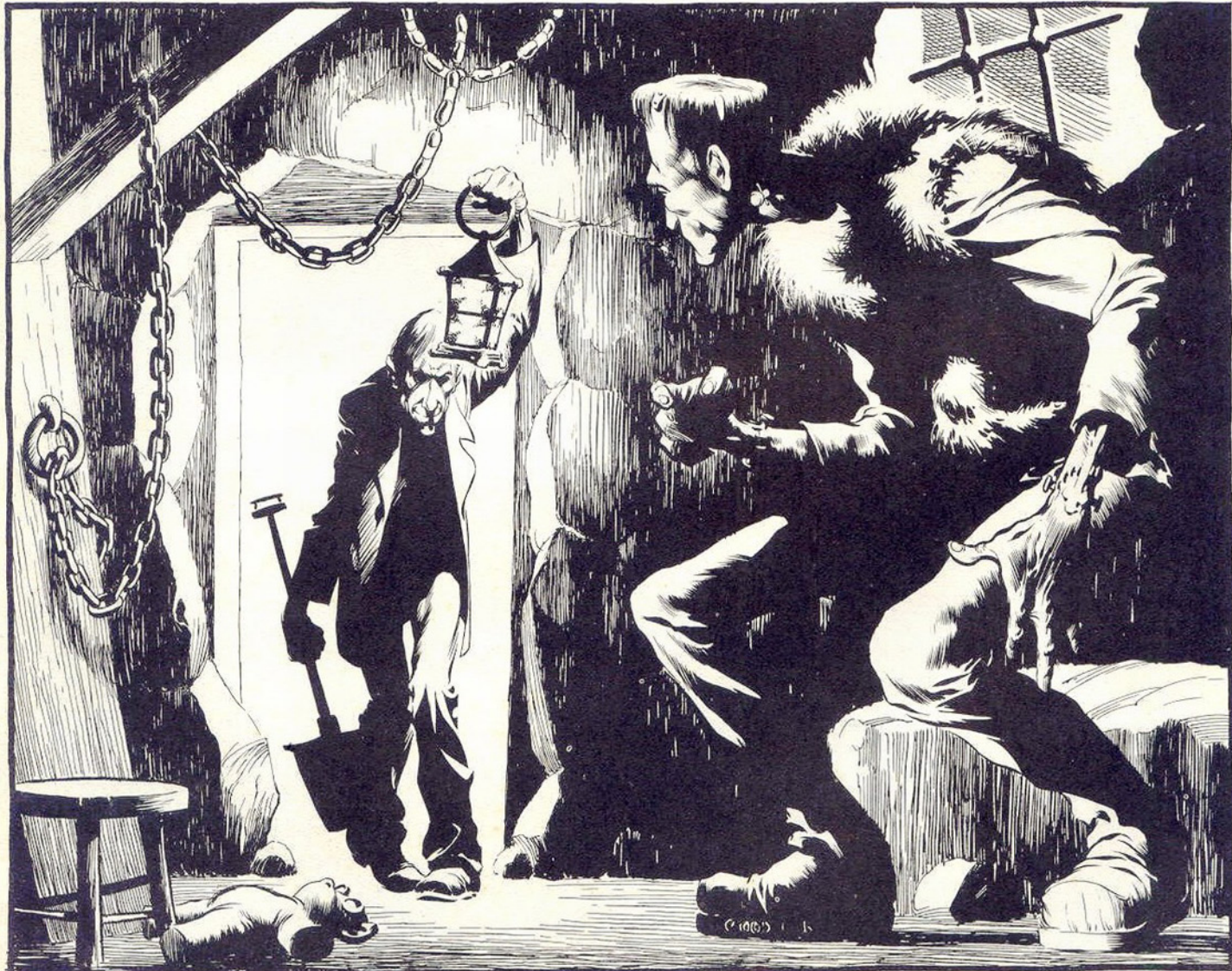


SCREAM DOOR # 1



BERNI WRIGHTSON



THICKMAN '70

Publishers: Mark Feldman
Robert Lewis

Scribe: Marc Cheshire

Meat Cutter: Charlie Roberts

Greedy Capitalists: Ray Rozycki
Tad Cooper
John Harvey
Charles Flinner
Mark Zamperini
Joel Pollack

A special thanks to: Steve Hickman
Mike Kaluta
Seane Todd
Berni Wrightson
Bob Juanillo

Spiritual Guidance: James Van Hise



"The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world
dies,
With the dying sun."

KEEP TO THE **SHADOWS!**
BEWARE THE REVEALING
LIGHTS, THE **EYES** OF A
VINDICTIVE WORLD, A WORLD
THAT WILL **CRUSH** YOU,
LITTLE MAN!

THEY CANNOT FIND YOU HERE
IN THE PATHS OF THE WRETCHED,
THE FRIENDLESS, AND THE
DOOMED!



SHLOP! SHLOP! SPLOP! SHLOP! SKLOP! SHLOP! SPLOP! SHLOP!

YES, MY LITTLE **FANGED** FRIEND,
THAT SAME SINISTER DARKNESS
OF CHEERLESS NIGHT THAT YOU
FEAR SO, IS A **REFUGE** FOR THE
DERELICT, THE CRIMINAL, AND THE...

RAT!

WHEEZE!
= SNIFFLE!

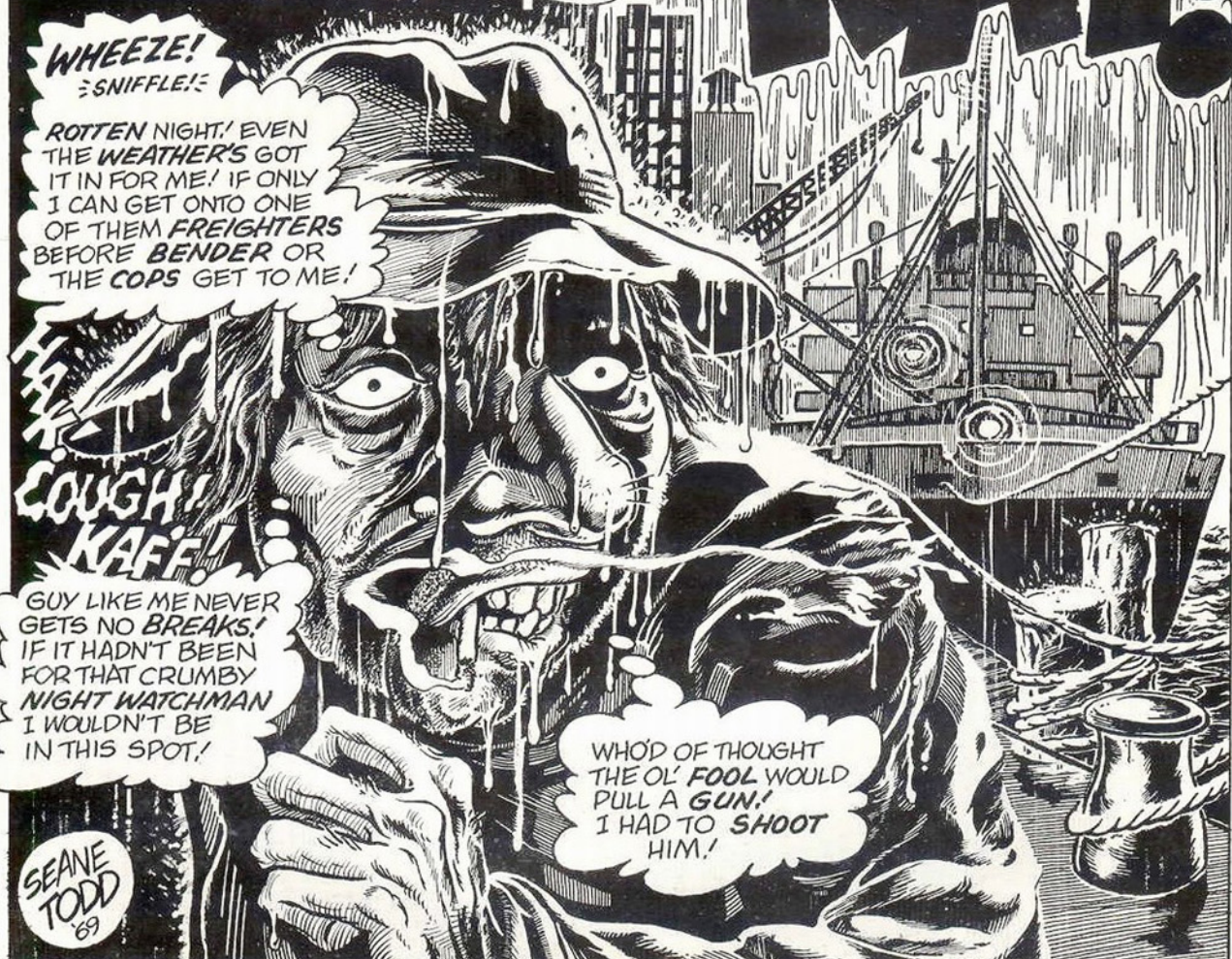
ROTTEN NIGHT! EVEN
THE **WEATHER'S** GOT
IT IN FOR ME! IF ONLY
I CAN GET ONTO ONE
OF THEM **FREIGHTERS**
BEFORE **BENDER** OR
THE **COPS** GET TO ME!

COUGH!
KAFF!

GUY LIKE ME NEVER
GETS NO **BREAKS!**
IF IT HADN'T BEEN
FOR THAT **CRUMBY**
NIGHT WATCHMAN
I WOULDN'T BE
IN THIS SPOT!

WHO'D OF THOUGHT
THE **OL' FOOL** WOULD
PULL A **GUN!**
I HAD TO **SHOOT**
HIM!

SEANE
TODD
89



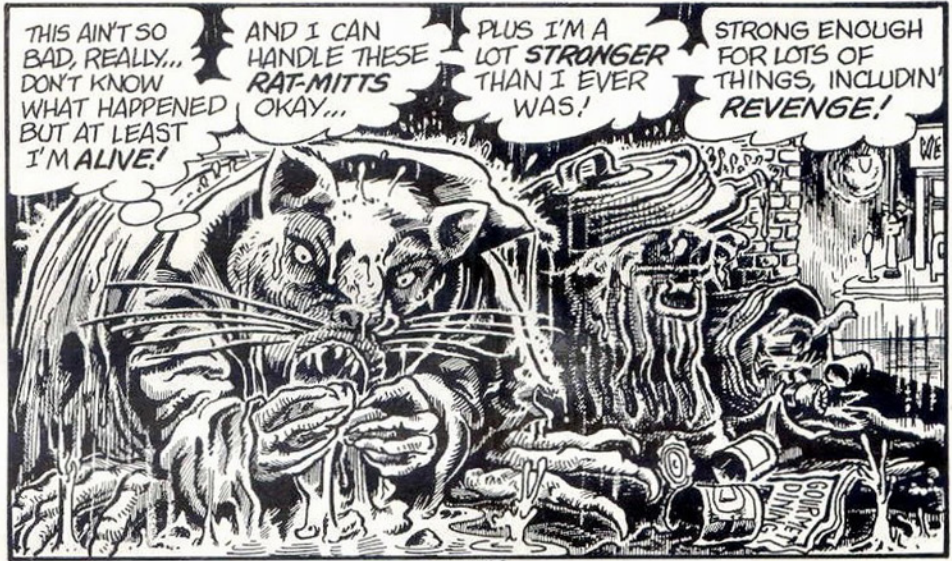




AS IF ENRAGED
BY THE TAKING
OF ONE OF ITS'
OWN, THE NIGHT
EXPLODES IN
A FURY OF
ELECTRICAL
VIOLENCE!

ALARMED BY THE THUNDERING BLACK SKIES AND THE
LIGHTNING'S BLAZEN BOLTS ANOTHER WRETCHED
ENVIRON OF THE NIGHT SCURRIES FORTH SEEKING
SAFER REFUGE WHEN...



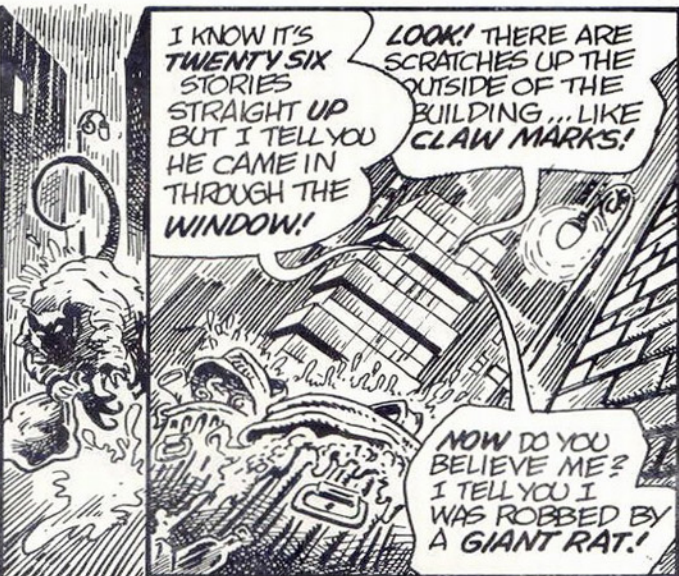






THIS IS **CRAZY!**
IT LOOKS LIKE
SOMEBODY
TUNNELED
IN HERE!

AND THAT SAME
SOMEBODY TORE
OPEN THESE
DEPOSIT BOXES
WITH **CLAWS!**



I KNOW IT'S
TWENTY SIX
STORIES
STRAIGHT UP
BUT I TELL YOU
HE CAME IN
THROUGH THE
WINDOW!

LOOK! THERE ARE
SCRATCHES UP THE
OUTSIDE OF THE
BUILDING... LIKE
CLAW MARKS!

**NOW DO YOU
BELIEVE ME?
I TELL YOU I
WAS ROBBED BY
A GIANT RAT!**



PUNKS! SUCKERS!
OL' RATZO'S PAYIN'
YOU ALL BACK!

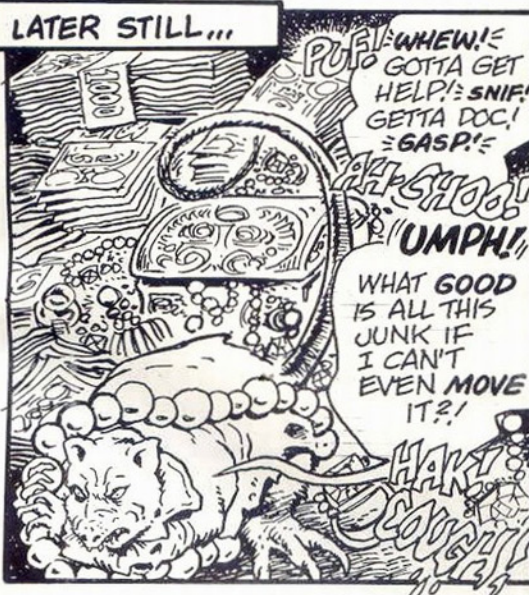
FUNNY... THIS STUFF
SEEMS TO HAVE
GOTTEN HEAVIER...
BIGGER!



ONE HOUR LATER...

SOMETHING'S GOIN'
**SCREWY! I'M
SHRINKIN'!**

THE **BIGGER**
THE PILE OF
LOOT GETS
THE **SMALLER**
I GET!



LATER STILL...

PUFF! WHEW!
GOTTA GET
HELP!
SNIF!
GETTA DOC!
GASP!

UMPH!
WHAT GOOD
IS ALL THIS
JUNK IF
I CAN'T
EVEN MOVE
IT?!



COO! SNIFFLE!
WHEE!
WEE!

SLOP!
SPLASH!
SPLASH!

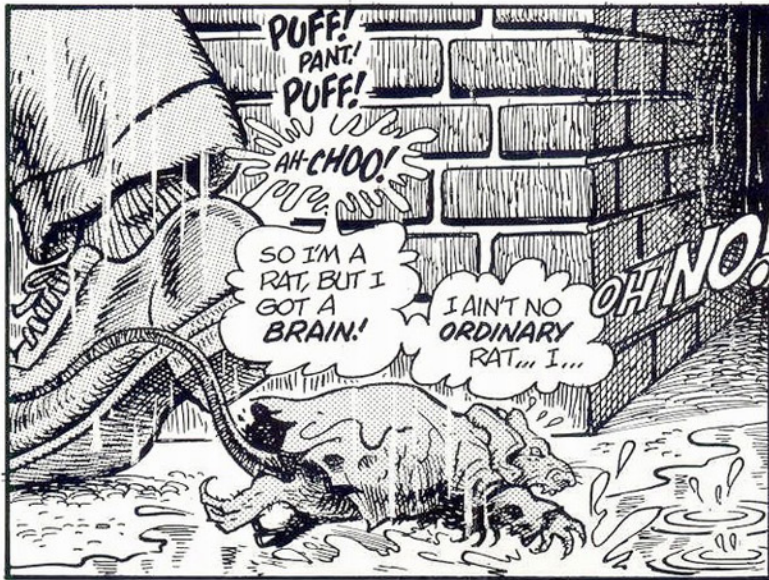


YEOW!

WHEN! THEY WON'T GET
THIS RAT THAT
EASY!

LITTLE WONDER
RAT TRAP

SNAP!



An uneventful flight

by MARK FELDMAN

Sean Todd lives alone except for his giant orange cat Fletcher and a mute parrot named Harold in a sprawling basement apartment in the East Village. Frazetta posters adorn the whitewashed brick wall except for an obvious blank area where twice a month or more, the latest installments of a continuing underground film are projected. The film is a by-product of Sean's intense interest in comics. An interest that has proven itself companion to unusual talent as witnessed by this month's stellar attraction, the story "RAT!"

Sean was dressed in a mauve tee shirt and leather bell bottoms fringed with tinkling beer can keys. He peered at me through nearly opaque green glasses and offered a rather firm but damp hand. Would I like to see the studio? Well I certainly would! So it was, that the rest of the interview was taped in the tiny underground studio behind the kitchen.

"Sit down anywhere, Mark."

"Thank you." There is no chair but Sean indicates a huge stack of old moldering comics. I sit.

"I suppose you'd like to know how I got started in comics."

"Of course."

"Back in grammar school I guess. I never played sports and wasn't very popular, you know, and comics became my whole world."

"They were an escape, right?"

"Oh, sure. There's a whole part of my adolescence, of normal growing up that I missed on account of comics. Like I have this thing for any chick who smells even slightly like cheap four color printing and damp pulp paper."

"You're putting me on?"

"Yeah, a little."

"What about high school?"

"Well, I was still in comics, more so if anything. Mad was just coming in at the end of the E.C. Weird

Science and Horror days. I had every single copy of just about every single E.C. put out, you know."

"My God, or should I say GOOD LORD! WHERE ARE THEY?"

"My mother threw them out. Just tossed that whole part of my life away."

"Moan! What'd you do?"

"Stapled her to death and buried her under an abandoned news stand."

"You're putting me on again!"

"Sure."

"What was the first step for the budding pro?"

"I got my first step doing pornies."

"You don't mean . . . ?"

"Yeah. Pornographic comics. They were all the rage before underground comics came along."

"Your kidding! How old were you?"

"Eighteen, I use to write and draw those things night and day for a while. No lack of material, I just worked out every adolescent fantasy I could think of and they loved it."

"I imagine that it payed well."

"Never made that kind of money again."

"Got any originals?"

"Nah. I got busted one night on account of the films and the fuzz cleaned me out. Too bad too, my chick used to use'em for coloring books . . ."

"Where did you go from there?"

"Well, I was unfit for service so I went to New York to look around for something to do in comics."

"After all I was a high school graduate!" "I tried copying the styles of all the big guys, you know, Wood, Davis, Williamson, Basil Wolverton. All the big timers." "After I got some of the styles down I went around to the publishers."

"How were you received at Marvel

and National?"

"Well, Roy Thomas liked my lettering and Carmine Infantino liked the way I did panel lines but there weren't any openings."

"Then what?"

"I went back to improving myself. I got Davis's crosshatching down pat but got hung up on Wood's highlights . . . you know, the sparkle marks on the space helmets." "And with all this behind me, plus my expertise at panel line ruling and lettering I was well on my way." "I got a job in Harvey Kurtzman's studio for a few weeks answering his mail and running for coffee. Then a mutual friend introduced me to the National office where I did coloring for a while until my first real break came along."

"Wow! What was that?"

"I got snapped up to do all the crosshatching and highlighting on Sid Check's early imitations of Joe Orlando's Imitation of Wally Wood's Hal Foster style."

"Well talent and originality will win out in the end."

"Yeah! From there on it's all been gravy!"

"What was your biggest moment in the business?"

"Well, you know I'm still a fan at heart. I guess I'd have to say my biggest thrill was actually touching Frank Frazetta."

"This had special meaning to you?"

"It sure did. He nearly broke my hand!"

"Why do you suppose he did that?"

"Professional jealousy!"

"Say, what's that you're working on?"

"Bubble Gum cards."

"Bubble gum cards?"

"Bubble Gum cards! That's where it's at! Comics are finished! The future's in Bubble Gum cards!"

"You don't say."

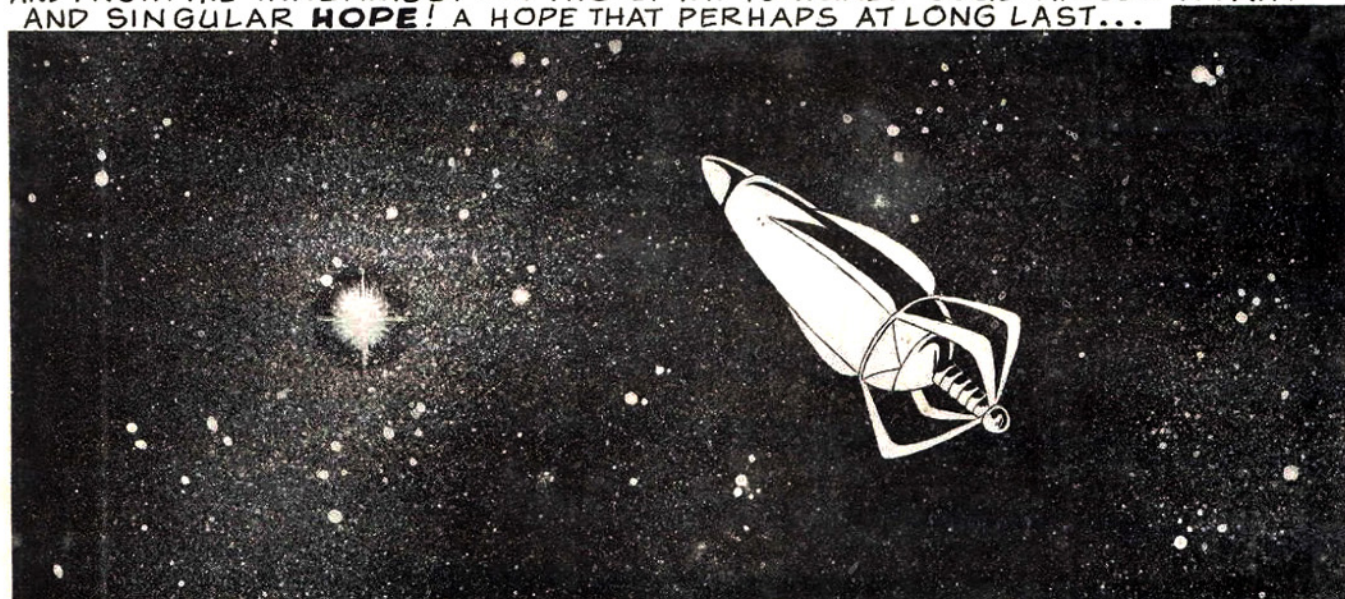
Steve Hickman '70



I AM ALONE. I **TREMBLE** IN MY SOLITUDE! HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE I HAVE FELT THE **WARMTH** OF COMPANIONSHIP... ENJOYED THE COMPANY OF ANOTHER **FEELING**, SENTIENT BEING? I CANNOT SAY. I DO NOT KNOW! FOR ME, THERE IS NO LONGER ANY PASSAGE OF **TIME**! FOR ME, THE DAYS, THE WEEKS, THE YEARS HAVE ALL COME TO BE AS **ONE**... HIDEOUSLY DESOLATE AND BLEAK! I FEEL **EMPTY**... **HOLLOW**... AS THOUGH I WERE SLOWLY, INEXORABLY **SUCCUMBING** TO THIS **HELLISH** ISOLATION! I AM SO **VERY** ALONE... **ALONE**...

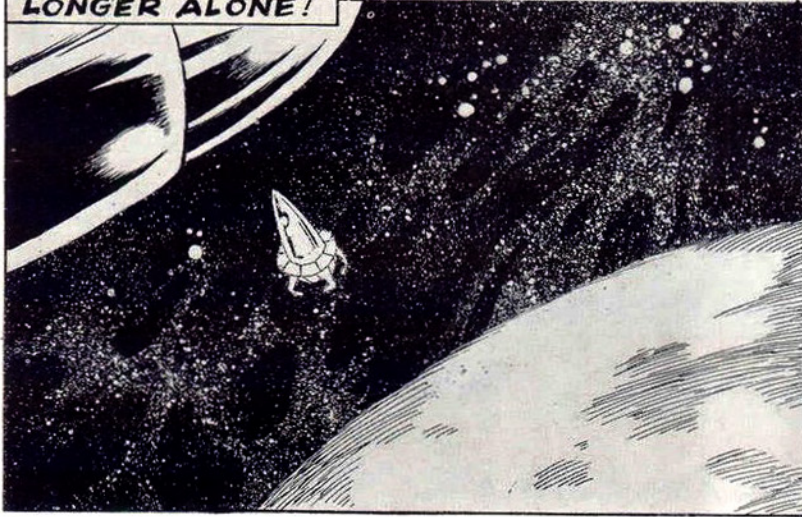


AND YET, ABOVE ME, IN THE WHEELING **VASTNESS** OF SPACE, AMONGST THOSE MYRIAD POINTS OF TWINKLING LIGHT THAT ARE THE STARS, SOMETHING MOVES... A **SHIP**! AND FROM THE INNERMOST DEPTHS OF MY TORTURED SOUL ARISES A FAINT AND SINGULAR **HOPE**! A HOPE THAT PERHAPS AT LONG LAST...

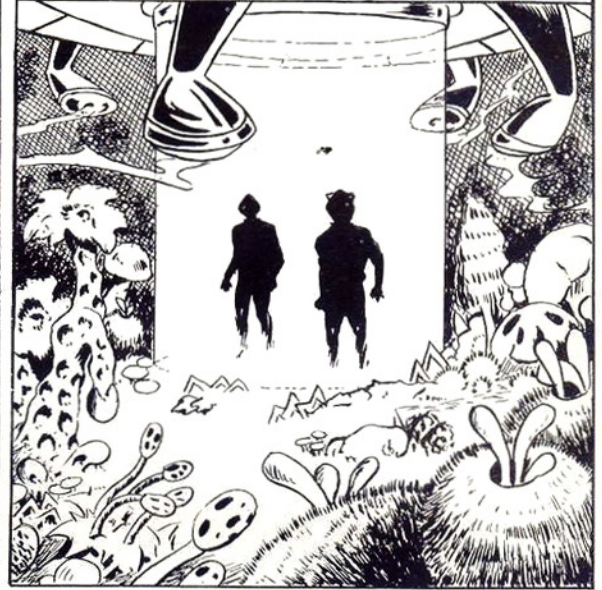


SOMEONE IS COMING...

THEY LEAVE THEIR HUGE, GLEAMING SHIP NOW AND DESCEND IN A SMALLER ONE. THEY'LL BE HERE IN A MOMENT... **REAL** PEOPLE... LIVING, BREATHING PEOPLE! **COMPANIONS!** AFTER ALL THIS TIME... COMPANIONS! I AM NO LONGER ALONE... **NO LONGER ALONE!**



AT LAST... THEY'RE DOWN! I WONDER... I WONDER WHAT THEY WILL BE LIKE.



HOW LONG ARE WE GOING TO BE HERE?

I CAN'T SAY FOR SURE...

IT SHOULDN'T BE LONG THOUGH!

VOICES! OH, GOD IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE HEARD VOICES! WELCOME STRANGERS, **WELCOME!** TELL ME WHERE YOU ARE FROM! IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE... WHAT'S **WRONG?** WHY DO YOU JUST STAND THERE, WHY DO YOU **IGNORE** ME... PRETEND NOT TO **HEAR** ME? OR COULD IT BE... **NO!** I DARE NOT EVEN **THINK** IT!

WHAT'S YOUR RUSH ANYWAY, CARTER?

HA! WISH I DID!

GOT YOURSELF A HOT DATE SOMEWHERE?

WE ONLY NEED ABOUT AN HOUR TO TAKE ALL THE READINGS WE'RE SUPPOSED TO!

BUT IT'S THIS PLACE, THIS **PLANET,** THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT IT THAT SORTA...

MAKES MY FLESH CRAWL!



I SAID, **WELCOME STRANGERS!** IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE SEEN **ANOTHER INTELLIGENT BEING.** IN FACT I CAN'T **REMEMBER** WHEN I... YOU'RE NOT **LISTENING!** YOU SEEM AS THOUGH YOU DON'T **HEAR,** BUT... BUT I'M SO **CLOSE...** SO CLOSE I COULD **REACH OUT AND...**

...TAP ME ON THE SHOULDER! **THAT'S THE FEELING I HAVE...THE FEELING THIS, THIS PLACE GIVES ME...AS THOUGH SOMETHING'S GONNA COME SNEAKING UP BEHIND ME! BRRR!!**

THEY'RE NOT PAYING **ATTENTION!** THEY'RE NOT **LISTENING!** BUT WHY? **WHY? OH GOD WHY?**

WOW!

YOU'VE GOT SOME **IMAGINATION** THERE, CARTER!

NOW CALL UP STAIRS AND GET **McKINNEY AND STILES** DOWN HERE!

BUT PLEASE TRY AND SEE THAT YOU CONTROL IT, OK?

THE **SOONER** WE GET THOSE **READINGS,** THE **SOONER** WE CAN LEAVE!

AND, CARTER...

WHEN WE **DO** LEAVE, DO US **ALL** A BIG FAVOR...

DON'T BRING YOUR GOOSE PIMPLES!



NOW **MORE MEN** COME... WILL THEY BE **DEAF** TO MY WORDS TOO? PLEASE DON'T LET IT BE! **PLEASE!**

WAIT! THEY'RE SETTING UP INSTRUMENTS... **SCANNERS, DETECTORS!** THEY MUST BE **SEARCHING** FOR SOMETHING!

IF THERE'S ANY **INTELLIGENT** LIFE HERE AT ALL...

WE'LL FIND IT!

OK, SNAP IT UP, YOU GUYS!

McKINNEY AND CARTER SET UP OVER THERE, IN THAT THICKET!

STILES, STAY HERE WITH ME!

WELL, GENTLEMEN SHALL WE GET STARTED?

THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE!



INTELLIGENT LIFE! THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE LOOKING FOR! THE FOOLS CAN'T SEE BENEATH THEIR NOSES!! I'M HERE... **HERE, OH GOD... I'M HERE...**



McKINNEY REPORTING! BEGINNING **OPTO-SCANS** OF AREA SOUTH OF LANDING POINT!

McKINNEY OUT!

to be continued...

Kenneth Smith's

FANTASMA GOYRA

Box 2952 Westville Sta. / New Haven, Ct. 06515

Super-quality stock & reproduction ~ 2-toned wraparound cover ~ 40 pages of fantastic art & witty story, all by pro artist Kenneth Smith. First 100 copies autographed!

Special offer good until August 15: prepublication subscriptions to issue 1 or 2, only \$2!*

You see, m'lad, no one has ever seen anything like it!

CHEEP!

COLLECTOR'S ITEM - ISSUE 1!

*AFTER August 15, \$3.

Add 50¢ for 1st class postage.

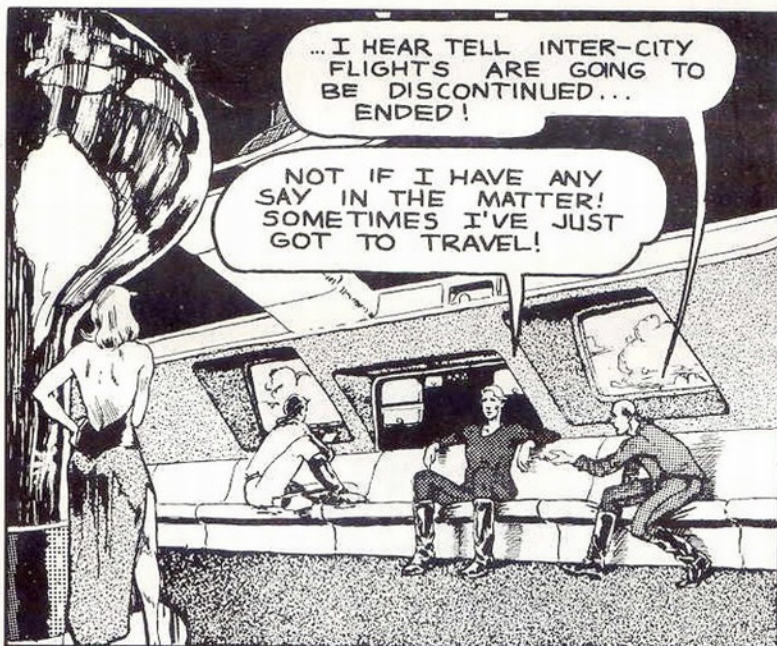
HEY BUDDY, CAN YOU LEND ME A...

MOST OF EARTH'S HUMANITY HAS GONE TO THE STARS. THE REMAINDER HAVE HUDDLED INTO CLEAN, AUTO-MATED CITIES. NO MORE THE SURGING ANIMAL MASS. A SINGLE OMNI-CITY, LIKE NEW YORK HERE, PROVIDES ALL THAT ANYONE MIGHT WANT, ALMOST.

THIS IS YOUR AUTO-PILOT... FLIGHT 194 NOW EN-ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA... NON-STOP!

WE WERE PRETTY LUCKY TO GET THIS FLIGHT...

AM/ROB 70



MECHANICAL ERROR HAS NO PLACE IN AN AUTOMATED SOCIETY... BUT SOMETIMES...

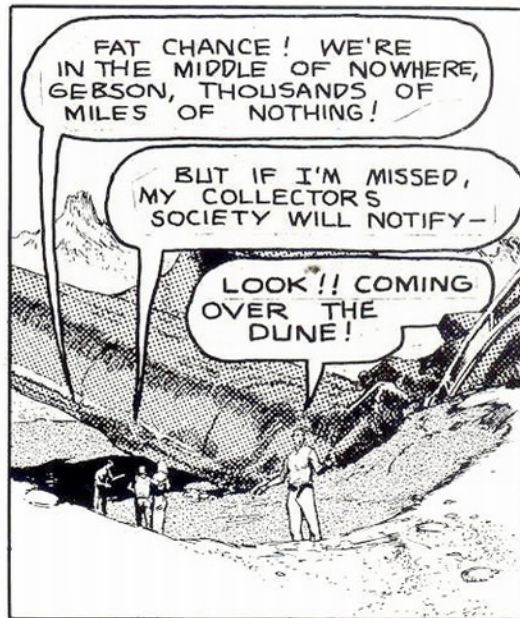




THIS IS JUST GREAT!
I HOPE EVERYBODY IS
READY FOR A LONG WALK.

MR. GERSON, ARE
WE LOST? ARE WE
GOING TO—

DON'T PANIC, MAECIA!
I'M SURE THEY'LL COME
LOOKING FOR US.
THEY'LL SEE THE
WRECK AND WE'LL
BE RESCUED...



FAT CHANCE! WE'RE
IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE,
GERSON, THOUSANDS OF
MILES OF NOTHING!

BUT IF I'M MISSED,
MY COLLECTOR'S
SOCIETY WILL NOTIFY—

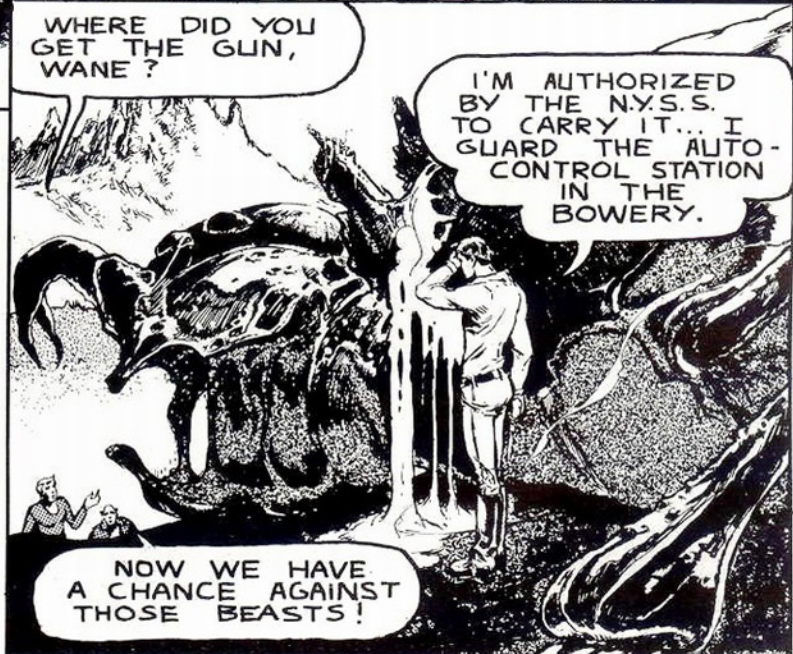
LOOK!! COMING
OVER THE
DUNE!

THE THREE TURN AT JEB
WANE'S SHOUT TO SEE
HIM RUNNING TOWARD A
MONSTROUS INSECT!



LORD!! WHAT
IS IT?

WANE!
YOU'LL BE
KILLED!



WHERE DID YOU
GET THE GUN,
WANE?

I'M AUTHORIZED
BY THE N.Y.S.S.
TO CARRY IT... I
GUARD THE AUTO-
CONTROL STATION
IN THE
BOWERY.

NOW WE HAVE
A CHANCE AGAINST
THOSE BEASTS!

AS THE DESERT SUN GLISTENS ON THE BILEOUS SLIME OOOZING FROM THE SLAIN INSECT, A GRIM SMILE CROSSES WANE'S FACE...

WE MAY HAVE A CHANCE AGAINST PREDATORS, BUT NOT AGAINST STARVATION! THERE'S NO FOOD IN THE JETLINER, AND THESE PLANTS- HA! ONCE THEY COULD HAVE SUSTAINED US; KEPT US ALIVE. BUT THEY'VE ABSORBED SO MUCH RADIOACTIVE WASTE FROM OUR OMNI-CITIES, IT WOULD BE SAFER TO EAT PLAUGE INFESTED MEAT! FACE IT... WE'RE DEAD! AND THE FUNNY THING IS, WE KILLED OURSELVES!

YOU'RE MORBID, WANE.

LISTEN! FROM OVER THERE... RINGING!!

THE FOUR RUN ACROSS THE BURNING SANDS TOWARD THE ALIEN SOUND. THE RINGING IS INCESANT, AN URGING, PULLING SOUND, LIKE WAVES UPON A SMOOTH SHORE. MOMENTS LATER THEY STARE INTO A CRATER AT AN UNNERVING SCENE...

LOOK... THOSE GIRDERS, BRICK RUBBLE, BROKEN GLASS! THOSE ARE BURIED BUILDINGS!

YEAH! AND THAT BOX THERE IS THE THING THAT WAS RINGING. LET'S GET A CLOSER LOOK!

WITH CURIOSITY MINGLING WITH A SILENT HOPE, THE CASTAWAYS SCRABBLE DOWN THE LOOSE, SLIDING DIRT INTO THE STAGNANT AIR OF THE BURIED CITY.

WHY, I'VE SEEN ONE OF THOSE BEFORE! IT'S AN OLD-FASHIONED TELEPHONE BOOTH... AND IT WORKS! IF I ONLY HAD IT FOR MY ANCIENT ARTIFACTS COLLECTION! WHAT A MAGNIFICENT FIND!!

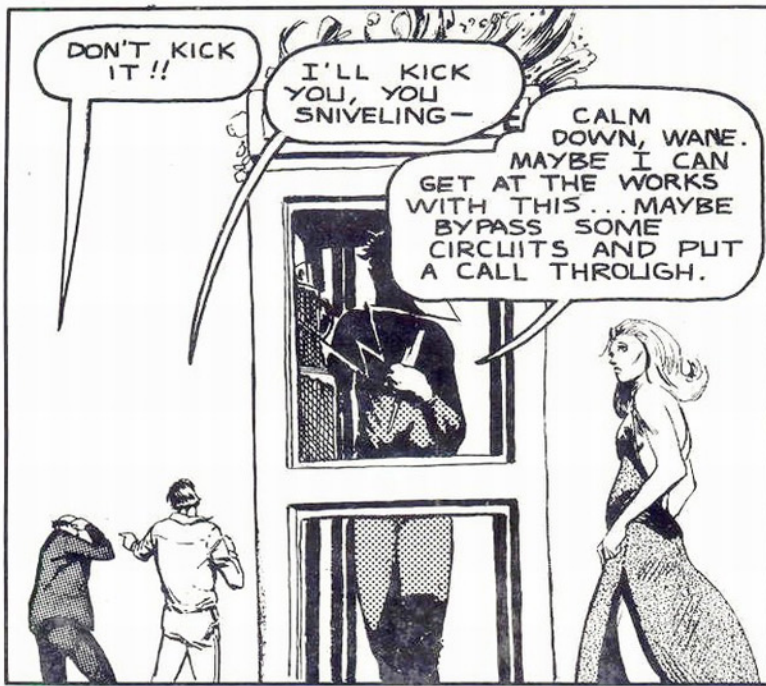
NEVER MIND YOUR COLLECTION, MONEY BAGS, WITH LUCK THAT ANTIQUE WILL SAVE OUR HIDES.

WE'LL NEED MORE THAN LUCK MOTISE... THERE'S NO SLOT FOR THE CREDIT CARD... THERE'S NOTHING BUT SOME LITTLE ROUND HOLES!

GEBSON'S EYES LIGHT UP IN FACINATION...

HOLES? ITS SO ANCIENT IT ONLY TAKES COINS! HOW MARVELOUS... A COIN TELEPHONE... THE PRIDE OF ANYBODY'S COLLECTION!

WOULD YOU SHUT UP?! WHERE ARE WE GOING TO FIND COINS TO FEED THIS... THIS... MONSTROSITY?



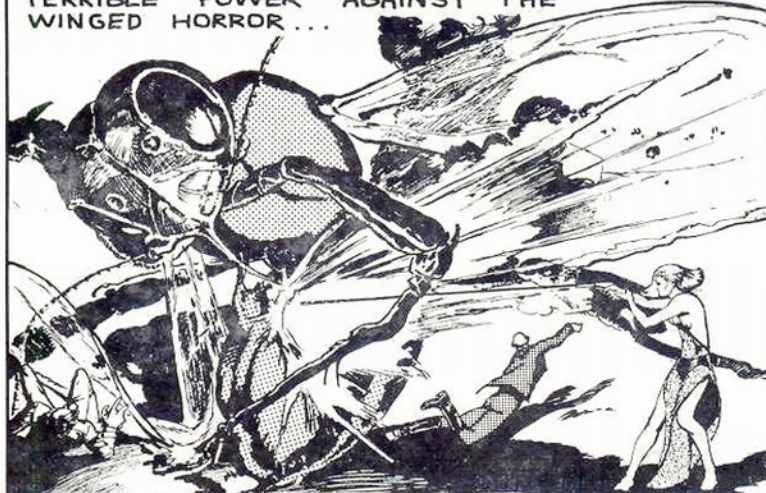
TENSE MINUTES CRAWL BY AS MOTISE PROBES THE METAL GUTS OF THE ANCIENT MACHINE. IN HIS CONCENTRATION HE ACCIDENTLY KNUCKLES AGAINST AN EXPOSED WIRE, AND RECEIVES A DEADLY JOLT OF NAKED ELECTRICITY...



WANE AND GERSON SPRINT TOWARD MOTISE'S WILDLY VIBRATING FIGURE, BUT AN URGENT THRUMMING SOUND CAUSES GERSON TO LOOK SKYWARD, IN FEAR!



WITH A KNOT OF PANIC TWISTING IN HER STOMACH, MAECIA PANSONS GRABS THE FALLEN WEAPON AND UNLEASHES ITS TERRIBLE POWER AGAINST THE WINGED HORROR...



THE AIR IS STILL. THE FLYING NIGHTMARE LIES CRUMPLED ON THE BLEACHED SAND A FEW PACES FROM WANE'S LIFELESS FORM. THE CRACKLING OF MOTISE NOW JUST A CHARRED HUSK, IS LIKE THE WORDLESS WHISPERS OF DEATH.





MAECIA... LISTEN TO ME... THOSE BUGS... WE'RE IN A NEST - I'M CERTAIN OF IT... MAECIA...?

WHAT'S THIS CASE? THERE'S A DIME IN HERE! YOU'VE HAD A DIME, HOARDED IT, WHILE WE'VE BEEN DYING IN THIS STINKING DESERT!

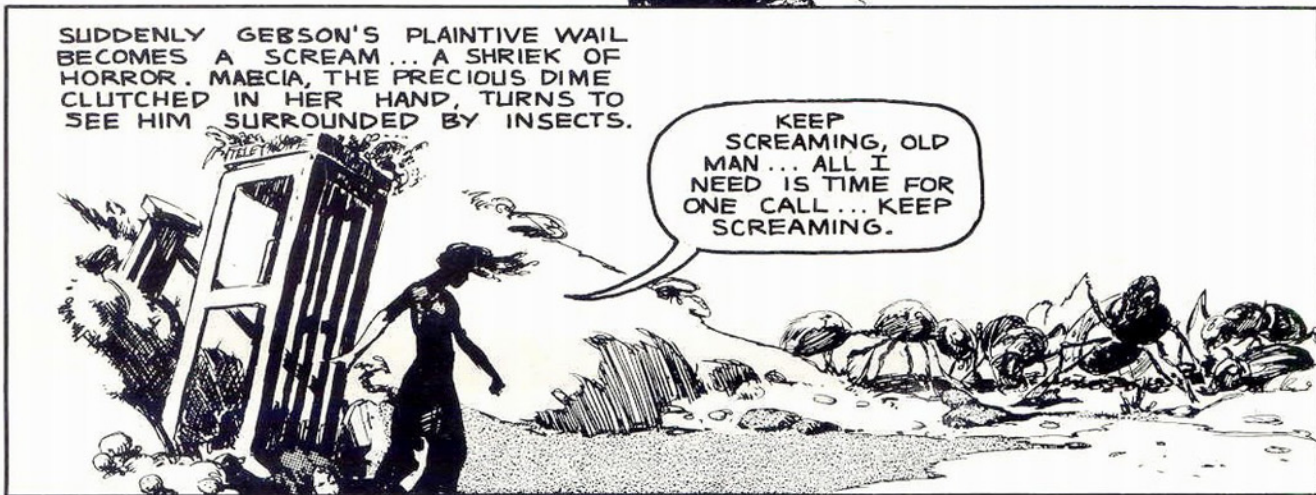
NO, PLEASE MAECIA... WE CAN'T USE THAT... MY COLLECTION... NO...



DO YOU THINK I CARE ABOUT YOUR FOOL COLLECTION? THIS IS MY CHANCE FOR LIFE! LIFE!



MAECIA - MAECIA, NO! THAT DIME, IT'S BEYOND WORTH... PLEASE... PLEASE... GIVE IT BACK TO ME... MAECIA!



SUDDENLY GEBSON'S PLAINTIVE WAIL BECOMES A SCREAM... A SHRIEK OF HORROR. MAECIA, THE PRECIOUS DIME CLUTCHED IN HER HAND, TURNS TO SEE HIM SURROUNDED BY INSECTS.

KEEP SCREAMING, OLD MAN... ALL I NEED IS TIME FOR ONE CALL... KEEP SCREAMING.

THE PRICELESS DISK CLINKS INTO THE PHONE... A DIAL-TONE... MAECIA TWIRLS THE "O"... A MOMENT, THEN A RING, A SOFT CLICK AS THE CALL IS CONNECTED... THEN SILENCE...



HELLO? HELLO? OPERATOR...? ANYONE!



* CLICK * - ORDING... DEPOSIT FIVE CENTS MORE, PLEASE, TO COMPLETE YOUR CALL...

OH GOD... NO! NO...



... THIS IS A RECORDING... DEPOSIT FIVE CENTS MORE, PLEASE, TO COMPLETE YOUR CALL... THIS IS A RECORDING... DEPOSIT FIVE CENTS -

THE RECEIVER FALLS FROM MAECIA'S HAND; SHE STARES IN FROZEN TERROR THROUGH THE CRACKED PANES OF THE BOOTH; SHE NO LONGER HEARS THE SCRATCHY RECORDING; SHE HEARS ONLY ONE THING... GEBSON HAS STOPPED SCREAMING.

THE END

This Cover, by Bernie Wrightson, was Originally Intended to appear in the now defunct Web of Horror Magazine

Dare you enter the WEB?

THE WEB OF HORROR

America's nightmare magazine

JUNE 35c **A**

one too many!

STRANGE ILLUSTRATED TALES

WRIGHTSON⁶⁹

© 1970 by Major Magazines, Inc.





• GOD APPEARING TO THE ELDER ISIAH •



Steve
Hickman '70