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CAST

Charles Bateman Ben
Ahna Capri Nicky
Gerl Reischl K.T.
L.Q. Jones Sheriff
Charles Robinson Priest
Alvy Moore Tobey
Strother Martin Doc Duncan

CREW

Directed by **Bernard McEveety**
Written by **William Welch**
From an Original Story by **Sean MacGregor**
Produced by **L.Q. Jones and Alvy Moore**
Cinematography by **John Arthur Morrill**
Edited by **Marvin Walowitz**
Music by **Jaime Mendoza-Nava**
Production Design by **Ray Boyle**



SATAN'S CINEPHILES

by Johnny Mains

In an interview for the first issue of the pulp film magazine *The Late Show*, Alvy Moore mentions in passing that the title of *The Brotherhood of Satan* was a studio change and one that neither he nor director Bernard McEveety had originally envisioned for the film.¹ It was to be called *Come In, Children*—taken from the scene where Strother Martin opens the door and gives his chilling, glorious line. Moore concedes that “Columbia gave [it] that marvelous title”—and you have to hand it to whoever was working on the marketing desk at Columbia that day. *The Brotherhood of Satan* lets you know exactly what kind of ride you’re letting yourself in for. What’s more it came during a time when the philosophical roots of Satanism were slowly moving from the shadows and into the American suburbs. We can trace those roots into the mainstream with the landmark horror film, Roman Polanski’s *Rosemary’s Baby* (1968), through to the media coverage of the horrific, ritualistic Manson Murders and the publication of LaVey’s *The Satanic Bible*, both occurring in 1969. *Time* magazine also got in on the action; first in 1966 with the iconic “IS GOD DEAD?” cover, then again in 1972 with the startling Jack and Betty Cheetham design of a drawing of a goat over someone wearing a black hood with the title in bright yellow: “THE OCCULT REVIVAL: SATAN RETURNS”. By that time William Peter Blatty’s *The Exorcist* had already been published and William Friedkin’s 1973 film was the icing on the Devil’s food cake. *The Exorcist* gave film studios and TV networks the freedom to let loose another wave of satanically-influenced films, among them *The Devil’s Daughter* (Jeannot Szwarc, 1973), *Satan’s School for Girls* (David Lowell Rich, 1973), *Race with the Devil* (Jack Starrett, 1975), and *The Devil’s Rain* (Robert Fuest, 1975).

¹“Breakfast Interview with Producer (and Actor) Alvy Moore,” *The Late Show*, Issue 1, 1974, p. 21 (ed. Bill George & Martin Falck)

To fully appreciate this curious time in history we must go back to Anton Szandor LaVey who, in 1965, was simply described in newspapers as “the official organist of San Francisco”² and then a few months later as a “member of the Royal Society of Psychological Research, consulting hypnotist and lion trainer.”³ By the end of 1967 he was regularly featured in newspapers from coast to coast, and his name was synonymous with debauchery, black magic, and evil. Being the head of The Church of Satan will do that to you. Headline after headline joyfully reveled in the Church of Satan’s first baptism, then wedding, and the year was capped off with a funeral. It should be noted that it may have been the only time a deceased person was given a full Navy Guard of Honor alongside satanic rites from a High Priest; LaVey in full splendor as he “held the sword of power and the Book of Black Magic” as a Navy bugler blew taps.⁴

By 1966, novelist Ira Levin was deep into the writing of his second novel, well over a decade after his first, *A Kiss Before Dying* (1953). He was trying to, in his own words, “stand the story of Mary and Jesus on its head”; that God was dead, and the devil was very alive.⁵ The book, published in 1967 by Random House, came with a quote from Truman Capote: “A darkly brilliant tale of modern devilry that, like James’ *The Turn of the Screw*, induces the reader to believe the unbelievable. I believed it and was altogether enthralled.”

The book was a massive bestseller and rightly regarded as a new type of horror novel, but worryingly to Levin, the film rights had been sold to William Castle, “an amiable schlock producer-director.”⁶ Castle had looked for financing and went to Paramount, where Robert Evans took control and brought in Roman Polanski, who had been working in England. Polanski wrote an extremely faithful screenplay, going so far as

² “Hammond Organ.” *The Napa Valley Register*, 25 Jan 1965.

³ “Deadline Is Near For Cat Show.” *The San Francisco Examiner*, 19 Sep 1965.

⁴ “Satanic Rites Held.” *Denton Record-Chronicle*, 12 Dec 1967.

⁵ Author’s afterword to the 2003 edition of *Rosemary’s Baby* (New American Library).

⁶ *Ibid.*



to take large sections from the book itself, something that made Levin suspect that it was the director’s first stab at adapting a book. The film was released on June 12, 1968, condemned by the National Legion of Decency, but the critics certainly recognized the film for what it was aiming to achieve; cerebral horror. We must, however, take a moment to consider those poor souls who had to sit through the film—because it was shown in a double bill with Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon’s *The Odd Couple* (Gene Saks, 1968). Watching two films about hot summers in New York apartments with strange neighbors might have been a bit too much.

As *Rosemary’s Baby* took off, a quiet slide was happening in the country Polanski had left behind, England. Hammer Films, the once genre-boundary-breaking and truly innovative studio, released *The Devil Rides Out* (Terence Fisher), that sported a Richard Matheson screenplay based on the 1934 novel by Dennis Wheatley. It was a massive blow to both Hammer and Fox when it under-performed at the box-office and it was

this failure, coupled with the more visceral horror of films like *Rosemary's Baby* and *Night of the Living Dead* (George Romero), also released in 1968, that signified the start of Hammer's terminal decline. Mention must also be given to *The Satanist* (Zoltan G. Spencer, 1968), a softcore film with a cross-fertilization of devil worship, Egyptian mythology, and Eastern mysticism. It's rather short, but for sheer curiosity factor this is a must for occult-loving fans. The decade ended with *The Witchmaker* (William O. Brown, 1969), a film set in the bayou swampland, and is in its own way very entertaining and

marvelously ambitious. Less known is the fact that it was also produced by L. Q. Jones and Alvy Moore, who would go on to do *The Brotherhood of Satan*.

For Americans, the 70s limped in. The killing of Roman Polanski's pregnant wife and others by members of Charles Manson's cult shook America to the core and seemingly shut the door on the counter-culture rebellion of the 60s. Regardless of what had gone on before, there was continuing interest in LaVey and Satanism; papers would report with relish on grisly cases now long forgotten, such as the murderer Stanley Dean Baker, who admitted in court to studying "the bible of satanic faith" that led him to "intercelestial beings" before slaying and eating the heart of his victim.⁷

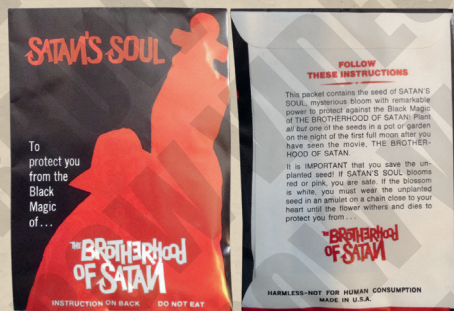
The first film of the decade to explore the many nooks and crannies of the dark arts was *Ritual of Evil* (Robert Day, 1970), the sequel to *Fear No Evil* (Paul Wendkos, 1969). Both were originally envisioned as part of a television series that was to be called *Bedevilled* but ended up being made as stand-alone movies. Louis Jordan plays Dr. Sorrell, who comes in contact with a cult of affluent devil-worshippers. The film challenges the familiar trope that all who worship the black arts are evil. The antagonist, witch Leila Barton (played by Diana Hyland), is a nuanced character, capable of love, and it is this challenging dynamic that lifts the film above standard television fare of the time.

1971 was an abundant year, and *The Brotherhood of Satan*, directed by Bernard McEveety, showcased beautiful photography, some chilling visuals, and a rather grand ending. Throw into the mix a superb performance from Strother Martin (genial and gentle make him all the more terrifying) and this is another inventive film that transcends the constraints of its budget. The most striking thing about *The Brotherhood of Satan* is the throwback to *The Witchmaker*—the satanic rituals used by the covens in both films are very closely related. So while not a direct sequel to *The Witchmaker*, it does have the

⁷ "Cannibal Killer Says Stroup Was Not In On Bizarre Death." *Greeley Daily Tribune*, 20 Nov 1970.



same producers and it is fair to assume that both films inhabit the same realm. Also, in a stroke of marketing genius, people who saw *Brotherhood* at select drive-ins were given a packet of "Satan's Soul Seeds." Instructions on the back of the packet told the owner to sow all but one seed and "if Satan's Soul blooms red or pink, you are safe. If the blossom is white, you must wear the unplanted seed in an amulet on a chain close to your heart until the flower withers and dies to protect you from... *The Brotherhood of Satan*." I've been able to determine that the seeds in the pack were fava beans (also known as broad beans in the UK) and they hold their own mysticism. The fava bean was known in Egyptian, Greek, and Roman times as a supernatural symbol of



death; the Egyptians believed that the souls of the dead were actually enclosed in the beans and that they also resembled the gates of hell, the petals having black spots on them, a color almost non-existent in nature.⁸

Other films from that year include Don Haldane's *The Reincarnate*, a Canadian

horror film that stars character actor Jack Creley as a terminally ill lawyer who has joined a cult and is preparing to reincarnate into a new body with his memory and self intact. It was the first of three Canadian films to deal with the satanic, the other two being *The Possession of Virginia* (*Le diable est parmi nous*, Jean Beaudin, 1972) and *The Pyx* (Harvey Hart, 1973).

⁸ <https://blogs.scientificamerican.com/guest-blog/fava-the-magic-bean/>

Over the water in the UK, 1971 yielded one of the foundations of British "folk horror," *The Blood on Satan's Claw* (Piers Haggard), a story of a demonic skull with a single eye found in the furrows, which leads to a cult of teenagers trying to raise the demon Behemoth by means of a Black Mass. It is a film that continues to grow in stature year upon year and it is beautifully shot, perfectly acted with some truly harrowing scenes. Add one of the greatest scores in film history by Marc Wilkinson who uses a cimbalom to bring the soundtrack to life (a piano played with mallets and another instrument that has an association with the Devil).

Another film with a striking soundtrack is *The Mephisto Waltz* (Paul Wendkos, 1971), a variation of *The Reincarnate* where a dying person tries to project themselves into a healthy host body using an occult ritual. The film, starring Alan Alda and Jacqueline Bisset certainly looks the part and has a sumptuous score, courtesy of Jerry Goldsmith. Named after Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz no. 1 in A Major," the film struggled with critics and at the box office.⁹ It looked as if films that dealt with the occult were not going to get any better; such middling fare as *The Devil and Miss Sarah* (Michael Caffey, 1971) and a film taken from the same case that Peter Jackson's *Heavenly Creatures* (1994) was sourced, *Don't Deliver Us from Evil* (*Mais ne nous délivrez pas du mal*, Joël Séria, 1971) hinted that the genre might not have that much left in the tank.

Then *everything* changed.

Shortly before the film release of *The Brotherhood of Satan*, Harper and Row published *The Exorcist*, in June 1971, a novel based on a 1949 case of demonic possession and its subsequent exorcism. Written by William Peter Blatty, it tells the story of Regan MacNeil, a twelve-year-old girl who undergoes a change that has nothing to do with

⁹ "The *Mephisto Waltz*, which is inferior to *Rosemary's Baby* on all sorts of fundamental levels like direction, photography and acting, is fatally inferior in its understanding of the supernatural" —Roger Ebert, 6 May 1971. Retrieved from <https://www.rogerebert.com/reviews/the-mephisto-waltz-1971>

puberty. Unable to get a diagnosis for her daughter, Regan's mother approaches the Catholic Church and the stage is set for the ultimate battle of Good Vs Evil. The book was on the bestseller list for a solid year from publication to the paperback release.¹⁰ The film rights had sold before the book was published. Newspapers were full of stories about Catholic priests who performed exorcisms and the dramatic measures undertaken: "It's like being in a constant chess match with Bobby Fischer."¹¹ Blatty wrote the script for the film adaptation, it was directed by William Friedkin, and released in 1973 to worldwide acclaim, outrage, and horror; even though the film was defended by Father William O'Malley who played Father Dyer in the film. He said that it was "highly moral and shows that obscenity is ugly."¹²

Both the book and the film of *The Exorcist* were the shot in the arm the genre needed, and an outpouring of films (mainly made-for-TV fare) soon assaulted the senses, with titles such as *Satan's School for Girls*, *The Devil's Daughter*, and the seen-to-be-believed Evangelical information film *The Burning Hell* (Ron Ormond, 1974), with one of the greatest lines ever uttered: "Statistics have proven... every hour 3,000 people go to Hell; every minute 60 people go to Hell; right this very moment, someone is headed for a burning Hell."

More than ever before, the newspapers published story after story about Satanism: in 1974, a self-proclaimed priest who had formed his own satanic church was ordered to stop driving his daughter around in a hearse and showing her a tombstone that had her mother's name engraved on it, even though she was still alive.¹³ This is just one amongst a multitude of headlines. There was a lot of handwringing and soul searching in America, for some it was simply a hellish storm in a teacup and for others

¹⁰ "Most People Keep Exorcist To Themselves." *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, 15 Jul 1972.

¹¹ An interview with Father John Nicola, technical advisor to the film of *The Exorcist*. "A Priest Who Does Battle With The Devil." *The San Francisco Examiner*, 24 Nov 1972.

¹² "Billy Friedkin would 'pay money to direct a movie.'" *Star-Phoenix*, 8 Sep 1972.

¹³ "Satanic Priest Ordered To Cease Devilish Ways." *Galesburg Register Mail*, 11 Apr 1974.

something more profound. Even the horrible underbelly of America had to have its say; by the end of the decade the KKK was lumping Satanism and Communism together.¹⁴

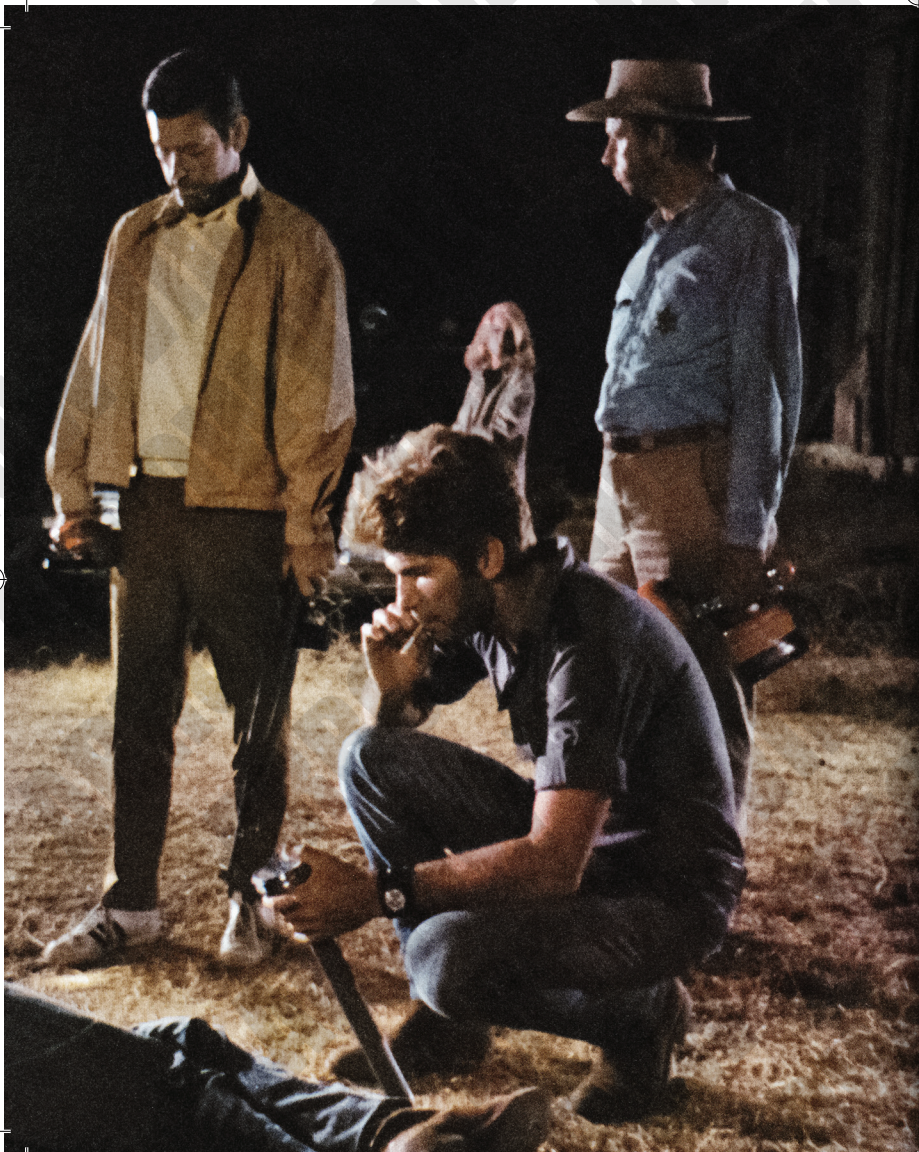
By the mid-70s, *Race with the Devil* and *The Devil's Rain* were two films that summed up what would see the rest of the decade out, a comfortable acceptance that the genre wasn't going anywhere, and would still throw out an occasional oddity (*The Devil's Rain* being a case in point; it is an extremely odd film), but apart from the occasional hit like *The Omen* (Richard Donner, 1976), there was nothing to panic about. You only needed to see how big a bite the genre had bitten into itself; the High Priest in *The Devil's Rain* was played by none other than Anton LaVey himself, alongside William Shatner, Tom Skerritt, Ernest Borgnine, Ida Lupino, and John Travolta.

Who would have guessed that only five years later America would see the publication of a book that would usher in something much weirder than anything before it—*Michelle Remembers* (St. Martin's Press, 1980), a now discredited book that was written by psychiatrist Lawrence Pazder and his psychiatric patient Michelle Smith. Michelle would eventually become his wife. The book was based on her experiences as a child in the 50s at the hands of her mother and a satanic cult in Victoria. It was off the back of this that childhood games such as Dungeons and Dragons were said to be recruitment tools for satanic cults and B.A.D.D. (Bothered About Dungeons and Dragons) was formed.¹⁵ Throw heavy metal music into the mix and Nancy Reagan's "Just Say No" campaign, America was hysterically reacting to see how best they could save their children's souls. Satanic Panic had truly arrived.

Johnny Mains is an award-winning editor. He has written liner notes for previous Arrow releases such as The Happiness of the Katakuris, The Honeymoon Killers, and La Grande Bouffe. Mains has also contributed introductions to Scarred for Life Volume One and Volume Two and has edited a book on The Sorcerers.

¹⁴ "KKK Here To Stay." *The Daily Oklahoman*, 7 Oct 1979.

¹⁵ Waldron, David "Role-Playing Games and the Christian Right: Community Formation in Response to a Moral Panic." *Journal of Religion and Popular Culture Volume 9: Spring 2005*.



THE DEATH OF CINEMA IS NOT A TRAGEDY:

L. Q. JONES AND AMERICAN IDENTITY

by Brad Stevens

The first time we see this man he is riding a train, on his way to military induction. Placing a lit match in the shoe of a fellow passenger, he roars with laughter as the latter screams. "There's one in every outfit" observes the offscreen narrator. But his real introduction occurs after drill instructor Sergeant Beller (Gregory Walcott) regales Marine recruits with invective that anticipates Stanley Kubrick's *Full Metal Jacket* (1987): "As far as I'm concerned, you are not even human beings anymore." Declaring himself to be "L. Q. Jones," the man reaches out to shake Beller's hand, only to have his gesture brutally rebuffed. As if standing in for director Raoul Walsh, the drill instructor informs Jones precisely what he should have said: "My name is Private Jones, L. Q., sir!" Attempting to repeat the "line" he has been given, a flustered Jones descends into gibberish: "M... M... My name is Private L. Q., uh, Jones, eh, uh, sir, Your Honor!" When this gregarious individual starts telling Beller about the town he came from, his improvisational efforts are shot down ("Who said you could talk?"), and when he later imitates the drill instructor for the amusement of his friends, he fails to realize that a furious Beller is standing behind him.

The film is *Battle Cry* (1955), and the actor is making his motion picture debut. Which is to say that he is simultaneously inducted into both cinema and the military. And the first lesson he learns is performative: that modes of behavior and address appropriate

in one situation may well be grossly inappropriate in another. L. Q. Jones is based on a character from Leon Uris's source novel, who insists "You don't want to hear my first name. It drives people mad". The individual playing him onscreen is credited under his birth name, Justus E. McQueen. Walsh's film shows men being stripped of their identities and turned into interlocking parts of a fighting machine. Although the requirements of Hollywood during the studio era were not quite so rigorous, this was still a production system in which performers, writers, and directors were expected to satisfy the demands of their superiors. Perhaps fearing his "real" name would drive casting directors mad, Justus E. McQueen decided to become L. Q. Jones in fact as well as fiction, life as well as art. Raoul Walsh was born eight years before the first public film screenings, and had been directing since 1913. At the time of writing, "L. Q. Jones" is still with us, having recently turned 93. Between them, they cover the entire history of a medium engaged in a constant process of transformation. *Battle Cry* may be a traditional Hollywood flag-waver that takes an uncritical view of the Marine Corps, but it is also among the earliest CinemaScope productions. American cinema, like American society, was evolving, stretching in new directions, and the freshly rechristened Jones would find himself at the heart of these changes.

His next film, *An Annapolis Story* (1955, aka *The Blue and the Gold*), is the first on which he would be credited as L. Q. Jones. Another paean to military conformity (how strange that several of the people responsible for it concocted *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* the following year), it gave Jones little to do, but introduced him to three important collaborators: director Don Siegel, who cast him in three more films, fellow actor Alvy Moore, with whom he formed a production company called LQJAF ("L. Q. Jones and Friends"), and "dialogue director" Sam Peckinpah. These early roles suggested that Jones was at home in war movies, and he would go on to appear in Siegel's *Hell Is for Heroes* (1962), Richard Fleischer's *Between Heaven and Hell* (1956), Anthony Mann's remarkable *Men in War* (1957), and, again for Raoul Walsh, *The Naked and the Dead* (1958), in which he reprised his characterization from *Battle Cry*. But it soon became

apparent that he really "belonged" to the Western. For if Jones's persona inferred a nexus of concerns to which the problem of identity was paramount, his gravitation towards that genre wherein questions of individual identity were imbricated with, and often subsumed in, larger questions of national identity was preordained.

Westerns were highly popular throughout the initial phase of Jones's career, and he would become a familiar face in the work of such specialists as Budd Boetticher, William Witney, and William Beaudine, as well as numerous television "oaters": as early as 1955 he could be seen in three episodes of *Cheyenne* (1955–1963), and would later make regular appearances on *Klondike* (1960–1961), *Tales of Wells Fargo* (1957–1962), *Have Gun – Will Travel* (1957–1963), *Laramie* (1959–1963), *Wagon Train* (1957–1965), *Rawhide* (1959–1965), *Cimarron Strip* (1967–1968), *The Big Valley* (1965–1969), *The Virginian* (1962–1971), and *Gunsmoke* (1955–1975). Yet as the relationship between the Western and that world it reflected became increasingly problematic—raising doubts as to whether a genre in which the limits of individual authority were tested and weighed could remain relevant at a time when the very notion of authority was being widely rejected—Jones proved central to those shifts the Western was undergoing. Leaving aside such unambiguously conservative efforts as the later John Wayne vehicles directed by Andrew V. McLaglen, which do their best to pretend that nothing has changed, there were basically four options for the genre during the 60s and 70s.

1. The European Western, in which cynicism (on the part of creators, characters, and audiences) was assumed *a priori*. Though Jones never made an actual Eurowestern, he did appear in Don Medford's *The Hunting Party* (1971), which was shot on location in Spain and, to all intents and purposes, belongs in this category (it even has a Spaghetti Western-style score by Riz Ortolani). Medford's unadulterated nihilism allows him to envision a world in which all heterosexual relations are defined in terms of rape, and while the film encourages us to prefer Oliver Reed's charismatic seducer to Gene Hackman's calculating sadist, it casts Jones as a character, Hog Warren, who occupies

a middle-ground which never quite comes into focus. When Hog attempts to rape Melissa, the schoolteacher played by Candice Bergen, he does so with a brash energy the text has difficulty accommodating. It certainly can't regard him with the contempt it lavishes on Hackman, nor the admiration with which it views Reed (both of whom also rape Melissa). As with his first appearance in *Battle Cry*, setting fire to a man's shoe, we observe Jones's gleeful vitality with a mixture of dismay and joy, wondering if it is possible to express non-socialized energy in a form which isn't cruel and destructive. As a Western that is both American and positioned slightly to one side of the American experience, *The Hunting Party* eloquently expresses the dilemma of a culture in which, although fundamental values were being called into question, viable alternatives were still unthinkable, the film's descent into abstraction feeling almost inevitable.

2. Though never as clearly defined as the Eurowestern, the 70s saw the release of several horror films with strong thematic links to the Western (and vice versa). Given the mutual emphasis of these genres on a "normality" threatened by an adversary personifying forces, antagonistic to yet somehow embedded within it, this connection was always there for the taking, and in Clint Eastwood's *High Plains Drifter* (1973), Jack Starrett's *Race with the Devil* (1975), and Wes Craven's *The Hills Have Eyes* (1977), it is rendered explicit; as the distinctions between good and evil, hero and villain, civilization and savagery, start to blur, the boundaries dividing one genre from another become equally porous. Typical products of the Vietnam era, these films move relentlessly towards apocalyptic climaxes in which the representatives of righteousness are either defeated or hopelessly compromised, with nothing left to be rescued from the wreckage. Tobe Hooper frequently explored this twilight zone between Western and horror, and it is easy to imagine Jones playing the hitchhiker in *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (1974). So it is less surprising than it might seem that when Jones moved behind the camera, his initial focus was on horror, his production company turning out two closely related films about Satan worshippers: *The Witchmaker* (1969), written and directed by William O. Brown, and *The Brotherhood of Satan* (1970), directed by

Bernard McEveety. The latter appears to have been particularly important for Jones, since aside from co-writing (albeit anonymously) and producing it, he also played one of the leads, and even penned a tie-in novel. The setting is a small New Mexican town surrounded, as small towns often are in the Western, by powerful enemies. The threat here, however, comes not from Native Americans or *High Noon*-style outlaws, but rather from Satanists who are simultaneously located within and outside the community, and Jones aptly casts himself as a sheriff whose charismatic authority has been undermined (he can neither comprehend nor effectively oppose the malady contaminating those under his protection), leaving him impotent in his efforts to restore order.

3. *The Brotherhood of Satan's* generic impurity underlines just how arbitrary those choices used to articulate unresolved issues in the wider culture actually are. When the deputy played by co-producer Alvy Moore wonders if certain events might be attributable to "flying saucers and little green men," his suggestion is mocked by Jones's sheriff, though it sounds no more unreasonable than the supernatural explanation eventually proffered. Which brings us, neatly enough, to the science-fiction Western. SF texts that are essentially transplanted Westerns have a long history in pulp fiction, and would, post-*Star Wars* (1977), go on to comprise a significant strand of US filmmaking. Since works in this tradition tend to be fundamentally reactionary, it is remarkable that Jones's finest achievement as writer/director, *A Boy and His Dog* (1975), should be a science-fiction narrative structured around Western motifs which presents a thoroughgoing critique of American ideology. That harsh landscape the Westerner was inveterately seen against here becomes a post-apocalyptic wilderness through which a young man named Vic (Don Johnson) roams randomly, seeking food and women who might satisfy his sexual urges (as in *The Hunting Party*, rape is less an atrocity than a fact of existence). He is accompanied not by a "tame" Native American along the lines of Chingachgook or Tonto, whose wisdom is both practical and symbolic (providing access to a body of knowledge that assures

survival while suturing those wounds caused by the white man's conflict with the country's original inhabitants), but rather by Blood, a dog he communicates with telepathically. Abandoning Blood, Vic enters an underground shelter wherein middle-class existence has been preserved, a broad parody of small-town life which echoes *The Brotherhood of Satan's* satirical portrayal of a Satanist temple as a suburban living-room, but also relates to the classical Western's ambivalence regarding settled civilization (seen as inherently feminine and restrictive). Vic eventually returns to the world above-ground, accompanied by Quilla June Holmes (Susanne Benton), a potential companion who offers an alternative to the Western's homosociality. But, upon finding Blood near death, Vic, in a gesture which exposes the dark heart of a genre wherein castrating femininity can only be perceived as a threat to "pure" male friendship, kills Quilla June and feeds her to the dog. Parenthetically, it is worth noting that Jones's only subsequent directorial credit, an undistinguished 1980 episode of *The Incredible Hulk* (1977–1982), also combines Western tropes with an SF premise.

4. Given the frequency with which works in the three preceding categories gesture towards the apocalyptic, it is unsurprising that the apocalyptic Western came to represent something of a mainstream from the late 60s to the late 70s. The key figure here is, of course, Sam Peckinpah, whose output progresses from post-war disillusionment to a recognition that it is no longer possible to harmoniously resolve those contradictions (the cowboy acts in the name of a social order which has no place for him) inherent in the genre. The result of this recognition was a series of Westerns in which violence, once considered a regrettable necessity, no longer served any purpose beyond satisfying a desire for self-annihilation. Yet this metamorphosis also had a positive component, one to which Jones was indispensable. Peckinpah usually cast Jones as "gutter trash"—disheveled, dirty, disorganized, unrepressed, childlike—who stood in marked contrast to the mature protagonists played by such stars as Joel McCrea and William Holden. Peckinpah was far from blind to the virtues of the former group, whose members, fiercely loyal to their families and comrades, functioned as

Shakespearean "rude mechanicals" expressing the drama's themes in a comic form. Jones's death scenes in Peckinpah films often allow him a grace note, his characters registering incomprehension at the realization that their inexhaustible energy has been snuffed out. Hints that these 'vermin' might not be as contemptible as they superficially seem—alongside an admission that the more reticent men of honor might not be as admirable as they initially appear—bespeak a reassessment which is personal to Peckinpah, but also reflects adjustments being made in the country at large. Tracing those patterns formed by the five Peckinpah features Jones acted in—*Ride the High Country* (1962), *Major Dundee* (1964), *The Wild Bunch* (1969), *The Ballad of Cable Hogue* (1970), and *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid* (1973)—we see that, while the two opposed groups remain broadly similar, the director's evaluation of them is gradually reversed. Steve Judd (McCrea) in *Ride the High Country* anticipates Pat Garrett in *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*, just as the Hammond brothers (one of whom is played by Jones) in the former film resemble Billy's gang (again including Jones) in the latter.



Judd and *The Wild Bunch's* Pike Bishop (Holden) embody values Peckinpah endorses, their superiority to the "trash" they encounter being transparent. Yet by the time of *Pat Garrett*, the nostalgic Westerner has become almost wholly contemptible, while Billy's gang, living entirely in the present, delineate a tentative ideal. Peckinpah's construction of a stock company tends, as it did with John Ford, to reinforce his focus on communal ties, casting decisions strengthening that sense of a shared history embedded in the narratives; Jones and Warren Oates play brothers in the first and second of these films, while Jones and Strother Martin are partners in the third and fourth. When Pat Garrett (James Coburn) engages in a gunfight with Black Harris (Jones), the dialogue—which has Harris telling Garrett "You and me rode into this country together... us old boys oughtn't be doing this to each other"—evokes a mutual experience existing both on and off-screen, Coburn and Jones having previously appeared together in *Major Dundee* (and before that in *Hell Is for Heroes*).

This merging of actor and role surely explains why Jones attained iconic status. Martin Campbell's *The Mask of Zorro* (1998) casts him as a bandit who uses a term—"peckerwood"—which baffles the person he is addressing, an elaborate in-joke that depends upon our ability to both recognize L. Q. Jones and recall an epithet routinely directed towards those characters he played for Peckinpah. And it can hardly be coincidental that his two most distinguished post-70s projects are constructed around large-scale metaphors for cinematic practices endangered by corporate interests. In Martin Scorsese's *Casino* (1995), Jones represents the Western itself, his presence sufficient to suggest those standards the corrupt, anti-Semitic politician he is playing has betrayed. *Casino's* protagonist, Ace Rothstein (Robert De Niro), wistfully recalls an era in which "Las Vegas was the fucking Wild West," and thus has something in common with not only Peckinpah's cowboys, but also cinephiles who yearn for a bygone age of filmmaking (one in which the Western enjoyed a privileged standing). The notion of the Death of Cinema is essential to the latter worldview, cinephilia itself becoming an act of mourning (the idea that the admired object is irrevocably lost

being part of that object's appeal). Jones makes his valedictory screen appearance in Robert Altman's *A Prairie Home Companion* (2006), playing a singer, Chuck Akers, who participates in the final broadcast of the eponymous radio program before quietly passing away. This would also be its director's last film, the show cancelled by its new owners representing not just Altman's artistic universe, but, like Scorsese's casino, a form of cinema doomed to destruction at the hands of executives concerned solely with profit. Although *A Prairie Home Companion* begins in aggressively noir mode before contemplating several other generic possibilities (musical, supernatural), the country songs which form the bulk of its soundtrack keep nudging Altman's film in the direction of the Western, culminating in a communal rendition of "Red River Valley." The casting of Jones is crucial to this process, for as he dies, so does the genre he was associated with. Drifting though the film is a mysterious figure played by Virginia Madsen, who appears to be the angel of death. Discovered standing behind Akers's corpse, she insists that "The death of an old man is not a tragedy," beautifully summarizing Altman's attitude towards the various closings down he observes so tenderly. For if Jones's onscreen demise is not a tragedy, it nonetheless represents a loss which is more than merely individual. L. Q. Jones leaves the world of filmmaking much as he entered it, not even a human being anymore, his crisis of identity less resolved than transformed into something deeper and more resonant. He ends by becoming cinema.

Brad Stevens is the author of two books: Monte Hellman: His Life and Films (McFarland, 2003) and Abel Ferrara: The Moral Vision (FAB Press, 2004). He has contributed to Sight & Sound, Video Watchdog, Cahiers du Cinema, Trafic, The Dark Side, The Movie Book of the Western, The Little Black Book: Movies, International Film Guide 2008, and the website Senses of Cinema.



ABOUT THE TRANSFER

The Brotherhood of Satan is presented in its original aspect ratio of 2.35:1 with mono sound. The High-Definition master was produced and supplied by Sony Pictures.

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PRODUCTION CREDITS

Disc and Booklet Produced by **Jasper Sharp**
Executive Producers **Kevin Lambert, Francesco Simeoni**
Technical Producer **James White**
Disc Production Manager **Nora Mehenni**
QC **Alan Simmons**
Production Assistant **Samuel Thiery**
Blu-ray Mastering and Subtitling **The Engine House Media Services**
Artist **Richard Wells**
Design **Scott Saslow**

SPECIAL THANKS

Alex Agran, Chrystel Alard, Sarah Appleton, Rita Belda, Richard Edwards,
Karyn Filek, David Flint, Jeremy Glassman, Sean Hogan, Jim Kunz,
Johnny Mains, Susan Molino, Kim Newman, Brad Stevens

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