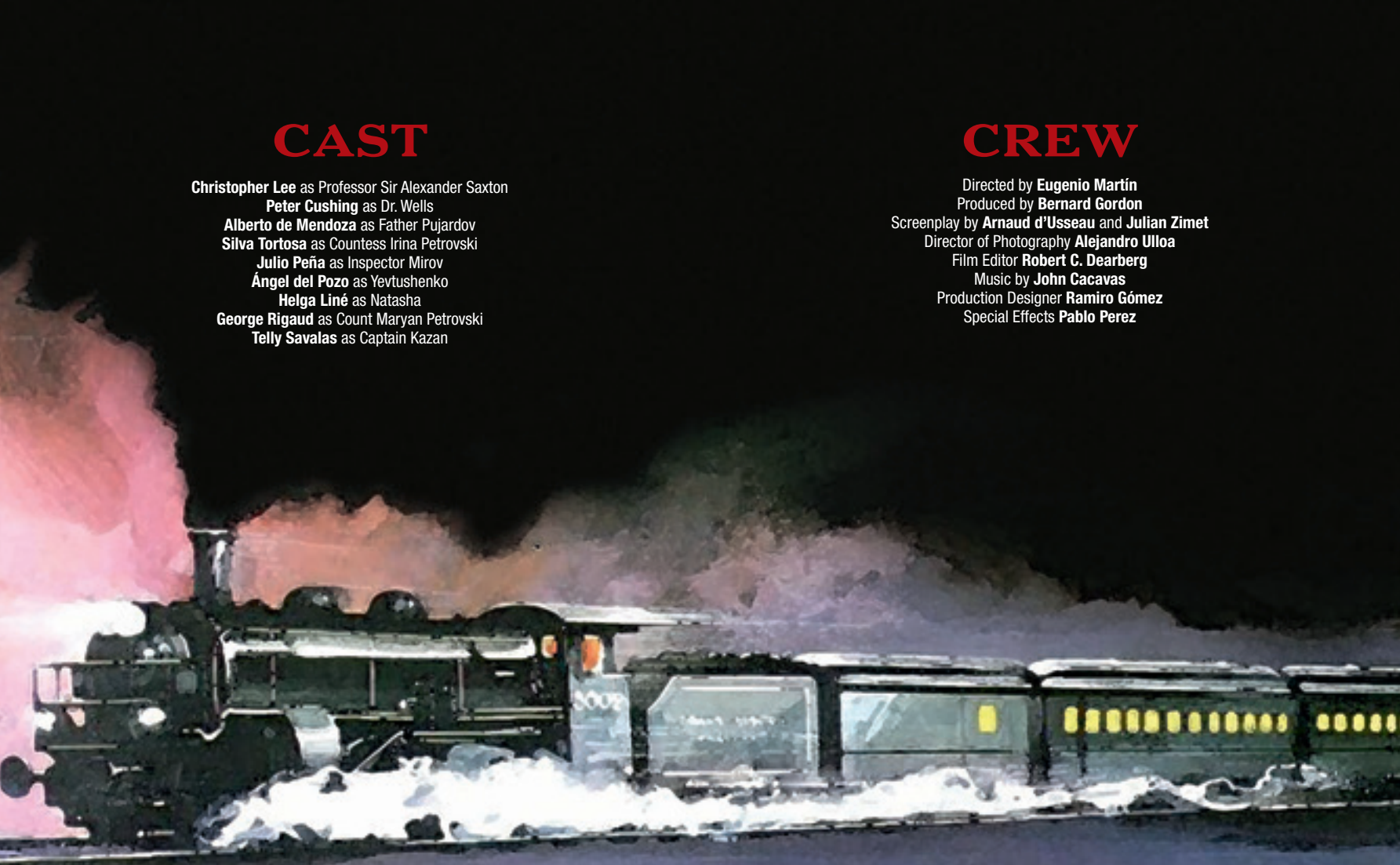
CONTENTS

CAST

Christopher Lee as Professor Sir Alexander Saxton
Peter Cushing as Dr. Wells
Alberto de Mendoza as Father Pujardov
Silva Tortosa as Countess Irina Petrovski
Julio Peña as Inspector Mirov
Ángel del Pozo as Yevtushenko
Helga Liné as Natasha
George Rigaud as Count Maryan Petrovski
Telly Savalas as Captain Kazan

CREW

Directed by **Eugenio Martín**
Produced by **Bernard Gordon**
Screenplay by **Arnaud d'Usseau** and **Julian Zimet**
Director of Photography **Alejandro Ulloa**
Film Editor **Robert C. Dearberg**
Music by **John Cacavas**
Production Designer **Ramiro Gómez**
Special Effects **Pablo Perez**



HORROR EXPRESS

by Adam Scovell

WARNING: This essay contains plot details and spoilers

Eugenio Martín's *Horror Express* (1972) is as entertaining as 1970s horror cinema gets. Also known variously as *Panic on the Trans-Siberian* (translated from its original Spanish title, *Pánico en el Transiberiano*) and even as *Zombie Express to Hell* from its Japanese translation, Martín's film tells of a time when horror would throw all caution to the passing wind and go full-throttle in every aspect of its production. Based loosely on, or perhaps more accurately inspired by, Howard Hawks' *The Thing from Another World* (1951), the film puts multiple genres and ideas into the blender, creating something effective, cohesive and multi-layered.

Horror Express follows a perilous train journey on the Trans-Siberian line. On it is Professor Saxton (Christopher Lee), who is transporting a unique and recently found fossil of what looks to be some form of ape, hoping that it will provide the missing link in the theory of evolution. However, strange occurrences begin to arise as death follows the fossil, right from the station at Beijing through to the compartments of the train hurtling through the snowy vistas. With the help of an academic acquaintance and gentle rival, Doctor Wells (Peter Cushing), Saxton and the train's various passengers begin to discover that the creature is not as dormant or harmless as it first appears.

Mixing this horrific narrative with a whole array of other elements, whether it be political drama, Gothic horror, exotica, adventure and even science fiction, *Horror Express* is a proud pulp enterprise but one with many routes and branches to explore.

Adventure and Horror

It's rare to find a sense of pure adventure in horror cinema of the early 1970s. Many films found it more effective to brutalise their narratives and keep them in country mansions, castles and claustrophobic representations of cities rather than chart unknown waters abroad. In films such as Douglas Hickox's *Theatre of Blood* (1973) and Alan Gibson's *Dracula A.D. 1972* (1972), we can see a leaning towards more urban settings though equally, rural settings were often typically home-grown too as in Piers Haggard's *The Blood on Satan's Claw* (1971) and Robin Hardy's *The Wicker Man* (1973).

Adventure film elements, present in any number of Dracula and Frankenstein films by Hammer Studios, were set aside as horror turned to more brutal realities. But a small number of films managed to hold onto that swash-buckling derring-do, combining it with the typical aspects of Gothic Horror; perhaps most famously in Brian Clemens' *Captain Kronos – Vampire Hunter* (1974). *Horror Express* is undoubtedly the strongest of these films, however, perhaps due to its continental shoot and production giving it a thoroughly original atmosphere. In the film's opening, a flavour of exotica pervades, a form typified in the late 1950s and 1960s. This term refers to the hyper-stylised visions of countries outside of the West, marked by aesthetic keynotes and generalisations more than accuracy. It is a description more known in the discussion of music – with albums by the likes of Les Baxter, Russell Garcia and Jackie Gleason for example – but it can equally be applied to cinema.

Though Martín eventually does isolate his narrative on the train of the film's title, the general atmosphere is really one brought over from exotica-tinged adventure cinema as much as Gothic horror. Its opening scene setting means that the film retains its sense of afar even if it is a frosty rather than tropical flavour. The film is also playing on its connections to Hawks' *The Thing From Another World*; taking that period's sense of the faraway and retaining the paranoia that then imbued American cinema. This paranoia in *Horror Express* has far less political resonance than its influence. It is used instead to simply aid the feeling of pulp menace. If Hawks' film was playing on, and even subverting, the role of the polar adventure film by adding a dose of pulp horror/science fiction, then Martín's film subverts the horror film by bringing in more adventure.

Cushing and Lee

"The two of you together: that's fine," suggests Inspector Mirov (Julio Peña), "but what if one of you is the monster?" Mirov is of course talking about our two protagonists, Saxton and Wells, and his worry about the body-jumping monster that is now loose on the train. But it's an equally apt question to ask regarding the performers on screen: Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing. There are few better acting combinations in British cinema than Cushing and Lee. Famed for their genre roles, the pair defined a certain type of genteel horror which lasted from the late-1950s to the mid-1970s. *Horror Express* is one of the great examples of this form with its scientific pulp, its double-breasted tweeds and its drawing-room story-around-the-fireside feel.

Cushing and Lee may have been in many classics of horror together but their first film on the same bill was actually Laurence Olivier's award-winning adaptation of *Hamlet* (1948). However, while Cushing played Osric, Lee still early in his career, was simply an uncredited 'spear carrier'. It would not be until Hammer's *The Curse of Frankenstein* (1957) by Terence

Fisher that the pair would be properly seen together on screen. This choice in the roles for the two actors in *The Curse of Frankenstein* highlights why *Horror Express* is a particularly enjoyable film, even by the high standards of horror in the early-1970s. It typifies the norm for the two actors in that earlier period of British Horror's revival. For a large part of their strongest roles in this period, they played opposing characters. Cushing is Van Helsing to Lee's vampire, the Banning to Lee's Mummy/Pharaoh. But in other roles, *Horror Express* included, a certain warmth comes from seeing the pair work together to defeat various menaces. This happens in a number of films, from *Island of Terror* (1966) to *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (1959), both by Terence Fisher. In *Horror Express*, there's something extra, as the relationship between Saxton and Wells develops from gently antagonistic to finally united in trying to stop the murderous creature of the film.

Cushing's performance is particularly unusual for him as he possesses an even greater sense of mellowing than in previous films – something that would continue in this period. Cushing was still grieving the loss of his wife, Helen, and was on the verge of quitting *Horror Express* entirely while on the shoot in Madrid. Only Lee's presence convinced him to stay and seems to have saved the actor from a longer slump caused by the depression he suffered. Cushing gets most of the comedic lines in the film and it does seem to rejuvenate him on screen. This episode of his life would imbue the roles he took with a greater sense of loss. In particular, his role as Mr Smith in Roy Ward Baker's portmanteau film for Amicus, *Asylum* (1972), sees him playing a lonely man reduced to solitude by poverty. Cushing in *Horror Express* on the other hand, though clearly unable to fully hide his quietude, still carries some of that previous verve, held together by Lee and a generally excited atmosphere. It's arguably one of the pair's great roles together and few have shown the strength of the friendship between the two actors so earnestly and enjoyably both on and off screen.

Science and the Supernatural

One of the chief binaries that *Horror Express* explores is the line between science and the supernatural. This could be expressed just as easily by describing the divide to be between superstition and reason. The development of Martín's narrative allows plenty of space for the potential enjoyment of a supernatural possibility; that the murderous 'fossil' at the heart of the film really is something beyond human reason and unexplainable by science. But Martín would allow the viewer the rare luxury of both aspects in Horror Express, splitting his film into two: the mysterious body coming magically alive to fulfil its curse and the subsequent alien creature looking for a host and, it hopes, the technology to find its way back home.

Where *Horror Express* is stronger than other films, which may try to inject reason into the seemingly unreasonable, is in its preservation of the unnerving elements more naturally fitting for supernatural foes, menaces and happenings. Once the alien in question, having been stored in the mummified fossil, has been explained and is jumping from body to body, Martín brilliantly still treats it visually as if it is something beyond all reason. In fact, through its possession of a number of characters, most effectively Father Pujardov (Alberto de Mendoza), it is arguably more terrifying on screen than when it was simply a mysterious, wandering corpse. It is Martín's direction that somewhat achieves this, making sure the red eyes of the possessed are lit impeccably and eerily; it is a presentation of the supernatural rather than the (only slightly) more reasonable cosmic.

The journey in the film from the fantastical to the rational is brilliantly traversed by the two leading characters. In many ways, the actual journey of the train becomes the map of the plot's treatment of the menace. At the beginning of the line in the station, the first murder of the Chinese thief (Hiroshi Kitatawa) revels with the ideas of curses and unspeakable horror lurking in Professor Saxton's crate. As this menace is taken on its journey, its killing spree gains momentum, as does the scientific curiosity of Saxton and Wells. Its final plan of reviving the already-dead represents an effort to claw back its greater power, when it was still a more supernatural mystery. But, as the train and creature go over the cliff into the fiery debris, there's clearly no escape from the oncoming rational and scientific viewpoint – the very same curiosity that first built the tracks which led to its fate.

Conclusions

It's easy to see why *Horror Express* gained its cult following. Aside from its obvious qualities, its screenings on television after its release meant that its fan-base grew. Many films have followed similar journeys, from late-night screenings to the VHS cult realm, but *Horror Express* went on to gain a more recent digital following too. In the years before its availability, it was one of the most readily accessible classic horror films on YouTube and online generally. In fact, there are few films with so many versions online – from grainy, unwatchable blurs to pristine, private uploads – the combined viewership of which nears the million mark.

What Martín's film manages to achieve is a blend of many different aspects of pulp drama, especially of the type made in Britain and America, gelling together with ease and ageing well in comparison to its peers. It's a difficult task to make such elements work together but *Horror Express* stays on track with its strong sense of period adventure, a lurking Gothic horror and a science-fiction menace all shot largely in the confines of a setting mo?>?>re

suited to Agatha Christie than horror cinema. It makes *Horror Express* unique and an essential component within any canon of horror cinema.

Adam Scovell is a writer and filmmaker from Merseyside now based in London. His writing has featured in The Times, Sight & Sound, Little White Lies and The Quietus. He runs the website, Celluloid Wicker Man, and his film work has been screened at a variety of festivals and events. In 2015, he worked with Robert Macfarlane on a short adaptation of his* Sunday Times *best-seller,* Holloway*. His first book,* Folk Horror: Hours Dreadful and Things Strange*, was published by Auteur in 2017 and he has just completed his PhD at Goldsmiths University. His next book,* Mothlight*, is to be published by Influx Press in February 2019.

RIDING THE HORROR EXPRESS

by Mike Hodges

The following article originally appeared in Fangoria *#186 (September 1999).*

Spanish director Eugenio Martín may be best known to international audiences for his exciting fear film *Horror Express*, but he has been in the business for more than 40 years – and he's still going strong. He has made several noteworthy chillers over his career, and his genre contributions are long overdue for examination.

Martín's introduction to the film business came in a roundabout way when, as a student at the University of Granada, he set up the school's Film Society and got to know a number of actors, producers and directors who addressed the Society as guest speakers. Deciding to enter the moviemaking business himself, he took a course in directing at the National School of Film, where he cut his teeth on documentaries. Graduating at a time when Hollywood producers had settled on Spain and Yugoslavia as cost-effective locations for shooting their co-productions (a glut of US movies lensed at Cinecittà had caused production costs in Italy to rise to unviable levels), Martín was able to land second-unit jobs on a string of American-financed pictures.

Among these was *The 7th Voyage of Sinbad*, filmed at Manzanares El Read and the Alhambra in 1958, during which Martín became friends with the 'King of Dynamation', Ray Harryhausen. Other luminaries he worked with during his early years included Michael Anderson and Nicholas Ray. "During the making of *King of Kings*," he recalls, "the Italian assistant director fell ill, so they called me in to substitute for him, which I did for three weeks until he was fit enough to take over again." The screenplay of this biblical epic was penning by prolific writer-producer Philip Yordan, who would be responsible for bringing about *Horror Express* some 10 years later.

Martín's first feature film as director was 1958's *Despedida de soltero* ('Stag Night'), a black-and-white domestic comedy. He followed this up with a pirate romp entitled *Corsarios del Caribe* ('Corsairs of the Caribbean', 1961), featuring an appearance by an actress familiar to Euro horror fans, Helga Liné. "During the filming of *Corsarios*, one of the

extras accidentally shot me in the hand with a replica flintlock pistol," the director laughs. "It was pretty painful, I can tell you, but I managed to soldier on!"

The following year, he helmed his first excursion into horror. *Hypnosis* (*Ipnosi*, 1962), AKA *Dummy of Death*, is a strange, compelling black-and-white thriller with supernatural overtones, very much in the vein of Jimmy Sangster's early psychothrillers for Hammer. The story starts when a famous ventriloquist surprises a thief in his theatre dressing room and is killed attempting to detain the man. Suspicion for the crime falls on a stagehand, who is secretly in love with the murdered man's wife. To prove his innocence, he sets out to capture the real killer – but, alerted to his activities, the murderer stalks and slays the would-be avenger. Following his disappearance, the ventriloquist's widow follows a number of clues which lead to a final confrontation in the killer's house.

Filmed in a stark, quasi-documentary style, the convoluted plot is spiced up by the inclusion of a number of eerie scenes, including one of the ventriloquist's bizarre stage act (the dummy hypnotises a woman into a state of near-catatonia!) and others in which the evil-looking doll apparently comes to life to menace his master's murderer. The creepy climax in the darkened, storm-bound house also succeeds in raising the gooseflesh, even though it is finally revealed that the supposedly supernatural events were all the result of human machinations.

In many ways, *Hypnosis* is reminiscent of the Michael Redgrave segment in Ealing's 1945 ghost anthology *Dead of Night*, though Martín denies being influenced by the film. "In actual fact, I had never seen *Dead of Night*," he notes. "*Hypnosis* didn't come about through any desire to imitate that picture – not that there's anything wrong [with] copying movie classics! I remember that the script of *Hypnosis* was based on a story written by a friend of mine and that it was something to do with a dummy, but I don't recall the details of the plot. It was a heck of a long time ago! What I do remember is that it made a pile of money here in Spain and got great reviews at the time. Funnily enough, it doesn't even get a mention in many reference books."

Martín then directed half a dozen movies in different genres: mainly adventures, spaghetti westerns ("*The Bounty Hunter* [*El precio de un hombre*, 1966] was really big in Italy, it even got a release in the United States.") and even musicals. "Oh yes, back in 1969 I directed Julio Iglesias in his first movie, called *La vida sigue igual* ['Life Goes On'], which surprised me because although it was only relatively successful here at home, it was a really huge hit in Latin America."

La ultima Senora Anderson ('The Last Mrs Anderson', 1971) was another thriller, in which the police investigate a man whose fourth wife has died under mysterious circumstances – just like his previous three spouses. "That one was based on a story by a writer named J.B. Gilford, which I bought from an American magazine," Martín says. "I did a rewrite and set it up as a Spanish-Italian co-production, which we filmed in England with Michael Craig, Carroll Baker and Jose Luiz López Vázquez [the Satanist in 1997's *Memoirs of the Fallen Angel*] in the leads. A pretty international affair!

Another 'international affair' awaited Martín in 1972. *Pánico en el Transiberiano*, better known as *Horror Express*, stars British horror icons Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee, Greek-American Telly "Kojak" Savalas, Argentine Jorge Rigaud and a host of well-known Spanish actors. The director explains how his first full-blooded horror movie got off the ground: "When I made *Horror Express*, I was under a three-movie contract with Phil Yordan, although he had somebody else [Bernard Gordon] fronting this project, and the picture was made as a British-Spanish co-production."

The deal was between Spain's Granada Films and the British company Benmar Productions, producers of the seriously weird undead biker chiller *Psychomania* (1971). "That's how Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee came to be involved," Martín adds. "Telly Savalas was in the film because at the time, he was under contract to Yordan too." In fact, Martín had already directed Savalas under Yordan's auspices in the 1971 Western biopic *Pancho Villa*.

"Anyway," Martín continues, "the producer had got ahold of this marvellous large-scale model train which had been used in the movie *Nicholas and Alexandra* [1971], and he came up with the idea of writing a script just so he would be able to use this prop. Now at the time, Phil was in the habit of buying up loads of short stories to adapt into screenplays, and the story for *Horror Express* was originally based on a tale written by a little-known American scriptwriter and playwright."

Different sources variously credit the final screenplay of *Horror Express* to any or all of the following: Martín himself, Arnaud D'Usseau, and Julian Halevy (a pseudonym of Julian Zimet, who also co-wrote *Psychomania* with D'Usseau). As becomes clear from the synopsis, the end result of these scribes' efforts is a veritable patchwork of themes and styles, verging on pastiche. The year is 1906. Two English scientists, Dr Wells and Dr Saxton (Cushing and Lee), run into each other at a railway station in China. (A superimposed title proclaims that the station is Peking, but Wells greets Saxton with the words "What are you doing in Shanghai?" Whoops!)

The two men book a passage to Moscow on the Trans-Siberian Express; among Saxton's baggage is the frozen corpse of a prehistoric ape-man he has dug up in Manchuria. Our heroes soon discover that an alien intelligence composed of "pure energy", marooned on Earth millions of years ago, has been hiding out inside the shaggy critter, and is now taking over unlucky passengers and wiping their brains clean in order to accumulate sufficient knowledge of human technology to construct a spaceship to take it back to its home world. (One shouldn't ask why a disembodied entity composed of pure energy would need a spaceship to travel home, or what type of craft would result from the aeronautical prowess gleaned from the grey matter of railway porters, decadent aristocrats and drunken Cossacks. Even if it wasn't 1906.)

Needless to say, the monster must be stopped before the train reaches the Russian capital, or it could mean the end of civilisation. The scientists' efforts to dispose of the menace are hampered by a Rasputin-style monk-confessor, who thinks that aiding the "demon" will assure him a top job in hell, and an uncouth Cossack officer (Savalas) bent on depriving the wealthy passengers of their money and valuables. In the midst of a considerable number of bloody possessions and zombie attacks, Wells and Saxton attempt to save the surviving passengers and destroy the menace.

While the script is more than a bit illogical (yet was still awarded a bronze medal by the Spanish Guild of Screenwriters), in all other departments *Horror Express* is several cuts above most of the genre flicks being churned out in Spain at the time. It's a well-made, good-looking and, above all, entertaining horror movie. One reviewer has aptly described it as a cross between a Paul Naschy-style bloodbath and an atmospheric Hammer Gothic. Instrumental in capturing this period atmosphere are the magnificent sets designed by art director Ramiro Gómez Guardiana, who won a well-deserved award for his work when the film was shown at the sixth Sitges Fantastic Film Festival.

"For the opening scenes," Martín recalls, "we used a real locomotive filmed at Madrid's main rail terminal, dressed to resemble a Chinese station at the turn of the century. For the interior shots, we constructed a number of cars in the studio. To get the effect of movement, we built them on rocking hydraulic platforms. We'd run through the rehearsals with the carriages in static mode, and once the camera started to roll, we'd set them in motion. There was a revolving backdrop to achieve the effect of scenery flashing past the windows, and we used the usual dry ice machine to simulate steam and fog. It was all perfectly simple and straightforward. We intercut these scenes with long shots of the model train, and I think the final effect was pretty convincing."

In charge of special FX was Pablo Pérez, who, like Martín himself, had worked during the heyday of Hispano-US co-productions. He subsequently handled the FX on Naschy's *Dracula's Great Love* in 1972 and Amando de Ossorio's Templar opus *Night of the Seagulls* in 1975. "Pablo had done a lot of work on American productions, and in fact, the materials he used when we made *Horror Express* were stuff left behind when the Samuel Bronston outfit packed up their operations in Spain."

The special make-up for the creature's victims consisted basically of bright red blood flowing from eyes, mouth and noses, and grotesque, bulging black eyeballs – "like the eyes of boiled fish," as one character remarks. To achieve the desired effect, chief make-up artist Julian Ruiz had special contact lenses made by Madrid opticians Óptica Collet – all-white ones for the corpses and red ones for the bodies possessed by the alien.

Beyond its first-rate technical qualities, *Horror Express* is superbly acted by all involved. Martín has nothing but fond memories of his three 'foreign' stars. "Working with Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee and Telly Savalas was an absolute delight," he says. "Apart from being wonderful people, they were tremendously responsible and professional. I found Telly to be the more 'emotional' one as an actor, while Peter and Christopher were rather more rational, so to speak. I mean, if we occasionally strayed from what was written on the page, they seemed to be at a bit of a loss, whereas Telly was always more open to improvisation, to playing it by ear, so I'd say that from my personal point of view, Telly was more 'fun' to direct in that sense. But the three of them gave perfect performances; they were magnificent."

In his autobiography, Lee recalls his dissatisfaction with conditions at what he calls the "unspeakable, ghastly studio". Although the Studio 70 complex had only recently been inaugurated, with a mere four films being shot there prior to *Horror Express*, it appears that the quality of the food and dressing rooms, among other things, were far below Lee's expectations. Fortunately, a gentle reproach from Cushing brought him down to earth, and Lee gave another fine performance despite the off-screen tribulations. The old magic evident in most Lee–Cushing collaborations is clearly present here, as in the scene where the pair sets off to track down the creature's latest human host. The wary Inspector Mirov protests, "The two of you together. That's fine. But what if one of you is the monster?" Cushing and Lee exchange a look of indignation, and the former delivers the priceless retort, "Monster? We're British, you know!"

Horror Express proved to be a big success, both financially and critically, almost everywhere – except in Spain. "Yes, it went down really well abroad, but nobody thought much of it here," sighs the director. "The Spanish critics reviewed it following their usual

negative criteria, writing it off as nothing more than a throwaway commercial sub-product for mass consumption, and as such unworthy of serious attention. Actually, I was a bit surprised myself at the film's popularity overseas, but it didn't really do a great deal for my subsequent career."

Martín's next horror film was another Hispano-British deal, starring Judy Geeson. In 1973's *A Candle for the Devil*, AKA *Nightmare Hotel* (*Una vela para el diablo*), two repressed spinsters murder the guests staying at their hotel whose behaviour doesn't live up to the pair's fundamentalist Roman Catholic "moral standards". "That was a picture with a message," Martín explains. "Antonio Fos's script denounced religious fanaticism, but the film was totally ruined by the censors. We were set to show the picture at Cannes, but Franco's people demanded no fewer than 30 cuts! After that, we couldn't get any overseas sales, and the deals that we had already set up fell through."

The Spanish censors had a very different agenda from those of the MPAA or BBFC. "They did not care how much nudity or gore was in the picture, but they were stupidly determined to axe anything that in any way questioned religious bigotry or the principles of the Movimiento [Franco's dictatorial regime]," Martín says. "And I can tell you, we didn't need to fake the scenes of religious fervour – it was all for real. We chose the Andalusian village of Grazalema as the ideal location, because it was well-known for its religious processions, where all the zealots would come out in the streets like things possessed."

In Martín's next horror movie, *That House on the Outskirts* (*Aquella casa en las afueras*, 1979), strange events befall a man and his pregnant wife after they move to a new residence. It becomes clear that the woman had undergone an illegal abortion in that very house many years before. Although Franco's regime had ended in 1975, the director still had to contend with certain political interference.

"I did that one quite simply because I needed the money," he admits. "I wanted to make it in a totally different way from how it turned out. Abortion is a touchy subject however you look at it, and the producer of this movie was a very conservative fellow. He insisted that the story be told from a right-wing viewpoint, whereas I would have preferred to do it with a much more open-minded approach – but what can you do? Still, it was great working with Carmen Maura [one of Pedro Almodóvar's regulars] – she's a very funny lady."

Martín's last horror entry was 1983's *Supernatural* (*Sobrenatural*), a rock-bottom production about a woman whose dead husband returns to torment her from beyond the grave. "If it had been done with the effects the story required, it would have been a brilliant horror movie, but the producers just didn't have a penny to their name," Martín recalls. "It was probably the cheapest movie I've ever made!"

The last Martín-directed movie to date was the 1996 comedy *Sal de la vida* ('Spice of Life'), and he continues to develop screenplays through his own company, Vega Films S.A.. Martín is optimistic about modern Spanish genre cinema. "*Memoirs of the Fallen Soldier* [*Memorias de un Soldado,* directed by Caupolican Ovalles, 2011] wasn't at all bad as a debut movie," he says. "People have finally got over the old prejudices against horror movies. Today's filmmakers like Alex de la Iglesia and Alejandro Amenábar are better prepared than their counterparts of 10 or 15 years ago. They've had better technical training and watched a whole lot of movies, although they still have the same financial problems as we did. The only thing that lets a lot of modern movies down is the script. We've got plenty of good young directors, great DPs, art directors – but it's not easy to make a living out of scriptwriting, so good writers are few and far between."

Summing up his attitude to the horror genre, Martín confesses, "I was not especially interested in horror as a genre per se, but I've always been attracted to a strong story. As for gore, I've never liked it and I've only used it sparingly in my movies, only when it was necessary. I much prefer the sort of suspense and atmosphere you get in a good thriller to explicit blood and guts."

ABOUT THE RESTORATION

Horror Express has been exclusively restored by Arrow Films and is presented in its original aspect ratio of 1.66:1 with mono audio.

The original 35mm camera negative element was scanned in 2K resolution at Video Mercury, Spain, while an additional 35mm Interpositive element was scanned at R3Store Studios for Reel 5, which has been lost from the negative. The film was graded on Digital Vision's Nucoda Film Master and restored at R3Store Studios in London. The mono mix was remastered from the original mag reels at Deluxe Audio Services.

All materials for this restoration were made available by Ignite Films.

Restoration supervised by James White, Arrow Films

R3Store Studios:
Gerry Gedge, Jo Griffin, Rich Watson, Nathan Leaman-Hill, Emily Kemp

Video Mercury:
Carmen López, Thea Symonds

Deluxe Audio Services:
Jordan Perry

Ignite Films:
Janet Schorer and Jan Willem Bosman Jansen

PRODUCTION CREDITS

Disc and Booklet Produced by **Ewan Cant**
Executive Producers **Kevin Lambert, Francesco Simeoni**
Technical Producer **James White**
Production Assistant **Nick Mastrini**
QC Manager **Nora Mehenni**
QC **Alan Simmons**
Blu-ray Mastering **The Engine House Media Services**
Artist **Graham Humphreys**
Design **Obviously Creative**

Stills courtesy of **Bruce Holecheck**, **Cinema Arcana**

SPECIAL THANKS

Alex Agran, Carl Daft, Anthony Nield, Janet Schorer, Jan Willem

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