

In our review of *HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS* (2:30) we neglected to credit makeup artist Dick Smith for the makeup which ages Barnabas Collins into an old vampire (above left). Many, more sharp eyed credit watchers than ourselves reported this indiscretion to us, among them Dick Smith himself, who also sent along the above shots from his personal files. At right, for comparison to his aging makeup for Jonathan Frid, is a shot of old indian fighter Dustin Hoffman, madeup by Dick Smith for Arthur Penn's Cinema Center Films release *LITTLE BIG MAN*.

KIONNA, THE FOX WITH NINE TAILS (a feature length cartoon), THE SNAKE GIRL AND THE SILVER-HAIRED WITCH, SPOOK WARFARE, GAMERA VS. VIRAS

1969 - THE BLIND BEAST, GAMERA VS. GUIRON, ALONG WITH GHOSTS, THE CURSE OF THE GHOST, HAUNTED CASTLE

1970 - GAMERA VS. JIGER

As one can determine from the filmography, there was a tremendous gap between the years of 1957 and 1965 for Daiei fantasy filmmaking. There may be several reasons for the lack of titles but for the moment they'll have to remain the "Silent Years" of Daiei.

One may also note the different release dates for the films in my list and those in Scapperotti's. I have obtained my dates, except for seven of the early motion pictures, from Unijapan Film who receive all their material directly from the Japanese companies and who are promoters of the Japanese cinema to all parts of the world, and thus, their information can be assured of its accuracy. A major error in Mr. Scapperotti's list of films was the deletion of the third Majin film and the latest Gamera picture.

GREG SHOEMAKER
2345 Georgetown, Toledo, OH 43613

I have additional information on Daiei fantasy films: *GAMERA VS. OUTER SPACE MONSTER VIRUS*, reviewed in *Variety* 5/22/68, part color and black and white. Director, Noriaki Yuasa. Cast: Kojiro Hongo, Toru Takatsuka, Peter Williams, Carl Clay, Mary Morris. The story sounds the same as your *GAMERA VS. VIRAS*, but the credits don't match up.

VENGEANCE OF THE MONSTER, MAJIN, another title for MAJIN, THE

HIDEOUS IDOL.

BOYICHI AND THE SUPER MONSTER, with Kojiro Hongo, Kyoko Enami, Akijira Natsuri. Sounds like a rematch between Gamera and Gaos.

FRED CHODKOWSKI
1169 Sparrow Dr, Point Magu, CA

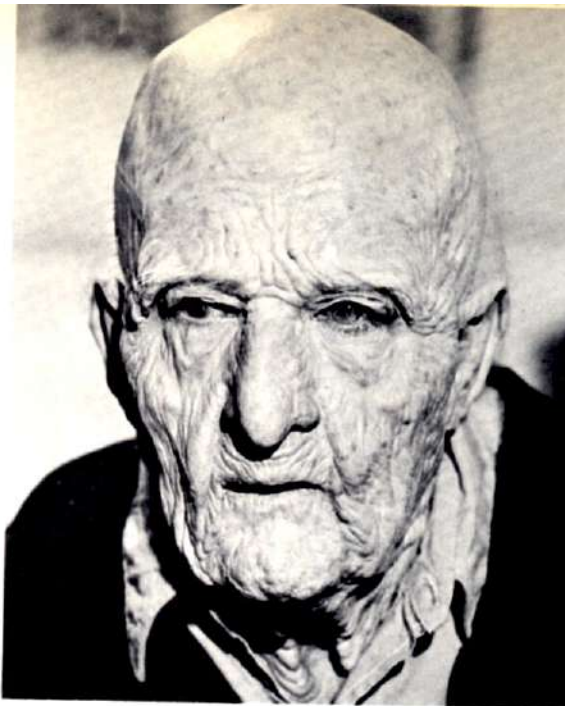
Speaking to Jim Danforth about his experience on *WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH*, he commented if I had read an article declaring that his models were badly constructed. I hadn't, but it intrigued me to find it.

It is interesting to note that one takes a valiant stand for Val Guest's direction for *WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH*. Note that all the dinosaurs were injected at a predictable point; then, when their function ceased, were promptly removed with no clarifying continuity. This, along with a few other inventions, is attributed to faulty direction. I'm not picking on Guest's ability to direct as a rebuttal to your comments, only to illustrate that the reason for the film's dismal cinematic failure lay in the hands of the director, who is responsible for the final product.

The point you brought up, that animation films have reached a cul-de-sac is a constant point of conversation among the animators in Hollywood and a reality that is taken seriously and as yet no concrete answer has been found and when alternatives have been presented, producers shy away. Almost all admit that stop-motion animation today is just a refinement of technique and equipment. The only route open that has not been fully explored is fantasy and science-fantasy (in the classical sense). This new slant for stop-motion animation may be its only salvation from extinction for the feature film.

JIM DURON
905 E Washington St, Santa Ana, CA

Your editorial on *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* in issue #3 was excellent. The movie is surely one of the greatest horror films of all times. It is generally not well known however, that the film was produced by a group of amateurs and semi-professional people from the Pittsburgh area. What I liked about the film was that it was shot in more familiar surroundings than most horror films. Instead of prehistoric creatures chewing up Tokyo, or a monstrous murdered in foggy London, *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* deals with living-dead ghouls roaming through



western Pennsylvania. The towns and newscasters mentioned in the movie are all very familiar to us in this area. This added a new dimension in horror which I have never encountered in the many other films which I have seen.

DENNIS A. ROSSI
927 Sunset Blvd, Ellwood City, PA

ROBERT QUARRY

After the premier showing of *THE RETURN OF COUNT YORGA* at the Fox Theatre in St. Louis, actor Robert Quarry, who plays Count Yorga, was introduced to the audience for a question and answer session in which he, surprisingly, gave very frank and from the shoulder answers and opinions. Afterwards, Jeff Rinehart and I went back stage with Mr. Quarry to allow him to peruse *CINEFANTASTIQUE* #2, which he lamented he hadn't seen on the market, and to discuss with him his new found prominence as a horror performer.

He informed us that *COUNT YORGA, VAMPIRE* had started off as a skin-flick being produced by Michael Macready. Quarry is a personal friend of Macready and he's also a horror fan. He's been a fan of horror for years. Quarry read the script and suggested that they make a legitimate horror film. He also offered to play the part, and so began the unusual success story of the film, which was shot at a cost of less than \$20,000 and which has grossed over \$5 Million in its first seven months of release. These are Quarry's figures, off the top of his head, and not official studio figures. The second film was shot for a reported \$46,000, and the difference in production values is evident. Quarry also told us that he has been signed by AIP for the Yorga role and that they will probably do a picture a year. I asked him about the story line from picture to picture and why they didn't explain anything from the previous film, and he said that it wouldn't make any difference to the audience because they wouldn't follow the film or care about the unexplained reappearance of Count Yorga. Quarry seemed genuinely surprised that there was any kind of following for this kind of film. He asked us: "You mean people pay attention to these things?"

He informed us that he had studied acting at the same school with Paul Newman (a friend who recently cast him in his film *WUSA*) and Marlon Brando. Quarry does his own basic makeup because he can't stand to have

anyone pushing powder puffs in his face. The fangs are caps which he wears on each of his teeth, giving them all a canine appearance. He hadn't brought them along he said, because there's only one set and it was very unpleasant being fitted for them and he doesn't want to break or loose them and "go through all that shit again."

STEVE POLWORT
787 Portland, Collinsville, ILL 62234

I agree with author Dennis Johnson that Jennie's song was the most haunting and evocative music heard in *PORTRAIT OF JENNIE*. However, Tiomkin did not compose it, Bernard Herrmann did. Herrmann was originally hired to arrange Debussy's themes as well as compose the original music for the film. But he had a run-in with Selznick and was promptly canned. With typical arrogance, Selznick used Herrmann's theme for Jennie anyway, and gave Herrmann the most ignominious credit imaginable... his name appears at the very tail of the credits, with no reference made to his contribution. Selznick never understood filmmusic, but this didn't prevent him from throwing his weight around with the composers he hired, making stupid demands. He once told a composer that although he did not want a cheap, commercial score for a certain film, it must be understood that he would like at least one hit song to emerge from the score. Max Steiner (*GONE WITH THE WIND*) and Miklos Rozsa (*SPELLBOUND*) were among the composers who had put up with Selznick's tyranny. Once, Selznick didn't like the way Rozsa had scored a climactic skiing sequence in *SPELLBOUND*, so he substituted some suspense music previously composed by Franz Waxman for his *SUSPICION*. Without asking Rozsa, of course.

I wish you'd feature the original *GHOST AND MRS. MUIR* for a similar treatment. This film is a masterpiece, full of beautiful things. Made by 20th Century-Fox in their heyday, it features excellent performances (especially Rex Harrison's as the lusty, roguish ghost), superb photography (with some of the most accomplished process shots I've ever seen), a wonderful script by Philip Dunne and fine direction by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Above all, it features one of Bernard Herrmann's most gorgeous, enchanting scores. Rest assured the film bears no resemblance to the cheap, crummy, simple-minded TV series it spawned. It deserves your attention.

I can't agree with Frederick S. Clarke that *WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH* is a superior film to *ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.* The latter film was, I think, more professionally handled. Guest is to be congratulated, perhaps, for (as pointed out) trying to twist new kinks in the "animated film" formula, but he still protracted the continued 47

Robert Quarry





NIGHT OF DARK SHADOWS

NIGHT OF DARK SHADOWS A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Release. 8/71. In Metrocolor. 97 minutes. A Dan Curtis Production. Produced and directed by Dan Curtis. Screenplay by Sam Hall from a story by Sam Hall and Dan Curtis. Director of photography, Richard Shore, A.S.C. Associate producer and production supervisor, George Goodman. Associate producer and art director, Trevor Williams. Music composed and conducted by Robert Cobert. Assistant director, Stanley Panesoff. Film edited by Charles Goldsmith. Wardrobe designer, Domingo Rodriguez. Make-up, Reginald Tackley. Hairdresser, Edith Tilles. Camera operator, Ronald Lautore. Sound, John Bolz and Al Gramaglia. Action scenes coordinated by Alex Stevens.

Quentin/Charles Collins David Selby
Angelique Lara Parker
Tracy Collins Kate Jackson
Carlotta Drake Grayson Hall
Alex Jenkins John Karlen
Claire Jenkins Nancy Barrett
Gerard Styles James Storm
Laura Collins Diana Millay
Gabriel Collins Christopher Pennock
Reverend Strack Thayer David
Sarah Castle Monica Rich
Mrs. Castle Clarisse Blackburn

NIGHT OF DARK SHADOWS, Dan Curtis' sequel to **HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS**, is a mixed bag. In most respects the sequel is as good, or better, but in certain areas, it falls short of the standards established in his first film.

Since **NIGHT OF DARK SHADOWS** has a story line which was not taken from the TV series, the characters are identified more clearly than they were in **HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS**. The only exception is Gerard Stiles, Carlotta's nephew, who is not identified as such in the film. Since the plot is not dependent on the TV series for background, it is less confusing to non-viewers of **DARK SHADOWS** than was the first film.

Unlike its predecessor, the new film begins on a light note. Artist Quentin Collins and his bride Tracy have inherited Collinwood. Their novelist friends Alex and Claire Jackson have moved onto the estate. There is even a housekeeper, Carlotta Drake, to look after things. Everything looks rosy, but this mood of happiness is soon broken. Shortly after their arrival, Quentin sees a body hanging in a tree outside the window; and the first night there, he is troubled by 19th century nightmares of a man being trampled by a horseman who looks like Quentin.

These are followed by three more visions of past events—a funeral for Angelique Collins, con-

ducted by the man Quentin saw trampled in his dream; a scene of Angelique and Charles Collins together in his artist's studio just before Gabriel (her husband, and Charles' brother) bursts in; and a small girl watching Angelique being hanged.

Who are these people? Dan Curtis has given us their names and little else. He plays on our curiosity, making us wonder why Quentin is seeing these things. Yet these scenes are only a prelude to a deeper terror.

Quentin's visions soon take a different turn, leading us to one of the most effective scenes in the film. This time it is more than just a vision, for Quentin becomes part of it, blending past and present. Angelique, one of the most powerful ghosts ever to haunt a screen, calls him to the studio in the tower which Charles had used and Quentin is now using. Quentin and Angelique are embracing when Gerard, whom Quentin sees as Gabriel, Angelique's former lover, bursts in, in a jealous rage. They fight savagely, wrecking the studio and tumbling down the stairs. There is some very deft editing, cutting from the master shot of Quentin and Gerard fighting, to Quentin's point of view, seeing not Gerard but Gabriel. Quentin is choking Gerard when his wife, Tracy, attempts to separate them. Seeing her as Charles' wife, Laura, Quentin begins to choke her.

There is a nice dreamlike quality to this sequence, created by a fuzziness around the edges and the fact that it is very effectively kept silent. There are no sounds of fighting and crashing. It is not until Tracy's voice breaks through to Quentin (and to the audience) that the spell is broken.

Dan Curtis has depended less on graphic horror with **NIGHT OF DARK SHADOWS**, choosing instead to create a mood of terror through scenes of tension. Quentin moves from visions and nightmares to a mixture of reality and visions, to partial possession, and into full possession by the spirit of his ancestor Charles. In between, we are given relaxing scenes—Alex and Claire having dinner with Quentin and Tracy, Quentin and Tracy walking around their estate, Quentin in his studio painting. These serve to make the next scene of horror all the more terrifying. Curtis also creates a great deal of curiosity, since he is well into the film before he fills in the blanks left by Quentin's visions.

Quentin finally demands an explanation from Carlotta. It was she who recommended he use the tower studio for his painting, and it was she who returned Angelique's portrait to its place after Quentin had ordered its removal. Quentin is sure that she knows more than she says. And he's right. Carlotta admits that she is the reincarnation of the little girl Quentin saw—Sara Castle, the housekeeper's daughter who lived at Collinwood in 1810. We see a close-up of Carlotta's face superimposed over Sara's as we hear her story. Reverend Strack, the man we earlier saw trampled, convinces Gabriel that his wife Angelique must

hang as a witch. Laura, Charles' wife, is equally determined to see her hang, but for very different reasons, because Charles is in love with her. Before Angelique is hanged, she gives Sara a necklace, promising that Sara will never forget her. With this goes a silent promise that Sara's love for her will keep Angelique alive, till she can have Charles again. Now Sara's love has been reincarnated in Carlotta, and Charles has been reincarnated in Quentin. From here on it is pretty obvious what will happen, but it is still marvelous fun to watch how Dan Curtis handles it. Now the film picks up speed.

Past the stage of seeing visions, Quentin is moving toward possession. He comes to Tracy to apologize for throwing her out of the studio earlier. In the middle of the scene, there is a subtle change: he is no longer Quentin but Charles, and once again treats Tracy roughly.

Angelique had earlier attempted to kill Alex or scare him off, with the collapse of a greenhouse roof under which he was standing. Now that Alex has discovered a painting of Quentin's ancestor and has seen the remarkable resemblance, he is determined to make Quentin leave Collinwood. Angelique tries a more direct attack to stop his interference. Looking more like a ghost than she has previously, she floats into the living room where Alex has fallen asleep. She hovers over him, transforming herself into a mist and enshrouding him. Claire awakens and calls him to bed; when there is no answer, she comes into the living room and is faced with a scene of incredible horror. Alex is enveloped in a pulsating glowing mist. Claire's scream blends with a high-pitched note of music, and once again Angelique's presence creates a deadly silence. Claire manages to turn on a light, breaking the spell.

Quentin is becoming Charles more frequently and deeply. He now limps, as did Charles. He attempts to drown Tracy, seeing her as Laura, and fails only because Alex and Claire rescue her in the nick of time. Gerard tries to kill Alex by running him off the road. Quentin, once more himself, fights Gerard on a narrow foot bridge and is scarred by Gerard's knife—scarred on the cheek, as Charles was. It is Tracy who kills Gerard, by pushing him off the bridge.

Carlotta is the only one left to keep Angelique's spirit alive. Alex, Claire, Quentin and Tracy search Collinwood, with Quentin and Tracy taking the lower regions and Alex and Claire the upper. Angelique traps Tracy in a storage room and attacks in her deadly silence. Alex finds Carlotta on the roof, but before he can reach her she is called to her death by Angelique. Carlotta is dead, Angelique is gone, Tracy is OK, Quentin is himself. All is right with the world. Or is it? Dan Curtis could not disappoint us with a happy ending. He sends Quentin back into Collinwood one last time, to provide us with a chilling ending.

Alex is relieved that the whole thing is over.

Scenes from **NIGHT OF DARK SHADOWS**, now in release from MGM. Right: Quentin Collins (David Selby), a victim of possession by the spirit of his long dead ancestor, Charles Collins, with his wife Tracy (Kate Jackson). Left: Angelique (Lara Parker) watches as her husband, Gabriel (Christopher Pennock) and his underlings invade the tower room, and grab Charles (David Selby). This sequel to the highly successful **HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS** depends less on graphic horror, but still retains the wonderfully atmospheric and gloomy locations filmed at the Lyndhurst estate in New York.

He had believed, near the end, that Quentin might be the one keeping Angelique's spirit alive. Alex and Claire leave for Cape Cod in the automobile. Quentin and Tracy go back to Collinwood so that he may pick up his paintings. Tracy becomes impatient when he does not return, and enters the house herself. After searching several rooms, she finds him in the art gallery, sitting and staring out the window. She asks him what he is doing. He rises, slowly limping towards her, his face a silhouette against the large, bright window. He comes closer and closer to Tracy, and when she can see his face clearly she knows the awful truth -- he is no longer Quentin, but Charles. And we see Angelique, once again a woman of flesh. We hold on a close-up of Charles' face, and then see a teletype message clattering across the screen: "UPI Teletype 3 July, Collinsport, Maine. Holiday Weekend Casualties -- Popular husband and wife novelists Claire and Alex Jenkins died in an auto accident on the turnpike. A witness, Leo Humphreys, told state police that before the crash, the car suddenly filled with white smoke." David Selby handles his dual role well, as both Quentin and Charles Collins. Charles is the more interesting of the two, as evil characters usually are. Kate Johnson does nicely as his perplexed, and then terrified, wife.

Grayson Hall makes a reappearance as the sinister Carlotta Drake. John Karlen and Nancy Barrett appear as Alex and Claire Jenkins, who introduce a sane element into the film. Lara Parker is Angelique, a ghost more real than ethereal. Christopher Pennock plays Gabriel Collins, and James Storm is Gerard Stiles, Quentin's rival for Angelique's ghostly love. Thayer David is the hypocritical Reverend Strack. (The role of Strack was originally intended to be Dark Shadows' Reverend Trask, played by Jerry Lacy. The replacement was made necessary when David Selby was hospitalized with appendicitis during the filming of his scenes with Lacy. By the time Selby had recovered, Lacy had other commitments and was no longer available for the role.)

Unfortunately, the film is marred in several respects. The camera work, for the most part, is excellent. The point-of-view technique is used often, drawing the viewer into the terror of Collinwood. There are some beautifully dizzying shots of the scaffold from which Angelique is hanged. But there is some annoying camera work, too. When Carlotta, Tracy and Quentin are ascending a stairway, we are given a view down the stairwell -- and as if that's not dizzying enough, the camera is rocked back and forth. This rocking is also used in several other scenes and becomes irritating. Several scenes seem padded, such as the one in which Alex wanders around the greenhouse for quite awhile before the collapse of the roof. But the most serious fault lies in the scoring. A romantic theme is used at the beginning, where it is fine. But it is also used in several scenes where it is entirely inappropriate; where a mood of tension is needed, it relaxes you. There are several scenes where there should be music and there is none. And all too often, the music is overly loud. As over-used as the TV series music is, it would still have been very effective if more of it had been used.

But these faults are only a small part of a very enjoyable movie that does have good acting, a well-written script and a beautiful location going for it. There is also the fact that the world of witchcraft and ghosts really does exist for, and is accepted by, all of the characters of **DARK SHADOWS**. Perhaps this, more than anything else, contributed to the success of **DARK SHADOWS**, **HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS**, and **NIGHT OF DARK SHADOWS**.

Kathryn Bushman

THE OMEGA MAN

...a mediocre, uneven mishmash of mealy-mouthed social consciousness...

THE OMEGA MAN A Warner Bros. Release. 7/71. In Panavision and Technicolor. 98 minutes. Produced by Walter Seltzer. Directed by Boris Sagal. Screenplay by John William and Joyce Corrington based on the novel by Richard Matheson. Director of photography, Russell Metty. Edited by William Ziegler. Music by Ron Grainer. Art direction, Arthur Loel and Walter M. Simonds. Set decoration, William L. Kuehl. Sound, Bob Martin. Assistant director, Donald Roberts.

Neville Charlton Heston
Matthias Anthony Zerbe
Lisa Rosalind Cash
Dutch Paul Losio
Zachary Lincoln Kilpatrick
Richie Eric Laneuville

Some stories are probably cursed to be persistently redone in films, only to be persistently mutilated by one thing or another. One such story is Richard Matheson's *I Am Legend*, a short, swift, disturbing after-doomsday chiller, which was abortively made into the AIP film **THE LAST MAN ON EARTH** in 1964, ineptly directed by Sidney Salkow.

Now, once again Matheson's work is attempted, and the results may be far better, but the film is a mediocre, uneven mishmash of mealy-mouthed social consciousness, heavy-handed characterizations, sloppy development, and erratic style. It is titled **THE OMEGA MAN**, and it bears very little resemblance to its source.

There are some wonderful things in the film, but it just doesn't add up to anything as good as its potential. The early scenes of the lone man, driving around New York's deserted streets, reminds one of Harry Belafonte's eerie wanderings in the opening moments of **THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL**. They are beautifully, awesomely achieved scenes, the loneliness and hidden terror conveyed with such absorbing, devastating impact that one is prepared for the best. Charlton Heston is superb in evoking this quality of affecting solitude, his talks with himself, his single-handed combat against pasty-faced germ warfare survivors, and the personal drive and conviction that is not too dissimilar from his Taylor of **PLANET OF THE APES**.

Alas, one's hopes diminish as the film progresses. Heston meets up with human survivors like himself, including a radical black girl who eventually falls for him, lending a falsely achieved note of racial harmony. We discover that the plague victims are a group of religious fanatics called The Family, anti-social, anti-materialistic, and anti-human. Their scenes would be laughable if they weren't played with such ludicrously grim solemnity. As it is, John William and Joyce H. Corrington's sloppily episodic, fa-

Anthony Zerbe as Matthias.



Scenes from **THE OMEGA MAN**, based on Richard Matheson's *I Am Legend*, now in release from Warner Bros. Top: Members of The Family capture Neville (Charlton Heston) in his apartment. Bottom: Richie (Eric Laneuville) becomes a victim of The Family. Warner Bros. is attempting to key its appeal to black audiences.

tuously smug screenplay makes them merely an annoyance rather than a disturbing evocation of pure spiritualism.

Director Boris Sagal has none of the feeling or compassion for social conscience or character relationships that Franklin J. Schaffner displayed so intensely in his **PLANET OF THE APES**. His visual sense is curiously uncertain and only occasionally evokes a quality of fear and loneliness that Heston achieves, especially in the opening scenes.

Photographer Russell Metty helps Sagal achieve some dazzling, strangely powerful visual qualities and, possibly if not for him, the film would have been as ugly visually as it is in its conceptual attitudes and realization. Chase and action sequences are unevenly paced and sometimes truly effective.

For the most part, Sagal uses Heston's unique strength and passion of character very well, but his loss of control over the other actors is all too evident. Anthony Zerbe remains one of the most misused of all film actors, and his rampagingly theatrical, overbearing performance as Matthias, The Family leader, is truly embarrassing. He is a marvelous actor, as he showed in **THE MOLLY MAGUIRES**, but things like this are beneath his talents.

Even with its earlier virtues, and an occasional witty throwaway, **THE OMEGA MAN** is one of the most unfortunate failures of science fiction in recent years. Script, direction, and most of the performers manage to deflate a powerful, intriguing concept, and whether or not people of genuine talent will make anything definitive or memorable out of *I Am Legend* has yet to be seen.

Dale Winogura