

**FREE
GIANT
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POSTER
INSIDE**

the Monster Times

**BRUCE LEE
LIVES!
PAGE 10**



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**THE BEAST
FROM 20,000
FATHOMS! P.3**

**QUESTOR!
P.20**

**THE
"BIGG"
SPEAKS!
P.25**

**MARVEL'S MIGHTIEST
MONSTERS! P.6**

**WEREWOLF OF
WASHINGTON! P.13**

MEXICAN MONSTERS!



PREHISTORIC BEAST ATTACKS!

City Ripped by Raging Sea-Giant From Ages Past!



Science is amazed! Multitudes are stunned! They couldn't escape the terror! And neither will you!

Your mind may deny it ... but your eyes will tell you it's happening. Cities, beaches, ships at sea destroyed in its raging path! Story on page 3!

The Monster Times

The World's First Newspaper of Horror, Sci-Fi and Fantasy

Kudos go to TMT Assistant Art Director Jim Neff for his flawless recreation of the violent visage of THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS that adorns our cover this issue. And thanks go to Warner Bros. for having brought us the BEAST back in 1953.

Well, we at TMT certainly feel justly proud of ourselves. Letters have been arriving in massive dribs and mammoth drabs extolling our special All-Worst Issue (TMT #30) and we'd like to thank those readers who took the time and trouble to keep those cards and letters coming. And we further hope that the monster movie mini-moguls and the smaller, sleazier horror studios won't take our personal insults personally.

The past couple of months have been busy ones for the fright film industry. We've witnessed the release of a group of unusually big-budgeted horror, fantasy and sci-fi films, like the long-awaited **THE EXORCIST**, the surreal **FANTASTIC PLANET**, the futuristic **ZARDOZ** and other expensive projects that seem bent upon giving the horror industry the good name it occasionally deserves. But don't worry, there's still plenty of poor-quality schlock efforts in the offing, including low-budget losers like **DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN** and **NIGHT OF THE COBRA WOMAN**. You can check out a bunch of the latest tripe-to-terrific horror releases in our Late Film Round-Up feature on page 26.

We've also enlisted a full cast of universal monsters for this issue—we've got creatures from Mexico, a rhesosaurus from under the sea, monsters from Marvel Comics, and even a werewolf from Washington, D.C. Plus we've got a profile on martial arts star Bruce Lee, a report on the recent rash of UFO sightings, and a preview of Gene Roddenberry's newest projected sci-fi series, **QUESTOR**. And that's not to mention the many sinister surprises scattered throughout this eerie edition of TMT; surprises so secretive in nature that we couldn't even tell each other about them. In fact, we'll have to wait until copies of this issue arrive from the printers before we'll even know what they are.

The TMT Dept. of Corrections would like to point out an obscure error that appeared in our All-Worst issue (TMT #30). On page 27 of said issue, the photo of a zipper-suited sea monster was incorrectly identified as being from **CURSE OF THE SWAMP CREATURE**, whereas it was actually from **IT'S ALIVE!** In the grips of a rare merciful mood, we forgave ourselves for committing this error because the creatures featured in those films bore an almost exact resemblance to each other and very few fright fans care about them anyway, ourselves included.

Rather than delay your entry into this typically exciting issue of **THE MONSTER TIMES** with further weary words, we'll cease here. Before we go, however, we'd like to leave you with the following comforting thought: If all the monsters in the world were laid end-to-end, they'd not only reach around the globe several times, but would be an awful lot easier to keep track of.

JOE

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- 2 MACABRE MAIL:**
More menacing missives, nefarious notes, sinister scribbblings and terror testimonies from TMT readers on this and other worlds.
- 3 ROAR, RHEDOSAURUS, ROARI!:**
A sea beast surfaces from out of the deep to pay a violent visit to Coney Island in Jason Thomas's filmbook of **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS**, a 1953 fright epic.
- 6 MARVEL'S MIGHTIEST MONSTERS!:**
Comics scholar Jeff Wasserman chronicles the lives and times of some of Marvel Comics' creepiest creatures, from Thas Bakku to the Mighty Orog.
- 9 WHITE HOUSE WEREWOLF!:**
R. Allen Leider previews a new satirical shocker, **WEREWOLF OF WASHINGTON** in which a right-wing werewolf terrorizes ladies of the left.
- 10 FISTS OF FURY, FEET OF FEARI!:**
Being a profile of the late, great Bruce Lee, action actor and martial arts expert, penned by a pair of his greatest fans.
- 12 QUESTIONER'S QUEST!:**
R. Allen Leider talks to **STAR TREK** creator Gene Roddenberry about his latest sci-fi series, **QUESTOR**, all about an android with a computerized mind.
- 15 HIGH ADVENTURE COMICS!:**
That's the title of a new underground comic epic written by Mark Evanier who, coincidentally enough, is also the author of this article.
- 19 THE HORROR OF THE REVENGE OF THE LIVING MONSTER SCENE!:**
ABC-TV declares an official Monster Week and other weird things happen in our always lively, ever-informative Monster Scene feature.
- 20 MARCH OF THE MEXICAN MONSTERS!:**
Mexican Monster maven Max Grant takes a look at **The Brainiac**, the **Blue Demon**, **Nostradamus**, the **Wrestling Women** and other denizens of the Mexican horror industry.
- 23 ALL EYES ON THE SKY!:**
Jeremy Summer, visiting consultant to the TMT Sky-Watching Dept., investigates the latest rash of UFO sightings reported in these here United States.
- 25 THE BIG G. CONQUERS CRISIS!:**
Everyone's suffering from the current fuel shortage... everyone except Godzilla, that is. You'll see why inside.
- 26 REVENGE OF THE SON OF THE LATE FILM ROUND-UP!:**
Monstermovieidom's latest batch of fresh fright features are alternately praised, condemned and shrugged off by our evil-eyed film reviewers.



TELL IT TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor...

A copy of the December 29th MONSTER TIMES was given to me in which there appeared your rather passionate and vitriolic review of FILM FANTASY SCRAPBOOK.

Although I realize, as a reviewer, it is fashionable to be sarcastic and cryptic for today's readers, I thought most of your comments emanated purely from looking at the book from a negative point of view. This is, of course, your privilege as an individual. It could be questionable in your capacity as a professional critic.

In defence of what I think are the many positive points of view for the book, which should far outweigh the negative ones, I would like to say that many, many people have written to me who have enjoyed it, not only for the compact collection of Film Fantasy titles, but for the general none-too-technical description of how various effects are obtained for the cinema. The book was never meant to be a technical critique on special effects nor a "how to do it yourself" lesson in stop-action photography. This must be self-evident by the title. Your personal dislike of family albums really has nothing to do with it.

In my copy of the book, all of the ads are well reproduced, clear and sharp. Perhaps your copy is different. Some of the photos are frame blow-ups suffer from duplication as many of the

original negatives have been destroyed. I think this in itself is hardly justification for dismissing the book as "an enormous egg."

Your further comment of "What disturbs the irate reader," which I assume applied to you, "is that all these facts could have been easily transposed into a 60 page magazine for about 75 cents." A remark which could be said about almost any book with many pictures.

Granted, the book does have a high cost. I personally have not seen the price tag. This high cost is due to the book's anticipated limited appeal as well as the maintenance of the scrap-book effect. The graying of each page is not an unnecessary accentuation of the negative.

In the past year, FILM FANTASY SCRAPBOOK has received its fair share of criticism and negative comments. Many of the remarks, from my point of view, were valid. Some suffered from lack of knowledge. I would not be so fool-hardy as to completely ignore the opinions of others even though it is one's first reaction. It is all part of the law of growth. But your particular review stood out with unnecessary accentuation of the negative.

I am indeed sorry that FILM FANTASY SCRAPBOOK struck a discordant note with you but I think it is balanced out by the inside assurance I have of knowing the joy it has given to the many who have already purchased the book.

Ray Harryhausen
London, England

While the staff and management of THE MONSTER TIMES may not necessarily agree with every criticism made by Gary Gerani in his review of FILM FANTASY SCRAPBOOK, we'll defend to his death his right to say his piece. And we do agree with his contention that the book's price places it beyond the economic reach of many of your fans, just as we recognize that you aren't responsible for setting said price. None of which detracts from our admiration for your cinematic work, however. Any film bearing the Harryhausen name is always eagerly awaited.

To the Editor...

I read something in TV GUIDE recently that I thought you and fellow TMT readers might be interested in. On January 10, 1974, the late movie was going to have on JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS which, as you know, is one of Ray Harryhausen's fine films of fantasy. TV GUIDE described it as follows: "Children will enjoy this spectacular mixture of mythology, special effects, and animated monsters."

I agree with the last part, but children? Just because a movie is fantasy doesn't mean that it was made for children. Ah, well. Looks like Harryhausen's films will never reform the kiddie mind, what with Saturday children's matinees and now this. Oh, and if you think that this should be addressed to TV GUIDE instead of

you, well, I've already written them one.

Keep up the great work on an excellent mag!

Gerald Malis
Minneapolis, Minn.

We agree and even though Ray doesn't agree with us on every point (see above letter) we think he'd agree with your contention too. Fantasy films are associated with a younger market because kids haven't yet learned to stifle their imaginations. There are a goodly number of adults who've yet to learn that, too—and we consider them the lucky ones.

To the Editor...

I have just read TMT #30 and would like to say that your worst issue is your best one yet, especially the cover. But was surprised that FRANKENSTEIN'S BLOODY TERROR and DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN were not on your list of worst films and GODZILLA VS. THE SMOG MONSTER was.

Also do you plan on doing an article on George Melies, one of the founders of the horror film, in the near future?

Sincerely yours,
Dan Tyoris

We predicted that the inclusion of GODZILLA VS. THE SMOG MONSTER on our All-Worst film list would provoke dissent (and we were right), and FRANKENSTEIN'S BLOODY TERROR and DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN are put to the torch in our Late Film Round-up feature this issue. We agree that an article on George Melies would be appropriate for TMT and we'll certainly be looking into the matter.

To the Editor...

THE MONSTER TIMES #30 proved once again how much fun those "worst issues" are to read; almost as much fun as watching (and sneering at) the movies themselves!

Being both a (quality) horror/sci-fi film and (quality) comic book fan, I thoroughly enjoyed your "worst" issue, which was the best in a long time!

Thanks for a great time.

Mark Simmet
New Ulm, Minnesota

Thanks, Mark. Our "Worst" issue has been going over so well that we might even get around to doing a "Best" issue one of these days. In the meantime, you can bet we'll be bringing you plenty of "Best" issues, heh-heh.

Got a gripe? Somethin' you want to get off your hairy chest? Or, perchance, a nice note of praise for your friendly fiends at TMT? Then send them straight to us. Remember: it takes all kinds... and so do we. Address all correspondences to: To the Editor, THE MONSTER TIMES, Box 585, Old Chelsea Station, New York, New York 10011.



Once again, careless atomic tinkering leads to rampaging dinosaurs and rampant destruction, this time in **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS**. Based on a Ray Bradbury short story called "The Fog Horn," this 1953 Warner Bros. epic featured a towering Rhedosaurus, a frightened Fun City and some really great Ray Harryhausen special effects. TMT scare scholar Jason Thomas has the whole sinister story of the rise and fall of **THE BEAST OF 20,000 FATHOMS**, which begins here and proceeds elsewhere.

THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS, a roaring Rhedosaurus, is awakened from his icy Arctic bed by reckless atomic testing and wreaks havoc on the civilization responsible for his resurrection. Symbolically enough, his chief targets are Wall Street and Coney Island, which just about covers the whole range of said civilization.



Tom Nesbitt (Paul Christian) survives a dangerous encounter with the rampaging Rhedosaurus, only to find that no one will believe his terrifying tale. They soon learn better, however.

After eight weeks of careful preparation, military authorities are ready to drop a new atomic weapon somewhere in the icy regions of the Arctic Circle. On X-Day, a sleek jet bomber takes off from an airfield, carrying its lethal cargo—a single, low-radiation bomb, more powerful than any other ever produced. As soon as the aircraft is over the target zone, the nuclear bomb is released. Brief moments later, there is a blinding flash, followed by the sound of a tremendous explosion that rocks the area for miles around. A giant, mushroom-shaped cloud rises from the point of impact in terrifying testament to Man's destructive power. Entire mountains of ice and snow, melted by the incredible heat waves, are sent tumbling into the freezing ocean. So far, everything has gone according to plan.

Not long afterward, a radar operator at a desolate observation post notices something odd on his monitor screen. He reports to his superiors that a huge object is moving within the contaminated zone, and all watch the scope as it oscillates wildly. The unidentified object soon disappears, and the men are left to wonder about its origins. They casually assume that the equipment was malfunctioning and decide to leave it at that.

ALL WINDS BEGIN TO BLOW

After the blast area has been cleared of

The Warner brothers always liked to do movies dealing superficially with current events. In the 1930's, they did crime epics; the 1940's were war years. In the 1950's, while millions of God-fearing, commie-baiting Americans were building bomb shelters, Warner Brothers Studios gave us **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS**. It figures.



The savage sea beast prepares to topple lighthouse in the only scene in the film actually taken from the Ray Bradbury short story on which **BEAST** was "based." Special effects ace Ray Harryhausen managed to cut corners on scenes like this without sacrificing credibility.

radiation, a group of four civilian scientists enter the frozen wasteland to conduct tests. Soon after they arrive, a blizzard begins. In spite of the howling wind and near-blinding snow, the team members

separate and being their routine work. However, one of them sees something that makes him doubt his sanity—an enormous dinosaur! The massive quadruped, released from frozen captivity by the nuclear

blast, is a considerable distance away; it is unaware of the startled observer. As the scaly, dragon-like creature moves behind a glacier, the man calls for help. His desperate cries go unheard because of the

THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS

BY JASON THOMAS

...\$25,000?

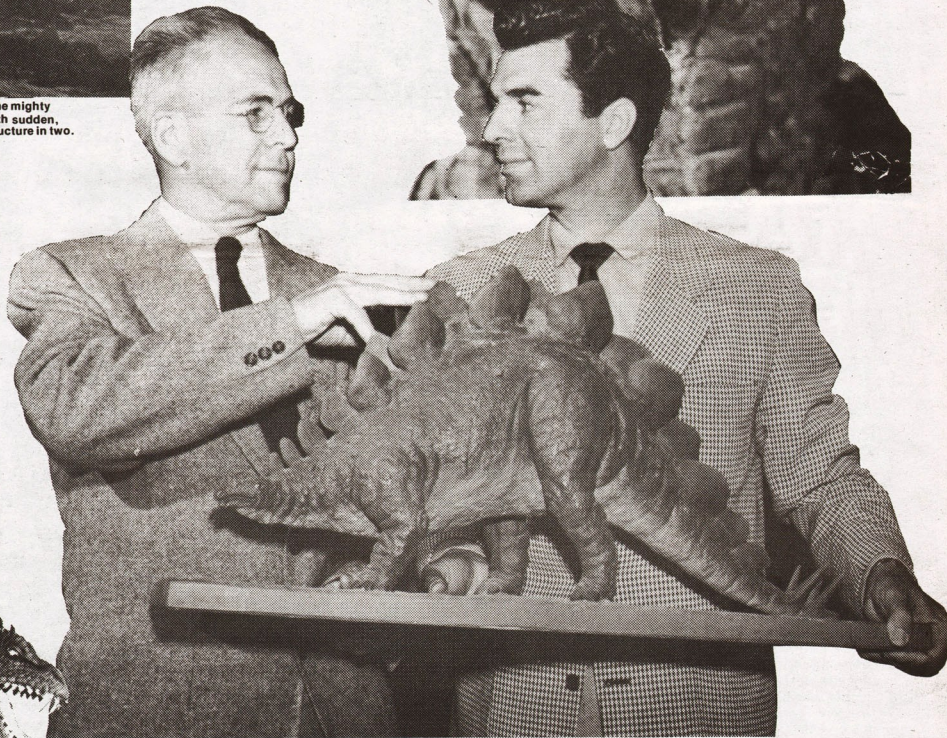


The "frail" stone lighthouse proves no match for the mighty dinosaur, and its unfortunate inhabitants meet with sudden, violent deaths as the monster easily snaps the structure in two.

storm. When the beast reappears, the man tries to run away, but he stumbles into a crevice. Badly injured, he painfully removes his pistol and fires a few rounds into the air. These are heard by Professor Tom Nesbitt, who comes running to his aid.

Arriving at the fissure, he climbs down and examines the half-conscious casualty. The monster returns just as Nesbitt climbs out. Its long, powerful tail causes a wall of ice to go crashing down upon the two men. The scientist in the pit is completely buried by the avalanche. Nesbitt survives, but he is in a state of shock. When the other men find him, he is frost-bitten and delirious. They take him back to the temporary base, and he is soon flown to a hospital. There, he is nursed back to health.

No one believes his incredible story about the living dinosaur. A psychiatrist assigned to the case arrives at the obvious conclusion that Nesbitt imagined the creature, an opinion supported by the fact that a group of men was sent out to investigate his claim, but no evidence of the monster was found. After a while, even the convalescing professor begins to wonder whether or not the thing really did exist.



Prof. Elson (Cecil Kellaway) and Tom Nesbitt study a model of the dangerous dinosaur while the real thing looks on in anger. The rudely awakened Rhedosaurus seems pretty spry for a creature his age—140,000,000, to be exact! The Rhedosaurus—who cost Warner Bros. \$25,000 to construct—was made in the exact image and likeness of the actual Rhedosaurus who trod the Earth over one hundred million years ago. The Rhedosaurus is believed to have been an off-shoot of the Tyrannosaurus, the most ferocious of all dinosaurs.



Upon his release from the hospital, Nesbitt returns to his New York office. He tries to forget his terrible experience, but he cannot. He lost a friend, and his position in the scientific world has also suffered because of his wild tale. While he does not discuss the occurrence with anyone else, he wishes that some proof would turn up to substantiate his story.

THE MONSTER STRIKES!

One night, a small ship is sailing along the calm waters off the coast of Nova Scotia. Two men are aboard: the captain and his mate. Suddenly, the crewman sees something that paralyzes his vocal chords!

The captain follows the shocked gaze of his companion and is amazed to see the enormous head of a sea serpent staring back at him! The monster—the same one that had been in the Arctic—wastes no time in grabbing the vessel in its huge paws and sinking it!

A few days later, Professor Nesbitt reads a newspaper article describing the attack of a "sea monster." He quickly heads over to the College of Natural History to discuss the matter with Doctor Elson. This elderly man is head of the Paleontology Department, as well as being (of course) one of the world's leading authorities on prehistoric life. While he would like to help

Nesbitt, Elson must have more proof that such a creature exists. He cannot believe that any dinosaur could remain in a state of suspended animation for millions of years and then suddenly revive. Tom leaves Elson's office, determined to get evidence that the monster is real.

Another nighttime naval disaster is reported in the newspapers a few days later. Upon reading the story, Lee Hunter, a beautiful female associate of Doctor Elson, pays a visit to Nesbitt. Like him, she believes that these "accidents" are too coincidental. They spend hours going through numerous sketches of dinosaurs.

and Nesbitt finally locates one that resembles the beast he saw—a **rhedosaurus!** At Lee's suggestion, Tom leaves to find and bring back the survivor of the first boat wreck. Days later, at the university, the man chooses a picture from among a large pile of dinosaur sketches—it is the same one Nesbitt chose!

That very evening, the monster is attracted by the powerful beam of a lighthouse located on the Massachusetts shore. The saurian rises out of the choppy water to investigate the strange "animal." After a moment it emits a terrifying roar and attacks the towering structure! The two men inside it rush down the spiral staircase as the walls begin to crumble under the giant's onslaught. They are killed as the lighthouse is snapped completely in half. Triumphant, the dinosaur re-enters the sea. (This episode is very similar to Ray Bradbury's story, "The Fog Horn," on which this movie is based.)

The scientists gather all available information on the creature and its sightings. Taking into consideration the course it has been following, they agree that the monster is headed right toward the Hudson subterranean canyon, off the coast of New York. Since the military

Tiring of swimming aimlessly through the ocean, the restless Rhedosaurus decides to pay a visit to an understandably frightened Fun City.



authorities still have to be convinced that the dinosaur exists, Lee, Nesbitt and Elson get permission from a high-ranking Navy officer to use a government trawler to search for it.

DOWN TO THE WAVES IN BELLS

When they reach the spot where they think the creature will be, Dr. Elson and a crewman go beneath the waves in a diving bell. As they descend toward the ocean floor, the kindly old man marvels at the wonders of the deep. It is as if the terrain is that of another planet. Although all seems quiet amidst the underwater mountains and the innumerable fish, a great amount of activity is actually going on among the sea denizens. Elson and his companion watch the most spectacular of these occurrences: a battle between a large octopus and a small killer shark. (These same scenes were used years earlier in the immortal Universal serial, FLASH GORDON.) As the struggle continues, the observers are unaware that the dinosaur they are seeking is nearby. The thing is walking along the ocean bottom on all fours, headed right toward the battling

Continued on page 29

Not one for engaging in endless rhetoric, the Rhedosaurus takes direct action against the system by heading straight for Wall Street, where he sends cowering capitalists scurrying for their lives. Not wanting to cause a panic, the film crew shot this sequence on a weekend—when the Wall Street area is virtually deserted.



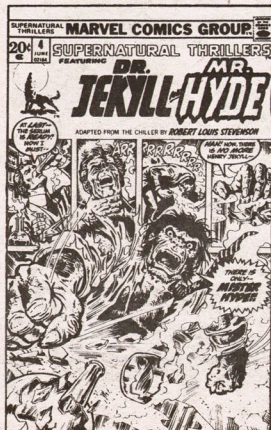


The Man-Thing, one of Marvel's more sympathetic monsters, does battle with a cosmic golden boy named Wundarr on the cover of ADVENTURE INTO FEAR #17, October, 1973. The inside story was written by Steve Gerber and drawn by Val Mayerik.

Long before the Fantastic Four and Spider-Man were created, Marvel Comics published a series of mystery comics which featured monsters from all walks of life. Following the EC comics' trend, Marvel named their magazines *Strange Tales*, *Journey Into Mystery*, *Amazing Fantasy*, *Tales To Astonish* and *Tales of Suspense*. In later years, these comics would serve as the showcases for such new superheroes as Doctor Strange, S.H.I.E.L.D. Agents, Thor, Spider-Man, Ant-Man and Iron Man. For our purposes now, let us just look back on those days in the 1950s and early 1960s when monsters frolicked and played as Marvel's Mightiest.

A runaway space ship brings "Trull the Inhuman" to earth. Trull, a life essence that can inhabit metallic bodies, leaves his wrecked space craft and wanders about Africa. He soon comes upon a construction site and takes over the form of a giant steam shovel. As the workmen try to start up the giant machine, it begins to move under its own will and addresses the

Marvel is also into doing new versions of more traditional monsters, like Dr. Jekyll and his less-than-better half, Mr. Hyde. This busy, explosive cover appeared on *SUPERNATURAL THRILLERS* #4, June, 1973, and, while it will never win any awards for subtlety, it certainly makes the story perfectly clear for comic book readers.



humans. The machine introduces itself as Trull and tells the puny humans of his intentions on earth: He will wage war against the people of the earth and conquer them! A woman in the group panics and runs to the forest with Trull close behind. She stumbles and falls in the monster's path, only to be saved by the 'milksop' of the story. Eventually, both are captured by Trull. The alien in his steam shovel guise charges at the cornered couple with murder on his mind. Trull's charge is blocked by an elephant that the humans had befriended earlier. Steam shovel and elephant ram each other again and again. Finally, the metal of the steam shovel begins to bend and the steam cylinder cracks open. The shovel slows down and grinds to a halt. From its wrecked interior emerges Trull, weakened by the fight. The crew judges that Trull has just about had it and that it will take years before Trull the Inhuman regains the power he has lost.

DREAM DEMONS

Nightmares bring Jim Griffin to the office of Doctor Allen Brown. Jim relates dreams of being abducted by strange ribbon-like creatures. These creatures tell him that they wish to observe him and learn how to be human. When he realizes that these creatures do exist as the "Threat From the Fifth Dimension," they leave his dreams. Jim tells Doctor Brown that these creatures do not want humans to believe in their existence, for this would allow them to come to earth from their dimension. The good doctor tries to persuade his patient that these dreams are merely figments of his imagination, that ribbon creatures do not exist and that there is no Fifth Dimension (cept on Motown Records, that is). Jim, however, refuses to trust his physician and swears that the ribbon creatures in his dreams do exist! As he rants on and on, Doctor Brown's shape begins to ripple and soften. It turns color and, finally, into one of the ribbon creatures from the Fifth Dimension. This creature turns to its former patient and tells him that once his steadfast belief ends, the Fifth Dimensioners will be able to come to earth in large groups. Jim tells the creature that he will not allow it to happen. With this, the ex-doctor disappears. Remaining alone in an empty professional office, Jim pledges to keep alive his belief in the other dimension. How

A paraphrasing of an old cliché says that "one good monster comic deserves another." The theory being that if you develop a good monster and put it into a comic, it will sell—thus opening the field for other good comic monsters.

Unfortunately, none of that rather sound economic logic explains the old Timely/Marvel/Atlas comic monsters. All of them were rotten—and that's being kind. Yet they just went on and on and on. If we didn't know better, we'd swear someone was actually reading the stuff.

Be that as it was, Marvel recently has had the audacity to start reprinting the old stuff. Big time comic freak Jeffrey H. Wasserman zeroes in on some of those horrors for all you eager TMT monster freaks.

MARVEL'S MIGHTIEST MONSTERS

BY JEFFREY H. WASSERMAN



This brand-new, semi-well-drawn cover graced VAULT OF EVIL 7 for November, 1973. Unfortunately, the only thing the cover covered was four old Marvel monster reprints. As usual, the monsters had unpronounceable monikers.

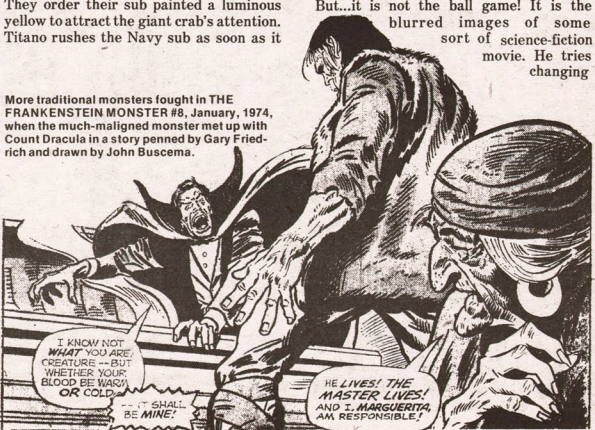
does he do this? Simple! He tries to sell his story to Marvel Comics!

Half a world away, Pacific natives and the U.S. Navy are horrified by a giant crab that plagues the area. The huge brownish crustacean is quickly dubbed "Titano" (not to be confused with the giant ape Titano of SUPERMAN fame), which is also the name of this tale. The Navy sends down a bathysphere into the murky deeps to investigate. The two sailors in its report that all is calm beneath the water's surface, until they realize that their bathysphere has come to rest upon Titano's great shell. Titano cranes a giant eye to his audience and then slaps at the bathysphere with a huge claw. Luckily, the two sailors came supplied with diving gear and escape with their lives. Back on board their submarine, the duo hit up on an idea to stop Titano. They order their sub painted a luminous yellow to attract the giant crab's attention. Titano rushes the Navy sub as soon as it

submerges. At full speed ahead, the submarine races to the north Pacific with Titano close behind. Hours later, the sub approaches a glacier with no intention of changing course until the last possible second. When this moment arrives, the Navy sub makes a sharp turn. Titano, who is without the precision equipment that the sub has, slams into the ice floe, bringing tons of ice down upon him. Having Titano sealed within the glacier forever, the submarine sails for warmer waters.

"For cryin' out loud!" moans Joe Carter. "I found the Things From Nowhere!" Joe bends down to the front of the television set again. The picture had faded out during a baseball game and a half hour of adjusting wires and tubes in the set's interior have brought no results. Joe tries again, and this time gets a picture. But...it is not the ball game! It is the blurred images of some sort of science-fiction movie. He tries changing

More traditional monsters fought in THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER #8, January, 1974, when the much-maligned monster met up with Count Dracula in a story penned by Gary Friedrich and drawn by John Buscema.



stations, but the movie continues. Consulting the television listings in the paper and asking a friend to turn on his own set fails to clarify things. A science-fiction movie is not supposed to be on at this time! To make matters worse, Joe's friend could not find that program anywhere on the dial! Joe tries to make out what's happening on the screen. The images are still blurred, so Joe taps the set's side. Almost immediately, the sound comes on. It is a strange voice that tells of savage creatures invading its homeland. Thousands are being mercilessly slaughtered and their defenses breaking down. Joe draws closer to the set and leaps back when the voice cries out for help! He quickly opens up the back of the set again...he has to adjust the tubes in order to get a clear picture. Switching the set on again, all Joe gets is the ball game! In disgust, he turns off the set. He believed the transmission came from another planet. An entire race had just died out, and Joe could not prove it to anyone. Joe's house grows quiet, except for the minuscule noises of two ant armies warring just outside of his living room window; two ant armies which Joe's television set had somehow picked up instead of the ball game.

ANTI-COMMIE COMIC

In "Fin Fang Foom," the father of two sons in Nationalist China is divided in his emotions. His older son has decided to join the army and fight the communists, but the younger one (Lin Chow, by name) has dishonored the family by not enlisting. In order to prove his father wrong, Lin sails to the communist mainland. He fights his way through communist barriers into a tomb and finds the gigantic orange dragon Fin Fang Foom. The "legendary creature" is dead to the world; asleep in a coma. Lin applies some ancient herbs to the lips of the dragon and the monster rouses itself from its centuries-long sleep. Fin Fang Foom, up on his Emily Post, thanks the mortal for reviving him. Lin, instead of accepting the monster's gratitude, tells the dragon that since he has seen what Fin Fang Foom is really like, he is going to put him back to sleep. Realizing that Lin Chow is the only human being who knows how to put him back into his coma, Fin Fang Foom rushes after him. Lin runs to the surface with the mighty dragon in close pursuit. By jeep and horseback, Lin leads Fin Fang Foom through various communist military installations. At each installation, the awakened dragon nearly captures the human who has both revived and threatened him. In this way, Lin tricks the behemoth into smashing many communist armaments, scattering the communist armies, and ripping up the Great Wall of China (and using it as a whip). Lin suddenly doubles back to the dragon's tomb. There, Fin Fang Foom lashes out with his huge fists at the cornered Lin Chow. Instead of being crushed, Lin disintegrates into thousands of fragmented mirrors. The creature had crushed not Lin, but his reflection in a mirror. From another part of the tomb, Lin rushes out with some more ancient herbs. These plants he draws across Fin Fang Foom's lips, putting the dragon back into his coma. In the darkness of night, Lin returns to Nationalist China and finds his father proud of the deed he has done.

EYES OF OROGO!

In New York's Central Park, kindly old Mister Carstairs remains quietly on his bench while crowds of frightened people run from an invading alien robot. "Orogo!! The Nightmare from Outer Space!!" turns toward the fleeing crowd. At a height of 180 feet, Orogo's one gigantic eye stares at the shocked mob. When they stop running, he slowly tells the earthlings about his plan to enslave all of the humans on the planet. Some in the crowd snicker at the thought, but Orogo has the means to back up his plans. His round eye grows bright and suddenly the crowd quiets and falls under his hypnotic spell. He orders them to board his nearby space ship for deportation to his own planet. Mister Carstairs, having decided that he's heard enough, picks himself up and approaches the robot Orogo. The giant alien robot puzzles over the little man. Mister

Carstairs challenges the invader to hypnotize him. Orogo, being a betting man (robot?), glares at Mister Carstairs, but the old man only asks the robot what's keeping him. Orogo steps up his hypnotic power but Mister Carstairs is still unimpressed and unaffected. Higher and higher he increases his hypnotic power until flashes of electrical sparks fly from his metal dome. Explosions roar from Orogo's interiors and the metallic behemoth collapses at Mister Carstairs' feet. The crowd rushes to the old man, slapping him on the back and congratulating him for defeating the monster. A reporter steps up to Mister Carstairs and asks how he managed to destroy the invader. "It was the one thing Orogo hadn't counted on!" replied Mister Carstairs. "You see, gentlemen, I am totally blind! There was no way he could hypnotize me!"

Poor Howie! He is always being belittled by his fellow lab technicians and has reason to doubt that his girlfriend really loves him. You see, Howie is a dreamer. Since he is rather short and not so good-looking, Howie retreats into the fantasy world of comic books. There he finds heroes whom he could hope and dream to be. One particular night, Howie finds himself all alone in one of the labs, dreaming of the powerful comic monster "Bruttu!" "Bruttu!" (as you may have guessed) is the title of this particular monster tale. Now anyone can tell you that when you are in a laboratory with many atomic reactors, you should always be alert. You should be careful so as not to trip over something like a pencil and fall against one of the atom-smashers. But then again, Howie is daydreaming. Bumping against one of the machines, Howie is bombarded by radiation. Instantly, he fleshes out and begins to grow orange hair all over his body. When the transformation is complete, Howie has become his idol, the



THE LIVING MUMMY starred an unusually muscular mummy in a tale called "The Revenge of the Living," which is a different, it clumsier way of saying "The Revenge of the Dead" or "The Revenge of the Living Dead."

monstrous Bruttu! Howie smashes out of his lab and is fired upon by the police. Soon, even the army is after him at full strength. Howie desperately runs to his girlfriend Anne's home for protection, but finds that she believes he killed the man she loved at the lab. Howie finds out to his surprise that she really does love him and rushes back to his lab. There he quickly activates the reactor again and bathes himself in its rays. When the police rush in, searching for Bruttu, they only find Howie holding Anne in his arms. The two of them have found happiness.

PROF. MUNCH'S MONSTER

Tucked away in the Alps, Professor Munch is angered that his colleagues have overlooked his scientific achievements. And so, the mad scientist retreats to his laboratory to create a creature of revenge. "The Thing Called...IT!" slowly takes shape on Munch's surgical tables. After dozens of trials, IT rises from the table and takes its first step. The professor is overjoyed until IT falters and dies. The disappointed scientist then dumps the



DEAD OF NIGHT— not to be in any way confused with the excellent British horror flick of 1946— was another Marvel reprint in the EC vein. Here a haunted house visitor is confronted by an eerie inhabitant in DEAD OF NIGHT #1, December, 1973.

giant humanoid into a nearby swamp, only to find that the swamp provides the missing element that IT needed to live. IT pulls itself from the swamp and approaches its master. Joyously, Professor Munch orders his creation to destroy those who have ignored his genius. The mud-covered humanoid tells Munch that having been blessed with life himself, he cannot take other lives. Munch decides that he will commit the murders himself, but that he will kill his creation first. The professor rallies the townspeople to his cause, telling them that IT is a murderous monster. IT meekly tries to persuade the people that he is not violent, but they will not listen. Retreating to his creator's castle, IT is set upon by Munch who is armed with sticks of dynamite. Munch rushes toward his creation, but IT steps out of the way and Munch goes sailing over the castle's embattlements. IT looks at his creator's lifeless body, regretting that his master has lost the blessing of life. As the townspeople catch up to the giant humanoid, a lightning bolt strikes both creator and creation. When the smoke clears, IT is dead and Munch is alive. However, it is a very different Munch that now lives. In some strange way, the lightning drove IT's mind into Munch's dead body and breathed life into the human form. Happy to be now human, IT swears that he will use his new body only to benefit mankind.

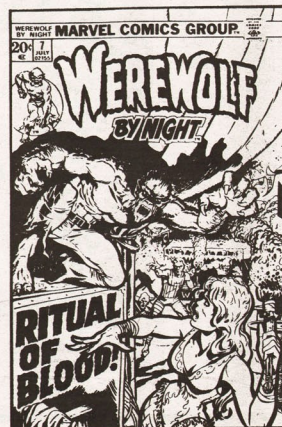
MARVEL FISH STORY

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, "Titan, the Amphibian from Atlantis!" slowly rises out of the New York harbor. His gigantic proportions dwarf all the ships in the bay. The orange and scaled monster roams through the city, creating panic and destruction. In Times Square, Titan addresses the people. He tells them that his underwater race of amphibians are running out of room and that they intend to conquer the surface world. But first, they need information on earth's defenses. For this knowledge, the amphibians will give untold riches. The people stare at each other. Would any of them betray the human race? Suddenly, a man cries out from a skyscraper, telling Titan that he will take the amphibians up on their offer. Titan rushes to the man as the crowd tries to kill their betrayer. They enter his office, but find him out on the window ledge waiting for Titan. The crowd almost succeeds in silencing the man when he is saved from them by Titan. The amphibian tells the man that the treasures will be given only for useful information and that death awaits him if he cannot help their

invasion. The man agrees to the terms and is taken by Titan to the underwater kingdom of the amphibians. In years to come, mankind mobilizes for the invasion and forgets all its petty disagreements, never knowing that their "betrayer" lied to the amphibians. The man told the sea creatures that mankind has overwhelming weapons at their call and could easily repulse any invasion. The amphibians are stunned. They expected the man to aid them and instead they find him telling them that their war with the humans will fail. Realizing that the man knows he faces death, they believe his lies. Although mankind believes him to be their traitor, the man has, unbeknownst to all, become a modern martyr.

Many other monsters appeared with the ones mentioned here. With half of their names sounding like the backfire of an old motorcycle and the other half like a man choking, these mighty monsters flourished in Marvel's early magazines. Today, they are still popular as reprints in Marvel's color and black-and-white comics. Along with these old-time favorites, Marvel is also busy printing the merry adventures of the Frankenstein Monster, Dracula and the Werewolf. To be sure, Marvel's Mightiest Monsters are still on the move!

Like many of Marvel's versions of standard monsters, the Werewolf looks like he's been devoting much of his time to bodybuilding. WEREWOLF BY NIGHT is yet another of Marvel's attempts to transplant celluloid monsters to comic book pages.



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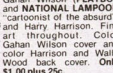
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Well, it was bound to happen sooner or later: political corruption, bad karma and a full moon finally conspired to turn a right-wing reporter into a werewolf and create yet another nice mess for an already embarrassed administration. Former child star Dean Stockwell plays the Left-baiting lycanthrope.

Washington, D.C., the White Collar Crime & Conspiracy Capitol of the World, has more problems in store for it than were ever dreamed of—not even Nixon's wildest flights of fancy. It seems that a lycanthrope is loose in the White House, and it all happens in Milton Ginsberg's **THE WEREWOLF OF WASHINGTON**, a satirical horror film previewed here by TMT Media Editor and freelance wolfbane dealer R. Allen Leider...

The Monster Times has the proud distinction of being the first publication to bring to all its readers a sneak preview of the world's first political-satire horror film, **THE WEREWOLF OF WASHINGTON**. Before we begin, however, we at TMT want to squelch certain scurrilous rumors that have been circulating about this film. Let's make this perfectly clear: **WEREWOLF OF WASHINGTON** was produced by a fine team of monster-type people and is not to be confused with any film taken at the Watergate Hotel. Nor is the film an edited version of any major political figure's home movies. We know how easy it is to start these gossipy things and we just want to set the record straight.

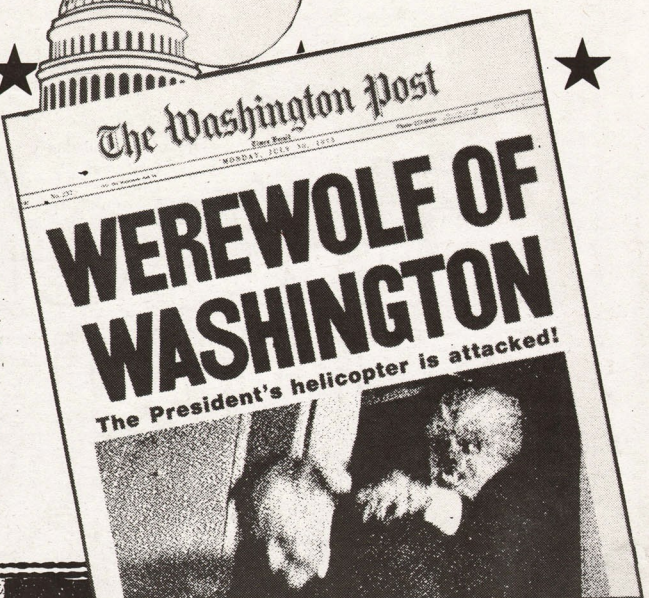
Our lycanthropic legend opens in Budapest, Hungary, where our hero, Jack Whittier (Dean Stockwell), is a journalist and member of the Washington Press Corps. (It is a known fact that newsmen make the best monsters.) Jack is recalled to Washington by the President and decides to take his French-Rumanian mistress with him. Together they brave the hazards of the Carpathian mountains to get to the airfield. Now, as any well-informed Transylvanian will tell you, the Carpathians are treacherous and the roads haven't been repaired since the year Vlad Dracula left public service and started to stick people for free drinks. So Jack and his friend rack up the car in a ditch and are forced to go the rest of the way on foot through the dark, forbidden Transylvania forests. **FACT:** Nine times out of ten, a person walking alone in the Transylvanian forests will come upon a band of Hollywood gypsies and will be courted, followed by an anti-administration publisher, a revolutionary hippie organizer, and others ... all women. It might be well to note here that for some unknown reason both vampires and werewolves seem to be hopelessly chauvinistic

bitten by a werewolf ... and Jack proves no exception. Jack survives with the aid of a Curad and some iodine and returns to Washington with his mistress ... and the hairy curse.

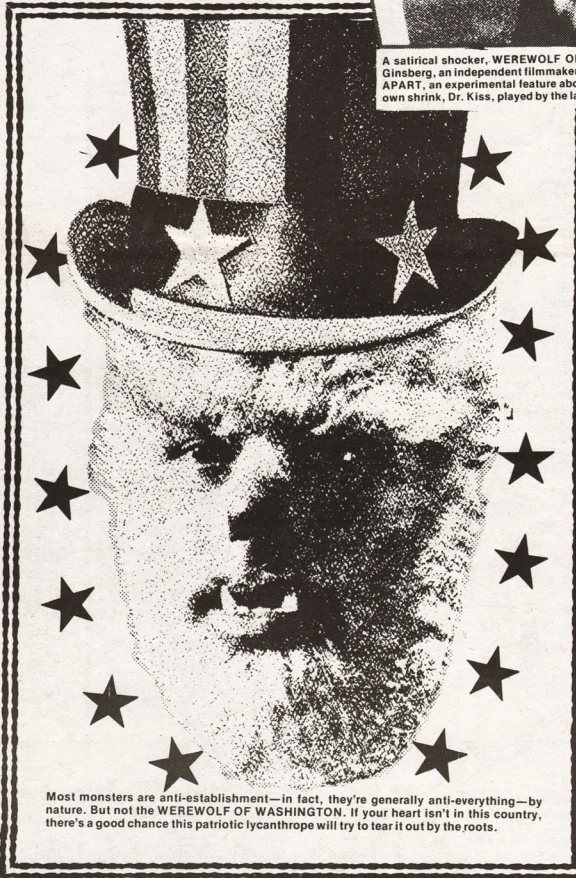
RIGHT-WING WEREWOLF

Once he is back in Washington, some interesting facts about Jack come to light. The President thinks Jack was banished to the wilds of Budapest because of his pro-administration views, something his liberal newspaper frowned upon. The reality of the situation is that Jack left the USA to get out of an embarrassing romance with ... the President's daughter. Unsuspecting, the President asks Jack to become his press aide for the upcoming elections. Jack accepts and proceeds to go about his business at parties, meetings and fundraising dinners. Curiously, a mysterious killer is also making the political rounds, leaving a mangled trail of broken corpses behind as unwanted campaign contributions.

The first victim is the wife of a Supreme



A satirical shocker, **WEREWOLF OF WASHINGTON** was written and directed by Milton Moses Ginsberg, an independent filmmaker who stirred some controversy a few years back with **COMING APART**, an experimental feature about a schizoid shrink played by Rip Torn. **WEREWOLF** has its own shrink, Dr. Kiss, played by the late Michael Dunn.



Most monsters are anti-establishment—in fact, they're generally anti-everything—by nature. But not the **WEREWOLF OF WASHINGTON**. If your heart isn't in this country, there's a good chance this patriotic lycanthrope will try to tear it out by the roots.

in their attitude towards their victims. That subject might be worth someone's investigation at some later date.

Anyway, back in the bullring, Jack realizes that he is the furry fiend but when he tries to explain to the President he is laughed at. The President is having too much fun letting the Attorney General blame the administration's political enemies for the rash of murders (sound familiar?). Jack is sent to the White House psychiatrist instead. The shrink, played by Michael Dunn (in his last film role), is busy not only with his duties keeping the brains of the nation kink-free, but is also

building a Frankenstein monster. I guess everyone needs a hobby, even a man like Dr. Kiss.

BAD MOON RISING

The full moon now hovers over the Washington skyline and the howling of ... something ... is heard. The city is paralyzed with fear (even more than usual) as citizens are on the lookout for the bushy beast. Jack's transformations are becoming more frequent now as election day approaches. It is also becoming harder for him to hide. I mean, where does a werewolf hide ... in the Executive wash-

room of the White House? Or the Presidential bowling alley, with his hairy finger still stuck in his AMF ten-pound ball? Or, worse, the Pentagon's top secret war room? Times are tough all around for the President and the last thing he needs are headlines like **WEREWOLF LOOSE IN THE WHITE HOUSE**, which appear in the morning papers. Who's afraid of Virginia Werewolf? The President is ... but he needs Jack for his campaign, so he insists on Jack accompanying him on a critical mission to bring the Chinese foreign minister to the White House. Jack gets the full moon blues again in a hilarious scene that fittingly concludes this unique film.

The people at Diplomat pictures, who produced this film, show promise at being in on a new wave of horror films. Writer-director Milton Ginsberg has taken the headlines and a lot of imagination and transformed them into a ghoulish stew of comedy and horror with a satiric twist that makes one wonder how much imagination really is in the picture and how much "secret stuff" may be leaking out. Bob Obradovich's werewolf make-up is a bit different from the standard fuzzy mask usually worn for such occasions, and Dean Stockwell, who's obviously been practicing his canine instincts, turns in a fine performance. Biff McGuire's President is not based on you-know-who, but is a conglomerate character he created with Ginsberg to spoof all heads of state ... at least, that's what everyone told us. The rest of the cast of newcomers perform adequately in their roles, and special note must be made again of the late Michael Dunn's demonic Dr. Kiss.

Well-photographed in color in a semi-documentary style, the film will fill every monster lover with 90 minutes of chills and laughs. It is also gratifying to note that we are approaching a period when some monster films are being produced as vehicles to express opinions and not just as amusements. More on this trend in future issues of TMT. For now, just relax under the full moon, scratch your ears, adjust your Sergeants' flea collars and wait for the **WEREWOLF OF WASHINGTON** to skulk into your neighborhood. It's a treat.

WEREWOLF OF WASHINGTON (1973) Diplomat Pictures. Running time: 90 min. Written and directed by Milton Moses Ginsberg. Starring Dean Stockwell, Biff McGuire, Clifton James, Beeson Carroll, Jane House, Michael Dunn, Barbara Spiegel, Stephen Cheng.

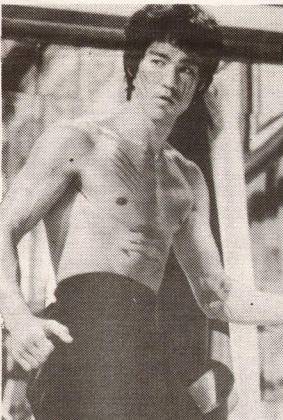
A Profile of the Late
Bruce Lee

FISTS OF FURY

BY YVE ANDINO
and YIN HO

Though Kung Fu superstar Bruce Lee died before reaching the age of 33—at the pinnacle of his career—he has left a deep, indelible mark on millions of martial arts fans all over the world via a handful of fast-paced action films. Here to tell the Bruce Lee story are two loyal Lee fans, Yve Andino and Yin Ho. Yve writes and publishes an adventure-oriented fanzine called QALEIDOSKOPE.

Bruce Lee was born Lee Jung Fan on the 23rd of November, 1940 in San Francisco in the midst of a tour his parents were taking in conjunction with a Chinese opera company. Prior to Bruce's sixth birthday, he and his parents returned to Hong Kong where, upon reaching the ripe old age of six, Lee began acting in Asian films.



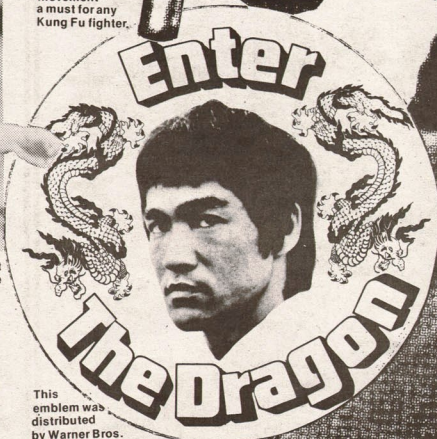
The "Little Dragon Lee" prepares lightning-fast fists and feet to do their duty in a scene from one of his many action-packed martial arts epics.

Bruce was a combative kid, winning a reputation as a mischievous, rebellious youth by constantly getting into spontaneous street fights and brawls. While still a youngster, Bruce changed his name to Hsiao Lung ("The Little Dragon") or Lee Siao Lung ("The Little Dragon Lee"), a sobriquet that certainly fit him. Realizing that Bruce's streetfighting techniques were too undisciplined to protect the small-statured youth, his father enrolled him in a local Martial Arts school, where the "Little Dragon" studied the Wing Chun Kuen technique under the tutelage of instructor Yip Man.

MARTIAL ARTIST

At 18, Bruce returned to the United States to further his education, first by attending the Edison Technical School in 1960 and later enrolling at the University of Washington in Seattle (1961-1964), graduating with a Master's Degree in

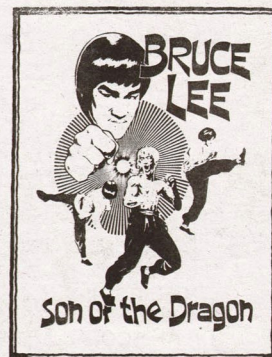
Even the late, great Bruce Lee had to resort to the use of man-made weapons when the going went from rough to rougher. While Bruce's costume might lack the sartorial splendor of those worn by other super heroes, it did allow plenty of movement—a must for any Kung Fu fighter.



This emblem was distributed by Warner Bros. to promote ENTER THE DRAGON, Bruce's biggest-budgeted Kung Fu flick, in which he co-starred with American actors John Saxon and Jim Kelly.



Rather than being in over his head, Bruce appears to be in over the heads of this gang of evil adversaries in this pressbook illustration for **FISTS OF FURY**, one of the most popular of the late martial artist's Hong Kong-based battle flicks.



Send \$1.50 plus 50¢ for postage and handling to The Monster Times Bookshelf, P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011 for this fantastic-LEE beautiful 17x22 inch color BRUCE "Son of the Dragon" LEE Poster.



A masked Bruce Lee appeared as "Kato," the Green Hornet's agile underling, in the **GREEN HORNET** teleseries of the '60s. Bruce was discovered at a karate tournament and asked by the show's producers to essay the Kato role—a part that helped launch an active film career abruptly curtailed by his premature death.

Philosophy. Although the philosophically bent Bruce hailed from a well-heeled family, he insisted on working his way through college, earning his daily bread by teaching Kung Fu and even opening his own schools. In 1966 Bruce was spotted at a karate tournament and offered the role of Kato on the **GREEN HORNET** television series, where American audiences

watched Lee's unusual martial arts skills with awe and fascination. By that time, Bruce had even developed his own martial arts variation, which he called Jeet Kune Do.

In 1969 Bruce made his American film debut opposite James Garner in **MARLOWE**, in which he played a deadly villain. Two years later, he appeared in an episode of the **LONGSTREET** teleseries, where he traded kicks with series star James Franciscus. Soon after that, Bruce was called back to Hong Kong by Kung Fu filmmaker Raymond Chow and made several Hong Kong TV appearances immediately following his return. Soon he became involved in several martial arts film projects.

Bruce's first film was entitled **BIG BOSS**, released in America under the title



Bruce was all smiles during this break between takes for one of his Kung Fu actioners. In addition to being an excellent actor and expert martial artist, Bruce was developing into a first-rate director as well, before his untimely death ended his career. Though gone, Bruce lives on in the hearts of his fans all over the world.

halted by his mysterious and premature death on July 20th, 1973.

SERIOUS LEE

Bruce Lee took his work seriously, both his martial arts pursuits and his film labors. A sensible, sensitive young man, Bruce's attitude to his sudden stardom was level-headed and healthy, as is evidenced by comments by Bruce that were quoted in the December issue of **FILMS ILLUSTRATED**. "Sure, money is important in providing for my family," Bruce maintained, "but it isn't everything. I don't drink or smoke and as for gambling I don't believe in getting something for nothing. The important thing is that I am personally satisfied with my work." Bruce's vital attitude towards his work comes through in all his films.

Bruce Lee was not yet 33 when he died. His death robbed Kung fu fans all over the world of their favorite star, a man not only adept at defeating villains through clever use of his lightning-fast fists and feet, but a multi-talented individual who could act, write and direct as well as battle heavies bigger and beefier than himself. Though Bruce is gone, he will never be forgotten by his millions of loyal, and saddened, fans. The "Little Giant" lives!

Bruce's face also adorns the cover of many a Hong Kong Kung Fu comic, too.



FISTS OF FURY. Confusingly enough, Bruce's second punch & kick flick was alternately titled **FISTS OF FURY**, **THE IRON HAND** and **THE INTERCEPTING FISTS**, but once it was imported to our shores it became **THE CHINESE CONNECTION**. Bruce not only starred but produced and directed his next martial arts outing, titled **WAY OF THE DRAGON** in America and **ENTER THE DRAGON** in Asia. His last completed film, in which he co-starred with John Saxon and Jim Kelly, was **ENTER THE DRAGON** (American title), previously called **THE DEADLY THREE**, and was produced by Warner Brothers. Production on the unfinished film **GAME OF DEATH**, again directed, and also written by, Lee, was

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INSIDE COMICS
A NEW MAGAZINE FROM THE MONSTER TIMES...

THE FIRST ISSUE OF INSIDE COMIX MAY WELL BE THE BEST SINGLE ISSUE OF ANY COMIC ART FAN MAGAZINE YOU'VE EVER READ!

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When was the last time you spent 20¢ on a comic book and felt you got your money's worth?
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How many times have you bought a comic book looking for work by your favorite artist or writer, only to find they took him off the book without telling anyone?
These are problems facing all comic fans. And while THE MONSTER TIMES does all it can to help, it can only devote a few pages each month to comics. That's why, to answer the demand for a good, professionally-produced magazine about the comic industry, THE MONSTER TIMES is publishing INSIDE COMICS. And it's ready for immediate mailing.

INSIDE COMICS is a magazine like you've never seen before. Published quarterly (and only available through the mail) and edited by Joe Brancatelli, TMT's Managing Editor, INSIDE COMICS will tell you everything there is to know about the comics industry. You'll never find it on any newsstand—INSIDE COMICS is for the fan. The first issue, for example, contains the following material:

- the story of the massive 1900 page original art rip-off from National Comics

—how the Warren Publishing Company is trying to buy the underground comic industry.

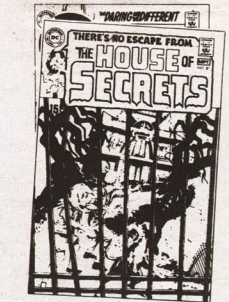
The plenty more information jammed into INSIDE COMICS, but we simply don't have the room to tell you it all now (see TMT's Teletype column for more info). You'll just have to see the first issue to believe it. It only costs \$1 and is available only from THE MONSTER TIMES. If you'd like to subscribe, send \$4 for four issues. As an added bonus to subscribers, to show you we're out to help, we'll give you a free 30 word classified advertisement.

INSIDE COMICS is a magazine like you've never before seen in your life. If you are at all interested in the comic book medium—or the comic strips, underground comic, or monster comics or anything related to comic—you simply cannot afford to be without INSIDE COMICS.

As a special bonus, each issue of INSIDE COMICS will contain complete, comprehensive reviews of every fan magazine published. There's a lot of good fanzines—and a lot of bad ones. We think you should know which ones are which—before you buy them.

INSIDE COMICS, like THE MONSTER TIMES before it, will be an innovation unlike anything you've ever read. When THE MONSTER TIMES talks, people listen.

And THE MONSTER TIMES says you can't afford NOT to get INSIDE COMICS.



These two pages of cover art are among over 1900 pages stolen from the National vaults

- a long interview with Robert Crumb, underground King-turned-farmer
- the story on why Charlton Comics closed down for two complete months
- everything you always wanted to know about ACBA, the professional organization of comic artists and writers



1974 MONSTER TIMES CALENDAR

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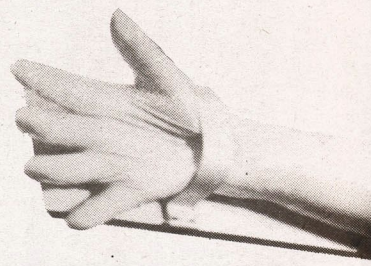
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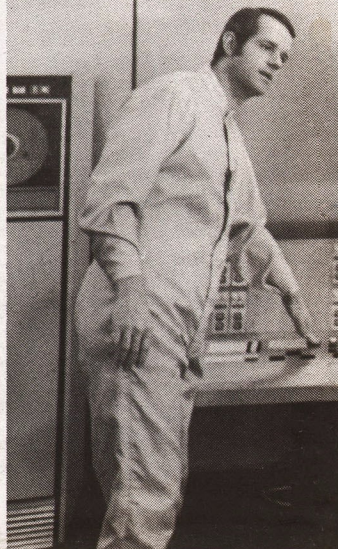


THE QUESTOR TAPES (QUESTOR pilot show on NBC WEDNESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES). Directed by Richard A. Colla. Teleplay by Gene Roddenberry and Gene L. Coon from a story by Roddenberry. Starring Robert Foxworth, Mike Farrell, Dana Wynter, John Vernon, Lew Ayres, James Shigeta, Robert Douglas.

Roddenberry's back and TMT's got'im! And so does NBC, who'll be running Gene Roddenberry's latest sci-fi series, QUESTOR, and so does R.A.L. (for those whose memories are short or unkind, that's R. Allen Leider, TMT Media Editor), who previews and profiles QUESTOR, the star and the show itself, herewith...

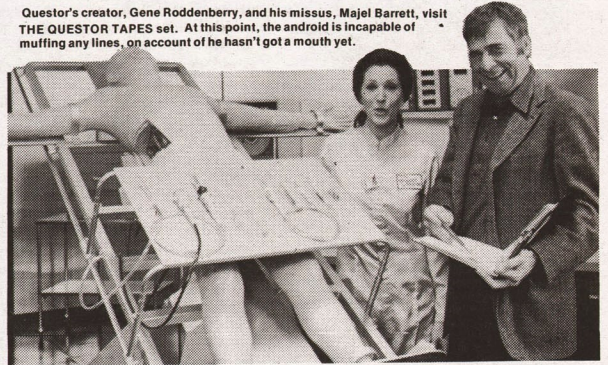
BY R. ALLEN LEIDER

It seems that only yesterday NBC terminated the five year interplanetary mission of the USS Enterprise after Star Trek's stormy three-year run. Now, Gene Roddenberry, the show's creator-producer is back on the TV sci-fi scene with a new animated Star Trek show and a number of new entries for the coming season. Questor, which is scheduled as a Fall entry on NBC, is Roddenberry's novelty item. Questor is an android—a human-like robot with a computer brain, left here many millenia ago by a super race. His mission is to be a sort of mechanized saviour, discreetly guiding the human race in its moments of crisis, using his superior ability and powers for the good.



Science-fiction in our midst is the gimmick behind Questor, the android series about a perfect mechanical man—indistinguishable from ordinary people, but with superior ability and, of course, a logical computer mind a-la Star Trek's Mr. Spock. Actually, Roddenberry designed the part

viewers. He is descended from a long line of androids which were left here in prehistoric times by a super-race from another world. They have a mechanical life of about 300 years, after which they build new bodies for themselves and



Questor's creator, Gene Roddenberry, and his missus, Majel Barrett, visit THE QUESTOR TAPES set. At this point, the android is incapable of muzzing any lines, on account of he hasn't got a mouth yet.

for Leonard Nimoy, who played Spock, but various business entanglements prevented him from doing the series and the role went to Robert Foxworth, the actor who recently did TV versions of Frankenstein and Hogan's Goat.

transfer their memory banks to them. It makes one wonder if people like Socrates and Leonardo Da Vinci were really human. Roddenberry, in fact, often suggested in Star Trek the possibility of such great thinkers being aliens altogether.

Questor, the hero is—machine. "He's really an ambulatory computer," Roddenberry explained. "Externally, he looks exactly like a human being. He's capable of simulating human functions like breathing and eating. Only he would just as soon eat the china plate as the chicken scallopine on it. He can convert to either energy in his power unit."

Will Questor have any physical oddities, such as pointed ears?

"Not this time. He won't need them. On Spock they were acceptable. Questor ... well, as I see it, anyone who approaches the human race with any degree of logic will stick out like a sore thumb anyway, so why bother with pointed ears."

The origin of Questor is what grabs the

"It's always been one of my fascinations," says Gene, "speculating where these men came from with such staggering mental abilities to develop great knowledge in the Dark Ages." He paused and put down the copy of Chariots of the Gods he has practically worn out.

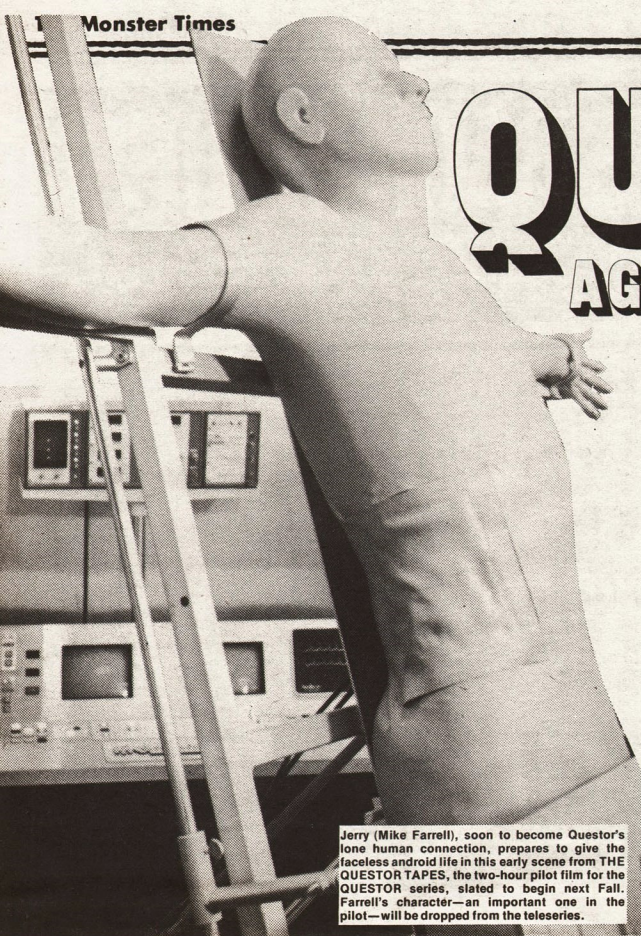
"We showed the program people at NBC the rough cut of Questor yesterday and they seemed to like it very much," Roddenberry said.

QUESTOR'S DOUBLE QUEST

QUESTOR is a dual-quest series. He is being sought and, at the same time, is a seeker himself. Questor is a fugitive from the five-nation combine headed by Darro.

QUESTOR

AGE OF THE ANDROID



Jerry (Mike Farrell), soon to become Questor's lone human connection, prepares to give the faceless android life in this early scene from THE QUESTOR TAPES, the two-hour pilot film for the QUESTOR series, slated to begin next Fall. Farrell's character—an important one in the pilot—will be dropped from the teleseries.

They know the android is alive somewhere and want to recover what they consider to be a fantastically valuable ambulatory computer. Questor is himself a seeker, his quest being to discover his purpose and reason for having been constructed and given the directive to help mankind. Why am I here? he wonders. Who and where is this mysterious Vaslovik who created me?

A stranger in a strange land, Questor is highly vulnerable and in constant jeopardy. Difficulties surface in things small as well as large... learning to ride a taxi, running out of money, meeting any kind of individual he does not understand, any new situation may provide danger. His logic-oriented computer-mind makes an understanding of many basic human



Robert Foxworth plays the completed version of the Questor android. Not only is he a fully functioning computerized genius, but his physical appearance has undergone several major improvements as well. Barring any unforeseen complications, he'll never be bald again.

conditions impossible to him. If Questor needs information he obtains it like any human being, through books, photos, etc., except that he can absorb it at a fantastic rate and totally retain everything he hears, reads or sees. Of course, this does not mean he understands all of it since there is always the enigma of anything which involves illogical human customs, rituals, superstitions, etc. Questor has only two things guiding him:

1. The rather broad "help humanity" imperative which was on the original Vaslovik tapes.
2. His own computer-mind and special android abilities.

Questor's acute senses and special sensory equipment can be used in many ways. For example, he would be much superior to the legendary Sherlock Holmes in analyzing the source of mud on a shoe or the type of blood which made a carpet stain. His five senses are much more acute than a human's. His eyes are capable of both telescopic and microscopic sight. He can see in the dark and, with a glance at a room or an object, he can measure depth or volume to a small fraction of a digit. However, his sensitivity does not include what we know as pain or pleasure but merely the measurement of stimuli much the same way a computer can measure heat or cold. The sensors in his fingertips enable him to make even more precise measurements of size, volume and weight and the texture of any item he holds or touches. His hearing is acute and selective. All his powers of observation are substantially better than human and his computer memory on factual matters is that of total recall.

MECHANICAL GENIUS

For example, with the sensory capacity described above, the opening of a security vault would be relatively simple. Being a machine, Questor has a special affinity for machines, however complex. In the pilot script, it took him a relatively short time to analyze the control mechanisms of a modern jet aircraft and modern techniques required to fly it. Questor would similarly find an incredibly advanced

computer a rather crude mechanical device compared to his own computer brain. His measuring capacities would make him superior to any gauge or instrument hooked up to any type of mechanical apparatus. An android sensor computer of these abilities would have perfect musical pitch and flawless measurement of any type of vibration.

His ability to accurately measure volume and weight means that he could analyze the nature of any pure metal and fairly accurately deduce the nature of compound substances. These abilities, plus his university tape knowledge of anatomy and medicine, make him a pretty fair medical diagnostician. The same university tape knowledge would give him an excellent textbook knowledge of psychology and psychiatry, but his own inability to empathize and understand emotion might make his diagnosis here very humorous at times.

Questor is not infallible. He is a computer. Computers predict probability. They don't predict the future. Although his chances of being correct in a given situation, by a logical chain of events, are extremely high, Questor's predictions are limited to mathematical probabilities involving questions of fact and logic. Also, as shown in the pilot story, Questor is vulnerable to injury and even the equivalent of death.

Questor cannot kill. All human life is sacred to him.

Questor cannot stand by and allow a human to be injured. This is not limited to mere physical injury, so the breadth of his imperative involves him in a wide variety of story situations. Questor is a free agent morally and philosophically, neither on the side of the East nor the West, promoting no particular religious philosophy, etc. He would be as likely to rescue a Mafia leader in jeopardy as a child in danger. He could, however, take action against a Mafia leader if he learned that this leader was imperiling other human beings, but it

would have to be a direct and logical threat understandable to a computer mind.

LOGICAL LIMITS

There is a limit to Questor's learning ability. Story-wise, it is important that we do not end up on our fourth or eighth episode and find he has learned so much he has become indistinguishable from a human series star. His inability to understand or feel emotion creates this necessary "blind spot." The contrasting powers and limitations of his unique computer mind also help keep alive in the audience's mind the fact he is an android. His computer mind is also so direct and logical that it sometimes impels him into direct and logical solutions which may seem strange to human beings. For example, he may see that a person trapped inside a burning car can be most easily and quickly saved by ripping the door of the car off. The fact he might give himself away by doing so becomes less important than the fact he cannot delay while that human dies.

To find out more about Questor, you'll just have to watch the show. If it's as good as Star Trek, it will certainly be a painless assignment!

Questor is about to come to life and embark upon a mysterious, pre-programmed mission that he doesn't really understand but is compelled to follow. Like Mr. Spock before him, Questor is a logical, single-minded sort, lacking in spontaneity and uncluttered by human emotions.



MONSTER TIMES BACK ISSUES.

Okay, gang, here's your once-in-a-lifetime [well, not exactly, but . . .] chance to pick up some rare and valuable back issues of THE MONSTER TIMES, the first newspaper of horror, science fiction and fantasy. We've got issues on everything—just look at

our gallery of gory delights—enough to scare even the most fearless reader. And don't forget, each issue contains a giant color centerfold, suitable for framing or hanging on your crypt wall to cover up the holes or even for wrapping fish.



TMT 1. COLLECTOR'S CLASSICS, #2. Our special premiere issue containing part one of "The Men Who Saved Kong," NOSFERATU, DER GOLEM and BUCK ROGERS. Also included is a Bernie Wrightson Frankenstein color poster and Wrightson's NOSFERATU comic strip.



TMT 2. SPECIAL STAR TREK EDITION, #2. Our first all STAR TREK edition, featuring the "Star Trek Saga," interview with William Shatner, profile of Leonard Nimoy and story on Gene Roddenberry. Also Gray Morrow's "Star Trek" color centerfold, STAR TREK comics and "Spacemen of the '50s."



TMT 3. GIANT BUGS ON THE MUNCH, #1. Filmbook of bug classic, THEM, "Bugs in the Comics" by Mann-Wolfman, "The Empire of the Ants" by H. G. Wells, a Rich Buckler comic strip and a review of "Stan Lee at Carnegie Hall." Also a giant KONG color poster and part two of "The Men Who Saved Kong."



TMT 4. BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, #1. Filmbook of the classic BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, review of THE PULPS, article on GREEN Lantern/Green Arrow, a two page Jeff Jones comic strip, color Roger Corman meets Edgar A. Poe, "Dracula Goes To Court," and the worst films of 1971.



TMT 5. CREATURE FEATURE, #1. Filmbook and giant color poster of THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON, interview with TARZAN comic's Joe Kubert, Humphrey Bogart's only monster movie, more Jeff Jones comics and an article on ESQUIRE'S hip comic stories. Not to mention "Mushroom Monsters."



TMT 6. ZOMBIES ON PARADE, #1. Features a zombie film survey, "Zombies in the Comics," THE ASTRO ZOMBIES, THE OMEGA MAN, a Dan Green comic strip, review of Bernie Wrightson's BADTIME STORIES, NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD and a zombie color centerfold. You'll never want to see zombies



TMT 8. HAMMER HORRORS. Filmbook and color centerfold on Hammer's HORROR OF DRACULA. A "Hammer Horror History," "The Hammer Heritage," the complete Horror checklist, terror toys in London, Hammer's beautiful ladies, reviews of HORRORS, and DRACULA. All Hammer. All Horror!



TMT 11. PLANET OF THE APES, #1. Filmbook and centerfold of PLANET OF THE APES, the first apes movie. Also includes CONAN in the comics, THE NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS, FRITZ THE CAT, an interview with Dracula, coverage of the Graham Gallery's comic exhibit and Hemispheres's Blood movies.



TMT 12. GORGEOUS GEORGE, #1. Filmbook and color centerfold on GORGE, review of Steranko's HISTORY OF COMICS, more Blood movies, more Seymour, "Behind the Scenes at the PLANET OF THE APES," review of WILLARD, THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME and a special rat comic strip.



TMT 13. SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN, #1. An interview with Spidey's artist and writer, Spider-Man's most monstrous villains, DR. PHIBBS, fanzine reviews, still more Blood movies, more Seymour, survey of the comic con phenomenon, still more Seymour and a special Spidey color centerfold by Kane and Ditko.



TMT 14. WICKED WOLF-MAN, #1. Features a filmbook and color centerfold of WOLF-MAN, article on comic's chauvinist pig, THE PHANTOM, GODZILLA, "Behind the Scenes at SILENT RUNNING," review of SCIENCE FICTION FILM, CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES and an interview with Peter Cushing.



TMT 15. VALLEY OF GWANGI, #1. Filmbook and centerfold on THE VALLEY OF GWANGI, an interview with Alfred Hitchcock, "Vampires in the Comics," preview of BLACKULA THE PLANT MONSTERS, review of HPL magazine, Godzilla's own column, some real monsters and CHILDREN SHOULDNT PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS.



TMT 16. GODZILLA FOR PRESIDENT, #1. Our spectacular issue breaking the story that Godzilla is running for president, with a color centerfold to match. Also included are articles on MIGHTY JOE YOUNG, COUNT YORGA and still more PLANT MONSTERS. An interview with Vincent Price, and "Comics Go to Colleege."



TMT 17. SUPER SCIENCE FICTION, #1. Filmbook and color centerfold of FORBIDDEN PLANET, review of FLASH GORDON HERITAGE, THE MYSTERIANS, behind the scenes at the latest apes movie, SF TV GUIDE, review of ASYM, interview with Rod Serling and preview of the s-f WORLD CON.



TMT 18. PIEDRAS BLANCAS MONSTER, #1. Filmbook and color centerfold on the classic (?) MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS, Willis O'Brien's missing monsters, preview of DRACULA A.D. 1972, "When Monsters Ruined the Comics," Perry Rhodan of Germany, First Annual Monster Poll and King Kong comics.



TMT 19. TERRIFYING TARANTULA, #1. Filmbook and color centerfold on TARANTULA, articles on Dr. Death and Dr. Shock, the return of E.C. Comics, "Hercules in the Comics," Late Film roundup, review of some recent monster movie campaigns, and some really repulsive comics.



TMT 20. STILL MORE S-F AND STAR TREK, #1. Our third s-f issue contains a 12-page STAR TREK pull-out, which includes our already classic "Keep On Trekkin'" poster, STAR TREK filmbography, STAR TREK Yellow Pages, review of the STAR TREK books and R. Spock movie. Also FU MANCHU.



TMT 21. THE TOTAL FRANKENSTEIN, #1. Filmbook on 1931's FRANKENSTEIN, a complete FRANKENSTEIN filmbography, the real Case of Frankenstein, "The Decline of Frankenstein," interview with Glen (Frankenstein) Strange, "Frankenstein in the Comics," and a color centerfold with all the FRANKENSTEINS of the movies.



TMT 22. GREEN SLIME BLUES, #1. Filmbook on GREEN SLIME, preview on THE VAULT OF HORROR, Godzilla vs Ghidrah, GENESIS II, article on New York's GREER, results of the Monster Poll, review of the KLINE PORTFOLIO, and a trip to the Amicus studios. Also, TMT's exclusive MI. MONSTERMAG is being unveiled!



TMT 23. GADZOOKS, GODZILLA, #1. A special 40 page magazine issue of TMT devoted to GODZILLA and his friends. Including a GODZILLA filmbook, four color GODZILLA posters, the friends of GODZILLA, Tom Sutton's super comic strip RATI and more on the Greatest Beast in the World, Godzilla.



TMT 24. REGAL RODAN (#1) Filmbook on RODAN with a free color centerfold of same. Also Basil Wolverton comics' THEATRE OF BLOOD, Review of HIS TORY OF COMICS vol. 2, the Last of The Planet of The Apes and much more in our special BILL OF RIGHTS issue.



TMT 25. THE FANTASTIC FLY, #1. Leading off with a double filmbook on THE FLY and THE RETURN OF THE FLY and a Fly centerfold. Also articles about CAPT. MARVEL's creator, C.C. Beck and BROOM-HILDA; Russell Myers. Also, Ladies and their monsters and WERE-WOLVES ON WHEELS. A fantastic mixed bag issue.



TMT #26 DESTROY ALL MONSTERS #1. Our fabulous DESTROY ALL MONSTERS issue, featuring filmbook and centerfold. Also included are exclusive shots on the STAR TREK cartoon, articles on Superman's Metropolis Museum, Wax Museum, New York Comiccon, hot stiffs, horror in the media and Rondo Hatton.



THE MONSTER TIMES #27, VAMPIRES PARADE, #1. Our special all-vampire issue, featuring Forgotten Vampire Classics of the Screen, an article on The Decline and Fall of Bela Lugosi, a Neal Adams vampire centerfold, review of DREAM OF DRACULA and the long-awaited Jess Franco COUNT DRACULA. Also Esteban Maroto article.



TMT #28, HUNCHBACK SPECIAL, #1 - A special Lon Chaney/Hunchback issue with centerfold puppet of the Hunchback, an article and illustrations on Chaney's make-up technique. Also, PLASTIC MAN, Willis O'Brien's BLACK SCORPION, new Hammer releases and the WAX MUSEUM.



TMT #29. ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN, #1. Filmbook on the Universal Films Classic, HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN, 50 Worst comics, television cartoon guide, two Abominable Snowman articles, Glenn Strange memorial, SIN-BAD'S GOLDEN VOYAGE, ALSO FROM HELL IT CAME AND Death is a Way of Life.



TMT #30. SHOCK & SCHLOCK SPECIAL, #1. All-Worst issue, with filmbook on THE HORROR OF PARTY BEACH, 50 Worst comics, a portrait of low-budget filmmaker J. Dennis Stecker. Also included: an interview with schlock filmmaker William Greco, Hugo Huxford's strip, the Inferior Five and a preview of SULLO, monster movie satire.



THE MONSTER TIMES #31, MARAUDING MARTIAN ISSUE, #1. Our all Martian issue, including a super filmbook and centerfold of WAR OF THE WORLDS. Also includes an article and comic strip on INVADERS FROM MARS, Martians in the Comics and many other Martian features.



TMT TV SCI-FI SPECIAL SALUTES, #1. Our special 40 page magazine devoted to STAR TREK and the best TV SF color STAR TREK Posters, the 1972 STAR TREK COST THE OUTER LIMITS, LOST IN SPACE, U.F.O., STAR TREK quiz, THE SPACE GIANTS, and four stories on the STAR TREK cast of characters.



TMT COLLECTORS' ISSUE No. 2, "THE PEOPLE OF STAR TREK," #1. Inside stories on all the STAR TREK stars and the immortal characters they portrayed: William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, DeForest Kelley, Nichelle Nichols, James Doohan and the rest of the ST crew. Plus Many exciting illustrations & photos.

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BY MARK EVANIER

THE MAKING OF... HIGH ADVENTURE

D.C. ink artist Mike Royer took a great leap forward by drawing and writing ANNIKI, a strip about a scantily-clad superheroine appearing in HIGH ADVENTURE

Besides being a TMT contributor of no small renown, Mark Evanier writes funnybooks. He writes all kinds of funny books—like THE BEAGLE BOYS, CHARLIE GHAN AND THE CHAN CLAN, THE ROAD RUNNER and SUPER-GOOF. Every once in a great while, however, Evanier goofs off and writes some serious stuff. Here he tells how he scripted and produced HIGH ADVENTURE comix. Which was a high adventure in itself, we're sure.

Underground comix ain't what they used to be. Not so long ago, they were a new, surging outlet for the more creatively warped—mostly young, irreverent offspring of this Visual Age of ours. They wanted to create comics—but not the kind that go forth unto the world under the Comics Code regalia. Those comics, the products of the major publishers, have to appeal to a specified, pre-sweetened market and must be approved by the Comics Code censorship board. After all, there is always the danger of something being said.

That, in twenty-five words or more, is how underground comix came to exist. How they grew into a sprawling industry is another story, entirely—one having to do with cult followings, articles in national magazines, college audiences, Crumb and Shelton, sick humor and, most notably, a goodly number of consumers who found conventional comic books to be strikingly devoid of imagination and scope.

Not that all underground comix are imaginative or even entertaining—as the field grew, the uncreatively warped joined in and flooded the meager underground outlets with a shoddy output that, all too often, substituted disgust and grossness for ability. But if you apply a modicum of discernment and rummage through your neighborhood Adults Only comic rack, you'll find an ample supply of quality reading matter—providing you have a palate for the different and daring.

One new underground that you may find will, I hope, be classed with the more elite. High Adventure says the logo and its creators have attempted to do something rather unlike the current offerings of the

major publishers. The editor and head writer is Yours Truly and faltering modesty prevents me from quoting more than one of the compliments received, thus far: "Refreshing and innovative," said one employee of a well-known comics house. Of course, we've gotten negative reviews, as well: The columnist for a leading adzine said that I would have been laughed out of D.C. and Marvel, had I gone to them with High Adventure's scripts. He apparently missed the point of the whole venture; we weren't trying to emulate the kind of material published by D.C. or Marvel, both companies with which I've been associated. High Adventure is an alternative.



LORD SABRE, the author warns us, is a sword & sorcery strip for people who hate sword & sorcery strips. The satirical story—about an oppressed office drudge given to heroic fantasies—was penned by Mark and illustrated by Stephen Leialoha and John Pound.

Bob Kline, a talented fanzine veteran, had a painting done years ago of a bearded futuristic hunter—a dinosaur slayer. You'll find it reproduced in the Robert Kline Portfolio (ad elsewhere) along with other reptilian creatures that Bob renders so magnificently. The painting—of the kind of strip that Bob wished to tackle—dovetailed with a science-fantastic idea that had been ricocheting around my hollow cranium for many months. I named him the



ANNIKKI

STALKER and scripted the first installment in a serial which, we hope, shows Bob's abundant talents off to full advantage. Chapter one is groundwork and nothing within is quite what it seems. Chapters two-and-onward will follow when Bob completes his design work for the Saturday morn "Star Trek." In a different s-f vein, Bob illustrated NIMBUS, a short which serves to introduce the title character—master of a space colony of lovely and pulchritudinous maidens.

Mike Royer is usually associated with the inkwork of Jack Kirby's D.C. books, an assignment which often eclipses his own, slick artwork. What Mike wanted to do was ANNIKI, the story of a fearless (and bra-less) young beauty, inspired by the legends of Kalevala. Mike has asked me to collaborate on the script but I became ensnared in deadlines on the funny animal comics I write. It was just as well—solo, Mike created a powerful graphic story, steeped in legend and witchcraft.

SABRE & SORCERY

In another heroic vein, Stephen Leialoha wanted to draw a story of sword-and-sorcery—a genre that I've never been able

to cultivate any taste for whatsoever. I am still on page three of the first Conan book—and that's just the table of contents. So, I resolved to write a sword-and-sorcery story for those folks who, like me, are none too thrilled by barbarians. If you love sword-and-sorcery, you'll loathe LORD SABRE and, hopefully, vice versa. Leialoha is a relative newcomer who boasts a fresh, bold style that, I predict here and now, will take him far. For the inkwork, we enlisted the aid of John Pound, a wonderfully versatile underground artist, whose works have highlighted Death Rattle, among other publications. Like all our artists, John is another destined for the artists' equivalent of Hollywood stardom.

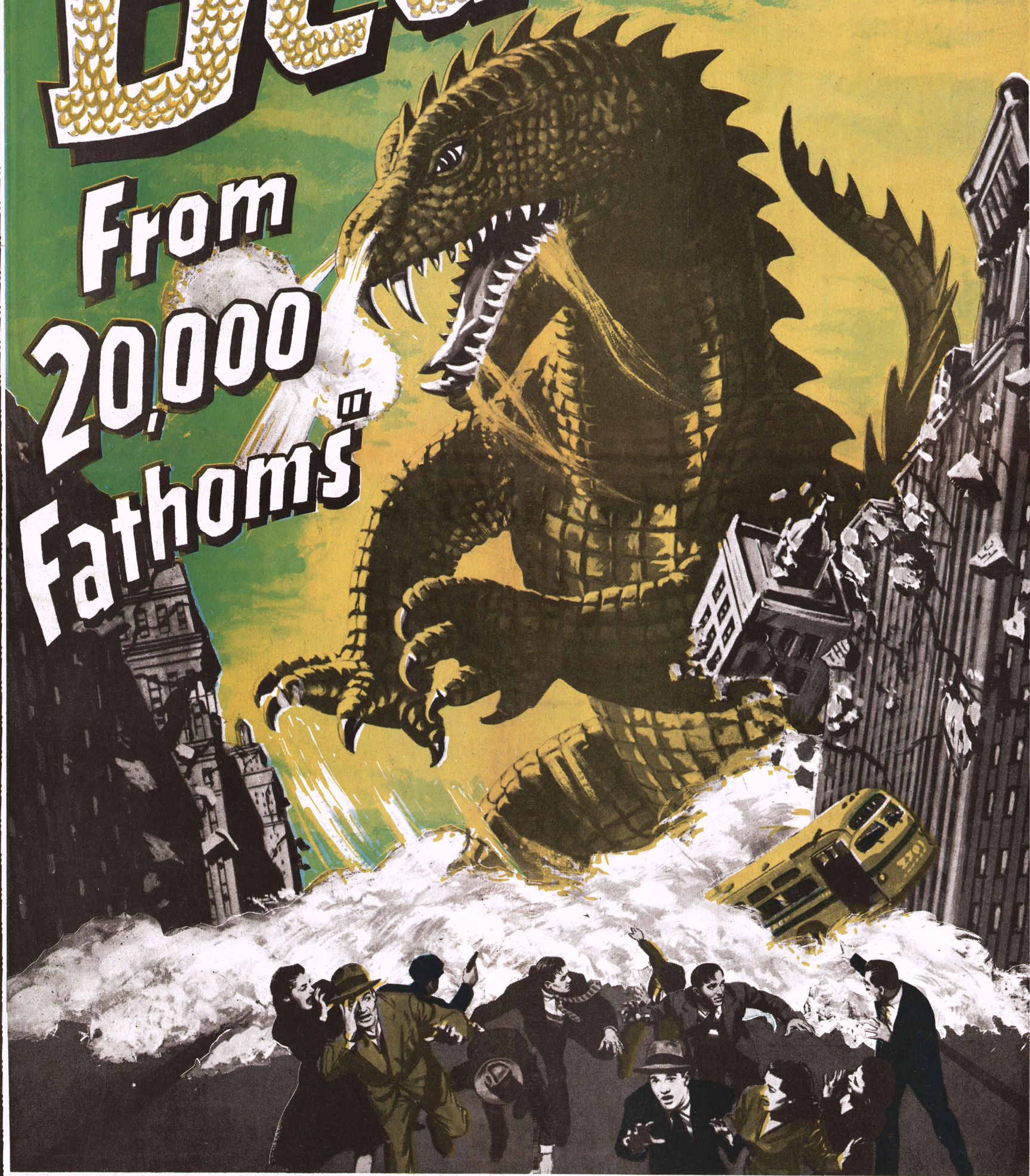
HIGH ADVENTURE is published by Krupp Comix Works, P.O. Box 5699, Milwaukee, Wis. 53211. Check out your local underground rack or send the folks at Krupp fifty cents—plus 15¢ postage—plus a statement that you are over eighteen. I'll be glad you did.

HIGH ADVENTURE sports this rugged wraparound cover and is available for 50 cents plus 15 cents postage from Krupp Comix Works—but you gotta be over 18 to buy it because of its sex, satire, violence and other adult-type trappings.



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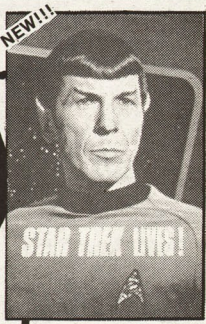
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DON'T MISS OUR TEN NEW STAR TREK POSTERS ON THE BACK PAGE OF THIS ISSUE



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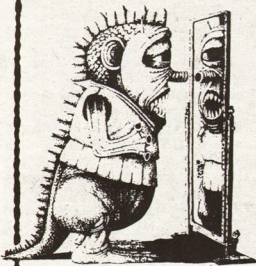
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The Monster Scene

In keeping with the current revival of things macabre, all the eerie ephemera that's been appearing lately in places where madmen normally fear to tread will be duly reported in this irregular column, **THE MONSTER SCENE**... brought to you by your friendly fiends-in-the-field at TMT. (... listen for the sound of applause).



MIRROR MONSTER

This image-conscious creature appeared in an ad for Wyldie & Associates in the November 1973 edition of **MILLIMETER**, "The Magazine For And About Film And Video Tape People." A new New York-based monthly film industry journal, **MILLIMETER** is currently up to its 5th issue and, while it contains little about horror films, is worth a look for those interested in inside trade information and in the more technical angles of filmmaking, like special effects and animation techniques. For the rest of us horror freaks, at least as of this writing, the above mirror monster will have to suffice.



ELY'S COMING

Rugged thespians hoping to land the title role in George Pal's **DOC SAVAGE ... THE MAN OF BRONZE** can shelve their aspirations, because Warner Bros. has found their man. Ron Ely, young veteran of many an action film, has been selected to play the superhuman crime-fighter. Standing 6'5" and weighing in at a muscular 250 lbs., Ely impressed Pal, director Michael Anderson and top Warner Bros. execs with his adept acting abilities and athletic skills. After interviewing hundreds of unknowns and conducting a score of screen tests, Warners finally gave up on finding a new name for the Doc Savage part.



DRAC'S BACK

A new stage version of **DRACULA**, penned by director Crane Johnson, has been enjoying a quietly successful run at Fun City's Royal Playhouse at 219 Second Avenue. A competent cast of seven skulks about the small Royal Playhouse stage every Friday and Saturday evening and, though the

Count himself appears but briefly in the course of the eerie proceedings, the play opened to good notices from those New York critics who've seen it. Admission is only two dollars. For further info about the Grand Vampire's latest resurrection, call the Royal Playhouse at GR 5-9647.

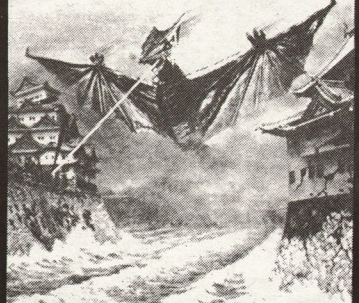


IMITATION SPOOKS

In a cheap, shoddy attempt to cash in on the current creature craze that's all the rage these days, Nestlé's is now including "Spook Group" sketches on their imitation milk-flavoring product packets. On a box containing 10 imitation Strawberry milk mixes, an androgynous, green-faced, imitation vampire (identified as "Countess Vampire"), drawn in imitation Yellow Submarine style, urges young consumers to collect "all 32 Gruesome Ghouls," which, if you stop to figure it out, means you have to buy at least four boxes of Nestlé's Quik to get the whole set. Now, don't run out and

think you're gonna get 10 separate cards depicting the various "Gruesome Ghouls" (like The Mummy, The Angry Gnome and the rest). No, the ghouls are printed on the packets themselves and are guaranteed to wrinkle when you handle them. But that's okay, really, since they're not worth collecting anyway. Nestlé's would be better off bringing back their faithful lido of yore, Farol—a pooch who, like Lassie, Rin Tin Tin and Buster Brown's Tige, wormed his way into the collective unconscious of all who grew up in the '50s.

This week Channel 7 proves again that it's not nice to fool with Mother Nature.



It's Monster Week on the 4:30 movie.

- Monday: 'Return Of The Giant Monsters'
- Tuesday: 'Godzilla Vs. The Thing'
- Wednesday: 'Monster From The Prehistoric Planet'
- Thursday: 'Frankenstein Conquers The World'
- Friday: 'War Of The Monsters'

MONSTER WEEK

ABC-TV (Channel 7, New York) officially designated the week of January 5th through the 11th, 1974, as "Monster Week." For five consecutive days, they screened a different Japanese monster movie at 4:30 p.m. and heralded the fright film's appearances with these clever ads placed in TV GUIDE. In fact, the daily ads were usually better than the popular but less than classic monster movies they were hawking, flicks like the entertainingly terrible **FRANKENSTEIN CONQUERS THE WORLD**. Still, it's not every week that you can tune in to the adventures of such out-sized superstars as Godzilla, Rodan, Gamera, Baragon, Mothra and others of that monstrous menagerie in the short span of 5 days. It's certainly a boon to serious students of the Japanese Monster Film to be treated to a mini-retrospective that they don't

even have to venture out-of-doors to see (and many true believers of the Japanese Monster Film are loath to journey streetwards for fear of running into a lumbering behemoth tired of tearing down Tokyo and anxious to start some earth-shaking here). But Japanese monster freaks are certainly legion. In fact, today there are so many pro and amateur scholars devoted to examining every phase of the cinema—no matter how trivial or obscure (the more, the better, it would sometimes seem)—that it isn't surprising to find a large number into studying Nipponese nemeses like Godzilla and Rodan.

And who knows but that one of these weeks some TV station will even run a retrospective of—Godzilla forbid—real film classics. Well, we can nightmare, can't we?

Which came first, Godzilla or the egg?
Today on the 4:30 movie. See 'Godzilla Vs. The Thing'

Today will be clear and sunny with occasional monsters.
Today on the 4:30 movie. Watch 'Monster From The Prehistoric Planet'

Even bad guys have bad days.
Today on the 4:30 movie. See 'Frankenstein Conquers The World', starring Nick Adams.

Bet he can't eat just one.
Today on the 4:30 movie. See 'The War Of The Monsters'

Our favorite Mexican monster was THE BRAINIAC, a gory gourmet who had a healthy appetite for human brains and a long, slithering tongue designed for instant brain-draining. The Brainiac's over-conspicuous consumption finally ran him afoul of the law, however, and terminated his carnivorous career.



indigenous only to the below the border studios of Churubusco in Mexico. Produced by a number of independent film companies like Filmadora, Cinematografía and Tele-Talia, and employing the nondescript talents of directors Fernando Mendez, Jose Cibrian, Chano Urueta and the most prolific of the bunch, Alfonso Corona Blake, these films, made primarily in the late fifties and early sixties, were rarely released to theatres in this country. But they can occasionally be seen on television in versions dubbed in a ridiculous fashion by Sound Lab of Florida.

BEEFCAKE AND THE BEAST

Falling within this athletic category are such titles as **SAMSON AND THE VAMPIRE WOMEN** (see above), **INVASION OF THE ZOMBIES** and **SAMSON IN THE WAX MUSEUM**, starring Mexico's most popular wrestler, Santo, plus the Neutron movies dealing with a Samson-like character who battles the evil, masked scientist Dr. Caronte, his dwarf assistant Nick, and a horde of zombies for control of the devastating neutron bomb in such excursions as **NEUTRON AND THE BLACK MASK** and **NEUTRON AND THE DEATH ROBOTS**, and several other athletic series. Others of this genre include the wrestling girl pictures—**DOCTOR OF DOOM** and **WRESTLING WOMEN VS. THE AZTEC MUMMY**—and a few non-series efforts featuring masked heroes the Blue Demon and the Angel.

The general formula found in these movies is particularly interesting, even, when contrasted with conventional horror cinema, a bit grotesque. In Mexico the biggest heroes are their wrestlers, many of whom don colorful masks and costumes which often cause our own Batman and Superman to look drab by comparison. It is not surprising, therefore, that these individuals have been exploited on the screen even more than they have on the

Since the late fifties, vampires, werewolves, assorted monsters, madmen and male & female wrestlers have been running amok (sometimes all in the same film) south of the border in the booming Mexican horror film industry. Sometimes borrowing the talents of American fright stars like John Carradine and the late Lon Chaney Jr., more often relying on native nemeses like German Robles and Roman Gay, the Mexican monster movies are rarely seen in many areas of this country. Here to fill in this disturbing cultural gap is Mexican monster movie maven Max Grant...

ATTACK OF THE

BY MAX GRANT



Santo (aka "Samson") battles a band of hideous henchmen in **SAMSON IN THE WAX MUSEUM**, one of a great many Mexican wrestling horror films, an odd genre indigenous to that country.

A dark, cobwebbed burial vault somewhere half-hidden, half-forgotten in the ancient subterranean bowels of a long-deserted castle. Nothing moves, not even the plump black spiders who cling religiously to the walls of dust or lounge under the long shadows cast by the room's many coffins.

Suddenly something stirs! Slowly at first, then gathering momentum. We strain to see what it is, where the now audible creaking noise is emanating from. At first we are unsure, then the camera answers our question as it methodically descends to one of the large coffins, the cover of which slowly rises, rises to reveal the tall, voluptuous form of Ofelia, Queen of the Vampires, who immediately begins to release her subjects from their dank and musty coffins. Soon all of the beautiful occupants of the casks emerge and, standing together with long vampirish fangs bared, engage in a strange supernatural rite as a dark and brooding musical score, conjuring up all that is macabre, settles over this gothic scene.

Then, completely unprepared, the viewer is subjected to an almost unbelievable change in locale—the interior of a

wrestling arena where a white-masked, beefy wrestler in a jeweled cape is beating the stuffings out of some poor defenseless competitor of an obviously lesser caliber as the stands go crazy with approving shouts of "Samson! Samson!"

After seeing these two scenes the audience is understandably confused. Has someone, it asks itself, inserted the wrong

reel in the film? The incredible incongruity of the spectacle in front of it would seem to indicate this. And if not, what has this athletic brawl to do with vampires? The answer is plenty ... plenty, that is, if you are at all familiar with the curious and not very well-known phenomenon of the wrestling/horror genre of monster films which, to my knowledge, is a combination

mat, and often in horror films. Santo, who has been wrestling for over thirty years and has become a living legend, has appeared in more of these films than anyone else. His character is that of a heroic, rather stoic crime-fighter who spends all of his time out of the ring aiding the police who contact him over a specially designed television receiver in his dress-



German Robles, Mexico's answer to Christopher Lee, prepares to sink his fangs into unwitting victim in THE VAMPIRE'S COFFIN, before foiled by Abel Salazar, Mexico's answer to Peter Cushing.

ing room. He employs no special weapons or devices, no gas guns or ray pistols to aid him against the various ghouls, zombies, and werewolves which have risen up to destroy Mexico, only his iron fists and superb knowledge of wrestling. He drives a sports car (slightly used), speaks only when absolutely necessary, and is never seen without his mask. Unlike the Green Hornet, the Shadow or Captain America, he has no real-life identity but is always Santo (or Samson or the Saint, depending on the verdict of the dubbers). At least two-thirds of his films are made up of his battles in the ring with a host of bizarre opponents. One notable contest pitted him against a masked wrestler who, when unmasked, turned out to be a werewolf. Seeing this, the ringside police enter the ring and empty their guns into the creature, who confuses everyone by turning into a bat and flying out of the arena. A strange film.

actor/producer Abel Salazar as the buffaloish, though always triumphant, hero.

Though difficult to take seriously (particularly because of the ludicrous dubbing), these films still retain a certain atmospheric quality and sense of nicely structured horror so often missing from today's fright cinema. As with the old classics of Universal, where familiar faces continually popped up (usually belonging to Karloff, Lugosi, Chaney, etc.), there is also a small repertory of actors here, including Lorena Velasquez (a striking beauty equally adept at playing both evil vampires and heroic women wrestlers), Roman Gay (specializing as crazed scientists), Wolf Rubinski (as the masked crusader Neutron), Ariadna Welter, Armando Sylvestre, Carlos Agosi and Rosita Arenas. There are even, again like Universal, recognizable snatches of musical scoring to depict each manifestation of evil (vampire theme, werewolf

GRUESOME GOURMET

The major difficulty in viewing any of these pictures is the dubbing, which renders even the most serious of them comedy-like. THE BRAINIAC is particularly marred and is a laugh riot throughout. The plot deserves some attention.

In 1661 Baron Bitelious of Estera (Abel Salazar) is tried before a tribunal of the Holy Inquisition for horrible crimes he has committed against his fellow men. Before he is burned at the stake though, he vows that when he will return he will return as a comet next year.

brain cavity of its victims, he begins a systematic search for all the descendants of these executioners. Luckily, the young hero of the film discovers the Baron's secret when he stumbles upon the monster's grisly collection of human brains which he keeps in a trunk and which he frequently attacks hungrily with a spoon. The police arrive, just happening to be armed with flame throwers, and destroy the Baron for good!

Perhaps the only thing an English speaking audience can hope to extract from these features is a feeling, though admittedly hard to grasp, of the general nature of Mexico's horror cinema and its approach, sometimes extremely reminis-



A torn and tattered monster wreaks revenge in CURSE OF THE AZTEC MUMMY, sequel to THE AZTEC MUMMY and forerunner of THE WRESTLING WOMEN VS. THE AZTEC MUMMY. The mummy didn't fare too well in these films.

MEXICAN MONSTER FILMS!

TRADITIONAL TERROR

Moving away from the wrestling mat we also have a traditional and certainly more orthodox string of science-fiction/horror vehicles in Mexico. Noteworthy among these are the numerous vampire outings. THE VAMPIRE, THE VAMPIRE'S COFFIN, WORLD OF THE VAMPIRES, a collection of movies featuring the bloodsucker Nostradamus, plus many one-shot features such as THE LIVING HEAD, CURSE OF THE CRYING WOMAN and MAN AND THE MONSTER. Many of the above, incidentally, feature Mexico's own Peter Cushing-Christopher Lee like team in the persons of German Robles (generally appearing as vampires and other assorted baddies) and

theme, etc.).

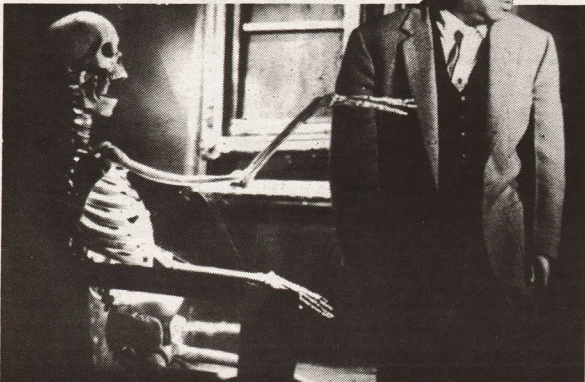
The directors of the Mexican monster movies, working around the limits of time, economy and overly familiar sets, make effective use of angles and shadows to create a feeling of horror and creeping terror. There is also a marked and rather unnerving usage of brutality in many of these films, although most of the more gruesome scenes are accomplished without the use of the kind of blood and gore the Hammer studio so often overuse. Particularly strong was a scene in WORLD OF THE VAMPIRES where the hero and heroine are captured by a cult of thirsty undead and are ceremoniously tortured in an extremely effective, though ugly, manner.

tormenters only scoff and jeer as the Baron is consumed by fire.

The scene then switches to 1963 when the comet returns to the earth, bringing with it the Baron who now has the ability to transform himself into a hideous, braying monster. Equipped with a long, wriggling tongue which can bore into the

cent of America's own crop of fantasy pictures but more often wholly original, sometimes actually ingenious in its stylistic approach to the genre. They should therefore not be ignored or laughed off but, weighing the deficiencies caused by American distributors, viewed for their basic content.

Sedentary skeleton pokes pudgy intruder in a scene from BRING ME THE VAMPIRE, a 1965 haunted castle comedy. Mexican monster films often include comedy elements—there was even a Mexican remake of ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN called FRANKENSTEIN, THE VAMPIRE, & CO., released in 1961.



The following TMT Pedants' Special is an almost complete listing of Mexican Monster movies. Those referred to in the article include title, date, director, cast and mini-synopsis; others, due to space requirements, feature only title and date.

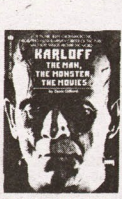
A Fright Filmography of Mexican Monster Movies

- THE BRAINIAC (1961) Chano Urueta. With Abel Salazar, Ariadna Welter, Rene Cardona, German Robles. Starving monster asks the pointed question, "Spare brains?"
- CURSE OF THE CRYING WOMAN (1961) Rafael Baleodon. With Abel Salazar, Rosita Arenas, Rita Macedo. Young girl moves into a haunted house.
- DOCTOR OF DOOM (1962) Rene Cardona. With Armando Sylvestre, Lorena Velasquez, Roberto Canedo. Mad Doctor inserts Gorilla's brain into lady wrestler's head. Others in the "Wrestling Women" series: WRESTLING WOMEN VS. THE AZTEC MUMMY (1964), WRESTLING WOMEN VS. THE MURDERING ROBOT (1965).
- THE LIVING HEAD (1961) Chano Urueta. With Abel Salazar, German Robles, Ana Luisa Peluffo. Living head conspires with a mummy for sinister purposes.
- MAN AND THE MONSTER (1958) Rafael Baleodon. With Abel Salazar, Enrique Rambal, Marta Roth. Ambitious pianist sells his soul to the devil.
- NEUTRON AND THE DEATH ROBOTS (1961) Federico Curiel. With Wolf Rubinski, Armando Sylvestre, Rosita Arenas. Neutron battles the evil Dr. Caronte and his artificial brain trust. Others in the "Neutron" series: NEUTRON VS. THE AMAZING DR. CARONTE (1960), NEUTRON VS. THE MANIAC (1962), NEUTRON BATTLES THE KARATE ASSASSINS (1964), NEUTRON AND THE BLACK MASK (1963), NEUTRON TRAPS THE INVISIBLE KILLERS (1964).
- SAMSON AND THE VAMPIRE WOMEN (1961) Alfonso Corona Blake. With Santo, Lorena Velasquez, Maria Duval. Santo takes the teeth out of female vampires' plot. Others in the Santo or "Samson" series: INVASION OF THE ZOMBIES (1961), SANTO VS. THE KING OF CRIME (1962), SAMSON IN THE WAX MUSEUM (1963), SANTO VS. THE DIABOLICAL BRAIN (1963), SANTO VS. THE STRANGLER (1964), SANTO ATTACKS THE WITCHES (1964), SANTO VS. BARON BRAKOLA (1965), SANTO VS. BLUE DEMON IN ATLANTIS

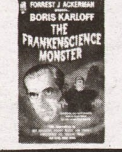
- (1968), SANTO AND BLUE DEMON VS. THE MONSTERS (1969), SANTO AND DRACULA'S TREASURE (1969), MURDERERS FROM ANOTHER WORLD (1971), SANTO VS. THE DAUGHTER OF FRANKENSTEIN (1971).
 - THE VAMPIRE (1956) Fernando Mendez. With Abel Salazar, German Robles, Ariadna Welter. Vampires run amok.
 - VAMPIRE'S COFFIN (1957) Fernando Mendez. With Abel Salazar, German Robles, Ariadna Welter. Vampires run wild.
 - WORLD OF VAMPIRES (1960) Alfonso Corona Blake. With Mauricio Garcia, Silva Fournier, Erna Martha Bauman. Vampires run free.
- More Mexican Monster Movies:
- AZTEC MUMMY (1957), BLACK PIT OF DR. M (1958), BLOOD OF NOSTRADAMUS (1960), BLOOD OF THE VIRGINS (1968), BLOODY PLEASURE (1969), BLOODY VAMPIRE (1962), BLUE DEMON (1963), BLUE DEMON VS. THE SATANIC POWER (1964), BODY SNATCHER (1956), BRING ME A VAMPIRE (1965), CASTLE OF THE MONSTERS (1957), CRY OF THE BEWITCHED (1956), CURSE OF THE AZTEC MUMMY (1959), CURSE OF THE DOLL PEOPLE (1960), EMPIRE OF DRACULA (1967), FACE OF THE SCREAMING WEREWOLF (1959), FRANKENSTEIN, THE VAMPIRE & CO. (1961), GENIE OF DARKNESS (1960), GHOST OF THE STRANGLER (1967), HELL-FACE (1963), HORROR AND SEX (1969), INVASION OF THE VAMPIRES (1961), INVISIBLE MAN (1961), INVISIBLE MURDERER (1964), KISS FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE (1962), LIVING COFFIN (1964), MADNESS FROM TERROR (1960), MONSTER DEMOLISHER (1960), MUSEUM OF HORROR (1963), NEW INVISIBLE MAN (1957), 100 CRIES OF TERROR (1964), ORLAK, THE HELL OF FRANKENSTEIN (1961), PHANTOM OF THE OPERETTA (1959), RESURRECTED MONSTER (1951), RETURN OF THE MONSTER (1960), RIDER OF THE SKULLS (1966), ROBOT VS. AZTEC MUMMY (1957), SHADOW OF THE BAT (1966), SHE-WOLF (1964), SHIP OF THE MONSTERS (1959), SKELETON OF MRS. MORALES (1959), SNAKE PEOPLE (1968), SPIDERS FROM HELL (1960), SWAMP OF THE LOST MONSTER (1960), TERRIBLE SNOW GIANT (1962), VAMPIRE GIRLS (1967), WITCH'S MIRROR (1961), and WOMAN AND THE BEAST (1958).

FRANKENSTEIN

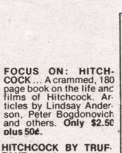
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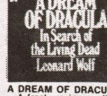
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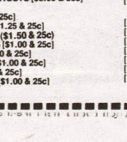
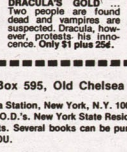
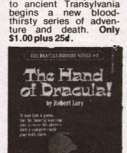
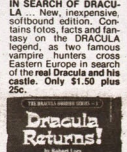
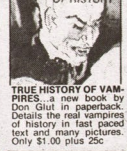
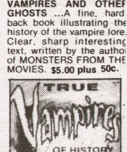
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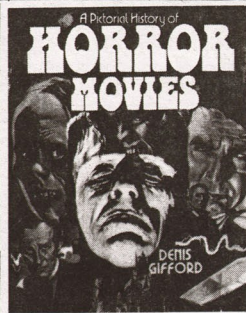
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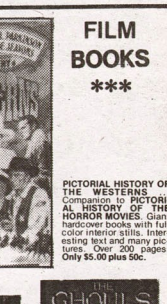
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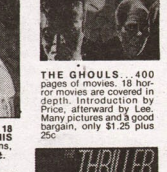
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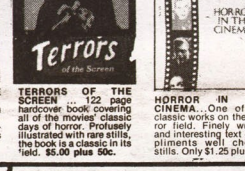
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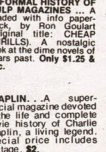
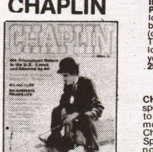
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THE UFO'S ARE BACK!

Aliens paid a violent visit to Washington, D.C. in EARTH VS. FLYING SAUCERS back in 1956 and, while that invasion transpired on celluloid, many UFO-watchers claim that there are similar saucers currently hovering over American heads in places like Pennsylvania, Michigan, Texas, New York and even Pascagoula, Mississippi.

The latest flurry of UFO sightings across this nation has surpassed even the famed "Saucer Scare" of the early fifties. Americans in widely separated parts of the country have been reporting "Things in the Sky" almost daily. A number of the sightings have been explained, but the vast majority remain mysteries.

Perhaps the most intriguing of the new UFO tales involves two Mississippi men who claim they were taken aboard a UFO by three space creatures. 42-year-old Charles Hickson was fishing with 18-year-old Calvin Parker off an old pier in Pascagoula, Mississippi. The two men later told officials they saw a strange object approaching in the sky, surrounded by a blue haze. The two men said they were taken aboard the UFO by three weird creatures with crab-like hands and pointed ears, examined, and then released. At first glance, the story certainly appeared to be a fake. It had all the details of hundreds of similar tales that had been proven to be frauds. Yet these were credible men. Both were employed at the W.B. Walker shipyards. The local sheriff described both as "scared to death," when they went to report the incident. So, the experts were called in to try to determine the truth. Dr. Allen Hynek, of Northwestern University, and Dr. James Harder of the University of California, spent several hours interviewing the two. Hynek, who heads the Astronomy department at Northwestern, said: "There's no question in my mind that these men have had a very terrifying experience. Under no circumstances should they be ridiculed. Let's protect these men." Dr. Harder put the men under hypnosis. Harder said their experience was definitely traumatic. He said the men showed emotions and very strong feelings of terror that are impossible to fake under hypnosis. There was other evidence to show that the men were telling the truth, including the results of lie-detector tests. So, as impossible as the story may sound, there are strong indications that it actually did happen.

ALL EYES ON THE SKY!

While the Pascagoula incident has so far been the most startling UFO report, there have been hundreds of other well-documented sightings around the country. For the most part, the witnesses have been reputable persons of good standing in the community, and a surprisingly large number have been military men and law enforcement officials. In Pennsylvania, two state policemen reported a UFO over the Delaware County campus of Pennsylv-

Even if Kahoutek is shaping up as just another light that failed and a profound disappointment for armchair prophets who viewed the dimly seen comet as something akin to a Second Coming, there are plenty of other, stranger sights floating through the night sky to be glimpsed. According to Jeremy Sumner, visiting consultant to the TMT Sky-Watching Dept., reports that UFO sightings around this country are reaching an all-time high. Kahoutek or no Kahoutek, the skies seem to be more alive than ever.

BY JEREMY SUMNER

vania State University. In Michigan, a Mainstee County deputy sheriff reported sighting a mother ship, with a smaller craft trailing behind it. A Bonham, Texas, policeman said he saw a cigar-shaped UFO, glowing red at each end. Perhaps the most chilling official report came from officials in Surry County, North Carolina. A police dispatcher received a call from a local resident who reported that a UFO went down at a pond in a remote area south of Mount Airy, North Carolina. While the resident told his tale, a pulsating, humming sound could be heard in the background on the telephone. Deputies made a tape recording of the conversation, and later played it for newsmen. Two deputies were dispatched to the scene and reported seeing a light down river that appeared to be some 200 yards away. When they went to take a closer look, the light quickly disappeared. Then they noticed a light some 300 to 400 feet in the air, glowing solid red. It rose and moved out of sight. The deputies continued down the river bank and spotted other UFOs, one with green and white lights, another glowing white, with a larger red craft hovering over it. All eventually moved out of sight.

SCIENTISTS SPLIT

Not surprisingly, the experts are divided on the latest rash of sightings. Dr. Arne Slettebak, the chairman of the Ohio State University Astronomy Department, says nobody can totally reject the possibility that earth is being visited by intelligent life from elsewhere in the universe. Slettebak says, "From what we know about the formation of stars, it makes it seem probable that there is intelligent life elsewhere. I don't believe life on earth is unique." On the other hand, Le Ron Cobia, an astronomer at Michigan State University, says many of the sightings can be traced to the planets Venus, Mars, and Jupiter, which often appear as bright lights in the sky. At any rate, the scientific skeptics seem to be pulling out all the stops to come up with explanations for the UFOs.

They've dragged out radar quirks, gases, clouds, balloons, stars, planes, birds, and a host of other possible sources of the sightings. But in a large number of cases, these explanations just don't hold. Early in September, Ress Clinton reported seeing an egg-shaped object go down near Griffin, Georgia. A state chemist investigated the area almost three hours later, and found the soil temperature close to the boiling point of water. Back in October, a National Park Service Ranger reported seeing a flying saucer with red, green, and yellow blinking lights, north of Tupelo, Mississippi. Venus, Mars, and Jupiter don't glow red, green, and yellow, and stars and birds don't "hover."

JOKES AND HOAXES

One contributing factor to skepticism has been the tendency of some to consider the latest flurry of UFO activity as one big hoax. As was the case in the early fifties,

This cartoon appearing in a recent issue of CARNIVAL, a British magazine, attests to the longevity of the UFO-sighting tradition. But skeptics beware: there just may be an eye in the sky trained on you... even as you read this.



"They just don't build them like they used to."

there's been no shortage of "practical jokers" hard at work casting doubt on authentic sightings. In mid-October, traffic backed up for miles near Greenwood, Delaware, as motorists stopped to stare at a bright, orange saucer. It turned out to be a disk, dotted with orange lights, powered by a fire department generator. Five volunteer firemen were charged with disorderly conduct for their part in the "joke." Near Austin, Texas, a group calling itself "The Association for the Understanding of Man" set up a circle of lights to attract UFOs so they could get some pictures. A group of seventh graders at Oologah, Oklahoma junior high school marched around the football field carrying flashlights covered with colored paper, hoping to attract space visitors. These are the kinds of things that tend to take away from serious efforts and fuel the fires of skepticism.

One scientist who's grown increasingly worried about the hoaxes and their effect on the public is nuclear physicist Stanton Friedman. Friedman says he and many other scientists are convinced the UFOs are real, but he says most won't admit it openly because of the ridicule that surrounds the subject of UFOs. He says many of those who refuse to admit the existence of UFOs are simply letting their own ego fool them. He points out that man has always fought the theory that he's not the master of the universe, and to admit the existence of a superior intelligence in the solar system would hurt the ego. Friedman says it's time to gather the top scientific talent of the world together, spend some money, and begin an effort to study UFOs. Unfortunately, the prospects for such a project are dim. In 1969, after spending two years and \$539,740, the Air Force halted its UFO study, "project Bluebook." Dr. Edward U. Condon, a physicist who headed the Air Force study, said in a recent interview that he felt the project was a waste of government money.

The problem now, of course, is that there is no official government organization looking into the overall situation. The problem was brought home dramatically recently in the tiny town of Gloversville, New York. Some fifteen people sighted a bright UFO in the sky, above the Mohawk Valley community. Police notified the Fulton County Civil Defense Department, and they, in turn, reported the sightings to the Air Force, only to be told that the Air Force was no longer investigating such matters. Somehow, I don't find that too comforting!

page 4
The Monster Times Teletype

...is our way of getting the latest hot-off-the-wire info to you, serving up all the news of what's cookin' in every medium, from the rare to the well-done: pre-views, reviews, bulletins and controversial comments on horror, fantasy & sci-fi happenings in films, books, comics and even real life. We have spared no costs, time or tender egos in bringing you this expanded edition of our beloved Teletype page, so feel free to send us letters full of lavish praise for our selfless efforts to keep you 'in-the-know.'

BY BILL FERET

Well, STAR TREK fans were certainly delighted to hear the news that Capt. Kirk's creator and mentor was producing TWO new series for the Tube. PLANET EARTH 2133 is set for ABC after a second pilot, even though the first pilot episode, GENESIS II, was aired on CBS, while QUESTOR is having a sequel pilot made for NBC with hopes that they'll go into full production. I wasn't wild about GENESIS II the first time I saw it, but on the second airing I enjoyed it considerably more, especially Mariette Hartley's performance.

Hammer's new film, SATANIC RITES OF DRACULA, doing smash

"Awright, so maybe my Bela Lugosi needs a little work... but I can still do a great Cary Grant."



Tony Curtis played an uncadaverous Count Dracula, supported by Rich Little as the Wolfman and Frank Gorshin as Stein Monster, in a musical monster movie spoof on THE KOPYCATS, a syndicated TV show that allows lions to run amok. Also seen in this photo are George Kirby and Marilyn Michaels. As far as we know, the first opportunity that Tony—who began life as Bernie Schwartz in Brooklyn—has had to play a rep tuned to TMT for news of further important firsts.



in March, ABC-TV will be presenting WONDER WOMAN, a made-for-TV movie based loosely on the comic book of the same name, centering around the title character's attempts to smash an evil espionage organization headed by Ricardo Montalban. Kathy Lee Crosby plays Wonder Woman, toppling a cast that also includes Andrew Prine, Charlene Holt, Jared Martin, Kati Saylon and Robert Ito.

business in London and ought to be turning up on this side of the ocean any time now. Cushing and Lee naturally star.

Crown International will be releasing HORROR HIGH any day now, is a sequel called CREEPY COLLEGE due?

The musical-fantasy-spectacular MARCO has been garnering rave reviews. Desi Arnaz Jr. in the title role and Zero Mostel as Kublai Khan have a lot of great new original numbers, and the sets and costumes are fabulous, especially since they came from Toho studios in Tokyo, creators of the Big "G."

American International will be distributing Michael Caine's new thriller, WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR? here in the U.S. Locations were shot in Nice and Paris.

Since you've probably been seeing the ZARDOZ ads here and there, you may have been wondering what's the story. I've already mentioned it's a futuristic pic, having a theme of a new "human" Adam and Eve taking over a mechanized world. The title comes from ... of all things ... WIZARD OF OZ. Clever, no? The effects, costumes and sets are magnificent.

The Cannon Group have a line-up of horror pics: THE VODOOIST, DRACULA'S BLOOD, a suspenser FEREN-

TE, starring John Saxon, and another martial arts film ENTER THE TIGERS. Due to the phenomenal success of WESTWORLD, M.G.M. plans a sequel to be entitled FUTURE-WORLD. Lotsa flicks about "What's to come," provided we're still here to see them!

20th Century Fox will have the Gene Wilder/Mel Brooks' horror spoof, YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN, ready for release in November.



A new color TV syndicated series is ready for airing (how do I mean that?) called MY PARTNER, THE GHOST. It's a combination of TOPPER and THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.

International Amusement has ready for release VAMPIRA'S NIGHT ORGY. They serve Bloody Mary's, natchery. William Castle will next produce THE HEPAESTUS PLAGUE, now that his SHOCK, with Marcel Marceau, has been completed. Arthur C. Clarke's classic CHILDHOOD'S END is a definite go. If you haven't read it yet, which you should have, it concerns super-alien-beings who force the Earth into cleaning up the mess they've made of it. Carosel Associates start work on THE DRACULA SAGA and VENGEANCE OF THE ZOMBIES shortly and, in association with Grand National Films, on THE DEVIL WITH SEVEN FACES.



Samuel Taylor Coleridge's macabre literary masterpiece, THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER, will turn up as an hour-long color TV special. Michael Redgrave stars. (Remember him from 1984?) They'll use live action, plus two forms of animation.

Paris is seeing the re-birth of the "Grand Guignol" theatre. Having opened in mid-February, LE GRAND GUIGNOL REVIENT ("is back") is presenting a program of 3 one act plays entitled "The Butcher of White Chapel," "The Horrible End of Dr. Guillotine," and "The Madman's Fate." Surely an evening of fun and frolic. I've said it before, and I'll say it again ... "C'est La Gore!"

For you diehards who have been craving for monsters in this period of relative sparsity, AIP is re-releasing several packages of FOUR flicks to satiate your bloodthirst. Watch for (on one bill, mind you): BLOOD FROM THE MUMMY'S TOMB, NIGHT OF THE BLOOD MONSTER, THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBBS and THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED. And if that isn't enough to bug out your eyes, the next night you can go see YOG, MONSTER FROM SPACE, GODZILLA VS. THE SMOG MONSTER, THE THING WITH TWO HEADS, and DESTROY ALL MONSTERS. Whew!

But don't despair too long. With the fantastic box-office boom of THE EXORCIST, the next months will see sooooo many films trying to cash in a little themselves, you'll wonder why you haven't been possessed. Films like SON OF THE EXORCIST, RETURN OF THE EXORCIST DEMON and POSSESSION is 9/10THS OF THE DEVIL.

See ya next time.

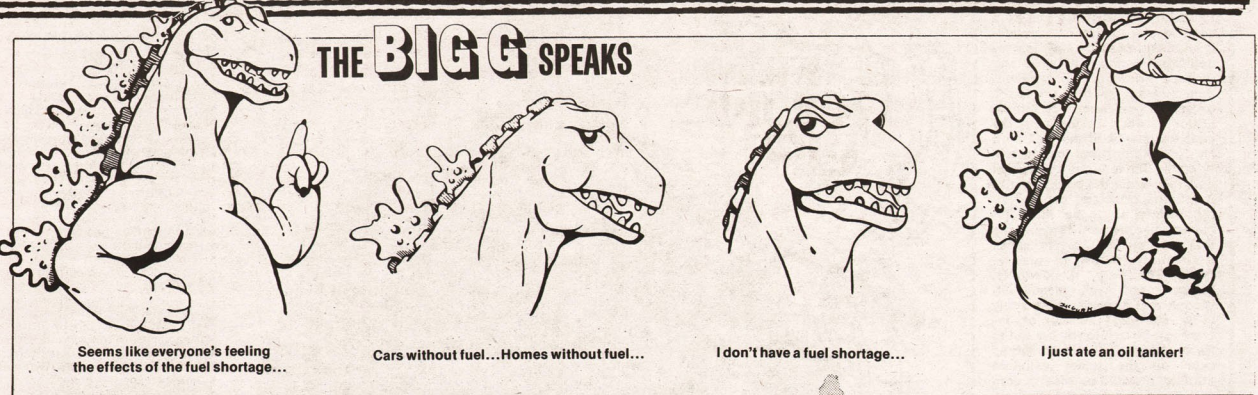
CON-CALENDAR

THE CON-CALENDAR is an exclusive feature of TMT. Across the country, comic nuts, sf fans, monster freaks and the like are constantly gathering to buy, sell, trade, collect and listen to speeches. As with most gatherings of fans, the conventions often

border on the insane, but the people are friendly and there's always a good chance you'll pick up some rare item for your collection. And they're great places to meet people—famous, infamous and plain unknown.

If you've never been to a "con," we highly recommend you try one. They vary in size, emphasis, and quality, of course, but they're all fun to attend. We at TMT will do our part by keeping you informed of all upcoming cons.

DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
March 10 April 14 May 5	COMIC BOOK MARKET Phil Seuling 621 Avenue Z Brooklyn, New York	THE HOTEL McALPIN New York City	\$1 at the door	COMIC BOOK DEALERS DISPLAY No special guests
3rd Sunday every month	NOSTALGIA 4 Church Street Waltham, Mass. 02154	Howard Johnson Motor Lodge	75¢	comic books, pulps, toys, movies, auctions
March 8 to March 10	COLLECTIBLES SHOW 645 West End Avenue New York, New York	HOLIDAY INN OF N.Y. and THE COLISEUM New York City	\$2.00 per person	dealers only: comics and other antique collectibles.
May 24 to May 27	CON WITH NO NAME P.O. Box 56 New York, New York	AMERICANA HOTEL New York City	Inquire for rates.	SURPRISES GALORE!!!
1st Sunday every month	HOLLYWOOD COMIC CON 635 N. Citrus Ave. Hollywood, Calif. 90038	HOLLYWOOD WOMAN'S CLUB Hollywood, Calif.	\$1, 50¢ under 12	feature films, cartoons & lots of tradings and guests



COMICS

TMT's regular comic columnist, neophyte young, burning idealist Joe Brancatelli, is on vacation again this month. To fill up the space we invited Doug Murray to plug the living day-lights out of his new fan project, THE NEAL ADAMS INDEX. It follows forthwith.

Greetings, friends. Welcome to a special edition of the MONSTER TIMES Teletype. Instead of the usual exciting news of up-and-coming events on the comics scene, the editors have asked me to give you a brief description of a new book: the NEAL ADAMS INDEX.

The NA Index has been produced as a result of years of experience in the comic-collecting field. It has been my observation that many people do not collect comics for their stories, or for the characters portrayed in them; rather, they collect for the sake of the artists doing the work. This idea was reinforced when Jim Vadeboncoeur published an AL WILLIAMSON INDEX some years ago and fandom accepted it enthusiastically.

Like most hobbies, collecting comics requires some kind of research material to tell the new, and even the experienced, collector what he needs to complete his collection. Vadeboncoeur did this for Williamson, and I decided to do the same for that most popular of modern comic artists: Neal Adams. The NEAL ADAMS INDEX is the result of this decision.

The Index proper contains some 17 typeset pages of titles, stories, covers, advertising material, fanzines, etc., etc. In addition, there are better than 25 illustrations, many of them full-page unpublished works by Adams, covering some 10 years of labor. All this inside a giant, wrap-around cover illustrating some of Adams' more famous characters from the comics (Green Lantern, Green Arrow, Batman, Black Canary, and a Guardian) and from his stage debut, WARP (Cumulus, Chaos, Lugubonda, Valeria, and Xander).



Did you know that Adams' first comic book work was for Archie Comics? And that he did better than 40 pages of work for them? Did you know Neal's first superhero work was for Fly-Man? Did you know that Neal has done nearly 500 comic book covers? All this is revealed, in detail, in the NEAL ADAMS INDEX.

Did you know Neal has done advertising layouts, and illustrations for Esso? Time Magazine? G.I. Joe? Rheem Water Heaters? All this is revealed in the Adams Index.

Did you know Neal has done comic booklets for Aurora Models? Movie

SF&F

posters for COUNT DRACULA, DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS, WESTWORLD, and others?

Did you know Neal did a series of instructive drawings illustrating sanitary measures to be followed by retarded and disturbed girls? All this is revealed in the NEAL ADAMS INDEX. And there's more. There's an incisive, penetrating interview with Neal Adams himself. Learn how Adams feels about Batman.

"It's obvious Batman isn't a man who can walk down the Champs Elysees in the daytime and have people say hello to him."

Learn how Adams feels about Deadman:

"Actually, I've always had kind of a soft spot in my heart for Deadman because he was the first superhero I ever had a little freedom with and with



which I could strut my stuff, so to speak."

On the Comic Industry: "...I have always respected the comic book form, and, as years go by, I'm respecting it more and more because it's an art form that hasn't even seen its potential yet."

And then, of course, there are the illustrations. We have managed to put together, with Neal's help, perhaps the finest collection of unpublished, representative Neal Adams artwork ever published. There's the aforementioned wraparound cover which is, in itself, worth the price of the book. There's a double-page center-fold spread featuring Batman, Deadman, The Spectre, and Green Arrow. There's a full-page illustration of Conan. There's a full-page, unpublished Adams caricature of Green Lantern (that may show his true feelings toward that character). And there's still more:

One of Neal's strips for Capitol Tapeman, an advertising campaign that was never realized because Capitol was afraid National Publications would take offense.

An unpublished X-MEN cover, Neal's first for Marvel, that was rejected because the figures obscured the title.

A full-page Batman drawing from the ACBA Sketchbook. Two full-page illos from WARP.

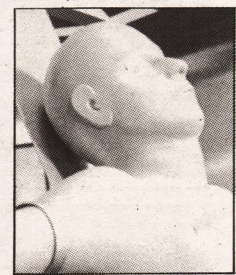
And much, much more. Even if you're not the slightest bit interested in learning what comic work is, or what Adams has done in advertising over the last ten years, you still should have it for the illustrations. If you're not into comics, but you're a science fiction fan, you'll want to see and hear about WARP, the first science-fiction epic play, if you're not into comics or sci-fi, you'll still want to know about Neal's contributions to the monster movies: his posters, pressbooks, storyboards, etc.

If you're interested, THE NEAL ADAMS INDEX is now available from the MONSTER TIMES BOOKSHELF for the incredible price of \$2 per copy. Yes, only \$2 for 32 brilliantly illustrated, fascinatingly written pages of the finest work of Neal Adams, the best of the modern comics illustrators. Not bad, huh? —Doug Murray

THE QUESTOR TAPES

In addition to being a sci-fi scholar and all-around Wizard of the weird, ED SUMNER owns and operates the Supersnipie Bookstore, a well-stocked, sprawling fan's paradise specializing in comics, film books, and other tomes & items dealing with fantasy. In return for the above plug, Ed will be scurrying about to bring you the latest scoops from the world of science fiction, where anything can happen and once in a while does.

THE QUESTOR TAPES (viewed by this writer on January 23) was unquestionably one of the best science fiction specials ever on TV, with enough qualities to recommend it as an all-time classic. The basic storyline: a highly sophisticated robot seeks out the man who designed him before a fusion bomb inside the robot's chest cavity explodes. Simple enough, but with subtle twists and turns and a good script, it managed to stay one step ahead of me and added a striking and sincere surprise ending. Somehow it reminded me of a really fine EC comic book where a mundane, predictable situation is given artistic care and good writing and is thereby turned into a final product that transcends all of its triter elements. If the projected QUESTOR series is as good as the first story, Roddenberry already has



at least one steady viewer. Find out more about QUESTOR on page 20 of this issue.

Publication delays tend to make mincmeat out of the timeliness of my column, so I apologize for recommending magazines that are already off the stands. The January 1974 ANALOG has, starting on page 66, one of the most incredible articles that I've ever read: SPACE PROBE FROM EPSILON BOOTIS? and read it carefully! If it's made up, well, then it's a good story; if it's true, as it purports to be, then it signals the entry of mankind into the Epoch of Extraterrestrial Contact. Please excuse my loss of words, but if this research is verified, it will be rather like the invention of the wheel. Don't miss it!

ZARDOZ, John Boorman's new science-fiction-fantasy epic, is an incredible experience. Boorman has stepped into the realm of what I've always called sociological science fiction, though it also fits into the Utopian genre. ZARDOZ is an important step in broadening public acceptance of science fiction since it is the first major film to dismiss all aspects of the spaceship/monster/



save-the-girl-stereotype and still tell a helluva story. Sean Connery looks hale and hardy, and the sets and costumes display great imagination. The story succeeds best when it doesn't take itself too seriously; there are a few poetic moments that are a bit too heady to be supported by the rest of the picture. I don't want to give the story away, so I'm limiting my comments. Go see it without pre-conceptions and you'll have quite a trip.

SUMNER'S STRANGE BUT TRUE DEPARTMENT. As all you avid Arthur C. Clarke readers undoubtedly know, Jupiter's moon Io is characterized by an extremely high albedo (which means that it reflects a great deal of light as compared to a dull black surface). This fact has always intrigued scientists, especially because spectroanalysis of Io indicates a composition and mass that is totally inconsistent with its size. That is to say, astronomers have figured that Io is much lighter in weight than it ought to be. On the speculative fringes of astronomy, a very popular hypothesis proposes that Io is an artificial satellite, perhaps a space-ship that was "parked" in the orbit of Jupiter. Now comes the STRANGE COINCIDENCE. During the first week in December, 1973, the U.S. space probe PIONEER 10 was on a Jupiter flyby. It took incredible pictures of Jupiter's Red Spot and lots of other close-ups of the planet, but for some reason failed to send back the scheduled close-up of Io, much to the dismay of expectant astronomers. It leads one to several possible conclusions. One is that the satellite malfunctioned accidentally. The second is that some artificial force on or near Io caused the malfunction deliberately. The third possibility is that the close-up picture of Io was actually received, but revealed "something" that NASA and/or other government agencies don't feel that the public is ready for quite yet. I wonder when we'll find out. See you next month.

CREATURES FEATURED

ON THE BEAM
Flash Gordon's fictional X-Ray gun may soon be a reality. A Texas Tech University researcher says he's well on the way to developing the real thing. Dr. Damodar Das Gupta says that, while no one has been able to get the X-Ray to come into complete focus as a laser, he has managed to come up with a penetrating parallel X-Ray beam. Das Gupta says he's had success with several experiments showing that such X-Ray guns would be at least feasible. He says he's been able so far to produce two of the five necessary properties of the laser with X-Ray beams. Das Gupta says he has narrowed the spectra-width of the radiation to a point fifteen thousand times greater than that produced in commercial X-Ray units. Das Gupta's experiments show the beam registers a steady radiation signal for up to nine feet.

WORKERS' FRIGHTS
Night shift workers and their boss at an engineering plant in Soham, England have organized a series of "ghost hunts" at that factory. The workers complained to their engineering chief, Ronald Uden, that a mysterious ghost has been frightening them at night. So Uden and several of the men have been keeping a vigil for the ghost. So far, they've heard strange voices and the sound of chains being moved, but they've seen nothing. They say they plan to continue their ghost hunting until they find out what's behind the strange happenings.

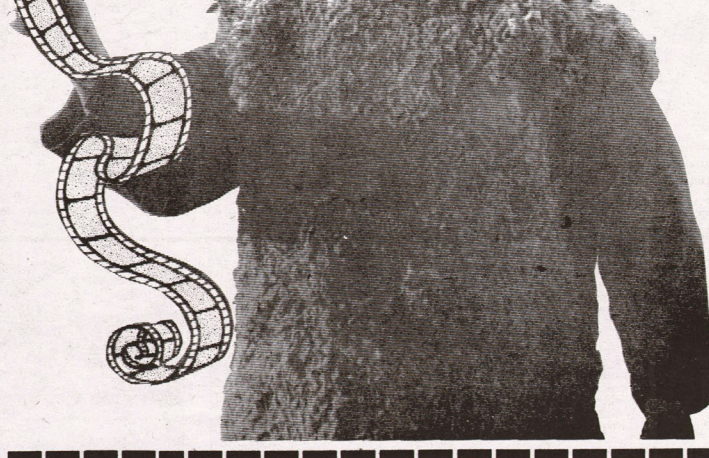
TEXAS EXORCIST
A group of workers in Houston, Texas is having trouble with a ghost too. Navaho Indians, hired to clean an abandoned frame colonial home, balked when they learned the house had once been used as a pagan church. They complained they had already heard strange noises in the building, and they demanded that something be done to protect them from evil spirits. A local clergyman was called in to exorcize the ghost, and the ceremony proved successful. The workers haven't heard from the ghost since.

STONE GIANTS
An Italian expedition claims to have discovered the source of an ancient legend about a giant race of man-monsters. Expedition leader Dr. Cino Boccazzi says his team has discovered a group of ancient stone houses on an uncharted mountain in the Tenere desert. Dr. Boccazzi says his expedition found the statues—each over twelve feet high—near the site of a dinosaur cemetery. The scientist says ten were still standing and another forty had fallen. Dr. Boccazzi says that the statues were figured in the same general region where the legend originated. According to the ancient tale, a race of giants lived in the area, but they were slain by the gods, and were turned to stone. Scientists feel an ancient community may have originally constructed the giant statues in the area. They speculate that a later race apparently stumbled upon the stone giants and dreamed up the legend as the only possible explanation for the huge stone objects.

NO SUCH LOCH
Another Loch Ness monster expedition has given up—at least for the time being. An eleven member Japanese team says it already spent some five hundred thousand dollars on the search, but has little to show for it. The expedition found no evidence that the monster actually does exist. In fact, team leader Yoshio Kou says the only things the searchers did find were two strange bones at the bottom of the lake. Unfortunately, the bones were too deep for the divers to reach. But Kou says the Japanese plan to return to Loch Ness next year, equipped with a diving bell, capable of probing the lake at a greater depth.

LATE FILM ROUND-UP will be a semi-regular (or, more accurately, a semi-irregular) TMT feature dedicated to nefarious news and fearless reviews of Fantasy Film-dom's latest creations. Under the gruesome guidance of Media Editor R. Allen Leider, with the eerie assistance of the TMT staff (J. John Kane), this feature will bring the film industry's spawn of darkness under the bright light of instructive criticism, concentrating mainly on those films released over the past few months that we couldn't, due to space limitations, cover in greater depth. The "late," incidentally, means recent, not "dead" (although that certainly does apply in a startling number of instances). So before you run out to freely lavish your hard-earned cash on the latest celluloid atrocity, it would be wise to consult these pages first. After all, the bread you save may be your own...

LATE FILM ROUND UP!



Late Film Round-Up Reviewer Key:
D.B.—David Bartholomew
R.F.—Roy Frumkes
J.K.—Joe Kane
R.A.L.—R. Allen Leider
H.P.—Howard Phillips

DR. MABUSE DER SPIELER (1922)
Directed by Fritz Lang. Starring Rudolf Klein-Rogge, Aud Egede Nissen, Gertrud Welcher, Alfred Abel, Bernhard Goetzke.

The 11th New York Film Festival (1973) did genre buffs a real service by arranging the first public screening in the U.S. of Fritz Lang's **DR. MABUSE DER SPIELER**, made in 1922. The print shown at the Festival, courtesy of Cinematheque Francaise, was complete, running nearly four hours, and not the shortened version which had sparse distribution in 1927. With the title role superbly played by Rudolf Klein-Rogge, this was the first Mabuse film and can really be considered Lang's first important film. In later years he would make **DIE NIEBELUNGEN (1924)**—one of the first "modern" monster movies—as well as **METROPOLIS (1926)**, the classic M (1932) with Peter Lorre, and others before scurrying to Hollywood and a new career in 1934.

DR. MABUSE is a dark tale of a ruthless gambler clawing his way to power and wealth in Post-W.W. I Berlin, a time of violent social turmoil and glittering decadence. Using his twin skills of hypnotism and disguise and aided by a loyal gang of henchmen, Mabuse nearly succeeds in his plotting before the eventual victory by his opponent and nemesis, Public Prosecutor Norbert von Wenk (Bernhard Goetzke).

As might be expected, the overall quality of this long film is uneven, especially for audiences too well-fed on Hollywoodized gloss. But the film's effects, especially considering its time of production (when cinema technology was still in its infancy),

DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN (1971) Directed by Al Adamson. Starring J. Carol Naish, Lon Chaney, Zandor Vorkov, John Bloom, Anthony Eislew.



It's hard to believe that no less than TWO in-depth articles on this loser appeared in separate issues of Famous Monsters of Filmland. The reason, of course, could be that Forrest J. Ackerman had a bit role as a scientist (he spoke a total of six words in his two-minute appearance: "Who are you? Who are you?").

Well, this abomination finally reached New York, and it's too bad that it did. Dracula and Frankenstein have appeared in many movies, but this is one of the worst. The latter was played by lumbering John Bloom, who is certainly no Boris Karloff. Zandor Vorkov (who are they trying to kid?) was inept as the blood-thirsty Count. He was a walking echo chamber, complete with a stupid

white-washed face (but having normal-colored arms and hands... and eyelids). This was Lon Chaney's second-to-last film, and J. Carol Naish's final one, and it was sad to see them reduced to these depths. Chaney was cast as a mute axe murderer, subject to the commands of Naish, a descendant of Victor Frankenstein. Other familiar grade Z performers included Anthony Eislew, Russ Tamblin, Angelo Rossitto and Regina Carrol. All in all, the plot was asinine, the special effects were terrible, the editing was inexcusably atrocious, and there wasn't even enough nudity to please anybody. Do yourself a favor and forget that you ever even heard of this fright film failure. —H.P.

Director Fritz Lang has contributed several macabre thrillers to the German and American cinemas. In addition to his **DR. MABUSE** films, Fritz created classics like **METROPOLIS**, **GIRL IN THE MOON**, and **M**, the film that launched Peter Lorre's long, sinister career.

remain strong and engrossing. Lang utilizes a variety of techniques: double exposures, animation, unusual camera angles. Klein-Rogge's extraordinary powers of make-up and disguises, and even a few Bond-ish gimmicks, like a touring car's passenger section equipped with jets for poison gas. Near the end, Lang increases the film's expressionistic content, twisting the sets to even weirder angles to illustrate Mabuse's growing madness and disorientation.

Lang returned to the Mabuse character (again with Klein-Rogge) in a 1932 version (**DAS TESTAMENT VON DR. MABUSE**, actually a sequel) that was immediately banned by the Nazis and understandably hastened Lang's departure from Germany. A third Mabuse film by Lang, **THE THOUSAND EYES OF DR. MABUSE**, made in 1961, was never accorded proper distribution and as a result is nearly as unseen as the original and rare 1922 film. —D.B.

FRANKENSTEIN'S BLOODY TERROR (1971) Directed by Enrique Equiluz. Starring Jacinto Molina, Dianki Zurakowska, Manuel Manzaneque, Rossana Yanni.

This is one of the louisest horror films ever made. It is also one of the most fraudulent. The only things in the film having to do with either Dr. Frankenstein or his immortal creation are the title, the advertising, and a very brief mention in the story's prologue. That's it! Since Count Dracula plays a large part in the atrocity, I can't understand why it wasn't called **DRACULA'S BLOODY TERROR**. The company that released it—Independent International—is also responsible for an American-made disaster called **DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN**. Avoid their movies at all costs.

FRANKENSTEIN'S BLOODY TERROR is a Spanish offering that somehow got past our customs officials (wake up, you guys!). The acting, directing and editing are really rock-bottom, but the make-up is fair (even though one of the lycanthropes looks more like a gorilla than a wolf-man). Story-wise: Two Gypsies inadvertently bring a werewolf named Wolfstein (natch!) back to life by removing a silver dagger from his heart. He kills them, and soon after-



ward he bites a man who then manages to kill him again. Naturally, the wounded man soon becomes a vicious werewolf. A specialist in the occult is sent for, and the "man" and his "wife" arrive in the dead of night.

You may have already guessed that the male is none other than Dracula! In the end, all four creatures perish in a wild melee of internal disputes, stakes and silver bullets. Miss it! —H.P.

DONT LOOK IN THE BASEMENT (1973) Directed by S.F. Brownrigg. Starring Rosie Hollowik, William McGhee.

DONT LOOK IN THE BASEMENT, yet another slice of raw garbage served up by those wonderful (cough) folks at Hallmark Releasing Corporation, poses the disagreeable tale of a houseful of lunatics who take over the asylum from their keepers (ho-hum). The makers of this boring gore film, who should remain anonymous, have the sick audacity to identify the various actors during the end-title with a freeze-frame close-up of their bloody corpses. As you might guess, almost everyone dies at the end, except for blood-covered Sam who staggers from the carnage to the refrigerator in the kitchen for a last long pull at a grape popsicle.

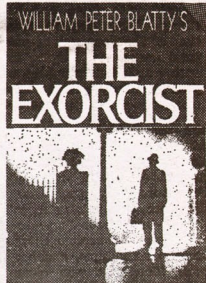
AIP teamed up **BASEMENT**, at least in New York, with another piece of trash, 1972's infamous **LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT**. This may be the vilest double bill yet in the history of commercial cinema. —D.B.

THE EXORCIST (1973) Directed by William Friedkin. Starring Max Von Sydow, Linda Blair, Ellen Burstyn, Lee J. Cobb, Kitty Wynn, Jack MacGowan.

THE EXORCIST will scare the hell out of you. I had to say it, folks! Actually, by way of justifying that crack, the film, being amazingly strong in content, is NOT in my opinion, for kids.

THE EXORCIST has been something of a long-awaited event. Troubled productions by respected directors usually are. The budget has been reported as high as \$10 million, despite the strange fact that over one-third of the action takes place in a one-room set. But perhaps strangest of all is the fact that I could actually feel, in time and achievement of perfection, when a great deal of the money had been well-spent.

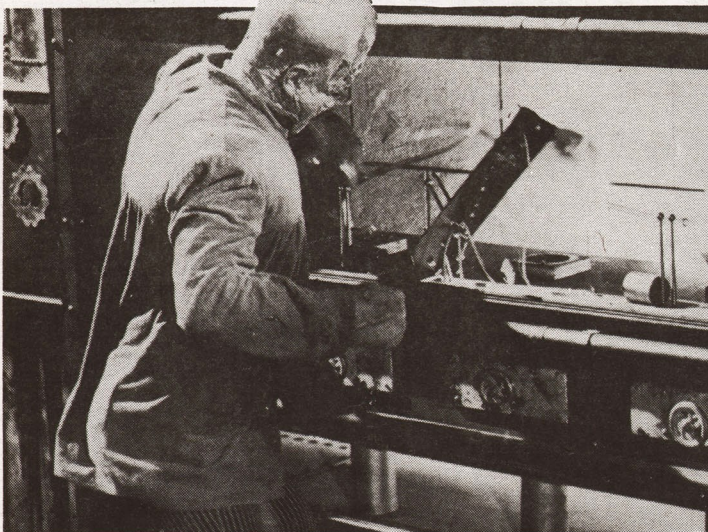
There are two major flaws in William Friedkin's new film which vitiate it pretty badly, and, ironically, near-elegant technical amenities, in his previous effort, **THE FRENCH CONNECTION**. A shallowness exists in half of the characterizations, notably



that of Max Von Sydow who is the first important member of the cast to appear. And even more detrimental is the film's chosen style, which is too slick for the content. The turgid quality of **FRENCH CONNECTION** would have been more appropriate.

Still, it is a good film, and on the very positive side there are areas in which it reaches new creative highs. Foremost is the realm of horror. Friedkin exploits both the terrors of immediate shock, and those unlimbed, insidious ones accessible only through the mind's eye. All of this is produced under his guidance (a) by Linda Blair's incredible performance, and (b) through the efforts of the technical craftsmen involved—sound, music, dubbing, special effects, and make-up—all of it superb. I believe that H.P. Lovecraft would have adored the film as much as he would have detested those made from his own works. All the horror sequences are as thought-provoking as they are hideous.

THE EXORCIST is a modern, fictionalized tale involving the seldom-used religious ritual of exorcism, which purges the body of any demons believed to inhabit it. All the sequences involving the young victim, played by Miss Blair, are cinematic four-de-forces. The cast is more than adequate generally, and even Von Sydow gains in credibility during the film's second half. It's easily as good as **ROSEMARY'S BABY**, to compare it with something, slightly similar generically, and the ghostly elements reach even the higher levels than did those in Polanski's film. —R.F.



LADY FRANKENSTEIN (1972) Directed by Mel Welles. Starring Joseph Cotton, Sara Bay, Mickey Hargitay, Paul Muller.

LADY FRANKENSTEIN is yet another run-through of a tired formula. Victor (Joseph Cotton) creates, in the usual fashion, a bulb-headed fellow who in gratitude turns

around and kills him. But (thank goodness), like father, like daughter.

HER creature is handsome, since he is meant to be her lover. In the last reel that two creatures fight it out, but once again the villagers arrive with their torches and pitchforks and guns (guns???) to put an early end to it. With a bit of talent, the film, now two

years old but just getting to New York, could have been a disarming Women's Lib view of the famous legend. Instead, although it is much better than FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER (which isn't saying too much), it was never quite as interesting as the audience milling around me at the Empire Theatre on 42nd Street. —D.B.



NIGHT OF THE COBRA WOMAN (1973) Directed by Andrew Meyer. Starring Joy Bang, Marlene Clark, Roger Garrett.

NIGHT OF THE COBRA WOMAN, just as you'd expect, is a terrible low-budget movie made in the Philippines. It scarcely brings to slimy life

the tale of a snake cult and its leader, a woman who turns into a cobra when she becomes, shall we say, romantically involved. It co-stars someone with the ingenious name of "Slash Marks." NIGHT OF THE COBRA WOMAN has all the chill factor of a hot day in July. —D.B.

PHASE IV (1974) Directed by Saul Bass. Starring Michael Murphy, Nigel Davenport, Lynne Frederick.

First it was THEM, giant, radioactively mutated ants roaming the desert, eating strangers and menacing Jim Arness. Then it was the famous HELLSTROM GHONICLE, documenting the superiority of the insect world over man's puny civilizations. Now Paramount Pictures has brought science fiction and science fact into perspective with PHASE IV, a terrifying peek into the possible future.

The nightmare begins when a race of super-intelligent ants with strange hypnotic powers—a product of an ecological imbalance combined with chemical pollution and other factors—emerges in the Southwest. These ants are man's equals, if not his superiors. They can hypnotize animals and strip their flesh off in minutes as wave upon wave of the tiny black creatures attack their prey.



SISTERS (1973) Directed by Brian De Palma. Starring Margot Kidder, Jennifer Salt, Charles Durning, Bill Finley, Lisle Wilson.

Director Brian De Palma shrewdly combines the wicked social satire and wacked-out characters of his earlier films (GREETINGS, HI, MOM, GET TO KNOW YOUR RABBIT) with the nightmare worlds of Hitchcock and Polanski to come up with SISTERS, a film that might very well become a classic of the horror genre.

De Palma and co-screenwriter Louisa Rose have spun a harrowing tale of murder surrounding a pair—or perhaps it is only one who survives the severing operation—of separated Siamese twins and a mysterious stranger with great moonish eyeglasses.

This is no ordinary AIP



exploiter; De Palma shows a genuine gut-grabbing control of his material, including its bloody violence (which defeats many horror directors), and creates an atmosphere of well-structured suspense, including several ingenious usages of split-screen editing.

Margot Kidder plays the sister(s)—with bewitching effectiveness; whether she is victim or villain is open-ended and for each of you to decide. SISTERS is an intelligent exercise in terror and black comedy that finally quite fully explores the peculiar joy that horror film audiences derive from being scared right unto death. The film, and director De Palma, cannot be too highly recommended. And veteran composer Bernard Herrman's score equals the ones he composed for PSYCHO and other Hitchcock master-works. —D.B.

SLEEPER (1973) Directed by Woody Allen. Starring Woody Allen, Diane Keaton, John Beck, Mary Gregory, Don Keefe, Don McLiam.

Like most of Woody Allen's movies, SLEEPER, a sci-fi satire, is a hit-and-miss affair. When Allen is on, he is very, very funny; when he's off, he's labored and dull. Set 200 years in the future after a nuclear holocaust ("someone named Albert Shanker got hold of a nuclear warhead," Allen is told), Miles Monroe (Allen) awakes from two centuries of suspended animation and finds himself in a Brave New World-type police state. The film



isn't very heavy on plot, but plots have never been the strength of any of Woody's works. Some of the bits are as funny as anything you'll see on screen—like when Woody is sold an ill-fitting suit by a pair of lewish robots or when he has to masquerade as an unlikely automaton in order to escape detection by a hostile populace—and the film is worth seeing for these alone. Surprisingly, Allen took greater pains in producing elaborate futuristic sets and props than this reviewer would have expected, but the film is much more a satirical commentary of the present state of the culture than a vision of a funny future. If you like Woody's brand of compulsive comedy, you'll like SLEEPER and have fun repeating many of the jokes and bits to annoyed friends who haven't seen it yet. —J.K.

WESTWORLD (1973) Directed by Michael Crichton. Starring Richard Benjamin, James Brolin, Yul Brynner, Norman Bartold.

Michael Crichton (of TERMINAL MAN and ANDROMEDA STRAIN fame) came up with a great, fun concept, a fair script, flat characters and only middling editing and direction... and the result was WESTWORLD. Westworld is part of Delos, a kind of 2001 Disneyland for well-heeled adults where, at a cost of a grand a day, they are free to romp, rape and ravage to their heart's content because Delos is populated by extremely agile and responsive

automatons. Crichton concentrates on the adventures of a pair of young men in Westworld—an elaborate recreation of a Western town circa 1880—who shoot gunslinging robots, rob banks and consort with automated whores. But, in the midst of their frolics, something goes "wrong," and the robots strike back... with a vengeance.

WESTWORLD emerges as a fairly solid sci-fi entertainment, but could have been much better. There are too many unexplained gaps and technical inconsistencies to establish the kind of total suspension of disbelief needed to really involve the viewer. The pace is erratic, suspense scenes are not exploited to their maximum potential, and the main characters, though adequately acted by Benjamin and Brolin, are just too one-dimensional to arouse much empathy. Still, the central premise is appealing enough to make the film worth seeing, and Yul Brynner is effectively typecast as a gunslinging robot. —J.K.



Nigel Davenport and Michael Murphy are research scientists who discover and combat the phenomena in the desert. Lynne Frederick is a girl mysteriously under the hypnotic power of a creature smaller than her fingernail.

Murphy and Davenport are baffled by the mysterious murders taking place. Soon farmers in the district notice that the ants in the neighborhood are hungrier than usual and have also mutated in order to become resistant to insecticides. Murphy and Davenport try to help them... new insecticides... new techniques... result: newer, improved ants, even more vicious than their parents. They begin to attack farmers who spray them with chemicals. Finally, they kill off the farmers and raid their fields, stripping them bare. Then the ants begin to spread across the county.

The scientific team discovers what is happening and tries to combat the army of ants with modern scientific equipment. The ants manage to get

inside the computers, chewing the wires and creating short circuits that cause the computerized equipment to blow up... burn out... fall.

The only solution is a personal visit to the ants' nesting grounds. This expedition results in the terrifying entrapment of Davenport, Murphy and Frederick in the underground chambers of the super-ant society; a complex network of tunnels, chambers and caverns. There, under the strange hypnotic power of the Svengali-like insects, the trio of explorers face their most horrifying and chilling experience yet. The surprise ending alone is worth the price of admission, as is the beautiful art photography of Ken Middleham. No phones here... only real ants, and they're not shot against any mock-up backgrounds either. The direction is by Saul Bass, famed designer and artist, and marks his first attempt to direct a motion picture. His report card should show a healthy mark for this project. —R.A.L.

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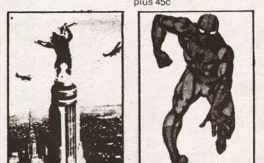
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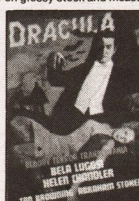
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Fun City's Finest erect barricades and do battle with the rampaging beast, but the cops can't stop him.

the slow-moving monster walks along the city streets, searching for food and crushing automobiles as easily as a human squashes an ant. As an understandable panic spreads, one lone policeman walks bravely toward the towering intruder. He makes his way through the mass of abandoned cars, his pistol leveled at the fugitive from some prehistoric hell. When he fires at the saurian, it notices him and bends its neck downward. The foolhardy officer is effortlessly scooped up in the dinosaur's tremendous jaws and eaten. As soon as the blue-coated morsel is swallowed, the carnivore spots a man who has stubbornly remained inside his car. The rhedosaurus lifts the vehicle high into the air and crushes it between its incredibly powerful teeth. Finding the metal distasteful, it drops the car onto the sidewalk.

Some smart people seek refuge in the subways to escape the oncoming gargantuan, while others rush inside buildings. However, many try to run as far away from the giant invader as they can. In their blind frenzy, they are unconcerned with the welfare of others around them. This is demonstrated when a blind man is knocked down by the fleeing masses and trampled to death. The monster kills a lot of people,

nets are raised. The creature is wandering around in the darkness somewhere in between the power lines and the water.

FUN CITY SAURIAN

Finally, the beast attempts to break through the cordon. The electricity and bazooka shells manage to hurt and turn back the dinosaur. Its throat is ripped open by a high-powered rocket, but the wound is not serious enough to kill the monster. In the darkness, it lumbers off toward the river to escape its tormentors. Heavily-armed infantry platoons begin following the large bloodspots, but after a while some of the men begin to feel weak. With each passing moment, more and more soldiers feel the overpowering effects of some invisible assailant. Many of them have to be hospitalized. One of the doctors notifies operations headquarters that the creature's blood is radioactive and carries a highly malignant primeval disease. He urges the officials to stop the ground search, and the order is given to hold back.

Professor Nesbitt and Lee are at the command center. Realizing that explosive bombs can no longer be used, Tom suggests that a radioactive isotope shell be rigged up and fired into the monster's wound. This will speed up the monster's

Continued from page 5

fish. Only when the saurian is nearly on top of the octopus and the shark do the men see it. They watch in horror and fascination as the gargantuan opens its mouth and easily swallows both creatures at the same time. Then, searching for more food, it turns toward the diving bell. As it comes closer, Dr. Elson contacts the ship via his radiophone and tells them that the beast does indeed exist. Elson appears to be happy that he is a part of the historical find and keeps on talking as the aquatic monster draws nearer. Meanwhile, the sailor is desperately trying to move their bathysphere away from the rhedosaurus, which has by now opened its massive jaws in anticipation of another meal. Elson is still talking as the cavernous maw closes around the diving bell and blocks out the light...

HORROR HEADLINES

Two extraordinary stories are splashed across the front pages of the morning newspapers. The most spectacular of the two is an announcement that a living dinosaur has been found. The other article gives the horrifying details concerning the deaths of Dr. Elson and the sailor. While the scientific world mourns the loss of Dr. Elson, it rejoices at the apparent opportunity to examine such a creature. However, military officials are interested only in destroying the beast. Navy warships and planes are dispatched to eliminate this terrible threat, but they fail to locate it.

A few days later, during the early afternoon, the beast makes its presence known when it emerges from New York City's East River! Dock workers flee in terror as the leviathan pulls itself out of the water and begins making its way toward the business district of midtown Manhattan! Crowds of pedestrians run in fear as



Panic-stricken citizens are too busy scampering for their lives to attempt to halt the horrible progress of the angry, obsessive monster.

Finally, the army is called upon to end the beast's monstrous march ... again to no avail. Scores of soldiers fall under the debilitating spell of the radioactive rays given off by the hostile monster, while the Rhedosaurus stomps on unimpeded.



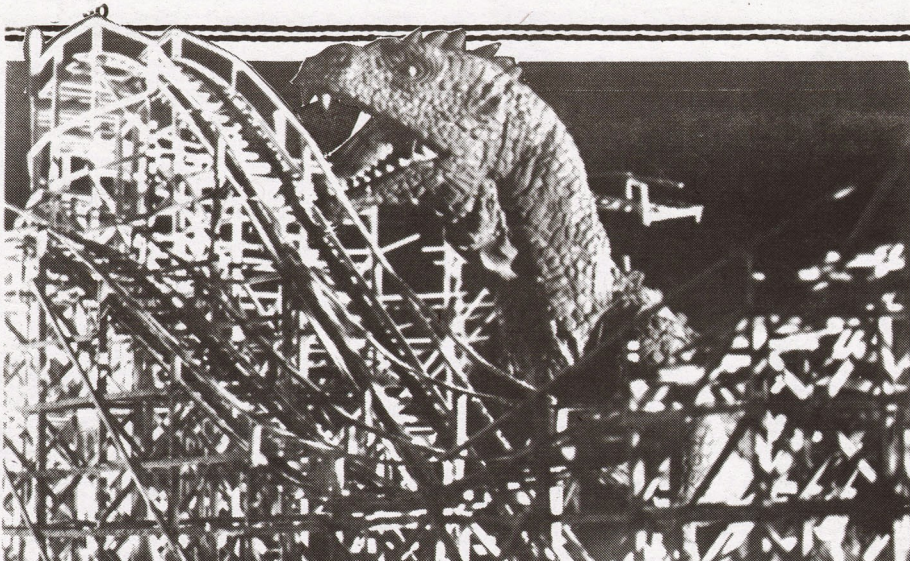
but quite a few others fall victim to the mob.

As the carnage mounts, police units are quickly mobilized and sent to the battle area. Shotgun-carrying patrolmen arrive on the scene and advance toward the rampaging dinosaur. They fire simultaneously, and the volley of shells stings the animal. In retaliation, it turns completely around and flails its tail in anger. The men continue firing, which persuades the creature to seek escape. It spins halfway around and crashes right through a brick building in an effort to get away from the annoying pellets. The inadequately-armed defenders are unable to stop the beast, but the National Guard is on the way (strangely enough, without tanks!)

By nightfall, the soldiers have taken up defensive positions throughout the critical zone. A ring of portable searchlights lions strategic rooftops, and high tension wires have been rigged across nearly a mile of city blocks. In the river, underwater mines have been activated and anti-submarine

internal deterioration due to the original dose of radiation from the nuclear bomb test, and at the same time keep the dinosaur in one piece. Preparations are completed just as a report comes in that the leviathan has come ashore at Manhattan Beach. The thing is headed straight for the Coney Island amusement area, and army units move in to try and finish it off.

By the time the troops get there, the monster is busy wrecking the massive roller-coaster ride. Nesbitt and the authorities soon reach the locale, and not long afterward a special truck arrives. In the vehicle are protective suits and the essential radioactive material. Nesbitt and an expert rifleman, Corporal Stone, don the white suits and then mount the deadly radium capsule onto a grenade rifle. Since Stone cannot hit the beast from where they are, Tom gets the idea of going up in one of the roller-coaster cars. The ride operator is summoned, and the heroes are sent on their way up the spiraling tracks as soon as



Despite his advanced age, the dinosaur is just a kid at heart. His long terror trek over land and sea leads him to Coney Island, where he amuses himself by trying to devour a roller coaster.

the man arrives. When they reach a high point not far from their target, the cars stop and the pair get out. They find it necessary to hold onto the railing because their section of track sways occasionally, whenever the rampaging dinosaur crashes into a connecting piece. Despite this, Stone takes careful aim and then fires the special shell. The projectile speeds its lethal way right to the gaping wound in the creature's neck, and the monster is sent into a rage of pain.

The writhing beast roars in agony. It rams against the wooded structure, sending the cars that Nesbitt and Stone had ascended in rolling downward. The short line of vehicles eventually reaches a point where there is no more track and the cars go careening wildly to the ground. This starts a fire, and the flames rapidly advance toward the helpless men.

The winding complex of roller-coaster tracks soon becomes a blazing cage that traps the deadly giant. The dinosaur tries to attack the inferno, but it discovers that all its strength is useless against the painful flames.

The only thing that the two men can do is try to climb down the supports. They do so as the fire spreads throughout the structure. The creature is still flailing about as they set foot on the ground. They turn and watch the suffering beast somehow make its way out of the wooden maze. But the dinosaur only gets about a hundred yards from the "Cyclone" before it drops to its knees. Everyone looks on in awe as the beast rears back on its hind legs and lets out a final echoing cry. Then it falls on its side, never to rise again. Moments later, with the fire burning behind it, the rhesosaurus succumbs to the effects of the radiation and dies.



Is this the end of Coney Island and civilization as-we-know-it? ... Will the avenging beast have his way after all? ... Nope ... the roller coaster in which the beast is trapped catches fire, sending the surprised rhesosaurus to a blazing grave. Fire and a deadly radium capsule conspire to end the threat posed by the awesome BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS. But not for long ... he—or a reasonable facsimile thereof—returned to stalk across the scream screen in THE GIANT BEHEMOTH in 1959. You just can't keep a good beast down!

BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS (1959) Warner Bros. 80 minutes. Directed by Eugene Lourie. Screenplay by Lou Morheim and Fred Freiberger, from "The Foghorn" by Ray Bradbury. Special effects by Willis Cook and Ray Harryhausen. With Paula Raymond, Paul Christian, Cecil Kellaway, Kenneth Tobey, Donald Woods, Lee Van Cleef, Jack Pennick, Ross Elliott, King Donovan, Frank Ferguson.



BEAST BOUNCES BACK
Incidentally, this flick was remade by Allied Artists in 1958. It was called THE GIANT BEHEMOTH, and the setting this time was England. Most of the incidents in this version were only slightly altered from the original. The beast here was a radioactive bronosaurus-like thing. Traveling along the Cornish coast, the monster made its way to London, and finally met its end when a Navy mini-sub fired a radioactive torpedo into its mouth. However, there was a strong indication at the end of the film that another Behemoth was loose off America's shore.



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NEXT ISSUE!

Next time out TMT will be going ape, all ape, totally and hopelessly ape, with a special All-Grunting, All-Woman-Abducting, All-Chest-Beating, All-Ape issue. We'll have sinister simians, gregarious gorillas, baboons in bondage and all kinds apes—big apes, little apes, talking apes, surly apes, friendly apes and even apes out to control your mind!

Ape expert Howard Phillips, for example, will be bringing you the complete story of all five **PLANET OF THE APES** films, Fox's fright film series that represented a giant step forward for simians everywhere. Simian scholar Jason Thomas will be chipping in with an exciting, factual survey of **SIMIANS ON CELLULOID**, a cinematic history of apes in films that spans the silent era right up to today's newest ape epics. We'll also have a report on the



vulgar abuse simians have suffered by serving as foils for second-rate comedians in Joe Kane's **TOP BANANAS**, a history of the ape in horror-comedy films. Plus we'll have an in-depth look at **Apes In The Comics**, a special all-Ape edition of our Monster Scene feature, and a whole hirsute host of other gorilla-oriented goodies. And everybody's favorite ape, **KING KONG**, will be putting in an appearance, too.

So, if you have any feeling at all for our furry friends and awkward ancestors, you'll want to run out and buy at least one copy of our once-in-a-lifetime All-Ape issue. And when you finish reading your copy, you don't send it to a simian friend in your local zoo? We're sure your good-will gesture will not go unappreciated.

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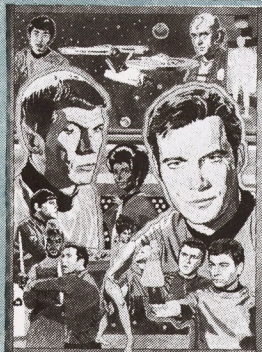


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