

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

PSYCHO

T.M.



75¢
47789

NO. 21
OCT
1974

THE FIERCE BEGINNING OF AN ALL NEW HORROR CHARACTER!

the Fiend of Chhangsha!





THE FIENDS OF THE HORROR-MOOD

Are unlike the fiends published in any other horror magazines, because they are NOT cliché monsters, they do NOT have cliché dialog and they do NOT run around in cliché situations. The HORROR-MOOD fiends are all original, all different, all unconventional and all fiendish! Something important to consider when you buy illustrated Horror Magazines — buy the magazines that are DIFFERENT and ORIGINAL - from the HORROR-MOOD GROUP!

at quality Horror-Mood newsstands.



A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE

PSYCHO

edited by ALAN HEWETSON

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CARDONA LUIS COLLADO

GENE DAY JACK KATZ

CHULL SANKO KIM

PAUL PUEYO EDGAR ALLAN POE

PSYCHOTIC CONTENTS

THE FIEND OF CHANGSHA

Introducing brand new HORROR-MOOD artist CHULL SANHO KIM in this brutal tale of a DRACULA victim who has literally never even heard of either DRACULA or VAMPIRISM . . . page 4

PSYCHOTIC PSYCHO MAILBAG

Weird letters and paranoid previews of weird things to come are featured in these very, ultimately PSYCHOTIC LETTERS/EDITORIAL PAGES . . . pages 12 and 13

THE CASE OF M. VALDEMAR

The facts revolve around the non-death of one HYPNOTIZED DEAD MAN — A tale only POE could have scripted . . .

GLOOM BOMB

Whatever THE WEAPON WITHIN US is, it's destined to BLOW UP INSIDE OUR HEADS if we don't treat it and respect it with tender loving care — in this tale, one man DIDN'T . . . page 22

THE CADAVER

Introducing new MOOD-TEAM illustrator Gene Day in this tale about a circus clown who died before he was even born . . . pages 34 and 35

THE GHOST OF THE CORPSE

The police have a way of investigating even the most minute detail of every unsolved case — even when there's been NO CRIME . . . page 36

MAXWELL'S BLOODY HAMMER

Max is a nice guy, but he has a fierce, MURDEROUS STREAK in him that's well-expressed in this HORROR-WHOODUNIT . . . page 45

PSYCHO IS PUBLISHED BY THE SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 18 EAST 41ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10017. PUBLISHED 8 TIMES A YEAR. PUBLISHERS: ISRAEL WALDMAN AND HERSCHEL WAXMAN. EDITOR: ALAN HEWETSON. PRICE 75¢ PER COPY. BACK NUMBERS OF THIS MAGAZINE MAY BE OBTAINED FROM THE PUBLISHER, REFER TO ADVERTISEMENTS ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE. THE PUBLISHER ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS OR ARTWORK, ALTHOUGH EVERY EFFORT WILL BE MADE TO RETURN MATERIAL WHEN ACCOMPANIED BY A STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. ANY RESEMBLANCE OF CHARACTERS HEREIN TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN ANY FORM WITHOUT THE EXPRESS WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. PRINTED IN CANADA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. DISTRIBUTED BY KAGLE NEWS.

... NEAR MIDNIGHT AT THE PORT OF NANHAI IN THE SOUTH CHINA SEA, IN MARCH OF THE YEAR 1823, A CARGO VESSEL DOCKS, AND ITS CREW DISEMBARKS, LEAVING ONLY ONE SAILOR ON GUARD-WATCH...



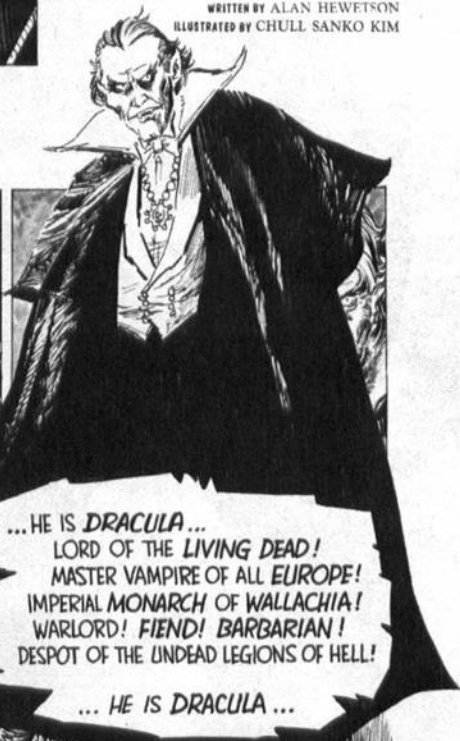
... WITHIN THE RECESSES OF THE SHIP THERE IS A GREAT RUSH OF WIND, AS HUGE BLUE-BLACK WINGS RIP THROUGH THE AIR AND PROPEL THE VILE RABIES-RIDDEN BODY OF A BEHEMOTH VAMPIRE BAT OUT THE DECK HATCHES INTO THE NIGHT SKY...



... THE SAILOR PAYS IT LITTLE ATTENTION, AS INDEED NO-ONE HAS PAID IT ANY ATTENTION DURING THE LONG VOYAGE FROM LONDON IN ENGLAND TO THIS CHINA SEAPORT, AND THOUGH THERE WERE MANY STRANGE DEATHS ON THIS TRIP, NO-ONE SUSPECTED THE GREAT BAT SECRETED AWAY IN THE HOLD BY DAY-ON THE PROWL BY NIGHT...

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY CHULL SANKO KIM

... THE MONSTER BIRD FLIES DUE NORTH SEVERAL HOURS, TILL DAYLIGHT FORCES IT TO TAKE REST IN A GRAVEYARD, JUST OUTSIDE THE TOWN OF CHANGSHA— THERE, AS IT LANDS, AN AWESOME CHANGE TAKES PLACE IN ITS APPEARANCE....



... HE IS DRACULA ...
LORD OF THE LIVING DEAD!
MASTER VAMPIRE OF ALL EUROPE!
IMPERIAL MONARCH OF WALLACHIA!
WARLORD! FIEND! BARBARIAN!
DESPOT OF THE UNDEAD LEGIONS OF HELL!

... HE IS DRACULA ...

THE FIEND OF CHANGSHA!



THE SUN IS ALMOST UP-- I NEED A CRYPT, A **TOMB**, TO REST THE DAYLIGHT HOURS ...



... TONIGHT I WILL CONTINUE MY FLIGHT TO LIAOHSI TO SEE THE **MANDARIN FU MANCHU!**

※ COUNT DRACULA IS IN CHINA FOR GOOD REASONS, AS WILL BE TOLD IN THE SPECIAL TALE: KILLER FU MANCHU, TO BE PRESENTED SOON AS A 20 PAGE HORROR-MOOD BLOCKBLISTER!

— ARCHAIC EDITOR —

... A FLIGHT BENEATH THE EARTH AS THE SUN BECOMES BRIGHT, AND DRACULA RESTS HIS WEARY LIMBS ...



... ONE WHO **DISCOVERS** TO HIS **HORROR** HE IS NOT ALONE IN THESE HALLOWED GROUNDS--



... TILL NIGHTFALL, WHEN ONE DISTURBS THE EARTH WITH HIS NOISELESS **FOOTFALLS**-- ONE ON A SILENT MISSION OF DISCREET **THEFT**-- ONE COME TO ROB THE GRAVES OF THE **DEAD!**

A WESTERNER-- CHANTING OVER THE GRAVES -- IS HE A **MADMAN?**

I NEED FOOD-- IN ALL THIS GRAVEYARD THERE MUST BE A DISCIPLE OF THE LIVING UNDEAD--

-- WHOM I CAN CALL UP TO DO MY BIDDING...

... WHOM I CAN DRAIN OF CURSED BLOOD, AND THUS SATIATE MY NEEDS!

HE SEEMS IN SOME SORT OF **TRANCE**-- WHAT CAN HE BE DOING?-- PRAYING TO THE **DEAD**? PERHAPS HE IS A **GRAVEROBBER** AS I-- NO, WHAT GOOD WOULD THIS **STRANGE CEREMONY** DO? I DO NOT UNDERSTAND WESTERN WAYS-- I DO NOT UNDERSTAND THIS MAN-- UNLESS HE BE **MAD!**



COME TO ME, MY DISCIPLES-- RISE UP FROM THY **GRAVES** AND OBEY THE CALL OF THY MASTER-- **DRACULA CALLS YOU!**



You!

I MUST FLEE--
IF HE'S **MAD**
HE MAY
ATTACK ME !



AHH!

HOLD MAN--
I WOULD ASK
YOU SOME
QUESTIONS--

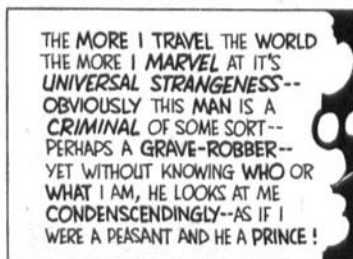
WHAT
QUESTIONS ?

DO YOU
UNDERSTAND THE
MEANING OF
THE WORD--VAMPIRISM?

NO! NOW
LET ME FREE !

YOU DO
NOT? VAMPIRISM
IS FOREIGN TO CHINA?
THERE ARE NO
VAMPIRES IN CHINA?

I KNOW NOT
WHAT YOU SPEAK OF!--
LET ME FREE NOW !



THE MORE I TRAVEL THE WORLD
THE MORE I **MARVEL** AT ITS
UNIVERSAL STRANGENESS--
OBVIOUSLY THIS MAN IS A
CRIMINAL OF SOME SORT--
PERHAPS A GRAVE-ROBBER--
YET WITHOUT KNOWING WHO OR
WHAT I AM, HE LOOKS AT ME
CONDENSINGLY--AS IF I
WERE A PEASANT AND HE A PRINCE !

THIS MAN IS MAD--
HE WILL KILL ME !

LOOK INTO MY EYES--
DEEPLY--
LOOK DEEPLY INTO
MY EYES ...



YOU ARE UNDER MY
CONTROL-- MY WILL !

SO-- MUDDLED--
MY MIND IS SO--CLOUDED!

I WILL SATIATE MYSELF
ON **YOU**, PEASANT--AND
THIS INTRODUCE TO THE
MYSTERIOUS EAST A
WAY OF LIFE LONG
DENIED THIS **CHINA**...

...YOU ARE MY **SLAVE**
NOW, IN SPIRIT...



NOW--YOU ARE
MY **SLAVE**--IN
FLESH !

... THE IMMORTAL **DRACULA**,
PRINCE OF ALL EUROPE,
LORD OF THE DREGS OF HUMANITY--
DEPARTS ON HIS WAY...



... LEAVING A CRUMPLED-UP **HUMAN WRECK**, A MAN DEAD-BUT-NOT,
A MAN WHOSE ENTIRE **LIFE** CHANGED IN LESS THAN A **MOMENT**...

... A MAN **POSSESSED** BY THE CURSE OF THE **BLOODLUST**, A CURSE
HE CANNOT YET UNDERSTAND, BUT ONLY REACT TO WITH **INSTINCT**--
LETTING HIS NEW **SUB-CONSCIOUS** DRIVE HIM **MINDLESSLY** AWAY
FROM THE SCENE OF HIS DEPARTURE FROM **HUMAN-KIND**--



CHAN 'HAI !

YOU ARE BACK FROM YOUR
WORK VERY **SOON !** DID YOU
THIEVE MUCH TONIGHT? DID YOU
HAVE **PROBLEMS ?** YOU LOOK
DIFFERENT-- AS IF DEEP
IN **THOUGHT !**

JOIN OUR
GAMES **CHAN 'HAI !**

NO--
I WILL NOT JOIN
YOUR GAMES--I JUST
WANT TO **REST--**
I FEEL SO VERY
TIRED !

-- HE IS NOW-- MIGHTIER THAN THE MIGHTIEST
MADARIN, AND THOUGH BUT A PEASANT
PRINCE, HE IS A MASTER OF MEN !

CHAN 'HAI IS A STRANGE ONE -- HE IS VERY UNSOCIABLE -- HE CONTRIBUTES LITTLE TO OUR GROUP OF THIEVES!

TRUE -- HE HAS NEVER CONTRIBUTED MUCH -- HE IS A LONER -- HE IS VERY HEAVILY INTO OPIUM, MORE THAN ANY MAN I HAVE EVER KNOWN -- HE WAS NOT BORN AND RAISED A THIEF AS WE ARE, HE JOINED US NOT TOO LONG AGO WHEN HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN DIED...

-- CHAN 'HAI SLEEPS -- HE IS NOW A MAN WHOSE FUT IRE IS DEFINED BY BASIC INSTINCTUAL ACTION -- ONCE HE WAS A DOCTOR, AND AS SUCH, AN INTELLECTUAL EXTROVERT!

WHAT WORK DID HE DO BEFORE THIS?

CHAN 'HAI WAS A VERY RESPECTED DOCTOR!

THEN A THIEF, LIVING A LIFE OF REACTION, FIGHTING HIMSELF, TRYING TO BE SOMETHING HE WAS NOT!

NOW A VAMPIRE, HIS EVERY THOUGHT GEARED TO SATIATE AN INCONQUERABLE, FIERCE, AND GORY LUST!

-- HIS COMPANIONS, A COMMUNE OF THIEVES, BARBARIANS AND SOMEWHAT MINDLESS IDIOTS, OCCUPY THEIR TIME IN GAMES -- IN THE PURSUIT OF ESCAPING AN HOUR OR TWO OF BORING, UNSATISFYING WORK --

AAAAG!

-- ENTER NOW INTO THIS MACABRE SCENE -- THE POLICE, SWORDS RAISED READY TO DO BATTLE WITH THESE MISFITS, WHO FOR SEVERAL YEARS HAVE BEEN A THORN IN THE SIDE OF AN OTHERWISE-EFFECTIVE MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT...

-- THEY ENTER IN A RUSH TO SURPRISE AND DISARM THEIR FOES --

-- THOUGH THE FIGHT IS SHORT AND THOUGH ITS CONCLUSION WAS FORE-ORDAINED BY THE MERE NUMBERS OF THE POLICE-SOLDIERS, THE FIGHT IS FIERCE AND BLOODY -- SEVERAL OF THE MEN ARE WOUNDED -- ONE OF THE SOLDIERS DIES --



WHAT IS **WRONG** WITH THIS MAN?
HE LIES **ASLEEP** WHILE HIS FELLOWS
FIGHT FOR THEIR LIVES!

HE IS **DEAD**!
I HEAR NO **HEARTBEAT**!

I AM **NOT DEAD**--
I AM **WEARY** TO MY
SOUL-- I CHOOSE **NOT** TO
FIGHT-- TAKE ME, I PLEAD TO
GIVE UP MY **FREEDOM**-- I
CHOOSE **NOT** TO **LIVE**
AT ALL!

--FOR THE FIRST TIME,
CHAN HAI IS **OVERWHELMED**--
HE **ATTACKS** THE **JUGULAR**
OF THE **DEAD SOLDIER**--



--THEN, THE **SIGHT OF BLOOD**--
--HIS **MIND CHANGES FORM**--
--**RATIONAL LEAVES HIM** AND
THE **BLOOD LUST** BECOMES
ALL **CONSUMING**--



--**RESTRAIN HIM**!

PULL HIM OFF--
PULL HIM OFF--
HE HAS
GONE **MAD**--



THERE ARE TOO MANY
TO FIGHT-- YET
I MUST ESCAPE--
I MUST ESCAPE!



HIS-- STRENGTH--
ASTONISHING!



THE SWORD RAN ME
THROUGH! KNIVES ENTER
MY BACK! YET I FEEL NO
PAIN-- I DO NOT BLEED--
I DO NOT DIE!

HE CANNOT
DIE!!



FLY! WE MUST RETREAT
FROM THIS FIEND
WHO WILL NOT DIE!

CHAN 'HAI-- YOU ARE A **WIZARD**--
YOU **DROVE OFF** AN ENTIRE FORCE
OF **POLICE**!

--THEY WILL
RECOUP AND **RETURN** TO
HUNT ME--I DON'T INTEND
TO **FACE** THEM TILL I
UNDERSTAND MY **NEW POWERS**!
I **LEAVE** NOW TO **SEEK REFUGE**!

LEAVE? NO--
YOU MUST **BECOME**
OUR **LEADER**!

NO-- I HAVE NO SUCH INTERESTS

BUT WITH YOU AS OUR
INVULNERABLE LEADER
WE CAN **ATTAIN WEALTH**
BEYOND OUR **IMAGINATIONS**--

I HAVE **OTHER**
INTERESTS NOW--
I **CARE** NOT ABOUT
THIEVING WEALTH!

YOU OWE US--YOU HAVE BEEN
OUR **COMRADE**
FOR **2 YEARS**--

I OWE YOU
NOTHING!

YOU **NEED** US
TO **HELP** YOU-- **WHATEVER**
IT IS YOU **WISH** TO DO--
YOU WILL **NEED HELP**--
WE WILL BE YOUR
BAND OF FOLLOWERS!

I **NEED** NO
FOLLOWERS!

AS YOU **WITNESSED**,
I AM **INVULNERABLE**--
THE **POLICE-SOLDIERS**
THRUST THEIR **SWORDS**
INTO ME WITHOUT
DRAWING BLOOD--
HOW IS IT I **NEED YOU**?
I **DO** NOT **NEED** YOU,
YOU **NEED** ME--AND
I HAVE NO **NEED** TO
BURDEN MYSELF
NOW!

--WHEN A **STEEL BLADE** CAN BE
ENTERED **DEEP** INTO MY **BODY**
WITHOUT THE **SLIGHTEST EFFECT**--
HOW IS IT I **NEED** YOU OR **ANYONE**?

HAHAHA!

HE IS **DEAD**--
HOW?

THAT DOES NOT **MATTER** TO US NOW--
THE **POLICE-SOLDIERS** WILL **RETURN**
SHORTLY--WE HAD **BEST** FIND A **SECURE**
HIDING PLACE--CHAN 'HAI IS
NO **LONGER** OF **ANY CONSEQUENCE**!

CHAN 'HAI IS **DEAD**--HIS **LIFE** WAS **SHORT LIVED**--BUT HE IS
NOT-YET **BURIED**! USE THE **SPECIAL VOTE COUPON**--**YOU** **DECIDE**
THE **FUTURE** OF THIS **CHARACTER**--

LIFE _____ **DEATH** _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City and other stuff: _____

the archaic editor
the Skyward Publishing Corporation
18 East 41st Street ,1501
New York City N.Y. 10017

... Welcome to PSYCHO #21, wherein we introduce CURIOUS CHULL SANKO KIM, a new HORROR-MOOD artist, and THE FIEND OF CHANGSHA, a new HORROR-MOOD character series! Not to forget our many other gruesome goodies like Poe's VALDEMAR, Katz's GLOOM BOMB, Day's CADAVER, Collado's GHOST, Cardona's BLOODY HAMMER and brand new HORROR - MOOD artist Paul Pueyo's VAMPIRE! Hey — come to think of it, this is one HELL of an issue — 3 new MOOD-TEAM artists make their debut — we bid macabre welcome to Messrs. Day, Kim, and Pueyo, weird masters of illustrated horror all! ...

Congratulations to the morbid winners of the HORROR-MOOD MISSING VOICE BALLOONS CONTEST #6, this talented (albeit, weirdly talented!) group of 5 who win advance copies of this magazine simply by filling in a bunch of voice balloons and by more or less making sense out of nonsense! These people are TONY PAGLIARO of Texas, MORT WILSON of Illinois, HENRY KLEIN of California, EDWARD P. RALSTON of California, ALICE GONZALEZ of New Mexico, and RICHARD NIXON of Washington, D.C. to whom we are sending the current issue with 18 pages missing! The runners up in this closely-fought battle of imaginations are HENRY KNIGHT of Maryland, SHARRON REYNOLDS of Ohio, DAVID LAWSON of Illinois, MARY LEWIS of New York, Mrs. FRANCIS PASSMORE of North Carolina, LARRY BUMPERS of Texas, J. R. SASZ of Ohio, IRIS KUBO of Hawaii, DONALD McGRATH of New York, and Mrs. JESSIE M. POOLE of Louisiana. To these people, and to the hundreds of others, hope you had fun, thank you, and y'all watch for contest #7 SOON!

... CHULL SANHO KIM is already working on the 2nd corrupt chapter of THE FIEND OF CHANGSHA which'll be a regular PSYCHO series — it's titled: DEAD BY DAY — FIEND BY NIGHT, and we WARN you, keep a tight hold on your brain pebbles when you read this one 'cause it's a shock-barrel bucket bombshell of horrors! ...

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PSYCHOTIC PSYCHO MAILBAG

... COME... ENTER THE CRYPT OF DARKNESS
... THE TOMB OF HORROR... THE WELL
OF HELL...



... ENTER AND LEARN THE MANY WAYS
TO DIE!

... WITHIN THIS PLACE THINGS LURK
IN THE DARKNESS...



... HANDS COME OUT OF THE WALLS, GRASPING
FOR YOUR THROAT... YEARNING TO RIP IT OPEN!

... A weird letter from K. P. ASHBY of Leicester, England — "For the past couple of years I have been an avid reader of your magazines PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE — that is, whenever I can get hold of them. It's nearly impossible to buy them in Leicester except for the market, and even then the issues are a year late in arriving. Therefore I would like to know if it is possible for us British fans to subscribe to your magazines, whether it's possible to buy back numbers, and what the prices are, as it's difficult converting pounds to dollars — keep up the good work!" — Thank thee for thy letter, K. P., it's nice to know England is getting into the HORROR-MOOD! We do not operate a subscription department, unfortunately, but we do operate a back issues department, irreverently titled THE ARCHAIC BACK ISSUES VAULT, which appears elsewhere in this issue. Any good bank or post office will be delighted to convert foreign moneys to U.S. equivalent funds upon the purchase of a money order or the certification of a check (cheque), so y'all

don't have any excuse for not digging deep into our vault for any Horror-Mood numbers you may have missed ...

... CESAR LOPEZ has certainly been busy, what with his MUMMY KHAFFE series, which debuts in NIGHTMARE PRESENTS TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL-EDITION, on sale 9/26/74, and his FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER TALES, which appear in the PSYCHO 1974 SUMMER-SPECIAL — it's about time we gave the guy a moment's break to illustrate some non-series, non-character tales, so y'all can eagerly await something called A GARDEN OF HELLISH DELIGHTS, which ought to delight the most gruesome of palates ...

... What'll be going on in NIGHTMARE PRESENTS TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL-EDITION, you ask? — well, how about a senses-shattering cover by FABA, a pulse-pounding MOOD - TEAM UNDERTAKES thing by MAELO CINTRON, a new character in MERCY, MERCY CRIES THE MONSTER

by BOB MARTIN, a fierce autobiography by awkward AUGUSTINE FUNNELL and crusty CARDONA titled WHEN I WAS A BOY I WATCHED THE BLOOD WOLVES, plus KILL, KILL, KILL, KILL AND KILL AGAIN by FERRAN SOSTRES, a war: VAMPIRE VS. WEREWOLF by JESUS DURAN, WHO ARE THEY? THE BREEDERS by emotionally-disturbed ED FEDORY and lurid LUIS COLLADO, THE EXCORIST is in the FILM VAULT OF THE TOMB OF HORROR, THE MUMMY KHAFFE begins by CESAR LOPEZ, and Zesar will teach you HOW TO DIE IN THE TOMB OF HORROR — all tales of terror, because you DEMANDED them! — on sale 9/26/74 ...

... JESUS DURAN, the man most voted to be prematurely buried, is concluding chapter 4 of his 4-chapter TALES OUT OF HELL series, and is illustrating ONLY THE DEAD AS WITNESSES and THE RAVEN — weird tales both of 'em! ...

... that's it — y'all rest in peace, y'hear? ... R.I.P.

ARCHAIC AL



A BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS

The best story in this issue is
 because
 my favorite all-time HORROR-MOOD story is
 because
 I buy the HORROR-MOOD magazines because

 my favorite HORROR-MOOD writer is
 my favorite HORROR-MOOD artist is
 my favorite HORROR-MOOD cover artist is
 my favorite **type** of story (horror, adventure, suspense, science fiction sword and sorcery) is
 stories should be (a) 5 to 10 pages long (b) 10 to 15 pages (c) 15 pages or longer (d) variety of lengths
 I think the photofeatures are (good, bad, or comment):

 my favorite HORROR-MOOD story **TITLE** is
 my favorite HORROR-MOOD **CHARACTERS** are
 (the Human Gargoyles-Nosferatu-Frankenstein-Monster Monster-the Heap -Lady Satan):
 my favorite HORROR-MOOD **series** are
 (Darkos Manse-Tales out of Hell-The Shoggoth Mythos-The Saga of the Victims):
 I think text stories are (good, bad, or comment)(stories like THE SKELETON IN THE DESERT, DEAD—BUT NOT YET BURIED, THE GHOUL OUT OF HELL):

my favorite cover of the 3 covers pictured below is (check one)



☐ as an insert



☐ full size cover art



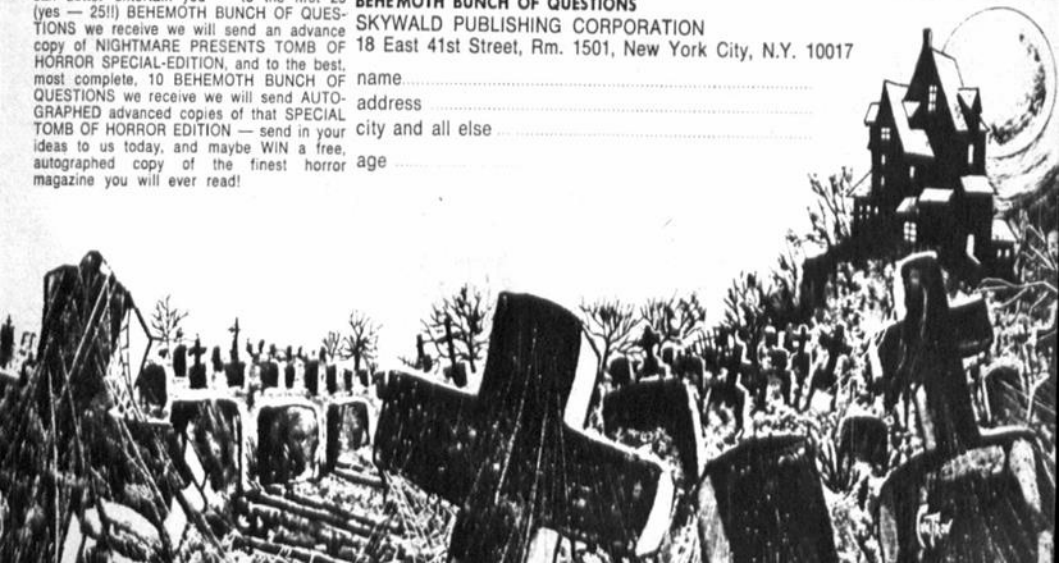
☐ special design art

comment

send in this page, or a facsimile, so that we can better entertain you — to the first 25 (yes — 25!!) BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS we receive we will send an advance copy of NIGHTMARE PRESENTS TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL-EDITION, and to the best, most complete, 10 BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS we receive we will send AUTOGRAPHED advanced copies of that SPECIAL TOMB OF HORROR EDITION — send in your ideas to us today, and maybe WIN a free, autographed copy of the finest horror magazine you will ever read!

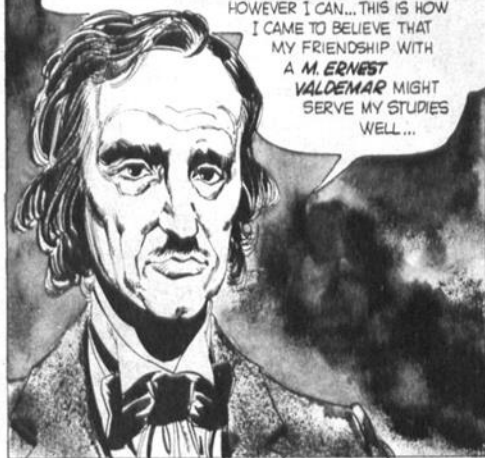
BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS
 SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION
 18 East 41st Street, Rm. 1501, New York City, N.Y. 10017

name.....
 address.....
 city and all else.....
 age.....



... I AM A **MESMERIST**... ONE GIFTED WITH THE POWER TO INITIATE A **HYPNOTIC TRANCE**, LIKE NUMBNESS, IN A PERSON... I AM A SCIENTIST, AND A DOCTOR, AND THIS BEING THE YEAR 1839, SO YOUNG A YEAR IN SUCH METHODS OF MEDICAL PRACTICE, I AM DELIGHTED TO SERVE MY GIFT OF **MEDICAL HYPNOTISM**

HOWEVER I CAN... THIS IS HOW I CAME TO BELIEVE THAT MY FRIENDSHIP WITH A **M. ERNEST VALDEMAR** MIGHT SERVE MY STUDIES WELL...



... FOR MY FRIEND M. VALDEMAR WAS **DYING**...



...I REQUESTED OF HIM PERMISSION TO **MESMERIZE** HIM **IMMEDIATELY PRIOR** TO HIS **DEATH**... FOR THE PURPOSES OF A **EXPERIMENT**... AND HE **AGREED** WITH SURPRISING **GOOD NATURE**, WISHING TO BE OF **SERVICE** HOWEVER **POSSIBLE**...

SEVERAL MONTHS AFTER OUR **AGREEMENT**, I RECEIVED THIS **LETTER** FROM THE **DYING MAN**

My Dear Poe,
You may as well come NOW. The Doctors are agreed that I cannot hold out beyond to-morrow midnight; and I think they have hit the time very nearly.

Valdemar



...THUS I HASTENED TO THE DYING MAN'S CHAMBER; THUS I HASTENED INTO THE MOST **FANTASTIC** EVENTS ANY MAN CAN RELATE... THUS I BEGIN MY **MAD NARRATIVE**...

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF M. VALDEMAR

ILLUSTRATED BY CARDONA

...M. VALDEMAR, DISTINGUISHED SCHOLAR, AND THE WELL KNOWN **AUTHOR OF 'WALLENSTEIN' AND 'GARGANTUA'**, LIVED IN HARLEM, NEW YORK... AND I WAS UPON HIS DOORSTEP ONLY 15 MINUTES AFTER RECEIVING HIS NOTE...

...THE APPEARANCE OF **AGONY** WAS UPON HIM... HIS **FACE** WORE A **LEADEN HUE**; THE **EYES** WERE **UTTERLY LUSTRELESS**; AND THE **EMACIATION** WAS SO **EXTREME** THAT THE **SKIN** HAD BEEN **BROKEN** THROUGH BY THE **CHEEK-BONES**...



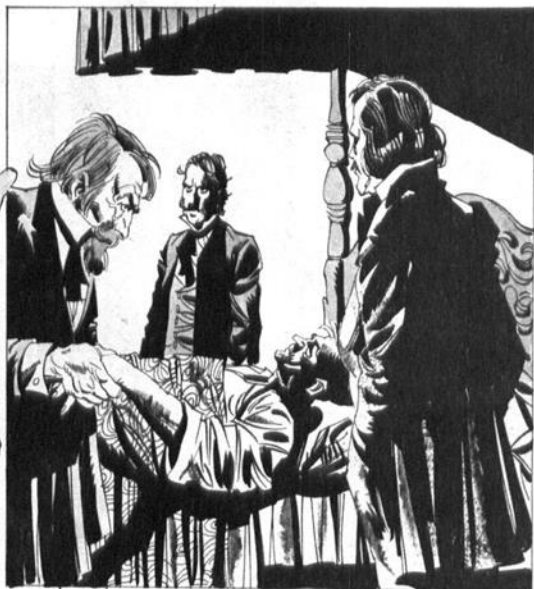
...I TOOK HIS DOCTORS ASIDE TO **ADVISE THEM OF MY INTENTIONS**... AND **THEY** IN TURN TOLD **ME** OF THE **PATIENT'S CONDITION**... THE **LEFT LUNG** WAS **USELESS**... THE **RIGHT LUNG** WAS **ROTTING**... HE WOULD DIE **VERY VERY QUICKLY**...



... IMMEDIATELY, I COMMENCED *PASSES* I KNEW WERE MOST *EFFECTUAL* IN *SUBDUING* HIM...



... HIS *PULSE* WAS NOW *IMPERCEPTIBLE* AND HIS *BREATHING* SO *WEAK* AS TO BE AT INTERVALS OF *HALF A MINUTE*...



... HE IS *DEAD*...
HE IS DEFINITELY
DEAD...



*GOOD
GRIEF!*

*WHAT??
HE'S DEAD!*

... NO...



M. VALDEMAR...
ARE YOU *ASLEEP*?

YES... *ASLEEP*
NOW... DO NOT WAKE
ME... LET ME
DIE SO...





...THE EYES OF M. VALDEMAR, WHICH HAD BEEN SHUT, NOW OPENED, BUT THE PUPILS DISAPPEARED UPWARDLY -- GIVING HIM AN UTTERLY GHASTLY APPEARANCE...



...THE UPPER LIP, AT THE SAME TIME, WRITHED ITSELF AWAY FROM THE TEETH, WHICH HAD PREVIOUSLY BEEN COVERED COMPLETELY; WHILE THE LOWER JAW FELL, DISCLOSING IN FULL VIEW THE SWOLLEN AND BLACKENED TONGUE...



...I NOW FEEL THAT I HAVE REACHED A POINT IN THIS NARRATIVE AT WHICH THE READER WILL BE STARTLED INTO POSITIVE DISBELIEF... BUT I HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO PROCEED... I AM A SCIENTIST, AND WHAT YOU BELIEVE IS ENTIRELY UP TO YOU-- AS I SAID THESE ARE THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF M. VALDEMAR --NOTHING MORE AND NOTHING LESS...

...THERE WAS NO LONGER THE FAINTEST SIGN OF VITALITY IN M. VALDEMAR --AND CONCLUDING HIM TO BE DEAD, WE WERE CONSIGNING HIM TO THE CHARGE OF THE NURSES, WHEN A HARSH, BROKEN AND HOLLOW SOUND BROKE FROM HIS LIPS...



...AT THIS UTTERANCE--THE ROOM FELL INTO COMPLETE CONFUSION--THE NURSES FLED IN HORROR, AND ONE OF THE DOCTORS, A STUDENT, SWOONED...



DEAR GOD!



...THE MIRROR NO LONGER AFFORDED EVIDENCE OF RESPIRATION... AN ATTEMPT TO DRAW BLOOD FROM THE ARM FAILED...



I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD ATTEMPT FURTHER COMMUNICATION WITH HIM...

BUT THE MAN IS CAPABLE OF COMMUNICATION...

HE IS CAPABLE OF COMMUNICATION YES... BUT HE IS IN A HYPNOTIC TRANCE--HE IS ASLEEP IN A TRANCE...

HE WILL NOT SPEAK NOW... LEAVE HIM BE AWHILE... WE WILL ATTEMPT AGAIN LATER...

ARE YOU DEAD? CAN YOU HEAR ME? CAN YOU SPEAK?



IF YOU AWAKEN HIM--YOU WOULD ARREST THE MESMERIC EFFECT... HE WOULD DIE INSTANTLY... YOU CANNOT TAKE THAT CHANCE... YOU HAVE ACCOMPLISHED THE FANTASTIC... HIS BODY IS DEAD BUT HIS MIND IS STILL IN THIS WORLD--HIS MIND IS STILL ALIVE...



...YES--YOU ARE RIGHT OF COURSE--TO AWAKEN HIM WOULD KILL HIM...

...IT WAS EVIDENT THAT, SO FAR, **DEATH** (OR WHAT IS USUALLY TERMED **DEATH**) HAD BEEN **ARRESTED** BY THE **MESMERIC PROCESS**. IT SEEMED CLEAR TO US ALL THAT TO **AWAKEN** M. VALDEMAR WOULD BE MERELY TO **INSURE** HIS **INSTANT**, OR START HIS **SPEEDY DISSOLUTION**...

...FROM THIS PERIOD UNTIL THE CLOSE OF LAST WEEK - **AN INTERVAL OF NEARLY SEVEN MONTHS** - WE CONTINUED TO MAKE DAILY CALLS AT M. VALDEMAR'S HOUSE ACCOMPANIED, NOW AND THEN, BY MEDICAL AND OTHER FRIENDS. ALL THIS TIME HE REMAINED **EXACTLY** AS I HAVE LAST DESCRIBED HIM...



I THINK WE HAD BEST **AWAKEN** HIM... IT HAS BEEN **7 MONTHS**-- IT IS THE **TALK** OF THE **TOWN**-- **EVERYONE** IS **OUTRAGED**...

YES--THERE IS TALK OF **POLICE ACTION**... I THINK WE HAVE **PROVEN** OUR **POINT**... IT IS BEST NOW TO **END** IT ALL...



M. VALDEMAR... DO YOU **HEAR** ME?... CAN YOU **SPEAK**? WHAT ARE YOUR **WISHES**?


...FOR GOD'S SAKE! **QUICK!** **QUICK!** PUT ME TO **SLEEP**... OR, **QUICK**--**WAKEN** ME! MY LORD... DO SOMETHING... **ANYTHING**... I SAY TO YOU THAT I AM **DEAD!**



...AS I RAPIDLY MADE THE **MESMERIC PASSES**, HIS **SHOUTS** OF **AGONY** WERE SO **FIERCE** WE WERE IN **ABSOLUTE TERROR**...

GOD KILL ME... KILL ME... I **BEG** OF YOU






...HIS DEAD EYES OPENED
FOR AN INSTANT...

...HIS WHOLE FRAME AT
ONCE - WITHIN THE SPACE
OF A SINGLE MINUTE
OR EVEN LESS, SHRUNK...

...CRUMBLD...

...ABSOLUTELY *ROTTED*
AWAY BEFORE OUR
SIGHT...

CARDON 74



...UPON THE BED--BEFORE THAT WHOLE COMPANY...
THERE LAY A NEARLY LIQUID MASS OF
LOATHSOME, DETESTABLE PUTRIDITY...





the HORROR-MOOD magazines
are pleased to welcome
a brand new artist

BOB MARTIN

— whose first tale,

THE SAGA OF
Dracula
appears in the

1974

NIGHTMARE

YEARBOOK

now on sale!

-miss it not!-

THE GLOOMB BOMB

OUTSIDE THE GRAVITATIONAL FIELD OF A NEARBY PLANET, A SELF-SUSTAINING STAR-SHIP CRUISES... ITS INSTRUMENTS PROBING FOR ANSWERS TO UNSPOKEN QUESTIONS.



ITS CREW CONSISTS OF HALF A DOZEN MEMBERS, HAND-PICKED FOR A DELICATE, GRIM MISSION... EACH PLANETFALL TAKING THE STARSHIP FURTHER AND FURTHER AND FURTHER FROM ITS HOME.

THE SHIP'S COMPUTER REPORTS THAT THIS PLANET IS A CARBON CYCLE TYPE B.

GOOD. NORDAK, TAKE CORMA WITH YOU AND TRANS-BEAM DOWN. WE HAVE LITTLE TIME TO LOSE. TAKE DOVERY TO ASSIST WITH THE SENSOR EQUIPMENT.



YES, FATHER.

IT WAS UNDERSTOOD THAT BRISCON, NORDAK'S OLDER BROTHER, WOULD STAY BEHIND. HE TOOK LITTLE INTEREST IN THE EXPLORATORY MISSIONS HIS BROTHER THRIVED ON.

AS THE SHIP'S SENIOR SCIENCE-OFFICER, I REQUEST TO GO ALONG IF I MAY, HARGON...

DENIED.

YOU'LL BE NEEDED TO COORDINATE THE FORCE-PROTECTOR SHIELD, TELVAR.

BRISCON SWITCHES THE SENSOR-SCAN TO GET A CLOSE LOOK AT THE PLANET'S SURFACE...

YOU'LL NEED YOUR HAND LASERS IN CASE OF EMERGENCY. THE FORCE GENERATOR'S TIME-LAPSE MECHANISM IS SET FOR 30 MINUTES...THE MAXIMUM THE SHIP'S GENERATOR CAN PUT OUT AND STILL RESIST THE PLANET'S GRAVITATIONAL PULL!

GOOD LUCK, BROTHER!

FROM THE LOOK OF THOSE CREATURES, WE'D BETTER DEPEND ON MORE THAN LUCK. LET'S GO.



THE TRIO BEAMED DOWN TO THE SURFACE OF THE PLANET. DOVERY, THE SHIP'S ENGINEER SET UP THE **BEAM FINDER**... WHICH LOCATED A CONCENTRATION OF **COULP ORE** AND DETERMINED HOW DEEP THE METAL WAS BURIED.

WITHIN THE SHIP'S COMPLEX, TELVAR ADJUSTS THE SHIP'S STABILIZER UNITS WITH PRECISION ACCURACY RIVALLING THAT OF HIS ROBOT CREWMAN...



THE **GRAV-GENERATORS** ARE AT FULL POWER. STANDING BY.

OKAY, TELVAR -- YOU CAN START THE **GRAV-LIFTER BEAM** ANYTIME! GIVE US A FEW SECONDS TO STAND CLEAR. READY, CREW?

THE EXPLORERS' VOICES WERE EASILY PICKED UP BY THE SHIP'S SENSORS, ATTUNED TO THE SURROUNDING **PROTECTOR-SHIELD**.

BUT AS THE LAST FEW FRAGMENTS OF THE PRECIOUS ORE SOAR UPWARD AND AWAY, AN UNEXPECTED THING OCCURS. THE FORCE-FIELD HAS SUDDENLY WEAKENED AND THE LIZARD-LIKE CREATURES APPROACH LISTLESSLY WHAT LOOKS VAGUELY LIKE ... **FOOD!**

RAW COULP ORE VALUABLE TO THE LIFE OF THE STAR-SHIP, RIPS FROM THE PLANET'S SURFACE IN A SAVAGE BATTLE PORTRAYING MAN'S CONQUERING OF THE ELEMENTS.



LOOK. THE FIELD MUST HAVE LIFTED! THAT MEANS TELVAR HAS LOST CONTACT AND WE CAN'T BEAM BACK UP.

ABOVE, IN THE SHIP'S CONTROL CENTER, TELVAR SLAMS THE FORCE GENERATORS TO EMERGENCY POWER. BUT THE SCREEN HAS STRENGTHENED TOO LATE, AND...



THE GIRL DIVES, HALF-TRIPPING AS SHE DOES SO. AND JUST AS QUICKLY TWIN LASER BEAMS CUT THROUGH REPTILIAN FLESH ---!



THE FORCE-SHIELD RE-ACTIVATED, NORDAK SHOUTS TO HIS FATHER-- THE SHIP'S SENSORS REGISTERING THE URGENCY OF HIS VOICE.



WITHIN MOMENTS THE TRIO IS RUSHED TO AN EMERGENCY WING OF THE COMPUTER-CONTROLLED SHIP. CORMA IS TREATED IN A DETOXIFICATION CHAMBER FOR A POISONOUS WOUND SHE RECEIVED FROM THE NOW-DEAD REPTILE...



WE'RE ALL DEAD ANYWAY, TRAPPED IN THIS *COULPIDE* COFFIN! HOPPING MERRILY FROM DEAD PLANET TO DEAD PLANET-- AND WHEN WE DO FIND ONE WHICH SUPPORTS LIFE, WE LEAVE FOR SOME THREADBARE REASON!



TELL ME, TELVAR! WITH OUR DYING PLANET LIGHT-YEARS BEHIND US, WHY ARE WE BEING SO SELECTIVE? WHY? THERE ARE DOZENS OF PLANETS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN SUITABLE FOR COLONIZATION. WHY NOT ONE OF THOSE? WHY?!



NORDAK LEFT IN A HUFF.

HARGON. THIS WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN. DON'T BLAME YOURSELF.

IF ONLY I COULD TELL. BUT IT WOULD NOT MAKE IT SIMPLER.



PERHAPS IT WAS ANGER, OR FRUSTRATION, OR BOTH--- BUT NORDAK LET HIS TROUBLED MIND DRIFT OVER THE SHIP'S TAPES. THEN, FINALLY, HE TURNED TO THE *VISI-SCREEN* TO SCAN AN ADVANCING PLANET! HE PRESSED ANOTHER BUTTON FOR INSTANT AMPLIFICATION ---



NORDAK ACTIVATED A FEW SELECTED BUTTONS, AND THE SHIP'S SENSORS PICKED UP SOUND... AND MORE.

AH, WHAT A LUCKY FIND. SHE WILL MAKE A FINE ADDITION TO OUR SLAVE STOCK...



SILENTLY, UNNOTICED, A SILVER FIGURE APPEARS FROM AN UNSEEN STAR-SHIP THAT SPEEDS ONWARD AT WARP-SPEED UNHEEDINGLY.

THE MAN OF THE STARS STARES POLITELY AT THE DELICATE FEATURES OF THE GIRL HE HAS RESCUED. SOMEWHERE DEEP IN HIS MIND SKIRTED THE THOUGHT OF HIS STAR SHIP EATING UP THE LIGHT YEARS LIKE A SPACE BEHEMOTH...

TRY ME. I MIGHT EVEN PUT UP A FIGHT!

WHAT? KILL THE DOG!



THE THREE BURLY MEN ATTACK, EXPECTING MOMENTARY RESISTANCE. BUT, INSTEAD, THEY ARE MET BY A TRIPLE CHARGE OF FLASHING DEATH...



... BUT THERE IN FRONT OF HIM WAS THE GIRL...

ABOARD THE SHIP, SENSORS DETECT ONLY FIVE HUMANS ABOARD---

CONDITION EMERGENCY!
CREWMAN MISSING!

NAME...
NORDAK!

I'LL
GET MY
FATHER!

CORMA, RECOVERING FROM HER CONDITION, IS INFORMED BY HER FATHER ---

I-- I'M SURE
NORDAK MUST
HAVE HAD
GOOD
REASON...

HE VIOLATED MY
ORDERS! BUT IT'S NOT
THAT I'M CONCERNED
WITH, THERE'S FAR
MORE AT STAKE
THAN YOU IMAGINE--

CORMA, MY CHILD-- IN
MY STUBBORN PRIDE I
WAITED, PERHAPS TOO
LONG, TO TELL YOU AND
YOUR BROTHERS. NOW IT
IS IMPOSSIBLE TO
KEEP IT HIDDEN--

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND...

PERHAPS I
SHOULD START AT THE
BEGINNING --- SCIENCE
HAS GIVEN US MANY
WONDERS - LIKE THE SELF-
SUSTAINING, FRICTION-
FREE METAL WE MINE TO
CONSTRUCT PARTS FOR
THE SHIP.

THAT AND
MANY OTHER
WONDROUS SECRETS
CAME FROM WORK
OUR ANCESTORS DID.
ANCESTORS WE
REMEMBER
DIMLY--

THROUGH THE YEARS OF FUTILE SEARCHING
FOR A PLANET TO REPLACE OUR OWN YOU
WERE NEVER TOLD OF THE REASON--- THE
REAL REASON WHY WE HAVE PASSED UP
SO MANY SEEMINGLY THRIVING PLANETS.

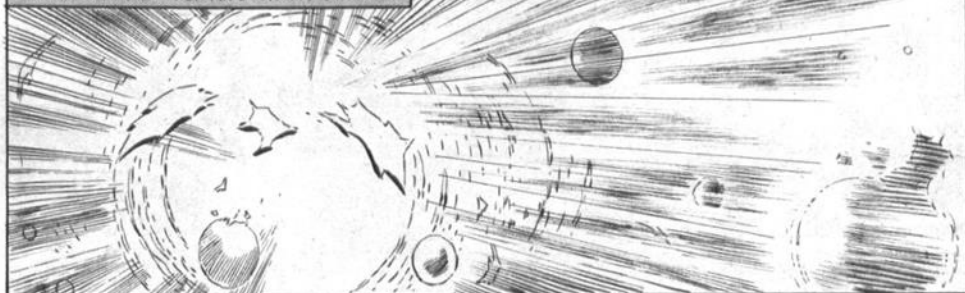
BUT, FATHER,
SO MANY
OF THOSE
PLANETS
SEEMED
PERFECT---

MEN, WHO LIVED IN AN
AGE WHEN SCIENCE
MADE GODS OF MEN.
OUR ANCIENT, PROUD
RACE MASTERED
SCIENCE FAR BACK TO
DIM ANTIQUITY. BUT
SOMETIMES MEN LOSE
SIGHT OF THEIR
ORIGINAL OBJECTIVE
---AND THEIR WORK
BECOMES AN END
IN ITSELF---

THE MEN OF THAT DIM, FORGOTTEN AGE HAD THE DESIRE TO CREATE AN **ARTIFICIAL SUN**. ALL MANKIND UNITED IN THE EFFORT TO BUILD A STAR OF RAW, FISSIONABLE MATERIALS-- ONE THAT WOULD DWARF EVEN **ANTARES**-- AND TAKE A MILLENIUM TO COMPLETE.



SO, WORK WENT ON; **YEARS** TICKING AWAY LIKE **MINUTES** ON A GALACTIC TIME-CLOCK. MAN'S ETERNAL DREAM WOULD BECOME REAL AND THERE WOULD BE ENOUGH POWER TO SUSTAIN A THOUSAND PLANETS. BUT SOMETHING WAS AWRY IN THE BASIC MATERIAL AND THE ETERNAL DREAM BECAME A **NIGHTMARE OF BLAZING INFERNO** THAT DID NOT DIE-- FOR AN ETERNITY OR TWO.



THE UNIVERSE NEVER FULLY RECOVERED FROM THAT CATAclysm. FIRST WE THOUGHT ONLY **OUR GALAXY** WAS AFFECTED!



BUT YOU WERE WRONG--?

THE SAME SCIENCE PROVED US WRONG. UP UNTIL THAT TIME ALL STARS HAD WHAT WAS KNOWN AS **CORONAS** AROUND THEM. THESE CORONAS ACTED AS GREAT SCREENS TO GUARD AGAINST ANY SEEPAGE OF **COSMIC RAYS** TO NEARBY PLANETS--



THESE RAYS, WHICH NOW AFFECT EVERY KNOWN PLANET, ARE BELIEVED TO CAUSE THE ACCELERATION OF THE **AGING PROCESS**. ERGO-- OUR USUAL **1,000-YEAR** LIFE SPAN HAS DWARFED TO **100 YEARS--** OR LESS. SO, TO SAVE OUR SLOWLY DYING PLANET WE MUST FIND A PLANET NOT ONLY HABITABLE, BUT **UNAFFECTED** BY COSMIC RAYS.





WHAT SEEMS LIKE DAYS TO THE WEARY TRAVELERS OF THE WARP-SPEEDING SPACE-CRAFT, ARE YEARS TO THE AGING NORDAK.





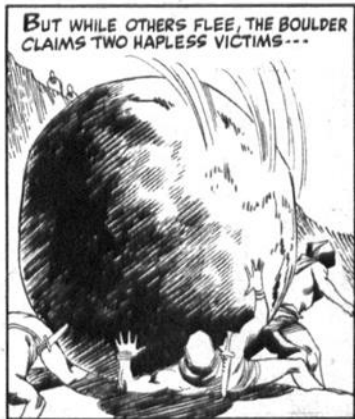
WHILE NORDAK AND HIS WIFE ARE CONGRATULATED, THE OLD LEADERS BECOME RESTLESS---



THE VERY NEXT DAY, NORDAK DESCRIBES TO THE TRIBESMEN HOW A SYSTEM OF DAMS AND IRRIGATION WORKS...



NOT VERY FAR AWAY, THE THREE THREATENED TRIBAL LEADERS DEVISE A MURDEROUS PLAN...



NORDAK SCREAMS ORDERS TO HIS COMPANIONS OVER THE PIN OF BATTLE... AND THEY BEGIN A LOOSE FIGHTING FORMATION...



WITH A SKILLED **OUTWORLD** FIGHTER AT THEIR LEAD, THE TIDE OF BATTLE IS TURNED AGAINST THE AGGRESSORS... AND, MOMENTS LATER...



**HAIL TO
OUR NEW
LEADER!!**

IN BATTLE, OUR
PEOPLE HAVE
FOUND A NEW
LEADER!



THE
SHIP'S SENSORS
HAVE LOCATED YOUR
SON, HARGON. HE IS
LIVING ON THE
PLANET CALLED...
EARTH...

AT HARGON'S ORDER, THE SHIP'S ANALYSIS OF THE NATIVE CLOTHING IS OBTAINED... AND FACSIMILES ARE ISSUED...



THREE SILVER FIGURES TRANSPORT INVISIBLY TO THE LAND CO-ORDINATES, SURROUNDED BY AN UNSEEN, PROTECTIVE AURA... AND SOON THEY ARE MET BY MEN SEEMINGLY OF THEIR OWN KIND...



GOOD EVENING,
STRANGERS.

WE ARE SEEKING A MAN
NAMED **NORDAK** THAT
WE KNOW TO BE RULING
YOUR PEOPLE...



THERE IS
NO ONE IN OUR
TRIBE OF THAT
NAME. BUT WE
ARE RULED BY
ONE WE CALL...

NOAH!

THE THREE STRANGERS ARE LED TO A MODEST DWELLING.
THERE, A FOND REUNION TAKES PLACE ---



NORDAK IS MET WITH THE LOVE OF A FATHER, BUT
HIS RESPONSE IS ONE OF MIXED FEELINGS. HE
SENSES THAT HIS FAMILY HAS NOT BROUGHT GREET-
INGS --- THAT THIS WILL BE THE LAST TIME HE WILL SEE
THEM.



MY SON, I'M AFRAID I BRING YOU BAD
NEWS. BY CHOOSING TO LIVE HERE, YOU
HAVE SHORTENED YOUR LIFETIME BY
MORE THAN HALF ---

NORDAK LISTENS
SILENTLY AS HIS
FATHER TELLS
HIM OF DYING
SUNS AND THE
REASON *THEY*
CANNOT LONG
REMAIN ---



IN THE GATHERING GLOOM
OF THE ANCIENT NIGHT,
THE MAN KNOWN ON
EARTH AS *NOAH* GAZES
SKYWARD, AND THERE HE
SEES ONE LONE, BRIGHT
STAR --- CARRYING HIS
PAST LIFE AWAY ON
INVISIBLE WINGS ---



I'M SORRY
IT HAD TO BE
THIS WAY.

THEN THIS IS
GOODBYE.
I HAVE NO
REGRETS.



ONE LAST THING. OUR SHIP'S ANALYSIS
OF THIS PLANET SHOWS THAT THERE
WILL BE A GREAT FLOOD IN A MATTER
OF MONTHS. IT
IS WELL THAT
YOU KNOW
THIS.

THANK
YOU,
FATHER



-- BUT LEAVING BEHIND NEW
HOPE FOR A THRIVING PLANET.

the Cadaver



written by ALAN HEWETSON illustrated by GENE DAY

In life, I was pathetic and morose; I was a circus clown, and not a very good one. In death, I am pathetic and despondent, decomposed and worthless; I am a corpse, and a failure-as I was in life. I was murdered because I dared to fall in love-I was buried with a mock funeral, for those who mourned me did not love me-I now crave revenge on those who called me a freak, who denied me life, who refused me love, who slaughtered me when I tried to be as human as they pretend to be. I crave to murder my murderers.

I spent my life in the circus, trying to be funny and trying to entertain children. I was not very good, but my position was secure, for the circus is a refuge for those of curious temperament, questionable competence, and freaks like I — born in the back of a circus bus to a fat lady who neither wanted or needed me. My mother did not raise me, she died when I was two years old, of obesity and idiocy. The freaks raised me, and I loathed them, for they are the unhappiest people in the world, and I grew up very unhappy. I spent most of my youth washing filthy elephants and worshipping greasy food. I spent most of my adolescence barking: "once in your lifetime folks, you gotta see the freaks, you gotta see the ape lady an' the frog-faced boy an' the pinhead — an' you can see 'em for a quarter, a slim 25¢ piece, a skinny quarter-buck — inside this tent, you'll see every freak you'll ever wanna see, for just a little quarter!" I learned a little, as an adolescent, watching clowns put on make-up and disguise their features, watching them set themselves on fire in little fire trucks and fall into little buckets of water to douse the flames that ate up their pride. I watched skinny, ugly women undressing in our peep shows; I learned to thieve by pockeling quarters whenever I barked, and I learned to lie and deceive when the bosses searched my pockets. I grew up not as others grow up, with affection, I grew up hating everything and disliking myself; my mind was a sewer of corrupt information — but my future was secure as the mediocre clown with the scarred face and the leathery, yellow skin, incapable of literate argument about anything, unable to walk completely erect, unlikely to be called a man.

A few days ago I was twenty-one. I ventured to fall in love — a silly girl interested in music and her writing of rather bad poetry. She was the daughter of the knife-thrower, who used his beautiful daughter in his act. He protected her person jealously, and no one was allow to approach her romantically — and certainly not I. However, the girl was most beautiful, and whenever her father was away or was sleeping, she attracted the romantic attentions of several young men in the circus, and in the towns we visited. I observed her at this often. I made it known to her that I was interested in a romantic attachment, but I expected her to curse me or laugh, not kiss me tenderly on the forehead and smile at me. I knew I was not going to be her husband, for she had too many suitors, but I knew she would be my lover, awhile, for she was promiscuous. I went to her trailer one night, a few nights ago, when I knew her father was asleep and that she could come to me. I tapped on the window and she looked out at me, somewhat startled, but she dressed herself and came out to me. In her usual fashion, she pretended to resist me, for I had observed she disliked to appear too willing. I embraced her roughly as she struggled, I kissed her about her face as she fought me. I did not hear my murderer come up behind me, I did not hear the knife as it crushed my spine, entering my back, slicing my veins, ripping open my heart, gashing my blood vessels. I did not hear or see my murderer, and I only felt the blade an awful instant, for in an instant, I died.

When they buried me they put me in pauper's field — only a few came to witness my interment, and no one weeped, because no one cared. SHE was not there, and her FATHER, my MURDEROR, did not come to see me, to see the remains put under the ground, to rot.

As I have given you cause to surmise, I did not lie dead and in peace. Though my body began to decompose my mind remained alive, though the worms began to come at me my brain remained rational, and my heart grew vengeful. How dare I be slaughtered so casually! How dare I die so pointlessly and so mercilessly! Am I not deserving of human rights? — Am I not deserving, at least, of the right to revenge? An hour ago, as the moon silhouetted my wretched gravestone, I came out of my grave. My bones were exposed, my veins were ragged, my flesh dripped, my hands began to crumble as I crushed the coffin lid; They gave in to coarse abrasion as I pushed apart the earth above me, yet the only pain I felt was in my heart; I wanted revenge, I needed revenge, I needed to kill my murderer!

I walked slowly, for my every movement was extremely difficult. I went to where the circus was camped — no-one was about, for in the morning they would leave, and everyone needed sleep. I went to the trailer of the knife-thrower, which was well-lighted — voices issued from within. I looked through the window, as I had only a few nights before, on the night of my murder. Within, a fat sheriff questioned Alice; nearby my murderer, the knife-thrower, sat on a cot, turning a large steel knife over and over in his hands as he listened. "Miss Tamara", said the fat sheriff, "You are leaving in the morning, and I will not hold you till the inquest at the end of the week, because I feel it is pretty obvious your story is true, about the death of the clown — but repeat it one more time, for the record!"

"He was ugly, he repulsed me, I loathed him — yet, I pitied him. He mistakenly believed I was fond of him, but in fact, the sight of him, and the very thought of him, made me ill! He knocked on my window late at night, while my father slept. I suspected what he was up to, yet I was afraid not to go out, because there might have been a commotion, and my father might have been awakened, and he would certainly have misunderstood. So I took a knife with me, one of my father's knives, and I hid it under the folds of my nightdress. The ugly clown attacked me, and though I struggled and protested, he would not stop his crude advances. I plunged the knife into his back . . ."

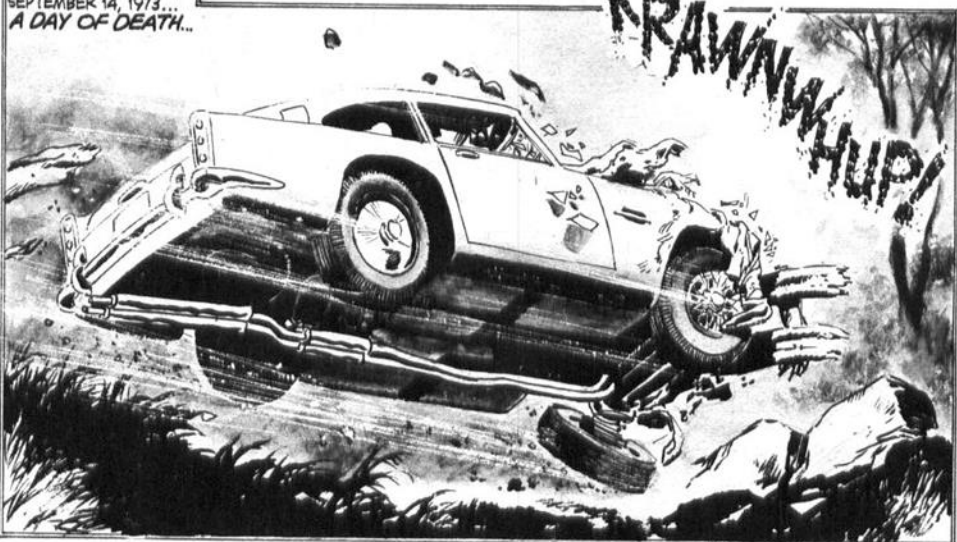
"Why did you drive the knife into his back eight times?"

"—Because I loathed him. He was so very ugly, I was so afraid, I was so ill and upset, I could not think. It was not enough merely to stop him, I wanted to kill him. I wanted revenge on him for touching my body. I wanted to kill him, and I killed him!"

I turn away from the trailer now and begin to walk slowly back to my grave. I know I will never reach it, I know I will fall down somewhere on the way. There is no reason for me to be alive, I am dead — if I was ever alive it was with a single purpose; revenge on my fellow man, now — I do not want revenge, I do not need revenge, for revenge is emotion, and the only emotion I ever had was murdered, by a knife in the back.



PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA,
SEPTEMBER 14, 1973...
A DAY OF DEATH...





CAN YOU GET HIM OUT?

YEH YEH... GET ON THE RADIO FOR HELP... HE'S **DRUNK**... THE SMELL OF **LIQUOR** ON HIS BREATH IS SOMETHING **AWFUL**...



...SEND AN AMBULANCE... 6 MILES UP THE OLD WELLAND ROAD...

FORGET IT PETE!!

WHY?

...HE'S **DEAD**...



WHY YOU TAKIN' PICTURES?

...RECORDS... MIGHT BE AN INSURANCE INVESTIGATION...

WELL... A **SQUAD CAR** AND AN **AMBULANCE** WILL BE HERE IN A FEW MINUTES...
...WE CAN GET BACK TO OUR **FISHING**...



...YOU REALLY WANT TO?

NO... THIS KINDA PUTS A **DAMPER** ON OUR DAY-OFF, DON'T IT?



TUM TE
TUM TUM

MY LORD--
WHAT IS **THIS**--
WHAT ON **EARTH** IS **THIS**?



THERE'S A **SECOND** IMAGE ON THIS FILM... SOMETHING **NOT VISIBLE** TO THE **NAKED EYE** WHEN I **TOOK THE PICTURE**... LIKE A **GHOST**... COMING OUT OF THE **CORPSE**...

THE GHOST OF THE CORPSE

WRITTEN BY EDWARD FARTHING
ILLUSTRATED BY COLLADO



LOOK AT **THIS** CAPTAIN!

WHAT'S THIS **THING** HERE BESIDE THE **CORPSE**?... LOOKS LIKE A **GHOST**!

...IT **DOES**!... DOESN'T IT?...

...IT'S MY THEORY THAT WHEN A MAN DIES HIS GHOST IS CALLED UP OUT OF HIS BODY AND...

WHAT? LISTEN JERRICK... YOU'RE ONLY A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER... NOT ONE OF THEM PHYSIK INVESTIGATORS...

YEH YEH I KNOW BUT IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE **STUMBLERD** ON TO SOMETHING **IMPORTANT**...



SO?

SO GIR, I WANT YOUR **PERMISSION** TO **PURSU**E THIS... WHY IF I CAN **PROVE** MY THEORY IT CAN BE OF **IMMENSE** IMPORTANCE TO ALL **MANKIND**!

ALRIGHT JERRICK... YOU HAVE MY **PERMISSION** TO **PURSU**E IT... ON YOUR **OWN** TIME...

...NOW GET **OUT** OF MY OFFICE ... YOU'RE WASTING MY TIME...

...I LOOKED THROUGH EVERY SINGLE 'DEATH' PHOTO I'VE EVER TAKEN... AN' I CAN'T FIND A SINGLE TRACE OF ANY OTHER SECOND IMAGE GHOSTS...



LISTEN SIR... I THINK JERRICK NEEDS A VACATION OR SOMETHING...

WHY'S THAT?



HE'S TURNING INTO SOME KINDA GHOUL... TAGGING AROUND WITH ME ON ALL HIS DAYS OFF... PHOTOGRAPHING ACCIDENTS AND VICTIMS DYING...

ALRIGHT... I'LL STOP ALL THIS NONSENSE... ... GET LIEUTENANT JERRICK IN HERE...



I HOPE THERE'S AN ACCIDENT SOON...

YOU WHAT? WHAT'RE YOU SOME KINDA PERVERT JERRICK?... YOU WANNA DRIVE AROUND WITH ME ON YOUR DAY OFF AND NOW YOU WANT TO SEE AN ACCIDENT?... WHY?...

WHY?... I WANT TO PHOTOGRAPH A MAN DYING IS WHY!



I'VE HEARD STORIES ABOUT YOU JERRICK... WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU UP TO?

TRYING TO PROVE MY THEORIES SIR... BUT IT'S BEEN THREE WEEKS AND I HAVEN'T HAD ANY LUCK...

I'M ORDERING YOU TO STOP THIS NONSENSE... YOU UNDERSTAND? THE MEN THINK YOU'RE NUTS... AND... YOUR WORK IS SUFFERING... SO STOP IT JERRICK... YOU UNDERSTAND... STOP IT!





...SORRY JERRICK...
YOU WON'T PHOTOGRAPH
YOUR DEAD MAN HERE...
...JUST A ROUTINE
DRUG RAID... NO
PROBLEMS...

...UP AGAINST
THE WALL PUNK...



...MAKE A
BREAK... I'LL
COVER YOU...

HEY MAN...
WHAT'RE YOU
KIDDING?

...I AIN'T
KIDDING... GOON...
RUN FOR IT...



DAMN
PUNK!



...HE'S MAKING
A **BREAK** FOR
IT...

HALT
OR I'LL
SHOOT...





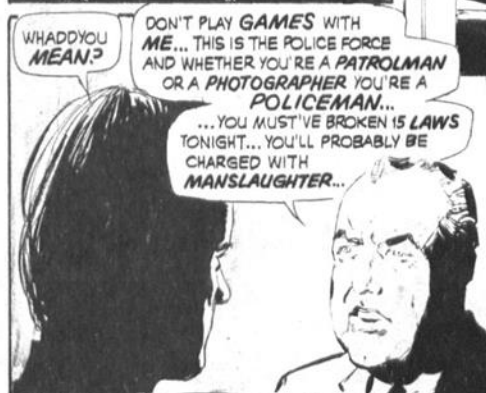
TUM TE TUM
TUM TA

CLOSE THAT DAMN
DOOR... YOU'LL RUIN
THE PHOTOGRAPHS!

I'LL RUIN MORE
THAN THE
PHOTOGRAPHS...
I'LL END YOUR
WHOLE DAMN
GAME
JERRICK...



... YOU THINK LIEUTENANT
ELDON IS **STUPID?** HE
KNOWS WHAT YOU **DID** TONIGHT
JERRICK... YOU'RE LIABLE TO
WIND UP IN **JAIL**...



WHADDYOU
MEAN?

DON'T PLAY **GAMES** WITH
ME... THIS IS THE POLICE FORCE
AND WHETHER YOU'RE A **PATROLMAN**
OR A **PHOTOGRAPHER** YOU'RE A
POLICEMAN...

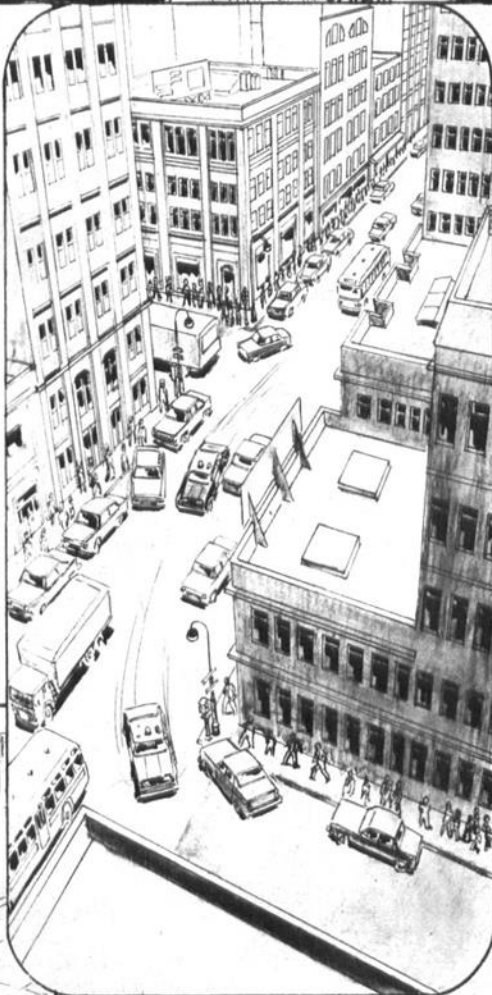
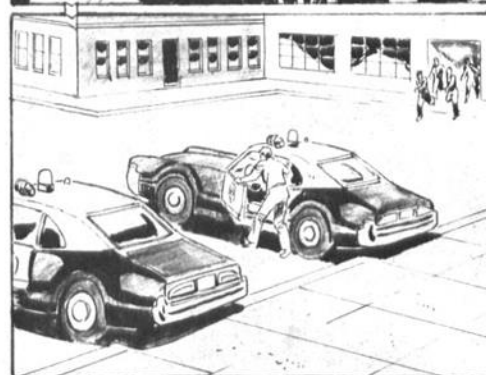
... YOU MUST'VE BROKEN 15 **LAWS**
TONIGHT... YOU'LL PROBABLY BE
CHARGED WITH
MANSLAUGHTER...



I'M GETTING
OUTTA HERE...

THIS THING'S
MADE YOU LOSE
YOUR **MIND**... YOU
CAN'T GET
AWAY...

NO?...
WATCH!!





MY GOD--
I'M GONNA
SMASH
UP!



...POOR JERRICK... HE USED
TO BE A GOOD COP... ALL THIS
NONSENSE ABOUT GHOSTS
IS FOR LONG HAIRS... NOT COPS...

...THE POLICEMEN PICK UP THE
REMAINS OF JERRICK...
THEY DON'T SEE THE DEMON
OUT OF HELL COME TO
COLLECT ITS VICTIM...
SATAN'S MESSENGER
ALWAYS COME TO COLLECT
THE SOULS WHICH ARE
HEADED FOR HELL...
JERRICK DIDN'T THINK
THINGS OUT WELL ENOUGH...
...FIGURED THE APPARITION'
HAD TO BE THE GHOST OF THE
DEAD MAN... HA HA HA
AAHA... EVERYBODY
KNOWS THERE'S NO SUCH
THINGS AS GHOSTS...





WHY ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME?

These people are having a party at their HORROR-MOOD newstand, while awaiting the current issue of their favorite HORROR-MOOD magazine, SCREAM. As they well know, there's nothing quite so entertaining in this world as a good stein of ale, good companions, and the latest SCREAM. They know too, that NIGHTMARE and PSYCHO are equally entertaining, and in these days of inflation, the best bargain on the newstand, for only 75¢. These people are having so much fun waiting for SCREAM they're going to party while they wait for NIGHTMARE and PSYCHO too; which is not surprising, because everybody loves a party, especially that man with the strange stuff in his pipe! Talk to your HORROR-MOOD newstand dealer about setting up a party in your neighborhood store, and enjoy your latest SCREAM.



... SO STARTS OUR TALE... OF PUPPETS **MAX AND MAXINE**... AND A COUPLE OF **OTHER WEIRD PEOPLE**... IN THE MACABRE TALE WE TITLE:

WRITTEN BY JOE DENTYN
ILLUSTRATED BY CARDONA

MAXWELL'S BLOODY HAMMER



...WELL MISS-AH-MISS ANTON...
I-I HARDLY KNOW WHAT TO

SAY TO YOU...

...THIS PERFORMANCE IS...AH...
MOST **BIZARRE**... I'M NOT
SURE I EVEN **UNDERSTAND**
IT... THIS... AH... THIS IS A
'**PUPPET SHOW**'...?

...YES MR. HENDERSHOT...
BUT **NOT FOR CHILDREN**...
...FOR **ADULTS**...



YOUR NEW LATE-
NIGHT, EARLY-
MORNING, TELEVISION
TALK SHOW: **THE**
ALMOST-TODAY
SHOW, IS ON A
NETWORK BEFORE
AN AUDIENCE OF
HUNDREDS OF
THOUSANDS OF
ADULTS... IT'S HARD-
HITTING, FACTUAL...
CONTROVERSIAL...

...I HAVE BEEN A CHILDREN'S
PUPPETEER FOR YEARS... I'VE
PRODUCED SHOWS OF ALL
SORTS WITH MY **MAX AND**
MAXINE PUPPETS... AND YOU
KNOW THE **ONLY** PUPPETS
THAT CHILDREN LIKE?...
VIOLENT PUPPETS...



...TAKE FOR EXAMPLE THE
MOST POPULAR PUPPETS OF
ALL... **PUNCH AND JUDY**...
NOW YOU KNOW AS WELL
AS I DO THAT **PUNCH**
IS BRUTAL, SADISTIC,
EVIL... AND A **MALE**
CHAUVINIST TOO...
ALL THIS STUFF
IS GOING INTO
CHILDREN'S
IMPRESSIONABLE
MINDS... I
WANT TO
EXPOSE
THIS WITH
MY LITTLE
SATIRE...



...BUT **FANTASY VIOLENCE**
IS **PROVEN HARMLESS**...

...YES... ONE CAUSE, ONE
EFFECT... BUT IT HAS A
CUMMULATIVE EFFECT
SOME SAY... SO **MUCH**
VIOLENCE COMING AT A
CHILD FROM ALL **ANGLES**
HAS A VERY
HARMFUL
EFFECT...



...ALRIGHT MISS ANTON... YOU'VE
MADE A VERY **GOOD POINT**...
I'LL HAVE YOU ON MY SHOW
TOMORROW
NIGHT...

...THANK YOU...
I'M **SURE** I'LL
START YOUR VIEWERS
THINKING...



...WELL MAX AND MAXINE...
YOU ARE GOING TO MAKE
THE **BIG TIME**
TOMORROW NIGHT...

YEH SURE...
AND YOU'RE
CUTTING OUR
THROATS TOO...



YOU WANNA RAISE A LOT OF **DIRT**
ABOUT HOW **VIOLENT PUPPET**
SHOWS ARE... YOU'LL THROW US
OUT OF WORK...

YOU CAN'T TALK TO HER MAX...
SHE'S TOO FULL OF **GOODY-GOODY**
IDEALS TO LISTEN TO SOMETHING AS
PRACTICAL AS WORK... MONEY... FOOD...



NOW LISTEN YOU TWO... YOU THINK
JUST BECAUSE WE **MAKE OUR**
LIVING THIS WAY, WE CAN'T DO
SOMETHING
ELSE?...

WHAT ELSE? MAXINE AND
I WERE **STARVING AS FREAKS** IN A
CIRCUS WHEN WE MET... THE IDEA OF
PAWNING US OFF ON A STUPID PUBLIC AS
PUPPETS WAS THE **GREATEST IDEA**
ANYONE EVER **HAD...** IT'S PUT **FOOD** IN
OUR **MOUTHS** FOR 6 YEARS... **NOW**
YOU WANT
TO **RUIN IT...**



I'M **NOT** CHANGING
MY MIND... I HAVE
AN OBLIGATION TO
MY **CONSCIENCE...**
GOOD NIGHT... I
SUGGEST YOU
GET SOME **SLEEP...**
WE HAVE A
BIG SHOW
TOMORROW
NIGHT...



...WHATTA WE
GONNA **DO** MAX?

...WE COULD MESS
UP THE SHOW
TOMORROW...

...THERE'S ONLY ONE
THING WE **CAN DO...**
NOTHING!

...YEH... AND
MESS UP OUR
CAREERS TOO...
NO MAXINE...
THERE'S
NOTHING
WE CAN DO...





...WHADDYA
WANNA DO TONIGHT
MAXINE?

...I DUNNO...
WHADDA YOU
WANNA DO
TONIGHT MAX?



LISTEN YOU TWO... IF YOU DON'T
WISE UP YOU'LL MAKE IDIOTS OUT
OF US... WE'LL NEVER GET
ANOTHER JOB AS LONG
AS WE LIVE!

... SHE'S RIGHT MAX... EITHER
WAY... WE'RE OUT OF LUCK... AT
REST IF WE DO THINGS *HER*
WAY THERE'S ALWAYS THE
CHANCE NO ONE
WILL PAY
ATTENTION TO
HER, WE'LL
STILL HAVE
OUR JOBS...

...ALRIGHT!
I HATE TO DO
IT, BUT ALRIGHT...



YOU STUPID JERK!!
WHADDA YOU MEAN YOU
DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO...!
I'LL KILL YOU!!



I'LL EMBED
IT IN YOUR
HEAD!!



...PUT DOWN THAT
HAMMER MAX...
MAXWELL JONES...
PUT DOWN THAT
HAMMER...

...I'LL PUT IT
DOWN ALRIGHT...



...THAT SCENE WAS **NOT**
EXAGGERATED TOM... PUPPET
SHOWS **ALL** HAVE THAT
ELEMENT OF HARMFUL
VIOLENCE...

...DO YOU THINK
A CHILD WILL GO
OUT, AFTER
SEEING A PUPPET
SHOW, AND
IMITATE A VIOLENT
SCENE HE SAW
IN A SHOW?



**YES... VERY
POSSIBLY!**

**NOT A CHANCE...
FANTASY VIOLENCE
NEVER DID ANYONE
ANY HARM...**

**HAHAHA HA... WEIRD...
VERY WEIRD... THANK YOU MISS
ANTON... AND THANK YOU MAX
AND MAXINE... FOR A **STRANGE**
BUT INTERESTING ARGUMENT
AGAINST VIOLENCE...**



WHAT A COUPLE OF **IDIOTS**...
YOU MADE ME LOOK SO
DAMNED
STUPID
TONIGHT...

YOU **ARE**
STUPID!

MAX IS **RIGHT** ANNE... YOU ARE
SUCH A **THOROUGHLY STUPID**
PERSON... DO YOU **REALLY**... DO YOU
REALLY, REALLY THINK A **PUPPET**
SHOW DOES ANYBODY ANY **HARM**?



YES... IF A **DISTURBED CHILD**
SEES SOMETHING LIKE THIS HE...
HE... WELL, YOU **NEVER KNOW**...
HE MIGHT GO OUT AND **KILL**
ONE OF HIS **LITTLE**
FRIENDS OR
SOMETHING...

OH
RUBBISH!



WHERE ARE
YOU **GOING**?

I'M GOING
HOME... YOU TWO
CAN DO WHATEVER
YOU **WANT**...

LET HER GO **MAX!**
WHO NEEDS A **STUPID**
PERSON LIKE **HER**!



WE WERE TOO
HARSH MAXINE...

WHY? SHE'S
STUPID!



YES... BUT SHE'S WELL-
MEANING... SHE HAS IDEALS
...SHE'S A GOOD WOMAN
REALLY!



I SURE LIKED
YOUR SHOW!

THANK YOU BUT
I... I MUST BE
GOING... IT'S
LATE...



MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT MAX...
MAYBE WE SHOULD
APOLOGIZE... TRY TO
REASON WITH HER...

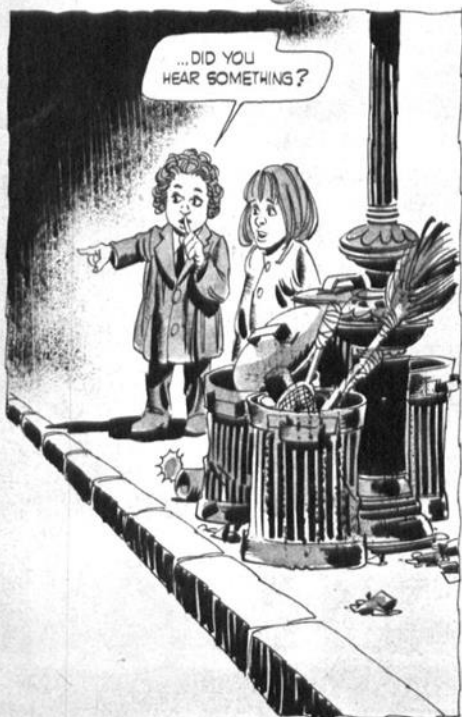
MISS ANTON?

YES?

I... AH... SAW
THE SHOW TONIGHT...











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□ No. 102 35¢ Each 3 for \$1.00



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STINK LOADS. Push the load out of sight into a cigarette. After the first puff, it will taste awful and smell worse. Guaranteed to stop cigarette moochers.

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COMBAT GRENADE. Here's an exact copy of a heavy duty combat grenade that gives a loud explosion when thrown against a hard object. Comes with 3 other cap type bombs and a generous supply of ammo. Can be used for hundreds of explosions.

□ No. 799 \$1.00
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□ No. 813 \$1.98



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BARLOW WOODSMAN KNIFE. Genuine, rugged, 6 inches overall with 2 blades of special alloy stainless cutting steel. Polished black and silver bone stag handle. Imported from West Germany.

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BLING SHOT. This professional model is amazingly powerful. Has rifle like accuracy. Shoots through 1/4" plywood like a rifle. Excellent for target practice or hunt small game. Rugged and dependable. Beautifully crafted of fine grain wood. The handle fits the natural curves of the hand for effortless secure holding. Overall length about 7".

□ No. 132 \$1.00



ITCHING POWDER. The more they scratch the more they itch. Put it down their neck, in their clothes, on the bed or any article they handle. That's all you need to start the ball rolling. They'll scratch themselves right out of their skin. Start your itching party today!

25¢ Each 5 for \$1.00



MAGIC BRAIN CALCULATOR. Adds, subtracts and multiplies to 9999999. No knowledge needed to solve math problems. Gives homework answers. Fast, easy to operate and accurate. 5 1/2" x 5" x 4". Fits anywhere.

□ No. 157 \$1.49



ATOMIC JUJU BUZZER. Wind it up and wear it like a ring. Shake hands and watch your friends J.U.M.P! Place it on a chair and they will H-I-T the ceiling when they sit on it.

□ No. 114 75¢



SNOWSTORM TABLETS. Create a miniature snowstorm indoors. Will actually cover a whole room. Watch the fun start when you place one of these almost invisible tablets on the burning end of a cigarette. Watch them turn for the snow above!

25¢ pkg. 5 pkgs. \$1.00



Looks like you're really bleed! Put a few drops on your skin, or the corner of your mouth and watch the faces of everyone who sees you—fright, horror, sympathy for your apparent suffering or injury. Looks like real blood but it's harmless.

□ 706 Large Tube \$1.00



POTATO GUN. Here's a new, fast action gun that shoots potato pellets as far as 50 ft. with more than 300 shots from a single potato. Absolutely harmless - and you never run out of ammo.

□ No. 753 \$1.00



MAGIC SOAP POWDER. Sprinkle a little of this almost invisible magic powder on any soap. When anyone uses the soap their hands and face will turn bloody red. Have fun! Drives them crazy! Harmless!

30¢ pkg. 4 pkgs. \$1.00



ATOM PISTOL. Fires real blanks with the roar of a full-size gun. Minutely detailed replica of an 18th century dueling pistol. About the size of half-dollar yet barrel opens to load, hammer cocks and fires when trigger is pulled. Ramrod and ammunition included.

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□ No. 124 Balance Throwing Knife \$1.25

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SNEEZING POWDER. Place a little of this powder on your hand, blow into the air, step back and watch the fun begin. Everyone in the room will be quick to sneeze without knowing why. More fun than a barrel full of monkeys.

□ No. 104 25¢ Each 5 for \$1.00



"THE ENFORCER" AUTOMATIC. Now you can own an exact replica of the Colt Automatic. Fires harmless 22 calibre pellets as fast as you can squeeze the trigger. Comes with 50 reusable pellets.

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HOT PEPPER GUM. Flavored with delicious mint but hidden within the mint is RED HOT PEPPER! The more the chew the hotter it gets. Not harmful but a joke they'll remember. Package of 5 sticks.

□ No. 174 2 pkgs. \$1.00

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD, 1862, CAPTAIN SILAS CREDEMORE AND HIS CREW OF **MERCILESS BILGE-SCUM**, EASED THEIR CRAFT INTO A SMALL, **TRANQUIL** COVE IN NEW GUINEA.

TELL THEM THAT
WE HAVE COME IN **PEACE**--
-- AS **FRIENDS**.

TELL THEM TO TAKE
THESE OFFERINGS...
... FOR **WE ARE THEIR**
BROTHERS!

THEY, THEY **BEFRIENDED**
THE **NAIVE** INHABITANTS, AND
WAITED TO SPRING THE TRAP
THAT WOULD **ENSLAVE** THEM!

THEY **MINGLED** WITH THE **NATIVES**--
PLAYED WITH THEIR CHILDREN--
ROMANCED THE VILLAGE BEAUTIES...

JOSEPH
CABRERIZO

**THE CLAWS
OF DEATH!!**

...BUT THEY WERE **IGNORANT**
OF THE **JUNGLE** WAYS AND
HIDDEN **SECRETS**, AND KNEW
NOTHING OF THAT **VOLUPTUOUS**
NUBIAN DRIAD WHO DWELT
AMONG THE VINES, FOR ONLY
SHE KNEW THE **GRISTLY**
FUTURE BEYOND...

BIWANNAI BTSOOK KIWANLY
TAZORG RUPLSONAI BARTOK
MARABO WAGUUNAI! --

--**SARRAG-
TUA!!**

HE SAYS THAT
WE SHALL BE HIS
GUESTS AT THE
FEAST OF **SARRAG-
TUA**...THE GODDESS
OF THE JUNGLE.

WE ARE THE **FRIENDS**
OF HIS PEOPLE, AND IT
IS HIS GIFT TO US.

MY HUMBLE
THANKS, CHIEF
WATIETA.

THIS IS THE **CHANCE**
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!!

THE **OLD FOOL**
HAS PLAYED INTO
MY **HANDS!!**...
...WE SHALL
CAPTURE THE
ENTIRE TRIBE AT
THE FEAST!

THEY'LL BRING A **GOOD**
PRICE IN THE
MARKETPLACE!!

written by ED FEDORY
illustrated by TONY CABRERIZO

THE **ORANGE** SUN REACHES ITS ZENITH OVER THE TANGLED, GREEN JUNGLES OF NEW GUINEA WHILE THE TATTOO OF HEAVY **SKINNED DRUMS** IS CARRIED ON THE HUMID AIR!



EACH WEIGHTY BEAT, BECKONS THE VILLAGERS FROM THE FIELDS TO THE **FEAST OF SARRAG-TUA!**

AT THE SAME TIME, WITHIN THE SHADOW OF THE **KING'S THRONE...**



HAVE YA EVER SEEN SUCH **LOVELIES** AS THESE, RIGGS??

AYE, CAPN! THERE SURE TA BRING THEIR VERY WEIGHT IN **GOLD!**

BLESS YOUR **CUNNING HEART**, CAPN CREDEMORE!

HA HA HA HA HAAAA

YOU'LL DO **NOTHING** 'TIL I ACT!

AYE, CAPN!

IF THE VILLAGERS **SUSPECT** ANYTHING... IF THEY **SCENT** OUR **PURPOSE**...

NONE'S TO **ACT** UNTIL YOU DO

WE ARE **LOST!**

THE **DRUMS** BEGIN... SLOWLY... INCREASING IN RHYTHM... RACING TO A **FEVERISH** PACE AS **FRENZIED**, LIKE BODIES RESPOND TO THEIR HAUNTING SOUNDS!

BOOOOMM
WAAABBOOMM



WAAABBOOM
BOOOOMM
WAAABBOOMM

BWAANAI
TARTOK...
...ZEAANOI
BWTAK
KALLAG...

WHAT THE HELL IS HE SAYING, NOW?!



MUD MEN, SIR!

THEY ARE THE TRIBAL **PRIESTS**...

...THEY WEAVE A BASKET OF RIVER REEDS AROUND THEIR **HEADS**, AND THEN CAKE THEM...

...WITH **MUD!**



THEY WILL **APPEAR** SOON, AND CALL THE GODDESS **SARRAG-TUA** FROM HER **JUNGLE DWELLING**.

THE DANCERS LEAVE AS THE DRUMS FALL MUTE. ONLY THE SCRATCHING SOUND OF GNARLED WOOD SCRAPING THE GROUND OVERCOMES THE SILENCE!

SEE...
...THEY DRAW
THEIR
SACRED
CIRCLE
IN THE DIRT!

WHAT THE HELL'S
THAT SUPPOSED
T'DO?!

IT IS TO SET THEM OFF
FROM THE OTHERS...

...TO ENABLE THEM TO
COMMUNICATE WITH THE
VIRGIN GODDESS OF THE
JUNGLE

AS THE SACRED CIRCLE IS
COMPLETED, THE MUD-MEN
RAISE THEIR ARMS TOWARD
THE SKIES...THE STRANGE,
GUTTURAL CHANTS
BEGIN...

BANTAKKI FANTAKKI!
WALLAG WALLAKII!
WALLAKII SARRAG-TUA!
SARRAG-TUA
SARRAG-TUA!!

THE VERY DEPTHS OF THE
GREEN, DARK JUNGLE
VIBRATES WITH THEIR
CALLS...

...WALLAKII
SARRAG-TUA
WALLAKII...

...WALLAKII!!

SUDDENLY, AS THE
CHANTS CEASE...

IGNA
WALLAKII!!
SHE
COMES!!

THE *MUD-MEN* FALL SILENT IN *WONDER*... THEN, RAISE THEIR COLLECTIVE VOICE TO HERALD *HER* COMING!



IGNA WALLAKI...

IGNA--

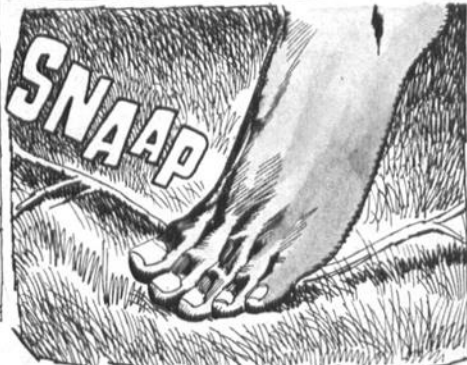
SARRAG-TUA!!

THEY SAY *SHE* IS COMING!

I DON'T SEE NOTHIN'!!
JUST A PACK OF HEATHEN RUBBISH!

IF THIS "GODDESS" IS COMIN'...
WHERE IS SHE P.??!

SNAAP



SHE GLIDES THROUGH VINES AND PADS OVER SOFT MOSSES. AS *SHE* BREAKS FROM THE JUNGLE EDGE, *HER* FOLLOWERS KNEEL IN *WORSHIP* AND *ADORATION*!!



LUSCIOUS HIPS GENTLY SWAYING BENEATH *HER* LOINGLOTH... *WEIGHTY BREASTS* HEAVING SLIGHTLY AS *SHE* DRAWS EACH FEMININE BREATH... *SHE* CUTS A STRIKING FIGURE IN *HER* BEATY...



EXCEPT FOR ONE THING...



MY
GAWD!!...
...WILLYA LOOK
ATTER
FACE!!

A FACE, NOT OF A
WOMAN, BUT OF A
GREAT SABLE CAT!!



I WHO
SPEAK IN THE
TONGUE THAT
ALL
UNDERSTAND



...WOULD
SPEAK TO
MY PEOPLE
OF THEIR
GUESTS!!



THEY WANT YOUR
WOMEN... DESIRE TO
ENSLAVE YOUR
CHILDREN!!

I DON'T
LIKE THIS!

THEY WILL BRING POOR
TIMES TO THE NOBLE
ASARO VILLAGERS!!



THEY HAVE
COME TO YOU WITH
PROMISES...
...AND WILL TAKE
YOU AWAY...
...IN CHAINS!!

I'M GONNA PUT
AN END TO THIS
RUBBISH...
...NOW!!

IN A FLASH OF MOVEMENT, THE REVOLVER IS DRAWN AND RAISED. THE TRIGGER IS CLENCHED IN A SPASM OF HATE, SENDING A LEAD ANGEL OF DEATH SCREECHING TOWARD ITS TARGET!!

BLAM!

CAST THEM FROM
YOUR HUTS!!

TELL THEM TO--

GRRRAAGGHHH

DIE!!!
...YOU PAGAN
GODDESS!!...

DIE!!

MY
PEOPLE!!!

ARRAGHHH

BEFORE
YOU, MY
PEOPLE KNEW
HAPPINESS--
**NEVER
AGAIN!!**

FROM NOW
ON THEY'LL
KNOW THE BITE
OF THE CHAINS...

AND THE TASTE
OF THE
LASH!!

BLAM

**WITH HER
LAST SURGE OF
FLEETING
STRENGTH, SHE
REACHES TO
DIG HER CLAWS
INTO THE
THROAT OF
HER
EXECUTIONER!!**

HA HA HA HAAA

BLAM!



WHILE THE MEN BEGIN HERDING THE NATIVES TO SHIP, TAKE OFF THAT WOMAN'S MASK...

...I WANT TO LOOK UPON THE FACE THAT DARED DEFEAT ME!!



AFTER AN EXTREME EFFORT...

THERE IS NO MASK, CAP'N!

THIS IS HER HEAD!!

SO BE IT!!...
...SPAWN OF HELL THAT SHE WAS!

LET US AWAY FROM THIS PLACE BEFORE SOMETHING EVIL BEFALLS US!

WITHIN THE HOUR, THE NATIVES HAVE BEEN HERDED TO THE WHITE BEACH. SOON, THEY WILL BE BREATHING THE FETID STENCH THAT RIDDLES THE DARK, FESTERING HOLD.



CHAIN THEM WELL!

AND WHILE YOU'RE DOWN THERE KNOCK THE MUD FROM THEIR HEADS!

Y'CAN'T SELL MEN LOOKIN' LIKE THAT!!

YAAH!!
GOD IN HEAVEN,
SAVE US!!!!
STAY BACK!!
STAY BACK!!
AARRRGHH



WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY DOIN' DOWN THERE?!!

THE LONG, **HIDEOUS**
SCREAMS END, FOLLOWED
BY THE SOUND OF
SCRATCHING NAILS ON
WOOD... **SUDDENLY...**

**NO!!
STAY AWAY
FROM ME!!
STAY
AWAY!!**

HAD CAPTAIN SILAS CREDEMORE KNOWN MORE
ABOUT THE RELIGIOUS RITES OF THE **ASARO** VILLAGE...

**NNOOOOO
NNOOOOOOOO!!!**



...HE WOULD OF KNOWN WHY THE
MYSTERIOUS **MUD-MEN** COULD CALL
SARRAG-TUA FROM HER JUNGLE
DWELLING

UNFORTUNATELY,
IT WAS A PIECE OF
KNOWLEDGE HE
LEARNED...



NOW ON SALE

GET IT AT YOUR HORROR-MOOD
MAGAZINE STORE

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

SCREAM

TALES OF HORROR TO ROT YOUR MIND



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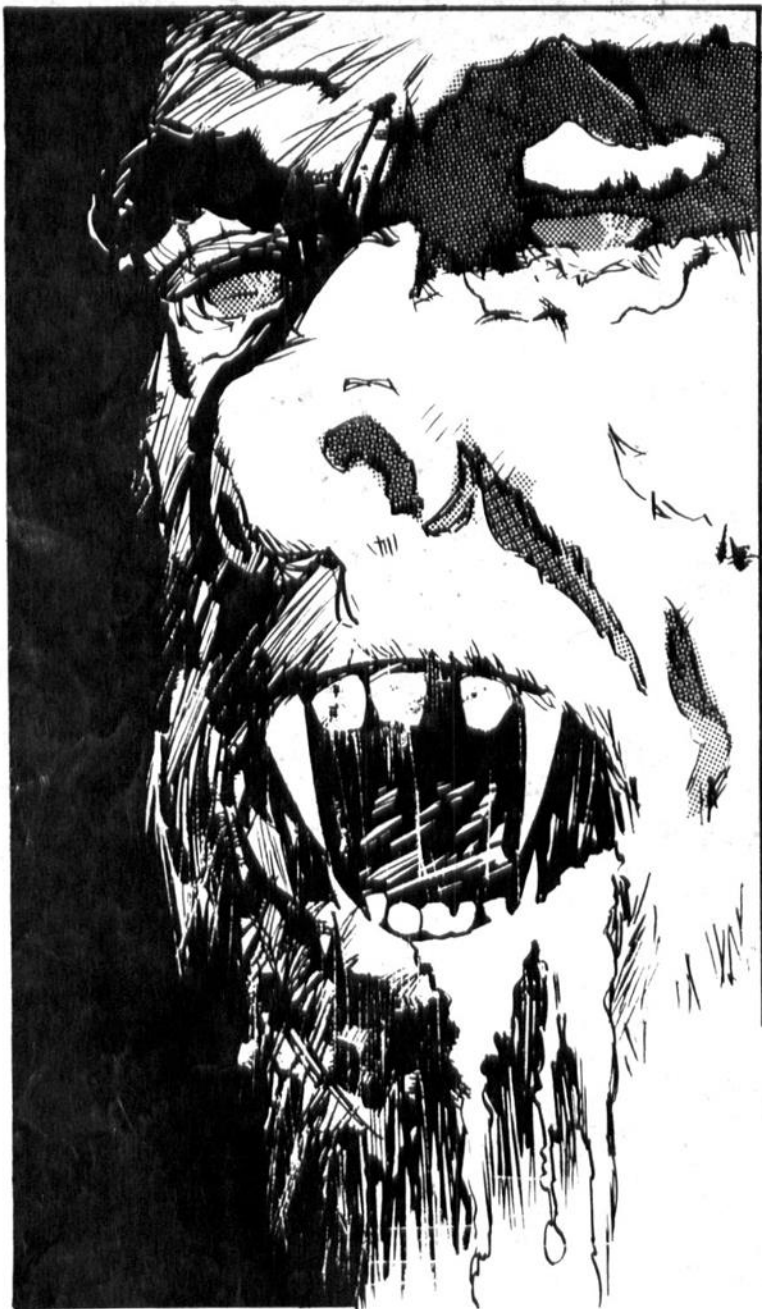
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the Asylum DOWN TO HADES TO DIE! Who Killed the Shark?
the Victims: I AM HORROR INCARNATE!

FABA

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Horror has a thousand faces, all of them evil, all of them fierce and barbaric and fiendish. This is the face of living death — noble yet corrupt — powerful yet diseased — the face of a mindless monster who cares not who or what it kills or tortures. This face is faceless and unreal, nameless and yet dignified. It is the face of living death, who rather typifies the kind of fiend you read about in every chapter of the saga of the Victims — There is an astonishing reason for the agony that befalls the Victims in every adventure, as one day you will learn in the concluding chapter, when you come face to face with the face of living death!