

**FREE**  
DOUBLE-SIDED  
POSTER INSIDE!

## OF TIME LORDS AND TIME LADIES

JODIE WHITTAKER DEBUTS AS THE  
FIRST FEMALE DOCTOR WHO

**PLUS:**

- SATURDAY MORNING SUPERHEROES 2 • MODEL KITS
- A STUDY IN (CAPTAIN) SCARLET • MAN IN A SUITCASE
- JACK ARNOLD'S SYMPATHETIC SCI-FI OUTSIDERS
- NEWS AND MUCH MORE

**TERRY NATION-  
DALEKS, PLAGUES  
AND RENEGADES**

**MY PARTNER THE  
GHOST-RANDALL AND  
HOPKIRK (DECEASED)**

**IN THE SHADOW  
OF THE ALIENS-  
THE U.F.O STORY**



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Dr Who cover art by Peter Wallbank (www.petewallbankart.com)



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# WELCOME



## A GREAT RECEPTION FOR CULT TV HITS...



By the time you read these words we will all have seen Jodie Whittaker's first appearance as *Doctor Who*, so I am hoping you will write in letting us know what you think. Has she really got better legs than Jon Pertwee? I'm more delighted that Bradley Walsh is part of the crew and I think The Dark Destroyer or Miss Trunchbull would make scarier adversaries than the Daleks. We went with Jodie on the cover because artist Pete Wallbank did such an amazing job for us, though *Infinity* is generally much more about old stuff than it is new. Pete is tackling *The Six Million Dollar Man* for a future issue and one has to admit that he does look like Lee Majors in a certain light - pitch darkness.

I am delighted to say that *Infinity* has proven a great success with fans of retro sci-fi, but I'm also a bit annoyed that we didn't print enough of our first issue. Because of this we have had to go down the reprint route and it's an expensive one! We now have an additional 800 copies to sell, and also some snazzy purple binders to keep your collection safe in. You will find ordering details on page 61 and on our website at [www.infinitymagazine.co.uk](http://www.infinitymagazine.co.uk).

The trouble with the way the magazine business works these days is we have to rent space in major newsagents and any copies that don't sell are just destroyed, like Alan Partridge's book. We can bounce back from this because we sell enough to cover our costs, but as a small publisher we don't have the same clout as major players. That is fine though, because we also don't have the same overheads. Yannie and I do our own labelling and posting of subscriptions and these are growing very nicely. At present they are only half the levels of *The Dark Side*, but that has been going for 28 years, so give us time.

Among the most notable compliments we have

received on *Infinity* are from readers who say that it's "just like magazines used to be." Well spotted. Not for us the trendy approach of lots of white space and massive great drop capitals filling half a page. I've been working with my vastly talented designification expert Kevin Coward since 1992 and we both agree that the old ways are the best, though we probably draw the line at hanging, drawing and quartering for sheep stealing. Well I do, anyway.

I'm some years older than Kev and my early experience of TV shows was watching them in black and white on a 14-inch screen, with my dad desperately waggling the aerial out of the window to get a picture. When colour telly came in in the late 1960s I used to visit a local club that had a monster 28-inch screen and watch episodes of *Mission: Impossible* and *Hawaii Five-O*. I still miss the gathered crowd supplying the punchline when Danno asked Steve McGarret what the charge was at the end: "MURDER ONE!"

Of course we now live in an age when you can get a 65-inch 4K widescreen ultra HD telly for under a thousand pounds, though peculiarly enough Steve McGarrett still gives the same response.

So while *Infinity* is ostensibly a magazine celebrating classic sci-fi, I make no apologies for delving into the history of favourite shows like *Man In A Suitcase* and *Randall and Hopkirk (Deceased)*. I get a cosy feeling remembering such vintage TV fare and I trust many of you do too. They take me back to carefree days gathered round the gogglebox with friends and family, a time when you couldn't ruin it for others by going up on IMDB and leaving a spoiler-filled review. So anyone who says that nostalgia ain't what it used to be is clearly not reading *Infinity* magazine on a regular basis. As for the rest of you, waggle that aerial and let us begin... Allan Bryce.



### HELP US KEEP UP TO DATE WITH WHAT YOU WANT

We value every single reader and they value us, which is why we are flourishing at a time when print magazines everywhere are having a tough time. We want to encourage you all to send in your views on *Infinity* so we can get a lively letters section going, and if you have news of sci-fi-related conventions, movies, books etc, we will be happy to give you some publicity for them. Most importantly, please tell us what we are doing right and (perish the thought) what we are doing wrong! You can reach us by via:

WEB: [www.infinitymagazine.co.uk](http://www.infinitymagazine.co.uk)

EMAIL: [allanbryce1@blueyonder.co.uk](mailto:allanbryce1@blueyonder.co.uk)

FACEBOOK: Infinity Magazine

ADDRESS: INFINITY Magazine

Ghoulsh Publishing Ltd

29 Cheyham Way, South Cheam,  
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THE DARK SIDE PROUDLY PRESENTS:

# HAMMER

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE OF HORROR

THE DEFINITIVE HISTORY OF HAMMER FILMS - BY DENIS MEIKLE

### ORDER YOUR COPY NOW!

**H**ammer - *The Haunted House of Horror* is our latest and possibly greatest ever *Dark Side* book and copies are available to buy now. You won't want to miss this great companion volume to last year's best-selling volume, *Amicus - The Friendly Face of Fear*, because we feel it is the definitive history of Britain's most famous purveyors of Gothic fantasies. Indeed it should be because it is written by Denis Meikle, a leading expert on Hammer and author of *Vincent Price: The Art of Fear* and *Jack The Ripper: The Murders and the Movies*.

Exhaustively researched, this amazing book tells the full story of the rise and fall (and rise again) of Hammer, a tale that begins in 1934 when comedian and businessman William Hinds (who used the stage name Will Hammer) first registered his company, Hammer Film Productions.

A year later, Hinds teamed with Spanish émigré Enrique Carreras to form distribution company Exclusive Films, and though Hammer ceased trading in 1937 they returned from the grave in the 1950s to make a host of B-movie programmers, often based on British TV and radio shows.

After scoring a hit with a movie version of BBC's *The Quatermass Experiment* (1955), Hammer made history with their first full colour creature feature, *The Curse of Frankenstein* (1957). It was a massive success that set them on course for a profitable future in screen horror that even saw them winning the Queen's Award to Industry in 1968.

*Hammer: The Haunted House of Horror* traces the history of Hammer in fascinating detail, revealing the full story behind their hits and misses, with contributions from many of Hammer's key players, including Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee, Oliver Reed, producers Anthony Hinds and Kenneth Hyman and studio head Michael Carreras.

Denis Meikle's book paints a colourful picture of a bygone era of filmmaking and brings the Hammer story right up to date with a look at their recent resurrection with the box office hit, *The Woman In Black*. Profusely illustrated in full colour throughout, with never-before-published stills, posters, lobby cards, flyers, candid photographs and unused artwork, this lavish book is an essential addition to any horror fan's collection, so don't delay, order today!

### ORDERING THE BOOK

*Hammer: The Haunted House of Horror* has a limited print run and will only be sold through *The Dark Side* - for £20 a copy including p&p. Please be aware that the price per book for foreign orders is £25 to take account of the higher postage rates.

Payment can be made in two ways - via PayPal to **Ghoulish Publishing** at [yannieoverton@gmail.com](mailto:yannieoverton@gmail.com), or by cheque to **Ghoulish Publishing** to **29 Cheyham Way, South Cheam, Surrey SM2 7HX**.



NB. A photocopy of the order form will suffice

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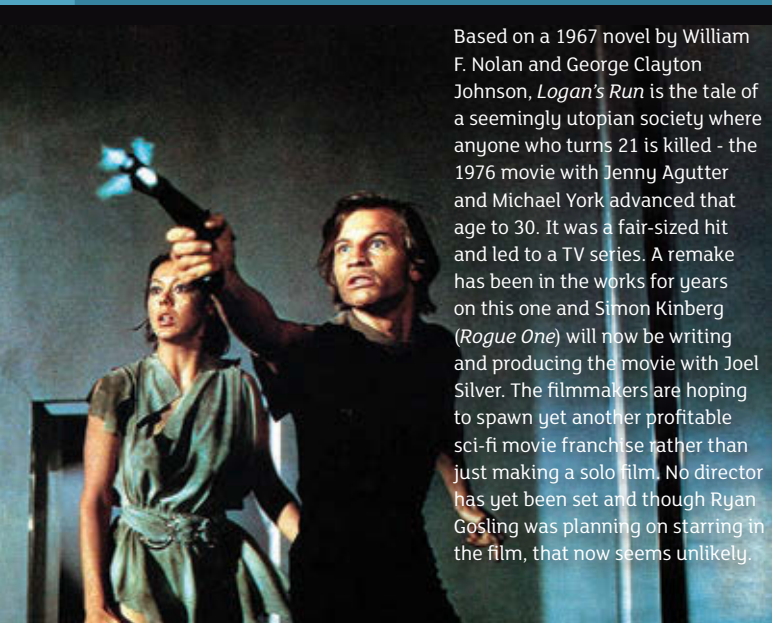
# INFINITY NEWS

The *Infinity* team bring you the latest news on your favourite TV shows and movie franchises, including remakes of *Logan's Run* and *The Black Hole*, and the sad passing of a much-loved TV star...

## SCI-FI FAVOURITES RETURN

Remakes. Gotta love 'em. Or not. There are a bunch of sci-fi ones on the way though, so get used to the idea. First of all, "Gordon's alive!" Yes, *Flash Gordon* will be back, though probably without Brian Blessed and Queen's music. You know the way the story goes. Our beefy hero sets off for the planet Mongo with Dale Arden and Dr. Han Zarkov to slug it out with Mongo's evil ruler, Ming the Merciless.

20th Century Fox is currently prepping a *Flash Gordon* movie which is being produced by John David and George Nolfi. The script is being written by Patrick McKay and JD Payne, and Sam J. Jones is reportedly being lined up for a cameo appearance. Matthew Vaughn (*Kingsman: The Secret Service*, *X-Men: First Class*) is being courted to direct.



Based on a 1967 novel by William F. Nolan and George Clayton Johnson, *Logan's Run* is the tale of a seemingly utopian society where anyone who turns 21 is killed - the 1976 movie with Jenny Agutter and Michael York advanced that age to 30. It was a fair-sized hit and led to a TV series. A remake has been in the works for years on this one and Simon Kinberg (*Rogue One*) will now be writing and producing the movie with Joel Silver. The filmmakers are hoping to spawn yet another profitable sci-fi movie franchise rather than just making a solo film. No director has yet been set and though Ryan Gosling was planning on starring in the film, that now seems unlikely.

1979's *The Black Hole* (1979) was not a success in its day, but that hasn't prevented it from being put forward as a remake project to be directed at Disney by Joseph Kosinski (*Oblivion*, *TRON: Legacy*). Writer Jon Spaihts (*Passengers*, *Prometheus*) is a big *Black Hole* fan. "I loved that script," he said in a recent interview. "It sits uneasily in Disney's world as a dark epic, and Disney is in a very colourful place. They already have multiple big space epics going, so I don't know how or whether it'll find its way to light of day, but I sure wrote a heck of a movie and was thrilled to do it. It was very faithful to the original but clever in all the ways in that first film was silly. I hope." We hope so too.

You can't keep a good sci-fi concept down, and nobody could argue that a remake of *Fantastic Voyage* (1966) wouldn't be fab. This of course is the classic sci-fi adventure about a submarine crew made microscopic and put into a scientist's body in order to repair damage to his brain. Plans for a sequel or remake have been circulating since 1984, with James Cameron planning on writing and directing the film since 1997. Instead, Cameron decided to work on *Avatar*. The next director was Roland Emmerich, but he would not use the script written by Cameron. Silly boy.

But the film may finally be getting out of development hell. David Goyer and Justin Rhodes are currently writing the script. Cameron is back on the project in the form of his production company Lightstorm Entertainment. It has been announced that Cameron is in talks with Guillermo del Toro to get him to direct the film which will supposedly be shot in native stereoscopic 3D.

Other films announced as possible remakes include

*Flight of the Navigator*, *Stargate*, *Wargames*, *Short Circuit*, *The Blob* and *Timecop*. Discuss amongst yourselves...



## WHO DARES WINS

Before *Quatermass* and *Doctor Who* came an all action sci-fi hero who explored the wonders of space, battled with aliens and captured the imagination of a post-war Britain. Now, 67 years after he first appeared in the popular Eagle comic book, *Dan Dare* is back protecting the earth from the villainous Mekon and ready to thrill a new generation in a series of action packed audio adventures.

With a stellar cast including Ed Stoppard (*The Pianist*, *Cilla*, *Joy Division*, *Yout*) as Dan Dare; Heida Reed (*Poldark*) as Professor Peabody, and Geoff McGivern (*Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, *Plebs*, *Grantchester*) as Digby, the new series is inspired by the original 1950s *Eagle* comic strips but is *Dan Dare* for a modern age, brought back to life and bang up to date with an array of fast paced, exciting new stories.

Available over two volumes both as a digital download and CD box set, the new series has retained the character and energy of the original *Dan Dare* with his courage, idealism, indomitable sense of humour and the same spirit of adventure which has inspired millions across the decades.

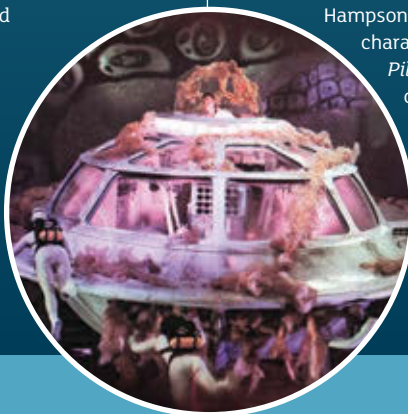
There are the same captivating characters, gripping storytelling and plot – Dan and his crew are still exploring the solar system and battling with Dan's arch enemy The Mekon – and sci-fi fantasy is still at its core.

At the same time the series reflects the many advances in science and technology since the 1950s and today's increased knowledge of space travel and planets such as Venus and Mars.

Dan Dare was originally created by Manchester born artist Frank Hampson and his editor the Reverend Marcus Morris. The character first appeared in the *Eagle* comic story 'Dan Dare, Pilot of the Future', from 1950 to 1967 and was dramatised on Radio Luxembourg between 1951-1956.

Described as 'Biggles in Space,' the original incarnation was seen by some as the British equivalent of Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon. He was a post war hero at a time of austerity and global uncertainty.

Since then Dan Dare has returned in various guises to suit different generations but this new series retains the heart of the original.





It has been a long held ambition of producer/director Andrew Mark Sewell to bring *Dan Dare* back to the airwaves. He says: "We've assembled a great team that has respect, but not reverence, for the original comics and a real passion for sci-fi and space exploration. Together we have created a truly cinematic audio series that recaptures the spirit, wonder and heroic adventure that characterised the original *Dan Dare*."

The all new *Dan Dare* audio adventures are made by B7 Media (*Blake's 7*, *The Martian Chronicles*, *I, Robot*), produced/directed by Andrew Mark Sewell and published by Big Finish Productions.

*Dan Dare – The Audio Adventures Volumes One and Two* are available as both a CD Box set and digital download via [dandareaudio.com](http://dandareaudio.com) price from £20.



## CONVENTION NEWS

*Star Trek: Deep Space Nine's* Terry Farrell will be beaming down to the 24th Annual Sci-Fi Ball this coming February.

Terry Farrell is the latest special guest to appear at the 24th annual convention, which takes place over three days from 2 - 4 February 2018 at the stunning four-star Grand Harbour Hotel, Southampton to raise vital funds to help the extraordinary work of the Teenage Cancer Trust.

At nearly six feet tall, Terry Farrell seemed destined to be a model. After a year as a foreign exchange student in Mexico City, the Iowa teenager moved

to New York to audition for the Elite modelling agency - and just two days later signed an exclusive contract with *Mademoiselle* magazine. Two years later, her CV included an appearance in the feature film *Back to School*, with Rodney Dangerfield and a recurring role on the television series *Paper Dolls*. After stints on *The Cosby Show*, *Family Ties*, *Quantum Leap* and the feature *Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth*, Terry Farrell accepted a six-year contract for the role of Jadzia Dax on *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*. Choosing not to remain with the series for its seventh, and final, season, Farrell moved to a different soundstage on the Paramount Pictures lot to co-star with Ted Danson in the comedy series *Becker*. She recently became engaged to Adam Nimoy; the son of Leonard Nimoy who originated the role of Spock in the original series of *Star Trek*.

Other confirmed guests include Gary Graham (*Star Trek: Voyager*, *Alien Nation*), Vic Mignogna (*Star Trek: Continues* and Anime shows *RWBY* and *Full Metal Alchemist*) and Chris Doohan (*Star Trek: Into Darkness*, *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*, *Star Trek: Continues* and son of James Doohan aka "Scotty" from *Star Trek*) with many more guests and exhibits soon to be announced.

The not-for-profit convention brings together fans of science fiction and fantasy to ensure they have a truly out of this world weekend, including parties, special guest panels, activities for the whole family, fan-built and actual props and sets, autograph and photography sessions with the stars, roaming Daleks, a packed exhibition and dealers room, cosplay and fancy dress competitions, a sci-fi pub quiz, karaoke and special ticket holders can even enjoy a three-course black-tie dining experience including cabaret and an exclusive cocktail party with the stars of the small and silver screen and many other activities too.

And it's great that it is also for such a good cause. This February sees the Sci-Fi Ball celebrate twenty-four years of raising money for charitable causes bringing their total donations to the Teenage Cancer Trust to over £41,000.

For more information and to book tickets, please visit [www.scifiball.com](http://www.scifiball.com).



## FROM CORRIE TO TIMESLIP

We love retro TV here at Infinity and therefore it goes without saying that we love TV Utopia. What's TV Utopia? Well since you asked, it's a unique event celebrating your favourite British television from the last fifty years. From *Doctor Who* to *Crossroads*, from *The Bill* to *Tenko*, or from *EastEnders* to *Poirot*, you will meet guests from all genres here.

The date for TV Utopia 2018 is the 2nd-4th February and the setting is the gorgeous Mercure Whately Hall in Banbury, a great venue for what promises to be an unmissable weekend looking at the best in drama, light entertainment, children's television, science fiction and fantasy!

Over the weekend you will be able to watch interviews, collect autographs, pose for photos and meet some of your television favourites.

With ITV3 beginning a run of classic *Coronation Street* episodes, you will be able to meet a number of guests and special features connected with the long-running Northern soap. Also in attendance will be John Pickard and Julia Hills from one of the most popular BBC sitcoms of the nineties, *2point4 Children*, and Spencer Banks and Cheryl Burfield from *Timeslip*, a British children's science fiction television series made by ATV for the ITV network and broadcast between 1970 and 1971. The series centred on two children, Simon Randall (Banks) and Liz Skinner (Burfield) who discover the existence of a strange anomaly, known as the "Time Barrier", that enabled them to travel in time to different historical periods in alternate pasts and futures. Expect a juicy Infinity feature on that soon. Meanwhile, further details on the event can be found at [www.fantomfilms.co.uk](http://www.fantomfilms.co.uk).

## THE ACTOR THAT TIME DIDN'T FORGET

Finally, we were very sad to hear of the recent passing of that fine actor Keith Barron at the age of 83. He was one of those reliable, strangely comforting actors who seemed to be in just about every TV show going at one time. As dedicated fans will know, Keith took over at short notice from Peter Sallis to play the part of Captain Striker in *Doctor Who* (1983). He also took over from Brian Glover doing the Tetley Tea advert voice-overs, featured in the Christopher Lee horror film *Nothing But The Night* (1973) and battled dinosaurs in the larky Amicus prehistoric romp, *The Land that Time Forgot* (1974). The actor was best known, however, for his starring role in three series of *Duty Free*, the 1980s Yorkshire Television sitcom about a quartet of holidaymakers in Spain. Born in Mexborough, South Yorkshire, he rose to fame in 1963 after joining the cast of Granada Television's police show *The Odd Man* in its final series. He continued to play Detective Sergeant Swift for one series of the spin-off show *It's Dark Outside*, before landing the lead role in Dennis Potter's acclaimed BBC1 television plays *Stand Up*, *Nigel Barton* and *Vote, Vote for Nigel Barton*.

A regular on British TV from then on, he appeared in numerous landmark series, from *The Avengers*, *The New Avengers*, *Z Cars*, *The Professionals*, to *Clocking Off* and most recently *DCI Banks* (2016). Everyone who worked with him says what a lovely fella he was, and his friendly nature was confirmed by a jovial interview he did with us for *The Dark Side* a few years ago, talking of how much fun he had working with those papier-mâché dinosaurs on *The Land That Time Forgot*.

Keith had 'a long and varied career of which he was immensely proud', his agent said. Gwen Taylor, 78, who played his character David's wife Amy in *Duty Free* said his death was quite a blow. "He was such a kind and lovely man and don't think I've met anyone that would disagree."





# SATURDAY MORNING SUPER

Jon Abbott, author of numerous books on pop culture, continues his fond look back at Hanna-Barbera's super-hero cartoons...



**F**irst and foremost, there was *Space Ghost*. A small army of Saturday morning super-freaks were headed by this white-clad, masked bossy boots, a huge slab of meat with all-purpose “power beams”, powers of invisibility, and a face like a bag of potatoes. Space Ghost had vague, unexplained origins on a Ghost Planet, where he resided with two costumed teenagers named Jan and Jace, and a mischievous but obedient monkey named Blip. Despite their innocuous faces and apparent use of their real names, Jan and Jace—like the anonymous *Space Ghost*—are permanently masked (as is Blip!) and appear to have no other life outside of their Space Cruiser, which tours other planets between attacks from *Space Ghost*’s vengeful army of adversaries, who include Brak, Zorak, Moltar, and the Creature King. In one episode, Jan and Jace even wear their masks while swimming.

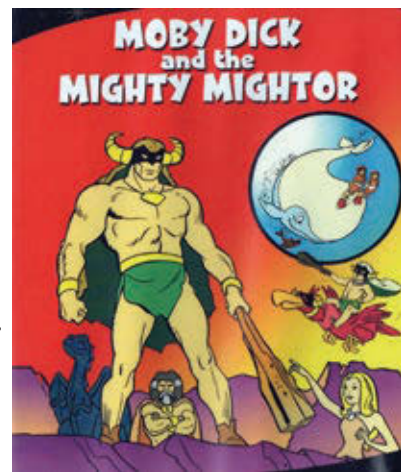
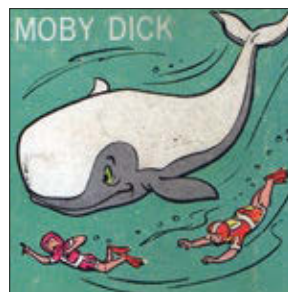
Hanna-Barbera’s super-hero cartoons are perfect wallpaper for those hours in the day when music isn’t enough and actual plots are too much of an imposition. Frankly, the artwork, backgrounds, vivid colours, animation and levels of invention were better than they needed to be, with the vast majority of the characters designed by comics veteran Alex Toth. The heroes and villains became weirder as the demand for such fare continued unabated from the network, although only *Space Ghost*, which started in 1966, a year earlier than the others, lasted more than a season, the whole lot of ‘em bullied off the air in an ‘anti-violence’ panic (turns out all the assassinations, race riots and campus unrest of the ‘60s were caused by cartoons! Who’d’a thunk it?).



**FUTURE QUEST  
VOL.1**



# HEROES PART TWO



## SHAMELESS REHASH

*Birdman* and the *Galaxy Trio* was a shameless re-hash of *Space Ghost* via *Hawkman* and the *Impossibles*. *Birdman* was solar-powered, and took his power—a solar shield and energy blasts—from the sun. Unfortunately, that meant that he could be beaten just by a sudden cloud passing by, or the bad guys closing the shades, which was pretty much exactly what happened every episode. Fortunately, *Birdman* has a pet eagle named Avenger, which does all the heavy lifting each go-round and flies in to rescue him by accessing a quick burst of sunlight. The perfect hero for the eco-brigade, he was, of course, about as much use as an energy-saving lightbulb. Somehow, however, his adventures always turned out sunny side up, but I wouldn't fancy his chances in Britain's climate, which may be why he didn't turn up over here until the 1980's, on a Saturday morning double-bill with *The Green Hornet* on TVS.

*Birdman* was accompanied by a sort of short-changed *Fantastic Four* named the

*Galaxy Trio*. Two guys and a girl, Vapor Man, Meteor Man, and Gravity Girl, sped around the cosmos in a spaceship, turning up wherever they were needed, courtesy of the usual boss-on-a-viewscreen. There were an incredible forty *Birdman* cartoons in twenty shows, with the *Galaxy Trio* as the twenty episode sandwich-filler.

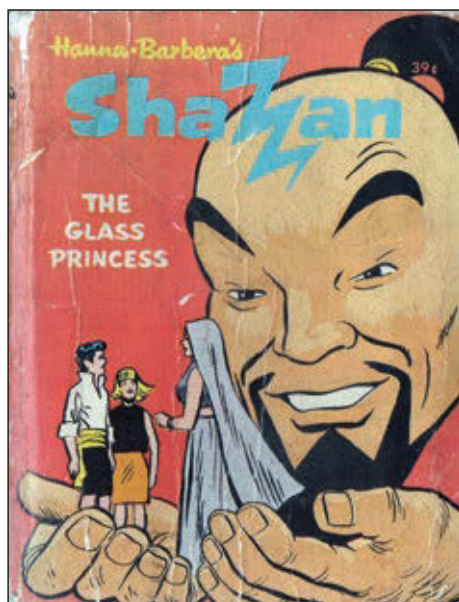
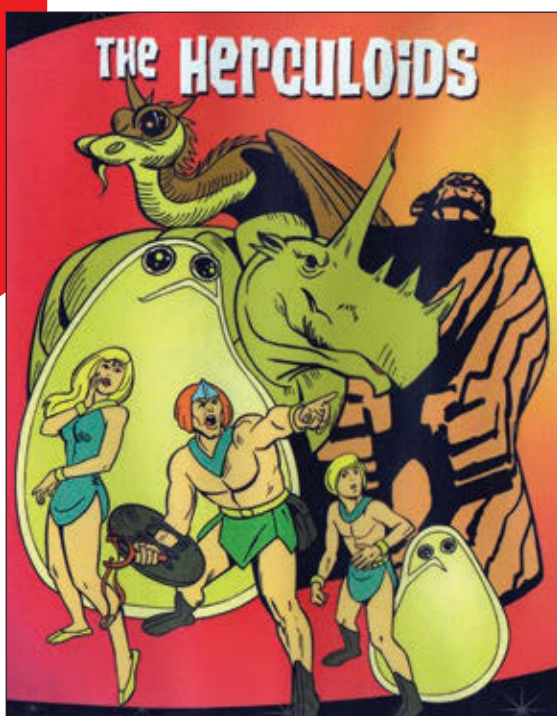
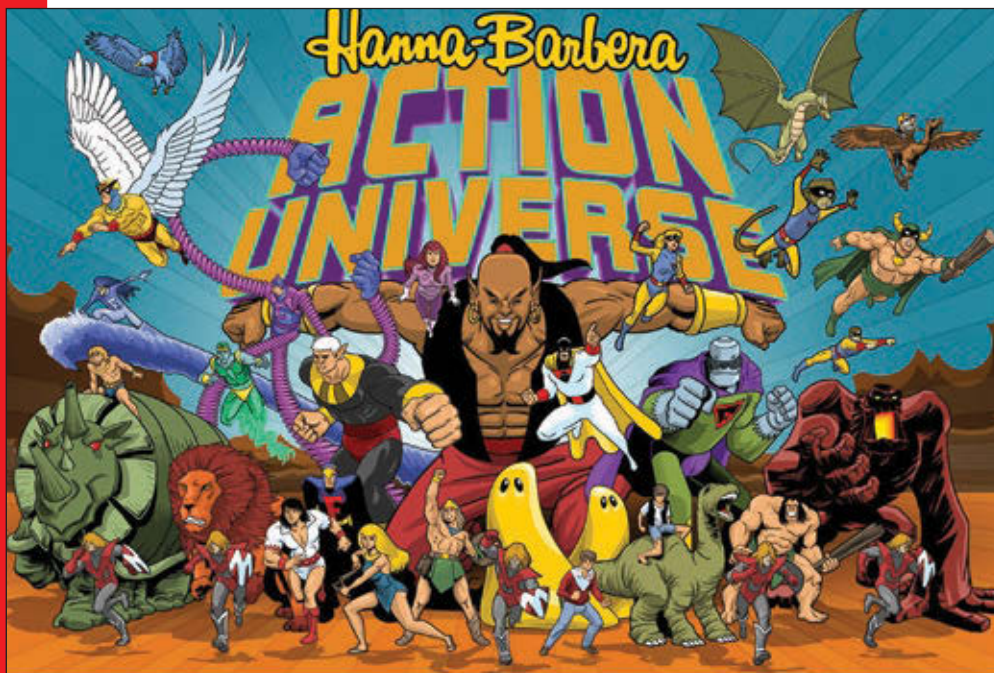
18 episodes of *Moby Dick* and *The Mighty Mightor* were next up, and for once the most interesting of the two got the double-helping of adventures. *The Mighty Mightor* was a combination of Marvel's *Thor* and Fawcett's *Captain Marvel*, but in a stone-age setting. A young lad named Tor is gifted a magic club which transforms him into the heroic adult Mightor, and his pet dinosaur into a fire-breathing dragon. Just as *Birdman* went for the rip-off hat trick by modelling his boss, Falcon 7, on Nick Fury, so Mightor goes for three by including a cute cavegirl girlfriend who thinks Tor is a wimp and Mightor the man of her dreams. Eighteen episodes meant 36 adventures. H-B got a taste of their own medicine when the makers of *He-Man* ripped

This page:  
How many of these Saturday cartoon favourites can you name? If the answer is none, you were born too late!

off *Mightor* in the 1980s.

*Mighty Mightor* 'mightov' been the best of the bunch after *Space Ghost*, but *Moby Dick* was undoubtedly the silliest. Even a six-year-old wouldn't swallow some of the feats the writers had this grinning creature perform. A cute cartoon whale, he rescues two shipwrecked lads in the opening credits, and they spend the next eighteen episodes sitting inside his mouth and being ferried around the ocean. Whether their family were ever notified that they survived is not touched on! *Moby* and the boys are endangered by a variety of underwater menaces each go-round, with the hapless writers concocting some ludicrous scenarios based around abilities the lumpen mammal couldn't possibly pull off, and yet did. 🐳





### NEVER A DULL MOMENT

If Hanna-Barbera couldn't come up with some stories, they could at least provide non-stop action, surely? That seemed to be the thinking behind *The Herculooids*, a collection of *Pokemon*-style creations before their time that pointlessly reside on a barren planet that, for a place with nothing but empty space to offer, seems to attract attackers, intruders, and all-out conquerors with alarming frequency. Perhaps they were intergalactic property developers.

The muscular Zandor is the king of all this nothing, and Tara is his sexy young queen. Their son is precocious young Dorno, whose only playmates are the assortment of monstrous protectors they seem to have gathered around themselves as pets.

Beautifully designed by Alex Toth again, to look either fearsome or friendly, dependent on the circumstances, the *Herculooids* cartoons were two to a show rather than three, presumably to accommodate the extensive cast of creatures. These included a gorilla made of rock named Igo, two comical shape-shifting blobs called Gloop and Gleep, a fire-breathing dragon with laser-beam eyes (and tail!) named Zok, and a prehistoric rhino called Tundra that fires exploding rocks out of his head! Needless to say, whatever the show was—and it was certainly noisy—it was never dull. If this doesn't wake up Granny in her armchair, check her pulse!

The last, but definitely not least of the Hanna-Barbera *Super TV Heroes* was the genie Shazzan, a booming-voiced show-off who protects American kids Chuck and Nancy from Arabian Nights-style adversaries whenever they put both halves a ring together and, crucially, call out his name (yes, it does sound like Shazam, doesn't it?).

Mysteriously transported to this magical past after finding the ring in a cave, Shazzan gives them a flying camel named Kaboobie who does Scooby-Doo impressions for comedy relief, and off they go on their adventures, supposedly looking for the original owner of the ring to return it, although they don't seem to be in too



much of a hurry, and after eighteen episodes and 36 adventures, never do. Shazzan goes "Ho-ho-HO!!" a lot. Too much, in fact. Colourful and beautifully crafted, what the stories lacked in depth they made up for in creativity and imagination, as the boastful and merry Shazzan performs a variety of spells to dispense with various monsters and tyrants.

### WONDERFUL TIME-WASTERS

Only in the recent *Future Quest* comic has the slightest attempt at backstory, characterisation or extrapolation been attempted. But then the whole point of these wonderful time-wasters is that they didn't bother to slow down to bore us with what would undoubtedly have resulted in a lacklustre parade of genre clichés. *Space Ghost*, *Birdman*, *The Galaxy Trio* and the others were there because they just were. The bad guys were nasty because they just looked nasty, and mean because bad guys were supposed to be mean. Both sides had access to any power or weapon they might reasonably require at the drop of a hat. The colours blazed, the wonderful jazzy music – some of it swiped from the superb *Jonny Quest* series – swept the audience along, alien devices beeped and blooped, ray guns zingled, zoop-zooped and zapped... What more did anyone want on a Saturday morning?

Well, if you wanted Saturday morning super-heroes in Britain in the 1960s, you could forget about television. While American kids puzzled and argued over which of the three choices of cartoons to watch on CBS, ABC, or NBC, kids in Blighty were putting on their coats, scarves, gloves and woolly hats to plod down to the local cinema for a couple of chapters of Republic serials and a *Mighty Mouse* cartoon. And that was just in summer. It was too cold to leave the house in winter...

Okay, I'm slightly exaggerating for sympathy (we were allowed an hour of black and white TV once we'd come in from the coal mines), but there were precious few super-hero cartoons in Britain, and we





considered ourselves lucky to get Adam West's *Batman* in glorious monochrome. Various ITV regions may have dabbled (there were rumours *Spider-Man* was on telly oop north), but although it's hard to imagine today, super-heroes were very much a cultish fringe activity in 1960s Britain, where *Roy of the Rovers* and *The Bash Street Kids* were still fighting World War Two (I think). George Reeves' *Superman* was a distant memory, *Batman* was known only because of the TV show, and Marvel Comics were virtually a secret underground movement until Odham's Power Comics appeared.

So, with an array of dusty old men in charge of British television (it was for our own good), it took a while for the Hanna-Barbera super-heroes to make it over here, but fortunately, although symbolic of the swingin' '60s super-hero fad, they are timeless. They arrived in dribs and drabs, depending on which ITV region you lived in. *Shazzan* (not technically a super-hero), was the first to arrive, airing on the BBC in the late '60s/early '70s. *Birdman and the Galaxy Trio* ran in the South in the early '80s, and - VHS tapes and satellite TV to the rescue, as ever - *Space Ghost* and *The Herculoids* got a videotape release, and the Cartoon Network finally delivered the goods en masse in the 1990s. They also bought *Jonny Quest* back to the U.K. after a thirty year absence. All the cartoons mentioned in this article can now be pounced on through Amazon, but check for region compatibility.

The characters were so silly, but so nostalgically beloved in the States by now, that they also became the subject of self-satire in the 1990s, when mischief-makers at the U.S. Cartoon Network produced *Space Ghost Coast to Coast*, a 1994 chat-show in which game celebrities were interviewed by Space Ghost and his obsequious but still treacherous aide, former bad guy Gorak. A similar fate befell poor *Birdman*, who in 2000 became lawyer Harvey Birdman, defending various Hanna-Barbera characters from trumped-up criminal charges, and the stand-up crew of

1972's *SeaLab 2020*, who in 2001 became less upright and more uptight in the send-up *SeaLab 2021*. Few members of the original audience were offended by these transformations, as in our heart of hearts we knew there was nothing to defend. After all, the wonderful originals are still around to destroy brain cells on video and DVD.

The same season, Grantray-Lawrence began a three season run of the first and most fondly remembered *Spider-Man* cartoons (although only the first season is worth looking at), and Hanna-Barbera produced what for my money is still the best animated *Fantastic Four* series (although I can't spend that money, because there's been no official DVD release to date).

Despite my sarcastic tone (that's just loveable me), I love the Hanna-Barbera super-heroes, and I was embarrassingly over-excited for a grown man when the originals became available on Region One DVD a few years ago. So they're derivative. Isn't every super-hero? They can all be tracked back to *Gilgamesh*, the oldest recorded story in history. Ultimately, they're

Below:  
The colourful  
heroes of *Future  
Quest*

Above right:  
More shameless  
self-promotion  
from Jon Abbott.  
He has more plugs  
than Curry's, but  
he's worth it...



original enough to stand on their own.

The highlight of the *Space Ghost* series, which might have come dangerously close to attracting a fan element had anyone over ten been watching, was a six-part continued confrontation with the Council of Doom, a gathering of six assorted earlier adversaries of our hero that included all-too-brief cameos from other Hanna-Barbera heroes who came to *Space Ghost*'s aid - *The Mighty Mightor*, *Moby Dick*, *Dino Boy*, *The Herculoids*, and *Shazzan*. Well, it made me wriggle a bit. So imagine how I felt when I found out the whole bunch of 'em were assembling alongside *Jonny Quest* for a comic book series by DC (Warners now own both DC and the H-B library) that would update and respectfully elaborate on the characters in the title *Future Quest*.

The first issue is ninety percent successful, with ten percent reservations, but as most reboots are the reverse, I guess that's not bad. There's no space here, but if you want to know how I felt about it, my review is on Amazon - along with plenty of others, of course. 🐉





# MESSAGES FROM BEYOND

We love Close Encounters with our readers so drop us a letter at 29 Cheyham Way, South Cheam, Surrey SM2 7HX or an e-mail at [editor@thedarksidemagazine.com](mailto:editor@thedarksidemagazine.com) and you have a good chance of seeing your own name in print

Indiana Jones is about to go for gold in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*



Robot workers Henry and George drinking in 'The Midas Plague' episode of *Out of the Unknown* (1965)



## Dear Allan,

Hi to everyone at *Infinity*. Will you live up to your name and boldly go on forever, looking backwards from the future and forwards to the past, and hanging around for not too long in the present? I think so :)

Now I don't know if you can find a small corner in your ever-expanding universe for *Raiders of the Lost Ark*? I know, I know, some will say it's a bit American. Or a bit mainstream. Or a bit Hollywood. But I would say the best ones were made here in Blighty at Elstree with a lot of British talent in front of and behind the camera, which leads me on to my other request... Could you please do a little article once a month about British film studios past and present and maybe future? I think that's where I came in. So best of luck, keep up the good work Earthlings. 'Nanoo nanoo.'

Cheers Mark Higgins, by email.

Thanks for the compliments Mark. We can't do a new article every month because we only come out every six weeks, but we will certainly look into your suggestions, particularly the Indiana Jones films. I was a big fan of *Doc Savage* when I was a kid and I reckon a feature on the Doc's pulp paperback adventures is imminent too.

## Dear Allan,

Many thanks again for the riveting read that was issue 5 of *Infinity*. The mag relieves an itch that other sci-fi/cult magazines have failed to do for many a moon. I think the trick is that you come at it from the enthusiasm of a fanzine, but maintain a commercial feel. It's just a shame that I missed issue 1. I could download it, but that is just not the same. If you can repress some copies, I am sure there would be a demand!

Being of a certain age, this issue definitely tapped into my childhood memories and experiences. The *Captain Scarlet* feature reminded me of the *Captain Scarlet* bedspread and wallpaper I had as a kid, as well as the branded figure which sadly proved not as indestructible as the character in the show.

Nice to see features on *The Invaders* and *The Incredible Hulk* as well as a personal fave of mine, *Sapphire and Steel*. The *Planet of the Apes* series feature also reminded me of an embarrassing infant school argument I had in class with a bunch of

schoolmates. You see, Roddy McDowall is a distant relative of mine, through my gran's McDowall family line (or so she claimed). Anyhow, this came up in conversation as he was playing Galen at the time. They ganged up and insisted it was spelt Gayland and they took it to the teacher to prove the point to me. The teacher didn't even know what *Planet of the Apes* was but agreed with them, which prompted much jeering and laughing from the class. Just goes to show, don't believe everything teachers tell you folks!

Anyhow, I am looking forward to the mag continuing on in this fashion. There is a wealth of material to tap into out there. A few of my suggestions (without taking up pages) would be to cover the BBC Series *Out of the Unknown* as a starter. How about a bit of dystopian fantasy in the shape of *The Guardians* or *1990*, or the Peter Cushing version of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*?

Another suggested feature would be to cover a seminal figure in the "new wave" sphere - Michael Moorcock. There are many angles that could go, and not just the Marmite film version of *The Final Programme*. Tied into that would be an article on *New Worlds* magazine.

Congratulations on a great sister mag to *The Dark Side*. May the mag live long and prosper!

Russell Smith, Stoke Poges

More great reader suggestions there Russell, we do want to get more features in about vintage sci-fi pulp mags because I just love 'em. *Out of the Unknown* is a cracker too, though sometimes it's difficult to get hold of decent pictures without actually travelling back in time to when they were made and sneakily snapping a few on set on our iPhones. And, as for an issue 01 reprint, feast yours lucky eyes upon the message on the right!

## Dear Sir,

I just purchased issue 5 of *Infinity* magazine - and what a delight! I grew up with *Planet of the Apes*, *Captain Scarlet* and many of the subjects of feature articles in this issue. Please could you tell me if there is going to be a 2017 annual on sale? *Infinity* will be my regular purchase from now on.

Ms Bobbie Ellmore, by email

We haven't been going long enough to put out an annual, Bobbie, but next year there may be one, complete with free penny chews to keep the nostalgia factor going. Thanks for supporting us!

## Dear Allan,

I've enjoyed the magazine a lot, especially your *Planet of the Apes* special. I'm sending you a picture of me in 1974. What you can't see in the photograph is that I'm wearing a pair of spongy ape feet, very much like the ones seen in the films and the shows. But what you can see is that I was the coolest kid in school. That's an articulated mask decades before the laughing Chewbacca. Looking at the photo I can see now that I was a living embodiment

of the famous poster that told us to 'Go Ape'. I'd have seen the poster in the Marvel weekly comic that told tales of the impending nuclear apocalypse and our enslavement by the apes. That insight, and my mastery of the dressing up box, was preparing me for the future by building on the past.

I had been raised on the books, and the Ron Ely TV show, of the English Lord Greystoke who took the native name of Tarzan. To me, *Planet of the Apes* was a natural progression of Burroughs stories and the Ely-and-Cheetah chimp shows. Like all normal healthy boys, I was aiming for the Tarzan-Ape throne but my declared ambitions at the time were to simply wrestle

## START THE PRESS!!!



Issue 01 of *Infinity* is being reprinted! Check out page 61 for more details





Paul Sutton in 1974, a living embodiment of the famous poster that told him to 'Go Ape'



Roddy McDowall as Galen and he's not gay. Oh, but hang on a sec... And don't try to take Chuck's rifle!



it into a symbol of man's rebirth, but here on the television screen, in my own house, it meant domination and death. It is fabulous. It's so good, in fact, that I saw it on a T-shirt the following year at a seaside stall in

Butlins in Filey in Yorkshire, and that's the very definition of art-market-penetration and cool.

At about the time of the photograph, my bearded father, who impressively combined the virtues and attributes of the three main groupings of apes - Orangutan wisdom, Chimpanzee kindness and Gorilla strength and temper - took me to the 1,550-seat Capitol cinema in St. Helens to see my first and therefore The First Ever apes film, *Escape from the Planet of the Apes*. The contemporary American setting confirmed in me the truthfulness of the apocalyptic ape prophecy that was revealed impressively in the follow-up film in that evening's chronologically accurate double-bill, the first Charlton Heston Apes film. I liked *Escape* and *Planet* a lot, particularly the scene when Charlton Heston showed his bum, because big bums are hilarious to small boys, but at the age of seven I preferred the TV show.

The show went to places in a child's imagination that the films didn't reach because it obeyed the Flipper/Lassie Law of humanised animals that states they have to be friendly and doting. There has to be a bit of looking-up to the human master - me - if I am going to take a show or film into my heart. Roddy McDowall's TV Cornelius is less pointed and more friendly than the Cornelius he plays in the films. The film chimps lack the virtue of 'friendship'. The Cornelius-Zira relationship to Taylor (Heston) is based not on friendship but on goodness and condescension. This serves to give us the great line when Zira kisses Taylor and complains that he's so 'ugly', but condescension is an adult concept out of the reach of healthy children.

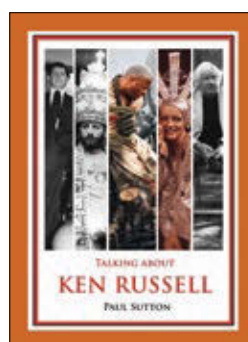
In the television show, the two human stars,

Virdon and Burke, exhibit all the virtues that are impressive to impressionable boys - courage, cleverness, decency, loyalty and drop kicks. They're clothed Kung Fu Tarzans doing an impression of *Starsky and Hutch* with a talking costumed ape as a friend and they arrived in a spaceship! It wasn't possible to be more impressive than that in 1974, though I must admit I was always mightily impressed by *Hair Bear's* air motorbike.

The *Planet of the Apes* television show also succeeded because the bad guy gorilla character was more sharply defined than he was in the films. And he was better acted by Mark Lenard on television than the bad guy gorillas have been in the films. There's a black-and-white seriousness of purpose there that is both comforting and frightening to children. Years later when I learned that the person playing Urko was actually Dr. Spock's dad, I had to lie down for most of the day, mind-blown.

Finally, the lasting importance of the television show was that every episode was An Event. There was one screening of each episode only. If you missed it you had to wait until the space race had been completely abandoned and the world's boffins had diverted their talents to home movie technology and that was beyond one's imagination and patience in 1974. Movies could be cinema-seen over and over, twenty-one times a week, but each episode of the *Planet of the Apes* television series was a once-in-a-childhood experience. That's why I bunked off from Cub Scout camp one day early that cold midwinter. It panicked the police and the press. They searched the forests and the woods, but had they been in touch with the arts and Darwin's genius, they would have known exactly what I was doing.

Paul Sutton, by email.



and his fun novel, *Charlie Ellis and the Day Trip to Mars*, is also well worth picking up.

What a great letter, Paul, and the picture isn't too shabby either. Great memories there that I am sure will chime with many of our readers. I should mention that Paul has written *Talking About Ken Russell*, one of the most impressive books ever about the maverick filmmaker,



Now Jodie Whittaker has made her debut as the first female *Doctor Who*, Richard Molesworth looks at how the BBC's classic sci-fi series arrived at this point...

# OF TI AND



It began as a joke dreamt-up in the back of a Taxi. On the morning of October 23rd 1980, Tom Baker

was on his way to a hastily-arranged press conference, to announce that he was leaving *Doctor Who* after seven years. En route, Baker had a spontaneous idea for a devilish bit of mischief, and colluded with *Doctor Who* producer John Nathan-Turner, who was his fellow passenger in the cab. And so, half an hour later, whilst fielding questions about his departure from Fleet Street's finest, Baker dropped his bombshell. With a straight face, and a deadpan delivery, he wished his successor as the Doctor the best of luck, whoever he or she might be.

She... The assembled journos suddenly sat bolt upright in their seats, flashbulbs popped, notebooks were scribbled in, and a news story was born.

Except it was a story without validity. John Nathan-Turner had no intention whatsoever of casting a female Doctor - he'd just enthusiastically gone along with Baker's parting act of tomfoolery. But the idea took an irreversible hold with the nation's news outlets, and became a continuing meme for the rest of the 1980s. Whenever yet another Doctor departed from the series, and a new Doctor was due to be cast, the newspaper headlines would invariably blurt out: 'New *Doctor Who* might be a Woman'. The Genie was forever out of the bottle.

And now, it has actually happened. The new *Doctor Who* IS a woman. So how did we arrive at this point?

## THE REGENERATION GAME

When *Doctor Who* began in 1963, the Doctor was an elderly time-travelling alien, who was accompanied by his granddaughter, Susan. He wasn't a Time Lord, as Time Lords didn't exist until 1969, and he couldn't regenerate, as that concept hadn't been invented yet, either. In its early weeks and months of the show, there was no expectation that the series would have any degree of longevity, and so when Carole Ann Ford opted to leave the programme the following year, Susan was replaced in the line-up of regulars by a new non-familiar travelling companion. The notion that the Doctor had any relatives or family was quietly forgotten, as the series subtly re-tooled itself in a slightly different manner. *Doctor Who* was now about an elderly time-travelling alien, who was accompanied by human travelling companions.

Over the next three years, more companions came and went, but William Hartnell's Doctor was ever-present (apart from the weeks he was on holiday, leading to the





# THE LORDS TIME LADIES



occasional Doctorless episode). But in 1966 a combination of factors led to the production team deciding to replace their leading man, and in a moment of inspired genius they came up with the concept of bodily regeneration. With no foreshadowing in any prior episodes, with no hint of pre-knowledge slyly info-dumped onto the audience, the old Doctor collapsed on the TARDIS floor, his features blurred, and an entirely different, younger, man sat up in his place. Patrick Troughton became the second Doctor.

Or did he? Because the production team were making things up on the spot, the actual vague details given in the dialogue in the new Doctor's first episode simply told us that the Doctor had been renewed - the implication being that Patrick Troughton was a younger

version of William Hartnell, but that he was still essentially the same man.

By the time Patrick Troughton decided to move on from the series, three years later, yet another new production team was in place, who reasoned that the Doctor could just change his appearance once more, and so all

pretence of the process of renewal went out of the window. The inner-narrative of the series had changed, and then had changed again, but most regular observers either didn't notice, or didn't care.

As the programme progressed through the 1970s and 1980s, new production teams would bolt-on new parts of the *Doctor Who* mythos. The Doctor was called a Time Lord for the first time in Patrick Troughton's final adventure, 'The War Games', where we got to see his home

planet for the first time as well. Although that home planet didn't get a name until 4 years later, when the Doctor suddenly declared that he came from a world called Gallifrey. Again, the narrative history of the series was imperceptibly, yet incrementally altered.

When the Doctor revisits Gallifrey in 'The Deadly Assassin', it remains relatively consistent with all the previous on-screen appearances of the Time Lord's home world, in that every single member of the cast is male, and is also - with the exception of one background supporting artist - exclusively white. But, pulling back from the fictional narrative, one has to ask - is this a conscious decision by the programme makers to depict this alien, Gallifreyan society, or is it just a reflection of the white, male-dominated nature of British television in the 1970s? Almost certainly the latter, one would suspect.

*Doctor Who*, at least as far as the classic series goes, was not a progressive example of pro-feminist programme making. Despite its very first producer being the decidedly female Verity Lambert, and its first director, Waris Hussein being from a family of Indian

This page: *Doctor Who*'s transformation into a woman has been a long time coming - as these newspaper articles show!







This image: Elisabeth Sladen with Jon Pertwee

Right: Lalla Ward with Tom Baker

Below: Tom Baker, Elisabeth Sladen, Ian Marter and 'Bessie' in a 1974 publicity shot



Mary Tamm as Romana, with Tom Baker and the TARDIS



Above: Tom Baker's Doctor with Leela (Louise Jameson) and K9

immigrants, *Doctor Who* was created as part of the institutions of the BBC at the time, which was predominantly white, male and middle class.

When the series tried to buck this trend, with the best and most honourable of intentions, it usually made a bit of hash of it. In 1970, the character of Liz Shaw was created to be an intellectual foil for the third Doctor, but quickly descended into someone

who passed him the occasional test tube, and whose concerns were usually brushed aside with a gentle pat on the arm by the Doctor.

Sarah Jane Smith was devised as a liberal feminist, but all her scripts were written by middle-aged male writers, whose only concepts of feminism had probably been cribbed from articles in the latest issue of *Cosmopolitan* magazine. And while this might all sound quite damning, in the context of the time it was being made (think *Love Thy Neighbour*, Miss World pageants, and the *Black and White Minstrel Show*), *Doctor Who* in the 1970s was at least making the occasional attempt to break away from the orthodoxy.

### PROGRESS OF SORTS

Those that had been paying attention since 1963 now had to reckon the character of Susan into this new fictional patriarchal Time Lord society. If the Doctor was a Time Lord from Gallifrey, and Susan was his granddaughter, then Susan surely must be a Time Lord from Gallifrey as well? Which leads to the question - if Time Lords can be female, then why haven't we seen any other female Time Lords on Gallifrey in any of its on screen iterations to date?

It's impossible to know for sure how many of these questions plagued the sleepless nights of the *Doctor Who* production team in 1976, but interestingly, when Gallifrey is revisited again, in 'The Invasion of Time'

(by which time we have yet another new production team in place), we get the show's very first explicitly-stated female Time Lord character, in the shape of Hilary Ryan's Rodan. And yet Rodan is a lone, single, female character in an otherwise exclusively male cast of Time Lords, with no explanation given. But, progress, of sorts.

And it can surely be no coincidence that in the programme's very next story, '*The Ribos Operation*', the Doctor is joined on his travels by Mary Tamm's Romana, another female Time Lord - or Time Lady, as she eventually gets labelled. The dynamic between the two of them begins as one of knowledge gathered through wide experience, in the case of the Doctor, versus Romana's naive academic superiority. But as their relationship develops, especially after Romana's regeneration, the two very nearly become equals.

Ah yes - Romana's regeneration. Up until this point, the Doctor was the only Time Lord we had ever seen regenerate before, and we had subsequently learned (through another piece of revisionist narrative fiddling by script editor and writer Robert Holmes) that Time Lords could only regenerate 12 times, giving them a maximum number of 13 lives. But when Mary Tamm left the series, and was replaced by Lalla Ward, the fact that she was a Time Lord - whoops, Time Lady - was the perfect excuse script editor Douglas Adams needed to 'regenerate' the character without having to go to the trouble of writing-out one companion and writing-in another. Unlike the Doctor's previous regenerations, Adams decided that Romana would change her appearance off-screen, and that she would also be able to choose her new body in the same manner that she would choose a new outfit to wear.

Now let's stop to consider this for a moment, in the terms of the programme's narrative. As presented in '*Destiny of the Daleks*', Romana goes from being Mary Tamm, to Lalla Ward, to a blue-skinned small alien, to a voluptuous exotic dancer, to a towering Greek goddess, and then to Lalla Ward again, all in the space of a couple of minutes. That's six bodies - almost half of her regenerations - wasted on a whim!

The whole scene is played for its comedic value - and who would hope for anything less from Douglas Adams - but it throws everything the series had established about regeneration into turmoil. Quite rightly, the





whole thing has been effectively brushed under the carpet by subsequent production teams, and has never been referred to again (apart from the suggestion that Time Lords can sometimes have a degree of choice about what future form to take on). Saying that, it has to be noted that all of Romana's forms are female, although one is decidedly un-human in appearance, which underlines that the series was still pretty firm on one thing still: Time Lords regenerate into Time Lords, and Time Ladies regenerate into Time Ladies.

Over the next couple of seasons, Lalla Ward's Romana took more of a centre stage in stories than Mary Tamm's version did. As previously mentioned, Romana becomes almost the Doctor's equal, and in *'The Horns of Nimon'* it could be argued that she usurps him and becomes the story's main protagonist, leaving the Doctor to bumble around in the background for much of the time.

Up until now, *Doctor Who* assistants had fallen into one of three camps. In the early days there were the female juvenile characters such as Susan, Vicki, and Dodo, usually paired with a strong, dependable male character, such as Steve, Ben, Jamie, or Harry.

But both types of characters had been subsumed by a third stereotype: that of the Dad-friendly eye-candy assistant. Zoe, Jo Grant, and Sarah Jane Smith were very much characters in this mould, and Leela - in her skimpy animal skins - was possibly the ultimate extension of this philosophy.

That's not to say that the stereotypical *'Doctor Who Girl'* (as the newspapers liked to call them) had the single function of being a pretty face and a nice pair of, erm, legs, but that this is what the public perception of the role had become.

To return, briefly, to the character of Romana. She's the first Gallifreyan we meet for more than a single story, and she becomes increasingly like the Doctor the more she stays around him. She has a pretty eccentric dress sense, a heightened sense of morality, is usually the smartest person in any room she walks into, and even builds her own sonic screwdriver. Suddenly, perhaps accidentally, the programme succeeded in creating a female character who was an equal to the Doctor on every level. From a storytelling point of view, however, this was something of a problem, as the Doctor no longer had a foil he could explain the plot to, and the audience struggled to find any areas of commonality with this TARDIS team. So Romana had to leave the series, taking K9 with her as she went.



### SKIMPY OUTFITS

After Romana's departure, it's hard not to see at least some of the more obvious clichés return to the role of the female assistant for the rest of the 1980s. Nyssa, Tegan and Peri each had a skimpy thumbnail of characterisation written-in to their on-screen roles, but they all very quickly resorted to wearing skimpy outfits too. 1985 saw the introduction of the character of the Rani to the series - a semi-regular villain, in the lurex-and-shoulder-padded form of Kate O'Mara. Like the Master, the Rani was a renegade Gallifreyan with a TARDIS all of her own, and with petty evil schemes aplenty. On paper, an something of interesting idea, but in practise, she was just yet another one-note pantomime villain.

Classic *Doctor Who*'s final female assistant was also its most interesting. Ace (whose real name was Dorothy) was a disenfranchised teen from a London council estate. Played with earnest enthusiasm by Sophie Aldred, Ace delivered a clear commitment from the production team to give the companion an effective back-story, along with a clear story-arc to progress through during her time at the Doctor's side. And although she was unquestionably pretty, she was never allowed to descend into the low-cut-top-and-short-skirt cliché that most of her predecessors had descended to.

Sadly, *Doctor Who* was cancelled by the BBC before we could see the culmination of Ace's intended journey with the Doctor (which, interestingly, had it gone as planned, would have seen her enrolled into the Time Lord academy on Gallifrey), and that was nearly that.

Until 1996, that is, and the Paul McGann US TV movie. This version of *Doctor Who* meddled with the programme's narrative history some more, introducing some quickly-forgotten concepts, such as the Doctor being half-human, and the Master being some sort of snake-morphant Gallifreyan. It also took *Doctor Who* into the previously uncharted territory of romance, as the newly-regenerated eighth Doctor snogged proto-companion Grace Holloway in a full-on

bout of tonsil-hockey. Purists were up in arms at this revisionism, and even the more liberal members of the audience had to pause and consider what this meant for inter-species relationships in time and space. Like Tom Baker's departure-driven hi-jinks, another *Genie* was let loose from its bottle. Companion-snogging was here to stay.

### REWRITING THE RULE BOOK

*Doctor Who*'s triumphant return to British television in 2005, while built on the foundations of the classic series, also included a strong desire to rewrite the rule book, and be at times uncompromising and confrontational in some of the programme-maker's choices. The show's first new companion, Rose, was a disenfranchised teen from a London council estate, and although she was unquestionably pretty, she was never allowed to descend into the low-cut-top-and-short-skirt cliché of many a classic series companion. Surely that was no coincidence...?

This new 21st century incarnation of *Doctor Who*, right from the very first episode, was a series that took on various social crusades and gave them a positive on-screen platform. Now, there is a whole other article to be written about whether a series like *Doctor Who* was the correct place to fight those particular fights or not, but as a result, the series went toe-to-toe against the conservative (with a small 'c') orthodoxy many, many times. Issues such as sexuality, religion, ethnicity and gender were all championed in the show; some overtly (witness the so-called 'Gay Agenda' accusations thrown at the early Russell T Davies era), and some much more subtly (just what did Clara and Jane Austin really get up to...?).

The first hint that the new series was going to tinker with the concept of Time Lord regeneration was in the 2011 Matt Smith episode *'The Doctor's Wife'*, wherein the Doctor reminisces about a fellow Time Lord, known as the Corsair. "Fantastic bloke. He had that snake as a tattoo in every regeneration. Didn't feel like himself unless he had the

**Above:**  
Christopher Eccleston's Doctor with Billie Piper's Rose

**Above left:**  
Paul McGann's Doctor kisses Daphne Ashbrook's Dr. Grace Holloway in the 1996 *Doctor Who* TV movie





those of Jenna Coleman's. For just a few, brief minutes, we had our first female *Doctor Who*. The world kept on turning, the sky didn't fall in, and so the possibilities began to coalesce still further...

### FACING THE FACTS

It's perhaps relevant to look back on the 1999 Comic Relief *Doctor Who* story at this juncture. Pre-dating the modern series by over half a decade, writer Steve Moffat (whatever happened to him...?) wove a tale in which the Doctor, at the end of his thirteenth and final incarnation, impossibly regenerated once more. "Doctor, we have to face facts. You've come back to life, and this time... you're a woman..." notes the less-than-enthusiastic companion character, as she eyes-up the new Doctor's rather alluring Joanna Lumley-shaped incarnation. As *'The Curse of Fatal Death'* was written, first and foremost, as a comedy skit, we must forgive it the crude jokes about boobs and vibrating sonic screwdrivers that then follow. Such charity will not be afforded to proper *Doctor Who* in the coming months and years, I feel.

Because, on Christmas Day 2017, the Doctor became a woman again, although we'll have to wait until the Autumn of 2018 before we get to see anything of substance from our newest incarnation of the Time Lord. Sorry, Time Lady. Arghh! You see, already, grammar is at risk of becoming quite badly mangled as a result of this casting choice - even the BBC itself is not immune. With no appreciable sense of irony, they chose 'One Man - One Destiny' as the trailer tagline for last year's *'Twice Upon a Time'* Christmas special episode, just a week after Jodie Whittaker's casting was announced. Never before has the personal pronoun become such a tricky concept in the writing of an article. I predict even more confusion still to come.

What little we do know Jodie Whittaker's new Doctor raises some intriguing questions about how this radical gender-swapping idea might be handled by the show itself. Costume-wise, instead of going for something nicely androgynous, and yet still authentically Doctor-ish, the early photos of Doctor Jodie in-character instead show an inauspiciously feminine sense of haute


couture has gripped out favourite... Time Person. Gone is the black hoody and long trousers seen in the reveal trailer. For the first time since Christopher Eccleston's sartorial transgression, the Doctor will not have a collar - sacrilege! - opting instead

for a wide-necked sweatshirt, *Mork* and *Mindy* braces, and a pair of art-student chic culotte-type trousers that finish about halfway between knee and ankle.

If we are to believe that the Doctor is still the Doctor underneath this feminine persona, then surely it's not unreasonable to try and imagine what Peter Davison or Jon Pertwee would look like if they were similarly attired? Is the Doctor really the sort of time traveller to coquettishly flash his/her well-toned calves at all and sundry...?

One only hopes the programme's new writer/producer/showrunner, Chris Chibnall, resists the urge to continually reference the gender issue and just gets on with writing good stories. In the last 55 years, the Doctor has not mentioned his genitals once, and it would be all too easy - not to mention lazy and predictable - to suddenly have Jodie's Doctor start talking about such matters now. This is not a Comic Relief skit any more.

What is not in question is the size of the gamble the BBC have taken with this casting choice. *Doctor Who*'s audience demographic needs to be able to buy-in to the idea of a female Doctor, and to do it quickly. The pretty-boy looks of David Tennant and Matt Smith helped bolster *Doctor Who*'s appeal with younger female viewers, but there is at least some evidence that a good proportion of that audience has eroded away in recent years, unable to engage with Peter Capaldi's more senior Doctor. It remains to be seen whether a female Doctor will reignite this section of the audience demographic, which leaves the question of what the younger male viewers will make of the change. If they, too, drift away from the series, then what is left? *Doctor Who* has always based its success on the ability to draw a family audience, and must continue to do so to survive. Will the adventures of Jodie Whittaker's Doctor manage to find the audience the show needs?

Time will tell... 

**Clockwise from top left:** Elisabeth Sladen, David Tennant and K9 in *The Wedding of Sarah Jane Smith*, the third story in the third series of *The Sarah Jane Adventures*.

Jodie Whittaker with new cast members Bradley Walsh, Tosin Cole and Mandip Gill

Joanna Lumley in *Doctor Who: The Curse of Fatal Death*, a *Doctor Who* special made for the Red Nose Day charity telethon in 1999

tattoo. Or herself, a couple of times." A simple, throwaway line of dialogue, but one that was loaded with intent. Was this going to be like Romana's diminutive blue-skinned alien regeneration, something to be chuckled at, and then quickly forgotten for all time? Or was this like the third Doctor dropping the word 'Gallifrey' unexpectedly into a query about his home world, something to shape the direction of the series for years to come?

In 2014, the answer came in the not entirely unwelcome form of Michelle Gomez. At the end of Peter Capaldi's first season, the Doctor once more encounters his old nemesis, the Master, only to discover that she's now the Mistress (or Missy, for short). Now, it could be argued that if the makers of the series wanted a female Time Lord - with past form of being a villain to boot - then they should have looked no further than resurrecting the character of the Rani. But the Master was unquestionably much more of an iconic character in the annals of the programme's history, and so it made more dramatic sense to re-boot the character in such an unorthodox manner. But for some, the idea that Michelle Gomez was playing the same character as Roger Delgado, Anthony Ainley and John Simm was just a step too far

What tends to be overlooked in the whole Missy/Master reveal is another sly tease the programme pulled at the same time, albeit one that was far more significant. The final episode of the inaugural Capaldi series begins with Clara Oswald declaring herself to actually be the Doctor, followed by a newly augmented set of opening series credits which replaced Peter Capaldi's features with



# THE MAGAZINE OF THE MACABRE AND FANTASTIC!

FROM THE PUBLISHERS OF  
**INFINITY**



Now that you've enjoyed this latest issue of *Infinity* magazine, why not pick up a copy of our legendary companion title, *The Dark Side*? The world's biggest selling print horror mag has been going for 28 years now and just keeps getting better and better. Plus we are the only horror mag to absolutely guarantee to frighten you to death or your life will be refunded. \*Terms and Conditions apply. \*If you are dead already then you can't get involved - you're not catching us out like that again, Frankie, Drac or The Mummy.

The latest issue, in shops across the UK right now, is all about the 1980s, a decade where the movies and music were so much cheesy fun. 80s horror is big and bold and as the massive success of Stephen King's *It* and *Stranger Things* proves, it never gets old.

With an embarrassment of riches to choose from, we decided to round up the usual suspects such as the friendly neighbourhood *Dream Warriors* who took on Freddy Krueger to make Elm Street a safer place to live again.

We also bring back some of the coolest vampires of the decade from *The Lost Boys* and *Fright Night*, and spend some time with Fred Dekker, creator of *The Monster Squad*. Fans of classic cult cinema will particularly enjoy our background piece on the making of Michael Mann's *The Keep*, and since *Dark Side* readers love classic TV favourites as much as *Infinity* readers do, we have managed to grab an up to date interview with Jeffrey Fournier himself, Norman Eshley, star of *George and Mildred* and the recent horror release, *See No Evil*.

All this and much, much more can be found in the latest beautifully illustrated issue (189) of *The Dark Side*, on sale right now at all good newsagents, and probably a few bad ones too. And remember, if you can't find it on the shelves we will be only too happy to sell you a copy from our website at:

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GERRY'S LIVE-ACTION DEBUT

# IN THE SHADO(W) OF THE



*UFO is perhaps not the first series to spring to mind when exploring the magnificence that is the Gerry Anderson back-catalogue, but Richard Molesworth thinks it acquits itself admirably when examined afresh...*

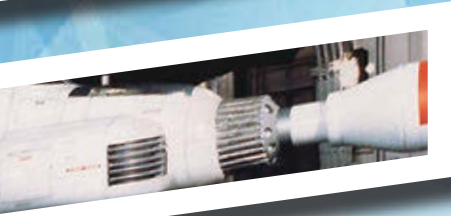


Left:  
The puppet  
master himself,  
Gerry Anderson,  
and below a  
highly collectable  
Dinky Toy of  
Shado 2 from  
the 1970s





# ALIENS



erry Anderson's productions are something of a Marmite experience - a person either loves them or hates them, with usually very little middle ground. But *UFO* is perhaps the best example of an exception to this rule. For *UFO* shows that Anderson wasn't always about cutesy puppets, comic relief set-pieces, and kid-friendly programmes. *UFO* is dark, adult, and at times uncompromising in its tone, and yet at the same time assuredly steely in its navigation of this uneven path.

One of *UFO*'s oft-overlooked key strengths - at the time - was to shift the action 10 years into the future. A programme made in 1969/70, but set in 1980, is to be admired for its sheer nous, if nothing else. And 1980 was a big selling point, as the series title sequence reminded us every week.

Of course, with the benefit of hindsight, some of the high-concept ideas of the near future that the show portrays - and nearly all with po-faced seriousness to boot - seem highly optimistic if you're being generous, and downright silly if you're looking for easy targets to hit. ➡







**Above:**  
A fanzine shot of  
Cmdr. Ed Straker  
and Wanda  
Ventham as Col.  
Virginia Lake

**Top:**  
Another fanzine  
spread of  
George Sewell's  
Col. Alec Freeman  
with Michael  
Billington's  
Col. Paul Foster

But once a potential critic has tired of ridiculing the show for things such as its leather mini-dresses and purple space wig future-fashions, then they can't help but look beyond this superficial veneer, and notice how imaginative the show's hit-rate is for extrapolating what was possible at the time and moving it forward by a decade.

The ease and frequency of travelling into space as seen in the series, along with such things as a manned moonbase, and everyday supersonic flight, shows a degree of Apollo-era late-1960s optimism that would soon evaporate as the drab 1970s kicked into reality. Yes, 1980, when it arrived, was nothing like how *UFO* imagined it, but that's hardly the show's fault.

But this is all just set-dressing. *UFO*'s super-groovy England of 1980 is under extraterrestrial attack, the culmination of a series of events that stretch back over a decade, according to the pre-title sequence of the opening episode. Sometime in the early 1970s, the evidence for hostile alien beings visiting Earth becomes a tangible enough threat for the world's powers.

Former American Air Force Colonel, astronaut, and test pilot Ed Straker is put in charge of a multinational network of covert defences to protect Earth, and mankind, from the extra-terrestrial attacks - *SHADO*.

As the series begins, we see that Earth is being visited by craft from another planet, and while the *UFO*s have been proven to exist to the powers-that-be, their intentions, whilst unknown, are unquestionably hostile. A number of mysterious deaths follow in the wake of many *UFO* sightings, with the victims often found to be missing vital internal organs.







With its headquarters hidden from public view under the guise of a working film studio in Southern England, SHADO (Supreme Headquarters, Alien Defence Organisation) has at its disposal an army of land, sea and air defences alongside a deep-space satellite incursion detection system, and a military moonbase with a squadron

of one-man interceptor spaceships. This is where the series scores some serious big hits, with Anderson's well-honed team of modelmakers and effects supervisors - headed by effects genius Derek Meddings, who would move on to the James Bond film franchise in later years - devising some amazingly well-realised craft. SHADO Mobiles, SkyDiver, Sky-1, Interceptors and moon-based Ground Defence buggies provided enough well-realised military hardware to keep merchandisers, toyshops and children all generally happy. The model and effects work for the series is never less than superb, and usually integrates seamlessly with the live-action portions of the episodes themselves.

#### NAMELESS ALIENS

The menace posed by aliens themselves is deeply disturbing, yet at the same time relatively understated. Everything we learn

about them comes from the point-of-view of SHADO - we never have a scene where the aliens have a conversation about their plans, or see events from their point-of-view.

In *UFO's* opening episode, 'Identified', SHADO scores its first success over the nameless aliens, downing a UFO for the first time, and capturing its pilot, who dies despite the best efforts of SHADO's medical team. But this is the point that Straker and SHADO first learn the details about the aliens' modus operandi: the humanoid UFO occupants breathe an oxygenated liquid that is pumped into their spacesuit helmets, which protects them from the effects of acceleration and space travel at speed, and which also stains their skin a macabre dark green colour.

A post-mortem examination of the dead alien reveals that it had undergone at least five organ transplants, and that its heart at least was identifiably human in origin. Hereditary sterility was also diagnosed, all of which leads to the conclusion that the aliens are a dying race from a dying planet, who elect to target Earth and its inhabitants as a means of prolonging their survival by any

**This spread:** Images from the show, which was made just after Gerry Anderson's movie, *Journey to the Far Side of the Sun* (*Doppelgänger*) (1969), and utilised many of the same props, set pieces and even actors





This page: More great UFO merchandising, including a Viewmaster stereoscopic viewer allowing fans to see Straker and co in 3d!

means necessary. While this whole concept is unquestionably chilling, it paradoxically sits at the very heart of a programme that also seems geared towards child-friendly family viewing. Such is the paradox of *UFO*.

As Anderson's first foray into live-action television (as opposed to Supermarionation's string-operated tweeness), *UFO* almost begged from the offset for its on-screen cast to be compared unfavourably with the acting talents of the Scarlets, Traceys, and Tempests of Anderson's earlier small screen forays. But in Ed Bishop (Ed Straker), Anderson found a leading man who really did command the attention of the audience in front of camera.

Straker is a strong and effective leader, a man with a focus on his mission - to protect mankind from the threat of extraterrestrial attack - even when his duty comes at a large personal cost to himself, as his marriage

crumbles, and his son dies, both as a result of him putting his duty to SHADO first.

Ed Bishop was no stranger to Anderson's productions, having voiced Captain Blue in *Captain Scarlet and the Mysterons* a few years prior to *UFO*'s production. Born in New York, Bishop had moved to England in the late 1950s, and had found work aplenty (usually as a token American) in the UK's burgeoning film and TV industry of the 1960s.

Bishop was supported by a strong cast of main characters, making *UFO* a great ensemble-piece of television drama. SHADO's compliment of second-string authority figures was made up of Colonel's Paul Foster (Michael Billington), Alec Freeman (George Sewell), and Virginia Lake (Wanda Ventham). Paul Foster is recruited to SHADO in the programme's second episode, and throughout

the series is depicted as stereotypical 1960s/1970s ladies man. Despite this, Foster is a perfect foil for Straker's hard-nosed pragmatism most of the time.

Alec Freeman is more of a steady influence on Straker; strong, dependable, and reliable. But when push comes to shove, he proves he can handle the big decisions. Virginia Lake shares some of the same DNA as Cathy Gale and Emma Peel from *The Avengers* - smoulderingly feminine, with big hair and a sexy wardrobe - but is more than competent in the many dangerous situations she sometimes finds herself in.

#### COST-EFFECTIVE BACKDROP

Setting the secret SHADO base under the fictional Harlington-Straker Film Studios gives a great sense of metatextuality to the series. The studio's fictional entrance is the real-life entrance to Elstree Studios, and the studio backlots of Elstree, along with those of nearby Pinewood Studios, provide a subverted, if cost-effective,



“Ed Bishop was no stranger to Anderson’s productions, having voiced Captain Blue in *Captain Scarlet and the Mysterons* a few years prior to *UFO*’s production...”







This page:  
Sylvia Anderson  
decided that  
collar length  
purple hair should  
be the standard  
for moon-base  
female personnel  
and we must say  
she made a wise  
choice, as these  
groovy shots of  
UFO gals confirm!  
Wanda Ventham  
(below) spends  
more time on  
Earth so she can  
have whatever  
hairstyle she  
wants







**Top:** Special effects designer Derek Meddings (right in picture) supervises the model effects on *UFO*

backdrop to the production as a whole. The secret underground headquarters could step out of any James Bond film of the time, and while the room-length banks of blinking lights and spinning tape spools that masquerade as the base's main computer seem incredibly twee and dated by today's standards, such visual artifices were commonplace in many rival programmes and films of the day.

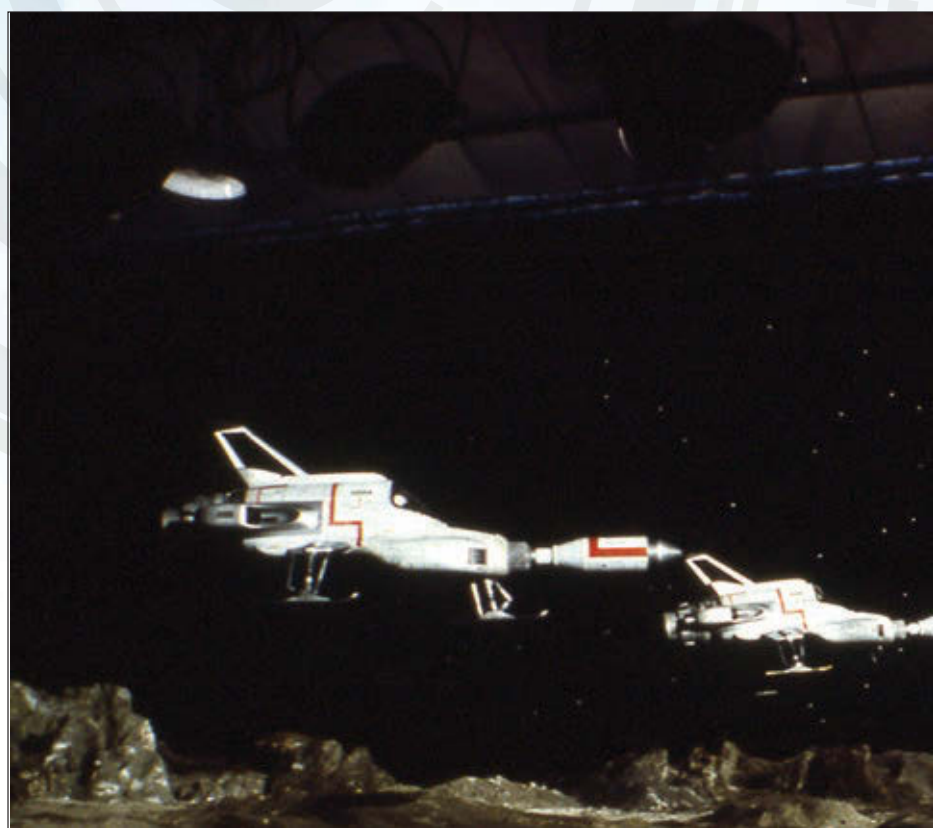
If any one thing can be identified as a weakness in *UFO*'s narrative structure, then it's the whole setup and operation of the moonbase, as presented in the series. The place is seemingly staffed by a trio of

attractive young women, all of whom are uniformed in identical figure-hugging silver catsuits (the arms and leggings of which can peel off easily for those off-duty tea breaks), calf-length spangly boots, and purple Toyah Wilcox-esque wigs for no readily explained reason, alongside another trio of Interceptor pilots who have much more practical, if boring, blue jumpsuits.

Moonbase is the Earth's frontline defence against the UFOs, and although it has banks of surface-to-air Ground Defence buggies to protect it, can only launch three

space-borne Interceptor craft, each armed with just a single rocket warhead with which to knock out alien vessels. Fortunately, for Earth, the aliens usually travel in packs of three UFOs, and the Interceptors very rarely miss their targets.

Running for 26 x 50-minute episodes, *UFO* never really gets boring or stale. Nearly each episode of the series deals with a new alien ploy or plot to circumnavigate, defeat or destroy SHADO. And while the aliens are tenacious in their approach, once a scheme is disrupted (no matter how fortuitous SHADO







are in overcoming the alien's plans), they never return to the same methodology a second time.

Such diversity means that the series has a number of top-notch episodes to enjoy. 'Timelash' sees Straker and Lake attacked at night by a UFO while they are returning by car to SHADO HQ. When they eventually arrive at the Harlington-Straker studio, it is now the middle of the day, and everyone they encounter is frozen to the spot, as if time has suddenly

stopped. In 'The Psychobombs' a UFO lands and is able to entrance and control three random nearby people, compelling them to become, in effect, human suicide bombers, deployed by the aliens to attack SHADO's defence infrastructure. 'Sub-Smash' follows a gripping undersea encounter between a UFO and Skydiver, which leaves the SHADO vessel crippled and taking on water, as the crew desperately tries to escape.

Not all of the series episodes were quite so action-based or straightforward. 'The Long Sleep' concerns a young woman recovering from a long drug-induced coma. While experimenting with LSD, her boyfriend dies while hallucinating from the drug's effects, and she witnesses a long-term alien plot to destroy London. Straker uses morally unorthodox means to probe her memories and learn enough about the alien's plans to defeat their scheme in this instance.

'Mindbender' sees the aliens somehow trigger dangerous hallucinations amongst SHADO's personnel, which causes one member of moonbase staff to believe his crewmates all become Mexican bandits.

Straker ends up imagining he's an actor in a series about UFOs, while his comrades sit around learning their lines, or walk off-set, and generally behave like actors in a TV series. The Harlington-Straker studios suddenly become the real studio home of this production, and Straker walks bemusedly around the real sets used for Skydiver and the moonbase, and watches rushes of previous episodes being projected in the studio viewing cinema, while the camera repeatedly breaks the fourth wall.

Like all shows, there are inevitably a few duff episodes thrown into the mix too. 'Ordeal' sees Paul Foster abducted by aliens, taken aboard a UFO, and forced into one of the alien's uniforms, oxygenated liquid and all. The UFO is damaged as it leaves Earth, and crashes on the moon. Foster survives the crash, and is captured by the moonbase crew, but he is still trapped in the spacesuit and breathing the alien's liquid. Just as things look increasingly desperate for him, Foster wakes up back on Earth, and it's revealed that the whole episode was just an elongated dream sequence.

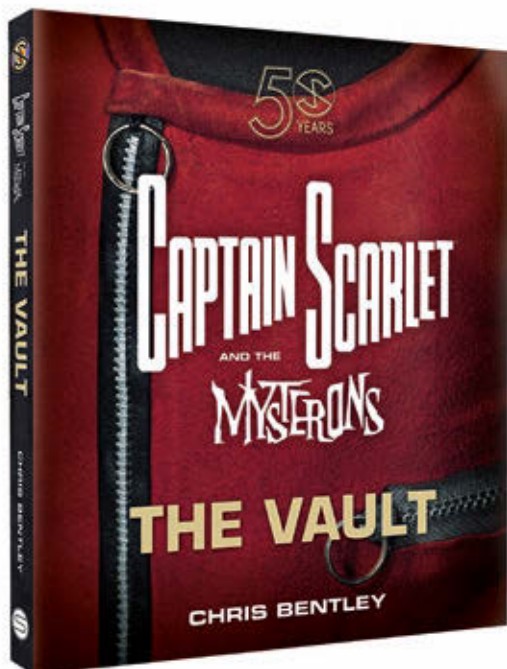
UFO is a series which has left an endearing memory on many of those fortunate enough to have seen it at the time. While the passing years have perhaps dimmed some of its innovative brilliance, at its heart lies a solidly strong, well thought-out concept. And as we live in the era where the re-boot is seemingly king, how long before the TV executives of tomorrow look back on this example of TV from the past, and are able to see enough of those strengths to re-imagine the series afresh. If UFO was approached with the same gritty realism as *Battlestar Galactica* was a few years ago, the results could be magnificent indeed, yet again.

Above: UFO comic strips appeared in the UK publication, Countdown, which later became TV Action





# A STUDY IN SCARLET



On the 50th anniversary of the first UK transmission of *Captain Scarlet and the Mysterons*, Robert Fairclough reviews the definitive new book on the series and talks to its author, Chris Bentley...



## 1967

was a vintage year for popular culture, and

television in particular. On ITV alone, the autumn schedule offered *Man in a Suitcase*, a breakthrough for ITC's filmed action shows as it looked at the seedier side of intelligence (albeit with a terrific theme tune); *The Prisoner*, Patrick McGoochan's genre-shattering, pop art fantasy, and more colour episodes of *The Avengers*, by now into its well-remembered, eccentric Emma Peel phase.

*Captain Scarlet and the Mysterons*, Gerry Anderson's latest puppet show, drew on the same zeitgeist that informed its ITV stablemates but was, significantly, aimed at children. It's roots in the secret agent craze of the 1960s can be seen in the film noir-style opening sequence, in which the top, indestructible agent for the international security organisation Spectrum shoots down an unknown assailant. Effectively it's the series' version of the 007 gun-barrel titles.

*Scarlet* was a far cry from the cheery, sometimes whimsical heroics of *Thunderbirds*, Anderson's previous show: The puppets were now realistically proportioned, there was very little humour and the stories were often downbeat – Scarlet and his colleagues wouldn't always win against their invisible Mysterion foe, capable of duplicating dead humans and Earth technology. By contrast, this moody paranoia was, as the title Spectrum suggested, wrapped up in a stylish, primary coloured production design that clearly anticipated the advent of colour television, together with some of the best television visual effects ever seen.

The fourth in a series of anniversary books that began with Marcus Hearn's *The Hammer Vault* in

2010, Chris Bentley has done *Captain Scarlet and the Mysterons* proud in its 50th year. The layout of the book is a step on from Hearn's *Thunderbirds: The Vault* (2015), with spreads on *Scarlet*'s 32 episodes – incorporating plot details and analysis, together with box-outs on Guest Characters and Guest Vehicles – alternated with features (of variable page length) on areas of production such as scripts, directors, design and voice artists, as well as the series' afterlife in repeats, video and DVD releases and the CGI *New Captain Scarlet*. Bentley's text is crisp, authoritatively written and painstakingly detailed, matching visual content that is equally exhaustive, from contemporary photographs of the restored puppets to obscure merchandise like 'Asteroid Talc'.

Although the prose style and structure of the book are necessarily straightforward as *The Vault* covers so much ground, what Bentley has done is create a fascinating window into a way of making and promoting television that was unique and ahead of its time.

Everything you see on screen in *Captain Scarlet* was realised three dimensionally – there was no CGI, it goes without saying – in incredible detail by a team of mostly 'young turk' directors, being given their first breaks in the film business. Bentley doesn't shy away from how fractious this intense process could sometimes be. For example, getting the puppets' sets to match the more futuristic design of the vehicles could be problematic, with designer Michael Trim recalling 'the air was often fairly blue on both sides of the divide.'

By the time *Scarlet* came along, Gerry Anderson's Century 21 merchandising company was responsible for spin-offs such as toys, games, comics, multiple books and records and, significantly, the *Scarlet* promotional campaign was geared to hit some 6,589 toy shops when the

series began transmission.

What's heartening about this is that companies who pitched for merchandise licences were only awarded them if they had a quality track record with Century 21. From the funky version of the theme by the pop group 'The Spectrum' that played over the end titles, through Dinky Toys' Spectrum vehicles to Kellogg's 'Sugar Smacks' cereal promotion, the quality of Anderson's artistic and commercial foresight is there to see.

That same quality is equally apparent in the beautifully designed and produced *Captain Scarlet and the Mysterons: The Vault*. Highly recommended.

**Captain Scarlet and the Mysterons: The Vault**

Chris Bentley

Published by Signum Books, 208 pages

## CHRIS BENTLEY INTERVIEW

**You are an expert on the worlds of Gerry Anderson, with previous books on *Thunderbirds*, *UFO*, a complete episode guide and a previous book on Spectrum's finest. What made you want to revisit *Captain Scarlet and the Mysterons*?**

I felt it was important that 50th anniversary should be properly acknowledged with some sort of official celebration book and, happily, the folk at ITV were thinking the same thing. To begin with, we were talking about a new edition of *The Complete Book of Captain Scarlet* from 2001, as we'd just done the new 2016 edition of *The Complete Book of UFO*, but I felt it would be more suitable to celebrate the series with an entirely new book that looked at the series in a very different way.



**Captain Scarlet and the Mysteron: The Vault** is staggeringly comprehensive, from production photographs and vintage merchandise, to composer Barry Gray's music session notebook, all the way through to some original Letraset Instant Lettering typeface sheets used during the making of the series. How much a challenge was it to pull all that material together and how long did it take? Presumably there was a network of collectors you could call on?

The only challenge really was how to pull it all together within such a narrow production window. If we were going to hit a publication date that corresponded with the actual date of the anniversary, we had just over four months to complete the writing, photography and design, which was really cutting it fine for a project like this. The only way to get it done in time was for me to concentrate on the writing while editor Marcus Hearn and designer Mike Jones gathered all the visual material, so it was very much a team effort.

I wouldn't go so far as to describe the collectors who kindly contributed to the book as a 'network'. I'm very fortunate to have a great bunch of mates with stunning collections of memorabilia and original studio puppets and they were all very willing to get involved and let us photograph their stuff. This is the kind of project that we've all talked about doing for a very long time, so I think it's been very satisfying for everyone to finally see it happen. But it really wouldn't have been possible to put the book together at all, let alone in the time we had available, without them on board.

**The book also looks beautiful – Mike Jones has done an incredible job. As a graphic designer yourself, how collaborative was your working relationship with him?**

Mike's work on *Captain Scarlet and the Mysteron: The Vault* is just stunning and the best part about it for me (and I dare say for him too) was that we barely collaborated at all. One of the most brilliant things about working with him is that he just gets what I'm trying to do. I was more than happy to step right back and just let Mike get on with it, and it was just a complete joy to see each new spread arrive in my in-box.

**What sections do you think work best and why?**

If there's one section that tickles me most, it would be the spread on the series' typography. The format of the book enabled us to look in quite a detailed way at certain elements of the series that really have never been considered in print before, and the typography was something I've been wanting to write about for very long time. I fully expected that there would probably only be myself and Mike who'd find those pages interesting, but so far it's been the section that's generated the biggest response.

**What, personally, did you learn from doing the book?**

When we first started talking about the possibility of doing the book, the biggest question mark hanging over it was whether I'd be able to find anything new to say about

Right: A new puppetry jiff of the series shows Colonel White

Rebecca White applied for a job as a wardrobe assistant. "Mary Turner wrote back to me enclosing a puppet and asking me to make a shirt and trousers for it, which I did," she says, recalling Century 21's puppetry co-ordinator. "I went up to Slough for an interview and Mary told me that a vacancy for a floor puppeteer had arisen if I would prefer that. I said, 'Yes, please, I would.' So in January 1967 I started work on the first episode of *Captain Scarlet* as a floor puppeteer.

"To start with, I found it all very strange. I don't know what I'd been expecting – something smaller and more homely, I think, not this vast studio like an aircraft hangar, with a concrete floor, no windows, just skylights, and big double doors at the end which looked out onto a playing field and for the daylight in when they did back. There was this great high bridge, a control booth where the lip-synch operator and director sat looking at the monitor, lights everywhere, cables all over the place



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and various young men painting the roller backgrounds and dressing the set. In one corner, by the sliding door into the workshop, was what was known as the puppet corner – this was the puppeteer's domain. There was a large set of drawers containing everything from a needle to a hammer, some chains, and the puppets hanging from a button on the wall on strings about 12 feet long.

"Everyone was very friendly and I soon became part of the family. I had terrible problems at first with the puffing of the strings with powder paint to

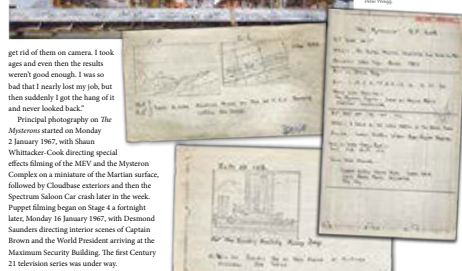


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get rid of them on camera. I took ages and even then the results weren't good enough. I was so bad that I nearly lost my job, but then suddenly I got the hang of it and never looked back."

Principal photography on *The Mysteron* started on Monday 2 January 1967, with Shaun Whitaker-Cook directing special effects filming of the MVV and the Mysteron Complex on a miniature of the Martins surface, followed by Cloudhouse exterior and then the Spectrum Saloon Car crash later in the week. Puppet filming began on Stage 4 a fortnight later, Monday 16 January 1967, with Desmond Saunders directing interior scenes of Captain Brown and the World President arriving at the Maximum Security Building. The first Century 21 television series was under way.



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**EPISODE 10**

**SPECTRUM STRIKES BACK**

Teleplay by Tony Barwick Directed by Ken Turner

**GUEST VOICE CAST**  
World President Paul Maxwell  
Space General Peterson Charles Tinsell  
Captain Indigo Gary Piles  
Dr Gadello Jeremy Wilton  
1st worder (Post 14) Gary Piles  
2nd worder (Post 28) Martin King

Lighting Cameraman Julian Lupton  
Editor Bob Deaberg  
Production code SCA 9  
Original broadcast  
24 November 1967 (ATV Midlands)

**"We know of your pathetic attempts to discover our secrets. But you will never succeed. You will never solve the mystery of the Mysterons."**



**SPECTRUM STRIKES BACK**

**Scarlet and Blue join Colonel White and the World President for a meeting in a secret underground conference room beneath a hunting lodge. There, scientist Dr Gadello demonstrates the latest devices developed for use against the Mysterons. But in the lodge above them, a plot unfolds to sabotage the meeting and assassinate the delegates...**

Following up on the discoveries revealed during the events of *Operation Time*, the Spectrum Intelligence Agency has demonstrated a pair of devices that are expected to become a genuine asset to Spectrum in the war of nerves with the Mysterons. The Mysterons produce a beam of electrons that are concentrated by prisms and projected at the speed of light along a reflector barrel to a maximum distance of about 50 yards. The Mysterons' Director is effectively a hand-held X-ray camera which instantly develops an X-ray photo print of a subject at the touch of a button.

SJA scientist Dr Gadello states that the one thing that will kill a Mysteron agent is high-voltage electricity, repeating Colonel White's assessment from *Operation Time* that this is the Mysterons' Achilles' heel. Yet Mysterons agents were apparently shot and killed with standard-issue Spectrum guns in two early episodes (*Wings of Annihilus* and *Monolith*) and another has been dispatched in the same way since the events of *Operation Time* – Ensign Sagan in *White Is Snow*.

The discrepancy seems to be addressed here when Captain Indigo is shot by the warden and appears to be dead, but then revives and attempts to shoot Scarlet. Only a quick flash of the Mysterons' Gun finally finishes him off. So perhaps it can be assumed that none of those other Mysterons agents were actually dead – their voices last one them and their bodies have subsequently died Spectrum. Alternatively, the Mysterons may have simply discarded those agents when they

failed their assigned tasks, disabling their ability to revive, but that wouldn't explain why Spectrum is so certain that Mysteron agents can only be killed by high-voltage electricity.

Dr Gadello also states that Captain Scarlet has "retained some Mysterion characteristics", one of which makes him impervious to X-rays. Sure enough, while Mysterion Detector photos of Colonel White and the World President display X-ray images of their skulls, a photo of Scarlet shows a regular portrait. Oddly, though, Scarlet is fully dressed in the photo. The Mysterion Detector photo of Captain Indigo shows him fully dressed too, but he has only just been reconstructed along with his clothes. Scarlet is wearing a smart safari suit which has no Mysterion properties, so he should appear naked in the X-ray photo.

Captain Indigo is portrayed by Puppet 18 who was previously seen as Macy in *Big Red Strike Again* and the murdered Base Command rocket controller in *Renegade Rocket*. He reappears later in the series as reporter Merwin Broad in *The Launching*, unlike the Mysterion Gun, which is never seen again.

**ANGEL INTERCEPTOR**  
A single-seater strike vehicle developed by International Engineering from the World Army Air Force 'Viper'. At the Angel Interceptor is Spectrum's precast multi-role combat aircraft. Only feet long, with a wing span of 35 feet and weighing 40,100 lb, the plane can fly at a top speed of 3,000 mph and complete any mission without refuelling. A main cannon mounted on the nose just in front of the cockpit fires a variety of computer-selected ammunition, but the craft is also equipped with a battery of air-to-air-to-surface missiles. Three Angel Interceptors are always positioned on the Cloudhouse aerial launch platform, ready for immediate take-off.

**GUEST CHARACTERS**  
WORLD PRESIDENT  
The chief executive of the United World Government chairs a meeting of the Spectrum Intelligence Agency and volunteers to be photographed by the Mysterion Detector.  
SPACE GENERAL PETERSON  
The World Space Patrol officer enjoys hunting and animals, but only with a camera fitted to an unmanned eye. He tests the Mysterion Detector by photographing Captain Indigo.  
DR GADELLO  
The Spectrum Intelligence Agency scientist has developed a Mysterion Detector and a Mysterion Gun, and explains how they work to the conference delegates.



**A CENTURY 21 PRODUCTION**

**CAPTAIN SCARLET**

**and the MYSTERONS**

**is UNDESTRUCTIBLE**

**VERSUS SPECTRUM**

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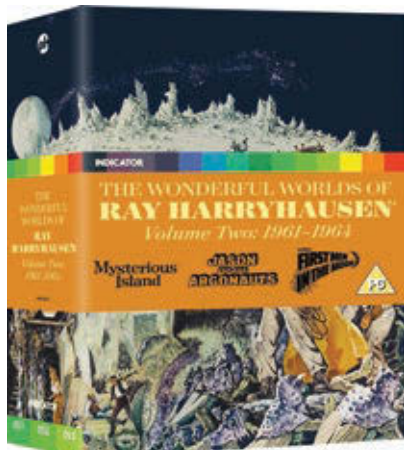
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# INFINITY REVIEWS



## THE PROJECTED MAN (1966)

Blu-ray. Out: January 30th.

Shout Factory. Cert: N/A.

★★★★

Teleportation is a sci-fi concept that has long fascinated me, right from those old *Star Trek* episodes of the 60s where Scotty was beaming people left right and centre without any apparent ill effects. I still wouldn't fancy going through it myself, mind, I mean who'd want to be vapourised and then re-assembled elsewhere? It may take longer but I'd still prefer to go by bus. And what about the pitfalls? Remember *The Fly*? Forget to put a Vapona strip in the teleport chamber and you could end up with the bonce of a bluebottle.

Things don't go smoothly in *The Projected Man*, either. In this cheesy but fun slice of 60s sci-fi, Dr. Paul Steiner (Bryant Haliday) and Dr. Christopher Mitchell (Ronald Allen)

### Review Ratings

- ★★★★★ = Excellent
- ★★★★ = Good
- ★★★ = Average
- ★★ = Below Average
- ★ = Abysmal

are hard at work on a projection device that can transmit any object up to a few miles away. The object is zapped by a big laser gun device which sucks up the transferable matter and then fires it off to its destination. But while the device works well with inanimate objects, the living creatures they use it on always seem to die. One guinea pig survives the test but when Steiner touches it it gives off an electric shock and expires, so it's back to the drawing board.

A woman's touch is obviously needed here and so Steiner calls upon pretty scientist 'Piggy' Hill (Mary Peach), whose nickname is sparked by her PG initials and not her looks. This allows for the usual quota of "I didn't know she was a woman" jokes, and 'Crikey, she can do more than just make the tea!" enlightenment.

'Piggy' also supplies a love interest for good-looking but bland Ronald Allen, best known for his long-running role in the soap opera *Crossroads*. Bryant Haliday's Steiner is not really love interest material - brooding and intense, with a pock-marked complexion not made for HD video, he was an unlikely star who later went into movie distribution instead. His finest hour

## Allan Bryce and Steve Green take a look at some of the latest sci-fi and fantasy movie and home video releases...

was as the star of Lindsay Shonteff's underrated *Devil Doll* (1964).

The slimiest character here is Steiner's boss, Dr. Blanchard, played in a slippery fashion by Norman Wooland. He has been up to naughties in his private life and is being blackmailed by the sinister Latham (Derrick De Marney), who wants to take credit for Steiner's discovery. Presumably he will then sell it to some foreign power and live off the royalties.

Now this is where it gets a little silly, because Blanchard goes all out to ensure that Steiner gives a presentation to kindly visiting Professor Lembach (Gerard Heinz), and then scuppers it by sabotaging the machine so it blows up. This then enables him to end the funding for the project and give Steiner his marching - or projecting - orders. The benefits of ruining what you want to take credit for are a bit lost on me.

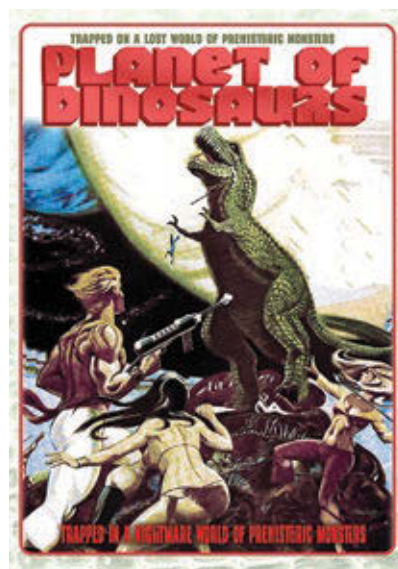
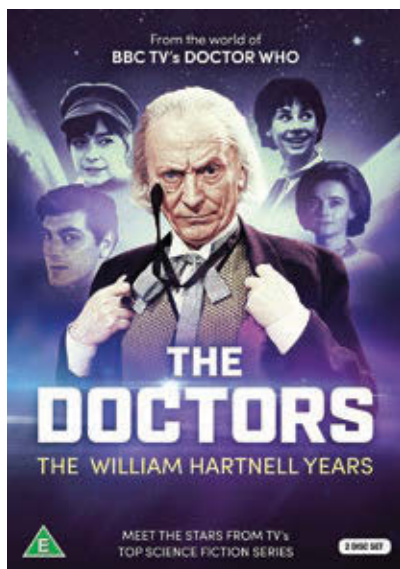
But Steiner discovers the device has been tampered with, and knowing that Lembach and Latham are having dinner at Blanchard's house just a few miles down the road he determines to give them a right old shock in between the brandy and cigars. With help from his pretty secretary, Sheila (Tracey Crisp),

he plans to project himself right into Blanchard's living room. But something goes wrong and Steiner is zapped over to a nearby construction site. He emerges as a hideously scarred monster who has the power to electrocute people simply by touching them. After polishing off a gang of would-be bank robbers he steals a pair of rubber gloves and a coat before setting off to gain revenge on Blanchard...

Released in the United States by Universal Studios on a double bill with *Island of Terror*, *The Projected Man* was produced in England by American producer Richard Gordon. It was the first film from UK filmmaker Ian Curteis, who fell behind on his filming schedule and was replaced by producer John Croydon (who finished the last few days of the movie but didn't take a credit for his work).

The most memorable thing about this movie is of course the half-face make-up utilised for the title terror. Similar to that seen in Bert I. Gordon's *War of the Colossal Beast*, it is one of the most striking shock images of 60s horror cinema. Sadly the monster doesn't live up to his fearsome fizzog though, and it's only really the bad guys that feel the force of his electric personality. The movie plays out





very much like the old Lon Chaney flick, *Man Made Monster* and denies viewers a satisfying fry-up between cops and monster, but then the budget probably wouldn't have run to it anyway.

American audiences saw a slightly censored version of the movie. In a morgue scene the local plod check out the corpse of a female criminal shocked to death by the Projected Man, and while US audiences just saw her face, European viewers got to look at her threepenny bits too. We just don't care in Europe. The scene has been restored for US viewers as an extra in this new Blu-ray release. While the movie has been out on DVD a few times in the UK this marks its Blu-ray premiere and features a very impressive new 2K scan of the film's interpositive in its original 2.35:1 Techniscope ratio. Although *The Projected Man* has too much talk and not enough action, it's still a fun film to watch if you are a fan of 60s sci-fi/horror, and Shout Factory are to be commended for getting it out there on HD at last, with some decent extras to boot.

**Extras:** Interesting interviews with director Ian Curteis, actress Mary Peach, art director Peter Mullins, sound editor Brian Blamey and composer Kenneth V. Jones. Also features original UK opening and deleted scenes (in standard definition). **AB.**

#### THE DÆMONS OF DEVIL'S END (1987) DVD.

**Out now. Koch Media. Cert: PG.**

★★★★

Despite only having appeared in one *Doctor Who* serial, the classic 1971 Jon Pertwee adventure 'The Daemons', rural wisewoman Olive Hawthorne – and actress Damaris Hayman – managed to embed themselves into the show's legend and leave fans eager for a return encounter.

So much so, in fact, that Pertwee was lured back to the misleadingly quiet rural surroundings of Devil's End (in reality, Aldbourne) for a 1992 reunion with director Christopher Barry and the 'UNIT trio', Nicholas Courtney (Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart), John Levene (Sgt Benton) and Richard Franklin (Capt Yates), plus future 'voice of the Daleks' Nicholas Briggs. Sadly, no Damaris (nor Katy Manning, whose character Jo Grant had shown some real grit in that storyline), but it still produced a memorable documentary and is welcome in this new three-disc set.

In the autumn of 2012, a full 41 years after her original appearance, Ms Hayman finally returned to the role, for a series of six *Jackanory*-style monologues co-directed by Keith and Anastasia Barnfather, using scripts from a half-dozen British

fantasy writers (Suzanne Barbieri, Debbie Bennett, Raven Dane, Jan Edwards, David J Howe, Sam Stone). Despite additional filming the following summer, the format didn't quite gel, so additional footage featuring scenes from the Hawthorne narrative was inlaid over the existing material.

I'll be frank: it doesn't work, and reminds me of the British comics I used to read in the mid-1960s, where illustrative panels were accompanied by chunks of explanatory text, completely undermining any dynamic storytelling in the artwork.

If we're already being told (in detail) how a particular supernatural character acted in a specific situation, it makes little sense to run that alongside an am-dram reconstruction of the event, especially when the special effects budget is clearly stretched to breaking point. That said, nice to see Olive again.

**Extras:** "making of"; interviews with the writers and singer-songwriter Linzi Gold; 2010 interview with Damaris Hayman and *Daemons* co-star David Simeon; 1992 documentary *Return to Devil's End*, plus home movie footage of the reunion; profile of the Morris dancing troupe who appeared in the serial; home movie footage of events held in Aldbourne in 1996 and 2011 (the former features Jon Pertwee weeks before his death); tribute to Pertwee by the late Nicholas Courtney, recorded for the 1997 VHS release of *Return*. **SG**

#### THE DOCTORS: THE WILLIAM HARTNELL YEARS (2017) DVD. Out now. Koch Media. Cert: E.

★★★★

With the very first incarnation of television's most enduring science fiction hero having made a return visit in 2017's *Doctor Who* yuletide yarn, what better time to issue the fourth in this ongoing series of timelord profiles, culled from Reeltime's extensive interview archive?

Sadly, William Hartnell left us long before Keith Barnfather and Nicholas Briggs began tracking down the show's key personnel and preserving their memories of its golden years onto VHS tape, but this latest two-disc set opens with a touching 1999 tribute to 'Billy' featuring his posthumous biographer, grand-daughter Jessica Carney. The other five segments focus upon Carole Ann Ford, who played his TV grand-daughter 'Susan' (augmenting a 1985 interview with material recorded in 1996); Jacqueline Hill ('Barbara', who died in 1993, but is seen here taking part in a 1985 convention panel – her only such appearance –

alongside heartfelt recollections from her husband, producer Alvin Rakoff, added in 1996); William Russell ('Ian', last of the original four, filmed in 1996); Peter Purves ('Steven', 1995); Jackie Lane ('Dodo', 1992).

This particular selection is thankfully free of the am-dram noodling which blighted a few of the previous exhibits in this series, although Ms Lane's is let down by inconsistent sound and an ill-fated experiment with computerised special effects which Barnfather himself now admits was an own goal. However, there's plenty to enjoy here as you wait to see how David Bradley acquits himself in the role (by the way, what's with that ginger wig?). **SG**

#### PLANET OF DINOSAURS (1976) DVD.

**Out Feb 27th. Cheezy Movies. Cert: N/A.**

★★★

This ambitious low-budget sci-fi epic didn't even manage to get a cinema release back in the day, but it has since achieved a cult status of sorts, mainly for its effective stop-motion animation by Douglas Beswick and fine matte work by Jim Danforth.

After a mechanical failure aboard the spaceship *Odyssey*, Captain Lee Norsythe (Louie Lawless) is forced to crash land on a nearby planet that is just like Earth in its atmosphere and conditions. After ditching in a lake one of the crew members is killed by a sea monster and the radio is lost, so they have to concentrate on honing their survival skills.

They soon come to realise that the planet they have landed on is a mirror image of Earth but millions of years younger, and with dinosaurs everywhere their best bet for survival is to climb some nearby mountains. But boy are these characters inept. Not content with losing the radio they also accidentally drop their ray gun weapons and most of their food supply. One of the VIPs on the crew tries to steal a dino egg from a cave and is attacked and killed by a Centrosaurus. Then, having found what they think is a safe area, the crew have to battle a deadly Tyrannosaurus. If they can find a way to kill it then their stay on this Planet of the Dinosaurs will be a far more comfy one.

The film won the 1980 Saturn Award, presented by the Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy & Horror Films, in the "Best Film Produced for Under \$1,000,000" category, taking specific note of its stop motion effects. That didn't help it get a cinema release here or in America though, because by that time it was already hopelessly dated, a cheesy affair with 70s astronauts sporting bushy





**sci-fi**  
THE MAGAZINE BEYOND YOUR IMAGINATION

*Wallbank*



**A FASCINATING ADVENTURE  
INTO THE UNKNOWN!**

**THE INCREDIBLE**  
**SHRINKING**  
**MAN**



starring **GRANT WILLIAMS • RANDY**

Directed by **JACK ARNOLD** • Screenplay by **RICHARD MATHESON**





# INFINITY

THE MAGAZINE BEYOND YOUR IMAGINATION



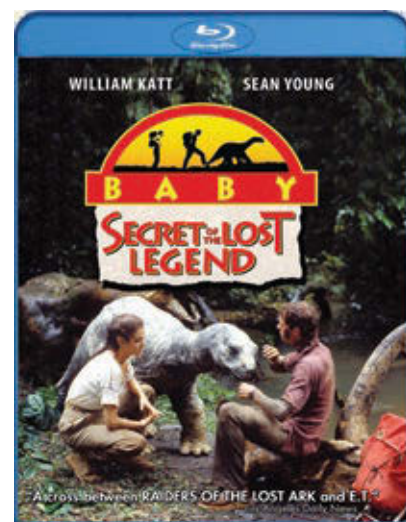
**STUART** with APRIL KENT • PAUL LANGTON • RAYMOND BAILEY  
• Produced by ALBERT ZUGSMITH • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

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hair and moustaches, in bell-bottom pants and turtleneck sweaters! The spaceship interior could have been knocked up overnight in anyone's garage, and the dialogue is a hoot.

"Why don't we just go somewhere, and ask somebody for some help?" asks one character.

"This isn't Nebraska," replies his mate. "There isn't any service station down the road. There isn't any phone. If there were, the long-distance rates would be something else." Insert your own laughter track. **AB.**

#### **INVASION OF THE STAR CREATURES (1962)/ INVASION OF THE BEE GIRLS (1973) DVD.**

**Out Now. Midnite Movies. Cert: N/A.**

★★

If you thought Martin and Lewis were rubbish, wait until you see the embarrassing antics of Robert Ball and Frankie Ray, the poverty row comedy duo who topline *Invasion of the Star Creatures*, a very bad sci-fi "comedy." Ball and Ray are inept soldiers who wander away from the ranks and stumble across some scarecrow-like vege-aliens and follow them into a cave. There they discover two statuesque babes who control the creatures, and give them the kind of chat-up lines that cause you to grind your teeth together.

The credits of the film say: "R.I. Diculous Presents an Impossible Picture," followed by a jokey narration that reveals: "This is a true story. Only the facts have been completely distorted." With no money to spend on special effects or a decent script, this is a sorry affair indeed, and one has to note that *Plan Nine From Outer Space* does not deserve the honour of the worst film ever made when there are turkeys like this out there.

It's double-billed here with *Invasion Of The Bee Girls* (1973), a bizarre and perverse sci-fi comedy about a race of femme fatales. The neglected wives of a group of boring scientists are turned into "bee girls" by radiation and set out to seduce men and kill them during love-making.

There are loads of sexy scenes involving classy-looking women like Victoria Vetri (of Hammer's *Creatures the World Forgot*) getting naked, being smeared with honey and covered with bees. B-movie legend William Smith plays the FBI agent who forces the bee girls to buzz off. This low budget sexploitation epic marked the screenwriting debut of Nicholas Meyer, who was later to go on to achieve mainstream respectability through his involvement with the *Star Trek* series and *Time After Time*. **AB.**

#### **THE EARTH DIES SCREAMING (1964) Blu-ray.**

**Out Now. Signal One.**

**Cert: 12.**

★★★★

Terence Fisher was most famous for his stylish Hammer horror epics, but he did turn in some interesting little sci-fi movies, starting with *Spaceways* and *Four Sided Triangle* (both 1953). In the 1960s he made a trio of cosy sci-fi/horror titles including *Island of Terror* (1965), *Night of the Big Heat* (1967) and this one, my favourite of the bunch because it was made literally five miles down the road from where I was living at the time.

I'm talking about the tiny, picturesque Surrey village of Shere, still a lovely place to visit when the sun is out and a country pub lunch beckons. The country pub is of course a key location for any British sci-fi movie, and like the earlier *Devil Girl From Mars* (1954), and indeed the later *Night of the Big Heat*, the cosy setting is perfect to gather together a disparate bunch of characters over a pie and a pint to face an end-of-the-world crisis.

Clocking in at not much over an hour, this fast-moving little programmer plays like an undiscovered *Quatermass* movie and opens with a *Village of the Damned*-type stock footage montage of train, car and plane crashes, and scenes of ordinary people dropping dead in the streets.

Cut to 50-something US test pilot Willard Parker driving down deserted roads in rural Surrey, pitching up in Shere and meeting other survivors who have taken over the local boozer. The small group soon discover that England has been wiped out by deadly Cyberman-type robots who can kill just by touching people. They also have the power to turn their victims into blank-eyed zombies, which provides the film with some of its most chilling moments.

The movie starts well and is consistently interesting with its bleak views of a desolate world, captured in icily effective scope camerawork by Arthur Lewis. In the end the low budget does it in, but it's still very good of its kind. It has been given a great HD upgrade here, but it's a shame there are no extras on the disc. **AB**

#### **AT THE EARTH'S CORE (1976) Blu-ray.**

**Out Now. Kino Lorber. Cert: PG.**

★★★★★

The law of diminishing returns was beginning to effect the Amicus Edgar Rice Burroughs series by the time the British studio got round to this third installment (which was actually produced under

the auspices of EMI). The poster looked impressive, but it didn't bear much resemblance to the film itself, which is a daffy, low-budget affair.

Peter Cushing repeats his Dr Who act as a bumbling Victorian professor who accidentally drills down to the centre of the Earth in his huge iron mole machine. Along for the ride is pudgy Doug McClure, who smokes cigars and complains a lot, and the intrepid pair discover the lost land of Pellucidar, a place inhabited by lots of silly-looking monsters who fly about on plainly visible wires. With effects as bad as this, it's hard to believe it was made just a year before *Star Wars*, but it has to be said that this is still an awful lot of fun to watch. It has Caroline Munro in it for a start, and she has never looked more gorgeous. That Victorian drilling machine is great, and let us also celebrate the work of the late, great Keith Barron, who told us he had lots of fun making this one. Rainy Sunday afternoons are made for films like this, and the day we forget how to enjoy them will be a sad day indeed. **AB**

#### **BABY, SECRET OF THE LOST LEGEND (1985)**

**Blu-ray. Out Now. Kino Lorber. Cert: PG.**

★★★★

Being a huge Jerry Goldsmith fan I was looking forward to the original release of this Disney epic because of his score, which was great as expected. The film itself wasn't so great, though, I found it to be predictable and obvious throughout, and shot through with the kind of casual third-world racism that was the norm back then.

*Blade Runner*'s Sean Young plays an attractive young paleontologist and William Katt is her sportswriter hubby. They discover a baby brontosaurus in the African jungle and try to rescue it from evil scientist Patrick (*Danger Man*) McGoonan's clutches. Quite a few black folk get killed in the process.

The creature effects (mechanical suits) are a bit shoddy, accentuating the cute, *ET*-like qualities of the dinosaurs, and Baby itself just looks dead-eyed, sorry. The makers misjudge their target audience by including an overly graphic scene of a female dinosaur mourning her machine-gunned mate. It also has topless African women in it, what on earth can Disney have been thinking, eh?

The movie looks splendid in this HD restoration, though the increased clarity does tend to show up the artifice behind the dinosaurs.

**Extras:** Interviews with William Katt and director Bill Norton, plus original theatrical trailer. **AB.**



## STAR WARS - THE LAST JEDI (12A)

★★★★★ Disney/Lucasfilm

'This is not going to go the way you think,' says Mark Hamill's grizzled Luke Skywalker in the trailer for *The Last Jedi*. It's a sentiment to keep in mind when viewing this sequel to *The Force Awakens* (2015).

Just about all the much-debated loose ends from J. J. Abrams' opening instalment are dealt with here, some superficially, other with more consequence. Like many middle instalments, *The Last Jedi* is thoroughly enjoyable in the moment, but ultimately ends up unsatisfying.

The much-debated moment as Rey hands Luke his lost lightsaber is (literally) thrown away. Later, a character that seemed set to be the main antagonist of this trilogy (whose identity has been much debated) is removed in a perfunctory manner. There are some odd choices in the storytelling that seem designed to bait fans, yet, elsewhere the film is frustratingly conventional.

These films do need to start moving beyond simply sampling and remixing elements we've seen before. This one plays 'spot the reference' games with *The Empire Strikes Back* cleverly enough, but Lucasfilm need to take *Star Wars* somewhere genuinely new, perhaps with Rian Johnson's all new trilogy? It is much needed with four films (*The Force Awakens*, *Rogue One*, *The Last Jedi*, and next May's *Solo*) all very closely tied to the original trilogy.

The insistent pursuit of the diminishing Resistance forces by the might of the First Order gives the film a driving energy—it is exciting to see the rebels on the back foot. This builds the First Order as a genuine threat, despite some of the humour making Domhnall Gleason's General Hux look an idiot. This is all cross cut with Rey's training with a reluctant Luke, and her eventual flight, tempted by the opportunity to redeem an apparently vulnerable Kylo Ren (Adam Driver). Their meeting is both explosive and has fatal consequences for one of the new trilogy's major characters.

There can be no denying that, for all this drama and spectacle, *The Last Jedi* is simply too long. There are too many characters, and not all of them have an impact even when given significant things to do—Laura Dern's Vice-Admiral gets a moment of self-sacrifice, but we know so little about her, it is hard to care.

Of the new characters, *The Last Jedi* needs only either Poe Dameron (Oscar Isaac) or former Stormtrooper Finn (John Boyega), but not both. While Isaac gets decent character development, Boyega is stranded in an entirely unnecessary sub-plot with new romantic interest Kelly Marie Tran's Rose. The entire Canto Bight space casino section is completely superfluous and the film would have been sleeker without it.

Having been denied the Han-Luke-Leia combination in *The Force Awakens*, at least *The Last Jedi* pays off the Luke-Leia storyline. In retrospect, it seems odd that Leia spends a good proportion of the film removed from the drama. When it comes, the all-too-brief Luke and Leia meeting is loaded with emotion (especially for those who've been with this saga since the beginning), but it is over all too quickly.

The final pay off to the Luke Skywalker story (if, indeed, that's what *The Last Jedi* proves to be) works well enough. He's given the big, dramatic confrontation, but the aftermath is another moment of heavy emotion, equivalent to the demise of Han Solo.

Enjoyable and engaging, *The Last Jedi* is nonetheless too long, with too much superfluous material, a cavalier approach to some major characters, and—being the middle of a story—a lack of conclusion. There's a great film inside this merely adequate follow-up to *The Force Awakens*. Help us, *Episode IX*, you are our only hope... for a satisfying conclusion to a variable *Star Wars* trilogy.

Review by Brian J. Robb



# TYING U

Mark Hamill as Luke Skywalker  
- his meeting with Leia (right) is over too quickly





IN CINEMAS NOW

# UP LOOSE ENDS







# SANTA CLAUS CONQUERS THE MARTIANS

Christmas may be the season of good will to all men, but the makers of this particular oven-ready turkey were just taking the mickey, as Allan Bryce reports...

**F**ilmed in an old aircraft hanger, *Santa Claus Conquers the Martians* is the kind of movie that Ed Wood might have made at the start of his career, before he learned which end of the camera to look down.

The film opens on Mars, where the poor Martian kids are really down in the dumps because nobody showers them with unnecessary gifts once a year. They sit around in a zombie-like state watching TV shows from Earth about good old Father Christmas and wishing they could get an old geezer with white hair climbing down their chimney too – though obviously not one who is clad in a shell suit and muttering, “Now then, now then...”

The rulers of the Red Planet call an emergency meeting and consult an 800-year-old wise man who lives in a cave with no chimney. He comes up with the genius idea of kidnapping Santa Claus from Earth and installing him on Mars, rather than just finding their own fat little man in a red suit and paying him minimum wage.

A raiding party of Martians set out, employing a cunning plastic “radar screen,” available from Poundland to fox our planetary defences. Kidnapping two annoying American kids, they threaten them with roles in the sequel unless they take them to Santa’s home at the North Pole, a Winter Wonderland which looks a bit like a typical department store Christmas grotto.

It soon becomes apparent that Kris Kringle himself – as played by rotund John Call – would never have passed the sobriety test to work in such a place. He’s definitely Christmas pie-eyed and his ‘Ho! Ho! Ho!’ sounds much to lewd for our liking. Did the filmmakers do a CRB check on this guy?

After turning their freeze rays on Mrs Klaus and a few stray elves, the green-skinned meanies head off to Mars with Bad Santa and the irritating Earth kids. But their lives are in danger from the main baddie of the piece, a character called Vulgar (Vincent Beck) with a Frank Zappa moustache and the screen presence of a lump of balsa wood. He tries to bump Santa off but is foiled at every turn by good Martian kid Droppo (Bill McCutcheon), who must be sweating his cobs off under that ridiculous rubber mask.

When the cardboard spaceship lands, the Martian kids immediately burst into peals of laughter. Well, it is a rubbish bit of special effects, that’s for sure. Santa is given a workshop and starts making crystal meth... sorry, wrong show, cheap consumer goods for the children.

Vulgar is not happy and kidnaps Santa to finally settle his hash, but in an amazing plot twist we discover he’s really kidnapped young Droppo, who has dressed as Santa for a bet. The Martian kids attack Vulgar with ping pong balls and toy tanks, and tears stream down his face, either from being repeatedly hit in the goolies or suddenly realising he’s never going to get that Oscar now.

The Martians realise that Droppo makes a convincing Santa, and one who doesn’t need vodka on his cornflakes every day, so they fly the original back to Earth just in time for Christmas as the end titles come up to the inspirational song, Hooray For Santy Claus.

All together now:

***“You spell it S-a-n-t-a C-l-a-u-s  
Hooray for Santy Claus!  
Hooray for Santy Claus  
Yeah, yeah, for Santy Claus  
He’s fat and round, but jumping jiminy,  
He can climb down any chimney,  
Why do we hear sleigh bells ring?  
Our hearts go ding-a-ling!”***

Yule never believe how bad this is, despite the fact that it has attained some sort of bizarre cult following, probably because it marks the acting debut of Pia Zadora, later a winner of a Golden Raspberry Worst Actress Award for the film *Butterfly*. Kids who are not yet old enough to cut up their own food might get some fun out of this but for older viewers it’s a bit like Christmas itself: it goes on far too long and you’re glad when it’s all over.





*Santa Claus Conquers The Martians* was Pia Zadora's film debut and also marked the first documented appearance of Mrs. Claus on screen! Most of the film was shot in an abandoned aircraft hangar on Long Island, New York...



# SANTA BRINGS CHRISTMAS FUN TO MARS!

Blast off for Mars...  
with Santa  
and a pair  
of Earth Kids!  
Science-Fun-Fiction  
at its height!

JOSEPH E. LEVINE presents

## SANTA CLAUS CONQUERS THE MARTIANS

IN SPACE-BLAZING COLOR

**SEE:** The Martians Kidnap Santa!  
Santa's North Pole Workshop!  
The Fantastic Martian Toy Factory!  
Earth Kids Meeting With Martian Kids!  
Space-ship Journey from Earth to Mars!  
Santa Turn Mars-Robot Into a Mechanical Toy!

**SAT.-SUN. MATINEE SPECIAL**

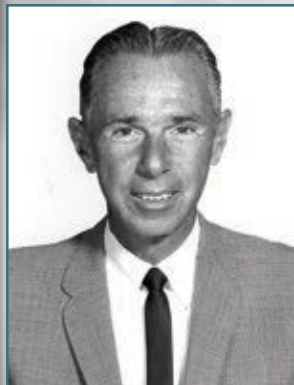
Hear: "HOORAY FOR SANTA CLAUS"  
On Four Corners Records

Written by GLENVILLE MARETH • Produced by PAUL L. INGBRSON • Directed by NICHOLAS WEBSTER • A Jalex Production • An Embassy Pictures Release

"After turning their freeze rays on Mrs. Klaus and a few stray elves, the green-skinned meanies head off to Mars with Bad Santa and the irritating Earth kids. But their lives are in danger from the main baddie of the piece, a character called Vulgar (Vincent Beck) with a Frank Zappa moustache and the screen presence of a lump of balsa wood!"



# JACK OF ALL TRADES



In the wake of Arrow's Blu-ray release of *The Incredible Shrinking Man*, we present an appreciation of Jack Arnold's sympathetic sci-fi outsiders by John Martin...







ack Arnold was one of those rare directorial guns-for-hire whose body of work stands up to serious scrutiny by proponents of the auteur theory. And there can be no doubt that he reigned supreme as one of the great names in 1950s science-fiction features, his films distinguished by moody black and white cinematography, often utilising desert settings, solid acting, snappy pacing and surprisingly intelligent scripts.

Jack Arnold Waks (he later dropped the surname) was born on 14.10.16 and legend has it that this event took place on a kitchen table in the New Haven, Connecticut home of his Russian immigrant family. Legends about Arnold's later life include the one that his Universal contract required him to make science fiction pictures, if not exactly against his will, then without any particular predilection on his part towards the genre. In fact, the young Arnold was a voracious consumer of pulp SF magazines, so it is unlikely he felt hard done by.

Before he was 20, Jack got bitten by the acting bug and enrolled in The American Academy Of Dramatic Arts, subsequently treading the boards as a vaudeville dancer and securing small roles in Broadway productions. As a sideline he filmed some performances and sold the results to cast members.

His stint in *My Sister Eileen* was interrupted by the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour and Arnold promptly signed up for air cadet training. During a temporary reassignment to the Signal Corps, he took an intensive course in cinematography and assisted legendary documentarian Robert Flaherty on miscellaneous military films.

On being demobbed, he formed a film production company with friend and former comrade-in-arms Lee Goodman under the banner Promotional Films Company, specialising in fund-raising efforts for nonprofit organisations.

Still yearning for the roar of the grease paint and the smell of the crowd, Arnold continued to appear on stage during this period, one notable gig landing him opposite Elaine Stritch and Bela Lugosi, no less, in a production of *Three Indelicate Ladies*.

Meanwhile, notable documentary credits included 1948's *The Chicken Of Tomorrow* (whose title anticipated the stirring soliloquy with which Grant Williams would close Arnold's greatest directorial achievement), a puff piece extolling scientific developments that were producing larger animals to feed all the upcoming baby-boomers... precisely the kind of scientific meddling with nature that would be less sympathetically viewed in Arnold's most famous subsequent credits.

His documentary efforts on behalf of Labour Unions (e.g. *Our Union*, 1949 and the following year's ILGWU's 50th Anniversary Golden Jubilee Convention) were courageous undertakings in an America that was starting to seek out Reds under every bed and 1950 also saw the release of *With These Hands*, his International Ladies Garment Workers Union-boosting, Oscar-nominated docudrama. Arnold's obvious and unashamed sympathies with the underdog, possibly influenced by his own status as the scion of an immigrant



family, would come to the fore in a thrilling Sci-fi context during the seven-year contract that he signed with Universal executives on the strength of this effort.

#### CLASSIC SCI-FI CREDITS

Having debuted for Universal with the juvie delinquent melodrama *Girls In The Night* (1953), Arnold began a run of classic sci-fi credits with the same year's *It Came From Outer Space*. In a stroke of good fortune, Universal gifted him as producer, Bill Alland, a protégé of Orson Welles who had participated in the notorious 1938 Mercury Theatre radio production of H G Wells' *War Of The Worlds*, which convinced a significant chunk of the American public that they were actually being invaded by Martians. As if these weren't credentials enough, to write the film Alland enlisted Ray Bradbury, then emerging as a giant of SF literature and somebody who could be relied upon to imagine alien visitations in a more optimistic light than in two 1951 efforts, Christian Nyby and Howard Hawks' *The Thing From Another World* or Robert Wise's more sophisticated *The Day The Earth Stood Still* (in which authoritarian aliens offered the human race peace... or else!) or William Cameron Menzies' *Invaders From Mars* (also 1953).

In *ICFOS* Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush witness what appears to be a meteorite crashing just outside their small desert community, only for various townsfolk to start acting mighty strangely. The alien pilots of what is of course a downed spaceship (their presence suggested for most of the film by eerie POV shots) are of course employing the humans' unwitting assistance to get their craft ready for the journey home, without any intention of hurting anybody and the viewer ends up rooting for the successful completion of their mission, commencing a tradition of sympathetic screen aliens that would reach its tragic apogee in Nic Roeg's *The Man Who Fell To Earth* (1976).



Whereas Don Siegel's *Invasion Of The Body Snatchers* (1956) has been interpreted as both pro and anti-McCarthyism, Arnold was in no doubt about which side of the fence *ICFOS* belonged on, stating: "This was the height of the McCarthy era, when we were scared of everything and you didn't have to be a Communist to be suspect. It may have been the worst period this country has ever gone through. That was the kind of thing I wanted to express, especially in those political times we were living in. We could do it and get away with it because it was fantasy. On the face of it they wouldn't relate it to the problems of the day... those who weren't keen enough intellectually and especially those who were running the studio".

The studio suits he cited imposed then-voguish 3-D on *It Came* (which Arnold handled with considerable aplomb), but also shots of a one-eyed xenomorphic jelly (especially ironic in a 3-D movie), which he, Alland and Bradbury were

**Above:**  
The alien Xenomorph in *It Came From Outer Space*, and opposite Kathleen Hughes reacts to it as we all would!

**Main image opposite:**  
Julie Adams is menaced by *The Creature From The Black Lagoon*







**This page:**  
Professional diver and swimmer Ricou Browning as the Gill Man and Julie Adams as Kay in *Creature From The Black Lagoon*

The scenes of the creature shown at top left and opposite top right are from a *Life* magazine photoshoot and feature Julia with Ben Chapman, who played the Gill Man in the land scenes



opposed to on the well rehearsed grounds that what you summon up in your imagination is infinitely scarier than anything that can be mocked up in a make up studio. They lost that argument (as did the great Jacques Tourneur, several times) but Arnold was in a strong enough position to resist studio demands to compromise his masterpiece, *The Incredible Shrinking Man*, four years later.

#### UNDERWATER THRILLS

Arnold wasn't Universal's bug-eyed monster movie specialist just yet, in fact his contract required him to churn stuff out rapidly in a variety of genres, but he had immediately become their go-to man for 3-D and in the same year as *It Came From Outer Space* he directed Hollywood legend Edward G. Robinson in a stereoscopic thriller entitled *The Glass Web*. More pertinently for our purposes, the following year he was at the helm for another 3-D effort, the classic *Creature From The Black Lagoon*.



If not exactly urging the Gill Man to “go on son, give her one for me!”, the viewer is clearly sympathetic to his erotic fascination, and all of this, of course, is in 3-D.

Alland's high concept for this one was to combine Amazonian native legend with a whiff of *The Lost World* and indeed, *King Kong*, with its strong, er, undercurrents of the “beauty and the beast” myth. This time out *ICFOS* co-writer Harry Essex (now in conjunction with Arthur Ross) came up with a story in which the invader actually was malign... though in this case the invaders were the humans, intruding on the remote home turf of the iconic Gill Man, who presumably wishes they'd never turned up in the first place (though it's apparent that he would make an exception for the lovely Julie Adams).

As an encapsulation of the gulf between Arnold's sophisticated vision and the more banal run of '50s paranoid sci-fi, consider the self-reflexive revulsion that Gene Fowler Jr's *I Married A Monster From Outer Space* (1958) clearly entertains about its own eponymous central premise and contrast it with *CFTBL*'s celebrated “underwater ballet”, in which Ricou Browning (on land the greatest monster suit of all time was occupied by Ben Chapman) turns his amorous amphibious attention to the glorious spectacle of Adams' aquatic antics (actually it's swimming champ stand-in Ginger Stanley).

If not exactly urging the Gill Man to “go on son, give her one for me!”, the viewer is clearly sympathetic to his erotic fascination, and all of this, of course, is in 3-D. Not just a classic of science-fiction, *Creature From The Black Lagoon*'s title character became the final addition (and the first since 1941) to Universal's “classic Horror character” pantheon, already occupied by the Frankenstein monster, Count Dracula, the Mummy and the Wolf Man.

Ambiguously dispatched at the climax of his first screen outing, the Gill Man was back in double-quick time for Arnold's *Revenge Of The Creature* (1955), but the law of diminishing returns was already kicking in with a vengeance. The first half unfolds as a virtual remake of its predecessor (enough, already, can't these explorers just leave the scaly sap alone?) but those *King Kong* parallels hijack the narrative about half way through as the title *Creature* is spirited away to an aquarium in Florida, there to be gawped at by fat tourists in Hawaiian shirts.

More interested in gawping at bathing beauty Lori Nelson (she's no Julie Adams





but as far as Gill is concerned, she'll do), he breaks free and carries her off. Unfortunately we see rather too much of him and the inept modifications which have been made to that classic costume (jeepers, creepers, where did he get those googly peepers?), and the general impression of cheapness is enhanced by the direct recycling of footage from the original feature at the climax of this one.

For the same penny-pinching reasons, although the 3-D gimmick is really milked in *ROTC'S* set ups, with a succession of objects poking into the audience and tumbling off the screen, the first wave of 3-D was falling out of favour with the executives and *Revenge* was, more often than not, screwed flat. John Agar's Professor Clete (!) Ferguson plays the hubristic scientist here... his assistant, an uncredited Clint (!) Eastwood, was destined for greater things...

As was Jack Arnold, who was lucky to sit out the trilogy's conclusion, *The Creature Walks Among Us* (directed instead by John Sherwood in 1956), in which the humanisation of the Creature is rather too literally handled. Instead he directed *Tarantula* (1955), one of the first off the block in response to the success of Gordon Douglas's *Them!* (1954) in which atomic tests had blown ants up to colossal size.

In this one mad scientist Leo G Carroll injects himself with some scientific wonder gunk and ends up looking like Rondo Hatton after a particularly heavy night. Not a jot discouraged, he next applies it to the title creature, which grows big enough to prey on cattle ("the tarantula of tomorrow?") then expands exponentially to blot out most of the film's desert landscape until napalmed by the U.S. airforce (with which, of course, Arnold had served in real life). Clint Eastwood, turns up (again uncredited) as one of the napalm-dispensing pilots and his ROTC boss John Agar returns as the nominal hero of the film, though that honour surely applies rightfully to the spider itself. Special camera effects were wrought by Clifford Stine, who had performed similar duties on *It Came From Outer Space*.

*Tarantula* is great, if perversely lightweight, monster movie fun, its greatest significance in Arnold's canon being as a dry run for

the climactic scenes in his upcoming first hour-and-a-half. In a typically demanding year under his Universal contract, Jack also anonymously headed up the second unit which rendered the destruction of the planet Metaluna at the climax of another '50s SF screen classic, Joseph M. Newman's *This Island Earth* in 1955.

#### ATOM AGE EXISTENTIAL ANGST

Two 1956 efforts, the crime drama *Outside The Law* and the Western *Red Sun* both starred up-and-coming actor Grant Williams (psychotic gunman "Chet Swann" in the latter), who would land the title role in Arnold's pinnacle SF achievement the following year. By then Arnold had been teamed with a new producer, Albert Zugsmith. Often decried as having no taste (but hey, he did produce Orson Welles' *A Touch Of Evil* in 1958), what Zugsmith did have was the rights to Richard Matheson's novel *The Shrinking Man*, so once again Arnold was well served in the writing department... even more so, given that Matheson had contractual dibs on writing any film adaptation of his book.

After some frank sexual stuff had duly been excised, Matheson's story evolved, in the hands of Arnold, beyond its story of male status anxiety in a changing world (reflecting the insecurity of its writer's own chosen profession... tell me about it!) into the defining screen myth of atom age existential angst.

Williams' Scott Carey is enjoying a boating holiday with his dutiful wife Louise (Randy Stuart) when she goes below deck to grab him a beer, just as the boat passes through a mysterious mist (of nuclear fall out, we are led to believe) that adheres to his skin. Later, as he tells his doctor (we have to take it on trust) he is accidentally sprayed with insecticide and the cumulative effect of these two unfortunate incidents is his ever accelerating decline in stature, convincingly rendered via oversized sets and props plus inspired split-screen work.

In a marvellously impactful scene, Louise reassures Scott that as long as he's got a wedding on his finger, she'll be there for him... only for said ring to slip off of his rapidly diminishing digit! As his condition relentlessly progresses and rubber-necking neighbours and news crews assemble on his lawn, he rants"



"So I became famous, I'm a big man!" at his long-suffering wife, who's struggling to do her best for him under impossible conditions. When she accidentally lets the family cat in before a shopping expedition, Carey finds himself besieged by it in the doll's house which





Top (left-to right): Jack Arnold directs Grant Williams in *The Incredible Shrinking Man*. Williams also battles a giant spider in this sci-fi classic.

Above (left-to-right): Joanna Moore meets the *Monster on the Campus* and *The Space Children* study an alien brain

he's been reduced to occupying. Extricating himself from that particular peril, he falls into the cellar which is by now an intimidating alien terrain where leaky boilers generate tsunamis and scraps of food must be contested with common house animals.

After his climactic victory over a spider that's now about three times as big as he is, our diminutive Everyman makes it through a grate into the jungle that was formerly his garden and as he fuses with the cosmos, delivers a marvellously moving soliloquy that leaves Rutger Hauer's celebrated *Blade Runner* "tears in rain" testament in the dust, staring up at the stars. Is Scott "the Man of tomorrow"?

Whatever, he still exists and "in God's eyes, there is no zero". Stunning stuff.


After cranking out a further run of contract fillers (*The Tattered Dress*, *High School Confidential*, *The Lady Takes A Flier*) and directing (and crossing swords with) Orson Welles in *Man In The Shadow* (1957), Arnold entered a two-film postscript to his science fiction resumé in 1958.

*Monster On The Campus* was a vogueish stab at the kind of low-budget collegiate horrors with which AIP were cleaning up at the drive-ins (e.g. Herbert L. Strock's *I Was A Teenage Frankenstein* and Gene Fowler's *I Was A Teenage Werewolf*, both 1957), although here it's Arthur Franz's Professor Donald Blake rather than some depressed pimply student who reverts to a stone age throwback, after unwisely necking a chemical concoction of his own devising. Arnold directs with commendable conscientiousness, though he could arguably have been excused for not bothering. *The Space Children*, which he made while moonlighting for Paramount Pictures, is a different kettle of fish altogether, a charming little picture for kids of all ages in which yet another benevolent (and in this case brain-like) alien collaborates with the offspring of Earth scientists to thwart the latter's nefarious nuclear tests.

Despite the ultra-low budget he had to work with, Arnold was so proud of smuggling its anti-militarist message past the Paramount

suits that he subsequently declared *The Space Children* to be his own favourite from among all of his films. Frankly, it's no *Incredible Shrinking Man* but it does distill the argument of all his best work into one pithy question ("Is there no man on Earth with the wisdom and the innocence of a child?") and as such, is well worth catching.

Arnold continued to direct features up until 1976, including *The Mouse That Roared* (showcasing a classic Peter Sellers multi-role performance in 1959), the 1975 Fred Williamson vehicle *Boss Nigger* (there's a title you couldn't get away with these days) and his final big screen effort *The Swiss Conspiracy*, an espionage thriller featuring the most "respectable" acting credit ever attained by David Hess.

The director, who died in 1992, remained busy in television work until 1984, contributing to such TV standbys as *Wagon Train*, *Peter Gunn*, *Dr. Kildare*, *Rawhide*, *Perry Mason*, *Gilligan's Island*, *The Virginian*, *Nanny and The Professor*, *Alias Smith And Jones*, *McCloud*, *The Brady Bunch*, *Ellery Queen*, *Wonder Woman*, *The Bionic Woman*, *The Hardy Boys / Nancy Drew Mysteries*, *Buck Rogers In The 25th Century*, *The Fall Guy* and *The Love Boat*. He was also a natural choice to direct two 1959 episodes of the series *World Of Giants* in which Marshall Thompson played Mel Hunter, a six-inch high private eye... remind you of anybody? 



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In 1967, the TV series *Man in a Suitcase* explored a more cynical take on the spy/detective genre. The series starred Richard Bradford, a Texas-born actor who brought a laconic, gritty style to ITC's anti-hero, as Robert Fairclough recalls...

Tall, athletic and powerfully built, Richard Bradford had initially hoped to pursue a career in either American football or baseball. Because of an injury and lack of practice time, he switched to his long-cherished dream of acting

**T**he UK's Independent Television Company Limited, the international arm of ITV's Associated Television Network, anticipated the rise of the James Bond films by two years with the TV film series *Danger Man* (1960-62). It was the first of ITC's series to feature a globetrotting hero, in this case an American NATO agent who frequented glamorous locales such as the French Riviera, and not so glamorous locations like the Communist territory behind the fabled 'Iron Curtain' (all of which were filmed in the British Isles). By 1966, ITC, chaired by the charismatic entrepreneur Lew Grade, had a successful formula on their hands. The stylised title sequences, memorable theme tunes, appealing mixture of (mostly fist-to-fist) stunts and glamorous female guest stars of the ITC shows *The Saint* (1962-69), *Man of the World* (1962-63), *The Sentimental Agent* (1963) and *The Baron* (1966-67), were the small screen heirs of the cinematic action-style popularised by the Bond films.

In 1964 *Danger Man* was revived, with John Drake (played as before by the mercurial Irish-American actor Patrick McGeehan) recast as a British spy: thanks to Bond, international taste now favoured well spoken English heroes. Overseen by the experienced film producers Aida Young (1920-2007) and then Sidney Cole (1908-1998), the series stood apart from the rest of the ITC stable as the stories were more cerebral and would sometimes end on a downbeat note. Drake was no playboy either, a professional agent who deliberately isolated himself from romantic liaisons. The series ran for three successful years, its international sales earning ITC the Queen's Award for Industry in 1966.

McGeehan's decision to leave *Danger Man* in the same year coincided with the rise of a new wave of espionage fiction. Authors John Le Carré and Len Deighton (writing since 1961 and 1962 respectively) defined a fascinating alternative to the patriotic fantasies of 007: a realistic, complex world of double agents, deceit and double crosses where, significantly, allied operatives were sometimes manipulated and exploited by their controllers. The success of film adaptations of Deighton's *The IPCRESS File* and Le Carré's *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* at the 1965-66 box office signalled a concurrent shift in emphasis for television spy fiction.

**A TEXAN IN ENGLAND**



## WORKING CLASS LONERS

In the UK, this sea change resulted in three different TV thrillers. Callan (1967-1972) went further than the broken down, alcoholic Alec Leamas (Richard Burton) of *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, as David Callan was something new in spy fiction – a working class loner with a drink problem, witty, clever, but violent and full of self-loathing, who had worked as an executioner for the amoral Section.

A month later, on 29 September, the series McGoochan had left *Danger Man* to make *The Prisoner*. In a complete contrast to Callan's lo-fi, film noir-style videotaped drama, *The Prisoner* was a freewheeling, allegorical ITC film fantasy, based around the central concept of an enigmatic, nameless intelligence operative who resigned and was imprisoned. Two days before the first episode of *The Prisoner* aired, a tough, sardonic new series produced by McGoochan's old boss Sidney Cole – again for ITC – had its premier, going by the intriguing title of *Man in a Suitcase*.

The series was devised by two experienced television writers. Dennis Spooner (1932-1986) was a veteran of UK film series, working on Gerry Anderson's puppet shows and *The Baron*, while his colleague Richard Harris (born 1934) had credits on *The Saint*, as well as the well-regarded dramas *Armchair Mystery Theatre* (1960, 1964-66) *Redcap* (1964-66) and *No Hiding Place* (1965-66). Harris remembered that in early 1966, the two writers "sold the idea to Lew Grade on one sheet of paper." At this point, the series was titled *McGill* – Spooner naming the character after the Arsenal and Huddersfield Town footballer, Jimmy McGill – with the one-page brief detailing a restless, English character with no home who moved from place to place: in effect, a man in a suitcase.

With Harris busy on other projects and Spooner choosing to work on his other ITC series proposal *The Champions* (1968-69), the nationality of McGill changed when Stanley R. Greenberg, a respected American writer, was brought in as Executive Story Consultant. All ITC shows were conceived with an international sale in mind, so casting well-known US stars like Craig Stevens (*Man of the World*) and Steve Forrest (*The Baron*) made ITC's output appealing to the American networks. Employing a US writer to shape a lead US character made commercial and artistic sense.

Greenberg (1927-2002) was born in Chicago. After serving in World War II, he became a press agent, and during this period was impressed by the moral attitude and dramatic quality of the father and son lawyer TV drama, *The Defenders* (1961-65). His enthusiasm for the show resulted in a speculative script, which he sent to the show's creator, Reginald Rose: to Greenberg's amazement, Rose called to tell him, "We'll buy this one and any more you can do."

Greenberg's dramatic career change saw him write eight episodes of *The Defenders* over four years, earning him an Emmy for the excellence of his writing. In demand, the writer also contributed to the medical drama *The Doctors and the*

*Nurses* (1962-65), the TV movie *A Day Like Today* (1964) and, significantly as far as *Man in a Suitcase* was concerned, *Route 66* (1960-64), a series about two drifters travelling across America. Such a pedigree would have been very appealing to Lew Grade.

## BLEAK ESPIONAGE

In *Man in a Suitcase*, Greenberg's enthusiasm for credible, serious human-interest drama was crossed with the bleak espionage of Deighton and Le Carre. In the writer's pilot episode '*Man from the Dead*', McGill was dishonourably discharged from "American Intelligence" (the CIA by another name), the fall guy in an above-top-secret operation in which he was ordered to allow the scientist Lefarb to defect to Russia so, unknown to McGill and the rest of the West, Lefarb could spy for the USA.

Expelled from the service for apparent treason, the bitter McGill – "This is my life I'm watching go down the drain here!" – plied his unlicensed trade across Europe as a freelance investigator. As the ITC publicity brochure for the series put it, he encountered "adventure, excitement, suspense and romance... [in] cases which were different each time," ranging through "a girl who has run wild... a lost boy... international intrigue involving millions of dollars... blackmail... brainwashing."

Such a diverse format set *Man in a Suitcase* apart from other series of its genre, although McGill's underdog attitude aligned him with *Callan*, *The Prisoner* and *The IPCRESS File*'s Harry Palmer (by 1967 in his third film). They were all agents who caught the rebellious mood of the mid-1960s by either being expelled from, or resigning from, intelligence work.

Accentuating *Man in a Suitcase*'s anti-establishment attitude was the lead casting of Texan Richard Bradford (1934-2016). Tall, athletic and powerfully built, he had initially hoped to pursue a career in either American football or baseball; because of an injury and lack of practice time, he switched to his long-cherished dream of acting. In 1962, his enthusiasm for the method acting style of his heroes James Dean and Marlon Brando saw him admitted to the Actors' Studio in New York, where he studied "the experience of life... within the fiction of the story as if it were true and happening now."

Following Bradford's engagement in some stage productions – in one, he understudied Rod Steiger – and small TV roles, the director Arthur Penn, another Actors' Studio graduate, cast him opposite Brando in the intense movie drama *The Chase* (1966). "Richard played a rather corrupt bank manager and had Marlon Brando beaten up," recalled Peter Duffell, who directed several episodes of *Man in a Suitcase*. "That was how he came to be the star. Lew Grade saw *The Chase*, thought he was an interesting actor and contracted him to make the series."

With his prematurely white, quiffed hair, powerful build, swagger, quick temper and laconic style of talking, which more often than not was accompanied by a cigarette



draped from the side of his mouth, Bradford's McGill – he had no other name – was something new for ITC. After the conventional and rather wooden performances of imported American stars Stevens and Forrest, Bradford fashioned an appealing,

edgily contemporary character. "I am

trying to show McGill as a real human being in his particular situation, as opposed to Superman and other screen heroes who can give more than they take," Bradford told the *TV Times* in an interview promoting the show. "McGill, if anything, takes more than he gives. He gets hurt, physically and mentally."

He went on: "There may be aspects to his character that you don't like – he can be aggressive and unnecessarily rude and he still resents having been treated in such a cavalier fashion – but on the whole, he's a man you get to like more and more. That's how I feel about him when portraying him. I have tried to see him as a guy who, because of his own bitter experience, doesn't judge other people too hastily. He tries to get under the surface and discover what they are really like and what has made them the way they are. He can understand what can happen to people."

## ARTISTIC DIFFERENCES

*Man in a Suitcase* immediately made a favourable impression in the UK after it began transmission on the ATV Midlands network on 27 September 1967, with its muscular, authentic scripts, Ron Grainer's frenetic, Bond-style theme tune (later hijacked for Chris Evans' entertainment show *TFI Friday*, 1996-2000, 2015) and stylised titles based around McGill's battered suitcase.

Although split over the regional ITV networks, in February, March and April 1968, the series became a fixture of the top twenty most watched TV programmes in the UK. *Man in a Suitcase*'s popularity belied the usual condescending tone adopted by the broadsheet press towards ITC's transatlantic output. The review in *The Sunday Times* was typical: "You can't help liking McGill, according to the publicity. I can. He looks to me like any other of the American actors, apparently made of concrete, whom ATV have hired during the long and shameful history of pandering to supposed American tastes."

Bradford recorded two revealing commentaries for *Man in a Suitcase* for Australian DVD company Umbrella in 2004. He reflected that, right from the start, his view of the character was at odds with what the series' creators had in mind. "I understand [Richard Harris and Dennis Spooner] didn't care for me: I wasn't following their concept. I felt they were more or less writing Mickey Spillane or Sam Spade, some wise-cracking guy, and I didn't want to do that. I went in another direction and I don't think they appreciated it... I was really intent on having a realistic approach, to make it more honest. That was really important to me." This difference of opinion extended to working practices on set: "I felt that I knew the reality of the situation – whatever that was – was more important than worrying about time." ➤







**Above left to right:** McGill takes aim, dallies with *Department S* star Rosemary Nicolls in 'Day of Execution,' and hits the road with George Sewell in 'The Sitting Pigeon'. A poster for *The Chase*, the movie that persuaded Lew Grade to hire Bradford for the series, poolside with Sally Geeson in 'Sweet Sue,' and a promo for the show

"I think Richard was very good," Peter Duffell observed of his star. "He was a method trained actor, and it was a little difficult working under the tight schedules and budgets with him... You had to accept that, because he wanted to explore – and did explore, wonderfully – the character that he was playing. I would always try and do my homework and give Richard reasonable motivations as to why he was playing the character this way, which I think he appreciated.

"He was a little unpredictable on the set," Duffell revealed. "He was likely to walk over to the left suddenly when you'd rehearsed him going to the right, which gave the camera operator a bit of trouble... Richard was also very prone to changing his lines. Occasionally that was a problem for the English actors who'd dutifully learnt their cues. It could throw them a bit... But we kept up with all that... as he wasn't trained – at that time – in the hazards of television studio film production."

Because of Bradford's way of working, Cole had a strained relationship with his leading man. "As far as I was concerned he was a very difficult person to approach, which was unusual for me," the producer revealed several years later. "He seemed very aloof and perhaps mistrustful. I don't think he felt he fitted in very easily. I think that was because 'The Method' wasn't most British actors' cup of tea in any way, and they didn't respond to the way Richard wanted to play it."

#### BEATEN AND BLOODY

Bradford's quest for "honesty" extended to the fights in the series. In a far cry from the antiseptic skirmishes of *The Saint* and *The Baron*, McGill would often be seriously wounded. In 'All That Glitters' and the second episode of 'Variation on a Million Bucks' he is hospitalised, while in others he suffers injuries like serious beatings, split lips, a swollen face, a twisted ankle and is thrown from a car. Such unflinching authenticity was rare for filmed action series of the time, particularly on American television. "We got a lot of notices from the States saying, 'Cut down on so much blood,'" Bradford

remembered. "That's what helped make it real to me. I didn't adhere to those notices, I just kept doing it." Despite Bradford's resistance, in episodes made towards the end of the run the bloodshed noticeably diminishes, perhaps because Cole was concerned that "method acting was very masochistic... in some early rushes Richard seemed to enjoy being beaten up as often as possible."

The fights were mostly improvised under the supervision of stunt director Roy Vincente. Unfortunately, Bradford's commitment to realism resulted in some of his punches connecting.

"I put off some of the stunt men," he admitted. "I heard some of them refused to work with me, although I didn't know that was happening at the time."

"Richard could be a little dangerous in fights, I have to say," Duffell admitted. "The stuntmen did get a little bit concerned. In one episode I did, he accidentally chipped one of the actors' front teeth – he didn't mean to, but he just didn't hold back." One of them, however, stood his ground. On the episode 'Dead Man's Shoes', stuntman Frank Maher warned Bradford that his blows were landing and if he didn't pull his punches, he would retaliate. Bradford carried on as before and Maher knocked him out cold.

Arguably, the tension Bradford's approach generated – which, in his defence, was because he always wanted to achieve a more convincing end result – helped make *Man in a Suitcase* a cut above its film series contemporaries. Certainly, guest artists of the calibre of Donald Sutherland, John Gregson, Colin Blakely, Hugh Burden, James Grout, a young Felicity Kendall, Judy Geeson and Barbara Shelley noticeably sharpen their performances opposite Bradford's unpredictable talent. The quality of the acting is complemented by the enormous amount of filming in real locations, mostly in and around London and on the Pinewood Studios backlot: "The unit tried to film on location as much as possible," Bradford noted approvingly.

Among many impressive, cinematic sequences, the *Man in a Suitcase* team filmed characters climbing Albert Bridge in London (for

the aptly titled 'The Bridge'), a boat destroyed by a World War II mine ('*Essay in Evil*'), a shoot-out at Hambledon Mill ('*The Revolutionaries*') and a glider flying and landing in 'Night Flight to Andorra'. In the interests of credibility, the unit even went as far as Manchester for a single sequence of Piccadilly Station for 'Web with Four Spiders'.

#### VARIED FORMAT

The diversity of the scripts was no less impressive. Apart from hard-hitting espionage, the series tackled blackmail, kidnapping and organised crime, with 'The Sitting Pigeon' very obviously based on the current trial of the Kray twins. The also series inherited the contemporary international perspective of *Danger Man* – perhaps due to Cole's influence – with literate scripts about England's withdrawal from its African colonies, the dark side of the London club set, an attempt to overthrow a Central American republic, mercenaries and the burgeoning exploration of space.

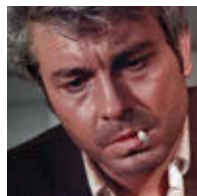
The series also investigated psychological horror ('*Who's Mad Now?*') and much lighter territory, with the farce of 'Castle in the Clouds' and the self-aware comedy of 'Jigsaw Man'. The latter is a striking break with the series' usual straight style, featuring the kind of melodramatic piano music that accompanies silent films, comic characters and voiceovers that interrupt each other: "This is London. City of laughter –" "No, no. Swinging London." "Beg pardon – Swinging London." Seeing McGill in such spoofy territory is both amusing and enjoyably disorientating.

The authors Greenberg used were an eclectic mix of ITC stalwarts, new scriptwriters and authors of mainstream TV drama. Philip Broadley had written thirteen episodes of *Danger Man*, and by 1966 was in the enviable position of "earning more money than the Prime Minister of the day."

He only contributed three episodes, finding Greenberg's editing style overbearing: "He wanted everything explained and I just don't work like that. Some writers do, but I don't like to know exactly what is happening. I like to let it grow... I decided not to do any more." Nevertheless, Broadley contributed one of the best episodes, 'Day of Execution', in which McGill is harassed by the colleagues of "Mariocki", a man he can't remember killing in Beirut.

Other notable writers included Wilfred Greatorex and Donald Jonson, who'd both worked on *Danger Man*, together with Kevin B.

Arguably, the tension Bradford's approach generated – which, in his defence, was because he always wanted to achieve a more convincing end result – helped make *Man in a Suitcase* a cut above its film series contemporaries.







Laffan, who went on to create the long-running rural soap *Emmerdale Farm* (writing 129 episodes between 1973 and 1980). After Greenberg's five scripts, the author who wrote the most screenplays for *Man in a Suitcase*, and arguably helped shape its tough but intelligent style, was Edmund Ward, who'd written for the ATV business dramas *The Plane Makers* (1963-65) and its sequel *The Power Game* (1965-66, 1969). His four scripts are all originally plotted and distinguished by a gift for acerbic, sometimes earthily poetic dialogue.

John Gregson's apparent embezzler Henry Faversham in *'Burden of Proof'* eloquently and disturbingly justifies his crime: "Have you seen the old men in the seaside hotels, eking out their half ounces of tobacco, counting their pennies, dead ten years before they're buried?" In *'The Sitting Pigeon'*, the hitman Geordie (Sean Lynch) is equally expressive about his grim trade: "I'll break both [McGill's] arms. Did that to a feller in the 'pool once. His mother still has to feed him – like a baby. Has to do everything for 'im. You're not much good without yer arms, y'know."

*Man in a Suitcase's* directors were an equally varied mix of old and new talent. Jeremy Summers, Robert Tronson, Pat Jackson, Don Chaffey and Charles Frend had all worked on ITC's film series output, while Gerry O'Hara had helmed two film episodes of *The Avengers*. Herbert Wise was a skilled director of video drama such as *Z Cars*, overseeing four episodes in 1962, and Freddie Francis was a veteran of Hammer's horror movies. At the other end of the scale, Peter Duffell "learned his trade" on *Man in a Suitcase*, while 1980s James Bond director John Glen stepped up from film editing to direct *'Somebody Loses, Somebody... Wins?'*

The most experienced director to work on the series was Charles Crichton. He had a distinguished record in British film, helming such well known movies as *The Lavender Hill Mob* (1951) and *The Titfield Thunderbolt* (1953) and, with the decline of the British film industry, had moved into directing television film series, among them *Danger Man* and *The Avengers*. He and Peter Duffell directed the most episodes of *Man in a Suitcase*, six apiece; on the second filming block of thirteen episodes, Crichton and Duffell, along with Francis, were the only three directors Bradford chose to work with.

"I liked the directors on *Man in a Suitcase*, but I don't think the feeling was mutual," the actor reflected. "A few of them were really put off by me, but I liked Pat Jackson. I understand he was one who just hated me – I don't know if that's true or not – but I heard that he was really upset. I didn't feel that while we were shooting. I remember him coming up to me one time and saying, 'Richard, you're right to underplay things until you explode and really let it out.' He seemed to appreciate that, but maybe it drove him nuts. It's hard to tell. I loved Charlie Crichton. He

Bradford's favourite script was the sixth to be filmed and the first shown in the UK, Francis Megahy and Bernie Cooper's *'Brainwash'*, directed by Crichton. Following the trend for psychological torture in spy fiction, particularly in *The IPCRESS File* movie and *The Prisoner*, McGill is imprisoned and subjected to mental indoctrination to remould him as an assassin. The demanding script enabled Bradford to fully utilise his Method training: "I felt very strongly that unless I went kinda far in this episode it would be ludicrous, so I tried to take it to another level. Deprivation of sleep and torture by sound you have to do for a long time, and we didn't have that much time, so I wanted to show the effects of, maybe, what isn't shown on film... I was exhausted when I got home. I could hardly lift a fork." The unfortunate side effect of Bradford's commitment to his craft was that filming ran to four weeks, rather than the usual two.

#### GOODBYE, MCGILL

"I got along with Stanley R. Greenberg fine," Bradford recalled of his relationship with the Executive Story Consultant. "He just wrote one thing and I did another! I think I drove him crazy and he left. We did seventeen episodes and then thirteen more, and I'm assuming he left in the break: I think he'd had enough. There were times when I would change things, and I can remember one time we had to re-write a scene on the spur of the moment, on the set, and I don't think Stanley enjoyed that."

Australian writer Jan Read (1917-2012), brought in as script editor on *Man in a Suitcase's* remaining episodes, was an equally experienced writer who had worked in Hollywood. He wrote the original treatment for the British thriller *The Blue Lamp* (1949), as well as scripting the fantasy films *Jason and the Argonauts* (1963) and *The First Men in the Moon* (1964). He was also a veteran of ITC film series, working on *The Adventures of Robin Hood* (1955-59) and *The Four Just Men* (1959-1960). Significantly, he authored *'That's Two of Us Sorry'* (1965), an episode of *Danger Man* about a retired Russian spy arrested for a crime he didn't commit. Its mixture of community-based drama and espionage made him a good fit for *Man in a Suitcase*.

Under Read, McGill's anti-heroic characteristics were gradually smoothed out – in *'Man from the Dead'*, he'd deliberately kicked a fallen assailant – and the American became less troubled, as well as more likely to

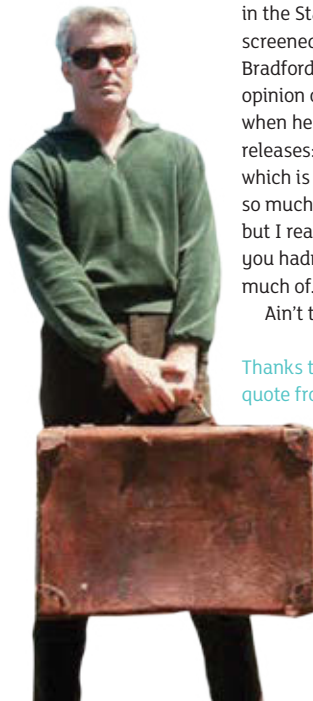
become involved romantically with the women he met. Downbeat endings were rarer and the shootings and injuries were toned down. By the time McGill organised a raid to rob a Spanish villa in *'Night Flight to Andorra'*, the last episode made and shown, viewers could be forgiven they were watching *The Saint*. After a remarkable tally of thirty episodes made over two years, it was an appropriate place for *Man in a Suitcase* to end.

The conclusion of the intense production cycle was a relief for a slightly disillusioned Bradford. "I felt that I was battling every day of my life on the set. I'm sure other people cared maybe as much as I did, but it didn't seem that way to me. It seemed that, sometimes, they were using lesser quality actors than they should have, and sometimes lesser quality scripts than they should have. And it wasn't as good as it could be: I wanted it to be the best, it didn't seem to be going in that direction and I wanted to get out of it. Then again, I didn't have a brain at the time, because I didn't realise I was completely free in England. You're tied in knots in the States compared to the UK."

*Man in a Suitcase* had relatively low key promotion – there was one original novel, *The Sleeping Cupid*, a 7-inch single of the theme music, accompanying sheet music, various magazine covers and some Spanish trading cards. Like the initially under promoted *The Prisoner* and *Callan*, however, the series has remained popular and critically well-regarded into the 21st century. Like its thematic stablemates, *Man in a Suitcase* is more than just a thriller: at its best, it's an intelligent drama series exploring human dilemmas through a flawed, complex man every bit as fascinating as the situations he finds himself in. With his shades and hip clothes, McGill was also the coolest ITC adventurer by some distance. Not for nothing did indie rockers The Smiths use a portrait of "Mac" on the cover of their 1986 single *Panic*.

Even though *Man in a Suitcase* wasn't successful in the States, with only 16 episodes screened on the ABC network in 1968, Bradford pleasingly revised his jaundiced opinion of the series many years later when he became involved with its DVD releases: "There's a lot of me in McGill, which is why *Man in a Suitcase* meant so much to me. I did some stupid things, but I really did try to make it something you hadn't seen before, or hadn't seen much of. I'm proud of the effort I put in." Ain't that the truth, buster. 🐟

Thanks to Umbrella for permission to quote from their *'Man in a Suitcase'* DVD commentaries with Richard Bradford and Peter Duffell. Also thanks to Al Samujh.





# MODEL BEHAVIOUR



*Sci-fi & Fantasy Modeller's* Andy Pearson tells us he likes to use and abuse household items - all in the best possible modelling taste, of course!



Clockwise from  
main image:  
The finished  
machine

Razor cartridges  
used as part of  
the machine's  
mechanism

Pins simulate  
rivets and  
create a nest of  
points within  
the turret with  
the potential  
to trap probing  
fingers!

In a recent issue of *Infinity* I covered the topic of making simple models using bits and pieces and threatened the reader with more wittering on the same subject but with knobs on.

Knobs, plus gears, cogs and other assorted stuff feature large in the creation of objects that fall within the overall category of 'steampunk' and I've built several models that fall into that category. The first one discussed here certainly does.

I had been asked to write a book on the subject of scratch building and create the models to support the text, with an overall theme of 'earth, air, fire and water' being decided upon. I'd just finished re-reading H. G. Wells' *'The War of the Worlds'* and the possibility of producing some sort of machine to combat the Martian tripods seemed like an interesting option, so some rough sketches were produced. The main component was a turret and, for this, the plastic top from an aerosol can was used and, during the weekly visit to the local supermarket, I acquired another useful addition.

## BEFUDDLED SHAVER

Gentleman readers will be aware of the dizzying array of shaving equipment available,

the marketing strategy no doubt being the weakness that many chaps have for new toys. In my case I was trying to buy new razor cartridges for an existing handle but, dazzled by the selection and befuddled by old age and drink, bought the wrong ones. Whilst these wouldn't fit my razor they did fit my modelling plans so I got on with the build and resolved to grow a beard.

To add to the health hazard presented by razor blades concealed within the model, I simulated rivets on the turret (rivets and Victorian engineering being more or less synonymous) by pushing pins through the plastic, leaving the heads exposed.

Other elements of the build consisted

of the aluminium mesh used for car body repair, bits of pieces of plastic tube and a great deal of Evergreen plastic strip. This is made from the same polystyrene as many model kits and comes in a variety of sizes and profiles making it ideal for engineering and mechanical subjects. It is, however, an import from the USA and isn't cheap but, as my old dad used to say (apart from 'mine's a pint'), you get what you pay for and it's easy stuff to work with and manufactured to very fine tolerances.

I won't bore you with the rest of construction details other than to say that I'd been asked to present finished models in some sort of setting. In this case that involved





Left and below:  
Alternative  
views of the  
finished model

a couple of military types (1:35 scale Tamiya figures if memory serves) carrying out some running repairs, a railway model grass mat base and some toothpick fencing.

#### ANDERSON HOMAGE

Early in my career (I'm a freelance writer by trade) I learned the benefits of ingratiating myself to the client. In this case I was aware that the potential publisher of my deathless prose was a dyed in the wool Gerry Anderson fan so I was prompted to make my second 'earth' themed model a tribute to the work of Derek Meddings, Mike Trim et al on the *Anderson* shows.

An element of *Thunderbirds*, *Captain Scarlett* etc. that is easy to overlook is the astonishing array of support vehicles that appeared. I'm not referring here to the wonderful designs that rumbled from *Thunderbird 2*'s various pods but to the stuff that was glimpsed in backgrounds and was often incidental to the main action. The advent of Blu-ray discs enables the viewer to examine these props in far greater detail than would have been possible during the original transmission and makes the high standard of model making involved even more impressive.

The unique design and execution of these was consistent with the main 'hero' vehicles and I think that this attention to detail was a hallmark of the shows' quality and appeal. Now I am in no way a model maker in the same league as Messrs Meddings and Trim but thought I could produce something with the same overall feel.

#### A LOAD OF BALLS

My idea was to produce a construction machine of some sort but one with a hint of sci-fi. Tracks were perhaps, passé. Hovercraft would need to, well, hover. Suppose our




Left:  
Construction  
machine 'wheel  
detail

machine needed to move over the ground with ease in a multi-directional manner. Perhaps spherical 'wheels' would work and they'd certainly look different. I initially tried and rejected golf balls but eventually found a ready and abundant supply of small rubber balls in a local toy shop. These fitted the bill perfectly. This choice was followed by a couple of strokes of luck. I found an old plastic paint palette with six curved cups which would nest the balls very well and form the basis of the chassis. A plastic box designed to hold a tablet of soap next came to hand and that provided the basic shape for the engine compartment.

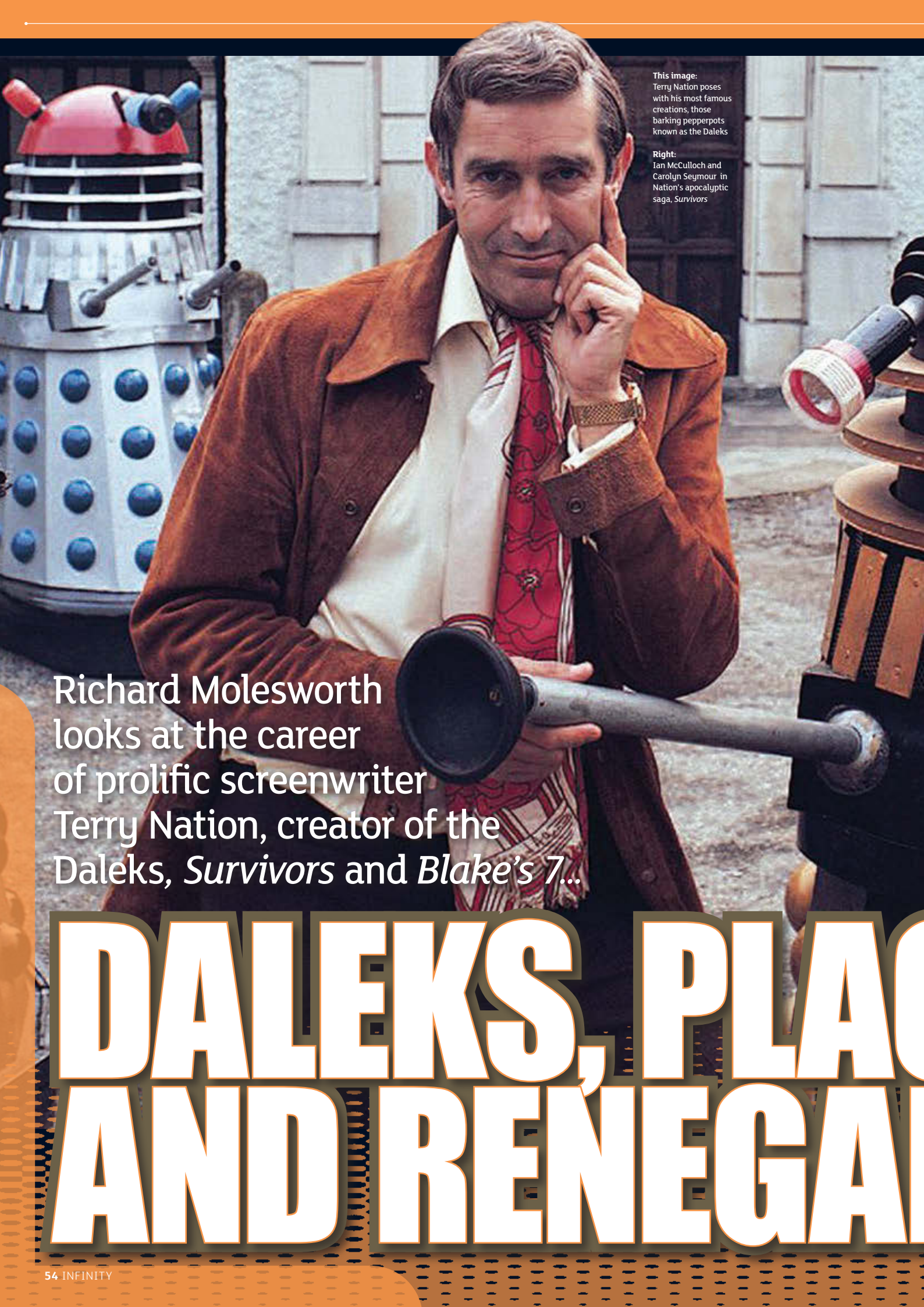
With the essentials to hand and in place the rest of the construction followed the time-honoured technique of sticking bits together until they look right. Most of the rest

of the build involved using plastic strip and card, spare parts from old kits and, for the drill, the end of a corkscrew. Detail is often key to making designs like this one work and so the modeller often turns to greebles. For the benefit of the uninitiated, greebles (pronounced greeblees) are the tiny bits of detail added to models to enhance

their visual interest and believability. They should not be confused with grobbies which, according to a friend's wife, are small flying or crawling creatures with more than four legs that should immediately be despatched with a rolled-up newspaper: no ecologist she.

If you'll forgive a brief ego-trip, I think that this is one of my favourite scratch-builds, my fondness for it enhanced by a chance encounter. A chap was visiting the house to resolve some technical problem and saw the model at an advanced stage of construction. It transpired that his background entailed working with real earth moving equipment and, when I explained the concept of the spherical wheels, he opined that it was a viable approach. That was me off to the patent office. 





**This image:**  
Terry Nation poses  
with his most famous  
creations, those  
barking pepperpots  
known as the Daleks

**Right:**  
Ian McCulloch and  
Carolyn Seymour in  
Nation's apocalyptic  
saga, *Survivors*

Richard Molesworth  
looks at the career  
of prolific screenwriter  
Terry Nation, creator of the  
Daleks, *Survivors* and *Blake's 7*...

# DALEKS, PLAC AND RENEGAI





**T**erry Nation created and wrote many classic genre shows in his relatively short lifetime, which began in Llandaff, Cardiff in 1930. Growing up during World War II left an indelible impression on the young boy, as the German Luftwaffe bombed his home town on regular basis - Llandaff Cathedral was hit and badly damaged during one notable air raid in 1941. As a result, Nation grew up with dark memories of bomb sites, ruined houses, and the ever-lurking threat of foreign aggression.

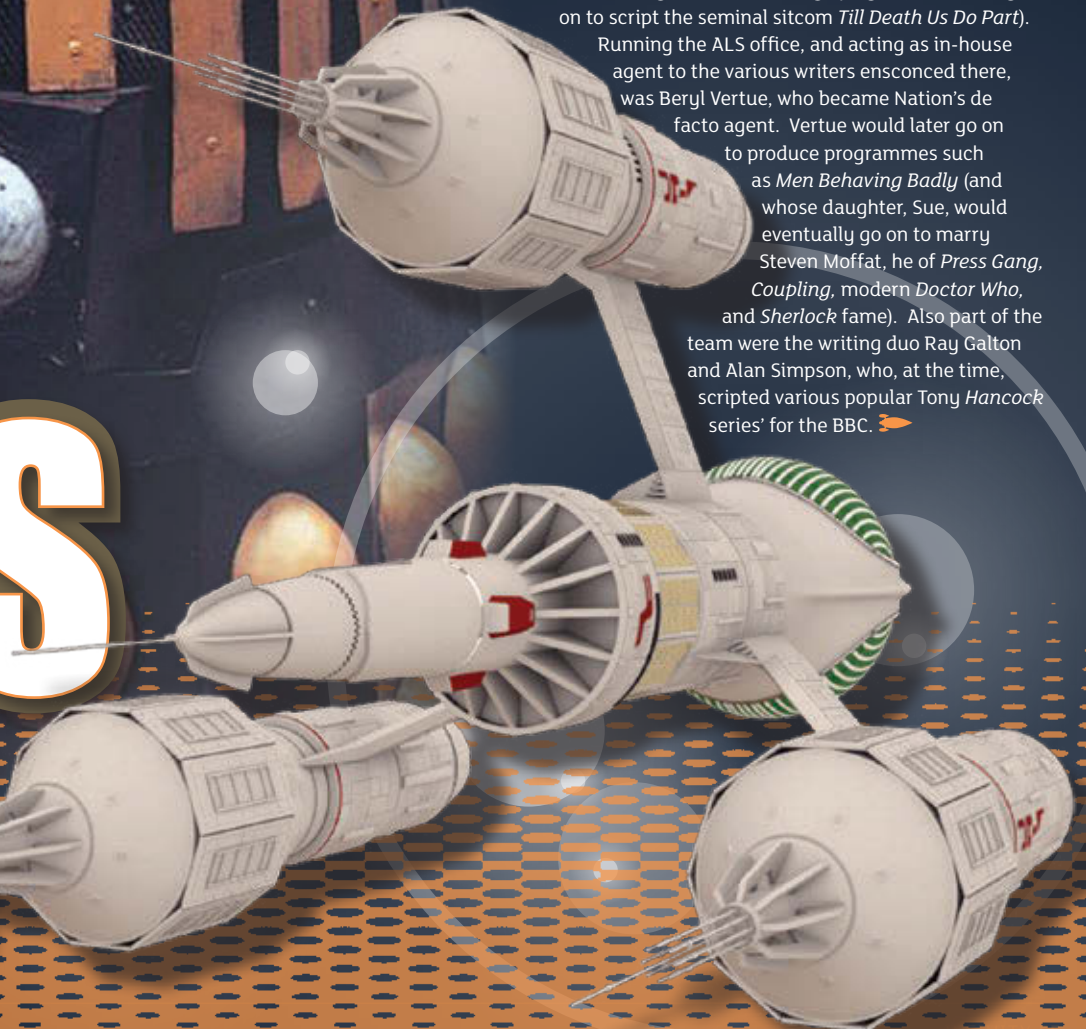
After the war concluded, Nation relocated to London in the early 1950s, and began trying his luck with a career in comedy.

Finding he wasn't much of a performer, Nation discovered he had an aptitude for writing, and soon got his first break selling gags to Spike Milligan (*The Goon Show*), eventually working at Milligan's newly-formed writers' co-operative agency, Associated London Scripts (ALS), alongside Milligan, Eric Sykes (*Educating Archie*), comedians Tony Hancock and Frankie Howerd, and, some years later, Johnny Speight (who would go on to script the seminal sitcom *Till Death Us Do Part*).

Running the ALS office, and acting as in-house agent to the various writers ensconced there, was Beryl Vertue, who became Nation's de facto agent. Vertue would later go on

to produce programmes such as *Men Behaving Badly* (and whose daughter, Sue, would eventually go on to marry Steven Moffat, he of *Press Gang*, *Coupling*, modern *Doctor Who*, and *Sherlock* fame). Also part of the team were the writing duo Ray Galton and Alan Simpson, who, at the time, scripted various popular Tony Hancock series' for the BBC. 🚀

# GUES DES





William Hartnell was the first Doctor to face the Daleks. He explained in a later interview that they were not good acting companions, saying they were "difficult to play to"... They were also annoying if you were trying to make a phone call, as the publicity shot below shows



Nation then submitted a story idea entitled 'The Mutants', which featured a race of humanoid beings who had been so damaged by the radioactive fallout of a nuclear war, that they had retreated into mechanical casings which kept them alive. From a few brief descriptive sentences in his script, the Daleks were created.

ation initially found early success writing television comedy scripts for now-forgotten performers such as Ted Ray and Jimmy Logan, but in 1962 he found himself writing three episodes of the ABC television science fiction anthology series *Out of this World*.

ABC was also the new home of Tony Hancock, who decided at around this time that he was going to leave the BBC, and also dispense with the writing services of Galton and Simpson, and with ALS in general. His brother, Roger, became Hancock's new agent, and Terry Nation was recruited to write scripts for the new ABC *Hancock* series. The sitcom got, at best, lukewarm reviews, and Hancock then followed this with a nationwide stage tour in the summer of 1963, with Nation accompanying him to write new material.

As he was about to depart for the tour, Nation received an offer from the BBC to write for a new science fiction show they were planning. He declined, as he was committed to writing material for Tony Hancock.

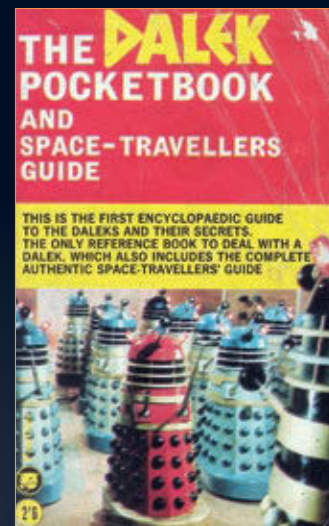
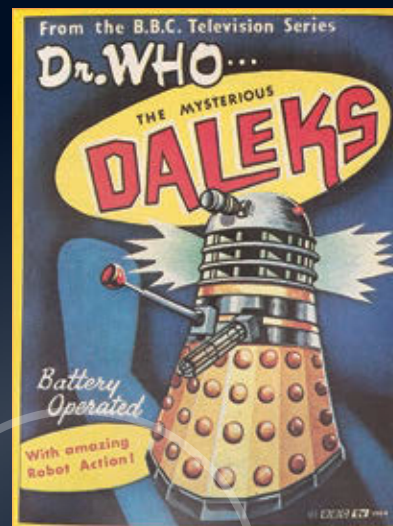
But while on tour, Nation and Hancock ended up having a huge argument over Hancock's overreliance on trotting out old tried-and-trusted routines, rather than using Nation's newly-scripted material. Hancock fired Nation on the spot, and so the writer headed back to London, despondent at blowing what he hoped would be his big break, and without any future work lined up. Once back in the offices of ALS, Nation decided to take the BBC up on their earlier offer, and got back in touch with them about their new science fiction series...

This was, of course, *Doctor Who*, which was being prepared for a launch later in 1963. Its gestation period was far from smooth over the summer of that year, with production team members arriving and departing on a regular basis, until producer Verity Lambert and story editor David Whitaker arrived and began to get a grip on proceedings.





Whitaker quickly realised he was short on story ideas and usable scripts, and began casting around looking for suitable writers to entice onto the series. He had been recommended to contact Nation due to the scripts for *Out of this World* that Nation had written previous year. The two of them had some initial talks, and Nation then submitted a story idea entitled *'The Mutants'*, which featured a race of humanoid beings who had been so damaged by the radioactive fallout of a nuclear war, that they had retreated into mechanical casings which kept them alive. From a few brief descriptive sentences in his script, the Daleks were created.



## DEADLY PEPPERPOTS

Neither the BBC, or even Terry Nation, were initially over-enamoured with the Daleks, with BBC Head of Drama, Sydney Newman - one of the key players in creating *Doctor Who* in the first place - being extremely overcritical about the use of 'bug-eyed monsters' in the show. Nation's scripts concluded with the alien machine creatures all being killed off in the story's final episode, and Nation moved on to other projects, all-but forgetting about his *Doctor Who* work.

But when the Dalek story started being screened in the final weeks of December 1963, Nation began getting phone calls from friends and colleagues, enquiring and enthusing about his story and creations.

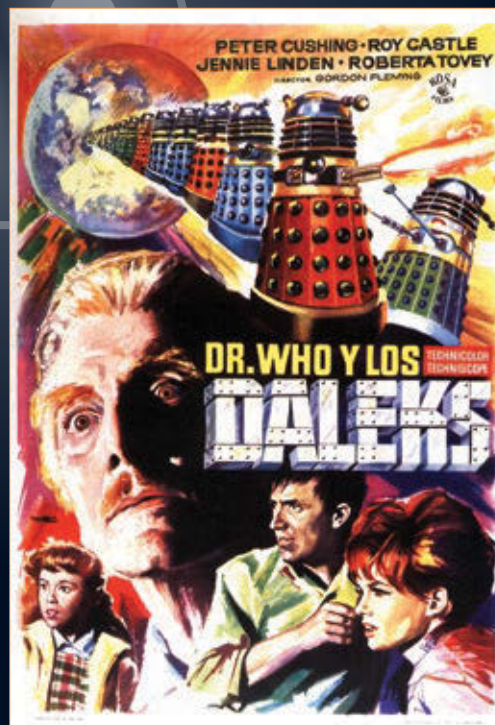
The BBC, too, were surprised and taken aback at the popularity of the deadly pepperpots, especially when numerous enquiries from assorted toy companies - looking to unleash model Daleks into the nation's toyshops - started dropping onto the desks at BBC Enterprises. The BBC then realised that Beryl Vertue, who was handling Nation's affairs at ALS, had vetoed the standard terms in Nation's BBC writer's contract which would have given the corporation control of Nation's creations, which both parties had initially agreed to, thinking they were a one-hit wonder at best. The BBC and Nation quickly agreed on a deal to split any royalties for the Daleks on a 50/50 basis, and so the issuing of several hundred Dalek toy and merchandise licenses began.

Initially, Nation's interest in *Doctor Who*

was buoyed by this early success, and he quickly contributed a second (non-Dalek) script to the series, *'The Keys of Marinus'*, in early 1964. But encouraged by the programme's production team, he followed this with scripts for a second Dalek story, *'The Dalek Invasion of Earth'*, for the programme's second season (set at a point in time before the Daleks had all been destroyed), and then a third outing, *'The Chase'*, for later in the season.

Nation began to lose enthusiasm for his creations, at least in terms of scripting, once his work on this third Dalek story was concluded. Writing *Doctor Who* scripts didn't pay anywhere near as much as writing for independent television, and Nation was keen to concentrate on this sector of the industry. After a brief flirtation with the BBC2 science fiction series *Out of the Unknown*, for which he wrote one script, *'The Fox and the Forest'*, Nation distanced himself from the corporation for the rest of the decade, seeking greener pastures with the more lucrative independent television companies.

The Daleks still played an important financial part in Nation's life, however, as income from the various toy and merchandise deals the BBC arranged began to flood in, and in a very short space of time, Nation found himself becoming seriously wealthy. He purchased a huge, rambling Victorian mansion, Lynstead Park, in 35 acres of leafy



Kent countryside, funded almost entirely from Dalek merchandise revenues. The rights to his first two Dalek stories were sold to Milton Subostky at Aaru films, and before long, the Daleks were appearing, in colour, on cinema screens up and down the country, alongside Peter Cushing, who was cast as the big screen Dr Who.

## ENTER DENNIS SPOONER

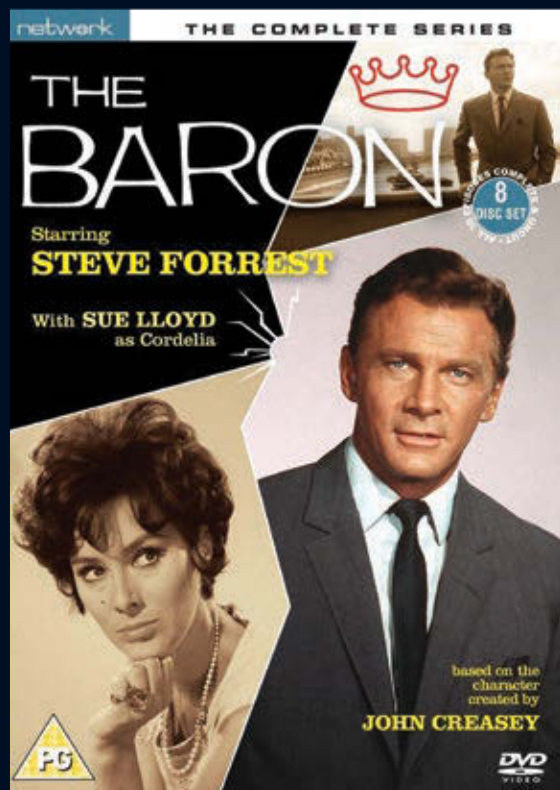
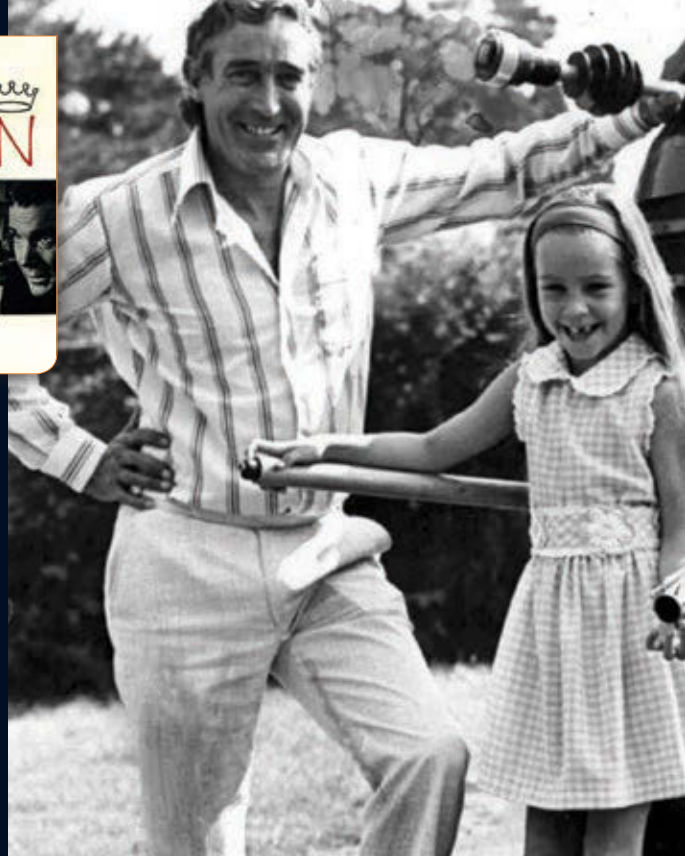
In late 1965, Nation was offered the opportunity to become the script editor on a new colour ITC action series, *The Baron*. This coincided with a commission from the BBC to script a new, epic 12-part Dalek story, *'The Daleks' Masterplan'*, for *Doctor Who*. Nation

This page:  
The Daleks became a merchandising bonanza for Terry Nation in the 1960s  
A Mexican poster for the Amicus / Aaru movie, *Dr Who and the Daleks*



This image: Steve Forrest as the imported American star of *The Baron*

Right: Doting dad Terry Nation with a Dalek and daughter Rebecca - he later named a book after her



Above: The complete series of *The Baron* is available from Network. Steve Forrest is John Mannering, playboy antiques dealer and unofficial head of the British Diplomatic Intelligence unit, and Sue Lloyd is his glamorous assistant Cordelia

initially accepted both offers, but as his workload on *The Baron* increased, he found he was struggling to keep up with his *Doctor Who* deadlines, and so passed over the writing of the final six episodes of the Dalek serial to Dennis Spooner, who had replaced David Whitaker as story editor on the series.

Once his work on *Doctor Who* had concluded, Spooner soon followed Nation to ITC, and between them, they wrote the lion's share of scripts for *The Baron*. Before too long, the *Doctor Who* production team wanted another Dalek story, but Nation wasn't at all interested in writing it. Initially Nation was prepared to let the BBC use his villains in return for an appropriate fee, and for ex-script



editor David Whitaker to do the actual writing of the scripts. Two further Dalek tales, '*The Power of the Daleks*' (1966), and then '*The Evil of the Daleks*' (1967) were made, pitting the creatures against the new Doctor, Patrick Troughton.

When production of *The Baron* wound down, Nation decided he wanted to try his hand at making his own glossy colour Dalek film series, and notified the BBC that they were no longer permitted to use his villains in any further episodes of *Doctor Who*. His attempts to launch his own Dalek spin-off series almost reached fruition, but collapsed almost at the 11th hour, and he quickly moved on to writing other ITC series.

In 1967, Nation departed ALS, and appointed Tony Hancock's brother, Roger, as his new agent - the two had kept in close touch following Tony Hancock's spat with Nation years earlier. Inevitably, the boon for Dalek toys all but died out after their final television appearance in '*The Evil of the Daleks*', and 'Dalekmania' fizzled away.

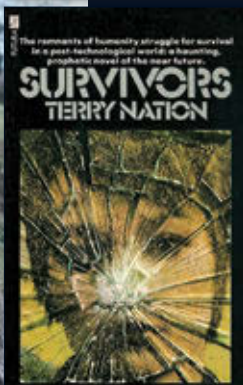
ITC became Nation's home for the next five years, and he found himself heavily



in demand writing numerous episodes for glossy all-film serials such as *The Saint*, *The Champions*, *Department S*, and *The Persuaders*. He also story edited the final series of *The Avengers*, but as ITC's roster of programmes declined in the early 1970s, Nation started trying to initiate his own projects elsewhere.

He scripted the pilot play *The Incredible Roger Baldick* - a sort of Victorian version of *The X-Files* - for the BBC (his first work for the corporation in over 5 years) in 1972, but a hoped-for series based on the concept was not forthcoming. The following year, Nation wrote the screenplay for the Frankie Howerd comedy-horror film *The House in Nightmare Park*, but the film all-but sank with minimal fuss. *Doctor Who* came back into Nation's life when the new production team of Barry Letts (Producer) and Terrance Dicks (Script Editor) decided to pitch Jon Pertwee's Doctor against the Daleks for the first time, in the story '*Day of the Daleks*'. As neither had been





working on the series back when the Daleks last appeared, they were both unaware that Nation had withdrawn his permission for the BBC to use his villains. Equally, they were also unaware of the unique deal Nation had struck with the BBC giving him an equal share of the rights to the Daleks, meaning he should have been sought for script approval as a minimum courtesy.

Letts and Dicks took Nation out to lunch after the event to apologise, and found that he was, in fact, quite conciliatory about the situation, and furthermore, offered his services to them should they require more Dalek stories.

They took him at his word, and so for the next three years, Nation found himself contributing a Dalek story to each new series of *Doctor Who*, writing 'Planet of the Daleks' (1973), 'Death to the Daleks' (1974), and 'Genesis of the Daleks' (1975), which, in turn sparked a mini-revival of new Dalek merchandise at the same time.

Clockwise from top right: Ray Milland and Frankie Howerd in *The House in Nightmare Park*; Terry with Tom Baker, and *Survivors* on horseback

## NEW DIRECTIONS

In the mid 1970s, Nation turned briefly away from scriptwriting, and dallied with writing books. First to be published was the children's fantasy novel *Rebecca's World* (named after Nation's daughter). This was followed by *Survivors*, a tale set in a post-apocalyptic England, where 90% of the world's population have died after a man-made virus escapes from a laboratory in Asia. At the time Nation was pitching the book idea, he also held talks with the BBC about using the story as the basis for a television series. Nation signed the deal for the book on the very same day as he also signed the series contract with the BBC.

*Survivors* debuted on BBC1 in April 1975, with Nation writing seven of the first season's

13 episodes. The series was produced by Terence Dudley, who had previously produced *Doomwatch* for the BBC, and had famously clashed with the creators of that series, Gerry Davis and Kit Pedler, over the direction the programme should take. Similarly, Dudley's take on *Survivors* clashed with that of the author - Nation preferred more downbeat stories which arose out of the scenario he had created, while Dudley favoured more optimistic tales where the lead characters won small victories, and made progress in the new world they inhabited. Dudley's vision prevailed with the BBC bosses, and so Nation elected to have no further input to the programme's second and third seasons.

## THE DIRTY DOZEN IN SPACE

The success of *Survivors* gave Nation enough kudos to be able to propose other programme ideas to the BBC, and in late 1975, he arrived at a pitch meeting with a handful of carefully prepared programme formats that he had spent many weeks honing and refining. They were all met with a polite stony silence from the assembled TV bigwigs, as he talked his concepts through, one after another.

Nation was then asked if he had any other ideas. It's very hard not to imagine what happened next in the same context as Alan Partridge pitching the idea of *Monkey Tennis*, but Nation offered up an improvised-on-the-spot suggestion of 'The Dirty Dozen in Space'. That generated nods of approval all round, and so Nation got the series commission he was hoping for. After his experiences with *Survivors*, Nation made sure he alone would write all 13 of the scripts for the series he eventually named *Blake's 7*.

As Nation got to work on writing the scripts for *Blake's 7*'s first series, producer David Maloney and script editor Chris Boucher (both with recent experience of directing and writing *Doctor Who*) started working on the nuts and bolts of the series production.

Nation honed his cast of characters down





Blake's 7, well, 6 of them. In the TV series there were varying numbers of crew members of the Liberator and Slave, but never 8...



Above:  
Paul Darrow as  
Kerr Avon and  
Glynis Barber as  
Soolin

Right:  
Jacqueline Pearce  
as Servalan



to the required seven principle bad-guys-turned-good, with Gareth Thomas's Blake serving as the lynchpin of the series. The backbone of the show was supplied by Paul Darrow's Avon, constantly threatening to usurp Blake's authority, while Michael Keating's Vila played a more pragmatic foil to the two of them. Cally (Jan Chappell), Jenna (Sally Knyvette), Gan (David Jackson), and the supercomputer Zen made up the rest of the eponymous seven. Nation's scripts, while always strong and well-crafted, began to noticeably run out of steam towards the end of the series, and the decision was taken to bring writers other than Nation on board for the following year.

The second series of *Blake's 7* enhanced the reputation of the programme still further, even though Nation was responsible for just three of the scripts. One of which, 'Pressure Point', took the highly controversial step of killing-off one of the original 'seven' - Gan dies as a result of Blake's bungled attack on the Federation's central control centre.

By the end of the second series, Gareth Thomas and Sally Knyvette also decided to move onto other projects, and so *Blake's 7* was left without its titular main character. The third series was remodelled with Darrow's Avon as the main central focus, and Nation was responsible for scripting the opening episodes, which reset the character dynamic for the programme, and he also scripted the concluding episode, which was meant to wrap-up the series as a whole. The BBC then backtracked, and unexpectedly



commissioned a fourth series, but Nation played no further part in the production. Nation returned briefly to *Doctor Who* in 1979 to script one final Dalek story, 'Destiny of the Daleks', but at the time

was already making plans to leave

England and move to America, where he had always dreamed of working as a Hollywood writer.

Selling his beloved Lynstead Park mansion, he set up home in Los Angeles, and began working in 1980 as a 'script doctor' for various American television production companies. Apart from some small bits of credited writing work on the 80s series *MacGyver*, Nation did very little original work of note in the years following his departure from England. Although high-profile mainstream success eluded Nation, the writing work that he did undertake was lucrative enough for him to remain in the USA until his death from emphysema in 1997, aged just 66.

Terry Nation's legacy still continues, however. The Daleks remain an integral part of the rebooted 21st century *Doctor Who* series, while *Survivors* briefly resurfaced on the BBC in 2008 for a reboot of its own, based more on Nation's own *Survivors* novel than the original TV series. And not a year seems to go by without a *Blake's 7* revival being mooted, and it's surely only a matter of time before such suggestions turn into hard reality. 🚀

Look for our fantastic special celebration of *Blake's 7* in the very next issue of *Infinity*!



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# MY PARTNER THE

# GHOST

Richard Molesworth looks back at ITC's *Randall and Hopkirk (Deceased)*. Obviously influenced by such paranormal films as *Blithe Spirit* and *Topper*, it still has a big following today, spookily enough...





All images © ITV/Rex/Shutterstock



and filming locations on both productions as they could, in an effort to minimise costs across both productions.

The first programme suggested by the duo became *Department S*, which launched the small screen career of writer-turned-detective Jason King (as played by Peter Wyngarde), who eventually had his own spin-off series. Dennis Spooner mainly came up with the idea for the second series - a pair of down-on-their-luck detectives, one of whom was a ghost. It's the sort of pitch that would probably wrong-foot most television moguls, but Lew Grade was made of sterner stuff, and green-lit the idea. And so *Randall and Hopkirk (Deceased)* was born.

The opening episode of the series introduces us to two private detectives, Jeff Randall and Marty Hopkirk, good friends who work together in their struggling detective agency. Randall (Mike Pratt) is a lugubrious, streetwise, careworn cynic of a man, who knows how the system works, and also knows his place in it. Marty (Kenneth Cope) is more of a wide-eyed innocent, not as worldly-wise as his business partner, and deeply in love with his new wife, Jean (Annette Andre).

But while Jeff is called away on another job, Marty gets involved in one of his partner's seemingly-innocent divorce cases, when the wife of a cheating husband dies in mysterious circumstances. Marty is immediately suspicious about the woman's death, which draws the attention of the husband, who was indeed behind his wife's murder. But before he can prove that foul play was afoot, Marty is run over and killed in what appears to be a terrible, random accident.

Jeff returns for his partner's funeral, but after the graveside service, goes home and finds he can't sleep. His phone rings, and he hears Marty's voice on the other end of the line, telling him to meet him at his gravestone. Jeff tries to sleep, but then rises from his bed in a trance-like state and makes his way to Marty's grave. There he meets a



white-suited Marty, who explains that he is dead, but he hasn't 'checked in yet'. He is therefore temporarily able to return to the land of the living as a ghost, albeit one that only Jeff - and no-one else - can see. Marty is convinced his death was no accident, and that he was murdered because of his suspicions about the divorce case. But before he can tell Jeff any more, dawn begins to break, and Marty has to return to his grave before the rays of the first light hit him, lest he be cursed to walk the Earth for the next 100 years as a ghost that only Jeff can see:

*"Afore the Sun shall rise on you,  
Each ghost unto his grave must go."*

Jeff begins to look into the circumstances behind his partner's death, and becomes convinced that Marty is right, and that he was murdered. He meets again with his paranormal partner, and they concoct a plan to make the murdering husband now set his sights on Jeff. However, as events begin to snowball, Marty has to forgo returning to his grave before dawn in order to help Jeff prove the guilt of the errant husband, and the episode ends with the murderer behind bars. The ghostly Marty Hopkirk gleefully informs Jeff that he's now going to be stuck with his spooky sidekick for the next 100 years.

And so *Randall and Hopkirk (Deceased)* begins...

**Opposite:**  
Kenneth Cope as  
the late Marty  
Hopkirk, Annette  
Andre as his wife,  
er, widow Jeannie  
and Mike Pratt as  
Marty's partner Jeff  
Randall

# ITC

Action-Adventure programmes of the 1960s usually followed one of two very successful formulas.

First up was the relatively straightforward spy-action-adventure serial. *Man in a Suitcase*, *The Saint*, *The Persuaders*, *The Protectors*.... they all fitted the bill quite superbly, with their glossy heroes, in glossy locations, driving glossy cars, all defeating the bad guys before the final credits rolled.

But ITC also liked to make off-the-wall programmes, with big dollops of fantasy dropped into them. *The Prisoner* and *The Champions* were early successes in this field, and were big hits in the UK and overseas. ITC liked its serials to be bold, filmed in colour, and to (usually) run to 26 episodes.

One day in the late 1960s, ITC head-honcho Lew Grade sat down for a meeting with producer Monty Berman and writer Dennis Spooner, and outlined his next big production idea. He wanted Berman and Spooner to produce not one, but two big dramas, both made back-to-back, utilising as many crew







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At the core of the series is the relationship between Jeff Randall, and his best friend, Marty Hopkirk. Mike Pratt's Randall has a gloriously careworn attitude, coupled with a pragmatic outlook on life, bordering on the gloomy.

Prior to this series, Pratt had previously appeared in episodes of ITC shows such as *Man in a Suitcase*, *The Champions* and *The Saint*, and was perfectly cast as the downtrodden private-eye. Kenneth Cope imbues Marty Hopkirk with a more comic persona, which allows for a good contrast between the two main lead actors. Cope had previously appeared in *The Avengers* and *Coronation Street* (as Jed Stone in 1961 through to 1966, and would return as the same character over 40 years later, in 2008). He would go on to appear in several *Carry On* films in the early 1970s, where his comic talents were put to excellent use.

Completing the triumvirate of lead character was Jean (usually called Jeannie) Hopkirk, who is widowed in the first episode of the series. Initially taking something of a minor role in the early episode of the programme, Jeannie's character becomes more established and integral to the plots

as the series progresses, eventually working alongside Jeff Randall in the agency her late husband co-founded.

Jeannie has a beguiling quality that comes with a strong moral compass, but she can be exceptionally naive at times, which draws her into dangerous situations. Like her co-stars, Annette Andre had a long association with ITC programmes, with guest roles in *The Prisoner* and *The Saint*, and was a whisker away from getting the lead role of Sharron Macready in *The Champions*, but ultimately lost out to Alexandra Bastedo.

With its origins as a slightly unusual detective buddy-buddy show, the supernatural elements of the series were initially underplayed, and Jeff's interactions with the ghostly Marty were usually portrayed more for comic effect than for any dramatic, or scary, subtext. Marty's powers are limited to shattering the odd mirror, vibrating tea cups, or, on one occasion, summoning up a hurricane simply by exhaling strongly. To Jeff's annoyance, Marty would tend to appear out of thin air at the most inconvenient of occasions, and yet be stubbornly absent at times when Jeff could really do with his assistance.



Only Jeff can see his late partner, and Marty Hopkirk's white suit has no pockets because "ghosts don't need pockets"



## SIMPLE EFFECTS

In technical terms, the series made the most of tried and trusted film methods to convey the ghostly goings-on that the scripts demanded. In the pre-CGI era of the late 1960s, Marty was usually made to appear and disappear by simply stopping the camera, having Kenneth Cope walk onto the set, and then re-start filming, making it look like Marty had popped-up out of thin air.

The other main technique the series utilised was a variation on what is often referred to as 'Pepper's Ghost', an old theatrical effect for making things seemingly appear on stage out of thin air. To make it work on film, a large plate of glass is placed in front of the camera, angled at 90 degrees. The camera 'sees' through the glass, but when an object or person is carefully positioned to the side of the camera, and lit with a bright light, their image appears in the glass for as long as they are illuminated. Careful positioning of this 'ghost' will allow it to interact with people or actors on the set, who are positioned on the other side of the glass to which the camera points.

The main prerequisite the series makes on the viewer is that we are able to see Marty, along with Jeff, but none of the other

# Randall and Hopkirk (Deceased) - Episode Guide

(Broadcast details as per London Weekend Television)



## My Late Lamented Friend and Partner

21/09/69 Private detective Marty Hopkirk is killed in a traffic accident. His partner, Jeff Randall, must prove that Marty was murdered.



## A Disturbing Case

28/09/69 When Jeff is seen talking to himself, he's sent for treatment at a clinic where all is not what it seems.



## All Work and No Pay

05/10/69 Jeannie thinks she's being haunted by her dead husband. Jeff and Marty have to prove that she's being conned.



## Never Trust a Ghost

12/10/69 Marty is witness to a murder. When Jeff investigates, he finds the victim alive and well.



## That's How Murder Snowballs

19/10/69 Jeff and Jeannie visit a theatre, where a Russian Roulette act goes fatally wrong.



## Just for the Record

26/10/69 Jeff has to ensure the safety of girls entering an international beauty contest.



## Murder Ain't What it Used to Be!

02/11/69 Jeff has to protect an ageing ex-gangster from the vengeful ghost of another gangster.



## Whoever Heard of a Ghost Dying?

09/11/69 Jeff connection with Marty is threatened when Marty is exorcised.



## The House on Haunted Hill

16/11/69 Jeff and Marty investigate the strange goings on at a reputedly haunted house.



## When Did You Start to Stop Seeing Things?

23/11/69 Jeff starts acting strangely, and Marty finds he can no longer communicate with him.



## The Ghost Who Saved the Bank at Monte Carlo

30/11/69 Marty's Aunt Clara has perfected a system for winning in casinos, and engages Jeff and Jeannie to protect her winning formula.



## For the Girl Who Has Everything

07/12/69 Jeff is hired by a ghost hunter investigating a haunted house.



## But What a Sweet Little Room

14/12/69 A séance leads Marty to discover the truth behind two mysterious deaths.



## Who Killed Cock Robin?

21/12/69 An aviary is the sole beneficiary of a wealthy woman's estate. Jeff investigates when the birds, and surviving relatives, begin dying.



## The Man from Nowhere

28/12/69 Jeannie meets a man who claims to be her late husband, and seemingly knows everything about their lives.



## When the Spirit Moves You

02/01/70 A conman hires Jeff as a bodyguard, scared his victims might come looking for him.



## Somebody Just Walked Over My Grave

09/01/70 Marty's grave is desecrated, and Jeff's investigation takes a bizarre twist.



## Could You Recognise the Man Again?

16/01/70 Jeff and Jeannie witness a murder, and Jeannie is kidnapped to prevent her giving evidence.



## A Sentimental Journey

23/01/70 Jeff acts as a bodyguard for a glamorous blonde double-crosser.



## Money to Burn

30/01/70 Jeff is made a scapegoat in a scam involving half a million pounds in used banknotes destined for incineration.



## The Ghost Talks

06/02/70 While Jeff is hospitalised, Marty reminisces about an old case.



## It's Supposed to be Thicker Than Water

13/02/70 Jeff is hired to deliver an envelope to an escaped convict on the run.



## The Trouble with Women

20/02/70 Jeff is hired by a woman who thinks her husband is having an affair. When the husband is killed, Jeff becomes a suspect.



## Vendetta for a Dead Man

27/02/70 A man jailed because of Marty's detective work escapes prison and turns his attentions towards Jeannie.



## You Can Always Find a Fall Guy

06/03/70 Jeff investigates a convent, where the nuns are not what they seem.



## The Smile Behind the Veil

13/03/70 Marty attends a funeral and suspects a smiling mourner of hiding a dark secret.





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characters in the series are able to discern him, or know he's in a scene. One notable exception is in the episode *'For the Girl Who Has Everything'*, when Marty discovers that an elderly medium, Mrs Pleasance, can also see and hear him. Marty's joy at finding another person he can interact with is cut short, as Mrs Pleasance tragically dies before the episode's conclusion, and later appears alongside Marty as white-clothed ghost.

As the series progresses, Marty finds others who occasionally see and hear him, such as Calvin P Bream who, in the episode *'When the Spirit Moves You'*, finds he's able to see and hear Marty when's he's quite drunk. Dogs also seem able to detect Marty whenever he's around. The episode *'Murder Ain't What it Used to be'* sees Marty pitted against another phantom, in the guise of the ghost of 1930s gangster Bugsy Spanio, complete with white machine gun and white cigar. Being dressed all in white is how the series presents all ghosts to the viewer.

In *'The Trouble with Women'* we see a queue of ghosts waiting to contact living relatives at a séance, while a ghostly Jeff Randall even appears at one point, in the episode *'The Smile Behind The Vale'*. In the course of an investigation, Randall is overpowered, knocked unconscious, and thrown into a river. As the watching Marty tries to come up with a plan to save his drowning partner, a white-suited Randall suddenly appears next to him on the riverbank. Marty has to use all his paranormal wits to ensure a nearby fisherman manages to hook Randall's body and pull him to safety, causing the apparition of Jeff to dissolve away to nothing.

#### RANDALL'S SCRIPT

Towards the end of the series production, actor Mike Pratt took it upon himself to co-write (along with Ian Wilson) a script for the series on-spec. A surprised Dennis Spooner was one day handed the script by



Above: Marty listens in on one of his wife Jeannie's phone calls. On a trivia note, Kenneth Cope infamously (and accidentally) wore his wig back-to-front in the first few stories...

Pratt on the set of the series, and after reading it, decided it would make a rather good episode.

Pratt's story, *'A Disturbing Case'* was popped into the production schedule, and revolved around Jeff's many encounters with Marty. Their conversations could sometimes be quite heated, and yet if they were ever overheard, it seemed to the

observer that Jeff was having a one-way chat with thin air - Marty's part of the conversation not being visible or audible to anyone else.

*'A Disturbing Case'* takes this idea to its natural conclusion when Jean Hopkirk, along with her sister Jenny, observe one of Jeff's one-sided conversations with his dead partner, and come to the conclusion that

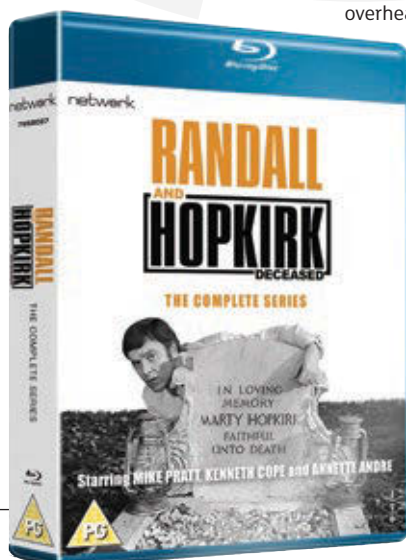
he's losing his grip on his sanity, and so have Jeff committed to a psychiatric clinic for treatment.

One notable episode, *'The Ghost Talks'*, was re-written late in the day to accommodate the fact that Mike Pratt had broken his ankle after falling from a balcony following a party, and so Jeff Randall spends the entire episode laid up in hospital with both legs broken. This gives Marty the chance to recount to his friend the details of a case he worked on before his death. Told mainly in flashback, it gives the viewer a rare chance to see the undead Marty Hopkirk, in normal clothes, taking part in real-world situations and capers.

This was the last episode of the series to be made, before production ceased in the summer of 1969.

*Randall and Hopkirk (Deceased)* was a small, if unremarkable hit for ITC. The series was screened on ITV, but was not networked, which meant it cropped up on different days at different times, in different episode orders, on the various national ITV regions. And as colour broadcasting was not universally rolled out at the same time on the ITV network, most regions initially began showing the series in black and white, although most regions repeated the series in colour in the early 1970s. The series did well in America too, where it was shown under the rather less-impressive title of *My Partner The Ghost*.

The series was fondly remembered in the decades that followed its production, so much so that it was revived in the year 2000, as a vehicle for the comedy duo Vic Reeves and Bob Mortimer, who played Marty Hopkirk and Jeff Randall in the re-booted series of the same name on BBC1. They were joined by Emilia Fox as Jeannie (Marty's fiancé, not wife this time around) and the ebullient Tom Baker as Wyvern, Marty's spirit mentor (a character invented for the new series). Despite some innovative script ideas and top-notch casting, the revival lasted for just two short series, before *Randall and Hopkirk (Deceased)* was laid to rest once more. 🌿





# INFINITY



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The great Chinese philosopher Confucius once said that a man who has committed a mistake and doesn't correct it is committing another mistake. In other words, if you've missed an issue of *Infinity* in the past then be sure not to miss one in the future. We like to think that is what he meant, anyway, but since he died in 479BC we'll have to take that on trust. Mind you, Confucius also said boy who go to bed with sexual problem wake up with solution in hand, so he was a bit of a joker.

Anyway, next time round we'll be bringing you another packed programme of retro-style sci-fi and cult TV goodness, starting off with a fabulous feature on Glen Larson's space epic, *Battlestar Galactica*, a show that was originally conceived as a script titled "Adam's Ark", where Earth is destroyed and the survivors must go find a new home out among the stars.

We will also be celebrating the 40th anniversary of the BBC's *Blake's 7*, a series that was watched by approximately 10 million people in the UK when first broadcast in 1978. Broadcaster Clive James described it as "classically awful", but what does an Aussie know about Brit sci-fi?

If you are a committed *Doctor Who* fan you will probably already know about the episodes of the show that were wiped from time and space by the penny-pinching BBC, but it still makes for a fascinating feature next time round, as does our look back at Irwin Allen's *Lost in Space* - "Danger Will Robinson!" For readers of *Infinity* magazine, Ray Harryhausen will be a familiar name, so too will his films and his creature collection, which you can read about in a fascinating article about the ongoing restoration work being done on his classic creations. It is coming up to five years since Ray died in May 2013. His legacy and his work are more relevant now than they have been for several decades and you will love this tribute to the great man.

Also presented for your reading pleasure will be superbly illustrated features on Robby the Robot, Douglas Adams, *The Nightmare Man*, *Danger Man* and that promised feature on sci-fi in the girls comics of the 1950s. It's lineups like this that have quickly made *Infinity* into one of the world's most popular printed SF mags, so be sure to make a stardate with us at your local newsagent the day after Valentine's Day. Buy him a card too and you will really cheer him up.







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