

CINEFANTASTIQUE

FALL 1970

\$1



ALAN ARKIN IN CATCH-22





HOW'S YOUR SENSE OF WONDER?

That's that.

That's what? you ask? That's breaking the ice and getting something written. It comes after desperation at having accomplished nothing, not a word, while sitting at your desk, staring into a cold gray typewriter, humming away electrically: "So type, already!"

That's that.

It should all come very easily now that the old words have started flowing. There's really no task more formidable, you know, than writing what is supposed to be the editorial (augh! the word makes one cringe) of the first issue of anything. There's so much that should be said. And so you sit there and think of where and with what to begin. And in no time... nothing, absolutely nothing, happens.

There's also the temptation to sort of ignore that this is a first issue, and to just slide into some heady commentary. Glibly, just right off the bat begin discussing the sorry state of the film industry, or begin a tirade against the Hollywood cinema factories. Simply ignore that this is the first page of the first issue of *Cinefantastique*, and that you, the humble reader, might like to know what's up.

But, as you have already so astutely observed, I have resisted this temptation, bravely, stalwartly, and forthrightly so.

That name awhile back (don't hunt, I'll repeat it): *Cinefantastique*. Pretty pretentious for a monster film magazine, isn't it? Hah! You think so! Well good, because we intend to tackle the subject with all our pretensions intact.

There is absolutely no difference between "cinema" and "those crazy science fiction films." Oh, you thought there was a difference? That's because you've been reading those film reviews in *Big Mainstream Magazine* under the heading *Cinema*. Whenever they talk about *cinefantastique* they always begin the review "If you like 'those crazy science fiction films' then such and such is the picture for you." So naturally you thought there was "cinema" and that there was "those crazy science fiction films." Huh unh, just "cinema."

I mean, just to get reviewed in *Big Mainstream Magazine* such and such must have been an example of *cinefantastique* that really impressed *Big*

Mainstream's critic, because they usually avoid the genre like the plague. But he can't come out and say that it's a good film and admit he thinks so, so out comes the line "those crazy science fiction films." Those poor mainstream critics. Their brains have turned to marble. They haven't entertained an original thought since high school. Their "sense of wonder" has atrophied. How's your sense of wonder? (Notice how craftily I worked in the title?)

That name awhile back (don't hunt, I'll repeat it): *cinefantastique*. Is that the same as *Cinefantastique*? One and the same. With the capital it's our title, without it's a generic French noun. Now you've got to admit using a generic French noun for your title is pretty classy. That's all I want you to think. We've got class and we've got pretensions. We're a "cinema" magazine devoted to that unique subset thereof, and as previously denoted, *cinefantastique*.

cinefantastique (sin - eh - fan - tass-teeek')

It's not really legitimate French, but over there in the film loving country it was coined to collectively apply to horror, fantasy and science fiction films. It's much easier and faster to just write and say *cinefantastique* than horror, fantasy and science fiction (whew!) films. Try it.

See. It is faster.

Now, about that "sense of wonder" of yours. How is it? Do you get a little uptight if I mention "horror film?" Do those subconscious defense mechan-

isms begin clicking in the old cerebellum: "Kids stuff."

Hm. Bet you liked it when you were a kid too. Yeh. Ate it up. Now who saw Howard Hawk's *The Thing* for the first time and wasn't just a little scared? Liar. Oh, you didn't see it. Well, how about *Them!* or *The Creeping Unknown* or *Enemy from Space* or...

Ah Hah! You did like it. Outgrew it though. No depth to it. No relevance.

How about Charly, *Catch-22*. Oh! So that's not science fiction and fantasy! Typical reaction. Hate to admit it don't you?

What about 2001: A Space Odyssey? That one's always the clincher. See, there's a lot of *cinefantastique* that you like. Just don't call it that "crazy science fiction stuff," and you'll feel less guilty about it.

It's a sad fact that horror, fantasy and science fiction, not only in films, but in literature has received a rather black eye. It has been characterized by its worst elements, and the reasons behind this unfair treatment all lead back to "sense of wonder." Most people just don't have any. Consider the poor soul who passes up Robert Heinlein's interesting examination of human mores and society in *"Stranger In A Strange Land,"* because he can't accept "what if a human being raised on Mars by Martians came back to live on the Earth." "What if" is just not part of his thinking machinery, and so fantasy is ridiculous, can never happen, "kids stuff." The poor narrow-minded fool. Consider the same individual viewing Stanley Kubrick's 2001: A Space Odyssey; if he wasn't one of the mid-film walkouts he probably found the film to be dull, plotless, meaningless. Such a person ignores, discards and discredits any thought which does not come within the purview of his mundane everyday existence (in the jargon of fandom, non-fans are aptly termed "mundanes"). Well, so much for this intellectual eunuch. Since you are reading this, hopefully your "sense of wonder" has survived childhood sufficiently intact. Congratulate yourself.

Our intention with *Cinefantastique* is to devote attention to an aspect of cinema that is blanketly ignored. The greater portion of *cinefantastique* is simply not good and as a result what is good, and even excellent, often slips by unnoticed. We hope to be an open forum to closely examine the genre, both past and present.

How's your "sense of wonder?" If you've got one, read on.

George Pal's *Destination Moon* 1950.



CONTRIBUTORS:

Frederick S. Clarke

John R. Duvoli

Robert L. Jerome

David Ludwig

Philip B. Moshcovitz

Mark Stevens

Thanks to:

Ronald V. Borst, Lavio Horrack, Jean-Claude Morlot, Hector R. Pessina, and Tom Reamy.

Front Cover

Mark Stevens captures the essential qualities of Alan Arkin's Yossarian from Mike Nichol's *Catch-22*.

Back Cover

Dave Prowse is the latest to play Frankenstein's monster, from Hammer Film's *The Horror of Frankenstein* now in release in England.

CINEFANTASTIQUE is published and edited four times per year by Frederick S. Clarke. This magazine loses money; please consider it a labor of love. Sample copy, \$1, four issue subscription, \$4 (foreign subscribers please pay by International Postal Money Order). Contributions and letters of comment are heartily encouraged but not paid for. Address all mail, money and madness to 7470 Diversey, Elmwood Park, Illinois 60635. Contents are © copyright 1970 by Frederick S. Clarke.

VOLUME I

NUMBER I



HISTORIA OBSCURA:

RASPUTIN ON FILM page 6

Frederick S. Clarke digs up fourteen films based on the life of the Mad Monk ranging from 1917 up to 1971.

Rape of the Arts Dept:

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE DAMNED page 21

Robert L. Jerome reports on the production and distribution difficulties encountered by Joseph Losey's only science fiction film.

NEWS & NOTES:

TRIESTE '70 page 38

Happenings at the 8th Annual Trieste Science Fiction Film Festival.

THE SCORE page 40

Mark Stevens provides a summary of current film music.

HAPPENINGS page 41

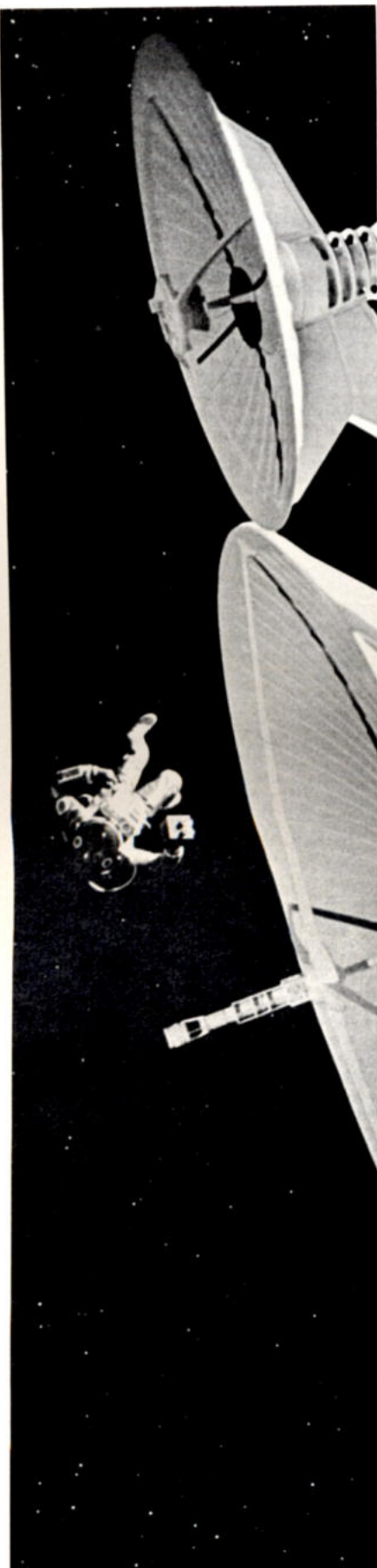
New developments in the world of cinefantastique.

COMING ATTRACTIONS page 42

A complete rundown of projects planned, in production, and completed for release.

NOW PLAYING page 47

A convenient checklist of titles now in release.



Reviewed this issue...

BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES page 26

THE BIRD WITH THE CRYSTAL PLUMAGE page 29

CAPTAIN NEMO AND THE UNDER- WATER CITY page 30

CATCH-22 page 27

COLOSSUS, THE FORBIN PROJECT page 29

THE CRIMSON CULT page 33

DUNWICH HORROR page 28

EUGENIE... THE STORY OF HER JOURNEY INTO PREVERSION page 32

FELLINI SATYRICON page 25

HORROR HOUSE page 33

LATITUDE ZERO page 27

SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN page 33

SECRETS OF SEX (BIZARRE) page 35

SKULLDUGGERY page 35

TARZAN'S DEADLY SILENCE page 34

Richard Boleslavsky directs Lionel Barrymore on the set of MGM's *Rasputin and the Empress* 1932.



RASPUTIN ON FILM

by Frederick S. Clarke

The life of Rasputin has been the subject of no less than twelve feature length films, and probably more. This singular fact may not seem so tremendous when considered against the chain of Thin Mans, Charlie Chans, Frankenstein, and other assorted characters which Hollywood kept coming back time after time. But consider: these twelve films are all versions of one and the same story; and only one has come from Hollywood; three have never been seen or exhibited in the United States; and all together they span a period of over fifty years in the cinema.

Obviously, the story of Rasputin is one of the most oft-filmed properties in cinema history, ranging from its very beginnings and enduring up to this very minute. Three Rasputin films have been made within the last ten years, and one is now in production.

This remarkable longevity is due in part to the many-faceted nature of his story: Rasputin films have been made as historical drama, propoganda, horror films, biography and just "exciting hokum" as one critic put it. But no matter the approach, the one common draw of all is the mysterious and enigmatic figure of Rasputin, who claimed to be a reincarnation of Christ on earth, and at the very least was the Svengali of our age. He healed the sick, predicted the future, and held those within his grasp by some hypnotic power, and through all this came to rule one of the most expansive and populace nations on earth. His remarkable and supernatural resistance to death is well documented.

While many Rasputin films have taken the approach of revealing the precise trickery involved in Rasputin's deception, none has, unfortunately, taken the opposite point of view, that he was indeed divine, by far the more intriguing case in the matter. All twelve films however, are deeply infused with a sense of horror and the supernatural making them excellent examples of the genre.

THE EARLY RASPUTINS

Hardly before Grigori Efimovich Rasputin was cold in his grave, the film industry began to latch onto his bizarre history. Rasputin was assassinated on the night of December 16th, 1916 and as short as ten days later, one of his most virulent enemies and an early conspirator in his murder, Ser-

gei Trufanov (known in Russia as the Mad Monk Illiodor) was in New York peddling his own lurid and highly fallacious account of Rasputin's life. Illiodor could find no backers willing to publish his pack of lies, and despite his ludicrous charges of a conspiracy to suppress the "true" facts concerning Rasputin, he faded from the press and public eye.

Illiodor, however, did not cease his efforts to somehow cash in on his intimate knowledge and acquaintance with the now legendary Rasputin. Indeed, he had no choice in the matter, for there is little calling in New York City for former monks or Russian Peasants. Spurned by legitimate publishers he turned his attention to the only other mass media available, the infant and burgeoning motion picture industry there the veracity of his story was far less important than the sure box-office draw of its sensationality. In combination with film mogul and producer Herbert Brenon, Illiodor supplied the basis for a scenario and acted in the role of himself in the first screen version of Rasputin's life called *The Fall of the Romanoffs*.

The distinction given *The Fall of the Romanoffs* in being the first Rasputin film is somewhat arbitrary, for at the time at least three other films were planned or in production dealing with the life of Rasputin, and the first to have any public showing was Rasputin, the Black Monk produced by William A. Brady, which opened at the Park theatre in New York on September 12, 1917. There was evidently much competition between the various producers to be the first to cash in on the public's great interest in Russian affairs at the time, and in Rasputin in particular. Although Brenon's *The Fall of the Romanoffs* would not be ready for public exhibition until after the opening of Brady's film, Brenon sneak-previewed his film for a select invited audience on September 6, just six days before the world premier of Rasputin, the Black Monk. Brenon thus captured critical "first attention" away from his competition which would be available to the public first. It is evident that neither producer appreciated the "friendly" competition of the other and matters which are handled in court today were often disposed of in a more direct manner in the early days of motion pictures, as the following item in the New York Times of September 7th indicates:

"The first showing of 'The Fall of the Romanoffs' by Herbert Brenon, the motion picture producer, was held last night in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Ritz-Carlton before 600 guests, many

of them prominent in the motion picture and theatrical world. Among them was William A. Brady head of the World Film Corporation, which is said to be preparing for release a picture which also depicts the downfall of the czar and his family.

"According to persons who attended the performance, Mr. Brady announced that the World Film Corporation had 'beaten Brenon to it,' and this statement was followed later by an altercation between Brady and Brenon in the lobby of the hotel. Many of those who had witnessed the picture were preparing to leave for their homes when it was suddenly noticed that blows were being exchanged between the two men. Adolph Zukor, President of the Famous Players Film Company, intervened however, as did several others, and Mr. Brady hurriedly left in a taxicab."

Which film can truly be said to have been the first to depict Rasputin on the screen is really of little importance, as both films in practicality can share the honor simultaneously. However, should some enterprising film historian wish to obtain a definitive answer to this question, I suggest that he take it up with Mr. Brenon and Mr. Brady, sufficiently well armed of course.

The Fall of the Romanoffs opened at the Broadway theatre on September 23, just twelve days after the opening of Rasputin, the Black Monk, and both films thrived at their respective theatres without feeling the pinch of the other. Each approached the subject of Rasputin from a different point of view, creating a controversy which induced the filmgoer to see them both. The ideological differences between the two are neatly summed up in an article appearing in the New York Times entitled "They're Still Disputin' Rasputin:"

"Herbert Brenon's production 'The Fall of the Romanoffs,' with Edward Connolly as Rasputin, undelicately called him 'a drunkard, a wifebeater, a liar, a faker, a hypocrite and a thief.' Summing up, it neatly characterized him as the 'most thoroughgoing scoundrel that history has ever recorded.' This view was given the appearance of authenticity because the story was suggested by Monk Illiodor, who claimed to have been responsible for Rasputin's success and who later became his implacable enemy.

"The Peerless-Brady-World Special of the same date starred Montagu Love in 'Rasputin, the Black Monk,' and in spite of the sinister implications of the title turned out a characterization of Rasputin as 'an intelligent man.'"

Wid's Weekly, a motion picture trade paper of the day, showed a marked pre-

ference for the sensationalism of the Brenon film: It said, The Fall of the Romanoffs is "Very melo and filled with rape, sacrilege, treason and a variety of crime; but nevertheless held attention because of a cloak of suggested authenticity." While in regard to Rasputin, the Black Monk it observed: "The fact that he (Rasputin) was a power behind the throne isn't nearly as interesting as the fact that he gained his position after starting as a drunkard, wifebeater, etc., etc." William A. Brady's Rasputin, the Black Monk attempted to present to the public a realistic picture of Rasputin, not as the uncompromisingly evil figure he is often depicted to be, and as he is depicted in Brenon's The Fall of the Romanoffs, but as someone who, despite his deplorable moral excesses, could have been and indeed was a beneficial political influence in Russia.

Newspaper advertisements for The Fall of the Romanoffs have this lurid come-on: "Shows this false prophet rising from peasant filth to the silken splendors of Petrograd, where he makes Grand Dukes and Money Masters his servants and the Czar himself his humble follower; depicts his discovery of the Mad Monk Illiodor, an educated man he endeavored to enslave; portrays Illiodor's imprisonment and escape; and graphically pictures Rasputin's bloody ascent to supreme power." The ad features as top billing: "Illiodor former confidant of Rasputin" with no mention of Edward Connolly who played Rasputin or any of the cast. The Fall of the Romanoffs titularly promises the de-

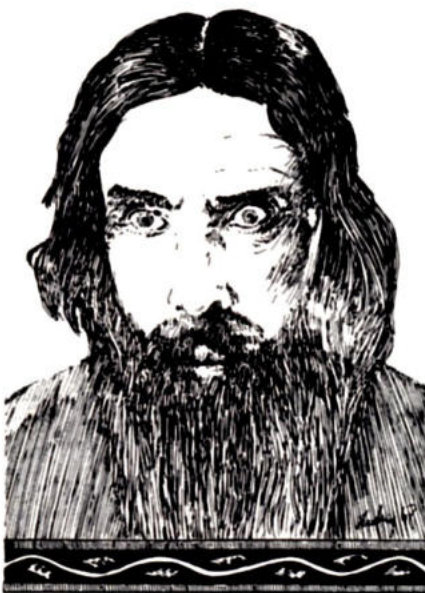
piction of the fall of the Romanoff dynasty; it promotes itself as the history of Rasputin; but in actuality concerns the falsified and self-proclaimed adventures of Sergei Trufanov.

Both films were a sort of "social happening" on the New York scene and enjoyed extended runs when the order of the day was quick playoff in the film marquees. Rasputin, the Black Monk played 18 days at the Park theatre and The Fall of the Romanoffs enjoyed a stay of 20 days at the Broadway. "The first public exhibition of 'Rasputin, the Black Monk'... drew so huge a crowd to the vicinity of the Park theatre last night that it finally became necessary to call out the police reserves," notes the Times in its morning edition of the 13th.

The excitement of the openings even managed to infect itself into critical circles, giving rise to highly praiseworthy reviews of both pictures. Lynde Denig reports in the magazine Dramatic Mirror "The Premier of 'The Fall of the Romanoffs' assumed an importance comparable to those of 'Cabiria,' 'The Birth of a Nation,' and 'Intolerance,' and rightly so." Denig goes on to compare the work of Brenon to D. W. Griffith, and so we must assume that either The Fall of the Romanoffs is a lost classic of colossal proportions, or that Denig and other critics of the day were merely caught up in a Rasputin fad and that The Fall of the Romanoffs is not a lost classic, merely just lost. The latter is the most probable explanation for both Brenon's film and Rasputin, the Black Monk were hastily assembled films to exploit a whim of public interest in Russian affairs following the revolution. Denig later comments on a dramatic highwatermark in The Fall of the Romanoffs: "Ketty Galanta is vivid in the role of Anna; (her eyes) roll in a fashion so marvelous that one fears they may pop out of her head, consequently the audience gasps in wonderment when it should merely feel the thrill of emotion."

In its review of the 24th the Times noted:

"Herbert Brenon, who produced 'The Fall of the Romanoffs' quotes from various authorities from time to time to justify the insertion of highly colored episodes. Although many of these episodes savor rather strongly on the screen, the general effect is one of great realism, and the film as a whole is grippingly interesting. Even the allegorical scenes, strangely enough, are not without interest." The Times praised Rasputin, the Black Monk as well: "The film which depicts interestingly the rise to power and the subsequent downfall of Russia's celebrated monk,



Edward Connolly

is chiefly remarkable for Montagu Love's excellent performance in the title role.

Of the two performers to first portray Rasputin on the screen, both were singled out by critics for their exceptional interpretations of the role. In his review of *Rasputin, the Black Monk* in the *Chicago Tribune* Mae Tinee observed "It is nevertheless, most novel and engrossing and one is moved to enthusiasm by the splendid characterizations of every one of the cast. Chief among these is Montagu Love's 'Rasputin,' cunning, tigerish, sensual, writhing evilly beneath his robes of priestly black." Montagu Love went on to become a successful leading man in silent pictures and an outstanding character actor with the advent of the talkies. He appeared in *The Haunted House* First National and *Mysterious Island* MGM in 1929, and in *The Last Warning* Universal and *Outward Bound* Warner Bros in 1930. He is probably most readily familiar as the father of Tyrone Power in *The Mark of Zorro* 20th Century Fox 1940. Edward Connolly, the Rasputin of *The Fall of the Romanoffs* is another matter altogether. No information has been discovered regarding his appearance in any other film, and it is certain that even if his career did continue for a short time after *The Fall of the Romanoffs* he did not make the transition from silent to talking pictures; at least not under the name of Edward Connolly.

Henry Hull appeared with Montagu Love in *Rasputin, the Black Monk* as the socialist revolutionary Aleksandr Kerensky. Hull later made a career out of playing irascible old men, most memorably Mr. Peevy in Anthony Quinn's *The Buccaneer* 20th Century Fox 1958, and also Prudent in AIP's *Master of the World* 1961. The role of Kerensky is among Hull's earliest screen performances. He is most noted by horror film buffs for the title role in Universal's *The Werewolf of London* 1936.

There is some account of at least one other film dealing with Rasputin produced in 1917, and perhaps more. *Film Daily Yearbook* for 1917 lists *Rasputin* as a title in release from Worldart Films, directed by Max Neufeld who also appeared as Rasputin. This same film was re-released in 1929 as *Rasputin, the Holy Sinner* by the same company and reviewed in the *Times* of January 15th:

"The picture is a not too stimulating account of one of the most interesting figures of modern history. While Max Neufeld in the leading role, turns out some good acting, the same man, as the director, makes little or no attempt to explain the mystery of Rasputin.



"Mr. Neufeld does good work as the Mad Monk, even though he is very badly made up. The others in the cast seem to glance at the camera every now and then to see how the matter is progressing. They also have a tendency to overact."

It is interesting to note how the critical mood has changed by 1929 after the advent of talking pictures. In the 1917 film *Rasputin*, viewed in 1929, it is judged that the actors "have a tendency to overact." It would be interesting to have this same reviewer's appraisal of Ketty Galanta's eye-rolling feats in *The Fall of the Romanoffs* which in 1917 were adjudged "marvelous."

Mention is made of a film entitled *The Tyranny of the Romanoffs* in the *New York Times* of November 24, 1917, however the title is not listed in *Film Daily's Yearbook* for 1917 nor in *Motion Picture Almanac's* compendium of film titles. The *Times* piece concerns a lawsuit brought against the film's producers by Sergei Trufanov for using footage in which he appeared without his permission. The producers however, alleged that he was paid \$900 to act in the picture. No mention is ever made as to the nature or content of the film, and no further mention of the lawsuit or record of the picture has been found.

There is also some record of a Charles Chaplin comedy appearing in 1917 under the title of *The Fall of the Rummynuffs*. There is no other information available, and it is not known whether this satire featured a Rasputin or not.

THREE GERMAN RASPUTINS

After at least three Rasputin films in 1917, no further pictures were released concerning the Mad Monk until the re-release of *Rasputin, the Holy Sinner* (formerly *Rasputin*, Worldart 1917) in January of 1929. Wide public interest in Rasputin had been renewed at this time by the publication in this country of Rene Fulop-Miller's fascinating biography of the Russian figure entitled *Rasputin, the Holy Devil* by Viking Press, and in a popular edition by the Garden City Publishing Company. In Germany, where the book was originally written and published, it was to spark the production of three new films dealing with Rasputin, and to induce MGM in the United States to undertake a mammoth production on the same subject.

The first of the German films to reach the United States was released by Brill in October of 1929 as *Rasputin* and often subtitled as *Rasputin, the Prince of Sinners* to distinguish itself from the competition. This not too successful silent with synchronized sound effects was reviewed by Mordaunt Hall in the *New York Times* of October 21st under the heading of "The Mundane Monk:"

"Considering what it might have been, the Russo-German motion picture dealing with the last two years of Rasputin's existence is most disappointing. Nikolai Larin, the director, and Boris Newolin, the author of the manuscript, stress the monk's licentiousness and his repellent appearance, but the expected dramatic incidents connected with his murder are wholly ignored. M. Larin contents himself with a reference in a subtitle to the killing of the monk and by showing an overshoe, supposed to have belonged to Rasputin, on the Neva embankment.

"Gregor Chmara plays the debauched priest, and although his makeup is singularly effective, he is often guilty of overacting to an extent that causes some of the sequences to border on the

ridiculous. Granted that many of those associated with the monk were either fools or knaves, they could never have been so utterly blind to his conduct as they are in this film. In one scene, which has some little drama that proved effective to an audience yesterday afternoon, Rasputin is ingloriously inebriated. He dances on a table from which he eventually falls. A young soldier, the son of a prominent family and the only one apparently gifted with common sense; tosses the contents of a wine-glass at the monk and then slaps the drunken priest's face.

"Some of the incidents in this film probably happened, but it is safe to surmise that they did not occur as they are shown here.

"The monk is introduced by emphasizing his dirty footprints on the broad palace stairway. M. Larin has seen to it that there is enough mud on Rasputin's shoes to last every step and then he emphasizes the effect by flashing to the stairs again.

"The full figure of the monk comes to view when he is gazing at a nude painting in a hall. He winks then pulls out a knife and cuts a cross on the picture. Later, when surrounded by a synchophantic throng of men and women, he makes a sign of the cross as he gazes reproachfully at the painting from a distance. When Rasputin has left, the picture is examined and is believed that the cutting was a result of his mystical power.

"Rasputin is also perceived having a much needed bath and one is surprised that he does not change his clothes or have his boots cleaned.

"There are some interesting scenes of the czar. An especially clever glimpse is one of the czar reviewing troops on the eastern front.

"Inasmuch as the producers went to some trouble to make this picture, it is astonishing that they did not take a little more trouble not only in illustrating the details of the slaying of the priest, but also in sketching his early life, which could have been unusually compelling; for Rasputin was a thief before entering the monastery where he studied the scriptures.

"During one juncture in this film singing is heard, and while there is a man supposed to be singing the voice does not synchronize with the movement of his lips."

The Times printed yet another unfavorable review in their Sunday edition of the 27th:

"Instead of sticking to an account of the facts in the film of Rasputin made in Germany by the Russians, the producers have put in a Nottingham lace

romance, and George (sic) Chmara, who has been entrusted with the role of the repugnant monk, does so much winking and drinking that he makes the part unbelievable and silly; and that despite the fact that his make-up is uncommonly good.

"The other characters in this film are idiotic and conviently sightless. The director, Nikolai Larin, apparently is often afraid that scenes have escaped the eye of the spectators, and, therefore, he repeats the scene, which weakens the effect."

In addition to Gregor Chmara as Rasputin, this second class production also featured Hans Albers who appeared in the German fantasy *The Adventures of Baron Munchhausen*.

The German film *Rasputins Liebesabenteuer* (*The Loves of Rasputin*) next appeared in the U. S. released by Unusual Photoplays as *Rasputin, The Holy Devil* to capitalize on the popularity of Rene Fulp-Miller's book of the same name. It was released in New York in August 1930, and as a silent picture received little attention at a time when the conversion to all-talking pictures was complete. The film was re-released two years later with added sound but to no greater reception. Nikolai Malikoff appeared as Rasputin, and Max Schreck, the German actor who created a rage as Count Dracula eight years earlier in Murnau's *Nosferatu*, appeared in a supporting role. Critical reception, when acknowledged, was mixed. The London Times thought highly of the film: "As a strongly dramatic film of historical interest 'Rasputin, the Holy Devil' can have no superior." The New York Times was not as lavish with its praise in its review of August 25th:

"The life and death of Rasputin, the 'Mad Monk,' is the subject of a German production now at the Eight Street Playhouse. It is called 'Rasputin: The Holy Devil,' and parts of this silent picture are cleverly filmed with effective cinematic glimpses. The acting, however, is often unconvincing and exaggerated.

"Both the Czar and the Czarina are portrayed in this film in which Nikolai Malikoff impersonates Rasputin, leaving nothing undone to make the monk a forbidding and repulsive specimen of humanity. In the main, the producer keeps to the facts, but there are several scenes that are wildly improbable.

"In the closing scenes, Rasputin is lured to the home of Prince Yousoupoff, who, according to this chronicle at first tries to poison the monk and afterward shoots him. Rasputin is believed to be dead. but he soon gets to his feet and another nobleman fires several times at him.

"In the meantime, the Czarina is anxious to have the monk come to the palace because her little son is very ill. Prince Yousoupoff, before the slaying of the monk, goes to the telephone and denies to the Czarina that Rasputin is in his home. In this film, Rasputin is too wily to drink the wine offered to him by the Prince. Finally, however, the monk suggests that the Prince exchange glasses with him. The Prince does so and he lets the glass of poison wine drop to the floor.

"These last scenes are well acted by both the players. Jack Trevor being especially impressive as the nervous young Prince. M. Malikoff (sic) gives a strong impersonation, but there are certain incidents that are beyond belief. In one case a pretty girl accompanies a young officer to a cabaret where the monk is enjoying one of his frequent revels. No sooner has the girl taken a seat than she flirts with Rasputin. This part is poorly acted, and not well directed, for while Rasputin is dancing and kissing women's hands one would suppose that he would attract much attention. Few persons, however, appear to notice the presence of this repugnant individual.

"Ervin Kaiser plays the Czar and Diane Karene plays the Czarina."

A third German film dealing with the life of Rasputin was produced in 1931, but was never to be released in the United States because, as a silent film, it had no commercial possibilities. During this sudden transition of the film industry from silent pictures to "Talkies," many fine silent stars and excellent pictures became lost in the shuffle. Such was the case with *Rasputin, Damon Der Frauen* (*Rasputin, the Demon of Women*), directed by Adolph Trotz, and starring the great German actor Conrad Veidt as Rasputin.

This German film was exported to England in October of 1932 by Eric Hakim where it enjoyed tremendous critical praise and acceptance but only a limited release under the title *Rasputin*. In an article prior to its release to the general public, the magazine *London Observer* induced its audience to view the film and highly praised Conrad Veidt's performance as Rasputin:

"In Mr. Conrad Veidt the ideal impersonator has been found for Rasputin, whose daughter has put it on record, after seeing the film, that she seemed to see in the actor 'her father in the flesh.' Physically and emotionally, Mr. Veidt appears, indeed, to get into the very skin of the part. He is transformed, not only facially, but in gesture and in the heavy gait, the swinging arms of the peasant. Difficult to realize that

here is the same man whom we last saw as the exquisite Metternich in 'Congress Dances!' Nor has he remained upon the surface of a study which, in the terrible circumstances of Rasputin's death at the hands of his enemies, rises--and the picture with it--to tragic heights. In the earlier development of the story, Mr. Veidt's opportunities for indicating the mystic aspects of the character are slender. They occur here and there, however: in his sway over the Siberian villagers whose fanaticism draws attention to the miraculous 'healer'; in his first encounter with the ailing Tsarevitch--a tenderly treated and convincing episode; again in the vision of the countless graves which come to Rasputin on his sickbed, strengthening his feverish determination to prevent his country from going to war. There is at these moments an inner illumination

Overwhelming in its revelation of a beast laid bare... the verdict on the acting of Conrad Veidt must be unanimous, for it is instinct with genius.

in the man as Mr. Veidt conceives him which pierces through the clutter of sensualism. At no time does he fail to suggest a dominating, tremendously vital force.

"But it is the final chapter that the actor finds a possible key to the whole character. It lies in his swift and almost childlike response to every extraneous influence. Invited to Prince Yousouppoff's palace, Rasputin asks for music. His host plays, and as the melodies pass from grave to gay the priest vibrates to their message, with tears, with a dance that has something of ecstasy in it. He drinks the poisoned wine prepared for him by the conspirators. It has no seeming effect on him, except perhaps, in a greater exaltation. His eyes, those compelling eyes, encounter the ikon and light up with religious fervour. The man seems to grow

in stature. That astounding vitality of his defies the poison, the bullets poured into him in a panic induced by a power suddenly reaching the supernatural. And the cry that bursts from the stricken man is scarcely of this earth, certainly not human. Even after his collapse he has the strength to regain his feet, to call incredulously--a child again--on 'Felix,' his friend; to stagger out into the open, the flaming life in him not yet quenched. He reaches the gate before a last bullet fired by Pourichkievitch finished the dreadful business. Unforgettable, Mr. Veidt's reconstruction of Rasputin's death-hour. Overwhelming in its revelation of a beast at bay and a soul laid bare. However diverse may be the opinions on the picture 'Rasputin,' the verdict on the acting of Conrad Veidt must be unanimous, for it is instinct with genius."



Conrad Veidt

Conrad Veidt was the Lon Chaney of the German expressionist cinema during the early 20s, playing in a series of macabre fantasies directed by the movement's leading proponents. He appeared as Cesare the somnambulist in Robert Weine's classic *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* in 1919, in Murnau's version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" called *Der Janus Kopf* with Bela Lugosi in 1920, and in an early version of "The Hands of Orlac," again under the direction of Wiene, called *Orlacs Hande* in 1924. He came to Hollywood after the advent of talking pictures and made a distinguished career as a character actor prior to his death in 1943. Due to his broad background and experience with fantasy Veidt is one of the few actors to ever play the role of Rasputin to the hilt of its supernatural potential.

RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS

The only American film of the life of Rasputin to come from a major studio began production at Metro-Goldwyn Mayer studios in 1932. Richard Boleslavsky, a writer at the studio, and former director of the Moscow Art Theatre was chosen to direct the film and to provide it with authentic Russian atmosphere, and the Royal family of the theatre, the Barrymores, were chosen for the starring roles, Lionel as Rasputin, John as Prince Chegodieff (representing the historical figure Prince Yousouppoff), and Ethel as the Czarina.

An article by William Darien in the defunct magazine *The Candlelight Room* concerning the early career of Bela Lugosi reports that in the film's early stages Lugosi was originally intended for the part of Rasputin. A very logical and exploitable choice for MGM since Lugosi had become one of the hottest stars in Hollywood after his role in *Dracula* earlier that year, and the sinister connotations that the role of Rasputin offered would fit perfectly with his newly acquired image. Unfortunately, once Ethel and John Barrymore were assigned roles in the picture it proved even more exploitable to give the role of Rasputin to Lionel Barrymore and join together in one film, for the first and only time, the three Barrymores. This is exactly what was done and Lugosi sadly lost out on what could have been one of the most outstanding roles of his career. The interesting fact of all this, and one which Darien makes in his article, is that Lugosi's career went straight downhill after *Dracula*. What if Lugosi had received the role of Rasputin, would this have happened? It is a matter of pure conjecture, but at the very least, it seems that his career might not have deteriorated as quickly as it did. Within a year after *Dracula*, Lugosi was playing bit parts and B pictures. Had he played Rasputin for MGM in one of the most prestigious pictures of 1932 this surely would not have been the case. Furthermore, and more importantly, the role of Rasputin might have allowed Lugosi to escape the stigma of being typecast in horror roles,



which is what prevented him from getting the important roles his career needed and deserved.

While all this conjecture is very interesting, Darien gives no clue as to the source of his information, and I have been unable to corroborate it from any quarter. He certainly errs in one respect by assuming that the role of Rasputin was the last of the Barrymore parts to be cast. Hollis Alpert, in his definitive book *The Barrymores*, maintains that Ethel was the last to be cast for the picture, and only after MGM was convinced by her brothers that the three Barrymores together would be an unbeatable boxoffice combination.

If the role of Rasputin was not in the capable hands of Lugosi, it surely was not in any less capable hands in those of Lionel Barrymore. Lionel was both film director and actor, and the year before had won an Oscar for his role in *A Free Soul*. At the time he was receiving widespread critical acclaim for his character role in MGM's *Grand Hotel* in which he played an old and dying German immigrant. Barrymore later inherited half of a role originally played by the great Lon Chaney in a remake of *London After Midnight* 1926 entitled *Mark of the Vampire* 1936. Ironically, the man Barrymore replaced in the role of Rasputin, Bela Lugosi, inherited the other half of the dual role. Lugosi of course played the vampire, while Barrymore got the character part of Professor Zelen, both of which were played by Chaney in the original. Barrymore's only other horror role was in *Tod Browning's The Devil Doll* 1936, in which he played an unjustly convicted businessman who escapes from prison to avenge himself. He created one of his most memorable characterizations in that film, as *Madam Mandilip*, the guise of a harmless old lady assumed by the escaped prisoner to carry out his revenge.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's film was completed in the latter part of 1932 and premiered December 28th as *Rasputin and the Empress*. It achieved little notoriety other than by virtue of its starring the three Barrymores together for the first time. The magazine *Vanity Fair* put it rather strongly in their February issue of 1933: "It is a clumsy,

Scenes from MGM's *Rasputin and the Empress*. TOP: The Czar (Ralph Morgan) defends Rasputin (Lionel Barrymore) against the criticism of his bitter enemy Prince Chegodieff (John Barrymore). MIDDLE: The Czarina (Ethel Barrymore) begs Rasputin to save her dying son. BOTTOM: Rasputin plotting political intrigues with his colleague (Gustav von Seyffertitz).

pretentious, aimless motion picture---self conscious and stilted from beginning to end--and an obvious circus stunt at the expense of a name." The best the reviewer for the New Yorker could find to say was "In my amiable opinion, not all the praise has been given 'Rasputin and the Empress!'" and the reviewer of Time Magazine called it "... a resourceful compendium of dignified and exciting hokum." He also describes in detail one of the most exciting scenes in the picture, Rasputin's death at the hands of Prince Chegodieff:

"The murder occurs in the cellar of the Chegodieff palace where the Prince, secreted in the pantry, has been feeding Rasputin poisoned cakes and where Rasputin--under the impression that he is at the home of a friend--has been gobbling them with relish, while pawing at a group of pretty female companions. When Rasputin finds out at whose house he has been holding his lecherous revels, he takes Chegodieff downstairs and begins to shoot at him with a revolver. He has just fired the first shot when the poison begins to act. Chegodieff, anxious to hurry matters along, tries to push Rasputin into the fire. When this fails, he wrestles with him, whacks him across the face with a poker. Rasputin writhes on the floor. Chegodieff then seizes an immense fire iron resembling a crow-bar and mashes Rasputin as though he were a potato. He is just congratulating himself on having dispatched his antagonist when Rasputin stands up. His face is an indescribable pulp, spattered with blood and sticky morsels which appear to be brains; nonetheless, he manages to give a Barrymore grunt. Chegodieff takes Rasputin out into the snow, pushes his gory head into a river."

Mordaunt Hall in his review in the New York Times praised this scene and Lionel Barrymore's performance in an overall favorable review:

"Mr. Boleslavsky has worked out his episodes in an impressive fashion, particularly the fight between Prince Chegodieff ... and the 'Mad' Monk and the subsequent killing of Rasputin. This has been unfurled in a manner similar to that which has been related, inasmuch as the monk's uncanny resistance to death is stressed. When Lionel Barrymore, who acts Rasputin, lifted his bloody head and face, a shudder went through the audience.

"Lionel Barrymore leaves no stone unturned to give a vivid idea of the repellent monk. Yet he never overacts. In fact, his interpretation is far more restrained than the foreign pictures concerned with Rasputin."

Because Rasputin and the Empress was produced by one of the biggest studios in Hollywood and not by a small independent as all the previous Rasputin films had been, it was plagued with one very pesky, and as it turned out, very expensive problem. Princess Irina Yousouppoff, niece and cousin of murdered Czar Nicholas, sued Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures for \$20 Million in Great Britain, alleging that she was libeled in the film Rasputin, the Mad Monk (as it was retitled in England). She also filed suit against MGM in every country in the world that showed the film Rasputin and the Empress! Her claim against the studio was that the character of Princess Natasha (Diana Wynward) was played in such a manner as to represent her, and that this depiction was slander against her name and reputation. In the British suit she was awarded twenty-five thousand-pounds (\$125,000) when the court held that the picture was slanderous. Later MGM made a settlement out of court for between \$250,000 to \$900,000 on the condition that the princess drop charges which were pending before the Supreme Court of the United States and similar proceedings in other courts around the world. In the settlement, MGM agreed not to use her name in advertising the picture and to add to the beginning of the film a notice that the character of Princess Natasha was purely fictional and had no basis in fact.

An interesting sidelight to the legal proceedings was Prince Yousouppoff's testimony at his wife's trial in which he explained, under oath, the exact specifications of Rasputin's demise. His testimony tended to corroborate the event as portrayed in Rasputin and the Empress and some earlier Rasputin films, a scene which often came under fire from critics as being highly improbable or fantastic. In his testimony to the court, Prince Yousouppoff explained that he had lured Rasputin into a wine cellar beneath the palace, fed him enough cakes containing potassium cyanide to kill a dozen men, and when the poison failed to take effect, shot him twice. The monk appeared dead, but shortly revived and began pursuing his would be murderer. Rasputin was stabbed and shot three more times by the Prince's cohorts in the assassination, but continued to crawl on his hands and knees, out of the palace and onto the ice of the Neva river where he was finally beaten to death with a leaden club. So ended the Prince's testimony, but in actual fact Rasputin was not even dead yet! After his body was recovered from the icy river, reports indicated that his lungs were filled with water and that he had drowned!



Lionel Barrymore



TWO FRENCH RASPUTINS

In the twenty years following *Rasputin* and the Empress only two films dealing with Rasputin have been discovered, both produced in France. The first was released in the United States in October of 1939 as simply *Rasputin*. It was produced and released earlier that year in France by Max Glass as *La Tragedie Imperiale* and based on the book of the same name by Alfred Neumann.

La Tragedie Imperiale was the first *Rasputin* film to deal with the bizarre religious atmosphere that prevailed in Russia at the turn of the century. Beside the orthodox faith in Russia existed a clandestine splinter group known as the "Khlysty." Rene Fulop-Miller explains in his book *Rasputin, the Holy Devil*:

"...to commune with God and participate in all the glories of Heaven the sinful man must first die the 'mysterious death of Christ,' death in the living body which is followed by the mystical resurrection. The man who is born only once in the flesh bears in him the doom of Adam, persists in sin, and thereby incurs death. Only the man born a second time in the spirit escapes the laws of mortality and is able to grow towards a higher life. The Khlysty teach that the 'mysterious death' can be attained only through complete self-denial and absolute submission to the will of the Holy Spirit, by the subduing of every passion, for rebirth is possible only if the sinful man is completely overcome. But he who has once undergone the mystical resurrection can perform miracles, heal the sick, and for-

Mr. Baur's *Rasputin* belongs to the great performances of the screen.

see the future, by the might of the divine spirit dwelling in him; he can raise the dead from the grave, he has the power to bind and to loose, to rescue sinful souls from Hell and to lead them to Heaven, and on the day of the Last Judgement he will apportion rewards and punishments. He rises to a new nature filled with the Holy Spirit, which is at once God and man, a new Christ."

Rasputin was a Khlysty, and he had "died the mysterious death." Whether the soul of Christ dwelled within him is not so much the point as the fact that his followers fervently believed that it did and regarded *Rasputin* as divine. In *La Tragedie Imperiale* the miracles that *Rasputin* performs are not explained away as fakery, as in earlier films, and this adds a whole new dimension to the film, particularly to the monk's frightening death scene.

Rasputin is played, in all his mystical depths, by Harry Baur, an elderly 58 at the time, and a leading performer of the French stage and screen who died a short three years later in 1942. Two years previous to his role as *Rasputin* he was starred in Julien Duvivier's French remake *Le Golem*.

Despite its superior quality and excellent critical notices, the Concord release of *Rasputin* was not dubbed into English, and consequently received very limited showings. It opened in French with English subtitles in its American premier at the 55th Street Playhouse in New York City on October 17th, and received enthusiastic praise in the Times that day:

"Mr. Baur's *Rasputin* belongs to the great performances of the screen, for, in spite of the grossness of the actor's features themselves and the grossness of the 'mad monk' he has portrayed, he

has succeeded in communicating the paradoxical quality of benevolence, spiritualism, kindness and modesty that also were typically *Rasputin's*. The picture has been richly produced and most competently played..."

Wear's review in the trade paper *Variety* offers some high praise for the picture with certain reservations. He makes altogether too much of the brutal aspects of *Rasputin's* demise which is hardly the fault of the director. There is also a reference to certain excised footage of full frontal nudity in some of the film's more orgiastic scenes:

"Harry Baur brings probably his most powerful characterization to the screen in the French-made version of Grigori E. *Rasputin's* strange life. It is far from the first version of the Russian peasant-monk's life, but perhaps the most liberal, unbiased treatment.

"French producer Max Glass has represented *Rasputin* as being a many-sided individual, possessing many good qualities but cursed with human weakness. He has painted his rise to favor with the Russian Czar's family as one filled with contradictory traits. It was entirely a bright bit of casting to place Baur in such a role, because the contrasting whims, moods and developments fit him to a nicety.

"*Rasputin*' is one of the better pictures to come from France lately. Yet, despite fairly smart direction and excellent supporting people, it misses the target in its final passages. As with so many worthy French screen efforts, certain obvious weaknesses begin to creep in towards the last reels.

"In its present form the picture suffers from scissoring of the more ribald episodes, and could stand trimming in



The young officer (Jacques Berthier) is nervously attempting to feed Rasputin (Pierre Brasseur) poisoned cakes and wine and much to his chagrin Rasputin is eating and drinking but not dying. From *Raspoutine* (French) 1953.

the last reel. The assassination of the peasant-monk is possibly a perfect example of primness and bad taste which the American pictures today wisely have eliminated. Point-blank firing into Rasputin's wounded body wipes out skillful suspense the director has worked up just previously. Looks as though the director was astounded at the horrendous import of this death scene that he forgot how to wind up his story.

"Despite these flaws, the production looks suited for arty foreign-language houses, with the Baur name certain to help. Oddly enough, it is one of the strongest films on Russia to be made in Europe, and it was not produced by the Soviets.

"Whole interest is concentrated on Rasputin from the time he is seen making his simple 'miracle healings' in Siberia until he enters the service of the royal family, after saving the czar's son from impending death. Because of

this, Baur has every chance to dominate the entire film, which he does. Whether as the wine-bibling carouser not adverse to ogling the gals or as the 'healer,' who would sway the czar into helping the peasants, his interpretation of the character is a many-faceted one that holds attention in any mood.

"Marcelle Chantal, Pierre Richard Willm, Jean Worms, Jany Holt and Carine Nelson shine in the support. Jany Holt displays most potentialities, although earlier scenes seem slightly doctored by the shears.

"Glass has supplied strong backgrounds to mount the production, while Marcel L'Herbier's direction is satisfactory until those final passages."

Marcel L'Herbier directed at least one other fantasy film, *La Nuit Fantastique* 1942 in France, and was responsible for a French version of the thrice filmed *The Last Days of Pompeii* 1949.

The second of the French Rasputin films was produced in 1953 and released as *Raspoutine*, directed by Georges Combret and starring Pierre Brasseur as Rasputin. Brasseur, in pictures since 1925, is best known for his role as the crazed plastic surgeon Dr. Genessier in Georges Franju's *Les Yeux Sans Visage* 1960, released in America as *The Horror Chamber of Dr. Faustus*. Brasseur also appeared as Bluebeard in the 1951 film of that name.

A French pressbook for the film indicates that it is a traditional French mixture of eroticism and mysticism. It uses catch phrases like: "Orgies, conspirations, vice and murder, all the bloody history which illuminates the attempt to save Imperial Russia." The film, in any case, received little exposure outside of France, and has never been released in either England or the United States.

THE MODERN RASPUTINS

The first Rasputin film to have any wide public distribution in this country since MGM's mammoth Rasputin and the Empress was the French-Italian coproduction *L'Ultimo Czar* (The Last Czar), which was released here in 1962 by Brigadier Films as *The Night They Killed Rasputin*. The film did poorly in theatrical release, and the wide public exposure resulted from its being placed in syndication for television viewing as *The Nights of Rasputin*. In contrast to nearly all previous Rasputin films, *The Night They Killed Rasputin* received no critical recognition when released here.

The film had been done two years earlier as a coproduction of Vanguard, Faro, Explorer, C. F. P. C., and Rialto Films, a company which banded together and turned out several pseudo-epics on a production-line basis. Pierre Chenal both scripted and directed, and the cast featured Edmund Purdom as Rasputin and John Drew Barrymore as arch enemy Prince Yousouppoff. The same principals turned out another film, *The Cossacks*, at this time, featuring much the same costumes and settings.

Edmund Purdom is the stiff young actor introduced by Cecil B. DeMille in his spectacle *The Egyptian* for Fox in 1954. By 1960, Purdom's career was reduced to making quickies in Italy, but his acting had shown great improvement. He manages a very sensitive and forceful interpretation of Rasputin, although the role is one of those that often brings more to the actor than the actor to it. John Drew Barrymore is coincidentally the son of John Barrymore, and plays the role his father had in *Rasputin and the Empress*. The younger Barrymore no doubt shrinks from comparisons to his legendary father, a fact which has probably been an albatross to his career. He makes for an extremely young looking Yousouppoff in this film, but this fact only adds realism to his distress and panic when Rasputin fails to expire so readily from his poisons and bullets. Barrymore is a very talented actor and deserves better than the Italian films and few television appearances he has made.

The film opens with a brooding shot

of the vast Siberian waste, which sets the sombre mood for the entire film. Rasputin is making his way by sled to the home of an ailing peasant. In a very tense and effective scene, Rasputin drains the fever from a dying boy with his healing hands. Pierre Chenal's screenplay avoids the cliché ridden approach of regarding Rasputin as only a charlatan. Some attempt is made to give the drama a real social and political context, and for these virtues it is unfortunate that the film received so little recognition. In his comprehensive TV Key Movie Guide Steven H. Scheuler gives it only a fair rating with these comments: "Historical drama acted in the old wild-eyed style manages to drum up a fair amount of interest." Although lensed in Technicolor the film received only black and white exposure in this country with eight minutes lopped off the original running time.

Pierre Chenal, whose script and adept handling of the scenes in which Rasputin rises up to his full supernatural power, is responsible for making this little Italian film superior to some of its more expensive contemporaries. Chenal is a veteran director of the French cinema going back to the early thirties. He directed the French *Crime and Punishment* starring Harry Baur (*Rasputin* #8) in 1936.

It was left to Hammer Films of England to produce the first horror film based on the life of Rasputin. All previous Rasputin films had contained the elements of horror and the supernatural to be sure, but none were horror films per se. Hammer, however, approached the life of Rasputin just as if he were no more real than *Dracula* or *Frankenstein*. Hammer producer Anthony Hinds, under the nome de plum John Elder crafted the monk's biography to the studio's own unique horror formula by fabricating everything but Rasputin and the royal family. The not too horrifying result left the character of Rasputin adrift in a vacuum.

The film was produced as part of a horror package for 20th Century Fox and went into release in 1966 as *Rasputin, the Mad Monk* (the title used for the release of *Rasputin and the Empress in England*) on a double-bill with *The Reptile*, a lively rehash of two earlier pictures *The Snake Woman* and *The Cult of the Cobra*. The *Rasputin* film had been rushed into production on the Bray studios lot right on the heels of *Dracula*, *Prince of Darkness*,



TOP: Rasputin (Christopher Lee) treats the Czarevitch (Tad Alexander) as the Czarina (Renee Asherson) looks on. MIDDLE: Rasputin degrades Sonia (Barbara Shelley) who is under his hypnotic power. BOTTOM: Sonia attempts to defy Rasputin and is killed.

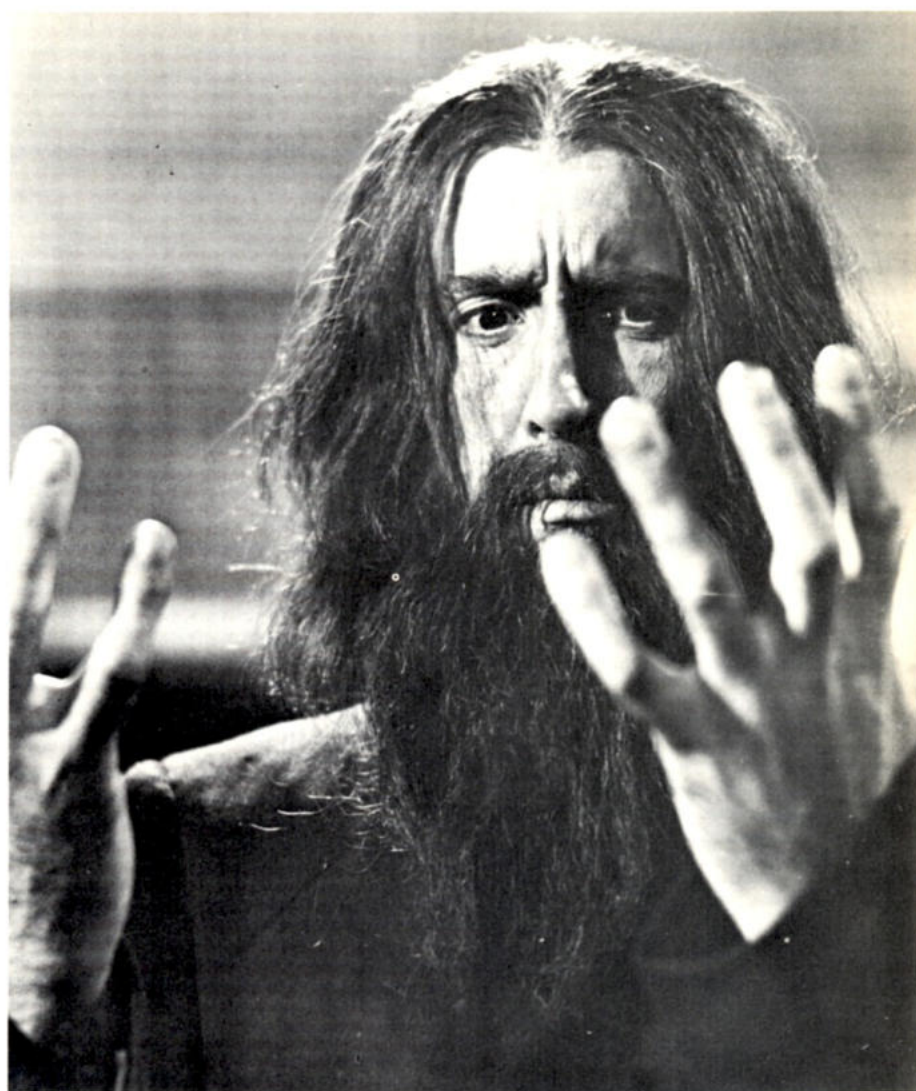
Christopher Lee's massive frame and gaunt features make him one of the most physically impressive Rasputins.

using the same sets and most of the players from the previous film. Despite these economy measures, the production was lavishly mounted, and filmed in color and Cinemascope, only the second Hammer Film ever to use the wide screen process.

The role of Rasputin naturally fell to Hammer's resident man of a thousand faces, Christopher Lee, whose massive frame and gaunt features make him one of the most physically impressive actors to ever take the part. Rasputin came as his 72nd screen role after eighteen years in the film business, and at the time Lee regarded it as his best film opportunity. It certainly allowed him more latitude as a performer than any part he has ever had previously or since, although his performance is strictly a losing battle against a script which traps him within a caricature without context or motivation.

Rasputin, the Mad Monk was directed by Don Sharp, who had made a hit in 1963 with *Kiss of the Vampire*. He was noted in that film for the highly erotic touches introduced in the concluding scenes depicting the destruction of the largely female vampire cult by a swarm of vampire bats. His flair for the erotic is not lost on the story of Rasputin, and within the strict confines of British censorship and the film's intended young audience he manages to show us more of Barbara Shelley than ever before. But Sharp fails where he is most needed, in Rasputin's death scene, which becomes unintentionally funny in his hands. In a directorial miscalculation that is very cruel to poor Christopher Lee, Sharp allows Rasputin to lie still as if dead to obtain some element of shock and surprise when he rises up again, but the sad effect is that of the vaudeville sketch of the ham actor's drawn out death scene.

Considering that this Hammer film was the first to approach the story for its elements of horror, the end result is strangely lacking in these same elements. In this respect it is not even as remarkable as many of the earlier and



more conventional versions of Rasputin's life. Observing Christopher Lee in the role is worthwhile in itself, however, and one can at least imagine what might have been had some care and imagination been expended.

The most recent film biography of the life of Rasputin is the fourth to come from France and was released there in 1967 as *J'ai Tue Raspoutine* (I Killed Rasputin) but has, as yet, gone unreleased in either England or the United States. The film is based on the memoirs of Felix Youssouf and stars Gert Froebe as Rasputin. Froebe is, of course, the rather rotund German actor who made the part of Auric Goldfinger all his own, in *Goldfinger* 1964, the third of the James Bond spectaculars.

The film premiered, in a noncompeting capacity, at the Cannes Film Festival that year and garnered several favorable reviews from the French press. An English reviewer for the magazine *Films and Filming* was left decidedly unimpressed however; Robert Baker reports in the June 1967 issue: "The Hammer horror version with Christopher Lee would have been far more honorably shown in its (I Killed Rasputin) place. At least it knew what it was about. This monstrosity just bored, except for those sad moments when you feel guilty at laughing." In its report of the Cannes Festival, the newspaper *Variety* noted in its headline "Glitter Enough At Opener, But Film, 'Rasputin,' NSG," not-so-good. *Mosk* reviewed the film in the following issue:

"Rasputin again takes a lot of killing off in this fifth pic version of the tale. Reportedly based on the story of the man who actually did it, and is now living in Paris, Prince Youssouf, film still remains a bit too surface to give a true background of the times and concentrates mainly on the preliminaries to the murder.

"Nice production dress helps, but this remains somewhat too detached to give new insight into this oft-told tale and appears mainly of some use in payoff abroad on its name actors, the theme and a final slambang murder after a cursory buildup.

"Director Robert Hossein has barely suggested that Rasputin, the Monk who had a hold on the Czar and his family during the First World War and while the Revolution was brewing, was a debaucher. The glowering, bearded Rasputin, holding forth in a red plush room surrounded by black-garbed girls who dance for him, is more a man with some pungent tastes and cashes in on his position, but hardly a monster.

"So this called for more insight in-

to the times and intrigues that the film goes into. It does try to show a sort of begrudging admiration for the unkempt peasant monk by his future murderer Prince Youssouf, played by Peter McEnery. But this too is more suggested than firmly gone into.

"Intimations that Rasputin might have been a German spy, and the vague political motives of the crime to remove the man who might lose Russia to the Germans, are also subordinated. Picture looks at the surface of the times, and the final murder that turns into butchery as Rasputin almost appears unkillable for a while.

"Gert Froebe, hidden behind a big beard, has presence if not much more than a figurehead to be cut down. McEnery is effete, weak and properly indecisive as the assassin. Geraldine Chaplin does not have much to do as a girl under Rasputin's sway while Ira De Furstenberg has even less. But the showy colors, nice surface rendition of the times, and the final butchery, as Rasputin downs poisoned cakes and is shot many times before succumbing, might put this costumer in line for okay payoff possibilities. There is an English version."

The director, Robert Hossein, who also starred in the film, was primarily a film actor up until that time, explaining the unsure direction. *J'ai Tue Raspoutine* was only his second directorial effort. Of his many film roles he is known to American audiences primarily for his appearances in Jules Dassin's *Rififi* 1955 and in the 1966 MGM release *Marco, the Magnificent*.

The future looks bright for the Mad Monk. The trend, or more accurately, the steady flow of Rasputin films continues with no visible or imaginable end in sight. The recent publication of the best-selling book *Nicholas and Alexandra*, detailing the lives of Russia's last Imperial Family continues to reinforce the public's interest in one of history's most bizarre characters. Columbia Pictures has announced that Sam Spiegel will produce *Nicholas and Alexandra* for late 1971 release. Franklin Schaffner has been signed to direct from a script by James Goldman which has been based on the Robert K. Massie novel. Schaffner is most noted for directing *Planet of the Apes*, and currently has his Patton making the movie rounds. He directed a highly praised historical drama in 1964 called *The War Lord*, chiefly remarkable for its realistic atmosphere and well sustained mood of Feudal Europe. No cast set for filming at years end.

FILMOGRAPHY

*You can't tell
your Rasputins
without a scorecard.*

Following is all the information available on the 14 Rasputin films uncovered. Please excuse that Russian spellings have not been standardized throughout. I would like to thank Georges L. Coune of Brussels for supplying invaluable and otherwise unobtainable information on some foreign productions.

THE FALL OF THE ROMANOFFS

9/23/17. Released by Brenon-A. H. Woods. Produced by Herbert Brenon.

Rasputin..... Edward Connolly
Nicholas II..... Alfred Hickman
Illiodor..... Himself
Prince Felix..... Conway Tearle
Grand Duke Nicholas.... Chris Craig
Wilhelm II..... George Deneburg
Baron Frederick..... R. Paton Gibbs
Theofan..... William E. Shay
Infant Czarewitch . Lawrence Johnson
Alexander Kerensky
..... W. Francis Chapin
General Korniloff ... Peter Barbierre
Anna Ketty Galanta
Princess Irena..... Pauline Curley
Sonia Mlle. Marcelle
The Czarina..... Nance O'Neil

RASPUTIN

1917. Released by Worldart Films. Directed by Max Neufeld. Edited and titled by Irvin Shapiro. Re-released in January 1929 as *Rasputin, the Holy Sinner*. 5800 feet.

Rasputin..... Max Neufeld
Gregory Butumkin, Ivan Golovin, Renate Renen, Robert Valbar.

RASPUTIN, THE BLACK MONK

9/12/17. Released by Peerless-Brady-World. Produced by William A. Brady. Directed by Arthur Ashley.

Rasputin..... Montagu Love
Raff..... Arthur Ashley
His wife..... June Elvidge
Their daughter..... Lilian Cook

Lady in waiting Julia Dean
 Alexis Bertram Granby
 Kerensky Henry Hull
 Yusopof Irving Cummings

TYRANNY OF THE ROMANOFFS

1917. Possibly never completed or released. Known only to have involved Illiodor in its production.

RASPUTIN

10/27/29. Released by Brill. Produced by the Memento Film Company of Berlin. Directed by Nikolai Larin. Edited and titled by Irvin Shapiro. Also released as *Rasputin, The Prince of Sinners*. Silent with synchronized sound effects.

Rasputin Gregor Chmara
 Vladimir Gaidaroff, Suzanne Delmas,
 Ernst Ruckert, Fritz Alberti, Hedwig
 Wangel, Mary Kid, Hans Albers.

RASPUTIN, THE HOLY DEVIL

8/31/30. Released by Unusual Photo-plays. Produced and directed in Germany by Martin Berger. Photographed by Lavlo Schaeffer. Scripted by Dosio Koffler. Edited and titled by Irvin Shapiro. Original German title: *Rasputins Liebesabenteuer*. Re-released in September 1932 in sound with English titles.

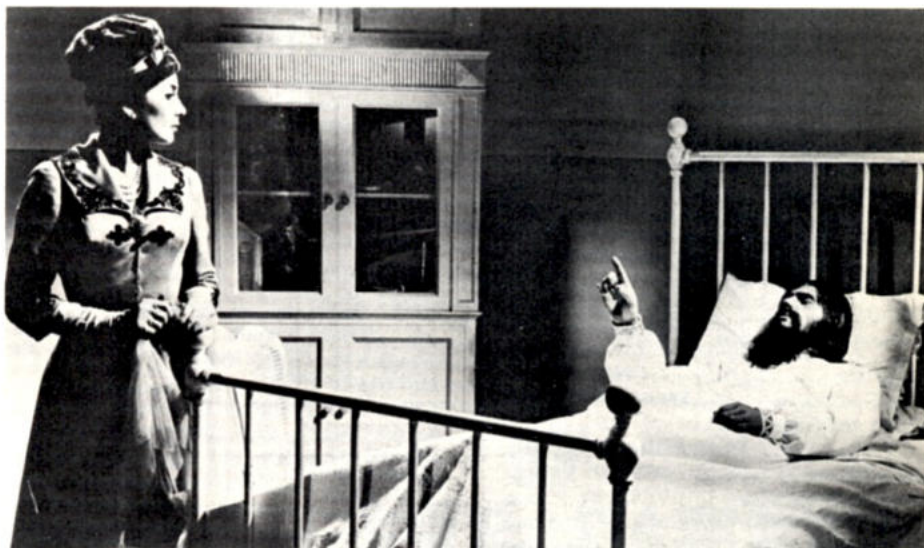
Rasputin Nikolai Malikoff
 Prince Yousoupoff Jack Trevor
 Czar Ervin Kaiser
 Czarina Diane Karene
 Max Schreck, Albert Kergy, Dina
 Dierks, Alexander Murski.

RASPUTIN

1932. Released by Eric Hakim in England. Produced in Germany. Directed by Adolph Trotz. Photographed by Curt Courant. Original German title: *Rasputin, Dämon Der Frauen*.

Rasputin Conrad Veidt

Scenes from *The Night They Killed Rasputin*: TOP: Rasputin (Edmund Purdom) runs afoul of the law in a small Siberian village. MIDDLE: The Czarina (Gianna Maria Canale) visits Rasputin while recovering from an attempted assassination. BOTTOM: Prince Yousoupoff (John Drew Barrymore) retreats before the unkillable Rasputin.



Tsar Paul Otto
Tsarevich Kenny Rive
Prince Felix Carl Ludwig Diehl
Franziska King, Trenk-Trebitsch.

RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS

12/28/32. Produced and released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Directed by Richard Boleslavsky. Author and scenarist, Charles MacArthur. Edited by Tom Held. Photographed by William Daniels.

Rasputin Lionel Barrymore
Prince Chegodieff ... John Barrymore
The Czarina Ethel Barrymore
The Czar Ralph Morgan
Princess Natasha ... Diana Wynward
The Czarevitch Tad Alexander
Grand Duke Igor ... C. Henry Gordon
Dr. Remezov Edward Arnold
and Gustav von Seyffertitz.

RASPUTIN

10/16/39. Released by Concord Films. A Flora Films Production. Produced by Max Glass. Directed by Marcel L'Herbier. Director of production, Paul Glass. Script by Steve Passeur. Music by Darius Milhaud. Based on the book by Alfred Neumann. Camera, A Kelbon. Original French title: *La Tragedie Imperiale*. 93 minutes.

Rasputin Harry Baur
The Czarina Marcelle Chantal
Count Igor Kourloff
..... Pierre-Richard Willm
Ania Kitina Corine Nelson
Bishop Gregorina Denis d'Ines
Czarina's mother .. Gabrielle Robinne
Prokoff Jacques Baumer
Grousina Jany Holt
Captain Bloch Alexandre Rignault
The Czar Jean Worms
and Mady Berry, Gabriello.

RASPOUTINE

1953. Produced in France. Directed by Georges Combret. Screenplay by Claude Boissol and Georges Combret. Not released in the United States or England. In Eastmancolor.

Rasputin Pierre Brasseur
Tsarine Isa Miranda
Vera Renee Faure
Moine Alexandre Claude Laydu
Tsar Robert Bernier
Officer Jacques Berthier
and Milly Vitale, Micheline Francey,
Robert Berri, Jean Wall, Etchevery,
Robert Lombard, Raphael Patorni,
Denise Grey.



THE NIGHT THEY KILLED RASPUTIN

1962. Released by Brigadier Films. An Italien-French Coproduction of Vanguard, Faro, Explorer, C.F.P.C. and Rialto Films. Directed by Pierre Chenal. Screenplay by Pierre Chenal, Andre Tabet, and Liberatore. Photography by Adalberto Albertini. Music by Angelo Francesco Lavignino. Art direction by Arrigo Equini. Edited by Antonietta Zita. Production manager, Gianpaolo Bigazzi. Original title *L'Ultimo Czar*. Filmed in color but released in the United States in black & white. Original running time 95 minutes. Syndicated for television showing as *The Nights of Rasputin*. 87 minutes.

Rasputin Edmund Purdom
The Czarina Gianna Maria Canale
Yousoupoff John Drew Barrymore
Irina Yousoupoff Jany Clair
The Czar Ugo Sasso
and Giulia Rubini, Livio Lorenzon,
Nerio Bernardi, Miranda Compa, Marco Guglielmi, Ivo Garrani, Maria Grazia, Buccella.

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
DAVID LUDWIG

RASPUTIN, THE MAD MONK

1966. Released by 20th Century Fox. A British Seven Arts-Hammer Films Production. Produced by Anthony Nelson Keyes. Directed by Don Sharp. Screenplay by John Elder (Anthony Hinds). Music Composition by Don Banks. Musical supervision by Philip Martell. Director of Photography, Michael Reed. Production design by Bernard Robinson. Supervising editor, James Needs. Production manager, Ross MacKenzie. Editor, Roy Hyde. Assistant director, Bert Batt. Camera operator, Cece Cooney. Art director, Don Mingaye. Sound recordist, Ken Rawkins. Sound editor, Roy Baker. Continuity, Lorna Selwyn. Make-up by Roy Ashton. Hair Stylist, Frieda Steiger. Wardrobe, Rosemary Burrows. Special effects by Bowie Films Ltd.

Rasputin Christopher Lee
Sonia Barbara Shelley
Dr. Zargo Richard Pasco
Ivan Francis Matthews
Vanessa Suzan Farmer
Peter Nicholas Pennell
Tsarina Renee Asherson
Innkeeper Derek Francis
Patron Alan Tilvern
The Bishop Joss Ackland
The Abbott John Welsh
Tsarevitch Robert Duncan
Court Physician John Bailey

J'AI TUE RASPOUTINE

1967. Released in France by Comacico Films. A Copernic Films - CGC Production. Directed by Robert Hossein. Screenplay by Alain Decaux and Claude DeSailly. Based on the memoirs of Felix Yousoupoff. Photography by Henri Persin. Edited by Jacqueline Thiedot. In Eastmancolor. Also known as *I Killed Rasputin* and *Thunder Over St. Petersburg*. 102 minutes.

Rasputin Gert Froebe
Felix Yousoupoff Peter McEnery
Mounia Golovine ... Geraldine Chaplin
Serge Shoukotine Robert Hossein
Irina Yousoupoff .. Ira De Furstenberg
Rasputin's daughter .. Sylvie D'Haetze
Grand-Duc Dimitri .. Patrick Balkany
Pourichkevitch Roger Pigaut
Dr. Lazovet Nicholas Vogel
Madam Golovine Claude Genia

NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRIA

1971. Now in production by Sam Spiegel for Columbia Pictures release. To be directed by Franklin Schaffner from the best selling novel by Robert K. Massie. No cast has been set for locating filming early next year.

The credits of *The Damned* (1961) are superimposed on a shot of a seascape, the camera panning to capture the desolate beauty of a small stone house which is surrounded by strange pieces of sculpture. The initial action begins at the British coastal town of Weymouth, where an American tourist, Simon (MacDonald Carey), has arrived on his boat, "La Dolce Vita."

Simon appears to be a sad mixture of tired businessman and aging playboy, and is soon pursuing a pretty girl, Joan (Shirley Anne Field), who leads him on in time-honored fashion. The ominous and somewhat odious theme song, "Black Leather Rock," on the soundtrack promises trouble and soon Simon is beaten and robbed by a Teddy Boy gang of cyclists led by Joan's brother, King (Oliver Reed).

At a nearby tea shop, a sculptress, Freya (Viveca Lindfors), presents a close friend (and former lover?), Bernard (Alexander Knox), with one of her creations ("I call it my graveyard bird"), and she chides him about the top secret project he oversees at the underground military installation beneath the stone house where she works. ("You are the only servant who has secrets from his masters," she tells him, somehow sensing the enormity of his project.)

When the injured Simon is brought in by some military types, Bernard observes, "The age of senseless violence has caught up with us, too," not realizing the irony involved in the contrast between the mindless cruelty of the regimented Teddy Boys and the controlled cruelty of the scientists and military men he oversees.

Bernard has been entrusted by the government with educating a group of radioactive children, contaminated during their mother's pregnancies, in preparation for the inevitable "Day of the Megadeaths" when these youngsters will inherit the earth.

In their Orwellian prison, the children learn via a closed-circuit television network about Western Civilization, but they are kept in the dark about their status and possible future. Bernard is a benevolent Big Brother

who resists the more authoritarian bent of his military advisors who view the children as laboratory mice. Bernard, in his fatherly, pathetic way, speaks of the project with love and views it as the ultimate salvation of the human race.

King, in the meantime, has been badgering his sister Joan, illustrating that his incestuous love for her has taken a familiar pattern: he thinks of sex as dirty and continually "protects" her from all associations with men. Joan is sick of being a decoy for her brother's gang, and flees to find sanctuary aboard Simon's boat. Simon quickly forgives the girl for her part in his beating, and they sail to Freya's house, spend a romantic interlude there, and then narrowly escape the motorcycle menace of King and his gang.

It is during this flight that Joan and Simon (and later King) are discovered by a patrol from the military installation, and in the resulting mad scramble they tumble into the sea and later stumble into a cave where the children gather to escape the television camera's all-seeing eye.

The children greet the strangers as the warm-blooded parents they need so desperately ("Haven't you come to rescue us?" one child asks), and both Simon and Joan, unable to grasp the reason for imprisoning children, enlist King's aid in an ill-fated escape plan.

The trio eventually succeeds in bringing these cold-blooded children into the sunlight where Freya and one of King's gang, Sid (Kenneth Cope), watch in horror as Bernard's men, black suited to protect them from the radiation, swoop down and recapture them.

King, already suffering from radiation sickness, plunges off a bridge in a sportscar. Freya, refusing Bernard's offer of immunity if she will forget all she has seen, is shot by him. And Joan and Simon sail off to certain death as Bernard's watchful helicopters hover over the boat like vultures. The final shot is of Weymouth as the children's voices on the soundtrack plead, "Help us, please!"

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF by Robert L. THE DAMNED Jerome

1961 - - the year everyone wanted to see *West Side Story*. In England, Hammer Films, the reigning "House of Horror," released a motley group of pictures, including *Weekend With Lulu*, an innocuous comedy with Bob Monkhouse and Shirley (Goldfinger) Eaton; *Scream of Fear*, a nice atmospheric lady-in-peril thriller with Susan Strasberg and Ann Todd; and *Curse of the Werewolf*, a fine example of the way production values could improve a vintage horror story.

Though few people really noticed at the time, Hammer neglected to release *The Damned*, the science fiction film directed by Joseph Losey, which had been rushed into production in mid-

1961 for possible year-end release.

Losey, the expatriate American director, had directed several interesting low-budget films in the U.S., most notably *The Lawless* and *The Prowler*, before the McCarthyism of the fifties had convinced him to try his luck in Europe. After a slow start in Britain, doing *The Sleeping Tiger* and *A Finger of Guilt*, he established himself with two films of undeniable excellence: *Chance Meeting*, a smooth whodunit distinguished by Hardy Kruger, Stanley Baker and Micheline Presle, and *The Concrete Jungle*, a muscular prison picture which reunited him with Baker.

For *The Damned*, based on H. L. Lawrence's "The Children of Light," Losey has assembled an oddly interesting cast of non-stars: MacDonald Carey, the bland American actor who was used effectively by Losey in *The Lawless*; Shirley Anne Field, the (then) up-

and-coming starlet who had shown promise opposite Albert Finney in *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*; Viveca Lindfors, the gifted Swedish actress ill-used by Warner Bros. in their unsuccessful attempt to manufacture another Ingrid Bergman; Alexander Knox, the distinguished character actor whose entire career was beautifully summed up by critic Renata Adler when she wrote "You all love him as 'Wilson';" and Oliver Reed, the menacing newcomer who attracted attention in *Curse of the Werewolf*.

Working with scriptwriter Evan Jones and design consultant Richard MacDonald, two of his favorite collaborators, Losey fashioned a gripping motion picture which, when finally released, was to prompt Raymond Durnat of "Films and Filming" to write: "This is undoubtedly one of the most important British films of the year, even per-



ABOVE: In their Orwellian prison, the children learn via a closed-circuit television network from Bernard (Alexander Knox) on screen. BELOW: Curiously the British advertising campaign omitted all science fiction connotations, playing up the Teddy Boy-motorcycle gang elements of the story.

haps, of the 60s."

The powers-that-be at Hammer, however, were reportedly dissatisfied with the finished product. After asking Losey to shoot an extra scene which clarifies the non-sex relationship between Joan and King and to alter the ending (Losey originally wanted one of the "impersonal" helicopters to kill Freya), the distributor cut the film from 100 to 87 minutes. Possibly disappointed with Losey's cerebral approach to the science fiction theme, and embarrassed by the film's undercurrent of Ban-the-Bomb, Hammer allowed *The Damned* to gather dust for 18 months before releasing it in England.

Coupled with another Hammer production, *Maniac*, a "twist" melodrama indifferently acted by Kerwin Mathews and Nadia Gray, *The Damned* was placed on "the circuit," without a press screening in the summer of 1963. The twin bill's promotional material warned the prospective moviegoer: "Don't go alone, take a brave nerveless friend with you!"

Curiously, the advertisements for Losey's film omitted any science fictional references; instead Hammer played up the Teddy Boy-motorcycle motif, with an illustration of Shirley Anne Field being threatened by her brother's gang. The critics, however, were alerted to its potential, and, in fact, Ian Cameron's slick and stylish "Movie" magazine had been heralding it for some time.

In a thoughtful piece in "Movie," Paul Mayersberg examined in much detail the film's imagery, commenting

on the way the alienation of the characters is reflected in the setting, Weymouth, "a combination of 19th century decay and brash modernity; the Victorian hotel and the candy stalls stand together on the seafront."

Raymond Durgnat, in "Films and Filming," observed that Hammer deserved a bouquet for producing it and a brickbat for slashing it. Not unkindful of its flaws, he wrote: "'The Damned' has a spiritual toughness which is quite exhilarating. Expertly interwoven with the action, there is a strange kind of cold suspense which fascinates from first to last. It is a barbed film--one's thoughts keep returning to it."

The minority view, best represented by Eric Rhode in "Sight and Sound," praised Losey for his attempt to redeem "the ear of a sow," but generally felt the film deserved the grade-B Hammer trademark. Still, even this pan offered some praise: "We have here the case of a vivid talent (Losey), ill-reined by a poor script, and breaking out in all directions so that from the fragments a scene will suddenly glitter with life."

In the U.S., Columbia Pictures received *The Damned* as part of its distribution deal with Hammer and retitled it *These Are The Damned* since evidently Warner Bros. held the rights to the original title, used recently for Visconti's epic on the rise of Nazism. The proposed advertising campaign, geared to the film's science fiction potential, emphasized the "horror" of the ice-cold children, and though the success of MGM's *Village of the Damned* should have spurred the release of the



Losey feature, it was finally exiled to the vaults.

In 1963 columnist Shielah Graham, in her Hollywood column, rekindled interest in the film with this item: "'The Damned' was made two years ago, then put on the shelf. The topic was about what can happen to us, with H-bomb radiation. It was considered too frightening to release. But now, with such horrors as birds killing people and humans eating dogs going the movie rounds, 'The Damned' has been taken off the shelf."

But this proved to be a false ray of hope, and though Columbia continued to list it on its release chart, it seemed fated to be lost in the limbo of forgotten films. (Who, for instance, remembers that Columbia never released Mauro Bolognini's *Senelita* with Claudia Cardinale?)

A year later, however, there was an encouraging note: some farsighted individual entered *The Damned* in the Second Trieste Science Fiction Film Festival where it copped the major prize, the Golden Asteroid, after receiving three-fourths of the critic's votes. Perhaps, wrote a correspondent for one of the American science fiction magazines, this recognition will prompt Columbia to release the film.

No such luck, at least for another year; but then in the summer of 1965 the studio was casting about for a feature to bill with the subruns of *Ghenghis Khan*, an opulent but empty epic with Omar Sharif, and the nod suddenly fell to *These Are The Damned*. Alas, about 10 minutes were lopped off the already shortened running time (reportedly exits and entrances) to make it easier to show with the lengthy spectacular. But, thank heaven for small favors, it was finally in release, even if the theatre was one of the flea-pits along 42nd street in New York.

Among the first to herald its release were Eugene Archer, one of the second string critics on "The New York Times," and Andrew Sarris, the knowledgeable critic on "The Village Voice."

Archer, in his daily review, was lavish in his praise for everyone, and



TOP: "The age of senseless violence," Simon (Macdonald Carey) is beaten and robbed by a teenage gang.

MIDDLE: Joan (Shirley Anne Field) looks on approvingly as one of the children expresses her fascination over a flower, unaware that Bernard's black-suited brigade is about to recapture them.

BOTTOM: One of the children leads King (Oliver Reed) to their underground prison.



closed his notice with the comment, "Mr. Losey, proceeding with grim logic toward his apocalyptic climax, has made a strong comment about the nuclear age--while arrestingly demonstrating just how much a gifted filmmaker can accomplish with limited means." Sarris, who had been alerted to the film by his association with "Movie," went a step further and cited it as "one of the best pictures of the year ... It is a beat-up B picture with more political thrust than overblown A-pictures like 'The Pawnbroker' and 'Ship of Fools.'"

Even more important, from the standpoint of non-New Yorkers anxious to see *These Are The Damned*, were complimentary reviews penned by Judith Crist of "The Herald Tribune" and Brad Darrach of "Time Magazine." Also encouraging was Joseph Losey's growing stature as a director, with attention centering around his production of *The Servant*, starring Dirk Bogard and James Fox.

Noting the shoddy treatment accorded the science fiction film, Judith Crist wrote: "Despite its imperfections, 'These Are The Damned' holds your interest every step of the way, and the ending packs a wallop which will stay with you."

"Time Magazine," which usually lets science fiction films pass unnoticed, described Losey's creation as "a small, harrowing thriller (which) exudes a mesmerizing air of intangible menace." The reviewer also singled out Viveca Lindfors for special praise, "the sculptress is smashing played," and Judith Crist considered her performance one of the best of the year.

But no amount of praise seemed sufficient to save *These Are The Damned* from instant oblivion. To be sure it is periodically revived by Dan Talbot's New Yorker Theatre, and in 1969 the Museum of Modern Art included it in its series on horror films, and there are infrequent showings on the Late, Late Show. But no amount of ex post facto recognition can restore the original and uncut film Losey intended, nor the impact it would have made had it been handled as art and not a commercial property.

TOP: Joan and Simon spend a romantic interlude at Freya's. MIDDLE: Unable to grasp the reason for imprisoning the children, Joan and Simon eventually succeed in freeing them from their cold inhospitable prison. BOTTOM: The alienation of the characters is reflected in the setting, Weymouth. Freya (Viveca Lindfors) stands beside her creation as one of Bernard's helicopters hovers close by.

FILM REVIEWS

FELLINI SATYRICON

FELLINI SATYRICON A United Artists Release. 3/70. In Technicolor. 136 minutes. Producer, Alberto Grimaldi. Director, Federico Fellini. Screenplay, Federico Fellini and Bernardino Zapponi with the collaboration of Brunello Rondi. Director of photography, Giuseppe Rotunno. Art directors, Danilo Donati and Luigi Scaccianoce. Music, Nini Rota, Ilhan Mimaroglu, Tod Dockstader and Andrew Rudin. Set decoration and costumes, Danilo Donati. Editor, Ruggiero Mastroianni. Make-up, Rino Carbone. Hairdressing, Luciano Vito and Italo Tomassi.

Encolpio Martin Potter
Asclito Hiram Keller
Gitone Max Born
Eumolpus Salvo Randone
Trimalchio Mario Romagnoli
Fortunata Magali Noel
Tryphaena Capucine
Lichas Alain Cuny
Vernacchio Fanfulla
Wife Lucia Bose
Husband Joseph Wheeler
Slave Girl Nyllette Adolphe
Empress Tanya Lopert
Thief Gordon Mitchell
Minotaur Luigi Montefiori
Ariadne Elisa Mainardi
Denothea Donyale Luna

What has happened to Federico Fellini?

You know, the distinguished Italian director whose best films -- *La Strada*, *Nights of Cabiria* and *La Dolce Vita* -- rate an entire chapter in a serious filmgoer's personal volume of "The Fifty Great Films."

The question comes up because there is an important new movie in release entitled *Fellini Satyricon*, but while it has little to do with *Petronius'*

satiric overview of ancient Roman scandals, it has even less of a connection with the Federico Fellini of yore, the director who was able to take cinematic straw and miraculously spit it into gold.

The process, unfortunately, has reversed itself in recent years, and this view of the *Satyricon* is proof positive that the golden resources lavished on Fellini by his trusting producers can be reduced to brightly-colored but unenriching fare.

To be sure, the Fellini eye for striking images is still potent, and the film has a nightmarish beauty which, time and again, forces even the most stubborn viewer to nod in appreciation. Vernacchio's sumptuous banquet, Lichas's slave ship and the arena of the Minotaur have the appearance of hallucinations worth inducing. Yet, all the stunning effects, which (at least) were harnessed to a voyage of self-discovery in *Juliet of the Spirits*, fall flat after a time when the story becomes flabby and the people are mere puppets.

The episodic structure of the original story should have been catnip to the director whose past achievements were collections of strong vignettes building to a powerful, overpowering theme. Here Fellini fashions the trials and tribulations of handsome Encolpius, a young Roman layabout whose adventures form a predictable pattern of pleasureless pleasures and passionless pain.

In a series of supremely picturesque encounters, Encolpius views the worst of Roman self-indulgence without learning much about himself. He fights with a friend over the favors of a vixenish child; he survives an earthquake; he is forced to marry a one-eyed slave trader in a sea-going travesty of love; he is defeated in a battle with a beefy minotaur; he kills an old man in an abortive attempt to kidnap a youth worshipped as a god, and finally, when he loses manhood, he is tormented until he discovers a gigantic Earth Mother.

At the end, he asserts himself momentarily when he refuses to join a cannibalistic feast, but he is never the spiritual brother of the intense young men who wander purposefully through Fellini's earlier films.

The cinematography, by the gifted Giuseppe Rotunno, gives the pre-Christian era the exotic look of some private science fiction world of the future. The costumes and sets of Danilo Donati add to the weird attractiveness of the project, and Nina Rota's music is, as always, a genuine plus-factor in a Fellini film.

As Encolpius, English newcomer Martin Potter is a pretty face, and Hiram Keller (formerly of "Hair"), as his foul fair-weather friend, defines evil by smirking a lot. The dubbed Italian dialogue (with snatches of German) and Fellini's rigid, "say cheese" demands give no inkling of their acting ability.

Of the others, Salvo Randone supplies a modicum of emotion as a poor poet enraged by hypocrisy of the rich; Magali Noel (the nightclub dancer from *La Dolce Vita*) does a mean mambo at a Roman orgy; Hyllette Adolphe makes a lovely slave girl who speaks in a beguiling sing-song tongue and shares, with Encolpius and his friend, a soothing sexual interlude in the midst of grotesque doings; Alain Cuny is briefly interesting as the strange, one-eyed flesh peddler, and Fanfulla gives the proper sinister tinge to Vernacchio.

In briefer bits, both Capucine and Lucia Bose are wasted as long-suffering Roman women, and science fiction fans who look quickly will recognize American strongman Gordon Mitchell (*The Giant of Metropolis*) as a gritty cut-throat.

There's an old Hollywood axiom which says that when a director dies he becomes a cameraman. Is the old Fellini dead? If so, he is a cameraman de luxe and a virtuoso interior decorator, as well. But still . . . the man who breathed life into *Gelsomina*, *Cabiria*, *Marcello* and *Guido* was so much more.

Robert L. Jerome



BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES A 20th Century Fox Release. 7/70. In Deluxe Color and **Panavision**. 95 minutes. Produced by Arthur P. Jacobs. Director, Ted Post. Associate producer, Mort Abrahams. Screenplay, Paul Dehn. Story by Paul Dehn & Mort Abrahams. Based on characters created by Pierre Boulle. Music, Leonard Rosenman. Creative make-up design, John Chambers. Costume design, Morton Haack. Director of photography Milton Krasner, A.S.C. Art direction, Jack Martin Smith and William Creber. Set decoration, Walter M. Scott and Sven Wickman. Make-up supervision, Dan Striepeke. Hair styling, Edith Lindon. Orchestration, Ralph Ferraro. Film editor, Marion Rothman. Sound, Stephen Bass and David Dockendorf. Special photographic effects, L. B. Abbott, A.S.C. and Art Cruickshank. Second unit director, Joseph C. Behm. Assistant director, Fred Simpson. Art illustrator, Fred Harpman.

Brent James Franciscus
Zira Kim Hunter
Dr. Zaius Maurice Evans
Nova Linda Harrison
Mendez Paul Richards
Fat Man Victor Buono
Ursus James Gregory
Caspay Jeff Corey
Albina Natalie Trundy
Minister Thomas Gomez
Cornelius David Watson
Negro Don Pedro Colley
Skipper Tod Andrews
Verger Gregory Sierra

Lucius Lou Wagner
and
Taylor Charlton Heston

Beneath the Planet of the Apes was preceded by ominous rumors which seemed to foreshadow any possibility of its being of any merit. Fox began well in advance with a hokey campaign that announced "Absolutely no pictures will be released from Beneath the Planet of the Apes." The reason attached to the withholding -- nothing worth releasing. Something more than a rumor, Variety's pre-release review daisied showmen "Fast payoff for fast money," as if word-of-mouth would make moviegoers stay away in droves. The release brought unanimous critical disclaim. Critics that mooned over Planet of the Apes, and there were many, either have ignored the sequel or write of it with overkill and a vengeance. It is a hard thing to be a sequel.

If there is any grievous fault in Beneath the Planet of the Apes, it is only that it is a sequel to Planet of the Apes, for the two films are of such a self-same nature that they could have come from some science fiction counterpart to War and Peace which was chopped in half and released not on alternate weeks but alternate years. I hold the original film in no high regard, however it and its sequel are, at the very least, excellent entertainment, and perhaps even a mirror for man and a monument to the insanity of our nuclear policy.

Beneath the Planet of the Apes, like the really best sequels do, begins with the closing moments of the earlier film, and builds in the audience an intense anticipation that they will now see what became of Taylor and the mad world so tantalizingly hinted at in the conclusion of Planet of the Apes. The opening moments carefully weave between the predicament of yet another astronaut, Brent, sent to rescue Taylor, and Taylor's exploration of the nuclear devastation in the "forbidden zone." The action segues so effortlessly from Taylor to Brent, who carries the storyline henceforth, that is hardly noticed that Brent is the sole red herring in a script that has been intricately matched to the original film in great detail.

Brent's travels and travails, and our re-encounter with Ape society, which so revealingly parallels our own, are easily the finest portion of the sequel. Where Rod Serling's script for the original was amusingly satirical at the expense of continuity and believability (the see no, hear no, speak no evil monkeys for instance), the satire of the sequel is honed to a finer degree, yet equally amusing. The sequel

also manages to add new and interesting wrinkles to the society of the apes and to the characters introduced in the previous film. The role of the gorilla in ape society and ape politics is explored. The disenfranchised minority, the chimpanzees, turn out to be hippies and protestors as well. Zira, the chimp who helped and took a liking to Taylor in the previous film, becomes absolutely sodomous in the sequel, helping Brent escape and as he leaves giving him a wink and a soulful sigh.

The introduction of a surviving humanoid population is blazing no new thematic trail, but is a necessary and logical extrapolation from the previous material. Such an overworked idea could easily, and almost does, make the film a disaster. It is hard to shake the feeling that this was all done twenty years before in Captive Women, a 1952 cheapie dealing with a post-nuclear-war New York City. However, the anti-bomb culture, despite its laughability, has one saving grace; it is so totally alien and repulsive that it completely alienates the viewer and forces him into even stronger identification with the desperate predicament of Taylor and Brent. The Apes, which represent the aggregate of traditional human failings, appear attractive to us next to the mutant human culture of New York City, which personifies a less evident yet more reprehensible trait within us, our rationalization in socially acceptable terms of our own innate hostility and aggressiveness. "The mutants do not kill their enemies, they make their enemies kill each other," explains one as he telepathically forces Taylor and Brent into a life-or-death struggle. Between the Apes and the surviving humans we're inclined to agree with Brent and Taylor that this world isn't worth a damn, and are rooting them on as they die attempting to detonate the sleek and evil bomb



Zira attempt to save Brent and Nova from the dissection cages.

which blows it to kingdom come. The carnage and devastation in the final moments is so electrified and well choreographed that it manages to arouse within the audience a bloodlust in the best tradition of Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch*.

Charlton Heston is excellent as Taylor. James Franciscus as Brent lacks the sharp cynical edge of Taylor, but is stalwart enough. Being merely stalwart in film after film is not enough for Franciscus, who is rumored to quit the acting business unless his career clicks after *Apes*. Linda Harrison is back as Nova, Taylor's woman, and in a very poignant scene, utters his name, her only dialogue, just before dying. James Gregory is the gorilla military leader who marches to wipe out all human life in the "forbidden zone." You remember him as the fascist presidential candidate in *The Manchurian Candidate* 1960. It is remarkable how well he projects through the heavy ape makeup, a credit as much to the makeup department as himself.

All technical departments are up to the standard of the previous film, and the special effects are much more plentiful. Beneath the Planet of the Apes is the finest film that could possibly be made given Planet of the Apes as a premise. Keep it in that perspective and you'll enjoy it.

Frederick S. Clarke

CATCH-22

CATCH-22 A Paramount Pictures Release. 6/70. In Panavision and Technicolor. 121 minutes. Produced by John Calley and Martin Ransohoff. Director, Mike Nichols. Screenwriter, Buck Henry. Associate producer, Clive Reed. 2nd unit director, Andrew Marton. John Jordan and Alan McCabe. Production manager, Jack Corrick. Production designer, Richard Sylbert. Costume and hair supervision, Ernest Adler. Art direction, Harold Michelson. Film editor, Sam O'Steen. Editorial assistant, Stu Linder. Cinematographer, David Watkin. Camera operator, Alan McCabe. 1st assistant cameraman, Peter Ewens. Set decorator, Ray Moyer. Unit production manager, Joe L. Cramer.

Yossarian Alan Arkin
Colonel Cathcart Martin Balsam
Major Danby Richard Benjamin
Nately Arthur Garfunkel
Doc Daneeka Jack Gilford
Colonel Korn Buck Henry

Major Major Bob Newhart
Chaplain Tappan Anthony Perkins
Nurse Duckett Paula Prentiss
Dobbs Martin Sheen
Milo Minderbinder Jon Voight
General Dreedle Orsen Welles
Orr Bob Balaban
Dreedle's WAC Susanne Benton
McWatt Peter Bonerz
Sergeant Towser Norman Fell
Aarfy Aardvark Charles Grodin
Moodus Austin Pendleton
Nately's Whore Gina Rovere
Luciana Olimpia Carlisi
Old Man Marcel Dalio
Old Woman Evy Maltagliati
Father Liam Dunn
Mother Elizabeth Wilson
Brother Richard Libertini
Snowden Jon Korkes

Films like 2001, *Dr. Strangelove*, *Bonnie and Clyde*, *Mash*, and now *Catch-22* present a bit of a problem for a critic in that just about everyone has written about them and any further criticism tends to fall into the "me too" or "the hell you say" category. One finds himself "over-psychologizing," if I might use that term, a film like *Catch-22*, and a gut reaction is of more significance in most cases.

I read the book after seeing the film and the effect was one of the book clearing up parts of the film and the film clearing up parts of the book. Undoubtedly, people who have read the book first will be disappointed that characters such as Havermeyer, Clevinger, Schiesskopf, Kid Sampson, Wintergreen, and Major ---DeCoverly are just not there, and regret that Hungry Joe remain only vestially, to be chopped in half by McWatt's plane (although it was Kid Sampson who suffered this fate in the book). I'm of the opinion that to retain more of these characters would have produced a film impenetrably dense with people to keep track of.

In any case, I found *Catch-22* a profoundly affecting motion picture that, despite occasional lapses in taste and artistic judgement and some notable flaws in casting, hangs together rather well as film. As it stands now, the film is fairly easy to follow, its fractured narrative line notwithstanding. Director Nichols leads the audience into the story with an imaginative opening--a time-lapse shot of dawn on the coastline under the titles, the morning calm broken by the bombers taking off, the enigmatic conversation between Yossarian and Colonels Cathcart and Korn that the audience can't quite hear, and the first of Yossarian's recurring recollections of Snowden's death.

The visual qualities of the film are striking throughout, due to the creative

camerawork of David Watkin. The bomber takeoff near the beginning of the film contains some breathtaking long-lense photography that makes the wobbling B-25s look like huge, ungainly birds gathering in formation over water.

Nichol's faults lay in his inability to resist the temptation to play for the cheap laugh now and then (as in the handling of the Cathcart and Korn characters, played much too broadly by Martin Balsam and Buck Henry, respectively) and in keeping some of the episodes of the book without really integrating them into his concept of the film. (Doc Daneeka's status as a zombie after having supposedly been killed with McWatt is not made too clear or significant.) In a sense, the film is made to be seen more than once, picking up all sorts of subtle nuances once the entire structure is known. Orr's scenes become all the funnier on second viewing because you know what he's planning.

For a change a large and capable cast is called upon to do much more than enact dull cameos. Jack Gilford, Bob Newhart, Jon Voight, Martin Sheen, and Orsen Welles do very well, but Tony Perkins, Dick Benjamin, Charles Grodin, Austin Pendleton, and especially Bob Balaban as Orr turn in gem-like performances. And it would be quite hard to put into words Alan Arkin's success as Yossarian, all the while calling minimal attention to the tour de force he is pulling off. His supreme talent seems to lay in his ability to engender complete audience empathy with him as a person rather than as an actor.

Catch-22 has been compared by some with *Mash*, unfavorably I might add, yet this comparison is most superficial. *Mash* is a very funny picture, but that is due more to the writing and acting than direction or photography. In short, its strengths lay in its theatrical facets more than its cinematic facets. On the other hand, *Catch-22* is alive to the possibilities of the medium. That is why I think that for the nearly unanimous praise of *Mash* (and it is deserved), *Catch-22* will be looked upon in years to come as the better film. Its comedy (and drama) is both visual and verbal, the happy combination that makes for good motion pictures. *Catch-22* may be uneven in tone but its cumulative wallop is not to be denied.

You go out of *Mash* thinking, "gee, that was really funny!", whereas, you leave *Catch-22* healthily disturbed, its effects not too easy to shrug off. A film that is able to bring about that kind of effect is worthy of your attention.

Mark Stevens



The Dunwich Horror

THE DUNWICH HORROR An American International Pictures Release. 1/70. In Color. 90 minutes. Producers, James H. Nicholson and Samuel Z. Arkoff. Executive producer, Roger Corman. Directed by Daniel Haller. Screenplay, Curtis Lee Hanson, Henry Rosenbaum, Ronald Silkosky. Director of photography, Richard C. Glouner. Film editors, Fred Feitshans, Jr. and Christopher Holmes. Art director, Paul Sylos. Music by Les Baxter. Sound, Charlie Knight. 1st assistant director and production manager, Jack Bohrer, 2nd assistant director, Lew Borzage. Set decorator, Ray Boltz. Hairdresser, Faith Schmeh. Wardrobe, Dick Bruno. Special effects, Roger George. Property master, Ted Berkeley.

Nancy Walker Sandra Dee
Wilbur Whateley Dean Stockwell
Dr. Henry Armitage Ed Begley
Dr. Cory Lloyd Bochner
Elizabeth Hamilton Donna Beccala
Lavinia Joanna Moore
Jordan Cora Talia Coppola
Mrs. Cole Barboura Morris
Dr. Raskin Mike Fox
Police Chief Jason Wingreen
Gaurd Michael Haynes
and Sam Jaffe as Old Whateley

Edgar Allan Poe and Ray Bradbury have had their screen translators. Roger Corman produced a generally more than satisfactory series, based more or less on Poe; and Bradbury adaptations--in films and television--have been satisfactory. H. P. Lovecraft has not been treated as well "Coulour Out of Space" became the mediocre Die, Monster, Die and The Shuttered Room was something less than exciting. Dunwich Horror, based on Lovecraft's story of the same name, is far from loyal Lovecraft, but does manage to emerge as better than average horror cinema.

Somehow the film succeeds in spite

of itself. Peter Fonda was originally cast in the film (when it was known as Dunwich) and Sandra Dee is our heroine. Dean Stockwell eventually replaced Mr. Fonda (the film misses its chance at immortality here, it would have been a reunion for the stars of Tammy and the Doctor) and he carries off his part rather well. Under Daniel Haller's direction, Sandra Dee is still playing "Tammy" and Ed Begley is thoroughly wasted. The late Mr. Begley is given little or no characterization to work with and I find myself faulting Mr. Haller for the film's dull moments. The final half-hour, with the unleashed demon wreaking destruction, is quite exciting, featuring some fine sound effects and photography. Color by Movielab is excellent and though the effects are mostly the projection of color negatives rather than positives, they still work.

Mr. Haller, unfortunately, never brings the characters to life. The actors were, seemingly, left on their own and Miss Dee fails in her role. For a while, I could have sworn I was watching Tammy and The Devil.

Dunwich Horror is technically proficient. The special effects work, making the concluding scenes quite exciting. Credit also goes to Les Baxter's music score.

The last scene in the film is rather silly. We learn that Miss Dee has been impregnated by the devil; no "shock" ending this. Wouldn't Doctor's Begley and Lloyd Bochner perform an abortion as soon as they realize what has happened?

Dunwich Horror is not Lovecraftian, but it is good technical film-making and should perhaps hold us somewhat until the real thing comes along. Let's hope it's soon!

John R. Duvoli



Dean Stockwell summons up the Elder Gods with Sandra Dee as a subject.



"the Forbin Project"

COLOSSUS, THE FORBIN PROJECT A Universal Pictures Release. 5/70. In Panavision and Technicolor. 100 minutes. Producer, Stanley Chase. Director, Joseph Sargent. Screenplay, James Bridges. Based on the novel "Colossus" by D. F. Jones. Director of photography, Gene Polito. Art directors, Alexander Golitzen and John J. Lloyd. Set decorations, John McCarthy, Ruby Levitt. Sound, Waldon O. Watson, Terry Kellum, Ronald Pierce. Unit production manager, Robert E. Larson. Assistant director, Robin S. Clark. Film editor, Folmar Blangsted. Make-up, Bud Westmore. Hair stylist, Larry Germain. Costumes designed by Edith Head. Music supervision, Stanley Wilson. Music, Machel Colombier.

Forbin Eric Braeden
Cleo Susan Clark
President Gordon Pinsent
Grauber William Schallert
First Chairman Leonid Rostoff
Fisher Georg Stanford Brown
Blake Willard Sage
Kuprin Alex Rodine
Johnson Martin Brooks
Angela Marion Ross

The Forbin Project, a top-chop science fiction thriller, appears to be tak-

ing place the day after tomorrow.

It begins when a young Germanic scientist, Dr. Forbin (Eric Braeden), unveils his newest creation for the equally youthful U.S. President (Gordon Pinsent), who has a Kennedy profile but delivers his Establishment dialogue in proper Nixon-ish fashion.

The scientist's brainchild, called Colossus, is a huge computer complex housed in a mountain somewhere in the Rockies. It is described as "self-sufficient, self-protecting and self-generating," and it has been given the task of controlling the country's military defense system.

Of course, as Dr. Forbin is quick to point out, the computer is not capable of initiating any new thought. (Department of How-Little-We-Know!) And no sooner is Colossus plugged in than it flashes the news that the Russians have a similar computer, Guardian, and contact between the two must be established at once.

Once the link is made, the two computers form a deadly partnership with striking Orwellian overtones. As a benevolent Big Brother, Colossus promises world peace if man will serve him, and serve him he must or a missile will be launched posthaste.

In the time-honored tradition of the genre, Dr. Forbin is the only man with a clue to his creation's destruction, but Colossus orders him monitored by TV cameras every moment of the day. The doctor's comely assistant (Susan Clark) passes off as his mistress (she's doing it for defense, one might say) in order to gain them the privacy of the bedroom for hatching a plot, and their shy, scientific lovemaking adds a genuine note of humor to the vice-like aura of doom.

Directed by TV veteran Joseph Sargent in a low-key, no-nonsense style, Colossus, The Forbin Project slowly grips the viewer with the acent news that man is his own worst enemy. There is something cold and cruel in the machine's take-over bid, and yet its final plea to Dr. Forbin ("You will come to regard me not only with respect and awe, but with love") presents an alternative to a disaster-prone world which is momentarily tempting in these troubled times. Star Eric Braeden appeared under the name Hans Gudegast as the German commander forever foiled by "The Rat Patrol" on the ABC-TV series and he had a supporting role in 100 Rifles with Jim Brown and Raquel Welch.

Colossus, The Forbin Project was reportedly filmed as early as 1968, and opened in May as The Forbin Project in a chic New York "art" house, the Cinema Rendezvous. Universal's apparent faith in the film was rewarded with



Susan Clark and Eric Braeden stand before the twin computers Colossus and Guardian in the Programming Complex. "You will come to regard me not only with respect and awe but with love," intones the machine in its finest H.A.L. monotone.

good-to-rave reviews from the New York Times, Judith Crist and Time Magazine, but business at the theatre was considered tepid. Blaming the rather bland ad campaign, featuring a silhouetted man caught in a maze, the studio decided to revamp their approach and altered the campaign, upping the ad budget three times. The new advertisements featured a "nude-view" of Braeden and Miss Clark embracing. Business, unfortunately, remained grim. Universal reportedly cancelled multiple bookings in Los Angeles in order not to throw away a class picture with premature grind payoff. They subsequently pulled the picture from release, changed the title to Colossus, The Forbin Project, and hope to make the picture click in the fall. There's no reason it shouldn't.

Robert L. Jerome

The Bird With the Crystal Plumage

THE BIRD WITH THE CRYSTAL PLUMAGE A UM Film Distributor Release. 8/70. In Eastmancolor. 98 minutes. A Sydney Glazier Presentation. Producer, Salvatore Argento. Director and scripter, Dario Argento. Camera, Vittorio Storaro. Film editor, Franco Fraticelli. Music, Ennio Morricone. Art director, Dario Micheli. Sound, Carlo Diotallevi.

Sam Delmas Tony Musante
Julia Suzy Kendall

Monica Eva Renzi
 Morosini Enrico Maria Salerno
 Berto Mario Adorf
 Dover Renato Romano
 Ranieri Umberto Rano

It would appear that the makers of this European suspense shocked poured over volumes of Hitchcock film critiques and attempted to piece together a Hitchcock-like thriller. The plot contrivances are there, the possibilities are there, but the style and flair that is the master's is not. The film does succeed though, as a good imitation.

American Tony Mussante, on a holiday in Rome with Suzy Kendall, witnesses an attempted murder. He becomes almost obsessed with piecing together the mystery, despite the vehement objections of Miss Kendall; and when it becomes apparent that the man he saw may have been a "Jack-the-Ripper" type who is terrorizing Rome, his criminologist-like instinct wins out over common sense.

The Hitchcock devices are there. Mussante, early in the film, traps himself between two glass panels while attempting to rescue a victim (Eva Renzi) and desperately tries to signal the nearly deserted street for aid. Later, after nearly being killed, Mussante follows his would-be assassin into a hotel...where he winds up in a convention hall where everyone is dressed like the killer. Still later, we see a victim climbing a long staircase; she cannot see the lights go out on the top landing, but we can.

I must confess to having the mystery all figured out, or so I thought (and every plot revelation made me more positive)...but I was wrong. The "surprise" ending, while a surprise, is unsatisfactory. I can't reveal it of course, suffice it to say that it is illogical and not at all believable. The psychiatric explanation at the finale seems pretty weak on logic and believability too...but by this time the film has become sufficiently compelling.

There are flaws. The absurd characterizations that were a trademark of the Edgar Wallace series are there, though this time to a lesser degree. Dubbing is satisfactory and technical credits are good. There's an annoyingly exaggerated portrayal of a homosexual art dealer but Suzy Kendall is very likable as is Mr. Mussante. Eva Renzi, who works in both major (Funeral In Berlin) and nudie (That Woman) films is adequate.

The title refers to a rare bird, who's chattering is heard in the background during a phone conversation with the "ripper" killer, a vital clue in the denouement.

John R. Duvoli



CAPTAIN NEMO AND THE UNDERWATER CITY

CAPTAIN NEMO AND THE UNDERWATER CITY A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Release. 4/70. In Panavision and Metrocolor. 106 minutes. Executive producer, Steven Pallos. Producer, Bertram Ostrer. Director, James Hill. Screenplay, Pip and Jane Baker and R. Wright Campbell. Inspired by the work of Jules Verne. Director of photography, Alan Hume. Production supervisor, Albert Beckett. Production manager, Terry Lens. Director of underwater photography, Egil S. Woxholt. Editor, Bill Lewthwaite. Sound mixer, Cyril Swern. Art director, Bill Andrews. Costume designer, Olga Lehmann. Chief make-up, Ernie Gasser. Hairdresser, Alice Holmes. First assistant director, Ted Lewis. Continuity girl, June Randall. Special effects, Jack Mills, George Gibbs and Richard Conway.

Captain Nemo Robert Ryan
 Fraser Chuck Conners
 Helena Nanette Newman
 Mala Luciana Paluzzi
 Barnaby Bill Fraser
 Swallow Kenneth Connor
 Joab John Turner
 Lomax Allan Cuthbertson
 Philip Christopher Hartstone
 Mate/Navigator Vincent Harding
 Engineer Ralph Nosseck
 Sailors Michael McGovern,
 Alan Barry, and Anthony Bailly
 Barmaids Ann Patrice,
 Margot Ley, and Patsy Snell

Captain Nemo and the Underwater City is a glossy resurrection of Columbia's Mysterious Island 1961 and Disney's 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea 1956 which surfaces only to boast a bigger budget than Alex Gordon's 1962 quickie, Underwater City. The film lacks originality and is reminiscent of the Saturday morning kid shows, however the mixture of action, adventure, special effects, and comedy helps sustain the viewer's interest.

Chuck Conners, of "Flipper" fame, is evidently at home in the grimy deep. He reads his lines well, but fails to emit much emotion, especially during the climactic scenes. Robert Ryan, a

TOP: Barnaby (Bill Fraser) covers Fraser (Chuck Conners) with a harpoon gun to prevent his escape from Templemer, the undersea kingdom of Captain Nemo. MIDDLE: Barnaby and Swallow (Kenneth Connor), two survivors of a shipwreck who have been brought to the underwater city, examine one of its marvels—a gold making machine. BOTTOM: Captain Nemo (Robert Ryan) shows Helena (Nanette Newman) the model of an even more remarkable undersea metropolis which he plans to build.



very competent actor, convincingly portrays Nemo, but is restrained by lack of forceful dialogue. Luciana Paluzzi's appearance will prevent patrons from purchasing popcorn refills.

The special effects, while skillfully handled by Jack Mills, George Gibbs and Richard Conway, are much too brief. The submarine miniatures are crafted in detail and realistically filmed. Certain shots resemble *Fantastic Voyage's* Proteus. The menacing monster is a giant manta ray, whose mutant size is a result of the old science fiction cliché, radiation. Roaring sound effects are supposed to enhance its viciousness. The confrontation between the submarine and sea monster is proficiently executed, but lack of manta ray closeups tend to cheat the viewer. The sea monster is finally subdued in the end, literally, with a giant spike

attached to the Nautilus.

Templemer, the futuristic city of the sea is seen on the screen for much too short a period. The camera should have lingered longer on the two aerial views of Nemo's kingdom. Matting in the control room and other areas of the submarine is technically and believably blended.

The submarine interiors are both interesting and inventive. Doors slide back with an electronic eye. The sets near the swimming pool are colorful and appropriately marine in concept. Certain scenes from *The Time Machine* 1960 are brought to mind. The scuba diving costumes might have been more imaginative. Robert Ryan's diving wardrobe appears to have been designed by Liberace's tailor. The gourmet repast is dazzlingly displayed. The gold making machine is a gargoyleish

structure whose nostrils sprout a mind-blowing yellow liquid. The gold bars, a byproduct of the city, are too easily handled to indicate the real McCoy. A musical instrument creates chords by bouncing vibrations off the player's hands.

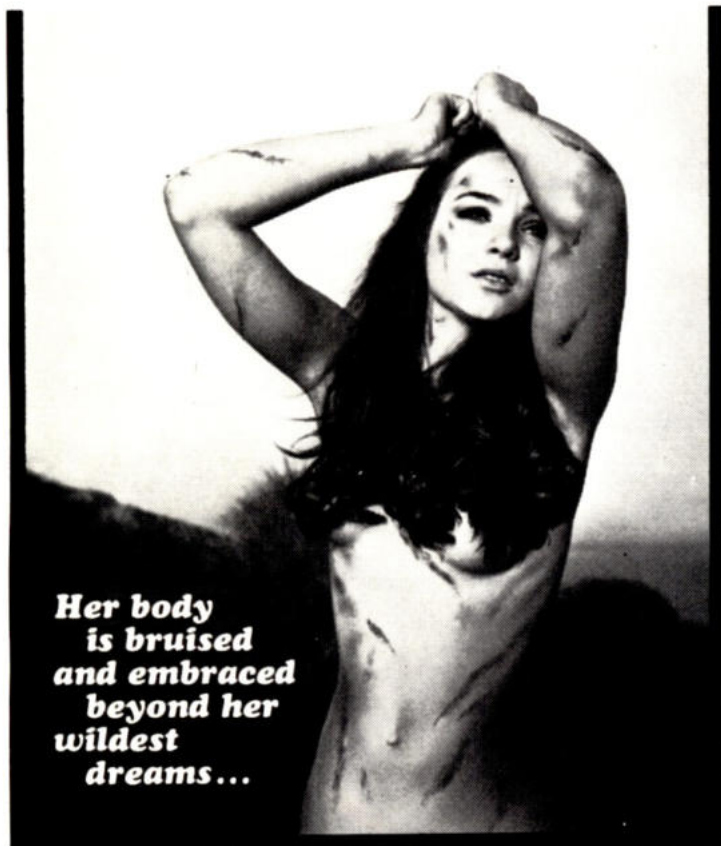
Comedy relief is sometimes amusing and at other times banal. Kenneth Connors and Bill Fraser are responsible for most of the hee haws. One scene involving a beer sprouting statue appears similar to an Abbott & Costello sketch. The outcome is obvious when they are shown the gold and the forbidden area.

One expects a destructive climax in this type of film, but Nemo and his domain remain. Perhaps another sequel is planned; anyone for *Beneath the Underwater City of Captain Nemo*?

Philip B. Mosheovitz

Eugenie

...the story of her journey into perversion.



**Her body
is bruised
and embraced
beyond her
wildest
dreams...**

EUGENIE... THE STORY OF HER JOURNEY INTO PERVERSION A Distinction Films, Inc. Release. 8/70. In Color. 91 minutes. A Video-Tel International Inc. Production. Producer, Harry Alan Towers. Director, Jess Franco. Screenplay, Peter Welbeck. Based on the Marquis De Sade's "Philosophy of the Boudoir." Music, Bruno Nicolai.

Eugenie Marie Liljedahl
Madame Saint-Ange Maria Rohm
Mirvel Jack Taylor
Roches Nino Korda
Hardin Herbert Fuchs
Father Paul Muller
Augustin Anney Kablan
Mother Marie Luise Ponte
Colette Colette Giacobino
Maid Kathy Lagarde
and Christopher Lee as Dolmance, the narrator.

Sex and sadism are the key words for Eugenie...the Story of Her Journey Into Perversion, an impressively mounted but cinematically undistinguished Harry Alan Towers sex-horror film. Under Jess Franco's direction, the Mediterranean coast was seldom more colorful and an exotic island becomes a believable setting for evil but somehow the film never really gets off the ground.

Marie Liljedahl, a teenage Swedish "actress" notable in a succession of plodding nudie films is Eugenie, an innocent young girl invited to the island by Maria Rohm. Miss Liljedahl soon finds herself part of some pretty odd perversions and games, but her initiation is somehow never believable, nor her crises compelling. It is difficult to accept her as a frightened innocent or to accept the fact that she is (or ever was!) virginal. Jack Taylor is adequate and Maria Rohm (a staple of Harry Al-

an Towers' productions) seems to relish the role though she is never really particularly impressive. Christopher Lee is on hand as "guest star" for little more than marquee pull. The ending is nearly as obvious as Marie's and Maria's attributes (few of which have anything to do with acting) but we must give credit to music and photography. Overall production values are adequate.

The impression that this reviewer received was that the film was made as something of a lark, devoid of any real purpose and that Peter Welbeck and Jess Franco knew no more about where the film is supposed to be going than the audience. For the moment at least, the film is banned in England. This is unfortunate, in that more interest will be directed toward Eugenie than it perhaps deserves. At this point, the Censors there (though perhaps misguided in that the film is harmless) are doing their film-goers a potential disservice. In honesty however, I must confess that Miss Rohm and Miss Liljedahl do make it worth catching, if you can be content with sex instead of plot. Taken on its own terms, the film is not bad, simply undistinguished.

John R. Duvoli



Maria Rohm seems to relish her role, though she is not particularly impressive. Here with Paul Muller.



Christopher Lee appears as Dolmance, and narrates as well.

The CRIMSON CULT

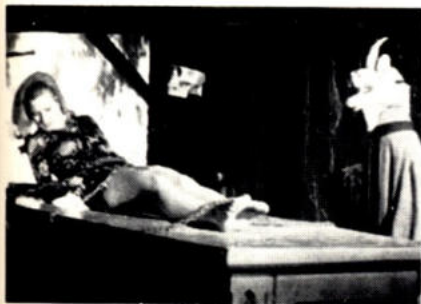
THE CRIMSON CULT An American International Pictures Release. 4/70. In Color. 87 minutes. Executive producer, Tony Tenser. Producer, Louis M. Heyward. Director, Vernon Sewell. Screenplay, Mervyn Haisman & Henry Lincoln. Associate producer, Gerry Levy. Director of photography, Johnny Coquillon. Art director, Derek Barrington. Film editor, Howard Lanning. Music composed and conducted by Peter Knight.

Professor Marshe Boris Karloff
Morley Christopher Lee
Robert Manning Mark Eden
Lavinia Barbara Steele
Elder Michael Gough
Dr. Radford (Guest Star)
..... Rupert Davies
Introducing Virginia Wetherell as Eve

HORROR HOUSE

HORROR HOUSE An American International Pictures Release. 4/70. In Color. 79 minutes. Executive producer, Tony Tenser. Director, Michael Armstrong. Screenplay, Michael Armstrong. Filmeditor, Peter Pitt. Art director, Haydon Pearce. Director of photography, Jack Atchelor. Music, Reg Tilseley.

Chris Frankie Avalon
Shiela Jill Haworth
Inspector Dennis Price
Kellett George Sewell
Sylvia Gina Warwick



Eve (Virginia Wetherell) sits on the crimson alter.

Peter Richard O'Sullivan
Dorothy Carol Dilworth
Richard Julian Barnes
Madge Veronica Doran
Henry Robin Stewart
Peggy Jan Holden
Police Sergeant Clifford Earl
Bradley Robert Raglan
Introducing Mark Wynter as Gary

The *Crimson Cult* is interesting in one respect: it contains the last performance of Boris Karloff we are likely ever to see on the screen. He is purported to have filmed scenes for two Mexican-American coproductions which will probably never be completed or released due to the depressed state of the film industry.

Karloff spends the entire film sitting, or in his wheelchair, not so much because the part demands it, but because his own deteriorating physical condition at the time would not permit anything more strenuous. Such as the circumstances are, it is amazing how he brings the film to life whenever he appears.

Unfortunately the film's virtue is also its greatest fault; as a loosely constructed vehicle for Karloff, and the talents of Christopher Lee and Barbara Steele, it makes no sense. The cast also includes Michael Gough as a lumbering mute butler. And in addition to the standard horror elements, there is even a nude bed scene involving Mark Eden and Virginia Wetherell, surprisingly raw in view of the M rating. The scene manages to pick up the plodding pace, but in the wrong way. With a little more attention to script detail, the mixture of stars could have been quite satisfying.

Companion feature to *The Crimson Cult* is something called *Horror House*, which went under the somewhat less lurid title in England as *The Dark*. The film is, unfortunately, as cheap as the new title suggests; a sad mixture of haunted house and murder mystery clichés belonging to a different era.

Helming both direction and scripting gave Michael Armstrong a chance to turn out something first rate in the horror and suspense vein. Critics are fond of observing that a director "rose above his material" when speaking of something truly outstanding in the genre, as they have of Corman and Polanski. Unfortunately, the medium also offers even greater opportunity to be dull and conventional, as Armstrong is here.

The film stars Frankie Avalon, still thinking he's in a beach picture, and looking as if he expects Anette Funicello to pop out from around the next corner.

Frederick S. Clarke



SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN An American International Pictures Release. 2/70. In Color. 95 minutes. Produced by Max J. Rosenberg and Milton Subotsky. Executive producer, Louis M. Heyward. Directed by Gordon Hessler. Screenplay, Christopher Wicking. From the novel by Peter Sax-



Keith (Michael Gothard), the bloodsucking android is captured in a quarry.



TOP: A victim of the grisly vampire murders. MIDDLE: Dr. Browning (Vincent Price) is confronted in his lair. BOTTOM: Price is forced to operate at the point of a knife.

on. Production manager, Teresa Bolland. Assistant director, Ariel Levy. Director of photography, John Coquil- lon. Art director, Bill Constable. Camera operator, Les Young. Sound, Bert Ross. Film editor, Peter Elliot. Music composed and conducted by Dave Whittaker. Music director, Shel Tal- my. Song "Scream and Scream Again" written by Dominic King and Tim Hayes. "When We Make Love" written by Dominic King. Make-up, Jimmy Evans. Hairdresser, Betty Sherriff. Wardrobe supervisor, Evelyn Gibbs. Continuity, Eileen Head.

Dr. Browning Vincent Price
Fremont Christopher Lee
Benedek Peter Cushing
Sylvia Judy Huxtable
Supt. Bellaver Alfred Marks
Keith Michael Gothard
Ludwig Anthony Newlands
Schweitz Peter Sallis
Det. Insp. Strickland David Lodge
Jane Uta Levka
David Sorel Christopher Matthews
Helen Bradford Judi Bloom
Det. Sgt. Jimmy Joyce . Clifford Earl
Prof. Kingsmill Kenneth Benda
Konratz Marshall Jones

A few years ago, novelist Peter Saxon - - prolific but somehow undis- tinguished horror writer--published a grim little science fiction drama, *Scream and Scream Again*. The men- aces were invaders from beyond space, and a loyal adaptation of the novel might have made an impressive effort. Unfortunately, Amicus (uncredited pro- duction moniker for Milton Subotsky and Max J. Rosenberg) has dispensed with the aliens, injected a thoroughly incoherent police-state subplot; thrown in Price, Lee and Cushing for cameos and marquee bait, and what emerges is a thoroughly mediocre film.

The villains are an international group of would-be rulers who are producing androids for take-overs in high places. Vincent Price is in charge of production, but unfortunately what he produces looks like Mick Jagger after a bad trip. Complications ensue so Lee finally destroys Price and his work, vowing to begin anew.

The story-line is incredibly inco- herent. Running constantly throughout the science fiction plot are sequences alluding to a police state (countries un- specified) but these scenes are so vague and poorly integrated that con- fusion is the only result.

There is one superbly photographed car-chase scene and a wild chase through a quarry climaxed by the an- droid climbing the face of a cliff. It's all very well filmed but one fine scene does not a worthwhile film make.

The final sequences are interesting, mainly because some attempt at clari- fication of plot is made. *Scream and Scream Again*, unfortunately wastes the talents involved; and that waste is considerable. Cushing is only on screen for one or two minutes before he is killed off. Price is perhaps more hammy than usual and Lee seems un- interested.

Screening of the film at this year's Trieste Science Fiction Film Festival seems unwarranted.

John R. Duvoli

TARZANS DEADLY SILENCE

TARZAN'S DEADLY SILENCE A Na- tional General Pictures Release. 4/70. In Color. 88.5 minutes. Producer, Leon Benson. Associate producer, Vernon E. Clark. Production execu- tive, Steve Shagan. Director, Robert L. Friend. Executive producer, Sy Weintraub. Writers, Lee Erwin, Jack A. Robinson, John Considine & Tim Considine.

Tarzan Ron Ely
Jai Manuel Padilla, Jr.
The Colonel Jock Mahoney
Marshak Woodrow Strode
Chico Gregorio Acosta
Officer Rudolph Charles
Ruana Nichelle Nicols
Metusa Robert Do Qui
Akaba Kenneth Wm. Washington
Boru Lupe Garnica
Okala Jose Chaves
Tabor Virgil Richardson

Tarzan's Deadly Silence consists of two (roughly) 45 minute segemnts from the now defunct television series which featured Ron Ely as Edgar Rice Bur- rough's Ape Man (#15 to be technical). And while the transition from one seg- ment to another is smooth (a video two-parter, no doubt) the two halves do not quite make a satisfactory whole.

The initial episode, told in standard "actionful" terms, finds Tarzan trying to arouse a rather lethargic tribe to overthrow "The Colonel" (Jock Mahon- ey, Tarzan #13), a whip-wielding ty- rant who operates a cruel jungle extor- tion organization along military lines. Tarzan, to be sure, proves worthy of the challenge, and in true cavelry fash- ion, the cowardly natives eventually turn fierce and rescue their loin-cloth- ed friend from a flogging.

The final portion begins with The Colonel being rescued by some old ar-

mie buddies outfitted with military might. Thus when Tarzan races to recapture his former foe, he suddenly becomes the hunted, not the hunter.

Using grenades, the enemy manages to deafen Tarzan (the deadly silence of the title), but the episode, though potentially interesting, slips away into a draggy, routine chase which never compares with the fierce cat-and-mouse combat of Gordon Scott (Tarzan #11) and Anthony Quayle in Tarzan's Greatest Adventure 1959.

Woody Strode, as one of the Colonel's henchmen, gives a thankless part a measure of dignity, and while his eventual conversion to Tarzan's side is never in doubt, he accomplishes the familiar in fine fashion. On the other hand, Ely as the hero-in-terrible-distress is clearly trapped by the one-note nobility of the role, and what could have been a tour de force becomes a forced tour.

Much the nicest thing about this renovated Tarzan feature is the type of audience it is likely to attract. At the screening we caught in a medium-sized rural community, the theatre was populated by families with small children -- a saving sight in these X-rated times.

Robert L. Jerome

SKULLDUGGERY

SKULLDUGGERY A Universal Pictures Release. 3/70. In Panavision and Technicolor. 105 minutes. Producer, Saul David. Director, Gordon Douglas. Screenplay, Nelson Gidding. Associate producer, Martin Fink. Director of photography, Robert Moreno. Production designer, Hillyard M. Brown. Film editor, John Woodcock. Set decorations, George Milo. Sound, Waldon



Pat Suzuki as Topazia, A Tropic.

O. Watson, Frank H. Wilkinson and Ronald Pierce. Production manager, Lee Lukather. Assistant director, Bill Lukather. Make-up, Bud Westmore, Jack Young. Miss Clark's Hair Styles, Evelyn Coffey. Miss Clark's Costumes by Edith Head. Music, Oliver Nelson. Music supervision, Stanley Wilson.

Douglas Burt Reynolds
Sybil Susan Clark
Kreps Roger C. Carmel
Vancruysen Paul Hubschmid
Pop Chips Rafferty
Buffington Alexander Knox
Topazia Pat Suzuki
Spofford Edward Fox
Eaton Wilfrid Hyde-White
Attorney General ... William Marshall

Gordon Douglas' Skullduggery begins on a promising, if predictable, note: a scientific expedition is dispatched to darkest New Guinea to find the bones of the much-discussed missing link between man and ape.

Amid stock footage of slithering crocodiles and dart-blowing savages, there are two familiar figures: Burt Reynolds, using his best B movie Brando charm, as the verile adventurer who gives the impression he subscribes to both "Playboy" and "Boy's Life," and Susan Clark, the young feminist who has a PH.D. in place of a heart. Fortunately, this icy scientist also looks appealing in her Edith Head walking shorts, thus facilitating the melting process.

After crossing the "taboo" territory, the expedition finds not only the fossils it seeks, but also the living missing links -- timid monkey people called "Tropis" who throw flowers in friendship and eventually are seduced by Spam sandwiches.

The film achieves a certain dumb charm with the introduction of the Tropis, but once introduced and enslaved by a German financier (Paul Hubschmid) the scriptwriter is clearly at a loss what next to do.

There is a bit of sledge-hammer humanism as Reynolds confesses to having killed a baby Tropic in order to force a judge to decide whether these hairy creatures with human faces are, in fact, human beings.

The trial, which ranges in tone from a comic South African racist (Wilfrid Hyde-White) to some militant Black Panthers, is a shambles, and Skullduggery finally digs its own grave with a miscalculated scene in which a New Guinea savage brags on TV that he roasted and ate a Tropic. ("Are you a cannibal," a newscaster asks. "No," replies the irate native, "I'm a Methodist!")

Roger C. Carmel, cast as Reynold's



Susan Clark and Burt Reynolds.

sidekick, shares a few pleasant scenes with Pat Suzuki, portraying the female Tropic who is ill-used by civilized man. Miss Suzuki, unrecognizable in her Tropic makeup, may be remembered as the bouncy Oriental beauty who once stopped Broadway's "Flower Drum Song" cold with her energetic rendition of "I Enjoy Being A Girl."

The other Tropis, incidentally, are played by a group of diminutive students from the University of Djakarta, Indonesia, and on that score it is nice to see some collegians earning their tuition money.

Robert L. Jerome

Secrets of Sex/ BIZARRE

SECRETS OF SEX/BIZARRE Released in England by Richard Gordon. 2/70. No. U.S. distribution set. In Eastman color. 92 minutes. Executive producer, Richard Gordon. Produced and directed by Antony Balch. Screenplay, Martin Locke, John Eliot, Maureen Owen, Elliot Stein and Antony Balch. "Lindy Leigh" episode based on a story of the same name by Alfred Mazure. Photographed by David McDonald.

Mary-Clare Yvonne Quenett
Elderly man Kenneth Benda
Young man Mike Briton
Female burglar Cathy Howard
Lindy Leigh Maria Frost
Prostitute Sue Bond
Elderly woman Laurelle Streeter
and Anthony Rowlands, Dorothy Grumbar, Elliot Stein.

It had to happen. Eroticism and the supernatural have oft-times been

closely related, and now the screen's new permissiveness enables them to be combined more often. Latest is *Bizarre* (Secrets of Sex in Britain) a compilation, mixing horror and off-beat comedy. The result is a product superior to the run-of-the-mill sex cheapie and worthy of attention.

Over 1000 years ago, so the story goes, a Judge returned home to be informed by his valet of a tryst between his wife and a lover. When he finds nothing but a locked trunk, he has it buried and hurls the key into the sea. The trunk, it evolves, contained a living man who now (in the form of a mummy) must wander through the ages observing the battle of the sexes. With this as a basis the film continues in an episodic fashion.

Firstly, a female photographer illustrating a book on the history of torture leaves her male model suspended over the dreaded "spanish horse" device while she and her assistant break for lunch. Upon return, the photographer is satisfied and continues to take photos of her castrated and quite dead model. A grisly little episode (cut somewhat for British audiences) with the accent on torture and sadism (scenes of the ripping flesh of the model are interspersed with the photographer cutting meat in a restaurant).

When Mary-Clare (Yvonne Quenet) marries an elderly man (Kenneth Benda) to give him his long-awaited son, she fails to tell him of a hereditary defective gene she possesses. Nine months later she gives birth to a freak that resembles nothing human.

A young man (Mike Briton) captures a female cat burglar (Cathy Howard) and she offers herself to him if he promises not to call the police. They shower, dine, make love, then she continues her plan of robbery, telling the man that the police would never believe him...but that his wife would. This episode works thanks mostly to the presence of Miss Howard who is a good enough actress to carry off the play (as well as the valuables) and who could burglarize your reviewer's apartment anytime. There is, thank goodness, a minimum of panting and heavy-breathing during the sex scene (most films of this type drive me to distraction with simulated moans of pleasure) and a beautifully integrated mock BBC broadcast during the scene makes it fun. I don't understand the constant cuts to a jetliner in various stages of flight, unless the fuselage is to have a sexual connotation.

Lindy Leigh (Maria Frost) is a secret agent ordered to steal vital documents from a military attache. She has little trouble seducing him but later finds herself locked in a safe containing

a virtual harem of previous agents. This episode is the most fun, featuring a "silent movie" combining the exaggerated expressions and situations of the old-time silents and today's permissive cinema. Marie Frost mixes charm, outraged innocence and a "camp" approach, giving the whole episode a "perils of Pauline" flair.

A young man (Elliot Stein) hires a prostitute and advises her that they will have an audience during their lovemaking, a rather large lizard. The prostitute (Sue Bond) is outraged when he tells her that this is "in," but returning home she sees an elderly woman fondling a reptile. This effort, a takeoff on "the new morality," is vague in intention and only partly redeems itself, thanks to Mr. Stein. He's likeably inept and scatterbrained.

An elderly woman (Laurelle Street-er) explains to her new valet that, when we die, the soul enters a couple during intercourse, thus beginning a new existence (all memories of previous life are lost during this time). She has managed to steal and isolate the souls of her previous lovers in plants, all the souls but one that is. The valet, it evolves, is her missing lover. "Misappropriation of souls is a very serious offense" he tells her, strangles her, and walks off into the mist.

Bizarre ends on a bizarre note. The mummy tells us that he is doomed to wander, recording the ironies of life, but only as an observer. The premise of the re-emerging souls and of man living out his absurd existence, engaging in the same "games" through the ages, never knowing what forces--be it God or chance--control him, is played out. We see rapidly shifting images of love-making, mingled with a fire-works-like display illustrating wandering souls, and somehow, it all becomes almost discomfiting.

Not all the episodes work that well. Director Antony Balch, a thirty-two year old former experimental filmmaker (Towers Open Fire etc.) in his first feature, seems more adept at building his tales than bringing them to a satisfactory conclusion. Ironically, in Britain at least, the film has been crudely cut by the Censors, which prompted the BFI Monthly to observe "the bowdlerized film moves closer to pornography than the version from which the audience is being protected." Special mention goes to DeWolfe's music score and David McDonald's photography. Valentine Dyall, who achieved fame as radio's wartime "Man in Black" is our narrator, and his resounding voice is put to good use. Acting standouts are Mr. Stein, Maria Frost and Cathy Howard.

John R. Duvoli



Scenes from *Latitude Zero*: TOP: Interior of Malic's domain. 2ND: Richard Jaeckel, Joseph Cotton and the lion-condor. 3RD: Malic (Cesar Romero), leader of the forces of evil aims an atomic gun. BOTTOM: (l to r) Linda Haynes, Akira Takarada, Joseph Cotton and Ken Kurobe at the console of their space-underwater ship.

Discover the incredible
world of tomorrow...
15 miles straight
down at
LATITUDE ZERO
beneath the sea!



LATITUDE ZERO National General Pictures Release. 5/70. Technicolor. 99 minutes. A Toho Company, Ltd. Production. Executive producer, Tomoyuki Tanaka. Director, Inoshiro Honda. Screenplay (based on his stories), Ted Sherdeman. Music, Akira Ifukube. Cinematographer, Taiichi Kankura. Special effects, Eiji Tsuburaya. Sets Takeo Kita. Lighting, Kiichi Onda. Recording, Maseo Fujisaki.

Capt. Craig McKenzie . Joseph Cotton
Malic Cesar Romero
Perry Lawton Richard Jaekel
Lucretia Patricia Medina
Dr. Anne Barton Linda Haynes
Ken Tashiro Akira Takarada
Dr. Jules Masson Masumi Okada
Dr. Okada Tetsu Nakamura
Tsuruko Okada Mari Nakayama
Dr. Sugata Akihiko Hirata
Kroiga Hikaru Kuroki
Chin Susumu Kurobe

Latitude Zero refers to a scientific citadel deep beneath the Pacific Ocean. Here international scientists have gathered to work for the good of the free world (a premise used in Ray Ward Taylor's recent political science-fic-

tion novel Doomsday Square). The evil Malic (Cesar Romero) however, attempts to destroy Latitude Zero as part of his plan for world rule.

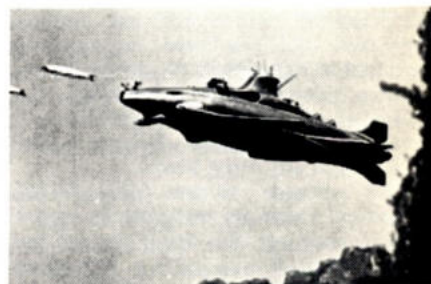
The Japanese, as of late, have been slitting their own throats. The "monster" epic is about dead and absurd Toho product have only quickened the demise. Most recently we have seen Anglo-American coproductions (The Green Slime 1969) and production values have been somewhat better. This film, based on a series of stories by Ted (Them 1954) Sherdeman, is an animated comic book; enjoyable enough if not taken seriously.

The special effects are well above the level of Toho product of the past decade, though it would appear that the days of Godzilla 1954 and Rodan 1956 are gone forever. This is purely a technical film, with its flying subs, death-rays, mutants, and flying lion-condors. I recommend it with reservations; it's fun if taken as camp science fiction, and you might want to check it out.

Joseph Cotton, Cesar Romero, and Patricia Medina, have all seen better days, but they bring a certain flair to the film. Linda Haynes, in her first

screen role, is sexy and gets plenty of mileage out of her flimsy costumes (for a G rated film that is). Ted Sherdeman and director Inoshiro Honda geared the film for excitement and they do succeed. Despite the film's flaws, you can't accuse it of being dull, a fault shared by most science fiction or horror films that I've seen recently. It is doubtful that Latitude Zero will launch a string of sequels, but if you want to turn off your intellect and have some fun, you could do a lot worse.

John R. Duvoli



An undersea craft from Latitude Zero.

NEWS AND NOTES

TRIESTE '70

by John R. Duvoli

The Eighth Annual Trieste Science Fiction Film Festival (Festival Internazionale Del Film Di Fantascienza) held this past July was for all intents and purposes, a re-play. Much of what can be said for and against the previous festivals can be said here. From the Festival's point of view, it was most certainly a success. Director Flavia Paulon advises me that there were an estimated 2000 persons at each program and that the press and audience reaction was favorable. As is oft-times the case, not all of the films were on an equal par; most all were entertaining but there was not a common level of excellence in the productions.

The Monitors, produced in Chicago was the festival's opening feature attraction. With it, Illinois can hardly be considered the forthcoming film capitol of the U.S. (despite the fact that the superb Medium Cool was also filmed there). Director Jack Shea and screenwriter Myron J. Gold seemed uncertain as to whether or not they were deadly serious or just having fun. What emerges is something of a jumbled effort and Guy Stockwell, Susan Oliver and the late Ed Begley are pretty well wasted.

Far superior, of course, is the Festival's award winner The Mind of Mr. Soames, now in release from Columbia. Terence Stamp stars as a young man finally reaching life as we know it after spending years in a coma. The film is a brooding, compassionate, thinking - man's science fiction, with Robert Vaughn turning in a thoughtful performance in support. Perhaps with it, Amicus can obtain a prestige that has been lacking from product in recent years, be it the mediocre Scream and Scream Again or social problem semi - documentaries such as the Sandy Dennis vehicle Thank You All Very Much.

No science fiction film festival could be complete without the genre's staple product, the Japan-made monster epic. Japan's Nikkatsu Corp. produced Gappa, which can be aptly described as "another monster

flick" though we must also add that it is devoid of either the laughable effects or absurd plot contrivances that eventually turned Toho into a farce.

Zeta One, latest effort from Tony Tenser's Tigon productions (The Sorcerers, Invasion of the Body Stealers, Blood Beast Terror, etc.) is a science fiction nudie which is both controversial and well received abroad. James Robertson Justice lends his stalwart support to the goings on, and one could hardly expect to find better special effects nowadays than those of actresses Anna Gael (Therese and Isabel), Brigitte Skay, and Valerie Leon.

On a more serious level, Peter Watkin's latest is The Gladiators (Gladiatorerna) a brooding and altogether effective futuristic science fic-

tion satire produced in Sweden by Sandrew Films (noted for Curious duo). Peter Watkins made the award winning The War Game five years ago for the BBC. This similar minded production takes place in the near future when an international organization has disposed of war by arranging contests between groups of combatants who then fight to the death. The story involves a match between the Chinese and the West, and the complications which ensue when an allied soldier falls in love with a Chinese prisoner.

Scream and Scream Again is reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

Demon With A Glass Hand, a short (50 minute) Festival entry, was originally telecast on the, alas, defunct "Outer Limits" teleseries. It's a beautifully executed drama about Trent (Robert Culp) a robot carrying the entire human race--now reduced to electrical impulses in the wires of his hand -- back through time to prevent their extermination by beings from another dimension. Trent falls in love with a twentieth century earthling (Arlene Martel), an ill-fated and sensibly handled affair. Robert Culp is impressive; Harlan Ellison's screenplay ranks among the best of his works and Byron Haskin turns in a fine piece of direction. The settings, mostly darkened office buildings, take on a gothic flair and are thoroughly brooding, even though they are, for all intents and purposes, simple twentieth century architecture. This show is one of the finer examples of American science fiction television, and certainly ranks as one of the top half-dozen or so "Outer Limits" presentations. The final scene is dramatically memorable, a fact very seldom obtained in TV...or any media for that matter.

The Immortal is also produced for television, as both an ABC mini-movie and pilot for a series now appearing on that network. It's an interesting drama, concerning a man who learns that a particle in his bloodstream (perhaps caused by an unexplained jump in human evolution) will cause him to live a lifespan of many times that of the ordinary individual. The frustrations involved with a form of near immortality (how long does he really want to live? must he live alone because people around him will age and die?) is not sufficiently elaborated

The Jury's Decisions

THE JURY: Guido Piovene (Italy), Brian Aldiss (England), Andre Labarthe (France), Lajos Matos (Hungary) and George Wallach (U.S.A.).

THE GOLD ASTEROID

Awarded to Peter Watkins for the intelligence and extraordinary visual efficacy with which he presents social and political problems in his film Gladiatorerna (The Gladiators).

THE SILVER ASTEROID

Awarded to Terence Stamp for his performance in The Mind of Mr. Soames in recognition of his insightful and illuminating portrayal of the human condition in a particularly difficult role.

BEST SHORT FILM

Awarded to Judit Vas for his philosophical insight into human nature in Arena.

SPECIAL PRIZE

Awarded to Aleksandar Marks for his short and convincing representation of fantastic horror in Pauk.

SPECIAL MENTION:

Awarded to Harald Reinl for Erinnerungen An Die Zukunft (The Extraterrestrials Will Return) in acknowledgement of its spectacular values apart from the thesis it claims.

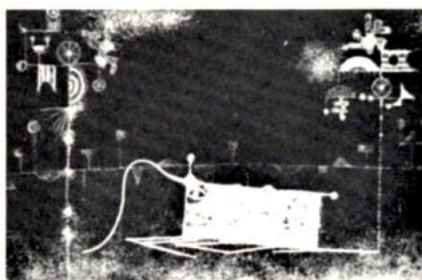
on, but the premise and plot contrivances are interesting, and the climax is exciting.

Equinox, produced by Jack (The Blob) Harris is something of a departure from his usual forte (importer of sexploitation flicks) but is really no more worthy of note. In all fairness, the effects are interesting but the plot is a throwback to the stock formula of the late 50s (teenagers versus dark forces) and features a premise which is more demonological or mythological than science fiction. The property was originally made by amateur filmmaker Mark Magee back in the early 60s as, what he hoped would be a semi-professional venture. Exactly how Harris got hold of it is unknown, but the present version is the Magee film, heavily re-edited and with some additional footage, although Magee receives no credit in the film's promotion. Jack Woods is credited as director.

The Festival has, over the years, recognized there is a very firm and valid relationship between science fiction and science fact. This is evidenced in the yearly parade of science fact shorts from around the world.

Not all of the shorts were science fact. An entry from France, Spider-elephant, is a delightful cartoon satire about an imaginary creature that lived at the beginning of time. The film, produced by Les Films Amorial of France, was written and directed by Piotr Kamler. Most recently, the fable of the gullible animal who can only proceed in one direction (and the more difficult his course becomes, the more he knows he is right) was highly praised by the Washington Star, which proclaimed that "everyone should be made to see 'Spiderelephant' 100 times." The film has been screened at New York City's Lincoln Center and also has been seen on countless college campuses in the United States. Shorts of special interest included Yugoslavia's ten minute version of Poe's classic The Masque of the Red Death (Maska Crvene Smrti) and Italy's delightful Arrivano I Puti-Poti (The Puti-Poti Are Coming).

This year's retrospective screenings (recent tributes have been awarded Roger Corman at Trieste) went to expressionistic German fantasy. Nosferatu 1922, The Phantom 1922, Faust 1926, Die Augen Der Mumie Ma 1918, Das Wachsfingerring Kabinet 1924, Die Webe 1927, Schloss Vogeleod 1921, Ariane 1931, Robert Siodmak's and Edgar G. Ulmer's Menchen Am Sonntag 1929, and Libeelei 1932. Many of the showings were sponsored by the Trieste Center for Audiovisual Research in association with the Goethe Institute.



TOP: Peter Watkin's The Gladiators. RIGHT: Spiderelephant. LEFT: Arena.

As every year the Festival of Trieste opened its gates on July 11th and closed them on the 18th. The Festival presented 11 feature length films 36 shorts, and 11 documentaries. The program began each day at the cinema Excelsior at 5 PM and continued in the evening at 9 PM in the Castle of San Giusto.

The Five Winners

GLADIATORERNA (Sweden)

The Gladiators

A Sandrew Film & Teater AB Production. Directed by Peter Watkins from his own story. Screenplay by Peter Watkins and Nicholas Gosling. Photography by Peter Suschitzky. Set decorations by William Brodie. Music by the Symphony of Gustav Mahler. With Kenneth Lo, Bjorn Franzen, Christer Gyngre, Jurgen Schling, Stefan Dillan, Chandrakant Desei and Ugo Chianti. In color. 95 minutes.

THE MIND OF MR. SOAMES (England) An Amicus Production. Directed by Alan Cooke. Screenplay by John Hale and Edward Simpson. From a story by Charles Eric Maine. Photographed by Billy Williams. Music by Michael Dress. With Terence Stamp, Robert Vaughn, and Nigel Davenport. In color. 115 minutes.

ARENA (Hungary)

A Mafilm Studio Production. Directed by Judit Vas. Screenplay by Lajos Matos. Photographed by Felix Bodrossy. Music by Ivan Patrachich. In color. 24 minutes.

The reactions of a group of people who are participating in an experiment conducted by beings from outer space without their knowledge.

PAUK (Yugoslavia)

A Zagreb Film Production. Directed and Animated by Aleksandar Marks. Screenplay by Aleksandar Marks and Ranko Munitic. Music by Anđelko Klobučar. In color. 12 minutes

ERINNERUNGEN AN DIE ZUKUNFT
(Germany)

The Extraterrestrials Will Return
A Constantin Film Production. Directed by Harald Reinl. Photographed by Ernst Wild. Music by Peter Thomas. In color. 93 minutes.

An episodic composition linking earthly paradoxes with visitors from outer space. Specifically included are passages from the Bible citing strange celestial apparitions, the forms of strange flying objects drawn on the walls of a monastery in Yugoslavia, the gigantic stones of Balbeck, the great pyramid of the Sun, and the mysterious stone faces of Easter Island. The director, Harald Reinl, is well known in Europe for adaptations of the works of Edgar Wallace and for an outstanding vampire film *Schlangengrube und das Pendel* starring his wife Karin Dor, Christopher Lee and Lex Barker.

THE SCORE

by Mark Stevens

A Summer Overview

I'd like to preface this inaugural column by saying that the criticisms of scores in it are the product of a relatively uneducated mind, musically speaking. Therefore, no one need take my remarks as more than the opinion of one person with his own set of tastes and preferences. I wouldn't try to set myself up as the sole judge of what is or isn't good film music. Too many critics love to wrap themselves in this cloak of authority. I'm thinking of Page Cook of "Films In Review" in particular.

Having been asked to do this column, I was mercifully not limited in my subject matter to cinefantastique alone. That's fine, since otherwise I would have to comment on Count Yorga Vampire, and I wouldn't even care to admit that I saw that one.

Rene Clement's *Rider On the Rain* is one of those films whose singular charm depends upon its unique combination of elements. Not the least of the elements in Clement's film is Francis Lai's score. Possessed of a subtle elegance and showing a much wider range than his previous work, it strikes me as his best effort to date. In the soft, lyrical feel of the *Rider On the Rain* main title theme (later sung in French under the end titles) one can detect the Lai of *A Man and a Woman* --the guitar, the effective weaving of an organ into the orchestral fabric.

Strangely, one of the most ingrati-

ating themes in the film is referred to as "bestial." Nicole, friend of the film's heroine, Melie (short for Melancholy) refers to a record as "positively bestial." As Melie asks what a "bestial" record is, Nicole begins to sing it, the orchestra picking up the catchy rock piece as Melie spots the "rider" of the title spying on her through the window of Nicole's boutique. The next shot has Melie driving home, humming the tune, the orchestra still playing at a subdued level. This nifty little theme shows up under a later scene between Melie and Nicole.

Sinister use of strings in the upper register carry the scene of Melie's attack by the "rider." Lai often cleverly portrays Melie's agitated mental state with a pleasant, driving melody counterpointed with the throbbing, almost electronic drone of a sitar. The effect is one of nicely understated tension.

All in all, Lai has managed to strike just the right balance of romance and restrained menace that Clement's film required. Perhaps it may just be a residual enthusiasm for the film as a whole, but I was extremely taken by the music. It certainly deserves to see the light of day as an album.

One of last year's finest scores belonged to the vastly underrated *The Illustrated Man*, and yet, Jerry Goldsmith's beautiful music (he considered it his finest work) sank out of sight along with the film after its tepid critical reception. "Science-fantasy" films have long offered a unique and exhilarating challenge to film composers. There are those who have a natural bent for this sort of thing: Goldsmith, Bernard Herrman, the late Leith Stevens, and Leonard Rosenman.

Rosenman has on occasion risen to the challenge admirably, as his score for *Fantastic Voyage* testifies. Sad to say, aside from a fairly interesting main title and a splendidly grotesque variation on the liturgy for "The Mass of the Holy Bomb," his score for *Beneath the Planet of the Apes* is largely his usual bag of jangling, 12 note dissonances. At its best, the music for the sequel can't begin to compare with Goldsmith's wonderfully original and subtle musical evocations of the ape world in the first film.

The soundtrack on Amos Records (AAS 8001) is also a disappointment. The main title is nowhere to be found on the album although one band is labeled as such. While the "mass" is retained, it has been given a ludicrous rock beat! The result must be heard to be believed.

Rosenman was in much better form earlier this year when he did *A Man*

Called Horse, making fine use of choral work and managing to break relatively free of his repetitive style. That score is available in fine form on Columbia (OS 3530).

Despite such commercial overtones as the "Burning Bridges" main title song, there is much of interest in Lalo Schifren's score for Kelly's *Heroes*. A tense use of strings and percussion are evident in the minefield scene and later in the climactic infiltration of the enemy held town. The three protagonists striding toward a German tank with "Leone-like" solemnity, underscored by Schifren in the manner of Ennio Morricone may become a classic. Full of galloping guitars, whining harmonicas, whailing trumpets, and echoing vocal blurts, it's a full out piece of musical satire.

The MGM album (1SE-23ST) preserves two of the best bits of action music, but a lot of it has been rearranged for the album, including the "pseudo-Morricone" which is not nearly as funny as in the film. This jazzing up of scores for albums shows somebody's lack of faith in them as they stand; I've been sort of bitter about this point since Capitol Records released *True Grit* as an album last summer which was a travesty of Elmer Bernstein's fine score.

Speaking of Morricone, his music for *Two Mules for Sister Sarah* will probably please his admirers, and that's about all I can say for it. There's not really an exceptional moment in it, although his music is still possessed of a certain offbeat charm. An album is available on Kapp Records.

Philip Springer is a composer with whom I am not familiar, but his score for *Tell Me That You Love Me Junie Moon* shows real talent. Much of the score utilizes the melody of "Old Devil Time" by Pete Seeger (who sings it under the main title) but Springer's use of it and his own original music mark him as a man to watch. The Columbia album (OS 3540) makes for very enjoyable listening.

It's a little hard to judge Ronald Stein's score for *Getting Straight*, since except for the songs it is played at an unfathomably low level. The title song is quite nice, but I do wish this type of film (*Zabriskie Point*, *The Strawberry Statement*, and now *Getting Straight*) would attempt something other than those "rock festival" soundtracks.

Galt MacDermott has provided a raucous score for *Cotton Comes to Harlem* that doesn't do an awful lot for the picture. Somehow one hoped for more from the composer of *Hair*. MacDermott's scoring of a chase does

nothing but add more noise to the soundtrack.

It's nice to see Henry Mancini starting to diversify his scoring interests--his score for *The Molly Maguires* was his best and most un-Mancini-like score in some time. However, his work on *The Hawaiians* shows an over reliance on Japanese and Chinese motifs, falling into the trap of becoming over-ethnic. Admittedly, the film couldn't have offered much inspiration. With the exception of a sprightly children's march, his stuff for *Darling Lili* is pretty bland too.

HAPPEN-ING

American International Pictures is slapping together a package of holiday cheer for Christmas release entitled "Ghoul-A-Rama." No kidding. The package, slated mostly for drive-in unspooling consists of *The Oblong Box*, *Conqueror Worm*, *Horror House* and *The Crimson Cult*, a total of 348 minutes of AIP's more mediocre films. So who's watching at a drive-in anyway... Joseph Brenner Associates, Inc. of New York is bringing two "vaulties" back into theatrical distribution with the release of *Freaks* and *White Zombie* in the U.S. and Canada. Both flicks the former directed by Tod Browning and the latter starring Bela Lugosi, have come to be regarded as classics of the horror genre since their original release in 1932...

Craftsmen leave the genre: Roger Corman is producing and directing *The Big Doll House* for New World Pictures, a contemporary drama. And Gene Roddenberry, responsible for television's outstanding *Star Trek* is producing *Pretty Maids All In A Row* for MGM. The film is being directed by Roger Vadim who was responsible for *Barbarella* and *Blood and Roses*... Vincent Price appeared as Fagin in the Atlanta's Theatre of the Stars production of "Oliver!" in Atlanta Georgia in early August. Price hosted a special midnight theatre party for his fellow cast members at the Preview Theatre where he unspooled his latest flick, *Cry of the Banshee*...

The British Film Institute (BFI) is honoring director Mervyn Leroy with the largest retrospective they have ever devoted to any one person. Their retrospective at the National Film Theatre will include *Five Star Final* 1931 an early Karloff picture for First

National and the everlasting *The Wizard of Oz* 1939. Leroy also directed *The Bad Seed* 1956 for Warner Brothers, based on the play by Maxwell Anderson...

Dayton's, a Minneapolis department store sponsored a special tribute to America's motion picture heritage by the American Film Institute. Continuous showings were presented absolutely free to the public in the store's huge exhibition area. Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan appeared in person for the showing of *Tarzan*, the Ape Man MGM 1932, their first film together. *King Kong* was also selected for screening during the event which lasted through the week of August 10... The next trend to develop in the at present "no trend" film business will be in small-money horror films, according to Leonard Kirtman, head of Kirt Films International. Kirtman, who has produced over 30 low budget "skin flicks" and exploitation pictures, now has four horror titles in production and three others in the scripting stages. The four being readied at present include: *Destroy: Northwest*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mrs. Hyde*, *To Live Again*, and *Death Rides a Carousel*...

Mark Lenard, who gathered quite a following from his two roles in the television series *Star Trek*, is starring in a spy picture for Crown International release entitled *Noon Sunday*. Lenard appeared first on *Star Trek* playing a Vulcan-like Romulan commander in the first season episode "Balance of Terror." He returned in the second season playing another pointed-eared character, this time Mr. Spock's father in "Journey to Babel."...

Holography The Film of the Future

Joseph Strick, talented director of *Ulysses* (James Joyce) and *The Balcony*, is the head of Laser Film Corporation of New York which recently announced plans to begin production of the first hologram motion picture. Holography is the process using coherent laser light to produce a virtual image that is indistinguishable from an actual object. Holography produces an image before the viewer that is as real and natural as that perceived when looking into a mirror. Objects move in relation to one another if the viewer changes his perspective! Strick anticipates filming within nine months on an estimated budget of \$1,000,000. His first project is a tossup at the moment between the Bertolt Brecht play "Life of Galileo" or "a horror story." The choice is not

as ludicrous as it seems. Introducing the process by using the Brecht play could be a disaster if the novelty of the process prevents the audience from obtaining the full benefit of the work. On the other hand, using the Brecht play would give 3-D some much needed integrity. Strick's first feature will be in black and white as lasers can produce only very limited and pure colors, however he foresees the production of his second feature in a full color process. Strick feels that Holography is at the same point now that sound was in 1929.

2001 Award

Art Direction Magazine has awarded its Certificate of Distinction in the category of poster art to Dick Liston of Grey Advertising for his one sheet poster for Stanley Kubrick's 2001: A Space Odyssey. The award was presented September 14th through the 16th at the New York Hilton where the original art was on display along with that of the other winners. Grey's poster was not part of the film's original campaign, which featured three one sheets depicting the space wheel, the landing of the moon bug, and the interior of the Jupiter 8. When MGM discovered that Kubrick's film just wouldn't quit at the boxoffice it commissioned a new poster to be used with the reruns and re-reruns of the film in most situations where it has played. The key art which Grey used for the new poster featured The Starchild...

American International has created a one million pound production fund from which independent producers can draw to finance any feature of commercial interest to AIP. The fund, which will cover 50% of a picture's cost, is designed as an aid and stimulant for independent producers, and is aimed at productions of between \$250,000 to \$300,000. With their usual commercial savvy, AIP says it will consider any sort of film as long as it will make a profit...

American International knows when it's got a good thing. AIP's multipicture contract with Vincent Price has been extended to include at least two more features by January 1973. Since the actor and company formed their partnership in 1960 with *The House of Usher*, Price has done 19 films for AIP, 13 of which have been in the horror category, mostly adaptations (or vulgarizations, depending on your point of view) of the works of Poe which have made both he and AIP famous...

Being in dire straights, and desperate for money, MGM (who recently auctioned off its fabulous collection of

props and costumes) has released 65 of its films through Entertainment Events Inc. The films range from the 1932 Grand Hotel to Children of the Damned a 1964 title which is being combined with Village of the Damned 1960. Also included on the reissue list is Hitchcock's North By Northwest 1959 and King Solomon's Mines 1950...

Also in the revival department, Columbia has brought back Dr. Strange-love or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb for Kubrick buffs, Peter Sellers buffs and Terry Southern's buff...

"Tarzan and Friends: The Great Movie Series" is the title of a forthcoming book from A. S. Bernes and Co., written by James R. Parish, film publicist for Harold Rand and Co. It is the umpteenth book to be devoted to the film's of ERB's swinging Ape Man...

Actor-director Eddie Garcia of the Philippines recently copped the Best Director award at the Manila Film Festival. Garcia's work is on view in two Hemisphere releases: Beast of Blood and Curse of the Vampires...

George Pal's Destination Moon 1950 received an honorary award from the board of the current Berlin Film Festival. This is the second honor paid to Pal's film by this festival which gave it the Bronze Bear award when originally released at their festival in 1950...

Donald Sutherland, plummeted to stardom overnight by M.A.S.H. was signed to play Christ in a fantasy sequence for Dalton Trumbo's Johnny Got His Gun...

Fantasy Film Fest in Spain

Six countries participated and over 14 films were unspoiled at the third annual "Phantasy and Terror" Festival at Stiges, near Barcelona, in Spain from September 27 to October 3. Among the countries and films participating: France, with Robert Benevoum's Paris N'Existe Pas (Paris Doesn't Exist), Le Dernier Homme (The Last Man) by Charles Bitsch and La Pince A Ongles (The Nailcutter) by P. Claudon; Italy, with Alfredo Castelli's The Tunnel Under the World; Russia, with The Fogs of Andromeda and Sadko; Brazil, with Tarzan by David Neves; Poland, with a 1969 television comedy by Andrejz Wadja concerning organ transplants called Roly-Poly; England, with six pics including Torture Garden, Old Dark House, Fragment of Fear, The Body Stealers, The Sorcerers, and The Curse of the Crimson Alter; and Germany with Johnathan directed by Hans Geissendorfer...

COMING

The scope and variety of upcoming product is amazing in the face of persistent rumors from Hollywood and around the world that the saying "there's no business like show business" meant simply that. Voices have been decrying the doom of the industry from all circles, and there is no doubt that the overall film picture is far from rose, however one fact cannot be denied, cinefantastique is healthier than ever. The following list of productions planned, filming, and completed only indicates that fantasy film production has, if anything, increased. There's a lot in store from artists like Roman Polanski, George Pal, Robert Wise, Stanley Kubrick, Robert Bloch, Richard Matheson, Kurt Vonnegut, and many others.

ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES has been acquired for release by Western International. The Dino De Laurentiis film stars Bekim Fehmiu and Irene Pappas. The deal also includes the rights to eight one hour television episodes adapted from the two hour Homeric epic...

THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN from the best selling novel by Michael Crichton is being produced and directed by Robert Wise for Universal release. The story concerns the biological contamination of earth by a strain of organism that will destroy all living matter. Douglas Trumbull, who designed the fabulous slit-scan effects of Stanley Kubrick's 2001: A Space Odyssey, has been signed to do the effects. Trumbull is designing the Andromeda virus in hexagonal elements which he will film growing in strange geometrical shapes and patterns by use of a computer. The film stars James Olsen (of Rachel, Rachel), Kate Reid, Arthur Hill and David Wayne. Wise was a director in the 40s of several Val Lewton projects and directed The Day the Earth Stood Still 1951 and The Haunting...

ARCHER OF SHERWOOD FOREST is an Italian-French-Spanish Oceania Production. Robin Hood tale features Giuliano Gemma and Mark Damon.

Giorgio Ferimi directs. No U. S. distribution is set...

BEHOLD THE MAN is a modern science fiction film to be both scripted and directed by Mai Zetterling from the novel by Michael Moorhead. Location shooting in London and North Africa begins at year end for Michael Lifton of Lifton Productions. Zetterling is the controversial director of Night Games...

Beneath the Planet of the Apes SEQUEL as yet untitled, is being readied by Apjac Productions for 20th Century Fox release. Arthur P. Jacobs again produces, and Paul Dehn, who scripted the latest film, has been signed to write the screenplay. Dehn has got to be mighty clever or very trite to come up with any kind of sequel to his earlier script, and is probably sitting in Hollywood right now biting his nails and cursing and damning himself for making the ending of the current film so irrevocably and incontrovertibly the end, period. Little did those reviewers who scoffed at the mere notion of another sequel reckon with Hollywood's overpowering greed for boxoffice coin. This could end up as big as the James Bond cycle! Lensing is scheduled to begin later this year in Pan-evision and DeLuxe color. No cast has been set...

BLOOD LOVER is described as a contemporary vampire thriller by Larry Woolner, president of New World Pictures which will release the pic. Stephanie Rothman has been signed to direct, and will produce the film as well, with Charles Schwartz Miss Rothman codirected Blood Bath, a vampire tale, for AIP in 1966. Filming began in October...

BLOOD SPORT is the title of a screenplay by actor-writer Jeffrey Allen Fiskin from the Victor Cross novel. Norman T. Herman is producing for AIP release...

BOMBA, THE JUNGLE BOY with a modern setting is planned by producer Barry Lawrence who owns the rights to the series last produced by Walter Mirisch for Allied Artists in 1957. The producer is seeking an actor in the 16-21 age bracket to play the title roll...

CITY BENEATH THE SEA is a two hour feature being produced by Irwin ("Lost In Space," "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea," "Land of the Giants") Allen for NBC airing. 20th Century Fox will handle theatrically

the \$1,400,000 production after its video exposure. Film features Stuart Whitman, Rosemary Forsythe, Robert Colbert, Susana Miranda, Robert Wagner, and Whit Bissell. Allen also directs the film, which takes place in the year 2053 in a city located 12,000 feet beneath the Pacific Ocean...

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE is a story of youth rebellion set in the future and being produced and directed by Stanley Kubrick for Warner Brothers release. Malcolm McDowell stars with lensing beginning before year's end...

COLOR OUT OF SPACE is the title of Robert Thom's script for AIP which combines the elements of two stories by H. P. Lovecraft, "The Strange Case of Charles Dexter Ward," and "The Colour Out of Space." Both Lovecraft tales have been filmed previously by AIP, the former as *The Haunted Palace* in 1963 and the latter as *Die, Monster, Die* in 1965. This is Thom's fifth script for AIP, but his first for them in the fantasy vein. Production is slated for early 1971...

COUNT DRACULA the Harry Alan Towers Production starring Christopher Lee is the re-make of the Bram Stoker classic which reportedly sticks closely to the novel. Director is Jessup Franco who has turned out a number of highly erotic horror films in Europe, notably *Succubus* and *Venus In Furs*. Cast also includes Herbert Lom and Klaus Kinski. The color film has been acquired by Commonwealth United and will be released through AIP...

COUNTESS DRACULA is being billed the "first horror film to be based completely on a true story" once again illustrating Variety's rule of thumb that few firsts are firsts. Rasputin, the Mad Monk may not have been the first but it certainly belongs in that category and antedates this projected film by four years. The distaff Dracula is now before the cameras at Pinewood studios, and is Hammer Films first production for the English Rank Organisation. No U.S. release has been set. Inspiration for the film was Countess Elisabeth Bathory, East European noblewoman of the late 16th century, who is alleged to have bathed regularly in virgin's blood and was responsible for the murder of more than 600 peasant girls. Just how all of this becomes Countess Dracula is Hammer's contrivance.

Producer is Alexander Paal, who helmed the early 1953 Hammer Film *Four Sided Triangle* (based on the story by William F. Temple), and director is Peter Sasdy, fresh from his critical triumph *Taste the Blood of Dracula*, well received (for a change!) by British critics. Sasdy has said: "The new idea behind this picture is that it will have a combination of horror, suspense and historical facts. I hope the audience will have an understanding for all the motivations behind the cruel acts of the Countess as they are based on modern human weakness, the urge to restore youth and the whole range of personal vanities." The cast includes Ingrid Pitt in the title role, Nigel Green, Sandor Eles, Maurice Denham, Lesley-Anne Down, Peter Jeffrey and Jessie Evans. Filming began June 27...

CREATURES THE WORLD FORGOT began location filming in South West Africa June 2 for Hammer Films and Columbia release. Producer is Michael Carreras, with Don Chaffey directing for the script by Carreras, the same team which did the extremely successful *One Million Years B.C.* for the same studio. To repeat the formula of the earlier film, Hammer conducted a world wide contest to "discover" another sex star to fill the shoes of Raquel Welch, and came up with 24 year old former Miss Norway (36-24-36) Julie Ege. The rest of the cast includes Tony Benner, Rosalie Crutchley, Robert John, and Marcia Fox. The post-production effects will be supplied by animator Jim Danforth; he did Jack the Giant Killer and George Pal's *The Seven Faces of Dr. Lao* earlier...

CRESCENDO is a Hammer Film for Warner Bros release, produced by Michael Carreras and directed by Alan Gibson. The script by Hammer veteran Jimmy Sangster is a psychological thriller concerning the frightening attempts of a viciously proud woman to preserve the musical gifts of her dead husband. Cast includes Stephanie Powers, James Olsen, and Margaretta Scott. In color...

THE CURSE OF DR. PIBE started in London at the end of October for AIP. Robert Fuest, responsible for AIP's remake of *Wuthering Heights* has been signed to direct. Producing is Louis M. Heyward, AIP's European production chief, from a script by James Whiton and William Goldstein which they adapted from their original story...

THE DAY OF THE DOLPHIN began filming in August for the Mirisch Co. Franklin J. Schaffner directs from a script by Roger Hiron based on the novel by Robert Merle. Story concerns the prevention of a third world war by a sentient dolphin population...

THE DAY OF THE LOCUST will be produced in London by Ronald Sheldo for Warner Brothers. The film is based on the novel by Nathaniel West, and will be written by long time blacklisted Waldo Salt, who wrote the award winning script for UA's *Midnight Cowboy*...

DEATH RIDES A CAROUSEL is the story of a killer who stalks his victims at a carnival. Direction is by Tom Bascomb for Kirt Films International, from a script by Tod Dorgan. Jan Bolton and Millard Greer star...

DESTROY: NORTHEAST is one of four upcoming horror productions from Kirt Films International to be produced by Leonard Kirtman. The completed script concerns the invasion of earth by creatures from outer space who wish to establish a breeding ground in the northeastern United States. Nothing set...

DEVILDAY will use clips from ten films starring Vincent Price. Scenes from the AIP films will illustrate plot points in the story, based on the novel of the same name by Angus Hall. Robert Fuest directs for 1971 release by AIP. Price stars...

THE DEVILS is being produced by Robert H. Solo for Warner Bros release. Ken Russell directs from his own script based on "The Devils of Loudun" by Aldous Huxley and John Whiting's play "The Devils." Oliver Reed and Vanessa Redgrave star in the tale of the fantasies of a group of nuns in the small town of Loudun who become sexually obsessed with a young priest. The film also depicts the political and religious upheaval of 17th century France. 17 weeks of shooting at Pinewood Studios and on locations throughout the United Kingdom began in late August...

DR. JEKYLL AND MRS. HYDE concerns the great, great granddaughter of the infamous doctor, who rediscovers her ancestor's secret of changing appearance and personality. To be directed by Bob Mansfield from his own script for Leonard Kirtman's Kirt Films International. Now casting...

DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE projected as part of a three picture pact between Hammer Films and the Rank Organisation...

THE GHOULS ARE AMONG US is a coproduction of Tigon and Chilton Films. Script by Robert Wynne Simmons...

THE GOLD BUG a long time title on AIP's production slate is still scheduled for filming, starring Vincent Price with Gordon (Scream and Scream Again, Cry of the Banshee) Hessler directing...

HORRORS OF FRANKENSTEIN completed by Hammer Films for Associated British Picture Corporation at a cost of \$480,000. No U.S. distrib set...

THE HOUR OF THE UNICORN based on the best seller by James Parish is part of the production lineup of England's Quasar Productions...

THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD began shooting in July at Shepperton studios for Amicus. Milton Subotsky, the film's producer, says not one drop of blood will be visible from beginning to end however, as the aim is to produce a "family-type" horror film. The script by Robert Bloch is another in the anthology format, featuring four tales taking place in the house which each present a different facet of the supernatural. Peter Dufell is directing, for release by Cinerama. Cast includes Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee, Nyree Dawn Porter (a smash as Fleur in "The Forsyte Saga" on BBC and NET in the U.S.), and Denholm Elliott...

I AM LEGEND will be filmed as a project of Walter Seltzer Productions for Warner Brothers release. The Richard Matheson novel of the same name, concerning the last human being in a world of vampires, was filmed in Italy for AIP and starred Vincent Price in 1963 as The Last Man On Earth. Filming will begin later this year from a script by John William Corrington, who heads the department of English at Loyola University in Louisiana. Charlton Heston, who worked with Seltzer on his film Number One, has been mentioned as possible star...

THE INCREDIBLE TRANSPLANT is completed for Mutual General Corporation. No distrib is set on the \$300,000 horror-science fiction film concerning a two-headed transplanted madman in a monkey compound.

Pat Priest stars, daughter of former Treasurer of the United States, Ivy Baker Priest...

JOURNEY OF THE OCEANAUTS is planned to be a major roadshow attraction in 70mm to be produced by Arthur P. Jacobs Apjac Productions in 1971. Jacobs is the producer responsible for the roadshow catastrophe Dr. Doolittle which lost 20th Century Fox untold millions. The film concerns the "Odyssey" of undersea exploration in the year 1990 and is being scripted from a novel by Louis Wolfe by screenwriter Mayo Simon who did the script for Marooned. Lamar Boren has been signed as director of cinematography and was responsible for the underwater work in Thunderball. Tony Masters, production designer for 2001: A Space Odyssey, will handle the same department on Journey of the Oceanauts...

KYLE is a science fiction tale set in the year 2026 starring James Coburn. Production is completed on the 20th Century Fox Release, directed by Guy Hamilton from a script by Lewis Davidson. Kyle is a futuristic detective...

LAST PLACE LEFT deals with chemical and biological warfare and their relationship to environmental pollution, and is being produced by Chas H. Schneer and Sam Wanamaker for independent release. Wanamaker is directing on location in the Hebrides of Scotland from a screenplay by Marshall Pugh, adapted from his novel. Schneer is the producer responsible for bringing most of the work of animator Ray Harryhausen to the screen...

THE LIGHT AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD is a film based on the work of Jules Verne to be produced by Alfred Matas and Ilya Salkind. Directing will be Kevin Billington from a script by Tom Rowe. Signed to star have been Kirk Douglas, Yul Brynner and Samantha Eggar. Starting date has not been set for filming at Cadaques, Spain...

MACBETH will be produced by Hugh Hefner's Playboy Productions with Roman Polanski directing. This youth-slanted production of the Bard will be adapted by Polanski and British critic Kenneth Tynan. Polanski has leaned steadily toward the macabre in his career as writer-director. It is his intention to cast the film

with unknowns much younger than is customary for this Shakespeare. Lensing began in October with interiors at Pinewood Studios and some locations in Scotland and Wales...

THE MEPHISTO WALTZ is a suspense drama with supernatural overtones starring Jacqueline Bisset, Barbara Parkins and Curt Jurgens. The Quinn Martin Production is ready for release by 20th Century Fox. The script by Ben Maddow is based on the novel by Fred Mustard Stewart and involves a pact made with the devil. Paul Wendkos directed in color. Wendkos did the recently telecast The Brotherhood of the Bell for CBS...

THE MIND THING a science fiction novel by Frederic Brown is being adapted to the screen by Roger Lew- is who will also produce the film for Ivan Tors Productions. Tors was responsible for several science fiction pictures and the television show "Science Fiction Theatre" in the 50s...

MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE is being personally produced by AIP toppers Samuel Z. Arkoff and James H. Nicholson. Gordon Hessler, responsible for their Scream and Scream Again and Cry of the Banshee will direct. Jason Robards has been signed to star in the high-budgeted remake of the Poe classic. Filming began in Paris in October with additional shooting scheduled for Barcelona, in Spain. The script is by Christopher Wicking and Henry Slesar, the latter wrote, and scripted the Ray Harryhausen film 20 Million Miles to Earth...

THE PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH is an animated fantasy produced by Les Goldman, Abe Levitow and David Manahan from a book by Norton Juster. MGM will release the color film which is the story of a little boy who enters a fantasy kingdom through a magic tollbooth. Butch Patrick stars...

THE PLANET VENUS began shooting August 10 for Italian Ultra Film, with Mario Piavo and Bedi Moratti. Elda Tattoli directs. No U.S. distrib is set...

POSSESSION is being scripted by noted British playwright Nigel Kneale. Kneale is responsible for the BBC television series and later the three Hammer Films concerning Professor Bernard Quatermass. Some of the finest visual science fantasy ever



Jenny Hanley in a scene from the Hammer Film Production *The Scars of Dracula* now in release in England. No U.S. distribution plans have been finalized. Christopher Lee stars.

written. The suspense tale told against the background of two upper-class families is being produced in England by Edward L. Rissen for Warner Bros release.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES is produced and directed by Billy Wilder from his own script with I. Diamond, and is a comic look at the goings on at 221B Baker Street based on the stories of A. Conan Doyle. Cast includes Robert Stephens, Colin Blakely, Genivieve Page, Irene Handl and Sterling Holloway. In color for release by United Artists...

THE RELUCTANT DINOSAUR has been added to the production slate of the newly formed Western International producer-distrib outfit. To film in Hollywood, Nevada and Canada as a joint production with Jack McCallum films of Vancouver...

ROBIN HOOD is the title of the Disney organization's next all-animated feature. Costing a projected \$4,000,000 the film will take 3.5 years to complete. Larry Clemmons has produced a script which gives the legend an all animal cast and forest setting. Tommy Steele will be the voice of Robin, a fox, Peter Ustinov as Prince John, a Lion, and Terry Thomas as Sir Hiss, the film's snake in the grass so to speak. Wolfgang Reiterman will produce and direct for Buena Vista release in wide screen and Technicolor...

RUNNING SILENT is the title of a forthcoming science fiction film from Universal. Set in the year 2072, it deals with the relationship of man to machine. Special effects expert Douglas Trumbull takes a new job and directs this time (what with directors taking credit for special ef-

fects he may be trying to get even) from a script by Robert Dillon and Dennis Clark. Production rolls early next year...

THE SCARS OF DRACULA completed by Hammer Films for Associated British Picture Corporation. No U.S. distrib is set. Christopher Lee repeats his role as Dracula, in a story concerning the attempt of a couple to rescue the girl's brother from the Count's clifftop castle where he disappeared. Also featured are Dennie Waterman, Jenny Hanley, Christopher Matthews, Michael Ripper, Anouska Hemple and Wendy Hamilton. Production was by Hammer's femme producer Aida Young, with direction by Roy Ward Baker who last did Hammer's third in the Quatermass series *Five Million Years to Earth*. Production was brought in for only \$480,000 at Hammer's Bray studios...

THE SECOND DEATH OF MERCADER is the production of Film and Television Copyrights, filming in Holland with European coin. The script, written simultaneously with the novel which was awarded the Prix Femina, is by Jorge Sempron, the scripter of Z...

THE SERPENT GOD is an Italian production (Il Dio Serpente) now filming on location in Venezuela and Columbia. No U.S. distrib is set...

SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN is being prepped for next year by Buckmace Productions, Inc., a collaboration of talented screenwriter and actor Buck (Catch-22) Henry and Mace Neufeld. The A. Merritt novel was filmed previously in 1929 by First National. The film will be an ABC Pictures release; no cast or director set...

SIDDHARTA is based on the novel by Nobel Prize winner Herman Hesse, author of "Steppenwolf," and is being produced for Warner Bros release by Conrad Rooks and Lewis John Carlino. Rooks will direct from Carlino's script...

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE is being produced by Paul Monash at a budget of \$5,000,000 for release by Universal. The original property, a novel by the outstanding science fiction satirist Kurt Vonnegut was acquired by Monash for the sum of \$185,000 while still in galley proof. Monash is assisting scripter Stephen Geller in the treatment, from which Geller will do the screenplay. Both the original author and scripter William Goldman turned down the screenplay assignment. Production begins later this year with George Roy Hill directing. Hill helmed the smash Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid...

THE SOLAR WIND is described as a "science-fiction-terror adventure" by Ivan Tors Productions who will do the film from a script by Roger Lewis. It apparently has all bases well covered...

SONGS OF SATAN is a Spanish-Italian co-production for Warner Bros release, starring Rita Hayworth, Giuliano Gemma, and Claudine Auger. In color...

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS is a forthcoming Universal pic starring George C. Scott and Joanne Woodward, involving a psychoanalyst named Dr. Watson and a judge nam-

ed Sherlock Holmes who are trying to rid New York of a fictitious character named Moriarty. Paul Newman, Woodward's husband, directs. They previously teamed up for the highly acclaimed Rachel, Rachel...

THX 1138 is a film by George Lucas based on a short done while a film student in California. Lucas directs, and collaborated on the script with Walter Murch which is a science fiction tale of a computer controlled subterranean world of the future. The color film for Warner Bros release stars Robert Duvall, Donald Pleasence and Maggie McOmie and is produced by Laurence Sturhahn...

TO LIVE AGAIN begins production in November for Kirt Films International, based on a screenplay by Mavis Jessup. The story involves the bodies of two young lovers which are preserved after their premature demise and revived two generations in the future when medical science makes it possible to do so...

TO LOVE A VAMPIRE began in July for Hammer Films at Associated British Elstree Studios, producers are Harry Fine and Michael Style who turned out The Vampire Lovers under the Hammer banner for AIP. Jimmy Sangster, scripter of most of Hammer's finest films in their earlier days (including Horror of Dracula) will direct from a script by Tudor Gates concerning the horrific happenings at a 19th century castle of infamous repute, Castle Karnstein, newly transformed into a finishing school for young girls! Cast includes Peter Cushing, Michael Johnson, Barbara Jefford, and Susanna Leigh. Hammer also introduces a new sexpot from Denmark,

Yutte Stensdard, who portrays Mir-calla, the devilish creation of evil Count Karnstein, played by Mike Raven. Production is for the Associated British Picture Corporation with no U.S. distribution set...

TOMORROW is musical fantasy in the adept hands of Val Guest who both scripted and directed for Cinerama release. Guest is the director of two of Hammer's Quatermass series The Creeping Unknown and Enemy From Space and the highly praised The Day the Earth Caught Fire in 1960. Tomorrow concerns a swinging London rock group who become involved in a way-out outer space adventure. The Harry Saltzman-Don Kirschner production stars The Tomorrows...

TONIGHT YOU SLEEP is a horror story by Stephen Cannel, J. Richley Dunn, and William Hersey, being scripted by Hersey for filming by Four Star - Excelsior Productions. Martin Cohen produces...

TURN OF THE SCREW the classic novel of Henry James is being produced as a musical by Syrobo Productions. Both producing and directing will be Seymore Robbie, who previously directed the same tale as a TV special. The James novel was turned into a top-notch foray into the supernatural by Jack Clayton for 20th Century Fox in 1961, with a script by Truman Capote and starring Deborah Kerr. No cast or distrib set for the independent production which is slated to start in the Fall of 1971...

VILLAGE OF THE VAMPIRES projected as part of a three picture pact between Hammer Films and the Rank Organisation...

WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH is an animation epic in the tradition of One Million Years B.C. with effects by Jim Danforth. Aida Young produced for Hammer Films and Val Guest directed from his own script. Cast includes Victoria Vetri, and Patrick Allen. In color for release by Warner Bros...

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES has been on the AIP production slate for the last ten years. It is currently the project of fantasy filmmaker George Pal who will both produce and direct. Pal's projected Logan's Run was dropped by MGM like a hot potato when the studio began economy measures in order to survive. Pal directed his own The Time Machine 1960 one of his better films...

AHEAD:

THE HISTORY AND TECHNIQUE OF FANTASY FILM ANIMATION

by Mark Wolf

Available in February

PLAYING

The following titles are now in release. (c) in parenthesis indicates color. P indicates Panavision or other wide screen process. (number) indicates running time. Release date, company and stars are listed if known. I have rated those films I have seen, ***** is tops, everything at least gets *.

BEAST OF BLOOD (c) (90) 8/70 Hemisphere
John Ashley, Celeste Yarnall. Horror

BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES (c, P) (95) 7/70
20th Century Fox
James Franciscus, Charlton Heston. Science Fiction *****

THE BIRD WITH THE CRYSTAL PLUMMAGE (c, P) (98) 8/70 UMC
Tony Mussante, Suzy Kendall. Horror-Suspense

BLOOD MANIA (c) 10/70 Crown International
Peter Carpenter, Maria De Aragon. Horror

BLOOD OF FRANKENSTEIN (c) 8/70 Independent International
J. Carrol Naish, Lon Chaney. Horror-Exploitation

THE BLOOD ROSE (c) (92) 9/70 Allied Artists
Philip Lemaire, Anny Deperey. Horror

THE BODY STEALERS (c) (96) 9/70 Allied Artists
George Sanders, Maurice Evans. Horror

A BOY NAMED CHARLIE BROWN (c) (85) 3/70 National General
Cartoon Feature

CAPTAIN NEMO AND THE UNDERWATER CITY (c, P) (106) 4/70 M-G-M
Robert Ryan, Chuck Connors. Fantasy

CATCH-22 (c, P) (121) 6/70 Paramount
Alan Arkin, Richard Benjamin. Fantasy-Satire *****

THE COFFIN (c, P) (92) 10/70 Cinematic
Nicole Debonne, Danieva Argence. French-Horror

COLOSSUS, THE FORBIN PROJECT (c, P) (100) 5/70 Universal
Science Fiction

Eric Braeden, Susan Clark.
COUNT YORGA VAMPIRE (c) (91) 6/70 AIP
Michael Murphy, Robert Quarry. Horror *****

THE CRIMSON CULT (c) (87) 4/70 AIP
Boris Karloff, Christopher Lee. Witchcraft *

CRY OF THE BANSHEE (c) (87) 7/70 AIP
Vincent Price, Essy Person. Witchhunters *

CURSE OF THE VAMPIRES (c) (70) 8/70 Hemisphere
Amalia Fuentes, Eddie Garcia. Horror

DR. FRANKENSTEIN ON CAMPUS (c) 5/70 Medford
Robin Ward, Kathleen Sawyer. Horror **

DORIAN GRAY (c) (95) 11/70 Commonwealth United
Helmut Berger, Marie Liljedahl. Horror

THE DUNWICH HORROR (c) (90) 1/70 AIP
Sandra Dee, Dean Stockwell. Lovecraft ***

EQUINOX (c) (82) 5/70 Goldstone
Edward Connell, Barbara Hewitt. Occult

EUGENIE... THE STORY OF HER JOURNEY INTO
PERVERSION (c, P) (91) 8/70 Distinction
Marie Liljedahl, Maria Rohm. Sex-Horror

FELLINI SATYRICON (c, P) (136) 3/70 United Artists
Martin Potter, Hiram Keller. Fantasy

FLESH FEAST (c) 8/70 Cineworld
Veronica Lake, Phil Philbin. Horror-Sadism

FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED (c) (97) 2/70 Warner Bros

Peter Cushing, Veronica Carlson. Horror *****
GAS-S-S-S! (c) (80) 9/70 AIP
Robert Corff, Elaine Giftos. (Roger Corman) Social sf
GIRLY (c) (101) 8/70 Cinerama
Michael Bryant, Vanessa Howard. Psycho-Drama
GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES FOR ADULTS ONLY (c, P) (92) 1/71 Cinematic

Marie Liljedahl, Ingrid Von Bergen. Sex-Fantasy
GUESS WHAT HAPPENED TO COUNT DRACULA (c) 8/70 Merrick International
Horror-Exploitation

Des Roberts, Claudia Barron. Horror *
HORROR HOUSE (c) (90) 4/70 AIP
Frankie Avalon, Jill Haworth. Horror *

HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS (c) (96) 9/70 M-G-M
Joan Bennett, Johnathan Frid. TV-Horror

JULIUS CAESAR (c, P) (117) 10/70 Commonwealth United
Charlton Heston, John Gielgud. Shakespeare

LATITUDE ZERO (c) (99) 5/70 National General
Joseph Cotton, Cesar Romero. Fantasy

THE MAGIC CHRISTIAN (c) (95) 2/70 Commonwealth United
Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr. Fantasy-Comedy ***

MARONED (c, P) (134) 3/70 Columbia
Gregory Peck, Richard Crenna. Marginal SF *****

THE MIND OF MR. SOAMES (c) (95) 10/70 Columbia
Terence Stamp, Robert Vaughn. Socio-Fantasy

MONSTER-ZERO (c) 9/70 Maron
Japanese Monsters

MOON ZERO TWO (c) (100) 3/70 Warner Bros
James Olsen, Catherina von Schell. Science Fiction *

MYRA BRECKINRIDGE (c, P) (94) 6/70 20th Century Fox
Mae West, Raquel Welch. Sex-Fantasy

NO BLADE OF GRASS (c, P) 10/70 M-G-M
Nigel Davenport, Jean Wallace. Ecology Sf

ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE FOREVER (c, P) (130) 8/70 Ecology Sf
Paramount

Barbara Streisand, Yves Montand. Spiritualism-Musical
PERFORMANCE (c) (106) 9/70 Warner Bros
Mick Jagger, James Fox. Psychological-Fantasy

THE PSYCHO LOVER (c) (75) 9/70 Medford
Lawrence Montaigne, Joanne Meredith. Horror

SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN (c) (94) 2/70 AIP
Vincent Price, Christopher Lee. Mod Horror *****

SCROOGE (c, P) 11/70 National General
Albert Finney, Sir Alec Guinness. Christmas Fantasy

SKULLDUGGERY (c, P) (105) 3/70 Universal
Burt Reynolds, Susan Clark. Socio-Fantasy ***

TARZAN'S DEADLY SILENCE (c) (93) 4/70 National General
Ron Ely, Jock Mahoney. TV-ERB

TARZAN'S JUNGLE REBELLION (c) (93) 5/70 National General
Ron Ely, William Marshall. TV-ERB **

TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA (c) (95) 9/70 Warner Bros
Horror

Christopher Lee. Horror
TIME OF ROSES (90) 9/70 Cinema Dimensions
Arto Tuominnen. Finnish Science Fiction

TROG (c) (91) 9/70 Warner Bros
Joan Crawford, Michael Gough. Horror

THE VAMPIRE LOVERS (c) (90) 10/70 AIP
Peter Cushing, Dawn Addams. Sex-Horror

VENUS IN FURS (c) (86) 4/70 Commonwealth United
James Darren, Barbara McNair. Sex-Horror

WAR OF THE GARGANTUAS (c) 9/70 Maron
Toho Monsters

WATERMELON MAN (c) (100) 7/70 Columbia
Godfrey Cambridge, Estelle Parsons. Fantasy-Comedy

WITCHCRAFT '70 (c) (75) 8/70 Trans American
Documentary *

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (c) 12/70 AIP
Anna Calder-Marshall. Classic Ghost Story

