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FAMOUS
MONSTERS
CONVENTION



NEW YORK CITY 1974

WARREN:

NO ORDINARY PUBLISHING COMPANY

Back in 1958, we introduced **FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND** Magazine, the world's first monster-fan publication. It spawned a rash of imitators.

In 1964, we gave the world **CREEPLY** Magazine. It was the first comics magazine to meld moody black and white artwork with expertly written horror stories.

We followed this with **EE-RIE** Magazine, a companion book for **CREEPLY**. They have spawned a rash of imitators.

In 1965, we knocked the

comics industry on its ear with a bold and daring War magazine known as **BLAZING COMBAT**. It was one of the first publications to speak out against warfare in general, and Viet Nam in particular.

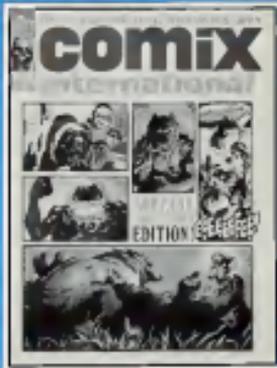
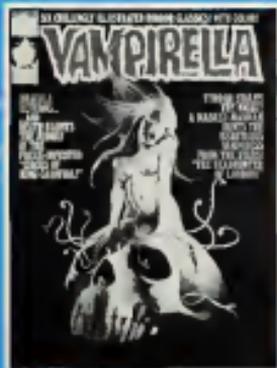
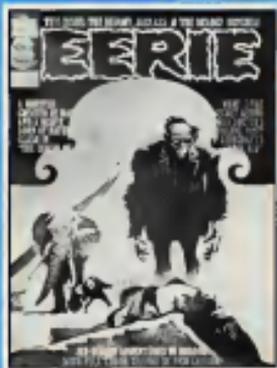
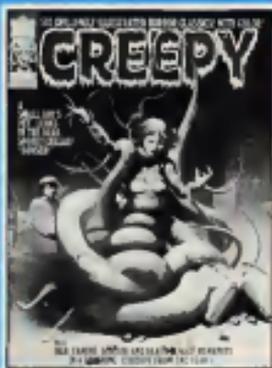
In 1969, we beat *Women's Lib* to the punch by giving equal time to female monsters. We called our character **VAMPIRELLA**. And she is, today, one of the most popular personalities in the comics medium.

Now, in 1974, we have once again made comics history.

After a too-long vacation, Will Eisner's trend-setting crime-buster, **THE SPIRIT** is back ... and in a Warren magazine of the same name. His return has caused a sensation seldom matched in the comics industry.

The Warren magazines have become synonymous with incredible color sections, innovations in story-telling, beautiful artwork, and chilling stories.

Remember our name; you won't forget our magazines! Nothing about us is ordinary.





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4 ALICE IN MONSTERLAND An all-time-great reprint from FM#1! Choice mini-histories of the men who made the monster movies great! Chaney! Karihoff! Lugosi!

11 WHERE'S VERNE LANGDON? He's liable to be anywhere! You'll find him behind the monster's mask, behind recording labels, behind FM's popular makeup articles!

12 EARLY MONSTERCONS Soon after Famous Monsters' creation, filmmonster fans began to unite. The First Annual Famous Monsters Convention is inescapable result!

16 IT'S THE ACKERMONSTER He remembers and speaks for the past, knows the present and tells what he knows. As the friend of phantoms, he speaks for monsters!

27 PHIL (PHANTOM) SEULING He stalked silent corridors, plotting awful revenge. He would lead them to the Monster's hall, where they would pay for his madness!

29 MEET THE WARRENMONSTER He's the Dr. Frankenstein of the filmmonster magazines, creating the leading horror publication! If it's best, it's Jim Warren's!

30 ROBERT (PSYCHO) BLOCH What could scare the man who stopped a million hearts? Frighten the fiend who froze a sea of blood? Bloch tells! Can you take it?

37 FM COVER ARTISTS What do you say, after you see they're the best? If you know the best when you see it, you probably know the artists—Basil Gogos & Ken Kelly!

39 WHO IS SAM SHERMAN? He's the movie producer & distributor. He moves the script to the screening room to the local theatres! He makes monster movies move!

AWLGE IN MONSTERLAND

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

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

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

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

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

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

Especially watchers. People (like you) not directly involved. Folks who can sit back in the safety of their wide-screen movie house, parked car at the drive-in theater, or comfort of their own living room in front of TV, and watch other folks be frightened by the creatures that come from out of the past, from out of folklore, and from out of the future, from outer space.

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

Here we go into the wild grue yonder!



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

the man of a thousand faces

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

WHILE PARIS SLEEPS presented him as a mad scientist.

LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT cast him in the role of a human vampire with a fuzzy shock of white hair, a pair of bulging eyes, and a mouth-

ful of razor-sharp teeth. Black cape and top hat completed the effect.

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

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

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

TREASURE ISLAND saw him blind again,



Lon Chaney as the Missing Link in **THE OCTAVE OF CLAUDIUS**.



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

this time as the pirate in Robert Louis Stevenson's classic.

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

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

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

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

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

chaney was champ!

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

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

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

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

boris karloff— truck driver to terror king

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Karloff's most recent role in a horror film was **WOODOO ISLAND**. Production of his **STRANGLEHOLD** has just been completed, and it is



She's lovely, she's engaged, she's a Spanish werewolf—**LA LOBA**.



The way **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE** look at it, apparently, is that a 23¢ haircut nowadays is hard to find.



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



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

expected that he will star in a series of telefilmed adventures of Frankenstein.

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

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

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

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

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

from silence to "screamarama"

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

The silent SIEGFRIED was loaded with first-class frighteners, from the enormous fire-breath-

ing dragon through the gnarled, knobby-kneed squat little gnome-king with his cloak of invisibility (and on him the cloak looked good).

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

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

Then the movies found their voices.

from "mammy" to "mummy"

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

"we monsters have just begun to fright!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

The uniquely weird DEAD OF NIGHT.

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

THE GOLEM, Kong-like creature of living clay.

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

THE UNINVITED with its malignant ghost.

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

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

END



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



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

Hey, FAMOUS MONSTERS

Congratulations on your first Convention!
And BEAST wishes from Electric Lemon Recording
Artists ERIK, DOCTOR DRUID, and DRACULON!



Buy these great albums at the Convention,
from Captain Company mail order ads (found
in all Warren Publications), or wherever
better records are sold!

FEATURED AT THE FAMOUS MONSTER CON: VERNE LANGDON

monster faces are putty in his hands



Verne Langdon's reputation as one of Hollywood's most creative makeup artists is well-deserved; he pioneered in the field of masks for the motion picture and television industries, and brought quality to the commercial market with the great Universal monster masks he masterminded as part owner of a Hollywood special effects factory.

As a writer Mr. Langdon's many articles for *FAMOUS MONSTERS* magazine were very popular with that publication's readers, notably his "MEN BEHIND THE MONSTERS" series on makeup artists.

Verne Langdon was an original member of the "PLANET OF THE APES" makeup lab, working with his associate John Chambers to devise the life-like appliances for the famous simian series of 20th Century Fox film features. (Langdon has just recently become involved again with the "Apes," this time in conjunction with the popular TV series.)

Langdon has long been a devotee of film-land frightsters, as his many scrapbooks confirm. He has made up most of Hollywood's top stars, including Vincent Price "and the late, wonderful Boris Karloff."

As Langdon told me, "I love working with Vincent; he is fun to be around. And of course there will never be another gentleman like Karloff—I made him up a number of times. It was always a great pleasure for me to watch him work. The man was a dedicated artist."

His busy schedule these days includes makeup work with his associate Keith Cray for Hollywood's major film and television studios, notably the CBS Television Network, and Verne Langdon functions as producer/director for Electric Lemon Record Co., which he co-owns with Milt Larsen, creator of Hollywood's famed Magic Castle which houses the record company's offices.

Verne Langdon's associate Keith Cray has designed spectacular fantasy makeups for such clients as the *THREE DOG NIGHT* rock group, and along with Verne Langdon will serve as makeup creator for the upcoming *SUPER HEROES* television series. For the past five years the team of Langdon & Cray have been makeup consultants to Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey Circus, and are instrumental in the makeup instruction program for the famed circus's Clown College in Venice, Florida.

END



Verne and friend Vincent Price on the set of a recent TV show.

THE PRE-HISTORIC FAMOUS MONSTERS



That's Sam Sherman of Screen Thrills Illustrated and FRANKENSTEIN VS. DRACULA fame to the left of Farry, of local Monstercon in New York City, 1963.

WITHIN THE First Year after the birth of FAMOUS MONSTERS, filmonster fans began to seek each other out for little ghoulish get-togethers. One of the earliest of these probably occurred on Halloween 1958, when the Editor of FM appeared at a Mask & Autograph Party at a famous Magic Shop on Hollywood Blvd.

Before long, through Fangmail, fans were finding each other in Philadelphia, Brooklyn and all over the country. In 1962 in Chicago, in conjunction with the World SF Con, Jim Warren, the publisher of FM appeared and invited all horror huffs present to a special showing of KING KONG together with ice cream, cake and soft drinks. The following year Forry Ackerman took to the road in his unique 8700-mile 5-week tour of filmonsterdom, answering the call of 1300 fans who invited him to visit them, and dozens of "conventionettes" were held in homes in Reno, Denver, Dayton, Detroit and all over the USA.

High schools & colleges began putting on monster movie marathons... there was a Kong Kon... an Ape Con... Witchcraft & Sorcery Con. Ray Bradbury, Robert

Bloch, Forry Ackerman, Superman, Robert (Count Yorga) Quarry, Barry (Night Stalker) Atwater, John Agar and others began appearing as Guest Celebrities.

And, of course, the Count Dracula Society grew ever bigger & better, attracting attendees from all over the world for its annual Awards banquets.

By the beginning of 1974 the groundswell could be denied no longer and it was realized the time had come for the biggest event of them all: the birth of our nation-wide FAMOUS MONSTERCON.

FAMOUS MONSTERS, which got it altogether for the first time in 1958, now gets it altogether again in this FIRST ANNUAL FAMOUS MONSTERS CONVENTION. You are either participating in a history-making event or reading about it, in this Souvenir Book, after the Event. Either way, plan NOW to attend next year's beastly bash, which promises to be Bigger & Better than ever. The first major af con started off back in 1939 with a paltry 135 attendees; last September approximately 4500 sci-fi fans packed the Worldcon. Thirty-five years from now, who can say how big we'll be? Stick around and see!

THE BEGINNING

LEADING UP TO CON, 1974



The Drez Can in Lugos Angeles, FJA as Ackbeard (note false black beard) stands next to Bela Lugosi's fifth & final wife, Nape, putting the whammy on Richard Sheffield, Lugosi's last great friend, who was wearing Count Dracula's own cape & ring on the occasion.



Editor meets our Correspondent in France, Jean-Claude Ramer, at get-together in Paris of film-foster lovers.



GHAST OF HONOR (under glass) and Brave Loss at local FM manstercon in 1963, NYC.



James Warren (black sweater) arrives at Gotham Ghouls Gathering, GenHamón to his right, Herman Russ of Germany, Boris Grabnar from Yugoslavia.



PUTNAM WELCOMES YOU TO TRANSYLVANIA



"What a happy inspiration this is, a life of Lugosi that restores his dignity as an actor, his magnetic delivery, his wit and Hungarian charm. Lennig turns out to be an ideal Lugosi biographer, worshipful but entirely literate. . . . Once you start, you can't put this book down. . . . A moving, lively, witty, sad book that revives once more the long-dead Count Dracula: I bid you—welcome—to Transylvania!" —*Kirkus Reviews*

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FROM
G.P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK**

THE ACKERMONSTER STRIKES AGAIN

...11 years later

by paul linden



FJA - TODAY.

back to ack

THE FIRST TIME I interviewed Forry Ackerman was in 1963. At the time I reported that when I arrived at the door to the Ackermansion and rang the bell, I was greeted from the grille of the intercom system by "a pleasantly modulated voice" and a moment later met FJA

in person: 6'1", 175 lbs., hand outstretched in friendly welcome...grip firm and sincere...at first looking no more than 35...later, after a closer inspection, the wrinkles around his very blue, very myopic eyes; the lines in his high forehead; the gray hairs here and there among the wavy dark blond; the estimate revised upward



With Vincent Price, 1974.



New York, 1939. Famous "futuristcostume."

to early 40s. Surprised to learn he was "on the twilight side of 45"—would, in fact, be 47 on his next birthday... November 24th.

Now I had returned to meet an Ackerman 11 years older, one whom, I had heard, had had a heart attack somewhere in between the time I had interviewed him and the present, and one whose workload, I had been warned by him in advance, had "increased incredibly." Other people, I have observed, often use the term "incredible" lightly; with Forry Ackerman, I saw with my own eyes, it was the gospel truth. Or perhaps I should say literal, rather than risk offending the man, for he told me "I became an atheist when I was 15 and have never in 43 years been persuaded of the existence of a deity... even if one of my personal gods, Olaf Stepledoo, was." He remains, now as then, an intrinsically honest, forthright individual, let the chips (and the quips, of which there are many) fall where they may.

But I have come to the conclusion that I hate Forrest J. Because, while my hair has thinned considerably and I have aged decently in the intervening decade-plus-one, I couldn't say FJA doesn't look a day older (he does: a day older) but, despite the fact that he's picked up, I should estimate, an extra 15 to 20 pounds and he's wearing some pretty far out frames in place of the contact lenses that he says gave him nothing but misery for about five years although he believes in them basically; the world's number one this and that and half a dozen of the other thing hasn't anywhere near aged as much as he should have.

Maiden's blood? (Is that why Heidi looks so pale in his company from time to time?)

Secret trips to Shangri-La? (Does that account for the two weeks he mysteriously disappears each year?)

Somewhere in the 4-storey 17-room home that once belonged to Jon (Raymar of the Jungle) Hall and now is known as "Son of Ackermanson," is there a portrait magically growing older? (The Picture of Forry Ungray?)

turn back the clock

Cognizant of the fact that many of you reading these words were not even born when I last interviewed Forrest J-no-period Ackerman (or Forry, as he prefers to be called), I expect it would be a good idea to repeat a few of the basic facts about him.

He was born in Los Angeles on the 24th of November, 1916, of German-English ancestry. His father was the chief statistician in an oil company. ("But I love words, hate figures—except, of course, girls". It is strange for me to think that my Dad died at just the age I am now—58. In one way, it seems to me like William Schilling Ackerman didn't have a very long life—he died of a stroke after a miserable final few years—and on the other hand my life till now seems an absolute eternity. Inside I feel like an 18-year-old kid—some say 8 years—but I know that realistically those physical insides have got to wear out sometime. I shall hate growing old, especially if I should have a stroke or lose my vision or any of the many unpleasant possibilities of old age; but on the other hand, my Mother is 91 and still going strong and enjoying herself, and her 'baby sister,' my Aunt, is practically 90, and I envy her all the TV watching she gets in daily. One member of the family, 'way back when, made it to within 3 weeks of 100, so maybe Mother or I will break the record.")

Forry had a beloved brother who "didn't quite make it to his 21st birthday. He got up on New Years Day, 1945, not knowing that that night he would no longer be alive—killed in World War II's Battle of the Bulge. I have visited Alden's grave quite a few times in Luxembourg. In a Parallel World where he lived, I figure today I would be Uncle Forry to 3 of his children and Grandpa to quite a few grandchildren. Although I, quite deliberately, have never had any children of my own. My life has kept me quite busy enough trying to educate and entertain millions of youngsters."

Forry speaks wistfully of his maternal Grandmother and Grandfather, "the last of the Big Time Angels. When Mom and 'Mom Daddy' died, a great light went out of my life, never to be replaced. They took me to THE LOST WORLD, METROPOLIS, Lon Chaney's pictures, as many as 7 movies in a single day; Mom bought me my first stilles (from JUST IMAGINE), Mom Daddy drew me all kinds of monsters from 'other worlds. George Herbert Wyman and Belle 'Zulu' Wyman—a middle name she created on the



Forry & Friends of his 25-room Ackermansion.

spar of the moment when the minister asked her for it at her wedding and she realized she didn't have one—my grandparents weren't fantasy fans but they did have inquiring minds. Spiritualism, reincarnation, metaphysics, Eastern philosophies—these were the paths they chose to explore and, considering what a great influence they were on me, it is difficult to explain how I became a confirmed materialist, an anti-astrologist with no interest in flying saucers. Ghosts, ghouls, zombies, werewolves, vampires and things that go jump in the night, yes, as long as they are confined to fiction or films. But reality—no.”

monstrous memories

The earliest fantastic film Forry remembers

seeing was *ONE GLORIOUS DAY*, about a mischievous young Earthbound spirit, in 1922 when he was only 6. At 7 he saw Lon Chaney in *THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME*; at 8, the horrors of Hell in *DANTE'S INFERNO*; and by the time he was 10 he had thrilled to *THE LOST WORLD*, *THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*, *THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD* and *METROPOLIS*—4 films that remain major favorites of his to this day. Other all-time greats on Forry's "heart chart" include *FRANKENSTEIN*, *DRACULA*, *KING KONG*, *THINGS TO COME*, *DEAD OF NIGHT*, *WAR OF THE WORLDS*, *VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED*, *this island earth*, *FANTASTIC VOYAGE*, *ROSEMARY'S BABY*, *THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL*, *THE MUMMY*, *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE*, *TARGETS*, *THE INVISIBLE MAN* and *THE EXORCIST*. "Pictures where I was



The Day Korloff Recorded the L.P. Album Forry Wrote.

completely out of step with public opinion were," he confesses wryly, "FORBIDDEN PLANET and 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY." Since the latter revelation is bound to offend a vocal segment of his readers, Forry would undoubtedly have been better off to keep his opinions to himself, but it is typical of his personality that he feels he must speak the truth, bitter as it may be or blighting to his personal popularity. In the long run, I think it is the best course.

a man of many "firsts"

Forry's was the first fan letter published in the first issue of *Science Wonder Quarterly*, 1929. It was the prototype of the "gosh-wow-boy-o-boy" letterhacking school of "criticism" later to be derided by Damon Knight, James Blish, Ale-

xei Panshin and critics of their stature, but for Forry, in 1961, on the occasion of the celebration of *Amazing Stories'* 35th Anniversary, it was one of the happiest moments of his life to leave his place between Hugo Gernsback and Frank R. Paul, the two greatest inspirators of his life, long enough to stand before the crowd of celebrants in Newark, N.J., and read aloud to the Father of Science Fiction the words of praise he had written him in 1929.

"Another magic moment in my life," Forry recalls, "was when, across about 30 years in time and 3000 miles in space, I presented a 'Hugo' to Hugo Gernsback." Forry, of course, received the First Hugo Ever, from the hands of Isaac Asimov, in Philadelphia in 1953. In an act of generosity which stunned the conventioners, he promptly "endorsed" it to Kenneth F. Slater, a British fan whom he felt deserved it

more than he.

Forry wrote the first article on the first page of the first true *sf* fanzine, *The Time Traveller*, January 1932, the first known list of fantastic films.

He founded the Boys Scientific Club in 1929 and that year won, over 200 contestants, a newspaper contest for best short story by a teenager with his "A Trip to Mars." As he remembers it, "it was probably in 1930 that I introduced Linus Hogenmiller's ubiquitous abbreviation *sf* into print. It was in 1955 that I coined the iniquitous (if Harlan Ellison is to be believed) term *sci-fi*. But Ellison also said he would like to burn my selection of the BEST SCIENCE FICTION FOR 1973, and his frenetic vendetta against my innocent little sound 'sci-fi' is more than offset, as far as I am concerned, by *Playboy's* featuring of it on its cover trumpeting a new Kurt Vonnegut serial within; its worldwide acceptance (six 'sci-fi' clubs in Budapest when I visited there several years ago, 'sci-fi' on a scientific poster in Yugoslavia); its incorporation in the dialog of *THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE*; the casual acceptance of it by A.E. van Vogt and many other *sf* personalities; and even its inclusion in a dictionary!"

other ack-compliments

Forry started the custom of nicknaming conventions (the Nycon, Chicon, Pacificon); started the Masquerade Balls rolling by appearing at the First World SF Convention in a "futurist-costume"; has since 1948 appeared on television shows in Los Angeles and New York; England, Belgium, Germany, Italy and Yugoslavia; such as *Down Memory Lane*, *To Tell the Truth*, *Joe Pyne Show*, *Merv Griffin Show* and countless others. He was the Creative Consultant for and provided Additional Dialog for the Vincent Price-hosted *Horror Hall of Fame*. He has appeared in such films as *PLANET (QUEEN) OF BLOOD*, *THE TIME TRAVELLERS* and *SCHLOCK*.

He wrote and narrated the definitive *Science Fiction Film* reel used as a study tool in high schools and universities. He was interviewed for 28 minutes nonstop, without commercials, for NBC's *Collectors* series.

In 1963, in tandem with Boris Karloff, he received the first Ann Radcliffe Award for Gothic excellence (for editorship of *FAMOUS MONSTERS*) and received the award a second time several years later.

He wrote and narrated the flip side of the album *Music for Robots*; wrote the narration for *An Evening with Boris Karloff and His Friends*.

You know, I presume, or you wouldn't be attending this Convention or reading this souvenir book afterward, that he has written and edited the principal portion of 113 issues of *FAMOUS MONSTERS* (including *MONSTER WORLD*) to date, as well as all issues of *SPACEMEN*, and is the creator of Vampirella, her twin sister Draculina, the planet Drakulon, and scripted the original Vampirella episodes.



A Quiet Minute at Home in the Old Ackermansion.

inside darkest ackula

But there is a danger in attempting to list Forry's many achievements that we lose sight of the man behind them.

What is he really like?

Well, he is a dynamo of energy and activity. At an age when many men have retired, are considering it or at least are taking it easier, he has recently almost literally undertaken to double his professional output. And his work regimen already consisted pretty much of a 7-day week, 9 a.m. till noon and a 5-minute lunch break; noon till 7:30 with a 10-minute dinner break; work on till midnight with a 5-minute cookie or ice cream break; and very possibly day's end at 1 or 2 a.m. Some times he was able to get in an afternoon nap for an hour, which he was supposed to have anyway after the series of heart attacks he had on his way to his 50th birthday, and the heartlock which left him with "a kookie ticker that only ticks 48 times a minute. My doctor assures me that if Ann-Margret as Vampirella offered me a mint print of KING KONG with the spider sequence intact and a hot fudge sundae with toasted almonds on top, on top of which Jim Warren offered me a raise, it still wouldn't raise my heartbeat above 48!" Sounds hard to believe, and we imagine Forry would like to test



Ferry in his Hollywood office, talking to publisher Warren in New York.

the doctor's dictum. Incidentally, among Forry's other claims to "firsts," is the fact that he featured the first *nude* on a fanzine. "To be utterly accurate about it," he said when I queried him, "it was only a *seminude*, although it raised a real commotion at the time—the time being May 1938, the publication *Imagination!*. It was a line drawing by the late beloved Hannes Bok, so innocuous by modern standards that I imagine it could be used on a postage stamp without raising any eyebrows. But in those primitive pre-Kinsey pre-Farmer censorial times it raised mucho blood pressure. Imagine: a Dirty Old Man at 21! I think it took Isaac Asimov about 50 years to reach this stature!"

same old forry

Most things have not changed in the life and habits of the Ackermonger since I last interviewed him. He doesn't smoke, he doesn't drink and he definitely doesn't approve of the Drug Culture. He paid to go on record as being *against* the US participation in Vietnam long before it became popular to agree the undeclared war was a hideous mistake.

His every waking hour is not devoted to horror, monsters, terror, creatures, etc., blasphemous as this might seem to some, and among "mundane" activities he loves such singers as Al Jolson and Maurice Chevalier, among the dead voices from the past, and the French singer Aznavour and the eternal German, Marlene Dietrich, among the living. He loves to watch, when he can afford the time, which is not nearly often enough to suit him, such TV programs as *The Streets of San Francisco*, *Harry O*, *The Name of the Game*, *Counselor-at-Law* and *Marcus Welby*. He loves the singing of Desha Martin and Sammy Davis Jr. People, living and dead, who for a variety of reasons have particularly pleased him, include (besides the taken-for-granted Chaney, Karloff, et al) Olaf Stapledon, Hugh Hefner, the young Shirley Temple, H.G. Wells, Adlai Stevenson, Frita Lang, Radclyffe Hall, Dr. Zamenhof, Arthur Brooks Baker ("whom 'nobody' ever heard of except me"), Virgil Finlay, Hannes Bok, Gerry de la Ree, James Warren, Walt Daugherty, Alex Kill ("who puts flowers on my brother's grave"), Tetsu Yano, Albert Kinsey, Robert Lindner, Tom & Terri Pinckard, Wendy Ackerman, Vanessa Harryhausen, Perry Rhodan and David A. Kyle. "You'll notice," Forry says, "there aren't too many girls' names on that list—mainly Shirley Temple, and she was only 4 at the time. That's because if I started, the list might fill up the whole interview."

This Inner View of Forry Ackerman is nowhere as near complete as I would like it, and I apologize to the subject, but it was commissioned on a moment's notice and had to be accomplished in 4 hours. Eleven years from now I hope I'm given 4 days—after all, Forry recorded his memoirs (in small part) for 34 hours on tape for the University of California. Talkative devil!



Steels yourself, Forry—it's thof Barbara!



Forry with His Favorite Photographer—
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GOOD LORD!!

Hee! Hee! You recognize this fetid face don't you? Yes, it's me, The Old Witch, ready to fill you leering lunatics in on some nauseating news that will set that putrid pulse of yours running steady. The pain and simple axe of the matter is that our old rag mags (you call them E.C.'s) are back. The delirious details of our rancid recovery from the censors is spilled out in full below.



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WHAT MANNER OF MONSTER IS THIS? PHIL SEULING

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was berated by the principal for clocking in late, and his nails became claws. Cheating on tests caused scales and a hissing voice. Lateness to class hunched his once-proud posture into the slouching stance of a madman. Kids complained about their marks and his skull became knotted and hard. Marking endless test papers completed the process, and with a series of howling screams this fine young man became the misshapen gargoyle we know today, lurking in shadows, his seething mind frothing with thoughts of revenge! Some day, revenge!

So come to Conventions, kids, and that's OK! Watch TV or go to the movies. There you'll be safe. But remember the Horrible Phantom of the High School and beware...! Stay away from those menacing long corridors, the dimly-lit classrooms... and the ferocious, sinister but lovable Lucas Tanner-type creature known as Phil The Phantom Seuling.

END



Phil Seuling belongs naturally in the field of monsters. He himself is that most infamous type of monster—a high school teacher! Growling and slaving before class, after class, soon had a terrible effect on the nice young man that Phil used to be. The transformation was slow but terrifying! Each subtle change worsened his appearance and each day of school caused yet another subtle change. One day he discovered students cutting class, and his teeth grow into fangs. Another day he

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The desk in his office is his own design, and the offices were selected by him, and his staff is personally hired. He chose his home phone number. He has the final say on each cover of his magazines, and is in direct contact with the artists. Business deals too, have the personal touch; it's Jim Warren on the phone, not a manager or a vice-president or a committee. He is perhaps a puppeteer, manipulating those around him; or he is on a perpetual ego trip, wanting HIS fingers in every pie; or he passionately believes that "If you want it done right, do it thyself"; or he is suspicious of everyone and therefore takes paranoid care of his "possessions." Any of those guesses might be the explanation of Jim Warren's personal involvement in every detail of his business. But the truth is different and simpler. He cares deeply about anything and everything he has a hand in.

And although simple, that answer to what makes Warren run is not ordinary. Do YOU take care of each particular of your life just as well as you can? Or do you let things ride, turning your back on small chores in order to grab the excitement of larger experiences? Take a look at any book or event he is associated with. You'll find adequate testimony that the best of his efforts have been made, and even more, that he has solicited the best from those around him.

Call him a quality-freak. He wants to produce the best. He cares little about merely producing. His magazines have been imitated and imitated and imitated, but never equalled. Can you remember even ONE good monster magazine issue that wasn't FAMOUS MONSTERS?

He's hell to work with. The best procedure is to talk three times to him about your project. The first time around, he will hounce ideas off you like rice off the just-married couple. He offers plans, projects the future, designs and re-designs your ideas. Within minutes you're talking about European rights, film contracts, printings in the hundreds of thousands, fame and fortune and fun!

The second time, he'll talk roadblocks and obstacles until you KNOW your dream wagon will never roll.

And the third time, threading in and out among the ideas and the responsibilities,

you come up with something; solid, but with wings.

There really aren't that many people who CAN work with him. But most often they walk away finding themselves inadequate to the demands and expectations he levies. So be it.

Leave him the way he is. Although you ache to use your insecticide of politeness and cool indifference to change him, leave him as he is. This apple shines, spots and all.

Measure the man by his accomplishments, not by his manner. Remember the books that have been your monthly albums of fine material, the subjects you're here to celebrate. And Jim Warren comes out a winner.

END



"I surrender!" cries writer Arnold Drake as Jim Warren (left) talks him into buying a 10-year subscription to FAMOUS MONSTERS.

MY FIVE FRIGHT

Robert Bloch became a professional writer at the age of seventeen. He has written hundreds of fantasy, science fiction and mystery short stories, plus many articles and forty books published here and abroad. His latest, *American Gothic*, came from Simon and Schuster earlier this year. He has also written for radio, television and motion pictures. He wrote the classic *PSYCHO*, produced & directed by Alfred Hitchcock, starring Tony Perkins. His most recently-completed effort is *The Dead Don't Die*, which is scheduled to be shown as an NBC Movie Of The Week on December 10th.

Fright.

If you're not sure of the meaning of the word, look it up in the dictionary.

Better still, see if you can persuade some of today's film-makers to look it up.

They'll find it is not a synonym for nausea. Images of people vomiting, or gobbling down pig-intestines as a pretense of eating human entrails—these things may be shocking, revolting, disgusting, but they're not truly *frightening*.

End of sermon. And beginning of my personal choices. They may very well not be yours, but

then I assume that you're younger than I am—practically everybody is, nowadays. And if you've seen these particular films, chances are you viewed them many, many years after they were first released; seen them in today's world rather than in the sheltered, innocent era of the Twenties and Thirties when movies were heavily censored and young people lived in a less-permissive atmosphere.

But when I first viewed them they offered something new and startling. Unlike yourself, I'd never read about them in advance in a book or magazine: I had no warning or information about plots: I didn't view them on a television tube or in the makeshift atmosphere of a film festival or retrospective screening. They were fresh, their effects not dulled by countless imitations. If you'll keep these factors in mind, perhaps you'll be better to appreciate what frightened me—and why.

I suppose that one's very first glimpse of a fright-film is usually apt to leave a lasting impression. My first was *The Phantom of the Opera*, in 1925. Even in those days I was aware of the film's flaws: few heroes were as wooden as Norman Kerry, few heroines as brainless as Mary Philbin. I wondered how the Phantom could light and heat a luxurious apartment in the cata-

FAVORITE FLOCKS

by
Robert Bloch



combs five levels below the Paris Opera House—where he stabled his white horse—how he shopped for groceries wearing a Halloween mask—what he used for money. But I didn't wonder about Lon Chaney's performance. His Phantom was a figure straight out of nightmare: when I saw him I believed him just as I believed in a bad dream while I was in the midst of sleep. And when his mask came off—that was real fright.

Secondly, the 1931 *Frankenstein*. Remember, this was the first time most members of the audience had ever been exposed to the story, and no one had ever seen Karloff as the Monster. Again, the first sight of him was truly frightening. Many years later, when I had the privilege of becoming acquainted with this kindly gentleman, he didn't scare me at all—but even now, my memory of his performance remains vivid.

Next, *King Kong*. I'd seen animated dinosaurs and dragons in earlier films, but *Kong* was the first animated character—a creature with understandable behavior-patterns, or misbehavior-patterns. And the sight of his huge, fanged face with its glaring eyes peering into the window of the elevated train was a frightening image which still retains its power.

Fourth, *Mad Love*. A preposterous premise, a preposterous plot. But Peter Lorre's *Dr. Gogol*

was the first fully-delineated portrayal of a psychotic I'd encountered on the screen. Usually the mentally-disturbed were shown only in a few scenes—as Lorre was in Fritz Lang's magnificent *M*. Or else they were supposedly "normal" characters in mystery-thrillers who didn't "go mad" until the heroes exposed them in the final moments of the films. But *Dr. Gogol* was a chillingly-convincing human monster from the beginning. Much as I was impressed by Leslie Banks in *The Most Dangerous Game*, Lionel Atwill in *Mystery of the Wax Museum* and *Murders In The Zoo*, and Charles Laughton in *Island Of Lost Souls*, I could still understand their motivations. Banks had suffered a head-injury that deranged him; Atwill sought revenge; Laughton had the rationalizations of the "mad scientist." But Lorre was something else—he seemed to have been born insane, and the glimpses of his aberrated behavior and thought-processes left no room for the compassion and understanding one attempts to bring to a consideration of mental illness. It was the mystery of his madness that frightened me.

Fifth and finally, I was frightened by a motion picture called *Psycho*. Anyone who could dream up an idea like that has to be a real weirdo!

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FAMOUS MONSTERS COVER ARTISTS



BASIL GOGOS

If you've seen one or two Gogos covers, you're pretty likely to know them all. They're well done, distinctive. Some of them have even been classics.

The Frankenstein painting on the cover of **FAMOUS MONSTERS** #56 is an excellent example of the kind of cover Basil Gogos does so well.

Gogos has painted other FM cover classics. Remember the Mummy of FM #58? The Wolfman of FM #99? Dracula on FM #105? King Kong (#108)? The wonderful portrait of Frankenstein's monster with his bride on FM #112?

But what does this tell us about this terrific artist?

Obviously he is a talented, fully competent professional. He has a fantastic color sense! He is sensitive to his subjects. He understands expression and gesture. He knows how to make paint come alive on canvas!

But what does this tell us about Basil Gogos? Does it tell us that he is Greek? That he is New York based? That he's been doing FM covers for 14 years?

Admittedly, his paintings can't talk to that extent. But about the things that really matter, they can speak for themselves. Long live Gogos!



KEN KELLY

Back in the old days, when anybody mentioned Ken Kelly, they spoke of him as a talented newcomer to magazine cover art who showed a lot of promise.

Nowadays, people ask "Hey, did you see that great new FM cover Ken Kelly did?" Nobody mentions talent, experience or promise. They are all taken for granted.

Like the fact that his next **FAMOUS MONSTERS** cover will be monsterrifically superb. And the next. And the next.

Ken Kelly has lived up to his promise. His work is getting hotter all the time!

Besides being an excellent artist and a really nice guy (who is as handsome as his photo suggests) aesthetic, sensitive, mild mannered Ken Kelly used to be a Gung-Ho Marine. He is now happily married with a beautiful wife, Rosa, and two young children.

He has been painting covers for Warren Publishing since 1967.

But can you tell the covers by the artist?

Well, you can be pretty certain that a Ken Kelly cover will be vital, colorful, exciting!

Remember The Fly on FM #104? The Frog on #91? The West World on FM #107?

And wait until you see his spectacular Godzilla versus Rodan on the cover of the new FM #114. Typically, it's his best yet!

END



FM #56



F.M. #108



FM #112



F.M. #104



FM #91



FM #107

JANUARY 2ND TO 5TH COMICS CONVENTION 1975



If comic books, horror, or fantasy is your interest, don't miss the Creation Convention; Jan. 2-5, at the Hotel Commodore, 42nd and Park in Manhattan. There will be 150 dealer tables stocked with great sale items, fantastic fantasy & horror film classics, panels, displays, and speeches. 35 top guests including Stan Lee, Barry Smith, & Jim Staranko, Gray Morrow, Ralph Reese, Mike Kaluta and Neal Adams will be on hand. A costume parade auctions, a special EC tribute, a collection of new art exhibits & thousands of fans are all a part of Creation 1975. Be on hand for all the fun, four big days at the Commodore. Please read on... MEMBERSHIPS - Convention activi-

ties are open to members only. Membership fees are - \$3 per day, \$5 for 2 days, \$7 for all 4. In advance, by mail it's \$4 for 2 days, \$5 for 3 days, \$8 for all 4. Please let us know which days you're coming, you will receive tickets in the mail. Order in advance, and save! Dealer's tables are \$60, including 2 memberships.

Commodore hotel rates are: Single \$20, double \$26, triple-\$30, Quad-\$36. Reserve through us, to qualify for these special low rates. THURSDAY, 1:30PM to 8PM, Fri. 11AM to 2AM, Sat. 10AM to 2AM, Sun. 10AM to 5:30PM. Thursday admission is \$1 only. (Only dealer's room open.)

GARY BERMAN, 197-50F Peck Ave., Flushing, N.Y. 11365.

From FM Fan to FM Writer, Editor,
and now Producer of Hollywood Horror Movies...

SAM SHERMAN



Sam Sherman and J. Carroll Naish on the set of Independent-International's DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN.

Sam Sherman is president of Independent-International Pictures Corp., 7 year old production-distribution firm with offices in New York and Hollywood.

This year Sam will be distributing the screen version of the best selling book "IN SEARCH OF DRACULA" starring Christopher Lee. The film was made on location in Transylvania, was produced and directed by Calvin Floyd and stars Christopher Lee as both Count Dracula and the "real" Dracula-Vlad, "the Impaler."

In 1958 Sam started his professional career as a contributor to Warren Publishing Company magazines (FAMOUS MONSTERS, MONSTER WORLD and SPACE-MEN) and eventually became editor of WILDEST WESTERNS and Editorial Di-

rector of SCREEN THRILLS ILLUSTRATED.

Most recently he has been involved with film production in Hollywood, particularly in the field of Horror films. Some of his credits include "DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN," "BRAIN OF BLOOD," "BLOOD OF GHASTLY HORROR," "ANGELS' WILD WOMEN," and "THE DYNAMITE BROTHERS."

Sam has served in various capacities on over 50 feature films since 1964, including associate producer, writer, executive producer, producer and distributor.

One of Sam's great ambitions is to remake the 1925 film "LOST WORLD" with quality animation, keeping the film faithful to the classic book and 1925 version.

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