

THE

JOURNAL

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, III
Editor

Vol. 1
Acme

FIRST ISSUE

50 cents

OF FRANKENSTEIN

- Representing the World of Imagination and the Macabre

**MASTER OF HORROR:
THE BORIS KARLOFF STORY**

BY

Boris Karloff
Wolf Mankowitz
Kenneth Beale



The History of "Horror" Movies
ALL MANNER OF FANTASIES

HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

A Preview of a Great New Macabre Movie
Starring: Vincent Price (of "The Fly" fame)

Zacherley Shock Theatre Type Article . . .

Subject Matter:

JOHN ZACHERLEY



COLLECTOR'S EDITION

The JOURNAL of FRANKENSTEIN

Representing the World of Imagination and the Macabre

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Victor Frankenstein, III — Editor

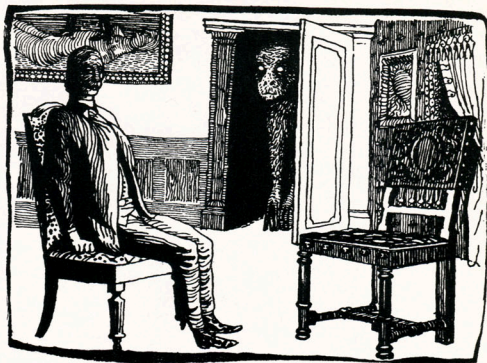
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FRANKENSTEIN AT LARGE

J. of F.'s EDITORS AT LARGE

Around northern New Jersey these days, the North Jersey Playhouse (Abbot Blvd., Fort Lee, N. J.) is probably as good an example of community theatre as any foothold aficionado could want. Having brought to audiences top quality productions of "Diary of Anne Frank," "Tobacco Road," and "Compulsion" (the uncut version that never appeared on B'way), the Playhouse is also interested in presenting stage adaptations of *Dracula*, *Frankenstein* and other fruits from the world of the macabre and Grande Guignol. More inclined they shall be in becoming "interested" with some prodding from fans of the genre, of course. (But macabre or not, the Playhouse deserves earnest scrutiny if only for continued excellence evident in most of its offerings.)

A constantly stimulating source of fantasy and imagination, and world renowned as a Film Arts centre, The Museum of Modern Art in New York City (53rd St., between Ave. of the Americas and 5th Ave.) has been drawing crowds of connoisseurs and the curious for several decades. Of special attraction is the Museum's extensive file of rare fantasy and macabre movies shown from time to time as a regular part of its twice-weekly program schedule.

Awaiting those seeking a more lavish and heavier treatment of quaint environs and living antiquity, there is also in N.Y.C. the huge, extensive Museum of Natural History (79th St. and Central Park West). Here rests a collection of pre-historic and latterday monsters, arranged in panoramic style, than anyone could hope to find outside of *One Million B.C.* (with or without Victor Mature). This is one of the few museums of the world that makes one really feel as if he's stepping into *other worlds* the moment he's past the mammoth doors. Words can hardly ever do it justice—only seeing is believing it. Adjoining it is famous Hayden Planetarium, one of the world's great astronomical centres.

Less than a mile, on the other side of Central Park, majestically stands The Metropolitan Museum of Art (5th Ave. and 83rd St.). Here one can not only find The Mummy, but also the Bride of the Mummy! The Museum's Egyptology section is breathtaking enough without even taking in the fabulous sections on Ancient Greece, Rome, the Bible Lands, the Renaissance (not to forget a score of other departments).

Those in N.Y.C. who can't seem to find the Automat and Bickford restaurants bizarre enough will be interested in Bohemia's *world capital*—that strange but immortal section of the city known as Greenwich Village. Topographically, it begins immediately south of 14th Street, situated almost entirely on the West Side, beginning west of 4th Ave., probably ending within several feet of the Hudson River.

Its more interesting and attractive spots for some dancing, but mostly for fine and exotic *dining* range from Bleecker St. to 13th St., and are primarily within a four-block radius of famous Eighth Street (otherwise called Bohemia's "Main Blvd.")

Tabs in any of scores of places can begin from as low as 10¢ for a coke to \$3.50 minimum at some niteries. Around MacDougal, Bleecker, 4th St. and Sheridan Square rest some of the famous (or otherwise) cafe espressos and bars. After hours, some "spots" are notable as entertainment centres and hangouts for assorted male and female types, and also others. The Moroccan Village (23 W. 8th St.) has since Bodenheim's time been considered quite high on lists of places with that *different* type of atmosphere. Across the street is the internationally famous and informal Village Barn (52 W. 8th). But tabs can come much lower at any number of inexpensive but charming hamburgeries and chickeneries in the area, including (also on 8th) Howard Johnson's, and The Beefburger, among the many around.

22 Greenwich Ave. is home of The Village Voice, competing strenuously each week with Bohemia's decades old and more staid weekly, The Villager (49 E. 9th St.). Older, long term Village residents seem to have a softer spot and preference for the older paper; the younger are probably more inclined toward The Voice. Both have their own outstanding personalities as regional newspapers, perhaps Villager more of an institution compared to the youthful Voice barely four years in existence (though already nationally famous for intellectual proclivities, avant gardism, Jules Feiffer's "Sick, Sick, Sick," and columnists like Gilbert Seldes).

They with ample time on their hands shall find endless sights, quaint discoveries, delightful haunts, a few strange places along the miles of the early and late Victorian streets (intermingled with a few Colonial and Georgian touches) that combine to make up Bohemia, alias Greenwich Village, U.S.A. Cafés, nite clubs, exotic restaurants, lunch wagons, even some greasy spoons, fascinating shops (and also shoppes), art centres, book stores, art movies, grand and sometimes of great big and little off-B'way theatrical groups. . . The off-beat, "different," and a change from the commonplace. . . Impossible it is to grow bored or find lack of variety here.

Not in the Village—in fact, a number of miles uptown is Le Petit Paris (3547 Broadway, at 145th St.), hosted by its general owner, Steve Vadis. A slice of the Old World in N.Y.C., with soft, attractive surroundings, the place is particularly distinguished for its awe inspiring array of Continental and American dishes featured on new menus daily. Eventually there is some hope that the management might be induced in time to feature our own special "Frankenstein Cocktail." Until then, *Le Petit Paris'* sweeping liquor selection will have to suffice.



LITERATI

[All titles marked by an asterisk *- can also be ordered from our Book Dept., checks or money orders made out payable to New World Enterprises Syndicate; and sent to: Box 183, Ridgefield, New Jersey.]

*The Books of Charles Fort (\$6.50, Henry Holt) is a big, heavy tome of more than one thousand pages, comprising four titles which were published at different intervals: *Lo!, The Book of the Damned, Wild Talents, and New Lands*. Few men in this or any other time have so incisively tried to prove how there could be more things in heaven and earth than can be dreamed of in anyone's philosophy. Fort's personal wild

talent was in amassing tremendous quantities of notes and clippings out of contemporary and ancient newspapers in an effort to bring together, perhaps for the first time, some organized evidence of *strange* and *unusual* phenomena. He did not try to tell others "Believe in this, for it is true." His only hope was that he could in some little way smash down smug conformity and open blocked up minds. Marvelers of the unique and terrifying will find more substance for their curiosity than could ever be hoped for in any number of sittings. The student and serious scholar of the truly unusual, of the stupendous, the supernatural, and of those things that remain inexplicable under any current means of interpretation will uncover a treasure trove.

A few of the distinguished men who were part of Fort's original following included Alexander Wollcott, Dreiser, Dashiell Hammett, and Charles Van Dine. Not enough can be said in this space about a work that has become numbered among the most challenging in this or any other age. What makes it especially significant is that although now entering its *thirty-seventh* year of popularity, it remains more compelling, more thought provoking and amazing than much of the pretentious fast-back pap turned out for the last twelve years under the guise of science-fiction, sometimes labeled more profitably as "flying saucer revelations."

Science Fiction and Fantasy Film Checklist (\$1.50, Walt Lee, Jr., 2519 Armacost Ave., Los Angeles 64, Calif.) While no checklist since the beginning of time has ever been 100% infallible, Lee's tries to cover the entire field of macabre and fantasy movies since before the turn of the century, including some lately under production but unreleased so far. Samples:

Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein Universal 1953, with Bud Abbott, Lou Costello, Boris Karloff. SF-Horror-Comedy. See *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

Dead of Night, English. J. Arthur Rank 1946. dir Alberto Cavalcanti, Charles Crichton, Robert Hamer, Basil Dearden, Basil Dearden, cin Jack Cardiff; with Michael Redgrave, Google Withers, Mervyn Johns, Patricia Valk, Sally Ann Howes. From short stories by H. G. Wells, Edward F. Benson, & John Baines. Fantasy-Horror.

Some 75 pages and large size (8 1/2 x 11"), it probably lists more than three thousand titles. . . and worth at least three times its listed price. * * *

Copies of *Unusual* (numbers 1, 2, 3) are still available in limited quantity (50¢ each, from: Sidney Porcelain, 111 East 26th St., New York 10, N. Y.). Even at the risk of seeming trite, we must say that *Unusual* is unusual! One of the more trail-blazing experimental "little magazines," material that's appeared in its pages heretofore has run the entire possible gamut from intriguing to damned *daring*. Well recommended!

A member of this staff recently looked through his extensive collection of fantasy and macabre literature and discovered fine copies of the extremely rare works of H. P. Lovecraft's "The Outsider and Others, and *Beyond The Wall of Sleep." Large in size and numbering hundreds of thousands of words, these are Lovecraft's definitive and most complete works—and have been out of print some two decades. Considered extremely rare desiderata owing to a limited edition of only 1200 copies per title, specialist dealers have racked up prices of \$75.00 and over (when they can get them); auctions have sold them for \$100.00 or more. Unfortunately, only one copy of each title is on hand. The price: \$35.00 the title; the first order gets one or both. *

In passing, some brief reports on certain recommended current titles:

Mr. Arkadin (35¢, Pyramid), Orson Welles is also a superb author!

The Demolished Man (35¢, Signet), Alfred Bester. A SFantasy "must."

Star Science Fiction No. 4 (35¢, Ballantine), Fred Pohl, editor. One of the best regular entrees in the SFantasy anthology business.

Great World Mysteries (\$3.75, Roy), Eric Frank Russell. Of strong entertainment as well as research value. *

"THE ENEMY FROM WITHIN" — A Modern Horror Story

In an age when quality still has a devil of a time against armies of trivia and organized mediocrity, we exist in environments where true horrors are always apt to clobber us over the head any moment, time or place . . . nor is this an allusion to the kindler, worthier, more predictable type petering forth of Shock Theatre in the worst hours, cranked out by H'wood or England, or likely to take shape in the form of Sputniks or invading Martians (who probably have more more brains than Earthlings anyway). We simply mean this "horror":

The bigot, the so-called do-gooder who cannot stand the thought of knowing that someone somewhere is enjoying himself; the individual with the sick, twisted mind who would like to deprive you of your right to read, or see, or hear anything that you enjoy, even if as innocuous as *The Farmer's Almanac*, our own JOURNAL of FRANKENSTEIN, *Playboy*, or even *Sexology*, or the Kinsey Reports.

No TV late show, no Hollywood horror movie has yet been contrived to depict such a creature, such a *living monster*. For this foe of Constitutional rights can know no more appeasement than a Hitler or any totalitarian, slave-labor camp proponent. He would just as soon imprison or eliminate various friends and neighbors for not liking the newspapers they read, or their brand of politics, religion, ideals, or even the color of their hair, as he faithfully attends his house of worship, is a "member in good standing" of the local P.T.A. or Bingo Club movement. He probably displays the Flag on all holidays, tries appearing in all parades, and might be a good lodge brother of the West Cupcake Chowder and Marching Society.

And this is the very point that makes this thing of flesh and blood the real monster that it is: underneath that quiet, purse-lipped, conservative holier-than-thou exterior seethes danger more *subversive* than many could imagine; underneath that prune faced example of communal decay lurks a time bomb more dangerous to the American Constitution and the country's democratic ideals than anything openly aired before our courts to date.

The reason he is so dangerous is because he is virtually alien to any democratic, Constitutional way of life; and being intolerant of our basic American Heritage he is incapable of honoring other rights (except on those occasions when he can profit by them).

What makes his presence really lethal is that he is so difficult to recognize as an element in society, hard to apprehend, elusive to observe . . . he is nameless, colorless, belonging to no organization that has *yet* been nationally or internationally labeled as "menace" or "Un-American." Under closer scrutiny and detection, however, he can be found. He sometimes also tries to be in the thick of certain legal affairs, doing what he can to push or strengthen amendments, bills, so-called "laws" that can debilitate and control one avenue of communication after another.

Sometimes he's the informer or crusader who weeps long and hard over what he proclaims to be "flagrant obscenity . . . utter indecency." But usually, he takes on duties of a censor; that is, he always tries to arise whenever possible to the opportunity of being a self acclaimed authority over theoretical imaginary "problems" that concern the public morals. By beating the drums of "Stop Immorality and Save the Country's Youth" long and loudly enough, eventually he does succeed in building up a following of naive, thoughtless people who begin to see and interpret evil into things they never thought existed or noticed before. Eventually, before one can say Anthony Comstock, this enemy of culture and freedom can be successful in forming legislation that might some day even make it a crime for anyone, under 35 to read matter stronger than *The Bobbsey Twins*, or permitted in movie houses showing pictures of men and women in any one scene, or Mickey and Minnie Mouse together at one time.

This social hybrid of a rattler and scorpion hangs like a leech as much as he can around influential people or state capitals, always waiting for the moment to sneak one of his proposed "laws" into the books—*laws* that are actually, through double-talk (and a little sleight of hand it seems), disguised vampire-like instruments that are slowly but surely draining the life from the Constitutional Rights this nation has fought over and lost millions of lives to preserve.

The really terrible *horror story* of our times is that such laws are on the books, virtually robbing sufficient vitality and maiming enough of our Constitutional guarantees to make them meaningless on too many occasions . . . if not for some angry, wide-awake office holders, plain citizens who have saved us in the past from alien devastation and who keep this nation from falling into that drugged lethargy from which it could be possible never to arise. But these noble people are so few, so very few, that it sometimes seems a painful operation considering how they repulse attacks from an enemy that is more affluent and usually better organized.

So ends one chapter from one of our greatest horror stories of all time.

P. S's and APPENDA

. . . As good, or maybe as bad a time as any to remind one and all of an interesting movie taking place in the next issue: You, kind or even unkind reader, shall have a chance to be an armchair editor, speak thy peace, say a piece, and comment on things about here, there, anywhere. If it's that interesting, it will appear, space permitting, in the next and following issues in our letter dept., *FRANKENSTEIN'S NOTES*. This will give you also a chance to advise of changes that could, we are sure, improve us . . . even if it means changing the proposed department's name . . . and that doesn't mean that the Monster will get after any of those who care to disagree. We guarantee "he" won't—only against a few censors, some day . . . we hope.

About ready to hit the press, we managed to catch the first trade screening of 20th Century-Fox's *COMPULSION*, starring Orson Welles, with Dean Stockwell and Bradford Dillman in featured roles. In its own way, the production, adapted from the novel by Meyer Levin, is a winning story of the macabre—a "horror" tale whose naked authenticity makes it all the more terrifying. Happening at a real time to real people and places, *COMPULSION'S* plot is familiar to the many acquainted with the dreadful events and fate surrounding the Loeb-Leopold case. Only the names were changed for reasons too detailed and inconsequential to mention in this brief report—Loeb and Leopold are now "Strauss" and "Steiner." Clarence Darrow becomes "Jonathan Wilk" (Orson Welles). In quality, the production is erratic from the start; it soars and falls off from peaks of unique excellence to depths of sheer banality saved only by Stockwell's and Dillman's continuous acting brilliance . . . until the final 35 minutes (of the 105 minute production) where Orson Welles makes his entrance. From that point on and, an enraptured audience is fortunate enough to watch one of the truly greatest men in one of cinema's epoch making performances. Welles' courtroom soliloquy, lasting some 20 magical minutes, will rank forever among the handful of scenes that remain immortal in motion picture history.



Orson Welles in "COMPULSION"

COLUMBIA PICTURES PRESENTS



Kerwin Mathews as Sinbad



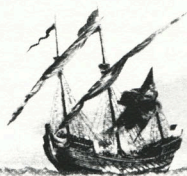
Kathryn Grant as Parisa



Richard Eyer as The Genie



Torin Thatcher as The Magician



THE 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD

A MORNINGSIDE PRODUCTION IN DYNAMATION

PRODUCED BY _____ CHARLES H. SCHNEER
DIRECTED BY _____ NATHAN JURAN
WRITTEN BY _____ KENNETH KOLT

THE CAST

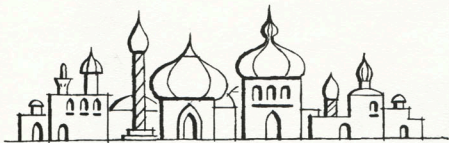
KERWIN MATHEWS	as	Sinbad
KATHRYN GRANT	as	Parisa
RICHARD EYER	as	The Genie
TORIN THATCHER	as	Sokurah
Alec Mango	as	Calliph
Danny Green	as	Karim
Harold Kasket	as	Sultan
Alfred Brown	as	Harufa
Nana de Herrera	as	Sadi
Nino Falanga	as	Gaunt Sailor
Luis Guedes	as	Crewman #1
Virgilio Teixeira	as	Ali

TECHNICOLOR®

Main Titles by ROBERT GILL

THE STAFF

Director of Photography	Wilkie Cooper	Art Director	Gil Parrendo
Technicolor Color Consultant	Henri Jaffa	Assistant Directors	Eugenio Martin
Special Visual Effects Created by	Ray Harryhausen	Technical Assistant	Pedro de Juan
Music composed by	Bernard Herrmann	Recording Supervisor	John Livadary
Production Supervisor	Luis Roberts	Stunt Supervisor	Enzo Musumeci-Greco
Film Editors	Edwin Bryant, A.C.E. Jerome Thoms, A.C.E.		



SINBAD, a prince of Bagdad (Kerwin Mathews) sets sail for Persia, bringing with him Princess Parisa (Kathryn Grant), whom he is engaged to wed.

At Colossa Island, Sinbad drops anchor, and goes ashore with his crew. Adventuring inland, their astonished eyes view a towering Cyclops violently pursuing Sokurah, the magician (Torin Thatcher). The Genie (Richard Eyer) appears and saves Sokurah, Sinbad, Harufa and Ali. However, the magician loses his magic lamp, which is retrieved by the Cyclops.

Enroute to Bagdad, Sokurah pleads with Sinbad to return to Colossa and help him regain the lamp. Sinbad refuses.

Sokurah steals into Princess Parisa's chamber while she and the Palace sleep. Casting a magic spell upon the helpless beauty, the evil man reduces her from normal size to tiny stature, no larger than the palm of a man's hand.

When the princess' tragic plight is made known to her father and the others the following morning, Sinbad enlists the aid of the magician, ignorant that it was Sokurah who had cast this evil spell.

The fakir announces that he can restore the princess to full stature, but the most vital drug needed in the mixture is a piece of shell from the egg of the giant bird called the Roc, which nests in the peaks of Colossa. Sinbad agrees to organize the voyage.

The court jewelers have made a tiny golden box to safely transport the diminutive Parisa, who accompanies Sinbad. Within a few days the ship arrives at the Island. The Cyclops captures the adventurous sailors and deposits them, including Sinbad, inside a huge wooden cage.

Sinbad releases the Princess from the tiny jewel box, instructing her to go to the top of the wooden cage, open the latch and free them. Parisa succeeds.

The climb to the peak where the Roc nests, begins at once. Reaching this height Sinbad, the magician and their men discover an egg about to hatch. Sinbad has possession of the lamp but he does not remember the secret words to bring forth the Genie. Thus Parisa offers to climb down into the lamp and beseech the Genie to give her the password.

Within the lamp she discovers the Genie



to be a charming young boy who was once human, but became imprisoned in the lamp. He must remain there until the day when someone comes to free him. His rescuer must summon him by his given name, Barani, and be a person who was once big, became small, again grew tall, and finally cast him into a fiery rock.

Parisa knows that it is she who must do these things. Thus she learns the secret password. With this information she returns and tells Sinbad. Sinbad is carried away by the Roc. Effecting an escape he returns to the place where he left Parisa, but she is gone. He summons the Genie who tells him Parisa is Sokurah's prisoner in his underground castle.

At the entrance to the cave Sinbad dis-

covers a snorting dragon. It is held by a giant collar of steel from which a chain leads to a wheel inside the castle. Sinbad locks the wheel, which holds the dragon tight against the rocks.

Sinbad locates the magician and Parisa and forces Sokurah to prepare the formula and restore Parisa to normal size. However, the way of escape is barred when the magician brings a skeleton to life and orders him to kill Sinbad. A desperate duel ensues and Sinbad is the victor.

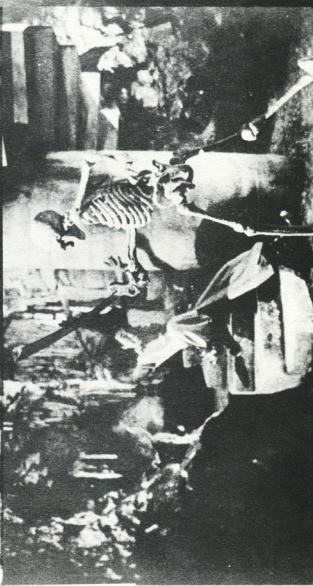
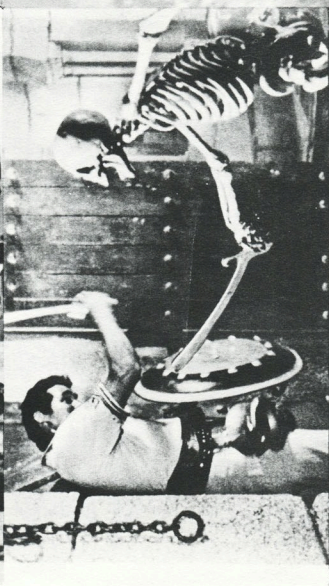
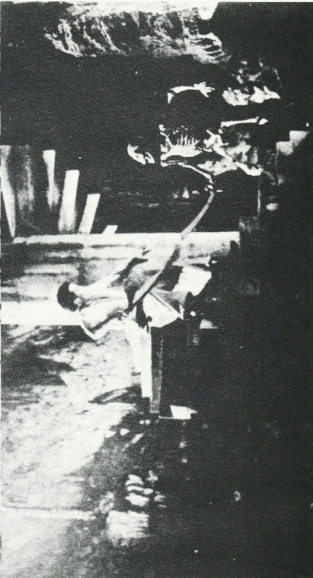
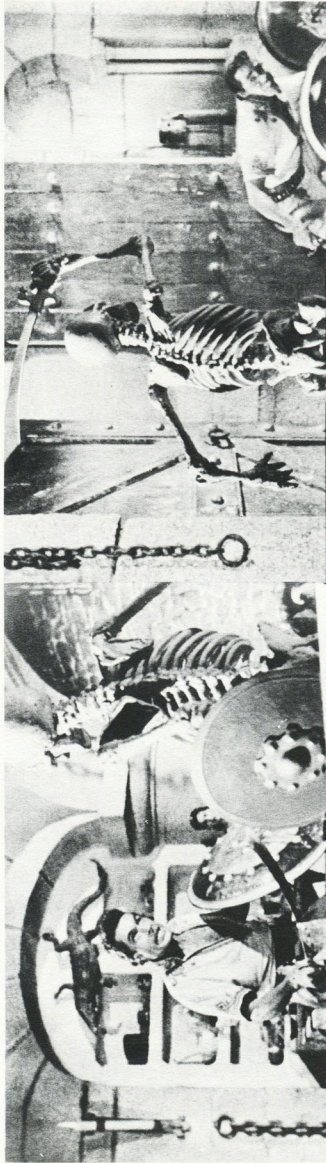
At the cave's entrance, they are met by another Cyclops. Sinbad releases the dragon, and the beast and the giant become locked in a death grip. Fiercely the pair battle while Sinbad and Parisa run towards the beach. Before they can reach

their objective, the dragon has slain the Cyclops. Sokurah takes command and sets the beast in pursuit of the lovers. They are saved when Sinbad mounts the huge crossbow, cuts the string and the arrow finds its deadly mark, taking the lives of the huge beast and the magician.

Later, aboard the ship, Parisa utters the Genie's name in expressing her fears that he may have been destroyed in the molten rock. At that moment the Genie, once again free, appears. He is forever liberated from the lamp and to show his gratitude, he has removed the precious cache of jewels and gold from the Cyclops' mountain retreat, placing it now before the astonished lovers.



ONE OF MOVIE HISTORY'S MOST THRILLING MOMENTS: THE BONE OF CONTENTION HAPPENS, TO BE THE EVIL SORAHAI'S RESUSCITATED SKELETON IN A TERRIFYING FIGHT TO THE FINISH WITH SINBAD FINALLY RETURNING OLD HAMBONE BACK TO LIMBO



AN ORSON KARTÉ PRODUCTION

THE RETURN OF THE SON OF THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN

WE ARE PROUD TO ANNOUNCE

JOURNAL of FRANKENSTEIN acquired the exclusive publishing rights of the script of the most significant event in the history of the cinema.

ANOTHER J.O.F. SCOOP

All other magazines have been outbid in the negotiations for the rights of this screen play.

Greater than G.W.T.W., T.R.O.T.S.O.T.B.O.F. is nearly as long as Quo Vadis on Ice; and seems even longer.

T.R.O.T.S.O.T.B.O.F. is due to be released early in the New Year, though it may escape before then. Watch for it at your local cinema but, in the meantime, read the story of the film on the following pages.

CERT. XXXXX

PRODUCED BY ORSON KARTÉ • DIRECTED BY HIRAM N. FIREM
SCREENPLAY BY J. E. HINDER

With additional dialogue by John Taylor III
By arrangement with Maurice Winnick



THE BRIDE—that she should live to see her son in a second feature, this was the vengeance torn from the heart of a mother's love.



THE GIRL AND THE BOY—so great their love its story had to wait for Cinemascope. On the BIG screen her vital statistics: 38 ft., 22 ft., 36 ft.



THE SON—only his sword could free the Roman Empire from the Communist threat; only he could save the Ancient Roman Way of Life.



THE UNDERWATER BALLET—see them sway to "ROCK AROUND THE DOCK"—and find a new road to the aisles.

HEAR THE SON OF FRANKIE SING— "SEE YOU LATER GLADIATOR" "I GOT THOSE OLD REDS' BLUES" "I'M LOOKIN FOR A NEVER-ROAMIN' ROMAN"

CREDITS.

FADE INTO MAP OF THE UNITED STATES WHICH CLOSES WITH CAMERA AS INTRODUCTORY VOICE RECITES:

VOICE: In the history of every nation is a man and a moment so colossal as to fashion a hinge of time in the country's greatness. Here, then, is the story of how Elmer Durtee staved off the blood bath of a nation. Here, now, is The Durtee Story:

MAP IS NOW CLOSE TO CAMERA WHICH FOCUSES FIRST ON PENNSYLVANIA AND FINALLY ON POCAHOOTAVILLE (PA.). CUT TO SKY ABOVE POCA. CAMERA DESCENDS TO ROOFTOPS, SELECTS SCHOOLHOUSE. CLOSES WITH ROOF. FADE TO INTERIOR OF SCHOOLHOUSE.

KITTY MACRAFFERTY IS TAKING HISTORY CLASS. SHE WEARS SWEATER, ONLY SIMPLE JEWELLERY AT THROAT, ON FINGERS, AT WRIST, AND ON SHOULDER. FROM THE STRESS OF OVERWORK HER LONG PAGE-BOY BLONDE HAIR HAS FALLEN PROVOCATIVELY OVER ONE SIDE OF HER ENORMOUS BUT STRANGELY SAD EYES. HER ACADEMIC ROLE IS FURTHER ESTABLISHED BY HORN-RIMMED GLASSES. THESE HAVE DIAMANTE BRIDGE.

KITTY: Then, children, after the defeat of Brutus at Phillipi the revolutionaries decided to quit . . . (PAUSE) . . . Homer Bolenciawicz! Just you bring that out here.

HOMER APPROACHES DESK. DEPOSITS OBJECT ON SAME. AN ALL AMERICAN TYPE KID, HE WEARS A JERSEY WITH LARGE LETTER P, A GLASS SPHERE OVER HIS FACE, AND A DAVY CROCKETT HAT.

KITTY: And what exactly is that, Homer?

HOMER: Aw, Gee, Miss Macrafferty it's a Zero-Plus Space gun.

KITTY: Well History class is no place for it. Save it for recess . . .

HOMER: Aw, Gee Willikins, Miss Macrafferty, I hate history. All them dead guys. They ain't real like Captain Marvo!

KITTY: Not real, Homer? Well just you go sit down--and, class, just you close up your books. I'm going to tell you a real true story of Roman times. Now . . . Democritus was just about as tough as gladiators come . . .

FADE SLOWLY INTO ANCIENT ROME, COMING DOWN FROM THE AIR UNTIL WE ARRIVE JUST OUTSIDE THE COLISEUM. TWO ROMAN BOYS ARE PLAYING ROMAN BASEBALL AGAINST A ROMAN ARCHWAY.

1st BOY: Foul ball Pompilius Sextus!

POMP: Foul ball nothin'. Foul's crazy. You're a dirty nogood, Democritus Minor, and so's your old man.

DEM. MI.: He's not either.

POMP: He is too. My pa says your old man's chicken. An' he's all washed up and Black Tarquin'll whip the daylight out of him in the Arena.

DEM: My Paw's the best darned gladiator in Rome. An' he'll wipe the Coliseum with that old Black Tarquin.

POMP: Yeah? One denarius'll get you two he don't.

DEM: You got yourself a bet, Pompilius.

POMP: I'll bet you don't even got a denarius. Everybody knows your Ma washes the senators' togas.

DEMCORITUS MINOR HURLS HIMSELF ON POMPILIUS. THEY FIGHT IN THE DUST. SUDDENLY A HAND REACHES OUT FROM OFF CAMERA AND GENTLY BUT FIRMLY SEPARATES THEM. A TALL, STATELY, BEARDED MAN WITH A STAFF PLACES AN ARM AROUND EACH BOY'S SHOULDERS.

MAN: Come, little friends, be friends. For why do you so unseemly brawl?

DEM: He said my father was all washed up. An' he said . . .

MAN: Why, are you not Democritus' little boy? He and I were classmates. He is a good man, if sometimes rash.

DEM: Yeah! An' he'll give that old Tarquin a rash. He'll knock the blood out of him. And he'll smash him.

MAN: Alas, that such things should be in this great city. Go thou both thy ways in peace, little friends. There is enough and to spare of fighting among your elders.

MAN GIVES EACH BOY A PIECE OF ROMAN CANDY. WALKS OFF WITH STAFF AND STATELY GAIT.

DEM: Gosh--thanks, sir. You're real sooper.

POMP: Who's that guy?

DEM: That was him folks call the Big Cobbler. They say he believes in being good and kind, and other strange things.

POMP: Yeah? Well--he made me feel . . . kinda . . . good.

DEM: Me too, Pompilius. Shake?

THEY SHAKE

(Continued on page 35)

All Manner of Fantasies

PATTERNS OF CINEMA

It is the first of two articles investigating the causes and effect of fantasy and horror films in both silent and sound periods. This survey deals with the European school—magicians, waxworks, and Gothic castles

By PETER JOHN DYER

HOWEVER extensive his knowledge or sharp his acumen, the genuine student of Cinema must never cease to approach it with a sense of wonder. Whether, like the French critic Ado Kyrou, he is a man who believes the cinema "has a gigantic and apocalyptic rendezvous with surrealism"; or whether he is just a stowaway in Flash Gordon's rocket-ship; whatever his tastes, addictions, fears, the cinema must be for him "le nouveau mythe de l'homme" (Kyrou).

In all countries, and at all times, fantasy has been the mirror of Man's fears; of his shortcomings and feelings of impotence in the face of nature's mystery. Fantasy, from the beginning, has had a peculiar success on the screen. It is the obvious medium. The theatre cannot communicate it, nor can television, and only radio—as Orson Welles once demonstrated—can rival the cinema as fantasy's agent. Following his radio production of *The War of the Worlds*, however, the cinema claimed Welles. It was inevitable; for, although sound alone can produce with immediacy a concentrated, nation-wide shiver of apprehension, the screen can reach further, deeper. It can suggest a whole universe of menace and strangeness, especially when it refuses to show things we feel certain must be there, lurking in the shadows, in the atmosphere.

Audiences have always had an instinctive belief in the truth of photographic image. Even today they are prepared to suspend their disbelief, so long as the miracles of photography have been assembled with sufficient skill and imagination. The basic tricks were discovered right away. The cinema was born of illusion. In 1882, Etienne Marey invented a photographic gun to record the flight of birds, and in 1888 he gave the illusion of movement in *La Marche de l'Homme*.

Stage Magician

That same year, a stage magician, Georges Méliès, began his career as proprietor and principal performer of the *Théâtre Robert-Houdin*, a popular temple of mystery and prestidigitation. In 1895 he went, thanks to the historic first film exhibition of the Brothers Lumière, in a Paris basement café. For Méliès, it was a new magic, the only magic.

Within two years he had filmed *The Vanishing Lady*, *The Haunted Castle*, *The Laboratory of Mephistopheles*, *Slave Trading in a Harem*, and his first literary adaptation—*Faust and Marguerite*—all in his garden at Montreuil. He designed a studio, and by 1900 had made 244 films, their average length being 65 feet, and the longest—*Arrest and Court Martial of Dreyfus*—715 feet. Méliès' aim was to mystify and astonish. His "magical, mystical and trick films" included *Black Arts*, *The Astronomer's Dream* or *The Man in the Moon*.

With *Cinderella*, told in twenty tableaux, Méliès created the virtual blueprint for his later works—a fairy-tale or historical subject strung together with magical transformations, panoramas, dissolving effects, ballets, spectacular *mise en scène*, and comic interludes,



DRAGON'S BLOOD: Having slain the dragon, Siegfried (Paul Richter) bathes in its blood, unaware of a fatal lead clasp in his shoulder. A scene from Fritz Lang's *Die Nibelungen* (1924).

Photo: National Film Archive

the whole occasionally toughened by reconstructions of battle, catastrophe and sudden death.

Commercially, Méliès experienced the peak of his success between 1900 and 1908, with *Juan of Arc*, *A Trip to the Moon* (16 minutes), *The Kingdom of the Fairies*, *An Impossible Voyage*, *The Palace of the Arabian Nights* and *The Merry Frolics of Satan*. Thereafter, his career declined. He was outclassed by the big new companies (Pathé, Gaumont, Edison, Nordisk and Cines), and above all by the new techniques of rapidly progressing directors like Zecca, Ambrosio, Porter and Griffith.

His last masterpiece, *The Conquest of the Pole* (1912), was not a success, even though it contained some of the happiest features of Méliès' work. In this characteristic film, Professor Mabouloff and his colleagues encountered the Snow Giant, an enormous, icicle-haired monster which appeared from its lair beneath the North Pole. Seizing one of the explorers, it attempted to devour him. Bombardment compelled the monster to drop its prey and sink frustrated beneath a glacier.

During his sixteen-year career, Méliès provided filmgoers with countless themes and characters destined to become perennial favourites—Faust, Cagliostro, Gulliver, Bluebeard, Robinson Crusoe and even Hamlet. The Snow Giant, too, was the first Abominable Snowman, the original film-ancestor of the one-eyed Polyphemus in *Ulysses*; and of Dutch Michael, the inimical wood-demon in East Germany's *The Cold Heart* (1950).

Méliès remains the cinema's only true magician. He has had, in the past fifty years, few rivals. The most handsome was undoubtedly Conrad Veidt's wizard in Korda's

The Thief of Baghdad (1941); the most misapplied Rex Ingram's giant genie in the same film, forced to waste his efforts on spiriting up fired sausages for Sabu. Dante, the Magician, put in an appearance for Fox's *A Haunting We Will Go*. Orson Welles saved Dietrich in half in Universal's *Follow the Boys*, and played Cagliostro in that feeble magic-less effort, *Black Magic*. Today, the cinema's magicians are nuns on desert islands, boxing and crooning priests, and cops in love with juvenile delinquents. Even the great Houdini, star of Paramount's *Terror Island* (1920), and other films, suffered an ignominious reincarnation in the person of Tony Curtis.

The end of the Méliès story is sad, in view of his incalculable service to the cinema. He was the only one of the pioneer producers not to make a fortune, and, in 1928, after several years of obscurity, a journalist discovered him selling toys and candy in a little kiosk at the Gare Montparnasse. He was given a banquet, publicised, and made a Chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur in 1931. Two years later he was sent to the French Film Industry's Home for the Destitute and Aged, at Orly, where he died, still thinking of a come-back, in 1938.

Edwin S. Porter made a Méliès-type film for the Edison Company in 1906, called *The Dream of a Ravenna Fiend*. This was an extremely clever comedy—made more fluent and rhythmic than Méliès' films by Porter's



VAMPIRE: In 1922, F. W. Murnau directed an early adaptation of Bram Stoker's *Dracula*, calling it *Nosferatu, A Symphony of Terror*. Here the vampire (Max Scherzer) glides over the deck of his ghost ship.

Photo: National Film Archives

superior knowledge of editing—which presented its hero's nightmare by means of a large number of tricks and devices: stop-motion photography, double exposure, painted backgrounds, masking, dissolves and miniatures. It took nine days to make, cost 350 dollars, was re-issued seven times, and made 30,000 dollars.

Fantasy became one of the most successful and imaginative branches of production, with the Germans taking undoubted precedence in the early twenties. Their pre-eminence is not surprising, in view of Germany's characteristic pre-occupation with myth, mysticism and the macabre.

By the end of the War, Germany had only two important production companies: Decla-Bioskop and UFA. The German market was still dominated by Denmark's Nordisk Company. During that archaic, pre-1918 period, seven German films were produced that fully signified the path German Cinema (and German history?) was to follow.

Split Personality

The first was *Der Andere* (*The Other*, 1912), directed by Max Mack. This was a Jekyll-and-Hyde story of a Berlin lawyer, Dr. Hallers (Albert Basserman's first film role), who smiles sceptically at the notion of split personality. Falling from his horse, he becomes victim to a growing compulsion to sleep, when he emerges as "the other." "The other" joins a burglar in an attempt to break into Hallers' own flat. The police arrest the burglar, his accomplice falls asleep, and awakes as Dr. Hallers. There is a happy ending. Although Hallers collapses on being identified as the burglar's partner, he eventually recovers and marries.

This revealing film would seem to intimate that the average German can easily fall prey to mental aberration, become an outcast, do wrong, but having the irrepressible hardihood of the respectable middle-class, he can cure himself and regain his place in society. It is worth mentioning that this story was re-told as a talkie (*Dr. Hallers*, starring Frita Kortner) by Robert Wiene, in 1930.

The Student of Prague (1913), produced by and starring Paul Wegener, introduced a darker theme of duality and horror that was to obsess the German cinema for 25 years.

SOUL FIGHT: Emil Jannings as Mephistopheles, and Gosta Ekman as the aged Faust, in F. W. Murnau's UFA production *Faust* (1926).

Photo: National Film Archive

Paul Wegener, referred to in a book by his colleague, Max Mack, as "a Reinhardt actor whose Mongolian face told of the strange visions that haunted him," was as enthralled by Cinema as Méliès; but, unlike the amiable Frenchman, his dreams were sinister and demonic. Having no experience in films, Wegener engaged a Danish director, Stellan Rye; and himself collaborated on the script with Hanns Heinz Ewers, a dubious sensationist later to write Hitler's official screenplay on Horst Wessel.

Borrowing from Edgar Allan Poe, Hoffmann, and the Faust legend, Ewers and Wegener told the story of a poor student, Baldwin, who signs a contract with a sorcerer, Scapinelli. In return for Baldwin's mirror reflection, Scapinelli promises the youth endless wealth, and the love of a beautiful countess. In time the sorcerer lures the reflection from the mirror, and sends this phantom out to rival, harm and ruin its living double. When the desperate student finally shoots at his reflection, it is himself that falls and dies amid the shattered glass, as Scapinelli covers the corpse with the fragments of the torn contract. This film was re-made twice. Possibly its



theme appealed to a duality the Germans were conscious of in themselves at the time. A simpler and less debatable consideration is that the story was undeniably gripping and thoroughly cinematic. The 1926 version, directed by Henrik Galeen, possessed a wild, dark beauty, an intensely dramatic spaciousness and drive, and a strong emotional effect in its subtle, half-moon lighting and formal pictorial composition. While Werner Krauss was a shade too theatrical as Scapinelli, Conrad Veidt gave one of his greatest performances in the title role. The sound version was made by Arthur Robison in 1936, and starred Adolph Wohlbrück, better known today as Anton Walbrook. Although a more mannered, self-indulgent actor than Veidt, and given at times to rodomontade, Walbrook, nevertheless, gave an electrifying performance: a *tour de force* he never again quite equalled.

Another admirable legend, *The Golem*, has been filmed five times. The first German version, made in 1914, was again produced and acted by Paul Wegener, with Henrik Galeen as writer, director and (in a small part) actor. The story is a mediaeval Jewish one, in which Rabbi Loew of Prague makes a clay statue, the Golem, and brings it to life by placing a magic sign on its heart. Centuries later, the statue is excavated by workmen and taken to an antique shop, where the miracle occurs. By following directions in the Rabbi's ancient cabalistic volume, the Jewish antiquary turns the Golem into a robot servant. When the Golem falls in love with his master's daughter, thus changing into a human creature with a soul, and when the frightened girl flees from him, he is roused to bitter fury. Raging and destroying everything in his path, he finally falls from a tower, his corpse a shattered mass of clay.

The second version, made in 1920 by Wegener himself, enlarged the story, while keeping it in the fifteenth century throughout, and was notable for its dream-like settings. It had a remarkably well-headed sequence, which Rabbi Loew conjures up a procession of demons and spirits, including Ahasuerus, who starts to destroy the Hapsburg Emperor's palace.

First Robot

While *The Other* and *The Student of Prague* were forerunners of the split and multiple personality stories, and *The Golem* was the cinema's first robot, *Homunculus* and *A Night of Horror* were forerunners of *Frankenstein* and *Dracula* respectively.

In *Homunculus* (1916), directed by Otto Ripper and starring Denmark's popular Olaf Fons, a famous scientist generates in a retort an artificial man of powerful intellect and will. No sooner does this creature, Homunculus, learn the secret of his being, than—like the Golem—he degenerates from a lonely outcast to a destructive monster. Obsessed by hatred, he becomes dictator of a foreign land, inciting riots, bloodshed and, finally, world war . . . until a thunderbolt destroys him. In many respects his career foreshadows Hitler with remarkable accuracy.

A Night of Horror (1916), was spent among the "grey people" of superstition, and marked the début of the director, Arthur Robison, and his two stars, Werner Krauss and Emil Jannings.

Paul Wegener was the guiding spirit of this exciting, formative period. A stage actor, from 1906 to 1912, as celebrated in France as he was in Germany, he must have been familiar with Méliès' films, and stirred above all by the possibilities explored in one of the last—*Les Hallucinations du Baron de Münchhausen* (1911). It was not until 1942 that the Germans made a film of the Baron's adventures, when the trick-work seemed largely mechanical. Long before then, however, after

producing *The Student of Prague* and *The Golem*, Wegener was declaring at a 1916 Berlin film conference: "the camera is the only real poet of the cinema"—thereby predefining Cocteau's creed, "*J'use de la caméra comme du porte plume*," by thirty years.

Wegener's aim was to bring to the German screen all the fantasy of a bewitched, Hoffmannesque world, more menacing than anything dreamed up by Méliès. Also, where the Frenchman's territory was largely pure fantasy, Wegener's was to be real in background (as in the modern sequences of the 1914 *Golem*), so that the unreal could detach itself from this background, and take on a malicious, wily existence of its own.

Two films of Wegener's, made in 1916, blended this willful element of fantasy with a puzzled, frightened element of normality. In *Rübezahl's Marriage*, a Count, his family and his guests, picnic on land belonging to the phantom Giant of the Silesian Mountains. Crouched menacingly on a peak, watching these mortal trespassers, the phantom unlooses rain and tempest upon them. Eventually becoming the Count's steward, the phantom continues to play tricks on the guests, such as bringing a fish to the dining-table.

Camera Magic

In *Yogi*, Wegener used camera-magic, later to become familiar in *The Invisible Man*, such as footsteps made by some unseen being appearing in the sand, and drops of blood falling through the air from an invisible wound.

These seven films, from *The Other* to *Yogi*, enjoyed great success. Not only did they help to kill competition from the Danish film; they looked forward to the masterpieces Germany was yet to produce. Few of these, however, followed the path Wegener had taken, and those of two directors—Ernst Lubitsch and Robert Wiene—not at all.

Ernst Lubitsch, Germany's outstanding screen comedian, had starred in (or directed, and sometimes both) eighteen films since his debut in 1913, at the age of 21. Prevailed upon to abandon comedy for exotic spectacles made as vehicles for the Polish actress, Apolonia Chalupetz (Pola Negri), Lubitsch obliged with *The Eyes of the Mummy* (1918).

In this film an Egyptian religious fanatic, Radu (Jannings), leaves his Pyramid tomb to pursue Miss Negri half-way round the world. Attempting to drive her insane by popping up every so often as an apparition, then "vanishing," Radu finally frightens her to death, stabs himself, and the hero (Harry Liedtke) rushes out into the night yelling, "Too late!" *Carmen* and *Madame du Barry* (both 1919) made Lubitsch, Pola Negri and Harry Liedtke famous. These successes were followed by a



ROBOT: In his second version of *The Golem* (1920), Paul Wegener (seen here with Ernst Deutsch) quotes the clay statue brought to life by means of the magic sign placed over his heart.

Photo: National Film Archive

delicately suggestive and amusing light fantasy featuring Oss Oswald as *The Doll*, brought to life amid impressionistic sets made of paper. *Samurun* (1920) was an Arabian Nights tale with Pola Negri, Lubitsch, Wegener, Liedtke, Jenny Hasselqvist and Aud Egede Nissen. Although a tragic, heavy chronicle of love and corpses played out in bizarre settings, there were several characteristic comedy touches.

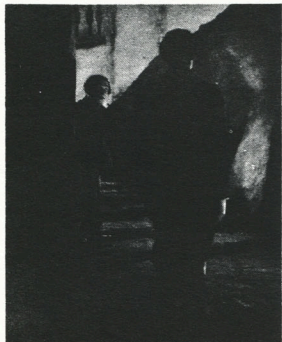
In *The Loves of Pharaoh* (1922) all the usual ingredients reappeared: a cruel and unloved tyrant (Jannings as Pharaoh Amenes), striking crowd scenes and sets, and oriental intrigue on an epic scale, ending in the lovers' death by stoning and the tyrant's death from "inner exhaustion." Lubitsch's fantasy, such as it was, stemmed generally from stylisation, unreality, insinuating whimsy, suggested horror and a sexual application of Germany's favoured "tyrant" theme. There was also a strong reliance on unusual sets.

In *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (1919), the settings were far more startling, innovative and of supreme importance: they, and the equally distorted theme, were destined to give the German cinema its identity and reputation for many years to come. Written by Carl

Mayer and Hans Janowitz, produced by Erich Pommer, and directed by Dr. Robert Wiene (whose father had gone insane towards the end of his life), *Caligari* was the strange tale of a young man, Francis, who sees sinister portents in everything and everyone around him. As Francis sits on a park bench with an old man, a wild-eyed girl (Jane) walks past like an apparition. Explaining that she is his fiancée, Francis tells their terrible story in flash-back.

Caligari's Influence

In a fairground in their home town of Holstenwall, a weird, bespectacled old man in top hat, long white hair and black, flowing, phantom-like robes, advertises a side-show featuring a somnambulist, Cesare. The malevolent-looking stranger is Dr. Caligari. A reign of terror sweeps through the town. Murders are committed. Alan, Francis's student friend, visits the fair, where he is told by Cesare, in a trance, that he has only until dawn to live. Alan is stabbed to death that night. Convinced that Cesare, under Caligari's hypnotic influence, is the murderer, Francis spies on Caligari's caravan. He is persuaded that the black, stiff lummy lying in a coffin is Cesare. Meanwhile, the real Cesare, still in a trance, has broken into Jane's



OTHER SELF: Henrik Galeen's *The Student of Prague* (1926), interpreted Baldwin's fight with his phantasmal double as a fight with his inner self. Conrad Veidt played Baldwin. Left.

Photo: National Film Archive



TYRANT: Emil Jannings played Pharaoh Amenes, a callous tyrant infatuated with a Greek slave, in Ernst Lubitsch's *The Loves of Pharaoh* (1922). Right.

Photo: National Film Archive

PATTERNS OF CINEMA

bedroom, and carried her off over the rooftops.

Caligari escapes from his pursuers to seek refuge in a lunatic asylum, where Francis follows. Calling on the director of the asylum, Francis recoils in horror on discovering that the director is none other than Caligari. After many such incidents, which occur in a growing atmosphere of hallucination, the audience finds that everyone in the story is insane—innates of Caligari's asylum, where Francis himself is a raving lunatic.

This black, powerful, unique film was conceived by painters, Walther Reimann and Hermann Warm, and an architect, Walther Rohrig, in an extreme style of expressionism, amounting to Dadaism. The crudely painted, violent and twisted settings, the nightmarish story, and the stylized acting of Veidt (Cesare), Krauss (Caligari) and Lil Dagover (Lene), all harmonized into a distorted world of fear, horror and deception. This world was a cinematic cul-de-sac contained in one film; for the camera had contributed nothing to the fantasy of the proceedings beyond adding to the effect.

Only Veidt attempted to follow his own lead, by filming Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* (Kaskolnikoff, 1919) as a classic, Balzacque nightmare, and likewise *Genius* (1920)—the story of an old man in love with the picture of a sanguinary, Oriental princess, who escapes from her glass cage to destroy him and all other men. For the next eighteen years, until he died in Paris in 1938, Veidt's career was without interest, apart from Veidt's performance of some imaginative lighting in that popular horror story, *The Hands of Orlac* (1924).

There is one striking sequence in *Caligari* where, in the cramped garden, magic and commanding words loom in the sky around the mad Doctor like flashes of lightning. "In the grip of hallucinations, experience the caption. Nearly thirty years later, in East Germany's Wozzeck, we still find the protagonist hounded by foreboding, violence and hallucinations, and an inescapable angst penetrating dozens of such German films projected into abstract expressionism, into a dark brooding of stylistic gesture in which there is no true perception—only masochistic visions of fatality.

This depressed exasperation of defeat, following the 1914-18 War, is apparent in much of Fritz Lang's early work. Born in 1890, in Vienna, trained as an architect and artist, Lang found himself ill and discouraged, lying in a hospital bed towards the end of the War. The film scripts he wrote during his convalescence were used and directed by Joe May—detective thrillers, period pieces and romantic stories using Death as a personified character. Lang even acted in them, his roles (not surprisingly) being Death and a young dispatcher. The myth was under way.

Destroyed by Love
By 1919 he was directed by his own films, tales of *femmes fatales* and men destroyed by love, such as *The Half-Caste* and *The Master of Love*. He wrote and directed a serial, *The Spiders*, about an organization of super-criminals bent on world domination through the fabulous buried wealth of the Incas. The fatality of love became *Tombe's* favourite theme, to be found in *Dr. Mabius*, *The Spy and*, to a degree, in *The Big Heat*.

Fritz Lang was Fommery's original choice for the direction of *Caligari*, but his work on *The Spiders* prevented him undertaking the assignment. Meanwhile, Carl Mayer (and later Paul Wegener) was chosen to direct, and they collaborated, for the first of many times, on the script of Germany's most fantastic serial, *The Hunchback of Tombe*, which again brought the theme of death to the screen, was a twenty-million-mark spectacular pageant, directed by Joe May, and with an all-star cast, made up of Conrad Veidt, Mia May, Oskar Rösler, Fritz Kampner, Erna Morena, Bernhard Goetzke and Paul Richter.

Lang's first masterpiece, *Destiny*, came in 1921. Remarkable for its imagery and slow, uncanny mysticism, *Destiny* tells of a young girl (Lil Dagover) who seeks out

Death (played by Goetzke with gaunt dignity and stature) to plead for the return of her lover. Death shows her three lighted candles, each representing a life span. She lives these three lives—in ancient Baghdad, Venice and China—but each time fails to save her lover from death.

Caribanks bought this film in order to use many of Lang's trick effects in his *Theft of Baghdad*. Lang, meanwhile, made *Dr. Mabius*, a fascinating melodrama about counterfeiting and hypnosis, and then turned to the old Tunesic and Norse sagas for *Die Nibelungen* (1923-4).

This massive fresco, in two parts (*Siegfried and Kriemhild's Revenge*, originally presented on consecutive evenings), recreated legend on the plane of Manichaeanism, whereby mankind's struggle between good and evil was reflected in the establishment of a racial group, or nation, by a Hero of superhuman attainments.

Blonde, semi-naked goddess (Lil Dagover) (Paul Richter) says the dragon, outwits the dwarf-king Alberic, then—armed by Alberic's cloak of invisibility—conquers Brunhild and marries Kriemhild in Burgundy. Even Siegfried, however, is shown as a deliberately small figure, a more necessary placed against vast buildings, bridges and landscapes. Even Siegfried is doomed, a vassal of inexorable fate. Though apparently protected by having bathed in dragon's blood, Siegfried cannot prevent the dying monster's thrashing tail from sending an ominous lead down on to his bare shoulder; and it is this one vulnerable spot which is pierced by the spear of Fate's agent, Hagen. Kriemhild now plots her revenge, and kills Siegfried's death. She marries Attila (Rudolf Klein-Rogge), and a terrible mass slaughter ensues when she incites the Huns to attack her family; in the final orgy of destruction Kriemhild slays her brother Gunther, and then Hagen, before dying herself. Attila, with her corpse in his arms, buries himself in the burning hall.

Folk-Lore Cinema

Though both parts of *Die Nibelungen* are essential to each other, *Siegfried*, in particular, marks the apogee of folk-lore cinema. This Fate-obsessed story of spell-binding beauty and delicate, the design symmetrical, and the magic a series of clever devices, rocky plains and fortresses, and its little brick-forest spring where Siegfried drinks and dies—unfolds its magic and its dreams with a deliberate, solid, architectural slowness that is very rarely lethargic. To watch *Siegfried* is to find oneself in a temple of illusion, of shadows, or archaic figures, and of a dream world. Silence provides the noble, authentic air of mystery that sound and dialogue would inevitably destroy.

After *Siegfried*, the fairy-tale, the ballad and the legend continued to thrive on elements of supernaturalism; but their misty, misty sheaves of flame were cinematic devices, in the Wegener tradition, rejecting more and more the theatrical concepts of *Caligari*. A striking example is Ludwig Berger's charming *Cinderella* (1923), in which the fantasy is unusually subtle and delicate, the design symmetrical, and the magic a series of clever devices.

Fritz Wendhausen's ballad, *The Stone Rider* (1923), was the best of those expressionist films which "a heavenly miracle intervened in favour of true love." His *Out of the Mist* (1927) was a haunting romance of a handsome young man returning to his native mountain village. Here the mist-laden fantasy was that of nature and the cult of the soil, to which logic and reason were banished.

Darker in theme were H. Kober's *Torgus*, *The Coffin Maker* (an Arthur on Gerlach's *Chronicle of the Griensau*) and *The Warning Signs* of two forgotten lovers (Lil Dagover and Paul Hartmann) rescuing their abandoned children.

However much these films close to reject Caligari, they still cling frequently to Dr. Caligari himself. The tyrannical, deathly, and sinister enough for *Waxworks* (Ivan the Terrible), or whether some fictional necrophagous lord (Count Orlock), appeared again and again in the cinema.

was married with death.

A good example is the Homunculus-like character of the Governor in von Gerlach's *Vanina* (1922), written by Carl Mayer, and starring Asta Nielsen, Paul Wegener and Paul Hartmann. In *Vanina* is the Governor of a crippled railway governor who ruthlessly crushes a revolt and imprisons its leader, Octavio, who is in love with Vanina. After playing a cat-and-mouse game with the lovers, the governor has Octavio dragged to the gallows where, insane with laughter, he orders Octavio's death. Vanina, by her love side, drops a bomb on the screen. Béla Balázs referred to this well-made, fluid film as "a mysterious and unhappy aspect of doom. This impression is strongest in the scene where the lovers attempt to escape from the dungeon, in slow motion, through an unintermittent series of corridors."

Perhaps the most fiendish madman of them all was Ivan the Terrible in Paul Leni's sixth film, *Waxworks* (1924), the showman reveals his three tyrants to a starved young poet (William Dieterle). To make money, the poet conceals three stories about these wax figures and their sinister lives. The first, and insignificant burlesque, has Jannings as a voluptuous Haroun-al-Raschid. The third, a surrealist phantasmagoria, shows Jack the Ripper (Werner Krauss) relentlessly pursuing the poet and the showman's daughter in a nightmare. It is the central episode, set in a rich, sombre, strangely crushed and flattened Kremlin, that haunts one's memory.

Here Czsa (and Manfred Weidt), a monster of insatiable lusts and ingenious cruelty, draped, demonic, heavily dressed in silk, visits his tortured chamber to gloat over his victims. A young girl, who has just returned from a wedding party, murders the bridegroom and seizes the bride. His hypnotic practical conjuring of placing an hour-glass before his portrait victims so that they know the precise moment of their death—finally recoils upon his own head. The girl, who has been told by the monster, believes he too has been poisoned. Coming upon a sandglass labelled "Ivan," he loses his reason, turning the hourglass incessantly for the rest of his life.

Monsters of Literature

To be recorded last, but by no means least, is the sincere, intriguing, and unique output of W. Murnau, director of *Last Laugh* and *Der argeifische*. Like Fritz Lang, Murnau found his monsters in literature, and not in life. He made *Der argeifische* from the novel of Dreier-like film, influenced by *Intolerance*, and featuring Veidt as Satan. The following year Murnau directed *Das Phantom*, which was a horror picture, featuring Paul Hartmann and Olga Tschschowa, and influenced by the Swedish school.

In 1922 Murnau turned to Bram Stoker's *Dracula* for *Nosferatu*, a *Symphony of Terror*. Scripted by Henrik Galeen, this film made some departure from the book. The vampire himself, as played by Max Schreck, was an atrocious cadaverous figure with claws, pointed ears and staring eyes, but his mood was that of a creature of pathos, and centred on a chubby young lawyer's clerk. This Dracula (here called Count Orlock) gradually emerges as the incarnation of passion; wherever he travels, rats swarm out and people die. The girl in the story, Nina, the clerk's wife, embodies the supernatural power, as it floats upon the phosphorescent sea. From the vampire, she welcomes him into her room, a miracle occurs, and she transmutes the vampire, who dissolves into thin air.

Intermittently ridiculous (as in the device of speeded-up action to demonstrate the vampire's supernatural strength) and crudely acted, this film still retains a few sequences of genuine mystery. The woods around the castle, the rats, the cat, and the sea were magnificent. Mist, wolves, eerie birds and frightened horses. In long-shot they are shown in negative (as in Cocteau's *Le sang*) as a series of phantasmagoria against a black sky. Later there a genuine feature film, *The Blood of the Count of Orlock* gliding obliquely over the deck of his speeder ship, as it floats upon the phosphorescent sea. Murnau's last German film, *Faust* (1926), brings us back full circle to the magic of Méliès and Wegener. This production has rotting, and a set of very illusory architecture, superb photography throughout by Karl Freund, and in its pictorial beauty (styled upon the art of Dürer and Rembrandt) it almost equals any of the famous sequence where Mephisto (Jannings) and the rejuvenated Faust (Gösta Ekman) fly through the air, the camera mounted on a sort of rocket, which appeared to be journeying over miles of miniature cities and landscapes.

F. W. Murnau went to America (and later the South Seas) to make four more films, including *Sherlock*, and *The Man from Hell*. He was also invited to come to Santa Barbara, California, Sily, sensitive and tragically lonely, Murnau was one of the great masters of the cinema; only eleven people went to his funeral.

Subject Matter: JOHN ZACHERLEY

WABC-TV NEWS

CHANNEL 7 "THE FLAGSHIP STATION"



A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

"MASTER GHOUL ZACHERLEY TO CHILL SHOCK THEATER FANS ON NEW YORK'S WABC-TV MONDAYS & FRIDAYS, STARTING SEPTEMBER 22, 1958."

So uttered were those immortal words when an otherwise gentle, kindly looking chap from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., named John Zacherley, esq., transmigrated to metropolitan New York's more urban, often biased and pseudo-sophisticated clime. Flapping in on leathery wings of fame from the City of Brotherly Love to the Mecca of Subways and Shove, Zacherley (pronounced Zack-urr-lee, sort of as in "Drac' Early!") was already very well entrenched as Horror's Hero of the Night to a vast part of the Quaker State, southern Jersey and Delaware, with a loyal Zacherley Club as far as Rhode Island.

Several weeks after his New York debut on TV screens serving an area of more than fifteen million, all doubts about

his transplanted popularity were quickly dispelled. The name of Zacherley (now spelled with a "y" for special "Yell" and "Yowl" effect) caught on as an immediate sensation! Never since the hey-day of Karloff, Lugosi or bonny Peter Lorre has a name become so synonymous with the macabre and the unusual. Rarely since Halloween was first devised, probably by some medieval Madison Ave. prototype, have young and old delighted so enthusiastically to the antics of a man. Dressed as a Victorian undertaker sporting decorations and medals of Honor from the Government of Transylvania, Zacherley goes twice weekly through the paces of one of the most original, bizarre one-man acts in "show biz" history.



A HAUNTING WE WILL GO



QUAFFED THE RAVEN, "NEVERMORE!"

PORTRAIT OF THE
ARTIST AS A
NON-GHOUL



Off the air without make-up and costume, John Zacherle would be nearly impossible to recognize. Looking more like a conservative Princeton professor of one of the "lively arts," rather than an extrovert TV monster, he radiates a kind of intellectual understanding, a form of relaxed self confidence that is unfortunately extremely rare in the entertainment industry.

Prior to his Manhattan visitation, success had already preceded him. In Philadelphia where he blossomed forth, and in the several months it took audiences there to accept their midnight maestro of madcap monsterrors, Zacherle's name was beginning to arouse the profound curiosity, and extreme interest, of the national press and magazine field.

However, Monsters of Ceremony are far from unique to radio or Terror Vision. Network radio back in the Thirties and Forties had its toothless hag represented by Miriam Wolfe in the old "The Witch's Tales;" Raymond Edward Johnson was Your Host on "Inner Sanctum;" Maurice Tarplin was the "Mysterious Traveler;" and on TV in the early Fifties fright-fans were familiar with John Gallup's eerie countenance on the popular "Lights Out!" There was also the Charles Adams-like Vampiria who, for years, was a by-word to West Coast watchers. Weird folks have increased by a score or more, entertaining or even enervating macabre fans since late show horror movies began spiralling in popularity on TV two seasons ago.

Unquestionably Zacherle has much of that extra "something," the kind of savoir-faire that spells out the big difference between renown or total insignificance.

Penn-state born, the tall 40-year-old bachelor, hardly looking even 32 (despite the accompanying photo that really doesn't do full justice), spent his formative years in Philadelphia's Germantown section. After haunting the corridors and passageways of Germantown High School for a spell, he eventually slithered on to the University of Penna. where, in 1940, he got a B.A. in English literature. A member of the University's R.O.T.C. (which does not necessarily stand for *Rasputins Of The Campus*) he entered the Army at the start of World War II. Later he saw action in England, Italy and North Africa as a captain in the Quartermaster Corps, herewith *not* to be referred to as the "Quartered Master's Corpse" despite obvious connotations. In the Army Reserves after the war he rose to the rank of Major. Following years of meritorious Army service, he began pursuing his warmest interest and ambition: the theatre. Eventually he became involved in much activity around Philadelphia as an actor and radio announcer. Augmenting this were several summers with stock companies, and membership in the Stagecrafters, a sort of Gate Theatre or Abbey Players group active in Chestnut Hill, Penna.

But his first really important break came when he manifested himself as a frontier town undertaker in a daily featured part over "Action in the Afternoon," a live TV serial emanating out of Philadelphia, perhaps also famous as the first "regular adult" Western program. This was the unpredictable yet most important milestone in his career. For it turned out that a friend who, remembering Zacherle's old undertaker's role, broached the idea to Shock's producers to look into this man's sharp talents.

Other interesting things have meanwhile followed in Zacherley's climb to fame. A recording he made called *Dinner With Grace* sold over the million mark. In the usually staid and generally conservative *Saturday Evening Post*, an article entitled "Midnight Madness" last August centered around his life and activities. Around Philadelphia, of course, his popularity seemed limitless when all he did one night was mention hair in jest over the air. "Seems that my wife, confound her, needs a new pillow . . . If each one of you fans out there could send in three hairs we could probably do something about getting some confounded stuffing." The result was simply fabulous. 23,000 viewers wrote in, and in the envelopes was found . . . human hair! When the station announced that it was having Open House Day for Shock Theatre fans, they only expected 1,500, maybe 2,000 to show up. Instead the turnout was over 14,000 monster lovers causing traffic jams for miles. And at different Philly football fields banners and huge streamers would be seen heralding Zacherley (then known as "Roland"), the man who gained in fame to become horror's Milton Berle. Members of over 800 of his fan clubs, in and outside of Philly, would be found strolling the streets with swarms wearing lapel buttons with his name, proving that not only was the macabre here to stay more definitely than ever . . . it proved also to be one of the finest tributes any man's received in the world of entertainment.

Since his arrival upon the New York scene, even his Philadelphia popularity seems to pale by comparison if the weekly tonnage of Zacherley's fan mail means anything. Also people of all ages and professions follow avidly his twice weekly appearances. Audiences have been regular around New York now for months with all kinds of surprise offerings. One evening it might be the entire libretto from his "new opera," *Il Draculare*; or a lesson in Transylvanian terminology for inexperienced tourists, with such useful phrases as "The skull of my aunt is on the table." Another time he has ably demonstrated how a brain operation can be performed, provided a sharp machete was available. Then there is his own original recipe on making spider soup, understandably the most unusual item to appear on menus since canned rattlesnake or bird-droppings soup. There was also the hilarious time when he had a birthday party for his "wife," a strange creature who was regarded as a weird grunting and squealing from a weird coffin in which, incidentally, Zacherley joins her. At her party such delightful Transylvanian games were introduced for the first time as: "Pop The Werewolf," and the unforgettable "Pin the Fang on the Vampire." Most recently he has sent off in a guided missile into space his constant aide, Gasport, well known to Shock followers as a little monster living inside a potato sack who does much anguished crying and sobbing.

The *piece de resistance* of his entire repertoire is considered by many to be those quaint and unexpected moments when he emerges during the actual showing of a movie, as if he were a member of the cast. Because of the general mediocrity and even terrible quality of a percentage of these Shock film packages, Zacherley's attempts to jazz up the literal horrors is a form of an "insurance policy" on the show's future life. This is all done live, of course—a camera picks up Zacherley's act, and a flick of the button cuts in directly while the film is playing. This iconoclasm prevails, of course, even into the better items in Shock's package. In one interval he will suddenly intrude in a Wolfman or Frankenstein sequence as a Tyrolean fiddler or peasant, or in a Gypsy camp setting. At some other time while a doctor peers through a microscope to analyze a blood sample, Zacherley may break up the part where, normally, living cells and corpuscles would be found, and slips in instead a slide with a picture of hideous bugs. In the Mummy series, during some sinister Egyptian scene, his face peeps out behind a beaded curtain while wearing a fez. But when the time comes for the police to examine an unidentified body stretched out in the morgue, whose face is it that's found gaping and staring eerily from the cold slab once the sheet is lifted? You guessed it—the man who has lately been dubbed "The Boy-Karlhoff of Comedy."

Though purists of the macabre might flinch, even rave at the mere thought of such mad intrusions, the sad fact is that of Shock Theatre's bundle of 52 items, only about 33%

manage to hold up at all.

The "lower 66%" are not poor because they are badly scripted and directed "horror" films—actually many are not fantasy or "horror" even under the loosest definition. The majority of the "lower 66%" range from low-grade detective thrillers to murder-in-the-mansion pot boilers; and worse yet is the "fake" creepy film: the poorly written and directed bit of nothing where a black mustachioed sly looking Douglas Dumbrille type, playing the part of the family lawyer, turns out to be the one behind all those "horrible" killings in the chateau . . . "It never was the Cat of the Cantervilles after all," said Sir Henry Baskerbone, touching the scar on his calf and remembering his Bengal Lancer campaigns. "Not that there is anything necessarily wrong with the traditional type of mystery that reeks with "atmosphere," but it's quite another thing when such a story looks as if it were turned out by a hydrocephalic, and directed by someone showing all the characteristics of mongolism.

Certainly it can't be the hopeless conditions of masses of mostly queer celluloid that can offer tremendous competition to important network acts as NBC's Jack Parr or CBS' Late Show. As far as Shock Theatre fans care, Mary W. Shelley just as easily might have entitled her book "Zacherley—?", instead of, "Frankenstein—The Modern Prometheus." For, as the god-like Titan Prometheus breathed life upon clay and created man so does Zacherley, in his own way, not only gives life to stuff that's pretty dead, he offers TV audiences rich comedy entertainment of a quality and caliber that is as unique as it is refreshing.

people of interest...

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"The Little Island": tracing and painting the 'monsters'.

Animation and The Little Island

by RICHARD WILLIAMS

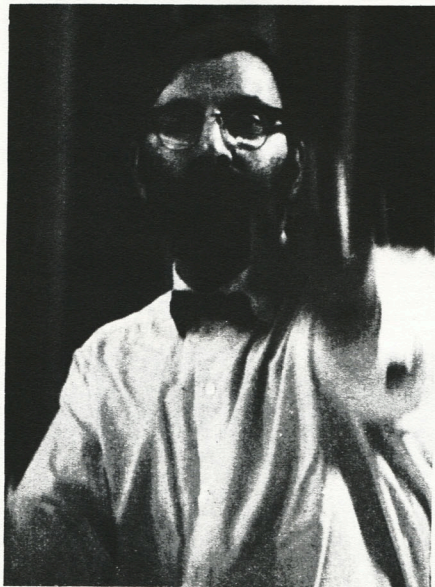
Twenty-five year old Canadian artist Richard Williams worked with animation companies in America before coming to Britain four years ago. His half-hour cartoon The Little Island, which excited considerable praise at Brussels and Cannes, came first in the experimental section of the recent Documentary and Short Film Festival at Venice. It is believed to be the longest animated production ever undertaken by one person. Rank have recently acquired the distribution rights.

SITTING down to talk seriously about animation at the same time as speaking subjectively about my own film *The Little Island* is going to be a bit confusing.

First, I am much too involved with my own work to be really objective about the medium. And second, how can I, in 1,000 words or less, talk about *The Little Island*, which took three years to make and doesn't have a single spoken word in it?

My own view is that, with few exceptions, the animated cartoon has always been used as a sort of comic-strip illustration. The recent sophisticated cartoons are just the same—only precious instead of vulgar. Mind you, I enjoy these cartoons; but it would never enter my head to consider animation by these standards as a "serious" medium.

I mean, with a tradition of this kind it is very hard to stop thinking in terms of what has been done in the past—and suddenly to see the artistically unexplored possibilities. Instead of realising that you can move *any* mark you make in *any* way that you want and put *any* sort of sound or music with it to get exactly the effect you need—you tend immediately to think of sentimental Valentine card animals



or pop-eyed horrors bashing each other to bits or cleverly animated Steinberg illustrations with "Design-for-living" backdrops.

I didn't make *The Little Island* in order to rebel against these conceptions. On the contrary: the need of the film came by itself. I was a painter, and had long since given up any previous interest in animation. But, for me, the ideas in *The Little Island* could only really be expressed as I wanted through the cartoon medium. And in the course of working on the film the possibilities of the medium itself became so apparent that I couldn't understand why I hadn't seen them before.

The Little Island itself is a satire about three little men on a tiny island, each with his own fixed viewpoint. One believes in Goodness, the next in Truth, and the third in Beauty. They have great, involved fantasies of these ideals, and then start picking each other to pieces. I tried in a comic way to describe the horror of the complete lack of understanding among the three characters.

It is a traditional cartoon film in many ways, since the idea demanded "cartoon" sort of treatment. The difference, however, is that I tried to get the elements in it to move and live in their own way, and not just to illustrate in a literal fashion some or other story conception. The music by Tristram Cary is never treated just as background music—and in some cases it comes forward and leads the visual. So that music and effects are clear-cut and have a meaning of their own: their function is *complementary*, not *illustrative*.

Certainly, for me, the most successful parts of *The Little Island* do this, while the parts I am least happy with drop back slightly into literalism. And I feel that the cleaner-cut the elements in a drawn film the greater the possibility for carrying direct emotional power.

Now that *The Little Island* is finished, I want to work in different directions from "cartoon" animation. I feel that animation is not, as is usually considered, a primarily funny medium. I'm sure that when it is developed further it can be moving and satisfying.

The French critic André Martin says very nicely, "Animation is a great art which doesn't quite exist."

It is as if out of a whole field of possibilities, a couple of tiny furrows have been fantastically developed in craftsmanship, showmanship and technique, while the rest of the field has been almost completely neglected.

One thing we have really been given is a wealth of technical information. Now all we have to do is to use it. However, there are serious practical difficulties. There is the enormous amount of donkey work, the need for elaborate equipment and the terrific expense of production (in most cases, greater than for live action). And since the amount of work is so great, for anyone working alone or even in a small group, one is limited to fairly short films which at the moment are only "fillers" in cinema programmes.

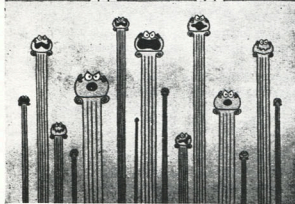
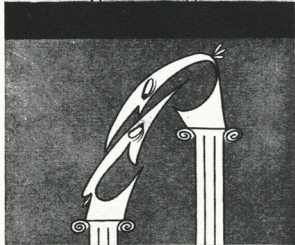
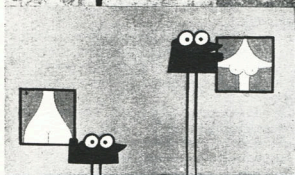
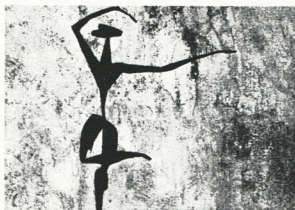
Oddly enough, I feel that indirectly television offers a great deal of hope. Because of the terrific demand for TV animation (mostly advertising commercials), there are more cameras, rostrums and technical equipment available. In my own case, I financed and housed *The Little Island* solely on my travels through various TV production studios.

So, ironically, one can work on bult-nosed characters in black and white for television in order to work in one's own way for a large cinema screen with excellent colour and sound facilities.

I think also that there will be a great development in animated film when the various artists and musicians working in it (usually by way of TV) stop considering it as an "applied art" and work seriously in it on its own terms, as a medium in its own right.

I hope personally that, aside from what I've tried to express in the film, *The Little Island* is a step in this direction.

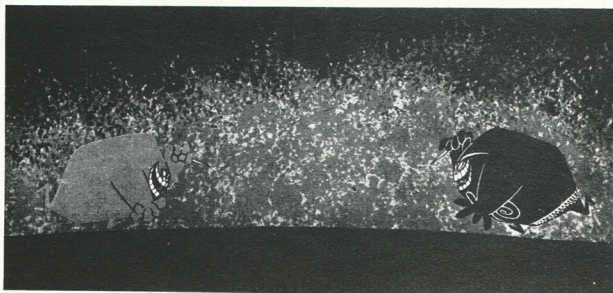
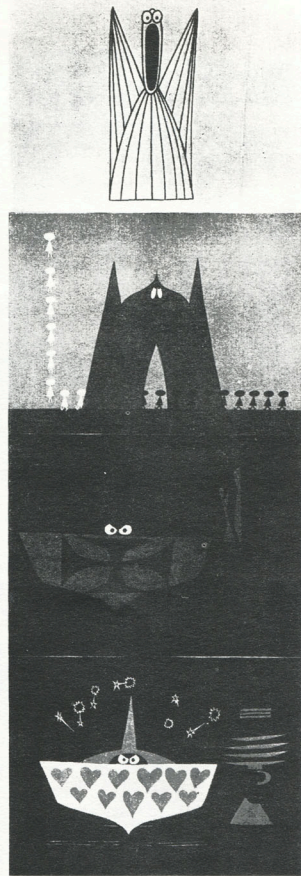
Above: Richard Williams; left: Tristram Cary.
Photographs by Bernard Herrmann.



These scenes from *The Little Island* show the variety and economy of Dick Williams's style. Above: the believers in (left to right) Goodness, Truth and Beauty arrive on the little island.

Left: scenes from the vision of the believer in Beauty. After he has executed a few classical pirouettes, a pair of squat critics pounce on a nude study for their collection of several hundred identical paintings. Two squabbling intellectuals raise themselves on elongating columns, until their heads merge to become one endlessly blabbering mouth.

The camera tracks back to reveal countless similar heads. Right: the man who believes in Goodness becomes half choir-boy, half-cathedral during his vision. Tiny black-robed figures pass through his door, turn white and float aloft. After provocation by Beauty, Goodness prepares for war: the screen expands to CinemaScope to allow for the inevitable battle between Goodness and Beauty.





VINCENT PRICE · CAROL OHMART · RICHARD LONG · ALAN MARSHAL

AN ALLIED ARTISTS PICTURE · Produced and Directed by WILLIAM CASTLE · Written by ROBB WHITE

THE CAST

Frederick Loren	VINCENT PRICE
Annabelle Loren	CAROL OHMART
Lance Schroeder	RICHARD LONG
Dr. David Trent	ALAN MARSHAL
Nora Manning	CAROLYN CRAIG
Watson Pritchard	ELISHA COOK
Ruth Bridgers	JULIE MITCHUM
Mrs. Slykes	LEONA ANDERSON
Jonas	HOWARD HOFFMAN

THE STORY

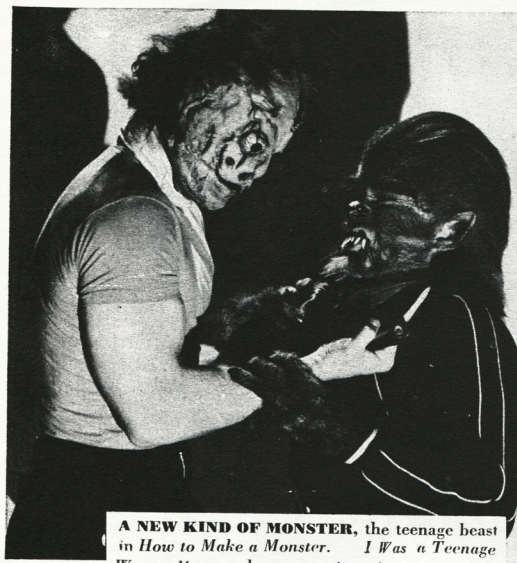
An eerie, ghost-infested, 100-year-old house is owned by Watson Pritchard (Elisha Cook), timid and who admits that seven persons, including his brother and sister, have been murdered in it. The house is rented for a night by Frederick Loren (Vincent Price) in order that his wife, Annabelle (Carol Ohmart), may give a "haunted house party." To recruit guests for his strange party, wealthy Loren offers \$10,000 to those who will spend the night there, the money to go to their heirs if they don't survive the experience. The guests, none of whom know each other or Loren, are Lance Schroeder (Richard Long), test pilot who needs the money; Ruth Bridgers (Julie Mitchum), newspaperwoman out for a good story; Pritchard; Dr. David Trent (Alan Marshal), a psychiatrist studying hysteria and thus interested in ghosts; Nora Manning (Carolyn Craig), a pretty young girl who needs the money, and Annabelle. Strange and horrible things start happening at the party. Nora is nearly killed when a huge chandelier almost falls on her. She is saved by Lance, and a romance between them develops. Annabelle and Frederick bicker. She doesn't want to attend the party. They quarrel violently. Annabelle won't give him the divorce he seeks. He accuses her of having tried to poison him. The guests explore the house by candle-light. Blood that won't wash off falls on Ruth's hand. They visit the frightening wine cellar where a huge vat is filled with acid in

which, if a body is thrown, only the bones come up. Tension mounts as Loren demonstrates by dropping a rat in the vat. Nora becomes separated from the others and sees her first ghost, a Mrs. Slykes (Leona Anderson), a frightening apparition. Nora nearly faints as Mrs. Slykes floats past her. She screams for Lance but when found, he is unconscious, bleeding from the head. Annabelle confides in Lance that her husband intends to kill her; that two previous wives died and two disappeared. In her room, Nora discovers a tiny woman's head in her overnight case. She is grabbed by the bony fingers of another ghost, Jonas (Howard Hoffman). When she screams her fears to Loren, he calmly explains that Mrs. Slykes and Jonas are merely caretakers, and are about to leave for the night. Loren now supplies each guest with a revolver, telling them to go to their rooms. There is a scream and Trent rushes to Annabelle's room to find her hanging. He lowers her to the bed and Loren arrives to announce: "My wife tied to kill herself." Nora confides in Lance that Loren also tried to kill her. Trent later accuses Loren of trying to kill Annabelle. Now in the cellar, Loren accosts Nora who shoots at him. Trent tries to drag Loren into the acid vat. Annabelle enters the cellar and is trapped there. She calls: "DAVID" (Trent). Then occurs a blood-tingling climax, with Annabelle, Trent, and Loren facing each other at the edge of the acid vat. What occurs must remain a secret, in one of the most spine-tingling, horrifying climaxes ever devised for a ghost story.

CREDITS

A William Castle-Robb White Production. Produced and Directed by William Castle; Associate Producer, Robb White; Written by Robb White; Photographed by Carl E. Guthrie, A.S.C.; Film Editor, Roy Livingston; Recorded by Ralph Butler; Sound Editor, Charles Schelling; Production Manager, Edward Morey, Jr.; Art Director, David Milton; Assistant Director, Jack R. Berne; Theme: "House On

Haunted Hill" by Richard Kayne and Richard Loring; Music Composed and Conducted by Von Dexter; Music Editor, Jerry Irvin; Set Decorator, Morris Hoffman; Set Continuity by Virginia Mazzucco; Construction Supervisor, James West; Special Effects, Herman Townsley; Property, Ted Mossman; Men's Wardrobe by Roger J. Weinberg; Ladies' Wardrobe by Nora Sharpe; Hair Stylist, Gale McGarry; Makeup by Jack Dusick.



A NEW KIND OF MONSTER, the teenage beast in *How to Make a Monster*. *I Was a Teenage Werewolf* grossed over ten times its cost.

MACABRE Book Reviews

LE FANTASTIQUE AU CINEMA, by Michel Laclós. Illustrated. (Editions Jean-Jacques Pauvert, Paris, 3,000 fr.)

LE FANTASTIQUE AU CINEMA is a companion-piece to Lo Duca's *Erotisme au Cinéma*.

Although he is slightly less polemical than most of them, one imagines that Laclós, like Duca, belongs to the *Age-du-Cinéma*-type group of film critics. Like its companion, this book is screen-shaped and quite elegantly made. The stills are clearly reproduced and free from fuzziness. The author has also provided it with a Filmography of the Fantastic which, though it cannot be final, is very useful.

Laclós' task was perhaps more difficult than Duca's because the phrase "fantastic cinema" covers a multitude of genres, boredoms, puissant banalities and authentic Dream Beasts. Such movies need something equivalent to the *art autre* phrase invented by the critic Tapié to cover action, tacheist and brut painting, something at once more vague and more precise than "fantastic" to distinguish them from mainstream cinema.

Always excepting occasional observations in such publications as Anthony Boucher's *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, and isolated reviews and articles in film magazines, not many fantastic movies receive anything but condescension and sociological sniping until they are twenty years old. As many of them are also extremely fugitive items in the first place, there is a lack both of documentation concerning them and of a context in which to place them critically; therefore Laclós' book is something in the nature of an aerial photograph taken of a site prior to the arrival of archaeologists and specialist investigators. His introductory text is short. It draws an outline development of fantastic cinema,

points the continuous need of fantasy, deals in more detail with a few works (*Frankenstein*, *The Golem*, *Freaks*, *The Old Dark House*, etc.), surveys science fiction movies and their links with earlier horror films, and ends with an appeal for closer and more sympathetic study of the directors, writers and stars of fantasy films.

In *Mystère Latit: Essai d'Etude Indirecte* (1928) Cocteau wrote: "Even when nothing moves, the camera registers the passing of time. Nothing is more intriguing than a photograph in a movie. By means of this synecopone one could, for a moment, turn people taken by fear into statues." A still, being a photograph stolen from a moving film, is enhanced by the same trickery; and it is because of this that even the most routine film can produce a staggering image. A picturebook like *Le Fantastique au Cinéma*, whose stills come entirely from the genre Fantasy/Horror/SF, is bound to be particularly intriguing because the films in that group, though individual items may be banal or technically tenth-rate, have a particular corporate fascination.

Laclós' collection of images generally lives up to its possibilities, although the stills in a fan publication like *Famous Monsters of Filmland* (Central Publications Inc., Philadelphia) do stand witness to the fact that there is, even yet, a largely untapped supply of grotesque imagery. It also seems arbitrary, although it may be due to Laclós' definition of the territory his title allows him to cover, to include stills from a few basically experimental or art films and to ignore completely, for example, the early Buñuel, *Le Sang d'un Poète* or the shorts of Man Ray.

As far as possible the stills have been grouped under such headings as cemeteries, wax museums, "Scare Me", vampires, mad scientists, leopard men and cat women, "Pas les mains", "Pas les Mains", science fiction. These groups have been further documented by comments and quotations from relevant romantic-style literature. Certain of them (generally those which are most easily classifiable) hit the eye's target with more precision than others, particularly those devoted to Frankenstein's monster, Hands, Science Fiction (this being sub-divided into Scenes of the Future, Robots, Flying Saucers, Cataclysms, Selections, etc.). Individual films which are well illustrated include the *Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* starring Frederic March, the two *Frankensteins* of James Whale and Browning's *Freaks*, a film played in fact by actual circus freaks and described by Laclós as, "the most unusual film in the history of the cinema, the unrecognised masterpiece of the great Tod Browning, employing an hallucinatory cast of authentic monsters." Among the works the most vividly illustrated are several isolated (and generally full page) stills whose impact is tremendous: a frozen Frankenstein's Monster in a set like a Sam Francis painting; Lon Chaney, furred, crouching between branches as the Wolf Man; Bela Lugosi and Carol Borland looming behind giant, dusty cobwebs in *Mark of the Vampire*; Chaney, ragged and barbed as a Paozolzi sculpture, sprawled against a marble wall in *The Mummy's Ghost*; a superbly lit *Bébé* and a silhouetted, luminous-eyed, alien-occupied human from *It Came from Outer Space*.

Possibly because their story-lines permitted stupidities which would never be allowed in a magazine like *Astounding*, the vogue for straight SF films seems recently to have died down. With the help of the resurrection of many old horror films on American TV (an advertisement in *Monsters of Filmland* reads: "TV means Terrifying Vampires"), they seem to have been replaced by an increasing number of movies based on werewolf-vampire themes, monsters and supernatural-scientific visitations. Consequently, although Laclós includes stills from Terence Fisher's *Curse of Frankenstein*, the fact that the printing of his book was completed early this year prevented him from including any reference to such relevant as advertisement in the extraordinary *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*. *Teenage Frankenstein* (this mythos is also being expanded by *Frankenstein's Castle*, *Revenge of Frankenstein*, *Frankenstein 1970*); the Japanese-American *Rodan* (prehistoric bird eggs hatched during disturbances caused underground by atomic experiments); the "dwarf" film *Six Inches Tall*, which counterpoints and actually has its protagonists seeing *Amazing Colossal Man* at a drive-in cinema; and other current horror.

It is difficult to analyse the fascination of Fantasy/Horror/SF films, other than to say that it lies at some point between the Gothic novel, the more Sears and Roebuck pages of de Sade and rock'n'roll. Unless they have some special distinction of director or star, the films appeal only to very casual moviegoers and, like opium and medieval music, to the addicts. To this last group Laclós' creep album, despite its occasional faults and possible lack of personal favourites, will be valuable as a pioneer attempt to pinpoint the landmarks and to define the contours of their devotion.

ROY EDWARDS



THE LION TAMER

by David Shea Bond

PRESENTING A STORY BY A NEW WRITER IN THE HONORED PRIZE-WINNING STYLE OF SAKI AND O. HENRY



"Ho! Ha! Hey! Back, King. Back Leo. Back up, you mangy cats!"

The boy jabbed at the imaginary lions with the small chair; in his right hand the long whip snapped and cracked viciously. Small clouds of dust sprang into the thick hot air from beneath his flying feet.

He was enjoying himself hugely.

Jimmy Bartlett was ten years old, with a round moon-shaped face, well-freckled. Dark eyes blazed with excitement; thin lips compressed into a tight line of tension. A mop of

blond hair was scattered wildly atop his small head. The gaudy lion-tamer's uniform fit him well, the wide belt blackly snug around a slim waist.

Back and forth he danced, cap-pistol and chair in one hand—it was really a doll's chair, of red-painted wood—the leather whip snicking sharply in the quiet heat of the early August afternoon. Beads of sweat dripped from well-tanned face and arms. Veins protruded grotesquely from straining wrists as he darted in and out before the make-believe animals.

From the screen-porch of the small white cottage fronting the cage, his father glared sourly.

"What's the matter with that boy?" Mr. Bartlett growled. "Of all the silly ideas—playing with make-believe lions. It's the stupidest thing I've ever heard of!"

"Now, John," chided his lovely-figured but plain-faced wife tolerantly. "You know how the boys are. Leo's lion have his fun; he's not doing anyone any harm. You probably did the same thing when you're his age."

"Not that I didn't," John replied vehemently. "Next thing you know he'll be looking with *dolls!* No, sir, I never did anything like that. Look how he's going at it, Agnes. As if those lions or whatever they're supposed to be are *real!*"

"Maybe they are to him," Agnes smiled.

John Bartlett crouched under his breath. "Why can't he play football? Or basketball? Or even baseball, like all the kids his age are doing?" He snorted disgustedly. "I'm sorry I got him that lion-tamer's outfit."

"Please, John," his wife soothed. "He's an imaginative boy; let him have his fun. He'll grow out of it." She dropped her shawl slightly, exposing bronzed shoulders and arms to the sun's hot rays. One slim hand gently stroked her long blonde hair as she smiled across the small table at her husband.

Like her, John was in his mid-thirties, a huge and hulking man, a former professional football player and proud of it. To him even baseball, with its comparative lack of continuous body contact and roughness, was a timid sport. His face was roughly chiselled, rugged-looking. His nose leaned to the left from a half-dozen breakings. The left shoulder sagged below the other, so that he appeared to be sitting sloppily when he wasn't; this, too, was from breakage, and it was this that had cost him continued pay as a star fullback. He carried himself as if disdainful of men and their pursuits.

As he sipped from the tall ice-beaded glass of beer, he was enguiled by the heavy sourness of contempt for his son's childishness.

Still the boy darted, back and forth, side to side, chair jabbing in and out, whip cracking loudly. His thin shrill voice angrily berated the imaginary lions as he tried to get them onto red kitchen stools. There were four of these stools, and apparently two were already occupied by docile animals, for outside of a quick glance now and then, as if to reassure himself that they were still occupied, he paid them no attention.

The other two stools, however, seemed to be the focal points of his efforts. Forward and back he danced, as if pressing two uncontrollable lions toward them. And apparently this was no easy matter.

"Ho, Up, King! Up, Leo! Get up there—Good boy, Leo! Now, you King. On the stool, boy. Up, King. Up!"

It appeared now that only one stool was vacant. The boy jabbed quickly, almost blindly, with the tiny chair at this last reluctant beast. The whip snaked in and out with thin high whistlings which terminated in sharp cracks.

"King!" he screeched a trifle desperately. "Back up, boy! Back—*Damn* you!" His mother gasped; her lips formed a taunt line of disapproval. "Get back, King. Back! Back, I say, you filthy calf!"

Around and around he danced inside the iron-barred cage. Suddenly he dropped the chair, stumbled back against the bars, bent over quickly and grasped his left forearm with his other hand. His face contorted with pain. Something red, thickly wet, dripped from the simulated injured arm. He stared as if at some invisible demon, wide-eyed, a taut expression crossed across his good-looking face. His half haunted, half fearful look came into his eyes. He whimpered frightenedly. Chair and whip dropped into the dust, but still he clutched, as if in desperation, the small cap-pistol in nerveless fingers.

Mr. Bartlett stared wooden-faced from the back porch, vainly trying to disregard the cold chill which oozed up and down his spine and the hairs which bristled stiffly at the back of his neck.

Jimmy's cap-pistol spoke once, twice. It seemed to be of no avail, for still he sobbingly tried to fight off the invisible lion.

"Oh, John," his mother moaned, staring wide-eyed at her son. "It's so realistic. I—I don't like it. Make him stop. That awful stuff, like blood, dripping from his arm. . ."

"Catsup," her husband argued, deciding not to be frightened about a child's play. "Probably had it in a bag in his shirt and broke it when he pressed his arm against it. Makes it more realistic." He couldn't convince her; even less could he convince himself.

"Make him stop, anyway," she repeated in a frightened voice. "Get him out of there, John. I—I'm afraid. . ."

"Without getting to his feet, Mr. Bartlett belched across the clearing between his porch and cage. "All right, Jimmy! Better get outa there now!"

But the boy was too entranced in the game. His eyes bulged, as did veins in forehead, neck and arms. He wriggled against the bars as if frantically trying to evade some made-in-hell demon.

"Get back, King!" he sobbed beseechingly. "Oh, get cack, get back!"

John Bartlett leaped to his feet, beer glass falling to the floor and smashing unheeded. "I've had enough of this!" he snarled. "He's gotta get the hell outa there and cut that out right now!"

Hardly hesitating long enough to open the screen door, he hurled himself toward the cage. He fumbled with the hasp, eyes strained to thin hot slits, his rough-hued face more ruddy than ever. Myriad icy-hot hackles of fear sped up and down his spine. There was something horribly real about the boy's play.

Despite his anxiety and his eagerness to pull the child from the cage, his legs moved reluctantly through the gate. He actually had to force himself to place one foot in front of the other continuously. For a brief moment he puzzled about this, then sluffed it off as inconsequential.

"Get the hell outa here, Jimmy!" he stormed, catching the boy's shoulder. "I've had enough of this crap. Come on, now; get out!"

"My God, Dad!" Jimmy screamed, abject fear thickening his voice. "Beat it, Dad, while you still got a chance! King'll kill you if you don't get out!"

"Never mind King. You come on outa here before I whale the tar outa you! Now, come on!"

"Dad! For crying—!"

The plea was cut off by a loud angry roar; it sounded very much like that of an enraged lion. Lunging wildly, Jimmy snatched up whip and chair, dailing them frantically. "Look out!" the boy screeched in horror. "*Here he comes!*"

For one startled instant the man hesitated. Then something huge and heavy crashed into him, and he went rolling into the dust. His wild screams of pain and horror were chopped off with terrifying suddenness. His body bounced with a sickening thud against the cage bars.

Dazedly, Mr. Bartlett stared up at his son, shocked to realize the boy had actually struck him. For what else could it have been?

"Oh, Daddy, Daddy," Jimmy sobbed, chair and whip beating the air as if to ward off some monstrous invisibility. "I told' you to get out. Do you think you can get up and walk?"

"Walk," the man repeated loudly. "Walk." He lay on his back in the thick hot dust, a searing wrenching pain enveloping his whole body, blood and torn flesh oozing between his fingers from a great raw wound in his belly. "What happened, Jimmy," he mumbled thickly. "Jimmy . . . what was it?"

Suddenly the boy screamed, a wild, mad, terrifying cry. His eyes bulged. Whip and chair jabbed viciously at what appeared to be nothing.

"No, King! Down, boy! King—! *Oh, my God!*"

Mr. Bartlett blanched at the mountainous roar which blasted his ears. A huge, invisible, many-clawed thing ripped and tore his body viciously. Unseen teeth, vile with stinking saliva, sliced his neck.

The boy fired his cap-pistol repeatedly. Again came a tremendous roar, another, and still another, finally dwindling to bare moans and groans of pain.

Then there was an awful gagging silence.

Tearfully, Jimmy Bartlett looked down at his father's torn and lifeless body.

"Oh, Daddy," he sobbed brokenheartedly. "I tol' you they wasn't 'maginary lions.'"

THE END

IN 1958 THE SMALL INDEPENDENT COMPANIES CONTINUED TO CRANK OUT THEIR MONSTROSITIES ALONG WITH THE MAJOR STUDIOS. THERE WERE THE USUAL ASSORTMENTS OF TEEN-AGED MONSTERS, AND EVEN A TEEN-AGE CAVE MAN. THERE WERE ALSO THE CREATURES FROM THE OCEAN DEPTH, FROM BENEATH THE EARTH AND FROM OUTER SPACE. THERE WERE VEGETABLE MEN AND APE WOMEN AND, AS PERHAPS A SIGN OF THE TIMES, 1957'S THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN WAS SUCCEEDED IN '58 BY THE ASTOUNDING SHE-MONSTER, A KING-SIZED DANSEL WHO BRINGS GRIEF TO HER NORMAL SIZED SPOUSE.

AMID THESE NEGLIGIBLE NUGGETS WE HAD A NUMBER OF GEMS OF VARYING VALUE. AMONG THE OUTSTANDING EXCURSIONS OF THE MACABRE ARE THE FOLLOWING:

THE HAUNTED STRANGLER (BRITISH) STARRING THE RE-DOUTABLE BORIS KARLOFF. DESPITE HIS PRESENCE THIS ITEM ISN'T AS GOOD AS IT COULD HAVE OR SHOULD HAVE BEEN, ALTHOUGH BY NO MEANS OF THE LOW, RIDICULOUS QUALITY OF THE "TEEN-AGE MONSTER" EFFUSIONS.

KARLOFF PLAYS A PROFESSOR OF CRIMINAL PSYCHOLOGY WHO IS IN THE PROCESS OF UNEARTHING NEW DATA IN THE YEARS-OLD CASE OF A MID-19TH CENTURY JACK THE RIPPER TYPE MURDERER. THE PROFESSOR CONCLUDES THAT THE MAN EXECUTED WAS INNOCENT AND THAT THE BEHAVIOR OF A YOUNG MEDICAL ASSISTANT AFTER THE EXECUTION WAS RATHER SUSPICIOUS. ALSO THE MURDER WEAPON WAS NEVER DISCOVERED. THE PROFESSOR DIGS UP THE EXECUTED MAN'S COFFIN AND FINDS THE MURDER WEAPON, A SCALPEL, HIDDEN THEREIN. TO MAKE AN OTHERWISE LONG AND INVOLVED PLOT SHORT, IT TURNS OUT THAT OLD BOGEYMAN KARLOFF HIMSELF WAS THE YOUNG MEDICAL STUDENT-ASSISTANT AND ACTUAL MURDERER WHOSE MEMORY OF HIS FORMER DEEDS WAS ERASED BY AMNESIA. ONCE HE GETS THE OLD SCALPEL BACK IN HIS HAND HE CONTINUES HIS MURDEROUS CAREER, PICKING UP WHERE HE LEFT OFF, UNTIL HIS INEVITABLE DEMISE.

THIS FILM DEPRESSES RATHER THAN EXCITES FOR A NUMBER OF REASONS; IT IS OVERLOADED WITH GRATUITOUS BLOOD-LETTING; THERE IS HARDLY A SYMPATHETIC CHARACTER ANYWHERE, AND THERE IS A DISTRESSING ABSENCE OF BOTH TASTE AND WIT. I WILL ALSO ADD THAT EVIL IS ONLY TRULY POTENT WHEN CONTRASTED WITH GOOD. SINCE CONTRAST IN THIS EFFORT IS RATHER FOGGY, IT FAILS TO ENGENDER THE NECESSARY EXCITEMENT AND BECOMES MERELY A DREARY PROCESSION OF GRANDE GUIGNOL.

ANOTHER ONE FROM BRITAIN, FIEND WITHOUT A FACE, IS A SOMEWHAT BETTER PRODUCTION DUE TO A RATHER GOOD PLOT DEVELOPMENT AND SOME REALLY INGENIOUS MONSTER MENACES; INVISIBLE MENTAL VAMPIRES WHO SUSTAIN THEIR EXISTENCE BY DRAWING OUT THE BRAINS OF HAPLESS VICTIMS. WHEN MATERIALIZED THEY APPEAR AS ANIMATED BRAINS WITH ATTACHED SPINAL CORDS; WHEN SHOT THEY SPURT OUT BLOOD AND GORE IN A MOST SLOPPY MANNER. THE WHOLE MESS IS TRACEABLE TO A SCIENTIST WHO, THROUGH EXPERIMENTATION, HAS UNLEASHED THE POWER OF HIS WILL. ONCE FREE THE WONDERING ID BECOMES "HUNGRY." THE LOCAL VILLAGERS ASCRIBE THE

DEATHS TO RADIATION EMANATING FROM ATOMIC EXPERIMENTATION AT A LOCAL AIR FORCE BASE. AN INNOCUOUS ROMANCE BETWEEN THE SCIENTIST'S SECRETARY AND A YOUNG AIR FORCE OFFICER IS WORKED IN AMID THE NAUSEA.

AMERICA GAVE US THE FLY, A HIGH QUALITY PRODUCTION (COLOR-CINEMASCOPE) OF SCIENTIFIC HORROR BASED ON THE STORY OF THE SAME FAME THAT FIRST APPEARED IN THE JUNE '57 ISSUE OF PLAYBOY.

A YOUNG CANADIAN SCIENTIST WORKS ON A MACHINE THAT CAN DISINTEGRATE AN OBJECT IN ONE BOOTH... THEN IT TRANSMITS, REASSEMBLING THE ATOMS IN ANOTHER BOOTH. IN THE COURSE OF SELF-EXPERIMENTATION HIS MOLECULES ARE MIXED WITH THOSE OF A FLY THAT WAS IN THE BOOTH WITH HIM.

WHAT GIVES THE FILM ITS POWER IS AN AIR OF THE (MORE OR LESS) "ORDINARY," E.G. THE SCIENTIST'S HOME AND FAMILY LIFE IS STRESSBED—A STATE OF NORMALITY THAT IS SUDDENLY, VICIOUSLY, DISPELLED BY THE INTRUSION OF NIGHTMARE LIKE HORROR.

DESPITE SOME TRITE DIALOGUE TOWARD THE END, THIS IS A VERY ABOVE AVERAGE FILM IF ONLY FOR THE NIGHTMARISH SPIDER-WEB-FLY SCENE AT THE FINALE.

A RE-MAKE OF THE BRAM STOKER CLASSIC, THE HORROR OF DRACULA, WHILE LACKING ANY FEELING OF GREAT ATMOSPHERE, AND WITHOUT THE EERIE SENSE OF THE BAROQUE BUILDUP OF UNEASINESS WITH WHICH THE 1930 LUGOSI VERSION WAS IMBUED IN THE BEGINNING, REALLY STARTS JUMPING WHEN, IN COLOR, THE BLOOD BEGINS TO FLOW. THE SCENE WHERE "JONATHAN HARKER" GETS NIBBLED ON THE NECK BY BUXOM, REPTILIOUS VALERIE GAUNT, (PLAYING DRACULA'S FAVORITE WIFE), LATER HAVING HER IMPALED THROUGH THE IVORY BOSOM WITH A SHARPENED STAKE, MADE A NEARBY TEEN-AGER IN THE AUDIENCE CHOKO ON HIS POPCORN. CHRISTOPHER LEE'S DEBUT AS A STAR LEAD IN THE ROLE OF COUNT DRACULA SEEMED A TRIFLE DISAPPOINTING DURING THE FIRST REEL, SEEMING MORE LIKE A BRUSQUE ENGLISH CHAP RATHER THAN THE MALEVOLENT COUNT; BUT GRADUALLY HE SUCCESSFULLY DEVELOPS NECESSARY MENACE FOR THE PART AS THE PICTURE ROLLED ON.

THE HIGH SPOTS OF THE FILM: A GORY DEPICTION OF "VAN HELSING" IMPALING "LUCY" THRU HER HEART TO FREE HER OF DRACULA'S SPELL, UTILIZING SHARPENED STAKE AND ALL TO MAKE HIS POINT CLEAR— AND THE EXPECTED BUT DRAMATIC DESTRUCTION OF THE EVIL COUNT, WHO LITERALLY CRUMBLES TO DUST BEFORE THE SUN'S RAYS (A SCENE SIMILAR TO THE CLIMAX IN THE 1922 LUGOSI VEHICLE, RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE, IN WHICH THE VAMPIRE MORE OR LESS MELTED INTO WHAT H. P. LOVECRAFT WOULD HAVE LOVINGLY CALLED A "LIQUESCENT HORROR").

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN, IN COLOR, IS A SEQUEL TO 57'S CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN, CONTINUING THE EMINENT DR. FRANKENSTEIN'S EXPLOITS WHO THIS

TIME, WITH AN ASSISTANT'S HELP, TRANSPLANTS A CRIPPLED DWARF'S BRAIN INTO A NEWLY CREATED BODY. UNFORTUNATELY A FIGHT ENSUES, IN WHICH THE BRAIN IS DAMAGED, AND THE NEW CREATION RESORTS TO CANNIBALISM. BRAINS GET TRANSPLANTED CONSTANTLY DURING THE FILM'S COURSE (JOHN ZACHERLEY, ARE YOU THERE?) AND THE WHOLE IDEA GROWS RATHER AWKWARD TOWARD THE END. DESPITE THIS, THE PRODUCTION HAS SHOCKING MOMENTS WITH A FAIR QUOTA OF GOOD GRAVEYARD HUMOR, AND SOME QUITE URBANE DIALOGUE. RISING STAR PETER CUSHING RENDERS A VERY TOP-FLIGHT PERFORMANCE AS DR. FRANKENSTEIN.

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THE CURSE OF THE DEMON HAD A TITLE THAT MADE ME EXPECT THE WORST...BUT MY SUSPICIONS WERE OVERCOME GRADUALLY ON TRACING THE STORY SOURCE TO THE WEIRD TALE "CASTING THE RUNES" BY THE LATE CLASSICAL AUTHOR OF THE GENRE, H.R. JAMES; AND THERE WAS THE DIGNIFICANT CAST, DANA ANDREWS, PEGGY CUMMINS, AND NIALL MCGINNIS WHO WON FAME A FEW YEARS BACK AS MARTIN LUTHER IN THE AWARD WINNING MOVIE OF THAT NAME; AND DIRECTOR JACQUES TOURNEUR, WHO DIRECTED ALSO THE UNFORGETTABLE CLASSIC THE CAT PEOPLE, A FINISHED PROFESSIONAL WHO HASN'T LOST HIS FONDNESS FOR THE SUDEN VISUAL AND AURAL SHOCK. THIS COMBINATION OF FAVORABLE ELEMENTS (OVERLOOKING THE USUAL YAMMERINGS OF IGNORANCE WHICH EMANATED FROM THE CIRCLE OF CERTAIN CRITICS ALSO AFFLICTED WITH MYOPIA) ADD UP TO MAKE CURSE OF THE DEMON, A TRUE DARK HORSE, JUST ABOUT THE FINEST FILM OF ITS TYPE RELEASED DURING THIS OR ANY YEAR.

THE STORY CONCERNS THE INVESTIGATION OF AN ENGLISH DEVIL CULT BY AN IRRITATINGLY SKEPTICAL AMERICAN "SPOOK EXPOSER." THOUGH WARNED OF DIRE CONSEQUENCES BUT REFUSING TO HALT THE INVESTIGATION, HE IS PASSED A "CURSE" PARCHMENT CONTAINING THE MAGIC RUNIC SYMBOLS THAT HAVE THE POWER TO EVOKE A MONSTER FROM THE PITS OF HELL, A TYPE OF HORROR WHICH IS INTENDED TO GIVE THE UNFORTUNATE PARCHMENT BEARER THE WORKS. THE ROMANCE BETWEEN THE AMERICAN AND THE DAUGHTER OF A FORMER CULT VICTIM IS SKILLFULLY INTEGRATED INTO THE STORY LINE. AS THE DEADLINE DRAWS NEAR AND TIME RUNS OUT, HIGH TENSION MOUNTS. SPECIAL EFFECTS, NEEDLESS TO SAY, WERE USED DYNAMICALLY.

ONE HOPES THAT THE FILMMAKERS VENTURE DEEPER INTO THE INTERESTING TERRITORY OF DEMONOLOGY AND "BLACK ARTS" AND EXPEND LESS TIME ON RIDICULOUS BITS OF TRIVIAL, REPETITIOUS "HORRORS" THAT ENDED THE ABILITY OF SHOCKING ANYONE WITH CALIGARI'S TIME, MUCH WORSE THE TIRESOME LOMBROW CRIMES ENACTED IN THE TIMELESS NAME OF "SCIENCE FICTION," COMPLETE WITH BUG-EYED-MONSTERS, TRIPS BEYOND THE MOON, BELOW THE SEA OR BENEATH THE EARTH. THERE IS A WEALTH OF MATERIAL IN THE WORKS OF LE FANU, H.P. LOVECRAFT, POE, MACHEN, SHELL, CONAN DOYLE (ASIDE OF "HOLMES" FOR A CHANGE), BLACKWOOD AND DE LA MARE, ALL WHO ARE AVAILABLE FOR THE IMAGINATIVE DIRECTOR AND PRODUCER TO UTILIZE.



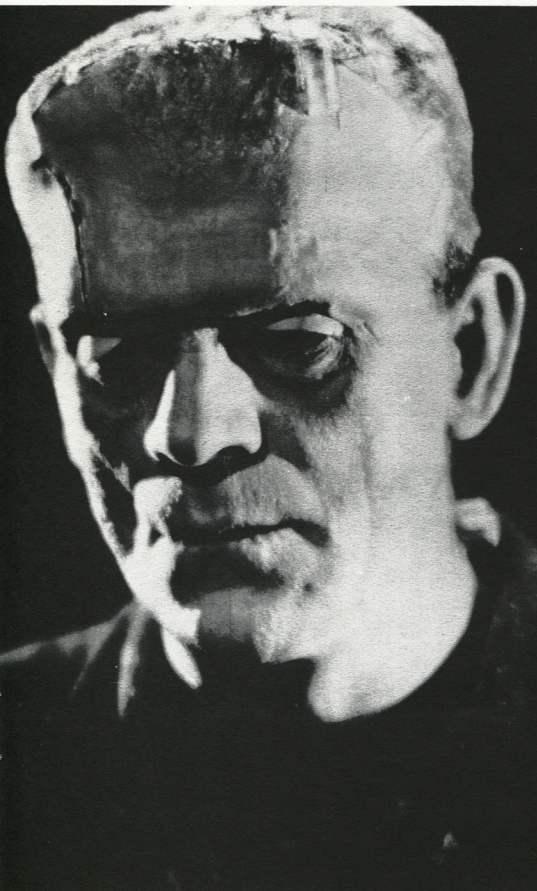
MASTER OF HORROR:

the

BORIS KARLOFF **STORY**

By **Boris Karloff**, Wolf Mankowitz,
and *Kenneth Beale*

Starting With This Issue, The Editors are Privileged to Present
The First Biographical Study of the Man Whose Name Has Not Only
Become Synonymous With the World of Macabre Art But Also Its
Symbol



MY LIFE AS A MONSTER

By **BORIS KARLOFF**

No one man has done more to establish the legend of the horror film than Boris Karloff. In this article he explains why horror can be good for you.

I DISLIKE the word "horror" yet it is a word that has been tagged to me all my life. It is a misnomer... for it means revulsion. The films I have made were made for entertainment, maybe with the object of making the audience's hair stand on end, but never to revolt people. Perhaps terror would be a much better word to describe these films, but alas, it is too late now to change the adjective. My films even prompted the British Censor to introduce a certificate in the early 30's known as H... for horror.

Early in 1931 when the first Frankenstein film was released the Universal publicity department coined the phrase "A Horror Picture" and from that day on the "horror film" was here to stay. This genre of film entertainment obviously fulfils a desire in people to experience something which is beyond the range of everyday human emotion. This conclusion can be drawn from two facts.

First, from the tremendous success financially and otherwise of the early Frankenstein films and subsequent pictures of a similar type. Secondly, because of an incident on the set of *Stranglehold*, a British "horror" film which I have just finished making at Walton Studios. We were about to shoot a sequence in which a man is flogged. Suddenly the set was crowded by studio workmen and office girls all eager to have a look! There is a violent streak in all of us; and if it can be exploited in the cinema instead of in some anti-social manner in real life, so much the better.

Perhaps the best possible audience for a "horror" film is a child audience. The vivid imagination with which a child is gifted is far more receptive to the ingredients in these pictures than the adult imagination which merely finds them artificial. Because they have vivid imaginations we must not underestimate children... they know far more than we think they do.

When I played Frankenstein's Monster I received sack loads of fan mail... mostly from young girls. These children had seen right through the make-up and had been deeply moved by sympathy for the poor brute.

Children choose what they want to see in an entertainment. This was brought home to me during the record run of Barrie's *Peter Pan* at the Imperial Theatre in New York. I played Captain Hook and, being interested in the children's reaction to the play, I invited a horde of them to come along to the theatre. *Peter Pan*, as everybody knows, is a mixture of romanticism and adventure. The somewhat frightening exploits of Captain Hook are off-set by the whimsy of Tinker Bell. The frightening element would possibly, one would think,



CALM: Boris Karloff takes the job of film-making calmly. He is seen, relaxing in robes, discussing a point for his new British film, Stranglehold, with director Robert Day.

His philosophy of horror is: "Most people like to pretend there is something just behind the door. They are transported to another world, a world of fantasy and of imagination."

Photo: Eros

THE ANATOMICAL HORROR THAT STAGGERED 100 MILLION MOVIE GOERS!

Blood for blood and bone for bone, the world's most fabulous living creation by man, its back again to walk again and kill again... in today's legend to the most monstrous story ever told!

BORIS KARLOFF brings you the new demon of the atomic age!

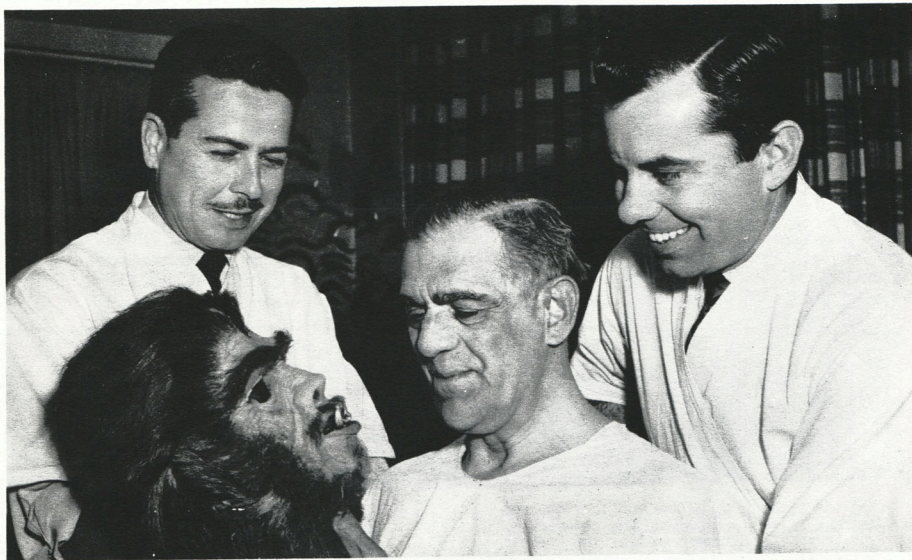
THE FILM WHICH THE FRIGHT TEST!

FRANKENSTEIN 1970

DON'T SAY WE DIDN'T WARN YOU! Not recommended for the very old, the very young or the very timid!

PROVING THAT YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MONSTER DOWN (FOR LONG), FRIEND BORIS, SHORTLY AFTER COMPLETING THIS WENT BACK TO THE TITLE THAT HAD WON HIM FAME...THIS TIME AS THE CREATOR, DR. FRANKENSTEIN.

MAKEUP PREPARATIONS FOR ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE, SHOWING JACK KEVAN TO KARLOFF'S LEFT AND UNIVERSAL'S MAKEUP DIRECTOR, BUD WESTMORE SMILING ON. THE HORRIFILANT HEADPIECE WAS FASHIONED OUT OF SPONGE RUBBER, CREPE HAIR AND BALSAM WOOD TEETH.



stay in a child's mind far longer than the fairy element. After the final curtain I took them backstage and introduced them to the cast. Almost all the children would first want to meet Wendy and Tinker Bell and then they would want to put on the Captain's hook. Their first reaction when they looked at themselves in the mirror was to grunt and scowl and make the same type of lurching gestures as does Frankenstein's monster.

The fascination of the "horror" film is perhaps because it is make-believe. Most people like to pretend that there is something just behind the door. It transports the audience to another world. A world of fantasy and of imagination. A world inhabited by the characters of Hans Andersen and the Brothers Grimm. The "horror" film is concocted more or less from the folk tales of every country. When I am asked if these films are harmful to children, my answer is always the same: Do Grimm's fairy tales do any harm to children? I have never heard of fairy tale books being used

in evidence in a juvenile delinquency case!

Naturally, good taste plays a very important part in the telling of a "horror" story on film. Some have taste, others regrettably have not. As there are no rules laid down to give an indication of good taste it is up to the film's makers.

You are walking a very narrow tight rope when you make such a film. It is building the illusion of the impossible and giving it the semblance of reality that is of prime importance. The moment the film becomes stupid the audience will laugh and the illusion is lost . . . never to be regained. The story must be intelligent and coherent as well as being unusual and bizarre . . . in fact just like a fairy tale or a good folk story. The "horror" has to be for the sake of the story and not, as a few recent films have done, have a story outline just for the sake of injecting as many shocks as possible.

The central character is most important

in a "horror" picture because he is more complex. You must understand his point of view although you know he is mistaken. You must have sympathy for him although you know he is terribly wrong. An example of a good central character of this type was Columbia's Mad Doctor in the famous series. Although you were pleased to see him destroyed you were sorry that it had happened.

The special technique of "horror" filmmaking is to stimulate the imagination. This is usually done by showing bits and pieces which gradually build up a picture in people's imagination. For instance, in the Frankenstein films one saw the doctor with fuming liquids, bubbling test tubes, lights flashing and electrical circuits buzzing. These various images cut together heightened the tension. At the correct moment the monster would appear and (I hope) the audience would jump. It is important in any visual entertainment to allow the audience to use its imagination—never underline the action. If sympathy is wanted for the

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BORIS KARLOFF

by Wolf Mankowitz

IN HIS INTERESTING BOOK GUIDE ABOUT THE ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRY, THE A.B.C.OF SHOW BUSINESS, WOLF MANKOWITZ HAS THIS TO SAY....

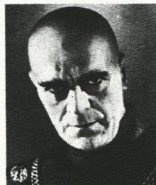


Boris Karloff

KK is for

KARLOFF, or the monster who was made good by the frankenstein of television. Born William Henry Pratt, he was proceeding from a respectable middle-class family (by way of the Merchant Taylors' School and Uppingham) towards a diplomatic career when he was ambushed in 1910 by a stock company in North Dakota. The Shirley Temple of the horror film business, he acquired in twenty years of filming a mythological reputation sufficiently sinister to be used for scaring refractory children. After the bolt passed out of his neck and the horrific make-up disintegrated under the influence of outer-space fiction, the Karloff monster languished in cricketing flannels, making occasional nostalgic assaults upon respectability via Broadway (Captain Hook in *Peter Pan*, Professor Linden in *The Linden Tree*). Finally made good as the urbane, underplaying gentleman-detective familiar to viewers, the oldest of whom will detect in the black eye-patch worn by Colonel March of Scotland Yard a trace of the disfigurement which made Karloff's years of horror so profitable.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ANY PUBLICATION, THE EDITORS OF THIS PERIODICAL NOW COMMENCE WITH THE COMPLETE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE WORLD'S UNDISPUTED MASTER OF THE MACABRE. THIS BOOK LENGTH FEATURE OPENS WITH A DETAILED SURVEY OF MR. KARLOFF'S MOVIE CAREER.



KARLOFF

by

Kenneth Beale

BORIS KARLOFF'S MOVIE CAREER BEGAN, AS FAR AS MOST PEOPLE ARE CONCERNED, WITH THE CLASSIC FRANKENSTEIN. BEFORE THAT, THE GREAT MENACE LAY DORMANT, RESTING IN UTTER OBSCURITY LIKE THE THING HE PLAYED. WHEN DOCTOR FRANKENSTEIN (PLAYED BY COLIN CLIVE) DUG UP ALL THE PARTS AND PUT TOGETHER THE SCREEN'S MOST FAMOUS MONSTER, THE ACTOR WHO TOOK THE ROLE MIGHT REALLY HAVE BEEN CREATED THEN AND THERE. IN FACT, THOSE 1932 MOVIEGOERS WHO SAT IN DELIGHTED HORROR IN THE THEATRES DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THE NAME OF THE MAN WHO WAS SCARING THEM. KARLOFF'S BYLINE WASN'T ANYWHERE ON THE SCREEN & WHEN THE NAMES OF THE CAST FLASHED ON, THE PART OF THE "MONSTER" WAS SIMPLY LISTED AS BEING PLAYED BY: ". . . ? . . ."

MAYBE THE BIGSHOTS AT THE UNIVERSAL STUDIOS DIDN'T WANT THE ACTOR'S NAME KNOWN BECAUSE THE ILLUSION OF A CREATURE BEING CREATED BY SCIENCE WOULD THEN BE DESTROYED. OR MAYBE IT WAS BECAUSE KARLOFF WAS STILL ONLY BOX-OFFICE SMALL CHANGE. PERHAPS IT STRUCK THEM ALSO AS A GOOD PUBLICITY STUNT. WHATEVER THE REASON, THEY DIDN'T CONTINUE WITH THE IDEA. HIS NEXT FILM, THE MUMMY, SAW HIS NAME FEATURED PROMINENTLY...NOW HE WAS THE SECOND GREAT HORROR STAR SINCE MOVIES BEGAN TO TALK (BELA LUGOSI WAS THE FIRST). SINCE THEN, HIS FAME HAD BEEN ASSURED. HE IS TRULY THE MASTER OF HORROR.

ACTUALLY, BEFORE THAT MEMORABLE MOMENT WHEN LIGHTNING STRUCK DOWN OUT OF THE SKIES AND... SOMETHING WAS BORN IN THAT OLD TOWER — BEFORE THAT DAY OF FAME, BORIS KARLOFF HAD PLAYED QUITE A FEW PARTS, ON AND OFF SCREEN (IN THE FINAL PART OF THIS ARTICLE, WE WILL COVER ALSO HIS STAGE CAREER). ON SCREEN, HE HAD PLAYED SMALL PARTS IN BOTH SILENT AND SOUND PICTURES. IN 1931, FOR INSTANCE, THE YEAR BEFORE HIS LEAP TO FAME, HE PLAYED IN "THE CRIMINAL CODE," IN "FIVE STAR FINAL," AND WITH THE GREAT JOHN BARRYMORE IN "THE MAD GENIUS." THE LATTER WASN'T HORROR, BUT ABOUT A YOUNG BALLET DANCER UNDER THE CONTROL OF AN EVIL IMPRESARIO. KARLOFF PLAYED ONLY A SMALL PART. YET ALREADY HE WAS BEGINNING TO FIT INTO "TYPE," PLAYING VILLAINS...THOUGH NOT MONSTERS... NOT YET.

THE WORLD OF FRANKENSTEIN

WHAT ABOUT FRANKENSTEIN, THE PICTURE THAT STARTED IT ALL? IN MANY WAYS THIS WAS THE FIRST REAL "MONSTER" FILM. SINCE THEN, OF COURSE, A VARIETY OF ALL SIZES AND SHAPES OF CREATIONS HAVE LURCHED, SHAMBLED, CRAWLED OR LEAPED ACROSS THE SCREEN. (IF YOU DOUBT THAT NOW THEY ACTUALLY "LEAP" AT YOU FROM THE SCREEN, A PROCESS CALLED "EMERGO" USED BY ALLIED ARTISTS IN THEIR "THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL" SHOULD REMOVE ALL DOUBTS). AN EQUAL NUMBER OF FIENDISH OR MISGUIDED DOCTORS AND PROFESSORS HAVE GIVEN THEM LIFE, IF YOU CAN CALL IT THAT. BUT THIS WAS THE FIRST, THE ORIGINAL — THE GRANDDADDY OF ALL THE THINGS. IT IS TRUE THAT THERE HAD BEEN HORROR PICTURES IN THE SILENT ERA. LON CHANEY, SENIOR (WHOSE STORY IS COMING UP HERE SOON) PLAYED MANY A FANTASTIC



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CREATURE. AND THE YEAR BEFORE KARLOFF'S STAR DEBUT, LUGOSI HAD BROUGHT COUNT DRACULA SHUDDERINGLY TO LIFE. BUT NONE OF THESE PICTURES WERE SO WIDELY IMITATED, COPIED (BUT ALMOST NEVER EQUALLED) AS THE "FIRST" FRANKENSTEIN.

IT WAS WELL OVER A CENTURY SINCE THIS CLASSICAL STORY HAD FIRST BEEN TOLD. MARY W. SHELLEY'S STRANGE NOVEL WAS PUBLISHED IN 1818. THE AUTHORESS WAS THE WIFE OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, THE FAMED POET. SHE HAD WRITTEN AND RESEARCHED THE STORY—ON A DARE!—WHEN SHE WAS ONLY EIGHTEEN. THE NOVEL ACHIEVED WORLDWIDE FAME. IT IS STILL SOLIDLY IN PRINT AND DOING FABULOUSLY (RECENTLY HAVING SOLD OVER QUARTER OF A MILLION COPIES AS A PAPERBACK EDITION). BUT THE MOVIE BECAME KNOWN TO PEOPLE WHO HAD NEVER HEARD OF THE BOOK. THE WORD "FRANKENSTEIN" HAS BECOME PART OF THE LANGUAGE. IT HAS ALSO, BY MISTAKE, BECOME ATTACHED NOT TO THE FAMOUS DOCTOR BUT TO HIS GRUESOME CREATION. (**A VICIOUS MISTAKE THAT MAY SOON GET TO BE RECTIFIED WHEN I HAVE MORE OF MY WAY CONCERNING CERTAIN THINGS—V. FRANKENSTEIN, III!**)

THE MONSTER HAS COME TO LIFE A TOTAL OF THIRTEEN TIMES. EIGHT OF THESE SHOCKERS WERE MADE BY UNIVERSAL, TRADITIONAL "HOME" MOVIE HORROR. ONE BY AMERICAN-INTERNATIONAL ("I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN"); ONE BY ALLIED ARTISTS (FRANKENSTEIN 1970); TWO BY ENGLAND'S DYNAMIC HAMMER STUDIOS (THE CURSE OF—, AND, THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN). AND...ONE MORE, WHICH IS THE STRANGEST ONE OF ALL:



MOST PEOPLE BELIEVE THE 1932 FRANKENSTEIN WAS THE FIRST. IT REALLY WASN'T! FILM EXPERT WILLIAM K. EVERSON ASSURES US THAT A VERSION WAS MADE DURING THE VERY EARLY SILENT PICTURE DAYS, AND BY THOMAS ALVA EDISON! THE FILM THOUGH IS BELIEVED TO BE LOST NOW. THE FOLLOWING MEANWHILE BELONG TO THE UNIVERSAL PICTURES' "EIGHT ORIGINAL" FRANKENSTEIN GROUP:

- '32- FRANKENSTEIN. '35- BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN.
- '42- SON OF FRANKENSTEIN. '42- GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN.
- '43- FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN. '45 HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN. '45- HOUSE OF DRACULA. '48- ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN.

KARLOFF PLAYED IN FOUR OF THE ABOVE; ALSO IN THE NEW FRANKENSTEIN 1970—BUT HE ONLY PLAYED THE MONSTER THREE TIMES.

THE FIRST FRANKENSTEIN WAS DIRECTED BY THE GREAT LATE JAMES WHALE; WE OWE ALL LATER VERSIONS TO HIM. HE WAS THE GUIDING GENIUS BEHIND IT ALL. OTHERS OF COURSE HELPED. JOHN P. FULTON'S ELECTRICAL AND PHOTOGRAPHIC WIZARDRY WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FABULOUS APPARATUS THAT BROUGHT THE MONSTER TO FEARFUL LIFE. JACK PIERCE'S MAKE-UP, WHICH TOOK HOURS TO APPLY, WAS THE FOUNDATION OF THE GRAND ILLUSION. AN EXPERT CAST ALSO ASSISTED: MAE CLARKE WAS "ELIZABETH," THE FIRST OF MANY HEROINES TO SCREAM AND FAINT AFTER CATCHING SIGHT OF THE UNDYING MONSTER FOR THE FIRST TIME; EDWARD VAN SLOAN, "DR. WALDMAN;" AND DWIGHT FRYE AS THE FAMOUS HUNCHBACK SERVANT WITH THE SADISTIC STREAK, GIGGLING, LAUGHING AS HE TORTURED THE MONSTER WITH A WAVING FLAMING TORCH.

THE "FIRST" MONSTER

THE FIRST FRANKENSTEIN WAS TAKEN FROM THE PLAY BY EGGY WEBLING AND ADAPTED FOR THE SCREEN BY GARRET FORT AND FRANCIS FARAGOH. ITS TERRIFYING STORY RELATED HOW YOUNG DR. FRANKENSTEIN, ABOUT TO BE MARRIED, TAKES TIME AWAY FROM HIS FRIENDS AND HIS BRIDE-TO-BE. HE IS AT WORK ON A STRANGE EXPERIMENT IN AN OLD TOWER ON A HILL—THE CREATION OF LIFE. AIDED BY HIS STUMBLING SERVANT, HE HAS BEEN DIGGING UP BODIES AND ASSEMBLING THE PARTS INTO A NEW BODY. "I AM NOT RESTORING LIFE TO THE DEAD," HE DECLARES. "THIS CREATURE NEVER LIVED. I AM CREATING NEW LIFE!"

ON A STORMY NIGHT HE SUCCEEDS. HARNESSING THE ELECTRICITY OF THE LIGHTNING BY A COMPLICATED DEVICE OF HIS OWN INVENTION, HE WINS IN MAKING THE MONSTROUS THING

TWITCH, MOVE...AND WALK. BUT THE MONSTER IS A DISAPPOINTMENT. IT HAS LITTLE INTELLIGENCE. IT IS NOT THE MAN THAT DR. FRANKENSTEIN EXPECTED BUT A DISTORTED HORROR...A MURDER-PRONE PSYCHOPATH. UNKNOWN TO ITS CREATOR, THE HUNCHBACK HAD SUBSTITUTED A CRIMINAL BRAIN FOR THE NORMAL ONE HE HAD BEEN SENT TO STEAL.

TORMENTING THE CREATURE, THE HUNCHBACK IS FINALLY KILLED BY IT. THE MONSTER BREAKS LOOSE, BUT IS FINALLY OVERCOME. DR. WALDMAN, HIS OLD TEACHER, PERSUADES FRANKENSTEIN TO LET HIM DESTROY THE CREATURE AND DISSECT IT FOR STUDY. THE YOUNG DOCTOR AGREES, AND GOES OFF TO BE MARRIED. BUT THE MONSTER RECOVERS FROM THE DRUG WITH WHICH IT HAD BEEN INJECTED, AND IT KILLS DR. WALDMAN INSTEAD. ROAMING LOOSE, IT COMES UPON A YOUNG GIRL. THEY PLAY HAPPILY TOGETHER AT FIRST. THEN IT TURNS AND KILLS HER.

AT THE FRANKENSTEIN HOME, PLANS FOR THE WEDDING ARE IN PROGRESS. SUDDENLY THE MONSTER APPEARS. THE ENRAGED VILLAGERS PURSUE IT. IN A THRILLING CLIMAX, DR. FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS CREATION STRUGGLE AT THE TOP OF AN OLD WINDMILL, WHILE THE VILLAGERS, WAVING TORCHES, MILL AROUND BELOW. THE MONSTER THROWS HIM TO THE GROUND, BUT HIS FALL IS BROKEN. THEN THE WINDMILL IS SET AFIRE. THE MONSTER, SCREAMING INARTICULATELY, IS DESTROYED IN THE CONFLAGRATION. OR SO WE THINK. AND FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS BRIDE LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER—UNTIL THE NEXT PICTURE.

KARLOFF, WITHOUT SPEAKING A WORD, CREATED AN UNFORGETTABLE IMPRESSION. BOTH HE AND THE PICTURE HAVE BECOME FAMOUS. THIS ORIGINAL VERSION HAS BEEN SHOWN AND CONTINUES TO BE SHOWN OFTEN IN THE SCREEN GEMS "SHOCK THEATRE" SERIES.

KARLOFF AFTER FRANKENSTEIN

FOR UNIVERSAL, KARLOFF NEXT APPEARED IN A TOTALLY DIFFERENT ROLE—THE AGELESS IM-HO-TEP, "THE MUMMY". UNLIKE FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER, WHO NEVER SPOKE, THE ETERNAL EGYPTIAN HAD MANY LINES OF DIALOGUE TO DELIVER. A STRANGE, COMMANDING FIGURE, WITH WRINKLED PARCHMENT-LIKE SKIN AND BURNING EYES, HE WAS ON THE SCREEN DURING MOST OF THE FILM, STARING HYPNOTICALLY INTO SPACE, OR PERFORMING ANCIENT MAGICAL RITES. WRITTEN BY JOHN BALDERSTONE, WHO WROTE THE STAGE DRACULA, THIS EERIE TALE DEPICTED THE SURVIVAL OF AN EGYPTIAN PRINCE, BURIED ALIVE FOR STEALING A SACRED SCROLL. REMAINING UNDEAD THROUGH THE CENTURIES, HE FINALLY SAW DAYLIGHT AGAIN WHEN HIS ANCIENT SARCOPHAGUS WAS UNCOVERED BY AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION. THE EXPEDITION ENDED IN TRAGEDY, AS ONE OF THE ARCHAEOLOGISTS WENT INSANE, AND THE MUMMY VANISHES MYSTERIOUSLY.

BEFORE TOO LONG, A MYSTERIOUS EGYPTIAN, ARDATH BEY, APPEARS AND OFFERS TO GUIDE A NEW EXPEDITION TO THE LOST TOMB OF AN ANCIENT PRINCESS. HE IS NONE OTHER THAN IM-HO-TEP, FREED OF HIS MUMMY WRAPPINGS, ALIVE AND POSSESSED OF THE MAGICAL KNOWLEDGE OF LOST AGES. WHEN THE MUMMY OF THE PRINCESS IS FOUND, IM-HO-TEP TRIES TO RESTORE HER TO LIFE BY MAGIC. BUT HE FAILS BECAUSE HER SOUL HAS BEEN REINCARNATED IN THE BODY OF A LIVING WOMAN OF EGYPTIAN DESCENT, HELEN GROSVENOR (PLAYED BY ZITA JOHANN). HAVING LOVED THE PRINCESS WHILE SHE LIVED, HE IS NOW DETERMINED THAT SHE SHALL SHARE HIS FATE, REMAINING ALIVE FOREVER. BUT FIRST, SHE MUST DIE...TO LIVE AGAIN.

FROM THEN ON, IT BECOMES A CONSTANT BATTLE BETWEEN IM-HO-TEP AND THE SCIENTISTS AND FRIENDS OF HELEN—CHIEF OPPONENTS TO THE MUMMY ARE DAVID MANNERS, AND EDWARD VAN SLOAN ONCE MORE REPEATING HIS FAMOUS CHARACTERIZATION OF A PSYCHIC DETECTIVE AS HE DID IN DRACULA WITH LUIGI. BUT IM-HO-TEP SEEMS TO BE WINNING AT EVERY TURN; HOWEVER IN THE END HE IS DESTROYED BY THE GREATER POWER OF THE GODDESS ISIS, IN ANSWER TO HELEN'S PRAYER.

LIKE FRANKENSTEIN AND DRACULA, THE MUMMY WAS FIRST OF A SERIES OF FILMS. BUT THE SECOND PICTURE WAS NOT MADE UNTIL 1940 (THE MUMMY'S HAND), AND ALTHOUGH IT SHOWED FLASHBACKS FROM THE ORIGINAL VERSION, THE STORY HAD BEEN CHANGED RADICALLY. TOM TYLER, EX-COWBOY STAR, PLAYED THE TITLE ROLE, BUT UNLIKE KARLOFF HE DIDN'T SPEAK. THE SUBSEQUENT MUMMY FILMS IMITATED THE TYLER VERSION. ALL TOTAL THERE WERE FIVE, THE LAST WITH ABBOTT & COSTELLO, THOUGH KARLOFF WAS NOT IN ANY OF THEM DESPITE BEING ALSO RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS ADDITIONAL CHAIN OF EVENTS.

AS THE MUMMY, KARLOFF SHOWED A VASTLY DIFFERENT TYPE OF ACTING TALENT FROM THAT IN FRANKENSTEIN. SMOOTH, SINISTER, MYSTERIOUS, HE GLARED AT THE AUDIENCE WITH INCREDIBLE EYES, MUTTERING OCCULT WORDS OF POWER. THIS SECOND STYLE OF LEADING ROLE WAS TO PROVE MORE TYPICAL OF HIS OVERALL CAREER. LIKE FRANKENSTEIN, THIS PICTURE HAS BEEN SEEN OVER TV BY MILLIONS.

THAT SAME YEAR, 1932, HE MADE FOUR MORE FILMS. TWO WERE COMPARATIVELY ORDINARY CRIME STORIES. IN ONE (BEHIND THE MASK) HE PLAYED A MEMBER OF A DOPE RING—THIS PICTURE HAS BEEN RELEASED FOR TV AND IS INCLUDED IN THE SECOND SHOCK THEATRE SERIES. HIS THIRD ONE WAS MORE IMPORTANT, AND MARKED A STILL MORE RADICAL CHANGE. IT WAS THE ROLE OF THE SINISTER ORIENTAL, DR. FU MANCHU IN THE MASK OF FU MANCHU, MADE BY M.G.M. NEEDLESS TO SAY, IT WAS A GRAND TERROR MOVIE WITH KARLOFF IN VERY TOP FORM.

SAX ROHMER'S STORIES HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO THE SCREEN ON MANY OCCASIONS, AND WERE A TV SERIES FOR A TIME. BUT THIS WAS THE ONLY TIME KARLOFF PLAYED THE EVIL CHINESE GENIUS. HIS MAKEUP FOR THE PART WAS REMARKABLE. OWING TO THE FACT THAT, UNLIKE FRANKENSTEIN, THIS PICTURE REQUIRED HIM TO SPEAK, THE STANDARD MAKEUP TRICKS COULDN'T BE USED. CONSEQUENTLY, THE JOB WAS MUCH HARDER. FINALLY

IT WAS DECIDED THAT HE WEAR THIN SHELL TEETH OVER HIS OWN, SPECIALLY BUILT SHOES TO RAISE HIS HEIGHT TO SIX FEET AND NINE INCHES, AND TWO SMALL CELLULOID CLIPS TO SLANT HIS EYEBROWS. THE USUAL METHOD FOR SLANTING EYEBROWS WAS TO USE A STRIP OF THIN MEMBRANE, ATTACHED TO THE SKIN AND PAINTED. BUT KARLOFF FELT THIS WOULD HINDER THE MOVEMENTS OF HIS FACIAL MUSCLES.

THE FILM'S SCRIPT, IN WHICH HE STARRED WITH KAREN MORLEY, REQUIRED HIM TO INFLICT A VARIETY OF TORTURES ON HIS HELPLESS VICTIMS. AT ONE POINT, HE INJECTED A MIXTURE OF RATTLESNAKE VENOM AND TARANTULA POISON INTO A BOY'S ARM, THUS ENSLAVING HIS WILL (A SCENE, OUT OF SEVERAL WHICH WERE DELETED, MISSING FROM A RECENTLY BUTCHERED EDITION SHOWN ON THE LATE, LATE SHOW, CBS). IN THE CAST WERE MYRNA LOY, LEWIS STONE AND JEAN HERSHOLT. THE LAST TWO WERE TO BECOME FAMOUS IN THE ROLES OF, RESPECTIVELY, "JUDGE HARDY" AND "DR. CHRISTIAN."

KARLOFF'S FINAL PART THAT YEAR WAS COMPLETELY DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS. THE PICTURE HAS SINCE BECOME A CLASSIC AMONG THE TRUE AFICIONADOS OF THE MACABRE. IT'S NEVER BEEN ON TV. IT'S TITLE;

THE OLD DARK HOUSE. THE STUDIO THAT MADE IT WAS UNIVERSAL; IT'S DIRECTOR WAS THE SAME JAMES WHALE WHO HAD JUST BEEN SO SUCCESSFUL WITH FRANKENSTEIN. IN THE CAST WERE CHARLES LAUGHTON, RAYMOND MASSEY, AND ERNEST THEBIGER, WHO WAS TO BE FEATURED IN SEVERAL FUTURE HORROR FILMS (ALSO TO MAKE AN INDELIBLE IMPRESSION AS THE WHEEZING ANCIENT BRITISH CAPITALIST IN THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT). R.C. SHERRIFF, A FAMOUS DRAMATIST, WORKED ON THE SCREENPLAY (HE LATER WROTE THE SCRIPT FOR THE INVISIBLE MAN). IT WAS ADAPTED FROM A NOVEL BY THE EQUALLY FAMOUS J.B. PRIESTLEY.

CUT OFF BY FLOODS, A GROUP OF PEOPLE TAKE REFUGE IN A HOUSE HIGH IN THE LONELY MOUNTAINS. IT TURNS OUT TO BE OCCUPIED BY A FAMILY OF MADMEN. THERE ARE STRANGE AND SECRETIVE RELATIONS, ENACTED BY A WEIRD BROTHER AND SISTER; A FATHER IN A BED IN THE ATTIC, AGED 102; A SECOND BROTHER, KEPT UNDER LOCK AND KEY BECAUSE OF HIS LITTLE TRICK OF STARTING FIRES; AND A BUTLER (PLAYED BY OUR BORIS) WHO CAN'T SPEAK, BUT LETS HIS ACTIONS SPEAK FOR HIM. WITH A FEW DRINKS UNDER HIS BELT, HE BECOMES A MURDEROUS FIEND. AS YOU CAN IMAGINE, THERE ARE QUITE A FEW HAIRRAISING EVENTS BEFORE THE TRAVEL-GET SAFELY AWAY.

1 9 3 3 A N D L A T E R

BY NOW KARLOFF WAS SO FAMOUS THAT HE RECEIVED OFFERS FROM ABROAD. SO, IN 1933 HE WENT TO ENGLAND TO CO-STAR WITH THEBIGER AGAIN IN THE GHOUL. ANOTHER "LOST CLASSIC," THIS PICTURE IS NOW ONLY A MEMORY, UNLESS IT TURNS UP BY CHANCE ON TELEVISION.

IN THE GHOUL, HE PLAYED A PART HE WAS TO REPEAT OFTEN— A MAN WHO JUST WOULDN'T STAY BURIED. THIS TIME HE WAS BURIED ALIVE, AND RETURNED TO GET A MYSTIC JEWEL WHICH WAS STOLEN FROM HIM. THIS HAD PEEVED HIM A BIT, SO HE KILLED A FEW STRAY INDIVIDUALS BEFORE RE-ENTERING HIS TOMB. THERE, TRAPPED AT LAST, HE WAS KILLED OFF — FOR GOOD — THIS TIME. THE CAST INCLUDED SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE.

THE FOLLOWING YEAR, BACK IN AMERICA, HE CO-STARRED WITH BELA LUGOSI, HIS ONLY RIVAL, FOR THE FIRST TIME. THE FILM WAS THE BLACK CAT, ALSO KNOWN AS THE VANISHING BODY. BASED ON A STORY BY POE, IT TOLD OF WAR, VENGEANCE, AND MURDER. KARLOFF PLAYED THE EVIL "HJALMAR POELZIG," AN ENGINEER. HE LIVED IN A STRANGE, GADGET-FILLED HOUSE OF HIS OWN DESIGN, BUILT ON THE REMAINS OF A WAR-TIME FORT. THERE HE LED A CULT DEVOTED TO BLACK MAGIC, AND KEPT THE BODIES OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN PRESERVED IN GLASS CASES. ONE OF THEM WAS THE LATE WIFE OF BELA LUGOSI ("DR. VITUS VERDEGAST"). LUGOSI ARRIVES DEMANDING VENGEANCE FOR HER MURDER. BUT HE IS CONTENT TO WAIT FOR HIS MOMENT. IT COMES, AFTER MANY STRANGE AND EERIE HAPPENINGS—INCLUDING AN ATTEMPTED HUMAN SACRIFICE.

THIS UNIVERSAL PICTURE WAS DIRECTED BY THE EXPERT HAND OF EDGAR ULMER, WHO HAS DONE MANY OTHER FILMS OF THIS TYPE. DAVID MANNERS AND JACQUELINE WELLS PLAYED A YOUNG COUPLE INNOCENTLY MIXED UP IN THE TERRIBLE EVENTS. AND EGON BRECHER AND HARRY CORDING WERE TWO MENACING SERVANTS.

THAT SAME YEAR, KARLOFF PLAYED TWO NON-HORROR ROLES. ONE, AS THE SOLDIER WHO EVENTUALLY GOES MAD IN THE LOST PATROL (RE-MADE ELEVEN YEARS LATER WITH A NEW TITLE AS SAHARA, AND INCIDENTALLY NOT ONLY ONE OF HUMPHREY BOGART'S BEST BUT ALSO ONE OF THE GREAT WAR MOVIES OF ALL TIME). HIS OTHER ONE WAS THE PART OF THE CORRUPT AND SCHEMING BARON LEDRANTZ, CHANCELLOR OF PRUSSIA, IN THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.

DUE TO UNFORSEEN PROBLEMS IN TIME AND SPACE — FAR BEYOND THE EDITORS CONTROL — KENNETH BEALE'S BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY ON MR. KARLOFF IS A LITTLE SHORTER THAN ORIGINALLY PLANNED. HOWEVER, THE WHOLE BOOK LENGTH FEATURE WILL PICK UP AND CONCLUDE IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

By GEORGE PAL

Producer-director of "Tom thumb"

IN MY opinion a heavy emphasis on science-fiction is inevitable during the coming months. As daily lives become more and more influenced by far-reaching scientific developments, motion picture audiences are bound to demand fiction which project today's developments into the future. Audiences always seem to want to be several steps ahead of the scientists; perhaps it gives the average man a feeling of security, to know that the human imagination is always capable of foreshadowing things to come!

At the outset, I'd like to make clear the difference between science-fiction and fantasy. I recently produced "Tom thumb," an M.M. is releasing throughout the country this holiday season. This film is pure fantasy, the stuff of fairytales—and perennial in its appeal from earliest story-telling times.

In contrast to fantasy, which needs no "explanation" for its hero being but five inches tall, science-fiction must be founded on some authenticated scientific fact.

"TIME MACHINE," by H. G. Wells, is a classic example of a story which was fantasy when originally written—but which today has emerged into the science-fiction category, chiefly because of general acceptance of the Einstein theory of the curvature of time, as a fourth dimension.

I find, while preparing "Time Machine" as my next production for Metro release, that much more care must be taken to make the story "gimmick" plausible than would have been the case even five or ten years ago. The public, particularly the younger generations, have become extremely "science wise" in these days of atomic energy, outer-space missiles, and such.

Back in 1950 I produced and directed "Destination Moon," written by Robert Heinlein—the first technicolor picture ever to be filmed on a science-fiction subject. While I followed the moon-trip film with "When Worlds Collide," and both proved widely popular, the time wasn't quite ripe for a full-fledged Hollywood trend toward such fare. Rapid-moving events today bring such a trend very close to actuality.

ALARGE number of exploitation pictures, of course, already have been pushed onto the market to take advantage of the public's science-fiction appetite. Some of them have been quite successful, although I think that restricted budgets in this category don't make for the happiest results. Production values are important to the effect, even more so in straight dramatic or comedy films. I look to see increasing numbers of the larger studios and independent

FILM FORUM

PRO and CON

The Question: "Will Science-Fiction Become Major Film Trend?"

companies become aware of the box-office potential for really important top-billed features in the science-fiction category.

By JOHN HALAS
President, Halas & Batchelor
Cortroon Films, Ltd.,
New York, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE trends in my belief are largely a thing of the past, except in the "B" pix field. Producers are becoming too well aware that what is box-office dynamite one day may become poison the next—often as result of over-dosage.

Science-fiction will probably continue to hold appeal for a specialized segment of the nation's audience, but to my mind at least the family audience making up the larger portion of the ticket-buying public will remain primarily faithful to basic human-interest screen material.

Perhaps the greatest argument I could offer against any "trend" of science-fiction stories, would be the very fact of the present era of science-in-the-headlines. People are fed to the teeth with scientific miracles after an average day's bout with the newspaper scare-heads. When nighttime rolls around, family groups more than ever before are looking for entertainment that will take their minds off their worries.

IDON'T say that top-notch screenplays based on a trip to outer space, for example, won't find favor in the theatres. Of course they will. But nowhere near the number required for a "trend" will become popular.

It's a bromide, but true: film plays over the years are most widely accepted when they concern simple, basic situations concerning girl-meets-boy, crime and punishment, good triumphs over evil and the like.

Opportunistic producers, to be sure, may occasionally combine the tried and true boy-girl formula against a science-fiction background. Of such stuff is the exploitation picture concocted. But the result is not science-fiction in any authentic sense of the term.

From my perspective, it seems to me that television has now assumed the dubious "trend" tradition formerly enjoyed by motion pictures.

But, alas, even in TV trends have proved ephemeral and sometimes unprofitable gods to worship. As wit-

ness the quiz shows, certain comedy series stylings and even tragic dramatic shows. Only the western survives over a long period of time, and the western in any entertainment medium is probably more of a "standard" than trend phenomenon!

EVERY feature film produced today must stand on its merits as an important or at least a solidly entertaining production. A costume picture, realistic contemporary drama, family situation comedy, simple love story or fantasy—each has as good a chance as the other of being a top box-office draw, depending on its individual value.

Screen treatment today is more vital to box-office success than subject matter is in most instances. The most entrancing sounding story proves a financial dud if not properly developed—and exploited, with just the right star performers top-billed. The "trend" is toward quality.

MY LIFE AS A MONSTER from page 43

character, he himself must reject sympathy. Although I am devoted to the Monster in the Frankenstein films (I lived to be a thousand I would always be associated with them) I pulled out after making the third in the series. After the first two I could see that the possibilities were exhausted for both Dr. Frankenstein and his Monster. In fact, the poor brute was becoming a comic relief for the audience. I think that the first three in the series were tasteful and well produced, unlike the trend of too many films-to-day which seem intent on degrading an audience rather than purging their emotions with a kind of terror that is cathartic in its effect.

I remember the advent of the "horror" picture. I had kicked around Hollywood for ten years playing extra and various small parts in films. When the depression came in America I even took up lorry driving. When this became a little more stable I landed a role in a play called *The Criminal Code*. As a convict, I had ugly cropped hair and a gruesome make-up. I played the same role in the film. One of the studio executives no doubt thought, "Here's an ugly looking customer let's try him for the part of the Monster." I was given a test and got the part, although the make-up was not at that time created. Jack Pierce, the chief make-up artist at Universal, and I worked three hours almost every evening for three weeks creating the make-up. Finally James Whale, who directed *Frankenstein*, saw the test and was overjoyed. Jack Pierce's words still echo in my mind: "This is going to be a big thing." How right he was. I felt that the role was a challenge. I had to play a sub-human with intelligence and without speech, still getting over the sympathetic qualities in the role. When the monster did speak (in the second film) I knew that this was eventually going to destroy the character. It did for me, anyway.

I believe the British Censor cut a scene from *The Bride of Frankenstein* because of what he thought in his own mind were necrophile tendencies. I must say now that I have never knowingly been in a scene that was objectionable to good taste. Some of my films have been stupid and silly, because they did not have good stories; but they have never been distasteful. I am opposed to censorship in any form. Censorship always seems to me to be a mistrust of people's intelligence. I believe that good taste takes care of licence. It is also worth remembering that one does not have to go and see a film.

I have been asked many times: "What is the best 'horror' film you have made?" I would say, without a doubt, the original *Frankenstein*.

Always try to get a film in which I have been happy when it goes on release, so that all the technical details are not too fresh in my mind. I am afraid that "horror" films do not cost me much. I have made many. I have made many; but for millions of filmgoers, they relieve the humdrum life of the average individual better than any other kind of story, and that after all is what entertainment should always do.

POMP: That was a foul ball, Demmy. I'm sorry, I guess.
 DEM: Aw, who cares. Race you to the Baths. Last one in's a purple cow . . .
 THEY SCAMPER OFF
 FADE TO DRESSING ROOM BELOW THE COLISEUM. DEMOCRITUS SENIOR IS HAVING A RUB DOWN AND BEING HELPED INTO HIS GLADIATOR KIT BY HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE EFFLUVIA.
 DEM: Why do you look so pale, my wife? Come, lend a smile to this sad face.
 EFF: I'm . . . I'm scared, Democritus. I'll never get used to you going out there, I guess. It's the waiting . . . the not knowing . . . the never being sure. Oh Democritus . . . don't go out there again. Say you don't got to go.
 DEM: You know I got to go, honey. We need the money, honey. Just two more payments and that little villa up in the hills will be ours for keeps. Then I can quit. Do you think I like to see you take in the senators' togas? Do you think I like to see our boy growing up a delinquent? I got to go out there just this once more.
 EFF: I know, I guess. I guess I always knew. It's just hard, is all. All I hope is you come back to me soon is all I hope.
 DEM: Worry not, Baby. (FORCING A SMILE) You see: I'll take him in the Fifth.
 HE GOES OUT. EFFLUVIA RUNS TO STOP HIM BUT THE DOOR CLOSSES. SHE SPEAKS TO DOOR:
 EFF: I want you to know, darling; win, lose or draw, I'll be waiting; to me you'll always be the greatest.
 SHE THROWS HERSELF FACE DOWNWARDS ON THE RUB-DOWN TABLE: BURSTS INTO TEARS.
 FADE TO THE ARENA AND COLISEUM. BODIES EVERYWHERE. DEAD ANIMALS. IN THE MIDDLE DEMOCRITUS SENIOR AND TARQUIN BATTLE. THEY SPEAK AS THEY FIGHT:
 TAR: So-you're the great Democritus. This is going to be easy. You're through, Champ. I'm going to spread you all over the Arena.
 DEM: Yeah? Let's see you do it, you dirty Communist.
 THEY FIGHT ON. DEMOCRITUS CATCHES HIS SANDAL ON A BODY AND FALLS. TARQUIN MOVES IN FOR THE KILL.
 CUT TO ARENASIDE SEATS WHERE DEMOCRITUS JUNIOR AND POMPILIUS SIT WITH THE GREAT COBBLER. THEY LEAP TO THEIR FEET. CUT BACK TO FIGHT. DEMOCRITUS DODGES HEAD TO ONE SIDE AND TARQUIN EMBEDS SWORD IN GROUND. WHILST HE STRUGGLES TO FREE SWORD DEMOCRITUS RISES.
 CUT BACK TO ARENASIDE SEATS. THE THREE SIT DOWN; RELIEVED.
 DEM MINOR: Have a pomegranate seed, Pompey?
 POMP: Thanks. Say, you're old man ain't doin' so good. Looks like his legs are going.
 DEM: He'll be okay. He'll come back. He's just gotta-for Mom's sake. (A ROAR FROM THE CROWD) He's got Tarquin down. Go on, Father. Kill him.
 CUT TO THE ARENA. DEMOCRITUS HAS OPPONENT AT HIS MERCY. HE LOOKS TO CROWD WHO SIGNAL WITH THUMBS DOWN. BUT AS DEMOCRITUS RAISES SWORD FOR FATAL THRUST HE CATCHES THE EYES OF THE BIG COBBLER UPON HIM. FOR A WHILE THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER AND THE COLISEUM IS HUSHED. THEN DEMOCRITUS LOWERS HIS SWORD AND SPORTINGLY HELPS HIS BEATEN ENEMY TO HIS FEET.
 SUDDENLY THE SPORTING ROMAN CROWD IS ALL CHEERS FOR THIS CHIVALROUS ACTION. THE EMPEROR IS ON HIS FEET CHERRING. THE BIG COBBLER STANDS WITH TEARS STREAMING DOWN HIS CHEEKS INTO HIS WHITE BEARD.
 DEM MINOR: (IN AWED VOICE TO COBBLER) You said my father was good.
 COBBLER: Yes, my son. For he is one of-US.
 ALL GAZE IN AWE AT DEMOCRITUS SENIOR WHO STANDS PROUDLY, HEAD HIGH IN THE ARENA. CAMERA RETREATS BACK INTO SKY. FADE TO CLASSROOM.
 KITTY: And that, children, is a true story.
 HOMER: Me, I'd have slain that old Black Tarquin. I guess Democritus was just a big softy.
 KITTY: Not a softy, Homer—a fine, Christian gentleman.
 HOMER: Aw, there ain't no percentage in being no gentleman. Tell us a up-to-date story, ma'am.
 KITTY: Well, I don't know what Principal Schliecher would say but it's near luncheon recess awreddy, so here goes. This is a story about . . . folks.
 FADE TO THE MACRAFFERTY COLD WATER APARTMENT IN BROOKLYN. KINDLY OLD SERGEANT MACRAFFERTY IS READING THE PAPER. A YOUNGER KITTY IS SEWING. DOOR BELL RINGS.
 KITTY: I'll get it, Pop.
 MACRAF: Yes; see who the devil it is, Kitty me goil.
 KITTY OPENS DOOR. ENTER LIEUTENANT NOLAN AND SERGEANT MULLIGAN.
 MACRAF: Well, well. Hello there Lieutenant. Hello there, Mike. What brings you out disturbin' me peace this foine noight?

MULLIGAN: (UNEASILY) Well, the Lootenant and me was passin' . . .

NOLAN: (COLDLY, UNSYMPATHETICALLY) See that boy of yours lately, Macrafferty?

MACRAF: Why no, Lootenant. Not since the boy and me was over to Grey Falls on Tuesday fishin'.

NOLAN: (SARDONICALLY) Fishin', Huh? What sort of bait was he usin'? four-five?

KITTY: What's this all about, fresh guy?

NOLAN: Keep out of it, kuppake. Listen Macrafferty: at 5 a.m. this morning a couple of hoods knocked over a gas station out on the Short Beach Arterial. Rubbed out the pump boy, and got away with ninety five, eighty. We picked 'em up two hours later in a stolen sedan. One was your blue-eyed college boy . . .

MACRAF: (RISING TO FEET) If you're lyin', Lootenant . . .

NOLAN: Take it easy, Buster. Wise up. He's always been a no good.

MACRAFFERTY LEAPS TOWARDS HIM BUT SERGEANT MULLIGAN INTERVENES. MACRAFFERTY SINKS INTO A CHAIR. KITTY GOES TO HIM.

MACRAF: I've tried to be maw and paw to that boy since his Mother died. I swore to her I'd bring him up so she'd be proud.

NOLAN: Skip the biography, Mack. What I want to know is did he come here and stash the cash. If he did I'll book you as an accessory.

KITTY: Can't you see Pop's all mixed up inside? What kinda guy are you?

NOLAN: I'll get me an X-Ray on the way back to Headquarters and let you know, kitten. You comin' down to the Station, Macrafferty? We're goin' to throw the book at your boy.

MACRAF: I guess so. (HE PUTS ON JACKET SLOWLY).

ENTER ELMER DURTEE. HE IS IN WEST-POINT CADET'S UNIFORM. HE IS KITTY'S BOY FRIEND.

ELMER: I saw the door open, Kitty, so I thought I'd look in. Is anything wrong?

KITTY: Oh, Elmer—we got real trouble, but bad. They say Joe's knocked over a gas station.

NOLAN: Where were you at five o'clock this mornin', soldier boy?

ELMER: Watch it, flatfoot. I got a uniform too, copper.

NOLAN: Yeah, well keep it clean, kid. And keep your nose clean too.

EXIT NOLAN, MACRAFFERTY, AND MULLIGAN.

KITTY: Oh, Elmer. I'm all sick to my stomach.

ELMER: (COMFORTINGLY) There, there, baby. It's okay, baby. Everything's going to be all right, baby . . .

THEY EMBRACE AGAIN.

SUDDENLY THE RADIO WHICH HAS BEEN PLAYING SOFTLY IN THE BACKGROUND CUTS OUT ITS MUSIC. AN URGENT VOICE ANNOUNCES:

U. VOICE: We interrupt this programme brought to you through the courtesy of Repeaty-Wheaties—the Wheaties that make you repeat the order—to bring you an urgent news flash. Japanese aircraft have attacked and bombed US bases at Pearl Harbour, Manila and Hawaii whilst envoys are still talking peace in Washington. The President has announced that . . .

KITTY: What's it all mean, Elmer? What'll happen to us?

ELMER: I guess it just means we got to go in there and show them Nips and Nazis, honey. They bin pushin' guys around too long, I guess. I guess they gone too far this time, I guess.

KITTY: Oh, Elmer . . .

FADE TO MONTAGE OF ELMER COMPLETING HIS TRAINING AT WEST POINT. SQUAD DRILL, GYMNASTICS, FOOTBALL, BOXING, SHOOTING, STUDY. AS THE STUDENTS TRAIN A SUCCESSION OF TRANSLUCENT FIGURES APPEAR IN THE DISTANCE AND MOVE TOWARDS THE CAMERA. EACH IS ANNOUNCED, AS HE NEARS THE LENS, BY A STERN, DISEMBOodied VOICE. EACH SALUTES GRAVELY AND DISAPPEARS IN TURN.

S.D. VOICE: George Washington . . . Ulysses S. Grant . . . Douglas MacArthur . . . Morton. Q. Stilton . . . Waldemar J. Homberg the Third . . .

CUT TO ELMER'S PASSING OUT CEREMONY. IN FRONT OF ALL HE RECEIVES SWORD OF HONOUR FOR CADET MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED.

A GENERAL: Second Lootenant Elmer Durtee I present you with the Sword of Honour. May you bear it well in the fight for Democracy . . .

CUT TO KITTY. SMILING, BRAVE FACED, TEARS ROLLING PROUDLY DOWN HER CHEEKS. FADE TO THE CELEBRATION BALL. ELMER AND KITTY ARE DANCING.

KITTY: Oh, Elmer, now we can be married and you can get your furlough—and everything's going to be just peachey.

ELMER: (GRAVELY) Kitty, at this time in the world's history we have to forget ourselves and our plans. I don't want to leave you a widow.

KITTY: Elmer . . . you don't mean . . .

ELMER: Yes, Kitty. The General called for volunteers during the coffee interval. I go into action tomorrow. At dawn we hit the beach.

KITTY PAINTS DEAD AWAY IN HIS ARMS.

FADE TO BEACH LANDING. MARTIAL MUSIC. MARINES LANDING. GUNS. BOMBS. ALL HELL. IN SHALLOW TRENCH ON BEACH ELMER CROUCHES WHITE-FACED. HIS NERVE HAS GONE. A TOUGH SERGEANT LIES BESIDE HIM EYEING HIM COLDLY.

T. SERG: Get ahold of yourself, sir. The men are beginning to talk.

TWO OR THREE BOMBS BURST ALONGSIDE THEM.

ELMER: I just remembered, Sergeant. Some of our orders are confused. I must clear them up with the General. Take over, Sergeant.

ELMER PLUNGES INTO SEA AND BEGINS TO SWIM RAPIDLY BACK TO SAFETY OF FLAGSHIP.

SERGEANT WATCHES HIM GO. CURLS LIP, TURNS TO SOLDIERS.

T. SERG: All right, you guys. Get the lead out. Everyman go get himself a Nip—and that's an order. Let's go fellers. Go for Broke
Whattsamatter . . . you wanna live for ever?

THEY GO FORWARD, COLDLY, RELENTLESSLY, PROUDLY.

FADE TO THE FRONT PORCH OF ELMER'S HOME. KITTY WAITS THERE FOR HIM WITH HIS OLD MOTHER. A CAR COMES INTO THE DISTANCE.

O. MOTHER: Here's his car, my dear. I'll let you greet him first. Bring him to me later (SHE GOES OUT).

CAR DRAWS UP OUTSIDE. ELMER GETS OUT. TIPS DRIVER.

DRIVER: Thanks, Sport. Saaay—you're a free guy with a buck. You're a real sport, Sport.

ELMER: Money doesn't mean happiness, friend.

DRIVER: Okay, Sport. Whatever you say, Sport. (DRIVES OFF).

KITTY: Oh, Elmer, Elmer. Home at last.

AS SHE GOES TO HIM HE THROWS HER OFF.

ELMER: Don't, Kitty. I'm not worth it. I got a yellow streak a mile wide. Those . . . goddam . . . foxholes . . . I couldn't . . . take . . . it. I went crazy like a fox . . . hole. I just . . . couldn't take . . . it . . .

KITTY: Hush up, Elmer, honey. You're home now. It's okay now Elmer, honey.

ELMER: Home! I . . . tell . . . you . . . I couldn't take it . . . I tried . . . I tried to take it like Pop took it . . . at Chateau Thierry . . . But . . . I couldn't take it . . . I'm all mixed up . . . Kitty . . . I got to work this out for myself . . . I guess . . . Why couldn't . . . I . . . take it, Kitty? I got no confidence . . . I can't marry you, Kitty . . . What sort of a guy am I? I got to find myself . . . We got to forget each other, Kitty.

KITTY: Is that your last word, Elmer?

ELMER: Uh huh.

KITTY: I guess, that's . . . it . . . then. But I want no other man. I guess I'll get me a job, I guess. I'll be a teacher. Maybe I can look after little children though they aren't my own . . .

ELMER'S HEAD FALLS SOBBING ON TO HIS FOLDED ARMS. FADE BACK TO SCHOOLHOUSE.

KITTY: And that, children, is why I'm here I guess.

HOMER: Gee that's tough, Miss Macrafferty. I guess . . . I guess . . . I'll marry you when I grow up . . . (BLUSHES)

KITTY: Why, that's sweet of you, Homer.

SUDDENLY SMALL COLOURED BOY AT BACK OF CLASS SCREAMS AND POINTS OUT OF WINDOW:

S.C. BOY: Lookit, missy. What dat dere. Dey's a big green t'ing coming' out ob de ground. It's a comin' at us down from Old Man Krautmann's field. What dat horribull t'ing, Missy.

KITTY LOOKS FROM WINDOW. SEES THE THING, AS IT CRAWLS INEXORABLY TOWARDS THE SCHOOLROOM.

HOMER: Should I maybe run and get the Sherrif, ma'am?

KITTY: We need more than the Sheriff now, Homer. The thing you see is . . .

ALL: Yes. What is it, ma'am?

KITTY: The thing you see is THAT, SON OF THEM. (ALL SCREAM)

CUT TO THE PENTAGON, WASHINGTON. GENERAL ART. T. BOOKMARKER IS ON THE PHONE.

GENERAL: I tell you we're doing all we can, sir. Yes, I know it's election year, sir. It's up at Niagara now. Apparently, it was thirsty. No, sir, the

atomic Long Toms were ineffective, sir. It ate them, sir. And it's eaten a lot of Niagara, sir. We have just one chance, sir—and only one man to take it with. Yes, sir. I'll keep you informed, sir. Goodbye, sir.

SALUTES PHONE, RINGS OFF AND SWITCHES ON OFFICE INTER-COMM.

GENERAL: Major—have that young scientist from the Canned Biscuits Corporation come in, will you?

THE DOOR OPENS AND ELMER DURTEE ENTERS IN SCIENTIST'S WHITE COAT.

GENERAL: Well, Durtee; you know the score. This can mean death for you. Or horrible disfigurement. You may succeed—but it's a billion to one against you. If you're killed then you won't even get any glory because the world won't be here to praise you. What do you say?

ELMER: When do I start, sir?

THE GENERAL RISES AND OFFERS HIS HAND SILENTLY. THEY SHAKE. FADE TO NIAGARA FALLS. ELMER STANDS ON EDGE OF FALLS IN FROGMAN'S SUIT WITH PARACHUTE ATTACHMENT. HE HOLDS A MEDIUM-SIZED SYRINGE OBJECT WITH THREE ANTENNA-LIKE HANDLES.

GENERAL: Well, boy—if you succeed, the goddam White House is yours. But if this monster wins . . . Well, I'm not a guy to spitball . . . the world can be set back a thousand years. You know what that means?

ELMER: Communism, sir?

GENERAL: Exactly, son. Go in there now, and Heaven protect you.

ELMER: Thanks, sir. All I want is a chance to prove my invention to the world. And I guess I want the chance to prove . . . something to myself, too. And in honour of my old buddies I'd like to go in there with their war cry on my lips. Geronimoooooooooooo

STILL CALLING HE ADVANCES TO EDGE AND JUMPS OVER.

TENSELY THE SECONDS TICK BY. THE CAMERA STUDIES WAITING FACES ONE AFTER ANOTHER. CLOSE UP OF WATCH. CLOSE UP OF CLENCHED FISTS. CLOSE UP OF GRITTED TEETH. SUDDENLY A VAST MUSHROOM OF PURPLE FIRE AND SMOKE ARISES FROM NIAGARA. THE CROWD GOES MAD WITH JOY.

GENERAL: He's done it. He's made it. What a Guy.

ELMER, BLACKENED AND GRIMY COMES CRAWLING BACK OVER CLIFF EDGE AND COLLAPSES.

FADE TO HOSPITAL BED WHERE ELMER WITH PICTURESQUE HEAD BANDAGE IS JUST COMING ROUND. PRETTY NURSE PLUMPS PILLOW.

P. NURSE: Now you lie still. You've been very ill, but now everything's going to be all right. (SHE GOES TO DOOR) You can come in now—only for a few minutes, mind.

KITTY COMES INTO ROOM. SHE SITS DOWN BESIDE BED, HOLDS ELMER'S HAND.

ELMER: Kitty! It's been . . . a long time.

KITTY: Yes Elmer. And now I've found you only to lose you again.

ELMER: What do you mean, Honey. I'm never going to let you go again. We belong together. This thing is bigger than us.

KITTY: Oh, Elmer; let's face it. You're too big for me now. You're a national hero. You belong to the people of America. They want you to run for Veep, Elmer.

ELMER: Kitty, that stuff's not for me. I may belong to the people of America: but I belong to you too. I kinda got to seein' things different when I was down there with THAT. (PAUSE) I'm staying with the Canned Biscuit Corporation, honey. Maybe to some folks a can of biscuits is just a can of biscuits—but to me it's . . . well . . . it's sort of . . . America I guess. If I can help all the little guys in this world to get them the best doggone canned biscuits a man can make, well . . . I figure I'll be doing what I was sent down here to do, Kitty. I want to see canned biscuits available to every guy in this little old nation, I guess—no matter what his creed or what his colour. If that's crazy then I guess I'm crazy. But . . . well . . . that's just the way . . . I am.

KITTY: (VERY SOFTLY) And I guess I kinda like the way you're, Elmer. (CLINCH)

THE CAMERA RETREATS SLOWLY AND THE STRAINS OF A CELESTIAL CHOIR SWELL UP OVER THE SOUNDS OF LOCOMOTIVES, FACTORY SIRENS, MARCHING FEET. UP AND AWAY SWINGS THE CAMERA, ABOVE THE HOSPITAL AND ABOVE THE TOWN AND ABOVE THE TOWERING HILLS OF PENNSYLVANIA. THROUGH THE SUN-PIERCED RAGS OF THE CUMULUS CLOUD COME SWOOPING A WATCHFUL PACK OF JET PURSUIT SHIPS. AT FIRST DIMLY, BUT GATHERING IN FORM AND SOLIDITY WE SEE THE REASSURING WAVE OF OLD GLORY FLUTTERING PROUDLY AHEAD OF THE AIRCRAFT AND BRIGHT IN THE AMERICAN SUNSHINE.

THE

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VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, III
Editor

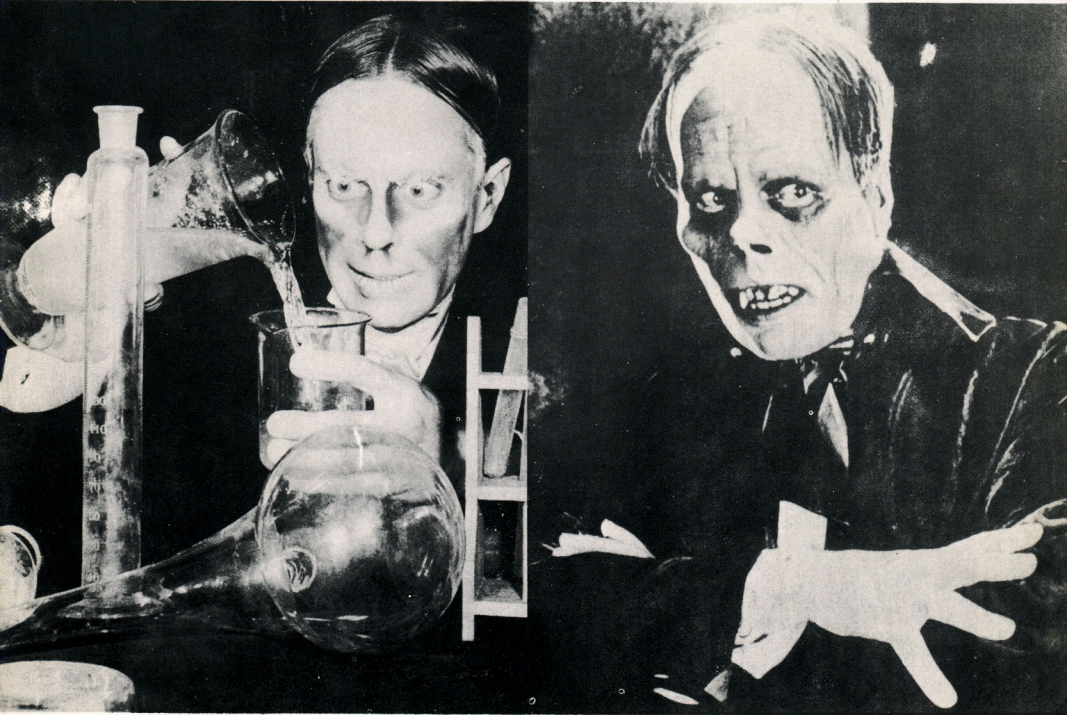
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FIRST ISSUE

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(Important: see page 18 for more on the Modern "Phantom")