CONTENTS

EDITORIAL 4
Why we do what we do and will do next.

HAMMER HAPPENINGS 4
All the latest news on what's coming from Hammer Films and House of Hammer magazine.

MOON ZERO TWO 5
Paul Neary's stunning comic strip version of Hammer's 1969 science fiction epic.

MEDIA MACABRE 12
Views, reviews and previews of the new, upcoming horror/fantasy events on film and in print.

TERRIBLE MONSTERS 14
Effects expert John Brosnan looks at some of the less effective but still memorable screen screams.

POST MORTEM 20
What do you think of it so far? Readers' write-in.

THE COMING OF DRACULA 30
Denis Gifford's "Golden Age of Horror" series reaches 1931 and introduces a new screen star... BELA LUGOSI.

HAMMER ANSWER DESK 35
Your questions answered, queries cleared and fact-files filled.

DERANGED 36
First it was Texas Chain Saw Massacre; then Night of the Living Dead, and now, with Deranged, creature critic John Fleming gets his teeth into another grisly movie melange.

MEXICAN MONSTERS 40
The concluding part of our review of things that go bump on the Mexican monster screen.

HELSING'S TERROR TALES 46
"One Man's Meat" is this month's fear-filled shiver-giver, written and illustrated by Martin Asbury.
Science fiction lives! With all the great “space opera” epics coming from the film industry right now, we thought it would be appropriate to adapt one of Hammer’s futuristic fantasy films this time round. So, more than ever before, we look forward eagerly to your comments on our version of... MOON ZERO TWO.

In our first issue, with the help of Paul Neary’s artistic talents, we gave you as accurate and true an adaptation of a film (DRACULA, 1958) as possible. This time we’ve once more called upon Paul, but we’ve given him licence to update the film. So you’ll find a few changes have been made to costumes, settings and even characters to make this strip what we think is one of the best science fiction comic stories ever.

Our cover artist, Brian Lewis, has also used artistic licence to extend the boundaries of the actual film, and has created a somewhat frightening but true picture of what happens if you’re cut off in deep space, with no oxygen... in a total vacuum. Your blood literally boils, your veins and arteries explode, your eyes... well, enough of that. Let’s just hope you never get stuck out in deep space!

Just as a final note, we’d like to thank all of you who’ve written in for magazines, books and records from us, but can you please be sure to send all orders separately from any letters of comment, competition entries, or questions for our Answer Desk.

ON FILM...

The big news from Hammer Films, the news that had everyone talking at this year’s film festivals throughout the world, is NESSIE.

Nessie, a film so big that David Frost, Euan Lloyd and Hammer have all joined forces to produce what is sure to be a world-wide box office smash. With a colossal budget of seven million dollars this looks like being Hammer’s biggest and best yet!

IN PRINT...

Next issue’s stunning adaptation is none other than Hammer’s classic... DRACULA, Prince Of Darkness. Below is a sneak preview of the strip, stunningly illustrated by John Bolton.

SHRIEKS AND SPOOFS SUBSCRIPTION SECTION

Every issue that brings you 92 action-packed pages of comic strips, features, news and views of the horror film world. Plus lots of rare, never-before seen stills of the world’s most famous monsters and the men who created them. Subscribe now and you’ll be sure of never having to worry about missing an issue at your bookstall. Only £3.00 for six blood-curdling issues!

THE HOUSE OF HAMMER
6 issues for £3.00 including postage. (Published Bi-monthly).

MAD MAGAZINE
12 issues for £4.56 including postage. (Published monthly).

The subscription is for me/a birthday present for a friend. Please send copies to:

NAME

ADDRESS

General Book Distribution, Subscriptions Department, Malton Road, Thurmaston, Leicester.

OK, you guys, I’m hooked. I’m tired of queuing every month at my newsagents only to find he’s sold out when he gets down to me. Please send me the next year’s issues of the magazines ticked in the boxes below. My cheque/postal order made payable to General Book Distribution is enclosed.
His name is Hubbard. He's possibly the richest man on earth. In the year 1995, industrialists like Hubbard are laying claim to the world frontiered for them by men like Kemp and Karminsky.

There she is. Hold on visual.

Shift yourself. Karminsky! Make way for twelve credits-worth of space junk!

Kemp to Moonbase. Request landing schedule...

Schedule denied. Hold position. Zero Two!

Seconds later, a sleek craft flashes by. Bound for lunar city.
ON A MONORAIL TO LUNAR CITY, A CHANCE MEETING IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE.

I'LL, UH, APOLOGIZE IN ADVANCE FOR GETTING NOODUST ON YOUR PRETTY NEW HOLIDAY OUTFIT.

THAT'S OKAY. SIT DOWN. I'M NOT ON HOLIDAY AND I'M USED TO DUST. MY BROTHER'S A MINER.

NO, I DON'T REMEMBER EVER.

A HAIR IN HIS DRINK? WELL, IF THAT'S THE WORST THING THAT HAPPENS TO HIM TODAY, HE'LL BE DOING OKAY!

MAKES YOU SICK, SOME OF THE PEOPLE YOU GET ON FLIGHTS THESE DAYS.

KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN. THAT'S HUBBARD—SOME SORT OF V.I.P. APPARENTLY.

DON'T HAVE ONE. I UH, STAY WITH ANOTHER FRIEND. BUT YOU CAN ALWAYS FIND ME IN THE HOTEL BAR.

YOU SEE, MY UH, FRIEND MAY NOT APPRECIATE FEMALE CALLERS...

SHE'S VERY POSSESIVE—BUT A PERFECT LITTLE ANGEL...

WELL, HERE WE ARE! I'M SURE YOUR BROTHER'LL MEET YOU HERE IN THE HOTEL LOBBY. IF NOT, CONTACT ME—I'LL TRY TO HELP...

YOU'RE THE LAST ONE ABOARD, MR. KEMP; IF YOU'D LIKE TO STEP THIS WAY, I'LL SHOW YOU TO YOUR SEAT...
YOU'RE A PERFECT LITTLE BITCH—DO YOU KNOW THAT?

THE INSTANT I FOUND OUT YOU WERE A MEMBER OF MOON SECURITY, I SHOULD'VE DROPPED YOU FLAT THEN AND THERE!

IF IT WAS ANYONE ELSE, I'D HAVE HAD THEM GROUNDED MONTHS AGO.

MAYBE—but it's still the only ship I've got!

THE CORPORATION WOULD TAKE YOU BACK AS A PASSENGER PILOT, BILL. THE EXPLORATION IS OVER NOW—BUT ONCE YOU GET GROUNDED FOR SAFETY REASONS, THE CORPORATION WOULDN'T TOUCH YOU WITH A RADAR BEAM!

THE EXPLORATION WILL NEVER BE OVER, DAMMIT! THERE'S MERCURY ... THE OUTER PLANETS...

IF THE CORPORATION DOESN'T DO IT, SOMEONE ELSE WILL!

LISTEN, I DON'T HAVE TIME TO ARGUE NOW. I'M ON DUTY IN FIVE MINUTES.

I'LL GIVE YOU A MONTH.

GET YOUR SHIP A MAJOR OVERHAUL...

...OR GET YOURSELF GROUNDED!

AT TIMES LIKE THIS, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT CAN HELP BILL KEMP, IT'S READILY AVAILABLE IN THE BAR.

DURING THE FIFTH REFILL, THE SOUND OF A VOICE INVOLVES KEMP'S ALCOHOLIC EUPHORIA.

I'M TRYING TO CONVINCE YOU THAT POLICE REQUESTS FROM THIS PARTICULAR GENTLEMAN ARE BEST ACTED UPON...

BE POLITE, MR. KEMP... FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

SOMETHING WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU, MR. KEMP.

SO... YOU TELL THE UK GENTLEMAN I'M HERE. HE CAN SEE ME HERE...

YOU JUST CONVINCED ME...

OTHER THAN THE LIGHT SHITS TO A HALT IN THE PENTHOUSE SUITE
Later, Liz watches from the departure lounge.

As she turns to walk away...

There's that Hubbard character headquarters warned me to watch. He seems to have more than a passing interest in Bill's flight...

Maybe it's time I went away and asked a few questions...

Meanwhile, Kemp, Karminsky and Whitsun reach deep space...

How we doing, Whitsun?

Let me see. Course correct... due to arrive at the asteroid in... ah... forty minutes 58 seconds. Everything going according to plan?

I'm not so sure. Too many people know we brought those engines. Could mean trouble...

Soon...

There must be no mistakes. Mr. Kemp. The engines must fire together in exactly fourteen minutes.

Don't panic. Whitsun. They're all connected up in series. I've rigged 1 and 2 to go off when we ignite 5 right here.

Minutes later...

Okay—back the ship off to a safe distance and give me the count down.

...three... two... one... zero—IGNITION!

Kemp is caught unaware by the sudden monstrous acceleration.

My God! He can't unfasten his life-line...

The asteroid's dragging him away!

We'll never catch him!

Cutters...

You walking home, or do you want a lift?

Guess I'll take a lift.

Thank God!
ANXIOUS CLEMENTINE TAPLIN
HAS LOCATED KEMP IN ONE OF
THE HOTEL BARS.

AND NOBODY SEEMS TO HAVE SEEN
HIM FOR NEARLY TWO WEEKS.
COULD YOU FLY ME OUT TO HIS
MINE, MR. KEMP?

FROM WHAT YOU SAID, IT'LL MEAN A TRIP TO
FAR SIDE BASE...

BUT... I DON'T HAVE THAT KIND
OF MONEY! I'M ONLY HERE BECAUSE
MY BROTHER SAID HE'D POUGH
SOMETHING.

THEN IT'S A DEAL, ANOTHER DRINK?...

AT THE BAR...
YOU'RE ALREADY HIRD KEMP.
The LADY CAN TAKE HER PROBLEMS ELSEWHERE!

Yeah? HUBBARD DOESN'T OWN ME.

KEMP REACHES DOWN FOR THE EMERGENCY
GRAVITY CONTROL...

UNFAMILIAR WITH LOW GRAVITY CONDITIONS, THE BIG MAN'S BULK WORKS AGAINST HIM.

DROP HER, KEMP!

HANDS OFF!

DROPPING HUBBARD'S GOON HIGH INTO THE AIR!

AND STRAIGHTENING UP HEAVING HUBBARD'S
BON HGH INTO THE AIR!

KEMP DUCKS BELOW A PONDEROUS BLOW...

BUT KEMP DOESN'T WAIT FOR HIS OPPONENT TO COME DOWN—HE JUST GRABS CLEM AND RUNS!

IN THE LOBBY...
C'MON—GOT TO PHONE KARINSKY FAST, TO MEET US AT THE LAUNCH PAD...

IN TWO MINUTES THIS PLACE'LL BE SWARMING WITH SECURITY POLICE.
A FEW HOURS LATER, A SMALL CRAFT SINKS TOWARD A LANDING-AREA ON THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON.

LIKE I SAID, MR. KEMP—THE COMMUNICATION SATELLITE IS OUT! IF YOU WANNA TAKE A BUG... YOU'LL BE WITHOUT RADIO LINES!

THE MOONBUG CRUNCHES SILENTLY FROM HANGAR 5...

HOW LONG WILL IT STAY DARK?

WE'RE NEAR SUN-UP. IT'LL BE DAWN IN LESS THAN ONE EARTH DAY!

IT'S 200 DEGREES BELOW, OUT THERE—AND 100 ABOVE, WHEN THE SUN GETS UP!

THE BUG GRINDS ON INTERMINABLY... OVER THE LUNAR SURFACE.

WHERE ARE WE NOW?

COMING UP TO SPECTACLE CRATER. SHOULD BE ON YOUR BROTHER'S CLAIM IN ABOUT 30 MINUTES.

OUTSIDE THE BUG WE'D BE DEAD IN A FEW HOURS—DAY OR NIGHT!

WALLY—WALLY TAPLIN! ARE YOU RECEIVING ME?

APPROACHING THE MINE ENTRANCE ON FOOT, THEY SEE A FIGURE CROUCHING IN THE GLOW.

AS CLEM REACHES OUT, THE FIGURE SUDDENLY PITCHES FORWARD...

...REVEALING THE GHASTLY REMAINS OF WALLACE TAPLIN!
Here's our latest monthly rundown on what's promised, threatened and appearing shortly on the fantastic film scene, compiled by our Welsh wizard of the weird wide screen, Tise Vahimagi...

TOLKIEN FILM
* The Lord of the Rings, J. R. R. Tolkien's famous fantasy trilogy, has been picked up by MGM for filming. For many years the property has intrigued film-makers but has always remained in the idea department.

ROMERO'S CRAZIES
* A possible for commercial release in the UK is George Romero's The Crazies, about weird happenings in a small town after local water contamination. This film was made after Romero completed his 1969 shocker, Night of the Living Dead.

NEW DOUBLE
* Satan's Black Wedding and Criminally Insane are two new Z-grade movies, likely to be on "a double shock and horror program!" Press information hails Satan's Black Wedding as "a blood marriage of ghouls" where the bride's ring finger has been severed. The rather eccentric story concerns vampiric events around an old monastery near Monterey, California. Part of the promotion for this one is a giveaway item: a free pair of genuine vampire teeth to the first one hundred patrons on opening day!

The other half of this classic double-bill is Criminally Insane, about one "Ethel Janowski" (known in the press-bulletin as "250 pounds of psychopathic fury"). Ethel, on release from an asylum, immediately begins to chop up various members of the cast with a meat cleaver. The local grocery boy also gets it, which means Ethel runs out of food... until she devises a way of disposing of the corpses! For the promotion of this film: all women over 200 lbs. admitted free on opening day and for the first 100 dashing in to see the "250 pound monster" a free poster of fat Ethel is given away! Little brown bags for vomiting are not supplied.

JAPAN DISASTER
* There are now two versions of the 1973 Japanese disaster epic, Submersion of Japan, on release. The Toho Company version runs 140 minutes and has English sub-titles. This original version, directed by Shiro Moritani, contains some stunning effects on a level with Wise's Earthquake (if not better!), but made before the American film. There are scenes, in long-shot, of Japan slowly sinking beneath the waves, detailed shots showing large areas of land disappearing, a firestorm sweeping Tokyo, and other cities falling and crumbling into the sea. The film is presented in Eastman colour and Scope.

CORMANDISASTER
The other, and inferior, version is Tidal Wave. Roger Corman's New World company bought Submersion of Japan and hacked it into Tidal Wave by reducing it to 81 minutes and dismal American dubbing. American scenes were shot and added, written and directed by Andrew Meyer. In the same tradition as Raymond Burr putting the cramps into Godzilla in the Fifties, we now have to put up with Lorne Green and Rhonda Leigh Hopkins. The result is a 'disaster' in itself. When 59 minutes is cut out of a coherent 140 minute storyline, one can imagine what sort of film is left. Corman has cut out the entire sequence where the cause of the cataclysmic events is scientifically explained. He has reduced, by illogical cutting, central characters to minimal parts and made secondary
characters appear foremost to the story.
This unfortunate chopping must leave split and confused audiences: one section seeing the Jap version and understanding what is going on, if not thoroughly enjoying it, and the other section on seeing Corman’s mutilation believing the film to be a shoddy production and utterly confusing. Very likely it will be the American version that will be the most widely seen, and not the impressive Japanese version.

**BRADBURY FILM**

- Ray Bradbury’s *The Martian Chronicles*, an ill-fated item (there have been three previous attempts at getting the project off the ground: 1957, as a television series by Bryna Productions; 1960, by MGM; 1964, by director Robert Mulligan), is now set for television as a 2-hour Wolper Production. Wolper were responsible for *The Hellstrom Chronicle* (black in 1971). Bradbury has written the script which runs over three hours running-time.

**CLARKE/DE PALMA**

- *Childhood’s End* is slated for production by George Litto Productions. The Arthur C. Clarke story has been put into script form by writer/director Abraham Polonsky. George Litto Pros. also hope for Alfred Bester’s “The Demolished Man” book, another fantasy project, to be directed by Brian De Palma (of *Phantom of the Paradise* fame).

* Comedian Peter Cook is directing, from his own screenplay, *Dr. Jekyll and Mrs. Hyde* for Memorial Films.
* Film rights to Sax Rohmer’s *Fu Manchu* stories have been acquired, and a comedy about Fu and arch-enemy Nayland Smith locking swords is due.
* The *Prometheus Crisis*, a novel by Thomas N. Scortia and Frank M. Robinson, has been picked up for filming. The story deals with a disaster at a nuclear power station in northern California. The Scortia-Robinson team previously wrote *The Glass Inferno*, one of the two books on which Irwin Allen’s *The Towering Inferno* was based.
* *Insane Dept.*: Walterscheid Productions have completed King Kung Fu, shot in Simianscope, which will be crawling over your screens anytime now!
* Roman Polanski (maker of the highly-acclaimed *Dance of the Vampires*) has *The Tenent* under wraps for Paramount. Story concerns an office worker (Polanski) who is subjected to the influences of a prowling spirit in his sleazy apartment. Players include Isabelle Adjani, Lilu Kedrova and Shelley Winters.
* Support features and short releases include: *Duviaha*, about an Indian spirit; *Mister Sycamore*, Jason Robards turns into a sycamore tree; *Dracula’s Great Love*, Paul Naschy camp-thriller; *Enter the Devil*, evil cult in West Texas; *Marken Van Nieuwemegen*, fantasy in Medieval Belgium; *Metamorphosis*, Kafka’s story of a man who changes into a beetle; *Psychic Killer*, Jim Hutton murders in a fashion to *The Power: Vampire’s Night Orgy*, tells of Spanish vampirism and cannibalism; *Here Comes the Bride*, psycho thriller with Robin Strasser, John Beal; *Last Stop on the Night Train*, with Kay Beal, Patty Edwards; *Symptoms*, starring Angela Pleasence; *The Eyes of Dr. Chaney* (tentative title), stars Richard Basehart; Erich von Daniken’s *Miracles of the Gods*.

* House Of Hammer contributor John Brosnan has just had his third book published, a sequel to his *Movie Magic*. Available now, it’s entitled...

---

**THE HORROR PEOPLE**

John Brosnan’s *Horror People* is one of those books I hate only browsing through, because once I start I find it difficult to stop. The *Horror People* (Macdonald and Jane’s, London, 1976, £3.95) mainly consists of interviews with personalities involved, or at one time involved, with the production of films in the fantasy genre: the people who made the horror film a genre.

The author has allowed as much as possible to be in the stars and directors own words—which gives the reader a better insight to the person in question. Although, the author himself has been tempted in some cases to argue and state his own observations.

The book is laid out most intelligently in a chronological chapter by chapter study, from the early days of Chaney Sr. through to Kevin Francis of Tyburn Films (who recently produced *Legend of the Werewolf* for Tyburn).

Starting off with the Chaney’s (Snr. & Jnr.), the book covers the careers of performers continually associated with films of a fantastic nature; such artists as Lugosi, Karloff, Vincent Price, Chris Lee and Peter Cushing. Their thoughts are sometimes curious, but mainly revealing.

The imaginative and creative Val Lewton, and his small RKO unit, are discussed in a chapter which tells how the series of impressive films, including *The Cat People* (1942), *Isle of the Dead* (1945) and *Curse of the Cat People* (1944), came about. It’s interesting to note that Lewton’s unit seemed to have the same family feel to it that Hammer later established during their days at Bray.

The construction and development of the current horror-based production companies, Hammer & American International Productions, are also detailed, with informative observations on their creative staff such as Michael Carreras, Roger Corman, Terence Fisher, etc.

A remarkable section is the chapter that Mr. Brosnan has given to the writers, directors and producers most active in the horror field in recent years. It was a pleasure, for this reviewer, to see some space finally allocated to author and screenwriter Richard Matheson (Omega Man, Hell House, etc.)—a man sadly overlooked in this sphere.

With so many tomes in the bookstores that are nothing more than endless catalogues of the author’s stills collection, it comes as a refreshing change to have the text occasionally interspersed with useful stills rather than, as in most cases, the endless galleries of photos being interrupted by pieces of text.

On the whole, *The Horror People* is informative, revealing, interesting and in parts curious (I’d dispute Mr. Brosnan’s rating of The *Haunting* above *Curse of the Demon*), besides being of notable value to the reading list of any serious horror film buff.
EVERY now and then the average horror film fan will find himself wincing as he watches a horror film... not because he's frightened or shocked but because the monster is so shoddy and unconvincing it wouldn't frighten a baby in its pram. Examples of this type of thing are endless; such as werewolves that look like amiable chimpanzees, giant reptiles with zippers running down their backs; creatures from outer space that resemble bowls of fruit; and vampires whose mouths are so full of teeth they whistle when they speak.

The blame for these familiar cinematic duds is usually heaped upon the poor make-up and special effects men but it's not always their fault. They are obliged to follow the orders of the producer and director and also to work within budgets that are less than satisfactory. Even the best effects man in the world can't achieve miracles if he hasn't the sufficient money.

**OCTOPUS ALIENS**

Strangely enough, however, Hammer Films have always maintained a high quality in those departments, even in their early days when their films were all made on shoe-string budgets. This was due to the skills of people such as Phil Leakey, Roy Ashton (both make-up men), Sid Pearson and Les Bowie (both effects men). It was Bowie who handled the effects on Hammer's first horror film *The Quatermass Experiment* (1955). It was based on the BBC TV serial of the same name (written by Nigel Kneale) and was about an astronaut who returns from space infected by an alien life form. Slowly the astronaut, wonderfully played by Richard Wordsworth, was eaten away by the alien within him and transformed into something that was no longer human. The film's climax took place in Westminster Abbey where the astronaut, by then an octopus-like mass of tentacles, is discovered lurking in the scaffolding. Only the swift action of Professor Quatermass (played by Brian Donlevy) prevented the monster from scattering its spores over London and thus creating a threat to all life on earth.

Bowie made the monster out of various bits and pieces, including rubber solution and slices of tripe... but the overall effect is very convincing. It really does look alive in the finished film, and totally alien. 'We did Quatermass on a budget so low,' Bowie told me, 'it wasn't a real budget. It's a film that, if you see it today, you say: 'Ugh, what terrible effects (on the contrary, they're very
impressive), but if you knew how little was spent when we were making it, it becomes a different thing. Usually an effects man is allotted a certain amount of money from the budget to devote to the effects but I did it for wages really. I think I only received £30 a week for working on it, and there were a great deal of effects involved in it, apart from designing the monster itself).

MONSTER MAKE-UP

Make-up man on Quatermass was Phil Leakey who succeeded in changing Richard Wordsworth, in the early stages of his transformation, into an eerie pathetic shell of a man. ‘That film has been with me ever since,’ said Wordsworth recently, ‘and it was great fun. My part had been over for about twenty minutes when the monster attacks Westminster Abbey. In that sequence it had become a great round blob draped over everything. But a landlady up north said to me, ‘Mr Wordsworth, you were so good. And in the Abbey scene your make-up! It was marvellous!’

Les Bowie, without justification, feels somewhat guilty about a few of the films he has worked on in the past. ‘I always wish I could spend more money on my effects. I’ve never done anything yet that I haven’t always wished that I could have afforded to do miles better. For example, I once did a film called The Trollenberg Terror that had an awful lot of effects in it but there was one shot in particular that really made me squirm when we did it. I squirmed then and I squirm now when the film appears on TV. It was a shot of a cloud on a mountain and I did it in a mad hurry, the cloud was just a piece of cotton wool which I stuck on a photograph of a mountain with a nail, and then we filmed it. And they used that shot time and time again during the film—everytime a character looked out a window they’d cut to this terrible piece of cotton wool on the photograph—awful.’

PILES OF PORRIDGE

But at least the monsters that Mr Bowie created for The Trollenberg Terror were rather effective (as you can see from the still we’ve included). That can’t be said for the monsters in Island of Terror (1965) which starred Peter Cushing, the film was about giant mutated viruses—the result of cancer research gone wrong—that get loose on a small island and destroy their victims by sucking the bones out of their bodies. Sounds impressive, I admit, and it might have made an above average horror film if the monsters themselves hadn’t been so disappointing. They resembled large piles of porridge and were just about as anim-
A monster that can only move at the rate of a tired tortoise definitely lacks menace, whether it's capable of sucking bones or not. One of the most ludicrous moments in the film occurred during a battle between a group of these mobile porridges and a crowd of islanders when one man is attacked by a virus that leaps on him out of a tree! Or rather a prop man dropped the great lump of rubber on top of the actor who then grabbed it securely and fell back screaming. Rather absurd when it's obvious that these slugs weren't capable of climbing up some one's leg much less a tree.

**DANISH MONSTERS**

One of my favourite dud monsters was Reptilicus, star of the movie of the same name Reptilicus was made in Denmark in 1961 and has the distinction of being one of the few, if not the only Danish horror film ever made. A viewing of Reptilicus will make clear why the Danes haven't made any monster films since then. Actually the film started off quite well; the drill of an oil survey team is found to contain flesh and blood which turns out to come from the tail of a buried dinosaur. The tail is exhumed and taken to a laboratory, where it then proceeds to grow a new body! A novel touch, but unfortunately it was the only one in the whole picture. As soon as it was fully grown the dinosaur escaped from the laboratory and did all the things that revived dinosaurs usually do, such as fighting it out with the army and stepping on cities etc. But what made this film particularly memorable was the sheer awfulness of the special effects, and Reptilicus itself was the silliest looking dinosaur ever to knock over a building. In fact it looked more like a dragon than a dinosaur and even had a pair of tiny wings that enabled it to soar, somewhat shakily, through the air. A hundred ton monster flying around with a wing span of only a few feet is not something you see every day, thank heavens. The rest of the effects were just as lacking in realism, the model buildings, cars, tanks etc. all looked as if they had come straight out of a toy shop, and a cheap toy shop at that. Nor was there any attempt to combine the live action with the effects, with the result that you never saw the actors and the monster together in the same shot, and that's always a fatal mistake.

Another high contender for the 'Silliest Monster Ever' prize was the giant bird in The Claw (also known as The Flying Claw). Supposedly from outer space (a bird that can fly 'through a
vaccum? Don't think about it) and protected by a forcefield, the Claw resembled an emaciated turkey and was about as frightening as a budgerigar. It's hard to believe the effects men were serious when they designed and built the thing.

TRIFFID TERRORS

Also less than impressive were the monsters in the film version of The Day of the Triffids, which was a pity because John Wyndham's classic novel about deadly walking plants had all the making of a good film. In the book the Triffids moved on three legs, rather like the Martian war machines in H. G. Wells' War of the Worlds but in the film it was difficult to see just how the things managed to move, though one assumes their method was basically snail-like. In a few sequences the Triffids were relatively impressive, such as the one where a mass of them break through the windows of a school and attack the people inside, but for the most part they were unconvincing. The really ludicrous moment came when the hero, played by Howard Keel, lured a group of Triffids down a road by playing music on the ice cream truck he had commandeered. Excited by the music (or very annoyed by it — it's hard to tell with a Triffid) these previously slow-moving creatures chase the truck down the road. This was achieved by cutting to a little model truck hunting down a 'ployland road and pursued by a horde of little Triffids who all looked like they were on roller skates. For me, unfortunately, it was the highpoint of the whole movie.

Some of the silliest monsters have appeared on TV, and usually they were the product of Irwin Allen's production team. Irwin Allen has been a major force in Hollywood since the early 1950s and for awhile in the 1960s he had the reputation (quite undeserved) of being American TV's top science fiction producer. It was thanks to him we had the doubtful pleasure of Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea, Time Tunnel, Lost in Space and Land of the Giants. (These days he's back in films with such successes as The Poseidon Adventure and The Towering Inferno.) Monsters were always the prime ingredient of Allen's TV series, particularly in Voyage where, every week without fail, the submarine seaview would be invaded or threatened by giant jelly fish. Egyptian mummies, ghosts, robots, giant whales or intelligent seaweed. Whatever it was, you could be sure that it had nothing to do
with science or logic. In his book *The Studio* John Dunne described Allen's working methods when it came to monsters: "...there was a knock on the door and the unit manager from *Voyage* entered. 'Irwin, the antennae on Lobster Man's suit are supposed to vibrate but the suit isn't rigged for it.'

### VOYAGE TO BOTTOM OF THE BARREL

'Then forget it,' said Allen. 'Wait a minute. Ask the electrical department if they can put two blinking lights in the antennae.'

'Okay,' said the unit man, 'That's a good idea. Irwin.' Later the unit man returned. 'About Lobster Man, Irwin. The lights in the antennae won't work. Too much voltage.'

'The Lobster Man will fry?'

'Right Irwin.'

Allen patted the unit man on the shoulder. 'Paul,' he said, 'You figure something out. You be Irwin for a while.'

On another occasion Allen was approached by the art director from *Voyage* with some sketches he wanted okayed. One was of a blob-like creature Allen perused it quickly. 'Okay one monster,' he said. 'One thing. His

unknown. The blob itself didn't appear much in the film, which was mainly concerned with Steve McQueen's unsuccessful impersonation of a teenager, and when it did wasn't very impressive. There were a few good moments, such as when it poured through the projection slots of a cinema, but the climax, which had the blob enveloping a diner, was very disappointing, consisting, as it did, of just a static painting. Obviously the effects budget on that was kept a bare minimum. More fun was the recent sequel *Return of the Blob.*

### HELL HOUSE

A whole film can be undermined by just one clumsy shot and this particularly applies to horror movies. A good example of this is in *The Legend of Hell House* Those who have seen it will know that, apart from the ending, it was an above-average horror film with very good special effects—such as the sequence where the poltergeist attacks the ghost hunters in the dining room, causing the fireplace to spew flames and the huge table to leap up and down; and also in the sequence where Roddy McDowall is sent hurrying several times down the length of a chapel by a powerful, invisible force. But all this was undone at the very end when the
secret of the House was discovered which was none other than horror star Michael Gough sitting in a chair pretending to be a corpse. It might have been all right if a close-up hadn't revealed that Gough was alive and well, with twitching eyelids and everything. I know it's not easy for an actor to pretend he's dead but surely the director could keep filming until he gets a shot where the actor does manage to keep completely still, rather than include a scene in the finished film that destroys the whole illusion.

THE HAUNTING

Actually one of the best monsters in a horror film, in my opinion, was one that never appeared at all. It was in The Haunting and was created entirely on the sound track. There was an impressively chilling scene where two women wait terrified in a room as they hear the invisible something coming down the corridor outside... a series of loud crashes that increase in volume until they become deafening when they reach the women's door. A terrifying moment and one that surely contains a lesson for all horror film makers... the less you show of the monster the less likely you are of having it laughed off the screen.
Post Mortem

And still the mail keeps pouring in on our first issue...

I was very impressed with the first issue of House of Hammer. It was, as the Editor said, the finest horror/fantasy magazine on the market. The artwork was fantastic, especially on the 'Dracula' adaptation. The photos were also very well produced, unlike other magazines whose photographs are far too dark and smudgy. In fact, I can’t pick any faults at all. I was very pleased to see not only an article on the film Kronos, but also a fantastically illustrated comic strip. I’ve hunted high and low searching for information on this Hammer film, and nearly all my efforts were in vain until I picked up House of Hammer.

Mark Halnon, Stapleford, Nottingham.

I’ve just discovered the best mag. in England! You’re right – House of Hammer!

Denham Siegertsz, Burslem, North Staffs.

To be perfectly honest I bought the first House of Hammer mainly for the promised comic strip, as I only have a passing interest in horror. Although the Dracula strip was quite a lot above average, the Captain Kronos strip was excellent. Keep it up, guys!

Dave J. Edge, Wolverhampton, West Midlands.

A most commendable first issue, gentlemen, and I have made it my duty that such a fine publication should be praised (but also, in some cases, criticised). Cover: Joe Petagno was an excellent choice—but I didn’t think much of the Dracula strip. Chris Lee’s film career was covered very well: a very rewarding article. Media Macabre was excellent, and made for interesting reading. But... Captain Kronos—Push off! The piece on special effects was only fair, and the same may be said for the vampire article. Finally, van Helsing’s Terror Tale was a short but sweet tale, and rounded issue 1 off well. I’ll certainly be looking forward to issue 2, the promised Devil A Daughter feature should be worth the 30 pence alone!

David Dent, Hounslow, Middlesex.

All bouquets and brickbats are accepted at this office. Dave. Indeed, the more the merrier. Readers’ letters are what we rely on to tell us how we’re doing.

May I congratulate you on your fine new magazine. At the first glimpse of comic strip, I thought: ‘Crummy!’ Gosh, wasn’t I wrong! You can’t call the adaptations comic strips—they’re great works of art! Not silly at all, but good adult stories. Well done! I can’t wait for the next issue.

P. Houghton, Redditch, Worcestershire.

“VOODOO VENGEANCE – VERY WELL ILLUSTRATED”

I have just finished reading No. 1 of your wonderful magazine—and I just had to write and tell you I thought it was superb! The picture strip ‘Dracula’ was excellent. I can’t wait for ‘Frankenstein’ in issue 2. ‘Media Macabre’ was very interesting, but could have been longer, though it certainly gave a good account of the latest horror-happenings. ‘Drinkers of Blood’ was an extremely good survey of the screen vampire. and ‘Voodoo Vengeance’ was very well illustrated, though the story was a bit old. Altogether the magazine was very well presented and enjoyable—a first class horror mag!

Mark Finch, Cambridge.
**"KRONOS... MORE IMAGINATION THAN MAIN STORY"**

Whatever the reason, *House of Hammer* was very hard to find where I live. I didn't like the cover, or the Dracula story. Paul Neary's art was good, but it could have been better. The Chris Lee feature was very good, and the same goes for Media Macabre, and the Kronos re-cap. Although pretty messy in places, the art on Kronos showed far more imagination than the main story. And it was also well written. In fact, I thought it was better all round than 'Dracula'.

Graeme Bassett, Grimsby

House of Hammer is one of the most exciting horror magazines I've ever laid eyes on. The cover is fantastic. Christopher Lee is my favourite actor, and frankly, I think his bio should have been 12 pages at least! What about a bio and filmography of Peter Cushing?

Ronnie Wright, Darlington, Co. Durham

Cushing filmography and biography in the works, Ronnie! Watch out for it.

We've been so flooded under with mail about *House of Hammer* that we can hardly move! Here are a few snippets from readers' letters...

... *HoH* is the best horror mag since *Monster Mag*. "Dracula" and "Kronos" were too good for words...

Stephen Whittaker, Coventry

... best horror mag out. "Dracula" artwork was fantastic, held me spellbound. Easily worth 30p...

T. Shlibach, Worthing, Sussex

... delighted by *HoH* No.1. Look forward to receiving further copies of your excellent publication.

Pauline V. Manning, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

... *HoH* is just fantastic. Really enjoyed your comic strip adaption of *Dracula*. The art was superb. Your regular columns were great too. All in all, this pulsating premiere issue has me hooked. Looking forward to issue 2.

John Pugh, Blackwood, Gwent.

I think your magazine is absolutely great! Just what I've been waiting for.

Douglas Brace, London.

Thanks for bringing us *House of Hammer*. It's about time somebody rejuvenated the British Graphic-horror market. Generally, as a first issue, I was very impressed, and must admire your enthusiasm and ambition regarding this project.

Colin Gould, Liverpool.

It may be of interest to younger readers of *House of Hammer* (and nostalgia buffs) that when it was released in May, 1958, Hammer's *Dracula* received a Jaw's-type response from London cinemagoers.

A cutting from *Kinematograph Weekly*, which I have in my collection, reads: "Hammer's *Dracula* for Universal International and Rank re-

lease has created a box office record at the Gaumont, Haymarket. Each day since the opening there have been queues which have extended for a quarter of a mile."

We hope you receive a similar kind of response with *House of Hammer*.

Lynda Harris and Stephen Prince, Acton Vale, London.
MoOON ZER0 T0W0 PART TWO

Stunned, Clem Turns to Kemp - But, at That Moment:

Down! Whoever fired that shot means business!

Stay back! If they hole our suits, we're dead!

But that works both ways!

The body falls... bringing down a cascade of rocks on to Kemp's Moonbug!

Hellfire! The bug's wrecked!

That's the least of our worries, look!

Wally Taylor's bugdozer churns forward piloted by the two remaining killers.

Out! If we stay here, it'll crush us like eggshells.

Or bury us alive!
LOOMING ABOVE THEM — A PRECARIOUSLY BALANCED SLAB OF LUNAR LANDSCAPE

AN ACCIDENTAL ROCKSLIDE SMASHED OUR BUG — MAYBE A DELIBERATE ONE CAN SMASH THEIRS!

CAN YOU DO IT?

DONT KNOW, BUT I CAN...

SECONDS LATER, ONLY WRECKAGE REMAINS...

AND PERHAPS — A SURVIVOR?

OVER THERE: A MOVEMENT!

A THOUSAND TONS OF ROCK HURTTLES TOWARDS THE DOOMED VEHICLE...

LOOMING ABOVE THEM — A PRECARIOUSLY BALANCED SLAB OF LUNAR LANDSCAPE

THAT ROCK UP THERE — IT WORKED ONCE... DO YOU THINK WE CAN DO IT AGAIN?

WHAT?

THAT THINGS GOT A BUILT-IN SHIELD!

NO USE!

TRAPPED BENEATH THE WRECKAGE, THE SOLE SURVIVOR FIGHTS FOR BREATH!

KEMP SNAPS THE CYLINDER INTO PLACE.

BREATHE DEEPLY, THE FIGURE SUDDENLY CHOKES... CONVULSES...

AND SLOOPS LIFELESS!

IT IS AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT THAT KEMP SUDDENLY REALIZES THAT, WHILE UNWITTINGLY CAUSING A MAN'S DEATH, HE HAS DISCOVERED EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED TO WALLS TAPLIN...
THEIR ATTACKERS' MOONBUG IS THE ONLY WAY OUT—BUT FUEL SUPPLIES ARE PERILOUSLY LOW.

WE'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW THIS CREVASSE, INSTEAD OF DETOURING IT.

SHOULD SAVE US 40 MILES AT LEAST?

THERE'S A RISK WE WON'T BE ABLE TO CLimb OUT, BUT AT LEAST WE'LL BE COOL DOWN HERE. THE SUN'LL BE UP SOON—AND WE CAN'T WASTE FUEl ON THE COOLING SYSTEM.

THE SUN BEATS DOWN ON THE BUG, AS IT CHURNS ACROSS THE LUNAR DUST-FIELDS...

MY GOD, BILL—THE TEMPERATURE GAUGE! IT'S GOING MAD!

KEEP YOUR COOL, KID—YOU'LL NEED IT.

THE MOONBUG LURCHES INTO THE SEARING BRIGHTNESS OF THE LUNAR MORNING...

CAN YOU SEE ON THE MAP HOW MUCH FURTHER, CLEM?

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE—WHICH IS IT? FIVE OR SEVEN? IT COULD MAKE ALL THE BLASTED DIFFERENCE—THE MOTOR COILS ARE OVERHEATING!

THE BUG EXPLODES IN A SHEET OF FLAME: THE FLEETING FIGURES ARE SENT SPRAWLING BY THE SHOCK-WAVE...

THEY'RE ALONE—MAROONED IN THE LUNAR WASTES.

AS THEY STUMBLE UP A SLOPE... THEY KNOW IT MUST BE THEIR LAST.

MINUTES LATER, AN ELECTRICAL JUNCTION BOX BEHIND CLEM'S SEAT ERUPTS!

GET YOUR HELMET ON—QUICK!

THEN, SUDDENLY— IN THE VALLEY BELOW—FAR SIDE BASE!

AND IT NEVER LOOKED BETTER!
IN FARSIDE SICK BAY, KEMP SLOWLY REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS—AND HEARS TWO FAMILAR VOICES... KARMINSKY AND LIZ.

THEY'LL BOTH BE OKAY—but they're AS LUCKY AS HELL. WE SAW THEM OUT THERE.

KEMP WON'T FEEL SO DAMN LUCKY AFTER I'VE HAD A WORD WITH HIM!

WELCOME BACK! NOW—ABOUT THAT LITTLE INCIDENT AT THE HOTEL, YESTERDAY...

FORGET ALL THAT! HOW DOES IT COMPARE WITH OUR BEING AMBUSHED... AND KILLING THREE GOONS IN SELF-DEFENCE?!

YOU REALLY DO THINGS IN STYLE! WE'LL BETTER GET OUT THERE AND CHECK ON THIS...

ONE THING WE CAN CHECK ON RIGHT NOW!

GRABBING AN OXYGEN CYLINDER FROM HIS KIT, KEMP BLUFFS HIS WAY THROUGH.

WALLY TAPLIN WAS DEAD WHEN WE GOT THERE—IN AN UNHOLED SUIT... AND THE "OXYGEN" CYLINDER YOU GAVE HIM WAS NEARLY FULL...

SURE... I'LL BE CAREFUL—UNLESS YOU'D LIKE TO KEEP QUIET ABOUT WHY YOU GAVE TAPLIN A CYLINDER OF POISON GAS?

I... I HAD TO... THEY... WANTED TAPLIN'S CLAIM... TO...

JUST INSIDE THE AIRLOCK, HUBBARD AND HIS COHORTS...

IN FACT, HE WAS HELPING US—UNTIL HE INTRODUCED FACTORS SUCH AS MOON SECURITY, AND TAPLIN'S SISTER, INTO OUR LITTLE CHESS GAME. VERY UNWISE, MR. KEMP...

TO LAND AN ASTEROID? BUT THEN... MR. KEMP ALREADY KNEW THAT!

IT SEEMS THE FAILURE OF MY MEN TO STOP YOU AT THE MINE WAS A MIXED BLESSING. YOU CAN STILL HELP US COMPLETE THE MISSION—COME WITH ME, MR. KEMP...

I CAN'T ALLOW THAT. I'M HOLDING HIM IN CUSTODY...

AND ARRESTING YOU FOR MURDER, HUBBARD!

I THINK NOT. GET HER!

HUBBARD IS UNMOVED.

VERY AFFECTING, MR. KEMP—but you see... YOU ARE COMING WITH US!

AS KEMP REACHES LIZ—SHE IS DYING...

LOOKS LIKE I WON'T BE ABLE TO GET YOU OUT OF THIS ONE...

PSS

HUBBARD'S CHESS GAME, KEMP! IS ABRUPTLY... IN CHECK?
LATER, AS THE TINY SHIP NEARS THE ASTEROID... PLANS ARE LAID.

ALL I NEED IS A DIVERSION. I'LL DO THE REST.

THEY'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE ME FREE TO HELP YOU—BUT I'LL DO WHAT I CAN.

MEANWHILE, BELOW—A LAST-MINUTE ARGUMENT.

YOU WON'T MAKE A FORTUNE, HUBBARD. WITH THAT MUCH SAPPHIRE, YOU'LL FLOOD THE MARKET...

A CERAMIC THAT WILL STAND 2000 DEGREES CENTIGRADE IS NEVER VALUELESS... ESPECIALLY WHEN ONE IS DISCUSING LININGS OF RATHER SUPERIOR ROCKET-TUBES...

...IT'LL BE AS VALUABLE AS COLOURED GLASS!

AND EXTENDING MAN'S DOMAIN TO THE RIM OF THE KNOWN UNIVERSE!

THE LAST OF HUBBARD'S THUGS LEAVES THE SHIP TO JOIN HIS FLOATING MASTER, AS KEMP CONNECTS THE ENGINES...

ON BOARD MOON ZERO TWO, KARMINSKY ACTS.

QUICKLY... ON TO THE CONTROL DECK... BILL'S SEAT... RED SWITCHES FIRST!

MINE... ALL MINE! THEY'LL HAVE TO INVENT A NEW WORD FOR RICH!

THE MAIN THRUST UNIT IS RIGHT OVER ONE OF HUBBARD'S MEN...

HE DIES INSTANTLY—AS THE BLAST SEARS HIS SUIT!

HUBBARD'S MEN GAZE IN HORROR AS THEIR MASTER POINTS...

HIS REMAINS ARE CONSIGNED TO THE REACHES OF SPACE.

...TO SPIN ENDLESSLY... EVER FASTER ACROSS THE CEASELESS VOID.

GOOD GIRL! NOW PULL THE THROTTLE BACK TO FULL!
HE STANDS, LIFELINES DISCONNECTED. POISED TO DELIVER THE COUP DE GRACE.

AS THE ENGINES ROAR INTO LIFE, KEMP'S CAPISTORS ARE CAUGHT OFF-BALANCE.

COMPLETE WITH ITS THREE HELPLESS, FLAILING PASSENGERS, THE ASTEROID BEGINS THE LAST LAP OF ITS CELESTIAL JOURNEY—LEAVING A TINY FIGURE IN ITS WAKE...

I'VE ALWAYS SAID YOU WERE A GOOD PILOT—BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO TRAVEL IN SPACE WITHOUT A SHIP!

I'M NOT—BUT HUBBARD IS! HE'LL BEAT US TO THE MOON!

WHO KNOWS WHAT THOUGHTS RUSH THROUGH THE MINDS OF THE THREE DOOMED MEN AS THEY HURLE TOWARDS OBLIVION?
SEVEN MINUTES LATER, SPECTACLE CRATER IS ABOUT TO LIVE UP TO ITS NAME...

YOU KNOW... AS SOON AS THAT ASTEROID HIT, IT BECAME THE PROPERTY OF WALLY TAPLIN...

ME??!

OR, MORE CORRECTLY, HIS NEXT-OFF-OF-KIN.

I'M RICH! WHAT'LL I DO WITH IT ALL?

YOU COULD LEND ME HALF A TON... TO PAY THE FINES WHEN MY PART IN ALL THIS COMES OUT!

DONE, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE REST?

SAME AS HUBBARD, I GUESS...

YOU MEAN—SELL IT TO WHOEVER BUILDS THE FIRST SHIPS TO GO TO THE OUTER PLANETS?

RIGHT NOW, I'D EXCHANGE MY WHOLE FORTUNE FOR A HOT SHOWER AND A GOOD NIGHT'S REST!

THAT REMINDS ME, CLEARY—HOW IS YOUR ROOM?

I MAY, OH... TAKE YOU UP ON THAT.

MR. KEMP—WHY DON'T YOU COME AND HAVE A LOOK?

HOLD ON, YOU TWO! THEY'LL HAVE TO AGREE TO A CERTAIN PILOT... AND A CERTAIN ENGINEER.

THE END
INVITE CHRISTOPHER LEE INSIDE YOUR LIVING ROOM! - WITH HAMMER’S DRACULA L.P.

A must for all fear-fans, this album features the voice of Christopher Lee narrating the chilling saga of Count Dracula, Lord of the Undead!

Plus ... on the ‘B’ side, four fantastic theme tunes from FEAR IN THE NIGHT, SHE, THE VAMPIRE LOVERS and DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE.

Order now, adding 30p to cover post and packing, from:
HOUSE OF HAMMER BARGAIN BASEMENT, GENERAL BOOK DISTRIBUTION, 135-141 WARDOUR STREET, LONDON, W1.

ONLY £3.50
Plus Postage

COMICS CORNER
Four fantastic superhero albums! Each contains 68 huge 13½ x 10” full colour pages. Only 50p each.

DC-1 SHAZAM! DC-2 BATMAN DC-3 SUPER VILLAINS DC-4 SUPER FRIENDS

DEVILINA 1 & 2 ...30p each
The Sister of Satan features in macabre comic strips. 68 pages in each issue.

MACABRE 1 & 2 ...30p each
Six thrill-filled horror comic strips in each 68 page issue. Fine fear-filled fun!

ADVENTURE 1 & 2 ...30p each
Warfare, headhunting, crime-busting ... Action all the way in 68 pages of strips.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF HORROR featuring

BELA LUGOSI

by Denis Gifford

Denis Gifford, author of the newly-reprinted Pictorial History of Horror Films and Movie Monsters, continues his New Look at Old Movies by reviewing them in their original order of appearance in British cinemas. Today he arrives in the New Year of 1931 and witnesses the birth of the first great star of the Horror Film: Bela Lugosi.

The sound of music had been the central essential to the Talkies from the start. It was Jolson's songs that sold The Jazz Singer to the picturegoing millions. Speech came second: Jolley's almost accidental 'You ain't heard nothin' yet', slipped in between the solos, created an instant demand to hear the shadow heroes speak. Warner Brothers met that pressure by expanding their two-reel Lights of New York into a feature that gave them all talk: Tom Dugan and his pals sat around clumsily-disguised microphones for a reel at a time, speaking slowly and distinctly such instant classic clichés as 'Take him for a ride'. Then the Warners mixed the two, adding music to talk in The Terror. For the first time music became inseparable from the visual side of the motion picture. As the Hooded Terror pounded on his underground organ, the throbbing thums hummed through the auditorium, raising the nape-hairs courtesy of Vitaphone.

Music had, of course, been an added ingredient to the motion picture experience almost from the first flicker. Piano players pounded in their pits, fairground organists belted to the Bioscopes, and string sextettes serenaded to 'Came the Dawn' subtitles. Came the dawn of the Talkie Revolution and not only the musicians found themselves suddenly on the 'dole': in line with them were the publishers and composers of Mood Music, ready-made melodies to suit any silent screen cliché. From romance to mystery, these chaps had a tune for it.

Curiously, when the movies found sound, speech and music were suddenly separated. For a time, talkies talked and musicals musicked and apart from The Terror, never the twain seemed to meet. Mood music, so essential to the silents, was suddenly outcast. Films had talk and between the lines they had silence; you were lucky if you heard a faint tinkle or two behind the opening titles and the closing trademark. Music was reduced to no more than an overture. Even Dracula, the first true horror film, made do with a phrase or two from Tchaikovsky, arranged and conducted by Universal's musical director David Broekman. But Dracula had music of a different kind: the voice of its star was all the music it needed. Count Dracula has a phrase that follows the offscreen howl of a wolf. 'Listen to them... children of the night... what music they make...'. What music he made: Bela Lugosi, who made the line as immortal as Count Dracula himself.

SHOW STEALER

Dracula begins with the pictorial thrills of Walpurgisnacht in Transylvania. Tod Browning, who knew well the values of his visuals, fills out the theatrical origins of his version with coaches and coffins, vampires and vaults, spiders and webs and things that go scuttle in corners. Yet amid all the splendour of the crumbling gothic, all the moving and cutting of Browning's graphics, it is the actor that dominates. Tall, evilly elegant in his night-black cloak, clutching of hand and staring of eye, Bela Lugosi had enough going for him physically to suit and steal any silent film (which, indeed, he had been
known to do). But once add his voice and give him well-tuned lines to speak, and you were in the presence of a star. A superstar, to use a term he never lived to hear.

Bela Lugosi's voice (and, indeed, name) had the lilt of evil. This was the music of Dracula, more than any Tchaikovskian phrase Broekman could choose. The chance of his birth in far away Hungary gave Lugosi a fine start in the accent stakes, but what gave his cadence the final twist of strangeness was the way he had learned to speak English. A refugee in America, he had broken onto the New York stage by learning his lines phonetically. He learned the language by its rhythms and spoke its words like the lines of a song. The trick stayed with him down the years, and when his big break came in Hollywood, it made him a star. When Bela Lugosi said 'I am Dracula, I bid you welcome', the words imprinted on the memory like a melody—a sinister song. They imprinted themselves on Lugosi, too, in an even more sinister way. In the eyes of the film makers, Lugosi was Dracula and Dracula was Lugosi. His film roles, growing smaller as the films grew larger, or larger as the films grew smaller, would seldom be more than reworkings of Dracula. Fine while the horror film was booming,
tragic while the horror film was in decline. 'I am Dracula' said Lugosi, and he was. The words followed him like a curse, his own personal vampire bite. They followed him to the grave: he was buried wrapped in his Dracula cloak.

But the tragedy was far away in the future, that January day in 1931. 'Dracula—the breath-taking thriller now a Screen Masterpiece' cried Universal Pictures in their advertisement in the Cinematograph Times. 'To chill you and thrill you and fill you with uncanny excitement!' And in Universal's list of forthcoming releases they called Dracula the 'Fantastic vampire mystery thriller'. Clearly, a new label was needed, but as yet nobody had thought of 'horror film'. Carl Laemmle, the spry mogul who had created Universal City out of his early independent stand against the old giant Thomas Edison, made a special announcement:

**SMASH HIT**

'Dracula is ready for trade show during the first two or three weeks in new year. I am proud of this one as the outstanding dramatic thrill of the Universal production season. The choice of Bela Lugosi as the star was wise. (Originally, Conrad Veidt had been slated for the role: D. G.) His performance is superb, polished, admirable. Helen Chandler, David Manners the English actor, Edward Van Sloan (etc) compose an ideal cast of dramatic players. They enact this strange story of the Vampire Count and his victims with a thrill which few talkies have had. Those who saw it on the stage will demand to see the picture. Those thousands upon thousands who read the book will form ready-made audiences for this film. Tod Browning was the director.'

And when the film finally arrived in London that February, a double-page pictorial spread boosted it thus: 'It's here! The mighty, awe-inspiring, breath-taking, heart-gripping, all-conquering Dracula! Daring! Thrilling! Chilling! It will amaze the world!' For all that, the catchline they chose to promote the picture was 'The Story of the World's Most Amazing Passion!' Universal unveiled it on February the fourteenth: Valentine's Day!

Dracula opened at the Capitol Cinema in London's West End, one month later. Film Weekly did not approve: 'Personally, this reviewer finds the subject revolting; but he does not deny that the film has spine-drilling
thrills in plenty.' This did not prevent them from running a short-story version in August, when the film was generally released: The Undead by Ian Conyers ('To her horror a gigantic bat flew straight into the room, circled twice round her—and disappeared, yielding place to Count Dracula, who stood beside her in his crimson-lined coat with a look of grim intensity in his evil eyes!').

A case, perhaps, of having your blood and drinking it!

And on the eighteenth of April 1931, the following historic announcement appeared in Film Weekly under the heading 'The Rest of the News in Brief':

'Murders in the Rue Morgue, the famous Edgar Allan Poe story, will be the third of Universal’s trio of horror pictures. The first was Dracula, to be followed by Frankenstein, the novel by Mary Bysshe Shelley.' The horror film was officially born.

NEXT MONTH: YEAR OF FEAR
Because of the surprisingly high number of letters about the same subject, we're devoting this issue's Answer Desk purely to one person, and one film...

Ingrid Pitt as Countess Dracula. This film, made by Hammer in 1970 tells of a Hungarian Countess who in her lust for youth slaughtered hundreds of young virgins for their blood, finally turning on her own daughter to retain her immortality. Somewhat like Bram Stoker's original Dracula story and later Jess Franco's film Count Dracula (starring Christopher Lee), this film has Ingrid Pitt going through various stages of ageing and rejuvenating.

Here are some of the different stages, requested by John Yeveill of Bristol, Yvonne Cash of Highgate, Terri McNamee of Heads Nook, Cumbria, Tim Llewellyn of Fulham, Mike Conroy of Plumstead, Geoffrey Nicholson of Ealing, Stephen Richards of Manchester and Alan Booth of Sheffield.
The British Board of Film Censors didn't like it at all.

Towards the end of Deranged, a naked girl is hung upside down. She is suspended from the roof of a barn by ropes tied round her ankles. The killer then inserts a knife into her and, starting at the top, slits her open. The blood flows down over her breasts, and the censor's heart skipped a beat.

Blood flowing on breasts is a trigger image for rapists. The whole sequence has gone out of the film.

Deranged is a rather mundane title considering it comes from the team that unleashed Children Shouldn't Play With Dead Things. Alan Ormsby, co-writer, star and ghoulish make-up expert on Children, scripted, made-up and co-directed (with Jeff Gillen) Deranged.

Presumably Jeff Gillen is the Jeffrey Gillen who co-starred in Children. Jack McGowan photographed both films.

And the fact that Children's co-producer was Gary Goch, while Deranged's assistant director was Ken Goch and Martin Gillen makes it seem as if there's a ghoulish collection of friends, somewhere in middle America.

The film is based on the same real-life incident that inspired Psycho and the banned Texas Chain-Saw Massacre. Handyman Ed Gen was arrested in 1957 after mutilating, murdering, mummifying, eating and generally not being nice to local people.

Deranged, an otherwise superb little film, opens with an awful 're-visor-narrator who claims to be Tom Sim-
BLOOD-RED SOUP

Ezra ladles an obnoxious green soup into his mother's mouth. She starts choking. The green bile-like soup bubbles from her mouth then turns blood red. Momma is dead.

And buried. But Ezra can't cope. He gives up farming, his mind gone. He becomes a local handyman. A year later, he hears his mother's voice telling him to bring her home.

He digs her coffin up. There she is. Her face, her clothes, everything exactly as it was in life. She's even faintly smiling. He happily clasps her white-gloved hand and her arm comes off. Ezra reels back and sees his mother as she really is—a decomposed, sickly pulp.

He takes her home, lays her on her old bed and kneels beside her. 'I'll have to put you back together like that old egg in the fairy tale,' he says. The camera pans across the room. There, standing in the corridor, is the narrator. He explains Ezra decided to use real skin for the patching.

The narrator ruins the film, but don't blame the British distributors. They have wisely cut out as much of him as possible. Pity they couldn't cut out his tongue. We can only assume he is some attempted re-wall which mis-fires. Because, in fact, Deranged is intentionally a very, very funny movie.

The film is amazingly believable. Whereas The Texas Chain-Saw Massacre is just plain silly, Deranged is effectively humorous, nasty and, in some places, sexy. All the characters are superbly underplayed. Particularly a magnificently lecherous drunk and Roberts Blossom's central performance as Ezra. He is a great re-actor. He wanders through the film with a slightly puzzled expression on his face. He's a perfectly frank, open, innocent simpleton and sadist.

Throughout the move he tells his neighbours exactly what he is doing, but they won't believe him. Oh what a hoot they say. Old Ezra's going to dig up his ex-Sunday School teacher because his dead mother needs a new face. He's a one, that Ezra. Ho ho ho.

TALKS TO THE DEAD

Ezra dons his boater and pinstripe suit to visit fat and friendly Maureen Selby. He confides in her; he says he talks to his mother.

'Mr Cobb—are you making fun of me?' Maureen asks.

'No ma'am,' says Ezra, who would never dream of lying.

Well you see, says Maureen, she talks to Herbert her husband. He was burned to death in a car accident. Say, why don't we have a four-way seance? Herbert's never met Mrs Cobb. Ezra goes home to
mother and tells her he likes chubby women but is afraid he might get stuck in all that fat and he doesn’t think Maureen is “all there—you know—upstairs.”

But he goes back to see her for the séance. Herbert’s spirit speaks through Maureen. It says that, being disembodied, it misses the uhuh “carnal aspect” of marriage. Perhaps Ezra can help? “Make my wife a woman again,” says Herbert. Maureen unbuttons her gown.

Ezra decides he does like fat women and they go off to the bedroom but he’s not quite sure what to do. Then he remembers the wages of sin that nasty social disease and how all women are vermin. Maureen unbuttons Ezra’s shirt and finds a gun. He can feel his finger on the trigger. He blasts two bullets through her head, then takes her home to his mother for companionship.

TEATIME WITH CORPSES

Ezra’s next victim is Mary Ransom, a seductive young barmaid whom he fancies to his isolated house. When she enters his home, alone she finds cluttered, uncleaned chaos, animal bones and a stuffed bird. She hears a squealing noise and goes into a small room. On the floor she sees a decomposing skull. Staggering back she stumbles across a group of five corpses wearing grumpy-dresses, sitting in chairs with tea-cups in their laps. Then she sees one of the corpses is alive. It’s Ezra wearing a dress, wig and face-mask of dried human skin. Mary tries to escape but is caught and treated to tea-time with the various decomposing bodies Ezra has collected. He has decided to marry Mary. He plays music on a drum made of belly-skin using a leg-bone as drumstick. I’m just tryin’ to show you I got talents, he says.

After a bit of a fondle and fumble, Mary manages to smash Ezra on the head with a bottle and tries unsuccessfully to escape. He races after her in slow motion. Part of the chase has been cut by the British distributors because, they say, it looked bloody silly.

Mary is caught and Ezra bludgeons her very, very bloodily to death with his musical leg-bone. He honestly tells his two closest neighbours that the Mary Ransom reported missing is really dead in his house with his old Sunday School teacher, his mother and a few other corpses. But they don’t believe him. However, they do begin to worry when he kills their son’s girlfriend. Incidentally, as Ezra gets sicker, his girls victims get younger.

Young Sally works in the local hunting store. One day, alone with her, Ezra loads one of the rifles lying about and aims it at her. She smiles at him then crashes on to the floor as the bullet hits her.

He takes Sally (wounded on the temple) back towards his place in his truck but she escapes in the woods. Her boyfriend and his father are hunting in these woods. There are traps set everywhere. As a terrified Sally runs and stumbles through the forest, one of the steel traps snaps shut on her ankle. Ezra is coming—he can hear him.

She hides in the bushes. Ezra sees the chain attached to the trap. He pulps on the chain and the trap’s steel jaws pull Sally out by the ankle. Ezra raises his gun and fires. This time Sally is very dead.

By now, her friends have discovered she is missing and that Ezra was the last person to see her. They rush out to the farm where they discover that both Ezra and the British Censor have been cutting out some very, very nasty bits and pieces.

Deranged is a Joy. Strictly for sick lovers of the grotesque Tommy Cooper and Les Dawson. Not at all a spoof horror film but a totally straight picture whose horrors and underplayed, unemphasised humour lift it well above the normal exploitation movie.

USA 1974. Certificate X. Original running time 82 mins; British running time 79 mins.
HOUSE OF HAMMER BARGAIN BASEMENT

HOUSE OF HAMMER BACK ISSUES

HoH 1 ........................................ 35p
21 page illustrated adaption of 1958 Dracula, Kronos, Lee biography & filmog

HoH 2 ........................................ 35p
Curse of Frankenstein Part 1, Devil A Daughter, At Hammer Studios, Hammer Monster
Make-up, etc

HoH 3 ........................................ 35p
Curse of Frankenstein Part 2, Night of the Living Dead, The Frankenstein Gallery, Holly-
wood Horrors, Lon Chaney

HoH 4 ........................................ 35p
Legend of Seven Golden Vampires strip, Mexican Monsters, Oriental Horrors, Undersea
Creatures, Van Helsing, etc

QUASIMODO'S MONSTER MAGAZINE

QMM4 ............... 35p
Space 1999, Films of Roger Corman, Exorcist interview

QMM6 ............... 35p
Six Million Dollar Man, Peter Lorre, Space 1999 etc

QMM7 ............... 35p
Nemoy (Spock) story, Bug Star Trek, Star Trek films, Monster Apes

QMM8 ............... 35p
Invisible Man, Star Trek, The Mummy, The Spider, Jaws, Humour strips

MONSTER FANTASY

MF(US)4 ............... 35p
100pgs, Star Trek, Ballybott, SF films

MOVIE MONSTERS

Though it only ran four issues in the USA, Movie Monsters was one of the top American horror maga-
zines. Each issue contained 64 picture packed pages

MM(US)1 ............. 35p
Planet of the Apes, Gog, Exorcist, Lee, Dracula, Star Trek, Slightly

MM(US)2 ............. 35p
2001 Apes, Rodan, Gorgo, Motion Picture, BC, The Savage

MM(US)3 ............. 35p
Wolf Man, Batman, Godzilla, Karloff, Forbidden Planet

MM(US)4 ............. 35p
Flash Gordon, Chaney, Disney, Star Trek, The Thing, Honeybadger

The above prices include postage and handling on all orders of five or more. If ordering less, please add 5p per
magazine. Make all postal orders and cheques payable to General Book Distribution and send them to: HOUSE OF HAMMER
BARGAIN BASEMENT, Warner House, 19b 141 Wardour St.,
London W1V 4QA.
HORROR AROUND THE WORLD PRESENTS . . .

MEXICAN MONSTERS

by Barrie Pattison

in presence

un film de RENE CARDONA

LE ROBOT SADIQUE

L'EROTISME
DE LA VIOLENCE
DE L'EPOT

40
Last issue we looked at Mexico's most famous vampires, Count Lavad and Nostradamus. This issue we present an assortment of other Mexican mayhem-makers...

The Chinese kung-fu films were thought, by most of the world, to be something totally new and different. But not in Mexico. As many as twenty years before Bruce Lee "Haaai-ed" his way to stardom, Mexico was making such films as Wrestling Women Vs the Aztec Mummy (Las Luchadoras Contra Le Momia) which in itself was a sequel to both the exploits of the wrestling women and the Aztec Mummy. But this film wasn't actually made until 1964, and was one of the many that followed the notable Ladron De Cadavres, made in 1956 by Fernando Mendez (who directed El Vampiro—see House of Hammer 5).

THE BODY SNATCHERS

In Ladron de Cadavres (The Body Snatchers), a succession of apparently maniacal random murders leads to the discovery of a brutally killed famous athlete's body. Like the previous bodies, he has a huge wound in his head.

The police try to protect other athletes and sportsmen in the city, but in the disguise of a lottery ticket seller, the mysterious murderer (played by Carlos Riquelme) claims another victim.

Guilleremo Santas (wrestler Wolf Rubinskas) volunteers to trap the killer, but his ambush backfires and he too is killed. The murderer, an evil foreign scientist, then transplants a gorilla's brain into the wrestler's dead body, reanimating it as a ferocious killer.

At this point, the police commissioner decides to go it alone against the killer and his champion, and dons a disguise to hide his real identity of a champion wrestler named—wait for it—El Vampiro. Obviously Mendez the director likes the name!

A victim of the ferocious micro-organisms spread by The Killers From Outer Space — another menace to be confronted by the invincible Santo. From Santo Contra Los Asesinos de Otros Mundos.

A terrific struggle ensues between the wrestling policeman and the human gorilla, during which the latter's mask is torn off (oh, yes... all Mexican wrestlers are masked, in films anyway!). Beneath the mask, we see that the man's face has changed, he looks more ape than human.

But not only has his face changed, his mind is so primitive that the murderous scientist is no longer able to control his champion, and the man-ape wrestler turns on his master and savagely kills him.

The ending of this film follows shortly as the man-ape tries to kidnap the girl he, as a human, had loved, but is thwarted by El Vampiro. Another struggle between the two takes place as the man-ape scales the rooftops with his former love, but this time the commissioner is victorious and the villain falls to his doom from the building's edge.

Incidents from this film crop up again and again throughout the run of the Mexican monster film, its influence has been quite immense, and it is an item that could definitely stand screening over here.

NEUTRON VS. DEATH ROBOTS

Guilleremo Santa, the man-ape of Ladron de Cadavres went on to establish himself as the black-masked wrestler Neutron in a series of films made in the early 1940s in which he battled karate assassins, invisible killers, and
The improved model however abducts Professor Rena (whose daughter is the secret identity of one of the wrestling women). The girl, Gaby, and the police find and destroy the mastermind's lair which infuriates him to the point where he creates a wrestler robot primed to kill Gaby the wrestler woman in the ring unless the police can find Orlac in time. René Cardona Jr. (his dad, René Cardona Sr., also directed and starred in these Mexican monster movies) continued his interest in lady monster battlers in 1967 with La Mujer Murcielago (The Bat Woman), in which Maura Monti encountered Acapulco's fish monsters.

The Mexican Saint

However the most intriguing of the Mexican wrestler series heroes is undoubtedly the man in the mask of Silver, El Santo, (meaning The Saint) who is simultaneously a champion of the ring, super hero and master detective—specializing in overcoming monsters. His films are hard to track down as not wanting to confuse him with Simon Templar, his titles are translated as the exploits of Argos or even Superman. Santo has yet to remove his mask in the twenty years of his career and it's not even certain that one actor has played the character throughout this period, though he is identified only by the name of the hero on the credits. He has a laboratory manned by his scientist associate, and a comic sidekick along with a marvel car and on at least one occasion a wonder dog!

But he remains more man than bat man, touring round the world fighting opponents who surprisingly often turn out to be monster ring-ins under their hoods.

Occasionally Santo recruits fellow wrestlers to battle the flocks of creatures sent against him, calling in Blue Demon (Alejandro Cruz? from the Champions of Justice series where he, along with Mil Mascaras (Thousand Faces), El Rayo de Jalisco (Jalisco's Lightning), El Avspon Escarleta (the Red Wasp) and El Fantasma Blanco (White Ghost) battle their own foes.

In his early exploits Santo dealt less with monsters than traditional criminals. Although even then he came across such villains as a Jack the Rupper type in Santo en el Hotel de la Muerte (Santo in the Hotel of Death) of 1961, and in Santo Contra el Espectro (Santo Vs the Ghost) 1965 he traps the masked figure terrorising the theatre. Phantom of the... what?

However as the series grows so do the supernatural opponents culminating in Santo y Blue Demon Contra los Monstruos (Santo and Blue Demon against Monsters) made in '68 featuring Manuel Leal as Frankenstein (notice the misspelling? It's deliberate. These films often slightly modify the names of famous characters. Would you believe... Superzan?).

In this one yet another evil dwarf backs up the sinister Dr. Bruno Halert who launches against our hero a hunchback; the Frankenstein...
Frankenstein/Frankenhausen monster; a vampire with two vampiric brides; a mummy; a werewolf; a cyclops (whose one eye is much too close together) a skull-less creature and four green zombies. As if that wasn't enough he even creates an evil double of Blue Demon. Santo, of course, copes with all this with a thudding great explosion.

**SANTO VS. DRACULA**

In the same year, Cardona knocked out my favourite in the series, *Santo en El Tesoro de Dracula* (Santo Against Dracula's Treasure). This one kicks off in Santo's laboratory where he plans to send his plump red headed lady friends Luisa (Noelia Noel), back to the period of Dracula's reign of terror to establish the whereabouts of his fabulous treasure, a secret so well kept that not even Bram Stoker knew about it! When she arrives in the past Luisa is accepted by all including the suave Count Aluxard (they love backward spelling in Mexico) who attempts to turn her into another of those vampire ladies of which he has a cavelous. Santo, watching on time television manages to retrieve the lady just in time to prevent her being staked through the heart by ignorant villagers.

Back in the present the king of the underworld has challenged Santo to fight his son in the ring and just to make life a bit more interesting revives Dracula by plunging the stake from his heart. It's a close match but the man in the mask of silver triumphs, strangely enough. So, like the bad sport that he is, the king of the underworld scarpers pronto and Santo pursues him to the vampire's tomb where it looks as if he will be menaced by the Count.

However, always resourceful, Santo has arranged that the roof of Dracula's cave will be dynamited away by his gym mates at the appropriate moment, exposing the vampires to the sun which reduces them to smouldering paper bats.

In this one Aldo Monti makes quite an impressive Dracula and there's also an appearance by Carlos Agosti, who was also star of the Count Frankenhausen series of the early sixties—El Vampire Sangriento (The Bloody Vampire) and La Invasion de los Vampiros (Invasion of Vampires).

**NAZIS AND VAMPIRE WOMEN**

In Santo Contra Blue Demon en la Atlantida (Santo Vs Blue Demon in Atlantis) a Nazi scientist uses his know-how in brainwashing to implement his plan to rule the world from his base in Atlantis. Once again Santo has to overcome an evil duplicate of Blue Demon complete with stock footage of rockets from the Japanese 1965 Monster Zero.

In Santo Contra las Mujeres Vampiros (Santo vs. The Vampire Women) made in
1962, Santo comes to the aid of Dr. Orloff, whose daughter, the vampire women, had recognised as their true queen by the mark on her shoulder. During the film he survives the substitution of yet another man-ape for his opponent in the standard feature wrestling match.

REVENGE OF VAMPIRE WOMEN

Naturally when in the 1969 Santo en la Venganza de las Mujeres Vampiros (Revenge of the Vampire Women) Countess Mayra is revived by the malignant Dr. Brancor she gets about getting her revenge for one of Santo’s forebears driving a stake in her heart. Enter Aldo Monti again, this time as Commissioner Robles (doubtless a descendent of the police officer of the same name in Ladrón de Cadaáres) and he and Santo investigate despite being opposed by a devil bat lady and a vampire escaped from the morgue. In the nick of time, Dr. Brancor’s plan to saw up Robles for spare parts for Razos his monster is frustrated by Santo who burns the vampire, coffins, leaving Countess Mayra nowhere to hide, and having staked her down yet again, rounds up the bad guys.

DRACULA, THE MUMMY AND FRANKENSTEIN

In 1971, Santo’s sudden knowledge of Egyptology enables him to expose the false mummy in the film, Santo en la Venganza de la Momia (Santo and the Mummy’s Vengeance). In the same year another Santo film appeared, Santo contra la Hija de Frankenstein (Santo vs Frankenstein’s Daughter)—yes, they spelt Frankenstein right this time. This time Santo manages to suppress the Count early on, but then has to contend with his daughter. But finally, without her supply of the blood of young women, Frankenstein’s daughter ages and crumbles before Santo’s astonished eyes.

The following year, 1972, sees Santo y Blue Demon contra Dracula y el Hombre Lobo (getting into the swing of these titles? That one was Santo and Blue Demon vs Dracula and The Wolfman). Dracula is revised by his everfaithful hunchback, and quickly calls in the help of a werewolf to help him battle Santo. But to no avail, and Santo again saves the day.

... AND BLACK MAGIC TOO

Santo contra la Magia Negra (Santi vs Black Magic) 1972, involves our hero Interpol who arrange a series of wrestling matches in the uranium fields where scientists have been disappearing (the logical thing to do under the circumstances, no?). The high priestess has seen all this in the pool of the gods and sends off voodoo zombies to waylay the man in the mask of silver on the way from the airport. Overcoming them, Santo and his daughter investigate and Santo’s prowess defeats a supernatural wrestling opponent who has the ability to change into a tiger. This so impresses white magic priestess Denise that she helps him by sending in the police to wipe out the sect.

ENTER DR. SATAN

It’s not far from these to another favourite Mexican film series starring Dr. Satan. El Dr. Satan (1966) features the master sorcerer disguised as Dr. Arosamora whose activities range from raising the dead to (furnishing him with zombie assistants) to counterfeiting with the aid of local gangsters. This upsets Interpol whose Inspector Mateos becomes a target for the zombie who was Dr. Satan’s former aid, Rodriguez. The doctor’s secretary and Mateos’ finance form an alliance but are trapped in the cave of zombies under Dr. Satan’s office.

However, Interpol is alerted via wrist radio and Dr. Satan comes forth to save the girls from his zombies with another of his voodoo rituals. But by revealing himself, he is captured by the authorities, although he soon recites another charm and vanishes in a puff of smoke from his prison cell.

DR. SATAN VS. ZOMBIES

El Dr. Satan y la Magia Negra sees the dreaded doctor despatched from Hell (wonder how he got there?) to take from a rival warlock, Ye Lin, the secret of the philosopher’s stone, with which he is transmuting base metal into gold with the intention of (guess what?) ruling the world.

Dr. Satan’s girl zombie assistants are stopped by Ye Lin’s quickly resurrected corpses and vampires, and so the hero/villain himself has to move in and stop the evil warlock. So Dr. Satan and Ye Lin face one another in a fierce magic duel to the death, from which the demon doctor finally rises triumphant, his opponent dead.

THE REAL DEVIL

Satan figures regularly in the Mexican fantasy cinema. In Autopsia de Un Fantasma (Autopsy of a Phantom) 1967, a sixteenth century suicide is allowed to return to earth to see if he can be accepted by any of three women—one of whom is a robot! This group are mixed in with a secret agent, confidence man, a child star, Cameron Mitchell as a mad doctor, Basil Rathbone as a devil and John Carradine playing Satan.

The relationship with the American horror film industry runs deeper than the borrowing of a few stars however. Mexican films often bear more than a passing resemblance to earlier American ones.

The Mexican comedian Capulino confronted Santo (in 1971) and vampires (in 1972) in much the same way as Abbot and Costello worked their way through the Universal monsters.

Also, all the traditional, already-filmed-in-the-States ideas pop up on the Mexican screen. Santo contra El Espectro is a thinly disguised Phantom Of The Opera. Santanas de Todos los Horroses (Santanas of the Dead Horrors) is
similarly Fall of the House of Usher. This film features the hero searching for his finance and finding her in the house of the Gerards, dominated by her brother whose plan to trade off his sister to the devil for evil gains brings the roof in.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

A rather different Poe adaptation is La Mansion de la Locura (House of Madness) (1972) from The System of Dr. Tar and Professor Feather. Seeking details of the revolutionary methods of Dr. Maillard in treating the insane, an eighteenth century reporter comes to his asylum but suspects all is not well when someone takes a shot at him.

He rapidly has these fears confirmed when his tour confronts him with a chicken man. Dante crucified, men wailed up in the chimneys and the beautiful niece of the proprietor spread out with grapes being squeezed over her.

The supposed Dr. Maillard is none other than Fragonard the maniac(!) who has taken over the asylum with the other inmates. Fragonard being played with relish and in English by Claudio Brook.

The elegance of scenes like Brook’s horseback ride through the salon where inmates stand in glass cases contrasts starkly with the rough and tumble of the comic strip-type adventures of Santo, German Robles and murdering robots.

One could go on describing the Mexican fantasy cinema endlessly from its one-offs like the 1960 Le Nave de los Monstros (Ship of the Monsters) in which two outer-space ladies have to decide between moon monsters and their Mexican suitors.

Or the 1972 La Noche de los Mil Gatos (Night of the Thousand Cats), which features a playwright who mounts the heads of his girl friends in display cases and feeds servants who win against him at chess to his ravenous cats.

Or any of the many, many other bizarre, often brash spectacles made to entertain Mexican monster lovers. But then, that would fill several issues of this magazine, rather than the several pages it does!

MEXICAN MIX-UP MAYHEM

This is one of the most prolific horror films industries in the world, if not the most prolific. Unfortunately little is known about it, with even the experts listing the same film twice under different English titles or confusing the Mexican and Argentinian films with which they have some connection as when Mexican star German Robles appeared in the Argentinian film, El Vampiro Achecha: (The Vampire Strikes).

The Mexican cinema always has had its grisly aspect, like the forest of hanged men in Los Dias del Amor (Gods of Love). So it’s only logical that horror films are among the favourite kind of Mexican Cinema.

The film which sums it all up is the busy Rene Cardona Jr’s Night of the Bloody Apes currently circulating in Britain.

Here tragedy strikes Dr. Krauman when he learns that his son, young Julio, is suffering from an incurable blood disease. The master surgeon hits upon the desperate (if now a little familiar) plan of transplanting the heart of a gorilla from the local zoo, so he abducts the beast one night.

The operation is a great success but along with the new strength he has gained, Julio has acquired new tastes. He goes through periods of ape-like appearance, during which he wanders off, ripping up young women.

Dr. Krauman retrieves his erring offspring and subjects him to another heart transplant using a heart stolen from a woman patient. But it has no effect, the monkey man is here to stay. In his ape character, Julio has slaughtered so many locals that the police are becoming disturbed and finally they track him to the roof of the hospital where he has carried off a child whom the police fear they may hit if they open fire. They and Dr. Krauman attempt to find an answer to the problem.

After all the earlier films one would think they would have known that a quick call to Interpol would have brought Santo to wrestle him three falls out of five for the lad. If they don’t get in there fast the fiend will start wanting to rule the world!

45
You may wonder what evil is being perpetrated here in this small town in Bavaria many years ago—a man dragging a body through the streets in the early hours? Well, I will tell you in a story that has to be called...

A shop-keeper, Brummer by name, who every evening after locking up...

Where he spends the evening drinking and bemoaning his loss of business to younger more efficient competition.

In the early hours, he weaves an unsteady path home through the silence of the winding streets...

This happens as regular as the seasons, until one particular night after an especially heavy drinking bout Brummer encounters...

The woman!

A stranger—never before seen in town.
Hic! Hmm! Yes, girl? What do you want with me?

Sir, I have fallen on hard times and have no resting place. I beg you for succour...

For I am faint for lack of nourishment.

A swoon?! Slut! Get back! Get back! I say!

In his drunken stupor, Brumner suddenly strikes her...

Again!

And again!

And again!

Oh, my God! Her head!!! I've killed her!

Wh-what shall I do? Murder!! I'll be ruined tried-Found guilty-executed! And all for an unknown slut? I have it—I'll hide the body back at the shop...

0000 In the cold room!
AND SO BACK TO HIS SHOP AND THE COLD ROOM THAT IS ESSENTIAL TO HIS BUSINESS...

...FOR YOU SEE HER BREMMER IS A BUTCHER!

THEN HE HAS THE IDEA...

...SOLVE ALL MY PROBLEMS! UNDERCUT THE COMPETITION AND AT THE SAME TIME...

THE NEXT DAY A SIGN IN THE WINDOW PROCLAIMS FRESH CHEAP MEAT!

AND AS BREMMER MIXES MEAT WITH MEAT - THE INNOCENT CITIZENS OF KRASBURG UNWITTINGLY BECOME CANNIBALS!

THAT EVENING, EVEN THE GENTRY STOP BREMMER IN CONVERSATION...

WE SIMPLY MUST COMMEND YOU ON YOUR MEAT DEAR BREMMER - DINNER WAS SIMPLY DELICIOUS!

WELL, THANK YOU, MA'AM.

THE FOOLS!! I'VE WON!! I'VE GOT AWAY WITH IT! NO EVIDENCE AND A PROFIT!!
OUT HIS HABITS REMAIN—AND THAT NIGHT HE DRINKS HIS FILL TO STAGGER HOME EARLY NEXT MORNING WITH A BOTTLE IN HIS HAND...

BUT ONCE MORE HE ENCOUNTERS A STRANGER.

WHAT DO YOU WANT WHO THE DEVIL ARE YOU?

MY NAME DOES NOT MATTER—I SEEK A WOMAN WHO CAME TO THIS TOWN AND VANISHED THEY TELL ME YOU ALWAYS WALK THIS WAY, SO LATE AT NIGHT—YOU MUST HAVE SEEN HER! TELL ME WHERE SHE IS... FOR SHE IS MY SISTER AND SHE NEEDS... HELP!

HE DESCRIBES THE MURDERED WOMAN AND EVEN WHILE BRUMMER IS FUMBLING FOR A REPLY...

YOU FOOL! TELL ME! TELL ME WHERE SHE IS!

GOOD GOD!!

INSTINCTIVELY HE SWINGS THE BOTTLE...

AND THUS WE RETURN TO THE BEGINNING OF OUR STORY, AS BRUMMER DRAGS THE POOR YOUNG MAN BACK TO HIS SHOP AND... REPLENISHES HIS MEAT SUPPLY!
As the sun rises, queues grow outside his shop...

As it sets he becomes even more popular!

But the following evening—the third since his "new supply"—as Brummer closes up shop...

My—my customers! What is it? What do you want?

Are you not satisfied with my services? My prices? My meat?

Oh yes! We loved the meat...

But you see it—was... VAMPIRE MEAT!

And so Hans Brummer became just desserts (before he clotted that is) — how would you like a stake now, Hans?
A TREASURE TROVE OF FEAR-FILLED FANTASY!

Horrific, book-length stories of illustrated terror told in 64 action-packed pages!

Pocket CHILLER Library

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

At your newsagent NOW!