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### Cover Page Footnote

Dr. Harland teaches Spanish at Mississippi State University. In addition to research and teaching interests in Mexican and European Spanish Literature, he imparts a course in Spanish-language horror movies, one of which is Drácula.

## **Quiero chupar tu sangre: A Comparison of the Spanish- and English-language versions of Universal Studios' *Dracula* (1931)**

*Robert Harland*

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While the English-language version of *Dracula* (Dir. Tod Browning) is the more famous, especially given its iconic performance by the charismatic Bela Lugosi, the Spanish version, directed by George Melford is in many ways superior. The Anglo adaptation has its place in cultural history assured. Bela Lugosi's morbid charm, dark hair and genuinely exotic accent gave *Dracula* a touch of charisma and even authenticity in a film which is often more implausible than the fantastic novel from which it was drawn. Though the line "I want to suck your blood" is never spoken, Lugosi's accent, his character's noble lineage, and antiquated, cloaked wardrobe have formed the basic template for all subsequent vampires to follow or avoid. It was a theatre role that Lugosi had previously made his own and which was to haunt him for the rest of his life.

Friedrich Wilhelm Murnau's brilliant silent German adaptation of 1921, *Nosferatu*, is arguably the much better movie. Alas, Murnau's film (whose Count Orlok was played by Max Schreck) did not shine in the full glare of the moonlight. *Nosferatu* was dogged by copyright problems; Lugosi and Browning won first place for their imprint on popular culture.

That said, the English version is certainly a poor piece of filmic art on many levels. Even allowing for the primitive state of talking cinema and cinematic technology in general (this is usually seen as the first – though really it is the second – sound dialogue horror movie ever made), slip-ups and shoddy film-making abound. The sound is often very bad. Cuts between short and long shots are also poor and "stagy" in feel. Even allowing for its shortness (1 hour 15 minutes) the story feels hacked about, with some glaring errors, one of the worst being where the character Lucy has been made an undead predator by *Dracula* and yet is never shown to be killed off later. Armadillos appear in *Dracula*'s crypt, though they are not native to Europe. Many of the performances are also wooden: the leading ladies never get a chance to shine, as much of the sensuality to be found in the novel is bled out of them. The part of Jonathan Harker, key in the book, is rendered all but impotent by having his trip to Transylvania taken instead by the madman-to-be Renfield.

The film is saved by the performances not just of Lugosi, but of Edward van Sloan as Van Helsing and Dwight Frye as Renfield, as well as some atmospheric sets which survive the inattentive direction of Browning, who had previously made many silent classics with the likes of Lon Chaney. Some credit for the better shots may well be due to the experienced German expatriate Karl Freund, who had made several horror adaptations in Germany. Both went on to direct classics the following year – *Freaks* and *The Mummy* respectively – making some of the technical failings here all the more puzzling.

The Spanish version of the same movie (with an accent on its first "a": *Drácula*) comes as a revelation. Featuring grainy restored footage salvaged from Cuba, and clocking in at 1 hour and 44 minutes with extended and even some extra scenes, director George Melford and a

multinational Hispanic cast made the most of what Universal provided for them. Shooting at night in mostly single takes (Cramer) while the Anglo cast stalked the sets by day, the actors and crew made an impressive movie, shot under budget and finished well before the English-language version. This was truly the first fantasy horror movie ever made with sound, and one of the first films of substance to be shot with a Spanish soundtrack.

It is worth noting that both films used approximately the same script, based on the stage adaptation of Stoker's novel by Hamilton Deane and John L. Balderston (Jones 86, 183). Though here is where it gets convoluted. *The International Movie Database (IMDB)* credits Garret Ford and Dudley Murphy for both movies, though the Browning writers have an additional three people credited including the director himself. The Melford version has just one extra man: Baltasar Fernández Cué, who adapted the script into Spanish. Somewhat bizarrely George Melford did not speak Spanish, so had to use an interpreter on set, Enrique Tovar Ávalos, which must have placed some limitations on the on-set script tweaking which directors are prone to do. However, it is broadly the same and even with the translations you can make line for line comparisons, as I do here. The uninitiated viewer might not feel it is precisely the same, but particularly if this assumption is based on subtitles, one should be wary: they are the translation of a translation, and are also prone to errors. At least one version has Lupita Tovar talking about losing her virginity when she has in fact lost her *vitality* (*IMDB*). That and the different shots might mislead. What actually happened was that Melford and his crew looked at what the Browning team did, working backwards and reshooting scenes with often markedly different action, lighting, camera angles etc. (Skal, *Hollywood Gothic* 215). The exception was *Dracula*, whose interpretation was closely modeled on Lugosi in many respects, as we shall see. But the rest is all change.

If realism is taken as the yardstick, both films are a disaster even when the horror elements are discarded: the Hispanic version is made even more prone to weakness in this regard as its swarthy, mostly Mexican cast look out of place in a then very pale-skinned London and inflict an Iberian *ceceante*<sup>1</sup> lisp on the audience. Happily, realism is often a rotten measure of artistic quality, particularly in horror, and English-speaking contemporaries played with similar conventions: the excellent *Son of Frankenstein* (1939) gave supposedly Austrian peasants Scottish and comic Cockney accents. The latter sounds as jarring to British ears as New Yorker and Georgian accents would be to Americans when placed in the mouths of would-be German speakers. *Drácula's* Hispanic actors here are preferable to the painfully amateurish English accents of Winona Ryder and the leaden Keanu Reeves in Coppola's *Bram Stoker's Dracula* (1992). In fact, American contemporaries in 1930s Hollywood across all film genres often employed elocution school pronunciation, neither British nor American but something quirkily different. Back then it was commonplace. If viewers can suspend disbelief and be drawn in, they have a treat in store, with superior costume (an often forgotten aspect of movie-making), acting and overall direction.

From the smallest touches of lighting and props to a far more powerful erotic subtext, Melford's version wipes the floor with Browning's, a still more impressive feat given the language barrier. The actors never got to see their English counterparts (an exception was the titular lead Carlos Villarias – Skal, *Hollywood Gothic* 223), and they largely excel in their roles.

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<sup>1</sup> Standard European, Castilian Spanish uses the  $\theta$  sound (as in the "th" of English's "thick", "thin" etc.) for the letter "z" and the softened "c"s that Spanish has when written before an "e" or "i". Latin American standard and dialect Spanish uses the "s" sound for such spellings. Present-day Hispano-Americans can often find strong Castilian accents to be pretentious or comic, particularly if forced.

It must be realized that acting at the time was a very restricted medium, limited to sound-free film or (relatively) poorly lit theatres with equally poor sound. The actors of the silent era had to emote with their faces and bodies alone, and any stage actor had to boom out their lines to the top row of the stalls, without the aid of microphones but with make up and exaggerated expression to suit. In filmic terms this can make silent and early sound classics a tough experience for the uninitiated, being at first sight monstrously camp (admittedly the best horror and comedy films hold up well compared to other genres). Pablo Álvarez Rubio's *Renfield* seems to draw from this current, though as he is supposed to be a raving lunatic, this is no disadvantage.

With regards to more "naturalistic" performance, the Spanish film had a true gem: Lupita Tovar. Young and arrestingly beautiful, she also has a great virtue: she is not "acting," at least not in the grand, grimacing manner that preceded sound and amplification, and this makes for a magnetic female lead as Eva Seward. The name change should also be noted: from the novel's diminutive-sounding Mina she has become a temptress with Biblical echoes. After seeing her in *Drácula*, it is no wonder that either side of this movie she was cast in the charmingly titled *Carne de cabaret (Cabaret Flesh)* and *El Tenorio del harem (The Don Juan of the Harem)*, both in 1931.

Tovar's eroticism meshes well with the character and is better suited to Melford's freer approach, plus the relative freedom from censorship a Hispanic audience could give him. For example, one thing noted by many critics and reviewers are the low cut gowns of the Hispanic leading ladies, also including a worthy Carmen Guerrero as Lucia (Lucy in the original – many English forenames were hispanicized for this movie). Their nightwear would not look too out of place in a modern clothing catalogue; the female Anglo cast led by Helen Chandler had to endure the prudishness of failed experiments in modest cocktail dresses. Costume is more than just a minor detail. It frames the protagonist, all the more important in an age when special effects were sparse. Oddly, although many comment on this aspect of the film, hardly any of them (an exception is Victoria Amador 17-18) seems to admit quite how sheer they are. You can clearly make out Lupita Tovar's nipples when she tries to seductively attack her fiancé Harker, for instance. It would take the silent film-cum-ballet *Dracula: Pages from a Virgin's Diary* (2002) to fully exploit the sensual aspects of female costume without transgressing into pornography or Hammer Studios-style bulging bosom cleavage close ups. But the Spanish *Drácula* set the standard, even if Murnau's nineteenth-century period costume of ten years earlier defeats Melford's adaptation as an overall concept.

To give an example of how key this is, a low cut dress is very effective when Eva's neck is examined in an earlier scene, allowing for a large expanse of white flesh to contrast with her demon lover's love bites (*Drácula's* cloak always discreetly covers his attentions to her or Lucia's necks, but before that there is plenty of their defenceless flesh on display). The men, under Van Helsing's instructions, view Tovar's scarred neck almost as if she was not there, a piece of horrifying evidence rather than a human subject with a right to speak. In an age which was hardly feminist, let alone post-feminist, real life must have repeated this scene many times over, as reproofing parents chastised wayward daughters for going too far with necking boyfriends and using non-vampiric love bites as proof.

John (Juan) Harker's plus-four pants are a contrasting period curio and are perhaps worn a little too late into the evening. In some ways they are more interesting than the dull role given

to the Anglo David Manners;<sup>2</sup> the Argentine Barry Norton does better by director and a less hacked-about script. Both Melford and Browning give plus-fours to Eva/Mina's conventional love interest: these golfing trousers were popularized by the philandering fascist sympathizer Edward VIII in the 1920s and 30s, giving a definite period clue to a movie whose architecture, technology – barring a rare shot of cars – and male fashions could easily date from decades earlier. Gothic sensibilities often work best when modernity is kept to a minimum, when the atmosphere is made truly creepy by being lush, shadowy and old. Anyone who doubts this should see Basil Rathbone's Sherlock Holmes adaptations in which he rides in American yellow cabs by daylight, too far removed from the swirling mists of the dark, dry-ice London so beloved of Hollywood and so little like the original. It works for Dracula as well, who haunts a similarly gloomy stage-set London, much of which would not be out of place in a film set well into the previous century. The power of the old and mysterious to heighten horror should not be doubted: one of Hammer's last Christopher Lee films, *Dracula – A.D. 1972*, has dated appallingly precisely because of a failed attempt to bring it dubiously up-to-date with early 70s groovy hipness. Nothing ages like the present.

Tovar is a magnificent Eva, and has a wonderful scene where, left half-vampire by Dracula's attentions, she is seemingly drunk, even liberated on her own sensual awakening and proceeds to turn her bloodsucking attentions on her slightly wet suitor, Barry Norton's Harker (another role-reversal from the novel: this is more like Lucy's first reaction to Dracula's attentions than that of Mina/Eva). Having been seduced by the draconic serpent of Dracula, Eva in her turn attacks a naïve Adam. Eduardo Arozamena's solid Van Helsing just saves him in time. This scene is missing in the English film, a great loss. Tovar's attempted seduction of Norton ranks as truly classic, particularly in contrast to subsequent interpretations: Dracula's female victims are more usually left sickly if they still live, drained in more than one sense. Hammer Studios reprised this plotline of a stronger Mina in its lushly coloured *Dracula* of 1958; however, Christopher Lee and his cohorts mostly attacked bosomy scream queens, whose seductions (once vampires themselves) of male victims were in turn less than subtle. Post-World War II vampire queens increasingly had the benefit of false canines, all the better to feed with, though their anguished expressions and growling, blood soaked advances can often look appallingly camp as their films become dated. Tovar and her script are forced to rely on Eva's morbid sensuality, and it pays magnificent dividends. It is sadly ironic that the 1930s with the likes of Tovar here, or Gloria Holden's seemingly bisexual dark princess in Universal's (English) sequel *Dracula's Daughter* (1936) could provide us with stronger, more emotionally complex and voluptuous characterizations than most of the wimpy wailers and snaggle-toothed harpies who followed in their wake.<sup>3</sup>

Guerrero's Lucia also shines in the plot. Many subsequent adaptations of *Dracula* simply ignore the plotline in Stoker's original of Lucy as the "bloofer lady", who entices children and vampirizes them. Child molestation is something the modern world is afraid to tackle much of the time, still less when the molester is a woman. It may be a subtext, but while not as explicit as the novel, this film script leaves it in, and it is one of the film's (and novel's) aspects that has grown more terrifying with time, as contemporary audiences have gained in awareness of

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<sup>2</sup> Norton went on to star as the male love interest in Universal's classic Karloff vehicle *The Mummy* (1932) (joined by *Dracula*'s Edward van Sloan), and alongside Lugosi again (plus Karloff) in the equally classic *The Black Cat* (1934), as well as many other movies across a range of genres. He was simply dealt a poor hand in this particular film.

<sup>3</sup> There are noble exceptions: Mario Bava's *Black Sunday* has the unforgettable Barbara Steele. Katherine Bigelow's *Near Dark* and Fernando Mendez's pioneering *El Vampiro* both have excellent female ensembles (in both vampiric and "normal" roles). The *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* / *Angel* TV series also deserve credit for their strong female roles.

this particular horror. It also reinforces the scene in the novel with the three brides, where Dracula offers them a baby in substitute for Harker (this is not in either 1931 film). It can be seen as an inversion of motherhood and marriage, devouring children instead of nourishing and loving them.

Returning to our film, Tovar is an effective contrast to Pablo Álvarez Rubio's lunatic, fearful, overwrought Renfield. Combining the book's original with the novelistic travels of Jonathan Harker, Renfield is a manic presence, a disturbing, transgressive insect-eater in thrall to his evil master Dracula, whom he escorts to Britain and by whom he is eventually killed. There is a real depth to the imbalanced relationship between the two. Clive Leatherdale sees the literary Renfield as an inverted John the Baptist, preparing the way for his Antichrist master (193). Here we see Renfield more clearly as something else: a pathetic, masturbatory Catalinón to Dracula's Satanic, undead Don Juan.<sup>4</sup>

Dracula is usually portrayed as sex incarnate, albeit exploitative and with an oral fixation. Renfield is only able to slake his perverse cravings with lesser creatures, and the one time Renfield has an easy shot at a victim – an unconscious maid – whom his master could easily have mesmerised even if she were awake, he prefers the fly which has landed on her. Skal sees this as comic relief (*Hollywood Gothic* 223), but it also shows what Renfield does in contrast to the sick, amorous trysts of his master: seek a wretched substitute rather than dare to take the real thing. He is a good foil for his monstrous overlord.

The special effects could be better. In fact, they are hardly there at all. True, a great deal of the film's power resides in atmospherics and dark emotions. However, a comparison to Murnau's classic *Nosferatu* shows just what could be done even back then on a low budget, with expressive (not to mention expressionistic) location shots, eerie use of shadow, impressive fade-ins and fade-outs of Max Schreck's Count Orlok/Dracula against the backdrop of the set, a superb "rising out of the coffin" scene on board ship which has never been bettered, not to mention wondrously ghoulish make-up. Some versions also feature very effective color filters. Melford does get dry ice, self-opening doors and coffin lids, plus mattés and wobbly carriages to substitute for crowded medical lecture theatres or mountainous central European landscapes (exactly the same ones that Browning had, though the sea voyage footage is slightly different), but Universal's fake, stiff spiders and rubber bats are blown away by Murnau's use of living examples of everything from rats to carnivorous plants (no fan of armadillos he). Murnau was unlucky that copyright issues strangled its early distribution (Jones 119-120). Silent cinema could be marketed around the world without the clumsiness of dubbing simply by swapping the written dialogue into the local language. Universal had the luck to make the first *Dracula* to be seen by a mass audience, and thus left its indelible fang marks on our culture.

The reason that *Dracula* in either language has survived so well compared to other movies that simply present us with the creature or bug-eyed monster at key moments is that its erotic subtext is so powerful. Movies which merely rely on special effects and cheap surprises lose their power, and this is why *Dracula*, bat on a string included, survives intact while even movies from recent decades simply no longer thrill. Placed at once removed by Hollywood's mythic take on Stoker's vampirism, the erotic charge is not so much weakened as submerged, strong as ever, while the subtext is placed in a safe area, the danger all on screen and in the

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<sup>4</sup> Don Juan has sidekicks with different names according to the adaptation. The original full-length play *El burlador de Sevilla y convidado de piedra* (*The Seducer of Seville and The Stone Guest*, 1630) attributed to Tirso de Molina has Catalinón. Don Juan is not supernatural himself, but his violence, powers of seduction and hellbound destiny make him a good precedent for Dracula, just as his put upon servant does for Renfield, whatever his name. Tirso de Molina's and (especially) Zorrilla's adaptations are performed regularly across the Hispanic world.

distant realm of the marvellous, mesmeric and seductive rather than bloody, violent rape. If the full implications of Lucia's and Dracula's perversity were to be taken literally and openly to their logical extreme, they would be utterly disgusting and repellent. The viewers can indulge their feelings without sickening themselves, passengers on a sensual ride instead of ghoulish spectators at a gory disaster. Here the horror is thrilling, and powerful emotions are teased rather than affronted, to great effect, as they have been since the time of the first telling of *Don Juan or Beauty and the Beast*.

If there is one area in this *Dracula* which can take and has taken a critical bashing, it is the lead himself. José Luis González's verdict of Carlos Villarias as "voluntarioso y solvente" (willing and capable) is perhaps the kindest one. The contrast is made more acute because of all the characters he is the one which Melford and his cohorts chose to directly base on the English version. The costumes are all but exactly the same (the wig was – Skal, *Hollywood Gothic* 223); Villarias has a striking similarity in looks to his Hungarian counterpart. However, Villarias lacks the naturally long, spidery, spellbinding fingers of Bela Lugosi – as Martin Landau observed when playing Lugosi in *Ed Wood*, you have to be double jointed and Hungarian. Villarias's cheeks are pudgier too, and his pained facial expressions echo the silent era. Stiltedly sermonizing but without Lugosi's evocative accent and charisma, some of Villarias's lines lack the punch of the Hungarian. "¡Escúchalos! ¡Son los hijos de la noche; hermosa música componen!" is not quite up to "Listen to them! Children of the night, what music they make!" Villarias is also deprived of one of the English version's few great shots, where Lugosi's face fills the screen just before biting down on an exposed neck. However, Villarias's expressive eyes more than once fill the screen themselves, and the skills of Melford's team place him at the centre of set pieces which massively improve on their Anglo counterparts. One scene encapsulates the different styles: Lugosi swipes aside the mirrored cigarette box which Van Helsing uses to unmask his vampiric nature; Villarias dramatically smashes the box to the floor with his cane, centre screen, surrounded by the other men while cigarettes fly in all directions. But while Villarias grimaces campily and flashes his magnificent white teeth (albeit with only natural fangs), Lugosi is restrained and from his bottomless black pit of a mouth delivers another line he made classic: "For one who has not lived even a single lifetime, you are a wise man, Van Helsing," one which Villarias lacks the ability to take away from him. This just before Lugosi walks off without his cape, only to wear it in the next scene where it envelopes his attack on Mina/Eva.

That said, at least one of the scenes in which Dracula first welcomes Renfield to his castle is won by Villarias, helped by direction which properly fits the script (unlike in Browning's version). The Count is able to pass through a gigantic spider's web (of no known European species) via the help of seamless cinematic cutting while Álvarez Rubio hacks his way through it with his walking stick, a visual feast whatever your opinions on children of the night. The following scene's banquet-sized meal Dracula has served up for Renfield is far better handled in the Spanish version too: Lugosi and Frye have to cope with some indifferent sound, lighting, close-ups and intercutting while the atmosphere lent by Melford's team, right down to a more sumptuous repast makes Villarias's line "Yo nunca bebo ... vino" ("I do not drink ... wine") actually seem more powerful than Lugosi's still famous equivalent.

It might seem odd to say that Villarias's inferiority does not damage the film. He certainly is not as bad as some of his critics would have, and has inspired his own wave of Mexican imitators in the often unfairly overlooked south of the border film industry, where he often popped up in horror genre classics himself (Cotter 13-15). The reason his *Dracula* still works to some extent, and why the Spanish film is arguably superior, is that the Count is an



off-screen or shadowy presence as a leading man, given very few lines to say. His cloak can be as expressive as his one liners: Villarias makes better use of it as substitute bat wings, for example. In Browning's version, Lugosi makes the film; in Melford's, the film makes Villarias.

In the years that followed, the stature of Browning's movie has grown beyond its art. Any subsequent effort has had to deal with its language: the gothic sets, the caped noble undead, the white-clad victim. Even that last one is literally carried off better by Villarias and Tovar, the former's Dracula carrying the latter down the winding stairs of Carfax Abbey in the way vampires and many other monsters have done for decades afterward while Lugosi just leads on a stumbling, sleepwalking Helen Hunter (in the same scene Álvarez Rubio is dramatically hurled over the edge of the stairs to his screaming death, another wasted opportunity for Dwight Frye in the Anglo version). That these are now clichés shows how key and (relatively) original or at least wellspringing both Universal movies were, for all their flaws. But the Spanish version handles the visual language better, as well as most of the acting.

It should be noted that some of the best and most striking vampire movies to be subsequently made have avoided Universal's tropes: Kathryn Bigelow's *Near Dark*, Michael Mann's *The Keep*, Guillermo del Toro's *Cronos* (del Toro also showed how to do a good job on the more popcorn oriented *Blade II*). None of those first three even mention the word "vampire." Murnau's ill-starred *Nosferatu* has spawned a few well received, worshipful offspring: Werner Herzog's 1979 remake and a companion piece to the original, Merhige's *Shadow of the Vampire* (2000), as well less obvious homages such as Reggie Nalder in the 1979 TV series *'Salem's Lot* (King 84). Nevertheless, in cinema and popular culture as a whole *Nosferatu* has not inspired much beyond the odd scene here and there, a treasure for horror buffs, movie professionals and German film students to disinter. A Max Schreck Halloween mask would simply be ghoulish; a Lugosi mask would be Dracula; a Villarias mask would be a copy of Lugosi. After Hammer codified the genre for the Technicolor era and made Christopher Lee nearly as much an icon as Lugosi had been, there was nowhere much for the Count to go (though Frank Langella had a good try in the 1979 remake).

Unfortunately the likes of del Toro are an exception. Stephen Sommers' *Van Helsing* and, Coppola's *Bram Stoker's Dracula* are two good examples of movies with a well known director and relatively star-studded cast which failed to fully deliver. It seems that Dracula and his undead descendants do not deserve effects-laden epics, but rather their films must concentrate on acting, character, atmosphere and cleverly worked eroticism to succeed, with sparing use of camera tricks only when necessary to add to the storyline rather than for their own sake. Either that, or conventions should be parodied brilliantly as in Joss Whedon's *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* or its spin-off series, *Angel*. Some super hero or science fiction epics can benefit from legions of special effects, but vampires require intimacy and shade. Of course, some try to take the eroticism to its logical conclusion on a microbudget, hence the likes of Spaniard Jess Franco's<sup>5</sup> *Vampyros Lesbos*. X-certificate vampires are also here to stay; the potential for low budget bloodsucking erotica is destined to give us oral action beyond the neck as long as trashy pornography is made. As Donald Rottenbacher notes on vampire erotica, "Sex, of course, is what sells" (36).

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<sup>5</sup> Franco is an infamously prolific director of exploitation flicks both in terms of sex and violence, but Christopher Lee himself praised the Spaniard for at least trying something original his adaptation *Count Dracula*. Alas, Franco's perennial problem of low budgets and production values seems to have let him down again despite a top cast (Lee 300-301).

It is a strange journey for a monster of European folklore which once combined werewolf and vampire in the same person, and which would more likely have been a fat, redheaded, rosy-cheeked, priapic unshaven peasant than an aristocratic seducer, a product of a time where superstition was the only science people had to explain the horrors of dreams, disease, and the frightening nature of the corpse (Barber 2). It was Stoker who created Dracula, marrying the vampire of folklore to the vampire of gothic romance. Hollywood made him ubiquitous: *IMDB* lists over 150 films with Dracula at least in part of title, never mind television series (there is even a cartoon *Count Duckula*) and other vampire movies. *IMDB* gives well over 300 hits for movies with “vampire” in the title. And that can only increase as others, both new and overlooked, are catalogued.

As for Lupita Tovar, her subsequent career saw her also make the first ever talking picture in Mexico, the much-adapted *Santa* (Dávalos Orozco), and she reprised her partnership with Barry Norton more than once (*IMDB*). She was a true star in Mexico, and on the evidence of this would deserve to be remembered alongside the likes of *King Kong*'s Fay Wray (and if Spanish language cinema has been better marketed, preserved and reissued, maybe she would have been, still up there as a Mexican household name with María Félix and Dolores del Río). But that is not to say she is forgotten: a much loved cinematic grand dame, she is still a favorite at festivals and has been rediscovered by a new generation of film historians. Tovar went on to marry *Dracula*'s producer and started a family of cinematic greats, actors and producers in their own turn (Skal, *Hollywood Gothic* 227).

After winning the Oscar for his portrayal of Bela Lugosi in *Ed Wood*, Martin Landau recalled with a sincere mixture of pride and humility the words of one critic: “The Oscar goes to Martin Landau; its shadow goes to Bela Lugosi.” Here the tenebrous gold statuettes go to Tovar, Pablo Álvarez Rubio (despite tough competition from Dwight Frye), Melford and the film itself. Lugosi, who had campaigned vigorously for the lead English role to the point where it damaged his career only ever made a single publicity appearance for *Dracula* on release. It was for the Spanish version (Skal, *The Monster Show* 127).

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- Bram Stoker's Dracula*. Dir. Francis Ford Coppola. Perf. Gary Oldman, Anthony Hopkins, Winona Ryder, Keanu Reeves. Columbia, 1992.
- Buffy the Vampire Slayer*. By Joss Whedon. Perf. Sarah Michelle Gellar, David Boreanaz. 20th Century Fox Television, 1997.
- Carne de Cabaret*. Dir. Eduardo Arozamena, Christy Cabanne. Perf. Lupita Tovar, René Cardona. Columbia, 1931.
- Count Dracula / Nachts, wenn Dracula erwacht*. Dir. Jess Franco. Perf. Christopher Lee, Herbert Lom, Klaus Kinski. Corona Filmproduktion, 1970.
- Count Duckula*. By Keith Randall, Keith Scoble. Perf. David Jason. Cosgrove Hall, 1988.
- Cronos*. Dir. Guillermo del Toro. Perf. Federico Luppi. IMCINE etc., 1993.
- Drácula*. Dir. George Melford, Enrique Tovar Ávalos (uncredited). Perf. Lupita Tovar, Carlos Villarias, Pablo Álvarez Rubio. 1931. DVD. Universal, 2004.
- Dracula*. Dir. Todd Browning. Perf. Bela Lugosi, Dwight Frye, Edward van Sloan, Helen Chandler, David Manners. 1931. DVD. Universal, 2004.
- Dracula (AKA The Horror of Dracula)*. Dir. Terence Fisher. Perf. Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing. Hammer, 1958.
- Dracula*. Dir. John Badham. Perf. Frank Langella. Universal, 1979.
- Dracula – A.D. 1972*. Dir. Alan Gibson. Perf. Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing. Hammer, 1972.
- Dracula: Pages from a Virgin's Diary*. Dir. Guy Maddin. Perf. Wei Qiang-Zhang, Tara Birtwhistle. Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, 2002.
- Dracula's Daughter*. Perf. Gloria Holden. 1936. DVD. Universal, 2004.
- Ed Wood*. Dir. Tim Burton. Perf. Martin Landau, Johnny Depp. Buena Vista Pictures, 1994.
- Freaks*. Dir. Todd Browning. Perf. Wallace Ford, Leila Hyams. Metro Goldwyn-Mayer, 1932.
- The Keep*. Dir. Michael Mann. Perf. Ian McKellen, Scott Glenn. Paramount Pictures, 1983.
- King Kong*. Dir. Merian C. Cooper Ernest B. Schoedsack. Perf. Fay Wray. RKO Radio Pictures, 1933.
- The Mummy*. Dir. Karl Freund. Perf. Boris Karloff, David Manners, Edward Van Sloan. Universal Studios, 1932.
- Near Dark*. Dir. Kathryn Bigelow. Perf. Adrian Pasdar, Jenny Wright. F/M, Near Dark Joint Venture, 1987.
- Nosferatu*. Dir. F.W. Murnau. Perf. Max Schreck. Prana-Film, 1921.
- 'Salem's Lot*. Dir. Tobe Hooper. Perf. David Soul, Reggie Nelder. CBS Television, 1979.
- Santa*. Dir. Antonio Moreno. Perf. Lupia Tovar. Compañía Nacional Productora de Películas, 1932.
- Shadow of the Vampire*. Dir. E. Elias Merhige. Perf. John Malkovich, Willem Dafoe. BBC Films et al., 2000.
- The Son of Frankenstein*. Dir. Rowland V. Lee. Perf. Basil Rathbone, Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff. Universal, 1939.
- El Tenorio del harem*. Dir. Kurt Neumann. Perf. Lupita Tovar. Universal, 1931.
- El Vampiro*. Dir. Fernando Mendez. Perf. Germán Robles, Abel Salazar, Ariadna Welter, Carmen Montejo. ABSA, 1957.
- Vampyros Lesbos*. Dir. Jess Franco. CCC Filmkunst GmbH, 1971.
- Van Helsing*. Dir. Stephen Sommers. Perf. Hugh Jackman, Kate Beckinsale. Universal, 2004.

