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Contents

ENEMY FROM SPACE 5
Hammer’s second Quatermass film told in comics.

BEFORE THE DAWN 30
The HoH interview: with top Italian director/writer Dario Argento.

UNLIKE ANYTHING SEEN 34
The 3-D Movie Phenomenon. Where it worked, and why it failed.

FLASHBACK: JULY 1968 40
Rosemary’s Baby. Polanski’s classic film of demonic possession.

HISTORY OF HAMMER 5 42
Kiss of the Vampire, Evil of Frankenstein, Gorgon, She, Curse of the Mummy’s Tomb and more.

POST MORTEM 13
Readers’ raves and roastings on recent issues.

MEDIA MACABRE 14
All the latest news on what’s coming in the fantasy film world.

MEDIA MACABRE REVIEW 16
The HoH critics review The Shout, Kingdom of the Spiders and The Last Wave.

TEN DAYS OF TERROR 27
Our roving writer Denis Gifford covers the recent Spanish fantasy film festival.

HELSING’S TERROR TALES 47
“Mrs Murphy’s Murders” is a somewhat different Terror Tale told in comics this month.
Ever experimenting, wanting to improve HoH all the time, we decided on a rather unusual approach with this month’s movie strip.

You may remember in HoH artist Paul Neary came up with a futuristic version of Hammer’s Moon Zero 2, updating the costumes, moonscapes and machines. This issue we adapt a much earlier Hammer sci-fi film... the earthbound Quatermass 2, Enemy From Space. But this time, with fingers crossed, we’re presenting it as a 1950s sci-fi thriller, complete with long flowing coats, baggy trews, the lot. Even the style, beautifully executed by our latest find—David Lloyd, is reminiscent of a ‘50s magazine. As always, we look forward to your opinions. As we also welcome your comments, critical or complimentary, on our somewhat different Van Helsing’s Terror Tale.

On the features side, we’ve managed to pack in quite a variety of material this time round, ranging from Denis Gifford’s view of a fantasy film festival, through to 3-D Movies, a double-size helping of film reviews, an interview with Dario Argento and a ten-year flashback to Rosemary’s Baby.

Our cover should be of special interest, too, as it is by Hammer Films regular, Keenan Forbes, and is quite a unique piece of work, being the original pre-production artwork for the promotion of Frankenstein and the Monster from Hell. For comparison with the finished poster, you will have to wait for our Monster from Hell adaptation issue, but we’ll try to make the wait worthwhile.

Next issue features the much requested movie strip of Brides of Dracula, with Dr Jekyll & Sister Hyde and The Devil Rides Out to follow.

At the time of writing this editorial (late April) your responses to our Draw a Monster competition in HoH20 are flowing in thick and fast, with some exceptionally high-quality work among them. We won’t have all your entries in for another two months yet, and only then will we be able to print the results.

Good luck to you all.

Dez Skinn (Editor)

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WE'LL FIND HELP SOON, CHRIS... TRY TO HOLD ON...
WATCH IT, CHRIS... CHRIS... SKREEEEE!

WHAT THE DEVIL'S GOING ON? YOU TRYING TO KILL YOURSELVES?

HE'S DELIRIOUS... I COULDN'T HOLD THE CAR...
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS FACE?

HE WAS BURNED BY THESE STONES... STONES? THEY COULDN'T BURN HIM... AND I'VE NEVER SEEN A BURN LIKE THAT BEFORE!

WE WENT FOR A PICNIC ON WINNERDEN FLATS, BUT THE GOVERNMENT HAD BUILT SOME SORT OF FACTORY THERE...

AS WE WALKED WE HEARD A FALLING SOUND... CHRIS PICKED ONE OF THESE UP... THEN... HIS FACE...

I'M A SCIENTIST... I'LL GET THEM ANALYSED, BUT FIRST LET'S GET YOU BACK ON THE ROAD...

BUT AS THEY STRUGGLED WITH THE CAR...

NO! GET OFF ME! GET AWAY!

AFTER HIM! HE MUST BE SUFFERING FROM SHOCK!

NO! NO!

GOOD LORD... HE'S LIKE A MAN POSSESSED!
ENEMY FROM SPACE

A HAMMER FILM PRODUCTION

Starring
BRIAN DONLEVY....Professor Quatermass
JOHN LONGDEN...........Lomax
SIDNEY JAMES...........Jimmy Hall
BRYAN FORBES.........Marsh
WILLIAM FRANKLYN........Brand
VERA DAY..............Shiela
JOHN VAN EYSSEN.......Public Relations Man

Directed by VAL GUEST; Produced by ANTHONY HINDS; Screenplay by VAL GUEST & NIGEL KNEALE from the BBC TV series by Nigel Kneale. 85 mins. 1957. Released by United Artists.

Gone! What could have caused that?

If they landed, it must have been somewhere around here...about ninety miles north of us...

Hills, moorland, marshes... let's try a lower scan...

But, next moment...

Script: Steve Parkhouse
Art: David Lloyd

Who set the scanner so low? This is a Moon Project. There's no time for your own experiments!
But sir... we picked up echoes...

I'm not interested. If we don't come up with some results soon we're being closed down... I'm being moved out already.

But did you explain?

The Ministry is interested in money... costs... not in colonising the Moon!

Do something useful, have these stones classified... they may be meteorites...

The sum total of our achievement... one rocket... crewless... unsafe...

We couldn't risk it... even by remote control it could become a potential atomic bomb!

It might make it... with a new nuclear motor...

The following day...

These stones you brought in... where were they found?

About ninety miles north of here... why?

We can't classify this substance, sir... the stones are symmetrical... and hollow...

Those meteorites we tracked last night must have fallen in the same area, Marsh!

Winnderden Flats, get the car!

Two hours later Marsh and Quatermass arrived at Winnderden Flats...

This road isn't on the map, sir...

Keep going, it's the only one there is. I want to know where it leads...

They drove on, unaware of being closely watched...

Government Property

KEEP OUT
Reaching the crest of the hill, they suddenly saw...

The Moon Project!

Hey, look... on the ground, all around us... the meteors!

It's unbelievable!

But those domes...

Hey! What the... who are you?

Marsh... your face! There was something crawling on your face! Are you alright?

Marsh!

Boof!

Help me get him into the car... he's sick...

Go... now...

He needs medical help!

Clerk!
SEEING NO ALTERNATIVE, QUATERMASS HEADED BACK TO THE OBSERVATORY...

I KNOW... I'VE SEEN THEM, AND THE MOON PROJECT... AT WINNERDEN FLATS!

THE MOON PROJECT? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE... AND WHERE'S MARSH?

WEARILY, QUATERMASS RELATED THE GRIM STORY...

WE'LL GO TO WHITEHALL TOMORROW AND TRY TO FIND OUT... FOR MARSH'S SAKE!

AND SO, THE FOLLOWING DAY... IN THE OFFICE OF INSPECTOR LOMAX, SCOTLAND YARD

WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF WINNERDEN FLATS, INSPECTOR?

COME NOW, QUATERMASS... THAT'S A TOUCHY SUBJECT. TOP SECRET, Y'KNOW...

TOP SECRET? A COVER UP? YOU MEAN! ONE OF MY MEN WAS BURNED BY EXPLOSIVE GAS THERE YESTERDAY... THEN ARRESTED BY ARMED GUARDS, WHAT'S GOING ON?

WELL... IT SHOULD BE HARMLESS ENOUGH...

WHAT SHOULD?

A SYNTHETIC FOOD PLANT! LOOK, QUATERMASS... I'LL PUT YOU ONTO VINCENT BROADHEAD, HE'S AN M.P. WHO WANTS A PUBLIC ENQUIRY INTO WINNERDEN FLATS... HE MIGHT HELP!

I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW, PROFESSOR... SCIENTISTS HAVE BEEN WORKING AT WINNERDEN FOR YEARS... NOTHING BIG AT FIRST...

QUATERMASS MADE AN IMMEDIATE APPOINTMENT WITH BROADHEAD...
THEN SUDDENLY, TWO YEARS AGO, THEY'RE ASKING FOR MILLIONS... AND THE RACE IS ON TO BEAT THE WORLD IN SYNTHETIC FOOD PRODUCTION... BUT THERE'S A MYSTERY...

IN WHAT WAY?

NOTHING COMES OUT OF IT... THERE'S NO END PRODUCT?

I MUST GET INTO THAT PLACE!

I HAVE A PASS ARRIVING THIS MORNING. THERE HAVE BEEN INSPECTION PARTIES BEFORE, BUT THEY REFUSED TO COMMENT AFTERWARDS. THEY'LL FIND IT HARDER TO KEEP ME QUIET!

JUST THEN, A PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICER FROM WINNERDEN ARRIVED...

MR. BROADHEAD?

WE WILL ASSEMBLE AT 2 PM IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE... PLEASE BE PROMPT!

LATER THAT DAY...

WELCOME, EVERYONE! DURING THE TOUR IT IS IMPORTANT THAT YOU ALL KEEP TOGETHER. EVERYTHING WILL BE SHOWN TO YOU, AND ALL YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED...

ARE THOSE THE GUARDS? THEY LOOK QUITE NORMAL TO ME...

HMMM...

THESEPIPES CARRY THE RAW PRODUCT TO THE FERMENTATION DOMES...

THE MEDICAL CENTRE. COME ON, BROADHEAD... I WANT TO SEE IN THERE!
But, as they entered...

You're not allowed in here... off limits...

We're looking for someone... he was admitted by guards yesterday...

But there's...

Gentlemen! you must not leave the group... come with me.

No one here!

He must have been here!

Reluctantly, they rejoined the main party...

Will we see inside the domes?

That's where we're going now!

Keep your eyes peeled... this should tell us something!

It's so deep... but this isn't the dome, is it?

Next moment...

Where's Broadhead?

I don't know...!

I didn't see him come in!

Quatermass suddenly sensed danger...

No, this is an airlock... you can't enter the dome itself but you'll be taken downstairs.

What's happening? A precaution...

Let me out of here!
BROADHEAD!

THUNK!

DON'T TOUCH ME....I HAD TO SEE....

INSIDE THE DOME?

...THE FOOD BURNS!

GRAAAAK!

GRAAAAK!

BA-DANGGG!

CRACK!

BLAM!

Suddenly all hell broke loose...

PAST THAT TRUCK...IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!

CLOSE THE GATE!

WITH ONLY SPLIT SECONDS TO SPARE, QUATERMASS FLUNG THE CAR FROM THE TRUCK'S PATH...

KA-PANG!

KA-PANG!

SKREEE!

CONCLUDING CHAPTER ON PAGE 28.
POST MORTEM

Thanks for the world's greatest horror Magazine. Your mag has exceeded many people's hopes, and nothing that I've read has equaled it. Your editorial in HoH 18 literally stunned me, in more ways than one. Adams/Giordano art in a British mag highlights the fact that HoH has progressed to a mag of recognition. Whatever you do though, please don't ignore the British talents, as the mag acts as a great showcase for artists we see too little of - especially Bolton and Lewis.

Chatting the title... well, I wish you luck on that score. I see nothing to complain about, in fact, it could make the mag one of the best of its type all time.

With the magazine now on sale in America, Britain and Australia, this proves the fact that HoH is an amazing success.

Peter Normanton, Rochdale.

---

HoH

I could not agree more with N. Clarke's letter in HoH 18. Denis Gifford's The Golden Age of Horror was your best regular column. I also agree that there should be more about the old Universal films, as Universal was the first real horror film company.

I think your magazine would benefit if you had a lot more articles and photos of the older films - instead of films like Blue Sunshine, Martin, and Deep Red, etc.

The film adaptations are very good, especially Dracula by Paul Neary in HoH 1, and Dracula - Prince of Darkness by John Bolton. In HoH 6, Van Helsing's Terror Tales are very good but should be kept short.

I didn't think much of the Frankenstein, Dracula & Werewolf comic strip in HoH 18, as it makes the mag more like a Marvel comic, rather than a film magazine.

Nicky Kool, N. Humphries.

---

HoH

Congratulations on HoH 19. I thought the adaptation of The Reptile was brilliant although Brian Lewis's artwork, good as it was, didn't totally capture the atmosphere of the film. His Harry Spalding (Ray Barrett) looked somewhat old and tired. Also it was incomplete, whatever happened to the horrific introduction?

Your film reviews were as good as always, and the Peter Cushing filmography was extremely interesting. On the negative side, I thought this issue's Van Helsing's Terror Tale was a bit boring.

Colin Cunningham, London.

Our "incomplete" adaptation was, like many providers strips, taken from the first shooting script, rather than the final version. You'll find that, from time to time, our adaptations do vary from the finished film, but as stated before, we prefer to give you them in this fashion rather than the often more limited final version. Face it, if you've already seen the movie, it acts as a test pilot to know what could have been done, had the budget/timing/whatever allowed for it.

---

HoH

Your magazine is a pleasure to read. It gives us, the fans, what we really want, and that is entertainment. The approach of a magazine to the horror/science fiction/fantasy film is of underlying importance to its success, and this is where HoH's success lies. I am delighted by the fact that you treat the genre in such a sincere way, as opposed to many others.

I am quite surprised at the in-depth quality of many of your articles. For a professional magazine, some of them are very impressive. The current film reviews are interesting, informative, and often very witty (JohnTEMP's review of The Texas Chain Saw Massacre had me in stitches). And here lies another strongpoint in HoH: your reviews know how to convey humour without overdoing it, and without insulting the film (unless it deserves to be insulted!).

Finally, congratulations on a great magazine. I wish you success in all your future aspirations.

Robert Preston, Northants.

HoH

Year magazine can only do for the monster world and its fans. By your efforts, you are forcing rival publications to try harder, to outdo themselves. Consequently, the monster field of publications will be vastly improved and we'll owe it all to you.

Harvey Clarke, Bury St Edmunds.

Your letter certainly rates as this month's "Most Unusual Comment," Harvey. Our main intention hasn't been to raise the standard of any competitive magazines on the stands, but that means we too have to redouble our efforts, it must be a step in the right direction. Thanks for the compliment.

HoH

I think that when you do not have any Hammer film adaptations to print, you should not have any main comic strip at all, just a Van Helsing's Terror Tale. You once stated that the main comic strip was to tell the story of a Hammer horror film for people who hadn't seen it originally, but in issue 16 your lead strip was Father Shandor, and in issue 18 Neal Adams' Dracula, Frankenstein and the Werewolf.

These were both enjoyable, but if I wanted to read ordinary horror comic strips, I would be more than one of the many horror comics available.

John-Paul Clearly, Livingston.

HoH

John-Paul... I agree, HoH won't be running "ordinary horror comic strips"... not even EXTRA-ordinary ones. Father Shandor is tied to Hammer already, and our intention is, through him, to bring together lots of loose ends within the Hammer Horror World (as we did in issue 21 with Twins of Evil), Dracula, Frankenstein and the Werewolf was a pure experiment. A one-off "harmage to Universal". We're now back to straight Hammer horror, with the upcoming Brides of Dracula (next month), Dr Jekyll and Sister Hyde (in Holland), and then such films as The Devil Rides Out (The Devil's Bride), Revenge of Frankenstein, Dracula Has Risen From The Grave, plus a few surprises. To what your appetites... Did you ever wonder what happened to Lyleland Van Helsing's young lady, Mai Kwai and what happened to Dracula's ashes after he was destroyed in China? (See Legend of the 7 Golden Vampires, HoH4), or where Klove, Dracula's bulla suddenly appeared from? (See Dracula, Prince of Darkness, HoH6). All this and more will be explained in the months to come.

... Dez

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De Palma delights

Good to see Brian De Palma pursuing his friends George Lucas and Steven Spielberg to the top of the box-office charts with his new movie. While *The Fury* is, perhaps, a less satisfying experience than *Carrie*—at time it seems to be something of a telekinetic sequel—its drawing major money on its American release, rapidly toppling such box-office giants as *Close Encounters, Saturday Night Fever* and *The Goodbye Girl*. with *Coma* running a poor fifth.

Not that the Stateside Catholics like it. The U.S. Catholic Conference’s Films and Broadcasting Review heavily slapped De Palma for the film’s violence, its unrelenting depiction of bloodshed and its alluring to human dignity... an ageing couple trapped in a crime-ridden environment and obliged to care for a disabled mother as comic relief.

For *The Fury* John Ferris scripted his own novel, with enough gaps in believability to make you want to read his book (good gimmick, that) and the music is by John Williams.

Pals Inc.

Steven Spielberg on Brian De Palma: ‘I’m interested now in doing some films which are unique and experimental—and very personal. While I’m doing that, Brian De Palma will go out and make a big, trashy epic that we’ll all love—then, he’ll resell his own success and he’ll go out and make a small movie. Then, I’ll go back and make a trashy epic. Hopefully, we’ll be able to leapfrog and make some good movies inbetween’.

In Brian’s case, we’re sure *The Fury* is not one of them—it’s not trashy, but it’s not his best either. We hold out for greater expectations for De Palma’s *Demolished Man*, which should put him at last, where he should be. Level-pedalling with Lucas and Spielberg and not trailing behind them.

Satanism strikes

Way, but way behind De Palma in Hollywood, is director Gus Trikonis (ex-husband of Goldie Hawn). He’s improving though. His new release, *The Evil*—previously listed here and shot as *Cry Demon*—is a neat 89-minute piece of terror, not too far removed from the style and power of Matheson’s *Legend of Hell House*.

Psychologist Richard Crenna and his wife, Joanna Pettet, are the couple leasing the house in question, under which floorboards is a satanic spirit waiting to be loosed. Once out, most of Crenna’s guests are wasted by electric shock, fire-shock or just plain shock. Almost guesting amid the screams, TV’s wittiest villain, Victor Buono, alias Mr. Schubert from *The Man From Atlantis*. Only this time out, he actually is the Devil. Sounds ridiculous, I know, but it works. If cuddly George Burns can play god, why not over-cuddly Buono be Satan?

Marcello Mastroianni has the title role, Vittorio Gassman is Dante. Also included in the melange, Jessica Lange—her first movie since *King Kong*.

Romero/Argento

According to Titanus Films of Rome, the George Romero-Dario Argento get-together, *Dawn of the Dead*, will now be called *The Zombies Are Coming*.

Butchery

One to miss—Andy Milligan’s movie, *Legacy of Blood*. This one boasts an all-starless cast and 82 minutes of relentless, unabated blood-letting of the worst order. Milligan has to accept all the blame—and none of the credit. He wrote, photographed, produced and directed the film.

There is, of course, the thought that Milligan felt he was merely going one better than, say, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Let’s put him straight—he wasn’t, didn’t, and I doubt if he could. His premise is ye old reading-the-will time, with all the family being butchered and disembowelled in turn.

But as yet, I’ve not heard one angry word about the abysmal film from the U.S. Catholic Conference people. Although the censorious only make headlines when they hit a winner.

Italian style

There are times when it would seem that Italy alone is continuing to make horror vehicles. Latest winner in American cinemas is Alberto De Martino’s *The Tempt—very much a case of The Exorcist meets The Omen* with music by Ennio Morricone.

Choice cuts

The grisly French thriller, *Choice Cuts*, has become rather a hobbyhorse of mine lately—it’s rather like a first draft of *Coma*—has raised its ugly head again. French director Jacques Deray tells me the film rights of the Boileau-Narcejac book were last held by Italian
producer, Alberto (1900) Grimaldi.
Indeed, Dery goes further and says it's one film that he'd really wanted to make, but missed out on. I'm not surprised, the story is a cracker—a guillotined French gangster being pieced back together again by his gang, 'I was really very keen on it,' says Dery in Paris, 'I still think about the script...and I'm still available to do it if anyone happens to let me.'
Personally, I'd prefer to see George Romero or John Carpenter tackle it. But at least the property doesn't seem to have died completely since Hollywood dropped it years ago. Watch this space.

Corman Mayhem
There's life in the old dog yet. Roger Corman may have switched image of late (by releasing Ingmar Bergman films and even Liz Taylor's assassination of A Little Night Music) but you'll be pleased to know that his heart is still in the right place. However, Chicago didn't much go on his latest typically old-Corman-style double-bill: Eaten Alive and Devil Times Five. The town refused to have the films seen by under-18-year-olds.
The Devil movie, first released four years ago, has five kids fleeing a mental hospital and creating considerable havoc—murdering folk by feeding them to piranha fish. Eaten Alive, which sounds more like a subtitle for the other film, starred Mel Ferrer and Carolyn Jones in a plot of an inn-keeper, murdering his folk by feeding them to his pet crocodile. Death Trap revisited?

The Unexpected
Britain's Anglia Television is entering the currently thick TV world of 'strange stories with a twist in their tail.'
Twenty-six of them, all based on the wonderful short stories of Roald Dahl in a series called Tales of the Unexpected. Patricia Neal, Mrs. Dahl, will introduce the shockers, being filmed all around the world.
First in the can are Man From Monkeying around with Roddy McDowall and others in Planet of the Apes...plus The Island of Dr. Moreau.

Heroic vampires
'The vampires will be good for a change.' That's the message of Paris producer Bernard Lenthalric, winner of the film-rights of the Pierre Kast novel, Vampires from Alfama. The book is set in 18th Century Portugal and America, but Lenthalric calls it a very contemporary study. 'The hero, Kotor, becomes a vampire to give himself time to look for the secret of eternal life.' Which sounds something of a misnomer, considering vampires seem to have that secret; hence their label of the un-dead. Lenthalric goes on, 'It's a film about magic, vampires, murder.' So is his next one...in a way.

Suddenly you feel the touch of terror.
You are not alone in...

Young Man With a Long Knife will be the latest updating of Britain's greatest unnamed killer—Jack The Ripper.

Bogota monster
The indefatigable John Carradine has been busy down Bogota way making a million-dollar Monster movie with Kenneth Wynn and Diane McBain. The monster (which can't look that good on such a tiny budget) is a Loch Ness affair, which popped up out of a lake in Colombia and ate nine people in 1971. The film was first reported as going into production way back in HoH number one!

Czech mate
Czechoslovakia is the finally selected location for Werner Herzog's new version of the golden vampiric oldie, Nosferatu. His stars remain the same as first announced almost a year ago: Klaus Kinski and Isabelle Adjani. But since Herzog's continual rise in the forefront of the new German wave of directors, 20th Century-Fox have decided to back and release the film.

Seven titles to Atlantis?
Following up on HoH 21 & 22, the making of a fantasy film, from A to Z. The film was originally titled Atlantis (see HoH 14, Media Macabre). As George Pal had given us Atlantis, The Lost Continent, via MGM in 1961 a title change seemed in order. So, the movie became 7 Cities to Atlantis. Then the TV series Man From Atlantis flopped on the ratings and US distributor of 7 Cities, Columbia, got in touch with EMJ in Britain to say that no way did they want the film to seem connected with a recent flop TV series. So EMJ (Britain) came up with a new title, Warlords of the Deep. Great, plenty of zap...and to avoid further disaster, we'll temporarily forget. AIP's 1965 War-Gods of the Deep (which, after all, was the American title for the Vincent Price starring City Under the Sea).
But...Columbia suddenly made a last minute decision. They remembered they'd just released a blockbuster entitled...The Deep (with a more than slightly similar title style). What EMJ (Britain) thought was a good tie-in, Columbia/Peter Benchley (US) didn't like.
They've decided to accept the worst of two evils. No, not 7 Cities to the Deep, but now Warlords of Atlantis.
Review by John Brosnan

Most films can be placed into categories—westerns, thrillers, melodramas and so on—and The Shout can only belong in the "Mysterious Stranger" category. There have been many films, books and plays about a mystery figure (usually a man) who appears from nowhere and disrupts either a small community or just a single family. Ambiguity is usually the key note in such stories—is the stranger a threat or a blessing? Good or evil? A madman or a creature of the supernatural? These questions are rarely resolved but by the time he leaves, disappears or whatever, he has invariably caused profound changes in the lives of the people he has visited.

In The Shout the mysterious stranger is Alan Bates, who has had similar roles before (.,.,. in the plays of Harold Pinter and in Whistle Down the Wind where he was a convict-on-the-run mistaken for Jesus Christ by some children), but never with such demonic energy. Bates is Charles Crossley, a dark, brooding man who invites himself to lunch at the home of Anthony (John Hurt) and Rachel (Susannah York) one Sunday afternoon and then refuses to leave. He convinces Anthony that he has the power to kill merely with a shout, something he learned while living with the Aborigines for eighteen years.

Once upon a time people in movies used to go to Tibet to learn mystic secrets but now the Australian Outback has become the "in" place for supernatural activity, thanks to films like Picnic at Hanging Rock and The Last Wave.

After Charles gives Anthony a demonstration of his power on a remote Devon beach, where he produces a sound not unlike that of a jumbo jet that has sheep dropping dead and birds falling out of the sky, Anthony is understandably terrified of him and later stands helplessly by as Charles openly seduces Rachel. But eventually the worm turns and Anthony uses Charles's own magic against him—Charles believes that his soul is hidden in a certain rock and when Anthony locates the rock and breaks it Charles collapses in agony, a moment that coincides with the arrival of the police to arrest him for the murder of his children.

What lifts The Shout out of the ordinary "Mysterious Stranger" category is the Dr Caligari-like framing device that the film utilises—the story is told in flashback during a bizarre cricket match held between the inmates of an insane asylum and local villagers. Charles, who is obviously an inmate, recounts the story himself to outsider Robert (Tim Curry of Rocky Horror Show fame) while they keep score for the match. As we see Anthony playing in the team, and later see Rachel in a nurse's uniform, one is led to wonder whether the whole story is just a fantasy that George has created based on people he has seen around. Or if part of the story was true, then which part? Or was it part of Anthony's fantasy? Or Rachel's? The film-makers certainly don't go out of their way to provide any definite answers, nor does the film's climax shed any light on the situation when, during a thunderstorm that disrupts both the match and the mental stability of several of the inmates, Charles gives another demonstration of his shouting power. Death results, but was it simply caused by a bolt of lighting, and was the roaring sound just a 747 passing overhead? Or does George really have the power? We'll never know... and we're not supposed to. The film has been deliberately made as a puzzle which can be interpreted in any number of ways.

The Shout is Britain's official entry at Cannes this year and is so damned clever, it seems as if it was designed for showing at a film festival. Director Jerzy Skolimowski (who co-wrote the script with Michael Austin) has packed the film with so many portentous visual symbols that there's hardly room for anything else—glass breaks significantly, mirrors are stared at, bones gleam in the sun, an insect is ritualistically squashed against a pane of glass, a hearse almost knocks Rachel off her bike, a bird flutters helplessly in a kitchen and so on. The Shout contains even more Significant Moments per minute than Nicolas Roeg's The Man Who Fell to Earth (it's probably no coincidence that the cameraman Mike Molloy originally trained with Roeg on such films as Walkabout). As the outrageous Beef exclaimed in Phantom of the Paradise: "The Karma's so thick around here you need an aqua-lung to breathe!"

The Shout boasts an excellent cast, marvellous photography, and breathtaking locations but basically I think it's an over-inflated film... and by the time you read this it's probably won the Grand Prize at Cannes.

THE SHOUT (1978)

Alan Bates (Crossley), Susannah York (Rachel), John Hurt (Anthony), Robert Stephens (Chief Medical Officer), Tim Curry (Robert), Julian Hough (Vicar), Carol Drinkwater (Cobbler's Wife), Nick Stringer (Cobbler).


Time: 87 mins
While The Shout’s use of aborigine tribal magic and legends acts as little more than a mysterious unseen origin for Alan Bates’ power, possibly a reality—possibly a fantasy, The Last Wave leaves no doubt.

Impossible to categorise, The Last Wave is a frighteningly sincere disaster movie in many ways. Sincere in that Aborigine tribal leader, Nandjijawrra Amagul, MBE, only consented to appear in the film in order to bring to wider public notice a greater understanding and appreciation of the spiritual tradition of his people.

The plot concerns David Burton (Richard Chamberlain), a happily married Sydney lawyer, defending four aborigines in what appears to be a straightforward murder case. Yet the film actually opens with the first of its various bizarre events: an arid desert area near Sydney is suddenly attacked by a storm of fist-sized hailstones from a cloudless sky.

As the film progresses, Burton’s sane, orderly world becomes totally bizarre, as he witnesses black rain, dreams of the city being totally underwater and has recurring nightmares involving one of the four aborigines on trial, Chris Lee (David Gulpilil, star of Storm Boy and Walkabout).

Bit by bit, Burton finds himself becoming more and more involved in the aborigines’ tribal magic, and discovers that the murder was a ritual killing, done by “pointing the bone” at the intended victim who had broken tribal law. But Burton soon realises that his part in the whole affair is much greater than merely being Defence Attorney for the tribe.

Following his dreams of mass death and destruction, Burton is staggered to hear from his father, a minister of religion, that as a child he had often dreamed of the future... and his dreams had always come true!

Fearfully, Burton explains his dreams to the tribal leader, Charlie (Nandjijawrra Amagul), who believes him to be a reincarnation of an almost god-like leader of a previous white civilisation that was destroyed by a giant tidal wave.

Unable to accept this, Burton is taken to underground caves beneath the city where wall paintings tell of the disaster, paintings done possibly thousands of years ago. But here he also learns the staggering truth of his dreams, in a prediction made about his own present white society.

Panicking, he runs from the caves and, at the end of underground tunnels and sewers, emerges on a city beach. As he staggers out the sky darkens and he raises his eyes to see the terrifying truth come about.

A totally gripping film, far superior to its producers’ (Hal and James McElroy) and director’s (Peter Weir) previous Cars That Ate Paris and Picnic At Hanging Rock, The Last Wave creates a strong mood of baffling tension and fear at its onset and maintains it throughout its 106 minutes right up to the climax, which successfully brings together the whole mystery in one staggering revelation.

An excellent film, highly recommended, as is the paperback novelisation—despite its somewhat unimaginative cover.

THE LAST WAVE (1978)
Richard Chamberlain (as David Burton), Olivia Hamnett (Annie Burton), David Gulpilil (Chris Lee), Nandjijawrra Amagul (Charlie), Frederick Parslow (Rev. Burton). Produced by Hal and James McElroy; Directed by Peter Weir; Screenplay by Peter Weir, Tony Morphett and Petru Popescu From an original idea by Peter Weir. Distributed (in Britain) by United Artists. No U.S. distributor at time of going to press.
Kingdom of the Spiders is yet another attempt by nature to take revenge on mankind. This time it's the turn of the local tarantula population of the small Arizona town of Verde. The farmers in the area have been using a lethal pesticide that has been killing off the spiders' natural food source, so the vengeful arachnids start attacking their livestock first, the inhabitants second, and pastures new third, leaving behind the town covered in a huge silken web.

Only the glossy photography disguises the very thin, and now very hackneyed, plot. Otherwise it's '50s clichés all the way and unless you have a fear of arachnids, the only source of amusement is hearing the banal dialogue, counting how many incredible plot coincidences there are, or watching the actors (who are supposedly trying to kill off the encroaching spiders) do everything but step on them or hurt them while trying to brush them off their clothing. Obviously the spiders had a money-back guarantee or they were
intelligent enough to form a union!

The film also poses the question, Would William Shatner have ever been heard of if it hadn't been for Star Trek? The answer has to be No, not that he's any worse than the rest of the cast, who were probably chosen more for their ability to handle the eight-legged creatures than their ability to act.

However, director John "Bud" Cardos has taken over from Toho Hooper on the new film "The Dark", so somebody somewhere must like him on the strength of his offering.

Quite honestly though, you've seen it all before in films like The Birds, Frogs and Squirm and there would be no reason to see it all again except for the fact that, in Great Britain, the film goes out with a far superior film, The Redeemer.

**Kingdom of the Spiders (1977)**
William Shatner (Rack Hanson), Tiffany Bolling (Diane Ashley), Woody Strode (Walter Colby), Altovise Davis (Birch), Lieux Dressler (Emma Washburn), David McLean (Sheriff Smith), Natasha Ryan (Linda), Marcy Laflley (Terry Hansen). Screenplay by Richard Robinson and Alan Cauld. Directed by John (Bud) Cardos. Produced by Henry Fowens. Distributed by Enterprise Pictures. Time: 90 mins.

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**The Redeemer**

The Redeemer is an extraordinarily good exploitation film, that is only similar to Kingdom of the Spiders in that it takes its concept from the more recent trends in the genre. Apart from that the difference is enormous, as director Constantine S. Gochis weaves ideas from The Omen and Carrie with a lot of imagination, freshness and originality.

The story should not be totally given away as it is meant to intrigue and perplex which is one of the reasons why the film works so well. If you are constantly trying to figure out what exactly is going on, you won't notice the fact that The Redeemer's surprises aren't really all that unique. Suffice it to say that a young boy called Christopher rises from the depths of a lake and takes his place in the local church choir. The priest sermonises about the Seven Deadly Sins and intercuts with this are scenes of three men and three women getting ready for their class reunion. After arriving separately at the school hall, they realise that no one else has been invited. Too late they discover they are locked in and the first of a series of six murders is about to occur all perpetrated by a figure, sometimes dressed as a clown, at other times dressed like the Grim Reaper, but always calling himself the Redeemer.

Who is he and what does he have to do with the opening scenes concerning the priest and Christopher? Just when you think the film has run out of steam and is about to become predictable, Gochis packs a punch and surprises everyone by the explanation. The murders are unusual, startling and frighteningly well acted by the unknown cast, one of whom has the amazing name of T. G. Finkbinder, and another, Gyr Patterson, is a dead ringer for Sissy Spacek.

Two films then from Dimension Productions, both released in Great Britain by Enterprise Pictures Limited. Dimension Productions were also responsible for last year's Ruby and have another film called The Devil Cat starring Donald Pleasence and Nancy Kwan about to be released. Out of the two directors involved in this particular double bill, however, I'll be looking forward more to the next film from Constantine S. Gochis than I will from John "Bud" Cardos.

**The Redeemer (1977)**

Damien Knight (as John), Jeannetta Arnette (Cindy), Nick Carter (Terry), Nikki Barten (Jane), Michael Hollingsworth (Roger), Gyr Patterson (Kirsten), T. G. Finkbinder (The Redeemer), Christopher Flint (Christopher). Screenplay by William Vomnick. Directed by Constantine Gochis. Distributed by Enterprise Pictures. Time: 83 mins.
Meanwhile, back at Scotland Yard, reporter Jimmy Hall was looking for a story...

Come on, Sergeant... you must have something to fill a column...

Sorry, Jimmy... the town's gone straight tonight.

How about your sordid life story?

I know what's going on at Winnerden... the mass destruction of men's minds!

I don't know... they may be released with the infection... hundreds may have done so already...

Quatermass had driven hard and fast...

Where have I heard that name before?

Have you the authority to mount a large scale emergency action?

Against what?

I was there with Broadhead and an official party today... I barely got out alive! The others were trapped!

Murdered?

Infected... with the same thing that struck Marsh...

The same mark?

I don't know what Quatermass's story Lomax decided to take further...

What does Broadhead think?

Vincent Broadhead is dead... his body eaten away by corrosive slime!

I want to see Lomax... my name's Quatermass!

I must speak with you, Commissioner... a matter of top national security!
Then Lomax saw something that froze his blood...

It's, er... the Ormand case, sir... I... we...

National security? Ormand's a common criminal... I don't see the connection.

Meanwhile, back in Lomax's office...

Brand? Quatermass here... what's happening with you?

But then... the Commissioner... he has a mark like you described... on his hand!

We've traced the source of those microbes to an asteroid on the dark side of the Earth!

We've got to move fast! Who knows where else they've infiltrated?

Quatermass? I've just remembered the names of those microbes... he's the rocket fellow... hey! What's up? Someone hijacked a rocket?

Keep tracking it 'til I get there!

No, sir... I was... er... mistaken!

I think I'll turn to crime... must be easier than reporting...

A reporter?

Come on, Jimmy... I've got the scoop of your life... a story the whole world should know!

And so... at the observatory...

The things that come from that asteroid are parts of a multiple organism... separate intelligences with a single consciousness...

They came in their own encapsulated atmosphere of ammonia... when it breaks they die!

Their power must now have multiplied a millionfold! Jimmy, write all this down... the world must know!

Unless it enters an organism that can live in our atmosphere... like a human being!

I want to see this plant first... and the people who work there!
I HAVE SOME ARRANGEMENTS TO MAKE FIRST... BRAND... I WANT TO TALK TO YOU...

A SHORT WHILE LATER...

RIGHT, LET'S GO... BUT REMEMBER, THE DOMES AT WINNERDEN ARE FULL OF AMMONIAC CORROSIVE... FOOD FOR THE ALIEN ORGANISMS... BUT DEADLY TO US!

LATER THAT NIGHT AT A SMALL PUB IN THE VILLAGE OF WINNERDEN...

HURRY UP WITH THOSE DRINKS, SHEILA...

ALRIGHT... I'VE ONLY GOT ONE PAIR OF HANDS...

AND A LOVELY PAIR THEY ARE... TOO!

YOU... ER... WORK AT THE PLANT, DO YOU?

WHAT'S IT TO YOU?

I'M GETTING SOME BACKGROUND INFORMATION... WORKING CONDITIONS FOR INSTANCE... DID YOU KNOW THERE'S A PUBLIC INQUIRY...

LISTEN, MATE... WE'VE HAD YOUR SORT BEFORE. NOSEY, DO-GOODING REPORTERS, WE'VE GOT GOOD JOBS AND WE KEEP OUR MOUTHS SHUT... OK?

LISTEN, ALL OF YOU... YOU'RE IN DANGER. THE PLANT DOES NOT PRODUCE FOOD... BUT POISON... LETHAL POISON!

WHO'S MAKING POISON?

WHAT ARE YOU ACCUSING US OF?

SUDDENLY... AAAEHHHH!

IT CAME THROUGH THE ROOF!

WHAT IS IT?

IT COULD HAVE HIT SOMEONE!

OUTSIDE, EVERYONE... IT'S DANGEROUS!

IT'S ONLY A STONE... I'VE SEEN THEM BEFORE AROUND THE PLANT...
AAAAAH!

Quatermass: Look! There's hundreds of those things coming down!

That's why the guards are here... where's Jimmy?

Almost the confusion, Quatermass and Lomax slipped inside the plant...

Look... those tanks must contain gas for the organisms. They collect the meteorites and put them inside.

Even if it was the last story of his lifetime?

Let's get to the plant! We can't help Jimmy now!

Yatattata. Aaargh. Vrooom!

You're right... look... they're feeding them into that dome!

But Quatermass had been followed from the village...

Let us in!

This was Jimmy's big chance... and he wasn't going to lose the story of a lifetime...
CRACK! BLAM! COME ON!

GET THEM!

MURDERING SWINE!

OVER HERE! THIS WAY! WE'VE GOT TO GET IN HERE!

THIS MUST BE WHERE THEY CONTROL THE ATMOSPHERE IN THE DOMES! WE MAY HAVE A CHANCE YET!

IF I CAN CUT OFF THE AMMONIA, AND FEED THEM WITH PURE OXYGEN IT MAY KILL THE DAMN THINGS!

BUT THEIR PRESENCE HAD NOT GONE UNNOTICED...

UNAUTHORISED PERSONNEL IN PRESSURE CENTRE MUST LEAVE AT ONCE!

NOT LIKELY... WE'VE GOT TO HOLD THIS PLACE UNTIL THE OXYGEN WORKS!

AT LEAST WE'RE ARMED... AND HOW!

AT THE ROCKET STATION, BRAND WAS CARRYING OUT GUERRAMASS' INSTRUCTIONS...

THERE'S A CHANCE IT MAY EXPLODE BEFORE IMPACT... BUT THIS ROCKET IS ALL WE HAVE TO DESTROY THE ASTEROID!

BUT WHAT THEN? THOSE METEORITES ARE STILL LANDING IN THEIR HUNDREDS!

MY LADS AT THE ROCKET STATION SHOULD BE SEEING TO THAT!

FUEL ON... COMPRESSION...
HEARING A NOISE BEHIND THEM, BRAND TURNED...

MY GOD...

MARSH!

REALISING THE DANGER, BRAND THREW HIMSELF INTO THE LINE OF FIRE...

AND WITH A DEAFENING ROAR, THE UNMANNED ROCKET HEAVED ITSELF FROM THE GROUND...

FIVE...

FOUR...

THREE...

AAAAH!

YATATTATA!

WHAT'S HAPPENING OUT THERE?

DON'T LIKE IT, QUATERMASS... THE FIGHTING'S OVER... THERE'S NOT A SOUL AROUND... NO BODIES... NOTHING!

SUDDENLY...

THE PIPE'S CRACKED... DON'T WORRY... IT'S ONLY OXYGEN!

LOOK AT THAT... SOMEONE'S FIRING A FLARE!

THAT'S NO FLARE! IT'S THE ONE THING THAT CAN SAVE US... AND ALL HUMANITY!

WHAT'S THAT?

IT... IT'S BLOOD!

HUMAN PULP... MY GOD, THEY'VE FED YOUR FRIENDS TO THE THINGS IN THE DOME...

THAT'S IT! IT'S TIME WE BLEW THIS PLACE APART!

WAIT! DON'T RISK IT... THERE ARE MORE OF THEM THAN YOU!

THEY'RE TRYING TO BLOCK THE OXYGEN... FROM INSIDE THE DOME!

BLOCK IT? WITH WHAT?

THERE'S SOMETHING DRIPPING...
Deaf to Quatermass' warning, McLeod's only thought is revenge...

We're gonna get you, you filthy, murdering pigs!

And too late, they realise the full horror they have released!

Aaaagh!

God... no!

And at that moment, back at the plant...

Get out! It's after the ammonia!

Next moment, the sky erupted with unearthly light... a huge, soundless explosion...

Look out!

It's dying... it can't survive in this atmosphere...

Look... the mark is fading...

Help... me...

What... what happened? Where am I?

The rocket! It made it!

How on earth do I make a final report about all this...

And I wonder... how final it really is?

The End
EVEN a man who is pure in heart and says his prayers by night, may become a Juror of the Festival Internacional de Cine Fantastico y de Terror when the wolfbane blooms and the Autumn moon is bright. If it happened to me, it could happen to you, so 'ware the airmail envelope with the Espana stamp that flutters innocently onto the doormat. Although I may have done more to deserve this doom than most, with five books on horror films under my belt, not to mention The Golden Age of Horror series for this very magazine (issues 2-12).

By the end of the ten-day week (Spanish Summer Time has a tendency to slip as the day drags on; lunchtime at half-past two, ten-thirty screenings starting close to midnight) I would know better, and know them better, these men with great declamatory names like Horacio Cabral-Magnasco, Joaquim Coll Espona, and Pere Serramejera I Cosp. Like Lawrence Stewart Talbot, werewolf of Llanwelly (in The Wolf Man, 1941), each bore his hidden Mark of the Pentagram. Each was not as everyday as he seemed.

Horacio (pronounced "Hoor-a-theo"), the only one of us to comply with the dress regulations, was officially billed as an Escrito from France-Presse. He was actually an Argentinian gentleman married to the daughter of one of our own ex-Ambassadors. Joaquim (pronounced "Hwah-kween"), a sartorial rebel whose open-necked shirt hung outside his trousers at even the most formal of occasions, was not the Productor Espanol as listed, but a full-blown film director. He insisted on showing us his latest picture to prove it (that day the two-thirty lunch slipped back to three-thirty five!).

Antonio Soler, a curly-haired little man in specs, was not the Exhibidor Espanol as proclaimed, but, as he pointed out with pride, an Exhibidor Catalan. Only the previous week Catalonia had been granted autonomy, and celebrated its renaissance by forcing us to eat huge piles of Pan-y-Tomat (tomatoes on toast) before every meal, and Creme Catalan (crusted custard) after.

Soler Soler books films for a chain of two cinemus in Barcelona, where the all-time box-office record is held by Peter Cushing in, of all things, Corruption. Perhaps it was the title that hit home to the Barcelonians? Soler was the Jury's spokesman for the average cinemagoer: his (and their) type of film is that which has made the Capitol, Barcelona, known locally as "The House of Gun".

Pere Serramejina (who sounds like an alternative sweet to Crema Catalan) had a secret, too. Although we never partook of a the most notable and suitable of us all. He was Dario Argento, Realizador Italiano, who had won the Grand Prize last year at the Ninth Festival with his Profundo Rosso (Deep Red starring David Hemmings).

There were 34 features and sixteen shorts spread over the Festival, which meant, we started at nine-thirty after a quick coffee and croissant, and ended at around two in the morning. Then it was all down to the cocktail bar for another two hours of horror: tomatoes on toast and a no gin of fruit cup so red that one suspects there must be a Tomato Mountain in Catalonia. By the Tuesday, I had broken out in spots, ripe red ones of course, while poor Piotr Szulkin, a frail enough director from Poland, had taken to his bed, a mere shadow of his former skeleton. Although we
had all avoided water (stuff so foul that it even penetrated my Aquafresh), by applying the best Basil Rathbone techniques we deduced that the ice-cubes had got us!

It was sad to see such one-time honourable B-movie stalwarts as Messrs Brand and Ferrer, Stuart Whitman and Carolyn Jones, grubbing for pennies by appearing in this class of film. It became increasingly sadder as the week wore on, as bygone heroes shambled through shoddy dross; Steve Brodie actually starred in The Giant Spider Invasion (reviewed in HoH 12)—even Monogram knew better than to allow him to star. Sue Lyon, Jose Ferrer and John Carradine all turned up in Crash!, a Charles Band Production that combined the current car-crashing syndrome (slow motion pile-ups a prerequisite) with a little fantasy about mind-control. Richard Basehart and Gloria Grahame were revived to co-star in Mansion of the Doomed (see HoH 13), another Charles Band item centring on another favourite blood-stained syndrome, eyeball plucking. This one, though, is pure Forties B-stuff, with a refurbished poverty-row plot: mad doctor (once it was Lugosi, now it is Basehart) removing folks’ eyes to graft them into his blind daughter. Just like Lugosi, however, Basehart keeps his victims in a cage in the cellar. Of course, one day they get out . . .

Talking of eyeball plucking (the squeamish may skip this paragraph), actual eyeball plucking was but one of the many delights shown in a German documentary, Viaje al Mundo de lo Desconocido. It seems psychic healers can hypnotise their patients, pull out their eyes, peel off cataracts with their fingernails, and pop them back in the sockets without pain, anaesthetic, or anything. The trouble with this kind of uncensored cinema is that is the audience that needs the anaesthetic. I am sort of proud that I was the only member of the jury left in the jurybox when the lights went up. Sort of proud: even I had to take my glasses off and watch unfocused as the healer actually kneaded a hole in a woman’s body, pulled out her liver, squeezed a diseased lump out of it, and stuffed it back in again. I won’t tell you that he massaged the hole until it not only closed up but disappeared, because you won’t believe me. Even I find it hard to believe that I actually saw a witch doctor levitate himself, upright, three feet off the ground, and float there, stiffly, for minutes. But I did. I think.

Yes, I did.

The intriguing thing about this kind of film is that it sends audiences retching from the cinema, while simulated eyeball removal will often fetch a round of applause. The same reaction was noted back in 1932 when Tod Browning used real freaks in his unique Freaks, and again in 1977, at the Festival, when Michael Winner brought on his real freaks at the end of The Sentinel (reviewed HoH 10). This film, derivative as it is, and unsatisfyingly scripted and developed, was nevertheless one of the best to be shown in competition. (It is a comment, of course, that a film of its obvious calibre should have failed to net any prize at any previous Fantasy Festival.) We were virtually obliged to give it a prize of some sort, although none of us actually liked it. In the end we gave it to Burgess Meredith as Best Actor, coupled the award with his appearance in Burnt Offerings (refer HoH 11), another Festival entry. Old Burgess is quite a stalwart of horror films these days, and is deservedly busy after his years in the wilderness for his political leanings, back when he was a B-movie hero for Paramount Pictures.

What else did we see? I’ve mentioned the scything alive, the gouging of eyes, the mangling of Crash!, and deftly avoided the porn. There was cannibalism, of course, and in The Hills Have Eyes a wild family, evidently descendants of Sawney Bean the Manseater, ambush a trailer and abduct a baby for Sunday roast. This film, an updated reworking of almost every wagon-train western you ever saw (plus a rescue by dog straight out of Lassie Come Home), was just the stuff for “The House of Gun”, according to Senior Soler. According to the International Press Critics, too, who gave it their own special prize.

Some of the films we saw were good, perhaps even excellent, but our judging job was harder than we had bargained for. All the best films turned out to be either Informativa shown in the Information Section or Retrospectiva (shown in the Retrospective Section), never Competitiva (shown in the Competition). There is a law in the F.I.A.P.F., a film festival organisation to which Sitges subscribes, as immutable as the
law of Doctor Moreau ("Not to eat meat, that is the law", which is one that I wish I had clung to!). Their law runs "Not to win twice, that is the law", which means that if a film has won anything at any other Festival Fantastico, it cannot be entered in another. And so, Sitges, coming at the end of the annual calendar, is left with—if not the bottom of the barrel—scrapings more than halfway down.

So there was no prize for us for You're a Widow, Mister, from Czechoslovakia, which would surely have won Iva Januzova the Best Actress Award for her hilarious performance, or performances, as a well-rounded body made from clay who is continually switching personalities as a brain transplant succeeds brain transplant. I won't go into the plot complications, but the film opens with the funniest dismemberment ever.

No prize either for Peter Cushing, a cinch for the Best Actor Award with his magnificent MacGregor, a reluctant movie monster, in Tendre Dracula (see HoH 11). It has taken the witty French to restore the worn old Hammer Frankensteins to his full power. The castle settings, whither the weary film star has withdrawn to restore romance to the world, are the best since Dance of the Vampires; and thanks to Cushing, the film is an even more successful horror-comedy than Polanski's.

Sadly, also, there could be no prize for Inouho Honda, whose monster rally of Godzillia, Gappa, Rodan, Varan, and their pals, had Dario Argento cheering in his chair for Invasion of the Monsters. There were all too few monsters in fact, for my taste, in this Festival de Fantastico y Terror. Also too little Fantastico, too much Terror. Science fiction was conspicuous by its absence, while blood ran red all over the screen and down the aisles. Things may be better next year, when the influence is bound to be Star Wars. This year the films are still in the pall of The Exorcist and The Texas Chainsaw Massacre. Indeed, Tobe Hooper struck back with a follow-up to his first success called Death Trap (reviewed in HoH 16), as shoddy a cash-in as any "Son of..." ever was. Neville Brand, looking and sounding for all the world like Deryck Guyler on an off day, runs a ramshackle hotel in the swamps, scaring unlikely guests like Mel Ferrer through the neck (watch it go in one side and out the other! See him try to pull it out!) and feeding them alive to his pet crocodile.

What a film to open a Festival with! The Spanish audience, an unknown quantity to me until this moment, instantly endeared themselves to my heart by nearly booing Death Trap off the screen.

Other moments that have burned themselves into my memory include the crucifixion and igniting of life, naked ladies—a regular feature of El Inquisidor, from the Argentine, I hated this, until our ex-Argentinian juror told me that it was a symbolic film of the political situation in his country. Then I hated it even more.

The torture scenes in Les Weekends Malefiques du Comte Zaroff, or what the everyday office worker gets up to at the weekend (especially if he owns an old castle in the country), were not only unpleasant, they were ludicrous. Unhappily the handsome man I had been sharing the hotel lift with all week turned out to be Comte Zaroff himself—not only actor, but writer and director. Stuck for an award for Best Photography, the Jury gave it to the Comte. Dario and I both abstained—so did the audience!

The Grand Prize of the Festival (interestingly it was awarded to the director) went to Dan Curtis for Burnt Offerings, which had us on the edge of our seats. Karen Black, who played Oliver Reed's wife in the film, won our Award for Best Actress, although to be honest she had little competition.

The Award for the Best Screenplay was given to David Cronenberg, the Canadian writer-director up from television. He made the very exciting Rabid (see HoH 16), shot in three weeks on the streets of Montreal with an excitement that mixes Invasion of the Body Snatchers with Panic in the Streets. Our pet doctor, Serramolino, had had some experience with rubies and was full of praise for the simulated attacks. So we gave the Special Effects Medal to the man responsible, Al Griswold.

The short films were generally poor, save for an Italian cartoon about a man and his swimming-pool, which hardly seemed to qualify as Fantasy or Terror. Our award went to Bogden Zikic of Yugoslavia, who made a tight little thriller called A Journey. This is a mini-Hitchcock: train-side in which everybody vanishes, not just the lady!

I managed to make my own minor mark in the Festival by writing in a Special Mention for Mexico, "for their contribution to the history of the horror film". Mexico, rather than Richard Brautigan's thumb, was for me the eye-opener of the entire event. As the only early-to-rise member of the Jury I had been able to see, at long last, some of those legendary Mexican horror films hitherto only known in England through the pages of HoH magazine ("Mexican Monsters", issues 4 & 5). Abel Salazar, baring his fangs as the 1957 El Vampiro and shrinking into a big black hat, has John Carradine knocked into a cocked hat, And El Espejo de la Bruja, with its witch-like housekeeper and her magic mirror, and its heroine with her severed hands, has to be seen to be believed.

If the National Film Theatre doesn't programme a season of Mexican monsters soon, I shall go and throw tomatoes at the screen. On toast.

... All of which takes some following. But one good thing (other than Denis's chance to see El Vampiro) that came out of the Sitges Festival was our opportunity to chat with Jury Chairman Dario Argento. Our recorded interview follows...
Dario Argento is currently the king of the Italian thriller. His latest movie *Suspiria* (reviewed in HoH 14) was met with mixed feelings by the critics, as his films combine uneasy suspense with shock tactics and a liberal sprinkling of gore.

Argento's career began when he landed a job with the Rome newspaper *Pansa Sera* as their film critic. Shortly after, he began writing scripts for movies including Sergio Leone's *Once Upon a Time in the West*, for which film—along with Bertolucci—he also prepared the total storyboards.

Scorning formal film school training, Argento followed in the footsteps of such other luminaries of the movie world as Steven Spielberg, George Lucas and Francis Ford Coppola and moved from criticism straight into making his own films. He made his debut with a full-length feature film called *The Bird with the Crystal Plumage* (1969). Interesting to note that the "Bird with the Crystal Plumage" motif turned up in the later film *Suspiria* when, in the gripping climax, Jessica Harper knocked an ornamental bird from a table then used one of its crystal feathers to put an end to the Black Queen of Witches, Elena Markof.

The following interview by our Belgian correspondent Gilbert Verschooten (editor of the fine Belgian horror magazine *Fantoom*) took place at the Sitges festival in which Dario Argento talked about his influences and their effect on his approach to movie-making.
HoH: You were quoted in House of Hammer 14 as saying that your main influences have been the German expressionist cinema in general and Fritz Lang in particular. . . .

Argento: Yes. I studied the expressionist school thoroughly, although I don’t know to what extent I was influenced by it. But I liked what Fritz Lang did—not only Lang, who was undoubtedly the greatest, but other German directors as well. In my latest film Suspiria, I used expressionistic architecture, strange camera-angles and things like that. It was my way of paying a personal tribute.

HoH: Another influence seems to be Mario Bava, especially his Blood and Black Lace (Sei Donne per l’Assassino, 1964).

Argento: I was writing reviews at that time, between 1964 and 1968 and I remember very well that I wrote about that film. I had seen and analysed all of these movies when they came out, but it should be remembered that this horror film movement was rather short: it only lasted for five or six years and there were not that many films either. Nobody talked much about these works then, they were considered to be purely commercial and even a bit vulgar. Nobody seemed to notice that a kind of revolution was going on: for the first time in Italy some non-realistic films were being made. That was very important. Only the younger critics fully understood this, but as we wrote very ruthless and rather complicated criticisms, we were not much appreciated in our country. We took into consideration the different aspects of a film and tried to pursue a political, technical and personal approach, not just limiting ourselves to storytelling or saying something about the actors.

HoH: Can we speak of a direct influence, then?

Argento: I think my films are personal to me. I produce them, write the script and the music, design the sets and the costumes, etc. I want them to reflect my personality and my ideas. This is quite essential to me.

HoH: Why are your movies so gory?

Argento: Because I make violent movies, and because the blood is an inseparable part of them. It is a means of expressing yourself, while you can obtain some very effective and even aesthetic effects with it. . . . I am attracted to violence as it is a typical phenomenon of our time. Violence is a new form of protest, a refusal of all the established values. The time for gentle protest is past and hard action takes over now. Violence is also, to a large extent, a way of communication.

HoH: In several of your films the murderer is a woman: Eva Renzi in The Bird with the Crystal Plumage (L’Uccello dalle Piume di Cristallo, 1969), Mimsy Farmer in Four Flies on Grey Velvet (QuattroMosche di Velluto Grigio, 1971), and in both Deep Red (Profondo Rosso, 1975) and Suspiria (1976).

Argento: Maybe there is a very simple explanation: I work much better with female than with male players: they are the better actors, they react in a more emotional way and let themselves go. And they are more obedient, too. . . . Men do not respond in the same fashion. And as the assassins are very important characters in my films, you can understand why I turn them into women. At least I think that is the reason.

. . . You know, it’s difficult to analyse all these aspects very rationally: I make my films in a kind of hypnotic state and afterwards it’s not always easy to explain why you did certain things.

HoH: How are your films received in Italy?

Argento: I can’t complain. People write a lot of things about me these days. My first movies were very unusual for Italian audiences, since they were in fact experimental ones and there had not been many attempts within that genre in Italy. I like to apply new things in the field of technology, music, mixing and that kind of stuff. For example, I often use strange cameras. In Four Flies on Grey Velvet I used a certain camera manufactured in Eastern Germany, that had been sent directly from Berlin allowing a speed of 30,000 images per second! In merely two seconds, it consumed an entire reel. That was incredible, it is really the camera of the future! In Deep Red I employed a teleguided micro-camera initially used for purely medical purposes, existing only in Hollywood. It permitted the camera to enter an actor’s mouth which could be followed on a television screen. You could accomplish breath-taking camera-movements of one centimetre that created unbelievable effects . . . . In Suspiria to employ realistic methods for a film that is not realistic by definition. So I invented very unreal colours and had sets built like the ancient gothic cathedrals in Germany . . . . I got the permission to shoot in Erasmus’s house in Freiburg, where he wrote his Elegy of Madness, as well as in the Munich Bierhaus where Hitler gave some of his addresses . . . . The large square where the blind man is killed by his dog is the famous Königsplatz in Munich, another memorable place of pilgrimage for the Nazis where the hidden monsters and ghosts are still present. It is the curse of the environment which made the dog kill its master.

HoH: Can political opinions also be read into your other films?

Argento: It is quite inevitable that political ideas pop up in my movies as politics are a reality of everyday life. But this happens in a very spontaneous way . . . . It is only natural, as I said before that a film will reflect the personality of its maker.

HoH: Do you improvise on the set?
Argento: I do in the sense that the actors know when it will be their turn and what specific scene they will do. I arrive on the set, have the lighting settled in the necessary way and then I say, for example: 'We shoot scene 32'. I like the spontaneity that can be obtained that way. Of course the players have to know their lines, but that is all. I always do my films that way. When an actor knows exactly when he will be on it becomes mechanical and all the emotion is lost.

Hoff: Did the famous actors with whom you have worked accept this treatment?

Argento: Better than that. They reacted superbly, because they like new things and have never worked like that before. It was the younger actors who objected; they have only one certain method of acting, and when you take away that method nothing is left. They don't have the experience to do other things. Take Tony Musante in Bird with the Crystal Plumage. The first day he was completely lost, but after a short period of adaptation everything went very smoothly. And I think he gave one of his best performances in that film.

Hoff: Is that the reason why you cast older stars?

Argento: I always do the casting with the special requirements of a certain part in mind and as far as the casting is concerned, I am not limiting myself to what is happening in Rome, but also in Paris, London, Berlin, Hollywood and so on. This evidently results into a more international cast.

Hoff: Did you cast Joan Bennett for Suspiria?

Argento: Yes. I know her very well, since she appeared in several of Fritz Lang's films. She was also his wife, as you know, and a great actress. I went to New York to see her... She had grown older, but I tried to make her appear as she did in Scarlet Street, Beyond the Door (GB title: The Devil Within Her) etc. I put a patch on her, made her use the same lipstick, the same black eye lashes, I tried to achieve the same colour of her hair, to make her look like she did for Lang, thirty years later. As a very distinguished woman of the world.

Above: Jessica Harper in a death struggle with the incarnation of evil, following (above, facing page) the death of her friend (Stefania Casini) in a room of razor-sharp coiled wire. Below: David Hemmings narrowly escapes death at the hands of the mass murderer in Deep Red.

Hoff: How was the make-up of the Suspiria witch done?

Argento: That was no make-up at all! For three months I looked for the oldest woman I could possibly find in Rome for the part and tested several dozen of women over 100. Eventually I found what I wanted, an incredibly old creature, the oldest person I ever saw in my life. It was terrible, I really sensed an impression of
physical horror. She was very good in the film, although she was of course not playing a part in the usual sense of the word. And for the part of the man-servant I wanted a madman, a real fool from an asylum. I started searching for one, but the Italian law prohibits the use of them. So I looked for a man who was mad, without being locked up. I discovered one in a post-office, when I was mailing a postcard. He had a terrible look and awful teeth. And during the shooting he even made propositions to the actresses!

HoH: What was the budget of Suspiria?

Argento: Suspiria cost one billion Italian Lira, almost two million dollars: a lot of money, for sure! But is was not a film that was shot in four weeks, and I think everybody will see that. The shooting in Germany and Italy lasted 15 weeks.

HoH: And your other films?

Argento: Deep Red took 12 weeks, the others between 10 and 12. Time is a very important aspect in my films. I always have a chronometer at hand and an assistant always gives me the exact time of each of the actors' movements. I want my films to be rhythmic and as I already have an idea of the music that will be used in the movie, everything has to be carefully timed. I already did this in the very first film I directed. For Suspiria, I wrote the music beforehand, and had it played on the set to inspire the players' gestures. It was as if the film existed already.

HoH: You have a project under way with George Romero. How is the cooperation going on?

Argento: We wrote the script of Dawn of the Dead, as the film will be called, together, it is now being shot in Pittsburgh. He is directing it and I write the music and act as the producer.

HoH: His approach is entirely different from yours...

Argento: We are old friends and know each other's work very well. I think the result will be very interesting. It is really Night of the Living Dead revisited in 1977, with all the technical knowledge that became available in the meantime, only much colder and much harder. It is as if ten years later he is remaking his own film. But the finished product will be very different, as his ideas have changed very much during this time.

HoH: Isn't it unfortunate that Romero never succeeded in detaching himself from Night of the Living Dead?

Argento: With that film he made his masterpiece. So why should he do other things? It was a small production, made with little money, but with plenty of ideas in it. Romero is a Cuban, and he knows the Caribbean zombie theme very well: it's part of his culture. This explains the exceptional strength of the film. Maybe it is not a masterpiece, like my own films which are not masterpieces, but they are interesting and have something to say. I think that's essential.

The Films of Dario Argento

The Bird with the Crystal Plumage (1969)
(italy: L'uccello Dalle Finte di Cristallo)
With: Tony Musante, Suzy Kendall, Eva Renzi, Umberto Raho, Enrico Maria Salerno, Mario Adorf and Renato Romano.
Written and Directed by Dario Argento, Director of Photography Vittorio Storaro, Art Direction by Dario Micheli, Edited by Franco Fraticelli, Music by Ennio Morricone, Sound by Carlo Diotallevi, Produced by Salvatore Argento. A Seda Spettacoli/CCC Production.

The Cat O'Nine Tails (1971)
(italy: Il Gatto a Nove Coda)
With: Karl Malden, James Franciscus, Catherine Spaak, Cinzia de Carolis, Carlo Alighiero, Vittoria Cingia, Pier Paolo Capponi, Corrado Olmi, Tino Carraro.
Written and Directed by Dario Argento from a story by Dario Argento, Luigi Collo and Dardano Sacchetti. Director of Photography Ennio Menczer, Art Direction by Carlo Levi, Edited by Franco Fraticelli, Music by Ennio Morricone, Sound by Luciano Anzellotti, Production Manager Angelo Iacono, Produced by Salvatore Argento. A Seda Spettacoli/Mondial Films/Terra Filmkunst/Labrador Films Production.

Four Flies on Grey Velvet (1971)
(italy: Quattro Mosche di Velluto Grigio)
With: Michael Brandon, Minos Farmer, Jean-Pierre Marielle, Francine Racette, Bud Spencer, Calisto Calisti, Marisa Fabbri, Oreste Lionello.
Written and Directed by Dario Argento from a story by Dario Argento, Luigi Cozzi and Mario Foglietti, Director of Photography Franco Di Giacomo, Art Direction by Ennio Sabattini, Edited by Franco Fraticelli, Music by Ennio Morricone, Produced by Salvatore Argento. A Seda Spettacoli/Universal Film Production.

The 5 Days of Milan (1973)
(italy: Les Cinque Giornate)
With: Adrian Celenato, Enzo Cerusico, Marilu Tolo, Sergio Graziani, Luisa de Santis, Carla Tato, Guiseppe Onorato.
Written and Directed by Dario Argento, Director of Photography Luigi Kuweller, Edited by Franco Fraticelli, Produced by Salvatore Argento.

Deep Red (1975)
(italy: Profondo Rosso)
David Hemmings (as Marc Daly), Daria Nicolodi (Gaia Bazzi) with Gabrielle Lavia, Macha Meril, Enos Pagni, Giuliana Calandra and Nicolettta Elmi.
Directed by Dario Argento, Screenplay by Dario Argento and Bernardo Zappoli, Director of Photography Luigi Kuweller, Edited by Franco Fraticelli, Music by Giorgio Gaslini and The Goblins, Makeup by Giuliano Laurenzi, Produced by Claudio Argento, Executive Producer Salvatore Argento. A Seda Spettacoli Production.

Suspiria (1976)
Jessica Harper (as Susy), Stefania Cassini (Sara), Flavio Bucci (Daniel), Miguel Bose (Mark), Udo Kier (Frank), Rudolph Schundler (Prof Milles), Alda Valli (Miss Tanner), Joan Bennet (Miss Blank).
Directed by Dario Argento, Screenplay by Dario Argento and Daria Nicolodi, Director of Photography Luciano Tovoli, Production Design by Giuseppe Natali, Art Direction by Maurizio Gargone, David Bassan and Enrico Fiorentini, Special Effects by Giorgio Natali, Makeup by Pierantonio Mecacci, Edited by Franco Fraticelli, Music by Dario Argento and The Goblins, Sound by Mario Dallomonti, Sound Effects by Luciano Anzellotti, Produced by Claudio Argento, Executive Producer Salvatore Argento. A Seda Spettacoli Production.
UNLIKE ANYTHING

YOU'VE SEEN BEFORE!
The 3-Dimensional Movie
The phenomena of the Stereoscopic motion picture (3-D film) was one of the most short-lived of inventive movie phases. 1953 was the year that the 3-D film actually had a life of its own; it was, at the time, intended to usher in a sparkling new period for the ailing motion picture industry. However, its period of activity was over so quickly that one might have wondered what the commotion was all about—had the process not excited and annoyed movie audiences, as well as instigating a complete change in American film production and exhibition.

The 3-D film was not an invention of the post-war American film industry—its history is almost as long as that of Cinema itself. Lumière had produced "dimensional" short films as early as 1903, and the interest in stereoscopic "views" continued through the 1920s and '30s. By the end of the 1930s, colour 3-D shorts had been produced in America and Germany. However, the problems involving the red/green colour process, the dual projector synchronisation, and the polarized filters and glasses—although producing excellent images—were too great to make the system popular with exhibitors and general audiences.

The years following World War Two saw a sharp decrease in movie audiences. The late Forties and early Fifties were the threshold years for the decline of the great old Hollywood Studio motion picture industry. At first there were the "witch-hunt" trials played out by the House Committee On Un-American Activities, investigating "subversive influences" in the film industry. Then there was the most monstrous threat of all—Television.

The growing prominence of the big TV networks in America caused great rumbles in the movie industry, as well as through the hallowed halls of the Radio media. TV was attracting the audiences that, only a few years before, had filled out the movie-theatres. The drive was now on to draw back and sustain the public's interest in motion pictures; a new gimmick was needed, something that could compete with Television yet could not be easily reproduced by it.

Motion picture technology started work on something "new" to bring back the falling audience figures—the "new" thing that started it all was Cinerama. Opening on September 30, 1952, in New York, This is Cinerama created something of a commotion initially but still failed to set the ball rolling. This is Cinerama did, however, lay a path for all the future visual and screen processes. The failure of Cinerama was due to the actual operation of exhibition itself; theatres had to install new equipment, triple projectors, etc., and all this technical conversion meant money. It also meant that once the movie-theatre was converted enough to be able to handle the process it could not readily revert back to screening the majority of films available.

The 3-Dimensional "effect" that Cinerama gave was really the foundation-stone for the actual 3-D explosion; already early 3-D shorts were being brought out of the vaults for a new "airing". Milton L. Gunzberg, along with his optometrist brother, had developed a vastly superior 3-D process, and with this he formed the Natural Vision Corporation. Arch Oboler, long-time producer and director of the Lights Out radio show, joined forces with Gunzberg and started production on Bwana Devil—utilising the new Natural Vision 3-D process and the 5,000 feet of film that Oboler had shot in Africa some years before.

The fundamental stages of the 3-D process used in the early Fifties first appeared during the early Twenties. This process was called the anaglyphic method, and involved two separate images for both left eye and right eye to be projected at the same time and superimposed on the screen. In order to make out the overlapping images on the screen the viewer was required to use special spectacles which, at their most basic, had one red lens and one green lens.

The films seen in 3-D during the 1953 boom used the polaroid anaglyph process. The basics of this involve two projectors with polaroid filters that project on to a (literally) silver screen so that the images are superimposed. The polaroid filter process allows light to pass along a single line, due to the crystal composition of the filter.

Facing page: The 1961 3-D Canadian-made Eyes of Hell (The Mask). Paul Stevens when wearing ancient mask, suffers psychic hallucinations and is driven to a desire to murder. Above: Jack Arnold's 1953 3-D It Came From Outer Space, based on Ray Bradbury's "The Meteor". The London Pavilion made great play of the 3-D effects for the film's British premiere.
and the filter on the projectors are set so that they project light along opposing lines. The viewing-spectacles have their polaroid lenses set exactly to match the projector filters, and the result on the screen creates a large three-dimensional image.

With the use of polaroid filters it was unnecessary to employ the red/green system, and now full-colour or black & white films could be seen successfully in 3-D. Still, this form of projection caused many problems; projectors had to be synchronised perfectly, power to each projector had to be equally maintained, breaks in one film had to be matched in the other film, etc., etc.

Hailed as "the world's first three-dimensional feature in colour," Bwana Devil was released on November 27, 1952. During its first week the film, in only one Los Angeles theatre, grossed an astounding $100,000.

Bwana Devil received strong critical attack from the beginning and continued running with bad reviews, but the audience reaction to 3-D was more powerful. The plot itself was a silly jungle thriller but so popular was Bwana Devil's 3-D that just about every film company immediately crashed into production on their own 3-D film. The gate had been left open by Gunzberg and Oboler—and now everyone was out to join the "new" motion picture boom. Conversion of the movie-theatres to the new process was cheaper than the changes demanded by Cinerama. With the threat of Television constantly hovering overhead, 3-D seemed to be the great saviour of the film industry in the early Fifties. Oboler shortly afterwards sold Bwana Devil completely over to United Artists for an incredible $1.75 million.

By early 1953, Warners and Columbia were in production on their own 3-D pictures, and were using Gunzberg's Natural Vision process. Warner Brothers were remaking their 1933 Mystery of the Wax Museum chiller as Waxworks—they later changed it to House of Wax. Columbia, meanwhile, were going ahead with their own production, Man in the Dark, which was a rush-job shot in black & white.

Warners were moving into high-gear with their House of Wax, and were promoting it as "The first 3-Dimensional feature picture produced by a major studio!" This was mainly to deter any feelings the public may have had about the critical barrage experienced by the independently-made Bwana Devil. House of Wax, directed by Andre De Toth (who, curiously enough, only had one eye and would never be able to see the fruits of his work), opened on April 10, 1953, in New York—just two days after Columbia rushed their Man in the Dark in the same city.

Universal's cartoon unit announced what was to be America's first 3-D cartoon, but were beaten to the post by Disney's Melody—which was shot with the Disney Multiplane camera that had been used for the production of Snow White some 15 years before. Eventually, there appeared a 3-D Popeye cartoon from Paramount, a 3-D Woody Woodpecker from Universal, a 3-D Bugs Bunny from Warner Brothers, and a 3-D animated version of The Tell-Tale Heart from UPA.

The 3-D films themselves are not an easy subject to evaluate and discuss unless one has seen them all in their original form, also hoping that most other people are somewhat familiar with the films in their original 3-D capacity. Most American 3-D films of the 1950s, on reaching Britain up to a year after initial release, were generally shown "flat".

However, even on a TV re-viewing of some movies originally made in the three-dimensional process, you can see the major "effect" elements coming through; in the horror/sci-fi films the "effect" scenes were usually of shock, while the western and action pictures featured great outdoor sequences. Both had the common denominator of things being specially thrown at you out of the screen.

House of Wax, for instance, is famous for its paddleball sequence using the 3-D effect. There is also the can-girls routine kicking their legs out of the screen (and the poster advertising). Whereas Warner Brothers had the beautiful 2-strip Technicolor process utilised to a most enjoyable effect on The Mystery of the Wax Museum, they wasted the 3-D process with House of Wax. The 1933 film, directed by the powerful Michael Curtiz, is a sheer visual pleasure, but De Toth's version with Vincent Price remains dramatically superior. Cutting out the doorman's paddleball sequence and the can-can routine, and even shooting House of Wax "flat", would have in no way detracted from its suspense and pacing.

Columbia Pictures' The Mad Magician with a screenplay by House of Wax writer Crane Wilbur, went through practically the same routine as the Warners film—including Vincent Price as the central character, only this time as a deranged magician. Director John Brahm, with The Mad Magician, made a film that Andre De Toth had made better the previous year. Even John Brahm, Vincent Price, and 3-D couldn't save this one.

Robot Monster, produced by Astor, went on record as being the first science-fiction film released in 3-D. Both Robot Monster and the other Astor 3-D film, Cat...
Women of the Moon, were very juvenile science-fantasy packages, filmed in black & white. Robot Monster featured an end-of-the-world situation with a robot creature unleashing its death-ray on the populace. The aliens in Cat Women of the Moon appear as a bevy of Hollywood starlets masquerading as “cat girls”. Both these pictures, on release in Britain, were shown “flat”.

The Maze, from Allied Artists, was a spooky tale about a nobleman who is in fact a large, 2000-year-old frog (!). This is the dark-secret premise that this film revolves around—however, the monochrome atmosphere sustained through director William Cameron Menzies’ production design is quite effective. Most of the action takes place in a gloomy old castle, but Menzies made marvellous use of perspective design and eerie camera angles.

Warner Brothers followed up House of Wax with the 3-D colour Phantom of the Rue Morgue, directed with some excellent moments by Roy Del Ruth. This time Karl Malden was playing Vincent Price and, though lacking at times, created quite a disturbing character. The three-dimensional excitement in Phantom of the Rue Morgue was mostly in the things leaping out of the screen “effect”—mainly consisting of the hand-from-the-side-of-the-frame variety—and any effective moments contained in this film are provided by Del Ruth’s “effects” rather than by the script.

It Came From Outer Space was the first of the Universal black & white 3-D films. All three Universal productions—which include Creature From the Black Lagoon and Revenge of the Creature—were guided by the competent hand of director Jack Arnold, though his Creature films still appear as the best of this trio. Based on Ray Bradbury’s treatment, “The Meteor”, It Came From Outer Space made elementary but interesting use of the desert landscape, as well as a couple of things whizzing out of the screen, and a few sudden zoom-in shots, for 3-D. Some good perspective camera angles are also featured, using a corridor, a mine-shaft, and the seemingly endless desert highway. However, overused shots of the meteor landing/heading straight at you/taking-off become quite boring after a while.

The first Creature film Creature From the Black Lagoon, offered much more by way of 3-D visuals—with particular emphasis on the superb underwater sequences. The film succeeds as quite a potent horror/monster story when above the water but once we get into the lagoon, and the camera starts subjectively prowling around through the reeds and shafts of light, the visual “effects” are quite unique. Some beautiful Cocteauilike mirror shots caught from below the surface when Julia Adams is swimming slowly across the lagoon are particularly fascinating. It really went to prove that the perfect setting for 3-D photography must be of an aquatic nature.

In Revenge of the Creature the Gill-Man is finally captured and transported to Florida where he, naturally, escapes and creates havoc. Although quite an eventful picture, the main activity takes place on land and in an aquamarina—leaving little for impressive 3-D photography. All three Universal pictures, on release in Britain, were shown “flat”.

Gorilla at Large is fun, not only because of the line-up of interesting players, but also because the story is basically quite absurd. This picture is the work of Panoramic Productions/20th-Century-Fox, made in colour and headlines Cameron Mitchell, Anne Bancroft, Lee J. Cobb, Raymond Burr, Lee Marvin, and Warren Stevens. The story is simply a routine murder mystery trying hard to feature the title character. However, the plot has a fairground of gadgets to play with and attempts to make use of them by implying “horror” with the 3-D process; typical of Phantom of the Rue Morgue, the gorilla makes more than one attempt at reaching and swinging out of the screen over the audience. The colour is quite pleasant but the players, and 3-D, are somewhat wasted.

Ivan Tors’ Gog, on the other hand, is much more subtle with its exploitation of 3-D—in fact, it is so calm that when viewed in black & white (the original rich colour prints should be seen) the picture is
quite boring. This one is basically a spy mystery involving the take-over of a super-computer by agents and the control of the two potentially dangerous robots.

The 1961 Canadian production, The Mask (re-released as Eyes of Hell), tells of an ancient mask that induces psychotic hallucinations in the wearer and prompts him to commit murder. This film only contains "3-D sequences", and they are activated only when the mask is being worn. Arch Oboler was back in action again in 1966 with The Bubble, which he had written, produced, and directed. The story concerns three lost people who come across a small town which, they soon realise, is under the control of aliens. However, Oboler's picture—made in the new Spacevision process—wasn't released until 1975, and then it was retitled (for American release) as Fantastic Invasion of Planet Earth.

There was a 1968 Spanish production, Frankenstein's Bloody Terror, released in 1971—it was shot in 3-D and 70mm but probably shown "flat". The story is too outrageous to relate (despite the presence of Paul Naschy), and the film's only two points of reference are that Frankenstein has no relevance to the plot and illustrator Gray Morrow worked on the Art Design.

Andy Warhol's Flesh For Frankenstein comes in, unfortunately, with the crop of gore/exploitation films that utilised 3-D. Flesh For Frankenstein, intended basically as a satire on the horror genre, succeeds with its use of 3-D as a most nauseous component in conveying scenes of bloody corpses and bloody transplants. In this context it is more of a "gimmick" than the rocks-and-arrows-flying-out-of-the-screen stuff that was being produced in the '50s. However, the film—as a film—has too many good and enjoyable areas to be dismissed merely as a silly example of 3-D moviemaking.

The phase of the 3-D film disappeared as fast as it arrived in the early Fifties—the reasons behind its sudden decline are two-pronged.

The constantly changing financial and technical problems that plagued the viewing and exhibition of 3-D films eventually proved too much for both theatre-owners and audiences. Theatre-owners had to continually put up with bickering from projectionists' unions, increasing costs of installation and modification of equipment, costs involving the distribution of viewing-spectacles, etc. Audiences, too, were annoyed and inconvenienced by the rising cost of admission, inept projection and bad synchronisation, discomfort of the viewing-glasses, and damaged prints.

The other major reason behind the fall of 3-D movies was the introduction of CinemaScope (first seen with The Robe in late 1953), and other widescreen processes. Most films made in 3-D that saw release in 1954 were finally shown "flat" and have never been seen in 3-D.

A single-strip 3-D film process had been developed but was kept under wraps for too long, leaving CinemaScope to grab the public's attention and offer them a widescreen film almost like 3-D but without the discomfort of special viewing-spectacles. CinemaScope also had its use in combating the great surge of Television by having a frame-ratio too wide to easily project on, the TV screen. In fact, CinemaScope films—even when eventually bought by Television—gave TV innumerable problems for many years with unsuitable telecasting.

However, the great heyday of 3-D movies was over, and the film industry had little regret at its passing. Although Oboler's Spacevision is apparently the most perfected 3-D process to date, being far superior to the products of the early Fifties, its system has hardly been used in recent years. There are occasional "exploitation" 3-Dimensional films made, usually in the soft-core pornography field, but their real popularity has yet to be created. It certainly would be a pleasure to see another "explosive" 3-D revival.
by John Fleming

On the evening of 5th June 1968, Senator Robert Kennedy had supper at a Malibu beach-house with Roman Polanski and Sharon Tate. Then he went on to the Ambassador Hotel to be shot.

By July 1968, the world was facing a major crisis: there was an international shortage of circus clowns. It was no laughing matter. That same year had seen the killings of Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King; strikes and a students' revolt which took France to the brink of civil war; student riots in Germany and Italy; a pitched battle between Vietnam War demonstrators and police outside the US Embassy in London; the death of Flower Power.

The clown crisis was easily solved: Ringling Bros-Barnum & Bailey opened the world's first school for professional clowns. As for those other problems, the world needed a new saviour. And that is just what film director Roman Polanski provided. In June, a full-page advertisement had appeared in Variety:

"Rosemary... Guy... The Bramford... the girl... the dead girl... the neighbours... the friend... the dead friend... the nightmare... the doctor... the vicious nightmare... the other doctor... the truth... the baby... poor baby... whose baby... pray for Rosemary's Baby."

Roman Polanski's classic horror movie tells the story of a young girl (Mia Farrow) who is unknowingly the mother of the Devil's son. At the time, Rosemary's Baby was original. But it later had its own offspring. It is about a new saviour for the world (as is The Omen); about a monster mothered by a human (as is It's Alive etc); about a girl possessed by unknown forces (as is The Exorcist). And it was controversial. Paramount chief Robert Evans said later: "When we previewed Rosemary's Baby in Palo Alto, California, a woman came up to me afterwards and said: 'You should be ashamed of yourselves' At that moment, I knew we had a hit." The (US) National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures gave it their rare 'C' (Condemned) Rating. They explained their decision: "Because of several scenes of nudity, this contemporary horror story about devil worship would qualify for a condemned rating. Much more serious, however, is the perverted use which the film makes of fundamental Christian beliefs, especially in the events surrounding the birth of Christ and its mockery of religious persons and practices. The very technical excellence of the film serves to intensify its inflammatory nature."

The phrase "mockery of religious persons and practices" referred mainly to the dinner-table scene in which Pope Paul's visit to the UN is discussed. Other details which did not please the Office were that Rosemary is a lapsed Catholic, her name is similar to the biblical Mary and she is told that she has been "chosen from among all women" (a direct quote from the Bible).

Producer William Castle (see HoH 16) claimed the film "was never intended to promote evil, but was meant to be a shocker". And Polanski had said while still shooting it: "Rosemary's Baby is entertainment more than anything else I've ever done. Very exciting entertainment. It is not something which will change your philosophy, will make you think deep or anything. But it's fun—it's a lot of fun"

The US press generally agreed when it was nationally released in July. Newsday said Polanski had "out-Hitchcocked Hitch-
42 weeks and went on to sell two million in paperback.

*Rosemary's Baby* was a breakthrough for the horror film: a major Hollywood company (Paramount) had made a major commercial film which was a major success. This was at a time when the big money-makers were *The Graduate* and *The Odd Couple* (although 2001 had just scored a big success), when the all-time biggie was still *The Sound of Music*. Now a horror film had broken through to the mass market again. But this silver cloud had a grey lining.

When *Rosemary's Baby* was released in Britain, film censor John Trevelyan insisted on a 15 second cut in the scene where Rosemary conceives the Devil's child. The reason was Richard Fleischer's movie *The Boston Strangler*.

When *Strangler* was shown to the British Board of Film Censors (BBFC), they took specialist advice from psychiatrists. Trevelyan was told that the visuals and sounds of ripping cloth were potentially stimulating to would-be psychopathic killers and those attracted by rape. As a result, cuts were made in one scene in which cloth was ripped, a victim's legs forced apart then her wrists and ankles tied to bed-rails. Trevelyan felt it only fair (to the *Strangler* producer and director) that he should also cut the fantasy seduction in *Rosemary's Baby*. So a 15 second sequence was removed in which a nude Mia Farrow was tied to a bedpost and a scaly hand touched her skin.

Polanski, a British resident at the time, was appalled: "There shouldn't be censorship," he said. "It's awful. I spent four months cutting that film, carefully, minutely, frame by frame, days and nights together sometimes—and then he (Trevelyan) comes along with shears."

When the BBC bought the British TV rights as part of a 'film package' in 1974, that self-appointed guardian of Britain's morals, Mrs Mary Whitehouse, complained to the Corporation and was told there were no plans to show it. But, two years later, the BBC announced that they would screen the film. Again, Mrs Whitehouse complained about *Rosemary's Baby*, this time publicly. "It touches," she said, "on depths of depravity, mental anguish and the psychologically unbalanced, which should arouse the greatest caution." She then admitted she had never seen the film.

One person who had, though, was comedian Kenneth Williams (co-star of many *Carry On* films). He wrote irately to *The Times*: "It is an unpleasant perversion . . . The particularly nauseating version of witchcraft which it peddles incurs no wrath, only revulsion and sadness: one is conscious of a bleak misuse of talent and a childish obsession with cruelty."

Polanski did have a childish obsession and it was expressed in *Rosemary's Baby*: "I remember when I was 12, maybe 14, I liked atmospheres that came from closed interiors—stifling . . . What I like is an extremely realistic setting in which there is something that does not fit with the real."

There had been more to *Rosemary's Baby*, though. In June 1968, a month before the film's national US release, Vatican Radio said it would continue to broadcast the song *God Is Dead* despite public protests. In Polanski's film, shot in late 1967, *Rosemary* looks at the famous *Time* cover: IS GOD DEAD? In a year, the question had become a statement. In another year, Polanski was attending his wife's funeral. In under ten years, the film which the US Catholic Office had called "perverted" and "inflammatory" was on British TV.

After being "viewed at a senior level within the TV service", the BBFC version of *Rosemary's Baby* was transmitted by the BBC on 29th October 1976. (They had originally intended to screen it on Halloween, 31st.)

It's a long time since 1968: the year of assassinations, Vietnam, near-revolution and real fear about the future. Early in that year, BBC TV Light Entertainment chief Tom Sloan had banned comic references to Harold Wilson: "Jokes about the Prime Minister are getting too frequent and too corny." But, in July 1968, Sloan lifted the ban: "There is no longer any restriction. All I require is that the jokes are funny". The world was beginning to settle down again, people were accepting a more brutal situation and were flocking to see the new savour in *Rosemary's Baby*.

As for Polanski, he said: "I like all horror films. They make me laugh like crazy."
Hammer's association with Warner-Pathe began in 1963 with the release of *The Scarlet Blade* (which Columbia cleverly retitled *The Crimson Blade* when they released it in America). The film was another widescreen colour swashbuckler, written and directed by John Gilling. Featuring Lionel Jeffries and Oliver Reed, the movie had its fair share of action thrills, but was noticeably less violent than *Captain Clegg* or *The Pirates of Blood River* (see *History of Hammer part V* in *HoH 22*). Universal distributed Hammer's last 1963 release, *Paranoiac*, an original Jimmy Sangster thriller starring Oliver Reed. The film introduced a new director, Freddie Francis, to the Hammer household. Francis, though new to directing (he had only begun in 1961), had established himself previously as an expert cinematographer. In addition to the whole sequences for *Moby Dick*, Francis had shot the eerie ghost film, *The Innocents*. With this background, it is not surprising that Francis rapidly became associated with horror films when he turned to directing. *Paranoiac* concerns a long-lost brother (Alexander Davion), believed dead, who returns to his family in order to claim his estate. Although Davion deals easily with any challenges to the authenticity of his claim, Oliver Reed (as Davion's... brother?) seems too certain that Davion simply isn't who he says he is. The answers to the plot's questions involve multiple deception, murder, an unhealthy dose of insanity and yet another fiery finale, Hammer-style.

Hammer's first release of 1964, again through Universal, was *Kiss of the Vampire*, Hammer's first real "Hammer horror" since *The Phantom of the Opera*. Once again, impressive period costuming and Bernard Robinson's magnificent production designs were trotted out to provide atmosphere for a classic tale of terror. However, this time John Elder's screenplay was original, rather than being based on any previous source. Up until then, every major Hammer colour horror film had been a remake, adaptation, or sequel. Hammer went out on a limb, compounding their risk by not including either Peter Cushing or Christopher Lee in the cast. Even a new director, Don Sharp, was used on this, his first horror film! But, by cleverly combining popular visual and story elements from their previous films with an original story and fresh talent, Hammer turned up a winner.

*Kiss of the Vampire* tells the story of a young honeymoon couple (Edward de Souza and Jennifer Daniel) travelling by motor car (it is made obvious that the car is a very recent invention) through Bavaria. Since this is a Hammer Film and not a travelogue, the couple's plans are altered quickly, and they fall under the influence of a Doctor Ravna (Noel Willman) and his family. It develops that Ravna's family and immediate circle of acquaintances comprise a cult of vampires. Strong Hitchcockian overtones emerge when Miss Daniel is kidnapped during a masquerade ball thrown by the Ravnas and her husband finds that every shred of evidence that she had ever existed has been removed! In desperation, the husband turns to the mysterious Professor Zimmer (Clifford Evans), who reveals that his daughter had been vampirised by the Ravna cult. Several

urging him to make the world a safer place. In a way, though, Zimmer is a more believable character than Van Helsing, in that the audience is able to relate directly to the cause for Zimmer’s actions, while Van Helsing remains somewhat of an enigma. On the vampire side, neither Ravna himself nor any of his followers are presented in the traditional movie vampire style. Instead of the traditional black, white is the colour of the vampires’ clothing. Ravna also makes a vague reference to some scientific experiment of his which went wrong; while this statement is never clarified, it does provide a hint as to the cause of his vampirism.

The overall style of Kiss of the Vampire is also different to that of the two Terence Fisher vampire films for Hammer (Dracula and Brides of Dracula). Fisher’s films constantly contrast the attractive surface appeal of the vampires with the horrifying and evil acts which they perform. Don Sharp, however, gives almost no visual evidence of the vampire cult’s horrific side. Instead he concentrates on the charming, civilised illusion which the cult uses, allowing the only vampires’ restraint to hint at the decadence lurking below the surface. Outside of two brief sequences in early sections of the film (and, of course, the second film of the series. In keeping with the “softening” of the Hammer style (as in The Scarlet Blade and Kiss of the Vampire), Frankenstein’s personality in Evil makes the title seem a bit of a lie. For the only time in the entire series, Frankenstein is treated as a hero!

A major influence in the film seems to have been the fact that it was the first Hammer Frankenstein film to be made for Universal, who held the copyright on the makeup design originally used on Boris Karloff in the 1931 Frankenstein. Thus, while original makeup had to be devised for the first two Hammer Frankenstein, The Evil of Frankenstein allowed Roy Ashton to devise his makeup design around the “classic” Frankenstein appearance. Kiki Kingston, an Australian wrestler, appeared as the creature wearing what appeared to be a pile of potato sacks sewn together into a makeshift suit. And, while his makeup suggested that which Jack Pierce had originally created for Universal three decades earlier, the Hammer version, not surprisingly, leaned more toward stitches and scar tissue. Unfortunately, access to Universal’s makeup did not inspire Hammer to attempt a stronger characterisation for Frankenstein’s creation; in fact, the creature in this film is less “human” than in either of Hammer’s first two outings, with Kingston shuffling about mindlessly.

The film’s script indicated that Anthony Hinds was becoming more and more interested in the theme of supernatural retribution. Frankenstein and Hans return after a long absence to the Baron’s castle, which has been destroyed by the local populace and robbed of its valuables by the burgomeister and the Chief of Police. Attempting to regain his possessions, Frankenstein is officially banished from the area under penalty of death. In the nearby mountains, the Baron and Hans discover the body of the creature frozen in a block of ice. As Frankenstein reveals in the film’s flashback, this creature was his first successful experiment. It escaped and was pursued into the mountains and shot by the police. When its body fell, no one was able to find it... until now. When Frankenstein thaws out the creature and brings it home, he finds that it is alive, but unresponsive to any stimulus.

Frankenstein turns in desperation to Zoltan (Peter Woodthorpe), a greedy

violent climax), Sharp relies on mood, suspense, and unexpected plot turns (the disappearance of Miss Daniel) to take the place of the expected visual horrors. And the elaborate “rules” of vampirism, as laid down in Dracula and expanded on in Brides of Dracula, are generally ignored in Kiss of the Vampire, which instead chooses to imply its own supernatural universe.

Kiss of the Vampire was followed by Universal’s release of The Evil of Frankenstein, the third film to feature Peter Cushing as Baron Victor Frankenstein. This time around, Jimmy Sangster and Terence Fisher, the writer-director team behind The Curse of Frankenstein (adapted in H2 and 3) and The Revenge of Frankenstein, were replaced by John Elder (Anthony Hinds) and Freddie Francis. Elder’s screenplay drops the close continuity between the first two films (and even contradicts them in its flashback sequence), although Frankenstein still has an assistant named Hans (Sandor Elès) as he did in the
hypnotist who, like the Baron, has just been ordered to leave town. Zoltan is able to revive the creature, but it only responds to his voice. Using his hypnotic control over the creature, Zoltan has it steal gold and murder the burgomeister. Eventually the creature turns on Zoltan and stabs him to death before the castle catches fire and burns to the ground, taking Frankenstein and his creation with it. Hans escapes, along with a deaf-mute girl (Katy Wild) who was found staring at the creature’s frozen body in the mountains.

At this point it is worthwhile to note that both Kiss of the Vampire and The Evil of Frankenstein were “doctored” for American television. In both cases, violent footage was eliminated, and whole new sequences with American actors were shot in order to give the films exactly the running time required for a two-hour presentation on commercial network television. The added footage in The Evil of Frankenstein mainly concerns the deaf-mute girl, whose condition, we are informed, was caused by seeing the creature when she was a child. Suggestions are made that a certain Dr Freud, who has some expertise in matters of mental difficulties, might be able to cure her. Kiss of the Vampire suffered even a worse fate; so much footage was removed (including nearly all of the bat attack) that the title was changed to Kiss of Evil. An incredible subplot involving the family of the village woman who sews Ravna’s ceremonial robes(!) further demolished the atmosphere of the film. Attempting to evaluate the film based on a television viewing would be like looking at a photograph of Christopher Lee and trying to guess what he is going to look like in The Curse of Frankenstein!

Universal also released another Freddie Francis Hammer thriller, Nightmare which, like Paranoiac, was written by Jimmy Sangster and shot in black and white. An addition to Hammer’s series of what Sir James Carreras referred to as “mini-Hitchcocks”, Nightmare concerns a young woman (Jennie Linden) fresh out of an asylum, who returns home and is awakened night after night to find murdered bodies and other unpleasantness in her room, only to be told that she has been dreaming. Once again, the plot twists are the thing, and, while Sangster’s revelations were becoming a bit easier to predict, the film still has the power to hold interest throughout.

Next came The Devil-Ship Pirates, released in Britain by Associated British-Pathe some months after the film’s release (by Columbia) in the USA. Jimmy Sangster stated that he wrote the film for Christopher Lee, who had played the leader of The Pirates of Blood River (for which Sangster had written the story, but not the final script). In any case, the role of Captain Robeles was perfect for Lee, who made the most of the opportunities granted him. Don Sharp directed this thrilling tale of a stray Spanish ship under Lee’s command which is plundering the English countryside. The English people under attack offer little resistance, until it is discovered that the Spanish Armada has already been defeated. This news doesn’t stop Lee, though—it takes a shipboard battle and a bullet in the chest (which causes Lee to do a spectacular backwards stagger across the deck) to put an end to Lee’s reign of terror.

Hammer was back on more familiar
Although Cushing and Lee share little onscreen time together, they are both in top form, and their first scene together ripples with electricity. Actually, the scene was difficult to perform as they were trying to avoid laughing. It seems that on an early take, Lee referred to Cushing’s character, Doctor Namiroff, as “Doctor Nasty Cough”, and the actors had great difficulty meeting each other’s gaze without laughing after the incident. In an interesting bit of switch-casting, Lee got the role of the educated adversary of evil, while Cushing portrayed the main villainous character. Lee barnstormed with unbridled enthusiasm, while Cushing played with dignified restraint, suggesting a depth of character which otherwise could not have been conveyed.

The Gorgon’s companion piece was The Curse of the Mummy’s Tomb, which, while borrowing its title from two entries in the original Universal Mummy series, was an original story (Hammer had already remade the entire original series into one picture when they made The Mummy in 1959). Michael Carreras produced, directed and wrote the film, crediting the screenplay to “Henry Younger”—Carreras’ answer to Anthony Hinds’ pen name, “John Elder.”

The film opens with a solid shock, when a prisoner of an Egyptian cult suddenly has his hand cut off at the end of an extended continued take. Later, the mummy (Dickie Owen) gets ample opportunity to go on the anticipated rampages, but the most distinctive quality is not its violence. With the mummy lurching about providing the required monster footage, Carreras is able to devote some time to the question of immortality. The mummy’s brother (Ronald Howard) has eternal youth, and he is quite fed up with it. Like Anton Diffring in The Man Who Could Cheat Death, he sees the dark side of immortality—especially after living for thousands of years. The film’s final con-

whose only surprise was that there was no surprise ending! Instead, the film offers a gradual revelation of the facts behind Miss Bankhead’s insane behaviour, with none of the abrupt plot twists that Sangster was so fond of. In this way, Matheson was able to develop the plot around his characters, rather than the other way around. All of the shocks developed naturally from the characters and their situations. A full measure of Hammer horror was included, particularly in a sequence in which Miss Powers is stabbed with a large pair of scissors which remain embedded in her shoulder throughout the scene.

Hammer broke new ground with their next release, She (distributed by Warner-Pathe in Britain and MGM in the USA). With their adaptation of H. Rider Haggard’s classic novel of immortality and reincarnation, Hammer moved into the realm of the spectacular. Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee both had prominent roles in the film, ensuring that regular Hammer
fans would turn out. But the star of the film was Ursula Andress, who had first come to the attention of worldwide audiences when she appeared in the first James Bond film, Dr. No. As Ayesha, "She who must be obeyed," Miss Andress lording over the remnants of an ancient civilization hidden in the deserts of Africa. John Richardson, who had appeared opposite Barbara Steele in Mario Bava's Black

**Hammer Film Productions 1963-1965**

**KEY**

**Key to abbreviations used in this filmography**

- **Rel:** Year in which film was released.
- **Dir:** Film directed by.
- **Sc:** Scriptplay written by.
- **Ph:** Film photographed by.
- **Art:** Art direction by.
- **Ed:** Edited by.
- **Mus:** Music composed by.
- **Prod:** Producer.
- **Exec Prod:** Executive producer.
- **Assoc Prod:** Associate producer.
- **Dis:** Distributed by.

**Dir:** Terence Fisher. **Sc:** John Gilling from a story by J. Le Fanu's Dracula. **Ph:** Michael Reed. **Art:** Bernard Robinson. **Ed:** John Dunsford. **Mus:** Harry Robinson. **Prod:** Michael Carreras. **Dis Columbia (Britain): through BLC.**

**The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb (Rel: 1964)**

Talitha Bankhead (as Mina Tesh), Stephanie Powers (Patricia Colin), Peter Cushing (Major Harker), Patrick Troughton (Dr. Seward), André Morell (Dracula).

**The Gorgon (Rel: 1964)**

Peter Cushing (as Professor), Richard Pasco (Paul), Barbara Shelley (Cato Hitt), Christopher Lee (Prof. Mabel), Michael Goodliffe (Prof. Holtz), Jack Watson (Patrolman).
AND THE MILKMAN WAS AN OBLIGING FELLOW...

NOW, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH YOU, MY BOY? CAN'T PUT YOU IN THE BASEMENT... MUST BE GETTING NEARLY FULL!

MORE CONSCIENTIOUS THAN EVER, MRS MURPHY DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO CLEAR UP BEFORE PHONING THE POLICE...

YES, THIS IS MRS MURPHY... NO, IT'S DEFINITELY NOT A HOAX!

NOW, LISTEN, MRS MURPHY, I'M FED UP WITH THESE FAIRY TALES! YOU HAVEN'T KILLED ANYONE AND THERE'S NOBODY... AND I'VE NO MORE PATIENCE!

BUT...

TRY TO RELAX, MRS MURPHY... PERHAPS THE PLACE IS HAUNTED... PERHAPS YOU'VE BEEN SEEING GHOSTS... HERE'S A NICE CUPPA!

POOR MRS MURPHY... NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE HER...

BUT PERHAPS THEY WOULD THIS TIME...

GLAARK!

SHUT UP, MOTHER! I WOULDN'T HAVE YOU ENCOURAGING HER HALLUCINATIONS! C'MON, WE'RE LEAVING...

EXCUSE ME, CONSTABLE...

NOT SO MUCH NOISE DEAR SHIRLEY WHAT'LL THE NEIGHBOURS THINK?
YO HOO, INSPECTOR! I'VE JUST STRANGLED CONSTABLE MATHERS!

YOU JUST BEEN MURDERED, CONSTABLE MATHERS?

I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANYTHING WE CAN DO TO HELP YOU, MRS MURPHY! LET'S TAKE A RIDE DOWN TO THE HOSPITAL... AND YOU CAN HAVE A NICE QUIET CHAT WITH THE CHIEF-psychiatrist!

AND HE'LL TELL YOU HOW YOU'VE BEEN ACTING OUT YOUR FANTASIES!

NOT AS FAR AS I KNOW, INSPECTOR... GOT A BIT OF A COUGH, BUT...

PERHAPS THIS CUTTING FROM THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER WILL REFRESH YOUR MEMORY...

EXACTLY... YOU CAN'T MURDER ANYONE, MRS MURPHY... BECAUSE YOU'RE DEAD! WE'RE ALL DEAD HERE, AND YOU CAN'T MURDER ANYONE WHO'S ALREADY DEAD,... CAN YOU?

BUT EVEN QUITE A LONG CHAT FAILED TO MAKE MRS MURPHY CHANGE HER MIND.

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY LEFT... WE DON'T USUALLY HAVE TO SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THIS, OF COURSE...

AH, YOUR FILE... YOU'VE BEEN WITH US FIVE YEARS, MRS MURPHY... DO YOU REMEMBER WHERE YOU WERE BEFORE THAT?

DON'T YOU REALISE... WE'RE ALL ON THE OTHER SIDE!

ALAS, SUCH A HELLISH SURPRISE WAS TOO MUCH FOR POOR MRS MURPHY. THE NEXT DAY SHE HANGED HERSELF... AND THEN THE NEXT DAY SHE HANGED HERSELF AGAIN, AND THEN...
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in

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VERA DAY · WILLIAM FRANKLYN

and CHARLES LLOYD PACK · MICHAEL RIPPER · PERCY HERBERT

Original Story by NIGEL KNEALE
Screenplay by NIGEL KNEALE and VAL GUEST
Produced by ANTHONY HINDS
Directed by VAL GUEST
A HAMMER FILM PRODUCTION
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER MICHAEL CARRERAS