

**are all
inside**

THE HOUSE OF HAMMER

PETER CUSHING IS
**TENDER
DRACULA**

HARRYHAUSEN ON HORROR

ZOLTAN

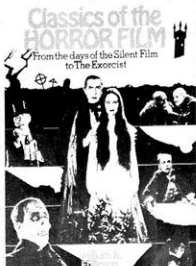
HOUND OF DRACULA

**THE HAMMER
CLASSIC....**

The Gorgon

—told in comics!

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Editorial

Back in issue 5, in this space I proudly proclaimed 'Science fiction lives'. Then it was said to herald our adaptation of Hammer's sf sleeper *Moon Zero Two*.

This issue's editorial could have started with the same proclamation. Not because of our film adaptation, which—with its Greek mythological foundation—must be the absolute opposite. But rather because of the trend which is sweeping the film industry at the moment.

On the horizon, at time of writing this editorial, we have such multi-million dollar budget of epics as *Star Wars*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, *Survival Run*, *Wizards*, and the two *Superman* epics (with Ilya Salkind repeating his *Three/ Four Musketeers* formula by shooting two films simultaneously).

The word is also out that the major tv companies are looking to fantasy as the next trend to follow the now-waning cop show boom.

Spearheading the television sf/fantasy invasion are the *Logan's Run* series and the animated *Hobbit* shows, both—hopefully—departures from the juvenilia we've had to swallow as a better-than-nothing alternative lately.

Gothic horror seems to be hibernating on the other hand. Its place has been taken by a rush of contemporary horror films (setting man against supernatural foes, from

giant beasts to demonic possession) and timeless fantasies like the *ERB/Time Forgot* series and the new *Sinbad* film.

Long-time readers of *MoH* will know how elated we are about this as we've never concentrated *purely* on horror films, but rather the whole range of the fantastic cinema. And never more than with this issue.

Yet lest you think we're moving too far away from our title, and are becoming more of a *Film Review* of the fantasy movie world, I'll close with a quick plug for some of our upcoming items...

Next issue's adaptation is the 1966 Hammer film *Plague of The Zombies*. Also in issue 12, our look at *Zombies in Cinema*; a report on the French Film Festival 1977; *Star Wars*; the first part in a much-requested History of Hammer series and a complete filmography on Peter Cushing.

Beyond that, volume 2 will feature a series of interviews with the many Hammer stars (both behind and in front of the camera) starting with Hammer's head man, Michael Carreras.

See you in thirty.

Ray Skinner
Editor.

In the tradition of *House of Hammer*, we proudly present our latest, greatest fantasy film magazine...

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The Gorgon

CERTIFICATE X

THE CASTLE BORSKI! SILENT, SINISTER, AND IN RUINS, IT STOOD LIKE A TEMPLE OF EVIL ABOVE THE CARPATHIAN VILLAGE OF VANDORE. NO LIVING SOUL DARED TO ENTER, FOR LEGEND HAD IT THAT WITHIN THE ABANDONED CASTLE PORTALS, THERE LURKED A MONSTER FROM THE DAWN OF TIME! A SPECTRE OF DEATH... WAITING ONLY FOR HER NEXT VICTIM!

STARRING

PETER CUSHING
as Namaroff

CHRISTOPHER LEE
as Meister

ALSO STARRING

RICHARD PASCO.....Paul
BARBARA SHELLEY.....Carla
MICHAEL GOODLIFFE.....Heitz

Directed by TERENCE FISHER. Screenplay by JOHN GILLING. Produced by ANTHONY NELSON KEYS. Released by Columbia Pictures
A HAMMER FILM PRODUCTION

THE MOON WAS FULL... AND IN A REMOTE MILL-HOUSE, ARTIST BRUNO HEITZ WAS ALONE WITH HIS LOVER...

SASCHA, PLEASE... THE PAINTING IS AT A CRUCIAL STAGE. YOU MUST KEEP STILL.

I'M SORRY, BRUNO, BUT I HAVE TO KNOW THE TRUTH! ARE YOU GOING TO MARRY ME?

I'VE TOLD YOU—YES, AS SOON AS I HAVE SOME MONEY IN THE BANK!

WE CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER, BRUNO... I'M GOING TO HAVE YOUR BABY! IT WAS CONFIRMED A WEEK AGO!

MY GOD! THEN I MUST SEE YOUR FATHER! NOW! TELL HIM I INTEND TO HONOUR MY OBLIGATIONS!

NO, WAIT! MY FATHER HATES YOU! HE'LL KILL YOU IF YOU GO TO HIM NOW!

BUT NEXT MOMENT, BRUNO WAS GONE...

MUST GET DRESSED... QUICKLY! FIND BRUNO AND STOP HIM!

SCRIPT: SCOTT GOODALL

ARTWORK: GORING & CUYAS



SASCHA HAD NO EYES FOR THE MOON-STREAKED FOREST... UNTIL SOMETHING MOVED! SOMETHING HUMAN, YET INHUMAN...



... A LIVING PORTRAIT OF HELL ITSELF!



HAAAAAH!

N-NO!



NOOOOH!



UUUUUUH!



NOON! AND IN THE LABORATORY OF DOCTOR NIMAROFF, OF THE VANDORF MEDICAL INSTITUTION...

THEY'RE BRINGING THE BODY IN NOW, DOCTOR... AND INSPECTOR KANOF IS WAITING TO SEE YOU!

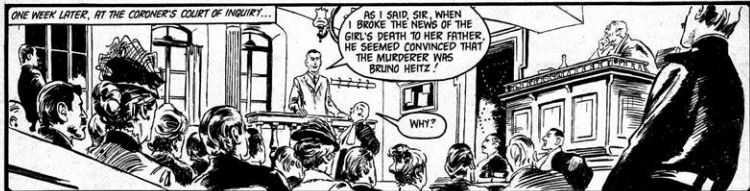
VERY WELL! I'LL COME AT ONCE!



THAT AFTERNOON, INSPECTOR KRATOCH LED THE SEARCH FOR BRUNO HEITZ...



ONE WEEK LATER, AT THE CORONER'S COURT OF INQUIRY...



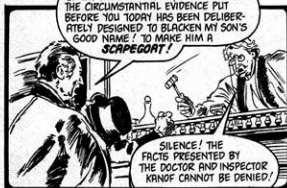
AS I SAID, SIR, WHEN I BROKE THE NEWS OF THE GIRL'S DEATH TO HER FATHER, HE SEEMED CONVINCED THAT THE MURDERER WAS BRUNO HEITZ!

WHY?



BECAUSE THE BOY HAD A REPUTATION FOR DRUNKENNESS—OFTEN ENDING IN VIOLENCE! AND SASCHA CASS WAS EXPECTING HIS BABY!

THANK YOU, INSPECTOR! I NOW CALL DOCTOR NAMAROFF TO THE STAND!



PROFESSOR JULES HEITZ, FATHER OF THE DECEASED MAN, BRUNO HEITZ! THE CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE PUT BEFORE YOU TODAY HAS BEEN DELIBERATELY DESIGNED TO BLACKEN MY SON'S GOOD NAME! TO MAKE HIM A SCAPEGOAT!

SILENCE! THE FACTS PRESENTED BY THE DOCTOR AND INSPECTOR KNOF CANNOT BE DENIED!



TELL ME, DOCTOR... IN YOUR PROFESSIONAL OPINION, WOULD YOU SAY THAT SASCHA CASS DIED A VIOLENT DEATH?

UNDoubtedly! I FOUND DEEP ABRASIONS ROUND THE FOREHEAD AND WOUNDS IN THE SKULL, PROBABLY CAUSED BY A BLUNT INSTRUMENT!



SUDDENLY...

SIR, I MUST PROTEST! THIS IS NOT A COURT OF INQUIRY, BUT A MOCKERY OF HUMAN JUSTICE!

YOUR NAME, SIR?



I THEREFORE FIND THAT THE DEAD WOMAN WAS MURDERED BY HER FIANCÉ, BRUNO HEITZ... WHO THEN TOOK HIS OWN LIFE IN A FIT OF REMORSE!

A WITCH-HUNT! NOTHING MORE, NOTHING LESS! BUT BELIEVE ME, I SHALL NOT REST UNTIL I HAVE UNEARTHED THE TRUTH... AND PROVED MY SON'S INNOCENCE!

THAT NIGHT, IN DOCTOR NAMAROFF'S LIVING QUARTERS...



SEVEN UNSOLVED MURDERS IN VANDORF IN THE PAST FIVE YEARS! EVERY VICTIM BORE THE SAME MARKS—EACH BODY TURNED TO STONE!

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY, CARLA? ARE YOU ACCUSING ME OF SOMETHING?



YES! WHY WERE THE MURDERS NOT MENTIONED AT THE INQUEST? WHY IS EVERYONE IN VANDORF TRYING TO EVADE THE TRUTH—including you?

TRUTH IS A MANY-SIDED THING, CARLA! SOMETIMES IT IS BETTER FOR PART OF IT TO REMAIN HIDDEN!



DOCTOR! PROFESSOR HEITZ WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU, SIR!

WELCOME, MY DEAR JULES! THIS IS MY ASSISTANT, CARLA HOFFMAN!





LEIPZIG! AN ANCIENT CITY
FAMED FOR ITS ARCHITECTURE
AND LEARNING...



AND IN PROFESSOR MEISTER'S OFFICE...

AH, PAUL! THIS TELEGRAM IS FROM YOUR FATHER! HE WANTS YOU TO JOIN HIM IMMEDIATELY IN VANDORF!

THIS IS THE FIRST I'VE HEARD FROM MY FATHER SINCE MY YOUNGER BROTHER BRUNO WAS FOUND DEAD! I'D BETTER LEAVE AT ONCE!



AS NIGHT FELL ONCE AGAIN OVER THE MOUNTAINS OF CARPATHIA, PROFESSOR HEITZ DUG DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE LEGEND OF MAGRERA...

THERE WERE THREE OF THE HIDEOUS GORGON SISTERS! MONSTERS OF EVIL WHOSE HEADS WERE CROWNED WITH LIVING SNAKES...





I AM
LOOKING AT THE FACE
OF MAGERA!

GRARRAGH!

TH- THE MARKS
OF DOOM ETCHED UPON
MY FACE! B-BUT
MUST NOT DIE! NOT
YET... NOT YET!

Cuef's



HANS!
HANS!

HERE, MASTER!
WHAT HAS HAPPENED?

FOR GOD'S SAKE DON'T COME ANY
CLOSER! I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME! I
HAVE TO WRITE A LETTER TO MY
SON, PAUL! WHEN HE ARRIVES
TOMORROW, GIVE IT TO
HIM! NO ONE ELSE
MUST SEE IT,
BUT PAUL!

I UNDERSTAND,
MASTER!

HANS LEFT... AND FEVERISHLY
HEITZ BEGAN TO WRITE!



ALMOST DONE...
BUT THE END IS NEAR!
M-MY HANDS!



Thank God I have
been spared time to tell
you what I saw this
night. I am agonised
by pains in my chest.
I AM TURNING
TO STONE!

END OF CHAPTER
ONE...

CONCLUDING CHAPTER NEXT MONTH

Media Macabre

FILM SCENE news

HOLMES AND YOYO MARK II

Future Cop, premiered mid-March on the U.S. ABC-TV network, has its roots firmly set in the same concrete as the failed situation-comedy effort, **Holmes and Yoyo**. Yes, it's another one about a robot police officer. Produced by Everett Chambers, and directed by Robert Douglas, Mann Rubin's script offers very little more than was originally established in **Holmes and Yoyo**, in terms of the inhuman naivety and stilted speech. Michael Shannon played the young "future cop", assisted by veteran officers Ernest Borgnine and John Ames. The opening story concerned the boxing racket and the Mob, with our hero infiltrated into the set-up. Regarding the portrayal of the **Future Cop**, one American critic observed: "Shannon, however, may have flirted with a hernia in keeping himself so unbending." A 90-minute pilot show was aired last year as an introduction to the characters, and 5 one-hour shows have been prepared.

NEW TV AQUAMAN

Man From Atlantis is another premiere show (the 2-hour pilot aired in the U.S. early March) that has its hopes in combating the ever-popular **Six Million Dollar Man** series. Lee H. Katzin, the director, transformed Mayo Simon's teleplay into some

interesting escapist TV fare, and managed to keep the format above the Saturday-morning concept of juvenile entertainment. The pilot told of the **Man from Atlantis** (Patrick Duffy) being washed ashore and having his life saved by a Navy doctor (Belinda J. Montgomery) who puts the water-breathing character back under water. The Navy commission him to check out the undersea lair of a fanatic, (ably played by Victor Buono) who's intent on—you guessed it—ruling the world. Producer Robert H. Justman's effort proved favourable enough that the three other 2-hour episodes that NBC-TV have in stock may soon get their airing.

WITCH MOUNTAIN SEQUEL

The Disney follow-up, **Witch Mountain II**, is set for an April 1978 start, with Kim Richards and Ike Eisenmann as the juvenile stars. John Hough will handle the direction for producer Jerome Courtland.

HENRY HULL DIES

Henry Hull, long-time screen actor, died on March 8th, 1977 in Cornwall, England. He was 86. Hull appeared in numerous films and plays, and was most remembered by fantasy-film buffs as the **Werewolf of London** in 1935 (see **HoH 10**). Born in Louisville, October 3, 1890, he was schooled in New York and later garnered some engineering experience in Canada. Although his only notable foray into horror-fantasy was in the 1935 film, Hull's other film credits include **Jesse James**, **Stanley and Livingston**, **Lifeboat**, **The Oxbow Incident** and **The Fountainhead**. His last film appearance was in 1966 when he was cast, with Marlon Brando, in **The Chase**.

HEBREW EXORCIST CHILLER

The metaphysical exorcist **Hebrew classic**, **The Dybbuk**, will be produced as an up-to-date horror film. Eeebee Productions, based in Los Angeles, has joined up with Israeli producer-director Menachem Golan on this project, with Golan to direct. Filming is to take place in the United States, Israel and parts of Europe.

UNEXPECTED FLOW

Quinn Martin's **Tales of the Unexpected**, a fantasy anthology series for NBC-TV (see **HoH 10**), hit the dust after only three shows. Despite it being taken off as a weekly series (it came in 69th in the ratings), a 2-hour version was shown some weeks later. Little chance of a screening in G.B., as it fared so poorly Stateside.

SUBMARINE SCRIPTS

Two other features announced from Fox are **Beyond the Poseidon Adventure**, produced by Irwin Allen, screenplay by Nelson Gidding, and based on the new novel by author Paul Gallico, and **Loch Ness** (a rival to Hammer's upcoming **Nessie?**), produced by Richard A. Roth and written by Marc Norman.

POST & CURRENT PRODUCTIONS

Spectre Exec. Producer: Gene Roddenberry. **Producer:** Gordon L. T. Scott. **Director:** Clive Donner. **Screenplay:** Gene Roddenberry, Sam Peeples. **Cast:** Robert Culp, Gig Young, John Hurt, Gordon Jackson, James Villiers, Ann Bell, Jenny Runacre. Shooting started on January 10, in England, for 20th Century-Fox.

Lord of the Rings Fantasy Films Ralph Bakshi Prods. **Producer:** Saul Zaentz. **Director:** Ralph Bakshi. **Screenplay:** Chris Conkling, based on the novels by J. R. R. Tolkien. Animated. Shooting started on January 17, in Los Angeles, for United Artists.

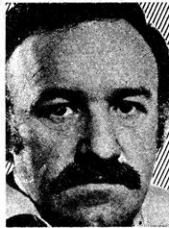
Strange Case of the End of Civilization As We Know It Shearwater Films. **Exec. Producer:** Kenneth Harper. **Producer:** Humphrey Barclay. **Director:** Joe McGrath. **Screenplay:** Jack Hobbs, Joe McGrath, John Cleave. **Cast:** John Cleave, Ron Moody, Arthur Lowe, John Ackland, Connie Booth, Denholm Elliott, Irene Handl, Burt Kwouk. Shooting started on January 17, in England.

Kingdom of the Spiders Arachnid Prods for Dimension Pictures released. **Exec. Producer:** Henry Fownes. **Producer:** Igo Kantor, Jeffrey M. Sneller. **Director:** John Carlos. **Screenplay:** Alan Callow, Jeffrey M. Sneller, Stephen Lodge. **Cast:** Jim Mitchum.

OBITUARIES

Tom Gries, film and television director and screenwriter, died of a heart attack on January 3. He was aged 53. Gries went to Hollywood in 1950 as a talent agent, and later became a scriptwriter. Screenplay credits include **Hunters of the Deep**, **King Dinosaur**, **Hell's Horizon**, **Will Penny and 100 Rifles**. He wrote and directed several TV series in the early 1960's, and again in the late '60's; **QBVII**, **The Glass House**, the pilot for **Rat Patrol**, **Helter Skelter** and many others.

Onslow Stevens, most remembered by fantasy buffs as the mad-doctor "Franz Edelmann" in **Universal's House of Dracula** (1945), was found dead in a Van Nuys, California, nursing home on January 5. Entering films in 1932, Stevens appeared in more than 50 films by the mid-1950's. Films include **Those High Gray Walls**, **Walk a Crooked Mile**, **Night Has a Thousand Eyes**, **Sirocco**. A Lion is in the Streets.



SUPERMAN SUPERSTARS

Superman Alexander Salkind Prods. **Producer:** Ilya Salkind, Pierre Spengler. **Director:** Richard Donner. **Screenplay:** Mario Puzo, Robert Benton, David & Leslie Newman. **Cast:** Christopher Reeve, (Superman), Gene Hackman (Superman's Kryptonian father, Jor-el), and Marlon Brando (chief foe, Lex Luthor). Location shooting moved from Bray to Shepperton Studios, England, and also New York. For Warner Bros., distribution in 1978.

Media Macabre

BOOK news

THE MAKING OF KING KONG



Not to be confused with the recent attempt at trying to recreate the breathtaking RKO film, **The Making of King Kong** (Ballantine, New York) is a most fascinating piece of £1.95 reading that takes a detailed look at the 1933 **King Kong**.

Penned by Orville Golden (one of the original **Kong** technical staff) and George E. Turner, this book is a fully detailed account of the entire production of **King Kong**, and tells of the talented ingredients that went into creating the 8th wonder of the world.

Starting off with the lives and work of Kong's mentors, Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack, the book makes it apparent that, on close examination, there is a strange but interesting parallel between the roving characters in the film and the real-life explorers that Cooper and Schoedsack actually were.

As a globe-trotting team, pre-**Kong**, their motto was: "The Three D's: Keep it Distant, Difficult and Dangerous." Their filming of wild-life in extremely hazardous conditions served as a strong basis for what eventually made up the monumental thrill of **King Kong**.

The book is split into three parts, "*Genesis of Kong*", "*The Making of Kong*", and "*Postlude*".

The first part deals with the primary personnel that were to later become the most active during production of the film (Willis O'Brien, Marcel Delgado, etc).

The second part, the most engrossing, covers the lengthy production of the picture itself, beginning with O'Brien's **Creation** project and resulting in what the national magazine ads called: "The Picture Destined to Startle the World!"

The third part, "Postlude", examines and discusses the sequel, **Son of Kong**, which immediately fell under the (enormous) shadow of the original.

Two books that perfectly cry to be read back-to-back must be this Ballantine book and the most recent Star paperback dealing with the creation of Dino de Laurentiis' remake; the comparisons between the skills and effort that have gone into both productions will produce some obvious results as to which of the two versions offers more in terms of production quality and suspenseful atmosphere.

In early June, 1932, Schoedsack started production on **The Most Dangerous Game**, the tale of a battle of skills for survival between two highly experienced hunters on a remote island. One man hunts the other through an eerie swamp, a dense tropical jungle,

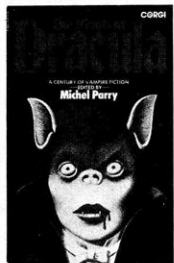
and around various cliffs and ravines, one ravine in particular which has a fallen log spanning it. This elaborate set was designed and created on Stage 11 at the RKO-Pathe lot in Culver City. However, it became more famous when it was later seen as Kong's Skull Island home after Cooper had utilised Schoedsack's sets for the more ambitious production.

The authors also take time to examine such relevant material as **The Lost World** (1925), **Creation** (O'Brien's ill-fated project), and **The Most Dangerous Game**.

Needless to say, the sum total of 201 superb photographic illustrations that run throughout the book are worth the cover-price alone.

The Making of King Kong is such an engrossing and addictive tome that you, the reader, will find it a hard time to put down once you're into it. What may be termed as "magnetic reading material".

RIVALS OF DRACULA



Dracula and the vampire mythology has somehow had a long and attractive life, which in itself has created countless followers in the world of cinema, television and literature. The

latter output particularly.

Many outstanding writers have at one time or another made a contribution to vampire mythology and some, for their contributions, have become themselves outstanding.

The Rivals of Dracula (Corgi paperbacks, 1977) is an exciting collection of vampire fiction competently collated by Michael Parry, and covering over a century of fantastic literature.

The earliest story comes from an English magazine in 1860, translated from the original German, and is called **The Mysterious Stranger**. Stoker's **Dracula** bears a remarkable similarity to this novelette, in the Gothic vein.

A total of twelve stories are reprinted, most of them rarely available before. A few personal favourites from this selection include **The Guardian of the Cemetery** by Jean Ray (which originally appeared in **Weird Tales** 1934), and tells of an ominous cemetery and its gruesome slayer of young watchmen. It hits you with a superbly grotesque climax. From the November, 1944, **Weird Tales** comes an excellent story by Robert Bloch entitled **The Bat is My Brother**. This one treats the newly-made members of the vampire cult basically as fresh victims of a very contagious disease, forming a most chilling pattern of implications. **Blood Brother**, written by Charles Beaumont (one-time excellent contributor to such TV shows as **The Twilight Zone** and **America's Thriller** series), is a marvellous piece of light-hearted terror, prepared in very much a teleplay style.

Among the more up-to-date material there is **Conversation**, from Ramsey Campbell, **Something Had to be Done**, written by David Drake, and **Night Life**, by Steven Utley.

The editor of this book has cared enough to include a list of the "Further Rivals of Dracula" which informs the reader about other outstanding vampire tales in an assortment of popular editions. An even further section details the "Vampires of the Silver Screen", offering an alphabetical index of over 150 films relating to the vampire myth.

Property Page

To Let. Seventeen, Shore Road—stately mansion in 310 acres. Two-storied plus attic accommodation, in classical revival Victorian style, circa 1889; massive Corinthian columns; Greek pediment; Italian-style ornamentation; Tiffany stained-glass dome over entrance hall; parquet flooring throughout 37 rooms. No central heating—sorry. But ten fireplaces. And swim-pool. Ideal for family summer holiday. Rent: reasonable for right people. Occupancy available—immediately.

Smell a rat? Who wouldn't...! As befits any Hammer apprentice, Oliver Reed has heaps of forebodings—yes, and this recurring Ken Russellian dream about his mother's funeral. But wife Karen Black rules. So they, and son Lee Montgomery and auntie Bette Davis get the place for a steal. Nine-hundred dollars for the whole summer long, July 1 to Labour Day. Should they last that long...

They don't, of course. Well, you know they won't. First clue: soon as they spy the place from their station-wagon from the far end of the mighty drive, the score swells threateningly, like the *Jaws* theme at slow speed. Second clue: the rude handyman, a Billy Carter look/sound-alike with blacked-out teeth and vest to match. And he's never seen again—third clue!

Then, above all, there are the owners. Eileen Heckart and a brother called just that. Brother. She drops fate-filled remarks like, 'The house looks after itself.' Ms. Black inspects its faded majesty and is moved to muse, significantly, 'Such waste kills me.' Hmm? Brother would agree with that. But he's... well, he'll be down 'as soon as he pulls himself together.'

Ahl

Brother is Burgess Meredith. Who else?

Double ahl

Looks like *The Sentinel* country all over again (minus freaks), with a crazy old Meredith running around a crazy old house. At least, doing wheelies here in a wheel-chair, which, you'll be delighted to hear, in no way impedes the outrageous hamming he's prone to reserve for these unctuous dark, old house gatherings.

IN THE UPPER ROOMS...

Anyway, they, sister and Brother, finally admit to just the one teeniest of snags. Nothing really. Oh nothing at all. Merely... Mother. Mrs. Allardye. She stays for the summer, too. No bother, though. None at all. Chances are you'll never even see her. Has her own apartments. Sleeps a lot. Eats a little. Just pop a tray into her room three times a day. No sweat.

Triple ahl

No—you're wrong. It's not Mrs. A., but the house itself which is the villain of this particular piece. As important a movie edifice, therefore, as Tara in *Gone With The Wind*, Manderly in *Rebecca*. But ill-used (like everything else) by director Dan Curtis, when one remembers, for instance, how Joe Losey uses houses in *The Servant*, *Accident*, etc. This place, which re-

BURNT OFFERINGS



David (Lee Montgomery), drenched in his father's blood, screams out as the huge chimney of their rented summer home begins to fall on him.

sembles the ominous joints Olly Reed used to inhabit in his werewolf days, takes care of itself, all right. And of it's own—it's owners. Reed feels quite rightly, that the Allardyes are two steps beyond crazy. Bette Davis argues, 'They do crazy things, old people.' She should know—making films like this at her age!

To be fair, the film works well. Most of the time. About half of the time, to be accurate. Starts off leisurely, rather than slowly, building a brooding interest in the house, and the vacation of the family. Except that they are a most untogetherness family unit, never overly sympathetic. So who cares who—or what—goes bump in the nights.

Reed in glasses looks wrong for a start; even more so the way his specs fly on and off his nose in some exceedingly tawdry editing. Karen Black plays the wife with not so much a stiff upper lip (required in the dire circumstances to come), more of a stiffened, downright clenched lower lip, as she busies herself cleaning the entire place, delivering Mrs. A's food—never eaten until Miss B. nibbles it, herself—and becoming entranced, seduced even, by the lady's collection of old photos in gilded frames, and a musical box which

sends her into trances of indeterminate length.

So much is indeterminate in this s(lippy) script. Like who is this family? Where do they come from? What does Dad do for a living—apart from performing vanishing tricks with his specs? Indeed, where in the blazes are they? America? Canada? Europe? Dollars, as mentioned in the rent, are no longer clues to territorial borders; and Reed's US accent, passable enough at the start, soon passes away altogether.

VIVA BETTE DAVIS

The kid of the family unit is about the only normal human around; if you feel that any kid from a TV commercial family can be considered credible. Bette Davis is the brightest geriatric of the block, 74-year-old aunt, fun in an orange fright wig which suddenly turns ashen-grey, as her eyes get rheumy and more red than her lipstick was before she positively disintegrates on camera... about five minutes ahead of the script.

She dies in fact—and this takes some swallowing—while witnessing Reed's nightmare vision of a smiling, white-faced hearse-driver from his

mother's burial. Now how Bette is supposed to see, share and suffer from Olly's fantasies is beyond me...

If the family is a trifle off-course as a unit, the house begins to veer all over them, slowly, malignantly, suffocating the family bond and membership, ageing them (except the kid) and doing its damndest to kill them off (particularly the kid).

Reed nearly drowns the lad in the pool, after belly-flopping in and coming up with a pair of glasses found on the bottom. He tries 'em on—bingo, instant child-killer! (Distraught at what he so nearly did with his child, Reed is later consoled by his wife in the whackiest line of the scenario—she suggests he start work now on his doctorate!) Next, the kid is damn nearly gassed in his own bedroom—then drowned anew when the pool churns real nasty and Reed has to look on, helpless, paralysed by now for reasons we best not try to explain, in order to avoid giggles.

Even Karen realises something's afoot at this point. She sees young Lee thrashing about in the water, his father straining at his paralysis like someone suffering extreme constipation, and rushes to the rescue. The house doors refuse to open for her. She has to smash through a window to save Junior... Reed then recovers his limbs... and they decide to vacate the premises forthwith.

Karen, fifthwith, remembers she hasn't told Mrs. A. of their departure, runs back inside. Dumb! dumb, dumb! Reed waits, then goes in to get her. He gets his, instead. So does Junior.

Three down, one to go... well, not really and I'm not about to give it all away because (a) you'd laugh and think me absurd, rather than the film and (b) by this point in the proceedings the film ceases to be of interest to anyone save the projectionist waiting to switch off and get home to some good, regurgitated gothics on TV.

What I should say is that if you expect that which the title suggests, forget it. In fact, forget the title. And unless you're a Dan Curtis fan (if there is such an animal?), and all the more so if you're a Karen Black buff (she's just never been this bad before), forget the movie as well. Pity to say that. Because it began so hopefully, working all the time to an expected shattering climax—



The ominous chauffeur (Anthony James), driver of a hearse, appears in a frightening, recurring nightmare funeral.

which, almost petulantly, it refuses to deliver. Mr. Curtis directs the second half as if he was out to lunch. Basically, he's way, but way out of his own minor league.

Dan Curtis, who produces as well (so who else to blame?) is renowned in certain quarters—not mine—as a horrorsmith of excellence. Huh? First via his New York daily TV soap-opera, *Dark Shadows*, hyped up to avoid cancellation with every possible supernatural gimmick. The series made a mini-star out of wierd Jonathan Frid and lasted five years, breeding a couple of tame MGMovies en route. Mr. Curtis stayed on in Tinseltown for more films, usually tele-ventures, *The Night Stalker*, and re-working old faithfuls, *Dracula*, *Frankenstein*, *Jekyll and Hyde*, *Dorian Gray*,

even *The Turn of the Screw*. 'I've made just about every classic horror tale worth doing,' he claims. This explains his apparent fatigue with the genre. Likewise Karen Black: she played the triple-lead in his *Trilogy of Terror* on (or was it in) the box.

These days, Curtis says, he's more into 'comedy, action-adventure, romance and period pieces'. Hence, two TV-movies with Dale Robertson back from Boot Hill as G-man Melvin Purvis, and plans for re-jigging Dillinger; Baby Face Nelson and, to be original for once, Machine Gun Kelly's wife.

Mr. Curtis, I'm also reliably informed—or was that, warned?—resembles a boxer. So what; if his films can't scare me, why should he? Suffice to say that once he knows what he really wants to make, he might come up with a B-movie more adhesively constructed than *Burnt Offerings* which suffers alarmingly—rip-off title apart—from a thoroughly messy variance in writing, acting, photographic and even continuity styles. Nothing matches!

'It has a violent ending but it's not a violent film,' says Curtis. True. 'There is an insidious building of pressure.' True again. 'Halfway through the picture, I believe the audience will be holding its breath.'

Maybe so... but three-quarters into the picture, I believe the audience may well wish it was holding Mr. Curtis' breath. By the throat.

Review by Tony Crawley

Photography by Elliott Marks



Trying to escape from the house, Ben Rolfe (Oliver Reed) is stopped by the malignant underbrush which blocks his path and forces him back.

Marian.....	Karen Black
Ben.....	Oliver Reed
Aunt Elizabeth.....	Bette Davis
Brother.....	Burgess Meredith
Rox.....	Eileen Heckart
David.....	Lee Montgomery
Walker.....	Dub Taylor
Chauffeur.....	Anthony James
A P.E.A. (Rome) production for United Artists UK-release. Script, William F. Nolan, Dan Curtis, from Robert Marasco's novel; camera, Jacques Marquette; make-up, Al Fleming; special effects Cliff Wenger; producer-director, Dan Curtis.	

TENDER DRACULA

It seems Jean Rollin is topping from his throne as the French king of horror films (see HoH 8). Other directors are looking to international stars in an attempt to make fantasy films that will sell in Europe and America. Jean-Claude Morlot, a prolific Parisian film reviewer, has sent us an exclusive feature on the latest contender for the throne.

Long before Edouard Molinaro directed *Dracula*, *Father and Son* (reviewed in HoH 8), a young French director decided to devote his first film to the theme of an actor specialising in horror movies.

To succeed with such material demands the presence of a "legendary" horror-star and, although the idea was only just taking shape, Pierre Grunstein already had three names in mind: Vincent Price, Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing.

For various reasons the first two were eliminated, although, as it happens, they have both made films calling to question the status of the horror film actor: Price with *Theatre Of Blood* and Lee with *Dracula*, *Father And Son*. (And, of course, Price and Cushing together in *MAD-HOUSE*...)

First, the story of *Tendre Dracula*. Why are the two scriptwriters Alfred (Bernard Menez) and Boris (Stephane Shandor) so frightened as they enter the TV studios? Because they have an appointment with their all-powerful boss, the producer (Julien Guiomar).

The Horrific Romantic

He has only one passion: horror films. And one problem: MacGregor (Peter Cushing). He insists that the two genial writers turn their new love story into a horror story in order to satisfy MacGregor, the super-star of horror films, who is in the middle of a romantic crisis. So off they go to the

Castle of Terror where MacGregor is busy creating the atmosphere necessary for their masterpiece.

They travel through countryside that grows ever more unrealistic and which they react to with the same resignation that they have towards the two girls in the car. They've never seen them before. They don't even know why they're there. But they don't ask any questions, presuming the girls are part of the MacGregor atmosphere. Besides, they're magnificent and silent, so why talk?

When they finally arrive, they find the castle is beyond anyone's wildest dreams. Alfred, Boris, Marie (Miou-

Miou) and Madeleine (Nathalie Courval) are already terrified before they even pass through the iron gate surrounding the grounds!

Within the castle walls, they meet the remainder of the "cast"...

Abelard (Percival Russel) is enormous. The more gentle his actions, the more frightening they are. He has a certain diabolical charm and is the castle's only servant.

Heloise (Alida Valli) is not only MacGregor's companion, but also an old hostess with a mind all of her own.

And then, of course, there's MacGregor. He may be the incarnation of horror, but when he opens his



mouth he's just an old man who speaks rather well.

On being shown to their bedrooms, the guests discover that the castle is alive . . . as are the bathrooms! Marie and Madeleine find themselves fighting with new-fangled objects that have returned to a state of total savagery.

Boris and Alfred meanwhile make a search of the torture-chamber to find spare clothes and Boris finds a make-up kit which enables him to become again the make-up artist he once was.

In the great room of the castle the meal begins. Improvised or not, the clothes are fantastic, with dresses taking on the appearance of spiders' webs and the make-up bringing the portraits of ancestors back to life.

Alas, it all ends badly. Boris, who was playing at Russian roulette, is found in a pool of blood, his brains blown out. Or has the soul of the brilliant make-up artist got the upper hand?

Real or False?

Impossible to say. In any case the night is anything but peaceful, with the men fearing death and the women love. Thanks to love, life takes over in the castle of death.

MacGregor drinks blood from a large glass with a long stem, while the ladies drink orange juice. He tells the story of his life and we can guess why in his case romanticism has taken its toll of horror. But there's life in horror yet: Abelard, who doesn't like ladies, plants an axe in the back of the over-enterprising Madeleine. Poetry collapses like a house of cards. Just before dying, as if during a confession, MacGregor's diabolical side returns.

Heloise seizes the finest whip in his collection. Alfred and Marie are tied to chairs rigged for torture and undergo a fit of surreal madness. Their desperate situation—Heloise carves her initials in Alfred's leg and Marie is literally cut in two—and the beginnings of mutual affection make them forget for a moment Madeleine who has died in a corridor, not to mention Boris who is tackling Abelard who has run amok with an axe.

But MacGregor was right: nothing can resist love, especially not horror.



The strength of romanticism lies in it not trying to enter by force, but by rising above all obstacles.

And even the producer, who had hidden his crew in the darkest recesses of the castle to film everything as it happened, will fall victim to love. He will lose his crew, enticed by a provocative and resuscitated Madeleine into an orgy worthy of the Devil.

But producers are resourceful and perhaps our resources will regain their health by discovering the cinema's future, the salvation of producers with their backs to the financial wall: sex films!

As one will have guessed, the mood

is not very serious; it's less a horror film (although certain scenes are very impressive) than a "comedy of terrors" to return to a formula dear to amateurs of the genre.

The film's importance lies in its ambiguity: are the murders real or false? At the beginning we watch the two script-writers preparing them and witness the bloody make-up needed to impress MacGregor.

As we know the murders to be false, we cannot believe that those carried out by Abelard and Heloise at MacGregor's bidding are false. The strength of the film stems from this ambiguity and the fact that we are forced to admit how it functions.

Important too is the role played by Peter Cushing. A role made to measure. It's not hard to guess that he really enjoyed playing an actor tired of always having the same roles and whose secret dream is to star in a great romantic part so as to show the public that he's not a bloodthirsty monster, but a human being with a heart whose love can defy time. Thus he says to his wife that if they want to live an eternal love they must abolish time and space.

The role has its autobiographical side, as at one point MacGregor states that he once played the gravedigger in *Hamlet* (which Cushing did). It's always a great pleasure to see him on the screen as he is in real life, playing on subtle variations in his

voice, full of that Anglo-Saxon humour of which he is master.

Unfortunately for the French public he is dubbed by Jean Rochefort (also a distinguished actor), so one's pleasure lies in seeing the English-language version and in hearing Cushing.

France's Horror Star

Among the other actors of the film one must mention Bernard Menez whose popularity is increasing in France and who is known for having played opposite Christopher Lee in *Dracula, Father And Son*. I think he is the only French actor who can boast to having appeared with both Lee and Cushing. And then there's Miou-Miou whose name was linked to that of

Gerard Depardieu thanks to the film *Les Valseuses* and who is certainly the most sought-after actress both in France and Italy. Not to mention Alida Valli, the Italian star of international fame and long-proven talent, in whose filmography one finds the names of Hitchcock, Visconti, Antonioni, Chabrol, Pasolini, Bertolucci, etc. She is on record as saying she is very satisfied with this film: it's the first comedy role she has ever been given to play since the outset of her career.

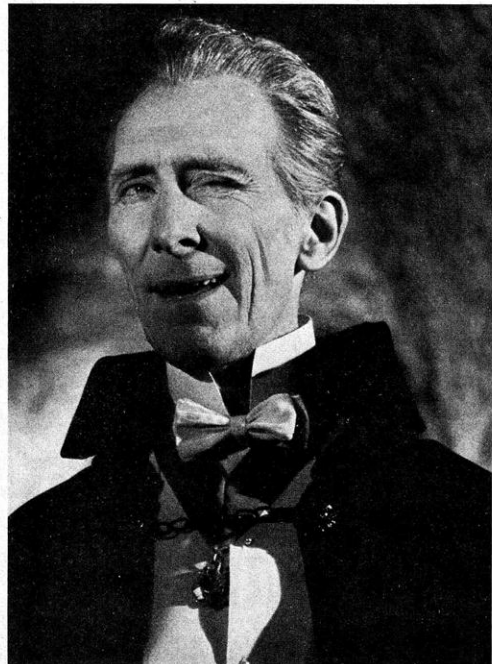


We shall give the last word to Peter Cushing who wrote in a letter how pleased he was to have worked in France for the first time:—

"*Tender Dracula* contains many elements: humour, romance, a few subtle "shocks", but most of all it shows how love in its finest sense is undying and eternal, no matter what the period or the circumstances. It was my first picture in France and a great pleasure for me to work with Pierre Grunstein, Jerome Kanapa and everyone else at VM Productions, not to mention the delightful and extremely talented cast that was assembled.

The musical score is beautiful and plays an important part in the telling of the film. I hope I am right in predicting that this is the kind of film that people will want to see more than once. It has such a haunting theme".

(Peter Cushing: June 1974). ■



W E'VE been getting so inundated with mail from the readers lately, that in an attempt to get as many opinions on this page as possible, this issue we're only printing highlights from the more interesting ones.

Don't get the wrong idea... we need your opinions. Not just to fill this page, but to be sure we're doing something right! So keep writing them and we'll keep printing them.

The comic strip is a fine idea, but stick to film adaptations. Original stories are an irritating waste of space.

I also think you should cut down on film history and concentrate on new, previews and reviews.

I am glad to see you are running a regular review column. I agree totally with John Brosnan on *The Omen* and *Kong* (in issues 7 and 8). Further to his remark on the decapitation scene in *The Omen*, I would rate it as an audience exciter along side the shower scene in *Psycho* and that head in *Jaws*.

I think you should start a feature on horror film directors, concentrating on the more ignored ones. I would nominate Gordon Hessler, Roy Ward Baker, Michael Reeves and Peter Sasdy to begin with.

The only other 'class' British fantasy mag *World of Horror* folded after issue 9. Let's see if you can't double that, at least!

Steve Davis
Southdown
Bath

HoH

Since the general feeling towards your magazine is good, I shan't bother



with my identical comment. But rather, I have a few suggestions.

First, unless there is a special reason against it, I'm sure that lengthier illustrated versions of Hammer films would be appreciated more. Present adaptations (though excellently done) tend to lose a little of the flavour of the story when shortened to 18 pages.

Also on your adaptations, if you do a film complete in one issue, please don't spread it throughout the mag in several chunks, because this tends to destroy the continuity. At the most have it in two parts.

On film reviews, please give the full cast and credits, which has been missing in some of your earlier issues.

A final suggestion. How about a space in *HoH* where readers could advertise mags, stills, posters that they need or have for sale?

Kevin Green
Farley
Reading

HoH

I was reading issue 7 of *HoH* for about the sixth time when I decided I had to add my comment to yours in *Post Mortem*.

Kevin Hazel said he thought *HoH* was excellent, and better than any of the American rubbish.

The only American fantasy mags I've seen are *Monster Fantasy* (advertised in your *Bargain Basement*)

and *Monsters of the Movies* (from Marvel Comics). Neither of them are 'rubbish', they're quite good.

Whatever you do in the future, don't take Brian Lewis off the art on the covers or inside the magazine. He's brilliant. So if he wants to leave, just chain him to the nearest desk!

George Brown
Barnard Castle
Co. Durham

HoH

May I congratulate you on the very fine and interesting magazine, *The House of Hammer*. Very good articles, fantastic artwork, fine stills, a must for every fantasy film buff!

I can appreciate the work you all put into each issue, as I edit the German magazine *Vampir*, also dedicated to horror and fantasy films.

M. Hallhuber
Tegernseer Landstr. 75
8000 Munchen 90
Germany

Anyone interested in improving their German language should send an international reply coupon to the above address for further details on *Vampir*.

HoH

I especially enjoyed issues 2 and 3 featuring your adaptation of *Curse of Frankenstein*. I'd never seen the film, but now I feel like I know what it is like.

I wonder if you could put more pages of comic strips in each issue? Thanks for a great magazine.

Jeff Atkinson
St Thomas
Ontario
Canada

HoH

Send all letters of comment to:
POST MORTEM, House of Hammer,
135-141 Wardour Street, London W1.

'TWINS OF EVIL - Looked almost real'

I liked your articles in *Hammer Kong* in issue 8, but the high point was Father Shandor. The artwork by John Bolton was brilliant.

In issue 7, the adaptation of *Twins of Evil* was also very well done. The bottom pictures on page 21 looked almost real.

One request though. One of my favourite Hammer films is *One Million Years BC*. I would very much like to see you adapt it to comic strip for a future issue. Could it be done?

Patrick Davison
Fawley
Southampton



THE GOLDEN AGE OF
HORROR
featuring

1933 - MASTERS OF

MENACE



Lugosi, with only a touch of false hair, and strong lighting, leers evilly at you, proving himself to be a true master of menace. A publicity shot from *White Zombie*.

Continuing his new look at old movies in their original order of appearance in British cinemas, Denis Gifford reaches 1933. The year of *Kong*, *White Zombie*, *The Mummy* et al.

Come back with us, back 44 years, and see how these great old classics were received by the audiences and critics alike when they first premiered...

"Weird! Mystery! Thrills! You can't Believe Your Eyes!"

The catchline for *Chandu the Magician*, which played the Christmas season at London's Regal Cinema, Marble Arch, ("On the Stage: Emanuel Starkey and the Regal Virtuosi!") and became the first Horror film release of the new year of 1933. The face featured in the ads was that of the supernaturally underlit Edmund Lowe, all tash and turban, while his co-star had to be content with very much lower-case lettering. It marked the first step down the ladder for Bela Lugosi.

"Chandu, an amazing picture!"

The Christmas season seemed the ideal time for the film, to gauge by the *Film Weekly* review. John Gammie picked up a phrase from the Fox Films official synopsis: "This is an amazing picture!". "Amazing is right", wrote Gammie, "It would be difficult to visualise a more astonishing medley of macabre melodrama and pantomime



Bela Lugosi and Noble Johnson (as the fiendish Dr. Mirakle and friend) in Universal's *Murders in the Rue Morgue*.

comedy. Anyone who goes to see it expecting genuine thrills will be sadly disappointed. The best way to enjoy it is to regard the whole thing as a huge joke—and take the children." For once the British Censor had seen the joke, too, and had awarded the film a "U" Certificate. Edmund Lowe, he-man hero of innumerable "Flagg and Quirt" action epics, made a dashing if unlikely British army officer who walked through fire to qualify as a Yogi, while Lugosi's majestic gestures and mystical nobility as Roxor, would-be potentate of the world, qualified him as the ideal Abanazar for any

Aladdin.

The Death Ray, bone of their contention, was invented by old-time Griffith star Henry B. Walthall—on screen, that is. In reality it was invented by Kenneth Strickfaden, the man *Film Pictorial* dubbed "Hollywood's Mask-eleyne". Interviewer Peter Day, perhaps inspired by his publisher's line of children's comics, gave Strickfaden this catchy bill-matter: "He gets up to such larks with flashes and sparks!" Strickfaden, "the film's official demon, lord of the lightning, and expert in impossible effects", made his mark in macabre movies by simulating the sound of a murderer being electrocuted. Next came a tree being struck by lightning, and finally the fireworks of the Frankenstein laboratory. A fringe benefit to this was a further experiment with one of the whirring wheels. Strickfaden took it home with him, set it up in his steel-walled Santa Monica beach lab, and produced "the purest sound known to science": like a combination of cornet, flute, oboe and French horn. What, no shepherd's pipes *a la Ygor*?

Make-Up Masters of Menace

The Horror film, as a genre, was not only making an important addition to the range of cinematic entertainment, it was bringing into the arid light the hitherto unsung geniuses of cinematic creation. Having established new stars (Karloff and Lugosi), it now brought forth from behind the Hollywood bushel those artists and craftsmen without whom the



Zi-ta Johann with Boris Karloff in Universal's production of *The Mummy*.

new form could not have flourished Peter Day's piece on Strickfaden filled a page in *Film Pictorial*.

John Gammie concluded his Chandu review with a tribute to the photographer: "The trick camera work of James Wong Howe is really the most exciting feature of the picture. There is hardly anything Wong can't do with his camera."

And although Herbert Thompson, in his editorial item "A Cellophane Monster" failed to name names, it would not be long before the man behind Karloff's monstrous Mummy makeup would be known to the world as Jack P. Pierce.

"First the face was dampened and covered with thin straps of cotton. On this, collodion and spirit gum were applied with a small brush. Then the ears were pinned back and an electric drying machine was used to produce the necessary wrinkles. Then the hair was covered with clay, while twenty-two different paints were applied to the features. Finally the whole body was swathed from head to foot in bandages and covered with a thin dusting of Fuller's earth. At the end of the operation Karloff could not move a muscle of his face or utter a single word."

The editor of *Film Weekly* concluded his quote from the Universal Studios publicity release by remarking that if Karloff could have talked, "I think I know what



The sarcophagus opened. Jack Pierce's brilliant make-up on Boris Karloff as Im-Ho-Tep revealed.

he would have said about those who devise such parts for him." A good gag, but quite contradictory to the facts. In the very next issue of Thompson's magazine, his Hollywood Representative Iris Foster published an extensive interview with the "Specialist in Screen Horror". Karloff made his attitude to Horror films delightfully clear.

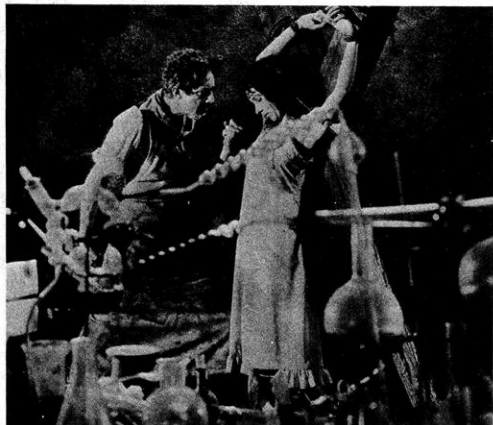
"I love monster roles. Unreal characters are not so difficult to portray. Unlike straight character roles they

transport an actor so far away from his natural self that it is hardly a case of acting at all.

Besides, I owe my stardom to an uncannily clever makeup man and to the ability of my directors."

The following week (February 3rd) *The Mummy* was unveiled prior to its West End opening at the Capitol on the following Sunday. Once again John Gammie began with a quote from the studio's handout: "The strangest story ever told on stage or screen." This time the critic found truth in the claim. "Beside the theme of an Egyptian prince coming back to life and taking up his thwarted love affair with the modern reincarnation of his princess where he left off 3,000 years ago, the robot man idea of Frankenstein becomes almost conventional!" But, he added, "strangeness itself is not entertainment", and concluded with the point that "ability to wear pounds of fantastic makeup is scarcely art." *The Mummy* which originally had been announced the previous September as *Im-Ho-Tep*, did disappoint, and still does. Sold as a Horror film, it cheats the thrill-seeker by having but two classic moments of horror, both of them brisk: the revival of the emaciated mummy when the words of the sacred Scroll of Thoth are spoken, and the climatic converse when Karloff crumbles again. Sandwiched between these scenes is a mysterious romance between the wizened revival and his reincarnated love.

Mask of Fu Manchu was meatier by far, with its succession of terrible tortures. In this one Karloff recreated Sax Rohmer's



Lugosi tortured and torments Betty Ross Clarke in a scene from *Murders in the Rue Morgue*.

anti-hero as a skeletal sadist far removed from the chunkier Warner Oland of silent yore. Equipped by the anonymous MGM makeup man, Karloff's Fu Manchu, with three-inch finger nails and an even longer moustache, chained Lawrence Grant under a tolling bell, injected Charles Starrett with zombie-juice, put Lewis Stone on a pendulum over a pit of slaver crocodiles, and sat Jean Hersholt between two oncoming walls of spikes. As if for revenge, director Charles Brabin called in Kenneth Strickfaden to flash a bolt of lightning from Fu Manchu's fingertips. Strickfaden devised a copper cable to run up Karloff's kimono and down his sleeve to end in an imitation nail on the tip of his forefinger. All the electricity available on the MGM lot was hooked in, plus an additional supply from the Culver City power plant. At which point Karloff went home! True to his inventive calling, Strickfaden stepped into the breach, not to mention the kimono, the cable, and the false finger-nail.

"The electrical wizard stepped into position and put his foot on a badly insulated arc-light cable. There was a tremendous flash and a noise like a sledge-hammer felling an ox. Fuses blew all over the studio. Strickfaden flew six feet through the air and fell in an unconscious heap. Men have died for films by fire and falls. Now one, it seemed, had perished by electrocution. Frantic artificial respiration brought him round. Examination disclosed no more damage than a badly blistered toe."

"Boy, am I lucky!" was Strickfaden's comment, retiring into the safer, saner world of Noel Coward's *Cavalcade*.

"Karloff The Uncanny"

Meanwhile, back at March 17th 1933, *Film Weekly* was almost having a Horror Film Special. Karloff the Uncanny, as he was now being billed, was photographed with Mrs Uncanny, arriving at Southampton. Horror films had achieved for the actor something he had never been able to afford before: they had brought him home. After many long years in exile, to play yet another monster. "I have not even read the script yet", Karloff told *Film Weekly's* interviewer. "All I know is that I am playing the type of part I had in *The Old Dark House* and my other horror films."

When *The Ghoul* was unveiled later in the year, Karloff's prediction proved truer than expected: his British monster was exactly like all his other monsters—

rolled into one! Released the same week as Karloff's *Fu Manchu* was the latest from Lugosi, *White Zombie*. Although the old vampire star was back in top billing, the film itself was a long way down from Universal and even Fox's *Chandu*. The producers were the Halperin Brothers, Victor and Edward, touring independents with no studio of their own. But although the production values were threadbare and the supporting players from Poverty Row, *White Zombie* was as sincere a spine-chiller as any Horror film fan could hope for. Lugosi played Legendre, a man called "Murder", who controlled Haiti by night with a drop of drug and a roll of eyeball.

John Gammie thought most of the fantastic and eerie scenes bordered on the ludicrous. "But the players have done their best to emphasise the lurid horrors of the thing, and indulgent filmgoers

may get a spurious thrill or two out of it." Not just the indulgent, for the scene in the sugar mill where a Zombie falls into the works and is granulated with the cane was one that would remain in many a memory.

The bad news of the year for buffs broke on March 31st, tucked away as paragraph nine of "News Snapshots", a filler feature in *Film Weekly*:

The Island of Lost Souls, the Paramount film based on *The Island of Doctor Moreau* by H. G. Wells, has been banned by the British Film Censor on the ground that the story (of a mad professor who transplants human souls into animal bodies) is too horrible. The part of the professor is played by Charles Laughton. Truly Lugosi's luck was running out. Not only was his role as the Sayer of the Law listed some way down on the credits, he was not even rated a mention in *Film*



"Ghoul" Karloff finds another victim in the beautiful Kathleen Harrison. From the 1933 Gaumont British picture, *The Ghoul*.



Bela . . . as Dr. Mirakle, about to send his killer ape out on another murderous mission. **Murders In The Rue Morgue.**

Weekly's passing par. Few Americans lucky enough to see the film spotted Lugosi either, so buried was he in the bushy hair pasted on his face by make-up artist Wally Westmore. But when the film finally passed with an "X" Certificate in the Fifties, thanks to enterprising Eros Films, it proved to be a brilliant entry in the genre. Eros publicity upped Lugosi to co-stardom, and his performance and reading of lines like "Not to bleed blood . . . are we not men . . . ?" justified the promotion.

"Plaything of Monsters"—this was the headline that heralded the front page story of *Film Weekly* for April 21st. The plaything, of course, was Fay Wray, a girl who used to do some quite good work, in a quiet way, as a carefully nurtured romantic heroine." Them days, editorialised Herbert Thompson, is gone forever, as he listed her latest escapades.

"A grotesque monster with shockingly deformed features captured her in *Doctor X* and tried to do away with her.

A mad big game hunter armed with a bow and arrow pursued her relentlessly in *Hounds of Zoroff*.

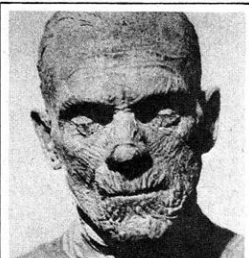
Another and even more revolting monster does his best to pour burning wax over her in *The Mystery of the Wax Museum*.

And to crown everything, the ape-man *King Kong* grasps her in his hairy paw and dashes off into the jungle with her in the new and still greater screen shocker now running in London."

Give her a seat, he pleaded, she has

certainly earned it! Her new film had opened at the Coliseum in Saint Martin's Lane on Easter Monday, billed as "Edgar Wallace's *King Kong*, the Strangest Story ever Conceived by Man". The man who conceived it was not, of course, Wallace. Merian C. Cooper, the producer, had begun work on the film some years before, when it was known as *The Beast*. But England's ace crime writer had added his inimitable touch to the concept and screenplay during his brief period as contract scenarist to the RKO-Radio Studio—brief, because he died suddenly before production began. This tragic end to a unique career was capitalised upon by the studio flacks, who billed the film as "Edgar Wallace's Last Story".

John Gammie wrote a very long



Karloff: "I owe my stardom to an uncannily clever make-up man." Looking at Jack Pierce's work on Boris here, you can see what he means.

review. "We have had many films which mirrored reality. Here, for a change, is one which mirrors unreality—which shows us things that could only happen in a nightmare. It all resembles nothing more or less than a bad dream and, like a dream, it is only believable while one is thoroughly under its spell." And having dealt with the story, the production, and the acting, Gammie concluded: "It was not the story which made *King Kong* worth while. It was the work of the men behind the scenes."

This was the real *King Kong* breakthrough: not the great ape crashing down the confines of his prehistoric prison, but the boys busting out of the backroom. Let the *Boys' Magazine* fictionize the *King Kong* screenplay: *Film Weekly* focused on the studio technicians. "Mysteries of *King Kong*", a two-page special by Andrew Boone, brought Murray Spivack and his staff out of the sound studio to tell how the track was made. They even had a picture of one Walter Elliott, the shirtsleeved assistant who provided Kong's chest-thumps via a microphone held at his back. That was one credit the title cards of the picture never carried. *Picturegoer*, "The National Guide to Films" two-tone gravure rival, concentrated on the camerawork in their two-page centre-spread. *Film Pictorial* featured a behind-the-scenes piece by the director himself, Ernest B. Schoedsack. This backstage

Madman Lionel Atwill

publicity was enormous and unprecedented, and while detractors railed against this exposure of the magic industry's secrets, more people learned more about the mechanics of filmmaking through *King Kong* than from the entire history of the motion picture to that date.

"The Picture that has the World Aghast" opened at the Regal on May 26th. It was *The Mystery of the Wax Museum* and, added the ad, "All in Gorgeous Technicolor!" Gorgeous was not the word John Gammie chose to describe the film: "Lionel Atwill is good as the madman, and his concealed make-up is the most revolting seen in any horror film. Technicolor is used here to enhance the shocks and shudders." Up the page in "Pick Your Picture", the Rapid Guide to New Films, technicolor was again the focal point: "A well-made horror film with its gruesome thrills emphasised by colour effects". The colour was not of the richness known today. It was closer to the Fifties' second-feature Cinecolor, a red/green blend which worked well in

the great fire scene wherein the wax-works figures melted into disturbing distortion. The film, thought destroyed after the stereoscopic remake, *House of Wax*, suddenly surfaced on British television a few years ago in all its colourful splendour. Modern audiences could but echo the Thirties' acclaim for Glenda Farrell, then "a comparative newcomer with a pert, piquant personality that is distinctly welcome in such a gruesome atmosphere".

"That old villain is at it again", they cried over Lionel Atwill, stiff-lipped veteran of 1932's *Doctor X*. And he would be at it again and again before 1933 was through.

Britain's first Horror film opened at the Capitol on Sunday August the sixth, and *Film Weekly* promptly opened with another knocking editorial. "Aping Hollywood's Horrors", it was called, and Herbert Thompson pointed out that it was exactly eighteen months between the premiere of *Frankenstein* and that of *The Ghoul*. And that in each case the star was Boris Karloff.

"Between these two events, many synthetic monsters have stalked across the screen. A succession of supposedly spine-chilling pictures have run the gamut of old dark houses, resuscitated corpses, Egyptian tombs, and ghosts that walk in the night. Every possible and impossible device for inducing gooseflesh and sending cold shivers down the filmgoer's protesting back has been studiously employed by Hollywood's thrill factory. The horror film, in short, has been pumped dry of horrors."

He concluded that *The Ghoul* must be a temporary lapse of Gaumont-British, caused chiefly by the difficulty in casting



Another fine shot of Boris Karloff, from Universal's *The Mummy*.

Karloff in any other kind of picture. His critic, John Gammie, found the film equally derivative, recalling in its inexplicable tale of an emaciated Egyptologist's return from the tomb to reclaim a stolen jewel almost every Hollywood Horror that had gone before: *Frankenstein*, *The Mummy*, and *The Old Dark House*. "It cannot be denied that the story wears a made-to-measure look which detracts from its virtues". The film, non-existent today save in a tattered remnant with superimposed subtitles, and a studio album of stills which was acquired by a dealer and broken up for maximum resale potential, seems not all that bad. But perhaps we have seen so many inept reworkings of the old themes that even *The Ghoul* comes freshly apt.

Karloff, meantime, had returned to Hollywood, and the usual list of vehicles was published. *Gulliver's Travels* (directed by Karl Freund), *Bluebeard*, *A Trip to Mars* (with Boris as a ten-foot tall Martian monster): all ended up in that

limbo of lost projects. While Karloff dickered, Atwill flickered—with no fewer than three releases in as many weeks, small wonder *Film Weekly* ran a profile by John K. Newnham called "Hollywood's Latest Horror-Monger". This boom for the British-born "actor of the old school" (stage debut 1904 as a footman in *The Walls of Jericho*) quite overshadowed his recent co-starring role with Marlene Dietrich in *Song of Songs*.

Murders In The Zoo

First around the cinemas was *Murders in the Zoo* (October 27th), director Edward Sutherland's follow-up to *Island of Lost Souls*. Atwill was Eric Gorman, millionaire big-game hunter with a private zoo. When a companion on safari tries to kiss Atwill's young wife (Kathleen Burke the "Panther Woman"), he sews up his mouth and slings him to the tigers. Then came *The Sphinx* (November 17th), a macabre mystery from Monogram with Atwill as Jerome Breen, suspected deaf-mute. More in the vein was *Vampire Bat* (November 24th), a reunion with Fay Wray engineered by Chesterfield. Dwight Frye, hunchbacked madman of this parish, was suspected of the village vampire killings, but of course sinister Dr Otto Van Niemann was at the bottom of it all. They were all a cover for his diabolical experiments in synthetic flesh, a memory of his *Doctor X* days, and so impressive were Atwill's rolling eyeballs that he set a seal on his career as "the maddest Mad Doctor of them all".

1933 closed with the Gaumont British circuit release of Pooch the Pup in *King Klunk*, an animated burlesque of the old Eighth Wonder. *Film Weekly* committed the supreme sacrilege: "It's better than Mickey Mouse!" ■



An extremely rare off-set shot taken during the production of MGM's *The Mask of Fu Manchu*.

Sinbad

and the Eye of the Tiger

Schneer magic is back . . . ! Charles H. Schneer, that is. Which, as naturally as night follows day, Van Helsing stakes Dracula and Italy rips-off Hollywood, means that the incomparable Ray Harryhausen is back, as well. At full rei(g)n. They're producers in tandem this time, on their third *Sinbad* fantasia. Complete with Ray's wonder monsters—including a huge hornet, a prehistoric walrus and a splendidly animated baboon.

And the Ghouls, the living dead, who prove to be devastating little scrappers. Reminiscent of, though perhaps not as memorable as, those sword-hurling skeletons of yore but then they're only the *hors d'oeuvres*!

Next: meet the Minoton. A bronze cocktail. One part bull, one part man, one part robot. Operated by means of the cinema's all-time favourite cliché, a heart of gold. No brain is mentioned or seen, yet Minoton (must be three ton, if he's a day) understands all orders and rows a huge metal boat with the strength of six men . . . and then some. Helluva brute, he is. Until demolished by what could best be described as half a house.

Best of the bunch, though is the absolutely brilliant Troglodyte creature. A real Neanderthal fella, with a huge horn in the centre of his forehead. The face, body, arms, legs—everything about him moves superbly. Fantastically life-like. Full proof, as if any more were required, that Harryhausen could have come up with a masterful *Kong* for Dino de Laurentiis, or saved a certain film company shelling out all that yen in getting their *Nessie* with *Made In Japan* emblazoned on its rump end.

Troglodyte vs. Sabre-Tooth

Last, but of course, certainly not least in this new Harryhausen gift range for kids of all ages, comes the sabre-toothed half of the titled tiger. Trog has a miraculous (stop-frame) battle with this 'animal', when it's inhabited at the thrilling and excellently set-up climax, by the spirit of the thoroughly nasty Zenobia. She who has the eye of the tiger, the foot of a seagull and who has made a monkey out of Prince Kassim. And just when he was going to be crowned king, too, poor chap! If he can't get back to his old self again before the

by Tony Crawley



The mighty Minoton, solid bronze humanoid with the head of a bull. One of the many foes of this, the third Sinbad film from Schneer and Harryhausen.

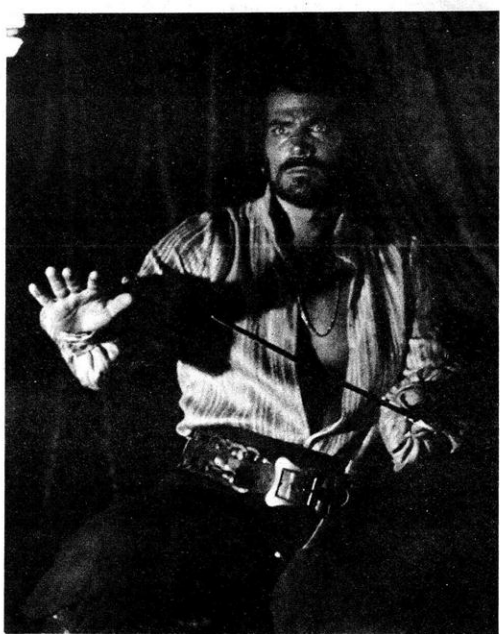


The sabre-tooth tiger comes to life and all flees in her path.



seventh moon is nigh and high, he'll lose his right to be King and step-mother Zenobia will have her true son, Rafi, take the crown and... well, the tiger-eyes will have it. Have it all, right enough.

Anyway, and suitably enough for Jubilee year, our story begins with the coronation, abortive as events turn out, of young Kassim: Damien Thomas, from Hammer's *Twins of Evil*. Followed by the roisterous arrival back in Charak of Captain Sinbad and his jolly crew. Not quite jolly enough, actually; they could do with a Nick Cravat aboard. Within minutes (the story always moves rapidly at the beginning, right?), Sinbad is turban-deep in the Kassim affair, offering hand, heart and sword to help the nearly-Caliph's sister, Princess Farrah (no, not Ms. Fawcett Majors), to find a cure for... well, baboonitis. This means searching out the legendary Melanthius, a Greek worldly wise in the mysteries of the black arts. Sinbad will set sail, no matter how long or how far it takes him, because he'll do anything for the love of a good woman. His crew, apparently, have no voice in the matter.



Patrick (son of John) Wayne stars as the dashing sea rover, Sinbad.

Catch their unions allowing them off on such hazardous trips these days, without week-long discussions re differentials...

Obviously, Zenobia is not going to let Sinbad find the cure, if she can help it. She sets off in pursuit with son Rafi, in their boat propelled by the mighty Minoton—dispatching the good Captain Zabid (Bernard Kay) *en route*. (Serves him right for switching his eye-patch). To check on directions, she turns into a seagull,

Shrine of the Four Elements

flies to Sinbad's boat and bugs their chatter. Wiley old bird, she be and no mistake. Charging around our hero's vessel in human form, but tom thumb-size. She's captured and there follows a quite magical sequence, with the mini-Zenobia inside a glass jar being quizzed by Melanthius—and escaping when a tiny hornet laps up some of her potion and turns into a huge aggressor. Great stuff and very well shot by Ted Moore.

Director Sam Wannamaker—not usually renowned for fantasy—also succeeds, on a

more humanistic level, in an earlier scene where Melanthius finally becomes convinced that the baboon in the cage is indeed Kassim (or human, at least) and gracefully shakes the monkey's hand... very moving.

The climax, though, is everything that is good about this film. Set inside The Shrine of the Four Elements, harnessing 'the greatest natural power on earth,' the Aurora Borealis. It's here, within the veritable light-show filtering through the shrine's metal summit, that Kassim can revert to manhood. Zenobia, of course, is also there bang on time, to be in at the kill...

If I complain too much about the middle third dragging, then clearly I must admit that this climactic set-piece makes up for everything. The gigantic set (a mix of real movie set and models) dwarfs the stars and staggers the eye. In places, it's quite reminiscent of some of the best of Eisenstein's use of massive sets and lighting in *Ivan The Terrible*. Maybe that's going a mite far, but it comes damned close. Full praise, therefore, to production designer Geoffrey Drake—and indeed, to



While shooting, Patrick Troughton (as Melanthius) and Jane Seymour (as Princess Farah) had to converse with a stuffed teddy. In the final footage, Harryhausen's animated baboon would be substituted into the live action.

Harryhausen for his final pitched battles therein: Trog v. Sabre-Tooth, and Sabre-Tooth v. Sinbad—who fights left-handed, but is right-handed on the poster, heigh-ho! (Obviously Duke Wayne doesn't want it known his son is a leftie...)

During such tussles, one is prone to wonder why Harryhausen still refuses to make use of humans for some (or some part) of his creatures, and never moves one jot away from

his admittedly, first-rate stop-frame photography. Until, of course, the explanation finally filters through. His models are so much more alive than any humans involved in these enterprises.

Apart from the film-saving vigour of Patrick Troughton (*Dr Who II* as Melanthius; inspired casting) and Jane Seymour's long-lashed beauty as Farah, they are a uniformly dull bunch of adventurers. It takes a fine

actor to get away with the kind of script which any Sinbad or close-related tale requires, and to make you swallow the fantasy. Patrick Wayne, son of The Dook, and looking like an underfed Steve Reeves, is not a fine actor. Passable. For TV Westerns. Not for sword (and a touch of the) sorcery stuff. Brightest thing about him is his teeth. Dentrifice was obviously invented much earlier than we have been led to believe.

Jane Seymour has more class as Farah, but then she's survived fantasy, albeit updated, before. As Roger Moore's first Bond Girl in *Live And Let Die*. And she's sons better than Tyrone Power's daughter, Taryn, who I suspect is dubbed, and who suffers like Margaret Whiting's Zenobia from an appalling make-up job throughout. (There are actual tear-lines coursing through Zenobia's pancake at one point).

Still, when all the money needs must be spent on the creatures and their make-up, what chance the poor humans.

All in all, a highly agreeable venture. Enhanced by Troughton and Messrs. Drake and (obviously) Harryhausen. Considering that Charles Schneer and Ray Harryhausen, with Kubrick, are about the only American film-makers left alive and taxed and filming in Britain, I earnestly await more Schneer magic in the near future. With perhaps one vital change from their normal format.

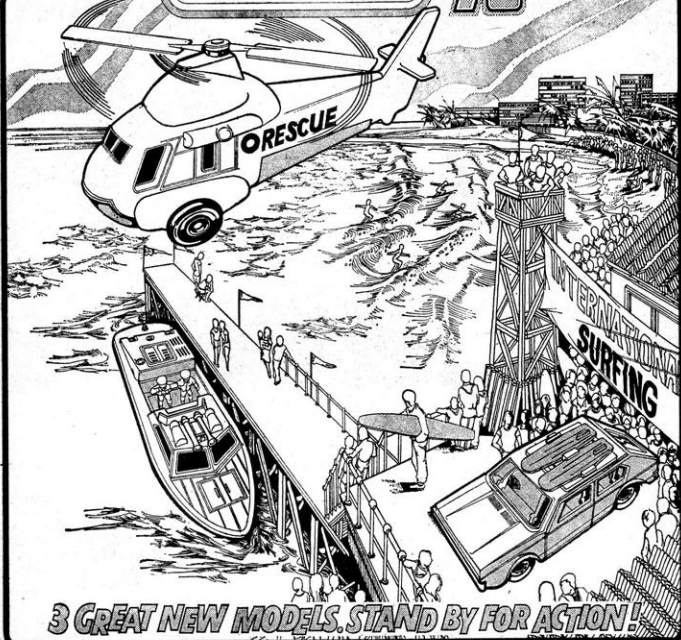
Why not let Harryhausen create the humans next time, as well...?



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JUST about every fan of the Fantastic cinema has at one time or another had a yearning to contribute something to his favourite pastime, whether directly or indirectly.

Contributing directly would mean being an actor or technician, but contributing indirectly allows the fan to indulge himself in every aspect of the genre and, hopefully, give pleasure to other fans. One of the most enjoyable ways to contribute to the cinefantastique, thus, fandom, is creating and publishing a *Fanzine*.

The following discussion will not deal with how-to-start-your-own-fanzine, but will merely take a look at the world of fantasy film fanzines.

First of all, fanzines are exactly what the name implies—fan-magazines. The obvious difference between fanzines and magazines (or prozines) is that professional magazines are financed and published by large publishing groups and produce their skilled product for commercial purposes. A fanzine is simply an amateur publication by the fans for the fans, and can be summed up as a non-profit making publication devoted to the serious study of fantasy films, books and art. They are published irregularly and depend entirely on subscription (in most cases) for their existence.



The first issue of a fine, professionally printed horror film magazine from Spain, *Vudu*.

In the early days when professional magazines started printing letters from their readers, they also began to include the addresses of the correspondents. Pretty soon these readers (the fans) began not only writing to the publications but also developed a stream of correspondence directly with fellow fans.

Eventually there was enough correspondence and written matter flying around to create a whole new world of amateur publications, news-letters, fan-journals, and fan-mags. The end result of all this was that the professional people and the fans had moved closer together, and now the fans that originally wrote just letters in to the pro-magazines were themselves contributing material for publication. It is this camaraderie of communication that holds as the basis for the birth and development

Fan Scene on Collecting



of fanzines.

A lot of fanzines are classified by their methods of printing and general reproduction; mimeograph (stencil), offset-litho, etc. Mimeographing is the typing of copy onto a stencil, placing the finished stencil onto a rotating drum (on what is usually a hand-driven machine) and forcing the ink through the stencil on to the paper. An economic, but not always effective, process—especially when trying to reproduce photographs.

Offset fanzines are done by professional agencies for the fan publishers. Their printing system is to photograph the finished pages and make plates similar to those used for professional magazines like *HoH*.

While the latter gives better reproduction of photos and artwork—by using a professional printer—the cost is remarkably higher, thus making the cover price of the well-printed fanzine somewhat prohibitive. This is due chiefly to the fact that the fanzine has a much smaller print run than the more commercial, less esoteric, nationally distributed magazines.

For this reason, most fanzines start out with mimeo (or even photo-copy!) printing, and, as their following increases via subscriptions and advance orders, they take the plunge, up their print run from a few hundred to a few thousand, and go litho.

At best, because of lack of financial backing, publicity or mass-market distribution, fanzine publishing breaks even. At worst, the publishing editor loses a fortune.

For this reason, many fanzines

start... but few even reach double figures (not that this is a unique situation—in cinema magazines, few professional ones reach issue ten!).

Contributors to fanzines rise from the ranks of fandom itself, and because they expect to write for an already informed readership, usually offer a more serious criticism than is found in a pro-



One of Canada's finest: *Captain George's Whizzbang*. A magazine dealing with all kinds of cinematic nostalgia.

fessional magazine which aims at a much wider market. Illustrators, too, have been able to see their work reproduced in fanzines, knowing that the audience would be an appreciative one.

Other than the joy of contributing to fanzines, and seeing your name and work in print, professional publishers have over the years developed a growing interest in such people. Fanzines have become a testing ground—even being used by way of an apprenticeship—for tomorrow's professional artists, writers and even editors. (In *HoH*, 80% of the contributors have at one time been active writing, drawing or editing contributors to fanzines.)

The pleasure derived from fanzines is not purely in terms of the information they may give, the rare photos, or in-depth articles they may offer, but simply because they are a universal form of communication between like-minded enthusiasts. For example, an Italian fan's contribution to a New York fanzine can be read by a fan in England.

Other forms of pleasure that can be derived from fan publications are in the shape of personal association. Whereas pro-publications have a set staff supplying

the materials, publications by the fans themselves keep in close touch with their readership. Fans can see their articles and artwork in print, and even their names credited purely for contribution of something like stills and posters. If the fan wants to buy or sell something, then all he has to do is submit his ad to a fanzine and be sure that it will be read by fellow enthusiasts.

Fine, you say, but where can I find out about all these fanzines, and which ones deal with the type of fantasy films I like? Well, first of all you can check the fanzine reviews in the pages of *House of Hammer* (which will, naturally, continue reviewing as long as fanzine editors keep sending along their mags). Once you have received a copy you will find ads and reviews for other similar publications—one, if not all, will give you enjoyable and informative reading. Pursuing back-numbers, unfortunately, will not be as easy as with professional mags. Fanzines have a limited print-run as their readership is a limited one, so early issues are most likely out of print. However, a letter to the particular editor (who would like nothing better than hearing there is a demand for his publication) will inform you of what is available. Obviously, there is an easy solution on how not to miss out on issues of a favourite fanzine, and that is to subscribe.

One of the oldest and most established fanzines devoted to the fantasy genre is *Photon*, which has been going strong since 1963. This, in terms of a fanzine's usual lifespan, is quite remarkable but on examination it becomes obvious why this publication has been able to defy the usual problems given to



The now sadly-defunct French fantasy film fanzine, *L'Ecran Fantastique*. A one-time worthy successor to the original *Midnight-Fantastique*.

non-profit making periodicals. *Photon*, edited and published by Mark Frank in New York, is one of the few professional-looking fanzines available. *Photon*'s nearest rival, in terms of quality, must be Fred Clarke's *Cinefantastique*, a publication so slick that it didn't deal with an esoteric subject it would surely be a pro-magazine. Not even the age of *Photon*, *Cinefantastique* (probably due to the aid of greater finances) has

FANTOON 3.



Interviews met million subotekp en ferrible francis — the ghouls

The mammoth, 100-page plus, beautifully produced Belgian fanzine, *Fantoon*.

achieved a high rating and standard since its premiere issue in late 1970. Another elder statesman in fanzines is Gary J. Svehla's excellent *Gore Creatures*, published in Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A. GC, one of the most serious of fanzines, has been in publication since the early Sixties.

The above three fanzines are among the leading fandom publications for fantasy fans the world over. However, they are not the only periodicals that have helped make the *Horror/Fantasy/Sci-Fi* film a respectable genre.

The majority of fantasy fanzines originate from the United States and, considering the availability of finances, this may be a partial reflection of the differences between our society and theirs. Dealing with just the American output for now, there are many fanzines (some extinct) which have played their part in making appreciation of fantasy films much greater; Robert Skotak's *Fantascene* (California), Bill George & Martin Falck's *The Late Show* (Maryland), Randall Larson's *CineFan* (California), Bill Pugmire Jr. & Brian Wise's *Fantasia* (Washington), Jerry Weddie's *Thriller* (New York), Sam L. Irvin's *Bizarre* (N.C.), Edward R. Campbell's *Fantastic Film Index* (Mass.), Randy Vest's *Journey Into Darkness* (Iowa), Derek Jensen's *Children of the Night and Cyclops* (Kansas), Charles Sachetta's *Cinemonsters* (Mass.), Mike Dobbs' *Inertron* (Mass.), George Stover's *Black Oracle* (Maryland), Gary Heilman's *Crypt of Horrors* (N.D.), Dick Klemenson's *Little Shoppe of Horrors* (Iowa), John Staffer's *Vault of Blood* (N.J.), and many, many more.

Among the super-specialised fanzines, we have *FXRH* (*Special Visual Effects By Ray Haysen*), edited by Ernest D. Farino & Sam Calvin, now a sadly defunct journal; David Preston's *Closure*, a publication "dedicated to the

special world of stop-motion animation, geared to the interests of



Before producing *L'Incredibly Cinema*, Manchester's Harry Nadler and Chuck Parkinson edited *Alien*, back in the early 1960s.

both fans and practitioners of the art form"; Greg Shoemaker's *The Japanese Fantasy Film Journal*, which speaks for its own fascinating content; Robert Malmcomson's *Those Enduring Matinee Idols*, although it looks as if this mag, dealing with "a chronological look at sound serials", has now ceased publication.

Outside of America, the fans of many other countries are busy producing fanzines. Canada has brought forth Peter Harris' *Captain George's Whizzbang*, Ami Buchbinder's *Fright & Fantasy*; from Belgium we have Gilbert Verschotten's *Fantoom*, Jan Van Genechten's *Fandom's Film Gallery*; from France there is Jean-Pierre Putters' *Mad Movies*, Leon Cohen's *Satanic Films*, Gilles Gressard's *Parcelles d'Auteurs*, Alain Schlockhoff's *L'Ecran Fantastique*; from Spain comes Antonio Gracia's *Vudu*; from West Germany, Manfred Knorr's *Vampir*; and many more to delight the student of the cinefantastique.

Sadly, British fanzines are few and far between. During the late Sixties/early Seventies, Harry and Marie Nadler published a small, intelligent fanzine very much in the American style called *L'Incredibly Cinema*. A few years earlier Dave Griffiths and Stan Nicholls produced *Gothique*, which also had an intelligent approach to films of fantasy. Meanwhile, Bill Barradell, in Leicester, brought out his own fanzine, *Masque*, which was packed solid with features, filmbooks and indexes on fantasy cinema. Around the same time, Dave Sutton's *Scream*, Martin Dawber's *Monsters Mirror*, Stan Nicholls' *Starduck*, John Singer's *Maniac*, David Fletcher's *Shades of Evil*, Mick Harris' *Twilight and Spectre* were being read. Unfortunately, all these have now passed into memory.

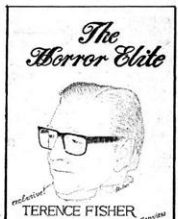
JUST IMAGINE



Kevin O'Neill's special effects fanzine, *Just Imagine*.

A couple of British fanzines, currently being published, are Kevin O'Neill's *Just Imagine*, a limited but fine mag dealing mainly with film and TV special effects, and the not so well-known

The Horror Elite, although this is primarily a journal for members of a horror-film society.



The centre of activities for its society, *The Horror Elite* club journal.

Fanzines are, of course, not purely limited to the appreciation of fantasy films. There are such amateur magazines for fans of most art/enjoyment forms, all labelled "fanzines". Comics fandom alone numbers over 15 different fanzines being produced in this country alone.

But returning to fantasy film fanzines, as their material often cannot be found in nationally distributed magazines (such as filmographies of B-movie stars, interviews with behind-the-scenes production men, and so on) more and more fanzines are being accepted by major film archives, such as the British Film Institute, which surely must mean they possess a respected value of their own. With more fanzines appearing each year, we are all the better for them.

Tise Vahimagi
& Benny Aldrich

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WIZARDS



FOR years, fantasy fans have been wondering when a film production company would be brave enough to make J. R. R. Tolkien's classic *Lord of the Rings* into a movie. An animated movie, naturally. Even the dullest fan long since realised casting actors for the parts of elves, walking trees, hobbits, dragons *et al.*, would prove a somewhat impossible task.

Finally it seems (to the possible chagrin of many with their own mentally visualised versions of Bilbo, Frodo and Gandalf) someone has dared. Ralph Bakshi.

Bakshi's *Fritz the Cat* and *Heavy Traffic* got a fairly mixed response from cinema-goers. Perhaps because they (the voices/figures) couldn't capture the same feel as Crumb's original underground concept. Perhaps that's why Robert Crumb publicly *disowned* the product.

But with time, Bakshi has gained wisdom. Instead of leaping into a mammoth production that even

Disney Studios had thought twice about, he got together some of the top names and produced a Tolkien-esque fantasy entitled *Wizards*.

Wizards is a fantastic vision of the future. It deals with two sorcerous brothers, supposedly twins—though family resemblances are impossible to determine—Avatar (de good guy) and Blackwolf (true to his name, de bad).

NAZI NECROMANCY

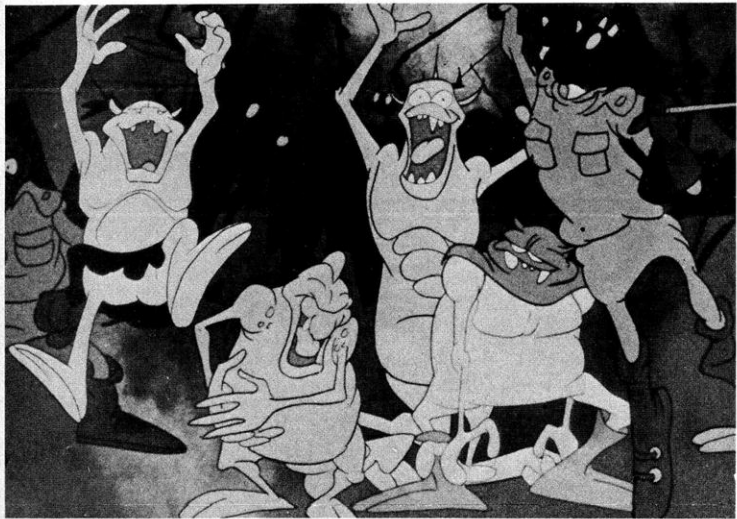
These two (born ten million years in the future to the beautiful Queen Delia, right after the nuclear holocaust) grow up in a world of hideous

monsters where only the realm of Montagar, last garden of Eden among the radioactive waste, has survived intact.

Upon the death of Delia, the brothers fight a grand duel in magic for the throne. Vanquished, Blackwolf leaves Montagar, swearing to return for vengeance.

3,000 years pass (which makes a pleasant change from 'Next morning . . .'). Blackwolf has become the master of the mutant kingdom of Scorch. Buried in the ruins of an ancient European city on which his kingdom now stands, Blackwolf finds a film projector and a library of Nazi propaganda films.

To his delight, the Scorch army of goblins, wraiths and various creatures of the night respond with berserker fury to the archaic words of der Fuhrer. To further heighten their murderous ecstasies, Blackwolf resurrects Nazi military technology and equips his army with recreations of Nazi weapons and armour and leads



In the land of Scortch, Blackwolf builds an army of mutant creatures.

his *fourth* Reich out for world conquest.

Aided by officers and soldiers of the Nazi army (called back from Hell by his necromantic powers) Blackwolf soon turns his wrath towards his birth-realm of Montagar.

Following the assassination of Montagar's president, Avatar and Elinore (the president's daughter) and a young elf warrior, Weehawk, start a long trek to Scortch to destroy the source of Blackwolf's power. With them travels an animated husk

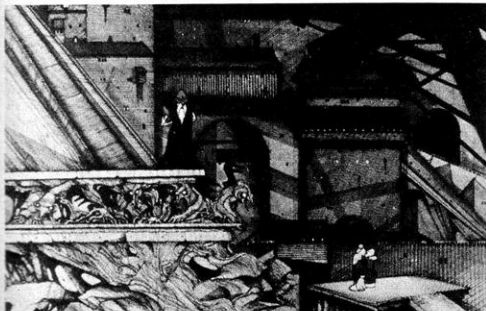
christened 'Peace'.

The final confrontation takes place outside Scortch, where the elf army faces Blackwolf's monsters and ghouls, with only the death of Blackwolf at Avatar's hand being able to save the day.

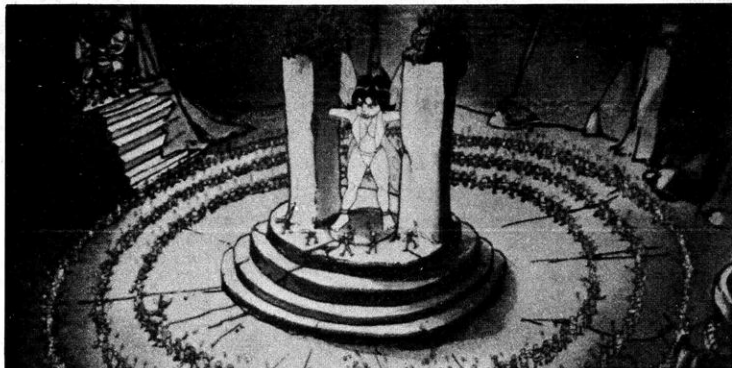
And so comes about the ultimate conflict. Magic vs. Technology. Avatar vs. Blackwolf. Gandalf vs. Hitler!

Wizards makes no attempt to be twee and cute. It has soft, amusing scenes (with animation worthy of the Disney Studios of the '40s), but, in an interesting combination of techniques, it also presents the stark silhouette figures of the demon horde (which looks suspiciously like touched-up live action footage, bleached and run at 12 frames per second, half speed, to stilt their actions, complete with demon wings painted on their backs).

One particular sequence has our cute impish heroes quaking in the trenches, awaiting an assault by the



Blackwolf (upper left) faces his brother Avatar (lower right) in the land of Scortch, ready to do battle.



Elinore of Montagar is captured by the little people and imprisoned between two stone pillars on a sacrificial altar.

army of Blackwolf. They shiver in fear, their sweet little faces drained of colour, their rag-tag weapons shaking in their hands. 'Do you think they'll attack again?' asks a cuddly little elf.

Cut to the horizon. It fills with movement as the horse-riding advance troops, batwings buffeted back, bear down on the thin line of defenders. Over the 'camera' they leap and into the trenches. Then on beyond them. In their wake, broken and battered bodies where the elves had stood. Blood running down the muddy trench walls.

Much of the work, particularly on the title poster (see our lead page) seems strongly influenced by the late, great Vaughn Bode, of *Cheech Wizard* fame, and Bakshi confesses '(these were) images I had in my mind, from my love of SF, Kafka, comics, and the illustrators of my childhood's fairy tales books'.

Small wonder then that his production team includes such worthies as American (Marvel) comics artists, Mike Ploog and Jim Starlin.

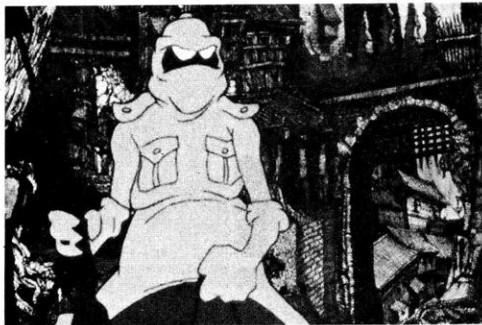
The fate of *Lord of the Rings* rests on the success of *Wizards*. Should this film work, the other will surely

follow.

In competition, Rapkin-Bass 'have lined up for the small screen an animated version of Tolkien's first Middle Earth saga, *The Hobbit*. It will appear on US TV this Autumn. Meanwhile Britain, still in the race, has producer Martin Rosen preparing Richard Adams' novel *Watership Down* for an animated movie.

Perhaps *Fantastic Planet* was not the flash-in-the-pan success we all feared it to be. *Wizards* could be spear-heading a new assault of adult fantasy animation. Let's hope so.

Benny Aldrich



"Peace", Avatar's creation, hunts for his master in the decadent empire of Scorth.

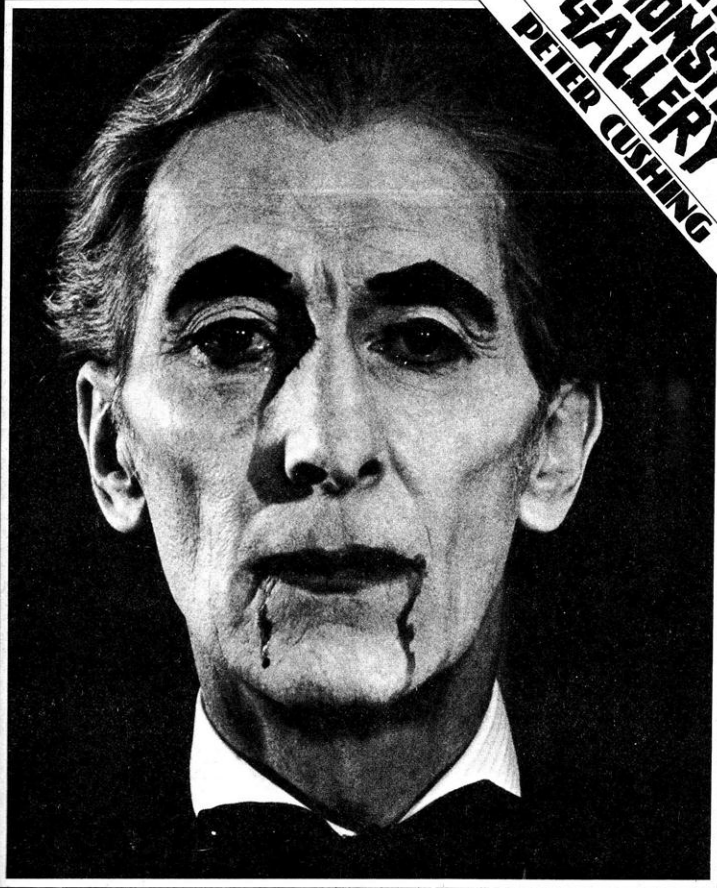
PRODUCTION STAFF

Written, Produced and Directed by Ralph Bakshi, Music Composed and Conducted by Andrew Belling, Edited by Donald W. Ernst, Layout John Sparey, Sequence Animation Irvn Spence, Illustrated Histories Mike Ploog, Background Design Ian Miller, Background Johnnie Vita, Animators Brenda Banks, Irvn Spence, Martin B. Taras, Robert Taylor, Arthur Vitello, Assistant Animators Stod Herbert, Charlotte Huffine, Ben Shenkman, Background Design David Jonas, Ian Miller, Martin Strouder, Ira Turek, Colour Models Janet Cummings, Animation Effects Tasia Williams, Production Coordinators Scott Citron, John Kaufman, Jose Kfuri, Jim Starlin, Christine Wirt, Animation Production Manager William Orcutt.

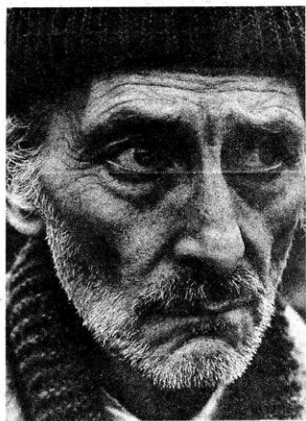
WITH THE VOICES OF...

Bob Holt (Avatar), Jesse Wells (Elinore), Richard Romanus (Weehawk), David Proval (Peace), James Connell (President), Steve Gravers (Blackwolf), Barbara Sloane (Fairy), Christopher Tayback (Peewhittle).

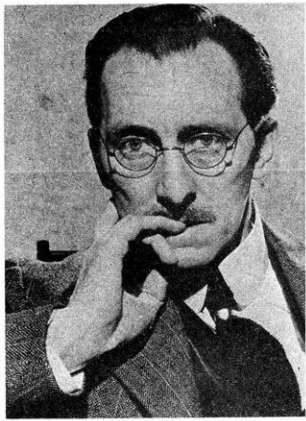
**The
MONSTER
GALLERY**
PETER CUSHING



MADHOUSE (1973)
Robert Flay



TALES FROM THE CRYPT (1972)
Grimsdyke



THE MOMENT OF TRUTH (1955-tv)
Uncle Harry



ALEXANDER THE GREAT (1955)
Memnon



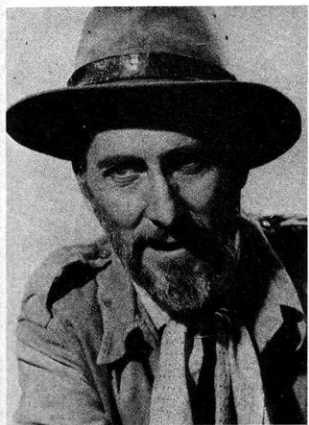
DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS (1964)
Dr. Sandor Shreck



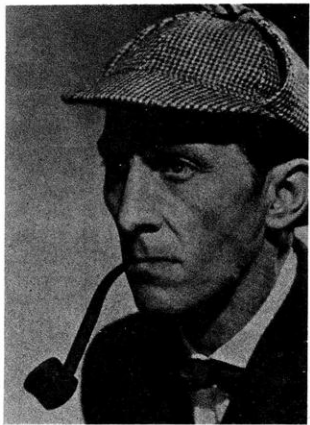
THE HELLFIRE CLUB (1960)
Mr. Merryweather



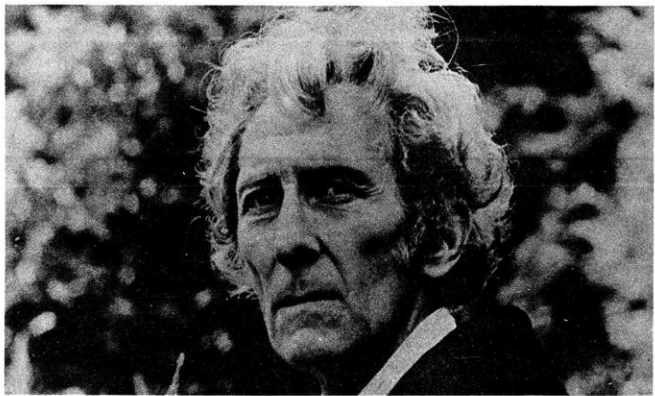
HAMLET (1947)
Osric



SHE (1964)
Major Holly



HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES (1959)
Sherlock Holmes



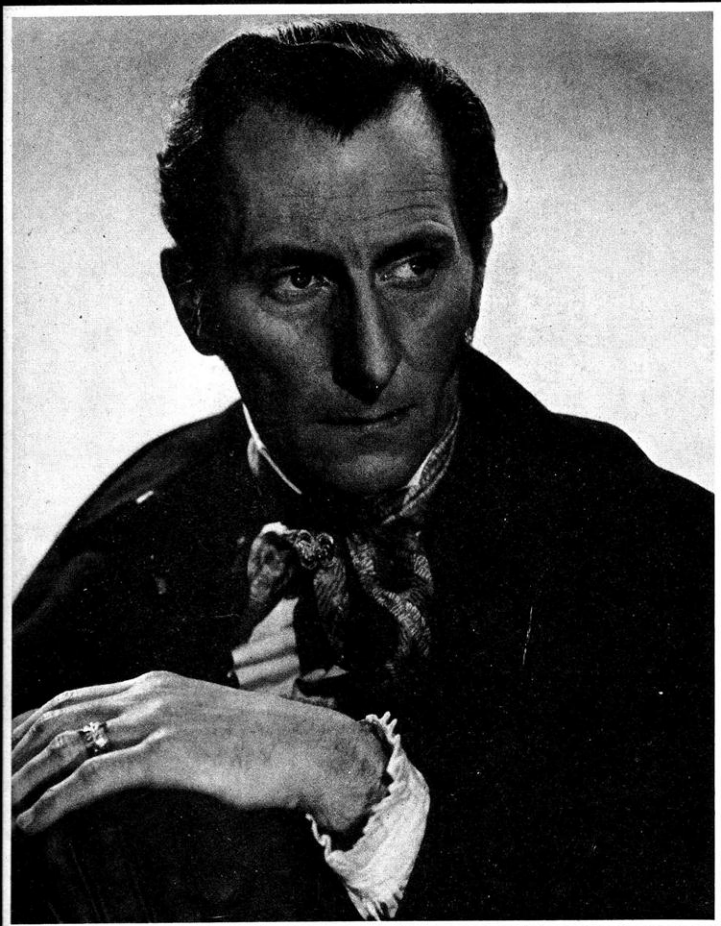
AND NOW THE SCREAMING STARTS (1973)
Dr. Pope



TWINS OF EVIL (1971)
Gustav Weil



FLESH AND THE FIENDS (1959)
Dr. Robert Knox



CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN (1956)
Baron Frankenstein

VAN HELSING'S TERROR TALES



LEGENDS CAN BE FAIRLY PREDICTABLE, BUT SOMETIMES IN MY RESEARCHES I COME ACROSS SOMETHING LIKE THIS CRUMBLING OLD TOWN. IT TELLS OF TIME OF THE CRUSADES, WHEN GAVIN OF LAMBOURNE, ROAMING THE HOLY LAND, FOUND... AH, BUT WAIT, YOU'LL SOON SEE IN THIS STORY I CALL...

AT THE TIME A TRUCE WAS IN FORCE AND THAT WAS BAD FOR GAVIN. FOR NO FIGHTING MEANT... NO PLUNDER.

AH, ANOTHER ONE! WELCOME, SIR KNIGHT!

ANOTHER WHAT? BRING ME ALE, LANDLORD... AND TELL ME WHERE A MAN CAN SELL HIS SWORD SKILL IN THIS FORSAKEN LAND...!

THE OTHERS HAVE ALL BEEN UP TO THE CASTLE, SEEKING THE HAND OF THE LADY MELISSA. SHE'S A BEAUTIFUL AS AN ARAB HOURI THEY SAY... BUT TO WIN HER YOU HAVE TO SLAY THE DRAGON...!

AWAY WITH YOUR STUPID STORIES OF DRAGONS, OLD MAN! STILL... YOU SAY THE CASTLE'S FULL OF GOLD...?

BUT WITHIN...

SO, YOU'VE COME TO TRY FOR MY SISTER, MELISSA. SHE HAS A DOWRY WORTH 1000 GOLD MARKS...

THE CASTLE WAS SMALL... ALONE OUTPOST TO KEEP THE ARABS AT BAY

I'VE NEVER HEARD YET OF A REAL DRAGON... BUT I'LL HUMOUR THEM FOR THE SAKE OF THE GOLD AND THE WOMAN... SHE CAN BE DISPOSED OF WHEN THE TIME COMES...

... BUT TO WIN HER YOU MUST SLAY, IN SINGLE COMBAT, THE FEROCIOUS DRAGON WHICH INFESTS THE DESERT NEAR HERE...

THAT MUCH? A KING'S RANSOM... BUT THEN, SHE'S BEAUTIFUL ENOUGH TO BE A QUEEN TO ANY MAN...!

EVENING WAS APPROACHING. THERE WAS NOTHING FOR GAVIN TO DO BUT RETURN TO THE INN.

THIS IS MAD... HE REALLY MEANS IT!

THE ONLY THING IT COULD BE IS A SNAKE... GROWN OLD AND HUGE! WELL, THERE WAYS OF DEALING WITH SNAKES... WITHOUT RISKING A FIGHT!

AND NEXT MORNING...

THIS POISONED
GOAT-CARCASS WILL
DO THE JOB FOR ME...
AND WHEN THE SNAKE'S
TAKEN THE BAIT, I'LL
MOVE IN AND TAKE
MY TROPHY!!

BUT GAVIN WAS NOT THE ONLY
ONE ABROAD THAT MORNING

HOLY SAINTS!
THE DRAGON'S REAL...
AND IT'S CAUGHT AN
ARAB
RAIDING
PARTY!!

MAY
THE PROPHET
AID ME! DIE,
HELLSPAWN!

DISCRETION IS THE
BETTER PART OF
VALOUR... SO GAVIN
VIGILANTLY
KEPT A VERY SAFE
DISTANCE AS THE
ARAB MADE HIS
FINAL ATTACK...

THEN, AS THE
DRAGON
WASTED IN
ITS DEATH-
THROES, HE
MOVED
CLOSER...

DEEPLY
MOVED BY THE
WOUNDED MAN'S
PLEA, GAVIN
DID THE ONLY
CHARITABLE
THING

THEN A TROPHY
TO REWARD HIS
VIRTUE

MY LUCKY
STAR MUST BE
SHINING! I GET THE
GOLD AND THE WENCH...
WITHOUT A
FIGHT!

AS ALLAH IS
MERCIFUL, HE
HELPED
THE STRANGER!
DISPLAY YOUR
VAUNTED CHRISTIAN
CHARITY...

HE PUT HIM
OUT OF HIS
MISERY!

AND SO, A TRIUMPHAL RETURN

HO, GIRL! YOUR
HUSBAND IS HERE! AND
I HAVE PROOF OF MY
COURAGE! WHERE'S
YOUR BROTHER?



Answer Desk



TIME TUNNEL

Michael Jordan, writing from **Carlisle**, would like to know how many episodes of *The Time Tunnel* were made and what finally happened to the two scientists. The answer is that Irwin Allen's *The Time Tunnel* lasted only 30 episodes. The show started off in September, 1966, with "Rendezvous with Yesterday" when our two heroes Tony Newman (James Darren) and Doug Phillips (Robert Colbert) tested the Tunnel and found themselves back in 1912, on board the doomed Titanic. The series folded with "Town of Terror", first shown during July, 1967, which saw Tony and Doug fighting alien invaders in 1978. According to the TV show, they are *still* lost in the Time Tunnel, never to find their way back to the ratings.

NAKED JUNGLE

Robert Ashley and **Jimmy Shaw**, of **Glasgow**, remember seeing a film about an army of South American ants eating their way across the country, but can't remember the title. The film you probably recall was George Pal's **The Naked Jungle** (1953), in which soldier ants threatened Charlton Heston's South American plantation. It was directed by Byron Haskin, in colour, for Paramount and starred Heston, Eleanor Parker, William Conrad, Abraham Sofaer, Romo Vincent, Douglas Fowley, and John Dierkes. The impressive special effects were created by John P. Fulton and the film was based on a short story by Carl Stephenson called "Leiningen Versus the Ants".

16mm HIRE

Martin Elsmore, of **London SW17**, is most anxious to know if there are any Terence Fisher films available on 16mm for home use, and if so which titles. Unfortunately, there are not too many Fisher films on 16mm in this country, most seem to be on the larger 35mm gauge. However, here is a list of what can be hired on 16mm: **Brides of Dracula** (HF-black & white only), **Curse of the Werewolf** (HF-B/W & Col), **Devil Rides Out** (EMI-black & white only), **The Flaw** (1955) (KSTON), **Frankenstein Must be Destroyed** (CW), **Island of Terror** (DER-B/W & Col), **Mantrap** (1953) (DER), **Murder by Proxy** (1955) (DER), **Night of the Big Heat** (DER-Col/INT-B/W), **Spaceways** (1953) (WH), **Stolen Face** (1952) (WATSO), **Sword of Sherwood**

Forest (CW).

The distributors listed in the abbreviations are as follows: HF = Harris/Films Ltd, Glenbuch House, Surbiton, Surrey; EMI = EMI Film Distributors, 16mm Division, 142 Wardour Street London W1; KSTON = Robert Kingston Films, 645-7 Uxbridge Road, Hayes End, Middx; CW = Columbia-Warner Distributors, 16mm Division, 135 Wardour Street, London W1; DER = Derann Film Services, 171 Stourbridge Road, Holly Hall, Dudley, Worcs; INT = Intercontinental Films, 20b Dunraven Place, Bridgend, Glamorgan, Wales; WH = Wallace Heaton Ltd, 127 New Bond Street, London W1; WATSO = Watso Films Library, 160 Holbrook Lane, Coventry.

QUICKIE QUERIES

Some quickies now for the following readers. (**Lynda Watson, Northampton**)—*who hosted the One Step Beyond television series?* John Newland was the host, and he also directed most of the episodes; (**Peter Mitchell, Cambridge**)—*who played the Man Who Could Cheat Death in the Hammer version?* Anton Diffring played the man from Half Moon Street; (**Jean Redmond, Winchester**)—*has the Night Strangler film ever been shown in England?* This second pilot film, made for the *Kolchak: The Night Stalker* tv series, has been shown in England in various television areas during the last few years; (**P. D. Walker, Tonbridge**)—*does Jimmy Snagster still write scripts for Hammer?* Currently, Mr. Sangster is living in California and is heavily writing for American tv, some of his made-for-tv movies can be seen over here occasionally; (**Quentin Standon, Cheshire**)—*was there ever a horror film made called Out of the Past?* It wasn't a fantasy film in any department, but Jacques Tourneur directed *Out of the Past* in 1947, a crime-thriller which has the alternative title of **Build My Gallows High**; (**R. A. Gilmartin and A. E. Davies, Birmingham**)—*what was the film Five about...* was it a science-fiction film? *Five*, the 1951 film written and directed by Arch Oboler, was a sci-fi yarn concerning the five survivors of a nuclear war that wiped out the world; (**Mark Fallon, Cardiff**)—*has there been another version of Lost Continent made since Hammer's?* None that we can unearth, however, there was a film entitled *Lost Continent* made by Sam Newfield in 1951 which involved prehistoric creatures vs. man but bears no relation to the later 1968 Hammer film.

The Gorgon



After their big success with *The Quatermass Xperiment* in 1955 (see *HoH 9 Fact File*), Hammer Films began looking for more horror themes to adapt. Their success with the old Universal monsters, *Dracula*, *The Mummy*, *The Werewolf* and *Frankenstein's* monster, had made them a household name, and even won them the Queen's Award to Industry.

But it wasn't until 1964 that they tried a totally new monster. They had adapted various BBC tv programmes—the three *Quatermass* serials and *The Abominable Snowman* (all from the pen of Nigel Kneale), revived and expanded old ideas—Hounds of the Baskervilles, *Phantom of the Opera*, *Jekyll & Hyde* et al. But with *The Gorgon*, they looked back to way before previous film or tv productions. Even before the literary classic themes they had used. Way back to Greek mythology.

Hammer's First Female Monster

The Gorgon also represented a first in a totally different way. As the film's director, Terence Fisher, put it "The Gorgon has a built-in uniqueness. It's the first time I've had a female monster in a film. She's pretty hellish to look at and quite ghastly to know... she literally turns her victims to stone!"

In Terence Fisher, Hammer was utilizing the talents of its top director. The man who had already such credits as the *Dracula*, *Frankenstein* and *Mummy* series behind him. Fisher believes that horror can be good for you, although he prefers the word macabre to horror in describing his exercises in screen *grand guignol*. The ancient Greeks, he reminded us, held that harrowing drama and horrific performances enabled the spectator to purge himself of pent-up emotions and rid himself of unhealthy tensions. "I believe", he says, "that my macabre films have a similar cathartic effect".

"The macabre", he added, "offers escape blended with a healthy thrill. The kind of shocks my films provide are antidotal to some of our suppressed fears in an age of anxiety."

In deciding who should play the lead role, Hammer chose a woman who had at one time been turned down by film companies everywhere... Barbara Shelley.

Hard to believe now, that horrors' first lady of the sixties had been unable to find a part in a film, but even harder to credit... the reason. Every-one told her she was *too well known!*

"By 1950", she recalled, "I was too well known to interest the film people. Yet since the age of 13, I had wanted to be an actress. Modelling was always secondary." Secondary

it may have been, but she had certainly been successful, for Ms. Shelley's face had appeared on such women's magazines as *Vogue*, *Vanity Fair* and *Woman*.

"I tried changing my hair colour, but it didn't work. I was a successful cover girl nobody wanted in films. But Italy did the trick."

Harrow-born Barbara appeared in no less



Left to right: Richard Pasko (as Paul), Christopher Lee (as Meister) and Patrick Troughton (as Kanof).



Barbara Shelley (as Carla) is comforted by Peter Cushing (as Namaroff).

than fifteen films during her three year stay at the film studios around Rome. Returning to Britain in 1957, she landed the leading role in *Cat Girl*—her British screen debut. Many parts followed including yet another horror film, *Blood of the Vampire*, (1959) in which she starred with the late Sir Donald Wolfit.

It was also in 1959 that Hammer took notice of her talent, and gave her a part in *Camp on Blood Island* (which proved so popular, Barbara was given the lead female role in the sequel, *Secret of Blood Island*, five years later in 1964).

But it was in her second Hammer appearance, as Carla in *The Gorgon*, that Barbara Shelley really proved herself an actress of fine talent to the sceptical British public.

Co-starring with Barbara Shelley in *The Gorgon*, are the masters of menace Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee, in this, the sixth Hammer film in which they have appeared together.

For veteran producer Anthony Nelson Keys, *The Gorgon* was his first try at a horror subject, although he had been closely linked with most of the great Hammer horror classics.

His father, the late Nelson "Bunch" Keys had been one of the great British theatrical comedians, and though Anthony Nelson Keys has his father's impish sense of humour, like his three brothers, he has made a career in films.

The film's hero, Richard Pasco, first met Terence Fisher through television, for Pasco appeared in an episode of the Richard Green *Robin Hood* tv series that Fisher directed. And it was Terence Fisher who, remembering his performance in that tv show, cast Pasco in his first cinema role in *Kill Me Tomorrow*,

Make-up on the Gorgon's hideous face was handled by Hammer's master *maskenbildner*, Roy Ashton (interviewed in *HoH 2*). On how he develops his ideas, Mr Ashton said, "The idea is first given to me by the film's producer or writer. I make a drawing, followed by a model. When it comes to making up the actual person, this makes the transition much smoother. Oddly enough, I found my first female subject (Barbara Shelley) far less squeamish than most male actors at being made hideous!"

THE GORGON (1964)

A Hammer Films Production

THE CAST

Namaroff.....	Peter Cushing
Meister.....	Christopher Lee
Paul.....	Richard Pasco
Carla.....	Barbara Shelley
Heitz.....	Michael Gough
Kanof.....	Patrick Troughton
Ratoff.....	Jack Watson
Bruno.....	Jeremy Longhurst
Sacha.....	Toni Gilpin
Hans.....	Redmond Phillips
Coroner.....	Joseph O'Connor
Cass.....	Alistair Williamson
Matthias.....	Joyce Hemson
Policeman.....	Michael Peake
Nurse.....	Sally Nesbitt
Chatslain.....	Prudence Hyman

TECHNICAL CREDITS

Produced by Anthony Nelson Keys;
Directed by Terence Fisher; Screenplay by John Gilling; Based on a story by J. Llewellyn Davies; Music composed by James Bernard; Director of Photography, Michael Reed; Make-up, Roy Ashton; Special Effects, Syd Pearson; Fight Arranger, Peter Diamond.
Running Time: 87 mins. Cert. X

CLASSIFIED

By popular request, we are now offering part of this column over to you, the reader, for your classified advertisements. The rates are 10p per word with your name and address thrown in completely free of charge. The next available issue for classified ads is No. 13 and all ads for that issue must be in by June 1st. All after that date will appear in the following issue. Full payment to accompany your advertisement copy, cheques/p.o.'s made payable to *House of Hammer*.

The American Peter Cushing Club, Miss Debbie Bennett, pres. 153 Plymouth Boulevard, Smithtown, New York 11787 U.S.A. (This club is now in its 4th year and has the full cooperation and support of Mr. Cushing. Over 500 members). Members receive personally autographed photo, 4 journals a year (more are 40-50 pages in length), bio & credits sheet, etc. IRC's for details.

Just Imagine Number 4 now available. Features Superman, Star Wars, Spy Who Loved Me, Harryhausen, Quatermass. 40p from: K. O'Neill, 4 Key Road, Stockwell, London S.W.3.

The Beverly Garland Club, Mr. Carl Del Vecchio, pres. 174 Hackensack Street, Wood-Ridge, New Jersey 07075 U.S.A. (A new club for the star of many '50s cult movies including *It Conquered the World*, *The Neanderthal Man*, *Not of This Earth*, *The Alligator People* and '60s *Twice Told Tales*, *Pretty Poison* and *The Mad Room*). Mr. Del Vecchio is a long-time friend of Ms. Garland and the club has her full cooperation and support. Three journals yearly, personally autographed photo, bio & credits, etc. IRC's for details.

Horror film magazines for sale, rare and recent. s.a.e. to Melvin Green, 3 Bently Road, Salford 7, Lancs.

FANTASY ADVERTISER is a quarterly magazine for fantasy fans, containing over 40 pages per issue, packed with ads from readers. Thousands of comics and magazines listed each issue. Send a large s.a.e. with an 11p stamp for a sample copy to: Colin Campbell, Blyton, Plains Road, Gt. Totham, Maldon, Essex.

Wanted: Posters, Stills, 22x28's. Movie-enthusiasts, Scripts, Pressbooks relating to the Horror Fantasy Sci-Fi cinema. Particularly need all material on Fantasy TV series (English & American) & films. Willing to trade or buy. Please contact Tise Vahimagi, 98 Elmbourne Road, London SW17.

The Jerry Lacy Club. Mrs. Gloria Lillbridge, pres. 281 Centerville Road, Warwick, Rhode Island 02886 U.S.A. Now in its 8th year, this club is for the young American actor who appeared on the late ABC-TV serial, *Dark Shadows*, also in the movies, *House of Dark Shadows*, *Blood Bath*, and *Woody Allen's Play It Again, Sam* (as Bogart). Members receive seasonal journals, personally autographed photo, bio & credits, etc. IRC's for details.

Comic Media NEWS

... is Europe's top news and views fanzine. For all that's happening in the wonderful world of comics, books and films, send 25p for a sample copy to: R. BURTON, 22 Woodhaw, Egham, Surrey.

The tranquility surrounding a 17th century manor is shattered by a dog's deafening bark, compelling the stable-master to usher the dog, Zoltan, out of the house.

Zoltan's sense of impending doom is justified—Count Igor Dracula is preparing to quench his insatiable thirst for blood from the body of a young girl. Further barking forces the Count to flee as a bat only to be pursued by Zoltan. As Zoltan approaches the bat lunges at his throat drawing blood and enslaving him to the command of Dracula. Seeing his dog following a caped figure, Veidt Smit, the stable-master, chases and calls after Zoltan, only to come under the spell of Dracula's hypnotic and evil gaze . . .

THE HOUND OF HELL

Hundreds of years later, a military explosion rips through the stark, rocky land of an East European countryside unearthing the tomb of the family Dracula and so reawakening a dormant horror.

Ordered to guard the tomb, a young soldier, unable to quell his curiosity, opens the lid of a dislodged coffin exposing an imprecise shape wrapped in shrouds—a large stake protruding from the corpse. Removing and examining the stake, the guard's attention is reavered to the coffin and the eyes of a huge dog, baring his fangs. The dog attacks, sinking his



Zoltan, the vampiric hound of Dracula savages a hiker (Roger Schumacher).

enlarged canines into the guard's throat, draining his body of blood. Unable to remove the coffin of Dracula, Zoltan claws and digs at the crypt of Veidt Smit and wrenches the stake from Veidt's decayed remains, restoring him to life. Sensing danger, Veidt leads Zoltan from the tomb before it becomes engulfed in tons of earth. Their search now begins for a new master—a new Dracula.

Investigating the contents of the tomb, Inspector Branco, a leading authority of Vampirism, is puzzled by the two empty coffins. Upon

studying the history of the Dracula family, he discovers a surviving member is living in America in self-imposed exile, anxious to escape the stigma of the Dracula name.

Meanwhile, as Michael Drake and his family prepare to leave for their annual tamping holiday, Veidt Smit and Zoltan are lurking in the darkness, awaiting the perfect moment to claim their new master. His life and soul in mortal danger, Drake and his family are plunged into a macabre nightmare of evil—one they may never awake from. ■

ZOLTAN

...HOUND OF



Count Dracula (this time portrayed by Michael Pataki) with another victim (Katherine Fitzpatrick).

CAST

Michael Drake/Count Dracula (Michael Pataki), Marla Drake (Jan Shutan), Linda Drake (Libbie Chase), Steve Drake (John Levin), Veidt Smit (Reggie Nalder), Major Hesse (Arleen Martell), Fisherman (Simmy Bow), Fisherman (Jojo d'Amore), Inspector Branco (Jose Ferrer).

CREDITS

Produced by Albert Band and Frank Ray Perilli, Directed by Albert Band, Written by Frank Ray Perilli. Technicolor, Distributed by EMI Film Distributors Ltd.

Time: 87 mins.

Certificate: X

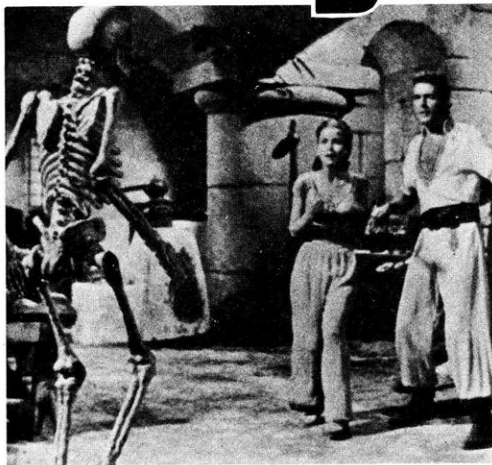


A man and his dog . . . Dracula and Zoltan.

DRACULA

DRACULA

Harryhausen



From left to right: *Seventh Voyage of Sinbad* (showing Kervin Mathews as Sinbad about to do battle against an animated skeleton). (2) The man

These days one doesn't usually connect the name of Ray Harryhausen with that of horror—for years now his films, such as the *Sinbad* ones, have been primarily aimed at children—but in the early years of his career films such as *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms* (1953) and *It Came from Beneath the Sea* (1955) were given a "Horror" classification by the British censor.

Today his films receive "U" certificates but that's not because Harryhausen's animated creatures have lost their impact—it's due more to the fact that tastes have changed in regard to what is, considered horrific. His latest film, *Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger*, is the subject of our new magazine (more details elsewhere this issue), and while he was working on this, *HoH* columnist John Brosnan had a brief opportunity to ask him about the horror content in his films and his attitude to horror in general:

HoH: Do you ever design your creatures specifically to scare?

HARRYHAUSEN: "No, we don't deliberately desire to scare anybody—we design our creatures to fit in harmony with the story and, of course, our forte is the grotesque. That's why our films were classified so many times as horror films, which they weren't. I would call a war film a horror film because in those

ANIMATED SKELETONS

you see guts spilt and people being slaughtered, but our films deal with fantasy and are more theatrical than realistic. They are designed to scare in a certain way—not to scare like, say, the Frankenstein monster or Dracula, but to produce a certain awe. So if you get frightened by the awesome I suppose you will get scared by our films."

HoH: Your animated skeletons probably

scare some people.

HARRYHAUSEN: "Yes. And the one in *Seventh Voyage of Sinbad* was more frightening than the seven in *Jason and the Argonauts*. Unfortunately the skeleton sequence was removed from *Seventh Voyage* when the film was first shown in England and many people missed seeing it. It left a big hole in the story. But when it was re-released here in 1975 it had been put back in—I think with the permissive society today the censors have changed their point of view and don't consider it to be as awesome or ghastly as they made it out to be at the time.

HoH: But in 1960 the British censor wanted to give *Seventh Voyage* an "X" certificate unless you cut the skeleton sequence, yet it was only a few years later (in 1963) that he gave *Jason and the Argonauts* a "U" certificate despite it having seven skeletons.

n on Horror



self, surrounded by some of his many creations. (3) *The Cyclops* tries to grab his foes. (4) *The giant crab attacks*, from *Mysterious Island*

HARRYHAUSEN: "Yes. Because we had seven skeletons I thought we were going to get seven "X" certificates but we got a "U" instantly. But one skeleton on its own is possibly more frightening than seven, and also in *Seventh Voyage* the skeleton was in a dark, spooky chamber, while in *Jason* the seven were out in the open on a sunny hilltop."

HoH: *What about your older films, such as 20 Million Miles to Earth? The "Ymir" creature in that was a straight-forward monster, wasn't he?*

HARRYHAUSEN: "Well, it depends on what you call a monster. I suppose we would be monsters to a Venusian. But again we were dealing with the grotesque. We depicted the outer space creature as something *strange* rather than as a monster. He was from a strange place and therefore out of place in our familiar surroundings."

HoH: *Would you like to make a real*

horror film?

HARRYHAUSEN: "I'd love to. I'd like to do a *great* horror film if I could find the right story."

HoH: *What type of film would it be?*

HARRYHAUSEN: "Well, it would be dealing again in the realm of the monster, I suppose, but in a different way. At the moment we have to pull our punches in our films because we try to

'... TEETHED ON DRACULA'

cater to a wider audience than to just a few horror fans. We don't like to make our pictures bloody or anything of that nature."

HoH: *What would you like to do that you can't do now?*

HARRYHAUSEN: "Oh, a more mature story—a more grotesque story with more suspense."

HoH: *You don't think there would be a*

big market for that?

HARRYHAUSEN: "There would be, yes, but maybe not as big as the one for *Sinbad* because you'd have to leave out all the young people. It would have to be an "X". Not that there would be anything wrong with them seeing such a film. I teethed on *Frankenstein* and *Dracula* but I feel that those films were made with greater taste than horror films are made today. They dwell too much on the gorier aspects of their subjects for some reason. I suppose it's because people are more jaded now. You never saw any blood in the 1931 *Frankenstein* nor the 1930 *Dracula*—except for one short scene."

HoH: *But if you made an "X" film wouldn't it be gory too?*

HARRYHAUSEN: "Well, I wouldn't want to have gore for gore's sake, it would depend on the subject matter."

HoH: *Are you planning to do such a film*

in the near future?

HARRYHAUSEN: "Maybe, but not at the moment."

HoH: Have you anything specific in mind?

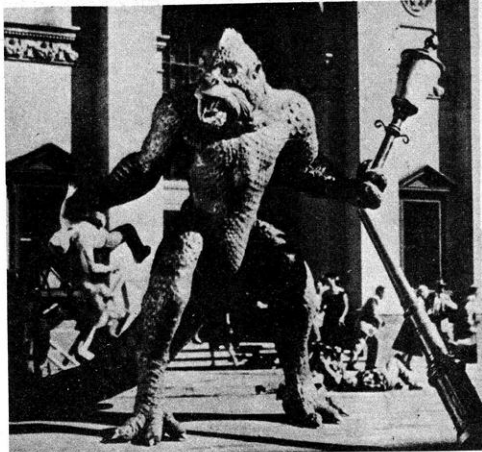
HARRYHAUSEN: "No, not at the moment, but I couldn't discuss it if I did because of, shall we say, security problems. But there are a number of subjects that I can think of that I'd like to do . . . it's just that they'd have to be done at the right time."

HoH: Didn't you plan to make *War of the Worlds* once?

HARRYHAUSEN: "Oh yes! I did a number of drawings for *War of the Worlds* and I took them all over Hollywood. Jesse Lasky was very interested and he tried to get MGM to do it but nothing happened. This was long before George Pal produced it at Paramount in 1953. In fact it was right after I did *Mighty Joe Young* with Willis O'Brien in 1948. I still have the drawings and would possibly like somebody to remake *War of the Worlds*—the way Wells wrote it rather than modernising it as Pal did."

HoH: You receive lots of suggestions as to what you should make, don't you?

HARRYHAUSEN: "Yes. Many people, for instance, have suggested that I do 'Lord of the Rings' but it's never simply a question of making an animated film but whether you can do it for a reasonable price. Due to economic reasons you have to consider many aspects before you make an animated film, rather than just deciding what story you want to put on the screen. Of course, you can put anything on film providing you have enough time and money."



The Ymir on the rampage. From the Schneer/Harryhausen film, *20 Million Miles to Earth* (1957).

HoH: Are you still a horror film fan?

HARRYHAUSEN: "Well, again, the definition of a horror film is quite wide. I like some. I enjoyed *Young Frankenstein*. I didn't think I would because I like my Frankensteins pure and clean like the original but I was very amused by *Young Frankenstein*—I thought it was very well-done. On the whole I dislike tongue-in-cheek send-

ups. But I'm sure I wouldn't enjoy *Flesh for Frankenstein*. From what I've heard about it the film approaches the subject from the gorier side and neglects the profundity of the original."

HoH: Isn't *The Golem* one of your favourite films?

HARRYHAUSEN: "One of them, yes. I wanted to remake it at one time but then I read in the paper that someone else had just remade it. It was a very cheap version but it killed the subject for awhile. The German version still remains in my mind, of course, as an outstanding film."

HoH: One last question—of your past creatures, which do you consider to be the scariest?

HARRYHAUSEN: "Well, the seven-headed Hydra in *Jason* and the Argonauts wasn't exactly a butterfly—it had a certain horror to it—and the crab in *Mysterious Island* possessed a strange quality. But as I said at the beginning, we don't set out to deliberately scare with our creatures, we try to make them as awe-inspiring and as memorable as possible. And with each new film we try and devise new creatures that we don't think we've used in previous films. We hope we've achieved this again with *Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger*."



At the climax of *Golden Voyage of Sinbad*, the two giant creatures the Gryphon and the Centaur do battle to the death.

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