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No. 3



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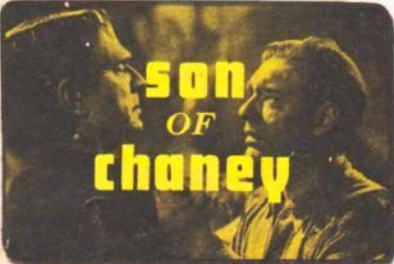
FRANKENSTEIN



The Forgotten
FRANKENSTEIN

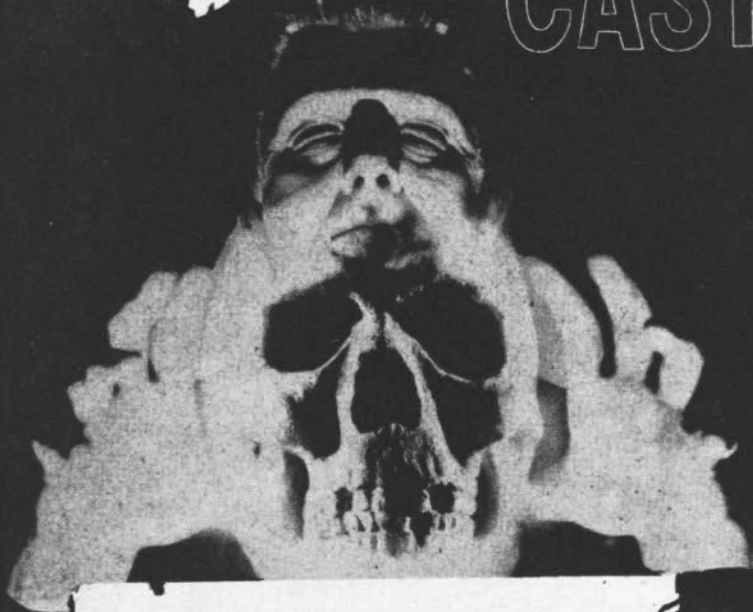
The **KARLOFF** *Story*

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FRANKENSTEIN'S CASTLE



Vol. 1
No. 3

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Frankenstein

movieguide

ASSIGNMENT OUTER SPACE (American-International), color. German-made space opera; no prize winner, but good visual effects.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (United Artists). Mark Damon (of **HOUSE OF USHER**) and Joyce Taylor (of **AT-LANTIS**) in a new version of the classic fairytale.

BLACK PIT OF DR. M (Pan-World). German horror melodrama, dubbed into English.

THE BRAIN THAT WOULDN'T DIE (Amer.-Int'l) Horror; scientist tries to bring woman he loves back to life.

BURN, WITCH, BURN (Amer.-Int'l) Second screen version of Fritz Leiber's horror classic, **CONJURE WIFE**. Much better than the first (**WEIRD WOMAN**, '44), but not up to the book. Janet Blair and a British cast, a few acceptable terror scenes.

THE CABINET OF CALIGARI (Fox), CinemaScope. Remake of 1919 German macabre classic, tries unsuccessfully to modernize it. Good performances (Glynis Johns, Dan O'Herlihy), some effective moments, but largely a failure. Script by Robert Bloch.

CAPTAIN SINDBAD (M-G-M), color. Guy (Zorro) Williams in an oriental fantasy-spectacle, made by the director of **WAR OF THE WORLDS**. In the opulent **THIEF OF BAGDAD** tradition.

CONFESSIONS OF AN OPIUM EATER (Allied Artists). Vincent Price stars in an odd, almost-horror melodrama. From the famous 18th-century book.

THE DAY MARS INVADED EARTH (Fox). Science-fictional spinechiller with Kent (**CAT PEOPLE**) Taylor, Marie Windsor. Not exactly earthshaking.

THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS (Allied Artists), CinemaScope, color. Adaptation of famous s-f shocker by John Wyndham, author of **VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED**. Disaster from space, deadly walking plants. With Howard Keel, Nicole Maurey, Mervyn Johns (of **DEAD OF NIGHT**).

THE DAY THE SKY EXPLODED (Excelsior). Foreign-made (German-Italian) s-f drama. Earth threatened. Pretty much of a dud.

THE DEAD ONE (Mardi Gras Prods.), color, widescreen. Horror thriller; voodoo.

THE DEVIL'S PARTNER (The Film-group). Supernatural fantasy, produced by the Corman brothers. Man invokes devil, changes into wild stallion.

EEGA (Fairway Int'l), color. Low-budget, low-grade horror piece. "The crazed love of a Prehistoric giant for a ravishing teen-aged girl."

FIRST SPACESHIP ON VENUS (Crown-Int'l), widescreen, color. Foreign-made science fiction piece; international astronauts explore desolate planet.

HAND OF DEATH (Fox), CinemaScope. John Agar turns into a scaly monster. Nothing to scream about.

HANDS OF A STRANGER (Allied Artists). Remake of classic **HANDS OF ORLAC**. Psychological horror drama. Good, but not outstanding.

THE HEAD (Trans-Lux). German shocker. Weird experiments in surgery. With Michel Simon.

THE HORROR CHAMBER OF DR. FAUSTUS (Lopert). French-made terror melodrama, considerably better than most. (Originally called **EYES WITHOUT A FACE**.) Should have played in art theaters. With Pierre Brasseur, Alida Valli.

HORROR HOTEL (Trans-Lux). British film, formerly called **CITY OF THE DEAD**. Christopher Lee, Betta St. John in a tale of modern witchcraft.

INVASION OF THE STAR CREATURES (Amer.-Int'l). Space opera; Earth invaded by vegetable men, no less!

JACK THE GIANT KILLER (United Artists), color. Handsome fantasy spectacle, with horror elements, leaning more to special effects than story. Good enough. With Torin Thatcher, Kerwin Mathews.

JOURNEY TO THE SEVENTH PLANET (Amer.-Int'l), color. John Agar explores the planet Uranus, meets Greta Thyssen and assorted monsters. Routine melodrama.

THE MAGIC SWORD (United Artists), color. Basil Rathbone in a Bert I. Gordon fairytale spectacle. Also with Estelle Winwood, Vampira. Tries hard, doesn't quite make it.

MANIAC (Columbia). A Hammer film, with Kerwin Mathews, Nadia Gray; script by Jimmy Sangster.

THE MONSTER (Lopert). Weird but quite bad Japanese science-horror picture. "Half man, half monster."

* **MOTHR** (Columbia), color, widescreen. Also from Japan, but spectacular, cleverly made s-f movie. A monster picture with charm! Gigantic moth, tiny singing girls. Good color, trick effects. By director of **THE MYSTERIANS**.

* **THE NIGHT CREATURES** (Universal), color. A Hammer film. Fine melodrama with many horror touches. Peter Cushing, Oliver Reed, Yvonne Romain.

NO PLACE LIKE HOMICIDE (Embassy). British comedy with macabre overtones. (Original title: **WHAT A CARVE UP**). Sid James, Shirley Eaton.

THE OLD DARK HOUSE (Columbia), color. Another British horror comedy, made by Hammer for William Castle. Remake of the 1932 terror classic. Tom Poston, Robert Morley, Joyce Grenfell.

PANIC IN THE YEAR ZERO (Amer.-Int'l). Ray Milland directs and stars

in a strikingly bad melodrama of atomic attack. Dull, unconvincing. (With Jean Hagen, Frankie Avalon.)

PEEPING TOM (Astor), color. Superior British thriller, by director of **TALES OF HOFFMAN**. Carl Boehm as an obsessed killer, Moira Shearer as one of his victims.

* **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA** (Universal), color. Hammer's remake of the twice-filmed classic. A trifle slow-paced, but generally a good job. Herbert Lom, Heather Sears, Michael Gough.

THE PHANTOM PLANET (Amer.-Int'l). Science fiction melodrama; space men discover planetoid of tiny people. With Coleen Gray.

THE PIT (Amer.-Int'l). Good s-f chiller from Hammer. 3rd in series. (Others: **CREEPING UNKNOWN**, **ENEMY FROM SPACE**). Dirk Bogarde, Mary Ure. Menace from space.

THE PIRATES OF BLOOD RIVER (Columbia), widescreen, color. Horrific costume drama from Hammer Films, with Kerwin Mathews, Christopher Lee, Marla Landi. Quite good.

THE PREMATURE BURIAL (Amer.-Int'l), Panavision and color. Roger Corman's serviceable horror tale, loosely based on Poe. Ray Milland, Hazel Court. A few good spots.

THE RAVEN (Amer.-Int'l), color, Panavision. Corman, Lorre, Price and Karloff. More comedy than horror, having little or nothing to do with Poe.

REPTILICUS (Amer.-Int'l), color, Prehistoric monster invades Copenhagen. Average science fiction thriller.

TALES OF TERROR (Amer.-Int'l), Panavision, color. Corman and Poe again; 3 stories, with Peter Lorre, Vincent Price, Basil Rathbone. Lavish but only intermittently successful. Richard Matheson script.

THE TELL-TALE HEART (Brigadier Film Associates). Yet another Poe adaptation, of story filmed at least three times previously; once as a UPA cartoon.

THE THREE STOOGES IN ORBIT (Columbia), CinemaScope. Acceptable fun as Larry, Moe and Curly Joe foil a Martian invasion. Many surprisingly good moments.

TOWER OF LONDON (United Artists). Vincent Price as the bloodthirsty Tyrant, Richard III of England. (Played by Rathbone in the '39 version). Historical horror film, directed by Corman.

VARAN, THE UNBELIEVEABLE (Crown-Int'l). Japanese monster picture about gigantic flying reptile. See **CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN** No. 1 for picture.

* **WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?** (Warners). Bette Davis and Joan Crawford in a topnotch psychological horror film. No monsters or fantasy, but plenty of chills and suspense.

* **THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF THE BROTHERS GRIMM** (M-G-M). Cinerama, Technicolor. Elaborate, beautiful biographical fantasy. Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom, Buddy Hackett, Terry-Thomas, many others. A George Pal production.



THE Forgotten FRANKENSTEIN





Above, after many years of diligent search, a longlost scene from the VERY FIRST Frankenstein Film—thought by many film authorities, until now, to be completely lost forever!

T

he movies were still very much in their infancy when FRANKENSTEIN was brought to the screen for the first time. Edison produced a one-reel (975 ft.) version in 1910.

Two reviews in the Moving Picture World of the time gave this information: "... a liberal adaptation of Mrs. Shelley's famous story . . . it shows Frankenstein, a young student leaving his father and sweetheart to pursue his studies at college. In the course of his research he discovers the awful mystery of life and death and immediately de-

termines to realize his one consuming ambition—to create the most perfect human being that the world has ever seen. The actually repulsive situations in the original version have been carefully eliminated . . . no film has ever been released that can surpass it in power to fascinate an audience. The scene in the laboratory in which the monster seemed gradually to assume human semblance is probably the most remarkable ever committed to a film." (MPW March 19th, 1910) "The formation of the monster in the cauldron of blazing chemicals is a piece of photographic work which will rank with the best of its kind. The entire film is one that will create a new impression that the possibilities of the motion picture in reproducing these stories are scarce-

ly realized . . ." (MPW April 2nd, 1910).

The review in the March 15th, 1910 Edison Kinetogram gives the impression of a Jekyll-Hyde or Dorian Gray treatment of a story; that the monster is somehow connected with the lower part of Frankenstein's nature, and that when the young scientist loses all morbid, unnatural thoughts and ambitions, and thinks only of his love for Elizabeth, the monster dissolves into thin air.

Of course, credits were rarely if ever given in films or their reviews at that time, so it's not known who worked in or on the film.

Edward Connor



master of horror

By Ken Beale

Part One of this article appeared in THE JOURNAL OF FRANKENSTEIN. Part Two, included in CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN No 1, completed the coverage of Karloff's screen career. This article, the final part, deals with his life story.

PART 3—LIFE & TIMES

A DIPLOMAT IS BORN

The man who was to become known to millions as Boris Karloff was born under quiet circumstances in London, England. He was christened William Henry Pratt on that 23d day of November in 1887, and it is possible that even then his family had the youngster's future set. Mr. Pratt was a public official in India, and it seemed only proper that William Henry (the youngest of 8 sons) should follow in his footsteps. Accordingly, the youth was educated at the Merchant Taylors' School, at Uppingham, and finally at London University, for the Consular Service. He specialized in Chinese customs, and it was planned that he serve there. (This must have come in handy in later years, when he played oriental roles like "Mr. Wong" and "Fu Manchu".)

On his early years, Karloff says: "Never knew my father. No, never did. Died when I was a baby. I was brought up by my brothers. Only one of them still survives." This is Sir John, an ex-diplomat, "a gentleman of the tweedy country sort."

THE DEVIL IN CANADA

Young William Henry soon discovered he had no liking for the striped trousers and cutaway coat of the diplomatic world. In the early 1900's, he ran off to Canada, where no doubt opportunities seemed more abundant than in England. His initial goal was to try farming, but he later worked as a truckdriver, laborer, and then — finally — an actor. This was in 1910.

He was able to persuade a travelling stock company to hire him by telling them that he was an accomplished actor from abroad. At least the last part was true. His stage debut was, appropriately enough, in "The Devil". He didn't play the role of Satan, but that of a banker. Other jobs with other such companies followed. Going in those early days was quite rugged. The companies tramped around quite a bit, and William Henry got to do nearly as much travelling as he would have in the Consular Service. One year in North Dakota he played over a hundred different parts! Such training proved invaluable for the young actor, and he soon became as experienced as he'd first claimed to be.

Later, over-enthusiastic press agents tended to exaggerate his importance in those early acting days. "I was only a small member of a small troupe in the sticks," says Karloff. Stardom was to come much later.

PRATT BECOMES KARLOFF

Somewhere along the line, William Henry Pratt changed his name to the one by which he is now known—Boris Karloff. Why? "Well," he says, "I didn't think Pratt a terribly good stage

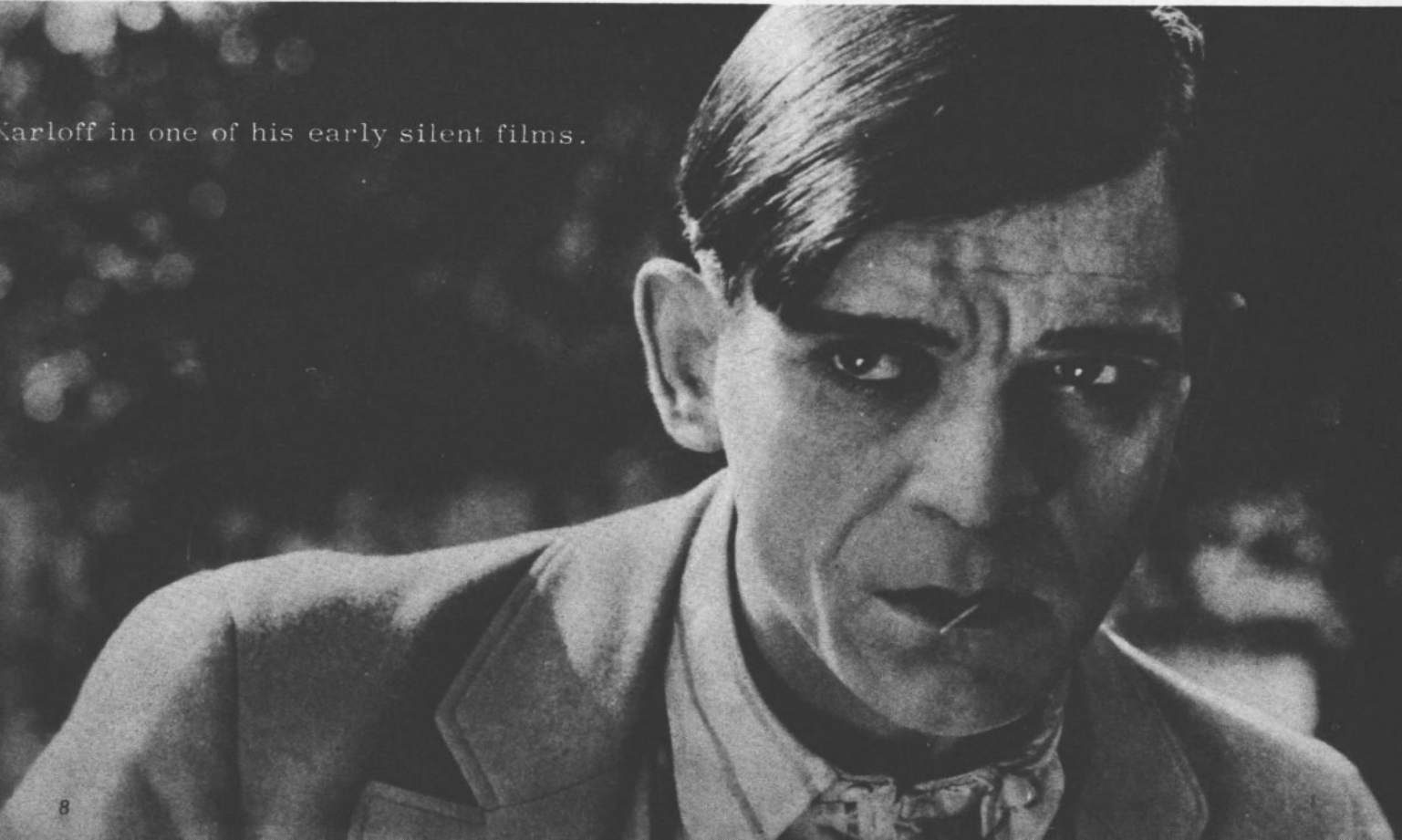
name, so I changed it to Karloff. It's a remote family name on my mother's side. It's been a very fortunate name for me. A lucky name."

World War I broke upon the scene, and Karloff tried to enlist in the British Army. But his military career was cut short before it began—a heart murmur caused him to be rejected. So he continued acting. One stock company brought him to Los Angeles, then just beginning to be a movie center. The company chose that moment to fold, and the budding actor returned to driving a truck.

VILLAINS TO ORDER

It was at this time that another turning point in Karloff's career was reached. He met Lon Chaney, Sr. The famous actor was soon to become the horror king of the silent era, playing a variety of bizarre and freakish roles: the Phantom of the Opera, the Hunchback of Notre Dame, a vampire, and many others. It was he who induced Karloff to try movies, and try them he did—as an extra. Karloff and the elder Chaney were to remain fast friends, though they never appeared together on the screen.

Karloff's first known film appearance was in 1919. Douglas Fairbanks, the swashbuckling silent star, had formed his own company to make an adventure picture called HIS MAJESTY, THE AMERICAN. Our Boris played one of a gang of spies, and was on the screen for a grand total of two minutes! The film was released by United Artists. Years later, in 1956, Karloff made VOODOO ISLAND for the same firm—as a star. (Continued on page 30)



Karloff in one of his early silent films.



"Name your poison," says Karloff serving drinks at home.

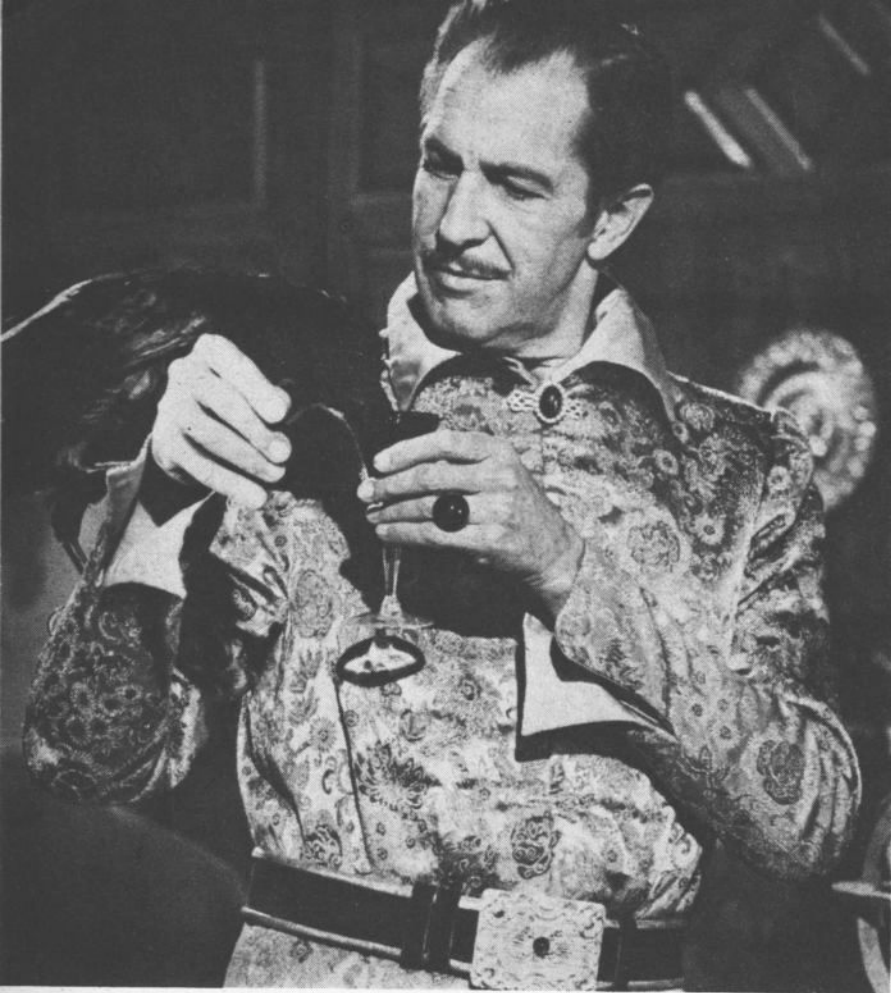


THE MUMMY,
his second
horror film.

Below, the electrocuted convict who
returns in *THE WALKING DEAD* ('36).

Mr. K., in: *Abbott & Costello MEET DR. JEKYLL
AND MR. HYDE* (Universal, 1953).





Vincent Price and his feathered companion.

Vincent Price: Dr. Erasmus Craven
Peter Lorre: Dr. Bedlo
Boris Karloff: Dr. Scarabus
Hazel Court: Lenore
Olive Sturgess: Estelle
Jack Nicholson: Rexford
Jim, Jr.: The Raven

Filmed in Panavision & Color

Producer-Director: Roger Corman

Executive Producers:
Samuel Z. Arkoff and
James H. Nicholson

Screenplay by:
Richard Matheson

*“Take thy beak from out my heart...
and take thy form from off my door...”*

*Quoth the raven:
‘Nevermore!’”*





It can be taken for granted that movie producers have the right to reinterpret sections of well known works for screen adaptation; the theory is that this can only improve the original product. Unfortunately with moviemakers, this isn't usually the case; it has mostly turned into an abused privilege, often with appalling and degrading effect. As a classic example of literary defilement, **THE RAVEN** is monumental. This is especially sad in that American International has seemed to depart from the high standards of film horror excellence which were established with **FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER** and expected to continue in future productions.

THE RAVEN bears little similarity to Poe's masterpiece and is far from anything he ever created. Perhaps it's because he died over a hundred and ten years ago and isn't here to protest. BUT . . . three redeeming factors which save the day, and are alone worth the admission price, are outstanding performances by Boris Karloff, Vincent Price and Peter Lorre.

Beyond being non-Poe and entirely Richard Matheson's work, the story could have arisen from a harmless book of children's fairy tales. **RAVEN** is a satirical takeoff about sorcery and magic, which (as fairyland stuff goes) would be more effective in the hands of Disney or, perhaps, George Pal who have ample experience with such lighter

themes. This is not to say what works studios should turn out; but imagine Hammer Films starring Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee in **ALICE IN WONDERLAND!** In a highly competitive age, specialization is needed . . . and expected.

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S THE RAVEN

As a satire **RAVEN** could have been disappointing; because of Peter Lorre's engaging and stylized portrayal as the alcoholic Dr. Bedlo, the story immediately begins to assume a depth and color which isn't all in the script. There is some worry, though, that having played a similar part as Montresor in **TALES OF TERROR**, this powerful and versatile artist may tend to get "typed." Scene-stealer though Lorre tries to be, Price is suave and charmingly outstanding,—and Karloff? He still remains King of Horror. The prevailing sin is Price's omission from other kinds of roles, that he is being overworked and literally run into the ground by various companies by getting stereo-

typed in similar parts (it will soon be a dozen in less than four years). Aside of TV, Karloff was long absent from film horror activity, and Lorre has only lately returned to the fold after even a longer time (also nearly totally neglected are greats like Chaney, Carradine and J. Carrol Naish).

THE RAVEN has Vincent Price as Dr. Craven, a good magician, to whom Dr. Bedlo (Lorre) comes for help after being transformed into a raven by Dr. Scarabus (Karloff). In reality it's a trap to lure Craven to Scarabus' castle so that the old "Grand Master of the United Brotherhood of Sorcerers" can absorb even more power from the magical arts mastered by Craven. The setting is in the Middle Ages, but little is done to develop the mood since the story moves swiftly from Craven's to Scarabus' place; thus, in this respect, the film is limited. But like most A-I ventures in the genre, interior sets look lavish and the color is quite fascinating.

Interspersed in this whimsy are several Grand Guignol effects: the mummified corpse of Craven's father appears, and a container of eyes used in a noxious brew help restore Bedlo from raven into man. But even such grue is underscored by a note of comedy.

Approaching its climax, a magical duel takes place between Craven and Scarabus, which offers a field day for the special effects department (the

Peter Lorre, Vincent Price and Olive Sturgess await their fate.



effects are stunning). But after this excellent sequence, the sloppy job done on the raven is puzzling and inexcusable: in nearly all scenes in which the bird appears can be seen the cord guiding all its movements.

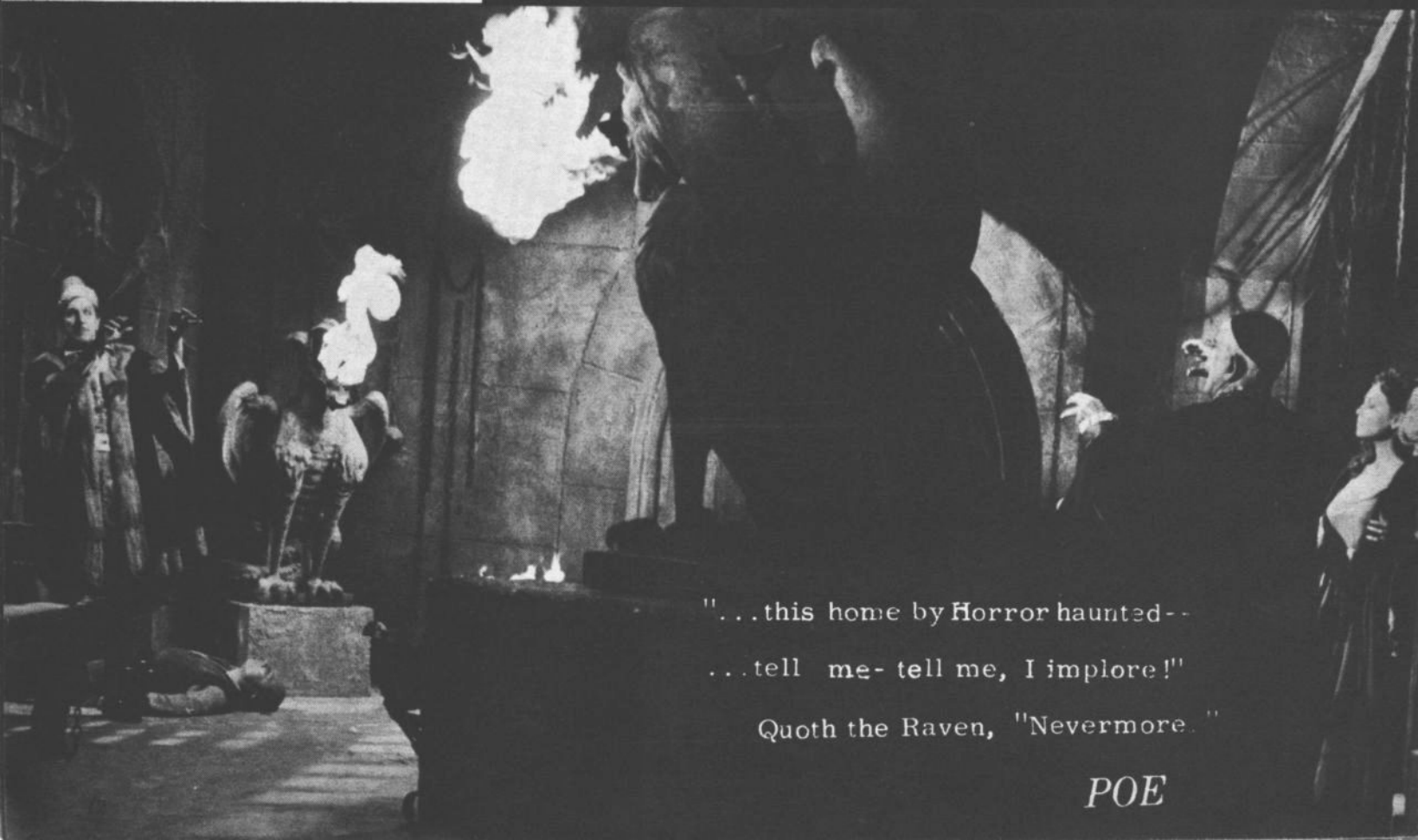
In the end there is another typical A-I conflagration, bringing down Scarabus' castle in scenes similar to those in HOUSE OF USHER and in the "Morrella" segment of TALES OF TERROR. But, never fear, everything turns out all right as all survive, even the evil Scarabus who, with his mistress Lenore (Hazel Court), escapes the holocaust.

Scripting deficiency is acutely magnified time and again when lack in depth threatens seriously to handicap even the great horror veteran Karloff; but his artistic skill (including Lorre's and Price's) brilliantly manages to overcome such problems.

The serious mistake made is the RAVEN could have been far more enjoyable as a slight, occasionally interesting and often humorous horror burlesque if Matheson's and not Poe's name were involved—also, if the publicity department had not built up expectations for a serious production. Even better, A-I should try to employ better actors in supporting roles, for this continues to remain a chronic ailment from one production to another (the most serious error A-I's ever made so far, perhaps, was in ever considering John Kerr for PIT & THE PENDULUM several seasons ago).



Peter Lorre, understandably upset, has just taken the axe away from William Baskin, a servant who tried to part his hair with it. Below, magician Price and Karloff fight it out, as Hazel Court, "the lost Lenore," looks on.



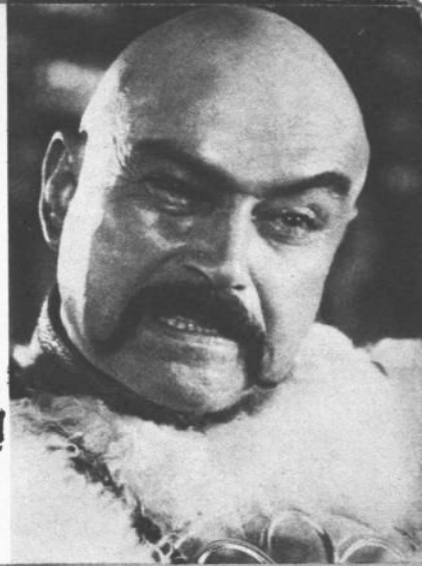
"...this home by Horror haunted--
...tell me- tell me, I implore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

POE



Captain Sinbad





In the exciting tradition of THIEF OF BAGDAD comes this spectacular oriental fantasy from M-G-M!

Suggested by the legendary Arabian Nights hero, CAPTAIN SINBAD is a colorful fantasy filmed in Germany by The King Brothers, who also made RODAN. The film is full of adventure, magic and oriental spectacle, with hero Guy Williams (TV's ZORRO) confronting an array of menaces that include a

giant mailed fist (previous page), a huge bird of prey, a heartless dictator and his evil magician, a volcanic jungle, (above, left) the dreaded Scylla monster (above right), and deadly quicksand (below, right).

This M-G-M release was directed by Byron Haskin, who was at the helm on WAR OF THE WORLDS. Watch for it at your local theater!

—Wilbur Whateley.

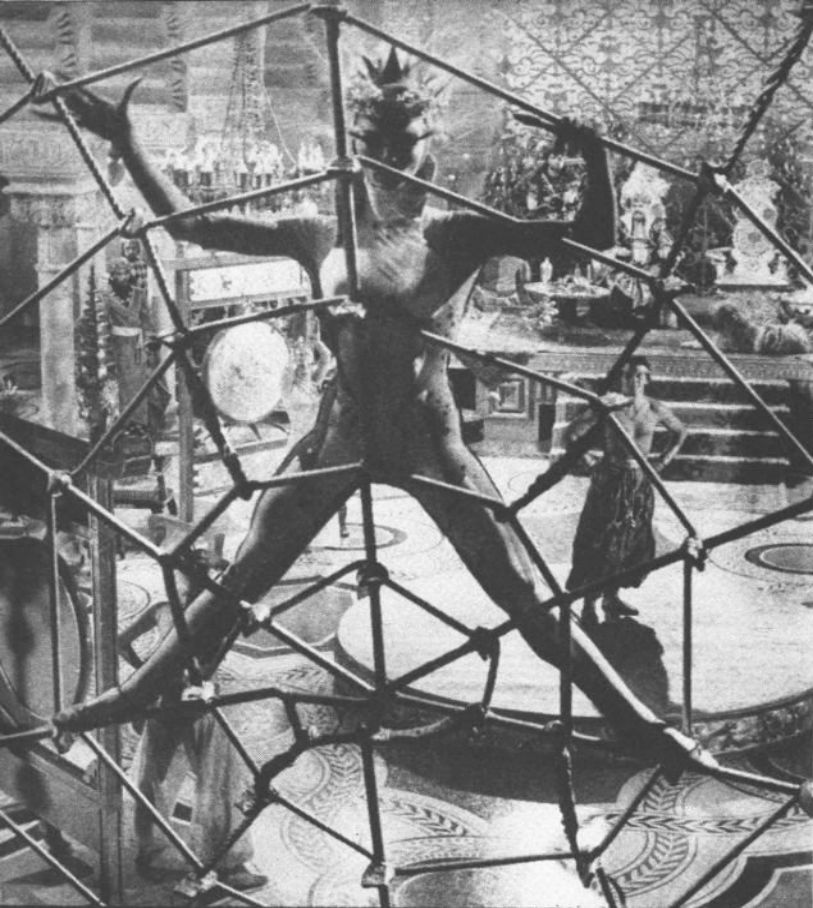


The princess whom Sindbad loves (Heidi Bruehl) is sentenced to execution by a trained elephant. Will Sindbad arrive in time to save her from a horrible death?



Sindbad (Guy Williams) and one of his crew (Bernie Hamilton) battle the terrible Scylla (above). Below, a menace of the volcanic jungle: a whirlpool that seeks human victims. Sindbad's crew strive to rescue one of their members.





The Spider Dancer (Anna Luisa Schubert) performs for the villainous ruler.



Sindbad (Guy Williams) tries to slay Pedro Armendariz, a dictator who is truly heartless. Through magic, he keeps his heart in an ivory tower, so he cannot be killed.



Abraham Sofaer, as the dictator's court magician, whips up a spell.

channel

chillers

Michael Fox and Douglas Spencer portray the two halves of a Martian with a split personality on CBS' TWILIGHT ZONE.





The double-Martian on the previous page and the scene above (left) are from *TWILIGHT ZONE* during its 1960-62 heyday. — Above (right): a scene from one of *THRILLER*'s two years—a show whose only virtue was most of the time host Boris Karloff, yet also a program showing unusual experimentation and vast promise all too rarely.

THE TWILIGHT ZONE: an editorial.

This program was sorely missed when it went off last year, and your editor couldn't help frothing at the mouth a bit upon observing that it wasn't included among the re-runs. Then came good news: *TWILIGHT ZONE* would return, in an hour-long format.

Then came doubts; Serling wondered if he could maintain the pace and quality of the old half-hour series. Originally conceived as a science fiction show, the format had been changed to horror after the first season (and Serling had lost most of his interest). Now CBS-TV was determined to avoid any horror connotations, and in typical

Madison Avenue style, deprived the show of all its old vitality.

Although suffering from a reduced budget, the old series had been interesting and experimental, filled with horror and suspense. The new series is but a ghost of the old, as an obvious result of pressure from the network brass; the same sort of pressure that has crippled another former giant, *THE HITCHCOCK HOUR*. This old-lady attitude is the reason that movies are about the ONLY good thing on TV.

The first four shows seen (at this writing) all had tremendous potential, and all were bland and watered-down. The high-spots still visible had a fa-

miliar soap-opera overlay. "Don't be scared," the CBS people seemed to be telling us, "it's not REALLY so horrible." The clean, antiseptic feel to the show came close to giving us dishpan eyes. Give us a B monster movie any day!

(Note: We hear that the series is going back to the half-hour format again.)

—Charles F. Kane



ABOVE: A final look at the old TWI' ZONE as it once looked when a world of Shelley Bermans threatened to take over. (As we were going to press, news came to us that TZ is returning to the old reliable half-hour format.) BELOW: It's good ol' Geisha time again as this scene appears (or barely manages to) from Daie's THE MURDERING MITE, a fine Nippon film due to appear any year now in the USA.





By Richard Bojarski
and John Cocchi

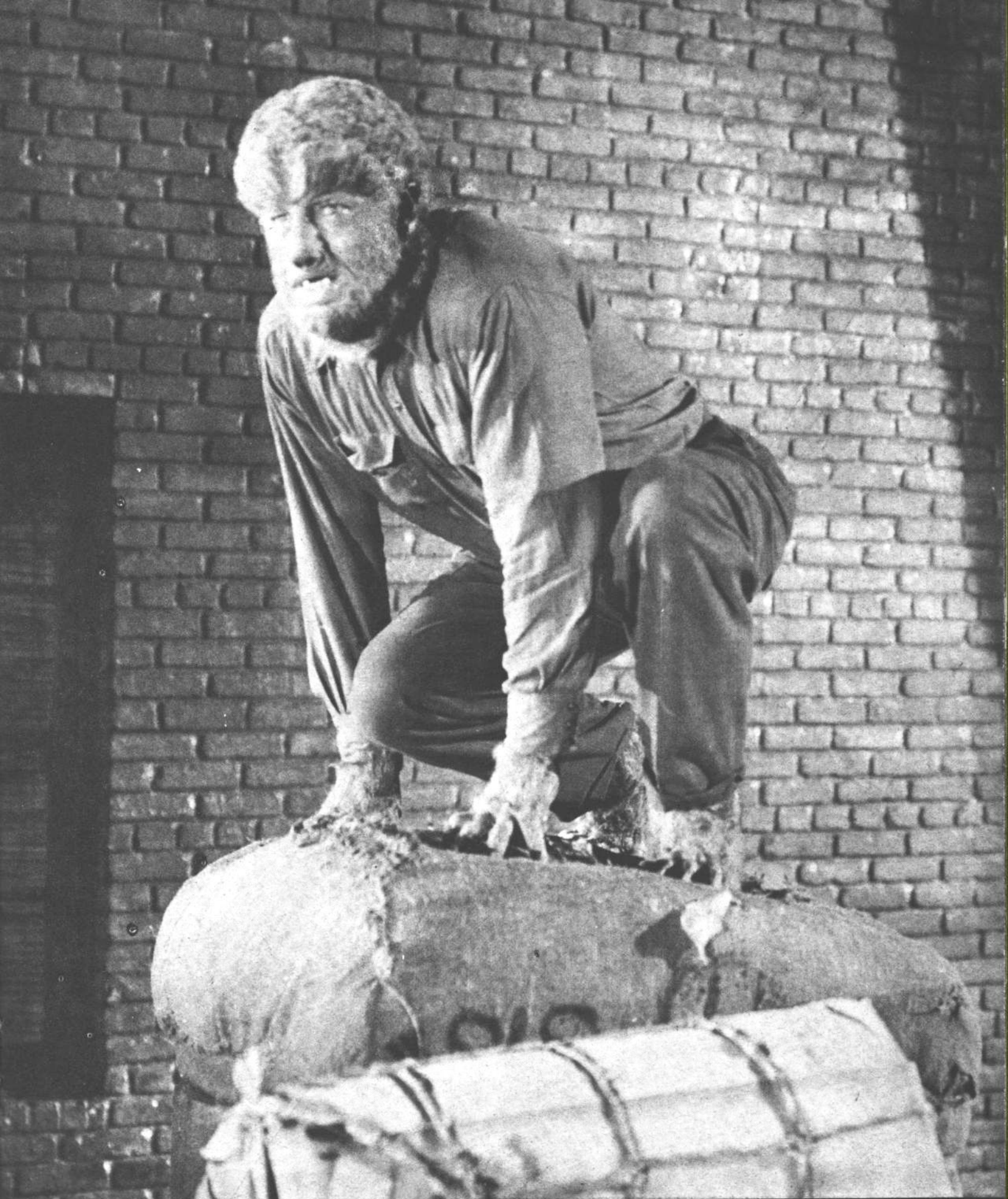
In the history of Hollywood, certain personalities loomed so large that, with the passage of time, their celluloid achievements assumed legendary proportions. Their accomplishments were unequalled; their shoes unfilled; and their names were mentioned with admiration. Occasionally, some of their offspring tried to create their own niche in films, only to find their efforts stifled by the inevitable comparison. A case in point is that of Lon Chaney, Jr. For as long as Chaney Sr. lived, Lon Jr. was almost unknown. Even after his father's death, when he had begun a career of his own, he found himself living in the shadow of the great master of horror. Through no fault of his own, he was forever being identified with the elder Chaney, and eventually found that he could be successful only in the sort of roles for which his father had become famous.

SON OF CHANEY



His own integrity led him to resist the temptation to cash in on that fame. Although he strived to avoid it, he was finally persuaded to change his name from Creighton Chaney (with which he had started his career) to the inevitable—Lon Chaney, Jr. Of all sons of famous fathers, Chaney probably came closest to not realizing his full potential. The horror roles he did get couldn't measure up to the classic proportions of his father's Hunchback or Phantom, but this wasn't due to any lack of ability on Chaney's part. By the time Lon Jr. played the Frankenstein monster or the Mummy, the roles were no longer fresh. Only in roles like Lennie in OF MICE AND MEN and as THE WOLF MAN was he able to bring a new character to the screen and create a monstrous yet sympathetic personality.

And so we intend to record the history of this uniquely gifted horror actor whose fabulous heritage should be rightfully considered, whose talent has been undeservedly neglected, and whose career—with a few brief exceptions—seems to be slowly sinking into a morass of indifferent minor roles in increasingly bad films.



Lon in what is probably his most famous role: Larry Talbot, The Wolf Man.



Above is a very rare photo: one of the very few showing the entire Chaney family together. Lon Jr. (then known as Creighton Tull Chaney) left; his father on the steps, center, and Mrs. Chaney to the right. The family was on tour for The Hunchback of Notre Dame, in 1923.

Below, Lugosi and Lon, in Frankenstein Meets The Wolf Man ('43).



On a cold, somber February day some 57 years ago, a pioneer doctor took a premature 2½-pound baby and dashed it into the freezing waters of Belle Isle Lake, on the outskirts of Oklahoma City. It was the only way of shocking life into the infant. Beside the doctor stood a worried young father, destined for fame. His name was Lon Chaney.

During the months before Creighton Tull Chaney's icy entrance into the world, his parents had been members of a small theatrical troupe traveling through the Southwest. Because his mother had been working up to the last minute, it was no surprise that the baby should have been born prematurely. Now that fatherhood had come upon him, there was nothing Lon Chaney could do but to stay on in the Oklahoma town. Needing money, he was able to acquire a job with Doc and Bill's Furniture Store as a carpet layer. (It was from a fellow worker here that Senior obtained "Tull" as his son's middle name). Jobs like that weren't unusual to Chaney: he'd practiced carpet-laying as a trade early in his career and when he couldn't get a job barnstorming, he worked as a laborer in the Colorado mines and as a decorator's apprentice. He'd grown up in a strange, tragic home in Colorado Springs: his parents were both deaf mutes, and he had to become a breadwinner at an early age.

Leaving their small cottage, Chaney got a chance to join another troupe, starting his son out on the first of a long series of travels. Most of the time, the baby lived backstage in a cotton-lined shoe box with holes punched in the lid. ("This was probably one of the first incubators", recalls Chaney Jr. with a laugh). Sometimes, he would sleep in a small hammock woven by his dad and slung over a dressing table. During this period of barnstorming, Chaney Jr. remembers a particular instance when he was a youngster. The family was playing in Chicago when their job unfortunately faded and they were down to their last quarter. "As a last resort, Pop could always break into a dance in front of any of them old-time bars and get enough nickels and pennies to buy some food," he says. "But this particular Christmas Eve is still clear in my memories. Dad put most of his precious 25¢ into the gas meter. Then he started out with me. When we came to the first saloon he sat me on the bar close to the free lunch. Then he did his dance and picked up the small change. Meanwhile I filled my overcoat pockets with pretzels and sandwiches. Do you know what else he did when we got home? After I was asleep, he went out, broke a limb off a park tree, fixed it in a box in our room and spent the whole night making tree decorations out of a roll of red crepe paper he had bought with a few pennies. He told me afterwards he made paste out of cold baked potato and water."

Lon Chaney sang and hoofed in small shows and when he couldn't do this, he worked as a stagehand. It was at this time that he separated from his wife Cleva Creighton, but he tried to keep the boy as best he could. As the younger Chaney has said, "I was put out to live". He was placed in boarding houses and schools while his father clowning and danced in theatres throughout the country. The fact that motion pictures in Los Angeles promised steady work without travel (thus giving Chaney more time with his son) prompted him to enter films.

By 1915, Chaney Jr. had acquired a stepmother, Hazel Hastings Bennett, and for the first time in his life, a real home. Despite his first taste of steady schooling, he was restless. "Regular schooling wasn't for me; I liked getting around," he recalls—"I never remember not working. I was going to school then and during vacations I'd hitchhike my way to the fruit ranches up near Bakersfield and pick apricots. You can't get

rich picking apricots. I remember I got 3¢ a basket—a deep basket—and the rawest sunburn on my neck you ever saw." (Later, he was to remark that this was invaluable background for his portrayal of Lennie, the migratory fruit-picker in *OF MICE AND MEN*).

Often, during his father's trips to work, young Lon accompanied him to the studio. At the corner of Hollywood and Vine, both would sit on a wooden bench waiting for transportation to Universal City. (This bench is no longer there: a special new edifice, dedicated to the memory of Lon Chaney Sr., replaced it two decades later). When he became a star, Senior was to pick up carloads of extras who were parked on the same bench waiting for a lift.

Even after his father became a success in *THE MIRACLE MAN*, the young Chaney was advised not to go into show business. "I've taken the bumps", Chaney Sr. would say.

Lon recalls, "I watched Dad work out these disguises at home, so it was pretty much a business with me. Dad never wanted me to be an actor, so he never made it attractive". In the meantime, Creighton pursued after-school and vacation jobs, such as butcher-boy and slaughterer. Occasionally he travelled with Chaney in the promotional tours of the latter's big pictures. Continuing his education at Hollywood High, he then worked as a plumber. It was about this time that he married his first wife Dorothy, who bore him two sons, Lon III and Ronald. All this time, acting had never dawned on him.

Then suddenly, in 1930, his father died. "I can remember the huge funeral services, the crowds fighting and scrambling to get in, the organ playing the theme from *LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH!*" (One of Chaney Sr.'s film hits). The big studios closed down for five minutes as a tribute. Then, Hollywood picked up its newly-acquired megaphone and forgot. For nearly two more years, young Chaney worked regularly, eventually becoming secretary of the water-heater corporation where he'd started as a boilermaker. One night, he went with friends of his father to a party at which an assistant director was present. He says, "I sang a song I'd written myself. The assistant director said, 'Look, why don't you take it around to our music department?' So he made an appointment for me. When I went to the studio, I had to pass through the casting office. The casting director looked at me and said, 'You're Lon Chaney's son. You ought to be in pictures!' That hit me right. I was fed up with regularity and thought he had a great idea."

"How about it?" I asked. He told me he'd have a job for me in a couple of days." He then quit his job and waited for the studio to call, but they never did. He smiles now, "I haven't heard from that casting office yet". It was heartbreaking then. Seven months later, an opportunity presented itself with another director and Lon signed with RKO Pictures.

(To be continued)



A comparison of father and son in the only role they both played: *THE HUNCHBACK*. Lon, Jr. essayed the part briefly on TV's *Route 66*.



PILLOW OF DEATH ('45).





A triffid attacks the crew of an airliner.

From the studios of Allied Artists and the pen of John Wyndham comes this exciting science fiction thriller. The Triffids are intelligent walking plants; terrifying monsters whose deadly stings threaten mankind. An exploding meteorite has caused a terrific flash in the sky, whose searing brilliance blinds most of the population of the world. In the resulting chaos, the Triffids are a dreaded menace.

The film is in color and CinemaScope, with a cast headed by Howard Keel and Nicole Maurey. Watch for it!

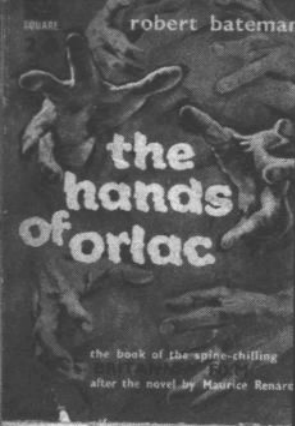


THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS



The plane's radio operator has a fatal encounter with one of the triffids. Below, the monster throws the passengers into panic.





THE HANDS OF ORLAC



Right: Christopher Lee, who plays the part of Nero magician.
 Left: book jacket reproduction of ORLAC, a top British paperback bestseller

Based on the classic horror novel by Maurice Renard, this new production is the fourth version to reach the screen. The first was a German silent of 1928, starring the great Conrad Veidt. In the second, 1935 version, Peter Lorre and Colin (Dr. Frankenstein) Clive appeared; the title was changed to MAD LOVE. A third has been made recently in this country as HANDS OF A STRANGER. The review below is by Mike Parry, who saw the picture in Madrid. As yet, this version has not been seen here. We at CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN can only hope that we will get a chance to see it soon.

Steven Orlac (Mel Ferrer) is a famous concert pianist. One night, while returning from a concert to his home in France, his private plane crashes. The pilot is killed, but Orlac, though badly burned, is miraculously spared. With his face and hands horribly charred, he is rushed to a hospital.

The doctors fear that he may never be able to play again. They decide on a desperate solution, and graft the hands of a recently-executed criminal onto his wrists: a man who had committed a series of stranglings.

Unexpectedly, the operation succeeds. Orlac leaves for the mountain villa of his lovely fiancée, Louise (Lucile Saint

Simon), to recuperate. But the knowledge that his hands are no longer his own begins to prey on his mind, and he feels that they are controlling the rest of his body, urging him to kill, to strangle!

The gardener at the villa finds his cat strangled and nearly accuses Orlac. The man's unspoken suspicion alone sends the pianist berserk, and he is about to throttle the gardener when Louise intervenes.

Soon Orlac feels an overwhelming urge to kill his fiancée. In desperation, he flees to Marseilles, taking a room in a seedy lodging-house under another name. There he meets Nero (Christopher Lee), a nightclub magician who is also a blackmailer.

Nero uses his lovely assistant, Regina (Dany Carrel), to gain control over Orlac, and meets a well-deserved fate in return.

There are two scenes of real horror. The first is a macabre moment when Orlac awakes to find a horrible creature leering at him from the foot of his bed; (it turns out to be someone in a mask); the second is a nightclub scene, with Nero and Regina performing the Sword Cabinet illusion. She enters the box and Nero picks up the swords. He has learned that she has betrayed him, and

has arranged an unexpected ending for the trick.

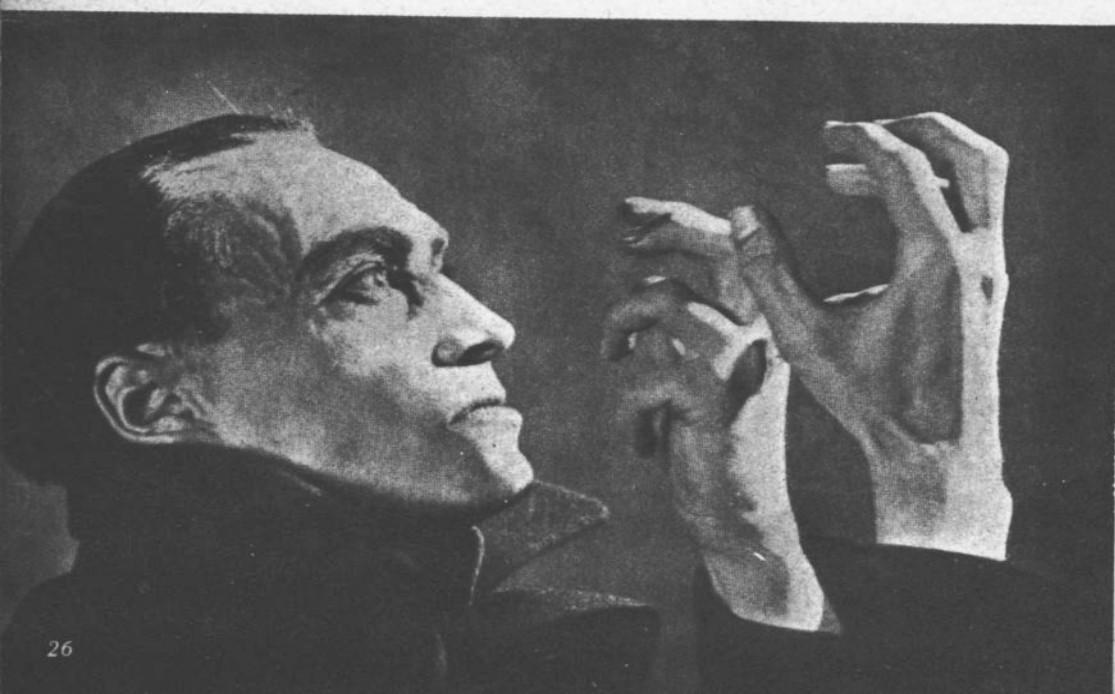
With a savage ecstasy flickering across his distorted face, he plunges swordblade after swordblade into the cabinet, then bows to the wildly applauding audience. Quickly, he steps off-stage, before the applause can turn to screams as blood slowly begins to seep out onto the stage. A magnificent performance by Christopher Lee.

Anything but a conventional horror film, this French-English co-production belongs to the tradition of the psychological chiller. It maintains tension right up to the completely unexpected ending.

—Mike Parry.

THE HANDS OF ORLAC. Director, Edmond T. Greville; producers, Steven Pallos and Donald Taylor; Screenplay by John Baines and Edmond Greville; A Britannia-British Lion film; 95 minutes.

Steven Orlac	Mel Ferrer
Nero	Christopher Lee
Regina	Dany Carrel
Louise	Lucile Saint Simon
Dr. Cochrane	Felix Aylmer
Professor Volcheff ..	Donald Wolfitt



Conrad Veidt as he appeared in the Austrian-made original ORLAC in 1924, directed by the ingenious Robert Wiene who created five years earlier (also with his friend Veidt) the masterpiece, CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI.



11 years after, Orlac was re-made by MGM in 1935 as MAD LOVE. Karl (Dracula) Freund directed; the screenplay was by Guy Endore whose horror novel classic, The Werewolf Of Paris, was recently turned into The Curse of the Werewolf by Hammer Films. Starring was Colin Clive, and right above is the way the star, Peter Lorre, looked in one of his greatest of all roles!



Bette Davis and friend.

Of all 1962's attempts at horror, one picture stands out. While not the standard monster film, this Robert Aldrich production for Warner Brothers proves that terror can be just as effective without the standard gothic trappings. Indeed Bette Davis, in this picture, delivers a performance superior to that of many a horror specialist, despite having been long associated with a different type of role.



WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?

As the psychopathic menace who tortures her crippled sister in subtle psychological ways, imprisons her, and kills when her guilty secret is discovered, Miss Davis is superb. It is a blood-chilling interpretation, yet not without touches of pathos. Joan Crawford, as her helpless victim, does a similarly expert job, in a quieter way.

Producer-director Aldrich has fashioned here a film of subdued menace and intense power. Watching it, you feel as if you were facing a deadly and beautiful snake: horrified, but unable to tear your eyes away, hopelessly fascinated.

—Edward Pickman Derby

Bette stands triumphantly over the prostrate Joan Crawford.



He went on playing a variety of minor roles. In his third film, he had a featured part as a villainous French-Canadian fur trapper. This was *THE DEADLIER SEX*, released in 1920. It was his first important screen role, the first of a succession of assorted villains. These were to include a Moroccan bandit, an evil first mate, an Indian Maharajah, a sheik, and various half-breeds. He was no longer an extra now, but by no means a star, either.

In *OMAR THE TENTMAKER* (1922) he finally played a non-villainous role—an oriental potentate. But the respite was short-lived, for he was soon back carrying knives and guns and leering evilly. It was the same pattern, in a contemporary American locale (*DYNAMITE DAN*, 1924), a foreign one (*PARISIAN NIGHTS*, '25), or in the old West (*PRAIRIE LIFE*, '25).

MOLTEN LEAD AND MESMERISM

Lest anyone get the idea that our Boris was the unhappy victim of type casting, let me reassure them. "When I first started acting on the stage," says the Master of Horror, "I liked 'heavy' roles, and later in pictures I always sought them."

He continued to seek (and get) parts as a crook, a murder victim, a sailor, a border smuggler, and a conspirator. A highlight was his role in *FORBIDDEN CARGO* ('25). As the first mate of a rum-running ship, he was shown preparing to torture the film's hero by pouring molten lead in his eyes. It was a foretaste of his later career, and of the many tortures he was to inflict on countless victims.

But more important still was his appearance opposite Lionel Barrymore in *THE BELLS* ('26). Barrymore was a murderer, and Karloff played a mesmerist, in a part that brought him his first critical notice.

Times don't change very much. In 1927, "Tarzan" pictures were being made, just as they are today. Boris appeared in one, *TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION*. James Pierce was the ape-man, and Karloff played (as nearly as can now be determined) the part of the chief villain, the head of a group of lion worshippers

BACK INTO THE SHADOWS

Just as his career was starting to look brighter, *THE JAZZ SINGER* electrified the world, and Karloff dropped into obscurity again, lost in the shuffle of the conversion to sound. But his stage training had taught him to act with his voice as well as his face and gestures, and he began to get small parts in early "talkies". His first such appearance was in *UNHOLY NIGHT*, made by MGM in 1929. It was directed by Lionel Barrymore, who may have remembered their appearance together in *THE BELLS* when he decided to give Boris the part of a Hindu servant. Thus Boris Karloff spoke on the screen for the first time, although no one paid much attention.

He played featured parts in films like *THE SEA BAT* and *CRAFT* in 1930 and '31, and took a stab at comedy in *CRACKED NUTS* (RKO, '31), playing



The Master of Horror in his most famous role: Mary Shelley's twisted creation. Jack Pierce's elaborate makeup required hours of work.

a revolutionist in a mythical kingdom. 1931, of course was when he made *FRANKENSTEIN*. But though that role was to bring him stardom, he played many smaller parts during the year, for fame was still not to come overnight.

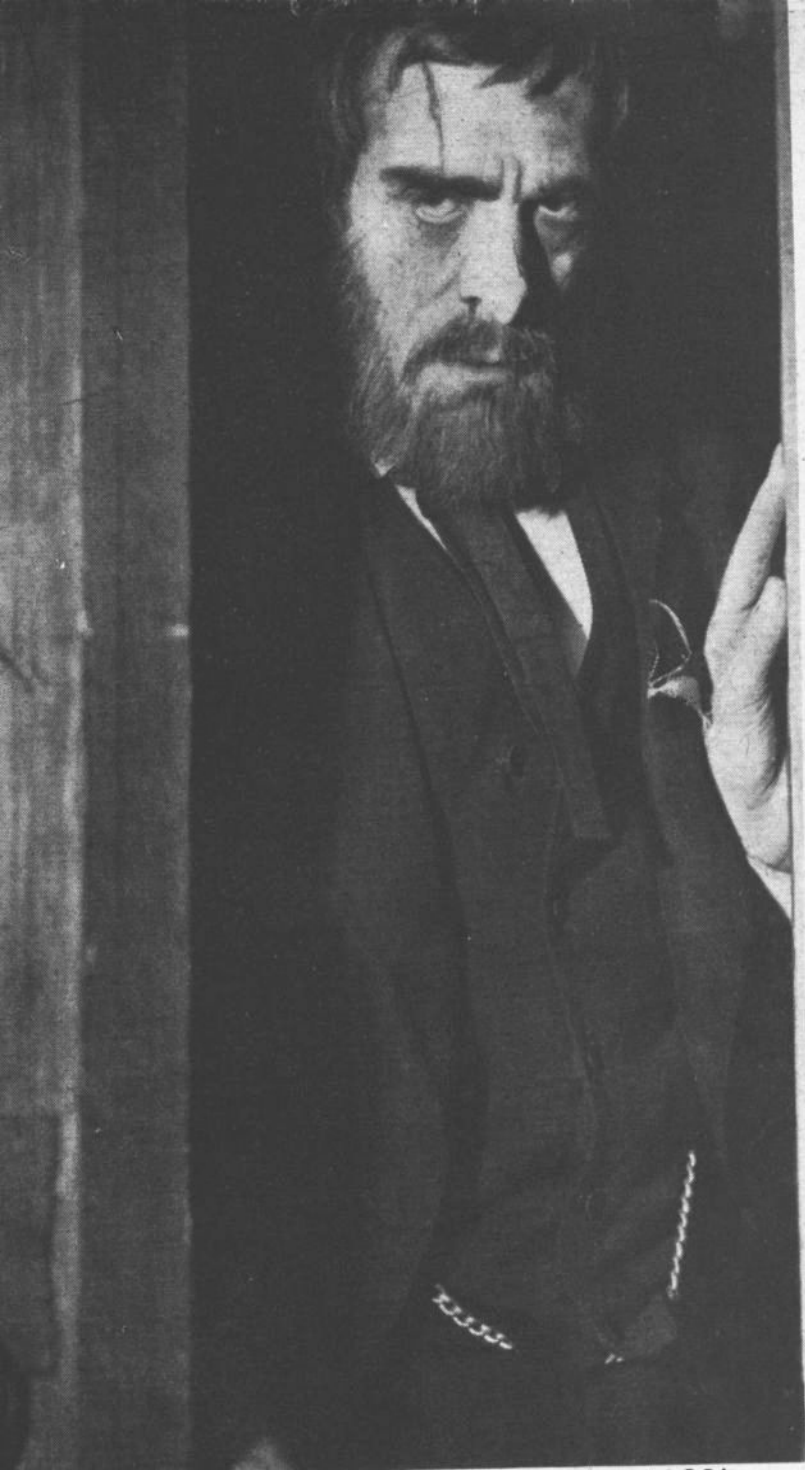
A MONSTER COMES TO LIFE

How did he get the part? What made Universal Pictures cast him in Mary Shelley's horror classic, in a role that catapulted him to fame? Different people give different versions of the event. Karloff himself has said (*JOURNAL OF FRANKENSTEIN*) that it was his portrayal of a convict in *THE CRIMINAL CODE* which lingered in the mind of a studio executive, and induced him to try Boris for the part.

Carl Laemmle, then the head of Universal, talked of Karloff's eyes. "They mirrored the sufferings of the poor dumb creature, in contrast to his frightful appearance and hideous strength."

But perhaps the real story was told by Bela Lugosi, in an interview with the press in 1935. The Hungarian-born actor had come to Hollywood in 1930 to repeat his stage success in *DRACULA*. When the bigwigs at Universal saw they had a hit on their hands, they attempted to sign Lugosi to a long-term contract. But the star's agent held out for too much money, and the deal didn't materialize.

"So they exercised their option on me," explained Bela, "and informed me



In *THE OLD DARK HOUSE* (1932).



Boris in one of his TV roles.

that I was to do *FRANKENSTEIN*." (Universal had signed him for the *DRACULA* part, with the agreement that he was to make one more picture for them, if they desired—probably at the same salary.) Lugosi continued, "I made up for the role and had tests taken, which were pronounced O.K. Then I read the script, and didn't like it. So I asked to be withdrawn from the picture. Carl Laemmle said he'd permit it, if I'd furnish an actor to play the part. I scouted the agencies—and came upon Boris Karloff. I recommended him. He took tests. And that's how he happened to become a famous star of horror pictures—my rival, in fact."

It is interesting to speculate on how different the careers of both men might have been if Lugosi had accepted the part. Of course he finally did play *Frankenstein's* monster, in the 1943 production of *FRANKENSTEIN MEETS*

THE WOLF MAN.

In 1952 Lugosi gave an account of the *FRANKENSTEIN* casting to science fiction and horror writer Charles Beaumont. It is quoted in Beaumont's moving obituary of him in *THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION*, December 1956. Bela related how he'd turned down the part because it had no dialogue. He had then called Karloff in New York, telling him that the part was nothing, "but perhaps he would make a little money." Lugosi's judgment was unfortunately not equal to his acting ability, for Karloff went on to surpass him in fame, and the part of *Frankenstein's* twisted creation will probably live as long as movies continue to be shown.

KARLOFF ON FRANKENSTEIN

The *Frankenstein* monster remains Karloff's favorite role. "A fascinating job—he had no speech and hardly any

intelligence, yet you had to convey a tragic part," says Boris. When the film was finished, he kept the padded shoes and giant headgear he had worn in it as souvenirs. His subsequent horror career (detailed in parts 1 and 2 of this article) included many roles, but he twice returned to the one that brought him fame. "That monster was, and is, my best friend. I had been an unsuccessful, unknown actor for 20 years—until I played him." So says Karloff. But after *SON OF FRANKENSTEIN* ('39), the monster's mask was laid aside—for good. "I refused to play him any more. He was going downhill. We had exhausted his possibilities. He was becoming a clown."

The role brought him much fan mail, and he quotes from it to reinforce his theory that horror films are not harmful to young people. "All my letters from young people invariably expressed



THE BLACK CAT (Universal, 1934).

KARLOFF ON EVERYTHING

Here are some of the Master of Horror's opinions on various subjects:

LON CHANEY, SR.—"He had his own distinctive way of playing a bizarre character with whom audiences sympathized. My type is one in which sympathy is diverted to the romantic leads. I could never follow in his footsteps, and would not want to. We each always had our own styles of work."

ACTING—"Unusual characters are more interesting to the actor than they are to the audience." He considers underplaying his roles very important. "They can so easily become silly. You must try to be sincere. If you believe the characters yourself, there's a better chance of making the audience believe them. I only believe them when I'm working, though. It's my job."

HORROR—"That's a stupid word. A wrong word. It has a connotation of revulsion. 'Shock' is a good word. The folklore of all nations is full of it. It is a deep-rooted human thing . . . not just a movie gimmick."

"I am quite sure children enjoy shock films. It gives them a relief and release. It's all pretense and they know it. Most people, not only children, enjoy thinking there's something behind the door when there isn't."

great compassion for the monster I played. I played it as a poor, helpless, inarticulate thing which was a victim of circumstances. They understood that, somehow."

THE FIEND WITH THE SHY SMILE

Although it was a while before they realized it, Universal now had a new star. Meanwhile, Karloff went on making non-horror films. In *SCARFACE*, he and Paul Muni were rival mobsters, until Muni shot him down in a bowling alley. By 1933 his fame was established, however, and Universal let out that they were planning to star him in a screen version of H. G. Wells' *THE INVISIBLE MAN*. But Claude Rains got the part instead, and Karloff returned in triumph to his native England (for the first time since he'd left it, more than 20 years earlier) to star in *THE GHOUL*.

His hobbies at that time included hiking and cricket. In fact, he and the late C. Aubrey Smith were coaches of the UCLA cricket team. He is married (his wife isn't in the theatrical profession) and has a daughter (Sara Jane, born in 1938). His recent interests have included gardening and English poetry. Not what you'd expect from the diabolic roles he played, but as he says, "In person . . . I'm disappointingly normal."

What is he like, off the screen? "Such a sincere, friendly talker, one feels enriched after meeting him," said one reporter. He was described as six feet tall, tanned, with gentle brown eyes and a shy smile. A kindly man with a sense of humor, and a love for acting. His hair is thick and glossy, he wears tortoise shell spectacles, and smokes a pipe. "When he gets going," said an-

Karloff

and his wife arrive in New York en route to England, where he was to film *THE GHOUL*. The year is 1933.



other reporter, "he talks a lot." He has a small, white, almost invisible mustache.

BLACK CATS AND SILVER DOLLARS

In 1940 Karloff returned to his first love, the stage. The play was Joseph Kesselring's **ARSENIC AND OLD LACE**, a clever mixture of comedy and terror. It opened in New York in January of '41, and was a huge success. Karloff's part fitted him like a glove, since he played an escaped maniac who had been made to look like a movie star by plastic surgery. The star he looked like was, of course, Boris Karloff! Peter Lorre added to the giggles and chills as the doctor. It was filmed in '44, with Raymond Massey in the Karloff part.

Although he was a well known star, he was still nervous about appearing on Broadway. "I was scared stiff about how they'd like me," he said. "After all, I was just a provincial actor. I'd never played New York. And I certainly wasn't going to use my screen reputation." He loved being back on a stage again. "An audience is wonderful after a cold camera." But he had no intention of quitting the movies.

Although he denied being especially superstitious, Karloff carried a 1928 silver dollar constantly, during the run of the play. He'd gotten it several years before in Hollywood, when he was courting Mrs. Karloff. "You wouldn't find me playing without it," he said. He'd lost it once, when someone paid a news-dealer with it, but a quiet search of neighboring newstands enabled him to reclaim it. He was also careful, in having a publicity photo taken, only to seem to be standing under a ladder. As proof that such beliefs were not groundless, he reported that a black cat he'd posed with had clawed a piece out of his suit.

At the rehearsals, Karloff was surprised that the last line of the play was actually spoken onstage. That would never have been allowed in his old stock company days. It was considered bad luck.

BORIS IN FAIRYLAND

Having demonstrated his versatility, Karloff began appearing on stage and screen in a variety of roles. In '47 he played a villain in RKO's non-horror **THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY** (starring Danny Kaye), "Gruesome" in the same company's **DICK TRACY MEETS GRUESOME**, and an Indian chief in Cecil B. De Mille's frontier spectacle, **UNCONQUERED**, which starred Paulette Goddard and Garry Cooper.

In 1948 he returned to Broadway to play in J. B. Priestley's **THE LINDEN TREE**, and played an Indian again opposite Susan Hayward on the screen in **TAP ROOTS** (Universal). The following year it was back to the stage again in the U.S. production of **THE SHOP AT SLY CORNER**, a successful British thriller. He was a kindly shopkeeper with murder in his heart. That same year he got his name into the title of a picture (**ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET THE KILLER, BORIS KARLOFF**), at least in some parts of the country.

His next theatrical part was a definite hit, and a new departure for him—the role of Captain Hook in **PETER PAN**. Jean Arthur played the title role in this new production of J. M. Barrie's children's classic, which had music by no less a figure than Leonard Bernstein. It ran for 321 successful performances. Karloff was delightfully wicked as the one-handed pirate captain, alternately threatening Peter and the children, and quaking in terror before the approach of his nemesis, the crocodile. He also surprised his fans by singing. Actually, a little-known facet of Mr. K's talent is his singing and dancing ability. He has done routines of this type several times during his career.

That year (1950) marked a new phase for him—that of a children's entertainer. Not only did he play Hook, but also served as narrator for the Czech puppet film **THE EMPEROR'S NIGHTINGALE**, based on Andersen's fairy-tale. The voice that had snarled and threatened proved equally at home telling stories to the little ones. More recently, he has recorded Kipling's "Jungle Book" and "Just So Stories" for children, as well as Mother Goose.

But perhaps his new role isn't too far removed from the old. As he says, "There is more horror and violence in nursery rhymes than in TV or films. Forget 'Frankenstein'. Take 'A Frog He Would A-Wooing Go'. By golly, a cat kills a mouse and a rat, and a frog is eaten by a duck. Awfully cruel and savage. As for Grimm's Fairy Tales . . . well, for heaven's sake!" But he adds, reassuringly, "We were all brought up on fairy tales and none of us have turned out to be monsters—except maybe me."

His next stage role was in George Bernard Shaw's **DON JUAN IN HELL**.

He played the part of a statue in the British company, in the same role done on Broadway by Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Then, just for the sake of variety, it was off to India to film **SABAKA**, where he was a Hindu chief. (The film was released here in '55.) But even stranger was his appearance in an Italian film (never shown in the U.S.), called **IL MOSTRO DELL' ISOLA**. The title can be translated as **THE MONSTER OF THE ISLAND**, and we can only assume that Boris played the title role. The film would be worth showing in America, if only for the odd sight of Karloff apparently speaking Italian!

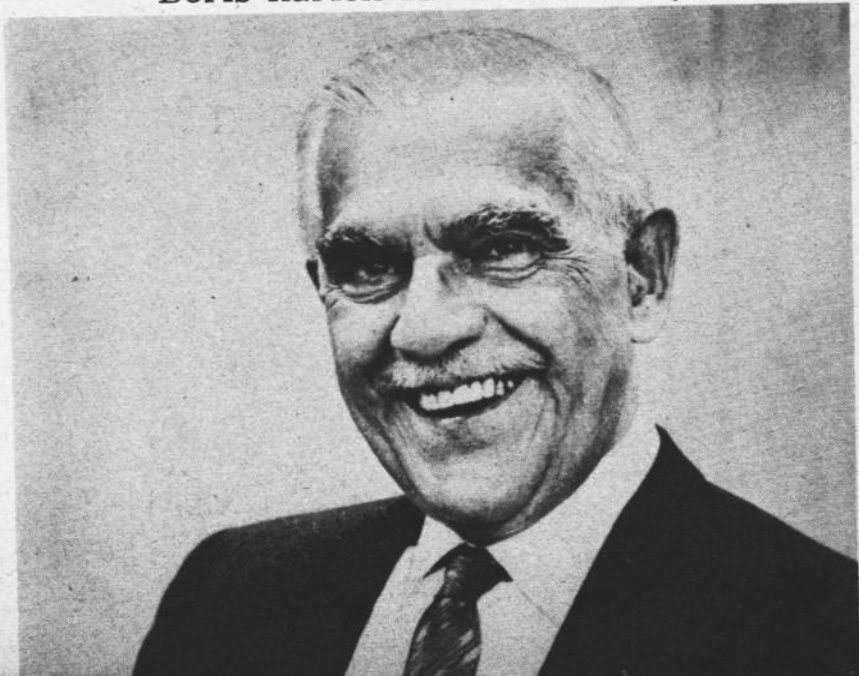
It was later that same year, however, that American audiences saw and heard him again, in a fine part in a distinguished play: Lillian Hellman's adaptation of Jean Anouilh's **THE LARK**. He was superb as The Bishop of Beauvais opposite Julie Harris as Joan of Arc, and added fresh praise to the acclaim he'd received in the past. In '57, he repeated his performance for a nationwide audience via television.

He has appeared before the electronic eye on many other occasions, in guest appearances with Dinah Shore and on numerous dramatic shows. He has also had his own series, **COLONEL MARCH OF SCOTLAND YARD**, and was announced for a never-shown series called **THE VEIL**. More recently, he has hosted the **THRILLER** series.

Although well past the age of retirement, Karloff has announced his intention of continuing his acting career as long as possible. At this writing, he is still appearing on various TV shows, is featured in **THE RAVEN** (see story elsewhere in this issue), and he is still making recordings. Retirement—not a bit of it!

(I would like to express my thanks for the invaluable research into Karloff's film career, done by Mr. Bert Gray, a New York film devotee and historian.)

Boris Karloff as he looks today.





Night Creatures

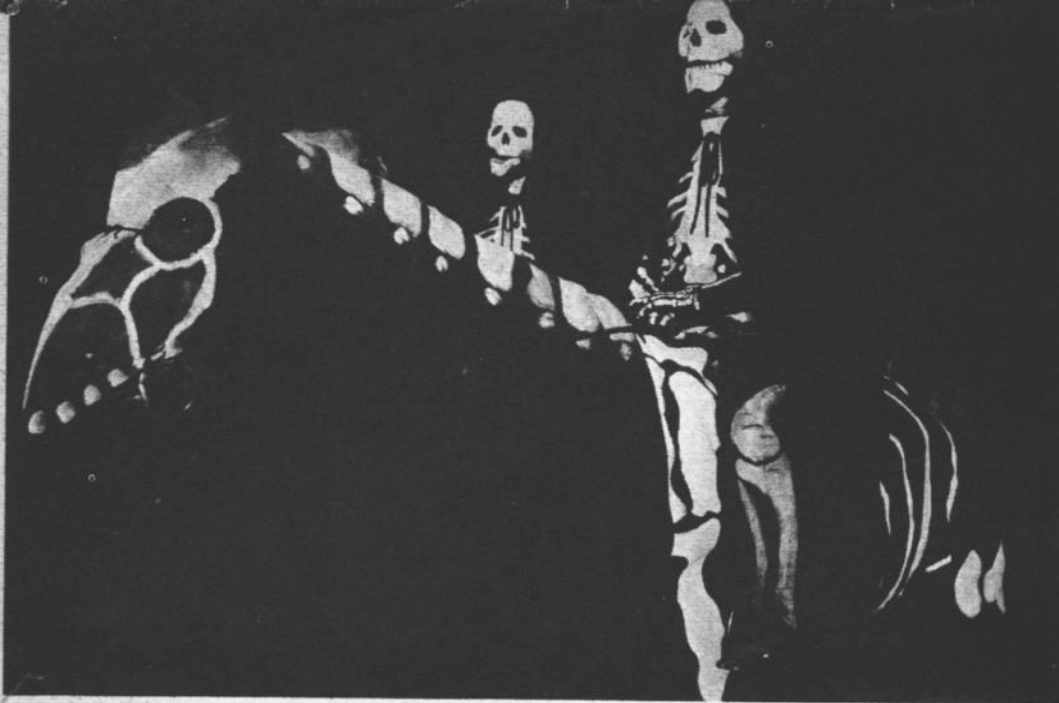


by Haywood P. Norton

As most of my readers probably were, I was surprised and delighted by the recent Hammer film, *NIGHT CREATURES* (released in the U.S. by Universal-International). Although I'd expected a potpourri of Gothic and supernatural elements from the title, I was agreeably startled to see instead an exciting and entertaining smuggling thriller, both well told and well acted,

with several neat horror touches. In fact, this co-feature turned out to be far better than the main attraction, Hammer's new version of *THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*.

Very few films seem to have been made in this genre, although it would appear to lend itself easily to screen treatment. I can only recall a handful that dealt with smuggling in England



The eerie Marsh Phantoms of the most haunting moments of this memorably film.



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NOVELS HAVE BEEN SOLD**

THE SHADOW OF DOCTOR SYN

during the 18th or 19th century: MOON-FLEET (MGM, '55), directed by the incomparable Fritz Lang from the novel by J. Meade Falkner; THE SMUGGLERS (Eagle-Lion, '48), a British version of Graham Greene's THE MAN WITHIN which moved its period back from the 20th century to the 18th; and THE SECRET OF THE LOCH, a rare British Eros production for 1957, never released in this country. This colorful production involved a mysterious "Black Man", a strange supernatural being with jet-black skin, similar to the ebon figure associated with medieval witch covens. He turned out, as you might expect, to be one of the smugglers in disguise. It was based on THE RAIDERS, a book written around the turn of the century by Samuel Crockett.

NIGHT CREATURES interested me so much I determined to find out as much as I could about the book upon which it was reportedly based. All I knew about it was the author's name, which I had been informed was Richard Thorndyke. I resolved to track Mr. Thorndyke to his lair, a process which caused me some little difficulty.

I had never heard of this author, but browsing through my library I came upon a collection of British horror tales called POWERS OF DARKNESS, one of the volumes in the "Creeps" series, published in the 1930's. This contained a story by one RUSSELL Thorndyke, an excellent little period piece called NOVEMBER THE THIRTEENTH. Could this be the same man?

My researches next led me to the British Book Centre, where the trail finally ended. I found the elusive author to be indeed Mr. Russell Thorndyke, a contemporary Englishman noted for his studies of Shakespeare and the British stage, and also an actor and member of the Old Vic theater company. More important, for my purposes, was the fact that he wrote several novels revolving about a character called "Dr. Syn", an evil clergyman who was secretly engaged in both smuggling and more sinister activities.

This gentleman was obviously the basis for "Dr. Blyss", the character in the film, played so brilliantly by Peter Cushing. And the murky atmosphere of NOVEMBER THE THIRTEENTH, that of a nameless Dover marsh, as well as its characters (a hangman, a sexton, an innkeeper, a vicar and a spectral horseman) all reminded me very much of the film. It was on one of the books in the series, then, that the film was based. But which one?

I soon acquired four of the books: DR. SYN ON THE HIGH SEAS, THE COURAGEOUS EXPLOITS OF DR. SYN, THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF DR. SYN, and THE SHADOW OF DR. SYN. It was obvious, on reading them, that here were the characters and setting of the Hammer film. But none of the four depicted precisely the events of the movies. Was the script merely a sort of composite? Or was it based on one of the three earlier books, now out of print? These were THE AMAZING QUEST OF DR. SYN, DR. SYN, and DR. SYN RETURNS.

At length, I had the answer. There came into my hands at last an old edition of DR. SYN. This book, published first in 1915, was the first of the series, being subtitled "A Tale of Romney Marsh". My copy has a preface by that grand old lady of the English stage, Dame Sybil Thorndyke. (Who is, I believe a sister of the author's.) And it is this book which, with some minor alterations, contains the plot of NIGHT CREATURES.

I also discovered, along the way, that it had been filmed once before. DR. SYN, THE PIRATE was a 1936 Gainsborough production from Britain, released in the U.S. by Gaumont-British in '37 as DR. SYN. Its stars were George Arliss, Margaret Lockwood and that grand old pirate, Robert Newton, remembered for his portrayal of Long John Silver. (In all probability it was Arliss who played the title role, however.)

The character of Doctor Christopher Syn, who appears in all of the books, is a paradoxical one. He storms his way through volume after volume, committing crimes of the blackest hue and covering them with the most praiseworthy of good deeds. He is, as in the film, a mixture of the heroic and the villainous.

The setting is Dymchurch-Under-the-Wall, a seacoast village lying hard by haunted Romney Marsh, with its strange legend of the Swamp Phantoms. Ingoldsby tells us that "the world, according to the best geographers, is divided into Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Romney Marsh. In this . . . fifth quarter of the globe, a witch may still occasionally be discovered in . . . stormy seasons, . . . careering on her broomstick over Dymchurch wall".

Dymchurch, that Dover village of dark and brooding legend, so near to Folkestone and Tappington, themselves homes of the baleful, the uncanny, the grotesque. It is most meet that here a wild, thin, spectral form, enveloped in a tight fitting black cape, should haunt the cliffs overlooking the sea. The apparition appears to be that of a parson and, especially on stormy nights, when folklore becomes reality, one can spy this haunted figure, seeking, with the aid of a telescope, some news of great moment. Upon it lies the look of doom, made even more apparent by the pitiful aspect of the neck—mutilated by the horrid touch of a weapon known as Clegg's Harpoon. The figure is that of the terrible Dr. Syn.

Here, briefly, is his history, told at great length in the eight volumes of the series:

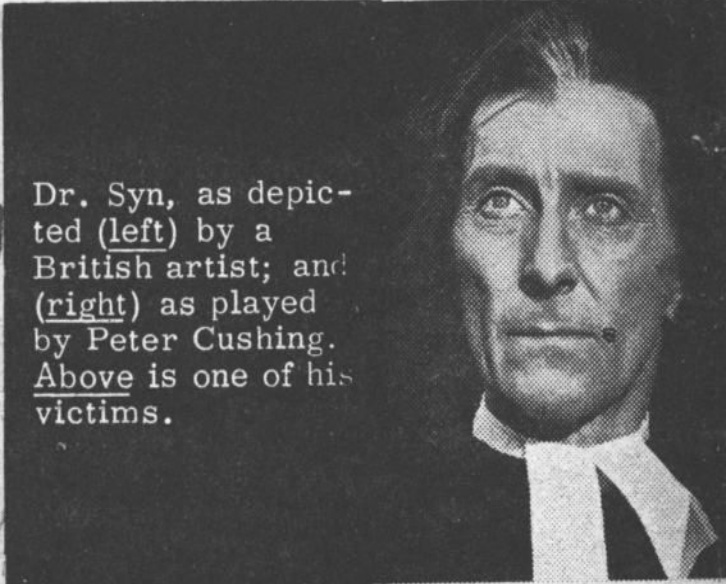
Young Dr. Syn, recently home from Oxford, rescues the beautiful Imogene Almago from the clutches of the lecherous Squire of Lydd, and marries her. Their happiness is short-lived, however, for soon Nicholas Tappit, the squire's nephew, elopes with her. They flee to Spain, with Syn in hot pursuit. Across five continents he chases them, bent on revenge, and becomes a pirate in the process. Captain Clegg, as he is now known, derives his name from a blood-

sucking insect. When he tires of a ship, he destroys it, along with the crew, so that no one remains alive to betray him to the authorities. This little quirk of his kindles the wrath of a mutinous mulatto, one of Clegg's victims, who somehow escapes death, and who hunts the parson down to his inevitable doom in the year 1794.

At the height of Syn's career, Dymchurch is the headquarters for a band of smugglers, under the guidance of the mysterious Scarecrow. This man of mystery is none other than Dr. Syn, a fact which is known only to two of his most trusted henchmen: Mipps, the sexton and James Bone, a notorious highwayman. (A character omitted from the film.) The scarecrow's enemies are numberless, but he is ever elusive. In DR. SYN he escapes the celebrated Captain Collyer (who had sunk his LION D'OR at the mouth of the Saint Lawrence River), only to receive death at the hands of the aforementioned mulatto who, in his own way, is somewhat more than human.



Dr. Syn, as depicted (left) by a British artist; and (right) as played by Peter Cushing. Above is one of his victims.



Of the eight books, all but the last are by Thorndyke. This last is Buchanan's CHRISTOPHER SYN, a rather unsuccessful attempt to carry on the series, recommended only to the most ardent enthusiasts. Thorndyke has also written two horror novels: the grisly MASTER OF THE MACABRE and the satanic DEVIL IN THE BELFRY, both of which should interest FRANKENSTEIN'S readers.

He has created unforgettable characters in DR. SYN: not only the fictional cast already mentioned but also such historical personages as the Prince Regent, Robespierre, Pitt, Sheridan and Beau Brummel. The graphic action unfolds against a widespread tableau. Here are the brooding Dover marshlands, the glitter and intrigue of Regency London, the turbulence of France during the Reign of Terror and the wilderness that was then colonial America. It is a book highly recommended to our readers, provided they can find it. If not, the volumes still in print can be obtained from England. They are well worth investigating.

Some of the most monstrous menaces of the movie screen--Karloff, Lugosi, Lon Chaney Jr.--all lent their talents to one facet of movie marvels which may never be surpassed for both thrills and chills... the motion picture serial! Ever hear of THE SCORPION, or THE GARGOYLE, or the ATOM MAN or the ZOMBIES OF THE STRATOSPHERE? These were but a few of those malevolent master monsters marauding the marvelous multi-chaptered melodramas of the past.

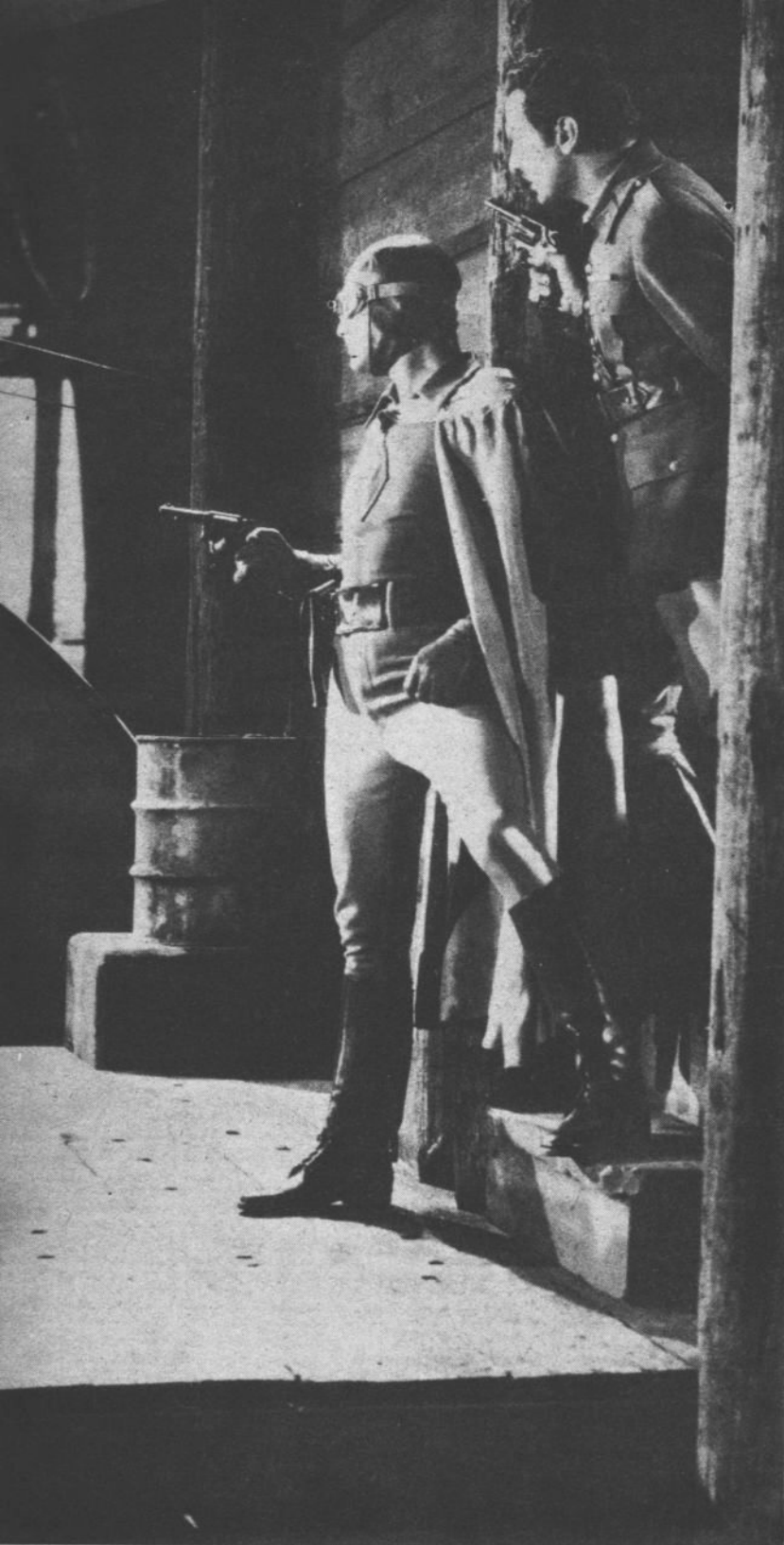
But, think an invisible villain, or a mysterious death ray, or a giant robot could leave the militia stymied in those days as long as they do in our feature-length "horror" movies today? Nosiree! A new menace or horrible monster had to pop up with every installment of these twelve to fifteen chaptered action dramas; for in those days, the screen possessed a vast array of costumed....

MONSTER CRUSHERS!



The heyday of the costumed heroes of the serials was the early 1940s, when movieland had, literally, a thousand supermen to choose from. Although some were invented especially for the screen, most of them, of course, came from the pulps, magazines, the comic books, or the radio serials. THE SPIDER, adapted from the pulps, was one of the first of these, and appeared in two 15-chapter Columbia serials, The Spider's Web, and The Return of the Spider. It was in the latter that his opponent was the bizarre Gargoyle. The first was one of Columbia's best.





It was not long after the Spider's last appearance that SPY SMASHER was grabbed from the comic books for one of Republic Studios' best action-packed productions. Spy Smasher starred Kane Richmond, playing the parts of both the costumed hero and his twin brother.

Another airborne guardian of justice was CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT, who originated on radio, and also appeared in the comic books, in a hard-cover novel, and in the daily newspaper strips. (No resemblance to the Capt. Midnight of television.)



"While mummy's dirtying dishes for feeding-time, tell me: have you been bad little monsters today and abided by the Ghoulden Rule?"

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CONTEST NEWS and WINNERS

We're a little squeezed for space & rather than leave all of the contest news off for the next issue, we'd rather print the names of some of the top winners. Meanwhile, selecting eligibles was about one of the hardest jobs your editors ever had. And there'll be more decisions made between now and the next issue that will be far from easy.

Here, nevertheless, are a few of the top **CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN** winners who, beside copping top prizes, have also earned positions on the staff in several instances owing to efforts and talents above and beyond the average norm:

Heywood P. Norton, New York, New York.

Mike Parry, Maldon, Essex, England.

Victor Wiscovitch, Los Angeles, Calif.

Joe Dante, Jr., Parsippany, New Jersey.

Kenneth Seagle, New York, N.Y.

That takes care of 5 of the top prize winners. In the meantime, there are ninety-five (95!) more winners to be selected. Will your name or that of some friend be on the list? Well, there's only one way of finding out: take a subscription (see page 66) or favorite newsstand about twelve weeks from now.



TEENAGE MONSTER-MAKERS



Below, Teenage Vampire dissolves beneath fatal rays of sunlight in a special effects film sequence by Don Glüt.





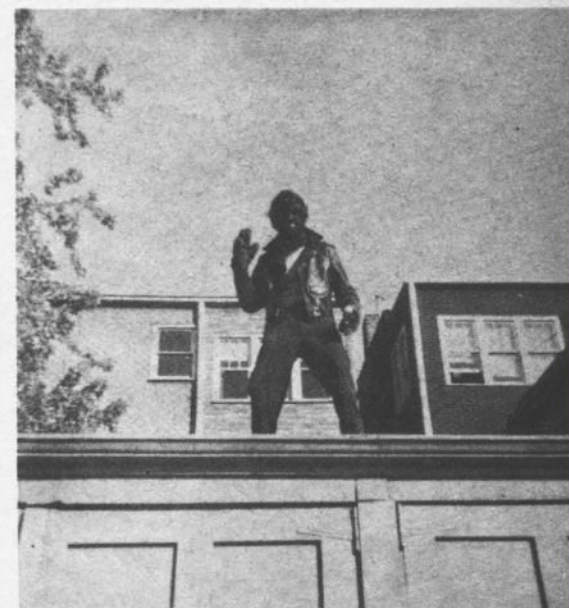
after publication! And indeed we can see why, for we have received and enjoyed some really TERRORific items.

Aside from amateur magazines, we have been loaned monster and superhero movies, monster tape-recordings, make-up photographs, and two dozen original comic book horror stories—enough items to take us three issues just to list the names (almost!). WHAT should we do? Our unanimous decision was to make a complete article, this issue, of the ONE most promising contribution—to give a clear idea to our readers how a good many of our creative teenagers are even now preparing themselves for promising careers in movie production, make-up, and special effects.

Let us know what you think of this idea. Would you like to see an article on an outstanding teenage monster-maker each issue, or just a brief mention of each contributor? This first article is an experiment to get your reaction.

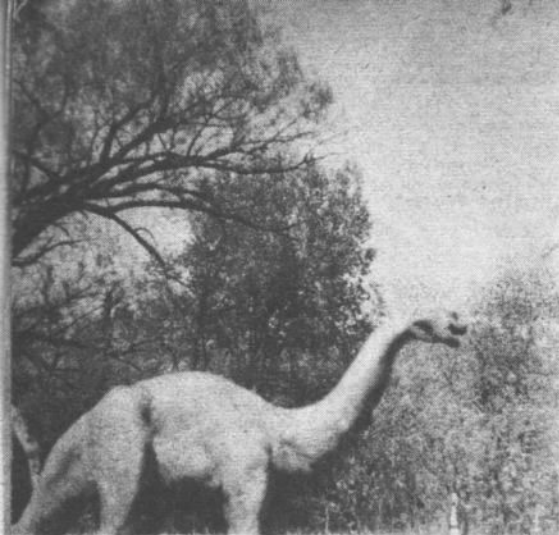
Last issue we promised to devote considerable space to those amateur films, magazines, and other contributions created by YOU, the faithful readers of CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN. In years past, other magazines have listed the names and addresses of those people putting out their own amateur publications so that everyone interested could write for them. But a strange thing has happened . . . It seems the readers of Frankenstein are TOO creative—their amateur magazines are so good that the publishers of almost all we have received have asked us NOT to have people send in for them, because all copies sold out almost immediately

Our selection this issue was based on an amateur film titled TOR, King of Beasts. Was that a REAL Brontosaurus chasing men across an open field? No—but the animation of this scene was so well done that it did indeed look quite real, and every bit as good as most professional scenes from dinosaur movies. The artist of this film: Don Glut. Checking, we discovered that this one film was by no means Don's only creation, and the editors of Frankenstein, while in Chicago, stopped by to visit with young Mr. Glut, and see his other remarkable accomplishments.



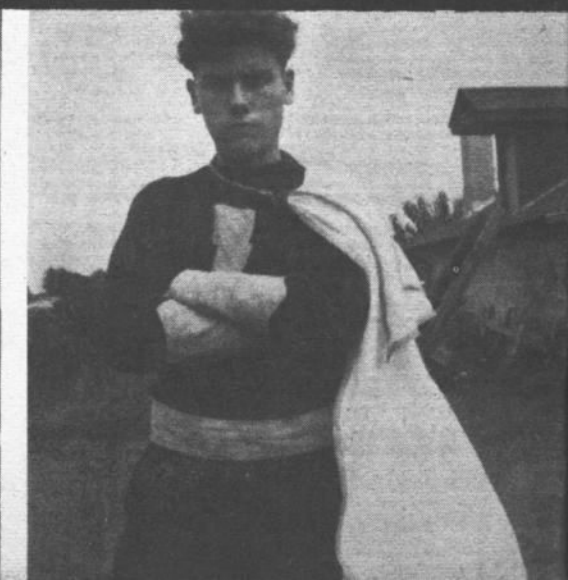
Tom Werner (teenage werewolf) and Don Glut (teenage Frankenstein) terrorize Chicago in Don's 16mm "Monster Rumble".





In addition to his films, Don puts out his own amateur magazine on monsters, films, and super heroes, SHAZAM!, and is also a talented artist and musician. His main interest, however, is filming, and on these pages are actual scenes from some of his numerous amateur movies.

Currently the favorite topic of young movie makers is the costumed hero. Below, an eerie scene from a 16mm silent color film starring Eliot Jones and Dan Erlewine; Tony Albertini as Capt. Marvel Jr.; and Don Glut as Captain Marvel Sr.



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VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED



A top-notch novel of strange child-monsters, fathered by... things from beyond the Earth. This is the novel that became the MGM hit movie, by the author of THE DAY OF THE TRIFIDS (see story elsewhere in this issue). A great spinechiller.

ZACHERLEY'S VULTURE STEW



Zach is back with another concoction! A skillful blend of horrors old & new, spiced with ghoulish humor. Choice tidbits prepared by Boucher, Wellheim, Hubbard, Van Vogt, others. Stories to chill, delight & edify & paralyze!

INVISIBLE MEN



What would an invisible man be like? Would he be fiend or philosopher? Messiah or monster? Some of the finest writers think they know, such as Bradbury, H. G. Wells, London and many others.

ALONE BY NIGHT



Enter the world of horror and the supernatural! Meet the creatures that inhabit it: the Werewolf, the Vampire, the Ghoul, & eight others equally as hideous! These are the monsters awaiting you, depicted by the master hands of Kuttner, Derleth, Bloch, Saki, Matheson and many others.

SARDONICUS



What hideous secret was concealed by the mask Sardonicus always wore? In this recently filmed novella the author captured the spirit of the great Gothic terror tales. It is presented here along with 16 others for your edification and horriification!

ZACHERLEY'S MIDNIGHT SNACKS



TV's Monster of Ceremonies has assembled a batch of gruesome delights for your enjoyment: a very cheery brew presided over by master chefs Van Vogt, Sturgeon, Kuttner, Matheson & their colleagues. Deliciously horrible!

SOME OF YOUR BLOOD



A chilling novel of modern times by a master of fantasy: Theodore Sturgeon. This novel of deep, disquieting horror will make you fear its monster and pity him at the same time! This is a brilliant book by a master hand in the real Frankenstein tradition.

NIGHTS BLACK AGENTS



9 tales, created by a modern horror master. Terrors ancient and modern, told in his unforgettable and dynamic style. Any one is worth the book's price alone. Read 'em and creep!

DEALS WITH the DEVIL



Care to meet Lucifer? Want to make a bargain? Gain your heart's desire— at a price? Oh, he's clever... but maybe YOU can outwit him. Here to help you are Le Fanu, Dunstany, Collier, Beerbohm and 8 others; a fiend's dozen. Think you can win? (No one else has!)

THE FRANKENSTEIN READER

Sparing no expense, BALLANTINE BOOKS searched long in Transylvania to obtain this Monsterpiece!

Presented by CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN, & under the personal supervision of Baron Frankenstein III himself (Barons I & II also helped!), it was a difficult task attempting to capture all the horrific spirit of the Frankenstein traditions.... For others, it would have been impossible, but— under the superb editorial hand of the Dean of Fantasy-Horror, Calvin T. Beck, a near-miracle in Weird-Horror collecting has happened this year! ELEVEN of the Greatest by THE Greatest, such as Bierce, Wells, Chambers, Benson, Stevenson, Quiller-Couch, to name a few of the Horror Masters.

So prepare yourself for a Horrorama Ride, for as the old slaying ghose: Let Hearse put you in the coffin seat, and:
Leave the riving to us !

Available at 50¢ per copy, plus 25¢ for postage & handling. (You can add The Frankenstein Reader to any book order above & deduct 20¢ from the postage-handling charges.)



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CHARLES DICKENS
AMBROSE BIERCE
E. F. BENSON
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



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Hydman

of LEAVENWORTH



Halloween has always been a time for chilling things, fearful things, unknown things. Children dress in their scariest outfit that evening, go out collecting their "trick or treats", getting scared half to death themselves. Halloween 1962 in the quiet little town of Leavenworth, Kansas followed this pattern, quite by accident. The small burg, a typical mid-western town, had become complacent and disinterested in the bone-chilling joy of All Hallow's Eve.

It started with newspaper advertisements to the effect that the Frankenstein Monster would appear on the stage of the local theatre for an annual Halloween show. Kids talked. Before long the entire young population was aware of the forthcoming event and all were awaiting with baited breath the date set for





the monster's appearance. When the date came, it was clearly evident that the townsfolk were a curious lot. Well over 100 more people were in attendance than the theatre had ever recalled holding before. The place was packed like a California beach on the first day of Summer Vacation.

The show got under way without mishap or unusual incidents. There were costume contests for the kiddies, appropriate cartoons, and a Horror feature. The theatre quieted to an unequalled silence as the plainly dressed man strode onto the stage with a piece of paper in his hand. Children grew restless as he spoke of the legend of the Frankenstein Monster; the method used to bring the body to life; the reason for the presence of the monster's body there in Leavenworth at the particular time. An aura of uncertainty began to creep into the theatre. Was this man actually serious? The audience wasn't sure. Silence again prevailed as four strong men carried a huge coffin down the aisle and onto the stage. With little hesitation the coffin lid was opened, revealing the hideous gigantic figure of the patch-work man Mary Shelly had written about. Then perhaps it was true. People in the audience began to wonder.

In order to demonstrate to the audience the method supposedly used to bring this hellish creature back to life, the announcer connected wires to the silver electrodes protruding from the ugly discolored neck of the monster. The man on the stage motioned to someone behind the scenes and the lights dimmed, began to flicker, then regained their original brightness. The announcer laughed; and the audience agreed that it was preposterous that such a thing could actually be believed by some people. In most of their minds however, a seed of doubt was still present.

The monster quickly reaffirmed their suspicions by jerking to life and breaking the strong chains that bound him. He awkwardly moved out of the coffin. The creature grabbed the man on stage, strangled him and then headed for the audience. That was when it happened. Suspicion, doubt, and uncertainty suddenly became an ugly reality for a few imaginative individuals. The panic of a few spread to many and the theatre became a living mass of humanity running for the exits, screaming and yelling at the top of their lungs. One small child ran to the boxoffice and shaking like a leaf pleaded with the ticket girl, "Don't let him get me! Please don't let him get me!!" And out on the streets the crowd scattered, running everywhere.

Panic had hit Leavenworth, Kansas, instrumented by an amateur actor in unbelievable make-up and the imaginations of a thrill-seeking audience.

Who was the monster? Answer: a military policeman by the name of Larry Byrd. Larry was told that by enlisting in the army for three years, rather than waiting to be drafted for two, and being assigned duties pot-luck, he could choose his own field of interest--some duty that would take advantage of his writing and artistic abilities. Of course, like everyone else we know who joined with similar promises, Larry was NOT assigned to a chosen field, but randomly placed, into the MPs.

Aside from his role as the Frankenstein Monster, and his real-life role of MP, Larry is also familiar to fans of imagination as the famous red white and blue garbed Commander Byrdman.

After his successful engagement as the Frankenstein Monster, Larry again appeared on stage--as the Wolf Man. Upon his release from service, his plans include work on special effects movies and the construction of a full scale monster museum, plans for which have already been completed. Larry is certainly one of the most talented of today's active "monster men" and one Castle of Frankenstein will be keeping close eye on in the future.



A dismal rain fell monotonously upon the aged walls of the Maison Montalegre on the 17th of June, 1816. It was midnight, and within the walls a small group of people were paying close attention to the resonant voice of a notorious poet quoting fearful lines from Samuel Taylor Coleridge's CRISTABEL concerning funereal sorceries and witches' breasts. So dramatically did the poet recite these stanzas that the thunderbolts outside appeared to applaud loudly with more resonant claps.

Candlelight spread grotesque shadows upon the company assembled. Young Percy Bysshe Shelley was holding a copy of PHANTASMAGORIANA, a collection of ghostly tales, tightly with his trembling hand; with the other he fondled the reclining head of his nineteen-year-old wife, Mary. Across from them lounged the young madcap Polidori gazing in mute admiration at Lord Byron who delivered the fatal line: "... a sight to dream of, not tell!"

Suddenly, all turned to gaze horrified at Shelley who started to foam at the mouth, then quickly arose to run howling from room to room. As Polidori, an apprentice physician, withdrew to attend the stricken Shelley, Byron cried out "There are things born in the twilight hours more monstrous than nightmare." His words proved, as we shall see later, to be most ominous.

Shelley's spasm hardly proved to be



serious, and his tremendous fright issued from the fact that when Byron quoted the lines from CRISTABEL concerning the witch's breasts, Shelley was suddenly reminded of a woman "with eyes instead of nipples."

This incident caused the company to find out which of them could write the greatest ghost tale. They all embarked upon the idea of writing with great avidity. Shelley had already written two gothic romances of some note. ZASTROZZI, written in imitation of Rosa Matilda's ZOFLOYA: OR THE MOOR (1806) dealt with a bandit chief in league with the devil. ST. IRVYNE, an imitation of William Godwin's ST. LEON (1799) dealt with a mysterious Rosicrucian who aimlessly quests for the elixir of eternal life. Shelley's juvenile productions, written in 1810 during his student days at Eton, possessed a somewhat extravagant power and also a florid verbosity peculiar to most of the gothic thrillers of the period.

Now it appears that Shelley upon attaining maturity could not write better prose. As THE ASSASSINS proves, prose was not Shelly's forte. THE ASSASSINS spewed forth from the ghost story contest, dealing with a couple's misadventures among Italian bandits; it is trite and dull in the area of plotting. We are glad that Shelley did not pursue it beyond the point he did.

Lord Byron dropped grisly hints about

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Much has been published to date concerning the various motion picture stories of Dr. Frankenstein and his monster. But a veil seems to have hung over FRANKENSTEIN's literary origin. In tracking down the background of Mary Shelly's masterpiece, Heywood P. Norton has provided an account filled with little-known events almost as weird as FRANKENSTEIN itself.

It is fitting that, along with the newly discovered photo of the FIRST (1910) screen FRANKENSTEIN, THE CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN brings you this exclusive article.

vampires during his stay with the Shelleys and started on a tale concerning the mysterious death of a consumptive English traveller in Greece and the even more eerie and grim rites held over his bier. What Byron intended to develop from this fragment is not known, but if it did deal with a vampire, the tale would be a most curious one indeed and indubitably would emerge as a piece of first rate grue.

Oddly enough genius arose from the most unexpected of sources. The young physician, John William Polidori, produced a somewhat discreet horror tale, merging the ancient Oedipus legend with that of Bluebeard—and coming up with a "frisson d'horreur" of Peeping Toms and skull-headed ladies. Pub-

grandfather of Dante Gabriel and Christina Rossetti. (The noted English artist-poets of the Pre-Raphaelite period of the latter part of the nineteenth century.)

The plot of THE VAMPYRE is simply this. A young Englishman Aubrey, traveling in Greece, becomes the pawn of the mysterious and demoniac Lord Ruthven. Ruthven dies in a skirmish with bandits, only to reappear as a vampire among polite English society and drink the blood of Aubrey's sister.

THE VAMPYRE was first published in THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for 1819, and it was contended by many upon its initial appearance that Lord Ruthven drew hints from the Byron legend. A notorious roman-a-clef or thinly disguised autobiographical novel, GLENARVON, (written in 1816 by the even more notorious Lady Caroline Lamb) also inspired this gothic entertainment in a larger fashion.

Although Polidori's novelette is considered dated today, (steeped as this generation is in M. R. James and H. P. Lovecraft) THE VAMPYRE fascinated Dumas pere, who dramatized it. It also inspired VARNEY THE VAMPYRE: OR THE FEAST OF BLOOD, an 802 page thriller by Thomas Preckett Prest, written in 1852, and of course its even more famous successor DRACULA, which followed in 1895.

The idea of FRANKENSTEIN was

Birth of FRANKENSTEIN

by Haywood P. Norton



lished in 1819, as ERNESTUS BERCHTOLD, it received the cursory attention of Alaric Watts and other noted reviewers of the period, who found it to be not entirely devoid of merit.

However, we find that Polidori's fame chiefly rested upon a novella entitled THE VAMPYRE. Polidori's novel marked the first appearance of the Vampire in English fiction, and its unique theme was well enough conceived to guarantee it some degree of success upon the continent. THE VAMPYRE, written as a result of the hints and conversation of Lord Byron at Montalegre and Diodati, was actually attributed to this poet and said to be more effective in conception and execution than any of his poetry in the field of the macabre. (With the exception, perhaps of THE BRIDAL OF CORINTH.) Byron, as was to be expected, denied authorship most vehemently. He dispensed with Polidori's services in 1818, claiming that he could not tolerate the idea of supporting "hot-headed young Juvenals". The young physician it seemed, led a life a little too loose for Byron's liking. Polidori was a Regency hothead in every sense of the word; his stormy life ended abruptly at the age of twenty-three, when he very ceremoniously blew out his brains in the true Werther tradition. His sister Jane later married an Italian emigre, one Rosetti, whose

undoubtedly an elaborate one. Maelzel's robot chess player defeated Napoleon, creating a great attraction upon the courts of Europe. E. T. A. Hoffmann wrote his classic tale THE SANDMAN in 1814 which dealt with a madman who fell in love with the animated doll, Olympia. It was this same Hoffman who questioned half-fearfully in his AUTOMATONS, written in 1812, whether it was possible to create a robot dancing partner—and whether this possibility extended to inevitable failure in distinguishing between robot and human.

The legend of the Golem was contained in the PHANTASMAGORIANA and proved to hold a sombre attraction for Mrs. Shelley. It is also highly probable that she possessed a nodding acquaintance with the writings of Hoffmann although she does not express familiarity with this German Romanticist in her diary.

Her father, William Godwin, an economist-novelist of some note, characterizes his heroes as malcontents and/or social outcasts. Falkland in CALEB WILLIAMS (1794) is a sadistic and ruthless murderer. Bethlem Gabor, the Prince of Transylvania, in ST. LEON (1799) is a scarred and over-livesized grotesque. Gifford in FLEETWOOD: OR THE NEW MAN OF FEELING (1804) is a scheming hypocrite, highwayman, and would-be assassin. Mandeville, in a novel of the same title, written in 1816,

is a paranoid psychotic. All four of these maddened, soul-less villains inspire, in spite of their misdeeds, the morbid, sympathetic interest of the reader.

Influenced by a father and friends whose creative ideas were definitely ahead of the times and macabre, it is obviously clear how Mary Shelley gained her foundation for FRANKENSTEIN. For she had been affected since early childhood by the novels of her father; later by the PHANTASMAGORIANA; and familiar with the strange tales of the Maelzel robot and the eery legend of the Golem. Hardly to be overlooked was her knowledge of the experiments of the biologist-poet, Erasmus Darwin, mentor and grandfather of the even more famous Charles Darwin.

Preened by Byron and Shelley, until the germ of FRANKENSTEIN was finally conjured by her imagination into the form of a nightmare, Mrs. Shelley originally had planned upon a short tale. It was Byron who suggested she expand it to novel length.

The tale of Victor Frankenstein, the student of unhallowed art, creating his monster from cadavers rifled from charnel houses has become the classic we know today; upon its initial appearance in three volumes (published by Lackington in 1818), it

received generally unfavorable reviews. Sir Walter Scott, in the EDINBURGH REVIEW for 1818, proved singularly uncharitable . . . :

"When we have thus admitted that FRANKENSTEIN has passages which appal the mind and make the flesh creep, we have given it all the praise (if praise it can be called) which we dare bestow. Our taste and judgment alike revolt at this kind of writing, and the greater the ability with which it may be executed, the worse it is."

THE MONTHLY REVIEW termed FRANKENSTEIN "an uncouth story, setting probability at defiance, and leading to no conclusion either moral or philosophical. A serious examination is scarcely necessary for (such) a vagary of the imagination as this tale presents."

It is a most significant fact that at that time the average reader paid little attention or respect to book reviews.

Three years later FRANKENSTEIN was dramatized for the stage as PRESUMPTION: OR THE FATE OF FRANKENSTEIN. Playing the Frankenstein monster was the famous T. P. Cooke, whose roles as vampires, and monks, sorcerers, mad murderers and devils endowed him with a reputation that created unusual attention and box office records. He took the play to

London's New Covent Garden and Paris' Grand Guignol.

FRANKENSTEIN gained success upon the legitimate stage, but it was the original novel which fostered the virtue of durability.

The Frankenstein monster was, however, many things to many people. As can be seen, its sub-title, "The Modern Prometheus," was derived from the ancient Greek legend about the fatal god who first instilled man with scientific knowledge by the gift of fire—and was properly punished by the elder gods for his deed.

Many of her contemporaries half-humorously suggested that Mrs. Shelley had her father, the celebrated William Godwin, in mind when she created the monster from her imagination. Godwin was, in all respects, a character, and when reading his novels one cannot deny the kinship of his improbable heroes and his daughter's immortal creation.

However, myth or no, caricature or characterization, the magical charm of Frankenstein flourishes unchallenged through the ages, as it has done for over one hundred and forty-four years, and as it will undoubtedly continue to for a long time to come.

---- Haywood P. Norton

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IN ISSUE NUMBER ONE

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There's a certain publication in our field which best exemplifies some of its inherent deficiencies by proclaiming & constantly reminding readers how it thinks it was "first" and so forth & so on. Of course, one could end the matter immediately by pointing out that most of those who know of MAD probably never heard of the old JUDGE or BALLYHOO; or that John Glenn is a far cry from Kitty Hawk; or, putting it more bluntly, what a big difference there's been since shadow pictures to lantern slides to 3-D movies and Cinemascope (even though some Neanderthal might arise out of the past, objecting and showing how his cave scorchings came "first").

But the argument need not boggle down here (or even have to begin for that matter). If anything started the horror-movie magazine idea, thanks are due somewhat to a number of European movie periodicals which, in a period of ten years, devoted certain issues mostly or entirely to covering filmic fantasy in general.

Going back even further, we have a number of one-shot horror-movie mag attempts evident from 1939 thru the early Forties. In fact, in a number of instances, nationally known movie publications like SCREEN STORIES have spent, at times, almost entire issues covering the fantasy-horror film scene.

However, if credit is due to anyone or anything at all, then it should be given to the horror comics industry, which ceased functioning about 1954. Its absence left one of the biggest gaps ever known in the entertainment field, its addicts were and still are legion. And movie-horror mags are a substitute, even though a great refinement of the genre.

YOUR EDITOR



The busiest actor in horror pictures today is Vincent Price, featured in two films for United Artists. One is *THE HORLA*, which seems to be the first screen version of Guy De Maupassant's famous story of an invisible monster. Nancy Kovack (of *Jason & The Golden Fleece*) co-stars. The other is Nathaniel Hawthorne's *TWICE TOLD TALES* (formerly *THE CORPSE MAKERS*), with Mari Blanchard. . . . Naturally Price is in another of American-International's Poe films: *MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH*, due out late this Summer. . . . Then there is H.G.Wells' *WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES*, from the same studio, with Price again starring. . . . He has also been listed for the cast of *HAUNTED VILLAGE*, A-I's Lovecraft adaptation, but may have been replaced by Ray Milland. When does this man sleep?

Speaking of A-I, they have announced *THE WAR OF THE PLANETS* and *THE GREAT DELUGE*—no other details as yet. . . . A-I's oldies still have not been sold to TV. They may do an original TV series, though not for some time yet.

The most talked-of movie of the year will almost certainly be Alfred Hitchcock's production of *THE BIRDS*, which Universal will release about a month from now. It concerns the warfare of birds against mankind and is from a Daphne du Maurier story published in '53, in her collection *Kiss Me Again, Stranger*. Rod Taylor and Jessica Tandy star. . . . Added to the cast of *THE HAUNTING*, based on the Shirley Jackson book *Haunting of Hill House* (reviewed elsewhere in this issue) are Claire Bloom and Russ Tamblyn (both currently on view in *BROTHERS GRIMM*). They join Julie Harris



Producer-director William Castle and actor Guy Rolfe confer on the *SARDONICUS* set. Below: animals are organized by a fiend in *BLACK ZOO*, Allied Artists' new release, starring Michael Gough of Hammer fame.



in this British spinetriple for MGM, directed by Robert (Day The Earth Stood Still) Wise.... Watch for Hammer's latest color shocker, PARANOLIC, to be released here by Universal. Oliver Reed, of CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF, is in the lead.... Psychiatric titles seem to be all the rage, and A-I has SCHIZO, which is to star Leticia Roman and John Saxon.... Roger Corman's company, The Filmgroup, has made DEMENTIA, with Luana (Pit & The Pendulum) Anders. Then there's MANIAC, a Hammer film for Columbia release, with Kerwin Mathews.... TV's Don Knotts will portray THE INCREDIBLE MR. LIMPET, a man who becomes a fish, for Warners. This fantasy-comedy is being directed by Arthur Lubin who did the Claude Rains Phantom of the Opera. I hope it is better than the Theodore Pratt story on which it's based. From Allied Artists will be coming another British production by Herman (Konga) Cohen: BLACK ZOO. Michael Gough, featured in Konga and Cohen's other overseas thriller, Horrors of the Black Museum, as well as several Hammer films, will again star.... In England also, it is reported, Hammer will film

PUBLISHER'S NOTE:

In our last issue we mentioned that certain private film societies make a practice of showing hard-to-see or nearly lost fantasy-horror films from time to time. Culled from as far back as 50 (or even more) years ago, a number of these silent and sound films would be otherwise impossible to see if not for these noble film groups. As we get information, we'll publish the names & addresses of various film societies as often as possible. In the meantime, of interest to those in the New York-New Jersey area: THE ESSEX FILM CLUB, 263 Harrison St., Nutley 10, N.J. HUFF MEMORIAL FILM SOCIETY, care of: William K. Everson, Schwab House, 11 Riverside Drive, New York 23, N.Y. INFORMAL FILM CLUB, care of: Chris Steinbrunner, WOR-TV, 1440 Broadway, New York, New York.

By dropping a line to one or all of these groups you will have the opportunity of receiving news and notices as to film showings and titles, the dates, time and places where they will be seen, etc. etc. Of course, some showings consist entirely of non-fantasy-horror films, even though they may be of marginal, even of profound correlative interest to most readers of this magazine.

Meanwhile, let us know if you wish your film group listed by dropping us a line and enclosing all pertinent information.

Below is a scene from the latest version of THE TELL-TALE HEART.





JASON & THE GOLDEN FLEECE (above).



Two Mexican films: THE INFERNAL FIEND (above), and THE CONQUEROR OF THE MOON (below).



a Richard Matheson script called NIGHTMARE.... Crown International Pictures has made a low-budget effort called TERRIFIED, directed by Lew Landers (he did TV's Topper).... Jerry Lewis has been wanting to do a comedy-horror film for a long time, preferably a version of Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde, THE NUTTY PROFESSOR, which he just finished making for Paramount, seems to be just that; Stella Stevens co-stars. Long-memoried Lewis fans will recall his J-H routine in Living It Up ('54)... Coming from Universal is the British-made KISS OF THE VAMPIRE. Featured is to be Phantom of the Opera's Edward De Souza....

Bert I. Gordon has announced plans to remake Fritz Lang's great METROPOLIS.... LILITH, based on the recent novel (reviewed in our last issue), is being made for Columbia by Robert Rossen, who did The Hustler.... France's "new wave" has just made a horror film, being released here by Embassy Pictures. It is entitled LANDRU; Claude Chabrol directed, Francoise Sagan wrote it and made a brief appearance. The cast includes Michele Morgan and Hildegard Neff. The real-life criminal, compared to Bluebeard, whose grisly exploits are depicted here was the subject of the earlier BLUEBEARD'S TEN HONEYMOONS, with George Sanders.... Another real murderer being portrayed in a screen thriller is DR. CRIPPEN whose life-and-death story has already gone before cameras in England.... Hard on the heels of their successful THE RAVEN, A-I is planning another in the same vein, COMEDY OF TERROR, with Price, Lorre and Karloff starring again. In fact, they have signed Mr. Lorre to an exclusive contract, at least so far as horror-fantasy is concerned. Lorre will also appear in IT'S ALIVE, which co-stars (ugh!) Frankie Avalon.

Trans-Lux is plugging their HORROR HOTEL ("Just ring for doom service!") heavily; one suggested stunt is for theaters to serve "iced blood" in the lobby. (Sorry to disappoint you, but it's really diluted cherry syrup.).... A British TV mystery is on view now over there, entitled TALES OF MYSTERY, and based on the horror stories of Algernon Blackwood.... William Castle has finished THE CANDY WEB, for Columbia release.... Ray Bradbury's FAHRENHEIT 451 is being filmed in France by "new wave" director Francois Truffaut; Jean-Paul Belmondo stars as the fireman whose job is to burn books in this tale of the

terrifying world of the future... Ben Hecht is doing the script for Geo. Pal's THE CIRCUS OF DR. LAO; Laurence Harvey has been signed for the lead.... In Britain CORRIDORS OF BLOOD (formerly called Doctor of 7 Dials) has finally been released. Perhaps it will be seen here soon. This Boris Karloff starrer is about medical experimentation, the search for an anaesthetic, & grave robbing. Karloff is Doctor Thomas Bolton, whose researches are aimed for the benefit of humanity, but who is forced to violate the law by the stubbornness of his medical associates. Others in the cast are Francis de Wolff (of Hound of the Baskervilles), Adrienne Corri (also in the latest TELL-TALE HEART) and—Christopher Lee!

Another version of MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH has been announced for release by a New York firm; it is probably foreign made.... Anglo-Amalgamated has announced the latest of those Carry On British comedies: CARRY ON SPACEMAN... Albert Zugsmith is filming THE GREAT SPACE ADVENTURE, having produced many similar films. George Nader and Fay Spain head the cast.... Columbia's JASON AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE, in color, from the unit that made Mysterious Island and 3 Worlds of Gulliver, is their most expensive and elaborate production to date. It will be released in June with an expensive advertising campaign. Ray Harryhausen, who is associate producer and ace special effects technician on this, as on earlier films of this group, was married in London recently to Diana Bruce. Congratulations, Ray.... Fairly soon, the same unit, including Harryhausen and producer Charles Schneer, head for Spain to begin H.G.Wells' THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON. There's one to look forward to, I'd say.... Japan's newest monster hit is KING KONG Vs. GODZILLA.... Latest big thing on TV are the s-f/horror movies released by Allied Artists. Many stations are planning special shows featuring them similar to the old "Shock Theaters"..... More TV news concerns a series called MY FAVORITE MARTIAN, featuring Ray Walston (of Damn Yankees) as the inhabitant of the red planet. The half-hour series starts next Fall.... And Desilu Productions have started a series called I MARRIED A MARTIAN, with Robert Cummings and Julie Newmar. Seems to be a trend.... THE BLACK SLEEP is being reissued in some theaters, disguised under the title of DR. CADMAN'S SECRET.....

---Ken Beale---

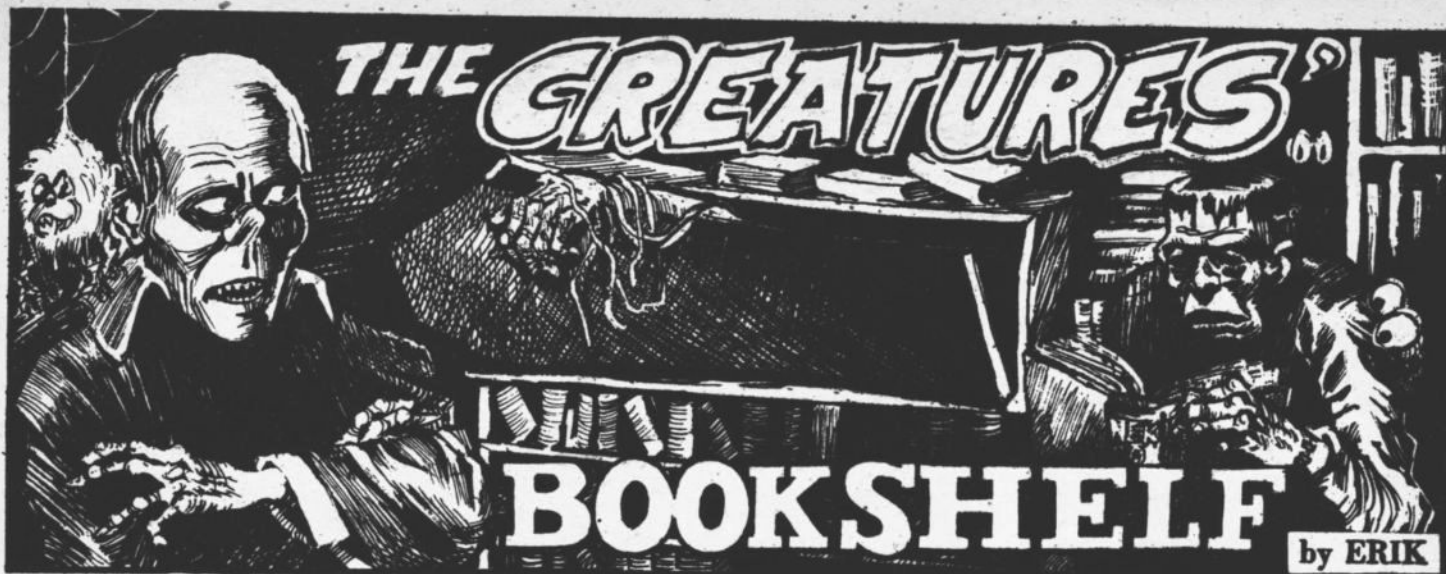


Atomic destruction, above, in the spectacular Japanese film THE FINAL WAR.



Vincent Price (above) in TOWER OF LONDON. Mexico's THE SAINT VS. THE VAMPIRE WOMEN (below).





SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES by Ray Bradbury, Simon and Schuster, 1962, 317 pages, \$4.95.

In 1947 WEIRD TALES published a story by Ray Bradbury called BLACK FERRIS. This was, as I recall, a gripping story of Grand Guignol horror about two young boys experiencing a fearful night with the Cooger and Dark carnival. They discover not only sinister motives behind the newly arrived company of bizarre side show personnel, but an evil and supernatural element manifesting itself in the late hours of the night after the rides and games have been closed. Among the carnival amusements is a Ferris Wheel which is capable of aging or regenerating its riders one year with every revolution. BLACK FERRIS was one of many fine stories Mr. Bradbury produced during this period, the best of which have been collected in a limited (and now out of print) edition under the title DARK CARNIVAL (Arkham House, 1947).^{*} Now, some fifteen years later, appears Mr. Bradbury's long awaited first full length fantasy novel. What has happened to Ray Bradbury one must decide after finishing this poorly written and disappointing book.

First of all, Bradbury is writing the same kind of tale he penned over a decade and a half ago. SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES is THE BLACK FERRIS expanded some 50,000 words to novel length. Mr. Bradbury should have left the original alone. He has added some delightful characters from the past, all of whom we have met before between the covers of DARK CARNIVAL, ILLUSTRATED MAN and OCTOBER COUNTRY, none quite able to rise above cardboard construction when transplanted to the three-dimensional roles of the novel. Moreover, Mr. Bradbury has inserted a superficial and muddled allegory concerning youth and innocence, adulthood and wickedness. There is a yearning in his boys for the maturity of the adult, while there is a painful longing in his adult protagonist (a library janitor, and a philosophic one no less!) for a lost and guileless youth. Simple as this may be, it becomes muddled in purple prose, while the fantasy is present in his story merely to express the parable, serving no purpose of its own.

Secondly, Mr. Bradbury's style has developed little through the years. He has always had a penchant for poetic expression in a heightened prose not unlike Herman Melville or Thomas Wolfe. But Bradbury is neither a Melville nor a Wolfe, and is incapable of infusing his style with their soaring imagery or lyric language. He is, it seems, writing with an intoxicated love of words, resulting in the end in a meaningless series of pretty words.

This story of two young boys who are gradually sucked into a grotesque world of malignant evil (populated throughout with a gallery of awesome freaks, a diabolical hall of mirrors and an aging-rejuvenating carousel replacing the Ferris Wheel of the original), never gets off the ground. Mr. Bradbury's purpose becomes too painfully clear; his one-time magic is lost, along with the brilliant and delicately fashioned subtlety of such earlier tales as THE NEXT LINE.

Alas, SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES falls flat in every respect: As a novel, as a fantasy, as an allegory, and as a prose poem. Its only redeeming virtue is a lovely jacket painting by Gray Foy.

^{*} (Partly reprinted in the Ballantine volume THE OCTOBER COUNTRY — Ed Note.)

WE HAVE ALWAYS LIVED IN THE CASTLE by Shirley Jackson, Viking, 1962, 214 pages, \$3.95.

Shirley Jackson's latest novel is a subtle blend of madness and mounting horror. Those who are familiar with Miss Jackson's earlier works such as THE LOTTERY, THE DEMON LOVER and THE HAUNTING OF HILL HOUSE^{*} will know what to expect. They

can rest assured that her new book displays her craft, ingenuity and power in top form. Miss Jackson is one of the most fascinating stylists writing today. She has a distinct talent in her uncanny perception of the dark byways of the mind, and the envious skill of transforming that vision into terse, fluent prose. She creates shadowy characters in a dark, elusive, tenuous world.

WE HAVE ALWAYS LIVED IN THE CASTLE is a strange, gripping, and disturbing book, compelling from its opening few sentences: "My name is Mary Katherine Blackwood. I am eighteen years old, and I live with my sister Constance. I have often thought that with any luck at all I could have been born a werewolf, because the two middle fingers on both my hands are the same length, but I have had to be content with what I had. I dislike washing myself, and dogs, and noise. I like my sister Constance, and Richard Plantagenet, and Amanita phalloides, the death-cup mushroom. Everyone else in my family is dead." Marricat, as our eighteen year old narrator is called lives with her older sister Constance and an invalid, senile old uncle. Constance has reputedly poisoned the remainder of the family, Uncle Julian's mind has ceased to function since the day of the tragedy, and before long we realized that Marricat herself is hopelessly insane. They reside in a mausoleum-like house, shunned by the villagers, and every day retreat deeper and deeper into their dark, distorted, fantasy worlds.

Through the mad eyes of Marricat we see an outside world of cruelty, and injustice. Few will forget the terrifying denouncement in which the townspeople, out of fear and ignorance, enact a terrible devastation on the sisters' property, deriving a sinister, perverted satisfaction from their act of terrorism. It is every bit as powerful as the climax of her great short story THE LOTTERY.

The novel ends on a note of quiet horror, which will grow on you the more you think about it. In the world of Marricat and Connie there is a pattern and, therefore, security; but outside lies a grim, heartless, world. "Poor strangers," Marricat remarks of the townspeople. "They have so much to be afraid of." The insanity of one takes a deeper and more inexorable hold over the other.

WE HAVE ALWAYS LIVED IN THE CASTLE is a fine novel of fright and horror on any level.

PAPERBACKS:

THE HAUNTING OF HILL HOUSE by Shirley Jackson, Popular Library, 1962, 174 pages, .40.

Let us now explore Miss Jackson's earlier masterpiece of fear and terror, THE HAUNTING OF HILL HOUSE, which makes its first reprint appearance in an attractive paperback. Once more I have nothing but praise to bestow upon Miss Jackson for her deft skill in fashioning a dark, compelling narrative. It should provoke cold shudders from the most jaded and sophisticated of readers.

This book is not the traditional haunted house tale by any means. No ordinary spirits people the dark, labyrinthine passageways of Hill House at midnight. It is rather a predisposition in the characters, (all of whom have had a psychic experience of some sort) linked with their neurotic personalities, that enables evil manifestations to form and take possession of them.

Four people come to spend a summer in Hill House to investigate rumors of unaccountable phenomena which have caused previous tenants to flee in silent horror, and the townsfolk to stay clear of it after dark. What they discover and the effect their findings have on them makes spellbinding reading.

Hill House holds a dark and aberrant history, its very construction distorted like a carnival fun house. "Angles which

^{*} (See review following.)

you assume are the right angles you are accustomed to, and have every right to expect are true, are actually a fraction of a degree off in one direction or another . . . Of course the result of all these tiny aberrations of measurement adds up to a fairly large distortion in the house as a whole . . . It is . . . a masterpiece of architectural misdirection." The house itself takes on a baneful, corrosive atmosphere much like Poe's House of Usher. Certain areas remain dank, cold and tomblike throughout the day for no apparent reason. Unnerving sounds are heard in the darkness of the night; sounds that seem to be seeking the new tenants; sounds with a power to destroy. And slowly, inevitably, characters and personalities change under the sinister influences at work.

Miss Jackson's characters, like her ghosts, are far from ordinary, but this is something we find out only as we get to know them, as Miss Jackson with keen perception probes deeper into her people. And perhaps this is the very aspect that makes Miss Jackson's novels so horrifically powerful. With intrinsic acumen she effortlessly uncovers basic elements we can recognize within ourselves, but which we suppress unconsciously because of their evil, soul-destroying nature. We see the disturbed, frightened characters in Hill House, and decry something of ourselves in them.

THE HAUNTING OF HILL HOUSE should linger with you long after you've read it. As entertainment it is first class, as a spectral tale it is chilling, as a novel it is brilliantly executed and as a stylistic tour de force it is pure craftsmanship all the way.*

* (This novel is now being filmed. See Movie News section for details. — Ed.)

CAPSULE REVIEWS:

BIOGRAPHY

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA by Gaston Leroux, Popular Library, 1962, 216 pages, .40.

Long out of print, you now have an opportunity to read the only true account of my life penned by that renowned French writer of mystery and horror, Gaston Leroux. Popular Library has reprinted the book in conjunction with the latest Hammer film version. You can now read the facts; as many, that is, as Mr. Leroux was able to ascertain. It is, a work of great poignance for me, abundant in horror and suspense. Mr. Leroux writes well, though frequently with tongue in cheek. If you have seen and enjoyed any film adaptation of THE PHANTOM, then I urge you to read the book. The original Lon Chaney version still remains the most faithful screen adaptation of my life, as set down by Gaston Leroux.

WITCH HOUSE by Evangeline Walton, Monarch Books, 1962, 159 pages, .35.

Originally appearing in 1945, WITCH HOUSE was the initial title to be published in the series of Arkham House novels of fantasy and terror. Miss Walton's novel (unlike the HAUNTING OF HILL HOUSE) is close to the traditional, Gothic ghostly tale. It concerns the investigation, by a nerve specialist, of an ancient house with a grim and terrible past; and a young girl possessed by a Satanic, long dead aunt. Some readers may find this book uneven, static, and tedious. It does, however, contain some genuinely chilling episodes in darkened corridors and lonely chambers. For those who like their ghosts pure and simple manifestations of evil people, who gain power during the quiet hours of the night, WITCH HOUSE will be a rewarding and enjoyable entertainment. This first paperback edition has an exceptionally fine appearance. The cover painting alone is worth the price of the book.

THE DYING EARTH by Jack Vance, Lancer Science Fiction Library, 1962, 160 pages, .75.

Lancer Books, a new paperback publisher, has inaugurated a science fiction library partially dedicated to reprinting some of the finest and rarest items in the field. They have begun with a book that should bring joy to the heart of every science-fiction enthusiast. THE DYING EARTH has had a curious history. It was never in hard cover, nor had it ever appeared in a magazine.*

It was written and originally published some ten years ago in an abortive edition by Hillman Books. It received little or no distribution and soon disappeared entirely. The book, however, was not forgotten. Among fans of the genre it was acclaimed as a classic, and as the book itself became scarcer, its reputation grew and a following was created. Dealers were known to have charged as high as two dollars for a used copy. It is back now, thanks to Lancer, and if you missed it ten years ago I recommend you pick up this beautiful edition.

Jack Vance's vivid fantasy masterpiece takes place in a vast future where humanity as we know it is no longer even history. It is peopled with heroes, magicians, sorcerers, beautiful women and extraordinary creatures of the woods and forests.

It is a remarkably constructed book composed of a series of loosely connected tales, some woven into the plot, others complete in themselves. The technique is oddly reminiscent of John Dos Passos' innovations in MANHATTAN TRANSFER and the U.S.A. trilogy. Vance's style is a heightened, intense prose, rich in imagery and imagination. It is a beautiful book to read, and the power of its prose should captivate you. Its horrific concept of a dying world and the last few people in it is a memorable reading experience. This is one of the best. Orchids to Lancer! Their project is off to a great and very promising start.

THE MARQUISE of "O" AND OTHER STORIES, by Heinrich von Kleist, New American Library, 1961, 204 pages, .75.

Heinrich von Kleist may generate interest in only a limited number, but this first paperback collection of his tales is reviewed here because he is not only one of the most important writers Germany has produced, but also a product of the Gothic age. He transcended the romance of the period with some of the strangest and most dynamic prose ever written. Von Kleist was a strange, tormented man, whose bizarre and grisly masterpieces shocked such great minds as Goethe. He was born in 1777, and shot himself in a suicide pact with his incurably ill mistress at the age of 34. A tempestuous soul: violent, inhibited, passionate, hypochondriac; obsessed with ideas of somnambulism and hysteria, eroticism and cannibalism. This mighty and paradoxical figure is reflected in the tales rendered in a stunning English translation by Martin Greenberg.

Von Kleist's characters, like himself, are disturbed, tumultuous people. In this collection, with locales ranging from Gothic castles in Germany to squalid hovels in Haiti, you will meet raving, demonic priests; listen to celestial music whose power can drive one mad; and pale at the treachery of murderous negroes and loathsome noblemen. THE BEGGAR WOMAN OF LOCARNO is a pure ghost story, told in an intense, rapidly paced narrative style. It was a favorite of the great writer of supernatural fiction, E. T. A. Hoffman. In THE FOUNDLING, a young man dons the costume of his stepmother's dead lover, to enact a twisted revenge. THE ENGAGEMENT IN SANTO DOMINGO is a gripping tale of suspense; in it a young woman plots horrible destruction for her lover. MICHAEL KOHLHAAS, a recognized classic of Germanic literature, describes tyranny and injustice in an extreme and hateful form. It employs a supernatural element in a mystical gypsy woman who brings about the savage, ironic denouement. Here are great stories, told by a literary giant. If you enjoy literature sparked with the demonic, if you thrill to fantastic tales of revenge and death, this collection is a must.

FRIGHT, edited by Charles M. Collins, Avon Books, 1963.

This soon-to-be-published anthology, composed of six long masterpieces of supernatural horror, is a highly commendable achievement by Charles M. Collins. It is certainly one of the most interesting compilations to appear in paperback. Mr. Collins has collected representative tales from Germany, the British Isles and the United States by six renowned innovators in the field of fantastic literature. Culled from various publications and spanning nearly two hundred years of supernatural fiction, FRIGHT presents a variety of spectral tales ranging from ghosts and ghouls to cosmic monstrosities. These have never before been published in a paperback edition, and, for the most part, are long out of print. Of special note is the first English translation of E. T. A. Hoffman's novella THE FOREST WARDEN. The Gothic mood and atmosphere is well preserved in this rendition by Mr. Haywood P. Norton.

The plot of THE FOREST WARDEN concerns a diabolical quest for the elixir of life, a formula derived from the hearts and blood of children. The translation was based on the original 1814 version and retains the horrific climax which was excised from later editions. The paperback premier of THE FOREST WARDEN is certainly an important contribution.

Mr. Collins, a colleague of mine, has more than surpassed the many obstacles that beset the anthologist, and has succeeded in bringing together a unique group of rare treasures. FRIGHT includes a ghostly romance by Sheridan Le Fanu, a tale of modern witchcraft by Seabury Quinn, and other macabre pieces by L. P. Hartley and C. Hall Thompson. It concludes with a powerful and rarely reprinted piece by H. P. Lovecraft, THE HORROR AT RED HOOK. So vivid is this story that one will long afterwards envision the strange, twisting borough of Brooklyn in a new and fearful dimension.

This is a recommended anthology to start out the new year, and to return to in the years to come.

Continued

MORE FICTION BRIEFLY NOTED:

The end of 1962 saw two new titles from Arkham House. This great library of supernatural literature adds THE TRAIL OF CTHULHU, a title by August Derleth continuing the Cthulhu mythos developed by H. P. Lovecraft, DARK MIND, DARK HEART is a collection of never-before-published stories by such writers as David H. Keller, John Metcalfe, M. P. Shiel, H. Russell Wakefield, Robert E. Howard, William Hope Hodgson, Carl Jacobi, Joseph Payne Brennan, Robert Bloch, H. P. Lovecraft and others. Its editor is August Derleth. Both volumes are beautifully produced, priced at \$4.00, and are limited to 2500 copies. They are worthy additions to the fantasy collector's library.

—Erik

THE FRANKENSTEIN READER, edited by Calvin Beck, Ballantine Books, 1962, 159 pages, .50.

The staff of this magazine has gone on record in the past as favoring the classical school of horror, both on screen and in print. We have nothing against the newer writers and the newer movies; we simply believe that the established masterpieces of written and filmed horror deserve a greater amount of recognition. Now, in this new anthology, especially prepared by us for publication by Ballantine, we endeavor to prove our point.

Calvin Beck, who compiled this book, has a vast collection of fantasy and horror: books, magazines and miscellaneous publications, from this country and abroad. From this vast

hoard of the literature of the uncanny, he has culled eleven of the very finest tales, many of them unfamiliar even to collectors of weird fiction, others of classic stature and well worthy of revival.

Here you will find such famous authors as Charles Dickens, H. G. Wells, Ambrose Bierce and Robert Louis Stevenson. Here too are names equally famous, in the more limited field of fantasy: Robert W. Chambers, whose KING IN YELLOW, a masterpiece of the subtly terrible, inspired H. P. Lovecraft; and E. F. Benson, expert British writer on the supernatural. But here, also, you will find names new to you: overlooked (by all but Mr. Beck's discerning eye) authors like Amelia B. Edwards and Ralph Adams Cram, whose stories are nonetheless deserving of a place alongside their more famed companions.

All moods are represented here: macabre humor, in Bierce's MIDDLE TOE OF THE RIGHT FOOT; humor of a gentler but more spectral variety, in Richard Middleton's famous THE GHOST SHIP; horror, at its grisly best, in THE DEAD VALLEY and Benson's THE THING IN THE HALL; and of a more subtle type in Amelia Edwards' THE FOUR-FIFTEEN EXPRESS and Dickens' THE TRIAL FOR MURDER. Here too you will find the modern ghost story—just as timely today as when it was written, many years ago—in H. G. Wells' THE GHOST OF FEAR.

In THE FRANKENSTEIN READER, Calvin Beck has put together a top-notch assembly of horror and fantasy stories. Read it—but leave all the lights on.

—Ken Beale

AMATEUR MAGAZINE REVIEWS

This is the first of a series of reviews in which the best non-professional magazines sent in to me will be reviewed. As a former magazine publisher myself, I'll try to appraise these efforts in a sympathetic (but critical) light. These publications, usually called "fan magazines" (a term I heard all over the country and the world by lovers of science fiction and related subjects. Of course, their appearance and style are often less than professional, but they have the spark of originality often lacking in the professional brothers.

KALEIDOSCOPE, editor Donald Shay; digest size, offset-printed (quarterly); 50¢. 8 Wintergreen Ave., MD 15, Newburgh, New York.

This handsome little item is the star of this issue's batch of fanzines; well-printed, tastefully designed, carefully written, the model of what an amateur mag should be. (In fact, coming close to the professional.) Devoted largely to movie fantasy, just as our magazine is, it features articles on Harryhausen & his Dynamation process, Buster (Flash Gordon) Crabbe, and Edgar Rice Burroughs. There is also a pictorial tribute to Lon Chaney, and facts about new movies. The whole affair is lavishly illustrated with drawings and movie stills, and obviously was quite costly to produce. Words really can't do justice to its extremely handsome format. It is definitely a must for our readers.

* * * * *

SCREEN WHIRL, editor W. Ace Mask; standard size (eight 1/2 by eleven inches); mimeographed with offset cover. Bimonthly, 25¢—4 issues \$1. 22151 Robertson Blvd., Chowchilla, Calif.

Also dedicated to fantastic films, this mag is not up to the level of *Kaleidoscope*, despite a handsome cover. The writing, format and reproduction of the interior are just passable. Current issue has the 1st part of an article on House on Haunted Hill, an account of F. J. Ackerman's birthday party, a story, movie news, letters and sundry odds and ends. There are only 14 pages in this slim little affair, and it is mostly recommended to the rabid monster movie fans among you.

* * * * *

THE LIVING DEAD, editor David R. Barnes; mimeographed, standard size; published irregularly—40¢. 229 E. Fulton St., Long Beach, New York.

Another moviezine, similar in slant to the above two. Appearance is neat and legible but shows very little imagination; the editor is obviously still new to the mimeo process. There is a history of the Frankenstein films, a brief but well-done piece on Wm. Castle, descriptions of two recent Hammer movies, short biographies of horror actors, and minor items. Shows promise, but needs improvement. Recommended, but with reservations.

THE BELA LUGOSI JOURNAL, editor Bill Obbagy; standard size, mimeographed with cover and part of interior printed; published irregularly & available only to members of The American Bela Lugosi Fan Club: 11816 Forest Ave., Cleveland 20, Ohio.

Carefully written and prepared, this publication is devoted entirely to the memory of the late screen horror great. As indicated above, it is the official publication of his fan club (run by Mr. Obbagy and boasting 400 members). There is an article on the '34 film, The Black Cat and one on The Body Snatchers. Also included is biographical material on Lugosi and information on the fan club. Despite the trouble and expense editor-publisher Obbagy and his staff have gone to, content and illustrations could have been improved. However, I'm reluctant to criticize what is obviously a major labor of love. Those interested enough in Lugosi to join the club can do so by writing to the above address and thus receive future issues of the Journal.

* * * * *

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Professional-type rubber mask, looks exactly like the movies' famous monster. The spitting image of Baron Frankenstein's eerie creation. Special: \$2.50 (plus 25¢ for postage and handling).



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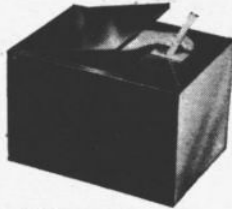
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Not only do these sharp plastic teeth give you that Dracula look, they also glow in the dark! Terrify people by night and day! In fact, make yourself the toast of the town so they'll all sing to you, "Fangs For the Memory"! 90¢, plus 10¢ for postage and handling.

3

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Harmless, terrible looking mystery. The Bar of this giant safety pin appears to pass right through your nose. Of course it doesn't, even though Igor and the good Count Dracula wish it were so. 65¢ plus 10¢ for postage and handling.



8

PIN THROUGH NOSE

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10

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11



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12

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Snake Twist



13

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Horribly realistic! Look as if you bumped into Jack the Ripper. Look as if Jack the Ripper bumped into you. Look as if... well, you get the idea; it's pretty ghastly, alright! 75¢ each, plus 25¢ for postage and handling.



14



SPIDER RING

15

This sinister looking black tarantula fits onto your finger. You control his movements as he mysteriously rolls his eyes and wiggles his monstrous legs. By the way, this is the same spider recommended by the Black Widow and Ugly Arachnids Society. 75¢, plus 25¢ for postage and handling.



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JAWARO

SHRUNKEN HEAD

17



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FRANKENSTEIN'S

friends

SIZZLING ELECTRODES!

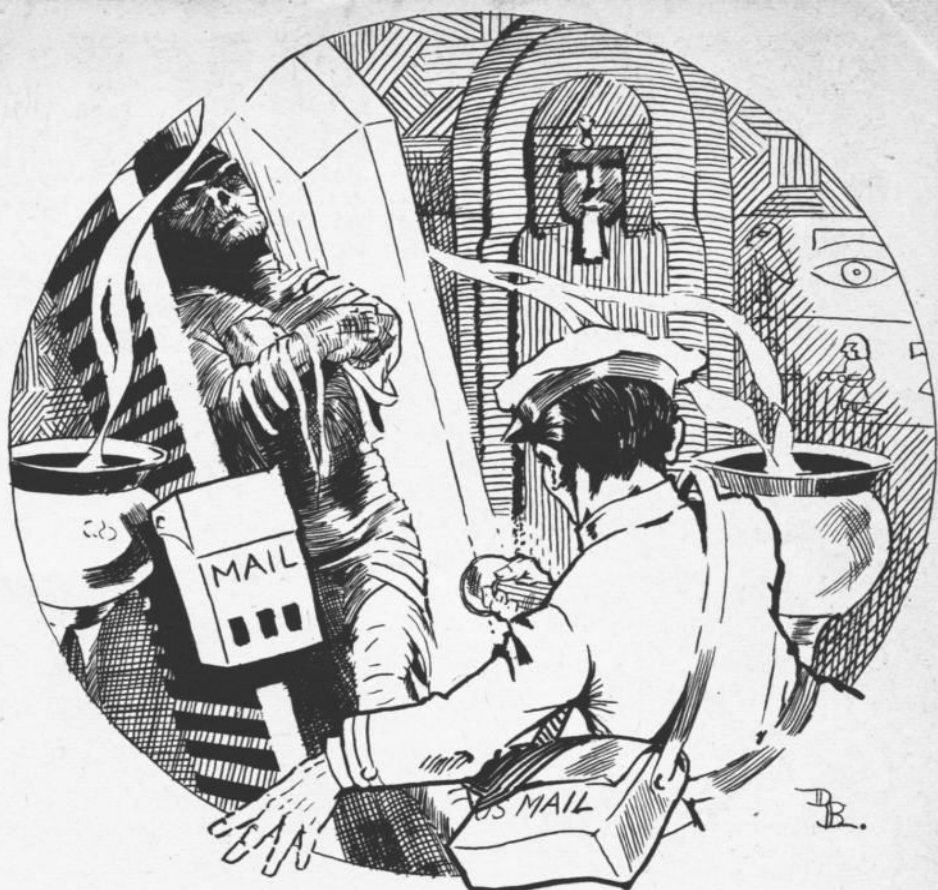
I WAS SO BUSY READING OUR FAN MAIL THAT I FORGOT TO FIND A COSTUME FOR THE ANNUAL CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN MASQUERADE!

BELOW ARE FAMOUS HORROR FIENDS LIN CARTER, KEN BEALE, HEYWOOD NORTON AND...CHARLES F. KANE! THEY DIDN'T HAVE COSTUMES EITHER!



...AND, OH YES! MUSTN'T FORGET OUR WEST COAST CORRESPONDENT, COUNT VICTOR WISCOVITCH...

GHOSTAL MAIL



I was pleasantly surprised when I read my first issue of your magazine to find it almost completely excellent as reading material for those of us who are interested in movies, books and other diversions dealing in the field of horror and fantasy... A good subject for a future story would be Dwight Frye. Please

include his present whereabouts, if still living.

Charlie Champion
Staff Announcer
WMOG Radio
Chattanooga, Tenn.

*** (Unfortunately, Frye passed away about 1945. --Ed.)

THE ONLY ONE.....

Although most "monster" magazines are issued strictly for the juvenile trade, with little of interest to the adult reader, yours is an exception; the only one I've found to date... Your mag seems also to be the only one which dares to be honest in its criticisms of horror films, and I find myself in complete agreement with you! I enjoyed your comments on the Hammer productions... One cannot compare the elegance, the beauty of the Claude Rains Phantom of the Opera with the new cheaply set, dirtied-up version... when I was a child, in the thirties, youngsters were not even permitted to see horror movies. Times have changed, indeed. It takes stronger stuff to scare the young today.

Drake Douglas
Clifton, N.J.

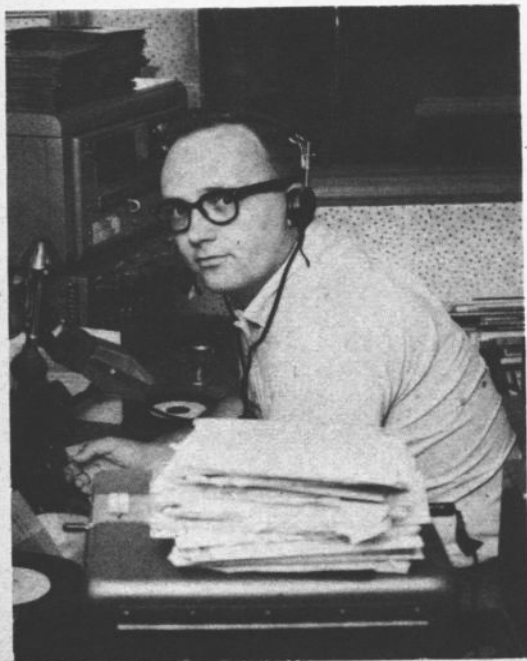
*** (Oddly, the new Phantom was supposed to be more expensive! --Ed.)

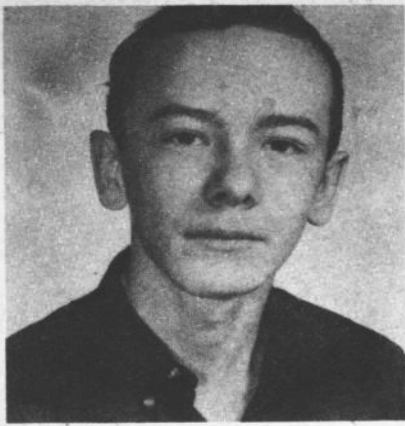


I am a French reader of your magazine, and have just finished reading the 2nd edition of your Castle. I am very glad of this magazine, for it is better than all other magazines of its kind. Oh, I cannot include money for the good Baron's magazine in this letter, because it is forbidden, but you will receive it by the same mail. Please if one of your readers of about my age of 15 years with my fancy for terror pictures and literature could write to me (and forgive my deficient English) I would like it very much....

Aime' Finelli
34 rue Caulaincourt
Paris (18 eme), France.

*** (How many out there would like corresponding with our Parisian friend? --Ed.)





Indeed, with the material in your 2nd issue, and the insertion of an average of two puns per sentence, other magazines could have turned up enough for three or four issues! And it is certainly better to have an interesting short cartoon story than a be-punned review of some grade Z super-monster picture made several years ago in Japan. Your 2nd issue was much better than your first, and your first was much better than the 19th of a certain other magazine I know. Your Frankenstein article was impeccable!... Basically the errors are so small that mentioning them is looking a gift horse in the mouth. You worked hard on CoF, and it shows. It is definitely one of the best entertainment magazines in the U.S.

Ray W. Frankland
Little Rock, Ark.

Janet Renner (see letter column last issue --Ed.) heard every bit of the music in Fire Maidens From Outer Space before because it was all from Borodin's "Prince Igor: Overture," and "Prince Igor: Polivention Dances." Another selection from Igor was taken & vocalized in 1955—it was "Stranger In Paradise".

Sam Thorpe
Huntington, N. Y.

PHANTOM PUNNED

Actually I cannot imagine whatever possessed Hammer to turn out such a disappointing film in Phantom of the Opera. . . it was filled with incongruities, seemed hastily slapped together (or else poorly edited) in many spots. Yet just a little more thought behind its making would have changed it from being merely fair into a true classic! For their thoughtlessness, orchids for your great Phantom puns (I think you're one of the world's greatest humorists when you get started). May I suggest that you pun any film that falls short and that this be part of your policy in future. . . .

Lester Oyvhey
Staten Island, N. Y.

May I congratulate you on a superb magazine. I have read other movie magazines and have discovered that your content is the highest. . . . With your magazine, we in England can get a reasonably sane idea of the horror scene in the world.

David Picken
Worcester, England.

ROSES AND BRIC-BATS

I and hundreds of other loyal readers eagerly await the day that CASTLE becomes a bi-monthly, or a monthly; the present waiting is unbearable!!

Tony Gleason
Scotia, N. Y.



More about Frankenstein!
Sidney Payne
East Point, Ga.

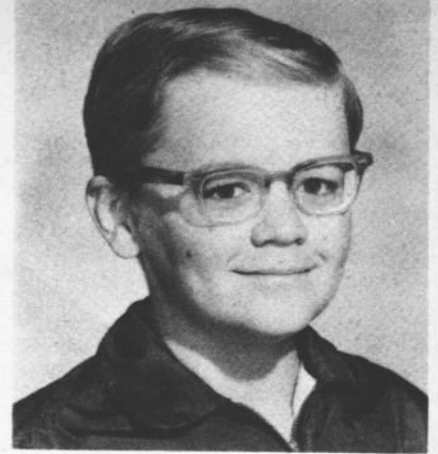


"Day The Men Flew" was a flop in my opinion. . . . The comic-story was an outstanding part of the issue; keep it up.

R. J. Robertson
Monrovia, Calif.

The best feature by far, of course, was "Day The Men Flew"!

Bob Greenberg
Chicago, Ill.



"Day The Men Flew" was dull.
Galen Peoples
Manhattan Beach, Cal.

Not too long, but long enough was "The Day The Men Flew." Just right.

Chris Brooks
Morrisville, Penn.

*** (Aw, cummon, fellas—make up your minds, huh!--Ed.)

THAT CERTAIN "SOMETHING"

Frankly, I don't know what it is about your magazine that makes it one of the most appealing of our generation. But you've got that certain "something," that winning combination of atmosphere, sparkle, sincerity and another thing—a mysterious, unnameable force that, to me anyway, spells out GENIUS! In my 35 years of magazine and book buying (I do possess one of the world's largest fantasy-horror collections, by the way), I think there have been probably ten publications that I can count with yours as the greatest! This includes all non-fantasy-horror publications also, incidentally.

Calthos T. Nivlac
Gramercy Park
New York, N. Y.

*** (And who are we to disagree? The only problem remains in convincing one or two million readers more; after that, we will be eternally happy--Ed.)

Well, gang, and all the rest of you out there in Horrorland, this about slices and wraps it up for the time being. And Igor is beginning to take the oil off the hinges of the creakier creaking door to remind me to tell you that in about 12 weeks from now the next issue will be out again.

Unfortunately we ran a little short on space due to being overcrowded this issue with too many monstrously beautiful goodies; but we'll make up for it with a much longer letter column next time. And keep sending those letters (with pics when possible) to:

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frankenstein SOCIETY

NOW OPEN!

Did YOU know that May is National Be-Kind-to-Monsters Month? Yes, indeed; by special proclamation of Count Dracula himself, this is the time the FSPCM sets aside to remember our little (?) fanged friends. So, have YOU helped an old monster cross the street recently? Better still, have YOU joined the great new FRANKENSTEIN SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO MONSTERS? Well, why not? Think of all the benefits you get, like: (1) a Membership Card - (2) like Official Stationery - (3) like the special Club Magazine - (4) like the Secret Frankenstein Code . . . not forgetting protection. So get wise. Smarten up. Fall in line, buddy, if you know what's good for you, and fill in the coupon on this page.

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Dear Baron Frankenstein:

I have seen the light! I'm going to stop kicking monsters around, and turn over a new grave-stone. I'm going to join the FRANKENSTEIN SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO MONSTERS today! Here's my dollar. So like, send me the membership card and stuff!

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THE MUMMY'S CURSE!

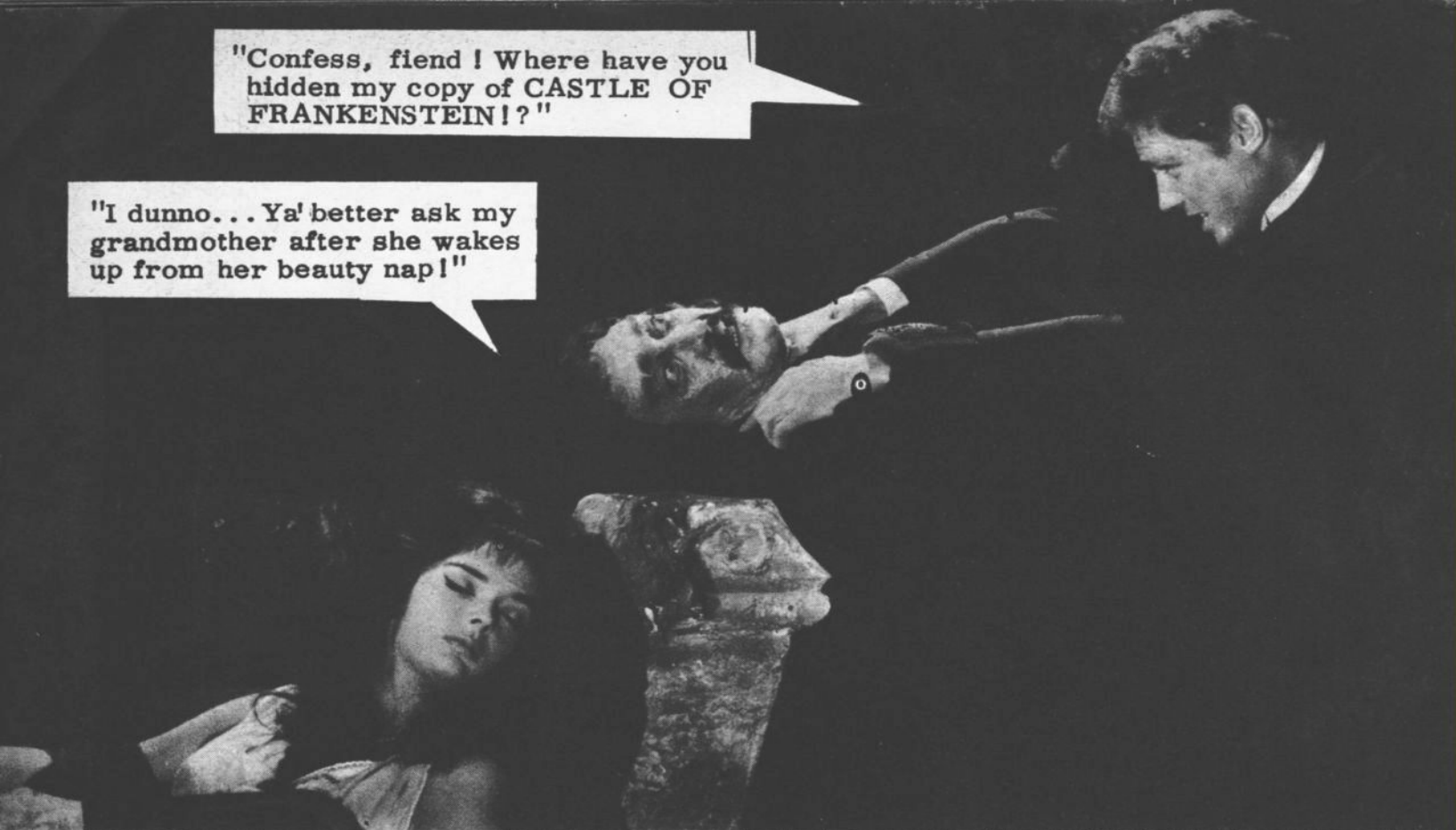
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"I dunno... Ya' better ask my grandmother after she wakes up from her beauty nap!"



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3 HORROR-FANTASY GREATS: 1. - Karloff (the Monster) keeping a back-breaking hold on (2.) Basil Rathbone (Dr. Frankenstein II), with (3.) Bela Lugosi (as old Igor) refereeing the mayhem. (From Universal's SON OF FRANKENSTEIN, 1939.)



