THIS ISSUE:
The Most Horrifying Article Ever Published!

Squirm
The Story of A Billion Deadly Ravenous Worms!

Exclusive Photos
Space 1999 Aliens!
PETER CUSHING took One Look at This Issue and POW!—his glasses cracked. Pity Poor Peter—He only has "FEAR IN THE NIGHT" but YOU can be terrified NIGHT & DAY with this Excitingly New, Terror-Filled Issue of the World’s First & Foremost Filmmonster Magazine, thrilling Horror Fans since February 1958!
SPEAKING OF MONSTERS

FANG-TASTIC ISSUE!

"TOMB MUCH" CRY FANS!

Destined to be a collector's issue until 1999! SPACE: 1999, that is! Because you demanded it—CHRISTOPHER LEE & PETER CUSHING in the TV show that's burning up the spaceways!

Killer-worms previewed in SQUIRM!
The classic 1943 chiller, THE MAD GOUL!

Escape if you can—escape into the future with the much-requested classic: THE TIME TRAVELERS!

As the muchabunch pictured above would say: Join our subscription department—only then can you guess the correct answers to our monsterific quiz!

All this & more! Read at your own risk!

FORREST Akerud
I really enjoyed a film I recently saw called "HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD." It was a very funny satire on B movies. You should know, Forry Ackerman—you were in it!!

LARRY TAUBER
Memphis, Tenn.

I didn’t know that!

HURRAY FOR THE MAN OF CLAY

First of all, I would like to congratulate you on a truly excellent article on THE Golem in FM #127! FM is getting the recognition he deserves. Also one of the forgotten stars of the German silents, Paul Wegener, was remembered. He was a great actor as shown in his three Golem movies (1914, 1917 & 1920), THE STUDENT OF PRAGUE (1913) and THE MAGICIAN (1926). But he also was a great writer & director. Paul Wegener and his Golem are always remembered as one of the first & greatest of all the German silents and maybe of all time!

MICHAEL WOLAN
Edison, NJ

FROM THE PHANTOM'S SWEET ART

I’m sure by now you’ve been deluged by thousands of letters from excited readers eager to learn the name of the artist who painted the picture you’re pointing to on the "Speaking of Monsters" page, issue #126. So I’d like to identify this mystery person as none other than that famous artist of world renown... a man who needs no introduction and got none... my husband BOB JUANILLO!

Bob wanted to write and identify himself but being a much too modest individual, he made me do it.

BARBIE JUANILLO
Sunnyvale, Calif.

A LIMB FROM THE POE-TREE

Your magazine is out of sight, (Like the invisible man).
The amount of terror is just...

‘Cause the editor is the man of dy-no-fright!

DAVID HURD
Cochrane, Ont., Canada

WANTED! More Readers Like

Are you sure you don’t mean you’ve got YOURSELF two new girlfriends, not me? Besides, I only go out withghouliends my own age—
and you know how old THAT is? Why, I was there and helped Methuselah blow out the candles on his 900th birthday cake!

FRANK “GUY” BRALEY
Richmond, Ohio

Frank (and MIKE) WEBER
& GRANDMA B.J.

HOT FRYE

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I could talk about any article in the issue, but the article most deserving of attention is RENFIELD. “At Last” is right! Dwight Frye deserves an entire book written about him! Ever since I saw him as RENFIELD in DRACULA, a long, long time ago, I have regarded him as not only one of the best of the character actors but one of the best actors overall. He was just brilliant; and his face lent itself to a number of unique and at the same time convincing makeups, by Jack Pierce. The article had me spellbound. I never knew about the missing BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN footage—or the equally fascinating story of how he had been in SON OF FRANKENSTEIN before the film fell into the hands of the greedy film editor.

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OUR COVER
A fantastic portrait of a fine character actor as portrayed by artist BASIL GOGOS. Here is the great PETER CUSHING as Van Helsing from the film DRACULA A.D. 1972.

JAMES WARREN
Founder & Publisher

FORREST J ACKERMAN
Editor-in-Chief

W.R. MOHALLEY
Managing Editor

WALT DAUGHERTY
Special Photography

DONATO VELEZ
JACINTO SOTO
NELSON VILLAR
Traffic Department

SPECIAL SERVICES
Philip J. Riley, Bob Scherl, Dennis Billows, Sandra Billows, Gray Daniels, Larry & Paul Brooks, Charles Osborne

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS
Chris Collier, George L. Ouna, Luis Gasco, Hajime Ishida, John Kobal, Jurgen Menningen, Norbert Novotny, Hector R. Pesina

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Spectacular battle sequence as an Eagle defends Moon-base Alpha against an alien vessel.
the aliens of SPACE: 1999
retrospect by dennis billows
spaceship alpha

In the vastness of the universe, among the uncounted stars, lifeforms must exist. Some will be humanoid, like us. Many, however, will be as different from ourselves as we are different from insectdom.

On September 1999 the most devastating explosion in the history of mankind blasted the moon out of orbit & sent it speeding into the depths of outer space... with 311 men & women trapped in an artificial environment called Moonbase Alpha.

The aliens of outer space will learn about earthmen by observing these people:

John Koenig (MARTIN LANDAU), who found himself the reluctant commander of a space probe rather than the weather station which was Moonbase Alpha's prime directive. He was born in 1959 & watched the first moon landings on TV. Quiet & strong—he's a man who inspires fierce loyalty.

The medical officer—Dr. Helena Russell (BARBARA BAIN). It is her function to care for the psychological & physical well-being of everyone on the base.

The chief scientist is Dr. Victor Bergman (BARRY MORSE), a brilliant, sensitive man whose attitude toward alien lifeforms is one of scientific curiosity—not fear of the unknown.

from darians to dragons

The trajectory of Moonbase Alpha brought them into contact with many different types of alien civilizations:

The Darians—like Robert Heinlein's story, "Universe," the Darians were the survivors of a crippled spacecraft (20-miles-long) drifting helplessly in space. Two factions existed: the barbarians (ignorant & savage, living in the ruined portions of the craft) & the elite class (beautiful & cultured, they lead secret lives unknown to the savages in the undamaged portions of the craft—& they breed the barbarians for food!). When the Alphans caused the barbarians to become aware that they have been bred & butchered for generations, their attitude was forgiving—very different from Thorn's attitude in SOYLANT GREEN (1973) who was more than a little violently upset!

"The Space Brain" was a wandering, thinking cell-foam which acted like an inter-galactic antibody ingesting foreign objects after the manner of the antibodies of FANTASTIC VOYAGE (1966).

Even ghosts appeared on Alpha in "The Troubled Spirit" in which a botanist, trying seance-styled communication with plants, instead conjured up a malevolent spirit with the face of the PROJECTED MAN (1966). In the end the host (the botanist) & the spirit were killed in a sizzling finale—Exorcism 21st Century style!

"The Infernal Machine" brought Delmer Powys Plebus Gwent of the planet Zemmo—a brilliant
The lone survivor of a 1996 space probe fights for his life against incredible alien monster!
Dr. Helena Russell, Chief Medical Officer.

... scientist who programmed so much of his personality into a spacecraft that it became an extension of himself. The machine, of course, was a Frankenstein! It needed human companionship, so when its companion (LEO MCKERN who played #2 so well in the magnificent TV series, THE PRISONER) died, it wanted—Dr. Bergman. The Alphans managed to logically cause its destruction after the manner of Hal in 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (1968).

The queen of a planet on a “Collision Course” with Alpha (MARGARET LEIGHTON), an alien older than Earth itself, helped introduce the Alphans to the wonders of the universe by urging a collision with a living thing from another dimension—a creature about to metamorphose into something else as a caterpillar changes into a moth.

“The Force of Life” was a mysterious blue light which wandered into Alpha from space & invaded the body of a technician. This caused him to crave heat from any source—whether artificial or human! After being blasted by a hand laser, he still managed to walk right into the heart of an Alpha Nuclear Generator!

One of the most terrible creations of the series was a Cyclopean, tentacled monster in “Dragon’s Domain.” It was found lurking in a Sargasso Sea of Space—a graveyard of dead spaceships. Howling winds drew struggling victims thru the monster’s maw & in a matter of seconds what was left of the body was spat out—burnt to cinders!

However, there are two episodes which have been especially requested by FM readers: the Peter Cushing episode & the Christopher Lee episode! So away we go—

cushing captures koenig

Passing close to a strange, new planet, Commander Koenig in Eagle #1 was violently pulled toward the planet’s surface & was barely able to escape. Heading back to Alpha, his control systems suddenly went out & Eagle #1 crashed on the moon’s surface. Koenig’s body was taken to Alpha & kept alive artificially by Dr. Russell. He seemed to be dead, but—

He was awake & aware on the surface of the moon!

Koenig donned his spacesuit & crossed the moon’s terrain to Moonbase Alpha only to find the entire base deserted. Tho no one was there, he had the feeling of being watched... & his watcher soon made his presence known—PETER CUSHING!
Thus begins “Missing Link.”

“I’m as human as you are,” said Cushing, answering an unasked Question. “I can read your mind—all Zennoites can.

“My name is Raan, your host.”

“Why am I here?” asked Koenig. “Our computer recorded no life on this planet.”

A new visitor entered the room & a female voice answered: “Because my father is the foremost anthropologist on Zenno & like all scientists, my father’s curiosity is insatiable. He wants to learn from you.”

Her name was Vana (JOANNA DUNHAM), Raan’s daughter.

“I doubt if I can teach him anything,” replied Koenig.

“Not about the present,” stated Raan, “or the future—but the past!”

Raan’s mind created Koenig’s living quarters—a duplicate of his own quarters on Alpha.

“You are a guest in my home,” Raan continued. “—a permanent guest! Unfortunately your lifespan is \( \frac{1}{10} \) of ours, so I must begin my tests immediately. I am 508 Earth-years old. I want to know your mind—the mind of an Earthman. All our ancient books, tho informative, are limited in knowledge. But you, Commander Koenig, you’re real. I’ve been searching for such as you
for a long time. You are our Missing Link!"
Raan created several illusions for Koenig as tests, but the frightening images released hostility & terrible violence in the commander.
Raan, watching, mused: “I find violence fascinating. Murder... war... torture... violence beyond description is a way of life for Earthmen...”
Another Zennoite warned: "Perhaps he will prove too dangerous. You should neutralize his mind. You may go too far."
“No,” stated Raan, “I can create situations for him but his reactions must be true & his choice of dealing with them free. He must neutralize his own mind. He must conquer his violence.”
On Alpha they tried shock treatments on Koenig’s inert body, but to no avail. He remained in a limbo between death & life.
On Zenno, however, Koenig & Vana became more & more attached. She urged her father not to exploit the Earthman. She loved him!
“Love is the bridge between all worlds!” she cried.
Raan cannot allow his daughter to love a barbarian. In desperation, he brought Sandra, one of the Alphans, to Zenno. Sandra urged Koenig to return. There was strife on Alpha—fist-fights & leadership quarrels. He was needed.
Raan also showed Koenig his dying body on Alpha where Dr. Russell was preparing to disconnect his life-support system.
Koenig agreed to return to Alpha, his duty conquering his emotions.
“Altho the experiment was a failure,” Raan stated, “I did learn something of Earthmen after all. So did Vana.”
Did Koenig learn anything thru his experience, asked Raan.
“In a way. I still believe it’s more important to feel than to think.”
Raan shook his head. “It is the perfect balance between the two that must be achieved. Both our worlds have yet to learn how... until Tomorrow, John Koenig.”

searching for the missing link

Anyone familiar with the 1st STAR TREK pilot, “Menagerie,” will realize how similar the two pilots are: the alien planet being investigated, the capture of the commanding officer, the study by thought-control of the human, the war between the unfeeling, cerebral alien & the emotional human, the alien “feeding” on the emotions of violence in the human, etc. But, while the “Menagerie” is considered a classic, this episode of SPACE: 1999 is bearable only because of Cushing’s presence.
Ridiculous dialogue abounds such as:
When Raan learns of his daughter's fascination for Koenig he is outraged. He turns to Koenig & says: "Do you presume to span 2 million years of evolution?"

Modestly, Koenig replies: "I can try."

Also, Koenig's statement at the end: "I still believe it's more important to feel than to think." I'm glad he's not making decisions where my life is at stake!

And, lastly, Raan's comment that both worlds have yet to learn the balance between the mind & emotions says little for 2 million years of evolution! Watch out for the Monsters from the Id!

**cosmic vampire?**

When Christopher Lee appeared in the "Earthbound" segment of SPACE: 1999, the cast & crew all naturally assumed they were about to film an episode about a monstrous alien—with large incisor teeth! Instead, Lee portrayed a being much like his own private self—a tolerant, gentlemanly, well-educated man.

The Alphans discovered & aided the peaceful Kaldorians, tho they unwittingly broke the protective seal of one & thereby caused a death.

"All of our instruments said that life no longer existed," Koenig said. "Only then did we break the seal."

**NOTE:** This is the second time their instruments failed to reveal life where there was life. Let's hope that in the future segments they don't rely so heavily on their instruments before they kill half the galaxy!

Would human beings have been so tolerant as was Captain Zantor (CHRISTOPHER LEE) who replied calmly: "We realize that the mistake which destroyed our comrade was one of ignorance—not of malice. We do not require judicial revenge." He then proceeded to bestow upon the Alphans gifts of peace & freedom.

"We have been traveling for 3½ Earth-centuries," Zantor continued. "Our planet was dying. Our people sent out ships—one to each planet we believed could sustain our type of life... our ship was programmed to orbit this moon, where we could be re-animated & approach your Earth."

"So your hope is to settle on Earth?" asked Koenig.

"Yes... if we are welcome."

"And if not?"

"Then we would subject ourselves to voluntary reduction... in your terms... we would take our own lives!"

Since one Kaldorian had been accidentally killed, there left a vacancy aboard the spacecraft (if repairs could be made in time) for one of the Alphans to join them. Koenig asked the computer for the logical person—but only after the method was proven safe for a human being would the
Encounters with aliens show us that beauty is indeed skin deep. These Darians breed other humans for food!

Encounters with aliens show us that beauty is indeed skin deep. These Darians breed other humans for food!

Dr. Russell frantically tried to save the life of an alien found deep in space unaware of his strange and horrifying power!

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name be announced. But Commissioner Simmons, a politician trapped on Alpha during the catastrophe, took matters into his own hands. After all, in his own words: “I’ve been a politician all my life. I don’t believe in chance.” He forced his presence on the aliens & left with them on their journey to Earth... an Earth which perhaps no longer existed. But justice was served in a macabre way when Simmons’ voice came from the craft, screaming for help... his matrix hadn’t been programmed. As he suffocated in his suspended animation cell Koenig learned, ironically, that Simmons had been chosen by Computer.

It struck me as very odd that all during this segment no one doubted that the aliens were sincere! I kept thinking of Lee as Count Dracula... suppose they were cosmic vampires out to drain the Earth of blood? The Alphans had even supplied them with an appetizer!

If the roles had been reversed in “Missing Link” & “Earthbound”—if Lee had Cushing’s part & Cushing had Lee’s part—they would have been believable. I would have aided Saint Peter in any way possible to get to Earth! And Lee as Raan the Anthropologist, who kept Koenig against his will, would have added that touch of sinister evil which was missing. A classic case of miscasting!

future promise

SPACE: 1999 has been criticized as being unexciting, slow-paced & predictable. Their scripts have been trite, the costumes drab, the acting zombie-like, & the music incidental instead of rousing.

The special effects by Brian Johnson & cameraman Nick Adler, on the other hand, are excellent & save the show!

But, according to our English correspondent, we may have hope:

The second season of SPACE: 1999 holds promise! Many of the above criticisms seem to have been noted by the producers, & they are making an effort to correct them. Some of the changes will be:

1. The drab unisex costumes will change. The clothes will be more colorful & more casual. After all, one way to assert individuality is thru dress.

2. Moonbase Alpha will go underground. With all the crashes & attacking aliens we’ve seen, it seems logical to devise a more defensible command post. Alpha is totally exposed at all times. Also, it gives the personnel something to do during the long tedious months (between segments) in space.

3. Most importantly: An alien will be permanently enlisted among the Alphans! This will launch the first episode of the new series & introduce: Maya, the female humanoid who has the power to transform herself into anything she wishes!

If the show continues with this attitude, learning from its mistakes, then SPACE: 1999 may last until 1999!
CHAPTER I — EERIE EXPERIMENT

KILL ERIC

"Kill Eric..."

"He's betrayed you..."

Like a horrible avenger, he shambled through the darkened alleyways toward the stagedoor entrance. But something in the mind of Ted Allison begged for a reason—some type of understanding for the terrible happenings of the past weeks—especially now, as he stalked his friend and the ominous words buzzed in his brain: "First... kill Eric... then... myself... first... Eric... then... myself."

Was this ghoulish creature really Ted Allison (DAVID BRUCE), the bright young surgery student who several months ago listened with serious interest to the lecture of Dr. Alfred Morris (GEORGE ZUCCO)?

"Conclusive evidence that ancient tribes had a rudimentary but practical knowledge of what today we know as poison gas is the basis of my research," he heard the Doctor's words again. He saw again the classroom of spellbound students, aware that the famous chemist was making scientific history. This poison gas was possessed of diabolical power more frightening than anything conceived by modern science—a gas used not to bring death, but Life in Death, or if you prefer, Death in Life... a gas which turned its victims into zombie-like creatures which could be used for..."
“Kill Eric... Kill Eric!” echoes in the bewildered brain of THE MAD GHOUL.
Lucky Bruce! Who among us wouldn't have been thrilled to have been made up by the legendary Jack Pierce?

willing human sacrifice to appease their gods. For their savage rites these ancient races required the heart torn from a living victim or, when necessary, from one recently deceased. Ironically, the ancients used an excision technique which our surgery students will recognize as an advanced cardioectomy. Altho chemistry, not surgery, is my province, this fact has opened up a new field of research, which I intend to explore.

Ted felt the doctor’s hand on his shoulder after the lecture. “How did you like my lecture, Ted?”

“I found it extremely interesting, Doctor.”

“I thought you would. Confidentially, I’m much further along in my research than I led the class to believe—I said that during my vacation I expected to recreate the native poison gas. That was a slight deviation from the truth...I’ve already done so! Of course I must check & re-check before I can make my findings public. Until then, what I’ve told you is in confidence.”

“Naturally, Doctor. I’m highly flattered that you chose to confide in me.”

“Why not?” said Dr. Morris as they followed the rush of students to leave the classroom. “The School of Medicine expects you to do great things some day.”

“Oh, I guess I have a knack with a knife but it won’t do me much good if I don’t pass your chemistry course.”

“You could do with a little more work in the lab. That’s what I want to talk to you about.”

“Is it that bad?” Ted asked sadly.

“No, no, no, but I could use an assistant. How’d you like to spend your vacation helping me with my experiments at home?”

There was no question what the answer would be and Ted readily agreed. But with one stipulation: he wanted to listen to his fiancée’s broadcast over the radio at Dr. Morris’s home.

“Of course,” Morris consented, “next to science, music is my great love. I’ve always been interested in Isabel’s career.”

Isabel Lewis... her clear, sweet voice filled the study. It went straight to Ted’s heart. They were both young, both with their heads in the
clouds, so terribly in love. As the program concluded, the announcer’s voice was heard: “You have just heard Miss Isabel Lewis, University City’s own bright star, accompanied on the piano by Mr. Eric Iverson, in an all-request program.”

“Do you think you could forget Isabel long enough to get back to science?” asked Dr. Morris. “Let’s go downstairs to the lab.”

The miracle gas

The lab was a fascinating place for the young student. The charts, records & research equipment were like a private universe, a scientist’s heaven. Ted noticed the change that came over Dr. Morris as he went inside. An expression of almost fanatical intensity changed the kindly, gentle face of the scientist until it was forbidding and darkly serious. For a moment Ted was almost afraid to speak to him. But soon everything, including Isabel, was pushed out of his mind by Dr. Morris’s demonstration of something so uncanny, so startling, as to make one believe that modern science was black magic.

The thing he was looking at was, at first glance, a dead monkey. A little monkey of the kind seen by the hundreds in biological labs. It was rather frighteningly dead—its eyes open, the skin along its old-man temples wrinkled, its teeth bared as if it had died in torment.

But when Ted applied a stethoscope to the monkey’s heart— the heart was beating!

Dr. Morris smiled triumphantly. “As you can see, I have been experimenting with the ancient formula. I have recreated life-in-death!” He went to a glass cabinet, brought out a glass vial filled with colorless crystals. “The gas these crystals give off when heated—innocent, colorless, odorless gas, by the way—is quite deadly...and it produces the state little Jocko is in.” He added: “Before we go any further let me caution you that when working with it one must at all times wear a mask.”

“Apparently the little monkey here forgot his.”

“Yes, when I exposed Jocko to the gas, its effect on him was almost instantaneous. Physical changes took place within a few minutes. First there was an appearance of emaciation, followed by paralysis of the will and finally a trance-like condition which will inevitably terminate in death. Unless—” now he smiled triumphantly, “—unless we succeed, as I believe we can, in reversing the action of the gas. That, Ted, is where you come in.”

Simian experiment

Terrific, almost painful, excitement gripped Ted. This was medical history and he was in on it! “What do you want me to do?”

His teacher did not give a direct answer. “Remember what I said in my lecture about cutting out the hearts of living victims? Well, my research has led me to believe that the pagans did this not as a mere religious rite to appease their gods but to restore life to these zombie-like creatures, the gassed victims. Combined with certain herbs, the heart of a recently-dead person served that purpose. Now then, we’ll take a living monkey and—”

“You mean you want me to perform a cardectomy on a living monkey?” Ted asked, not quite believing.

“Not squeamish, are you?” Dr. Morris’s voice was mocking.

“Not squeamish about the surgery,” the boy
answered. "I've performed too many dissections to be squeamish, Doctor. Only...I can't help feeling a sense of evil in all this." Still, the urge to experiment was strong. And after all, this was only a monkey in a laboratory, wasn't it? And who knew what good could come from these secrets wrenched from the past?

A half hour later little Jocko, a little weak & a little dizzy, was sitting up & chattering. Doctor Morris, his voice shaking a little, was slapping Ted on the back. "Congratulations, Doctor! And now just think what it would mean if we could repeat the experiment in a human being—with the ingredient of human intelligence thrown in. Just think if we learned to revive the dead, the dying."

Ted couldn't help a moment of sheer horror. "Dr. Morris, you're not going to ask me to perform this type of surgery on humans, are you?"

Alfred Morris smiled warmly, but his eyes remained the eyes of a fanatic. "No, no, of course not. Idle speculation, my boy."

CHAPTER 2—NIGHTMARE OF BLOOD

Many things happened within the next 24 hours of which Ted was ignorant. It was not that he was an insensitive boy—far from it. He was merely one of those simple, unsuspecting, thoroughly honest human beings who do not look for—and therefore do not find—any complications in the world around them.

For example, he loved Isabel Lewis (EVELYN ANKERS) since childhood and she loved him and as soon as their work permitted it they would be married. They would then live happily the rest of their lives. Of course their careers might interfere sometimes—for example, she was leaving almost immediately on a concert tour and would be gone for several weeks.

Ted was totally unaware that Isabel was searching for some way to tell him that she loved someone else—her pianist, Eric Iverson (TURHAN BEY)—and in her search to avoid hurting him she unwittingly unleashed terrible forces. How could she guess that the desire to see a thing be can destroy a man's judgment, make him totally blind to reality? How could she know that to seek the help of Ted's friend Dr. Morris, to confess her plight, would spell doom for Ted Allison? How could she know that by unwittingly withholding the name of the person she loved, Dr. Morris would believe that she was speaking of him?

Other men use simple murder to achieve a goal. But Dr. Albert Morris wouldn't stoop to murder. He was a scientist. He had more subtle methods at his command...

In the lab the next morning Dr. Morris, wearing his oxygen mask, placed some of the poison gas crystals in a vial of boiling water. After allowing the room to fill with gas, he placed some of his notes on the desk—completing this act just as the doorbell rang. Closing the lab door behind him, he removed the mask. Ted was expected.

"Good morning, Doctor. What's the program for this morning?"

"Today we start a new line of research...would you get me the plans and charts from my laboratory desk? I want to go over our findings together."

Ted went downstairs to the lab, heedless of the invisible gas spewing forth from the bubbling vial. As he hunted for the Doctor's notes, Ted could hear the Doctor playing the piano loudly overhead. At last he located the notes but the gas began to work its black magic on him. He became lightheaded...and then a nightmare seemed to possess him.

the heart-snatchers

He seemed to hear his teacher's voice. "Sit down. Now listen carefully. Do you understand me? Answer me. Good. I am your friend, your only friend. You're ill. You need me. I alone can cure you. You'll do everything I say."

"Everything you say..." Ted repeated.

"I will make you well. I will make you famous. You will devote your life to science. You will forget Isabel!"

"Forget...Isabel..." he repeated.

"Isabel doesn't want you. She doesn't love you. It's me she loves. Do you understand? Isabel loves me."

"Isabel...loves you..."

Dr. Morris left Ted in his trance-like condition to hurriedly telephone Isabel. He explained that Ted would not be able to see her off. He collapsed suddenly while they were at work. No, it wasn't serious. "Mostly overwork," he said, "I've prescribed for him to stay in bed for a few days."

As he hung up the telephone, his eyes glanced
at the morning paper's headlines: BAILY RITES HELD TODAY; NOTED LAWYER WILL BE LAID TO REST IN FIARVIEW CEMETERY.

"Come with me," Ted was ordered. "Take this scalpel." Much later they were walking along dark roads in what seemed to be a cemetery. They were digging. They were digging up a fresh grave!

"Take this scalpel, do you hear me? A cardiotomy, Ted. The best work you know how to do, so I can make you well." A nightmare of blood. Then deep sleep. When he woke, he was infinitely tired, groggy. It was mid-afternoon. He accepted Dr. Morris's explanation of vertigo & collapse. He remembered nothing of the night's horrible adventure—only vague, disturbing dreams.

Isabel leaving without his taking her to the train seemed bad enough to Ted. But that day 2 other disturbing things happened: the little monkey, Jocko, had a relapse and the newspapers carried screaming headlines about a shocking crime—someone had desecrated a fresh grave in the city cemetery, cut out the heart of the corpse and left the body horribly mangled!

CHAPTER 3—“KILL ERIC!”

Dr. Morris was careful to keep the radio news broadcasts turned off and burned the newspaper carrying the story of the grave-robbing. But
while he kept their ghoulish deeds secret, he was beset by Ted demanding to see Isabel. He did not want to wait until she returned, he wanted to see her, now! Dr. Morris argued but it was no use. He could not use the only argument that would have influenced Ted—he could not say, Isabel is not for you Ted because she’s alive and you are dead! You are dead-in-life, you are a zombie, a flesh-&-blood ghost—and I’m the one that made you what you are!

He could not say any of it. For the first time fear touched the scientist. Little Jocko lay cold & horrible in his box and Ted had packed a bag to leave for Camden City, Isabel’s next concert stop. He had no choice so he said quietly & with authority: “If you insist on going Ted, I’m going with you. You are a very sick man.”

When Ted & Dr. Morris unexpectedly arrived in Isabel’s dressing room, she tried, in all fairness & honesty, to talk to Ted. It was no use. He was like a hurt, bewildered boy, begging her to marry him. Then he was like nothing human she had ever seen. He was a gaunt, white ghost—changing to frightening rigidity before her eyes. She cried for Dr. Morris.

Morris ushered Eric & Isabel from the room—and then the nightmare began again. First the voice: “Come along, Ted. You’ll be alright—I’ll take care of you. That’s right. Come along.”

Ted & Dr. Morris left the theater unnoticed and went immediately in Dr. Morris’s car to the cemetery. After searching about in the moonlit landscape, they discovered a newly-tenanted crypt. Morris’s efforts to break in, however, aroused the nightwatchman. Placing Ted out of sight, he attacked the watchman and then summoned Ted to perform his cardioectomy...

**grave news**

The next morning the screaming headlines were all over the papers: MAD GHOUL DESCERCRATES CEMETERY! No one paid any attention to reviews of a concert by Isabel Lewis.

The tour went on and so did the crimes. After Camden City came Merryville. The papers were beginning to hint that the criminal must be a surgeon gone mad.

Alfred Morris had no clear plan of where his actions were leading. He hardly knew himself why he was doing what he did. But a scientist’s insatiable curiosity was driving him relentlessly to keep after Ted, to watch over him with an almost vicious tenderness, to revive him by means of human sacrifice every time the boy had a relapse.

*Why don’t I let him die? Alfred Morris sometimes wondered. It would be so much easier for Isabel & for me. If Ted died, she would have no more problems. We’d be free.*

Then, the second night in Merryville, the bombshell. Isabel came to him, tearful. “Dr. Morris, I can’t stand this! I can’t have Ted following me on tour! But I can’t send him away when he’s so ill. You’re my friend—you’ve got to help us!
Monkeying with simian glands & such, Ted (David Bruce) prepares deadly gas.

Eric & I are begging you.”

For a moment Alfred Morris thought he hadn’t heard right. “Eric & you?”

She said, “You know how we feel about each other. I can’t understand Ted not seeing.”

Slowly the truth dawned on Dr. Morris. “My dear, we see only what we want to see most of the time. Even I, a scientist, have such moments of blindness.”

That night, in the hotel room, he broke the news to Ted. He told him brutally, “Ted, we’re not going to the concert tonight because we’re going home. You’re sick. This senseless obsession to follow Isabel is a phase of your illness. Isabel is sticking to you out of pity. Ted, no real man would want a woman that way.”

“What’s the matter with me?” Ted said, confused. “Why am I always having these awful nightmares? What’s happened to me, Dr. Morris? I feel like I...I...”

son of im-ho-tep

Ted said no more. The strain was enough to bring on a relapse into his zombie-like state. He collapsed. When his face lifted again, it was mummified, shrivelled & startling—the face of an Im-Ho-Tep, a living mummy! A gleam of satisfaction came into the sharp eyes of Dr. Morris. “Now listen,” the chemist began. “I have important news for you. Listen! I know why Isabel doesn’t want to marry you. Eric is responsible. Do you understand?” “...Eric...?”

“Yes. Your friend. He’s taken her away from you. Eric is treacherous.”

“...treacherous...”

“We must get rid of Eric.”

“Get...rid...of...Eric...”


At 10 minutes to 12, Ted & Dr. Morris drove to the theater. They circled cautiously. Then Morris let his pupil out.

“Now go meet Eric—kill him. Here’s a gun. Remember, Eric has betrayed you. He’s waiting around the corner. Now go.”

Obediently, Ted repeated, “Must kill Eric.” He started forward. Kill Eric...Kill Eric. His footsteps echoed those words in his sleeping brain. Kill Eric...His shadow on the dimly-lit wall nodded gravely. Kill Eric...The shadow grew & grew, his footsteps echoed louder & louder. Then suddenly he heard the scream. Isabel’s scream.

Even thru the dark shadows of his sleeping mind that scream reached him. Kill Eric? But that would be killing Isabel, too. How could he, who loved her, kill her?

He faded back into the shadows.

END
As a violent storm is in full rage over Fly Creek, Georgia, flashes of lightning tear across the blackened sky to reveal—

Mud slides descending toward a tall, sentinel-like electrical tower.

The tower, hammered repeatedly by the hurricane-force wind, begins to buckle. As the top of the tower snaps against the trees, sending the power-lines whipping to the ground like live electrical snakes, sparks explode violently, sending huge surges of electricity deep into the ground.

The lights go out in nearby Fly Creek as the electrical power is cut, and the fierce night passes slowly.

Morning finds Geri Sanders (PATRICIA PEARCY), a pretty girl in her early 20's, eagerly awaiting the arrival of Mick, a young lawyer from New York whom she met at an antique show & who is coming to spend his vacation with her. As she dresses, the newscaster on her transistor radio reports: "Main roads are badly flooded & blocked; all power in the area is out; all phone service is dead."

Roger Grimes (R.A. DOW), a handyman, reluctantly & jealously allows Geri to borrow his truck to meet her boyfriend, who (after his bus stalled on the flooded road) had set off on foot cross-country. As she cuts thru the woods, she meets Mick (DON SCARDINO) who is wading chest deep in the bloated creek. They drive to town in Roger's truck, which is loaded with live bait—sandworms from his father's "Bait Farm." These worms usually grow to a length of 10 to 18 inches & are armed with powerful horny jaws set back in their throat. The worms are brilliantly colored due to blood vessels seen thru their steel-blue & green skin. Their iridescence & dazzling appearance are the secret of their attraction as bait.
When they stop at a luncheonette, they find that the storm is the talk of the town. Signs are blown down, windows broken & debris strewn thru the streets. Things happen quickly. Mick finds a worm in his food & has a verbal brush with the Sheriff (PETER MacLEAN), and when they return to the truck, he & Geri find the worm crates inexplicably empty.

**not for the squirmish!**

When Mick & Geri visit Mr. Beardsly's antique shop, they find nobody there. Looking around they are horrified to see a skeleton lying behind the house! They drive to inform the Sheriff, but when he returns with them to investigate, the skeleton has mysteriously disappeared—which further angers the Sheriff toward Mick, the "city slicker."

Mick learns from Alma (FRAN HIGGINS), Geri's younger sister, that Mr. Beardsly was an alcoholic who spent a lot of time in Quigley's Bar, so they stop off there—but no Beardsly.

They find the skeleton (rolled up in a tarpaulin in Roger's truck), but no clue as to whose bones they are. They go fishing with Roger, who altho he has worked all his life on a worm farm, unbelievably hates & fears the disgusting creatures. It began when his father experimented with Electricity to get the worms out of the ground. It worked so well that the worms attacked, biting with their saw-like pincers set in horny jaws,
THE STARS OF SQUIRM WORM THEIR WAY INTO
Mick (DON SCARDINO) sings a popular song from the TWILIGHT ZONE: "Will You Love Me Tomb Marrow?"

Here are two of the stars (Fang & Arthur) to prove there is no truth to the rumor that The Thin Monster, John Carradine, played the worms!

& his father had to cut away most of Roger's thumb to get the frenzied creatures off.

When Mick leaves them in the boat (to sneak back to the truck to detach the skeleton's head), the worms escape from the bait box in the boat & slither across the floor toward the fishing couple. In stark terror, Roger falls & the worms latch themselves onto his face! Saw-edged pincers sink into his flesh! As he screams with crazed pain, the boat capsizes & he stumbles out of the water and runs shrieking into the woods like a frenzied ape.

Alma has seen Mick take the skull & follows him to the dentist's office. They find it mysteriously deserted. But the X-ray file shows clearly that the skeleton's teeth match exactly with Mr. Beardsly's!

As Geri attempts to shower off the slime of the mudflat, she is exasperated to find no water—but we see half-a-dozen reddish worms crawling out of the shower-holes like evil, reaching fingers! When Mick & Alma return, they find Geri half hysterical. She tells them what happened to Roger & they tell her that the skull is Mr. Beardsly's.

Geri & Mick decide to look for Roger at the Bait Farm, but it is deserted & darkness is falling. Mick discovers Willie Grimes dead! But Grimes' shirt moves! Mick rips it open and—thousands of squirming red worms are feasting in the skeleton of his ribcage! The worms lash out violently at the sudden blast of light!

The young people speed to town, locate the Sheriff at a spaghetti restaurant & as they try to tell him about both Roger & Willie, he dismisses them—calmly continuing to eat his spaghetti (which looks like a plate of worms!), but the woman he is with (BARBARA QUINN) has suddenly lost her appetite.

The couple slowly realize that Roger stole the skeleton to surprise Geri for her antique shop & that both Grimes & Beardsly were killed by—worms!

Later that evening, when the Sanders family and Mick sit down to dinner, the quiet sounds of eating are interrupted by a deafening crash as a large tree trunk smashes thru the ceiling & falls across the dining room table. Naomi is on the floor, hysterical & shaken, but Alma, Geri & Mick are unhurt, having scrambled to the corners of the room. Mick goes out to check what happened & as Geri joins him, they discover the bared uprooted bottom of the tree is crawling with thousands of worms. We see them reaching out into the air like probing fingers, scythe-like jaws agape!

Something is making the worms go crazy, driving them from the ground. Electricity! The power lines! But as soon as light hits the worms, they retreat into the ground.

Mick leaves to find some plywood to repair the house, warning the girls to stay with their mother, now hysterical with fear—and to keep the candles lit at all cost!
Roger (R.A. Dow), driven berserk by attacking worms, & unsuspecting Geri (PAT PEARCY) in the tense finale.

a wormicidal maniac

Alma attempts to take a shower, but there is still no water. She accidently leaves the faucets open and as she goes downstairs we see the shower-head begin to disgorge worms, which fall to the tub below.

Mick finds his plywood at a construction site, & as he starts back with it, we see a crazed Roger following him. Roger charges & Mick falls down a steep slope into a deep gully, injuring his leg. Roger, standing like some elated ape, screams that Geri is his, and that now they'll see what Mick looks like after the worms get him. He hurls the plywood down into the gully, knocking Mick unconscious.

Back in the Sanders’ house, the shower head has broken off, and a thick, steady stream of worms surge out of the mouth of the faucet, plopping onto the worms below, overflowing the tub, filling the floor. Alma, reminded that she left the “water” on, finds the door won’t open & as she forces it, she is engulfed & submerged by worms. Geri, taking a candle to the opening made by the tree, repulses another army of worms, & as she desperately tries to control her fear, running to the back door to close it, she is seized by Roger who has been hiding in the kitchen, & her candle goes out!

Mrs. Sanders, oblivious to the worms coming down the stairs & dropping from the ceiling, continues her knitting—it almost seems as if she is knitting the worms.

Mick, reviving consciousness, is trapped. His lighter the only protection from an encroaching army of worms. Fear forces him to his feet. He tears his shirt off & makes a torch. He lights it with the last flame from his lighter, then tears his way from the pit & limps toward the house.

In Quigley’s Bar, the patrons are attacked. Mick reaches the house to find what used to be Naomi, an exact duplicate sculpture of her sitting knitting, but now a mass of slithering worms. He ascends the stairs, worms retreating fearfully before his light, to the attic where he finds Geri bound & gagged. Roger jumps him from behind & they fight! For the first time we see Roger’s grotesquely mutilated face as they struggle, tumbling down the stairs. Roger is submerged in a sea of worms on the first floor. Mick unties Geri, they grab a flashlight and clamber out the window into a tree.

Dawn drives the worms back into the ground. With repairs of the town’s power near completion—morning awakens to find them & the town a perfect picture of peaceful tranquility.

END
THE TIME TRAVELERS

an interesting 12 year old reprint featuring our 120 year old Editor!
Forty years ago film star Preston Foster froze the screen in the chilling role of a mad scientist with one hand who molded himself another out of synthetic flesh. The picture was DR. X and in it he menaced Fay Wray & Lionel Atwill.

Now Preston Foster is back in another movie featuring synthetic flesh, this time surrounded by metallic beings coated with it: the androids of the 21st Century!

Foster and several fellow scientists are experimenting with devices by which they are attempting to penetrate the veil of the unknown that lies between today & tomorrow. They succeed beyond their wildest dreams when they create a temporary door into the future!

In the following exciting pages, chockful of shockful fotos, you will follow Foster and his friends into the not-always-friendly world of 2000—, a weird place where the face of the earth has been scarred by the atomic holocaust of World War 3 and the last human beings on our planet are preparing to leave it.

Reason? They’re scared of the mutants, the aftermath of the contorting, distorting atomic radiations. These mutants, all of them 7’ tall and more, are strong in proportion to their height, and are all ferocious barbarians who fight the humans on sight.

The androids are artificially built creatures with substructures of metal & plastic & wires over which a coating of synthetic skin has been attached. Tireless workers, they help the dwindling remnant of true mankind in its race against time to escape the dying earth and speed out of the solar system in a spaceship in search of another home.

On the following pages you will see a specially selected group of action shots from THE TIME TRAVELERS, the latest monster movie written & directed by Ib (ANGRY RED PLANET) Melchior.

The androids are the curious egg-headed creatures, without noses (for they do not need to breathe), without eyebrows, bald, with microphonic ears and metallic mesh sonovox mouths. Bare of chest, each has its identity number tattooed plainly between its ribs.

The mutants are the giants, also hairless, with mutilated features, poorly clad, generally found with hatchets, knives & clubs in their huge hands.

The deviants—well, only one is shown in the film, and the producers have requested that we leave his appearance as a surprise for you. We’ll go this far, tho: look closely at his hand for a shock.

There are many other shocks in THE TIME TRAVELERS:

The injured android whose head is removed & replaced in plain view of the camera.

There’s the android that’s literally hacked to pieces—and goes on fighting!

Then there’s the editor of MONSTER WORLD himself in a cameo role. About 45 minutes into the picture you’ll see him turn a metal circle into a square in a mind-croggling demonstration of technical illusion.

And the conclusion of the film itself is unique in the annals of motion pictures! Nothing like it ever before on the screen! And it is unlikely that it will ever be repeated, as you see Foster and the explorers of the future caught in an ever faster Time Trap . . . trap . . . trap . . .
The warning siren wails!
Menace of the mutants!

A "handy" job to have...
Assembling an android.

Repairing injured android.
"Technician #3" (FM 'S Editor, Forrest J Ackerman)
All-out assault! Battle to the death! An amazing climax occurs moments later, when you see the android's synthetic skin peel off and the inner mechanical workings revealed.
A poor human is small match for the powerful muscles of a savage mutant.

COLLECTOR’S ISSUES!
SUPPLY IS LIMITED—ORDER NOW!
SCARCE! RARE! VALUABLE! AND THEY'RE GOING FAST!
These coveted back issues are in definitely limited supply, so order NOW! Once they're gone, they're gone! Already, great issues of SCREEN THRILLS ILLUSTRATED and SPACEMEN and WILDEST WESTERNS just aren’t available anymore, to the chagrin of thousands of adventure, sci-fi and action-western film buffs! Comic art fans just can’t get BLAZING COMBAT #1 anymore! So Order NOW!

Supplied with the order form is a complete film story! 500 photos! See agony of beach party! Classic of beach party! Get in on the magic world of Captain Marvel! Get in on the magic world of Batman & Robin! Get in on the magic world of Stuntmen! Get in on the magic world of Errol Flynn in Robin Hood! Get in on the magic world of Batman & Robin! Beware the Vampire! Beware the Vampire! Beware the Vampire! Beware the Vampire!

NOTE! ALL COPIES ARE MAILED IN A STURDY ENVELOPE!

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.

Is it a mask at all? Maybe he just dieted a bit too strenuously and took off more weight than he counted on.

Any weigh...if you'll re-arrange the letters in this slightly ungrammatical sentence—DEADLY CURSE TO WIN AN NEAT EVENT—you'll have the name of the batty picture.

PS—it starred CHRIS LEE!

ANSWER TO MYSTERY PHOTO No. 92

BOB MURAWSKI is 12 and says this is the first time he's ever been able to figure out one of the mystery pix. And he figured right: THE INCREDIBLY STRANGE CREATURES WHO SUDDENLY STOPPED LIVING AND BECAME MIXED-UP ZOMBIES. Others who got it right included DAVID LADY, TIM PAXTON, DEAN WILD, MICHAEL WALKER, DENNIS MURRAY, STEPHEN WELLS, DAVID M. KEERL, GLENN GILLIS, MARK BIALEK, RONALD VIVIAN, DAVID BRYANT, GREG BOICE, PARKER ANDERSON, DAN BRIDGES, DON LINDSAY & ERIC POLIN.
Jules Verne, of course, has long been an author welcome in school libraries. His MYSTERIOUS ISLAND, complete with midget monster menaces seen here, was a hit in 1929. Venerable Lionel Barrymore starred.
THE MOST HORRIFYING ARTICLE WE'VE EVER PRINTED?

—or, why Ron Leeds owes the editor $500

PUBLISHER’S STATEMENT:
In 18 years of publishing and 130 issues of FAMOUS MONSTERS, this is the most disturbing, one of the saddest Letters to the Editor we have ever received. We publish it in whole, nothing changed or deleted, and I have asked my Editor to respond to it.

—James Warren

Famous Monsters of Filmland is the WORST magazine ever sold. And so are all other horror movie magazines. How can you people worship such trash?! I am the father of a 15-year-old monster freak. And as head of the house, I have finally put my foot down and made a rule which I should have made years ago. NO HORROR MOVIES, MAGAZINES, OR SUCH GARBAGE IN THE HOUSE AT ANY TIME!!! I am appalled with the trash my son started taking into this house since age seven. Why does he pay money for something he can get free at the city dump? He’s been buying your monthly refuse heap ever since issue #49 and he has bought all back issues (God knows why!) ever since number 26! 125 issues is 125 issues too many!!! The world doesn’t need your junk. It’s bad enough to start with. Unfortunately Robbie never misses an issue. He keeps telling me how

For bringing to the screen great works like Wells' WAR OF THE WORLDS, producer George Pal will this year be honored by the Hollywood Hall of Fame.
The most famous fantasy author in schoolrooms today, Ray Bradbury, saw award-winning Rod Steiger play his ILLUSTRATED MAN (here seen on the planet Venus).

Edgar Allan Poe has been called the greatest American mystery writer. His famous MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE has been filmed many times.

much those things are, but to me it's all the same—bird cage liner. When he brings home an issue I tear my hair to shreds! And finally to top it all off, his room is literally covered with monster posters, models, books and stills! He might as well sleep under the house!! Don't try to convince me with that article in issue #123 because it didn't. Anyone who has to do with horror movies MUST be mentally deranged!!! Don't give me your psychology crap!! No matter what you try to shove down my throat, horror movies warp people's minds!! What about those gruesome murderings going on today? And you know the cause of it? Horror movies!! What do you see in them? Horror is not an art form! It's claptrap, just a cheap scheme to make a dollar. Don't say they're good for children!! What made me put my foot down just a few days ago was Robbie's attitude toward his 7-year-old sister, Fanny. He laid out all his stupid magazines in mint condition (what does it matter—trash is trash in all forms), to show them to his cousin. Well, Fanny went into his room, and Robbie took one magazine and held it up to her face, and began to growl. My poor little girl ran to her room screaming and sobbing. And that was the straw!! For eight years I put up with his trash, so I ended it all that day! As I recall, from that article in #123, there was a small fictionalized account of a boy and his burnt collection of magazines. What a nice little idea! So, I took all his posters, stills, books, models, and best of all his cruddy bunch of Famous Monsters, took them to the fireplace, and began the sacred burning. What a crybaby he was!! I also took away his weekly allowance. Whenever I see a monster article in his room or his hands, I quickly confiscate it for burning. I know he hates me for it, but I know what I'm doing is good and best. Someday he'll thank me for this. I have forbidden him to see any movies at any cinema, but you warped his mind so much, he doesn't listen to me. I know what's good for him and the sooner he appreciates the Bach, Chopin and opera music I have brought into the house, and the sooner he appreciates and studies Hemingway, Shakespeare, and good poetry, the sooner he gets his allowance back. I'm buying him National Geographic and Reader's Digest, periodicals worth reading. I'm trying my best to mold him into a well-cultured person, like the rest of the family. So, I'm throwing out his rock-'n-roll trash, and I'm giving him a decent haircut. I'm telling you, you're the cause of all this, and I'm glad I finally took action. This is all for his own good. I want him to be the person I want him to be like. So far I'm failing, and it's your fault. I hope you print this letter because it may finally change the minds of all the sick parents who read your cheap good-for-nothing garbage, but I know you won't, because you're afraid you'll receive more letters agreeing with me. If I had my way, I would have you and your kind lynched,
and your junky museum and publishing company burnt along with the celluloid horror trash. When will you ever see the light? I hope your company goes bankrupt. Why can't all of you people be decent, and appreciate decent things? What an editor you are, clogging up your worthless magazine on every single page with your begging for handouts for a useless museum. Why don't you go out on the streets of L.A.? I'm sure you'll get a lot more money. I hope my son Robbie never sees you, you greedy old coot. I'll bet you $500 that you're afraid that you know I'm right and you're wrong. I don't care what anyone says, not you, Robbie, your disciples and worshippers or anyone as a matter of fact. At least I know I'm right and you're wrong. I'm leaving my address out, because I don't feel like being marauded and bombarded with indignant letters by you, your disciples and worshippers. I have better time than to fool around with your crap. And I'll bet you another $500 that you won't print this letter because you're stark raving scared. Just proves everything I said in this letter is right.

RON LEEDS
SANTA ANA, CALIF.

First of all, Mr. Leeds, you obviously owe me $500, since I was not stark raving scared to publish your letter.
I'll make a bet of my own: I'll bet you'll never make good your bet.
I'll bet you $500 you never send me the $500.
Now there's an offer you can't refuse.
You prove me a liar by sending me $500—and you get your money back!
There's only one catch: the $500 you owe me, I don't want to give it to you, I want to give it to your son. For whom I feel so sorry. I think your letter has made me feel sadder than any amongst the thousands & thousands I've received since I started editing this magazine when I was about 42 years old.
I'll deposit your check in my Savings Account and when your son is 18 and old enough to make his own decisions as to what he wants to read and how he wants to spend his money, I'll send him the $500 plus the interest.
Fair enough?
Oh, you say you wouldn't trust a money-grubbing old coot like me farther than you could throw a Grayhound bus. I can see from your standpoint that's perfectly logical. Alright, you're obviously an honorable man: I'll simply trust you. You can keep control of the $500 you owe me. When your son is of age, I'll expect you to give it to him. Along with the interest. And no strings attached. His to spend as he pleases.
I hope young Leeds will drop me a line to let me know his Dad kept his word.
Otherwise, I have nothing much to say to you. I learned a long time ago that "a man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still." So I'm not going to give you any psychological crap.
I'd like to make a little money for myself, tho. Rather, my worthless museum. You say I "clog up the worthless magazine on every single page

Ethereal Yvette Mimieux is menaced by a Morlock—man as he may evolve to be 800,000 years hence—in the Geo. Pal production of the widely-acclaimed TIME MACHINE.

The Book Burners of the Future, the Fire Starters of FAHRENHEIT 451. Unfortunately we have an admirer of this team who, it seems, would like to become Chief.
with begging for handouts for a useless museum.” I challenge that statement. It is easily susceptible to proof. Take any issue of FAMOUS MONSTERS (oh, I forgot—you burned them); well, check a secondhand store, it will be worth your while; and in the most offensive issue you can find, where I whine for a handout on every page, underline the requests for financial assistance and for every page I promise to pay you $100. The only catch is what I expect in return: for every page in the same issue that does not contain a request for money for my rotten museum, you pay me $100. Actually you have nothing to lose if it is true, as you say, that I beg for handouts on every single page. I’ll even pay off on every other page! I’ll pay off on a ratio of 1 page in 10! One in TWENTY-FIVE! Could anything be fairer than that?

You want your son to read Hemingway. I must confess I never read a word by the author. I know his literary reputation; he may be the world’s greatest wordsmith; but as a human being I think of him as the epitome of the macho “sportsman,” the man who liked to hunt wild game in
Africa, pull gasping fish he had no need to eat from the sea, applaud torreadors in the bloody bullring. Such a man I would not wish a son of mine to admire or emulate.

Since you have discovered the horrible truth that criminologists have been seeking for ages, namely that Horror Movies are responsible for today's gruesome murderings, can you further enlighten us by revealing what prompted Jack the Ripper and all the hideous murderers of the 19th century to commit their crimes before there were horror movies?

Horror movies (and I suppose books, magazines, comics, TV films, plays, etc.) lead to murder, you inform us, but Poe, Shelley, Stevenson, Stoker, Lovecraft managed to get thru life without killing anyone and so far Robert "Psycho" Bloch and other modern authors in the horror genre have managed to manage their lives without resorting to murder. Karloff, Lugosi, the Chaney, Rains—even the heinous filmic child-murderer Peter Lorre of "M" fame—lived & died without killing anyone. I must have seen more horror films than any person on Earth and while, like every normal human being, there have been a few times in my life when I have wished that some particularly annoying individual would "drop dead," I have yet to assist anyone to their demise. Yet you, who have deliberately led a horror-free life and chosen Bach, Chopin and opera music; Shakespeare, good poetry and the National Geographic; you see nothing ironic, inconsistent, in plainly stating: "If I had my way, I would have you and your kind lynched, and your junky museum and publishing company burnt along with the celluloid horror trash?" Civilized men & women have long regarded lynching as one of the lowest forms of murder and Adolf Hitler didn't win many brownie points with most of the world by burning books.

My final words are to your son. Robbie, I say to you what I say to all young people in their formative years: Life is monstrous enough without making matters worse for yourself. Don't drink, don't smoke, don't dope, don't be prejudiced, don't kill for sport. And in your case I'll add: don't despair. Being underage is something you'll outgrow.

Sincerely,
Forry Ackerman

A letter which almost might have been written in rebuttal to Mr. Leeds was received the same week from ROD BENNETT of Atlanta, Ga. Rod writes:

The fight is not won yet. Yesterday while I was reading a copy of FM a fellow came up to me and asked, "How can you read that manure?" This happens many times to myself and I am sure to most all readers of FM. Oft is the time I, personally, am ridiculed for my interest in Fantasy & Science Fiction. Why? I think I know.

I am 15 years old and consider myself a pretty good judge of my peers. Teenagers are in a mad rush to grow up, to be recognized as adults, to be looked up to. This is often the reason they
HGWells, renowned author of An Outline of History & World Brain, The Shape of Things to Come and other works acceptable to educators, imagined the adventures of THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON and Ray Harryhausen brought them to the screen.

smoke, drink, do dope, get involved with sex and generally make a mess of their lives. Many times they listen to music they dislike and do things they don't enjoy to gain crowd acceptance. Teens follow the mass, forsaking individualism, even as happened in Geo. Orwell's "1984" or the world of 802,701 in THE TIME MACHINE. I myself dress as I like, listen to music that I like and do not drink or smoke; not because I'm square but because this is the type of life I choose to live. Others can do as they like but I will do it my way. If my peers were truly mature, they would not care what I read.

When I was seen with FM's, someone asked me, "Rodney, will you ever grow up?" My answer was, "I certainly hope not." Does one have to forsake good things in life simply to be "grown up?" It occurs to me, what if Lon Chaney or Boris Karloff had "grown up?" What if Bela Lugosi had thought himself too "grown up" to play
DRACULA? Did Ray Bradbury or Jules Verne “grow up?” What a great loss we would have suffered if Walt Disney or Robert Louis Stevenson had “grown up!” Was Merian C. Cooper childish when he conceived KONG? What if you, Forry, had “grown out” of your interest in films of the fantastic? I fear today we are becoming the equivalent of the men turned into robots by Killer Kane in BUCK ROGERS, unable to think for ourselves, persecuting all who do not follow the crowd. People today would rather see the real horror films on the 6 o’clock news or THE WORLD AT WAR than DRACULA or FRANKENSTEIN.

Who, after seeing The Monster in O.P. Heggie’s hut in BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN can condemn fantasy as “rubbish?” Or the original KING KONG? Or Bela Lugosi as DRACULA? And who, seeing Lon Chaney’s colossal performance in THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, can shrug it off as baby stuff or “manure?”

It is all too obvious to me that if FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND has any effect at all on children it is beneficial. It is obvious to me that kids who would normally do little else than loaf and watch TV are now, after reading FM, compiling film lists, editing their own fan magazines, collecting books and are even prompted to read such classics as Bram Stoker’s “Dracula,” Shelley’s “Frankenstein,” Verne’s “20,000 Leagues Under the Sea” and occasionally even “Treasure Island” & “Moby Dick.” They are often making their own amateur films and writing sci-fi short stories. Children who read FM, I am convinced, are 100% more literate and their vocabulary increases many times.

Who, knowing anything about the people connected with fantasy, can say that they devoted their lives to the production of manure? Boris Karloff, probably the King of Horror (excuse me, Boris, terror) movies was not a horrible man but a great humanitarian and the closest true-life counterpart to Santa Claus in history. Bela “Dracula” Lugosi was a sincere, dedicated man who always gave 100%, no matter how cheap the picture. Peter Cushing, the British Horror King, is not only a great actor but a devoted, dedicated Christian. Merian C. Cooper, creator of KING KONG, was a genius, a real life explorer who contributed a great deal to the scientific knowledge of Southeast Asian culture with his documentary, RANGO. Can anyone brand these men as “side-show charlatans” and their works “manure?” I think not.

But there are many who insist that Ray Harryhausen, James Whale, Tod Browning, James Warren and all the other men & women whose works are chronicled in FM produce and have produced nothing but “manure.” No, the fight is not over yet.

END
RICHARD ARLEN 1899-1976

BELA LUGOSI, CHARLES LAUGHTON. He worked with them in THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS. ERICH VON STROHEIM—he appeared opposite “The Man You Loved to Hate” in the first version of Curt Siodmak’s “Donovan’s Brain,” THE LADY & THE MONSTER. The latter sci-fi film, first released in 1944, was re-released at a later date under the title TIGER MAN. Also in the cast was Sidney Blackmer, who previously had appeared in DELUGE and years later would make a personal triumph in ROSEMARY’S BABY.

a star of silents

RICHARD ARLEN made his first film in 1923...the first year your editor ever remembers seeing a movie. Arlen’s initial screen appearance was in a picture called VENGEANCE OF THE DEEP.

In 1926 he was in THE ENCHANTED HILL.
In 1927 he made BLOOD SHIP... and the same year costarred with his lifelong buddy, Buddy Rogers, in WINGS, the Oscar-winning aerial classic of death in the skies.

In 52 years on the screen he appeared in more than 125 motion pictures. Among his roles were parts in TIGER SHARK, ALICE IN WONDERLAND, THREE LIVE GHOSTS, SECRET VALLEY, A DANGEROUS GAME (not THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME), THE PHANTOM SPEAKS, IDENTITY UNKNOWN and THE HUMAN Duplicators.

**popular player**

At one stage of his career, it was reported, he received several thousand fan letters a week.

His real name was Richard Van Mattimore and he is yet to be seen in a cameo in WON TON TON, THE DOG THAT SAVED HOLLYWOOD.

Filmonster fans will always remember him best as the hero of the harrowing events on Dr. Moreau's ISLAND OF LOST SOULS, where he tried to help Lota the panther girl (evolved 10,000 years from her animal origin) escape from the Mad Master of the House of Pain.

Arlen suffered from emphysema in the last years of his life. But now all pain & suffering are behind him.
ARE SOME OF YOUR FAVORITE FRIGHT FLICKS MISSING FROM THE ISSUES OF FAMOUS MONSTERS? IT MUST BE BECAUSE YOUR COLLECTION IS NOT COMPLETE. WHY NOT OWN THEM ALL? ARTICLES WHICH UNCOVER LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT THE GREATS OF HORROR FILM... FASCINATING BEHIND-THE-SCENES INSIGHTS INTO MONSTER MOVIE MAKING... SHOCK PROVOKING PHOTOS... LURIDLY HAUNTING COVER BY KEN KELLY AND OTHER FINE ARTISTS. LEARN MAKE UP SECRETS! SPECIAL EFFECTS! SEE AND READ ABOUT KING KONG. KARLOFF. DRACULA. CHANEY. PRICE. WOLFMAN. LUGOSI. LEE. COMPLETE YOUR SET TODAY!

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.
HOW DO THESE GRAB YOU?

HORROR HORNS! FEAR FLASHERS!! ELECTRIC CHAIRS!! gimmicks—one & all. And, as hoopla, very successful in getting patrons to line up at the boxoffice for promised thrills & chills.

One of the earliest horror gimmicks came in the form of a prolog to Universal's original FRANKENSTEIN. As the film opened, 1931 audiences witnessed a short speech by one of the film's players, Edward Van Sloan. The minute-long preface warned viewers to expect the ultimate in terror from the picture—a sort of dare for the audience to sit thru the film from beginning to end.

Years later when FRANKENSTEIN and Lugosi's DRACULA were re-released together on one bill, Universal again "dared" patrons to see both pictures at the same time. An ambulance stationed near the theater playing the picture was (and still is) a common publicity stunt.

"POSSESSION" IS 9 POINTS OF THE HAW

In THE EXORCIST of 1974, a number of publicity stunts were employed to boost the picture's box-office draw; theater managers planted "stooges" in the audience to "faint" during crucial scenes and a number of supposedly true "possession" cases were deliberately reported to the news media to bolster the film's success. Needless to say, the stunts did work!

But publicity stunts are a completely different thing from gimmicks—and it is the latter which concerns us here.

The publicity-acclaimed instigator of the horror genre gimmick is undoubtedly William Castle, whose most recent picture, BUG, did bug—er, big—business at the box-office. Altho Castle has not made a gimmicked horror film for some years, he does know the tricks of the trade. (Castle did consider constructing a gimmick for BUG—but it never materialized.)
Barbara Steele, punctured by the "embrace" of the Iron Maiden, in BLACK SUNDAY. How did the latter film compare with TWITCH OF THE DEATH-NERVE? Read the article for the author's opinion.
"CineMagic" added to the eerie atmosphere of THE ANGRY RED PLANET but didn't keep one fellow from spilling jello on his arm.

Quick! Put on your zombie-repellent glasses or, like this guy, you're a goner! (From PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES, Hammer/Fox '65.)

death insurance

His first horror film, MACABRE, debuted in 1955. Jim Backus was involved in a plot concerning a father's search for his missing daughter, believed to have been buried alive. The posters advertising the feature advised audiences that they would be given a free $1,000.00 life insurance policy against death-by-fright from seeing the picture, should they decide to chance it. The policies themselves, handed out by the ticket-taker, emphatically stated that the policy was void for persons "with a known heart or nervous condition."—

American-International’s THE SCREAMING SKULL of 1958 informed patrons that they would receive a free burial should anyone die of fright during the showing which, while a giant step downward from the life insurance offered by Castle's MACABRE, is consistent with AIP's low budgets! The burial information was conveyed via a FRANKENSTEIN-type prolog; no "free burial coupons" were handed out.

1955, the year of MACABRE's release, also marked the decline of a popular film gimmick that had been thriving for several years: the 3-dimensional film.

It all started with BWANA DEVIL in 1950 and continued through all sorts of pictures, from westerns to science fiction. 3-D (or "Stereo-Vision") is an expensive process—which was, along with audience disinterest, a part of the reason for its decline in popularity in the middle-50s. Simplified, it involves the use of 2 cameras filming the same scene, each positioned at a certain distance apart and operated at the same time. Each camera records the same image at a slightly different angle and when the film is processed, each image is tinted a separate color (red & green) in the lab. (The whole process is based on the working of our eyes, which get the 3-dimensional effect by viewing everything twice—at the same time but from different perspectives.) When projected, a special set of glasses must be worn while watching the screen to separate the 2 tinted images. Since the glasses have a red lens & a green lens, each eye sees a separate image; the brain fuses the two together into one 3-dimensional picture. Altho the modern 3-D movie (the most recent being ANDY WARHOL'S FRANKENSTEIN) does not use the red & green images, the basic process is the same.

While the rash of 3-D films produced in the early 1950s were entertaining, audiences tired of wearing the bothersome glasses and the gimmick faded quickly, being replaced by the wonderful Cinerama process.

haunts upon a time

2 years passed without a followup to MACABRE. Then, in 1958, Castle produced a much better genre film, HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL. It had all the elements for a thrilling,
atmospheric yarn: a haunted mansion atop a desolate hill (2 blocks from where the Ackermonster now dwells), slamming doors, ghosts, floating heads, dripping blood, acid baths, you name it, it was in Castle's castle! To top it off, fright master Vincent Price headed the generally fine cast, appropriately menacing (even if a red herring). Price, as a millionaire, invites 5 people to spend the night in the gloomy place, each to receive $10,000 in cash if they survive their stay. When Price's wife dies, we discover her to be in cahoots with the doctor—one of the guests—her lover. They plan to murder her husband to inherit all his money but a sort of justice prevails. Not too original, admittedly, but fine scare-fare. The gimmick this time was a process Castle called "Emergo." At a crucial point in the picture a luminous dangling skeleton flew over the heads of the audience by means of a hidden wire. The bit was labelled Emergo because the skeleton appeared to emerge from the screen.

that tingling sensation

The next year Castle was back with a new horror: THE TINGLER! Again Vincent Price played the main character, a doctor whose studies in fear bring to light a living thing dubbed "the tingler." According to the film, whenever a person become frightened at something, the tingler forms at the base of their spine, growing up along it as fright increases tension; the only way to get rid of the creature is by screaming! Price manages to remove a living tingler from a woman who was frightened to death—unable to scream. (She was a deaf mute.) The tingler, a large, centipede-like insect, escapes from its cage and wreaks a bit of havoc, even getting into a movie theater (as in THE BLOB). This is where the gimmickry comes in. The tingler appears to be loose (by a clever arrangement of scenes) not in the theater in the movie, but in the real theater in which the audience is watching THE TINGLER!
The Double Horror Classic Features Re-release Poster of 1939, when audiences were dared to come into the darkened theater for the thrills of a deathtime.
At this point in the picture the screen goes black and Price's voice cries over the speakers: "Ladies & gentlemen, the tingler is loose in this theater! Please, try to remain calm, but scream! Scream for your lives!" Certain rows of the theater had their seats wired to give a mild electric jolt to the viewer. While perfectly harmless, it was enough to make unsuspecting patrons jump and, yes, even scream! It was audience participation at its finest!

The trouble with both THE TINGLER and HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL was that the gimmicks were so elaborate & expensive to set up that many theater managers didn't even bother with them. Usually only the bigger cities went for the gimmicks so a lot of people missed out on these two.

just ghost to show

Castle's next feature had a much tamer, less involved yet still effective gimmick. It was another haunted house epic entitled THIRTEEN GHOSTS. (FM #8 had a preview filmbook on it when the picture first debuted in 1960.) Many film historians have mistakenly referred to this as a 3-D film—it is not. Patrons were given a set of "glasses" when they entered the theater but the effect went like this: when a ghost appeared on the screen, a person had the opportunity to choose to see the ghost or not see it, if they thought it too terrifying. The "glasses" had 2...
Remember, "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder," when you view this still from THE HYPNOTIC EYE (featuring HypnoMagic).

windows, one blue & the other red. The ghosts on the screen were blue in color. To see the images, a person looked thru the red window in the viewer. To not see them, one looked thru the blue.

1961 saw the last of the William Castle gimmick movies. HOMICIDAL, derived from the previous year's PSYCHO, had a special "Fright Break" at its climax. The film stopped on a freeze-frame and Castle's voice announced the break: "Anyone wishing to leave the theater for fear of subjecting their nerves to such an intense ending will get a full refund of admission at the box office!"

The better of Castle's 1961 offerings was MR. SARDONICUS, the story (see FM #126) of a man whose face had become permanently paralyzed in a skull-like grin of terror when his father's grave had been exhumed years before. A grim man, the audiences themselves "decided" Sardonicus' fate at the conclusion. Again Castle stopped the film and asked the patrons to vote on Sardonicus: should he die or not? Everyone who bought a ticket was given a card with a luminous thumb on it which they were to point up or down at this point in the proceedings. Then the picture went on to its finish. Of course the film had only one ending so it made no difference whether the vote was thumbs up or thumbs down—for Sardonicus, it would always be thumbs down!

then up rose mary

Castle went on to produce higher-budgeted (albeit gimmickless) thrillers such as I SAW WHAT YOU DID and Robert Bloch's THE NIGHT WALKER. Of course he also produced the famous ROSEMARY'S BABY in 1966. Recently however, Castle has been contemplating a return to the gimmicked horror film. Altho it never materialized, there was a planned gimmick for BUG, similar in structure to the device used for THE TINGLER. A mechanical unit attached under theater seats with a revolving brush would rub against the viewer's ankles, giving the impression that an army of roaches (like those seen in the movie) was loose in the theater! The film was released without the gimmick, probably because of the high cost of manufacture & installation.

Another proposed gimmick for the next Castle production, NOISE, is an electronic amplifier in theaters that would emit a high-pitched screeching sound—undetectable to the human ear—which would produce feelings of anxiety in the audience while the film is being shown. Whether this will develop into actuality is something no one can predict just yet.

While Castle was at the fore of the gimmicked horror film, other companies greedily eyed the popular producer's cast returns and devised gimmicks of their own.
Vampiric slip-on fangs! Anti-zombie glasses! You got them at the door to the theater for protection when you saw this Twin Bill of Terror Tales.

hip hip for hypnotism

TERROR IN THE HAUNTED HOUSE (1961) featured “PsychoRama,” explained in a short prolog to the film proper. At a certain moment during the picture’s course, “in a scene of absolute terror,” a photograph of a skull would be flashed rapidly across the screen. If you happened to catch a glimpse of it you were to be considered somewhat of a “psycho” and were urged by the narrator to seek medical help. The effect was demonstrated in the prolog and was purposely slowed down to enable all persons to get a clear view of the skull and thus know what to look for when the key scene appeared on the screen.

Both THE HYPNOTIC EYE and HORRORS OF THE BLACK MUSEUM made an effort to hypnotize the audience! THE HYPNOTIC EYE featured a process called “HypnoMagic” in which the star of the picture, Jacques Bergerac (as the magician/hypnotist), holds up a flashing eyeball to the camera, which supposedly puts the audience “under.” Patrons received a free “Hypnotic Eye Balloon” to use for the hypnotic experiments displayed in this picture’s key scenes.

“HypnoVista” was the process used in HORRORS OF THE BLACK MUSEUM, a British
FRANKENSTEIN sported "one of the earliest horror gimmicks." Read Randy Palmer's description in the article. Here Dr. Waldman (Edward Van Sloan) takes his life in his hands as he holds the scarred wrist of the Frankenstein monster and tests its pulse.

The film of 1959 featuring Michael Gough in a meaty role as a crime writer who commits the murders needed for good book sales! Again a prolog tells us all about "HypnoVista" and the narrator puts the audience in a hypnotic trance. (Either that, or half the people fell asleep during this tense segment.) The purpose of the trance is supposedly to make the audience feel the murders as they happen on screen! An amusing concept at best.

In 1960, AIP released a new sci-fi flick full of other-worldly monsters, Ib J. Melchior's THE ANGRY RED PLANET. It was in color and heralded a new photographic process, "CineMagic," but the process was nothing more than a red tint superimposed on the scenes taking place on the Martian landscape.

barbara steeles the show

That same year AIP released the classic film that brought Italian femme fatale Barbara Steele to the horror realm: BLACK SUNDAY. In it Barbara played a double role: Katia the beautiful Princess and Asa the evil vampire-witch. She excelled in both parts and the film has remained a favorite of horror buffs everywhere. To insure the picture's popularity, AIP supplied theater managers with an index-size card on which was printed a "spell" for patrons to chant to keep the bogeyman away. The cards were given away free as each person entered the movie house.

AIP was back in '63 with another gimmick for its DEMENTIA 13, a Roger Corman production about an ax-wielding killer. Quite a few effective shocks made for a chilling thriller and audiences had to pass the "D-18 Test" even to enter the theater.

1965 saw the release of no less than four Hammer horrors, three of which had gimmicks given away free at showings. DRACULA PRINCE OF DARKNESS and PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES made up the first of the 2 double-bills, in which women attendees were given "Zombie Eyes" and the men "Dracula Fangs." Later in the year RASPUTIN THE MAD MONK and THE REPTILE hit the movie houses and patrons were given free "Rasputin Beards" for attending.

Hemisphere Pictures added to the general mayhem with their BLOOD DRINKERS in 1966, a pretty anemic tale of vampirism that was shot partly in color, partly in black & white. Barring no expense, Hemisphere went all out and tinted the black & white scenes a sickly green or pink for added effect. To spice things up even further, persons were given free packets of "green blood" which, among tons of popcorn & candy, more than likely found their way to some of the matinee patrons' tummies.

The same year Warner Bros. jumped on the boogie bandwagon and released CHAMBER OF HORRORS, a color shocker starring Wilfred Hyde-White & Tony Curtis involved in a chilling tale of murder. Audiences were forewarned, however, about moments of utter horror that ac-
companied the showing of the picture. For the nervous or faint, the studio devised a special “alarm system” that would alert persons that such a scene was approaching. The system employed the uses of a “horror horn” & a “fear flasher,” where a loud horn sounded and the screen flashed red before the onslaught of the “Sheer Terror.” The same plan was used for American-International’s CANNIBAL GIRLS in 1973; only this time it was a ringing bell that signalled the start of such a scene and a pleasant-sounding chime that signalled the end. In both cases the gimmicks served to detract from the films rather than add anything.

caught with plants down

1970’s BROTHERHOOD OF SATAN, about a cult of devil-worshippers, supplied patrons with a free packet of “blood-flower” seeds; when planted, the flowers foretold the future—if they did indeed sprout! In fact it was stated on the packet itself that the flowers might not ever come up! In that case one assumes that one’s future life would be so dull as not to be worth foretelling!

Hammer’s 6th Dracula film starring Christopher Lee made the rounds in Winter of 1972. This was the studio’s first modern-day Dracula film: DRACULA A.D. 1972—a bad choice for a title since the picture became outdated the next year. Warner Bros., who released it, gave A.D. 1972 a powerful ad campaign, daring prospective
William Castle's First Horror Film—MACABRE—already featured a gimmick.

attendants to take part in the “HorrRitual” at the film’s opening. The HorrRitual was an American-filmed’ prolog tacked onto the production, wherein TV vampire Barry Atwater rose from a smouldering coffin and had the audience swear to be “good Draculas.” “Honorary membership cards” to the Count Dracula Society and stickers that read “I’ve been to a HorrRitual with Dracula” were given away free at the boxoffice.

Earlier that year filmgoers in general & horror buffs in particular were treated (?) to a sick pic entitled MARK OF THE DEVIL, a film which, aside from telling us where Herbert Lom’s erratic career was headed, proved how inept the producers were at handling a potentially good story. The themes of witchhunts, false arrests & torture had been excellently handled 4 years earlier in Vincent Price’s WITCHFINDER GENERAL, which became EDGAR ALLAN POE’S THE CONQUEROR WORM here in the U.S. for no particular reason other than the drawing power of Poe’s name on the marquee. The ads for MARK OF THE DEVIL promoted the violence of the production. Catchlines read: “Guaranteed to Upset Your Stomach!” & “The First Film Rated ‘V’ for Violence!” The picture wasn’t that violent but patrons were given a free “Barf Bag” anyway—just in case. (Herbert Lom, the main star, has since redeemed himself with a major appearance in the very funny Peter Seller’s picture, RETURN OF THE PINK PANTHER.)

“here’s blood in your eye”

Following this, a whole line of shockers, touted as being “the most blood-soaked film in history,” arrived on the scream scene. LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT, another sickie, had no gimmick per se but TV & movie trailers & newspaper ads stressed the fact that viewers should keep repeating to themselves, “It’s only a movie, only a movie, only a movie...” The company that made the picture next released DON’T LOOK IN THE BASEMENT, more along the line of an actual horror film than LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT and it used the same catchline.

The next year another quickie “cut-em-up” oozed into theaters: SCREAM BLOODY MURDER, filmed in “Gorenography,” was supposedly so horrifying in its gratuitous blood-letting that patrons were urged to use the special blindfold (!) given away free at showings. Sorta defeats the purpose of paying to see this bomb, wouldn’t you say?

Next came TWITCH OF THE DEATH-NERVE. Yes, and so gory was it (or so the producers claimed), audiences had to pass thru the “final warning station” (similar to DEMENTIA 13’s “D-13 Test”). The “Final Warning Station” consisted of a printed notice on which were a number of warnings, patterned thusly: “Can you stand shock after incredible shock?”—“Warning: TWITCH OF THE DEATH-NERVE is an extremely violent picture; persons who cannot stand the sight of blood should not attend!”—“The goriest film ever made!” and so on & so on.
Did you pass the "D-13 Test"? Then you got into the movie house to see DEMENTIA 13... which included this scene. (AIP '63)

things looking black

The surprising thing was, it was an Italian picture, directed by Mario Bava, the genius who did BLACK SUNDAY and Boris Karloff's BLACK SABBATH!

Unfortunately, TWITCH OF THE DEATH-NERVE was no BLACK SUNDAY or BLACK SABBATH!

1974 saw the most recent gimmick film. It was also a gore film, Mexican-style: NIGHT OF THE BLOODY APES. The gimmick was another giveaway: patrons got their choice of any number of miniature rubber organs... and I don't mean the kind musicians use! Hearts, eyes, stomachs, livers, all arranged neatly in a little box for you to choose from!

Ugh!

What will they come up with next? The gimmicks get more & more outrageous as time goes by.

In 1955, William Castle gave audiences a free life-insurance policy to watch his MACABRE. 20 years later, it's become free innards!

And that takes a lot of guts!
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Now you can show the action-packed exploits of Edgar Rice Burroughs' great jungle hero in your own home! The world-famous ape-man returns to tackle vicious hunters, man-eating beasts, and ruthless tribesmen in 3 thrilling adventure films. Enter a new and exciting world of savage survival and brutal combat as Jungle Lord returns!

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A Prehistoric man's body is found by Joan Crawford (scientist). After one million years of hibernation, how will the reanimated Neanderthal react? A terrific movie! #2262/$9.95

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ORDER NOW!
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A $2.50 FIASCO!

These great games were designed by Bill Dubay, author of some very fine Warren comic book stories. Included with this set of games are tokens, instructions, spinners and colorful playing surfaces. Each is 16"x10". These games are packed with chills and thrills and just right for the entire family! There are monsters, werewolves, skeletons, human bats and traps galore—which they have all set for you! Order your set of fantastic games today! Only $2.50/#2661.

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FULL COLOR! 3½" WIDE! STURDY METAL!

Each Monster Pin is constructed of strong, sturdy metal. Your favorite monster is pictured in startling, lifelike detail, right down to each frightening fang. The bright, vivid colors are guaranteed to be eye-catchers and eye-stoppers. Get your Monster Pin collection off to a ghoulish start by ordering ALL SIX! Each Monster Pin only $1.00. SPECIAL SUPER SAVINGS: ALL SIX FOR ONLY $5.00.

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MONSTER MATCH

THE FM CONVENTIONS ARE MAKING HISTORY!

6" TALL KITS UNASSEMBLED HAUNTED GLO-HEADS SNAP PARTS NO GLUING!

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FROM THE WEREWOLF'S BAYING CRY TO THE SWISH OF A VAMPIRE'S CAPE, NONE INSTILL SUCH FEELINGS OF TERROR AS THESE COLOSSAL MONSTERS. YOU CAN OWN REPLICA'S OF THEIR VICIOUS VISAGES WHICH WILL PEER AT YOU THROUGH THE DARK BECAUSE THEY GLOW! EACH HEAD RESTS UPON EQUALLY GRUESOME HANDS. THEY ARE MADE OF STURDY, SNAP-TOGETHER PLASTIC, SO NO GLUE IS NEEDED. THE HEADS ARE COMPLETE, NOT MERELY FRONTS, WITH FINELY DETAILED PAINTABLE FEATURES. INSIDE THE KIT IS AN OFFER FOR A COLOR MONSTER IRON-ON.

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THE PHANTOM! His skull-like face and fawning mustache could make a statue sweat blood! $8.95

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EACH MASK FITS OVER THE ENTIRE HEAD, NOT JUST THE FACE, AND THEY ARE MADE OF STURDY, FLEXIBLE ALL WEATHER VINYL. INDIVIDUALLY PAINTED TO MATCH THE ACTUAL COLORS OF THE MONSTER, INCLUDING SUCH DETAILS AS LIPS AND TEETH. YOUR OWN HEAD IS THE ONLY THING NEEDED TO BRING THESE MONSTROSITIES TO LIFE!

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ROD STEIGER IS AL CAPONE
Rod Steiger and Fay Spain star. The flavor of the 1920's is brought to life in an action packed story of the legendary killer! A vivid retelling of a most colorful gangster leader. Capone's story on a 200' reel super or regular $2202/2.89

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James Cagney and Joan Marlowe! One of the finest gangster films ever made! Rival gangsters meet, battle, and get the boot! Action packed! $2202/2.89

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FOR REG 8 & SUPER 8 MOVIES

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MR. HYDE! Surely the most bestial version of Robert Louis Stevenson's immortal monster yet! Be another John Barrymore, Spencer Tracy or Jack Palance! #2532 PHANTOM $39.95

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FRANKENSTEIN! The Monster's Monster! King of them all, complete with matted hair and two ghastly red scars on his clammy hand-painted face. #2542 DELUXE FRANKENSTEIN MASK $39.95

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME! Quasimodo, deformed bell-ringer! Compiles the best ferrorific aspects of the great film versions of all time! #2548 DELUXE HUNCHBACK MASK $39.95

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FRANKENSTEIN THE WOLFMAN THE MUMMY PHANTOM OF THE OPERA with these FOUR CHILLING OIL PAINT BY NUMBER KITS, YOU CAN LET YOUR IMAGINATION RUN WILD! EACH KIT HAS A BIG 14"x10" PRE-PLANNED PANEL, 12 PRE-MIXED COLORS, BRUSH, GLOW IN THE DARK POWDER AND INSTRUCTIONS. EACH ONLY $2.00

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IT'S ALL HERE! ORGAN MUSIC, VOICES WHICH QUIVER, FUNKY COMMERCIALS, FANTASTIC LP RECORD ALBUMS!

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To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.
Early issues of Famous Monsters are worth a lot of money in mint condition. Here's how to keep them that way.

As the supply of back issues dwindles, your issues increase in value. Even if you have no intention of selling your collection, you'll want to keep them neat for your children and grandchildren. Each CUSTOM DESIGNED LEATHERETTE CASE holds a one-year run of FM. Spine is debossed with the title in gold on red: FM CASE. #22634 $4.95

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Create your own table top horror shows with this FAMOUS MONSTERS AND CREATURES Stand Up Set. Included are two frightening scenes on heavy cardboard. Punch out the creatures and place them in their stands along with trees, skulls, tombstones, etc. You're now ready to devise your own dramas starring film horrors like Kong, Mummy, Phantom of the Opera, Creature from the Black Lagoon, Wolfman, Dracula and Frankenstein! To add the final touches, there are spiders, bats and a red salamander. Bonus! Plastic Spider! FM STAND UP SET #24166/$1.75

CREATURE FEATURE THE GAME OF HORROR
Be a famous monster and go on to fortune and win awards or become a flop to die penniless in oblivion. The choice is up to you! Included in this fabulous game is a giant game board (47" x 23"), 32 photo cards of famous monsters, dice, tokens, play money, more! #24167/$7.00

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SUPER FLY

PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN

MONSTER MAKE-UP LAB

VAMPIRElla T-SHIRTS

HAUNTED MANSION

DISSAURS AND WITCHCRAFT

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VAMPIRES ZAP ACTION

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILLMAD & VAMPIRElla T-SHIRTS

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EACH SHIRT IS ONLY $4.98!

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Your favorite paperback books deserve a good, dirt-free, home. Keep them in these handsome cases with padded leatherette coverings, embossed in gold leaf. Choice of 4 colors: black, brown, green or red. Tilted back shelves prevent book fall out. Also, gold foil for your name.

Three thrilling tales from SPACE: 1999. Build the detailed model of famous ship from a LP record! Breakaway*Death's Other Door* SPACE: 1999! Eagle transport. 12 inches long! Detachable cargo hold! #24153/$2.98

All-plastic hobby kits with multi-colored pieces and chrome

EIVL-IRON TRIKE—Would you believe a hoax on motorbike wheels? The Grim Guardian himself is at the wheel of this hell-borne vehicle. A challenging kit, with chrome & color parts, instructions included. 1/8 life size! Order #2450/$5.99

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The TIME MACHINE is a plastic hobby kit that will amaze you! Highly detailed model pieces that are easily assembled. Instructions included. Glue the model together, paint & you have a handsome "magic trick!" The time traveler is set in his 8" cockpit. Now #24135/$5.00

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#26015/$4.95

ENEMIES OF THE FEDERATION
#26014/$4.95

JOURNEYS OF THE ENTERPRISE
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Shrunken Head from McIntosh to Monster!

APPLE SCULPTURE KIT

Just follow simple instructions and you will be able to create extraordinary, realistic, ghastly SHRUNKEN HEADS! This gory hobby kit contains all the information and equipment you need to transform 6 every-day-type apples into these ugly, shrivelled heads. Shrinker, templates, heads (to create digusting faces), hanks of hair, a carving tool, gloss finish, water colors, and apple hangers are included in this big fun-kit! Vincent Price enjoys his kit, and we know that your entire family will be fascinated by this interestingly different type of enjoyment. Be crafty! You know that you can do it! #24418/$10.95

Time for a wild adventure! STAR TREK LIVES outer-space are more enjoyable. Watch out for the Klingons! Each poster is a low—$4.95!

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BUY THESE MAGNIFICENT POSTERS OR A VULTURE WILL TEAR YOUR HEART OUT!

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE A ROOM FILLED WITH MONSTERS? YOU CAN.
POSTERS! POSTERS!
POSTERS!
CARRY-OUT YOUR WILDEST HORROR FANTASIES!

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NEW HORROR FILMS WITH THEIR OWN SOUND TRACKS!

AT LAST! 8mm & Super-8mm movies of Hammer Films' own CHRISTOPHER LEE as DRACULA, FU MANCHU and the FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER! Also four episodes from VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, and that 50's fear classic, THE COSMIC MONSTERS! Each with its own FULL SOUNDTRACK RECORDING! How can this be done?—With every 200-ft. film you purchase, you get a FREE 33-1/3 RPM SOUNDTRACK album to play right along with the film. Full symphonic orchestration & sound effects especially recorded to add a New Dimension to home film fare thrills!

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THE BIRTH OF FRANKENSTEIN $9.95
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VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA—THE OCTOPUS $9.95
VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA—SEA OF MINES $9.95
THE HORROR OF FU MANCHU $9.95

FU MANCHU SERIES:
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THE OCTOPUS $9.95
SEAS OF MINES $9.95

THE HORROR OF FU MANCHU;
Again Chris Lee as the evil Oriental mastermind schemes a plot to enslave the civilized world! $22/01. HORROR OF FU MANCHU $9.95

MONSTER-GLOW-KITS!
CREATE YOUR OWN CLASSIC HORROR FILM CHARACTERS! LIFE-LIKE MODELS MADE OF STYRENE PLASTIC. PAINT THEM WITH QUICK-DRY ENAMEL AND WATCH THEM GLOW IN THE DARK!

EXCITEMENT!
MOLDED PLASTIC FIGURES!
TERRIFIC DISPLAYS!

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Clutching his neck in agony, his face twisting into a hideous parody, the villainous mad scientist... he now can be yours for only $3.00.

HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME
Who is Quasimodo? He's the famed bell ringer of Notre Dame! A 10" high figure that you can paint with quick-dry enamel and watch it glow in the dark. Order now. #2408/$3.00

OLD WITCH
You've seen her everywhere, from Macbeth to OZ to the Haunted House of Horror. Now you can have her right at home! Order now. #2409/$3.00

WEREWOLF
There's a bad moon on the rise. The wind is blowing and the leaves are flying. There's a ghostly gray evening air filled with the sound of a ferocious wild beast... then he strikes! His face and claws are glowing with a fearful light. Order now. #2407/$3.00

FRANKENSTEIN
The most famous monster ever! Now you can have him walk across your bookshelf, in all his gory, glowing glory. He is 10" high, 10" long and 4" wide. Order now. #2402/$3.00

HORROR FILM FANS TO BUILD

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.
Did anyone really know Bela Lugosi? Did any of his five wives understand him? People knew him as the fiendish character in the snarling black cape. Only his closest friends knew of his pain and despair, and the man driven by alcohol and drugs. But Lugosi was a master—first of stage and then in Hollywood's heyday! He was a fine performer who gave his all. He became Hungary's most esteemed actor, after leaving home at the age of thirteen. Determination enabled him to master his lines in English for Broadway, without knowing the language. In later years it all began to crumble. Dozens of photos in this 307 page hard cover book by Robert Cremer. Introduction by Bela Lugosi Jr. Also film & stageographics.

THE MUMMY TEENAGE WEREWOLF MELTING MAN
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MOVING MECHANICAL MONSTER HOBBY KITS
WIND-UP MOTORIZED BEHEMOTHS! THEY MOVE! NO BATTERIES NEEDED!
ANKYLOSARUS  #2447/$3.50
STYRACOSARUS  #2448/$3.50
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Get your mechanical monster kit and make these behemoths come alive. You build the figures and attach the motor to arms and legs as outlined. You wind the key. A monstrous miniature stalks across the room. Each 10" figure comes with parts and instructions for assembly.

DIMETRODON  #2444/$3.50
STEGOSARUS  #2446/$3.50

#24136/$3.00 hobby kit has full color, easy-to-assemble, background, buildings, figures, cars and a terrifying, gigantic 6' long insect. Paint them in gruesome colors. Scientifically accurate and anxious to devastate an amusement park, power station or city street. A thriller!

HUGE MANTIS  #24137/$3.00
COLOSSAL TARANTULA  #24138/$3.00

#24139/$3.00 with exclusive "FLEX FLESH" MONSTER MAKE-UP & HORROR MAKE-UP KITS

MONSTER MAKE-UP KIT
Make-Up Artist in your own home! The instructions and material for more than 20 disguisements are contained in this kit. You can transform yourself into such famous movie and TV monsters as the Hunchback of Notre Dame, Frankenstein, Mr. Hyde or devise your own thing! This kit was created by Dick Smith who did the make-up for the Exorcist and The Godfather. It contains the amazing realistic Flex Flesh with molds, coloring, adhesive, teeth, nails, blood and an illustrated manual!

Before  #26008 $19.95
In Progress

If you want to film a home-made horror flick or just terrify your friends, then here is the kit for you! Created by Dick (Godfather, Exorcist) Smith, this make-up package contains Flex Flesh which when mixed with water hardens into malleable noses, eyes, ears, lips, cheeks of burnt, scarred or decaying flesh! Buy it today! #26008 MONSTER MAKE-UP KIT $19.95
A NOBLE SENTIMENT

"Master Monster Maker" was the best Delgado feature ever. The interview, outstanding; illustrations, unbelievable. "Master Monster Maker" should win the Nobel Prize for literature.

TONY PAULY St. Paul, Minn.

WANTED! More Readers Like

P.C. McComas

WELCOME, ASIATIC FANATIC!

I am one of your vivid fans of your magazine. I am from the Philippines in the continent of Asia. This is the first time I ever sent a letter to a foreign magazine. In our country, FMs are very rare. This magazine helped me in knowing horror greats of our time like Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff, Basil Rathbone, Lon Chaney Sr. and Jr., Tor Johnson, Otto Kruger and Lionel Atwill. I have seen in this magazine famous monsters like Dracula, Frankensteins, Lagoon Creature, King Kong and Godzilla. I have known places like Lugos, Transylvania, Karloffania, Horrwood and the Ackermansion. The first FM issue I got was issue no. 112.

112—Article about Lugosi was breath-taking and HORROR EXPRESS was terrific.

115—MYSTERY OF WAX MUSEUM was great.

114—Thank you for featuring my superstar, Godzilla. In your list of Japanese fantasy movies you forgot 3 films: GODZILLA VS HEDORAH, THE SMOG MONSTER: WATARI; and SMOG ALIENS!

115—Article on FM Convention was terrific. Sorry I didn’t go to your 2nd convention because I’m only 12 years old and when I’m 25 I can attend your 25th convention.

I am thankful that your magazine appeared in this world.

ARNOLD SISAN
GREATER MANILA, PHILIPPINES

FOOD BOOED

You wasted 8 pages on the preview of the FOOD OF THE GODS. It was a lousy movie but you made it sound like a minor classic. You praise Bert Gordon to no end, when he hasn’t made a decent movie in his life.

BRIAN JACOBSEYER Springfield, Mo.

THE GARDEN OF EATING*

The preview of H.G. Wells’ FOOD OF THE GODS was magnificent! And of course, John Carradine deserves such a coverage of his birthday as he is one of the greatest living horror actors in the world.

JOSEPH A. SENA
Flushing, NY

WE HOPE MR. LEEDS READS THIS

If you have parents who disagree about FM, please show this letter to them. I am 14 and a lot of help from FM, I read 328 words a minute. But all that time my mind hasn’t been ruined or wasted. I used to be lazy and bored, now my parents say I have a constructive & alert mind. I make monster movies, monster carvings, paintings, makeup contests. I’ve won every time I’ve entered.

RAUL GARCIA
Las Vegas, Nev.

HOW MONSTERIFIC IS YOUR NEWSSTAND?

Are you having trouble finding FAMOUS MONSTERS at your newsstand? Gnashing your fangs because you find the last copy sold out? Do friends keep clawing you because they can’t get their own copies in their neighborhood? Well, you can put an end to this wicked situation without violence or bloodshed. Just fill out the coupon below and send it to us TODAY! The problem will be taken care of, and we’ll thank you from the bottom of our black little hearts!

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Springfield, Mo.

RANDY PALMER

MUSIC FOR THE BIRDS

THE BIRDS didn’t have a musical score! But Bernard Herrmann did contribute to the electronic sounds of the birds! But there was no “musical work” in that film “to be heard & appreciated!” Nevertheless, a fine, outstanding article indeed!

ERIC WITKOWSKI
West Haven, Conn.

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OUR GUARANTEE: Our merchandise will be replaced if not received in satisfactory condition.

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<tr>
<th>HOW MANY?</th>
<th>ITEM NUMBER</th>
<th>NAME OF ITEM</th>
<th>PRICE EACH</th>
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