

QUATERMASS & THE PIT

Following Hammer's magnificent box-office productions of 1966, headed by One Million Years B.C., the current year's line-up begins with a screen version of Nigel Kneale's classic story of superstition, ritual, and magic, Quatermass and the Pit, which began production at M.G.M. Studios, Boreham Wood, February 27th.

Originally made by the BBC as a TV serial, Quatermass and the Pit became compulsive viewing for millions of people who hurried home each week as one startling episode followed another. Deep down in a pit Professor Quatermass, physicist, found something which at first claimed his expert attention but eventually led to a frightening conception of the very nature of humanity.

Nigel Kneale has written a completely new screenplay for the film which retains the basic story but introduces many startling and original sequences for the huge cinema screen.

(continued on page 3, column 2)

SERLING SCRIPT FOR JEKYLL-HYDE TV-MOVIE

Production began in February on "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" starring Jason Robards Jr. to prem next season on ABC's Sunday Night at the Movies. Rod Serling has written the adaptation of the Stevenson classic which will be shot on location amid the gloomy backstreets of London. John Moxy will direct with Ashton Gordon set as set designer on the Dan Curtis Production which is budgeted at over half a million dollars.

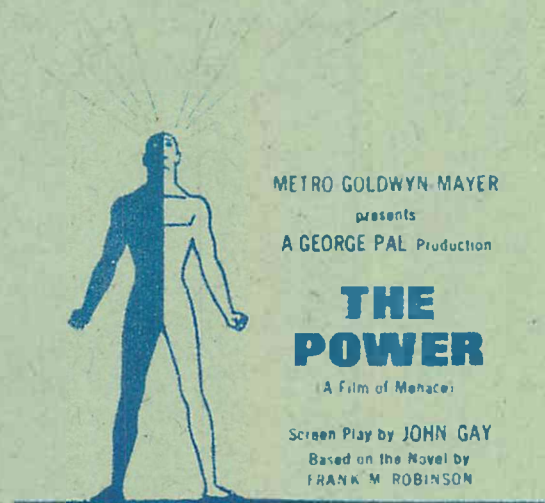
Mr. Curtis who aims at attracting big names by offering them parts they have always wanted to play has already set Laurence Harvey for "The Portrait of Dorian Grey", and Jack Palance is nearly (continued on page 3, column 2)

PAL & HASKIN LENS

THE POWER

Byron Haskin has been signed to direct the George Pal Production of The Power from a novel by Frank Robinson, thus bringing together once again the producer-director team that had made War of the Worlds, Conquest of Space and The Naked Jungle. The film will star George Hamilton in a role, according to an M.G.M. press release, where "he battles a strange will that combines the mad genius of Hitler, the superintelligence of a Leonardo da Vinci, and an imagination as wild as Hieronymus Bosch."

After pre-production conferences Pal and Haskin plan to begin shooting in April from a script by John Gay.



ARJAC TO FILM PIERRE BOULLE'S PLANET OF THE APES



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WHAT ARE WE TRYING TO DO?? Well, I'll tell you. When film or television news is made, we sometimes have to wait for several months before the prozines can get it into print. We plan to remedy that, and on a bi-weekly schedual!

I say "we"; in this case, the term is more than an example of pretentiousness. There are three editors, and a staff of top-notch film correspondents.

With this staff, we intend to bring you film news while it still is news. In addition to news, we will be running occasional pages of offset-printed photographs as well as electro-stenciled work.

Along with news and photos, there will be reviews of currently-running films. No longer will you read a preview or review of a film-----after it's come and gone. (all films covered in this issue are currently in release)

In addition to film news and reviews, from time to time, there will be reviews of various television programs. This will not be limited to horror, fantasy, or science fiction; we plan to call your attention to what is particularly good, and what is particularly bad. With the imagination that seems to be creeping into tv, it can't be ignored any longer.

Also, from time to time, there will be book reviews, as well as the regularly featured fanzine reviews. Contributions in this area are especially welcomed; copies of your fanzine should be submitted to Fred or me (at P.O.Box 705, Hawthorne, Calif/90250) for review with a lightly penciled "CF" so they won't be confused with trades for Fred's highly acclaimed Garden Ghouls Gazette or my

(not so) highly acclaimed Moonweb.

Our policy concerning trades is simple: there won't be any. Anyone sending a copy of a fanzine for review will be credited with one issue-----the one containing the review. Other than that, no trades will be made.

Cinefantastique costs far in excess of its subscription price and simply can't be sent out week after week for free.

As far as sample copies are concerned, if you got this one free, then it will be the last unless you subscribe. If you know someone who may like Cinefantastique, have them write for a sample issue---they're free.

Any contributions of material should be submitted to Fred, as well as any subscription money. He is overall editor and ~~bankroll~~ publisher for this newsletter.

My capacity as "Editor" entails the typing of stencils, writing editorials (occasionally.....), as well as fanzine reviews, last minute corrections, and writing ~~zany~~ items of interest.

If your inquiries don't come under those subjects, then contact Fred.

This publication has some rough spots, but in time (like in two weeks) we hope to have them all ironed out. We've set a hard goal ahead of ourselves, but with your support, we will make Cinefantastique the best film-tv periodical in fandom. We think we're on the right track, and we think we have the ability to do the job right.

At any rate, please give us a chance; your sticky quarters will be most welcome.

-Vern Bennett-

CASTLE'S NEXT

Next from William Castle is Project X, which begins shooting in April from a screenplay by Edmund Morris which takes place in the year 2118. The film, to be produced with animators William Hanna and Joseph Barbara of Hanna/Barbara Productions, debuts a revolutionary filming technique using laser beam filming of light rays with holograms providing new color and sound effects. The science-fiction thriller is reputed to show the actual workings of the human brain. It is estimated that the film will be a full year in production.

MARIO BAVA'S LATEST

Mario Bava, noted foreign director (of Blood and Black Lace, Planet of Vampires, Black Sunday) has concluded a deal with Europix Consolidated, releasers of The She Beast and The Embalmer, for the release rights of his latest suspense color feature, Kill, Baby, Kill.

CLARKE VISITS U.S.

Arthur C. Clarke who has co-authored the novel and screenplay for Kubrick's forthcoming 2001; A Space Odyssey being readied for roadshow release this year paid a short visit to the United States. He was here March 16 to open the American Astronomical Society's Fifth Goddard Memorial Symposium in Washington attended by over a thousand of the country's most important scientific leaders. 2001; A Space Odyssey is currently in post production work at M.G.M.'s British Studios.

AQUAMAN ON TV

CBS, which recently purchased "The New Adventures of Superman" cartoon series, has just bought an "Aquaman" animated series from the same company, Filmation Associates. Show will prem next September in a early morning kiddie slot. Aquaman not being enough of a draw, the show will feature weekly walk-ons by Superman, The Flash, The Green Lantern, and others from National Periodical's stable of super heroes.

APJAC TO FILM PLANET OF THE APES

(continued from page 1 col 2)

Arthur P. Jacobs' APJAC Productions, producers of the recently completed Dr. Doclitttle for \$15.3, has just concluded a contract with 20th Century Fox for five more films over a period of the next five years. First in production will be Planet of the Apes from the widely acclaimed science fiction novel by Pierre Boulle. Film is to star Charlton Heston, and Franklin Schaffner has been set to direct from a screenplay adaptation by Rod Serling and Michael Wilson. Production begins May 15.

SERLING SCRIPTS HORROR CLASSIC

(continued from page 1 col 1)

set for the television version of Mary Shelly's "Frankenstein". Further production depends on the success of Jekyll & Hyde, but the networks have shown great interest.

(QUATERMASS)

Scottish actor Andrew Keir (Father Shandor from Hammer's production Dracula Prince of Darkness) will play Professor Bernard Quatermass and he is joined by Hammer regulars Barbara Shelly, James Donald, Julian Glover, and Duncan Lamont. Further casting will be announced shortly.

Huge outdoor sets have been built at M.G.M. Studios, where all the filming will take place. Bernard Robinson is the production designer and Arthur Grant the cameraman on the film which will take three months in the making.

Quatermass and the Pit is a Hammer/Seven Arts Production in color and wide screen for release in the United Kingdom through Warner-Pathe and throughout the rest of the world by 20th Century Fox.



Director Roy Baker rehearses Andrew Keir in "Quatermass and the Pit."

FU'S BACK WITH A HAREM OF HORROR!

12 Gorgeous Girls
His Captives—
Are They
Better Dead
Than Wed?



SEVEN ARTS
presents
SAX ROHMER'S

THE BRIDES OF FU MANCHU

IN
COLOR

CHRISTOPHER LEE - DOUGLAS WILNER - MARIE VERSINI: THE BRIDES OF FU MANCHU

Screenplay by PETER WELBECK • Directed by DON SHARP • A HALLAM PRODUCTION • A SEVEN ARTS PICTURES RELEASE

BRIDES OF FU MANCHU Seven Arts. An English Anglo/Amalgamated Production. Produced by Oliver A. Unger and Harry Alan Towers. Directed by Don Sharp. Screenplay by Peter Welbeck and Don Sharp. Director of Photography, Ernest Steward. Music composed and conducted by Christopher Whelen. Running time: 93 minutes.

Dr. Fu Manchu.....Christopher Lee
Lin Tang.....Tsai Chin
Nayland Smith.....Douglas Wilner
Maria.....Marie Versini
Karl.....Henrich Wilhelm Drache
Dr. Petrie.....Howard Marion Crawford

Seven Arts continues their resurrection of that fiendish oriental mastermind, Fu Manchu, with Brides of Fu Manchu, second in their new series of films based on the world famous Sax Rohmer character. Although the film features top-notch color photography and elaborate sets and costumes, it is badly hampered by a very weak screenplay and some one-dimensional characterizations.

In his latest scheme for world domi-

nation, Fu Manchu kidnaps twelve beautiful girls. Each of these girls is a member of the family of some powerful political or industrial figures, and Fu Manchu hopes to force them to aid him in world conquest by holding the girls under the threat of death. The thirteenth victim is supposed to be Maria, a young student nurse and the daughter of a German industrialist. Maria works in London to be near Karl, a medical associate of hers with whom she is in love.

The first two kidnap attempts fail and Fu Manchu finally sends his daughter Lin Tang to get the girl for him. In the meantime, the two abortive attempts have alerted Sir Nayland Smith and Dr. Petrie to the case and they quickly deduce that the nefarious Fu Manchu is behind all the kidnappings. However, they are unable to prevent the abduction of Maria by Lin Tang and a bunch of dacoits.

Fu Manchu decides to send Lin Tang back to London after she brings Maria to him so that she can kidnap her father. Lin Tang returns to London where she seeks out the German industrialist and forces him to return with her to the Temple of Karnak in Egypt, where Fu Manchu maintains his secret laboratory. Unknown to her or her father, the man she is taking with her is actually Karl, who has taken the place of Maria's father. Karl's true identity is eventually revealed, but he is able to overcome his dacoit guards and escape from the temple into the desert.

Meanwhile, Fu Manchu demonstrates the power of his nearly perfected death ray by destroying an ocean liner. His next target will be a conference of the world's most influential men. In the nick of time (groan), the police in London discover the frequency at which the death ray operates and set up a sonic shield. Back at the Temple of Karnak, Fu Manchu's troubles are growing greater by the moment. The thirteen captive girls have turned on their guards, and who should show up at the front door but Nayland Smith who has been alerted to the exact location of the temple by Karl whom he found wandering in the desert.

Fu Manchu turns on the death ray but in attempting to run through the force shield, he overloads his machine and the whole lab explodes. At the finale, Smith and Karl lead the girls to safety, but Fu Manchu, who has escaped through a secret elevator, proclaims that the world will hear from him again. And we will -- (continued on next page)

in Vengeance of Fu Manchu.

Not that this film is good enough to warrant any sequels. Not by a long shot. Readers of the Rohmer novel, The Bride of Fu Manchu have realized by now that the plot of this movie has nothing to do with the book. Instead, scripter Peter Welbeck has come up with an original story that is loaded with more impossibilities and inconsistencies than any in recent memory. Why, for example, does Fu Manchu need Maria if he can operate his device without the aid of her father, as he does in the climax? Why is a death ray needed at all when it is so much simpler just to plant some bombs? Why does Fu Manchu keep the young girls around when he no longer needs them in his plan for world conquest? He kills one of them for that very reason right in the first scene. Why doesn't he know what Maria's father looks like if he's such a prominent industrialist? And why in heavens name are the girls called "brides" in the meaningless title? But, most of all, why have the producers ditched the fine original Rohmer story for a screenplay so lacking in logic?

Furthermore, Welbeck's screenplay is deficient in that it fails to capture any of the oriental atmosphere or fascination of the Rohmer stories. There are no exotic poisons, no evil drugs, no mysterious figures, no wily chinese characters, nor much of anything except a bunch of poorly-staged fist fights in this lacklustre effort. The only thing that Fu Manchu threatens the girls with is a puny snake pit. His dacoits are all a bunch of teenagers who know nothing of karate or pressure points and who are so impotent that they not only lose several fights in which they vastly outnumber their adversaries, but, in the end, they are even overpowered by the thirteen girls. Never has there been such a bunch of ineffectual lackeys. Fu Manchu should have fed them all to the snakes after the first reel. Their ineptitude makes one wish for a few Harold Sakata types to back up the Fu Manchu brain with a little brawn.

The acting is not especially good. Douglas Wilner is particularly bad as Nayland Smith, and one wonders why he was picked to replace Nigel Green in the role. His stiff interpretation of the character is irritating throughout, and he acts with such an air of righteousness that we root for Fu Manchu at every turn. The character of Dr. Petrie has been strangely demoted to that of a ra-

ther ineffectual old man who advises Smith in the same manner as Watson helps Sherlock Holmes. In order to understand just what a mistake this is, one just has to think of how Peter Cushing might have played this role. Marie Versini is an interesting young actress who's very pretty to look at and Tsia Chin repeats her role as Fu Manchu's daughter with another good performance. Henrich Wilhelm Drache is rather stolid as the hero of the movie.

Christopher Lee has the proper stature and demeanor for the Fu Manchu role, but he gives a very bland performance as the oriental villain. He's neither very wily or very cunning or very motivated or very anything. Perhaps it is Welbeck's fault that the character has lost nearly all of his color, but this is certainly one of Lee's lesser roles and his characterization cannot even be compared with those of Boris Karloff and Warner Oland. Now they played villains we could hiss with relish.

Director Don Sharp keeps things moving along at a good pace but he has just too little to work with in view of the fact that the screenplay is little more than a loosely strung together series of awkwardly staged fight scenes. The movie's only real plus factor is some excellent color photography and several imaginative camera angles have been utilized. In addition, the elaborate costumes of Fu Manchu are quite beautifully conceived. However, this is small praise indeed, in view of what might have been produced with a better script.

Perhaps I'm missing the point in trying to review this effort as a straight film, when it may possibly have been intended as camp. But it is certainly not outlandish enough to be taken as satire nor absurd enough to be considered as truly camp. Besides, a good film of this type requires a very nasty villain to hiss at and a strong-armed hero overcoming insurmountable odds to cheer and we have neither of them here. No, I don't think that Rohmer's novels have won their reputation because of any campy elements and this film fails to bring out their true flavor.

Based on the impression Brides of Fu Manchu gives, I'd say that Harry Alan Towers has some serious thinking to do before continuing with the series of Fu Manchu films he's promised. The shoddy promotional campaign provided by Seven (continued on page 7, column 2)

FROM OUT OF THE DEPTHS OF THE FIFTH DIMENSION
THE MOST AMAZING THRILLER OF ALL TIME!!



CYBORG 2087 United Pictures Corporation; 12/66; Produced, Earle Lyon & Fred Jordan; Directed, Franklyn Adreon; Screenplay, Arthur C. Pierce; 87 min. Cast: Michael Rennie, Dr. Sharon Mason.

Cyborg 2087 is a colorful little science-fiction thriller which just fails to hit the mark because of a threadbare script and too little plot to justify its running time. As another low budget effort from a new Hollywood production company, United Pictures, Cyborg sports some good acting and an inherently interesting story so that it stands above its companion feature, Dimension 5.

A cyborg, in case you haven't heard is a human being whose physical abilities have been technically augmented by devices surgically implanted within its body. Michael Rennie plays the cyborg of the title, Garth, and as the film opens we see him escaping from 2087 in a time machine to the year 1966. He has come back from the future because he is enslaved in his own time in a totalitarian state where men's minds are controlled by the government through the use of a device which increases one's mental powers. In our time, Garth hopes to contact the inventor of this device, Dr. Marx (Arthur Franz) and persuade him not to release it to the world. In this way, it will not fall into the wrong hands and the totalitarian state of the future will never come into existence.

Garth arrives here just a scant few hours before the device is to be unveiled and the entire film takes place in the space of one night. Complications arise when two police guards follow Garth back to our time and begin chasing him. It is Garth's suspenseful battle against time to prevent the revelation of the new device and his attempts to elude the guards that form the body of the film's action.

Actually, this is probably United's best film to date (although admittedly that isn't saying much), primarily because of some pretty good acting. Michael Rennie turns in a fine portrayal as the hunted cyborg and unlike many aging actors trapped in low budget films of this type, Rennie still looks quite distinguished. The silvery suit he wears is similar to the one he wore in the early classic, The Day the Earth Stood Still, and his performance brought back memories of that film. Warren Stevens, as a biologist who helps Rennie in his search for the inventor is quite good as is Karen Steele, Dr. Marx' assistant and the femme lead in the film. Wendell Corey steals the show with some humorous lines as the skeptical sheriff of the town plagued by the three visitors from out of time. The minor role of Dr. Marx is capably handled by veteran Arthur Franz, who many fans may remember for his role in The Four Skulls of Johnathan Drake. Unfortunately, one of the two men playing the police guards from the future seems much too old for the part. The miscasting in this role made for some unintentional laughs.

Director Franklyn Adreon manages to get some suspense out of the story and the occasional injections of humor in the script are to be appreciated. The film is not a total success because it is shabby around the edges. Some of the dialogue is very simple-minded and I think that the plot is a bit too thin in that precious little happens beyond what I have already outlined. Nonetheless, United avoided one of their frequent and most disturbing faults, garish and obviously cheaply constructed sets, by filming most of this movie outdoors.

I suppose people might criticize United for labeling their film 2087 and then having the hero slip right out of the future (and the expense of futuristic sets) in the very first scene, but I thought it was rather clever of them. An ingenious plot development can often (cont. nextpg)

save a lot of embarrassment in a low budget movie.

Unfortunately, the whole plot of the film collapses like a house of cards beneath the weight of a little scientific thought. Let me see if I can explain a glaring inconsistency in the film. Suppose Garth is successful in persuading Marx not to reveal his invention. Then there is no totalitarian future and there's no reason for Garth to go back in time. But then Marx is not warned and he proceeds to announce his discovery. But then there is the totalitarian state and Garth does go back. And this goes on ad infinitum. Oh, well, they have problems like this every week on Time Tunnel and they ignore them and I suppose we can't expect the powers that be in Hollywood to have passed high school physics. I understand that there's such a thing as poetic license, but I wish producer Earle Lyon would have been a little more wary in dealing with tricky time travel paradoxes.

In summary, although Cyborg 2087 does not live up to all its potentialities, it is an interesting bit of diversion with which to spend an evening.

-Ted Isaacs-
Rating—****

DIMENSION 5 United Pictures Corporation 12/66; Produced, Earle D. Lyon; Directed, Franklyn Aderon; Screenplay, Arthur G. Pierce. Cast: Jeffrey Hunter, France Nuyen, Harold Sakata, Donald Woods, Linda Ho. 84 minutes.

Dimension 5 is a low budget, poorly scripted little secret agent drama with a superfluous science-fiction gimmick and a misleading title.

Jeffrey Hunter, in the lead role, plays Justin Powers, an American security agent who is assigned to find out how a group of orientals plan to smuggle an atom bomb into the United States. Seems the Asians want to blackmail our government with a threat to blow up one of our cities.

Hunter spends the first part of the film finding out that his partner on the assignment is actually a pretty girl, Kitty (France Nuyen). Kitty almost sells Powers out to the enemy because she has a personal score to settle with their leader, Big Buddha (Harold Sakata), and she thinks she can get to meet him by turning Powers over to him. However, after a series of rather routine and poorly executed episodes in which he is

nearly killed, Powers is able to track Buddha down and expose the smuggling operation.

Now, some of you may be wondering why this film is called Dimension 5. I'm pretty mystified myself, but I think it is because of a science-fiction gimmick that has been carelessly thrown into the plot. Actually, the gimmick is a time travel device that is worn like a belt by agent Powers. It enables him to move forward or backward in time a couple of weeks or so. The funny thing is that the device is used in terribly contrived situations and does not seem to be at all essential to the plot. Therefore, in view of the fantasy title, one wonders why United Pictures is trying to sell this film as a science fiction movie rather than a secret agent picture, especially since there have been a lot more fantastic plots unreel'd on The Man from U.N.C.L.E. and spy pictures seem to be fairly popular. Maybe the producers feel that the spy cycle is running down. Let's hope so.

In addition to having a rather unimaginatively thin script which ignores some interesting plot possibilities, Dimension 5 is hampered by poor acting. In quickie features of this type, shortcomings in sets or special effects might be offset if the actors take their roles seriously, but in this film, there is so little talent shown that the goings-on seem all the more incredible. Jeffrey Hunter is merely mediocre in the title role, but France Nuyen seems to wear the same expression throughout the film, and it is a rather unpleasant "I told you so" expression at that. (Which is quite a (continued on page 9, column 2))

BRIDES OF FU MANCHU

(continued from page 5)

Arts and the poor critical and financial reception given the film at its first showings indicates that the enthusiasm generated by The Face of Fu Manchu, first in the series, may have died rather rapidly. If this is true then everyone concerned with these productions had better quit while they're still ahead.

-Ted Isaacs- Rating: -----***

"Screenplay by Peter Welbeck is strictly pedestrian and out of tune with the times, which Don Sharp's direction cannot overcome." (Variety)



THE WITCHES Warner Pathe. A Hammer Film Production. 91 minutes. Produced by Anthony Nelson Keys. Directed by Cyril Frankel. Screenplay, Nigel Kneale. Based on the novel The Devil's Own by Peter Curtis. Camera, Arthur Grant. Editor, James Needs. Music, Richard Rodney Bennett.

Gwenn Mayfield.....	Joan Fontaine
Stephanie Bax.....	Kay Walsh
Alan Bax.....	Alec Cowan
Sally.....	Ann Bell
Linda.....	Ingrid Brett
Dowsett.....	John Collin
Valerie.....	Michele Dorrice
Granny Rigg.....	Gwen Ffrangrin-Davies
Bob Curd.....	Duncan Lamont
Dr. Wallis.....	Leonard Rossiter
Ronnie Dowsett.....	Martin Stephens
Mrs. Dowsett.....	Carman Sharry
Mrs. Curd.....	Viola Keats
Mrs. Creek.....	Shelagh Fraser
Tom.....	Bryan Marshall

The Witches starts promisingly enough in a lonely African schoolhouse where a school teacher (Joan Fontaine) is frantically packing her books and belongings away with the help of two na-

tive helpers while the beating of native drums comes closer and closer. The strange sounds of the night close in on her and the natives frightened by the sudden appearance on the table of a voodoo doll desert her and she is left alone to face the horrifying appearance of a huge guadily painted witch-doctor's mask and whatever lurks behind it....

Recovering from the nervous breakdown she suffers as a result of this traumatic experience, she finds herself back in England being interviewed by a strange young clergyman who invites her to take the place of the former school teacher in the tiny English village in which he lives. This odd young man (Alec McCowen) lives in an old gaunt house with his authoress sister (Kay Walsh) while he listens in his study to the sound of religious music from giant church organs amplified through his stereo tape recorder.

Among the village children at the school the teacher takes over is the daughter of an old lady (Gwen Ffrangrin-Davies) who is believed by the superstitious to be a witch. A big black cat follows the school teacher around on her orders. When a boy in the village becomes too friendly with the daughter, he is warned off and when he persists, is taken ill with a mysterious complaint which has no apparent reason for being, and no apparent cure. He lies in the hospital, his breathing nearly stilled and his life ebbing away...until the teacher finds an odd little boy doll stuck in the cleft of a nearby tree, with pins through it...

She removes the pins and the boy recovers with an odd suddenness. His father however has his own suspicions concerning the culprit and he makes a call on the old lady...

Next morning the teacher finds the dead body of the village fool and around it in the mire a series of footprints, at least twelve or more - the number for a witch's coven. Before she has time to show the evidence to the police a herd of frightened sheep is driven over the evidence by dogs owned by the apologetic authoress who offers her shelter in the vicarage that night. There, awakened by mysterious sounds she opens her door to find outside is the same hideous masked being she left behind her so many thousands of miles away in Africa.

She awakes again to find herself a prisoner in a sanitorium where no one (continued on next page)

believes her tales of witches and covens and dolls with pins in them and only by escaping and getting back to the village can she at last discover the truth.

The clergyman is none other than the High Priestess of a coven of witches which includes among its members the local butcher, jovially sharpening his knives, the old lady suspected of being a witch, and indeed most of the inhabitants of the tiny village.

At the appointed time the High Priestess has chosen to sacrifice to the Devil a virgin girl, the old lady's daughter, so that the Priestess may obtain the everlasting life needed to carry on her work.

The orgy that follows covers the ritual of the Pentagram drawn on the floor, the eating of a concoction that resembles dripping excrement and chanting, waving and sinuous movements until the final sacrifice itself which must be made according to the old spell books with only an instrument previously used in this kind of work before, in this case an ancient Mayan sacrificial knife.

If any blood is shed before this, then the will of the demon will vent itself upon the High Priestess that called it, and at the last moment the teacher seizes one of the butcher's knives, cuts herself and spreads the flowing blood onto the robe of the Priestess who is seized by the demon's power and hurled to her death in the pentagram on the floor. The spell is broken!

Basically, The Witches used an age old theme of the small town or village with its conspiracy of silence against the central figure of the story. Joan Fontain, looking agelessly lovely, is a stranger amid the tiny village English who no one will inform about the strange happenings around her. The script by Nigel Kneale, author of the Professor Quatermass science fiction films and serials is as leisurely paced as the life in this small part of England must be. Filmed in color, the real life village with its brick schoolhouse, village pond meadows, sheep and suspicious villagers, is a lovely visual picture but addicts of the more violent brand of Hammer horror may find it all vaguely disappointing.

"Conspiracy" films regardless of the secret to be kept, whether Hitchcock plot, mysterious being no one wishes to speak about or Hammer coven of witches,

have a habit of creating an irritant effect on the viewer who becomes impatient to have it over and done with and the ending frequently becomes the anticlimax rather than the suspenseful denouement one expected.

Whether you like the more leisurely type of horror film will determine whether you like The Witches.

-Alan Dodd-

DIMENSION 5 (continued from page 7) pity, since her role had some real possibilities. Donald Woods as the head of the American security agency, has an idiotic smile constantly plastered on his face and is certainly no Leo G. Carroll. Only Harold Sakata, whom James Bond fans will remember from his role as Oddjob in Goldfinger, looks properly menacing as the evil Big Buddha. Strangely enough, Sakata's voice has been crudely dubbed. This is peculiar since he seems to be speaking English. Perhaps his voice was not sufficiently guttural for the producers.

The film is rather routinely photographed and the sets are so poorly done that they tend to dispell any feeling of reality the film may have had. There has been a disturbing tendency toward this sort of thing in all of United's films. I have a feeling they'll all look much better on black and white television, the market they're aimed at in the first place.

Director Franklyn Aderon moves things at a much too leisurely pace and is never able to stimulate any viewer interest in what is going on. The ending is totally incredible, but by the time it rolls around, you'll probably be so bored that you won't even care.

In summary, United Pictures chief producer, Earle D. Lyon, who has not exactly been turning out classics in the recent past (Castle of Evil, Destination Inner Space) has hit rock bottom with Dimension 5. Let's hope he spends a little more time and money on his future productions.

-Ted Isaacs-
Rating: ---*

COMING IN CINEFANTASTIQUE: In our April 30th issue will be Alan Dodd's reviews of One Million Years B.C. and Daleks Invade Earth 2150 A.D. and a review of The Bubble, a new science-fiction film in color and 3-D by Larry Byrd, and of course the latest news and photos. 3 issues/25¢

F A N Z I N E S

SATYR #4 John D. Berry, 35 Dusenberry, Bronxville, New York 10708. 25¢-36 pp.

Satyr is subtitled "wit and writ" but a more apt description is presented in large letters on the title page: "A real, pure crudzine publication just for you!" The format of humor, satire, and lively discussion of controversial topics is not at fault, but rather the contributions don't seem to fill the bill. The best of the issue is The Niekiad, a fan-nish 'in' poem by the editor, and a rambling editorial. There is an essay on nudie movies by Dave Szurek that is carelessly written, and Szurek tries so hard to be controversial that he's just a bore. The lengthy lettercolumn (14 pp) is poorly, if at all, edited and becomes tiresome. There is an overly plot concentrated book review by Don D'Ammasa, and a page of film notes by Gene Klein. Ditto and layout lack any visual appeal.

YANDRO #168 Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route #3, Hartford City, Indiana 47348. 35¢---3/\$1.00 30pp., money only.

Most interesting this month is Ted White's column "With Jaundiced Eye", very aptly titled I might add, which concentrates on why fandom doesn't need Star Trek.

Fortunately I think that a great deal of fandom disagrees with White about the show's merits, but his line of attack is interesting, if not valid, and brings up points which are often ignored by the show's fans. The Roddenberry Maneuver, also devoted to Star Trek is written by Juanita Coulson and Kay Anderson who are as apt to overlook its faults as White is its virtues, and is intended primarily as a guideline in nominating episodes for the Hugo "Best Dramatic Presentation Category". There are book and fanzine reviews by Rick Norwood. Excellent mimeo repro and Juanita's artwork for cover and Star Trek article is unbelievably good.

COSMOSTILETTO #11 Gene Klein, 33-51 84th Street, Jackson Heights, New York 11372. 25¢ (or trades, locs, contris)

A large crammed-packed issue of disorganized enjoyment, films, fanzines, feuds, and even palatable fan fiction. Disturbingly enough, organization seems to be creeping into the usual Cosmosti-

letto chaos in the form of a contents page (although pages are still unnumbered), but one still doesn't quite know what to expect. Best this time is some good heroic fantasy by Vin Mansfield, and a well edited letter column. There is the usual and unfortunate comic strip about Jonathan January, but most of the remainder (and that's a lot) is of interest. Capable ditto, switching to mimeo, excellent offset cover by Steve Coronel.

GIALLAR #7 Randall Harris, 5331 Howard, San Antonio, Texas 78212. 29 pp. 35¢.

Reputedly a filmzine, this issue contains less than two pages devoted to films, although #8 promises an exhaustive coverage of the 1966 cinema scene. The lack of film material is certainly no fault and is well compensated in other departments. Best of the issue is an historical fiction piece by Vin Mansfield called "Firebrand of the Szekelys" which contemplates the origin of Count Dracula's vampirism. A really polished and professional piece of writing that you shouldn't miss. There is an interesting editorial section, another fiction piece, and a lengthy lettercolumn. Adequate mimeo with clever spot illos and offset cover by Guy Dorsey.

WEIRDOM #10 Dennis Cunningham, 1572 Willowdale Drive, San Jose, California 95118. 50¢, money only. 36 pp.

This is the new look Weirdom, all offset, digest sized, and all comic strips. The idea is that Weirdom is "not restricted by the do-gooders of the Comics Code, & will be trying to take up where E.C. left off!" Truly lofty and admirable goals, but if my memory of Tales from the Crypt #45 serves correctly, Weirdom hasn't taken up anywhere near where E.C. left off. I never expected them to. The strips are trite and suffer from the same mediocrity and shallowness which pervades pro comics, without the benefit of professional artists or reproduction. The highlight of the issue is an imaginative cover by Dave Ludwig and a remarkably good centerfold painting. The new look is certainly inferior to the old, and definitely not worth 50¢ offset or no.

-Fred Clarke
(review issues should be marked in pencil with "CF" so as not to be confused with trades for the Garden Ghouls Gazette or Moonweb.)