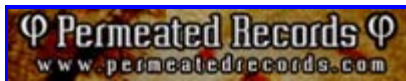


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Articles

snake people

Snake People is a paradoxical mix of yawn-inducing boredom and wacked-out wackyness only the 60s could have coughed up. Essentially, you wade through the first half to get to the second half. All you really need the first half for is to introduce the local police and their visitor, a temperence proponent (that means she's oppose to booze, which apparently is popular among the local law enforcement) and to introduce Boris Karloff's character, who believes in the paranormal. Oh, yeah, and to tell us that there be voodoo around these parts.

Naturally, the voodoo practitioners dance with snakes, mess around with dead folk and get pissed at the non-voodoo peeps in the area. Tension escalates and we get to the wacky bits.

Fortunately, the tepidness of the first half is mitigated slightly by hints of the goofballness to come but the real treats are in the second half mostly.

The highlights of the film are a midget flogging somebody (that's always good for a blast), a ridiculous snake dance by a voodoo lady (for a better occult snake dance, check out *Werewolves on Wheels*), a bunch of voodoo zombies who don't have half the makeup of an Italian zombie flick but appear to be just as dangerous, if less bloody in attack (blood here, but no guts).

The true glory comes at the climax when a couple of good guys infiltrate a voodoo ritual with black hoods on (black sheets with eye holes cut out?). They appear to be the only ones thus dressed, so I'm not really sure how this is supposed to mask their identity. And then we see Boris Karloff, embarrassing the hell out of himself (but making some kind of check, I assume), with some kind of black fabric wrapped over his head as a mask. Despite this, he's wearing invisible man-type glasses and has a cigar stuck in his mouth.

Really.

At any rate, though the lethargy restrains the camp value a bit, there's some fun inanity and crazy shit to be munched on here, even if it's not the most nourishing camp film around.

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