

CASTLE of

No. 5



Still Only  
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# FRANKENSTEIN

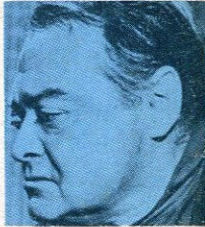
Edgar Rice Burroughs'  
**FRANKENSTEIN**

*THE EVIL OF  
FRANKENSTEIN*

LARRY  
VIE



The PETER  
LORRE Story





KARLOFF: 1914

# CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN

Vol. 2 No. 1

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#### FRONT COVER:

A dramatic rendering of a scene from E. R. Bur-  
roughs' *THE MONSTER MEN*, as expressed by  
one of today's top-ranking illustrators of ERB's  
works, Larry Ivie.

#### INSIDE FRONT:

CoF's done it again with this rare still of Boris  
Karloff as he appeared on the stage fifty (50!)  
years ago, along with his signature!

#### INSIDE BACK:

This excellent portrait shot of The Grand Old  
Master, Mr. Karloff, as he appears today, in  
*BLACK SABBATH* (AIP, 1964).

#### OUTSIDE BACK:

Personifying the psychopath incarnate in a scene  
from *THE BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS* (Warner  
Bros., 1946), Peter Lorre looks the sick role he  
played all the way down the line. By his side  
is his co-star, Andrea King.

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## GOLIATH AND THE VAMPIRES

# Frankenstein in movieguide

**BURNING COURT, THE**—(108m. Translux). Slow & predictable French mystery with supernatural overtones; set in eerie German castle. Badly dubbed. Nadia Tiller, Jean-Claude Brially, Claude Rich.

**\*CHILDREN OF THE DAMNED**—(90m. Bachmann—MGM, 1963) British semi-sequel to 1960's *Village of the Damned* introducing similar characters and building up some real excitement in several scenes. Not up to the original, but well-acted and photographed (by the photographer of *The Haunting*), with some interesting ideas about the behavior of mankind and the psychology of aggression. First rate cast includes Ian Hendry, Alan Badel, Clive Powell, Barbara Ferris.

**COMEDY OF TERRORS, A**—(88m. AI, 1963). Color, Panavision. You can't win them all, and veteran fantasy-director Jaques Tourneur proves it by coming up with a very ordinary movie. Daffy little forced comedy about a couple of bumbling undertakers out to dig up some business. Some laughs, but not too many. Vincent Price, Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre, Basil Rathbone, Joyce Jameson.

**CORRIDORS OF BLOOD**—(85m. Amalgamated-MGM). Overdue (1961 British) anemic plot which gets main shot-in-arm by Boris Karloff's presence. Gruesome, heavy-handed grave-robbing story, reminiscent of his old mad doctor days at Columbia. Betta St. John, Christopher Lee, Finlay Currie.

**CREATION OF THE HUMANOIDS**—(75m. Emerson). Eastman color. Minor s.f. set in future after World War III, when automation goes wild. Don Megowan, Erika Elliot.

**DEAD RINGER**—(115m. WB, 1964). Bette Davis buffs will love her in this old-fashioned shocker about twin sisters who love to, er, cut up. Anybody else had better beware this trite, badly done programmer. Karl Malden, Peter Lawford, George Macready.

**DEVIL'S MESSENGER, THE**—(72m. Herts-Lion). Interesting but unimportant 3-part grade-B fantasy film, revised from unsold TV series (#13 *Demon Street*) by Curt Siodmak. Filmed in Sweden, with Lon Chaney, Karen Kadler, John Crawford.

**\*DOLL, THE**—(100m. Konawha, 1963). Controversial, moody, macabre Swedish-language drama which was banned in England. A young man falls in love with a department store mannequin, and it's not as ridiculous as it might sound. Reminiscent of an excellent episode of TV's "Twilight Zone". Well acted by Per Oscarsson, Gio Petre, Ric Axberg.

**\*DR. STRANGELOVE, or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb**—(93m. OL.) Kubrick's wild, outrageous and refreshingly irreverent satire of just about everything. Some biting, pointed stuff sandwiched in between some other, more conventional comedy devices. But when on target its aim is deadly. Peter Sellers (3 roles), George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, Slim Pickens, many others.

**HAUNTED PALACE, THE**—(AI). Panavision, Pathe Color. Corman's 6th Poe-style film, but really based on Lovecraft's "Case of Chas. Dexter Ward". Horror, sorcery & return from dead, with the inevitable Price; also Elisha Cook, Lon Chaney, Debra Paget.

**HELL-FIRE CLUB, THE**—(93m. Embassy). All about Merry Old England in the 18th Century. The infamous Hell-Fire Club which created various popular recreational devices for members such as orgies, brawls, murders, etc. Peter Cushing, Keith Mitchell, Peter Arne.

**\*KISS OF THE VAMPIRE**—(88m. Hammer-UI). Color. One of the best Hammer's ever made. Two honey-mooners encounter vampire cult in Bavaria. Devil cult, macabre masquerade, giant bats, etc. Handsomely produced, skillfully directed, smoothly acted. Clifford Evans, Noel Willman, Edward De Souza.

**\*LORD OF THE FLIES**—(90m. Two Arts). Schoolboys, evacuated in WW III, are marooned on small island, and degenerate to savagery. Dark, powerful, occasionally brilliant adventure horror fable, based on book shocker by William Golding. Slightly erratic and disjointed, it finally emerges as a stunning spine-chiller with inescapable moral significance. James Aubrey, Tom Chapin, Hugh Edwards.

**MADMAN OF MANDORAS**—(74m. Crown-Intl. 1964). Grade C science fiction-horror; modern Nazis preserve the living head of Hitler to spread terror and hatred in the world. Variety rightly called this third-rate mess "boxoffice poison". Walter Stocker, Audrey Caire, Dani Lynn.

**MANIAC**—(87m. Col.). Some good scenes with Jimmy Sangster's suspenseful script combine in giving this British effort a cold, calculating force as insane killer Donald Houston stalks Nadia Gray and Kerwin Mathews.

**MISADVENTURES OF MERLIN JONES, THE**—(88m. Buena Vista, 1963). The title is an apt one, because this is one of the most inane time-wasters Disney has yet turned out in the name of "family entertainment." Childish antics of a high-school wizard with an electronic helmet which supposedly records his mental activity, of which there is very little, both on-screen and in the audience. Poor on all counts. Tommy Kirk, Annette, Leon Ames, Kelly Thordsen. Color.

**\*MY NAME IS IVAN**—(84m. Shore, 1963). Often deeply moving Russian-made drama told in fantasy terms. A 12-year old boy (Kolya Burlaev) becomes a spy for the Soviet army, is captured and hanged. Takes place mostly in dreamlike flashbacks which alternate between daydream and nightmare. Occasionally sentimental, mostly arresting and well done.

**OLD DARK HOUSE, THE**—(86m. Hammer-Col.). Once more William Castle has picked upon Hammer Studios to knock off another one of his disappointments. (The original made in '32, however, was fine.) This may eventually look good some time on TV, though. Robert Morley, Joyce Grenfell, Tom Poston.

**PARANOIC**—(80m. Hammer-UI). Script by Sangster, produced by Anthony Hinds. Murder, impersonation, insanity are part of well-acted & directed drama set in a large English country estate. Oliver Reed, Janette Scott.

**PYRO — THE THING WITHOUT A FACE**—(99m. Pink-AI, 1963). PanaColor. Produced in Spain, this should be called the Thing Without a Plot, because what little there is treads familiar, lurid ground. Engineer Barry Sullivan becomes soapily involved with cold, conning Martha Hyer and is disfigured in a fire she sets. So naturally he comes back for revenge and the audience goes out for fresh air.

**SADIST, THE**—(94m. Fairway-Intl. 1963). A delightful little piece of Americana from the producers of EEGAH. Lovable madman's acts of brutality, sadism and horror, all depicted in graphic color. It's as American as the hot-dog, but as revolting as EEGAH. Arch Hall, Marilyn Manning.

**SHOCK CORRIDOR**—(101m. AA). Part color. Newspaperman tracks mad killer into insane asylum, then goes mad himself. Wild, imaginative & interesting mystery-suspense shocker. Eerie, fantastic dream sequences; good performances. Peter Breck, Constance Towers, Gene Evans.

**STRAIT-JACKET**—(89m. Col.) Gory, messy horror-shocker, dependent on its ability to woo *Psycho* & *Baby Jane* type fans & on Joan Crawford for possible box office success. Some styles & techniques of the 30's hardly alleviate production and scripting woes in another William Castle production.



### ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS

**\*SWORD IN THE STONE, THE**—(80m. BV, 1963). Absorbing Disney cartoon feature which is thankfully free of "ick". Based on T. H. White's warm, witty account of the boyhood of King Arthur. Lots of fun, magic, technical proficiency and striking, brilliant use of Technicolor. A visual wonder.

**TALKING BEAR, THE**—(86m. Embassy). Fair minor French comedy-fantasy about a talking bear. Frances Blance, Renato Rascel.

**\*TERROR, THE**—(80m. Filmgroup-AI). Color. Roger Corman establishes himself as a highly creative producer-director with this excellent film. Much atmosphere, chills & mood in tale of a drafty castle, witchcraft, haunted woods, tombs, and corpses that aren't really dead. Ingmar Bergman-like in some ways, this is one of the least heralded, most important films in many years. Pic was actually shot in three days. Boris Karloff.

**\*THESE ARE THE DAMNED**—(Hammer). Very unusual; from the novel "Children of Light." Strange story of twisted science; experiment in which radio-active ice-cold children are locked up in "underground hell." Viveca Lindfors, Oliver Reed, MacDonald Carey.

**\*TRIAL, THE**—(118m.) Brilliant, terrifying excursion into a nightmare: the world of Franz Kafka, author of the modern classic upon which this superb Orson Welles film is based. Fantastic, beautifully creative photography; profoundly symbolic story. One of the greatest films ever made (filmed in France). Anthony Perkins, Romy Schneider, Jeanne Moreau, Akim Tamiroff, Orson Welles.

**TWICE-TOLD TALES**—(119m. UA). Color. Based on 3 weird-fantasies by Nathaniel Hawthorne: "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," "Rappaccini's Daughter," "The House of the 7 Gables." Vincent Price also appeared in the original 1940 version of "Gables," in another part. Tasteful, atmospheric & well directed. UA treats Hawthorne nicely & respectfully. With Sebastin Cabot, Price, Beverly Garland, Richard Denning.

**VAMPIRE & THE BALLERINA, THE**—(78m. UA). Italian made horror, centering around an ancient castle and vampires; gothic atmosphere.

**WEREWOLF IN A GIRLS DORMITORY**—(82m. Altura-MGM). Trashy. Brit-Ital. crud, formerly known as "Lycanthropus." The new title is much better—it thoroughly explains plot & all; the older one would have been in too good taste. Carl Schell, Curt Lowens, Barbara Laas.



**THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH**, based upon the story by E. A. Poe and considered to become possibly AIP's all-time horror boxoffice hit by what fans seems to be saying and what the raving reviewers appear to be ranting (in most ecstatic words, we hasten to add). Stretched out across the Cormanish sacrificial altar is Hazel Court screaming (thought by some to be the daughter of the famous Lord Alfred Tennis Court who was noted for writing "Eye Dolls of the King." Or something).

# THE EVIL OF



# FRANKENSTEIN

## Story In Brief:

Baron Frankenstein (Peter Cushing) is back in the creation-of-life-business. As the story unfolds, there is mourning in the house of a dead man, who isn't left to rest alone for even a few minutes before a body-snatcher, working for the Baron, steals the corpse. The Baron pays the snatcher, then proceeds to cut out the heart. A priest, suspecting the Baron of "blasphemous" experiments, causes a commotion, wrecks some of the scientific apparatus, infuriating Frankenstein so much that he is nearly killed.

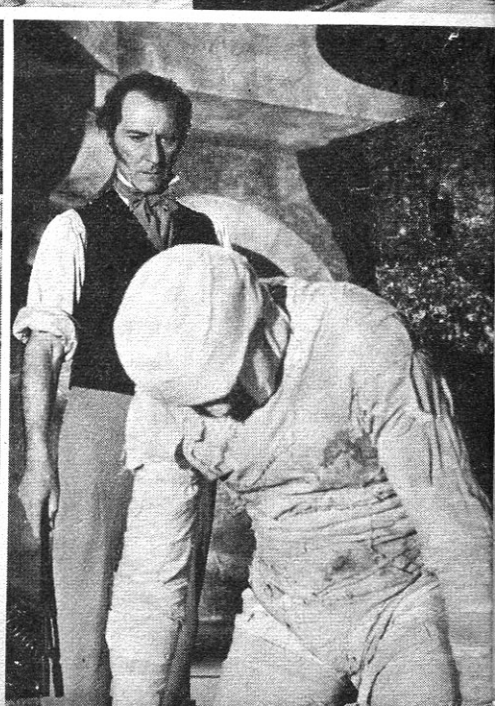
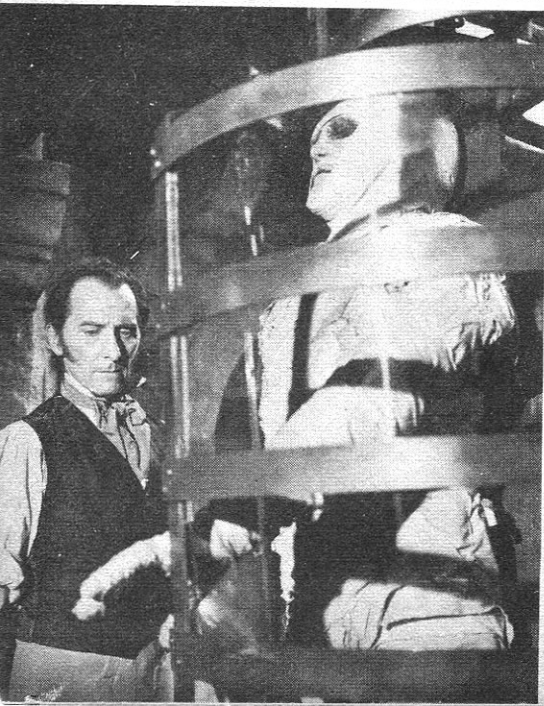
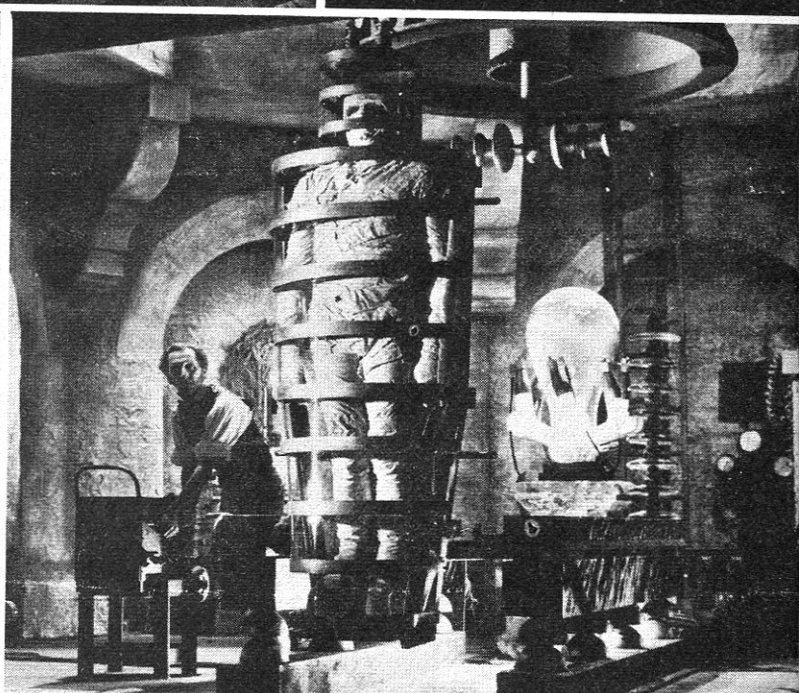
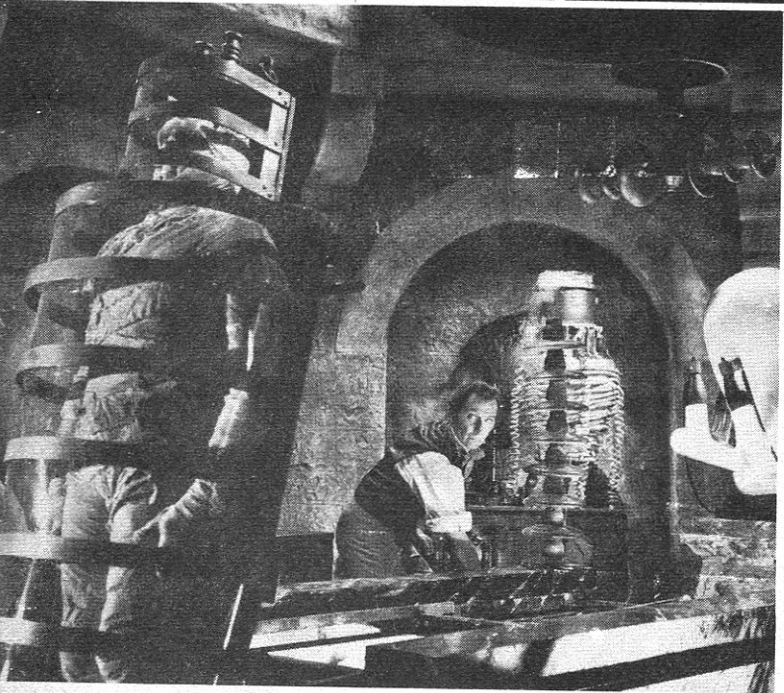
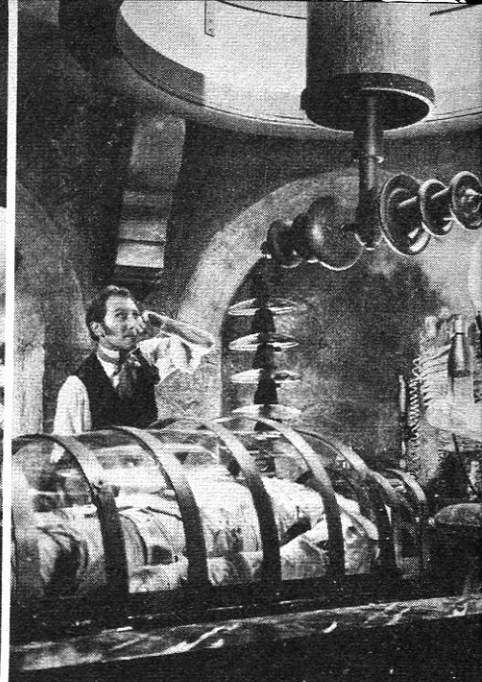
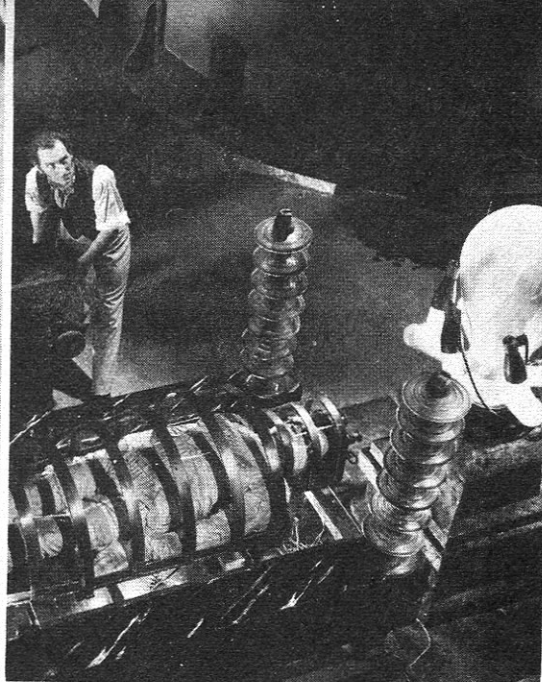
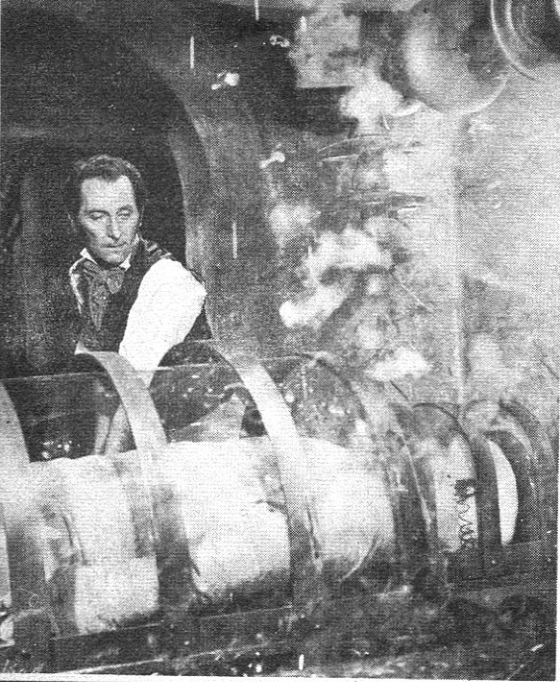
Hans, the Baron's assistant, thinks that now they've been more or less "discovered," they should leave before things get hot. The Baron now feels that perhaps it's time they returned to his old home town Karlstaad anyway, for it's many years since the moment he was forced to leave unceremoniously (in *The Curse of Frankenstein*, 1957), and "Peasants have short memories anyway, Hans."

In their surreptitious return, the Baron and Hans discover that the Chateau Frankenstein (a drawing of which can be found on the contents page of each issue of CoF) has been looted and left in a total state of abandonment. The Baron then tells Hans how he, as a younger man, began experimenting with the creation of life and the way it led to the making of the monster. As the Baron tells the story, we are taken back thru a short series of flashbacks into the several events which the Baron describes, although they are in no way similar to or even partially extracted from any of the preceding Hammer films. During the flashback story, the Baron has at his fingertips all of the finest pieces of electrical equipment available — in fact, far, far more elaborate than any of the quaint, old-fashioned but more original bits of apparatus evident in the earlier Hammer films . . . there are enough walls with switches fraught with short-circuits, sparks flying and charges of ultra-high voltage to satisfy even the maddest about watts.

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Dr. Frankenstein (Peter Cushing) is checking over a human heart he has just taken out of a fresh corpse.





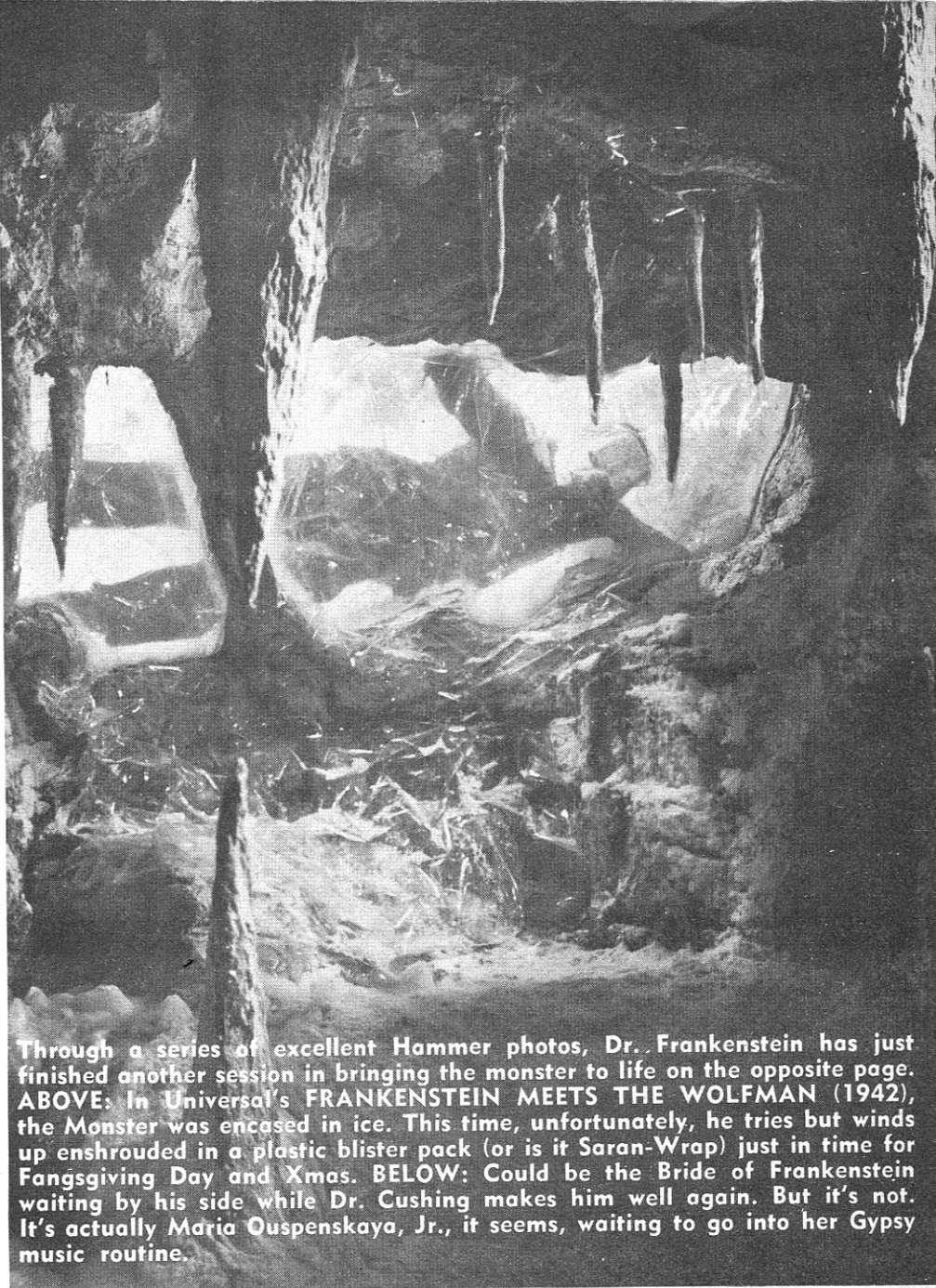
As the Baron nears the conclusion of his story-in-flashback, there is the unavoidable tendency of sensing that the film resembles more of the earlier days of Universal, which were long on action and gadgets but short on depth, than the kind of material on which Hammer founded itself and built a reputation, which used to be: not to sacrifice depth, good acting and mood for the sake of gadgetry and thud-and-blundering.

Finally, the flashback (and most interesting portion of *Evil*) comes to an end as the typically angry villagers, led by the usual burgomaster and usual inspector (which we thought went out 20 years ago), run the monster down to an apparent death as it falls into a gorge high up in the mountains.

Fascinated by the story, Hans goes with the Baron to the village (which has a carnival going on) for some obscure reason — perhaps to see who's still around after all these years, or maybe because they're hungry from the long trip and would like to go into an inn for tankards of borscht and a course of sour cream, lox and bagels. In the inn, the Baron suddenly becomes unmanageable and infuriated as he recognizes the Burgomaster (and his fantastically shapely wife) and sees him wearing a favorite Frankenstein ring, apparently part of the valuable property looted years ago from the Baron's chateau. Now discovered because of his outburst, he and Hans are forced to flee. They hide in the tent of the Great Zoltan, a traveling side-show hypnotist and charlatan, but are soon traced there by the gendarmes, from whom they flee again — this time the Baron and Hans run to the adjacent mountains to hide. While there, a deaf-dumb beggar girl they've befriended shows them the cave where she lives and offers them shelter. Later that night, the Baron awakens in the cave's depths, hearing a sound; then, gets up, walks and sees the girl apparently mumbling at something she has seen. The Baron is astonished at what he sees: it is his own monster, apparently preserved all these years amid the rocks in a huge block of glacial ice (surrounded by Saran-Wrap). Building a huge fire, they melt the monster out of the "ice." But once the Baron and Hans bring the creature back to the chateau, he cannot make it respond even though he brings it back to life. This is where the Baron gets the idea of having Zoltan, the side-show hypnotist, use his powers to bring the monster out of his coma. However, once Zoltan is brought to the chateau, he drives a hard bargain and forces Baron Frankenstein to agree to a partnership if the monster is to be brought to consciousness.

From the time Zoltan is brought into the picture, the Baron's luck starts

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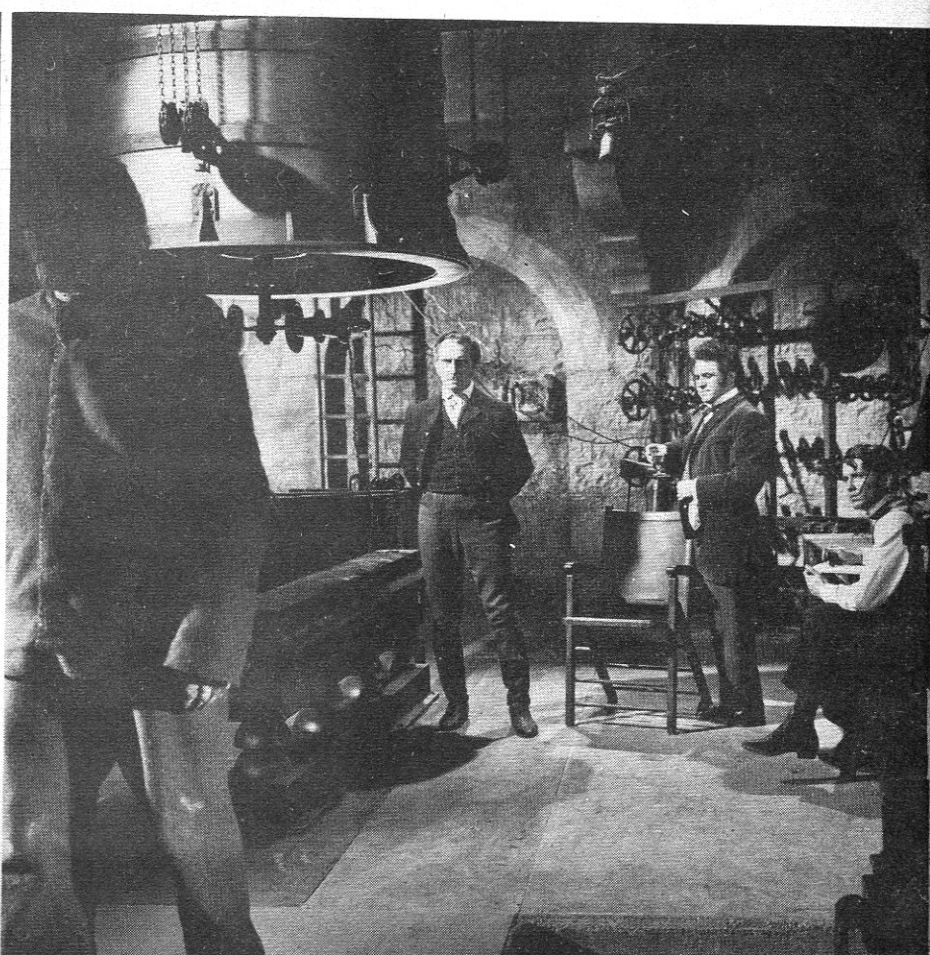
Through a series of excellent Hammer photos, Dr. Frankenstein has just finished another session in bringing the monster to life on the opposite page. ABOVE: In Universal's *FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN* (1942), the Monster was encased in ice. This time, unfortunately, he tries but winds up enshrouded in a plastic blister pack (or is it Saran-Wrap) just in time for Fangsgiving Day and Xmas. BELOW: Could be the Bride of Frankenstein waiting by his side while Dr. Cushing makes him well again. But it's not. It's actually Maria Ouspenskaya, Jr., it seems, waiting to go into her Gypsy music routine.





Back in the lab again, after rescuing monster Kiwi Kingston from a fate worse than Saran-Wrap, we find the boys busy up above. While to the left, they're now almost sorry they didn't take that long-needed excursion to Visaria that Igor (away on vacation at the time) recommended. Lower left: A scowling Cushing realizes that the hypnotist, having absolute control over the monster, may make trouble. Or maybe he's scowling (below) because the Monster is leaving the movie set as he says, "You'd leave, too. I just finished reading the rest of the script!"

Over on the opposite page, Kiwi Kingston is seen as the Monster in various poses enough times to remind us that we can thank heaven the original Universal versions have been made and are available!

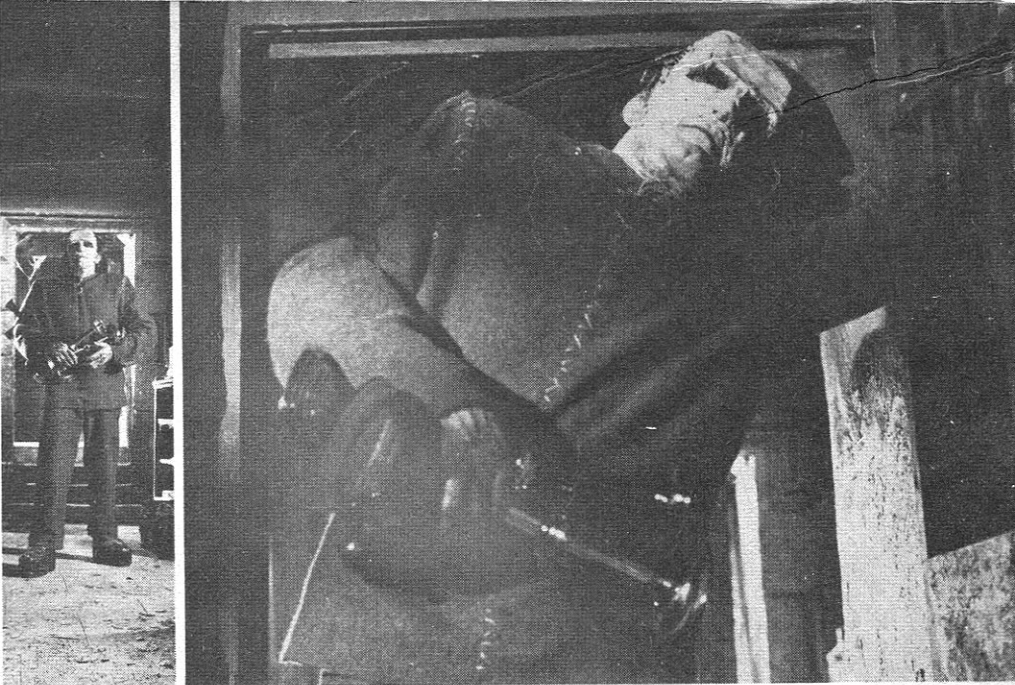


to run out. For, unfortunately Zoltan is greedy and viciously spiteful: he gives the monster hypnotic commands to go into the village on various nights on different errands, such as stealing gold from the church, and "punishing" the Burgomaster and the Chief of Police (Zoltan has a grudge against them too since they ordered him out of town and spoiled his business). The "punishments", however, result in a crushing death for the Burgomaster (another scene proving that the monster could make a fortune from wrestling) and, a similar death for an innocent policeman.

Frankenstein is livid with rage upon discovering to what sordid use Zoltan has put his creation, the monster. Nearly killing Zoltan in anger, he throws him out of the chateau. Zoltan sneaks back, however, and orders the monster to kill the Baron out of revenge for being tossed out. During the ensuing scuffle, the Baron warns the drunken gloating Zoltan to beware lest the monster destroy him; the monster, confused by conflicting orders of whom to destroy, finally succumbs to Baron Frankenstein's command and impales Zoltan with an iron spear (similar in manner to Cushing's impalement of the *Mummy* in '59).

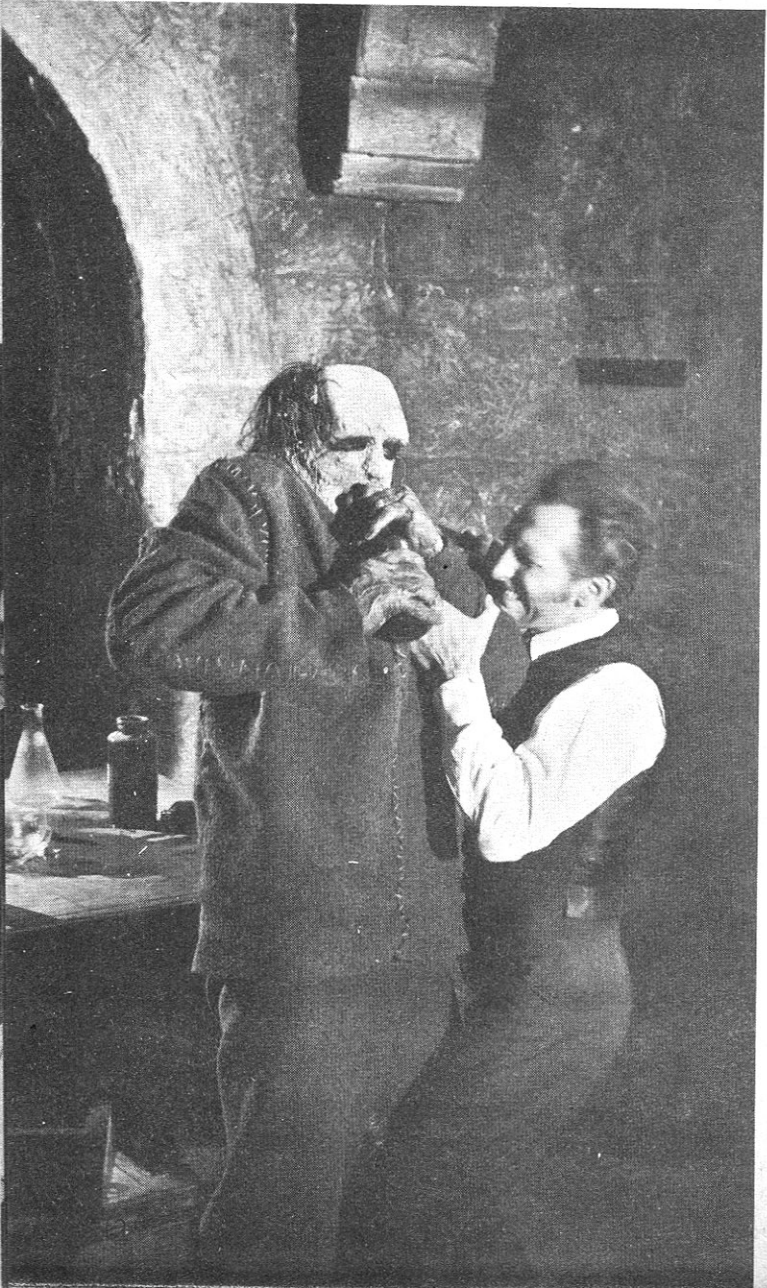
Meanwhile, the Chief of Police awakens to the fact that Frankenstein and his monster are back in business once more at the old stand, and intends doing something about it. However, the beggar girl and Hans lead the monster into hiding back in the mountains while Frankenstein is arrested and placed in jail, from which he escapes anyway by subduing a guard. The girl, Hans, and the monster return together to the chateau almost like Snow White and 2 of the 7 Dwarfs, unaware that a peasant posse has been organized to stamp out Frankenstein's monster activities. While the posse of typically angry villagers garbed in Tyrolian clothing marches on to the chateau, Frankenstein is racing through the countryside on a cart in an attempt to save his monster and his whole career. Too late, the monster is unmanagable, having broken into a cache of booze — then it drinks up a bottle of chloroform and starts stamping around the laboratory in agony, upsetting delicate apparatus, causing damage — in short, making a mess of things. With the villagers close at hand, the Baron attempts to save the monster in vain, as his lab' and, finally, the entire chateau is enveloped in flames, and then explodes in a manner typical of so many others of the genre. The ending, of course, leaves room to speculate that the Baron and the monster may yet appear in a sequel, though we hope not if it's planned as ineptly as this disappointing rehash.

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Above, we can't help being reminded that death by impalement (or by spearing) seems to be one of Hammer's favorite ways of doing away with someone (it happened already in *THE MUMMY* and in *THE NIGHT CREATURES*). Perhaps this, the poorest of the Hammer's, was enough to drive (below) both Cushing and Kingston to drink . . . or maybe, at the right, it was enough to make the Monster girl-crazy. Over on the opposite page are concluding scenes of a film that has been more of a hard, sad task to pan than, perhaps, any CoF has reviewed to date.



## Critical Comment

Legends often grow around favorite gods and idols. So has it been around Hammer, for most loyal fans have held on to the line, or theory, that "They can do no wrong!" But fact is that Hammer not only can but in *EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN* has turned back the clock (we're almost tempted to say turned back to schlock) when pictures were being made with many errors simply because 20 or more years ago the industry was a lot younger, consequently less experienced. Actually, there are a number on our staff who think that three of the weakest in Universal's F-W-D series were even better made, and these are: *Frank Meets Wolfman*, *Son of Drac* and *The House of Frank*. Yet this is going back a generation!

So what has Hammer proven? Not much, except that a kind of quality identified with most of their films is evincing signs of vanishing along with the care and flair for high-action drama usually synonymous with the Hammer name.

Among other weaknesses in the film, of course, is the movie's script itself. Certainly this *could not be* the "New" monster, after all these years! Heaven forbid . . . more like the creature in *I WAS A TEENAGE GARBAGECAN*.

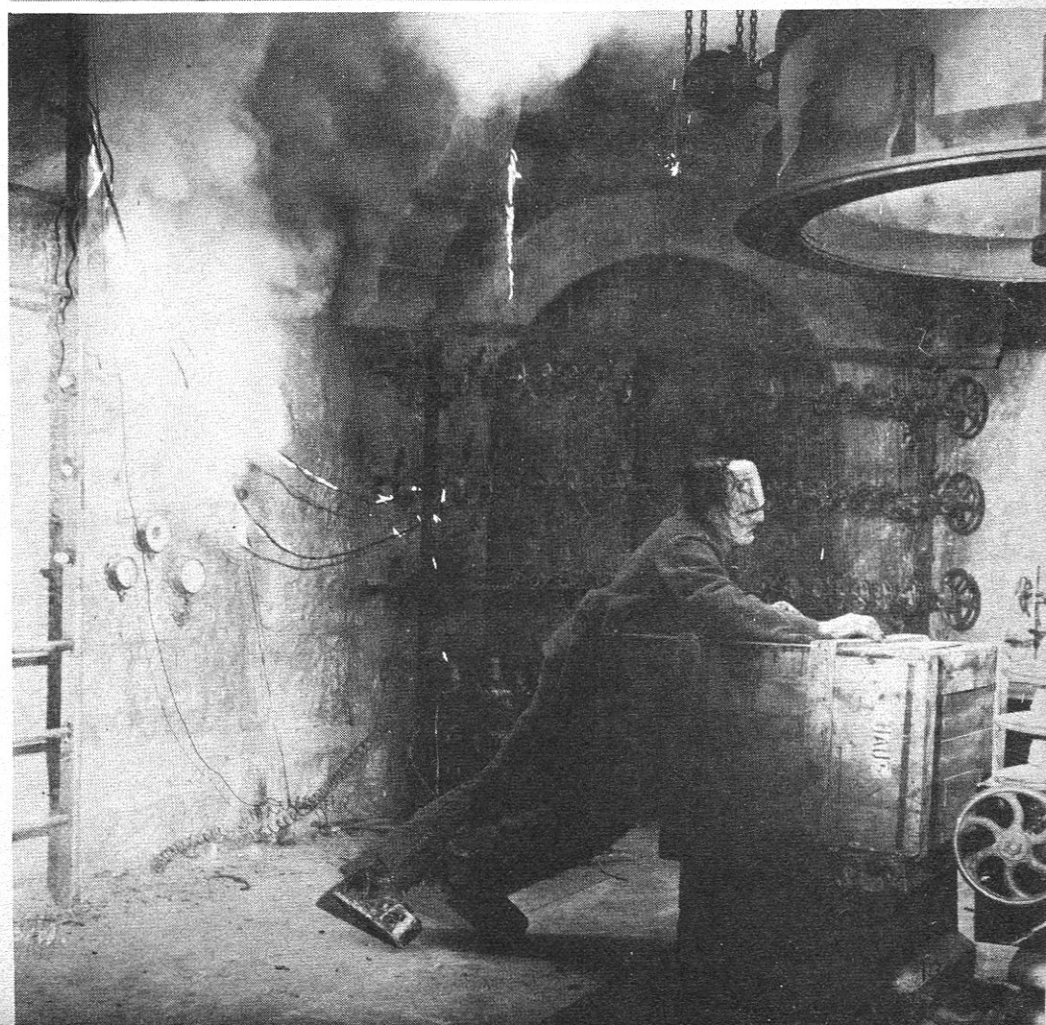
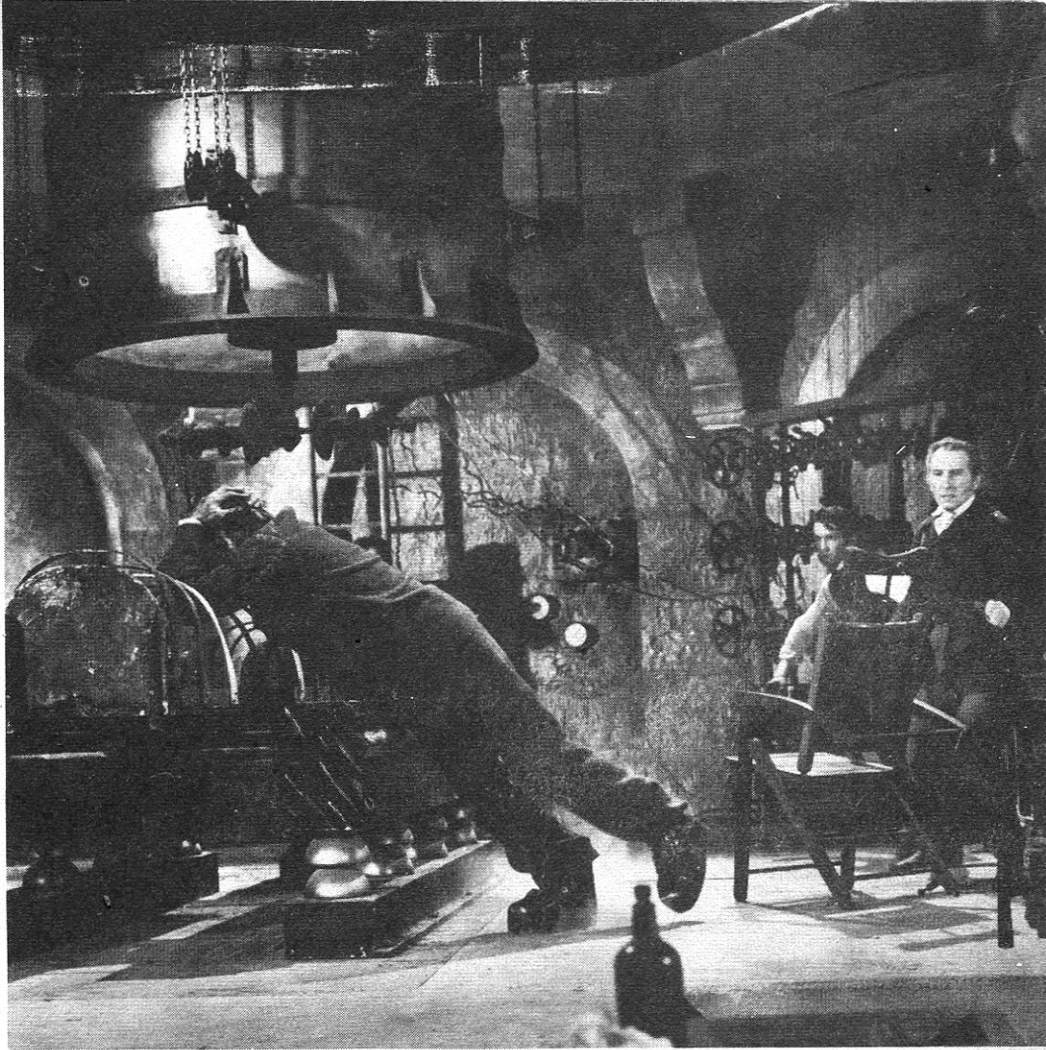
Now, in the name of horror movie justice, for *this* we've waited six long years since the last decent Frankenstein film was made?

By mentioning *I WAS A TEENAGE HEAP*, this isn't meant to imply that Hammer Films have fallen on evil times. Probably an A-bomb could fall on Hammer tomorrow, and they'd still turn out great things and not crud like *PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE*, *ROBOT MONSTER*, *FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER*, anything as impossible to digest as *MADMAN OF MANDORAS*, as abominable as *BLOOD FEAST* and *THE FLESH EATERS*. It takes a special brand of callous, unesthetic barbarism to turn out such things.

Hammer can thank Yog-Sothoth that its product is wholly British, that its color is splendid (although a color consultant on title lettering for *EVIL* seemed to have been wanting this time) and that it has people like Peter Cushing to depend upon . . . still, we've never seen Peter looking more bored and distressed.

Summing it all up — *EVIL* looks like the quickest quickie Hammer's ever made. But all doesn't seem to be quite lost, and latest news, direct to us from our European correspondent Mike Parry, is that Hammer has quite a bit more up its filmic sleeve: Forthcoming is *THE GORGON*, due sometime this fall, and advance word to us has it that it will be one of their greatest from all present indications. This would be a perfect opportunity for Hammer to redeem itself. We shall wait and see.

—Nicholas Morgan



# PETER LORRE:

## A Personal Reminiscence

**BY WILLIAM  
K. EVERSON**

I can't profess to have been a friend of Peter Lorre, or even to have known him particularly well. But our paths crossed in Hollywood a few times, and he was such a charming yet appropriately bizarre little man that I've remembered our few meetings with far more pleasure than those with stars who are perhaps "more important," or whom I have known rather better.

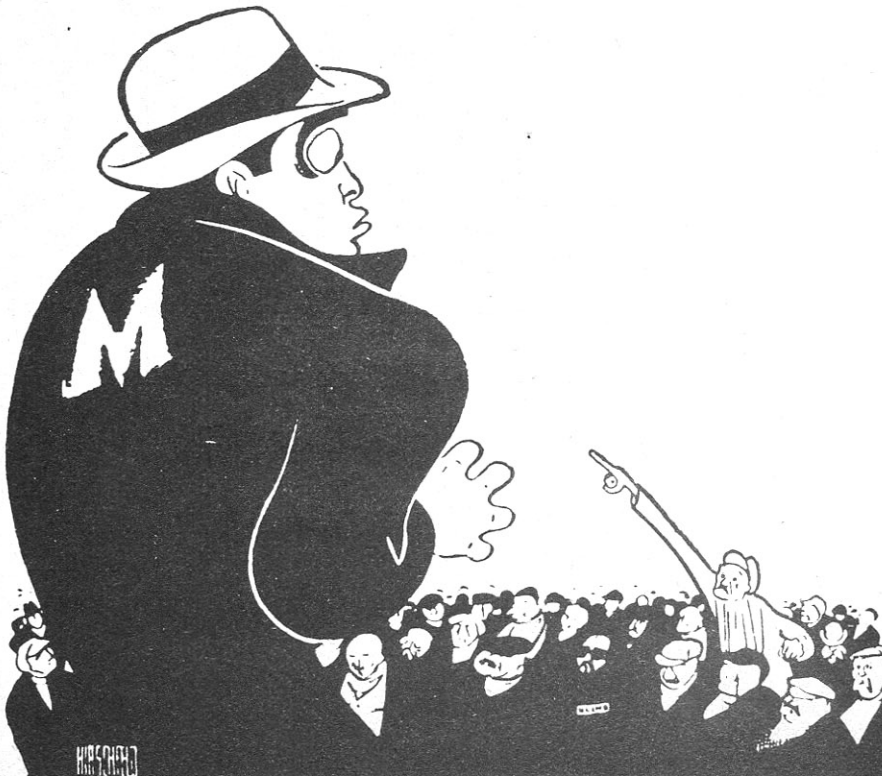
I first met Lorre in the summer of 1955, when he, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, John Ericson and Debra Paget were starring in a one-hour television melodrama for CBS. One-hour TV shows then were more important, and less common, than now, but not necessarily of greater stature. I can't remember its title, and I'm sure few others can — except possibly its director, Buzz Kulick, who is now quite a "name" both in TV and, to a lesser degree, in theatrical movies. It was one of his biggest assignments to date.

The show was a melodrama with an Oriental motif, and CBS had built a handsome Oriental garden as the basic set. Lorre and Hardwicke were the villains, playing it suavely and with far more polish than the script really warranted. When I dropped in on the shooting, they'd been rehearsing carefully for days. The lengthy rehearsals were occasioned not just because it was a big show, which required care, but also because Lorre, in his half-brained way, and Hardwicke, in his restrained and underplayed way, clowned it up whenever the clichés got too much for them. Lorre took particular delight in letting Hardwicke finish a lengthy speech, and then tearing his hair in mock despair. "They'll need English subtitles if you keep talking in that accent!" he'd scream, "let's do it over in American!" But he was too much of a professional to waste production money: his clowning was during dry runs only, or after the cameras had stopped rolling. The crew loved him, and I suspect that Hardwicke was a little jealous that his own clowning — a drier wit of course — didn't get the same immediate response that Peter's broader humour did.

**Continued on Page 16**



**Above: Lorre as he was in STRANGER ON THE THIRD FLOOR (RKO, 1940). Below: World-famous cartoonist Hirshfeld (who appears regularly in The Sunday New York Times) lays down his fine pen to depict Lorre in "M". On the opposite page, Lorre with Valerie Hobson in MAD LOVE (MGM, '35).**





*The*  
**PETER**  
**LORRE** *Story*

On the way to lunch, going down in the elevator, co-star Debra Paget made a remark that needed an immediate reply. The elevator was full, and Lorre had an audience. He turned on Paget with an "M"-like whimper, and proceeded to throttle her. She was obviously pleased at being made the centre of attention—yet at the same time a little apprehensive and not **too** sure whether Lorre was kidding or not! As the elevator reached the ground floor and emptied out, Lorre released her, offered a particularly florid compliment to her beauty and acting ability, and bent low in a sweeping bow. Miss Paget beamed, and went off happily to her lunch. As she tripped off, Lorre murmured "Who's ever HEARD of Debra Paget?" And then, louder, in the shrill tones of the semi-psycho he'd played so many times, "WHO GIVES A FIG FOR DEBRA PAGET?" "Fig" wasn't the word he used, but it will have to serve here. Lorre's language was loud and colorful, and poor Sir Cedric blanched visibly whenever Lorre gave vent to his feelings. Not that Lorre had anything against Debra Paget, and he was certainly too much of a gentleman to say anything untoward in her presence. It's just that, like so many old professionals, he was a little irked by the co-star status given to so many young ingenues who had neither experience or acting ability enough to deserve it. He sighed for the good old days of Brigitte Helm, Dietrich,



Dita Parlo — and others whom he would obviously have been quite happy to take supporting billing to!

He was not a bitter man about any of this — even about the brushoff his sincerely made and deeply felt German

**Above: As a despicable Nazi, Lorre seemed quite at home in MGM's CROSS OF LORRAINE in 1943. Below is a great and rare group scene: to the left of Peter Lorre is young director John Huston taking time out with his cast for a production shot. To Lorre's right is Mary Astor and, of course, Humphrey Bogart. The picture (if you haven't already guessed): THE MALTESE FALCON (Warner Bros. '41).**



film, "The Lost Ones" (which he starred in and directed), had received in this country. The industry was changing, and he didn't like the way it was going . . . but he wanted to keep working, and as long as he did, he wouldn't knock the industry that was feeding him.

I saw the show on television about two weeks later, back in New York. The handsome set was wasted on TV. All the behind-the-scenes humour was, of course, missing. It was a routine show, received routine reviews, and promptly went into a routine oblivion. I couldn't help feeling what a pity it was that the powers-that-be hadn't incorporated some of Lorre's delightfully humorous ad-libbina into the show — even if it had turned it into a semi-spoof. It might not have transformed it into a "Beat The Devil" (one of Lorre's favorites incidentally), but certainly would have given it life and vitality.

The last time I saw Lorre, and this time only briefly, was in the fall of 1962, when he, Karloff and Vincent Price were shooting "The Raven." So much of the puckish humour that Lorre displayed in that film had the kind of ad-lib spontaneity that had enlivened the shooting of the earlier CBS film that I feel sure that many of his funniest scenes were not contained in the script, but improvised by him — and wisely left alone. Roger Corman, though improving, is a plodding and rather uninspired director, who shoots his films by "keeping the traffic moving" and keeping an eye on the budget. As the heroine of "The Raven" was threatened by death — and worse — his sole instruction was "Now remember dear, you see him — and you're **frightened!**" It's hard to believe that the bizarre and sometimes explosive humor that Lorre employed in the film was "guided" by Corman — and it's a pity that this humour wasn't exploited more in films, especially by a director like James Whale, who would have had the wit and flair to build on what Lorre already had to offer.

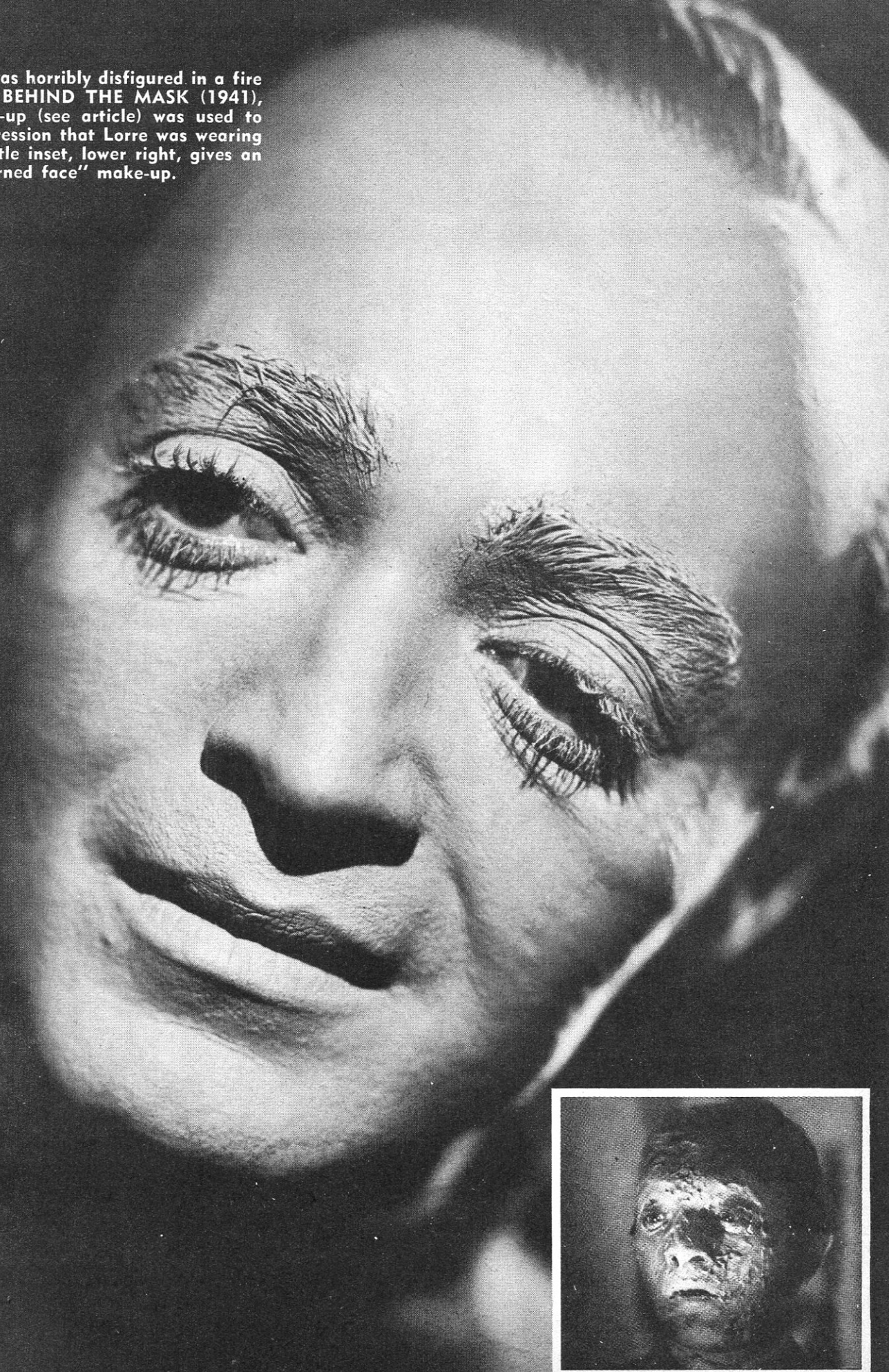
During the day's shooting that I witnessed, Lorre was especially delighted by the fact that the raven of the title (actually, several were used, of course) had rebelled against its trainer, and pecked him quite severely . . . he was so delighted in fact, that one wonders whether perhaps he hadn't had something to do with it!

Corman shoots quickly, and there's no time wasted on his sets. I had little chance for prolonged conversation with Lorre that day. But we chatted for a few moments between takes. One of the supporting players, in grotesque makeup as a decaying corpse, came lumbering out of the men's room. My daughter Bambi, then three years old, was much impressed. (There is a standing rule in all Hollywood studios that no children under 12 be allowed on the sets, but somehow, perhaps because she was so quiet and intense, she had been allowed in.) Used to King Kong, Dracula and the Frankenstein monster, and rather fond of them, she was quite excited at the prospect of seeing a real monster close up. "Is that a **good** monster or a **bad** monster?" she asked. Looking around him to make sure that no-one was listening — although I'm sure this was done for effect, as he certainly never cared what he said or who heard him say it — Lorre informed her "Oh it's a **BAD** monster. There are **NO** good monsters at American-International."

—WILLIAM K. EVERSON



After his face was horribly disfigured in a fire for Columbia's **BEHIND THE MASK** (1941), a special make-up (see article) was used to convey the impression that Lorre was wearing a mask. The little inset, lower right, gives an idea of his "burned face" make-up.



# LORRE

## 1904-1964

### BY RICHARD BOJARSKI

The shocking passing of Peter Lorre has left a wide gap in horror-fantasy films that will be impossible to fill.

Unlike Karloff and Lugosi, his screen career did not always center around the macabre; it was, rather, his unusual appearance and extraordinary acting ability that added a strange fascination even to his more fatuous roles. His large, pale, moon-faced head, emphasized by a pair of heavy-lidded bull-frog eyes, on his short five-foot-three squat frame, and his chilling child-like accented speech and mannerisms helped to create his personal brand of menace and terror.

Off-screen, he was a deeply sensitive and erudite individual with a sharp, usually dead-pan sense of humor. Long an object for imitators, he coined the cliché, "All you need to imitate me is a

pair of soft boiled egg eyes and a bedroom voice." Lorre's awareness of his physical shortcomings came early — his lack of hesitancy in utilizing them to the fullest advantage of his art for over three decades has made us all the richer.

In a small village located in an isolated part of Hungary's Carpathian Mountains, Peter Lorre, the first of four children, arrived on June 26, 1904. Soon after his birth his mother died. Six years later his family moved to Vienna where his father acquired a position with an automobile concern and a step-mother to care for the growing brood of children.

Unhappy with the growing discipline at home and with the tedium of school and inspired by the "glamorous tales of the theatre" from his companions, young Peter yearned to become an actor. Not able to endure his family's stern refusals, the youth left home at seventeen. Unable to get stage work because of inexperience, a grim period followed of near starvation and sleeping in public parks — the country was then in the throes of inflation.

He obtained a minor position in a bank in order to eat and organized an evening amateur group made up of acquaintances with theatrical aspirations. Unknowingly, his group of young Viennese players pioneered the method of improvisational acting which has recently come into vogue with groups like

*Second City* and *The Premise*. This activity absorbed him so much that he couldn't get to work in the mornings, and soon the bank dismissed him.

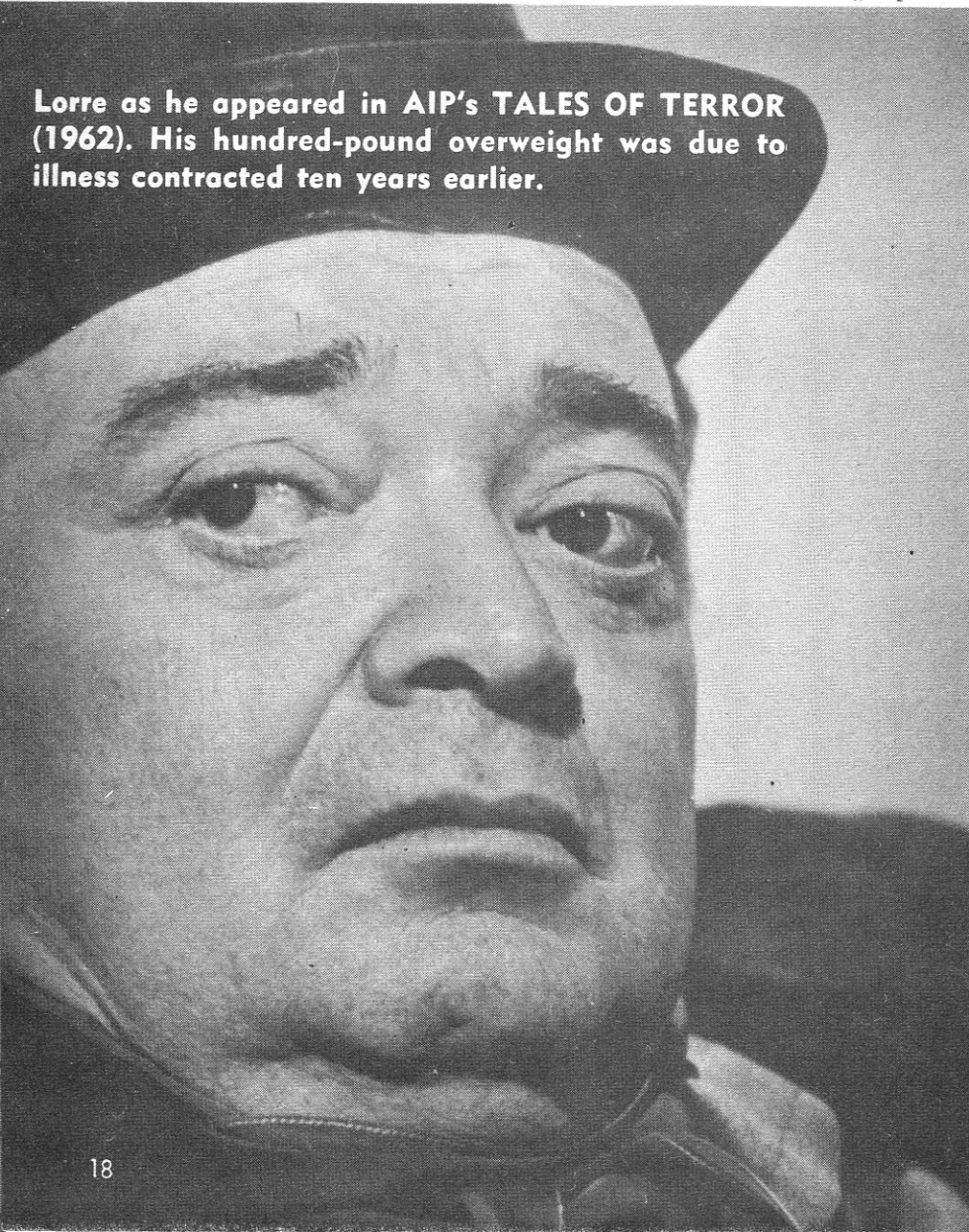
During this insecure period he studied with Sigmund Freud. Finally in 1924 he got his first stage work in stock in the city of Breslau. His first role was a "walk-on." Lorre boasted, at this time that he acted in two plays before he had finally seen one out front. It was a disappointment; he had expected more. On the basis of this experience he secured a membership in the Zurich stock company. Following a success as an old man in a German translation of Galsworthy's *Society*, he was brought to Vienna, where he remained for the next two years playing a wide variety of parts.

After mastering a bit of the German tongue, he eventually arrived in Berlin with only ten marks in his pocket. Fortunately his reputation had preceded him there and he immediately acquired his next stage role. After several hits, he scored in *Die Pionere Von Ingolstadt* (*The Students of Ingolstadt*) in 1928, playing the role of a sex-fiend! This controversial play became the sensation of Berlin. Lorre has claimed that at this time he was approached with film offers but refused because of unsuitable parts. About this time during a stage run Lorre became interested in a member of the cast, actress Cecilia Lvovsky, whom he married several years later.

While he appeared in *Fruehlings Erwachen* (*Awakening of Spring*), in which he portrayed a sexually frustrated student who finally commits suicide, the brilliant UFA director Fritz Lang wandered backstage after a performance and asked the actor if he would be interested in doing a film for him in the future. Though Lorre harbored doubts of a film career because he knew he was no "leading man" type, he committed himself to Lang.

Two years later, during the final months of 1930 while Lorre was engaged in rehearsals for a Berthold Brecht play, he was again visited by Lang, who had a completed shooting script and wanted him for the lead. The screenplay, *M*, was based on the true case of a child-killer who cunningly eluded the police, but who is finally tracked down and captured by the underworld. Based on the Dusseldorf murders of 1929, the script was written by Lang's wife, Thea von Harbou, who also wrote *METROPOLIS*. Despite this film commitment, Lorre began rehearsing for a new play the night the Brecht play folded. Ironically, his two roles were opposites. He was a psychopathic murderer before cameras by day and at night he was a comic in a stage farce.

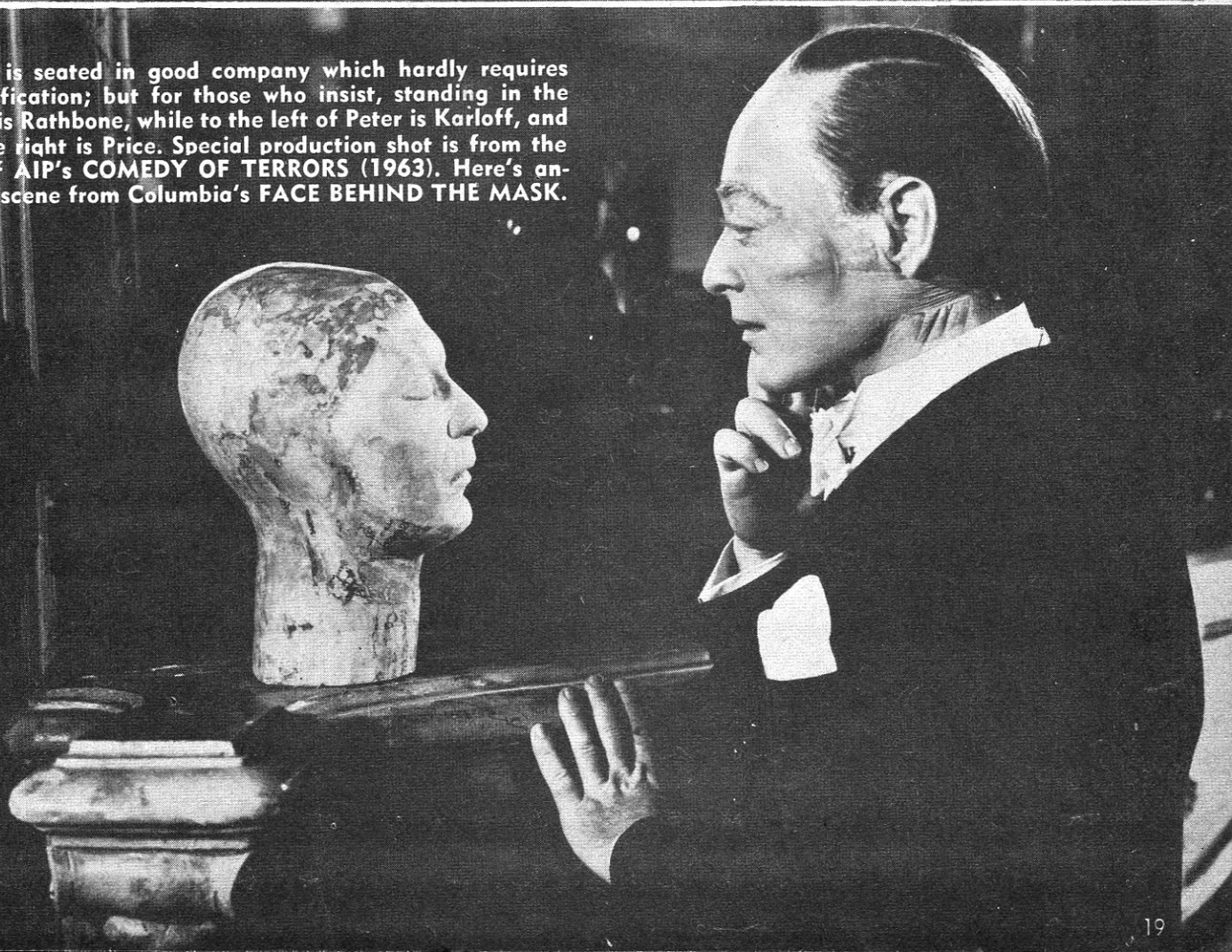
Lorre once revealed a generally unknown incident that occurred during the filming of *M*. For the memorable kangaroo trial scene in a deserted cellar where Lorre was being judged for his murders by a jury of the city's underworld, Lang intended to give the film extra realism by obtaining real criminals for these roles. Lorre accompanied Lang in dredging up every criminal of the lowest kind from the shabby backwaters of the city. During the filming, a police official who was connected with the film discovered many of the criminals he had been hunting for years, and immediately left the studio with secret exhilaration, shortly returning with nearly all the Berlin police force. Fortunately Lang persuaded him to delay arresting six of them until after they had completed their scenes. "So we finished



Lorre as he appeared in AIP's *TALES OF TERROR* (1962). His hundred-pound overweight was due to illness contracted ten years earlier.



Lorre is seated in good company which hardly requires identification; but for those who insist, standing in the back is Rathbone, while to the left of Peter is Karloff, and on the right is Price. Special production shot is from the set of AIP's COMEDY OF TERRORS (1963). Here's another scene from Columbia's FACE BEHIND THE MASK.



early," Lorre recalls, "let them off at four o'clock and gave them a two hour start on the police."

When the film was finally released in 1931, it enhanced Lang's already growing directorial reputation and brought Lorre international renown. The critics agreed that *M* was not simply a melodrama of lustful hideous murder, but a sympathetic teutonic study of a pathological killer who is both villain and victim that reveals itself as a genuine tragedy as well as an essay in savagery. Through Lang's skillful suggestion, the actual murders are not shown. The most frightening scene is when the murderer sees a little girl in the reflection off a window — here is where it slowly sinks into his sickly mind that he is helplessly enmeshed in the coils of some demonic psychopathic force driving him to commit another child murder. But it is the underworld that in the long run tracks him down and traps him, not the usual police channels as might have been expected. The audience is at this point rooted to its seat as it watches a trapped Lorre, encircled by leading members of the underworld, cross-examined, ruthlessly questioned, finally judged and almost executed by people who think him too barbarous, too vile to consider him even as one of themselves. It probably ranks among one of the most classic sequences in film history. Lorre, persecuted, examined and brutally interrogated, screams to his captors:

*"You are all criminals because you want to be,"* he cries. *"But, I . . . I do what I do because I can't help it!"*

He goes on to explain that he is afraid of people, afraid of ghosts and so forth. Then one begins to arrive at some sort of understanding of his troubles (despite the film's language barrier) — It becomes apparent that he is a hapless, pathetic victim of what can happen to a man who becomes seriously mentally disturbed. Then, gradually one begins comprehending a little of the strange unknown forces which can exist latent inside the human soul.

Lorre's performance was not merely terrifying because of the horrific deeds which he depicted, but because he could reveal how tragically and pathetically human the beast that he portrayed could be. His role also resulted in one of the three or four greatest movie criminal characterizations of all time. While *M* immortalized his name, it also permanently established his future screen character: one of film's great villains.

After his first film success, Lorre negotiated a deal with UFA for several films which he alternated with stage work. His activity was interrupted by the growing Nazi movement; this was understandable for one of half-Jewish extraction like Lorre, well aware of what monstrous evil this new political force might be capable once it was solidly in control of the government. Leaving Berlin, he came to Vienna where he made an effort to resume his acting career in the film, *SCHUSS IN MORGEN GRAVEN* (*INVISIBLE OPPONENT*) co-starring Oscar Homolka. Finding it impossible to obtain work, because of the dangerous changing political climate, he fled to France where he wound up sharing a shabby Paris boarding-house with other future Hollywood talents like Paul Lukas, Homolka, Franz Waxman and many more. About the only film work he could find was a French dubbing job in a minor film, which he completed in one day.

Desperate, Lorre migrated to England in early 1934, penniless and barely knowing a few words of English. Reaching the British film center, he was fortunate in being introduced to Alfred Hitchcock (before he was known in the USA) who was then casting the first version of *THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH* (the 2nd version by Hitchcock, was made in 1956). By an odd coincidence, Hitchcock also worked at UFA as an assistant director for a while, even though Lorre and he had never met.

Lorre recalled that his first meeting with Hitchcock was one of the best ac-

ance as an anarchist leader of a group of international saboteurs bent upon murdering a prominent European statesman received high praise. One American critic remarked: "Lorre crowds his character with dark and terrifying emotions without disturbing his placid moon face." This version will probably never be seen by the general public again and, except for a very battered, scratched up copy rented to film societies on rare occasions, all other prints were destroyed when the newer 1956 version was filmed (perhaps generations from now, the horror of it all will be felt when the civilized world will grasp in incredulity at the numerous films that have been purposely ruined or destroyed by the blinder, non-cultural business part of the film world).

Lorre's fortunes seemed on the rise when a Columbia studio representative of Harry Cohn approached him with a Hollywood contract. Lorre revealed that he had been offered American film contracts earlier but had rejected them because he feared killer type-casting. Aware that a future acting career back in Europe was extremely doubtful, and considering Columbia's promise of a variety of roles, he arrived in Hollywood in late 1934.

Although Harry Cohn gave him freedom to select his own parts, some time elapsed before a suitable role was available. Meanwhile, Lorre basked in the California sunshine and further improved his English, and was even loaned out to MGM as the star of *MAD LOVE* (a remake of *HANDS OF ORLAC*, the German-made Conrad Veidt film of over a decade before), directed by Karl "Dracula" Freund. For his first American film Lorre was required to shave his head to add further sinister qualities to the appearance of the brilliant, crazed international surgeon, Dr. Gogol. In this truly excellent horror film, Freund wrought an interesting performance from Lorre as the mad surgeon who lusts for the wife of a famous pianist, Orlac (Colin Clive), who survives a train accident with mutilated hands. Driven by a horrible purpose, Dr. Gogol grafts a pair of murderer's hands upon the unfortunate musician which gives him a strange, uncontrollable urge to kill. Gogol's further attempts to undo Orlac fail in a most exciting climax. Several of many eerie scenes show Lorre playing the piano and reading poetry to a wax image of Orlac's wife in his horror-haunted laboratory; another has Lorre impersonating a man (who submitted to one of his horrible experiments) wearing a masked getup and artificial steel hands. Director Freund's rich European background inspired the excellent continental atmosphere which was enhanced by exceptional photography throughout the film.

After completing *MAD LOVE*, Lorre returned to Columbia to appear in a version of Dostoevsky's *CRIME & PUNISHMENT* (Lorre also aided director S. K. Loren on the screenplay). Before filming began, Lorre was required to reduce from 160 down to 130 pounds for the interesting role of Raskolnikov, the brilliant but impoverished student who, following the murder of an old haggish pawnbroker, enters into an intellectual struggle of wits with Porfiry (Edward Arnold), the prosecutor. Though director Josef von Sternberg succeeded in creating interesting horror overtones in this slickly photographed version of Dostoevsky's famous detective story, the excision of important psy-



ing jobs he ever did in that period when his vocabulary was limited to either "yes" or "no." Lorre once said, "A friend of mine tipped me off that Hitch liked to tell funny stories. So when he talked to me, I'd watch him very closely and whenever I guessed that he'd come to the point of what I guess was a joke, I would laugh uproariously. This made Hitch figure that I knew enough of the language to play the part; and that's how I got the job."

While working in the Hitchcock production, Lorre practiced his English at night — this resulted in his earlier scenes having to be re-shot so that his speech pattern would match. His former actress friend, Cecilia Lvovsky, who also emigrated from the continent earlier, was also in the film, and after its completion they got married.

*THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH* was, besides his first English-speaking role, another very important "first" for Lorre after *M*; his perform-

chological material from the script made the finished film suffer by comparison with a fine French version released around the same time. Nevertheless, Lorre received good reviews for his second American film and hoped to work with von Sternberg again.

Lorre wished to do a filmization of "The Good Soldier Schweik", but nothing came of it. Unlike some of his uprooted fellow European actors, Lorre began to enjoy living in Hollywood. Around this time Lorre began to collect story properties for future films. One of these, SECRET AGENT, interested British-Gaumont who wanted to acquire the screen-rights for Alfred Hitchcock who also wanted to borrow Lorre from Columbia for one of the top roles. Wishing to work with Hitchcock again and hoping to visit his family a bit, Lorre sailed with his wife to England in Oct., 1935 and intended to apply for his citizenship papers on his return. For the film, SECRET AGENT, which starred John Gielgud and Madelaine Carroll, Lorre was assigned a comic-role for a change; a curly-haired Mexican villain. Aside from the handsome profit from the story sale, Lorre enjoyed working for Hitchcock again. Though the film was a commercial success, this spy melodrama was not one of Hitchcock's best. While in England, Lorre received a personal invitation from Hitler (who admired his work as a "murderer") to make films in his industry. In neatly worded contempt, Lorre replied: "Thank you, but I think

Germany has room for only one mass-murderer of my ability and yours."

Upon his return to Hollywood in early 1936, Lorre talked with Universal for a possible remake of THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, which unfortunately never materialized. In the meantime, Lorre and his wife took out their first papers for American citizenship. At this time he began a period of radio work which he alternated with film work through the subsequent years. In October Lorre announced that he was going to play Napoleon on the stage. The play, a psychological study of the dictator, was written by his old friend, Ferdinand Bruckner. He arrived in NYC to start rehearsals, but unfortunately the production was called off at the last moment by producer Sidney Kingsley for undisclosed reasons.

Toward the end of 1936 he signed a new contract with 20th Century Fox for an indefinite period. Though his initial film was a role in an average spy melodrama, CRACKUP, his next assignment was an improvement. He played a heavy in a rather interesting well-done kidnapping drama, NANCY STEELE IS MISSING, starring Victor McLaglen. Illness forced Lorre to withdraw from a subsequent film, resulting in John Carradine substituting for him. After another routine film chore, THE LANCER SPY, (Fox), inspired by the success of the current Oriental Detective trend (Example: MR. WONG, with Boris Karloff, and the CHARLIE CHAN series

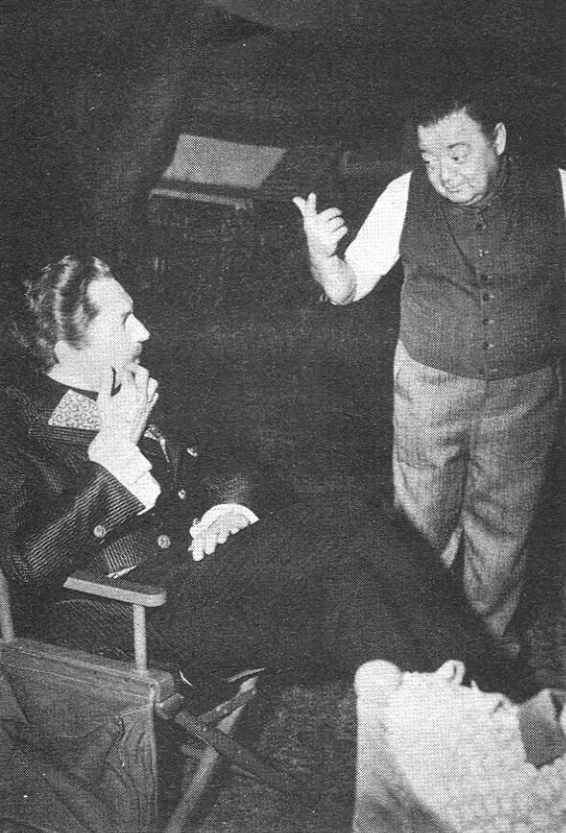
with Warner Oland) convinced Lorre to do John P. Marquand's likeable, shrewd Japanese character, MR. MOTO in a series of films. To simulate an Oriental appearance, he only wore a pair of prop spectacles. As shooting began on the first one, THINK FAST, MR. MOTO on Oct. 1937, Lorre remarked: "Instead of committing murders, I'll be solving them." During the production of his last MOTO film, "DANGER ISLAND" ('39), he created a waterproof rubber suit which he wore under his clothes for a swamp sequence. Its function Lorre explained, was to prevent colds which resulted in production delays. Weary of the monotonous "B" MOTO series, he completed one more film (I WAS AN ADVENTURESS) before he left Fox in 1939 and started to freelance. His first assignment was the part of the repulsive Cochon (Pig) who lusts for Joan Crawford in the MGM Clark Gable film, STRANGE CARGO, a strange allegorical semi-fantasy based on Richard Sale's splendid novel, "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep," concerning escaped prisoners from Devil's Island — each personality has home special meaning, grounded in terms much too subtle for a script and film that, while not mediocre, could hardly cope with the poetry of ideas and emotions that Sale depicted in his book. (Ingmar Bergman would be the natural director for a good remake).

1939 was the year when movieland's second Horror Cycle was beginning and

**Continued on Page 22**

**Lorre had already established a constant reputation for murder, mayhem, but most especially for cold sadism, such as that depicted in this scene from Columbia's ISLAND OF DOOMED MEN (1940).**





**A production shot, between takes of AIP's TALES OF TERROR. A skeptical and very Poesque Vincent Price listens to the cherubic-looking Lorre.**

where the macabre side of Lorre's villainy would be put to use once more. In ISLAND OF DOOMED MEN, he was a prison warden who loved classical music and whipping prisoners. STRANGER ON THE THIRD FLOOR (RKO) is a curious and nearly forgotten little essay in psychological horror with interesting dream sequences and a good improvement over ISLAND. In this Sept., 1940 release, he successfully portrayed a homicidal maniac, reminding his fans of earlier roles. Before leaving RKO, he appeared in an elaborate but routinely plotted Kay Kyser film musical, YOU'LL FIND OUT, co-starring with the other two greats, Lugosi and Karloff, who were also wasted.

He then went back to Columbia to do FACE BEHIND THE MASK (originally based upon a radio play by Tom O'Connell) for director Robert Florey. In this gruesome melodrama, Lorre plays a Hungarian immigrant watchmaker whose face is horribly disfigured in a rooming house fire which makes him a social outcast. Sparked by bitterness, he turns into a master criminal, devises a special rubber mask to hide his hideously scarred features and befriends a blind girl (well played by Evelyn Keyes) who is ignorant of his criminal activities. During his accomplices' struggle for power, his beloved companion is accidentally killed. Lorre dies in a symbolic tragic climax in a desert waste at the hands of his gang, who in turn pay with their lives for their evil deeds in the same manner (it is impossible for screen scholars at

this point to overlook the strong similarity to von Stroheim's classic, GREED).

To simulate a rubber mask for FACE BEHIND THE MASK, Lorre wore 2 strips of adhesive tape to immobilize his face, patted on dead-white makeup and kept a restrained facial expression. Released Feb., 1941, it was labelled a "B" film by the critics but will nevertheless be remembered for outstanding moments of suspense and horror, sometimes achieving a degree of extreme introspection and quality.

Another important turning point in his career was when the then young director, John Huston (who recently won fame as an actor for the first time in THE CARDINAL), gave him an interesting role in the award-winning filmization of Dashiell Hammett's THE MALTESE FALCON. Humphrey Bogart was the star, along with Mary Astor, Elisha Cook, and the picture introduced a new menace to the screen: Sidney Greenstreet as "The Fat Man." The film not only won Lorre a fine contract with Warner's, which would take him through many years of filming, but also began a fast and strong friendship with Bogart. Apparently Greenstreet's completely opposite personality and booming laughter, compared with Lorre's high-strung giggle, was such a resounding success from the very start that they became a team who eventually walked through several well-done, usually highly profitable films, among the many they would do with others for Warner's through the years.

In 1942 Warner's loaned Lorre to Universal for INVISIBLE AGENT. In this routine imitation of H. G. Wells' INVISIBLE MAN, he plays a villainous Japanese spy who fails to destroy Jon Hall and commits hari-kari in a rather elaborate thrilling sequence. The same year, Columbia borrowed him and Karloff (from the stage success, ARSENIC & OLD LACE) for the horror film farce, THE BOOGIE MAN WILL GET YOU. Lorre played Dr. Lorentz, a sheriff-scientist who joins another screwball scientist, Professor Nathaniel Billings (Karloff) in an unscrupulous ghoulish experiment in hopes of a good personal profit. Dead bodies and comedy cops abound in this horror-comedy, played tongue-in-cheek from beginning to end. Lorre returned to Warner's for a brief role as a stool-pigeon in the warmly remembered war-time drama success, CASABLANCA, famed also for being one of Humphrey Bogart's finest films; starring in this all-time favorite was Ingrid Bergman, Paul Henreid, Conrad Veidt and Claude Rains, supported by a very large competent cast.

Working in a few more films of somewhat routine caliber for Warner's he was borrowed by MGM for an interesting supporting role in THE CROSS OF LORRAINE in 1943. In this excellent though somewhat brutal study of French prisoners in a German prison camp, Lorre effectively played the cruel, cunning jailer, Sgt. Berger. Lorre once reminisced that around this time he began getting quite a bit of unusual fan mail; people would write him concerning problems of masochistic and sadistic compulsions. An uninterrupted flow of correspondence from prison inmates and mental asylum patients filled his mail box daily with troubled questions. One Lorre fan, who was a Baroness, wrote:

"Dear Master: I would love to be tortured by you . . ." To which Lorre replied: "You have been tortured enough by going to see my pictures!"

Possessing a wonderful sense of humor, Lorre had an incurable urge for gags and practical jokes on movie sets, as anyone who has worked with him knows. During the shooting of MASK OF DIMI-TRIOS (a very off-beat and excellent cloak-and-dagger thriller, in which Lorre played both hero and "good guy"), he livened up the between-takes moments by breaking up technicians and amusing visitors to the set by putting on a terrific act: he would start pacing nervously up and down, pretending to pull out his hair, shouting in reference to his usually absent producer-boss, Jack Warner, "Where is that creep? I sent him out for a bottle of beer a half-hour ago, and he isn't back yet!"

At this time Lorre still continued his hobby of collecting valuable story properties whose estimated value was over \$350,000. In 1944 he began alternating films with brief stage work, beginning with his first vaudeville appearance in a macabre horror sketch called, "The Man With A Head Of Glass." During that same year, Warner's began filming the stage play, ARSENIC & OLD LACE, which had just completed a three-and-a-half year run. Lorre was cast as Dr. Einstein, a boozy plastic surgeon who operates on Raymond Massey's face to change his appearance, but is interrupted by the police. Having to quit in the middle of the job, he leaves Massey "looking like Boris Karloff" (who did the stage version) throughout the madcap goings-on. Its central plot concerns the activities of the aging Brewster sisters whose Good Samaritan efforts consisted of helping friendless old men into the next world with poisoned elderberry wine. The main set around which most of the action centers is delightfully atmospheric surrounded by the Victorial Brewster house and the Brooklyn graveyard of a Dutch Reformed Church, whose probable location was and may still be on Church and Flatbush Avenues. Others in this memorable production included Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, Jack Carson and an unusually excellent supporting cast.

The following year Lorre married his second wife, Kaaren Verne, a German actress who subsequently gave up her career. Though enjoying a fine salary at Warner's, he was unhappy under such a long contract and yearned for the freedom of choosing his own roles. Several films later he returned to horror with director Robert Florey in an outstanding chiller, THE BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS; however, Victor Francen almost stole the entire show away with an elegant bravura performance. The excellent script by Curt (Donovan's Brain) Siomak was based on William Fryer Harvey's modern classic short story of the same name. It relates of an invalid pianist who, due to a stroke, is confined to a wheelchair with only one good arm (as he plays away at the piano in his Gothic-like villa). After his violent death, his strong good hand is mysteriously severed from his corpse. In some of the eeriest scenes ever filmed, the hand is seen running wildly across the keys of a grand piano playing doleful macabre music; in another scene, it's crawling across a desk, upon a floor. Although the production turned out into a boxoffice success and is rated among several of Lorre's best, he left Warner's after this to freelance.

At liberty, his first assignment was a routine heavy role in UA's THE CHASE. Concluding this film, he began a brief run of stage readings of Poe's "Tell-Tale

Heart" in several large cities. After this activity, he returned to Hollywood to start work on Paramount's MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE (1947) starring Bob Hope. In this well-done satire of "hard-boiled" type detective thrillers, Lorre and Lon Chaney Jr. played a pair of villainous henchmen involved in adventure-comedy in the best Hope tradition. After another semi-heavy part in CASBAH (which was an elaborate musical remake of ALGIERS) in which he played a police official trying to catch Pepe Le Moko (Tony Martin), he played a similar part in Paramount's ROPE OF SAND.

Next year, he went to England. It was in this country where Lorre got one of the nicest tributes of his life when the BBC made this testimonial, just moments before he was about to appear in "The Tell-Tale Heart" in a special TV dramatization: "Mr. Lorre will be seen contorting his face in closeup, and we feel that the experience of children watching the performance in a darkened room would be too alarming." The BBC official continued, "We urge you to send your children to bed early." Shortly thereafter Lorre returned to Hollywood to be a villain in QUICKSAND, starring Mickey Rooney and Jean Cagney (1959). The same year he separated from his second wife. In 1951 he made his first appearance on American TV.

Depressed over the usual Hollywood typecasting roles, Lorre went to Germany, saw the ravages of war and was so inspired by a story by Egon Jacobson, based on an actual occurrence, that he began making plans to produce his own film. After writing the screenplay, Lorre formed an independent production company and then proceeded to direct himself in the title role of a Nazi-era scientist who later goes insane and becomes a mad killer (the original DR. STRANGELOVE?). Titled DER VERLORENE (THE LOST ONES), it's violent anti-Nazi attack received high praise,



prizes and made some money throughout Europe (1951). Though Lorre owned 60% of the film and felt he could profit well with it in the USA, he remarked that his reasons for refusing to release it here were because of the "cold war" effort. It was around this period that Lorre became seriously ill, consequently gaining nearly a hundred pounds which altered his appearance and is considered to be the reason for a chronic high-blood pressure condition.

After marrying Anna Marie Brenning, 27, who did publicity work on his last film that year, Lorre returned to the USA and made his stage debut in the summer theatre production of "A NIGHT AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S," which played five weeks at Norwich, Connecticut.

Then going back to Europe he made a film with John Huston called BEAT THE DEVIL, considered so far ahead

and highly developed in 1954 that it lost money the first time out, acclaimed as being "Ten years ahead of time." In 1964 it has been re-released, rediscovered and has just started becoming a financial success. In this very off-beat adventure-satire, Lorre played O'Hara, a member of a band of international thieves; he was reunited with his old friend, Humphrey Bogart, for the last time. Commenting on the film Lorre said, "It was a flop in New York. Why wouldn't it be? It was a delicious sardonic comedy, meant for art theatres, and they opened it with a blood and thunder campaign. The people just didn't get it." During that year, when a girl was born to his wife, Lorre became a father for the first time; the tiny bundle was named Catherine.

He next started working on Disney's production of Jules Verne's 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA. Though Lorre was disappointingly miscast as a timid servant, color and special effects contribute to the success of this interesting fantasy adventure. Then after being absent from the screen for a year, he appeared in a cameo role as an oriental ship servant in Mike Todd's AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS in 1956. On TV he scored in a Playhouse 90 production of SEIDMAN & SON, starring Eddie Cantor. His performance as a rebellious worker in the New York garment industry drew critical raves for him for the first time in years.

Following a routine clown role in THE CIRCUS with Victor Mature in 1959, he went to Spain for an important supporting role in SCENT OF MYSTERY, a semi-melodramatic travelogue utilizing the highly touted gimmick, "Smell-O-Vision." During the filming he suffered a sunstroke, putting him out of the film for 3 days. Lorre complained that the press reports "exaggerated" the condition as a heart attack.

Caught in a serious mood in 1960,  
Continued on Page 24

Some felt that if you put a cigar in Lorre's mouth and overlooked his accent, he could have played Winston Churchill. In this shot, he somewhat resembles Jackie Gleason, Orson Wells or Calthos T. Nivlac walling up an annoying rival (in TALES OF TERROR).



Here and at the top of page are two different ways Lorre looked in MAD LOVE (MGM, 1935.) The story is of a mad scientist who grafts a killer's hands onto another man who lost his in an accident.

Lorre said: "Movies are no longer an industry. After all, who ever heard of an industry that offered no loyalty to its employees." He paused a moment to mix a drink, then in typical Lorre fashion lit a fresh cigaret and went on: "You see, making movies used to be such great fun in the old days. Of course, I suppose a lot of things in the old days were more fun," he sighed. "It isn't any longer. It's now a very cold-hearted business." He then began reminiscing back to the old days — to the time when he and Sydney Greenstreet were menacing each other; when they and Bogart and Flynn and their ilk made the Warner Brothers lot an exciting place.

Though he worked overseas a great deal, he continued making Hollywood his home. "I can't stand living in Europe; for that matter, New York isn't much better. But I like Hollywood. Actually Hollywood is the reverse of what most people think it is. It is not a crazy, nervous place. An actor is less bothered there than anywhere else. You can live your life as you please and nobody cares."

Rounding out 1961, he played a routine part as a marine-life specialist in the fantasy film, *VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA*, based on a Jules Verne novel. In 1962 marked an important turning point in his career, while some have felt his career started to take a downward trend. Long neglected for some 16 years, his great talent for the macabre was going to be fully realized and utilized. American-International signed him up for a part in one of the three Poe tales in *TALES OF TERROR*, filmed in blazing color, starring Basil Rathbone and Vincent Price. The studio that started 7 years before filming had "B" films like *I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF* had been raising its standards, to some extent, finding that quality could outsell junk after its boxoffice success with *HOUSE OF USHER*. Playing a mad crazed husband who walls up his adulterous wife alive after finding out about her and her lover (Price), he appeared in "The Black Cat" portion of his three-parter. While far from first-rate horror, the film restored him to his more familiar macabre status, much to the delight of all Lorre fans.

But the role he seemed to be enjoying the most was that of fatherhood. Lorre stated that the greatest compliment ever paid him was when he overheard his nine-year-old daughter Cathy (who was watching one of his old thrillers on TV) remark to her friends, "My father isn't a mean killer — he's a great actor!" His next appearance that year was in a non-horror film, *FIVE WEEKS IN A BALLOON*, another Verne adaptation for Fox. While on a publicity junket, he appeared on Groucho's TV show, *YOU BET YOUR LIFE*. Groucho's ever-ready brand of barbed humor took in Lorre's now famous rotund dimensions into consideration as he remarked on his appearance in *FIVE WEEKS IN A BALLOON*: "And are you playing the part of the balloon?" October of that year, he appeared on TV's *ROUTE 66* episode of "Lizard's Leg and Outlet's Wing" where he played himself, with Boris Karloff, Lon Chaney Jr., who recreated their old familiar monster roles of the past, supported by Martita Hunt. In this abortive spoof of horror movies, the most memorable thing was that this group of highly talented people were never so terribly wasted.

Immediately after the latter TV bomb, Lorre began work on his second film for AIP, *THE RAVEN*, scripted by Richard Matheson, directed by Roger Corman. Karloff and Price were the co-stars. However, despite its title, this satirical takeoff on sorcery and magic retained almost nothing of Poe's idea, like most AIP Poe productions. Set vaguely in an Arthurian England, Lorre played boozy Dr. Belloc who is transformed into a raven. A fellow magician, Dr. Craven (Price) tries to undo the spell.

(See William K. Everson's article preceding this one for some of Lorre's personal experiences in *THE RAVEN*. — Editor.)

*RAVEN* was neatly done up in glorious color, abounding in special effects, magic, wizardry and some surprisingly well-done humor. With its release in January, 1963, Lorre made a series of personal appearances with co-star Karloff to promote the film. Commenting on this experience, Lorre enjoyed seeing audiences again. Later AIP announced signing him up to an exclusive four-year 8-picture contract until 1967; however, it barred him from doing anything in a similar vein for any outside company. The next film was *COMEDY OF TERRORS*. And August of '63 Lorre's lawyer protested in court against a former real-estate salesman who was about to legally change his name to "Peter Lorre," with a desire to enter into show business. Angrily, Lorre publicly stated that this "fink" had no right to trade upon his name after the long, hard years he had taken to build it up. At this time Lorre was separated from his third wife and was living alone.

*COMEDY OF TERRORS* was finally released in Jan., 1964; Lorre co-starred with Price, Karloff and Basil Bathbone. AIP felt that with this impressive cast, they would repeat their early success with *THE RAVEN*. Horror trappings

**Bogart about to rough-up Lorre in Warner's 1941 *THE MALTESE FALCON*. Lorre played a perfumed effeminate fop out for buttering up any side who was the stronger and richer.**



were once more solely put together for the purpose of satire and burlesque. Disappointingly inferior to *RAVEN*, this one-gag plot revolved around an undertaker, Trumbull (Price) who "digs up" customers to bury them when rent time comes around. Lorre tried doing his best with the role of the nervous, hesitant assistant, Felix Gillis. Though elaborately mounted with some eerie scenes, it was the least effective of AIP horror parodies since their low-budget days of the Fifties, thus making it all the more tragic that Lorre's last film released during his life wasn't a more fitting entry.

On Tuesday, March 24, 1964, Peter Lorre's housekeeper entered his house to start another day's chores only to discover his dead body. He was fifty-nine. It was revealed that he was suffering from acute high blood pressure for some time. He is survived by two brothers, one of them living in New Jersey, and by his wife and ten year-old daughter Cathy. The film he had completed before his demise was a Jerry Lewis film, *THE PATSY*.

Not many knew that Lorre harbored a deep interest in psychoanalysis, spending much of his spare time helping out patients in mental asylums. Those who knew him well believed that had Lorre failed as an actor, he would have made a great name in the field of psychiatry. Though he played so many strange, unhinged types, his friends knew that he was one of the fairest, nicest and most normal humans one could ever know.

For Peter Lorre, one of the few original Crown Princes of the Macabre, the curtain has rung down for the final time, while we will go on watching him on film, perhaps unable to suppress a tear with his premature death still fresh in our minds. Many from future generations also shall see him returning on TV or theatre screens time and again; before them will be performing an artist who can be truly counted among the few deserving to be called "The Greatest." Meanwhile, the shock of the moment is still fresh in our memories.

An intelligent and highly sensitive man, Lorre once said, "The development of friends is the most important thing in my life. You can buy the services of people, but you can't buy friends."

Perhaps he wasn't fully aware of it, but he was rich in them. His friends shall also go on multiplying as long as the theatres, TV and their counterparts exist . . . perhaps until the end of time.

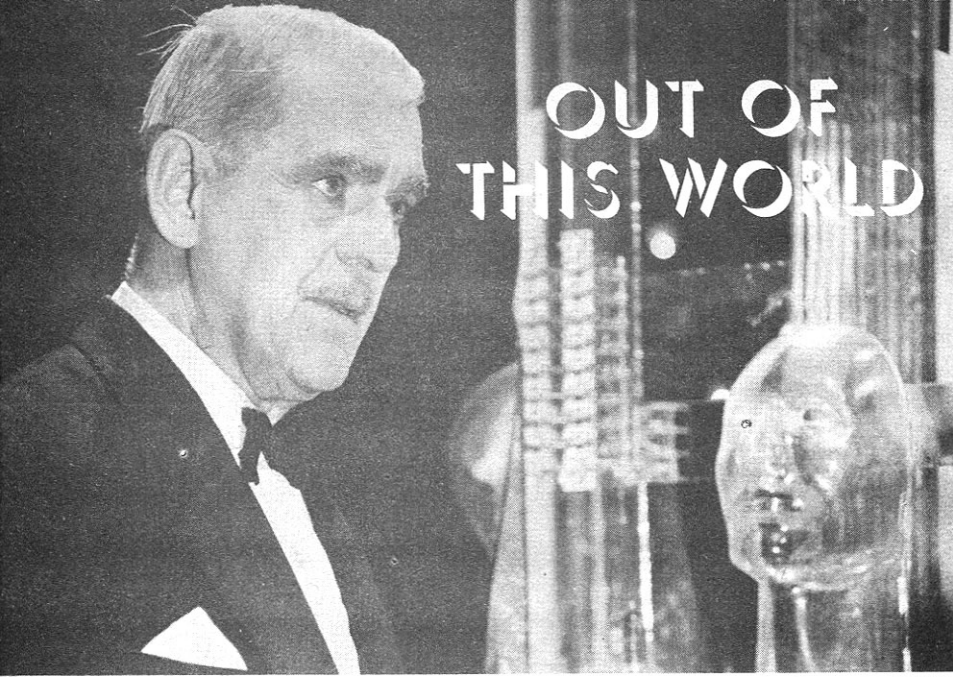
—R. BOJARSKI

#### PETER LORRE FILMOGRAPHY

*M. Nero Film, Berlin, '31.* Fritz Lang—Gustaf Gründgens.  
*DIE 13 KOFFER DES HERRN O. F. (The 13 Trunks of Mr. O. F.) Tobis, Berlin, '31.* Alexis Granovsky, Hedy Kiesler (Lamarr).  
*Granovsky—Hedy Kiesler, (Hedy Lamarr).*  
*BOMBEN UEBER MONTE CARLO (Monte Carlo Madness), '31.* Hanns Schwartz—Anna Sten.  
*RAUSCHGIFT (White Demon). UFO, '32.* Kurt Gestron—Hans Albers.  
*F.P.I. ANTWORDET NICHT (F. P. I. Doesn't Answer)UFA, '32.* Karl Hartl—Hans Albers.  
*SCHUSS IM MORGENGRAUEN (A Shot at Dawn, English release title, Invisible Opponent), Sam Spiegel—'33.*  
*DE HAUT A BAS, Paris, '34.* Paul Lukas.  
*THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH. Gaumont-British, '34.* Alfred Hitchcock—Leslie Banks.  
*MAD LOVE MGM, '35.* Karl Freund—Colin Clive.  
*CRIME AND PUNISHMENT. Columbia, '35.* Josef von Sternberg—Edw. Arnold, Ted Headey, Sara Haden.  
*SECRET AGENT. British-Gaumont, '36.* Alfred Hitchcock—John Gielgud, Madeline Carroll.  
*CRACK-UP. 20th Century-Fox, '36.* Malcom St. Clair—Brian Donlevy, Pat O'Brien.  
*NANCY STEELE IS MISSING. 20th Century-Fox '37.* George Marshall—Victor McLaglen.

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# with Boris Karloff

Last year Boris Karloff had what he calls his first contact with science fiction (as opposed to "Horror" fiction). The occasion was *OUT OF THIS WORLD* — Britain's ABC Television series of hour-long s.f. plays which he hosted.

British audiences are more reserved toward s.f. than their American counterparts for this reason: tv programmers have always been apprehensive about doing anything ambitious in the genre. (The Quatermass series from the BBC was a welcome exception.) So British fans were more than pleased when ABC announced five series of 13 plays adapted from short stories by leading British and American s.f. writers. These included John Wyndham, author of *VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED* (originally *THE MIDWICH CUCKOOS*) and *DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS*, Isaac Asimov; Rog Phillips and Philip K. Dick — adapted by well-known British tv playwrights like Clive Exton and Leo Lehmann. The series was the idea of ABC story editor Irene Shubik and was produced at Teddington Studios with directors like Guy Verney, Richmond Harding, Don Leaver and Peter Hammond.

The shape of things to come was heralded by an adaptation of John Wyndham's famous *DUMB MARTIAN* in ABC *ARMCHAIR THEATRE* with Hilda Schroeber in the title role. At the end Boris appeared to announce the start of *OUT OF THIS WORLD*.

The series began with Leon Griffiths' adaptation of Rog Phillips' *THE YELLOW MILL* — a psychological story set in a psychiatrist's consulting room. It was directed by Jonathan Alwyn with Nigel Stock, Richard Pasco and Peter Dyneley. It was decided that in the 13 week series, only one aspect of s.f. should be shown each week. Thus there was only one robot story, one alien invader, etc.

Other plays included Asimov's *LITTLE LOST ROBOT* from his famous collection, *I, ROBOT* and Philip K. Dick's suspenseful *IMPOSTER*, the story of a man who no longer knows if he is himself or a robot bomb designed to annihilate the Earth.

Each week the programme opened with an introduction by Boris, white-haired and immaculate, standing against a futuresque background philosophising on how little man really knows of the world he lives in.

Production was excellent and settings and costumes were ambitious. There was good acting and direction, and for once adaptation was kept as near to the original as possible. The series came to a close with *THE TYCOONS*, an original teleplay satirizing s.f. by Bruce Stewart. So ended what was probably Britain's best s.f. programme. Let's hope it will be back with Boris once more at the helm.

—MICHEL PARRY



# MONSTERS

**MORGORS** (skeleton men of Jupiter) thirsting for John Carter's blood (Reed Crandall's illustration for **JOHN CARTER OF MARS**).



of  
**EDGAR  
RICE  
BURROUGHS**

# A. LUPOFF by RICHARD



**SAGOTH (hideous apeman of the world under our feet) interrogates the bound David Innes, in Frank Frazetta's version of this scene from AT THE EARTH'S CORE.**

**RICHARD A. LUPOFF**, the author of *MONSTERS OF EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS*, is one of the world's leading authorities on ERB, monsters and the science-fiction field.

Dick spends most of his time as editor-in-chief of Canaveral Press, where one of his major duties is sorting and editing the posthumous papers of Edgar Rice Burroughs. (Canaveral has published several of these manuscripts in exclusive, authorized, hard cover editions, in addition to reprinting many of the scarcest Burroughs novels.) Currently, Dick is polishing a 65,000 word scholarly reference work, *EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS: MASTER OF ADVENTURE*, to be published later this year. While we wait for THAT opus, we offer this CoF EXCLUSIVE to whet your appetite . . .

“ . . . the girl's first intimation that she was not alone came when she raised her eyes to look full into the horrid countenance of a fearsome monster which blocked her path toward camp.

“The sudden shock brought a single involuntary scream from her lips. And who can wonder! The thing thrust so unexpectedly before her eyes was hideous in the extreme. A great mountain of deformed flesh clothed in dirty, white cotton pajamas! His face was of the ashen hue of a fresh corpse, while the white hair and pink eyes denoted the absence of pigment; a characteristic of Albinos.

“One eye was fully twice the diameter of the other, and an inch above the horizontal plans of its tiny mate. The nose was but a gaping orifice above a deformed and twisted mouth. The thing was chinless, and its small, foreheadless head surmounted its colossal body like a cannon ball on a hill top. One arm was at least twelve inches longer than its mate, which was itself long in proportion to the torso, while the legs, similarly mated and terminating in huge, flat feet that protruded laterally, caused the thing to lurch fearfully from side to side as it lumbered toward the girl.

“A sudden grimace lighted the frightful face as the grotesque eyes fell upon this new creature . . .”

These words vividly describing the hideous creation of a mad scientist's blasphemous ambition — who wrote them? Could they be the product of Mary W. Shelley, authoress of the great-

est “monster book” of them all, FRANK-ENSTEIN? Could they have been penned by Bram Stoker, who chilled the world with DRACULA? Or would you guess the author to be H. P. Lovecraft, Clark Ashton Smith, Robert Bloch . . . or perhaps J. Sheridan le Fanu, or Charles Maturin?

Any of those would be a good try, if you were guessing, but none of them is right, for the horrid words quoted above appear on page 33 and 34 of *THE MONSTER MEN* by Edgar Rice Burroughs. That's right — Edgar Rice Burroughs, the man who is known to the world as the creator of Tarzan of the Apes.

Millions of fans thrill to the adventures of the Lord of the Jungle, whether they see them in the new films of Jock Mahoney, or the classic screen treatments featuring Johnny Weissmuller, Buster Crabb, Glen Morris, Lex Barker, or any other of the baker's dozen Hollywood stars who have portrayed Tarzan since Elmo Lincoln first appeared in a silent Tarzan film almost fifty years ago.

Of course Tarzan was not invented as a movie hero — the films have all been adaptations, more or less faithful, of the ingenious novels of Edgar Rice Burroughs, whose first Tarzan book appeared in 1914, and whose latest, *TARZAN AND THE MADMAN*, is making its first appearance right now, in the spring of 1964 — on the Golden Anniversary of the first book of Tarzan.

Not as famous as the Tarzan stories (which have been spread, aside from

Continued on Page 28

their book form, in magazines, comic strips, comic books, bubble gum cards, radio shows, phonograph records, and just about every other medium there is!), are Edgar Rice Burroughs' other works. Fewer than half of his books are about Tarzan; the rest range from science-fiction to westerns to romances to mysteries . . . to *monsters!*

THE MONSTER MEN is itself a wonderful story, involving a scientist who seeks, like the original Dr. Frankenstein, to create artificial human life. Instead of the famous operating table of Dr. Frankenstein, Burroughs' scientist, Dr. Maxon, has a series of chemical vats. Assisted by the wicked von Horn, Dr. Maxon produces one experiment after another, thirteen in all. Each is another attempt to create a perfect human being. The description at the beginning of this article is the author's word picture of Experiment Number One. And when Number One "lurch(ed) fearfully from side to side as it lumbered toward the girl," that girl was none other than Professor Maxon's beautiful daughter Virginia.

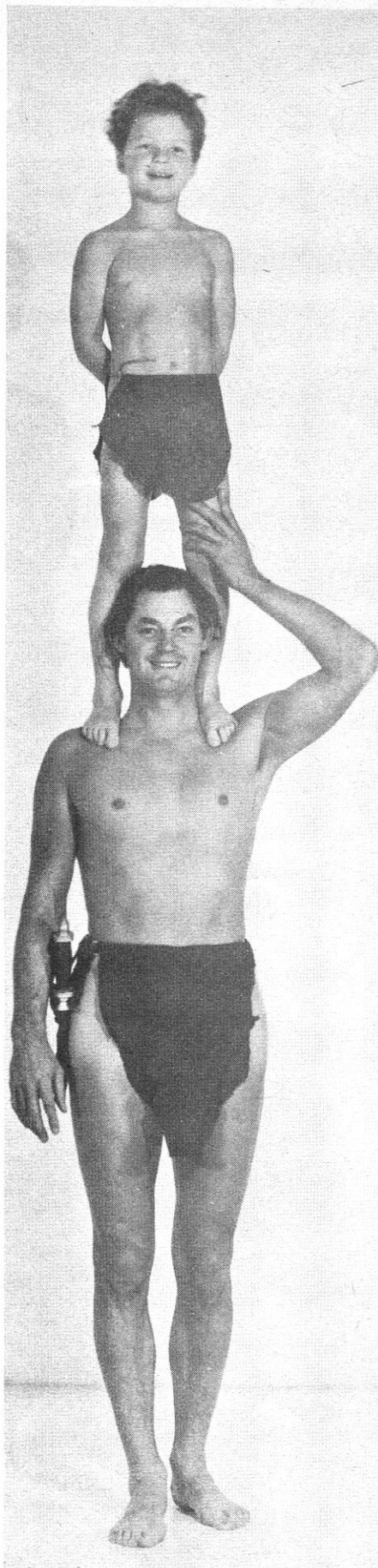
The setting of the professor's laboratory in THE MONSTER MEN is far from the Transylvanian castles of FRANKENSTEIN and DRACULA. Instead, Professor Maxon's laboratory is located within a walled compound on a jungle isle, far in the Pacific. The hero of the story is Experiment Number Thirteen, who has two identities in addition to his laboratory number. One is that of Bulan, in which role he swings through the tropical jungle in finest Tarzan fashion.

The other is . . . a surprise, and I won't be the one to give it away if I can help it.

Burroughs used the Frankenstein theme and the monster theme in general in many of his science-fiction and adventure story novels.

In THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT, on a lost continent located near the Antarctic Ocean, Burroughs provides a complete range of monsters — dinosaurs, pterodactyls, and, most fascinating of all, the terrifying Wieroos. The Wieroos are hideous, man-like creatures equipped with leathery, reptilian wings; they live in a city built entirely of *human skulls* . . . the awful relics of their countless victims. Here is Burroughs' description of these dismal monsters, as seen from the viewpoint of the hero of the story, Bradley, who at the moment is a prisoner of the Wieroos in the City of Human Skulls:

"As we sat gazing at them, one of the two awoke, separated his wings to release his arms that had been folded across his breast, placed his hands upon the floor, dropped his feet and stood erect. For a moment he stretched his great wings slowly, solemnly blinking his large, round eyes. Then his gaze fell up-



Famed Burroughs cinema heroes, Johnny Weismuller and Johnny Sheffield.

on Bradley. The thin lips drew back tightly against yellow teeth in a grimace that was nothing but hideous. It could not have been termed a smile, and what emotion it registered the Englishman was at a loss to guess. No expression whatever altered the steady gaze of those large, round eyes; there was no color upon the pasty, sunken cheeks. A death's head grimaced as though a man long dead raised his parchment-covered skull from an old grave.

"The creature stood about the height of an average man but appeared much taller from the fact that the joints of his long wings rose fully a foot above his hairless head. The bare arms were long and sinewy, ending in strong, bony hands with claw-like fingers — almost talonlike in their suggestiveness. The white robe was separated in front, revealing skinny legs and the further fact that the thing wore but a single garment, which was of fine woven cloth. From crown to sole the portions of the body exposed were entirely hairless, and as he noted this, Bradley also noted for the first time the cause of much of the seeming expressionlessness of the creature's countenance — it had neither eyebrows nor lashes. The ears were small and rested flat against the skull, which was noticeably round, though the face was quite flat . . ."

The Wieroos are of course just one small aspect of the fantastic array of imaginative creatures populating the territory of Caspak in this Burroughs novel, but we must skip over the rest if we are to get to Edgar Burroughs' other monsters in the space allotted to us.

There are, for instance, the denizens of the lost world of Pellucidar, featured in a series of *seven* novels by ERB. These books (AT THE EARTH'S CORE, PELLUCIDAR, TANAR OF PELLUCIDAR, TARZAN AT THE EARTH'S CORE, BACK TO THE STONE AGE, LAND OF TERROR, and SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR) take place in a land located *inside the Earth itself!*

The series opens with two scientists, the young David Innes and his companion, Abner Perry, burrowing into the earth in a new invention of Perry's the Iron Mole, a device intended to be used in prospecting for mineral deposits.

Instead, of all things, David and Abner Perry discover a whole lost world, located 500 miles beneath the crust of the Earth, lighted by a miniature sun and inhabited by humans, beasts both primitive and modern, and monstrous races of intelligent beings never known on the outer world.

There are, for instance, the Mahars, a race of giant, intelligent reptiles, winged as are pterodactyls, hideous, gloomy creatures that delight in eating humans. Or the Thipdars, the true, giant pteranodons of Pellucidar, who feed people to their young.

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**PEW MOGEL**, the mad synthetic monster, confronts John Carter, the Warlord of Mars, in this beautiful Reed Crandall illo from **JOHN CARTER OF MARS**; the terrible Green Man Tar Tarkas watches helplessly as the Great White Ape moves past Deja Thoris. The story, first published as **GIANT OF MARS** in *Amazing Stories* under the Burroughs byline, is suspected by some authorities to actually have been written by the author of the John Carter newspaper strip.



# ERB'S

## FRANKENSTEIN

In Burroughs' classic "FRANKENSTEIN" type novel, **THE MONSTER MEN**, Prof. Maxon—in his jungle laboratory in the wilds of Borneo — creates thirteen artificial beings while searching for the secret of human perfection. The unfortunate first experiment, Number One (top left) develops into a hideous freak. The next eleven are progressively closer to human form, but still a long way from perfection. Then, out of the



equipment designed for the construction of the thirteenth experiment, steps a handsome blond being of perfect proportions (to right). Is Number Thirteen, as he is called, really the perfect being he seems to be, or is he too, inside, of the same mold as the outwardly deformed "experiments"? Number One manages to abduct the professor's daughter, and carries her into the jungle, while Number Thirteen battles his way through the hordes of Borneo natives to rescue her.

Two artists illustrating the same scene from the novel **GODS OF MARS** point up the fact that a Burroughs Martian novel is one of the most demanding tasks of any illustrator's career. Not only are they filled with a multitude of exactly described creatures, but the descriptions are spread out over eleven novels; so that in order to illustrate any one of them accurately, the artist must carefully study all eleven books! Larry Ivie's illustration, to the right, is a highly accurate depiction of the corpse-scavenging Plant Men and the Great White Apes attacking the valiant Green Man Tarks and John Carter of Earth. To the left, Reed Crandall — considered one of the finest illustrators for comic books before he left the field — has produced a beautifully rendered, but inaccurate drawing. (Martian animals — according to Burroughs — do not have nails or claws; Green Men do not wear headgear; Martian "Apes" are smooth-skinned, not hairy; the intermediary limbs of the Green Men are not located directly under the upper arms, but closer to the waist; the eyes, not the ears, of the Green Men are at the sides of the head; Martian Plant men have relatively short arms, and wormlike blackhair.)



**THIPDARS and a monster Cave Tiger, about to wreak havoc on Dian the Beautiful and David Innes, as drawn by Frank Frazetta for PELLUCIDAR.**



Even Burroughs' famous hero, Tarzan, is menaced from all sides by a variety of monster men and beasts as he strides boldly into the lost city of Opar (facing page, top) in a scene from **THE RETURN OF TARZAN**. Tarzan filmonsters have never reached the high peak of imagination found in other Burroughs adventures. Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan (now a Today show regular) and Sheffield confront the king of beasts (facing page, bottom), not much of a monster compared to the hideous River Lizard (below) that Tan Hadron throws his sword at with a last burst of strength (drawn by Reed Crandall for **A FIGHTING MAN OF MARS**).



Or the Horibs, the slimy lizard-men who keep their prisoners in filthy subterranean caves where the fetid atmosphere of captured air bubbles is all that they have to breathe while being fattened for the slaughter and feast.

Burroughs was a great one for dinosaurs and other horrors. His famous Venus series (*PIRATES OF VENUS*, *LOST ON VENUS*, *CARSON OF VENUS*, *ESCAPE ON VENUS*, and the novelette *The Wizard of Venus* in his book *TALES OF THREE PLANETS*) abound with beasts. These books tell the story of the adventurous Carson Napier, whose ill-fated space flight, intended to bring him to Mars, goes wrong and nearly plunges him to flaming death in the Sun.

Instead, he manages to crash-land on the planet Venus, where, in his adventures, he encounters such strange creatures as these:

**The Klangan:** Another race of winged, man-like creatures. Unlike the Wierods of *THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT*, and the Mahars of the *Pellucidar* series, the Klangan are birdlike, rather than reptilian.

**The Basto:** A hideous creature of Venus, with horns, fangs, and a vicious temperament. And Bastos grow as large as 1200 pounds! Watch out for Bastos!

**The Brokols:** A strange people of Venus who produce seeds instead of having babies! The seeds are planted, and grow into trees, upon which grow the new generation of — Brokols!

**The Gantor:** A Venesian beast resembling an elephant — but so huge that an elephant would be dwarfed beside one.

**The Kazars:** A sort of combination bird-of-prey and hunting dog; much smaller than a Basto, but just as nasty. I wouldn't want to meet either!

**The Kloonobargan:** "Venesian cave-men" is about the best way to describe these fellows — hairy, stupid, but they make good soldiers!

**The Mistal:** A Venesian rat — but as big as a house cat!

**The Myposans:** These are the best (or worst) of all — fish-men whose young are actually little fish raised in ponds by slaves. As they grow up they change into man-like creatures, but they always keep their pop-eyes, their webbed fingers and toes — and their gills!

**The Rotik:** A Venesian sea-monster, 1000 feet long, with a huge mouth and an eye on a stalk fifteen feet long, that it can use like the periscope of a submarine.

**The Targo:** The giant, eight-legged Venesian spider — nearly as large as a man, and its bite causes instant and complete paralysis! Whoosh!

. . . And there is *Tharban* and the *Tongzan* and the hideous *Vere*; the intelligent, amoeba-like *Vooyorgans* and the *Zorat* and the cannibalistic *Zangans*, and the huge *Zaldar* and the smaller *Neozaldar* . . .

And all in all, Burroughs' Venus series is about as full of monsters and strange beasts and stranger people as the most hardened fan could wish.

And of course there's Burroughs' Mars series. Here again are monsters of many sorts, and daring heroes leading mar-



velous adventures galore! Here are a few of the titles: A FIGHTING MAN OF MARS (with more giant spiders, and a mad king who delights in tortures!), and THE GODS OF MARS (with cannibalistic man-plant-beasts, and an underground kingdom where an ancient religion is continued in secret), or such stories as *The Giant of Mars* or *Skeleton Men of Jupiter*, both of which are included in the book JOHN CARTER OF MARS.

The *Giant of Mars* is another Frankenstein-like creature, while the *Skeleton Men* are terrifying creatures whose very bones are visible through their thin, transparent flesh!

Oh, Burroughs' procession of monsters is endless — consider the *Vargas* of THE MOON MEN, or the *Kalkars* of the same book; or the terrible primitive men of THE CAVE GIRL (which might better be called THE CAVE MAN, if the truth be told!) or any one of a dozen others.

The world may know Edgar Rice Burroughs best for his creation of Tarzan — but millions of enthusiastic readers of science-fiction adventures, especially those who love their creatures on the unusual side, are devoted followers of ERB in this second, completely different field.

—RICHARD A. LUPOFF



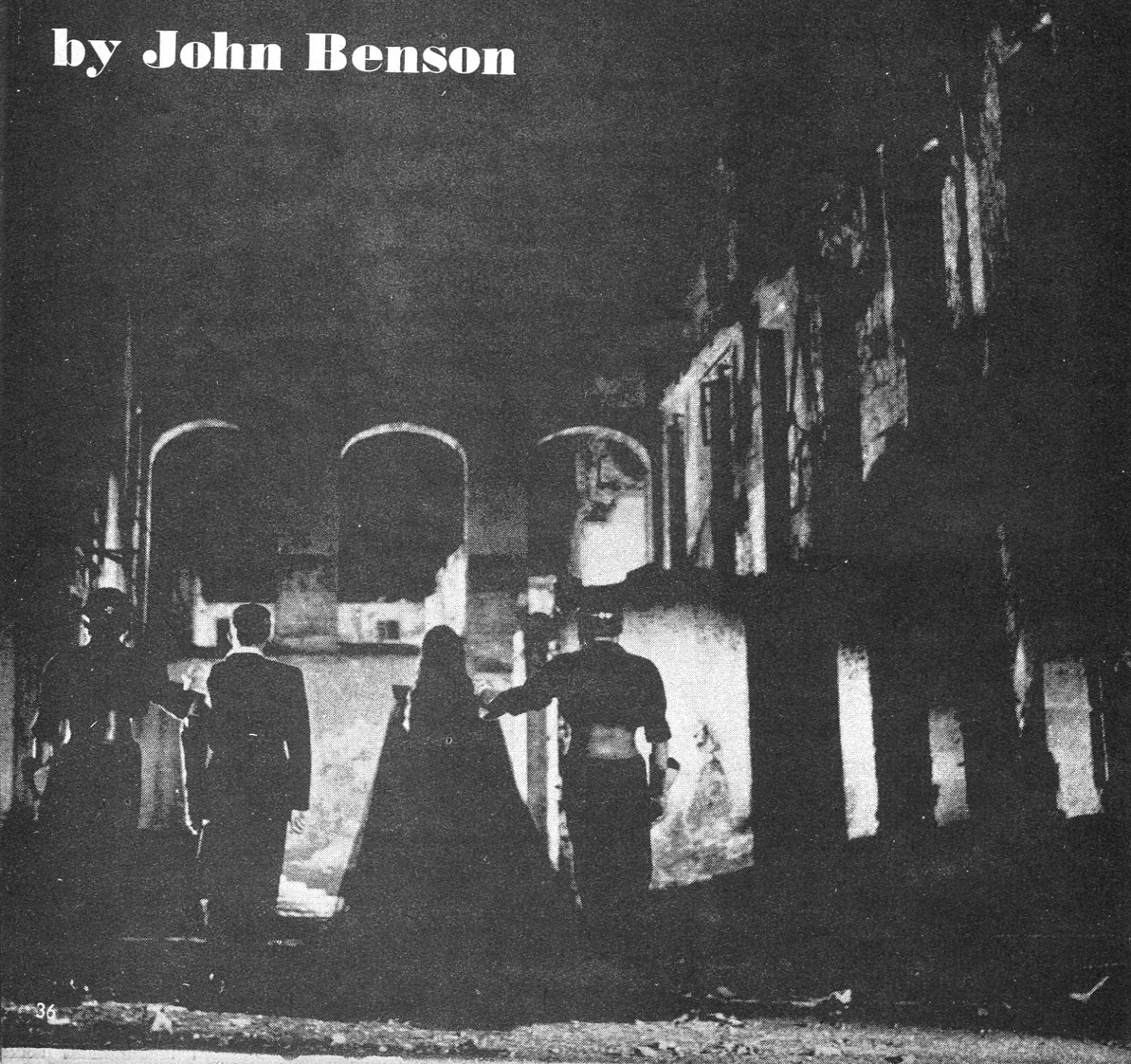


In lieu of our continuing Lon Chaney, Jr. article — squeezed out by the untimely death of Peter Lore — we offer this eerie scene of Lon and Lugosi from **THE GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN**.

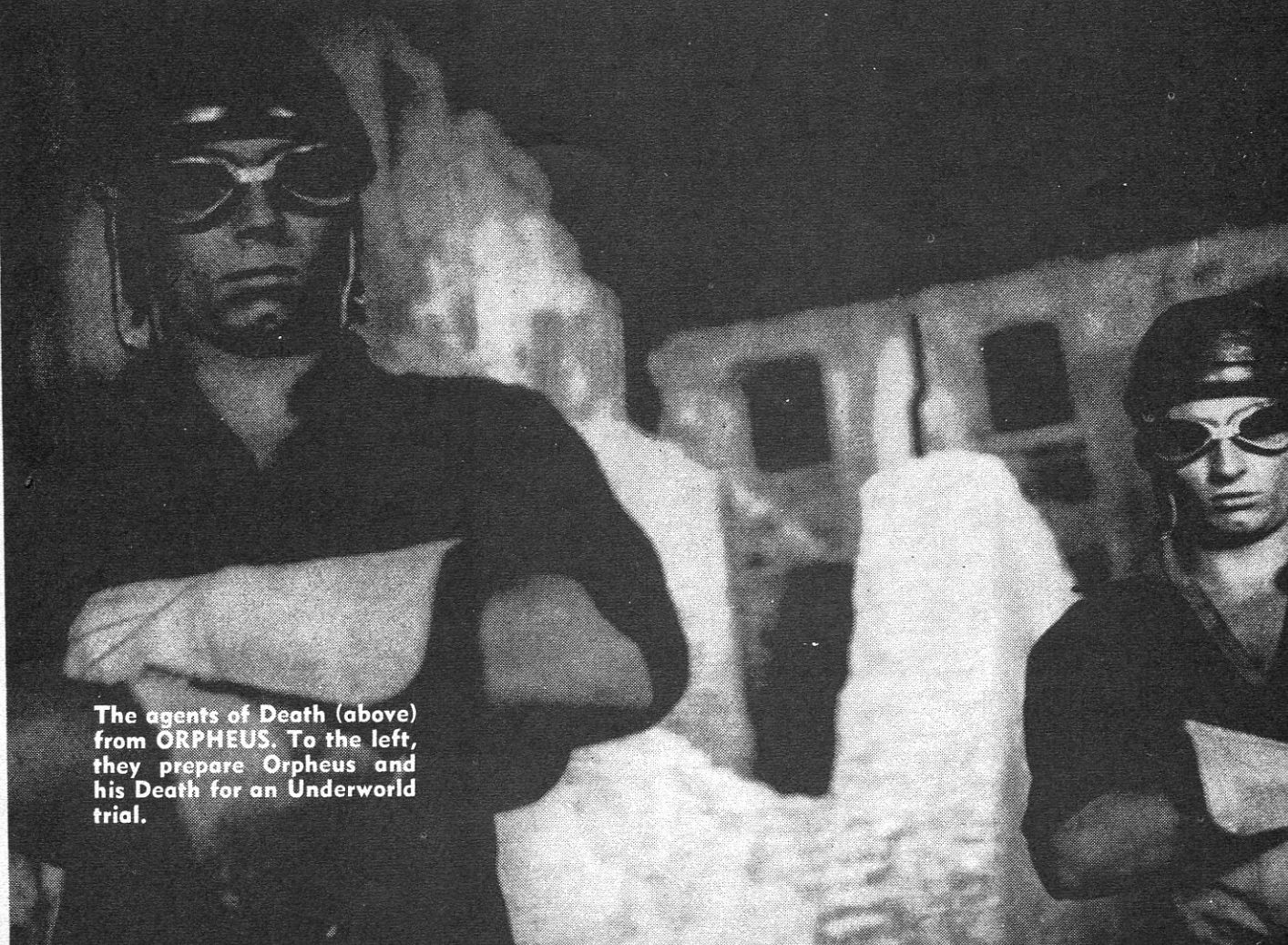


*the Testament of  
Jean Cocteau  
(1889-1963)*

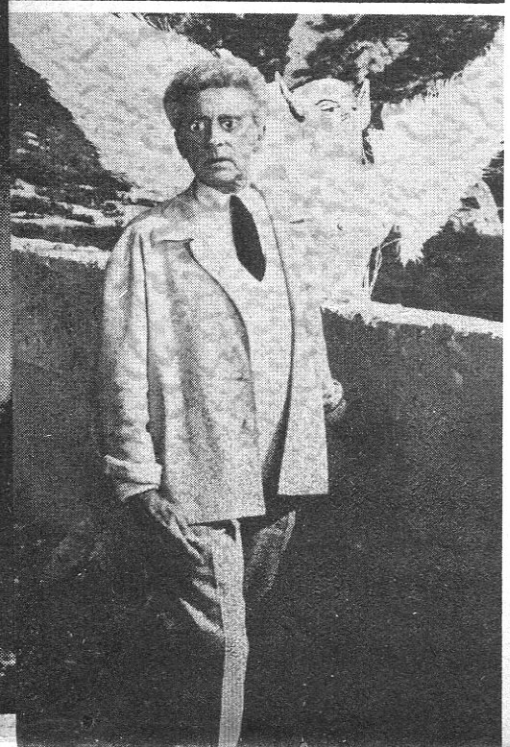
**by John Benson**



**Several years ago Jean Cocteau's ORPHEUS was playing in a Baltimore theatre when a fire broke out in a trash barrel near the screen; immediately the whole auditorium was bathed in light as flames shot up several feet. An usher ran down the aisle and rattled the can across the**



**The agents of Death (above) from ORPHEUS. To the left, they prepare Orpheus and his Death for an Underworld trial.**



cement floor to the exit. Meanwhile a phone call had brought an automatic three-alarm because of theatrical fire laws, and engine sirens descended upon the theatre; full dress firemen with axes clumped up and down the aisles. Yet out of an audience of nearly 200 people only four left their seats, and these continued to watch the screen from the rear of the theatre! Some people who spoke to the manager after the show were not even aware that there had been a fire or a disturbance! Such is the artistic power of Cocteau!

October 10, 1963 marked the death of "the master of fantasy," as film critic Pauline Kael has described Jean Cocteau. Though equally at home in reflecting his peculiar vision of reality in all of the arts, it is in his films that Cocteau most powerfully recreated his world, which he himself once described as being "inhabited by delightfully ambiguous monsters."

Cocteau was born on July 5, 1889 and spent his young manhood in Paris as part of a literary circle that included Edmund (Cyrano de Bergerac) Rostand and Marcel Proust. During this time he was influenced greatly by his meetings with Picasso.

As a boy, Cocteau read and collected the works of Jules Verne and studied the work of Robert Houdin, the great French magician from whom Harry Houdini took his name. He speaks of "devouring" *The Picture of Dorian Gray* at the age of sixteen.

When Cocteau made his first important film, *BLOOD OF A POET*, in 1931, he was already an important figure as a writer and an artist. Although he had made *JEAN COCTEAU MAKES A FILM* several years previously, all prints have become lost.

**To the left is Jean Cocteau himself as he appears in a scene from THE TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS (also above right). Top left and center are eerie sequences from the early BLOOD OF A POET. On the facing page Beast carries the fainting Beauty through halls lit by human candlebras.**

*BLOOD OF A POET* was financed by Vicomte de Noailles, who also helped the career of Luis Bunuel, whose earlier *UN CHIEN ANDALOU*, still a classic, shocked the world with its opening shot of a woman's eyeball being slashed by a razor. De Noailles had asked Cocteau for an animated cartoon, but it was soon found that animation required a staff and equipment then unknown in France.

Cocteau says that *BLOOD OF A POET* is "a way of using dreams without sleeping" and denies the label "surrealistic" that critics have attached to the film.

*The New York Times* described the "pictures that lash the senses with strange images and stimulate responses such as you never get from ordinary films" that made up the four parts of the film: 1) "The Wounded Hand"; 2) "Do Walls Have Ears?"; 3) "The Battle of the Snowballs"; 4) "The Profanation of the Host." In the opening sequence a sculptor puts his hand to the lips of the statue he has just completed; to his horror he finds that its mouth is transferred to his palm and his hand seems to speak to him. The statue comes to life.

The artist stands before a full length mirror that has been seen hanging on the wall throughout the scene, and suddenly in a most fantastic piece of special effects, he falls forward into it and is swallowed up into what appears to be a vertical wall of liquid.

In "Do Walls Have Ears?", the artist inspects a series of mysterious rooms along a hallway. In one room he finds a small girl crawling across the ceiling and crouching in the room's upper corners to escape an unknown attacker. In the last sequence of the film the artist encounters a strange half-human character sprawled across a sofa, holding a sign "Danger, Death."

In 1942 Cocteau wrote the dialogue for and played in *LE BARON FANTOME*, an atmospheric film which sported a ruined castle complete with dungeons surrounded by moonlit forests. The following year he wrote the screenplay for *THE ETERNAL RETURN*, a moody adaptation of the Tristan and Isolde legend, another film with the traditional sets and costuming of the period fantasy film, which included a dwarf in the cast.

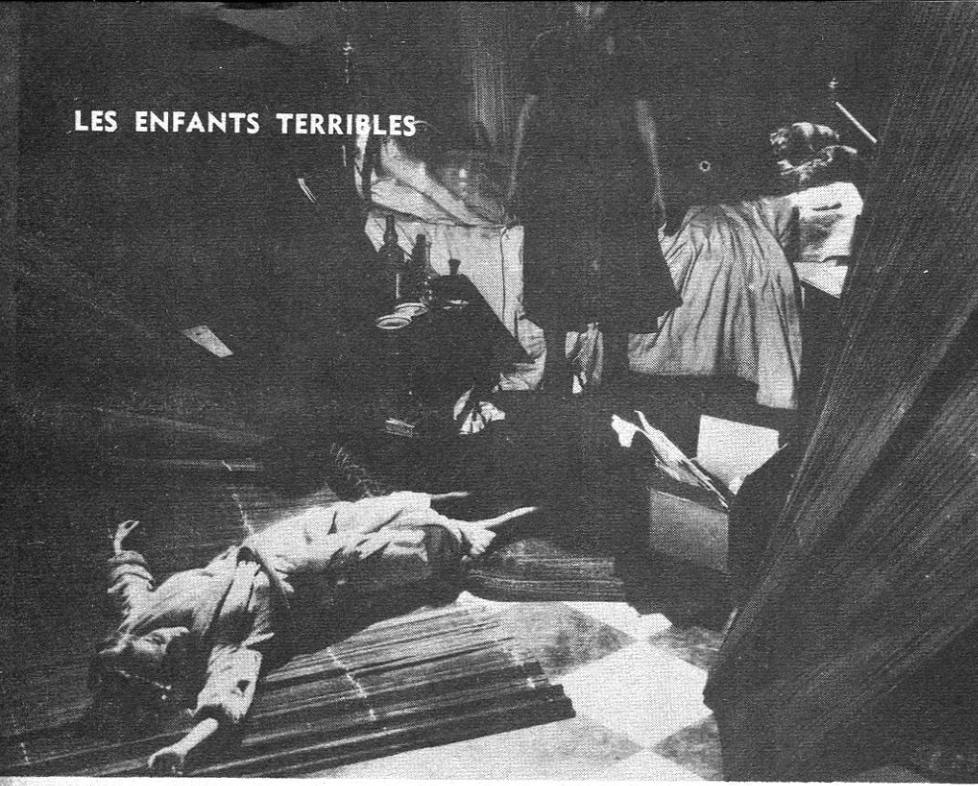
In 1946, Cocteau directed and wrote the screenplay and dialogue for *BEAUTY AND THE BEAST*, adapted from Mme. LePrince de Beaumont's classic fairy tale, called "a sensuously fascinating film" by the *New York Times*, and a "brilliant example of what cameras can do with a poet in charge" by *Newsweek*. Combining horror with the exquisite, Jean Marais played Beast, with hairy face and princely costume. Josette Day played Beauty, with a princesslike simplicity.

When Beauty's father comes upon Beast's castle on a stormy night, he is led through the castle halls by human arms that grow from the walls and hold candlebras to an ornate dining room where faces carved in wood on an elaborate fireplace move their eyes and peer from the gloom. Hands growing from the center of the fully-spread table serve his dinner, and after eating he falls asleep. The next morning, as he prepares to leave the mysterious castle, he picks a rose for his daughter Beauty; suddenly Beast appears and demands death for the theft of his rose. Beast gives one condition; that one of his daughters can die in his place.

When her father returns home, Beauty's sisters blame him for picking the rose, but she returns to Beast's castle



## LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES



THE TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS



THE BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

to take his place. There she leads a solitary life; she sees Beast only once a day at dinner. One night Beauty finds Beast walking through the castle, his clothes torn and his whole body smoking, the goodness and evil of his soul fighting within him.

Finally Beauty asks permission to leave for one week to visit her dying father, and Beast assents, though he tells her that if she does not return, he will die of sadness.

Once she is home on her farm, Beauty's sisters persuade her to stay; secretly they plot how to steal from Beauty the key to Beast's treasure that he had given her. However, the dying Beast sends a magic mirror by his pure white horse, and through it Beauty sees him in the throes of death. Moved by the sight, Beauty spirits herself back with Beast's magical paraphernalia. Just as Beast is taking his last breaths, he is miraculously transformed into a handsome prince, and they are both lifted into the sky to disappear into the clouds.

Cocteau (who says that "Wonderland has little use for vagueness; mystery exists only in precise things") has provided a wealth of Dore-like detail that could only be provided by actual location shooting in the old frame houses and chateaux that still existed in the French countryside. Henri Alekan's remarkable photography augments the atmosphere of unreality.

When the film first opened, it was considered too sophisticated for children, and too simple in its telling for adults. History has vindicated Cocteau, for *BEAUTY AND THE BEAST* is now considered one of the classics of the fantasy screen.

In 1950, Cocteau wrote the dialogue, adaptation and narration for *LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES* from his novel. His own voice narrates this strange tale of the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister who, through voluntary isolation from the normal world, have not lost the dark memories and visions of childhood. The world they create for themselves "verges upon myth" says the narration, and includes "the game", by which the two submerge themselves into an eerie inner fantasy world to which the audience is not admitted, and a "treasure", a collection of useless knickknacks and stolen objects endowed with secret significance by the pair, which eventually includes a rare horrible-looking poison which becomes the catalyst that brings the inevitable conclusion of death. *Time* called it "a baroque, grotesque, always fascinating excursion into a dark-bright dream world . . . a swelling Vivaldi-Bach concerto score shores up the fragmented melodramatics of this brilliantly macabre Cocteau party."

Starring Nicole Stéphane and Edouard Dermithé as the brother and sister Paul and Elizabeth, and Renee Cosima in a dual role, the film was directed and produced by Jean-Pierre Melville (whose recent *MAGNET OF DOOM* thrilled audiences at the New York Film Festival). The snowball fight between schoolboys in the shadows of dusk among the gothic buildings of Paris parallels the snowball sequence in *BLOOD OF A POET*.

Cocteau supervised *LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES* closely, and it is a film of which he was particularly fond; but that same year he was making *ORPHEUS*, which is probably why he didn't direct *LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES* himself. *ORPHEUS* is his most famous and criti-



cally accepted film, a classic of motion picture fantasy.

Cocteau's cinematic version of the Greek legend opens in a cafe, the hang-out of unsuccessful poets and artists who are envious of the famous poet Orpheus (Jean Marais) who has come to talk with an older poet-laureate. While they talk, an argument develops in the cafe, and in the scuffle that follows a tipsy young poet (Edward Dermithe) walks into the path of two speeding motorcyclists. The woman who had accompanied the young poet beckons to Orpheus and he aids her and the chauffeur in carrying the youth to her limousine; she insists that Orpheus accompany them.

And at that moment Orpheus departs from reality to enter a supernatural world, for the woman he is traveling with is his Death! They travel through eerie negative landscapes reminiscent of NOSFERATU.

Finally they stop at a large ramshackle mansion standing in an open desert. Inside are the cyclists who had run down the tipsy poet. Death brings the young man to life again (actually he is still dead — he now only has life as a spirit, or ghost). Orpheus discovers that mirrors are the entrance to the Underworld (again Cocteau uses mirrors for uncanny effect), as the Death-woman and her new servant disappear through one.

Orpheus is taken back to the real world by the chauffeur, where he finds his wife Eurydice frantic with worry. Her uneasiness increases when Orpheus spends all his time listening to the radio of the chauffeur's unearthly car, which emits strange cryptic messages that Orpheus feels are great poetry.

The Death-woman returns and takes the life of Eurydice. Orpheus persuades the chauffeur to lead him after them, and is given a pair of gloves that enable him to walk through the mirror. Orpheus touches the mirror — and his hand sinks into it! For this one shot Cocteau used a vat of purified mercury, which took considerable time and expense.

Once through the mirror, Orpheus enters an Underworld of darkened ruins where lost figures wander. In sets akin to those in Orson Welles' THE TRIAL, an incredible trial takes place in which both the Death-woman and her chauffeur are condemned for disobeying the powers above; they must suffer an unspeakable punishment. Orpheus and Eurydice are permitted to return to the World, but Orpheus is forbidden ever to look at his wife.

Orpheus finds such a limitation difficult, and Eurydice is soon killed when he accidentally glimpses her reflection in a mirror. He rushes out into the yard and finds an angry group of poets forming; he too is accidentally killed when a gun is dropped.

His death and her chauffeur, at great risk of further reprisals, decide, through incantations, to reverse time and to give Orpheus and Eurydice a life together with supernatural interference. Through an eerie and uncanny sequence in which portions of the film are shown backwards this is brought about, and Orpheus and Eurydice find themselves together and alive in the real World, their whole fantastic experiences having been erased from time.

Jean Cocteau's last film was made three years before his death. He wrote, directed and starred in the film: Edward Dermithe, Jean-Pierre Leaud, Daniel Gelin, Lucia Bose, Jean Marais, and

(Continued on Page 48)



BLOOD OF A POET



THE BEAUTY AND THE BEAST



# Oldies but Goodies

You Didn't Axe For It (neither did Joan Crawford in **STRAIT-JACKET**), but it was generally agreed upon by The Alliance For Better Horror Films that CoF should show some rare scenes from a few of the Great Ones now and then in a special section such as this. So over in the upper left corner is what The Great Profile, John Barrymore, looked like in **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE** (Paramount, 1920). Below, Bela Lugosi was experimenting raising monster bats in **THE DEVIL BAT** (PRC, 1941). On the next page is a still from a scene that has been censored from **FRANKENSTEIN** (1932). Here, Boris Karloff, the Monster, has just drowned a little girl.







Another scene from Par.'s 1920 **JEKYLL & HYDE**, with Barrymore on the rather snide Hyde side in the middle of a rather unfriendly crowd. They're about to stop him from selling Ugly Pills to kids in the neighborhood.



The immortal Lugosi in a scene from his greatest film, **DRACULA** (Universal, 1931). He seems to be saying, "Being a professional vampire doesn't necessarily mean living forever . . . it's just sleeping in these confounded coffins that makes it seem that way." And Bela very easily could have said it, for he had a tremendous sense of humor as all his friends knew.

**END**

# FRANKENSTEIN

Goes Underwater and Meets . . .

## THE INCREDIBLE MR. LUBIN

**L**afka's puzzled hero metamorphosed into a caterpillar. Larry Talbot grew hair when the moon waxed full. And Henry Limpet — a very average fellow in every other respect — falls off a Brooklyn pier one day and finds himself transformed into a talking fish. To properly herald this unprecedented maritime phenomenon — as chronicled in the new Warner Brothers Technicolor fantasy, "*The Incredible Mr. Limpet*" — several plane loads of newspaper and magazine editors were flown to Weeki Wachee Springs ("The Spring of the Live Mermaids") in Florida for a special submerged screening of the film — "the world's first underwater premiere." Among the journalists were newspapermen from New York, Chicago, Toronto, San Francisco, London and even Sidney, Australia — as well as a special representative from *Castle of Frankenstein*. Along to check out the fantasy elements in a film with a decided lycanthropy theme, not to mention three days of soaking up the glorious Florida sunshine, your reporter had an added dividend: an interview with the director of the film, Arthur Lubin — who not only is one of Hollywood's outstanding directors of comedies with a fantastic flair and comedies that mix laughter with terror, but also is responsible for the Claude Rains version of *The Phantom of the Opera*.

"I directed many of the Abbott and Costello pictures," Lubin reminisced. "And nearly all of Maria Montez's films," he added, with a laugh. And indeed he had — for, during the heyday of Universal in the thirties and forties, he was one of Hollywood's most active craftsmen — and still is today. For the last three years he has directed the *Mr. Ed* television series, and played a major part in the creation of that phenomenally successful talking horse. He had just come to Florida after directing Mae West in a *Mr. Ed* episode — Miss West being an old personal friend. "She is really a fantastic woman. She hardly looks half her actual age. And she has a way with her lines — the most innocent, harmless line — that knocks out everybody on the set.



She's a genuine trouper, a really first-class performer with guts and class and staying power." He settled back in his chair, chatting fondly about Miss West, whom he someday hopes to star in a TV series of her own, tentatively called *Mae West, Private Detective*. If he ever gets the time because *Mr. Ed* shows every sign of going on forever.

It's a measure of success in every way deserved by this distinguished director, relaxing opposite me in the Florida sunshine, the day before the gala premiere of *The Incredible Mr. Limpet*. All around us were the elements of fantasy and adventure — the lush tropical vegetation, the incredible submarine world of the many hot springs nearby, the colorful gables that border the Gulf of Mexico. And the many legends of ghostly Seminoles who haunt this section of Florida, where much Indian blood was spilled in earlier days. Lubin was alert

to all of this, an active hearty man in his mid-fifties, with steel-gray hair, quick eyes and an unflagging curiosity. And he's a good talker. (Pressed into serving as master of ceremonies of the post-premiere gala party, he milked more laughter from the hardened newspapermen present than even another of the guests, Arthur Godfrey.) Our conversation ranged across some thirty years of Hollywood history, from Universal and some of the other directors in that studio's stable — particularly Robert Siodmak, the great master of terror — to *Mr. Limpet*, of whom Lubin is justifiably proud.

It was only natural that Arthur Lubin was to direct *The Incredible Mr. Limpet* — what could be more logical than to have the man who held the reins for most of the *Francis, the Talking Mule* picture and the TV series about a talking horse direct a film about a talking fish? As in most of Lubin's comedy films, *Limpet* mixes a generous portion of laughter with solid chunks of terror and mystery. In this case it is submarine warfare *Limpet* is set in the dangerous days of World War II, and when mild-mannered book-keeper Henry Limpet (played by Don Knotts), after being rejected as physically unfit by the armed forces, suddenly discovers himself transformed into a fish, he volunteers his services to the Navy: — and becomes their "secret weapon," driving Nazi U-boats out of Atlantic waters. It's a charming, good-natured film, blending animation sequences with live-action (all the *Limpet*-into-fish scenes are animated), that rare type of film these days which will delight every member of the family. But its basic formula, that blending of comedy and terror which is Lubin's stock-in-trade, has been used by him often before. Remember Abbott and Costello in *Hold That Ghost*? The haunted roadhouse to which Bud and Lou come on a stormy night . . . the strange shapes and sounds awaiting them inside. Nearly all of the films he did for the comedy pair contained at least one "spook sequence" — like Lou Cos-



Famed sf-fantasy author Theodore Pratt (extreme right), author of the novel on which the film was based, and Arthur Lubin (left) eat coconuts with the film's co-stars, Jack Weston and Andrew Duggan.



tello's hair-raising journey through a funhouse in *Keep 'Em Flying*, almost a classic example of the genre — which was an expert mating of gooseflesh and laughter.

In Hollywood you become categorized very quickly. You direct a hit comedy, and you are heralded immediately as a "comedy director" and find yourself doing nothing else. Not Arthur Lubin, though. His work is extremely varied. "I directed some of John Wayne's first pictures . . . just after I got out of college and started at Universal, and long before John became box-office," he recalled to me. This was when John Wayne was doing outdoor adventures for Universal and serials for Mascot, in the years before John Ford's *Stagecoach* made him a star. This was, for Arthur Lubin, the year 1935 — and he has been working steadily at his profession ever since. Besides the Francis and the Abbott and Costello films, he has done mysteries like *Footsteps in the Fog*, elaborate desert fantasies like *White Savage* and *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*, and such non-desert fantasies as *It Grows On Trees* — about the family that finds a money-tree blooming in their back yard. But perhaps his single most important film was *The Phantom of the Opera*. And it is some indication of his skill that Universal chose him to direct this, their most ambitious motion picture of the early 1940's.

### LUBIN'S PHANTOM

Universal's 1943 production of *The Phantom of the Opera* was the most expensive motion picture the studio had ever attempted. It cost an unprecedented \$1,750,000. And it was a project that would give whoever directed it several major headaches. The famous Lon Chaney Sr. version of 1925 on which it was to be based had elements which would be hard to duplicate — chief among them the genius of Chaney himself. The great unmasking sequence was so memorable a moment in the history of the screen that any re-staging of it would surely suffer in comparison. Chaney's fantastic talents had made the silent classic virtually a vehicle for his skills; the newer version — simply because the great actor's genius had been stilled — would have to shift its emphasis from the shadowy figure of Eric, the phantom who haunted the Paris Opera House, to a closer kinship with the other characters in the drama. Would this change in accent work? and there were other problems as well. A silent film could suggest the colorful world of the opera without actually subjecting its audiences to long operatic passages; this could no longer be the case. Even though Nelson Eddy, cast as the singing hero, had been for some ten years a motion picture favorite in operetta roles, it would be difficult to

The Phantom masked, as portrayed by Claude Rains (left, center), in Lubin's frightening 1943 version of THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA.

make opera exciting to movie-goers who perhaps never considered this form of music as particularly their own. These were some of the many complications faced by the new *Phantom*.

What made the film great was its visual handling — a sense of pace and mood and superb direction which absolutely stunned the senses. Lubin captured all the movement and spectacle of a great Opera House — indeed, he utilized fantastic camera trickery to make Universal's old opera house set, the same one built for the Chaney film, seem five times again more vast than it actually is. And under this colorful surface action, much like a musical counter-point, he played another, more sinister theme — the lurking danger of the Phantom. Notice how, rather than stopping the flow of the story for the operatic sequences, he *uses* the opera passages to build up climaxes of terror. A rapt audience concentrates on a stage ringing with passionate music . . . while the camera slowly moves upward, far above the pit and stage, far above the horseshoe tiers, slowly ascending to the very dome of the opera house, where Eriqne Claudin hangs above a vast chandelier, maniacally loosening its roots! Cut to the stage once more — and voices lifted in song. Cut to the audience: the orderly rows upon rows, hushed in the semi-darkness, unaware of the second drama taking place high above them. The camera cuts back to the Phantom, his saw inexorably cutting through the chain which holds the massive ironwork fixture. Then back to the opera-in-progress. Lubin crosscuts for what seems like an endless amount of time, in an unbearable little masterpiece of cinematic suspense. Then, the chain is cut through, and the chandelier breaks away. Quick closeup of the soprano, screaming. For one breathless second there is absolute silence, as the great circular frame hurtles straight down upon the audience. Then, a sickening crash, and pandemonium.

Lubin utilized all of his operatic scenes as frameworks on which to weave menace and horror. The murder of the haughty singer Madame Biancarolli punctuates another evening's performance at the Opera House. And the climax — the tempestuous Russian opera, "Le Prince De Caucasic" (which, like all of the other operatic selections, does not actually exist, but was manufactured from themes of Chopin and Tschaikevsky especially for the film) — works up to a visual as well as a musical crescendo as the Phantom, unnoticed because he is wearing the costume of a policeman he has just killed, overpowers Christine (enchantingly played by Susanna Foster) and carries her to his secret lair deep under the foundations of the Opera House. Lubin incorporated the film's musical interludes into the unfolding of a tale of sheer terror — a skilled orchestration which would have defied a lesser director.

Arthur Lubin is the first to admit that he was immeasurably helped by the brilliant performance of Claude Rains, whose sensitive and poignant portrayal of the Phantom differed in approach but not in intensity the performance of his predecessor. This was certainly one of the most memorable roles in Rains' career, and it is to Rains' credit that, although the Phantom deliberately causes a score of deaths during the film, he comes across throughout as totally a sympathetic character. But this is to the director's credit too. Especially when one realizes that, despite the fact that the



film devotes a major portion of its time to Christine's career, and the blossoming love affair between Christine and Anatole (Nelson Eddy), and the friendly rivalry between Anatole and Inspector Daubert (Edgar Barrier), it is the Phantom who compels us to give him our sympathy and pity. The surging, colorful life of Paris during its Golden Age . . . seen from a distance, somehow apart, from behind a wall or through a peephole; seen as Eriqne would see it, a silent, secret spectator from a dark, dank hell. There is in the film as much a feeling of grief for the Phantom as horror for him. And finally, when we descend to that hell, when we watch Christine as she explores her own changed feelings towards the tortured, disfigured man who holds her prisoner, when in that final moment of rescue and destruction the camera picks out the violin lying in the crumbled ruins of the Phantom's underground sanctuary — this is directoral art on a very high level indeed.

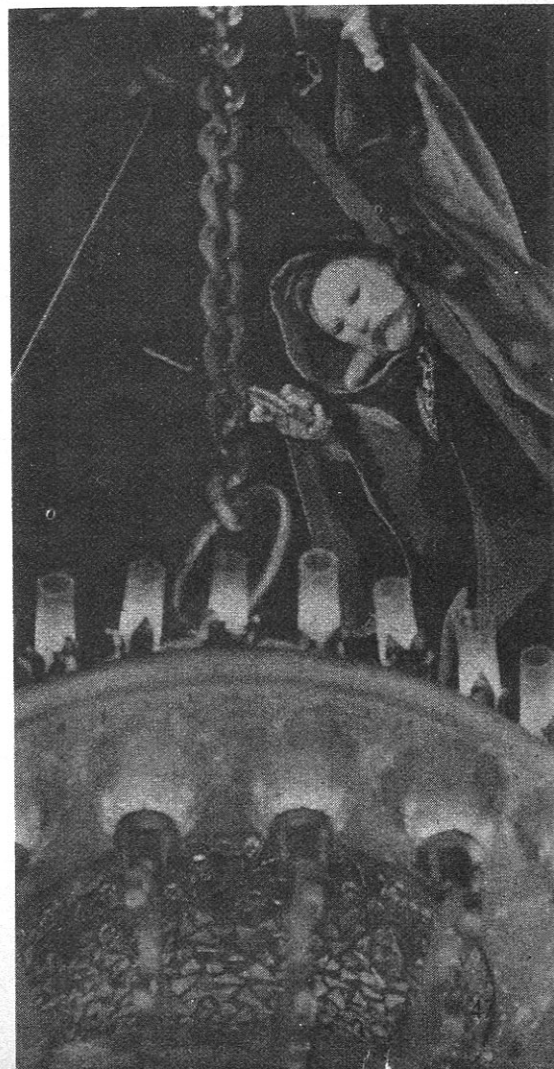
*The Phantom of the Opera* won two Academy Awards. It was extremely popular, and a huge financial success for Universal, and is fondly remembered by many even today, more than twenty years later. Arthur Lubin is extremely proud of it — and he should be.

But what of his current plans? Warners' has signed him for a three-picture contract, and he has still two films to go. *The Incredible Mr. Limpet* leaves our hero still swimming in the Atlantic, wide open for further adventure, and one suspects this charming fish story will certainly spawn a sequel. "No decision has been made yet, but it certainly would be fun to do," he confided to me. In the meanwhile, though, he has idea for a story of his own, a fantasy, with which he is currently interesting Warner Brothers. "I don't want to give too much of it away," he laughed, "but it's about a man who falls in love with a steam-shovel. Don Knotts would be perfect for the lead."

There is really no stopping him. Around Hollywood he should be known — and maybe is — as *The Incredible Mr. Lubin*.

—Chris Steinbrunner

ABOVE, left, is Weeki Wachi Springs' idea of a mermaid. And right above is CoF's idea of a mermaid Glynis Johns in *MIRANDA* (Eagle Lion, 1949). And below, that was the Phantom that was when Claude rains down the chandelier on the audience in Lubin's *PHANTOM OF THE OPERA* (MGM, 1943).



# LORRE

(Continued from Page 24)

**THE LANCER SPY.** 20th Century-Fox, '37. Gregory Ratoff—George Sanders.

**THINK FAST, MR. MOTO.** 20th Century-Fox, '37. Norman Foster—Virginia Fields, Thomas Beck.

**THANK YOU, MR. MOTO.** 20th Century-Fox, '37. Norman Foster.

**MR. MOTO'S GAMBLE.** 20th Century-Fox, '38. James Tining—Lon Chaney, Jr., Key Luke, Dick Baldwin.

**MR. MOTO TAKES A CHANCE.** 20th Century-Fox, '38. Norman Foster.

**I'LL GIVE A MILLION.** 20th Century-Fox, '38. Walter Lang—Warner Baxter, John Carradine.

**MYSTERIOUS MR. MOTO.** 20th Century-Fox, '38. Norman Foster—Henry Wilcoxon.

**MR. MOTO'S LAST WARNING (Mr. Moto in Egypt).** 20th Century-Fox, '39. Norman Foster, George Sanders, R. Cortez.

**MR. MOTO TAKES A VACATION.** 20th Century-Fox, '39. Norman Foster—J. Schildkraut, Lionel Atwill.

**I WAS AN ADVENTURESS.** 20th Century-Fox, '40. Gregory Ratoff—Vera Zorina, Erich von Stroheim.

**STRANGE CARGO.** MGM, '40. Frank Borzage—Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Ian Hunter.

**ISLAND OF DOOMED MEN.** Col., '40. Chas. Barton—Robert Wilcox, Rochelle Hudson, George Stone, Don Beddoe.

**STRANGER ON THE THIRD FLOOR.** RKO, '40. Boris Ingster—John McGuire, Margaret Talli-chet.

**YOU'LL FIND OUT RKO.** '40. David Butler—Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff, Kay Kyser, Dennis O'Keefe, Ginny Simms.

**FACE BEHIND THE MASK.** Col., '41. Robert Florey—Evelyn Keyes, Georgé E. Stone.

**THEY MET IN BOMBAY.** MGM, '41. Clarence Brown—Clark Gable, Rosalind Russell.

**MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY.** Republic, '41. William Morgan—Dennis O'Keefe, Florence Rice.

**THE MALTESE FALCON.** Warners, '41. John Huston—Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor.

**ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.** Warners, '41. Vincent Sherman—Humphrey Bogart, Jackie Gleason, Conrad Veidt.

**INVISIBLE AGENT.** Univ., '42. Edwin L. Marks, Ilona Massey, Jon Hall.

**THE BOOGIE MAN WILL GET YOU.** Col., '42. Lew Landers—Boris Karloff, Maxie Rosenbloom, Jeff Donnell, Larry Parks.

**CASABLANCA.** Warners, '42. Michael Curtiz—Humphrey Bogart, Claude Rains, Ingrid Bergman, Paul Henreid.

**THE CONSTANT NYMPH.** Warners, '42. Edmund Goulding—Joan Fontaine, Chas. Boyer.

**BACKGROUND TO DANGER.** Warners, '43. Raoul Walsh, George Raft.

**CROSS OF LORRAINE.** MGM, '43. Tay Garnett, Jean Pierre-Aumont, Gene Kelly.

**ARSENIC AND OLD LACE.** Warners, '44. Frank Capra—Cary Grant, Raymond Massey.

**PASSAGE TO MARSEILLES.** Warners, '44. Michael Curtiz—Humphrey Bogart, Claude Rains, Sydney Greenstreet.

**HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN.** Warners, '44. Delmer Daves—Dane Clark, Sydney Greenstreet, Errol Flynn, Humphrey Bogart.

**THE MASK OF DIMITRIOS.** Warners, '44. Jean Negulesco—Zachary Scott.

**THE CONSPIRATORS.** Warners, '44. Jean Negulesco—Hedy Lamarr, Paul Henreid, Sydney Greenstreet.

**CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.** Warners, '45. Herman Shumlin—Chas. Boyer, Lauren Bacall.

**HOTEL BERLIN.** Warners, '45. Peter Godfrey—Helmut Dantine, Andrea King.

**THREE STRANGERS.** Warners, '45. Jean Negulesco—Geraldine Fitzgerald, Sydney Greenstreet.

**THE VERDICT.** Warners, '46. Don Siegel—Sydney Greenstreet, George Coulouris.

**THE BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS.** Warners, '46. Robert Florey—J. Carrol Naish, Andrea King, Victor Franzen, Robt. Alda.

**THE CHASE.** UA, '46. Arthur Ripley.

**BLACK ANGEL.** Univ., '46. Roy William Neill—June Vincent, Dan Dureya.

**MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE.** Para., '47. Elliot T. Nugent—Lon Chaney Jr., Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour.

**CASBAH.** UI, '48. John Berry—Tony Martin, Marta Toren.

**ROPE OF SAND.** Para., '49. Wm. Dieterle—Burt Lancaster, Paul Henreid.

**QUICKSAND.** UA, '50. Irving Pichel—Mickey Rooney, Jeanne Cagney.

**DER VERLORENE (The Lost One).** Arnold Pressburger—'51. Lorre co-produced, directed, wrote and starred.

**BEAT THE DEVIL.** Santana-Romulus, '53. John Huston—Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Robert Morley.

**DOUBLE CONFESSION.** Assoc. British-Pathé, '53. Ken Annakin—Derek Farr, Joan Hopkins.

**20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA.** Buena-

**Vista, '54.** Richard Fleischer—James Mason, Paul Lukas, Kirk Douglas.

**CONGO CROSSING, U-I, '56.** Joseph Pevney—Virginia Mayo, George Nadar.

**AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.** UA, '56. David Niven, Cantinflas.

**THE BUSTER KEATON STORY.** Para. '57. Sidney Sheldon—Donald O'Connor.

**THE STORY OF MANKIND.** Warners, '57. Irwin Allen—Vincent Price, Ronald Colman.

**THE SAD SACK.** Para. '57. George Marshall—Jerry Lewis.

**SILK STOCKINGS.** MGM, '57. Reuben Mamoulian—Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse.

**HELLSHIP MUTINY Rep., '57.** Lee Sholen and Elmo Williams—Jon Hall, John Carradine, Roberta Haynes.

**THE BIG CIRCUS.** AA, '59. Joseph Newmann—Victor Mature.

**SCENT OF MYSTERY.** Michael Todd, Jr., '59. Jack Cardiff—Denholm Elliot.

**VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.** 20th Century-Fox, '61. Irwin Allen—Walter Pidgeon, Joan Fontaine.

**TALES OF TERROR.** AIP, '62. Roger Corman—Basil Rathbone, Vincent Price.

**FIVE WEEKS IN A BALLOON.** 20th Century-Fox, '62. (Verne) Red Buttons, Fabian.

**THE RAVEN.** AIP, '63. Roger Corman—Boris Karloff, Vincent Price.

**THE COMEDY OF TERRORS.** AIP, '64. Jacques Tourneur—Boris Karloff, Basil Rathbone, Vincent Price.

**THE FIRST.** Paramount. Jerry Lewis.

(The first name following studio and release date above is each film's director.)



In this touching intimate scene, two protagonists come to grips with reality when Bob Alda's altercation ensues after finding Lorre too gory in Warner's **BEAST WITH 5 FINGERS.**

# Jean Cocteau

(Continued from Page 41)

Charles Aznavour, all top European actors, as well as Pablo Picasso, were included in the cast. "THE TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS," said Cocteau, "will be my farewell to the screen . . . This film has little to do with my earlier film ORPHEUS. Events are linked as in a dream, with no logical sequence. It is a space film . . . there is so much to discover about time and space . . . TESTAMENT is my legacy to the youth of today . . . Orpheus signifies the poet . . . the poet's legacy."

But Cocteau left more than TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS as a legacy; all his films remain, to be shown again and again to prove that film is one of the greatest mediums for fantasy, and that Cocteau is the master of that medium.

—JOHN BENSON

## COCTEAU FILMOGRAPHY

**BLOOD OF A POET (LE SANG D'UN POETE)**—1931, (wrote and directed).

**COMEDIE DU BONHEUR**—1939, (wrote dialogue).

**LE BARON FANTOME**—1943 (wrote dialogue).

**THE ETERNAL RETURN (L'ETERNEL RETOUR)**—1944, (wrote screenplay and dialogue).

**THE WOMEN IN THE PARK (LES DAMES DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE)**—1944, (wrote dialogue).

**THE BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (LA BELLE ET LA BETE)**—1945, (wrote and directed).

**L'AMITIE NOIRE**—1946, (wrote dialogue), documentary.

**RUY BLAS**—1947 (wrote screenplay and dialogue).

**THE EAGLE HAS TWO HEADS (L'AIGLE A DEUX TETES)**—1947, (wrote and directed).

**LES NOCES DE SABLE**—1948, (narration), short film.

**ROMANTICI A VENEZIA**—1948, (narration), short film.

**LA VOIX HUMAINE**—1948, (collaborated with Rossellini).

**LES PARENTS TERRIBLES (THE STORM WITHIN)**—1948, (wrote and directed).

**LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES (THE STRANGE ONES)**—1950, (wrote and narrated).

**ORPHEUS (ORPHEE)**—1950, (wrote and directed).

**CORIOLAN**—1950, short film.

**VILLA SANTO SOSPIR**—1951, short film.

**EINE MELODIE — VIER MALER**—1954, (narration), short film.

**THE TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS (LE TESTAMENT D' ORPHEE)**—1958, (wrote, directed and starred).



JEAN COCTEAU

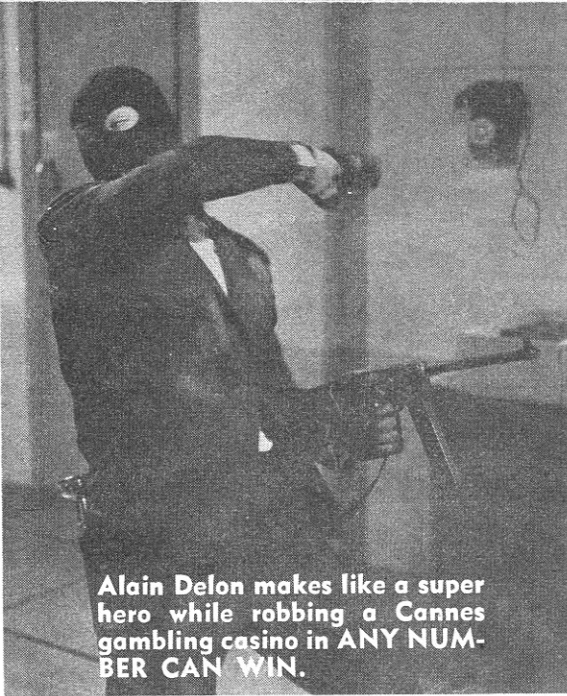




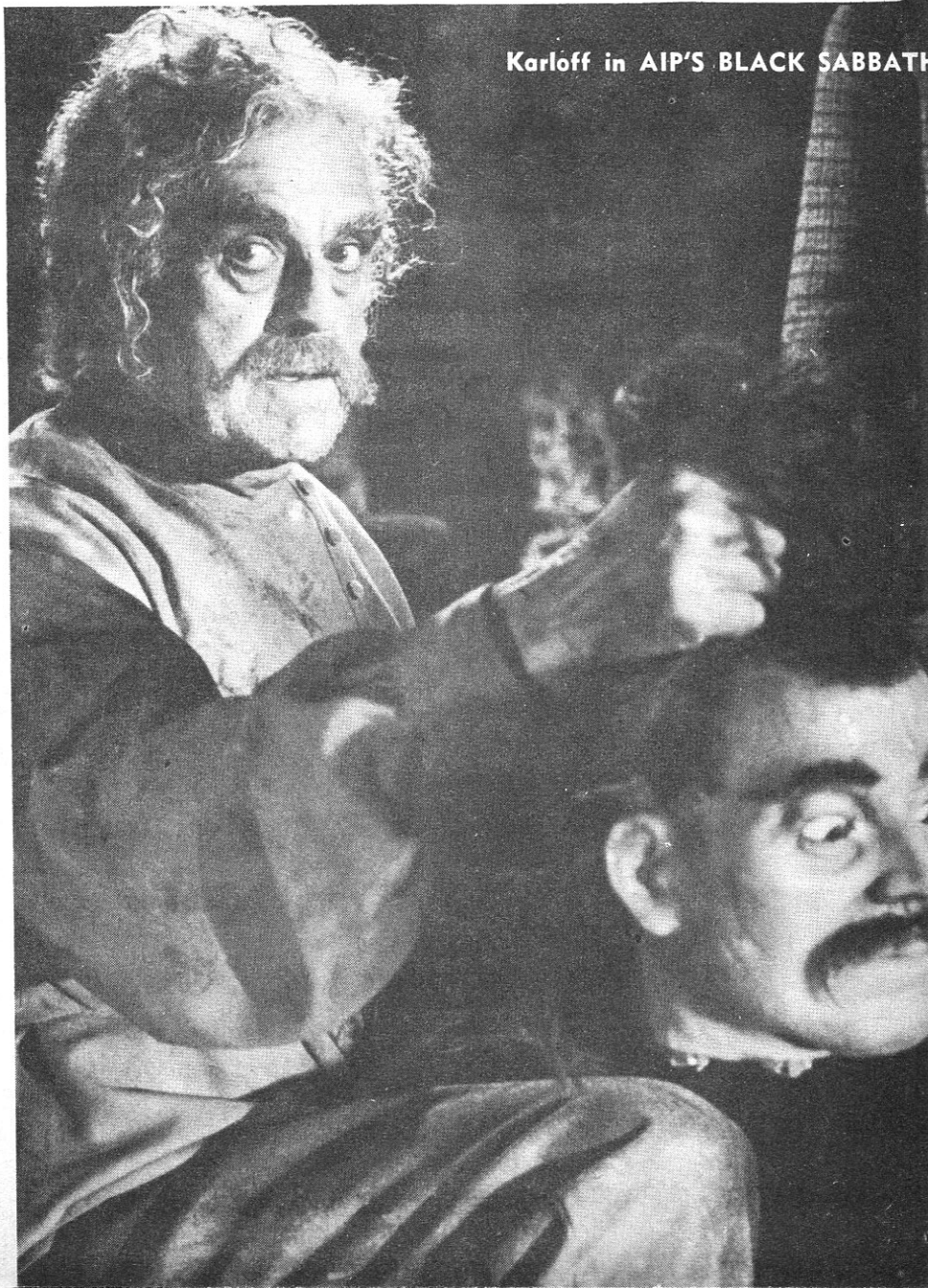
CoF's capsule summary of the world of horror-fantasy and science-fiction movies . . .

Samuel Bronston's filming of the classic Aldous Huxley **BRAVE NEW WORLD** will be the most expensive undertaking yet in the field of science-fiction motion pictures. Budget will be in the multi-million bracket. Director will be Jack Cardiff who directed **SCENT OF MYSTERY** and handled the cinematography chores on **THE RED SHOES**, **PANDORA AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN**, **THE MAGIC BOX** and one of our favorite film fantasies—**STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN**. This news about the **BRAVE NEW WORLD** project — planned for Cinerama — comes on the heels of Huxley's death on November 22, 1963 — ironically, the same day of the Kennedy assassination . . . Not to be outdone, American-International has announced that it's most expensive picture to date will also be a classic — H. G. Wells' **WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES**, directed in color by Jacques (**Curse of the Demon**) Tourneur. Shooting began in London last month with a \$1,500,000 budget . . . A new A-I Poe film will be the cryptic **GOLD BUG** . . . Also, in Rome, A-I will lense H. P. Lovecraft's eldritch **DUNWICH HORROR** (see CoF #4 for a review of the book by Erik) . . . A-I also reveals plans for a tv series to be based on their new horror-musical **IT'S ALIVE** . . . Edgar Allan Poe's **CITY IN THE SEA** starts shooting in October, and **THE HAUNTED WORLD**, an sf thriller, will be directed by Ib Melchior in late fall . . . Harlan Ellison, former **enfant terrible** of the sf world is now under contract to A-I after making his scripting debut with the **BURKE'S LAW** tv series . . . Martha Hyer will appear three out of five upcoming A-I films . . . Santos Ortega, the actor who plays Grandpa Hughes on the afternoon soap **AS THE WORLD TURNS** was the voice of Commissioner Weston on the old **SHADOW** radio series. **THE SHADOW** has recently been resurrected on several radio stations across the country. Hope you're lucky enough to be near a station that carries it . . . Dennis Wheatley, British author and long a horror-fantasy favorite among millions of readers, will have three of his black magic novels adapted into movies for Hammer Films — the original book titles are **TO THE DEVIL A DAUGHTER**, **THE DEVIL RIDES OUT** and **THE SATANIST** . . . Iselin-Tenney are making films in Florida — their next productions: **FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACE MONSTER**, and **VOODOO BLOOD DEATH** . . . After boxoffice successes with films about plans to assassinate presidential candidates

Continued on Page 50



Alain Delon makes like a super hero while robbing a Cannes gambling casino in **ANY NUMBER CAN WIN**.



Karloff in AIP'S **BLACK SABBATH**



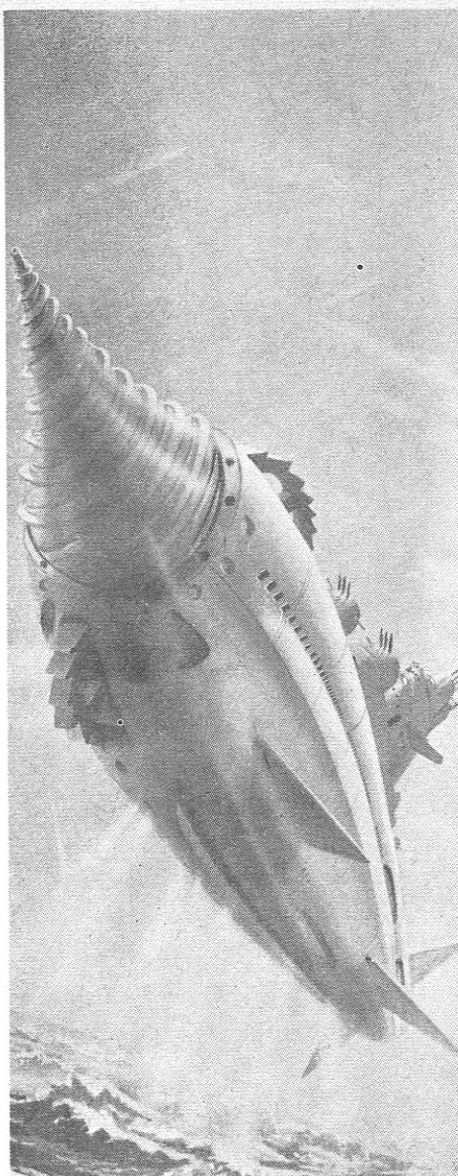
Above, Hazel Court screams in pain in AIP's **THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH**. Below is another scene from the same film. To the right is a scene from **THE LAST MAN OF EARTH**, AIP's version of Richard Matheson's classic **I AM LEGEND**, in which all mankind (except for one man) mutate into vampires. On the opposite page: top — Toho's flying supersub **ATORAGON**; center — Barbara Steele in **THE TERROR OF DR. HITCHCOCK**; bottom — another "Dr." Hitchcock talks with the star of his film **MARNIE**, Sean Connery.



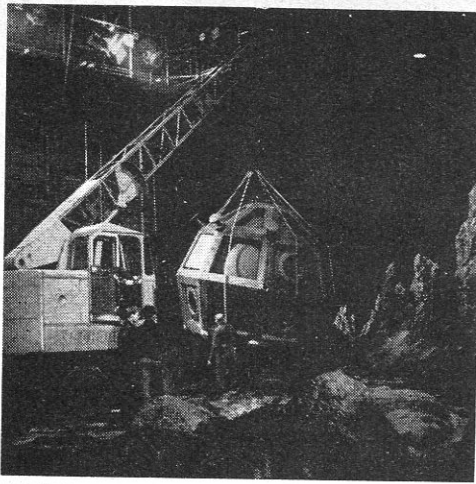
and their kind (as in **MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**) and taking over the U. S. government by betrayal (in **7 DAYS IN MAY**), our country will continue getting the worst of it again in the adaptation of Pat Frank's novel, **FORBIDDEN AREA**. It's high-tension stuff (like the last two named titles) about the efforts of an enemy sabotage unit to paralyze the U. S. defensive and retaliatory power . . . The Landau Company is producing **FA** — along with **THE FOOL KILLER**, starring Anthony Perkins, which is based upon one of the most outstanding stories of American folklore, Stephen Vincent Benet's **JOHNNY PYE & THE FOOL KILLER** . . . Nat Goldstone has formed a new movie studio and his initial efforts include **BOO**, and **TO WALK THE NIGHT** (which could be based on the classic horror novel of the same name by Wm. Sloane). . . **THE GHOST-BREAKER** is being planned by MGM's tv division for the 1956-66 season; relating to parapsychology & psychic phenomena, it will be a sort of tv version (an hour each time) of **Uninvited** and **The Haunting**. . . Filming started in April on **GOLDFINGER** — third in the James Bond series. Sean Connery stars once again and budget this time is over \$2,500,000. Honor Blackman, star of the BBC's fantasy-adventure satire **THE AVENGERS**, will be playing the coveted role of Pussy Galore. Others in cast: Shirley Eaton and Harold Sakata. Guy Hamilton directs . . . **THE LAST WILL OF DR. MABUSE** was screened recently at the National Film Theatre in LONDON. . . **ANYONE CAN WHISTLE**, the Broadway musical fantasy, closed after a week but cast album is available neverthe-



less. This CoF reporter sneaked in during the intermission one night and discovered that both Lee Remick and Angela Lansbury are polished engaging musical performers but felt that the "crazy - people - are - really - sane" plotline was somewhat unadaptable for musical purposes . . . . Edward Van Sloan (of "Frankenstein," "Dracula" and "The Mummy" and many more) died in San Francisco last March at the age of 82. . . . Final title of the BABY JANE follow-up is HUSH, HUSH, SWEET CHARLOTTE. Robert Aldrich, who directed BABY JANE, has finished shooting on location in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Joseph Cotten joins Bette Davis and Joan Crawford in the terror-suspense film. . . . THE NIGHT WALKER is William Castle's first pic for Universal, (script by Robert Bloch) starring Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor. . . . Marcello Mastroianni and Catherine Spaak will co-star in an sf tale set in the year 2000 A.D. . . . Part of the SHOCK TREATMENT publicity campaign included a Shock Treatment Quotient Generator for lobby displays. It made our hair stand on end — which the picture didn't. . . . We aren't selling it in Castle, but look around for the first 3-D horror film in 8mm. It "Spooks," a five minute Three Stooges short originally made for theatrical 3-D. \$4.95 price tag includes special two-color glasses. No special attachment needed for your 8mm projector. . . . Frances' Georges Franju, the director of "Eyes Without A Face" (titled "Horror Chamber of Doctor Faustus" in this country) recently won the Jean-Jacques Auriol critical award for "JUDEX", a feature remake of an old silent French serial which features a bird-woman . . . "FANTOMAS," the most famous European serial character of them all, is also due for a feature remake by Andre Hunnebelle. . . . Sci-fi magazine illustrator Brian Lewis handling drawings for a 20 min. animated pic. "LA BRULARE DE MILLE SOLEILS" (The Burn of a 100 Suns), directed by Pierre Kast. . . . Hammer Films threw a grotesque party at the Savoy Hotel in London. Shroud-covered girls turned into bats and diners, forced to wear vampire cloaks with red satin linings, ate a nervous meal in a coffin-littered room. . . . Watch your tv listings for a repeat showing of the Boris Karloff-narrated "DANISH FAIRY TALE" shown last Dec. on CBS-TV's "Chronicle." Show provided an unusual still-photograph-in-action view of famed children's fantasy author Hans Christian Anderson. Film was rushed from New York to London just so Boris' sonorous cultured voice could be added to the soundtrack. . . . Ever wonder what happened to Norman Lloyd who had a lead role in the 1942 Hitchcock film, "SABOTEUR?" Today he's one of the four staff producers of "The Alfred Hitchcock Hour." Hitchcock producer Joan Harrison is married to famed British mystery novelist Eric Ambler. . . . British director Robert Hartford-Davis may catch the famous Loch Ness monster in his lair. His film, "THE LOCH NESS MONSTER," began shooting January at the actual location. Davis, along with many local residents, believes in the existence of the creature. . . . The National Board of Review placed "LORD OF THE FLIES" in sixth position on their top ten of 1963. . . . Gothic Productions is preparing a unique teleseries, "TALES OF THE BLACK CAT" which shoots on videotape and then transfers to film. Creator-producer Bruce Anderson says he will strive for a combination of terror and irony, but final negotiations have yet to go through. . . . Kirk Douglas and director John Frankenheimer have another science fiction pic in the works to follow "SEVEN DAYS IN MAY" It's "SECONDS" — the story of a giant corporation which, for a large fee, can arrange a fake death for a client meanwhile providing him with a new face, friends, background, etc. — based on a



novel of the same title by Fulbright scholar David Ely. Avram Davidson, editor of *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, describes the events of the story as "bitter, wry, beautifully logical, logically simple, simply dreadful" and calls it "a clever, clever novel." (Don't worry, gang, if we get a second chance at life we'll still publish CASTLE.) . . . A new company called Film Productions Inc. has begun work on SPACE STATION X. . . . French director Roger Coggio, using top-notch cameraman Christian Matras, has filmed a subjective study of a psychotic, "LE JOURNAL D'UN FOU," which mixes hallucination and fantasy. Film is based on the famous Gogol short story set in 19th-century Russia. . . . First production of the new Cosnat Film Prod. Co. in Hollywood is "THE DAY IT WAS NIGHT," a story by Bernie Gould to be filmed in Germany. . . . The New York World's Fair has an 18 min. "VOYAGE TO THE MOON". The process, Cinerama-Spacearium-364, is projected from below onto a huge domed screen 96-foot high that completely surrounds the audience of 750 on all sides and above. . . . Boris Karloff was scheduled to appear on a "TODAY" show two-hour special on horror films but illness intervened. Without Boris the producers were limited to a few short film clips and a brief chat with Fay Wray. . . . Bob Maxwell, host of the CBS children's show "Do You Know?", was a child actor on "THE GREEN HORNET," the famed super-hero radio show which Castle readers over 20 may recall fondly. . . . Our congrats to Alfred Hitchcock for doing Ray Bradbury's "THE JAR" with Pat Buttram and Collin Wilcox. Hitch told CoF this month that this is his favorite of all his tv shows. . . . A poll of several hundred daily newspaper film critics across the nation named THE BIRDS as one of the years' Best Photographed films. Hitchcock's regular cameraman Robert Burks earned the accolade. Suzanne Pleshette and Tippi Hedren were cited as Finds of the Year for their contribution to THE BIRDS as was Sean Connery for DR. NO. . . . MY FAVORITE MARTIAN producer Jack Chertok produced the Bette Davis film THE CORN IS GREEN and NORTHERN PURSUIT with Errol Flynn and Pamela Britton of the same show originated the role of Meg Brockie in the musical fantasy BRIGADOON. . . . Watch for a new trend in fall tv programs: James Bond imitations featuring every male star from Darren McGavin to Robert Vaughn. . . . The CASTLE editors recently journeyed to Manhattan's popular revival theater, the New Yorker, to catch a film with special effects by Byron Haskins—ON YOUR TOES. Haskins, one of the OUTER LIMITS directors, is remembered best for WAR OF THE WORLDS and CONQUEST OF SPACE. . . . NBC Radio followed their initial science-fiction "Experiment in Drama," Bradbury's "Zero Hour" and "There Will Come Soft Rains" (see CASTLE #4) with a live broadcast because of the huge deluge of letters that poured in. Retitled "Drama—the Experiment—Part II," the second Sunday broadcast, pre-empting the regular "Meet the Press" starred Jan Miner in one of the famous stories in NBC's 1940 script file: Harry W. Junkin's "Long Distance." . . . Write to the Hollywood Museum for a copy of their June publication, "Radio is Eternal" . . . New filmmaker Sandy Howard calls his upcoming "I Can't Die" a (quote) wild horror picture (unquote). . . . Famed Mexican director Luis Bunuel (who made the memorable UN CHIEN ANDALOU) has just bought rights to one of the most gruesome stories ever written: Dalton Trumbo's JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN, a realistic presentation of a war victim who remains alive minus arms, legs, ears and speech. Film will shoot in France and Trumbo will do his own script. In March of 1940 Arch (Five) Oboler adapted the story to radio and the part was played by James Cagney. We're wondering who Bunuel can cast, recalling that nightmarish scene in Bunuel's LOS OLVIDADOS (THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED) where jd's take away a legless man's cart. . . . Lu Manchu returns to the screen in THE MASK OF FU MANCHU. . . . J. Lee Thompson is working on a psychological melodrama, RETURN TO THE ASHES. . . . Those who remember the fine old Topper series, and especially I Married A Witch (which starred Veronica Lake), may be delighted to know that Agnes Moorehead and Elizabeth Montgomery will star in ABC-TV's BEWITCHED this fall. It's all about a terrific sexy housewife with strange powers "to cloud men's minds"



... In Rome, producer Giuseppe Amato is finishing plans to start filming GRAND GUIGNOL (partly inspired by the great Paris horror theater that recently closed after some hundred years in business.) ... A typographical error last issue was responsible for the title **Satin Bug** rather than SATAN BUG. Latest info: Based on novel by Ian Stuart; screenplay by James Clavell; set in southwestern USA. It's a shocker about the development and use of biological warfare. Producer-director John Sturges has in the cast George Maharis, Dana Andrews, Richard Basehart and Joan Hackett. ... Alan Jay ("My Fair Lady") Lerner and Arthur Jacobs have quired screen rights to the famous old **Doctor Doolittle** fantasy stories for children. 12 books in the Doolittle series (written by the late Hugh Lofting) were published between 1926-50, racking up sales in the USA of one million copies (not including England and 17 other languages). The stories recount the adventures of an English doctor who spoke with animals. At least 6 million dollars will be spent on this widescreen color musical fantasy. ... According to all official movie business statistics for the first quarter of 1964, about 27% of all the top box office successes were of the **fantasy-horror** variety. This is undoubtedly the beginning of the biggest fantasy-terror cycle in movie history.

— BHOB STEWART

Next Issue: CoF interviews **ALFRED HITCHCOCK**. Also: A pictorial feature on **The Man From U.N.C.L.E.**, an imaginative NBC series.



(Upper Left) A heavy Coles crane and a full gang of prop men worked over an hour to get the spaceship ready in position for Schneer's production of H. G. Wells' **FIRST MEN IN THE MOON**. Scene to immediate left is from Japan's **MATANGO**, about a terrifying growth that transforms men into horrid fungi. Below: John Saxon and Leticia Roman in AIP's **EVIL EYE**.



Agnes Moorehead (formerly Kane's mother in **CITIZEN KANE**) casting a spell at Dick York. Witch Liz Montgomery (below) obviously isn't Kane's mother.



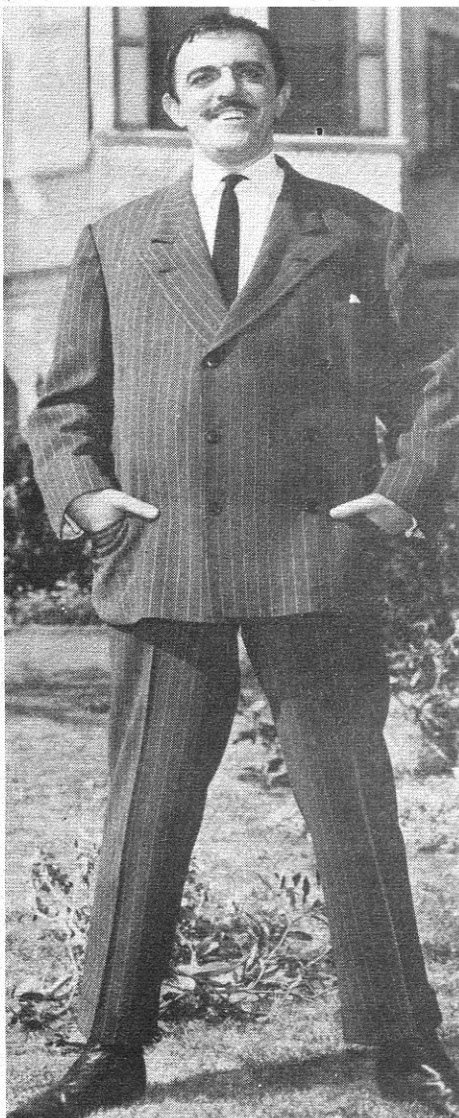
Philip Stone seems out of this world (almost) in anguish in this spacious scene from AIP's **THE UNEARTHLY STRANGER**.



ABC-TV's: **"BEWITCHED"**



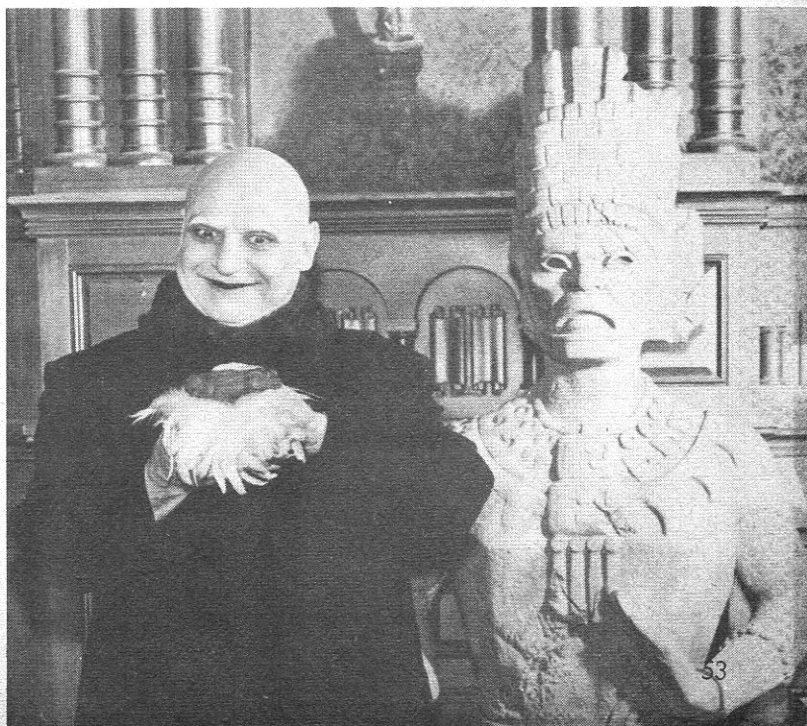
# Frankenstein TV guide



## THE ADDAMS FAMILY

Another horror-laff getter also planned for the fall by ABC-TV is THE ADDAMS FAMILY, based on weird character types created by the famous cartoon-artist for more than a quarter of a century for such publishing institutions as **New Yorker** and the late lamented **Collier's** magazine. In Charles Addams' first book collection of cartoons, entitled **Drawn and Quartered**, published in 1942, (which not only has been reprinted often but succeeded by many other Addams collections), there is a foreword by Boris Karloff and an introductory note by Bennett Cerf (Cerf and Karloff were next-door neighbors that year). There has always been a feeling that Karloff served to inspire Addams on to lasting fame; but in his foreword, Karloff would have us believe otherwise: "I hope I will not be accused of undue vanity if I publicly thank Mr. Addams for immortalizing me in the person of the witch's butler, to say nothing of the rather hairy gentleman whose clothes are strangely cut and who appears to subsist on a diet of bananas." (Signed: Boris Karloff, New York, May 16, 1942.)

Upper left: John Astin, of "Dickens . . . Fenster" fame (?), stands a chance of becoming more famous as (upper right) Carolyn Jones's husband. Lower right is what Charlie Chaplin's protege, Jackie Coogan, looks like some 40 years after making THE KID — sans bangs and page boy bob, of course. Lower left could be the house Charles F. Kane lives in, but actually it's home for THE ADDAMS FAMILY.

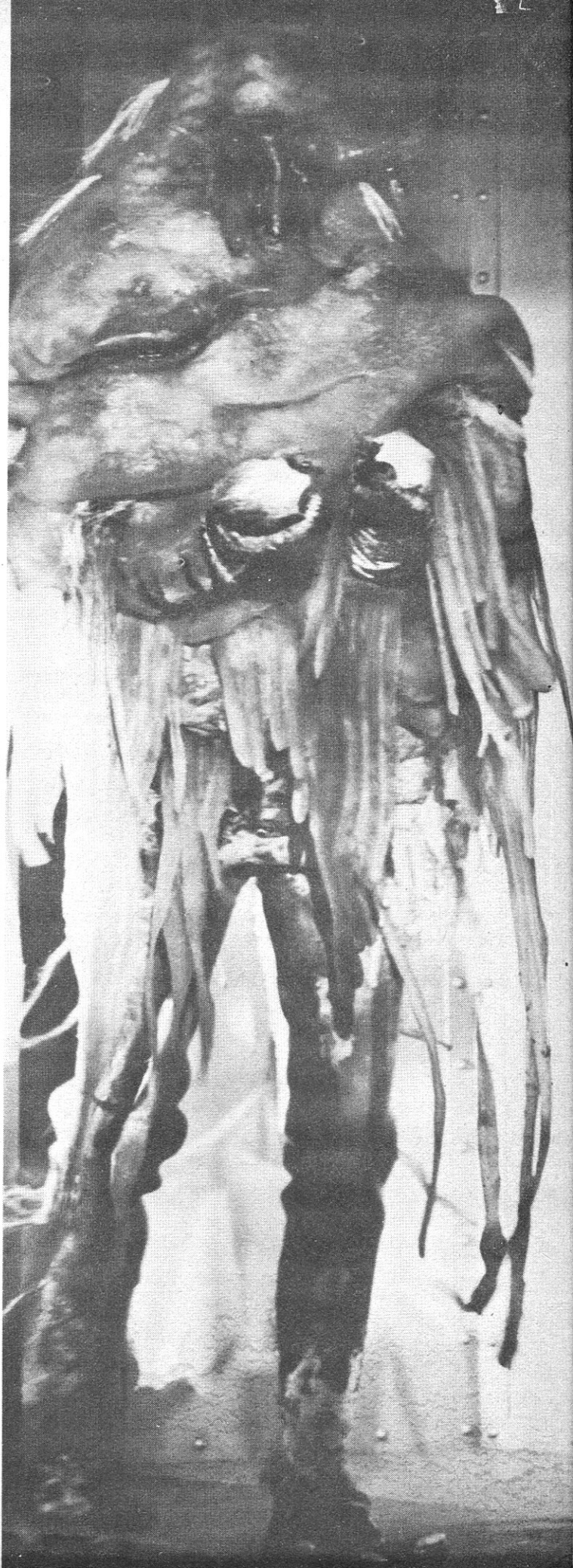


# Frankenstein

TV guide

## THE OUTER LIMITS

returns in the fall and the producers have announced that the emphasis will be on science fiction and not on monsters. Rumor has it that writer-director Joseph Stephano is no longer connected with the show, but may be preparing a new program of his own. OUTER LIMITS will be in a Wednesday night spot next season opposite THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES. ABC plans to use it to knock down the HILLBILLIES ratings.





**SCREAM AT MIDNIGHT**, Joseph Payne Brennan, Macabre House, 1963, 85 pgs., \$3.50. Limited edition of 250 copies.

A hellish entity with eternal life, fettered behind a basement wall, claims a necrophilic oblation once in every generation; a derelict and partially demolished neighborhood harbors the psychic residues of its former tenants; a man is nightly drained of his blood by a ghostly vampire bat; a terrible incantation in an evil swamp evokes a monstrous demon craving blood sacrifice; a rat-infested dump is the better alternative to living in a state-controlled world of conscious death. Such are the themes Joseph Payne Brennan introduces into some of the ten nightmare tales collected in **SCREAM AT MIDNIGHT**.

Mr. Brennan is the author of two earlier volumes of weird tales—one published by Macabre House, the other by Arkham House—both in very small, limited printings. He has also published verse and a number of articles.

Joseph Payne Brennan writes with skill and control in a simple, clear style. But what is most admirable in his fiction is that he continues the grand tradition which virtually died with the demise of **Weird Tales** magazine. Most of the stories in **SCREAM AT MIDNIGHT** are outright pieces of supernatural horror. Mr. Brennan is great at creating truly chilling mood and atmosphere. Seabury Quinn (the widely read creator of the Jules de Grandin stories among other notable contributions to the genre of macabre literature) wrote with enthusiasm about **SCREAM AT MIDNIGHT**: "Brennan's stories are cleverly conceived and extremely well executed . . . I must say I admire Mr. Brennan's work." We are in full agreement here.

**THE HORROR AT CHILTON CASTLE**—the lead story—reveals the horror of a strange, nocturnal tradition held in the crypt of an eerie castle seemingly right out of the Gothic novel of horror. The climax is extremely grotesque in the description of the thing behind the wall, and its terrible, cannibalistic feast to maintain life. **THE TENANTS** tells of a malignant spirit whose annual appearance seeks out a blood sacrifice. **THE MAN WHO FEARED MASKS** concerns a morbid fear that grows and eventually destroys the haunted protagonist. It reflects, too, Mr. Brennan's insight into the workings of the psychopathic mind. **THE DUMP**, one of the best in this collection, is not supernatural at all. It is, rather, a projected vision of a future state that is as horrible in its destruction of individuality as is the mindless hell of George Orwell's 1984. **IN THE VERY STONES** is a particularly chilling tale that could keep you out of strange, derelict neighborhoods after dark.

Other tales like **THE VAMPIRE BAT**, **KILLER CAT**, **THE**

**MIDNIGHT BUS**, and **THE VISITOR IN THE VAULT** are more in the traditional vein, but none the less effective in producing genuine shudders. Such weird tales rarely appear today in this age where science fiction seems a more likely medium to express our contemporary terrors. And when they do occasionally turn up, they are often sadly lacking and usually fail in the end. Not so with the stories of Joseph Payne Brennan. They are written with an authentic feeling for his subject and mood; they are succinct and to the point; they often climax with a punch and a surprise.

**SCREAM AT MIDNIGHT** is a rewarding evening of ghostly entertainment. It is limited to 250 copies, and all have been autographed by the author. We recommend you obtain this without delay. Copies—should your dealer be sold out—may still be available from the publisher: Donald M. Grant, West Kingston, Rhode Island.

\* \* \* \*

**GRAPHIC WORLDS OF PETER BRUEGEL THE ELDER**, selected, edited, and commentary by H. Arthur Klein, Dover Publications, 1963, 289 pgs., \$3.00.

Those acquainted with the magnificent and bizarre works of Hieronymus Bosch are well aware of the strange worlds his imagination transcribed to canvas. One might say that Peter Bruegel (1525?-1569) was a kindred spirit. This new Dover publication of sixty-four engravings and a woodcut is a lavish treat. A long, thick quality paperback edition, it is replete with information and commentary (every print is accompanied by an exegesis) by H. Arthur Klein.

There is firstly the world of landscapes. Here Bruegel is overwhelming, powerful, grandiose! Medieval countrysides are captured in minute detail. The eye is stunned by the stark panoramas of desolate mountains, jagged rocks, infinite horizons, while, in contrast, a great castle is rendered diminutive by its vast, natural surroundings. In these, we enter a world of the past. It may be somber and barren, awesome and magnificent, but we can still recognize this as a one-time real world.

Next we see a world of stately ships and the sea . . . a world of dark skies and tempestuous seas . . . a world, too, where Bruegel blends myth (as in the fall of Icarus and of Phaethon) with reality. In here we glimpse the beginnings of Bruegel's fertile imagination. It is a stately, grand world—awesome and tumultuous—with its imposing galleys from another age.

These worlds, like the world of the festive villagers, peasants, burghers, and aristocrats in celebration and work, belong to the outer worlds of nature and man. Part Two of this volume is devoted to the inner worlds of imagination, morality, and religion. These are the fantastic, often nightmare conceptions of Peter Bruegel. Presented before wondering eye are a host of demons, grotesqueries, and phantasmagories that defy description. Here are Bosch-like creations; witches and wizards; monstrosities of nature, depicted against unreal vistas wherein vice and lust, crime and social injustice, magic and alchemy are treated with bizarre allegorical concepts. One is overwhelmed by the intense, fervid quality of these pictures. They are like a first-hand description of hell.

This is a rich, wonderful book, worth every penny of the \$3.00 price that will take you into strange worlds and nightmare lands. A joy to view, and a most magnificent volume to own—particularly if you are a collector of fantastic art. Peter Bruegel was an incomparable genius in this respect, as well as a transcendent artist of his time.

**THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD, John le Carre, first American edition, 1964, Coward-McCann, 256 pgs., \$4.50.**

Berlin! A city torn apart by the cold war. No other city in the world today can evoke the romance of espionage with such sinister shades of far-reaching historical significance. As a city divided, the shadow of the Wall falls both East and West; in both sections there is an ever-present atmosphere of darkness regardless of the time of day, the air charged with an electric intensity. Moving in the shadow of the Wall, people are ever transforming like frightened chameleons. Furtive figures make dubious rendezvous under cover of night. Violence and death explode suddenly and inexplicably. Nocturnal meetings in deserted farmhouses or partially demolished buildings may or may not effect repercussions of international consequence. A vast web of politics and intrigue is the substratum of this city, and is the curious connecting link to the two divided parts. But this link is sensed rather than seen. It is concealed, but one can feel the seething, smoldering pulse of life it has produced. The surface aura encompassing the two sectors is one of fear, distrust, suspicion, and hate. The night is long in Berlin, and the air is cold. It is a city of secrets; its people are the haunted and the haunters. Truly a city of fearful darkness. Berlin!

This is the Berlin of John le Carre's fantastic novel, *THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD*. Fantastic is hardly the word for it, as Mr. le Carre writes with a cold, detached realism. He has a fine, taut style and knows whereof he speaks. (John le Carre is the pseudonym of a Britisher em-

ployed in one of the Whitehall ministries.) What I mean to say is that Mr. le Carre's novel is something of a phenomenon. Published a year ago in England, *SPY* came into this country like a whirlwind with a wake of glowing reviews. It has been hailed as the spy novel to end all spy novels. Graham Greene acclaims it as "the best spy story I have ever read," while J. B. Priestley writes: "Superbly constructed, with an atmosphere of chilly hell." In America, *SPY* became a best-seller, went through three printings, and film rights were purchased before its official date of publication. At this writing (not yet a month after publication) *SPY* is in its fifth printing.

Though *SPY* is not by any means the spy novel to end all spy novels—at least we hope not—it is the best I have read since Ian Fleming's *FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE*. Lest I be mistaken here, I wish to say that I do not make a comparison. Le Carre is more in the tradition of Eric Ambler and Graham Greene. Moreover, this is not merely a superficial, action-packed thriller, even though there is certainly enough action.

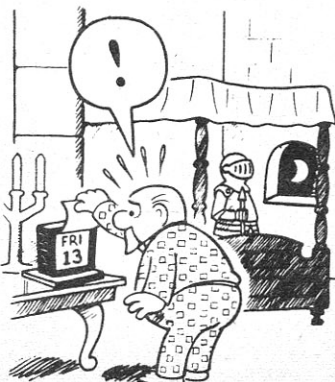
*SPY* is a tense, exciting novel about an intelligence operation to expose the top spy of East Berlin. Leamas is the fading British agent who becomes involved in an insidious web of intelligence and counter-intelligence. He has been around for a long time, and is selected for this mission (his last assignment before he can 'come in from the cold') because of his familiarity with operations in Berlin. Soon, however, Leamas finds himself caught up in a vast network of murder and treachery. He discovers, too late, that he has been used as a cog in a gigantic mechanism. Leamas has become a pawn with a fatal destiny shaped by the anonymous machine. Le Carre weaves a growing bitterness into his novel as the predeterminism of the action gradually manifests itself. It is here—with the hopelessness of his characters firmly fixed—that le Carre becomes acid.

The almost breath-taking scenes shift from an ominous English countryside to a sinister Berlin peopled with agents and double agents moving in the tense, hostile atmosphere of a city separated by today's cold war. The book explodes in a climax of passion and death against the Berlin Wall.

*SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD* is a graphic picture of people enmeshed in the international conflict and intrigues of the contemporary world. The writing is vivid, while the narrative unfolds with lucidity and a noteworthy economy of words. The dialogue is real and often caustic. It is a sardonic novel of love, hate, irony, and inescapable doom. What's more, it is a first-class, original espionage thriller, with mystery, suspense, and amazing twists throughout.

—CHARLES M. COLLINS

## Baron von Bungle





# GHOSTAIL MAIL

IN MEMORIAM: HANNES BOK — 1914-1964

We had been putting off some of our regular visits recently, due to the mounting pressure of work and family illnesses, and had thus been unaware that our very dear friend, Hannes Bok, had passed away on April 11th of this year until roughly a month and a half after (as we hit the presses with this issue). As a result, it's caught us unexpectedly with little editorial space to do one of the world's best fantasy artists and writers (and one of mankind's nicest souls) full justice. After a year of horrible shocks and profound tragedy, this other blow comes to all who knew him as a most awesome loss. A fitting tribute and eulogy to Hannes is now being prepared for the next issue of CoF.

CHARLES F. KANE

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Besieged by CoF's crazed readers in our secret Castle catacombs where CoF is edited night in and night out, we were at first quite stunned at being discovered (blast that blabbermouth Igor! Well, we really shouldn't be too hard on him . . . seeing CoF published 6 times yearly would drive most abnormal men mad with joy). The CoF addicts asked many questions over and over, until the catacomb's wet, green mouldy walls echoed their strident chant. Then from out of the yawning corridor, a way in back of our clamorous horde, a gnarled and disturbingly pallid old, young man (or was it some nameless evil young old man?) came forth, clutching a flickering candle with melting wax forming a sickly coating around a hand too clawlike to be a hand. His eyes were unusual: the whites were black, and the pupils were white. Raising one tendril-like arm in greeting like some mutant Indian, he attempted to form words through foam that framed his lips. At first it sounded like muffled burbling; then, telling him I could not understand what he said, the burble turned into an audible and lucid croak (I Love Lucid!). Queried the strange creature: "!!Now that you're coming out bimonthly, how—how is it at all possible to keep maintaining the same high standards which all others are futilely trying to copy?" Noticing a strong fetid stench of the grave about him, I asked, "Are you helping out your father in any cemetery work?" He replied, "No, he's dead already—it's my son and grandson who're gravely employed helping me out." Then, addressing him and the rest of the assembled throng, I said, "Answering your queries as to how we'll maintain our high standards seems at first a waste of time. However, merely the fact that Baron Victor Frankenstein III is on our staff (responsible for CoF in many more ways that you can imagine!) should be proof enough, apart from a direct line to Transylvania. But if the great-great-grandson of Frankenstein isn't enough, then feast your eyes on this issue!" I shouted, showing them all an advance copy of #6. Suddenly, things went black for a minute; it seemed as if all the demons from Hell were attempting to walk over me at once. It wasn't long before I realized that my advance copy of #6 had been stolen by the CoF maddened throng. "You mad, wonderful fiend fans of CoF," yelled I. "Thought that was the only preview copy of CoF #6, eh?"



And at that, Igor ran up to me waving another copy. Prepared for another mad rush, I pulled out a horrid head from a box with snakes instead of hair. It was Medusa, the dread Gorgon that Hammer is now starring — one look at her horrid visage, and she turns men into stone. Fortunately, CoF fans are immune from such curses for the most part — looking at the Gorgon's head merely stunned them for a few moments. "So let that be a lesson —next time, subscribe or wait until a new CoF appears on the neighborhood stands."

After we treated the madcap, happy crowd to bowls of special Frankenstein Fruit Punch (a few drinks & you start thinking bolts are growing in your head) and a fresh batch of Phantom Pot, especially supplied for the party by our friend Erik; Dracula phoned sending his congratulations; Cagliostro performed a few special tricks and feats of magic. And, finally, Igor played on both lute and a Greek Bouzouki a number of special Frankenstein Folk favorites — a few of the selections he's cut on a new disk called SING ALONG WITH IGOR. Then, everyone left our CoF catacombs, tired but happy.

YOUR EDITOR.

\* \* \* \* \*

## FILM CLUB NEWS DEPARTMENT

Sometimes it seems that all film club activity takes place mostly around New York City. This is probably untrue—that's why, more than ever, we want listings of clubs from out of town as well.

In the meantime, a film club listed in CoF for the first time, though on the start of its 3rd year, should be of special significance to all since it will be largely specializing in the kind of movie material that CoF fans like. We're referring to The **FILM RESEARCH SOCIETY**, care of the **McBurney YMCA, 215 West 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.** What makes the FRS of special value to all fantasy-horror film fans is that it shows films which are totally unavailable to theatres or else seen mutilated & cut on TV. CoF heartily endorses FRS for its dedication, for making it possible for fans to see complete serials like **CAPTAIN MARVEL**, and **THE SPIDER** (seen in one whole evening!); for presenting rare features like the Claude Rains version of **PHANTOM OF THE OPERA** . . . **GIRL IN THE MOON** . . . **WHITE ZOMBIE** . . . **5,000 FINGERS OF DR. T** . . . to name a few. Suggest you run, do not walk to your nearest mailbox and get your name down on FRS' mailing list at once; address is above.

\* \* \* \* \*

**THE PETER CUSHING CLUB** is now in session, run by Annette Florence, Elm St., Highland Mills, N. Y. \$1.00 brings an autographed glossy photo of the great actor himself, plus stationery, a club bulletin, club

card, etc. Alex Soma the Inimitable is co-president, who also publishes:

**HORRORS OF THE SCREEN**, c/o Soma, 619 Union Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. — 11211. Specializes in & loves to write about Hammer Films, its stars (& who can blame him). 75c per copy—NOT just a "fanzine" but a very serious little mag with photos & interesting articles.

**PHOTON**, c/o Mark Frank, 801 Avenue C, Brooklyn, N. Y.—11218. 50c a copy; has detachable stills from films; the current issue is devoted to fantasy at the World's Fair.

**HOUSE OF INFO SPEAKS**, c/o Tom & John McGeehan, 405 E. 5th St., Santa Ana, Calif. — 92701. A newsletter specializing in news of ANYTHING that could interest the most fanatical Tarzan fan. Write in for rates, info'.

**VIEWPOINT**, c/o George Hrehorovich, 52 Adrian Ave., New York 63, N. Y. 25c a copy. Criticisms, book reviews & analyses of science fiction. More in-depth than most amateur mags, and well printed.

**DAVE LUDWIG**, 17W 239 Van Buren St., Villa Park, Ill., will paint any kind of portrait from stills or personal photos. Reasonable prices & photo samples of Ludwig's work sent on request.

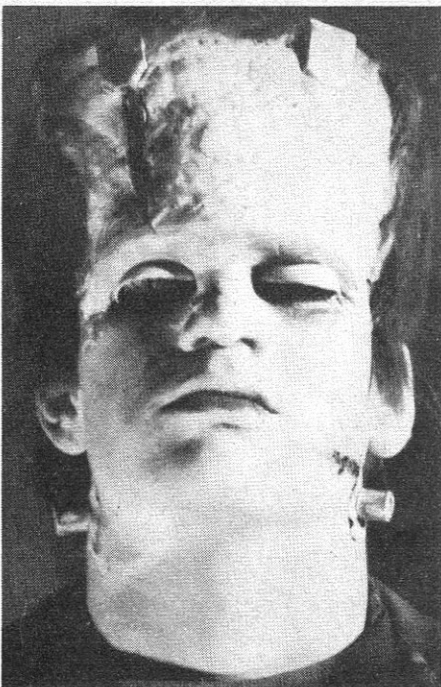
**FANTASY FILMS & THEIR FIENDS**, c/o Jack R. Jones, 2624 Huntleigh Dr., Oklahoma City, Okla., \$2.00 per copy. 131 pages with many illustrations. A beautifully printed bibliographical checklist of some 1,400 fantasy film titles, including dozens of serials, listing nearly all horror-fantasy actors, etc. etc. Best thing of its kind ever published.

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## DEFENDING HERCULES

I would like to disagree with your Movie-guide rating of **HERCULES & THE CAPTIVE WOMEN**. It was not dull or low-grade. Many people like you are prejudiced against Italian-made mythology spectacles, & it's true there have been some bad ones, mostly released by American-International. Beautifully filmed in vivid Technirama and color & plenty of zoom-lens photography to further enhance its visual appeal, it had only one flaw, apart from its slightly inferior dubbing & editing in spots: its title was misleading; it should have been titled **HERCULES & THE CONQUEST OF ATLANTIS**, for that was the plot's essence. There were only one or two "captive women", which shows that the title was probably dreamed up the last minute for the sake of sex appeal. The action in this film was by no means "poor," although I've seen better; as for the "grunts, groans" you mentioned, I think you'd do the same if you had to perform such strenuous feats as those in the film. (Yes, but what has gym work & weight lifting got to do with good acting. Ed.) Special-effects-wise, the film offered several surprises: a reptile monster that changes into an assortment of other animals to combat Herc, a girl imbedded in stone, an erupting volcano, & other fantastic things about Atlantis. The make-up dept. did some interesting work on the faces of the superhuman warriors (wish you'd show these in CoF). (Give us a chance, already our files are bulging with even better stills. — **HBOB**). of Atlantis — white hair & beards, large foreheads with deep-set eyes which gave an unearthly appearance. The lower civilization which dwells in the valley is made up of repulsive mutants, thanks to good makeup. Yes, I've seen better than this, but I've also seen worse. At best, this film is slightly better than routine; at worst, it's still better than "dull" or "low-grade."

While watching the Academy Awards on TV last night, I was shocked to see **CLEOPATRA** win the Oscar for the best special effects. (We were, too!—Ed.) **THE BIRDS** was the only other nominee for the title & it lost. It took much more painstaking work & ingenuity to film birds attacking humans in



**Kenneth Carrol as he appears in Anthony Brzezinski's amateur production, HORRORS OF FRANKENSTEIN, to be featured in our next issue.**

THE BIRDS than it did to superimpose a close-up of Cleopatra over a scene of Caesar's assassination. Just because a particular scene is very dramatic doesn't mean the special effects are outstanding. Good special effects are what they imply: special effects: things which take place that are at least out of the ordinary, fantastic, weird, incredible, unbelievable. I don't think CLEOPATRA deserved this award. And I was even further disgusted that good special effects films like JASON & THE ARGONAUTS and DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS weren't nominated. That's right—they weren't even considered! That burns me up when the really great films are completely bypassed! Year after year Harryhausen's, or George Pal's, or Walt Disney's great special effects are ignored. Last year the Special Effects Oscar went to THE LONGEST DAY; naturally I acknowledge that DAY and CLEOPATRA are great spectacles (and both come from 20th Century-Fox! Coincidence?—Ed.), but somehow I don't picture them in the special effects category. Fortunately, The Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences is nearly the only one to ignore films with good special effects. A recent issue of CINEMA magazine hailed JASON for outstanding effects by Harryhausen, defending it against a ridiculously critical review from THE NEW YORKER, written by an ignorant reviewer who obviously knew nothing about moviemaking.

Glad to know CoF is going bimonthly. You have several features your competitors lack, & though I don't always agree with all your film criticisms, it still makes for stimulating reading.

John Mullet, 1630 Twining Dr., Rantoul, Illinois.

**BELA, FRYE, CHICKEN & BUNNY**

I read somewhere that Bela Lugosi had a screen credit for the movie, FANTASIA, and would like to know for what. Did they use his voice? Did he direct or write a certain scene? Would also like to read something about the life of Colin Clive and Dwight Frye. To show my appreciation, I'll let you use this original joke:

Question—What does Bela Lugosi have for dinner? Answer: Chicken in the Casket!

Ivan Bunny, 4950 Marine Drive, Chicago, Ill.—60640.

I don't know . . . I don't know. Igor always says when he goes to a Playboy Club: "I van't food & booze; best of all, I van't Bunny!" Seriously, we asked noted film his-

torian and Lugosi authority William K. Everson about the FANTASIA bit, & he feels this story is another movie myth, such as the one that's been going around about the Monster being supposedly blind in FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN (which sentimental fans too often use as a coverup for Lugosi's ill-suited part). Simple observation proves that he could "see." Story with complete credits on Frye coming up very soon, with Clive right up close—Editor.

**CORRECTION**

I really like your magazine, but I have just one small correction. BLOOD & ROSES' French title, ET MOURIR DE PLAISIR, is correctly translated as AND TO DIE OF PLEASURE, undoubtedly derived from the line in LeFanu's novel, spoken by the vampire: "I live in your warm life, and you shall die—die, sweetly die—into mine." Incidentally, director Roger Vadim wanted the French title for the film to be LE SANG ET LES ROSES (BLOOD & ROSES), but only got his wish in the English release.

Gary Berson, Philadelphia, Penna.

**BUYING COLLECTOR**

Am always on the lookout for original pre-1954 stills of horror-science-fiction-fantasy films (also interested in some post-50's, but not too many & not as a regular diet). Will buy almost any quantity provided prices are within reason. I don't want mediocre reproductions of originals. Also interested in pre-1955 horror & super-hero comics (as long as prices are sensible). Also, I want pre-1944 horror-weird pulp mags.—Mordecai De Morgan, Box 183, Ridgefield, New Jersey.

You'll notice we're using a particular variety of special size type in this issue's GHOSTAL MAIL. Some may become disenchanting while many of you may like this, especially since it means being able to get in many more readers' letters, wants and notices. So, please let us know (preferably by writing — telepathy isn't always too reliable) if you like the idea of using this size face, or a larger style (which may at first seem roomier looking but will also mean fewer letters, names, etc.).

Wrapping things up, we shan't leave yet without mentioning names and wants of

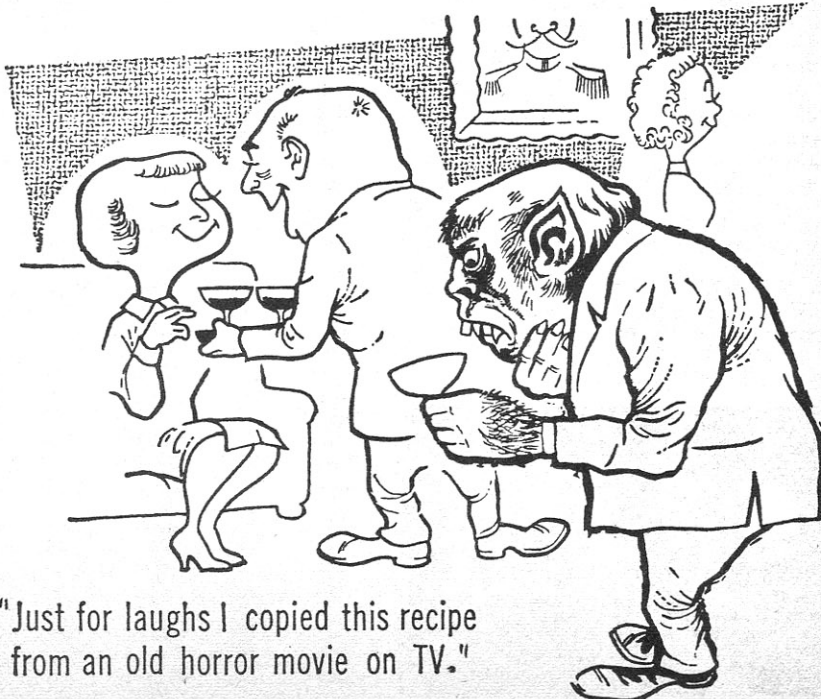
some of the worthies who couldn't get into the regular part of the letter column, but who nevertheless deserve being mentioned:

Ronald Scarborough, 2919 Beals, Detroit 14, Mich., is an avid collector of curios & of books on vampires, witchcraft, voodoo, etc. He'll pay up to \$50.00 for authentic Egyptian relics; also likes line drawn pics of demons, etc. . . . Elsie Reid calls herself The Countess of Alucard these days at 319 Howard St., Corona 3, Calif.; likes to draw, write & dotes on horror stuff. . . . The F.W.D. (Frankenstein, Wolfman, Dracula) Club has been going on for around 2 years, would like new members; contact Hank Perkins, 1444 Redondo Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah, 84105. . . . Creature's Pet Club is announced in existence by Bill George, 5023 Frankford Ave., Baltimore, Maryland, 21206—interested mostly in pen-pals. . . . Betty Layaz (room 426), 100 Parson St., Detroit 1, Mich., would like to see an article or some photos on Minerva Urecal in C.F. . . . T. C. Grant is charging 25c each for 6 stationettes of the Creature, Wolfman and Mummy. Also wants pen-pals who are fans of Chris Lee (which ought to be about a million). T. C.'s at 810 W. White Oak, Independence, Mo. . . . Also, letters from: Heather Hector, 16 Calthorpe Road, West Earlham, Norwich, Norfolk, Nor 65H, England. . . . J. Derry, 47 Harlington Rd. East, Feltham, Middlesex, England. . . . Chris Collier, 15 French St., Paddington, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia. . . . Elizabeth Anne Smith, 13 Godwyn Rd, Deal, Kent, England. . . . W. I. Norcott, 6 Skinner Street, St. John's, Worcester, England. . . . D. E. Edgington, 14 Cressing Rd., Witham, Essex, England. . . . John Stone, R. #4, Bristol, Tennessee. . . . James R. Hoyt, Jr., 12323 Milburn St., Springfield 13, N. Y. . . . Dave Szurek, 6328 Perkins St., Detroit, Mich., 48210. . . . Raymond Rosa, 2172 59th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., 11204. . . . Fred Martuscelli, 2414 Belmont Ave., Bronx, N. Y., 10458. . . . Scott Baker, 311 E. Boyd Dr., Baton Rouge, Louisiana. . . . And last but far from least, veteran CoF reader and Lugosi fan, G. R. Guy, 22 Canterbury St., East Hartford 8, Connecticut.

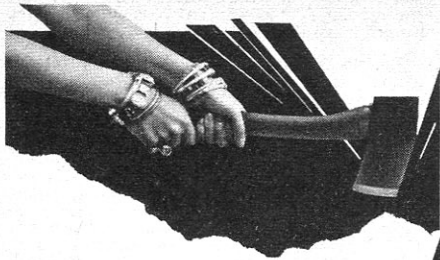
There's also one more address, and it's where you send Ghostal Mail: Box 43 — Hudson Heights — North Bergen, N. J. — 07048.

**Next Issue: CoF INTERVIEWS ALFRED HITCHCOCK in another CoF exclusive!!!**

**Even napkins are getting into the monster act these days. Here is a reproduction from a Fort Howard Paper Company "Party Time" cocktail napkin.**



"Just for laughs I copied this recipe from an old horror movie on TV."



# MOVIE REVIEWS



Decapitation by axe seems to be a currently popular theme; this form of gory thrill is featured in both *DEMENTIA 13* and *STRAIT-JACKET*. *STRAIT-JACKET* is, of course, the major production with the big build up, familiar producer-director William Castle, and famous star Joan Crawford, but the other film ultimately stands up as a better production.

The press sheets at the preview of *STRAIT-JACKET* said that after seeing the ending, viewers will want to see the film again to see if any scenes "cheated." I doubt if many viewers would want to go through such needless torture, especially since the denouement is fairly obvious throughout most of the film, and one can see that, in a sense, there was some "cheating." (The good surprise-ending film depends on a number of scenes which seem to lead to a false ending, but which would also seem perfectly natural in a new way to a person who knew the final outcome. *STRAIT-JACKET* had some scenes that, while not actually contradicting the conclusion, did not play well to a person who knew who the murderer was.)

The point is that the press sheets were suggesting that the main attraction of the film was "trick ending." Even more significantly, the ads suggested that *STRAIT-JACKET*'s main attraction is crude direct gore and sadism, with the ad-line "Warning! *STRAIT-JACKET* vividly depicts axe murders!"

In between the murders, the production is as half-hearted as a tired burlesque comedian killing time between the stripper's numbers. Only during the "shock" sequences do things come to life; camera and lighting values become competent, the editing becomes tight and craftsmanlike, and the sound reaches its creative peaks.

Joan Crawford struggles with the script and the hack dialogue, but does not come near her great performance in *WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?*. Except for George Kennedy, who gives an interesting performance as a sinister hired hand, the rest of the cast is pretty weak.



*DEMENTIA 13* has a very similar hack plot-line, but director Francis Coppola did not treat it as a "gimmick" film but as an atmosphere film, with much better results. He has used the opportunity of actual location shooting in Ireland to give the movie a rich visual quality not often found in quickies of this nature. The locations, a giant rambling estate house with expansive lawns and a murky pond, gardens with crumbling archways and little ruined statues, and endless rough-hewn basement tunnelways have the details of reality and solid construction which lends a certain air of credibility to this story of a rich family with an unsavory past. Gothic lighting brings from deep shadows new textures in the settings; a fluid camera also helps in creating atmosphere.

Most of the important action occurs near the pond at night. The film opens with a completely black screen, with only a rowboat visible. The oarsman, one of the family's sons, has a sudden heart attack, and his wife (Luana Anders) fearing she will be disinherited if he is known to be dead, unceremoniously dumps him into the drink, and tosses his transistor radio in after him, which gurgles rock-and-roll to the bottom, putting the final creative touch on an excitingly visual sequence.

It is soon revealed that the family's only daughter had drowned in the same pond while still a child, some ten years previously, and her still grieving mother (Ethne Dunn) insists upon an annual restaging of the funeral. Most of the family's history is told, not in flashback, but by one of the family's sons; Bart Patton gives these quite a convincing reading. (In the one brief flashback sequence, the child actor who plays Bart Patton as a boy looks remarkably like him, and it seems strange that greater advantage wasn't taken of this.)

Luana Anders soon attempts to use Ethne Dunn's devotion to her dead daughter to get herself included in the will. But before she can succeed, the mysterious feet so often seen in other mystery and horror films begin to stalk her. The feet (and the rest of the stranger, complete with axe) meet up with her at the pond at night. But not before she's had a chance to discover an underwater grave, complete with corpse, of the long drowned daughter—an eerie scene reminiscent of *NIGHT OF THE HUNTER*.

The family doctor (played with a peculiar but effective style by Patrick McGee) questions some local Irish bit part actors (which improve the atmospheric flavor of the film a great deal), and finally wraps up the case. But before he reveals the *PSYCHO*-like ending, the audience has its share of the macabre, including one scene uncomfortably similar to *STRAIT-JACKET* of a dismembered head that rolls along the ground into the pond at night.

Produced and directed by Roger Cornman, in color, with script by Ray Russell, and starring Ray Milland and a good supporting cast, *X, THE MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES* is obviously an interesting project. It seems as though at times there was an attempt to create a minor classic of the genre. The ending, particularly, with its unusual almost philosophical view into the center of the universe, reminds one of the end of *THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN*. The carnival scenes, the basement healing center, have a poetic quality about them which one senses was meant to envelop the film as a whole.

But too often *X* drifts into the area of the routine program film. Hack dialogue and situations (Milland's X-ray eyes see guests nude at a party, a sort of cleaned-up *PARADISIO*) are too frequent, and the special effects are too flimsy (a special lens distorts and refracts for X-ray vision — colorful but monotonous) to raise this film above the ordinary.

—John Benson

Doubtless, various areas of psychosis, madness and perversion (since they exist in science, in fact and since the beginning of recorded history) would make unending grist for the horror movie mills. Question is: will a number of fly-by-night outfits jump in and kill the golden goose before it has much of a chance at laying golden eggs, by the exploitation of filthy garbage, or will talent and brains have a chance in running things? Looking into the past history of the movie industry doesn't really offer one much to grow optimistic over.

Meanwhile, it is gratifying to know that horror-sex-and-deviation can be somewhat creatively blended in an effort like *MILL OF THE STONE WOMEN* which, with whatever it lacks in story values, it capably makes up through other rather surprisingly high-quality production standards. Photography (in gorgeous color) was done on location, apparently along the canals and by the windmills of the Netherlands. Hardly a great film, it has a mood and atmosphere all of its own making it a most unique and impressive production.

—Nicholas Morgan





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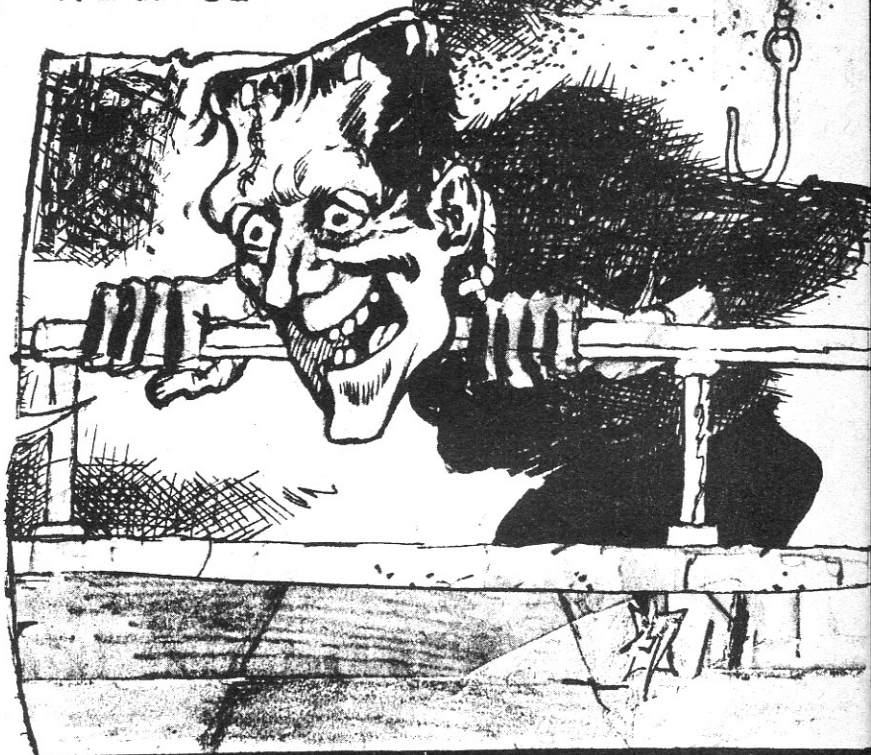
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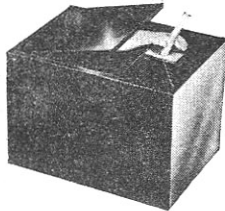
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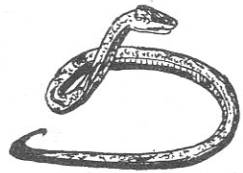


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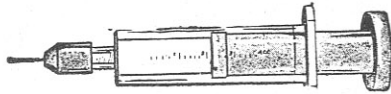
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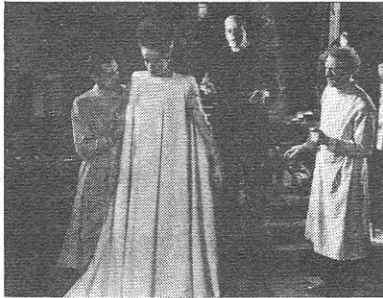
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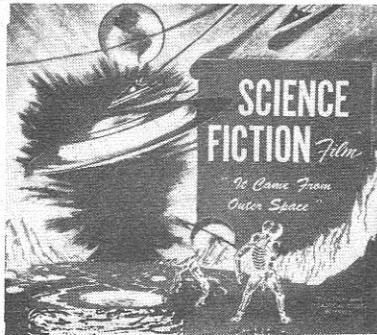
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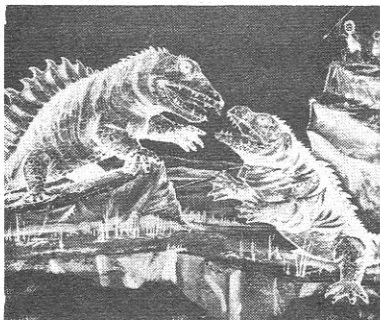
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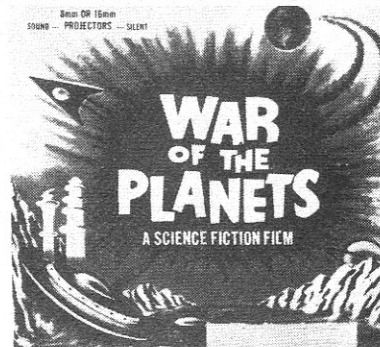


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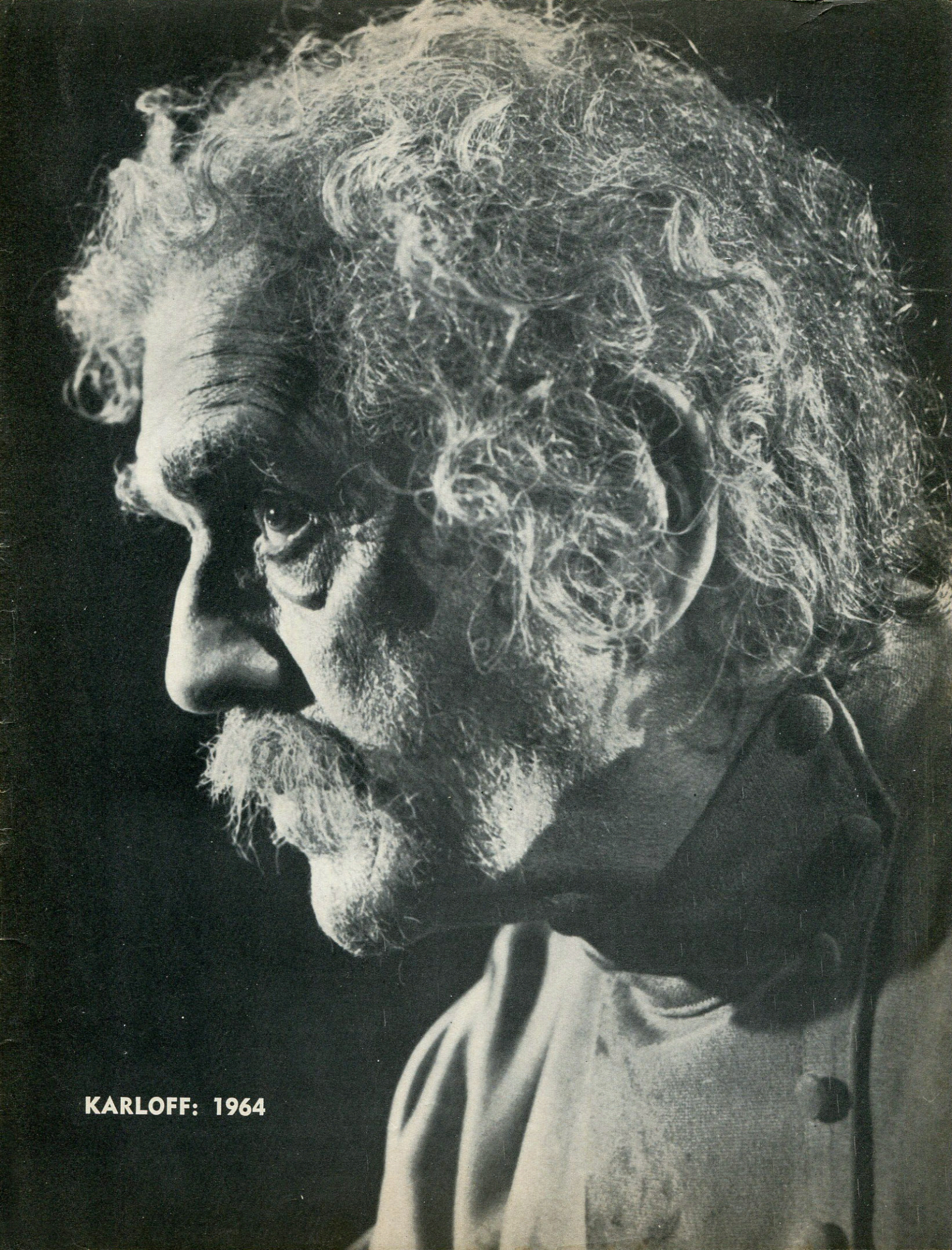
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