

FAMOUS MONSTERS[®] OF FILMLAND

35c

The Behind-the-Scene
Story of Hollywood's
House of Horrors

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THE 10 MOST FRIGHTENING
FACES EVER FILMED

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THE MOST FEARSOME
MONSTERS EVER CREATED

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HORROR PHOTOS

•
INTERVIEWS AND ARTICLES ON THE
GUYS AND GALS BEHIND THE GHOULS

•
TV'S MONSTER PARADE



COLLECTOR'S EDITION



welcome monster lovers

YOU'RE STUCK!

The stuff this magazine is printed on, which looks so much like ordinary black printer's ink, is actually glue.

YOU CANNOT PUT THIS MAGAZINE DOWN!

Try as you may to struggle, it is impossible: like a zombie, you have no will of your own. For this unique magazine bears the fatal fascination of beauty for the beast, of monsters for maidens fair and monster-makers unfair.

Did your last date call you a monster? Do your friends think you're horrible? On Halloween do they say "take off your mask, Frankenstein" when you're not wearing a mask?

Wives: do you consider your husband a Jekyll & Hyde?

Husbands: do you sometimes wish you were the Invisible Man?

EVERYBODY: do you know all the faces of Frankenstein, about Lon Chaney's 150 pictures, how many quarts of blood Bela Lugosi drank in DRACULA, and 10,000 other amazing facts about fantastic monsters?

For every tick there's a tock. If you want to know what makes monsters tick, why they're such a click and even why YOU get such a kick out of them, you've come to the right magazine.

That isn't all. With the purchase of this book you are entitled to be the first on your block to introduce the great new saying that will soon be sweeping the country. When your beast friend starts giving you a bad time or a big lip about something you just said or did, take my tip: just shrug your head nonchalantly and stop him cold in his cracks with, "Well, that's how the monster mumbles."

Take it from the man who owns one.

Yours gruely,
THE EDITORS



A FACE THAT ONLY A MONSTER COULD LOVE — For five years starlet Wanda Barbour worked and waited for a starring role in pictures. Then she got the part: lead in a picture called APE GIRL, but nobody got to see her face. The make-up artist went ape over this job.

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND



THE COVER: Our Ivy-League Frankenstein is unhappy because his ghoul friend Marion Moore insisted that he dress for dinner, and poor Frank had to clean all the skeletons out of his closet to get to the clothes.

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MONSTERS ARE GOOD FOR YOU

medicine
men
prefer
monster
men

"Doctor, I feel run down."

The doctor looked at his patient and could easily understand why. The blood dripping on the floor, the tire marks across his face, were symptoms that told the doctor that the man had just been hit by a two ton truck.

"Pull yourself together, go out and see a good horror movie," the doctor prescribed. "It will make a new man of you."

Fantastic? Improbable? Who can say. The day may not be so far distant when vitamins will be replaced by vita-monsters, anti-histamines by haunty-histamines, and the common aspirin tablet by a chill-pill called GASpirin.

Un-tranquilizers! Chilltowns instead of Miltowns.

That emotional health and mental stability may be improved by subjecting oneself to safe shocks is the conclusion shared by a number of psychiatrists and anthropologists. Makers of monster movies need make no apology for the quivers they send coursing up and down spines. There may be more therapy in a theramin-filled fright-film than meets the eye—or the ear.

Long before horror movies the monsters were among us. In ancient Greek dramas it would be difficult not to note at once that ghosts and ghastly events were part and parcel of many a play.

Among the Mutants there is a proverb, "Two heads are better than none," but looking at this mutant's face lift job, one wonders if he had it lifted high enough. From **WORLD WITHOUT END.**





New wrinkle in faces. No wonder this scientist is mad: you'd be mad too if your face began melting like a candle burning at both ends. From TARANTULA.

A rare photo of Boris Karloff with the skeleton in his closet. This is unusual because Karloff usually haunts his own closet.

a vampire a day keeps the doctor away

The great philosopher Aristotle defined the basic function of drama as "filling an audience with terror so as to cleanse its emotions."

Shakespeare frequently applied Aristotle's purging formula: one has but to think of his apparitions, witches, enraged elements of nature, etc., as examples.

Who can say but what the Bard of Avalon might not have been writing Frankenstein movies, were he alive today (Shades of Shockspeare!)

In Bali an annual 3-day festival traditionally includes as its main attraction a play incorporating the most terrifying monsters and demons contained in the Balinese mythology. So great does the excitement become that many of the participants in the festival pass out or enter a trance-like state. When they come to, they report that they feel at ease and fully refreshed. Significant fact: on the island of Bali there are no nervous breakdowns or ulcers.

Interest in horror flourished in the Romantic era. "Faust" was the most popular shock show in the early 1800's, with the devil up to his usual deviltry.

And so we move through Edgar Allan Poe and other masters of the macabre story to living story-tellers who now employ the wide-screen of the movie theater to tell their tales of terror.

"Audiences see *themselves* reflected in film monsters," reveals Dr. Ernest Dichter, writing in a recent issue of a TV trade magazine. Dr. Dichter, who is president of the Institute for Motivational Research, goes on to ask, "When one considers the number of monsters stalking our TV screens today, and the numbers of children and adults who watch with fascination their activities, one is compelled to wonder, what is the appeal of these horrors?"

The Ph.D. answers his own question by explaining the attraction of the repulsive as interest in forces out of control. "The origins of power and the evils that result from its misuse," he continues, "are recurrent themes in horror movies, which concern themselves



with the problems of the power of knowledge, creation, resurrection, power for its own sake — the uses and abuses of power."

Dr. Grace Schlue recently stated to a large television audience, "Everyone harbors a host of terrifying images in his subconscious mind, images that take part in his mental drama of anxiety. The easiest and most appealing method of getting rid of your personal phantoms is to witness a spine-tingling drama."

In other words the public re-enactment of private nightmares exercises a kind of video-therapy on its audiences!

"How like myself that monster really is," is what the average individual is thinking, reveals Dr. Dichter. Adding: "There, but for the grace of God, go I."

Horror films frequently leave one with the feeling of relief that things could be worse than they are in actual life. A tough teacher, a bullying boss, an impossible spouse may become bearable by comparison with the monster in the movie.

They used to say, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away."

A monster a day could turn your hair gray, but one a week might put rosebuds in your cheek. ●



The Pride of Shockland Yard! These furry-hided quintuplets belong to ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

Alice IN MONSTER LAND

Karloff calls it "folklore,"
Hollywood calls it "big boxoffice"
either way, the horror films boast
a glorious history of entertainment

STEP with us through the mirror into the waiting world of things wonderfully weird. Into the celluloid land of dark developments, where shadows like smoke-forms in a realm of dreams take on uneasy shapes.

Follow the blood-red sign that reads: **THIS WAY TO THE MONSTERS**. And if you lose your way, ask the nearest scarecrow for directions.

Your destination is Horror House, right next door to Mystery Mansion, located at the busy intersection of Scream Street and Beastman Blvd. The fiendly cop on the corner? Yes, that's Frankenstein.

Boys and girls, moms and pops, granddads and grandmas, let's face it: a little horror now and then is relished by the best of men.

Or, put another way: everybody loves a monster. Well, perhaps not everybody; maybe not the hapless heroine who's being pursued, or the hero who's liable to get hurt in a struggle, or the anonymous little man who has to clean up the mess in the laboratory or the castle or the city after the demon has done his dirty work; but nearly everybody.

Especially watchers. People (like you) not directly involved. Folks who can sit back in the safety of their wide-screen movie

house, parked car at the drive-in theater, or comfort of their own living room in front of TV, and watch other folks be frightened by the creatures that come from out of the past, from out of folklore, and from out of the future, from outer space.

This, then is a kind of history of horror films. So fasten your safety belts, tauten your nerves, steel yourself (like Robby the Robot) and —

Here we go into the wild grue yonder!



lon chaney had a million of 'em!

the man of a thousand faces

LON CHANEY, in the words of Jimmy Durante, had "a million of 'em!" Endless different characterizations. From 1913 to 1930 he appeared in the fantastic total of approximately 150 films! In these his appearance varied so widely that no one ever knew what he was going to look like next, and the popular saying of the time became, "Look out! Don't step on it — it may be Lon Chaney!"

WHILE PARIS SLEEPS presented him as a mad scientist.

LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT cast him in the role of a human vampire with a fuzzy shock of white hair, a pair of bulging eyes, and a mouthful of razor-sharp teeth. Black cape and top hat completed the effect.

THE MIRACLE MAN made Chaney famous over night in his contorted role as Frog, the fake cripple, whose paralyzed limbs were "miraculously" cured in the climax of the picture.

THE PENALTY presented Chaney without any legs at all, this effect being painfully created by his padding his knees with leather and walking on them. For this purpose he had a harness specially constructed to constrict his legs, which were bent up behind him.

THE ROAD TO MANDALAY cast Chaney as a semi-blind man. He achieved this effect by covering one eyeball with a coating of white collodion to give the impression of a cataract.

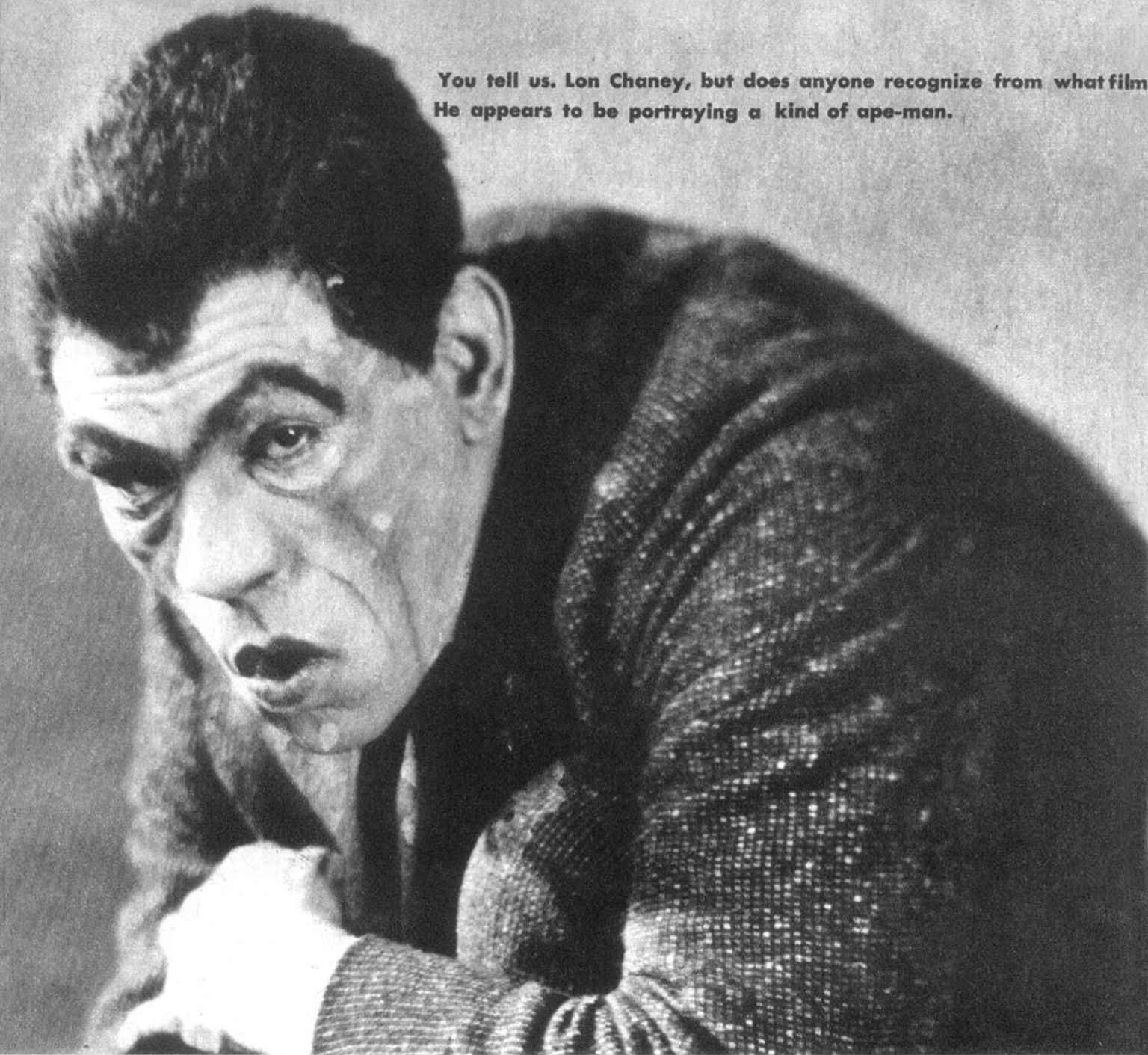
TREASURE ISLAND saw him blind again, this time as the pirate in Robert Louis Stevenson's classic.

The immortal Lon Chaney in one of his most remarkable make-ups as MR. WU in the picture of the same name. Here he portrayed an ancient Chinese mandarin in a melodrama of the mysterious East.

The photo worth 10,000 words: **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**. Patrons screamed and fainted when Lon Chaney appeared in this guise in 1925.



You tell us, Lon Chaney, but does anyone recognize from what film He appears to be portraying a kind of ape-man.



A **BLIND BARGAIN** gave two Chaney's for the price of one: mad scientist and ape man.

THE MONSTER saw him once again cast as a mad scientist.

THE UNHOLY THREE demonstrated his versatility, for within the same picture he played the dual role of a side-show ventriloquist and an old *woman*.

MR. WU, OUTSIDE THE LAW and **BITS OF LIFE** were all Oriental roles.

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, one of his two top characterizations, was one of the most elaborate and painful. Chaney literally threw himself into the soul of Quasi-

modo, the demented bell-ringer of the Parisian church. The rubber hump attached to his back weighed him down with 70 pounds. In front he wore a breastplate similar to the pads (including shoulder) of football players. A light leather harness joined breastplate and "backplate" in such a fashion that Chaney could not have stood erect even had he tried. Over all this he wore a rubber suit, tinted the color of human flesh and with animal hair affixed. Modeller's putty was worked onto his face, misshaping it, and a set of false teeth over his own gave him a wicked fanged appearance. A matted wig of filthy hair completed his guise, which he donned daily for the better part of 12 weeks.

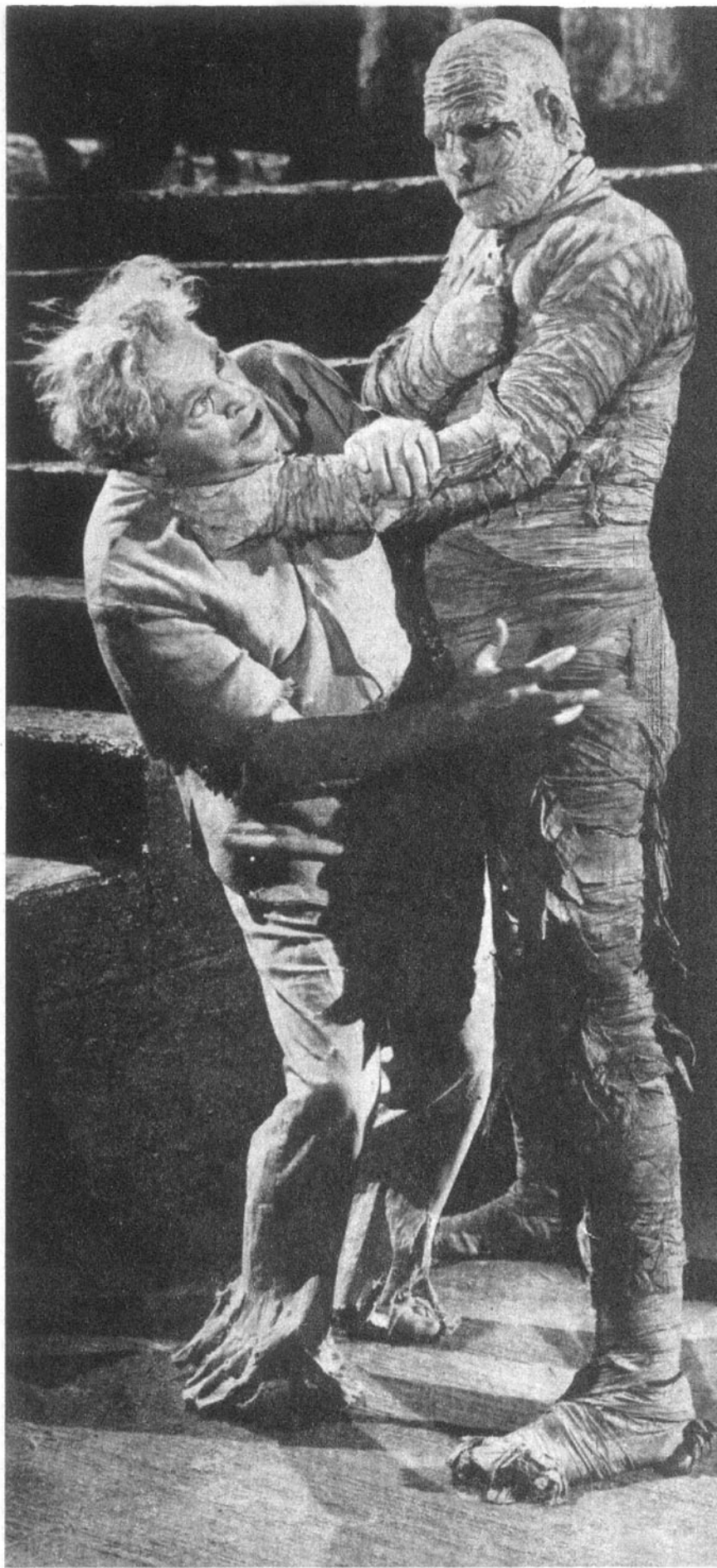
chaney was champ!

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA was, of course, Chaney's crowning achievement. Many people walk the world today who were frightened out of a year's growth by the paralyzing sight of the Phantom's face. As the author, Gaston Leroux, described the character, the Phantom was a masterful but mad musician "whose face was so hideous that he was forced to haunt the innermost depths of the Paris Opera." To achieve this pinnacle of horror, Chaney spared himself no torture. Witches on the rack in Inquisition times may have confessed to consorting with the devil with the application of less pain than Chaney deliberately subjected himself to for his art.


As the Phantom, Chaney inserted a device into his nose that caused his nostrils to flare. By pushing up the end of his nose he created a startling effect. The corners of his mouth were drawn back by small prongs that must have hurt like fish-hooks. Celluloid discs in his mouth distorted his cheekbones. The height of his head was built up into an egg-dome topped with a scraggle of hair. Deep dark circles were blackened under his wild staring eyes. To a whole generation of horror lovers, Lon Chaney as the Phantom of the Opera was the most horrifying thing imaginable.

When talking motion pictures were born, Chaney remade his hit, THE UNHOLY THREE, this time adding vocal tricks to his impersonation of the elderly lady.

Then, in 1930, Lon Chaney, age 44, died, and an era of wonderful horror died with him. The One Man Monster Show was gone, but his memory was enshrined by his millions of fans, and lives on to this day.



Asked how he felt about his part in this picture, the victim replied "All choked up." That's Lon Chaney, Jr. demonstrating the squeeze play in THE MUMMY'S CURSE.



All wrapped up in his work is Boris Karloff, here caught napping (for a mere 30 centuries) in THE MUMMY.

boris karloff- truck driver to terror king

LON CHANEY was dead — long live the King! But who could ascend to the crown? From the unknown masses came a man whose name today has become one to conjure with: Boris Karloff.

Ex-truck driver Karloff portrayed the monster made by man and betrayed by circumstance, and skyrocketed to stellar roles of the type that made Chaney famous.

In **THE OLD DARK HOUSE** Karloff played a heavily bearded brute with a broken nose, a mute monster so different from the Frankenstein monster that the picture's producers felt it expedient to preface the picture with a printed prologue assuring audiences that the Karloffs of both films were one and the same.

THE MUMMY was a Karloffian masterpiece wherein Boris the hideous portrayed Im-ho-tep, an Egyptian priest mummified 3,000 years ago.



The Mexican comedian Cantinflas takes time off from circling the globe in 80 days to play **The Super Scientist (EL SUPER SABIO)**.



As if a giant **TARANTULA** wasn't enough to contend with, this pretty boy exercises his charm to bring customers to the bugs-office.

"I've got my eye on you," says THE MONSTER MAKER. Things seem to be looking up for him.

The scene in which Karloff gradually returns to life was perhaps the most chilling he ever created, it bearing the same relationship to his horror peak as the unmasking of Chaney the Phantom.

A fantastic flow of Karloff films followed. **THE BLACK CAT, THE RAVEN, THE NIGHT KEY, THE ISLE OF THE DEAD, THE BODY SNATCHERS, THE TOWER OF LONDON, THE INVISIBLE RAY, THE WALKING DEAD, THE DEVIL COMMANDS, THE GHOUL, THE MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG, THE MAN WHO LIVED AGAIN** and countless others.

On at least two occasions Karloff came back from the dead, once crawling out of the grave itself as a ghoul and another time revived after electrocution. As the ghoul his face was pretty far gone from disintegrating underground; as the walking dead man he had a white shock through his hair from the electrodes, and a lethal look in his eyes.

Karloff's very touch was death in **THE INVISIBLE RAY**. At the end of the film he began to smoke from internal combustion, and finally caught fire from within and was burned alive.

In **THE DEVIL COMMANDS** he sought communication with the dead, and succeeded in establishing a two-way radio beyond the veil of life.

Karloff very convincingly portrayed an insidious Oriental arch-criminal in **THE MASK OF FU MANCHU**.

Boris "did a Brynner" and butched his head down to the bone for his role as the chop-chop artist (ax-man) in **THE TOWER OF LONDON**.



ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE and it's Mr. Hyde who plays Hyde-and-go-shriek.

"Go ape, go!" From the motion picture **THE APE**, starring Boris Karloff.

Karloff's most recent role in a horror film was **VOODOO ISLAND**. Production of his **STRANGLEHOLD** has just been completed, and it is expected that he will star in a series of telefilmed adventures of **Frankenstein**.

Almost paralleling the career of Karloff, until his death in 1956, was Bela Lugosi. In fact Lugosi often co-starred with Karloff. Lugosi was the more legitimate actor of the two, having played in silent films, Shakespearean plays, and hundreds of performances on the stage of **DRACULA** before winging to international fame like a bat out of — well; the movie version of **DRACULA** turned Lugosi into a much sought after horror star over night.



bela lugosi

**complete with black cape
and evil eye, lugosi
became public vampire #1**

THROUGH his long and vampiric career Lugosi became identified in the public mind as the man in the black cape who slept in the earth of his native Transylvania by day and roamed the land at night (sometimes in the form of a bat) preying on the jugular veins of victims.

But Lugosi created many other horror roles during his quarter century career as a bogeyman. He was the diabolic Dr. Mirakle in **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE**, the wolf-man in **ISLAND OF LOST SOULS**, the mad scientist Roxor intent on world conquest via his death-ray machine in **CHANDU THE MAGICIAN**.

Tooth or consequences! "I'll bite!" says this South of the Border vampire in the Mexican production of **EL VAMPIRO**.



This usually clean-shaven American youth is suffering from 5 o'clock shadow. Also, that is not exactly the latest butch he is wearing. "So I just read a hair-raising story!" snarls the leading man of I WAS A TEEN-AGE WEREWOLF.



From **EL HOMBRE Y LA BESTIA** (The Man and The Beast), apparently a kind of poor man's Jekyll & Hyde.

Lugosi, the Hungarian horror-king, lives on today via tele-revivals and "Friday the 13th" theatrical showings (mostly midnight) of such lifetime work as **THE CORPSE VANISHES**, **DEVIL BAT**, **THE HUMAN MONSTER**, **NIGHT MONSTER**, **PHANTOM SHIP**, **VOODOO MAN**, **SCARED TO DEATH** and dozens of others. Second to **DRACULA** his best-remembered role was the **WHITE ZOMBIE** master.

from silence to "screamarama"

The terror tales of the 20's did not, of course, have the advantage of such sounds as thunderstorms, creaking doors, moans, groans, yowling cats, howling dogs, clumping footsteps, etc., to induce fright, but they did all right in **THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI** with the silent slinky comings and goings of the sleep-walker; in the creepy-hand classic, **THE CAT AND THE CANARY**; in **DANTE'S INFERNO** with its horrors of Hell, complete with brimstone and the Devil with his horns, hooves and tail; **FAUST**, with more Devilish goings-on; even **TARZAN OF THE APES** (1918), **THE ROMANCE OF TARZAN** (1918), **THE RETURN OF TARZAN** (1920), **THE SON OF TARZAN** (1922), **TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION** (1927), **TARZAN THE MIGHTY** (1929) and **TARZAN AND THE TIGER** (1930) had their share of terrifying happenings.

The silent **SIEGFRIED** was loaded with first-class frighteners, from the enormous fire-breathing dragon through the gnarled, knobby-kneed squat little gnome-king with his cloak of invisibility (and on him the cloak looked good).

VAMPYR and **NOSFERATU**, two European horror films, were considered two of the eeriest ever made.

SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN, a mystery, had its share of sliding panels, ambling ape, Oriental menace, etc.

Then the movies found their voices.

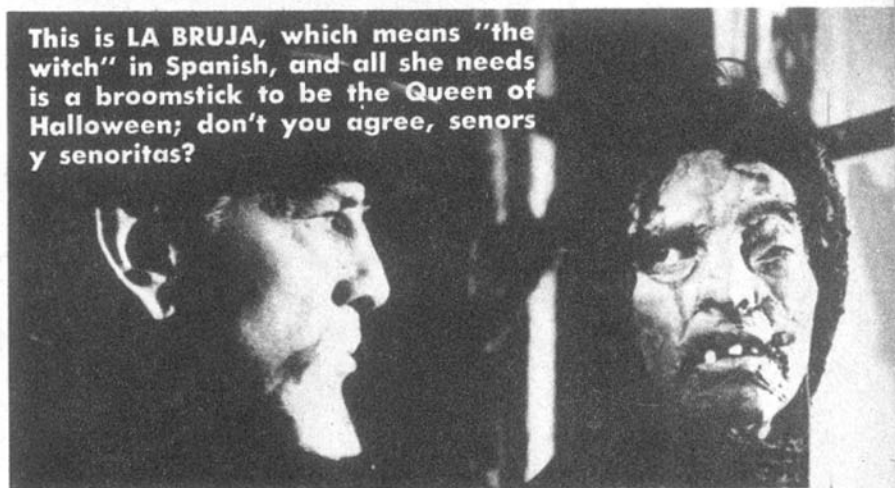
from "mammy" to "mummy"

Jolson sang, and soon **THE BAT WHISPERS**, **THE CAT CREEPS**, **THE GHOST GOES WEST** and **THE MUMMY** mutters.

The way **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE** look at it, apparently, is that a 25¢ haircut nowadays is hard to find.



This is **LA BRUJA**, which means "the witch" in Spanish, and all she needs is a broomstick to be the Queen of Halloween; don't you agree, señors y señoritas?



Meet Harry. Occupation: grave robber. He digs people the most. from the Mexican melodrama THE BODY SNATCHERS.



The original egg-head? Pop-eye the slayer man? Candidate for a toupee ad? It's Peter Lorre in his first American role as the mad doctor in **MAD LOVE**.

"we monsters have just begun to fright!"

IN addition to Karloff and Lugosi, in the era of sound the names of Peter Lorre (**MAD LOVE**), Claude Rains (**THE INVISIBLE MAN**), John Carradine (**THE UNEARTHLY**), Tor Johnson (**BRIDE OF THE MONSTER**), Basil Rathbone (**THE BLACK SLEEP**), Lon Chaney, Jr. (**MAN-MADE MONSTER**) and Richard Carlson (**THE MAZE**) take on meaning and importance in the arena of the unusual.

Sound enhances the scariness, and we get humdingers like: **I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE**.

THE MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM with champion screamer Fay Wray, later re-made in 3-D as **HOUSE OF WAX**.

Dr. X, about an "impossible" killer. He strangled people with only one hand—by dipping the stump of his arm into a vat of synthetic flesh and fashioning a functioning hand nightly with which to do in his victims!

THE CAT PEOPLE, with the best use of sound ever for frightening effects.

The breath-taking chase classic of the hounds of Zaroff and the made hunter of human beings: **THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME**.

The uniquely weird **DEAD OF NIGHT**.

The horrifying **PORTRAIT OF DORIAN GRAY** with its inspired musical score.

THE GOLEM, Kong-like creature of living clay.

MARK OF THE VAMPIRE, the talking version of **LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT**.

THE UNINVITED with its malignant ghost.

I ACCUSE! with the Men with the Broken Faces rising from the graveyards of World War I to march on the aghast world in a sequence which writer Ray Bradbury called "one of the screen's supreme achievements of sustained terror, ten of the most frightening minutes I ever spent in a movie theater."

And the end is not yet, nor even in sight. Interviewed for **FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND**, a Famous Monster declared: "We monsters have just begun to fright!" ●

A friend of DRACULA as portrayed by Actor Dwight Frye. The laugh's on him because his Master isn't going to bat for him.





"Me Frankenstein, you — dead!" growls Boris Karloff in the first film

the



Frankenstein story

**the colorful biography
of father, son, bride,
ghost and all the gang**

Life begins at 140!

This year the Frankenstein monster celebrates his 140th birthday. What is the secret of his success? How has he managed to survive all these years? — Twice the life time of a long-lived man — particularly considering all the abuse that horrified humanity has heaped upon him.

Pity the plight of this poor monster, brought to life without his foreknowledge or consent, only to be hounded to death again and again by angry individuals and mobs resenting him as “a crime against Nature.”

The Frankenstein monster has been alternately burned to death, frozen, boiled alive and — minor inconveniences along the way



"Now don't be frightened, Frankie, when you meet Abbott & Costello," counsels Dracula Lugosi.



Frankenstein makes like Quasimodo in this scene from a Pete Smith novelty short called **THIRD DIMENSIONAL MURDER, wherein Ed Payson played the monster.**

— clubbed, drugged, electrocuted. Once he was presumably blown to bits and pieces altogether but, no Humpty Dumpty he, it was not impossible for him to be put back together again.

In his ability to live on and resist injury, even indestructible Superman is almost forced to bow before the superior staying power of Frankenstein, who might well be entitled to be called Supermonster.

Note: For the remainder of this article, the monster himself will be referred to as Frankenstein. This is a deliberate choice not done through error, ignorance or misunderstanding. The author is well aware that Frankenstein was the name of the creator of the creature, but the world is less interested in Baron Victor Frankenstein than the history and subsequent adventures of his brain-child. It has been the writer's observation that, over the past quarter century, the name Frankenstein has become identified in the mind of the average person with the monster rather than his maker, and it is this reference that will be observed in the following pages.

So: **FRANKENSTEIN**. Where did he come from in the first place? Certainly his famed portrayer, Boris Karloff, hasn't been around 140 years, nor are motion pictures anywhere near that old. No, Frankenstein

didn't begin in the movies, he was born a long time before that.

Who was his author, then? A man like Poe? A scientist fictionizing an experiment too bold for him to actually perform? An aged author? Let the author's own words speak, and perhaps some clue will be contained in them as to the age and identity of said author:

Quote: I have tried, in *Frankenstein*, to preserve the truth of the basic principles of human nature, while I have not hesitated to experiment with them. The event on which my story hinges was suggested in casual conversation. It was begun partly as a source of amusement and partly as a way of exercising the imagination. The opinions which naturally spring from the character and situation of the hero are by no means to be considered as my own.

The story itself was begun in the majestic region where the scene is principally laid. I spent the summer of 1816 in and about Geneva, Switzerland. The season was cold and rainy, and in the evenings my companions and I crowded around a blazing wood

fire and occasionally amused ourselves with some German stories of ghosts which happened to be handy. These tales excited in us a playful desire to imitate. Two other friends and myself agreed each to write a story founded on some supernatural occurrence. However, the weather suddenly became calm once again and my friends left me for a journey among the Alps. In the magnificent mountains all memory of their ghostly visions vanished. The following tale is the only one which has been completed.

"I have a general answer," the author wrote, "to the question so frequently asked me, 'How did I, a young girl, come to think of and elaborate such a hideous idea?'"

What's this? Did you read right? A *young girl* wrote FRANKENSTEIN? That's absolutely right: It's incredible but true and one for Ripley that Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley was only 17 years old when she created this world-famous horror classic!

In other words, in a case of truth being stranger than even strangest fiction, the author of FRANKENSTEIN was not only a girl, but a *teenager!!!*

Sleeping Beauty in the person of Glenn Strange is about to be awakened in ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN.





Lon Chaney, Jr. takes over the monster characterization in **THE GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN**. There is no truth to the rumor that the actor who played the skull was Red Skelton.

mary was a teenage monster maker

And a banned teenager, at that! Not then and there, as far as is known, but it was reported as late as 1955 that the Union of South Africa had made **FRANKENSTEIN** a forbidden book. Anyone owning a copy could be fined and sentenced to jail for 5 years! Considering that in the U. S. A. you can pick up a second-hand copy of a pocketbook edition of it in most any magazine shop for ten cents, it is amazing how a switch in geography can multiply its value 28,000 times! \$2,800 is only about \$45 rent a month for a furnished cell, and presumably there are three free meals a day; so if you want to relax with an unusually interesting and famous book, get yourself a copy of **FRANKENSTEIN** and head for South Africa. Better check first, though, on whether the movies are banned too!

The first **FRANKENSTEIN** film was released in America in 1932. Our country was in a Depression and people were pinched for pennies, particularly there was not much "mad" money for motion picture entertainment. Still, **FRANKENSTEIN** played to S. R. O. (Standing Room Only) crowds and broke house records at the "bucks" office. Instead of on the celluloid itself, sound was recorded at that time on kingsize phonograph records that, curiously, played from the inside out. The sweetest sound of all, however, was the clinking of dollars in the cashiers' tills throughout the land, almost

drowning out the shrieking of terrified patrons—those whose vocal chords weren't paralyzed with fright.

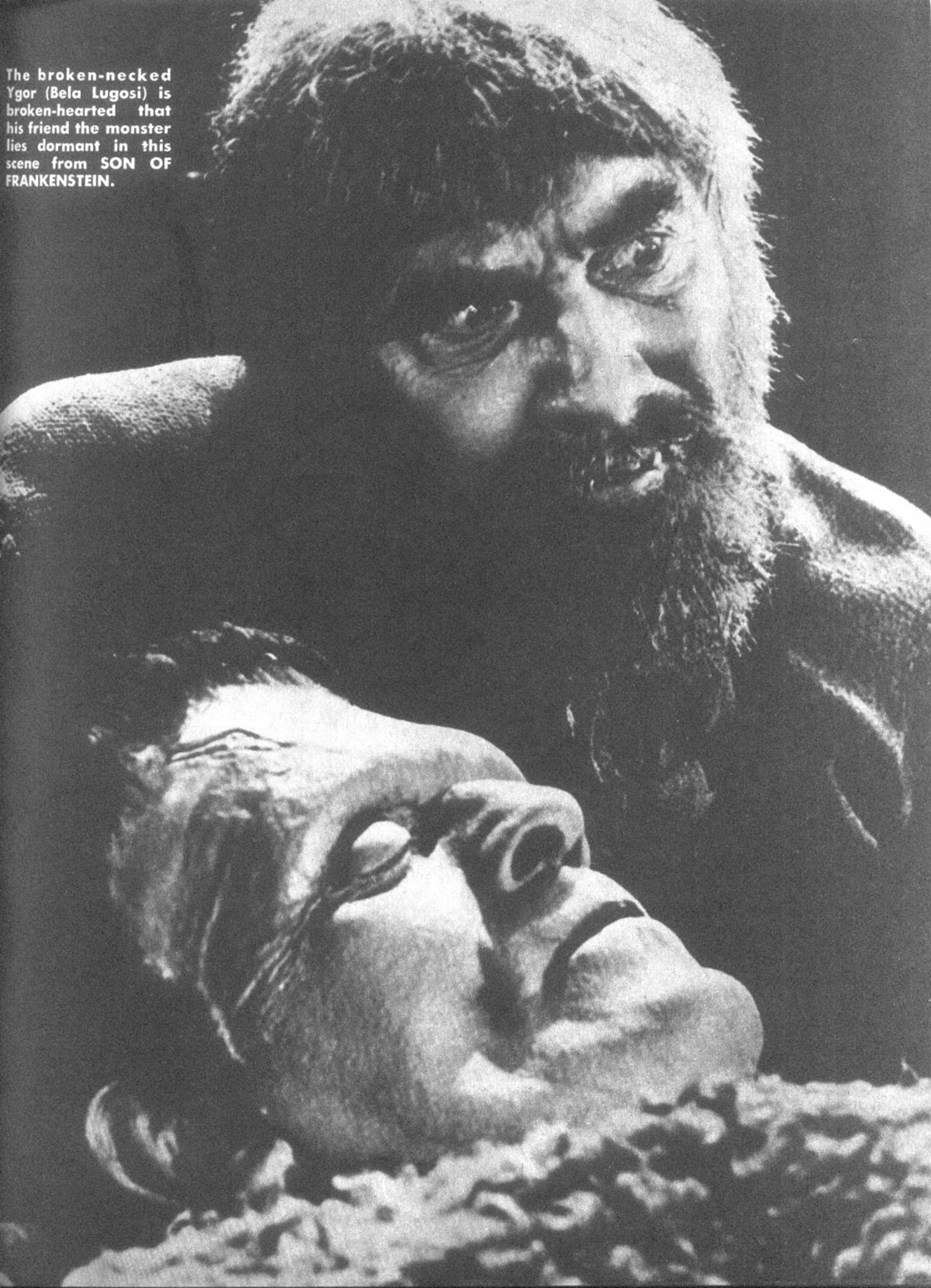
Needless to say, **FRANKENSTEIN** skyrocketed an obscure ex-truck driver named William Henry Pratt to fame over night, or over nightmare might be the more nearly accurate description. Bill Pratt was better known then, as now, by his film name: Boris Karloff.

They say that George Jessel turned down the role of **THE JAZZ SINGER** and Al Jolson took it, thus "Jolie" became the star of the historic "Talkie" picture that ended the era of silent movies. Just so Bela Lugosi is reported to have passed up the original opportunity to portray Frankenstein, although in one of the later sequels he did act the part of the monster.

The book **FRANKENSTEIN** can be borrowed from most any library, and is interesting to read to compare with the first movie version. There are considerable differences. Many sequels, many monsters and many millions of feet of film later, the true story of Frankenstein is yet to be told.

FRANKENSTEIN was launched on his tremonstrous career with ambulances standing by in the front of theaters in the event anyone inside fainted, and nurses in attendance in the lobbies to administer smelling salts to the faint-hearted.

The broken-necked Ygor (Bela Lugosi) is broken-hearted that his friend the monster lies dormant in this scene from SON OF FRANKENSTEIN.





A "touching" scene from the original FRANKENSTEIN. Boris Karloff, as the granddaddy of 'em all, is about to place his little finger on the bride-to-be of his creator. One second later when that little finger made contact with the young lady's neck, she went clean through the roof to the second — But that was another story.

In the first FRANKENSTEIN film, in the medieval castle of Victor Frankenstein, the scientist stood amidst the grotesque glass and metal mechanisms of his laboratory and addressed his former college professor with the following bit of chilling dialogue:

"Dr. Waldman: I learned a great deal from you at the University, about the violet ray the ultra-violet ray, which you said was the highest color in the spectrum. You were wrong. Here in this machinery I have gone beyond that: I have discovered the great ray that first brought life into the world!"

"Oh — and your proof?" asks the skeptical Dr. Waldman.

Victor Frankenstein continues: "Tonight you shall have your proof. At first I experimented only with dead animals, and then a human heart which I kept beating for six weeks. But now . . . I am going to turn that ray . . . on that body . . . and endow it with life!"

"And you really believe you can bring life to the dead?" asks the still doubting doctor.

"That body has never lived!" declares Victor Frankenstein. "I created it, with my own hands, from bodies I took from the grave, the gallows — anywhere. Go and see for yourself."

Would you dare go take a look yourself if you were there, in the castle, instead of in the company of friends in a movie theater or the comfort of your own home before a TV screen? Because beneath the white sheets on the operating table, of course, was the corpse-that-came-alive.

You can't keep a good monster down, and it was not long before Boris Karloff was back in harness, this time demanding a mate. In *THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley herself was depicted at the beginning of the picture, revealing to her friends the terrible truth that the monster was not killed in the burning mill but still lives. The picture then faded into the conclusion of the original, the peasants seen lingering around the base of the smoking castle which is believed to be the cremation spot of Dr. Frankenstein's awful creation.

The father of the little girl drowned by the monster enters the smouldering wreckage for the grim satisfaction of seeing the charred skeleton of the dead creature, but comes face to face with Frankenstein — horribly burned, but alive! Frankenstein savagely drowns the peasant in a well in the basement, then clammers out of the ruins and stumbles away.

Bela Lugosi disguises all but his distinctive nose in playing the part of the world's favorite monster in **FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN**.

frankenstein writhes again

Victor Frankenstein, convalescing from from his fight with the monster and fall from the top of his castle onto one of the vanes of a windmill, at last recovers. He is visited by a sinister Dr. Pretorious, the experimenter from whom he first learned the basic elements of the artificial creation of life. Pretorious wants Dr. Frankenstein to aid him in further investigations of his own into the mysteries of life.

Victor Frankenstein, still awed by his own success in instilling life in a dead form, accompanies Pretorious, who reveals to him a sight of super-science: his astounding work of test-tube life. Experiment of tiny living human beings created from culture! Fantastic figurines, imprisoned alive in small glass bottles! All heed to his promise to Elizabeth, his wife, is swept away as Dr. Frankenstein is again transformed into a zealot, fanatic to further a new project: the creating of a mate for the monster!

The bloodless-faced Frankenstein is more monstrous than ever now, the hair scorched on his misshapen skull through which strips of sewn silver show, one arm seared by the angry flames. Bloodhounds track down the pathetic creature, and he is bound to a pole, carted to the village and securely imprisoned in jail. Securely? So the townspeople mistakenly believe. With his inhuman strength, seven foot five Frankenstein breaks his bonds and escapes, killing several people in the process.

The monster makes for the mountains and stumbles upon a hermit's hut. The hermit is blind and plays a violin. Strains of music attract Frankenstein to the old man's hearth. Since the blind man cannot see the aspects of his visitor which invariably horrify humanity, he accepts the monster as a man who cannot speak. Frankenstein at last has a friend and is overcome by signs of kindness. He learns to understand and speak a few words, and there is every evidence that he might lead a halfway normal life if undiscovered and left alone.

Unfortunately, several months later Frankenstein is seen by hunters in the wood and shot at. Again he is forced to flight. He



takes refuge in a cemetery. He feels he belongs with the dead, there is nothing but hatred and hopelessness for him among the living.

The same night Frankenstein hides in the graveyard, Dr. Pretorious and two assistants steal into the burial ground vault to secure a female skeleton on which to fashion the body of a mate for the missing monster. There Pretorious meets Victor Frankenstein's creation, who carries on a halting conversation with the doctor. The monster is delighted to learn that a companion is to be made for him.

But Victor Frankenstein begins to regret his association with Pretorious and now attempts to back out of the second experiment. To force him to cooperate, the monster kidnaps Dr. Frankenstein's wife.

The picture is at its peak.

In a reduplication of the original sensational laboratory sequence, the body of the synthetic woman is raised to the top of the tower at the height of a raging storm, while the great life-making ray machinery crackles electrically, creating a cannon-loud, awe-inspiring spectacle.

The gauze-wrapped form is lowered, alive!

**This is the TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN.
Isn't he a putty sight? A real clay
slay boy!**





frankenstein goes to ruin

It is a creature from death's domain, towering above the daring scientists who have brought it back to life. Hardly less grotesque than the Frankenstein Monster itself is this female creation destined to be Mrs. Frankenstein Monster. Seven feet tall she stands, a scarred neck showing where her head has been sewed to her body, statically charged hair standing up from her skull, streaks of platinum waving up from each temple.

But when the new-born bride looks upon the unhuman face of her intended husband, the sight of him is too much for her. Even she shrieks and shrinks from Frankenstein.

The monster decides self-destruction is the only answer for hapless creatures such as he and his female counterpart, and throws the switch that blows them both to Kingdom Come.

"No," says Dracula to Glenn Strange as the monster in **ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN**, "you stay here and mind the dungeon while I run down to the corner drugstore for a sleeping pill. Lately I've been having daymares."

It is a little known and surprising fact that there actually *was* a Frankenstein Castle, constructed (fittingly enough) in the 13th century. Its ruins, about 1200 feet of them, stand today. It was built about 1250 A.D. by a young Frankenstein on the side of a long and narrow range of hills which are but a few hours' drive from Frankfurt-on-the-Main in Germany.

Castle Frankenstein when new must have been strong enough to withstand — almost — the attack of even a mythical monster. It was fortified by a whole system of moats, drawbridges, outer walls and bulwarks.

But wait — did we speak of a *mythical* monster? The tomb of a Knight George actually exists near the Castle, and legend has him killed by "a terrible man-eating monster in the neighborhood of the Katzenborn (Cat's Well), which frightened the whole valley of Niederbeerbach below. It was believed that the beast would only retire for good if the most beautiful woman to be found in the territory were sacrificed. This was Annmary, the forester's daughter. Knight George sought out and slew the monster in a furious struggle, but he too died, of a poisoned wound that he received in the hollow of his knee."

Five hundred years after its construction the Castle lay in a state of decay. It is about to be reconstructed, this time in a film called **FRANKENSTEIN'S CASTLE**. There are rumors that the actual castle conceals a treasure; certainly the Frankenstein legend itself is a literary treasure which never fails to produce silvery riches for the Hollywood film-makers who explore its theme further.

Boris Karloff was still portraying the Monster in **SON OF FRANKENSTEIN**. In this episode, Victor's son Wolf is horrified to learn from a crazed shepherd named Ygor that the monster has risen from the grave. In the ugly demented Ygor the monster has found a friend.

Eight jurors had sentenced Ygor to hanging for grave-robbing, but the execution had been bungled and Ygor set free with his twisted neck — and mind. Ygor now lives with but one passion — revenge — and in the monster Ygor has found his ideal instrument to help him carry out his vengeance.

Fearing that Wolf Frankenstein will kill his father's creation, and thus rob him of his good right arm, Ygor attempts to kill the scientist but is killed himself instead. Blindly striking out to avenge the death of Ygor, the monster kidnaps Wolf's little son and carries him to the tombs to kill him. Father rescues son in time, and the monster meets a spectacular "death" in a bubbling pit of molten lava.



First time in color, **THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN** introduced Christopher Lee in the feature role. Here he is displaying beastly manners during studio lunch hour.

frankenstein forever!

As the Frankenstein monster continues to return time and again, his welcome never wore out but his original portrayer began to. There was a **GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN** with Lon Chaney, Jr. in the lead role, and in **FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN** the monster was played by Bela Lugosi rather than Boris Karloff.

ABBOTT & COSTELLO were next to have the pleasure in **MEET FRANKENSTEIN**, this time in the person of Glenn Strange, an ex-wrestler. And there was a **HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN** somewhere along the line.

In 1957, Frankenstein never had it so good. Prima Carnero played him in an hour long, nation-wide colorcast on TV of still another version of the original story, reverting to the simple title of **FRANKENSTEIN**. And for the first time, last year, the young Mary Shelley's monster came back to life in WarnerColor and CinemaScope, two processes probably even her fantastic imagination never visualized, in **THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**. Depending on where you saw the film, the monster (played by Christopher Lee) had one, two or *four* eyes! In America we saw the usual two. British audiences screamed at his single orb. And in

Japan, Frankenstein frightened all who saw him with twice the normal quota of eyes.

In **THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN** the camera dwelt in gory detail and intimate close-up on the creation, organ by organ and blood-transfusion by blood-transfusion, of the monster who, once fashioned and brought to life, proved to be an ungainly monstrosity with a minimum of flesh on his bones and a way of walking that might have been inspired by watching Jerry Lewis.

Will Frankenstein replace rock 'n' roll, Elvis Presley, sports cars, progressive jazz and Debbie Reynolds in the affections of the youth of our nation? There are straws stirring in the wind that point to the signpost saying, This is the Year of the Monster.

I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN is fracturing box-office records.

BLOOD OF FRANKENSTEIN, **FRANKENSTEIN'S CASTLE**, **REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN** and **FRANKENSTEIN 1960** are all scheduled for future showings at your neighborhood movie house. Frankenstein projects are multiplying as fast as the Hydra-headed monster.

FRANKENSTEIN FROM SPACE is the latest title to be registered.

TALES OF FRANKENSTEIN will be televised for 39 terror filled weeks.

Step right up, folks, and get your Mary Shelley doll!

All those in favor of designating every Friday the 13th as Frankenstein Day, raise your right tentacles.

Halloween replaced by Horrorween?
Frankenstein for President? ●



Frank and his ghoulish friend make a charming couple as they pose for New York City photographers — to publicize the monster's television appearance.

top humor magazine takes a hilarious look at the frankenstein legend...

FRANKY AND HUMBUG

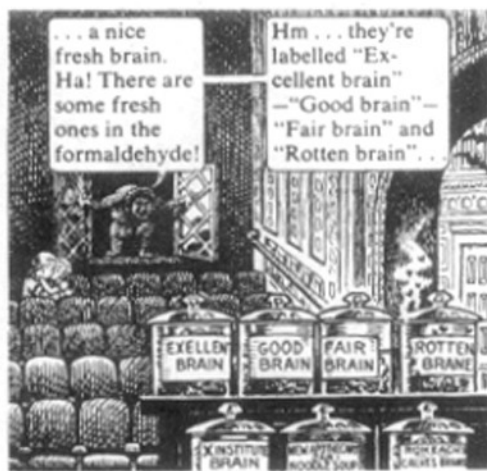


Hiding quietly under heaps of magazines in candy stores the country over is a little 15c pulp magazine called HUMBUG—which, with its power-packed contents, can be likened to a stick of dynamite — or even better, a gondola of gorillas chasing a banana boat.

HUMBUG, one of the rare refuges for satirists today, is produced by the original creators of the better-known MAD magazine. The following story excerpt from HUMBUG is an example of how the satirists have been treating the current horror films. Artist Will Elder, who drew the pictures, has seldom been seen by daylight. ●

frankenstein

Television is reviving this twenty-five year old thriller which was made when scientific talk centered around simple electricity . . . not atomic energy. As the story opens, scientist Count Henry Von Frankenstein, a young, middle-European schvienhunt, is out on the moor gathering bodies for his work.



OUT OF THIS WORLD MONSTERS



The midget men from Mars with their weird instrument, about to attack earthmen in **INVASION OF THE SAUCER-MEN**.

it don't mean a thing
if it ain't got that thing

When grandpa was a teenager, a vamp-type movie star named Clara Bow was known as the "it" girl. "It," in the roaring Twenties, referred to oomph. Today, approximately 30 years later, IT is invariably a member of the Thing family, with beasts for brothers, creatures for cousins and a "them" now and then for good measure.

To paraphrase a pop tune about due for a revival via the radio waves and juke boxes of the land, "It Don't Mean A Thing If It Ain't Got That THING!"

Stop and think — how many out-of-this-world movies have you seen in the last 5

years that would have been lost without IT?

IT CONQUERED THE WORLD.

IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE.

IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA.

IT STALKED THE OCEAN FLOOR — and in its stalking feet, too . . . all one hundred of them!

In desperation for a new place for an IT to come from or go to (by nature they *never* stay put), a Hollywood studio has come up with the brilliant dodge of simply calling their screamie-meemie screenplay *IT*. Of course if IT'S a hit, the way is wide open for a sequel: THAT, SON OF IT.

giants have a picnic . . .

So much for IT'S.

And on to THEM! "THEM" was the exciting melodrama of mankind's imminent invasion by ant-kind, but not ordinary size ants: Giants. The mystery and terror begins above a New Mexico desert, as a helicopter pilot sights a little girl on the sand below, clutching a doll and wandering aimlessly. Pilot reports to a ground patrol, and two state police drive to the vicinity. A patrolman jumps out and runs calling "Little girl! Little girl!" The youngster pays no attention, but trudges on like a zombie. He carries her to the squad car where, over the radio, the helicopter reports a trailer sighted about two miles ahead. Presuming this is where the puzzling child has wandered away from, the patrolmen head there.

At the trailer, the men are amazed to find a whole side of it apparently blown out. Inside all is shambles, but there is no evidence of an explosion nor has anything valuable (money is strewn about) been stolen. Outside something which might be a queer, large footprint is noted.

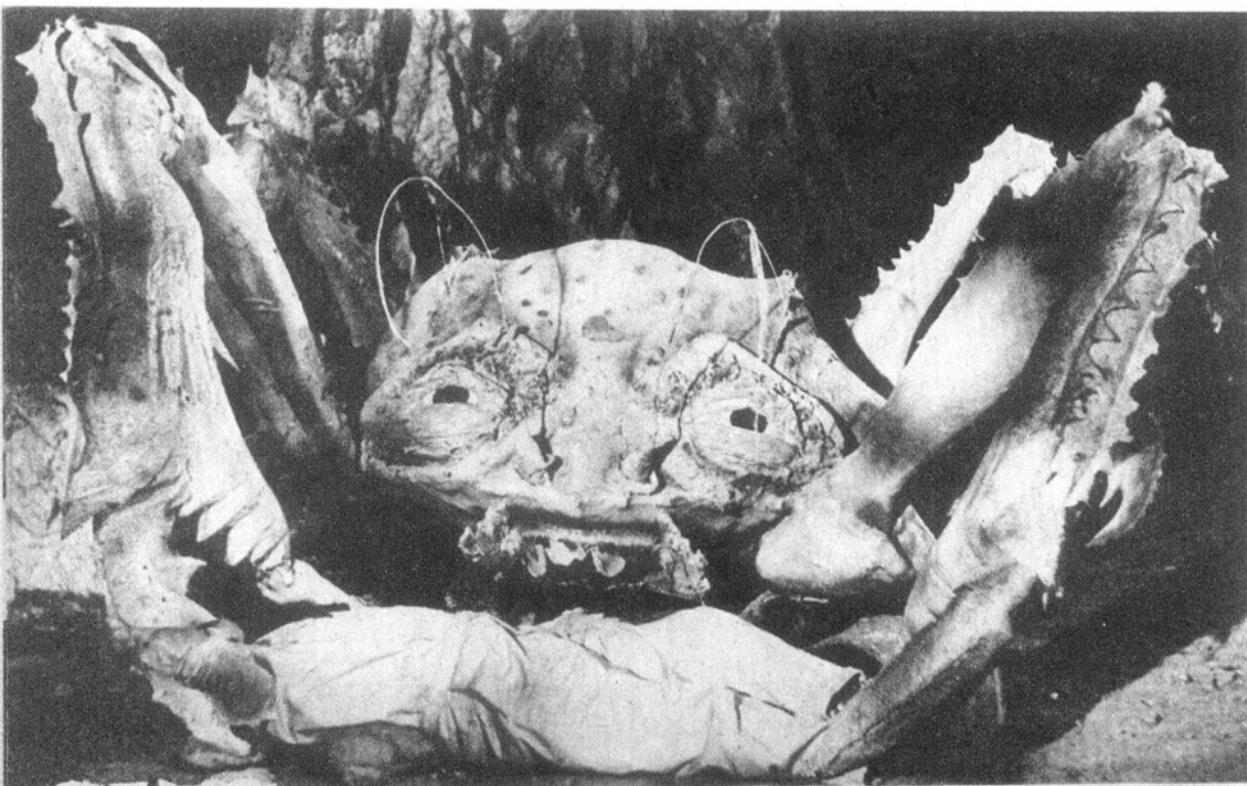
The patrolmen continue to a nearby one-man store to determine if the shopkeeper can shed any light on the mystery. Here they find the terrible damage repeated, the canned goods and dry goods looking as though they had been caught up in a tornado. A sugar barrel is overturned and a shotgun is found, its metal barrel broken as though a match-stick. Investigation reveals that the gun's cartridges had been fired — and the missing

owner was known to be a crack shot. He is finally found in the basement — his back broken, lung punctured and, most inexplicable of all, body pumped full enough of formic acid to kill a bull elephant!

A plaster cast of the unidentified footprint from beside the trailer is sent to Washington. All concerned are surprised in return to have two entomologists added to their investigating group. When, in a layman psychiatrist's attempt to shock the little girl out of her frozen attitude, the chief entomologist unstopper a bottle of formic acid beneath her nose, the child reacts violently, regaining her voice only to cower in the corner wide-eyed and screaming "*Them! — Them!*"

Shortly thereafter, back at the scene of the first tragedy, the identity of "Them" is revealed as the first of the giant ants makes its appearance. Confronted, the outsize insect sets up a horrendous shrilling as it is fired upon and its antennae shot off.

By air the lair of the ant monsters is located. Armed with flame-throwers, bazookas, hand grenades and poison gas, a party of four, including the girl-assistant, wipe out the nest — all except two great eggs which are split open and . . . empty. Two winged giants have escaped and are even now on their "wedding" flight. Their range is such that they could fly to any part of the North American continent to lay their eggs. Their spawn will be numerous and the original pair's egg-laying capacities in force for 17 years.



Jonah must have felt about this way when he met up with the whale. From **ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTERS**

HALF HUMAN and just that is this man-ape; the product of atomic mutation in an import from Japan.

everything from armadillos to zebras

A rash of flying saucer reports breaks out as the great mutants are observed in flight. One ant eventually secretes itself aboard a ship setting out to sea, emerging far from land and causing pandemonium amidst the doomed crew. The second ant chooses the storm drains of Los Angeles, a labyrinthian maze looping beneath the surface of the city, to bury itself and bear its multiple young.

Modern science tells us that due to reasons of mass-to-muscle ratio and the breathing system of insects, no ants the size of dinosaurs are ever going to menace mankind. In this respect **THEM!** might be characterized as "anty-science" or unscientific. But for a terrific climax it would be hard to top its flight to the finish between the ant-armored nightmares and the armored tanks, machine-guns, cyanide bombs, etc., that finally overcome the almost invulnerable ants.

From giant ants to a giant **TARANTULA** was a step up in size. This thriller was developed from a half hour telefilm featured on Science Fiction Theater called "No Food for Thought." After a very technically effective job of wreaking havoc on the countryside, the giant tarantula was finally fried by an aerial flame-bomb.

THE BLACK SCORPION, again kingsize, finally met his death south of the border after giving a portion of the Mexican populace a bad time.

Giant grasshoppers, multiplying like crickets, swarmed like locusts over Chicago in **THE BEGINNING OF THE END**.

THE MONSTER THAT CHALLENGED THE WORLD was a kind of thing-sized amphibious caterpillar or super sea-freak that wormed its way out of a snail's shell to raise audiences' hackles and induce that creepy-crawly feeling in people as it crawled along canals and over sides of ships. Considering it spawned 3000 eggs when giving birth to offspring, it qualified as one of the most killworthy creatures of all time, for its "babies" upon hatching had voracious appetites. The Monster itself was designed by the same artisan who created the Great



White Whale in the Ray Bradbury version of Herman Melville's **MOBY DICK**.

On a remote Pacific island where the radio-active after-effects of atomic fallout changed a pair of crabs into colossal carnivores, said crabs develop a taste for man-meat cocktails in **ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTERS**. When the crusty big crustaceans devour a human being they absorb his or her memories, vocal intonations, etc. Meanly, the hero and heroine refuse to add their avoirdupois to the Cause and be ingested by the King Kongs of Crabdom, being too absorbed in each other.

ROBOT MONSTER, the film so horrible that it was not released, it escaped.

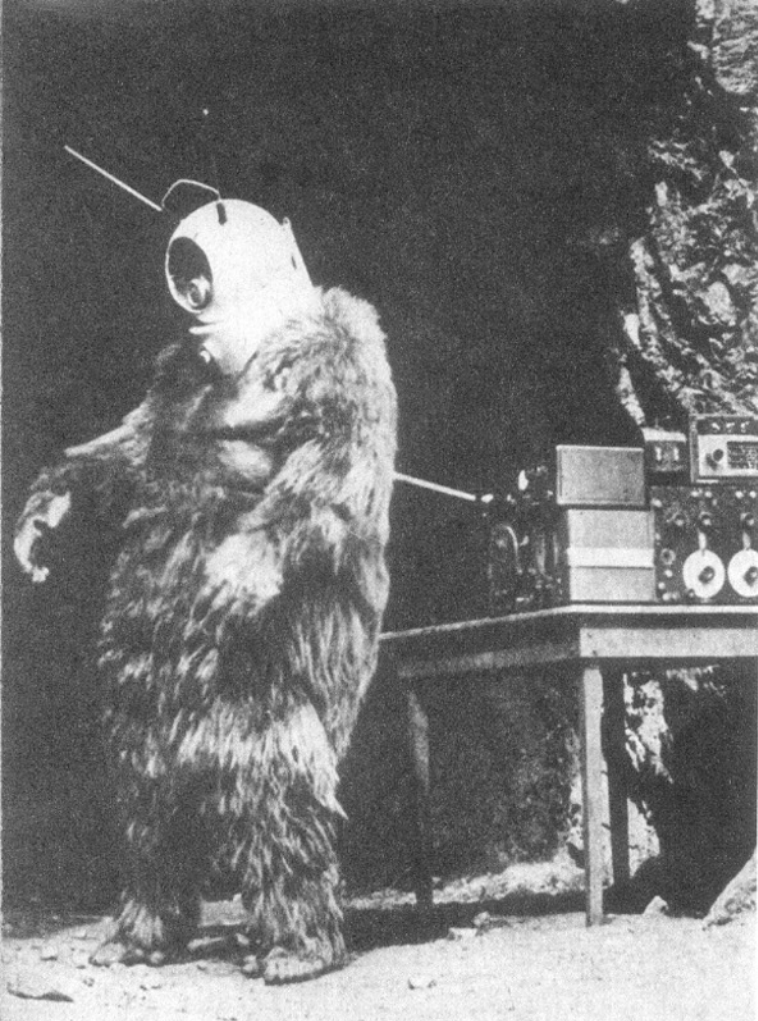
monsters go ape!

On another, not-so-Pacific isle, the son of a deceased chieftan is put to death for getting too friendly with the non-natives, namely a group of American samaritans who have voluntarily come to help with medication the many innocent islanders suffering from radiation burns from atom bomb tests. It is difficult *not* to give a wooden performance if you return from the grave as a living tree trunk, but in this case the tree-man's bite is worse than his bark.

From your mythology you probably remember the story of Sinbad the sailor and his encounter with the *roc*, a kind of eagle about as big as an express train. In **THE GIANT CLAW** it's roc-roc-roc around the clock as our nation's capitol and the Washington monument are menaced by a space-bird big as a battleship. This titanic turkey from across space flaps its wings all over the place, failing to register on radarscopes and refusing to be phased by bullets or bombs because it is composed of "contra-terrene" or anti-matter, until Jeff (Have Test Tube, Will Travel Light-Years) Morrow, undaunted from his tribulations in **THIS ISLAND EARTH** and **KRONOS**, defeats the bird from another universe.

THIS ISLAND EARTH itself sported one of the screen's all-time top terror creations, an 8 foot monster, half human, half insect — in technicolor. A product of the advance science of the planet Metaluna, this artificially bred bug-man had a misshapen head 5 times normal size, bulging brain completely exposed. Craterlike eyes big as binoculars. Five tiers of interlocking mouths, one doing double duty as a breathing apparatus. All facial muscles macaroni-like, snaking about the throat and cheeks. Arms ankle-length and ending in wicked lobster-like pincers. A shell like an armadillo's covering the spine. Shoulders with muscles like Mr. America's. Months to make. Cost (in case you'd like to surprise your beast friend with one as a present on his next birthday): \$25,000.

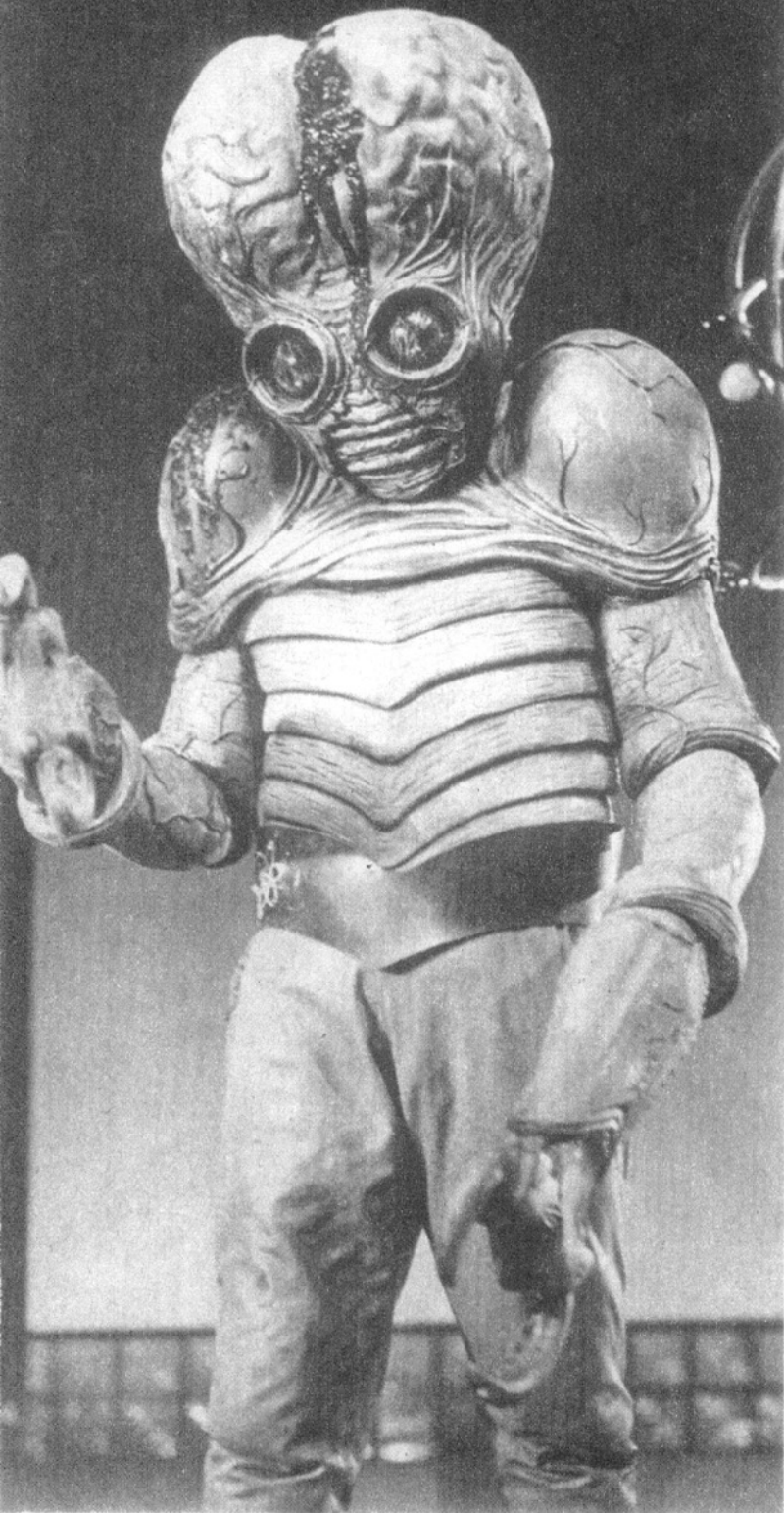
There is an old saying that "a wart to the wise is sufficient," but apparently operating on the theory that two warts are more repulsive than one, the studio make-up artists went hogwild (wart-hog, that is) in making **THE MOLE PEOPLE** look like their faces were molded from licorice tapioca. Otherwise they looked a good deal like distant cousins of the Island Earth mutant.



The return of Robby the Robot in THE INVISIBLE BOY.



Greatest of them all, "the 8th wonder of the world": KING KONG. A real Beauty and the Beast fairy tale for children and grownups of all ages.



The Mutant from Metaluna in the mighty space spectacle **THIS ISLAND EARTH**.

when you gotta grow you gotta grow

For contrast, in the subterranean city of lost Sumerians, the coal-black mole men moved among upper-class albinos, the pasty-faced populace tyrannically subjugating their mushroom-devouring slaves.

In Hollywood, the birthplace of the Amazing! *Stupendous!!* **COLOSSAL!!!** it was only a matter of time until a film was made about an **AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN**. Of average height at the beginning of the picture, the victim of a freak accident during the detonation of the first plutonium bomb had grown 80 feet tall by the final reel. In a heroic effort to save another man's life, it at first appeared that Col. Glen Manning (who was to become the Colossal Man) had lost his own: the unprecedented blast seared every inch of skin from his body. The scene where he was charred before the camera's eye by the atomic explosion was a hair raiser, and effectively reprised twice during the unfoldment of the film.

Burned bald, and from head to toe, dehydrated and at death's door, Col. Manning was given no chance to survive the night. But the next morning an epidermic miracle: his skin had grown back without scar tissue, and his metabolism was nearly normal! Instead of a half-cremated corpse he appeared to be a convalescent on the way to complete recovery! The baffled doctors could only conclude that the plutonium rays had some marvelous unknown powers to effect recuperation.

The trouble set in when Manning not only recuperated but started to grow. At the rate of 8 to 10 feet a day. A Dr. Linstrom explained the phenomenon to Manning's fiancée: "The body is like a factory, continually producing new cells to replace the older cells, damaged cells, or destroyed cells. This happens in all the different parts of the body. Bone cells grow new bone cells, skin cells grow new skin cells and so on—" Co-doctor Coulter continued with explanation: "It is this delicately balanced process of new cells replacing dying cells that is causing the growth problem. The process is out of balance. For some unknown reason, new cells are growing at an accelerated rate—"

Now of course at this point one diminutive David in the person of a good modern Technical Advisor could have stepped in and, if listened to, stopped the giant Goliath dead in his tracks.

Out of an oceanarium crawls the Creature from the Black Lagoon, roaring defiance at his captors in this scene from REVENGE OF THE CREATURE.



how creepy can you get?

He could have fractured the giant concept altogether: the Colossus couldn't possibly support his own weight; he'd have to spend all his time stuffing his stomach with fuel; his ears wouldn't function, he couldn't hear anything because of the thickening of his membranes in the eary canal; etc.

Fault finder! Fun spoiler! Hey, Mr. Colossal Man, stomp on that Technical Advisor, he's a nogoodnik square from northeast of nowhere. Mash him down into jello pie before he ruins our nightmares. Next thing, he'll say there isn't any Santa Claus!

Sic the Creeping Unknown on him!

THE CREEPING UNKNOWN—what was it? How could it be stopped? Bullets couldn't kill it, fire wouldn't halt it. It came from interplanetary space, threatening to wipe all living things from the face of the earth. Terror, horror and panic followed in the wake of its discovery. It all began when three men rocketed into the unknown, and only one came back.

The sole survivor is queried by his cohorts who sponsored the space flight, but he can shed no light on the mystery of what became of his companions. Another thing: he has more than subtly altered; his wife especially recognizes a difference in him, an alien streak that strikes at her feminine intuition and rings alarm bells. For somewhere along his journey into the region of the cosmic rays, he has met with a strange experience that not only has caused the bodily vanishment of his companions but has begun to change him physically and mentally. Now, though he still retains the outward form of a human being, he is neither all man, nor yet beast, nor fish nor fowl, but a "thing" the like of which the world has never known before.

Some invisible entity, some life force lurking in space, has penetrated the hermetically sealed metal skin of the rocket and taken sinister possession of the survivor's body. "It" feeds on the human blood stream and bodily tissues as well as plant life, transforming what was once a man into a humanoid, half animal, half vegetable. It increases in size and strength, growing more powerful with each passing hour. Its appetite is insatiable, so that it becomes a mounting threat to all life.

Before the Unknown has been done in, the former man is changed into a crawling horror, a giant blob of oozing gelatine resembling a great jellyfish. Electrocutation is the end.

All In The Mind

One of the weirdest monsters of them all was the thoughtbeast that came out of the brain (plus the paint brushes of a number of Disney artists) of Dr. Morbius. This scientist, as you may recall, dwelt on the distant FORBIDDEN PLANET named Altair-4 far beyond our own solar system's outermost Pluto. There, a million years after all the original inhabitants of the world were dead, a monster sprang to life from the mind of Dr. Morbius. Great machines, still functioning beneath the surface of the planet, reached beneath the surface of the scientist's mind and caused his wildest nightmare to take on a semi-solid form that could thoroughly frighten any movie-goer. The climax of the spectacular multimillion dollar "scientifilm" came when the evil brain-beast was attacked by every advanced weapon at the command of a crew of spacemen. The mighty monster—which looked like a combination of ape, bull and snake—roared and hissed, danced and howled in rage and defiance and pain, until its creator died and the product of his tortured brain dissolved.

THEY'RE COMING FROM INSIDE- OUTER SPACE

Monsters from All Over are due this year, a VAMPIRE FROM SPACE, a FIEND WITHOUT A FACE, several robots, a GIANT WOMAN, two VOLCANO MONSTERS, a PROJECTED MAN, an "it" that falls from THE FLAME BARRIER, a NOMOGLOD, the SLIME PEOPLE, a new mummy (the old one retired on an old age pension after 3,000 years), a TEENAGE WITCH and GRAVE-ROBBERS FROM OUTER SPACE.

We can all thank our lucky stars there's also expected to be THE BOY WHO SAVED THE WORLD! ●



HOW
HOLLYWOOD
CREATES
A
MONSTER

husband and wife team build the best beasts in town

THE stove was opened and the hostess removed a baked head.

Nobody batted an eyelash.

Of course maybe that was because none of them had eyelashes, although at least one of the guests at the party had three eyes.

This incident, which would unnerve most people but was taken for granted by those present, happened at Hollywood's most unusual Halloween Party. Last October, at the

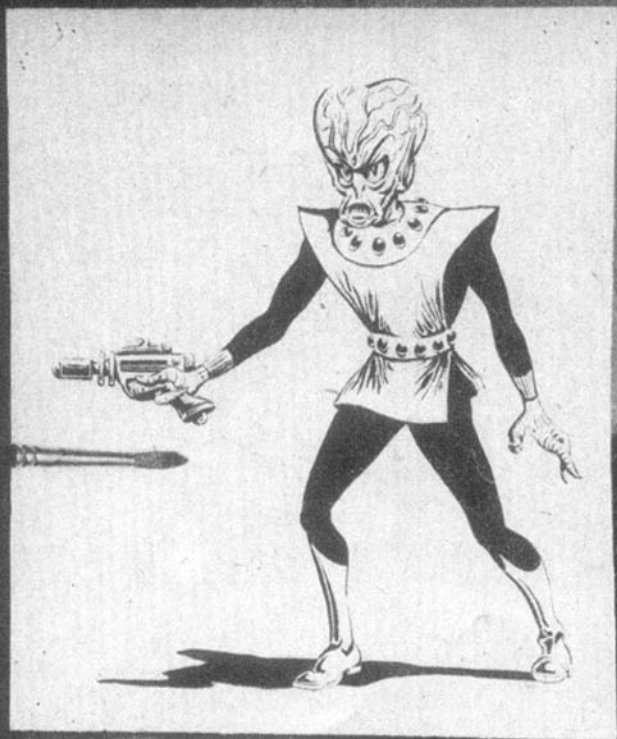
hide-away home of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Blaisdell, a weird assortment of guests was present and celebrating the occasion.

THE SHE-CREATURE was escorted by the three-eyed mutant from THE DAY THE WORLD ENDED, THE CAT-GIRL came with THE FANTASTIC PUPPET PEOPLE, and the Venusian from IT CONQUERED THE WORLD would have been there but he couldn't squeeze his great bulk through the front door.



Paul and Jackie Blaisdell holding partially completed vampire bat. One wall of their workshop has become a "Monster Museum," as famous in Hollywood as Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum in London or the Grand Guignol of Paris.

First step in creation of a monster: the sketch, one of many careful drawings that precede the actual construction.

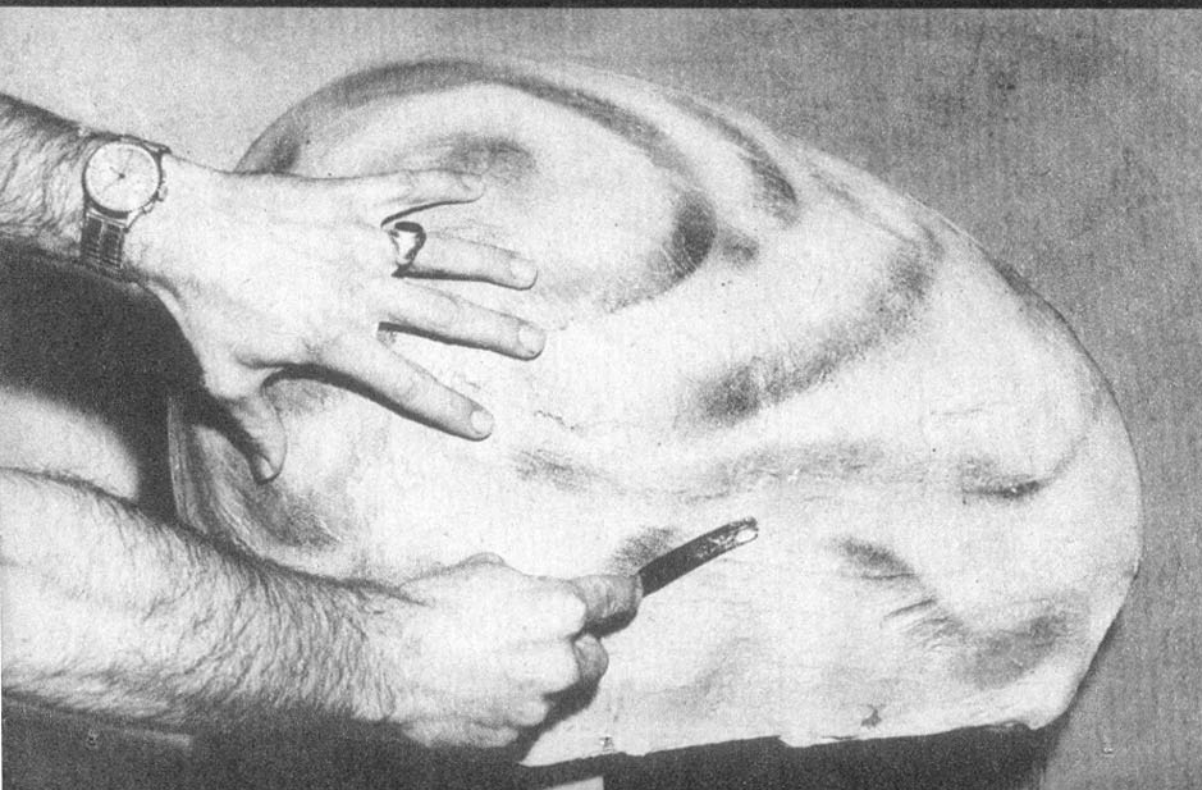


millionaire monsters

THESE beasts, monsters and things were stars of a series of horror films featured in LIFE magazine, stars worth well over a million dollars at the box-office. Not the beautiful, glamorous stars of Hollywood created by Max Factor and the Westmore brothers, but stars with scars, popping eyes, snaggle-teeth, furry faces . . .

One thing in common: money magnets all, these monsters!

And all assembled on this occasion to honor their creator, Paul Blaisdell.

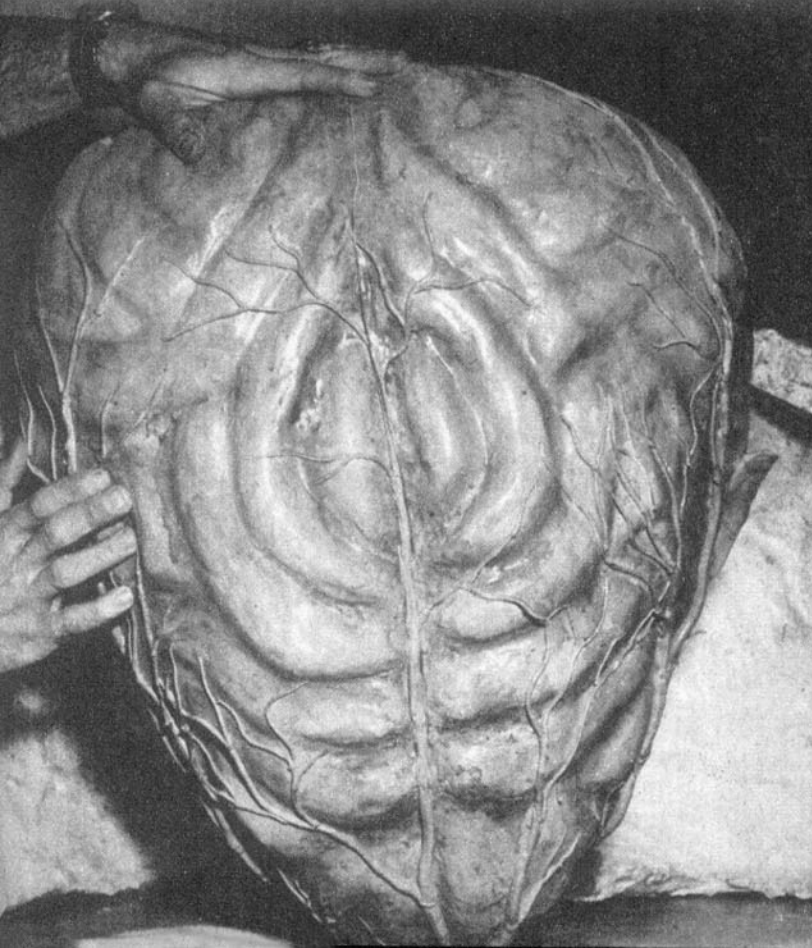


Step 2: Form is built up out of clay, then covered with plaster mold.



Step 3: Ticklish operation. Plaster mold is carefully pried apart.

Step 4: Rubber compound then cast in plaster molds, producing monster "brain."



they ran out of space

Frankenstein (the doctor) in his best days never had it so good as Paul Blaisdell, M.D. (Monster Doctor), except that whereas Frankenstein's monster turned on his creator and destroyed him, the only threat that Blaisdell's monsters constitute to him is to kill him with work.

Blaisdell is the busiest monster-maker in the movie industry. He's so busy he even employs his wife, Jackie, as his assistant. She's the gal who bakes brain-cakes in the kitchen.

And when the Blaisdells have assembled their latest monster, it's quite a sight watching Papa Paul drive down Sunset Blvd. with "junior" by his side in the front seat. Blaisdell's beasties are chauffeured to work in style; they arrive at the Studio Gates in a Cadillac, no less!

Blaisdell's monsters have enriched the lives of millions of monster-lovers, and thousands of hours of sweat and BLOOD and tears have gone into the creation of his fearsome menagerie of other-worldly life-forms.

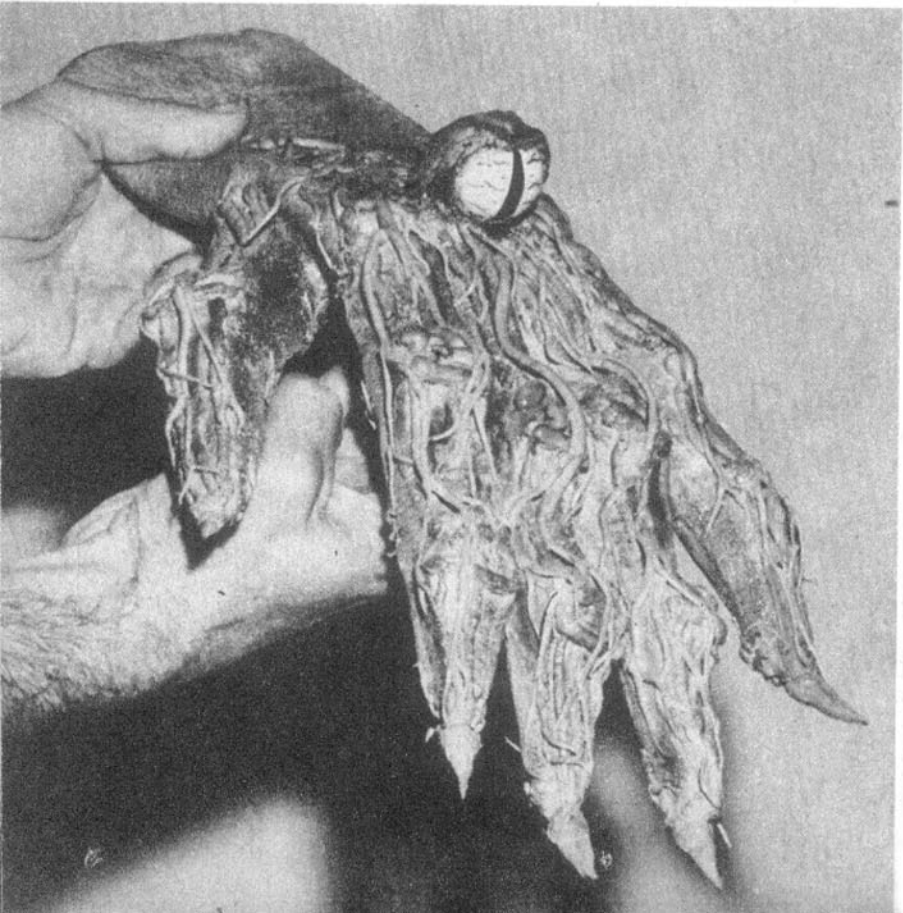
First there is the visual concept of the monster itself. Blaisdell is a top-notch artist whose covers have been featured on leading science fiction magazines of America as well as abroad in Germany and Sweden. He makes many preliminary sketches in pen and ink, and then a variety of paintings showing each monster front view, back, side, full face, etc.

After one of his many employers has okayed the art work, the hard work begins.



Steps 2 through 4 are now repeated to construct monster's face and lower part of head.

Hands are constructed in much the same manner as the head — story called for eyes to be built on the hands too!



to one head add . . .

First a head or body form is molded out of clay.

Then a plaster mold is made of the clay form.

From the plaster mold comes a rubber mold.

Plastic eyes and teeth are added.

And like a living statue, the "thing" is painted — a brilliant red in the case of the giant cucumber creature from *Venus (IT CONQUERED THE EARTH)* or sea-green and seaweed brown in the case of *THE SHE-CREATURE*.

Blaisdell's priceless secrets of monster-making are carefully guarded in his Topanga canyon retreat, where visitors to his laboratory-like workshop must first cross a high aerial suspension bridge over a raging river. (He loses more visitors that way.)

Asked what the single most costly substance of his specialty is, in an exclusive interview for *FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILM-LAND* Famous Monster-Maker Blaisdell answered without hesitation: "Midnight oil! I burn it by the barrel, keeping creatures rolling off the assembly line 'round the clock." Looking at his stock of shock masks, fangs, talons, tails, horns, etc., it was easy to believe he was telling the truth.

Hollywood Producers requiring creatures for *I WAS A FRACTURED FRANKENSTEIN* or *THE GAS-SER FROM OUTER SPACE* (well, that's the way the soda pops) or *I WAS A PREHISTORIC DRIP* (yep, that's the way the water falls), just dial IT - 1313, and if a Monster answers, don't hang up, he'll call his Boss, to the phone for you right away.



Rubber sub-assemblies are next carefully joined together and plastic eyes inserted. Here we have one of the Martians for American-International's *INVASION OF THE SAUCER-MEN*.



THE SCREAM TEST

the
screaming
story
of the
hi-fi
life of
horror
heroines

"HELP!"

For ages children have asked parents, school students have asked teachers, and deep thinkers have asked themselves, this same puzzling question: "Which came first, the chicken or the egg?"

And ever since the first monster movie sent shudders up and down spines like venetian blinds, theater patrons have asked themselves a similar question which televisioners are now taking up. Movie-goers and teevee-stay-at-homers are joining forces to ponder: "Which comes first, beauty or the beast? For wherever Beauty walks, the Beast is sure to shamble.



Gent with the shaggy sideburns, emoting in **THE OLD DARK HOUSE**, is Boris Karloff before he changed his name to Elvis.

every monster has a ghoul friend

How successful would Frankenstein have been without a woman to menace?

Over what would Marla English have looked wide-eyed and terrified in **THE SHE-CREATURE** if the lobster lady had not crawled out of the ocean to frighten her?

Would Dracula's thirst have been satisfied so sweetly if he hadn't had such a comely wench with whom to quench his dry throat?

And with whom could the Egyptian heroine have got so chummy if the nice bone-dry mummy hadn't appeared on the scene?

Young ladies who are dying to make a living need monsters to scare the yell out of them, and even monsters must eat and nobody is going to feed them unless they do a bang-up job of frightening the ladies fair.

This hapless heroine is really getting carried away. By the world's most famous monster. In **FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN**.

horror gals are gone without wind . . .

The most valuable asset of a horror movie star is her lungs. Some contracts call for a non-smoking clause during her enactment of a role in a monster film, so that costly delays will not ensue should she develop a cough or sore throat.

A common cold can be dangerous or even fatal to a horror queen, for without her scream half the battle is lost.

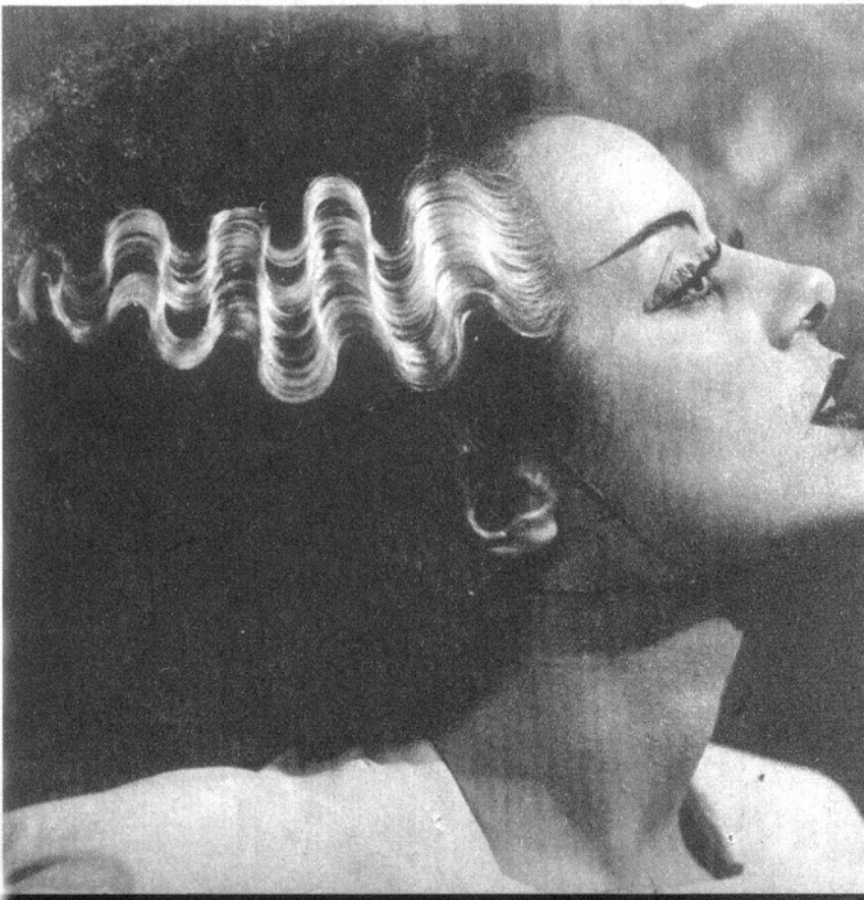
Since "dubbing" was invented, some unknown actresses who never receive billing have made a substantial living out of screaming: they earn their daily bread and butter by yelling their heads off for beauties who have looks and acting ability but not a hi-fi screech.

A hi-fi holler is worth top dollar in horror movies.

Scary-o-ponic sound was first heard in **KING KONG** when the heroine was put through her classic paces. Asked to make faces before a camera, as though she were looking higher and higher and higher until suddenly she saw a monster several stories tall, Fay Wray nobly gave out with a series of shrieks so piercing that some people's eardrums almost popped. It was the shock heard 'round the world.

If there's one thing monsters love, it's making beautiful girls scream. They don't even have to touch them, just let them glimpse their ugly kissers—as long as they get one big yell out of them before they go limp, the monster's night has been worth living.

In fact a monster, whose best working hours are generally after midnight, will even prowl by day if he has good reason to believe he may run across a beauty who'll do her duty by monsterdom and open up her mouth and make with her vocal chords.



THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN. Can you blame her husband for leaving her at the altar — of science?



The UNKNOWN TERROR sneaking up behind the beautiful girl is a fugitive from a soapsud opera. His friends call him the Wizard of Ooze.

beauties and beasts take a bow . . .

Girls who fall into a dead faint the moment they lay eyes on a gorilla, a giant spider, an elephant-sized ant, an ant-sized elephant, a teenage tarantula, a crawling hand, a floating head, an invisible man, a saucerman, a mole man, a lagoon creature, a monolith monster or Liberace rob the audience of their anticipated scream.

A monster without a girl to menace would be like a racketless game of tennis, like Stanley without Livingston, Marco without Polo, the Smith Bros. without their cough drops, Valentine's Day without Cupid, TV without commercials, movies without popcorn, flying without saucers.



Watch your step, DR. CYCLOPS, that's our little Nell that you're about to turn into j-e-l-l-o.

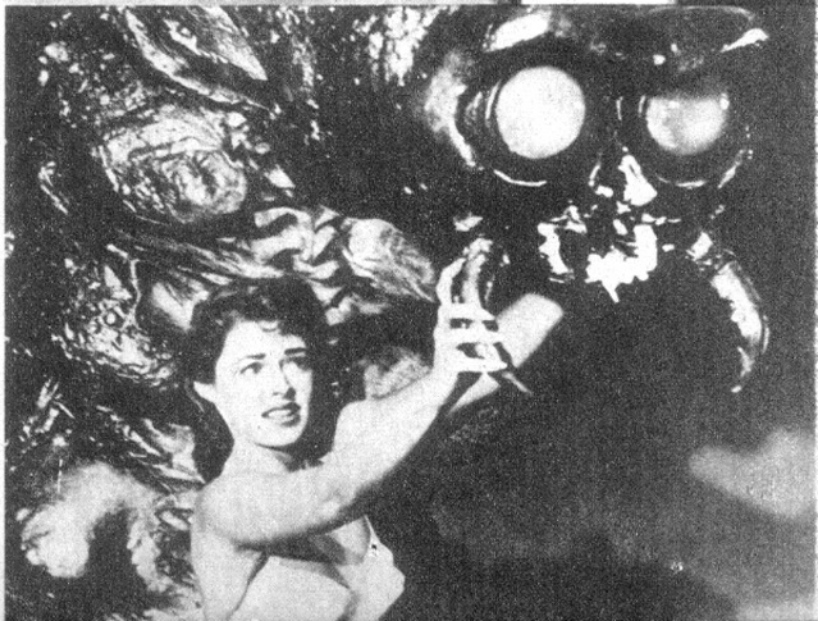
from sputniks to shriek-kicks

And, by the same token, Beauty without her Beast would be like bread without yeast, school without vacation, rock without roll, an LP record with a 78 rpm player, and coca without cola.

So, experts say, yellavision is here to stay and hi-cry heroines will keep heroes busy running to their rescue long after the first rocket has reached Mars. And if there are any monsters on Mars, we may depend upon it that that great Martian movie beauty queen, Marsaline Mahnro will scream her throat as dry as the Martian sands! ●

Fredric March won an Academy Award for this role: DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE. This shaggy dawg is either about to whisper sweet nothings into his girlfriend's ear or take a nibble out of it. In any event, obviously a case of lobe at first sight.

THE MONSTER THAT CHALLENGED THE WORLD meets the challenger in the form of this brave girl who seems to fear neither man nor beast.



**BLEACHER
ENTRANCE**



**CHANNEL 7 BRING
SHOCKY! OCT
3RD
11:15 P.M.**

Shocking! Sleeping on the job? Frankly, he may get fired from the Monsters Union for this! (Wonder if monsters have nightmares about people when they dream?)

TV MEANS TERRIFYING VAMPIRES

"Shocks, t'warn't nothin' . . .", say the monsters as they scare up a huge following of late-night TV viewers. Demons, werewolves, vampires and assorted creatures invade the living rooms of the country - and everybody loves 'em!



Now here's a vampire (Bela Lugosi) who obviously believes in that old adage, "Look before you lip!" DRACULA, being overdrawn at the Blood Bank, is about to help himself to a free drink.

"Dracula is the coolest!"

"Yeah, he's a real champ vamp. But who wouldn't be cool, sacking out all day in an underground coffin and flying around all night in a bare bat's skin?"

This, and conversations similar to it, are typical of viewers' comments throughout the land as they turn from re-re-re-revivals of that perpetual favorite among fans of vampire films, DRACULA.

The scene: An average living room with a TV set, tuned to a late-night showing of DRACULA.

The classic melodrama has just drawn to its conclusion: the aged professor, having had plenty of time to think about it, has just "thunked" the pointed wooden stake

through the centuries-old heart of the evil blood-sucking creature.

Next week: DRACULA'S DAUGHTER.

Moral: You can't keep a good vampire down. While a bad one is, well—mur-der!

It was a natural that vampires, witches, ghouls and all manner of "things that go boomp in the night" should come to TV in a bumper crop.

In fact, it was a super natural.

The supernatural has come to the tele-channels on a monster scale. So far the scale has not been identified, whether it came from Moby Dick, the Creature from the Black Lagoon, or the Beast from 20,000 Fathoms, but all agree it is a MONSTER scale.

Advertisement by Los Angeles TV Station KTLA on their weekly "NIGHTMARE" show. Ad features Hostess Ottola Nesmith, a sweet old lady, only slightly demented. When the clock strikes twelve she happily announces: "Good; it's midnight, and the stores are closed. Time to go shopping."

NIGHTMARE!
 A SHOCKING BIG HIT IN LOS ANGELES...
 HAS KTLA SCREAMING SUCCESS!



NIGHTMARE!
 PRESENTS ALL OF
 FILM DOM'S GREAT
 HORROR PICTURES
 AND FEATURES THE MOST
 FAMOUS FIENDS
 OF ALL TIME, INCLUDING:
*Frankenstein • Dracula
 Wolfman • Mummy*
 and the whole
 "Who's Who" of Ghouls

Ottola Nesmith serves as hostess on this eerie series and with the daft touch of true hospitality makes us comfortable, even on the edge of our seats.

When you're in Los Angeles, watch *Nightmare!* 9:30 P.M. Tuesdays, on Channel 5

KTLA

CHANNEL



TV stations run colorful ads for the monsters

There is no truth to the rumor that Universal-International Studios is going to cast Esther Williams as a damp vamp in an under water horror film called THE FATHOM OF THE OPERA, but it is true that all roads lead to Universal Studios when the topic turns to monster movies. And not only the topic but the trend turned to monster movies last summer.

When news leaked out of the vault that the fabulous full-length horror features in Universal's motion picture library were being exhumed like a mummy for individual telecasting, TV station managers with long memories wired, phoned and sent carrier-bats to Screen Gems (an agency that markets films for television) requesting a flock

of said movies. They recalled how a whole new horror cycle had started up over night 15 or 20 years ago in Beverly Hills, Calif., when the manager of the local theater, having no current product to show, had revived FRANKENSTEIN and DRACULA on a double bill. Such enthusiastic crowds had appeared out of nowhere that he was forced to run the pictures 24 hours 'round the clock to standing-room business.

The vampire virus spread, and soon DRACULA was swooping low again through the country, collecting blood and dough wherever he dived, in the company of his muscle-man companion, "cranky Franky."



So there is really nothing unusual about the enthusiasm displayed for a fine collection of monster movies when you get right down to considering the facts about films shown on television. The way it works is (hold onto your wigs, here we go behind the scenes to reveal inner workings that even Ripley didn't know till now):

In 'most every city, town and hamlet (how'd Shakespeare get in here?) in the country, at least one TV station plays feature motion pictures after 11 p.m., using some such title as "The Late Show," "Midnight Melodrama" or "Night Owl Theater."

Now the TV stations purchase these movies in lots of from 6 to 600 from various distributors, and schedule them according to the known tastes of their particular audience. These stations usually buy good pictures, but they rarely seem able to collect enough of a kind to insure a faithful following of watchers.

Inspiration: gather together all the great Karloff, Lugosi, Chaney, Rathbone, Lorre, etc., horror films, and sock them over the tele-waves, wave on wave, week after week, for 52 weeks!

Among horror programs created in the past for the TV networks, there had been only one devoted to the supernatural—"Lights Out"—which was finally killed off by the competition of "I Love Lucy."

Kong is king on TV

Then a devilish good thing happened. It had a heck of an impact. A quarter of a century old monster was taken out of mothballs and he created a sensation.

KING KONG!

So great was the demand for Kong that he was telecast 16 times in a single week in New York. More New Yorkers in that epic-making 7 days saw the giant ape from prehistoric time than people up to that time had seen 'him in all the years KONG had played in theaters around the world!

As a result of Kong's regional popularity on tele-sets, the picture was temporarily withdrawn from the video-waves and sent forth again to do battle in the movie theater arenas, where many a modern movie went down to defeat before the old gladiator.

Bewitching? What else would you expect from a witch woman on TV!

FOR HORRIFIC, TERRIFIC LATE-NIGHT ENTERTAINMENT— WATCH THE MONSTER PARADE EACH WEEK ON THE FOLLOWING STATIONS:



CITY	TV STATION	CHANNEL	DAY	TIME
Atlanta, Ga.	WSB-TV	2	Thursday	11:15 p.m.
Bakersfield, Cal.	KBAK-TV	29	Thursday	11:00 p.m.
Baltimore, Md.	WBAL-TV	11	Saturday	1:00 a.m.
Baton Rouge, La.	WBRZ-TV	2	Saturday	11:00 p.m.
Buffalo, N. Y.	WGR-TV	2	Thursday	midnight
Chicago, Ill.	WBKB-TV	7	Saturday	10:00 p.m.
Denver, Colo.	KBTU-TV	9	Thursday	10:00 p.m.
Erie, Pa.	WICU-TV	12	Saturday	11:30 p.m.
Ft. Wayne, Ind.	WPTA-TV	21	Friday	9:45 p.m.
Ft. Worth, Texas	KFJZ-TV	11	Saturday	8:00 p.m.
Galveston, Texas	KGUL-TV	11	Saturday	11:00 p.m.
Grand Rapids, Mich.	WOOD-TV	8	Friday	11:15 p.m.
Indianapolis, Ind.	WISH-TV	8	Friday	10:45 p.m.
Los Angeles, Cal.	KTLA-TV	5	Tuesday	9:30 p.m.
Louisville, Ky.	WHAS-TV	11	Thursday	10:55 p.m.
Memphis, Tenn.	WMCT-TV	5	Saturday	10:05 p.m.
Miami, Fla.	WTVJ-TV	4	Wednesday	11:25 p.m.
Nashville, Tenn.	WSIX-TV	8	Friday	10:15 p.m.
New York, N. Y.	WABC-TV	7	Thursday	11:15 p.m.
Peoria, Ill.	WMBD-TV	31	Saturday	10:30 p.m.
Philadelphia, Pa.	WCAU-TV	10	Tuesday	11:25 p.m.
Portland, Oregon	KPTV-TV	12	Wednesday	10:30 p.m.
Rochester, N. Y.	WROC-TV	5	Wednesday	11:15 p.m.
Sacramento, Cal.	KCRA-TV	3	Sunday	10:30 p.m.
St. Louis, Missouri	KTVI-TV	2	Sunday	9:30 p.m.
St. Petersburg, Fla.	WSUN-TV	38	Friday	11:00 p.m.
San Diego, Cal.	KFMB-TV	8	Friday	9:30 p.m.
San Francisco, Cal.	KRON-TV	4	Wednesday	10:35 p.m.
Schenectady, N. Y.	WRGB-TV	6	Monday	11:15 p.m.
Scranton, Pa.	WDAU-TV	22	Tuesday	11:25 p.m.
Springfield, Missouri	KTTS-TV	10	Friday	11:00 p.m.
Tacoma, Washington	KTNT-TV	11	Thursday	11:05 p.m.
Tulsa, Oklahoma	KOTV-TV	6	Saturday	11:00 p.m.
Washington, D.C.	WTOP-TV	9	Sunday	11:15 p.m.
Youngstown, Ohio	WKBN-TV	27	Friday	11:15 p.m.

(TV Stations sometimes make last-minute changes in their programs.

If in doubt, consult your newspaper's TV listing.)



What the well-dressed Mummy is wearing this season. In the hey-days of the Egyptian Pharaohs they made clothes like these to last 3000 years. From **THE MUMMY'S TOMB**. And the first one says "tomb much" gets embalmed!

KONG the box-office champion and sensation of the New York telecasts set the men in the gray channel suits thinking, thinking the most "horrifying" thoughts.

HORROR ISLAND—now there was a picture that should prove a treasure island on TV. **SHE-WOLF OF LONDON**: beauty or beast? Woman or monster?

Wouldn't TV be great for showing terror from the time of the Pharaohs! Horror that lay entombed for 3,000 years, then returned to life to bring death to the living. **THE MUMMY!**

And how about **MAN-MADE MONSTER**. death-dealing dynamo! All the furies of nature in his electric-charged body, his revenge-wracked brain.

Greater and greater the list grew. And grue!

HOUSE OF HORRORS.

THE MAD GHOUL.

NIGHT MONSTER.

THE MUMMY'S HAND . . . THE MUMMY'S TOMB . . . THE MUMMY'S GHOST.

And a name to conjure with: Edgar Allan Poe, mystery master of the macabre. His masterpieces: **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE . . . THE MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET . . . THE BLACK CAT . . . THE RAVEN.**

**monsters
shake the
TV antenna —
and everybody
gets "shocked!"**

Across the nation TV stations held preview parties for their new "Shock!" program. Masked waiters served tomato juice "buckets of blood" to blood-thirsty prospective sponsors in TV studios decorated like haunted houses.

Local stations came alive and vied with neighboring towns to outdo each other in scary stunts. Frankenstein monsters multiplied like amoebas, and stalked the streets of scores of American towns.



All together, now, to the tune of a well-known singing commercial: "You'll wonder where the werewolf went, when you brush his teeth with wolfbane, gent." Henry Hull as the WEREWOLF OF LONDON.

offices and TV Page Reviewers to present them with Do-It-Yourself Nightmare Kits.

And so, accompanied by a fantastic amount of fanfare from billboards to busy streets, the Hep Parade of Horror Pix went on the air late in '57. Batwings beat the air; you, couldn't even breathe the air around a TV set on Nightmare Night without detecting the odor of a secret potion mixed by a mixed-up mad scientist.

and the shape of things to come?

Whole new series of frightening films are being planned especially for television. Boris Karloff will be back soon in no less than thirty-nine TALES OF FRANKENSTEIN. The unstoppable INVISIBLE MAN will create undetectable disaster, in a brand new TV series.

THE WAXWORKS OF MME TOUSSAUD and new adventures in the HOUSE OF WAX will reveal each other for horror-ratings — but at the same time they'll have to watch out for GRAND GUIGNOL!

Rock 'n' roll is giving way to shock 'n' ghoul.

The creatures are coming,
hurray, hurray!

Tele-monsters' night and day! ●

In New York, Mary Shelley's famous Monster toured the business district in a horse-drawn hearse.

The hearse that drew the Monster through the busy streets of New York was painted blood-red rather than the usual black. Franky's traveling companion was a lady vampire on her way to see a psychiatrist. She had a strange complaint: she slept at night and prowled by day.

Four days before the 1957 World Series, the Monster got in line at the Yankee Stadium to buy the first bleacher seat. The ticket-seller blanched as white as a ghost. You can imagine what happened when the umpire met the vampire!

In Philadelphia, a somewhat more sober city than New York, the Frankenstein monster rode around town in an ancient Packard Limousine with the local version of Vampire hanging on his arm. Yes, hanging. It was a very short rope and she didn't have to hold her breath more than an hour at a time.

Anyway, what's so strange about that? Viewers of "Shock!" and "Nightmare" have been known to hold their breaths through 90 minutes of a horror film.

In Los Angeles a starlet with her hair standing on end monroe'd her way through the streets to the city desks of newspaper



Working in horror films seems to have given this boy the Big Head. He's to be seen on the telescreen in HOUSE OF HORRORS.

If you are a dyed-in-the-wolf horror fan, or if you collect pinup pictures of Karloff, Lugosi, Chaney, Peter Lorre, Tor Johnson, John Carradine, Basil Rathbone and similar stars, you will be sure to recognize the right answers to most of the questions in this quiz.

If your nose has been glued to your TV for such shows as SHOCK, NIGHTMARE, WITCHING HOUR, etc., maybe it can be unstuck by an application of soap and hot water.

If you miss more than half the questions, you had better memorize the contents of this magazine. If you miss all the questions, you've been missing a lot of the fun in life!

questions:

1. The film DRACULA was based on the book by (a) Ernie Kovacs, (b) Bram Stoker, (c) Mickey Spillane.
2. The Russians invented FRANKENSTEIN (true or false).
3. The sequel to KING KONG was HONG KONG (true or false).
4. THE DAUGHTER OF DR. JEKYLL married THE SON OF MR. HYDE (true or false).
5. THEM! was about (a) giant eagles, (b) giant ants, (c) giant dwarves.
6. Dr. Ernest Dichter says horror movies are good for people (true or false).
7. THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN was the son of THE AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN (true or false).
8. PHARAOH'S CURSE starred (a) Natalie Wood, (b) Ingrid Bergman, (c) Marilyn Monroe, (d) Sophia Loren, (e) Shirley Temple, (f) who can remember?
9. THE MAN WHO TURNED TO STONE was the sequel to THE BOY WHO LIKED TO ROCK (true or false).
10. CYCLOPS had an eye (a) in the back of his head, (b) on the top of his head, (c) a single eye on the front of his face.
11. I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF was about (a) a 90-year-old vampire, (b) a 3,000 year old mummy, (c) a teenage werewolf.
12. (Choice) THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON was in (a) black and white, (b) technicolor.
13. THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN (a) sued for divorce on the grounds that her husband acted like a monster, (b) was disappointed when she discovered her groom wasn't a self-made man, (c) went all to pieces when her marriage blew up in her face.
14. THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN was (a) "Darn!", (b) "Gosh!", (c) "Heck!"
15. I am going to tell all my friends about FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND - MAGAZINE (true).
16. If I cheated and looked at the answers (true or false) I'm a monster (no choice)!

answers:

1. Bram Stoker wrote DRACULA.
2. False. If they had, he probably would have been named FRANKENSTEINSKI.
3. False. SON OF KONG was the sequel.
4. False. Alas, there was no SON OF MR. HYDE.
5. THEM! was about gi-ants.
6. True! And he's so right.
7. False, he wasn't even his father.
8. Well, who can remember?
9. False, the sequel to THE MAN WHO TURNED TO STONE was THE MAN WHO GREW BOULDER.
10. CYCLOPS had a single eye on the front of his face.
11. Well, it wasn't about a 90-year-old vampire or a 3,000 year old mummy.
12. THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON was in black and white, the hero and heroine were in black and blue.
13. All three reasons were good enough for THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN to give her husband the air instead of an heir.
14. THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN was a "darn" scary picture, by "gosh," and a "heck" of a Thriller-Diller!
15. You'd better, or we'll sic a monster on you. (Would you prefer the shrinking or colossal variety?)
16. Don't look in the mirror just now, but your nose just vanished and your ears have begun to grow furry and pointed. But don't despair; at this rate maybe you'll disappear altogether and can get a part in I WAS A TEENAGE INVISIBLE MAN.

here's your
chance
to write
to a
monster!

The Editor keeps a monster chained in his cellar. (It is on a Long Chaney.) The monster is lonely. He would like to hear from YOU. He would like to know:

Which were your favorite articles in this magazine? What did you like least? Would you have preferred more photos or less? Would you like a longer quiz or shorter one? Would you like to see another issue of a similar magazine?

If so, what would you most like to see featured in it? Spaceships? Robots? Other Worlds? Flying Saucers? The Future? Laboratories? Inventions? Prehistoric Life? More Monsters? More about Karloff? Lugosi? Chaney, Sr.? Chaney, Jr.? Debbie Reynolds?

Would you like a story (fiction) about horror in Hollywood, a real monster in a movie studio, or something of that sort? How many science fiction magazines (if any) do you read? What's your age? (The monster will be 921 next Friday the 13th.) Are you male, female or monster? Any questions?

Please do not feed the monster. Just address your comments to

The Monster's Keeper
1054 E. Upsal St.
Philadelphia 50, Pennsylvania

picture credits and
acknowledgments:

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