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We wish to thank Brent-Walker Film Distributors for enabling us to show this special preview of their new film.
# CONTENTS

## DRACULA, PRINCE OF DARKNESS

The Vampire Lord lives (dies?) again, in this, our latest illustrated adaptation of a Hammer Horror Classic.

**POST MORTEM**

*Your* chance to sound off on your likes and loathes in our readers' letters column.

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---

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Get out the tomato ketchup... it's our 'how they do what they do' special effects feature.

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DRACULA
PRINCE OF DARKNESS

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ANDREW KEIR
FRANCIS MATTHEWS
SUZAN FARMER
CHARLES TINGWELL
THORLEY WALTERS

Klove
Brother Mark
Landlord
Brother Peter
Priest
Mother
Coach Driver

PHILIP LATHAM
WALTER BROWN
GEORGE WOODBRIDGE
JACK LAMBERT
PHILIP RAY
JOYCE HEMSON
JOHN MAXIM

Produced by Anthony Nelson Keys; Directed by Terence Fisher; Screenplay by John Sansom from an idea by John Elder based on characters created by Bram Stoker; Director of Photography Michael Reed; Produced in Bray Studios, England Special Effects Bowie Films Ltd.; Make-up Roy Ashton; Released through Warner-Pathe Distributors Limited.

the full chilling film in comic strip begins on the next page...
Chapter 1

THE UNDEAD

Our English Travellers were benighted at a crossroads in the sombre forests of Lapathia. Their coachman, sullen with an unexplained terror, had refused to take them further along the road they had chosen at random. It was a road that would lead Charles and his brother Alan, with their wives, Diana and Helen, to mystery, horror and death...

Look! The coachman has changed his mind—he's coming back!

No, Alan! It's a different coach, and a strange one. There's no driver!

But the horses seem docile enough—and we'd be fools not to make the most of this chance!

The horses—they're turning back—the way they came! I can't control the ugly brutes!

Shortly, the speeding coach came in sight of its mysterious destination, a pile of black tumuli and settlements on a mountain crag...

Words: Dannie Averell  Art: John Bolton
IT MAY BE EERIE, BUT IT'S REAL ENOUGH... AND THE DOOR IS OPEN...

...THE CASTLE THAT APPEARS ON NO MAP... THAT NO ONE WILL TALK OF...

A CRACKLING FIRE... A DINNER TABLE LAID FOR FOUR... WE'RE EXPECTED!

MY MASTER'S HOSPITALITY IS RENOWNED...

COUNT DRACULA WAS MY MASTER'S NAME.

MY NAME IS KLOVE, SIR, AND MY MASTER WILL NOT, I'M AFRAID, BE JOINING YOU FOR DINNER, HE IS... DEAD.

IT WAS HIS LAST WISH THAT THE CASTLE SHOULD ALWAYS BE READY TO RECEIVE GUESTS...

THEN WE MUST DRINK A TOAST TO HIM!

COUNT... DRACULA!

TO COUNT DRACULA!

WHO ARE YOU? AND WHERE'S YOUR MASTER?
AFTER THEIR MEAL, KOVE CONDUCTED THE TRAVELLERS TO ROOMS MADE READY FOR THEM. HOURS LATER, AT DEAD OF NIGHT...

SOMEONE CALLED MY NAME, ALAN! GO AND SEE WHO IT WAS!

YOU DREAMED IT, HELEN... BUT IF YOU INSIST...

THE SERVANT, KOVE... DRAGGING A TRUNK BEHIND THAT TAPESTRY! THERE'S SOMETHING VERY WRONG ABOUT THIS SET-UP...

HELEN...

WINDING STEPS LED DOWN INTO THE BLACK DEPTHS OF THE CASTLE:

WHAT? A COFFIN? AND THERE'S THE TRUNK KLOVE DRAGGED DOWN HERE...

A FOOT SCRAPPED ON THE RANSOON-BEHIND ALAN KENT'S BACK

...AND I INTEND TO FIND OUT WHAT!

AOGH!

SURLY THE CORPSE WAS SUSPENDED ON A ROPE ABOVE THE COFFIN.

KLONE TOOK FROM THE TRUNK A STONE URN...

FOR TOO LONG YOU HAVE BEEN IMPRISONED IN THIS URN, MASTER...

SOON, MASTER, SOON...
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Chapter 2  THE POSSESSED

I TOLD YOU ALAN AND HELEN HAD GONE.

AND THEIR ROOM LOOKS AS THOUGH IT HASN'T BEEN USED FOR MONTHS.

THE GREAT HALL IS DESERTED TO... THE HEARTH AND TABLE BARE... THE WHOLE CASTLE REEL AND SILENT AS A TOMB.

YOU'RE RIGHT— WE SHOULD LEAVE HERE BUT NOT WITHOUT ALAN AND HELEN.

THEY LEFT WITHOUT US, DIDN'T THEY? WE MUST GET OUT OF THIS HORRIBLE PLACE—NOW!

BUT, ON THE MOUNTAIN TRACK... IT'S NO GOOD, DIANA— I HAVE TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO MY BROTHER AND HIS WIFE! WAIT FOR ME AT THE CROSSROADS—WHILE I GO BACK!

DETERMINED TO SEARCH OUT THE GRIM SECRET OF THE CASTLE OF DEATH, ALAN STAIRS CROSSED MINDFULLY ACROSS THE DEPOLISHED DRAWBRIDGE...

IN THE PASSAGE BEYOND THE ROOM HIS BROTHER HAD OCCUPIED THE NIGHT BEFORE, CHARLES SUDDENLY NOTICED...

AND, BEHIND THE TAPESTRY— A STAIRCASE LEADING DOWN TO A CELLAR... I WONDER IF THIS IS CONNECTED WITH ALAN'S DISAPPEARANCE?

A TAPESTRY SWAYING... AS IF BLOWN BY A BREEZE FROM BEHIND?

AND... A COFFIN? AN OPEN COFFIN? AND BY THE DOOR... A LARGE TRUNK.
And within the trunk...

Oh, dear God... Alan...

The coffin! I heard a noise from the coffin!

But before he can fully realise the horror he has stepped into...

Meanwhile, at the main door of Castle Dracula...

But where's Charles? You said he sent you to fetch me klove!

We've been waiting for you, Diana! We wondered when you'd come back!

Helen - you're all right! I thought...

Enter, madam. Your husband will explain everything to you!

The panic-stricken girl turned to run... only to face a far greater peril!

No-o-o-o-o!

Damn you, Dracula - let her go!

No, wait...
Don't concern yourself with them, dear Charles... Let me kiss you.

No—You're a friend, not Helen!

And as Dracula's attention was diverted from his victim, Diana broke free.

But escape was not to be.

Wait, pretty Diana! Stay with us!

Aieeee!

Charles gave a mighty thrust but...

Bloody taloned fingers seized Charles' throat... and tightened like a vice!

Gasp! Graah!
N-No... Burning me... A crucifix... Shreeeee!

LET GO OF ME!

CHARLES! A Cross - THAT'S OUR WEAPON! MAKE A CROSS!

Look out, Charles! Behind you! It's Klove!

The cross has stopped them, Diana! Quick - make for the door!

But there was one still human - and immune to the power of the crucifix...
Deep into the forest the black coach sped, but fate was not to be cheated, as suddenly...

...You will not escape the wrath of Count Dracula!

At the new-freed horses bolted, Charles rushed to the prone, twisted body of his wife...

Thank the Lord - she lives!

Must get away... before those two fiends overtake us and drag us back to the castle! Who...? I warned you, Mr. Kent! That night at the inn...

I warned you not to go anywhere near Castle Dracula!

End of Chapter Two.
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MM13. Dracula poster, Blacula, Bloody Ape
MM14. Lee poster, Sam Peckinpah

MM vol 2, No. 2. Dracula film poster
MM vol 2, No. 3. Scars of Dracula, Lee poster
Doc Savage, Facts and pix on film & books
Six Million Dollar Man articles and posters
Planet of Apes: From books to him to TV
Kung Fu. All about Bruce Lee poster
Kung Fu 2. David Carradine issue
Chapter 3

THE DESTROYERS

The fugitives were given shelter in the monastery ruled by Father Shandor, where Charles Kent told his terrible story.

So Dracula lives again! Once more, the hideous cult of vampirism casts its obscene shadow over the Carpathians.

But come, enough of this! Your wife will have recovered by now. I will take you to her...

Look, Mr. Kent—brother Ludwig. He was a victim of Count Dracula's—but he is harmless now. Now we can look after him.

And further up the corridor, as they enter a room with latticed windows...

You'll soon be well again, Diana—and then we'll travel home to England. Sleep now...you're safe here in the monastery.

But soon after Charles and Father Shandor had left the room, Diana was woken by the tapping of frantic fingers on the window...

It's cold out here, Diana...so cold...and everything is all right now...I've escaped from him!

Diana, I beg you...

Helen!

Diana please...let me in...

Oh...all right! I'll open the window...
TRISTAL SNARL OF TRIUMPH, HELEN SANK HER SHARP TEETH INTO DIANA'S WRIST...

HA-AAAAH!

THE WOUND MUST BE CAUTERISED... OR SHE WILL BE UNDER THE POWER OF THE LORD OF THE UNDEAD!

N-NO! AIEEE!

BUT IN ANSWER TO THE SCREAMS, THE DOOR BURST OPEN AND THE UNDEAD SHELL OF HELEN KENT FLEED...

DIANA!

THE VAMPIRE HAS TASTED HER BLOOD! THERE IS ONLY ONE THING TO DO...

C'MON QUICKLY FATHER! WE HAVE TRAPPED THE VAMPIRE-WOMAN IN THE STABLES!

IT IS DONE! SHE IS SAFE!

SITTING AND CURSING, HELEN WAS DRAGGED INTO BROTHER JUDAS'S CELL...

THIS IS NO LONGER YOUR BROTHER'S WIFE, MR. KENT... IT IS A THING OF EVIL, A HORA. SPAWNED BY COUNT DRACULA... AND IT MUST BE DESTROYED...

THERE ARE MANY THINGS THAT CAN DESTROY A VAMPIRE... EXPOSURE TO SUNLIGHT... BURNING BY THE CROSS... DROWNING IN WATER...

...OR THE STAKE THROUGH THE HEART!

18
But what is this? An iron bar, sawn from the window... and this is brother Ludwig's cell, fool that I am! Your wife was a diversion! While we helped her, Ludwig led Dracula into the monastery; he's still under the vampire's control, and we left your wife alone!

But it's too late: for all the two rush back to Diana Kent. Ludwig is already carrying out the vampire's plans...

There is nothing to fear, madam, I assure you. Father Shandor simply asked that you join him in his study...

And minutes later, in Shandor's study...

S-stay back, don't come near me!

Father? Father Shandor, oh, no!

The fires of Hell burned hypnotically in Dracula's eyes...

Remove... crucifix...

My blood, Mrs. Kent, see it flow down my chest. Soon it will flow also through your veins.

Diana!
IT'S LOVE—HE WAS WAITING FOR THEM! DRACULA HAS GOT HER, FATHER. HE IS CARRYING HER AWAY.

WE WILL FOLLOW THEM—but we must be prepared! We shall need horses... freshly sharpened stakes and the rifle...

THE PURSUERS RODE THROUGH THE LAST HOURS OF DARKNESS AND ALL THE NEXT DAY... BUT STILL THE WAGON WAS AHEAD OF THEM...

WE'LL NEVER CATCH THEM, FATHER!

THE PLAN SUCCEEDED.

YES—THERE'S THE WAGON! BUT IT'S GOING TOO FAST!

THEM'S ONLY ONE WAY...

WE MUST CUT ACROSS COUNTRY! PERHAPS WE CAN INTERCEPT THEM AT THE CROSSROADS BELOW THE CASTLE!

TO STOP IT...

WE'VE FAILED, FATHER—WE'RE TOO LATE!

ONE OF THE COFFINS HAS FALLEN OFF—TOWARDS THE MOAT!

BUT THE OTHER ONE IS SAFE—PRAY GOD IT'S DIANA!

OH, CHARLES, I—I THOUGHT I'D LOST YOU FOREVER!

BELIEVED, CHARLES KENT SNATCHED THE SEAMS AND MALLET AND LEAPED Onto THE FROZEN MOAT...

NO, MR. KENT! COME BACK—THE LIGHT IS FAADING! THERE'S NOT ENOUGH TIME!

Fool! You think COUNT DRACULA could be destroyed again? And by such as you?

HE'S GOT CHARLES! SHOOT HIM!

BASE METAL CANNOT HURT A VAMPIRE, MY CHILD...BUT THERE IS ONE ELEMENT THAT CAN DESTROY THE FIEND...
WATER!
FLOWING WATER!

IT IS OVER, MY CHILDREN. COUNT DRACULA IS DESTROYED — NEVER TO RETURN!

The End
House of Hammer seems to have taken over, admirably, from World of Horror which, in its last days, had taken on a reasonably sophisticated approach, and would, surely, have cornered the adult market such a magazine needs.

To this end, I believe HoH is starting out well, although, it would seem to me the choice of comic strips is somewhat limited. After all, just about everyone knows the Dracula and Frankenstein films, so it would seem a little superfluous. I do like the idea of a regular ‘Van Helsing's Terror Tales’ however.

Strips aside, the text and editorial approach are admirable. I am particularly glad to see no sign of the pathetic, jokey style that has proliferated almost all other horror magazines of the past. The articles are intelligent and interesting, as is the news column and Answer Desk. Perhaps also, it might be worthwhile to include a short piece of original fiction each time, or even a piece of macabre poetry.

Gordon Larkin
The British Fantasy Society
113a High Street
Whitchurch, Kent

On the matter of everyone being familiar with the Dracula/Frankenstein films, I’d disagree. Sure, many people saw them 4, 5, 6 or more years ago, but with our treatment and re-presentation, I’d like to think they are an integral part of the magazine. Also, don’t forget, just as there’s no maximum limit on our readers’ age, there’s no minimum either, and we have loads of (incredibly knowledgeable) young horror fans, judging by our mail, who have never seen many of Hammer’s earlier epics.

My friends, Allan Bell, David Usher and Martin Towey all agree with me that your magazine is fantastic. But we think you should start printing whole issues on one certain horror film.

Ronald Wright
Darlington

Thanks for the idea, Ronald (and Alan, and David, and Martin), but what if we did an issue on a film you didn’t like? We’d hate to lose you ... even for one single issue! By the way, tell David we hope his new house is on sturdier ground than the old one!

House of Hammer is a great British magazine. I really enjoyed Legend of The Seven Golden Vampires in issue 4 as this is a film I missed. All your back-up articles are also great. I particularly like ‘Hammer Happenings’ and ‘Media Macabre’, as they are really informative.

But can you tell me why you missed some bits out of Dracula and Curse of Frankenstein in your first issues?

Gary Robertson
Hythe

‘It’s true we missed a few bits out, Gary, but you’ll find we also put a few bits back in that were cut from the finished films. This is because we work directly from the original film scripts in an attempt to give you the best adaptation in comic strip form that we can. Some things in a film (like lots of dialogue) don’t work in comics, whereas Christopher Lee couldn’t move his body into some of the dramatic poses we’ve put him in this issue in Dracula, Prince Of Darkness. Neither could some of the sets be built that our artists are drawing for future strips.

I am probably one of your youngest readers, as I am fifteen years of age. For some reason, adults expect us to go for Spiderman, The Hulk and so on, but it’s good to get down to earth once in a while ... well, almost down to earth.

Your magazine is for teenagers too, you know. I have introduced many of my friends to your fear-filled collection of massive mifies!

It’s a pity that Captain Kronos no longer appears in HoH (as he used to help me sleep easier at night, knowing Count Balderstein has been foiled again).

But seriously, even ‘Van Helsing’s Terror Tales’ gives the mag that extra chill of death!

Stephen Hunt
Lexington

So what’s wrong with Spiderman and The Hulk, Stephen, I still read them and I haven’t been a teenager for many a full moon. Oh, and what’s a massive mifie, pray, my doctor wants to know if it’s curable.

I read HoH 4 as soon as it came through my letter box (as I subscribed a couple of months ago—thanks for the free subscription poster!). The magazine is getting better all the time. I’ve tried several other horror mags including American ones, but you’ve knocked them all from the top of the ladder.

I think the format is excellent, and success is assured whilst you maintain your full length comic strips each issue which I think are fantastic, since we newcomers to horror films have missed out on the true screen greats made by Hammer over 15 years ago.

Loved the all-Frankenstein issue (No. 3), but your ‘gallery’ missed out one of the creations, Michael Sarrazin from Frankenstein—The True Story.

David Rogers
Eccles, Manchester

As a keen Trekkie, I thought I’d record my appreciation of Star Blecch in the latest Mad Super Special. Keep up the good work, Alfred.

David Castle
Luton

Thanks for the compliments, David. Alfred ... ALFRED? Hold it, Neuman, get out of here! You’ve got a good enough free plug on the back cover without taking over ‘Post Mortem’ as well! Flippin’ cheek.

I cannot withhold my appreciation any longer. Your magazine is the best in the world. I don’t just say this to get my letter printed, but with over 200 American horror magazines in my collection, I know it’s true. Only one thing though. Your type of magazine has the object to inform and not just give an outlined and sometimes in-depth look into the world of the fantasy cinema. There have been lots of horror films recently that should logically get coverage as they come out, but instead are left to oblivion.

All the articles in the mag can be used in any issue because they are timeless nostalgia, with no immediate urgency of publication. Why not give more space to new film coverage?

D. Calcagni
London SW2

Unlike newspapers, printed the night before they’re on the streets, we have to prepare material as much as five months before you read it (this is being typed on August 19th, with the sun beaming through the window!). So, unless we get to see a film long before it appears at the local cinemas, we would only be telling you what you’ve seen a week or month ago. And if you think that would be a problem deadline, imagine writing the film news!

House of Hammer is just the type of magazine I’ve been waiting for these last few years. Mainly because it contains what I’ve been hungry for ... an illustrated film adaptation.

The adaptations that your magazine
contains are excellent work by true artists. The characters faces and the angles of the pictures are very much like those in the films, and sometimes exactly the same!

Please carry on with your excellent work.

Joe Briiffa
Zabbar, Malta

"Hi'm. Last issue someone was complaining of our poor distribution in his area, and we said we were soon rectifying these problems. Suddenly, we get a letter from a fan in Malta. How about that for fast service?

Having now read all four available issues of The House of Hammer, I am very pleased that someone has come up with an excellent adult magazine devoted to horror films. The artwork throughout the mag is of very high standards, I especially like the front covers. Perhaps some of your readers will be interested in hearing of our group, The Horror Appreciation Society, which issues six news-sheets/journals per year covering the genre of horror and fantasy films.

Michael Strotter
42 Halstead Road
London E11 2AZ

House of Hammer is the best horror magazine to be published for a long while. I myself being only 14 find it most worth-while reading. I have only one complaint, not enough space is given to 'Van Helsing's Terror Tales' which I think is well written and drawn.

As far as I am concerned, House of Hammer will always have a place on my horror bookcase.

A. J. Hewitt
Liverpool

I have read HoH 1, 2, 3 and 4 and I think they are brilliant. I especially like the comic strips. You asked if we had more or less comics, I want more!
The writing is good, but you have too much of it and I'm sure that people get bored with it, I do.
Keep good ol' Brian Lewis doing the covers, they're unbeatable.
Many people have written in saying what a good job Paul Neary did of drawing Dracula for number one. I agree with them, but I think Brian Lewis would have made an even better job of it. In Legend of the Seven Golden Vampires he did a brilliant job of drawing Dracula.

But now, suggestion time. . . Bring back Captain Kronos (or feature a regular character). . . Have a page with small but amazing facts about Hammer Films. . . Do not shorten the letters you print (hint, hint).

Steve Tassone
Northallerton

...Too much for words

Being four issues old, and although five pence dearer than issue three, your mag is getting better each month. I hope to see more covers done by the very talented Brian Lewis, his best so far being for issue three. The Seven Golden Vampires comic strip by him is too much for words.

I'm certainly looking forward to the Moon Zero Two comic strip adaptation by Paul Neary who, judging by his Dracula in issue one is another great artist. Between these two, you have the best comic artists I've seen.

John Pugh, Penlwyn

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COLIN CAMPBELL, 'BIYTOO', PLAINS ROAD, GT TOTHAM, MALDON, ESSEX.
DRACULA
THE SCARS OF DRACULA (1970)
Kharis
The Mummy (1959)

Prof. Meister
The Gorgon (1964)

Fu Manchu
The Face of Fu Manchu (1965)

Frankenstein Monster
The Curse of Frankenstein (1956)
THE HIGH PRIEST, KHRIS
The Mummy (1959)

COL. BINGHAM
Nothing but the Night (1972)

COUNT DRAGO
Castle of the Living Dead (1964)

DR. JAMES HILDERN
The Creeping Flesh (1972)
Professor Van Helsing stepped out in front of the screen and lifted his hand. 'Please! One moment! Just a word before you go! We hope the memories of Dracula won’t give you bad dreams—so just a word of reassurance. When you get home tonight and the lights have been turned out, and you’re afraid to look behind the curtains, and you dread to see a face appear at the window—why, just pull yourselves together and remember that, after all—there are such things!'

The End, a spinning globe, a tiny plane. 'It’s a Universal Picture', and 'A Good Cast Is Worth Repeating': Count Dracula... Bela Lugosi, Professor Van Helsing... Edward Van Sloan, and if you had time before the real curtains swished to and the house lights flooded on, Martin... Charles Gerrard.

The incredible epilogue, perhaps unique in movie history, was a hangover from the play. Dracula the film had come via the stage, rather than the library. Hamilton Deane, the London actor, had adapted Bram Stoker's book as a vehicle for himself in 1924, and John L. Balderston had re-adapted Deane’s manuscript for the Broadway stage. The play opened at the Fulton Theatre, New York City, on 19 September 1927, with Count Dracula (described in the text as 'A tall, mysterious man, polished and distinguished, Continental in appearance and manner, aged fifty...') played by Bela Lugosi. It ran for 261 performances. In the published version of the play, Balderston has an appendix entitled 'Notes on Production'. After describing how to fly a bat and how to drive a stake through a heart, he concludes:

'Almost immediately the Curtain has risen, after the end of the play. Van Helsing steps forward a step or two, holds up his hand to quiet the applause of the audience who are about to file out, and makes his speech. He practically kids them all through until he reaches the words, “There are such things...” This is read melodramatically, which throws the chill back into their marrows and sends them out of the theatre quaking.'

**DRACULA — FROM SCREEN TO STAGE**

The audience that was sent out of the Capitol cinema into the bright lights of the London night that fatal Friday in March, 1931, may have quaked. But it was more likely from tickled funnybones than chilled marrows, for Tod Brownings's literal filming of a brilliant theatrical device was a forlorned doom failure. What might have worked had Browning the courage to superimpose a lifesize Van Sloan over the Universal trademark looked frankly false when he chose to photograph the actor and the cinema screen from an unlikely angle.

The epilogue has, however, remained part of the print. It was faded out by London Weekend on Dracula's last telecast, presumably on the grounds that Van Sloan appearing on the stage of a cinema on your television screen and wishing you well on your walk home, was harder to stomach than a vampire's stake!

Parenthetically, it is interesting to note that when Lugosi toured England with the play of Dracula in 1951, the Curtain Speech not only remained in the production, it was spoken by Lugosi himself. And as he reached the climactic line, 'There are such things', he laughed—and disappeared in a puff of red smoke!

Meanwhile, back in March 1931, Dracula had made his debut and the cinema would never be the same again. It was, perhaps by chance, perhaps by some strange design, Friday the Thirteenth: traditionally a day for Devil’s work. Lucky for those Londoners who witnessed the birth of the Horror
Commencing Saturday April 4th

A Mystery Sensation!

ROLAND WEST'S

The BAT Whispers

with

CHESTER MORRIS

shown on the WIDE SCREEN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY

Film; unlucky, in the end, for the genre's first star. But the years of drugs and degradation were a long way away, and the night must have seemed both right and bright for Bela Lugosi. Suddenly there were such things as Contracts and Options and Publicity and Overnight Stardom. On the eighteenth of April Universal announced its second Horror Film: Frankenstein—starring Bela Lugosi! In due course Fate would have something to say about that. But first, it was the Year of the Vampire.

FILMED IN A GENUINE HAUNTED HOUSE

Even as the print of Dracula was on its way to England, tales were being told in the film magazines about another vampire picture, 'a fantastic drama drawing its inspiration from the world of superstition and mysticism.' This was The Strange Adventures of David Gray, which Film Weekly previewed on 17 January 1931 as 'a genuine attempt to film the supernatural'. Carl Dreyer, brilliant director of one of cinema's true classics, The Passion of Joan of Arc, had determined, it seems, to produce his new film in a genuine haunted house.

'Afier laborious search, he discovered in a remote district of France an eerie chateau, uninhabited for years, with a sinister reputation. Here, among the cobwebs and the bats, Mr Dreyer and his artists lived for two months, enacting the scenes of their psychic drama in the ghostly rooms, beside a deserted water mill and a cemetery.' Helping Dreyer was Herman Warm, 'the German architect who devised the insane scenic effects of the much-discussed Cabinet of Dr Caligari.' In the end it would be a long time before Dreyer's frightening film of female vampires and disembodied shadows would be shown in Britain; and it would be under its original title of Vampyr.

THE BAT WHISPERS AT MARBLE ARCH

Three weeks after Dracula's debut, another vampire flew over London. Or so the advertisements would have had picturegoers believe. The Bat Whispers arrived at the Regal, Marble Arch, on Saturday the fourth of April, with a blast of publicity that expanded its stay to a full fortnight. Not only was the star of the film present in person, boosted by Reginald Foort and his Mammoth Organ, but the film itself was shown on the Wide Screen for the First Time in History!

The Bat Whispers was photographed on Wide Film, a process not to be confused (said Film Weekly) 'with the enlarging devices which have already been seen in many theatres.' Those were achieved 'merely by magnification of the ordinary film'. Wide Film, however, actually measured two inches wide by one-and-one-eighth inches deep, as opposed to the one-and-three-eights by three-quarters of 'the ordinary film. Thus, Wide Film 'gives a much wider angle to the camera, enabling a great many more people or a much greater expanse of country to be filmed'.

The Bat Whispers, however, had neither a great many more people nor a much greater expanse of country. It had, as Film Weekly duly discovered, 'secret rooms, moving fireplaces, sepulchral voices, terrified screams of pseudo-comic servants, sinister shadows, and much rushing about.' It also had a pretty well-worn plot, which was that of The Bat, seen but a few years previously as a silent, and but a few more years previously as a play. But it did have Roland West, an old hand with haunted house horrors, as director, and Chester Morris, a new hand with a jut jaw, as star.

Chester Morris it was who came from Hollywood for the
opening, complete with trim tash as worn in his part of Detective Anderson. 'Cleanshaven crooks are more in my line, really,' he remarked. 'Besides I think the mouth almost as expressive as the eyes from an acting point of view. That is why I prefer hairless roles.' In time he would have one as the B-movies' Boston Blackie.

Marble Arch was also the site for the West End premiere of Svengali; this time it was the Pavilion cinema. John Barrymore played the famous evil hypnotist with such style that Warner Brothers changed the title of their film from the original Trilby, as George Du Maurier had called his classic novel. Marian Marsh was pretty in a page-boy blonde bob as the little cafe singer who rises to concert fame under the evil influence of the mysterious mesmerist. Svengali can control her larynx but not her heart. With the emphasis on Barrymore's gesturing hands and rolling eyes—when he holds her in thrall from afar, his eyeballs roll upwards into white blanks!—the vampiric influence of Lugosi seems to cast its shadow over the film.

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TRAPDOORS, SLIDING PANELS AND Flickering Lights

The Gorilla, which swung into the Stoll Theatre, Kingsway, on September the fourteenth, was not a vampire picture, of course. But there is no doubt that the success of Universal’s Dracula made First National dust off their old horror property and remake it again with sound. This version had Joe Frisco and Keystone comedian Harry Gribbon as Garrity and Mulligan the defective detectives, attempting to solve a series of gorilla killings in the house of the curator of a natural history museum. 'There is a profusion of trap doors, sliding panels, and flickering lights', after which Gribbon and Frisco...
‘finally solve the mystery in a manner which surprises them more than the audience!’

"THE FIRST OF THE NEW SERIES OF HORROR FILMS"

There were no laughs in Murder by the Clock, other than those uttered by moon maniac Irving Pichel. Paramount's first entry in the horror stakes opened at the Plaza in October and immediately found itself on the front page of Film Weekly, the subject of an editorial entitled 'Gruesome Film Nonsense'.

'The blood-chilling mystery of a man who was murdered twice! That is the official description of Murder by the Clock, the first of the new series of 'horror' films to reach the West End. And, believe me, the phrase errs on the side of modesty. An astute publicity man ought to be able to think up a snappier line to tag on to a film that begins in a graveyard, features a funeral, and has for its principal characters a homicidal maniac, a drunkard, and a woman whose beauty cloaks the nature of a particularly inhuman fiend. As I watched I tried in vain to fathom the workings of the type of mind which "inspired" such a stupid conglomeration of gruesome nonsense in the guise of entertainment.' The editor had already had a warm up in August. Under the heading Reign of Terror he had written, 'There can be no doubt that horror has a fascination for most human beings. It is very much open to doubt, however, whether the deliberate flagellation of the sense of fear is in any way a healthy practice.'

Now the predicted flood of horror films, all attributable to Lugosi's Dracula, was about to burst on British shores. Editors uttered, censors sharpened, watch committees watched and warned. Only the picturegoers were delighted!

NEXT ISSUE: THE FACE OF DEATH—Boris Karloff!

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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!

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Thongor in the City of Sorcerors, currently being shot back-to-back. From a deal with Marvel Comics' Stan Lee, Subotsky has an option on The Incredible Hulk. Jim Warren's publications, Creepy and Eerie, have also come under the inscrutable Subotsky eye and he plans on two horror yarns which will employ live-action with animation. Last word has Michel Perry, in collaboration, working on a sci-fi screenplay... Busy fellow, that Subotsky.

SF FX

Steven Spielberg's sci-fi actioner Close Encounters of The Third Kind, has employed 2001 & Silent Running effects wizard Douglas Trumbull, and his Future General Corp., to supervise the special photographic effects.

KEEPER LEE

Chris Lee, as The Keeper, is in charge of Underwood Asylum and gives a hard time to virtually everyone in the cast. It contains the cliché horror format of the madman in control of an asylum and his residents (all with large fortunes to leave). Into this psychotic jungle comes one 'Dick Driver', a private-eye, who then takes the film from a tongue-in-cheek excursion to total spoof.

INVISIBLE FLOP

David McCallum's Invisible Man tv series flopped last year, but with the advent of Gemini Man it goes to show that old gimmicks never fade away. Ben Murphy (late of Kid Curry in the Alias Smith and Jones tv outer) makes as a reincarnation of the tepid McCallum character, now known as the Gemini Man. Despite all the hardware gimmickry, it's about as exciting as the Berlin Wall, with Murphy limited to being 'invisible' for short periods only. The story has it that Murphy was injured in an underwater accident, and as a result becomes invisible (?). The thing is that via a 'wristwatch' he can only make himself invisible for a period of 15 minutes a day. The 120 minute pilot show had a plot that barely adds up for description, purely a sequence of events that act as an excuse for the technical trickery. Universal TV would do better with an invisible show!

MONKEY SEE...

Somebody calling himself Andre Genovis is presenting 'the liberated lady gorilla', Queen Kong. We are, supposedly, led to believe that this satire is not to be confused with the original King Kong. It is also not to be confused with any thing intelligent. The pic stars Ray Fay and Luce Habit!!! The poster advertises the large hirsute being, somewhat resembling the Russian female Olympic athletes of the 80's, standing atop two skyscrapers near what appears to be Big Ben! It, and I use that term loosely, is holding a gigantic bra in one hand and a naked man (gasp!) in the other. Two RAF jets, also from the '80's, fly past as an airliner crashes into its stomach! Oh, yes... It is also wearing a headband! The mind boggles!

KONG KAOS

Ono De Laurentis Corp. RKO and Paramount are in action to protect their King Kong property — and that means anything relating to the pic. They are trying to save all the juices for their massive Xmas release. De Laurentis Corp. have already had an injunction taken against a distributor peddling a phoney Kong, and about two other cases of rip-offs are being watched. A business affairs rep for De Laurentis has stated: 'We don't claim to own all the beasts of the jungle anymore than Universal owns all the fish in the sea (re Jaws). They have managed to halt an independent distributor from selling a film called The New King Kong. The Corp. is also trying to control distribution of the original '33 version—which is not as fanatical as it may sound when the promotion of one's own remake is at stake (the usual case when remaking a 'classic' is to destroy all original copies (the negative)). Queen Kong is also under investigation, as is a Japanese 3-D version currently in production in Japan.

BARON McMILLAN

Embryo, a film which the distributors are 'not all science fiction' tells of doctor Rock Hudson growing himself a beautiful young woman (Barbara Carrera) from fetal beginnings in his lab (basic theme smacks of Forbes' Steford Wives).

Have YOU Ever Been Hypnotized?

CHRISTOPHER LEE as THE KEEPER

FELINE FIENDS

Milton Subotsky is co-producing what looks like his last picture under the Amicus banner, last year he severed business relations with longtime partner Max J. Rosenberg. The film is to be a remake of the 1942 Cat People, once directed by Jacques (Night of the Demon) Tourneur for RKO-Radio. Subotsky also has in the pipeline another compendium picture called Brrrl, about 'supernatural' cats. Geoffrey Nethercott directs from a script by Subotsky & Michael Perry. Brrrl is likely to be completed before Cat People. The first of the 'Cat' films is being produced under Subotsky's own Sword/Sorcery Productions, which has designs on some far-out monster & sci-fi pictures; production is under way on Thongor in the Valley of the Demons &
Inquisinor. This Spanish fright-
filed in the direction of The
Devils and offers our hero (played
by Naschy, naturally) involved
in satanic rites and grisly torture.
British distribution of this film has
yet to be set.

**WONDER WOMAN**

American ABC-TV's Wonder
Woman (based on the DC comic
book superheroine) will be appear-
ing in a total of 11 hours viewing
time. The shows will vary in length
and are likely to turn up in 120, 90 &
60-minute segments. These will be
specials, and consist of self-
contained stories. The Wonder
Woman specials screened on U.S.
TV last year, starring the shapely
Lynda Carter, were shown in one
90-minute and two one-hour
versions. The NBC-TV network
were originally interested in creat-
ing 13 episodes of the show, which
would have started a Wonder
Woman weekly series, but ABC
picked up an option earlier and is now
preparing the specials.

**NASCHY LIVES!**

Paul Naschy is Europe's busiest
horror star. He has four films
currently on release in Britain, and
he just directed his first film

**THE TEXAS DEATH TRAP MASSACRE**

Tobe Hooper, the young director
of the 1974 cult favourite The Texas
Chain-saw Massacre, has now
completed his first Hollywood film,
Death Trap. The story tells of a
Texas psychopath (Neville Brand)
who puts people on the menu of his
torture。(rest of text cut off)

**MARVELLOUS MÉLIES**

One day when Georges Méliès
was filming a street scene for
*The Place de l'Opéra*, in 1896,
his camera jammed and the film
stopped running. The camera prob-
lem was rectified and the film
continued to run. Later, after the
film had been developed, the
viewing totally amazed Méliès when
he saw a bus change into a hearse.
The film had stopped while real life
continued. Fantasy filmmaking
came into existence.

In the years between 1896 and
1912 Frenchman George Méliès
made 500 films, most of which dealt
with fantastic voyages, fairy stories,
conjuring and the like, and de-
depended greatly on his develop-
ments in the field of trick moving
images. The work that Méliès did
and the films that survive him
(unfortunately, less than 90 titles)
must surely rank him not only as a
forerunner in the wizardry of special
effects but as one of the cinema's
great pioneers.

Paul Hammond's *Méliès (£4.00 Hbk/£1.80 Pb)* is a
like a sort of all you ever wanted to
know about Georges Méliès but
were afraid to ask. In this book,
Mr. Hammond studies the career of this
extraordinary man through his
eventful, artistic life until his
obscure death in 1938. Graphics
were the mainstream of Méliès'
mighty work, his sense of the theatre
and the spectacular, his experience as a
conjuror, and his unlimited
imagination made such films as
*The Trip to the Moon* (1902),
*Tie Merry Frolics of Satan*
(1906) and *The Conquest of the
Pole* (1912) milestones in the
history of special effects photo-
graphy.

Méliès' camera brought forth such
effects as 'white magic', as taking
pictures through a fish tank in front
of the scene of a sunken wreck in
order to achieve an underwater
effect, a woman disappearing into
thin air by merely stopping the
camera for the woman to step out
of view and then starting the film
again, double exposure and even
multiple exposure, in the One
Man Band (1900), which has
Méliès himself appearing simul-
taneously as seven characters.

Through the ideas and dis-
coveries of Georges Méliès, special
effects technicians such as John P.
Fulton created their very own field
and refined the developments.
Some of Fulton's amazing effects
in The Invisible Man (1933) were
given to Méliès.

A most readable and captivating
book, and, as the author says:
"Far from being obsolete, Georges
Méliès' vision is full of promise.

**THE FILMS OF BORIS KARLOFF**

Boris Karloff, an actor so asso-
ciated with films of fantasy that he
became one of the rare personalities
to be billed by his last name only,
had been comparatively ignored
by the filmbook authors. There has
been a shameful shortage of film-
books to do justice to the one man
who practically created a genre.

Complying to their tradition of
quality, in terms of text and
illustration, The Citadel Press have
now included in their long line of
film-books *The Films of Boris
Karloff*.

The two authors, Richard Bojarski
and Kenneth Beals, have done their
research well, and offer a career
coverage to please all Karloff
devotees. Their gallery of portrait
shots of Karloff that run throughout
this volume are excellent.

A preceding biography takes a
live look at this remarkable
actor's career through the
tunnel-visions, contemporary audi-
cences' reaction to his films, and
Karloff's own reaction to his films.
This book is a pleasure, if only for
the reason that it allows as many
comments as possible by the man
himself. Titles, dates and credits are
detailed for all of Karloff's 49 silent
pictures — not forgetting to name
the bit-part he played in these
productions. The same applies to
his sound films (beginning in 1929).
with Behind That Curtain) through to Graft (1931), which starts off with the format that this book mainly makes up. Production company, date, credits, cast, synopsis, notes, review accompany each Karloff film ever made.

The authors’ notes are most interesting for rare background information on Karloff’s more famous films. They tell of the two endings that Universal filmed for Frankenstein (1931); the replacing of Lewis Stone by bulky Jean Hersholt, in 1932’s Mask of Fu Manchu, because it was thought that a fat man being victim to the torture of closing spiked walls would appear more sadistic; the missing fifteen minutes of footage from Bride of Frankenstein (1935), and subsequent films using Bride footage; Universal’s follow-up to the 1936 The Invisible Ray, which later turned up as Man-Made Monster with Lionel Atwill & Lon Chaney Jr in the proposed Karloff & Lugosi parts. Of particular interest is the summation to the long-time fandom rumour about a colour version of Son of Frankenstein being made from director Rowland V. Lee’s own finances. It turns out that Universal, impressed with a British colour film they had acquired, decided to make their third Karloff/Frankenstein film in Technicolor, but Karloff’s make-up didn’t match the colour photography.

A lavish selection of good stuffs (many being the behind-the-scenes-with-director type) and, for the first time, a detailed Karloff television-appearance listings (which covers his acting stints in Thriller, Wild Wild West, Girl From U.N.C.L.E., I Spy, The Name of the Game, etc.).

Whether one is a serious Karloff buff or just has a passing interest, the 257 pages of The Films of Boris Karloff make most enjoyable and informative reading. With the prices of books these days high in the expense bracket, this tome is well worth shelling out for.

Because of all this issue’s bonus features, we’ve had to move a few features round. Including:

HAMMER HAPPENINGS

Undaunted by being pushed from prime position on page 4, our latest Hammer news has such red hot items that it’s sure to stand out, even squeezed in on page 35!

NEWS IN PRINT

You seem to be dying of curiosity about what comic strip adaptations we’ve got lined up for future issues. So here’s the rundown on our next couple of issues.

TWINS OF EVIL

Written by ex-associate editor of Hot! Chris Lowder, who has decided to give his full time to writing, this must be one of the most requested film adaptations of all. So, to make the production really worth your while and pleas/requests/threats, and to show we don’t relax on past successes, we’ve welcomed a new artist to our ranks. From far-off Spain, here’s just a sample of what’s coming your way from Blas Gallego.

We’ve also got a few surprises up our sleeves. Here are just two of them:

THE QUATERMAS EXPERIMENT

Not only are we adapting this classic right now, but in honour of its initial run as a BBC TV series, we’re splitting it into three chapters with artwork by titanic Brian Lewis!

FATHER SHANDOR and SPAWN FROM HELL’S PIT

Here in the office, we were all so knocked out by John Bolton’s rendition of Andrew Kier as Father Shandor in this issue’s Dracula strip, and by Steve Moore’s script for Legend of the Seven Golden Vampires in issue four that we’ve teamed them up for a special Shandor solo story. And the best is yet to come!

FRENCH FANTASY FESTIVAL

Imagine House of Hammer taking over the Albert Hall for ten days and running horror movies in Spanish without a translation to capacity houses. That’s something like one of the International Festivals of Fantastic and Science Fiction Films in Paris.

This year’s event was the fifth of these that the French Magazine Ecran Fantastique (Screen Fantastique) has staged. This time they used the immense new conference centre in the Palais de Congres, in sight of the Arc de Triomphe. It was easy to be overawed by the surroundings. By the time you’d paid for a seat, bought a programme and had a choc ice you’d gone through five pounds sterling at the current exchange rate. Previous events had used a run-down cinema in the Latin Quarter, but soon regulars discovered that it was still possible to fly a paper plane from the back row and hit the stage or shout down the dialogue on a film they didn’t like. Bryan Forbes’ new The Stephford Wives got the worst reception of any film since The Amazing Mr. Blunden a couple of years back.

There was no mistaking the audience reactions. They’d cheer favourite stars like Klaus Kinski and Peter Cushing. They’d cheer the names of favourite writers and technicians like Richard Matheson, Jim Danforth or Dan Curtis. They’d cheer the special effects. They’d even cheer the sub-titles not that we got any off these until day three and at that they were in English like nearly all the films. However most of all they would cheer the sight of blood. The Japanese Baby Cart at the River Styx was only included for its spectacular carnage and touches like the hand of the dead father in Lake of Dracula, half of which adheres to the table when the body falls or Michael Sarracin wrenching off Jane Seymour’s head in Frankenstein, the True Story brought wild applause. Seeing the bits the English censor had deleted was instructive too — the whole squelching of the head of a victim in Death Race 2000 among others.

Presentation wasn’t bad though — sixteen-millimetre film looked a little dim on their immense screen and most of the titles shown in the old format should have been wide screened. Correct film screening is becoming a lost art, world wide.

Of the Jury awards — Death Race, Private Parts, Stepford Wives, only the script prize to Frankenstein, the True Story was well received. More important was the chance to see a cross section of the material being made around the world to feed markets like the American Drive-Ins or the Hong Kong neighbourhood theatres. The range and richness of the international fantasy film is still largely unknown in Britain and there’ll be more details on the films shown in the next issue. The most interesting were Messiah of Evil made by the writers of American Graffiti and (The Super) Inframan in which the Chinese composite Captain Marvel and the Six Million Dollar Man battles pre-ice age monsters intent on ruling the world.

The stereo track on this one was blasting through the speaker system so loud though that no one would have heard if the audience had sung the Marseillaise — all three thousand seven hundred of them!

Barrie Pattison

George C. Scott from Beauty and the Beast.

35
CAPTAIN CLEGG

Graeme Bassett, of Grimsby, wonders why Captain Clegg was somewhat similar to Russell Thorndyke's 'Dr. Syn' character. If Hammer, at the time, were unable to make a direct version of the Thorndyke stories, due to Walt Disney Productions owning the film rights (they later released Dr. Syn: Alias the Scarecrow in 1963), then they merely 'based' their film on the established 'Dr. Syn' format. No copyright was violated, and Thorndyke was not credited as the central character was not directly derived from his stories.

TV TERRORS

Anthony Thorpe, of London E5, writes to ask if The Outer Limits and The Twilight Zone will be shown on television. The Outer Limits was shown on some ITV regions in the 1966-67 period but has not been seen for many years. Rod Sterling's The Twilight Zone has been rarely seen on television in this country, but occasionally gets an episode shown in a late-night slot in some regions. The possibility of both shows getting re-issued for regular screenings is remote.

HAMMER HISTORY

In the answer to the question posed by Nigel Fuller, of Marston Green, Birmingham, Hammer Productions Ltd started in 1934, and the first Hammer film was The Public Life of Henry the Ninth in 1935. The company's first 'mystery' film, however, was The Mystery of the Mary Celeste (1936) which featured Bella Lugosi.

For Stephen Norman of Middlesbrough, Cleveland, the answer to his question is that the last film to be made at Bray Studios was The Mummy's Shroud in 1967. And it was the venerable Terence Fisher who directed Frankenstein and the Monster from Hell in 1972 (though the film wasn't released until 1974).

FU AND WU

N. Lammans, of Westcliff, wants to know if Lon Chaney Snr. or Boris Karloff ever played in the role of Fu Manchu? Chaney Sr. never did get to play the insidious oriental, but did appear in a similar makeup in Mr. Wu, whereas Karloff put across a terrific performance as the evil Doctor in MGM's Mask of Fu Manchu (1932).

KEENOQ QUERIES

For Paul Keenor, of Splatford, Cardiff, the actor who played the Monster in Revenge of Frankenstein was the late Michael Gwynn, the climax of Satanic Rites of Dracula sees Dracula pursuing Van Helsing and impaling himself on a Hawthorn bush, thus crumbling into dust. Paul also asks if certain Hammer titles will be covered in future issues of HoH; we will be taking in all the Dracula films, in order of their release. Vampire Circus, Curse of the Werewolf, The Gargon and Twins of Evil are all definitely slated for future issues; The Reptile is a possible, though no plans are firm yet.

CHRISTOPHER LEE

Douglas Young of Whittington, Middx., asks if Christopher Lee appeared in the feature film The Virgin of Nuremberg. The answer is yes—he played 'Erch', the scarred custodian of a museum, in this chiller which showed up in British cinemas under the title Castle of Terror. This 1963 film was also seen as Horror Castle, in America, and La Vergine Di Norimberga, on the Continent.

Observe Irene Vartanoff, writing from Cheshunt, Hertfordshire, points out that Chris can also be seen in an early bit-part as a man whose identity was taken by a 'lessecheam' in Luck of the Irish (1948).

The film entitled Dracula is Dead has baffled Peter Coulson, of London SE8, who has eagerly been searching around for it. Well, Peter, the film was changed from its original title Dracula is Dead and Well and Living in London, to The Satanic Rites of Dracula.

To overcome the film-count of the prolific Mr. Lee, I refer Gary Ruggles of Harlow, Essex, to our first issue in which we feature a Christopher Lee biography and filmography, not forgetting his television appearance to date. Stills from (and adaptations of) Dracula-Prince of Darkness and Taste the Blood of Dracula will definitely be seen in the pages of HoH, so keep your eye open for future issues.

Craig Nelson, of Swansea, asks how many records Chris Lee has made?

To date, the only recording of Chris's voice in this country can be heard on Hammer's Dracula album (EMI, Studio Two A5001), although the possibility of his films being taped and put on record in other parts of the world cannot be overlooked. However, such recordings to exist they would be practically impossible to obtain.

Very good idea for programming, from Stephen Clevedat of Reading, Berkshire, who asks if it's likely that he'll see a double-bill of Flesh for Frankenstein and Satanic Rites of Dracula in the cinemas. The problem here, unfortunately, is that these films belong to two different film distributors and are unlikely to show up together unless specially booked for an independent cinema (i.e. not a Rank/Odeon or ABC cinema).

Any questions, queries or requests for pictures you'd like us to print should be sent to:

ANSWER DESK, HOUSE OF HAMMER MAGAZINE, WARNER HOUSE, 135-141 WARDOUR ST., LONDON W.1.

Sorry, but we cannot answer your letters personally... the day just isn't long enough!
When Hammer Films, with all their raw vitality, burst into the horror film field in the mid-1950s they provided the then sagging film industry with a much-needed transfusion... in more ways than one!

For it was Hammer who first brought blood into horror films in a big way and thus started a trend that soon spread through the industry both here and in America. Up until then horror films had always been rather bland when it came to full-frontal gore.

Take Universal's series of horror films in the 1930s, while sometimes gruesome in an abstract sort of way, they now seem relatively mild compared with today's horror product. For example, the 1931 Frankenstein, though an impressive film, played it very safe when it came to the actual construction of the Monster; in fact, you didn't see any of it, whereas Hammer's 1956 version rightly showed that a man who goes around cutting up corpses and joining the bits and pieces together to make a new creature can't help but get his hands more than a little bloody. And Hammer's 1957 Dracula, unlike the bleached 1930 version, again rightly put the emphasis on blood which is what the original story was all about. Of course, Hammer's big advantage was that they were working in colour; until then it had always been a tradition to make horror films in black and white.

These days blood and gore are synonymous with horror films which means that the special effects and make-up men are kept quite busy.

CHRIS LEE KILLER

The two men who have been most associated with the creation of Hammer's gore are Les Bowie and Roy Ashton, who handle effects and make-up respectively... and often their jobs overlapped.

'It varies from picture to picture as to who does what,' Roy Ashton told me recently, 'For instance I always used to handle scenes that involved cuts on the body, flowing blood and so on but these days the special effects men tend to do that sort of thing. I don't mind as it saves me a lot of bother. Sequences where a face has to undergo a series of changes, say if Dracula is disintegrating at the end of a film, are handled by both the effects and make-up departments.'

'I've lost count of the times I've killed Christopher Lee,' said Les Bowie, 'I use a series of dummies and slow dissolves for these sequences. The methods vary, depending on whether he goes wet and bloody or if he is supposed to wither away into dust. Sometimes I've had to resurrect him as well, which is just as difficult. They're quite lengthy operations really, and they usually take a few days to complete. I have to find a quiet room somewhere in the studio to work on them in peace.'

The tradition of having Dracula make a
gorily spectacular exit was begun in Hammer's first Dracula film. In that the king of vampires was trapped in a beam of sunlight by Van Helsing (Peter Cushing) and slowly crumbled into dust . . . first his hand, his foot and then his face. 'An effects man called Sid Pearson finished him off in that film,' said Bowie, 'but I handled Lee's death scene in the second one, Dracula, Prince of Darkness.'

**DRACULA ON ICE**

At the end of that film Dracula once again found himself in an unpleasant situation—cornered on top of his frozen moat, which was beginning to break up thanks to the hero who was shooting bullets into the ice. Finally Dracula sank right through the layer of ice and was drowned . . . or whatever happens to vampires when they come in contact with water. 'We utilized a number of techniques to get those scenes,' said Bowie, 'sometimes we used real blocks of ice in a swimming pool for a few of the close shots, and for others we used wax, because if you pour wax on water it forms a coating on the surface. For the final shots of Dracula sliding under the ice we used a circular section of plaster mounted on pivots.'

In the next Dracula film, *Dracula Has Risen from the Grave*, Christopher Lee had another impressive exit scene—impaled on a giant cross—but earlier in the same production he had been staked through the heart while asleep in his coffin. A nasty moment for Dracula, what with his blood spurting all over the place and so on, but as his would-be killer was an atheist Dracula was able to withdraw the stake with no obvious ill-effects (a piece of new vampire lore invented on the spot by the script writer which upset quite a few vampire experts at the time). Vampire staking has become a common chore for Les Bowie and involves the actor wearing a special harness onto which the stake can be attached. The blood supply is delivered via tubes which lead from the stake, underneath the actor's clothing, to a pump.
operate, off-camera, by the effects man (in England fake blood is manufactured under the trade name of ‘Kensington Gore’).

**BRAINS AND GORE**

Even gorier than the Dracula films have been Hammer’s Frankenstein series, which have become progressively bloodier over the years, culminating with *Frankenstein and the Monster from Hell* in 1972. Brains, heads, limbs, eyeballs and various other organs invariably litter the average Frankenstein film set. ‘I suppose you could describe me as the real Dr Frankenstein,’ said Les Bowie, ‘I build the monsters, cut out brains, sew hands onto dead bodies and supply all the other gory paraphernalia for the operations.’

When Hammer first started splashing blood around on the screen back in the 1950s the reaction, as you might expect, was less than enthusiastic. Writing about *Dracula* in 1958 one English woman critic said: ‘I went to see Dracula prepared to enjoy a nervous giggle. I was even prepared to poke gentle fun at it. I came away revolted and outraged. From the moment that Dracula appears, eyes bloodshot, fangs dripping with blood, until his final disintegration into a crumbling, putrescent pile of human dust, this film disgusts the mind and repels the senses.’ Strong stuff indeed, but it shows that Hammer’s *Dracula* obviously made an impact on more than one level (especially on women reviewers). Even Michael Carreras, now the head of Hammer Films, admits to a momentary feeling of unease when *Dracula* was released. ‘There was only one thing that disturbed me at the time,’ he told me, ‘Dracula was such a success when it opened at the Warner Theatre in Leicester Square that they covered it on television. They had a camera outside the cinema and they interviewed people who came out. And there was this one very weird gentleman who said something quite frightening—he said that he “loved to see the blood spurt”.'
He said it with such feeling that one felt for a moment: "Oh Christ!" But I've always felt quite honestly that the horror that titillates your adrenalin is something you really do leave behind when you go out into the fresh air from the cinema because it's so unreal. I think that films like Straw Dogs are much more frightening and harrowful than anything we've ever made. You're not liable to be bitten in the neck by a vampire on your way home from the cinema but you are quite likely to be kicked by a thug in a leather jacket.'

**TWITCHING FLESH**

Amicus Films, who for a time seemed to be challenging Hammer for the horror crown before they turned to dinosaur epics like The Land That Time Forgot, took a different approach to blood and gore. 'We never have any of that in our films,' said producer Milton Subotsky, 'You never see any actual blood and gore, it's always suggested. I mean, if we have somebody kill someone he'll just stab them once... what I'm out to do is make story points. In a case like that the story point isn't how somebody kills someone, it's that somebody has killed someone. Showing the graphic details of the murder doesn't add anything to the story.' Even so, Amicus have, on at least one occasion, fallen foul of the censor for being too graphic with their gore. It was a scene in their successful Tales from the Crypt showing a dead man brought back to life by occult means... but as his veins are full of embalming fluid he suffers unendurable agony so his wife is forced to try and kill him with a sword as he lies writhing in his coffin, but no matter how much she continues to hack away at him, he keeps on screaming... kept alive by the spell. The actor concerned was Richard Greene (TV's Robin Hood of many years ago) and for the filming of the sequence he had to lie for hours in a coffin that was much too small for him... covered in animal offal to simulate his exposed innards. The special effects man had rigged up the offal with a number of air hoses so that it all twitched and throbbed as if alive.

**CRAWLING HANDS**

But, of course, as the hours wore on the offal began to stink under the hot lights and by the end of the day Richard Greene was feeling more than a little uncomfortable. Yet all his suffering turned out to be in vain because the censor did some butchering of his own and cut the whole scene! 'But he did allow a shot of Greene's dismembered hand twitching about under his chin as he lay in the coffin,' said Subotsky. 'That hand cost £400 to build and we've used it in about three pictures. It was built by Ted Samuels at the Shepperton special effects department (which was recently closed down—J.B.) and is a very delicate mechanism. It's got a clockwork motor inside it and can actually crawl
around on its own but because it’s so delicate it keeps breaking down. It looks great except in close-ups. There was one shot that we didn’t want to use in Dr Terror’s House of Horrors when it was in the car with Christopher Lee . . . the hand was in the foreground and you could see the seam, but we had no other choice.

‘One of our films,’ said Subotsky, ‘The House That Dripped Blood had a different kind of problem with the censor. Despite its title there wasn’t any blood at all in the film so the censor gave it an “A” rating but the distributors said they wouldn’t take it unless it was given an “X”. I don’t know why the problem arose because I’d told the distributors in advance that it was going to be an “A” as I’d hoped to bring in a whole new audience—young people who aren’t allowed to see “X” films. But anyway the distributors went and asked the censor for an “X” certificate and he said okay and gave them one.’

The actual creation of blood and guts on the screen I find quite fascinating (from the purely technical point of view, I hasten to add). Many and varied are the devious tricks that make-up men and effects men use to achieve their results. Take beheadings, for example; a common method is to cut to a full size dummy of the actor, or actress, at the precise moment of impact (as the axe falls or the sword swings or whatever). The dummy has its own blood supply and, providing the editing of the film is very swift and skilful, the result can be quite realistic. This was the technique used in Soldier Blue when, during the climactic attack on the Indian village, an Indian woman is beheaded by a sabre-wielding cavalryman. The same technique was put to better use in the unusual horror film Private Parts when an investigator, prowling around the basement of a mysterious hotel, suddenly loses his head when struck from behind. The editing was so good in the latter sequence that one really received a jolt when watching it. But, of course, if one can show a complete beheading without any fancy jump cuts the result is that much more realistic . . . and this was achieved in Roman Polanski’s version of Macbeth. For that the star, Jon Finch, was replaced by a young boy inside a full-size suit of armour with a dummy replica of Finch’s head on top. This enabled Polanski to film the actual beheading from a distance in one continuous shot.

**UP IN FLAMES**

Burning people to death also often involves both make-up and effects men (as well as stunt men). Burning a witch at the stake, for instance, usually involves a shot of the flames rising around her (which is done by the effects man creating a wall of flame between the actress and the camera but at a safe distance from both), followed by a close-up of the actress’s face showing the ravages of the fire, and then followed by a shot of a dummy burning. One of the most horrific stake-burnings appeared in Ken Russell’s The Devils which had Oliver Reed, as the wrongly accused priest, going
up in very graphic smoke. Make-up man Charles Parker had to apply a whole series of complicated make-up jobs to Reed’s face to simulate the progressively damaging effects of the flames... first with blisters, then second degree burns, an eye going white from the heat, and so on until the face was just one blackened mass.

Naturally if you want to show someone in flames while on the move, a dummy is not sufficient, which is where the stunt man comes in. Fire ‘gags’, as they are called in the business, are not too popular with stunt men for obvious reasons. Even with plenty of safety precautions such stunts are still highly dangerous.

**USING REAL BLOOD**

Scenes involving bodies being cut open, such as throats, stomachs or whatever, is where the term ‘blood and guts’ really applies. Usually this means constructing a fake, flesh-like ‘apparatus’ which is attached to the actor concerned, such as a fake throat, stomach, chest or whatever. Sometimes, as in that scene with Richard Greene mentioned earlier, the unfortunate actor is obliged to share his costume with real blood and guts, but usually a large amount of spurted blood (fake) is all that is required. For example, in a scene that involves a throat-cutting the blood can occasionally be supplied from the knife itself (the knife blade, made of painted resin, is hollow and connected to a tube on the handle to an off-camera blood-supply; the blood is pumped into the knife at a fast rate and spurts out of a small hole in the blade, creating the illusion that it is coming from the throat itself) but that only works if the director just wants a quick shot; if he wants a shot of a gaping throat wound pumping blood into the air either the effects or the make-up man has to construct a fake throat to fit over the actor’s own which is then supplied with blood via tubes under the actor’s clothing (there’s a good example of this in *Mash*).

**FAKE STOMACHS**

American make-up expert Dick Smith made a complete fake stomach for a scene in *The Godfather Part II* where the ageing Sicilian Don has his stomach sliced open by the young assassin. And for *A Man Called Horse* make-up man John Chambers made a whole fake torso for star Richard Harris to wear in the scene where he had to go through an Indian initiation ceremony... which involved having hooks thrust through his pectorals and then being suspended in the air by cords attached to these hooks.

Another good example of this technique is in the Canadian film *Shiver* (also known as *The Parasite Murders*)... in the scene where one of the characters, lying on a bed, looks down at his stomach to see the parasites trying to burst through his flesh from within. The actor was actually wearing a very well-constructed fake chest and stomach, complete with hair and navel... and the result was incredibly realistic, as anyone who has seen the film can verify.

**AUTOPSY ON FILM**

But the most graphic example of a body being sliced open occurred in a German horror film called *Parapsycho-Spektrum Der Angst* (it hasn’t been released in England and its unlikely it ever will be) which I saw in Italy last year. During an autopsy sequence the body of a girl was, in close-up, opened from neck to crotch... the ultimate full-frontal. It was certainly realistic because it was footage of a real autopsy that had been inserted into the film. And I must admit I think that’s carrying cinematic blood and guts a little too far. I prefer the Les Bowie variety.
FRANK BELLAMY'S LAST STRIP!

ally Sloper
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ALLY SLOPER, Subscriptions Dept., 94 Leonard St, London EC2.
George A. Romero is a nice young man who made money from ketchup and Heinz pickle commercials in Pittsburgh.

He also shot a film about cannibalism, matricide and mayhem, Night of the Living Dead—already one of the classic horror films. That was made in 1968.

His second feature film was a light romantic comedy There’s Always Vanilla, made in 1972. ‘We had an interesting premise,’ Romero says. ‘It was going to be what happens to the youth culture in 5 or 10 years. Nothing happened in the movie But the idea seemed great.’

Two hundred thousand dollars later, audiences reacted with outstanding apathy and the idea seemed less great.

So he returned to horror of a sort with ‘Jack’s Wife’ (title changed after release to Hungry Wives), a story of witchcraft in suburbia. But in 1972, before The Exorcist, no one was interested.

After two failed 16mm colour films, Romero decided to take the plunge into 35mm. In 1973, he made what Sight & Sound has called ‘a slam-bang tale of hysterically escalating violence’—The Crazies.

A plane carrying a shipment of chemical warfare virus crashes in the mountains near a small American town. The local water reservoir is contaminated. The army is called in to seal off the area.

Barriers are thrown around the town and the citizens are herded into the local highschool.

**EERIE SOLDIERS**

The scientists don’t know what the virus is. The soldiers don’t know why they’re herding people into a quarantined area. The townspeople don’t know why they’re being hunted down by Platoons of eerie soldiers wearing gasmasks and dressed from head to foot in white protective suits.

Eventually the townspeople’s anger and consternation rise to such a pitch that a group of them try to break through the Army barriers. Some of the group are already badly infected. When human beings are contaminated by the virus, they react with crazed violence.

An ordinary man knifes his wife and burns his children.

As one of the white-uniformed soldiers enters a room in an ordinary house, a sweet old lady rises serenely from her rocking-chair, and with a friendly smile says, ‘Hello.’ Then she stabs him through the heart with her knitting needle.

The soldier looks very shocked behind his gasmask.

But this isn’t surprising. You see, when the ‘granny’ stabbed the ‘soldier’, she missed the special effects blood-packet and the steel plate protecting the actor’s chest...

The film’s special effects were, none of them, too safe.

George Romero has said of his special effects men Regis Servinski and Tony Pantanello: ‘They constantly
carry little explosive charges in their pockets and they have lit cigarettes in their mouths and you're afraid to get within 100 yards of them for fear they'll self-destruct.'

**FIREWORK ENTHUSIASTS**

One scene in The Crazies involved simulating machine-gun fire from a helicopter: 'Those charges were strung along the ground, in trees, absolutely all over,' says Romero. 'And half the time we weren't exactly sure where the charges were. So we'd be shooting with the camera in what we thought was a safe spot, and suddenly charges would start to go off all around us.'

Survinski and Pantanello owned a local fireworks factory and were enthusiasts.

The actors and actresses too were mostly enthusiastic amateurs, although some peripheral parts were played by professionals. Romero says, 'There were about 30 guys in the cast and about four of them were good die-ers.

So we kept shooting them.'

So the white protective suits and gasmasks helped keep production costs down and the death toll up by making the actors faceless and anonymous.

The Crazies cost $250,000. It was filmed in and around Evans City, West Pennsylvania, in eight weeks.

There were only seven weeks of actual shooting. One week was lost due to bad weather and the fact that the town council banned the film crew from the local high-school when they heard in advance about an incest scene.

The film was originally to be called 'Mad People'. The idea was clearly influenced by Don Siegel's Invasion of the Body Snatchers in which a small town in gradually taken over by an alien intelligence which retains the human bodies as outer shells (partly to keep production costs down). Also influential was Romero's own Night of the Living Dead, in which contamination from a space-probe affected areas of the US and brought the unburied dead back to life as cannibalistic zombies.

The Crazies obviously gains from the fact that no one knows what's happening to them, or why they're doing what
they’re doing. Mercifully, no one has yet managed to read any Watergate meanings into the plot.

It’s a simple horror film in which ordinary small-town citizens are caught between a terrible virus, their murderously crazed neighbours and an unexplained occupying army.

The Crazies was shown at the 1973 Edinburgh Film Festival and then disappeared completely from Britain, despite a Sight & Sound review which said it managed to escalate ‘the outrageous into the absurd with scarcely a pause for breath’ and had ‘the maniacal energy and edge of Dr Strangelove.’

Why a potential cult film should be totally ignored by the British film distributors is just another of those great mysteries of Wardour Street. Perhaps the title could be changed to Confessions of a Demented Granny?

THE CRAZIES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Judy</td>
<td>Lane Carroll</td>
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<td>David</td>
<td>W. G. McMillan</td>
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<td>Clank</td>
<td>Harold Wayne Jones</td>
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<td>Colonel Peckem</td>
<td>Lloyd Hollar</td>
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<td>Artie</td>
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<td>Kathie</td>
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<td>Dr Watts</td>
<td>Richard France</td>
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<td>Woman Lab Technician</td>
<td>Edith Bell</td>
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<td>Major Ryder</td>
<td>Harry Spillman</td>
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<td>Dr Brookmyre</td>
<td>Will Disney</td>
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<td>W. L. Thanhurst Jnr</td>
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<td>Shelby</td>
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<td>General Bowden</td>
<td>A. C. MacDonald</td>
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<td>Hawks</td>
<td>Robert J. McCully</td>
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<td>Sheriff</td>
<td>Robert Karlowsky</td>
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Director/Editor: George A. Romero
Producer: A. C. Croft
Screenplay: George A. Romero
Based on an original script by: Paul McCollough

1973 Colour No BBFC certificate 103 minutes
It is said that he who looks in a mirror long enough will see the devil peeping over his shoulder, a nasty shock, indeed. This is the story of Harold Brust, who, if he didn’t see the devil saw something almost as unpleasant—when he looked into...

Malvoisin’s Mirror

The dealer was obstinate, but Harold Brust could be as stubborn as the next man—especially if he wanted something badly enough!

Then if you won’t sell it, I’ll just have to take it!

But... I’ll give you anything... anything!

Not for sale!

Back in his basement flat in Earls Court, Brust eagerly tore the wrappings from his latest prize.

Yes... yes—I was right! Malvoisin’s Mirror, the magical looking-glass of the 14th century alchemist and seer Rodenigo Malvoisin.

He gazed at the mirror with giddy eyes...

And in perfect state, too! What a stroke of luck! It’s been lost for centuries—and now it’s mine... mine!
AND, AS HE GAZED...

AND...WAIT! WHAT'S HAPPENING? THE GLASS GROWS... CLOUDY!

IT'S SAID THAT, USING IT, MALVOISIN COULD PEER INTO OTHER WORLDS...

...THE SCENE BEFORE HIS EYES CHANGED:

GOOD LORD!

WHY, IT'S NO LONGER A MIRROR! IT... IT'S ALMOST LIKE A WINDOW — A WINDOW INTO ANOTHER WORLD!

BUT ENTER, GOOD SIR — LET ME SHOW YOU MY WORLD — THE WORLD OF RODERIGO MALVOISIN!

ANOTHER WORLD, INDEED!

GOOD HEAVENS! HE... HE'S TALKING TO ME!

BURST FOUND THAT THE SURFACE OF THE MIRROR WAS FLUID— ALMOST LIKE A DAMP, CLAMMY FOAM.

SPLENDID... SPLENDID! I HAVE LONG AWAITED THE ARRIVAL OF SOMEONE SUCH AS YOU, SIRRAH...

...SO THAT I MAY ENTRAP HIM... CHANGE PLACES WITH HIM... AND ESCAPE FROM THIS ACCURSED MIRROR WHEREIN I WAS IMPRISONED CENTURIES AGO... BACK INTO THE REAL WORLD!

YOU WON'T CHANGE PLACES WITH ME, DAMN YOU!
...and entered a world of hideous nightmare.

After what seemed an eternity of horror...

...brust sprang towards what seemed the only way out...
I won't stand for it! I'll smash your bloody mirror with an axe!

You can't escape me, easily, my friend!

My God! At last! I'm back! Back home! What a nightmare!

You! Still there!

No! Keep away from me! Keep away!

It was clear that the somnambulist had certain objections to this course of action...

It was the boast of the landlady that hers was a quiet house.

Mr. Brust! Are you in there? What's happening? Stop that noise!

So sorry, Mrs... Er... Grandle! I, er... slipped. Fell over. Banged my head.

Oh, I see! Well, don't make so much noise about it, I don't know what the neighbors will think... really I don't...

Perhaps... it would indeed be a good idea to smash that mirror. Now that I no longer need it... now that I have at last returned... to the real world.
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