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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 horror 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 filmography 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'd never have 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, enthusiasm, and 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 best quality magazine we can.

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 1883. THE HOUR IS LATE, AND THE MOOD IS FEAR AS TWO ENERGIZED HUMAN BEINGS CRASH THROUGH THE UMBRELLA AND INTO A CLEARING. BUT THERE IS NO PRIDE IN THEIR PLIGHT, FOR THE BEINGS OF HUMANITY HUMBLY HEAD ON THEIR NEES.

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

NO ECK, NOT IF WE CAN REACH THOSE TREES YONDER. HURRY, DARLINGS. JUST A FEW MORE HOURS, HURRY!

AFTER AN ETERNITY OF SECONDS...

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

AND PREPARES TO DEFEND HIS LIFE...

I HAVE A KNIFE! VINCENT! HOW YOU COME UP.

WHEN SUDDENLY...

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

PLEASANT, GENTLE FOLK, DO NOT BE AFRAID. THE DOGS WILL DO YOU NO HARM, I AM TO BLAME ENTIRELY FOR THIS TERRIBLE INCIDENT.

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

THE STRANGER'S VOICE IS OPENLY FRIENDLY BUT NOT TIL ECK IS SAFE ON THE SURPRISE DOES THE MAN, VINCENT, REPLY.

YOU ARE A GENTLEMAN, SIR, BUT YOU MAY WISH YOU HAD NOT SO QUICKLY CALLED OFF YOUR DOGS THEN YOU LEARN WHO I AM.

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

THIS IS MY FADE, ECK... MY NAME IS VINCENT... I AM THE NEPHEW OF BARRON VON FRANKENSTEIN...
In that case you are the new Baron 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.

If you insist, you are very kind and we are exhausted.

With his ransom barely mounted on the horse of their new friend, the tension of the past few days falls away, and soon the party comes in sight of a magnificent castle.

My home, young Baron 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 monster caused...and finally...the enraged villagers who hurled the death of your uncle.

But you...you are merely his nephew.

Ah, here we are.

My home, Herr Baron.

It's...beautiful.

I'm glad you are pleased, Mademoiselle. This ordeal must have been terrifying for you. You must think a great deal of our young Baron.

I love him, Sir, and he will keep me. I will be better off if we can just keep them from finding our...oh Vincent...

They howled in rage as they burned my home to the ground. The villagers were not satisfied to murmur my uncle...they came to my home at the dinner hour.

What Ericka is most worried about is that...if it is discovered that I actually assisted my uncle at times, and now all the secrets which supposedly died with him, our pursuers will doubly in number and surely destroy us.

Please, Baron.

Enough of this depressing talk. You shall both bathe 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 Baron Frankenstein calmly bathes.

...a calm which is broken by...quickly, Vincent pulls on his pants and runs from the room...

ERICKA! ERICKA WHERE ARE YOU?

ERICKA!!

ERICKA? Is she in there? I thought I heard her scream! Was it Ericka?
What is this? It seems...

Like a blast of cold air, the full impact of the room strikes Vincent Frankenstein. The room in which his uncle's laboratory, the room in which his uncle created what became known as Frankenstein's Monster!!

In a blind rage, Vincent rushes past his betrayer.

Look for her if you will. Fool....

This castle has hundreds of rooms, dozens of tunnels, and miles of labyrinthine dungeons and torture chambers.

She would starve before you could find her.

That is if I put her in an obvious place, and not behind some secret panel somewhere. No, Baron Frankenstein, you will not search for your missing Ericka...

...you will build me a man, a slave to my will, and you will start now.

...or your beloved Ericka will never see the light of a new day! A... All right. I'll do it.

To escape the torture of not knowing, Vincent hurlrs himself into his sleepless work, creating a living man from dead bodies which his now-named 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'll...

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

You'll see your fiancée... safe.

Oh Vincent? Enough!!

And... assistants will guard your Ericka as you work, Baron. Do not make any false moves, or they will kill her. Make no mistake about that... I am too resolved to be stopped by false herricks...

Move!!
As the machinery dies down, Vincent cranks the reclining body to an upright position. Is he alive? Does it work? He's not moving...not breathing! Give it some time. It could be hours before we know!

As the window flutters open as the two men talk,


MAMAMAMAMAM

GOOD LORD HE'S ALIVE AND ENRAGED!!

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

STOP...sit down. GUARDS! STOP HIM! IT ll MEAN YOUR DEATHS!

Now he pauses. No one enters. No one causes...and he raises his eyes to hers...

And now he finally. No one. No one enters. No one causes...and he raises his eyes to hers...

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

...and hurls the girl to her death.

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

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

Oh, help her. Help her. She's alive, but broken. She looks so helpless. Count...this is your doing. Help her. Please, I'll do anything to repay you. Please...I beg of you!

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 moaning Ericka. 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...

RRRRRRRR

The WEREWOLF

It’s attacking her and she’s helpless. NO! NO!

Good lo... 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, nervesless, to the floor...

...and blackness enwraps him...

Back on the ground, Ericka has survived the attack of the werewolf. And, too! unconscious, her breathing is regular.

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, Ericka slowly regains consciousness...

Ohhhhhhh...

...come, come...

Child, wake up! You have slept long enough. There is much to do. Wake up!

Oh, where am I? How did I get here? Oh, I've had such nightmares... What is happening to me?

You are in a gypsy camp. And I am Maleva, queen of the gypsies. And you... You are here to serve... And make your place...

...till the end of your days!

What... what are you saying? Oh Vincent-Vincent, where are you? I need you. This is insane... Please... Tell me this is all a dream...

...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, Ericka toils under the cruel discipline of Bela, Maleva's grandson. As Maleva herself watches with a baleful eye.

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

Finally, as the sun goes down, Ericka is allowed to rest... Chained!

...until...

What? Who is it? Who is that?

Please...

Weariness brings its own security, and as she begins to doze, she watches behind one of the知情... She hears the clunky footfalls...

Please, Missy. Please. It's me, Doris. I would not have harmed you. I am... like a flower. I have brought some broth.

I... will leave if you wish me to... I just thought...
Oh, no, Torc. Don't leave. You're right. I do need some food. Thank you!

Your hand! The Pentagram!!

Grabbing the smooth, Torc spins and rushes away from the helpless female. Naked fear etched upon his face.

Torc?: What is it? Why do you run?

The Pentagram! The Pentagram!

And the moon is full tonight!

Erica looks at her hand and the symbol of the Pentagram which now appears there. Her mind drifts back to a poem she once heard...

Some say Bela is insane and the menacing whip he carries appeals 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... stay away!
Bela turns to run... 

ARRGGH!

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!

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

KRRRRROW

...a second werewolf!

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

...unnoticed, a figure 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.

The monster stands quietly and listens also.

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 base, I need...

...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 quench my unquenchable thirst!
Leaving her pursuers far behind, her flight soon brings her to a somehow familiar castle whose front draws her closer and urges her to enter.

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

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 yet 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 hurls 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...

Lifting the vampire into the air, he effortlessly pushes him to the ground.

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

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

...and clays for its throat!

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

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

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

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...

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

The face of Bricus flashes through Vincent's mind.

...and hurl in the face of Dracula.

Grim determination sets his jaw as he reaches for an urn of burning embers.
Screaming in pain he flies upward... circles... 

Cf?€AM{MS upwA ftp _ l

HEAT TO ME. THAT Fr we (flu, u*

PlE tfw WE

Jumbling into the laboratory, the two figures smash into chemicals and equipment...

WHOOOSH

...which ignite...

...into a blazing inferno.

But as Vincent turns to leave...

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

Maybe it would be just as well.

Without Ericka, I might as well be dead.

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

But as Vincent turns to leave...

The werewolf... blocking my path...

It's confused by the fire!

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

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!

RRRRR
IT'S STEPPING ASIDE...LETTING ME PASS...IT DOES UNDERSTAND, MUST HURRY BEFORE THOSE CHEMICALS EXPLODE!

HURRY, WOLF, HURRY! THE FLAMES ARE SPREADING, WE ONLY HAVE SECONDS.

WHOOSH!

WE MADE IT...NO, DON'T STOP, THE WHOLE PLACE IS ABOUT TO COLLAPSE.

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 DEVOUR ME... WHAT? SOMETHING'S HAPPENING, YOU'RE CHANGING...TRANSFORMING...FAMILIAR...

TIS DONE!

OH, LORD!

ERICKA!

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

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

ERICKA, PUT ON MY CLOAK.

DON'T THINK ABOUT IT FOR A WHILE, JUST THINK THAT WE ARE SAFE, AND ALIVE... AND THAT THE SUN IS RISING ON A NEW DAY, OUR DAY.

BUT... MY... THIS...THING... THAT WILL...

YOU MEAN YOUR WEREWOLF MINE, 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 HAS COME TO AN END,
Carry on, Carradine . . .
Aged 72 at last count, nothing stops John Carradine. In our interview with him recently (HoH 14), the venerable old John laid claim to having made 470 movies—on average ten a year in his 47-year career. All we can say now is that he's going for the 500 without taking breath 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 Tin-torera 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 Neam's science-fact (?) piece, Meteor, include Henry Fonda, Trevor Howard, and now that The Streets of San Francisco have to survive without our 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

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 Andreas Garcia and Costello Meet Star Wars'.

In Britain: 'I'm hoping the sequel will be called Abbott and Costello Meet Star Wars'.

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 California directly after finishing Blood Relations for Claude Chabrol in Canada. Sutherland's partners in the enterprise include Leonard Nimoy. He preferred this film to the revived Star Trek TV series. Well, what's to choose between one re-make or another?
of the Damned 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 sf, 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, 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 Hodge’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 Foxworth, Nicholas Pryor and Lucas Donat. The new (?) script comes covered with the fingerprints of Stanley Mann, Al Ramrus, John Shiner 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 Feegal’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 shelf 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—
writers of Hitchcock's Vertigo and Clouzot's Les Fiancés. 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 median 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, who 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 Prince. 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.C.

Media Macabre

Review by Tise Vahimagi

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 medium as an end-of-career pastime or merely as a training ground for their potential. Features 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 (LSP 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 16 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 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). 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 cast the first 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 flying at hour-long shows during its fourth season, but reversed 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 47 episodes from 1960 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 anthology science-fiction. Leslie Stevens created the show, but producer-director 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 Zafti Mistsits, 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 ghetto neighbourhood in Chicago are being gnawed to death by a monster which appears to its victims as 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 fantastic 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, and this guide will be most helpful should an "unknown" quantity appear on your late-night screens.

The 192 pages of 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 MYTE**

**Review by Tise Vahimagi**

Boris Karloff, 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—vanguard 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 his role and at least elevated his part in most films (above) the general gaiurnique 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, definitive—each with their informative high-point yet attempting a too ambitious coverage of his life.

Belgian author and magazine editor Gilbert Verschooten 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 konkrete myte (Film International Antwerpen-Fantoom, 1976) 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 Verschooten'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 my own pompous remarks, I 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-movie 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 greatest in 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 reapèd 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 have a touch of class, 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 commuted between the movies and television—the latter medium proving to be quite interesting. These were the TV days of Colonial, Colonel March of Scotland Yard, Thriller, Out of This World, Hallmark Hall of Fame, Wild Wild West, and I Spy.

Tail-ending this book we have a 36-page detailed biography, 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, at Beukendreef 12, B-1850 Grimbergen, Belgium, for details of purchase.

T.V.
### Drive-In

Harry H. Novak is a Los Angeles movie-entrepreneur of low-budget sensationalist films with high-budget returns. It's the way he sells them. Two of his latest releases give a fairly

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**RATTLES (1976)**

Sam Chew (as Dr. Parkin's son), 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 Ormand, Darwin Jostin (Soldiers), Travis Gold, Alan Decker (Boys).

Produced and Directed by John McCauley, Screenplay by Jerry Golding, Photographed by Irv Goodnoff and Richard Gibb, Edited by Sandy Gliberman, Special Effects by Harry Woolman, Snake Trainers Ray Folsom and Mary McCarthy.


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If you saw, and enjoyed, *Snake 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 US 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 disfiguring 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 canisters 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 battlefront 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!'
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 grand-daughter.

Fred also gets to spill a lot of ketchup. When the gang's leader (Jack Canon) attacks young Lisa, she very nearly severs 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 trigger man. 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 farmhouse, 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. Managhan (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 Willhelm.
No British Certificate
Suspiria is a film that, when released recently in Britain, took horror fans by surprise. Suddenly, Mario Bava lost his crown as the “king of Italian terror films”. Suspiria's young creator/director Dario Argento became the new monarch. So, following the requests for more on Argento, since our review of Suspiria in HoH 14, Jean-Marc Lofficier now presents the story on an award-winning Argento movie yet to be released in Britain...

**DEEP RED**

A 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 hysteric 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 herrings 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 Nicola 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 Giulliano Laurenzi, Produced by Claudio Argento.

Time: 95 mins. No British Certificate

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**THE CRATER LAKE MONSTER**

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

Fantamtion is the name of the animated-process breathing jerkly life into the title star. Ray Harryhausen and Co. will already have heard they have little to worry about... And the man behind Fantamtion 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, one sincerely 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 led his paws 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—a hatching baby dinosaur from its long-laid egg. A veritable twin for the ancient Indian graffiti 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.

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**THE CRATER LAKE MONSTER (1977)**

Richard Cardella (as Steve), Glenn Roberts (Arnie), Mark Siegel (Mitch), Kacey Cobb (Susan), Richard Harrison (Don), 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 Marignon 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 unrealised Hammer projects which may not be filmed for many years (remember, Paramount's script for War of the Worlds lay 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 parodies?).

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

Joy Kitley of Banbury, Warks., 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.
In the 1951 film, Superman and the Mole Men, George Reeves and Phyllis Coates (as Lots Lane) gaze skyward, oblivious to the menace beneath their feet.


Superman and the 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:

(1) "Eve". Directed by Robert Stevens. Teleplay by Michael Ashe and Paul Wheeler, adapted from the short story Special Delivery by John Collier. Lead players: Carol Lynley and Dennis Waterman.


(6) "Do Me A Favour". Dir: Gerry O'Hara. Teleplay: Stanley Miller, based on a story by Frederick Rawlings. LP: Robert Cotten.


(9) "Matakitas is Coming". Dir: Michael Lindsay-Hogg. Teleplay: Robert Houseley. LP: Vera Miles.


(17) "One on an Island". Dir: Noel Howard. Teleplay: Oscar Millard. LP: Brandon De Wilde. A Hammer and Twentieth Century-Fox TV Production. Executive Producer: Joan Harrison; Producer: Anthony Hinds; Director of Photography: Arthur Lavis, ASC; 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 socking a gift horse in the face." So says Peter Cushing, neatly summing up 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 Actor 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 Hor 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 Wilton 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 to us 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 balls eyes."

Cushing was an ardent cinemagoer 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 playing at cowboys 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 bruised 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 hanged 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 Coulsdon 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 Worthing 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 movielola 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.

“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 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 changer: he was always going around humming, swinging this 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 had I 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 invalidated 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 Osric 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 realise 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
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 horrid 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 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”.

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 shut already and they had already built the set. What we did have was a long, long rejectory 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 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 Grimsdyke 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 of 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. Dennis 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 lesserseen films — Night of the Living Dead and The Living Dead at the Manchester Morgue reviews were marvelously Media Macabre 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 Foster, 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.

HoH

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 pretentious 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 Lofficier 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.

HoH

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 rundown 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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- F"NSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED
- KONG MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS
- WASP WOMAN
- GAMMA PEOPLE BEAST FROM THE HAUNTED CAVE
- CREATURES OF EVIL
- LUST FOR BLOOD
- I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN
- I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF
- CREATURE WITH THE ATOM BRAIN
- SEA MONSTER
- UNDEAD MONSTER MAKER
- NIGHTMARE IN WAX

- Films from "These are Horrific"—total for this section (add 20p per film)

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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 sub-title—

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 obliterate the fact that whomsoever 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 ladies. 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-cap 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-macked 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
shifty 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 shifty 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
denouement 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 1/2 hours
of Communion.

Above: Mr. Alphonso (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. Tredoni), Paula Sheppard
(Alice), Niles McMaster (Dominick), Rudolph Willrich (Father Tom),
Jane Lowry (Aunt Annie), Michael
Hardstark (Detective), Alphonse de
Noble (Mr. Alphonso), Gary Allen
(Uncle), Brooke Shields (Karen), Tom
Signorelli (Detective Brenner), Kathy
Rich (Angela), with Guest Appearances by Lillian Roth (Pathologist),
Antonio Rocca (Funeral Attendent),
Louisa Horton (Psychiatrist).

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

Distributed by Hemdale International Films.
Time: 108 mins. Cert: X.
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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—indeed 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 styles 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 even flinched at its own horrors, but blatantly 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 its 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 Plane, 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,
Above: A little-seen shot from Hammer's second film, The Mystery of the Marie Celeste (1936) which featured horror veteran, Bela Lugosi (right) in the starring role. Right: Although not a Hammer production, Lost Continent was released for Lippert through Hammer's Exclusive Film Distributors. The film was later re-made in 1968 by Hammer with Michael Carreras directing.

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 Gilstone 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...
power. 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, now 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 Frankenstein'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.

This unusual photograph proves that film crews need never get their feet wet whilst shooting "in the middle of a lake". From To Have and to Hold (1951) with Robert Ayres and Avis Scott (pictured above in the boat).

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. (Overhanging 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 Courtroom 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, ('hot-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
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 Kenny 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 Xperiment, 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 later in '55 of The Quatermass Xperiment. 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 and The Quatermass Xperiment became the most successful film that Hammer had produced (of the 44 features plus two 'Dick Bartons', six musical and three story features 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 adaption of this, Hammer's first Monster Movie, see HoH 8 and 9).
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”.

[Images of actors and scenes from movies]
The Stolen A
Geoffrey Jamas (Alan Dick), Raymond Hinds. A

Room to Let (1949, Re: 1950)
Jimmy Hanley (Casby Minter), Valentine Dyall (Dr. Ffll), Christopher Hinds. A
Yvonne Owen (as Sally), Michael Medwin (Ronnay), Hugh Latimer (Eli), Diana Green (Paine), Gary Marsh (Kapad). Prod: Francis Searle, Sc: Francis Searle and Leo Marks, Ph: Walter Harvey, Mus: Frank Spencer, Prod: Anthony Hinds. Dis: Exclusive. Time: 68 mins. Reporter plans to fake the murder of his sister for publicity but his plans go terribly wrong.

Dick Barton Strikes Back (1949, Re: 1949)
Don Stannard (as John), James Nocke (Capt. Cuthruck); Jeanette Lane (Alice), Farley Cripps (as Stan). Prod: Anthony Hinds. Dis: Exclusive. Time: 61 mins. Comeody in which buttermとってside to a hideous girl who is in love with him.

The Lady Craved Excitement (1950, Re: 1950)

The Black Widow (1950, Re: 1951)
Christine Norden (as Christine), Robert Aver (Mark Swan), Heather Lane (Martha), John Longdon (Kemp), Jennifer John (Jane) (Sarah), John Harvey (Dr. Wallace). Prod: Anthony Hinds. Dis: Exclusive. Time: 70 mins. Whilst on holiday in a small fishing village, Barton foils the plans of a man to poison Britain's water supplies with deadly germ bombs.

HAMMER FILMS

Dr. Morell—The Case of the Missing Heiress (1949; Ref: 1949)

The Adventures of PC 49 (1949; Re: 1950)

The Cela (1949; Re: 1949)
Hy Hazelt (as Cela), Bruce Lester (Larry), John Bailey (Lester Mantle), Elsie Wagstaff (Aunt Nora). Prod: Francis Searle, Sc: Cedric Williams, E. J. Mason and Francis Searle from the BBC Radio serial. Ph: Cedric Williams, Mus: Rupert Grayson, Prod: Anthony Hinds. Dis: Exclusive. Time: 67 mins. A comic adventure in which a young actress is lured into a hotel in order to pay for a Bond Street hat and is able to prevent the murder of a middle-aged woman by her younger husband.

Meet Simon Cherry (1949; Re: 1950)
Hugh My奏e Re: Simon Cherry), Zena Marshall (Lisa Colville), Anthony Forwood (Alan Colville), John Bailey

The Dark Light (1950; Re: 1951)
Albert Lieven (as Mark), Dorothy Tutin (as Catherine), Thomas Howse (Norman Macnab), Harry Mosley (Bob), Martin Benson (Lugo), Jack Stewart (Mat), Catherine Blake (Linda), Joan Carol (Joan). Prod: Anthony Hinds. Dis: Exclusive. Time: 58 mins. Strong wanted criminals take over a lighthouse, killing two of the staff before they are apprehended, by the law.

Cloudburst (1951, Re: 1951)

A Case for PC 49 (1951; Re: 1951)

Whispering Smitts' Hits London (1951, Re: 1952)
(USA) Whispering Smiths' Smith Scotland Yard
Richard Carlisle (as Whispering Smiths' Smith (Psyche)), Raymond Huntley (Chief), Peter Reynolds (Jeff), Darce Dade (Roy), Eleanor Summerfield (Viv), Mervin Edwards (Dave), Harry Fowler (Joe). Prod: Terence Fisher, Sc: Frederick Knows from the novel by James Hadley Chase. Ph: Walter Harvey, Ed: Maurice Rootes, Mus: Francis Spencer, Prod: Anthony Hinds. Dis: Exclusive (Britain), Lizet (USA). Time: 84 mins (Britain), 77 mins (USA). The attempt of America's West to murder Smith, to bacce a missing girl are resented by Scotland Yard detectives.

The Last Page (1951; Re: 1952)
(USA) Man Bait
George Brent (as John), Joan Hannon, Marguerite Chapman (Stella), Raymond Huntley (Cheve), Peter Reynolds (Jeff), Darce Dade (Roy), Eleanor Summerfield (Viv), Mervin Edwards (Dave), Harry Fowler (Joe). Prod: Terence Fisher, Sc: Frederick Knows from the novel by James Hadley Chase. Ph: Walter Harvey, Ed: Maurice Rootes, Mus: Francis Spencer, Prod: Anthony Hinds. Dis: Exclusive (Britain), Lizet (USA). Time: 84 mins (Britain), 77 mins (USA). A soap company blackmailed by his girl assistant, flees when her body is found in a packing case. But the assistant's boyfriend is trying to spend the blackmail money and justice is done.

Wings of Danger (1951; Re: 1952)
Zac Zane (as Nick Truburo), Dick Talbot, Kay Kendall (Alexia), Nuncia Chomaps (Aurie), Arthur Lane (Berrard), Carroll Salmon (Talbot), Jeanette Lane (Isabel). Prod: Terence Fisher, Sc: Richard H. Landau and Martin Berkeley, Ph: Walter Harvey, Ed: Maurice Rootes, Mus: Francis Spencer, Prod: Anthony Hinds. Dis: Exclusive (Britain), Lizet (USA). Time: 72 mins. Plane is hijacked and a girl into that of the concert pianiste he loves with tragic results.

Never Look Back (1951; Re: 1952)
Rosamund John (as Anne Mantle), KC, Hugh Sinclair (Dr. John), Mariott Mantle (Mr. Mantle), Mary Wickes (Agnes), Richard Warden (Clayton). Prod: Terence Fisher, Sc: Richard H. Landau and Martin Berkeley, Ph: Walter Harvey, Ed: Maurice Rootes, Mus: Francis Spencer, Prod: Anthony Hinds. Dis: Exclusive (Britain), Lizet (USA). Time: 72 mins. Planes are hijacked, but the girl into that of the concert pianiste he loves with tragic results.

Lady in the Fog (1952; Re: 1952)
(USA) Scotland Yard Inspector
Dean Jagger (as Philip Maxwell), Roy Maxwell (Peggy), Bernadette O'Farrell (Heather), Godfrey Keen (Hampden), Carroll Salmon (Inspector Wilson), Alan Austin (Sgt. Reddy), Mary Mackenzie (Mary). Prod: Sam Newfield, Sc: Odille H. Hampton from the
Ictions 1935–1956


American gangland newspaperman's efforts to solve a hit-and-run murder case.


The Lyons in Paris (Rel: 1954, Rel: 1955) Ben Lyon, Bebe Daniels, Barbara Lyon, Richard Lyon (as Charles Forbes), Doris Rogers (as Aggie), Doris Rogers (as Florrie), Gwen Lewis (as Wimpie), Hugh MacRae (as Bertrand), Mackenzie Bird (as Captain Le Grand), Marline Alasia (as Fifi Le Fleur). Dir: Val Guest, Sc: Val Guest and Nigel Kneale from the BBC Radio series. Ph: James Harvey, Art Dir: Wilfred Arnold, Ed: Dougal Myers, Mus: Bruce Campbell, Prod: Ronent Dunbar. Time: 61 mins. Lippet (USA). Time: 59 mins. The Lyons family go on holiday to Paris and Ben is suspected of an unsolved murder in America. He has to evade a challenge to a duel by the girl's jealous boyfriend.


The Quatermass Experiment (Py: 1954, Rel: 1955) (USA: The Creeping Unknown) Brian Donlevy (as Bernard Quatermass), Jack Warner (as Professor Cameron), Glynis Johns (as Jill.banner), Stanley Holloway (as Jimmy), John Le Mesurier (as Mr. Wilkins), Paul Daneman (as Major), Phyllis Brooks (as Janet). Dir: Val Guest, Sc: Richard Landau and Val Guest from the novel "Quatermass and the Pit" by Nigel Cleave. Ph: Walter Harvey, Art: J. Elder Willis, Ed: Leonard Salzedo, Mus: Wills, Prod: Anthony Hinds. Dist: Exclusive (Britain), United Artists (USA). Time 82 mins (Britain), 78 mins (USA). Story of the Quatermass, a young business executive's death and its effects on those around him.


The Saint's Return (Py: 1956, Rel: 1956) (USA: The Saint's Chums) Sydney Tafel (as Max Lenner), Naomi Chance (as Lady Cippenstall), Michael MacLiammoir (as James), Margaret Rutherford (as Pauline). Dir: Seymour Friedman, Sc: Alan McKinnon from the character created by Leslie Charteris, Ph: Walter Harvey, Art: J. Elder Willis, Ed: James Needs, Mus: Ivan Stanley, Prod: Michael Carreras. Dist: Exclusive (Britain), Lippet (USA). Time: 76 mins. Science fiction drama of American accused of murdering his wife and her loving and sending their bodies into space by rocket.

The Blood Orange (Py: 1953, Rel: 1954) (USA: Three Stops to Murder) Tom Conway (as Tom Conway), Mila Parely (as Helen Pascal), Naoko Kato (as Yu), Harry Hayes (as Stockard), Andrew Osborn (as Capt. Simpson). Dir: Seymour Friedman, Sc: Jan Read, Ph: James Harvey, Art: J. Elder Willis, Ed: Maurice Rootes, Mus: Ivan Stanley, Prod: Michael Carreras. Dist: Exclusive (Britain), Lippet (USA). Time: 76 mins. American gangster cleans up a jewel robbery and solves a trio of murder puzzles.

36 Nourls (Py: 1953, Rel: 1954) (USA: Terror Street) Dan O'Herlihy (as Ely Ablin (Kate), John Chandon (Owitta Hart), Ann Guiran (Marco), Eric Pohlmann (Glasgow), Eirene Flight (as Agatha), Celia (as Alex), Peter Selby (as Peter Tuck), Eileen Moore (as Lily Adams), Dayo King (as Wingy Belton), Douglas Wilmer (as Sir Nigel Salter), Harold Lang (as Hubert), Richard Mountfort (as Arthur Scartoni). Dir: Terence Fisher, Sc: Julian Mayhew, Ph: James Harvey, Art: J. Elder Willis, Ed: Anthony Hinds. Dist: Exclusive (Britain), Lippet (USA). Time: 80 mins. (Britain), 84 mins (USA). Australian gangster tracking an elicit 36 hours in London during which he is suspected of murdering his wife.

Blood Orange (Py: 1953, Rel: 1954) (USA: Three Stops to Murder) Tom Conway (as Tom Conway), Milly Parely (as Helen Pascal), Naoko Kato (as Yu), Harry Hayes (as Stockard), Andrew Osborn (as Capt. Simpson). Dir: Seymour Friedman, Sc: Jan Read, Ph: James Harvey, Art: J. Elder Willis, Ed: Maurice Rootes, Mus: Ivan Stanley, Prod: Michael Carreras. Dist: Exclusive (Britain), Lippet (USA). Time: 76 mins. American gangster cleans up a jewel robbery and solves a trio of murder puzzles.

The Man of Sherwood Forest (Py: 1954, Rel: 1954) (USA: Race for Life) Dan Taylor (as Jack Bannerman), Eirene Flight (as Agatha), Peter Selby (as Peter Tuck), Eileen Moore (as Lily Adams), Dayo King (as Wingy Belton), Douglas Wilmer (as Sir Nigel Salter), Harold Lang (as Hubert), Richard Mountfort (as Arthur Scartoni). Dir: Terence Fisher, Sc: Julian Mayhew, Ph: James Harvey, Art: J. Elder Willis, Ed: Anthony Hinds. Dist: Exclusive (Britain), Lippet (USA). Time: 76 mins. American gangster tracks down and buries a killer after being one of the suspects himself.
THE WERE KNOWN WITH THE GRII 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 I. 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 HUGGLED GRAVEYARDS...

PROFESSOR MCHARG SMILED GIMLTY 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...

The bereaved husband followed the grave robbers. Caric 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, God only knows...

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?

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 NERVES ARE DISORDERED... IT'S SLEEP I NEED...

GAH!

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, LADIES, BUT HE'D NOT WANT YOU TO BE IDLE... YOU CAN START DISSECTING THESE LIMBS...

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 McNAG'S SIGNET RING!
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