Movie poster mags — each one in full colour throughout, featuring eight fact and photo-packed pages of information on the film plus a giant (almost 2ft x 3ft) full-colour poster. Thirteen official film poster mags to choose from. Bracketed details give poster subject, which is often a full reproduction of the UK film release poster.

| P1 | Raiders of the Lost Ark (Amself film poster) |
| P2 | For Your Eyes Only (Film poster) |
| P3 | Heavy Metal (Achilleos film poster) |
| P4 | Popeye (Popeye/Olive/Sweetpea) |
| P5 | Clash of the Titans (Cutting sword film poster) |
| P6 | Superman II (Flying villains film poster) |
| P8 | Doc Savage (few only) (Ron Ely poster) |
| P9 | Flash Gordon (Film poster – no text) |
| P10 | Kung Fu (few only) (Carradine action poster) |
| P11 | Mommie Dearest (Film poster) |
| P12 | The Blue Lagoon (3 posters, Atkins/Shields) |
| P13 | Legend of the Lone Ranger (Film poster) |

All above poster mags at 75p each (includes post & packing) or any five for £3; the full set at a special price of £7.50 (the equivalent of paying for ten, and 3 at no cost).

---

OFFICIAL SOUVENIR BROCHURES

B1 Shogun: 27 full colour illustrations, including pre-production visuals. Story synopsis, biographies and film facts.


Souvenir brochures at 95p each (includes post and packing) or the pair for £1.50

Make all postal orders/cheques (sorry, no cash) payable to QUALITY COMMUNICATIONS and write to us at:

QUALITY MAIL SALE, 3 Lewisham Way, London SE14 6PP

Shops and dealers: Please enquire about our generous bulk discounts.

Orders outside UK: Seashell, add £1 ($2.00 US); Airmail, full cost of magazines.
CONTENTS

HORROR OF DRACULA

Adapted from the Hammer Film Production by Dez Skinn (script) and Paul Neary (art).

Part One: CASTLE DRACULA ........................................... 6
In which Jonathon Harker arrives at the Count's home and discovers the resting places of the Undead!

Part Two: THE CURSE SPREADS ..................................... 13
While Count Dracula reaches out to the friends of Jonathon Harker with his vampiric curse, Professor Van Helsing moves in to combat him.

Part Three: THE FINAL CHASE ...................................... 22
Van Helsing and Holmwood track the Lord of Vampires down at his castle and the final conflict takes place.

BONUS FEATURE

THE DRACULA SKETCHBOOK ........................................... 29
When preparing for his work on this magazine's second strip adaptation, Dracula Prince of Darkness, artist John Bolton produced many sketches. As an insight into the artist's way of working, we present a selection of them.

DRACULA PRINCE OF DARKNESS

Adapted from the Hammer Film Production by Donne Avenell (script) and John Bolton (art).

Part One: THE UNDEAD ............................................... 36
Four English travellers become the unwitting victims of the newly revived Lord of the Undead.

Part Two: THE POSSESSED .......................................... 40
The trap is sprung on the two remaining travellers who must fight for their lives to survive Castle Dracula.

Part Three: THE DESTROYERS ....................................... 45
The survivors seek safety in the monastery of Father Sandor, but must soon return to Castle Dracula to prevent the vampire's murdering again.

Editor & Publisher:  DEZ SKINN
Cover art:          MICK AUSTIN
Design:            DEXTER CRAIG
Distribution:      MOORE HARNESS

*"Dracula" is based on the Universal-International presentation of the Hammer Films production. "Dracula Prince of Darkness" is based on the Associated British-Pathe presentation of the Hammer Films production.
part one

Castle Dracula

In the middle of the forest it loomed, Castle Dracula... a dark, foreboding place in a thick forest of dead trees. For around the castle nothing grew and no birds could be heard or seen, almost as if a plague had vanished all life from the area. It was to this repulsive estate Jonathan Harker had come, from not too distant Karlsbad, for the estate's owner had need of a librarian and Harker had reason to accept the appointment.

Dwarfed by the surroundings, he walks over the castle's portice knowing he has a job to do and an appointment to keep with... Count Dracula.

The door swings open under his hand and Harker walks into an almost stygian darkness, cut only by the weak light of day from the overcast sky outside.

No one greets his arrival, though before him a large table looms upon which a meal has been set. Beside the food is a letter addressed to him.

My Dear Harker,
I am very much
wished to meet you. Eat
well and make yourself comfortable.

Count Dracula.
Harker has just finished his meal when he hears a weak, pleading voice behind him...

I'm sorry? Help you...?

Say you will... please get me away from here.

You will help me, won't you?

But why?

He's keeping me prisoner.

Who is? Count Dracula? I'm afraid I don't understand.

Without answering, the girl runs away as...

Mr. Harker? I'm glad you arrived safely. I am Count Dracula and I welcome you. I apologise for not being here earlier.

Now that you have eaten, permit me to show you to your room.

Unfortunately my housekeeper is away at the moment. However I think you will find that everything has been prepared for your comfort.

Just one more thing. I have to go out until after sundown tomorrow. Until then, please look upon this house as your own.

Thank you. You are most kind.

As Dracula turns to leave, he picks up a photograph case Harker has unwrapped.

My fiancée, Lucy Holmwood.

You are a lucky man, Mr. Harker. She's charming...

...quite charming.
AND NOW, MR. HARKER,
I BID YOU GOOD NIGHT.

KNOWING IT WILL BE LOCKED, HARKER
TRIES THE DOOR, THEN LEANS
BACK IN THOUGHT.

AND SO... IT
BEGINNS. BUT I
MUST PUT
EVERYTHING IN
WRITING, IN MY
DIARY, IN CASE
ANYTHING GOES
WRONG.

"At last I have met Count
Dracula. He accepts me as a
man who has agreed to work
among his books, as I intended."

"It only remains for me now to await
the daylight hours when, with God's
help, I will forever end this man's
reign of terror."

HIS DIARY SAFELY
HIDDEN, HARKER
DOZES.

BUT HE IS
SOON TO BE
AWAKENED!

THE DOOR!
SOMEONE'S
UNLOCKING
IT!

CAUTIOUSLY, HARKER LEAVES
HIS ROOM AND SEES...

INSIDE THE ROOM, SHE WAITS,
WONDERING IF HE WILL
COME.

YOU WILL HELP
ME, MR. HARKER?
I FEEL SO... SO
WEAK.

IF IT'S AT ALL
POSSIBLE. COME,
REST YOUR HEAD
ON MY SHOULDER
... DON'T CRY.

AT THE END
OF THE CORRIDOR...
AN OPEN DOOR!
But then

HSSSSSSSS!

SSSSSSSS!

With a final glance at Harker's unconscious body stretched on the unyielding floor, Dracula and his woman depart.
A full day has elapsed. It is late afternoon when Harker begins to awaken, back in his own room.

A sudden remembrance of the previous day clears his cloudy brain.

Oh my God! I’ve become a victim of Dracula and the woman in his power.

My diary... I must hide it. It tells the full story.

Finding the door locked once more, Harker slides through the window...

And hides his precious diary in the forest beyond the castle Dracula.

I only pray it will be found... in time.

And now I must act... while my soul is still mine to control.

Down into the dank mausoleum he stalks, dusk drawing ever closer.

There they are, the foul resting places of... Dracula...
...and the poor creature who was once an innocent young girl.

The mallet rises and falls! Released after countless years, the body reverts to its true age before Harker's astonished eyes!

But turning to the second coffin, the vampire hunter realises in horror...

Yes, Mr. Harker, empty. Choosing the girl first you made a big mistake... it will be your last.

It's... empty!
Available at last...

In answer to your demands, Quality Communications is proud to present its custom-made volume binders.

There's no further need for your copies of Warrior and Halls of Horror to be damaged, lost or permanently borrowed, when they can be easily kept in mint condition in presentation volume binders.

Not only are the binders beautiful display pieces, in deep textured blue with gold spine lettering, but they are functional too. Each new issue can be easily slotted into the binder, with no need to remove the covers or damage the staples, and the issues can be referred back to at a glance, transforming loose magazines into top quality hardbound volumes.

All binders are despatched in purpose-built packages to remove the risk of damage in transit, and can make ideal gifts...for a friend or for yourself.

While ordering, why not take an extra volume for the upcoming issues, and transform your favourite magazine into perfect part-work!

As well as Warrior and Halls of Horror binders, we also have available a limited number of binders without spine lettering, which are ideal for any other magazines you collect and wish to preserve. Just to be sure the magazine is no more than 11½" deep.

As a bonus, all volume binders come with sufficient dry-transfer gold-coloured lettering to enable you to mark the volume number and the year as your collection grows.

All binders are £3.75 each within the British Isles (post included). Overseas: $12.00 (U.S.) or equivalent. Airmail: add $4.00.

Make all postal orders/cheques (sorry, no cash) payable to QUALITY COMMUNICATIONS and write to us at:

QUALITY MAIL SALE, 3 Lewisham Way, London SE14 6PP
At the home of Arthur and Mina Holmwood...

You see, he was a colleague of mine. I went to visit him at Castle Dracula...

Professor Van Helsing, you're telling us that Jonathon Harker is... dead? But how?

Please, Mr. Holmwood, do not force me. I cannot tell you how he died.

When I arrived, everything was quite normal.

I walked up to his room to see him...

And found his body laid at rest in his room, but there was no evidence of foul play.

"At an earlier request of his own, I had him cremated before I left."

His room... ransacked! And Lucy's photograph... gone! But where is Harker?

"I'm too late!"

"Forgive me, Jonathon. It must be done!"

Only the mausoleum remains to be... oh no!
But now I would like to see Jonathon's fiancée, Miss Lucy Holmwood. I thought it would be less of a shock if I came to tell her personally.

No! Your story is far too suspicious and Lucy is not well. My wife and I will tell her, now, if you don't mind...

Very well. I'm sorry. Please offer my sympathy to Miss Lucy. Good day.

But upstairs, in Lucy Holmwood's room...

At last, the night... I must prepare for his visit...

How he hates this silly crucifix they make me wear!

How he hates this silly crucifix they make me wear!

I hear him... He comes!

Lucy Holmwood, soon you will be mine... for all eternity. You will replace the one Harker took from me.
The next day, there is a knock on the door of Van Helsing's hotel rooms...

Professor Van Helsing, come quickly. It's Lucy...

Within minutes, Van Helsing is standing over the weakened Lucy Holmwood.

Professor, they haven't told me but... Jonathon is dead, isn't he? I know he is.

B-but how did you know, unless...

Her anaemic look, her weakened state... and now this, there is only one person who could have told her I must act quickly.

Would you just turn your head a little, Miss Lucy, thank you.

Van Helsing quickly rushes Missina downstair...

This is worse than I realised. Have lots of garlic bulbs and flowers placed around Miss Lucy's room and on no account let the windows be opened at night. I will explain all once Miss Lucy is safe.

W-Why, yes, Professor. I'll do anything to help.

Confident in the knowledge that Dracula cannot enter a room unbidden and with the added protection of the garlic flowers to ward off evil, Van Helsing leaves. But, that evening...

Very well, Miss Lucy, they may keep away any insects but if they make you feel worse, I'll open the windows and let in some good fresh air.

Now, my beloved now you can come to me.

Oh, Gerda... the horrible smell of those flowers stifles me. I can't breathe! Please take them away.

Oh, thank you, Gerda. I would do it myself but I feel so weak.
Within minutes, a misty form materialises at the opened window. A sudden ice-cold wind fills the room, and Count Dracula enters.

The next morning...

If my instructions had been followed, this would not have happened.

I've had enough of this rubbish! Death seems to follow you, Van Helsing. Death and unbelievable stories. First the mystery about Jonathon and now this. Sealed windows and garlic indeed!

Perhaps I should have told you everything earlier. But I had hoped to avoid it. Take this, Jonathon Harker's diary. It will explain the true reason why he visited Castle Dracula. Then you'll know how he and Miss Lucy died. I knew you would not believe me, but perhaps Jonathon's words...

And now I feel I should leave you. Good day.

Several evenings later, the local constable appears at the door with the daughter of Gerda, the Holmwood maid...

I was out playing by myself when she called me. We walked together towards the wood. Then we sat down and she went to kiss me, but someone came along and she ran away.

Aunt Lucy?

Then it's true. It's all true! Van Helsing, the diary, everything, and poor Lucy... she's become a vampire!

Tanya, child, what were you doing out by the wood where this officer found you?

Who did, dear... who was she?
The Holmwood Crypt...

Yes, darling... come...

I must be sure. I must see if Lucy's body still rests or if it has...

Your hand, Aunt Lucy. It feels like ice...

Never mind, dear. Come quickly. I have something to show you.

Suddenly, as the two reach the cemetery...

Lucy!

Why, Arthur, dear brother... why didn't you come sooner?

Here, let me kiss you, dear Arthur.

Nearby, Tanya walks along a narrow path through the undergrowth, sounding as if in a deep trance. She calls out...

Did you call me, Aunt Lucy?

As the two wraithlike figures move into the woods, another appears upon the scene. But this man knows how to deal with the forces of evil. He is Professor Van Helsing and is trained in the ways of fighting vampires.
Seemingly from nowhere, Van Helsing strikes!

Fearing the holy crucifix, the creature who had once been Lucy Holmwood turns and flees towards her "home"... her coffin!

No, wait, Holmwood. Don't pursue. Let her think herself safe. See, the sun is about to rise... there is only one place she can go now.

And so...

You were right. Here she lies, in her coffin. She looks so alive.

No! How can you suggest such a thing? That she should be possessed by this evil for another second. Think of Gerda's child out there and the others she will defile. No, I couldn't... I couldn't let you.

But she is not alive... rather she is un-dead! These last three nights I have watched her tomb, waiting for her to rise, to lead me to count Dracula.

Then to liberate her soul, we must destroy this shell which through the evil of Dracula holds her here.

The curse broken, an expression of peace spreads over the girl's face.
As I journeyed towards his castle, a large hearse drove out of the grounds. Holmwood, we can find him. To arrive here, it must have crossed the Ingstadt border. We must go there now.

You see, Holmwood, a vampire must rest in his native soil during the daylight hours. That hearse contained a coffin, doubtless full of such soil. If we can check where the coffin was being taken, then we have found Count Dracula!

Well, I shouldn’t really be givin’ out such information... but seein’ as you’re a doctor... let me see. Here we are, an undertaker, name of J. Marx, 49 Friedrichstrasse, Karlstadt.

Karlstadt! That’s your home town. We can be back there by early morning.

Meanwhile, at her home, Mina Holmwood receives an unexpected message...

A message from Arthur Holmwood? But he’s supposed to be in Ingstadt.

Well, that’s what he said his name was, and that you’ve got to see this bloke.

And so, little realising it was a trap, Mina Holmwood went to the address: the address of J. Marx, undertaker.

As the door was ajar Mina entered the dark room, its only light coming from an oil lamp above a large, regal coffin with gleaming brasses.

Hello, Mr. Marx? Anyone here?

The reflective gleam of the coffin caught her eye, but as she looked...

Gasp! No, it can’t be... it can’t...

End of Part Two
WARRIOR BACK ISSUES:

ISSUE ONE...£1.00($3)

ISSUE TWO...75p($3)

ISSUE THREE...75p($3)

ISSUE FOUR...75p($3)

ISSUE FIVE...75p($3)

ISSUE SIX...75p($3)

ISSUE SEVEN...75p($3)

ISSUE EIGHT...75p($3)

ISSUE NINE...75p($3)
Marvelman, Spiral Path, V for Vendetta, Shandor, Laser Eraser & Pressbutton, Dispatches. Special feature: Warpsmith by Alan Moore & Garry Leach.

ISSUE TEN...75p($3)

ISSUE ELEVEN...75p($3)

ISSUE TWELVE...75p($3)
Anniversary Special featuring Young Marvelman, Bojeffries Saga, The V Theme, Pressbutton solo story, The Spiral Path conclusion, Prester John conclusion.

ISSUE THIRTEEN...75p($3)
Marvelman, Bojeffries Saga, Shandor, V for Vendetta, Dispatches. Special features: Zirk by Henry & Leach; Twilight World preview; Parkhouse/Ridgway SF short story; Zirk pin-up

ISSUE FOURTEEN...75p($3)
Marvelman, Twilight World, V for Vendetta, Father Shandor, Demon Stalker, Dispatches. Special features: Ektryn by Cam Kennedy + Future History article.

ISSUE FIFTEEN...75p($3)
Marvelman, Twilight World, V for Vendetta, Shandor, Laser Eraser & Pressbutton, Dispatches. Special features: Writer Interview with Steve Moore; LE/PB pin-up.

ISSUE SIXTEEN...75p($3)
Marvelman, Twilight World, V for Vendetta, Father Shandor, Demon Stalker, Dispatches. Special features: Dez Skinn on creating comics; Zirk Christmas Card; Marvelman pin-up.

QUALITY COMMUNICATIONS,
3 LEWISHAM WAY, LONDON SE14 6PP, ENGLAND

Wholesale enquiries to: Titan Distributors. P.O. Box 250, London E3 4RT, England
Three good reasons to subscribe to WARRIOR

1: 12 issues for the price of 11
    Save 70p—the next 12 issues for only £7.70, post inc.*

2: Free 25% discount vouchers
    Against 6 Quality Comics orders—mail or shop

3: EXCLUSIVE EXTRAS
    News releases · advance info · Mail order lists

* Overseas £12.50 (seamail); £19.50 (airmail)

QUALITY COMMUNICATIONS, 3 LEWISHAM WAY, LONDON SE14 6PP, ENGLAND
Part Three

Resting for the first time in days, Van Helsing and Holmwood drink coffee upon their early morning return from Ingsstadt. Holmwood enquires of the maid whether his wife is yet awake, little realising that she will soon bring about...

The Final Chase

She's not there, sir! And her bed is all made up, as if it hasn't been slept in!

Van Helsing and Holmwood exchange worried glances, but before either can utter a sound the door opens, and...

Arthur, Professor Van Helsing! You both returned earlier than I expected.

Darling, we were worried. You look quite pale... where have you been all night?

Silly. I woke early, made my bed and went for a delightful stroll. That's all.

Now there's an odd coincidence. I know the one you gentlemen mean. Beautiful casket, wasn't brushing it down only yesterday. Then, this morning when I went down to give the brasses a rubbing over, it had gone! Disappeared, it had!

But upon speaking with Mr. Marx...

Relieved, the two men depart and set out to follow the "Only Lead. The address of J. Marx, Undertaker."
Discouraged, the vampire hunters return home. That evening, they try to make new plans...

Holmwood, do you know of any old abandoned buildings around here? somewhere a coffin could be hidden?

Why, yes, there's an old neglected graveyard nearby. You don't think...

Grimly, Van Helsing answers Holmwood's half-spoken question...

We can't afford to overlook any possibility. Come, we must check it out!

He must know we're on to him, Van Helsing...

Yet Dracula would hardly flee home. He must be around here somewhere!

One moment, Van Helsing. Mina, I'd feel much safer if you'd wear this in our absence. Don't ask me why, just wear it for my sake.

Arthur, I...!!

But Holmwood insists.

And...

Mina, what is it? She's fainted, Van Helsing!

I fear I know exactly what has happened. Take a look at her hand where the crucifix touched...

It's burnt her! Oh, no... not Mina too!

You said Lucy would lead us to Dracula. Why didn't I listen to you? Then this would never have happened.

You mustn't blame yourself for that. You must have the courage to let Mina lead us now. Tonight we'll seal her room, guard the front and back of the house, and then... we wait.

And so...

With god's help I pray we succeed for Mina's sake!
But, while the two vampire hunters guard the outside of the house, Mina, under Dracula’s spell, opens the door to her bedroom...

And there, on the stairs, he stands... Count Dracula!

As silent and as smooth as a wisp of fog, he glides into her room...

The fools! They try in vain to match wits with the Lord of the Undead!

Come to me now, Mina Holmwood. Let me prove to them they failed once more, that they have no more chance than has the day of holding back the night!

Later, as the sun begins to appear on the distant horizon...

Mina will be safe now. We’d better go get some rest.

Fine. You can have the spare room. I’ll get you a rug.

Do not give up hope, Holmwood. See, she still breathes. There is one chance...

Oh, Mina, Mina!

But as the bone-weary Van Helsing is about to enter his room, he hears a scream!

And bursting into the Holmwood bedroom sees...
Hastily, Van Helsing prepares a blood transfusion and soon the rich strong fluid flows into Mina's weakened body.

She'll be fine now, Holmwood. But you should have plenty to drink after giving so much blood, tea, or better still, wine.

But how did that fiend get in here? We had the house so well protected.

That's how Dracula got to Mina. He's already inside the house... in the cellar! We must move quickly, the sun is already setting.

Too late again. But this will foil his plans.

But suddenly...

Ahhhhhh

That scream, he's upstairs!

Van Helsing, Mina has gone!

He knows what we've done. Dracula is returning to his native soil, his last refuge... and he's taken your wife with him!

But, sir... Mrs. Holmwood told me I must no account go down to the cellar.

The cellar?

This holy crucifix will prevent him from being able to return here at sunrise.

You have eluded me before, Dracula, but this time I swear you will pay for your hideous crimes... even if I have to chase you to the ends of the earth!
IN HOLMWOOD'S COACH, THE TWO VAMPIRE HUNTERS SPEED TOWARDS CASTLE DRACULA!

WE MUST CATCH UP WITH HIS COACH BEFORE HE REACHES HIS HOME, WILL YOUR HORSES GO NO FASTER?

BUT SURELY WE WILL HAVE HIM TRAPPED IN HIS CASTLE?

NO! BEFORE DAWN HE WILL BURY HIMSELF SOMEWHERE, ANYWHERE... WITHIN THE FOREST OR THE GROUNDS. THEN WE WILL NEVER FIND HIM!

LOOK, AHEAD...THE CASTLE! AND THERE HE STANDS WITH MINA!

DRACULA! YOU ARE TOO LATE...YOU CANNOT HIDE FROM US! SEE, THE SUN BEGINS TO RISE!

HSSSSSSSSS!

LEAVING HOLMWOOD TO CARE FOR HIS UNCONSCIOUS WIFE, VAN HELSING RACES AFTER THE LORD OF VAMPIRES...

WHO FLEES INTO HIS DARK CASTLE, SAYING NOT WHETHER HE TRIES TO evade HIS PURSUER OR THE GOLDEN LIGHT OF DAWN.

FOR A MOMENT, VAN HELSING HESITATES, NOT KNOWING WHICH DOOR TO OPEN. THEN HE HEARS A SOUND...

THE DINING ROOM!
BURSTING IN, VAN HELSING SEES THE VAMPIRE RAISING A TRAPDOOR IN THE FLOOR. THEN DRACULA TURNS...

AND LUNGES!

WITH THE POWER OF TEN MEN DRACULA GRABS HIS NEMESIS BY THE THROAT...

AND FORCES HIM BACK AGAINST THE TABLE. BUT WITH ALL HIS FAILING STRENGTH, VAN HELSING'S HAND GRABS THE VAMPIRE'S SHOULDERS AND PUSHES...

Perhaps toying with his prey, Dracula stands back, arrogant in his self-confidence, and Van Helsing realises the vampire was not fleeing from him, but from...

The sunlight! A dazzling shaft of which bursts through a crack in the heavy curtain, burning the dead flesh of the vampire lord's pallid face...

With a sudden surge of strength, Van Helsing tears down the protective material allowing the full light of day to drench his foe!
His body disintegrating by the second, Dracula tries to crawl beyond the sun's rays, but Van Helsing holds him back with the reflected glare from two gold candlesticks.

And so, the Lord of the Undead... dies!

For a moment, the vampire hunter stands transfixed, until a sudden wind blows asunder the pile of fetid ash that had once been the greatest evil the world had ever known... Count Dracula.

And, outside...

As the three wearily turn their backs on the now empty castle a new sound greets their ears from the forest. The birds begin to sing.

Mina, your hand! The crucifix burn is disappearing...

Then it's over, at last.
I first became aware of John Bolton's professional adventure strip work in 1974, when he was producing *Tarzan* and *Flash Gordon* Annual artwork for a colleague of mine, John Barraclough, who worked one floor above me in Columbia-Warner House.

I had just got *House of Hammer* magazine under way, and was spending half of my time in my own office, and half in Hammer House, which was conveniently only three doors further down Wardour Street.

One thing Hammer Script Editor, Christopher Wicking, and I agreed upon was trying to find the absolute top strip artists to work on the magazine, adapting Hammer's films into comics.

John first drew a five-page *Van Helsing's Terror Tales*, a try-out back-up strip, for *House of Hammer* 4. Chris and I were so impressed by his work that we immediately offered him a 15 page lead strip, *Dracula, Prince of Darkness*, which appeared in issue 6.

The end product was so striking, enhanced by John's use of 'wash' (diluted black ink to give the grey, photographic effect), that to this day many comic fans and film fans believe it to be the magazine's best visual adaptation.

As the issue has been out of print for over six years, copies fetching over £5 at specialist shops, we have taken this opportunity to represent it here in full. As an added bonus, and an insight into the artist's mind, this sketchbook shows some of John's original pencil roughs along with the finished printed versions for comparison.
Most artists pencil their rough sketches and compositions straight on to the board, then tighten and ink over them, thus losing their original pencils. But for Dracula, Prince of Darkness, John produced reams of pencil frame sketches on separate sheets of paper, repeating the relevant part of the version of the illustration he preferred in pencil and ink on board.

As you can see from the example right, much of the illustration (the victim's arms and head) do not appear in the finished strip's frame. Below: John originally designed the story's first death scene as a full width frame, but in composing the entire page, had to sacrifice the full width and tilt the angle to include an extra (unscripted) frame, of Klove hoisting the victim above the coffin (above).
Above: John emphasised the violence of the fight between Klove and Charles by using stark black and white, with no grey tones. Notice the change in pose in Klove (the protagonist) from the sketch to the finished art, as John decided to give greater emphasis to the weapons, clarifying the end of Klove, as opposed to the sketch’s vagueness concerning the use of fist or weapon. The finished illustration’s sweep shading to the antagonist’s clothing also emphasises the sweep of his movement.

Throughout the strip adaptation, to retain the sombre feel, all the narration boxes were printed white lettering on black. Conventional black on white boxes would have given the strip a ‘lightness’, coupled with the speech balloons, which we felt would detract from the art and its mood.
Not really a spot-the-difference page, but an artist’s painstaking study of how to most dramatically depict one of the story’s heroes leaping on his horse, ready to pursue his enemy and save the heroine.
Michael Carreras, then head of Hammer Films Productions, was so impressed with John’s artwork for the final confrontation between Sandor and Dracula, as Dracula falls beneath the ice, that he paid us the compliment of saying he preferred it to the actual filmed ending of the story.
DRACULA
PRINCE OF DARKNESS
Chapter 1  THE UNDEAD

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

No, Alan! It's a different coach, and a strange one—there's no driver!

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

I'll drive us all to the nearest inn!

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

Shortly, the speeding coach came in sight of its mysterious destination: a pile of black turrets and battlements on a mountain crag...
IT'S THE CASTLE
THAT STRANGE MONK
WARNED US ABOUT,
AT THE LAST INN...

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

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

MY MASTER'S
HOSPITALITY IS
RENOVED...

COUNT DRACULA
WAS MY MASTER'S
NAME.

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

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

THEN WE MUST
DRINK A TOAST TO
HIM!

COUNT...
DRACULA!

WHO ARE YOU?
AND WHERE'S
YOUR MASTER?

TO COUNT
DRACULA!
AFTER THEIR MEAL, KLOVE CONDUCTED THE TRAVELLERS TO A ROOM MADE READY FOR THEM HOURS LATER, AT DEAD OF NIGHT.

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

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

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

HELEN...

AND I INTEND TO FIND OUT WHAT!

WHAT? A COFFIN?

AND THERE'S THE TRUNK KLOVE DRAGGED DOWN HERE...

A FOOT SCRAPED ON THE PLACED ONE BEHIND ALAN KENT'S BACK

KLOVE! WHAT...

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

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

AAGH!

KLOVE TOOK FROM THE TRUNK A STONE URN...

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

SOON MASTER, SOON...
...but the grey ash that was your body...shall quicken with life again!

It is blood that must fire the ashes. Warm blood...from the veins of a freshly-killed corpse.

The blood pours into the coffin.

A thick mist rose inside the coffin. Coiled serpent-like, it concealed into a familiar shape...

And soaks into the ash.

And the lord of darkness beckoned with a commanding claw-like hand...

---

Elen Kent leapt out of bed hearing Wolves' voice outside her door.

Her heart pounding, her face filled with dread foreboding, Helen followed the sombre Mandevan...

There has been an accident, madam...you must come at once...

Alan—where is he?

You will find him here, madam...

Oh, dear God...

---

Elen turned away in horror from the grisly sight of her husband's lifeless body, swaying above the empty coffin.

Suddenly a silent figure glided from the shadows...

Alan...

AAAGHHH...

---

End of Chapter One.
Ch. 2: THE POSSESSED

I told you Alan and Helen had gone!

And their room looks as though it hasn't been used for months!

The great hall is deserted, too... the hearth and table bare... the whole castle dead and silent as a tomb.

You're right—we should leave here, but not without Alan and Helen...

They left without us, didn't they? We must get out of this horrible place—now!

But on the mountain track...

It's no good, Diana—I have to know what happened to my brother and his wife. I wait for me at the crossroads—while I go back!

Determined to search out the grim secret of the castle of death, Alan strode, determined to delve into the deserted drawbridge...

In the passage beyond the room his brother had occupied the night before, Charles suddenly noticed...

And behind... the tapestry...

A staircase leading down to a cellar... I wonder if this is connected with Alan's disappearance?

A tapestry swaying... as if blown by a breeze from... behind?

A... a coffin? An open coffin? And by the door, a large trunk...
OH, DEAR GOD... ALAN...

THE COFFIN! I HEARD A NOISE FROM THE COFFIN!

BUT BEFORE HE CAN FULLY REALISE THE HORROR HE HAS STEPPED INTO...

AND WITHIN THE TUNNEL...

WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, DIANA! WE WONDERED WHEN YOU'D COME BACK...

Helen—You're all right! I thought...

THE PANIC-STRIKEN GIRL TURNS TO RUN... ONLY TO FACE A FAR GREATER PERNIAL...

NO! STAY BACK! YOU... YOU'RE NOT HELEN! YOU CAN'T BE!

ENTER, MADAM, YOUR HUSBAND WILL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING TO YOU!

BUT WHERE'S CHARLES? YOU SAID HE SENT YOU TO FETCH ME KLOVE!

 Damn you, Dracula—LET HER GO!

NO, WAIT...
DON'T CONCERN YOURSELF WITH THEM, DEAR CHARLES... LET ME KISS YOU.

NO—YOU'RE A FRIEND, NOT HELEN!

THAT DEVIL HAS TAKEN POSSESSION OF YOU!

AND AS DRACULA'S ATTENTION WAS DIVERTED FROM HIS VICTIMS, DIANA BROKE FREE!

WAIT, PRETTY DIANA! STAY WITH US!

AIEEE!

NEED A WEAPON—I PRAY GOD THIS SWORD ON THE WALL WILL SAVE US!

CHARLES GAVE A MIGHTY THrust

BLOODY TAILED FINGERS SEIZED CHARLES' THROAT... AND TIGHTENED LIKE A VICE!

GASP! GRAAAH!
LET GO OF ME!

N-NO... BURNING ME... A CRUCIFIX...

SHREEE!

CHARLES! A CROSS— THAT'S OUR WEAPON! MAKE A CROSS!

THE CROSS HAS STOPPED THEM, DIANA! QUICK— MAKE FOR THE DOOR!

BUT THERE'S ONE STILL HUMAN— AND IMMUNE TO THE POWER OF THE CRUCIFIX.

LOOK OUT, CHARLES! BEHIND YOU— IT'S KOLVE!

COUNT DRACULA SHARED WITH RAGE, SACKING AWAY FROM THE HOLY SYMBOL.
A LONE BELL... AND THE IMMORTALS STOOD BACK IN FEAR. THE FUGITIVES SCRAMBLED ON TO THE BLACK COACH...

HURRY — WE MUST GET AWAY!

I'LL MAKE THE HORSES OBEY ME THIS TIME!

FLEE THEN, YOU FOOLS — WHILE YOU CAN! FOR EVEN AT THE ENDS OF THE EARTH...

...YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE THE WRATH OF COUNT DRACULA!

DEEP INTO THE FOREST THE BLACK COACH VHEEDED, BUT FATE WAS NOT TO BE CHEATED, AS SUDDENLY...

THE NOW-FREED HORSES BOLTED. CHARLES, RUSHED TO THE PROSE, TWISTED BODY OF HIS WIFE...

THANK THE LORD — SHE LIVES!

MUST GET AWAY... BEFORE THOSE TWO FIENDS OVERTAKE US AND DRAG US BACK TO THE CASTLE... WAIT! WHO...?

I WARNED YOU, MR. KENT? THAT NIGHT AT THE INN...

I WARNED YOU NOT TO GO ANYWHERE NEAR CASTLE DRACULA!
Chapter 3

THE DESTROYERS

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

Vampire? Father Shandor—did you say Count Dracula is a vampire?

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

You fancied that vampirism was a mere legend? No, my friend—it has been the scourge of my country for generations! And now the night stalkers will prey upon the living again!

The passage, a sly faced monk was catching flies and eating them?

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

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

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

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

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

Diana, please... let me in...

Diana, I beg you...

Oh... all right! I’ll open the window...

Helen!
The wound must be cauterised... or she will be under the power of the Lord of the Undead!

Spitting and cursing, Helen was dragged into Brother Ludwig's cell.

This is no longer your brother's wife, Ma. Kent... it is a thing of evil, a horror spawned by Count Dracula... and it must be destroyed...

There are many things that can destroy a vampire... exposure to sunlight... burning by the cross... drowning in water... or the stake through the heart!

But in answer to the screams, the door burst open and the undead shell of Helen Kent fled.

The vampire has tasted her blood: there is only one thing to do...

Come quickly, Father! We have trapped the Vampire-Woman in the stables!

It is done! She is safe!
But what is this? An iron bar, sawn from the window... and this is Brother Ludwig's cell, fool! That I am! Your wife was a diversion! While we helped her, Ludwig let Dracula into the monastery! He's still under the Vampire's control, and we left your wife alone!

But too late! For as the two rush back to Diana Kent, Ludwig is already carrying out the Vampire's plans.

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

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

Stay back, don't come near me!

The fires of hell blazed hypnotically in Dracula's eyes...

Remove... crucifix...

Diana!

My blood, Mrs. Kent, see it flow down my chest. Soon it will flow also through your veins.
IT'S KLOVE—HE WAS WAITING FOR THEM? DRACULA HAS GOT HER, FATHER! HE IS CARRYING HER AWAY!

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

They will head for the castle! Once there, your wife will be lost forever!

The pursuers rode through the last hours of darkness and all the next day, but still the wagon was ahead of them...

We'll never catch them, father!

We must cut across country! Perhaps we can intercept them at the crossroads below the castle!

The plan succeeded.

Yes—there's the wagon! But it's going too fast!

There's only one way...

To stop it...
And, as the black horses breasted the hill, the sun was already sinking behind the towers of the castle.

"We've failed, Father—we're too late!"

"No—wait! The wagon isn't slowing down! It will crash on the drawbridge!"

"One of the coffins has fallen off—towards the moat!"

"But the other is safe—pray God it's Dianas!"

"Diana!"

"Oh, Charles, I thought I'd lost you forever!"

"Believed, Charles Kent snatched the stake and mallet and leapt onto the frozen aisle..."

"No, Mr. Kent! Come back—the light is fading! There's not enough time!"

"I'll make time..."

"But as he reached by the coffin, the shadow of night fell and the lid flew back..."

"He's got Charles! Shoot him!"

"Base metal cannot hurt a vampire, my child... But there is one element that can destroy the fiend..."

"Fool! You think Count Dracula could be destroyed again? And by such as you!"
WATER! FLOWING WATER!

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

The End
COMPLETE 14 PAGE SECTION:

VIDEO HORROR
AN A TO Z GUIDE
WITH OVER 800 ENTRIES
PLUS FORMAT AND INFORMATION

ALSO THIS ISSUE
BRIDES OF DRACULA
--told in comics

SPECIAL BLOOD HUNTERS EDITION
featuring
JAWS 3-D
THE NIGHT STALKER

ON SALE NOW!
REMEMBER WHEN OLD COMICS COST LESS THAN NEW ONES?

SO DO WE!

That's why Quality Comics now has a massive selection of Marvel, DC, and UK comics at 10p and 15p each!

Three stations from Charing Cross --

QUALITY COMICS

South London's top fantasy bookshop - 3 Lewisham Way, London SE14 6PP Tel: (01) 691-7327

Comics bought, sold & exchanged - Open Mon-Sat 10 - 6.00
Opposite Goldsmith College - Buses: 21, 36, 53, 141, 171, 177
Train or Underground to: New Cross or New Cross Gate