (Tomas Milian, Richard Wyler), A TOWN CALLED BASTARD (Telly Savalas, Robert Shaw), SANTANA DOES NOT FORGIVE (George Martin, Gilbert Roland), SANTANA'S HERE, TRADE YOUR PISTOL FOR A COFFIN (George Hilton, Charles Southwood), STRANGER AT PASO BRAVO (Anthony Steffen), A PISTOL FOR RINGO (Giuliano Gemma), THE HEELBENDERS (Joseph Cotten, Julian Mateos), THE MERCENARY (Franco Nero, Tony Musante), RUN MAN RUN (Tomas Milian, Donald O'Brien), TWICE A JUDAS (Klaus Kinski, Antonio Sabata), AND GOD SAID TO CAIN (Klaus Kinski, Peter Karsten), PROFESSIONALS FOR A MASSACRE (George Hilton, Edd Byrnes), FOR A FEW DOLLARS LESS (Elvo Pandolfi), PISTOL PACKIN' PREACHER (Mark Damon), PECOS CLEANS UP (Robert Woods).

Although the language barrier is a problem the action and the story lines are usually easy to follow and the musical scores are the same in any language - mostly great! Yes the Spaghetti Western is alive in L.A.!!!

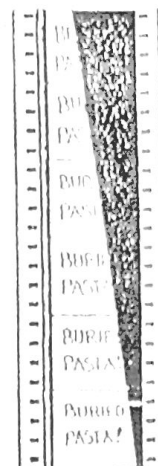
Sentivano... uno strano, eccitante, pericoloso puzzo di dollari

Here's another installment of our series on unknown Italian Westerns. In this case maybe we should have left this one buried.

(Ils Sentaient Une Etrange, Excitante,
Dangereuse Odeur de Dollars...) French

(Sentian...Un Extrano, Excitante, Peligroso
Olor De Dolares) Spanish

(And They Smelled The Strange, Exciting, Dangerous Scent Of Dollars) Engl



BEHOLD THE STRANGE STIMULATING SNEEL OF DOLLARS (1972)

Story Synopsis:

The Bronco Kid, attempting to get away from Ramirez, a Mexican bandit who has intended to capture the kid and turn him in for the 55,000 reward on his head, joins up with the Reverend Higginsweather, the new pastor of Gila Bend, and takes refuge in the village church to escape capture and to wait until things cool down. At this same time a famous bounty killer named Charity, whose real name is Butch Jenkins, is on his way to Gila Bend. He has been hired by the U.S. Government to protect a million dollar payroll enroute to the Costello Financial Ltd. to pay the salaries of the men working on the trans-American railway that is in the process of being built.

The arrival of Charity in Gila Bend naturally upsets the Bronco Kid and he fears he will be killed by Charity. Al Costello, owner of the Costello Financial Ltd., is also upset with Charity's presence as he was planning to embezzle the railroad payroll. In the end Charity and the Bronco Kid team-up and defeat the partnership of Costello and Ramirez. (like I said, we should have left this one buried. TB)

Samy Cinematografica (Italian)

Producers: Enzo Boetani, Giuseppe Collura

Director: Italo Alfaro

Screenplay: Piero Regnoli

Photography: Sandro Mancori

Music: Bruno Zambrini, Gianni Meccia

Cast: Robert Malcolm, Piero Vida, Rosalba Neri, Salvatore Puntillo,
Peter Landers, Luigi Meccia



ABOVE: THE ORIGINAL Italian 45 rpm sleeve to *THEY CALL ME REQUIESCAT* sent in by Jeff Hall from Bucks, England. Thanks Jeff

NEXT ISSUE ! A fabulous array of Italo-history as unearthed from the pages of Variety newspaper. Spaghetti archivist Richard Landwehr makes available these obscure clippings exclusively to the readers of *WESTERNS ... ALL' ITALIANA!* Not to be missed!

See ya'll in September when the kiddies go back to school. In the meantime, you'll just have to put up with the "cunning runts!" Or is it "running ... !?"