

TOMORROW THE SNOWMAN WILL **KILL** YOU!



75¢
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NO. 20
AUGUST
1974

PSYCHO

T.M.

JUNGLE
OF THE
VAMPIRE BATS!

THE
BURIAL VAULT
OF
PRIMAL ELD!

WEIRD TALES OF SUSPENSE AND HORROR!

THE MASK OF THE RED DEATH!



...THERE WAS
ONE SUITABLE
VICTIM...

...ME!

YOU ARE A FOOL,
HEINDRICH...ALL
THE TIME LEADING
US ON A WILD GOOSE
CHASE AFTER A VICTIM...
WHEN YOU ARE EMINENTLY
SUITABLE...

YOU WILL SERVE
AS OUR FIRST
HUMAN SACRIFICE...

NOSFERATU

— in SCREAM #7, now on sale, NOSFERATU introduces HORSCH HEINDRICK — war-monger — murderer — monster — madman — a SATANIST in search of a VICTIM — miss it not — it's totally WEIRD!

•at quality Horror-Mood newsstands•

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE

PSYCHO

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...EUROPE, THE TURN OF THE CENTURY-- THIS
WOLF IS A VICTIM OF AN APATHETIC SOCIETY...

...FOOD SIR?... A
LITTLE SOUP... A LITTLE
BLACK BREAD?... I'M
STARVING SIR...



FOOD? ARE THERE NO
WORKHOUSES? ARE
THERE NO
ORPHANAGES?...

... THEY CLOSED THE
WORKHOUSES SIR--
THEY SAID THEY WERE
CRUEL... THEY WON'T
LET ME IN ORPHANAGES...
I AM TOO OLD...

I AM
10 YEARS
OLD...



...SO YOU COME
TO ME FOR FOOD EH?
YOU EXPECT ME TO
FEED YOU EH?

JUST A LITTLE
BREAD SIR... IS ALL
I NEED...

WELL,
ALRIGHT, WAIT
JUST A
MINUTE...

...EUROPE, AT THE TURN OF THE
CENTURY-- A BRUTAL AND CRUEL
PLACE...

...WITH A SLICE OF HARD, **BLACK BREAD**, THE WOLF IS
SATIATED - FOR A TIME - TILL TOMORROW, WHEN HER
STOMACH WILL GRUMBLE AGAIN -- AND AGAIN DEMAND
FOOD... AND TOMORROW SHE MIGHT NOT GET IT! EUROPE,
AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY-- A BRUTAL, COLD,
HARSH, CRUEL PLACE...



... HERE
CHILD...

OH THANK YOU
SIR... THANK
YOU...



...EUROPE, THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, A CRUEL, A COLD, A DEAD PLACE...
LEST THE READER IMPROPERLY BELIEVE IT IS A TIME IN THE PAST, WE
NOW MAKE CLEAR THE SETTING OF THE SCENE YOU JUST WITNESSED IS THE
TURN OF THE 20TH CENTURY INTO THE 21ST CENTURY--A TIME CRUEL,
COLD AND DEAD -- FOR TIME TOOK A TOLL ON HUMANITY BETWEEN THE
YEARS 1974 AND 2001... THERE WERE WARS, THERE WERE FAMINES AND
POLITICAL UPHEAVALS AND PLAGUES... AND ALL WERE CAUSED BY THE
CHARIOTS OF THE GODS, WHEN THEIR TIME WAS RIPE, WHEN THEY
DEIGNED TO AGAIN MAKE THEIR PRESENCE KNOWN ON EARTH...
THOSE FROM OTHER PLACES... THOSE FROM OTHER PLANETS...
THE DEAD ONES WHO CAME TO EARTH IN 1984 AND TURNED
EARTH INSIDE OUT... AH NO, DEAR READER OF THESE SAD
WORDS, THIS IS NOT A TALE OF SCIENCE OR SPECULATIVE
FICTION... NO NO... IT IS A GHASTLY TALE OF
**HORROR AND
TERROR...**



...READ
ON...
AND
MEET:

The Dead AND THE SuperDead

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON ILLUSTRATED BY CARDONA



WHO WAS IT JOEL P...

IT WAS A CHILD, MR. PRESIDENT... I GAVE HER SOME BREAD...

...A WAIF?...

YES... A WAIF SIR... RAGGED... STARVING... THERE ARE SO MANY OF THEM THESE DAYS... THERE ARE CONSTANT KNOCKS ON THE DOOR FROM CHILDREN...

...ALL WITH DEAD PARENTS - MURDERED PARENTS IN CRUEL WARS-- UNNECESSARY WARS...

YES MR. PRESIDENT... YOU PERSONALLY BEAR ALL EUROPE'S TROUBLES ON YOUR SHOULDERS...

EUROPE IS ALMOST ALL THAT'S LEFT IN OUR DE-POPULATED WORLD... AMERICA IS JUST A PRAIRIE AS IT WAS 200 YEARS AGO... SOUTH AMERICA AND AFRICA ARE AGAIN JUNGLES... CHINA AND AUSTRALIA ARE DESERTS... THE RUSSIAS ARE ICY WASTELANDS... EUROPE IS, ONCE AGAIN, THE CENTER OF CIVILIZATION



...PRESIDENT EMIL WATTS, PRESIDENT OF EUROPE, PRESIDENT OF ALL THAT IS LEFT IN THE WORLD... THAT IS... ALL THAT IS LEFT THAT IS HUMAN...

...FOR WHEN HE SPEAKS OF THE UNITED STATES AS PRAIRIES, HE IGNORES THE BEINGS WHO LIVE IN CAVES... WHO DWELL IN RUINS... WHO NUMBER IN THE MILLIONS... BUT... THEY ARE NOT PEOPLE...



...AND WHEN **PRESIDENT WATTS** SPEAKS OF **RUSSIA** AS AN **ICY WASTELAND**, HE SPEAKS NOT OF THE **THINGS-WHO-HAVE-NO-NAMES...** THE **SHOGGOTH-LIKE MONSTROSITIES** WHO ONCE DWELLED WITHIN THE **CENTER OF THE EARTH**, WHO SURFACED TO AGAIN REBUILD THEIR **WEIRD SOCIETY** ATOP AN **AWFUL AND FORSAKEN POLAR PLATEAU...**



...AND WHEN THE PRESIDENT TALKS OF **AFRICA** AND **SOUTH AMERICA** AS HAVING REVERTED TO PURELY **JUNGLE SOCIETIES**, HE MENTIONS NOT THE **MUTANT APES** WHO NOW, WITH DEVELOPED, THOUGH WARPED, **BRAINS**, RULE THE **JUNGLES** AND ALL THE **ANIMALS THEREIN** WITH AN **UGLINESS** THAT WOULD HAVE APPALLED **ATTILA THE HUN...**

...AND WHEN THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS OF **CHINA** AND **AUSTRALIA** AS **DESERTS**, HE SAYS NOTHING OF THE GREAT **AVAILANCES**, **EARTHQUAKES** AND **PHENOMENA** WHICH HAVE RAISED **CORAL REEFS** AND **SUNK** GREAT **VOLCANOES**, AND THEREBY BRIDGED A MIGHTY **GAP** BETWEEN THE **TWO CONTINENTS**, WHERE NOW **DERANGED LIZARDS** AND **BEASTS-PREHISTORIC-LIKE** PROWL THE **VAST, ENDLESS DESERTS** AND KILL **HUMANS** AS **FOOD...**



...PRESIDENT EMIL WATTS IS MERELY A MAN... BUT WITH THE WORLD IN ITS GREATLY IMPOVERISHED STATE, SOCIETIES COLLAPSING DAILY, STRIFE-FAMINE AND ANGER ON EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE, HE IS A MAN DESPERATELY SEARCHING FOR A LAST-SECOND SOLUTION, IN THE TRADITION OF MAN'S SURVIVAL INSTINCTS, WHICH, SINCE THE DAWN OF MANKIND HAS SUSTAINED HIM...





THE **TAG**
SAYS HE'S A
GERMAN
SIR...

YOU'D BETTER
COME WITH **ME**
CHILD... IT'S NOT
SAFE IN THE
STREETS!



...A LOT
OF MEN CRY,
CHILD...



COULD YOU
TELL ME SIR...
COULD YOU TELL
ME **WHAT**
HAPPENED?

WHAT HAPPENED?
I WOULD THINK YOU
ARE TOO **YOUNG** TO
KNOW THE WORLD
ANY OTHER WAY THAN
IT IS **NOW!**

A MAN TOLD
ME IT WAS ONCE
DIFFERENT-- HE WAS
CRYING-- HE WAS THE
ONLY MAN I'VE EVER
SEEN **CRY...**



WELL NOW ANASTASIA,
HAVE THIS **MILK** AND I'LL
TELL YOU WHAT
HAPPENED...



*... AROUND-ABOUT THE YEAR 1980 STRANGE THINGS
STARTED **HAPPENING ALL OVER THE WORLD...**
POLITICALLY THE **WORLD** WAS **RATHER QUIET...** EUROPE
HAD BECOME A **MAJOR POWER**, WITH A **CENTRAL**
GOVERNMENT, AND THE **WORLD** WAS AT **PEACE...** BUT
ALL OVER THE WORLD PEOPLE... **INDIVIDUALS** LIKE YOU AND
I, THAT IS... BECAME **VIOLENT** AND THERE WAS MUCH
UNREST IN THE **HOME...** **MURDER** WAS A VERY **DAILY**
OCCURRENCE IN **EVERY CITY...** IT SOON GREW OUT OF
POLICE CONTROL AND THERE WAS AN **EPIDEMIC** OF...
OF '**MAYHEM**' AND **CHAOS...**



...PEOPLE WERE GOING **INSANE**... IT WAS AN **UNCONTROLLABLE** SITUATION... THE **MENTAL HOSPITALS** WERE **FULL** TO **OVERFLOWING**...



...**RIOTS**, FOR NO REASON **WHATSOEVER**, DAILY CAUSED THE **DEATH** OF **THOUSANDS** IN **CITY STREETS**...



...FINALLY, A VERY **HIGH GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL** **LEAKED** TO THE **PRESS** THE **BEST-KEPT TOP SECRET** IN THE **HISTORY OF ALL TIME**... THE '**FLYING SAUCERS**' THAT HAD FOR SO LONG BEEN A **JOKE**, WERE VERY **REAL**... VERY **REAL INDEED**... IT HAD BEEN A **KNOWN FACT** IN **HIGH GOVERNMENT** AND **MILITARY CIRCLES** FOR A **VERY LONG TIME** ... **25 - 30 YEARS**...



...SEVERAL **THOUSAND YEARS** AGO, **EARTH** WAS **VISITED** BY '**BEINGS**' WHO LEFT THEIR MARK IN **EARTH'S** **ELEMENTARY SOCIETIES**, BY **ART**, BY **MATHEMATICS**, BY **MYTH** AND **SUPERSTITION** PASSED FROM **GENERATION** TO **GENERATION**... ON THEIR **FIRST** VISIT, THE **BEINGS** WERE **FRIENDLY** AND **CONSTRUCTIVE**...



...ON THEIR **SECOND VISIT**, REALIZED AFTER **30 YEARS** OF **CLOSE OBSERVATION** OF **EARTH**, IN THE YEAR **1984** THEY MADE AN **ENTIRELY DIFFERENT IMPRESSION**...



...THE BEINGS WERE FROM A WORLD VERY VERY **ADVANCED**, BUT PHYSICALLY **DEAD**... THE **BODIES** OF THESE PEOPLE WERE **DEAD**, BUT THE **MINDS** OF THE **PEOPLE** WERE **MASSSES** OF **ENERGY**, WHICH WERE VERY **POWERFUL**, AND WHICH COULD **INFILTRATE** THE **BODIES** OF THE **PEOPLE** OF EARTH -- YOU AND I, ANASTASIA... AND SIMPLY **TAKE OVER**...



...**WELL** CHILD... THERE WERE **WARS** AND THERE WERE **DEATHS** AND **ANNIHILATION** OF **ENTIRE SOCIETIES** AS A **RESULT**...



...**MILLIONS** OF **PEOPLE** WERE **PUSHED OUT** OF THEIR **BODIES** BY THE **MINDS** OF THESE **VISITORS** WHO **JUMPED ABOUT** FROM **HUMAN BODY** TO **BODY** HOWEVER THEY **WISHED**...



...AND WITH **HYDROGEN BOMBS** GOING OFF ALL OVER THE **WORLD** THERE WERE **UPHEAVALS** AND **CHANGES** IN THE VERY **SHAPE** OF THE **EARTH ITSELF**... **CONTINENTS SPLIT** AND **CONTINENTS JOINED**... AND **HOW** IT IS THAT THE **EARTH** DID NOT **FIND ITSELF** **UTTERLY WRENCHED** IN **TWO** IS **BEYOND** MY **UNSCIENTIFIC COMPREHENSION**...



...WHEN THE **INVADERS** CAME, THEY BROUGHT WITH THEM THE **DISEASE** THAT HAD KILLED THEIR OWN EARTH -- OUR CROPS ROTTED, OUR ANIMALS, AND OUR NEW OFFSPRING, WERE OFTEN **MUTATED**, HORRID DISTORTIONS OF WHAT WE HAD COME TO REGARD AS 'NORMAL'...

...THE **LEADERS** OF THE **EARTH** THREW UP THEIR HANDS IN **DESPAIR**... THEY COULD NOT **COMBAT** SUCH A **MENACE** AS ONE WITHIN OUR OWN MINDS... WHAT COULD WE DO... **KILL OURSELVES?** **FIGHT OURSELVES?** HOW COULD WE **WIN?** WHERE WAS THE **ENEMY?**



...THE **PROBLEM** OF THE **INVADERS** RATHER **SOLVED ITSELF**... THE **DISEASE** THEY CARRIED WITH THEM HAD FOR SO LONG BEEN **EATING AWAY** AT THEIR **BRAINS** THAT BY THE TIME THEY MADE THEMSELVES **KNOWN** TO **EARTH** THEY WERE OF **DISORDERED CHARACTER** ANYWAY... THE **TRANSFORMATION** INTO **HUMAN BODIES**, AND THE SUBSEQUENT **SELF-ABUSE**, **DEBAUCHERIES**, **DECADENCE** AND **HORRORS** KILLED THEM... BY **1990** THEY HAD **KILLED THEMSELVES**...

...BUT THEY HAD **ALREADY BROUGHT EARTH** TO THE **GATES OF RUIN** AND **DAMNATION**... THE PEOPLE OF THE **EARTH** WERE **HUMAN WRECKS**... **EMACIATED**, **EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED**, **AMIDST CHAOS**... THEY COULD NOT **RETRIEVE** THE **SOPHISTICATION** THEY HAD **LOST**...

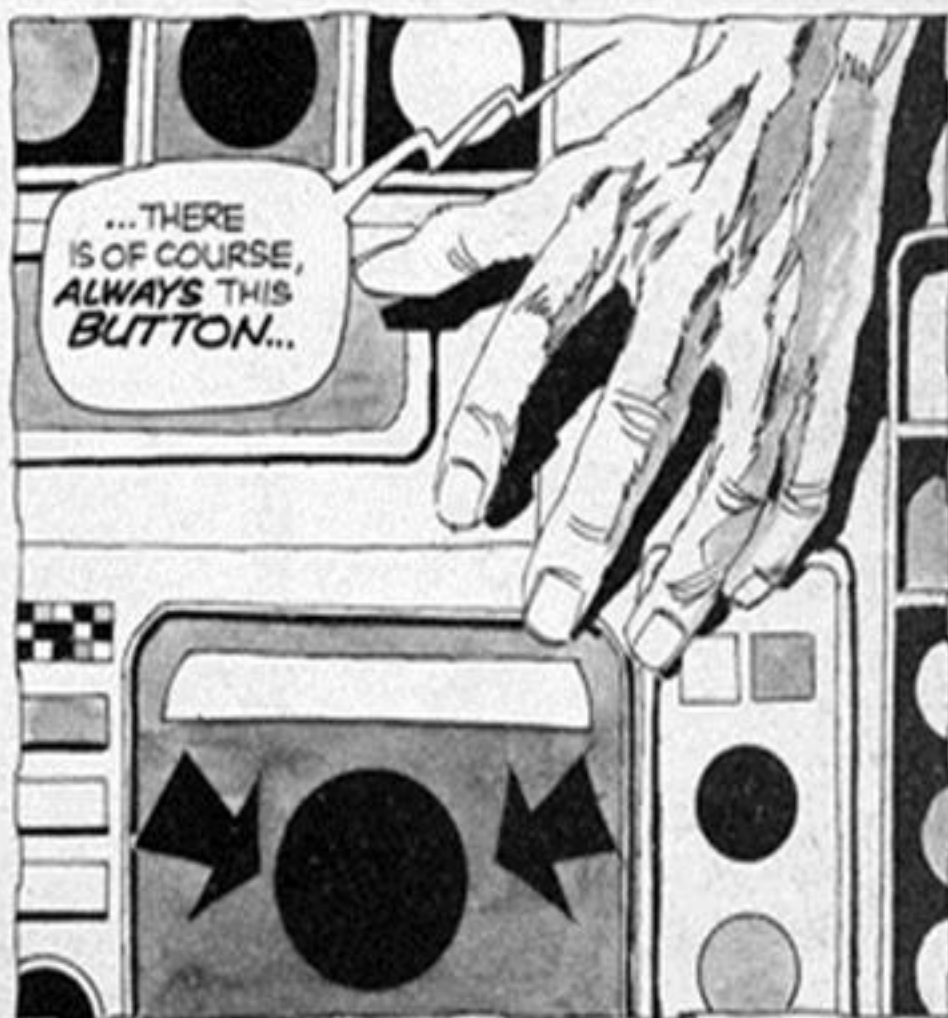
...AND THE **DISEASE**... THE **DISEASE** WAS BY 1995 SO **EATING AWAY** AT ALL ON **EARTH** THAT ALMOST ALL **HOPE** OF **RECOVERING ORDER** WAS **LOST**... **LEPROSY**, **SCURVY**, AND CERTAIN DISEASES THAT YOU WOULDN'T KNOW ABOUT CHILD - THAT CONCERN **HUMAN REPRODUCTION** -- HAD **TURNED THE HUMAN RACE** INTO A **RACE** OF THE **HUMAN DEAD**...



...THE DISEASE WAS SUCH THAT FOUR OUT OF EVERY FIVE HUMANS WERE HUMAN CORPSES...

...AND THE OTHER 20% ARE SO MESSED UP INTERNALLY WE CANNOT REPRODUCE, WE CANNOT HOPE FOR A BRIGHTER TOMORROW... THE WORLD WILL SIMPLY GET WORSE... TILL HUMANITY DIES OUT... TILL THE ANIMALS OF THE EARTH KILL EACH OTHER OFF... TILL CHAIN REACTIONS UNDER THE EARTH'S SURFACE, BEGUN 20 YEARS AGO, CAUSE SUCH UPHEAVALS AS CAN ONLY DESTROY ANY CIVILIZATION THAT COULD ENDURE THE DISEASES...





WHAT IS THE **BUTTON** FOR SIR?

IN THE LATE 1980'S, A **NUCLEAR ARSENAL** WAS BUILT UNDERGROUND IN SWITZERLAND... THERE'S ENOUGH GUTS IN THAT **NUCLEAR PIT** TO RIP A CHUNK OUT OF THE **EARTH**...

HALF OF EARTH WOULD BE INSTANTLY DESTROYED... OF COURSE SUCH A CATACLYSMIC WOULD DESTROY **ALL EARTH**... **EXPLOSION**

...THIS **BUTTON** WOULD RELEASE THAT **EXPLOSION**...

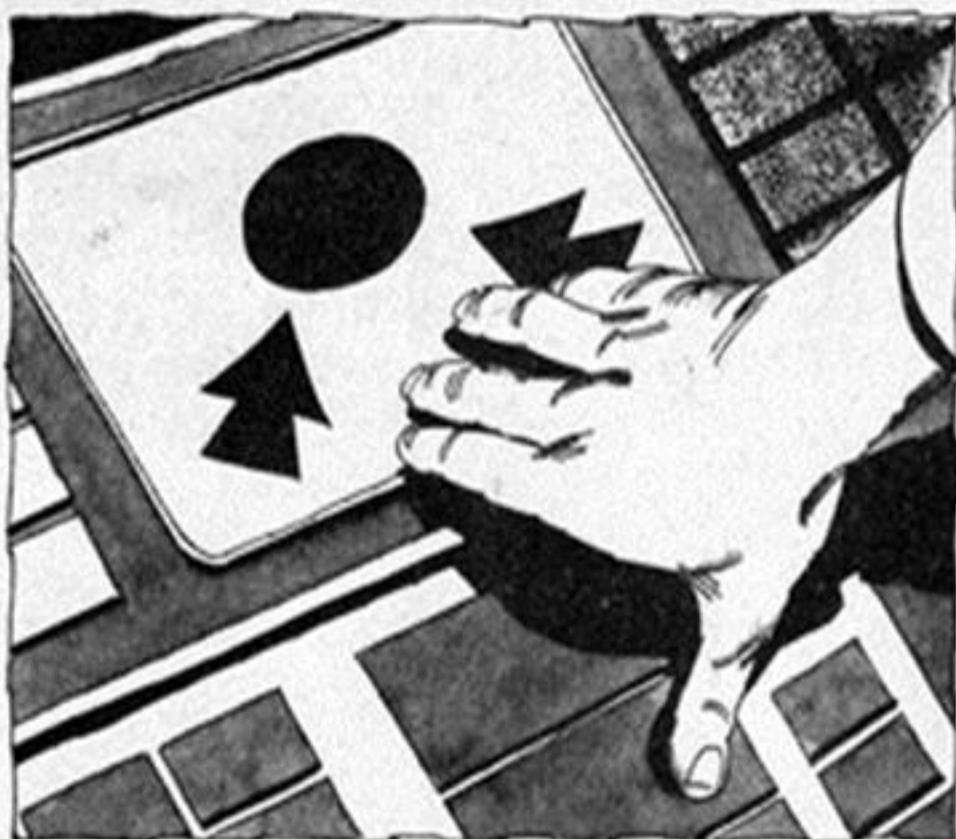
I COULD LITERALLY **DESTROY** THE **EARTH** BY **PUSHING** THIS **BUTTON**... THAT'S WHY IT'S **HERE**... IN CASE I EVER WANT TO **PUSH** IT...

...I'VE THOUGHT OF **PUSHING** IT OFTEN... BUT OF COURSE I NEVER HAVE...

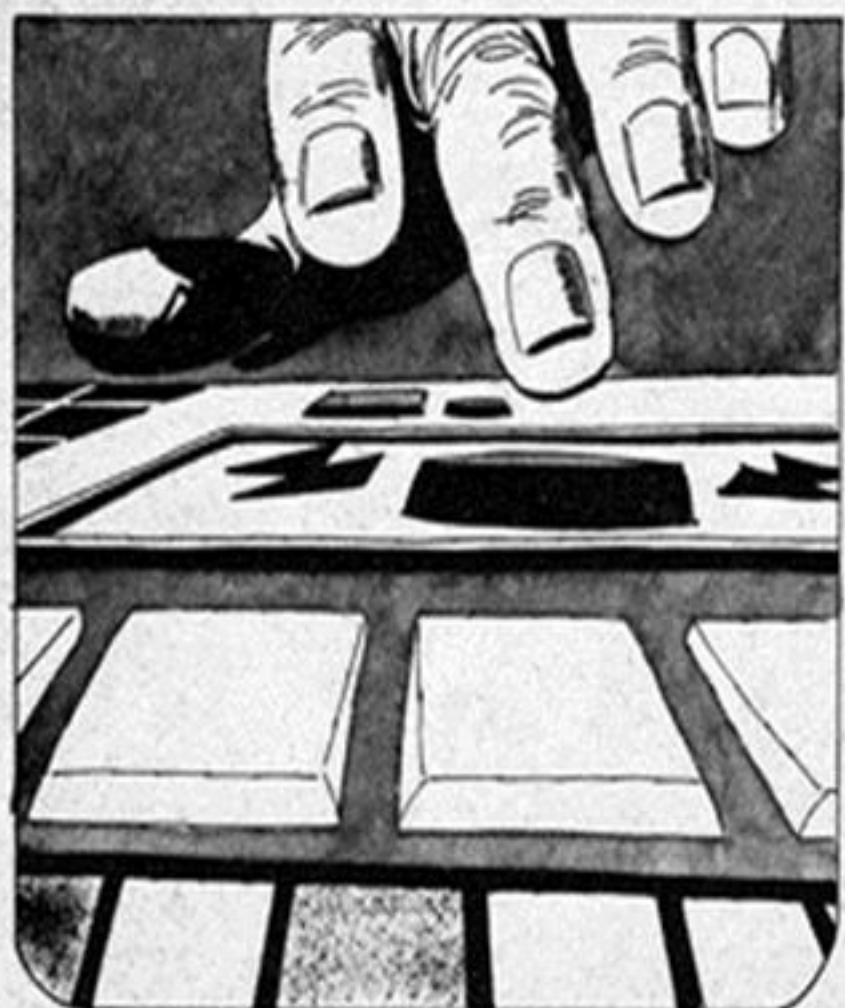
DO YOU WANT TO **PUSH** IT CHILD?

NO? WELL... COME ON THEN... COME HOME WITH ME... YOU **MIGHT** AS WELL...

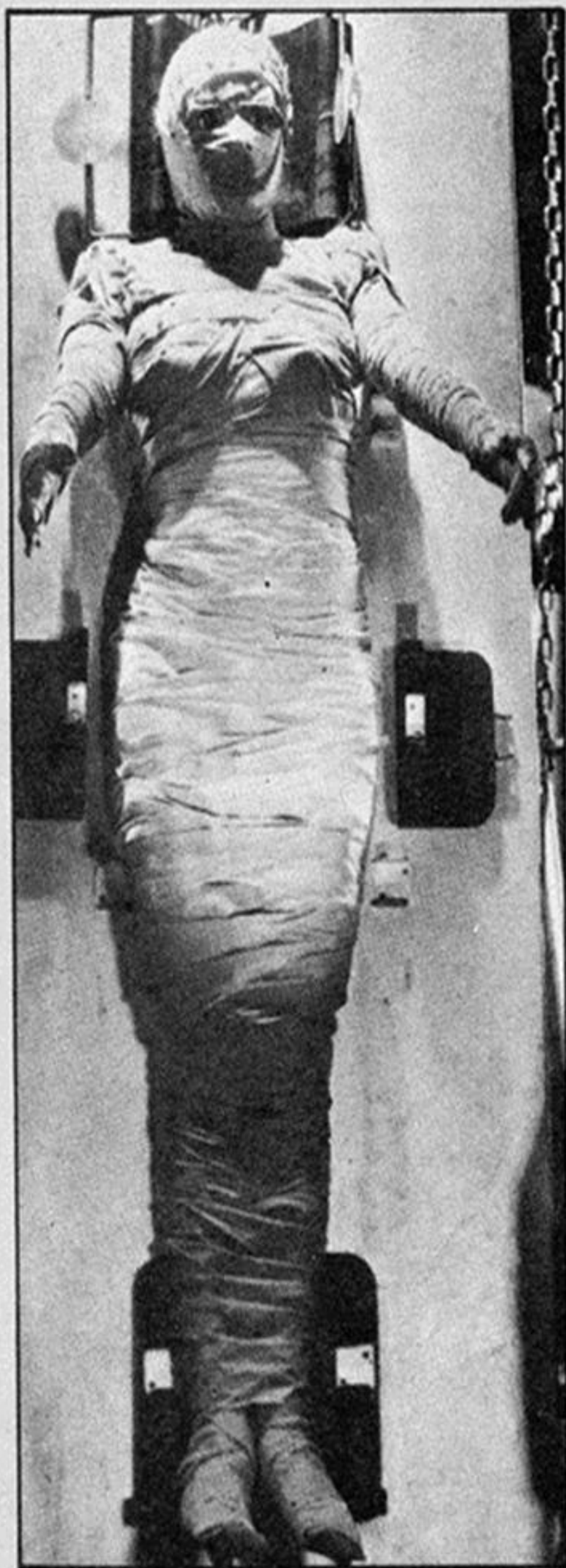




...THE **SURVIVAL INSTINCT**... **STRONG** IN ALL **HUMANS**... EVEN THE **CHILD** WHO **UNDERSTANDS NOT WHAT** SHE **DOES NOT** DO, WHO **UNDERSTANDS ONLY** THAT THERE WILL BE A **TOMORROW** IF SHE TAKES THE **MILK AND BREAD** OUT THE **CABINET**, STORES IN HER **POCKETS** THAT WHICH SHE DOES NOT EAT NOW, AND FACES THE **HORROR** IN THE **STREETS HEAD-ON**... THE **DEAD** ARE **BURIED** OR **LITTERING** THE **STREETS**... THE **SUPERDEAD** ARE **BLOWING** IN THE **ROTTING WINDS**... BUT THE **LIVING**... AH WELL, THE **LIVING** ARE STILL **LIVING**...



Demons, Monsters, and Things in THE HORROR FILM VAULT



Beginning as long ago as the beginning of motion pictures, audiences have been fascinated by actors in make-up playing out roles as Demons, Monsters and dark, unknown, undefinable things from the pit of man's own mind. Sometimes, certainly not always, make-up is made believable by the intelligence in its creation — for example, audiences fainted at the sight of Lon Chaney's make-up as the Phantom of the Opera, why? — because Chaney, who applied all his own make-up, had created a believable, albeit grotesque, image of a man whose rotted mind showed on his acid-eaten facial features. His monsters—all of them were real, his make-up was based on his knowledge of anatomy, not on the popular idea: 'let's create a fierce-looking being,' which is the downfall of so many movies that otherwise might have merit!



MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM - 1933



KWAIDAN - 1964



HAMMER made up JACQUELINE PEARCE as the REPTILE in 1966.



The 1966 British production, aptly titled IT, featured ALLAN SELLERS (it) carrying JILL HAWORTH (her) into the bog!



The greatest, grandest human monster of them all, the incomparable BORIS KARLOFF as FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER, 1931!



BARRYMORE as MR. HYDE - 1920



LOM in the RUE MORGUE - 1971



ACQUAFREDDA in CAPTIVE WILDWOMAN - 1943



VEIDT in WAXWORKS - 1924



SAWAYA in THE BLACK SHEEP - 1956



The plot has a lot to do with a character's believability, of course, and Boris Karloff as Frankenstein enhanced the reality of his monster by keeping his mouth shut most of the time, and by merely grunting conversation when it was required. The greatest monsters of the screen, KWAIDAN, LIONEL ATWILL in MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM, JOHN BARRYMORE as MR. HYDE, and CONRAD VEIDT in his many roles- THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI and WAXWORKS, are the monsters who don't flaunt their physical oddness, but who carry on their lives in spite of their mangled bodies. Who can count the number of ghouls who are more laughable than fiercesome because their whole reason for being is simply the way they look! There is much more to being a beast than just appearance, it takes that special projection of believability exhibited by the masters of the medium-the men of a million faces!



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SCREAM - #1 ... #2 ... #3 ... #4 ... #5 ... #6 ... #7 ... #8 ... ANNUAL ... SPECIAL ...

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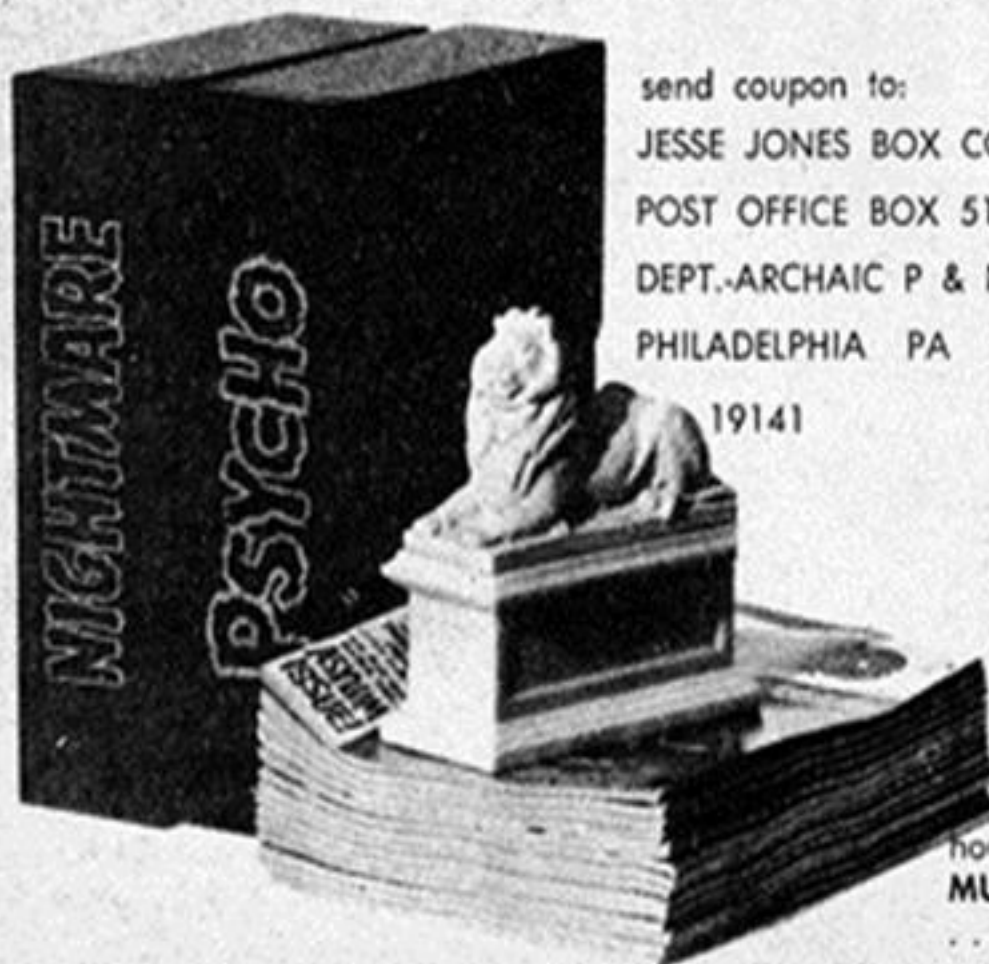
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SCREAM

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Welcome to the 20th paranoic issue of PSYCHO!

PSYCHOTIC PSYCHO MAILBAG

— a nice note from MARK KILBURN of Rt. 2, Box 438-B, ALEXANDER, Arkansas —

"Dear Archaic People — my favorite story in SCREAM #1 was HICKORY DICKORY DOCK, an AWKWARD ANALOGY" - SCREAM #2 - "THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM" - SCREAM #3 - "THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA" - SCREAM #4 - "THE LUNATIC MUMMY". Please continue your DARKKOS MANSION tales, I love them. I love your EDGAR ALLAN POE stories. Please do "THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF M. VALDE-

Edgar Allan Poe's tales of horror: THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF M. VALDEMAR and THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE are being adapted now by artists CARDONA and LOPEZ, respectively, and will be published soon . . . your request for an interview with PETER CUSHING may be forthcoming, Mark — we're working on that right now so keep your fingers crossed!

C. J. LAWRENSEN of WIDNES LANCS, England, writes us that his favorite all time HORROR-

exciting DRACULA tale in the NIGHTMARE YEARBOOK is a joy to behold!

. . . a note of request, from LEONARD YUMAS of Nightstown, New Jersey — "first let me say my favorite artists are Ken Kelly, Boris Vallejo and Faba, and my favorite writers are Al Hewetson and Howie Anderson — now, let me make a request — I think you should re-publish or re-release all the old PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE magazines that are sold out. Every time I go to order back issues I find that they are sold

newest mag Scream. Can't wait for your next mag Tomb of Horror. Can you tell me how I can get a subscription to your great mags? . . ."

Subscriptions are not available at this time, for a variety of awkward reasons — we would like to operate a subscription department, because we know it would be successful, and appreciated by many readers — and so we are hoping that at some date in the future we'll happily be announcing the rebirth of a SKYWALD subscription department — for the pres-



THE MAN WITH NO FACE!

appears in Scream #7, now on sale — the tale of a shipwreck, a single survivor, and the monstrosities he meets on a South Pacific desert isle — a mad tale of love, passion, and horror — miss it not, it's weird — illustrated by Jose Cardona!

MAR" and "THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE". Please review more Hammer Films as I love 'em. My favorite of your characters is MONSTER MONSTER. My favorite writer is Alan Hewetson - favorite artist is Maro Nava. Favorite cover is NIGHTMARE #14. Please continue your tales of PHARAOH HARMHAB. This is an exciting series! If I were to make up a title it would be "THE REVENGE OF THE ARCHAIC MUMMY". My three favorite stories in any of your three mags have been "PLOT OF DIRT" in PSYCHO #9, "GET UP AND DIE AGAIN" in SCREAM #5 and "THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA" in SCREAM #3. My favorite three SCREAM SCREEN REVIEWS have been "A LOOK BEHIND THE SCENES OF HAMMER FILM STUDIOS" in PSYCHO #9, "DRACULA 1972 A.D." in PSYCHO #13, and "DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE" in NIGHTMARE #9. You've had an interview with CHRISTOPHER LEE, are planning one with VINCENT PRICE and so I wish you could get one with PETER CUSHING."

MOOD tales are THE 13 DEAD THINGS (many readers share this view) and GHOULS WALK AMONG US, plus THE CLASSIC CREEPS, A MAN WHO DARE NOT SLEEP, THE HIPPI CRITTERS' ARE COMIN', and I BATTLED THE VICIOUS VAMPIRE BATS OF TRANSYLVANIA AND LIVED TO TELL OF IT! coming up in 2nd place!

DAVE REIM of SPRINGFIELD Illinois writes that his favorite tale of all-time is THE RATS. This tale, which was the cover story of PSYCHO #19, is going down in history as one of the strangest horror tales ever written — namely because everything that happens is so unexpected! The weird cover art (by Villanova) was also very popular, and perhaps the grand-eloquent weirdness of the gigsaw layout may be tried again at a future date! ROSE REED of NEW YORK CITY comments that the AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A VAMPIRE was "the best horror story I ever read" — a change is in sight for this particular series, which will be taken over by brand new mood-team artist BOB MARTIN, whose

out. This ruins my chances for a perfect collection. For instance, a few years ago I had PSYCHO #6 and #7, but after reading them I gave them away in trade for an Eerie and Creepy. I now realize my mistake, but I can't trade back . . ."


There's no way we can really help out, Leonard, except this gives fair warning to all serious collectors — certain back issues are out of stock and many are running out of stock now — if there's some back issue that is needed by the Skywald Collector, right now is the time to order it . . . tomorrow may really be too late — we kid you not!

. . . weird correspondence from JOSEPH VADEN HEUVEL III — "I used to be a great fan of the "Warren Magazines", but after the junk they started putting out I knew I had to find something else! Then a miracle happened I had found something new and exciting — I had found the Skywald Horror-Mood. It had great artwork and stories. Now I have a complete collection of Nightmare, Psycho, and your

ent, we can only suggest everyone keep their eyes glued to their local HORROR - MOOD newsstand, where - regularly - all our titles appear — and wherever they don't, simply ask your newsdealer to get on the local magazine wholesalers back because that is the simplest and most guaranteed way of getting PSYCHO, NIGHTMARE and SCREAM regularly!

That's about all we have space for this issue, y'all — be sure to see the NIGHTMARE YEARBOOK and SCREAM #7, now on sale — weird magazines in the HORROR - MOOD style you've come to know, love and DEMAND!

R.I.P.
ARCHAIC AL
THE VICTIMS
appear in every issue of
SCREAM



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!-

HELICOPTER BLADES WHIR,
AS DAWN BREAKS ABOVE THE
SOUTH-EAST ASIAN RICE
CROPS. PEASANT VILLAGERS
SCURRY FOR SHELTER---
FEAR OF POTENTIAL MENACE
CLOGS THE AIR! TOMORROW,
THE EVENTS OF TODAY
WILL BE HIDDEN IN GRAY FILING
CABINETS-- A GRIM STATISTIC
OF WAR!! HOWEVER THE RECORD
STANDS INCOMPLETE...THE
MURDERERS WERE NEVER
FOUND!! ONLY GRINNING,
SODDEN SKULLS, WITH
EYE-PITS BARE,
TRACED THEIR FINAL
JOURNEY THROUGH....

THE BURIAL OF PRIMAL



D'YA THINK
WE SHOULD
DONE IT??

...IT WAS
HORRIBLE!!

LOOK, BROOKLYN...
ORDERS IS ORDERS!!
WE DON'T MAKE 'EM...
JUS' FOLLOW 'EM!!

WE'RE
JUS' FOOT
SOLDIERS...
...REGLA
FIGHTIN'
ISSUE!!

MMMM

BBAARRROOO

KKKKRRRRRAAAAAAMMM

YOU!!...
WITH THE
KID!!! OUT
HERE WITH
THE REST!!

VAULT ELD!!!

YEAH! IT'S
ALWAYS LIKE THAT...
... THEN ALL HELL
BREAKS LOOSE!!

GOTTA REMEMBER,
THESE PEOPLE ARE
SYMPATHIZERS...
... CAN'T TRUST A
MUTHA'S SON OF
THEM!!

WHATCHA
MAKE OF IT,
SARGE? 'PEARS
QUIET
ENUFF!

B'SIDES... WE
GOTTA MISSION
T'DO!!...
... AN' WE'RE
GONNA DO IT...

...RIGHT!!!

LETS GO!!
ALL 'A YA!! OUT
HERE IN THE
STREET!!!

WRITTEN BY ED FEDORY ILLUSTRATED BY BORRELL



SHRAPNEL WHINES THROUGH THE JUNGLE CREEPERS...
GOTTA FIND **SOMEPLACE** TO DUCK'N 'COVER!!...
MORTAR ROUNDS EXPLODE!!... THE **RED ANGEL**
OF DEATH HOVERS CLOSER!!!

THE RUINS!!
HEAD FOR THE
RUINS!!

QUIT
DRAGGIN'
IT!!...

...LET'S GO!!!

KKRRRRROOOO MMMM

BBBBRRRAAAA MMMM

KKRRRRROOO MM

BBBAAARRRRROOOO MMMM

SUDDENLY, A YAWNING PIT OPENS
BENEATH THEIR FEET !!!...

AAAArrrrrGGGGhhhh

SSSS!!!
GGGeeeZZZZZZ

BBBBBaaaaRRRRRRROOOO MMMM



I THINK THEY
UNDERSTAND
TOO MUCH,
SARGE!!

YOU
PEASANTS
ARE GONNA
DIG A
TRENCH...

...ANYONE
WISES - OFF
OR MAKES
TROUBLE...

... WE'LL
SHOOT THE
LOTTA YA!!....

...UNNERSTAN'?!!

GOOD!!

A LITTLE FEAR
IS GOOD FOR
THE SPIRIT!!...

...NOW
DIG!!!

WE'RE
REALLY
GONNA DO
IT, EH
SARGE?!

THERE
WAS NEVER
ANY
QUESTION!

WE'VE
GOT OUR
ORDERS!!

THE MUSTY AIR IS RIFE WITH THE STENCH OF ROTTEN FLESH, AS HUMAN SKULLS GLEAM IN THEIR NEW-FOUND SUNLIGHT!!...

Y'OKAY,
SARGE?!

YEAH!

WHERE
THE HELL
ARE WE?!

SOME SORTA
TOMB!

GONNA HAVETA
FIND ANOTHER
WAY OUT...

...THE VINES
ARE TOO
WEAK!!

THERE!!
LOOKS LIKE
SOME KINDA
DOOR!!

TERRIFIC!!
IT PROBABLY
LEADS TO SOME
CHAMBERS
IN THAT OLD
TEMPLE!!

AHHH!!
PRETTY
SOON...
...FRESH
AIR!!



IT WAS THE DIGGING OF SOMETHING
LESS LIKE A TRENCH-- MORE AKIN
TO A GRAVE!!!





AWRIGHT!!
I SAID ALL
'A YA!!

NOW
LET'S
MOVE!!!

CLIKCLIKCLIK
CLIKCLIKCLIK



IT IS STRANGE THAT SOME DIE IN
INNOCENCE, AND ARE DOOMED TO
SENSELESS GRAVES!! IT IS IRONIC
THAT MANY SLIDE THROUGH LIFE ON THE
PATHS TO HELL---BUT, IT IS JUSTICE
THAT DESTINES SOME FEW TO
STRUGGLE TO GAIN ENTRANCE!!!

AAAAARRRGGGHHH

IIIIIIIIIEEEEEEE

PAKKA PAKKA
BBBDDRRRIIIIPPP

BBBDDRRRIIIIPPP
PAKKA PAKKA

Horror-Mood Artist of the Month MAELO CINTRON

Macabre MAELO CINTRON, artistic author of THE HUMAN GARGOYLES series, and illustrator for some of the finest short stories ever published in these HORROR-MOOD pages, defines the Horror-Mood more than any other artist in the Mood-Team! His brilliant exercise of imagination, his feeling for graphic melodrama and his sensitivity make him the most-talked-about and exciting artist in PSYCHO, NIGHTMARE and SCREAM! Shown on these pages are scenes from his many tales of horror, which incorporate, in subject matter, everything from putrid corpses to baby gargoyles! American-born Cintron lives with his wife and children in the New York City Area. The former art director for a New York Publishing Company, Maelo Cintron is now a full-time Skywald contributor — his future works include the Gargoyle series, many special tales of the macabre, and strange illustrations for the letters editorial pages of all our titles which he's presently designing. Miss them not!



from Cintron's : THE SKELETON IN THE DESERT!



THE HUMAN GARGOYLES, by Maelo Cintron



a scene from : NOW-ANOTHER MANIAC!



from Cintron's weird tale:
PETER PIPER PICKED A PECK OF...

Month



ZOO FOR THE BEASTS OF THE UNIVERSE!



CK OF PICKLED CORPSES!



... it was a thing come up from within the earth to devour us — we who inhabit the surface . . . the strong come up to eat the meek . . .

illustrated by Maelo Cintron

The RED DEATH

HAD SO LONG
DEVASTATED THE
COUNTRY...



...NO PESTILENCE
HAD EVER BEEN SO
FATAL, OR SO HIDEOUS...

...IT MADE NO DISTINCTION
BETWEEN THE RICH AND
THE POOR...

...AND THE DISEASE CAME UPON EACH PERSON INSTANTLY...AND BROUGHT HIM TO DEATH'S DOOR IN WRETCHED HORROR WITHIN A SINGLE HALF-HOUR...

...THE MASTER IS STRICKENED...
WHAT CAN WE DO?

...WE MUST FLEE!

...BUT WHERE?...IT IS CONTAGIOUS...
OUR SKIN IS ALREADY CONTAMINATED...

MY GOD...
CAN'T BREATHE...
SKIN COVERED IN SCALES...

MY SKIN IS
ROTTING!

SO STARTS THE CLASSIC
TALE OF HORROR...

THE MASQUE OF RED DEATH



...BUT THE
PRINCE PROSPERO
WAS **HAPPY**...WHEN
HIS **DOMINIONS** WERE
HALF-DEPOPULATED, HE
SUMMONED A **THOUSAND**
FRIENDS FROM AMONG THE
KNIGHTS AND DAMES OF HIS
COURT, AND WITH THESE RETIRED
TO THE **DEEP SECLUSION** OF ONE
OF HIS **CASTELLATED ABBEYS**...

...THIS WAS AN **EXTENSIVE** AND
MAGNIFICENT STRUCTURE, THE
CREATION OF THE PRINCE'S OWN
ECCENTRIC TASTE...A **STRONG**
AND **LOFTY WALL** GIRDLED IT IN...
THIS WALL HAD **GATES OF IRON**...
THE GUESTS, HAVING ENTERED,
BROUGHT FURNACES AND
HAMMERS AND **WELDED**
THE **BOLTS**...THEY
RESOLVED TO LEAVE
NEITHER MEANS OF
INGRESS NOR
EGRESS TO THE
SUDDEN IMPULSES
OF **DESPAIR** OR
OF **FRENZY** FROM
WITHIN...WITHOUT...

WAS THE
"RED DEATH!"



...MY FRIENDS...

...OUTSIDE THE PLAGUE
STILL KILLS...

...INSIDE HERE,
WE ARE SAFE AND
SECURE...YET WE
HAVE VAULTED OUR-
SELVES UP HERE A
HALF-YEAR...

...AND WE GROW WEARY AND
TIRED OF EACH OTHER'S FACES...SO
I ANNOUNCE THAT ON THE MORROW
WE WILL HAVE A GREAT BALL
WITH FOOD AND WINE...

...FOR WE SHALL MASK OUR
FACES AND MAKE OUR ENTER-
TAINMENT AS ENJOYABLE AS OUR
SECLUSION PERMITS!



...THE GUESTS
FORGOT THE
PESTILENCE WITHOUT...
CAME THE NIGHT OF THE BALL,
THEY DRESSED IN THEIR
FINEST GOWNS, THEY LAUGHED
AT THE BUFFOONS AND BALLET
DANCERS...THEY REVELLED IN
THEIR OWN BEAUTY AND DRANK
THE WINE TILL IT SPILLED OUT
THEIR GLUTTED EARS...



...SO... I SHALL
BE THE FIRST TO
UNMASK...



...WHO SHALL
FOLLOW ME
NEXT?

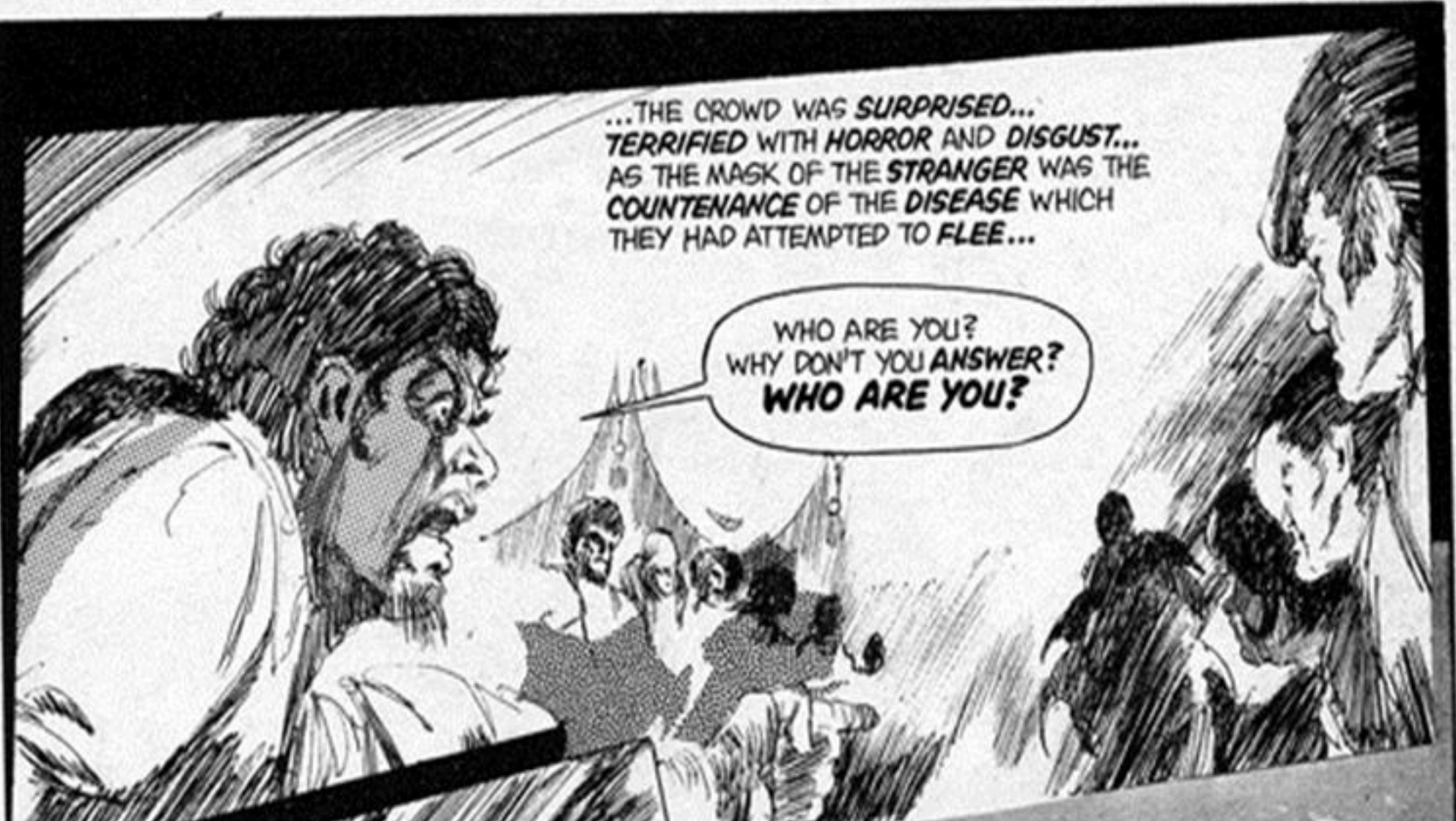


BUT EVERYONE'S
ATTENTION IS DRAWN
TOWARDS A DOORWAY...




WHO DARES?
WHO DARES MOCK
THE PRESENCE OF THE
RED DEATH
AROUND US?...





...THE CROWD WAS **SURPRISED...**
TERRIFIED WITH HORROR AND DISGUST...
AS THE MASK OF THE **STRANGER** WAS THE
COUNTENANCE OF THE DISEASE WHICH
THEY HAD ATTEMPTED TO **FLEE...**



WHO ARE YOU?
WHY DON'T YOU **ANSWER?**
WHO ARE YOU?



...BUT THE **STRANGER** HAD
GONE SO FAR AS TO **ASSUME**
THE **TYPE OF THE RED DEATH...** HIS
VESTURE WAS DABBLED IN **BLOOD...** AND
HIS BROAD BROW, WITH THE FEATURES OF
THE FACE WAS BESPRINKLED WITH
SCARLET HORROR...

I DEMAND
TO KNOW WHO
YOU ARE...

**ANSWER
ME!**



DON'T...DON'T...
DON'T TOUCH ME...THO'
YOU ARE ONLY THUS **DISGUISED** AS
SOME SORT OF JOKE, I WILL
HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU...
DON'T TOUCH ME!!




WHO ARE YOU?
WHO DARES INSULT US
WITH THIS
BLASPHEMOUS
MOCKERY!!...
SEIZE HIM!!



**...SEIZE HIM
AND
UNMASK HIM!!**

**...THAT WE MAY
KNOW WHOM WE HAVE
TO HANG AT SUNRISE...
FROM THE
BATTLEMENTS...**

**...NONE PUT FORTH A HAND
IN ORDER TO SEIZE HIM...**



**...WHO...
WHAT ARE YOU??**

YOU
**INSOLENT
WRETCH...**

...I'LL KILL
YOU FOR RUINING THIS GREAT
BALL...**I'LL KILL YOU!!**

...PROSPERO
RAISES THE
DAGGER...

...BUT FINDS HIMSELF
STRICKEN WITH THE
PLAGUE...



...THERE WAS A **SHARP CRY**--AND THE **DAGGER DROPPED GLEAMING** UPON THE **SABLE CARPET**, UPON WHICH, INSTANTLY AFTERWARDS, FELL **PROSTRATE IN DEATH THE PRINCE PROSPERO**...

...THEN, SUMMONING THE **WILD COURAGE OF DESPAIR**, A THROG OF THE **REVELLERS** AT ONCE **THREW THEMSELVES UPON THE STRANGER**...

...NOW WAS **ACKNOWLEDGED THE PRESENCE OF RED DEATH**... HE HAD COME LIKE A **THIEF IN THE NIGHT**--THE **SERVANT OF SATAN**... **DEATH HIMSELF**...TO **PUNISH**...AND ONE BY ONE **DROPPED THE REVELLERS** IN THE MIDST OF THEIR **REVEL**...THEN **DARKNESS AND DECAY** AND THE **RED DEATH** HELD **ILLIMITABLE DOMINION OVER ALL**...

THEY GASPED IN **UNUTTERABLE HORROR** AT FINDING THE **GRAVE-CEREMENTS** AND **CORPSE-LIKE MASK** WHICH THEY HANDLED WITH SO **VIOLENT A RUDENESS**, UNTENANTED BY **ANY TANGIBLE FORM**...



THE LEGENDS GIVE HIM **MANY** NAMES, AND THE NAMES VARY ACCORDING TO REGION... YETI... BIGFOOT... ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN. HE IS SAID TO BE PERHAPS THE **MISSING LINK** IN THE EVOLUTIONARY PROCESS.

IT HAS BEEN WRITTEN THAT WHEN HE IS FOUND, AND **EXAMINED** BY OUR MOST LEARNED MEN, THAT THE ANSWERS TO **MANY** QUESTIONS WILL BECOME KNOWN TO US. **WILL THEY?**

WILL WE **REALLY** KNOW ANY MORE ABOUT THEM? BUT MORE IMPORTANT, WILL OUR LEARNED MEN **EVER** GET TO EXAMINE ONE? **NO**, IT IS NOT LIKELY, FOR MANKIND STILL LIVES WITH THE FEAR OF ALL AROUND HIM, AND HE WILL NEVER OUTGROW THAT FEAR. **NEVER!**

TOMORROW THE SNOWMAN WILL KILL YOU!

WRITTEN BY AUGUSTINE FUNNELL
ILLUSTRATED BY COLLADO

SO **WHY** DO TWO MEN LIKE TODD WILLIAMS AND BEN MATHENSON MAKE THE JOURNEY INTO THE WASTELANDS TO CATCH SUCH A CREATURE? THE ANSWER IS A SIMPLE ONE, AND IT LIES WITHIN **EACH** OF US.

GREED. THERE IS NO **OTHER** EXCUSE FOR TWO MEN TO LEAVE THE WARM COMFORTS OF **HOME** FOR A BARREN PATCH OF **FROZEN HELL** SUCH AS **THIS**.

THERE IS **NO OTHER REASON!**

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW BEN. I FIGURE A **WEEK** AT **MOST**... WE'LL HAVE ONE OF THE **YETI!** WE CAN TAKE HIM BACK WITH US AND **THEN** THINGS WILL START HAPPENING. JUST **THINK** OF IT!

ALL THE **MONEY** IN THE WORLD... WE'LL HAVE **ANYTHING** WE WANT. **WOMEN**... MAN, THEY'LL BE **CRAWLIN'** AT OUR FEET!

YEAH... IT'S SURE NICE TO THINK ABOUT ALL RIGHT... WE'LL **BE** SOMEBODIES THEN. WON'T HAVE TO TAKE **ANYTHING** OFF **ANYBODY!** WE'LL BE THE BIG SHOTS!

HEY... CLOSE THAT FLAP... IT'S GETTIN' PRETTY **COLD** IN HERE!

HE CLOSES THE FLAP, AND IN THE EERIE GLOW OF THE LAMP, THEY PREPARE TO BED DOWN FOR THE NIGHT. THEY TALK SOME MORE ABOUT WHAT LIFE WILL BE LIKE, AND AS THEY TALK, THEIR **GREED** REACHES OUT... OUT INTO THE NIGHT WHERE THERE IS NOTHING BUT THE **WIND**, ITS SIGHING RINGING IN THEIR EARS. AND AT TIMES, IT **ALMOST** SEEMS TO **CRY**... BUT IF THEY HEAR, THE HUNTERS GIVE NO SIGN OF IT. AND THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, THERE CONTINUES THE WAILING...

BUT THERE ARE **OTHER** THINGS THAN THE **WIND** ON THE MOVE THIS NIGHT, THINGS MUCH MORE **HORRIBLE** THAN THE IMAGINED WORDS ON THE LATE-NIGHT GALE. THINGS THAT MOVE... AND **KILL!**



BUT KILLING IS NOT ON THEIR MINDS **THIS** EVE. THEY MERELY **WONDER** WHAT IS INSIDE THE STRANGE CONTRAPTION THAT HAS SPRUNG UP IN THEIR LAND. AND SO THEY MOVE AROUND IT...

...EXAMINE IT, BUT THEY DO NOT ONCE **TOUCH** IT. THEY ONLY **WONDER**... AND IF IT IS POSSIBLE, THEY **HOPE**... HOPE THAT WHATEVER IS INSIDE THIS STRANGE CUDITY BEFORE THEM, IT WILL NOT BE LIKE WHAT WAS IN THE **LAST** ONE... FOR IF IT **IS** THE SAME...



...THERE WILL BE NOTHING BUT **DEATH** BEFORE THE NEXT GUNSET! THEY MOVE AWAY, SLOWLY, THEIR MONSTROUS FEET LEAVING THE TRACKS THAT HAVE MADE THEM FAMOUS...

AND AGAIN THERE IS ONLY THE WIND BLOWING **FIERCELY** ACROSS THE LAND. AGAIN, THERE IS ONLY A SIGHING VOICE CALLING OUT... BUT THERE ARE NO EARS TO **HEAR** THE **WARNING!**



MORNING...AND ONLY THE FAINTEST OF **TRACES** AS TO WHAT HAD HAPPENED HOURS BEFORE. BUT THOSE TRACES ARE **ENOUGH!**

BEN!
GET OVER
HERE!

HUH?
WHAT IS
IT?

LOOK AT THESE
TRACKS! THOSE
MONSTERS WERE
HERE LAST
NIGHT WHEN
WE WERE
SLEEPING!

A WONDER THEY
DIDN'T **KILL** US. MAYBE
THEY WERE AFRAID
OF THE TENT...
THEY'RE ONLY
ANIMALS!

THEY LEAVE THEIR CAMPSITE QUICKLY, INTENT
NOW ON **HUNTING DOWN** THE BIGGEST GAME
OF THEIR LIVES. THE GAME THAT WILL BRING
THEM **EVERYTHING** THEY HAVE EVER
WANTED. AND WHILE THEY HURRY THROUGH
THE SNOW, THEY DREAM...OF WEALTH...
PROSPERITY.

WHEN WE GET BACK I WON'T
HAVE TO TAKE **ANYTHING** OFF
MARY. MATTER OF FACT, MIGHT
EVEN KICK HER **OUT!** SURE...
WHY NOT?

I'LL BE ABLE TO GET A DOZEN
WOMEN... DON'T NEED AN OLD
HAG LIKE **HER** ANYWAY!

DIDN'T MATTER
WHY THEY DIDN'T KILL
US...THEY JUST **DIDN'T**.
C'MON... SOME OF
THOSE TRACKS ARE
STILL **CLEAR**.
MAYBE WE
CAN TRACK
'EM DOWN.

THE SUN MAKES HALF ITS JOURNEY THROUGH THE SKY, AND STILL THERE IS NOTHING MORE THAN HALF-FILLED **TRACKS** TO GUIDE THEM. BUT THEY WALK ON, THEIR **GREED** DRIVING THEM THROUGH THE **COLD** WHERE **NOTHING ELSE** COULD!

LOOK!
IT'S **THEM!**
WE'VE FOUND
THE **MONSTERS!**

AND WHEN THE SUN HAS ALMOST **COMPLETED** ITS DAILY ROUTINE, THEY ARE **STILL** WALKING, **STILL** TRAILING AN ELUSIVE **PREY**. DEEP, DARK SHADOWS FALL AROUND THEM, BUT NO NOTICE IS PAID TO THEM.

TODD...MAYBE WE'D BETTER **STOP** FOR A WHILE...GET SOMETHING TO EAT FROM OUR PACKS.

YEAH...IT'S BEEN A **LONG** DAY. I GUESS WE CAN...

ALL THOUGHT OF FOOD IS FORGOTTEN AS THEY RACE THROUGH THE SNOW, THEIR RIFLES HELD TIGHTLY. IT DOES **NOT** SEEM **STRANGE** TO THEM THAT THE YETI REMAIN STILL, NOT RUNNING IN FEAR.

THEY SEE ONLY THEIR **PREY** AS THEY RUN. THEIR **PREY**...FILTHY **ANIMALS** STANDING IN THE SNOW, WAITING FOR A BULLET TO **SMASH** ITS WAY THROUGH THEIR **SKULLS!**

THEY MOVE CLOSER, WALKING SLOWLY NOW, JUST IN CASE THE **FILTHY ANIMALS** BECOME AFRAID. **NOW** IT STRIKES THEM AS **STRANGE** THAT THE CREATURES ARE NOT **ATTACKING**, FOR AFTER ALL, ISN'T THAT WHAT **ALL** MINDLESS BEASTS DO?

GOD! WEIRD LOOKIN' THINGS. PROBABLY DON'T EVEN KNOW ENOUGH TO BE **SCARED**. WELL, WE'LL SOON FIX **THAT!**

CAREFUL NOW...DON'T WANT TO **SCARE** THEM.

THEY RAISE THEIR RIFLES SLOWLY, EACH MAN TAKING CAREFUL AIM AT THE HEAD OF ONE OF THE YETI. THE SECONDS DRAG BY, SLOWLY, AS THEY MAKE SURE THE SIGHT IS TRUE. AND THEN...

...THEN, THEY FEEL THEIR FINGERS STIFFEN. THEY ARE RIGID... THEY CANNOT MOVE. WAVES OF FEAR FLOOD OVER THEM AS THEY WATCH THE YETI MOVE CLOSER, CLOSER, CLOSER!

AND THEN, THE CREATURES ARE BESIDE THEM... WATCHING... EXAMINING. THEY LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER AND SHAKE THEIR HEADS. THE MEN WANT TO SCREAM AS THEY LOOK INTO THOSE ANIMAL EYES, BUT THEY CAN'T! AND AS THEY GAZE INTO THE COLOURLESS ORBS, THEY KNOW! AND THEY CAN FEEL THEMSELVES BEING FORCED TO FACE EACH OTHER.



THEY CAN DO NOTHING BUT OBEY... TURN AND AIM THE RIFLE AT THE OTHER! BUT THAT IS NOT THE TRUE HORROR. THE TRUE HORROR IS KNOWING EXACTLY WHAT THE YETI ARE...

...KNOWING THAT THEY ARE NOT THE MISSING LINK IN MAN'S EVOLUTIONARY PROCESS, KNOWING THAT THEY ARE NOT ANIMALS... AND KNOWING THAT THEY THEMSELVES ARE GOING... TO DIE!

THERE IS SILENCE IN THE BARREN WASTELAND. THREE CREATURES, NOT FROM MAN'S PAST, BUT FROM HIS FUTURE... WHAT MAN WILL BE... TURN SLOWLY AND WALK AWAY, AFTER ALL... THOSE HIGHEST ON THE EVOLUTIONARY SCALE HAVE NO USE FOR THOSE ON THE BOTTOM... ALIVE OR DEAD!



...THE JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA... 1973...

DON'T YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHERE MAA-R IS HAWKINS?...

...AS I TOLD YOU... NO... I KNOW ONLY WHAT IS TOLD BY LEGEND AND THE WHISPERINGS OF THE NATIVES... THE LOST CITY OF MAA-R IS SOMEWHERE IN THIS AREA... IF IT EVEN EXISTS AT ALL...

...SO STARTS OUR TALE OF A LOYAL WOMAN'S SEARCH FOR HER LOST HUSBAND IN THIS JUNGLE HELL WHERE THE UNKNOWN IS A WAY OF LIFE... SO STARTS HER SEARCH WHICH WILL END IN A...

REQUIEM FOR A HUMAN BEING

...MY HUSBAND WAS CONVINCED IT EXISTED... THAT'S WHY HE CAME TO THIS COUNTRY A YEAR AGO...

...PERHAPS THAT'S WHY HE DIDN'T RETURN...

...YOU MEAN THE LEGEND OF HORROR THEY TELL ABOUT THIS PLACE ARE TRUE... THE MONSTERS OF MAA-R SWALLOWED HIM UP?... I DON'T BELIEVE THAT...

SO... YOU ARE BENT ON SEARCHING FOR YOUR LOST HUSBAND... THAT MUCH I UNDERSTAND...

...BUT WHY BRING YOUR TWO CHILDREN ALONG... EXPOSING THEM TO DANGERS NEITHER YOU NOR I KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT?...

...THERE ARE NO DANGERS HERE THAT DON'T INHABIT THE SIDEWALKS WHERE THEY LIVE... NEW YORK IS AS DANGEROUS AS THIS PLACE HAWKINS...

...IT WILL DO THEM GOOD TO TREK THESE JUNGLES...



...WHEN WE RETURN TO OUR HOMES? OUR SEARCH FOR FORBIDDEN CITY TOO LONG...

...THAT'S NOT YOUR PROBLEM, IS IT? YOU'RE JUST SCARED OF THE SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT LOST MAA-R...

...THE TALES TOLD US OF MAA-R BY OUR FORE-FATHERS ARE EVIL... IT IS SAID THE PLACE IS DWELLED BY EVIL MONSTERS...

...WE WOULD NOT WANT TO FIND OUT THE STORIES ARE TRUE, TOO LATE TO SAVE OUR LIVES...

...YOU BELIEVE THOSE STUPID TALES OF BAT-GODS?



...STAY QUIET CHILDREN... TRY TO SLEEP... I'LL STOP THEM TALKING...

...THERE'S NOTHING TO BE FRIGHTENED OF OUT HERE...

...THE BAT-GODS WERE ONCE MEN... THEY WERE SO EVIL THEY WERE MADE INTO MONSTERS BY AN ALL-POWERFUL DEMON WHO RULES THEM AS A KING...



RUBISH... STOP TALKING SUCH RUBBISH... IF THERE IS A LOST CITY OF MAA-R IT IS NO MORE INHABITED BY BAT-MONSTERS THAN THIS JUNGLE AROUND US THAT YOU'VE KNOWN ALL YOUR LIVES...

...I DON'T THINK THEY'LL LAST MUCH LONGER MRS! ... AT THE FIRST SIGN OF DANGER THEY'LL RUN HOME...

...DO YOUR BEST HAWKING... ...TRY TO KEEP THEM IN LINE, AS BEST YOU CAN...

...THE WOMAN IS RIGHT... ...AND WHEN WE FIND THE PLACE -- OR THIS WOMAN'S HUSBAND -- THE RICH WOMAN WILL PAY YOU WELL...

...THE **SEARCH CONTINUES...**
LONG DAY AFTER LONG
STEAMING DAY... AND EACH
NIGHT THE NATIVES TALK OF
RETURNING HOME...



DO SOMETHING
HELP HIM!

...IT IS **DEMON-GOD...**
WE DARE NOT ATTACK HIM...
...THE WRATH OF THE
GODS WOULD BE
TERRIBLE...



HAWKINS...
MY LORD!!

...MY GUN...
CAN'T GET AT MY
GUN...

BDAAAM BAAAM BDAM BDAM







MAMA... I'M
HUNGRY!

...IT'S GETTING
DARK MOMMY...
I'M SO **TIRED**
AND SO
FRIGHTENED...

...I WONDER WHAT YOUR
FATHER'S BEEN **EATING**
THIS LAST WHILE MARK...
...HIS **SUPPLIES** WOULD'VE RUN OUT
MONTHS AGO... COULD HE **SURVIVE**
IN THIS **JUNGLE HELL?**

...I'M SO **TIRED**
OF **BEANS** MAMA...



...DON'T BE **FRIGHTENED**
CHILDREN... YOU SEE UP THERE?
...THAT **CAVE?**...
...WE'LL CLIMB UP THERE AND BE
SAFE FOR THE **NIGHT...**
...AND I'LL COOK US SOME
FOOD AND WE'LL HAVE A
NICE MEAL...



OH **LORD...** I DON'T
EVEN KNOW IF JIM'S
ALIVE OR **DEAD!!**

...DON'T CRY MOMMY...
...DON'T CRY...

...THEY **SLEPT** THE
NIGHT OUT IN THAT
CAVE ON THE SIDE
OF THE **MOUNTAIN...**
THEIR **DREAMS**
WERE **NIGHTMARES**
OF **JUNGLE**
ABOMINATIONS...
THEIR HOPES TO FIND
THE **HUSBAND** AND
THE **FATHER** WERE
DIM, AND FOR THE
FIRST TIME ON THEIR
JOURNEY--THEY
BEGAN TO THINK OF
NEW YORK AS
THE **SAFEST**,
SAVEST PLACE
ON **EARTH...**



...BUT IN THE **MORNING** WHEN THEY **AWOKE**
THE SIGHT BELOW WAS A **GIFT OF GOD**...

CHILDREN...
WAKE-UP... **WAKE-UP...**
...**LOOK**
WHAT'S
BELOW...



MOMMY... IS
THAT THE **CITY**?

...YES... THAT'S
THE **CITY**...
...AND PERHAPS **THERE**
WE'LL AT LAST FIND YOUR
FATHER...
...PRAY TO **GOD**
THAT WE **DO**...

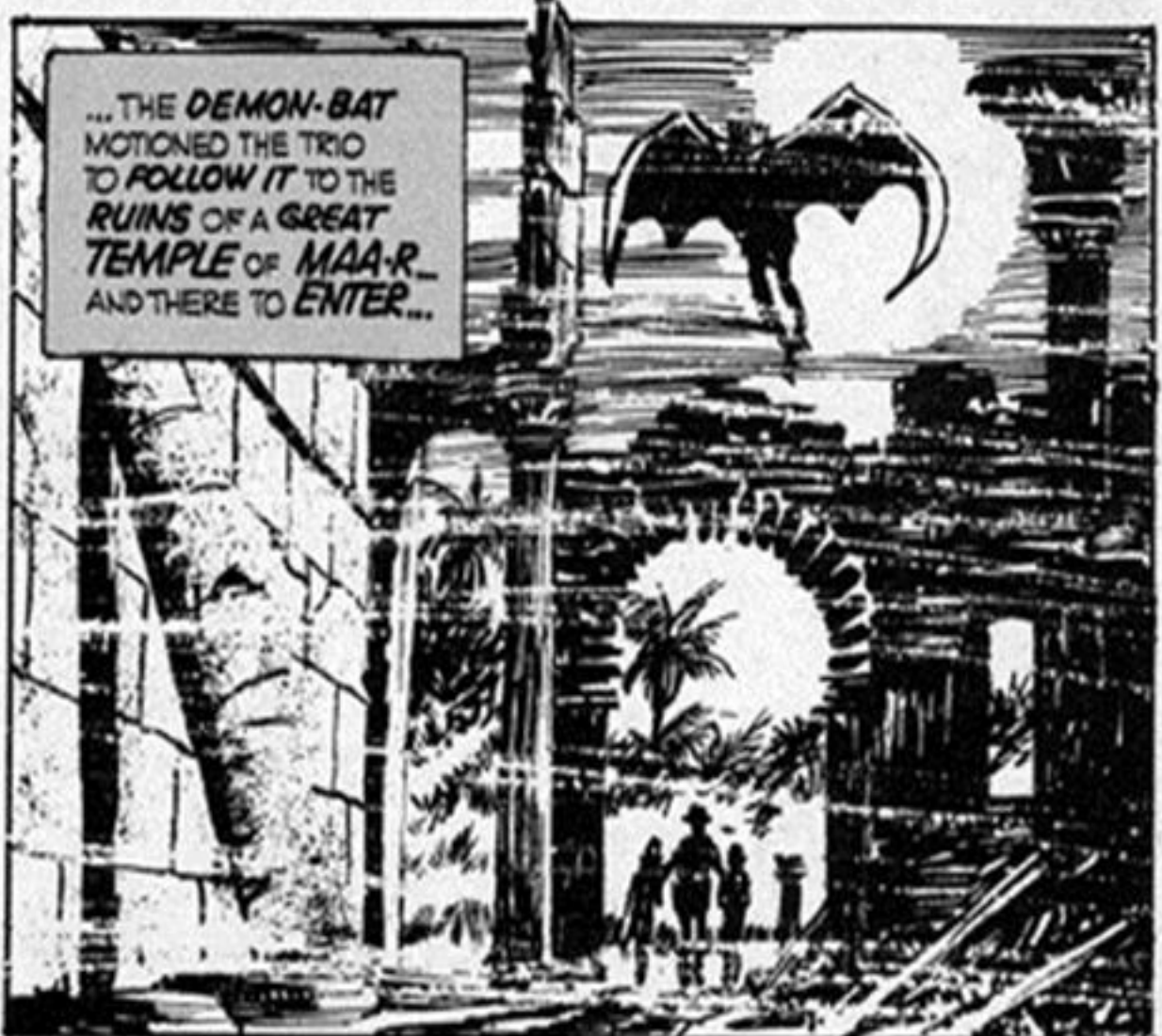


...THOSE **MONSTROUS**
BATS HOVERING OVERHEAD...
...NOW WE KNOW WHERE
THE **LEGENDS** CAME FROM...

I'M **FRIKHTENED**
MOMMY!

...I'M SURE THEY'RE
QUITE **HARMLESS**...
DON'T BE **FRIKHTENED**...





...A **BOOK**... CONTAINING A **SINGLE PASSAGE**...
WRITTEN IN **SEVERAL**
LANGUAGES... ONE IN
ENGLISH...

...**LISTEN** CHILDREN...
...**LISTEN TO THIS**...

...WELCOME TO THE
FORBIDDEN CITY OF **MAA-R**
...THE **PLACE** YOU WILL
SPEND OUT YOUR LIFE...
...WHATEVER YOU HAVE
HEARD OF THIS PLACE IS
NOT TRUE... THIS IS A
PLACE OF **PEACE** AND
SERENITY WHERE
SOCIETY LIVES IN
SUBIME COMFORT
AND **HAPPINESS**...

...THERE ARE MANY
QUESTIONS ON YOUR
MIND... ALL WILL BE
ANSWERED WITH THE
PASSAGE OF TIME...
...ONLY **ONE** WILL BE
ANSWERED NOW... **WHY**
IT IS YOU WILL **NEVER LEAVE**...
YOU ARE A **GOOD** PERSON
OR YOU WOULD NEVER HAVE
BEEN **ALLOWED** TO **ENTER**
THE **TEMPLE**...

...AS YOU COME TO
KNOW THIS PLACE YOU
WILL NEVER
WANT TO LEAVE...

...YOU HEARD IT WAS
A **PLACE OF EVIL**...
THOSE **LEGENDS** WERE
FABRICATED BY THE
CITY FOUNDERS TO
KEEP THE **WORLD AWAY**
FROM US...

...THE WRITING IN THE BOOK CONCLUDES...
"... YOU ARE NOW ONE OF US **CITIZENS** AND
PROTECTORS OF **MAA-R**... MAY YOU KNOW
THE **PEACE** AND **CONTENTMENT** YOU
NEVER **KNEW** IN THE **WORLD WITHOUT**..."

...THE **SEARCH** IS **ENDED**... A **FAMILY** IS **RE-UNITED** AND THE
TALE IS **OVER**... BUT A **SEQUEL** TO THIS TALE WILL YET BE
TOLD... **AWAIT: "IN THE JUNGLE OF THE BATS"**... WHEN
WE WILL **RETURN** TO LEARN WHAT **HAPPENS** TO THIS
MACABRE FAMILY, IN A **YEAR TOMORROW**...

THIS MAN-
GARGOYLE IS
NOT ASLEEP,
THO' HE MIGHT
SEEM TO BE,
HE IS
THINKING...



...ABOUT WHY HE IS
HERE IN JAIL...



...WONDERING ABOUT HIS WO-
MAN MINA AND HIS SON ANDREW
...WONDERING IF THEY'RE SAFE
AND MANAGING TO SURVIVE
IN CITY-MANHATTAN OUTSIDE
THE PRISON WALLS...



WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY MAELO CINTRON

WONDERING IF HIS FUTURE WILL BE ANY DIFFERENT FROM
HIS PAST...WONDERING IF THE WORLD OUTSIDE WILL EVER
ACCEPT SATAN'S PLOYS AS HIS EXCUSE FOR HIS ACTIONS...

...BUT THEN HE COMES TO REALIZE THE WORLD DOESN'T
WANT EXCUSES BECAUSE IT COULDN'T CARE LESS...IT JUST
QUICKLY LABELS A MAN WITH A NUMBER AND CALLS HIS
FAMILY...





YOU HAVE
A COUPLE
OF VISITORS,
SARTYROS.



MINA
MY LOVE!

HEY...
NO TOUCHING...
YOU CAN TALK...
BUT DO NOT
TOUCH...

ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT,
MINA?



YES, EDWARD...
WE HAVE A SMALL
HOTEL ROOM...THE
HOTEL THOMSON...
WE'RE OKAY...ARE
YOU OKAY?



YES...I'M
OKAY...THE TRIAL
IS A COUPLE OF DAYS
AWAY...NOT THE TRIAL...
I MEAN THE HEARING...
THEY DECIDE IF I CAN
GO OUT ON BAIL OR
NOT...THE TRIAL WON'T
BE FOR A WEEK...



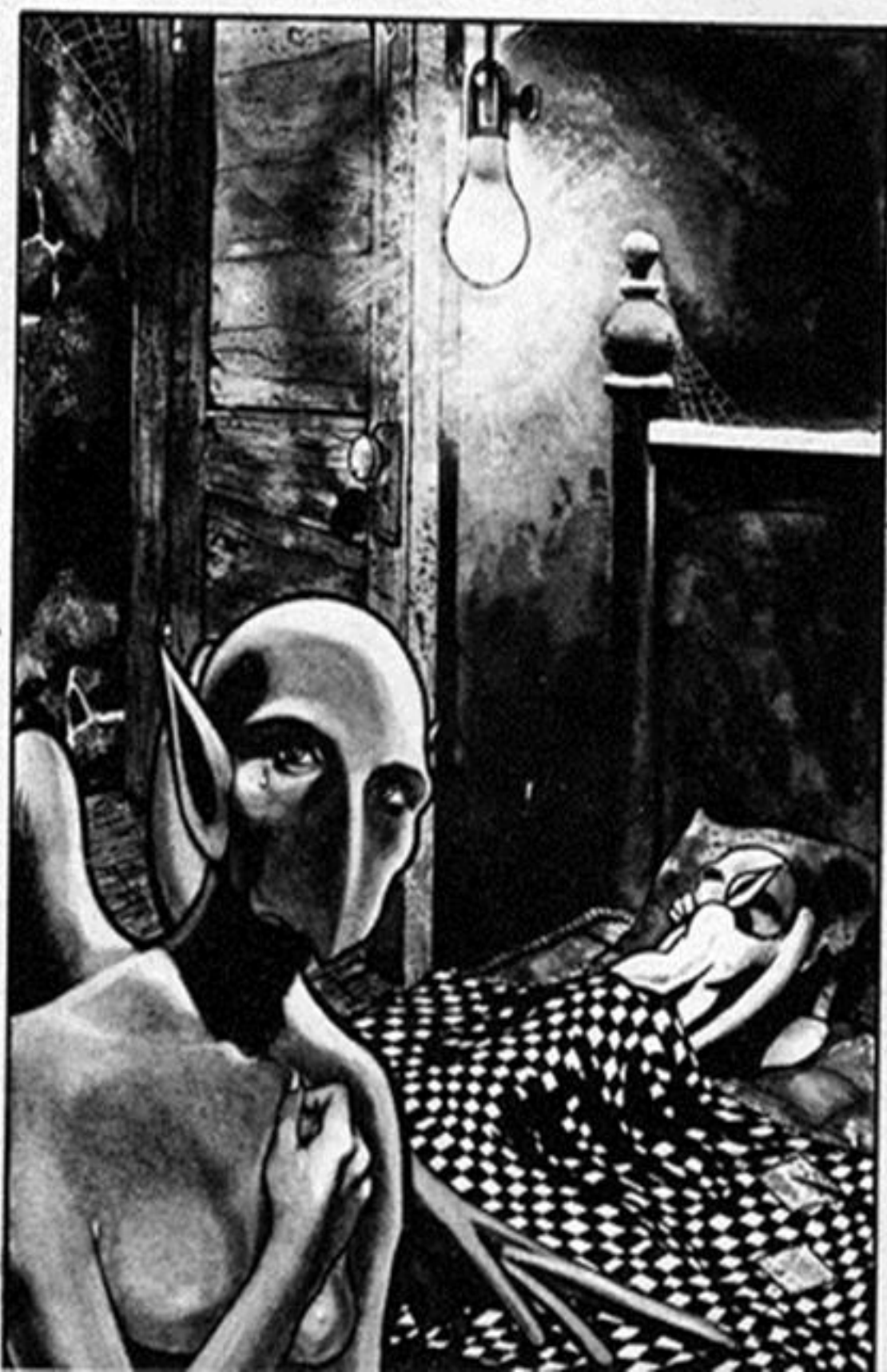
HOW
WILL YOU
FARE?

...I DON'T
KNOW...WITH
JUDGE WALLACE SPEAK-
ING FOR ME I SHOULD
BE OUT ON BAIL AT
LEAST...



DADDY...





WELL, COME ON, ANDREW... LET'S STOP FEELING SORRY FOR OURSELVES AND GO TO THE RESTAURANT FOR SOME FOOD!

HANGRY...



...UGLH...

...EAT YOUR SOUP PROPERLY, ANDREW...



...EXCUSE ME... AREN'T YOU MRS. SARTYROS...

YES?

...MY NAME IS PAUL HAWKINS... I'M A REPORTER FOR THE GAZETTE... I'VE BEEN COVERING YOUR TRIAL... AH... MAY I SIT DOWN, MRS. SARTYROS?

YES, ALL RIGHT...



...I SYMPATHIZE WITH YOU...

THANK YOU... BUT WE DON'T NEED YOUR PITY, MR. HAWKINS...

...WE HAVE PITY ENOUGH FOR OURSELVES...

I DIDN'T QUITE MEAN THAT...

WHAT I MEANT WAS I SYMPATHIZE WITH YOUR PLIGHT... BELIEVE ME, I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING YOUR CASE FROM THE START AND PROBABLY KNOW MORE THAN ANYONE ABOUT YOU...

...I BELIEVE MR. SARTYROS IS A VICTIM AND I KNOW A WAY HE CAN CONVINCE THE AMERICAN PEOPLE OF HIS INNOCENCE...

YOU DO? HOW?



...YOUR HUSBAND CAN TELL THE PUBLIC BY WRITING AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY...

WRITE A BOOK?

I CAN'T EVEN SIGN MY OWN NAME...

BUT I CAN HELP YOU SIR...
I CAN WORK WITH YOU AND YOU CAN TELL YOUR STORY SO THAT THE PEOPLE WILL UNDERSTAND...

I LIKE YOU, MR. HAWKINS AND I TRUST YOU...

...DON'T EVER LET ME DOWN...

NO...

IN THE FEW DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, WHILE AWAITING HIS TRIAL, EDWARD SPOKE INTO PAUL HAWKIN'S TAPE RECORDER, TELLING OF HIS ORIGIN CENTURIES BEFORE, AND OF HIS BIRTH ONLY MONTHS BEFORE...

HE TOLD *EVERYTHING* HE HAD EXPERIENCED, AND OF HIS BELIEFS ABOUT THE PERSECUTIONS OF SATAN, AND IN THE PROCESS BECAME GOOD FRIENDS WITH THE MAN HAWKINS, WHO CAME TO REGARD THE HUMAN GARGOYLE AS MORE MAN THAN GARGOYLE...

...IT WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE THE TRIAL THAT THE CALM WAS BROKEN...

HEY, SARTYROS...

YES?

WHAT HOTEL IS YOUR WIFE STAYING AT?

THE THOMSON HOTEL... WHY?

...WE'VE BEEN CALLING HER THERE ALL DAY TO TELL HER ABOUT THE TRIAL TIME TOMORROW AND SHE'S NOT THERE...

...OH MY GOD... MY GOD...

NOT MINA AND ANDREW...

...NO...



...THERE'S
NOTHING
WRONG,
EDWARD...



NOTHING
WRONG?

...HE'S
GOT THEM...

**SATAN'S
GOT
THEM!!**



...I'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR HIM
TO DO SOMETHING
LIKE *THIS*... I KNEW
IT... I KNEW
IT...

DON'T DO
ANYTHING
RASH, EDWARD...
LET ME GO AND
FIND OUT
WHAT'S
WRONG...

NO!

...ONCE AGAIN
SATAN HAS
PLOTTED AGAINST
ME... *THIS* TIME HE
PLANS TO HAVE ME
MISS MY *TRIAL* BY
KIDNAPPING MY
WIFE AND
SON...



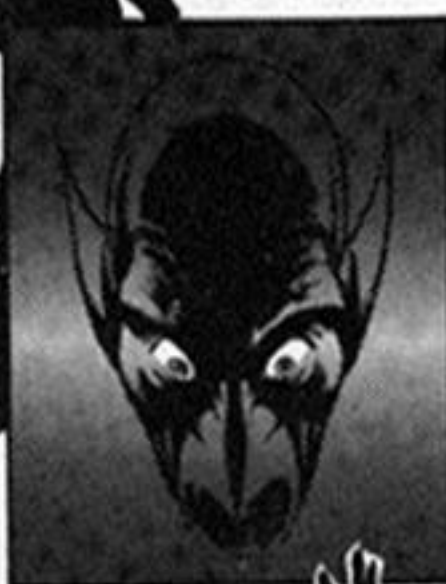
...DON'T
YOU SEE,
PAUL...

...I HAVE NO
ALTERNATIVE...

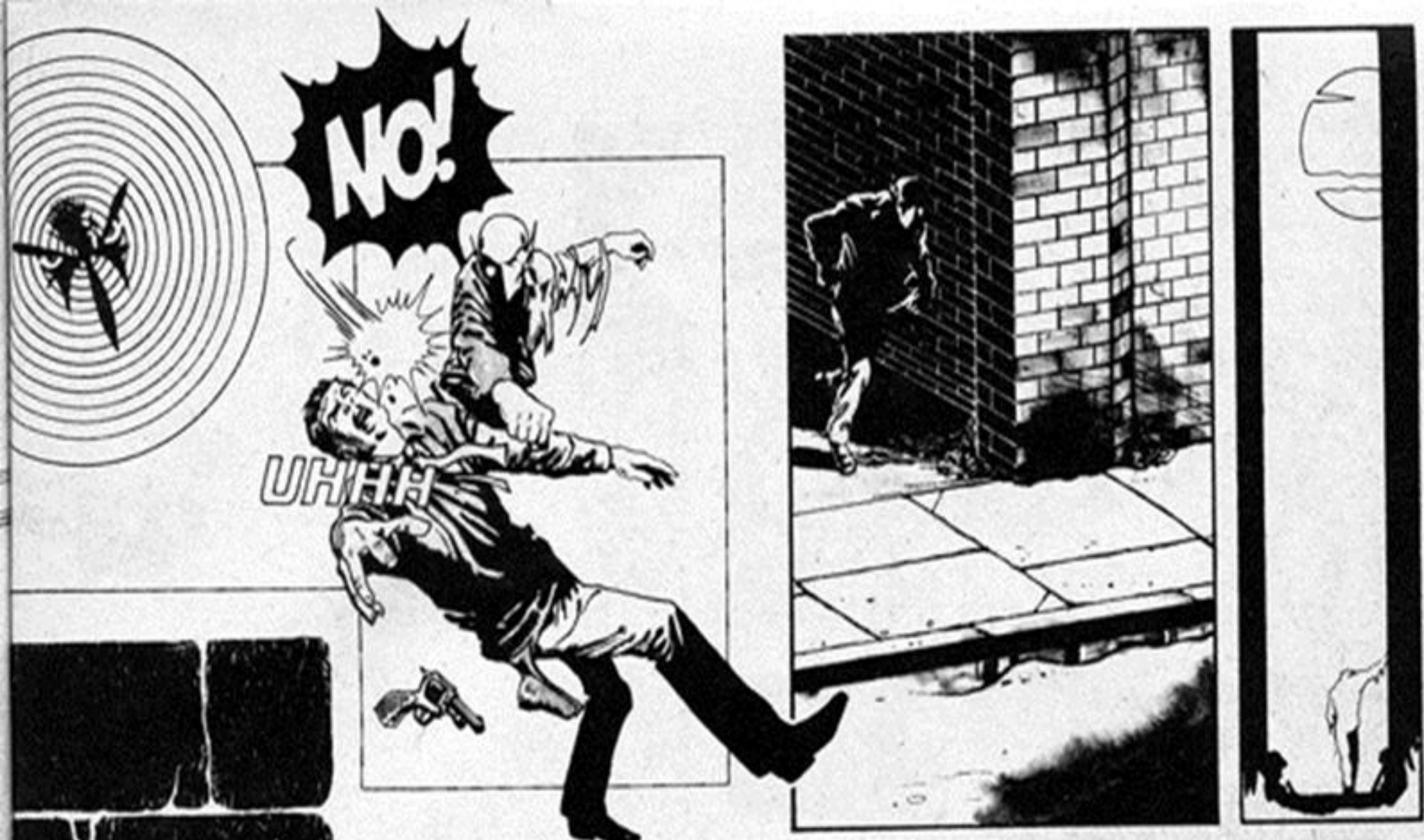


NO, EDWARD...
DON'T TRY TO
ESCAPE... THEY'LL
KILL YOU...

UHH







HOW DO I FIND THEM?

EDWARD!

...DADDY DADDY...

...I GUESS THE FIRST PLACE TO LOOK IS THE HOTEL ROOM...

I GOT A JOB, EDWARD...TO SUPPORT US WHILE YOU WERE IN JAIL...AT A DAY-NURSERY WHERE ANDREW HAS OTHER CHILDREN TO PLAY WITH...I DON'T FINISH WORK UNTIL AFTER SIX O'CLOCK...

MINA...I THOUGHT...I THOUGHT YOU'D BEEN KIDNAPPED!

BUT WHY?

...THE POLICE HAVE BEEN CALLING YOU ALL DAY... WHERE WERE YOU?





HOLD IT,
SARTYROS!!

I'M NOT
GOING ANYWHERE
NOW...I'LL GO BACK
WITH YOU...

HE DID IT
AGAIN...THAT FIEND
SATAN DID IT
AGAIN...WITHOUT
EVEN LIFTING A
FINGER...

...NO,
EDWARD...
IT WAS
YOU...

YES, EDWARD...
MR. HAWKINS IS
RIGHT...YOU LEAPED
TO THE WRONG
CONCLUSION...



CIKK
CKK

THAT ISN'T
TRUE...DON'T YOU
SEE? THIS IS
HOW SATAN
WANTED IT TO
LOOK...AS IF
IT WAS MY MIND!
AS IF I'M
FABRICATING MY
CONFLICT WITH
HIM...



...BUT YOU
KNOW THAT ISN'T
TRUE DON'T YOU,
FIEND-SATAN...

...WELL, I WARN
YOU, MISERY-MASTER,
YOU WON'T BEAT ME
INTO THE GROUND BY YOUR
MONSTERS OR YOUR FOUL
INSINUATIONS AGAINST
MY SANITY...

...YOU WON'T WIN YOUR
WAR AGAINST ME...

I WILL WIN!

next: **I, GARGOYLE**

NOW ON SALE

GET IT AT YOUR HORROR-MOOD
MAGAZINE STORE

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