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That is to say, HOIBRETT #49, published by Rich Mann, 249B So. Nevada, Grand Forks AFB, North Dakota 58201 (only maybe not), is a fanzine published for Apa-L. I cannot really say when it will appear, exactly, other than to say that it will appear sometime in October, most likely, of 1965, in an Apa-L dwp numbered around 50 or so. This is ROMPress Publication No. 95, done 6 September 1965. A new kind of paper this time. Oboy.

A FANZINE FOR TOM DUPREE

The local drive-in movie is not a very good one, unfortunately, but during the few summer weeks I spend in Mentor, Minnesota, at our summer cabin, it is one of the only sources of outside entertainment. We have no television there, and this time we'd even forgotten to bring a radio with us. And of course, even fans can't read and work on fanzines all the time. So we go to the movies a lot.

The regular Saturday feature is an unannounced series of pictures that last from dusk till dawn, and are usually a batch of B-films and worse intended for the diversion of people who go to drive-ins for other purposes than just to see the movie, and usually can't even tell you what was on when they leave. In spite of this, they do manage to come with a Midnight Horror show about half of the weeks.

In spite of even that, we decided to try it one night. It was a bad night for it -- the temperature was around 40 degrees, and it was raining on and off, and had been raining all day long and all night before that. When we arrived at the drive-in, we discovered that there was a lake between each raised row of parking spots, making navigation about the lot looking for a good spot a risky sort of thing, and making a trip to the snack bar a virtual impossibility. The rain kept coming down all night, and we had trouble all night with the windows fogging up. It's not much trouble, usually to start up the motor every ten minutes or so to defrost, but this time we were almost out of gas, and were worried about using it all up....

It was a bad night for a movie, yes, but we stuck it out. Much to our collective dismay, the first show turned out to be "Stolen Hours" with Susan Hayward, which none of us were familiar with. It was a good enough picture, I suppose, but it did not turn me on in the least. The story is that of a drunken society woman who has a brain disorder. During an operation, it comes to light that she will live only one year, though she will live her time out in peace and comfort. No one tells her this, of course, so she goes on her merry way falling in love with the doctor. One peek into his files, though, and she knows the Awful Truth, and runs off to the old life of parties and drunkenness. He finds her, marries her, and brings her back to the Good Life, and they live Happily Ever After. For one year, whereupon she goes to bed and dies. Some movie.

It was handled fairly well, and evidently was supposed to show how fine life can be if you'll just live it without concern over the future, and accepting fate with aplomb. It wasn't a bad movie, and it passed the time pleasantly, though the plot could have used a little more life. It was quite predictable from the start, and could have used a little imagination in the development of the plot and characters.

However, it is the second movie about which I want to talk. It was entitled "The Haunted Palace" and starred (guess who!) Vincent Price and Deborah Paget. My reaction to this much information was a "ho hum, look at

cruddy horror show," sort of thing. However, when it said that the screenplay was by Charles Beaumont from a story by HPLovecraft, I sat up and watched. I've read only one of Lovecraft's stories, and that was THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD, which I'd never heard had been made into a movie. I wouldn't have heard, of course, except by luck, since I don't travel in HPL fan circles or the movie fan circles.

The film started with the proclamation that this musty, foggy old village was Arkham, Massachusetts. Arkham, I thought. I am often Quite Impressed by familiar but unexpected things like this, and I was Gassed that I knew more about Arkham, Mass. than anybody else in the audience, even though the one HPL book I read took place in Providence, Rhode Island.

In the first scene, the villagers see this young wench going into a fog-enshrouded home, and come and snatch Vincent Price from the place and burn him. They called him "Curwen", which really excited me -- why, the main character in CDWard was named Curwen. A few moments later, Charles Dexter Ward himself comes into town, leaving little doubt as to which H.L. work this was. I was going to see what they'd done to HPL's book that I'd like so much.

Well, it seemed that they'd ruined it. They'd taken Ward from Rhode Island to Arkham, Mass, and changed the plot quite completely, making it a case of villagers being frightened by the curse Curwen uttered while burning to his death. In the book, Ward is slowly fascinated by the accounts of his great-great-grandfather Curwen, and digs for more information, which slowly and insidiously takes over his mind until he starts continuing the work of Curwen and finally Curwen completely takes over his mind. The quite a few other irking changes quite ruin the story, including the inevitable Hollywood sex angle that the book did not have. If I hadn't read the book and knew what was really going on, I'd have disliked the film immensely.

As it was, I was completely gassed by the appearance of the Necronomicon, and mentions of Cthulhu and Yog-Sothoth, even if he did pronounce Cthulhu wrong. I do know that in the Fancyclopedia II, it was stated that no one really knows how you should pronounce it, but there are right ways and wrong ways of saying it. I was Sorely Grotched that the actor chose to call it "thooloo" or some such, and ignore the "c" at the beginning of the word.

It was an interesting experience for me, though. I am an avowed monster/horror/stf movie hater from way back, and this just helped show me why. I dislike movies because they are the lazy man's way to read a book. They are treatments of books for people with too little imagination to read them for themselves. The movies cannot begin, in most cases, to come up with convincing monsters or super gadgetry. They can't handle the feeling of immense horror and incomprehensibility that HPL put into his stuff, and they can't bring across the everyday acceptance of starships and such with their fakey mock-ups that wouldn't fool a ten-year-old neofan.

It seemed to me that "The Haunted Palace" was a pretty well done movie, and it was not as badly treated as it could have been; yet it couldn't compare with the book. The very nature of the story made a good movie treatment a virtual impossibility, and I can see very little purpose in trying to make a movie out of it.

Have At You, Tom Dupree!