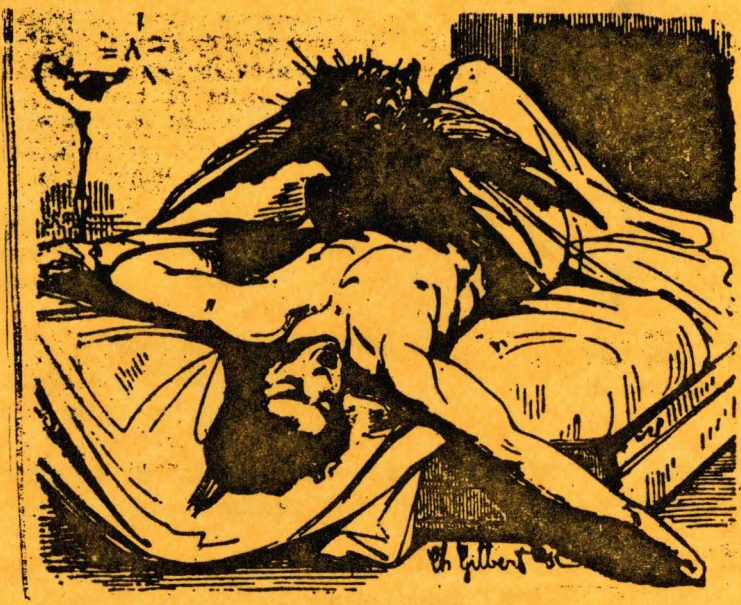


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JOURNAL of VAMPIRISM



THE NEWSLETTER QUARTERLY
of
THE VAMPIRE STUDIES SOCIETY

Vol. I

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Vampire Studies Society, P.O. Box 205
Oak Lawn, Illinois 60454

MADONNA VAMPIRE
by lyn lifshin

madonna vampire
comes out
in a full moon

she keeps some
things hidden
under velvet
long dark hair

she has to do this
because of something in her
past drags

you in the kitchen
pretending it's just
a kiss

but she'll draw blood
After the party

12 men will wake up
touch the scar it will
seem like a dream

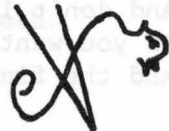
that dissolves by morning
They won't see her
for 28 more days



The Vampire,
Burne-Jones.

JOURNAL OF VAMPIRISM--the newsletter--quarterly of
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Lyrics from "THE NIGHT WIND" by Joey Brown

There's a town in the East
Where one thousand people sleep
And it's dark, and it's night, and it's silent,
The moon glows white
With icy light...
And the fingers of the Night Wind reach out.

In the house on the hill
The moon sheds its chill
And the Creature within rises tall
And he walks through the door,
And they tremble once more...
And the Night Wind whistles and moans.

He sails on the wind,
And his face wears a grin
For he knows that the night brings him pleasure
And the town feels the pain,
It's their life that he drains...
And the voice of the Night Wind cries out.

He taps on the window
And softly calls inside
And you try to resist but you can't
So you go let him in -
And he murders again...
And the Night Wind laughs, and cries.

He's tall and he's proud,
And he wears a flowing shroud
And his teeth are long, and straight, and sharp
And don't look in his eyes
If you want to stay alive...
And the fingers of the Night Wind reach out.

*

And now the town awakes,
And he returns to his bed
And he sleeps, and they think he's gone
But by night he'll arise,
With the power in his eyes...
And the Night Wind will speed him on ---

THE BANKS OF HORROR by Roxanne Salch

The night huddles under a blanket of darkness,
Trying to escape the chill of damp, dank earth.
It cannot shut out the cold.
A flash of lightning cuts through the gloom
Casting its eerie glow among the stones,
Lined up like soldiers,
Solemnly marching down the path to Death.
Nothing seems to stir in the blackness,
Where all that live are memories,
And ephemeral shades that flit between
The gnarled and rotting oaks.

Suddenly, an awful sound pierces the air,
Like that of rusted metal hinges squealing.
Its harshness is an intrusion.
Beating wings flap overhead,
Leaving the crypts and marble soldiers behind.
In this nightly venture,
The evil thing continues its quest.
A fluttering against the glass awakens her,
In time to see its form dissolve
Into a larger, more foreboding one
Which looms above her bed.

With mounting fear paralyzing her mind and voice,
The scream dies in her throat and lodges there,
Making it impossible to breathe.
The foul, musty stench overpowers her,
As the black one in its cape bends near.
Its eyes become a tunnel into Hell
As they hold her transfixed in their icy glare.
There's a gleam of sharp, pointed white
Before something sinks into her soft flesh.
A river of scarlet flows
Alongside the banks of horror.

Never again will this pale, white face
Open its eyes to the light of day.
For she, too, will soon become
A night-wandering terror
Among the ranks of the Undead.

THE VAMPIRE PLANT

by Bernhardt J. Hurwood*

From time to time travelers returning from distant, exotic places bring back strange stories of things so terrible that they lower their voices as they speak, and look behind them as if in fear of some nameless horror.

Around the time of the Spanish-American War a story came out of Cuba about a strange purple orchid referred to by the people in the district where it was found, as "The devil's poppy." The flowers were said to be larger than any others of their type, with a deep purple shade running to bloodred at the center. In addition they gave off an odd, sickly perfume, described as "the perfume of a corpse."

The mysterious flowers, it was whispered, grew high in trees located in a dense thicket. Powerful twisting green tendrils that were poisonous to the touch were supposed to be part of the plant, and it was from these tendrils the blossoms themselves grew. Those who spoke of the plant said that the tangled web of tendrils was as deadly to men and animals as the gossamer of spiders is to flies. Human bones and partially decomposed bodies were said to litter the periphery of this strange flower's bed.

The most terrifying attribute of this deadly plant were the tendrils, for they were covered with sharp deadly spines not unlike teeth. At night the tendrils lowered themselves and gently undulated about seeking prey. When they came upon warm-blooded creatures--animal or human--they poisoned the flesh with their spiny teeth, then affixed a hideous sucker, located at the tip of the tendril, and drew out the life's blood until the victims were quite emptied of the vital liquid.

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A Survey of Vampire Literature in the 1970's

by Martin Riccardo

The undead have truly made their mark in the publishing world in recent times, for more books have been released on the subject of vampires during the 1970's than in the entire previous history of the printed word. In addition, most of the older works on the subject have been reprinted, such as Dudley Wright's 1924 study Vampires and Vampirism, which came out again under three separate publishers since 1970! One notable exception is Montague Summers, whose massive studies of the 1920's (The Vampire: His Kith and Kin, and The Vampire in Europe) have not been reprinted since the early 1960's. However, many of the modern authors in vampirism have "appropriated" large chunks of Summers' research for their own works, so his material still serves as a storehouse of stories for many newer books.

In fiction, vampire novels and short stories have made fantastic new strides in popularity, while Dracula has never been out of print since it was first published in 1897. Apart from the modern best sellers such as Interview with the Vampire and 'Salem's Lot, there has been a steady flow (or gush) of vampire fiction, including whole series of paperbacks: the Dark Shadows series by Marilyn Ross, the Dracula series by Robert Lory, and the Vampirella series by Ron Goulart.

The following listings should provide the most avid vampire aficionado with ample selections to choose from the tomes of the tombs.

Abbreviations: HR=Highly Recommended R=Recommended
H=Hardcover P=Paperback rpf=reprinted from
LP=Large Paperback

GENERAL STUDIES ON THE VAMPIRE WITH EMPHASIS ON
THE SUPERNATURAL AND PATHOLOGICAL:

The Book of Vampires (or Vampires and Vampirism)

by Dudley Wright (R) A pioneering study. H (Gordon Press, 1970, N.Y.; Gale Research Co., 1973, Detroit; Causeway Books, 1973, N.Y.) rpf '24

The Natural History of the Vampire by Anthony Masters (R) An extensive collection of information. P (Berkley Medallion, 1976, N.Y.) rpf 1972

Vampires, Zombies, and Monster Men by Daniel Farson Good analysis with mention of modern cases. H (Doubleday & Co., 1976, Garden City, N.Y.)

A Night in Transylvania: The Dracula Scrapbook by Kurt Brokaw. A travelogue through the land of the historical Dracula in Romania with insights like "The closer you get to Castle Bran, the bigger it gets." Also a look at Romanian vampire folklore and a review of some vampire cinema and literature. LP (Grosset & Dunlap, 1976, N.Y.)

True Vampires of History by Donald F. Glut P (H.C. Publishers, 1971, N.Y.)

In Pursuit of Premature Gods & Contemporary Vampires by Dr. Stephen Kaplan. The parapsychological research and experiences of Dr. Kaplan in essays and poems. P (Vampire Research Center, 1976, N.Y.)

The Vampire Papers (formerly Terror by Night) by Bernhardt J. Hurwood. P (Pinnacle Books, 1976, N.Y.) rpf 1963

Vampires, Werewolves and Ghouls by Bernhardt J. Hurwood P (Ace Books, 1973, N.Y.) rpf 1968

The History of Ghosts, Vampires & Werewolves by Douglas Hill P (Harrowood Books, Newtown Square, PA, 1973)

The Vampire in Legend, Fact and Art by Basil Copper H (Citadel Press, 1974, Secaucus, N.J.)

THE FOLLOWING GENERAL WORKS ON VAMPIRES WERE DESIGNED FOR YOUNGER READERS:

The Story of Vampires by Thomas G. Aylesworth H (McGraw Hill Book Co., 1977, N.Y.)

Vampires and Other Ghosts by Thomas G. Aylesworth H (Addison Wesley Publishing Co., 1972, Reading, MA)

Vampires by Nancy Garden P (Lippincott, 1973, Phil.)

Vampires, Werewolves & Other Demons by Bernhardt J. Hurwood P (Scholastic Magazines, 1972, N.Y.)

Vampires by Elwood D. Baumann H (Franklin Watts, 1977, N.Y.)

STUDIES ON THE PSYCHOLOGICAL, SOCIOLOGICAL, SYMBOLIC, AND LITERARY IMAGE OF THE VAMPIRE:

A Dream of Dracula by Leonard Wolf (R) A stream of consciousness montage with emphasis on the novel Dracula. P (Popular Library, 1977, N.Y.) rpf '72

The Vampire by Ornella Volta (R) The love life of the dead and other bizzarrities. P (Tandem, 1970, London) rpf 1962

On the Nightmare by Ernest Jones (R) The chapter on vampires gives an in-depth Freudian analysis. P (Liveright, 1971, N.Y.) rpf 1951

The Truth About Dracula by Gabriel Ronay (R) A good study of the social factors behind vampire beliefs and imagery. P (Stein & Day, 74, NY) rpf 72

Vampirism in Literature: Shadow of a Shade by Margaret L. Carter H (Gordon Press, 1974, N.Y.)

THE VAMPIRE IN FILM AND THE ARTS:

(X=Adult Illustrations)

The Vampire Cinema by David Pirie (R) H (Crescent Books, 1977, New York) X

The Seal of Dracula by Barrie Pattison (R) LP (Bounty Books, 1975, New York) X rpf 1974

The Vampire Film by Alain Silver & James Ursini (R) H (A.S. Barnes & Co., 1975, N.Y.)

The Dracula Book by Donald F. Glut. A massive collection of information on Dracula books, plays, records, movies, etc. H (Scarecrow Press, 1975, Metuchen, New Jersey)

BIOGRAPHIES:

In Search of Dracula by Raymond T. McNally & Radu Florescu. This book was one of the major 'sparks' behind the Dracula resurgence of the 70's. P (Warner, 1973, N.Y.) rpf 1972

Dracula: A Biography of Vlad the Impaler by Radu Florescu and Raymond T. McNally. H (Hawthorn Books, 1973, New York)

The Man Who Wrote Dracula by Daniel Farson H (St. Martin's, London, 1976)

Lugosi: The Man Behind the Cape by Robert Cramer H (Henry Regnery, 1976, Chicago)

VAMPIRE ANTHOLOGIES:

The Dracula Scrapbook by Peter Haining (HR) A marvelous collection of articles, short stories, essays, ads and illustrations covering vampiredom from ancient legends to Dracula T-shirts.

H (Bramhall House, 1977, New York)

Vampires of the Slavs by Jan L. Perkowski (HR) Scholarly selections including pieces on folklore, the occult, and vampire bats. LP

(Slavica Publishers, 1976, Cambridge, Mass.)

A Clutch of Vampires by Raymond T. McNally (HR)

Historical accounts and legends, good short stories. P(Warner, 1975, New York) rpf 1974

Vampires: Stories of the Supernatural by Alexis Tolstoy. Fiction by this 19th century Russian writer. LP(Hawthorn Books, 1969, New York)

The Vampire's Bedside Companion by Peter Underwood (R) Interesting short stories and non-fiction including a fantastic modern account of the Highgate vampire. LP(Leslie Frewin, 1976, London) rpf 1975

THE FOLLOWING ARE ALL EXCELLENT COLLECTIONS OF SHORT STORIES FROM A MULTITUDE OF WRITERS:

The Dracula Book of Great Vampire Stories by Leslie Shepard (R) H(Citadel, 77, Secaucus, NJ)

A Feast of Blood by Charles M. Collins (R) P(Avon, 1976, New York) rpf 1967

The Undead by James Dickie (R) P(Pocket Books, 1976, New York) rpf 1973

The Curse of the Undead by M.L. Carter (R) P(Fawcett, 1970, Greenwich, Conn.)

The Midnight People by Peter Haining (R) P(Popular Library, 1968, New York) Note--reprinted and translated into German as Stunde Der Vampire, 1974.

(THIS SURVEY OF VAMPIRE LITERATURE WILL BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE JOURNAL OF VAMPIRISM WITH A LISTING OF VAMPIRE NOVELS.)

Contrary to popular belief, the canine star of the recent film Dracula's Dog was not a bloodhound.

BOOK REVIEW

The Shining by Stephen King; paperback (Signet)
Reviewed by Maria Steppenwolfe

One word sums up King's latest novel - "terrific!" You know how horror stories always promise to scare you? Well this one actually does.

The Shining is the story of the Torrance family - Jack, Wendy, and their five-year-old son Danny, who has great psychic gifts. Jack has been hired to be the caretaker of the Overlook, an old hotel with a scenic location high in the Colorado mountains--and an infamous history. They will be staying in the hotel through the winter months, which means they will be snowed in and cut off from the rest of the world.

Some of the Overlook's employees have noticed strange things about the hotel. Before leaving for a vacation in Florida, Hallorann, the cook, who is also psychic, warns Danny about the place.

And it does seem that the hotel has even more ghosts than Dark Shadow's Collinwood. They seem to like a lot of company, too. And not only that, but Danny's power (which he and Mr. Hallorann call the "shining") seems to act as a switch that frees the Overlook's phantoms to be more powerful and deadlier than ever before. What ensues is as wild as any nightmare.

The Overlook manages to possess Jack, who seems to be as psychic as his son. Now Wendy and Danny must fight the hotel alone, as Danny desperately tries to contact Mr. Hallorann telepathically. However, it is up to the hotel whether or not to let him call, and all the time the Overlook grows stronger and stronger. One is not sure how the story will end until the last page.

The Shining now ranks on my list of my five favorite horror stories (Number one is Thomas Tryon's Harvest Home, if anyone's interested). Stephen King has written a gripping horror story.

I bet it'll make a great movie.

"As one Vampire said to his victim: Please give till it hurts."----Stephen Kaplan

THE VAMPIRE: TOOL OF THE DEVIL

by Rev. Dr. Ronald Paparesta, D.D., D.Ed., D.OcS.,
M.S.P.R., M.S.B.S., Pastorial Counselor, and
Certified Metaphysical Psychologist, Fifth
Ministry of Christ.

If the reader expects a historical, psychoanalytic, or medical explanation concerning the vampire, forget about reading this article. This script is only for those who have enough intelligence to comprehend the evidence I present.

Throughout history the vampire has enjoyed a great deal of publicity. From the east, west, north, and south, reports of these creatures have circulated in legend--and through responsible reporting, even to this date. Without a doubt, the reports differ according to nationality and the particular time in history, but surprisingly only slightly. What we have to work with in our earnestness to comprehend the facts is that the vampire is an evil being who enters and controls both the physical and mental processes of a cadaver or those of a living host. Satan himself is responsible for the atrocities these creatures have wreaked on the human race. He has gone to extreme measures to provide the vampire with ferocious instinctual behavior and a lust for destruction.

The next question one must deal with is - can the devil transform any live human being or cadaver into his own foul instrument of destruction? The answer is no; only a cadaver that has been (when in a living state) excommunicated by the church for any reason and not buried in sacred ground is subject to the influence of the devil. Reports (as recently as the 1950's) have stated that bodies have not decayed although they had been buried for at least fifty years.

Furthermore, these demons of hell have been reported committing atrocities many years after their demise. But fortunately, we are not at their mercy. We can combat these creatures by placing holy relics in their coffins, using the rite of exorcism, and the Lord's supper. These rituals remove the demon from the cadaver, subse-

quently sanctifying the host so that the demon can not reenter. What you have read concerning decapitation, burning, and driving a wooden stake through the heart of the vampire is utter nonsense. You cannot destroy a metaphysical entity with physical means.

I am not going to lecture on Biblical topics, nor will I give you a difficult method for safeguarding yourself from demonic possession because the essence of both is simple and need not consume a large amount of time. The answer is simply love. The New Testament is nothing more than the book of perfect love. And those of you who have attained this love cannot be touched by the forces of evil. For those of you who are possessed, the remedy is prayer, exorcism, and repentance.

What follows is not legend nor second-hand reporting, but fact.

Excerpts from officer's memo book:

June 2, 1971, 2:31 A.M. - broke chain off door - Room 1810 - five suspects taken into custody - one suspect jumped out of window - had on black robe with three silver X's - can't find body - victim - dead - taken to St. Vincents Hospital - test tubes - full of blood all over room - suspects seem to be in trance-like state - retrieved one 25 automatic - large quantities of narcotics - suspects' clothes and cranial area smeared with red sticky substance - suspects arrested and incarcerated into the 16th precinct. June 2, 1971, 5:10 A.M. - victim pronounced legally dead - coroner's report - victim died of extreme loss of blood caused by a multitude of transfusions - police laboratory report - red substance on perpetrators' cranials and clothes - human type blood AB negative - no sign of perpetrator who jumped out of window.

The above log report was made by Lt. Dect. R. Paparesta, Manhattan Hotels' Security Police. As you may have guessed by now, I did not wear a collar all my life!

The Manhattan Hotel is closed now and some of those involved are dead or institutionalized - God forgive them. This is the first time this account has been told. I am sure the New York

City Police Department is not going to be happy about this, but I feel it is time to tell the story.

I guess it was just one of those ordinary rainy nights in New York City. The streets seemed deserted except for the doorways where the prostitutes were conducting business as usual; your friendly drug dealer was selling his cure-alls; the local muggers were eyeing their next victims; and the poor pimps were getting their orange suits wet trying to drum up business. That night I decided to check on the security patrolmen in the Manhattan Hotels. I arrived at the Hotel Manhattan at 2:15 A.M. - that is when the week of horror began. I do not know why I broke into that room. There was no physical evidence of a crime nor a complaint by anyone. Today, I can safely say that it was the Hand of God that broke the door down, the Lord only used a poor miserable sinner for his tool. The log reports you have already read so it is unnecessary to backtrack on that information; therefore, let's go on.

The room, when I entered it, had a strange odor. The odor was nauseating and although in June, the room was cold. When I got into the room, three girls and two men were standing over the body of the victim - chanting. A cross was hanging upside down and pictures of hideous beings were sprawled all over the room. There were black candles lit all over the place and the perpetrators seemed to be in a very deep trance-like state. I ordered everyone not to move. One of the men involved, a very lanky and tall fellow with eyes that looked like red marbles, wearing a black robe with XXX in silver across his chest, started to move toward the window; I ordered him to stop but he did not heed my warning and just jumped out of the window. I called for assistance and the rest you can surmise from the logs. The police wanted nothing to do with the case, I was suspended for 30 days, and the Manhattan Hotel denied that the room was even occupied. I had to find out why.

The first step was to visit my old friend, Tom, a New York City detective. After a little persuasion, Tom showed me some classified reports from the files of the District Homicide Squad. All had one thing in common--the victims' bodies were practically drained of blood and the perpetrators were in trance-like states. The evidence suggested black magic rituals and (strangely enough) the uncanny disappearances attributed to one of the suspects. It seemed that in all these cases a tall lanky man with fiery red eyes escaped under mysterious circumstances. I did not have to be a genius to add two and two. It came out red-eyes, who jumped out of an 18 story window with no trace of his body found to this day.

I was determined to get to the bottom of this mystery. As I suggested before, I indeed was a sinner and didn't believe in the existence of anything I could not see. This case changed my whole life.

I decided to start looking down at the docks, on the lower east side, where all the cult people seem to gather. After a couple of nights, I got some information about a group of people (living on 10th Avenue) that seemed to be into some black magic. I hung around the address for a couple of nights, and sure enough, red-eyes showed up. I followed him into the building (which looked like it hadn't been cleaned in years and never heard the good news that electricity was invented) to an apartment on the second floor. I said to myself--I got the suspect who was involved in the murder, I was suspended, and I had no right to work on this case. Besides, the New York City Police Department would be upset if I nailed this guy before they did.

Taking these facts into consideration, I did the only logical thing; I left the building to find police assistance. As I left the building, to my good fortune, a police unit was passing by. I flagged it down and informed them I had a murder suspect up on the second floor. One patrol-

man accompanied me while the other called for backup units. In minutes the New York City detectives arrived; lucky for me, a few were friends of mine. They agreed that I could go along with the apprehension - of course, this took plenty of persuasion. They instructed me to stand on the side of the door to the apartment. The fire escapes, the roofs, and the streets were blocked off by police. This character was a suspect (or I should say, is a suspect) in numerous other murders. The police were not going to take any chances on him escaping again.

The detectives decided to break down the door to gain entrance to the apartment. This is when the horror began! As the door flew off its flimsy hinges, the first wave of detectives rushed in; a commotion followed and shots were fired--and running right out of the apartment was red-eyes. I grabbed at him, but there was nothing to hold on to. He seemed to be transparent. I then realized he was a metaphysical being. A sense of fear and helplessness came over me as I watched the apparition walk right out of the building into the street and disappearing from my view.

I then entered the apartment and became sick to my stomach. There were four bodies, or what seemed to be bodies, stretched side by side on the bare floor. These bodies were so mutilated that only an expert could identify their sex. All over the living room and bedroom, the same hideous pictures that I had seen in the hotel room were covering the walls. A cross, upside down, was overshadowing a table with black candles and a small silver sword. In the middle of the table, three X's in silver were displayed on a black cloth.

The detectives took four suspects into custody and made arrangements for the bodies. The next day I reported the facts, just as they happened, to my superiors. They told me I was overworked and needed a vacation; and the city

police passed it off as an everyday multi-homicide.

Subsequently I learned that there is a metaphysical world. I took that long vacation; in fact, I haven't been back since. From that time on I studied all I could in the fields of psychology, parapsychology, occult sciences, and--the most important--about God. After a number of degrees, and working in the fields of psychology and parapsychology, I decided to become a minister in the Fifth Ministry of Christ.

Recently, I became interested in a ritual murder in the South Bronx. I am not at liberty to divulge too many facts, because it is under police investigation. Note the information from the following newspaper article and what I've underlined: "The body of a retarded seven-year-old boy, discovered hanging in an abandoned South Bronx tenement, was apparently used in a bizarre ritual described by one detective as a 'horror show.'...Yesterday a scavenger hunting for scrap metal in the decrepit building at 150th St. and Concord Av. discovered the boy's nude body hanging by a length of electrical cord from a water pipe...Surrounding the body were dead chickens and chicken feathers...Two large plastic bags filled with bones and flesh were also found on the scene. 'It's hard to tell,' said Detective Richard Lenihan, 'it could be human or a very large animal.'"

If the police labs can not tell, I know a few high school biology students who can surely analyze those remains and classify them properly. The only thing I can say (for now) is that after asking a few questions in that area, I found one interesting fact! It seems that one of the neighborhood residents saw some teenagers hanging around with a tall lanky man dressed in black. The resident also states that he was no more than a few feet away when he noticed a large silver ring with three X's on the man's finger.

Well, I get another shot at him, but this

time I am better prepared. Instead of a badge, I have a collar; in place of a gun, a crucifix; and I replaced the penal code with the Bible.

By the way, the three X's on silver signifies in Roman numerals the 30 pieces of silver Judas betrayed Christ for.

- - - - -

From News of the World, October 28, 1973:

A Church of England priest who claims to exorcise evil spirits says he has been attacked by a human vampire. The Rev. Donald Omand alleges that the vampire is a 22-year-old man with a history of attacking people with his teeth or nails to get at their blood. The 70-year-old priest pointed to his own marked lips and said: 'It was the most terrifying experience of my life. One moment he was talking quite rationally. The next he had leaped at me - his face diabolical. He scratched my lips and had to be overpowered. He openly admitted that he got an ecstasy from sucking blood. It might only be coincidence. But it's curious that the man's mother came from Transylvania - the very place where Dracula is said to have lived.'

Dr. Omand, of Honiton, Devon, talked to the man after being approached by psychiatrists at a Scandinavian nursing home. 'I had previously worked with them as an exorcist,' he explained. Dr. Omand said the man had attacked other patients in the home. 'What is even more terrible is that his victims then betrayed signs of the same vampire tendencies,' Dr. Omand continued. 'I exorcised him the day after he attacked me. With salt and water, and with those prayers which are used by the Church in such ceremonies. The next day, he could remember nothing of his vampire history...'

- - - - -

From the Chicago Tribune, February 22, 1978:

(XICOTEPEC, Mexico)--Police fear that a satanic cult may be responsible for 10 decapitated bodies found this month in a local cem-

etry. The heads have been retrieved, but the bodies haven't been identified.

NOTES, NEWS, AND NOTICES:

The First Annual Ghost Picnic of Chicago will be held at Chet's Melody Lounge Grove (right across from the haunting grounds of "Resurrection Mary," the hitchhiking ghost) on August 12, 1978 from 2 to 7 p.m. Send \$10 for each ticket (which includes all the beer and food you can handle) or write for more information to: Richard T. Crowe, P.O. Box 29054; Chicago, Il. 60629.

THE BANKS OF HORROR (see pg. 3) by Roxanne Salch (who is associate director of the Vampire Research Center) was originally published in Stephen Kaplan's In Pursuit of Premature Gods and Contemporary Vampires. Stephen recently made another coup for parapsychology by speaking before an official group at the United Nations. For a copy of his book, send \$5 to the Vampire Research Center, 42-47 78th St., Elmhurst, Queens, N.Y. 11373. The Rev. Dr. Ronald Paparesta is a metapsychologist with address at 1583 First Ave, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10028.

Regarding his title role in the BBC TV production of COUNT DRACULA (shown on public TV in America), actor Louis Jourdan stated, "I've tried to make him as attractive as possible. Like so many evil people, Dracula really believes he is doing good. He claims he gives his victims eternal life."

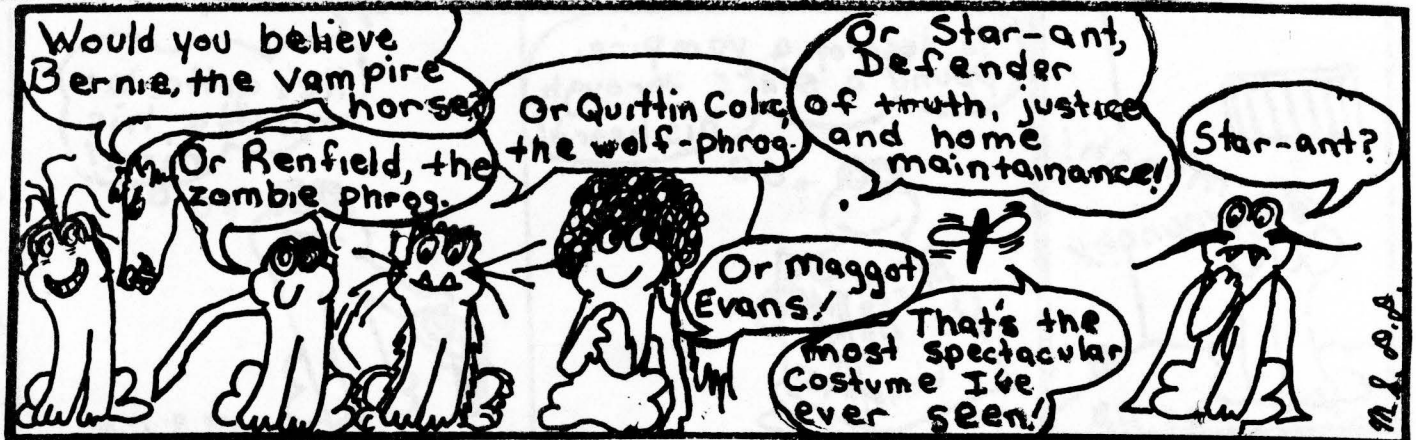


The Anomaly Research Bulletin is a quarterly journal that examines anomalous (strange) creature reports. Subscriptions are \$5, or write for information to ARB, 7098 Edinburg, Lambertville, Michigan 48144.

The vampire play "Carmilla" (by David Campton) is expected to play at the Wisdom Bridge Theater (Chicago) into July. For more information, call the theater at (312) 743-6442.

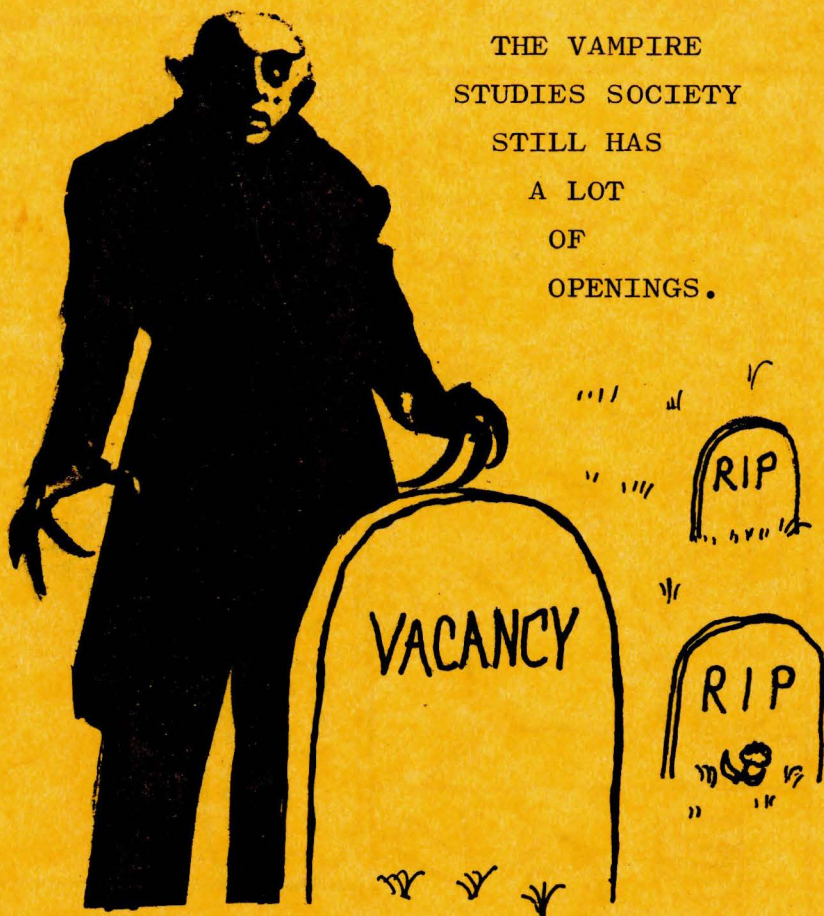
While visiting America, Romanian President Ceausescu said Dracula wasn't a vampire but "a leader of the struggle by the Romanian people against the yoke of the Ottoman Empire."

by Maria Stromswick & Norma Donovan





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