

# CINEFANTASTIQUE

FALL 1971

\$1



GEORGE PAL ■ TV MOVIES ■ FILMMUSIC  
Photos, News and Reviews of the world of Horror,  
Fantasy and Science Fiction Films



# FEATURES

## ABC'S MOVIE OF THE WEEK

by Robert L. Jerome

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The B movie is alive and well on television. Robert L. Jerome examines eleven made-for-television movies of a horror, fantasy or science fiction character. The mini-movie format, whatever its drawbacks as an art form, is perfect for programmers--those old fashioned B movies which once flooded the movie houses of yore.

## THE FIVE FACES OF GEORGE PAL Part I

by Dennis S. Johnson

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Dennis S. Johnson offers the first installment of his career article on the producer who began the modern cycle of filmed science fiction in 1950 by making *DESTINATION MOON*, and who has since consistently made more excellent fantasy films than any other producer in the world.

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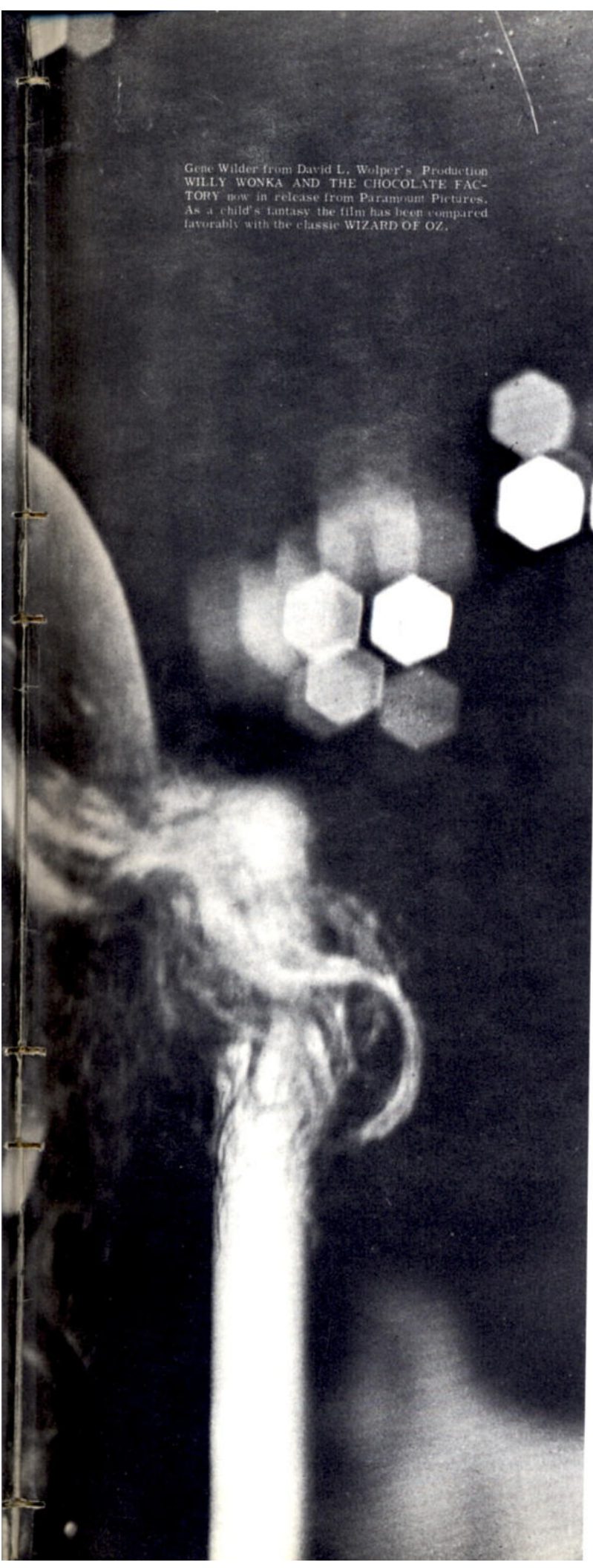
From the cover: Actor as the time traveller in George Pal's *THE TIME MACHINE* painted by Larry Byrd. The film is being re-released by Cinema Center Films' seasonal rerelease of *SCROOGE*: Back Cover.

# VOLUME 1

# NUMBER 4

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Gene Wilder from David L. Wolper's Production **WILLY WONKA AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY** now in release from Paramount Pictures. As a child's fantasy the film has been compared favorably with the classic **WIZARD OF OZ**.

# Sense of Wonder

by Frederick S. Clarke

Welcome to the fourth issue of **CINEFANTASTIQUE**, the magazine with a "sense of wonder," devoted to the serious study of horror, fantasy and science fiction films. We hold these truths to be self-evident: that horror, fantasy and science fiction are a substantial and important part of cinema art and entertainment; that the genre has too long been unjustly neglected; that the examination of *cinefantastique* will result in a better understanding of film in general.

In this issue Robert L. Jerome looks at the last vestige of the fantasy anthology format on television in "ABS's Movie of the Week." As Bob points out this series' track record is less than admirable, but a 90 minute anthology format certainly has the potential to produce some outstanding fantasy films. Television's biggest disappointment has been **ROD SERLING'S NIGHT GALLERY** on NBC. For those that hungered for the zest and imagination of bygone **TWILIGHT ZONE** shows the new series has been a stale crust of bread. It did produce one fine 40 minute segment starring William Windom entitled "They're Tearing Down Tim Reilly's Bar" which was nominated for an Emmy award, however most of the episodes have been an embarrassment. One short five minute segment was so incredibly vapid that it would have been considered regressive if written by a ten year old mind. This episode involved the discovery of a giant mousetrap and giant mice on the moon by astronauts. That such an idea could ever become more than just an idea, that it could survive a treatment, a first draft, a final draft, that it could go into production before someone on the production team laughingly deposited it in the nearest waste basket is an indication that Serling & Co. is merely interested in filling up air time with whatever vacuity is at hand. If this is the best they can do under the less stringent requirements of being one of four series in **FOUR IN ONE**, I shudder to think what they will come up with to fill 24 episodes as a full series in the current television season. We hope to offer a detailed coverage of this show in the future.

Speaking of *cinefantastique* being unjustly neglected, there has been almost nothing published concerning fantasy on television. Talking with Mark Stevens the other night, we somehow stumbled onto the subject of **TWILIGHT ZONE** and 90 minutes later were still stretching our memories in recalling excellent episodes with no end in sight. This series, in utilizing the music of composer Bernard Herrmann, directors like Jack Smight and John Brahm, and writers like Serling, Damon Knight, Richard Matheson and Richard Beaumont produced some of the finest *cinefantastique* extant. At the very least the show deserves to be indexed by episode including information on authors, directors and actors, and hopefully to be given extensive critical examination. Such a project is in the works. **CINEFANTASTIQUE** hopes to cover some aspect of television fantasy on a regular basis. There are a large number of anthology series, including **OUTER LIMITS**, **THRILLER**, **WAY OUT**, **JOURNEY INTO THE UNKNOWN**, **SCIENCE FICTION THEATER**, the English series **OUT OF THIS WORLD** to name a few that can be discussed, and this is not to mention the extremely large number of isolated fantasy episodes of series shows, fantasy specials, and series with continuing characters.

Also in the arena of television, if any of you have been watching **NET's MASTERPIECE THEATER** you will

have noticed many familiar names and faces. Their first series, "The First Churchills" featured Susan Hampshire (from Albert Finney's remake of **NIGHT MUST FALL**), John Neville (Sherlock Holmes in Herman Cohen's **A STUDY IN TERROR**), and Margaret Tyzack (the Russian scientist in Kubrick's 2001: **A SPACE ODYSSEY**). Their second offering, Henry James' "The Spoils of Poynton," was directed by Peter Sasdy and created much of the Victorian atmosphere and elegance that I mentioned was in his **TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA** (2:21). The biggest treat of the series however, was the last play "Pere Goriot," in which Hammer actor Andrew Keir played Vautrin, a deliciously evil and sinister character who plays God with the lives of his fellow borders in a Parisian rooming house. The new series beginning on **MASTERPIECE THEATER** this season, "The Six Wives of Henry VIII," features Hammer star Ralph Bates.

ABC provided a welcome Summer treat in presenting "The Movie Classics of David O. Selznick," which included his **THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE** and **PORTRAIT OF JENNIE**. The telecast of the latter was timed coincidentally with the release of our last issue which contained Dennis S. Johnson's retrospective of the film. In this issue Dennis presents the first part of his career article on fantasy filmmaker George Pal entitled "The Five Faces of George Pal."

Dennis completed his work as production manager on his first feature film in August, American Media Production's **MOON CHILD** starring John Carradine and Victor Buono. The picture was filmed in color on location at the Mission Inn, Riverside California. Dale Winogura made several trips out to the Riverside location to observe the production and to talk with cast and crew members. He scrawled this hurried note: "Carradine is wonderful, simply wonderful, a very amiable, soft spoken gentleman. Buono is also splendid. If you can imagine a combination of words, imagery, and themes from **THE MAGUS**, **THE DEVILS**, **ORPHEUS**, **THE SEVENTH SEAL**, **PERFORMANCE**, 2001: **A SPACE ODYSSEY**, and **SATYRICON**, then you have a pretty good idea of what kind of film this might turn out to be. Carradine and Buono are fantastic to watch." The script, by the film's director Alan Gadney, was originally entitled **THE GOLDEN MAN: MYSTERY OF THE BLACK MISSION**, and during shooting was changed to **THE INCUBUS RITUAL**. Gadney did his script from an original story by Richard Alexander, the film's producer, and Emmett Alston, the film's director of photography, about a young art student in the 1920s who seeks the ultimate in spiritual and physical beauty and finds it among the environs of a supernatural hotel which comes to life every 25 years. Gadney, Alexander, and Alston are the directors of American Media Productions which was formed to produce literate, high quality motion pictures at budgets in line with Hollywood's new economic austerity. American Media is currently editing the picture and seeking distribution arrangements for 1972 release. Dennis and Dale will provide the inside story on the filming of **MOON CHILD** next issue along with many behind the scenes production shots.

Norman Miller comes up with more Rasputin film titles in this issue's letters column under "More Rasputins," and the current scene on the fantasy film front is examined in **Reviews and Short Notices**. Thanks to Larry Byrd for this issue's cover painting, wonderfully evocative of Palsian fantasy.



# L'ECRAN FANTASTIQUE



L'ECRAN FANTASTIQUE is The French Magazine of Fantasy and Imagination. Now in its third year of publication, it has acquired the largest circulation of any European magazine of its type, and is fast being regarded as the magazine-fantasy field's most informative and critical publication. L'ECRAN FANTASTIQUE brings you coverage of the cinematic world by enthusiasts, both fan and pro. Each issue is fifty pages, professionally lithographed on glossy paper stock, with colorful covers and profuse illustrations.

No. 1: The collector's edition of the new series includes: Poe in the Cinema, A Filmography of Roger Corman, A Filmography of Basil Rathbone, Horror Movies From Japan (featuring numerous photos from titles, unreleased in the US), reviews of Paris openings, and other features.

No. 2: Our Special Vampire Issue includes: a 35 page filmography of vampire films, with card and credit listings, and commentary by Jean-Claude Michel, featuring information and photos on many foreign titles, not released in the US. The issue also includes British American film news, by Philip B. Morchevitz, film ratings by the editorial staff, and other features.

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## THE FRENCH MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND IMAGINATION

# LETTERS

## MORE RASPUTINS

I was taken with your Rasputin article in CINEFANTASTIQUE #1, and am non-plussed on the 1917 Max Neufeld film, as Walter Fritz's 1967 Austrian Silent Film Index does not list a Rasputin film for Neufeld in that period, though Neufeld has actor's credits from 1913 and director's credits from 1920. Max has a brother Eugen, 5 years older, whose acting credits begin in 1914, but no Rasputin film for him. The index does list a late 20s Rasputin film by Neufeld which you don't have, and I have enclosed the complete credits:

THE INCENDIARY OF EUROPE (COLONEL REDL'S LEGACY) (Die Brandstifter Europas (Oberst Redls Erben)) 10/8/26. 2200 meters. Produced and directed by Max Neufeld. Scenario by Jacques Bachrach based on occurrences and secret documents of a Russian diplomat. Photography by Eduard Hensch. Sets by Artur Berger. Costumes, Lambert Hofer. With: Max Neufeld (Rasputin), Eugen Neufeld (Grand Duke), Robert Valberg (Colonel Redl), Albert Kerste (Michael Korsakow), Albert Heine (Purischkevitch), Eugen Dumont (Lenin), Hans Marr (Ivan Avadiev), Charlotte Ander (Olga, his daughter), Viktor Kutscher (Chief of Russian Spy Service), Heinz Hanus (Nikolai II), Hermann Benke (Colonel Vronsky), Renate Renee (Sonya Starevna, dancer), Fritz Freisler (Minister of War), Lorenz Corvinus (Gen. Shamovsky), Viktor Braun (Col. Count Sumarokov), Willy Schmidt (Maj. Gregoriev), Herr Leibner (The Tsarevitch), Herma Eggstorf (Yanishkaya), Ignaz Flemminger (Maj. Talam), The Neuber Ballet Company.

Gerhard Lamprecht's Index of the German Silents lists a RASPUTIN made in 1917 by Saturn Film, Berlin, in 5 reels. The direction and script are by "Arno," no other name given, and the stars are Fritz Hofbauer and Max Hiller.

Jay Leyda, in his book, *Kino* (1960), says Rasputin was the subject of many films of the period in Russia. He lists four titles:

DARK POWERS - GRIGORY RASPUTIN AND HIS ASSOCIATES (Temniye Sili - Grigori Rasputin I Yevu Spodvishniki) 1917. Produced by G. Libkin. 8 reels in two parts. Directed by S. Veselonsky. Scenario by B. Marton. Photography by P. Mosyagin. With: S. Gladkov (Rasputin), N. Kitayen, Volzhsky, M. Petini.

GRIGORY RASPUTIN AND THE GREAT RUSSIAN REVOLUTION (Grigori Rasputin I Velikoi Russkoi Revoliutzi) 1917.

PEOPLE OF SIN AND BLOOD (Lyudi Grekha I Krovi) 1917. Produced by Po-beda. Directed by A. Charginin. With: L. Terek, A. Sorin, Ye. Kestler, L. Prebeshnikov, A. Gromov, Ya. Yanikovskaya, Litin, N. Zhukovsky, G. Yaron, Kurbsky, N. Koziren-Sokolsky.

THE HOLY DEVIL (Svyatoi Chort) 1917.

These credits come from Vishnevsky's 1945 filmography of the pre-Soviet film.

Do you think TYRANNY OF THE ROMANOFFS might be an alternate title to THE FALL OF THE ROMANOFFS?

Perhaps it is a quickly made newsreel compilation.

For your information, Lamprecht lists the German censor review dates of your three German films as follows: RASPUTIN (Larin) 11/9/28, RASPUTIN THE HOLY DEVIL (Berger) 9/17/28, RASPUTIN (Trotz) 2/19/32.

Also from the Austrian Index:

RASPUTIN (THE LOVE LIFE OF A STRANGE HOLYMAN) (Rasputin (Das Liebesleben des Sonderbaren Heiligen)) 5/25. Produced by Gersik Film (Vienna). Directed by R. Gersik. With: Paul Askonas, Rolf Meinau, Milena Pavlovna, Nini Schulz-Forstner.

Robert Hossein had been directing since 1955, and had at least ten films to his directorial credit before I KILLED RASPUTIN.

NORMAN MILLER  
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## CUSHING'S TRAGEDY

I have a little news item here on Peter Cushing which might possibly be of interest for a future news page. From London's "The Sunday Express" of July 11: "On most days around lunchtime actor Peter Cushing cycles away from his home in Whitstable, Kent. He returns after four or five hours and goes straight to bed."

"My wife Helen died in January and I cycle to stop thinking about her," says Mr. Cushing, 57.

"Everywhere I cycle holds memories of Helen. We went everywhere together. She's with me all the time."

"Helen Cushing died after a long illness in January. The couple, who had been married for nearly 27 years, met on the stage during a wartime E.N.S.A. tour of British Forces camps. They had no children."

"Life is so lonely without her," says Mr. Cushing. "I've given up many of the things we used to do. The memory is too harrowing. That's why I cycle every day."

From "The Sunday Express" of July 18, a letter from Peter Cushing commenting on the above item: "No doubt through my own fault, I was misquoted. I never could--and never would try--to forget my beloved wife Helen."

My cycling is for a variety of reasons--but not that. I suffer a great deal of remorse and regrets for certain things done--and certain things not done--and it is these destructive elements which I am trying to exorcise.

"If self-pity crept into what I said then it must be true--but I had no wish to give that impression."

"If it were not for the certain Truth & Knowledge that I shall be reunited with my loved one when my pilgrim journey in this strange land is finished--then I could not face up to anything."

"Without that promise, the whole of this life would be a mockery and a waste. The best is yet to come for all of us."

"Thank you again for your kind thought of me. May God's blessing be with you always." Signed, Peter Cushing, Whitstable, Kent.

ALAN DODD  
77 Stanstead Rd, Hoddesdon, Herts, GB

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# ABC'S MOVIE OF THE WEEK

The B movie is alive and well on ABC

For almost the entire week the ABC TV Network is Ella of the Cinders while her flashier sisters in video land, NBC and CBS, garner the lion's share of the viewing audience. But on Tuesday nights, ABC becomes the magical Cinderella of the rating game with a three and a half hour line-up which has caught the public's fancy.

First, Michael Cole, Peggy Lipton and Clarence Williams, III, put down the stupid, crime-ridden Establishment as **THE MOD SQUAD** members display cool heads and mod clothes. Then Cole, with a killing sincerity, advises everyone to stay tuned to the **ABC MOVIE OF THE WEEK**, which offers 90 minutes of either mayhem or comedy and the sort of commercial interruptions which defeat close scrutiny. And then the jewel in the ABC crown appears... **MARCUS WELBY, M. D.**, the fatherly old medic who is the AMA dream or pipe-dream, depending on how one reacts to the weekly servings of Robert Young's syrup of stern kindness.

In this review we are not concerned with the way Clarence Williams, III, dominates **THE MOD SQUAD** with his Afro mane and fierce acting style or the manner in which Young's **WELBY** is allowed, week after week, to eclipse the work of his struggling young colleague, though this sort of video rivalry is often more fascinating to detect than what passes for entertainment on the **MOVIE OF THE WEEK**. But the latter, with its occasional excursions into fantasy, is what interests us here.

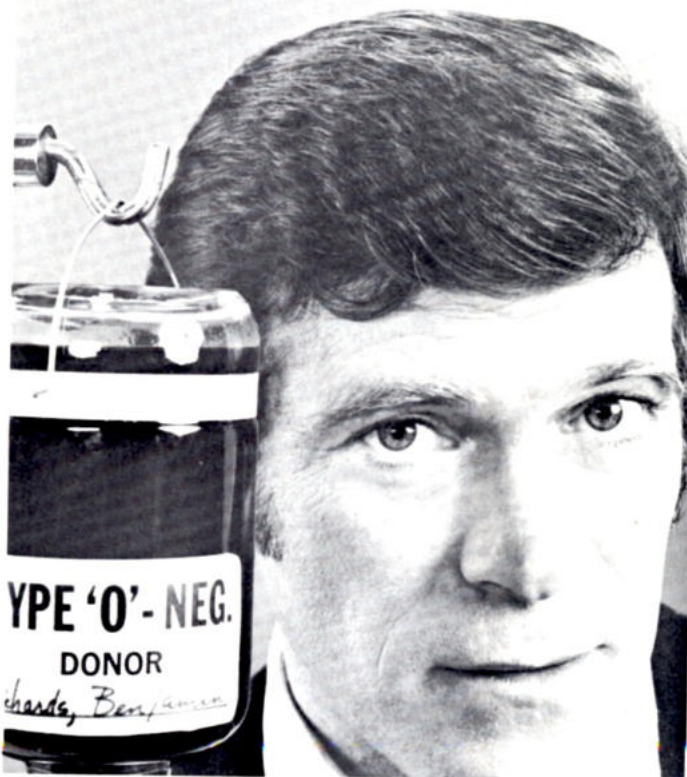
It has already been noted in this publication that the **MOW** is actually a mini-movie which runs about 70-odd minutes when all the commercials are subtracted. This format, whatever its drawbacks as an art form, is perfect for programmers -- those old fashioned B-movies which once flooded the movie houses of yore -- and, to be sure, most of the **MOW** offerings are programmers which pleasantly kill air time and, more importantly, provide employment for actors and actresses no longer in demand.

The creators of this series also have an ace up their sleeve in that it provides an excellent showcase for pilot films which, if the public and advertiser reaction is favorable, can be expanded into full-fledged series.

During its first season (1969-70), **MOW** came up with only one winner in terms of both artistic merit and pilot potential. This unusual and absorbing science fiction offering, entitled **THE IMMORTAL** and based on a book by James Gunn, hinged on the special blood of its hero, Ben Richards. An auto tester and race driver of some skill, Richards (Christopher George) donates several pints of blood when his millionaire boss, Jordan Braddock, is seriously injured. This ancient (played in marvelous makeup by Barry Sullivan) miraculously recovers when he receives a transfusion, and the doctors discover Richard's blood contains antibodies which make him immune to all known diseases, including the aging process.

Not unexpectedly, Braddock quickly incarceralates his benefactor in a "velvet prison" where Richards, supplied with all the creature comforts, will be drained of his excess blood in order to rejuvenate his employer. Braddock's young wife (Jessica Walters, at her witchy best), is hopeful her husband will die as soon as possible, and to this end, she aids Richards to escape. Thus he begins the search for his long-lost brother, who may also be gifted (or cursed, if Braddock finds him first) with the same life-giving blood.

This intriguing premise, well-acted and tightly directed by TV veteran Joseph Sargent, hypsed



Scenes from **THE IMMORTAL** segment of ABC'S **MOVIE OF THE WEEK** series. Top: Aging Barry Sullivan is a multimillionaire seeking to imprison Christopher George in order that life giving transfusions of his blood will be available at any time. Bottom: Christopher George as "the immortal." **THE IMMORTAL** was directed by TV veteran Joseph Sargent who also directed **COLOSSUS**, **THE FORBIN PROJECT**, perhaps the finest science fiction film of 1970.

by Robert L. Jerome





its matter-of-fact menace with the plausible notion that a modern-day Dracula, with money and resources at his fingertips, could effectively trap his victims like so many insects under glass. There was also a certain tenderness in Richard's relationship with his fiancée (sensibly enacted by Carol Lynley) who must eventually be jettisoned when the pursuers get too close.

Unfortunately, when *THE IMMORTAL* premiered in the fall of 1970, it appeared to lose all its special qualities. Ben Richards' flight to escape a blood-hungry man of wealth (this time played by David Brian) had the wornout look of an old episode of *THE FUGITIVE*. Don Knight had a nice "loser" appearance as the private detective who, episode after episode, failed to capture his elusive quarry, but the tension between chaser and chased never deepened into the kind of fascinating relationship which marked the cat-and-mouse movements of fugitive David Janssen and the Jarvet-like Barry Morse.

After the initial number of segments, *THE IMMORTAL* received its cancellation notice, though fans of the original concept were rewarded two ways. An early episode allowed Richards to reclaim his sweetheart, however briefly, and to finally leave her in good, romantic company (Glenn Corbett). And as the series reached its finale, Richards was allowed to come across a man (Michael Strong) who might be his brother. But after being kidnapped by the millionaire's men, this character reveals he has had several diseases, thus proving his blood lacks the special "immortal" antibodies.

Of the other fantasy-oriented features shown on *MOW*'s first season, the most polished and suspenseful went under the intriguing title of *DAUGHTER OF THE MIND*. Two seasoned pros (too seldom seen on television), Gene Tierney and Ray Milland, were joined by that persuasively low key actor, Don Murray, in a drama of the supernatural derived from Paul Gallico's *The Hand of Mary Constable*.

Milland and Miss Tierney were the distraught couple who kept seeing visions of their daughter, a child who was fatally injured in an automobile accident. Murray portrayed the sympathetic friend the government intelligence agency dispatches to Milland's household to investigate and discover the obvious: secret agents, equipped with clever electronic devices, were at work to lure the professor and his wife behind the Iron Curtain.

Whatever its shortcomings, *DAUGHTER OF THE MIND* was nominated for an "Edgar" award by the Mystery Writers of America. The "Edgar" is named after Edgar Allan Poe and presented annually to the "best" in the mystery field. This TV adaptation of the Gallico novel was written by Luther Davis, who previously fashioned the controversial suspense and horror film, *LADY IN A CAGE*.

Both *THE CHALLENGE* and *THE LOVE WAR* dealt with armed combat between warring factions. In the former, Darren McGavin, representing the U.S., and Mako, the agile Asian agent, met on a deserted Pacific island to battle

Above Left: *THE IMMORTAL*: Christopher George comforts Carol Lynley in a poignant scene in which she confesses that when near death she revealed his secret to save her own life. Above Right: *THE LOVE WAR*: Angie Dickinson and Lloyd Bridges are aliens from warring planets who have expanded their battlefield to earth.

Below Top: *THE CHALLENGE*: Broderick Crawford and Davis Roberts chart the course of WW III being fought by two lonely combatants on a pacific isle. Below bottom: *DAUGHTER OF THE MIND*: Don Murray and Ray Milland in a mystery tale with effective supernatural overtones.



each other to the death and thus decide the outcome of World War III without a full-scale conflict. In spite of the allegorical overtones and the dependable performances of the principals, *THE CHALLENGE* bumped along toward its inevitable conclusion. The Big Boys off-shore could not resist playing dirty, and everyone (including the viewer) lost in the end.

*THE LOVE WAR* was somewhat better, which was something of an accomplishment considering its comic book synopsis: "Creatures from warring planets Argon and Ziman take human form to fight it out—with Earth as the neutral battleground. Kyle, one of the Argonian soldiers, jeopardizes his mission by falling in love with an earthling, Sandy."

Lloyd Bridges, as Kyle in but a faint shadow of his performance in *SILENT NIGHT, LONELY NIGHT*, manages to make his affection for Sandy (the sexy and serene Angie Dickinson) believable, but only the very young (or very naive) could not guess that Sandy had a cold Ziman heart which permitted her to finally blast the trusting Kyle to dust.

To begin its second season on the ABC Network, the *MOW* series appeared to be putting its best footage forward: *HOW AWFUL ABOUT ALLAN*, a psychological thriller termed "a 90-minute (sic) drama of tinging suspense and macabre horror."

The credits, indeed, were impressive: a cast topped by Anthony Perkins, everyone's favorite *PSYCHO*, plus Julie Harris and Joan Hackett; a screenplay penned by Henry Farrell, author of *WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?* and *HUSH, HUSH, SWEET CHARLOTTE*, and a director of some promise, Curtis Harrington, who previously filmed the unjustly neglected *NIGHT TIDE* with Dennis Hopper and the chic but derivative *GAMES* with Simone Signoret doing her *DIABOLOQUE* bit.

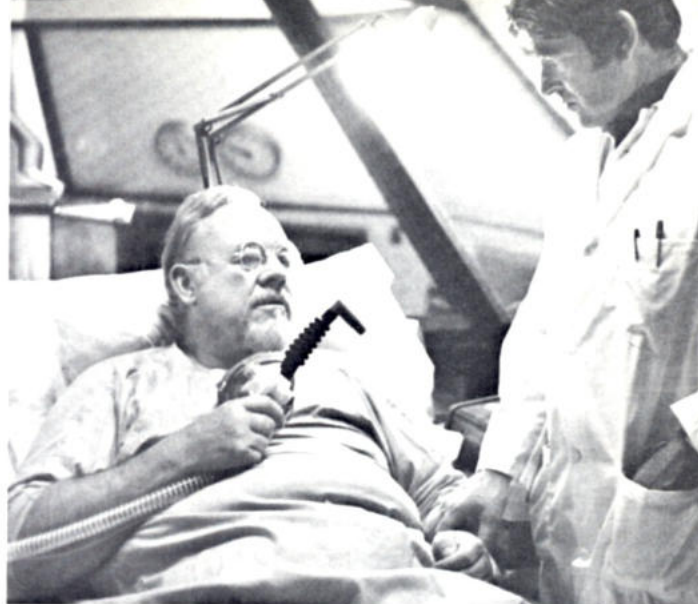
Perkins appeared perfectly cast as poor Allan Colleigh, a young man suffering from psychosomatic blindness and tormented by the idea he somehow caused a fire which claimed his father's life and disfigured his protective sister, Elizabeth. After his release from the hospital, where he has undergone therapy for his depressed condition, he returns home to the understanding and kindness of his sister and a very solicitous neighbor, Olive.

But Allan's road to recovery is soon blighted by strange voices which bedevil him and even stranger accidents which threaten his life. Could someone really mean to harm spineless Allan, or is Allan really a basket case who must be put away with all possible speed?

The not very startling conclusion of this drama put one in mind of the way film critic Dwight MacDonald once dismissed a very elaborate thriller. According to MacDonald, a gigantic package arrives and one begins opening it feverishly, expecting all sorts of goodies. Lots and lots of excelsior is removed and then, at the bottom, one discovers a couple of rusty nails. Thus it was with *HOW AWFUL ABOUT ALLAN*.

The stars were hardly to blame for the lack-





lustre material, but not one of the illustrious trio managed to rise above it. Perkins has probably worked his *PSYCHO* bit to death, though his performance in *PRETTY POISON* demonstrated he can still be brilliant when the odds are in his favor. Here they weren't. Miss Harris has also exhausted her frustrated spinster role, and the decision to reveal her "sweet sister" act as a sham provided no surprise. As for Miss Hackett, she was simply trapped in a nohine role which made her appear to be a little nutty for wasting her time on such an unappetizing and unappreciative character as Allan.

As disappointing as this opener registered at the time, the *MOW* had a couple of films in the wings which were to make *HOW AWFUL ABOUT ALLAN* appear passable in retrospect. Notable among these clinkers were *THE HOUSE THAT WOULDN'T DIE*, which even the ultra-professional Barbara Stanwyck (trapped in a ho-hum haunted house) could not save, and *NIGHT SLAVES*, an initially fascinating sci-fier which slipped into banality very quickly.

Featuring a good cast spotlighting Lee Grant, Leslie Nielsen and Andrew Prine, *NIGHT SLAVES* dealt with a man whose life is changed by the steel plate in his head. Stopping overnight at a small town, Clay Howard (James Franciscus) watches as everyone awakens in the evening in a trance-like state and goes off to a nearby field to work on a disabled spaceship. His wife (Miss Grant) and the sheriff (Nielsen) cannot remember their participation in the incident and take him for a deranged man, but a mysterious farm girl (Tisha Sterling) appears to aid him.

*NIGHT SLAVES*, despite its early promise, finally emerged on a par with the ABC press release which described its "strange events" in these terms: "What unearthly force is at work to enslave a whole town at night? Does the answer lie in Clay's meeting with an eerily beautiful woman who exudes seductive mystery, a vibrant girl who has never known a man's kiss? Does the answer lie within the boundaries of this earth at all?"

As escapist fare, neither to be believed nor cherished, *THE MAN WHO WANTED TO LIVE FOREVER* had its moments and, in addition, the unlikeliest casting of the TV season: Stuart Whitman and Sandy Dennis. As a couple of medical researchers called to a private foundation in a remote mountain area, they eventually flee (on skis!) when they learn their employer, T. M. Trask (Burl Ives) is up to no good. Trask, as it turns out, has an understandable desire to "live forever," and he is not above using human guinea pigs to achieve his ends.

Hope Lange however, was subjected to the season's roughest punishment in *CRAWHAVEN FARM*, a suitably eerie tale which resembled *ROSEMARY'S BABY* in its emphasis on witchcraft.

The plot had Miss Lange menaced by a coven of vengeful witches she had betrayed in a previous existence. To save herself and her baby, she must abandon her loving husband (Paul Burke) to her tormentors, and in the final moments, she discovers her dead husband has returned--in the

Above Left: *HOW AWFUL ABOUT ALLAN*: Anthony Perkins and Julie Harris appear in roles with which they have become typed, psycho and wallflower respectively. Directed by Curtis Harrington who should know better. Above Right: *THE MAN WHO WANTED TO LIVE FOREVER*: Burl Ives is the man of the title and Stuart Whitman a doctor unwittingly fulfilling his desire. This was originally titled "The Heart Farm."

Below Top: *THE POINT*: An animated fantasy set to music by Nilsson. Below Bottom: *CRAWHAVEN FARM*: John Carradine (right) helps restrain Hope Lange in bringing her before a coven of witches.



body of musclemen William Smith, no less--to have his revenge for her betrayal. Out of the frying pan and into the fire.

John Carradine, Cyril Delevanti, Milton Selzer and Patricia Barry added to the drama in supporting roles, and John McGreevey's teleplay managed to draw concern for the put-upon heroine.

*MOW*, in a wise bid to please the kiddies as well as the adults addicted to B-movies, moved starting time up one hour (7:30 PM EST) for the special presentation of an all-cartoon feature, *THE POINT*.

A charming fable of a little boy whose pointed head makes him an outcast among his people, it benefitted by its odd artwork (not unlike a Jules Feiffer drawing), the narration of Dustin Hoffman (as a serious-minded father telling his child a story), and the delightful music of Harry Nilsson ("Me and my Arrow...all straight and narrow...").

An even more welcome feature on the series was the premier in January of *DR. CROOK'S GARDEN*, adapted from the Broadway play by Ira Levin, author of *Rosemary's Baby*.

The stage presentation, which featured Keir Dullea and Burl Ives, was a flop, yet the condensed video version proved to be a superior suspense drama which transcended its frightening premise to become a personal story which effectively explored the old theme: do ends justify the means.

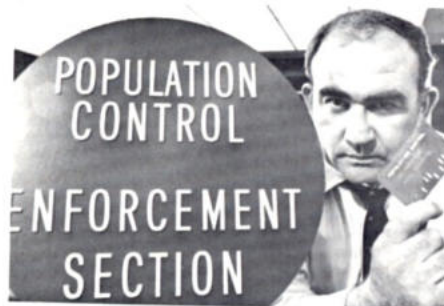
Here Levin's story, adroitly adapted by Art Wallace, presented Bing Crosby as the genial, gentle Dr. Leonard Crook who had devoted his life to treating the residents of a picturesque Vermont community. He is justifiably proud when his ward, Jim (Frank Converse), returns from medical school to inquire about his health, but the old doctor becomes accountably jittery when Jim begins to suspect something amiss in these pleasant surroundings.

Dr. Crook, alas, is a humanitarian, of sorts, who weeds out the bad in the community by silently killing them with poison. Jim's brutal father, who repeatedly beat the boy, was the first to go, and over the years Dr. Crook kept us his little hobby of making his town a nice place to live. Eventually the doctor is forced to give the inquisitive Jim a lethal dose of poison, but in a tense, nail-biting finish, Jim manages to turn the tables--probably to his everlasting regret.

In a rare dramatic appearance, Crosby proved how good he can be when a role demands something of him, and both Frank Converse and newcomer Blythe Danner (of Broadway's *BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE*), as the romantic leads, achieved high marks for their contributions.

It should be noted, in all fairness to the series, that a few of their other features have been worth watching, especially an Emmy-winning, contemporary drama called *TRIBES*, which pitted a love child-cum draftee (Jan Michael Vincent) against his Marine D. I. (Darren McGavin). And the highest rating of the season for the series reportedly went to the showing of a lady-in-peril thriller, *LOVE HATE LOVE*, which featured Pet-





Scenes from a new ABC series which begins this September **MOVIE OF THE WEEKEND**. Top: **RACHEL, SWEET RACHEL**: Former newscaster Alex Drier is an investigator of the supernatural, being beckoned here by an apparition of Stephanie Powers. Middle and Bottom: **THE LAST CHILD**: Janet Margolin and Michael Cole are a couple trying to save their child from the clutches of Edward Asner, in a future world where birth control is a strictly enforced fact of life. Horror, fantasy and science fiction have become staple ingredients in the ABC mini-movie formula.

er Haskell (psycho) and Ryan O'Neal (good guy) de luxe) in a tug of war over Lesley Warren.

There was a moment in this routine but enjoyable programmer when the script suggested that Miss Warren's character was not all it should be and that she was a contributing factor to all the turmoil around her. But the moment passed, and **LOVE HATE LOVE** became just another filler thriller on a show which only rarely spices up its bland servings with something savory.

Beginning this September, ABC will offer another movie night of made-for-television features on Saturdays called **MOVIE OF THE WEEKEND**. A few of ABC's fantasy projects for the forthcoming season include:

**THE DEADLY DREAM** is the story of a brilliant genetic scientist, played by Lloyd Bridges, who has discovered a way to alter hereditary factors to assure a more intelligent race. There are those who want Bridges to stop his research for reasons of morality and he is plagued by a recurring dream in which he is marked for death by a mysterious, unknown tribunal. The episode is produced by Stan Shpetner and directed by Alf Kjellin from a script by Barry Oringer. Also featured in the cast are Janet Leigh, Carl Betz, and Richard Jaeckel.

**DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY** will be a remake of the classic 1934 Paramount film which starred Frederic March as the Grim Reaper who takes on human form to discover why he is feared and hated by mortals.

**THE LAST CHILD** is set in the not-too-distant-future when a government edict forbids couples to have more than one child. Janet Margolin (Lisa of Frank and Eleanor Perry's **DAVID & LISA**) and Michael Cole play a couple trying to save their second child from extermination and Van Heflin plays a former senator fighting for the retention of personal freedoms who helps them. Also featured in the cast are Harry Guardino and Emmy Award winner Edward Asner.

**MADAM SIN** is an evil female genius, played by Bette Davis who is thwarted in her attempt to rule the world by Robert Wagner.

**RACHEL, SWEET RACHEL** features former newscaster Alex Drier as a researcher and investigator of ESP and the supernatural. He investigates a case in which the husband of Stephanie Powers (Rachel of the title) was murdered by a mental telepath. The cast also features Brenda Scott and Steve Inhat.

## FILMOGRAPHY

### THE CHALLENGE

2/10/70

A 20th Century Fox Production. Produced by Jay Cipes and Ed Palmer. Directed by Allen Smither. Written by Marc Norman. Music by Harry Geller. Music supervision, Lionel Newman. Production supervision, Jack Sonntag. Unit production manager, Mike Salamunovich. Assistant director, Joe Rickards. Director of photography, Jack Nicklaus A.S.C. Art directors, Jack Martin Smith and Ed Graves. Film edited by Stafford Tischler, A.C.E. and Joe Gluck, A.C.E. Post production supervisor, Samuel E. Beetley, A.C.E. Set decorators, Walter M. Scott and Bert Allen. Special optical effects, L. B. Abbott, A.S.C. Executive story editor, Arthur Semon.

Jacob Gallery ..... Darren McGavin  
General Meyers ..... Broderick Crawford  
Yuro ..... Mako  
Overman ..... James Whitmore  
Lyman George ..... Skip Homeier  
Dr. Nagy ..... Paul Lukas  
Bryant ..... Sam Elliott  
Opiano ..... Adolph Caesar  
Swiss Official ..... Andre Philippe  
Sarah ..... Arianne Ulmer  
Scientist ..... Davis Roberts  
Defense Secretary ..... Byron Morrow  
Army Colonel ..... Bill Zuckert  
Doctor ..... Gene LeBell  
Sergeant ..... Lew Brown

### CPOWHAVEN FARM

11/24/70

An Aaron Spelling (Paramount) Production. Produced by Walter Grauman. Directed by Walter Grauman. Screenplay written by John McGreevey. Director of photography, Fleet Southcoat. Music by Robert Drasnin. Art director, Tracy Bousman. Film edited by Aaron Stell.

Maggie Porter ..... Hope Lange  
Ben Porter ..... Paul Burke  
Kevin Pierce ..... Lloyd Bochner  
Nate Cheever ..... John Carradine  
Harold Dane ..... Cyril Delevanti  
Dr. Terminer ..... Milton Selzer  
Felicia ..... Patricia Barry  
Jennifer ..... Cindy Eilbacher  
Mercy Lewis ..... Virginia Gregg  
Sam Wardwell ..... Woodrow Parfrey  
Madeleine Wardwell ..... June Dayton  
Claire Allen ..... Louise Troy  
Fritz Allen ..... Ross Elliot  
Patrolman Hayes ..... William Smith  
Pearson ..... Pitt Herbert

### DAUGHTER OF THE MIND

12/9/69

A 20th Century Fox Production. Produced and directed by Walter Grauman. Teleplay by Luther Davis. Based on the novel *The Hand of Mary* Constable by Paul Gallico. Associate Producer, William Kayden. Music by Robert Drasnin. Music supervision, Lionel Newman. Director of photography, Jack Woolf. Special optical effects, L. B. Abbott, A.S.C. and Art Cruickshank. Art direction, Jack Martin Smith and Philip Barber. Set decoration, Walter M. Scott and Sven Wickman. Film edited by Michael Economou. Production supervisor, Jack Sonntag. Assistant director, Larry Powell. Executive story editor, Arthur Semon.

Professor Constable ..... Ray Milland  
Lenore Constable ..... Gene Tierney  
Dr. Alex Lauder ..... Don Murray  
Mary Constable ..... Pamela Ferdin  
Dr. Frank Ferguson ..... George Macready  
Dr. Paul Cryder ..... Ivar Barry  
Tina Cryder ..... Barbara Dana  
Saul Weiner ..... Ed Asner  
Gen. Augstadt ..... Frank Maxwell  
Arnold Bessmer ..... William Beckley  
Devi Bessmer ..... Cecile Ozorio  
Helga ..... Virginia Christine  
Mr. Bosch ..... John Carradine  
Cab Driver ..... Bill Hickman



# DR. CROOK'S GARDEN

1/19/71

A Paramount Production. Produced by Bob Marshall. Directed by Ted Post. Based on the original Broadway play by Ira Levin. Adapted for television by Art Wallace. Assistant director, Steve Barnett. Associate producer, George Goodman. Director of photography, Urs Ferrer. Music by Robert Drasnin. Set decoration, Ronald H. Ottesen. Film edited by John McSweeney. Costume designer, Domingo Rodriguez. Wardrobe, Yvonne David. Makeup, John Alese. Reginald Tackley. Art director, Bill Molyneux.

Dr. Leonard Crook ..... Bing Crosby  
Jim Tennyson ..... Frank Converse  
Jane Rausch ..... Blythe Danner  
Essie Bullitt ..... Bethel Leslie  
Dora Ludlow ..... Abby Lewis  
Elias Hart ..... Barnard Hughes  
Mary Booth ..... Carol Morley  
Billy ..... Jordan Reed  
Harry Bullitt ..... Fred Burrell  
Ruth Hart ..... Helen Stenborg  
Reverend ..... Tom Barbour  
Ted Rausch ..... Staats Cotsworth

# THE HOUSE THAT WOULDN'T DIE

10/27/70

An Aaron Spelling (Paramount) Production. Produced by Aaron Spelling. Directed by John Llewellyn Moxey. Teleplay by Jerry Farrell from the novel Ammie, Come Home by Barbara Michaels. Associate producer, Steve Kibler. Executive in charge of production, Norman Henry. Director of photography, Fleet Southcoat. Art director, Tracy Bousman. Editorial supervisor, Art Seid. Music composed by Laurence Rosenthal. Music supervision, George Duning. Miss Stanwyck's clothes designed by Nolan Miller.

Ruth Bennett ..... Barbara Stanwyck  
Sara ..... Katherine Winn  
Prof. Pat McDougall ..... Richard Egan  
Stan Whitman ..... Michael Anderson, Jr.  
Mrs. McDougall ..... Mabel Albertson  
 Sylvia Wall ..... Doreen Lang

# HOW AWFUL ABOUT ALLAN

9/10/70

An Aaron Spelling (Paramount) Production. Executive producer, Aaron Spelling. Produced by George Edwards. Directed by Curtis Harrington. Written by Henry Farrell. Music by Lawrence Rosenthal. Director of photography, Fleet Southcoat. Film edited by Richard Farrell. Production manager, James Lane. Art director, Tracy Bousman. Production executive, Norman Henry.

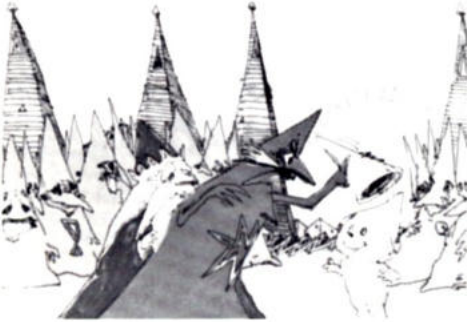
Allan Colleigh ..... Anthony Perkins  
Katherine Colleigh ..... Julie Harris  
Olive ..... Joan Hackett  
Raymond Colleigh ..... Kent Smith  
Dr. Ellins ..... Robert H. Harris  
Allan (as a child) ..... Gene Lawrence  
Katherine (as a child) ..... Jeannette Howe  
Dr. Ames ..... William Erwin  
Harold Dennis ..... Billy Bowles  
Eric ..... Trent Dolan

# THE IMMORTAL

9/30/69

A Paramount Production. Produced by Lou Morheim. Directed by Joseph Sargent. Screenplay by Robert Specht based on the novel The Immortals by James Gunn. Director of photography, Howard Schwartz. Music composed by Dominic Frontiere. Music supervisor, Leith Stevens. Supervising art director, Bill Ross. Production supervisor, Edward Milkus. Art director, William L. Campbell. Film edited by David Wages. Executive production manager, Sam Strangis.

Ben Braddocks ..... Christopher George  
Janet Braddocks ..... Jessica Walter  
Jordan Braddock ..... Barry Sullivan  
 Sylvia Cartwright ..... Carol Lynley  
Dr. Pearce ..... Ralph Bellamy  
Locke ..... Vincent Beck  
Doctor ..... Marvin Silbersher



1: THE MAN WHO WANTED TO LIVE FOREVER: Stuart Whitman and Sandy Dennis. 2: THE HOUSE THAT WOULDN'T DIE: Michael Anderson Jr., Katherine Winn, Barbara Stanwyck, and Richard Egan. 3: DR. CROOK'S GARDEN: Bing Crosby and Blythe Danner. 4: NIGHT SLAVES: James Franciscus and Lee Grant. 5: THE POINT.

# THE LOVE WAR

3/10/70

An Aaron Spelling (Paramount) Production. Produced by Aaron Spelling. Directed by George McCowan. Teleplay by Guerdon Trueblood and David Kidd. Director of photography, Paul Uhl. Music by Dominic Frontiere. Production manager, Jack Voclin. Film edited by Bob Lewis. Assistant director, Wes Barry.

Kyle ..... Lloyd Bridges  
Sandy ..... Angie Dickinson  
Bal ..... Harry Basch  
Tod ..... Dan Travanty  
Reed ..... Bill McClean  
Hort ..... Allen Jaffe

# THE MAN WHO WANTED TO LIVE FOREVER

12/15/70

A Palomar Pictures Production. Executive producer, Edgar Scherick. Producer, Terry Dene. Director, John Trent. Teleplay by Henry Denker. Director of photography, Marc Champion. Assistant director, Al Simmonds. Assistant cameraman, Ken Smith. Soundman, Russ Heise. Wardrobe, Roger Palmer. Make-up, Ken Brooke.

T. M. Trask ..... Burl Ives  
Enid Bingham ..... Sandy Dennis  
McCarte Parvis ..... Stuart Whitman  
Dr. George Simmons ..... Jack Creley  
Dr. John Emmett ..... Ron Hartman  
McBride ..... Tom Harvey  
Dr. Wilfred Morton ..... Robert Goodier  
Dr. Carl Bryant ..... Allan Dorellus  
Dr. Franz Heinemann ..... Joseph Shaw

# NIGHT SLAVES

9/15/70

A Bing Crosby (Warner Bros) Production. Produced by Everett Chambers. Directed by Ted Post. Teleplay by Everett Chambers and Robert Specht from a novel by Jerry Sohl. Director of photography, Robert Hauser. A.S.C. Music by Bernardo Segall. Music supervisor, Milton Lustig. Art director, Howard Hollander. Post production supervisor, Houseley Stevenson. Film edited by Michael Kahn.

Clay Howard ..... James Franciscus  
Mary Howard ..... Lee Grant  
Matthew Russell ..... Scott Marlowe  
Fess Beany ..... Andrew Prine  
Naillil ..... Tisha Sterling  
Sheriff Henshaw ..... Leslie Nielsen  
Mr. Hale ..... Morris Buchanan  
Mr. Fletcher ..... John Kellogg  
Mrs. Crawford ..... Virginia Vincent  
Spencer ..... Cliff Carbell  
Jeff Pardee ..... Victor Izay  
Joe Landers ..... Raymond Mayo  
Dr. Smithers ..... Russell Thorson  
May ..... Nancy Valentine

# THE POINT

2/2/71

A Production of Nilsson House Music Inc. and Morakami-Wolf Productions Inc. Produced by Harry Nilsson. Jerry Good, Fred Wolf and Larry Gordon. Directed and animated by Fred Wolf. Screenplay by Norman Lenzer based on a story by Harry Nilsson. Songs written and sung by Harry Nilsson: "Town Song," "Life Line," "Me and My Arrow," "Think About Your Troubles," "Point of View Waltz," "Are You Sleeping," and "Poli High." Music arranged and conducted by George Tipton. Production designed by Gary Land. Additional story development by Fred Wolf. Film edited by Rich Harrison. Production manager, Sherman Thompson. Graphic production, Kunimi Terada, Famiko Roche, Elizabeth Wright, Wilma Guenot and Ann Oliphant. Additional animation, Vincent Davis and Charles Swenson.

The Voices of

Narrator ..... Dustin Hoffman  
Oblio ..... Michael Lookinland  
Paul Frees, Lenny Weinrib, Bill Martin, Joan Gerber and Buddy Foster.



FIRST TIME AT POPULAR PRICES!  
DIRECT FROM ITS ROADSHOW ENGAGEMENTS!  
UNCUT! ORIGINAL LENGTH! SEE IT NOW!

WONDERFUL SONGS! WONDERFUL DANCES!  
AND WONDERFUL PEOPLE!

63 YEARS IN THE MAKING!

SHARE NOW THE TRUE-LIFE ADVENTURES OF  
A FAMOUS STORY-TELLING PUPPETEER!

EAGLE-LION-HORSE AND DOG IN ASSOCIATION  
WITH CINEFANTASTIQUE ENTERPRISES

PRESENTS

# THE FIVE FACES OF GEORGE PAL

by

**Dennis S. Johnson**

## CREDITS

From an original idea by Adam. Screenplay by Dennis S. Johnson based on the continuing serial "Pal of the Puppetoons" as it originally appeared in "Popular Science," "Collier's," "Variety," "American Cinematographer," "The Hollywood Reporter," and "The World Almanac." Additional dialogue contributed by H. G. Wells, Robert Heinlein, Charles Finney and Ladislaus Fodor. Produced by Frederick S. Clarke. Directed by Dennis S. Johnson. Hungarian Language version, 31 years. English Language version, 32 years. Rated G.

## CAST

George Pal .....	Alan Young
Szoka Grandjean .....	Yvette Mimieux
John Halas .....	Whit Bissell
Houdini .....	Russ Tamblyn
Cecil B. DeMille .....	Lewis Martin
Jules Verne .....	Tony Randall
Adolph Hitler .....	Tony Randall
Jasper (Voice) .....	Tony Randall
Austro-Hungarian Empire .....	Tony Randall
Philip Wylie .....	Tony Randall
Edwin Balmer .....	Tony Randall
Johann Strauss .....	Tony Randall
Byron Haskin .....	Arthur O'Connell
Barney Balaban .....	Jimmy Durante
Chesley Bonestell .....	Himself
Sergei Eisenstein .....	Nehemiah Persoff
Everybody Else .....	Tony Randall

## PROLOGUE

EXTERIOR--DEEP SPACE--DOLLY-IN ON  
PLANET EARTH

After the credits have rolled up against a black velvet, star-studded galaxy, we find a singular planet, half in light, half in darkness, growing closer and closer. It is earth. Soon the multi-colored continents appear from behind swirling veils of thousand mile storms and lesser formations. (Consult Chesley about the exact colors). Quickly we move in upon the European Continent (how about patches of light for Paris, London, Vienna, and Budapest?) easily recognized by its Spanish chin and Norwegian nose, to focus on the vast, fertile plains and snow capped mountains of what is the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXTERIOR--EARLY EVENING--CEGLAD,  
HUNGARY - Some fifty miles southeast of Budapest.

## COMMENTARY

In every man's life there is at it's beginning a vast weave of imperceptible influences and paths of converging lives which add up to his destiny. Only in time, with years of experience, years of choice and decision, years of accomplishment and the inter-mingling of lives is he able to look back, reflect, and perhaps wonder in respectful awe of the challenge of his birth and the fulfillment of what was once only the promise of an uncertain future.

## MONTAGE

When George Pal was born on February 1, 1908 in Ceglád, Hungary, the great Houdini was on stage at the Columbia Theater in St. Louis, Missouri, hand-cuffed and pad-locked in a water filled, galvanized can. Houdini would never know of George Pal and yet, their lives at that moment were inevitably linked. Of that February 1, it can be noted that Cecil B. DeMille was a would-be actor and playwright touring the countryside in unmemorable plays; Adolph Hitler was 19, unemployable, and existing in Vienna on the charity of his few friends; Byron Haskin was nine years old and attending nickelodeons every Saturday; H. G. Wells had finished a short story, *THE WAR IN THE AIR* and, disenchanted with tales of the future, had begun writing a novel of lower-middle-class English society; the Austro-Hungarian Empire was six years from collapse; Jules Verne had been dead a mere five years and Johann Strauss only nine; Robert Heinlein was going on six months and five year old Philip Wylie was in kindergarten; Werner Von Braun was four years, one month, and nineteen days from being born and the planet Pluto was twenty-two years from being discovered; ten year old Sergei Eisenstein was attending school in Czarist Russia and his favorite subject is drama; and the "movies" were just twelve imaginative years old. In one way or another, all of these men, the living and the dead, and these events, and others too numerous to record, were to touch, shape, be a part of George Pal's life. Our story begins in 1918...

## ARCHITECT TO ANIMATOR

By the time George Pal was ten, the Austro-Hungarian Empire that had created a rich legacy of music, art, and royal society centered in Vienna and Budapest, had dissolved in the flames of World War I. Hungary had achieved independent sovereignty, but like other nations of ravaged Europe was soon to be caught up in an irreversible, spiraling, economic crisis. Despite the chaos of the war and the fact that his parents were traveling entertainers, Pal had managed to receive a solid education and his interest and talent in art and design, along with the expectancy of his parents, had persuaded him to work toward becoming an architect. In 1925, at 17, he was accepted at the Budapest Academy of Art. And there occurred the first of several twists of fate that were to lead him eventually to international fame.

By a mistake in registration, Pal's academic major was listed as fine arts. He was given a full schedule of class work and practical, studio instruction in the basics of painting, anatomy, composition, and color, and was well along in being trained as an artist-illustrator before the mistake was discovered and he became a full-time student of bricks and mortar. It was a priceless mistake, for it was the only formal training he obtained in applying his talents toward people instead of buildings. It also provided an impetus for Pal to explore further one of his earliest, undisciplined loves, the craft of cartooning.

When Pal graduated from the Academy as an architect in 1928, Hungary had sunk into a state of massive economic depression. There was just no money for the construction of buildings and no work for even experienced architects. So Pal never got a chance to practice his "trade."

He was lucky that way. He quickly turned to his skill as a cartoonist and managed to find a poverty job as an apprentice animator at the Hunnia Film Studio in Budapest. Overjoyed at this opportunity, Pal found it to be the right moment to marry his boyhood sweetheart, Szoka Grandjean.

By 1931 Pal had nearly completed his apprenticeship. He had learned enough about the production of cartoon films to be running Hunnia Studio, but had risen only as far as supervisor to other apprentices, including his good friend and former schoolmate, John Halas\*. For three years he and Szoka had struggled to survive on his microscopic pay, only to find that a raise in pay and responsibility was based not on skill, but on seniority. Ambitious and talented, full of wonderful ideas and with a need to grow, Pal decided he had to seek opportunity elsewhere.

That year the Pals migrated to Berlin. He sought work as an animator at the UFA Studio and was readily hired. Within two months he had made such an impression on his employers that he was placed in charge of UFA's cartoon production. He thought that perhaps this was his place. The money was good, the work exciting and challenging, and for two years he felt content.

Then Adolph Hitler came to power. In 1933 the Nazi Gestapo began to investigate Pal's background, interrogate his friends, to snoop around his home and job, merely because he was a Hungarian. Intolerant of the politics and methodology of the Nazis, Pal quit his position at UFA and moved to Prague, Czechoslovakia.

In Prague, Pal decided he was ready and able to set himself up as a man cartoon studio. But unable to afford even a second hand camera by which to photograph his artwork, he intended to simply hand-draw his cartoons and then take them to a Czech studio and have them photographed. But to his astonishment, he found that there wasn't a single cartoon camera in all of Czechoslovakia! It looked like he was out of business before he could even get started.

## COMMENTARY

The hand-drawn, single-frame, animated cartoon had been one of the cinema's earliest wonders and attractions. Beginning with Emile Cohl in France in 1904, the craft of animation had developed apart from live action and trick camera under the experimental natures of men like Winsor McCay (*GERTIE THE DINOSAUR*, 1909), Max Fleischer (*KOKO THE CLOWN*, 1917), Pat Sullivan (*FELIX THE CAT*, 1917), Bud Fischer (*MUTT AND JEFF*, 1917), Walt Disney (*ALICE IN COUNTRYLAND*, 1923) and Walter Lantz (*OSWALD*

\*John Halas eventually settled in England and with Joy Batchelor established an internationally known studio and reputation. Their films include the first British made, feature length cartoon, *ANIMAL FARM* (1955). Halas is presently the Director General of the Association International du Film d'Animation.



RABBIT, 1928). Not surprisingly, most of these "paper-cartoon" pioneers were American, where there were no scars of war upon the land, no shortages of paper and inks, and there was abundant monies, incentive, equipment, talent, and showcases for their work. Meanwhile, as Europe was putting itself back together, on the continent an entirely different breed of animator had been evolving, that of the puppeteer.

Among the peoples of middle-Europe, there existed a peasant tradition of exquisite craftsmanship in the folk art of designing and carving from wood children's puppets and dolls. The development of the film medium had given rise to the utilization of folk arts and thus, the puppet film.

By 1935 films like Starevitch's *THE MASCOT* (1934), Ptushko's feature length *THE NEW GULLIVER* (1935), and Alex Alexieff and Claire Parker's stunning pin-head shadow film, *A NIGHT ON BARE MOUNTAIN* (1933) and their puppet film *LA BELLE AUX BOIS DORMANTS* (1935) had created lasting impressions upon the people and established for the European animators a new direction for their work.

## THE PUPPETEER

From his student days as an architect-cartoonist, Pal had often toyed with the theoretical problems of attaining three-dimensional qualities in cartooning. His interest and desire for such an accomplishment had never left him. Now, recognizing the possibilities of the puppet film and the unique challenges and rewards it offered, he abandoned the two-dimensional drawings and went to work to find a subject. Theaters in Europe, as a means to earn additional revenue, often sold screen time to local, national, and international advertisers, exactly as television does today. Aware of this sponsorship and market for his films, Pal hit upon the idea of producing a puppet film using cigarettes as actors. The film would be both entertaining and sell the product. But, though his idea was sound, he couldn't persuade any of the Prague cigarette manufacturers to sponsor his film.

Convinced of the marketability of his idea, Pal and his wife moved to Paris in the spring of 1934. The first cigarette manufacturer he approached bought his "puppetoon" idea. The cigarette mogul put up \$1000 and Pal shot his first three-dimensional "puppetoon," cigarettes marching in an out of their packages, in the primitive, but effective French Gasparcolor process. Within a few months of its release in European theaters, Pal found himself swamped with work and famous.

In Paris a dynamic Dutch advertising executive, Sies Numann, saw Pal's work, sought him out, and offered him steady employment if he could turn out such "advertising films" for \$7-8,000 each. Pal accepted and within a year of his arrival in Paris had shifted his operations to Eindhoven, Holland.

For the next four years the Pal Studio turned out dozens of theatrical commercials for such firms as Philips Radio. Often the advertising for a product was contained within the context of a humorous or musically designed story. Eventually, Pal began to produce story films as pure entertainment, these he aptly called his "color cartoons in three-dimensions" and dubbed them PUPPETOONS. Among his many productions during his years in Holland were: *ON PARADE* (1936), *ALLADIN* (1936), *SHIP OF THE AIR* (or *ETHER*, No Date), *SINBAD* (1936), *SLEEPING BEAUTY* (N. D.), *PHILIPS CAVALCADE* (N. D.), *WHAT HO SHE BUMPS* (1937), *SKY PIRATES* (1938), and *LOVE ON THE RANGE* (1939).

Having survived the political, economic, and human destruction of World War I and experienced first hand the insidious resurrection of Teutonic tyranny, Pal easily read the true nature of the howling wolves of Berlin. The Nazi war machine was about to stomp out peace and liberty. Once again Pal was forced to abandon his momentum, his property, and an economic security he had worked long and hard to achieve. With his wife and young son he left Holland in 1939, for the United States.

Pal had hardly settled anonymously into New York City before he found that both his Puppetoons and his reputation had preceded him. Barney Balaban, the president of Paramount Pictures, happened to see one of Pal's Puppetoons at a private screening. He liked what he saw, liked the feel of dimension, liked the way the characters seemed to be alive, and knew that it would be excellent competition for the now commonplace cartoons of Disney, Lantz, and Fleischer. He was delighted to learn that the producer was in New York. Paramount soon signed Pal to a non-interference contract for the production and distribution of his Puppetoons and a new series of animated short-subjects to be called *MADCAP MODELS*.

By the fall of 1940, Pal and his family had settled in Los Angeles. There, in a garage on West McCadden Place, converted into a workshop studio, George Pal Productions of Hollywood, California came into being.

Pal employed about two dozen skilled woodworkers and artists in his new studio, "animat-

was first made for every Puppetoon. Then while sets and props were being constructed, there were weeks of careful carving of the characters from wood.

To animate a wooden face it was necessary to produce twenty-four or more slightly different changes of expression for each second of action. The expressions were general enough, at times, to allow for the repeating of action, but speaking dialogue or singing an operatic aria allowed for few short-cuts.

The bodies of Pal's puppets were also made from wood and covered with cloth and costume. The limbs were constructed of multi-stranded wire which could be bent many times and into an unlimited number of positions. For upright support, wire pegs were placed in the puppet's feet and made to fit holes drilled in the floor of the set.

Finally, the single-frame photography was accomplished under the guidance of an exposure sheet based on a pre-recorded sound track. Editing, synchronization, and other post-production work completed the process. When in full opera-



**PAL OF THE PUPPETOONS:** A youthful George Pal, circa 1940, sits at his Paramount studios holding Jasper and is surrounded by other of his Puppetoon creations. Pal produced a series of 15 Puppetoons involving Jasper. He had long been attracted to the folklore of the American Negro and believed it to be "the richest and most colorful in American history."

ors with a lathe and blade" he liked to call them. He also called upon the enormous talents of a vast number of Hollywood technicians, performers, and writers, many of them, like himself, an expatriate from Hungary.

The PUPPETOONS and *MADCAP MODELS* averaged eight minutes in length, requiring some 30,000 single frames (pictures), and 9,000 individually carved wooden figures for each film. Their production was similar to that of a two-dimensional drawn cartoon. With his writers, Pal would come up with the story, and dialogue if any. The production would be storyboarded, sketched out shot by shot and decisions would be made about set designing and music. Pal would render color drawings of the main characters and their movements in each sequence, completing the first, middle, and last drawing of the animation. The artists employed as in-betweeners, filled in the character's movements between these three extremes. The drawings were then photographed to test the smoothness of the action. In a sense, a two-dimensional cartoon, in rough artist sketches

tion, Pal was turning out one Puppetoon or Madcap Model film every forty-five days.

Although a few of Pal's films were based on well known stories like Dudley Morris's *THE TRUCK THAT FLEW* (1943) or Dr. Seuss's *AND TO THINK I SAW IT ON MULBERRY STREET* (1944), Pal created several important, continuing characters on which he based dozens of original films.

With the war raging in Europe, his homeland, France, and the low-lands of Holland and Belgium under the domination of the Nazis, Pal reached back to a time when, as a student in Budapest, he had been captivated and inspired in times of crisis by the history, legends, and music of the Danube River Valley. He created Mr. (Johann) Strauss as a symbol of the will of the peoples of Europe to resist and defeat those who would be their masters. In tune to the beauty and virtues of peace and harmony in the world, Mr. Strauss, walking in the woods one day, hears the birds singing in the trees. He stops, listens, then inspired pulls off his shirt cuffs and scribbles down music notes.





Scenes from two George Pal Puppetoons: In *BRAVO MR. STRAUSS* (1943), at left, Pal created a Puppetoon that would symbolize the will of the peoples of Europe to resist and defeat those who would be their masters. Here Mr. Strauss leads the Nazi "screw-ball army," like a modern Pied Piper, to their destruction. In *JASPER TELL* (1945), at right, Pal uses one of his favorite Puppetoon characters to retell a famous legend.

Then he hears squirrels chattering and other woodland creatures and he hurriedly converts their sounds into musical notes. Finally he pulls out of his coat a violin, places his note filled cuffs on an empty tree stump, and begins to play *Tales From The Vienna Woods*. It is this melody that he then uses against the "screw-ball army" (as Pal dubbed the Nazis) to lead them, like a modern-day Pied Piper to their destruction.

One of Pal's most poignant statements about the war was made in *TULIPS SHALL GROW* (1942). In it, two little Dutch children, Jan and Janette, are playing together among the windmills and fields of tulips. Jan's accordion gets caught up in an arm of a windmill and as it rises and falls making delightful music, the two children perform a dance in wooden shoes. Then suddenly the sky turns ominous colors and the Screwball Army sweeps over the land, trampling down the tulip beds, destroying the windmills, and driving Jan and Janette apart. Jan manages to reach the ruins of a church where he prays for rain. It comes and as it strikes the Screwball Soldiers they're stopped in their tracks, rust on the spot, and, like their tanks and planes, fall apart. As they disappear into the earth, the tulips spring into blossom again, boy finds girl, and the windmills, rebuilt, turn anew.

Pal produced a series of fifteen films around the single character of a little Negro boy named Jasper. He had long been attracted to the folklore of the American Negro and believed it to be "the richest and most colorful in American history." He did not set out to offend anyone, the stories being simple and fanciful adventures of Jasper set to the best examples of contemporary Negro music and performances, yet, shortly after the war, Pal found himself and his Jasper films under attack for being "irresponsible" and "perpetuating the misconceptions of Negro characteristics." The *HOLLYWOOD QUARTERLY* (July, 1946), published by the University of California Press, blasted away with the following charge: "When we are building a democratic world in which all races should have a chance for full development, it is libelous to present the razor totin', ghost-haunted, chickenstealin' concept of the American Negro."

Pal was stunned by the accusations for he felt his work with Jasper, certainly some of his best, was well within the bounds of traditional American folklore and humor, standing alongside the tales of Paul Bunyan, Pecos Bill, John Henry, Joe

Magarac, or Johnny Appleseed, and reflected many real contributions (particularly the music) of the American Negro. There was little more he could say to his attackers, and busied himself with his work in progress, *JOHN HENRY AND THE INKY-POO*, the story of that legendary Negro hero, which featured the talents of Rex Ingram and the Carlyle Scott Chorus. Scheduled for future production was a puppetoon *HISTORY OF JAZZ*, in which Jasper was going to play duets with such renowned artists as Louis Armstrong, Earl Hines, and Duke Ellington.

The *HISTORY OF JAZZ* never went into production. In the eight years that Paramount had been distributing Pal's films, they had realized substantial audience gains wherever Puppetoons had played. But now in 1947, production costs began to rise dramatically, people were eager to buy the things they had been denied during the war years and to raise their standard of living. Wages went up. The cost of materials and production services went up. Exhibitors were more and more reluctant to book short-subjects (distributors eventually had to give them away) and preferred to run short second features or a serial. There just wasn't enough money left in distributing the Puppetoons.

Pal too had begun to set his sights on other areas of film production. Throughout the war years Paramount had given Pal a free hand to experiment with more flexible materials out of which to build his puppets. At one time or another he had worked with rubber and clay, malleable plastics and aluminum, and even magnetism. In 1944 the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences had honored him with the presentation of a plaque for "the development of novel methods and techniques in the production of short subjects known as Puppetoons." The freedom that Paramount had given him was time and money well spent for the entire film industry benefited from his work. This was particularly true of artists and technicians responsible for special film effects, miniature construction, and glass matte photography, all areas in which Pal became increasingly interested and expert.

By the end of 1947 the last Pal Puppetoons had been finished and were in release. And Pal himself, along with his Puppetoon characters, as if to climax his nineteen years as an animator, appeared briefly in George Marshall's Paramount production of *VARIETY GIRL*.

Never a man to be idle or without some sort of challenge, for the next two years Pal worked at developing several possible properties for production as feature films. One was an adaption of Dostoevsky's *CRIME AND PUNISHMENT* from a script by James O'Hanlon; another, the production of a children's film based on the story of Tom Thumb, from a script by Pal and his long time associate Ladislaus Fodor. So convinced was Pal of a need for a film like Tom Thumb, that, even without the commitment of studio backing, he stuck his neck out and commissioned the writing of three songs for the proposed film. But financing was not to be had, and Pal was forced to shelve both of these projects.

Meanwhile, his production company had taken on the responsibility of producing two educational films for Shell Oil Company. Using the same people he had utilized on his Puppetoons and Madcap Models, Pal filmed *BIRTH OF AN OIL FIELD* (1948) and *PROSPECTING FOR PETROLEUM* (1949). The films had been the first and second of a series that Shell was commissioning among several independent film makers.

Then in 1949 Pal finally obtained, from Eagle Lion Films, the financial support needed to launch a third project he had been developing, a film called *THE GREAT RUPERT*.

## THE GREAT PRODUCER

"Talk about good, cheap, 'family pictures': 'The Great Rupert' is definitely one," wrote Bosley Crowther in the New York Times. Pal's first feature production was a delightful, unpretentious comedy about a trained squirrel, Rupert of the title, which finds a hidden cache of money in an old house in which live a group of vaudevillians. Mr. Amendola, played appealingly by Jimmy Durante, is the recipient of the secret wealth and he in turn manages to make life a little better for those down on their luck and a little more difficult for Mr. Dingle (Frank Orth) their miserly landlord. Directed by ex-actor Irving Pichel (perhaps best remembered as an actor for his role as Fagin in the 1933 version of *OLIVER TWIST*) from a script by Laszlo Vadney, the plot was slight, but it had just enough moments of madness for Durante to be able to lace it with jokes and a couple of Durante songs. In strong supporting roles were



Queenie Smith as Mrs. Amendola, Terry Moore and Tom Drake as the "inevitable romancers," and Jimmy Conlin as the trainer of the squirrel. While many an audience believed the squirrel to be real, it was in fact just another of George Pal's animated puppets. The film released by Eagle-Lion in April, 1950, received good reviews and an appreciative audience wherever it played, and while some attendees might have associated the name George Pal correctly with those "cartoons" of long ago, most could not place the name. But within a month all that was to change.

#### COMMENTARY

Scanning the first half-century of film it is easy to pick out the earliest and most successful productions of the science fiction genre. Melies' *A TRIP TO THE MOON* (1902) and *THE IMPOSSIBLE VOYAGE* (1904) are credited with being the first. In 1910 Edison produced a rather farcical *A TRIP TO MARS* and in 1919, Gaumont released its production *THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON* based on H. G. Wells' novel. In the twenties Germany provided the environment and the psyche for such masterworks as Fritz Lang's *METROPOLIS* (1927) and *FRAU IM MOND* (1929). During the thirties the finest expression of science fiction was Alexander Korda's exquisite production of H. G. Wells' *THINGS TO COME* (1936). By 1940 and the Second World War (aptly predicted in *THINGS TO COME*) movie audiences turned from the fantastic and imaginative visions of space flight and other worlds in serials like those of *FLASH GORDON* (1936, 1938, 1940) and *BUCK ROGERS* (1939) to the somber realities of a world gone mad.

While the science fiction pulps continued to publish some of the most exciting, prophetic, and science oriented fiction, public interest in the genre waned during the war years. Film studios were too committed to the production of films that would build morale, if not help win the war, by depicting the humanity of individual battlefield and homefront sacrifices and the determination of the Allied Forces, to bother with science fiction. Only a few serials like *SPY SMASHER* (1942), *CAPTAIN AMERICA* (1943), and *THE PURPLE MONSTER STRIKES* (1945) maintained the thinnest of links with their earlier inspirations.

But by 1950 a new generation was growing up in a new age, the age of atomic bombs and guided missiles. Spacecraft and space flight were no longer just concepts and dreams, they were scientific possibilities. Daily references in newspapers, magazines, and the broadcast media to "flying saucers," UFOs, V-2, Viking and Corporal rocket experiments, created a tremendous interest in and gave credibility to men of ideas and vision like Werner Von Braun, Willey Ley, Arthur C. Clarke, Robert Heinlein, Isaac Asimov, and Murray Leinster. For these were men who knew where we were going and could almost tell us when we would get there!

It was perfect timing when, in 1949, Eagle-Lion Films gave George Pal the money to produce a film based on the juvenile novel *Rocketship Galileo* (1947) written by Robert Heinlein. *Rocketship Galileo*, though wrapped in plenty of scientific fact and probability, had a far fetched plot of three teenage Tom Swifts who, with their scientist-mentor, reach the moon in an atomic powered rocketship only to discover the Nazis, with atomic bombs, had reached it first.

In reworking his plot into a sensible screenplay, Heinlein, writing with James O'Hanlon and Rip Van Ronkel, kept barely more than his main character, Dr. Cargraves, and his original premise: that whoever controlled the moon could have military control of the earth! The title too fell away in favor of something a little more precise: *DESTINATION MOON*.

At a remote test site in the southwestern desert, an experimental military rocket, capable of placing a satellite in orbit, plunges out of control to earth only moments after a successful lift-off. With its destruction and failure (though sabotage is suspected) go the government monies that had funded its development and momentarily the hopes and expectations of its designer Dr. Charles Cargraves (Warner Anderson) and its military advocate, General Thayer (Tom Bowers).

Two years elapse. General Thayer, now out of the military, approaches Jim Barnes (John Archer), the builder of Cargraves satellite-rocket, with the fantastic proposition of building a rocket that will reach the moon! Persuaded by Thayer of its possibility, when he learns of Cargraves' successful atomic energy engine, Barnes agrees to seek the financial and engineering support of American industrialists. It is General Thayer's somber and chilling statement that "The first country that can use the moon for the launching of missiles will control the earth!" that convinces the wizards of industry to commit their money and talents to the project. The rocket is built, but as time for testing its engine grows near, it becomes obvious that some unknown group seeks to permanently delay the flight. Out of money, there is no time for delays. With themselves as crew and a substitute radar-radio operator named Sweeney (Dick Wesson) (the original crewmember, Brown, is stricken with appendicitis), the rocket, named Luna, blasts off literally under the nose of a county sheriff trying to serve them a restraining order. Once in space, after surviving tremendous G forces (no pressure suits were thought to be necessary) and experiencing "space sickness," the men settle into a quiet, reflective, scientific mood. It is discovered, however, that an antenna, needed for navigation, is stuck, because Sweeney greased it, and requires the men to go outside and repair it. Once outside the ship, Cargraves, while inspecting the tail assembly, carelessly drifts off into space and has to be rescued by the ingenious Jim Barnes. Though they nearly crash on the surface of the moon and use up precious fuel maneuvering, the space pioneers and all on earth are awed by their successful landing. On the moon there are a few moments of relaxed exploration and discovery before they learn they are too heavy for the fuel remaining to lift off the moon. They set about stripping their oxygen, life-support system. With barely minutes to the now-or-never moment of lift off, they find they are still 110 pounds too heavy. A childish argument erupts as to who will sacrifice his life for the others, while Sweeney, who didn't want to go in the first place, slips out of the ship. Sweeney's sacrifice is enough to jolt Barnes into conceiving the most complex and instantaneous resolution of a dilemma in the history of science fiction films. Barnes radios to earth: "Hastings. Hastings. We're coming home. All of us. You won't hear from us again until you see us, I'm junking the radio. That's all. Goodbye!" then rips it out. The radio together with Sweeney's spacesuit make up the required weight they need to jettison. They manage to drop the suit by means of a slow leak in the air lock that gives Sweeney time to climb into the cabin, before the airlock opens and the suit is dragged out by the weight of an oxygen bottle. After a successful liftoff, they coast all the way home. The end of the beginning.

*DESTINATION MOON* opened in New York on May 21, 1950 against stiff competition in films like *ALL THE KINGS MEN*, *CITY LIGHTS*, *THE OUTLAW*, and *BICYCLE THIEF*. But no matter where it played the response was always the same -- tremendous crowds, long lines, rave reviews. Not only was it the first of the new breed of what "Atlantic Monthly" called "science fiction," but it "put forth an invitation to be taken semiseriously." Indeed, some critics went as far as to suggest that *DESTINATION MOON* was a semi-documentary. Richard Hodgen's writing in "Film Quarterly" (Winter, 1959), even thought the film should be included in the category of the educational film.

For a great many people, in the average audience, it was an education in a real sense. The validity of the scientific theory, possibility, and fact that is depicted in the film can only be credited to the integrity and painstaking, time consuming research done by Pal and his production staff.

Chief among Pal's collaborators were his friend, Chesley Bonestell, the world renowned artist of deep space, Ernst Fegte the set designer, and rocket expert Hermann Oberth who had once been a technical advisor on Fritz Lang's *FRAU IM MOND* (1929). The combined talents of these three men were responsible for nearly 90% of the film's immediate impact.



George Pal's first feature film production was *THE GREAT RUPERT*, a good, cheap, family picture about a trained squirrel, Rupert of the title, which finds a cache of hidden money in an old house in which a group of vaudevillians live. Audiences, no doubt, believed Rupert to be the most fantastic trained animal since Rin Tin Tin, but had they been better acquainted with the film's producer they would have realized that Rupert was just another of Pal's finely detailed and well animated Puppets. Above, Jimmy Conlin shows Rupert to Chick Chandler and his unidentified lady-friend. Below, the principals of the film, Tom Drake, Jimmy Durante, Terry Moore, and Queenie Smith.

One element of their success and that of *DESTINATION MOON* was the availability of Technicolor. The "Atlantic Monthly" noted that "color gave a good popular conception of how such an experience might look." If it was a "popular conception" it was one based mostly on the work of Chesley Bonestell, which for years had been appearing in scientific journals, mass circulation publications, exhibitions, and a number of treatises on space exploration. Twenty years before the reality of the Apollo lunar landings, Bonestell was rendering vivid, accurate, and prophetic interpretations of the earth and moon as seen from a spaceship mid-way to the moon. The earth, with its green and brown continents set in azure seas, was as beautiful and beckoning as the moon, starlight gray and crater pocked, was forboding. And there was an uncanny eeriness in that endless, starred, black vacuum. Never had color been used to evoke such strong feelings of the unknown or suggested so well the courage of a few dedicated men.

Complementing Bonestell's paintings was Fegte's interpretation of the surface of the moon as cratered, but also uniquely fissured. It was as if the moon's "seas" had literally once been seas, but they had somehow boiled off and the moon's mantle had dried out, cracked, and crevassed.





**IRVING PICHEL** - Actor turned director. George Pal selected Pichel to direct his first two feature length productions for Eagle Lion Films, **THE GREAT RUPERT** (1950) and **DESTINATION MOON** (1950). As an actor, Pichel is best remembered as Fagin in **OLIVER TWIST** (1933). He also had a leading role in Universal's **DRACULA'S DAUGHTER** (1936).

Though Apollo 11 certainly proved otherwise, back in 1950 it seemed very right. As Set Designer Fegte also did a credible job in establishing the reality of the conference rooms, offices, and workshops where so much of the pre-launch story takes place, and the interior cabin and airlock of the rocket. Here again Pal was as accurate as the data of that time allowed. As the spacesuits were rendered in various bright colors for instant recognition, in the ship's cabin, Fegte even had all the visible piping and wiring color coded. But there were a few embarrassing artifacts, such as the giant microphones used at the radio console and a non-bolted stool. Though Pal made good use of forward and aft viewing television, most of the sophisticated instrumentation aboard Luna looked and performed like Army surplus.

Rocket design and rocket technology had come a long way from Flash Gordon's fat, winged sparkler. The Luna was an advanced interpretation of the German designed V-2. Prior to launch it stood upright on the tips of its three "wings" and was supported both by a roll-back gantry and a retractable jack. Landing on the moon was the reverse of launching from the earth. Using maneuvering rockets in the ship's nose and tail assembly, the pilot (Jim Barnes) maintained enough downward momentum and lifting thrust to guide the rocket to a landing site and ease her down on her three wings. Once firmly on the moon, the rocket's fourth leg, the hydraulic jack, was set out, though it is never explained in the film just what keeps the ship from falling over while the jack reaches for the lunar surface. Though the film ends before the Luna makes it safely back to earth, we know that their return journey is a cinch for, in the words of a tutor, "it is downhill all the way." Once inside the earth's atmosphere, the rocket will be flown like a glider and then land upright on its tail, eased down, at the proper altitude, by giant parachutes.

Pal had judged the 1950 audience well. They appreciated his attention to detail and realism and they delighted in the healthy dose of facts, figures, and fanciful possibilities. They delighted too in the entertaining manner in which Pal communicated the otherwise unpalatable words of wisdom.

One stroke of genius was Pal's utilization of a film within a film, to explain basic, but deadily boring, principles of space flight. Early in the film Barnes gathers together his industrialist friends, the men whom he hopes to convince that investing in a rocket to the moon is as safe as in-

vesting in the rise and fall of A. T. & T. Doubting the technical sophistication of these wizards of the American economy (and the knowledge of the average cinemagoer about space flight) Barnes has prepared a cartoon film to illustrate how a rocket works, how it can break away from the earth's gravitational pull, reach the moon, and return safely. As the conference room darkens and the projector begins to chatter, we suddenly hear an extraordinary, but familiar laugh. The industrialists break into guffaws and we know we are in for a treat, for it's Woody Woodpecker.

In the cartoon, the creation of Walter Lantz, Woody wonders what makes a rocket lift off the earth as "it has no propeller." To illustrate the principle that every action has an opposite but equal reaction, Woody is given a shotgun to fire down at the ground. Each blast sends him up higher and higher until he dissolves into the proposed rocket. When he complains that the ship can't land because it has no "wings," the idea of a gentle, parachute descent is explained. It is here too that the idea of the return journey from the moon being "downhill all the way" is voiced. Within minutes Barnes has answered most of the technical questions in the minds of the audience. And not only has Pal shown what is going to happen in the remainder of the film, he has generated tremendous interest as well.

Pal found another valuable means of communicating information to the audience in the very composition of Luna's crew. Each member, scientist, builder, military-political philosopher, adds richly to our understanding of the technology and methodology of their voyage to the moon. Hardly a single encounter between the men is not used to verbalize some minute detail of construction, pre-flight planning, or prediction.

It is not only what the characters say or do that is important, but who they are, for they represent a mixture of simplified, super-American identities. There is handsome Jim Barnes, the young, aggressive, ingenious aeronautical engineer and pilot; General Thayer, a middle-aged, ex Army officer who possesses important political insight and has demonstrated self-sacrifice in his advocacy of rocketry and his support of the American ideal of peace in the world; Dr. Cargraves, the dedicated loner, scientist and genius (unconfirmed), a man of foresight and accomplishment, but with little recognition or voice; and Sweeney, the middle-class technician and Brooklyn stereotype, a lover of "beer, babes, and baseball," whose quips raise doubts as readily as they amuse, and whose questions stand-in for our own and lead painlessly to remarkable answers.

In space, outside the ship to fix the radio antenna which he mistakenly greased, Sweeney notes that the ship doesn't seem to be moving. Dr. Cargraves, taking his cue, is quick to point out, "On the contrary, Sweeney, we're traveling at approximately 25,000 miles per hour." Sweeney leans toward the stars as if to feel the speed, then quips, "Gee, 25,000 miles per hour and not even a breeze!" Cargraves then goes on to explain why there's no breeze in space.

While all the characters are caricatures, Sweeney played well by Dick Wesson who both resembles and sounds like a reserved Jerry Lewis. He makes mistakes, he expresses our anxieties and fears of the unknown, he experiences "space sickness" and in his agony we feel right at home, and he makes us laugh. But at times his character slips into embarrassment as when viewing earth from space he thinks he can pick out the lights of Brooklyn or when in a quiet moment he brings out a harmonica and begins to play or when on the moon he asks Cargraves to take his picture for the "goils" back home and Cargraves poses him as if to be holding up the earth as a "modern Atlas."

The selection of competent, but uninspiring actors in John Archer for Barnes, Warner Anderson for Cargraves, and Tom Powers for General Thayer, added to the film's documentary qualities by subjugating their humanity and performances to overwhelming technology and special effects. Powers rises above the others as being most human, while Anderson is cold as stone, even when saying goodbye to his wife (Erin O'Brien Moore) prior to the Luna's launch. No doubt some of the

## THE GREAT PRODUCER - Pal

woodenness of the actors can be blamed on Irving Pichel's arthritic direction, Pal's domineering influence, or the script.

**DESTINATION MOON** manages to avoid almost all dramatic conflict between characters. The only instance of a clash of ideals or purpose is when the men argue over who will sacrifice their life, by remaining on the moon, in order to save the other three. The plot is hardly more than a series of events strung together in progression adding up to the accomplishment of a single objective: to reach the moon. It is only the color, the concepts, and the special effects that captivate, not the who or the why. Within the first minutes of the film a mystery is offered. Cargraves' "satellite rocket" crashes and sabotage is suspected. Who could the saboteur be and why? Still later, General Thayer makes a passionate, but rational plea to the industrialists for support of the rocket to the moon for whoever controls the moon can control the world. He implies that there are "others" in the race for the moon (obviously the Russians) and that the United States had better get there first. Yet, nothing is done with the question of sabotage or the theme of the race for the moon, not even after it becomes threateningly evident to Barnes, Cargraves and Thayer that "someone" is trying to stop them. And those who would prevent them and the U.S. from reaching the moon, it is implied, have infiltrated in government circles as high as to be members of the Atomic Energy Commission! Finally, the motive for reaching the moon was really not so much for science and discovery, but for political necessity with strong overtones of "peace keeping" militarism.

**DESTINATION MOON** quickly side stepped these agonizing questions and implications to concentrate on the technology of the feat. In doing so, the film sacrificed the possibilities of dramatic confrontation and resolution it set up and settled for the simplicity of one-dimensional characters and meanings. It is perhaps ironic that **DESTINATION MOON** should, in its innocence, touch ever so lightly upon the same motives that underscored much of the American space program in the 1960s\*.

With the stunning achievements of NASA and particularly the Apollo program, it is impossible to view **DESTINATION MOON** today without being impressed by the uncanny prophecy of future events and experiences. The recovery of the LUNA by parachute, though not in the film, is one example.

Pal was cautious about portraying an event that did not have a basis in known data or safe theory. In blasting off from the earth without the benefit of pressure suits, the four crew members of the Luna are subjected to tremendous G forces. Their faces distort, their mouths pulled wide and tight across teeth, their eyes, barely kept open, voices barely audible, and the sudden weight of their limbs make it nearly impossible to reach the rocket's controls. While this nicely worked mo-

\* On September 12, 1962 President John F. Kennedy said: "We set sail on this new sea (space) because there is new knowledge to be gained and new rights to be won, and they must be won and used for the progress of all people. For space science, like nuclear science and all technology, has no conscience. Whether it will become a force for good or ill depends on man, and only if the United States occupies a position of pre-eminence can we help decide whether this new ocean will be a sea of peace or a new, terrifying theater of war."

**GEORGE PAL** - Circa 1949, about to embark on a new career of feature film production.









ABOVE: Luna has landed, and the crew of four begin to set up instruments for scientific experiments and investigation of the moon's character. Set designer Ernst Fegte's conception of the lunar surface was not only cratered, but also uniquely fissured, cracked, and crevassed. Though Apollo 11 certainly proved otherwise, back in 1950 it seemed very right. ABOVE RIGHT: On the set of *DESTINATION MOON*, George Pal (2nd from left) and Irving Pichel (far right) set up a shot of Sweeney's poignant bid to sacrifice himself to save the lives of his crew members. Sweeney is at bottom right next to Luna's abandoned gear and equipment and the camera and crew on a crane at top left will provide a POV shot of Sweeney as seen from the ship's porthole.

ment of tension was based on existing photographs, specifically rocket sled tests, once in space speculation and probability took over.

When Dr. Cargraves accidentally slips off into space while outside the ship, his inability to help himself is a sober reminder of the risks taken (though minimized by gold plated lifelines) by NASA astronauts during extravehicular activities (EVA). Cargraves' rescue by Jim Barnes is accomplished by the ingenious use of an oxygen bottle as powered vehicle. By the virtue of the opposite reaction law of physics and directing the nozzle of the oxygen bottle, Barnes maneuvers to Cargraves, and then with him in tow, back to the ship. The oxygen bottle predates the astronaut's EVA "space gun" by fifteen years!

Like the Apollo Lunar Module, rocketship Luna is capable of both programmed, automatic and manually controlled moon landings. In *DESTINATION MOON* Jim Barnes is the pilot. While he controls the thrust of the ship's main engines and maneuvering jets, Sweeney, the radio operator, calls out to him the figures of their diminishing altitude and rate of descent as they close on the targeted landing site. On the TV screen before him, Barnes is able to see the moon's surface, the approaching mountains and boulder strewn craters. Descending too fast, in the last seconds of landing, Barnes is forced to use up precious fuel in order to avoid a fatal collision with an unexpectedly high, jagged mountain ridge. Slipping over the precipices, he cuts in the automatic con-

trols and the ship plunks down onto the smooth, fissured bed of a crater. It is this waste of fuel, during an otherwise spectacular landing, that gives rise to the crisis of liftoff. What startles today is how closely this "fictitious" bit of drama predicted in substance the actual performance of Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin on the Apollo 11 landing.

Safe on the moon, Barnes and Cargraves don their space suits and descend a ladder, that eases magically out from the side of the sleek hull, to the surface of the moon. Here they claim the moon in the name of "all mankind" in a phrase that echoed nearly two decades earlier the words of Neil Armstrong.

As scientists, the crew of the Luna set out to perform a number of photographic and data gathering activities. Though in less cumbersome spacesuits, they again predicted the appearance of the Apollo crews. Being true to facts, Pal even gave an indication of man's ability to "leap" about in the moon's minimal gravity. Asked by General Thayer to join him at an outcropping of rock, Dr. Cargraves and Sweeney take three giant steps and bound across the wide crater to reach him.

*DESTINATION MOON* drew crowds wherever it played. It opened with a powerhouse campaign geared to attract all ages of moviegoers and to sell a number of science-fiction oriented merchandise tie-ins, from children's spacesuits, models of the Luna rocket and comics, to future trips to the moon or other more earth-bound lo-

cations. A fiction version of the new plot appeared under Robert Heinlein's byline in "Short Stories" (1950) and was later reprinted in *Three Times Infinity* (Bantam Books, 1958).

*DESTINATION MOON* was a direction. The film capitalized on the American public's growing awareness that what they read in science fiction was tomorrow's science fact. The film elevated George Pal to a place of respect within the context of a film genre that many critics held in contempt or simply ignored. It won for Pal and Lee Ravitz an Academy Award for its special effects.

There was certainly no ignoring the boxoffice. In its first run through theaters in the U.S., Canada and Great Britain, this pantheon of "modern" science fiction films, which had cost \$586,000 to produce, grossed \$3,786,000!

#### COMMENTARY

On June 24, 1952 the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, meeting in Washington, D.C., resolved: "...to devote a modest effort to problems associated with unmanned and manned flights at altitudes from 50 miles to infinity and at speeds from Mach 10 to the velocity of escape from the Earth's gravity."

In the reality of science technology, and politics, men were finally getting in step behind the starry wake of the dreamers and the grand magicians of cinematic illusion who, by then, had already logged countless hours of earth watch from



# DESTINATION MOON was a direction

space, millions and millions of stellar miles of exploration and discovery, and recorded for all time the names and deeds of the many saviors of mankind.

The success of *DESTINATION MOON* was the impetus for an unprecedented deluge of science fiction films. Critics and audiences alike hoped that these new releases would maintain the high standards of quality production and scientific accuracy established by *DESTINATION MOON*.

Kurt Neumann's *ROCKETSHIP XM* (Expedition Moon) was first in release in 1950, having begun production after *DESTINATION MOON*, but reaching the theaters a month earlier. The persistent story that there was a race between Pal and Neumann has long been denied by Pal. *ROCKETSHIP XM*, which had been shot in black and white, and dealt with an expedition diverted from the moon (possibly because of story infringement) to Mars, was caught up in the financial wake of *DESTINATION MOON* and made considerable cash.

There followed *FLYING SAUCER* (1950), *7 DAYS TO NOON* (1950), *MAN FROM PLANET X* (1951), *FIVE* (1951), *LOST CONTINENT* (1951) and *FLIGHT TO MARS* (1951) which, though not without some entertaining virtues, were mainly quickies, cheaply melodramatic "scieners," made and released to make a fast buck.

Others, although often well made and intelligently thought out, such as *THE THING* (1951) and the incredible and classic *DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL* (1951), which explored the possibilities of hostile interstellar life and the consequences of aggression, were released and booked as "B" grade programmers until audience and critic reaction proved otherwise.

George Pal was not disturbed by his sudden competition. He thrived on it. Now that he had a very successful film, he had the ear of the studio bosses and the men with money. He proceeded with plans for two more science fiction films.

In 1934, while Pal, in Prague, was searching for an animation camera by which to photograph his first independent film and launch himself on a new career, in Hollywood, Cecil B. DeMille was reaching new heights of expense, extravagance, and popularity. To Paramount Pictures, with such DeMille films as *SQUAW MAN* (1931), *SIGN OF THE CROSS* (1932) and *THIS DAY AND AGE* (1933) reaping in the coin at the box-office, DeMille's name on a theater marque was synonymous with King Midas or perhaps the Goose that laid the golden eggs.

Whenever DeMille showed interest in a story for filming, Paramount bought it. That year DeMille was considering several such Paramount acquisitions for his next production. In anticipation of its 1934 releases, the studio had prepared a publicity book that forecast future productions. Among them was *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE* to be directed by Cecil B. DeMille.

Paramount had purchased film rights to *When Worlds Collide* as it was being serialized in Donald Kennicott's "Blue Book" magazine in 1932. The story was the result of collaboration between Edwin Balmer and Philip Wylie. Balmer at the time was the editor of "Redbook" magazine and was considered by Kennicott a genius when it came to plot and characterization, but inept and unsaleable as a writer. Balmer, an astronomy enthusiast, had outlined the events of a story in which two runaway planets enter our solar system on a collision course with earth, and called it

LEFT: Sweeney's character sometimes slips into embarrassment, as when on the moon he asks Cargraves to take his picture for the "goils" back home and Cargraves positions his arm so it will appear as if he is holding the earth in his hand.





These Shall Not Die. The story had been given to Wylie, whose short stories had appeared in "Red-book," who in turn took it to friends at Cal Tech, for verification of the possibilities of the events Balmer had conjectured, before writing it. Kennefott had changed the title. It proved to be the most popular and successful science fiction story "Blue Book" ever published and its readers demanded a sequel, *After Worlds Collide*.

Paramount had prepared a story outline and scenario for DeMille, but he finally turned it down in favor of *CLEOPATRA*. For nearly twenty years then, the project sat on a shelf gathering the proverbial dust.

In 1950 Pal had purchased from Paramount the film rights to *When Worlds Collide*. He had intended to seek independent financing and possibly to release the film through Eagle-Lion. *DESTINATION MOON* proved to be such a success, however, that Paramount rebought the story from Pal and offered him financial backing for it and future projects if he would produce it.

Briefly, *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE* tells the story of Bellus and Zyra, runaway planets, hurtling at a fantastic speed through space toward earth. Dr. Hendron of the Cosmos Observatory confirms the original findings of his astronomer colleague, Dr. Bronson. Zyra, about the size of earth and in orbit around Bellus, will shoot past the earth at 1 PM on July 12th causing tremendous world-wide destruction. Nineteen days later Bellus will collide destroying the earth. The film concentrates on the construction of an Ark of Space by which Dr. Hendron and some forty people hope to escape the earth and begin life anew on Zyra. Among the certified crew members are Dr. Hendron's daughter Joyce (Barbara Rush), her two rival suitors Dave Randell (Richard Derr) and Tony Drake (Peter Hanson), and Sydney Stanton (John Hoyt), multi-millionaire, whose money paid for the building of the Ark. Among the film's highlights are the Ark itself, a sleek rocket, designed to be launched like a skier, obtaining earth escape velocity from a mile-long slide built between two mountains; the destruction and catastrophe wrought by the close passing of Zyra; the ship's escape from earth, as it is being attacked by a mob, fighting for life; the final collision of the worlds; and the landing of the survivors on Zyra.

In a credible and fairly intelligent script by Sydney Boehm, Rudy Mate, the Polish born cameraman\* turned director, had plenty of opportunity to expand upon the theme of how a few individuals might respond to the end of the world, and Pal, working with special effects expert, Gordon Jennings, to indulge in his love of puppetry, even though the puppets were a rocketship, a tidal wave, and a planet called earth.

Boehm, in trying to flesh out a plot, condensed and superficially lifted from a rather complex and multifaceted novel, set up two distinct lines of dramatic conflict that develop parallel to the main story. The first is the romantic triangle between Dr. Hendron's daughter, Joyce, her intended fiancée, Dr. Tony Drake, and the interloper, free living, pilot-courier, Dave Randell. The second is the inevitable clash of good and evil of ideals and purpose, between the dedicated Dr. Hendron (Larry Keating) and the egocentric Sydney Stanton.

It is an incredibly awkward and laughable romance that Mate has to work with, interrupting

\* *PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC* (1926), *VAMPYR* (1931) and *DANTE'S INFERNO* (1935).

Scenes from *DESTINATION MOON*. From top to bottom: 1) While his colleagues explore the surface of the moon, Jim Barnes (John Archer), in contact with the earth, gets the grim news that their ship is too heavy to lift off the moon with the fuel remaining; 2) Strapped in to the controls of Luna and ready for liftoff, above Jim Barnes and General Thayer (Tom Bowers) and below Sweeney (Dick Wesson) and Dr. Cragg (Warner Anderson); 3) Stripping the ship to bare essentials means getting rid of the useless "laundry"; 4) Dr. Cragg is about to drift off into space as he accidentally lifts his magnetic boots from the metal surface of the rocket.

the flow of the story at times and perpetuating a number of clichés. Yet, out of it comes those instances of motivation, decision, and action that give meaning and flesh and blood to the characters. It begins when Randell, on his way to deliver to Dr. Hendron a mysterious black box containing Dr. Bronson's findings, encounters, at the airport, his escort, Joyce Hendron. He has been pursued from South Africa by a series of telegrams each offering him a large sum of money to reveal what is in the black box (he really doesn't know) and there at the airport he is finally accosted by "Donovan of the Sentinel" with an offer of \$7,500. The accumulation of money has been one of Randell's goals in life, but now he has only to look upon Joyce before replying in opportunistic character, "No thanks, I'm working on a better offer." His eye for Joyce, the challenge of romantic conquest, and his own curiosity eventually save his life.

After meeting his rival, Tony, at Cosmos Observatory and, with the innocent intervention of Joyce, bluffing his way into the confidence of Dr. Hendron's group of astronomers, Randell learns (as we do) the fate of the world. That night in a New York nightclub, Tony pressures Joyce toward marriage so that "the time that is left should be ours." But Joyce has designs on Randell and persuades her father to find some excuse to keep him there.

Hendron appoints Randell his personal assistant, making him responsible, with the assistance of ever present Joyce, for recruiting the best workers and technicians possible for the mountain camp where the Ark of Space is being constructed. Under the prying eye of Randell, Joyce's interest and past affection for Tony vanish. Upon each encounter with her former fiancée (he's the medical officer at the construction site) she literally gives him the "cold shoulder." And her romance with Randell turns out to be pretty much one-sided. Nevertheless, she is persistent in her pursuit of Randell, even to the point of rationalizing his "contribution" to the possible new world on Zyra to a degree of importance that excludes him from the eventual lottery-for-life. In an unguarded moment she blunders and reveals to Randell that she has her father's promise that he will be on the Ark of Space.

Joyce's play for Randell creates among the participants dilemmas involving questions of morality, ethics, and the double-standard with which each individual character must come to grips. In doing so *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE* takes that one giant step from being a mediocre story dressed up with impressive special effects and design, as was *DESTINATION MOON*, to being a film of minor magnitude in which people, with their problems, outshine technology and machines.

The resolution of the dilemmas are perhaps not entirely satisfying, but at least they seem honest and in keeping with the characters as we know them. Despite the easy road to Zyra that Randell finds before him, and despite the fact that he has demonstrated his opportunistic nature, he still finds himself unable to accept the gift of life. There is really no place for him aboard the Ark, even though as a pilot he has trained himself to fly the ship (the rocket is to be piloted by Dr. Frey, Hendron's associate). And there is a question of needed fuel reserves. His staying behind will give the space pioneers a few more minutes of flight in the atmosphere of Zyra. Though Randell has already been posted as a crew member, when it comes time for the lottery he fakes taking a lottery number, in effect, committing a symbolic suicide. Score one for his sense of ethics.

Later, on the rocket pad and under the ominous, moon-like Bellus approaching in the night sky, Dr. Hendron confronts Randell. In their conversation, Hendron admits that his selection as a crew member was a selfish one, motivated by a father's desire to ensure happiness for his daughter. Throughout the film, Hendron has been a most admirable character, strong willed, prodding, pushing, and scaring people into supporting his gamble for survival. He has been responsible for many life and death decisions, and while he has been a man of courage and moral strength, his acceptance of a double standard, his one moment of moral weakness, this flaw in his character, is a unique insight into the real man and re-



fleets pignantly his humanity.

Randell, however, is unconvinced of his own importance by Hendron's eloquence. He realizes that he is responsible for breaking up the intended marriage between Joyce and Tony and he speaks convincingly when he tells Hendron, "It's about time I donated something to this setup. I won't be needed. I never have been." Score one for self-awareness. But Randell is too likeable a character to perish in the collision of the worlds and unfortunately he is never given the chance to put his personal resolution of his dilemma to the final test.

It is Tony who intervenes on Randell's behalf. Tony is not much more than a secondary character in the film, though his presence, for plot purposes, is most important. What is most annoying about Tony's character is his reaction to Randell moving in on Joyce. For most of the film he does nothing and his one act of retribution is never fully realized.

There is a cold, unacted bitterness between the two men that finally explodes a few days after the destruction caused by Zyra's passing. Tony and Randell are preparing to fly medical and food supplies in the base's helicopter to small isolated islands of survivors. They break into a heated argument and almost come to blows over who'll go. Finally they cool their tempers, to get the job done, and both go. Tony flying the chopper.

After viewing New York City inundated by the sea (it is supposedly only five minutes by air from the base camp) and making their delivery of needed supplies, they spot a small boy trapped on the roof of a floating house. Randell, dropping onto the roof, gets the boy into the aircraft, and as he turns to pick up the boy's belongings, Tony flies off. For a long moment the chopper grows distant and one wonders, as Randell must, if Tony has found the guts to leave Randell. But then Tony circles back and picks up his uncontested rival.

Like Dr. Hendron, Tony too is concerned with Joyce's happiness, even if he is not a part of it. In the final showdown, he has no moral qualms about concocting a series of lies about Dr. Frey's "bad heart" and Frey's slim chance of surviving the lift off, in order to convince Randell that his purpose in being on the flight is an obvious one: to be the backup pilot.

While Tony's lies are convincing, the scene, which occurs on the bridge of the rocketship, becomes an embarrassment, for, as all too often in Pal's films, in striving for that pseudo-Hollywood sophistication, it tumbles into unintentional farce. Ecstatic at finding a legitimate reason for going to Zyra, Randell leaves Tony at the controls, dashes out of the ship to find and embrace Joyce, while Tony watches with self-satisfaction via the port tv camera. If that isn't enough, Tony then turns and, like a misplaced character out of a Gene Kelly musical, begins to whistle a bit of a "love theme" as he skips down the bridge ladder!

No such embarrassments or slipshod direction occur in the intense and compelling encounters between Dr. Hendron and Sydney Stanton. In tightly scripted and perfectly realized performances, these all too brief clashes of personalities are etched in the mind and long remembered as the film's finest moments.

Ironically, in order to build his Ark of Space and escape Doomsday, Dr. Hendron is forced to seek large sums of money, the one thing on earth that is truly worthless. It is doubly ironic when one considers that he finally gets the money from Sydney Stanton, one of the most worthless men on earth.

Stanton is brilliantly brought to life by that fine character actor, John Hoyt. Crippled and confined to a wheelchair, Stanton has groveled most of his life for the accumulation of personal wealth and power. It is never known whether it is his money or the misfortune of his crippled body that has so warped the man, for he is dispiritedly self-centered, domineering, and seething with bitterness and cruelty (he verbally abuses and humiliates his servant, Ferris, at every opportunity). With his money and power he has long had his infantile way with the world. But when he seeks to bargain for his life, on his terms, with Dr. Hendron, he encounters a man whose life, dedication and view of the world is almost his opposite.

Not wanting to die and calculating "the percentages," "millions of theories," Stanton agrees to put up the money to finish the Ark of Space, but only if he selects the survivors. Hendron is neither amused nor coerced by Stanton's threat, and counters with a simple, straight-forward proposition: "Your money for your life." Trapped, Stanton angrily wheels toward the door to Hendron's office, then turns, and with animal hate rising in his voice rasps: "You know I can't refuse. Build it!" When Stanton introduces rifles at the camp for protection from "the mob," which he predicts will attack after Zyra passes earth, Hendron, however, is caught in his own naive idealism when he states: "People are more civilized than that. They know only a handful can make the flight." And for once one has to agree with Stanton's point of view: "You've been spending too much time with the stars!" Unfortunately, Stanton's brief soliloquy on "the law of the jungle" is all that remains in *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE* of a major dramatic theme in the original novel. There, under the approach of doomsday, civilization collapses and men battle savagely to save their lives.

In subsequent encounters, Stanton demonstrates again and again, by word and action, a calculating, cold indifference to the needs and rights of other human beings. When the problem of fuel reserves, by which the Ark will be able to sustain a long glide path in Zyra's atmosphere, becomes serious, Stanton suggests disposing of "excess" human cargo. Infuriated, Hendron calculates that Stanton and his wheelchair weigh about 180 pounds, just what is needed for the extra fuel. As they argue, Eddie Cummings, a technician, turns in his winning lottery number, electing to remain behind, because his girl friend (or wife) has not been selected, and Stanton greedily insists that that is their extra fuel. But before the question can be resolved, Ferris, Stanton's embittered servant, attempts to buy his life by forcing Hendron at gun point to give him Cummings' number. Without warning, Stanton kills Ferris with three shots from a hidden revolver. Though Stanton's prediction of "dog eat dog" appears to have been accurate, Hendron is determined to maintain his cool and in a gesture of faith, over Stanton's protests, has Dr. Frey tell Cummings that he and his girl friend are both going.

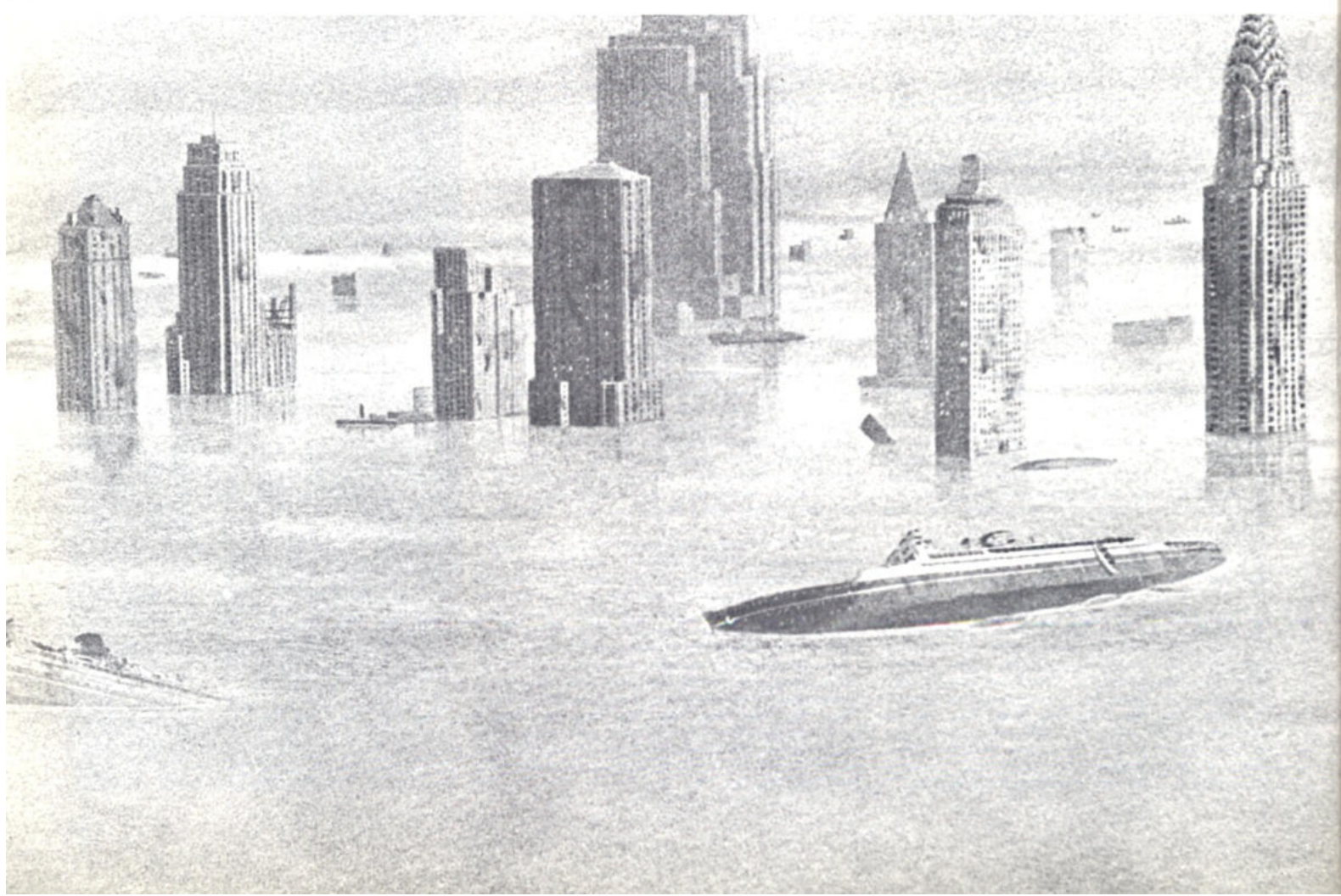
With Bellus looming fatally in the sky, the selected forty survivors and remaining livestock are put aboard the rocket. Only Dr. Hendron and Sydney Stanton remain outside in the last moments, as the sky glows orange-red and, as Stanton feared, the doomed workers futilely attack the ship. It is the last act of dedication and sacrifice for Dr. Hendron, his last laugh on Stanton, for he wheels the stunned, snake of a man away from the gangplank and personally releases the Ark on its mile long slide. And as the ship begins to move, bullets ricocheting off its side, Stanton rises from his wheelchair and on thin useless legs, stumbles graspingly after it.

The parallels between *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE* and the biblical story of Noah and the great flood, are too obvious to miss. The ship is constantly referred to as the Ark of Space; animals are penned at the base camp and taken aboard the rocket "two by two," Randell at one point makes a verbal reference to his insignificance in saying, "Noah would have turned down my application fast," and most of the world is destroyed, at Zyra's passing, by a great flood. And, as if in homage to the legendary Cecil B., just after the opening credits, Pal inserts two scrolls each with a biblical passage about Noah, backed by thunder.

Scenes from *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE*. From top to bottom: 1) Awaiting the start of the lottery that will decide who will live and who will die are Tony (Peter Hanson), Joyce (Barbara Rush) and Dave Randell (Richard Derr); 2) The comparisons with the biblical story of Noah are obvious, here the Ark of Space is loaded two by two; 3) The first dawn on a new world--Dave Randell and Joyce Hendron; 4) Rudolph Mate was chosen by George Pal to direct the film. Mate had begun his career in motion pictures as a cameraman working on such films as *PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC* (1926), *VAMPYR* (1931), *LILIOM* (1933), and *DANTE'S INFERNO* (1935).









# THE ARK OF SPACE a Biblical paraphrase

lightening, and a heavenly chorus.

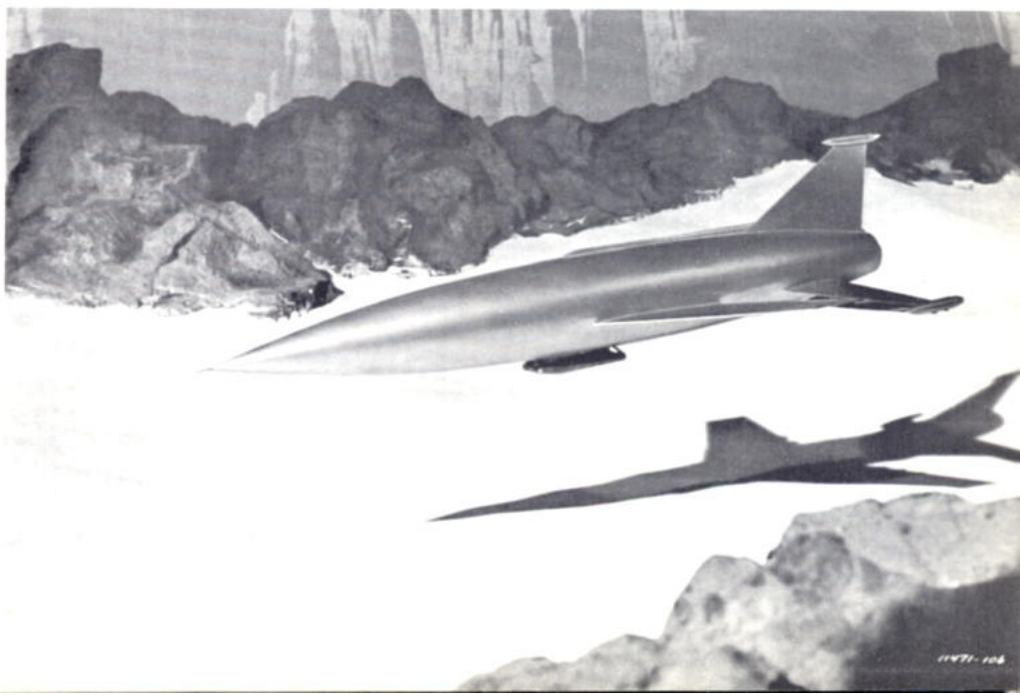
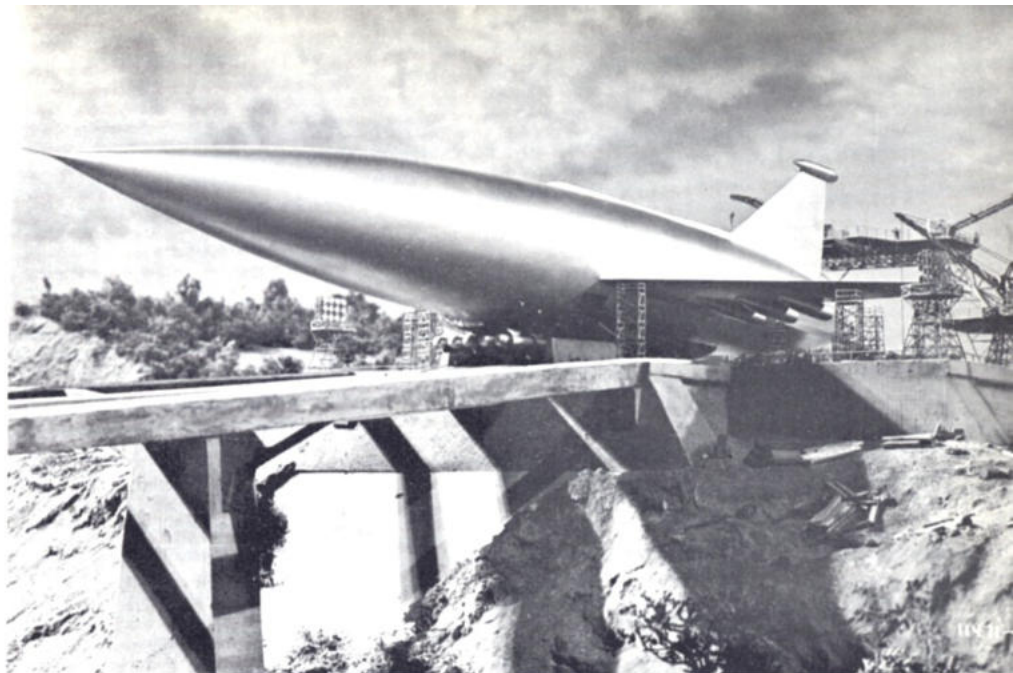
WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE reflects every penny of its \$963,000 budget. Its superb cinematography was accomplished by John F. Seitz in what was advertised as "earth-shaking Technicolor." Once again Pal made good use of Chesley Bonestell's talents in rendering the backgrounds for the miniatures and the fiery skies with the runaway planets hurtling toward earth. Though a bit soapy at times, Leith Stevens' music score complemented dramatic incidents and romantic interludes. And because Stevens had also scored DESTINATION MOON, Pal was able to lift one sequence (of the computer at work) complete with music phrase from the earlier film and use it in WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE.

The passing by earth of the planet Zyra is the impetus for the classic sequence of uncontrolled catastrophe on which the film's reputation has long been based. In memory of the film, the world seems to shake, erupt, and crumble endlessly, but the sequence actually only lasts two minutes and ten seconds! It seems much longer probably because it is preceded by an intelligently conceived montage of world wide evacuations. Pal presents these events as one might see them in a theater newsreel or today, on television. Views of airplanes loading women and children, to be flown to high ground, are updated reminders of English children being packed off to the countryside during London's blitz. Picking up his religious "motif," Pal uses a "voice of doom" announcer (Paul Frees) to comment on scenes of millions of Muslims and Hindus praying and thousands crowding St. Peter's Square in Rome. The "voice" tells of "individual acts of heroism and sacrifice," of the evacuation of coastal cities (all with a heavenly chorus behind it) and finally speaks of New York City: "Deserted, the once great city of New York is a ghost town. 10 million mighty roaring machines suddenly shut off, waiting for the approach of Zyra, the silence, an eerie foretelling of the destruction to come at 1 PM the hour of--Doom!"

As the scene shifts to Hendron, Stanton, and the other main characters at the rocket site, awaiting the appointed time, the montage has created tremendous audience anxiety and expectancy, and for a moment there is a pause. One o'clock passes and nothing happens. Infuriated, Stanton, he of little faith, begins to go into a tantrum over his "wasted millions," and then there is rumbling and the earth beneath them convulses. It is accompanied by the most horrifying sounds of metal twisting and giving way, of steel beams being pulled apart, rivets torn out of sockets, and in those sounds one begins to realize that the Ark of Space is breaking away! But before we can learn the fate of the ship, we are into the mighty sequence of cosmic cataclysm.

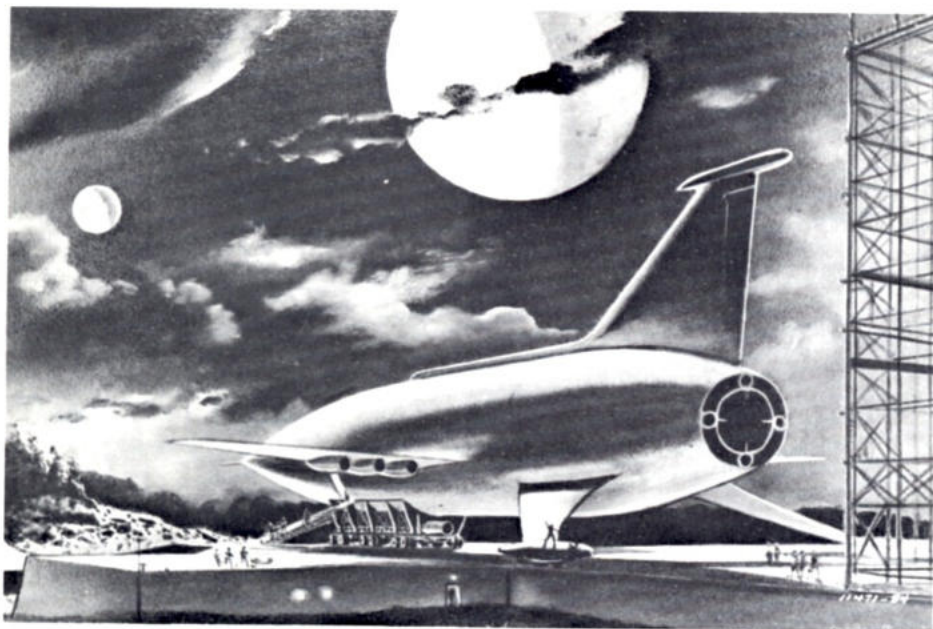
Our sense of time is suspended as volcanoes erupt and spew out lava; dams burst, swelling rivers which sweep down canyons, bridges, houses, trees, all objects in their paths; electric power plants crumble in thousands of volts of fire works; the earth splits and fires leap from the fissures; ice shelf and arctic glacier cliffs break off and thunder into the sea; and huge tidal waves roar onto the continents and in their most destructive mood, wipe out Times Square in New York City!

So impressive are these brief minutes of special effects that not even the collision of the worlds, viewed, regretfully, on the escaping rocket's tv screen, was able to generate as much edge-of-the-seat suspense. The beautifully built, detailed miniatures of the Ark of Space and those



Scenes from WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE. Top left and right, the Ark of Space under construction. Bottom left, New York City after the deluge caused by the passing of the planet Zyra. Middle right, the space ark takes off and, bottom right, makes a soft belly landing on a snow capped glacier on a new world.





Scenes from *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE*. Top: One of Chesley Bonestell's production sketches for the film. Here he envisions the construction of the space ark as the planets Zyra and Bellus loom large in the sky. Middle: When the problem of fuel reserves, by which the Ark will be able to sustain a long glide path in Zyra's atmosphere, becomes critical, Stanton (John Hoyt) suggests to Dr. Hendron (Larry Keating) that "excess" human cargo be disposed of. Bottom: Dr. Hendron and Sydney Stanton discuss the chances of reaching the planet Zyra. The encounters between Stanton and Dr. Hendron are among the film's finest moments.

used in the destruction of the world, were deserving of the Academy Award that they won for Paramount, Gordon Jennings, and his team.

*WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE* opened in New York in February, 1952. Its competition, heading into the 1951 Academy Award presentations, included such leftovers as *A PLACE IN THE SUN*, *RED BADGE OF COURAGE*, *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN*, *A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE*, and a musical, *AN AMERICAN IN PARIS*.

Paramount and Pal had high hopes for the film. The critics and reviewers found little to criticize of the film's production values, but took great exception to the narrowness of the story. Bosley Crowther, writing in the prestigious "New York Times," commented: "Most disturbing... is the obvious indifference that is shown both toward and on the part of the world's people that they have to stay behind. Mr. Pal blithely neglects them to the utter obscurity of doom." "Time" magazine echoed his criticism, and "Newsweek" almost dismissed the film with a review that concluded "... a cosmic drama distinguished by an unusual amount of flagrantly painted, pseudo-scenery and no more than the usual science fiction foolishness."

While that statement misrepresents the film in total, in one respect "Newsweek" did put its finger on a legitimate criticism, for almost everyone of some intelligence and maturity who has ever seen *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE* on a big theater screen and in color has been disappointed and shocked into boos and hisses by the film's cop out ending.

After using up the fuel reserves, and falling fast toward the surface of Zyra, Randell, piloting the ship, glides the sleek rocket into a spectacular belly landing on a snow covered glacier in a mountain valley. Down safely, the survivors of earth are anxious to view their new, but perhaps hostile world. So too the audience, where once again expectancy is high. Then as Randell and Joyce stand waiting, the airlock of the rocket opens and a warm yellowish glow fills the chamber. The gangplank goes out and as the new pioneers begin to descend to their liveable world, with their animals and treasured belongings, the camera pans out the doorway to reveal lush green fields, yellow blossoming trees, and a "first sunrise"—all "flagrantly painted, pseudo-scenery!" In that last moment, the ultimate disappointment, and all the sense of reality the film had created and sustained shatters.

Though there had been films before describing, to one degree or another, the destruction of the world, *THE COMET* (1913), *END OF THE WORLD* (1931), *DELUGE* (1933), Pal's *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE* grabbed the imagination and sense of wonder of a new generation. It drew enthusiastic crowds and reconfirmed the popularity of the sci-

ence fiction genre and particularly Pal's eminence. In a real sense, *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE* was but a warm-up for Pal and Jennings, even before the film was in release, battle plans were being drawn and imaginations tapped in preparation for Pal's production of *WAR OF THE WORLDS*.

#### COMMENTARY

Between 1953 and 1954, the cycle of science fiction films, which *DESTINATION MOON* had sparked, began to reach its peak output. Twenty-seven features, documentaries, serials, and short subjects were reported produced and released in 1953 alone. And curiously a strange and subtle shift in emphasis had occurred. No longer were the scientists and adventurers looking starward and blasting off into the universe to discover aliens on other worlds, the aliens were coming to us!

*THE MAN FROM PLANET X*, Klaatu and Gort, and *THE THING*, of course, had arrived in 1951, but now there was true invasion. Occasionally the invaders were themselves earthbound as in *THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS* (1953) and *INVASION USA* (1953). But mainly it was from the stars they came, often without malice, as in *IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE* (1953), but usually with detailed designs of conquest and colonization.

Mars, the fourth planet from our sun, had been well named after the Roman god of war, for from its surface were launched the most infamous (though usually inept) attempts of conquest. There had been, over some forty years, *A MESSAGE FROM MARS* (1913), *THE PURPLE MONSTER STRIKES* (1945), *FLYING DISC MAN FROM MARS* (1950) and in 1953 a vanguard of bug eyed, mutant, robot-like *INVADERS FROM MARS*. But no chronicle of mankind's intrepid defense of his earth has ever come close to the incredible realization of *WAR OF THE WORLDS*.

In an interview in the October, 1953 issue of "Astounding Science Fiction," George Pal said that *WAR OF THE WORLDS* had been on his agenda, as a future project, since the day he had arrived at Paramount Studios in 1951. *WAR OF THE WORLDS* had been on someones agenda a lot longer than that.

In 1930, Sergei Eisenstein, the great Russian film director, had indicated to friends, among them, a young Ivor Montagu, that he would like to go to Hollywood, where the sound film was in its infancy, and to make a film there. But one just didn't go to Hollywood, that was too obvious; one played hard to get and waited for an invitation. Montagu, a British born film writer and critic, was to be the man, in essence, who promoted the invitation for Eisenstein.

Montagu came from a monied family and as a critic he moved in high literary circles and was well acquainted with the luminaries of his time, namely, George Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells.

Shaw and Wells were familiar with Eisenstein's proletarian and revolutionary films and agreed with Montagu that the man should go to the United States. Shaw offered Montagu an option on his play "The Devil's Disciple" and Wells an option on *War of the Worlds*, by which to persuade first Hollywood and then Eisenstein, to "get him signed up."

With letters of introduction, Montagu went to Hollywood with the proposition. Unknown to him, however, Wells had long before sold the rights to *War of the Worlds* to Paramount Pictures in perpetuity and had forgotten. It was, perhaps, fortunate, because Paramount was one of the few studios interested in Eisenstein. Eventually, Jesse Lasky went to Paris, met the Russian director, and persuaded him to come to Hollywood. Among the projects Lasky offered Eisenstein was *War of the Worlds*. But after Sergei had arrived and a script had been prepared for its production, he withdrew from the project and turned instead to *QUE VIVA MEXICO* (1931), which was never to be finished.

Pal's version of H. G. Wells's classic 1898 novel of an earthly invasion by conquering and colonizing Martians, began production in January 1952. His \$2,000,000 budget had been carefully sliced, like Christmas cake, into various por-



WAR OF THE WORLDS began production in January, 1952. At right, the bustling studio sound stage where crew and technicians are attempting to represent a scene of Martian destruction. At left, George Pal (standing on the ladder and wearing a crew cut), and director Byron Haskin (standing above and next to Pal), direct the filming from a scaffolding. WAR OF THE WORLDS was to be the beginning of a long and fruitful relationship between Pal and Haskin.



tions of time, emphasis, and money, the big piece being allotted to special photographic effects, which were estimated to be 70% of the film. A forty day shooting schedule had been planned for all of the live action sequences, both in the studio and on location in Arizona. An additional six months were to be spent on miniatures, some process work, and meticulous optical effects.

There was no money in the budget for big name stars and science fiction films had always preferred anonymity for its actors (the theory was that unknowns added to the realism), so Pal had signed Gene Barry and Ann Robinson for the key roles. Neither had had much film experience, but Pal surrounded them with strong, talented, scene stealing, character actors in the presence of Les Tremayne, Sandro Giglio (from WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE), Lewis Martin, Paul Frees (from WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE), Ann Dodee, and the voice of Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

The impressive production staff Pal assembled included Byron Haskin as the film's director; cinematographer George Barnes, behind the Technicolor cameras; Gordon Jennings heading up a five man Special Effects team; the WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE art directors and set designers, Hal Pereira and Albert Nozaki; and as a special technical consultant and artist, Chesley Bonestell. The monumental task before them was simply to create a unique, menacing alien being, invade the earth with unbeatable Martian machines and weaponry, and in ninety minutes destroy half the planet; and make it look, feel, and sound terrifyingly real to the tiniest detail of fact and fantasy. WAR OF THE WORLDS was to be the first film in a long and fruitful association between Pal and Haskin, and, regrettably, it was to be the last triumph of genius for Gordon Jennings.

Wells' original story is set in the England of the 1890s that he knew so well. And while, like George Pal, he was a man of fantastic vision and imagination, of almost obsessive attention to scientific fact and detail, his novel was written and set at a time when there were no airplanes, no tanks, no A-bombs, no modern weapons of warfare or science, no mass communications, not even the indispensable automobile. Pal realized that a tremendous amount of modernization was necessary for the story to be realistic and personal enough to appeal to a contemporary audience. He knew he could fill theaters with people familiar with nuclear fission, force fields, radiation, disintegrating rays, an audience well read centuries into the future. For that, he aimed.

His "modernization" began with a shift of story location from England to a valley in contemporary Southern California, within hours of Los Angeles. It was perhaps more a concession to budget than to modernization. And while Wells, in order to subtly comment on English society under stress,

had confined his Martian invasion to his island home, Pal spread the war to the entire world.

Wells probably turned over in his grave when Pal introduced a boy-girl romance which did not exist in his novel, though he would have been pleased with Pal's brief hint of a scientific salvation of mankind, after the military fails to defeat or contain the invaders.

The film begins with an unexpected, pre-title introduction, which is often edited out from present day theater and television showings. A "voice of doom" (Paul Frees), describing man's inhumanity to man and his centuries of earthbound war, booms out over a thunderous beat of jungle-like music, as on the screen black and white news reel footage chronicles man's brutality. Finally the voice rises to a feverish pitch to announce: "And now comes--The War of the Worlds!" And a fireball explodes in Technicolor splendor into the opening credits.

There follows one of the most memorable sequences in the film, the intelligent, stunningly executed, and hauntingly read Prologue:

"No one would have believed that human affairs were being watched keenly and closely by intelligences greater than man's and yet as mortal as his own. No one gave a thought to other worlds of space as sources of human danger..."

As Sir Cedric Hardwicke reads an adaption of the opening paragraph of Wells' novel, we journey to the planets, beautifully rendered by Chesley Bonestell and at times animated by special optical effects.

Venus was left out of the prologue, for what really did scientists know about the surface of that planet in 1952? Pal was taking few chances with his reputation for authenticity. Minor facts like the probable night temperature on Mars seemed of great importance to him and were carefully checked out by Bonestell, while glaring discrepancies in the plot were ignored.

Byron Haskin introduces a boy-girl romance immediately after the first meteor-like Martian cylinder (we later learn it is a "mother ship" guiding others down) streaks out of the night sky to impact in an isolated canyon. Nearby, out on a fishing trip, are four scientists from Pacific Tech, among them Clayton Forrester (Gene Barry). In the morning, while the others fly back to the institute in Forrester's plane (it's important to establish his capability to fly a plane), Forrester drives over to the impact site to have a look at the meteor.

As written by Barre Lyndon, the meeting between Forrester and Sylvia Van Buren (Ann Robinson) is another moment of unintentional "Palsian" farce. Forrester, unshaven, wearing thick rimmed glasses, and in his fishing garb, literally

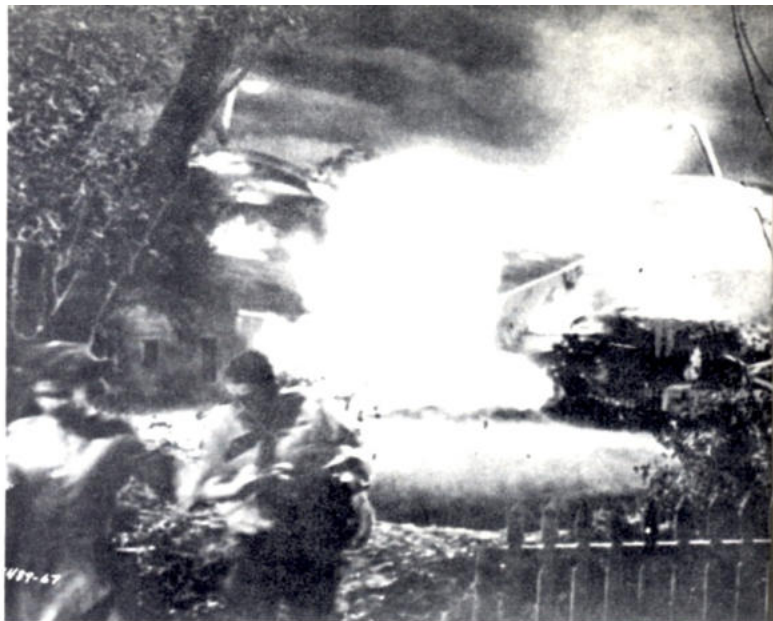
bumps into Sylvia when getting out of his car. Word has filtered down to her that the world renowned astro-nuclear physicist, Clayton Forrester, is to be there that morning. She has written an M.A. thesis on famous scientists of the world for her degree in Library Science, so as they walk together toward the meteor crater, dream-eyed, she speaks of Forrester, her hero, in glowing terms. "He's number one in astro-physics!" she tells her unrecognized companion. Forrester is amused, though also annoyed at her following him. "He's not so good," he tells her. "Why he made the cover of 'Time'!" she quickly counters and then asks, "Do you know him?" Unable to lead her on much longer, Forrester points to himself.

From that moment on they are inseparable. Though Forrester is the true and dedicated scientist, it is still the old, timeless story of boy meets girl at meteor, boy and girl flee invaders, boy loses girl, boy searches for girl while evading the invaders, and boy finds girl. When criticized for this additional story line, Pal apologized that "audiences want it."

Shortly after the Martians begin to land, a religious motif is briefly introduced. Sylvia's uncle, Pastor Matthew Collins (Lewis Martin) is the minister of the local church. After the Martians have made their presence and their idea of friendship known in the form of their obliterating heat ray, the military moves in to try to contain them by force of arms at the landing site. Pastor Collins, a man whose heart and hand goes out to "all God's creatures" is abhorred by the sight of tanks and machine guns and hundreds of troops. Believing that no one has made a serious attempt to communicate with the aliens or to show peaceful intentions (he is obviously unaware of the fate of the three deputy sheriffs) he moves across a fire bleached no-man's-land toward the rising Martian machines, to the utter horror of his niece and those in the military command post. It is a terrifying moment, an act of courage and faith, mixed with a large dose of stupidity. Holding his pocket bible in his right hand, his hat in his left, Pastor Collins recites the Lord's Prayer. Suddenly the infamous heat ray on the Martian machine begins to pulse, as the eerie sound of its energy rising in a second, without warning, or a single indication of understanding, the Martians obliterate the good man.

The story circles around to twice more touch upon the religious motif, before the final intervention of "God" at the climax of the film. Pastor Collins is recalled in a poignant scene between Sylvia and Forrester. They have escaped the Martians and made their way to a deserted farm house. There they find food and in one of the quietest moments of the film, Sylvia recalls her love for her uncle. As a little girl, she tells For-





Scenes from WAR OF THE WORLDS: Left, having cut off the electronic eye of the Martian probe, Clayton Forrester (Gene Barry) examines his treasure while Sylvia Van Buren (Ann Robinson) cringes. Right, just as the two of them escape the deserted farm house, the Martian machines destroy it with their heat ray.

rester, she often ran away and prayed for the one who loved her most to find her. She always hid in a church, in a pew near the door, and her uncle was the one who always found her. The scene not only recalls the sacrifice of the minister, but reminds one of a "supreme being," who has yet to act, and also gives Forrester the clue he will later use to track down and find Sylvia when they become separated in Los Angeles. The second instance is in another marvelous Palsian montage. To represent route of civilization and the massacre of humanity, Pal makes use of newsreel footage of great natural catastrophes, of huge political riots, and of mass destruction during WW II, all superimposed with color scenes of the Martian machines wiping out the world. The montage ends, however, on an optimistic note, the United States still has not fallen, and though beaten into despair and helplessness, millions of the faithful and those who have no where else to turn, cling to prayer and their belief in a God of salvation.

The film's final comment on man, religion, and a supreme being, is made as Los Angeles is systematically being destroyed by the Martians in their machines. After being attacked by roving bands of looters, while trying to escape the city, Forrester and Sylvia are separated. He spends most of the day searching for her on the deserted streets of the city. As night envelopes L.A., and the sky is lighted by the burning city, exploding oil wells, disintegrating buildings, Forrester, remembering Sylvia's story, makes his way from church to church. Various denominations are heard singing different hymns, and prayers are offered, even as stained glass windows, depicting the crucifixion, are shattered by the pulse of the heat ray. The Martian machines are everywhere, there is no place to go, and if the world ever seemed to be coming to an untimely end, this is that moment.

Forrester finally locates Sylvia. As they struggle to reach each other, across the vault of a crowded church, a weird sound is heard, like that of an electric generator running down. Outside the church, a manta ray shaped Martian machine glides out of the sky, out of control, and slices into a nearby building. Another plummets down to land on its wingtips with a chilling, metallic, thud. The machines are falling!

Cautiously Forrester leads Sylvia and the others out of the ruined church and to the stricken ship. With a hiss a hatch opens, flooding the street with a redish glow. Then unexpectedly, a Martian's three digitated tentacle falls out of the hatch opening, pulsating pinkly, as it begins to crawl toward the horrified onlookers. It stops, and all color turns a deathly green.

All over the world the machines fall from the sky and the Martians die. And in celebration of life and to give thanks, church bells ring out and voices lift in song, as Sir Cedric concludes:

"After all man's devices had failed, the Martians were destroyed and humanity was saved by the littlest things, that God in his wisdom had put on the earth."

Audiences had grown accustomed to seeing the hero, alone, or with colleagues, devise a plan of action or construct a bit of hardware that, in the last reel, neatly dispatched the villain to a just reward. But in WAR OF THE WORLDS mankind was routed and the hero given no opportunity to act; the Martians were truly unstoppable. Placing the world (and the theater audience) in such overwhelming jeopardy, invested WAR OF THE WORLDS with a unique sense of tingling horror, without having to resort to overt depictions of grisliness. Given the situation, the intervention of God, the all time last-minute-rescuer, in the shape and size of bacteria, was inevitable. And it remained faithful to H. G. Wells.

Wells had expressed great faith in "technicians and scientists" for the salvation of the world's problems, what he called in *Shape of Things to Come*, "a new dominating force." In Pal's WAR OF THE WORLDS the scientists barely have a chance to tackle the problem of stopping the Martians. Nevertheless, in an imaginative and intelligent use of brains over brawn (a sequence unique to the film), we are given fascinating insight into the physical and mental makeup of the aliens.

At a deserted farm house, in which they sought shelter, Forrester and Sylvia encounter the Martians. "We're right in their nest," Forrester explains with expectancy. "I've got to get a good look at them." But it is really they who are the specimens of observation. The Martians send down an electronic, television probe to seek them out. It is followed by a Martian being, who Forrester drives off, with a crack on its head, and a second tv-eye probe, which he manages to chop off with a fire axe. They escape the farm house, with the beheaded lens and a scarf damp with Martian blood, only seconds before it is destroyed by a heat ray.

By the time they have reached their colleagues at Pacific Tech, the military situation has grown so critical that the A-bomb is approved for use on the Martians. But what Forrester has obtained compels the scientists to pause and examine the new evidence. Dr. DuPrey (Ann Codee) analyzes the Martian blood and finds it anemic and with a strange clustering of cells in groups of three. They may be mental giants, she tells her fellow scientists, but physically they are puny. Another scientist hooks up the Martian lens to an optical projector and is able to recreate on a screen the way the aliens view humans. The lens too is made up of three elements, red, blue, and green, and it demonstrates that the Martians see us as greenish colored beings with distorted heads and elongated bodies (much as one appears in a fish eye lens), as frightening to them, no doubt, as they are to

us.

It was the first time that a science fiction film made a serious attempt to show the alien's point of view. That humans should appear as dwarfed and distorted, green colored beings, was a clever reversal of an old cliché. And with even that minute amount of information about the Martians, they become a real entity, no longer merely an unknown "thing" of fear and destruction. The enemy had been touched and confirmed, discovered to have a weakness, and given time, the scientists were sure to have devised an effective means of counter attack.

As the American forces are steadily wiped out so too the armies of the world. What is left of world military leaders and attaches, are gathered in Washington under the command of General Mann (Les Tremayne). The command post, its walls covered with battle maps and status boards, is a bee hive of incoming communications and outgoing orders. In a briefing for the Secretary of State, General Mann carefully explains the unique tactics of the Martian invaders. They land a cylinder. Three ships emerge, two linking along a perpendicular battle line, while the third sweeps in an arc destroying all that is in front of it. Then it anchors and the other two ships link up with it and sweep ahead. Mann's sober description of the Martian tactics, a brilliant touch of realism and authenticity, chillingly implants the idea of alien, biological, physical, and mental beings, whose existence is based on or linked to a pattern of threes. Once again the Martians are shown to be more than mindless beasts; they have intelligence, they have tactics, they have a plan, and they are "almost human!" Convinced by what he sees and hears, the Secretary of State gets Presidential approval to use the bomb.

Reaching for the out-of-this-world, Pal has the bomb delivered by the Air Force's experimental Flying Wing, a fascinating idea, that even today looks like a bit of tomorrow. The bomb is the logical harbinger of cinematic spectacle. It can't possibly be effective, for that would end the film, and it isn't. Under their force field bubbles, the Martian machines passively ride out the blast, while the shock wave and subsequent wind force create havoc at Mann's field command post. So much for the military and its catalog of weapons; it is now up to the dismayed scientists to continue the fight, the only question being--is there time?

Where WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE barely began to comment, in cinematic terms, upon the reactions of people to the end of their world, WAR OF THE WORLDS is full of details, bits of action or reaction, pieces of life, which candidly reflect human nature and American society in moments of the unexpected and under the stresses of life or death.

Before the meteor is known to be an alien space ship, the local spectators crowd around the smoking crater and calculate the possible profits to be



made from the tourists, while a mother poses her two children in front of the hot mass, scolding them into a smile, and preserving the moment with a snap of a box camera. In another sequence at the crater, a reporter (Paul Frees) is interviewing two scientists. The men are explaining in some detail how aliens might reach the earth and from where they might come (Mars is suggested) and instead of staying with them, there is a montage of images--two lovers parked in a car, ignoring the radio, a society party, a rural country store (lifted out of *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE*), a group of shopworkers pause in their work (also from *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE*), people in an appliance store, the salesman trying hard to sell them the radio, a boxing arena, and then back to the reporter, each cut telling, more than words, the degree of interest and concern for what is happening, across a wide spectrum of American society. Moments later the Martians attack with their heat ray and the reporter, on the scene of a world shattering event, finds himself cut off from his listeners with a broken microphone cable. Much later, at the scene of the A-bombing, the same reporter is seen using a portable tape recorder. When the Flying Wing makes its approach there are cuts to the surrounding hills, where hundreds, perhaps thousands, of curious spectators have gathered for a glimpse of their fate. Equally impressive are comments made during the evacuation and subsequent looting of Los Angeles. In a long line of evacuees a man passes pushing a child's baby buggy piled high with possessions, while one of his feet is bare and the other slipped; a car crosses the frame with a thumping flat tire; an ice cream truck has overturned and a little boy, his dog, and a stray cat sit contented and unalarmed, gorging themselves on ice cream bars spilled into the street; a mother cat is seen carrying a kitten among the stumbling feet of the masses; at a hospital, bed-ridden patients are being carried down to waiting ambulances and a ball comes bouncing down the front steps chased by a little girl with a broken arm; and among the looters, a man is beaten up when he tries to buy a ride on a truck with a suitcase full of money; finally, when the looters attack Forrester and the trucks from Pacific Tech, they throw off and smash irreplaceable instruments and unwittingly destroy the one chance left in the world to defeat the aliens and save their own lives.

Shifting the location of the story allowed Pal to use Los Angeles as a major set. The evacuation was staged there, on minor city access roads and portions of the freeways, with the cooperation of police and coordination of local Civil Defense units. Pal wanted to make sure he had all the latest CD equipment and procedures for such an evacuation. For those scenes he hired 900 extras, more than half with autos and trucks. And when a real traffic accident created a monumental traffic jam on the Hollywood Freeway, it is reported that Pal, much like his counterparts a couple of generations earlier, scrambled his camera crew and rushed to the scene to document it newsreel style.

Another sequence called for Forrester to search for Sylvia in a deserted city, peopled only by looters, evacuation stragglers, and military patrols. The scenes were shot at 5 A.M. in downtown Los Angeles on a Sunday morning. The Los Angeles Traffic Police kept all private vehicles off the streets, while scenes of Forrester running down the center of trash strewn boulevards were shot. Once "in the can," a legion of men, hidden in doorways of buildings, rushed out and picked up all the prop debris scattered for blocks into the distant background.

As special effects accounted for more than 70% of the film's production budget and schedule, the unique technical problems that Jennings and his people had to solve, attracted considerable publicity. During production, "Colliers," "Popular Science," and "Look" all ran articles on *WAR OF THE WORLDS*.

Whenever possible, Pal and his staff turned to H. G. Wells for inspiration and insight into what he had in mind for the Martian beings, their machines, and their weapons. Wells described the Martian beings as:

of a bear, was rising slowly and painfully out of the cylinder. As it bulged up and caught the light, it glistened like wet leather. Two large dark-colored eyes were regarding me steadfastly. The mass that framed them, the head of the thing, it was rounded and had, one might say, a face. There was a mouth under the eyes, the lipless brim of which quivered and panted convulsively. A lank tentacular appendage gripped the edge of the cylinder, another swayed in the air."

From that description, Unit Art Director, Albert Nozaki designed a Martian that was octopus-like, with an oversize head to hold an oversize brain, one giant three element eye, and supported by long pulsating tentacles with three suction-cup tipped fingers. Pal then hired Charles Gemora, a sculptor, to build the creature. Gemora built the creature out of paper mache and sheet rubber, making its floor length arms pulsate by using rubber tubing expanded with air by means of a squeeze bulb. As a final touch, he painted it lobster red. The legend is that Gemora brought the finished Martian, carrying it carefully on a coat-tree press, over to George Pal's studio office. Pal was pleased. When Gemora tried to lift it off the press, for Pal to examine its innards, it fell over him. After struggling out from under it, Pal was so impressed by the unplanned performance, that he hired the sculptor to play the part!

The purpose of the creature was to frighten the audience and not to be a scientific representation of a possible alien from Mars. The question of how much of the Martian should be seen in the film, was left for Pal to answer. He wisely decided that a hint of horror was better than an extended confrontation. So the Martian appears fully only twice in the film: first when Sylvia catches a glimpse of it lurking in bushes outside the farm house; and second, when out of curiosity, it creeps up on Sylvia, frightening her out of her wits, and Forrester reacts by striking it with a hulk of an iron pipe. In a sense this eight second glimpse of the alien was a bit of poetic license. Wells had been careful to research data on Mars and he had learned that any creatures from that planet, transported to earth, would practically be immobilized by the earth's greater gravity, thus, he had conceived their machines as a means to get about and conquer the world. For the sake of titillation, Pal had exercised the option of fantasy.

Pal liked the idea of Wells' machines with their stilt-like legs, but he thought an interplanetary machine in the mid-twentieth century should be powered by some force of energy, atomic perhaps, anti-gravitational, or even electrical. The special effects unit worked on his ideas for over a month before they produced a working model and were ready to test it.

They had built three manta ray shaped machines, 42 inches in diameter, out of copper so as to "maintain" the reddish hue always identified with Mars. The machines were to appear to rest and move on beams of electricity. To produce this effect, three pieces of thin wire had been extended from the bottom of each machine in the positions of the supposed legs, while they were actually suspended by multiple wires from a dolly attached to the studio rafters. Other wires, from overhead, were to feed one million volts of electricity through the wire legs to the studio floor. A high velocity fan blower was set up behind the "legs" to blow sparks of electrical discharge down the stage.

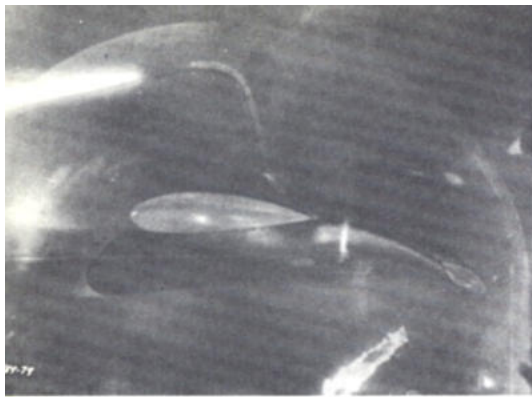
When Pal witnessed the first tests of these machines, he was extremely impressed by the ingen-

Scenes from *WAR OF THE WORLDS*. 1) A publicity photo of Gene Barry and Ann Robinson that aptly represents the quality of the film's dramatic character; 2) Ashes to ashes, dust to dust--end of a California welcome; 3) At the site of the meteor, Gene Barry and Sheriff Henry Brandon discover that invaders have arrived; 4) General Mann (Les Tremayne), Sylvia Van Buren (Ann Robinson) and Clayton Forrester (Gene Barry) accept the fact that the Martians can't be stopped by atomic bombs; 5) Los Angeles rioters and looters hijack the Pacific Tech truck and destroy the irreplaceable scientific equipment that was their only salvation.

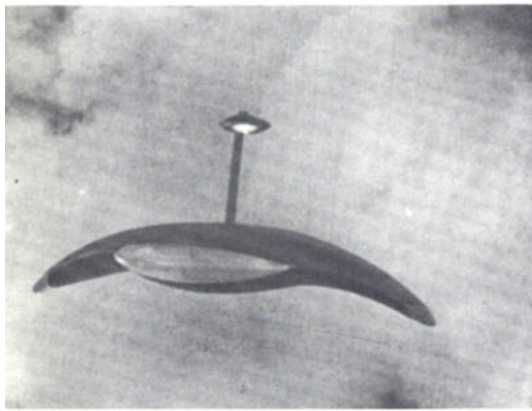


"A big greyish rounded bulk, the size, perhaps,





If there is any recurring theme in Pal's first three science fiction films, it is a confidence in science and the individual to rise to the challenge of crisis...



iousness of the designers and builders; he loved the effect, but came to realize that, with dust in the air and with all the metal objects near the models, the effect could easily set the studio on fire or possibly electrocute everybody in it. Reluctantly the idea was quickly abandoned for a safer, semi-invisible, optically produced, force field support.

The model Martian machines when before the camera on sets, stood about three feet off the ground, suspended overhead by fifteen fine wires! The wires not only supported the machines, but as conceived earlier, they feed electricity to it and signals which controlled the movements of their cobra head death ray. This indeed was what one writer described as "puppetry on a grand scale."

The heat ray was by far the most terrifying weapon to be born of Wells' imagination. In the film it is used to horrify. We first learn of the frightening power of that pulsating ray when the three townspeople deputized to guard the meteor crater, unknowingly try to approach the now uncapped cylinder, its cobra head searching for intruders, to welcome the aliens to California. Suddenly, the screen fills with a closeup of the red tipped heat ray, the light and color intensifying, while there is heard an ominous and unforgettable sound, that of energy building up for the strike. A few seconds later, incineration for the three men. Now, we alone, for the moment at least, know the death associated with that sound and that searching cobra head. Thus, when Forrester, the sheriff, and others approach the crater, shortly after the three deputies have been obliterated, and still later, when Pastor Collins seeks to make peace with the invaders, their ignorance of the sudden death that looms above them creates a moment of terror unmatched by any views of monsters or destruction.

The cobra head was designed by Jennings. Behind a red plastic tip he placed an incandescent bulb. In front of the bulb he mounted a small fan, so that when its blade spun it alternately blocked and passed the light to the plastic tip. The spinning blade created the effect of pulsation, while light intensity was controlled by a rheostat.

The final touch on the Martian machines were the inventive disintegrating rays housed in the wing tips of the earthcraft. The tips glowed green when activated and sent out globs of green colored energy which struck men and tanks and howitzers, and caused a change in atomic structure, reducing them to non-existence. The process was quick and seemingly painless, though quite a shock to the recipients. The effect, a sudden glowing fog around the object or person fading into nothing was created by using an optical matte.

For **WAR OF THE WORLDS** the Paramount art department prepared over 4,000 celluloid cels for matte process photography. For example, in the film Colonel Heffner (Vernon Rich), commanding the forces fighting to contain the Martians, is caught in the green disintegrating ray. He brightens up like an x-ray picture, skull and bones, clearly defined, and then fades to oblivion. One hundred and forty matte cels were used to accom-

plish that effect. Original footage of the actor in his death scene was projected onto the top of an animation stand. From each frame a cel is inked which is merely a black, opaque outline of the actor's form. The cels, in exact registration over the footage of the actor, are then photographed by an animation camera. The resulting black silhouette of the actor allows for that portion of the film to be reexposed. New cels are prepared of the actor's silhouette, only they were of the green fog and of the Colonel's skeleton, and were designed to animate into nothing but scene background. Finally, the black outlines of the actor were combined in an optical printer with the disintegration effect and the scene background for the final composite.

For the A-bomb sequence, Pal wanted to be able to see the force field the Martians use for protection. Special effects came up with a plastic bubble five feet in diameter. The Martian machines were first photographed alone on the set; then the plastic bubble was photographed in the same position, with just enough back light to give it an outline. Finally, the atomic explosion was photographed, a mushroom cloud of flash powder that rose 75 feet into the sound stage rafters. All three images were then superimposed in the optical printer for the final composite scene.

For **WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE**, Pal had recreated eight blocks of New York City. For **WAR OF THE WORLDS** he created as many of Los Angeles. It was an incredible sequence, with the Martian machines gliding effortlessly down the city streets destroying without reason. Many of the structures took months to construct and stood as high as six feet. And perhaps as an inside joke, topping one building was a billboard, unscathed throughout the whole holocaust, advertising a Paramount release of a Bob Hope picture. For the climax of the city destruction, Jennings built a replica of the Los Angeles city hall, eight feet high, set in charges of dynamite and blew the clay model apart.

It was a great shock to all on the production and an untimely loss to the film industry, when Gordon Jennings suffered a heart attack and died shortly after the film had been completed. As everyone had expected, it won a coveted Oscar for its special effects.

In its June, 1953 issue, "Sight and Sound," the British magazine of film criticism, observed that: "WAR OF THE WORLDS set out to alarm." Indeed it had, and it did so better than most releases that year or since. It was a contributor to, or perhaps merely a "victim" of, the shift in the genre from scientific prophecy and the revelation of man's emotions in fabricated monsters, visions of hell, and the consequences of scientific heresy. Critically what saved **WAR OF THE WORLDS** was its tremendous production values. As Bosley Crowther pointed out in the New York Times, the cast played "second fiddle" to the Martian machines and that people were "more likely to admire the film's machines than its men of science; its death rays more than the dialogue." **WAR OF THE WORLDS** suffered from the same malady which had plagued both **DESTINATION MOON** and



Scenes from **WAR OF THE WORLDS**. The Martian War Machines. The models and special effects represented 70% of the picture's production budget and won for it the coveted Academy Award for special effects. Opposite page, bottom, Forrester, Sylvia, and a crowd of other straggling evacuees timidly approach one of the downed Martian machines, brought down by the tiniest creatures which "God in his wisdom had put on the earth."



which had plagued both *DESTINATION MOON* and *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE*, a weak script and mechanical acting. Perhaps there was an overall sense of futility among the cast, considering their scene stealing competition, which gave way to melodramatic amateurism. Where as Irving Pichel's direction of *DESTINATION MOON* had been invisible, and Rudy Mate's of *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE* competent, Byron Haskin at least was able to infuse *WAR OF THE WORLDS* with some sense of filmic dynamics, choosing camera angles which heightened emotions and framing action like Hawks or Ford (Haskin in films as a cameraman since 1918, had for many years been head of Warner Bros special effects department, and had had infrequent directing assignments since 1927).

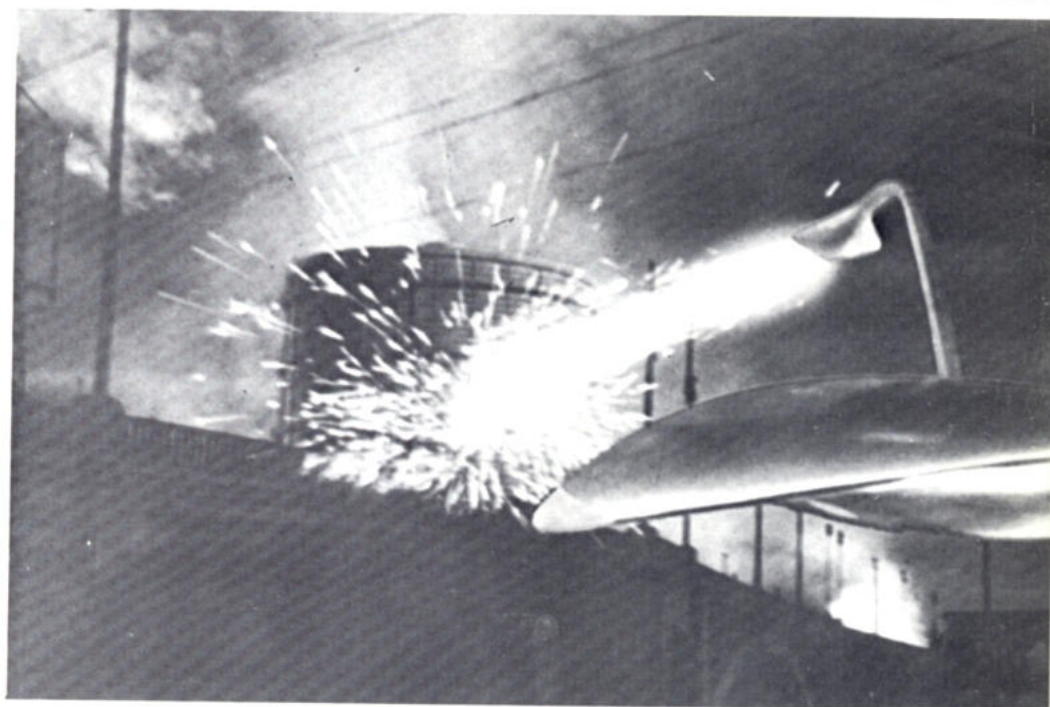
"Sight and Sound" had also suggested in its article: "That the operation of natural laws rather than scientific or military skill should halt the Martians perhaps emphasizes a contemporary attitude: science cannot be trusted, it works for the other side." While that may be true of other science fiction films of the period, I don't believe it is true of *WAR OF THE WORLDS*. If there is any recurring theme in Pal's first three science fiction films, it is a confidence in science and the individual to rise to the challenge of crisis and to succeed where government or the military have failed. In *DESTINATION MOON* it is private industry which builds the rocket and concerned individuals who reach the moon; in *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE*, again, it is a small group of dedicated scientists and technicians, indifferent to criticism and intollerant of complacency, who manage to survive the world's end; and in *WAR OF THE WORLDS* Duprey, Forrester, and the others were on their way to discovering a defense against the Martians (certainly with films like *THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN* scientists have become prime heroes of the genre).

No one today expects to be invaded by Martians but granting the premise of the film and recalling the period in time in American society during which it was produced and released, it was an attractive possibility. Then, a vicious and unwanted war in Korea was winding down to a "cold war" truce; the Russians had our bomb, were menacing Western Europe, and extending their influence wherever possible across international borders; the number of UFO sightings had increased alarmingly; we seemed to be surrounded by earthly enemies and forces of change beyond our control. And when men of petty differences, political and national rivalries, cannot find a "road to peace," what better way to unite them than to introduce a third force, which becomes a common enemy? (Consider for a moment the present world situation and the oft predicted political scenario of an eventual US-USSR two punch showdown with Red China). Basically, that was the real success of *WAR OF THE WORLDS*. It unintentionally provided a menace to hiss greater than that which existed in reality and played up the comfortable fantasy of a united world.

Beside that, *WAR OF THE WORLDS*, without question, was an hell of an entertainment!

## To Be Continued

Dennis S. Johnson, a native Chicagoan, graduated Northwestern University with a Master of Arts degree in 1965. After producing a documentary film on the Civil War (*SOME OF THE BOYS*, 1965), he went on active duty with the USAF. As motion picture production officer, he spent four years directing documentary teams on world-wide assignments and served a year in Vietnam as Chief of Air Force Combat Documentation. He presently is producing independent films and has been signed as Production Manager on a "first feature" for American Media Productions, shooting this summer in California...





# FILM REVIEWS

## ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES

**ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES** A 20th Century Fox Picture. 5/71. In Panavision and Color by DeLuxe. 98 minutes. An Arthur P. Jacobs (APJAC) Production. Directed by Don Taylor. Written by Paul Dehn based upon characters created by Pierre Boulle. Associate producer, Frank Capra, Jr. Director of photography, Joseph Biroc. A.S.C. Music by Jerry Goldsmith. Film editor, Marion Rothman. Creative makeup design, John Chambers. Unit production manager, Francisco Day. Assistant director, Pepi Lenzi. Special photographic effects, Howard A. Anderson Co. Art directors, Jack Martin Smith and William Creber. Set decorators, Walter M. Scott and Stuart A. Reiss. Makeup supervision, Dan Streipeke. Makeup artist, Jack Barron.

Cornelius ..... Roddy McDowall  
Zira ..... Kim Hunter  
Dr. Lewis Dixon ..... Bradford Dillman  
Dr. Stephanie Branton ..... Natalie Trundy  
Dr. Otto Hasslein ..... Eric Braeden  
The President ..... William Windom  
Milo ..... Sal Mineo  
E-1 ..... Albert Salmi  
E-2 ..... Jason Evers  
Chairman ..... John Randolph  
General Brody ..... Steve Roberts  
Aide-Capt. .... M. Emmet Walsh  
Lawyer ..... Roy E. Glenn, Sr.  
Cardinal ..... Peter Forster  
and  
Ricardo Montalban as Armando

I love sequels. It harks back, probably, to my weening on the classic Universal horror films, the Frankensteins, the Mummies, the Draculas and others too numerous to mention. When critics despise sequels I wonder if they aren't losing sight of the fact that film is an entertainment medium, and I wonder too, if they were as stuffy as kids as they are as critics. It seems to me that they have let an important part of their enjoyment of film die when they come to regard the simple entertainment film as a low form. The sequel is based on the sound reasoning that if you liked something once, you'd probably like it again and again. This premise certainly holds true for me and probably would for a lot more filmgoers if they could prevent certain of their artistic prejudices from getting in the way of their fun.

This is all in the way of leading up to saying that I like **ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES** very much, and I'm feeling defensive about it. While critical reception of succeeding films in the series has taken a complete turnabout after having shown much enthusiasm for the first film **PLANET OF THE APES** (1968), my interest has grown with each new episode. I cannot think of any fantasy film series that has evolved as dynamically or as inventively as these three films while maintaining so convincingly a continuous and consistent storyline. The key to my fascination in these films is that they have evolved, and this,

too, leads to my bewilderment at their being dismissed so offhandedly. While they all subsist of the same broad thematic character, consisting in the coolly satirical examination of humankind, each

Scenes from **ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES** now in release from 20th Century Fox. Top: As a token of affection for Zira (Kim Hunter) and Cornelius (Roddy McDowall) and their baby, the circus owner (Ricardo Montalban) puts a medal around the baby's neck. Bottom: Milo (Sal Mineo), Zira, and Cornelius being taken into custody after landing. The series now shows the promise of becoming a science fiction saga of epic proportions.



has done so on its own level; the first film, by utilizing apes that act like humans; in the second, by using future man refined from the worst elements of our character to his ultimate and logical absurdity; and in this new, and third film, by using humans who act like apes, a clever reversal of the motif of the original film. The producers never had additional films in mind during the production of the first two segments (the third does evidence overt planning for a followup), but in making the sequels they wisely chose to extend and further explore the concept of the original film rather than repeat its formula. The result is a rich mosaic that is beginning to assume epic proportions by chronicling the downfall of human civilization in a saga that weaves across the boundaries of both time and space. The characters of the original film have grown and developed and new characters have been introduced along the way, living and playing out their roles against the larger story and passing on to leave it with its lavish interrelated history. Looking back from **ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES** gives one an excellent vantage point to see where the series has been and how well the pieces begin to fit together, and gives some indication of where **CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES**, the next in the series, should lead us.

The new film has Zira and Cornelius, the personable chimpanzee characters of the first two films, escape the destruction of the earth in the conclusion of the second film with a third ape Milo, a scientist who has revitalized Taylor's old spaceship. Their journey follows the same bend in time which had brought Taylor and Brent to the future and brings them to modern day America. The opening portions of the film are, necessarily, handled in a light vein as the apes acustom themselves to a totally alien culture, but even here there are ominous undercurrents in the story which gradually emerge to turn Cornelius and Zira's promising new life into tragedy. Zira's pregnancy naturally troubles Dr. Hasslein, scientific advisor to the President, who sees it as the beginning of a chain of events that will lead to the future ascendancy of the apes, and while he succeeds in destroying both Cornelius and Zira, their baby, Milo, survives to plague future generations. If **CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES** can fulfill the promise of the earlier films, it will go on to show the rise of ape civilization and its eventual predominance over mankind. This raises a fascinating question: will baby Milo be the cause of the reversal of the natural order, or, having his origins in the future, will he somehow change the course of history so as to avoid enmity between apes and man and the future destruction of earth?

Don Taylor has directed the screenplay's very difficult turnabout in mood, from comedy to tragedy, smoothly and with a gradual ease that evens out the harsh contrasts yet deepens the impact of the concluding portion. However, the chief credit for the success of this film and the entire series must go to Paul Dehn, the scripter of both sequels, who has so imaginatively expanded the original concept until it has gone full circle, from the future into the present and now promises to lead us back into the future again for its, we hope, fantastic conclusion. What we have here is not just three separate films, but one great work that has the promise of being the first epic of filmed science fiction.

Frederick S. Clarke



# SCARS OF DRACULA

**SCARS OF DRACULA** An American Continental Films (Levitt-Pickman) Release. 12/70. In Technicolor. 94 minutes. A Hammer Films Production for Anglo EMI. Produced by Aida Young. Directed by Roy Ward Baker. Screenplay by John Elder. Director of photography, Moray Grant. Music by James Bernard. No other credits available.

Dracula ..... Christopher Lee  
Simon ..... Dennis Waterman  
Sarah ..... Jenny Hanley  
Paul ..... Christopher Matthews  
Tania ..... Anoushka Hempel  
Klove ..... Patrick Troughton  
Barmaid ..... Wendy Hamilton  
Priest ..... Michael Gwynn

**THE SCARS OF DRACULA**, newest in a seemingly endless series of Hammer adaptations of Stoker's characters and situations, is an attempt to lift the series, in plot and style, above some of its current handicaps. In the last two efforts, the central character of Dracula was far from the center of activity. Screenwriter John Elder injected sub-plots alluding to Dracula involving him with the affairs and romances of young people and the plotting was singularly stiff and obvious. Not only were the stories lacking entirely in any form of intricacy, but there were no confrontations of opposing elements of good and evil (elements which made most of the better Hammer films what they were) and we doubt whether the Dracula as Hammer originally presented him (ditto Dr. Frankenstein) would ever become involved in such nonsense. To top it all off, usually the "heroes" were either annoying, as Barry Andrews in **DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE**, or engaged in foolish subplots.

**SCARS OF DRACULA** is, at least, an attempt at returning to form. The series has reintroduced Klove, made Dracula a more vital character and dispensed with the ludicrous subplotting. It's never really established just how Dracula escaped his fate in the previous film, but it's not particularly important. Paul (Christopher Matthews) is invited into Castle Dracula by the lovely Tania (Anoushka Hempel) after being spirited there by a driverless carriage. Dracula offers Paul a bed and Tania offers Paul some nocturnal activities. Dracula is decidedly miffed and both are eventually murdered. Sarah (Jenny Hanley) and Simon (Dennis Waterman), Paul's girlfriend and brother respectively, trace Paul's activities and finally enlist the aid of a village priest to end the horror.

Roy Ward Baker's direction is not as atmospheric as it was in, say, **THE VAMPIRE LOVERS**, and the film suffers from cheap set design and the obvious low budget. Christopher Lee regains some of his earlier force as Dracula and aids the film immeasurably. Jenny Hanley, recently voted the sexiest girl in the world by a British newspaper is a surprisingly able young actress. The supporting performances are, in fact, worth noting this time out--for a change--particularly Dennis Waterman as Simon. Anoushka Hempel is fetching and sultry as Dracula's mistress.

I would very much like to see a dynamic Dracula such as the character presented in the first two films of the series, combined with astute plotting, a solid good/evil conflict and care in production. Meanwhile, **SCARS OF DRACULA** is, for all its flaws, a step in the right direction.

John R. Duvoli

Scenes from **SCARS OF DRACULA** in release from Continental Films. Top: Christopher Lee regains some of his earlier force as Dracula. Middle: Innkeeper Michael Ripper sees his daughter carried in, the victim of Dracula. Bottom: Jenny Hanley is threatened by Dracula in bat form. Dracula had traditionally been unable to transform himself into bat form in the previous Hammer films.







## HORROR OF FRANKENSTEIN

**HORROR OF FRANKENSTEIN** An American Continental Films (Levitt-Pickman) Release. 12/70. In Technicolor. 94 minutes. A Hammer Films Production for Anglo EMI. Produced and directed by Jimmy Sangster. Screenplay by Jimmy Sangster and Jeremy Burnham. No other credits available.

Victor Frankenstein ..... Ralph Bates  
Alys ..... Kate O'Mara  
Elizabeth ..... Veronica Carlson  
Grave-Robber ..... Dennis Price  
His Wife ..... Joan Rice  
Wilhelm ..... Graham James  
Monster ..... Dave Prowse  
Elizabeth's Father ..... Bernard Archer



Hammer's current entry in their Frankenstein series, **THE HORROR OF FRANKENSTEIN**, in very limited release through American Continental Films since December, might better have been called "The Ribald Adventures of Frankenstein." In a complete departure from their earlier entries, this new film is laced with thinly veiled humor and penetrating self-satire while maintaining a mock seriousness to keep up appearances as the horror film it is supposed to be.

One immediately notes the absence of Peter Cushing from the title role but never has time or cause for lamentation. Ralph Bates makes a very strong impression as young Frankenstein, in a role which Cushing, because of his advancing years, would have been totally unsuited for. Bates retains the same cold, calculating, amoral and opportunistic attitude toward human life and well being for the sake of scientific advancement and his own experimentation, that has made Cushing's Frankenstein so intriguingly evil. The new series format also allows us to see how these same attitudes carry over into Frankenstein's everyday life, allowing for a great deal of character development that had never been possible in any of the previous films. The somewhat surprising outcome is that Frankenstein is only another guise for the same anti-hero that has been fascinating movie audiences since the advent of James Bond and Clint Eastwood's "The Man With No Name," a strong, spirited, ego-centered character that uses and deftly controls people for his own ends.

The film is essentially a re-make of Hammer's first Frankenstein film, **THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN** (1957). Ralph Bates is a young, somewhat perverse, schoolboy Frankenstein. We join him during his prep school days, trying to conive funds from his tightwad father by bringing up the latter's lechery with the chambermaid. Later we see him heading off into the woods with a busty young girl as he tells his classmates he's study-



Scenes from **THE HORROR OF FRANKENSTEIN** in release from Continental Films. Top: The graverobber's wife (Joan Rice) goes searching for her murdered husband only to encounter the monster (Dave Prowse). Middle Left: Frankenstein brings in some bundles for his friend and assistant (Graham James). Middle Right: Ralph Bates, who Hammer is grooming as their new horror star. Bottom: Frankenstein chains up his creation while it lies unconscious.



ing anatomy ("fascinating subject, fascinating."). Young Frankenstein soon goes to university, to become a medical student, learning the mysteries of life and death, and begins to undertake esoteric experiments, like wiring up a cadaverous hand to obscenely flex its middle finger on electric cue. It is at the end of the school term that his father passes away, leaving him a title and great wealth, deciding him to return again to his ancestral home with a friend to better delve into his peculiar scientific interests. The result is the creation of his "monster" in a *recherche* parody that borders on genius.

The man who has tampered with the sanctity of the Frankenstein horror formula is Jimmy Sangster, the film's producer and director, who also co-authored its screenplay, and who is therefore chiefly responsible for the film's rare wit and humor. No one has earned the right to mock the passe horror film cliches more than Sangster, who initiated most of them when they were innovations back in Hammer Film's heyday by writing *HORROR OF DRACULA*, *THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, *BRIDES OF DRACULA* and most of the better early Hammer films. The triumph of *HORROR OF FRANKENSTEIN* is that it is a horror film despite all its comedy. It teeters tantalizingly on the brink of comedy and satire without ever falling in completely for the cheap laugh, ala *AB-BOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN*. It has that quality of British cinematic humor which derives from the juxtaposition of the serious and the absurd, of which the films of Alec Guinness, Peter Sellers and director Bryan Forbes are classic examples.

Sangster constructs the standard horror film scene with the apparant dead earnest required of the genre, but then often twists the entire meaning of the scene with some subtle nuance, phrase or action to play it for humor rather than horror. After bringing his monster to life, the creature lumbers off the operating table and haltingly advances on Frankenstein, a grotesque anatomical assemblage. Bates mugs the camera with a choice facial expression which seems to say, "Hm, not quite what I expected." Here we have the classic horror scene, the creator confronted by his monstrous creation. We recall Colin Clive's mad ravings in the original *FRANKENSTEIN* ("It's alive, it's alive!"), and Peter Cushing's first horrific encounter with Christopher Lee in *THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*. Bates, somewhat nervously, watches the oncoming monster and says, "Hello, my name is Victor Frankenstein," and is about to launch into an explanation of what that means when the obviously uncomprehending brute knocks him unconscious and wanders away.

A great deal of humor is derived from Bates' one-up-manship as he uses, misuses and abuses nearly all his fellow characters with Machiavellian precision and impunity. Kate O'Mara (of the recent *THE VAMPIRE LOVERS*) plays Frankenstein's housemaid whom he inherits as a bedmate from his dear departed pater. Veronica Carlson plays his childhood sweetheart, whose father he murders to obtain a brain for the monster and whom he later takes in as a cook and additional paramour after she has been turned, penniless, from her own home by creditors. Dennis Price and Joan Rice add a nice comic touch as grave-robbers who halt their work to break for tea and crumpets, and who are disposed of by young Frankenstein when they insist on delivering more bodies than he requires. There is also his friend Wilhelm (Graham James) who tries to dissuade Frankenstein from continuing his mad experiments by threatening to expose them, and who is dissolved in a vat of acid for his troubles. Frankenstein frames his gardener as former boyhood companion with the murders the monster has committed. At the nexus of all this treachery, deceit, murder and mayhem is Bates, cool and unperturbed, sitting in the eye of a storm as the fury rages about him.

Audiences have been laughing at horror films for years, now Sangster has produced one we can laugh with. Rather than taking the humor as an unwanted intrusion upon the integrity of the genre, we should regard it as an innovative and fascinating experiment, and one that has met with very pleasing success.

Frederick S. Clarke

## BLOOD ON SATAN'S CLAW

...one of the sleeper highlights of the year.

**BLOOD ON SATAN'S CLAW** A Cannon Films Release, 4/71. In Color, 100 minutes. A Tigon British/Chilton Film Production. Executive producer, Tony Tenser. Directed by Piers Haggard. Produced by Peter Andrews and Malcolm Heyworth. Original screenplay by Robert Wynne Simmons with additional material by Piers Haggard. Director of photography, Dick Bush. Art director, Arnold Chapkis. Editor, Richard Best. Production manager, Ron Jackson. Assistant director, Stephen Christian. Camera operator, Dudley Lovell. Music composed and conducted by Marc Wilkinson.

The Judge .....	Patrick Wymark
Angel Blake .....	Linda Hayden
Ralph Gower .....	Barry Andrews
Margaret .....	Michele Dotrice
Cathy Vespers .....	Wendy Padbury
Reverend Fallowfield .....	Anthony Ainley
Ellen .....	Charlotte Mitchell
Rosalind Barton .....	Tamara Ustinov
Peter Edmonton .....	Simon Williams
Squire Middleton .....	James Hayter
The Doctor .....	Howard Goorney
Isobel Banham .....	Avice Landon
Mark Vespers .....	Robin Davies

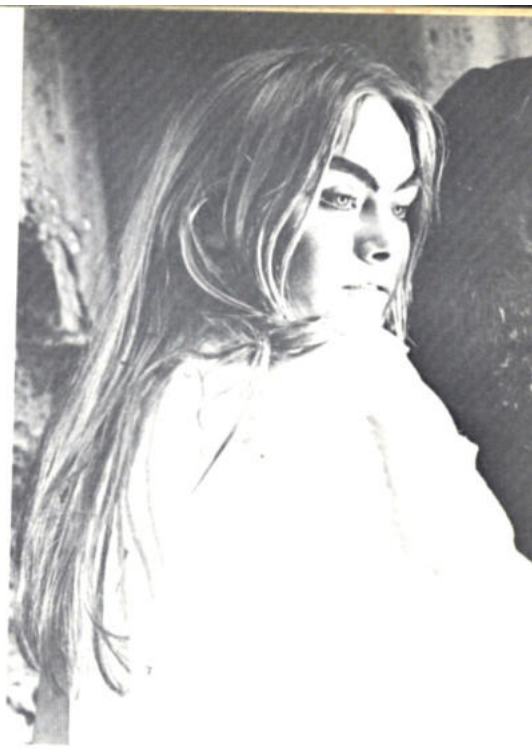
When 1971 is behind us, I hope I may be able to point to this neat little witchcraft thriller as one of the "sleeper" highlights of the year. I could hardly have expected a film as literate as this from the prolific but undistinguished Tony Tenser whose films include *THE SORCERERS*, *THE VAMPIRE BEAST CRAVES BLOOD*, *INVASION OF THE BODY STEALERS*, *HORROR HOUSE*, *CRIMSON CULT* and the unreleased science fiction film *ZETA ONE*.

**BLOOD ON SATAN'S CLAW** is set in 18th century England. A young farmer finds a bone with an eye set in the middle which he promptly dubs a fiend and reports to the authorities. Soon after this, the eye disappears but various villagers either go mad or turn to murder. It evolves that the buried remains were that of an ages-old demon who, by preying upon the villagers and making use of human sacrifices, intends to regain full form and power.

The opening scenes are Lovecraftian in structure. The setting is a quiet, placid little religious community suddenly turned upside down by an unfathomable supernatural disorder. The fact that we never really understand the creation, nature or form of the demon, his intent or the circumstances by which he controls his disciples, is at once a flaw and strength of the film. We want to understand fully what is happening and yet we know that if these events were ever to actually take place, we would probably understand far less than the vague explanations that screenwriter Robert Wynne-Simmons offers.

In any event, the demon finds an ally in Angel Blake (Linda Hayden) who leads the area's young people in some pretty odd games. Her first victim is Mark Vespers (Robin Davies), a dimwitted young man annoyed at "God's games" that the young people play. Angel promises a new game however, and it ends with Mark being hacked to death. Later, Angel leads the children in a sacrifice. Cathy (Wendy Padbury), the area's resident virgin, is abducted, raped, and sacrificed to the

Scenes from *THE BLOOD ON SATAN'S CLAW* in release from The Cannon Releasing Corp. 1: Linda Hayden. 2: Patrick Wymark as "The Judge." 3: Linda Hayden attempts to corrupt Reverend Fallowfield (Anthony Ainley). 4: Linda Hayden prepares Wendy Padbury for virgin sacrifice.





Scenes from **LITTLE MURDERS** in release from 20th Century Fox. Top: Patsy (Marcia Rodd) calls her parents from a vandalized phone booth to tell them she is going to marry Alfred. Bottom: Alfred (Elliott Gould) informs Reverend Dupas (Donald Sutherland) that he does not want God mentioned in his marriage ceremony. Right: Alfred returns to the Newquist apartment, which is protected by special alarms and locks, with a bunch of flowers and a rifle he has just purchased.

demon in a well constructed and photographed scene.

The activities of the young people are well filmed and have a certain flair (particularly the closeups of the possessed Miss Hayden). There is a flaw here in that many of the actors are obviously a bit older than their characters (with the exception of Miss Padbury) but I can find the structure and characterizations more palatable than the injection of the youth sub-plots in recent Hammer films. There are no romantic sub-plots here. The young people are either the possessed or their victims, unwitting though not unwilling pawns.

Eventually Miss Hayden's satanic intent turns toward Rev. Fallowfield (Anthony Ainley) and she attempts to seduce him. Here we have our first injection of nudity. Miss Hayden strips for Mr. Ainley, and while she may be an actress of only routine capabilities, she is quite liberally endowed physically. Mr. Ainley refuses her however, and is promptly accused of attempted rape by Miss Hayden. All is straightened out though, when a witness to a coven implicates the children and the cult scatters and regathers deep in the woods. By now events have reached their head and the demon is about to regain its full power. The climactic orgy sequence, where the Judge finally defeats Evil is well-filmed and there is a nude dance by an unbilled young lady which is pretty nearly worth the price of admission.

**BLOOD ON SATAN'S CLAW** does have its flaws. As previously noted, many of the actors are mature beyond the characters, and the performances themselves are not particularly distinguished. Patrick Wymark is adequate as The Judge. The film misses its chance to become somewhat memorable as there are no representatives of good and evil playing out a chess game with human lives. The duel between Christopher Lee and Charles Gray in **THE DEVIL'S BRIDE** is the finest example of diverse power personified in recent years and it is the tension of these encounters that made most of the better Hammer films what they were (the first two *Dracula* films particularly). As noted, Linda Hayden has other than thespian qualities (her first film was a sexploitation vehicle called *BABY LOVE*), but she succeeds fully in her own way, and who can argue with that? Barry Andrews, who spent most of *DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE* running around in is acrobatic as ever. Michele Dotrice, though not as attractive as Miss Hayden, turns in a good job, as does Tamara Ustinov as the demon's first victim. Wendy Padbury is an able young actress and does quite well as Cathy. Anthony Ainley (star of the unreleased voodoo thriller *NAKED EVIL*) is adequate as Rev. Fallowfield but his character is much too cliché and lifeless. How he could command respect and control, even without demonic interference, is a bit beyond me.

Director Piers Haggard helmed **BLOOD ON SATAN'S CLAW** with complete seriousness, as if somehow the supernatural could in fact unleash events beyond human comprehension. Rural England settings are realistic, and Dick Bush's photography is a solid asset. Mr. Haggard, in fact, was an assistant to Lindsay Anderson, has an impressive background in the English Theater, and looks good as a directorial prospect, even though this is only his second film (the first, the title of which is unknown, is unreleased in America). Marc Wilkinson's music score is impressive and reminds one of the old **THRILLER** tele-series music.

You really must catch **BLOOD ON SATAN'S CLAW**. Ignore the title and programmer status. It deserves to be seen.

John Duvoli



## LITTLE MURDERS

**LITTLE MURDERS** 20th Century Fox. 1/71. In Color by DeLuxe. 110 minutes. Produced by Jack Brodsky. Directed by Alan Arkin. Screenplay by Jules Feiffer based on his play. Associate producer, Burt Harris. Director of photography, Gordon Willis. Production design, Gene Rudolf. Costume designer, Albert Wolsky. Film edited by Howard Kuperman. Music by Fred Kaz. Unit production manager, Burt Harris. Assistant director, Peter Scoppa. Script supervisor, Nicholas Sgarro. Camera operator, Michael Chapman. Hair stylist, Philip Leto. Makeup, John Alese. Property master, Joseph Caracciola. Sound, Chris Newman. Set decorator, Philip Smith. Scenic artist, Stanley Cappiello. Chief electrician, Dusty Wallace. Key grip, Bob Ward. Assistants to the producer, Cis Corman and Bette Aofsin.

Alfred Chamberlain .....	Elliott Gould
Patsy Newquist .....	Marcia Rodd
Mr. Newquist .....	Vincent Gardenia
Mrs. Newquist .....	Elizabeth Wilson
Kenny .....	Jon Korkes
Mr. Chamberlain .....	John Randolph
Mrs. Chamberlain .....	Doris Roberts
The Minister .....	Donald Sutherland
The Judge .....	Lou Jacobi
The Detective .....	Alan Arkin

The film of Jules Feiffer's *Little Murders* is something that uniquely touches the urban dweller. To anyone who has ever lived in a large city, such as New York, the picture of city life presented in *LITTLE MURDERS* is really not all that far removed from reality. What Feiffer has done is push things a little further down the road in their logical absurdity. He's taken many of the little irritations and combined them to create a nightmarishly funny portrait of New York living—lights going out during dinner without anyone taking notice, dialing the police emergency number and being put on hold, phone calls that usually turn out to be somebody breathing heavily on the other end of the line—little things like that.

The entire film carries a note of barely contained hysteria which surfaces now and then in full force. How one faces the terrors that the city inflicts on its inhabitants is given two points of view in the film's protagonists. Alfred Chamberlain (Elliott Gould), a self-admitted "apathist,"

goes through life meekly submitting to whatever the city throws at him. Patsy Newquist (Marcia Rodd), on the other hand, faces life with a smile on her face and a song in her heart. Falling in love with Alfred, Patsy spends most of her time trying to crack Alfred's catatonic state which is his way of surviving the rigors of day-to-day living.

Along the way we meet Patsy's family—father (Vincent Gardenia), mother (Elizabeth Wilson), and younger brother, Kenny (Jon Korkes). They are another example of easily recognizable and frighteningly familiar family types pushed to their absurd extreme. The scene of Patsy bringing Alfred home to meet the folks is funny in so many ways it takes you a while to realize that you've actually been through something like this yourself. That after dinner funk where everybody sits around in dumb silence, trying to think of some way to start a conversation, is perfectly captured.

Eventually, Alfred and Patsy are married by a "with-it" minister who has let moral relativism go to his head. The film takes a dark turn when Patsy, just having gotten Alfred to the point where he is beginning to feel again, is killed by a sniper's bullet. The climax, which has Mr. Newquist, Alfred, and Kenny shooting at people on the street from their living room window, seems a logical extension of the paranoia rampant among urban dwellers.

Neophyte director Alan Arkin does a fine job in bringing Feiffer's black comedy to the screen. While not overly cinematic, the film comes across as more than a photographed stage play. The acting is superb with Arkin getting a real ensemble feel from his players. Gould's Alfred is the best thing he's done since *MASH*. Marcia Rodd makes an auspicious film debut as the sunny Patsy. The entire "Newquist family" is a joy to watch. Elizabeth Wilson as the mother is beyond words, whether proudly showing Alfred a photo album of "Patsy's dead brother" or calmly remarking after the climactic sniping, "It sure is nice to hear my family laughing again." Director Arkin turns in a neat cameo as a harried, neurotic police detective. One of the highspots of the film is Donald Sutherland's freaked-out minister.

If the film has any fault, it is that all the characters have been allowed one "big scene," although they are admittedly very well written. In the last analysis the film has little to carp about and is largely successful in dealing with some of our deepest social hang-ups.

Mark Stevens





Scenes from **THE CAT O'NINE TAILS**, now in release from National General Pictures. Top: Reporter James Franciscus and blind professional crossword puzzle solver Karl Malden agree to work together to unravel a mysterious murder. Bottom: Catherine Spaak is one of their prime suspects.

Following Dario Argento's great success with **THE BIRD WITH THE CRYSTAL PLUMAGE**, one hoped the young European director, newly wrapped in the mantle of "Italy's Alfred Hitchcock," would create a new thriller to rival, and perhaps surpass, his initial effort.

Unfortunately, with the resources at hand, Argento evidently thought improving the product meant making it bigger, though not necessarily better. The result is **THE CAT O'NINE TAILS**, a long, rambling horror movie which, despite a few moderately exciting moments, never justifies the running time of almost two hours.

Gifted with two first-string performers of some prominence--James Franciscus and Karl Malden--director Argento uses them less effectively than he did Tony Musante and Enrico Maria Salerno in **PLUMAGE**. Catherine Spaak is also on view to little purpose, but in all fairness, no director has been able to exhibit her supposed talents to maximum potential.

The whodunit plot centers around a Roman institute dedicated to investigating the determining extent of the criminal factor in persons with abnormal chromosomes. The unseen killer, evidently, has an XY factor which drives him, or her, to brutally murder the staff members who discover this imbalance.

Malden, as a blind ex-reporter who works crossword puzzles in his spare time, teams with Franciscus, a crackerjack Rome journalist, to track down the killer, and the trail leads straight to the doorstep of Miss Spaak, the indolent daughter of the institute chief. During the course of the sleuthing, the director has an opportunity to stage the regulation high speed car chase, and to allow Franciscus a trendy visit to a gay bar where, to Argento's credit, he displays a little more taste in his handling of the situation than some other directors.

Prior to each murder the maniac killer is represented by a tight closeup of one eye, and then the film shifts to a methodical, point-of-view camera movement which makes the stalking scenes gripping to watch. But the killings, them-

## THE CAT O'NINE TAILS

**THE CAT O'NINE TAILS** A National General Pictures Release. 5/71. In Technicolor and Techniscope. 112 minutes. Produced by Salvatore Argento for Seda Spettacoli S.P.A. (Rome), Terra Filmkunst (Berlin) and Labrador Films (Paris). Directed by Dario Argento. Screenplay by Dario Argento based on an original story by Dario Argento, Luigi Collo and Dardano Sacchetti. Art director and wardrobe designer, Carlo Leva. Assistant director, Roberto Pariente. Music by Ennio Morricone. Conducted by Bruno Nicolai. Edited by Franco Fraticelli. Production manager, Angelo Iacono. Director of photography, Eric Menzies. Catherine Spaak's dresses by Luca Sabatelli. Sound effects, Luciano Anzellotti. Titles and optical effects, Luciano Vittori.

Franco Arno ..... Karl Malden  
Carlo Giordani ..... James Franciscus  
Anna Terzi ..... Catherine Spaak  
Lori ..... Cinzia De Carolis  
Dr. Calabresi ..... Carlo Alighiero  
Cameraman Righetto ..... Vittorio Congia  
Police Superintendent Spimi ..... Pier Paolo Capponi  
Morsella ..... Corrado Olmi  
Professor Terzi ..... Tino Carraro  
Dr. Casoni ..... Aldo Reggiani  
Dr. Braun ..... Horst Frank  
Dr. Mombelli ..... Emilio Marchesini  
Dr. Esson ..... Tom Felleghy  
Bianca Merusi ..... Rada Rassimov  
Manuel ..... Werner Pochet

selves, indulge in an ugly, lip-smacking explicitness which moves the film from the realm of the scary to the special province of the sick.

In his previous effort Argento demonstrated a definite flair for sharply etching his colorful secondary characters. Here he fashions a momentarily amusing bit involving a nervous cat burglar who aids Franciscus in opening a strongbox, and there is a sad, revealing moment when a well-dressed informer confesses he is driven by homosexual jealousy.

The principals, as stated previously, come across as bland and blank-faced, with Franciscus needlessly crippled with an Italian name, Carlo Giordani, which ill-suits his all-American boyishness. Miss Spaak, lovely in some kinky outfits, exhibits the emotional range and statuesque stance of a Barbie Doll, though she is gifted with the film's best line. Confronted by Franciscus with the revelation she is sleeping with her "adopted" father, she replies, "So in your book, whore equals liar equals murderer."

In the final analysis **THE CAT O'NINE TAILS** is a disappointment whose only enduring mystery is just how does a blind man work those damn crossword puzzles!

Robert L. Jerome

**DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS** Released by Gemini Releasing Corporation in association with Maron Films Limited. 7/71. In Color. 87 minutes. A Henry Lange Production. Produced by Paul Collet, Alain C. Guillaume and Maya Films. Directed by Harry Kumel. Screenplay by Pierre Drouot, Harry Kumel and J. J. Amiel. Director of photography, Edward Van Der Enden. Edited by Gust Verschueren, Denis Bonan and Filma Novack. Music composed and conducted by Francois de Roubaix.

Countess Elisabeth Bathory ..... Delphine Seyrig  
Valerie Tardieu ..... Daniele Ouimet  
Stefan Chiltern ..... John Karlen

## DAUGHTER OF DARKNESS

Ilona Harczy ..... Andrea Rau  
Porter ..... Paul Esser  
The Man ..... Georges Jamin  
The Butler ..... Joris Collet  
Mother ..... Fons Rademakers

This Belgian import is a strange horror film with a sexploitation angle. The producers must have come upon the "Bloody Countess" theme about the same time as Hammer Films. Logically, this film should have been seen after viewing Hammer's forthcoming **COUNTESS DRACULA**. Both films concern Countess Bathory who, according to European folklore murdered 600 virgins and bathed in their blood in order to preserve her youth and beauty. While Hammer's production is set in the 16th century and relates the origins of the Countess and her strange rites, **DAUGHTER OF DARKNESS** has a contemporary setting. The noblewoman has not died but has been kept alive through the centuries.

The story primarily concerns only four characters. An international cast is brought together for the portrayals, none of whom are outstanding, although Andrea Rau is interesting. Others besides the German actress include Delphine Seyrig who is French, the young American actor John Karlen (Willie Loomis in **HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS**), and Daniele Ouimet from Canada.

Much of the film is slow moving and dull. The plot is never made quite clear and the brief appearance of "mother" adds to the confusion. Although there is an extensive narrative about the "Bloody Countess" which is quite a vivid description of her blood baths, it appears that the years have reduced her to vampirism. Although we hear of the victims they aren't seen. All four characters are killed off in suitably bloody fashions however.

The story involves a young couple, Valerie Tardieu and Stefan Chiltern, who stop at a huge resort hotel on the European coast in the off season. Consequently they are the only guests until the arrival of Countess Elisabeth Bathory and her young companion, Ilona. The concierge remembers the Countess as a guest years before but she doesn't seem to have aged. The older woman attaches herself to the couple.

When Valerie discovers that Stefan has fits of sadism, she leaves him but is brought back by the Countess. On their return to the hotel they find that he has accidentally killed Ilona, in a bloody nude scene. The trio bury the girl's body but Valerie has become attracted to the Countess. They kill Stefan and suck the blood from his severed wrists. The conclusion has the Countess propelled through the windshield of her car, impaled on a stake, and engulfed in flames as the car explodes.

The death scenes, the only action in the film, are contrived. Although effectively done, they are hard to believe. Had the producers made a straight horror film rather than a stylized drama as a stage for Delphine Seyrig's performance, they might have had a successful film. Instead we have a portrait of four people who are never clearly revealed in motive or character.

Dan R. Scapperotti

Delphine Seyrig, as the vampire countess Elisabeth Bathory, Daniele Ouimet and John Karlen from **DAUGHTER OF DARKNESS** now in release from Maron Films.





# ISLAND OF THE BURNING DAMNED

**ISLAND OF THE BURNING DAMNED** A Maron Films Release, 6/71\*. In Eastmancolor, 94 minutes. A Planet-Protelco Production. Produced by Tom Blakeley. Directed by Terence Fisher. Associate producer, Ronald Liles. Director of photography, Reg Wyler. Art director, Alex Vetchinsky. Film edited by Rod Keys. Assistant director, Ray Frift. Camera operator, Frank Drake. Continuity, Joy Mercer. Wardrobe mistress, Kathleen Moore. Make up chief, Geoff Rodway. Hairdresser, Stella Rivers. Sound recording, E. Karnon and Dudley Messenger. Dubbing editor, Norman A. Cole.

Hanson ..... Christopher Lee  
Dr. Stone ..... Peter Cushing  
Jeff ..... Patrick Allen  
Frankie ..... Sarah Lawson  
Angela ..... Jane Merrow  
Ken Stanley ..... William Lucas  
Tinker Mason ..... Kenneth Cope  
Ben Siddle (Old Farmer) ..... Jack Bligh  
Bob Hayward ..... Thomas Heathcote  
Old Tramp ..... Sidney Bromley  
Gerald Foster ..... Percy Herbert  
Stella Haywood ..... Ann Turner  
Radar Operator ..... Barry Halliday

\*Maron Films has at this time removed this film from their release schedule, after having it scheduled for release in June with MINYA, SON OF GODZILLA which has also been removed. The company may release the films later this year.



**ISLAND OF THE BURNING DAMNED**, a science fiction programmer geared for the summer trade through Maron Films, is actually the film version of John Lymington's *Night of the Big Heat* produced nearly four years ago but never screened in the United States. Exactly why we had to wait so long to see this effort is obvious (independently produced programmers are having a horrid time of it) but far from just (the film is not bad at all). Hopefully, product such as Karloff's **BLIND MAN'S BLUFF** and an effective little voodoo thriller **NAKED EVIL** may yet reach our shores, but this critic is not particularly optimistic.

The island of the title is Fara, where temperatures have climbed to nearly 100°F in dead winter. Jeff Callum (Patrick Allen) a pub owner, is having a difficult time trying to conceal a love affair that he has had with Angela (Jane Merrow) from his neurotic wife Frances (Sarah Lawson). Gradually though the unnatural "big heat" takes precedence as islanders are mysteriously incinerated and eerie sounds drive men to madness, Hanson (Christopher Lee), a scientist doing research on the island, theorizes that the heat is being caused by a vanguard force of aliens from a dying planet. Needless to add, his fears are confirmed and the island is soon under seige. Contact with the mainland is cut off and little hope of survival is seen.

**ISLAND OF THE BURNING DAMNED** begins slowly and it can perhaps be argued that director Terence Fisher has spent too much time in establishing his foundation. Much of the early action seems irrelevant and though much of the first half of the film is devoted to characterization (like Val Guest's **DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE**) the characters are not, in themselves, as interesting as the impending horror, and we occasionally become a little impatient.

Patrick Allen is adequate as Jeff, though his hard features do not lend themselves for romantic leads. Sarah Lawson is such a sniveling neurotic and Jane Merrow so honest and likeable, and of course deliciously amoral, as Angela, that we find ourselves wondering why Mr. Allen is intent on ending all relationships with her and restoring his marriage. In and event, once the action picks up (Frances spots a saucer in a nearby field and Hanson announces that an invasion is imminent) science fiction takes center stage from the human drama.

Tension builds smoothly during the film's second half and is all abetted quite nicely by Reg Wyler's color photography and Malcolm Lockyer's extremely listenable music score. Unfortunately, when the monsters (which appear as giant blobs or jellyfish) are finally revealed, the special effects -- though adequate -- do not entirely succeed and the excitement is not, therefore, fully sustained. Christopher Lee is appropriately stern and clinical as Hanson, and Peter Cushing is likeable in a lesser role as Stone, the island's doctor. Jane Merrow (who scored in **THE LION IN WINTER** as Peter O'Toole's mistress) keeps attention focused on her while she is on screen and we like her so much better than Sarah Lawson's Frances that we never share Patrick Allen's moral dilemma.

The abrupt, pat ending might seem like something of a cop-out but screenwriter Ronald Liles has provided some crisp dialog and a reasonably loyal adaptation of Lymington's novel. While **ISLAND OF THE BURNING DAMNED** does not succeed as well as the previous Planet-Protelco coproduction, **ISLAND OF TERROR** (Universal, 1967) is an adequate and occasionally above average effort that you should be more than happy to spend a summer evening with. It is more than a little annoying that so many recent British and European science fiction and horror films are being overlooked by distributors.

John Duvoli

Scenes from **ISLAND OF THE BURNING DAMNED** soon to be in release from Maron Films. Top: Sarah Lawson, Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee. Bottom: Jane Merrow, Sarah Lawson and Patrick Allen. The film was produced and released in England in 1968 by Planet Film Distributors as **NIGHT OF THE BIG HEAT**, and has never been released in the United States.



## GLEN AND RANDA

...one of the bleakest, most impressive after-the-bomb visions ever.

**GLEN AND RANDA** A UMC Pictures Release, 5/71. In Eastmancolor, 94 minutes. Executive producer, Sidney Glazier. Directed by Jim McBride. Associate producer, Watson James. Assistant director, Jack Baran. Screenplay by Lorenzo Mans, Rudolph Wurlitzer and Jim McBride. Photography by Alan Raymond. Art direction, Gary Weist. Sound, David Neuman and Jeffrey Lesser. Production managers, Don Buschbaum and Steve Wax. Editing by Mike Levine and Jack Baran.

Glen ..... Steve Curry  
Randa ..... Shelley Plimpton  
Sidney Miller ..... Woodrow Chambliss  
Magician ..... Garry Goodrow  
Also featuring: Roy Roy, Robert Holmer, Hubert Powers, William Fratis, Alice Huffman, Ortega Sangster, Richard Frazier, Charles Huffman, Barbara Spiegel, Martha Furey, Leonard Johnson, Jack Tatarsky, Laura Hawbecker, Lucille Johnson, Dwight Tate, Mary Henry, Matthew Levine, Bud Thompson, Talmadge Holiday, James Nankierius, Winona Tomanoczy and David Woeller.

**GLEN AND RANDA** is a brave little venture into the abstract, allegorical, parable worlds of 2001 and THX that have been delved into so splendidly by Stanley Kubrick and George Lucas, respectively.

For all its touches of inherent genius, Jim McBride's film is an unsteady combination of the styles of Kubrick and Robert Bresson, with little of the profundity and unified purpose of these film makers. McBride is evidently influenced by their work, but he often just goes through the motions with little of the intense personal vision of such artists. One watches the bizarre events take place with little or no emotional involvement, even though the events in themselves are truly unique and fascinating in their own, fundamentally disturbing manner.

Mankind is stripped down to his basic thoughts and instincts, and this is expressed, mainly, through the teenage Adam and Eve characters of the title. Many years after a large-scale atomic war, the film begins as Glen and Randa walk totally nude through a veritable Garden of Eden. The tranquility of this idyllic scene is broken by the appearance of an old, rusted, grim relic of a car, resting in the branches of a tall, beautiful





tree.

As the film progresses, so do the two protagonists in the awareness of their environment and the reasons for living that can never be defined, only felt. In a series of austere, seemingly unrelated vignettes of both comic and tragic proportions, McBride presents one of the bleakest, most impressive after-the-bomb visions ever. Stanley Kramer's *ON THE BEACH*, Arch Oboler's *FIVE*, and Ronald MacDougall's *THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL* are still quite moving, sometimes extremely effective examples of the genre, yet they are curiously dated, sometimes embarrassing antiques because there is little to disturb or involve the viewer outside of rather flaccid characterizations and broad, thematic generalizations. Certainly they are superior to such dull, ludicrous films like *PANIC IN YEAR ZERO* and *THE LAST WOMAN ON EARTH*, but only Peter Watkins' *THE WAR GAME* and Jim McBride's *GLEN AND RANDA* will survive the travails of time in their uncompromisingly hard nature and frequently disquieting imagery of future horror.

Shot in 16mm and blown up to standard 35 ratio, as some films are done today like *WANDA* and *HUSBANDS*, this has a tendency to weaken the visual impact at times, but McBride's film has the most beautifully, stunningly evocative use of color in any science fiction film. It's a remarkably professional piece of cinematic artistry in spite of, and often because of, the grainy quality of the images. The sharp contrasts between the lush green of the beginning and the dry browns later on are carefully, disturbingly evoked.

The "X" rating is undeserving in spite of the total nudity, an amusingly handled sex scene, and an explicit urination scene. The subject matter is too important to just be seen by over-18s, and the raw moments of the film are all in context with its mood and theme, never for exploitation purposes.

The film is primarily visual, punctuated by long fade-ins and fade-outs as in the opening scenes of 2001. It is mostly shot in long, single takes with the same austerity of Bresson but, even though McBride lacks the intense conviction of his vision, there is sustained a powerful view of a not too far-fetched future by the beauty and simplicity of his visual strength.

Since the film is mainly composed in visuals, the performances of Steven Curry and Shelly Plimpton are relatively minor. Yet they carry a touch of uncorrupted innocence and human frailty so indispensable to the film's overall tone that their limited emotional range is completely appropriate to this end.

Jim McBride's work is no masterpiece, not even close to it, but it's a fine, courageous endeavor and an auspicious beginning in feature films for a man who displays strokes of brilliance that could eventually lead him to a full-blooded masterpiece. *GLEN AND RANDA* is yet another film in the wake of 2001 and, though it is not as successful as *THX*, it should suffice until a greater example is made.

Dale Winogura

## Jim McBride on G&R

In *GLEN AND RANDA* I attempt to demonstrate the process of civilization and what it means to be civilized. What it means to me is that there is something in man which propels him to need to know; need to find out what's around him and then use that knowledge, to transform into power with which he can control and order his environment.

It seems to me that need and process are diametrically opposed to the rhythms and processes of nature so that what you have in the universe is counter-balance forces of progress of mankind and civilization in constant conflict with the progress and cycles of nature. In *GLEN AND RANDA* I took that process out of the context of history and placed it in a time where civilization had regressed.

Glen is a character who starts out as a sort of child of innocence; the film itself begins in a kind of ersatz Garden of Eden. The progress of Glen's search is a progress of becoming more civilized. Glen becomes a civilized man and in doing so gradually alienates himself from everything that has meaning to him on a human level--and in a way that destroys Randa. Glen gets farther away from living in a kind of harmony with nature and becomes a soldier in battle against the process of nature.

Paradoxically, I see this search of Glen's as tragic. In some kind of moral context, his search to know and find out, to improve himself, somehow represents the noblest aspirations of man--the aspirations of science--even art, to a certain extent. But at the same time, it's tragic since ultimately it takes him farther away from the real profound rhythm of life and sets him on a course which is not only self-destructive but damaging to



Scenes from *GLEN AND RANDA*, now in release through UMC Distributors. Perhaps 25 years after a nuclear holocaust has destroyed civilization, two young people, Glen and Randa, set out on an odyssey in search of "the city"--a legendary place where they believe they will find life as it was (top left and middle). Inspired by the grandiose, self-serving falsehoods of a traveling magician (bottom right), Glen is convinced they will find the city. A Wonder Woman comic book puts a name to Glen's dream--Metropolis. They are befriended by an old man, Sidney Miller (middle right), who leads them to shelter (top right)--a semi-destroyed trailer with decaying artifacts. Surrounded by these skeletons from the past, Glen attempts to become "civilized," he watches the long-dead TV and keeps a smokeless pipe in his mouth. Randa dies in childbirth and Glen and Sidney Miller set sail in a delapidated boat to search across the sea for "Metropolis." Glen (top right) is played by Steven Curry. *GLEN AND RANDA* is director Jim McBride's third feature.





Scenes from AIP's **THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED**. Left: Mme. Fourneau (Lilli Palmer) reaches the attic and finds Irene dead, with a hand missing. She also finds her son there and he leads her to a table on which a rotting corpse lays in a shroud, made up of the parts of different bodies. Right: Her son Luis (John Moulder Brown) has at last found a hand for his creation, which is a girl modeled after his mother, just as she always wished it. Luis locks his mother in the attic room with the corpse. He sits outside the door with an insane smile on his face. **THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED** has the rare ability to go beneath its horror and suspense trappings to weave a story of sexual repression which is spellbinding on its own psychological level.



## THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED

...in atmosphere and setting the film is very much...Bunuelian.

all life around him. He becomes a killer and, in a way, his last act of setting out across the ocean is a suicidal gesture.

All the other characters and events in the film serve in one way or another to reinforce these ideas. The people Glen lives with in the beginning are meant to be--although they're not deeply explored--descendants of people like us: highly civilized people who, because of their heritage, have lost all contact with nature and therefore are unable to cope in a natural environment.

For example, for us water comes from a faucet, electricity from a socket, meat from a supermarket. We have no direct connection with the sources of things that sustain us...we don't know the cow we're eating. If, suddenly, there aren't any more supermarkets, we won't know how to get meat. Essentially, the people in the film find themselves in a position of scavengers living off the debris of a lost civilization. There's the implication that the resources that they depend on are finite and will run out soon...one day there won't be any cans left and that they'll die.

The magician, then, is only a more sophisticated scavenger. He's Glen's Pied Piper and he transforms the vulgarity of modern civilization. Of course, the image he weaves for Glen, the image of the city, this kind of kingdom of heaven, is something that doesn't exist and, in fact, never existed. Glen's idea of the city is something that never was and never will be.

Meanwhile, in the background, so to speak, we are always observing the works of man in the context of nature. The car in the tree, the turnpike, Howard Johnson's, crumpled bridges and the trailer on the beach...all the artifacts of human civilization which once covered the earth are now, through the natural processes of evolution, becoming transformed and decomposed--returning to their original organic state...nature slowly and inexorably reclaiming its own.

The characters of Randa and Sidney Miller were meant to counter-balance those of Glen and the magician, much as nature in the film counter-balances the idea of civilization. Randa's character was meant to be a very sensual, spontaneous, non-intellectual, childlike kind of character. Sidney Miller, on the other hand, is a much more enigmatic character. In a sense, he, too, represents a kind of character who lives more in a natural state; a harmonious state with the forces of nature. But I think the key thing you can say about his character is that his life is founded on faith--that he is almost a religious character. He's someone who accepts everything unequivocally and without distinction. I find it hard to make a judgement about him. I think in many ways he's a fool and in many ways sublime.

Jim McBride

Jim McBride is a 29 year old native New Yorker. **GLEN AND RANDA** is his third feature film. His first film was **DAVID HOLZMAN'S DIARY** which won the 1967 Grand Prize at the Mannheim Film Festival. His second film, **MY GIRL FRIEND'S WEDDING**, was chosen for showings in 1969 by the Cannes Film Festival Critics Panel.

**THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED** An American International Release, 3/71. In Color and Scope, 94 minutes. An Anabel Films Production S.A. Directed by Narciso Ibanez Serrador. Written by Luis Verna Penafiel. Production manager, Manuel Perez. Production coordinator, Alberto Berconsky. Photographed by Manuel Berenguer, A.S.C. Film editor, Reginald Mills. Music by Waldo de los Rios. Costume designer, Victor Cortez. Production designer, Ramiro Gomez. Make up, Carmen Martin. Sound supervision, Wally Miller.

Mme. Fourneau .....	Lilli Palmer
Theresa .....	Cristina Galbo
Luis .....	John Moulder Brown
Irene .....	Mary Maude
Mlle. Desprez .....	Candida Losada
M. Baldie .....	Tomas Blanco
Catherine .....	Pauline Challenor
Isabelle .....	Maribel Martin
Suzanne .....	Conchita Paredes
Breghard .....	Victor Israel
Andree .....	Teresa Hurtado
Jacqueline .....	Anne Marie Pol
Helene .....	Maria Jose Valero
Julie .....	Maria del Carmen Duque
Cecile .....	Gloria Blanco
Henry .....	Clovis Dave
Marie .....	Elisa Mendez
Susie .....	Juana Azorin

Of late American International Pictures has entered the Big Time, even to the point of releasing a Shakespearean film (acquired elsewhere, to be sure) and producing a fairly ambitious production of **WUTHERING HEIGHTS** (which some wit quickly re-christened "Beach Blanket Bronte"). But the "little studio of horrors" will always live in the minds of film fans who fondly remember the A-I salad days of crab monsters, rubber cement cobwebs, and pasteboard castles whose corridors invariably led to the Vincent Price Gallery of Terror.

Ironically, in the midst of its new "class" image, A-I is releasing a foreign-made horror film, **THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED**, which turns out to be the finest film to carry the studio's trademark in some time.

Produced and released in Spain under a more appropriate, but less exploitative, title (**LA RESIDENCIA/The Boarding School**), the film has emerged as the surprise hit of the year, reportedly playing for more than 40 weeks in a plush first-run theatre in Madrid to capacity crowds every day(!).

The action is confined to a remote, turn-of-the-century boarding school for young ladies

which is supposedly located in France, but in atmosphere and setting the film is very much Spanish--or to be even more exact, Bunuelian.

The headmistress, played by Lilli Palmer, is a strange, iron-willed woman who, in one moment, can send a disobedient girl to the dreaded isolation area with an icy tone that bespeaks evil, and in the next moment, warmly greet a new arrival and her guardian with the news that the school is completely dedicated to building "healthy minds and healthy bodies."

Miss Palmer, however, considers herself more of a jailer than teacher--locking doors at every turn to keep the girls from wandering away--and confiding to her inquisitive teen-age son, Luis (John Moulder Brown), that the attractive young ladies in her care have led "less than exemplary lives." ("Some have even stolen," she warns him, "and have done much worse.")

Luis, who is kept away from the girls more for his protection than theirs, manages to meet, in secret, with student Isabelle (Maribel Martin), whom he offers friendship and cake, but when she sneaks into the greenhouse looking for him, she is stabbed to death. Her body, however, is not discovered, and her absence is merely listed in the ever-growing file of "runaways."

The new girl, the supremely innocent Theresa (Cristina Galbo), eventually takes Isabelle's place as the secret chum of the headmistress's son, but unfortunately she also catches the roving eye of Irene (Mary Maude), the monitor in the dormitory. Favoring what look suspiciously like lesbian interludes with her most trusted associates, Irene begins a disturbing campaign to bring Theresa to her knees and thus add her to her intimate circle.

Theresa rebels and seeks to escape, an act which brings her face to face with the deranged killer in the house. In the film's closing moments, the hateful Irene, who has grown too suspicious of Theresa's disappearance, is allowed to follow in her predecessor's footsteps, and the results are profoundly chilling, even to the viewer who has correctly identified the murderer without guessing the motive for the missing bodies.

In outline **THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED** sounds rather like a perfect A-I programmer for the drive-in circuit: a small serving of gore, a spoonful of sadism, a flash of peek-a-boo nudity, and a heady, horrific ending to permit the more excitable kiddies to scream their little lungs out. In some superficial ways the film is even reminiscent of another girls school screamout, **THE YOUNG, THE EVIL AND THE SAVAGE**, a shoddy Italian item which A-I released in 1968.

But appearances are deceiving. For this new film has the rare ability to go beneath its horror and suspense trappings to weave a story of sexual





repression which is spellbinding on its own psychological level.

The director, Narciso Ibanez Serrador, is described by a correspondent for "Variety" as "Spain's spook and horror king," a title he earned on the basis of a television serial he created ("Historias Para No Dormir"/Stories To Keep You Awake!). In directing his first motion picture, Serrador reveals his fondness for "the" Spanish master of the macabre, Luis Bunuel, and, in addition, his ability to borrow wisely and well.

For instance, to suggest the disagreeable events which await the trusting Teresa, he has her repast of tea and cookies (a first day treat) suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a roach, and when the headmistress punishes her most rebellious pupil with a private flogging, the scene is contrasted with shots of the other girls at bedtime prayer. To many the latter will call to mind the montage in Bunuel's *VIRIDIANA* where the beggars pray for their supper while busier hands activate the unproductive farm, but in this new Hispanic film the scene achieves a life, and purpose, all its own.

Serrador's handling of many individual scenes has a tenseness and claustrophobic cruelty which transmits to the viewer the sense of hopelessness which hangs over *LA RESIDENCIA*. Notable are a shower room confrontation between the headmistress and the one girl who actively incurs her wrath, thus allowing Lilli Palmer an unforgettable moment when her facade of authority begins to crack, and a sequence, reminiscent of the harsh attic scenes in Volker Schlöndorff's *YOUNG THORLESS*, where Irene unmercifully taunts Teresa with the knowledge she is illegitimate.

Yet even these vivid moments are overshadowed by an especially striking episode which beautifully records the sex-starved attitude of the inmates. One, selected by lot, has been chosen to greet the local woodcutter for a session of sex in the barn while the others attend sewing class. After establishing the liaison in the hay, Serrador uses the sounds of the couple's lovemaking to orchestrate the quiet frenzy the other girls work themselves into while vicariously enjoying their sister's pleasure. It becomes a visual orgy of trembling lips, frantic fingers manipulating needles and yarn, and lustful glances which tell the story without a show of flesh.

Unfortunately, in its transatlantic transition from *LA RESIDENCIA* to *THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED*, the film has been shorn of at least ten minutes, thus needlessly eliminating the scenes which establish the growing friendship between Teresa and Louis. But even this show of poor judgement on the distributor's part cannot obscure the superior quality of this Spanish feature.

A word of warning: despite the "GP" tag which allows small children to attend without a guardian, *THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED* is too effective in its presentation of mutilation and sadism not to give the more impressionable tykes a very rough time.

Robert L. Jerome

## BLOOD AND LACE

**BLOOD AND LACE** An American International Release, 3-71. In Color, 87 minutes. A Contemporary Filmmakers/Carlin Company Production. Produced by Ed Carlin and Gil Lasky. Associate producer, Chase Mishkin. Written by Gil Lasky. Directed by Philip Gilbert. Director of photography, Paul Hipp. Art director, Lee Fischer. Film and sound editing, Dennis Film Services. Sound, Douglas Kennedy. Music editing, John Rons. Makeup, Dennis Marsh.

Mrs. Deere ..... Gloria Grahame  
Ellie Masters ..... Melody Patterson  
Mr. Mullins ..... Milton Selzer  
Tom Kredge ..... Len Lesser  
Calvin Carruthers ..... Vic Tayback  
Bunch ..... Terri Messina  
Walter ..... Ronald Taft  
Pete ..... Dennis Christopher  
Ernest ..... Peter Armstrong

**BLOOD AND LACE** is a gothic psycho thriller from AIP which contains ripe, though mostly unrealized, possibilities. Loaded with fantasy-like Freudian motifs, the movie is so casually put together--kernels of imaginative ideas are mixed so haphazardly with scraps from the AIP dead file--that it blunts most of its opportunities.

There are two potentially exciting horror-suspense-fantasy concepts. Ellie, the blond, squeaky voiced, very low-budget heroine, is obsessed by finding her father (whom she has never seen); in the ironic finale, her father turns out to be her

**BLOOD AND LACE** is loaded with fantasy-like Freudian motifs. Above: Ronald Taft and Gloria Grahame, the proprietress of the orphanage and her son. Below: Vic Tayback, Ellie's detective father, in a plastic mask.



pursuer, a psychotic detective who has discovered the fact that Ellie has killed her prostitute-mother. He promises to protect her from the consequences of her crime if she will marry him; the movie ends with Ellie's distraught laughter at the ghastly absurdity of her fate.

The other promising idea, which is not very well coordinated with Ellie's story, is a grisly variation on the theme of loss of youth. After the mysterious death of her mother, Ellie is consigned to an orphanage presided over by a deranged woman (Gloria Grahame) who holds on to her wards with maniacal possessiveness. She keeps a prison-guard watch over her "children," supposedly because of the money she gets for keeping them, but her real motivation is the fact that the children are a connecting link to her own lost youth. The children who have tried to escape have been killed, and they are preserved in subterranean refrigerators as memorials of eternal youth.

The movie, then, flirts intriguingly with variations of Oedipal motifs: a girl who kills her mother and marries her father, and a childless woman who wants to preserve her own youth by killing her surrogate children (there are implications as well that the proprietress is sexually involved with her oldest "child"). But **BLOOD AND LACE** is diverted from its best intentions by gratuitous bloodletting and by wallowing naively and irresponsibly in its proliferation of evil. In that nightmarish climax, the father-detective tells his desirable daughter that "evil breeds evil." Gil Lasky, who wrote the screenplay, has used this maxim as his all-purpose building-block, and the result of the universal evil is self-caricaturing; the movie serves up such a relentless array of psychoses that our only response is to laugh.

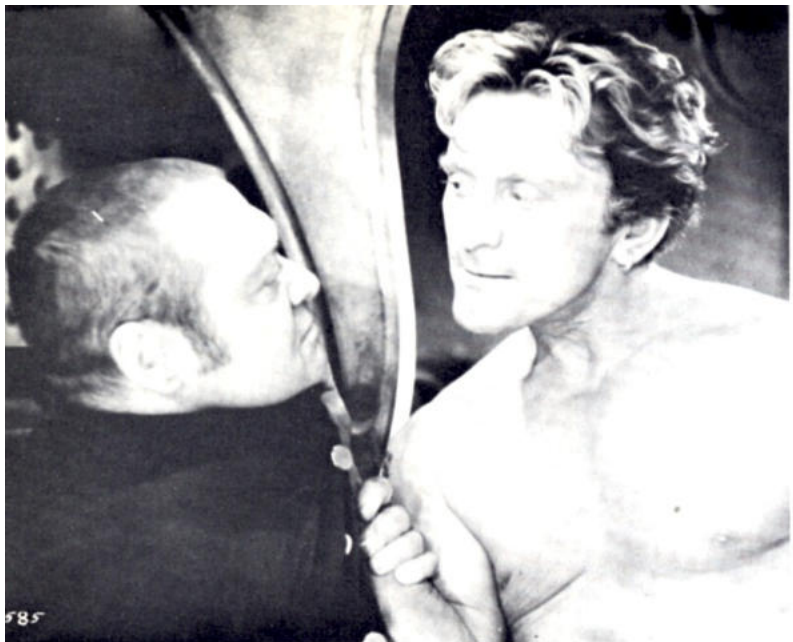
In B movies like this there is usually a schematic separation between good and evil but the world depicted here is one of unrelieved corruption. The bland heroine turns out to be the murderer; the figures of authority--a social worker, the detective, the proprietress of the orphanage and her Neanderthal-like assistant--are all wildly demonic. The kids at the orphanage represent the only innocence in the movie, and they are curiously helpless and willless. They move about the sun-drenched garden raking and hoeing vaguely, distractedly. They seem to be unknowing victims--or perhaps even accomplices--of some unspecified supernatural evil. Their victimizers are all done in in the end, but we never find out what happens to the children; their innocence seems unable to sustain them beyond the forbidding woods which isolate the orphanage.

The cynicism radiates as much from the director (Phillip Gilbert) as from the characters. In an overzealous attempt to titillate the slum and ghetto audiences who are practically the only audiences with access to films like this, the director has coarsened material which needs understatement rather than the gut-level sensibility offered here.

The three adult males in the cast constitute a veritable rogues' gallery of grotesques, and Gloria Grahame's worn appearance in rather harshly exploited. But even in these circumstances, it is a great pleasure to see Miss Grahame at work again. She was always the most forlorn of movie stars: the perennial outsider, the poor relation, the born loser. She portrayed her sultry, vulnerable, B-movie sirens with such naturalness that it was hard to distinguish the actress from the parts she played; when she disappeared in the late 50s, it seemed reasonable to assume that she had suffered the same kind of defeat which was the inevitable end of the Gloria Grahame character. She displays here the same trembling vulnerability, the same thin-lipped naivety, the same bright, frightened eyes in the same tense, immobile face. And, though the context is different, she seems to inhabit the same whisky-soaked, smoke-laden atmosphere of virtually all of her films. This time, however, the part is some hat different; she plays a sadistic victimizer instead of a victim. It's kind of a Bette Davis 60s part really, and Miss Grahame is wonderfully twisted and menacing, as if she's getting even for all the time she was pushed around in the past.

Foster Hirsch





## 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

The film is timeless...it deserves to be re-released every seven years from now to infinity.

**20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA** A Buena Vista Re-release. In Technicolor and Cinemascope. 127 minutes. A Walt Disney Production. Directed by Richard Fleischer. Screenplay by Earl Felton. Photographed by Franz Planer, A.S.C. Edited by Elmo Williams, A.C.E. Music by Paul Smith. Orchestration, Joseph S. Dubin. Production manager, Fred Leahy. Effects photographer, Ralph Hammeras, A.S.C. Second unit director, James Havens. Underwater photographer, Till Gabbani. Special processes, Ub Iwerks. Assistant directors, Tom Connors Jr. and Russ Haverick. Diving master, Fred Zendar. Production developed by Harper Goff. Technicolor consultant, Morgan Padelford. Art director, John Meehan. Set decorator, Emile Kuri. Special effects, John Hench and Josh Meador. Matte artist, Peter Ellenshaw. Sketch artist, Bruce Bushman. Makeup and hairdressing, Lou Hippe. Costumer, Norman Martien. Sound director, C. O. Slyfield. Sound recording, Robert O. Cook.

Ned Land ..... Kirk Douglas  
 Captain Nemo ..... James Mason  
 Professor Aronax ..... Paul Lukas  
 Conseil ..... Peter Lorre  
 Mate on Nautilus ..... Robert J. Wilke  
 John Howard ..... Carlton Young  
 Captain Farragut ..... Ted De Corsia  
 Diver ..... Percy Helton  
 Mate on Lincoln ..... Ted Cooper  
 Shipping Agent ..... Edward Marr  
 Casey Moore ..... Fred Graham  
 Billy ..... J. M. Kerrigan

Of all the films made from works by Jules Verne, the 1954, Walt Disney Production of 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA towers above each and every one of them. As superb as AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS, JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH, and THE FABULOUS WORLD OF JULES VERNE (from From the Flag) were, as good as MYSTERIOUS ISLAND, IN SEARCH OF THE CASTAWAYS (from Castaways of the Flag), and MASTER OF THE WORLD were, and as worthless as FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON, FIVE WEEKS IN A BALOON, MICHAEL STROGOFF, and THE SOUTHERN STAR (from The Vanished Diamond) were, 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA remains the definitive Verne screen adaptation and the best made of all of them.

Not to forget the silent A TRIP TO THE MOON by Georges Melies, loosely adapted from From The Earth To The Moon, or the early MYSETRI- OUS ISLAND, which have become classics in a quaintly antique way, but aesthetically dissolve next to Disney's film. But many people seem to

completely forget that Shirley Temple Black had a version of MASTER ZACHARIUS on TV several years back, and it was an exceptionally worthy, well-made, and genuinely frightening endeavor, unusual for a children's program at the time.

Even though I believe Verne's greatest achievements are The Steam House and The Begum's Fortune, 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea is probably the best work that has yet been made into a motion picture. The linear, formal structure of the novel, its tight, fully-developed, incident-packed narrative, and the well-proportioned characters are all vivid enough for instant success in a film version, and this film never misses a trick in achieving this.

There is nothing stylistically or structurally complex or difficult in Richard Fleischer's orthodox treatment of the material. Formalism, straight, unpretentious style, and a slick, easy-going pace is strictly adhered to. Yet this method has curious, positive side-effects. Long master shots, carefully, colorfully, and impeccably composed in Cinemascope, evoke a moody, intensely placid existence. One gets the feeling of actually living in quiet and solitude, the viewer placed always in Captain Nemo's world below the surface of the sea.

But without the right performances, this atmosphere could not be sustained for long. As in Fleischer's functional usage of actors in his tremendously under-rated FANTASTIC VOYAGE, the performers link together to create a feeling, a mood of being encased by seemingly incomprehensible mysteries and a frightening, alien world that demands, and even invites, exploration in spite of, and maybe even because of, its inherent dangers.

Kirk Douglas, amusingly childish, self-centered characterization of Ned Land, and Peter Lorre's innocently inquisitive, neutral-sided Conseil are in perfect contrast in connection with Paul Lukas' strict intellectualism and cold, professional curiosity as Prof. Aronax, and James Mason's overpowering, decisively assured, and mentally anguished Nemo. Each performer interrelates and balances with the other, personalities constantly conflict, and such professional teamwork among the cast splendidly evens out the style of the film and its effects upon the viewer. They are all not only at ease with their roles, but Fleischer allows the actors to carry themselves through scenes rarely cutting to various angles, and then only when necessary for impact or total change of emphasis.

Underwater photography has never been utilized as realistically, evocatively, or as dazzlingly in the warmth of its beauty and texture. The cold, crystal clarity of the visual quality in Cousteau's

WORLD WITHOUT SUN, THE SEA AROUND US, BENEATH THE 12 MILE REEF, or many other undersea epics, may be perfect in context with the nature of these films, but Till Gabbani's work in 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA takes on a mild, mysteriously delicate aura that makes it comfortable to watch, unlike the others. The camera glides through the ocean depths like, as Aronax so rightly puts it, "an intruder," and yet always retaining the strong compositional balance of the rest of the film.

Franz Planer handles the other cinematographic chores, and does so brilliantly. He carries through Fleischer's visual conceptions with polish and simple, unelaborated beauty, emphasizing soft blue tones that subtly connects it with the undersea domain.

The Oscar-winning art direction and set decorations of John Meehan and Emile Kuri are so evocative of Verne, so feasible in terms of actuality, and so unbendingly imaginative that reviewing them is like watching it the first time.

Harper Goff's overall production design not only captures the essence of Verne's atmosphere, but a Victorian quality of charm not unlike that in George Pal's magnificent THE TIME MACHINE. His design for The Nautilus remains the definitive science fiction submarine, a craft at once so gracefully and diabolically designed that one truly believes that Nemo's tortured mind could have created it.

The giant squid is still one of the most terrifying and realistic monsters ever designed and built and the fight scene with it remains an awesome, disturbing spectacle. Bob Matty headed the construction of the gruesome creature, and he and his crew are to be highly commended for their obviously intense, meticulous labor in getting the monstrous cephalopod together with such amazing realism.

Without question, 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA has some of the greatest special effects ever created on film, and most deserving of its Oscar over THEM! and HELL AND HIGH WATER. Only true, gifted, serious artists like John Hench, Joshua Meador (the "Id" creator of FROBIDDEN PLANET), Peter Ellenshaw (matte artist), Ub Iwerks (special processes), and Ralph Hammeras (effects photographer) could have pulled through such an overwhelming assignment as this with such unlimited imagination and creative resources. The huge miniatures of war ships as they travel in front of blue cycloramas in a tank; The Nautilus journeying under the sea and its explosive attacks on ships; and the island of Vulcania and its destruction have all been realized with such vividly colorful and striking excitement and beauty that, like the sets, it impresses and moves



the emotions as much the tenth time as it does the first, and sometimes even more so.

Paul Smith's music score has been very underrated by film buffs. There is no overstatement in his score, and it is never used gratuitously. It is a simple mood score, emphasizing brass instruments, and it underscores effectively the adventurous nature of the film and even captures some of Nemo's personal anguish in some passages towards the end.

Editor Elmo Williams, the eventual producer of *TORA! TORA! TORA!* also directed by Fleischer, is never obvious or obtrusive in his work, and he has been guided by Fleischer with tact and exactitude in conveying the narrative flow.

The screenplay adaptation of Earl Felton tightly, efficiently condenses Verne's work down to the very basics. Though many liberties have obviously been taken with the many action sequences and characters in the book, Felton is engagingly, smartly original, and he adds touches of humor that cleverly offsets the solemnity of some sequences. Yet, his dialogue is straightforward, intelligent, and attuned to each character.

Richard Fleischer's melodic direction and careful handling of each facet is always in perfect balance. Nothing ever gets completely out of control, not even comedy or violence. There is one precarious scene in which hostile cannibals pursue Ned and Conseil, and it might have been thoroughly unbearable if not for the perfection of his timing, making it at once amusing and desperate.

Though Fleischer's style is not as flamboyant as in *FANTASTIC VOYAGE*, it is still just as serviceable and appropriate in context. He combines everything with such authority and fluid simplicity that he actually succeeds in making it all look so easy.

The film never really insists on its message of violence begetting violence, and the theme of Nemo's escape into another world to replace the one he lost so tragically, and his subsequent emotional state of mind, is never over-emphasized enough to obfuscate its merits as an entertainment film.

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA remains one of the most thoroughly entertaining science fiction films of all time, and certainly one of the most perfectly executed. All the elements of family entertainment have been ingeniously coordinated and fulfilled. It has action, character, color, and social comment, and yet it never insists on anything too much. The film is timeless, knowing no age, a natural for any time, and it deserves to be re-released every seven years from now to infinity.

Dale Winogura

## WILLARD

**WILLARD** Cinerama, 6/71. In Color, 95 minutes. Produced by Mort Briskin. Directed by Daniel Mann. Executive producer, Charles A. Pratt. Screenplay by Gilbert A. Ralston based on the novel *Ratman's Notebooks* by Stephen Gilbert. Music composed and conducted by Alex North. Director of photography, Robert B. Hauser, A.S.C. Art director, Howard Hollander. Editorial supervision, Warren Low, A.C.E. Assistant director and unit production manager, Robert Goodstein. Set decorator, Ralph S. Hurst. Socrates and Ben trained by Moe Diesesso. Casting, Irving Lande. Head grip, Robert Moore. Sound mixer, Harold Lewis. Construction coordinator, Harold Nyby. Special effects, Bud David. Properties, Alan Gordon. Script supervisor, Hazel Hall. Makeup, Gus Norin. Hair stylist, Hazel Washington. Costumes, Eric Seelig and Dorothy Barkley.

Willard Stiles .....	Bruce Davison
Al Martin .....	Ernest Borgnine
Henrietta Stiles .....	Elsa Lanchester
Jean .....	Sondra Locke
Brandt .....	Michael Dante
Charlotte Stassen .....	Jody Gilbert
Alice .....	Joan Shawlee
Mr. Barskin .....	William Hansen
Jonathan Farley .....	J. Pat O'Malley
Mr. Carlson .....	John Myers
Mrs. Becker .....	Helen Spring
Ida Stassen .....	Pauline Drake
Carrie Smith .....	Almira Sessions
Mr. Spencer .....	Alan Baxter

After viewing the preview of *WILLARD*, a friend turned to us and commented, "Rats have a bad press to begin with, and this picture isn't going to help their image." How true, and in addition, this horror film fudges its real chance to deal with an unsettling theme in an intelligent and gripping manner.

The movie's hero, a 27-year-old bookkeeper named Willard (Bruce Davison), is a browbeaten young man one character describes as "an extrovert who keeps everything inside of him." At home he is continually harassed by his daffy, demanding mother (Elsa Lanchester) who has the nasty habit of reminding her son about the number of hours she spent in labor giving birth to him. At the office he is the official whipping-boy, endlessly tormented by his gross, overbearing boss (Ernest Borgnine), a fellow who has a motto on his desk that he lives by: "Do unto others before they do unto you." In fact, Borgnine is not at all embarrassed by the fact that he stole the business away from Willard's father and subsequently drove the man to an early grave.

Repulsed by his mother's pushy friends, Willard seeks a release from his drab life and finds his milieu among the rats who infest the gardens around his decaying home. This unhealthy preoccupation with rodents gives him the opportunity to befriend two rats, Socrates and Ben, who in time invite a few of THEIR friends over, and eventually Willard has a cellar-full of gnawing, obedience-trained creatures who keep him company after his mother dies and who are ever-ready to do his bidding.

As unappetizing as it sounds--and as pure horror, the sight of bloodthirsty rats is on a par with

Scenes from 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA in re-release from Buena Vista. Opposite page. Left: Ned Land (Kirk Douglas) persuades Conseil (Peter Lorre) to join forces against Nemo. Right: Captain Nemo (James Mason) at the helm of The Nautilus. Professional teamwork among the cast evens out the style of the film. Each performer interrelates and balances with the other. At left, Top: Ned Land fiddles with Nemo's huge pipe organ during an introspective moment amid the splendor of the Captain's private quarters. The film won an Oscar for its lavish sets. Bottom: Nemo in the grip of the giant squid, without a doubt the most realistic mechanically operated creature ever designed.



Scenes from *WILLARD* in release from Cinerama Releasing Corp. Top: Willard (Bruce Davison) with his friends Socrates and Ben. Bottom: Willard and his nagging mother (Elsa Lanchester). *WILLARD* is, somewhat unexpectedly, breaking box-office records across the country.

the ugly shower murder in *PSYCHO*--Willard's four-legged friends are not as grotesque as the overdone adults who populate his world. Director Daniel Mann calls forth some aggressive, off-putting performances from his misdirected supporting actors, and for a short time the rats appear almost pet-like in their devotion to Willard. And by the time our hero decides to take his revenge by letting the rats attack Borgnine in his office, there may be some viewers who will root for the small army as they feast on their terrified prey. Others, we suspect, will simply hold their stomachs and avert their eyes.

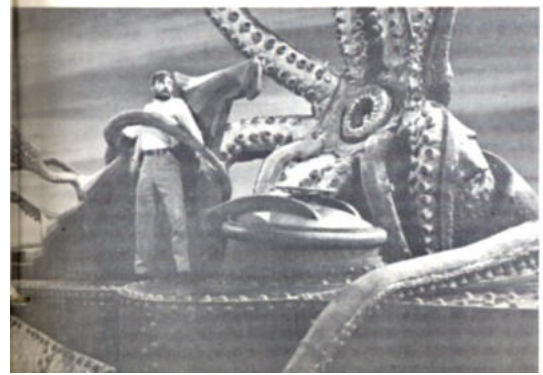
Bruce Davison, who acquitted himself well in *LAST SUMMER* and *THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT*, indulges in a lot of facial contortions as the dim, demented Willard, a role which needs the jittery malfunctionings of a young Anthony Perkins. Nevertheless, Davison is to be congratulated and admired for the way he fearlessly handles those hordes of rats. It is probably a good indication of his personal moxie and the lengths an actor will go today in order to obtain a fat part.

Borgnine, in a most unsympathetic role, is unsuited, but there are moments when bits of his uneducated, Martyresque stance break through and give the character a little depth. Sondra Locke, who was so simple and natural in *THE HEART IS A LONELY HUNTER*, suffers from a poor make-up job, but she does inject a small dose of sympathy into her brief stint as a temporary office worker who takes pity on Willard.

Though the film lists as its source a novel called *Ratman's Notebooks*, the ending is pure horror movie ritualism. It's the old law where, ten times out of ten, if one creates a unique and monstrous way of disposing of an enemy, in time the instrument of death will prove lethal to its creator, as well.

Needless to say, the film is very dubious entertainment for small children, though the MPAA rating is a rather lenient "GP." We can only guess, but we venture to say, if Charlie Brown were to see *WILLARD* at a Saturday matinee, he would be in the best position to adequately comment on its content in his inimitable style by simply saying, "Rats!"

Robert L. Jerome







Vincent Price.

**THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES** An American International Picture. 5/71. In Color by Movielab. 93 minutes. Produced by Louis M. Heyward and Ronald Dunas. Directed by Robert Fuest. With: Vincent Price, Joseph Cotton, Hugh Griffith, Terry-Thomas, and Virginia North.

Robert Fuest's film is a pretty good, sometimes oddly amusing collage of straight horror, sudden farce, and high camp. It is certainly better than the abortive attempts Fuest made in re-making *WUTHERING HEIGHTS*, and less pretentious. Here is silly, mindless entertainment that, primarily because of its lack of structural unity, unfortunately has a slushy, rather weak middle. The climactic scenes are marvelously handled in sustaining the initial suspense, and the murder scenes have a ghoulish, tongue-in-cheek quality that softens otherwise unpalatable moments. Vincent Price, in his 100th role in 35 years, pulls it off with his usual disarmingly grotesque charm, wreaking his diabolical, vengeful havoc with the natural, sinister aura we have come to know so well.

Dale Winogura

**PLUCKED** A U-M Film Distributors Release. 1/71. In Color. 90 minutes. Produced by Summa Cinematographica. Cine Azimut and Les Films Corona. Directed by Giulio Questi. With: Gina Lollobrigida, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Ewa Aulin, Jean Sobieski.

With its horror trappings and its irritating hints of social malaise in chrome-plated Italy, the film emerges as a hybrid—Mario Bava's *BLOOD AND BLACK LACE* stitched onto the languid flow of Antonioni's *LA NOTTE*. But it is mainly a bad Italian thriller which considers itself too important to bother frightening its audience. The action takes place at a poultry complex run by Gina Lollobrigida which is attempting to develop a strain of wingless and headless chickens. Jean-Louis Trintignant is her husband, totally revolted by such experimentation, and clandestinely plotting her demise. Trintignant manages to retain a small semblance of dignity, as if he understood something we couldn't comprehend, but Miss Lollobrigida can bring little to her demeaning role except her still classic beauty. As a further insult, the dubbed American print supplies the sultry star with a harsh "butch" voice in order to stress the character's latent lesbianism. Miss Aulin bounces around in a bikini and, just once, as if to justify the film's "R" rating, she strips to the waist. (In Britain, the film carries an "X" certificate and is shown under a more seductive title, *A CURIOUS WAY TO LOVE*). It must be noted that a grain-crushing machine is impressively sinister, and the scene where Trintignant's pet pough

# SHORT NOTICES

is accidentally ground down into chicken fodder is momentarily unnerving. By contrast, the photography of the justly celebrated Carlo Di Palma is often lovely, but like all the other plus-factors of the film, it is wasted and flattened by a project that is simply cinematic chicken feed.

Robert L. Jerome

**CREATURE WITH THE BLUE HAND** A New World Pictures Release. 3/71. In Eastmancolor. 72 minutes. A Rialto-film (German) Production. Produced by Preben Philipsen and Horst Wendlandt. Directed by Alfred Vohrer. Screenplay by Alex Berg. Photographed by Ernest Kinske. With: Harold Lepnitz, Klaus Kinski, Diana Korner, Carl Lang, Ilse Page.

Yet another in a seemingly endless series of adaptations of various Edgar Wallace mysteries. Most of these films have been packaged for TV rather than theatrical showings and are undistinguished, with some exceptions. This is one of the better examples of its own particular genre (note also Producers Releasing Corporation's *MONSTER OF LONDON CITY*). Story concerns a mysterious cloaked figure with a "blue hand," some instrument of murder, with which he is killing off members of the Emerson family, one by one. There are one or two nicely structured scenes in a harrowing asylum and various stalkings through a castle's underground passages.

John R. Davoli

**BEYOND LOVE AND EVIL** An Allied Artists Release. 3/71. In Color. 90 minutes. A Comptoir Francais de Film Production. Produced and directed by Jacques Scandolari. Screenplay by Jean Stewart. Scandolari and Jean-Pierre Deloux. With: Souhka, Sabry, Lucas de Chabaneux, Fred Saint-James.

Kinky doings, a la Fellini, in a French sexploitation film which is actually beyond sense and taste. A youthful innocent goes to a hellish baroque mansion to rescue his lady love from the resident hedonist. It all adds up to a

90-minute poverty pocket, though the photography of Jean Marc Ripert casts a lovely light over the overdone perversions. The director, Jacques Scandolari, has obviously seen his Fellini and read his de Sade, but he lacks the taste and talent to make his brew appetizing.

Robert L. Jerome

**SHINBONE ALLEY** An Allied Artists Release. 6/71. In Color. 84 minutes. A Fine Arts Film Production. Produced by Preston M. Fleet. Executive producer and director, John D. Wilson. Screenplay by Joe Darion. Produced by Preston M. Fleet. With the voices of: Eddie Bracken, Carol Channing, John Carradine, Alan Reed.

Few animated feature films are as curiously listless, cloyingly precious, and sloppily executed. It makes one realize how infinitely superior *THE PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH*, *THE ARISTOCATS*, and even Disney's weakest, *ALICE IN WONDERLAND*, are in concept and execution. All of these works are far from perfect, but they at least carry a sufficient modicum of taste, creativity, and buoyancy that elevates them over the rough spots. The friendship between an old, promiscuous feline named Mehitabel, and a sensible, poetic cockroach named Archy, is an ingeniously imaginative, hopeful start for a potentially clever commentary on morality. But the lack of wit and bounce in the dialog and situations, the unconvincing transitions of emotional state in the characters, and the erratic visual inspirations defeat a promising concept. Carol Channing, Eddie Bracken, and John Carradine are the principal voices and they ham it and over-emphasize it to the point of self-parody, not character or meaningful caricature. There are a couple of delightful songs in an overall turgid score, a few clever passages of dialog, and a few rather affecting and memorable bits in John Wilson's direction. Even so, this is as good an example of how not to make an animated feature as one is liable to find, and is quite an embarrassing one at that.

Dale Winogura

Bachanian depravity in **BEYOND LOVE AND EVIL**.



John Ashley.

**BEAST OF THE YELLOW NIGHT** A New World Pictures Release. 3/71. In Color by DeLuxe. 87 minutes. A Four Associates Production. Produced by John Ashley and Eddie Romero. Directed by Eddie Romero. With: John Ashley, Mary Wilcox, Eddie Garcia.

Another horror vehicle made in the Philippines starring John Ashley and directed by Eddie Romero. The basic premise of the film has considerable merit, that being an attempt by a satanic group to create a being of pure evil by having their disciple (John Ashley) inherit the latent evil of each dead man who's identity he assumes. Unfortunately, the satanic creature that results looks more like a night-club bouncer than the all-pervading evil and Mr. Ashley does not bring any form of torment to the character. As written, Ashley's character is a pathetic man saved from death on the condition that he become a disciple of Satan. His torturous existence is remarked upon often in the dialogue but is far from evident in Ashley's performance and Eddie Romero's direction. There are two well-done scenes (as well as one reasonably well handled love scene), an encounter with a blind man after Ashley has killed a prostitute, and the climactic stalking of Ashley through fields of tall crops. The film as a whole however, betrays its own potential and never succeeds at all. Romero has attempted a sort of present-day morality play, as he has done previously with the uninspired period film *CURSE OF THE VAMPIRES*. The blind man tells Ashley that he has never lost his soul, that he can never be free of it or the God that instilled it within him, and that this is his source of torment. Finally, when the man is mortally wounded, Ashley prays for him, reaffirming his link with God and the immortal Ashley, through this, becomes mortal again and capable of being stopped by police bullets. Despite the seeming interest of the screenplay, Romero underdirects the entire effort, sending his actors through their paces without bothering to make them believe in the film. They don't, and unfortunately, neither do we.

John R. Davoli

**I EAT YOUR SKIN** A Cinematation Industries Release. 1/71. In black and white. 81 minutes. Written, produced and directed by Del Tenney. With: William Joyce, Heather Hewitt, Walter Coy.

This voodoo horror effort is something of an updating of the 1960 turkey *MACUMBA LOVE* to accommodate recent permissiveness. Voodoo on the screen is perhaps the most ill-treated of the horror sub-genres, and this effort does little to elevate its status. Director Del Tenney has done one reasonable film, a standard but interestingly done little sleeper called *CURSE OF THE LIVING*





George C. Scott and Joanne Woodward in *THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS*.

**CORPSE. HIS HORROR OF PARTY BEACH** was one of the better of its type, but that most certainly is not saying much. Here, he again tries, and the result is a watchable programmer. Much of the film is too obvious but sequences alluding to voodoo rites and sacrifices do manage to drum up their share of interest.

John R. Duvoli

**I DRINK YOUR BLOOD** A Cinemation Industries Release. 1/71. In Color. 80 minutes. A Jerry Gross Production. Written and directed by David Durston. With: Jadine Wong, Ronda Fultz.

Black comedy is the name of the game here, a quirky little horror entry mixing hippies, devil cults, and assorted dastardly goings on. Much of the humor fails because, frankly, the film is too gory to allow us to laugh at it too often, but it has a certain bizarre flair. A group of hippies (who also perform satanic rites in their spare time) engage in some graphically filmed cultist activities, but eventually bring on the wrath of an elderly man who they outwit and send on a "trip." The man's son gains vengeance by injecting the blood of a rabid dog into pies and giving them to the hippies. The cultists become rabid, turn on each other and the town, infecting themselves and spreading the disease throughout the land. It's an interesting little tale in its own way, if only for the sheer audacity of the subject matter, but as noted, the various rites, rituals, carnage and climactic madness are too graphic to keep proper balance in treatment and make much of the black humor work.

John R. Duvoli

#### I DRINK YOUR BLOOD



**THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS** A Universal Picture. 3/71. In Technicolor. Produced by John Foreman. Directed by Anthony Harvey. With: George C. Scott, Joanne Woodward, Jack Gifford.

The fantasies of one man's madness can be the stuff of interesting films, yet, they make a fragile and delicate basis at best, requiring just the right approach to bring it off. When the audience is never made quite sure just how seriously to take those fantasies there are bound to be problems, problems exemplified by Anthony Harvey's film. George C. Scott portrays a noted judge who persists in the illusion that he is Sherlock Holmes, forever pursuing his archenemy, Dr. Moriarty. The plot thickens when Scott's brother, wishing to gain control of his money to pay off a gang of blackmailers, assigns Joanne Woodward (as Dr. Mildred Watson) the task of finding Scott legally insane. The blackmailers wish to speed things up by killing him. Thus the stage is set for the pseudo-Holmes and his "Dr. Watson" to foil the gang's plans. However, this promising situation is dropped somewhere along the way in favor of the developing love between Scott and Woodward as the psychiatrist is drawn into her patient's madness. Further complicating things are plot turns that suggest there might actually be a Dr. Moriarty. After a splendid opening the film falls off sharply into an overly sentimental vein. Scott captures the Holmesian diffidence perfectly and maintains it throughout. Joanne Woodward is her usual unworldly self and does rather well in the Watson role. An added joy is Jack Gifford, the man from the Cracker Jack commercials, as a librarian... or something. As it is, while the picture winds down as it is played out, the players retain their gusto throughout and the first forty minutes are just great.

Mark Stevens

**THE LADY IN THE CAR WITH GLASSES AND A GUN** A Columbia Release. 1/71. 100 minutes. In Color and Panavision. A Lira Film Production. Directed by Anatole Litvak. With: Samantha Eggar, Oliver Reed and John McEnery.

Samantha Eggar gives a performance of such special grace that she almost single-handedly redeems this familiar lady-in-peril mystery which involves a sleek white convertible, a body in the trunk, a sinister hitchhiker, a slut who is no better than she should be, and an imposing employer (Oliver Reed) who would give pause to any jittery employee. There is a superb sequence in a not-quite-empty garage complex which is reminiscent of the best of Val Lewton's scary chillers of the 40s, but on the whole, Anatole Litvak's direction is

mechanical. A "must" for anyone who is willing to give himself up to the film's ritualistic route and Miss Eggar's magical presence.

Robert L. Jerome

**COLD TURKEY** A United Artists Release. 2/71. In Color by DeLuxe. 102 minutes. Produced and directed by Norman Lear. With: Dick Van Dyke, Pippa Scott, Bob Newhart, Tom Poston.

Norman Lear's film is in the tradition of Joseph McGrath's *THE MAGIC CHRISTIAN* and Tony Richardson's *THE LOVED ONE* in pointing a cold, satiric finger at human foibles. The script by Lear and William Price Fox tells of the travails of a small midwestern American town in giving up smoking for a month in order to win a \$25 Million grant from a large tobacco company. Lear, like his predecessors, takes great pains to point out everyone's bad intentions: the tobacco company's PR man (Bob Newhart in a hand-tailored part) proposes the grant for publicity purposes and because no town in America could possibly earn it; the town's clergyman (Van Dyke) single-handedly promotes their successful ban on smoking through browbeating, extortion and arm-twisting to escape the squalor of his midwestern parish and earn a promotion to greener pastures; and the townspeople, after a grueling month of hardship and deprivation, demand in a mob action of pandemonium that the money be divided into equal individual shares rather than be used for civic improvements as originally intended. Lear directs all this madness with a Wellesian sweep. The opening credits unwind over a scene of a scruffy dog sauntering down the road to Eagle Rock, and the camera lingers from time to time on road signs which tell the story of the town's gradual decay, taking off from the last sign into an aerial shot which sweeps us high over the rooftops of the town. Lear puts a harsh but hilarious light on American middle class dreams and aspirations and reveals them to contain the seeds of our own destruction.

Frederick S. Clarke

**GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES FOR ADULTS** A Cinemation Industries Release. 2/71. In Color and widescreen. 76 minutes. Written and directed by Rolf Thiel. English version directed by Helen Gary. With: Marie Liljedahl, Walter Giller, Peter Hoberger, Ingrid Van Bergen.

A brief effort that, while not particularly distinguished as fantasy cinema, is a much better than average sexploiter and provides some good clean-dirty fun. Marie Liljedahl, who first appeared as the Swedish Lolita Inga and who is currently on view (in more ways than



Marie Liljedahl.

one) in Tower's ghastly *DORIAN GRAY* is easy on the eyes, as is Eva Rueber-Staier. I rather liked this unpretentious bit of foedery, if for no other reason than that it is a welcome change of pace from what seems to be an endless parade of devil cults, satanic corruptions and warped and perverted souls... most of which are rather ineptly handled. There are lapses in taste, such as Miss Liljedahl's unique way of milking a cow; but then again, other segments are clever takeoffs on our childhood legends.

John R. Duvoli

**BEAST IN THE CELLAR** A Cannon Release. 4/71. In Color. 104 minutes. A Tigon British/Leander Films Production. Produced by Graham Harris. Directed and written by James Kelly. With: Flora Robson, Beryl Reid, John Hamill, Tessa Wyatt, T. P. McKenna.

There are no surprises in this British import and even the secret of the main plot has been given away by the more exploitable title. The original title of the film, *ARE YOU DYING YOUNG MAN?*, is more appropriate to the film's theme. The story is more a vehicle for two of England's finest character actresses than a fantasy film. Flora Robson and Beryl Reid are offered as two offbeat spinster sisters sharing a terrible secret which has kept them together for many years. Robson as the domineering Joyce Ballantyne and Reid her subdued sister are good in their portrayals. Unfortunately, the film is too talky and the constant bickering between the two becomes dull. In release with the far superior *BLOOD ON SATAN'S CLAW*.

Dan Scapperotti

Flora Robson and Beryl Reid in *THE BEAST IN THE CELLAR*.





# NEWS AND NOTES

## THE SCORE

by Mark Stevens

To the remarkably rich harvest of interesting film music from fantasy films this year, which so far includes *COLOSSUS*, *THE FORBIN PROJECT* (Michel Colombier), *THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN* (Gil Melle), *THX 1138* (Lalo Schifrin), must be added the Jerry Goldsmith scores for *THE MEPHISTO WALTZ* and *ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES*.

Considering the material he had to work with in the third Apes film, the score is moderately interesting. Since the story takes place in a contemporary setting as opposed to the "primitive future" of the first two films, Goldsmith has accordingly scored with a modern sound, lightly garnished with some of the strange percussion and sonic effects of his original score, a good example being those haunting vocal mewings. Remindful in its contemporary moments of his music for the Flint films, the score is characteristically spare, with the more sustained (and effective) use of music in the final scenes of the film. On the whole, it seems a lesser example of Goldsmith's art.

I have no such reservations about his work for *THE MEPHISTO WALTZ*. This is Jerry Goldsmith with all stops out and imagination in high gear. Laying on a terrifically sinister atmosphere, the score makes effective use of Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz," the fiery piano solos being the work of Jakob Gimpel (who, incidentally, was Goldsmith's teacher at one time). The string work is somewhat like that he used to do for "Thriller" and "Twilight Zone." He also gets some novel effects with human voices rendered almost unrecognizable by reverberation; few film composers seem to use modern recording techniques as intelligently and unobtrusively as Goldsmith. The most effective section of the score is that under the scene of Curt Jurgens' soul transfer to Alan Alda's body as officiated by Barbara Parkins.

Although Elmer Bernstein's western themes have a tendency to sound a bit like Aaron Copeland, they almost always have an effervescent quality I find irresistible. His score for *BIG JAKE* is no exception. Parodying the music of the early 1900s under Wayne Fitzgerald's clever main titles, Bern-

stein soon moves into familiar and welcome territory. The arrival of Richard Boone's gang at the beginning of the film is underscored with all the ominous menace Bernstein can muster; slowly building to the action when he cuts loose with an invigorating burst of athletic orchestration. The entire score is like that—nothing really new but enjoyable all the same.

I have, in the past, expressed dissatisfaction at the use of a collection of "now" songs as a score, but occasionally a score of this type is reasonably successful. A recent case in point—B. S. I LOVE YOU. The songs by Mark Shaker as arranged and conducted by Jimmy Dale and sung by a group called the Stouffville Grit are quite pleasant and work fairly well with the film, providing a point of view of the film's protagonist not always made clear in the film. Mercury has released an enjoyable album (SRM-1-610) that has all the songs but, unfortunately, does not contain the rather bouncy instrumental music used in the final scenes of the film which is in the same vein as the "allegro" from "MacArthur Park."

For *THE BEGUILLED*, the indefatigable Lalo Schifrin has turned out a moody effort, full of brooding harpsichord and organ, well complementing Don Siegel's darkly comedic film. Schifrin is especially skillful in contributing to the gothic quality of the opening scenes.

Michel Legrand has provided *SUMMER OF '42* with a simple but eminently effective theme. It is used sparingly and with utmost sensitivity, very much in contrast to, say, the theme from *LOVE STORY*. The really irritating thing about Lai's score was that under every emotional scene that piano solo could be heard, playing away for all it was worth. Legrand's theme is never as solemn but captures the poignance of Robert Mulligan's film all the same.

Interestingly, the Warner Brothers album (WB 1925) contains only two bands devoted to *SUMMER OF '42*, the rest of the album containing Legrand's score for the long shelved *PICASSO SUMMER* (based on a Bradbury short story). This score was supposedly released on its own album last year and is still carried in the Schwann catalog but, evidently, was never distributed when it was decided to shelve the film. While we may never get to see the film, it's nice to have Legrand's beautiful score on record.

The score for another 40's period film, *RED SKY AT MORNING*, once again shows Billy Goldenberg to be a young composer to keep an eye on.

There is a wistful, haunting quality to his music for the Hal Wallis film which also shows the influence of Bernstein and Goldsmith. Like many of the new young composers, Goldenberg shows a keen appreciation of the new recording techniques and a sensitive knack as to where to use music. The Decca album (DL 9180) is worth having but either uses a smaller orchestra or is badly recorded for the score sounds much fuller in the film. Goldenberg has been a busy man on the television front also, with his score for the Anthony Quinn film, *THE CITY*, his most recent work.

Speaking of scores on the tube, the depressed state of the motion picture industry has brought many capable and talented people to television, resulting in an upgrading of scoring in that medium. Among the many newcomers who have shown much promise are John Parker, David Shire, John Andrew Tartaglia, Michel Colombier, and the very talented Pat Williams. More established people who have done recent work on television are Dave Grusin and, of all people, Jerry Goldsmith, who did the fine scores for the two CBS films *THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE BELL* and *A STEP OUT OF LINE*. This trend leads me to look forward to the new season with keen anticipation.

On the subject of recorded scores, the Kapp album for *THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN* (KRS 5513), with its foiled "flower petal" jacket enclosing a hexagonally-shaped record, is one of the most creative concepts in the packaging of an album to come along in quite a while. The electronic compositions of Gil Melle make for more interesting listening than one might imagine.

London Phase 4 has released an album entitled "Music From Great Film Classics" (SP 44144) with Bernard Herrmann conducting the London Philharmonic in music from his scores for *JANE EYRE*, *SNOWS OF KILIMINJARO*, *THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER*, and *CITIZEN KANE*. The Daniel Webster and Kane music has been previously available in somewhat fuller length on a Pye album, "Welles Raises Kane," but not in the States. The new London album is a perfect companionpiece to their other Herrmann album of music from Hitchcock films (SP 44126).

Of interest to those lucky enough to have seen *COLOSSUS*, *THE FORBIN PROJECT* and enjoyed the Michel Colombier score, is Colombier's pop symphony on the A&M label (SPX 4281). Entitled "Wings," it is a collage of songs and symphonic movements with some of the instrumental sections very much akin to his score for *COLOSSUS*.

## COMING

In a "Newsweek" article on Vincent Price entitled "Last of the Ghouls" it is revealed that Price's 21 films for AIP have grossed a total of \$50,000,000!... Kirk Alyn, Superman in the old Columbia serials of the forties, appeared at New York's Comic Convention at the Statler Hilton Hotel over the July 4th holiday and had appeared earlier in the year at Houstoncon '71 in Texas. Alyn was plugging his book, an autobiographical account of his film work, with autographed copies. Alyn had appeared in such serials as *SUPERMAN* (1948), *SUPERMAN VS. ATOM MAN* (1950), and *BLACKHAWK* (1952), and has worked in films recently including *COLOSSUS*, *THE FORBIN PROJECT* in smaller roles...

Producer Arthur P. Jacobs has donated a varied display of material from his three Planet of the Apes films to Universal Studio's Hollywood Cinema Pavilion. The exhibit will include examples of the Ape masks, Charlton Heston's space suit, and a complement of original sketches and the molds used by Oscar-winning John Chambers...

Following is a rundown of the horror, fantasy and science fiction films now filming, or in preparation. Titles listed in previous issues are indicated by (0:00) at the end of the article, giving a reference where additional information can be found. The first digit is the issue number, and the following digits are the page number on which the film is listed.

**THE AGONY ON THE FACE OF A CAROUSEL HORSE** is the offbeat title of a film telling the story of a girl who makes a pact with the devil because he wants her to be his mistress. Filming began in June from an original by Federico Villani for producer-director Budd Dell...

**THE ALIEN** will be directed by Doug Heyes who is now reworking the script for producer Jennings Lang. Canadian actress Genevieve Bujold has been added to the cast of the film which began filming in June for Universal release (3:39)...

**ANABELLE LEE** went into release in June from General Film Corp. The film is based on the poem by Edgar Allan Poe and stars Margaret O'Brien. Les Baxter scored the film which is in widescreen color and was made in Peru...

**BARON BLOOD** stars Joseph Cotton and Elke Sommer. The Al Leone production is based on an original screenplay by Vincent Forte and is now on location in Munich and Rome with Mario Bava directing. Bava has acquired a small cult following in the genre for directing several low-budget films of surp ising merit, including *BLACK SUNDAY* (1960), *BLACK SABBATH* (1964), *BLOOD AND BLACK LACE* (1965) and *PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES* (1965) to name only a few. His most recent film was *KILL, BABY, KILL*, released by Europix in 1969. His new film was previously titled *THE THIRST OF BARON BLOOD*...

**BEN** will be a sequel to *WILLARD* (reviewed 4:38), the horror film that is breaking all box-office records across the country. Ben was the name



of one of the rats who befriended Willard in the earlier film. The sequel is being written by Gilbert A. Ralston, who adapted WILLARD to the screen from the novel Ratman's Notebook. Wild life expert Moe Di Sessa has been signed to train 500 rats for the film. The Bing Crosby Production is scheduled to be filmed in November at Paramount...

**BLOOD OF THE MAN DEVIL** is in release from Medallion Pictures...

**BRAIN OF BLOOD** starring Kent Taylor and Grant Williams is currently in release from Hemisphere Pictures double-billed with **VAMPIRE PEOPLE**...

**BRIDE FROM HADES** is a new ghost story from oriental studio Daiei Films (see 3:6 for an article on Daiei fantasy)...

**BURKE AND HARE** has been completed for release in England by Butcher's Films. Vernon Sewell directed a cast including Darren Neshitt, Harry Andrews and Yootha Joyce...

**CAULDRON OF BLOOD** is currently in release from Cannon Films and stars Boris Karloff, Jean Pierre Aumont and Viveca Lindfors. The film is the first American release of the 1967 English production **BLIND MAN'S BLUFF** which was filmed in Spain...

**CHARLOTTE'S WEB** will be an animated film of E. B. White's juvenile fantasy. A co-production of Hanna-Barbera and Sagittarius Productions, the film will be released by Paramount. No starting date has been set...

**COLOR OF BLOOD** is to be filmed from a story by William James by General Film Corp...

**CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES** will be a fourth film in the series no one expected would continue after **BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES**. The third film in the series **ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES** is currently in release to both a warm critical and box-office reception. Producer Arthur P. Jacobs announced in an interview, "I think this is the last, but our observation is that if audiences get the same pleasure as the preview group at 20th Century Fox, then this is not the end." Translated, that means the films will continue as long as the money keeps rolling in. The new Apes film will begin lensing in December for 20th Fox release in 1973. The plot of the film is set in 1983 when baby Milo has grown up under the care of circus owner Ricardo Montalban and is working as a side-show freak called Caesar. 20th Fox recently sold the original film of the series, **PLANET OF THE APES** to television for two network showings in a large package of other films. There has been no mention yet of the most logical extension of the Apes craze, a weekly television series...

**THE DEATH AND LIFE OF HARRY GOTH** has been optioned for production by screenwriter David DeLog Goodman. The novel by David Keith Mano is the story of a man who is told he has only six months to live but doesn't die...

**DEATH BY INVITATION** is the new title of the Kirt Film Production formerly known as **THE WITCH STORY**. Filming has been completed for release by Paragon Films (3:44)...

**THE DEVIL AMONG US** is an Allied Artists release for later this year...

**THE DEVIL'S CHOICE** has been completed for release by General Film Corp. starring Robert Fuller and



Scenes from **THE VAMPIRE HAPPENING**, an Aquila Film Enterprises Production, made in Germany. Top: Ferdie Mayne as Dracula. Middle: Dracula's "bat" copier, with apologies to Batman. Bottom: One of Dracula's vampire brides. **THE VAMPIRE HAPPENING** is in the vein of Roman Polanski's **THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS** which also featured Ferdie Mayne as a vampire count. The German film is directed by horror film veteran Freddie Francis and also features Pia Degermark, Ingrid Von Bergen, Lyvia Bauer, and Daria Damar...

Nick Cravat...

**DIABOLIC WEDDING** has completed production in Peru starring Margaret Hamilton for General Film Corp. release...

**DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE** has completed filming for Hammer Films in England. Produced by Albert Fennell and Brian Clemens, who did **THE VAMPIRE LOVERS** for Hammer, and directed by Roy Ward Baker who did their **FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH**, it stars Ralph Bates and Martine Beswick...

**DOOMSDAY 2000 A.D.** is the new title for AIP's forthcoming science fiction film formerly known as **BARRACUDA 2000 A.D.** Filming began in Autumn for 1972 release (2:39, 3:39)...

**THE EMPEROR OF THE NORTH POLE** is the first independent production of former Warner Bros production VP Kenneth Hyman. The film, for Paramount, goes before the cameras this fall from an original screenplay by Christopher Knopf...

**THE ETRUSCAN KILLS AGAIN** is an Italian Mondial-Titanus co-production, directed by Armando Crispino, dealing with an Italian take-off on Egyptian mummies. The Eastmancolor film was shot on location in the 3,000 year old Etruscan Necropolis and in Spoleto...

**EVERYMAN** is being produced by James Mathers from the Buck Flower stage production of the same name concerning the qualifications of Everyman to enter the kingdom of heaven...

**THE FEARMAKER** is a horror and mystery film completed by Capitol Productions and acquired for release by Seventh Seal Productions...

**THE FIRST TEAM** has been acquired for filming by MGM. The novel by John Ball, to be published by Little, Brown & Co., is set in the future and deals with the occupation of the United States by a foreign power...

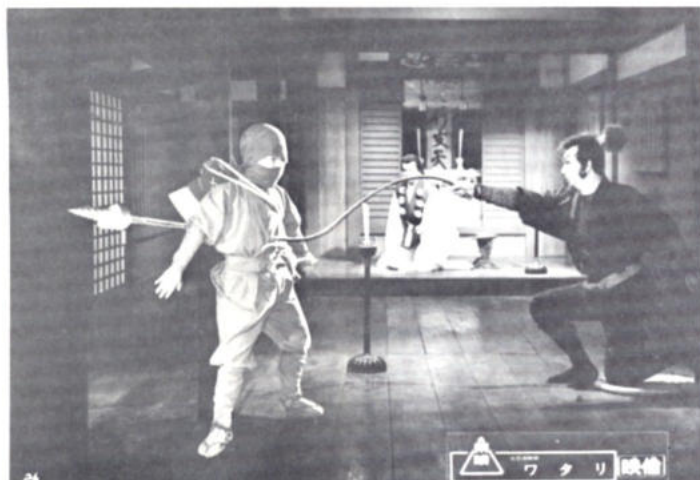
**FLESH GORDON** is a comedy spoof of its namesake being produced by Bill Osco and Howard Ziehm for Graffiti Productions. The film stars John Hoyt, Leonard Goodman and Jason Williams. Mike Light directs from a screenplay by Bill Hunt, with special effects being created by Jim Danforth and Tom Sherman...

**FRANKENSTEIN'S BLOODY TERROR** is currently in release from Independent-International and has nothing at all to do with Frankenstein. The title and publicity material are strictly for exploitation purposes. The film is actually the Spanish title **LA MARCA DEL HOMBRE LOBO**, released in England as **HELL'S CREATURES** and in France as **LES VAMPIRES DU DR. DRACULA**. The film is directed by Enrique Equiluz whom the pressbook lists as Henry L. Egan. Other credits for the film have been similarly Anglicized. Vampires and werewolves are featured in the film...

**GINGERBREAD HOUSE** will be an AIP release for December. Location filming by director Curtis Harrington has been completed in England. Harrington is the director of **NIGHT TIDE**, a sleeper he made with Dennis Hopper in 1960 and which was not picked up for release by AIP until two years later in 1962. He went on to make **GAMES** with Simone Signoret. His new film is a send up of Grimm's Fairy Tales starring Shelley Winters, Mark Lester, Sir Ralph Richardson, and Hugh Griffith (2:42, 3:42)...

**GRANNY'S MAGIC BROTH** is planned





Oriental Fantasy From Japan. TOP: From Toei Films, a juvenile film of fantasy, magic and adventure entitled *WATAIRI* (The Boy Magician). BOTTOM: A scene from Toei's *THE HOUSE OF TERROR*, the first part of a series which incorporates the archetypes of European-gothic horror into the traditions of Japanese fantasy filmmaking. MIDDLE: Shiko Fujimura as Yuki from Dai-ichi Films' *KAIDAN YUKIJORO* entitled *YUKIONNA* for its American engagements, an erotic Japanese fantasy based on Japan's ancient folklore of Yukionna, a snow spirit which appears in the guise of a beautiful woman.

for production by General Film Corp. to star Eve Arden...

**THE INCREDIBLE SEXY VAMPIRE** has completed filming in Italy for Amati Films (Rome)...

**THE INCREDIBLE, THRILLING ADVENTURES OF THE ROCK** has been acquired for filming by George Pal. The novel is by Michael O'Donoghue. Pal is currently filming *THE DISAPPEARANCE*...

**THE ISLAND OF TWILIGHT PEOPLE** will begin production in the Philippines in January with John Ashley in the lead. Ashley has filmed several pictures there, including the in release *BEAST OF THE YELLOW NIGHT* which was brought in for an unobtainable \$60,000. His new film for New World Pictures is from a screenplay by Francis Dool...

**JOHNNIE** began filming in Atlantic City September 1. The film is a contemporary horror story by Lloyd Kaufman about an elderly couple who cover up the murders of their deranged grandson...

**KILLERS OF THE CASTLE OF BLOOD** has been completed for Eureka Films in Rome starring Erna Schurer and Charles Quiney. Louis Merino directed...

**THE LAST GENERATION** is a film dealing with overpopulation in the 21st Century now in release from R&S Film Enterprises. The film was produced by Luther Davis and directed by William Graham from a script by Earl Hammer Jr. and features an all star cast including Stuart Whitman, Vera Miles, Lew Ayres, Mercedes McCambridge, Pearl Bailey, Lee Grant, Connie Stevens, Cesar Romero, Estelle Winwood, Phil Harris and the late Michael Rennie...

**LEGACY OF BLOOD** began filming April 26 for Studio West Films. It is produced by Ben Rombouts, directed by Carol Monson and stars John Carradine, Faith Domergue, and Jeff Morrow. The latter two were top-lined together in Universal's *THIS ISLAND, EARTH* in 1955...

**LEGEND OF HORROR** is now in release from General Film Corp. and is based on the Edgar Allan Poe short story "The Tell-Tale Heart"...

**LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW** is to be a new film version of Washington Irving's classic short story produced by Martin Jurov for possible theatrical, television, cable television or videocassette play-off. Rene Auberjonois, who you may remember as the bird lecturer in *BREWSTER MCCLOUD*, has been signed to play Ichabod...

**LOST HORIZON** is being remade by film mogul Ross Hunter who scored heavily last year with his "return to old-fashioned movie values" in *AIRPORT*. The James Hilton novel was made into a classic fantasy film in 1937 by Frank Capra for Columbia with Ronald Coleman in the lead. Hunter's multi-million dollar production will be a musical version with songs, lyrics and score by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. Larry Kramer, Academy-Award nominee for his screenplay for *WOMEN IN LOVE*, has been signed to script. Jacques Mapes is associate producer for Columbia release...

**MAJIN STRIKES AGAIN** is the third film in Dai-ichi's fantasy series (see 3: 6 for an article on Dai-ichi fantasy)...

**THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH** will be produced for 1972 release by Cannon Films from the science fiction novel by Walter Tevis concerning an



Hammer on location. Above: Filming in Southwest Africa on *CREATURES THE WORLD FORGOT*, now in release from Columbia Pictures. Director Don Chaffey sets up one of the more sensual scenes in the script. Below: Valerie Leon as Egyptian Queen Tera from Hammer's *BLOOD FROM THE MUMMY'S TOMB*. Valerie plays a dual role in the film, appearing also as a modern reincarnation of the ancient queen. No U.S. distribution has been arranged for the film.







TOP RIGHT: Michael Gough in **CRUCIBLE OF HORROR**, in release with CAULDRON OF BLOOD from the Cannon Releasing Corporation. MIDDLE RIGHT: Sean Connery as James Bond is back in action in United Artists **DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER**, the first of the series to be filmed in the United States. BOTTOM RIGHT: One of the victims of world-wide germ warfare between Russia and Red China from Warner Bros' **THE OMEGA MAN**, now in release and based on a novel by Richard Matheson.



extra-terrestrial stranded on earth. The Alien amasses a huge personal fortune by patenting revolutionary new inventions of his own design in order to finance the construction of a spaceship which is capable of bringing his dying species to earth. Tevis is the author of *The Hustler*...

**MR. MAGIC** is the story of a magician, played by Ron Moody, and the effect his magic has on the towns he visits while crossing the United States with his family in the 1880s. Lensing is scheduled to start in the spring of next year from an original screenplay by Clair Huffaker, who is also producing the film...

**THE MONSTER MAKER** is the title of an original screenplay written by Marvel Comics' own Stan Lee for Martin Ransohoff's Filmways Productions. Lee is the head writer, editor and art director at Marvel which began a comics revolution several years ago with literate and highly imaginative magazines. The film will be directed by noted French director Alain Resnais making his first English language picture...

**MOTHER NIGHT** by science fiction author Kurt Vonnegut is planned for production by Irwin Winkler and Robert Chartoff...

**MOUNTAIN'S VENOM** is an original suspense-horror screenplay by Andrew Meyer to be produced by Meyer for New World Pictures. Filming is not slated until the fall of 1972...

**MY NAME IS ROGER** will be a so-production between Hanna-Barbera and Sagittarius Productions. The live-action film (H-B is an animation studio) is based on a novel by Ken Platt entitled *The Boy Who Could Make Himself Disappear*. No starting date has been set for Paramount release...

**NECROMANCY** is the final title for the Orsen Welles-Bert I. Gordon film formerly titled **THE TOY FACTORY**. The film is currently in release from Zenith International Pictures Corp. and was touted by "The Hollywood Reporter" as the "best occult film to come along since 'Rosemary's Baby'". Gordon wrote, produced and directed the film, so we know it can't be that good (2:45)...

**THE NIGHT OF THE DAMNED** was completed by King Films in Rome in two versions: one a straight horror film and the other straight exploitation. Peter Rush directed Pierre Brice, Patrizia Viotti and Angelo DeLeo...

**THE NIGHT OF THE WITCH** is an original script by Lloyd Kaufman purchased for production by Cannon Films...

**NOW YOU SEE HIM, NOW YOU DON'T** will be Walt Disney's sequel to **THE COMPUTER WORE TENNIS SHOES** and concerns a group of college students who discover the secret of invisibility. Robert Butler will direct from a screenplay by Joseph L. McEveety based on an original story by Robert L. King. Ron Miller is producing for Buena Vista release...

**OCTAMAN** has completed filming for Filmmers Guild Productions. The horror-monster film is said to "deal" with the effects of world wide water pollution. Michael Kraike produced, and Harry Essex directed from a script by Lawrence Morse. Kerwin Mathews, Pier Angeli and Jeff Morrow star...

**THE OTHER** began filming in September for 20th Century Fox from a novel by actor Tom Tryon. The film







# KARLOFF!

stars 12-year old identical twins in a supernatural horror story which takes place on a rural farm in New England during a summer vacation in 1935 (3:43)...

**PIED PIPER OF HAMLIN** is an allegory with strong contemporary parallels being filmed by Sagittarius Productions for Paramount release. Pop singer Donovan ("Mellow Yellow") appears in the title role and is composing and performing the film's songs and musical score. The story is set in Europe at the time of the Black Plague and also features Donald Pleasence and Jack Wild. Jacques Demy, who wrote the screenplay, is directing on location in Rothenberg, Germany for producer David Putnam...

**THE PLASTIC MAN** is being filmed from a screenplay adapted from a novel by science fiction author L. P. Davies. Lamont Johnson will direct the Hal Roach/Universal Production which stars George Peppard. Filming began on location in Vancouver, Canada in August...

**POPE JOAN** began taping April 8 at Bray Studios in England with Liv Ullmann in the title role of a legendary femme papacy. Raquel Welch had been considered for the part (no kidding). Kurt Unger is producing and Michael Anderson directing with Maximilian Schell, Franco Nero and

Scenes of Boris Karloff from **CAULDRON OF BLOOD**, in release from Cannon Releasing Corp. The film also features Jean Pierre Aumont and Viveca Lindfors, and is the 1967 English production **BLIND MAN'S BLUFF**. Cannon is double-billing the film with **CRUCIBLE OF HORROR** with Michael Gough.



Olivia de Havilland also starring...

**RETURN TO WUTHERING HEIGHTS** was inevitable when AIP discovered that **WUTHERING HEIGHTS** was destined to be their all-time second largest grossing picture. The film is rolling on location in the Yorkshire moors in England and will concentrate on the second (unfilmed) portion of the classic Bronte novel...

**SECOND COMING** is a contemporary horror story now filming for Podno Productions. Willard Huyck is directing from a script by he and Gloria Katz for producer Allan Richie...

**THE SERPENT GOD** is a sex-voodoo thriller which has been completed by Italy's Arco Films in Venezuela...

**SHE WAS A HIPPIY VAMPIRE** is in release from ADP Pictures...

**SON OF THE BLOB** is being produced by Jack H. Harris who filmed the original in 1958...

**THIS WAY FOR A SHROUD** is now in pre-production at Germany's Aquila Film Enterprises. The screenplay is by James Hadley Chase...

**TRAUMNOVELLE** is the next project of producer Stanley Kubrick who will write, produce and direct the film for Warner Bros. Kubrick recently completed **A CLOCKWORK ORANGE** for the same studio. "Traumnovelle" is German, meaning "Dream Novel"...

**TRILBY AND SVENGALI** will be filmed as a musical by Anglo-EMI in England. Filming began in October with Blake Edwards directing his wife, Julie Andrews, in the lead. Jack Lemmon is also being sought. The George Du Maurier novel was filmed in 1931 by Warner Bros with John Barrymore and Marian Marsh and again in 1955 by MGM with Donald Wolfelt and Hildegard Neff. MGM will release the new musical version...

**THE VAMPIRE HAPPENING** has been completed by Germany's Aquila Film Enterprises starring Pia Degermark, Thomas Hunter and Lyvia Bauer. Ferdie Mayne, who appeared in Roman Polanski's **THE VAMPIRE KILLERS** and AIP's **THE VAMPIRE LOVERS**, plays Dracula. Veteran Freddie Francis directed from a screenplay by August Rieger...

**EL VAMPIRO DE LA AUTOPISTA** has been completed in Spain by director Jose Luis Madrid, starring Patricia Loren...

**WE HAVE ALWAYS LIVED IN A CASTLE** is being considered for production by Dino DeLaurentiis. The Shirley Jackson novel was considered once before for filming in 1967. She is the author of *The Haunting of Hill House* on which Robert Wise's film **THE HAUNTING** is based...

**WEREWOLVES ON WHEELS** is the title of an acquisition made by Joe Solomon's Fanfare Films. The film deals with an outlaw motorcycle gang at odds with a cult of devil worshippers, and went into release in August...

**YUKIONNA (SNOW WITCH)** is a new ghost story from Daiel Films (see 3:6 for an article on Daiel fantasy)...



## ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS

I want to tell you how much I am enjoying your whole magazine and especially Part I of Mark Wolf's marvelous article on stop-motion animation in the cinema. Mr. Wolf writes with great lucidity and vigor and with much fascinating information not generally known before. The selection of stills generate their own excitement.

I will correct Mr. Wolf in one of his assumptions—an assumption he certainly cannot be criticized for entertaining in print as there was no evidence to the contrary until recently to disprove Mr. Wolf's theory as to Willis O'Brien's first use of the aerial brace.

Mr. Wolf deduced that O'Brien first used a harness device above the model figurines to suspend them off the ground whenever the action demanded it when he made *THE LOST WORLD* in 1925. "Invisible" wires would slice through clay but not through latex rubber. There are no latex rubber models before *THE LOST WORLD*. Mr. Wolf's reasoning is quite logical, and the only thing he had to look at prior to *THE LOST WORLD* was O'Brien's *THE GHOST OF SLUMBER MOUNTAIN* (1919). In that short subject, all models went through their paces with either two or four feet upon the ground.

Since Mr. Wolf drafted the first part of his article, the work O'Brien did for Thomas Alva Edison in 1917 has turned up, four subjects including *MORPHEUS MIKE*, *PREHISTORIC POULTRY*, *RURAL DELIVERY*, 10,000 B.C., and *THE DINOSAUR AND THE MISSING LINK*.

All subjects have dinosaurs and Neanderthal men in them. A prehistoric postman, amputated from the waist down, flies through the air in *RURAL DELIVERY*, 10,000 B.C. A giant diornis flies through the sky in *PREHISTORIC POULTRY* (the actual extinct diornis could not have done so) and makes a claw first landing onto the ground. The Missing Link in *THE DINOSAUR AND THE MISSING LINK* is Willie, a pithecanthropus ape, and we first meet him snarling at us from the tree branches. Here is the seed of Kong, Kong Jr., and Mighty Joe Young. Willie climbs eventually onto the neck of a dinosaur (shades of Kong!), is flipped through the air, and has his back broken upon striking the ground.

I think it is clear from the action described that there are too many instances of models without visible support in these three subjects for Mr. Wolf's theory about the aerial brace to hold up.

The great advance of *THE LOST WORLD*, as Mr. Wolf has pointed out, was the greater realism of skin texture and finer armature within. And there we must leave it and not try to push onto that film more technological breakthroughs than can be supported in the light of the new evidence available.

DAVID M. MASSARO  
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I enjoyed the *HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS* review very much, but it does raise a few comments. First, Roger Collins and Elizabeth Collins Stoddard are brother and sister, not man and wife. David Collins is Roger's son; Carolyn Stoddard is Elizabeth's daughter; therefore David and Carolyn are cousins, not brother and sister. Also, in the photo captions, Nancy Barrett beckons to Don Briscoe, not Louis Edmonds.

Having seen the movie 10 times, I noticed a few errors in your description of the ending. Jeff was kneeling on the balcony with a crossbow aimed at Barnabas, as Barnabas stood over Maggie, who was lying on the catafalque. At the same moment Jeff shot, Willie decided he couldn't let Maggie die—he rushed toward Barnabas, accidentally moving into the path of the bolt. With the bolt in his back, Willie fell against Barnabas, Barnabas pushed Willie away, letting him fall to the floor. Then Barnabas pulled the bolt out of Willie's back and called to Jeff. Spotting him, Barnabas used the bolt as a pointer, and in a loud voice, echoing and distorted almost beyond understanding, he called, "Jeff! You can hear me, you will obey me! You will come to me—Jeff!" Jeff could not resist, and he descended the stairway, in a trance, dropping the crossbow. Barnabas dropped the bolt and grabbed Jeff by the neck, placing him next to the catafalque and saying to him, "Every wedding needs a witness, and you will be witness to this one." He released Jeff, who was still in a trance, and then leaned over Maggie. Willie had managed to grasp the bolt and to stand up. He plunged the bolt into Barnabas' back. Barnabas reared up, blood pouring from his mouth; he screamed Willie's name and turned to grab him. They both went down. Jeff snapped out of his trance and pounced on Barnabas, driving the bolt even further in. Barnabas reared back, the bolt protruding

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Att. Nelle Watts

through his chest. Jeff supported him and made sure the bolt went through. When he was satisfied, he tossed Barnabas down. The spell over Maggie was through, and Jeff carried her away, leaving us with an overhead shot of Barnabas and Willie lying dead before the data alque, the mist swirling about them. The closing credits rolled, and as the words "The End" appeared on the screen, a bat flew up from the mist, squeaking past us and off the screen.

The film also contained many nice touches when cutting from one scene to another, such as when Roger asks Maggie where David is after the funeral, and Maggie says he's asleep. Cut to David, still unconscious, at the bottom of the pit near the old swimming pool. Todd leaving the dining room after David has disrupted the dinner, by claiming to have seen Carolyn—Stokes has declared Carolyn is now one of the living dead. The words "living dead, dead, dead..." echo over into the next scene, finally fading into the wind, as Todd walks through the cemetery. Todd being bitten by Carolyn, with a closeup of her lips against his throat, his blood flowing down. Cut to a bottle of blood, being carried into Todd's sickroom the next morning. Todd being given a shot

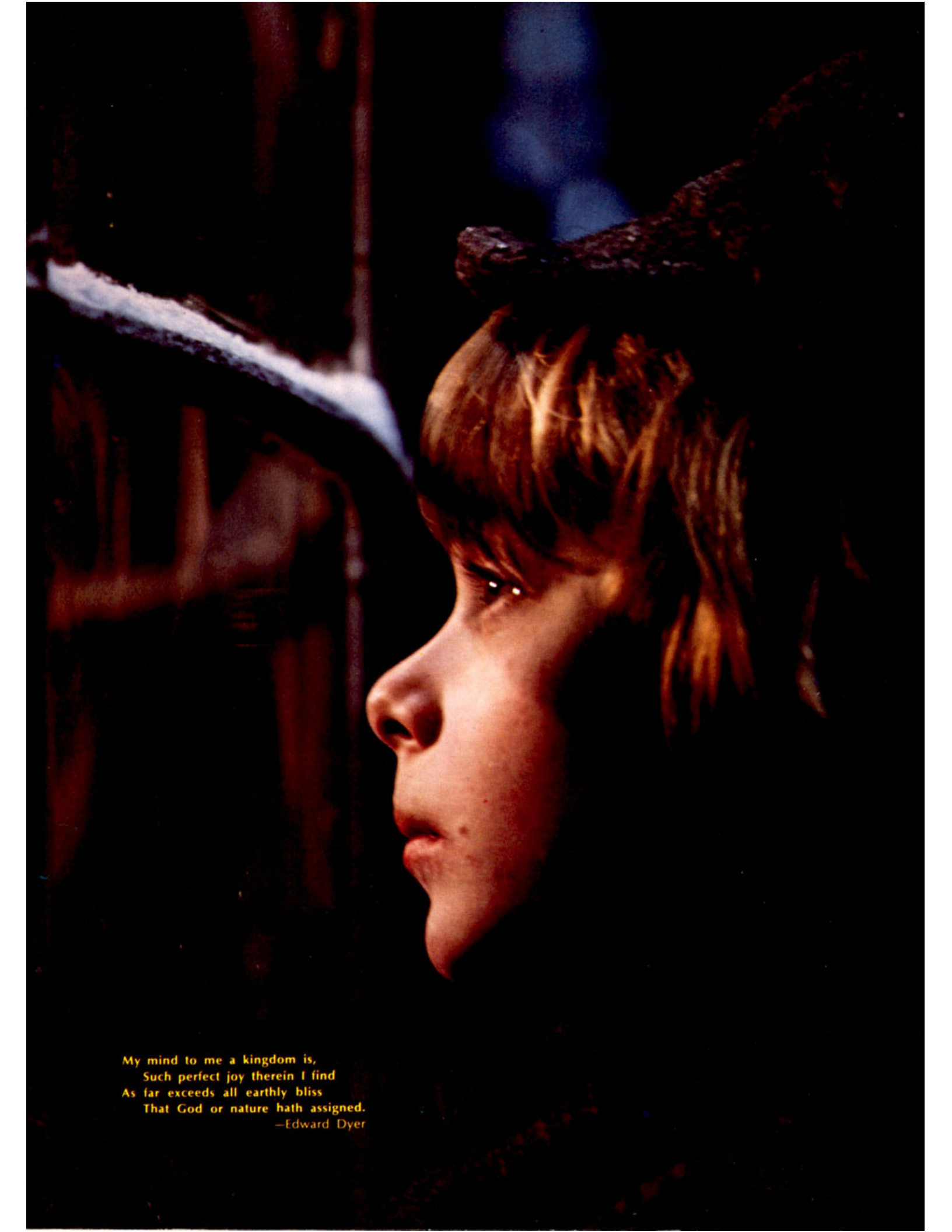
by Julia and screaming Carolyn's name, the name echoing over into the next scene of Carolyn rising from her coffin at dusk.

There are only two things I will pick at the film. One, there are several types of blood used, ranging from realistic in color to frankly fake-looking bright red—I wish they had stayed with one or the other. Second, the film editor Arline Garson placed the end of a reel in the middle of a conversation not once but twice. Since the end of a reel usually gets chewed up, we lose a word or even a sentence. At one point Maggie answered a question Roger apparently hadn't even asked, since the question had been lost at the end of the previous reel.

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A limited supply of back issues of *CINEFANTASTIQUE* are still available. #1 (Fall 1970) is \$3. #2 (Winter 1971) is \$3. #3 (Summer 1971) is \$2. Make checks payable to F. S. Clarke.





My mind to me a kingdom is,  
Such perfect joy therein I find  
As far exceeds all earthly bliss  
That God or nature hath assigned.  
—Edward Dyer