

No 14
35p monthly

NIGHTMARE IN BLOOD · VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN & ORCA are all
inside...

THE HOUSE OF HAMMER

**JOHN
CARRADINE**
INTERVIEW

In the wake of **CARRIE**
...**RUBY**

**DINOSAUR
MOVIES**

GEORGE ROMERO on...
MARTIN
-his new vampire film

**RAQUEL
WELCH**
in...

**ONE
MILLION
YEARS B.C.**

-The full film
told in comics!



HOUSE OF HAMMER BARGAIN BASEMENT



HoH1 45p
Illustrated adaptation of 1958 *Dracula*; Kronos; Lee biography & filmography; 1930s FX; Brazilian Horror, etc.



HoH2 45p
Curse of Frankenstein Part 1; Devil a Daughter; At Hammer studios; Hammer make-up; Italian Horror.



HoH3 45p
Curse of Frankenstein Part 2; Night of the Living Dead; The Frankenstein Gallery; Hollywood Horrors; Chaney.



HoH4 45p
Legend of the Seven Golden Vampires strip; Mexican Monsters; Oriental Horrors; Undersea Creatures, etc...



HoH5 45p
Moon Zero Two strip; Terrible Monsters; Lugosi - The Coming of *Dracula*; Deranged; Mexican Monsters Part 2.



HoH6 45p
Dracula—Prince of Darkness comic strip; Blood & Guts, Crazy, Chris Lee gallery, 1931 Horror Films, etc...



HoH7 45p
Twins of Evil strip, King Kong, Karloff, The Werewolf, Female Vampires, Devil's Men, etc...



HoH8 45p
Quatermass strip, King Kong, Jekyll & Hyde, Hammer Science Fiction films, Lee's NEW *Dracula*, etc...



HoH9 45p
Quatermass Pt 2; Carrie, Kong (1931), Seizure, Squirm, De Palma, Living Dead At Manchester.



HoH10 45p
Curse of the Werewolf strip, Close Encounters, Sentinel, Fu Manchu, Son of Kong...



HoH11 45p
Gorgon strip Part 1, Harryhausen speaks, Cushing AS *Dracula*, Wizards, Sinbad, Zoltan, Burnt Offerings.



HoH12 45p
Gorgon strip Part 2, Heretic, Blood City, Witchfinder General, 1933 Invisible Man, Face of Frankenstein, etc...



HoH13 45p
Plague of Zombies strip; Star Wars; Uncanny; Paris Festival; People That Time Forgot; Godzilla; Zombies.

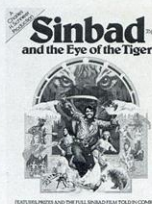


HoH14 45p
Million Years BC strip; John Carradine; Romero on Martin + review; Audrey Rose; Dinosaur Films; Paris 2...

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Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger

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Writers this issue:
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 Steve Moore
 George A. Romero

Artists this issue:
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 John Bolton

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HOUSE OF HAMMER, Volume 2, Number 2, November 1977 issue.

Published monthly by Top Sellers Ltd, Warner House, 135-141 Wardour Street, London W.1. Concept by Dez Skinn. Copyright © Top Sellers Ltd., 1977. Printed in Finland. Photographs appear by kind permission of the following film distributors: Columbia, Warner Bros., Rank, Fox, United Artists, C.I.C., Brent-Walker, Cathay, and Avco-Embassy.



This issue we've tried something rather different. Until reading *House of Hammer* most of you probably thought of comic strips as "kids stuff". The one main thing that makes them such just has to be the distracting but accepted *speech balloons*. Those somewhat surrealistic bubbles of words, with pointers aiming at people's mouths. Don't know about you, but it took me quite a few months to initially get used to them when I first picked up a comic back in the early 1950s.

At one time, balloons weren't used in comics. In the 1940s and before, the tradition was to have *libretto* under each picture. That is, a typeset block of words, describing the event in the picture, complete with he says, she says, and so on.

In case you're wondering what all this is leading up to, take a look at this issue's movie adaptation, *One Million Years BC*, or cast your mind back to seeing the film. Got the link? Right, there was no speech in the film, just a few guttural shrieks and grunts.

So, taking possibly a huge step (you can decide whether it's a step backwards or forwards), we're presenting a 15-page comic strip with *no speech balloons*. There is one at the end, but that's more dramatic license, to add impact.

As ever, let's hear what you think.

Other than our dinosaur tie-ins (*Fact File* and *Lost World Movies*), we're pleased to present two real scoops this month. An interview with someone who must be the last of the Golden Age greats, John Carradine.

Also this issue, director George A Romero, talks about his new vampire film, *Martin*.

Next issue, a special Mummy number, we'll also have an interview with Romero, plus *Island of Dr Moreau*, *Fanatic*, *Frankenstein Van Helsing's Terror Tales*, plus all the usual favourite columns.

See you in thirty,

Editor.

HOUSE OF HAMMER



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ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.

CERTIFICATE A

STARRING

RAQUEL WELCH

as Loana

WITH

JOHN RICHARDSON Tumak
MARTINE BESWICK Nupondi
PERCY HERBERT Sakana
ROBERT BROWN Akhoba

Directed by DON CHAFFEY; Screenplay by
MICHAEL CARRERAS; (from the screenplay of
One Million B.C. by Mickel Novak, George Baker
and Joseph Frickert); Produced by MICHAEL
CARRERAS; Visual Effects by RAY HARRY-
HAUSEN; Released by Warner-Pathe; (USA:Fox).

A HAMMER - SEVEN ARTS PRODUCTION

Script: S. MOORE

Artwork: J. BOLTON



ONE MILLION YEARS B.C. AN UNDISPUTABLE
FACT, LONG BEFORE THE DAWN OF HISTORY,
WHEN MAN-THE-HUNTER AS OFTEN AS NOT
FOUND HIMSELF MAN-THE-HUNTED...

ARMED WITH LITTLE MORE THAN
HIS MUSCLES... AND HIS BRAIN...

A BRAIN KNOWN FOR ITS
CUNNING TRICKERY
EVEN THEN...



THE ROCK TRIBE GATHERS ROUND ITS TRAPPED BUT STILL DEADLY PREY, LED BY AKHOBA, THEIR AGEING CHIEF...AND HIS TWO SONS, SAKANA AND TUMAK...



AND IT IS TO TUMAK THAT THE TASK OF THE KILL GOES...



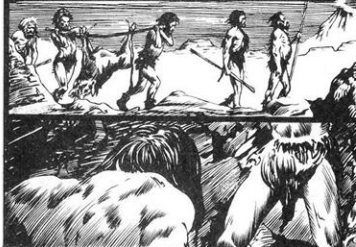
...AND THE HONOUR!



AN HONOUR SAKANA FEELS SHOULD RIGHTLY HAVE BEEN HIS...



BUT THERE ARE MANY THINGS SAKANA FEELS SHOULD BE HIS...



INCLUDING NUPONDI, TUMAK'S MATE...



TO AKHOBA, AS CHIEF, GOES THE FIRST AND CHOICEST MEAT... TO TUMAK AS KILLER, THE SECOND...



TO THE OTHERS, THE REMAINS ARE LEFT TO FIGHT OVER... IN MINUTES, EVEN THE BONES WILL HAVE BEEN SUCKED DRY OF MARROW...



BUT, LIKE MANY OF HIS TRIBE, AKHOBA IS STILL HUNGRY THIS NIGHT... AND IT IS TUMAK WHO STILL HAS MEAT AFTER HE HAS FINISHED HIS OWN...



AND TUMAK IS NOT ONE TO BE HONoured AND DISHONoured IN THE SAME DAY!

TUMAK'S VOCABULARY IS LIMITED... BUT HIS ACTIONS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES...



BUT IN TRYING TO SAVE HIS MEAT, TUMAK HAS BITTEN OFF MORE THAN HE CAN CHEW... AKHOBA WILL NOT HAVE HIS LEADERSHIP THREATENED BY ANYONE...



EVEN HIS SON...



LIFE IS CRUEL AMONG THE ROCK PEOPLE... DEATH, NOTHING MORE THAN SOMETHING TO BE WATCHED AND FORGOTTEN...



TUMAK KNOWS DEATH IS INEVITABLE IF HE RETURNS TO HIS OWN PEOPLE... AND ALMOST AS INEVITABLE IF HE LEAVES THEM... BUT THERE IS NO OTHER CHOICE...

UNLESS IT IS THE DEATH OF A MATE... OR A HATED ENEMY...



BUT MATES CAN BE REPLACED... AND SAKANA'S TRIUMPH IS COMPLETE...

THE GODS HAVE NOT YET BEEN INVENTED, SO THEY CANNOT SMILE ON TUMAK. NONETHELESS, HE SURVIVES... HIS FALL BROKEN BY THE SOFT SAND AT THE FOOT OF THE CLIFF...





AND, ALONE, TUMAK REALISES HOW DEFENCELESS, HOW SMALL A MAN IS... FOR IN THIS VAST WILDERNESS, VAST CREATURES STILL RULE...

A SHEER MOUNTAIN RANGE PROVIDES PROTECTION FROM THE BEASTS... BUT DOES NOTHING TO RELIEVE TUMAK'S THIRST, HUNGER... OR WEARINESS...



TUMAK LONG AGO LEFT THE KNOWN WORLD... THE TUNNEL BEFORE HIM NOW COULD LEAD TO NEW LIFE... OR DEATH. THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT...



THE TUNNEL TWISTS AND TURNS. THEN, SUDDENLY, THERE IS LIGHT... FOOD... AND WATER...



BUT THERE ARE ALSO REFLECTIONS...



REFLECTIONS OF A GRISLY GALLERY OF TROPHIES...

TUMAK DOES NOT WAIT TO JOIN THEIR GRINNING RANKS...



WITH GREAT RELIEF, TUMAK REACHES OPEN AIR. ONCE MORE, NEW RUGGED VISTAS SPREAD BEFORE HIM, AND SOMETHING TOTALLY UNKNOWN TO THE ROCK TRIBE... THE SEA...

THAT VISION OF THE VAST WATERS DRIVES TUMAK ON... PAST THE LIMITS OF ENDURANCE...



BUT JUST WHEN HIS GOAL IS AT LAST IN SIGHT, TUMAK'S EYES CLOSE... AND HE SEES ONLY BLACKNESS...

BUT OTHER EYES ARE STILL OPEN... EYES OF THE SHELL PEOPLE, DWELLERS BY THE SHORE...



THE GIRL'S NAME IS LOANA, AND SHE HAS NEVER SEEN A DARK HAired STRANGER LIKE TUMAK BEFORE. HE MAY BE DANGEROUS... BUT SHE WAKES HIM ANYWAY...

HOWEVER, TUMAK IS NOT THE ONLY INTRUDER ON THIS BEACH...



SOMETHING, SOME PRIMITIVE EMOTION, MAKES LOANA UNWILLING TO LEAVE THE STRANGER. HER COMPANIONS, HOWEVER, HAVE NO SUCH SCRUPLES...



THE WARRIORS OF THE SHELL PEOPLE ARE BRAVE, MOVING

IN CLOSE TO ATTACK...



TOO CLOSE...



BUT UNLIKE AKHOBAA, A HOT LEADER OF THE SHELL PEOPLE CARES FOR HIS WARRIORS... AND MOVES IN TO THE RESCUE...

AND FINALLY, ROBBED OF ITS EASY PREY AND STUNG BY THE WARRIOR'S SPEARS, THE GIANT TURTLE TURNS...

AND FINALLY RETURNS TO THE DEEP, SPARKLING SEA...



TUMAK IS STILL TOO WEARY TO TAKE IN WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HIM... BUT HE DOES SEE THAT HE HAS ENTERED A STRANGE NEW WORLD...



BUT FARAWAY, LIFE CONTINUES MUCH THE SAME FOR THE ROCK TRIBE... WITH AKHOBA LEADING A HUNTING PARTY...



AKHOBA IS STRONG...



AND CONFIDENT... PERHAPS OVER-CONFIDENT. FOR THOSE MIGHTY THEWS ARE NO LONGER AS YOUNG AS ONCE THEY WERE...



AND WHERE ONCE A MIGHTY VICTORY CRY WOULD HAVE BURST FROM HIS THROAT, NOW ONLY A RAGGED SCREAM OF DEFEAT BUBBLES FROM HIS LIPS...



DESPERATELY, AKHOBA TRIES TO RAISE HIS SHATTERED BODY, SEEKING HELP HE KNOWS FULL-WELL WILL NOT BE FORTH-COMING...



AND AS AKHOBA FAINTS WITH PAIN, SAKANA MERELY SNEERS...



CRIPPLED, AKHOBA CAN ONLY DRAG HIMSELF BACK TO THE CAVE... A JOURNEY LASTING SEVERAL DAYS...



TOO INJURED TO RULE TOO RESPECTED TO BE KILLED, THE REST OF HIS DAYS WILL BE SPENT IN THE TORTURED KNOWLEDGE THAT SAKANA NOW LEADS THE ROCK TRIBE...

BUT AS THE DAYS PASS IN THE SHELL-PEOPLE'S VILLAGE, TUMAK FINDS MANY SURPRISES. FOR THESE VILLAGERS HAVE DEVELOPED A CRUDE TECHNOLOGY... A BASIC AGRICULTURE... AND A HAPPY COMMUNITY LIFE...

IT IS THIS LAST WHICH TUMAK FINDS MOST DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND. YET, WITH LOANA BY HIS SIDE, HE BEGINS TO SETTLE SLOWLY INTO THE ROUTINE...

BUT ROUTINES ARE OFTEN CRUELLY SHATTERED... AND AN ALLOSAUROS CARES LITTLE AS TO THE HAPPINESS OF ITS VICTIMS...



continued on page 19

Your magazine gets better and better! I just picked up a copy of **HoH 10** and it seems to me you've got the proportion of comic strips to features and reviews just right. I hope you don't cut the number of pages allocated to film articles to include more comics. Personally I would like to see *Media Macabre* expanded and more space given to new and forthcoming films but I don't know how possible this is as **HoH** is obviously, above all else, a *Hammer* movie mag (not that there's anything wrong with that, of course...)

I was especially interested to read Steve Moore's article on *Kong's Kind* as I've recently been putting together a filmography of Simian Cinema to appear in a forthcoming anthology for Corgi Books called *The Rivals of King Kong*. As well as *Queen Kong* we can look forward to a veritable apothecary in *Baby Kong* (Mario Brava, Italy), *Ape* (South Korea), *Kong Island* (a Filipino film apparently), *The King of Gorillas* (Mexico), *Yeti* (a giant abominable snow-ape from Italy) and the Shaw Brothers' chimpanzee epic, *Mighty Peking Man*, which switches the Kong-on-the-town scenes from New York to Hong Kong (Hong Kong??). Unfortunately the *Mighty Peking Man* turns out to be just a man in a mighty dusty looking ape-suit, not even up to Toho's standards.

Incidentally, the Fay Ray character in *Mighty Peking Man* is played by blonde actress Evelyn Kraft who last year played the title role in a German film, *Lady Dracula*.

Best wishes for the future.

Michel Parry,
Brentford

Michel Parry is author of the Corgi Rivals of ... books, which currently include The Rivals of Dracula (reviewed in HoH 11) and The Rivals of Frankenstein (to be reviewed shortly). He also wrote the screenplay for the currently on-release Peter Cushing film, The Uncanny.

HoH

I've just been looking through my collection of *House of Hammer* and the overall feeling I have is one of acute optimism. An uncommon enough experience and most welcome. Monthly frequency doesn't seem to have harmed the quality of the magazine at all.

I understand that there is some debate as to whether more text, photos and film adaptations should supplant the original character strips. May I take this opportunity to come down firmly on the side of the new character strips.

Captain Kronos was potentially a great idea, spoilt by confusing, un-



sympathetic art, but with John Bolton or Brian Lewis at the helm it would have been eminently workable. The *Father Shandor* character would probably be too much like *Kronos* to appear side by side with him, but the two could alternate with great success.

The *Van Helsing Terror Tales* are a little ordinary at the moment. *Eerie*, *Creepy* and numerous other magazines have the short story off to a fine art and the *VHTTs* are often rather old-fashioned in flavour. A series of 'Dr Frankenstein', relating tales of never-before-seen attempts at monster-making with twist endings would be more acceptably novel.

The layouts of the text pages are a godsend after the terrible tradition adhered to in other British magazines. This may seem like a small point but the overall look of a magazine is vitally important.

One other thing—the covers are fine examples of painting but this is not the only method of cover illustration. A nice ink coloured drawing by one of your talented artists would be a very pleasant change.

The pictures of the new films, like *Squirm* are most welcome along with the reviews and previews of more obscure films (*The Crazies*).

All in all the magazine is of the highest standard. As the preceding criticisms are based on a comparison with the best of the American and European magazines and comics, this, in itself, is high praise. Please continue this fine work.

Paul Gorath,
Maidstone

Thanks for a well-thought out letter, Paul. Rather than get involved in the comics vs. features debate, which I'll leave to future Post Mortem columns, I'd just like to thank you for the excellent idea of Dr. Frankenstein short stories. The final decision, as always, is with you the reader; but unless we suddenly get bogged under with adverse comment, you can look forward to a new series (possibly alternating with Terror Tales, Shandor, Kronos, History of Horror, et al.). Whew, at this rate we needn't worry about eventually running out of Hammer films to adapt, we'll have sufficient new material to start a whole line of titles!

Consider your name entered on the free subscriptions list, Paul, for your good idea.

Plus we'll be sending you the original manuscript to the first Dr. Frankenstein strip.

HoH

In **HoH 10** I thought the biggest attraction was the film adaptation, followed by the *Monster Gallery* then the *Fact File*.

I say 'yes' to the *Shandor* stories; most definitely. *Van Helsing's Terror Tales* should be longer. I would also like to see more Werewolf and Vampire (particularly *Dracula*) films. I definitely like the film posters you are now putting on the back cover. Why not make them full size and have them as pull-out centrefolds? I would like to have had a full-size copy of the *Curse of the Werewolf* film poster to put on my wall.

Simon Howden,
Ipswich

HoH

In the last few issues of your superb magazine you have been asking readers what they like best in **HoH**. Well, I decided to help, I took a few copies to school with me and distributed them among my friends. Here are the results.

1st Your film adaptations.

2nd Your film reviews.

3rd *Terror Tales*, *Kronos* and other back-up strips.

So there you have it. Before I sign off I would just like to tell you how much I enjoyed the Moore/Bolton adaptation of *Curse of the Werewolf*. John Bolton's artwork is really terrific and I hope to see more of it in future issues.

Richard Williams,
Aberdare

HoH

I thought the *Dracula* comic strip in **HoH 6** was really well illustrated. John Bolton also did a fine job on *Father Shandor* in issue 8 (more please).

In response to Roger Dard's letter in issue 9 (criticising your reviewing of current 'shock' films), I say why does he buy *House of Hammer*? **HoH** is a magazine concerned with horror films and as the *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* is a horror film it is only natural that it should be included.

I like the idea of printing posters on the back page as some of us have not seen them.

I wonder if the **HoH** team could interview people like Christopher Lee? This would make the actor's point of view stand out more.

David W. Jones,
Abergavenny

Send all letters of comment and criticism to: POST MORTEM, House of Hammer, 135-141 Wardour Street, London W.1.

Media Macabre

FILM SCENE news

EXORCIST III

Remember the talk of a new ending for *Exorcist* I? Well, Warner Brothers actually have done it... but on *Exorcist II: The Heretic*! The original climax had that well-known burlesque team of the year, Burton 'n' Blair (minus their snazzy electronic headgear, just this once) walking off into the proverbial sunset, just as the house they quit bursts into flames. Which had New Yorkers falling about in the aisles. (Oh, the sheer heresy of it!)

Director John Boorman made the cuts—by phone from Ireland, 6,000 miles away from Hollywood. 'I had a print at home, worked on it, and called them with the frame numbers for the cut.' Many feel he must have directed the film in similar fashion. He lately flew back to Film City for more extensive and 'experimental' cuts after being shocked and hurt by 'horrendous reports of people coming to laugh at the film... throwing things at the screen.'! The third (fourth? fifth?) version has a new opening (Burton's expensive voice-over *Exorcist* stills discusses exorcism); and



Latest in the possessed/evil offspring movie trend, Harry Novak's (U.S.) The Child. No British distributor at present.

yet another climax—in which Burton dies. Other scenes have been re-laced in, and others, including sex-scenes, axed.

Boorman admits he thought *The Exorcist* to be a negative, destructive movie; his *Heretic*, or so he thinks, is much healthier, 'it's about spiritual evolution'. Which is why he deliberately shot it so unrealistically. 'I'm bored by naturalism, by realism.' Just as apparently, the American public are bored by Boorman.

The problem for people going to this is they expect the other reality. And in the present climate—you see, in *Star Wars*, which is a brilliant but mindless film—people resent being asked to contribute anything. Harsh words, particularly when he adds that to some extent, he's allowing his audiences to cut-cut

his film.

In that case, they shouldn't have to pay for the privilege of rescuing Boorman's mish-mash...

Anyway, if you caught it early in New York, see it again. At least that way you can always boast (?) you've seen *Exorcist III*...

STAR WARS PATTERN

Of all the far too many projects announced in what is fast becoming known as the *Star Wars*, we at *HoH* tend to have a feeling for Walter Hill's *Alien*. Like *Star Wars*, Fox will shoot it here in Britain; and co-author Dan O'Bannon also provides more of the special effects he created for both *Star Wars* and the lesser-known *Dark Star* (reviewed in *HoH* 2). That's a fistful of pluses to begin with. Furthermore, O'Bannon's

story sounds terrific. An alien creature gets transported into a spaceship and attacks the crew by metamorphosing all over the place into different shapes, sizes and forms. Rather like the English football squad.

MEET: MASQUANMACUS...

Tony Curtis joins the chiller brigade in the film of Graham Masterton's creepy book, *The Manitou*—the spirit of a Red Indian medicine man reincarnated in a young woman 300 years after his death. The woman is an intensive care patient, undergoing ray-treatment for a suspected tumour. These rays awaken—and terribly deform—the manitou, or spirit of 300-year-old Masquamacus. Quite naturally, therefore, he (or is that, it?) proceeds to wreak (or is that, wreck?) vengeance on all and sundry in a manner well

From the team that brought you 'The Land That Time Forgot' and 'At The Earth's Core'



Impressive looking poster for a new disaster movie. No word on cast or credits. Scheduled for British production, though. Keep watching.

Media Macabre

sued to the way in which his spirit—to say nothing of his peoples—have been treated. William Girdler, known—if not well—for his bear-faced *Jaws* rip-off, **Grizzly**, directs Curtis, Michael Aansara, Susan Strasberg, Stella Stevens and—wouldn't you know it?—Uncle Burgess Meredith and all...

*I sent mommy to the mad house
The father's scared to death
I threw nanny out the window
Now those of us are left
My daddy, my dollie and me—
and ME*



Still another nasty child film. **Cathy's Curse**, from Cinepix. No British distributor at present.

TV EXORCISM

Weekly exorcism could be coming your way on TV—if Warner Brothers have their way. And tidy up their pilot-film for a projected series called **The Possessed**. Jerry Thorpe, man behind *Kung Fu*, *Harry O* and other tele-winners, directed the pilot, starring James Farentino as your everyday, defrocked priest, brought back from the (drunken car crash) dead to do weekly battle with all the evil that lurks beneath Mr. Thorpe's stable of writers. NBC

aired it in the States—might come here as a TV movie if nothing else. Warner Brothers backed it. Of course they did. You know that as soon as the possessed schoolmarm, Joan Hackett, vomited her green (sorry, purple) stuff right into Farentino's face... hardly worth coming back from the dead for. 'Puker and puke are each seen in long, hard close-up,' said one Stateside critic, (and) came extremely close to making a puker of this viewer.'

FRANKENSTEIN LIVES—WELL, DRIVES

Mary Shelley fans, read this at your peril! Hollywood has turned Frankenstein into a car. Director Paul Bartel, thus far merely flirting with fantasy in his David Carradine movies, **Death Race 2000** and the less impressive **Carquake** (Cannonball in US), tells us he's going all out in his latest, and he hopes last car movie. **Frankencar**, no less. 'It's much more a fantasy—almost a horror film.' Almost...?

Story has a racing driver (no, not David Carradine) and his neuro-surgeon father (pity, he could've been John) inventing a car running on brain-power. 'No steering wheel, no gas pedal,' says Bartel. 'Nothing in the driving seat, except the driver and his brain.'

His brain's electrical impulses are amplified from a band around his head into sufficient power to operate the car and, via a computer, to steer and direct it—entirely by brainwaves.' But—well, you knew there'd be a 'but'—an unscrupulous financier (exactly the type of role Bartel usually reserves for himself) wrecks the car by spiking the driver with LSD. Result: car veers out of control, smashes into a gasoline truck, blows up and our hero is horribly burnt. 'His father operates,' continues Bartel, 'and has to amputate practically everything. Nothing left but a badly damaged head and torso. A basket case. The father takes him into his lab and builds him into a car—which goes forward, taking revenge upon all those involved in the sabotage.'

Adds Bartel, 'It's been suggested to me that **Frankencar** is a mistake for me, in terms of being yet another car-orientated film. But the script is bizarre enough to be seeming different from the others, and as it's the first film I've undertaken to produce myself, I need a car element to reassure the backers. But my next will be a small musical—million and a half dollars. Based on *The Wizard of Oz*.' Definitely no Dorothymobile...

ITALIAN S-F...

Ever-ready to copy current fads. Italian mo-

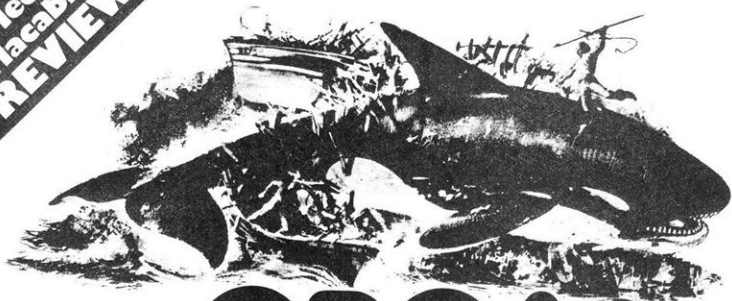
vies are beginning their inevitable s-f trend. Kirk Douglas and Simon Ward head the cast of Edmondo Amati's **Holocaust 2000** set in and around a gigantic thermonuclear plan... and Aldo D'Angelo has completed **Argonauts Beyond the Stars**, winning technical plaudits for his 'new and daring application' of laser rays and refractive crystals.

... & HORROR or SOAP OPERA

Straight from **The Heretic—Exorcist II**, Max von Sydow has reported to topnotch Rome director Mauro Bolognini to help capture **The Lady of Horrors**, alias Shelley Winters who kills three women... and turns them into soap. Says Bolognini, 'My film is intended as an apologia of madness—in a farcical key...'



Once again, an (American) Harry Novak production, with no British Distributor. Total terror from... **The Axe**.



ORCA

Review by John Brosnan

After remaking *King Kong* Italian film producer Dino de Laurentiis now presents us with a combined remake of *Jaws* and *Moby Dick* (no doubt he is already planning his own version of the latest big film success, *Star Wars*).

In *Orca*, Richard Harris (with an Irish accent so thick you could cut it with a blunt harpoon) plays a fisherman operating off the coast of Newfoundland. At the start of the film he is hunting a Great White shark for a 250,000 dollar bounty (obviously been up to no good to earn *that* large a bounty) but sees his shark destroyed by a killer whale. He then decides, despite warnings from a marine biologist (played by Charlotte Rampling), to capture one of the whales and sell it to an oceanarium.

But things go wrong—his tranquilliser harpoon hits a pregnant female and in her frenzy to escape she slashes herself fatally on the boat's propeller. When she is hauled on board she gives premature birth to a foetus that looks alarmingly human, all of which is observed by her mate who is circling the boat and emitting plaintive cries.

On the way back to port the boat is rammed by the furious male and while the dying female is being hurriedly cut loose one of the crewmen is suddenly snatched away by the male. The trouble doesn't end there for Harris and his crew—their leaking vessel is followed to the small Newfoundland fishing town by the vengeful whale who first sinks several fishing boats moored in the harbour, then, by shattering a number of fuel pipes, sets off a fire that rages along the wharves, through the town and into the petrol storage tanks above the town.



Captain Nolan (Richard Harris) hurls a harpoon at the killer whale, "Nickfin".



Above: Nickfin makes short work of Captain Nolan's home. Left: Nolan struggles for his life as the whale closes in for the kill.

Finally it attacks Harris' water-side house, knocking away the supports and causing it to slide into the sea. Harris escapes uninjured but one of his crewmembers, a girl, has her leg bitten off by the whale. Harris, accompanied by the marine biologist and his few surviving crew members, is forced to take his boat back out to sea for a last and fatal confrontation with the creature, which leads them up to the Arctic circle, picking off crew members along the way.

It finally uses an iceberg to ram the boat and Harris and Rampling, the only survivors, finish up on an ice floe with only a harpoon for protection while Orca moves in for the kill...

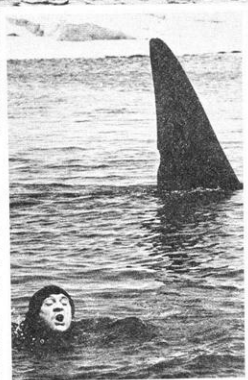
Technically it's a brilliant film—the underwater photography, including some shark footage by Ron Taylor who filmed the live shark scenes in *Jaws*, is all very impressive, as are the special effects (obviously a fake whale was used in some shots but it's impossible to spot it) but all the good work of the underwater cameramen, the 2nd unit crews, the effects men etc is undermined by an awful script and Michael Anderson's flaccid direction (his other films include *Doc Savage* and *Logan's Run*).

The main problem with the story is that

it doesn't contain any real dramatic tension—as a remake of *Moby Dick* it doesn't work because it lacks the intense rivalry that existed between Ahab and the whale; Ahab was a fanatic driven by his obsession to destroy the white whale which represented, to him, an implacable metaphysical force—Fate, God or whatever—that he was determined to overcome, whereas in *Orca* the Harris character isn't really driven by anything.

He admits his guilt fairly early in the proceedings and from then on is something of an impotent pawn in the whale's scheme of things, eventually even losing his will to survive, thus the fight between them becomes very one-sided and uninteresting. And as a remake of *Jaws* it doesn't work either because there's no element of surprise or mystery in the whale's actions—in *Jaws* one never knew where or when the shark was going to strike next while in *Orca* we are following the whale's actions all the time.

To sum up, *Orca* is a film that you'll find fascinating if you just concentrate on watching the whale, the incredible underwater sequences, the special effects and so on and somehow manage to ignore the human characters and their asinine dialogue.



ORCA (1977)

(A Dino de Laurentiis film)
Richard Harris (as *Captain Nolan*); Charlotte Rampling (*Rachel*); Will Sampson (*Umilik*); Bo Derek (*Annie*); Keenan Wynn (*Novak*); Charles Scott Walker (*Swain*); Robert Carradine (*Ken*).

Produced by Luciano Vincenzoni; Directed by Michael Anderson; Original story and screenplay by Luciano Vincenzoni/Sergio Donati; Director of photography Ted Moore; Music composed and conducted by Ennio Morricone; A Famous Films N.V. Production; Distributed by E.M.I. Films. Time: 92 mins.

Cert A.

RUBY

by Tony Crawley

Tailpiece of my *Carrie* review (HoH 9) quoted 'our esteemed Editor Dez Skinn suggesting a sequel soon, "A sort of *Carrie On*". You laughed? Well, folks, he wasn't far wrong...

Admittedly, the telekinetic rip-offs haven't multiplied too plentifully as yet—well, you can't copy *Star Wars* and *Carrie*. (Although having said that, I suppose someone will/is/has?) But we do have *Carrie's* Ma back on the warpath. As *Ruby* in Curtis Harrington's new fear feature.

Welcome back, Curtis... from the land of US-TV horror shows.

And Piper Laurie, too. *Carrie* was her first movie for 15 years; it's also the reason *Ruby* was born. After De Palma's runaway success, the Hollywood word was that another horror plot had to be located for the suddenly piping-hot Piper. And fast! Curtis had just the exact number up his well-tailored sleeve. He swiftly located the ridiculously low \$300,000 budget and was into profit after only three weeks of his American release. Which should mean he/we will not wait that long for his next feature.

Harrington has a high old time by setting most of his assorted mayhem right down there among 'em. In their own back yard. The friendly neighbourhood drive-in cinema.

It's the mid-50s, and it's your average downtown drive-in crowd. They're all going ooh! and ahh! or Zzzz! as Allison Hayes stomps around in *Attack of the 50 ft. Woman* (1958), when suddenly—the black-and-white screen goes dead...

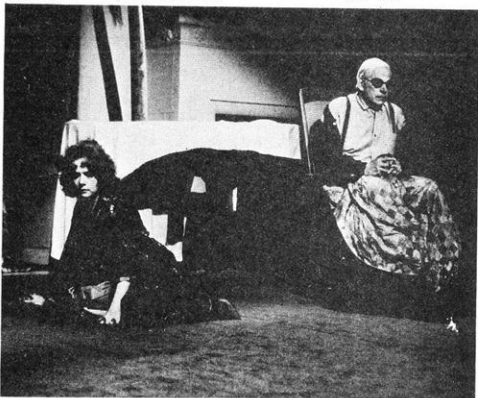
So does the projectionist for that matter. He's found hanging, by the very film he'd been threading through his machines.

Next, one of the popcorn guys is found strangled by the plastic piping inside a drinks machine—which serves a cup of warm blood to a walking mountain of a lady.

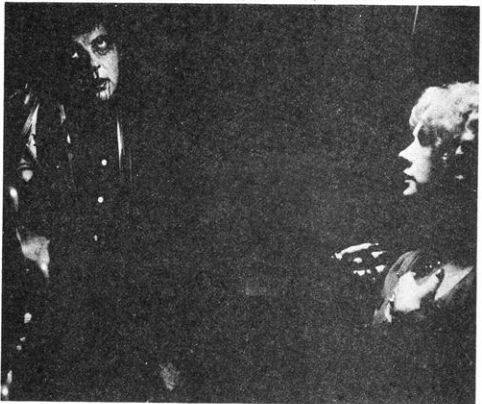
Whirlwind havoc

Before long, the manager of *Ruby's* cinema (Stuart Whitman) is locked inside his own box-office, engulfed in a mini-whirlwind. He's blown clean out of the cabin, gets into his car, crashes almost immediately, snatches another from some customers and smashes that one, too, after driving haphazardly through the assembled autos facing the (by comparison) minor action on-screen.

Best of all, Piper Laurie drives off one drunken night to her deserted drive-in, paints her lips ruby red as ever, and yells out to a lover long since murdered, 'I know you're here...!' He is, too. Calling



Above: *Ruby* with now-blinded killer Jake (before his demise). Below: *Ruby* stumbles upon strangled killer Sam (after his demise).





Nicky, shot down by the gang following his affair with Ruby, returns from his watery grave to seek vengeance through his now-teenage daughter, Lesley. Right: identical bullet wounds appear as his spirit possesses her.

her name repeatedly over all the loudspeakers. Out of a mist comes a car, driven by the slain lover, with bullet-holes fresh in his dead face. As this vision vanishes, a searchlight stabs at the big screen. We zoom in: it's yet another of Ruby's staff, speared to the screen with a loudspeaker pole!

I can imagine Curtis Harrington plotting such grisly demises, after experiencing some altercation with over-officious drive-in workers at his local one night. He has a lot of fun with this setting of real horror v. reel horror.

At one point a kid yells, 'There's a dead man in the cold drinks machine.' His mother slaps him down with a terse, 'No more horror films for you!'

Who's behind all this death and destruction, anyway? Or indeed—what?

Ask Nicky. Yes, he's been dead these 16 years. Although you'd never credit it, the way he keeps popping up all over the place. Well, all right then, ask his daughter. Ruby's kid, Lesley, a big-eyed, almost bug-eyed teenage mute. 'She's never even cried, except when she was born.'

Lesley holds the key to it all. But how to unlock it? Rather like Carrie, young

Lesley has, with the onset of puberty, become a natural medium. The long awaited path for Nicky's re-entry into the living world, to avenge himself on his killers. On Ruby's gang.

So young Lesley seems the only problem in Ruby's booze life. She plans to send her to a special home. Stu Whitman, Ruby's main man of late, disagrees. Once the slayings mount up, Lesley is hardly their chief concern. Soon is, though. After

50ft. Woman

the deaths Whitman sends for help. In the personable shape of his mate from his last time in stir—prison doctor Roger Davis (from *Alias Smith and Jones*). A clean, upright happy with a great interest in the weird and the unknown. He gets the message before both feet are through the front door. 'There's been a terrible violence here.'

More to come, Doc... The guy stabbed to the screen. The body in the vending machine. Ole Jake himself.

At first, I felt Janit Baldwin was playing the mute daughter rather more dumb than mute. Until a masterly hypnosis sequence,

where Doc Davis encourages her to think back to happier times, open her mind—and mouth. She struggles to speak her first five words. 'Hap Py Bir Th Day!' A thrilling, moving moment, this. And all Janit's.

Not a great movie. But a good 'un. And we can't honestly say that about much of the horror action of late. For instance, to hell with *The Heretic*. Give me *Attack of the 50 ft. Woman* any day. Curtis Harrington allows us to hear one lovely snatch of dialogue as Allison Hayes tramples houses underfoot.

'She'll tear up the whole town until she finds Harry.'

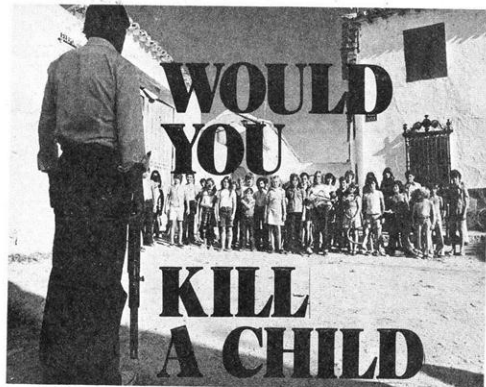
'Yeah—and then she'll tear up Harry.'

Love it! They just don't make 'em like they used to. Though Curtis Harrington comes close.

RUBY (1977)

Starring Piper Laurie, Stuart Whitman, Roger Davis and Janit Baldwin.

Directed by Curtis Harrington; Produced by George Edwards; Screenplay by George Edwards and Barry Schneider; Released by Brent-Walker.



Review by Alan Jones

Would you kill a child? That's the question raised in the Crawford International film now on release, and when you think about it—would you? If the same happened to you as what happens to two English tourists who decide to go to the small island of Almazora, near the Balearics, you would find the question even harder to answer.

The two tourists are played by Lewis Fiander as Tom and Prunella Ransome as his pregnant wife, Evelyn. Fiander is no newcomer to Horror/Thriller pictures, you may remember him in *Dr. Phibes Rises Again*, *I Start Counting*, and as Howard in Hammer's *Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde*.

When Tom and Evelyn arrive at Almazora, they notice that the only people about seem to be children playing and fishing. They don't like being asked questions either, answering Tom's enquiries with a stony silence! After further investigation reveals no one in any of the shops or the hotel where they are supposed to be staying, they finally see an old man hobble across the road. Without warning, in front of the horrified couple, a little girl rushes up to him and beats him to death with his walking stick. Tom tries to go to his rescue but instead witnesses an event that makes him sick: lots of children playing a macabre game with the corpse—a variation of *Pin the Tail on the Donkey*. Strung up by the feet the children take turns, blindfolded, to

try and cut the man's head off with a scythe.

A scream from Evelyn finds her confronting another badly scarred man who has been hiding in the hotel attic. It's from him that they find out the story of what's been happening on the island. For no reason the children suddenly rebelled and massacred their parents and any other adult. Everybody was too shocked to retaliate and anyway the man asks "How can you kill a child when he's smiling at you seconds before he brings out a knife and stabs you in the heart?" Eventually this man is foiled by his own stupidity—he is lured to his death by his daughter, lying that her sister is seriously ill.

Tom realises that he and Evelyn are the only two left alive and groups of children are forming in the town's plaza. They are next on the death list.

The film was directed by Narciso Ibanez Serrador and he did it, as he readily admits, as an attempt to raise the Spanish horror thriller out of the Paul Naschy/Waldemar the Werewolf/Sex and gore rut that Spanish cinema seems stuck in. He has obviously succeeded. This particular film has won many continental film awards including the Avoriaz Fantasy film festival and the best actress award for Prunella Ransome.

Serrador himself is no newcomer to the horror genre. In 1969 he directed a film that attracted a lot of attention called *The House That Screamed* (original title being *La Residencia* or *The*

Boarding School). The film went out on release here with *Whoever Slew Auntie Roo?*

That film was set in the 19th century but there is nothing even remotely gothic about *Would You Kill a Child?* The film is set firmly in the modern day and doesn't use shock cuts to get you trembling in your seat but invokes a very frightening atmosphere of ordinariness that has gone wrong. It is very hard not to feel your spine tingling when you see a scene of a terrified girl hiding in the island's Post Office, desperately telephoning out for help to anyone who will answer. Tom hears her ring but her hopes are shattered when he answers—she is German and he doesn't understand a word! Meanwhile the Post Office door is creaking at the hinges under the children's weight



Evelyn and Tom are cornered in the police station by the sinister children.

Clues as to why the children are behaving this way are supplied in the very harrowing opening credits so be warned when you go and see it! The film brings to mind an earlier Spanish horror called *The Bell of Hell* that uses the same particular kind of build up. Has anybody seen that film, if you have drop us a line about it. The director of that however died on the last day of shooting. Claudio Guerin Hill plunged to his death on the very bell tower that was used in the climax of the film. Hopefully nothing like that will happen to Narciso Ibanez Serrador! *Would You Kill a Child?* owes a lot of its ideas to films like *Night of The Living Dead*, the climax is similar to *Children Shouldn't Play With Dead Things* and of course the idea of murderous children was used in *Village and Children Of The Damned*. Nevertheless Serrador's film stands up on its own as an original, not only is it a superior thriller but it is that rare sort of movie—an intelligent one.

PART TWO

ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.

PANIC SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE, AND THE VILLAGERS FLEE FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE CAVE... BUT SOME DO NOT MOVE FAST ENOUGH...



AND SOME HAVE BEEN LEFT BEHIND... TO QUAKE WITH FEAR...



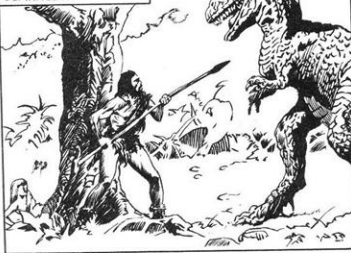
AND, QUAKING, TO FALL...



DAYS BEFORE, PITY WOULD HAVE BEEN AN UNTHINKABLE EMOTION FOR TUMAK. BUT NOW, HARDLY REALISING WHAT HE IS DOING, HE GRABS AHOT'S SPEAR...



...AND DASHES FORWARD, JABBING AT THE BEAST, LIKE A MOUND WORRYING A TIGER, BRAZEN IN HIS FUTILE DEFIANCE...



...AND BREAKING THE PARALYZING FEAR WHICH HAD GRIPPED THE OTHER WARRIORS...



BUT THIS CANNOT LONG HOLD BACK THE FEROCIOUS CREATURE... FOR EVEN IF THE HUNTERS ARE ARMED, TO THE ALLOSOSAURUS THEY ARE STILL ONLY... MEAT!



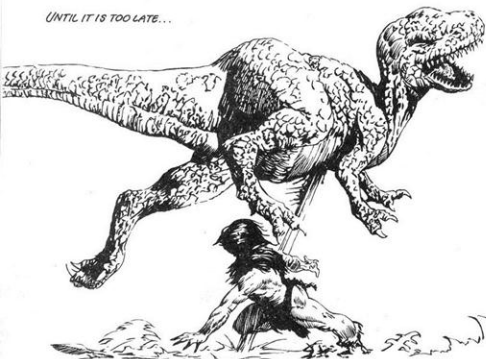
EVEN WHEN TUMAK SEES HIS OPPORTUNITY... THE ALLOSOSAURUS HAS EYES ONLY FOR FURTHER FOOD...



AND NOTHING MORE...



UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE...



TRIUMPHANT, TUMAK
TURNS TO RECEIVE THE
CONGRATULATIONS OF
LOANA AND HER PEOPLE...

BUT CONGRATULATION
IS SECONDARY IN
AHOT'S MIND. TUMAK
HAS HIS SPEAR...
AND HE WANTS IT
BACK!

BUT...

THEN, TO TUMAK'S SURPRISE,
HE FEELS HANDS TEARING
HIM AWAY... AMONG THE
ROCK TRIBE, SUCH A FIGHT
WOULD HAVE BEEN LEFT
TO REACH A BLOODY
CONCLUSION...



OBTAINING, TUMAK AND
AHOT CAN NO LONGER LIVE
TOGETHER... HE EXPECTS
DEATH... BUT INSTEAD
RECEIVES MERCY... AND
RELEASE...

AND SO TUMAK LEAVES
THE VILLAGE OF THE SHELL
PEOPLE... BUT NOT
ALONE...

THERE IS ONLY ONE OTHER PLACE TUMAK KNOWS... HIS HOME...
AND ONLY ONE ROUTE... A HARD ROUTE, FULL OF DANGER...



FOR LOANA FOLLOWS...
BRINGING WITH HER
ONE LAST GIFT...





EVEN MORE DANGEROUS ON THE RETURN JOURNEY THAN BEFORE...



AND FOR THE FIRST TIME, TUMAK SEES THOSE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CAVERN'S GRISLY TROPHIES...



UP IN THE BRANCHES, THE NIGHT PASSES IN CRAMPED SILENCE BELOW, IN SAVAGE, MINDLESS FEROCITY... AS THE GORILLA-MEN, LACKING PREY, FALL ON ONE ANOTHER...

DAWIN BRINGS SLEEP TO SOME OF THE CAVERN'S OCCUPANTS... BUT TUMAK KNOWS HE DARE NOT GO DOWN AND PASS THEM...



THERE IS ONLY ONE OTHER WAY OUT OF THE CAVE... UPWARDS...



AT LAST THERE IS DAYLIGHT... FRESH AIR, FREE OF THE SMELL OF DECAY... AND SAFETY...

BUT NOT FOR LONG...



TUMAK IS FORGOTTEN AS THE BATTLE RAGES... YET HE FINDS HIMSELF PINNED DOWN AS THE EARTH SHAKES BENEATH THE STRUGGLING TITANS...

YET AS TUMAK PUSHES LOANA AWAY FROM THE GIGANTIC TRICERATOPS, A NEW AND EVEN HUNGRIER BEAST APPEARS... THE FEROCIOUS CERATOSAURUS!



BUT AT LAST, AS THE BATTLE
CLIMAXES, TUMAK SEES HIS CHANCE
...AND FLEES...



MEANWHILE, LOANA RUNS
UNHEEDINGLY... NOT REALISING SHE IS
ALREADY IN THE TERRITORY OF THE
ROCK TRIBE... AND SAKANA...

... AND REACTS
IN THE ONLY WAY
SHE KNOWS HOW...



HER ACTION IS A MYSTERY TO SAKANA...
HIS LUST-FILLED EYES SEE ONLY THE
DEFENCELESS WOMAN BEFORE HIM...

SAKANA HAS NEVER SEEN A STONE-TIPPED SPEAR
BEFORE... BUT NOW HE FEELS ITS FULL MALICE...



BUT TUMAK KNOWS
WHAT THE CONCH
TRUMPET SIGNIFIES...
AND HE IS ANYTHING
BUT DEFENCELESS...



TUMAK HAS LEARNED MUCH
IN HIS ABSENCE... OF
KILLING, AND OF MERCY...
AND SAKANA, SURPRISED,
KEEPS HIS LIFE...



BUT SHE FINDS
OUT SOON ENOUGH...



GRARRR!



AND SO TUMAK RETURNS TO THE ROCK TRIBE... NOT
AS A HUMILIATED PRODIGAL... BUT IN TRIUMPH...



TUMAK'S STRANGE, FAIR-HAired WOMAN AROUSES
MUCH CURIOSITY... BUT TUMAK ALSO FINDS
MUCH HAS CHANGED. AKHOBA IS NO LONGER CHIEF
... AND HIS REPLACEMENT HAS ALREADY
BEEN DEFEATED...

AND AS THE DAYS PASS, TUMAK IS GRUDGINGLY ACCEPTED AS THE NEW CHIEF. MASTER OF ALL HE SURVEYS... THE RUMBLING VOLCANO, THE HOT LAVA PLAIN, THE LAKE IN THE OLD CRATER...



BUT TIME ALSO HEALS WOUNDS... AND AT LAST SAKANA IS TO LEAD A HUNTING PARTY...



KNOWING FULL WELL HE WILL NOT RETURN... EXCEPT AS CONQUEROR...

WITH SAKANA GONE, TUMAK SETTLES DOWN HAPPILY TO TEACH HIS PEOPLE ALL HE HAS LEARNED... THE ART OF MAKING STONE-TIPPED SPEARS, PEACE, EVEN WASHING...



BUT HAPPINESS IS FLEETING, EVEN IN THE BEST OF WORLDS... AND THIS IS FAR FROM THAT. SUDDENLY...



TUMAK'S AIM IS TRUE... BUT EVEN THEN THE WINGED MONSTER WILL NOT RELEASE ITS PREY...

THE PTERODACTYL'S ATTACK IS SWIFT... THE NOISE OF ITS WINGS DEAFENING... AND ITS CHOSEN VICTIM QUITE HELPLESS...



FLAKKA!

FLAKKA!



LOSING BLOOD AND SLOWED BY IT'S PREY, THE PTERODACTYL, NONETHELESS CARRIES OFF ALL THAT TUMAK CARES ABOUT... AND ONLY ONE OTHER WILL JOIN HIM IN THE CHASE...



AND FATE DECREES THAT EVEN HE SHALL NOT FOLLOW TUMAK FOR LONGS...





DUSK FINDS TUMAK STILL RUNNING, BUT BY THEN HE IS TOO FAR BEHIND TO SEE HIS QUARRY... OR WHAT OCCURS AS IT APPROACHES ITS NEST...

THEN, AS THE FIRST PTERODACTYL FINDS ITSELF FORCED TO ENGAGE IN A LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE, LOANA IS FORGOTTEN... AND PLUNGES DOWN TOWARD THE VAST DEEP...



BEING A SHORE-DWELLER, LOANA KNOWS WELL ENOUGH HOW TO SWIM... BUT IS ALL SHE CAN DO TO REACH THE BEACH AND COLLAPSE WITH EXHAUSTION... WHILE HER ATTACKER GOES DOWN IN A FLURRY OF WINGS, CLAWS AND BLOOD.



AND WHEN TUMAK COMES IN SIGHT OF THE NEST, THE SECOND PTERODACTYL IS SAVAGELY CANNIBALISING ITS FORMER FOE'S OFFSPRING...



BUT TUMAK MERELY SEES A PTERODACTYL FEEDING, AND CONCLUDES THE OBVIOUS... LOANA IS DEAD. THERE IS NOTHING TO DO BUT FIND SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT...



A NIGHT WHICH IS LONG AND DARK, HIDING LOANA'S SURVIVAL FROM TUMAK'S EYES... HIDING HER AS SHE PAINFULLY DRAGS HERSELF BACK TO HER OWN PEOPLE...



BUT EVEN HER OWN VILLAGE IS NOT HOME WITHOUT TUMAK... AND SHE PERSUADES AHOT TO ESCORT HER ON HER RETURN...



AND, USING THE NEW ROUTE HER ADVENTURE HAS SHOWN HER, LOANA SOON COMES ACROSS TUMAK, SLOWED BY HIS INJURED COMPANION...

AND THE JOY OF THE REUNION MAKES EVEN TUMAK AND AHOT FORGET THEIR OLD GRUDGE...



BUT OTHER GRUDGES ARE NOT FORGOTTEN. A RUNNER BRINGS NEWS FROM THE ROCK TRIBE - SAKANA IS CHIEF OF A NEW TRIBE, THREATENING THE OLD...



AHOT AND HIS MEN AGREE TO RETURN WITH TUMAK... BUT THEY FIND A NEW AND MORE PRESSING DANGER WAITING...



A GIGANTIC BRONTOSAURUS IS ATTACKING... AND THE DIVIDED TRIBE IS TOO WEAK TO DRIVE IT OFF...

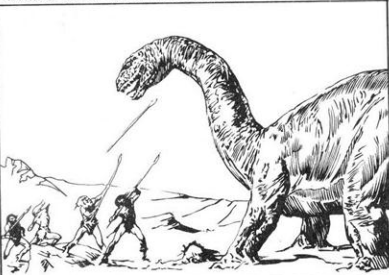
TUMAK AND HIS ALLIES ARE ALSO TOO FEW TO TROUBLE THE HUGE BEAST... BUT TUMAK IS CHIEF NOW, AND HE MUST TRY TO PROTECT HIS PEOPLE...



SAKANA IS FORGOTTEN FOR A WHILE IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE... THOUGH HE IS CLOSER THAN TUMAK CAN KNOW, GLEEFULLY WATCHING THE BRONTOSAURUS DOING HIS WORK FOR HIM... MAIMING, KILLING, AND DESTROYING...



BUT IT DAWNS ON TUMAK AT LAST THAT ATTACK IS GETTING THEM NOWHERE. A NEW WAY MUST BE TRIED...



TUMAK AND AHOT MOVE BACK SLOWLY, JABBING AND TAUNTING, DRAWING THE HISSING SAURIAN AFTER THEM...



RETREATING SLOWLY TO THE LAVA... TREADING BINGERLY OVER IT'S BLISTERING HOT CRUST...



A CRUST WHICH STARTS TO SLOWLY CRACK BENEATH THE THUNDEROUS FOOTSTEPS OF THE GIGANTIC BRONTOSAURUS...



BUT BEFORE TUMAK AND AHOT CAN RETURN TO SAVOUR THEIR TRIUMPH... SAKANA ATTACKS!



AND ONCE THE FIRST CRACKS APPEAR, THE WHOLE CRUST GIVES WAY... AND HOT LAVA RAPIDLY COOKS 30 TONS OF STRUGGLING, SCREAMING SAURIAN...



AND IF TUMAK IS NOT THERE, ALL THE BETTER.
SAKANA WILL TAKE HIS WOMAN INSTEAD!



BUT TUMAK AND AHOT HAD RETURNED.



... AND THAT TUMAK CANNOT
FORGIVE!



AND AS THE EARTH QUAKES
WITH GROWING FURY,
RIVALRY IS FORGOTTEN IN
ALL-ENCOMPASSING PANIC...



TUMAK HAS NO TIME TO FEEL
ANYTHING ABOUT THE DEATH OF
HIS BROTHER... ALL HE THINK
OF IS SHELTER.





WHEN A SUDDEN SHATTERING ROAR HALTS THE FIGHT, LONG SMOLDERING, THE VOLCANO NOW BURSTS FORTH INTO EXPLOSIVE FURY...



FOR OTHERS, THERE IS NO SHELTER... NO HOPE... NO CHANCE...



BUT AT LAST NATURE'S FURY SUBSIDES... THERE IS AN UNHOLY QUIET, BROKEN ONLY BY THE HOWLS OF THE DYING...

AND YET, THERE ARE SURVIVORS...



BUT THERE IS ONE THING SAKANA CANNOT FORGET... TUMAK'S WOMAN...



SURVIVORS WHO WILL START ANEW... MARCHING INTO THE UNKNOWN... MARCHING TOWARDS... THE FUTURE...



ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.

by John Brosnan

Because it marked the company's one hundredth film Hammer decided to make their 1966 version of **One Million Years B.C.** much more lavish and expensive than their previous films. It not only featured extensive location work and a large cast, including Raquel Welch, but also the talents of leading model animator Ray Harryhausen.

'Hammer had bought the rights from Hal Roach,' said Harryhausen, 'and they approached me to supervise the special effects. The Hammer executives and I worked pretty closely together on it. We tried to keep fairly close to the original story line of the old 1940 version but, of course, in the earlier version they didn't use animation, they used live lizards and for one sequence a man in a dinosaur suit. But it had some good things in it. The live action in our film was shot in the Canary Islands and the animated creatures were matted into the real scenery.'

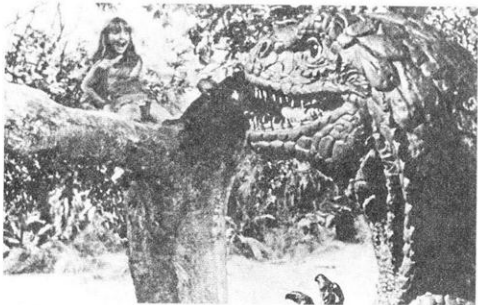
Harryhausen provided a host of monsters for the film, including a giant turtle, a family of pterodactyls and several dinosaurs. Most impressive of the latter was a young *Tyrannosaurus Rex* that invades the seaside camp of a tribe of cavemen and kills several of them before being spectacularly despatched by the hero (John Richardson)—a marvellous example of model animation which showed Harryhausen at his best. The film as a whole was good, violent fun with the cast apparently taking their primitive roles to heart and grunting and snarling with gusto (as you can see from this issue's adaptation there was no dialogue in the film, only grunts and snarls).

But, of course, it was all built on the fallacy that dinosaurs and humans at one time existed together on Earth. I asked Harryhausen if this anachronism bothered him. 'Not really,' he replied. 'It has never been proved actually. Every year there seem to be new discoveries which push the existence of man further back in time. Besides, unless one is making a documentary film there would be little drama in just watching battling prehistoric animals without the human element.'

Another well-known effects man involved in the making of **One Million Years B.C.** was Hammer regular Les Bowie and one of his jobs on this occasion

was to simulate the creation of the world in the film's prologue. He now likes to say he managed to create the world in only six days on a budget of £1,100. He succeeded by using such economic short-cuts as porridge to represent lava and water running out of taps to represent a vast prehistoric deluge.

The previous version of **One Million Years B.C.** was made in 1940 and called **One Million B.C.** (also known as **Man and His Mate**) and starred Victor Mature and Lon Chaney Jr (in the role of the old tribal chief who becomes deposed by his son and horribly disfigured in a fall from their cliff-top cave). It is still a memorable film



*A hapless youngster takes refuge in a tree from one of Harryhausen's dinosaurs in **One Million Years BC** (1966).*



Above: spears prove useless against a winged horror. Right: A monster from the film *When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth* (1970.)

(parts of it are said to have been directed by D. W. Griffith) but the Californian locations don't have the harsh grandeur of the Canary Island settings used in Hammer's version, and the special effects, while impressive, lack the impact of Harryhausen's.

Most of the dinosaurs, as Harryhausen noted above, were 'real' in that they were ordinary lizards dressed up with glued-on rubber spikes and frills to make them look more menacing and photographically enlarged to giant size on the screen (various techniques were used for the latter, including travelling mattes and split-screens). In one sequence an elephant, wearing what appeared to be a hairy bath mat, was used as a 'woolly mammoth'. The man responsible for getting the lizards to perform was Charles Oelze who had a difficult time with his unwilling actors and was sent to the doctor eleven times to have bites treated.

After the success of their *One Million Years B.C.* Hammer decided to make a



sequel which was eventually released in 1970 under the title of *When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth*. Based on an original treatment by science fiction writer J. G. Ballard, it was directed by Val Guest (the man who handled Hammer's first two Quatermass films back in the 1950s).

'I was staying in Malta at the time,' said Guest, 'when Hammer called me up and asked if I'd be interested in doing it. The producer, Aida Young, flew over with the story line they had had written and she asked me if I'd write a script around it. And one of the things that made me say yes was that the live action was to be shot

in the Canary Islands again . . . I love location work when it's abroad, not in England. It was a difficult film to make because of all the special effects. We had Jim Danforth doing the model animation (Harryhausen was busy working on a film of his own, *Valley of Gwangi*) and I think he's one of the finest effects men in the world and he did a brilliant job on it. I wanted to try and do something different with the dinosaurs in that film . . . I wanted to shoot them as if it was a newsreel from the Stone Age that someone had dug up.

'Therefore instead of the way that Harryhausen would do these monsters with a static camera showing them lumbering across the screen I said to Jim Danforth that I wanted shots of them coming towards the camera with the camera also moving. I said—do them as if you're doing a dangerous documentary so that when one of these things is coming towards the camera you get the feeling that the cameraman is about to jump into a nearby ditch, which will give it extra reality.

'So Jim worked on this idea and came up with some fantastic results. The big difficulty in shooting the live action was that for most of the time we were just working to an enormous striped pole that represented the dinosaurs. We'd say to the actors: "That's the height of the dinosaur's head . . ." and so on but it was tough for them because they really had to react to nothing at all. We were nominated for a special effects Academy Award but that year *Bedknobs and Broomsticks* was also in the running and of course they got the award.'

Hammer Films continued their prehistoric world series with *Creatures the World Forgot* (1971), directed by Don Chaffey (who had directed *One Million Years B.C.*). This time they had Julie Ege filling in (in more ways than one) for Raquel Welsh. But because of the budgetary cut-backs in the special effects department or an attempt to try a new variation on a theme, there wasn't a single dinosaur in sight.

. . . Which could account for many movie fans not remembering Hammer's third prehistoric epic, making it the *movie* the world forgot!

ONE MILLION YEARS B.C. (1966)
Raquel Welsh (as *Loana*), John Richardson (*Tumak*), Percy Herbert (*Sakana*), Robert Brown (*Akhoba*), Martine Beswick (*Nipandi*).

Directed by **Don Chaffey**; Screenplay by **Michael Carreras** (from the screenplay of *One Million B.C.* (1940) by Mickell Novak, George Baker and Joseph Frickert); Visual Effects by **Ray Harryhausen**; Photography by **Wilkie Cooper**; Produced by **Michael Carreras**; Released by **Warner-Pathe** (U.S.A.: 20th Century Fox). A **Hammer-Seven Arts** Production. Time: 100 mins. (U.S.A.: 91 mins.)

Cart: A

GEORGE A. ROMERO

on MARTIN



In his traditional Gothic form, the caped Vampire of legend and literature is indeed the inspiration for **Martin**; however, an homage need not be an imitation. If not for squeamish moments spent watching the screen Dracula wing through the French doors to bare his fangs at the throat of a sleeping innocent, **Martin** would not exist.

The object in creating this new Vampire is not to dispel tradition, but rather to restate the phenomenon from a different perspective. To re-Vamp, if you will, a goblin that has stalked us since Lilith, and to use him to shape a parable.

The Vampire suits an allegory well, as his character is familiar to all. We have him categorised and filed away in our bank of 'bad guys.' Yet we have also been moved to sympathise with an occasional Vampire in literature. Even in Stoker's Dracula we are saddened by the Count's unrequited loves and by the curse which he must bear into eternity. But because of his particular difference from the rest of us, he must die, and die brutally, a stake driven through his heart to reclaim the precious blood he has had to steal from us.

Vlad the Impaler

In earlier centuries, when the wise were creating myths, man's blood was considered to be his very soul. The river of red as it ran from a sabre wound was believed to be the spirit escaping to eternity. No wonder then that, as McNally and Florescu have detected, Vlad the Impaler, who punished hundreds by bleeding them publicly on stakes, became Stoker's model for Count Dracula.

There are anemics who indeed have cravings for raw meat and blood, and there is evidence as recent as the Manson killings, that a mental state will create a lust for drinking blood. The Los Angeles Slasher has been found to have drank the blood of his victims from goblets which he evidently brought along for the occasion.

Were they simply disturbed and demented human souls who were the actual victims of the angry mobs of old, and were those tortured beings said to be demonic simply as a justification for society's own demonic revenge?

Among the vile and hated beings, the Vampire has always held high rank. He is a fine character for story-telling, for there has always been a sort of vulnerability in the traditional Vampire. He has been handsome and compelling; he has had no super-human strengths; he has been attracted to human emotions and tastes. We have seen him alone in his study, sipping wine and reading the classics, and longing for an undying love (literally). He always wishes to be free from the needs which possess him.

On the other hand, the mob which pursues the Vampire is terrorising; armed with the fetishes and weapons of a barbaric horde; outraged that the alien would presume to borrow a bit of human essence for his survival.

Man's response to the Vampire, to any 'monster', is perhaps the real heart of the matter. As vile the creature, as brutal man's reaction. Have we conjured up creatures and given them mystical properties so as not to admit that they are actually of our own race? Do we make them extraordinary out of guilt for what we instinctively recall of our own primitive past? Do we need a mythical whipping boy to punish brutally for our primal sins?

What a frightening concept! Are there those among us in free and 'normal' society who would today take pleasure from driving a stake through

the L.A. Slasher's heart?

McNally reports in *A Clutch of Vampires* that in 1969 he was in the village of Rodna, near the Borgia Pass in Romania. Seeing a burial being performed, he stopped to watch. The deceased was a girl who had committed suicide, an act which made her a candidate for returning as a Vampire. McNally actually witnessed the driving of a stake through the corpse's heart, done so as to prevent the Vampire's resurrection.

In fourteenth century Scotland, a highwayman named Beane and his mistress lived in a cave along the shore. For fear of the King's severe punishment for banditry, the Beanes hid the corpses of their victims in the rear chambers of the cave, so as to leave no evidence. As booty was little in such impoverished times, the Beanes took to eating the corpses in their larder as a means of survival. Their reign of highway terror went on, and as the mouth of the cave filled with sea water for most of the day, they went undiscovered. They bred children, and their children bred among themselves.

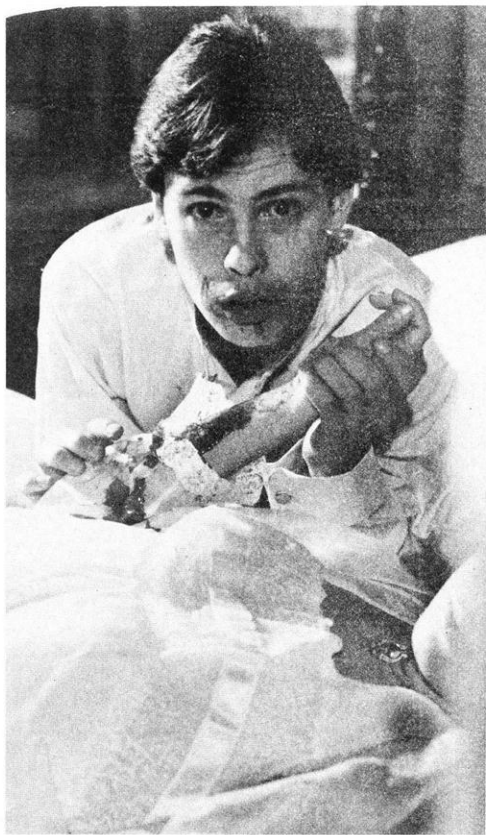
When they were finally uncovered, some thirty-five years later, there were fifty Beanes, the youngest of which had been raised on the band's vile practices as simply a way of life. The back caverns of the cave were found to be filled with the carefully butchered parts of hundreds of victims, all salted and preserved as a food supply for the family.

The King's soldiers captured the Beanes, and in a forty-eight hour orgy of bloodletting, dismembered, disembowelled and sliced them into small bits, infants included, in a town square exhibition, with the public invited to participate.

Man the monster

Man's barbarism seems quick to rise, particularly when justified by some "cause" of righteous society, as witness the heinous acts performed in wartime.

Martin is about all the "monsters" of the world, proposing that they are simply extensions or exaggerations of a certain strain present in all of us. As do all "monster" stories, **Martin** discusses the varying levels of moral conscience in the human animal. Not only are moral



Vampire? John Amplas as Romero's Martin. A vampire aged 84 carrying the family curse to America—or an emotionally disturbed teenager turned psychotic by his family's old world superstition.

lines difficult to draw, but any attempt to broadly categorize behaviours as good or evil will warp any true search for the nature of man. Think of the lines from *The Mikado*: "... and I am right, and you are right, and all is right as right can be."

Martin is not the first piece to discuss these concepts, nor will it be the last. It is an entertainment, drawn in homage to the great Vampires we have known, by way of saying: "We understand your predicament. You have been created by man, to be punished by man. Your

destiny is to be destroyed so that man may be purged."

We can believe that **Martin** is cursed, or we can believe that he is simply mad. His dreams of torch-bearing mobs and fog-shrouded mansions may be called up from films he has seen. We've seen them too.

The moral shuffling and the turns on tradition help make **Martin** our contemporary. He lives now, and this, too, provides contrasts. **Martin's** little town is decaying. The work ethic destroyed, the people are leaving. The Church is providing no answers any more, and it, too, is considering closing its doors due to poor attendances. The pillars of society which gave stoic support to the fight against "monsters" in the past are crumbling. For better or for worse is not yet determined. Man is now armed with texts which explain the psychopathic mind.

Monsters exist

Today's condition should better equip us to handle **Martin**, but while we study his case, we do it rather academically. We don't feel a purging thrill in the solutions offered by science; they don't satisfy our human lusts for anger and revenge. Society no longer supports us in an emotional response, so we hardly respond at all.

And yet "monsters" do exist; in us and among us. They walk in our shadow. They can prey on us more as we fear them less. We should know. We created them. Now we try to tell them to go away. Our new and knowledgeable ways provide a certain freedom for the dark creatures.

This is not to say that the old ways are more effective in stemming the "monster" tide. The old ways never worked either. **Martin** is a vampire in that he drinks the blood of his victims, but to categorise him as such, in the traditional sense, is to not only misunderstand him, but to forgive him in a way.

To categorise "monsters" is to expect them to act predictably. We become predictable when we expect **Martin** to be predictable, and we are therefore vulnerable to his crimes.

If he is our own child; if he is our primal conscience, looking back at us from the centre of our souls, then **Martin** is truly a dangerous creature. For then he has us all figured out, while we haven't come close to understanding him. — George A. Romero

MARTIN



Blood and bathwater mingle in the aftermath of one of Martin's grisly murders.

by Tony Crawley

We're looking for all types of vampires—energy drainers, “psychic” or “verbal” vampires; and cultists, as well. Another form... is the average man—someone who uses blood transfusions, who's interested in things like cryogenics and blood replenishment. Of course, we don't go around staking people. It would be discriminating—as well as against the law.—Dr. Stephen Kaplan, president, The Vampire Research Centre of America (listed in Long Island's Yellow Pages under ‘Vampire Research’).

For some, the younger critics mainly, it was the event of an otherwise arid Cannes festival. The dullist in thirty years. Even for those of us new to the not always so-wonderful world of fantasy films, the genuine excitement about the film's world unveiling caught on. Fast. Screenings were numerous. Repeated by demand. And packed out, every time. I caught it early on, in a tiny viewing *salle* inside the Palais des Festivals. As the walls burst with people and their bulky daily documentation—and umbrellas; told you it was dull—the murmurs were heavy. And exactly the same. ‘Romero... Romero...

night of the living dead... night of the living dead...’ Like a Greek chorus, all around me.

You'd have to be a basket-case not to grasp the salient point that this guy Romero—whoever he was—had once made a helluva great horror film called *Night of the Living Dead*. Something of a cult, it seems (see *HoH* No. 3). And his new one, according to his publicity pack, was in the same vein. Vein was printed in red. Blood-red.

Okay, all this was news to me. But then, I'd never seen a Brian de Palma film until *Carrie*. So what? I represent the voice of Mr. Everyman in this magazine. Not the tried, tested, tutored horror-buff, but the novice. The discoverer, the newly (semi-) converted. We also serve who stand and mutter—who?

And so in a room built for about twenty, with fifty crammed on seats, floors, walls and each other, somebody took a chance with the fire regulations (if they have any in France) shuttered the door, flicked off the lights, signalling the around-the-clock Palais projectionists to hit the button. And *Martin* unfurled. The multi-lingual chorus hushed into reverential silence. As

if Rubenstein was to play, Fonteyn to dance or Borge to serve...

It was no let-down, either. Grainy, sure; 16mm blown to 35mm? Small budget, obviously; though never scrimping on production values. Make-up reserved, it appeared, for blood-letting alone. Tinted flashbacks and/or memories which would work better in mono.

Raw, then. Fresh. Vital. Gripping. Frighteningly real. At times, deeply moving. And you don't often say that about horror-movies, anymore. Romero's people are human too—warts and all. Above all else, and this is why I warmed to it and its director so much—intelligent. No, not high-brow intellectual, simply more ruminative and less consciously than, say, *Carrie*. No blood-splattered rip-off, either, designed for the U.S. drive-in mentality. But a tight, Romeroed testament, a plea about our continued misconceptions of—ourselves. And our fears, phobias, beliefs. Above all, it's about reckless discrimination...

The time is now.

The place is Braddock—your average American town. Average if you're Romero and work out of Pittsburgh. Which is fine by me; takes horror out of its normal, tired realms.

It starts with a touch of *Strangers on a Train*. We see Martin, briefly. Boarding a train. Spying out a girl among his fellow passengers. Sizing up an inter-city date, perhaps. Or a victim? Yes, that's it. But no...? Oh, but yes! Comes the night, he leaves his seat with his nefarious wares, slips into her sleeping-compartment, a hypo syringe at the ready. A modern fang in his mouth.

In his fantasy, his attack works well. In reality, it's not so simple. When he enters her sleeper, she's not even there. Shock! Okay, cool it, she's in the loo. He stands in the shadows by the wash-room door, waiting to pounce as she emerges, ready for bed. Once more, it's not as easy as his imaginings. She struggles, scratches, claws. She puts up one hell of a tussle. He drops his precious syringe. Shaky hands reach out for it... ‘I just want to put you to sleep. I'm always careful with the needle... Just put you to sleep. It's important for me.’ He jabs it in. He makes it. Slashes at an arm. Blood spurts. Martin is ecstatic.

He helps himself to more. To the blood. To the victim.

Next morning, having cleaned up thoroughly, Martin alights at Pittsburgh. In jeans, sneakers, he's your average Happy Days kid, arriving from Indianapolis to stay with his relatives. He's met by an elderly fella with a cane. Dressed completely in white; yet ominous with it. Looks like something out of a different (Orson Welles) film. A different age. Tati Cuda, by name. Grocer, by occupation. A religious nut; the patriarch of a family-line (possibly) accursed by vampirism. Cuda is Martin's cousin. And his cure . . . or his killer.

'Nosferatu!' he screams at the lad. And the garlic he's strung outside the boy's bedroom door underlines his fears. 'I will save your soul. Or I will destroy you.' Welcome to Pittsburgh, kid.

So, is Cuda mad? Or Martin? Well, we know a little about the boy. But old Cuda seems just as sick. His granddaughter has had enough of the old coot and his tat about Martin being (a) an idiot (b) a vampire. We know him better, of course. We've seen him in action. On the train. In flashes of him suckling blood, being chased by angry hordes in a different era. (Or, as one thought about Cuda, a different film . . . ?) There's something distinctly awry with the lad, that's for sure. 'How old are you?' the girl asks. Eighty-four, Martin says. Straightfaced. Joking—or is he really your local neighbourhood teenage vampire . . . spawned from old world family superstition?

The point of this chilling exercise is not so much is he or isn't he—Romero leaves that to you. But why is he as he is. Romero leaves that to you as well. Put yourself in Martin's sneakers and you'd be reaching for a hypo . . . If Cuda's undisguised hatred is anything to go by, Martin has had 'Nosferatu' barked at him from the

cradle. He must have been shut away from view, and was repeatedly exorcised—all that did was drop a lot of candle-wax on the floor. Certainly, didn't touch Martin. Nor does Cuda's garlic or his crucifix. Yet the boy has been conditioned, brainwashed, into vampiric behaviour. Consequently, he's locked himself away from life, school-mates, normalcy, emerging only to kill for the blood he's been told *ad nauseum* that he requires . . .

He is, in short, a psychotic mess. As with *Carrie*, he's had no affection in whatever passed for family life. And he needs it. Who doesn't? Yet, he cannot face love—alive, awake. His lover must be subdued. Like he has been. Unconscious. 'It's important to me.' He cannot cope with reality. He's never been allowed to experience it.

"The Count"

Oh, he's bright enough. Delivering groceries for Cuda, he seems normal. Playing with a magician's toy guillotine, he's aware. 'There is no real magic. Ever.' He's up to technological date—buys a transmitter to open a victim's automatic garage doors; when almost caught in the house, he prevents calls to the cops by playing with the push-buttons on the phone's extensions. And in search of understanding—communication—where else does he turn, but the local radio phone-in. The deejay sends him up, calling him The Count. Another overt cry for help—love—is stifled. Just as when he's about to attack a woman left alone at night by her husband, Martin walks straight into a reality he cannot handle—she's in bed with another man.

His attraction to and for another housewife becomes his undoing. Mrs. Santini, part-alcoholic, part-randy or loose or nymph, provides Martin's first sexual

release with a consenting female. Alive. And awake. The experience begins a change, something akin to normality, in his tortured soul. He has scant time to enjoy such fruits. Cuda had warned if Martin operated his filthy tricks around town, he'd kill him. Mrs. Santini commits suicide (in the film's one lapse from honest motivation). Cuda believes Martin killed her. He wakes the boy up in bed. With a stake through his heart.

As Romero explains, we make our own monsters. Then, we deal with them. Monstrously.

End of Martin. The boy and the film: deftly played by John Amplas, with Lincoln Maazel as Cuda.

Start of endless discussion to be continued in *HoH's* exclusive interview with George Romero, next issue.

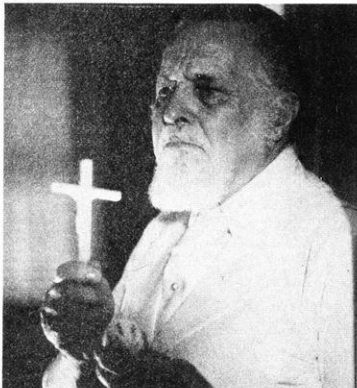
MARTIN (1977)

John Amplas (as *Martin*), Lincoln Maazel (*Cuda*), Christina Forrest (*Christina*), Elyane Nadeau (*Mrs. Santini*), Tom Savini (*Arthur*), Sarah Venable (*Housewife victim*), Fran Middleton (*Train victim*), Al Levitsky (*Lewis*), George Romero (*Priest*), Richard Rubinstein (*Husband*).

A Laurel Group presentation in association with Barney G. Guttman. World sales: Films Around The World, Inc., New York. No U.K. distributor at Presstime.

Writer/Editor/Director, **George A. Romero**—from the novel by **Romero** and **Susanna Sparrow**; producer, **Richard Rubinstein**; associate producers, **Patricia Bernesser**, **Ray Schmaus**; camera, **Michael Gornick**; music, **Donald Rubinstein**; special effects/make-up, **Tom Savini**; main titles, **The Animators**.

Running Time: 95 mins. No certificate



Left: Martin (John Amplas) bores his fang. Right: Cuda (Lincoln Maazel) attempts to hold Martin at bay with a crucifix.

The Face of



HORROR

An interview with
John Carradine

The history of the horror film has, to a great extent, been the history of its stars. It has been the faces, recurring in hundreds of cinematic nightmares which has helped to keep the genre alive and well, faces which audiences could immediately recognise and associate with dark and sinister deeds. In the days before Hammer, when Hollywood was the natural home of the horror film, there was a pantheon of horror faces, starting with Universal and rapidly spreading with the genre through every major, and most of the minor and Poverty Row studios. There were Karloff and Lugosi, of course, Lon Chaney Junior, Lionel Atwill and George Zucco and, when he wasn't duelling with Errol Flynn or dispensing his non-horror villainy, there was Basil Rathbone. And there was John Carradine, one of the finest actors in this select band, emaciated of figure and gaunt of face, whose resonant voice and sinister personality, equally at home as a mortuary keeper, mad doctor, creator of monsters and zombies or guardian of the mummy. Many of his genre films lie in the realm of the 'B' or even 'Z' feature, films such as *House of The Black Death* and *The Astro-Zombies*, long forgotten or relegated to

*This issue we welcome to our team of feature writers a man who is doubtless already well-known to many of you through his published hardcover books on fantasy and horror films. Alan Frank (whose *Horror Movies and Monsters & Vampires* books are currently in print, and has a new hardback coming from Hamlyn later this year) now offers us a unique opportunity to look into the mind of a man often overlooked when one talks about the horror greats of the 'Golden Age'.*

the darkest hours of late-night television, but Carradine's is one of the most memorable faces in horror movies, with a career in films that has now spanned some forty seven years and an incredible total of (he told me) some 470 pictures.

I met him recently at his London hotel during a stopover after completing his role in his latest film *Golden Rendezvous*. It was hard to realise that John Carradine is now 71 years old: the face is still the same gaunt mirror of fear, the voice as deep and resonant as ever. But, even though he claims not to like horror films or even to remember more than a few of the scores of genre pictures he has appeared in, Carradine is unique, the last survivor from the early days of

Hollywood horror when Karloff and Lugosi stalked the sound stages.

He is very much an actor of the present, however, to be seen on view in Michael Winner's repellent *The Sentinel*, contact lenses in his eye and guarding the world from the minions of hell from his window high up in a strange New York house. His appearance in this film, a would-be modish attempt to out-do *The Omen* and *The Exorcist* only serves to underline the tremendous changes that have overtaken the horror film since John Carradine made his first genre appearance in 1933's *The Invisible Man*. Then, screen horror was the horror of the implied rather than the seen, instead of today's preoccupation with trying to get as much gore and violence past the censor as he will allow. The days of the vintage Hollywood horror films can, to a great extent, be summed up by what Gloria Swanson said in *Sunset Boulevard*: "They had faces then". Nowadays, the faces tend to be severed from their bodies, dissolved in acid or impaled by sharp objects, but John Carradine splendidly reminds one of the real movie faces, when actors were remembered as much for what they did as for whatever horrific things were



The plot of *Blood of Dracula's Castle* (1969) involves weird happenings in an old castle inherited by a photographer from his late uncle. In this shot, Carradine, observed by Ray Young, camps it up with victim, Viki Volante.



In Reginald Le Borg's 1956 film, *The Black Sleep*, a doctor seeks for a cure for his wife's brain condition, succeeding only in creating several monsters. Pictured above, Carradine plays the bearded cripple, for left.

done to them.

With all the other Hollywood horror greats dead, Carradine is the last link with that, for some, Golden Era. He is endowed with immense presence, a presence which he told me comes from his stage training. It is a quality which is relatively rare and enables the great screen actor to get through to the audience at a remove, that remove being the barrier of a performance captured eternally, good or bad, on celluloid, with no possible living interplay between actor and audience. Carradine possesses that empathy, an empathy with his audiences that has kept him working in the cinema since 1932.

Strangely, in view of the fact that he has made more pictures than probably any other major living actor, Carradine told me that he prefers acting on the stage, and indeed, having worked consistently in films for some seventeen years, he abandoned the medium for some four years after *G-Man* in 1949 until his return to pictures with *Casanova's Big Night* in 1954, preferring to

work on the stage and in television in New York. Of his 470 or so pictures, only some forty have been horror films and Carradine says that he does not particularly like the genre, making horror films for the money they have brought



Captain Fury (1938) starred a young Carradine in one of his many non-horror roles.

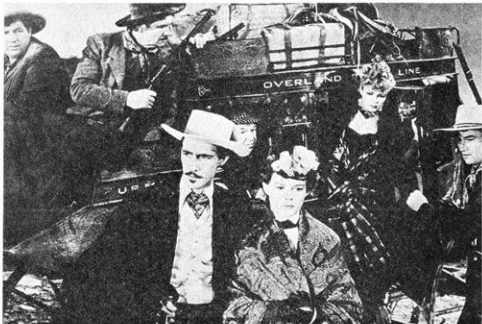
him. When I pressed him on this subject he said that his films for John Ford, notably *The Grapes of Wrath* and *Stagecoach*, and his role as the superstitious crew member in 1937's *Captain Courageous* were the ones he most wanted to remember. He was equally firm about the directors with whom he has worked: apart from Ford and Richard Boleslawski, for whom he made *The Garden of Allah* and two other pictures, there is little he wants to say or remember. For him de Mille, who once turned him down for a job as a set designer, later to use him as an actor, was a man who was completely disinterested in actors, employing those he considered to be the best and then giving them their head while he got on with what he really interested him, the staging and the spectacle.

After a while, we managed to get onto the subject of horror films. When he told me that he didn't care for the genre, I asked him why he had made so many horror movies. He was quite frank. 'They were something I had to do, because I was raising my children and I needed the

money'. He couldn't recall any of them particularly and, while understanding his attitude, I pressed him further on the subject. Surely there must have been some of them that he had liked?

He thought for a while and then said that he had enjoyed making *The Invisible Man's Revenge* in which he had played the crafty Doctor Drury. He had had fun making the picture and clearly tended to remember and like those films where this had been the case. Of all his horror film appearances, he had liked playing Count Dracula best, in the two Universal films in which he had appeared as the Count. He remembered nothing of his third appearance in the role, in the weird 1966 film *Billy The Kid vs Dracula*. That one he had made only for the money.

For many his two appearances as Dracula in the Universal monstrous get-togethers, 1944's *House of Frankenstein* and the following year's *House of Dracula* are considered to be the finest and most definitive portrayals of the vampire Count. Certainly he got rid of the somewhat stagy Transylvanian Dracula created by Lugosi and dominated his scenes with a command and stature that implicitly portrayed the evil and magnetism of the character. Tall, gaunt and with mesmerically penetrating gaze, he imbued his parts in the two films with more than what Universal were looking for—a way to get the maximum number of their screen monsters into a single



Carradine (in the white hat) in John Ford's classic Stagecoach (1939) with (left to right) Andy Devine, George Bancroft, Donald Meek, June Lang, Claire Trevor and John Wayne.

picture. If there was none of the fanged and bloody vampire that Christopher Lee was to create in the Hammer revival, Carradine's Dracula became definitive for a generation of film-goers and probably nearer to Bram Stoker's idea of the Count than any other actor has ever managed to get.

When he came to work out how he would play Dracula, Carradine says of his performance and appearance: 'It was

my idea to play the part as near as possible to the way Stoker had written it. I told them, I'll do it if you'll let me make him up the way Bram Stoker described him, but they wouldn't let me go all the way and use the big white drooping moustache and long white hair—he was an elderly man, and that is the way I portray him on stage'.

John Carradine was born in 1906 in New York and named Richmond Reed Carradine. His father was a correspondent for the Associated Press news agency, his mother a noted surgeon and his grandfather had been the co-founder of the Holy Rollers. He studied at the Graphic Arts School in Philadelphia in order to become a sculptor. While still at school, however, he saw a performance of *The Merchant of Venice* and decided upon a career as an actor.

After leaving home following a family quarrel, Carradine worked as a travelling painter and

Carradine as he appeared in Universal's House of Dracula (1945).





Carradine, almost unrecognisable under all the hair, saves the abominably scripted Incredible Petrified World (1958, directed by Jerry Warren) from complete extinction.

sculptor until he reached New Orleans. There he made the decision to make acting his business, and in 1925 he made his debut at the Charles Theatre in Camille. Soon he had joined a Shakespearean repertory company in the city and there begun his life-long love of the works of Shakespeare. Acting in Shakespeare he considers to be the finest training an actor can get. At that time, his stage name was John Peter Richmond, under which name he appeared in his first 12 pictures. He had taken the name, he told me, because he had an aunt living in New Orleans who had objected to his using his real name in what she apparently believed to be a demeaning profession. In fact, he says, he found out later that her only objection had been the fact that he wasn't the star!

After two years in New Orleans, he made his way to Hollywood where there were more opportunities. He hitch hiked across the country, making his way by working as a sketch artist. On reaching Los Angeles, he failed to get work with de Mille (for whom he would later work as an actor, notably in *The Sign of the Cross* and in the 1956 version of *The Ten Commandments*). Instead he began to appear with local theatre groups in and around Los Angeles. It was on the stage that he first met Karloff and began his life-long friendship with him. They appeared together in the play *Window Panes* in 1929 at the Eden Theatre in Fegeroa, in which Carradine played a

half witted yokel and Karloff a character not unlike Rasputin. Of Karloff Carradine says:

'He was a charming man and a very fine actor. They typecast him very badly. Of course, he claimed that he didn't mind and that it made him a million dollars, but I know that it was a great disappointment to him. He felt abused, and typed, and he felt that his worth as an actor was never realised'. This was a fate

that was to befall most of the major horror film performers, and Carradine was later to find his own career similarly held back because of his work in horror movies 'I think', he says, 'That horror has kept me out of a lot of other things. Major producers say that they don't want a horror actor. Of course, it took better actors to make these kind of films convincing, but they never considered that'. As proof of this, he cited not only Karloff and Lugosi, but also Lionel Atwill, whom he considered to be a very fine actor, George Zucco and Lon Chaney Junior.

Carradine only entered pictures because he needed the money. As a stage actor he had been angered by his first call for a screen part, when he was summoned to Columbia to appear in John Blystone's 1932 film *Tol'able David*, in which as John Peter Richmond, he played a backwoods character, Zeke. In his very first film he found it very difficult to break with his stage training, a technical problem that was to prove a problem to him throughout his film career. He felt, as he told me, that as a stage actor he felt working in films was somehow demeaning. Nevertheless, between his debut and 1934 when he reverted to his real name, he made 12 films. In 1935 he appeared in some ten movies and this was to be a pattern for almost all of his subsequent career.

From 1932 onwards, he appeared in a staggering number and variety of films, making his first horror film appearance



*A blind Carradine and a gesticulating Arthur Kennedy face an unseen horror in a shot from Michael Winner's controversial *The Sentinel* (1977).*



The bizarre Billy the Kid vs Dracula (1966) starred Carradine in his third appearance as the vampire Count.

as a villager in *The Invisible Man*. The film was directed by Britisher James Whale who thought that Carradine was British which, says Carradine, probably accounts for Whale casting him in *Bride of Frankenstein* in 1935. 'In fact', says Carradine, 'I had a friend who was an expert in dialect and it was he who taught me my Cockney accent for my role in *The Invisible Man*'. His next horror film was in 1934's *The Black Cat* where he played a devil worshipper: the following year he was John Carradine and fully embarked upon one of Hollywood's most prolific film careers.

Before then, however, like Lugosi, Carradine had turned down the part of the Frankenstein monster, the part that finally went to Karloff. 'Yes', he says, 'I turned it down. I'm not sorry. I saw the make up man start to mix a bowl of plaster, and, being a sculptor, I knew what he was up to. I knew he was going to take a life mask and that they were going to build something on that. I said: 'Here, what's this?'. He told me: 'You'll play a monster'. I asked him: 'Do I have any dialogue?' 'No', he said, 'You just grunt'. 'This is not for me' I told him, and I turned it down'. He has no regrets over his decision but it is fascinating to consider the course his film career might have taken if he had decided to take the role.

'The Prisoner of Shark Island is the one that put me on the map', he told me. Indeed, although John Ford's 1936 film

is not a horror movie, Carradine's sinister and evil performance as the sadistic prison warden is archetypal menace, and serves to underline the quality of terror that Carradine has managed to give to even his most threadbare of parts. The public recognised a great villain when they saw one. 'They hissed me as I left Grauman's Chinese Theatre after the opening of *The Prisoner of Shark Island*', says Carradine. And, like all the horror greats, audiences have been hissing him at horror movies since then. Much of the reason behind his longevity as a screen actor and his undoubted success in the medium is delineated in a part like Carradine's in the Ford film. No matter what problems there have been with scripts—and, having been a play doctor for a while, Carradine has more than once resorted to rewriting his dialogue in a picture—and despite bad direction and, in some of his Poverty Row films, practically no direction at all, Carradine has always managed to imbue his screen performances with considerably more than just a surface rendering of the roles. His great roles have become greater as a result, while even the mediocre and just plain bad parts have been given a greater credibility and content by his performances.

He is cynical about the cult status now enjoyed by the horror films of the forties in particular, especially the Universal pictures. 'They made them', he says, 'Because they were pretty good films and they brought in the audiences. Then there wasn't much violence in horror



A cowering lovely is gently caressed by Carradine in the 1943 *Captive Women*.

pictures: there was suspense instead, and there was horror of course but the violence was the least of the aspects of these films. They were made primarily as suspense pictures, with the addition of the horror.'

He has never seen a Hammer film or watched Peter Cushing or Christopher Lee, but this is hardly unexpected in a man whose first love is the theatre and who has seen very few of his own films. He does not consider that horror films



In this shot from Universal's *House of Frankenstein* (1944) Carradine, as Count Dracula, is stalked by Boris Karloff. Interesting to note that Glen Strange played the Frankenstein monster, while Karloff was the hero.



In this rare shot from Universal's *The Mummy's Ghost* (1944) Carradine prepares to administer 'medication' to an unconscious captive.

have any sort of pernicious effect on their audiences. Indeed, the only pernicious effect he attributes to the genre is the one that has affected his own film career, typecasting him in the same way as Karloff and Lugosi were typecast.

He enjoyed working with Lugosi. 'I found him to be charming, affable and agreeable and above all, he knew his job'. Clearly this is one of the keys to John Carradine's character and career: he is a consummate professional and admires and respects fellow professionals. To him, John Ford is the greatest of all directors, because of his complete professionalism. When Ford had finished shooting a picture, there was just enough film for the cutter to be able to put the film together the way that Ford had envisaged it from the beginning.

Time and again I brought the conversation back to the subject of horror: equally often, Carradine made the point that he remembered very few of those he had made, and had little affection for them, despite his eminence in the genre. He finally thought that his 1944 film *Voodoo Man* had been better than most and that, particularly in his scenes with his dead wife, he had been able to give his performance an extra dimension. As for the rest, they were films that he had undertaken for the money, giving in the



Carradine and Woody Allen in *Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex . . .*

process audiences (and the films' makers) considerably more for their money than they might otherwise have expected.

Clearly, he deplores the violence and gore and explicit horror of today's genre films. Surprisingly, therefore, he defended the much criticised use by Michael Winner of real freaks and deformed people as the creatures from hell in *The Sentinel*. 'They were very happy doing it', he says, 'And they weren't a bit self-conscious: they were grateful for the job'.

After I had left John Carradine and his wife in their hotel, recovering from jet lag and an afternoon at the theatre (they saw *The Mouse Trap* and Carradine, as is only right and proper, had guessed the identity of the villain long before the final unmasking) I realised that his attitude towards the deformed people in *The Sentinel* summed up to a great extent much of John Carradine's 470 or so films. He was grateful for the job, and he has always repaid that gratitude by giving fine performances, even in poor films. In a career that began on the screen in 1932, and has encompassed working with John Ford, Cecil B de Mille and Don Siegel, as well as horror films ranging from *Captive Wild Woman*, *Revenge of The Zombies*, *The Mummy's Ghost*, *The Black Sleep* and *The Cosmic Man* to *Invasion of The Animal People*, *House of the Black Death*, *Dr. Terror's Gallery of Horrors*, *The Astro-Zombies*, *Silent Night*, *Bloody Night* and *Horror of The Blood Monsters*, John Carradine has earned for himself an honoured place in the pantheon of the Horror Greats.

(Incidentally, in preparing for our interview, I thought that I had done pretty well to produce a filmography of 192 of John Carradine's films—if anyone can help to find the remaining 280 titles, I'd be glad of the help!) ■

HOUSE OF HAMMER BARGAIN BASEMENT

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POSTER MAGS

The following are full colour magazines, each containing an eight page fold out poster. 35p ea.



MM vol.2, No. 1 Lee Poster, It's Alive



MM vol.2, No. 2, 1968 Dracula film poster.



MM vol.2, No. 3 Scars of Dracula, Lee poster.



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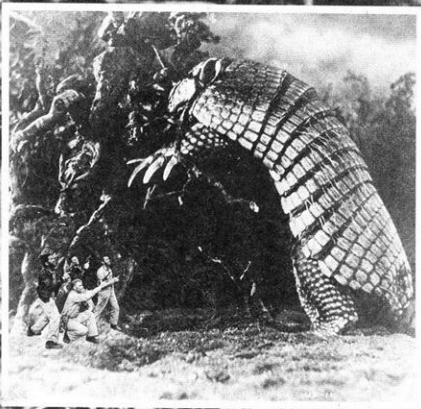


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Above: James Franciscus tries to quieten his terrified horse in Harryhausen's Valley of Gwangi (1968). Below: A phoney scene in this publicity still from Untamed Women (1952).



LOST W

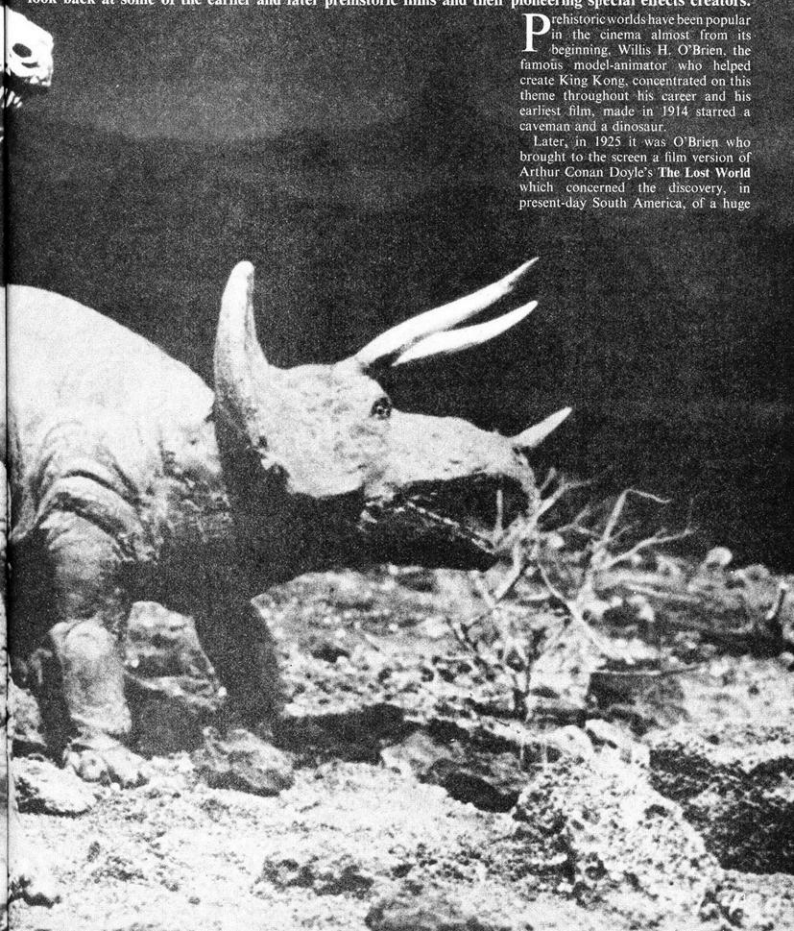


WORLD MOVIES

Rounding off our everything-you-wanted-to-know-about-dinosaur-films issue, John Brosnan takes a look back at some of the earlier and later prehistoric films and their pioneering special effects creators.

Prehistoric worlds have been popular in the cinema almost from its beginning. Willis H. O'Brien, the famous model-animator who helped create King Kong, concentrated on this theme throughout his career and his earliest film, made in 1914 starred a caveman and a dinosaur.

Later, in 1925 it was O'Brien who brought to the screen a film version of Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Lost World* which concerned the discovery, in present-day South America, of a huge





In this shot from *The Land Unknown* (1957) a helicopter comes in for a closer look at a man in a dinosaur suit.

plateau containing a wide variety of prehistoric life.

O'Brien's animated monsters are still impressive when one views this silent epic today but (obviously) weren't as convincing as the prehistoric creatures that populated Skull Island in his, later, 1933 production of *King Kong*. In between those two films O'Brien had worked on a huge project called *Creation* which also involved a lost prehistoric world.

The story concerned a group of people on a yachting expedition to South America who are taken on board a Chilean submarine when a typhoon approaches. In the turmoil that follows an undersea earthquake causes the sub to be sucked into a long tunnel and it finally emerges in a lake surrounded by jungles and the walls of a volcanic crater. The occupants of the sub encounter a number of prehistoric monsters, including a giant rhinoceros, with fatal results for most of them. The few survivors are left to struggle to stay alive in the hostile environment, reverting to a stone age way of life. They are eventually rescued by the Chilean air force just as the volcanic lake starts to erupt in an explosion that destroys the lost world and its inhabitants.

All very familiar stuff now but it would have been an original cinema experience at the time—if it had ever reached the screen! Despite a great deal of preparatory work by O'Brien and his team—a few sequences were actually filmed—the project was abandoned by the RKO studio.

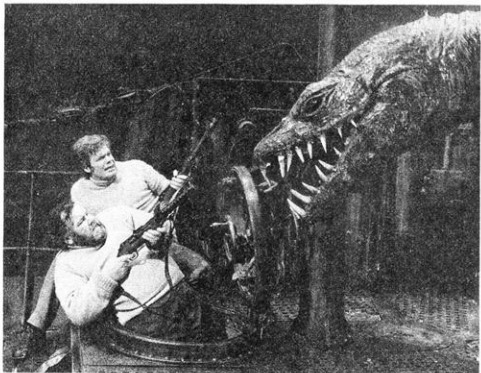
Later, in 1938 and again in 1940, attempts were made to revive the project but without success. Of course films with a similar plot have appeared

several times since then—one was *The Land Unknown*, made in 1957, which had explorers discovering a tropical oasis amidst the frozen wastes of the Antarctic. No sooner had their helicopter landed than they were attacked by a man wearing a silly dinosaur suit and the film didn't really improve after that. Though made at Universal Studio by a team that included many of the men who had worked on some of the best sci/horror films of the 1950s, such as *Creature from the Black Lagoon*, *Tarantula* and *The Incredible Shrinking Man*, it was far below their usual high standard.

Similar in plot was the recent *Amicus*

film *The Land That Time Forgot*, which was based on the Edgar Rice Burroughs novel, and directed by Kevin Connor. It concerned a German submarine that discovered, via an underwater tunnel, a prehistoric world within Antarctica which was populated with—surprise—dinosaurs and primitive tribesmen, and ended with the whole place being destroyed in a volcanic eruption. The screenplay was by Michael Moorcock and James Cawthorn who tried to ensure that the proceedings stayed fairly close to Burroughs' original (though they couldn't prevent the producers from putting in the volcanic explosion at the end) and the special effects were supervised by Derek Meddings, an expert whose credits include *The Thunderbirds* and *UFO TV* series and such films as *The Man With the Golden Gun* and *The Spy Who Loved Me*.

Recently I had the opportunity of talking to him and I asked why Ray Harryhausen hadn't been brought in to handle the dinosaur sequences. "Well, I'm a great fan of Harryhausen's personally," said Meddings, "but there are some people who aren't so I can't always say to a company—'I think you should get Ray Harryhausen!' Besides he's always busy on his own films, and Jim Danforth, the other animation specialist, is always busy too. With *The Land That Time Forgot* we couldn't get involved in animating models ourselves because it takes so long—it means spending a year of your life just anima-



Bowen (Doug McClure) and Olson (Declan Mulholland) desperately try to fight off a giant *Monosaurus* in *The Land That Time Forgot*.

ting models. And apart from Harryhausen there's not really anyone in this country *set-up* to do model animation and, of course, when you start on a medium-budget picture the company can't afford to set you up in such a specialist operation either whereas Harryhausen can set himself up, as he has done in England lots of time. Harryhausen gets paid a lot of money to do it and he does it very successfully . . . there's no one to beat him really.

"In *Land That Time Forgot* we used model dinosaurs that were about three feet high on average and were manipulated either mechanically or like glove puppets with someone's hand inside them. They weren't made by my team or I but by Roger Dicken. We were involved in the filming of them and we also helped him operate them because obviously he couldn't operate them all at once. It was complicated because we had to make them move and attack people but as they were basically puppets it was difficult to show them actually walking so we had to use a lot of tricks . . . we used front projection a lot."

One of the most impressive monsters in the picture was a water dinosaur consisting of a huge head on a long neck that suddenly appears out of the water next to the submarine and attacks the crew. "That head and its mechanism was built at Shepperton," said Meddings, "and they did a fantastic job on



Richard Denning and Virginia Grey in front of back-projected (out-of-focus) monsters in the neglected Unknown Island.

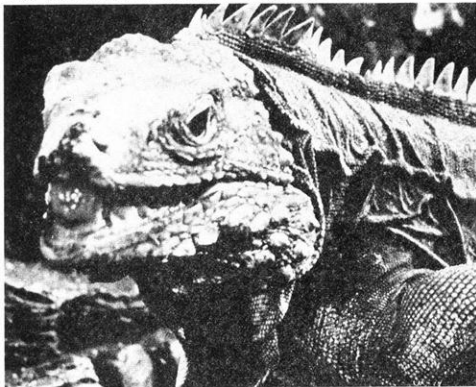
it, but the funny thing was that it got full of water everytime we ducked it under, despite having been water-proofed and made of supposedly non-absorbent material, and it got heavier and heavier. As you know it had to snatch the German sailor off the deck of the sub and plunge him underwater—well, we used the actor up to a certain point and then we had to use a stuntman for when he actually went into the water, and inside the head was an aqualung so that the stuntman could breathe when the head was under the surface. We did the shot several times and each time it got harder to raise the thing because of all the water it had

absorbed—it got so heavy we had to put a block and tackle on it and pull it up very gently. We had this mechanism inside, like a hydraulic arm, and everything started to pull against it as the material got more and more water-logged. But we got the shot we wanted, eventually."

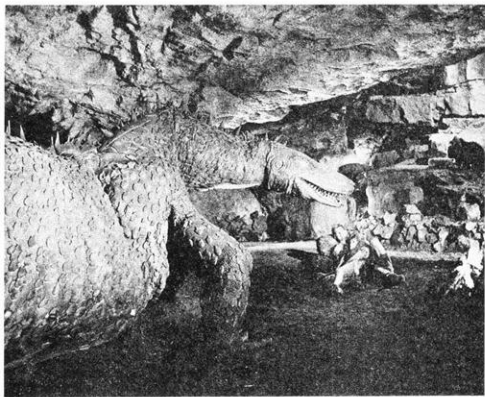
Less impressive was the pterodactyl used in the sequence where a caveman is snatched up and carried away. "That we weren't very pleased with. It worked all right in the film though. We built a full-sized model, which was suspended from a crane, for the shot where it swoops down and picks him up, and for the shot showing it flying off with the man in its mouth we used a smaller model. The man was a model too, and he contained a mechanism that moved his arms and legs.

"Probably the most convincing effects in the film involved the submarine which was actually a model twenty feet long. There were four of us on that. We built the sub and filmed it in the largest tank at the studio. It moved on an underwater track and we were underwater a lot ourselves shooting it. We lived like fish for about six weeks on that."

Back in 1951 another island containing a prehistoric world was located in the South Seas in a Robert L. Lippert production called *The Lost Continent* which starred Cesar Romero. The story concerned a search for a missing atomic missile that led to a remote island where uranium deposits had preserved a number of prehistoric animal species. The film was a cheap one, and looked it, but the special effects, handled by August Lohman who did the effects in *Moby Dick* were good considering their financial limits (there was no model anima-



A close-up of one of the "decorated" lizards from Untamed Women (1952).



Above: Margaret Lee is menaced by a monster in *Colossus of the Stone Age*. Below: James Arness (centre) in a publicity shot from *Two Lost Worlds*.



tion, however). This film isn't to be confused with the 1968 Hammer film *The Lost Continent* which was based on a Dennis Wheatley novel called *Uncharted Seas*. This being set in the Sargasso Sea of popular legend where a vast number of rotting ships lie trapped in a carpet of seaweed and surrounded by giant lobsters, crabs, octopi, jellyfish—all of which were

built full-size and operated mechanically by effects men Robert A. Matthey (who built the sharks for *Jaws*) and Cliff Richardson.

Arthur Conan Doyle's *Lost World* returned to the screen in 1960 but this time it was produced and directed by the erratic Irwin Allen, the man responsible for such TV series as *Lost in Space* and *Time Tunnel*. His version was handled in

his usual shoddy, slap-dash fashion and much of the sense-of-wonder that the original contained was missing, as were O'Brien's animated dinosaurs. Once again the less interesting technique of live lizards photographically enlarged was used (footage from this film appeared in a segment of Allen's TV series *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* in which the submarine enters an underwater tunnel in Antarctica and surfaces in—yes, you guessed it—a tropical lost world full of monsters.

Lost prehistoric worlds have been found in even odder places than Antarctica—they've also turned up beneath the Earth, such as *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* made in 1959, and based on the Jules Verne novel, which had Pat Boone (!) in a race with James Mason to explore a series of huge caverns filled with such wonders as the remains of Atlantis, giant mushrooms and, of course, giant reptiles. The latter were of the magnified lizard variety, wearing rubber frills, and photographed by effects man L. B. Abbott who handled the similar task on Irwin Allen's *Lost World*.

Worlds within Worlds

Seventeen years later Peter Cushing and Doug McClure penetrated the Earth's crust in Amicus's *At the Earth's Core* (directed by Kevin Connor), a film based on Edgar Rice Burroughs' Pellucidar series. But Burroughs' idea of a hollow world within the Earth, with the horizon curving up in all directions and a small sun fixed in the centre, was replaced by the film makers with a conventional giant cavern, no doubt for budget reasons. It contained the inevitable giant reptiles and other more exotic monsters but at least they were achieved with men in suits, instead of with puppets as in the previous Amicus film, which gave the monsters more mobility if not the magic of Harryhausen's creations. Not that this lack of the Harryhausen touch has affected the success of either *The Land That Time Forgot* or *At the Earth's Core*—both have proved very popular with audiences and have done well financially. So much so that a third Amicus epic has been recently released (and reviewed last issue)—*The People That Time Forgot* (not to be confused with Hammer's *Creatures The World Forgot*) a sequel to *The Land That Time Forgot*. It looks as if prehistoric worlds are going to be with us for a long time to come!



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SERIES 3



VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

(Directed by Calvin Floyd)

Now, everyone knows the Frankenstein story. Just about everyone has seen either the James WHALE or HAMMER film versions, not to mention the countless others, including Mel BROOKS' version! Suffice to say that Calvin FLOYD's is, by and large, the most faithful ever done so far.

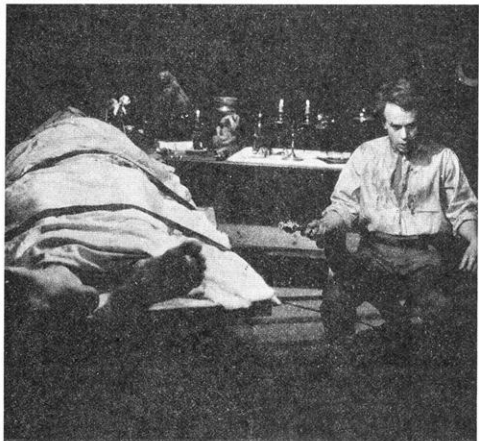
The film sticks very closely indeed to the novel, with a few exceptions: Victor is not accused of any murder, the Monster's bride is "built" in Scotland, etc. It also gives us more background on Victor's life at the University. Consequently, it suffers from the same

to lose most of his effects.

However, one must be fair and be able to see that, unlike his predecessors, FLOYD—like Mary SHELLEY—was more interested in the Man than in the Monster. His Victor Frankenstein is beautiful (Leon Vitali), and played in depth. This is not the cold, always sure Peter CUSHING, but a young student that utterly forgot the consequences of his work, and refused to face his responsibilities . . .

The photography is always lovely—if not often too classical, but this was probably sought—and Gerard VICTORY'S music quite catching.

And, of course, it is always a pleasure to see the most famous character in all literature come to life again. And again. And again . . .



Victor Frankenstein (Leon Vitali) pauses to rest during the construction of his artificial man (Per Oscarsson).

The 1977 Paris Fantasy Film Festival premiered many previously unseen horror movies from around the world. Last issue we reviewed *Journey to the Centre of the Earth*, *The Cursed Medallion*, *Food of the Gods*, *Alucarda* and *Mansion of the Doomed*. In this issue's conclusion, Jean-Marc Lofficier takes us back to the festival to look at four more fear films that may eventually make it to our shores.

FILM FESTIVAL REVISITED

drawbacks: it is slow, and sometimes a little precious.

No blood and gore, no frights. Even the Monster looks like a bulky, normal fellow with a pale complexion and thin, black lips. Mind you, I do not advocate blood and gore, but no one can seriously be frightened, or even impressed, by FLOYD's Monster. He does not even manage a nasty look!

By sticking too much to a sort of "realism" (a trait inherited from "In Search of Dracula"?), FLOYD manages

A fuller review, with comments from director Floyd, will follow in HoH 15

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN (Sweden/Ireland)

With Per Oscarsson; Nicholas Clay; Stacey Dornin; Jan Ohlsson; Olof Bergström, Harry Brogan.

Directed and produced by Calvin Floyd; Screenplay Yvonne and Calvin Floyd (after the novel by Mary Shelley); 92 mins; 1977.

SUMMER OF SECRETS

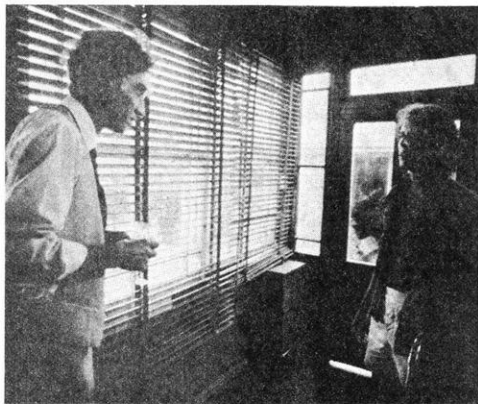
(Directed by Jim Sharman)

Summer of Secrets won both the Critics' Award and the Jury's Special Award at the Festival. These awards, let's face it, tend to go to films noticeable more for their "intellectual" value than for their shock or fright value. This is so with *Summer of Secrets* and, but for one element, it could hardly be called a fantasy film at all.

The story starts when two college students—Steve and Kim—arrive on an island they believe deserted. They are wrong, because on this island live two other persons: a Doctor, engaged in some mysterious research, and his "associate", Bob.

We learn that Bob, a person from the Doctor's past, has been hired to photograph the Doctor's life . . . to put on celluloid film the Doctor's memories, especially those of his dead wife who he never forgot.

After various events (Kim is kidnapped by Bob to play the part of the Doctor's dead wife), the two youths learn of the Doctor's project: to resuscitate his wife who body he kept frozen all these years . . . The experiment succeeds, but reality catches up and the wife reveals herself to be not at



The Doctor (Arthur Dignam) explains his strange project to Steve, one of the students.

all like the enamoured person the doctor had idealized and remembered.

She parts with Bob, leaving the Doctor alone, lost in the contemplation of his films. Steve and Kim also leave, but between them nothing will be the

same again . . .

As one can clearly see, apart from the Doctor's wife's resurrection (a feat which is more an accessory to the storyline than a highlight), *Summer of Secrets* is in all respects an ordinary film.

However, the interplay between the characters, the Doctor and Bob on one hand, Steve and Kim on the other, is most fascinating. The Doctor's desperate attempt to make the past (*his* past, the past he believes existed, not the real one) come alive, and, at the end of the film, his refusal of reality for a celluloid one makes *Summer of Secrets* one of the most interesting films ever.

I doubt whether *Summer of Secrets* will appeal to the usual horror fans (although it was well received by the Festival public, a difficult crowd if ever there was one). It can—and should—get more success from a larger audience.

With this film, and the outstanding *Picnic at Hanging Rock*, Australia was well represented at the Festival this year.



Bob (Rufus Collins) prepares to administer a sedative to a terrified Kim (Nell Campbell).

SUMMER OF SECRETS (Australia)

Arthur Dignam (as the Doctor); Rufus Collins (Bob); Nell Campbell (Kim); Kate Fitzpatrick.

Directed by Jim Sharman; Produced by Michael Thornhill; Screenplay by John Aitken; 100 mins; 1976.

SUSPIRIA

(Directed by Dario Argento)

Director Dario Argento came especially to Paris and its film festival to present his new movie, *Suspria*.

Though not yet an internationally famous director, Argento had already gained a large cult following, which had gained him the title of Master of the Italian Thriller. His previous five films being *Four Flies on Grey Velvet*, *The Bird With the Crystal Plumage*, *Black Belly of the Tarantula*, *Cat O'Nine Tails*, and *Profondo Rosso* (released in the U.S.A. as *Deep Red*).

Suspria, his latest, is currently the most phenomenal success ever seen in Italy, where it is even outstripping *Jaws* and *King Kong* (Dino faired better in his native land aping Miriam C. Cooper than he did over here).

Argento—a relatively young director for his large number of credits—is in the enviable position of being his own producer (although his brother's name is credited). Therefore, he can do exactly what he wants to with his films, rather than having to compromise or modify for an outside party.

His main influence, he says, has been German expressionism cinema in general, Fritz Lang in particular. Proof can easily be seen in *Suspria*, especially with the incredibly oppressive atmosphere.

The film starts out on a stormy night with the arrival of Suzy, a young American, in Friburg, where she is to stay as a student of the Tanz Akademie.

But when she reaches the Akademie, she is greeted with the sight of a wildly hysterical girl bursting out of the doors, screaming strange, seemingly meaningless, words...

Later that same night, the hysterical girl (Pat) is savagely murdered, along with her flat-mate, Sonia.

The next day, as the police are investigating the previous night's killings, Suzy meets two sinister female teachers at the Akademie, Professor Tanner and Professor Blank. She also befriends a fellow student, Sara.

The Tanz Akademie proves to be a strange, frightening place. Gothic and baroque on the outside, dimly-lit and seemingly endless on the inside. But far stranger, and much more frightening events are to take place there...

That night worms from a rotting body in the cell make their way upstairs and invade the girls' rooms.

Following this incident, the girls and teachers are all forced to sleep in the ballroom, sectioned off into "rooms" with bedsheets. Behind this improvised curtain, Sara hears movement, and recognises the strange breathing pattern of the (mysterious and as-yet unseen) headmistress.

During Suzy's second day at the Akademie, the dog belonging to Daniel—the school's blind young pianist (employed for music lessons)—bites Professor Blank's nephew. Daniel is sacked and made to leave the grounds. That night, for some inexplicable reason, the dog turns on Daniel and tears him to pieces. The same night, Suzy's friend Sara ventures out of the make-



Suzy finishes off Elena Markof.

shift bedrooms into the school corridors. She too is savagely murdered.

The third day comes. Suzy hears of her friend's "sudden departure", as the official version has it. Refusing to believe Sara would leave without telling her, Suzy seeks out an old friend of the missing girl, a psychiatrist who lives in Friburg. From him, she learns the dark origin of the Tanz Akademie, that it was founded by Elena Markof, Black Queen of Witches, who died in 1905.

The third night finds Suzy searching through Sara's notes which she discovers hidden away. From them, and memories of the hysterical mouthings of the murdered girl, Pat, she has sufficient clues to start searching the school's corridors. She soon uncovers a secret passage in Professor Blank's office, which leads the way to a coven, where the School's teachers, modern day witches, practise their rituals.

There, Suzy finally meets the headmistress... the supposed long-dead Black Queen, Elena Markof. Suzy is discovered and a fight ensues. A fight against the re-animated corpse of Sara. But, just before the Sara zombie, animated by the willpower of the Black Queen, can kill her, Suzy manages to stab the witch. Sara's body falls limp, and Suzy runs to escape from the now-burning Akademie.



The corpse of Sara, moved by the will of the Black Queen, advances towards Suzy.



the Queen of Black Witches.

Suspiria is not an ordinary horror movie. Firstly, director/producer Argento also wrote the screenplay and the musical score. Secondly, Argento deliberately chose the outdated technicolor film, precisely because of its over-contrasting colour effect. Thirdly, he had the actors perform while listening to the film's frightening music.

... The result of all this is at times the creation of an ambience of pure fear.

Fear? "Fear," says Argento, "is a 370 centigrade body temperature. I want 400!"

The story, though detailed above, is definitely not the main item here. What counts is the feeling of terror felt by the audience. And Argento, master of the camera, successfully creates that feeling.

For *Deep Red*, Argento had an international star in David Hemmings. For *Suspiria* he has once more assembled a prestigious cast, headed by Alida Valli, Joan Bennett (welcomed back after too long away from movies), Stefania Casini, and Brian De Palma's beautiful discovery for *Phantom of the Paradise*, Jessica Harper.

Now one can only wait with impatience for Argento's next film, and his co-production with one of America's top horror cult directors... but more on that in the next issue of *House of Hammer*.

NIGHTMARE IN BLOOD

(Directed by John Stanley)

Nightmare in Blood is a vampire film, about vampire films! John Stanley, who was present at the Festival was obviously happy to be the first to use Horror Cons as a stage for Vampire Films. The fact is that *Nightmare in Blood* is a very clever spoof.

It starts during the projection of... a vampire film, starring Malakai—the greatest vampire actor ever. Two men, one small and fat, the other tall and gaunt, butcher the projectionist and remove some of his insides.

The scene changes to the preparation of the 1st San Francisco Horror Con. The Convention Committee greets the Guest of Honour, who is none other than Malakai himself, and his two press men—the two murderers! Meanwhile outside the Convention Theatre, a crowd led by a famous psychiatrist demonstrate against Horror Movies.

After various other grisly murders, we learn that Malakai is a real vampire, and that his two acolytes need a special formula made with blood and organs to go on living. But another person knows Malakai's secret, and has chased him since Auschwitz (where he was a Doctor): the Avenger.

The Avenger—now an old man—eventually meets the Convention Committee people, who are looking for the murder of their friend, and convinces them of Malakai's true nature. After a

chase in the dark corridors of the theatre, Malakai and his two acolytes are finally destroyed.

The Convention is saved!

Till the next film, since John Stanley said that he intended to resurrect Malakai et al. for a sequel!

Nightmare in Blood is certainly one of the most hilarious—but never grotesque—films I have seen in the genre. The characters themselves are very good:—the comics fan who helps the heroes to destroy Malakai; the anti-horror-film psychiatrist (who is fanged by Malakai); and the old usher (who grumbles about silent horror movies, Malakai's acolytes, dark versions of Laurel and Hardy, and Malakai himself being a second-rate Bela Lugosi).

At the same time, some interesting ideas pop up, here and there. Such as: Could the Vampire see himself as a hero against polluting Mankind? One sometimes regrets that such ideas are not explored in more detail.

Nightmare in Blood, which should prove enjoyable for the connoisseur, brings us an healthy dose of... black humour!

NIGHTMARE IN BLOOD (U.S.A.)

With Jerry Walker; Dan Caldwell; Barrie O. Youngfellow and Hy Pyke.

Directed by John Stanley; Produced by John Stanley and Ken Davis; Screenplay by John Stanley and Ken Davis; 90 min; 1976.



Malakai, between acts of terror at a horror convention, broods over a poster of his latest film.

HAMMER GLAMOUR! HAMMER SPECTACULAR!

RAQUEL
WELCH

URSULA
ANDRESS

ONE
MILLION
YEARS B.C.

ONE
MILLION
YEARS B.C.

ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.

RAQUEL WELCH - JOHN RICHARDSON
PERCY HERBERT - ROBERT BROWN
MARTINE BESIX

URSULA ANDRESS and SHE

PETER CUSHING - BERNARD CROSBY - JOHN RICHARDSON
ROSENA MONTERO and CHRISTOPHER LEE

TECHNICOLOR
HAMMER FILMS