

WOLFELOWITZ
BY
WOLFELOWITZ

Special COLLECTOR'S EDITION

75¢ SUMMER

NO. 20



CASTLE of FRANKENSTEIN







FRANKENSTEIN

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Letters



Spending of a "vicary" — we've read Col's piece long in 75¢ based mostly on your vote of confidence, after we waited your opinion whether or not you considered it a good idea. Well, there wasn't even one (!) negative vote out of dozens of letters. Also, we looked around and tried up what the "competition" has to offer and it changes Needless to say, it will now be possible to publish Col's "Specials" in the near future, missing a possibility of 7 or 8 different Col's per year. Since we're now undergoing a transition, don't fret, save or clone the work by your talents if you don't see us 100% on "schedule" at first. Reorganizing, new circulation controls, etc., are now in effect, and we're getting there. — Cal Beck

TALENT HUNT NEWS

Getting Col out more often will mean more material per' ever considering the idea of a companion mag, which means keeping at least and more involved than ever putting rack time together. This opens the doors wide open, of course, to those who've got a flair for doing reviews, articles, interviews and so on. Col has never been 100% "mag" controlled in the past and will even be less so in the future. Your only requirement is that you feel you know your stuff, better yet if you've already proved your ability whether as fan or pro-mag. Pick any chance of acceptance may be better. Pickular contemporary articles and reviews help a lot and will be returned on publication, of course, or immediately if you already have similar photo material on file. Above all — read, must be typewritten and double-spaced, otherwise it plays hell on ya side suffering n'ts every eye.

BRUCE LING FILM REVIEWS!

Dear Cal — How about a review column of genre films? With a half dozen different distributors of horror, science fiction and adventure films on the market today (not to mention year ones), there is virtually no guide to go by. Of course, most B&B have films are adequate getting as far as nostalgia gone wanting to their original feature film length format, but for unseen films the consumer is buying blind. Reviews of full-length films are not necessary of assistance since a screen-out-tubing movie may be effectively added to an exceptional 12 minute conversation, and a good movie (despite of sound and poorly edited) may make a longer B&B foot space.

I myself started collecting 8mm films several months ago, nostalgia guiding most of my purchases. Of a quantity purchased, the only ones I have bought since I own are three from Republic's CAPTAIN KAROLIN (serial), The Return of Captain Marvel (with excellent) The Curse of the Scorpion (was good) and Captain Marvel and The Deathtrap was good.

Seen I will undoubtedly be buying more films which I have never seen, and I would really appreciate a small review column to keep me from spending too much on bad films. Bruce Ling, Box 2184, Whitaker, Cal 90710.

—As Seen Review columns a real idea. Anyone interested in handling it? — CTR.

CORRECTION

Dear Cal, Col no. 19 was very good. Your interview with the great Mr. Harryhausen was a real treat to fans of SFantasy films every-

where. I'm eagerly looking forward to part 2.

I would like to point out one thing which I feel was a real error. On page 18 the picture is said to be of Mike Harrison. I know that it is not. At first I thought it was Harryhausen himself, but now I feel it is a picture of Martin C. Cooper. He was of course co-author, co-director and co-producer of King of the Monsters. It is indeed Mr. Cooper, perhaps you can indicate so in your next issue.

Robert W. Martin, apt. 2-B, 145 72nd St., Breezeway, N.Y. 11293.

—We stand corrected, it was the late Martin C. Cooper, not O'Brien... an unfortunate error since both great men didn't even look alike! One even better than that is the goof-off dept! In the very same photo was "identified" in a recent hardware book, depicted entirely to assist of the major SFantasy films, as a photo of Edgar Wallace! The error, of course, taken in 1932, the year of KING'S release, or perhaps even the next year. The co-author of KING, Wallace, died in 1932 — CTR.

Dear Col: Your magazine is the best edited and best written in its field; but a few minor criticisms. I feel your cover is spoiled by the layout of the bottom. I miss the use of your mag could be done more artistically for your cover—it is poorly written, and I wish it were easier and made more attractive, distinctive and eye-catching. I say eye-catching I want you to sell your magazine. I love it and want to keep reading it. Your competitor, Famous Monsters, does a better job with their title on the cover. But, of course, I'm inappreciative, ego-maniac, baby written—really morose, I must use your knowledge, but I don't have the technical know-how of words like "right," etc. Your illustrations for your art are excellent. I like the use of the endline of the rest of Col's; eg. Mike Hesson Best, and Inside Frankenstein. Those cartoons are funny and so are the letters. As I said, very minor criticisms.

I missed your "Tales From the Crypt" review. But if a movie deserves being attacked, get ORACULUS 1972, or ASYLUM. TALES FROM THE CRYPT was better than those two drastically. Your review of the new publishing comic books makes me wonder if you've looked at any lately. Many of them are quite good, few seem not worth good, old does not mean bad—this in reference to your remarks that comic books and movies are not alternative, which I do not agree with. As I said, minor criticisms. Your mag is great. Ron Peterson, 8286 W. Windsor, Chicago, IL 60659.

—We've really been concerned about our layouts for a long time. Ron, they are perhaps indicative of our personality — hurried, haphazard but "designed." It's possible we've been so concerned — maybe too much — over the quality of written rather than visual content, we may have developed a blind spot. Maybe. Personally, there are some things I'd thought of removing. Are the cover photographs since I think it takes away a lot from the cover. On the other hand, others have told me that had been done before, and would add a Col "made mark," that removing it would be a serious mistake. I dunno... however, how about leaving it up to all of you by taking a vote? Not only about our covers but on anything you'd like altered or improved inside Col? Okay? — My polar about comic last issue (about being in a rut, derivative, etc.) I don't mean that derivation is true in a bit, but that the "best" comics — apart from Super Hero chatter — for the most part seem to be based on the fine works of authors who wrote their material 35 or more years ago, e.g. Robert E. Howard and E.R. Burroughs. This seems, to me anyway, an indictment and shows lack of creativity and imagination. Whether comic editors or authors are to be blamed

Last issue we revealed some of the problems our publication had for a long time getting proper distribution in various areas around the country. Quite a large number of you reacted magnificently, it seems, and Col's is now being sent to better advantage. And we're all quite ecstatic over this beautiful display of loyalty. The next step for all of you protest demonstrations, in large numbers of course, public parades and community signs, marching up and down the main streets to make the world more aware of Col. And, naturally, a hell of a writing from a few suppliers wouldn't hurt.

Seriously — the problem of proper distribution is hardly licked yet, not only does it still effect us badly but other worthy publications as well.

Bad publications are always abundant when they die, others take their place. Good magazines, therefore, must always have to "fight" to stay alive. As the ACLU's motto puts it, "Stetinal vigilance is the price of liberty." And your right to have publications made available that you want is a battle that you must share with a publisher. You have the power to do it by applying the proper pressures in areas that are unaware of what's happening, or which may seem lazy, stupid or indifferent. In a big way, you're fighting Censorship when you make a demand for a publication that exists but it being denied from being made available to you. There's little need to elaborate, of course, on the details of Censorship, whether it includes magazines, radio, TV, films, or your right to know the news in all media. So, keep up the good fight. We'll all have something to show, especially when the victory is so sweet.

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Keep those cards and letters going, gang!

doesn't after the stigma. As a whole, comic book art is superior, greater than it's ever been (except for EC in the early '50s)—on the other hand, there's so much really terrific stuff going on in Underground comics that the Establishment books pale by comparison. Not to get outbacked—present art quality in the comics industry is from okay to even great all that's now required are better writers or editors—or less. —Dwayne, though, an ASSLUM. It's one of the few good jobs Amicus created in the past few years! All the stories hang in together—the film has a thematic feeling, partly superior to CRYPT'S throw-together look. Taking a bunch of short subjects and putting them together does not require the amount of skill it takes to create a true feature-length film—especially when most of the shorts are, individually, hardly as good as most segments of TWILIGHT ZONE and NIGHT GALLERY. The same problem that affected CRYPT also hurt VALE OF HORROR (see the article in this issue). —CTB

CRONKITE, SEVERID & Co.

Dear Cal: Please give leave the social commentary to Walter Cronkite, Eric Sevareid and others, and keep COF pure SFantasy. If I wanted to read about Vietnam and Cambodian atrocities, I'd pick up a copy of Time or the like. With that off my chest, I would like to compliment you on the quality of your writing mag. Especially the story on Henryhausen and his animation effects. The man is a genius. About selling COF to TG and outlining my 90 days, I say HODGKIN is flat, only if you can lose the terms high standards as you have shown in all past issues. Do NOT bring COF down to the level of your competitors. You're not the best mag of its kind around, keep it that way. —Ben Sherwin, 217 10th Avenue S., St. Paul, Minn. 55075.

—Why should we cross country over into Cronkite's and Severid's "territory" when they're making a fortune describing monsters and relating even worse horror stories? Somewhat, remember what the Great Bard said "All the world's a stage, / And all the men and women merely players."

The point is, we're all in the same drama, more so than ever these days. The question is whether one wishes to be an independent performer or a puppet, a programmed robot? It's strange how quickly some SFantasy fans forget that social problems, "relevance" and related issues have been the backbone of some of our genre's greatest productions, otherwise we'd never have ME PROPOSALS THINGS TO COME, Kubrick's best works, NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, etc. Since we must live a life filled with contrasts and variety to stay reasonably sane and intelligent, there's no doubt that total "escape" into a world of fantasy and whacky is not only normal but a happy wife in order to cope with reality. That's why CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN is dedicated to SFantasy. But—if I thought for one minute that this world which we live in was being threatened by ugly, little monsters calling themselves "politicians" or influenced by other evil forces, I'd consider myself incompetent to ignore such conditions and not pretend others of them.

If for the moment we seem to be suffering social ills, those, etc., because of the tremendous impact that TV and all news media have had in usurping the whole human condition of our society. The press

has never seemed to cover itself more with glory than these days. We'd have to really tough love trying to match them. It's too bad the press always won't like this in the past. And, in answer to many who've asked, "But why is it only recently that the press has been uncovering all the terrible gangster-like corruption and decay in our Society?"

Had people like Daniel Ellsberg, the Preis, concerned passives, congressmen and other "good" folk (yes, Virginia, there are a few around, believe it or not!) not gotten together, most Americans might have been asleep on the streets, eating the bark off trees and in a Depression making that of the Thirties seem like a period of prosperity. Even now there's no guarantee if we'll be able to pull out of this with our heads on. And experience as we've tried to be most of our lives, isn't it strange how the whole USA has been on the brink of total collapse each time the Republican Party has been in power? It is that we're trying to save the Democratic Party's cause, since we've good reason to feel most politics have not only been a messpans waste, for the most part, but have created a Super Bureaucracy that resembles an idiot woman whose program is keep throwing out retarded children. Somewhere there's got to be a good answer to this whole mess, and damned if we're going to try solving it in this space. Anyway, see today. —CTB.

BELE

Dear Cal: I would love like to say that Bela is a fantastic book to read and see. Well, now if I may, I would like to ask you (maybe a difficult question) Do you know if Bela Lugosi is still living today and, if he is, how old is he, as well as anything else you can tell about him.

Vincent Capone, 74 Summer St., East Boston, Mass. 02128.

—Most authorized sources seem to agree that Bela was born in 1882 in Hungary. This would have made him seventy-four when he died in Hollywood, Calif., in 1956. Other less reliable sources say he was born in 1884 and even 1887, but each date are, more than likely, some of the typical misinformation that's come up in studio releases and pressbook info. Before arriving in the U.S. in 1927, Bela appeared in many Hungarian and some German made films—the exact number isn't known, especially since he took on many extra roles as an actor during while barely making it in his part in various Budapest studios when he wasn't appearing on the stage doing Shakespeare, Hamlet and Cleopatra. Before getting steady work from Hollywood, Bela organized a Hungarian stock company in the U.S. and even did off Broadway work in Greenwich Village in the Twenties. Unfortunately, Bela's career air perhaps rose more than that of any of the major horror stars. Even his death was sooner. And he lived on only a few months longer he was planning a comeback. In 1956, he might have been tremendously disappointed to see many of his best fans shaking up one of the highest TV ratings when they began getting released for tube-viewing in 1957. It's really a tragedy that, at least he couldn't have known about it. —CTB

NASTY SEX & OBSCENITY

Dear CoF: This is my first letter to you and my first opinion. Your magazine has been



fantasy and obscure covers since you 15 to no. 19. I saw the last two issues and made both are filled with tremor pictures as EL TOPO, VAMPIRE CIRCUS, COUNTESS DRACULA, THING OF EVIL, and a four-page insert on A CLOCKWORK ORBITAL, which was rated X, then cut to an R rating. I thought this magazine was supposed to be only TRIX is for kids! Silly rabbit... etc.) Getting into another subject, I wish you would do a report on each of my favorite horror movies.

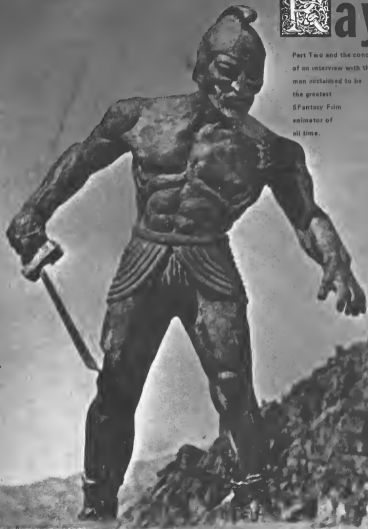
WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH, ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.; CREATURES THE WORLD FORGET; THE CRIMSON CULT; WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HELL; EN; THE OMEGA MAN
 Sergio Fernandez, 704 Macon, Canal Falls, Ga. 32134.

—Of course, it's just coincidental that practically each film you cover has its fair quota of "sex," eh Sergio? Not to mention that Raquel Welch's fetching physique and ample bust in ONE MILLION B.C. not only helped make the film a big financial success but launched her directly into stardom! Sex late born around a very long time, as an excuse to knock it except those who've preoccupied in brainwashing others into thinking it art. On the other hand, it's not surprising in life, otherwise things might be different and we'd be publishing a "porn" magazine instead. But if sex is relevant to a film of CoF interest, we'll be happy if we do a 1961 routine and write it out. The problem is that many SFantasy films have a large quantity of semi-nude sex scenes covered before release in order to pass video distribution in countries like ours where we have a professional brain-beater working with our right to enjoy ourselves, but telling ourselves about the glories of war, even though we're a nation subject that's still in the advanced-the-bits category. Because of the long-ago that have been created and fostered by ignorant (continued on page 31)



ay

Part Two and the conclusion
of an interview with the
man acclaimed to be
the greatest
Fantasy Film
animator of
all time.





Harryhausen

*Interviews
Harry Nadler and
Dave Trengore*

*Q— The Hydra is beautiful, too. Is he
with such fine detail?*

RH— Yes, he was one of the most com-
plicated things to do outside of the
skelton in JASON. Sometimes, in the
skelton fight, I only averaged 15 frames
a day.

*Q— Do you have those printed each
day?*

RH— In some cases I have to, yes; but
I try to get enough footage for a cut
before I break it. I used to have to send
it in because of temperature control—





the temperature changes at night when the set is closed down. When we were making SINBAD it was necessary to break the film otherwise the color values would change. But now they have made new types of film stock which are not as sensitive to this problem.

Q— Does Talos have a metallic cover, or is it a rubber finish made to look like bronze?

RH— It is rubber painted with a bronze finish. He has shrunk a lot as all of the rubber animals do. The heat of the lights tend to dry out the moisture and finally the rubber becomes tight.

Q— Perhaps you could settle an argument and tell us whether the Giant Turtle, like the Mysterious Island crab, was real, or did you make it?

RH— Oh, no—that was made. It had a fiber glass shell, and the rest was all rubber.

Q— Of all your creations, the Moon Cat in FIRST MEN IN THE MOON must have had the most appendages.

RH— He was one of the most difficult to animate because of all the little segments.

Q— They went in waves . . .

RH— Yes, and of course the waves are very hard to simulate because of working with rubber and not in swaying, throbbing flesh. The blur on the film that one gets in photographing fast moving things are most difficult to duplicate in animation. During the filming of a fast bit of animation, each frame is as sharp as the next one, which sometimes gives the effect of jerkiness.

Q— And this is Gwang, of course?

RH— Yes. As you can see he is on a much bigger scale than the Allosaurus we used in ONE MILLION YEARS BC. It was also necessary to design a different skin texture and different coloring. GWANGI had to be able to snarl, bleed, blink and do many more things in front of the camera because he was seen throughout the film. The BC Allosaurus was only seen in a short sequence.

Q— At the National Film Theatre, when asked why a real man was used in the clashing rocks sequence in JASON, you answered that if it is possible to use a real person, you will do so. Why, then, did you not use live action in the Talos sequence?

RH— I have always believed that there is no point in animating anything you can photograph successfully in the normal course of photography. There are,

of course, always exceptions, particularly if it may place an actor in great danger. We had to animate Raquel Welch being picked up in the pterodactyl's claws for obvious reasons. A creature like Talos was really ideal for animation because he was supposed to be stiff and mechanical in his movements. It made it necessary for me to make him deliberately jerky. The difference in the technique used in KING KONG, and KING KONG VS GODZILLA must be very obvious. Although there are times when I wonder if the reviewers and audience really are aware. Many times I read a review about the wonderful Japanese animations, and as far as I can tell they have never used the technique of dimensional animation.

Q— Have you ever seen anything of the work of Karl Zeman?

RH— Once or twice, yes. He does some very interesting work.

Q— His films never seem to get any decent release other than children's matinees.

RH— This is because the producers do not put the commercial possibilities in films which theater audiences seem to want. For example—our original script FIRST MEN IN THE MOON did not have a woman going along to the Moon. Nor did the original novel. But the "powers" that be, from experience, felt certain elements must be in a film, particularly a woman so that other women can identify themselves. This is just one example.

Q— Were there any plans to shoot the film according to the novel?

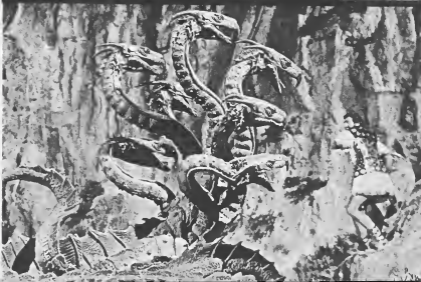
RH— Well, there were plans at an early stage, but again it isn't a commercial proposition. It would appeal to the people who like to see novels put on the screen the way they were written; but I think they are in the minority. For the visuals—it's one thing to read something, but another to put it on the screen in the best "visual" manner.

Q— Possibly we were too close to the real moon landings to portray the moon as Wells envisioned it with flowers growing in the daylight hours.

RH— Of course, in the days when the novel was first put on the market there were few ways of proving or disproving whether there may be a small amount of atmosphere on the moon. But with today's advancements it is so well known that the moon has no atmosphere that an audience would quickly lose interest in the picture if it wasn't made at least half believable.

Full course dinner MYSTERIOUS ISLAND style. Top to bottom: the Big Chicken that never got across the road; the Red Slob or (sans any Socratic instruction) Lord; and Herbert Lam as the heroic Captain Nemo (Whizzer McKey was installed to give him his comely strip son, "LIDE Nemo").

Now in production is Harryhausen's KING OF THE GOLDEN VOYAGE, but one of his all-time favorites is the fabulous JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS. Years in the making, it required more work than any Harryhausen production to date.





Scenes from **FIRST MEN IN THE MOON**. Above: If the Moon were lit with an 18th, the giant Moonbeast is its worm. Below: Edward Judd (on his back) in conflict with a Beech, Lt. Colonel Jeffries and Judd fighting with Zetivides in balloon photo. Opposite page: Zetivides greets once more that word perchance for Hammerlockers people at Prof. Cover (left) first struggles. But, then, "Poor Cover"—he did have such a dreadful cold. . . .

Q — We've just finished researching an article on 3D for the magazine. Have you ever been interested in doing anything in 3D?

RH— Yes, I made several tests after **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS**. In fact, I used the Beast for the tests. We were going to make our next film in 3D but the plans were suddenly dropped. This was fortunate as 3D was not here to stay. Although visually the test proved it could work with rear projection, for an animated picture it was very impractical. It could take up as much as three times the production time as a normal animated film.



Q — Have you ever tried a tracking shot in Dynamation?

RH— Oh, yes, many times. I used to do the most complicated crane shots in some of the fairy tales I made in 16 mm. But they all take a great deal of time to set up, calculate, etc., and when one is involved in a feature it sometimes does not pay to spend so much time on just one shot.

Q — If by some miracle you were given an unlimited budget, what would you like to film?

RH— Quite a number of stories. There are many story lines I would love to develop but I've chucked them into my files as "impractical." I would have liked to have made **JASON** much more elaborate, but I think we did a remarkable job of production with the money we had to work with.

Q — We understand that KING KONG was the inspirational point of your career. But were you interested in fantasy before that?

RH— Yes, I have always been interested in the unusual. I feasted on **FRANKENSTEIN**, **THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS**, **DRACULA** and **THE LOST WORLD**. But I also love a good musical or a good drama as well. The appeal of the unusual is the imagination used in their basic ideas and, of course, how well they were made. I remember vaguely my first impression of the original **LOST WORLD**. But it wasn't until **KING KONG** came into being where the technique was more perfected and the addition of sound and music made films more vivid that it really left the impression on me to want to make animation my career.

Q — THE LOST WORLD was way ahead of its time, wasn't it?

RH— It was, and it still holds up quite well—it has some very good things in it. It's a pity the remake wasn't done in animation.

Q — Especially with Willis O'Brien on it.


RH— Yes, he always wanted to remake it with color and sound but no one seemed to be too interested in putting up the money and time it would take.

Q — Do you think that may be why they didn't use animation in the remake?

RH— Perhaps. As they years go by it becomes more and more difficult to make animated pictures. Mainly because of the time involved.

Q — Do you think KING KONG would have been any better in color?





RH— Not really. You may get a bit smoother animation today, but I do not think that alone would improve the picture. Certain scenes were jerky by today's standards, but again many other scenes would be impossible to duplicate or improve upon. There was an inspiration reflected in the picture which is difficult to capture in films today. In the 30's everyone throughout the different departments had more interest because KONG was sort of a new adventure, an experiment. Many pictures today simply do not excite this interest.

Q.— *Do you prefer to work in color or black and white?*

RH— One can do much more in black and white. I think there are certain subjects I would still prefer to do in black and white. But most distributors want color and will often refuse to play a black and white picture.

Q.— *We were discussing earlier that if Hitchcock had directed the skeleton fight in SINBAD, there would have been some very terrified moviegoers. The sequence could have been much more dramatic.*

RH— Yes, there is no doubt about it. As I said before, we do not have Hitchcock budgets nor reach the same audience. We were not striving to make a frightening, heroic scene because of the loss of a big percentage of the audience of young people. As it is, a number of reviewers found the picture too tense for children and called it an Arabian Nightmare.

Q.— *But at the moment there are some really macabre fans that are selling well.*

RH— Yes, but this is a different age altogether. Things are put on the screen today which in the past simple good taste would forbid. I think this is quite questionable as to if this is actually progress.

In ONE MILLION B.C., even prehistoric moviegoers prefer possessing Kong's tooth.






Q— When you made BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS, did you think ahead and aim for a more adult audience?

RH— Well, in a way, yes. We were aiming to reach as big an audience as possible. The script was rewritten several times to make it believable as possible. Of course, the budget was low and hampered everyone a bit. As far as the animation was concerned, there are many things I would do differently if it were possible. But hindsight is much too easy to indulge in.

Q— You mentioned earlier that you have some problems with actors trying to get them to “shadow box.”

RH— No doubt it is difficult. I certainly would not want to try it. But a good trained actor can look off camera and give the impression that he is really seeing something. Many rehearsals can help. In SINBAD Kerwin Mathews was very good at giving the impression that he was actually seeing the skeleton. One sometimes finds in casting many minor roles with inexperienced people that their reactions are such as: one could cut in a baby being bounced on someone's knee or KING KONG tearing up the Empire State Building, and you would get the same expression on their face.



Scenes from ONE MILLION B.C.
Left (inset): Triceratops and Carno-
saurus in a dispute over territory;
right, the 20' ancient man. Below:
Tyrannosaurus Rex, among many red
blooded specimens, also threatening to
attack Raquel.



Rex Harrison in three rare behind-the-scenes photos, found in the process of arranging his publicity for **THE VALLEY OF THE GIANTS** (originally titled, "The Valley Where Time Stood Still").— *Opposite page:* In the Valley of the Gods Jelly Niran Glast.

Q— You had a little trouble with the tanks while shooting 20 MILLION . . .

RH— Yes, they'd just lain the tarmac around the Coliseum a few days before. When the tanks were brought in they tore up all the tarmac. We felt badly about it but there was little we could do. It was rather amusing to watch the tourists as they were watching the company filming. Most of our actors and extras were always looking up to the top of the Coliseum, pointing and, in general, full of excitement. It worried the tourists quite a bit that nothing of any particular importance was actually going on atop the building.

Q— 20 MILLION contains your prettiest piece of animation in the scene where the Ymir hatches from its egg. But we also felt that in the Ymir's battle with the elephant, the elephant looks too large!



RR— I'm afraid it was because I was carried away with memories of a cartoon I once saw in Merian Cooper's office during the filming of MIGHTY JOE YOUNG. The cartoon was from KONG showing the great ape in front of the camera with the figure of Cooper jumping up and down on his hat shouting: "Make it bigger. Make it bigger!" So, I thought, well, let's have a big elephant. Unfortunately, the

live elephant we were able to get was only about eight feet tall, so we got a very short actor to play the trainer which, by scale, made the elephant look very large.

Q— *Mr. Harryhausen, thank you very much.*

Interviewers: *HARRY NADLER
DAVE TRENGOVE*





Ray Harryhausen points out visual details to his storyboarder to teach him Charles S. Brown is using the making of MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

The RAY HARRYHAUSEN Filmography

Between 1948 and 1953 Ray Harryhausen animated a series of four occasionally delightful fairy tale fantasy films (somewhat similar in style and effect as the George Pal "Puppetoons" on which he also worked for awhile). Each averages ten minutes in length, all in beautiful color, and entirely created from start to finish by Ray. They were produced by Bailey Film Associates (who still control distribution rights) and are shown here—though rarely—seen through the facilities of PBS/NET-TV.

- MOTHER GOOSE STORIES.** 1948—associate: Fred Blauoff; costumes: Martha Reskin.
THE STORY OF LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. 1949—assist.: Fred Blauoff; costumes: Martha Reskin.
THE STORY OF RUPUNZEL. 1952—assist.: Fred Blauoff; costumes: Martha Reskin.
THE STORY OF KING NIOAS. 1953—assist.: Fred Blauoff; costumes: Martha Reskin.

The Feature Films

NIGHT JOE YOUNG (94 min.—RKO, 1949; black and white, with five sequences filmed in color).

Chief technician: Willis O'Brien. Harryhausen was one of several effects men along with Marcel Delgado, George Loefgren, Haruki Stone and others.

- THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS** (80 min.—Warner—1953). Technical effects by Harryhausen; special effects by Willis Cook.
THE ANIMAL WORLD (89 min.—Warner—1955). Special visual effects: Willis O'Brien, Ray Harryhausen and Arthur S. Rhodes.
IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA (78 min.—Columbia—1955). Technical effects: Harryhausen; special effects: Jack Erist son.
EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS (83 min.—Columbia—1956). Technical effects: Harryhausen; special effects: Russ Kelley.
20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH (82 min.—Columbia—1957). Effects by Harryhausen.
THE 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD (89 min.—Columbia—1959—Color). Effects by Harryhausen; assistant: George Loefgren.
THE THREE WORLDS OF GULLIVER (100 min.—Columbia—1960—Color). Effects by Harryhausen.
MYSTERIOUS ISLAND (100 min.—Columbia—

- 1961—Color). Effects by Harryhausen.
JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS (U.S. running time: 50 min.; foreign: 104 min.—Columbia—1963—Color). Associate producer and special effects: Harryhausen.
FIRST MEN IN THE MOON (105 min.—Columbia—1964—Color). Associate producer and special effects: Harryhausen.
ONE MILLION YEARS B.C. (91 min.—20th Century-Fox—1967—Color). Special visual effects: Harryhausen; special effects: George Blackwell.
THE VALLEY OF GWANGI (95 min.—Warner—1969—Color). Associate producer and special effects: Harryhausen.
SINBAO'S GOLDEN VOYAGE (Columbia—1973—Color). For December, 1973 release. Associate producer and effects: Harryhausen.
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COP wishes to thank ERNEST G. PARNO, Jr. and Sam Conlin, producers and authors of the Harryhausen biography FROM SPECIAL EFFECTS BY RAY HARRYHAUSEN, reviewed in this issue's "World of Fantasy" for assisting us in the creation of this filmography.

VAULT OF HORROR



Doona (Anna Massey) turns up at the restaurant thirsty for revenge against her murdering brother in the "Midnight Men" segment from VAULT OF HORROR. Perhaps she's the only monster of screenromances who could sing "Fangs For Hammerheads" and "In the Stillness of the Night"—at the same time!

REVIEWED BY

JOHN BENSON

Amicus Films held a gala preview when their film, VAULT OF HORROR, opened at the Penthouse Theatre on Broadway. At least, one television station thought it was gala enough to cover on the Six o'clock News. The comy publicity stunt that caught their interest was that each person entering the theatre had to scream, and then the best screamers were chosen by the audience before the feature started. Since I was using a complimentary ticket (most of the audience had sent in postcards for theirs), I refused to scream. They let me in anyway, in spite of the tuxedoed p.r. man who grumbled, "We need more good screamers for the cameras!" Looking back as I rode up the escalator, I noticed that former EC comics fan and current National comics staffer was more accommodating—upon request he gave a polite gurgle.

The nearly full house was wildly enthusiastic about the screaming, even though the contest seemed to go on interminably. Still, there were a number of true EC comics fans in the audience, as evidenced by the scattered but hearty applause that publisher Bill Gaines received as he sauntered across the proscenium and up the center aisle to take a seat before the contest started. Gaines modestly ignored the applause. Among the other "celebrities" present were Al Feldstein, artist Joe Orlando, MAD staffers John Patrum and

Jerry De Fuccio, and veteran EC comics fans Archie Goodwin (now a comics editor himself) and Fred von Bennewitz.

When the film finally began, the credits showed some marked changes from the first film based on the EC comics, TALES FROM THE CRYPT. While the first film's credits tended to de-emphasize the original source, Gaines and writer-editor Feldstein receive a special "Based On Stories By..." title of their own. Their names also appeared in the display advertising this time around. Another title stated something to the effect of "These stories originally appeared in magazines entitled *The Vault of Horror* and *Tales From The Crypt*"—which is ironic since none of the stories in the film actually ever came from *The Vault of Horror* comics.

While the audience seemed to enjoy the film, I found it disappointing. It was better than the earlier TALES FROM THE CRYPT, if only because it was less boring. Out of the five titles, only one was an admirable transcription of the old EC comics story—not a very good batting average. It's obvious that Bill Gaines and Al Feldstein lavished far more care and affection on their comics than screenwriter Milton Subotsky and director Roy Ward Baker have on these filmed adaptations.

The fact is: *the film is terrible*. The filmmakers did not understand what Feldstein's and Gaines' stories were all about, nor did they understand or care that Feldstein and Gaines



Voodoo curse paintings carry out their dreadful horrors in VAULT'S "Drawn and Quartered" tale. Breedley above (Terence Alexander) gets the acid test from his wife, who may never have been accused of being a tart but definitely had a sour disposition. Curt Jurgens (below) is learning the ropes the hard way in the tale of "This Trick'll Kill You."

were very much concerned with taste. These men knew the rules of good horror comics taste, and they knew it when they broke the rules—and they didn't break them unless they had a reason.

The unique concept of the EC stories was to present a straightforward melodramatic story and follow it with a horrific bed taste gag. Feldstein and Gaines broke the rules of good taste when it was necessary for that humorously grotesque punchline (after all, "good taste" isn't everything, although I think Gaines might say it was important). But random gore for its own sake would have been to break the rules for no reason, and this was foreign to their concept and their sensibilities.

In a broader sense, "taste" is bound up with "style." Paradoxically, because Feldstein and Gaines were concerned with style, they were by definition concerned with taste. Even though the central element of their style was a crucial and carefully planned lapse of taste, nevertheless the very fact that there was a concern with style insured that the stories had a measure of taste.

Because Amicus have not understood the EC style nor imposed one of their own, the film is tasteless. The vacuum of taste and style has been filled with gore and a general coarseness that is very unappealing.

In general, these EC film adaptations received the same harsh treatment as did Johnny Craig's story "And All Through the House" in last year's TALES FROM THE CRYPT. Craig's story starts with a joke—the Vault Keeper's pious holiday wishes juxtaposed with an old-fashioned comic book "Whomp!" The film changed this innocent "Whomp!" into a fairly detailed and grisly murder. The impact of the comic story's ending came with the realization of the protagonist that she was going to get her just deserts from a maniac. The film's punch is a clumsy and violent sequence in which she gets those just deserts.

Unlike Craig's stories, the Feldstein tales were not strong on the visual storytelling techniques unique to comics; they were told largely by the text captions above the pictures. For this reason they are potentially more adaptable to another medium. But to adapt, of course, one must have an understanding of the original, and so Feldstein's stories have fared no better in film adaptation than Craig's did.





Refreshments in a vulgar vein: Vampires in a rather off-beat restaurant are putting Daniel Massey on tap, making him the death of the party. As usual, something got botched up with this America film and the above still was substituted for actual film footage. Undoubtedly this out limited thirsty vampires who would've aquired more rounds.

The first VAULT OF HORROR story is "Midnight Mess (originally in *Tales From the Crypt* no. 35, April-May 1953). In the comics version, a man visits his sister in an eerie small town and, at the finale, finds out she's a vampire. In the film adaptation, two murders have gratuitously been added to the plot. The protagonist (played by Daniel Massey, who uncannily resembles his father, Raymond) first strangles a private detective who has told him where to find his sister, and then when he does locate her, he brutally stabs her to death.

The final scene (EC's premeditated lapse of taste) of Massey hanging upside down with a kegtop in his neck is surprisingly shown in the film in a murky still shot. It's the only still shot in the film and has no stylistic purpose. A sudden change in sound track volume during the shot indicates that this

was probably a last minute change (perhaps a moving shot was removed in the negative for Britain and was not handy for reinsertion in the U.S. and a still was used instead?).

Despite the crude script changes, "Midnight Mess" is one of the two VAULT stories that has some of the feel of the original, due largely to the excellent sets which closely followed Joe Orlando's original drawings.

The second tale, "The Neat Job" (originally in *Shock SuspenStories* no. 7, Feb.-March 1952) is the only one in which many details of the film adaptation are actually an improvement over Feldstein's original (which imparted the feeling that the malevolent husband develops his passion for nastiness during the story—in the film he is seen as a basically innocent man whose peevishness makes him harmless when he is a bachelor but drives his wife mad when he is mar-

ried. The tension which gradually builds up to a peak (when the wife realizes that she's made a mess which can't be cleaned up before the husband gets home) has all the nuances that are found in the best EC stories.

The success of "The Neat Job" is primarily due to excellent performances by two fine players who are usually seen in better films than VAULT OF HORROR—Terry-Thomas (possibly chosen because artist Jack Kamen gave his character a Terry-Thomas style moustache) and Glynis Johns. Both of them managed to suggest full and complex characters in a short period of time and even less plot. Terry-Thomas' final litany of complaint, "Can't you do anything neat? Can't you?" manages to make us feel almost a compassion for him as well as for his wife.

But, again, what was in the EC version a suggestion of horror and



In "Bargain in Death," Michael Craig probably really thought he was in a coffin—after seeing the movie. Below: Glynis Johns backing for a Hammer job in "The Heat Job." Bottom pic: Tom Baker, in "Drawn & Quartered," doesn't see much of a future in drawing wooden paintings. He hopes to combine them with the Gougon's head and work for Marble Comics.



violence has been crudely and graphically directly displayed in the film. The comic book shows only the axe clutched behind the wife's back, and then cuts to the aftermath, little jars neatly labeled "fingers—10," "eyes—2," etc. The film has a grisly shot of a hammer actually being sunk into the husband's skull, and then a final closeup of jars that show the contents as well as the labels. The prop-man's human parts in the jars have an unreal quality that is not out of place in an EC story, but the completely tasteless shot of the hammer in the skull destroys all the mood of restrained tension that the rest of the story had carefully built up.

The other stories in the film suffer in a similar fashion. In "This Trick'll Kill You" (originally in *Tales From The*

Crypt no. 33, December 1952—January 1953, illustrated by George Evans and Kamca), in the comic version a woman is strangled, which occurs out of the panel. In the film she's stabbed on screen. In "Drawn and Quartered" (originally in *Tales From The Crypt* no. 26, October-November 1951, illustrated by Jack Davis), in the comic version the artist merely cranes a portion of his picture to cause injury to his victim. The film shows him lovingly mutilating his canvases in a way that's almost more horrible than the actual human mutilations his actions cause, which are emphasized with greater detail than in the comic. An extra murder has been added that does not make sense in terms of the story concept, and is a swipe from *Village of the Damned* besides.

Only "Bargain in Death" (originally in *Tales From the Crypt* no. 28, February-March 1952, illustrated by Davis) is not significantly more gruesome in the film than in the comic. Interestingly, this is the story chosen to plant some "inside jokes"—the Nostalgia Press hard-cover book of EC comics reprints in some upside down in the corner of one scene, and Jack Oleck's paperback novelization of *Tales From the Crypt* is shown right side up in close-up a little later.

When Bill Gaines stood before a Senate investigating committee in 1954 and claimed that his comics were not in bad taste, the senators were incredulous. If a comic titled *The Vault of Horror* was not in bad taste, then what could be? Twenty years later the point that Bill Gaines was trying to make is fully understood. There is a kind of bad taste his comics never had, and that's the kind on display in the movie version of his comic.

—John Benson—

... And a capsule wrap-up by Joe Dante, Jr.

It beats *THE DEADLY BEES* as Amicus' worst film. Chintzy production hardly helps, but the collection of stories (from EC comics) is stupefyingly routine with endings so predictable that you can scream them out loud after the first shot. Trepid direction (Roy Ward Baker), with a framing story of unbelievable banality. Worse yet, MPAA rating gremlins have been hard at work chopping out horror shots (the kicker of one story is presented as a spliced-in freeze-frame!). Vampires, murders, the old Indian rope trick and voodoo-crazed artist form the basis of the one-syllable plots, hardly the best EC had to offer. (Milt Subotsky did the script—always a dangerous sign.) (94 mins., Cinema, 1973.) Color.

—Joe Dante, Jr.—

VINCENT PRICE
HAS RESERVED
A SEAT
FOR YOU
IN



"THEATRE
OF BLOOD"





THEATRE OF BLOOD

Two Critiques

SYNOPSIS and CREDITS

Vincent Price, a ham Shakespearean actor (though dead, revives himself on members of the Critics Circle who refused him their special drama Award. His tramp companions play Michael Horden (as in "Julius Caesar"), and then Vincent spars Dennis Price whose beard is dropped by a horse ("Troilus and Cressida"). Check director Ian Hendry sees Price's daughter Diana Rigg, a movie makeup woman, at her father's monument. Price cuts off Arthur Lowe's head ("Cymbeline"), as movie Harry Andrews' heart is passed off Henny from "The Merchant of Venice"), grows Robert Coote in a vat of wine ("Richard III"), then his jealous Jack Hawkins murder his wife Diana Dors ("Othello"). As a sadasser, Price bears Cost (to come to death ("Henry VI, part I"), as a chef, he forces gay Robert Morley to eat his puddies ("Titus Andronicus"). Hendry is nearly blinded by Price as Rigg is revealed as the "boy" assisting the mad actor-lecher. Father and daughter die and their theatre sanctuary burns.

104 minutes (United Artists), 1973. Color. Produced by John Kohn and Stanley Mann. Executive producers: Gustave Gerse, Sam Zarfa. Directed by Douglas Hickox. Screenplay: Anthony Greville-Dart, Music: Michael J. Lewis. Music: Wolfgang Supratyky. Makeup: George Backler. Special effects: John Stears. Editor: Malcolm Cooke. Cast: Vincent Price, Diana Rigg, Ian Hendry, Harry Andrews, Coral Browne, Robert Coote, Jack Hawkins, Michael Horden, Arthur Lowe, Robert Morley, Dennis Price, Diana Dors, Jean Hickox, Bessie Asherson, Madeline Smith, Nico Crisman, Eric Sykes, and others.



Vincent Price, most comfortable in a role perfectly tailored for his talents, brings a Grand Guignol character to life as an insane Shakespearean actor taking revenge upon nine critics who denied him a drama award and have ruined his stage career. Eight of the nine critics meet bizarre deaths in a series of murders freely adapted from Shakespearean roles that starred the defamed Edward Lionheart (Price) in the past.

Structured somewhat like *The Abominable Dr. Phibes*, Price's role is quite reminiscent of Rod Steiger's various impersonations in *No Way To Treat A Lady*. Given such a wide variety of disguises and accents, Price has a field day inspiring chills and humor in the best black comedy tradition, rivaled only by Diana Rigg as his daughter, with one regret: Diana never did a Lady Macbeth scene though the film was a perfect opportunity for such a takeoff. Included among critics who become Price's victims is an array of some of Britain's best actors, such as Robert Morley, Ian Hendry, Jack Hawkins, Dennis Price and Robert Coote. Setting the right mood from the very first frame, the production begins with scenes from silent film Shakespearean works that include the 1922 *Othello* with Emil Jansings.

Unlike the usual run of horror films, this one seems to have had a good deal of money sunk into it... and it shows on the screen.

— Marion Fox —





Opposite page: Diana Rigg and Vincent Price, in their serious THEATRE OF BLOOD guano, on the prowl for victims. Coral Browne (top photo) about to be buried via electrocution. Above: Price as Shylock exacts his pound of flesh in the "Merchant of Venice" sequence. At the right: the former Mrs. Ervina Peal, lovely Miss Rigg herself, in a production shot, Vincent striking a tragic pose with Diana

Surprisingly literate, intelligently spoofy (for a change) British black comedy that is almost a remake of *Dr. Phibes*. Vincent Price is excellent as a mad Shakespearean actor who takes comically ghastly revenge on critics who knocked his Shakespeare season and denied him an award; in return, he kills each one in a grisly manner derived from the Bard's plays. Exquisitely produced with superb cinematography by Wolfgang Suschitzky; and the score by Michael J. Lewis is quite lovely. Humor is a neat mixture of high- and low-brows, classily cupped up by an outstanding cast (Rigg, Andrews, Morely, Cootie, etc.). Deftly directed by Douglas Hickox (who seems to have got his start with Eugene Lourie directing some of *Giant Behemoth*), who does especially well with the "to be or not to be" scene.

—Joe Dante, Jr.—





AND NOW THE SCREAMING STARTS

Might have been more appropriately titled, "Aad Now the Yawning Starts". Nice sets, mobile camerawork by Denys Coop and a good cast are wasted on a lugubrious story with no surprises and very little action.

Buxom Stephanie Beacham marries Ian Ogilvy and gets menaced by a dismembered hand, apparitions, etc., all part of the family curse brought on by anti-social hobbies (rape, mutilation) of rakish ancestor Herbert Lom. It's dull formula stuff from ocar the bottom of the seemingly almost depleted Amicus barrel; it would hardly have made the grade even as a short episode in one of their multi-story features. Struggling vainly are Peter Cushing, Patrick Magee, Guy Rolfe, Rosalie Crutchley, others. Directed by Roy Ward Baker.

(87 mins.; Cinerama, 1973.) Color.
(Original title: *FENGRIFEN*.)

— Joe Dante, Jr. —

WICKED, WICKED

New "entertainment miracle," Duo-Vision, is the standard split-screen carried through the entire picture. Clumsy manipulation of same suggests that the pic was conceived and shot as an ordinary film, then gimmicked up in editing. Most of the time the two pictures have no relation to each other, and often they merely show close and medium shots of the same scene. The preposterous plot has a crazed handyman knifing blondes at a seacoast hotel because a fat blonde woman took him to bed with her when he was a kid. Ending is a steal from *House That Screamed*. Some gore, but no suspense, and a few nice moments from Tiffany Bolling and Scott Brady, with organ score featuring music from the 1925 *PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*—but otherwise a dog.

Diane McBain, David Bailey, Randolph Roberts, Arthur O'Connell, Edd Byrnes, Madeleine Sherwood.

(94 mins.; MGM, 1973). Color.

— Joe Dante, Jr. —





GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE

An Entertainment Pyramid Release
95 minutes—Color
Daniel Cady, producer, John Hays,
director

The Story:

It is nighttime in a dark, forboding cemetery. Inside a moss-covered mausoleum, the sound of someone chipping away at a cement crypt bearing the name of Caleb Craft is heard.

On a nearby college campus, a fraternity house party celebrates winning the 1940 New England Seaboard Conference championship. Meanwhile, a young couple, Leslie (Kitty Vaitocher) and Paul (Jay Scott) get into a romantic mood and drive off to a strange but secluded "lovers lane": a cemetery. When Paul proceeds to place an engagement ring on Leslie's finger, she unabashedly leads him to the back seat of the car, fired by the passion of the moment and hungry for Paul's love. But at that moment, the youngsters are unaware

that Caleb Craft (Michael Paré) has risen from his grave and staring through the cemetery in their direction. With inhuman power, Caleb rips off the car's door, brutally murders Paul, and when Leslie tries to escape she is trapped in an open grave and raped by Caleb.

Puzzled, the police find Paul's body drained of blood but no signs of gore anywhere. At the hospital, Leslie is in a state of shock and cannot seem to identify anyone which police show her a photo of Caleb Craft. Suddenly understanding whose photo it is, Leslie lapses into hysteria. The police are cautioned by Olga, another patient in the same room (who is also a mystic), to leave Leslie alone in the belief she is possessed. One of the detectives on the case, Lt. Panzer (Eric Mason) believes some evil supernatural force may be at work, and though he cannot voice his idea officially he takes a personal interest in Leslie's welfare—especially since Caleb Craft was reputedly a dangerous criminal who was electrocuted three years before.

Several months later, Leslie shows her obvious pregnancy resulting from her ordeal in the cemetery. She and Olga move into the

Above: Caleb Craft (Michael Paré)—a world vampire if there ever was one—lets his police rivaling Leslie (Kitty Vaitocher) in an open grave. To the right: Wilton Searls as James Eastman, one of a vampire

old house left by Leslie's parents, while Panzer assists them with their belongings. As he leaves the house, he notices a man watching from a distance who then proceeds to drive away. Panzer follows in his own car all the way to the cemetery right into Craft's crypt. Lurking at him, Craft attacks Panzer, killing him. His "secret" is safe.

Acting as a midwife, Olga aids Leslie give birth to her baby—a strange infant whom doctors thought to be dead and later is discovered incapable of crying, giggling or sucking milk. Accidentally, Leslie discovers the terrible truth about the "child" whose unusual color is a sickly grey—it requires human blood for nourishment. In her madness, she saves her son by making small cuts on her breasts where the child feeds. As time passes, Leslie grows weaker, ages prematurely and goes insane. By the time the boy, James Eastman (William Smith), grows to manhood, Leslie and Olga have died.





Michael Pataki about to arise from a vampirical nap by a bothersome lizard that once had better star status (before reduced to bit crawling roles) in that great Mummy movie, **THE LIZARD OF GAUZE** (also made in Hollywood, otherwise known as *Hemerald City*).

James attends the local university, but is devoid of ordinary human reactions. In an anthropology class, he meets Professor Adrian Lockwood—the same man who earlier was Caleb Croft. He appears well-groomed, about thirty years old and seems to exert a strange control over everyone in the class. Anne Archer (Lyn Pataki), an extremely attractive girl, finds James mysteriously fascinating. In turn, Lockwood has eyes for Anne. Lockwood's lecture centers on vampires and a legendary figure named Charles Croyden whose wife was burned at the stake in 1646, though Croyden was never seen again. James realizes the story isn't legend but reality, that Prof. Lockwood, Croyden and Croft are the same man.

Another attractive student, Anita, speaks up before the class to reveal the existence of a very rare book in a nearby library which links Croyden to Croft. Lockwood steals the book, and then satisfies his lust by killing the apartment librarian.

That night James drops in on a party at

the apartment Anita shares with Anne. Later, James learns the true meaning of love for the first time with Anne as his mere human qualities seeping to the surface. Unfortunately, Anita has discovered James' dark secret, also falls in love with him, and later asks James to turn her into a vampire. James pretends to agree, but kills her. When Anne returns, she finds Anita's dead body and James still in the apartment. Her screams send him flooding into the night, just as a number of other students from the building rush in and then call the police.

Despite the tragedy, Anne and her classmates attend a service the next evening at Prof. Lockwood's place, with Anne selected as the widow. Lockwood hopes to hear the voice of his long dead wife, but instead the voice of Anne is heard, her spirit attempting to take possession of Anne's body. Lockwood fights against its possession and succeeds, for he wants only Anne. As James leaves to take the unconscious Anne upstairs to rest, Lock-

wood reveals his terrible plan to the group.


He intends to kill them all. One of the students, Sam, pulls out a gun and fires bullet after bullet into Lockwood, but with no effect. One by one, Lockwood drains his victims of their blood.

James returns to find the doors to the service room locked. He crashes them open and witnesses the blood orgy before him. James and Lockwood struggle in fierce combat which ends when James tells the vampire that he is his son and has but one sworn purpose: to kill his own father. He rips a post from the banister and drives the pointed stake into Lockwood's heart. As Lockwood dies, a strange transformation comes over Anne. Realizing what is happening, he urges James to run away from him. While she hesitates, he feels evil emotions and glories in the idea of being a vampire.

Anne screams at the sight of him and runs. James goes after her to kill her, his face contorted, his fangs hungry... for blood.



SOYLENT GREEN



SOYLENT GREEN (97 mins; MGM, 1973).

Two CoF Critics With Opposing Views.

Excellent production examines social ills of the year 2022, attacking corporate slavery, overpopulation problems, pollution, housing, high food prices, media and political bollerap, etc. The industrialists are seen as the true heavies. Mankind has become scum, sleeping in stairwells and abandoned cars, weakened by smog and dwindling food supplies—feebly protesting but still accepting the Party Line.

Based on Harry Harrison's novel, "Make Room! Make Room!," it's a frighteningly logical extension of present day trends and turmoil—a sort of extrapolated KLUTE (see p. 60, CoF no. 18). At the bottom of all this, detective Thom (Charlton Heston) and researcher Sol Roth (Edward G. Robinson, giving a brilliant performance in his last film) attempt to find out what went wrong. Even Women's Lib seems to have failed miserably; in this future world, women are considered an option that comes along with a luxury highrise apartment and, therefore, are simply referred to as "furniture."

Roth has connections with an underground group seeking some kind of proof of the whole scam: a scene skillfully constructed to show an ambience not unlike that of backroom Sacco-Vanzetti anarchist supporters. Dumbstruck with the total failure of his society, Roth goes to a mass suicide center where he is given a kind of Kubeckian scudoff amid Pan-

vision views of oceans, flowers and forests. (Not so farfetched when you consider that there already exists today an outfit called Requiem Associates which advertises, "Dying? Need Help?")

Considering the ambitions of this film, director Richard Fleischer and producers Walter Seltzer and Russell Thacher deserve high praise: It's a shame SOYLENT GREEN has been treated lightly by so many film critics. It joins other pessimistic SF visions of recent years—THX-1138, CLOCKWORK ORANGE, SILENT RUNNING, NO BLADE OF GRASS; but it differs in that it makes a genuine attempt to reach into the true heart of the deceptions that each day bring us closer to downfall. Have you heard that in ten years, because of mass harvesting from airplanes, there will be no more tuna fish? Did you know that salmon are harvested before they are sexually mature—and therefore will soon be extinct? Did you know that the longevity of molecules in DDT cause it to lose only half its potency in fifteen years—time enough for the poison to kill off entire species of fish and birds while leaving insects unaffected (they rapidly build up an immunity in only a few generations, one insect generation being approximately one to four or five weeks, depending on the species).

Plankton produces 70% of the world's oxygen, but it is losing this ability to photosynthesize because of DDT saturation. Since the politicians and pesticide manufacturers are going to stop breathing along with the science-fiction filmmakers and all the rest of us, why should these deceptions continue? Author Harrison



and director Fleischer have given us a partial answer in *SOYLENT*—an important message film, but, as we noted previously in reviewing *NO BLADE OF GRASS* (in CoF no. 18), no one pays much attention. Sad. And quite frightening.

(Note: Our source for above info on mass fish harvesting, worldwide DDT poisoning and total human extinction is Donald E. Carr's "Deadly Feast of Life"—Doubleday, 1971.)

— Marion Fox —

Overpopulated New York in 2022 features green atmosphere, multitudes sleeping in abandoned cars, free suicide centers, near-totalitarian government (led by Whit Bisell—it can't be all bad) and crummy Soylent wafers as the only kind of sustenance (will make you vomit once you know what they're made of, just like some 1973 packaged food).

It's an ordinary detective plot (who is knocking off people in order to hide the terrible secret of Soyilent Green?) with cheaply futuristic setting designed to make use of as many standing MGM sets as possible—N.Y. looks just like now, only cleaner. The ever-eratic Richard Fleischer keeps it moving fast enough to be amusing, and Edward G. Robinson's farewell performance provides needed warmth. But overall it's a pretty minor affair which blows potential (limited as it was) of Harry Harrison's original novel. Filmed in Panavision and in Metrocolor, and co-starring Leigh Taylor-Young, Chuck Connors and Joseph Cotten.

— Joe Dante, Jr. —

RAGING
UP FROM
THE BOTTOM
OF TIME
TO LOOSE
ITS
CRUSHING
FURY ON
THE CITY!



STARRING
PAUL CHRISTIAN · PAULA RAYMOND · CECIL KELLAWAY · KENNETH TOBEY · JACK PENNICK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JACK FERRALL, A. S. C.

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER **BERNARD W. BURTON**

TECHNICAL EFFECTS CREATED BY **RAY HARRISALZEN**

MUSIC BY
DAVE BURTON

PRODUCED BY **HAL CHESTER AND JACK**

Sensation
of
Sensations
from
Warner Bros.

The Beast

From
20,000
Fathoms

THE STORY OF
THE SEA'S
MASTER-BEAST
OF THE AGES
ON A
VENGEANCE-MAD
TIDAL WAVE
OF TERROR!

CAST OF
THOUSANDS!
OVER A YEAR
IN THE MAKING!
THE THRILL-PICTURE
EVERYONE'S BEEN
HEARING ABOUT
ON TV AND RADIO!

SCREEN PLAY BY
JO MORHEIM AND FRED FREIBERGER

Suggested by the Sensational SATURDAY EVENING POST Story by RAY GRADBURY

ETZ DIRECTED BY EUGENE LOURIE

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Bernard Herrmann (composer of scores for *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, *Fahrenheit 451*, *Citizen Kane*, *Vertigo*, *The 7th Voyage of Sinbad*, *Journey to the Center of the Earth*, *North By Northwest*, etc.) will give a lecture on composing music for films at the George Eastman House in Rochester, N.Y., the weekend of October 19th, 1973. The presentation is part of a symposium on "The Coming of Sound to the American Film, 1925-1940," sponsored by the Film Dept. of Boston University.

Fans of the Eighth Wonder of the World will not want to miss "The King Kong Book," published this fall by Prentice Hall. The book is edited by Harry Geduld and Ronald Gottesman, and will feature an extensive collection of book and magazine articles pertaining to KONG, rare still and other Kong memorabilia... A must for all film fans.

Cine-Fund is releasing THE DOOMSDAY MACHINE, THE SPECTRE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE, TARZANA: THE

WILD GIRL, and BIG FOOT, the latter already in circulation starring John Cardoza and the late Joel Lansing.

Geiz and Roger Corman are collaborating on the production of ESCAPE FROM OEVIL'S ISLAND, starring Jim Brown.

Cinetrans is releasing THE MINO SNATCHERS, ICE-COLO LIKE HIS KNIFE (the story of Richard Speed) and TERROR IN THE WAX MUSEUM, starring Ray Milland, Broderick Crawford, Elsa Lanchester and Shari Wallin. Miss Wallin, who was strangled by Oliver Reed in OLIVER, is decapitated this time around.

Jack H. Harris' SCHLOCK is rated PG in spite of the producer's appeal for a G rating... Classic Film International is issuing THE HOUSE OF FREAKS with Michael Dunn, Rossano Brazzi and Edmund Purdom. Brazzi plays Count Frankenstein confronting an array of stereotypes: Igor the Coachman, Hans the butler, Geiz the evil dwarf, Kreegin the Hunchback, etc.

CLOCKWORK ORANGE grossed over \$1,150,000 in two theatres in Paris alone. However, Kubrick's PATHS OF GLORY has been officially suppressed in France since its release in 1957.

A second "Phibes" sequel has been announced: THE BRIDES OF DOCTOR

PHIBES... Germany, which contributed THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI to the genre, is preparing a sort of "re-make" titled THE SEX CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI, produced by Munch's Rapid Films, who've also made a 3D sexploiter titled LOVE IN THREE DIMENSIONS, shot in 70mm, color.

Andy Warhol is adapting FRANKENSTEIN in Rome, with Udo Kier... Ronald Nease, who directed SCROOGE and THE PSEUDO ADVENTURE, is releasing THE ODESSA FILE through producer John Woolf. It's adapted from Frederick Forsyth's bestselling novel.

Film clips from SOYLENT GREEN were among the few bright spots of this year's dismal Academy Awards telecast... SEA CREATURES, another John Ashley vehicle shot in the Philippines, also features Patrick Wayne (the Duke's son)... Vincent Price was honored on TV's "This is Your Life." Samuel Z. Arkoff and Hellu Hayes were among the guests who surprised Vinnie... William Marshall returns in the title role of BLACULA II, with Pam (Twilight People) Grier; it's directed by Bob Kelton of COUNT YORGA fame.

Robert Merle's novel, OAY OF THE OOLPHIN, has been adapted for the screen by Buck Henry and directed by Mike Nichols, featuring George C. Scott

and Trish Van Devere... A great cast appears in THE LOVE BUG RIDES AGAIN, sequel to Disney's boxoffice bonanza: Ken Berry, Helen Hayes, Stefanie Powers, Keaton Wyatt and Huntz Hall, all directed by Robert Stevenson.

LITTLE PRINCE, a musical fantasy directed by Stanley (Bedazzled) Osoen, was designed originally with Frank Sinatra in mind; it now features Richard Kiley, Donna MacKechnie, Gene Wilder and Robert Fosse. Fosse was indeed the man who won this year's Academy Award



for Best Director for CABARET.

Speaking of musicals—Bruce Ovisson, of WILLARO fame, has resigned from rats and is now performing with Lucille Ball in MAME.

After many delays, Tolkien's THE HOBBIT is finally being made as an animated feature by director Jules Bass for Arthur Rankin, Jr... Andrew Price, who dabbled in the occult as Simon, King of the Witches, heads the cast of TERROR CIRCUS.

John Considine and Jennifer Billingsley are in the BLOOD CULT OF SHANGRI-LA. It's filmed in Philadelphia, and sounds like a reaction against Ross Hunter's musical adaptation of LOST HORIZON... Peter Hunt is directing GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, starring Richard (Camelot) Harris... They Don't Know When to Quit Dept.: Another Amicus anthology, TALES FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE, is being filmed by Kevin Connor in Britain (we're prepared, as usual, for the worst).

CBS recently telecast ORACULA: PRINCE OF DARKNESS in a network presentation. Among more substantial scenes cut from the Hammer film were Lee's disintegration used as a flashback sequence (taken from '58's HORROR



Nostalgia Time: Lon and Bud getting reworked by Glenn Strange, Bela and Lon in one of the best of all time, **ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN**.

OF DRACULA) and Dracula's resurrection scene! CBS also omitted Julian Glover's death scene from **FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH** and scenes containing Jason Roberts and Maria Perschy from **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE**. Worst butchering is yet to come: **BONNIE AND CLYDE** is scheduled next season on CBS!! Only way to overcome such needless, senseless censorship is to write strong protests to your local TV station; and, tell your friends to do the same.

Fifteen minutes were added to the very excellent **QUEL** (now in European theatrical release), originally made-for-TV for ABC's "Movie of the Week." The

Universal film—a sort of "fantasy allegory"—stars Dennis Weaver. **QUEL'S** script by Richard Matheson was recently pilloried in litigation started by Arch Oboler who claims that the basic plot was used by him some 30 years ago on his SFantasy radio series, "Lights Out."

Strangeways Inc. will film **OE SAOE LIVES**, with Jon Voight probably in the title role. . . Dimension Picture's **BEYOND ATLANTIS** due out soon. . . *Linda (Deep Throat) Lovelace* is in Cosmo Film's **VEIL OF BLOOD**, involving mucho witches and voodoo. . . Delayed for some time for U.S. release, keep an eye out for **LEGACY OF SATAN**, **WHEN WOMEN HAD TAILS**

(with Senta Berger), and **HANNAH: QUEEN OF THE VAMPIRES**.

The National Film Theatre of Britain presented a question-and-answer session with Peter Cushing at the London Film Festival honoring his work. Mr. Cushing was also in New York promoting **ASYLUM**. Let's hope he visits the States again to promote the forthcoming book on his career.

Michael Gough is in producer Richard Gordon's **HORROR HOSPITAL** (is it so titled because patients can't pay their bills?). Gordon's **HORROR ON SNAPE**



In this publicity shot from the STAR TREK musical comedy sales, "One Cube or Two?" Mr. Stover (Doug Sauer) reads everyone's favorite magazine, while makeup artist Ed Litzinger sports his pointed ears. At left, the Mad scientist of Peoria 8 (Jonathan Rudolph) looks on. Further read-busting details on this spectacular similar size of the stage revealed below.

THE MAO BOMBER (an autobiography, perhaps), being released — or escaping — from Cinesation... Earl Oerr Biggers' famous oriental sleuth returns after a long absence from theatre screens in THE RETURN OF CHARLIE CHAN, produced by Robert L. Schaffel.

Baltimore recently played host to a rather unique stage production, ONE CUBE OR TWO?, a musical comedy set-piece, based on tv's STAR TREK, was performed at the University of Maryland's Baltimore County Campus, March 16-18, for the benefit of Retinitis Pigmentosa. Permission for this special charity play was readily given by ST's creator, Gene Roddenberry, and by Paramount Pictures to produce the production. Sundry, six different music publishers permitted a number of their songs to be especially rewritten for the show. Yours truly, George Stover, played a cube-headed Coalition, an unfortunate victim of the mad scientist of Peoria 8, who thru the efforts of Captain Kirk and crew is finally transformed back to normal at the climax.

— George Stover & Bill George —

ISLAND will be re-issued as TOWER OF EVIL, the original British title. Goodson's BIZARRE is also suffering some cuts, so it may be reissued with an R rating, instead of being stuck with an X.

Producer Emu Lloyd is readying JACK THE RIPPER GOES WEST... OUY TO SURVIVE depicts cannibalism, motivated by the survivors of an airplane crash in the Andes... Jack Palance heads the cast of Herman Cohen's INFERNAL DOLL, an adaptation of Henry Seymour's novel on witchcraft.

Tom Baker, who portrayed Rasputin in *Nicholas and Alexandra* (and more recently in *The Vault of Horror*), plays a sideshow barker in THE MUTATION. Baker will be seen in Charles Schaefer's SINBAO'S GOLDEN VOYAGE, utilizing more of Ray Harryhausen's gold magic. SINBAO (incidentally, not a sequel to 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAO) also has the added charm of musical scoring by the ingenious Miklos Rozsa. The film is now officially slated for Xmas '73 release.

The last of the APE flicks (before turning into a TV series in the near future), BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES, stars the players from the last APE opus: Roddy McDowall, Natalie Trundy, Severn Darden, plus Claude Akins... Carroll Baker stars in RABA YAGA, a film adaptation of Italy's comic strip heroine... THE HOUSE OF THE LIVING DEAD, a psychological horror tale, being made in Capetown, South Africa by Cap-

ital Studios, directed by Ray Austin (a London-based director); Hollywood's Philip N. Krasne is exec' producer.

FRANKENSTEIN is being adapted by yet more production teams: Elias Querejeta's version being filmed in Segovia, helmed by Victor Erice. MGM is putting their own version before cameras. And another adaptation is being filmed in London with Leonard Whiting in the title role for a four-hour long production slated for NBC-TV later this year.

Spain's C.F.C. awarded FRENZY its grand prize as "Best Foreign Film of 1972"... SHOCK TREATMENT stars Alain Delon as a doctor engaged in cannibalism and vampirism... Anthony Harris (Jack H.'s son) is preparing a sequel to SON OF BLOB titled CURSE OF THE BLOB.

There's further regression to nostalgia with revivals of Abbott and Costello vehicles on the tube and in print. All A & C fans will want to purchase Richard J. Anobile's volume, "Who's On First?", published by Darien House Inc. Although it does not feature any of their horror spoofs, it's gratifying reading experience. By the way, next time you view BUCK PRIVATES COME HOME, look closely at the interior of the team's bus (which is later converted into a home)—you'll notice a flier advertising OEOA OF NIGHT conspicuously revealing the poster artwork.

Bert I Gordon's latest film is titled

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FRANKENSTEIN TV

movieguide



Yes, that incredible juggernaut . . . the Frankenstein Movieguide continues its headlong plunge down the Yellow Brick Road into the Jaws of Death! Kay, gang, this time it's movies beginning with the letter 'N'. Onward! Excelsior!

NABONGA (75 min—RKO—1944). Unintentionally funny, crude little grade Z jungle actioner. Julie London survives fierce crash and learns that Nabonga, alienated neighborhood prion gonilla, is quite friendly with her even after crushing several local buddies to death. Director Sam Newfield. Buster Crabbe, Bronn MacLenn, Fifi O'Grady.

NAKED JUNGLE, THE (95 min—Param—1954). Unusual, freshly staged love tale set in South American jungle. Naug burns the tables on man as Charlton Heston is informed that armies of invading ants threaten to destroy his vast plantation. Somewhat slow, at times overacted build-up, but well worth a fix for heightened interest as ants move in eating up all life in sight and Charlton fights against seemingly insurmountable odds. Directed by Byron Haskin (*War of the Worlds, From the Earth to the Moon, Captain Scully*, *Robinson Crusoe on Mars*, etc.). Eleanor Parker, Abraham Sofaer, William Conrad. Color.

NAME OF THE GAME IS KILL, THE (88 min—Fenlake—1948). Rather transparent but quite amusing, well made logic slacker with effective parody overtones. An innocent Hungarian is picked up in the desert by one of the neurotic daughters of an "inventor" heavily operating in isolated Arizona filing station where previous visitors have but that would spoil it, wouldn't it? Directed with a good deal of ingenuity by Gurner Heitstrom. Also inventive photography and score. Jack Lord, Susan Strasberg, Trisha Sterling, Colin Wilcock. Color.

NANNY, THE (93 min—Hammor-Fox—1965). One of last director Seth Holt's weaker terror films, hampered by often glowing story of governess Betas Downs in red herring role as a child after suspect. Since most of the terror is implied rather than shown, what strong moments remain are usually dashed out by typical moviegoer to cynicism. But worthy if only for Betas's excellent presence. Wendy Craig, Jill Bennett, Pamela Franklin, James Wilton. Color.



NASTY RABBIT, THE (85 min—Fain-Young-1964—1965). Arch Hall Jr., the young marvel of a number of 1960's low-budgeters (allegedly in his "teens" when he first started film work), was also reason-sure-or-guilty—of Espagn! as well as for the memorable and well made *The Sadist* (one of the most harrowing films ever made) in this imitation AIP "touch party" flick, a master Russian spy tries to destroy the US with a bacteria laden live rabbit amidst a dual-track atmosphere, complete with interstitial spy ring of comic cops, nair and teenagers. All wroth, produced and starred, James Lasker directed. Michelle Terr, Elissa Morgan. Color.

NAZI AGENT (82 min—MG—1942). Like Lon Chaney Sr and Boris Karloff, any film starring the great Conrad Veidt should interest any terror-GFestafan! as enthralling. He had a way of inspiring deep, dark and serious moods as his actor, eerie and sinister moods as his character, never could. Veidt has a juicy double role as an evil Nazi foiled by his good brother in this tight, fast-moving spy thriller.

NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS (90 min—Reiner—1966). Has everything working for it except intelligence and quality. Dumb refresh of *The Day Of the Triffids*, with rubbery plants on the loose seeking human sustenance. Very pre-teen buddy fare, only possible if seen in a Saturday matinee atmosphere, and if sentimental for the way movies about monsters looked in the early Fifties (sure, it's a '66 flick—but it looks "old")! Marlon van Donce, Anthony Early, Philip Terry (the poor man's John Beal), Walter Searle. Color.

NEANDERTHAL MAN, THE (78 min—UA—1953). Somewhat reminiscent of Jack Arnold's far better made *Monster On The Campus* (1958). Stereotyped turns into prehistoric man after using serum and taking wife's promise to those around him. Fun stuff, but pretty hackneyed and Tennyard early '60's monster stuff. Hard to believe that director E. A. Dupont is the same man who made silent classics like *I Am In*, *Master Rocco*, and *The Cad*! Robert Shayne, Richard Crane, Robert Long. Dons Mervic.

NEGATIVES (85 min—Cov—1969). Heavy handed, overworked British melodrama from Britain that's unintentionally funny. Couple only achieves sexual satisfaction when in mesquitude, he as the infamous Dr. Crippen and wife. Enter German girl who persuades him to become her own sex idol. WW I air ace Baron Von Richthofen. Come try, but a little hapless, despite good photography. Peter McEnery, Glenda Jackson, Diane Cilento. Color.

NEW ADVENTURES OF TARZAN, THE (12-chapter serial, 256 75 min Reiner version. Barnhouse-Tarzan—1939). Writer E. R. Burroughs' inspiration and

personal backing, this could be the purest treatment of Tarzan ever put on the screen. Starring Herman Brox (later known as Bruce Bennett)—All American football star of the University of Washington, and 1932 Olympic shot-put champ—may be given he was the most perfect Tarzan chosen for the role. Brox' great stonework remains unsurpassed. Shot in the jungles of Guatemala, it was the first Tarzan film to use actual locations and, until 1959, the only time he was to appear on screen as the cultivated character that Burroughs intended. Two 75 minute features were later made out of this magnificent serial, one with the above title, the other, *TARZAN AND THE GREEN GODDESS*. Director Edward Galt. Ufa Holt, Frank Baker, Dale Walsh, Louis Sargent, Don Costello.

NEXT VOICE YOU HEAR, THE (83 min—MG—1956). Pleasant, thrilled bare and pseudo spiritual tale of people who hear voice of God over radio. It's unpleasant because it follows conventional and unimproved traditional religious point of view that's done more to confuse and turn people from "things of the spirit." Director William Millman tries best to work with little. Good acting by James Whitmore, Nancy Davis. Also, Lillian Bronson, Jeff Corey.

NIGHT CREATURES, THE (83 min—Hammor—1942). Hammer Films in top form, and Peter Cushing great as English scientist who leads a double-life as a master smuggler in the 18th century. Originally made in 1937 as *DR. SYN*, starring George Arliss, with a Gonyey produced version (*THE SCARECROW OF ROMNEY MARSH*) starring Patrick McGeehan in 1963. But Hammer's version is more spirited, ghoulish (at course) and... very well made! (See detailed and complete article in *CoF No. 3*) Oliver Reed, Yvonne Romain, Michael Ripper, Patrick Allen, David Lodge, Martin Benson. Color.

NEANDERTHAL MAN



NIGHT GALLERY (60 min.—NBC-TV—1968). Rod Serling's return to TV, originally shown on the NBC network, now available to independent stations all over the country. Two rather good tales, one quite excellent. Rocky McDown is not nearly done away with his uncle to get the estate, but panics and dies when he looks into a painting showing uncle coming from the grave, the faithful family houseman falls into the same greasy trap — Joan Crawford chews up the scenery as a blind woman undergoing an operation for 12 hours of light — just when Manhattan's having a total power failure. — "Men of La Mancha's" Richard Kiley, as a Nazi hunted down in S.A. country, is swallowed up in a museum and becomes part of a painting. Color.

NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES, THE (83 min.—Fox—1946). Director John Farrow turned out lots of standard, slick commercial films for Hollywood (and a few winners like *THE BIG CLOCK*), but really never had it in him when it came to true eerie atmosphere. Vaudeville magician and reader Edward G. Robinson, as a devilishly cleverly powerful powers of clairvoyance, also foreshadowing his own death. Some moments, thanks mostly to Robinson. Geff Russell, John Lund, Virginia Bruce.

NIGHT KEY (67 min.—Univ.—1937). Non-horror, unsuicidal crime film made during horror cycle lull. Boris Karloff stars in this modest-budgeter as kindly old scientist who invented a great gadget that crooks would like to own. One of Lloyd Corrigan's rare directorial efforts, otherwise famous as jewel, bumbling character actor in numerous films. Jean Rogers, Warren Hull, Hobart Cavanaugh.

NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS (73 min.—Univ.—1935). The screen is all the richer because of the bright, frothy fantasy-comicisms adapted from the novels of the late Thomas Smith (the *TOPPER* series, *LUTHERBOLT*, *A MARRIED A WITCH*, etc.). Some of the 30's best stars keep things fast, loose and whimsical in the very upstate and sophisticated fantasy film leading man Lowell Sherman directed (production completed in '34 but released Feb '35 shortly after his death). Alan Mowbray, Peggy Shannon, William Boyd, Henry Armetta, Florence McKinney, Richard Carl.

NIGHTMARE (83 min.—Hamm-Urb.—1964). Horror veteran Jimmy Sangster (produced and written) and Freddie Francis (directed) combine forces for fast, moody terror tale. A young woman is victimized by a seducing gargoyle and tricked into carrying out a murder for which she is committed. Forced to stay in an asylum, truth sets out when the evil guardian is murdered by his accomplice, and the girl is released. David Knight, Moore Redmond, Janine Linden, Brenda Bruce, George Cooper.

NIGHTMARE ALLEY (111 min.—Fox—1947). Edmund Goulette directed this white story in his prime — a powerful, visually one of kind film by the man who made *DAWN PATROL*, *DARK VICTORY* and *THE RAZOR'S EDGE*. Carnival flunko Tyrone Power sinks short-cut fortune and fortune as a pseudo-magician/charlatan. Ruthlessly manipulating and deceiving others, his quick race to national prominence as a modern Gagliostro meets with sudden failure when tested by mere sane and educated female fatalist. Fleeing from criminal prosecution, he becomes a tramp and offers a crucial clue to a "gag." When the manager asks him if he can do the job, Power replies, "Nister, I was born for it." Probably Power's best



Milton Reed in *THE NIGHT CREATURES*

performance, with stand-out thesis by a great cast. Based on William Lindsay Graham's bestselling novel. Joan Blondell, Helen Walker, Ian Keith (great!), Colleen Gray, Mike Mazurki.

NIGHTMARE CASTLE (90 min.—AA—1966). Action and story-line doesn't stretch in pulling all the plot out on diabolically ghastly events. Tortures, gore and horrors go along with beautiful horror queen Barbara Steele in fine dual role as murdered wife (victim of mad scientist husband) and an unsuspecting cousin who marries the murderer. Sub-plot involves murderer's mistress who can only remain young via involved blood transfusions etc. Goblins and apes abound in a strong gothic setting, strong heavy stuff — perhaps not for the kiddie. Highly recommended. Director Allan Greenwald. Paul Miller, Herta Lee, Lawrence Gift.

NIGHTMARE IN WAX (95—Crown Int.—1969). A makeup man whose face is scarred from an accident runs as a museum where the figures are alive but paralyzed. Probably familiar because of falling into house of horrors/wax museum motif, but Cameron Mitchell as monstrous "exhibitor" proprietor, weird sets and suspense make for okay horror and suspense combined with good photography, neat score. Ann Helm, Barry Kroeger, Scott Brady. Color.

NIGHT MONSTER (73 min.—Univ.—1942). Highly original and quite original

idea is buried amid mistaking, badly directing style by Ford Beebe and dumbly written script. Men without limbs (Ralph Morgan) invites people to his estate where he kills off one by one by creating temporary new limbs through ether super meta physical will power. Some fine horror moments, none critical. Boris Lugov in terribly humiliated mid-boring role, Les Ely, Irene Hervey, Lionel Atwill, Lili Epstein, Elise Kriss.

NIGHT MUST FALL (117 min.—MGM—1937). Very literate and sophisticated 1930s-ridden story, starring Robert Montgomery in his best role as wandering psycho killer who wets kindly old Doree May Whitby in the country. He carries a strength box containing a head, but none of the characters (except the audience) realize this until... Based on Emylin Williams stageplay by Rosefield Russell. E. E. Cive, Allen Mathaly, Kathleen Harrison, Marie Torenstra.

NIGHT MUST FALL (125 min.—MGM—1944). Director Kane! Reed has one of several great films *WE ARE THE LAMBETH BOYS*, *MORGAN* (ISADD RA, etc.), but he peasant, free wheeling style might have been too "free" for the remake of the 1937 original. It just doesn't quite compare, despite Albert Finney's efforts to bring a nearer interpretation to the old Montgomery role — which doesn't work. Susan Hampshire,



David Selby in NIGHT OF DARK SHADOWS

Mona Washbourne, Sheila Hancock

NIGHT OF BLOODY HORROR (90 min—Howe—1968). Bloody psycho goes berserk in this grade C sex horror variation on PSYCHO theme. Features eyes gouged out, sex in murder, dumbstruck hand and head slugged open with meat cleaver as main attractions. Not exactly Howard Johnson's menu. Drive your own conclusions—or confusions. Gaye Yellen, Gerald McRaney in Blotchy Ceter.

NIGHT OF DARK SHADOWS (97 min—MGM—1971). Jonathan Frid is aberrant, and so are many of the other ingredients that not only created interesting moods in the daily TV version but enlivened 1970's HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS. Dan Curtis' 2nd feature film emerges pallidly like bubble soap sprays gothic, saved slightly only by the presence of good ensembles like David Selby (who, as Charles Collins, inherits a house possessed by the spirit of a witch ancestor), Lara Parker, Grayson Hall, Nancy Barrett, Thayer David, John Karlen. Ceter.

NIGHT OF TERROR (78 min—Col—1933). Considered a "lost" film, but so have others like MYSTERY OF THE MAX MUSELUM, not only "found" in 1970 but rectified even (with the original color) on TV. Series of dreadful murders take place in a neighborhood. Each new victim is found with an attached clipping of the previous murder. Low-budget, dated but charming. Beta Lugosi, Sally Blane, Wallace Ford, Tully Marshall.

NIGHT OF THE BLOOD MONSTER (84 min—AIP—1971). Atrociously poor imitation of CONQUEROR WORM (and THE WITCHFINDER GENERAL in England)—poor photography, dubbing, splicing, direction—poor everything. Christopher Lee is right at it. Vincent Price rolls his eyes on persistent witches and burning them. Was so bad that even AIP yanked it from distribution in most situations (but intended to show it) co-billed with BLOOD FROM THE MUM. MY'S TOMB. Directed by Jess Franco, and produced by Harry Alan Towers (who makes even Bert L. Gordon's films look good). Marie Schell, Leo Genn. Ceter.

NIGHT OF THE DEMON (90 min—EFA for CURSE OF THE DEMON).

NIGHT OF THE HUNTER (90 min—UA—1955). Beautifully structured allegorical terror-suspense story, and one of the purest slices of films Americans to ever grace the screen. Psychotic preacher, Robert Montgomery, seems of a fortune hidden in Shelley Winters' house. Mouthy ing. Scripture, he seduces naive Southern widgers and widow Winters whom he names—and eventually murders, then goes after her children (who know what he is) and chases them through the countryside. As Charles Laughton's only directorial effort, one can only cry and wince over other great things he could have made and how he was badly wasted. Lillian Gish, Evelyn Varden, James Gleason, Peter Graves.

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD (98 min—Reel—1968). Radioactivity brings recently deceased back to life as roaring ghosts, infecting others who become like them and must eat living human flesh to be satisfied. A group of people seek refuge in country house and try fighting them off, only to be gradually infected. Since string budgeter looks it could've been made for \$17,000 (actually cost more than \$150,000 because of Union demands), but has multi-million bucks impact. In less than 3 years it's become a cultus and underground cult favorite. Excellent photography, act-



Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell in NIGHT MUST FALL (1957).

ing, direction—grim, taut, black shocker overwhelms in gradual steps, with an unexpected profound "message" ending. Judith O'Dea, Russell Steiner, Duane Jones, Karl Hardman. Directed by George A. Romero.

NIGHT OF THE WITCHES (78 min—Medford—1972). Veteran actor Keith Larsen, disfigured with a bushy beard and a new moniker, Keith Erik Burt, directed and stars in this occasionally tolerable but predominantly dull spoof as a NIGHT OF THE HUNTER type rapist-preacher who gets mixed up with a coven of witches. Pretty good rock score helps somewhat. Would have been more fun if they didn't out the muddy for a GP rating. Producer Vincent Price may be Vincent Edwards since that's his real name. Randy Stallord, Ron Taft, Kathryn Loder. Ceter.

NIGHT THE WORLD EXPLODED, THE (94 min—Col—1957). Very typical of a rash of 1950s ground-out-quick-is-better created by second-string directors who had a job to do but didn't really care what in hell SFantasy was all about. Group of scientists are concerned over interior pressure build-up on Earth's core that threatens the end of everything. Fighting against time and director Fred Sears' DON'T KNOCK THE HOOK! low budget, they solve the accounting department's but not the audience's problem. Tim Coffey, Kathryn Grant, William Leslie, Raymond Greenleaf, Marshall Read. (Produced by Sam Katzman, king of movie shock.)

NIGHTMARE IN THE SUN (80 min—Aired—1944). Familiar, often wretchedly filled hunt-and-chase thriller, distinguished by imaginative color photography. Drifter John Derek is framed by crooked sheriff Aldo Ray for shotgun murder of Ursula Andrus. Erotic, druggy direction by Marc Lawrence (and his gangster-type heavy of numerous films) with uneven performances Sammy Davis Jr., Arthur O'Connell, Keenan Wynn. Ceter.

NIGHT SLAVES (90 min, with commentary—ASC—1970). Engrossing made-for-TV sci about mad-scientist alien from outer space who recruits entire town's inhabitants under hypnosis to repair the scientist's James Franciscus is only person unrecruited because of previous head surgery requiring a plate in his head. Far above average of its

kind, with good matches it's INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS. Lee Grant, Leslie Nielsen, Color.

NIGHT TIDE (84 min)—AIP—1963. Very underrated atmospheric little fantasy classic. Sheriff Dennis Hooper visits small California seaside resort with several little shady shenanigans. One of them contains a "mermaid" whom Dennis courts after working hours, but she warns him she's not normal and might bring evil into his life. Extremely compelling, imaginative, sentimental. Excellent acting and direction, even though very low budget doesn't matter under director Curtis Harrington's brilliant touch. Lasse Anders, Lilli Lewson.



Dennis Hooper in NIGHT TIDE. To the right: Max Schreck as Baron Orlok in NOSFERATU.

NIGHT TO REMEMBER, A (128 min)—RKO—1958. One of Hammer's best directors, Roy Baker, who helmed FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH (his many SF fantasies for TV, and a number of AVENGERS episodes), created the stunning Award Winner. In this fine semi-documentation of the tragedy of the Titanic (based on Walter Lord's acclaimed best-seller), greater realism and in-depth treatment of the people who were involved rises far above the well-made but Hollywoodized and superficially sentimental level of 1963's TITANIC. Baffling, nerve-wracking account of world famous tragedy. Great photography, special effects, performances. Kenneth More, Honor Blackman, Robert Ayres, Ronald Allen.

NIGHT TRAIN (82 min)—Fox—1948. Utterly successful attempt by director Carol Reed (THE THIRD MAN, GOOD MAN OUT, OLIVER!) and many more to create a dynamic spy-suspense adventure in the best Hitchcock tradition. Story and action move at break pace with Rex Harrison in one of his best roles as early James Bond agent type who leaves his Brighton boardwalk business to assume a German colonel's identity to aid Margaret Lockwood's leather stockie Nazi Germany. Tense and adventure plenty, but much of it underlined with expertise set in the best British tradition. Basil DeLoraine and Naumov Wayne (the golfers in THE DEAD OF NIGHT) are great and unforgettable. Paul Henreid.

NIGHT VISITOR, THE (182 min)—UMC—1973. Ludo Senedek (DEATH OF A

SALESMAN, THE WILD ONE) directed this excellent and chilling suspense film about a Swedish farmer, falsely accused of murder, who gets sent to an insane asylum, where he finally does go insane, and then escapes to commit murder. Good Makin's score. Trevor Howard, Liv Ullmann, Per Oscarsson, Color.

NIGHT WALKER, THE (86 min)—Only—1960. Sometimes excellent, often nearly-peddled-out William Castle directed flick. Recurring nightmare set the stage for psychological horror mood as Barbara Steele's work is haunted by ghostly voices men who bring her to the edge of suicide. A few good weird moments and neat performances

O'Brien, Gann Williams, Noah Berry, Louise Fazenda, Myrna Loy.

NO BLADE OF GRASS (87 min)—MGM—1970. An English family, its friends and acquaintances struggle to survive against a plague caused by a deadly virus created by decades of environmental pollution. Producer-director Cornel Wilde's attempt to link up action-adventure with ecological horror rarely succeeds when not too bogged down by message-leden character of the script. Feisty good, but could've easily been much better. Nigel Davenport, Jean Wallace, John Hamill, Color.



NONE SHALL ESCAPE (85 min)—Cem—1954. Well-made film about Nazism always bear a rather alien, surreal quality by their ability to unlock doors that peer into dark, terrifying areas which only seem to belong in asylums, mad scientists labs and horrors of horror, but never before in real-life history on such a vast scale. This proves no exception in its incisive examination of social and human values trading horribly under the heel of totalitarian oppression, Nazi-style. Alexander Knox it spread as an ex-civilian whose opportunism as a high-ranking Nazi turns him gradually

by ex. Robert Taylor, Rosalind Hudson, Lloyd Bochner, Jack Mandel.

1984 (81 min)—Col—1956. Quite faithful adaptation of Orwell's non-so-futuristic novel (at least, not by present-day standards) seems now more harrowing, identifying and salient than when written more than twenty-three years ago. Heavily influenced by Lang's METROPOLIS—but with its own unreplicable originality—story focuses on Winston Smith (Edmund O'Brien) working for super-totalitarian state that controls British and other areas through mass deception by countering history. One of the State's stratagems is thwarting sex, family life, etc. and making love seem obscene, also taping the entire nation. In confused anarchy by constant edicts of war. (Sounds familiar?) Informers, 2-way police controlled TV in apartments, Big Brother watching create a frightening, almost surreal atmosphere. British-made, with superlative performances by Michael Redgrave, O'Brien, Jan Sterling, Conrad Rooks, David Kosoff, Myrna Jones. A classic, directed by Michael Anderson (THE QUILLER MEMORANDUM, AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS, etc.).

NOAH'S ARK (75 min)—Warner's—1928. Part-silent panorama of famous Biblical account with a modern allegorical perfume may seem quite dated, but worth catching for splendid spectacular scenes of Ark, animals, fantastic flood footage and lively special effects. Directed by Michael Curtiz (MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM, THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD and other great films). Colores Costello, George



Above: Gobby Warbucks (I) in **THE NIGHT WALKER**. Right center: Steiger in **NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY**. Below: Max Van Sytlen in *show* with **Pet Ocasuzza** in **THE NIGHT VISITOR**.

into a heartless, robot-like instrument of terror. Excellent script, photography and performance by all. Directed by Andre de Toth (**DARK WATERS**, **HOUSE OF WAX**, etc.). Marsha Hunt, Henry Travers, Richard Crane, Trevor Norm, Trevor Gardner.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME (originally titled **WHAT A CRUISE UP**—87 min—Embassy—1964). Great British cast in frothy but, at times, strained black comedy. It's the old "bye to read the will" in a haunted house setting again. Top leveller and routine, but manages to provide some pleasant interludes in an old-fashioned occu-



rbly atmosphere. Directed by Pat Jackson. Omnia Price, Michael Gough, Shirley Eaton, Donald Pleasence, Kenneth Connor, Sidney James.

NORTH BY NORTHWEST (136 min—MGM—1959). Alfred Hitchcock is one of the few great directors who's made so many films that stand the test of time and can be re-run over and over with new pleasure. In a memorable case of mistaken identity, Cary Grant is presumed to be a certain Mr. Kaplan looking for U.S. intelligence and hunted by U.N. delegates James Mason and his

cold-blooded assistant Martin Landau, who are in reality enemy agents. Washington is convincingly aware of Grant's plight but can't afford to reveal itself nor aid him though he is tracked down by the spook and nearly killed several times. Intrigue, numerous twists and turns and never a dull second. Excellent location scenes include U.N. headquarters in NYC, Chicago chase scenes in a Midwest fair area and the Mount Rushmore climax remain supremely unforgettable. A truly great film classic! Bravo, Mr. Hitchcock! And... a great Bernard Herrmann score! Eva Marie Saint, Jesse Royce Landis, Leo G. Carroll, Philip Ober, Gale.

NOSSERATU (76 min—Futura—1922). Barn Stoker's "Dracula" has yet to be faithfully adapted to the screen; but few will deny this to be the scariest and best version, not just because of its brilliant, somber, evocative look, but... it looks like it may have been filmed about a hundred years ago in Transylvania. Those who are familiar with the far better known Lugosi **DRACULA** will find **NOSSERATU'S** version almost the same, but that's where the resemblance ends: Max Schreck, as the infernal vampire, is far more terrifying and disturbing, and a dark, dreadful gothic quality is sustained throughout with greater success. Few horror films have ever recreated a nightmare mood so well on the screen. A definitive horror film and an acclaimed classic. Directed by F.W. Murnau (**DER JANUSKOPF** [Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde], **FAUST**, etc.). Alexander Granach, Gustav von Wangenheim, Grete Schroeder, Ruth Landshoff.



NOTHING BUT THE BEST (85 min—Revel—1965). Slightly misnomer of the memorable **THE SERVANT**, with Dirk Bogarde and James Fox. An ambitious royal estate agent teams up with a haughty socialite to climb up the social ladder, then murders him and conceals the body in his landlady's house. He proposes to the landlady's daughter and feels safe, until he hears the house is being ransacked and his crime will be discovered. Convicted, but pleasant little time-killer set against nice British locations. Directed by Clive Donner (**WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT**, **ALFREDO THE GREAT**). Alan Bates, Deborah Elliot, Harry Andrews, Celia.

NOT OF THIS EARTH (67 min—Ailes—1957). The eyes have it as alien agents from outer space scheme to take-over, but must wear dark glasses to hide their strange, pupil-less eyes. Their wretched tendencies, among other things, prove their Achilles heel. Fine acting by veteran Paul Birch and neat suspense-filled pace, photography at all levels economy of horrifying cost-conscious director Roger Corman. Beverly Garland, Morgan Jones, William Roanick.

NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY (108 min—Futura—1966). Psychotic film killer Rod Steiger employs seven different disguises as RC priest, homo, German janitor, in drag, etc., trying to knock off one news female after another, succeeding well in some

cases. By day he's a well-heeled owner of a Broadway West apartment house, a cook's office and penthouse apartment. Involved is detective George Segal who becomes the butt of Steiger's taunting cat-and-mouse game (at one point Steiger phones Segal and runs thru a gamut of imitations including W.C. Fields). All the grady guy stuff is never frosting for first-class black comedy. The piece is firm, colorful, witty. Fine NYC location sequences, and Steiger at his best. Lee Remick, Eileen Heckart. Directed by Jack Bright (**THE ILLUSTRATED MAN**, etc.). Ceter.

NUTTY, NAUGHTY CHATEAU (100 min—Leper—1964). A law should be passed against consensers in the "dubbing" business whose ill-chosen equipment and 10th-rate "actors" ruin films. This charming Roger Vadim directed film may be as another word for the dubbing ghoulies—the period is today, but the eccentric members of a huge Swiss-roman chateau prefer dressing in 18th century costumes, and are visited by a young man fleeing a scandal. The residents include a mysterious beauty, her amoral brother, the lady's jealous husband, a sword-caking grandfather, and a ghost who turns out to be a well-to-do girl who's become a ghost. Based on Francine Segal's play. Curt Jurgens, Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, Suzanne Flati, Ceter.

NUTTY PROFESSOR, **THE** (107 min—Futura—1963). Even those who can't stand Jerry Lewis couldn't say he's doing anything interesting in this takeoff on the Jerry-Hyde theme. Jerry plays an awfully heavily collared prof who turns into a dashing, dandy-care guy who's got a way with a woman. Embarrassment begins when all our Jerry uses over and he is sent back to Sand Sack hospital. Some funny, good moments. Much better than usual Lewis stuff. Jerry directed. Stella Stevens, Howard Morris, Kathleen Freeman, Skip Ward, Ceter.

NYOKA AND THE LOST SECRETS OF HIPPOCRATES (100 min—Rep—1942). Feature-length version of 15 chapters from **THE PERILS OF NYOKA**, and the second in the popular series, preceded by **JUNGLE GIRL** (1941). An expedition sets out to find the mysterious tablets of Hippocrates which possess secrets of life everlasting. Off in a remote area in Africa they enlist the aid of the only person who can help, Nyoka (Kay Aldridge), revealed by local natives as a white goddess. According to threat and bring evil upon the expedition as they turn a "Vultus" (Lorna Gray) and her men. Lots of action, old-fashioned pulp adventure style knockabout thrills and spills. Quite good as serials go. Charles Middleton (Ming of **FLASH GORDON FAME**), Clayton Moore (**THE LONE RANGER**), William Bendett. Directed by William Whitney (**MASQUERADER OF THE WORLD**, starring Vincent Price.)

NEXT ISSUE: We'll zip through and cover all films under the letter O and, time permitting, we'll probably include listings under P and Q. By all means, don't stint from bringing any additions and corrections to our attention... even though we think our research department is the best of its kind around.





FRANKENSTEIN AT LARGE

FILMS

GANJA AND HESS (110 min—Kelly-Jordan, 1973). Above average black horror-in-violence film by writer-director-actor Bill Gunn concerns professor who develops a fondness for blood after being stabbed by an ancient dagger. Filmed at Coney-on-Hudson, New York, and in the Brooklyn Museum. Deane Jones, Marlene Clark. Color.

HUNGRY WIVES (89 min—Jack Harris, 1973). Another fantasy from Pittsburgh's George Runco (director of *Night of the Living Dead*, *There's Always Was*, *The Crying*). But, something's happened to Runco since *LIVING DEAD*, and none of the original tap and quality is in this routine blend of witchcraft and suburban as bored wife (Jan White) casts a few spells, seducing her daughter's boy friend (Ray Laine) and doing in her husband. Anne Mulloy, Jeodda McClain. Color.

AT THE MEETING WITH JOYOUS DEATH (82 min—U.A., 1973). French production drenched with flur by Jean Buzual, son of screen giant Luis Buñuel, concerns adolescent girl who brings various poltinnig scriptures to the surface in an old house, eventually attracting the attention of a tv program. Buzual's film debut shows a potential talent equal to that of his

father, Francisco Fabian, Jean-Marc Buz. Color.

THE BUBBLE (112 min—Midwestern Magic-Vue, 1966). Not previously reviewed in *CAF*: Arch Oboler, creator of 3D movies as the Filices with *EWANA DEVIL*, spent fourteen years developing this 3D "Space-Visio" poems which use only one camera and one projector. (The movie *Law in Filices-style 3D* was projectionist rebellion against the necessary two projectors which had to remain in synch.) The SF fantasy story concerns aliens who are peopling a human zoo under a huge transparent dome. Michael Cole, Deborah Watley, Johnny Deaconed, Virginia Gregg, Olan Souik. 4th Dimensional Color.

THE DISCREET CHARM OF THE BOURGEOISIE (105 min—20th-Fox, 1972). A fairy and frightening surrealistic vision in which a married life of constant eating is counterpointed by director-writer Luis Buñuel, with continual interferences from the nightmarish "outside world" of military, religious and political hypocrisy. A delightful film, to be seen again and again. It might well be remembered as Buñuel's best. Lacking the brightness of Jean-Luc Godard's *WEEKEND*, a film in the same vein, *CHARM* effectively leaves no one untroubled. Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, Stéphane Audran, Belle Oger, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Paul Frankeur, Michel Piccoli. Color.

THE MIGHTY GORGA (83 min—American General, 1967). Shot in a wooded area near a supermarket parking lot, this low-budget tells of an expedition to a prehistoric African plateau where someone in a gorilla suit runs rampant. Directed by David Hewitt (if you call that directing) from a screenplay by Jean Hewitt and David Prentis (a pseudonym for the ubiquitous Russ Jones). Anthony Esley, Megan Timothy, Scott Brady. Color.

JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF TIME (82 min—Bovales/Dorad, 1966). Five time-travelers arrive in the year 6968 A.D., where they find the earth being destroyed by aliens. But they weren't successful enough (the film got released) and so the travelers reverse gear and head back to prehistoric times. Another bomb from David Hewitt with screenwriter Russ Jones still hiding under pseudonyms of David Prentis, Anthony Esley, Scott Brady, Gup Perreau, Abraham Sofaer. Color.

THE LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT (82 min—Bellmark, 1972). A sadist's delight, from the people who gave you *MARK OF THE DEVIL*, cured looks torture, rape and kill two teenage girls, then put theirs at avenging hands of one girl's parents. Has been heavily cut since premiere of original 91 minute version, but it's still depraved enough for all but the most far gone in an audience. Plenty of dooling, boating,

disembodiment, vomiting and backspicing reasons for the disintegration of these and/or (or independent), with a little sensation thrown in and the added filth of one killer's member bitten off by the mother. Something for everyone. The producers claim it's a revival of Bergman's VIRGIN SPUNG, but it's more like an updating of the Spanish Inquisition. Some of it, God help us all, is funny, and appears to have been so intended. Lucy Gordonham, David A. Hess, Jeanette Ratt. Director: Wes Craven, Color.

TWITCH OF THE DEATH NERVE (84 min.—Blitzmark, 1972). Mano Rava's 1970 "Ecology For A Crime" is, let's face it, another masterpiece in a career studded with odd if obscure achievements. Again extracting a strange, garish beauty from violent death and its attendant agonies, Rava adds to his reputation as the only true sadistic director around. Lovingly photographing each blood-flecked death throes, he actually glorifies (celebrates, if you will) the passing of each character in the film. That the picture is also hysterically, cold-bloodedly funny certainly helps things along, since his non-stop series of murders is surrounded by what must be one of the most preposterous and confusing plots ever put on film. A bunch of mean, rotten, grasping types are after the lakeland estate of the late Countess Fedelia (transferred, of course) and before he is over the crime cast, literally has wiped each other out in a variety of ingenuously gruesome ways. The surprise ending may be the greatest since CITIZEN KANE. Claudio Vainolo, Lou Piniello, Calandra Auger, Color.

BARON BLOOD (90 min.—AIP, 1972). Mano Rava's other latest pic is a nostalgic throwback to the mid-sixties when he was grinding out pulp stuff like this at the rate of a couple per year. End terrorist Baron resurrected via witch's curse kills those who plan to turn his beloved Austrian castle into a tourist trap. Plenty of multi-colored mini, cobwebbed comings, iron rebar, scaring girls and bad acting (Joseph Cotten looks like he's still in shock from LADY FRANKENSTEIN). Opening reel is flat, but once inside the castle it's vintage Rava—all visuals and no plot (not much blood either, thanks to the PG rating)—and is terrific. Technicolor for a change. Elke Sommer, Massimo Girotti, Rada Ruzanov. Color.

PERFORMANCE (1969), **LAST TANGO IN PARIS** (1972), and **THE SPIDER'S STRATEGEM** (1969).

Jorge Luis Borges' short story "Theme of the Tintore and Stone" (available in the New Directions p.b., "Labyrinths") is the basis for a meta-physical Italian television film, **SPIDER'S STRATEGEM**, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci. Borges' constant themes of cyclic time, transposed identities and the world as theater are caught in the web of Bertolucci's tongue-cutting. Investigating the assassination of his father, a young man (Guallo Bregno) finds that it was all a theatrical event, staged to hasten a death. His father had collaborated in his own (real) conspiracy, hastily assembling a scenario that borrowed from Shakespeare and casting townspeople as "performers."

The film **PERFORMANCE**, also based on Borges stories ("Ion, Ughar and Orban Ternac" and "The South" in the Grove Press p.b., "A Personal Anthology"), echoes similar ideas when Turner (Nick Jagger) seems to lead events to a point that result in his own death. In Bertolucci's **LAST TANGO IN PARIS**, Paul (Marlon Brando) seems on a vicarious affair with Jeanne (Maud Schneider), one without identities, without names ("We're going to forget

everything we know"), but the casual becomes casual. Trapped in the past, Paul comes to grips with the present during a tense contest. Finally defines his relationship with Jeanne, needs her, punishes her and is killed by her as he asks her name. Victorious victim's, his sudden need determines his own death, recalling Borges' poem "These is nostalgia in every chord." The other parts and the half-size man, (The South, beloved suspicious wife / Keeps a knife and a paring.) "This burst of sound, the tempo, this / Wastefulness defies the routine years / Made of fire and dust, man less / Less long than the illudious melody / Which is only time. The large opens a torrid / Urored past in certain measure true / An impossible recollection of having died! Fighting on some corner of a suburb."

Lastly, before moving on to other films, we mention in this context the fitting half-fogottee renewed imagery of Bobby Kennedy, his head jutting sharply at the sound of a linemarker, a Bergman awareness of the spiraling events in which he was writing his own tragic scenario.

WHO IS HARRY KELLERMAN AND WHY IS HE SAYING THOSE TERRIBLE THINGS ABOUT ME? (108 min.—NaffGen, 1971). Realistic story (sharply songwriter who's flipping out) told obliquely with fantasy touches (falls from his airplane to his death's couch, etc.) in a sort of poor man's *So-Im-American-as-Apple*. Worth catching only because of high level of talent involved—director Ulu Grosbard (**THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES**), writer Herb Gardner (**A THOUSAND CLOWNS**), and Dieter Heffman—plus the long-awaited film debut of Dr. Hook (George Carlin) and his Medicine Show, and a delightful boydian characterization by Barbara Harris, Color.

BRIEFINGS

THE REINCARNATE (122 min.—Infilm, 1971). Slow-moving story about brain passed from person to person since the dawn of time; and film almost seems to take that long. Jack O'Leary, Jay Reynolds, Color.

THE NIGHT DOG (110 min.—MGM, 1971). A great Bernard Herrmann score highlights the psycho terror in the British backwoods. Screenplay by Ronald Dahl featuring his wife, Patricia Neal. Also, Pamela Brown, Nicholas Clay, Color.

DARK DREAMS (75 min.—Infilm, 1971). Newly married couple meet in the devil workshop. Sharp direction by Roger Garmonides. Tina Turner, Tim Long, Yvonne Yegor, Kitty Kat (oh, it's not you!). Color.

UNMAN, WITTING AND ZIG (100 min.—Pan., 1971). British schoolboys take over school high on a rocky cliff in engrossing suspense story, theorizing their teacher (David Hemmings) with murder on the rocks and his wife (Carolyn Seymour) with rape in the gym. Based upon a play by Giles Cooper. Color.

IN SEARCH OF DRACULA (30 min.—Angel, 1972). In this Swedish documentary, Christopher Lee plays a triple role: as narrator, as Count Dracula and, in Roumanian garb, as Vlad Tepes, the bloodthirsty ruler of 15th century Transylvania, who inspired Stoker to write the novel "Dracula." This is the only film to examine the parallel between the fictional Dracula and the real-life Dracula. On-location scenes of Transylvanian folklore are interspersed with clips from well-known Dracula films.



MOVIES MADE-FOR-TV

NIGHTMARE (NBC Action Playhouse 60 min.). A trip back into the film vaults for this rereleased treat with a Robert Bloch eye ending. John Hume particularly good, in usual, in dual role of innocent and subconscious sinister. But we lost interest somewhere along the way. With Farley Granger (reusable in Hitchcock's **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**).

NIGHT SLAVES (75 min.—WB, 1970). Outstanding performance by Lee Grant almost saves this adaptation of Jerry Seitz's novel about space travelers who hypnotize an entire small town into repeating their dowered speech. One man (James Franciscani) is immune because of a steel plate in his head, but no one believes him when he tries to explain about the nightly repeat operations. Almost halfway through the film drops down. Directed by Tod Post, Color.

COLD COMFORT FARM (120 min.—BBC). A pre-emption of NIGHT GALLERY allowed us to see the brooding, sinuous, sinister and quite fancy "Metropolitan Theatre" adaptation of Stella Gibbons' lively 1952 parody of encyclopedic baroque fiction. Why is Flora Poste (Serah Duden) so intent on civilizing her relatives, the Starbuckles? What is the strange Lowlandham secret of Cold Comfort Farm? What strange power does Aunt Ada (Fay Compton) hold over the family. Is it because she once saw "something nasty in the woodshed"? Alastair Sim is outstanding as Amos, a fire-and-brimstone orator who sees The Devil at every turn. An excellent production, the only thing missing, perhaps, is a scene of Lon Chaney Jr. starfaring. "I'll tell you about the rabbits." Color.

EARTH II (75 min.—1971). Intended as a series pilot, this plausible and illogical film tells of disenchanted people who form their own independent nation... on a huge space satellite no less! Anyone who'd give up the Earth (even with all its ecological problems) for 100% plastic life on a bank of metal detectors to stay there. Terrible tale, however, has some nice props and sets (a Kubrick), and we begrudgingly admit that the scene of a hysterical woman unthinkingly dropping a nuclear missile on Earth generated some fine suspense. With Gary Lockwood, Color.

SHORT WALK TO DAYLIGHT (90 min.—with commercials—ABC, 1972). We were greatly impressed by this "natural drama" of flick being done of its conscientious effort at depicting human survival. A Manhattan earthquake on a Sunday at 2 a.m. traps a small group of people on the Lexington Avenue subway. De-

actor (Barry Shear) and acting an top-drawer with performers going excitedly through their paces and getting quite a workout. The cured bag of people include: a young jurist, his partner in "old lady" (wearing ironically a Superman T-shirt), conductor, not-too-bright cop, girl from Iowa, militant black type, etc. Predictably, there were the usual racial tensions found in the *survivor* genre (*World, Flesh and the Devil*, and *Fire*), but this aspect took a back seat to the theme of DELIVERANCE underground. The best scene shows the East River posing into the tunnel, handled as such a convincing Gelson that we totally overlooked how improbable this seemed. Most of the track work was carefully researched to tally with the existing subway system... but how did they get to Bowling Green from 50th Street without transferring? James Brolin, Don Mitchell, Frankie Cover, Abbey Lincoln, Brooke Bundy, Suzanne Charry, Laurette Spang, James McEachon, Louise Peres. Color.

WELCOME HOME, JOHNNY BRISTOL (2 hrs. with commercials—Cinema Center, 1970). Tight, suspense-filled story of 'Nam POW who spends three years in a cage and returns to U.S. to find his hometown (Charlottesville, Vermont) missing. We've always been fascinated by tales wherein the entire plot pivots hinges on a pun (1953's *RED PLANET MARS* and Thomas Pynchon's novel, "The Crying of Lot 49" for example). The pun can't be revealed without revealing the ending, but, suffice to say, that the search by Bristol (Martin Landau in excellent form) through his past—an orphanage, his recruiting office, his Philadelphia aunt and the vacant spot where Charlton, Va. once stood—was so gripping that one can only regret that Cinema Center folded up and smothered just like Charlton, Va. Good performers by Jose Alexander, Forrest Tucker, Beesk Peims, John Hoyt. Color.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL (30 min—ABC). Another engagement in Christmas of '71 kept us from seeing this when first telecast, so this past Xmas we made a point of seeing it. It's designed by Richard Williams, a Canadian who started the entire world of animation fifteen years ago with "The Little Island," a virtual one-man production which took ten three years to make (see article in *Journal of Frankenstein*). For "The Charge of the Light Brigade" he tinkered a prototype utilizing the techniques of old editorial cartoons and, remarkably, seemed to imitate literally thousands of lines. His adaptation of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" is not only Williams' best film, not only revolutionary in its animation techniques, not only worthy of being placed alongside all the other live-action film adaptations of "A Christmas Carol", but it is also a definitive answer to his own statement of fifteen years ago "I find that animation is not, as is usually considered, a primarily funny medium. I'm sure that when it is developed further it can be moving and satisfying." And certain seems do just that. The imagery, in fact, is best compared to the works of painter Arthur Geraschaw and Francis Bacon or graphic artist Kalle Kallweit. The three ghosts are truly awesome creations, stunning in originality and far surpassing any previous film conceptions of these Dickens' characters. Williams has opened the door to another world. The world of the Great Books Animator as evidenced by author Philip K. Dick in "The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch." Anything is possible. How about "The Picture of Dorian Gray" in the style of Aubrey Beardsley? Or Poe in the style of Harry Clarke? Or "Frank-



Seems that some TV programs, especially *Wipe*, are as good (if not better) as theatrically released productions. A sign of the times? Whatever the case, *THE NIGHT STALKER*, starring Charles McGavin and Barry Atwater, got the highest ratings any made-for-TV program's received... in TV history. Can't be proud, of course, of the fact that it had to take our genre to do it: "SP-antley Ubor Allen!" Two shorts about with Atwater as the Super Vampire who made TV Horror History.

enstein" in the style of Gainsborough? We're waiting, Richard... Color.

ELECTRIC COMPANY (30 min—PBS). Plopped by low ratings, this show is inescapably compared to *SESAME STREET*. We respectfully submit that *ELECTRIC* might, quite possibly, have more educational value for tots. While you're watching to see if you agree with us, stay on the lookout for the episode in which the "be" sound is illustrated by a man-on-the-street interview with Deacona. (Actually, *Beacon*, since the characterization is by Morgan Freeman.) Later, the same character is seen

on a Frisbeetash set. Another great bit is a private detective named Fargo North, Decoder. His office is equipped with a wild fishing computer that displays more words to learn. (Here's one, kiddies—Alucab. That's Alucab spelled backwards.) Color.

THE LOVE WAR (90 min—with commercials—1970). Slow-moving low-budget affair aimed at fighting a "war" on Earth. Repetitive shots of astronauts guling up in empty fields makes this look like a Republic serial. "War" actually is a handful of people in business suits with nap guns. Some two-jerky moments of sentiment-



A scene from **A TRIP TO THE MOON** (1902), part of a Georges Méliès retrospective made available through the facilities of PBS/NET. Méliès pioneered in virtually all areas of filmmaking, utilizing a large amount of animation combined with revolutionary camera and live action techniques.

ality, but fails despite good acting shown by Lloyd Bridges and Angie Dickinson. Color.

DAFFY DUCK AND FORKY PIG MEET THE GROOVIE GOOLIES (60 min., with comm.—1970). Animated feature about movie studio sabotage includes a caricature of the Frankenstein Monster complete with Boris Karloff type voice. Quite charming and a relief from the usual postmodernism of Hanna-Barbera crap that's playing TV these days. Color.

OF MEN AND WOMEN (60 min., special with comm.—ABC, 1972). Four plays. The last, "All On Her Own" by Tennessee Williams, has Lee Remick all alone talking to the ghost of her dead husband. Is he there or not? Irritating him, she answers her own questions in her. Or is it really him, speaking through her? Color.

THE MOONSTONE (6 hours, no commercials—BBC and PBS). Presented by MASTERPIECE THEATRE. The 19th century fiction of Wilkie Collins, author of *Arctostyles* and *fantasia*, turns up often in anthologies today. Son of painter William Collins and a sometime collaborator with Charles Dickens, he is best remembered for two novels, "The Woman in White" (1860) and "The Moonstone" (1868), generally regarded as the first English-language detective novel. The opening chapter in this tv series (one of six hour-long episodes) sets the tone, tracing the history of the Moonstone; stolen from an Indian shrine, it has been inherited by Rachel Venard (Miven Haddon), a proper young lady who is unaware the dangerous lies simply by possessing it. Alan Cooke hosts the series. John Welsh, Robin Ellis, Basil Dignam, Color.

THE PLOT TO OVERTHROW CHRISTMAS (60 min.—PUB). The only worthwhile re-creation of Radio's Golden Age on television. Carsons stayed out of the way as Norman Corwin shepherded a cast (John McIntire, Alan Reed Sr., Ed Platt, others) in a radio studio broadcast of his 1938 show play about Santa threatened by the Devil. Every other effort to recapture the magic of radio on tv has usually resulted in a three-minute jumble of old film clips of radio

personality. Well, that's not radio. This n. Watch it? Color.

THE SNOOP SISTERS (2 hrs., with comm.—1972). An attempt, somewhat labored and definitely overlong, to recapture and recreate the mood of Forties' mystery comedies. Two N.Y. mystery wives, Ermaline and Gwendolyn Snoop (Helen Hayes and Mildred Natwick), try to solve the murder case of Norma Trent (Pauline Goddard), who once starred in movies with catlike flair. The Unholy Four. Entire mystery plots around a prop used in Pauline Goddard's 1940 film, **THE GHOST BREAKERS**. If you can sit through two hours of this, you'll be rewarded (though we found it trying at first)—near the end there's a clip from **GHOST BREAKERS**, a film rarely seen on tv. There's also an excellent (but misleading) opening and closing sequence showing a collage of mystery paperback covers illustrated by Tom Adams and others. Jill Chayburch, Art Carney, Bill Dana, Craig Stevens, Kurt Kasznar, Edd Hall, Color.

THE PICASSO SUMMER (90 min., with comm.—1969). Never released to theaters, but originally intended for theatrical release, merely it went straight to tv. You'll see why—it's awful! And one of the most boring flicks ever made. The fact that 30 or 40 minutes were leached off from its original running time still couldn't have restored this disaster even if it was shown intact. It's reviewed here only by being an adaptation of Ray Bradbury's fine short story—and there's a nice attempt to animate Picasso's paintings. Albert Finney, Yvette Mimieux, Color.

THE HORROR AT 37,000 FEET (90 min., with comm.—CBS, 1973). Some what reminiscent of the great **GHOST GOES WEST**, in

plotting if not in style, as the evil spirit of an ancient cattle creature havoc aboard a 747. Excellent opening scenes but suspense doesn't sustain. William Shatner, Roy Thomas, Chuck Connors, Terrence Green, Buddy Ebsen, Jerry Morrow, Lynn Loring, Will Hutchins, Color.

SOMEONE AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS (90 min., with comm.—ABC, 1973). Deana Mills is now firmly established as tv's leading female thriller actress with this one. Perhaps it's simply that she portrays vicariously women better than anyone else ever has, giving highly improbable situations a breath of great truth. We won't give away the ending—it's too good. But what seems like an ordinary thriller (two girls being stranded in mysterious boarding house) turns out to have a most unusual fantasy climax. Judy Carr, Frances Wallis, Athena Chaiton, Color.

SUICIDE CLUB (90 min., with comm.—ABC, 1973). Updated version of a Robert Louis Stevenson story (made at least twice as a theatrical film, and more than six times in various TV versions) concerns bored gambler (Peter Onofri) who finds ultimate kick—a club run by life-and-death stalkers. Margot Kidder, George Costanza, Malone Stewart, Color.

THE NOBLESS TAPES (90 min., with comm.—NBC, 1973). Poorly written dialogue makes this one a bummer. Much riding around Big Sur as Roy Thomas checks out the supernatural. Angie Dickinson gives uneven performance, looking as if she suddenly grasped how bad this movie was going to be. Leaving only a brief appearance by Brad Pittfield as justification for seeing this. Calista Allen, Vanessa McGeer, Michelle Carey, Color.

DR. JEKYL AND MR. HYDE (90 min., with comm.—NBC, 1973). Excellent casting in the Laurel Bert re-creation of the oft-dramatized Robert L. Stevenson novel with Kirk Douglas accepting the transformation (in mid-scene) with few makeup tricks (just touzled hair and a curled lip). Douglas' version of the double role is as good as any, and his singing voice, surprisingly, was unstrained and herald of his

and vocal narrations. The story's concentration on the romance angle (Susan Harpster as Isabel and Susan George as the mistress) put the final horror scenes even more impressive. Particularly outstanding: a graveyard scene shot by Hyde plays an ancient puner. Donald Sussner, Michael Redgrave, Stanley Holloway, Ish Brierley. Color.

HAUNTS OF THE VERY RICH (90 min., with color.—1972). Seven people trapped in a sort of **OUTWARD BOUND** hotel start to saddle about once they realize the film has no climax. Based on T.K. Brown's Playboy story, Gerni Lanchman—whose talent keeps his whole affair from collapsing completely—starts with Lloyd Bridges, Anne Francis, Edward Amos, Donna Mills, Robert Reed. Color.

THE STRANGER (120 min., with color.—NBC, 1973). Imagine **THE PRISONER**, **THE FUGITIVE** and **JOURNEY TO THE FAR SIDE OF THE SUN** all in one flick, and you've got an idea of what this one's like. Good scenes plentiful. Glenn Corbett, Cameron Mitchell, Dan Jaggar, Sharon Acker, Lew Ayres, George Colson, Steve Franken, Tim O'Connor. Color.

PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY (180 min., with color.—ABC, 1973). A number of years since **DARK SHADOWS** appeared daily as TV's only reliable Gothic soap opera, practically every old Universal horror Dick genre flick was used by producer Dan Curtis, and inaccuracies and inaccuracies were so rampant we finally lost count. But no one really minded because all of it was so much fun, and Ford and the rest of the cast were dumber, hard-working and talented regulars. But when Curtis reverted back to his old DG gimmicks and conventions for ABC Specials, they were appalling. Especially when, after waiting for his 2-partner on **FRANKENSTEIN**, all of the old ham-drum plasticity and waxy afternoon TV quality became evident and terribly disappointing on viewing. Now, though, something's happened to Curtis—**DORIAN GRAY** was damned good! Of course, he had a good writer for a change—Oscar Wilde whose brilliant novel (some say it was his semi-autobiography) was loudly accepted verbatim. And writer's like Oscar are hard to find these days. Sure, Brent as Dorian isn't quite as dynamic as Herd Hatfield was in the MGM theatrical version of the Forties, but overall production values and an excellent cast (and Nigel Davenport as Ruy Wooten!) are almost brilliant, and this means didn't stint on certain implications of perversion as did MGM. Shown in two parts, with Charles Addams and Patricia Flanagan. Color.

GARGOYLES (90 min., with color.—CBS, 1972). Anthropologist Cornell Wilde and daughter investigate wild tale of monsters told by an eccentric desert prospector. Later at their work, they're attacked at night by a gargoyle's gang who kidnap the girl to their eerie mountain lair. Featured are some fine scenes of great terror, such as the gargoyle egg-hatching chamber (filmed on location in Caribbea Cayes); hot action sequences lagoon into a kind of wretched serial style. Miss Salt (excellent in **HE, MOM!** and **BREWSTER McCLOUD**) brings life to some cliché situations, but even she was thrown by the scene calling her to give reading lessons to winged gargoyle leader Bernat Casey who duces plans for world domination. Grayson Hall, Scott Glenn, Woodrow Chamblin. Color.



Dorian Gray's appearance (as used in **PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY** above) in final stage of super-deep degeneration, ugliness and death!



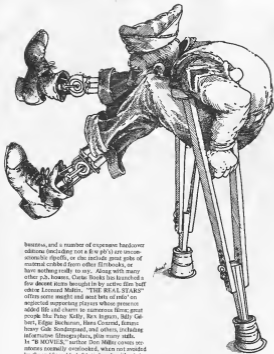
"The Brain Stroke Bedside Companion" (Folger Publishing Co., \$6.50, 1973). Edited by Charles Osborne.

The book's jacket blurb is about as well researched, interesting and informative as the editor's vapid little introduction. "Known mainly as the author of the classic 'Dracula' . . . Stoker has not received the attention he deserves for his other masterly tales of horror. This anthology, compiled by a lifelong admirer of 'Dracula,' will help end that neglect. It includes a previously unpublished chapter from that novel. . . For this alone, the anthology is

a must for all connoisseurs of the macabre."

Unfortunately, the "previously unpublished chapter" referred to in "Dracula's Guest," published on numerous occasions in anthologies past and present, and of the remaining nine Stoker tales, at least four seem well known to anthology buyers in recent years: "The Judge's House," "The Burial of the Rats," "The Secret of the Growing Gold," and, of course, "The Squaw." The other five tales appear quite new, though, and this might be of substantial value to Stoker fans and collectors. However, \$6.50 is much too expensive for less than 219 pages of reading, considering what's currently available for a few quarters in paperback form. Still, our annoyance over this collection wouldn't be so acute if editor Osborne really proved himself a "lifelong admirer" of Stoker by offering much more than what he provided in his small, threadbare seven-page "Introduction," based mostly on sketchy "facts" and popular information known to most SF/library buffs. As a p.s., selling for around \$1.25, it wouldn't have been bad, but as a \$6.50 item (and a very impressive, small size hardcover at that), no way!

"The Real Stars" — "B Movies" — "Purton Stagers" (Certs Books; \$1.50 ea., 1973). Everyone, almost, is getting into the filmbook



Artist Jan Faust's moving impression of a disabled war veteran—one of 101 new pen illustrations in "The Underground Sketchbook of Jan Faust" (Dover, 1971). Faust has been acclaimed as an artist who works in the time-honored tradition of Goya, Da Vinci, Klee and Grosz. And the word for this tradition is genius.

business, and a number of expensive hardcover editions (including not a few pb's) are uncomparable slipoffs, or the include great jobs of material cribbed from other filmbooks, or have nothing really to say. Along with many other pb. houses, Curtis Books has launched a few decent titles brought in by active film buff editor Leonard Maltin. "THE REAL STARS" offers some insight and neat bits of info on neglected supporting players whose presence added life and charm to numerous films; great people like Patsy Kelly, Rex Ingram, Billy Gilbert, Edgar Buchanan, Hans Conrard, famous heavy Gale Sondergaard, and others, including informative filmography pages, plus many stills. In "B MOVIES," author Don Miller covers genres routinely overlooked, when not avoided by the viddy viddy inflation snob critics (who are too dumb to realize the historical and esthetic place of the B films). Not only is there a plethora of well-written material on ODC and B films made by different studios, such as PRC and Monogram, but loads of stuff about Lugosi, Kato, other horror greats, etc., including a great index that lists more than 1500 titles mentioned in this chunky 350 page book. Lots of fun to read, and... recommended!

"PRESTON STURGES" offers a biography and much data about an outstanding writer-producer-director who occupies a niche in truly American-style filmmaking shared only by a handful like Capra, Ford, D.W. Griffith and Orson Welles. Including really detailed filmography data and many scenes, it's a lovely work about the man who gave us films like IF I WERE KING, THE GREAT MCGINTY, SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS and I MARRIED A WITCH, to mention just a few. An engrossing book about a really beautiful man.

Copies of the above may be made available for \$1.50 each, plus 25¢ for handling, by writing to: Film Fan Monthly, 77 Grayson Place, Teaneck, N.J. 07666.

"Selznick," by Bob Thomas (Pocket Books, \$1.25—1972).

The authoritative biography of David O. Selznick is the final volume of Thomas' trilogy on Hollywood producers (Living Tallberg and Harry Cohn were the first two). Scattered throughout the 387 page book are more than 140 photos, including such Selznick productions as THE MONKEY'S PAW (1933), KING KONG (33), Hitchcock's REBECCA (40) and SPELL-BOUND (45), PRISONER OF ZENDA (47) and GONE WITH THE WIND (39). There's detailed coverage of the filming of the romantic classic, PORTRAIT OF JENNIE (49), a reproduction of the actual portrait used in the film, and such nostalgia suggests as when Adolphe Menjou in GONE WITH THE WIND, you're actually seeing the huge gates used in KING KONG affairs somewhere on the screen.

"The Name Above The Title," by Frank Capra (550 pages; Bantam Books, N.Y.—1972). Perhaps the best autobiography to ever come

out of Hollywood, edging out Sterling Hayden's "Wanderer." Capra offers real insight into the creation of motion pictures, along with entertaining anecdotes. One full chapter is devoted to the filming of LOST HORIZON, describing his innovative idea of converting a working cold storage warehouse into a studio to get a true effect of snow and ice on the screen. Ever wonder what happened to the first two reels of LOST HORIZON? Capra shows them in an incinerator after preview audiences laughed their heads off.

WEIRD TALES (75¢—3 issues \$2.35; published by Leo Marzakis, 8230 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048).

Except for AMAZING and FANTASTIC (and mainly because of Ted White's editorial presence, his articles and non-fiction contributors, not because of "fiction" ranging mostly from far to bleak), the SFantasy pro-mag field has been in a state of hibernation, afflicted—as have most American magazines—by a Madison Avenue style "torrals" and patios de demoralization more than eighteen years (or approximately beginning when finally looking larger size peeps died off). Suddenly, with our first feature and any advance warning, we see the rebirth of what was by and large the greatest SFantasy publication (specializing in fantasy-horror tales) that's ever existed? And how is it now, under the editorship of SFantasy scholar-historian-synthesologist etc. Sam Moskowitz? The answer is simply: GREAT! Sam's spent over the years a fortune collecting and researching SFantasy—unlike other collectors who simply hoard. Sam shares his enthusiastic scholarship (as he's proved in his various anthologies, articles, etc.) by offering his knowledge and findings to the public.

In this revival of WEIRD TALES (after being out of business nearly twenty years) nearly every story is a highlight, in part due to Sam's informative introductory notes to stories by such writers as Ray Bradbury, Robert E. Howard, Robert W. Chambers, Edman Marshall, to name but a few of the fifteen stars contained. Sam's excellent biography of William Hope Hodgson (part One of three parts) is alone worth 75¢. The entire issue itself puts to shame most SFantasy paperback anthologies selling for much more. Like many "new" publications (you can't expect the average whodunnit to appreciate a mag that started in 1923 and introduced Lovecraft, C.A. Smith, Bradbury, etc.), WT's summer 1973 issue was hard to find; there's no guarantee the next few will be easier to find. You should support this publication and have your friends do the same. God only knows, there are few publications as it is worthy of being called "magazines."



(Continued from page 3)

zealots we now have a profound love of cruddy
swear tags, stores and films creating our
tastes, more intellectual and creative achieve-
ment that could enable rather than develop
lavishous tastes. — CoF's cover being opo-
sive? If they were we'd never make the news
stands. But we'll let our reader take
time out to correct you if they'd like. —CTB

VAMPIRES LIB

Dear Cal: I see that you printed my first
letter to you and it took me a week to see it
I ran all over the College showing it to all my
friends. One professor asked me if I really liked
monster mag. Only when intelligent people
can read that, and since my letter was an in-
sultful one, I see no reason to be amazed.
It takes a good deal of time to read it as
a Communist conference? I think I have
developed a crush on him!

You may have overlooked a couple of good
titles in your review, one of them being THE
SCISSOR MAN, a realistic comedy that's a clever
mix of all the horror films made in the 30's.
It has all the elements, a corpse returning
from the grave, revenge, a romantic interest, a
wild musical comedy, and a picture storming
to the peak with some lights, here made-
upervised into grotesque realities. And as much
as I love George C. Scott, I kept yearning for
Burt Reynolds in the role and Jaye Poppel
as the mad killer attacking the heroine. But
I'm glad you covered THEY MIGHT BE
GIANTS, which made one of the most deligh-
ful TV series I have had in a long time.

By the way, there was a review thing you
might like to know. One is a book, "The Last
Great Creature," by Brock Brower. It's sick,
it's bad taste and damned funny. It's all about
the horror movies and the protagonist is a com-
posite of Lon Chaney, Lugosi, Lantz, Karnoff
etc. Recommended by all means and a joy to
read.

The other thing is that The Transylvanian
Liberation Front was recently founded in
State College, Pa., by a mild mannered history
professor. He is a full Transylvanian by birth,
and he doesn't like the image that films are
projecting of his native country, and he wants
if another job is cracked at a Romanian's
expense, he won't be responsible for what will
happen in the next full moon. Two days later
the Vampire Liberation Front said that they
were third, too, of being taken by a bunch of
noisy Romanianians.

Article 1, Pgs. 930 Market St., Lewisburg,
Penn. 17027.

—By've even heard about a new group calling
themselves Ad Lib seeking more freedom for Mad-
mo Avenue agency workers.

And have you heard the latest appalling
news about the Vampire League in Trenton?

was? Seems they've been creating a new
monster doll, made up of the buried bodies
of grave robbers they've captured—a's called
Ghoul Ash...of course. —CTB

BOOK & FILM BOOK

Dear Cal: I would like to mention some
books of CoF interest that have come to my
attention. Perhaps you have heard of some
of them.

Two books on Stanley Kubrick are quite
good. Alexander Walker's "The Films of Stan-
ley Kubrick" and Norman Kagan's "The Cinema
of Stanley Kubrick." Both show Kubrick's
thematic development, through his growing
cinematic awareness, and offer excellent pho-
tographs. Walker's book offers a visual analysis
by Helicon that is excellent, though I quib-
bled over their choice of stills in some cases, and
some facts leave more attention than others.

Kagan's book offers more on Kubrick's
similar work, as well as his later ones. I was
amazed at Walker's publisher, Harcourt,
Brace, for a publisher's top-20. This book came
out in 1971 before A CLOCKWORK ORANGE
was completed. However, these were still from
it, and in an interview included in the book
Kubrick tells about techniques used in CLOCK-
WORK. First. But, in I return to the library
recently, and discover another edition of Wal-
ker's book, completely smaller looking but say-
ing "expanded edition" on the cover, and
CLOCKWORK is included in a full chapter.
What amazes me that this expanded edition
was \$3.95, but the first, smaller version was—
the—\$9.95!

This is almost as bad as the publisher of
"Moby Dick" by Richard J. Mayle, the
book that employed titles and contemporary
dialogue from the Marx Brothers' films. They
published a hardcover edition at \$7.95, then
released a soft-cover (same size) for \$3.95. Oh,
well, this sort of thing abounds. I guess. There
has two more books on the same price, one
on Abbott and Costello, the other on W.C.
Fields (aside his "Chief" book).

In the Fantasy field, two excellent books
—John Baxter's "Science Fiction in the
Cinema," and an anthology in the "Focus on
Film" series, "Focus on Science Fiction,"
edited by William Johnson. Baxter's book is
fine, but he shows a weakness for Jack Arnold's
Creature film (e.g. CREATURE FROM THE
BLACK LAGOON and its sequels) that is beyond
comprehension.

Johnson's "Focus on Science Fiction"
contains articles by HEINER, Clarke and film
critics giving opinions and facts on sci films.
An interesting article is included that was written
in 1957 about the deteriorated state of film
back then, at least according to his author, Rich-
ard Hodges. Also, excellent articles on the
filming of sci, like THE TIME MACHINE and
2001. An interesting bit: is a section devoted
to film makers and writers involved in it. I had
it given a short paragraph sort of interview—
people like Anthony Burgess, Isaac Asimov,
Arthur C. Clarke, Harryhausen, Richard Math-

eson, et al. Quite fascinating.

A few others worthy of attention. Again,
in the Focus series, "Focus on 'CITIZEN KANE'"
examining all aspects of the epic American
film. On the same note, Joseph Berman's
"WELLES" in the Cinema One series, and
"The Citizen Kane Book," by Pauline Kael,
Herman G. Weinberg's "Isaac Asimov" with
an Introduction by Fritz Leiber, is well good.
And John Simon has a book out by the same
people who published "Stanley Kubrick Di-
rects," titled "Inaugural Benjamin Oresets" in
connection four Bergman films. Simon considers
Bergman's best. THE STAMPEDE NIGHT (better
known as THE CLOWNS), WINTER LIGHT,
and PERSONA. Like Walker's book, this, too,
has a visual analysis by Helicon.

THX—1138 came to Cal-TV's ch. 2 on
April 17th, and it was out to libraries. That's
the corporate version, I guess. The real for
give them for not showing STICKS & BONES,
ever.

Before ending, am wondering whatever
happened to your FM radio show. When it
went off, it was announced that this season's
segment, just for awhile. Speaking of dis-
semination, why don't frequently film get
better distribution? If they just one week in
some drifty New York theatre, that's a "long
run." It's certainly annoying.

Robert Scheffer, 3-07 Lambert Rd., Fair
Lawn, N.J. 07410.

—Our radio show, CAL RECK'S RADIO
ODYSSEY, started nearly eight months
ago, ending up early November, 1972.
It was amazing how much time and energy was
being consumed just to put on an hour's pro-
gram once a week—especially when you have
to do it by yourself! We were beginning to get
sweatier and show signs of breaking even,
but something had to give, and it did in a bit
of CoF editorial time. The worst of it was that
we had "canceled" the services of a carnie
character as "business manager" who never
did anything. For the last several months the
program moved up from a 7 a.m. to a con-
venient 1 a.m. time slot (with an option for
additional hours and more days each week),
and was being heard by several new thousands
listeners, phenomenal for such a new show!
Unfortunately, radio (especially FM) has been
suffering a right image situation, most advertis-
ing funds being allocated for TV. This may
explain the reason why most of radio is so atro-
cious and unworthy of one's listening time.
Of course, there's no doubt good radio pro-
gramming is possible, and that undoubtedly
I'll remember doing a show again—but under
more promising and helpful conditions.

Cal TV, as well as other networks and
local stations, is notorious for scientific cre-
ativity (if we still have enough space, note
our special editorial on the matter elsewhere)

**WANTED: MORE MONSTERS
LIKE...**



the money. You're only releasing it to overseas printshop partners, write to the producers of such companies and complete like hell!

Attend your book report and why there are cheap soft-cover and expensive hardcover editions of the same book in circulation:

Because of an unusual film book project we've been exposed to since last year, we're one of the biggest publishing companies, we've been able to develop a little more insight into the problems of the book publishing world. Though there are many similarities between magazine and book publishing, they exist in totally separate worlds. Getting everything would require a whole chapter, but cutting it all down to the bare bones:

For the past ten years hardcover publishing costs have, in proportion to all other cost-of-living increases, spiraled enormously.

Consequently, except for several thousand libraries, hardcover collectors, buffs and plain people who still love the feel and touch of a "real" book, paperback, or soft-cover edition, a whole lot of book publishing money exists for the vast part. Until about eighteen months ago, hardcover books were not in very bad straits, especially where popular "best sellers" were concerned—it is not strictly marginal, individual material, academic, scholarly, research, etc. (such as textbooks, film books and so on) that required especially vital support so that publishers could realize profits and authors earn sufficient royalties to encourage their costs in creating such books.

If hardcover sales did fairly well because of book store orders, an author might feel happy in the knowledge that his earnings of (roughly 10% on, say, a \$7.95 hardcover edition would be certainly far better than a 10% share of a \$1.95 paperback. However, in the long run, far more profits were being realized on paperbacks solely from "volume" sales—paperback often outsells its hardcover version something like ten-to-one. If not better than, nothing can match the quality and good looks of a nice hardcover. And here's where the fly in the omelette appears:

Shaky though hardcover publishing may have been, it still had a chance, largely buoyed by funds that thousands of libraries could spend from their buying funds allocated to them over the years through a Governmental budget doled out by HEW (the House committee of Education and Welfare). In one of the most famous moves against media and intellectual activity, Nixon applied his presidential veto last year on nearly every dollar of HEW's library budget. Without ample funds, libraries were crippled from being able to order hardcover editions directly from publishers. This, in part, may clarify the reason why there is such a ferment of activity in softcover, or paperback publishing. They'll never compare with attractive hardcover books, of course, as only that book lover knows. Perhaps the current Watergate investigation may help undo this terrible reputation also.—CTB

THE KIMBER REPORT

Dear Cat: Will wonders never cease! Your fine magazine pulled a surprise appearance at my local anime shop.

Unfortunately, COP no. 18 was dual. The Harryhausen interview was the only worthwhile item. The editors were excellent. The rest of the issue consisted of nothing more than reviews and synopses of films already covered elsewhere months ago. Your observations seemed much too clinical. Sure, like our world sometimes, but having a sense of fun or wit is important. You're not Time magazine, you know, I'm not commenting on the dominant aspect of COP in the past because the features were mostly enough to make me forget your constant politeness. Not this time, however. The world of fantasy is just their fantasy—and I don't want to read your views on Nixon especially when it interferes with my occasion into another world. You're the only person I know who still uses the terms "flower power" and "hippies" when speaking of a counter culture. Joke... from now on how about using the term "beatnik"? Ahh, good old nostalgia bit.

The thing making the previous issue, no. 18, so great was your conversational emphasis on things other than the latest horror films that everyone else has already done. The best article you spotlighted—Ken Kelly, Ken Barr, Shelly Winters, Vol 1 Fantasy, Paul DeLaney and Jim Romano. Particularly important for comics fandom were your innovative reviews of our best features. Anyone just starting into comics should check that issue to get a good beginning to the fabulous world of fantasy. Articles like the ones on EL TOPO and NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD were missing. Little known titles that of your readers probably

WANTED: MORE MONSTERS...



new reader of Sit Yourself. This aspect is a trademark of COP. Keeping readers informed about little known titles of the Fantasy world. Take that article on Lovecraft by Nation for example. While his opinions probably enraged many, discussion of major influences in the realm of horror and fantasy can only be beneficial for everyone. All these things were absent from no. 18 and made it considerably poorer.

As to comics, surely 2 or 3 pages of reviews and discussing latest trends wouldn't hurt. Possibly a return of the Comic Book Council is a solution, but this time using prominent fans to discuss such comic. Comics as we see it, we've ever since they began. Building derivation upon derivation, taking bits and pieces from everywhere until the whole appeared original. So today it's in the open. Whence the big difference? [Completely agree on deviation. As one sage wisely put it, "We only function well, do great things and stand tall because we stand on the shoulders of giants." Trouble is that most comics don't even seem to cope with deviation "right" when imitating the works of old masters. None on this below, if the spirit moves us.—Ed.]

Comics such as Supernatural Thrillers with such sensational Robert E. Howard adaptation, "Valley of the Worms." For example, and what about Conan, Kull, Thorson, Chamber of Chills, Journey Into Mystery, Sword and Sorcery. These are all far superior to the endless soap opera. Marvel also dishes out.

Things at DC are heating up also. The new *Batrouge's* Tarzan, Weird Worlds and Kull, Odobell like *Swamp of Sorey*, Swamp Thing,

and of course *Shazam*. Then there is Kirby's world of *Miracle*, *The Demon*, and *Kamandi*. *Sare*, *Kamandi* is saved from *PLANET OF THE APES*. But it's going in a different direction, there are many more old characters than reminiscent about the two. All in all, I feel the future of comics will be a highly innovative one, particularly with Roy Thomas!

Gary Klember, 126 Highway Ave., Scarborough, Ontario, Canada.

—By coming out more frequently, maybe it will be possible to cover more topics. Right now, we're not broader coverage on *SF* than films for the last few issues, cutting down on non-filmic topics, simply because the majority of COP's readers have indicated this as their chief preference. Coverage also means reports and critiques on films seen by more people, and features like an anime little review *Nosce* or out-of-the-way *sonnet* *Andrius* in that row, that is not to fault your's a fine film that's a victim of rotten distribution—we'd undoubtedly keep on covering neglected areas just as we'd cover scores of other genres. Conversely, we keep trying to avoid giving up precious space to commercially overexposed productions, such as most of the *Universal horror* films seen on TV. Hundreds of zones over and over, unless we've got a report or an artistic offering a new slant. Now does this mean giving up valuable space on stuff just because studio publicity and a manufactured general public seems to think it's currently "popular"?

The fact that we personally believe that Establishment Comics leave a helluva lot to be desired and that most of them are also obsolete that just our opinion, but a view shared by many of our friends within the comics industry, isn't necessarily the reason why we're temporarily dropping reviewing them. Personally, I'd like to stage such a department right away to one or more qualified reviewers who could be reasonably objective, but each time I try to do this, the material I'd review would be obsolete, woefully and patronizing. Eventually I would wind up handling each reviewer myself, giving a few, criticizing some but roasting the hell out of most, because I won't be a straggling young writer or an ambitious fan pleasing on a comic book cover and afraid of saying the "wrong thing." Next, comic book reviewers took away a lot of the nose and energy I need for other areas of COP, not to mention that while there are probably 175 thousand comics fans and collectors (let's be generous and say 225,000), there are probably at least fifteen million *Shazam* film fans—and that's just one of the most popular movies and those watching TV who are surgically addicted. So, where should our limited energy and time be spent? It's not that we're money-grubbing commercialists, otherwise we'd never devote so much time and attention to *in* this issue, to the great little *SF* fantasy answer page (that, in most cases, don't average more than of more than 200 to 300 copies.—As I said, however, believe in rigid ground rules for COP, regardless of content matter it sometimes contrary to my

**WANTED: MORE DOCTORS
LIKE...**



own personal rises.

Read my answer to Ron Shoran's letter in the department about Nixon and "politics. But as a parody that on this topic—apart from the current Watergate hearings concerning the more than two years old insight that the U.S. has been a victim of one of the most monstrous conspiracies in modern history (and screwed up badly as he may be, Nixon is surely the official speaking boy of the evil forces behind him) not spending a very small portion of our time and CoP's space to focus on the dangerous forces that might destroy us, at least, that our years would be a gross evasion of our responsibility to our readers. If more concerned people weren't so damned apathetic or ignorant or chicken-livered back in the early Thirties, do you think Hitler could have ever existed, much more be responsible for a war that killed off more than 25 million people (including ten million odd Germans)? The same applies regarding the quality and lack of integrity that destroyed dozens of classic book companies in 1954, created a limited cover book monopoly and gave birth to a silly and incessant Collier Cade.—CTB

QUICK TAKES

Dear Cal: How about interviewing Chris Lee and Peter Cushing, maybe even Vincent Price. I don't know why, but I've yet to come across a magazine that pays even the slightest attention to these three masters of horror. Even some of the other masters of horror haven't received much attention elsewhere, such as Peter Lorre, Karlheinz and Lugosi. You do, of course, but more interviews, please! Becky Brothers, P.O. Box 733, Bauri, Col. 81625.

Dear Cal: I recently picked up CoP no. 18 and thought it was the most devoted, involved and interesting SF/fantasy fiction I've ever read, and I say the words deep honor. As one of your Black fans starting now (a new fan at that) and like to say your cover was fantastic as well as the info inside. Please see if you can run more in future on films like *BLACKULA, SHARPT, MELINDA, SUPER FLY, BLACKPATHER*, etc., but especially Black Fantasy films. **Bertram Winsard, Elks Memorial Center, 212 Chisholm St., Montgomery, Ala. 36110.**

Dear CTB: Hey, when are you going to do a Hannes Bok tribute like you said you'd do after he died on that fatal April 11, 1964? You knew him, I assume, so you'd be best suited for it. Bok was a great artist, a fine writer, and, from what I hear, a good man. The SF/fantasy world is worse off now without him. A guy like Bok will never knock on the genre's door again. **Gary John Reynolds, 8625 S. Lawrence Ave., Evergreen Park, Illinois 60642.**

—Hannes was one of the dearest and best friends I ever had. His loss was a serious blow to me and to the whole world of imagination. We've run some of his great paintings in various issues, and plan doing even more on him.—CTB

Dear Cal: CoP's no. 18 cover was beautiful. Let's see more like them: like the Finlay idea (Finlay obviously influenced Conan's Barry Smith). Harryhausen's interview, fascinating, can't wait to see part two. Also enjoyed your Hammers film review (conclude with absolutely the "Mys" in TV Movieguide's good, except you neglected to mention that MISSOCHI STARBUCKS is based on the adventures of "Sherry Rhoades" (probably the only reason to see it). Finally, in your review of THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN ALIVE (page 41) you called Marvin's "Luke Cage" joke. I beg to differ—the scene is excellent, the joke is not a (not-the-best) super hero, who happens to be Black; he is a man selling his services to anyone, a mercenary, entirely different from anything else done in comics. In fact, I think it will give Conan and GLIGA a run for their money at this year's Shazam Award ceremony. **Chris Barnham, 1951 Wellington Rd., Lawrence, Kansas 66044.**

—Luke Cage did start out as an extremely new concept down-trodden Black man unjustly sent to prison gets opportunity to rededicate himself, clean up ghetto crime, etc., etc.

WANTED: MORE ACTORS
LIKE...



(Continued on page 56)

THE WORLD OF FANDOM



PUBLICATIONS OF INTEREST (A PhylCo Production)

SPECIAL EFFECTS BY RAY HARRY-HAUSEN (\$1.00—Ernest D. Farino, Jr., 3030 Easa St., Irving, Texas 75060).

A highly outstanding and strongly recommended publication devoted to the great animator. The first two issues are sold out. No. 3 contains an in-depth in-house view on Ray and producer Charles Schaefer plus frame blowups from "Oliver and the Angryauts." An autographed glossy photo is also included. No. 4 will feature an article analyzing Harryhausen's serial frames and his flying creatures. Top quality printing with many rare stills.

THOSE ENDURING MATINEE TOOLS (\$1.00—Robert Malmgren, 38555 Aubury Park Dr., Mt. Clemons, Mich. 48043).

Saturday matinee serials once again come alive as you ponder the pages of this exceptional film publication. Printed on fine quality coated stock, many rare stills and poster reproductions make this a leader in the nostalgic field, and a big bargain.

BLACK ORACLE (3 Issues) \$1.00—George Steyer, Box 2204, Baltimore, Md. 21203). No. 5 contains correspondence from

Peter Cushing, an analysis of INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS, plus lots more. Amazingly informative and creative and one of the best. George also has those coveted KING KONG scenes for sale. You'll find him "Somewhere Stover the Rainbow." [I'll never know what made me leave that particular Pseibusster in! —CTB.]

JAPANESE FANTASY FILM JOURNAL
050—Gong Shoemaker, 2345 Clearwater Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

Though this should be terribly appealing to Spentafilm fans of all types, those who always hungered for more information about Japanese product will find this fine effort rewarding and offering a new slant on them issue No. 5 has a "Godzilla vs. The Thing" filmbook, plus listings, news, etc., of little known or unleased productions.

LITTLE SHOPPE OF HORRORS (75¢—Richard E. Kinnaman, 808 Lakeside St., Waterloo, Ia. 50700). The outstanding feature of the next new publication is Richard's important article on Hammer, including a most complete checklist listing it back to 1947. Many unusual photos, including an interview with Roy Ashton.

TYND WORKS (50¢—Bill McMichael, 4323 No. Palms Rd., Chicago, Ill. 60630). Promising, new and enthusiastic, the first

issue starts off with a nice Chaney Jr. cover by Bill Nelson; an interview with the immortal Groucho Marx; interview with Louisa Brown, star of "Blood Feast." A silver first issue, but filled with good articles and intentions.

TITLE (75¢—Allen Milgram, 13308 Ludlow, Huntington Woods, Mich. 48070).

We'll done comic fanzine with above average strips & art by promising young artists like Mike Vauxing and publisher Al Bergom to name. The average comic fanzine doesn't usually carry material of such high quality.

SERSE OF WONDER (50¢—Wm. C. Schury, 2311 Carol Dr., Lewiston, Maine 04201).

Interesting, in-depth fanzine featuring Gilroy's column "Mr. A," controversial to say the least. And of value to anyone, particularly Extraterrestrial: a history of the Master, Will Eisner, spanning 36 years of his career. Also, book reviews, a letterbox and other strips.

GORE CREATURES (50¢—Gary J. Sinyard, 5506 Haven Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21208).

Gary is entitled to some kind of award for publishing's tenacity and conscientiously so many years—5 to be

I TURNED INVISIBLE LIKE
WIKI AFTER EXPERIMENTING
FOR FIVE YEARS



IT WAS A GREAT WONDERFUL
ONE FOR, I MEAN TO
REALIZE THAT AN INVISIBLE
MAN COULD TELL THE WORLD!



Nobody could see me
come. Nobody could see
me go. I could hear
and sense!



I could see the red necks
and terrorists. I could
grab them and bring
and home!



I could write his name
above the greatest scientists
of all time. I could make
the world come to me first!



Of course, it was after
I turned invisible that I
began to realize that
coming back would be more
difficult than getting



Yes, yes, I am invisible
because I don't pass
through me, but it was
frustrating because my eyes
and couldn't sense in
order to be small, so as
a result, I am blind



Wow, what a power
help make a future
world leader!



The above represents some of the material to be found in Gary Sinyard's new fanzine, GORE CREATURES.

ORSON KANE in FANTASYLAND



exact! Effortless & always heavily on film, excellently handled much of the time and really in-depth. No. 21 focuses on JACK THE RIPPER on the SCREEN, covering over a dozen Ripper-tye films by Ron Bost, also other articles on King, a letter-col and other goodies. Recommended

THE NOSTALGIA COLLECTOR (75¢) - Leroy Slink, Box 166, Ootona, Ill. 60418). A potpourri of old posters, ads, and related movie memorabilia. No. 2 emphasizes THE LONE RANGER in an article with many photos.

PHASE ONE (\$5.00) - John Carbone, 4214 Clarendon Rd., Brooklyn, NY 11203). A gorgeous wraparound cover in full color by Ken Barr. Filled with 100 quality interior graphics by Ken Smith, Jeff Jones, Chris Norton, De Zouge, Barr and Brunner. And an experimental photo artwork strip by Neal Adams. All on A-1 quality glossy paper. This first issue sounds expensive at \$5, but Carbone admits it, and as a collector's item it may be worth much more some day.

CRYPTON (80¢) - Warren S. Miller, 6 Green Ct., North Carverton, Mass. 02747). Lively articles on film, exchanges of criticism and letters between readers and articles on Terence Fisher, Van Meter and Fisher, all in No. 2.

ROCKET'S BLAST-COMICCOLLECTOR (4 Issues \$3 - G.S. Love, 4875 SW 212 St., Miami, Fla. 33157).

This is probably the best marketplace in the world for collectors of comic, old magazines, nostalgia—you name it! An issue averages 120 pages or less, including some unusual, off-beat articles. Highly fan oriented, fine color covers. Recommended.

LEONARD NIMOY ASSOC. OF FANS (no price listed) - Louise Stange, 4612 Denver Court, Englewood, Ohio 43122).

The fans' lower affair for Spock, more or less evident. A lively, lively newsletter is issued, including a full informative Year-book chock-full of photos, etc. Lots of info on anything about Nimoy, ST and relevant topics, plus informative ads. Available by token "contribution" and sending st.

... OF SPECIAL INTEREST

MOTION PICTURE PERFORMERS (A Bibliography of Magazine and Periodical Articles, 1800-1966), by Mel Schuster. 702 pages—\$15.00, Scarecrow Press, P.O. Box 636, Metuchen, N.J. 08840.

Invaluable guide pertaining to mag and newspaper articles, and their sources, on film actors. Time to count all entries wasn't available, but the book claims they ran into "thousands." Quite a number of omissions, of course, but still a great tool for collectors, scholars and writers.

PROTEUS (Vol. 1, no. 1: 50¢) - Tom Pyn, 32 Elysee Ave., South Nyack, NY 10960.

Combo article/comic mag, emphasis on the APES series, WILLARD, Lon Chaney Sr., book reviews, etc. An excellent "first" issue.

FFantasy ANTHOLOGY SPOTLIGHT: Vic Ginepro has probably produced more fine, excellent anthologies in recent years than anyone we know of. Recently he's put out three, all of them now available in paperback form. And, all are typically excellent—highly superb.

SATAN'S PETS (Marlow Books, 75¢). Dealing with the day when animals take over. Each story is of an animal (a Bee, Willard, the Progs, Horses, rats, cats, dogs, chickens) set back to civilization in taste by Robert Bloch, Wakefield, Laimster, Keller and other masters of the weird and far-out.

EIGHT STRANGE TALES (Gold Medal Books, 75¢).

So tight control of style, the accent is on stories with macabre surprise twists authored by Ray Bradbury, Derritt, Howard, G.A. Smith, Ed Hamilton and other talents.

WIZARDS & WARLOCKS (Maver Books, 50¢) is one of ColP's favorites. As the title implies, it deals with tales of magicians, sorcerers, witch and kin, all written by giants like Derritt and Schwartz, G.A. Smith, Bloch, L. Ron (classical/pseudology) Hubbard, M.R. James and more.

VARULVEN (75¢) - Joe Valerio, 39 Beverly Road, Arlington, Mass. 02174). Var's 4th issue is over 100 pages loaded

with material, including an interview with someone known as Cal Beck (Pop In Films part one study of Val Lewton's films, and dozens of write-ups on films old and new. Lots of mostly good reading and hard work behind it— and it shows it!

IMAGINATION (\$2.50 - Dave Jubin, 138-05 78th St., Flushing, NY 11367).

Dave's put plenty of work and, indeed, imagination in gathering together the works of talented men like Ben Wright, Jeff Jones, Neal Adams and Gray Morrow. Rather unusual is finding erotica in fantasy comic beautifully handled by SE Stillew. On five quality paper stock. Recommended.

L'INCROYABLE CINEMA (3 Issues \$3.50) - Henry Rader, Cross Press, 81 Mansourghy Rd., Salford M6 7DT, England.

LIC contains reprints out of the very few great non-commercial SF/magazine film magazines. In fact, being the one responsible for the wonderful Ray Harryhausen interview in this issue of ColP, so, that'll give you some idea. Issue no. 6 contains a fine in-depth article on the making and background of THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, the story of "3-D in Film," an interview with Vincent Price, plus other fine articles, and many interesting features, and great photos, all on fine quality paper. It also has the advantage of being available in England and shows it!

BRIEF TAKES (i.e., readings out of books)

FANDOM UNLIMITED (51 - Randall Larson, 774 Vete Grande Ave., Los Altos, Calif. 94022) - Variety of articles on comic, films, etc. Interview with Robert Bloch, all in issue No. 1.

COMIC DETECTIVE (51 - Bert Bush, 713 Sugar Maple, Parsippany, N.J. 07651). Special in comic strip detective. No. 2 is all about Alfred Andriole's "Merry Oesko," and first week of "Charlie Chan."

FANTASTIC (40¢ - Lee Foster, Cross Road, St. Mary's, Pa. 15857). Amateur comic featuring.

ABRAXAS (\$1.25 - Rocky Shanklin, 2050 First Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21208). Comic fms, with drawings and drawings, and good experimental graphic stories.

All publications for review should be mailed to: Gothic Castle (review), Box 43, Hudson Heights, North Bergen, NJ 07047.

It eventually become a monster, old-bar White paper here rival-and-blessed in blackface. A good premise gone to waste. —CTB

WANTED: MORE WITCHES I



Dear CoP: I really hope you can help me, because you're my last hope in this problem, for I'm interested in the graduate Witchcraft and Woodoo but I can find any books on them how to perform their spells and that kind of stuff. If you can't send me any books on Black Magic, what about someone telling me where I can get them?

Debbie Milburn, 16 Howard St., DM Bridge, N.J. 08657.

—Sassy, but too many politicians have already betted you to the flying saucers and Zoroastrian punchbowl, though none has it that three-headed are very heard and only work on electricity—D.C. career.—CTB.

CHRIS LEE—DRACULA REPORT

Dear CoP: In the DRACULA—1972 A.D. I agree that the reduction of Dracula to a cameo role is sad and unfortunate thing. This is totally fretting and almost an insult to the audience. I am sure the average viewer did not come to see Scotland Yard detectives, though with characters get the most film coverage. For cops and robbers, any credit can back on the tube and indulge his fetish. Others prefer something closer to the occult, which was completely absent in this film after the first twenty minutes or so. This especially a pity, since the Black Mesa sequence was a tour de force.

I am probably one of the few people in this country who has seen the Spanish remake DRACULA directed by Jesus Franco. The film was shown in New Orleans for three days at a Spanish theatre. It was in Spanish, of course, and since it had no English sub-titles I had to see the film twice in order to get a clear view of its basic structure. I felt that once again Lee was severely limited by the script and by the director in his interpretation of the role. The reinvention of Dracula was almost static. The scene quality present in his earlier films was entirely lacking, except for one scene in which he chases the female vampire trap Jonathan Harker. His physical encounters with his victims are almost entirely suggested, thus seriously reducing the sexuality and, hence, some of Dracula's charismatic power. After the first half hour photographic quality diminishes drastically in depth and texture. The effect is bleak and overexposed film which would destroy the effect of even the most brilliantly directed scene.

Needs to say, I am furious with the recent scene I have seen of film allegedly about Dracula. It can say in all honesty that I have never in my life seen a film about Dracula per se, but only about the silly little people that attempt to destroy him. To my mind, the only justifiable death of Dracula was in TAISTE. THE BLOOD OF DRACULA in which he was destroyed through his own greed.

Since Christopher Lee now has his own production company, I hope that he will produce and direct a Dracula film as it should be done, with proper emphasis upon the evil and majesty of the character. If he did it correctly, it would more than rectify the blasphemy done to the

character since Hollywood decided to commercialize on the obvious money potential of the story. My best wishes to Lee, and may be left the SFantasy film to the pedestal it deserves in film art.

Johanne Greth, 4714 St. Peter Street, New Orleans, La. 70116.

—Faxes for the Decade's nursery, Johanne. We've had a detailed article review on the Spanish DRACULA on file about a year, but he hasn't moved on the matter except since we can't get a good photo of the film, and due to poor reports about it from all over (apart from the fact very few people have seen it because of terrible distribution, which may be quite understandable).—CTB



The CoFanaddicts GALLERY

GALLERY is open to all of you who have something you care to announce, buy, sell or swap—and for anyone seeking pen-pals. It's all for free! But space limitations dictate that you keep it short and sweet, and the "rule" is/only only fans (not pro or business) to use this facility.

- Paul Coward, 120 W. Mt. View, Long Beach, Calif.
- Victor A. Selnick, 1931 Pease St., Hasleton, Pa. 16821 (interested in Harryhausen's special effects, especially about the Cyclops in 7th Voyage of Sinbad).
- Tom Trasser, c/o The Center, 293 Alexander St., Rochester, N.Y. 14607, one of the original CoFanaddicts.
- Robert Teebe, P.O.Box 733, Fostoria, Calif. 93131.
- David Nitekin, 1232 Bellevue Ave., Roanoke, Va. 24014, agrees CoP is a bargain even at 75¢ and thinks the competition is "outdated out grub."
- Edward Pennington III, 220-73rd St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11286, loves "Motors" and is a Japanese SFantasy film fan.
- Joseph A. Jones II, 418 W. 126th St. New York, N.Y. 10027.
- Geord Ferrie Jr., 2 Algonquin Dr., Centred, N.J. 07016, loves the FRANKENSTEIN film and Desires Monster Movie pen-pals.
- Gregory Lear, 754 Jefferson Ave., Elizabeth, N.J. 07201.

Frank Morris, Shippensburg College, Mowbray Hall (room 29), Shippensburg, Pa. 17257,

interested in collecting SFantasy film stuff, etc.

- Scott Vincent, 251 Santa Rosa Ave., Santa Rosa, Calif. 95404, is a devoted Harryhausen fan and wants to know more about animation special effects, etc.
- Arthur Black, 21821 Reppan Ave., Carson, Calif. 90745, has the SFantasy club, would like to be in touch with other clubs and fans.
- John W. Dixon, 1323 S. 11th St., Allentown, Pa. 18103.
- Michael Sauerwald, 2004 S. 17th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19104.
- Loan Tavares, 450-3rd Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215.
- Rick Gibson, 700 South Ave. C, Washington, Iowa 52253, is a MUNCHIES fan and wants contact with other MUNCHIES.
- Robert Petuchaw, 17927 Walnutway Rd., Strongsville, Ohio 44136.
- Thomas Nozinski, 1876-53rd St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11204, is a serious animat-on-special effects student, has made several experiments films and wants contact with others studying the subject, particularly analyzing on Harryhausen.
- Bob Young, Box 27, Tyrone, New Mexico 86005, big Harryfan, especially Harryhausen films.
- James Zarek, 4203 W. Rowen, Chicago, Illinois 60647, is a fan of classic monster movies, and wants more info on Godzilla and Gigan.
- Dennis Downs, Box 486, 32nd TAC Recen. Sta., APO, N.Y. 06228, needs material, info, etc. to start his own feature. Why not help him out?
- Neal Rogers, R.R. 2, Hummel, Iowa 50544, loves scary horror films, especially NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD.
- Gary Gellis, Rt. 1, Auda, Texas 75003, (in anything dealing with the Frankenstein Monster).
- Ray and Jeff Morris, Rt. 4, Cochen Butte, Iowa 51561, desire they're about Lon Chaney Jr. fans, want still etc. on him.
- Clark Collins, 2365 W. 25th St., Muskegon, Ind. 47302, wants pen-pals and has CoP's Letter Column Card.
- Bobby Hager, 6616 Semihart Dr., Knoxville, Tenn. 37618, is a true-blue monster movie fan.
- Sid Henson, 4523 Henry Hudson Place, Riverdale, N.Y. 10471, is an animation student and amateur filmmaker, and wants info and contact with both Harryhausen and those interested in the great Ray.
- Chuck Patterson, 1775 Sen Valley Dr., Baltimore, Md. 72091, wishes contact with Chris Lee fans and any Lee stills, material, etc.
- Tom Woodruff, R.R. 3, Moseleyville, Penn. 17754, collects monster mail, especially CoP.
- Tim Hemeny, 750 Bridge St., Richmond, N.C. 28644, a real dyed-in-the-wool CoFanaddict.
- Sтивен Haddock, Cinda Diver Res., 1737-2nd Ave. SE, Minneapolis, Minn. 55403, has found DRACULA on stage and is a Chris Lee buff.
- Roger Ward, 103 Laurel St., Ridgewood Park, N.J. 07069, Japanese SFantasy film fan.
- Charlie Gosselin, Box 161, Brownsville, Kentucky 42018, is a Bach Rogers comic fan and wants info, is interested in buying material, books, strips etc. on the subject.
- Ronald R. Kirkman, 20663 County Club, Rogers Woods, Mich. 48229, wants help and info from all those who can provide data etc. on old and new film studios, involved with SFantasy films, e.g. Universal, Republic, etc. etc.
- Phyllis Merrin, 6336 Yankee St., Centerville, Ohio 45456, likes Harryhausen and interested in writing movie scripts.

Just drop a line c/o CoP LETTERS

Gothic Castle
509 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10017

... and we'll try using your letters in the old lettercol, or list you in the CoFANADDICTS GALLERY. And, remember it doesn't cost you anything to join me in my Gallery. So keep on pouring 'em my way. See you next ish.

— The Gallery Ghost —

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Boris Karloff in:

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TOP TEN
FILM CHOICES
OF
1972

The Film

- 1— SILENT RUNNING
- 2— DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN
- 3— DELIVERANCE
- 4— SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE
- 5— LE BUCHER
- 6— PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM
- 7— FELLINI'S ROMA
- 8— SLEUTH
- 9— FRENZY
- 10— THE GETAWAY

The Director

- (Douglas Trumbull)
(Robert Fuest)
(John Boorman)
(George Roy Hill)
(Claude Chabrol)
(Herbert Ross)
(Federico Fellini)
(Joseph Mankiewicz)
(Alfred Hitchcock)
(Sam Peckinpah)

TDP TEN

Honorable
Mention

- 1— BETWEEN TIME AND TIMBUKTU (PBS-TV)
- 2— "Fright Night" on NIGHT GALLERY
- 3— HARDLD AND MAUDE
- 4— TEN DAYS WONDER
- 5— DUMBO (re-release)
- 6— "The Weird Tailor" sequence in ASYLUM
- 7— DUEL (ABC-TV)
- 8— THE PIED PIPER
- 9— FRITZ THE CAT
- 10— TWINS DF EVIL

The WDRST Of The Year CHOICES

- 1— THE GRDUNDSTAR CDNSPIRACY (Lamont Johnson)
- 2— Entire GHST STDRY tv series (William Castle)
- 3— FROGS (George McCowan)
- 4— NIGHT DF THE LEPUS (William Claxton)

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SILENT RUNNING



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#3—The END FORGOTTEN FRANKENSTEIN; a collection of BORIS KARLOFF stories, beginning of LON CHANEY JR. STORIES. Larry Lee, an extra page horror picture starts on WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO JAY JARVIS, PART OF THE TRIPPER, THE ALVIN CAPTAIN SIRIAD and NIGHT CREATORS, Mary Shelley and the 1818 THE MONSTER OF FRANKENSTEIN. Charles Collier on Shirley Jackson and Roy Radford, Larry Ford and FRANKENSTEIN, TWELFTH JOHN L. TEEN-AGE MONSTER MARBLE.



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#7—Exclusive profiles and—and—Karloff, introduction by ARCTIC BATHMAN, with the Joker in full color, lengthy biography (and film checklist) of Gene Cooper by Robert C. Bannon, complete Roman biography of contemporary of AUGER and PANTOMAS (both 1917 and 1924), cartoon, first Colman's column, remembrance of Gene's horror film festival TV Menagerie '50' and '51' listings, Barbara Davis, JACK THE RIPPER, BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN overfold special, Mike Perry reports on the Toronto Horror Screen Scene, BATHMAN back cover.



#10—Barry Brown reveals The True Facts Behind Bela Lugosi's Tragic Day. Andrew, first print of lengthy interview with Clint (and the story of a real KING KONG) interview with Len Chaffey Jr. reviews of BATHMAN, DREAM AND THE DAMNED and CURSE OF THE FLY, movie-story on THE ADVENTURES OF BAT PRINCE AND BOO, Paperback TV Menagerie '50' and '51' listings, book reviews, biography of Gene Cooper and Len Carter, WFL Brown's The Spirit, feature reviews by Mike McManney full color book cover by James Harvey Hamilton Norman Rock.



#11—Hundreds of facts in The Star Trek Story, Mining on Sports, Star Trek Forever, An Environment by Cliff Cook, Success by Brian Lee William Chicker, Roy Thomas and Stuart Whitman, G.F. Interview, Christopher Lee (and more), Cliff Cook on Hammer Studios, Donald Philo starts THE HORROR CHAMBER OF DR. FUSGEE and goes to the 1957-58, 1958 Yearling, listing details of history film announcements: The Mummy, the Genies Screen on Marvel's mighty Jim Starlin's author-illustrator of Nick Fury Col Rock reviews THE BRIDE OF FU MARCHES, Paperback TV Menagerie lists films beginning with "H" and "I", a look at Canadiana Pandora, Len Carter runs on FNA The Year in Horror-Fantasy Books, full details on Wolf Wally's Window full color book cover by Murray Bell, outside by Francis, Paperback.



#12—World of Comic Books: The, by more, Genesis 100 issues, review by Dean of Marvel, and Owen of Hammer, on the 100's 100th part of the interview, Frank Brown, and the SPANISH GOLIATH comic checklist, the annual I CONSIDER SHOOTING SNAKE SNAKE, a manuscript, and ending by CTE on FAREWELL DASH RAINBOW, Nancy tells it like it is in SPOCK SPEAKS, Al Green and Bill in THE SPYGLASS, the Movie '76', list: CTE on SF, and PLANES OF THE APES (preview), with software from the magazine photo: Gen appearance of Gene's official The Comic Book Society, New Bates and Len Carter in a 1960s, Gen's Feb An Illustrated History of the Horror Film (and more other (spoiler-free) full color book cover of Fear's FANTASTIC PORTRAIT, letters, grant photos & Box & the usual preface text.



No. 17

ROBERT BLOCH interviews [p. 2, continued] **HOWARD MATTON**; **Carla** article in an **Illustrated Horror Star**. — **The M. S. Fantasy Club** **LETTERS** (p. 11) — **FILMUSIC IN THE FANTASY FILM** — **Review of an Interview** — **"Kitch"** but **She's a Sucker**, **THE MONSIEUR B. MAKER**. — **FRANKENSTEIN** **Capital** **Reviews** of more than 25 current titles. — **Plus** — **THE LIFE** — **CRY OF THE BANSHER** — **THE CRIMSON CLOUT** — **Spirits** **Jangle** — **Fantasy** **Film** **News** in depth. — **Comic** **Graphics** to start another **reading** issue.



No. 18

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