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Contents

FRANKENSTEIN

Frankenstein . . . plus Dracula and The Werewolf in our complete horror-strip by top talents Neal Adams & Dick Giordano

MEDIA MACABRE

Another double length news section on what's promised/threatened in forthcoming fantasy films.

MEDIA MACABRE REVIEW

Rattlers, Axe, Deep Red and Crater Lake Monster are the films that come under the HoH critics' eye.

ANSWER DESK

Boris Karloff, Superman and Hammer's Journey into the Unknown tv series are among this month's readers' queries cleared.

PETER CUSHING INTERVIEW

At last! Our interview with horror's number one film star.

POST MORTEM

More readers' raves and roastings.

COMMUNION


HISTORY OF HAMMER

The first part of our look at the origins and development of Hammer Films, plus complete filmography.

HELSING'S TERROR TALES

"Body Snatch" is Van Helsing's latest illustrated complete tale of terror.


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Welcome to the latest photo-packed issue of HoH, in which we once more cross our fingers and ring the changes.

Our usual cover creator, Brian Lewis, has taken a leave of absence this time round, to give himself the opportunity to finish his adaptation of Hammer’s The Reptile which will be appearing in its entirety next month. So, it’s welcome aboard to Bill Phillips, who has finely rendered this issue’s cover, depicting a scene from...

Frankenstein, The Werewolf and Dracula! Top American talents Dick Giordano and Neal Adams are the creators of this terror tale. We look forward to hearing your opinions of these, the first American artists to appear in our magazine. Should we stick to British talent... or spread our wings?

On the features side this month, Hammer Film fans will find this issue a real treat... Not only do we feature our long-awaited interview with Peter Cushing (with filmmography to follow shortly), but we’re starting our epic History of Hammer. Covering the company’s early days this month, there’s not a lot of the Hammer-style films we’ve all come to know and love, but we hope it answers all your queries and questions about the origin of the world’s best-known independent film production company.

Being a (hopefully) definitive feature, if we’ve made any slips, or if any of you can add information and facts, be sure to let us know and we’ll print them in a later issue.

But now, our main news item... In answer to many readers’ letters, and in an attempt to fully cover the horror/fantasy film genre, we’re changing our title!

That’s right! Starting next month, with issue 19 (or Volume 2, No. 7 if you’re collecting volumes), we’ll become HAMMER’S HOUSE OF HORROR.

Another major reason for the title change (which will not mean we’re dropping our Hammer adaptations and features) is to tie in with our new market.

Lots of you have compared HoH very favourably with American horror magazines that have been filtering over to our shores for several years. Well, we’ve decided it’s time to hit back! So, starting next month, America will be receiving this very magazine in such huge quantities that (you ready for this?) HoH will be Britain’s largest print-run cinema magazine! Not just fantasy cinema, but the biggest of the lot!

And the beautiful thing is, we’ve never made it without each and every one of you, supporting us over these last two years. So, if you’ve been reading HoH since issue 1, give yourself a big pat on the back. We’d like to think that it’s not only because you’ve been buying the mag, but also because of your fantastic support, ideas, suggestions and even criticisms that we’ve become possibly the first magazine to be actually imported into America because it compares favourably to their own vast number of movie mags.

AND THAT’S NOT ALL...

Already, based on HoH’s success, preparation is under way for the Fantasy Film Convention of 1978, a convention we’ll be attending and supporting to the hilt (watch for further news).

PLUS...

There’s a very strong rumour going round the office that we’ll be soon producing a giant size HoH Special... with colour!

Let’s face it, at a time when magazine sales are plummeting constantly, isn’t it great news for all of us that with enough effort, encouragement and enthusiasm, successful magazines can be done.

So, with the help of everyone involved in HoH from art to production to editorial, I’m going to make sure we thank you in the only way possible... by redoubling our efforts to give you the absolute best quality magazine we can.

Editor.

Above: The cover to our next issue, Hammer’s House of Horror No. 19. Watch out for it!

Available at last! In answer to literally hundreds of pleas and requests we now have in stock the custom-made HoH Volume Binders.

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THE YEAR IS 1893. THE HOUR IS LATE, AND THE MOOD IS FEAR AS TWO EXHAUSTED HUMAN BEINGS CRASH THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH AND INTO A CLEARING, BUT THERE IS NO PAUSE IN THEIR FLIGHT FOR THE BAYING OF RAVENING HOUNDS IS HARD ON THEIR HEELS...

VINCENT—VINCENT, THEY'RE GAINING ON US. SEE... SEE THEY COME. VINCENT WE'RE LOST...

No BRICKA, not if we can reach those trees yonder, HURRY! DARLINGS, just a few PACES MORE, HURRY!

FRANKENSTEIN

AFTER AN ETERNITY OF SECONDS...

THAT'S IT, DARLING, CLIMB UP AS HIGH AS YOU CAN.

I HAVE A MAN-LOVELY NON YOU COME UP.

COMPANION IS NOT YET SAFE AND ALL CAUTION IS THROWN ASIDE AS HE REACHES FOR A STOUT BRANCH...

BUT THE MAN KNOWS HIS

AND PREPARES TO DEFEND HIS

AND LIKE A BLANKET CALM ENCLOSES THE ONCE ENRAGED DOGS, AND THEY TROT OUR TELEPHONE AND THREE AS HOUSEHOLD PETS, TO THE FEET OF THEIR MASTER.

PLEASE, SENSE DO NOT BE AFRAID, THE WORK WILL DO YOU NO HARM, AND I MUST BE BLAME ENTRAINED FOR THIS TERRIBLE INCIDENT.

IT WAS SENSELESS OF ME TO CONTINUE HUNTING AFTER THE SUN HAD GONE DOWN...

YOU ARE A GENTLEMAN, BIR, BUT YOU MAY SEE YOU HAS NOT SO QUICKLY CALLED OFF YOUR DOGS WHEN YOU LEARN WHO I AM.

THE STRANGER'S VOICE IS OPENLY FRIENDLY BUT NOT THE BRICKA IS BARELY ON THE GROUND DOGS THE MAN, VINCENT, REALIZE.

THE STRANGER'S VOICE IS OPENLY FRIENDLY BUT NOT THE BRICKA IS BARELY ON THE GROUND DOGS THE MAN, VINCENT, REALIZE.

I HAVE A MAN-LOVELY NON YOU COME UP.

IT WAS SENSELESS OF ME TO CONTINUE HUNTING AFTER THE SUN HAD GONE DOWN...

FORGIVE ME... AND PLEASE ALLOW ME TO WASH THIS UP IN SOME WAY...

THEN PLEASE TELL ME, I CAN STAND THE SUSPENSE NO LONGER.

THIS IS MY FIANCÉE, BRICKA...

MY NAME IS VINCENT... I AM THE THIRD HENPECKED NEPHEW OF BORON VON FRANKENSTEIN...

SCRIPT & ARTWORK BY: NEAL ADAMS & DICK GIORDANO
IN THAT CASE YOU ARE THE NEW BARTON FRANKENSTEIN, NOW THAT YOUR UNCLE IS DEAD, WHICH ENTITLES YOU TO THE SIMPLE HOSPITALITY OF MY HOME FOR AS LONG AS YOU MAY DESIRE IT, PLEASE ACCOMPANY ME... YOU MUST!

WITH HIS RANCHEE SADDLED MOUNTED ON THE HORSE OF THEIR NEW FRIEND, THE TENSION OF THE PREY HAS FALLING AWAY, AND SOON THE PARTY COMES IN SIGHT OF A MAGNIFICENT CASTLE.

MY HOME, YOUNG BARTON FRANKENSTEIN, AND YOURS... FOR AS LONG AS YOU WOULD LIKE TO STAY.

YOU ARE TOO KIND, SIR. I FEAR YOU MAY NOT KNOW OF THE EVENTS SURROUNDING MY UNCLE'S DEATH... I FEEL HONOR-BOUND TO TELL YOU OF THEM, BEFORE WE CROSS THE THRESHOLD OF YOUR HOME.

I KNOW THE EVENTS, BARON. HIS EXPERIMENTS... THE MONSTER HE CREATED, THE DESTRUCTION THE VILLAGE DEPLETED, AND... BUT YOU... YOU ARE MERELY HIS NEPHEW...

AYE, MERE... BUT A FRANKENSTEIN NEVER-THE-LESS... AND TANTER... THE VILLAGE WERE NOT SATISFIED TO KILL MY UNCLE... THEY CAME TO MY HOME AT THE DINNER HOUR...

THEY HOWLED IN RAGE AS THEY BURNED MY HOME TO THE GROUND, AND IN RAGE AS ERICKA AND I ESCAPED IN THE CONFUSION.

WE HAVE BEEN PURSUED... HAUNTED FROM THAT MOMENT.

I LOVE HIM, SIR, AND IF NEEDED BE, I WILL DIE FOR HIM IF WE CAN JUST KEEP THEM FROM FINDING OUR... OH VINCENT...!

WHAT ERICKA IS MOST WORRIED ABOUT IS THAT, IF IT IS DISCOVERED THAT I ACTUALLY ASSISTED MY UNCLE AT TIMES AND KNOW ALL THE SECRETS WHICH SUPPOSEDLY REMAIN WITH HIM, OUR PURSUERS WILL DOUBLE IN NUMBER AND SURELY DESTROY US.

ENOUGH OF THIS DEPRESSING TALK. YOU SHALL SOON BATH, AND AFTER A COMFORTABLE DINNER WE SHALL SIP WINE BEFORE MY GREAT FIREPLACE AND ALL THIS WILL SEEM AS THOUGH IT HAPPENED IN ANOTHER WORLD!

SOON, THE NEW BARTON FRANKENSTEIN CALMLY BATHES...

... A CALM WHICH IS BROKEN BY...

QUICKLY, VINCENT PULLS ON HIS PANTS AND RUNS FROM THE ROOM...

YOU NEED TO MAKE FURTHER BARTON. WHAT YOU SEEK IS THROUGH THIS DOOR...

ERICKA!!

ERICKA! WHERE ARE YOU?

ERICKA!

ERICKA? IS SHE IN THE WASTE? I THOUGHT I HEARD HER SCREAM! WAS IT ERICKA?
His new-found friend stands in mute silence. Finally Vincent brushes roughly past him, and into the indicated room.

What is this? It seems...

I like a blast of cold air, the full impact of the room strikes Vincent Frankenstein. The room—except for minor differences—is the duplicate of his uncle's laboratory, the room in which his uncle created what became known as Frankenstein's monster!

To escape the torture of not knowing, Vincent hurls himself into his sleepless work, creating a living man from dead bodies which his now-hated enemy supplies in abundance. No more bodies, I've all the parts I need, where do you get all these bodies? And in such good condition... in Heaven's name, man... I merely want you to be happy, I wouldn't supply you with inferior material. Am I correct in assuming that we are at the final stage?

You are correct. But we will never complete that final stage until and unless I see Ericka safe and unharmed. If I don't... I will...

Baron, please, please don't get overly dramatic. Mind your pials and gauges like a good boy, and if you'll look to my left...

...the raw electricity!

...you'll see your fiancée...safe?

Oh Vincent!! Enough!!

You'll see your fiancée...safe?
As the machinery dies down, Vincent cranks the reclining body to an upright position. Is he alive? Did it work? He's not moving...not breathing!

An eyelid flutters open as the two men talk.

Give it some time. It could be hours before we know!

MMMMM MMM

Good Lord! He's alive and enraged!

KRak

Huh?

His brain inflamed, the patchwork creature stumbles forward as his creator tries to restrain him...

Stop...sit down...stop...uh!

Subdue him, Creting! Before he reaches the door!

But brute force cannot stop this monster. He smashes one guard...

And now he pauses. No one bars his path, but the frail and beautiful Ericka. Slowly he raises his eyes to hers...

Who can know the thoughts this monster has as he approaches...

...and hurls the other with all his strength into the wall...

And again moves forward.

And now lifts the girl from the cold stone and tosses her.

Who can say if he thinks at all as he steps to the window ledge...

...and hurls the girl to her death!!

...and walks away from this now silent room, leaving a man whose mind reels and heart shivers in his chest.

Ericka, Ericka...she's dead...no...she's moving, I think...

oh, help her, help her.

Without a word, the evil host steps up to the window, raises his face to the moon and parts his lips...
First, an answering growl drifts upward...

Then a shadow breaks free from the darkness of the forest and trots quickly to the side of the morning Erica.

As it becomes more distinct to Vincent’s unbelieving eyes, his worst dreams become reality. It has the form of a wolf—its grey color, its bearing, implies a more fearsome presence.

The presence of...

**The WEREWOLF**

It's attacking her and she's helpless. No! No!

Good Lord... uh...

In his hysterical state Vincent barely feels the hand which steals behind his neck and clenches! There is a brief shock, as he slips, nerveless, to the floor...

...and blackness envelops him...

Back on the ground, Erica has survived the attack of the werewolf and, tho' unconscious, her breathing is regular.

There she is. She seems so still.

Don’t worry. She’s alive! Torc, Bela, gather her up and bring her along.

Yes, grandmother.

Um... all right. We’ve got her. She’s very beautiful, grandmother.

Yes, now!
Hours later, Erica slowly regains consciousness...

"Oh... what are you saying? Oh, Vincent... Vincent, where are you? I need you. This is insane... please... tell me this is all a dream..."

"Girl... Girl..."

"Silence!

Now go... and begin your chores. Or so help me, the beatings will begin right now!

Move along!

All through the morning and hot afternoon, Erica toils under the cruel discipline of Bela, Maleva's grandson, as Maleva herself watches with a hateful eye.

That's it... that's it. Make her work for her keep. Hee, hee, hee.

Finally, as the sun goes down, Erica is allowed to rest... chained.

Weanness brings its own security, and as she begins to pace the ground behind one of the wagons, she falls to wear the clumsy footfalls...

"What? Who is it? Who is that?"

"Please..."

"Please, missy. Please, it's me, your... you are... like a flower... I have brought some broth."

"I... will leave if you wish me to... I just thought..."
Some say Bela is insane and the menacing whip he carriesapps to this theory. Why would he beat a chained and helpless prisoner?

Why does he wait till the night to accomplish his loathsome ends?

The answers to these questions lie in the shadows. As he steps into those shadows, he hears a sound which tells him that never again need these questions be asked...

The sound of the werewolf!

No... no, stay away!

RRRRR
Bela turns to run... ARGGH!

Almost immediately, Bela's cry brings the gypsies from their wagons.

His intended victim, Ericka, strikes him down—dead in his tracks! No more a frail, human woman in her stead, a full-grown enraged werewolf!!

Grab her! Pull her down! She's too powerful! She can't fight all of us, get her! Drag her down!! Ericka's rage drives them back momentarily. Suddenly a new sound attracts everyone's attention...

A powerful grey werewolf who now rumbles its challenge to Ericka!

Recognition fills the gypsies' eyes and they step aside to reveal... RRRROW

...a second werewolf!

The savagery of their battle is inhuman as every new wound they inflict repairs itself almost immediately...

...unnoticed, a figure stands in the shadows. A grim, determined, Bela rises from the dust...

Determination to gain revenge drives him to raise his pistol and with his last breath, fire the silver bullet at his enemy.

KACHOW
LOW BEAST, YOU'LL DIE FOR THIS. DIE AT THE HANDS OF THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS... FOR I AM DRACULA!

OH, MY LORD, WHAT HAVE I DONE?

YOU, BARON FRANKENSTEIN, HAVE DONE NOTHING BUT OBEY MY WILL AND DO MY BIDDING AS I COMPELLED YOU TO DO.

DO YOU KNOW WHY YOU CREATED THIS MONSTER, THIS SLAVE FOR ME? DID YOU FOR ONE MINUTE QUESTION WHAT I WOULD DO WITH THIS CREATURE? FOR THIS REASON, FRANKENSTEIN...

I AM HELPLESS IN THE DAYTIME... LIKE A SLEEPING BABE, I SLEEP...

...A STRONG MINDLESS SLAVE TO PROTECT MY SLEEP, SO THAT I MIGHT WAKE AT NIGHT AND PROWL FOR THE BLOOD THAT SUSTAINS ME. THE BLOOD OF INNOCENT VICTIMS TO S cen the MY UNDYING THIRST!
Confused, Ericka stands and stares, as the grey wolf becomes the Grey Maleva.

More shots and more silver bullets come into the hands of the villagers.

Blam! Blam!

Png.

Ericka flies into the roofs.

somewhere in her animal mind she realizes that these villagers have battled werewolves before.

leaving her pursuers far behind, her faint signal brings her to a somehow familiar castle. the castle whose sight draws her closer and urges her to enter.

Easily, her animal form clammers to an upper window...

...that looks into a deserted hallway. she pauses, sniffing the air, then jumps to the floor onto all fours.

...She scans her surroundings at a glance, then begins padding toward the only light source, which is at the end of the hall.

Human voices alert Ericka who approaches more slowly now.

It's no use. We'll never capture him.

Stop whining, you fool. You've lost your love but not your life. The monster's had a full day to calm down. Help me restrain him or you will spend yet another day in my dungeon, Baron Frankenstein.

That voice...pounds in her ears. That hated voice...Must be stilled forever!

Utter rage controls Ericka's canine body as she hurl's herself upon the master of this castle.

But Ericka is thrown from him, as though she were a puppy.

You dare!!! You dare lay your paws on me! On me!?
As though awakened from a long sleep, the monster's lip curls and he reaches out to grasp the throat of Dracula...

**AAKAAAAAA**

...lifting the vampire into the air, he effortlessly dashes him to the ground.

**HTHUUUDD**

Horror stretches the eyes of Vincent Frankenstein as the vampire...unhurt...rises, revealing an evil grin...

...and attacks the man-made monster...

...and claws for its throat!

But this is no mere mortal creature. This man-thing was born of the elements...his super-human hands clamp once again on the throat of Dracula.

**RRRRRR**

He's winning...not possible...must get away...

Panic seizes Dracula and he begins to transform himself into a giant bat and with...

**FLAP FLAP FLAP**

Let go...let...go!

I'm free!

Silently each squeezed the throat of the other. Untiring fingers probe past neck muscles seeking windpipe...spine...arteries...

Dracula frees himself and flies upward...

The face of Dracula flares through Vincent's mind...

...and hurls it full in the face of Dracula.

...and toward Vincent...intent on escape.

Grim determination sets his jaw, as he races flails for an urn of burning embers.
Screaming in pain, he flies upward...circles... then, dives straight into the monster.

WHUMP

Jumbling into the laboratory, the two figures smash into chemicals and equipment... which ignite... into a blazing inferno.

WHOOSH

Without Ericka, I might as well be dead.

Maybe... it would be just as well.

No... I can't lose hope... she might still be alive.

But as Vincent turns to leave...

Rrrrr

The werewolf... blocking my path. It's confused by the fire!

It'll doom us both if it doesn't move.

Fire... tremendous heat... I'll be burned alive.

No! I must try to reason with it.

Wolf! Listen to me... that fire will kill us... we must go. I can show you the way.

We'll die if we stay here!

Slowly, rational thought lights the werewolf's eyes.

Don't you understand!
HURRY, WOLF, HURRY!  THE FLAMES ARE SPREADING.  WE ONLY HAVE SECONDS.

LIKE A THING OF BEAUTY, THE CASTLE MUSHROOMS UPWARD AND THEN COLLAPSES IN UPON ITSELF.

AND NOW, WOLF, WHAT OF THE TWO OF US?  WILL YOU TRY TO DEPLOY ME... WHAT IF SOMETHING'S HAPPENING, YOU'RE CHANGING...TRANSFORMING...FAMILIAR...

ERICKA, MY DARLING... HOW CAN THIS BE? NO, NO, IT'S NOT ENOUGH... YOU ARE HERE!

OH, VINCENT, IT WAS HORRIBLE, HORRIBLE. I CAN HARDLY BRING MYSELF TO THINK OF IT.

YOU MEAN YOUR WEREWOLF'S NOT MY LOVE, DO NOT FEAR IT. I KNOW A MAN, A DOCTOR, WHO HAS CURED THIS CONDITION. WE SHALL FIND HIM, AND WE SHALL DEFEAT THIS THING TOGETHER.

WE HAVE COME THROUGH A NIGHT OF UNENDING TERROR AND IT WAS COME TO AN END.
Nazi Cushing

Peter Cushing is continuing to add dry humour to horrors. old, new and/or imagined... He's lately finished up the role of a neo-Nazi, leading a pack of Fuehrer-lovers called NEIN, in an American movie in Munich—Hitler's Son. Bud Cort, the unforgettable Harold and Maude, is the off-spring of Adolf and Eva Braun. Director Rod Amateau calls it a spoof—or he did until Nazi researcher Dr. Werner Masert dug up the real thing—one Jean Lorand, surviving and far from well and living in France, where he was born 60 years ago, the progeny of Hitler's World War One affair with a Frenchwoman.

But the way we hear it, the Cushing/Cort film is still playing it for laughs. Even though the script is by Lukas Heller, author of Peckinpah's Cross of Iron.

Carrie On

Touring the world, selling Star Wars seems to have turned Carrie Fisher into a basket case. Sample quotes. In Italy: 'I want to be the second Peter Lorre'.

... And Huston

When the chief of the Carradine clan, is otherwise engaged director John Huston gets to step in front of the camera... Such as in the 350th (or so it seems) film about the Bermuda Triangle mystery. Huston's is called, simply, Triangle, and features a couple of curvy, Continental lovelies, Marina Vlady and ex-007 girl, Claudine Auger. However it also stars two gents, name of Andrews Garcia and Hugo Stiglitz. Sound familiar? Well, add them to a director fellow called Rene Cardona, Jr., and you'll be quickly warned off. It's another from Mexico's Tintorera team and thereby to be avoided like a plague of Lucas rip-offs.

Question

Can someone please tell us what on earth song-and-dance man Donald O'Connor is doing in Brian De Palma's The Fury...? Another of those swirling dance sequences. Brian likes so much, we suppose.

Additions

Final star cohorts for Sean Connery and Natalie Wood in Ronald Neame's science-fact (?)

Snatchers

Donald Sutherland is the star of the new version of the 1956 classic, Invasion of the Body Snatchers. He began the movie for director Philip Kaufman in piece, Meteor, include Henry Fonda, Trevor Howard, and now that The Streets of San Francisco have to survive without his weekly counsel, Mr. Proboscis himself, Karl Malden.

Superkids

Stand by for more of those supernaturally gifted children that the screen is currently so enamoured of. But this time from France—and one of the new 'in' Paris directors, Bertrand Tavernier. Having made his name with such indigenous dramas as The Old Gun and The Watchmaker of St. Paul, and Des enfants gates, Tavernier is now planning to go international. His choice of subject? Theodore Sturgeon's eerie sf novel, More Than Human. A kind of Children.

In Britain: 'I'm hoping the sequel will be called Abbott and Costello Meet Star Wars'.
of the Damned re-visited. With sub-titles?

Clouseau Slips Again

Blake Edwards changed his mind, just before shooting the fifth Inspector Clouseau madcap comedy with Peter Sellers in Paris. The film, the fifth starring Sellers in the six so far made, is now called Revenge of the Pink Panther. And not, repeat not The Curse of the Pink Panther. Edwards thought that sounded too much like a horror vehicle. But then he's probably too busy thinking up new ways for Sellers to prat-fall to have ever seen The Revenge of the Blood Beast, Revenge of the Creature or even The Revenge of Frankenstein . . .

Variations on a Theme

Movie composer John Williams seems to have a leaning towards fantasy movies, be they st, disaster or horror. Having already knocked out the sound-alike scores for Jaws, Star Wars, and Close Encounters of the Third Kind, he's currently working on Jaws 2 and Sean Connery's Meteor. In that case,

Yet another end-of-the-world movie awaiting release, this time starring Christopher Lee and ingeniously entitled End of the World, from Charles Band Productions.

it's about time he shared his credit with his obvious mentor—Bernard Herrman. Without whose Hitchcock and De Palma scores, we doubt if Mr. Williams would be able to write a note . . .

Omen II Stars

Oscar-winning actress Lee Grant is also keen on horror. For the moment, she's lately swung from Irving Allen's Swarm into Mike Hodges's Damien—Omen II in Chicago. Swarm is about killer-bees, but it's not a case of once bitten, etc for Lee. Her Omen II co-stars include William Holden, Jonathan Scott Taylor (as Damien), Lew Ayres, Robin Foworth, Nicholas Pryor and Lucas Donat. The new (?) script comes covered with the fingerprints of Stanley Mann, Al Ramrus, John Shaner and Mike Hodges himself.

Hospital Call

Back in fashion — the old stamping grounds of Dr. Knox and his exponents of the honourable art of fresh meat delivery, Burke and Hare. In short: hospitals. Michael Douglas has completed Coma . . . now Ben Gazzara has his Corpse ready for release . . . in a manner of speaking. Richard Wilson, an AIP alumni directed the movie of John Feenal's book, Autopsy, for Robert Levine's Challenge Pictures.

If Hollywood carries on like this, someone will eventually have the necessary guts to take Choice Cuts off whatever shell it ended up on a few years back. If you don't know it, this is the greatest transplant horror-thriller, from those French merchants of terror, Boileau and Narcejac—

Victor Buono, current arch-villain of The Man from Atlantis, stars in Meat is Meat, as a mad butcher with the inevitable method of victim disposal.
Media Macabre

writers of Hitchcock’s Vertigo and Clouzot’s Les Fiends. The story, which has passed along from one Hollywood studio to another, tells of resurrecting and building a guillotined murderer back together again... limb by limb...

Title Switch

Larry Woolner’s Dimension Pictures, of Los Angeles, have been re-thinking their movie campaigns. Chilling new posters for John Bud Cardo’s Kingdom of the Spiders, for instance, which stars William (Captain Kirk) Shatner—’YOU could be the next victim’ screams the new version. And a new title as well as ad campaign for Lee Madden’s melding of Donald Pleasence and Nancy Kwan. This used to be called Cat—now it’s Devil Cat. Pleasence plays the world’s greatest hunter in a fight to the finish with a blood-crazed killer cat. Or as the poster also puts it, ‘The jaws of Hell open wide!’

Who is Edgar Allen Poe?

If you were a Hollywood tycoon, would you select to play the life story of Edgar Allen Poe? And who to write it? Such a project is afoot. And the answer to both questions comes as something of a surprise. If not a downright shock.

No, it’s not Poe’s cinematic alter-ego, Vincent Price. It’s not Peter Cushing with a mid-Atlantic accent.

The man who is writing the film and playing the lead says this: ‘Poe is the classic example of the misunderstood American genius’. Any clues in that statement?

No, okay... The same man also owns to a certain kinship with Poe the genius. ‘He used to say “I am insane with long, horrible fits of sanity”. And I feel the same way’.

So, who is to be the screen Poe? None other than Sylvester Stallone. Alias Rocky. No kidding!

Seconds out of the pit...

T.

Television is a commodity that rarely experiences any form of intelligent discussion. The TV has been relegated to a situation of utility rather than serious observation—the fantastique world of television has been long overlooked by serious historians and fantasy buffs alike. While Horror and Science-Fiction film history is reappraised and analysed to the nth degree, the genre via the small screen is virtually ignored.

Creative talents from the big screen have, at one time or another, worked in the video factory—either using the medium as an end-of-career pasture or merely as a training ground for their potential. Feature directors such as Robert Florey (Murders in the Rue Morgue, Beast With Five Fingers, etc), John Brahm (Hangover Square, The Lodger, etc), and Byron Haskin (War of the Worlds, Conquest of Space, etc), among others, have contributed to television fantasy during the twilight years of their careers. Meanwhile, Jeannot Szwarc (before he was given the Jaws II assignment) directed episodes for Night Gallery, Steven Spielberg (before he directed Jaws) also worked on Night Gallery, and Richard Donner contributed to The Twilight Zone before he directed the highly successful The Omen. The work of these people, and hundreds of others, has gone almost unnoticed over the years purely because the media of filmed television is not taken seriously enough.

Fortunately, for followers of fantastic film and television, American writer, Gary Gerani, has now written Fantastic Television (ESP Books Ltd—£3.95 Paperback), "a pictorial history of sci-fi, the unusual and the fantastic...". The contents of this book are split into two sections: Fine Tuning, in which the author takes a detailed look at 18 shows, and the Full Picture, which covers American Telefantasy, British Telefantasy, Kid Stuff and Made-for-TV Movies.

The entries in the first part offer an all-too-brief series’ history/personnel background piece, followed by an index of the episodes. The episode listings are most interesting, giving writer-director-cast-synopsis information on every segment. There are, unfortunately, some spelling errors in the credits and a few misplaced episodes, but these are mostly likely due to the setting and printing.

Picking a few of the more classic shows that the author has covered, The Twilight Zone must be the most famous (next to Star Trek, of course). To put this show into perspective, The Twilight Zone ran from 1959 to 1964 and during that time created 151 excellent episodes. Rod Serling created the show, and acted as producer and host for the series—also taking time out to write most of the episodes. Highly creative writers. Charles Beaumont and Richard Matheson also activated their typewriters for the show, turning in some of the most memorable segments. Beaumont and Matheson, in the script department, were responsible for the superb Roger Corman series of Edgar Allan Poe feature films during the early 1960s.

A particularly good episode—one written by Serling—was The Monsters are Due on Maple Street, in which a small community is beset by a power failure and believe it is caused by invaders from space—who are actually among them disguised as Earthmen. Within these half-hour segments—Serling managed to pick all the imagination and drama one could wish for in television. Twilight Zone had a brief fling at hour-long shows during its fourth season, but reverted back to 30 minutes for its fifth and final ’63-’64 season.

Another classic TV series was Hubbell Robinson’s Thriller, hosted by Boris Karloff, and running 67 episodes from 1950 to 1962. This series must be the closest that TV will ever get to recreating a Val Lewton (Cat People, I Walked with a Zombie, etc) mood on the small screen. The show started off initially as a dark crime drama series, but soon realised the more successful realm of horror-fantasy. Charles Beaumont, Donald S. Sanford, and Robert H. Andrews contributed some chilling scripts, for talents like John Brahm and Herschel Daugherty to direct. Robert Bloch wrote eight stories for the show, one of the most famous being Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper. A typically atmospheric, and chilling, segment was Pigeons from Hell, directed by John Newland (of One Step Beyond fame) from a story by the creator of Conan, Robert E. Howard.

The Outer Limits must be one of the all-time greats in TV anthlogy science-fiction. Leslie Stevens created the show, but producer-writer Joseph Stefano made it a television classic. Debuting in 1963, it only ran for 49 episodes — 49 powerful journeys into bizarre sci-fi. Stefano, in his capacity as a producer, wanted the series to feature a monster in just about every episode — his wish was stunningly fulfilled. Despite this seemingly low-brow ruling, the series did feature a strong, and intelligent, human element throughout. One of the great science-fiction scribes, Harlan
Ellison, wrote two brilliant segments for Outer Limits: Soldier, in which a fighting-man from the future is catapulted back into the present, and Demon With a Glass Hand, where Robert Culp finds himself hunted as the last survivor of an alien invasion. Both episodes won the coveted Hugo award.

An episode written by Stefano himself, The Zani Mistits, remains in the memory as one of the most eerie excursions into TV fantasy, when viewed during the show’s initial British airing in the early ’60s. Kolchak: The Night Stalker has never been seen in the U.K., excepting the two pilot shows (The Night Stalker and The Night Strangler), but its 20 episodes are among the peaks of television horror-fantasy. The show ran for just one season on American television, in 1974. However, during this time it brought forth an excellent series of imaginative and highly-active tales of monsters and mayhem. The author describes the show most accurately: “The premise of Kolchak: The Night Stalker is that ancient, fabled monsters stalk twentieth-century America.” An excellent example of the series is an episode, written by Jimmy Sangster, entitled Horror in the Heights; in which “Elderly residents of a ghastly neighborhood in Chicago are being gnawed to death by a monster which appears to its victims as someone they trust.” This show maintained a nice co-ordination of sheer terror and light humour—making it almost perfect television fantasy.

The other series given fuller coverage in this book are Adventures of Superman, One Step Beyond, Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea, Lost in Space, The Time Tunnel, Land of the Giants, Batman, Star Trek, The Invaders, The Prisoner, Rod Serling’s Night Gallery, and Space: 1999. Each entry includes a detailed episode listing, and is fully illustrated with photographs from the shows.

The second part offers a fine guide to the other TV series related to the genre, with basic cast/credits and a general synopsis. The American section is well covered but the British telefantasy chapter has a few gaps. However, almost everything involving the fantastique on the small screen is listed, from The Addams Family through to UFO. The author has also included a couple of pages on children’s TV shows (mainly the animated variety), such as Spiderman, Star Trek, and Jonny Quest. The Made-for-TV movies chapter has a good index, but appears to be something of a selection rather than a complete guide. Nevertheless, you will come across titles you’ve never heard of—let alone seen—which will interest and intrigue you. Television feature films are run more often than TV series, so this guide will be most helpful should an “unknown” quantity appear on your late-night screens.

The 192 pages of Gary Gerani’s Fantastic Television are a “must” for addicted viewers of small screen fantasy—and most interesting and informative volume for the general armchair audience. This book is a first by being a complete book on the subject and recommendation goes without saying.

KARLOFF, EEN KONKRETE MYTHE

Review by Tise Vahimagi

ORNS KARLFOH, a gentle Englishman born in London, became one of the most famous Hollywood names in the history of cinema—and was, as an individual, wholly representative of the Horror-Fantasy genre.

It was Karloff who made the name of (Henry) Frankenstein synonymous with the monster he created. 1931 was the year when the Horror film really became a genre—vanguardied by Universal’s Dracula and Frankenstein. Bela Lugosi, featured in the first success, soon became the victim of B-movies and skid-row production units, while Karloff’s career took off in a somewhat reverse fashion. Karloff’s films—running throughout his four-decades of stardom—make an interesting if not compelling collection of titles. Whatever the film, Karloff brought dignity to its role and at least elevated his part (in most films) above the general quagmire of the production.

Several books on Karloff’s screen career have appeared since his death in February, 1969—all jockeying for position in trying to be the most complete and definitive—none has an informative high-point yet attempting to do ambitious coverage of his life. Belgian author and magazine editor Gilbert Vercschooten has now brought out a well-researched hardback edition on Boris Karloff that seems to have collated the choice material from each of the previous publications—and has achieved just about the most complete and informative biography to date. The 291 pages of Karloff, een konkretyme (Film International Antwerpse Fantoom, 1975) are split into 5 basic chapters, each a productive stage in Mr. Karloff’s movie career. However, here may be just one small drawback—the entire book is printed in Belgian. Like Gilbert Vercschooten’s magazine Fantoom, this language-barrier draws extreme limitation on the publication, not only by way of cut-down on potential readers, but also on overseas distribution and availability. At the risk of making verycompassionate readers, we would imagine that the English language is pretty much universal, so much so that a publication printed in English would be able to reach and be understood by a great many overseas readers. This, surely, would benefit both the publisher and the reader—and might help the publication succeed on at least a commercial level.

However, if a potential reader (a Karloff/Horror-film buff) is interested enough in the contents then ways can be found to overcome this language-barrier. Chapter one in this tome deals with the period 1887 to 1931; the life and hardworking years of William Henry Pratt which led up to the advent of Boris Karloff and the milestone movie in cinema history; the second chapter is strictly Frankenstein—the creation of not only the monster but the making of the classic Universal movie, 1931 to 1936—which could be termed the “classic period”—is covered in detail in the third chapter. This section takes the story through Karloff’s juiciest roles (mainly at Universal) and through some of the genre’s greatest films: such pillars of fantastic cinema as The Old Dark House, The Mask of Fu Manchu, The Mummy, The Ghoul, The Black Cat, Bride of Frankenstein, The Raven, The Black Room, The Invisible Ray, and The Walking Dead. From this selection one can see just how instrumental Karloff was in helping make some of the best horror-fantasy films for such Hollywood studios as Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Columbia, and Warner Brothers. Needless to say, Universal reaped the cream of the crop because they had Mr. Karloff under contract during these years. The period 1937 to 1946 is the “mad doctors” period, allowing Karloff to break bread with such stars, remarkably, to the most inane of scripts and productions. Without the presence and dimension of Karloff the Columbia entries, The Man They Could Not Hang, The Man With Nine Lives, Before I Hang, The Devil Commands, and The Bogie Man Will Get You would simply blend further into the barren landscape created by companies like PRC and Monogram. Of course, the latter part of this period does contain the excellent RKO/Val Lewton pictures, The Body Snatcher, Isle of the Dead and Bedlam.

Sadly, the final chapter (1947 to 1965) reflects the somewhat downhill journey that Karloff’s career took—especially when he undertook to play in such fare as Voodoo Island, Frankenstein 1970, The Ghost in the Invisible Bikini, etc. However, during the last decade and a half of his life he communed between the movies and television—the latter medium proving to be quite interesting. These were the TV days of Climax, Colonel March of Scotland Yard, Thriller, Out of This World, Hallmark Hall of Fame, Wild Wild West, and The Spy.

Tail-ending this book we have a 36-page detailed filography, a 6-page TV show/episode listing, a Karloff discography, and a checklist of publications by Karloff and (mainly) about him. The book also has a steady stream of stills, photos, and frame-enlargements from Karloff’s films, and some very interesting posters. In short, a very good book respectfully paying homage to one of Fantasy Cinema’s greatest actors.

All interested readers and bookstore owners should contact Gilbert Verschooten, or contact Beekendreef 12, B-1850 Gringenbergh, Belgium, for details of purchase.
If you saw and enjoyed, Snakel or Frogs and are expecting more of the same from Rattlers...forget it! Actually it should be pretty frightening stuff (especially, if you have a thing about snakes, and I do). But, in essence, it's Jaws meets Dr. Frankenstein, or any other friendly neighbourhood mad-scientist. This one though, is a U.S. Army Colonel, filled with post-Vietnam war feelings.

Rattlesnakes in and around the Mojave Desert start acting up. (Which is more than can be said for the cast). Snake-bites disturbing a pair of lads on a camping holiday. Kill an old man in his sleep. Wipe out an entire family—dog, chicken, livestock and all. Chase a glider pilot at nightfall, one rattler sticking fast to his leg and biting furiously. And make a mess of Celia Kaye's bath night, crawling through her drain and pipes and, if nothing else, providing Harry Novak with a great poster illustration.

Now rattlers, as our heroic young expert Dr. Sam Chew tells us, just do not behave like this. They don't usually attack unless provoked,' says he. So, next question—what's provoking them?

Aided by a photo-journalist, Elisabeth Chauvet, who has just returned from Vietnam. Sam (a zoology professor) works out that all the fatal attacks happened within a certain radius. Bang in the middle of this vicious circle—an army base. Col. Dan Priest informs them that many of his men have been bitten that month. What the Colonel doesn't say is why. He's been experimenting with a CT3 nerve-gas causing wild and manic behaviour. The cannisters sprang a leak and were buried in concrete down an desolate mine-shaft, which just happens to be the ancestral home of the local rattlers...

Sam Chew, who might be remembered from one of the Planet of the Apes movies, is an effective hero. Lovely Elisabeth Chauvet is about as close to a battalions newsgirl as Tatum O'Neal is to Liz Taylor. But if you hate snakes, it remains a venomous little picture. But 'the most frightening film you may ever see'...oh, come on, Harry, you've got to be kidding!

RATTLES (1976)
Sam Chew (as Dr. Parkitson), Elisabeth Chauvet (Ann), Dan Priest (Colonel), Ron Gold (Delaney), Tony Ballen (Sheriff), Richard Lockmiller (Deputy), Jo Jordan (Mother), Al Dunlap (General), Ancel Cook (Junior), Gary Van Orman, Darwin Jostin (Soldiers), Travis Gold, Alan Decker (Boys).
Produced and Directed by John McCauley, Screenplay by Jerry Golding, Photographed by Irv Goodnight and Richard Gibb, Edited by Sandy Glickerman, Special Effects by Harry Woolman, Snake Trainers Ray Folsom and Mary McCarthy.
Frederick J. Friedel might just might, be a Gothic disciple to watch. He certainly tries hard enough in Axe, a bargain-basement "massacre" movie. (Axes come cheaper than chainsaws). Fred writes, directs, edits and plays the youngest of three armed killers on the run, hiding out in an isolated farmhouse, inhabited by one paralysed old-timer and 13 year old Lisa, his granddaughter.

Fred also gets to spill a lot of ketchup. When the gang's leader (Jack Canon) attacks young Lisa, she very nearly severs his head from neck with an open razor. She then shoves the body in a bathtub and proceeds to hack it up into little pieces with a similarly handy axe.

By the time Canon's chopped remains are secured in an old trunk, the same fate befalls Lomax, the triggerman. For exactly the same reason. He makes a grab for the girl. As grandad sits helplessly watching, she splits Lomax's head in two with the axe.

Director Friedel (in the part of nervy Billy) misses his mates, and notes a small pool of blood forming on a log in the fireplace. He looks up. Bang! Lomax's mutilated body slams down from inside the chimney. Billy rushes out, straight into the cops who gun him down for no apparent reason. While upstairs in the farm house, Leslie Lee feeds soup to Granddad, oblivious of everything...

A terse little exploitation piece; filmed by the way, at the Empire Studios, in Charlotte, North Carolina, which makes a change from the usual LA setting for blood-letting. Jumpy, yes; scary, too; but not quite as Harry Novak's poster insists, 'total terror'. But watch out for Fred Friedel. He can—he must!—only improve. Given a better script, bigger budget. And classier actors.

**AXE (1977)**

Leslie Lee (as Lisa), Jack Canon (Steele), Ray Greene (Lomax), Frederick R. Friedel (Billy), Douglas Powers (Grandfather), Frank Jones (Aubrey), Carol Miller (Storewoman), George J. Manahan (Harold), Hart Smith (Detective), Scott Smith (Policeman).

Written and Directed by Frederick R. Friedel, Produced by J. G. Patterson, Executive Producer: Irwin Friedlander, Photographed by Austin McKinney, Edited by Frederick R. Friedel and J. G. Patterson, Make-up by Worth Keeter, Music by George Newman Shaw and John Wilhelmi.

Silent room. A Christmas tree stands in a corner. The shadows of two people are seen on the wall. Suddenly the shadows are caught up in a flurry of motion. A knife appears and one of the shadows is stabbed. The blood-covered knife tumbles to the floor. A child's feet come into the view of the camera and the knife is picked up as the strains of a Christmas carol permeate the silence.

This is how Dario Argento's film, Deep Red, opens. Before the audience has time to catch its breath the scene shifts to a theatre where a parapsychology convention is taking place. Professor Giordani introduces a young German mind-reader, Helga. After a few simple experiments Helga dissolves into hysterics, screaming, "Go away! You are Death! You have killed and you will kill again!"

Later, when Helga has calmed down and leaves the theatre she is sure she is being followed. Even when she reaches her home she still feels the evil presence. The doorbell rings. The young psychic crosses the room to answer the door, then stops abruptly and screams. The door swings open, a hand grasping a glittering meat-cleaver flashes down and Helga reels, bleeding, across the room. The murderer snatches up the notes containing all that Helga had learned. But Helga isn't dead yet. She still has the strength to crawl to the window and cry out for help. The maniac sees her and the final axe blow sends her head crashing through the window, lacerated by the broken glass.

The crime is witnessed by Marc Daly (David Hemmings), a young British composer studying in Rome, and his
drunken friend, Carlo. Marc runs to the window and catches a glimpse of a shadowy, brown-clad figure hurrying from the room.

The police and journalist Gianna Brezzi arrive. They quickly establish that Marc is the sole witness. He is unable to describe the murderer but he can't help but feel that a vital clue is contained in one of the dead girl's strange paintings.

The following night, the maniac attempts to do away with the only witness to his latest murder, but Marc is alerted to his presence by the strains of the same Christmas carol that was heard during the opening sequence of the film. The murderer has the bizarre habit of carrying a tape recorder with him during his crimes and Marc escapes with relatively minor injuries.

Although Carlo tries to dissuade him from further investigation, Marc, with the help of Professor Giordani, finds an important clue in a book about modern legends. The book contains the story of a house where a similar murder was committed and which is said to be haunted by the ghost of a screaming child. To learn more Marc visits the author of the book, Amanda Rozzi. But when he arrives he finds the girl stabbed and drowned in a tub of boiling water.

Marc decides that the answer lies in the past. If he can only find the house and unlock its secret, he will also uncover the identity of the murderer. Before Marc manages to track down the murderer there are many more grisly murders, each more terrifying than the last.

**Deep Red** certainly deserves its title. It is a study in red. The red toys in the red room of the murderer, the red knives, the red paintings. Red dominates the film from beginning to end.

**Deep Red** maintains a frantic pace and a nightmarish quality throughout. In both this film and **Suspiria** Argento displays his fondness for red herring and shock tactics. Though he has been compared favourably with Hitchcock, Argento’s style is very much his own. He is, without doubt, one of the finest directors in his field. And any film that keeps its audience on the edge of its seat till the last frame must be a welcome addition to the genre.

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**DEEP RED (1976)**

David Hemmings (as Marc Daly), Daria Nicolodi (Gianna Brezzi), with Gabriele Lavia, Macha Meril, Eros Pagni, Giuliana Calandra and Nicoletta Elmi.

Directed by Dario Argento, screenplay by Dario Argento and Bernardino Zapponi, music by Giorgio Gaslini and The Goblins, Director of Photography Luigi Kuveiller, Makeup by Giuliano Laurenti, Produced by Claudio Argento.

Time: 95 mins. No British Certificate.

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**The CRATER LAKE MONSTER**

Review by Tony Crawley

It's enjoyable only in its naiveté, and perhaps unintended glance back to the days of Universal's monsters upping from black lagoons and suchlike.

Pantomime is the name of the animated-process breathing jerky life into the title star. Ray Harryhausen and Co. will already have heard they have little to worry about... And the man behind Pantomime does not want to be named. Pulling his screen credit, because he (like me) is less than ecstatic about how his rapidly ordered and made compositions have been utilised.

The unwilling creditee is David Allen. He has his own studio in beautiful downtown Burbank, and a reputation for some beautiful, up-town work before now. Including Flesh Gordon (1974).

David Allen also co-created certain effects for Equinox (1971) and contributed to Harryhausen's work on When Dinosaurs Ruled The Earth (1970).

Under normal circumstances therefore, David Allen would be happy to accept—nay, demand—the credit as Director of Special Effects. **Crater Lake** is, on sincere hopes, no normal circumstance.

The author-producer-director set up **Crater Lake** with finance from an inheritance. In doing, so Mr. William R. Stromberg seems to have let his pals in on the action. His top star, one Richard Cardella—as the trusty sheriff—is, for instance, co-scenarist with Stromberg. And one deduces that Glenn Roberts and Mark Siegel’s winning of second/third billing, must indicate kinship with the boss. Because nothing they impart on-screen deserves billing—or salary.

What has happened deep down there is that a meteor plummeted into the “mountain lake, serene and beautiful, glistening in the moonlight”. Turning it into a 90-degrees cauldron—and hatching a baby dinosaur from its long-laid egg. A veritable twin for the ancient Indian graffitti which palaeontologist Richard Harrison and his comedy assistant, Kacey Cobb, discovered in an old cave at the start of the movie.

Like any other baby, the dino is starving and starts devouring fish and bulls. It’s some time, of course, before the sheriff and Richard and Kacey understand they’ve “an aquatic dinosaur” on their hands. “Incredible,” says Sheriff and Richard and Kacey.

True to his gun-belt and siren, the sheriff wants to shoot the thing. Hey, no way—“this is a living creature from the prehistoric age,” say Richard and Kacey.

But the dinosaur Dino leaves the lake, heads off towards the ski slopes looking for more food. And, good lad—it kills Glenn Roberts. Though, bad lad, leaving us still with Mark Siegel. So the sheriff has to do what a man must do—namely driving a snow plough back and forth into and over the beast until Dino calls it quits... and true to monster ritual, “raises its head and emits a last, shuddering, agonising cry.”

Just like the audience.

**THE CRATER LAKE MONSTER (1977)**

Richard Cardella (as Steve), Glenn Roberts (Arnie), Mark Siegel (Mitch), Kacey Cobb (Susan), Richard Harrison (Dan), Bob Hyman (Doc), Hal Scharm (Birdwatcher), Produced and Directed by William R. Stromberg; screenplay by Richard Cardella and William R. Stromberg. Director of Special Effects is David Allen, assisted by Randy Cook and Phil Tippet.

A Crown-International Pictures US release. No UK distributor

Time: 89 mins.
Leonard Marignón of Montreal, Canada, wants to know how many "Black Cat" movies there have been? The answer to this one is... Four. In 1934 Edgar Ulmer made *The Black Cat* for Universal, with Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi; the British release title of this was *House of Doom*, while the re-release title was *The Vanishing Body*.

1941 saw another Universal *Black Cat*, featuring Basil Rathbone and Bela Lugosi, but this was basically a routine thriller. There was a 22-minute animated *Black Cat* in 1960, with narration by Rathbone. Finally, in 1965, there was another *Black Cat* made by Harold Hoffman; this one wasn't released in Britain until 1969. There have, of course, been many films which have tried to blend in the *Black Cat* theme with another story, or have had segments supposedly inspired by the Edgar Allan Poe story.

Kevin Green of Reading wants to know if we will be featuring illustrated adaptations of non-fantasy films? Well, as HoH is a publication devoted to films of fantasy we will not be dealing with anything not relating to the genre, and that goes for Hammer's output too; details on the following titles? First off, *Legend of the Seven Golden Vampires* was previously covered in *HoH* 4, *Legend of the Werewolf* is a Tyburn production of 1974, directed by Freddie Francis, *Zeppelin vs. Pterodactyls*, *Payment in Fear*, *When the Earth Cracked Open*, and *Mistress of the Seas* are all as-yet unreleased Hammer projects which may not be filmed for many years (remember, Paramount's script for *War of the Worlds* had gathering dust in the vaults for twenty years before George Pal discovered it in 1952!); *Hammer Frankenstein/Dracula sequels?* At the moment there are no plans for a further sequel in either series, but that doesn't mean there will never be another addition to the Baron's or Count's sagas (incidentally, don't you think that all the dramatic aspects of both series have been fully explored by now, without resorting to something like Universal's *miracle*?).

From Paramount's 1932 version of *Island of Lost Souls*, Charles Laughton's eccentric characterisation of Doctor Moreau.

Joy Kitley of Banbury, Warke., forwards the question of who played Moreau in the original *Island of Doctor Moreau*? Paramount's 1932 *Island of Lost Souls* featured Charles Laughton as the mad scientist "Doctor Moreau". Since you didn't ask, the picture was directed by Erle C. Kenton, co-starred Richard Arlen, Leila Hyams and Kathleen Burke (as the "Panther Woman"), and scripted by Waldemar Young and Philip Wylie.

Boris Karloff plays the suave and sophisticated co-star in Universal's *Black Cat* (1934), the first of the seven Karloff/Lugosi team-ups.
In the 1951 film, Superman and the Mole Men, George Reeves and Phyllis Coates (as Lois Lane) gaze skyward, oblivious to the menace beneath their feet.


Superman and the Jungle Devil (1953-54). Episodes of The Adventures of Superman TV series edited into a feature. Cast: George Reeves (as Superman), Noel Neill, Superman and the Mole Men (1951). Dir: Lee Sholem. Cast: George Reeves (as Superman), Phyllis Coates, Jeff Corey, Walter Reed, J. Farrell MacDonald, Stanley Andrews. Edited feature from the TV series. This was filmed prior to the TV series but was later edited into a two-part story. UK title: Superman and the Strange People.


The Adventures of Superman television series. 103 episodes (some in colour) telecast from 1953 through 1957.

Ivan Turzak, of Oldham, Manchester, asks for details of the 1968 Hammer TV series, Journey to the Unknown. First of all, Ivan, this series is not likely to be generally "re-aired" unless your regional television station believes that there is an anxious viewing audience waiting for it. (The Prisoner is currently being re-run in the London area, luckily for "No. 6" fans), so maybe you should write your local TV head office. Anyway, here is the Journey to the Unknown episode index:


A Hammer and Twentieth Century-Fox TV Production. Executive Producer: Joan Harrison; Producer: Anthony Hinds; Director of Photography: Arthur Lavis; BSC; Supervising Editor: James Needs; Music Supervisor: Philip Martell. Main Title Theme by Harry Robinson.
The Life and Times of PETER CUSHING

Interview by Alan Frank

I don't mind being a horror film star. To object would be like sucking a gift horse in the face." So says Peter Cushing, neatly summarising a career that has made him one of the world's leading stars of horror movies, a career that has taken him from repertory theatre to Hollywood, from television's Horrors of the Year to the archetypal Baron Frankenstein.

Cushing himself is the epitome of the English gentleman, soft spoken, professional and immensely kind. Traits which emerge very strongly in his screen work, whether he is playing a succession of film victims, the single-minded and obsessive Frankenstein or Dracula's steely nemesis, Van Helsing. Willingly type-cast since 1956's The Curse of Frankenstein (see HoH 2 and 3), Cushing today remains one of the cinema's most potent villains, as his role as the Grand Moff Tarkin in Star Wars so ably demonstrates.

Born on 26th May 1913 in Purley, Surrey, Cushing's family was, as he says: "...by no means a rich family. I should think very middle class with just enough to get by...well, no, more than just enough because tax wasn't a problem in those days. Looking back, we always had what was to me a very nice house and always a very nice garden."

While there was a minimal theatrical background to the Cushing family—his grandfather had toured with Sir Henry Irving and his step-uncle Wilt J. Herriot was a well known actor—Cushing himself had always wanted to act. "My brother and I were always short of money and an uncle of ours suggested that we stage a puppet show at his house but not to charge an entrance fee but make a collection as the audience left. We did collect what we considered was a nice lot of money and my share was about three shillings which meant something in 1917 and enabled us to indulge in our favourite comic paper, 'Jim,' and several bags of bully eyes."

Cushing was an ardent cinegoer as a boy, something that increased his ambitions to become an actor. "It was all I ever wanted to do, as far back as I can remember. When I was a child, I was a cowboy and using my bicycle as a horse. I played out fantasies as a child, nothing of the kind of some of the films I've made. My great hero was Tom Mix, the cowboy star and I used to see all his pictures and then I came home and pretended that my bicycle was this wonderful white horse. We had a long garden that sloped down from a railway embankment and I would rush along this embankment, fall down and terrify people. I just came crashing down on bended knees and cut elbows but I enjoyed every minute of it...all alone, I always played on my own. And then I remember hanging myself once after having seen Tom Mix being hung in a film. So I hanged myself off my mother's washing line but fortunately she didn't see me! I suppose it's all to do with imagination and trying to copy what one's hero did."

"All I could think about was how to get into the acting business."

"It was a thing that children followed in their father's footsteps," says Cushing. "But I was never cut out for that." Instead of going into banking on leaving school, he compromised and began working for the Coulson and Purley Urban District Council. "I was called a Surveyor's Assistant," he recalls. "But I was only a glorified office boy. They were all very kind to me but all I could think about while I was there was how to get into the acting business."

He spent his evenings with local amateur dramatic societies and wrote off to repertory theatres all over Britain, finally being accepted. "For my first job in the theatre,
which was at the Connaught Theatre at Woking. I got fifteen shillings a week. I just gave the fifteen shillings straight to my landlady and for that I got full board and lodging.”

He started as a lowly Assistant Stage Manager with walk-on parts and gradually gained more experience and bigger parts with the Connaught Theatre and other repertory companies. “I think,” he says, “that the theatre is still the best training ground. You learn all the mistakes there and you learn never to make them again.” But his burning ambition was still to go to Hollywood and, after some four years in repertory, he made the move.

“My dad, bless him, bought me a one-way ticket to America. No one knew me as an actor so when I went to Hollywood it was really a case of a Fool stepping in where angels fear to tread.” He arrived in Hollywood when Columbia were beginning filming The Man in The Iron Mask, directed by James Whale who, prophetically, had made the Universal Frankenstein in 1931 with Karloff. Cushing bluffed his way through his interview with fellow Englishman Whale by claiming that he could fence; the bluff was exposed very quickly by the movie’s fencing master, M. Caverne who told Cushing that he would “teach you to be the best swordsman in Hollywood”. As it happened, most of the cutting in Cushing’s role took place on a movieola and not at the end of a foil, as apart from a brief appearance as himself towards the end of the film, Cushing doubled for the star, Louis Hayward, who was playing a dual role.

“When I went to Hollywood it was a case of a Fool stepping in where angels fear to tread.”

Regrettably most of my part finished on the cutting room floor. I was able to see myself at the rushes, knowing that it would be cut—literally cut up the middle and all my parts thrown away and the two Louis Haywards put together.” But it was the experience that Cushing valued even more than the $75 a week he received, which enabled him to pay for six months at the YMCA. “I’d never ever been inside a film studio before and of course it was absolutely marvellous. I was playing with all sorts of people who were at that time very big in the profession, like Joseph Schildkraut, Warren William and Alan Hale, so I was able to learn an awful lot by watching all those people and how they worked in front of the cameras.”

Cushing continued to work in Hollywood until the outbreak of the Second World War, and he became part of the town’s ‘British Colony’, peopled by such cricket playing stalwarts as Sir C. Aubrey Smith, Ronald Coleman and David Niven. More screen roles followed: Vigil in The Night for director George Stevens, Laddie and an

It was Cushing’s role as Winston Smith in the TV play 1984 that caused Hammer to seek him out for the part of Baron Frankenstein in their 1956 film, The Curse of Frankenstein.

MGM short Dreams, all in 1940, They Dare Not Love, again for James Whale in 1941 and Women in War in the same year. His second film had given him a villainous role, albeit a humorous one, in Laurel and Hardy’s 1939 film A Chump at Oxford. Cushing recollects: “I found Stan Laurel was the, shall I say, the genius of the two in as much as he worked out all the gags and thought them up, Hardy played along with that but all the ideas seemed to stem from Stan Laurel. I remember Hardy was a great key chain swinger: he was always going around humming, swinging that chain round and round, followed by a little blackamoor pushing a dumb waiter with doughnuts and coffee on it”.

Homesick for Britain at the start of the war, Cushing made his way back via New York and Canada. He had to work his way home and attempted to become a blood donor in New York. “I rushed in and gave a pint for Britain, but on the way out I collapsed on the pavement and they had to pump two pints back. Then someone had deserted from a banana boat in a convoy sailing from Halifax, Nova Scotia, and I volunteered. They asked me what experience I had had and I said: ‘What do you mean, today?’ They said no, at sea and I said ‘I’m just an actor, but I got the job’.”

Back home, Cushing was turned down for military service because of an old rugby accident and what he refers to as his “wonky ear”. Not wanting to go back to office work, he joined the forces’ entertainment service ENSA. He toured with the unit, meeting and marrying Helen Beck and, after being invalided out of ENSA, he decided not to go back to repertory theatre but to try his luck on the London stage. While appearing in While The Sun Shines at Kew, he was seen by Sir Laurence Olivier who offered him the role of Oslot in the film Hamlet (1947).
Cushing's was a key character part which he fleshed magnificently. Also in the film was Christopher Lee with the one line "Lights!". He and Cushing never met on the film and the same thing was to happen when they both appeared in separate scenes in John Huston's 1955 film Moulin Rouge.

"Regrettably, most of my first film part ended up on the cutting room floor."

He continued to work in the theatre, touring Australia with Olivier's Old Vic company and again working with Olivier in his 1951 Festival of Britain season. But it was in television that Cushing made his post war mark prior to his Hammer success and he was one of the first stage actors to appear regularly on television, not in a series but in major and serious plays. He won for himself three deserved Daily Mail Awards as Television Actor of the Year, no mean achievement when you realize that television drama was live at this stage, being transmitted twice a week when a play was repeated, after three weeks of concentrated rehearsal. Television made Cushing a household name. "I did almost three years solid on television and practically every part I played was different. And this was one thing I think that intrigued them (the public). In fact, one of the newspapers said that the BBC's maid of all work was me".

It was his performance as the doomed Winston Smith in Rudolph Cartier's BBC production of George Orwell's terrifying vision of the future, 1984 that clinched his rise to stardom. It is a still highly impressive piece of sustained acting that makes the 1955 film version with Edmond O'Brien in the part of Winston Smith pallid by comparison.

"Oddly enough", recalls Cushing, It was 1984 which got me labelled 'the Horror Man'. I've the press cuttings to prove it: 'BBC finds horror star', they said. It was the scene with the rats that did it: nothing like that had been seen on TV before. It was horrible, but not horror".

When I spoke to Hammer's Michael Carreras at Pinewood Studios recently, just after the video-recording of 1984 had been screened again on BBC television, he confirmed that it had been Cushing's performance in the play that had brought the actor to the attention of Hammer. And Cushing's screen career was from that time to become firmly associated with horror, making him one of the three post-war Kings of Terror, along with Vincent Price and Christopher Lee. But even prior to the seminal The Curse of Frankenstein, Cushing had pursued a busy film career. After Hamlet had come Moulin Rouge, The Black Knight, The End of The Affair (as Deborah Kerr's husband), Magic Fire, Time Without Pity and Alexander The Great. As he told me on the set of The House That Dripped Blood:

"I'd read in the newspaper that Hammer were going to re-make Frankenstein which I'd seen many years ago with Boris Karloff and Colin Clive and had thought that it was a wonderful film and a wonderful part. So I said to my agent, they're doing this and this is the sort of film I'd like to do if they still want me but could we see Hammer's most recent picture. They very kindly showed it to me—X The Unknown—which I thought was absolutely splendid".

So Peter Cushing was teamed with Christopher Lee, director Terence Fisher and Hammer studios and, from a script by one time fourth assistant director Jimmy Sangster, they made The Curse of Frankenstein which in 1956 completely revived the then moribund horror film genre and established both Cushing and Lee as world stars.

Before Cushing's portrayal of Baron Frankenstein, the name had always been associated with the monster itself, rather than his creator. This is hardly surprising since the previous Frankenstein films had
the characterisation. But, when I read Frankenstein and the script... I had never read the book before... I realised that one had to compromise: with the script you couldn't play him exactly as Mary Shelley had written him. It was a different concept in a way. I think that Hammer did it very cleverly. I think that Jimmy Sangster is a very good script writer; he's wonderful particularly at parallel action and action in general. I think that when scripts are written with a time limit, they suffer a little and the only thing one has to do—with Jimmy's permission and with the director's approval—is to just make the lines easier to say, not quite so literary because it's often quite easy to write a sentence that will read well but when you come to say it aloud it sounds a little pedantic. So you just have to alter it and we did that on all the scripts. You all work together. I don't hold with the thing that says because you're doing a period piece of science, this time on the side of good. One of the most impressive facets of Cushing's screen career has been his ability to be convincing as villain and as hero, as victim as well as avenger. Where the original Universal Dracula films had suffered from a kind of inherent imbalance due to the fact that the powerful character of Dracula was never faced with a strong and worthy opponent, when Cushing faced Lee, it was a battle of equals, of total good against total evil and the Hammer Dracula films gained much of their lasting impact from this strength of playing.

Cushing's dedication to his art is a key factor in his success. When he plays Frankenstein and is required to carry out screen surgery, he consults his family doctor about the techniques he should employ. Says Cushing of one such occasion: "He spent about an hour explaining how to transplant a brain."

been biased towards the monstrous elements with the emphasis firmly on the monster, Karloff initially and later Glenn Strange, Lon Chaney Junior and Bela Lugosi, so that the character of the Baron had been reduced to the archetypal mad scientist. In the 1931 film, Colin Clive's playing of Frankenstein had been strangely ineffectual and over the top and it was Karloff who had emerged as the film's key protagonist. But in the hands of Cushing, this was totally changed. Frankenstein emerged as a dedicated scientist, a seeker after truth as he saw it and at whatever cost in lives and suffering was required to gain his objectives. Cushing played the Baron firmly and incisively with a force and conviction that was to carry him through a series of major films on the theme and a succession of different actors playing the monster. Cushing became the archetypal screen Frankenstein and the unifying character in all Hammer's movies about the monster. No further proof is required of Cushing's total mastery of the part than a re-viewing of the one Hammer film of Mary Shelley's monster made without him, Horror of Frankenstein made in 1970: as the Baron, Ralph Bates tries hard but succeeds only being ineffective and the film suffers accordingly.

"Corruption was gratuitously vicious, fearfully sick. But it was a good script, which just goes to show how important the presentation is."

Cushing brought his considerable skills as an actor and his complete dedication to his work to the playing of the Baron. "There is only one way to approach the role and that is to read the book and try to get all the eccentricities and oddities of the man into that you have to talk pedantically." Cushing, the perfect professional is always generous towards his co-workers. Speaking of Christopher Lee's performance as the monster, he says: "With the sort of make-up that Chris was given—it was a fleshy and rather horrific looking thing—you couldn't play it as a mechanical, almost robot affair. What Chris based it on, which I think was really clever and where I think he got a lot of sympathy, was a child... a spastic child. And when he tried to sit down he just fell down. I thought he did a very, very difficult job very well indeed."

With The Curse of Frankenstein, Cushing became typecast as a horror star. He's not resentful of the fact since he realises that it has kept him constantly in work for over twenty years. He and Lee appeared again as co-stars the following year in Dracula (see HoH), in which Cushing created his second archetypal horror role, that of the steely vampire hunter Van Helsing. Once again his portrayal was crucial to the film's success and, as played by Cushing, Van Helsing emerged as another dedicated man As Van Helsing, too, he brought more to the part than the script laid down. "In the first Dracula picture I suggested that it is always a good idea to have some sort of almost Douglas Fairbanks scene—to have a jolly good leap or a jump. Towards the end, just before Chris Lee disintegrates in that wonderful bit of special effects, the script just said that Van Helsing gets out his crucifix and forces Dracula into the sunlight. I said that it would be absolutely marvellous if they could jump off a balcony onto the curtains... but they couldn't construct a balcony because it would be frightfully expensive and they'd shot already and they had already built the set. What we did have was a long, long rejector table. I ran along it and leapt as far as I could and pulled the curtains down, which was much more effective than just running to them and pulling them down. And then there was the crucifix. In the script it just said he took out a crucifix; well, that would have made him have three crucifixes in his pocket which was a bit silly as I had given one to Michael Gough in the graveyard and one to the little girl. So I
suggested that could we have a couple of candle sticks which they made in the Props Department and I used these to form the cross".

From the time Cushing made his first films for Hammer, he became a world horror star, appearing to good effect in a succession of key genre movies. He portrayed the screen’s finest Sherlock Holmes in 1959’s The Hound of The Baskervilles, later starring in a series based on the detective’s cases on British television. His performances, even in films that were not worthy of his abilities—The Blood Beast Terror and Corruption come to mind in this category, and of the latter film he says: “It was gratuitously vicious, fearfully sick. But it was a good script, which just goes to show how important the presentation is”—have always given to his films an integrity and credibility that has kept him popular and in constant demand in a film career that spans nearly forty years. He has won the Georges Méliès Award for his performance in Tales From The Crypt as the haunted and memorable Grimdyke but more importantly, he has won the devotion of audiences all over the world. His Hammer Frankenstein performances are an integral part of the history of screen horror and the character is one about whom Cushing has strong views.

“Frankenstein is not evil, but a man obsessed by what he is trying to achieve, by any means that will justify the end.”

“When we first started, Frankenstein was trying to do the impossible. Then transplants began to be shown on television and we thought that would be the end of the doctor, with his crude, do-it-yourself surgery. But he is more popular than ever. He is not evil, but a man obsessed by what he is trying to achieve by any means that will justify the end. Now doctors are doing transplants successfully, he’s less of a monster. I still consider Frankenstein streets ahead and the public demand for horror shows is as great as ever”.

Since his wife’s death, Peter Cushing has driven himself in a film and television career that would have broken a lesser man. His kindness to his co-workers is legendary in the business and in real-life he is the complete antithesis of the evil characters he portrays on the screen and it is fitting that his latest role should be in the phenomenally successful Star Wars: co-star Carrie Fisher sums his character up when she explains: “I had to think of the one person in the world I hated in order to summon up the anger I needed to act opposite this sweet English gentlemen”. Horror-fantasy film addicts have a great deal to be grateful for, for in over eighty films Peter Cushing has proved himself to be one of the great masters of terror.
I will not try to praise your magazine because it is so tremendous that anything I say can only be an understatement.

I think it would be extremely interesting to see an article about how Hammer films have suffered at the hands of the Censor over the years. I have a large collection of horror film books and they often contain stills that I’m sure did not appear in the final films. Examples of such scenes are Veronica Vetri being pursued by a giant crab in When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth and a scene from Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed in which Peter Cushing is opening the skull of a corpse during the first part of a brain operation.

I am sure that an article dealing with the subject of what the Censor has deprived Hammer fans of seeing would be of great interest to all your readers and I hope that something along these lines will appear in HoH soon.

David R. Evans, Sidcup.

HoH

Congratulations on reaching the end of volume one of what I believe to be the best horror film magazine on the market. Although the content, on the whole, is good I would like to see much more on the earlier Universal films. In HoH 12 you printed a letter that described reviews of old films as ‘a touch boring’. I could not disagree more. Denis Gifford’s The Golden Age of Horror is by far your best regular column. I would like very much to see comic strips of the older Universal films, particularly Son of Frankenstein and Ghost of Frankenstein which have hardly been mentioned in the magazine at all.

Although Hammer films are great, please remember that they are remakes, and nothing more. Universal captured the public imagination with such classics as Dracula, Frankenstein and The Mummy and Hammer have cashed in on it.

Again my congratulations on reaching the end of Volume 1.

N. Clarke, Lincoln.

HoH

Your magazine has definitely reached a standard of excellence and is the best horror magazine currently being published. The Father Shandor stories are a great idea and I am looking forward to the next episode.

Tragically, I only started to get HoH from issue 8, but I will continue to support the magazine as long as it is published.

I have had an idea for a Horror’s Who’s Who where you could publish an article and a list of films of such horror actors as Lon Chaney, Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff, Vincent Price, Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee.

Michael Stalmach, Mirfield.

HoH

As soon as I’ve read one month’s HoH I’m looking forward to the next! Your Gorgon adaptation in HoH 11/12 was brilliant. The artwork by Alberto Cuyas and Trevor Goring was great.

Tell Brian Lewis to keep up the good work with his cover illustrations. Van Helsing’s Terror Tales are superb, especially ‘Food for Thought’ in HoH 9 and this month’s adaptation of One Million Years BC is the best I’ve seen in HoH.

I would like to see more information on Hammer’s gothic horror films such as Dr Jekyll and Sister Hyde, Revenge of Frankenstein and Scars of Dracula. I would also like to see more stills from the Hammer films.

Andrew Hale, Stockport.

HoH

To say that HoH is a great magazine would be an understatement. From the excellent 1st issue the magazine has now progressed to a state of perfection. I particularly like the reviews of the lesser seen films — Night of the Living Dead and The Living Dead at the Manchester Morgue reviews were masterly. Media Macabre is also an excellent feature.

The balance of comic strips to features is exactly right, with the idea of alternating between Shandor, Van Helsing and Dr Frankenstein sounding very good. Incidentally, what has happened to your Horror Around the World feature?

I could go on praising every feature in the magazine and congratulating you on your splendid publication, but I’m sure you’ve heard it all before! So I will just round off by saying ‘Thank you and well done’.

Ian Fosier, Uttoxeter.

HoH

HoH is the greatest horror magazine around. Being a loyal Hammer fan I would like to ask if you could do a feature on my favourite actor, David Prowse. I would also like to see a feature on my favourite film, Horror of Frankenstein, which coincidentally starred David Prowse as the monster. Keep up the good work.

David Last, Ontario, Canada.

I very much enjoyed reading the information on George Romero’s Martin, a complex work that is unique in its low key approach to a traditionally sensational subject. Romero’s views were somewhat pretonious for a man whose published comments on his masterpiece, Night of the Living Dead were ‘we wanted to make it as gross as possible’, yet it is good to see Romero sticking to the bleak style of his earlier film. Martin, I predict, will become a modern horror classic.

HoH is surprisingly accurate in its information generally but Jean Marc Lovellier is wrong in attributing the mediocre Black Belly of the Spider to Dario Argento. It was directed by Paolo Cavara in 1970 and apart from a good Ennio Morricone score has nothing to offer for the horror fan.

HoH has now established itself as the only British horror and fantasy film magazine so keep up the good work and please ask Denis Gifford to discuss Tod Slaughter’s career in the near future.

Alan Bryce, Epsom.

A mature magazine, this. I’ve now read HoH 14 and you still look like going from strength to strength.

I would like to pass on a few ideas for your consideration. I would like to see a bigger and brighter section on the horror-type novel and an entire section on television fantasy, perhaps an elongated Media Macabre to cover the current fantasy series (e.g. Dr Who, Space 1999, Star Maidens, etc.), giving a run-down on their history, the actors and the production staff.

The Terror Tales at the end of HoH are a great success but are too short. I think these stories should deal more with fact, such as a comic strip about Jack the Ripper or Crippen or even true ghost tales giving HoH a deeper, more subtle horror reality.

- Anthony Worvall, Preston.

HoH

HoH is light years ahead of any of its American counterparts. Each of the Van Helsing’s Terror Tales is so good I think Hammer Studios could make a film along the lines of Tales from the Crypt using the stories from the Van Helsing series.

I’d like it very much if you could do a profile on the history of fantasy and horror film companies like AIP, Amicus and, of course, Hammer.

John Kelly, Greenock.

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Review by Tony Crawley

Frankly, I don’t quite know what to make of this film. ... The pressure is there to hail it as great, because it keeps picking up awards. *Best New Film* and *Best Supporting Actress* (for Mildred Clinton, best known in the U.S. for Kentucky Fried Chicken commercials) at the 1976 Virgin Islands festival; silver plaque at the ’76 Chicago festival; a whole stream of buyers at the Cannes ’77 circus.

Yet, for all its well-honed polish and people-packed action (700 at the Director’s count), I’m not convinced by the story, characters or the film’s appeal. If any.

As perhaps is usual, I could well be in a minority of one in this respect. Hollywood and Broadway director Josh Logan, for instance, loves the movie. But then, what does he know about horror-films? Robert Wise, however, knows plenty. Even with his own Audrey Rose in direct competition with this one, he says, “It scared the hell out of me!”

One of the Virgin Island jury, Chicago Sun Times critic and part-time scenarist Roger Ebert waxes lyrical over director Alfred Sole’s brilliant macabre touch. But then, Ebert felt Russ Meyer was a great director... “No judge left the screening-room for coffee,” adds Ebert. “When you’re screening three to four films a day, that’s a tribute!”

Maybe so. It could also mean the jury was asleep. Anyway, what is a festival jurist doing leaving a screening? If they want coffee, they shout for it ...

Another gent at the Virgin Islands event (which seems to hand out prizes to any film that actually turns up; the X-rated *Alice in Wonderland*, Kristine DeBell, was *Best Actress*, for heaven’s sake) considers Sole a mixture of Hitchcock, Pasolini and Fellini. “He’s destined,” said Christopher A. Wood, “to become one of the most important directors of our time.”

How many times have you heard that before, and never heard of the richly-praised director again? It happens; be fair, you know it happens.

Not that I feel it’s the fate of Alfred Sole. I have a healthy respect for his determination. Indeed what I truly love about his *Communion* is its unwritten subtitle—*A Director’s Revenge*.

Alfred Sole has a good record. He was winning festival prizes from the start—with his *Daydreams* short at the New York festival the other year. He’s a graduate of the Newark School of Fine Arts, the University of Florence and the Academy of Fine Arts, Florence. He was recently a guest speaker at a seminar of new directors at the Chicago festival. And he has a couple of big ventures in the pipeline. One boasts the unlikely teaming of Diana Rigg and Omar Sharif. But ... he tries too hard. He’s designing still—not directing. Yes, there is a difference... As George Romero agreed about *Communion* (HoH 15), there is an overemphasis on camera-position and not story exposition. The result is a blood-caked whodunnit, requiring all its old tricks and old connections (*Psycho* to *Carrie* form branches of its genealogical tree) to obfuscate the fact that whosoever did do it is glaringly simple to spot. No amount of blood letting and hi-fi screaming can erase this prime fault.

Of the five possible suspects, two can be ruled out even before the crime(s) happens, they’re such blatant red herrings. A third can hardly move from any chair he’s stuck in, which tends to rule him out.

This is a gent and a half named Alphonse De Noble, who has to be the biggest, i.e., fattest, man in Paterson, or, for that matter, the world. He’s also in Sole’s next release, *American Soap*. They probably couldn’t shift him off that set. Gargantuan, is what he is.

Okay, that’s two suspects left. Both ladys, Mid-aged and neurotic. A spiteful old aunt and a bizarre housekeeper to the local priest. And one of those ... but I’ll say no more.

The crime in question proves to be many crimes. And exactly the same. Brutal, usually fatal, stabblings. By someone—something?—in white gloves, hooded yellow plastic rain-mac and a transparent painted mask.

Sweet young Karen is the first to go. Waiting in line in the vestry to receive her
first holy communion. Innocence personified in white dress, veil and her gold cross gift from kindly cleric, Father Tom. When pow!—the cross is grabbed and so is she. By the white-gloved, yellow-masked masque. She's choked to death, dumped into a deacon's coffin-like bench and set alight.

Instant panic in the church. Everyone running in all directions. Nuns being bowled over. Mr. Sole's revenge on his Christian oppressors is something to behold. . . . There's worse sacrilege to come when Father Tom gets it. Right in the neck . . .

Obvious suspect, due to size, and ownership of white gloves, yellow mack and transparent mask, is Karen's sister, Alice (Paula Sheppard). Alice is twelve, a problem child since birth. Karen was good as gold. Alice was a terror. The way siblings are when the other one gets all the presents.
Gold crosses, included.

Jane Lowry's Aunt Annie blames Karen for everything. The police tend to agree. Not so, Dad—separated from Mum, and back in town for Karen's funeral. Aunt Annie is next for the knife. Alice is taken to the police station, polygraphed—and swears she saw the dead Karen alive, just before the latest attack. The adults nod heads sagely. Alice is listed emotionally disturbed at her school, what else do you expect? As the police put it, "This kid’s nuts!"

Dad feels that aunty's daughter, Angela, might be the culprit. Her father, uncle Gary Allen, hardly concurs. Something shady about him...ah yes, that's it! He was one of the living dead murderers in The Sentinel. To some of us, he's going to seem shady for the rest of his career.

Alice's father (Niles McMaster) gets a phone-call from Angela. She has the gold cross, she says. They meet. A short, sharp meeting in the park. Very sharp. He's stabbed to death, seeing the killer's face just before he dies. In his hand, the gold cross he's snatched from...who?

It's this cross that the killer is after—just as religion is what this film is clearly after, several layers down in the screenplay. Father Tom gives the cross back to Karen's distraught mother. She and Alice become the next targets come Sunday morning and another communion service...Father Tom's last.

Although few of the cast distinguish themselves beyond the call of duty, there are a couple of intriguing players. Louisa Horton, the psychiatrist probing Alice's odd head, is director George Roy Hill's wife. Flintier still, as the pathologist, is

Lillian Roth—Susan Hayward played her life story in I’ll Cry Tomorrow. The girls’ mother, a fine looking blend of Ava Gardner/Christina Raines—is Linda Miller, daughter of Jackie Gleason, wife of Jason Miller, Father Karras in The Exorcist and here learning the old truism that lightning doesn’t often strike twice in the same acting family.

So...A lot of screaming; far too much, in fact. (It could almost be an Italian film.) Buckets of blood. Some sly digs at the church; and how Sole got permission to shoot so much mayhem in one film must make for a great story. But no, sorry—it’s not for me. Communion is...well, too pushy. It looks good; very good in places. It lacks substance, feeling; involvement. The characters are two-dimensional (apart from Alphonse De Noble, of course). The denoument is so crystal clear throughout, suspense is totally absent. Polanski, for one, creates more unease with ten seconds of still silence than Sole does with 1½ hours of Communion.

Above: Mr. Alphonse (Alphonse De Noble) discovers the hard way of being eliminated from a list of suspects. Below left: Which of the many suspects hides behind this mask?

COMMUNION (1976)

Linda Miller (as Catherine), Mildred Clinton (Mrs. Tredon), Paula Sheppard (Alice), Niles McMaster (Dominick), Rudolph Willrich (Father Tom), Jane Lowry (Aunt Annie), Michael Hardstark (Detective), Alphonse de Noble (Mr. Alphonse), Gary Allen (Uncle), Brooke Shields (Karen), Tom Signorelli (Detective Brenner), Kathy Rich (Angela), with Guest Appearances by Lillian Roth (Pathologist), Antonio Rocca (Funeral Attendant), Louisa Horton (Psychiatrist).

Directed by Alfred Sole, Produced by Richard K. Rosenberg, Screenplay by Rosemary Ritvo and Alfred Sole, Photographed by John Frieben and Chuck Hall, Edited by Edward Sailler, Music by Stephen Lawrence.

Distributed by Hemdale International Films.

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By popular request, we are, in this issue, starting our long overdue look at the history and growth of Britain's longest-lived—and best known—indepen dent film production company. A company with the unique distinction of being the first film company to win a Queen's Award To Industry for its export achievements. The story of Hammer Films has featured prominently in several film books and magazines, in fact, were it not for a similar project from Alan Eyles, the series you are about to start reading would have been published in book form.

While in Britain, and London specifically, in 1971, New Yorker Bob Sheridan, a 27-year-old freelance writer, set about compiling material for a book devoted solely to Hammer Films. All the groundwork was completed and he started looking up the Hammer stars (both in front of and behind the camera), but as he interviewed each in turn, he became aware of the fact that a Mr. Eyles and his associates had been there mere weeks before.

Nobly, he abandoned his project, realising two so similar books could not possibly be published.

However, with a new (and far wider) market now clamouring for material on the history of Hammer through HoH magazine, and because of the space, format and distribution limitations of Mr. Eyles's book, we have persuaded Bob Sheridan to adapt his manuscript to episodic form, continue his research up to the present day, and are now able to give you the full . . .

HISTORY OF HAMMER


With the release of The Curse of Frankenstein (adapted in HoH 2 & 3) in 1957, Hammer Films changed the style of the horror film and shaped their own destiny. For that film introduced to the horror film world not only two of its greatest actors, Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee, but also a type of horror film never seen before—a full (blooded) colour. Gothic horror tale which never flinched at its own horrors, but blantly displayed them before shocked audiences.

Despite hostile critical reaction, the film was an instant worldwide success (with enthralled audiences from London to Tokyo) and Hammer Films were quickly on their way to even greater successes, so much so that soon the phrase "Hammer horror" would describe a whole style of film making.

Although The Curse of Frankenstein was the start of an era, it was not the beginning of Hammer Films. For that, we must go back more than another twenty years, for it was in late 1934 that Hammer Productions came into being.

(The actual name "Hammer" came from founder William Hinds, a successful businessman in the jewellery retailing industry. As a hobby and second business interest, Hinds ran a theatrical agency concerned mainly with summer seaside shows and would appear occasionally himself on stage as a stand-up comedian under the name Will Hammer. His stage name of Hammer being derived from a double act—Hinds and unknown Friend—who took their pseudonyms from the London area in which they first publicly appeared—HAMMERSMITH—thus they became known as "Hammer" and "Smith". I cannot vouch for the authenticity of this story; though it was told to me by Will Hammer personally—but perhaps it was just one of his jokes... Michael Carreras.)

Extending his interest from the live theatre into films the first Hammer Production was The Public Life of Henry the Ninth in 1935. While the film itself had little to do with Hammer as we know them, the title demonstrates that even in their earliest days, Hammer Films were designed to offer the public something pre-sold which they were certain to have some interest in. In this case, the title was a joke based on Alexander Korda's classic film of 1933, The Private Life of Henry the Eighth starring Charles Laughton. Next came The Mystery of the Marie Celeste (1936), of interest simply because it featured the great horror film star Bela Lugosi (who, unfortunately, never had the chance to work for Hammer during his horror period, as he died in 1956). However, this is pure coincidence as it was not a horror film but a mystery based on a famous true life incident, its American title being The Phantom Ship.

This was followed, in the same year, by The Song of Freedom starring the well-known singing personalities Paul Robeson and Elizabeth Welch. (Together with the only known film acting appearance of Will Hammer himself.)

In 1937 the very popular comedian Stanley Lupino starred in Sporting Love and with this the earliest stage of Hammer Productions came to an end.

It was about this time that William Hinds/Hammer joined forces with Enrique Carreras, an ex-cinema owner. (Carreras had previously pioneered one of the earliest "circuits" of cinemas known as the "Blue Halls" and had staged the first Royal Command Performance at the Albert Hall with a presentation of Quo Vadis.)

At the time, Enrique Carreras was running a small distribution company, Exclusive Films (formed in 1932), distributing other companies' productions, (including many re-issues of Korda's famous London Films—Q-Planes, The Spy in Black... etc.) as well as re-issues of the four early Hammer films (which had originally been released through different distributors).

Then, in the late 1940s, (Jack Goodlatte, Booking Manager of) the ABC circuit of cinemas (now EMI) showed such interest
in the box office potential of British (Quote) supporting features that Exclusive decided to go into production as well as continuing in distribution. Employing the skills of outside producers their first new release was a “Knightsbridge-Hammer Production” entitled River Patrol, a 46 minute London Police story which was quickly followed by Who Killed Van Loon?, a 48 minute mystery thriller credited as “An Exclusive Production”. Exclusive’s third “home made” release, “A Hammer Film in association with Marylebone studios” (=a converted church), was Dick Barton, Special Agent, which ran an hour and ten minutes (a mammoth length at that time) and marked an important “first” for Hammer in that it was based on a fantastically successful BBC radio series of the same name. (So successful that people used to stop their cars on their way home and listen to the nightly 15 minute episodes). Once again, Hammer was turning to material which the public was already familiar with, and, ironically, it was to be the BBC which would eventually inspire Hammer to specialise in the making of science fiction and horror films, but that’s a long way off yet.

(It was not until February of 1949 that Hammer Film Productions Limited were officially registered, with William Hinds, Enrique Carreras, Anthony Hinds (son of William), and James Carreras (son of Enrique) as directors; but the official company list of Hammer Films started with the production unit formed in November 1947. Operating in a house named Dial Close at Cookham Dene, Berkshire.)

The first Hammer Film was Dr. Morelle — The Case of the Missing Heiress, based on the radio play by Wilfred Burr and starring Valentine (Man In Black) Dyall in the title role. (Dyall was definitely a forerunner of the Christopher Lee style and appeared in many of the early films.) This firmly established the Hammer format of producing thrillers based on familiar BBC serial or play material and during 1948-49 was followed in quick succession by The Adventures of P.C. 49, Celia, Meet Simon Cherry, The Man in Black, Room to Let,
and Someone at the Door. All of these films were based on ‘pre-sold’ radio material and found to be generally acceptable as supporting features by British audiences.

(Several other patterns were to emerge from this first year of continuous production. We had the use of large country houses temporarily converted to makeshift studios—a permanent technical unit that operated as a team... almost a family, so that the public became familiar with a Hammer style. All these films were produced by Anthony Hinds and directed by either Godfrey Grayson or Francis Searle, and a future director John Gilling was writing screenplays—such as The Man in Black and Room to Let.)

1950 saw the production of five more radio favourites What the Butler Saw, The Lady Craved Excitement, The Black Widow, The Rossiter Case and To Have and to Hold. All were produced by Anthony Hinds and again directed by either Grayson or Searle, with one more screenplay by Gilling (Lady Craved Excitement). (To make The Black Widow and later films, we again moved to Gilston Park in Essex.

Here we made a further Barton adventure, Dick Barton at Bay, with a much larger budget and a chase climax on the Blackpool
over. Sadly, Don Stannard, who had played Barton in all three films, was killed in a car accident shortly after completion of the film.)

1950 also saw Michael Carreras' first production, The Dark Light. (I had been working as an assistant to Hinds since the formation of the production unit in '47.)

This film was produced entirely on location on the Nab Tower, Portsmouth and written and directed by Vernon Sewell.

(He had his own yacht and therefore liked to write sea stories. The film's cast included David Greene, a very well-known film director.)

With 15 productions completed in the first three years of operation and considerable audience acceptance achieved, Hammer now ended its nomadic production formula of moving from house to house and they purchased "Down Place"—on the Thames near the village of Bray in Berkshire—and began to create permanent studio facilities which would later serve as the basis of Baron Franklinstein's Estate, Dracula's Castle, The Haunt of the Werewolf, The Mummy, The Reptile, The Zombies, Baskerville Hall and many other weird Hammer film dwellings.

But in this year of 1951 Hammer made their first international deal with American Producer-Distributor and cinema chain owner, Robert L. Lippert, (a major force in the growth of Hammer Productions) whereby Exclusive would distribute Lippert's product in the United Kingdom (Rocket Ship X-M, The Steel Helmet, Lost Continent, Catwomen of the Moon and many others) and Lippert would provide American artists to appear in Hammer films then distribute them in the U.S.A. (Unfortunately Enrique Carreras was not to see this step forward in the fortunes of Hammer as he had died in October 1950 at the age of 70.)

The first five films produced in '51 were Cloudburst—a psychological drama starring Robert Preston, Whispering Smith Hits London—the well-known American Investigator Whispering Smith played by Richard Carlson, The Last Page—George Brent (joined by Britain's young sex sensation, Diana Dors), Wings of Danger—Zachary Scott (joined by Diane Cilento in her first film role), and Stolen Face—Paul Henreid and Elizabeth Scott. (The last three of these films were all directed by a newcomer to the Hammer Team—Terence Fisher, later to become the internationally acclaimed 'cult' director of many Hammer horrors. The editor, James Needs, was also on the team during this year with he and Fisher first coming together on Wings of Danger. Gilling continued to script with Whispering Smith and Wings.)

Stolen Face is of particular interest as it offered a "preview" of later Fisher-Hammer films in terms of both plot and theme. Its central character, plastic surgeon Dr. Philip Ritter (Paul Henreid), is in love with a girl named Alice (Elizabeth Scott). After Alice leaves him, Ritter encounters a facially deformed criminal, Lily (Mary Mackenzie). Believing that her criminal tendencies are due to her repulsive appearance, Ritter operates on Lily, transforming her into an exact lookalike of Alice (at this point, Miss Scott takes over the role of Lily). However, the operation does nothing to change Lily's evil nature, and her criminal career ends only with her death. And so we find in Stolen Face an early version of Hammer's obsessed "mad scientist," as well as one of the first examples of Fisher's continuing theme of evil lurking beneath an attractive surface.

Also produced during the year of '51—brining the total of films produced that year to eight—were a P.C. 49 sequel, A Case for P.C. 49, Death of an Angel, and Never Look Back, which were the last of the domestic film programme. (Overhangs from the radio/play library of scripts built up during 1950. The action—more talk than action, of Never Look Back all took place in an old Bailey Courtyard in London, but the film was produced entirely in yet another converted church in Manchester, but that's the film business.

Anthony Nelson Keys—a future prolific producer of Hammer—joined the company as Production Manager at this time.

1952 saw the continuation of the Hammer/Lippert association on Lady in a Fog—with Cesar Romero, and for the first time an American director was used, Sam Newfield. (NOTE: Whilst the production-studio facilities were being developed at the Hammer-Bray Studios, Wings of Danger, Stolen Face and Lady in a Fog were made at Riverside Studios—Hammersmith. These studios no longer exist). Also from Hammer/Lippert in '52 The Gambler and the Lady with Dane Clark, Mantrap with Paul Henreid returning for a second film, Four Sided Triangle and The Flanagan Boy—both starring Barbara Payton, 'chat-tipped' to become an international sex symbol star—but tragically died at an early age) and Spaceways with Howard Duff.

Four Sided Triangle and Spaceways were of special note, being Hammer's first venture into the world of science fiction and both directed by Terence Fisher.

The first, Four Sided Triangle, scripted by Fisher and Paul Tabori from a novel by
In Quatermass II (US: Enemy from Space), written and directed by Val Guest in 1956 from Nigel Kneale’s BBC Radio series, Professor Quatermass leads a battle against an alien life form which takes over a remote research station.

William F. Temple, was another forerunner of later Hammer films. Its story concerns two scientists, Bill (Stephen Murray) and Robin (John Van Eyssen), working in a laboratory set up in a remote country barn, who both love a girl named Lena (Barbara Payton). When Lena chooses Robin, Bill uses a duplicating machine developed in the barn lab to create an exact double of her. Bill names the double Helen (also played by Miss Payton). Unfortunately, being an exact duplicate, Helen also falls in love with Robin! The plot is unresolved by a fire in the barn which destroys Bill, one of the girls, and the entire lab including the duplicator. The surviving girl—Helen or Lena—has no memory.

The second, Spaceways, adapted from Charles Eric Maine’s radio play by Paul Tabori and Richard Landau (an American writer who worked on several of the Lippert co-ventures) was basically a murder mystery with outer space backgrounds and quite simply, never overcame its severe budget limitations.

1953 saw The Saint’s Return with Louis Hayward re-creating his earlier role as Leslie Charteris’ famous hero, Blood Orange with Tom Conway, 36 Hours with Dan Duryea, Face the Music with Alex Nicol (as the trumpet-playing detective dubbed by Kenne Baker on the soundtrack), The House Across the Lake again with Alex Nicol, plus Hillary Brooke from the U.S.A. (with Ken Hughes directing his first film from his own screenplay of his own novel ‘High Wray’)

Life with the Lyons—a re-entry into the pre-sold radio (and later TV) series, starring Ben, Bebe, Barbara and Richard Lyon. (A situation comedy and forerunner of the many other television series spin-offs that Hammer were to produce in the seventies), and Val Guest’s first directing assignment for Hammer, Murder by Proxy and Five Days—both with Dane Clark back again.

A mixed bag of thrillers (with the comedy exception) as were the eight films produced in 1954...

The Stranger Came Home with Paulette Goddard, for which Michael Carreras wrote his first screenplay from a novel by actor George Sanders. Third Party Risk with Lloyd (Joe Forrester) Bridges, Mask of Dust—a motor racing drama with Richard Conte, The Men of Sherwood Forest—Hammer’s first colour film with Don Taylor (now a successful Hollywood director) as Robin Hood, The Lyons In Paris—a second Lyons family situation comedy, The Glass Cage with John Ireland, Break in the Circle—second colour film with Forrest Tucker and Eva Bartok, and finally the forerunner to the new era ahead, The Quatermass Experiment, based on Nigel Kneale’s fantastically successful BBC/TV serial, starring Brian Donlevy and directed by Val Guest.

Hammer knew they had a potential hit ‘in the can’ (but in film making there is that ‘nail biting gap’ between producing a picture and getting the audience reaction) and so, 1953 became a waiting game. Except for Women Without Men—with Beverley Michaels as one of the many deprived female prison inmates, all feature production was halted, and existing scripts were discarded. With faith in what they had, Val Guest, Nigel Kneale and Jimmy Sangster (who had worked himself up from tea boy to Production Manager during ten years in the production team, but had always wanted to write) were commissioned to write screenplays with the ‘new image’ in view.

Whilst this was happening a then ‘new innovation’, the Cinemascope lens, was hired from its developers, 20th Century Fox, and Michael Carreras, who, since he could snap his fingers, had been a fan of Big Band Swing, produced and directed a series of six, half hour, musical entertainments, starring the current top talents of popular music. (In some countries three were joined together as a feature release).

Additionally, three short story features The Right Person, A Man on the Beach—directed by Joseph Losey (his first English film) and starring Donald Wolfit, and Dick Turpin—Highwayman were produced. But all this was marking time until the worldwide release late in ’55 of The Quatermass Experiment. The spelling of ‘Xperiment’ had been altered to emphasise the ‘X’ censorship rating that the film had received and the British public did the rest. Guest’s and Kneale’s mixture of science fiction and horror elements in equal parts was just what the avid audiences wanted. For once even the critics, who had never been Hammer fans were tongue-tied.

The Quatermass Experiment became the most successful film that Hammer had produced (of the 44 features plus two ‘Dick Barton’s’, six musical and three story featurettes and one travelogue) since formation of the unit in late ’47.

It also made its mark in the U.S.A. where it was released by United Artists as The Creeping Unknown. (Editor’s note: For a full-length comic strip adaptation of this, Hammer’s first Monster Movie, see HoH 8 and 9).

Above: The Song of Freedom, produced in 1936 popular singer of the time, Paul Robeson (cent we cover the film that was to change the style of Lee to international stard...
And so, production in 1956 started with another X designed film entitled X-The Unknown from Jimmy Sangster’s first screenplay and directed by Leslie Norman, starring Dean Jagger and Leo McKern.

Then, quite naturally, Quatermass II went into production with Guest directing from Kneale’s script and Brian Donlevy again as Professor Quatermass.

Again trying something new, Hammer’s third film that year was a war drama, The Steel Bayonet. Set in the western desert with a script based on the personal experiences of writer Howard Clewes, it starred Leo Genn, Kieron Moore and Michael Medwin, with Michael Carreras now directing his first feature length film. (The Suez crisis exploded the week before production and the War Office withdrew all Army support—we had to find tanks and weapons from private sources... in the end I had so many I could have started my own war.)

Hammer’s newfound success brought opportunities for worldwide distribution deals with major companies, and Exclusive was gradually eliminated as a distributor in favour of Hammer as a production unit. X-The Unknown was Exclusive’s last feature release, and after that they only distributed a few more short subjects produced by themselves and Hammer.

Hammer, meanwhile, had found the subject matter they were looking for in order to take their next major step, and in late 1956 they filmed The Curse of Frankenstein. At that point, the history of Hammer began anew. Next issue we shall examine the first films of Hammer’s “golden age”.

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*Image in 1936 by Hammer’s predecessor, Exclusive Films, starred Ron (centre). Right: Next issue, in our History of Hammer series, look for horror hits for years to come and rocket Christopher Lee to stardom, The Horror of Dracula (1958).*
EXCLUSIVE FILMS

The Public Life of Henry the Ninth (Pb: 1938: Rel: 1935)

LEONARD (as Henry), BERTY FRANKS (as Margaret), GEORGE MOZART (as Anthony). (Anthony). (Anthony).

Mystery of the Marie Celeste (Pb: 1936: Rel: 1938)


The Song of Freedom (Pb: 1936: Rel: 1936)

PAUL ROBESON (as John), ELIZABETH WOOLSEY (as John's Wife), ROBERT ARMSTRONG (as Anthony). VICTOR McLAGLEN (as Anthony). (Anthony).


Sporting Love (Pb: 1937: Rel: 1937)

STANLEY LUSINO (as Percy Frace), LADY CLIFF (as Percy Frace), EDEA PEALU (as Maud Dade), BODDY COMBER (as Gerald). (Anthony). (Anthony).


RIVER PATROL (Pb: 1938: Rel: 1938)

JOHN BRYDE (as Bobby), NELLY PETCH (as John), LORNE DUNN (as John). (Anthony). (Anthony).

WHO KILLED VAN LOON? (Pb: 1948: Rel: 1948)


HAMMER FILMS

Dr. Morell—The Case of the Missing Heiress (Pb: 1949: Rel: 1949)


Edward Devenish (as John), Anthony Forwood (as John), Richard Halliday (as Anthony). VICTOR McLAGLEN (as Anthony). (Anthony).

Celia (Pb: 1949: Rel: 1949)

Hugh Hefner (as John), PAUL ROBESON (as Anthony). VICTOR McLAGLEN (as Anthony). (Anthony). (Anthony).

The Dark Light (Pb: 1950: Rel: 1951)

ALBERT LEE (as John), DAVID GRIFFIN (as Anthony), NORMAN MACLEAN (as Anthony). VICTOR McLAGLEN (as Anthony). (Anthony).

The Man in Black (Pb: 1949: Rel: 1950)

BETTY ANNE DAVIS (as Stella, Chlorella), SHELLEY BURNELL (as Sidney), JANE CLAYTON (as Chlorella/Horizon), ANTHONY FORWOOD (as Anthony). VICTOR McLAGLEN (as Anthony). (Anthony).


A Victorian family believe their lodger to be Jack the Ripper.

Someone at the Door (Pb: 1949: Rel: 1950)

YVONNE OWEN (as Sally), MICHAEL MOWIN (as Anthony), HUGH LAMBERT (as Anthony), PATRICIA O'NEILL (as Anthony). VICTOR McLAGLEN (as Anthony). (Anthony).

Reporters plan to make the murder of his sister for publicity but his plans go terribly wrong.

Dick Barton Strikes Back (Pb: 1949: Rel: 1949)

DON STANFORD (as Dick Barton), CLARETIA JONES (as Catherine), EDWINA DAVIS (as Diana), BRUCE WILSON (as Anthony). VICTOR McLAGLEN (as Anthony). (Anthony).

Dick Barton, Special Agent (Pb: 1948: Rel: 1948)


The Lady Craved Excitement (Pb: 1950: Rel: 1950)

HYLIE HAZEL (as Pat), MICHAEL MOWIN (as Anthony), JIMMY DODGSON (as Anthony). VICTOR McLAGLEN (as Anthony). (Anthony).

The Black Widow (Pb: 1950: Rel: 1950)

CHRISTINE NORDEN (as Christine), ROBERT AVERY (as Anthony), ANTHONY FORWOOD (as Anthony). VICTOR McLAGLEN (as Anthony). (Anthony).


The Rosser Case (Pb: 1950: Rel: 1950)

HELEN SHIGLEY (as Lus Rosser), CLAIRE MCCALLIN (as Peter), SHEILA BURRELL (as Norman), Frederick Lester (as John, Frances Chamber), ANTHONY FORWOOD (as Anthony). VICTOR McLAGLEN (as Anthony). (Anthony).

To Have and to Hold (Pb: 1950: Rel: 1950)

ALAN SUTHERLAND (as John), BRIAN HAMILTON (as Anthony), EMILY BOND (as Anthony). VICTOR McLAGLEN (as Anthony). (Anthony).

Lady in the Fog (Pb: 1952: Rel: 1952)

The Black Glove (Pd: 1953, Rel: 1954) (USA: The Black Glove) (UK: To Be Revealed) (Dir: Fletcher Bradley, Eleanor Summerfield (Barbara Quigley), John Selow (Max Maguires), Paul Carpenter (Inspector Venn), Geoffrey Keen (Maurice Green), Ann Hanslip (Maxine)).


The House Across the Lake (Pd: 1953, Rel: 1954) (USA: House Across the Lake) (UK: House Across the Lake) (Dir: Terence Fisher, Sc: Joseph Hughes from his novel High Way, Ph: James Harvey, Ed: J. R. Elders, Ed: James Needs, Ed: Associated British Pathé (Britain), Lipitor: USA, Time: 68 mins) (USA: Hereafter, Alex Nichol (as Mark Kemple), Hillary Brook (Carol Forrest), Susan Stephen (Andrea Forrest), Sidney James (Beaver Forrest), Freda Faron (Beverly Forrest), Virginia Gregson (Vera Forrest)) (Lipitor: USA, Time: 86 mins)

Life with the Lyons (Pd: 1953, Rel: 1954) (UK: Life with the Lyons) (Prod: Michael Carreras, Director: Terence Fisher, Cast: Lawrence Lyons (Themself), Henry Morgan (Mr. Henningway), Horace Parlor (Willy Molly), Wally Appel (Dolly Rodgers (Foille)), Gwen Lewis (Mrs. Wilmot), Arthur Hill (Stevis)) (Lipitor: USA, Time: 54 mins)

Murder by Proxy (Pd: 1953, Rel: 1955) (USA: Blackout) (UK: Murder by Proxy) (Dir: Terence Fisher, Sc: Richard Landau and Val Guest from the novel by E. C. Lejeune, Prods: Michael Carreras, Anthony Hinds) (Prod: Associated British Pathé (Britain), Lipitor: USA, Time: 87 mins) (USA: Hereafter, Alex Nichol (as Mark Kemple), Hillary Brook (Carol Forrest), Susan Stephen (Andrea Forrest), Sidney James (Beaver Forrest), Freda Faron (Beverly Forrest), Virginia Gregson (Vera Forrest)) (Lipitor: USA, Time: 86 mins)

The Queerwater Experiment (Pd: 1954, Rel: 1955) (USA: The Creeping Unknown) (Dir: Brian Donlevy (as Bernard Quatermass), Jack Warner (as Arthur Vickers), Joe Mantel (as John), Keith Michell (as Tony Valentine), Richard Wordsworth (as Victor Carsson), David King Wood (as Gordon Thompson), Gordon Jackson (as Professor), Donald Wolfit (as Professor)) (Prod: Val Guest, Sc: Richard Landau and Val Guest from the novel by E. C. Lejeune, Prods: Michael Carreras, Anthony Hinds) (Prod: Associated British Pathé (Britain), Lipitor: USA, Time: 82 mins) (USA: Hereafter, Alex Nichol (as Mark Kemple), Hillary Brook (Carol Forrest), Susan Stephen (Andrea Forrest), Sidney James (Beaver Forrest), Freda Faron (Beverly Forrest), Virginia Gregson (Vera Forrest)) (Lipitor: USA, Time: 86 mins)

The Stranger Came Home (Pd: 1954, Rel: 1955) (USA: The Unholy Four) (Dir: Terence Fisher, Sc: William Sylvester (Philip Wife), Patrick Holt (Bob Cramond), Paul Carpenter (Bill Sadler), Alvy Moore (Inspector), Ivy Sloaney (Mrs. Sadler)) (Prod: Michael Carreras, Director: Terence Fisher, Sc: Richard Landau from the novel by Helen Niddon, Ph: James Harvey, Ed: J. R. Elders, Ed: James Needs, Ed: Associated British Pathé (Britain), Lipitor: USA, Time: 72 mins) (USA: Hereafter, Alex Nichol (as Mark Kemple), Hillary Brook (Carol Forrest), Susan Stephen (Andrea Forrest), Sidney James (Beaver Forrest), Freda Faron (Beverly Forrest), Virginia Gregson (Vera Forrest)) (Lipitor: USA, Time: 86 mins)


The Serum's Return (Pd: 1953, Rel: 1953) (USA: The Serum's Return) (Dir: Terence Fisher, Sc: Alan McKinnon from the book by Leslie Charteris, Ph: Walter Harvey, Ed: J. R. Elders, Ed: Maurice Rootes, Mus: Malcolm Arnold, Prod: Michael Carreras and Alexander Paul, Dir: Exclusive (Britain), Lipitor: USA, Time: 73 mins) (USA: Hereafter, Alex Nichol (as Mark Kemple), Hillary Brook (Carol Forrest), Susan Stephen (Andrea Forrest), Sidney James (Beaver Forrest), Freda Faron (Beverly Forrest), Virginia Gregson (Vera Forrest)) (Lipitor: USA, Time: 86 mins)

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McHarg was at work in his school one winter morning...

Here's a leg for you, Murray...

The were known, with the grim humour of the early 19th century as the Resurrection Men. They were the body snatchers who exhumed recently-buried corpses from the graveyards and sold them to unscrupulous medical men, for dissection by their students of anatomy. One of these medical men was Professor McHarg, who conducted a school of anatomy in Edinburgh in 1807. But McHarg himself was to be the victim of a particularly early and, I think you'll agree, curious...

Body Snatch

...when his assistant had a word with him...

...and an arm for you, Gaunt...

A word of warning, Professor...our stock of cadavers is running awfully low...

That night, a convenient fog spread like a discoloured shroud over Edinburgh and its huddled graveyards...

Professor McHarg smiled grimly at the skull-shaped signet ring on his finger...

We need a fresh corpse, eh I think that can be arranged...

Aye, 'tis a new grave, men...only filled this very morning...
The coffin was broken open... the corpse lifted out...

Careful with her now...

Unknown to the body-snatchers, a grief-stricken husband had been keeping a lonely vigil near the grave...

In God's name, what are they doing with my poor dead wife?

The bereaved husband followed the grave robbers' cart on its macabre journey through the fog-shrouded streets of the city...

They're carrying her into that building, the ghouls... for what unspeakable purpose only knows...

Ah, no! Doctor, is he and my wife a specimen for dissection?

Professor McHarg had replenished his stock of cadavers...

A good night's work... but a wearying one...

All the devils in hell, punish this monster who desecrates graves to fill his school with students, and his pockets with money!

My eyes must be tired... I could swear the fingers of that hand I've just dismembered are twitching...
IMAGINATION, OF COURSE... MY NEUROSES ARE DISORDERED... IT'S SLEEP I NEED...

GAAH!

URG!

THE PROFESSOR'S VICTIMS WERE GOING TO GIVE HIM THE SLEEP HE NEEDED... A LONG, LONG SLEEP.

AAAAAAAAH!

The professor's late this morning, laddies, but he'd not want you to be idle... you can start dissecting these limbs...

Trust the professor... here's a nice fresh corpse, already decapitated and dismembered, for the students to work on...

I've done a beautiful job on this leg... pity the professor's not here to admire it...

Oh - what's this?

On the finger of this hand I was given to dissect... professor McHarg's signet ring!
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