

CASTLE of

FRANKENSTEIN

No. 6



35c

RADIO
HORRORS!!

CHRISTOPHER LEE RETURNS IN THE

GORGON!

INTERVIEW WITH ALFRED

HITCHCOCK!

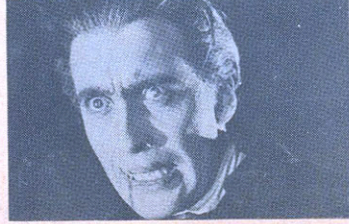
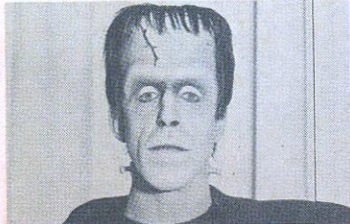
LON CHANEY JR.'s

MONSTERS--

DRACULA AND

THE WOLFMAN

PLUS ANOTHER LOST FRANKENSTEIN!



FORGOTTEN FRANKENSTEIN! Lon Chaney, Jr. appears here in a Frankenstein makeup created by Vincent J-R Kehoe for a 1952 TALES OF TOMORROW on ABC-TV.



CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN

Vol. 2 No. 2

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INSIDE FRONT

Yet another forgotten Frankenstein! Lon Chaney Jr. as Frankenstein on ABC-TV's TALES OF TOMORROW (1952). This test makeup was created by Vincent J-R Kehoe.

BACK COVER

Lugosi stalks!—on the same staircase seen in the Frankenstein Monster scene used on the back cover of CoF#3. Save these back covers for a complete staircase collection.

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Frankenstein

TV movieguide

CoF's Complete Rundown of Horror-Fantasy and Science-Fiction Films Released to Television

Back several issues ago, CoF's first attempt to list fantasy films on TV was pretty abortive. The total number of titles has reached staggering proportions in the last five years. How could we list them all?

Sleeping in the dungeon of the Gothic Castle last month (all available space in the torture chamber was filled at the time)—surrounded by thousands of file cards, notes and reference books—we woke up screaming and the solution came to us in a dazed sleep-drugged vision.

We will list them all! But not in one issue, of course. We'll go straight through, alphabetically, until we reach the end. We start with "A"—next issue we'll cover the "B" listings—and right now **ZOMBIES ON BROADWAY** is a picture we don't want to even think about.

—The Editors—

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO GO TO MARS—(77m.—Univ.—1953). A and C meet real-life Miss Universe contestants in space. Their good years were over when they made this.

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—(77m.—Univ.—1953). Zany slapstick version of the Stevenson classic; A and C run afoul of mad Dr. Boris Karloff in London. Wild fun film, many bright spots. Craig Stevens, Helen Westcott.

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN—(83m.—Univ.—1948). Wonderful lampoon of horror films; much is unique and hilarious, some merely ridiculous. Fiendish plan is to replace the Frankenstein Monster's brain with Costello's. Lon Chaney Jr., Bela Lugosi, Glenn Strange, Lenore Aubert.

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET THE INVISIBLE MAN—(82m.—Univ.—1951). OK gag comedy. A and C in prizefighting background, with invisibility formula, crooked fighters, and gangsters. Just fair. Arthur Franz, Nancy Guild, Gavin Muir.



Super-alien in **ATOMIC SUBMARINE**

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET THE KILLER—(84m.—Univ.—1949). Karloff (Chasing Bud and Lou) is the most interesting ingredient in this otherwise weak takeoff.

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET THE MUMMY—(79m.—Univ.—1955). Grade B juvenilia, not up to others in series. Grave robbers in an Egyptian tomb. Too forced and unfunny. Marie Windsor, Richard Deacon, Michael Ansara, Ed Parker.

ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN—(85m.—Hammer—1957). Val Guest directed. Forrest Tucker, Peter Cushing.

AFRICA SCREAMS—(79m.—Nassour—1949). Disappointing Abbott and Costello spoof on jungle pictures. Slow-moving and juvenile. Frank Buck, Clyde Beatty.

A-HAUNTING WE WILL GO—(67m.—20th Fox—1942). Laurel and Hardy meet ghosts. Not their best but still of interest. Henry Morgan.

ALADDIN AND HIS LAMP—(67m.—Mono.—1952). Color. Oriental fantasy. Patricia Medina. John Sands, Richard Croman.

ALIAS JOHN PRESTON—(71m.—Danziger—1955). Fairly interesting British suspense thriller about a Jekyll-Hyde personality. Acting good, story acceptable, but production unimaginative. Dream sequences in particular are disappointing. Christopher Lee, Alexander Knox, Betta St. John.

ALI-BABA—(80m.—1950)—French version with Fernandel for laughs. Samia Gamal.

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES—(87m.—Univ.—1943). Jon Hall, Maria Montez and Andy Devine run around Bagdad. Directed by Arthur Lubin.

ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN—(80m.—20th Fox—1937). This version features Eddie Cantor, Tony Martin, Roland Young.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND—(75m.—Para.—1933). Directed by Norman Z. McLeod, written by Joseph L. "Cleopatra" Mankiewicz. Carroll's classic with top stars is somewhat disappointing but still interesting because of cast: Gary Cooper, W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, Richard Arlen, Charlotte Henry, Edward Everett Horton, Leon Erroll.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND—(91m.—Bunin—1951). Live action actors meet Leo Bunin's puppets in this British version of the children's classic. OK—with strings attached.

ALLIGATOR PEOPLE, THE—(74m.—20th Fox—1959). Eerie grade B melodrama. Beverly Garland tracks her new husband Richard Crane to a decaying mansion in the Louisiana Bayous where a sinister doctor experiments on people with a strange skin disease. Story runs down near the middle. Bruce Bennett, George Macready, Lon Chaney, Jr.

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY—(109m.—Dieterle—1941). Great fantasy based on Stephen Vincent Benet's "Devil and Daniel Webster." Webster defends a man who has sold his soul. Walter Houston, Simone Simon, Edward Arnold, James Craig, Anne Shirley.

AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN, THE—(81m.—AI—1957). Weak, foolish and unconvincing thriller. Army colonel exposed to bomb blast grows to giant proportions, then goes on all-out anti-gambling campaign, nearly leveling Las Vegas. Glenn Langan, Cathy Downs, William Hudson.

AMAZING MR. X, THE—(79m.—Eagle-Lion—1948). Fair. Spiritualist uses beautiful widow in his racket. Some good, almost inspired moments in this bad imitation of *Nightmare Alley*. Cathy O'Donnell, Turhan Bey, Lynn Bari.

AMAZING TRANSPARENT MAN, THE—(58m.—AI—1960). The plot is as transparent as the man. Doug Kennedy, Marguerite Chapman, James Griffith.

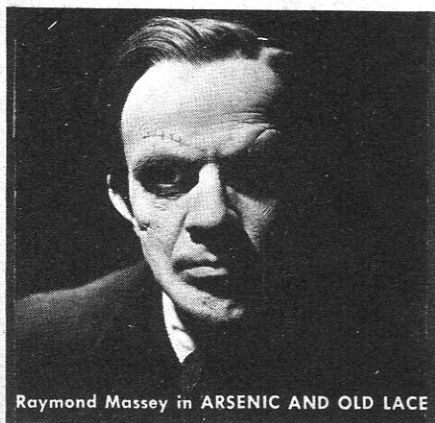
ANDROCLES AND THE LION—(93m.—RKO—1952). Shaw's witty fable of pagan Rome. Alan Young, Victor Mature, Jean Simmons, Robert Newton, Maurice Evans, Elsa Lanchester, Gene Lockhart.

ANGRY RED PLANET, THE—(83m.—AI—1960). Routine space adventure in "CineMagic." Explorers are warned off Mars by monsters. Color. Gerald Mohr, Nora Hayden, Les Tremayne.

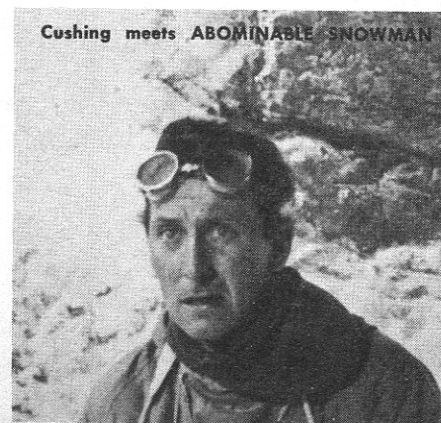
ANGEL WHO PAWNED HER HARP, THE—(73m.—Assoc. Art.—1956). Tale of angel who comes to Earth to do good deeds. Has certain British romantic charm. Diane Cilento (of "Tom Jones"), Felix Aylmer, Robert Eddison.

ANIMAL FARM—(75m.—deRochmont-DCA—1955). Excellent Halas and Batchelor British cartoon interpretation of Orwell's satire on Communism. Frightening and significant. Voices by Maurice Denham. Color.

APE, THE—(62m.—Mono—1940). Familiar dated horror film. Karloff as a slightly demented doctor who wears ape suit and kills people in search of a polio cure. Good thing Dr. Salk never saw this. Maris Wrixon, Henry Hall.



Raymond Massey in **ARSENIC AND OLD LACE**



Cushing meets **ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN**



ALLIGATOR PEOPLE

APE MAN, THE—(70m.—Mono—1943). Grade C, horribly overacted thriller. Lugosi turns himself into an ape man; audience hopes he'll stay that way. Wallace Ford, Louise Currie, Minerva Urecal.

ARABIAN NIGHTS—(86m.—UI—1942). All the Arabian Nights stars: Jon Hall, Maria Montez, Lief Erickson, Turhan Bey, Thomas Gomez, Billy Gilbert.

ARGONAUTS, THE—See "Giants of Thessaly."

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—(118m.—Warner—1944). Directed by Frank Capra, the stage success made an equally great funny film. Two sweet old ladies hold funeral services in their basement after killing lonely gentlemen callers. Josephine Hull, Cary Grant, Peter Lorre, Raymond Massey, Pricilla Lane, Jack Carson.

ASTOUNDING SHE-MONSTER, THE—(Ashcroft—1960). Pitiful Grade D thriller. Amateurish waste of film in which a glowing space woman terrorizes humans. Marilyn Harvey, Robert Hutton, Ken Duncan.

ATLANTIS (SIREN OF ATLANTIS)—(75m.—Nebenzal—1948). Two Frenchmen stumble onto Maria Montez who rules Atlantis. This one is below see level. Jean Pierre Aumont, Dennis O'Keefe.

ATLANTIS, THE LOST CONTINENT—(91m.—MGM—1961). Lavishly set, impressive George Pal sf-adventure told in simple gaudy-bad-guy terms. Good technical effects (including old "Quo Vadis" footage) depicting super-advanced civilization, but written and acted on the low level of a Steve Reeves spectacle. Will lose much without its MetroColor. Tony Hall, John Dall, Edward C. Platt, Joyce Taylor.

ATLAS—(80m.—Filmgroup—1961). Tyrant uses Atlas for his evil ends. Filmed in Greece. Michael Forrest, Frank Wolff, Barbara Morris.

ATLAS AGAINST THE CYCLOPS—See "Atlas in the Land of Cyclops."

ATLAS IN THE LAND OF CYCLOPS—(100m.—Medalion—1963). Atlas battles mythical monsters. Mitchell Condon, Chelo Alonso.

ATOM AGE VAMPIRE—(87m.—Topaz—1963). Grade D Italo-French sex-horror; scientist turns into monster. Produced by Mario Bava. Alberto Lupo, Suzanne Loret.

ATOMIC CITY—(85m.—Para.—1952). Son of Los Alamos physicist is kidnapped by H-Bomb spies. Good suspense. Gene Barry, Lee Aker, Milborne Stone, Lydia Clarke.

ATOMIC KID, THE—(86m.—Rep.—1954). Mickey Rooney encounters spies and radiation. Our geiger counter didn't click on this one at all. Robert Strauss, Hal March.

ATOMIC MAN, THE—(78m.—AA—1959). Mediocre British thriller from "The Isotope Man" by Charles Eric Maine. Gene Nelson, Faith Domergue.

ATOMIC SUBMARINE—(73m.—AA—1959). Familiar but imaginatively set grade B sf-adventure. New atom sub destroys unearthly invader under the North Pole. Occasionally exciting special effects. Arthur Franz, Dick Foran, Brett Halsey, Tom Conway.

ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTERS—(70m.—AA—1957). Gruesome mediocre sf-horror set on remote Pacific island. Giant atomic-mutated crabs use vocal intonations of former victims to lure others. Directed by Roger Corman. Richard Garland, Pamela Duncan, Russell Johnson.

ATTACK OF THE 50-FOOT WOMAN—(66m.—AA—1958). Astoundingly bad sf. Alcoholic wife turned giant by space monster. Worst special effects imaginable tend to make the film laughable, but it's more often just boring. Allison Hayes, William Hudson, Yvette Vickers.

ATTACK OF THE PUPPET PEOPLE—(78m.—AI—1957). Fantasy about kindly old toymaker who shrinks people to the size of dolls for companionship. Generally poor film has excellent performance by John Hoyt as the toymaker. John Agar, June Kenny.

Running times have been included in these listings to enable the reader to calculate for himself if his local station has cut the film—and how much. Figuring on 6 minutes of commercials per half-hour will usually give a fairly accurate total when subtracted from the film's listed time slot. It should be kept in mind that



ATTACK OF THE 50-FOOT WOMAN



ATLANTIS

television is not the ideal showcase for theatrical films, especially those of the more spectacular wide-screen color variety. A popular practice with wide-screen films is known as "scanning." This is a process which enables the viewer to see, say, Chelo Alonso screaming on the left side of the screen while Steve Reeves fights an alligator on the right. Somehow this is how it always works out, and the film is usually more satisfactory telecast as it is—even though the sides are lost.

Such films as **MOBY DICK** and **EARTH VS. FLYING SAUCERS** suffer on TV because in most of their action scenes they depend heavily upon the immensity of the screen (i.e., a white whale bearing down on you fifty feet high is a sight not easily forgotten).

Still, television is the last refuge for the great works of the past which are inaccessible outside metropolitan areas. And even though films are shown in weaker and often reduced form, the serious viewer can try to view them with this in mind and derive almost as much enjoyment from them as when they were first released.

—Joe Dante—

FRANKENSTEIN



A Family of Just Plain Monsters!

When Fred Gwynne was hired for the part of Muldoon on Nat Hiken's "Car 54, Where Are You?" a few years ago, he never realized that someday he'd cash in his unusual tall, gangling figure and talents for the part of a Frankenstein-like monster. Yes, THE MUNSTERS have arrived, and on the opposite page and this one is the successor to the monster made by Mary Shelley and carried on by the immortal Karloff and others. To the left is Beverley Owen, playing a member of the Munster family. Her normality—compared to the other Munsters—is based on the theory that since she looks and acts like a pretty American girl, this means she's okay. But we've got news for her: some CoF staff members have known several beautiful girls who turned out to be monsters! (Nor were we imbibing Frankenstein Fruit Punch, we hasten to add!)

MUNSTER





Yvonne DeCarlo (Lily in **THE MUNSTERS**) has now gone full circle—few people realize Miss DeCarlo almost got her start in monster movies! In the early Forties, before her film career got under way, she once donned monster makeup to screen test as a **WOLF WOMAN** for Universal. Unfortunately, she failed the test (and so did the movie); shortly after, Walter Wanger selected her for the lead in **SALOME, WHERE SHE DANCED**. Now, after twenty years, she has joined the ranks of Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, Tallulah Bankhead and other top Hollywood stars from the Forties who have found renewed fame via the horror flick.

What's the story on Fred Gwynne who plays Herman Munster? He's a man-made monster of many talents having written and illustrated two books and also George Martin's anti-war fable, **THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND THE MICE**. "Children can enjoy it," explains Gwynne, "but the humor in it is more on the adult level." He's an accomplished painter-sculptor (having once studied with the noted portrait artist E. S. Merryman), a former advertising copywriter and Shakespearean actor. But he's no stranger to comedy-fantasy—he made his Broadway debut as "The Stinker" in Mary Chase's fantasy, **MRS. McTHING**.

END



The

RETURN OF

Christopher

Lee

NEW CHARACTERIZATIONS
BY THE MODERN
MASTER OF HORROR

By Michel Parry



Chris Lee's great portrayal of Dracula in **HORROR OF DRACULA**—recently re-released by Seven Arts. Many horror buffs feel that Lugosi's approach to the role was overly theatrical and regard Lee's subtle and chilling interpretation as the greatest Dracula ever captured on film.



WITH TWO YEARS of international film work behind him, Christopher Lee has returned to the studio that brought him fame — Bray studios, from whence came top Hammer hits like **THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN** and **THE HORROR OF DRACULA**. He isn't sorry to be back; "Bray has very happy memories for me," he said. "It's like a home away from home."

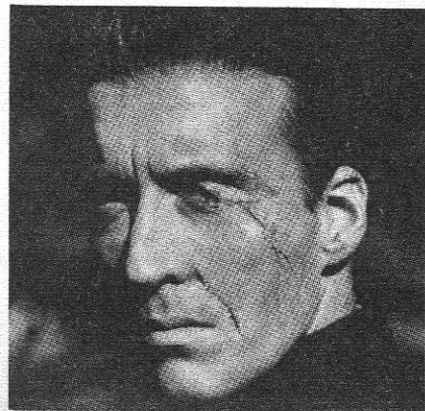
He left England because of its "vicious and crippling tax system." Under present conditions an actor or performer pays income tax on money earned abroad as well as in England even though he may already have paid foreign taxes. With the possibility of having to pay out more than his income, Chris has very wisely made his home in Switzerland on a lakeside with Charlie Chaplin and mystery-writer James Hadley Chase as neighbors.

During those brief two years he has made seven Continental films: **THE DEVIL'S AGENT** (an Anglo-German spy-thriller shot in Ireland); **GANGSTER: LONDON** (German); **HERCULES AT THE CENTER OF THE EARTH** (an Italian movie—also known as **HERCULES VERSUS THE VAMPIRES**—directed by Mario Bava whose successful **BLACK SUNDAY** and **BLACK SABBATH** are to be followed by a co-production with American International, as yet untitled); **KATHARSIS** (Italian, in which he played both Faust and Mephistopheles); **THE WHIP AND THE BODY** (Italian with Dahlia Lavi); **THE VIRGIN OF NURENBERG** (Italian with Rossana Podesta); **KARNSTEIN*** (Italian, based on Sheridan Le Fanu's "Carmilla," the story that Roger Vadim used as a basis for his remarkable **BLOOD AND ROSES**); and a new version of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's **VALLEY OF FEAR** (German, directed by Terence Fisher of Hammer fame).

In **VALLEY OF FEAR** Chris follows in the footsteps of great actors like Basil Rathbone by playing Sherlock Holmes. Thorley Walters is his Watson. Adrian Conan Doyle, son of Sherlock Holmes' famous creator, visited the set and evaluated Lee's performance as one of the two finest Holmes portrayals he had ever seen. He was equally positive that his father would have approved of the interpretation.

It may be remembered that five years ago Chris appeared in a Hammer Holmes film, **THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES**, but as the youthful Sir Henry Baskerville. Peter Cushing was featured in the role of the great detective.

THE VIRGIN OF NURENBERG



Chris returned to Bray to star in a new Hammer production **THE DEVIL-SHIP PIRATES**, playing a part similar to his role in Hammer's **PIRATES OF BLOOD RIVER**. Once again a blood-thirsty pirate captain, this time he is Spanish, contrasting the French Captain Lestrangle. As Captain Robles, he and the crew of the "Diablo", a survivor from the ill-fated Armada, terrorize an isolated Cornish village until the villagers rise up against their evil captors. The film is directed by Don Sharp (who made the haunting **KISS OF THE VAMPIRE**) in wide screen and Eastmancolor with story and script by the prolific Jimmy Sangster.

Few people know that Christopher Lee can speak fluent Italian, German, Spanish, Russian and Swedish. He can, therefore, make a film in the local language and, when necessary, dub his own voice for the export versions.

He is recently reported to have said, "With a face like mine I just have to be a villain." No doubt thousands of his femme fans would disagree. He now receives more letters from woman admirers than any other actor in Britain—truly a remarkable feat for an actor best known for monster roles. He owes his dark Latin looks to Italian ancestry (his full name is Christopher Caradini Lee), and in fact claims to be a descendent of the notorious Borgias. We don't doubt it at all.

Those who'd like to know the full story of Lee's career have a treat in store—he is presently writing an autobiography. The book will cover his life from his schooling at Wellington, through his dramatic experiences in war-time Military Intelligence to the hard days as a struggling actor and his momentous overnight climb to stardom in **THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**. There will, of course, be detailed coverage of the Lee monsters as well as his own views on the art of the horror film. (Unlike certain other horror actors, Chris takes *all* his parts seriously and is a keen student of fantasy and the cinema.) He was encouraged to take up the autobiography by his writer-neighbor Hadley Chase.

No doubt one chapter will be dedicated to his most burning ambition, which is to make a film based on Victor Hugo's novel **THE MAN WHO LAUGHS**, with himself in the title role. The story concerns an unfortunate man with a permanent Sardonius-like fixed grin. His face is amusing to all who see him, who do not realize that he is actually a sad depressed person. "It's a remarkable story, and it could be a marvelous film," enthuses Lee. Many years ago it was made as a silent film in Germany with the great Conrad Veidt in the title role.

Continued

DEVIL SHIP PIRATES



THE GORGON

CAST

Namaroff	Peter Cushing
Meister	Christopher Lee
Paul	Richard Pasco
Carla	Barbara Shelley



To the left are three shots from Terence Fisher's **VALLEY OF FEAR**: top, Hans Nielsen as the commissioner, Chris as Sherlock Holmes and Thorley Walters as Dr. Watson; center shot shows Mabuse influence; bottom, Chris with Hans Sohnker. Directly below, Chris in **UNCLE WAS A VAMPIRE**—as seen by a Spanish caricaturist.

Chris says he would like to make the film in Britain, but so far producers have turned down the idea as "uncommercial." It is still possible that he might find a backer elsewhere in Europe. After all, in his early days a producer told him that he would never be a successful actor because of his commanding height.

When we asked Christopher Lee what he thought of the **CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN** genre, he replied that he feels that it forms "the most complete and accurate coverage available today of this particular subject" and is "a good guide to all of us who are either interested or 'involved' in any way."





Has Chris accepted any parts in Hammer's new wave of horror films? He has definitely decided not to play the Frankenstein monster or the Mummy again. "But Dracula is different. I would certainly do that again if I were asked—he is such an exciting person." As we go to press, rumors have it that Hammer is finally going to make Jimmy Sangster's long-shelved DISCIPLE OF DRACULA, so perhaps . . .

Not all of Chris' ambitions are as macabre as Dracula or THE MAN WHO LAUGHS. He is a keen golf enthusiast and has reached near-professional perfection, having teed off with Sam Snead, Ben Hogan, and Dave Douglas. His biggest non-acting ambition is to play Arnold Palmer. "If I could just do that," he says, "I could die—and lose!—quite happily . . ." While making DEVIL SHIP PIRATES he had no time for golf. "I've been wielding the sword rather than the golf-club lately," he sighs.

Which brings us to another of his remarkable talents—his superb swordsmanship, inherited from his father, a former Army champion. It comes in useful in swashbuckling parts, but he doesn't always come away unscathed. He has several scars and a permanently crooked little finger as a result of a screen fight with Eroll Flynn.

His wife, beautiful Danish model Birgit Korencke, is a talented painter and recently had a one-woman exhibition of 18 oil paintings at New York's famous World House Galleries on Madison Avenue. Gitte, as Chris calls her, wants to do an oil of her husband in one of his more infamous roles—perhaps Dracula! That should be a real collectors item.

—Michel Parry

*Editor's note: Thomas Miller's KARNSTEIN (TERROR IN THE CRYPT in the US) is definitely not to be missed. It features beautiful imagery, combining both classic and graphic elements; an extremely explicit vampiric-lesbian relationship (quite startling to see on TV); a highly evocative mood score and is fairly faithful to Le Fanu. In some respects it is superior to Vadim's BLOOD AND ROSES.



Chris in another of his great scenes from the past—the gripping climax of HORROR HOTEL.



THE PEAK YEARS OF A SECOND GENERATION MONSTER!

Part three of the
Lon Chaney Jr.
story by

Richard Bojarski

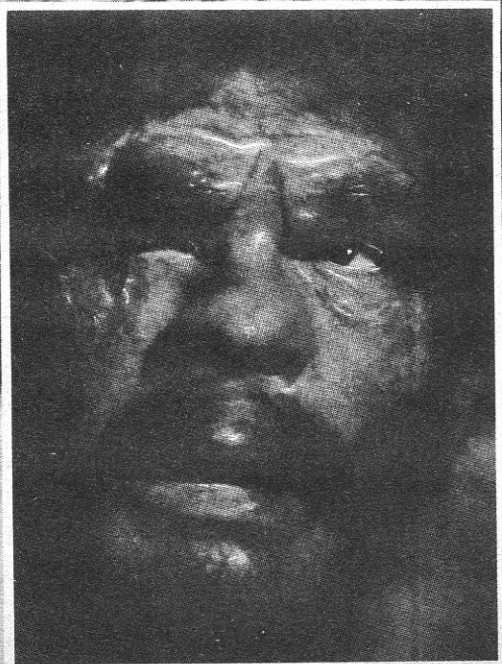
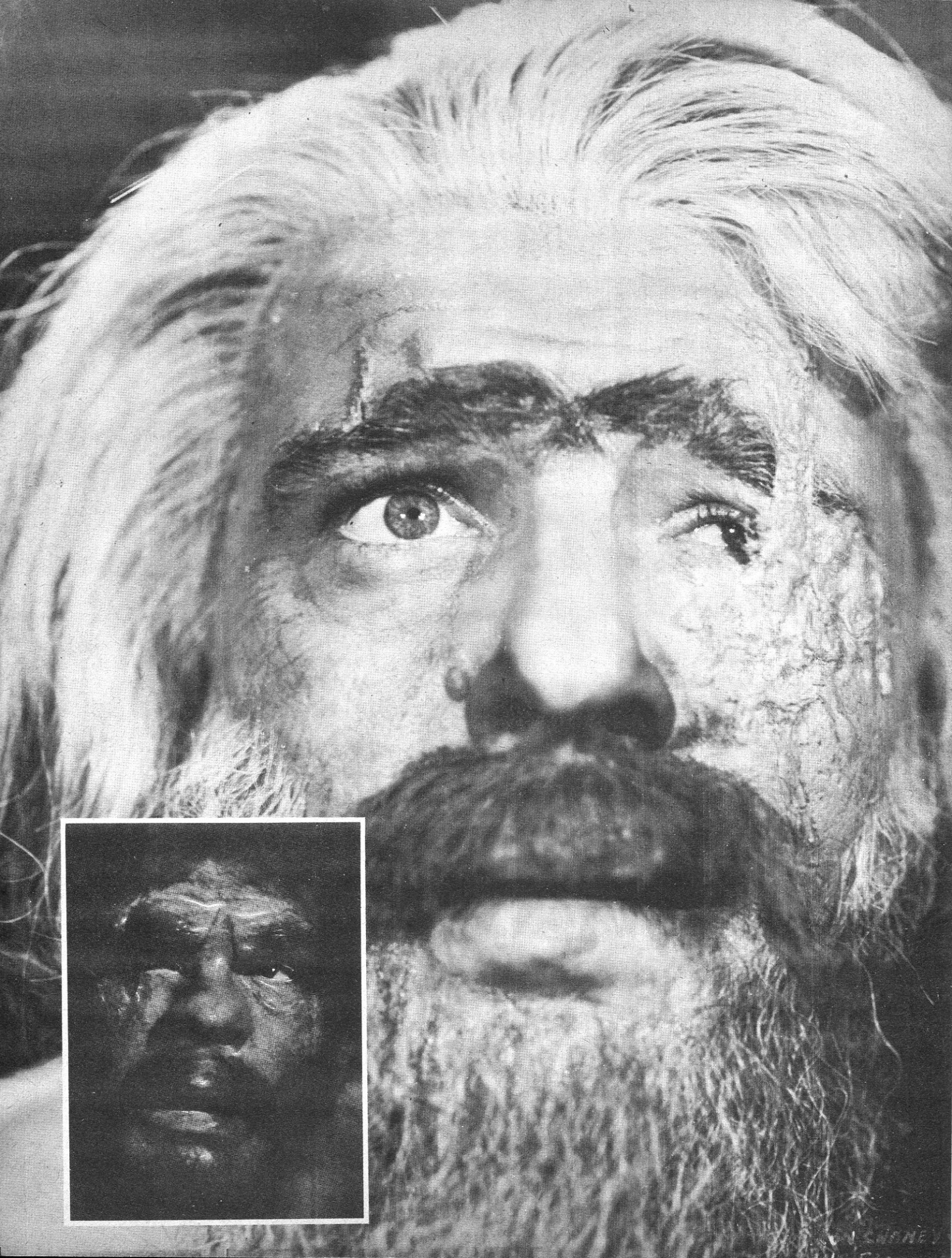
SON OF CHANEY



IN 1939, after years of obscurity in the film factories, Lon Chaney Jr. began to enjoy his first taste of success only because of recognition won from his performance as "Lennie" in *OF MICE AND MEN*. For a short time Chaney basked in the warmth of newly found fame and fortune, and being in demand for a change. Hal Roach was overjoyed over his Lennie, and shortly after stated that a deal was pending to star Lon in *CUP OF GOLD*, a story of pirate adventure based upon the John Steinbeck novel. Steinbeck personally felt that the novel would act as the perfect vehicle for Lon after seeing the fine job he did in the role of Lennie—but the second Steinbeck film never materialized.

Continued

Lon Chaney Sr., (above), as he appeared in Universal's first version (1925) of *THE UNHOLY THREE*; his mock female characterization in the picture showed the range of his versatility. Chaney Jr. proved that, like his father, he could handle a wide variety of roles with equal finesse in films like the 1940 *ONE MILLION B.C.* (opposite page) and *OF MICE AND MEN*. In *B.C.*, Union rules kept Chaney from using his own original makeup creation (see inset), a problem his father never encountered.



WALT DISNEY



MAN-MADE MONSTER (Universal, 1941) was originally titled "The Mysterious Dr. R." Perhaps the studio decided it really wasn't very mysterious. Between takes, Chaney Sr. was given a memorial tribute (above—bronze plaque on the original PHANTOM OF THE OPERA set now open to the public. Making the presentation to Lon Jr. are five of the original PHANTOM crew members, along with Patsy Ruth Miller who starred with Lon Sr. Below, and looking rather Bogart-like, Lon is seen in **THE SHADOW OF SILK LENNOX** (Comodore, 1935).



For a number of months before, Roach had been planning a film with movie pioneer D. W. Griffith based upon the lives and adventures of prehistoric peoples in the remote age of dinosaurs. The production: **ONE MILLION B.C.** As one of the principal players, Chaney was cast as Akhoba, tribal leader of the Rock People and father of Victor Mature. It was originally intended as a strong character part, but, owing to plot restrictions and cutting, Lon's role was minimized.

FILMING ONE MILLION B.C.

Due to squabbles arising from conflicting opinions concerning cast and script, Griffith withdrew from the film asking his name be deleted from the credits.

(Quick, David Wark, the Fiat! See page 31 for another side of the story about DWG vs. the giant Roach.—Editor)

However, the entire film bears Griffith's unmistakable hand and inspiration—in fact, much if not all of the story could have been drawn from his own large filmed or unused backlog of material. But, apart from Griffith's participation as associate producer, this film is important in relation to Chaney's career, for this was the first time he began using special character makeup in the tradition that made his father famous. Yet even in this bright moment, frustration once more arose; his only known attempt at creating his own makeup for an important part

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OF MICE AND MEN

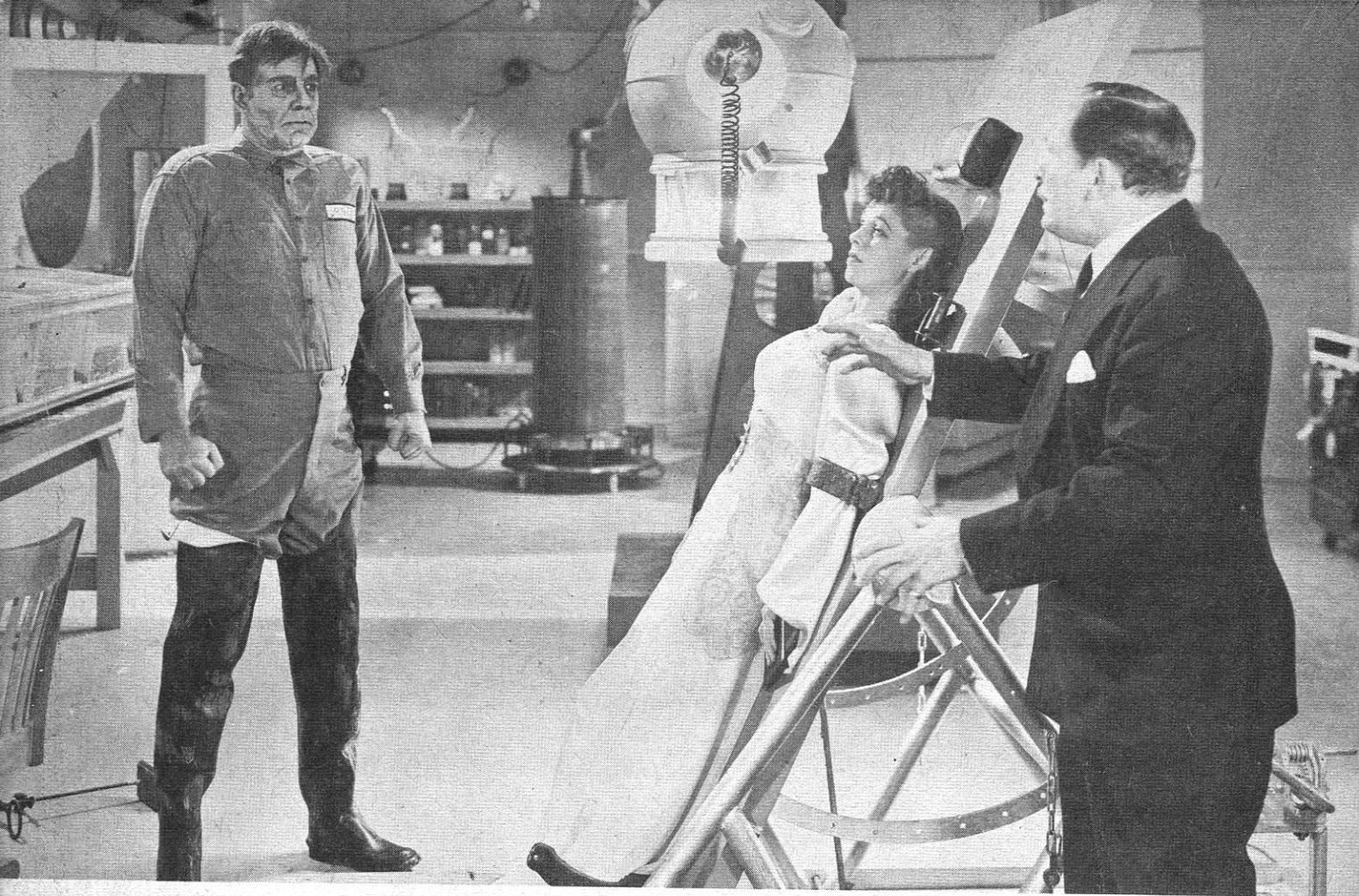




Lon wrestles a bear in a grizzly scene usually missing from most prints of THE WOLF MAN.



In Lon's latest WITCHCRAFT (20th Century, 1964), he prepares for Black Mass—not far from Salem, Mass.



IN MAN-MADE MONSTER, Lionel Atwill is just about to discover whether Anne Nagel is AC or DC when Chaney, a supercharged walking dynamo, intrudes and gives Atwill the shock of his life.

was voided by the *makeup artists union*—it's established rule: makeup can only be professionally applied by and used for the purpose of acting by professional union makeup men. As seen by the accompanying photo, Chaney's original makeup creation was stronger and eerier; however, a less "subhuman" quality was emphasized by the makeup created for him by Bill Madsen, head makeup man at Roach Studios—publicity releases, though, mentioned it as a joint creation of Chaney and Madsen. As a result of a bad accident that Chaney is supposed to sustain as Akhoba (when a prehistoric musk-ox tramples and gores him), he is made up to appear crippled for the balance of the film. The special makeup for the cripple scenes, created by Madsen, required four-and-a-half hours.

B.C.'s GEOGRAPHY

For location scenes, Roach sent his scouts searching for a wild prehistoric setting—and they found it in Fire Valley, a red gash in the Nevada hills. The geography consisted of sandstone formations which time and weather had eroded into strange grotesque chasms, peaks and pillars. To "face-lift" the valley back in time a million years, studio workmen preceded the actors by a couple of weeks to install smoke pots in the ground (to simulate volcanic spas) and added prehistoric type vegetation. Many of the special animal scenes were taken there;

but after ten days, the rest was shot in the Roach Studios where one of the strangest sets ever set up in Hollywood's history was constructed. Among some of the complex jobs, Roach's special effects department is credited for the outstanding earthquake and volcano sequences.

Finally, Chaney's scenes were completed in December while the special animal sequences stayed in production until spring of the following year. Chaney received third billing in a cast with Victor Mature, Carol Landis, and John Hubbard; direction was credited to Hal Roach and Hal Roach Jr. Released in 1940 as *ONE MILLION B.C.*, the film was given mixed reviews; though praised for exceptional special effects, it was criticised for glaring anachronisms that had for dramatic effect, both man and dinosaur on earth at the same time. While paleontologists agree that saurians and homo sapiens existed *several million years apart*, B.C.'s special effects are so well done that fans have been quick to forgive and forget such discrepancies. As an example most dinosaur film stock that was to appear in other films for the next twenty-five years has been borrowed from B.C.

One of B.C.'s important facets which critics failed to observe was an almost total absence of dialogue (the pseudo mumbo-jumbo caveman jargon could hardly be considered "conversation"). Except for elaborate sound effects and a

musical background, B.C. relies entirely on its visual appeal to tell its story; thus its basic structure is of the silent film era. This has only added to further a premise held by some important film authorities that motion pictures depend purely upon visual and not aural (sound) values; in other words, when any forms of sound threaten to dominate a production's visual activity, the very purpose of film making is defeated. This is undoubtedly the reason why B.C. resembles many of Griffith's fine silent era creations. There were even hints of Biblical touches for which Griffith was famous in his earlier productions, but they were not serious enough to make the film more than a clever and engaging refinement of *THE LOST WORLD* theme.

FOREVER LENNIE

During B.C.'s release, Lon appeared on the *INNER SANCTUM* radio show cast in a Lennie type role, then traveled to New York to do a scene from Steinbeck's novel for CBS radio. On his return to Hollywood he found that only Lennie type roles were available. Refusing to run the risk of being "typed", he decided to persevere. Finding that patience was of no use, Lon capitulated and accepted a rather brief part in De Mille's *NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE* in which he played a Matis, a hen-pecked giant member

Continued



Lon Chaney, Jr. in a film that took a wrapping from the critics—the 1942 **MUMMY'S TOMB**.



of half-breeds who were in revolt against the Canadian government in 1885. This obvious brief takeoff on Lennie was unfortunately injected for buffoonery. The only other film he did in 1940, before being signed up by Universal, was MGM's elaborate Technicolor production, **BILLY THE KID**, in which he undertook another depressing minor role under the shadow of the film's star, Robert Taylor. As a heavy, his brief scenes for this white-washed bio-pic of the notorious psycho-outlaw were shot on MGM's studio lot late that year, while the New Mexico scenes were filmed in Arizona's Monument Valley.

Without a movie contract again, Lon's future seemed bleak unless an abundance of Lennie type roles and quaint heavy parts could be termed "job offers with a future." To him they looked like poison.

Then a ray of sunshine broke through. Considering Lon as a possible contract player, due to the reputation of his recent success, and also hoping that the oncemagic name of Chaney might mean box office, Universal decided to take a chance and signed him up for a several years contract. Hoping that this would eventually lead to better parts, Chaney accepted a contract that was to take him through the five greatest years of his movie career.

Universal was now beginning to ride the crest of the second big horror cycle which was started by its monumental success **THE SON OF FRANKENSTEIN**

during the previous year (1939). Dusting off an old property, originally meant for Karloff and Lugosi, Universal revived **THE ELECTRIC MAN**. Retitled **MAN-MADE MONSTER**, it was another variation of the mad doctor theme with emphasis on electro-biology rather than on surgery or chemistry. As Dan McCormick, Lon played a good-natured sideshow "electric man." His unusual immunity to electricity tempts brilliant Dr. Regas (played superbly with a dash of madness by Lionel Atwill) into feeding Chaney larger doses of electricity with the dream of "creating a race of living zombies." This results in chaos for all concerned, including Atwill and Chaney.

Making his horror movie acting debut at the same studio where his famous father made his greatest successes, Lon's man who personally supervised all of his makeup jobs for Universal was Jack Pierce, creator of Karloff's immortal Frankenstein monster makeup. Between scenes and while still in makeup, Chaney attended a brief commemoration ceremony honoring his father on the original **PHANTOM** set.

Despite excellent performances from Chaney and Atwill, **MAN-MADE MONSTER** (released March, 1941) turned out to be somewhat disappointing, lacking much of the verve and spirit that distinguished many of the earlier Universal successes. Certainly no **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, and hardly a **SON OF FRANKENSTEIN**, it was unnoticed by most critics in the

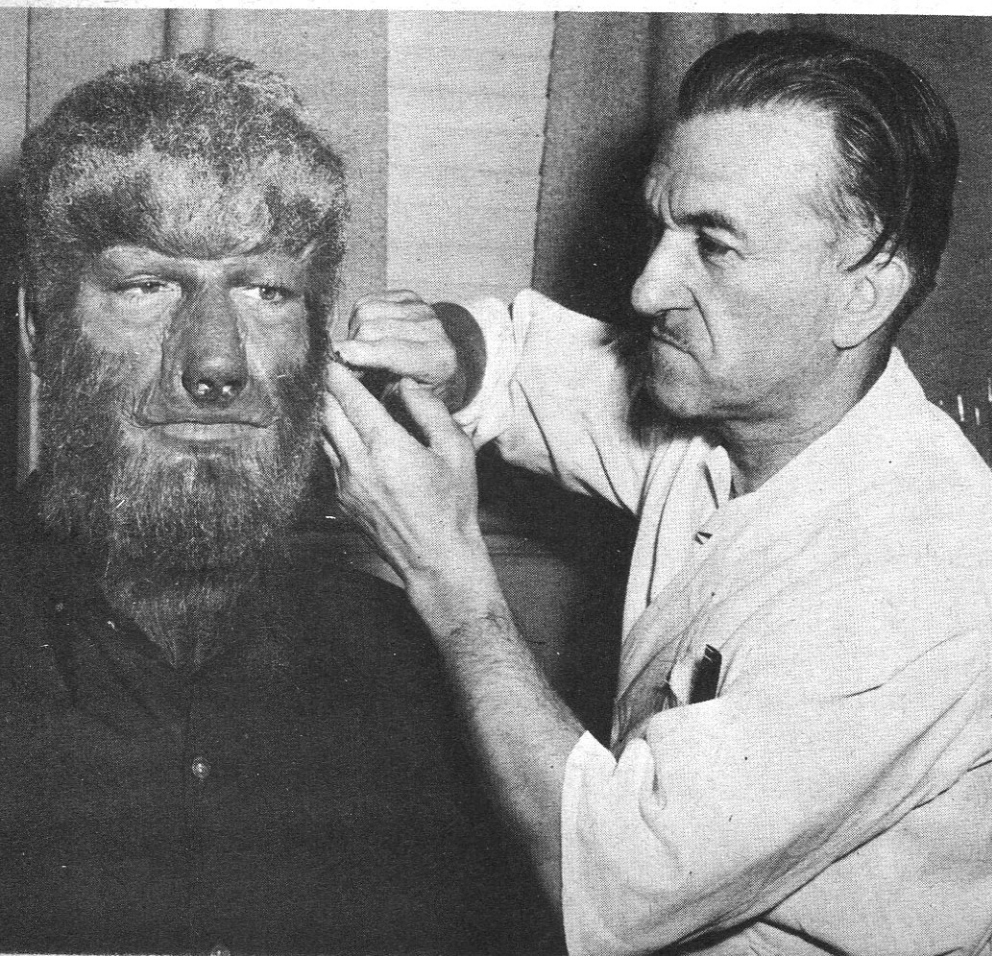
B-thrillers roster for '41. But the important fact is that this was the *first film* to use the best of Chaney Jr.'s acting talent since **OF MICE AND MEN**.

As they were rewriting **MAN-MADE MONSTER** while waiting to be called to the set any day, Lon was cast as a heavy in that almost forgotten 1941 super-serial, **RIDERS OF DEATH VALLEY**, starring Buck Jones, Dick Foran and Charles Bickford. Location scenes for this 15-chapter serial were in the Mojave Valley. After this and **MAN-MADE MONSTER**, Lon worked in three minor 1941 films. In the worst of these, he played a heavy alongside Glenn Strange in a cheapy, **BADLANDS OF DAKOTA**. In **TOO MANY BLONDES** he played a truck driver with cultural aspirations, and in **SAN ANTONIO ROSE** a muscle-bound gangster.

THE WOLF MAN!

Then it came, Chaney was cast as the lead in **THE WOLF MAN**, one of Universal's most original creations since **FRANKENSTEIN**. It was the studio's best film of the year and certainly a foremost entry to help pyramid the growth of the 2nd horror cycle. Though Universal had already made a film on lycanthropy with **THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON** in 1935, **WOLF MAN** bore no relation to it, was far better scripted and directed, and adhered more factually to certain established beliefs in lycanthropy. Excel-

Continued



Universal's Jack Pierce (left) preparing Chaney for his portrayal of the Man who became Wolf for **HOUSE OF DRACULA** ('45). Chaney's face, feet and hands were completely covered with yak hair which required six hours to apply. Chaney and Lugosi (above) battle it out in **FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN** ('43); Lugosi was seen nearly everywhere except where strenuous action was needed. These scenes were played by famous stuntman Ed Parker. Facing page, top: Lon gave quite a charge to those who contacted him in the 1941 **MAN-MADE MONSTER** (also known as **ATOMIC MONSTER** in later re-release). Facing page, bottom: Lon doesn't seem to believe that only her hairdresser knows for sure in a scene with Evelyn Ankers **THE WOLF MAN** ('41).

MAN-MADE MONSTER



THE WOLF MAN



There's no scene like this in SON OF DRACULA, but this still has more drama than the usual posed publicity shot from films of the Forties.



lent casting (Chaney, Maria Ouspenskaya, Claude Rains, Bela Lugosi), an atmospheric musical score, elaborate sets like the unforgettable mist-clad moor sequences, combined with Chaney's fascinating makeup and ability to project terror establishes THE WOLF MAN among the handful of entries deserving to be labeled "classic" in the horror movie field.

But the creation and thinking-out of the WOLF MAN makeup is alone another fascinating story. It is generally unknown that Jack Pierce worked on a makeup style created for Henry Hull in WERE-WOLF OF LONDON which was never used because of the length of time required for its application; consequently, a less effective one was put on Hull. Working from a life-mask of Chaney's face, Pierce fashioned a long wolflike rubber nose and a thick wig. Taking roughly five hours, the hair was meticulously applied piece by piece; although it only took forty-five minutes to remove, it was sometimes painful if the hair stuck on too well. Pierce also created the wolflike hands and feet, and costumed Chaney in black shirt and trousers so that the ordeal of body makeup would be avoided.

Other interesting behind-the-scenes highlights: before they chose Chaney for the role, Bela Lugosi was being considered for the part (instead, he was reduced to the relatively minor part of Maria Ouspenskaya's werewolf son). The church scenes were taken on the original HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME set in which Chaney Sr. starred. Somewhat of a sad note is that it seems part of the print released for TV viewing is missing: it shows a wrestling match between Chaney Jr. and a 600 pound bear.

Despite WOLF MAN's overall quality, the horror film had become a mass-produced product for the action-thriller houses; therefore, this "A" film was never given the high recognition it deserved.

On its completion, Chaney was rushed into a routine programmer—a 15-chapter serial, OVERLAND MAIL, in which Chaney broke Western movie tradition by playing a *black-shirted* hero! Location scenes were at Kernville, Calif., and while this was his last serial for the studio, his next job was another routiner: Jack London's NORTH TO THE KLONDIKE (1942). Producers had discovered villain potentialities in his bulky frame, and he was miscast as a prominent heavy. KLONDIKE was an obvious takeoff on the same studio's remake, SPOILERS, with John Wayne.

THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER AND OTHERS

Quite pleased by its success with THE WOLF MAN, Universal planned a fourth sequel to the FRANKENSTEIN series—starring Chaney as the Monster. Karloff had for a long time resisted offers to play the Monster for several reasons, one of which was a happy commitment to the long Broadway run of ARSENIC AND OLD LACE. So, Chaney submitted in 1942 once more to the rigors of heavy makeup, personally applied by Jack Pierce. He would report in at 4 A.M. daily to comply with an 8 A.M. shooting schedule. Determined to make Chaney's Monster a success, Pierce made it like Karloff's Monster by recreating the same headpiece design; but the rubber base caused an allergy that put Chaney out of the picture for a week.

Continuing where THE SON OF FRANKENSTEIN left off, and getting Bela Lugosi to recreate his famous Igor role, GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN as

a sequel provided many impressive moments: raising the Monster out of the sulphur pit; the spectacular scene where his body is given a tremendous "tonic" and a charge of greater strength after being struck by lightning. Despite the story's attempt to make the Monster more unsympathetic than ever, his inhuman appearance and "rugged individualism," joined to Chaney's entirely fresh interpretation, created a most interesting portrayal. Universal dropped the "Junior" from Chaney's name from that moment. But, though the studio was still producing its *important* horror films with care, this minor classic is considered as the last "quality" production in horror film series that Universal would ever make (HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN, HOUSE OF DRACULA, and A. & C. MEET FRANKENSTEIN are potpourris and not pure extensions of any series).

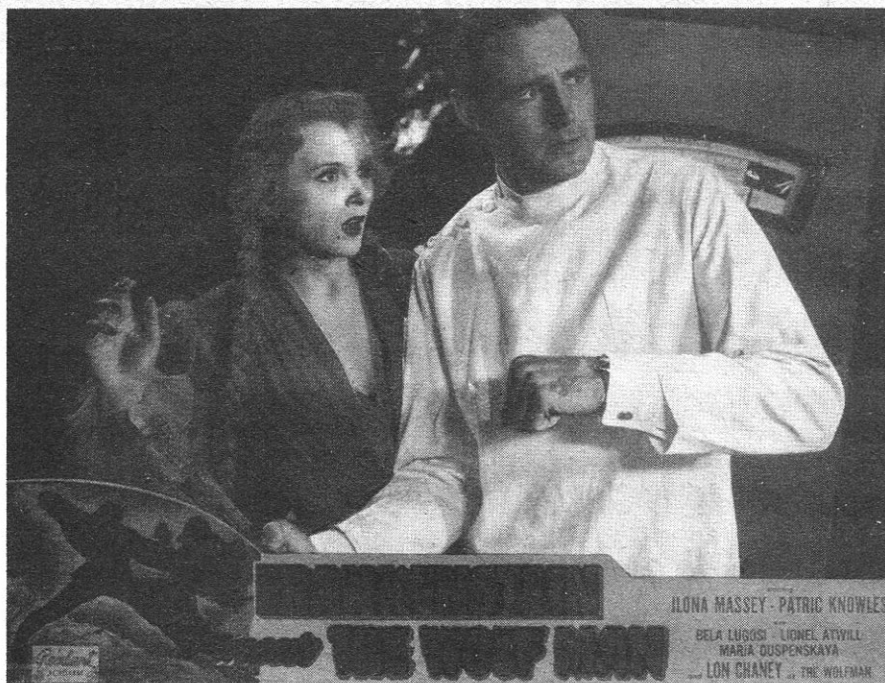
His next assignment was a minor 1942 gangster film, EYES OF THE UNDERWORLD; he was billed second to Richard Dix in a role ill-suited to his talents: a moronic ex-convict. About the same time Chaney appeared in two Universal shorts, produced to aid the war effort: these AMERICA SPEAKS featurettes concerned victory gardens and duties of citizens during air raid blackouts.

Chaney's horror film success now made him into Universal's number one boxoffice attraction, prompting the studio into re-reviving the MUMMY series originated by Karloff ten years before. In THE MUMMY'S TOMB, Chaney inherited the role from Tom Tyler in the last sequel (THE MUMMY'S HAND, 1940), and was cast as Kharis, the 3,000 year-old mummy supported by high priest Turhan Bey, who was billed as "The Man Of Mystery." Pierce created a rubber mask which was horrific though not as chilling as the Karloff and Tyler makeup. Chaney wore this throughout the series together with a one-piece bandaged suit covered with a liquid solution of Fuller's Earth also created for him by Pierce. Where previous sequels had broken off this script attempted to carry on, and also made an effort to relocate the Mummy in New England; but trite dialogue made the Mummy's nocturnal prowlings in search of Princess Ananka seem tedious. While there were a few moody moments followed by a dubious death-by-fire, this was the weakest in the series. There were a few interesting stock shots from the original FRANKENSTEIN showing the villagers searching the countryside for the monster, but this could hardly save it either.

So, looking back at the success of THE WOLF MAN, Universal decided to combine two potent monsters in one sequel. More ambitious than its predecessor, FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN dramatized the adventures of Chaney as Lawrence Talbot who, in searching for death as a release from the immortal torment of lycanthropy, discovers the comatose body of the Frankenstein Monster within glacial ice. In hopes of finding a welcome death by submitting himself to an energy-releasing experiment, the Wolf Man disappears amid the flooded ruins of Chateau Frankenstein while battling the Monster to the death.

Neatly produced with an eye for detail and exciting drama, it turned into the best of the series since SON OF FRANKENSTEIN. Rendering one of his best performances, Chaney's talent for pathos was most effective, especially in the gypsy sequences. For this sequel, Mme. Ouspenskaya was recruited to recreate her famous role as Maleva the gypsy. Although Bela Lugosi was approaching sixty and physically unsuited for the role of the Monster,

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Extremely rare FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN display poster (above) showing a non-Lon scene—Ilona Massey and Patric Knowles have just received word that, despite their billing, they are not the stars of the movie. Jack Pierce prepares Chaney (center) for his role in GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN. Makeup applied, Chaney then sets out (below) to get a new brain from little Janet Ann Gallow but Lugosi intervenes.



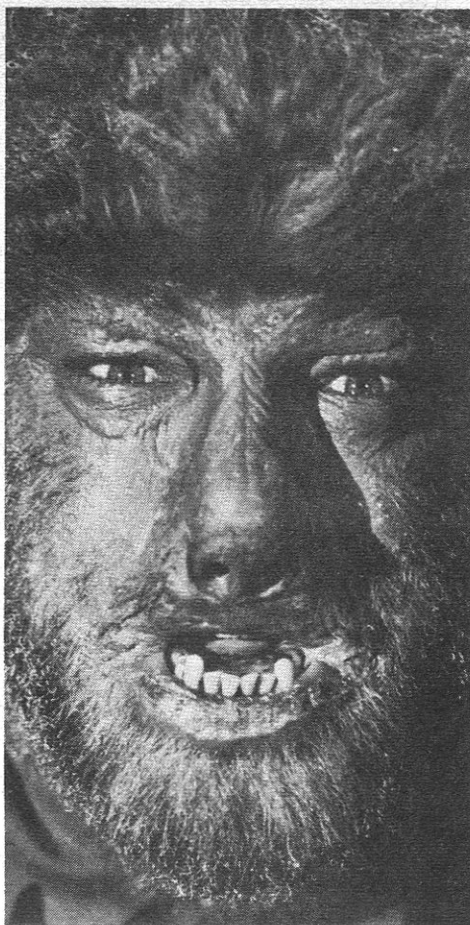
he still ranked among the Big Three (with Karloff and Chaney), and was readily available. Fortunately, the makeup concealed his age and the use of stuntman Ed Parker for the more strenuous scenes sustained the illusion. Shooting began in late 1942, and filming ran smoothly for awhile until an accident occurred: the horse-drawn cart carrying Chaney and Mme. Ouspenskaya toppled over and the aging actress suffered a leg fracture.

Because it was about lycanthropy, the special effects department labored hard to create this illusion. Special photographic wizard John Fulton worked closely with Pierce to create the first man-into-wolf transformation scenes in the series. Sequences appearing on-screen only a dozen seconds required nine hours work at a time just reconstructing the step-by-step changes. Grotesque scenes like this succeeded in thrilling war-weary audiences happy to escape the bad news of the day. Among the film's moody sequences, H. J. Salter's musical score, played by the Universal sound stage orchestra, created an appropriate atmosphere for the ear that underlined the production's visual qualities.

Horror purists feel that this film marked the beginning of the decline of Universal's great horror tradition. Nevertheless, to the studio's credit, it must be admitted that the sequel not only lived up to the original WOLF MAN but in some scenes surpassed it.

FROM COWBOY TO DRACULA

Chaney's next job was as a supporting heavy in FRONTIER BADMEN, a better than average minor Western. Diana Barrymore was included in the cast of the usual Universal stock players. Between scenes,



Chaney visited the 1943 PHANTOM OF THE OPERA production company; this brilliant remake used his father's old Phantom set. Ironically, many of Chaney Jr.'s horror films were shot on this same sound stage.

But it was obvious by this time that he was suffering from the usual studio contract-player's occupational disease: type-casting. His non-horror roles were being limited to heavies.

Possibly the most distinguished role in his career was the lead in THE SON OF DRACULA. Though a misnomer, since he was actually the old Count himself and not his "Son," it was well directed by Robert Siodmak from a script by his brother Curt "Donovan's Brain" Siodmak. As an actioner, it was the studio's best essay on vampirism since the original DRACULA; but excellent production management and techniques did little to alleviate the low-budget quality that Universal had been using on many of its horror films for some time. It was a lot cheaper to get the good Count and his activities within the USA's low-cost frame-and-shingle atmosphere (as with the MUMMY sequels) than setting up large cumbersome Transylvanian style units.

From his native Transylvania, Chaney comes into the USA traveling incognito as Count Alucard, searching for "fresh blood." Attempting to gain control of an aristocratic Southern family's estate as a means to power and riches, he enamors their beautiful daughter, turning her into his controlled creature. But the hero frees her accursed soul by destroying her body—the only way that she can be purged of evil. Foiled on the eleventh hour by

Lycanthropy proved to be a potent box office lure when Chaney appeared as THE WOLF MAN (above), but producers guessed wrong when they combined two of the greatest horror figures in FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN (below). In this scene Maria Ouspenskaya, Ilona Massey and Patric Knowles stand in castle ruins waiting for the Frankenstein Monster and the Wolf Man to unearth Ludwig Frankenstein's secret of life.



Lugosi tries to recall whose brain is going into whose head in this scene from *GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN*. The brain-swapping gets so furious in this film that sometimes you can't tell the brains without a scorecard.



CALLING DR. DEATH

Prof. Van Helsing, (ably played by the late J. Edward Bromberg), Dracula meets his end when he finds he cannot get into his coffin, purposely set on fire, as the rays of the morning sun reach out to strike him down.

Overlooking a low budget, the musical moods and special effects were used excellently, sometimes sparingly, but always effectively. Scenes of a fog-swept countryside, the graveyard night sequence, and Dracula's coffin emerging from the misty waters of a midnight lake typified some effective moments of this well-dramatized production.

In comparing his various roles, Chaney made this declaration:

"Dracula is certainly more potentially terrifying than those roles which required gruesome makeup. I feel there is no doubt that the mind's own sinister subtleties can be far more terrifying than a semi-human beast."

Unlike his other roles, his Dracula makeup consisted simply of an altered hairline, whitened temples, a suave moustache, and a thin coat of bluish-gray greasepaint on his face to create a pale, undead look.

By 1941 Boris Karloff had virtually dropped out of sight as the Film World's *number one menace* and was not to appear to any important extent until 1945, except for an average of one film per year (in 1939 and 1940 he appeared in fourteen films; but 1943 doesn't even have one title to his credit—the first

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Lon and Bela in GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN

time he had ever *skipped* in a career that had already spanned 22 years!). This "vacation" from films was understandable:—Karloff had racked up tremendous success in his first love, the stage, in ARSENIC & OLD LACE, and it was keeping him busy . . . and happy.

The field was now entirely clear for Lon Chaney Jr. and his star was on the rise as the screen's Top Horror Star. Judging from his publicity and billing as "The Screen's Monster Character Creator," 1943 was his peak year.

Around this time an incident occurred which serves to illustrate his public popularity, especially with the young. During the Quiz Kids' visit to the Universal lot, a car drove past them containing a familiar passenger. Upon being informed "That was Lon Chaney in there!", the child prodigies chased the car until it stopped, followed by the star signing autographs for them. One eight-year-old intellectual interrupted with, "Really, Mr. Chaney—you're quite good looking. You don't scare me at all!"

Pleased with Chaney's success, Universal decided to launch a new film series by negotiating with Simon & Schuster pub-



Above, Lon and George Chaney, brother of Lon Sr. Lon's Uncle George, an antique dealer in Appleton, Calif., visited his nephew on the NORTH TO THE KLONDIKE set—the first time he had stepped onto a movie set since the death of his famous brother ten years earlier. Below, in GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN, the Monster warns prosecuting attorney Ralph Bellamy that Raymond Burr is handling his defense.



lishing house, then noted for mystery novels which were then being popularly dramatized on radio on "The Inner Sanctum Show." After assembling a working script, production began immediately on the first of the INNER SANCTUM movie series. The initial offering, CALLING DR. DEATH, starred Chaney as Dr. Mark Steele, a neurologist who, following his wife's unsolved murder, is subjected to the grueling suspicions of a police detective (J. Carrol Naish) and plagued by his own possible guilt. He solves his wife's murder by hypnotism. Using the stream-of-consciousness soundtrack, these low-budget, semi-radio style programmers were neat but slanted specifically for the whodunnit fans. Unfortunately, Chaney was not used to the best advantage even though he was star of this series; Universal did not bother to publicize these inexpensive B-budgeters as it did with their ever more popular horror films.

(Part 4 and the conclusion of the Lon Chaney Jr. biography will appear in the next issue. Included will be a complete filmography giving titles and credits of Chaney's films to date.)

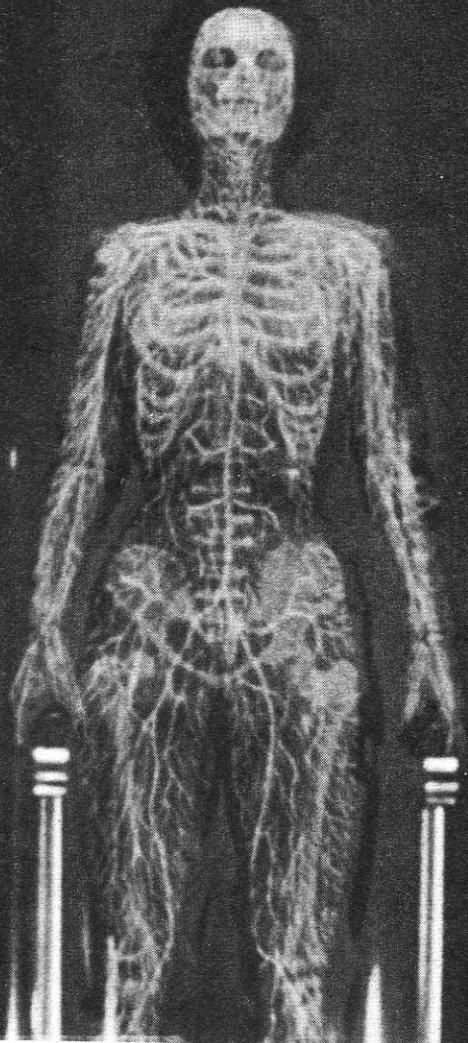
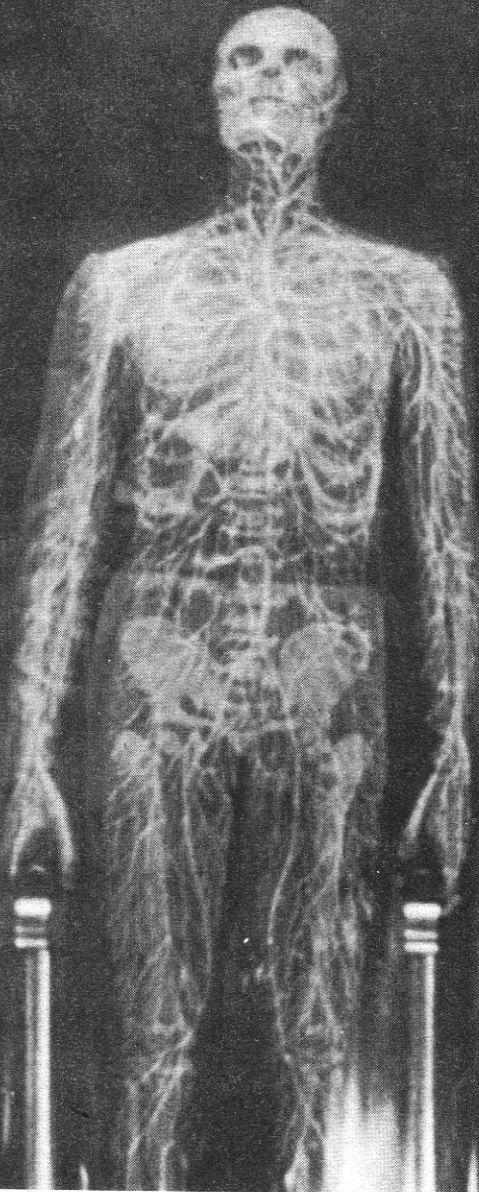
—Richard Bojarski



Above, Maria Ouspenskaya and Evelyn Ankers comfort Lon Chaney as Larry Talbot in *THE WOLF MAN*. Below, Larry engages in a little target practice at a gypsy carnival where he first encounters the dreaded lycanthropic taint. *THE SON OF DRACULA* (right) threatens Louise Albritton.



FANTASY FEST



Scenes from films at the 2nd Trieste Science Fiction Film Festival:

Above, **THIS ISLAND EARTH**. Below, Oliver Reed threatens Shirley Ann Field in **THE DAMNED** (Critic's choice as the Trieste prize-winner).



Joseph Losey's **THE DAMNED** (with Oliver Reed and Viveca Lindfors) won the "Golden Asteroid" second annual Science Fiction Film Festival in Trieste, Italy, by capturing three-fourths of the critics votes.

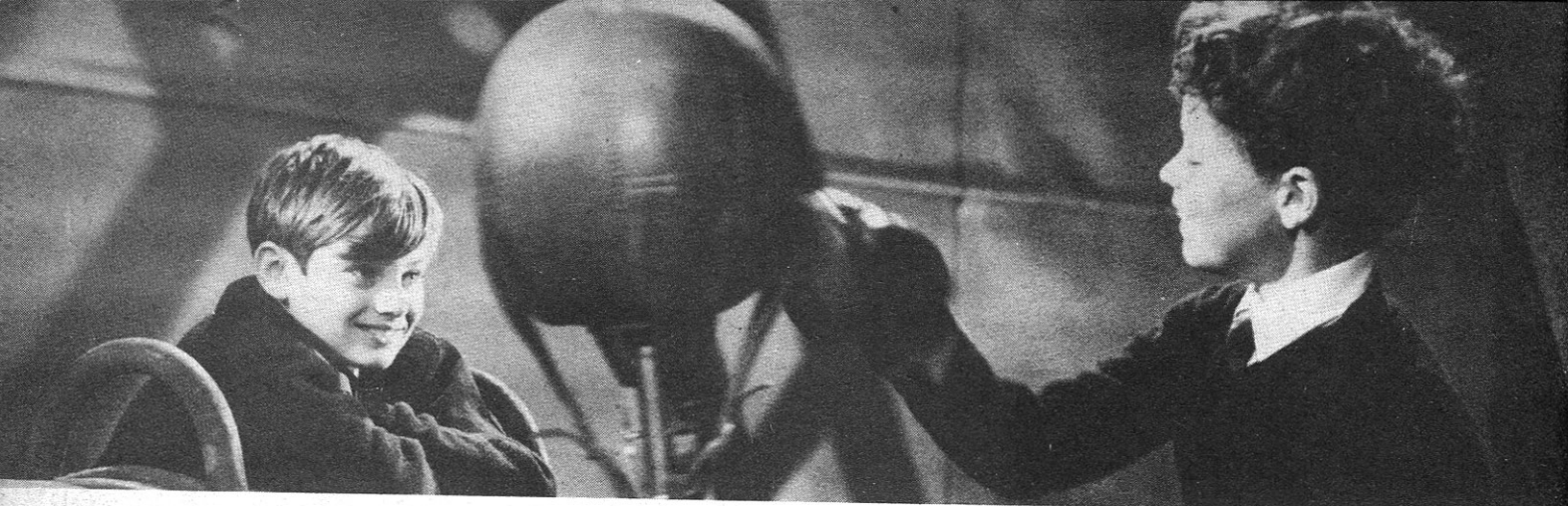
This English-made film has been on Columbia's release schedule for over a year now under the title **THESE ARE THE DAMNED**; perhaps the Trieste recognition will prompt Columbia to finally allow U.S. sf-terror fans to see this anti-bomb vision by the director of the **M** remake (1951) and **THE BOY WITH GREEN HAIR** (1948).

Also at the Trieste Fest, producer Charles Schneer unveiled the British-made **FIRST MEN IN THE MOON** in its world premiere and commented on the loss of a sense of wonder when fantasy films are seen on television: "The motion picture screen recommends itself for the fantasy. The impact of science fiction films gets lost on the small tv screen. I, myself, won't ever allow my films to appear on television." (See "Frankenstein TV movie-guide" for CoF's own feelings on this subject.)

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THIS ISLAND EARTH (1955)



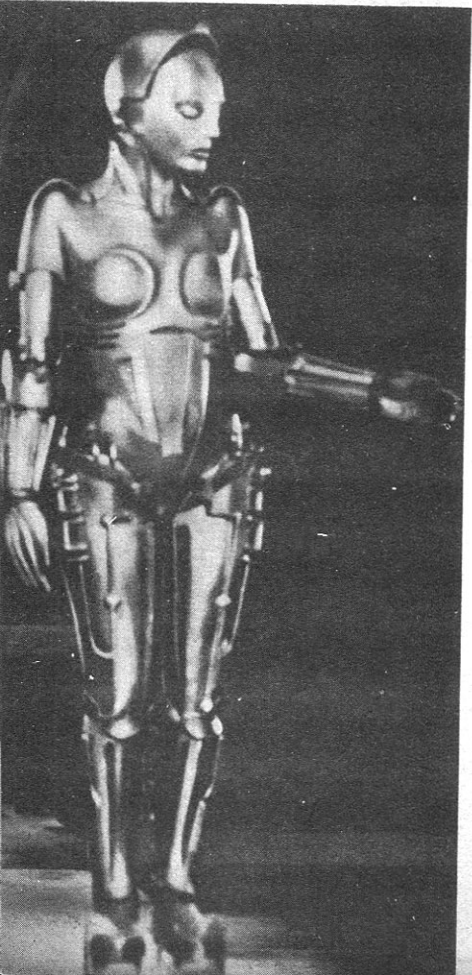


THE DAMNED, Trieste winner! Above, radioactive children. Left, Macdonald Carey and Shirley Ann Field examine sculptured rock. Right, Carey looks as if someone threw the rock at him. Left below, Fritz Lang's famous female robot from **METROPOLIS**. Below right, Lionel Jeffries embraces producers Joseph "The Balcony" Strick and Charles Schnee who helped make him one of the **FIRST MEN IN THE MOON**. Beneath the trio, a scene from the film which appears to be cut from American version: giant fungus pasture on moon.

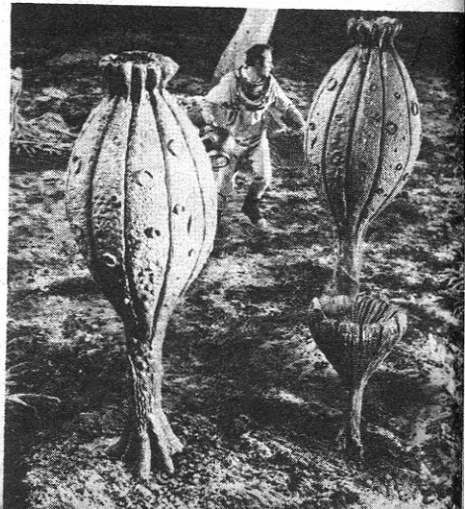
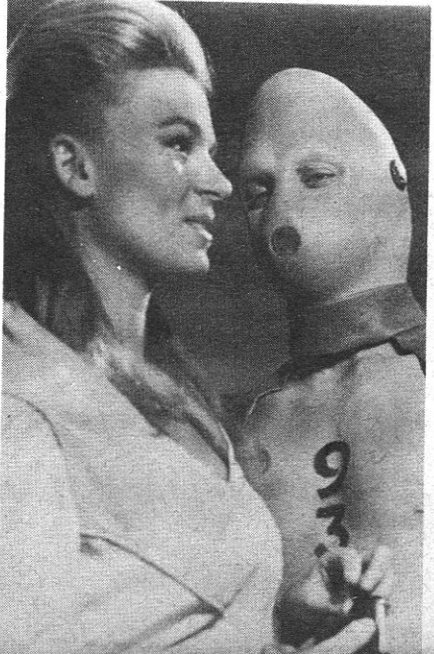


American entries were Byron Haskin's **ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS** and John Krish's **TIME TRAVELERS**, an A-I pic. Japan's **ATRAGON**, featured in CoF's **MOVIE NOOSEREEL** last issue, was given its first European screening and Roumania was represented by **FIRST STEPS TO THE MOON**. Winner in the short subject category was a Czech entry titled **POPLETENA PLANETA** ("Upside-Down Planet") by Pavel Prochazca.

The fest was not confined, however, to recent films; a special retrospective of great sfantasy pictures ranged from Fritz Lang classics to the 1939 **TOPPER TAKES A TRIP**. The Lang pictures were his famed **METROPOLIS** and **WOMAN ON THE MOON**. This special series looking back on a rich heritage of phantasmagoric film art included Abel Gance's **END OF THE WORLD**, G. W. Pabst's **ATLANTIDE** (which has been butchered in this country on **FRACTURED FLICKERS**), the horrific **GODZILLA**, Robert Wise's thought-provoking **DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL**, Joseph Newman's **THIS ISLAND EARTH**, Georges Melies' 1902 **VOYAGE TO THE MOON** (well-known on these



TIME TRAVELERS

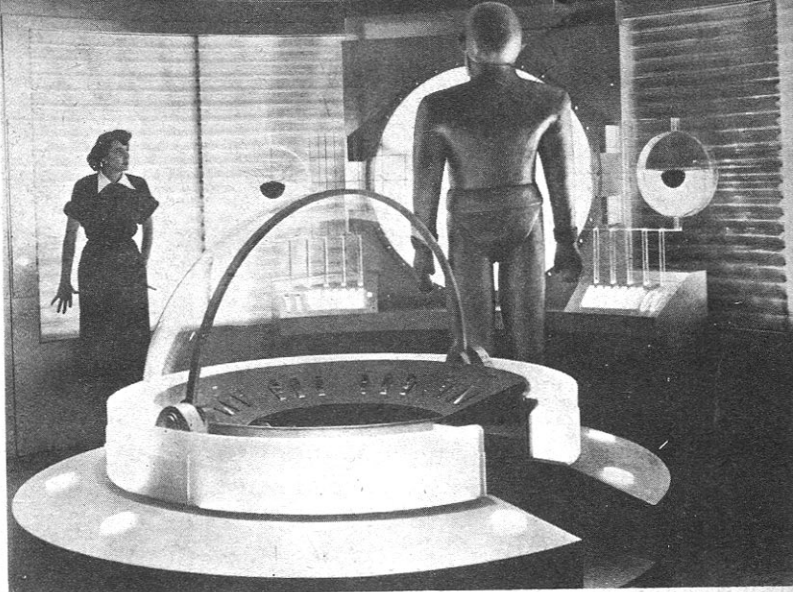


shores because it formed the prologue to **AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS** and the 1904 **VOYAGE A TRAVERS L'IMPOSSIBLE** by Méliès.

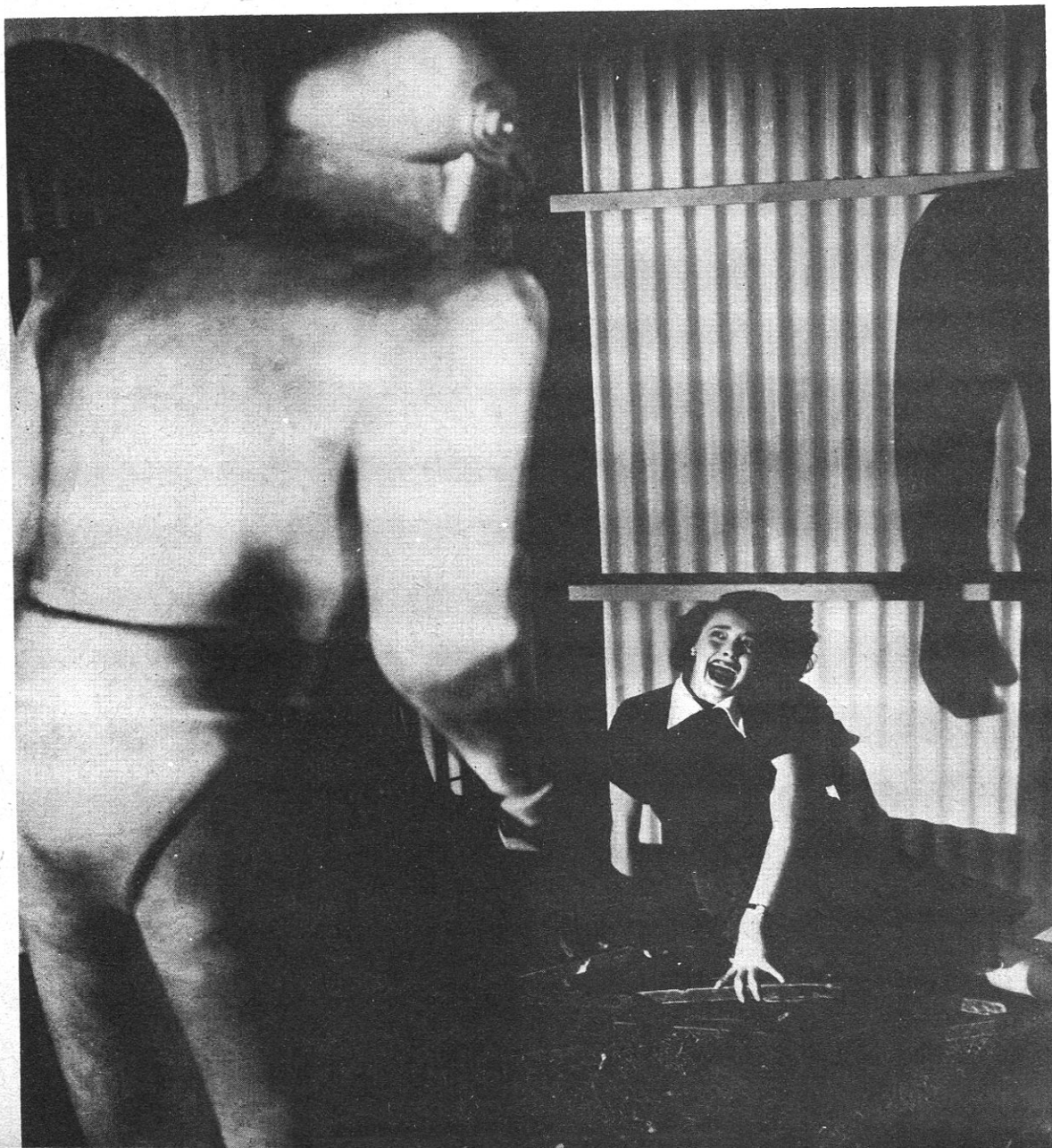
Hal Roach, a man not ordinarily associated with the field, was expected to attend a special tribute to his fantasy work, but a strike at the London airport changed his mind. The Roach films were seen nevertheless: **INVENTOR BRICOLO** (1914), **THE HERITAGE OF BEAUCITRON** (1915), **ONE MILLION B.C.** (1940). **ONE MILLION B.C.** was actually directed by D. W. Griffith—but his name does not appear on the credits because it was removed by Roach. Those in the know payed silent tribute to D. W. Griffith . . .

This year's fest proved even more exciting than the debut screenings last year. The CoF Travelguide recommends Trieste as the spot to vacation next July.

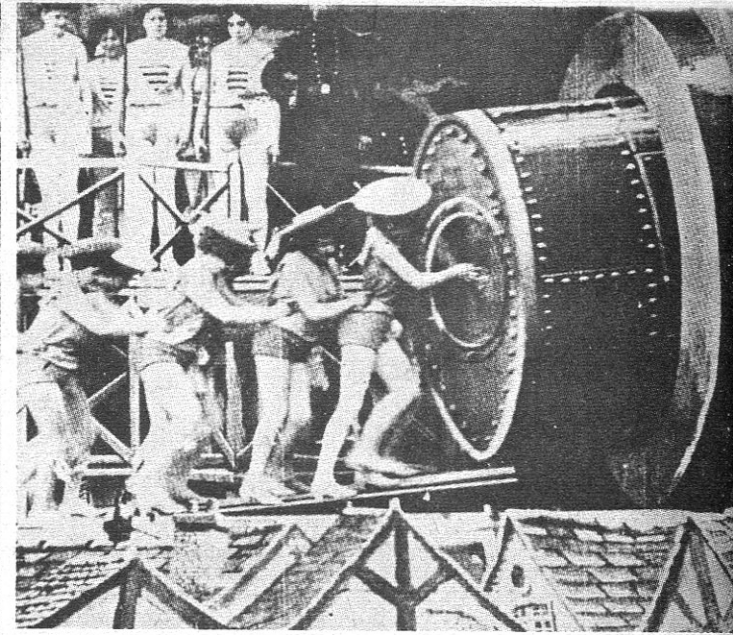
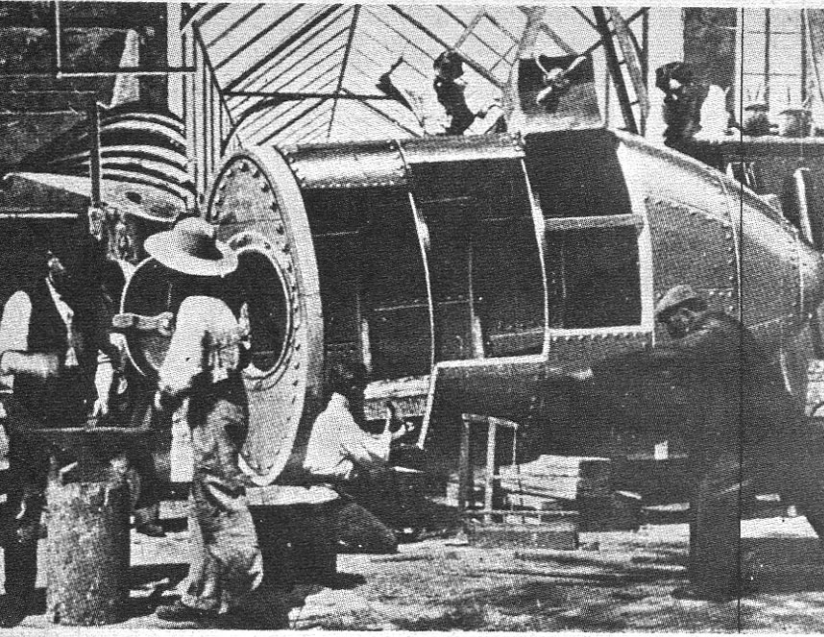
—Bhob



Patricia Neal covers from Gort in the 1951 **DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL** (also above) screened recently at the Trieste Fest. Miss Neal now lives in England with her husband, famed macabre author Roald Dahl.

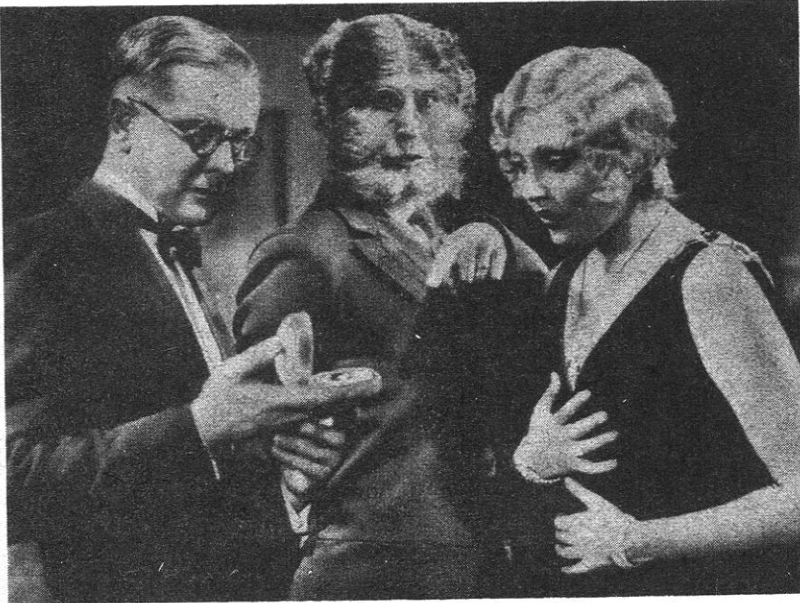


Three scenes from Melies 1902 VOYAGE TO THE MOON.



Oldies but Goodies

A hirsute William V. Mong stars as Satan in this 1929 version of SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN. He is seen (below) with Creighton Hale, Thelma Todd and an anonymous gorilla. Made at the start of the sound era, the film had no dialogue, but did have a synchronized music and sound effects track. Although A. Merritt, the author of SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN, was so unhappy with this first screen version of his book that he wept, these stills suggest such an unusual fantasy quality that American International has a remake in the works now.



One of Lon Chaney's "thousand faces"—
in LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT (1927).



IN BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN,

Ernest Thesiger, as Dr. Praetorius, looks over his bottled collection of lilliputian outgrowths—results of his experiments in creating life. From left to right: a miniature Tudor Queen; underwater mermaid; caped devil; baby in highchair; ballerina; Archbishop; and Henry VIII. Teacup, balanced praetoriously, keeps Henry VIII from getting in the Queen's bottle.

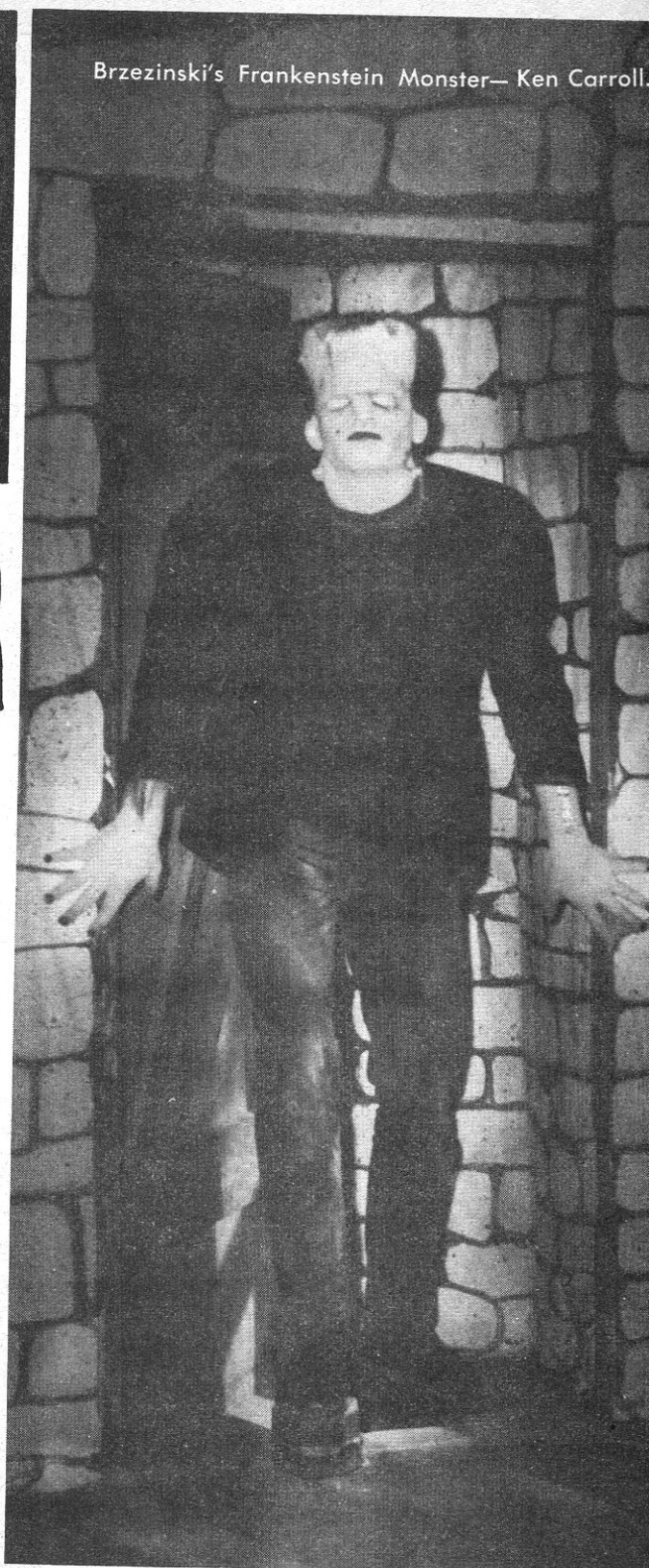




Whale's Frankenstein Monster—Boris Karloff.



Brzezinski's Frankenstein Monster—Ken Carroll.



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FRANKENSTEIN

**FIRST FILMS FROM A FANTASTIC
FUTURE MONSTER MOVIE MAKER**



The town of Riverside, California, may not be famous yet. But a few years from now it may be known to horror film-addicts across the country as the place where Anthony Brzezinski started his film career.

Under the banner of Adventure Film Productions, Brzezinski and his fellow students have been making amateur films for the past five or six years. Starting out with short horror, adventure and comedy films, they have lately been concentrating on longer horror films only. Their films include: AFTER THE BOMB; WHO GOES THERE; THE UNREAL; CAPTAIN ATOM; CURSE OF DRACULA; AL CAPONE; BLACK INFERNO; and THE MYSTERIOUS DR. JEKYLL.

Featured on these pages is their professional looking HORRORS OF FRANKENSTEIN which, in Brzezinski's words, "deals with the great-grandson of Dr. Frankenstein who travels to Europe and uncovers the remains of the Frankenstein monster."

The film had a \$40 budget (mostly Brzezinski's money) and was shot in 8 mm with a cast and crew made up of students mostly from Riverside's Ramona High School. The cameraman, John Mate has photographed all of Adventure's films and is judged by Brz as being indispensable.

Tony Brzezinski feels that many of today's horror flicks are poor and merely create a sense of sickness. But unlike many who hold this opinion, 18 year old Tony is doing something about it. "We're trying to upgrade horror films," he says. "Some recent ones, such as the I-WAS-A-TEENAGE-MONSTER type have left a bad taste in the public's mouth. We're trying to hold down the blood and gore. Films can be made with taste and careful planning to psychologically attune modern audiences so that they will accept the bizarre elements in a film and view it as an imaginative work of art."

Tony's latest project is based on Edgar Rice Burroughs' Martian series, using animation to show the Tharks, thoats, banths and Burroughs' other fabulous creatures in action.

Watch for more on Adventure Film Productions in our pages, including exclusive coverage on their realistic feature-length sound version of DRACULA!

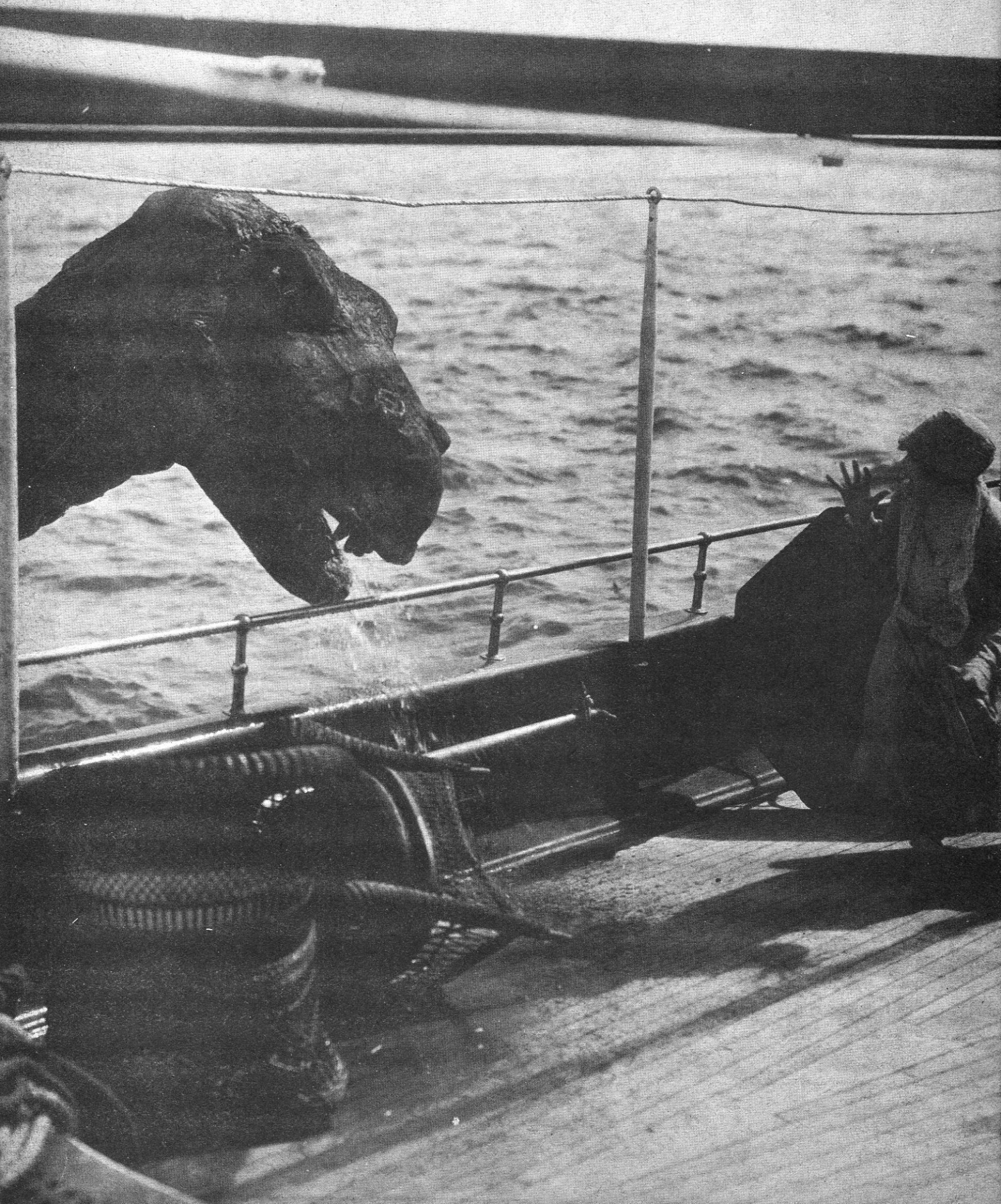
—John Benson



The discovery of the Monster (above) in HORRORS OF FRANKENSTEIN. Below, two shots from Brzezinski's BLACK INFERNO.



The monster rose from the deeps in 1926 to threaten May McAvoy and Ben Lyon in **THE SAVAGE**, a rarely seen silent produced by First National. The director was Fred Newmeyer.





Boris Karloff's dual Jekyll-Hyde role in **ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.**

A HITCHCOCKTAIL PARTY

NBC and Universal Pictures sponsored a three-hour joint press conference with Alfred Hitchcock which CoF covered in hopes of confronting the elusive suspense genius with a few questions that have gone unanswered to date—mainly because no one ever asks them.

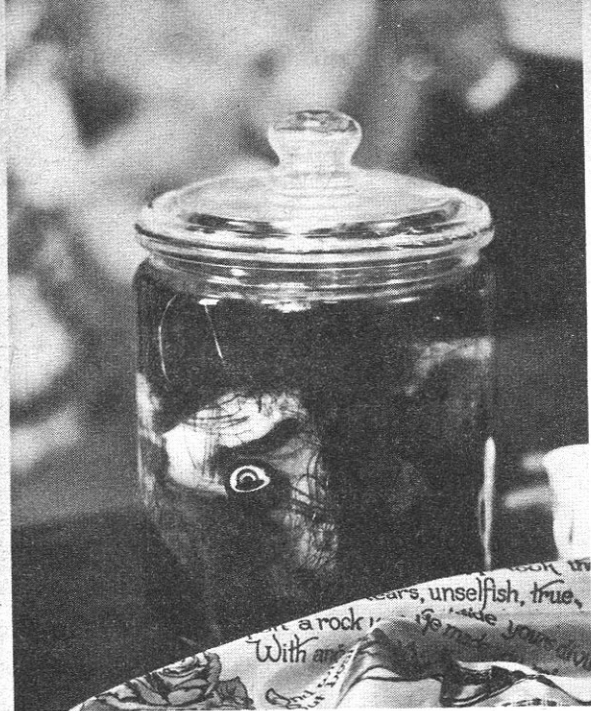
The Hitchcocktail party was held in a private screening room beneath New York's RCA Exhibition Hall where members of the New York press socialized at a buffet luncheon before meeting "Mister Suspense!" After searching hopefully over the bar for some Frankenstein Fruit Punch, your CoF reporter settled for a gin and tonic and carried it into the screening room where a tv console sat on the small platform stage. Meanwhile, across the street at NBC, a closed-circuit hookup was being readied. Hitchcock was in NBC in N.Y.—and the reporters were assembled at various NBC affiliates in Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago and Cleveland. (. . . and after the closed-circuit queries, he was to join us—in the flesh—at the Exhibition Hall.)

The lights dimmed. Suddenly, we heard the "Funeral March of the Marionette" and saw the familiar silhouette. There was Hitchcock, sitting on an antique throne-like chair; with his usual gallow's humor he commented that he was at a disadvantage: the reporters could see him, but he could only hear their voices.

The opening question from Washington concerned Hitchcock's method of completely designing a film on paper before shooting. He estimated that two-thirds of his own contribution to a script is made *before* the writer starts his initial draft and revealed that MARNIE had been worked out so carefully in advance that the editing was nearly completed one week after shooting was finished. Original film scripts are difficult to obtain, he noted, because writers are seldom willing to create scripts on speculation—so his staff, in the past year, read 2,400 novels to find 30 suitable ones. (Only two or three out of the 30 may ever reach the movie screens.)

A Washington reporter: "I understand 'Tippi' Hedren took typing lessons for her role in MARNIE. Who coached her in





On set of Hitchcock's *THE JAR*, Pat Buttram tells co-star Collin Willcox and *JAR* author Ray Bradbury about his days with "Gene Artery."

Hitchcock named last season's Emmy-nominated production of *THE JAR* (above) as his favorite TV show. Joseph Cotten and Teresa Wright (right) in *SHADOW OF A DOUBT* (1943), another personal favorite. While filming *SHADOW OF A DOUBT* in Santa Rosa, Calif., he discovered the Bodega Bay location used 20 years later in *THE BIRDS*. Below, right, Anthony Perkins in a stark and surreal scene from *PSYCHO* (1961), CoF's favorite Hitchcock film because it parodies horror clichés—without being cliché.



SHADOW OF A DOUBT

safecracking?"

Hitchcock: "I did."

Even though Sean Connery co-starred in *MARNIE*, why has Hitchcock steered clear of James Bond-like detective heroes? "I've never dealt with whodunits. They're simply clever puzzles, aren't they? They're intellectual rather than emotional, and emotion is the only thing that keeps my audience interested. I prefer suspense rather than surprise—something the average man can identify with. The audience can't identify with detectives; they're not part of his everyday life. I would like to see a different kind of private-eye movie—one in which the private-eye appears disguised as a nun. This could lead to a series of sequels. In fact, I have a great title for the first sequel in the series: *SON OF A NUN*." This brought a round of laughter from all five cities and a question from Chicago which Hitchcock answered by stating that he puts story and cast before production values and favors adaptations of novels rather than blown-up short stories. It's interesting to note, despite this statement, that *THE BIRDS* was based on a short story by Daphne du Maurier, and the film's strongest area was its production work.

Then a reporter came up with the famous Hitchcock quote about actors being children—or cattle—or puppets. He reaffirmed his position on this and illustrated the point with one of his favorite stories: A studio visitor looked in on a set where a motion picture was in progress. After watching the mad frenetic behavior of the actors scurrying about like ants, the visitor observed, "Look! They all think it's real!"

Do violent and sex-angled films weaken morals? "No. Violence for its own sake is not good—but, today, audiences are more mature, and the mental age of children is much higher than it used to be. Besides, they don't take it seriously—they know it's just a movie. Of course, there was that girl in San Francisco. Her father wrote me that after seeing *DIABOLIQUE* she wouldn't take a bath and after seeing *PSYCHO* she wouldn't take a shower . . . so I wrote him that he should send her to the dry cleaners."

Continued



PSYCHO



(1) Maestro Hitchcock mentally sets the theme for the performance he hopes to extract from Sean Connery on the set of *MARNIE*. (2) Inspired at last, Hitchcock gestures hypnotically at an invisible orchestra. From a distance one almost seems to hear the clash of Hitchcockian tympani and an ominous roll of huge kettle drums. And then . . . (3) "Moderato . . . moderato!" Maestro Hitchcock seems to be emphasizing, toning down loud brass and tympani, which fade out against a dirgelike earth-shattering Bachian organ fugue (a'la misterioso, of course). When, suddenly . . . (4) The Maestro of Suspense raises his arm calling out for a climactic force—a tintinnabulation. As Hitchcock pulls out half a dozen emotional stops, the invisible symphony obeys his command in a triumphant finale by an Eroican style choir. Beethoven, you are vindicated!

MARNIE was a stylistic return to the Hitchcock films of the Forties—pictures like *NOTORIOUS* (1946) and *SUSPICION* (1941) with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine (below). Both *SUSPICION* and *MARNIE* deal with a recurrent Hitchcock theme: love that is based on—or completely transcends—inherent evil in one of the lovers. (In the proper ending of *SUSPICION*, which the Production Code unfortunately kept Hitchcock from shooting, Grant does kill Fontaine—and her love is so strong that she is willing to die as his victim.)

"In the opening scene of *PSYCHO*, by the way, I had a love scene between John Gavin and Janet Leigh which was fairly strong in content—because I thought young people today *would yawn at it* if it involved no more than an exchange of kisses." (This scene, however, required cuts before release in the U. S.)

The questioning moved to Philadelphia where *VARIETY* correspondent and Philadelphia Daily News entertainment editor Jerry Gaghan asked the first question. (Gaghan's daughter, Gloria, incidentally, was a well-known personality in science-fiction fan circles under the name Lee Thorin.) Gaghan's questions related to the problems of using an inexperienced actress like 'Tippi' in a strong part. "Well, my heroines are always cool blondes, but the choice of 'Tippi' Hedren has much to do with her face. I believe in using faces to tell the story, not bodies. I don't believe in presenting a woman with all her sex hanging around in front of her like a lot of vulgar jewelry."

"But all of the actors in my films are well-informed when they walk on the set because of numerous pre-shooting conferences. I do very little rehearsing on the set."

Hitchcock never watches his films with an audience—doesn't he miss hearing them scream? "No, I can hear them when I'm making the picture."

How does Hitchcock maintain a fresh point of view and avoid usual Hollywood ruts? "I have no friends who are actors or directors, and my wife and I spend as much time as possible away from Hollywood in our country home in Northern California." (Alma Reville Hitchcock, whom he married in 1926, collaborated on the screenplays of almost all Hitchcock films during the late Thirties and early Forties.)

Favorite mystery novelists? "I prefer writers with a sophisticated and literate

bent; I've always enjoyed murder by the babbling brook. . . . But writing styles have changed. Many years ago, I was having breakfast with H. G. Wells, and we discussed a possible film of *WAR OF THE WORLDS*. He felt the story had become dated, and I agree. If I were to make a movie of *WAR OF THE WORLDS*, I would invent whole new methods of destruction."

TV electronics switched the scene to Cleveland—and a memorable quote: "I don't like costume pictures, because no one in a costume picture ever goes to the toilet."

The questioning ended with the standard TV-style sign-off, and the group at the Exhibition Hall's screening dungeon thinned out considerably. We took advantage of the wait by stocking up on another refill while Mr. Hitchcock crossed the street from NBC.

A round of applause as he entered the room. About 20 people were left for the final round—press people representing *TIME*, *LIFE*, *VARIETY*, *TV GUIDE*—and *CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN*. He settled himself in a chair facing us as flashbulbs popped and the questioning began again—this time getting down to more specific details and concepts.

French director Francois Truffaut, a man somewhat in awe of and considerably influenced by Hitchcock's filmmaking techniques, stayed with Hitchcock several weeks last year gathering material for a critical in-depth survey of *all* Hitchcock films—dating back to the silent films for which Hitchcock wrote titles in 1921. The English version of this book, titled "Conversations with Alfred Hitchcock," will be published next fall by Simon and Schuster; the double-threat Truffaut recently completed a tongue-in-cheek remake of the famous Greta Garbo spy story, *MATA HARI*, and a tale of adultery, *SOFT*



Jeanne Moreau as Mata Hari

SKIN, which Truffaut calls his "most Hitchcockian" picture. What is Hitchcock's opinion of his number one fan's directorial work? "He wants to do too much at once; he hasn't found a style yet. Directors must develop a style that is both personal and universal at the same time."

Truffaut returns to the U. S. this summer to film FAHRENHEIT 451, Ray Bradbury's powerful depiction of a brainwashed society. "This will not be a comic strip science-fiction movie," says Truffaut. "It's a tale of the future . . . perhaps the not too distant future."

But why, we asked, has Hitchcock never been interested in doing science-fiction like his young Gallic protege? "It's difficult to get the audience involved in it. The subject matter is too far removed from reality."

Are there any remakes of earlier work other than the 1956 MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH? "No, that's the only one," he stated flatly. In 1963, he had cited NORTH BY NORTHWEST as "the American 39 STEPS," but perhaps he does not consider N-X-NW a legitimate remake.

But if he planned another remake, which film might he choose? The answer was THE LODGER—"A Story of the London Fog," the first film in which Hitchcock made a cameo appearance. This 1926 Jack the Ripper story is generally considered to be the best work of his pre-sound period, and he expressed a genuine affection for silent pictures by opining that "they represent the true art of the motion picture."

In THE LODGER, heavily influenced by German expressionistic films, he began to develop his ideas of "audience manipulation." Repetitive shots of hands gliding down railings, silhouettes looming up in the fog, etc., built successively, creating suspenseful montages that made audiences feel the presence of the unseen Ripper.

It was now nearing the middle of the afternoon, and the session came to a close as Hitchcock made the first public announcement of his new projects. Currently, he's filming J. M. Barrie's play, MARY ROSE, perhaps as a vehicle for "Tippi." "It's a fantasy, and I don't really know what to do with it—it's so totally unlike anything I've ever done before. Some people look on it as a fairy tale, but I guess I shall treat it as a horror film—I've regarded PETER PAN as a horror story for years. After all, in MARY ROSE you have a pretty young girl who's been spirited away by pixies. When she returns—25 years later—still a comely young girl, she finds she has a paunchy middle-aged husband . . . What could be more horrible?"

After MARY ROSE he will tackle THREE HOSTAGES by John Buchan, the author of THE 39 STEPS. THREE HOSTAGES concerns a plan by the government to stage an all-out crackdown on organized crime. In retaliation, important gangsters conceive a counter-plan: they kidnap the three most important children in the country. Hitchcock's version will trace the hero's efforts to locate and protect the three children.


The flashbulbs were still popping as we collected our notes, returned the gin glass to the bar and exited into the bright afternoon sun. Walking down Broadway through Manhattan traffic for the thousandth time, we headed for a movie theater, thinking of the studio visitor who said, "Look! They all think it's real!" That anonymous soul didn't realize that they want to think it's real.

And, as filmgoers, so do we.

—Bhob

THE GORGON





Over a hundred stations, coast to coast,
are currently airing the adventures of
Brit Reed, THE GREEN HORNET.

HORROR



NOSTALGIC REMEMBRANCES OF RADIO FANTASY — WHEN ALL A FAN NEEDED WAS AN ATWATER-KENT AND A HEALTHY IMAGINATION . . .

By **BHOB STEWART**

When we started the Frankenstein Radioguide, it seemed likely to be a feature which might never reappear. Continual announcements over the past few years about a forthcoming revival of radio drama stirred long-dormant memories . . . but little interest. Even members of the "Nostalgia Generation" who gather in corners at cocktail parties to reminisce about Carlton E. Morse's **I LOVE A MYSTERY** (or Agnes Moorehead on **SUSPENSE**'s "Sorry, Wrong Number" or the semi-satiric ghost stories of **HERMIT'S CAVE**) know that not all radio drama was as memorable as those rare flights of fantasy that have stayed with them through the years. Nostalgia is fine—but was **ESCAPE**'s "Leiningen vs. the Ants" really that believable? Was the radio version of **THE BIRDS** with Herbert Marshall really more terrifying than Hitchcock's visual approach? Do super-detectives **NICK CARTER** and **TOM MIX** warrant attention today—

"The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. Crime does not pay. The Shadow knows." An artist's conception of the true Shadow (above)—quite different from the recent comic book distortion. Brett Morrison (below) is the best-remembered Shadow of the Forties.



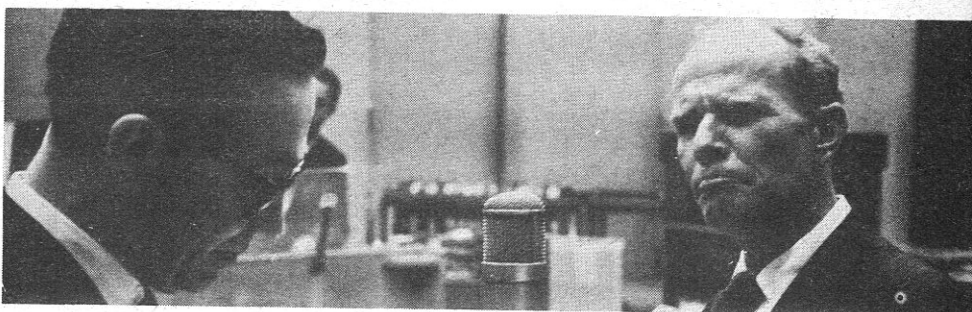
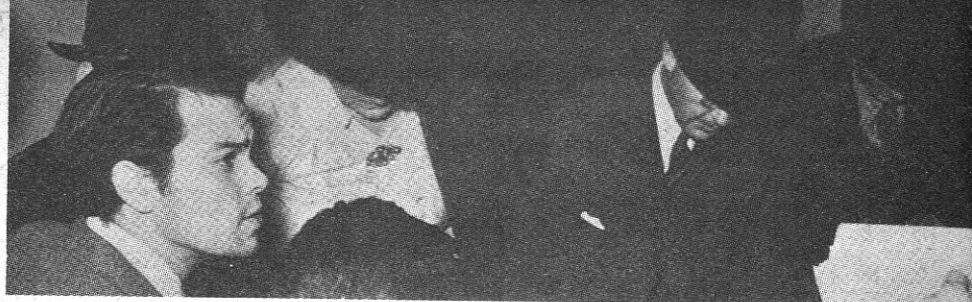
or have they found an appropriate resting place in limited-circulation fanzines like the nostalgic **RADIOHERO** (edited by former **FANTASTIC MONSTERS OF THE FILMS** co-editor Jim Harmon) and Don Glut's **SHAZAM**?

Suddenly, in 1964, radio fantasy returned on a large scale. The questions can now be answered by each individual listener, from the adult with hazy childhood memories of fighting Richard Connell's "Most Dangerous Game" on **INNER SANCTUM** while the big guys were fighting for higher stakes in Europe—to the teen-ager who grew up in the **CAPTAIN VIDEO** age wondering what could have been so great about sf-terror tales without pictures.

Not only has NBC discovered that an audience exists for a possible revival of radio's best science-fiction series, **DIMENSION X** (see CoF#4), but stations around the country are now airing **THE AVENGER**,

Continued

ON THE AIR



Henry "WEREWOLF OF LONDON" Hull (above left) listened to sound mix as he performed on CBS' *SUSPENSE*. A harried Orson Welles (above right), the original radio *Shadow* of mid-Thirties, being interviewed shortly after his Halloween *WAR OF THE WORLDS* broadcast caused nationwide panic—medical treatment was required by scores of adults suffering from shock. Leon Janney and Cliff Carpenter (also above right), who worked together as silent film child actors, are now together once again on ABC's new *THEATER FIVE*. Carpenter was famous as Terry on the popular radio serial version of *TERRY AND THE PIRATES*. Janney, an expert at radio "doubling," was the star of the *CHICK CARTER* series and also played the show's lead heavy. Demonstrating the "doubling" technique for CoF, Janney recreated the voice of Nick Carter's nephew, Chick, and then switched without a pause into the character of the heavy. Veteran of shows like *INNER SANCTUM*, *MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER*, *DIMENSION X* and *NORMAN CORWIN PRESENTS*, Janney established an all-time record by doing 50 shows in one week. Rare "radio still" (below left), posed on location. Car protects Gerald "LONE WOLF" Mohr, Tom and Jane Hubbard from stray gunshots. Photo also shows why Mohr was once hailed as a new Bogart.)



Sir John Gielgud's *SHERLOCK HOLMES*, *THE HAUNTING HOUR*, *DAANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT*, *THE SHADOW* ("In reality, The Shadow is Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man about town. Long ago in the Orient, Lamont Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret—the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. The beautiful and lovely Margo Lane is the only person who knows to whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs!"), *THE CLOCK* . . . that ticks off the seconds of suspense, *THE LONE RANGER* ("Who was that masked man anyway?"), the sting of *THE GREEN HORNET* and his faithful Filipino valet Kato ("He hunts the biggest of all game—public enemies that even G-Men cannot reach!") . . . and ultra-incredible "Stories of the Unusual" specially rewritten by radio's master fantasist, Arch *LIGHTS OUT* Oboler.

Oboler and the critically-acclaimed Norman Corwin are remembered as the two men who raised the standards of sightless drama after Orson Welles' revolutionary *MERCURY THEATER* turned radio into a serious dramatic medium. Two months after Welles' version of *WAR OF THE WORLDS* panicked America, (Oct. 30, 1938). Corwin gained his own brand of nationwide recognition—with "The Plot to Overthrow Christmas," a poetic fantasy heard Christmas Day, 1938, on Corwin's series, *WORDS WITHOUT MUSIC*. Later (March 7, 1940), the *Columbia Workshop* aired Corwin's "My Client, Curley," the now-famous tale of a unique dancing caterpillar. This radio fantasy gained such acclaim that Columbia Pictures starred Cary Grant in the 1944 film version, *ONCE UPON A TIME*.

What, one wonders, has become of these people who created the adventures in sound that gained shape and form only in our mind? Where are they today?

Some, like William Conrad—who once created sheer terror in "The Waxworks" on *SUSPENSE* by doing all the voices—have moved on to motion picture directing. (He's just finished a Henry Slesar suspense thriller titled *TWO ON A GUILLOTINE*—and included in the supporting cast are two actors well-known to any radio fan . . . Parley Baer and Virginia Gregg.)

Arch Oboler wrote and directed his own science-fiction movie, *FIVE* (1951), a significant end-of-the-world vision, using his own Frank Lloyd Wright—designed home as his main location site. In 1962, Oboler returned to audio-drama with *DROP DEAD!*, a semi-satiric LP of horror sketches, and recently, he announced plans of an all-new series of radio-fantasies.

Other radio alumni, like Ernest Kinoy who wrote both adaptations and originals for *DIMENSION X* and the follow-up series, *X MINUS ONE*, now work in television and on Broadway.

TV comedy actor Gale Gordon, anxious to play a villain again, is now reminding producers that he was the epitome of evil on the almost forgotten radio *STORIES FROM THE BLACK CHAMBER*. We also note sadly that Gordon's performances in the early Thirties as the original radio Flash Gordon go almost totally unremembered today.

Listen closely to Dick York's voice the next time you watch *BEWITCHED*. York, an established radio actor before the age of ten, was the youth who uttered the lines "Hey, Jack, I've got a plan!" as Billy Fairfield on the Forties' top afternoon serial, *JACK ARMSTRONG, THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY*. York created such strong audience identification that youngsters across the country had no trouble whatsoever believing they were traveling to far-off lands with heroic Jack Armstrong. Don Herbert, "Mr. Wizard" on TV for the past 13 years, is a veteran of both *JACK ARMSTRONG* and one of radio's greatest super-heroes, *CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT*. Radio's top super-hero of all was, of course, *SUPERMAN*, and TV panel show MC Bud Collyer had the appropriate "voice of steel" to portray Superman on both the long-running daily serial and the later half-hour non-serial treatment.

(Pressure groups in the late Forties claimed that radio adventure serials were "making children nervous." The networks followed their suggestions, eliminated the cliff-hangers . . . and lost thousands of loyal fans. The switchover to half-hour complete episodes proved especially fatal to *SUPERMAN*—his super-strength, chal-



You may not recognize this face (above), but if you're older than 25, you'll never forget his voice. His name is Raymond Edward Johnson, and he created radio's best-remembered characterization—"Raymond," host of *INNER SANCTUM*. Johnson, still active but plagued by multiple sclerosis, used his evil insinuating voice and black gallows humor to provide the listening public with an escape from the real-life terrors of World War II. Below right, multi-voiced Elliott Reid (l.) at ABC party celebrating the return of radio, talks with Paul (r.) and Leueen McGrath. Paul McGrath opened *INNER SANCTUM*'s creaking door after Johnson left the show and also hosted the TV version. In background, scribe George Bamber (wearing hornrims) discusses *THEATER FIVE*'s approach to science-fiction.



The Green Hornet stings again!

lenged daily in serial chapters, became his own undoing in the half-hour format: everyone knew he could vanquish all evil before the single-episode story reached the last commercial.)

But these are only a handful of the names that come flooding back as we go surfing over the airwaves of memory. What has become of sound effects wizards like Ed Blaney; of Paul McGrath, who took over the hosting job on *INNER SANCTUM* to voice radio's best-remembered horror figure—"Raymond"; of Brett Morrison who knew "what evil lurks in the heart of men" when he portrayed the invisible **SHADOW**; of Gertrude Warner, the beautiful and lovely Margo Lane; of creative behind-the-scenes producer-directors like Warren "Tales of Tomorrow" Sommerville and Ted "I Love a Mystery" Bell?

The talents above—and more from radio's fabulous fantasy age—are back at work creating an entirely new terror-mystery-suspense-scientifictional dramatic series heard on ABC radio affiliates across the country. Titled **THEATER FIVE**, the program is broadcast five nights a week, and each episode runs 25 minutes—with

Continued





stories ranging from far-out space opera to suspense dramas like Robert Cenedella's "Hit and Run." Other scripters include Richard McCracken, sf author and playwright George Bamber and the prolific William Robson—who turned out dozens of **SUSPENSE** stories and also wrote for the **CBS RADIO WORKSHOP**, the highly imaginative "theater of the mind." Peabody Award-winning story editor Jack Wilson says, skeptically, "I was around during the so-called hey-day of radio drama. The years tend to make the old days just a little bit more wonderful than they really were." Wilson, instead, is aiming for scripts with contemporary themes.

Arlene Blackburn and Vera Allen (above left) enter the **INNER SANCTUM**. Left, (l. to r.) Brett "Shadow" Morrison, Lon "Nick Carter" Clark and Statts "Casey, Crime Photographer" Catsworth staged a reunion recently on **ABC's THEATRE FIVE**. Below, two men equally conversant in the black arts—Dunninger, whose telepathic feats created a radio sensation in 1945, and Boris Karloff. Our thanks to Dunninger for allowing us to print this personal photo from his scrapbook.



The **ABC Symphony Orchestra** supplies background music for each program in the series, and composer Alexander Vlas Datzenko devised a completely new original opening theme somewhat reminiscent of "Walk on the Wild Side." He calls it "Fifth Dimension"—and all of the editors here at the Gothic Castle, including beautiful CoF sorceress Catherine Bellicini, feel this would be a more appropriate title for the entire show.

Other semi-regulars in the cast line-ups include Joan Loring, one of the two actresses to ever play a romantic role opposite Peter Lorre (in **THREE STRANGERS**); Cliff Carpenter, fondly remembered as the voice of Terry on the radio version of **TERRY AND THE PIRATES**; Vickie Vola, the voice of Miss Miller on the radio **MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY**; Jackson Beck, radio's **CISCO KID**.

Norman Rose, featured previously in the CoF Radioguide, also gets into the act. No "straight" voice on radio—with the possible exception of Orson Welles—ever managed to communicate the vast limits of the universe and man's imagination as Rose did on **DIMENSION X**. We always felt that his detours away from the melodramatic and his machine-like intonations made Rose the perfect choice for radio science-fiction.

Radio has always been fantasy's best showcase—from **CHANDU THE MAGICIAN** and Alonzo Deen Cole's **WITCH'S TALES** in the Thirties to Edgar Rice Burroughs' **TARZAN** in the early Fifties, inexpensive radio effects and dialogue could make the imagination soar in a way that cheap film mattework and tabletop photography could not.

Beneath the bedcovers in a darkened room, we could put the receiver next to our pillow, huddle close to its warmth—our faces glowing from the little kilocycle dial—and, suddenly, we were walking the quiet dark streets outside with a familiar figure—**THE WHISTLER**. Even though he was a friend, we did feel slightly uneasy when we heard his footsteps, the strange tune he whistled . . . and the omniscient words he greeted us with each week on those darkened streetcorners: "I am the Whistler and I know many things for I walk by night. I know many secrets hidden in the hearts of men and women who have stepped into the shadows. I know the nameless terrors of which they dare not speak."

Even so, The Whistler was a personal friend, and he was a real friend—not like the stupid kids we played guns with. What did the kids we played guns with know about the strange confidences we shared with The Whistler—or the enchanted places we had been with our other radio friends?

On radio we went to incredible undreamed-of horizons. We went beneath the sea with Red Lantern to the **LAND OF THE LOST**, boarded night trains with **THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER**, blasted off with **BUCK ROGERS** ("in the 25th Cent-u-r-ry!"), cavorted through fantastic childhood nevernever lands to the cry of **LET'S PRETEND!**, flew with **SKY KING** and **CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT**, fought outer space battles with the **SPACE PATROL**, helped **LORENZO JONES** build a rocket in his basement, visited Huxley's "Brave New World" on the **CBS RADIO WORKSHOP**, investigated the supernatural **HOUSE OF MYSTERY**, explored other planets in the future of **2000 PLUS** and even went insane in **SUSPENSE's** "Yellow Room." Perhaps those days have returned.

Perhaps not.

—Bbob Stewart

BOK

On April 11, 1964, Hannes Bok died of a heart attack. I considered myself a very close friend, yet after the initial shock of the news, I found to my surprise I could feel no grief. I could only consider the unstoppable perpetual motion Bok—the Hannes Bok that would always be at work on something: a painting, a mask, a novel, an astrological chart, letters to his crowd of friends and clients. You would watch him in motion, you would then watch him sitting still—he would still be in motion! This man—an epitome of the creative individual—anyone who knew him could hardly believe that the momentum of his wakefulness and vitality would not carry him past any slight obstacle such as death.

To pay an ordinary visit to Bok I would try to notify him a bit in advance of my coming. Bok never owned a phone and appreciated knowing approximately when his doorbell might ring, as he might be in the middle of a long steady brushstroke and the sudden sound might make his hand leap. After climbing a healthy five flights to his apartment and trying the bell, a round and happy white-haired man would open the door and let me in. The front room and the foyer were the whole of his living space. The walls were given to gravity-defying towers of orange crates, all painted by hand in colorful patterns, containing books and records. In the spaces between were mostly paintings by Bok and several by Jack Gaughan and Maxfield Parrish. Throughout his life, Bok doted on Parrish; he had carried on a correspondence and friendship since childhood with that great American illustrator. Parrish's influence is obvious in Bok's art, though the methods are used to much different ends.

Hanging with the paintings were a few odd-looking masks. Some had grotesque proboscises and goggling eyes, others had gnomelike faces, others had the noble high-cheekboned features and triangular faces of the familiar Bok hero and heroine. These were the paper strip masks he was working on; they were Bok illustrations in the round—Bok's own brand of sculpture.

Dominating all this was the desk, behind which would sit Hannes Bok.

While talking, he would continually reach into the drawers and bring out something to illustrate or add to his point. A toy, a dinosaur replica, a ledger with some ancient note written so small as to be just within the limits of human eyesight. He made his own sound effects; if he were to drop something on the floor he would exclaim "CLUNK!" Upon the desk were his astrological files containing the names, birthdates, and astrological analyses of friends, clients, famous people, and people of interesting types. The first two groups were confidential, for Bok had the integrity of a priest or psychoanalyst.

I have dwelt on his room so, only because like so many unique and creative people his room was a true projection of himself. To be in Bok's room was to be in Bok's brain. And this hermitage, like Bok, was a wonderful cell of bright colors and spontaneous peak action.

I spent much time talking with Hannes



Photo by
Martin Jukovsky.

Bok about movies. His taste ran to the spectacular, the fantastic, the colorful. On his list, the great film was **KING KONG**. To Bok though, **KONG** was more than a great film, it was what he called a "traumatic film." A "traumatic film" was one which children talked about for years afterward, perhaps—as with Bok—for the rest of their lives. Such a film would impress a child as a great event and could shape his tastes from then on. (**JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS** was the latest example Bok named of this kind of film.) Bok's first viewing of **KING KONG** was certainly a childhood trauma—equal to his discovery of Parrish at about the same time. Before **KING KONG** he had never heard any music of a serious nature; his parents had disapproved of music and forbidden his playing any on the radio. **KONG's** dramatic score by Max Steiner impressed him so that he sought out as much as could find of similar music. The search soon led him to the classics, but Bok never forgot Steiner. When Bok's television was working, he would try to catch any film with a Steiner score on the late movies. He eventually visited him

in Hollywood and then carried on a lengthy correspondence. His collection of Steiner recordings is practically complete—down to a transcription of the **KONG** score given him by Steiner on his visit.

By his own count, Bok had seen **KING KONG** at least fifty times. The most unusual showing he had been to was about twenty years ago in a Seattle skid-row movie house. He sat down to see the exalted film and—Wham-Bam! To his surprise, the film was over in about twenty minutes. To squeeze as many showing as possible into each day, the flea-trap theatre was showing just the first and last reels. Nonetheless, Bok enjoyed it immensely, for, after all, it **was KONG**.

Like most people who are at all interesting, he never gave up childish things. To his last day he preserved an awe of the things about him, an obsession with the world of the senses. Fortunately for all, he had an easy time of translating his peculiar vision into visible form.

So for last, I'll end this memoir as Bok typically ended a letter:

"with which I sign off
with skranjified bilpscrippens"

MARTIN JUKOVSKY

"Ying and Yang"—Bok's heretofore-never-published woodcut interpretation of the ancient Chinese symbol for good-evil.



CoF's capsule summary of the world of horror-fantasy and science-fiction motion pictures. . here and abroad



Ray Bradbury's novel about the colonization of Mars, **THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES**, has been one of the hottest film properties going over the past decade, but anxious fans have never been able to determine why producers keep running scared from its poetic blend of realism paralleling U. S. colonization and allegory showing man's misuse of science. At last comes full details on Alan J. Pakula's production to be directed by Robert Mulligan!

It will be the most expensive picture ever made by Universal—topping the \$10,000,000 that Universal invested in Stanley Kubrick's **SPARTACUS!** Mulligan has Gregory Peck under contract for the lead. Peck, who has a strong interest in the role, says his availability depends on completion of script and his schedule at time of production (fall of '65). Cinerama may be used, and, as Bradbury polishes his script, debate is still going on about the right way to handle the story: Should certain sections be passed over to leave material for a sequel? (Mulligan and Bradbury feel that there is enough outlined in book to make not one, but two, major films!) Should the film include the book's chapter that describes migration of Negroes from the South to Mars via rocket? . . . Two years ago MGM announced and then cancelled plans to film Bradbury's saga. (At the moment we can't verify the rumor that MGM's expensive **FORBIDDEN PLANET** was made in 1956 only as a test to see if the moviegoing public would fill theaters to see an even more expensive and more thought-provoking **MARTIAN CHRONICLES**, but this is the story that was in circulation a few years back.) . . . Before MGM held the property, Charles Laughton and his Broadway partner actually made the announcement that **CHRONICLES** would be done on Broadway as a musical comedy! . . . 20th-Century Fox has tight wraps on the story content of their new fantasy—titled **FANTASTIC VOYAGE**—but the title prompted us to do some detective work and we managed to find out just where the fantastic voyage leads. Director Richard Fleischer (who once plunged filmgoers **20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA**) plans to take audiences into the interior of a human body! Strict secrecy will prevail on the Fox soundstages as massive mockups are constructed to resemble human guts. (We hope Fleischer will research this film by taking a look at **CORPS PROFOND**, a beautiful film short unspooled recently at the New York Film Festival. Micro-size cameras and lights made a real trip through a human body—tunneling into a world more awe-inspiring than another planet or the bottom of the sea.) . . .

Work has just begun on Martin Ritt's **SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD** which stars Richard Burton and Claire Bloom. Paul "GOLDFINGER" Dehn has adapted the absorbing account of intrigue by John Le Carre (see Charles Collins' review in CoF #5), and Paramount will release . . . Karloff gets the last laugh in his **BIKINI BEACH** cameo appearance. His on-screen description of the teen dragsters and bikini-flesh peddlers as "monsters" couldn't have been more appropriate . . . Karloff turned up at the Dublin Drama Festival recently. No publicity; just enjoying himself . . .

George Pal has announced his upcoming schedule—an exciting line-up that includes a science-fiction classic, Olaf Stapledon's **ODD JOHN**, the story of Homo Superior. Pal has started production on Philip Wylie's **DISAPPEARANCE**, and has two more fantasies in preparation: **THE POWER** (script adaptation by John Gay from Frank M. Robinson's novel of the same title) and **ARABIAN NIGHTS**. . . .

Our news on American International always take up several paragraphs each issue. Here we go: There's to be a double bill re-issue of **THE HOUSE OF USHER** and **THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM**. to be followed by a bearded Boris Karloff in Poe's **CITY IN THE SEA** (script by Charles Bennett). Setting for **HOUSE AT THE END OF THE WORLD** is a 900-year-old priory at Castle Acre in Norfolk near London. A graveyard at Swaffham, Norfolk delighted Corman who felt it was an ideal location site. Cast includes Vincent Price, newcomer Elizabeth Shepherd (in a dual role), John Westbrook, Derek Francis, Ronald Adam and Oliver Johnston. William M. Levy, sales supervisor for American-International says that "horror, per se, is greeted with revulsion" in many places in Europe, but the "horror story taken from the classics—and I speak now of such things as the Edgar Allan Poe era—seems to get a fine audience." **COLOUR OUT OF SPACE** will be the 2nd of what we hope will be an equally long line of H. P. Lovecraft adaptations. **SCARLET FRIDAY** will star both Boris Karloff and Christopher Lee.

The devilish **7 FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN** gets the remake treatment. (See "Oldies but Goodies" in this issue for scenes of the original **7 FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN** that inspired the AIP version.) Currently: **GODZILLA VS. THE THING**, imported from Japan, and **THE LOST WORLD OF SINBAD**. Upcoming sf from AIP: H. G. Wells' classic **PORRAH MAN, THE WARLORDS OF SPACE** and Ib Melchior's **HAUNTED PLANET**. . . .

Walt Disney, prompted by the success of **THE SWORD IN THE STONE**, has announced plans for more fantasy cartoons: both A. A. Milne's famous **WINNIE THE POOH** and Rudyard Kipling's **JUNGLE BOOK** will be done in feature-length animation; for the first time in years, Disney crews are working simultaneously on two animated films, and the ol' Poohbear is expected to be ready later in '65. T. H. White, author of **THE SWORD IN THE STONE**, died of a heart ailment last January. . . . We also note, regretfully, the passing of long-time Hollywood director Norman Z. McLeod last January at the age of 68. McLeod will missed by fantasy fans who enjoyed his humorous fantasies such as the original **TOPPER** (with Cary Grant and Joan Blondell) and **THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY** (with Boris Karloff and Danny Kaye). . . .

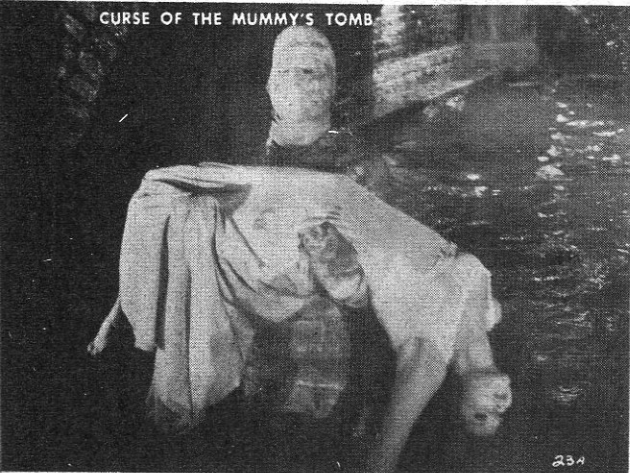
BLOB producer Jack Harris is now making plans for **SON OF BLOB**. . . . Public relations man Jay Weston and scripter Audrey Wisberg have teamed up to make sf movies on location in New York, Puerto Rico and the Bahamas. First four titles: **TARGET MINUS 40, THE MOON COMPLEX, SYNDROME** and **PANIC AT 1075**. . . .

The internationally-acclaimed Toshiro Mifune stars in Toho's roaring swashbuckler, **SAMURAI PIRATE**. It's a sort of Far Eastern **THIEF OF BAGDAD**.

. . . Jack Pierce, famed for his Frankenstein monster makeup creation, has been doing the makeup for Leon Ames on Arthur Lubin's **MISTER ED** series. Oddly enough, Pierce was Ames' makeup man in 1932 when Ames made his screen test for **MURDERS OF THE RUE MORGUE** (under the name Leon Aycoff). . . . Ever wonder what happened to Don Hastings who played the role of the Video Ranger on **CAPTAIN VIDEO?** He's now Dr. Bob Hughes on the afternoon soaper **AS THE WORLD TURNS**. . . . The Zimbalist Co. has started production on **TAFFY AND THE JUNGLE PRINCE** and **KING TYRANNOSAURUS** to be followed by **PLANET OF THE DAMNED, BEAST FROM GREEN HELL, A KING SOLOMON'S MINES** remake, **WORLD OF THE HORRIBLES, RETURN TO THE LOST WORLD** and **SEA CREATURE**. . . . Actor Vic Lundin lost 35 pounds during the filming of **ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS**, and now Lundin's britches are falling down. . . . Frank Perry, director of the **LADYBUG, LADYBUG** anti-bomb film, claims it flopped at the boxoffice because it's "the picture America wasn't ready for." Actually, everyone was ready, but not everyone thought it was worth seeing. . . .

Ethel Barrymore Colt, daughter of distinguished actress Ethel Barrymore, recalls, "I especially remember Uncle John sitting me on his knee and, with his remarkable diction, reading me the thrilling adventures of **TARZAN THE APE MAN**." . . . John Meston, **GUNSMOKE** writer, lives and works in Tarzana, California, where Edgar Rice Burroughs not only put the town on the map but also gave it a new name. . . . CoF recommends **MGM'S BIG PARADE OF COMEDY** for sequences of interest to fans of Burroughs and early horror films. Brief footage shows Tod Browning, famed ghoulish director of **FREAKS** and **THE UNHOLY THREE**, at work on his set. What this has to do with comedy we don't know, but we heartily applaud its insertion. Robert Youngson also uncovered one of the best parodies of **TARZAN** ever put on film for **THE BIG PARADE** compilation. Made sometime in the Thirties in the format of a "coming attractions" trailer, it features Jimmy Durante as Tarzan with Lupe Velez, "The Mexican Spitfire," as Jane. This is so much funnier than the recent Jack Benny-Carol Burnett attempt at satirizing Tarzan that we're wondering why Benny even tried. Yet another Tarzan parody—sort of—is **TARZAN AND JANE REGAINED**—**SORT OF** by avant-garde filmmaker Andy Warhol. This one has Taylor Mead (who once described himself as "the drag queen of Cinema 16") in the role of the Ape Man with Naomi Levine as his mate(?). (Miss Levine was on display recently at the New York Film Festival in Warhol's **KISS**.) This is probably the only Tarzan movie ever made where Tarzan and Jane share a bubble bath. . . . From Burroughs, it's only a short jump to H. Rider Haggard: Here's the cast of the **SHE** remake, now filming—Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee, Ursula Andress and Rosenda Monteros. The Haggard classic has been filmed three times previously, but this will be the first in color. By the way, it was **SHE** who made H. Rider Haggard. (Think about that one.) . . .

CURSE OF THE MUMMY'S TOMB



LATEST FILM NEWS

Nathan Juran, director of **FIRST MEN IN THE MOON**, is now at work on **MOON CALLING EARTH** . . . Leni Landorf, "talent coordinator" for ABC's **MISSING LINKS**, says that "Boris Karloff and the late Peter Lorre, despite their usual roles, were the most gentle and charming of men." . . . **BAKER STREET**, the Broadway musical adapted from Sherlock Holmes, is due to open February of '65 with Fritz Weaver as Holmes and Martin Gabel as Moriarty. CBS news writer Ron Bonn recently authored an article for *The Baker Street Journal*, publication of the Baker Street Irregulars. Thesis of Bonn's article is that Dr. Watson was really a master criminal. Based on evidence from the Doyle stories, Bonn links Watson with a German spy ring and proves him guilty of murdering his wife. . . .

Ian Fleming, famed James Bond creator, died of a heart attack on Aug. 12 in Canterbury, England. . . .

Hugo Grimaldi producing and directing **THE HUMAN DUPLICATORS** . . . The English-made **DEVILS OF DARKNESS** concerns a London antique shop that fronts a satanic cult. . . . Actor Chris Robinson, who has made guest appearances on most TV dramatic shows in the past three years, claims that he has modeled his professional life after Lon Chaney's idea of playing both heroes and heavies. . . .

The Quote of the Month comes from Terry Moore: "To this day I get ribbed about one movie I did which makes me chuckle too. It was **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG**, in which I played the paramour of a gigantic ape. For some reason I'm still wary of bananas to this day." This startling revelation didn't faze Merian C. Cooper, veteran producer of both **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG** and **KING KONG**. Cooper undertakes his first TV assignment next season with an hour-long adventure format. . . . Rod Serling has gone ape himself while writing the screenplay for a new sf shocker. Titled **PLANET OF THE APES**, it's based on a new novel by Pierre Boulle and shooting starts in February. Director is Blake "EXPERIMENT IN TERROR" Edwards.

Linden Chiles, who has made several appearances on Sterling's **TWILIGHT ZONE**, cut himself off completely from the outside world when he was 11 years old. He claims he began to think of himself as a "mad scientist" and converted his basement into a laboratory where he conducted scientific experiments. . . . Jacques-Yves Cousteau's **WORLD WITHOUT SUN** is a factual account of how human beings can and did live and work beneath the sea for a month without surfacing. . . . Herman Cohen's next are **HAUNTED JUNGLE** and **SCORPIO**, the latter in Wide Screen Color from Charles Williams' novel with locations in Florida and Jamaica. . . . A sf film was shot in Texas last summer; it's **THE DEMON FROM DEVIL'S LAKE** about a Noah's Ark-type space vehicle that crashes in Lake Texoma near Sherman, Tex. Space rays cause the animals, birds and reptiles aboard to merge together to form one single demon which threatens the local populace—played by Texas talent, including our old friend Dave Heath whom we haven't seen since we bumped into him in 1959 in a Fort Worth bar. . . . **SPACE STATION X** stars William Leslie and Pamela Curran. . . .

Honor Blackman's got a gat in her garter in the British adventure-fantasy parody, **THE AVENGERS**. It can now be seen on Canadian television, but U.S. fans are still waiting hopefully to see this exciting series. (See CoF#7 for a review and pictures.) Kirk Morris (below right) looks like this after the treacherous Amok runs amuck in Embassy's **SEVEN REVENGES**.

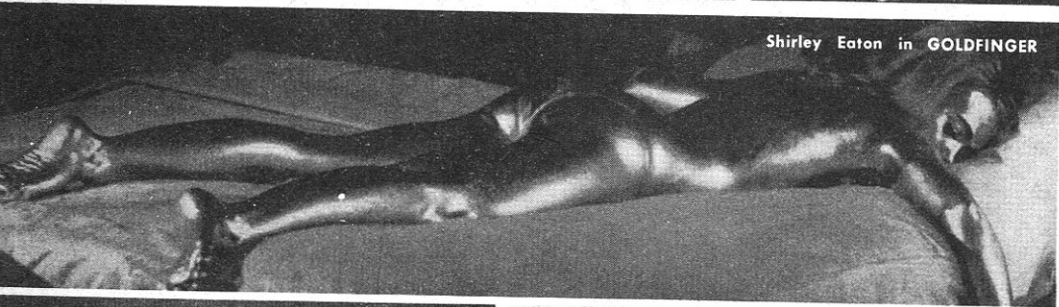


Annie Girardot as **THE APE WOMAN**: "Once I read the script, I knew the part was for me." Wonder if William V. Mong felt the same way in 1929. (See page 33.)

SEI DONNE PER L'ASSASSINO has scenes that U.S. censors may not be able to bare



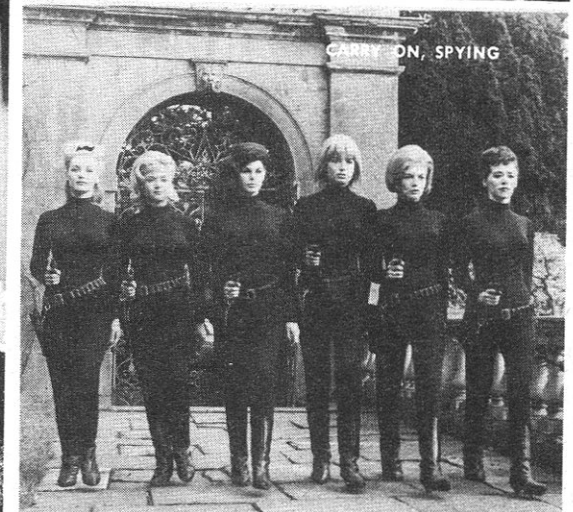
In Terence Fisher's **HORROR OF IT ALL**, Andree Melly (left) recreates her striking vampiric characterization seen in **BRIDES OF DRACULA**.



Shirley Eaton in **GOLDFINGER**



In **THE EARTH DIES SCREAMING**, Dennis Price bears startling resemblance to Daddy Warbucks after automatons blank out his eyeballs.



CARRY ON, SPYING



SEI DONNE PER L'ASSASSINO

Watch for a repeat of the NBC color special in which English actress Margaret Rutherford led viewers on an authentic ghost hunt through three of England's most haunted stately mansions. Miss Rutherford and TV crews went to spots where actual hauntings have occurred.

. . . **HYSTERIA** is a 1965 MGM suspense shocker. . . . **LES ABYSSES** is called a "socio-horror" story by its American distributors. Concerns a couple of young maid-servants who do in their mistress . . . Elena Verdugo, who appeared in **HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, can now be seen as Audrey on **THE PHIL SILVERS SHOW**. Sandy Descher of the same show made her film debut in a movie fantasy, **IT GROWS ON TREES**. This Arthur Lubin comedy (See CoF #5), which concerned the problems of owning a money tree, has just been released to TV. . . . N. F. Simpson's play **ONE WAY PENDULUM**, another fantasy-comedy, has completed filming in London. . . . Arch "FIVE" Oboler plans to direct a picture in Japan from his own script. He's considering **THE BUBBLE**—which he describes as a monsterless sf story. . . . Emcee Jack Bailey did voice characterization in both **DUMBO** and **PINOCCHIO**. Disney's **CINDERELLA**, by the way, will be re-released in June of '65. Also in June, Disney's Merlin Jones returns in **THE MONKEY'S UNCLE**. . . . Joan Harrison, Hitchcock producer and longtime associate, was a student film critic for the Oxford University women's college newspaper. . . . There's quite a bit of raving going on about a new Paramount sf picture titled **CRACK IN THE WORLD**. Stars Dana Andrews, Janette "DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS" Scott, Keiron Moore and Alexander "THE DAMNED" Knox, spent 10 grueling weeks on location in the Spanish Desert. Score is by Johnny Douglas. . . .

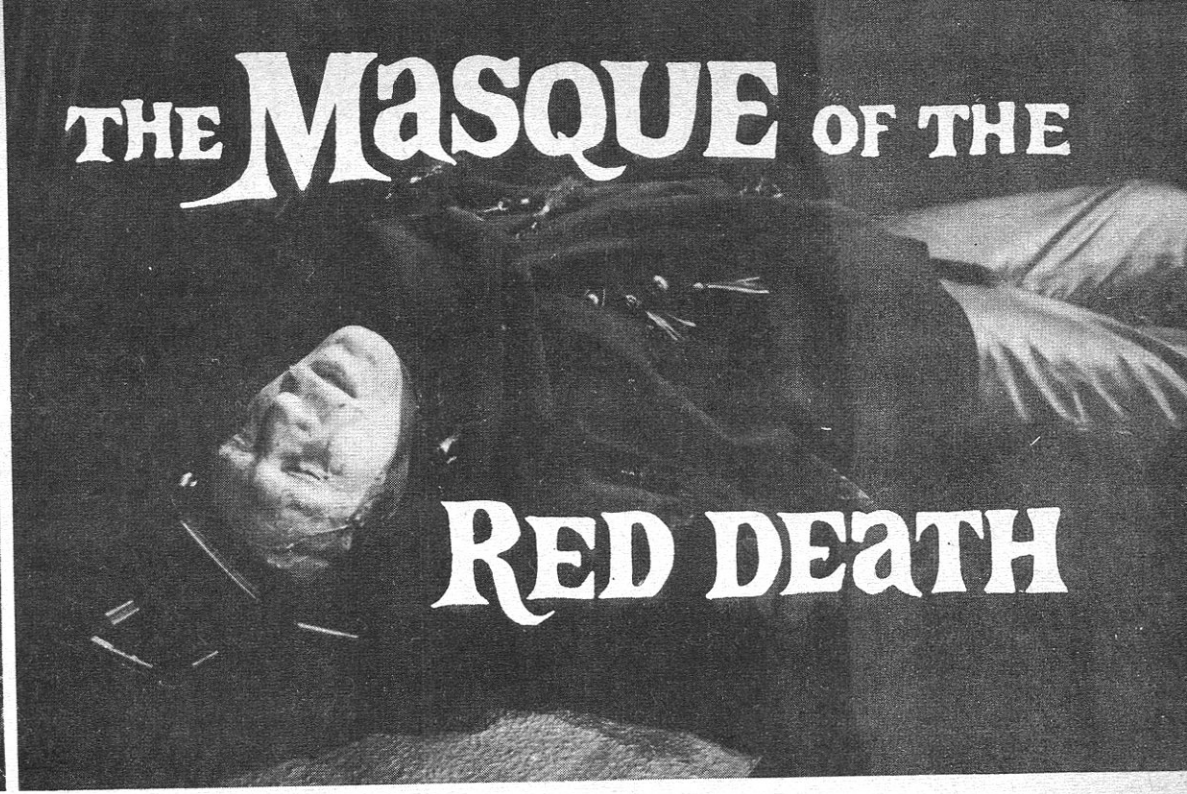
Last issue we reported that director Robert Aldrich had wound up location shooting on **HUSH, HUSH SWEET CHARLOTTE**, the **BABY JANE** follow-up. This was true, but as we went to press there was a startling series of developments: Joan Crawford had an attack of virus pneumonia, halting work on the film for the second time. Aldrich—losing money every day—flew to Paris and signed Olivia de Havilland for the part. All of those Crawford location scenes in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, will never be seen now; they've been completely reshot with Miss de Havilland—in Hollywood. There's no money left in the budget to return to Louisiana. . . . Horror queen Barbara Steele (of **BLACK SUNDAY**, **DR. HITCHCOCK** and 8½) has been seen recently in the company of Peter "LAWRENCE OF ARABIA" O'Toole. In fact, she was with him recently when he attacked Rome's paparazzi photogs who only wanted a picture of the two together. . . . **SANTA CLAUS CONQUERS THE MARTIANS** was filmed in New York by director Nicholas Webster. . . .

Despite titles like **SANTA CLAUS CONQUERS THE MARTIANS** and **SON OF BLOB**, there does seem to be a new trend toward thought-provoking mature science-fiction and fantasy. Films like **FAILSAFE**, **CIRCUS OF DR. LAO** and **FIRST MEN IN THE MOON** show that there is plenty of room for intelligent science-fiction and fantasy in films. . . . But don't get me wrong; I love monsters.

—Bhub Stewart



THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH



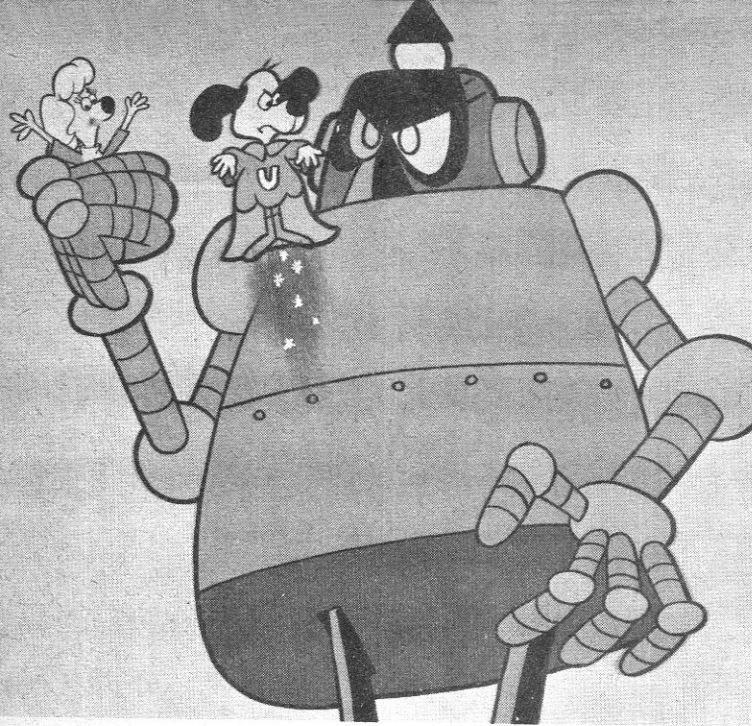
Vincent Price confronts the Red Death in American International's MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH. On this page are various scenes from the recent Edgar Allan Poepic. On a day off from filming, (above left) Jane Asher and Vincent price paintings in England's Petticoat Lane . . . Low budget producer Alex Gordon (BRIDE OF THE MONSTER) tried to keep AIP from releasing MASQUE, charging that "substantial parts and portions" were plagiarized from his screenplay titled "Mask of the Red Death" which AIP had rejected. The Court decided in AIP's favor.

Cast

Prince Prospero	Vincent Price
Juliana	Hazel Court
Francesca	Jane Asher
Gino	David Weston
Alfredo	Patrick Magee
Hop Toad	Skip Martin
Ludovico	Nigel Green
Man in Red	John Westbrook
Senora Escobar	Gay Brown
Senor Veronese	Julian Burton
Anna Marie	Doreen Dawn
Scarlatti	Paul Whitsun-Jones
Scarlatti's Wife	Jean Lodge
Esmeralda	Verina Greenlaw
Lampredi	Brian Hewlett
Clistor	Harvey Hall

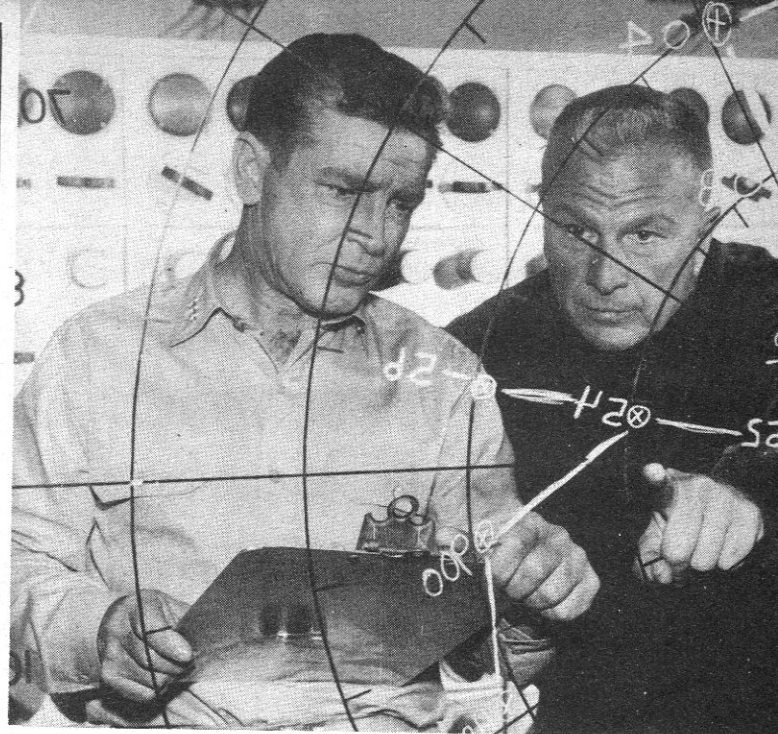
Screenplay by Charles Beaumont and R. Wright Campbell adopted from "Hop Frog" and "The Masque of the Red Death" by Edgar Allen Poe. Produced and directed by Rodger Corman. Running time: 86 min.





"Look—up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane! It's a frog! A frog?" No! It's UNDERDOG!!! With his cry of "There's no need to fear . . . UNDERDOG is here," the mighty super-hero fights a personal vendetta against evil. In reality, Underdog—Champion of Right—is Shoeshine Dog, a humble shoeshine dog. In reality reality, he is Wally Cox. The ideas and color animation are strange and wacky, reminding us of both Milt Gross and those nutty Hallmark cartoonists in Kansas. Mighty Mouse always took himself too seriously and his overconfidence was especially odious; we were happy to find that this isn't true of NBC-TV's Underdog.

Also on the Saturday morning show is THE HUNTER, a funny reductio ad absurdum private-eye . . . a Mike Hammer-with-blinders-on who bumbles through his cases like Peter Sellers' Inspector Clouseau. (If Kenny Delmar's voice for The Hunter sounds suspiciously like Warner Brothers' FOGHORN LEGHORN, it's only because Leghorn was based on Claghorn, the southern senator characterization that Delmar performed on Fred Allen's radio show of the Forties.



SCRAPING BOTTOM—

Producer Irwin Allen scrapes bottom with his TV version of VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, based on his 1961 Fox motion picture. Series star Richard Basehart (above) plots underwater course with guest Eddie Albert. David Hedison and the crew of the Seaview prepare themselves for another cheap special effect.



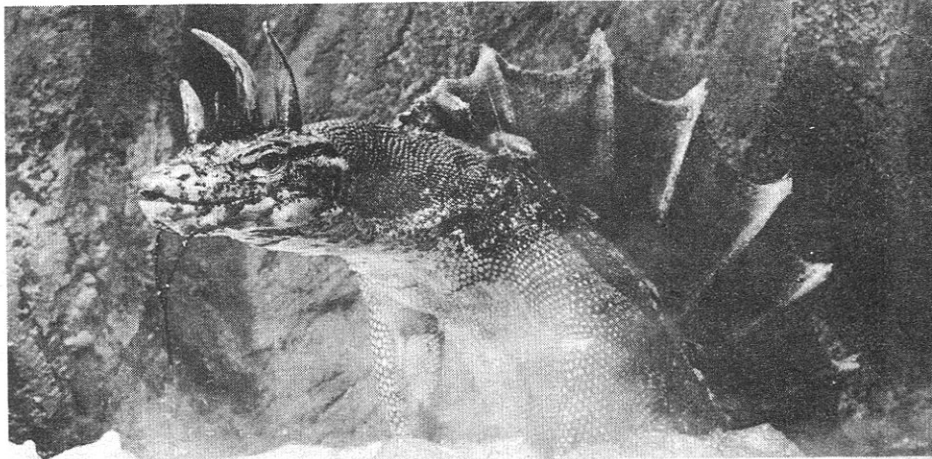
Frankenstein

TV guide

Scene from the 1961 VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA movie with Peter Lorre, Walter Pidgeon and Joan Fontaine.

LOSING WORLDS—

Even if VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA goes into drydock this season, Irwin Allen won't be worried. For the '65-'66 season he plans a TV version of THE LOST WORLD. Here are scenes from Allen's 1960 LOST WORLD (Fox). Footage from this motion picture was used recently on the VOYAGE TV show to cut costs.



THE LOST WORLD



FRANKENSTEIN MOVIEGUIDE

A quick glance at current fantasy
and monster movies making
theatrical rounds . . .

*—special recommendation.
**—no American distributor set yet.

JOSEPH KILLIAN—(40m.—Czechs State—1964). Original title: "Order and Disorder." Kafkaesque Czech fantasy. Odd tale of a young man bewildered by strange world where everything is run by State. Karel Vasicek, Pavel Bertl.

LADY IN A CAGE—(94m.—Par.—1964). Erratic overwritten but still valid, shocker about invalid woman trapped in private elevator in her own home. Gruesome scenes drive home the message: in today's world nobody gives a damn. Timely and forcefully presented. Olivia deHavilland, Ann Sothern, Jeff Corey are believable.

***ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS**—(109m.—Par.—1964) Color, TechniScope. Regardless of what it sounds like, this is a moderately successful science-fiction reworking of Defoe's classic, reset on lonely planet with astronaut as hero. Lovers of original may flinch, but even they will be surprised at what has been retained by scripter Ib Melchior. Paul Mantee, Vic Lundin, Adam West.

STRANGLER, THE—(89m.—AA—1964). Victor Buono is good in this grade B quickie. The Strangler kills ten girls because he hated his mother. Psychologically sound but dramatically unconvincing. David MacLean, Diane Sayer, Baynes Barron.

BLACK TORMENT, THE—(85m.—Col.—1964) Color. Okay British period mystery-horror melodrama. After his first wife kills herself, a lord remarries only to be confronted by murder, rape, insanity and horror in the old family mansion. Elaborately produced with an incredible trick ending which provokes more laughs than chills. Mild thriller. John Turner, Heather Sears, Ann Lynn.

DINOSAURUS—(85m.—Univ.—1960). Reissue. CinemaScope, Color. It's a good action filled childrens' film. Ward Ramey, Kristine Hansen, Paul Lukather.

EARTH DIES SCREAMING!, **THE**—(78m.—20th-Fox—1964). Tense, interesting little British sf-suspense thriller; begins well but finally runs down in impact. Humanity is wiped out by mysterious force; a few survivors struggle to stay alive in a silent, barren world controlled by lethal robots. Directed by Terence Fisher. Willard Parker, Virginia Field, Dennis Price, Thorley Walters.

IT HAPPENED HERE—(99m.—Rath—1964). Unusual and absorbing film, in the works since 1958, attempts to show what might have happened if the Nazis had occupied England during WWII. Bound to stir controversy, but exciting and well-made. Pauline Murray, Sebastian Shaw, Nicole Bernard.

KISSES FOR MY PRESIDENT—(113m.—WB—1964). Long, dull, flat comedy-fantasy about the first woman president and her "first lady" husband. Polly Bergen, Fred MacMurray, Edward Andrews.

JOHN GOLDFARB, PLEASE COME HOME—(95m.—20th-Fox—1964) CinemaScope, Color. Clever but overdone comedy fable with some good moments. A U-2 pilot is forced down in the weirdest mythical country since Wonderland. Well produced, acted, but lampoons of international diplomacy do not come off and direction is ponderous. Shirley MacLaine, Richard Crenna, Peter Ustinov, Jim Backus.

GOODBYE CHARLIE—(117m.—20th-Fox—1964) CinemaScope, Color. Tedious, tasteless and un-funny film version of George Axelrod's 1960 B'way failure. Hollywood screenwriter is shot and reincarnated as Debbie Reynolds, giving rise to the thought that with a premise like that, this might have made a good horror picture. Tony Curtis, Pat Boone, Laura Devon.

PAJAMA PARTY—(82m.—AI—1964) PanaVision, Color. Slick, humorous Teenage SF-musical-comedy. Teenage Martian lands on Earth scouting for impending invasion. As inane and insipid as AI's late '50s grade C rock-&-shock effusions, with more budget and even less sense. Only pros like Buster Keaton, Elsa Lanchester, Jessie White, Harvey Lembeck and Dorothy Lamour come off well among an untalented teenage cast.

BLOB, THE—(82m.—Paramount—1958) Re-issue. Color. Sf-horror aimed at teenagers, comes out grade B-flat. Malignant, gelatinous mass from space routed by high-schoolers amid embarrassing cliches and inanities. Steve McQueen, Aneta Courseaut.

CARRY ON SPYING—(87m.—Amalg.—Governor—1964). Wacky British spoof of UA's James Bond series. 3 idiot spies chase after mystery formula stolen by agents of STENCH, organization run by the evil Dr. Crow, who's part man, part woman. Nothing hilarious, but bright fun. Kenneth Williams, Bernard Cribbins, Barbara Windsor.

CURSE OF THE MUMMY'S TOMB—(80m.—Hammer-Col.—1964). Color, TechniScope. Another Hammer disappointment. Contrived routine grade-B Mummy film. Not a sequel to the much better 1959 version but simply a static predictable potboiler with phony Egyptian backdrops. Not as good as the old Kharis series but same wornout plot. Good performances by Terence Morgan, Fred Clark, Ronald Howard.

DO YOU LIKE WOMEN?—(92m.—Kalfon—**—1964). Ghoulish French "comedy noir" about cannibalism. Fanatic cult uses vegetarian restaurant as front for gruesome doings. Funny moments but not as effective as Hitchcock's "Specialty of the House" episode. Edwige Fuelleire, Guy Bedos, Sophie Daumer.

***FIRST MEN IN THE MOON**—(102m.—Col.—1964). Color, DynaMation, Panavision. Schner & Harryhausen have come up with first-rate sf-fantasy—their best since 7th Voyage of Sinbad. Action, terrific visual effects and fun. Based on H. G. Wells novel. UN astronauts land on moon and uncover manuscript which reveals previous trip in 1899. Lavishly produced though end sags a bit. Edward Judd, Lionel Jeffries, Martha Hyer.

***LADYBUG LADYBUG**—(81m.—UA—1963). Near-fantasy based on real-life incident which happened during '62 Cuban crisis. Nuclear alarm bell rings in isolated country school and children are sent home in fear of atomic attack. Those who can overlook some major plot flaws will discover a few frightening bits in this little film. Christopher Howard, Marilyn Rogers, Doug Chapin.

***MARY POPPINS**—(140m.—Buena Vista—1964). Color. After numerous recent failures, the Disney factory turns out a throwback to wonderful days of Fantasia. Expertly made fantasy-musical based on P. L. Travers' children's books about magical English governess who transforms lives of two young charges into a world of dreams. Keynote is imagination, result is astonishing. Julie Andrews, Dick Van Dyke, Glynis Johns, Elsa Lanchester, Reginald Owen.

MOLE PEOPLE, THE—(78m.—Universal—1956) Re-issue. Grade B adventure-fantasy for juvenile consumption; explorers discover lost underground civilization complete with monstrous slaves (they're really nice fellas—just misunderstood). Typical mid-50's kiddie-programmer. John Agar, Cynthia Patrick, Hugh Beaumont, Alan Napier.

***SEANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON**—(121m.—Beaver—1964). Atmospheric intelligently made British psychological-horror melodrama. Kim Stanley excellent as medium who imagines her stillborn child has grown to boyhood and acts as her familiar during seances. Compelling moments, fine acting. Richard Attenborough, Peter Graves, Patrick McGee.

***SILENCE, THE**—(95m.—Janus—1964). Ingmar Bergman's testament to the loneliness of man. Brilliantly imaginative mixture of allegory, fantasy and realism. Two women and young boy isolated in a strange country in a dark, silent world. Unusually frank, filled with erotic symbolism. Not for every taste but memorable and disturbing. Ingrid Thulin, Gunnell Lindblom, Jorgen Lindstrom.

TARANTULA—(80m.—Universal—1955) Re-issue. Taut, little grade-B sf-chiller. One of the best of the giant-insect films, this benefits from fast-paced Jack Arnold direction. Scientist (Leo G. Carroll) invents growth serum which causes 100-foot spider to wreak all manner of keen havoc. John Agar, Mara Corday.

2000 MANIACS—(84m.—Box Office Spec.—1964). Color. Unbelievable, incredibly sadistic blood-&-guts shocker by producers of "Blood Feast." Modern Southern city, massacred by Northern troops during the Civil War, now takes revenge by mutilating visiting Northerners. Color cameras dwell lovingly on torn limbs, mashed torsos and gory entrails. Vigorously anti-Southern, ineptly made grade-C horror. All the more offensive because film has something to say and has chosen this way to say it. Connie Mason, Thomas Wood.

LAST MAN ON EARTH, THE—(86m.—Assoc. Prod.—AI—1964). CinemaScope. Grim, only occasionally effective, Italian-US co-production of Richard Matheson's eerie "I Am Legend." Careless, hasty production but fairly faithful to the book's plot—if not its mood. The Last Man is scientist who fights nightly battle with vampiric creatures, only remnants of humanity after worldwide plague. Anticipated for a decade, the film is sadly disappointing; Matheson's superb little novel had the meat for the most frightening film ever. Vincent Price, Franca Bertoia, Emma Danielli.

***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.

***FAUST**—(121m.—Devina—1963). Well made reproduction of famed German stage play about man who loses his soul in quest for knowledge. Spoken in German with poor English titling. Will Quadflieg, Gustaf Grundgens, Ella Buchi.

***FAIL SAFE**—(111m.—Col.—1964). Shattering suspense based on Burdick-Wheeler best-seller. American bombers accidentally directed to fly over Soviet Union and bomb Moscow. Science-fiction of high order with disturbing message about mankind and machine-oriented society. Excellent cast: Henry Fonda, Dan O'Herlihy, Walter Matthau, Fritz Weaver, Nancy Berg, Frank Overton.

GODZILLA VS. THE THING—(90m.—Toho-Amer. Intl.—1964) ColorScope. Typically inept Japanese sf bore. Thing turns out to be Toho's Mothra (an economy measure, since half of film is stock shots from the original Mothra and other Nippon disasters) with sneaky promotion to ride on reputation of the 1951 RKO classic. After all, who'd come to see Godzilla & Mothra? You'd be surprised.

HORROR OF IT ALL, THE—(75m.—20th-Fox—1964). A feature-length cliché. Poor little British comedy(?)—mystery with Pat Boone tracking his girl to family mansion inhabited by stock "Old Dark House"-type characters. Trite and labored bore. Directed by the usually competent Terence Fisher. Erica Rogers, Dennis Price, Valentine Dyal.

NIGHTMARE IN THE SUN—(Allied Artists—1964). Deluxe Color. Familiar hunt-&-chase suspense thriller distinguished by imaginative color photography. Drifter John Derek framed by crooked sheriff Aldo Ray for shotgun murder of Ursula Andress. Uneven performances. Sammy Davis Jr., Arthur O'Connell, Keenan Wynn.

WITCHCRAFT—(80m.—20th-Fox—1964). Some good low-key photography plus lively climax do not quite make up for slow pace and lack of atmosphere in this British supernatural melodrama. A 300-year-old witch returns to life when developers level an ancient English graveyard. Directed by Don "Kiss of the Vampire" Sharp. Lon Chaney, Jill Dixon, Jack Hedley, Diane Clair.

***APE WOMAN, THE**—(100m.—Champion-Embassy—1964). Bitter depressing Italian fantasy drama. Fast-buck artist discovers woman whose body is covered with hair, exploits her as a freak, but comes to love her. Ending is harsh, powerful, but has been cut off for American release & a "softer" one substituted. Ugo Tognazzi, Annie Girardot, Lindade Felice.

BLOOD FEAST—(58m.—Box-Office Spectaculars—1964) Color. Thoroughly revolting, inept grade-Z horror garbage. Madman tries to restore life to Egyptian Love Goddess by synthesizing the organs and drippy entrails of pretty girls. You won't believe it until you see it; looks like amateur night at the butcher shop. Strong stomachs only. Yecchh. Connie Mason (of PLAYBOY fame), Thomas Wood, Scott Arnold.

FLESH EATERS, THE—(92m.—CDA—1964). Another low-grade monster-on-the-rampage bore, this time it's an oozing cannibalistic horror which devours half the cast right before your eyes. You may never want to eat again after this senseless stomach-turner is over. Martin Kosleck, Barbara Wilkin, Byron Sanders.

***GOLDSTEIN**—(115m.—Montrose—1964). Refreshing, imaginative little fantasy satire. A dirty old tramp rises from a Chicago lake and becomes involved in alternately dramatic and hilarious situations. Excellent photography. Lou Gilbert, Ellen Madison, Thomas Erhart.

***HANDS OF ORLAC, THE**—(77m.—Britannia-Cont.—1961). British remake of the horror classic has been shorn of 18 minutes for American release and it shows. But catch it anyway, it's a good show, well acted. See review in COF#3. Mel Ferrer, Dany Carrel, Christopher Lee.

The National Association of Broadcasters has warned TV stations to beware of the following TV trailers:

BLOOD FEAST: "A tableau of carnage and badness . . . brutally staged in Color" which heart patients should beware of all costs, says the NAB.
FLESH EATERS: An announcer says "If you can't stand the sight of flesh being stripped from a human body please leave the room." A scene from the picture follows: an actor whose flesh is burning screams "Something is inside me . . . eating its way out!"

One of these films got the full cover-story treatment from one of our "competitors" . . . 6 pages plus cover, in fact. Makes you wonder what standards of criticism they have over there.

—Joe Dante—

GHOSTAL MAIL

FROM ALAN DODD

It is rather heartwarming that **CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN** does not insult the intelligence of its readers by writing down to them, though I have been told the magazines that do "juvenilize" themselves receive a larger circulation as a reward. I hope that isn't the case. It seems a terrible indictment of people's taste if it is so.

Nicholas Morgan's comments on the Frankenstein Monster of **EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN** ("another scene proving that the monster could make a fortune from wrestling") are far more accurate than even he might believe. Ernie "Kiwi" Kingston who plays the monster is, in fact, a professional wrestler from New Zealand who has wrestled here for many years. I've often seen his tall rawboned frame in rings here but never visualized him as the Frankenstein Monster. Like Morgan, I'm grateful for the original Universal monster myself; unfortunately, they have him copyrighted which is why Hammer's makeup man, Roy Ashton, is unable to present an authentic monster as we know him.

William K. Everson's **PETER LORRE STORY** is one of the most effective tributes ever paid an artist. I remember very well his vaudeville appearances here in the 1950's at the Wood Green Empire when he did, twice nightly, his **MAN WITH THE HEAD OF GLASS** who believed people could see into his mind. At the same theatre a short while afterward, Bela Lugosi appeared in his stage play of **DRACULA**—also twice nightly. The theatre was, incidentally, the one in which magician Chung Ling Soo was killed while performing the "Catching the Bullet" trick in the early part of the century. Now, of course, the place is a TV studio, with, no doubt, more than its fair share of ghosts. Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England.

The Rumor of the Month has it that Kingston's next movie is **SON OF HERCULES WRESTLES FRANKENSTEIN**. Two falls out of three and the winner takes on Gordon Scott.—Editor



PRAISE & CRITIQUE

I was shocked by your magazine. I bought #5 and discovered an intelligently written monster magazine!—a most unlikely mutation considering other mags in the same genre. All the articles were well written; the E. R. Burroughs illustrations were worth the price alone. I have but two corrections to offer. On page 45 of CoF(#5), the author writes: "Kafka's puzzled hero metamorphosed into a caterpillar." In Kafka's "Metamorphosis" the hero became a beetle. [Actually, Kafka's character turned into a cockroach. You must be thinking of Ringo Starr.—Ed.] Also on page 28 the author tells of the terrifying Wieroos in E. R. Burroughs' *The Land That Time Forgot*. There are no such creatures in this book. Furthermore, the hero of this book is Bowen J. Tyler Jr., not, as the author calls him, "Bradley." But these mistakes are minor and do not subtract from the quality of the rest of the issue. I am looking forward to another great issue. Gus Wiedemann, 28 Dietz Court, Kingston, N.Y.

WANTS WANTS

Your Movieguide is a great idea—give it the maximum amount of space possible. Your Peter Lorre memoriam and biography were excellently written (the filmography very useful). The review of *Evil of Frankenstein* was also quite good. I especially appreciate your critical comments and reviews; they are among your many policies that set you above all other publications of your genre. The double-page still from *Ghost of Frankenstein* was a great shot; it was almost worth missing the installment of Chaney Jr's bio for it. The Jean Cocteau article: very good, bringing to light an aspect of fantasy in films probably not too widely known in this country. All the "Inside Frankenstein" departments were as well-written, useful, and entertaining as always. "Movie Reviews" is a nice addition. I much appreciate your coverage of fanmags and clubs; if possible, please expand this. [This depends mostly upon amount of news, material and coverage sent in to us.—Ed.] I am also greatly in favor of the want ads. I do like the new type size used in *Ghostal Mail* for the reason that more can be included. Over all—the atmosphere of your magazine is put over much better than that of any of your rivals, and your writing is of a much better quality; it is stimulating reading—keep it up. Please have more coverage of TV fantasy; this is a field which seems generally ignored in monster-fan mags I am ecstatic over the news of your going bi-monthly; the best of luck. Jeff Day, Box 104, Oak Harbor, Ohio, 43449.

* * * Thanks, we could use some because if you were "ecstatic" over our "news" that we were "going bi-monthly," we became delirious, indeed momentarily half-witted after seeing it in print (one and all shall kindly refrain from making obviously facetious remarks at this point). But keep your eyes open for our new companion magazine, **THE HORROR MOVIES!**—Editor

Continued

Baron von Bungle

BY RICHARD BOJARSKI





Left, cover of a Spanish horror comic book with a Frankenstein-styled story. In his attempts to gain the knowledge of eternal life, a doctor runs afoul of the law and is guillotined for his misdeeds. His colleague gains legal permission to retrieve the severed head and corpse immediately after the execution. Wasting no time, he joins the head and body, but his crude attempts at restoration produce a twisted Frankenstein-like monster.

A STRANGE FAN

I disagree with the staff of CoF completely! Last issue in the article EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN, you called FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN, SON OF DRACULA, and HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN "Weak!" Well, I'm sure many other Karloff, Lugosi, Chaney, Carradine and Strange fans agree with me that these films were EXCELLENT! Kent Rapelze, 6341 N. Avon, San Gabriel, Calif.

CoF/EC FAN ADDICT

Your mag outclasses most others of the type because it has more reading material. The others are usually 50% pictures, 33% ads, and the rest is filled in by short articles. With the small type used in CoF, you have the pictures, ads and reading material! Also, I like your serious attitude about these movies; if I want comedy, I'll read MAD. Your cover was something! Ivie gets better all the time; his interior ERB pics prove that. I didn't go too much for the ERB article as I felt it was poorly written with not enough info or comments. However, the artwork was excellent! Crandall's fullpage for GIANTS OF MARS was masterfull . . . the best art I've seen since . . . well, since the days of EC comics! Remember them? [You bet we do, Larry! In fact, they've been our inspiration to try to improve the monster mag field as EC did with comic books in the Fifties. For you youngsters who don't remember the EComics, we suggest the new Ballantine paperback reprint TALES FROM THE CRYPT, first of a series of the best from EC. After you read it, let us know if you'd like CoF to tell the behind-the-scenes history of the greatest line of horror and suspense comics ever published: TALES FROM THE CRYPT, VAULT OF HORROR, HAUNT OF FEAR, CRIME SUSPENSTORIES, SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES, WEIRD SCIENCE and WEIRD FANTASY. No superhero or horror comic magazine today can equal the pre-code EComics for realism, thrills, horror and quality of art and writing.—Ed.] Your book review column is always interesting and has led me to find some very exciting reading that I might have otherwise missed. I hope you continue it and also hope that you will lengthen your letter column. [Now that we've done so, let's hear from you fans who see so many movies you don't have time to write.—Ed.] I like the idea of running people's wants in the column; mayhaps this feature could be expanded to a full page? [Mayhaps—Ed.] Since the sf mags dropped this feature some years back, getting new blood into the various fandoms has been a problem. [We've always found getting new blood to be a problem.—Ed.] Four radio shows are currently being run by a local station much to the delight of fans in this area. 'Tis a real joy to hear once again that eerie laugh of THE SHADOW, the buzz of THE GREEN HORNET and the roar of THE LONE RANGER's sixguns! Looks like radio drama is back in a big way! Larry Herndon, 1830 Highland Drive, Carrollton, Texas, 75006.

* * * Let us know your reaction to HORROR ON THE AIR on page 44 of this issue.—Editor

LYNCH PARTY

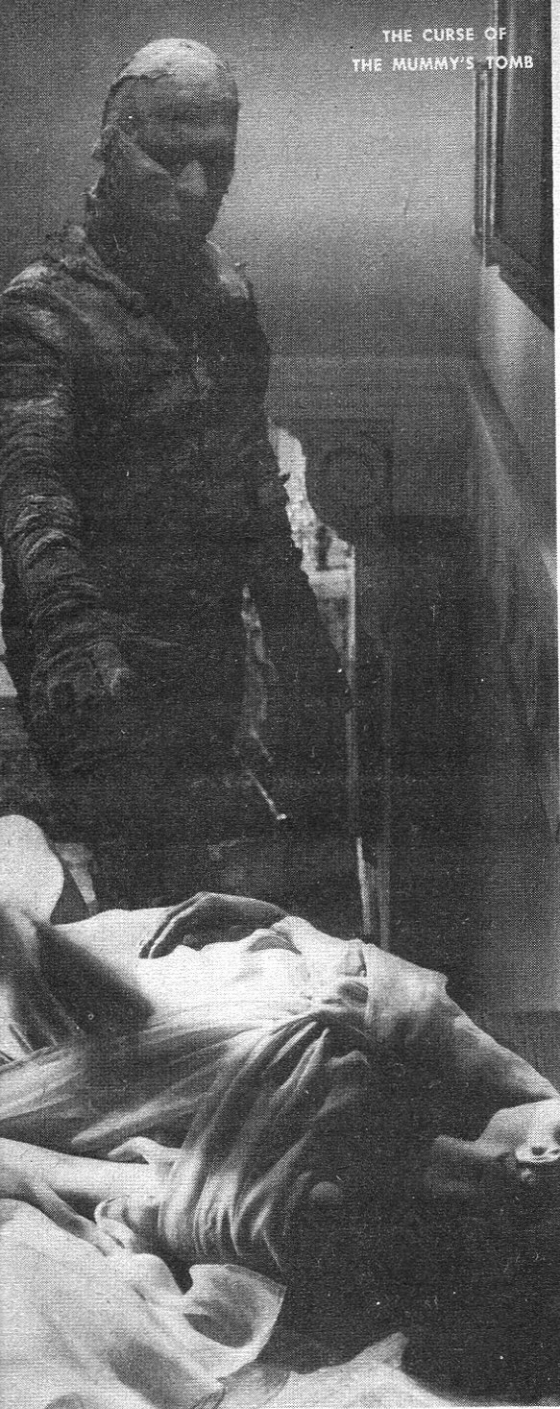
I just saw my first copy of FRANK'S CASTLE today. CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN is an interesting title—but how long can you go on writing about Frankenstein? [Please—no embarrassing questions.—Ed.] CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN sounds like a good name for a drive-in restaurant. Have the restaurant shaped like a castle and carhops with greased down hair, safety shoes and a bolt through their necks. The specialty of the house would be a hot dog with mustard, relish, onions, chickenfat, all the trimmings, which would be called a Frankenfurter. [Also on the menu would be Hamburgomaster with Dwight Fries, Brains and Eggs, James Whale Steak and Oysters on the Half Shelley. And don't you think the waitresses should all wear gypsy costumes with badges identifying them as Karloffhops?—Ed.] Well, back to the mag. I only bought it because I saw the names of Larry Ivie and Bhub Stewart,

Continued

Last issue, for design purposes, we ran Reed Crandall's illustration for JOHN CARTER OF MARS in negative. Several readers requested a chance to see it in regular black-on-white, so here it is. This illustration and the others accompanying Dick Lupoff's article (with the exception of three Larry Ivie drawings) are copyright by the estate of Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc. Also of interest: the drawing below was pencilled by Al Williamson, ghost artist of the RIP KIRBY comic strip.

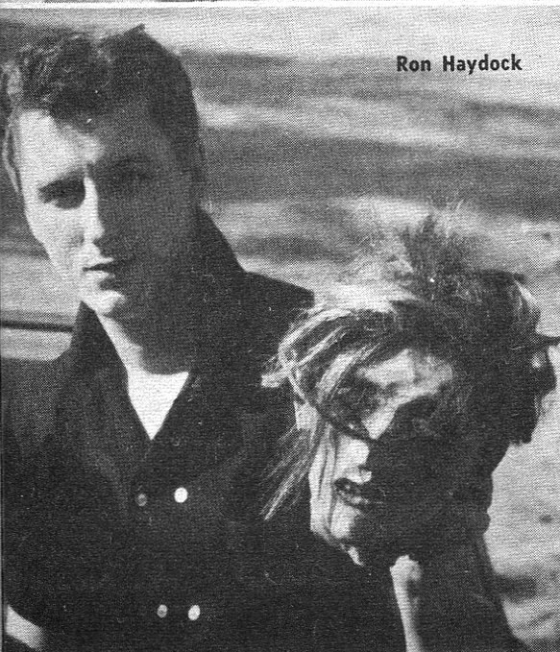


THE CURSE OF
THE MUMMY'S TOMB



Poster art from Fairway-International's **INCREDIBLY STRANGE CREATURES WHO STOPPED LIVING AND BECAME MIXED UP ZOMBIES**. A few more movies with titles like that and we'll start giving the running time of the titles. Below, an artfully done still from **THE THRILL KILLERS**, a new film by Fairway-International. Here Cash Flagg as Mort "Mad Dog" Click slays Erina Enyo. Ron Haydock, former editor of **FANTASTIC MONSTERS OF FILMLAND**, appears in **THE THRILL KILLERS** under his professional name Lonnie Lord.

Ron Haydock





Stubby Kaye engages in some SHENANIGANS (ABC-TV) with the hideous Shenanighoul on Saturday mornings. Yet another reason why 1965 will be remembered as The Year of the Monsters.

two guys who are active in fandom. I just wanted to see what kind of stuff they were turning out professionally. I really don't dig monster mags, but yours is about as good as any I've seen. I'm no critic though. Bob Stewart is a very good cartoonist—most of the cartoons in the 3rd issue were very well drawn. Jay Lynch, 282 Baxter Lane, Hoffman Estates, Roselle, Illinois.

Jay is a funny cartoonist himself. His work has appeared in AARDVARK and other satirical magazines.—Editor.

YA GOTTA HAVE CLASS

An overall look at issue #5 shows what I have suspected: that you are trying—and largely succeeding—to be the "class magazine" in your field. There are still remnants of your earlier more juvenile style; for instance, calling the preview section **MOVIE NOOSEREEL**, permitting the managing editor and the book critic (who does a good job) to hide behind silly pseudonyms; calling your letter section **GHOSTAL MAIL**, etc. I can only hope—and expect—that these will vanish with time. [Well, they're getting smaller, anyway—Ed.] I like your listing and briefly reviewing of current creature features, but I think that this department has several notable flaws. For one thing, you didn't update enough between issue #4 and #5, leaving in many pictures that have vanished from first and even second-run screens. Also, there seem to be several levels of criticism, one which says **ASSIGNMENT: OUTER SPACE** had good special effects (a Walt Disney plastic model and table-top sets? Oh, come now), and another level which can encompass **THE TRIAL** with appreciation. I partially disagree with your review of **THE EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN**. I don't think it was as bad as you say. Granted, it was not up to the level that Hammer has shown itself to be capable of in the past. However, the acting by Cushing was as good as ever, and better than in **REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN**. And, as you say, the color is always fine. One shot, though extremely brief, impressed me very much: when Hans and the Baron round the mountain in the search for the deaf girl, the light that strikes the lens is exactly the right sort of light. Kiwi Kingston, though no Lee or Karloff, did all right as far as his role went. One can tell from the stills alone that Hammer has not yet lost one of its major plus factors: its fine cinematography. All scenes were expertly posed and arranged, as well as anyone has ever done in the horror films I have seen (with the notable exception of **THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**). I rather liked the way the electrical equipment behaved, even though it is true as you said, the period flavor was missing. Still and all, I suppose it has to be judged as primarily a failure. What really disappointed me was that it wasn't a sequel to anything, as I was hoping to see what became of a Doctor Frankenstein who has become his own monster, which is where **REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN** left him.

The bit on Karloff's British TV show was a waste of space, as a nearly identical article had already appeared elsewhere. However, the fifty-year-span inside front and back covers on Karloff were excellent. I had never seen either of those shots previously.

The Cocteau article was wonderful; all my friends highly appreciated it. I never expected to see anything like a serious (if somewhat shallow) treatment of true art films in any monster movie magazine. Cocteau had a way with the photography of a film never duplicated or even approached elsewhere. You cannot receive too much praise for even attempting such an article. On page 43 you published a still so startling in visual components that, except for who the figure was, one might have assumed it was from a Cocteau film. There are a few other scenes of equal quality in the Frankenstein series, notably the one in **BRIDE** where the villagers raise him up on the pole to take to jail—the scene is remarkably like a crucifixion, and deliberately so, I believe. Your TV previews occupied too much space. One group shot of the Addams family would have sufficed. Where were the Munsters? [See page 6 of this issue.—Ed.] Bill Warren, 1840 Agate, Apt. 8, Eugene, Oregon.

We're happy to see, Bill, that you share our belief that art has as much right to exist in Frankenstein films as it does in Cocteau's work. We also acknowledge the Pop Art of certain low-budget horror movies. Andy Warhol, the Granddaddy of Pop, recently named his favorite movie—IT'S CREATION OF THE HUMANOIDS. Certainly, **GODZILLA VS. THE THING** is a great example of Pop Art; it's the only time we've ever seen a grown moth bawl.—Editor.

AND LAST BUT NOT BEAST . . .

Painted & assembled plastic models of Godzilla & King Kong are \$2.25 each; all others, like The Guillotine or Frankenstein's Flivver \$1.75 each (add 50c each for postage & handling) from Steve Chapman, 330 Skokie Lane, Glencoe, Ill. . . . Selling part of his fine sf-fantasy collection at reasonable prices including books by Derleth, Lovecraft, Merritt & many more: Vic Ghidalia, 480 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, N.Y. . . . **GORE CREATURES** is now in its second year; the publisher reminds us that the huge crowds subscribing to it "think it's great," regardless if we like it or not (and do you know something? He may be right!). \$1.00 equals 4 issues from the one and only Gary Svehla, 5906 Kavon Ave., Baltimore, Md.—21206 . . . For Sale: posters, pressbooks, stills, etc. from every horror movie made after 1950. A free list available for a stamped self-addressed envelope from Steven Spagnesi, 1080 Mace Ave., Bronx, N.Y.—10469. . . . Membership is \$1.00 in the National William Castle Horror Advisory Board & Fan Club. Except for Social Security and a Medicare program, numerous privileges and stuff one gets include membership card, official badge, official letters, official club bulletins, an official biography of Mr. Castle, official prizes & official contests, official officiating, and stuff like that there, see. The buck and letter go to President Terry Roark, 204 West King St., Lancaster, Penna.—17603. . . . Unselfishness knowing no end, a horror club is announced that costs nothing to join; heading this charitable mission is Thomas Weber, chairman and president, 74 Howard Ave., Hillside, Illinois. . . . Buying and collecting weird literature, he also has stills to sell at various prices (enclose stamp & envelope): Mike Steadman, Rt. 3, Box 59, Edgewater, Md. . . . A very promising fanmag put out by a very promising fan is GLICK. CoF likes it for its basic sincerity and honesty. 75c for a full year (issued monthly) from: George Milns, Jr., Star Route, Pottstown, Penna.—19464. . . . Membership is \$1.50 in the National Amateur Motion Picture Club—including club mag. & other interesting things; It seems a very ambitious and stimulating organization. Write to: Steve Kelez, Box 457, Talmage, Calif.—95481. . . . Interested in dinosaurs and their nomenclature and wanting info, correspondence, etc. on the subject is Sharlene Spingler, 172 Maple St., Brooklyn 25, N.Y. . . . The Lon Chaney Sr. Fan Club (Membership, \$1.00)—included is glossy Chaney foto, membership card, issues of club newsletter, etc. Write to founder, George E. Wagner, Box 326, King of Prussia, Penna. . . . Interested in buying-swapping nearly any pre-1956 comics, & pulp mags like Shadow, Spider, Capt. Satan, Wu Fang, etc. Also publish **STAR-STUDED COMICS**, which features Dr. Weird (50c per copy).—Larry Herndon, 1830 Highland Drive, Carrollton, Texas—75006. . . . **THE SCREEN MONSTERS CLUB** (membership: 50c), gives membership card, code card, mummy drawing, bimonthly club-zine, bulletins, etc. Richard Stoyanowski, 9306 Geyser Ave., Northridge 25, Calif.

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

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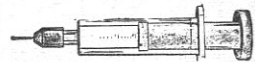
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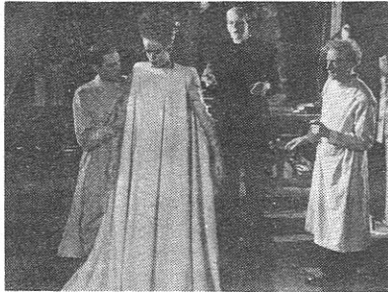
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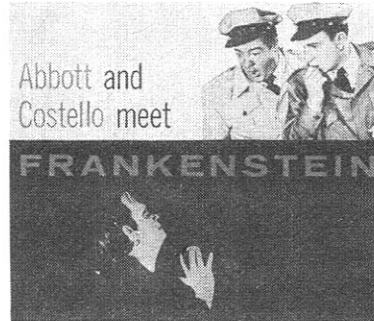


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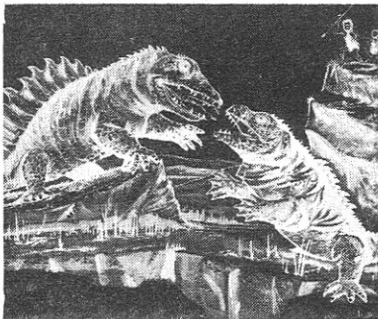
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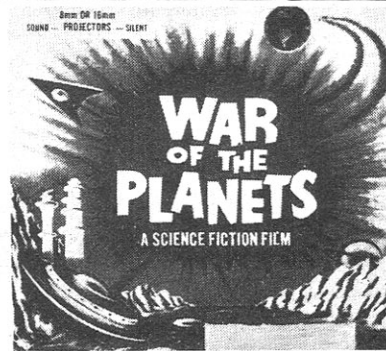


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CHARLES COLLINS REVIEWS FABLES OF HEROIC FANTASY AND ELDRITCH HORROR

THE DARK MAN AND OTHERS, Robert E. Howard, Arkham House, 1963, 284 pgs., \$5.00. Limited edition of 2,000 copies.

After finishing a volume by Robert E. Howard, one is apt to feel that Howard, like many of his modern day characters, has some dim awareness of a former existence in antediluvian time. Once caught up in his tales, these ancient memories appear to burst into his consciousness and are transcribed to the page with the vivid quality of a first hand report. His prose vibrates with the poetic lyricism of the epic ballader. His stories move at a rapid pace; his battle scenes reek with the stench of hewn cadavers; his landscapes are remote vistas, stark and fearful, or opulent and oriental. His characters in the heroic fantasies are fabled creatures of enormous appetites with a lust for love and war, superhuman courage, utter fearlessness, illimitable endurance, invincible strength . . . They are people with truly heroic stature.

THE DARK MAN AND OTHERS is the second Arkham House collection of Howard's fiction. (In 1957 Arkham House published an anthology of Howard's verse entitled **ALWAYS COMES EVENING**.) This latest volume in the distinguished Arkham library of fantastic literature is neither as large or as satisfying as the huge omnibus memorial edition (almost 500 pages) of Howard's best short stories. This was published in 1946 by Arkham House under the title **SKULL-FACE AND OTHERS**, and has recently gone out of print. None the less, we are delighted to have a second best volume of Howard any time.

The stories collected in **THE DARK MAN** span the essential years of Howard's literary career: 1925 to 1937. He was a prolific writer who steadily contributed to the pulp markets throughout his regrettably short life. His was a famed name in such memorable publications as **STRANGE TALES**, **ORIENTAL STORIES**, **WEIRD TALES**, and **ARGOSY**, and during this period he fashioned some of the best "sword and sorcery" fantasy of our age. Long will he be remembered for such epic creations as Conan the Cimmerian, Solomon Kane, and Turlogh O'Brien.

THE DARK MAN is a fair sized cross-section of Howard's achievements. It opens with **THE VOICE OF EL-LIL** (which first appeared in the initial issue of **Oriental Stories**, Oct.-Nov. 1930). This tale of mounting terror, splendor, and torture is set in a remnant civilization from dark aeons past. **THE DARK MAN** and **THE GODS OF BAL-SAGOTH**, two representative works of barbarism and heroism in ancient times, features the Herculean Turlogh O'Brien. They are charged with the sword and sorcery romance of which Howard was a master. **PEOPLE OF THE DARK** is the only Conan story in the book; and a rather inferior one at that. It does, however, unfold around Howard's peculiarly Jungian adaptation of the collective unconscious and genetic racial memory. **DIG ME NO GRAVE** and **THE THING ON THE ROOF** show Howard's unique treatment of primordial terror in the H. P. Lovecraft vein. The volume concludes with a fine piece of chilling horror in a modern western setting. (Texas, the state of Howard's birth, was a frequent local in his later works.)

Howard's stories move from mythological kingdoms to lost races in Somaliland; from the present day south to medieval France; from Yucatan to Africa; from the American west to the dark moors of Celtic Britain. We were particularly pleased with **PIGEONS FROM HELL**, a tale of voodoo and horror and a terrible revenge set in a desolate Southern manor. Many may remember the remarkably faithful television production of this grisly on the **THRILLER** program a year or so ago. This, and **DIG ME NO GRAVE** are genuine spine tinglers with Howard displaying top form.

Howard is recognized for his unsparing details of battles and bloodshed. Indeed, such scenes are written with a curious passion and animation, with horror heaped upon horror in vivid prose. But herein lies his one major shortcoming: His blood-baths are overdone. They lack a disciplined, artistic control, and a versatility in treatment. Thus an evening with Howard's sword and sorcery fiction alone could quickly become repetitious to the point of monotony rather than a richly rewarding reading experience. There is no question, however, about Howard's merit as a first class storyteller who was endowed with an imagination vast and fertile. Despite the overabundance of blood and grue, **THE DARK MAN** is a thoroughly entertaining reading treat which should generate special interest for all admirers and fans of the late Robert E. Howard.

This Arkham House edition contains a short introduction by August Derleth, and a fantastic dust jacket by Frank Utpatel depicting the sanguinary climax of **DIG ME NO GRAVE**. Like all Arkham editions, **THE DARK MAN** has a limited printing which, from all reports, is selling extremely well.

SWORDS AND SORCERY, L. Sprague de Camp, editor, Pyramid books, 1963, 186 pgs., \$5.00. Cover and interior illustrations by Virgil Finlay.

We could not follow up Howard's **DARK MAN AND OTHERS** with a more appropriate selection than this excellent little volume of heroic fantasy. It is the first of its kind that I know of available in an inexpensive paperback edition. This new soft covered collection reprints tales in the genre of epic fantasy by Poul Anderson, Lord Dunsany, Robert E. Howard (of course!), Henry Kuttner, Fritz Leiber, H. P. Lovecraft, C. L. Moore, and Clark Ashton Smith. Moreover, L. Sprague de Camp has contributed a fine introductory note on heroic fantasy, and adds a personal touch by providing a brief word to each story. Accordingly, most of the tales are well chosen. What more could we ask for at the price? Well, Pyramid outdid themselves with this one by including a series of bizarre illustrations by Virgil Finlay. (Mr. Finlay is now part of the pulp magazine history. He was one of the foremost contributors of original and imaginative art work for the most memorable science fiction and fantasy publications of our time.)

But to the stories. Poul Anderson's **THE VALOR OF CAPPEN VARRA**—the initial tale—is a charming, well polished fantasy. It is the simple telling of how Cappen Varra rescues a beautiful maiden from the power of an evil and suitably deformed troll that lends this piece so much charm. In Cappen Varra's discovering only afterwards the nature of true valor, Mr. Anderson has graced his story with the universal quality of a fable. Robert E. Howard's **SHADOWS IN THE MOONLIGHT** is a swash-buckling Conan story (much better, by the way, than the one represented in the Arkham collection), abounding in fights to the death, and saturated with the usual Howard excesses of blood and gore. Kuttner's **CITADEL OF DARKNESS** is an odyssey of heroic adventure somewhat in the manner of Howard, though not so bloody; and Fritz Leiber's **WHEN THE SEA KING'S AWAY** is a whimsical but slight Fafhrd and Gray Mouser yarn.

Without reservation, the best in this collection are Lovecraft's **THE DOOM THAT CAME TO SARNATH** and Clark Ashton Smith's **THE TESTAMENT OF ATHAMMAUS**. Both come from extremely rare, long out of print omnibus editions published by Arkham House, following their original magazine appearance back in 1935 and 1932 respectively.

The Lovecraft is a compelling tale of eldritch horror, written with his inimitably lyric flair. The descriptions of the lush and ancient Sarnath glitter with dazzling imagery, while the doom that overtakes the fabled city is particularly terrible in its awesome implications. Once more Lovecraft builds on his famed mythos in ordaining Sarnath to its hideous, unearthly doom.

THE TESTAMENT OF ATHAMMAUS is set in Smith's mythological Hyperborea. This tale of a parasitic ghoul is a blood curdler! Smith writes in a style uniquely his own, and **ATHAMMAUS** is a splendid example of his singular ability. It is a story of cannibalism, beheadings, and obscene body regeneration. Commorion, the capital of Hyperborea, is, like Sarnath, another doomed city of ancient times. But this is doom wrought by the hell-spawned; a noxious monster who fattens on feasts of flesh and blood. Smith describes the creature in its final evolution in his inimitable manner: ". . . one eye had slipped away from all relation with its fellow or the head and was now occupying the navel, just below the embossment of the chin . . . the arms had lengthened into tentacles, with fingers that were like knots of writhing vipers . . . Most fabulous and impossible of all, however, were the changes in the nether limbs: at each knee and hip, they had re-bifurcated into long, lithe proboscises that were lined with throated suckers. By making a combined use of its various mouths and members, the abnormality was devouring both of the hapless persons whom it had seized."

Stories such as the Lovecraft and Smith, though published three decades ago, are still eminently readable today, as indeed they will be three decades from now. Lovecraft and Smith found their own language, fashioned their own concepts, and, in so doing, advanced the tale of terror just as surely as their giant forerunners did a generation or two ago.

C. L. Moore's **HELLSGARDE**—a fine Jirel of Joiry piece—and Lord Dunsany's **DISTRESSING TALE OF THANGOBRIIND THE JEWELLER** (from **THE BOOK OF WONDER**) make up the balance of this splendid anthology. Accolades also to L. Sprague de Camp. He has presented a superlative collection of heroic fantasy. Let us hope it is a rapid sell out, and that he will soon favor us with another of equal merit.

—CHARLES M. COLLINS

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