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A SKYWALKER  
HORROR-MOOD  
MAGAZINE

ALL-NEW 1975 WINTER-SPECIAL

THE 1975

# SCREAM

WINTER SPECIAL

all original  
1975 winter  
YEARBOOK

NEW

**NOSFERATU**

**THE AXE  
MURDERESS**

and

**the saga of the  
VICTIMS**

**I AM A  
MONSTROSITY**

ALL NEW HORROR  
STORIES AND FEATURES

**THE EXORCIST**  
and  
**YOU CAN'T JUDGE A  
KILLER BY THE CORPSE!**  
plus all-original tales of horror  
terror and EVIL!

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present an original illustrated novel!

# WEREWOLF



illustrated by ROBERT MARTIN

# SCREAM

- edited by ALAN HEWETSON -

No. 11 FEB. 1975

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## Nosferatu

The tale of the female fiend in Nosferatu's Castle BEGINS when she was an innocent child — and ENDS in horror as an old witch . . . page 4

## You can't judge a Killer by the Corpse

People DO judge the criminal by his crime, which is a ghastly mistake in the case of this KILLER and his CORPSE companion . . . page 16

## The Breeders

Candy can rot your teeth, but can it devour your SOUL? The Breeders know . . . page 26

## The Exorcist

A shocking review of the shock movie of the decade . . . page 33

## The Saga of the Victims

Chapter 5 in the continuing saga of 2 innocent young girls struggling for survival — I AM A PROUD MONSTROSITY . . . page 47







# NOSFERATU

• CHAPTER 9 •

**NOSFERATU** HAS ELEVEN GUESTS IN HIS MEDITERRANEAN CASTLE-- BEFORE MORNING ALL THEIR TALES WILL BE TOLD AND ONLY **NOSFERATU** WILL BE LEFT TO TELL HIS TALE IN A SAD CHANT OF WOE-- 8 HAVE ALREADY SPOKEN -- THEY ARE THE DEAD THINGS WHO YOU SEE UNMASKED! 3 HAVE YET TO SPEAK-- ONE MASKED AS A COMMON HOUSEHOLD CAT-- SIR DONALD EDWARDS, OF ENGLAND-- THE ONE MASKED AS A VULTURE-- HO CHI LAOH, OF CHINA-- AND THE ONE WHOSE AUTOBIOGRAPHY YOU ARE ABOUT TO HEAR-- THE GRUESOME SAGA OF THE FEMALE, MASKED IN A DECAYING ANIMAL SKULL-- **ANTIE MAE DIPP**-- THE FAMOUS AXE--MURDERESS OF AUSTRALIA--

...THIS IS HER TALE...

I  
KILL  
TO  
LIVE



SO-- **ANTIE MAE DIPP**...IT'S YOUR TURN TO SPEAK--

WHY-- WEAR THAT ROTTING SKULL?-- WHAT KIND OF ANIMAL IS THAT WHOSE APPEARANCE IN DEATH YOU MIMIC?

THE **VULTURE**-- THE SAME AS MY FRIEND SLIGHTLY TO THE NORTH OF MY OWN HOMELAND-- **HO CHI LAOH** OF CHINA--

...I KNOW NOT WHY HE WEARS A **VULTURE** MASK-- BUT WHY I WEAR THE **VULTURE'S** VISAGE AFTER DEATH, IS WHY I AM HERE THIS MORNING...

written by ALAN HEWETSON  
illustrated by ZESAR

...I DON'T  
SUPPOSE TOO  
MANY CHILDREN  
OF THE WESTERN  
WORLD LIVED  
A MORE  
WRETCHED  
CHILDHOOD  
THAN I--MY  
FATHER WAS A  
PHILANDERER...



...AND A WIFE-  
BEATER--AND MY  
MOTHER WAS A  
SOUSE...

...WHEN I WAS  
ABOUT 7 OR 8 YEARS  
OLD, I WITNESSED  
A BRUTAL CON-  
FRONTATION  
BETWEEN MY  
PARENTS--MY  
MOTHER SCREAMED  
AT MY FATHER  
CERTAIN SENTI-  
MENTS ABOUT  
HIS 'WOMEN',  
AND HE TURNED  
ON HER WITH AN  
AXE...



...MY FATHER  
BRUTALLY MUR-  
DERED MY MOTHER  
BEFORE MY EYES--  
HE STOOD OVER  
HER BODY AND LET-  
TING THE AXE  
DROP ONTO THE  
BLOOD-SOAKED  
FLOOR...



...HE JUST STOOD STOCK-STILL FOR A LONG  
TIME, LOOKING DOWN AT HER...



...FOR A REASON I  
NEVER UNDERSTOOD  
(FOR IT WAS CER-

TAINLY NOT THAT I LOVED MY MOTHER, IN FACT I DETESTED  
HER, FOR SHE RESENTED ME AND FELT I WAS SOMEHOW  
RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RIFT BETWEEN SHE AND HER HUSBAND)  
I PICKED UP THE AXE AND SPLIT OPEN MY FATHER'S SKULL...



...THEY TOOK ME  
TO AN ASYLUM...

...AND THERE  
I GREW UP...

...AND THERE  
I GREW OLD...



...FOR DESPITE CONSTANT ATTENTION BY  
DOCTORS AND PSYCHIATRISTS, DESPITE WHAT-  
COULD-BE-CALLED GENUINE MEDICAL GUIDANCE,  
I WAS CALLED 'INCURABLE' AND IT WAS  
DEEMED I SPEND MY ENTIRE LIFE INSIDE THE  
ASYLUM...



...A FEW YEARS  
AGO--IN 1965, WHEN  
I WAS 65 YEARS OLD,  
I DECIDED TO **BREAK  
OUT**--AND SO **SMUG-  
GLED MYSELF INTO  
THE BACK SEAT OF A  
NURSE'S CAR, WHICH  
EXITED THE ASYLUM  
AT NIGHTFALL AND  
PERMITTED MY  
ESCAPE...**



WHO IS THERE?  
IS SOMEBODY IN THE  
BACK SEAT?

OH, MAE!--  
IT'S YOU!

YES--  
IT'S ME!

"...AGAIN I MURDERED--  
SLIPPED A PIECE OF WIRE  
AROUND HER NECK AND  
SLICED HER JUGULAR VEIN..."

"...BUT NOW I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MYSELF...  
I HAD BEEN TAKEN CARE OF BY OTHERS ALL MY LIFE, AND  
HAD NO IDEA HOW TO EXIST IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD--I NEEDED  
FOOD AND MONEY--AND TO GET MONEY I KILLED..."

## ESCAPED LUNATIC SLAYS 5 PEOPLE

THE PERTH AXE-MURDERESS

Four days ago, a lunatic escaped from the Perth Asylum, after confinement for 58 years. In 1907, Mae Dippie, aged 7, slaughtered her father and was judged by the courts and by medical authorities as incurably insane. During her confinement at the Perth Asylum, authorities reported she was not liked by other inmates, and sarcastically was dubbed 'ANTIE MAE DIPPIE'. Since her escape, Ms. Dippie has murdered 5 citizens in the same ugly fashion as she murdered her father, with an axe, and has been re-dubbed 'THE PERTH AXE-MURDERESS' by frightened citizens, afraid to walk the city streets after dark.



ANTIE MAE DIPPIE





...THE NEWSPAPER STORY MADE MY EXPLOITS NATIONAL NEWS-- AND I WAS HUNTED BY EVERY POLICEMAN IN THE STATE--I FLED THE CITY TO THE OUTBACK...



...WHERE I HOPED I WOULD FIND SOME PEACE AND SOLITUDE--I HOPED I WOULD FIND A DESERTED CABIN OR SOMETHING WHERE I COULD BE LEFT ALONE--FREE OF THE ASYLUM AND FREE OF POLICE...



...A WILD DOG BEFRIENDED ME--I FOUND HIM WANDERING ABOUT NEAR THE DECOMPOSING BODY OF A DROVER --HE WAS A NICE DOG--I WAS THANKFUL FOR HIS COMPANIONSHIP AND FRIENDSHIP...



I CAME UPON THE SHEEPSTATION OF AN OLD MAN-- HE OFFERED ME FOOD AND ASKED ME NO QUESTIONS --I GUESSED HE WAS LONELY AND IN NEED OF A COMPANION...

...I RETURNED HIS FRIENDSHIP--I CLEANED UP HIS HOMESTEAD, COOKED MEALS--FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I FELT LIKE A REAL PERSON...





"...BUT HE HAD DECEIVED ME--HE HAD KNOWN WHO I WAS ALL ALONG FROM THE RADIO REPORTS--AND HAD SECRETLY TRANSMITTED MY WHEREABOUTS ON HIS 2-WAY RADIO TO THE POLICE..."



"...ARMED WITH DYNAMITE, ALREADY LIGHTED, I CALMLY WALKED TOWARD THE LANDING 'COPTER..."



"...WHO ARRIVED IN A HELICOPTER--ARMED WITH GUNS AND ANOTHER WEAPON--THE MOST DREADED WEAPON OF ALL--A STRAIGHT JACKET..."



"...WHEN I WAS A FEW FEET FROM IT--I THREW THE DYNAMITE--TURNED AND RAN..."

"...I WASN'T ABOUT TO GO BACK TO THE ASYLUM... NOT AFTER TASTING FREEDOM... I WAS ANGRY AT THE OLD MAN'S BETRAYAL..."



"...AND DECIDED I WOULD RATHER DIE FIGHTING THAN RETURN TO THE ASYLUM..."



"...THE 'COPTER, AND THE POLICEMEN, WENT STRAIGHT TO HELL!"

YOU--YOU  
BETRAYED ME--  
I THOUGHT YOU  
WERE MY  
FRIEND...

...I... I AM, MAE, I AM  
YOUR FRIEND--I NEEDED  
THE REWARD MONEY TO  
PAY THE MORTGAGE ON  
MY SHEEPSTATION. WE CAN  
STILL BE HAPPY,  
MAE, I SWEAR!



...I KNEW MORE  
POLICEMEN WOULD  
COME--I KNEW  
THEY'D CHASE  
ME TO THE ENDS  
OF THE EARTH--  
ESPECIALLY NOW  
THAT I HAD KILLED  
TWO OF THEIR  
KIND... I TOOK  
MY ONLY FRIEND  
AND MADE INTO  
THE HILLS...

...YOU'RE THE ONLY  
FRIEND I HAVE, BOY--  
THE ONLY ONE I  
KNOW WILL NEVER  
BETRAY ME!

WE'LL BE FRIENDS,  
YOU AND I, TILL THE  
DAY WE DIE--JUST  
YOU AND I--WE'LL  
KILL ANYONE WHO  
STANDS IN THE WAY OF  
OUR FRIENDSHIP...  
IT'S JUST YOU AN' I  
AGAINST THE WHOLE  
BLOODY WORLD!



"...THEN, OH, HORRORS!--A SNAKE SLITHERED BESIDE ME--A POISONOUS KIND OF HUMAN FEAR WELLED UP WITHIN ME--I WAS PETRIFIED--MY HEART STOPPED--I COULD NOT BREATHE ...I SCREAMED...

"...AND SHOVED MY DOG AT HIM--OH, LORD! OH, HORRORS! WHAT COULD I DO--GOD FORGIVE ME--I WAS SO OVERWHELMED WITH FEAR...

"...THE SNAKE ATTACKED MY FRIEND AS I WATCHED--FILLED HIS VEINS WITH POISON MEANT FOR ME...

"...THEN I PICKED UP ANOTHER BOULDER--ONE TO TAKE MY FRIEND OUT OF HIS AGONY! I HAD BETRAYED--THE ONLY FRIEND I HAD IN THE WORLD... AND I DROPPED THE BOULDER AND CRUSHED HIS HEAD... THANK THE LORD, MY FRIEND DIED INSTANTLY!"

"...I KILLED THE SNAKE WITH A BOULDER--I CRUSHED IT...





WELL--THAT CAN'T  
BE THE END OF YOUR  
STORY! COMPOSE  
YOURSELF, HAG! HOW  
DID YOU DIE--  
FINISH THE STORY--  
STOP WEeping--  
FINISH YOUR STORY!



"I--WATCHED THE  
VULTURES--TEAR INTO  
THE FLESH OF MY FRIEND  
--I SAT AND WATCHED  
THEM EAT MY ONLY  
FRIEND...I REALIZED  
THAT I TOO WAS A KIND  
OF VULTURE..."



"...I SAT FOR AN HOUR  
WATCHING THEM DEVOUR  
THE FRIEND I HAD  
BETRAYED..."



"...THEN I  
OPENED MY  
KNAPSACK--  
TOOK MY AXE--  
THE AXE I  
SHOULD HAVE  
USED TO KILL  
THE SNAKE,  
TO SAVE MY  
FRIEND..."



"...AND ENDED MY  
WRETCHED, BLOODY LIFE WITH  
A SINGLE SWING OF THE  
AWFUL BLADE..."

THAT--IS MY TALE...  
NEXT: DEAD--  
ON THE COUNT OF TEN!

# SCREAM MAILBAG

"...still no HEAP - what's the matter?"

"In issue #13 of your HORROR-MOOD publication of PSYCHO, you made known of the end of your fantastic HEAP series. You ended the story with a coupon for a "YES HEAP . . . NO HEAP" VOTE, and you said, that if there were enough votes in, you would continue the HEAP saga. This is very good, and the suspense was almost unbearable. I was equally shocked, when in issue #17 of PSYCHO (inside back cover), you announced the RETURN of the HEAP. One thing is wrong . . . it is now issue #21, and STILL NO HEAP. What's the matter?"



Here's the story, the WHOLE story . . .

. . . Sometime ago, when the HEAP made his debut in PSYCHO #2 (pre-HORROR-MOOD) this character showed promise. Although the idea of THE HEAP was a swipe from olden times the character we presented did show promise. It became very popular, particularly when Pablo Marcos took over the art chores. The issues featuring the HEAP stories, just as SKYWALD got into the HORROR-MOOD, were very popular. Then, as you know, a new artist took over the last two chapters of THE HEAP — what can we say, in all honesty, about those last two chapters that have not already been said — they were REALLY BAD! We were disappointed. We resolved (after we received an overwhelming YES HEAP VOTE) to revive THE HEAP and to do one wham-bang dynamite GREAT series. So we solicited the art work of Ricardo Villamonte, who promptly left to do advertising and other type work. We then had no less than 4 (count 'em, four) artists TRY to come up with a NEW and worthwhile HEAP character (by WORTHWHILE, talk, in all honesty we mean WORTHWHILE), because we were DETERMINED to do it RIGHT if at all. Time after time we were disappointed — until NOW — working on a concept of artist Gene Day — we have an outsize ARTIST lined up to do the NEW HEAP just as soon as he's finished a certain-something-else which is occupying all his time at the moment! The HEAP is not dead — far from it, certain bad elements, negative aspects, to the old HEAP ARE dead — in particular the unoriginal premise is dead! The NEW HEAP is all new and it is DYNAMITE — by the finest HORROR-MOOD artist and one of the finest artists in all of comics. You DO have to wait just a few more months — but it'll be well WORTH the wait. HEAP lovers: you're in for the SHOCK of the DECADE when THE HEAP RETURNS!

WELCOME to the eleventh issue of SCREAM . . .

. . . A Behemoth bunch of answers from Mrs. Pat. Contreras . . .

"The best story in NIGHTMARE #20 is THE SCREAM AND THE NIGHTMARE because the STORY FAR EXCEEDED THE OTHERS IN THIS ISSUE AND THE SHOGGOTH SERIES IS VERY INTERESTING. My favorite all-time HORROR - MOOD story is THE SLITHER - SLIME MAN, CAUSE ITS VERY EXCITING. The ART WAS FANTASTIC, AND I LOVED THE SCRIPT. I buy HORROR-MOOD magazines because in MY OPINION THEY ARE THE BEST IN ILLUSTRATED TALES OF HORROR. FOR QUITE SOME TIME WAS STUCK WITH YOUR COMPETITOR'S JUNK, BUT THEN I DISCOVERED THE HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINES AND IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT, AND I WILL NEVER GO BACK AGAIN. My favorite HORROR-MOOD artist is wretched RICARDO VILLAMONTE. My favorite HORROR-MOOD cover artist is fetid FABA (SCREAM #8) My favorite type of story is HORROR. I think photostories are: THE ONLY PHOTO FEATURES THAT I LIKED WERE THE MOVIE REVIEWS AND PREVIEWS. My favorite HORROR-MOOD story title is CASTLE OF THE VAMPIRE DEAD. My favorite HORROR-MOOD CHARACTERS are THE HUMAN GARGOYLES. My favorite HORROR-MOOD series is THE SHOGGOTH MYTHOS. I think text stories ARE ALRIGHT IF THEY ARE KEPT DOWN TO ABOUT ONE EVERY TWO ISSUES (NOT MORE THAN THAT).

A BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS VON BODENHAUSEN, of Nebraska ("— the best story in SCREAM #8 is "MY PRISON IN HELL" because Alan Hewetson is a horror-fiction master! His series gives him a good chance to develop characters like Nosferatu. Co-sar's art was exceedingly exciting. Hewetson's stories never die down and get boring — you should have a HORROR-MOOD HOTLINE COLUMN which would offer a behind the scenes look at SKYWALD and give news and previews. Also, organize your letters more and print complete letters —"), RUSSELL BORACCI of New York, BILL MESSICK of Maryland ("— THE HUMAN GARGOYLES are fantastic — the art is fantastic — the characters have real personalities —"), MICHAEL COOMBS of Maine ("—next to my swords, knives, miniature devices of torture and death, SCREAM turns my fancy best —"),

. . . don't forget SCREAM No. 11 now on sale . . . featuring the VICTIMS and NOSFERATU — nice rap y'all . . .



THE NARRATIVE OF ARTHUR GORDON PYN OF NANTUCKET the E.A. Poe masterpiece illustrated by Cesar Lopez, is ready for publication which will be SOON — so await it EAGERLY!



The strangest werewolf saga ever to appear RETURNS to the pages of **PSYCHO** in the next issue, on sale December 30, 1974! New artist **PAUL PUIGAGUT** joins oldtimer **AUGUSTINE FUNNELL** to raise the monumental tales to even greater heights in chapter 7: **VISIONS OF BLOODY DEATH**, and in the succeeding chapters that will appear in every issue until a climactic, blockbuster concluding chapter 9 — don't **DARE** miss it!



What is this mysterious **TALES OF EVIL SPECIAL EDITION** you keep hearing about? Well, actually it's the very, very **SPECIAL 25TH ISSUE ANNIVERSARY COLLECTORS' EDITION OF PSYCHO** — a magazine devoted to a single, strange theme — a town snatched right out of hell — an **EVIL** town with 10 evil stories. It's not a town, or an issue, you'll want to miss — so watch for it soon!

THIS IS LONDON...OR RATHER,  
A SPECIFIC SLICE OF LONDON  
SOMETIME DURING THE 19TH  
CENTURY.



THERE ARE  
PEOPLE  
LIVING  
HERE... NOT  
THE *BEST*  
OF PEOPLE,  
BUT HUMAN  
BEINGS  
NEVERTHELESS.



SOME OF WHOM *TRY* TO MAKE THE BEST OF A LIFE  
THAT HAS *NOTHING* TO OFFER...

I'M GOING DOWN  
TO THE BUREAU JEN...  
SEE IF OLD HENSHAW  
HAS *ANYTHING*  
FOR ME TO DO...



BUT LIKE  
EVERYTHING  
ELSE, THERE  
ARE  
*CHANGES*...  
AND  
THEY'RE  
NOT  
ALWAYS  
GOOD...

...EVEN THOUGH  
I KNOW BEFORE  
I GO THAT HE  
HASN'T!



...IN FACT, SOMETIMES  
THEY'RE PURE *HORROR*!





THE HORROR OF IT SETS OFF FEAR... THE SCENT OF DRIED BLOOD SMASHES THROUGH HIS NOSTRILS, AND HE REELS ALMOST SICK, AGAINST THE WALL FOR BALANCE. THIS GRISLY THING BEFORE HIM ONCE LAUGHED AND LIVED... AND WHAT IS MORE, IT WAS A FRIEND... A VALUED FRIEND... BUT NOW... NOW, IT IS NOTHING MORE THAN A BLOODY LUMP OF MANGLED FLESH! THERE IS VENGEANCE TO BE GAINED, BUT UPON WHOM? THAT'S THE QUESTION... AND EVERYONE KNOWS...

# YOU CAN'T JUDGE A KILLER BY THE CORPSE!



IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT... A FEW QUESTIONS, QUICKLY JOTTED NOTES, AND THE BODY IS CARTED AWAY... ONLY THE HORROR REMAINS!

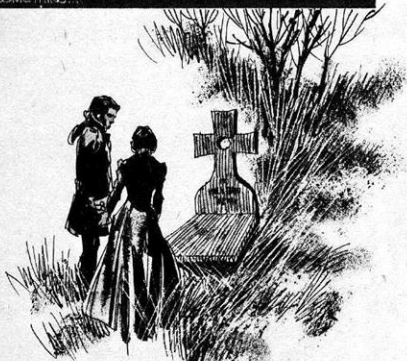


BUT WE'LL  
LET YOU KNOW...



EVEN  
THOUGH  
HE *KNEW*  
THEY  
WOULDN'T  
BE  
GETTING  
IN TOUCH  
WITH  
HIM,  
PAUL  
WAITED...

SUFFERED THROUGH THE AGONY OF LOSING A FRIEND... A  
GOOD FRIEND... WAITING, WAITING, FOR  
SOMETHING...



YOU'LL LET US *KNOW*...  
IF *ANYTHING* TURNS UP?

EH? OH... *SURE*...  
DON'T THINK WE'LL  
GET *MUCH* THOUGH...  
SOMETHING LIKE *THIS*  
IS USUALLY PRETTY  
HARD TO TRACK  
DOWN.



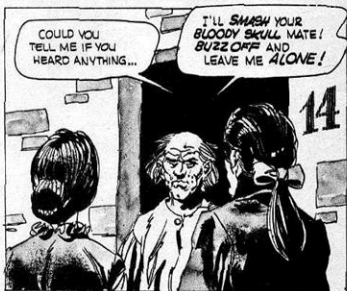
... BUT A MAN CAN ONLY WAIT *SO LONG*... DO  
NOTHING FOR JUST A CERTAIN LENGTH OF TIME -  
AND FINALLY, ULTIMATELY, HIS IMPATIENCE  
*EXPLODES!*

*DAMMIT!* I'M NOT  
GOING TO SIT AROUND  
LIKE THIS ANY LONGER!  
IF THE *BLOODY POLICE*  
WONT FIND JOHN'S  
KILLER, *I*  
*WILL!*





SO HE GOES TO FIND A **KILLER...** AND ALTHOUGH SHE **DOESN'T WANT** TO, JEN GOES TOO...FOR THERE IS A **MANIAC LOOSE...** AND SHE COULD NEVER LET HIM FACE IT ALONE!



TO-MORROW... ANOTHER DAY TO BE FACED LIKE ANY OTHER... WITH QUESTIONS, SLAMMED DOORS... AND ONE OTHER THING...

I'M LEAVING NOW JEN... TRY TO GET SOME OF THOSE IDIOTS TO TALK TO ME... BE BACK SOON.

...HORROR!

GOD... NOT AGAIN!

IT'S EVEN WORSE THAN JOHN!

14

ONCE MORE HE CAN SMELL THE BLOOD... HEAR THE FLIES BUZZING ABOUT... BUT HE IGNORES BOTH AS THE DOOR IN FRONT OF HIM SLOWLY OPENS...

MAYBE NOW I'LL GET SOME ANSWERS... AFTER IT'S TOO LATE FOR THIS POOR DEVIL!

WELL... NOW WILL YOU HELP ME? LOOK AT THAT AND TELL ME TO BUZZ OFF!

HE LOOKS AT WHAT WAS ONCE A HUMAN BEING... BUT THERE IS NO REVULSION IN HIS FEATURES. NO HORROR AT WHAT LAYS GROTESQUELY BEFORE HIM!

LOOK MATE... IF YOU DON'T QUIT ASKIN' QUESTIONS THE SAME THING MIGHT HAPPEN TO YOU! SO MAYBE YOU BETTER GET OUT OF HERE... WHILE YOU CAN!



THE DOOR SLAMS IN HIS FACE *AGAIN*... AND *SLOWLY*, EVER SO *SLOWLY*, *SOMETHING* BEGINS TO TAKE SHAPE IN HIS MIND...

...SOMETHING HE DOESN'T THINK *QUITE POSSIBLE*...



...BUT CAN'T QUITE *DENY*! HE MOVES *FASTER*... HE'S FOUND AN *ANSWER*... AND BY GOD HE'LL ACT ON IT!

JEN! JEN!  
I'VE FOUND  
THE *KILLER*!

WHAT!

NO...IT  
*COULDN'T*  
BE...I DON'T  
THINK...



THE MAN IN APARTMENT  
14. HE'S THE *KILLER*!  
TOLD ME THAT IF I DIDN'T  
STOP NOBIN' AROUND  
THE SAME THING  
WOULD HAPPEN  
TO ME!

YOU'RE *SURE*  
HE'S THE ONE?



FOR GOD'S SAKE  
JEN! HOW MUCH  
*MORE* PROOF DO  
YOU YOU *NEED*? HE  
AS MUCH AS TOLD  
ME HE'S THE  
*KILLER*!



AND *TOD-NIGHT* JOHN'S  
DEATH WILL BE AVENGED!  
I'M GOING TO GET THE  
*BLOODY CREEP* AND DO  
THE SAME TO HIM AS  
HE DID TO JOHN! I  
*SWEAR* IT!

PAUL...WHY NOT  
LET THE *POLICE*  
HANDLE IT? IT'S  
THEIR *JOB* AND  
THEY CAN DO IT.





SURE IT'S THEIR JOB...  
AND SURE THEY CAN DO  
IT... BUT THEY WON'T!  
BUT I SURE AS HELL  
WILL! I'LL FINISH IT  
BETTER THAN THEY  
EVER COULD!

ERUPTED INTO A  
BURNING SCALDING  
ENTITY UNTO ITSELF!

I SAID  
C'MON!!!



A FEW RASH STATEMENTS... BUT BEHIND THE WORDS IS  
HATRED... HATRED FOR THE HUMAN FILTH THAT COULD  
INDISCRIMINATELY RIP TO SHREDS A LIVING, BREATHING  
HUMAN BEING! SO WHEN NIGHT COMES, THAT HATRED  
HAS FESTERED...

C'MON JEN... WE'VE  
WAITED LONG ENOUGH!

BUT  
PAUL...

HE WALKS WITH A PURPOSE... A SENSE OF RIGHTOUSNESS!  
A VICIOUS MURDER WILL BE AVENGED THIS NIGHT, AND  
HE WILL BE THE INSTRUMENT OF RETRIBUTION!



HE PAUSES FOR A MOMENT...  
BUT ONLY A MOMENT, THERE  
IS TIME LEFT FOR NOTHING  
BUT ACTION!





LONG AFTER LIFE HAS LEFT THE BLOODY FLESH PAUL CONTINUES TO HACK AND SLASH, PIPPING PIECES OF BLOODY FLESH FROM WHITENED BONES...



...UNTIL, SOON, HIS ENERGY SPENT, HE STOPS... AND SANITY... OF A SORT... RETURNS TO HIS GLAZED EYES!



IT'S FINISHED  
JEN... I'VE  
AVENGED JOHN'S  
DEATH!



SOMEWHERE IN THE BACK OF HIS BRAIN A VOICE TELLS HIM WHAT A FOOL HE HAS BEEN... BUT HE HAS LITTLE TIME TO LISTEN...



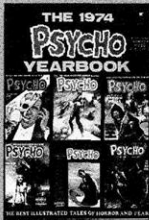
...SO VERY LITTLE  
TIME FOR  
ANYTHING!



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NIGHTMARE 1974 YEARBOOK  
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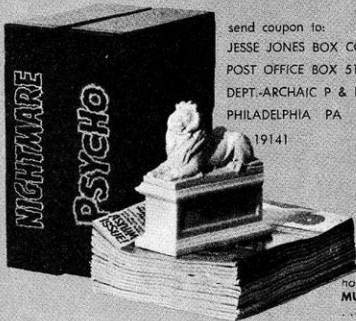
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SHE WALKS, WEARING THE EYES OF ALL WHO ARE NEAR...

...BOUNCING ON HIGH-SPIKED HEELS...

...AND BEATING A FEMININE TATTOO THAT CANNOT GO UNNOTICED!

SHE IS DESIRE INCARNATE... THE IDOL OF LOST FANTASIES... THE GLORY OF A THOUSAND SLEEPLESS NIGHTS...

SUDDENLY, FROM WITHIN THE DARK SHADOWS OF THE DARKENED ALLEY.

W/W: WHAT IS HAPPENING?

OH, PLEASE GOD... STOP THE PAIN! STOP THE PAIN!

...THE HEATHEN GODDESS FOR MAN'S RAW, PRIMITIVE CRAVINGS!

KLIK

KLICKLUCKY KLIK KLIK

KLIKITY KLIK

KLIKITY KLIK KLIKITY KLIK KLIK

KLIKITY KLIK







WITHIN THE SHADOWS OF CHIPPED BRICK WALLS, IT LIES... ONCE ADORNED WITH THE PETAL SOFTNESS OF LIVING FLESH... NOW REDUCED TO A GROTESQUE FORM THAT SEEMS MORE A SKELETON DRAPED IN CANVAS-SKIN THAN A WOMAN!

# WHO ARE THEY?

# THE BREEDERS!



MY GOD!  
WHAT HAPPENED  
TO HER!

SOMEONE CALL  
THE POLICE!  
HURRY! ... SOMEONE  
CALL THEM!

... I THINK ...  
... I THINK I'M GONNA BE ...  
... SICK ...

THE SHRUNKEN, AND DISFIGURED REMAINS ARE LOWERED INTO THE DEPTHS OF A GIANT GREEN, PLASTIC BAG, THE FETID CARGO IS THEN LIFTED TO A WAITING STRETCHER AND CARRIED FROM THE SHADOWY, BRICK BOWELS.

WE BETTER NOT  
SAY ANYTHING  
ABOUT THIS TO THE...  
PRESS!

GOTCHA! ...  
... BUT HER IDENTIFICATION  
SAYS SHE WAS MARRIED.  
WE GOTTA TELL HER  
HUSBAND SOMETHING.

... AND YOU SAY  
SHE JUST  
WALKED IN  
HERE AND  
THEN YOU...  
HEARD  
SCREAMS?

YES, THAT'S  
WHAT HAPPENED!

SHE WAS ... IT WAS LYING IN  
THE GARBAGE... OVER THERE,  
NEAR THE CAN.

THEN YOU RAN  
IN, AND FOUND THE  
DECEASED?

... N-E-A-R T-H-E  
C-A-N P-E-R-I-O-D!

AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE...  
... UNTIL WE FIND OUT  
HOW SHE DIED!

THE **BEARERS** IN **BLUE** HAVE LEFT THEIR GRIM TIDINGS... **ALONE...** A MAN STANDS, LOOKING OVER THE ANTENNA STREWN HORIZON... **SEARCHING, EVER SEARCHING, FOR AN ANSWER TO HIS QUESTIONS!**

'SOME KIND OF POISONING' THEY SAY!  
HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?

WHAT IRONY OF FATE THAT SHE SHOULD DIE NOW!  
FOR YEARS HER FAT MADE ME SICK!  
I WAS EMBARRASSED... ASHAMED TO BE SEEN WITH HER!

NOW...  
...WHEN TRANSFORMED TO FEMININE BEAUTY...

...NOW...  
...AFTER HER DIETING, WHEN A NEW WOMAN WAS SCULPTURED FROM THE OBESITY OF THE OLD, AND WHEN MY LOVE FOR HER WAS REBORN...  
...WHY NOW?

STRICKEN WITH FATHOMLESS GRIEF THE HUSBAND TOUCHES ON WHAT HE FEELS IS THE CAUSE OF HIS VOLUPTUOUS WIFE'S DEATH...

THE **CHOCOLATES!**  
IT HAD TO BE THESE DIET CHOCOLATES WITH THEIR OUTRAGEOUS BUT TRUE RESULTS!

I MUST FIND WHERE THESE THINGS ARE MADE...  
...SEARCH THEM OUT!

BLINDED...  
WITHOUT FACTS... HE SET OUT TO DESTROY THOSE WHO HAVE MURDERED HIS WIFE! A LONE CRUSADER... A HIDEOUS AVENGER... HE UNLEASHES HIMSELF UPON THE STREETS OF THE CITY!

I MUST FIND THE ANSWERS TO HER DEATH!  
NOW!  
...BEFORE OTHERS SHARE HER FATE!

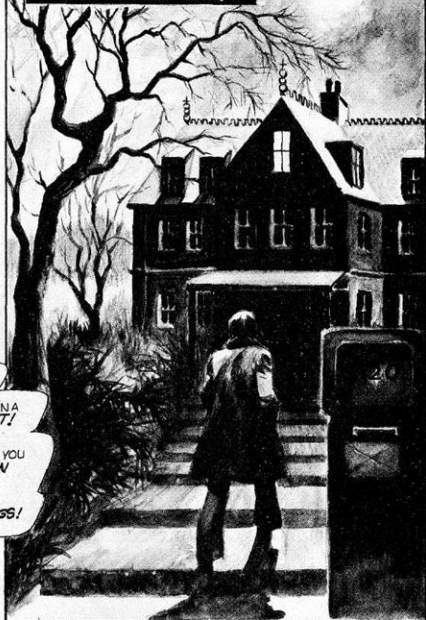






HERE IT IS!  
...2120 SOUTH  
MICHIGAN...  
...ONLY A FEW  
BLOCKS AWAY!

WITHIN THE HOUR, HE FINDS HIMSELF  
WALKING UP THE SLATE STONES OF  
AN ANCIENT VICTORIAN MANSE!



YOU HAVE DONE  
WELL, MY PETS!

TONIGHT HAS BEEN A  
GOOD HARVEST!

SLEEP!...  
TOMORROW... YOU  
SHALL SPAWN  
YOUR...  
MY NEW  
OFFSPRINGS!



THE OLD MAN CROSSES THE  
BROAD BEAMED FLOOR, AS  
THE PERFUMES OF DARK  
AND MYSTERIOUS ANTIQUITY  
LACE THE AIR, THE WHITENESS  
OF AGE THAT ADORNs HIS  
HEAD AND FACE IN LENGTH  
OFFSETS THE DARKNESS OF  
HIS GARB... HE IS ALONE...



YES!  
...A VERY FINE  
HARVEST, INDEED!

...GAVE FOR HIS PETS!



BY ALL THAT'S HOLY...  
...WHAT IS GOING ON?

**YOU!**  
YOU, OLD MAN, ARE  
RESPONSIBLE FOR THE  
DEATH OF MY WIFE!  
YOU MAKE THE CANDIES...  
...THE CHOCOLATES...  
...THAT KILLED HER!  
NOW YOU SHALL FOLLOW HER!  
YOU SHALL CROSS THE THRESHOLD...  
YOU... SHALL DIE!

IT IS TRUE...  
I MANUFACTURE THE  
"POUNDS AWAY"  
DIET CHOCOLATES!  
IT IS ONLY FITTING,  
... FOR I AM THE...  
GUARDIAN OF...  
...THE BREEDERS!



WITH A FURY BECOMING THE INSANE, HE RUGHS  
HEADLONG ACROSS THE PERSIAN RUGGED ROOM AND  
CLUTCHES THE OLD MAN IN HIS POWERFUL HANDS!



WHO THE  
HELL ARE  
THE  
BREEDERS?  
WHAT DO THEY  
HAVE TO DO  
WITH MY  
WIFE'S  
DEATH??  
WHERE  
ARE THEY?

-TOP OF STAIRS  
FIRST ROOM--

UNSEEN BY THE HUSBAND, A STRANGE TREASURE  
LIES SCATTERED AROUND THE FEET OF THE OLD  
MAN... THE RESIDUE OF THE SPAWN...

WHILE THE HUSBAND MOUNTS  
THE FIRST SET OF STEPS...

**PLEASE!**  
DO NOT HARM THEM!  
THEY ARE HERE TO  
BENEFIT MANKIND!

THEY MEAN NO  
ONE HARM!  
IT IS JUST  
THEIR WAY!



...ARLEA IS HEARD  
FROM BELOW!

I BEG OF YOU...  
...DO NOT DISTURB  
THEM!  
THEY DO NOT  
KNOW YOU!  
THEY WILL ACT  
IN FEAR!



...TINY, MILK-  
WHITE... EGGS!

INSIDE THE ROOM, **ALL IS DARKNESS** ... AND THRU THE BLACK CAN BE HEARD **SCRATCHING AND RUBBING** NOISES FROM SOME **UNKNOWN** AND **UNSEEN ORIGIN!**

"BETTER GET  
A **LIGHT** IN  
**HERE!**  
IT'S TOO  
DARK TO  
**FIND THEM!**



WHEN THE **STACCATO** THUMPING  
OF THE **CONTORTING BODY**  
CEASE, THE **OLD MAN** STRUGGLES  
HIS WAY BACK TO THE ROOM...

**BACK TO YOUR  
BASKETS, MY PETS!**  
THE **FOOD** IS ALL GONE!  
YOU MUST **CREATE MORE  
OFFSPRING...**

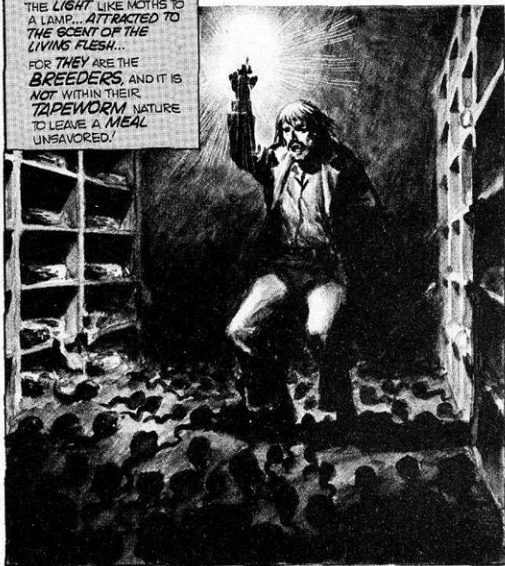
...FOR THE **CHOCOLATES**  
CANDIES ARE WAITING...  
...AND **THOUSANDS OF  
DIETING AMERICANS**  
LONG TO LOSE THOSE  
**EXTRA POUNDS!**

"LET'S TRY TO MAKE  
THEM **HAPPY, SHALL WE!**

THE **MATCH SPUTTERS** TO  
**LIFE**, ILLUMINATING THE  
ENTIRE ROOM, AND **ALL  
OF ITS CONTENTS!**  
WITHIN THE FLICKERING  
SHADOWS OF THE LIGHT,  
**STRANGE** AND **GROTESQUE**  
SHAPES **SLITHER!**

THEY ARE **ATTRACTED** TO  
THE **LIGHT** LIKE MOTHS TO  
A LAMP... **ATTRACTED TO  
THE SCENT OF THE  
LIVING FLESH...**

FOR **THEY** ARE THE  
**BREEDERS**, AND IT IS  
**NOT** WITHIN THEIR  
**TAPEWORM** NATURE  
TO LEAVE A **MEAL  
UNSAVORED!**



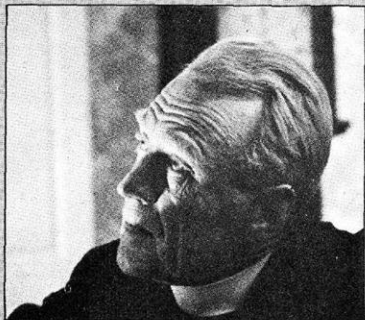




#### RITUALE ROMANORUM

A long time after the release of **THE EXORCIST**, and a long time after the **ACADEMY AWARDS** ceremony where it bombed, **THE HORROR-MOOD TEAM** decided it was time for a post mortem. Everyone in this horror medium previewed or received this motion picture — primarily because it's been the first big budget horror movie in a long long time — we are interested in this production, like everyone, but we felt it might perhaps be more interesting to look at the corpse, rather than the living movie; For in fact the movie **HAS** died! Contributors to the article: **AUGUSTINE FUNNELL**, who looks at the music; **EDWARD FEDORY**, who looks at the book and the movie; and **AL HEWETSON**, who looks at everything else, have very varying views on the worth of the horror vehicle — this feature tells exactly how we think and feel about **THE EXORCIST**.

# THE EXORCIST



Views on

## THE EXORCIST

by EDWARD FEDORY

Amidst all the cheap sensationalism that seems to grow like weeds around **THE EXORCIST** only one thing remains true, the original novel. It seems that you can't pass a newsstand today without the word "exorcist" hawking at you from beneath some gaudy letterhead. *Certain newspapers have been coming out with "Exorcist" supplements, in the hopes that the mere use of the word will truss up their sagging sales figures.* In every major paper we have read stories about people who had violent reactions to the movie, or people who went off the proverbial "edge" . . . this to me, and to author William Peter Blatty is, to quote only myself, manure—with a capital "M". It would seem to be **REAL** horror, if one thinks that these people were walking the streets just prior to seeing the movie. I say, that if seeing **THE EXORCIST** helped them to realize they needed psychological help, then the movie has done society a good turn; these people probably would have gone untreated for years.

Well, dear reader, you are probably asking yourself why I am doing this review of **THE EXORCIST** when there are tons of trite pap on the newsstands already? Well, to answer this, I'd have to say that it is the policy of the **SKYWALK** line of magazines to keep their readers informed and up-to-date with what is happening in the arts, concerning all things within the theatre of the grotesque. More than a review of the book, (which I have already done for you in **PSYCHO** #18) I wanted to give you some of my views on both the author, William Peter Blatty, and the style of horror he deals in.

When one reads **THE EXORCIST**, one is immediately ripped from the book and thrust into the very fabric of the story. You are no longer an impartial judge of style and technique, but become an active character in a situation of sheer terror. Another example of fine and dynamic writing can be found in Blatty's latest published book, **TWINKLE, TWINKLE, "KILLER" KANE**. One can easily draw similarities between **THE EXORCIST's** Father Karras, and Colonel Hudson L. Kane in **TWINKLE, TWINKLE**. . . . It seems that Blatty's pen has a flair for the quiet, inwardly questioning and disturbed type of central figure. Quiet, yet inside we see each protagonist for his true worth . . . each, a pillar of warmth, understanding, reserved and resolute strength.

In the movie **THE EXORCIST**, the character of Father Karras is played by Jason Miller. One cannot help but wonder why his part was not developed to the dynamic proportions in the screenplay as it was in the novel. Perhaps Blatty did this intentionally . . . perhaps he felt the viewing public demanded a little more action and a little less philosophy and thought. As you can easily see, this is all assumption. But, I feel Karras should have been the primary figure in the movie as he was in the book. The novel focused on Karras as the central figure, while in the movie, it appears that the roles shifted so that Regan (the young girl, played by Linda Blair) was on stage-center.

What is so unique about **THE EXORCIST**? Why has it been such a success? I for one, feel that one of the major reasons for the success of the book and the movie, is in the type of horror that is being brought to the public. **THE EXORCIST** is gut-terror, manifested in a series of stomach wrenching scenes. This is quite opposed to the heady, psychological and seemingly sterile terror that Edgar Allan Poe gave us. If you feel that Poe is the epitome of **REAL** horror, you should forget about seeing or reading **THE EXORCIST**, because you won't be prepared to cope with horror in its basest, physical form! The thought of having someone in control of your body . . . of ulcerous sores appearing mysteriously on the face . . . of having your head twisted a full 180 degrees . . . of being forced to tear and mutilate your own body—**THIS, TO ME, IS HORROR!**

Horror is always at its best when its surroundings are familiar to us, and what place could be more familiar to most of the readers than Washington, D.C. The period in time is also crucial. When is this experience in terror supposed to take place? The element of the grotesque seems to weather when we find that our reading material is about something that took place five hundred years ago. In **THE EXORCIST**, the time is **NOW** . . . horror is multiplied like some ravenous, cancerous growth until you find yourself believing, or at least wondering if such a thing as demonic possession is possible.

If you want to be scared out of your socks . . . If you want the thrill of being terrified of the shadows that play across your bedroom walls on moonlit nights . . . if you wanted to recapture the frightening feelings that forced adrenaline through your system when you were a child, then **READ** and **SEE—THE EXORCIST!**

# THE EXORCIST

(Or: The Soundtrack  
That Wasn't)

by AUGUSTINE FUNNELL

There are certain elements that all good movies must have in order to be called good movies. The two most basic, of course, are a solid plot and solid acting. But beyond these, there is, to my mind, a third very important part of any good film. And that is the soundtrack. The music of any movie is a tool of incredible proportions, and can be used to build virtually any mood, from joy to sadness, suspense to assurance. The *Exorcist*, unfortunately for those among us who enjoy soundtracks, did not feature any music to speak of.

In effect then, this review really isn't about the music of the *Exorcist*; rather, it is about the lack of music in the *Exorcist*. And because of that lack, the film suffered. Or at least, to me it suffered.

Who would not think something wrong if they heard Henry Mancini's version of the Beatles' "Love Me Do" during a John Wayne cavalry charge? Hmmm? Well, if the wrong music is bad, so is having no music. Perhaps the lack of a soundtrack is worse. To many, myself included, it is worse, because music can be used so many ways.

Those who saw the movie heard the first few bars from an album entitled *TUBULAR BELLS*, but, sadly, they heard no more. *TUBULAR BELLS* is an album recorded in late '72/early '73 by a man named Mike Oldfield. It is perhaps one of the best pieces of music ever written, and although the movie could easily have featured the entire thing, it didn't.

Whether you enjoyed the movie or not, you have to admit it's a trifle complex in places. What better than a complex soundtrack? Consider the instruments played by Oldfield, and decide for yourself whether or not their complexities, individually and collectively, would have helped or hindered. Grand Piano, Glockenspiel, Bass Guitar, Electric Guitar, Farfisa Organ,



illustrated by GENE DAY



Mandolin-like Guitar, Acoustic Guitar, Flageolet, Lowrey Organ, Tubular Bells, and percussion instruments. That is only on *Side One*, and it's not even a complete list! It is beyond me how instruments like those, ones upon which virtually any mood might be built, and is built by Oldfield, could possibly hinder or take away from the impact of the visuals.

People who have heard the entire album know that the various moods of the music could have done nothing but increased the suspense and horror. The music is soft, dynamic, everything. If it had been used, applied properly, the sledgehammer impacts and build-ups of the *Exorcist* would have been much more dynamic, much more powerful.

The sad thing about the lack of music is that the arrangements on *TUBULAR BELLS* are perfect for the type of movie the *Exorcist* is. At times restful, at times moody, building, bludgeoning. Even the flow of the album is perfect for the *Exorcist*. Properly spaced, there is virtually nothing on *TUBULAR BELLS* that would not have fit right into place.

I'm not alone in my dismay at being ripped off for a soundtrack. A number of my acquaintances heard the album before they saw the movie, as I did, and when it was over they commented on the lack. I personally waited and waited for the familiar sounds to assail my ears at the most dramatic points, but was left empty, being forced to rely on visuals alone for a build-up. As often happens, in this case visuals were not enough. My moods had to be built with music. They weren't.

What can I say about the music in a film that had no music? I could fill pages with the greatness of the album, but what good would that do? If there's another music lover out there who has heard and enjoyed *TUBULAR BELLS* but who hasn't seen the movie (there must be someone somewhere!), I can only warn you that you'll be getting no pleasure from the soundtrack. So don't expect the experience. It doesn't exist.

# THE EXORCIST

by ALAN HEWETSON

THE EXORCIST was certainly the most SHOCKING film I've ever seen. It was a well made film, but certainly I was not entertained, despite the well done special effects, make-up and excellent, if typically modern in its grain, photography. Different people have different reasons for making movies, apart from the money, just as people have different reasons for going to see them. Generally speaking, during the last 10 years movies have lost that great point that once made them great — they were ENTERTAINMENT! THE EXORCIST certainly was not made to be entertainment — author WILLIAM PETER BLATTY had a religious point of view he wanted to get across, and he wasn't going to let a glint of entertainment get in his way. The movie only offered shock after shock — when the shocks died away after a few hours, or a few days, and I thought back to the movie. I remembered rather pathetic make-up that had frightened me. I went to see it with my wife and we were the only two people in the entire movie theatre. My wife Julie had read the book before seeing the movie — she was most interested to see the special effects and how they did things (she wasn't expecting the movie to be a good adaptation of the excellent book, which it wasn't — she thought after seeing the movie that — well, I'll cut down an hour-long coffee shop conversation to a few words: 'it was alright but it wasn't great!'). This is a general reaction — it was a let-down after the promotion. If you read the book first you were somewhat disappointed. If you hadn't read the book you either sat in your seat gripping the arms with white knuckles or rolled around in the aisles throwing up! Some people really liked everything — like Ed Fedory, who writes: 'THE EXORCIST is gut-terror, manifested in a series of stomach wrenching scenes. This

is quite opposed to the heady, psychological and seemingly sterile horror that POE gave us. If you feel that POE is the epitome of REAL horror, you should forget about seeing or reading THE EXORCIST, because you won't be prepared to cope with horror in its basest, physical form! We'll let's make the 7 o'clock news into a movie and we'll REALLY have REAL HORROR! Is REAL horror reality or pseudo-reality? — Well, with all respect to Ed, I much prefer the heady, psychological horror of Poe; I much prefer FANTASY too — if I want to throw up I'll watch the T.V. news. THE EXORCIST was an opinionated, well-made news report saying: There IS such a thing as demonic possession. Well we all know that anyway, or at least, we've all read of the famous 1949 'possession' of a 14 year old — in Maryland, the 1970 'possession' of an 11 year old boy in Ontario, and the 1939 'possession' of a 17 year old girl in Italy. When I go to the movies I want to be entertained. It's perfectly possible to be entertaining and to present a point at the same time — but if the point is SCREAMED its overdone. The Exorcist was overdone.

I wasn't entertained; I wasn't enlightened about Catholic Exorcism rites. A lot of people were angry because it didn't win more academy awards than it did, saying that it lost because it was an artistic vehicle against the commercial vehicle, THE STING. It lost because it was overacted and because it was often gross and UN-ARTISTIC. Commerce versus art? — What made more money? — THE STING or THE EXORCIST, with its million dollar promotions?

Oh, there's one OTHER reason we're reviewing THE EXORCIST long after it left the movie house circuit. As often stated, when we review a horror movie we only review it if we recommend it — we DO NOT believe in bombing a movie while its on the road. THE EXORCIST? — No, we do NOT recommend it as entertainment, though we DO recommend that you see it if you're a horror student. TEN good, original horror movies could have been made on the EXORCIST budget — but alas, they weren't, and now the corpse of THE EXORCIST is in Hollywood's film vaults.



... ONCE UPON A MIDNIGHT DREARY, WHILE I PONDERED, WEAK AND WEARY... THERE CAME A TAPPING... AS OF SOMEONE GENTLY RAPPING, RAPPING AT MY CHAMBER DOOR...

...THE FAMILIAR OPENING LINES TO THE MOST FAMOUS HORROR POEM IN THE WORLD...

# EDGAR ALLAN POE'S THE RAVEN

...THE WORDS OF *THE RAVEN* ARE KNOWN TO US ALL... THE FAMOUS REFRAIN OF THE BLACK AND EVIL BIRD "*NEVER MORE*" ARE FOREVER BEING CHANTED IN MODERN HORROR MOVIES TO DENOTE AN *ATMOSPHERE OF DEPRESSION AND WOE*...

...BUT WHAT IS THE POEM ABOUT? WHAT DID POE REALLY MEAN IN HIS CRYPTIC POETIC MESSAGE?... WE HAVE RECONSTRUCTED AND DRAMATIZED THE EVENTS OF THAT BLEAK DECEMBER NIGHT IN 1844... AND THIS IS THE SAD TALE OF:

## MR. POE AND THE RAVEN



...ASHES TO ASHES...

...DUST TO DUST...

...LENORE IS GONE FROM US NOW, NEVERMORE TO BE IN OUR MIDST... NEVERMORE TO WALK AMONG US...



...NEVERMORE...

written by PETER CAPPIELLO

illustrated by DENIS FORD



...VAINLY I SOUGHT TO  
BORROW FROM MY BOOKS  
THE END OF SORROW. MY  
SORROW FOR MY LOST  
LENORE...

...THESE BOOKS DO ME  
NO GOOD... I SEEK TO  
BURY MYSELF IN THEM TO  
FORGET THE HORRORS  
OF LENORE'S DEATH  
BUT...

...BUT...  
I CAN THINK...  
OF  
NOTHING  
ELSE BUT  
LENORE

...MY  
LOST  
LENORE...



...WHILE I NODDED, NEARLY NAPPING, SUDDENLY  
THERE CAME A TAPPING, AS OF SOMEONE GENTLY  
RAPPING, RAPPING AT MY CHAMBER DOOR...

...SIR...  
OR MADAM... I  
WAS SLEEPING...  
WHO IS THERE?

...HERE I OPENED WIDE THE DOOR; DARKNESS THERE AND  
NOTHING MORE...



WHO IS  
HERE... IS  
THERE NO ONE  
HERE?

...PERHAPS  
THE GHOST OF MY  
LOST LENORE?...

...SOON I HEARD A TAPPING SOMEWHAT LOUDER THAN  
BEFORE... AND AT THE WINDOW THERE STOOD A STATELY  
RAVEN... WHO STAYED THERE NOT A MINUTE, BUT FLEW  
ABOVE THE CHAMBER DOOR AND PERCHED UPON A  
BUST...

...THOU  
GHASTLY GRIM AND  
ANCIENT RAVEN...  
WHY ART THOU HERE?...  
HAVE THOU WORD OF  
MY LENORE?...

...A  
MESSAGE  
FROM BEYOND  
THIS LIFE FROM  
LOST LENORE?

NEVERMORE!

...NEVER-  
MORE...



WRETCH!!... WHO  
HATH SENT THEE?  
LENORE? LENORE?... OR  
SATAN OR GOD OR  
WHO?... TO TAUNT ME?...  
TO MOCK MY LOVE  
FOR LENORE?...





...NEVER-  
MORE...



...BE THAT WORD OUR SIGN OF  
PARTING, BIRD OR FIEND...  
**GET OUT-- GET AWAY FROM  
ME, BLACK THING OF EVIL...**  
YOU TAUNT ME WITH  
MY LOVE... MY UNDYING  
LOVE... THO SHE I LOVE IS  
**DEAD...**

**GET OUT!! GET  
OUT!!**

NEVERMORE...  
NEVERMORE... NEVERMORE...



**GET OUT!  
GET OUT  
BEAST! FIEND!  
TORTURER!!**  
QUIT THAT BUST  
ABOVE MY DOOR...  
LEAVE... DEPART...  
**GET OUT... GET  
OUT... I CAN TAKE  
NO MORE...  
NO MORE!**

**...GET OUT  
BASTARD  
BIRD... GET  
OUT...**

...OH GOD...  
OH GOD...

...NEVERMORE...

...NEVERMORE...

I CAN TAKE **NO MORE,**  
**WITHOUT LENORE...**  
WITHOUT LENORE...

...I  
**CANNOT  
LIVE...  
WITHOUT  
LENORE...**



...NEVERMORE...  
NEVERMORE...

**NEVERMORE!  
NEVERMORE!**  
IS THAT ALL YOU  
SAY, THING OF  
EVIL, ARE YOU  
BIRD OR DEVIL?  
TELL ME TELL ME,  
ONLY ONE THING...

...ARE YOU OF  
HEAVEN OR HELL--  
IS LENORE IN  
HEAVEN? OR IN  
HELL?...

AND THE RAVEN STILL  
SITTING STILL IS SITTING... ON  
THE BUST ABOVE MY CHAMBER  
DOOR... THE LAMP LIGHT  
HIM STREAMING HIS SHADOW  
ON THE FLOOR... AND MY SOUL  
FROM OUT THAT SHADOW... HALL  
RELICTED... NEVERMORE...





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POSTER B15



POSTER B16



POSTER B17



POSTER B18



POSTER B19



POSTER B20



POSTER B21



POSTER B22



POSTER B23



POSTER B24



POSTER B25

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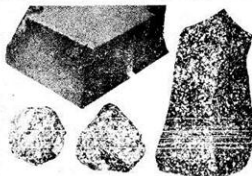
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Hurl a giant brick at your teacher, throw a grapefruit size rock into your father's cereal bowl, eat a walnut size rock and amaze your friends — yes, these HOLLYWOOD FOAM ROCKS can be yours for a mere pittance, and you can absolutely amaze your friends and enemies alike with these light-weight foam rocks . . .



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. . . (17"x17")

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## POSTERS and ROCKS



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A black CAPE exactly like those worn by the WARLOCKS and WITCHES of SALEM and other morbid places can be yours for only \$8.95 — made of genuine taffetta and suitable for a variety of gruesome purposes, such as scaring young persons, strolling around graveyards, and excellent for halloween and walt-purgis night!

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You've heard about OUIJA but did you know that it really works? It does — and now you can own your own OUIJA BOARD for only \$5.95 — reasonable! . . .

ITEM F10



A gift for the person who has everything — A RUBBER BAT, excellent for hanging above your doorways and scaring anyone who tries to enter your domain — fun for only \$1.95 . . .

ITEM F11



A very LARGE DANGLING SPIDER is yours for \$1.95, a small price to pay for the pleasure of scaring the living — err — blood out of people — will hang anywhere! —

ITEM F12



Do you own a monster outfit? If so, it is incomplete without MONSTER RUBBER FEET, for only \$4.95 per pair — wear them and everyone will think you have leprosy! . . .

ITEM F13





## BLOOD

Spill some **VAMPIRE BLOOD** into your husband's or boyfriend's soup and watch him laugh — great for dripping out the sides of your mouth at unexpected moments — the real thing . . .

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## MUG

**SKULL MUG** — these are really great for drinking blood, wine, milk, kool aid or other liquids — looks great as an ornament when your not drinking from it . . .

ITEM F19 \$2.25



## SKULLS

Very frightening — **REALISTIC SKULLS THAT GLOW IN THE DARK** — small \$2.50 — medium \$3.95 — large \$7.95 . . . put 'em beside your bed and scare ghosts as they attack you during the night.

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## scars

Cover your face and body with this **SCAR STUFF** and delight as people around you have heart attacks thinking you are a corpse risen from the grave about to kill them — ugly stuff . . .

ITEM F15 \$1.00



## BANKS

**SKULL BANK** — put your pennies into this fierce — looking skull bank and save up your allowance instead of foolishly squandering it on our competitor's magazines — a great buy . . .

ITEM F20 \$2.25



## hand

Probably the strangest **HAND** you'll ever see, or own — leave it lying around sticking out from under the sofa, out the freezer or even the kitchen sink — spooky — will surprise everyone who sees it . . .

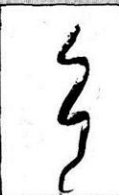
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## KIT

Disguise yourself with this weird **DISGUISE KIT** and appear at the breakfast table looking like **DRACULA**, or as a **MAD PROFESSOR** or any number of weird characters — only \$7.95 . . .

ITEM F16 \$7.95



## SNAKE

A 22" **RUBBER SNAKE** for only \$1.50 is a great buy with a million uses — you can scare **ANYONE** you want with this realistic, long snake — *less expensive than poor imitations.*

ITEM F21 \$1.50



## Ugly

Want to look **UGLY**? This **UGLY KIT**, which glows in the dark, will let you look as **UGLY** as you want — really gruesome — look like a corpse — fun for only \$3.30 . . .

ITEM F26 \$1.30



## nails

Tired of having hands like a normal person? Put these **VAMPIRE NAILS** on your fingers (easily applied) and look like **Dracula** — attack people, scare people, choke people with these nails — all in fun . . .

ITEM F17 \$1.00



## HANDS

Horrible **MONSTER HANDS** will complete any monster or halloween costume at only \$3.95 a pair — a great price for a great product — guaranteed to frighten any person out of his (or her) mind . . .

ITEM F22 \$3.95



## KIT

Look like a movie vampire — wear these **MONSTER FANGS** and look in the mirror — you'll scare even yourself (if there's no reflection in the mirror we assume no responsibility) . . .

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## FANGS

**MONSTER FANGS** — scare everyone by abruptly opening your mouth and baring your fangs, then attacking people's necks — guaranteed fun and laughter — \$1.00 for 2 SETS . . .

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## Blood

Grab a huge, dripping, **BLOODY FINGER** into your friend's face and watch him laugh — very lifelike — only \$1.95 for loads of fun . . .

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## HAND

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POSTER C26



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POSTER C27



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POSTER C28



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POSTER C30



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POSTER C31



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POSTER C32



THE BEAST FROM 20,000 A.D., stalks through the city streets DESTROYING ALL IN ITS PATH . . .

POSTER C33

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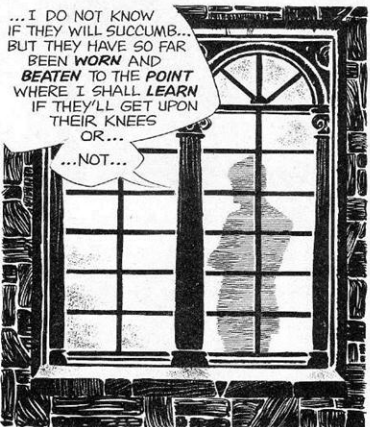
**THIS...IS THE CONTINUING *SAGA OF THE VICTIMS*...CHAPTER 5...AND WE ARE DRAWING NEAR TO A *CLOSE* IN THE ADVENTURES OF JOSEY FORSTER AND ANNE ADAMS...**

**...AND NOW...IT IS TIME FOR SOME *HARD N' GOOD ANSWERS*...**

# THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS



THE TALE OF THE *VICTIMS* IS NOW NEARLY  
OVER, THO' THEY DO NOT KNOW IT YET...



...THIS IS THE **OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD**...THIS IS **AFRICA**...THE **VICTIMS** ARE WITHIN THE MIGHTY HANDS OF A SUB-HUMAN IMMORAL **BEHEMOTH** WHO IS ABOUT TO **SQUASH** THEIR LIVES OUT...

...THE **VICTIMS** HAVE BEEN NEAR-**DROWNED**, NEAR **DIED**, **OFTEN**...THEY HAVE BEEN BRUTALLY **BEATEN** AND **TORMENTED** IN A SEEMINGLESS **ENDLESS** SERIES OF **LUNATIC** SITUATIONS... *BUT*...

...THERE NOW **DAWNS** AN ULTIMATE **REASON** FOR THEIR **AGONIES**...

...AND SO WE BEGIN SOME **ANSWERS** AS WE BEGIN **CHAPTER 5** OF THE **SAGA OF THE VICTIMS**...

**I AM A PROUD  
MONSTROSITY**

...YOU WITLESS  
GIRLS ARE  
ABOUT TO

**DIE!**

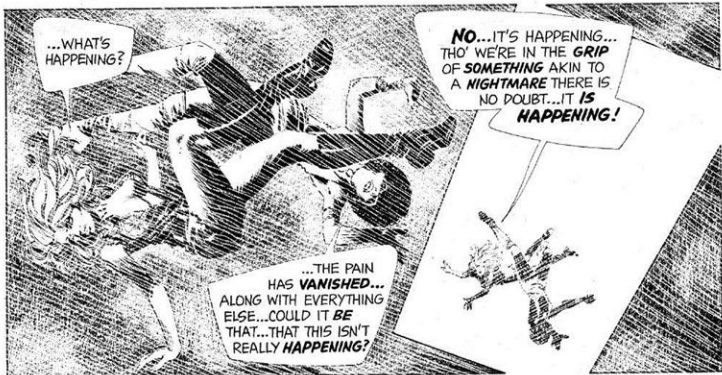
written by  
ALAN HEWETSON  
illustrated by SUSO

50674









...WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?

NO...IT'S HAPPENING...  
THO' WE'RE IN THE **GRIP**  
OF **SOMETHING** AKIN TO  
A **NIGHTMARE** THERE IS  
NO DOUBT...IT **IS**  
**HAPPENING!**

...THE PAIN  
HAS **VANISHED...**  
ALONG WITH EVERYTHING  
ELSE...COULD IT **BE**  
THAT...THAT THIS ISN'T  
REALLY **HAPPENING?**



...WE'RE IN A  
**DESERT...** IN THE  
MIDDLE OF A **GOD-  
DAMNED DESERT!**

YEH...



ANNE...I THINK  
WE'RE ABOUT TO GET  
THE **WORST** OF IT  
RIGHT ABOUT **NOW...**

...YES...  
I THINK  
SO...

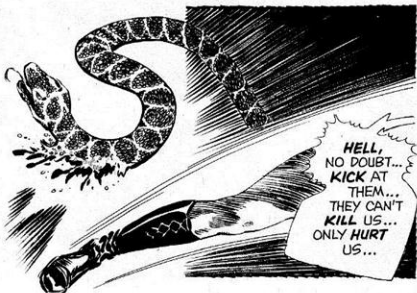


YOUR  
**VOICE...IS GET-  
TING VERY  
THIN...**

...I THINK I'M GOING TO  
CRY...I THINK...I'M  
GOING TO GET DOWN ON MY  
KNEES AND PRAY...







THE GROUND  
IS SHAKING  
UNDERNEATH  
OUR FEET...

...IT'S  
A PIT  
OPENING  
UP...

...IT'S  
**WATER!**

**BOILING  
WATER!**

...IT'S **SCALDING**  
MY **SKIN!**

**ANNE...  
GOD...  
ANNE  
!!**

...THIS...IS THE **SAGA OF THE  
VICTIMS...**THIS IS THE TORTURED TALE  
OF 2 HELPLESS HUMAN BEINGS  
THROWN INTO **CHAOS AND HELL...****TOR-**  
**TURED** TO MAKE THEM **BREAK AND SUC-**  
**CUMB...**WHY DO THEY NOT SUCCEED?

...WHY DO THEY NOT GIVE UP  
AND ADMIT THE TORTURE AND  
THE PAIN AND THE ENDLESS  
AGONY IS TOO MUCH FOR  
THEM?... WHY?

...PERHAPS BECAUSE  
THEY **SENSE** THERE IS  
MORE THAN JUST THE  
SIMPLE ADMISSION OF  
DEFEAT INVOLVED...

...PERHAPS BECAUSE THEY **REAL-  
IZE** THAT **NO-ONE** IS GOING TO  
GO TO ALL THE TROUBLE OF **BREAK-  
ING** THEM WITHOUT A **POWERFUL  
REASON**...

...AND PERHAPS THIS **KNOWLEDGE**  
IS **SUBCONSCIOUS**  
**KNOWLEDGE**...PERHAPS THEY CAN  
NOT **SPEAK** THEIR INWARD FEEL-  
INGS TO **EACH OTHER** BUT THEY  
UNDOUBTEDLY DON'T **HAVE** TO...







**NO, JOSEY,  
NO, JOSEY FOR GOD'S  
SAKE DON'T SAY  
THAT...**

**...PLEASE, NO!**

**...NO... I  
MUST HANG  
ONTO LIFE...  
...I  
MUST...**

**WAPP  
WAPP  
WAPP**

**...AND WHEN THE CORPSES WHO WERE ONCE NAZI STORM  
TROOPERS MARCHED OVER THEM THEY DID NOT FEEL IT  
TOO MUCH FOR THEIR MINDS WERE A MILLION YEARS  
AWAY IN ANOTHER PLACE AND IN ANOTHER TIME...**

**...THEY CLOSED THEIR EYES THO'  
AND THEY SUCCUMBED AT LEAST TO  
A FETAL POSITION...AND THEY  
BOUNDED THEMSELVES UP INTO SUCH  
LITTLE PARCELS THAT THEY BARELY  
EXISTED...**



**THUMP THUMP THUMP  
THUMP THUMP  
THUMP THUMP  
THUMP THUMP  
THUMP**

**...WITH THEIR  
PARENTS...IN THEIR  
CHILDHOODS...**



...HAVE  
THEY GONE?

...YES...THEY'VE  
GONE INTO ONE  
OF THE  
TUNNELS...

WAPP  
WAPP WAPP WAPP  
WAPP WAPP WAPP  
WAPP WAPP WAPP  
WAPP WAPP WAPP  
WAPP WAPP WAPP



...WHERE'S  
ALL THE **DUST**  
COMING FROM?

...IT'S  
GETTING  
**DARK...**



...THERE ARE  
NO TORTURES **LEFT**,  
JOSEY...THIS ONE IS THE  
**LAST...IT MUST BE THE**  
**LAST...THERE IS**  
**NOTHING LEFT...**  
CAFF CAFF  
NOTHING...


...PERHAPS  
THIS IS WHERE  
WE **DIE...** CAFF  
CAFF MAYBE THIS  
IS THE **END**, ANNE...




...THE **PIT**  
BEING...**FILLED**  
UP...WITH  
**EARTH!!**

ANNE...  
WE'LL BE  
**SUFFOCATED!**







...THEY RIP BITS FROM  
THEIR DRESSES AND  
COVER THEIR MOUTHS  
AND NOSTRILS...AND  
THEY **PRETEND** THEY  
ARE **DEAD** AND THAT  
THERE WILL BE NO MORE  
TO **FEAR**...NO MORE TO  
**ENDURE**...



...BUT WHEN THE TUNNEL  
IS FILLED UP TO A CERTAIN  
EXTENT THEY ONCE  
AGAIN HAVE A NAGGING  
AT THEIR BRAINS AND  
THEIR CONSCIENCES THAT  
TELLS THEM **NO, DO NOT  
SUCCUMB**...AND WITH  
ONLY SEMI-HUMAN  
NEED FOR SURVIVAL DRIVING  
THEM THEY STRUGGLE  
TO THE SURFACE...



...STRUGGLE THO'  
THEIR POWER OF  
REASON DENIES  
THEM **STRENGTH**...



...AND WHEN THEY  
**REACH** THE SURFACE,  
THEY ARE **AGAIN** ALIVE  
AND **AGAIN** BENT ON  
VICTORY OVER THEIR  
TORMENTORS...



...YOU  
HAVE  
**LOST!**

WHOEVER...  
WHATEVER YOU  
ARE...YOU HAVE  
**LOST!**



...DO YOU  
HEAR  
US,  
MONSTROSITY?

**YOU HAVE  
LOST!**



**NO, YOU  
HAVE LOST!**

**NO!**





NOW...YOU MAY  
REST EASY...  
YOUR PERSONAL  
TORMENT IS  
**OVER!**



...WHAT IS  
GOING TO  
HAPPEN TO  
US NOW,  
JOSEY?

...I DON'T  
KNOW ANY  
MORE THAN  
**YOU DO...**

**I SWEAR**  
I DON'T...



...ANOTHER  
NOISE...

MMMMMMMM

...SOME  
KIND OF  
LITTLE  
PLANE...

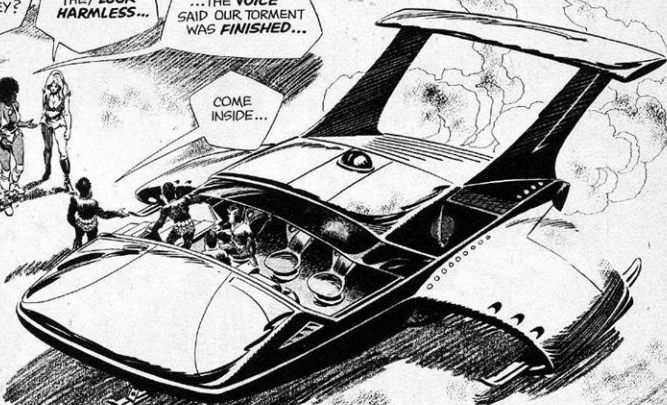


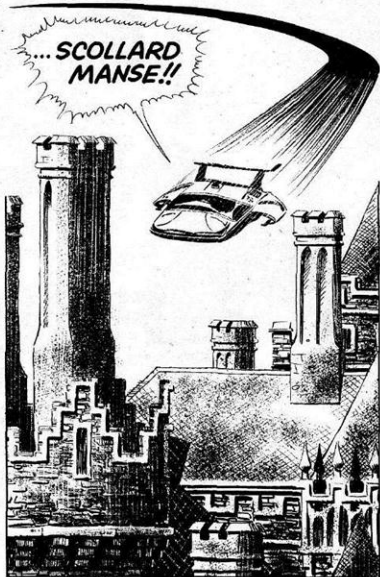
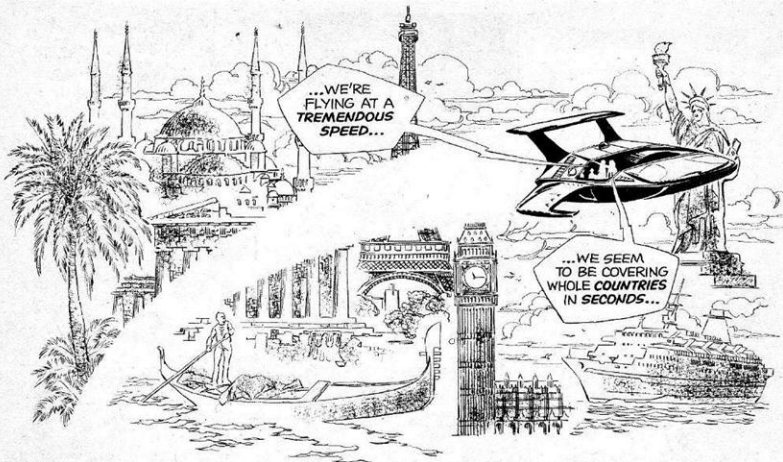
...WHAT  
ARE THEY?

...DUNNO...  
THEY LOOK  
**HARMLESS...**

...THE VOICE  
SAID OUR TORMENT  
WAS **FINISHED...**

COME  
INSIDE...





...WE'RE FLYING  
RIGHT *INSIDE* IT AT  
HUNDREDS OF MILES  
PER HOUR!



...IT'S...  
INCREDIBLE...

WE JUST...  
JUST STOPPED  
DEAD...

...STOPPED  
LIKE WE WEREN'T  
EVEN MOVING...

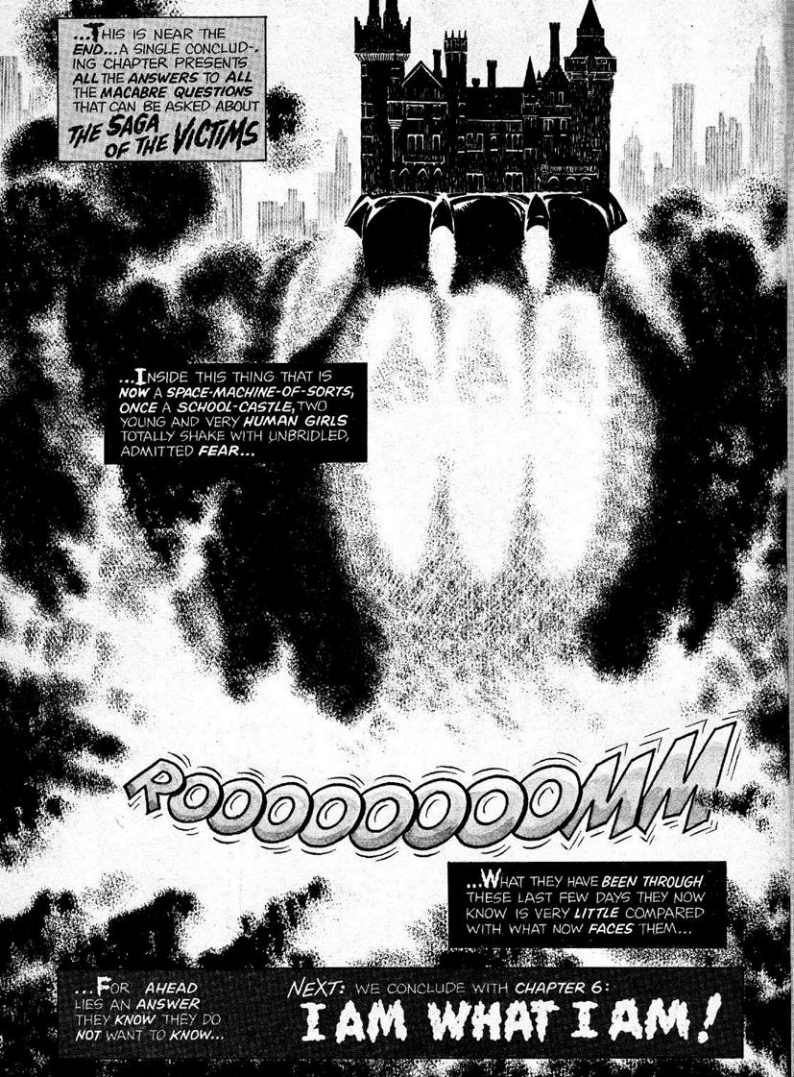
...BUT THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
ELSE NOW...

...THE  
WHOLE  
BUILDING IS  
SHAKING  
VIOLENTLY...

EEEEEEEEEEEE

...MY GOD,  
JOSEY, THE  
NOISE!!





...THIS IS NEAR THE  
END...A SINGLE CONCLUD-  
ING CHAPTER PRESENTS  
ALL THE ANSWERS TO ALL  
THE MACABRE QUESTIONS  
THAT CAN BE ASKED ABOUT  
**THE SAGA  
OF THE VICTIMS**

...INSIDE THIS THING THAT IS  
NOW A SPACE-MACHINE-OF-SORTS,  
ONCE A SCHOOL-CASTLE, TWO  
YOUNG AND VERY HUMAN GIRLS  
TOTALLY SHAKE WITH UNBRIDLED,  
ADMITTED FEAR...

**POOOOOOOOOOM!**

...WHAT THEY HAVE BEEN THROUGH  
THESE LAST FEW DAYS THEY NOW  
KNOW IS VERY LITTLE COMPARED  
WITH WHAT NOW FACES THEM...

...FOR AHEAD  
LIES AN ANSWER  
THEY KNOW THEY DO  
NOT WANT TO KNOW...

NEXT: WE CONCLUDE WITH CHAPTER 6:

**I AM WHAT I AM!**



## The Human Gargoyles

A very special selection of HUMAN GARGOYLE story matter — THE LEGEND OF THE HUMAN GARGOYLES on page 4, THE HUMAN GARGOYLES VS. THE HUMAN DEAD on page 5, and a special preview of a very special cover in the works ... page 13

## Tradition of the Wolf

TRADITIONS are intended to dissuade rugged individualism — but traditions are laws, and laws are meant to be broken ... page 16

## Deathwalk

A walk straight into the fiery gates of eternal damnation ... page 26

## Vampire Freaks

When a freak tries to be a nice guy he sometimes gets stomped on — when a whole gang of freaks try the WHOLE WORLD seems to stomp on them ... page 36

## Fistful of Flesh


Is a court of law any place to KILL a man? What if the man isn't a man at all but is a CRIMINAL VAMPIRE ... page 52

## Snakewizard

The birth of a brand new horror character series by Augustine Funnell — a horror event ... page 59

**NOW ON SALE**  
GET IT AT YOUR  
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This is the  
face of

**SATAN**

a face often  
seen in  
the pages of

**PSYCHO**

in the  
next issue,  
on sale 12/30/74



# Blasty Comic Network

a subdivision of DCP

**DOWN Super Kitty!**

**Baaaaad kitty, no!**

**He heard you had leeches but weren't  
sharing. Pretty lame. Don't make  
Super Kitty hunt you down.  
Got it SHARE it!**

**MEOWWWWR!**

**SUPER-SASSAFRASS-SUM-BITCH's!**

**I HATE THE LEECHES**

**WHO NO SHARE! GROWL!**

**FIND'EM, CHEW'EM UP!**

**MAKE THEM MY NEW CHEW TOY!**

