THE REPTILE - the full film in comics!

FRANKENSTEIN
DRACULA
THE YETI

REVENGE of the BLOOD BEAST
The newest KONG of all

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THE REPTILE

Complete this issue... our comic strip adaptation of Hammer's 1966 monster movie.

MEDIA MACABRE

Upcoming monster movies. We print all the latest news on what's promised... and threatened.

MEDIA MACABRE REVIEW

Two Oriental horror films come under the HoH critic's eye this month... The Mighty Peking Man and Legend of Dinosaurs and Monster Birds.

FILMS OF PETER CUSHING

By popular request... the total film, tv, radio and advertising appearances of Peter Cushing.

REPTILE FACT FILE

The inside facts on the making of this issue's Hammer horror.

ANSWER DESK

Readers' questions answered and queries cleared.

HISTORY OF HAMMER

Our continuing look at the growth of Hammer Films. This month: Horror of Dracula, Curse of Frankenstein and The Abominable Snowman.

REVENGE OF BLOOD BEAST

Barbara Steele starred as the She-Beast in this sixties screamer.

HORROR HOME MOVIES

Ever wanted to see Psycho at home? Or Star Wars? Then don't miss this HoH special feature.

POST MORTEM

Readers' letters on our past goofs and glories.

HELSEING'S TERROR TALES

"The Witch At World's End" is the title of this month's illustrated shocker.


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Welcome to our second anniversary issue. That's right. HoH is celebrating having been on the newsstands for two years, and is now forging on into its third year.

How do we intend celebrating our birthday? Well, we've finally succeeded in convincing cover artist supreme, Brian Lewis, to put down his colours to give himself time to draw this issue's 13 page adaptation of Hammer's The Reptile. For record-keepers, Brian has singlehandedly painted no less than 15 HoH covers so far!

So we also ring the changes on our cover this issue. Ramon Sola has valiantly stepped in with his own totally different style to Brian, depicting a scene from this month's Terror Tale. As always—we look forward to your opinions.

We've had quite a few letters asking what happened to the ever-popular collecting series of features that has been missing these past few months. The answer is that it's back once more this issue in the shape of collecting horror home movies.

As a bonus feature, we've also managed to squeeze in our long-promised Peter Cushing filmography. We're quite proud of this one, and consider it to be the most complete ever, but, as always, we welcome additions.

Next month we feature the return of another old favourite, Captain Kronos—Vampire Hunter. But with a totally new look to his incarnation in HoH 1, 2 and 3 as Steve Parkhouse adapts the 1973 Hammer movie.

In the meantime, our promised giant colour-packed Summer Special pushes on towards completion. More on that one next month.

Best wishes,

Des Skinn (Editor)

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A LUCKY YEAR FOR CAPTAIN SPALDING. THE BOER WAR HAD JUST ENDED, AND HE HAD SURVIVED TO REAP HIS REWARDS. HE LEFT FROM HIS REGIMENT, A BRAND NEW WIFE, AND AN INHERITED COTTAGE IN PEACEFUL CORNWALL.

AND SO, LEAVING THEIR LUGGAGE IN THE DECAYING STATION WAITING ROOM, SPALDING AND HIS WIFE SET OFF. VAL OR MOTHER, I SUPPOSE WELL...THE PLACE SEEMS TO BE DESERTED, DARLING...I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE THE COTTAGE...

SHOULDN'T BE LONG NOW...THERE'S THE VILLAGE AHEAD... AND THE CHURCH...

THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING THAT MARRIED SPALDING'S HAPPINESS...THE COTTAGE WAS HIS BY VIRTUE OF HIS BROTHER'S Sudden AND Unexpected Death... CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT... THEY SAY HE DIED OF HEART FAILURE... BUT CHARLES WAS AS STRONG AS AN OX. .

1902 A LUCKY YEAR FOR CAPTAIN SPALDING. THE BOER WAR HAD JUST ENDED, AND HE HAD SURVIVED TO REAP HIS REWARDS. HE LEFT FROM HIS REGIMENT, A BRAND NEW WIFE, AND AN INHERITED COTTAGE IN PEACEFUL CORNWALL.

CLAGMOR HEATH...SOUNDS ABOUT AS APPEALING AS IT LOOKS, DOESN'T IT? VAL?

THE PLACE SEEMS TO BE DESERTED, DARLING...I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE THE COTTAGE...
Then, at last, they were in the village itself...

But as soon as Harry entered the Ancient Inn... always do that, sir... don't like strangers. I've been here three years myself, and they don't really accept me even...

An landlord!...

I wonder how long they'll take to accept me then? I'm Harry Spalding... could you tell me where my late brother's cottage is to be found?

Larkrise? It's about two miles further on. Mr. Spalding, you'll have to walk, I'm afraid... but at least we can get your luggage collected from the station...

And so, finally... after another long walk... there it is, Val... the Spalding home for many years to come! It's beautiful, Harry! Let's hurry up and get in there before it gets dark...

But when the door swung open... what the devil? Some... someone's wrecked the place!

But... who? Why? Oh, Harry, it's such a mess...

There was nothing else to do but start clearing up... until...

I've had enough of this! I'm going back down to the village to try to find out who's responsible!

Harry... try not to upset anyone... we're new here. Remember, I just bring the luggage back...

And so... eventually...

That's about all, I can do with the furniture, now I'll just...

Harry... is that who's there?

Please... do not be alarmed, Mrs. Spalding...

My daughter... and now you must excuse me... I have to get back to the search...

But... Dr. Franklyn, wait! How did you know my name?

I make it a point to know many things... goodnight, Mrs. Spalding.

The stranger shuffled forward, limping slightly...

I am Dr. Franklyn... I own the large house just up the hill... I am looking for someone. Mrs. Spalding... have you seen anyone this evening?

No... no one, at all... but who is it you're looking for?
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FORTUNATELY, THE HOUSE WAS HARO TO SURPRISE, IM$MSPOALDING R- V POUND THE M DOOR OPEN...

I'M SORRY, MRS. SPALDING... I THINK THAT THIS SHOULD HAVE HAPPENED IN YOUR HOUSE. HE WAS AN EPILEPTIC...

SPALDING'S THE NAME. I HAVE A MAN DYING IN MY COTTAGE, DOCTOR! YOU MUST COME RIGHT AWAY!

YOU OBVIOUSLY MISUNDERSTAND, MR. SPALDING! I AM TRULY A DOCTOR... BUT A DOCTOR OF THEOLOGY. THERE IS NOTHING I CAN DO TO ASSIST YOU...

IT'S TOO LATE, HARRY... HE DIED SHORTLY AFTER YOU LEFT...

GOOD GOD! CROCKFORD... IS THAT YOU?

IT'S OUR GUEST... I THINK! HELP ME...
THE FOLLOWING DAY FOUND ONLY THREE MOURNERS AT THE GRAVESIDE. MUST BE ONE OF FRANKLYN'S SERVANTS, I SUPPOSE. HE'S EFFICIENT, EVEN IF HE DOESN'T HAVE ANY FEELINGS.

WHERE'S EVERYONE ELSE, MR. BAILEY? HE MUST HAVE HAD OTHER FRIENDS.

SURELY, MA'AM...LOTS OF THEM! BUT THEY WOULDN'T COME HERE BECAUSE OF WHAT HE DIED OF...THEY CALL IT THE BLACK DEATH.

CAN I INVITE YOU BOTH IN FOR A LITTLE REFRESHMENT?

YOU STAY, HARRY...I WANT TO GET BACK TO THE COTTAGE. I'LL BE ALRIGHT.

IN A PRIVATE ROOM AT THE BACK OF THE INN... SAILED THE WORLD IN MY TIME, MR. SPALDING...I'VE SEEN DEATH IN ALL THE FORMS I THOUGHT POSSIBLE...BUT NOT THIS! THIS I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH.

I REALLY DON'T KNOW...THERE'S NO DOCTOR HEREABOUTS...THE CORONER COMES ONCE A MONTH AND ACCEPTS WHATEVER CAUSE OF DEATH HE'S TOLD.

I HATE TO ADMIT IT, MR. SPALDING, BUT I'M FRIGHTENED...I WANT NO PART OF IT...AND I'VE NOTHING MORE TO SAY ON THE SUBJECT.

OH DEAR! I'D HOPED TO FINISH BEFORE YOU CAME BACK! THE DOOR WAS OPEN...AND I WANTED TO DO SOMETHING NICE TO TAKE AWAY THE UNHAPPY MEMORIES.

THAT'S VERY KIND...BUT WHO ARE YOU?

REALLY DON'T KNOW...THE DOCTOR HEREABOUTS...COMES ONCE A MONTH AND ACCEPTS WHATEVER CAUSE OF DEATH HE'S TOLD.

IT COMES FROM THE FACT THAT HE'S TOLD.

I'M ANNA FRANKLYN...WE'RE YOUR NEAREST NEIGHBOURS! DO COME OVER AND HAVE DINNER...TONIGHT?

WELL, ALRIGHT. WE'D LOVE TO COME...

ANNA FRANKLYN...AS FOR DINNER...
SURELY ANNA DOESN'T NEED YOUR PERMISSION TO GO OUT, DOCTOR...

PLEASE DO NOT INTERFERE IN MATTERS WHICH DO NOT CONCERN YOU, MRS. SPALDING...

SURELY ANNA WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE WITHOUT MY PERMISSION? I FORSAIDE YOU...

BUT THEN...

DOCTOR... AS ANNA CAME HERE TO INVITE MY HUSBAND AND ME TO DINNER TONIGHT...

BUT I THINK IT DOES CONCERN ME, DOCTOR...

AND SO, THAT EVENING...

A DELICIOUS DINNER, DOCTOR... BUT WHY DID ANNA NOT JOIN US?

ANNA IS BEING PUNISHED, MRS. SPALDING. SHE WILL JOIN US SHORTLY...

AND THEN...

AH, YOUR GUESTS ARE HERE, ANNA! PERHAPS YOU WOULD CARE TO SHOW MRS. SPALDING YOUR PETS...

I WISH TO TALK TO HER HUSBAND IN THE LIBRARY...

CERTAINLY, FATHER. IT'S THIS WAY, MRS. SPALDING...

MY DAUGHTER AND I HAVE SPENT A CONSIDERABLE TIME IN THE EAST, MR. SPALDING... WHICH IS WHY WE KEEP THE HOUSE SO WARM...

I UNDERSTAND THAT, DOCTOR... BUT THAT WASN'T WHAT YOU WISHED TO SPEAK TO ME ABOUT... SURELY?

I SEE... I VERY WELL. I FEEL OBLIGED TO STAND BY MY DAUGHTER'S INVITATION... BUT NOW WE ARE LEAVING....

AH, YOUR GUESTS ARE HERE, ANNA! PERHAPS YOU WOULD CARE TO SHOW MRS. SPALDING YOUR PETS...

I SEE, DOCTOR... BUT UNLESS YOU CAN BE MORE SPECIFIC ABOUT THE DANGER, HOW CAN YOU EXPECT ME TO TAKE YOU SERIOUSLY?

BUT FRANKLYN REFUSED TO BE DRAWN, AND BEFORE SPALDING COULD QUESTION HIM FURTHER...

THE MUSIC IS STRANGE AND TRANCE-LIKE TO THE SPALDINGS, Weaving more exotic patterns as the minutes pass.

NO! NOT THAT MUSIC! YOU SHALL NOT PLAY THAT MUSIC!

GET OUT OF MY SIGHT! YOU LITTLE...

BUT FRANKLYN REFUSED TO BE DRAWN, AND BEFORE SPALDING COULD QUESTION HIM FURTHER...

THE MUSIC IS STRANGE AND TRANCE-LIKE TO THE SPALDINGS, Weaving more exotic patterns as the minutes pass.

NO! NOT THAT MUSIC! YOU SHALL NOT PLAY THAT MUSIC!

BUT FRANKLYN REFUSED TO BE DRAWN, AND BEFORE SPALDING COULD QUESTION HIM FURTHER....
AND SO...

How can you just walk out, Harry? Heaven knows what he might do to the poor girl...

IT'S HIS OWN HOUSE, VAL... I'VE NO JURISDICTION. Besides, we don't know anything about the situation! Come on, let's get home...

THE FOLLOWING DAY STARTED MORE CHEERFULLY...

Tom Bailey! This is a pleasant surprise...

Oh, I just thought I'd drop over. I've brought you a few things... You probably don't know anywhere round here to pick up food...

BUT AS BAILEY LEFT, IT BECAME APPARENT THAT HIS VISIT WAS MORE IMPORTANT THAN IT SEEMED...

LISTEN... I realised I can't just stand aside and do nothing! Meet me at the pub tonight... at midnight, I'll explain then...

IF YOU MEAN IT'S ABOUT MY BROTHER'S DEATH, I'LL BE THERE...

AND SO, INSTRUCTING VALERIE TO STAY LOCKED IN UNTIL HE RETURNED, HARRY SPALDING STEPPED OUT INTO THE NIGHT... A NIGHT MADE ALL THE DARKER BY LOWERING CLOUDS AND A TORRENT OF RAIN...

AND SO THEY STEPPED BACK INTO THE COLD, GRIM NIGHT... A NIGHT WHICH MATCHED SPALDING'S FOREBODINGS PERFECTLY...

OF COURSE, THOSE MARKS MIGHT HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH HIS DEATH... BUT THERE IS ONE WAY OF FINDING OUT...

You mean... my brother... we look at him, too...

And I thought you were a... frightened...

And I realised I can't just stand aside and do nothing! Meet me at the pub tonight... at midnight, I'll explain then...

Choose... I dug him up... just now. That's his box in the corner...

I'm not frightened of the dead... just what kills them? Look at those marks... what do you make of them?

Some sort of bite? But what?...

You mean... my brother... we look at him, too...

I know this is unpleasant, but if you'd like to start on your brother... I'll put Peter back and cover him up...

As you say, Tom... the sooner this is done the better...

FINALLY, WHEN THE LAST COFFIN-NAIL HAD BEEN PULLED, SCREECHING, FROM ITS PLACE AND THE LID RAISED...

Oh my god...

That settles it, then. Ever see marks like that before? I've only seen them once... in India, man was bitten by a king cobra...
The rain had stopped by the time Spalding returned home... but even then there was to be no rest.

Thank heaven you're back safely; this note came while you were out, Harry! Someone pushed it under the door, I didn't see who... addressed to me? But who...? I'd better get up there and find out what's wrong...!

Listen to this: "I desperately need your help. Please come before it is too late. Anna Franklyn."

But, Harry . . . yes, I suppose you're right.

Don't like doing this, but the only person I can think of who'd threaten Anna is her father...

Once inside, he groped silently through the darkness...

As he ascended the stairs, a vague, rustling crept into his whispered call...

Anna? Where are you?

Then, as Spalding entered one of the rooms...

These must be Anna's pets. I suppose? The cages seem too small though...

So diabolically not in here, I can hardly think! Wait... what's that behind me...

Sssss!
Spalding started to twist round, but...

Aaaaaaah!!

Then Valerie could only pass a fear-filled night, watching her man thrash and twist in a delirious fever-dream, moaning.

Finally, however, the fever did break... and shortly afterwards, Tom Bailey arrived...

We got a note... from Anna Franklin, saying she was in danger. I really ought to go to her...

Valerie knew what she had to do... but it was a hard thing to ask any wife to do to her husband...

Aaaaaah!

Anna... Anna...

Oh, God! Please... if only the fever would break...

Hmm! Nasty... but it could have been worse! When did he go up there? To the house?

Thought so... why'd he go there?

No... you ought to relax. You've been up all night! I'll get you something to drink... I've got some special brandy downstairs...
Yet Tom's Brandy was more special than Valerie had anticipated.

There now! Give that a few minutes and you'll sleep for the rest of the day... no, don't worry! Harry'll be all right now... and we can't have you getting crazy ideas about the Franklyn house...

You... you put something in this? Tom Bailey, I ought to...

And so, not long afterwards...

There was no sign of Dr. Franklyn by the time Valerie left the library... but when she reached Anna's room...

Anna? Are you all right? It's me... Val...

Yet as Valerie moved closer... A skin? She's shed her skin? But it can't be... it's...

But as she made her way into the house...

It's Doctor Franklyn! But what's he doing with that sword? Unless... I've got to get up to Anna's room quickly...!

Yet as Valerie moved closer... A skin? She's shed her skin? But it can't be... it's...

A natural sulphur spring bubbled hotly in the cavernous cellar... and through the steam...

Too shocked to fully understand, Valerie started up the stairs, and saw...

A light down there... they must be down in the cellar... I've got to find out what's going on...

Franklyn, he's going to kill Anna... or is it Anna?
But before the blow could be struck...

Get off me, you devil! I have to do it...

It's the Malay servant... trying to protect Anna...

But now I hope you won't mind me leaving you, Mrs. Spalding. I have one or two things to do...

Anna? You know that that thing downstairs is Anna? She did that to her... to punish me...

And with that, the door closed, the key turned in the lock, and then...

AAAUUUGH!

Franklyn moved surprisingly quickly and before Valerie could reach the door... Ah, no, Mrs. Spalding. I'm sorry... but I shall have to ask you to step into the library...

Let me go! We've got to get out of here! We'll burn to death! And Anna...

With a mad calmness, Franklyn unfolded a tale of horror...

Anna? You know that that thing downstairs is Anna? She did that to her... to punish me...

And with that, the door closed, the key turned in the lock, and then...

AAAUUUGH!

Before Valerie could move, the key turned once more. Her hopes rose... and died immediately.

Anna?... it's me... we... we can get out of here...
No longer human, Anna moved into the attack... paying no attention to the sudden thunderous pounding on the front door...

**SSSSSSST!**

Yet while Valerie cried out, the thing that once was Anna lashed out...

**YEEEEEE!**

But then... Mrs. Spalding! Hold on! Your husband will be with you in a minute!

**SsSsSs! COLD...**

When they had moved a safe distance away...

**I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! SHE BIT ME... WHY WASN'T I KILLED?**

Then at last they were outside, thankful breathing in the cool night air...

**WHAT DID YOU DO, TOM? WHEN I GOT IN THERE... SHE... IT WAS JUST LAYING THERE, CURLED UP...**

I let the cold air in... no tropical snake can take the cold... they just go dormant... just as well, too...

When they had moved a safe distance away...

**YOU'RE LUCKY SHE FOUND HER FATHER FIRST AND USED UP ALL HER VENOM ON HIM! A SNAKE CAN'T BITE TWO PEOPLE THAT QUICKLY! IT'LL HURT FOR A WHILE, BUT YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT...**

Then there was nothing to do but walk away, mourning back, with mingled pity and horror, at the house which had now become a funeral pyre for its occupants... and the house which with that cleansing blaze the terror was over... for ever...
But Eve has nothing on Sybil (Sally Field)—she becomes no fewer than sixteen different people...including two males. A staggering story; a brilliant film (though the book, as usual, is even better), and an unforgettable tour-de-force from young Sally Field in the title role. By comparison, all the usual exploitative psychological drama rip-offs look very sick indeed.

David Carradine teams up with Christopher Lee—Robert Carradine, the youngest of the clan, is moving in too. He shares top-billing with Jim (son of Robert) Mitchum in Canada's creepy tale of the recent New York paper failure: Blackout.

The plot, as Media Macabre regularly will know, has a bunch of mentally deranged prisoners en route to prison hospital escaping Abby—the 1974 black version of The Exorcist. Mid-America Pictures made the movie, AIP released it. Both had the very devil to pay for it. Or 'an undisclosed sum' is how Warners preferred to announce it. Warners also won the further stipulation that Abby (played by Carol Speed) would never be re-issued without their permission.

One really wonders what all the fuss is about, considering the various Italian Exorcist-exploitation movies. Girdler's low budget film, Abby, was far more an unmitigated black comedy than a black Exorcist. (Blacula, alias William Marshall, had the Von Sydow role.)

As one London critic said at the time, the voice of Abby's demon sounded more like Mr. Magoo at the wrong speed. Still, considering the disappointing Exorcist II—The Heretic, Warners probably need every cent they can get.

Horrible Bad News

... but true, that there is a sudden and disappointing lack of horror movies in production. The reason for this, of course, is Star Wars. Everyone's still clambering aboard the Lucas bandwagon. All the independent combines who usually begin to make their names with horror films are switching over to one inter-galactic form of sf or another—which is not necessarily as good as it may sound. As I'm sure we'll soon see on our screens.

It's happening in TV too. Logan's Run may be dead already in the States, and Blake's Seven still-born on BBC- TV, but Jack Webb's U.F.O. will quickly replace them. Plus Spiderman, Dr. Strange and (from Bionic Woman creator Kenneth Johnson) the Hulk.

Horrible Good News

Once again, therefore, we must say: thank heavens for Stanley Kubrick. While the rest of the world are years behind him and endeavouring to catch up, Kubrick has the best-selling supernatural film currently in production—The Shining, from a
new book by Stephen (Carrie) King and starring Jack Nicholson. Meanwhile, in another part of Britain's suddenly booming studios production is under way on The Legacy, co-starring Sam Elliott and Katharine Ross. The only other top - notch terror winners we know of are Milton Subotsky's Dominique and Australia's The Last Wave, written and directed by the excellent Peter Weir, who made Picnic At Hanging Rock. Richard Chamberlain headlines this extraordinary look at Aboriginal occult culture. Co-starring with Chamberlain is David Gulpilil, the Aboriginal actor from Nic Roeg's masterly Walkabout.

**Upcoming Disasters**

Otherwise, the current mainstay of horror on screen is merely a continuation of the disaster genre. With films like Avalanche, Piranha, Meteor and Hurricane. Nothing much to get overexcited about in that 'epic' list.

**Stellar Mud-packs**

British director Ronald Neame seems to have succeeded Cecil B. De Mille as the man who can move mountains in movies... Neame it was who, with a generous assist from Irwin Allen, turned a cruise-liner upside down for The Poseidon Adventure, and created havoc with a man-made sea. All good training for his latest film, Meteor.

For the princely sum of half-a-million dollars, Neame drops one million pounds of mucky slime all over Sean Connery, Natalie Wood, Henry Fonda and the rest of the cast trapped in a subway disaster sequence. Even so, that still works out to be less than the most expensive set in recent Hollywood years—King Kong's wall.

**Return of The Thing**

Latest news from the re-make division, Hollywood central... Producers David Foster and Lawrence Turman are re-working Howard Hawks' 1951 film, The Thing From Another World. The story, stemming from top sf writer (and indeed, editor), John W. Campbell Jr's Who Goes There? Let's hope they adhere more strongly to the (superior) initial concept.

The action takes place (or took place, circa '51) during an Arctic expedition, when an alien from another planet is, quite literally, dug up.

While all too easy to make fun of today, it was a great movie in its day. Let's hope it remains so. Come to that, let's hope the new Zombie, The Leopard Man) died last year, aged 73.

Director son of a director father (Maurice Tourneur), they both emigrated to America in 1913. Jacques started his career assisting his father first as a script clerk and bit player. After turning director in 1939, his other films included Night of the Demon and A Comedy of Terrors, plus Burt Lancaster's The Flame and the Arrow, Days of Glory (which marked Gregory Peck's debut) and many going to make this movie back in 1968. That's ten years, three Pink Panther re-makes, two wives and a couple of heart attacks ago. . . . These days, Sellers who has a pace-maker fitted to his ticker, calls himself "a partly bionic man."

**Cartoon Capers**

After Batman, Superman, Spiderman, Hulk and the Torch, plus all the other cartoon heroes lately undergoing human resuscitation in cinema and TV films, guess who's next? ... Dick Tracy, no less. Via the Car Wash producer Art Linson and the Aloha Bobby and Rose director Floyd Mutrux. Their Paramount film pits good old Dick and his two-way wrist radio with the Halloween Gang, circa 1941. More news next month!

**Cameraward**

Better late than never, The British Society of Cinematographers top award for the best cameraman of 1976 was finally presented a few weeks ago. The winner was Gil Taylor for The Omen. At 63, Gil has been in British movies for 49 years. He's the first choice in Britain of directors like Hitchcock (Frenzy), Polanski (Repulsion, Cul-de-sac and Macbeth), Dick Lester, Peter Brook—and Kubrick who used him on Dr. Strangelove. And he'll obviously win the 1977 award as well. He shot Star Wars.

**Best of '77**

According to Screen International (the thinner equivalent of Variety in show-business trade papers) the number one box-office attraction in Great Britain during 1977 was The Spy Who Loved Me. Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger ranked 6th, followed immediately by The Omen and King Kong. Jaws came in at unlucky 13 and Exorcist II was 18, beating Carrie into 19th place. . . . which we find hard to believe.

Tony Crawley
visual phases up to Tom Baker—and then goes on to examine the hostile alien life-forms that have given the Doctor innumerable problems during his voyages.

The "Daleks" must be the most infamous, and persistent, of all the villains that have appeared in the series. The Doctor first encountered the "Daleks" on the planet Skaro, in The Dead Planet adventure, where they were actively in conflict with a humanoid race, the Thals. They turned up again in the World's End adventure, in The Executioners adventure, The Power of the Daleks, The Day of the Daleks, Frontier in Space, Planet of the Daleks, Death to the Daleks and The Genesis of the Daleks.

The "Cyberman" run a close second in being the Doctor's most deadly enemies. These silver-suited dealers of death, who have developed over the years into emotionless robot-figures, have been thwarted on several occasions, in The Tomb of the Cybermen adventure, The Wheel in Space adventure, The Invasion and The Revenge of the Cybermen.

"The Master" (played with delicious evil by the late Roger Delgado) is the Doctor's third arch-enemy. This renegade Time Lord has featured in the Terror of the Autons adventure (involving attacks by grotesque plastic dummies), The Mind of Evil, Claws of Axos, Colony in Space, The Daemons (which included a living gargyle), The Sea Devils, The Time Monster and The Deadly Assassin (where he conducted his villainy in "presence" only). Among the more formidable characters that have appeared in the series only once or twice but appear in the book, there are the "Ice Warriors", "Aggedor" (the sacred beast in The Curse of Peladon), the "Axons" (in Claws of Axos), the "Spiders" (of Planet of the Spiders), the "Zygons" (in Terror of the Zygons), the "Morbius Monster" (in The Brain of Morbius), the "Kissoids" (from The Seeds of Doom), and "Weng-Chiang" (in The Talons of Weng-Chiang).

The second book deals mainly with Tom Baker's Doctor Who, and covers the adventures of Robot through to The Talons of Weng-Chiang. His assistants—Harry Sullivan, Sarah Jane Smith and Leela—are also discussed in a separate section of the book.

The emphasis with both books is on the photographs of the monsters and weird characters; there are well over 100 photos spread between the two books, with some good colour material in the second one.

If you are an avid Doctor Who fan these books are a must. If you don’t watch the series, then a scan through these books may make you want to look in on the show sometime—you could end up being a fan.

T.V.

MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES

MONSTER MOVIES have always maintained a strong fascination for the younger set who have only been allowed to see a few of these "special", first-run films. Those who have grown beyond the point of "wonder", and who by that time are more familiar with the film-makers' art, somehow lose that sense of tingling magic that the Monster film once inspired.

Almost every follower of the fantastic film, one could state with fair accuracy, experiences a special feeling of high anticipation during their juvenile years when a new (or even reissued) Monster film turns up at their local cinema. This feeling is a combination of the excitement of being scared by what you are about to see, and the thrilling terror of crossing over into that taboo territory of the "adults-only" Horror movies.

It is during these years that the Horror film becomes a dedication almost beyond addiction; first of all there is that initial thrill of a trans- mission to the cinema, because you are under the mystic age of 18, but somehow you make it—then comes the actual viewing of the great film itself, which holds so many terrors and shocks that nothing will now prevent you from seeing it, while your adrenalin has raced to top-speed in a matter of moments.

These are the years that Horror films cast their spell over you—the years that you call the characters you see on the screen Monsters. It is the adventures of these Monsters that you follow, you become familiar with their bizarre appearance, and you know their names and habits by heart. For the pursuit of these pleasures, a directory of favourite movie Monsters is now available from Carousel Books, Monsters of the Movies (95 pages, 45p), prepared and written by MoH regular Denis Gifford—who, as a long-time author, is certainly no stranger to the world of the cine-fantastique.

Denis Gifford, this time, has literally compiled an easy 'A to Z' of those fascinating creatures and characters that once loomed at you from the big screen almost every week, but now seem to have retired from their hectic revivals, returns, revenges, and revolts.

The book starts off with The Alienator People and completes itself with "The Zombie"; the earliest film listed was made in 1919 (Cabinet of Dr. Caligari) and the most recent is 1971 (Countess Dracula). Each category relates the initial story of the particular Monster and is accompanied by a full-page photo of the Monster itself. Being a Monster, for the record, doesn't mean it has to be some scaly or hairy creature, it can also be Dracula, Phantom of the Opera, or The Walking Dead.


For those who enjoy the adventures of the screen Monsters, and those who are just starting them, this book will help introduce and re-live their monstrous careers of mayhem.

T.V.
A series of major earthquakes shatter the world. A new ice age seems to be beginning. The world is approaching possibly its final crisis . . .

Around Mount Fuji in Japan, summer spins rapidly into sudden autumn. The mountain peak is capped with snow—remarkably early. Things are happening in the five lakes which formed around Fuji during its last eruption, eleven centuries ago. There are strange developments in the huge impenetrable forest of Aokigahara, enjoined to the lakes by the vast lava field.

Bats gather during daylight hours. Centipedes increase in numbers. The temperature of the Lake Sai waters is suddenly extraordinarily high. Eels appear in people's beds. A couple out on the lake in a pedal-boat simply disappear; one body only is recovered—the face stricken with abject terror.

On a lonely, dark road, a horse runs crazily past a girl on a bicycle. Then, in the blackness ahead, she hears a thud. The girl finds the animal dead—decapitated. And the grassy area around the odious sight is trampled flat.

In a nearby village, an old crone recounts ancient legends about the dragons of yore . . .

Only one young geologist seems to appreciate what is happening. The recent shuddering changes in the earth's crust around the Fuji volcanic zone match—exactly—the predictions of his long-dead biologist father. That such cataclysmic conditions would unearth, reawaken the dinosaurs in and around Lake Sai . . . and bring about hell on earth!

This is the big one from Japan this year. The 'highest budgeted' production in the thirty-year history of Tokyo's Toei Studios. Until now, Toei has been, perhaps, best known in the Western world for their Hollywood tie-ups in making Tora, Tora, Tora and The Yakuza. Also on current release from the same company is the animated s-f film, Space Cruiser.

Director Junji Kurata's Legend of
Dinosaurs and Monster Birds is disaster-plus. Mixing the kind of Towering Inferno carnage with King Kong, The Creature From The Black Lagoon and Ray Harryhausen-style effects. With a Japanese slant.

The film's dinosaurs eat everyone in sight. (Well, they have been starving in hibernation for a long while.) A gigantic egg begins to hatch — enter the monster birds, pecking everyone else to appalling death.

In similar fashion, the modern media swoop in on Lake Sai, helicopters and TV and film cameras ready to record the emergence of The Monsters of the Century ... but they're chased off by a mammoth pterodactyl.

And so to the climax — the long-necked dinosaur vs. the pterodactyl.

Despite the considerable amount spent out on the movie — shot in Toescope, of course — the Toei Company play it very low-key where the creative team is concerned. Perhaps egos are not to be buttered up in Tokyo film circles.

We have, though, been able to glean a little more information than was at first forthcoming. For instance, we know that Tsunehiko Watase and Nobiko Sawa play the geologist hero and his female companion, an underwater-photographer ace. That Shotaro Hayashi and Tomoko Kiyoshima, among others, end up pecked, bitten, gouged, hacked or swallowed to death.

Igami Masaru wrote the script. Directo Juni Kurata, unknown to us, is described for us as 'one of the most popular director in Japan'. But the virtual lynching of the whole enterprise, the special effect team, is written off, in a note to us from Toei, as being: Shakuji Shiomi and his staffs.

Judging from these pictures alone Shiomi and his team deserve a trifle more credit than that.

The two and a half million dollar Legend of Dinosaurs and Monster Birds will be officially unveiled at the 1978 Fantasy Film Festival in Paris. Whether Toho Studios Godzilla can stand up to this new (lavish competition, time alone will tell.
A

Review by Tony Crawley

 Anything Merian Cooper could do, Dino de Laurentiis can do better.

 Oh yeah? Well, that was the idea. Okay, take two . . . Anything Dino de Laurentiis can try and do, the mighty Shaw Brothers of Hong Kong can do better . . . Maybe!

 They're sure trying, anyway. With their own version of old King Kong. Stuck, thus far at least, with the rather unwieldy title of The Mighty Peking Man.

 Peking Kong would be much better. Except that our new slant-eyed Kong (and that's no racial slur; this monster does come complete with an Oriental eye make-up job) stems from the bowels of the Himalayas and wreaks—not to say wrecks—his havoc around the jungles of India.

 As befits the screen awakening of any monster worth his hydraulic system, it's Mother Nature who arranges his alarm call. An earthquake blasts this fellow out of his deep sleep. No wonder he angrily tramples down a few jungles—and the residents therein.

 For reasons which escape us, he's dubbed the Mighty Peking Man. No doubt, something to do with the HK$6m. budget, or the by now obvious fact that man is the greatest beast on this planet.

 Ku Feng plays the thrusting tycoon type—soon at odds with our explorer hero, Li siu-sien, who insists the animal be safeguarded for scientific research alone. No way, says the man with the Hong Kong dollars up every sleeve.

 His is no simple expedition. The party have to hack their way through impenetrable forest, scale high cliffs and traverse dangerous marshes. To say naught of the various killer tigers, snakes and elephants (yes, killer-elephants) en route. All of which tends to cut down the group more than somewhat. Actually, their worst adversary is the script. But no matter.

 When our explorer-hero finally meets the monster—he has to be saved from vicious attack by the sudden arrival of a
jungle girl. This is Swiss-born blonde Evelyne Kraft as a lady named Ah Wei. Very Ah indeed in her Raquel Welch hand-me-downs from One Million Years B.C.

The tycoon has his way. The beast is captured and put on show at the Hong Kong Stadium. Evelyne finds Li cuddling his previous paramour and runs off in tears. For herself, and indeed, at the televised pitiable plight of her gigantic jungle pal in the arena packed with shutter-bug-tourists.

She then falls into the oily embrace of Mr. Money Bags. And it's when the beast sees his captor trying to force his dollar-lined attentions on Evelyne that he goes berserk and breaks his puny chains. With one bound — he's free. Rushing to the girl's defence. Crashing through the streets of Hong Kong. Trampling buildings and citizens underfoot. Sweeping aside flyovers and anything else above his hairy kneecaps.

So begins the ultimate set-to. The cops and the army vs. The Mighty Peking Kong — by now atop Hong Kong's tallest building, the Connaught Centre....

Together again, hero and heroine rush to his aid. Seeing Evelyne is okay, even apparently happy, highly smitten with her young explorer, the beast cools down.

He doesn't climb down, though. Euphemistically or otherwise. But he falls, all right — the victim of civilisation: immense gunfire and a ton or two of TNT in the plantroom of the Connaught Centre.

And so, the Mighty Peking Man is...konged. Again.

Tacky or not, this is the climax that gets you every time...no matter how many countries repeat Merian Cooper's winning formula of '32. Director Ho Meng-hua wants all your tears, though. So the girl, Ah Wei, proves a victim of all that gun power as well. All together now...Ah!

In our (international) version, anyway; he lives to fight another day in the Asiatic version.

Apart from the odd Dinkey toy in the model streets, Hong Kong's Kong — is a mighty creditable effort. Certainly, not much worse than Dino's folly.
THE FILMS OF PETER CUSHING

Way back in HoH 1, we printed a Christopher Lee filmography. It was so informative and complete, that even now, over two years later, we still receive letters of praise about it.

So, following last issue's interview with the Gentleman of Gore, Peter Cushing, we now present another of our highly acclaimed filmographies.

Special thanks on this one going to David Whitehead for his generous assistance.

CINEMA

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Captain Clegg (US: Night Creatures)

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<td>1963</td>
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<td>1967</td>
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<td>1968</td>
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<td>1972</td>
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Peter Graham Scott

Reverend Blyss

Dr Laurence Van Helsing

Captain Judd

Sheriff of Nottingham

Professor Sewell

Mr Merryweather

Mr Wock

Squire Trevenyan

Mr Fordeyce
By 1966 Hammer Film Productions were firmly established in their Bray Studios. Much of the back lot was covered with standing sets that, with the minimum of effective adaptation, could be employed for a number of different productions.

Anthony Nelson-Keyes was not only acting as the producer of individual movies but was also in charge of the running of Bray Studios. So, when Sir James Carreras, then head of Hammer, had the idea of maximising the use of the studio's facilities by making four films a year, Anthony Nelson-Keyes became line producer for the programme. The first set of four started with Dracula—Prince of Darkness and Rasputin—The Mad Monk, both starring Christopher Lee and using the standing sets on the back lot to 'double'—with the requisite changes—for both Castle Dracula and the palace of the Russian Czar. Similarly, Plague of the Zombies and The Reptile shared the same Cornish village setting, enabling the two films to make use of the same sets.

Since The Reptile was designed to be a co-feature and could not afford to be over-lavish with its sets, it was not to be too expensive in terms of its stars either. This requirement it fulfilled ingeniously...
by the creation of a new and unique Hammer monster—armed with a new terror, Hammer had no need of star names in The Reptile.

Anthony Nelson-Keyes recalls that the idea for The Reptile came from Hammer producer/writer Anthony Hinds, who wrote the screenplay under his usual pseudonym of John Elder. Nelson-Keyes had been the producer on the 1964 film The Gorgon, which had introduced Hammer's first female monster: the idea of creating a second was an early development—even before the monster's origin and physical appearance were decided on.

The make-up design of The Reptile herself (played by Jacqueline Pearce, who also acted in Plague of the Zombies), was created by Hammer regular Roy Ashton, after discussion with Nelson-Keyes and the film's director, John Gilling. Because the fanged, scaled mask worn by Jacqueline Pearce did not require the sort of animation that had made The Gorgon's snakes so unconvincing, The Reptile made a much more convincing monster.

Roy Ashton has always maintained that he would have liked to do further work on the make-up design but, despite the film's economically low budget and the need to complete on a tight shooting schedule, his mask proved, in its visual effect, to be one of the film's greatest assets.

The Reptile was released in 1966 as the co-feature with Rasputin—The Mad Monk and retains the power that made it along with director John Gilling's

Plague of the Zombies, one of the best of Hammer's 'minor' monster movies.

The Reptile (1966)
Noel Willman (as Dr. Franklyn), Jennifer Daniel (Valerie Spalding), Ray Barret (Harry Spalding), Jacqueline Pearce (Anna Franklyn/The Reptile), Michael Ripper (Tom Bailey), Directed by John Gilling, Screenplay by John Elder (Anthony Hinds), Photographed by Arthur Grant, Make-up by Roy Ashton, Production design by Bernard Robinson, Music by Don Banks, Edited by James Needs and Roy Hyde, Produced by Anthony Nelson-Keyes, Released by Warner-Pathe (Britain), 20th Century-Fox (USA).
Time: 91 mins.  Cert. X
PREMATURE BURIAL


The 1935 Republic film, The Crime of Dr. Crespi, was also based on the short story “The Premature Burial” by Edgar Allan Poe. This film was produced, directed, and adapted by John Auer, and starred Erich von Stroheim, Dwight Frye, Paul Guilfoyle, and Harriet Russell. The Raven (1912) and The Blancheville Monster (1963) both contain incidents of catalepsy and premature burial.

JACK THE RIPPER INDEX

A checklist of Jack the Ripper movies is requested by Mark Beck of Manchester, so here follows a list of films that directly concern or include the Ripper theme:


Scr: Jimmy Sangster. LP: Lee Patterson, Eddy Byrne, Betty McDowall, Ewen Solon. Black and white film with end sequence in colour.


SCREEN WRITING

A question that continually crops up, and which is “aired” again by Paul Jennings of Hinckley, Leicestershire, is the one of “can a horror film-screenplay be written directly to a film company... particularly Hammer Film Productions?”.

Well, for Paul (and everyone else who has ideas on screen-writing), this is the situation. It should be accepted that it is extremely difficult to sell a screenplay to a film company except through the services of an established literary agent. Many film companies will not even open a package containing a script—they will only consider material submitted through an agent. However, the larger film companies usually have a Story Department which deals with storylines, etc. There is no point in spending months writing out a full screenplay and then having it returned because they can’t use the idea, or already have something similar in the works. It is best to check with the Story Department first by way of a letter (with a SAE enclosed, naturally) to ascertain whether there are any possibilities with your storyline. Remember, however, that these Story Departments are not operating in an advisory capacity—they are not there to tell you, generally, if your idea and writing capabilities are good or bad. Neither are they there to advise you on who next to send your idea to, so don’t ask for recommendations. If you believe that you have a unique idea for a film, and are capable of typing up a full screenplay, simply write a letter to the company you think may be interested in the type of story you have and wait. If their reaction is of interest, then you will have to get yourself a Literary Agent to handle the final screenplay for you.

More queries cleared next Answer Desk. Send your questions to:

But remember, we cannot enter into personal correspondence—there just aren’t enough hours in the day!
HISTORY OF HAMMER


by Bob Sheridan

Last issue we traced the history of Hammer Films from birth through to their decision to film a new version of Mary Shelley's Frankenstein. The resulting motion picture, The Curse of Frankenstein (adapted in HoH 2 and 3) is now recognised as a landmark in the history of both Hammer Films and the horror film in general.

However, in 1956 this sort of recognition was far from certain, and so the film was quite a gamble for Hammer. They were gambling on a period film, as opposed to the present-day science fiction based horrors of The Quatermass Xperiment (adapted in HoH 8 and 9) and X-The Unknown, and doing that gambling on a larger scale than on any of their previous horror subjects. Even a proper approach towards the material was difficult to decide upon.

The last major Frankenstein film had been Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein (British title: Abbott and Costello Meet the Ghosts) eight years before, and so it was uncertain whether the audiences were ready for another telling of the tale in straightforward fashion. A satirical touch seemed to be the answer. Rejecting a direct adaptation of the novel, Hammer had Jimmy Sangster script the project, and the resulting screenplay was bitterly humorous.

However, another major factor appeared in the form of director Terence Fisher, who had one film left to make in order to fill his contract with Hammer. Offered the Frankenstein project, Fisher agreed to make the film, but argued against both the humour and the fast shooting schedule planned. Hammer wisely expanded the schedule, but retained the script. Fisher gained an ally in Peter Cushing, whom Hammer had cast in the leading role of Baron Victor Frankenstein as a result of his performance in a BBC-TV adaptation of George Orwell’s 1984. Cushing took the project so seriously that he even objected to the comedy relief that Fisher wanted in the film. Soon the entire cast was taking the project seriously, and, with a warm approach toward each character, Fisher filmed Sangster’s sarcastic screenplay. This odd combination of styles turned out to be a perfect blend, making The Curse of Frankenstein an immediate hit, despite the hostility of critics who detested the American Frankenstein films made by Universal Pictures in the 1930s and 40s. These critics had failed to learn from their own history; James Whale's 1931 film, Frankenstein, had been considered by contemporary critics to be too horrible for public exhibition.

In both cases, the public held the opposite opinion and made the films popular favourites.

Of course, The Curse of Frankenstein was more than a straight remake of Frankenstein, although Curse did use ideas from Whale’s film. The device of the damaged brain for the monster was re-used, so was Frankenstein’s position as a member of the nobility. However, the latter idea became the core of Curse. Most horror fans associated the name Frankenstein with the creature portrayed by Boris Karloff in the Universal films, while Frankenstein was actually the name of the man who created the monster. Hammer chose to concentrate on the nature of a man who would attempt to create life, and minimised the role of the creation itself.

In the role of the creature they cast an unknown six-and-a-half-feet tall actor... Christopher Lee. Denied the use of Universal's copyrighted makeup, Hammer's Phil Leakey was forced to create a new appearance for the creature. Leakey's design for the Monster was a more horrible version of Mary Shelley's original description. Hideously scarred skin was stretched over a deathmask face, with one of the creature's eyes obscured by a catarract. Excess flesh dangled from the stitches which joined the head to the body. All in all,

Christopher Lee was made to appear so horrible that it is unlikely that any 1957 viewer wished Lee to have a larger part. As a matter of fact, the makeup was such an effective disguise that even Peter Cushing failed to recognise his co-star, and was continually bewildered when Lee, out of costume and makeup would greet him pleasantly upon seeing him. Cushing had no idea that the tall stranger who addressed him was the creature he was bringing to life in his current film. Since Lee had no lines in the film, and his makeup made it practically impossible for him to speak, even his distinctive voice gave no hint to his identity.

The story of The Curse of Frankenstein is told in flash-back by Baron Victor Frankenstein himself. He is in prison, awaiting execution for murder. In desperation he tells a visiting priest of his experiments. After years of study under the guidance of personal tutor Paul Krempe (Robert Urquhart), Frankenstein put his knowledge to work and successfully brought a dead dog back to life. Not satisfied with what he had done, he determined to build a human body and bring it to life for the first time. With Paul as his rather unwilling assistant, Frankenstein assembled a human body out of parts of a number of corpses. Paul turned against the experiment.
completely when Frankenstein's cousin Elizabeth (Hazel Court) arrived. She had been betrothed to the Baron at an early age and had come to be married. Frankenstein, seeing no reason why Elizabeth's presence should change his plans, continued without Paul's help. Seeking a brilliant mind for his creation, Frankenstein invited the renowned scientist, Professor Bernstein (Paul Hardtmith), to his home and murdered him, making the professor's death appear accidental. Paul, hearing of Bernstein's death, searched for Frankenstein and found him in the professor's tomb—where he had just finished removing Bernstein's brain! Enraged, Paul attacked Frankenstein, and in their struggle, the jar containing the brain was smashed. Feeling that he had stopped Frankenstein, Paul left. However, Frankenstein picked the broken glass out of the brain, finished assembling his creature, and, on a stormy night, brought it to life. The creature's first act was to attack its creator, and shortly thereafter it escaped into the woods and murdered an old blind man and his grandson. The creature's rampage was ended by Paul, who shot it in the head with a hunting rifle.

Sometime later, Paul visited Elizabeth on the eve of her wedding to Frankenstein, only to find that Frankenstein had operated and returned his creature to life. By threatening to harm Elizabeth, with whom Paul was obviously in love, Frankenstein kept Paul from going to the authorities.

Frankenstein used a different method to silence a maid (Valerie Gaunt) who threatened to blackmail him. He locked her in a room with the creature, which murdered her. Finally, the creature escaped and almost killed Elizabeth. Firing a pistol at the monster, Frankenstein hit Elizabeth in the arm instead. In desperation, Frankenstein set fire to the creature, which then fell into a vat of acid and was destroyed completely.

But, coming back to the present, Frankenstein, imprisoned, finds neither the visiting priest nor anyone else believes his story. When Paul Krempe appears at the prison, Frankenstein begs him to confirm the tale, but Paul seeing his ex-companion's foolishness denies everything and declares Frankenstein mad. The audience learns otherwise when Paul leaves Frankenstein's cell and joins the waiting Elizabeth, whose arm is in a sling—obviously due to the bullet wound she received when Frankenstein shot at the creature. The Curse of Frankenstein ends with the evil Baron being led to the guillotine.

On thinking the film over, one can observe occasional flaws. For example, while Frankenstein ages from childhood (played by Melvyn Hayes) to Cushing's maturity, Paul looks the same through the years, and even seems younger than Frankenstein by the film's conclusion. And Frankenstein's narration would do little to save him from execution even if it were

Hammer's fifth production, The Camp on Blood Island, was a powerful war drama which portrayed the brutal treatment of prisoners-of-war at the hands of the Japanese. Though produced in 1956 it was not released until two years later.
believed. He admits to murdering Professor Bernstein, and he is directly responsible for the death of the maid (the crime he is charged with), even though the creature committed the murder. Also, Frankenstein's characterisation conflicts with his personality in the rest of the series. Obviously this is due to the fact that The Curse of Frankenstein was the first film of its type, and all involved were at least a bit uncertain about what they were doing (similar difficulties can be observed in Dr No, the first of the James Bond film series).

However, the basics—and more—were there. In Frankenstein's absolute self-confidence and dedication to his goals, as well as in the small touches, such as Frankenstein's seasoning and tasting the food he is about to serve to his creation. Most interesting (in light of later films) is his declaration, toward the end of the picture, "I shall carry on", and his whole speech explaining that he will continue his experiments—no matter what the opposition may be—until he achieves complete and perfect success.

These statements add depth to his characterisation, and, heard today, seem weirdly prophetic of the future of Hammer Films, as well as functioning as an ideal introduction to the rest of the Hammer Frankenstein series.

All of Hammer's gambles on The Curse of Frankenstein paid off quickly. When Warner Brothers executives in New York were shown sample footage from the film in early 1957, they were so impressed that they had a print of Curse sent to their president, Jack L. Warner, in California, and Warner Brothers quickly arranged for worldwide distribution rights on the film. Warners gave the film a large-scale promotional campaign, and the public did the rest. Hammer Films had arrived as a major force in motion pictures, and they seized their golden opportunity with both hands.

Hammer's next film, produced and directed by Michael Carreras in 1956 and released by United Artists in 1957, was a World War II action drama entitled The Steel Bayonet. Shot in black and white in a widescreen process called Hammerscope (previously employed for some Hammer short subjects), it introduced a then-unknown technique, later made famous in the WWII epic The Longest Day. This consisted of having the cast actually speak German in all sequences involving German characters, and printing English translations of the dialogue in subtitles at the bottom of the picture. This technique has since become a standard device for filmmakers seeking a documentary flavour in
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their productions, even in such contemporary thrillers as *The French Connection*.

1957 also saw the return of Brian Donlevy as Professor Bernard Quatermass in the simply-titled *Quatermass II* (released in the USA as *Enemy From Space*). Once again Val Guest directed, but this time Nigel Kneale, author of the BBC-TV Quatermass serials, collaborated with Guest on the screenplay. In this adventure, Quatermass has designed a miniature "moon city" in order to demonstrate how man could live in the hostile environments of alien worlds. Unfortunately, he never gets to complete this experiment. Instead, he is surprised to discover a full size version of his model city, complete and functioning in the English countryside!

It develops that a force of bloblike aliens from space have taken over the area, as well as the minds of more than a few humans. From this point on, *Quatermass* has a good deal in common with the contemporary American film *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, with Quatermass finding that virtually everyone he turns to for help is under the aliens' control. Unlike the panic-striken hero of *Invasion*, however, Quatermass (who is understandably a bit less flustered by the out-of-the-ordinary) remains efficient and methodical, and in the end defeats the invaders in their own headquarters.

Filmed before *The Curse of Frankenstein*, *Quatermass II* leans even more toward science-fiction (as opposed to horror) than either *The Quatermass Xperiment* or *X-The Unknown*, although it certainly contains its fair share of shocks carefully spread out through a quite suspensefully-developed storyline. More than anything else, it is the film's structure and theme which distinguish it. The gradual revelation that England (tomorrow—the world?) is being taken over by an unearthly power which plans to use mankind as slaves has the effect of a modern day mass nightmare. And, like *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, *Quatermass II* is a startling reminder of just how important it is to cling to one's feelings, identity and humanity.

Continuing with Nigel Kneale as scripter and Val Guest as director, Hammer next released *The Abominable Snowman*, based on Kneale's BBC-TV play *The Creature*. Shot in widescreen RegalScope, it featured Forrest Tucker and Peter Cushing, the latter following fast on his success in *The Curse of Frankenstein*. Tucker played an opportunistic adventurer and Cushing a dedicated scientist. This unlikely pair are united by their common desire to seek out the legendary "yeti", a semi-human creature rumoured to live in the Himalayan Mountains of Tibet. In the tradition of Hammer's own *Curse of Frankenstein* and Val Lewton's productions in the 1940s such as *The Cat People*, *The Abominable Snowman* concentrates more on the personalities of its main characters than on the "monster" itself. The plot is slight—Tucker, Cushing, and the subsidiary members of their expedition search the snow-covered Himalayas for the yeti—and much more time is spent developing the characters than is devoted to events. The film is quite effective at what it attempts, in that the two main characters are approached in opposite ways. Tucker's character (ironically named "Friend") does not change or develop at all, and is in fact completely one-dimensional. The audience's interest is held by the continuing revelation of just how shallow his character is. This is emphasised in a sequence in which Friend, discovering that the creature which he assumed to be a baby yeti is merely a Tibetan monkey, declares his intention to present the monkey to the (paying) public as a yeti nevertheless.

On the other hand, Dr. Rollason (Cushing) is presented as a fully-rounded character before the expedition even starts. His characterisation is deepened by his refusal to compromise his values at Friend's urging, but continues beyond that. As the film progresses, Rollason's personality is

*Above: The laboratory in *The Curse of Frankenstein*, although not as spectacular as that portrayed in the 1931 Universal *Frankenstein*, was more scientifically plausible. Left: The rare first release poster for Hammer's 1956 film *The Abominable Snowman.*
not only revealed in greater detail, it actually develops. Without changing from what he was at the beginning, Rollason learns and grows, and, in the end, is the only survivor of the expedition simply because he is willing to accept things which had previously been beyond his comprehension. His final line in the film—"There is no yeti"—is much more than the lie which someone like Friend would have taken it for. It is a statement of a truth which exists on a level much higher than that of scientific terminology.

While it deals with themes of a highly intellectual nature, The Abominable Snowman still offers the excitement that Hammer had learned to deliver to its public. The film is filled with tension and contains scenes worthy of any adventure film. And Phil Leakey, who had transformed Christopher Lee into Frankenstein’s creature, created a yeti makeup for the film’s climax which provided audiences with one of the most awesome moments in the history of the horror film—without disturbing the carefully-developed overall mood of the story.

For 1958, Hammer’s first release was The Camp on Blood Island, which, in England, did for the war film what The Curse of Frankenstein had done for the horror film. Directed by Val Guest from a script by Guest and Jon Manchip White (White having written the original story), it introduced an element of viciousness never before seen in a British World War II film.

Set in the Pacific, it portrayed the Japanese as sadistic fiends. Although the film was universally condemned for reopening old wounds, it was an enormous box office hit. With strong performances from Andre Morell, Barbara Shelley (later to be one of Hammer’s greatest horror heroines), and Richard Wordsworth, The Camp on Blood Island presented war atrocities in the same forceful, direct manner that had made Hammer’s horror films a worldwide sensation.

After the enormous success of The Curse of Frankenstein, Hammer quickly set to work on a follow-up feature of the same type. This time, the choice of subject matter was simple; having given a new look to Frankenstein, they turned their efforts toward a new version of the other top horror subject, Bram Stoker’s Dracula.

Once again Jimmy Sangster was called upon to write the screenplay, though this time he drew heavily on the original book for his script. Even so, certain characters and events from Stoker’s extremely long novel were dropped entirely, and much material was condensed. In place of the expansive narrative of the original, Sangster devised a tightly-knit structure more suited to the cinema, and well within the reach of Hammer’s still somewhat limited resources.

Director Terence Fisher (along with virtually the entire production staff from The Curse of Frankenstein) was assigned to the project. The leading roles were once again given to Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee. Cushing played Professor Van Helsing, an expert on (and dedicated enemy of) vampires, and Lee played Count Dracula, monarch of the Undead. The resulting film, Dracula (adapted in Holt I), surpassed everyone’s expectations.

From the moment it starts, Dracula (Horror of Dracula in USA) is a totally self-assured and consistent film. Composer James Bernard (who had scored The Curse of Frankenstein, X-The Unknown, and both Quatermass films) produced the most
famous opening theme of his career, an ominous and impressive piece which immediately sets a powerful mood of fear and menace. Bernard later explained that he based the central three notes of the theme on the syllables of the word “Dracula”. As Bernard’s music plays and the opening credits appear, the camera slowly encircles a majestic stone eagle, an ornament on the bannacles outside Castle Dracula. As the credits end, the camera enters a crypt at the side of the castle, finally settling on a coffin which bears the simple inscription “Dracula”. A moment later, drops of blood begin to splash over the name.

The story itself begins with Jonathan Harker (John Van Eyssen) arriving at Castle Dracula, to be greeted by a note from the Count apologising for his failure to appear personally. Shortly thereafter, Harker encounters a young woman (Valerie Gaunt) in a white gown, who begs him to take her away from the castle. Suddenly, she glances up Harker’s shoulder and then runs away.

Harker nervously turns around in order to discover the reason for the girl’s flight, and sees, standing in shadow at the top of a flight of stairs, a tall cloaked man. The figure smoothly descends the stairs, walks into the light, and cordially welcomes Harker. This is Count Dracula, and his entrance is a truly masterful moment. The instant the audience sees Dracula, they are aware of his majestic, menacing appearance. But almost immediately, they are presented with a different aspect of the character when he begins to speak.

Before the viewer has a chance to sort out the significance of these contradictory elements, Dracula effortlessly picks up Harker’s baggage and leads him upstairs to his room, smoothly striding up several steps at a time, while Harker struggles to keep up behind the Count.

Dracula then shows Harker to his room, only to return moments later to explain that he will not be available the next day. Before leaving, he pauses to admire a photograph of Harker’s fiancée, Lucy Holmwood (Carol Marsh). Harker quickly finds that he has been locked in his room, and makes an entry in his diary which informs the audience that he is not in fact a librarian come to tend Dracula’s books, but is planning to destroy the Count.

Later that night, Harker hears a sound at his door and finds it has been unlocked. Going out to investigate, he encounters the girl in white once more, who pleads with him to take her away from Dracula, whom she claims is holding her prisoner. Trying to calm her, Harker puts his arms around the girl. In his embrace, she curls back her lips to reveal a pair of fangs, and bites him on the neck. At that moment Dracula appears, his eyes bulging and bloodshot, with blood spattered about his mouth and chin. For the first time the viewer is shown the full horror of Dracula, as the Count bounds across the room and over a table, hurling Harker aside and brutally assaulting the vampire girl.

The next day Harker, himself contaminated with the taint of vampirism, finds the crypt and drives a stake through the heart of the vampire girl, who then transforms into an old hag. But this is to be Harker’s undoing. For it had taken the full day to discover the vampires’ coffins, and in putting the girl to the stake first he had bypassed the true threat. This he learns as he turns to find Dracula’s coffin now empty. Dusk has fallen and the unnaturally strong vampire Count is ready to deal with his would-be slayer.

This opening section of Dracula sets up the remainder of the film in at least two ways. In the first place, it completely establishes the nature and personality of Dracula. Secondly, it prepares us for the battle between Dracula and his nemesis, Van Helsing, under whose guidance Harker was working.
Investigating Harker’s disappearance, Van Helsing retrieves the diary, and, at Castle Dracula, finds the frame for Lucy’s photograph (the picture itself has been torn out), as well as the vampirised Harker, who lies unconscious in Dracula’s coffin. With grim determination, Van Helsing forces himself to drive a stake through the heart of his friend.

The film has now set up a double revenge situation. Van Helsing’s battle against Dracula is now a personal matter, as he must avenge the death of Harker. Dracula, meanwhile, seeks out Lucy so that she might take the place of the vampires destroyed by Harker. Hearing that Lucy has been taken ill, Van Helsing unsuccessfully attempts to advise her brother, Arthur (Michael Gough), how to care for her. Only after Lucy dies does Arthur begin to trust Van Helsing, and then only because he is shown Harker’s diary. Soon Lucy returns from the grave as a vampire and almost succeeds in abducting a young girl. The horrified Arthur assists Van Helsing in trapping Lucy, but refuses to let her be used to lead them to Dracula. So once again Van Helsing’s hammer and stakes must be called upon, this time to end Lucy’s brief existence as a vampire.

Dracula, deprived of another mistress, next attacks Mina (Melissa Stribling), Arthur’s wife. At last Arthur agrees to put the matter entirely in Van Helsing’s hands. But it may prove too late as Dracula succeeds in kidnapping the taint-ed but still human Mina, and is pursued to his castle by Van Helsing and Arthur, while Arthur tends to his wife, whom Dracula has been in the process of burning alive, Van Helsing chases the Count into his castle. After a furious battle, Van Helsing destroys Dracula by exposing him to the rays of the rising sun, keeping him in the path of the sunlight by blocking his escape with two candlesticks, held together in the shape of a cross.

The climax of Dracula is one of the most exciting finales ever filmed. Terence Fisher expanded the sequence from the brief one described in Sangster’s script, adding the actual fight between Dracula and Van Helsing and devising the thrilling shot of Van Helsing running along the huge dining room table and leaping onto the curtains blocking the sunlight. And Peter Cushing himself suggested the idea of candlesticks to form a crucifix. This sort of involvement on the part of the filmmakers is the key to Dracula’s success. Out of all the Hammer films, this is the one where every ingredient came together perfectly. The film offers not only horror and shocks, but a fascinating mystery (where is Dracula hiding?) as well.

Further, there is tremendous suspense and excitement in the film’s chase structure, with Dracula staying at least one step ahead of his foes until the end. In terms of acting, Peter Cushing surpassed his difficult role as Baron Frankenstein (although through the years he went on to refine and deepen his Frankenstein characterisation, so that it would become his greatest continuing role), creating in Van Helsing a definitive portrait of the dedicated man of science opposed to evil. Christopher Lee, of course, gained international fame as a result of his appearance as Dracula. Vastly different from Bela Lugosi’s suave, sinister count, Lee’s Dracula was physically powerful and aggressive. The role fitted Lee like a glove, so much so that he has spent much of his career trying to avoid being stereotyped in similar roles.

When Dracula was released and matched the success of The Curse of Frankenstein, Hammer’s status was so great that the next problem they had to face was turning out enough films to meet the demand for their product. Next issue we shall look at how they handled this problem.
Feature by John Fleming

One of executive producer Paul Maslansky's most recent movies was The Streetfighter, a reasonably prestigious film guaranteed a good financial return because it starred Charles Bronson. Back in the mid-sixties, though, Maslansky was in Italy producing quick, cheap horror films.

In 1964 he produced Castle of the Living Dead (see HoH 17) and was so impressed by the film's second unit director that he offered the young man the chance to direct a whole film. The young man was Michael Reeves, who would later make the terrifying Witchfinder General (see HoH 12).

Maslansky offered Reeves a script called Vardella. It was to be shot in 18 days on the almost impossibly low budget of £13,000. Reeves wanted the chance to direct so much that he put up a lot of his own money and rewrote the script, crediting it to the fake name of Michael Byron. The film's title was changed to La Sorella Di Satana (Sister of Satan)—released as Revenge of the Blood Beast in Britain and The She Beast in the US.

The film (shot in Italy) is set in modern-day Transylvania, a communist state apparently peopled by idiotic police and voyeurs. The stars are horror specialist Barbara Steele and Michael Reeves' friend Ian Ogilvy, who was later to appear in both Reeves' other films The Sorcerers and Witchfinder General.

Steele and Ogilvy play Veronica and Philip, a young honeymoon couple touring the Carpathians, who find themselves in the small village of Vauvbrac for the night. There they meet Count Von Helsing. (This misnaming of Van Helsing also occurs in the 1936 Dracula's Daughter.) The Count is the great, great, great grandson of the man who exorcised Dracula. He's a doddering old eccentric obsessed with the traditions of witchcraft and vampirism in Transylvania. He's waiting for the reappearance of Vardella. In a flashback, the audience sees what happened two centuries before.

A funeral service is being held in the village chapel while a dwarf tolls the bell. Intercut with this are shots of a boy running across a darkening hillside. The boy bursts into the service to tell the horrified villagers that his brother has been killed by the witch Vardella. The priest and congregation set out to destroy her.

From the black hole of the witch's cave a decomposing hand gropes outwards. Vardella is dragged out and, in the semi-darkness, she clawed at her assailants' faces before she is overpowered.

As in Reeves' previous film Castle of the Living Dead the witch is played by a man. The script was more or less made up as shooting progressed. It was adjusted to suit the prevailing weather and the fact that Barbara Steele was only available for four days' shooting. A siege catapult left over from a previous film epic became a witch's ducking stool.

Vardella is dragged from her cave to a nearby lake, a red-hot metal spike is...
driven through her and she's repeatedly ducked in the water as the local priest intones the prayers of exorcism. Unfortunately, the villagers have forgotten to consult Count Von Helsing, Transylvania's acknowledged expert on such matters. Vardella the witch has not been properly exorcised. And before she is hideously drowned, she curses the villagers and all their descendants.

So, in the 20th century, the new Von Helsing waits for Vardella to return. But the young honeymoon couple just treat the story as so much mumbo-jumbo and dismiss the Count as a harmless old buffoon.

Philip and Veronica spend a troubled night at the inn. Troubled because the innkeeper turns out to be a voyuer who can't pass up the chance of spying on a honeymoon couple.

The next morning, our young couple set off on their travels again. But just outside Vaubrac, a strange force takes over the steering of their car, drawing it towards a nearby lake. The car crashes over the edge and sinks into the dark waters.

A passing truck driver comes to the rescue. He pulls out Philip and a dead body—not Veronica's, but a hideously deformed old crone—Vardella.

Count Von Helsing explains that the only way to resurrect Veronica is to bring Vardella back to life and then exorcise her properly. He brings the witch back to life but then she escapes on a bloody spree, murdering her way through the village.

A young boy, watching a brutal cock-fight with pleasure, suddenly finds himself attacked by the witch. The brutal innkeeper tries to rape a young girl who comes to him for protection. His face is intercut with Vardella's and soon afterwards the witch hacks him to death with a sickle. The bloody deed done, she throws the sickle aside. It falls neatly across a hammer lying on the floor.

Reeves just saw the hammer lying there and decided to put the sickle across it as a joke. This rather odd humour runs through the film. When the young couple first arrive, Veronica asks the innkeeper, "Do you know the Draculas by any chance?"

A comic car-chase with a would-be joke about a recurring motorcyclist (a reference to the film Orphée) was in fact shot by an ad hoc second unit to save time. It was the only occasion Reeves ever used a second unit and he disliked the result—but there was no time or money for retakes.

Back in Vaubrac, terror, bloodshed and carnage are the order of the day as Vardella gains her revenge by slaughtering everyone in sight. She's only halted by Philip—desperate to get Veronica back. And Von Helsing—desperate to prove that his ancestry had not gone to waste.

Vardella is exorcised and cast back into the lake while Veronica is restored to her former self. But as Veronica leaves Vaubrac, a sinister gleam creeps into her eyes and her last words are, "I will return".

Reeves wanted to end the film with the couple back in their London flat. They make love and, later, Philip awakens in the romantic moonlight. He turns to look at his wife—it's Vardella.

Time, budget and the fact that Barbara Steele was unavailable for further shooting forced him to substitute the present ending.

The Village Voice called the film "a disaster (with a) crude style and interesting ideas". In his next film The Sorcerers Michael Reeves' idea was even more interesting and his style more assured.

The Revenge of the Blood Beast
(1965)
Barbara Steele (as Veronica), Ian Ogilvy (Philip), John Carlson (Count Von Helsing), with Mal Welles, Jay Riley, Richard Watson and Ed Randolph.
Written and Directed by Michael Reeves, Produced by Paul Maslansky, Photographed by G. Gengarelli, Edited by Nira Omri, Music by Ralph Ferraro, Sound by Lars Bloch.
Time: 76 mins.  Cert: X
IF you are fortunate enough to have an 8 millimetre (or mil-mm for short), you may be interested to know that it is possible to actually own copies of, or extracts from, a wide selection of science-fiction, fantasy and horror films. This type of collecting is very rewarding, and has become increasingly popular in recent years. The extent of its popularity can be seen by the increased involvement of the major motion picture distributors, such as MGM, Universal, and Twentieth Century-Fox. MGM, in particular, have announced their entry into the field with a very promising line-up of film extracts, including Logan's Run (1976).

Collecting films, of course, is not a cheap hobby—even on the diminutive gauge of 8mm. It can cost the collector almost £50/£30 for an eighteen-minute extract from Hitchcock's The Birds or—if you are really "hooked"—you might consider it worth over £175/£100 for a full-length sound/colour print of The Texas Chainsaw Massacre.

Since the early days of feature films on 8mm, the vast majority of material available has been horror. This is probably due to the wealth of horror material churned out in the field. The horror and sex film genres have always been profitable and cheap to produce. One of the very first films made available to the collector in complete 8mm prints (with magnetic soundtrack) was City of the Dead, a 1961 Vulcan production (eventually becoming Amicus). Featuring Christopher Lee as a devil worshipper, this film was set in the eerie locale of Whitwood, Massachusetts, where a coven of witches celebrate "Candlemass Eve" with the sacrifice of a young girl student. The film was released as Horror Hotel in America. It was photographed by Desmond Dickinson, who gave the film an eerie atmosphere very much in keeping with the best of H. P. Lovecraft.

City of the Dead was directed by John Moxey, who later added Llewellyn to his name when moving from Britain to America where he directed The Night Stalker and other acclaimed TV movies.

City of the Dead became available, in 1966, on standard 8mm only. This gauge has now fallen out of fashion due to the increased clarity the larger image of super 8mm now offers. The floodgates opened when it became apparent that there were many people who wanted to own, rather than merely hire, 8mm films. Again, the accent was on horror. The forerunner in the field was a company called Derann Film Services, in Worcestershire, who, after City of the Dead, brought out Psycho and The Invisible Man; two films that really need no introduction to HoH readers. Then came The Quatermass Experiment, Hammer's first major success in the fantasy field, with Richard Wordsworth as the returning astronaut changing into a blood-lusting vegetable.

At the same time as Derann were making tracks into the effective possibilities of film sales, companies such as "Americon" were trying out a system of selling pre-recorded discs along with short extracts from films like the original Hammer Dracula. If the disc was played at exactly the same time as the film was being projected then the viewer could experience the illusion of watching a properly synchronised sound film. However, if you preferred, you could watch it silent with subtitles. Americon also released Hammer's Curse of Frankenstein in two ten-minute extracts (in colour), but the pre-recorded disc system didn't really work successfully, and the quality of the colour in the prints was mediocre. Americon soon faded from view.

Columbia Pictures (Screen Gems) released short extracts from The Blob and Dinosaurus in the late Sixties, though only in silent/black & white form. Both films were originally shot in colour by director Irvin S. Yeaworth, in 1959 and 1963, respectively. The former title was notable for containing an early performance by the then-unknown Steven McQueen, who is forced into conflict with a huge blob of protoplasmic ooze.

Far better value for the collector was
Revenge of Frankenstein, which Columbia saw fit to release in both colour and sound. This was a good quality reel of scenes from the 1958 Hammer feature, lasting almost ten minutes. It contained some of the best moments from the feature: including creature Michael Gwynn's entry into the society party where he exposes Peter Cushing's Doctor Stein to be the notorious Baron, recently escaped from the guillotine.

A company known as Ken Films had a number of silent/ten-minute reels from Howard Hawks' classic science fiction film The Thing (1951) and a Toho Studios monster movie called Rodan, which featured a gigantic flying monster. Less successful, in the Ken line-up, was Godzilla Vs The Thing, which presented the collector with a new problem; Toho's resident monster fought a giant moth in this one-reel cut-down of the 1961 feature, but the reduction from "Tohoscope" to 8mm left the viewer with the impression that the film had been crushed in a vice. The same thing occurred with Columbia Pictures' condensation of their 1964 First Men 'in the Moon, although they were thoughtful enough to warn the buyer to use an "anamorphic" (widescreen) lens which would enable the film to be shown in its original Cinemascope format. Ray Harryhausen's "Selenites" looked a whole lot better that way.

In the meantime, Derann Films were still the main company selling full-length sound films in the horror genre. They expanded their product with Antonio Margheriti's Long Hair of Death (1964), a fine Italian gothic piece with Barbara Steele as a reincarnated witch seeking vengeance for her mother's death. Set in the 15th century during the plague, the film uses Steele's 'persona' to maximum effect, and the genuine old-castle locations lend much to the atmosphere. Derann later issued prints of Revenge of the Vampire (1960); actually Bava's classic Black Sunday, on both standard and super 8mm. This most atmospheric of horror films, based on Gogol's "The Viz", centered on the one day in every century when the powers of darkness hold sway; an evil witch returns from the crypt and wreaks revenge on the ancestors of her enemies. Not only featuring Barbara Steele's most famous role, Revenge of the Vampire is also the most accomplished film from former-cameraman Mario Bava.

Other 8mm film companies began to follow suit, releasing full-length features for sale. At this time, during the early Seventies, the average cost of a feature (standard or super) was $40/£25. No colour horror movies were available for outright sale in their complete form, although Derann did have a complete print of the 1964 Evil of Frankenstein for hire, in a slightly murky form of standard 8mm colour.

Mountain Films released The Wasp Woman, a 1960 Roger Corman film, with Susan Cabot as a beautician whose enzyme treatments go drastically wrong; and Monte Hellman's Beast From the Haunted Cave (1960), mixing a cave monster with a bank robbery and setting it all quite effectively in the snowy wastes of South Dakota.

The same company, Mountain Films, issued a film entitled The Pit and the Pendulum, in sound and full-colour. It was a shallow deception because, instead of being the 1963 Roger Corman/Vincent Price film, it was actually a 1970 feature called Blood Demon, directed by Harald Reinl and starring Christopher Lee as the vampiric "Count Regula". The most interesting sequence, depicting a nightmarish ride through a forest festooned with swirling corpses, survived intact but the film as a whole was trimmed of some twelve minutes for its 8mm release.

This initiated a practice that has persisted with the sale of most 8mm colour features to this day. A full-length colour print spoiled on four reels would cost around $100/£60. If the film ran over the four reels it would cost more, accordingly. Distributors felt that no-one would care to pay so much for a film and so they began to exercise the editing scissors, usually in a very haphazard fashion. A good example of this—and a note for collectors—occurred with a company called Walton Films when they issued a good quality colour print of Michael Reeve's 1967 film, Witchfinder General (US title: The Conqueror Worm). The Walton print was excised of almost twenty minutes and, from being a powerful and haunting classic, became a confused and ineffectual exercise in sadism. The cuts were only too obvious.

However, not every film suffered by this form of cutting. The 1970 film Equinox was an amateur effort made by film-fan Mark Thomas McGee and released theatrically after extra scenes had been added by Jack Woods, who got the final director credit. Most of the interest in the film lies with the animation by Jim Danforth, and all the animation sequences have been left intact in the 8mm print. The judicious cutting has only pared away some of the banal narrative and, if anything, the film is all the better for it.
Universal had been issuing short, one-reel extracts—under the name of Castle Films—for many years. Sound and picture quality of these ten-minute extracts was excellent. They included in their library the entire original Frankenstein series (except for *Ghost*) and the *Creature From the Black Lagoon* trilogy. Now, to bring us right up to date, Castle Films have changed to Universal 8 and have just released Steven Spielberg’s superb thriller, *Duel* (1972), in a twenty-minute colour version—which is extremely well edited to showcase the nerve-stretching suspense of Richard Matheson’s story. Also from Universal 8 comes SSSSSSS (known in England as SSSsnake, 1973) and, best of all, an actual colour print of Dr. Cyclops, the 1940 film in which a mad doctor, Albert Dekker, shrinks people to amuse himself.

Among the current availability of full-length prints, the collector can now buy any of the following fantasy features for his edification—

**Nothing But the Night** (1971), the Peter Sassy film of John Blackburn’s novel about demonic children; in colour.

**Fright** (1972), an ineffectual thriller with Susan George menaced by psychotic killer Ian Bannen; in colour.

**The Beast Must Die** (1973), an enjoyable guess-the-werewolf piece, made by Amicus, and directed by Paul Annett; in colour.

**The Ghost Ship** (1943), one of the rarest Val Lewton pictures, directed by Mark Robson, is notable for a central sequence where a swinging boat-hook decoicates the crew members during a storm.

**King Kong** (1933), the classic beauty and beast tale. Still the best version despite what Dino de Laurentiis says.

**The Flesh Eaters** (1963), a terrific “grand guignol” horror tale set on a remote island with flesh-eating organisms on the prowl. Martin Kosleck is as villainous as ever, and Jack Curtis directs with economy.

**The Monster Maker** (1944), goes to show that Rondo Hatton is just as ugly on 8mm. J. Carroll Naish is the bad guy in this early Monogram “epic”.

**White Zombie** (1932), offers one of Bela Lugosi’s best performances, in this minor classic produced by the Halperin Brothers.

**The Texas Chainsaw Massacre** (1974), the notorious film about a family of cannibals and the five young people who are unfortunate enough to encounter them; in colour.

**Blood Devils** (1972), a very foolish film wherein a mad scientist creates a “chlorophyll man” amid lots of blood and bad acting; in colour.

**The Ape** (1944), features Boris Karloff as a kindly small-town doctor who occasionally disguises himself as an ape and commits grisly murders.

The listing of 8mm titles seems endless, but probably the most interesting development in 8mm for the horror fan is that you can now buy some films that are virtually impossible to see in parts of England or America under any other circumstances. A must for collectors is a recently released “Massacre Reel”, which opens with the trailer for *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, and is followed by a serious-faced gentleman warning us that the next two minutes are not to be viewed by persons with a heart condition or of a nervous disposition. What follows is, to quote the trailer: “Gruesomely staged in Blood Colour”.

We see a woman having her tongue removed by a maniac, another unfortunate lady has her heart cut out in gory close-up, and a third victim has her leg forcibly amputated while taking a bath.

All this mayhem constitutes just a little of the grisly content of the legendary *Blood Feast*, made in 1963 by Herschell G. Lewis, and never likely to see release in England. Its companion in ghastly incident, *2000 Maniacs*, made a year later and apparently featuring “Playboy’s favourite playmate”, follows next with more severed limbs and gruesome murders. This film has something to do with vengeance Confederate soldiers slaughtering the inhabitants of a town. The reel concludes with the more mannered trailers for *The Legend of Hell House* (1973), the Richard Matheson ghost thriller starring Pamela Franklin and Roddy McDowell, and *Sugar Hill*, a chiller about a girl who employs zombies to gain revenge on the mobsters who killed her boyfriend. The latter film was made in 1974 and released in England as *Voodoo Girl*.

Another first on 8mm, so far denied British audiences, is *The House of Seven Corpses*, which was made in 1974 by director Paul Harrisson. It features good old John Carradine as the owner of a mysterious gothic-style mansion where a film crew, led by “director” John Ireland, are attempting to make a horror movie. In the twenty-minute colour extract, released by the American company Niles Films, the action moves very briskly as a rejuvenated corpse destroys the film-makers one by one. Based on this short segment, it would be interesting to see the full feature version.

Considering the wealth of material available for the horror fan on 8mm, it seems that prospects for the future could be even more exciting. The advent of video-cassette recorders and video-disc players means that the film collector will probably discover that he can obtain almost any film he cares to. It may be expensive at first, but collectors—being collectors—will always find a way.
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Just a few lines to congratulate you on HoH. Up to now it is, without doubt, the best horror magazine on the market. I used to collect the American horror magazines, Famous Monsters and Castle of Frankenstein, but got fed up to the teeth with them constantly praising the films of the '30s and '40s.

That is not to say that there were not a lot of classics made in those days, but for me the Hammer films of the late '50s surpass them. So thank you for a magazine which, at last, gives the more recent films the credit they deserve.

P. Williams, Newport.

HoH

I have only one complaint to make about your marvellous periodical. Some issues, I have found, appear to be nothing more than glorified film reviews. For example, in HoH 13 you reviewed such rubbish as War of the Monsters and The People That Time Forgot. I seem to remember you saying something about concentrating on Hammer Horror. I hate to sound a hyper-critic, but I feel it had to be said. Apart from that I enjoy your magazine immensely.

I have a few suggestions to make. In your February edition you could pay tribute to Boris Karloff who died on 2nd February 1969. As for the idea of a weekly magazine, I disagree. I would rather have a bi-monthly magazine with colour inside and pay more for the privilege.

In answer to W. K. Brinsley's letter in Post Mortem (HoH 18), all I can say is that he/she is obviously used to getting his/her own way and has no consideration for others.

Ray White, Bournemouth.

HoH

Thanks for HoH 15. This issue was good, although there were a few things that I didn't really go overboard for, mainly the artwork of the issue.

The cover was the only piece of work from Brian Lewis that I have been unimpressed by. Indeed it resembled something from a Marvel comic. The faces of the mummies of Lee and Karloff in the shadows were well done, and the colours were spot on. But the figure of the actual mummy was a little bit feeble. The artwork of David Jackson on the main strip was a little too vague. It looked like the kind of artwork one expects to see the cheaper comic fanzines turn out. Disappointing.

As for David G. Chester's 'Wilbur's Whisky'—I'm sure that not even a cheap fanzine would've accepted it. Very disappointing.

Fortunately the reviews and features were much better than usual, which more than made up for the shoddy art.

By the way, why did you decide to adapt The Mummy's Shroud before doing 1959's The Mummy (which I hope you will adapt sometime in the future)?

I feel as though it has been mishandled. I really enjoyed this issue, even without a main strip included (please don't make a habit of it, though).

All the contents were top-notch, a great improvement on the rather disappointing HoH 15, but two articles in particular easily outshone the rest. The first was the fabulous Star Wars review by John Broxson, who for my money is the most interesting and intelligent writer you have. The review was honest, and I was very pleased to find someone who actually had genuine criticism for Star Wars, and not just the usual unending praise.

The second high spot, for me anyway, was the letters page—fantastic! Mr. Brinsley's rather illogically structured criticisms were clearly insulting, not only to your magazine but to the reader. Thank you for the powers that be that his insults were brilliantly met and countered by your superb letter-answer. Who does answer the letters, anyway? Whoever it is I certainly think that they deserve praise. Please don't take seriously about Mr. Brinsley's suggestions, for if the magazine that he wants ever gets between your covers then I, for one, will lose interest.

You have a very good magazine, a unique magazine; the best improvement you could ever make is to leave it as it is at present.

Keep up the excellent work.

Paul Richmond, Darlington.

HoH

Out of all the horror magazines I have collected over the years, I am sure HoH must be classed as the best. The idea of blending film reviews with comic strips works very well.

John Bolton's artwork for Curse of the Werewolf in HoH 16 was excellent and this and the Twins of Evil comic strip are my favourite adaptations so far.

I liked John Fleming's review of The Living Dead at the Manchester Morgue in HoH 9 because of the humorous way in which it was written.

Thank you for a great magazine and I hope it will continue through the years to come as the regular horror publication.

Laurence Page, Woking.

HoH

For the past eighteen months I have sat back and watched HoH grow from a firmly based attempt to one of the leading magazines in its field (if not the leading magazine). I have seen few periodicals (American or British) to rival it.

The features are second to none, but then you do have such famous names as Denis Gifford and John Broxson working under your banner, I particularly liked "Stalkers in the Moonlight" (HoH 10) and "Daughters of the Night" (HoH 11).

The Curse of the Werewolf strip in issue 10 was your best so far and the covers of all your issues, except for the first which I thought was weak, are superb. I think that Brian Lewis and John Bolton are the Chris Lee and Peter Cushing of comic art.

Keep up the good work.

Mark Jones, Glamorgan.

HoH

Uninspired is what David Jackson's artwork for The Mummy's Shroud was, but he does display talent. Given time he could develop into one of HoH's best artists. And to be fair to Mr. Jackson it isn't the best film Hammer have ever made.

As for Tony Crowley—if he is so up on horror films why didn't he spot Jerry Konvitz's mistake in saying that The Exorcist was all '...arms fall off; brains fall out'. This is not at all true and even in Exorcist II

—The Heretic only a heart was torn out.

Poor Mr. Brosnan, he was quite right in his preference of the original King Kong over the rather juvenile Dino de Laurentis version. I am sure he is right in his preference of The Island of Lost Souls over The Island of Dr. Moreau.

If films like Squirm make your correspondent, James Breton, sick why does he go to see them? After all, his money goes towards the production of more films in the same vein.

I was going to say that Alan Frank seemingly got off to a bad start with the pretentious John Carradine interview, but after reading his book "Horror Films" I take it all back.

Thank you, HoH, for a splendid magazine.

Vincent McGourty, Sidcup.

HoH

I must congratulate you on the success of your brilliant magazine. I have all sixteen issues. Van Helsing's Horror Tales are excellent, especially "Food for Thought" (HoH 9) and "Spot of Blood" (HoH 12)—please give my compliments to the artists involved. I also enjoyed the "Dead That Walk" feature in HoH 13. In fact, HoH is the best horror magazine going, so keep up the good work.

Paul Tilburn, Hornchurch, Essex.

HoH

On reading issue 14 I noticed that on page 32 you mention that D. W. Griffith may have directed parts of One Million B.C. I once read an article which might shed some light on the subject. It stated that Griffith did, in fact, direct the film but his version had the actors speaking fluent English. Without his knowledge the dialogue was changed by the production company to grunts and groans. When I found out about this he was so enraged that he had his name removed from all prints.

William Donovan, Workington.

HoH

I have always found your magazine excellent but on reading issue 15-I was greatly disappointed. I thought your adaptation of The Mummy's Shroud was poor and your interview with George Romero was very uninteresting.

Looking on the bright side though, I thought Dave G. Chester's artwork on the Van Helsing Terror Tale, "Wilbur's Whiskey," was excellent. I would like to see him adapt Hammer's 1971 classic Countess Dracula into comic form.

I think most of the new horror films are very poor and I would like to see HoH review the horror films of the '60s and '70s instead.

I also like the idea of having film posters on the back cover.

A. Bailev, Southampton.

HoH

I recently saw Hammer's The Reptile on TV and enjoyed it immensely. Perhaps you could do an adaptation in one of your future issues. You could also have the poster for The Reptile on the back cover.

Simon Rawns, Lancaster.

HoH

A strong sword arm and a stout Christian heart are the traditional requirements in the battle against evil. But what if evil forsakes tradition and makes its own rules? What requirements are needed then against a foe like...

Our tale starts traditionally enough... with a young man on a quest...

Where are you bound, young friend? There is nothing for you on this road...

I am bound for vengeance, old man... and if this road leads to it, then I shall follow.

Vengeance is a barren course... besides, none inhabit this land save the wretches ruled by the witch queen!

Witch queen! Three years ago my eldest brother ran foul of that accursed hag. My second brother rode out to avenge him... neither were seen nor heard of again...

It was my father's dying wish that I should avenge them both!

Yes... I see the light of resolve in your eyes, as with others before you. Advance if you must...

But expect only one thing... the unexpected!

But the old man's warning had fallen on deaf ears...
AND NOW TO FIND THE GIRL...

WHAT'S THIS? ANOTHER WITCH'S DEMON?

PERHAPS SHE CAN LEAD ME TO THE WITCH!

STAY BACK! UNHAND THAT GIRL!

COME THEN, DO YOUR WORST! WHAT KEEPS YOU?

FIGHT, DAMN YOU!

UNNGH!

DIE THEN! AND MAY THE LORD RECEIVE YOUR SOUL!

THERE, GIRL... THE WORST IS OVER. LET ME REVIVE YOU...

OH... THANK YOU...
THEN SUDDENLY, THE AIR WAS SPLIT BY A SCREAM OF TERROR!

QUICKLY! MY SWORD THIRSTS FOR WITCH'S BLOOD!

LORD! THERE'S A CRY TO RAISE THE HACKLES! SOMEONE IS IN TROUBLE!

MERCY, WHAT MONSTROUS MAGIC IS THIS? WHAT HELL HAS SPAWNED THIS HORROR?

BUT BEFORE OUR HERO COULD INTERVENE...

TOAD! SLUG! DEVIL'S EXCREMENT!

UHH?

THREL... KELD ... CROAK...

SO! SORCERY HAS REVEALED MY NAME TO YOU! STAND YOUR GROUND, IF YOU VALUE YOUR Miserable SKIN!

I WARNED YOU!

AAAGH!
YOU SAVED MY LIFE... I AM IN YOUR DEBT...

BUT YOU ARE INJURED! YOU'RE BLEEDING!

I'LL NOT DENY IT. THE MONSTER CAUGHT ME A GLANCING BLOW. HIS CLAWS WERE SHARP!

IT WAS MY DUTY, NOTHING MORE... SPEAK NOT OF DEBTS. YOU OWE ME NOTHING.

Strange... I feel faint... I can't seem to...

You sought a witch... and you've found one! How does it feel... your moment of triumph? HAAH!

And now, your first task as my servant: Clear away those bodies. After all, your Christian brothers deserve a decent burial!

WHAT HAVE I DONE? WHY, I'VE SIMPLY REVEALED THE MONSTER THAT LURKS WITHIN YOU! YOU FOOL!

Damn your eyes, girl! Have you poisoned me? My hands... gasp... what have you done?

Such is the fate of those who judge by appearances... and ignore the counsel of wiser men... but Threlkeld is young, with time on his side... all the time in the world, at least, until the next young gallant comes riding by...
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