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illustrated
fantasy
magazine



D.K. Potter

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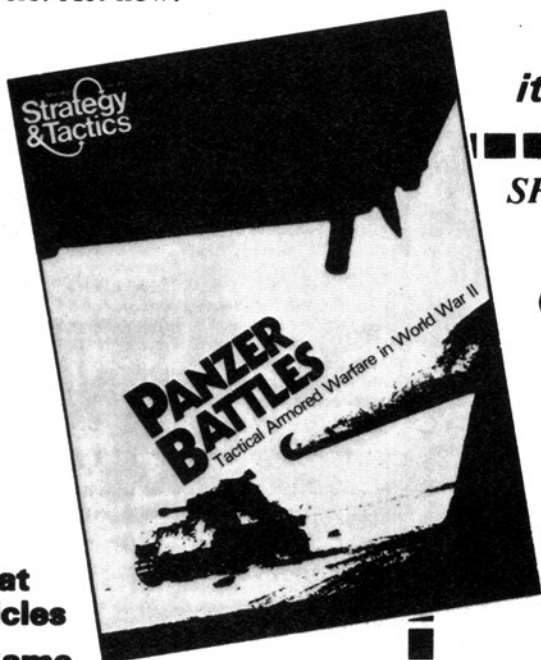
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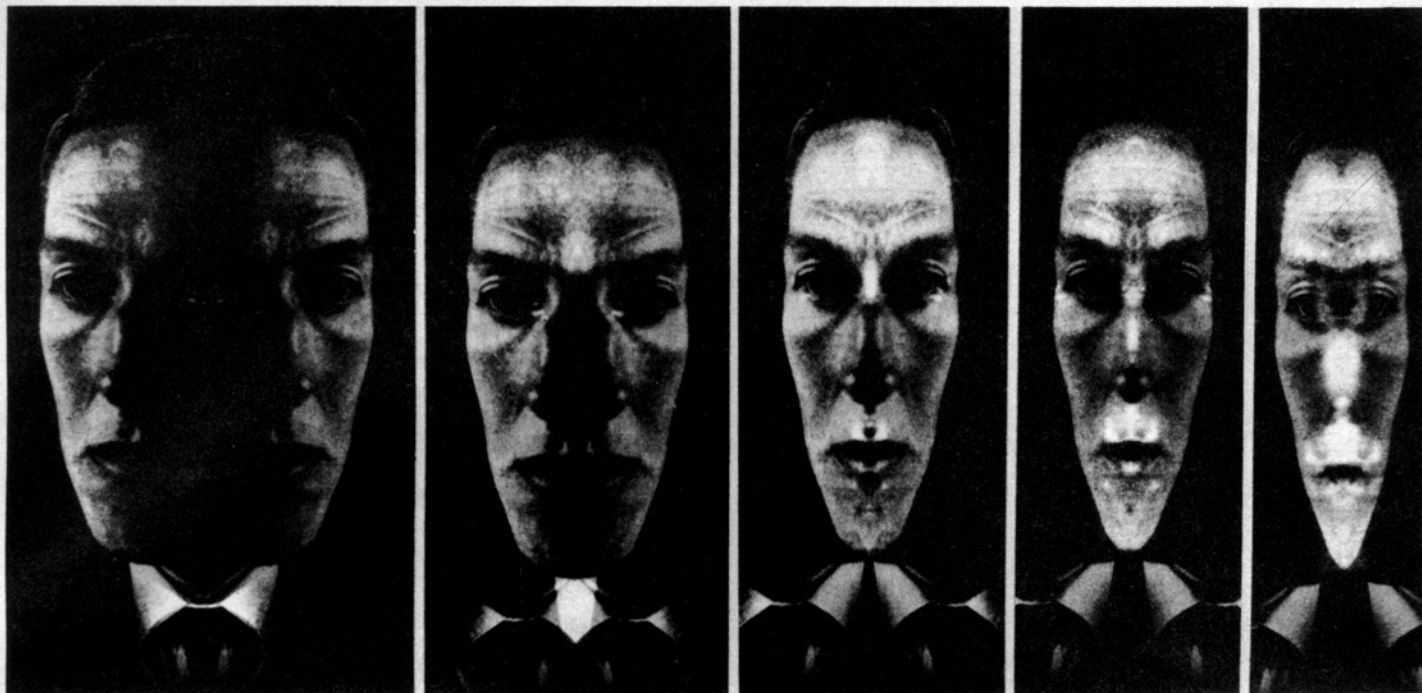


Illustration by J.K. Potter

...Thirty-one...

H.P.L.

It remains, to this day, a matter fit only for terrified and whispered speculation in these parts, why an obscure, not to say widely scorned, author of explicitly horrifying prose narratives, written in a clumsy and overblown style uncannily similar to the aeon-long and labyrinthine one you are at present nodding over, should be the object of cultlike veneration among the French.

Is it possible H.P.L. gains something in the translation, like Howard Hawks and Jerry Lewis movies? Or can it be that H.P.L., like the blues and the comics, is a great American cultural phenomenon that the wide-eyed froggies are hip to first?

It is as difficult to "introduce" Lovecraft as it would be to introduce, say, Tolkien. Those who know anything about either author tend to know *everything* about him, and carry on with other devotees in what sounds to the rest of us like code

or babble about Bombadil, *The Red Book*, Smaegol in one case; Azathoth, *The Necronomicon*, Cthulhu in the other.

Briefly, then:

LOVECRAFT, Howard Phillips (1890-1937), b. Providence, R.I. Considered by many the successor to Poe as author of tales of suspense and the supernatural. Wrote three novels and numerous short stories, esp. for pulp magazine *Weird Tales*. Influenced by Poe, Dunsany, Bierce, Machen. Best and most typical stories, e.g., "The Color Out of Space" and "The Dunwich Horror," concern the bloody interaction between an imaginary rural New England and The Great Old Ones, an ancient race who "lost their foothold and were expelled, yet live outside, ever ready to take possession of this earth again."

Lovecraft and his literary disciples at Arkham House (such as Chambers, Howard, Lieber) created a synthetic cosmology, the "Cthulhu Mythos," as well as fictional books (*The Necronomicon*) and places (the city of Arkham) as a background for

their tales of the macabre.

Lovecraft had, in the late sixties, the dubious honor of having an acid-rock group named after him.

But, either you know all that and more, or you probably don't care.... Such readers of this — the wordiest-ever issue of *Heavy Metal* — as are into Lovecraft will notice that two of H.P.L.'s most characteristic obsessions recur in these stories: the fear of something huge and powerful that is *outside*, but wants to get *in*; and the awful attraction effected by dark and smelly holes. Your witness, Dr. Freud.

This material is taken, for the most part, from a bizarre and eldritch tome written in a strange tongue, the "Homage à Lovecraft" issue of *Metal Hurlant*. We trust it will add just the right touch to your Hallowe'en festivities.

—S.K.

Please note: "The Grail War," by Richard Monaco (HM, September, 1979) was an excerpt from the

upcoming novel of the same name to be published by Simon & Schuster (and simultaneously as a Wallaby trade paperback) this fall...not a maniacal writer's

meanderings surrounded by pretty pictures. Sorry for the confusion. (Sorry, Rich.) — The Eds.

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CHATEAU LORIGNY...A MEDIEVAL CHATEAU...
WHICH, LIKE SO MANY OTHERS, WITNESSED
NOBLE FEATS OF ARMS AND PASSIONATE
ROMANTIC TALES...

...IT WAS JUST SUCH A TALE--THE
ASSASSINATION OF THE DUCHESS OF
LORIGNY BY HER REJECTED LOVER--
THAT ATTRACTED DAVID AND JANE TO
THE CHATEAU...



THE YOUNG COUPLE WAS WRITING A
BOOK ON CRIMES OF PASSION IN
EUROPEAN HISTORY.



AFTER THE INEVITABLE TOUR OF THE CHATEAU...

HEY! WE
DON'T WANT TO
MISS THAT! WE'LL
COME BACK
TONIGHT!

SPECTACLE
DE
SON ET LUMIERE
DAILY
PERFORMANCES

WHILE WAITING FOR THE "SON ET LUMIERE" SHOW, DAVID AND JANE TOOK A WALK THROUGH THE ANCIENT STREETS OF THE VILLAGE AT THE FOOT OF THE CASTLE.



OH, LET'S GO INTO THE BOOKSTORE! THEY'RE BOUND TO HAVE SOME INTERESTING STUFF...

THE LADY WHO RAN THE SHOP OFFERED THEM A WIDE CHOICE OF DOCUMENTS ON THE HISTORY OF THE CHATEAU...



... AND AMONG THEM WAS AN ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT...

LOOK HERE ...THE CRIME IS DESCRIBED IN THE MOST MINUTE DETAIL.



INDEED, IT WAS ALL THERE...THE TALE TOLD OF THE DEVOTED COURTSHIP OF THE DUCHESS LORIGNY...



... BY THE YOUNG COUNT OF HARMONT, WHOM THE DUCHESS DID REFUSE.



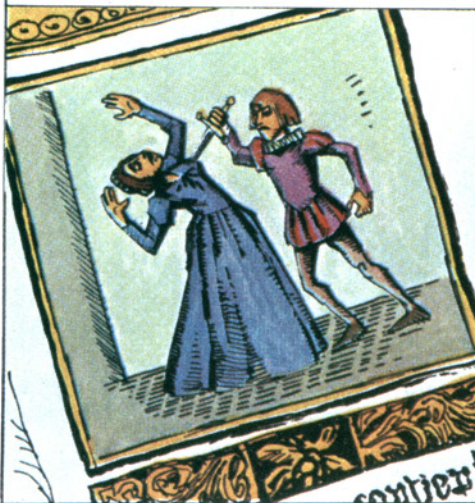
...AND HOW ONE NIGHT, DURING A BALL AT THE CHATEAU, THIS SAME YOUNG COUNT DID TAKE THE DUCHESS UNTO HIS ROOM...



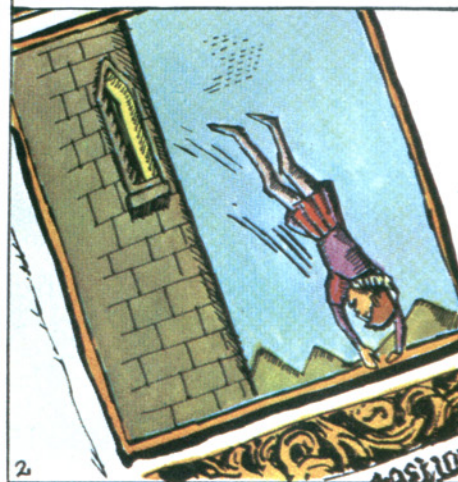
... AND THERE TRIED TO TAKE THAT VIRTUOUS YOUNG WOMAN AGAINST HER WISHES...

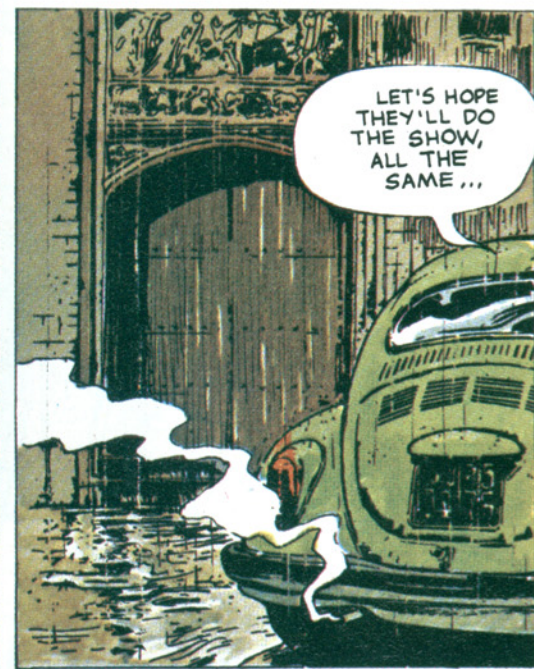
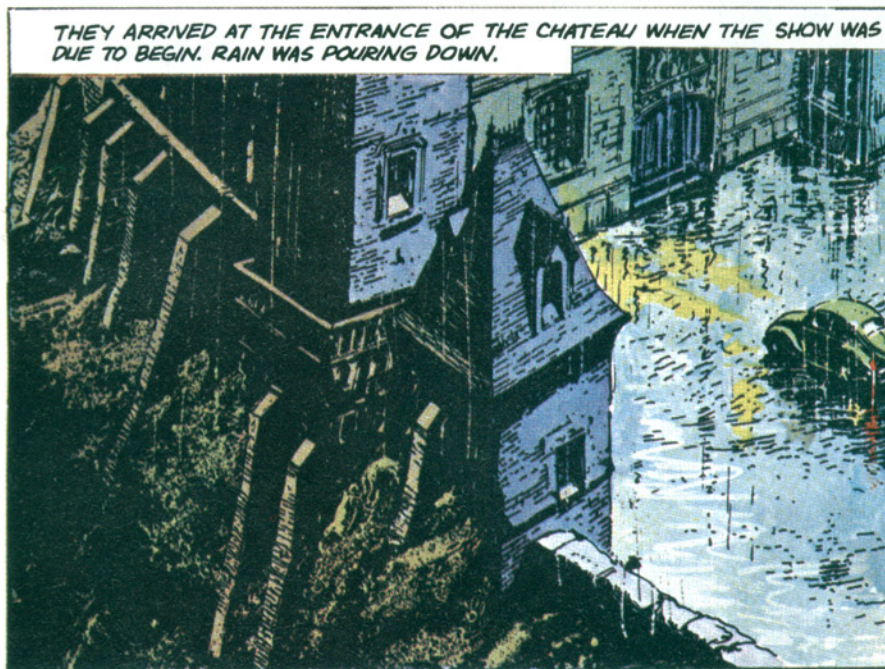
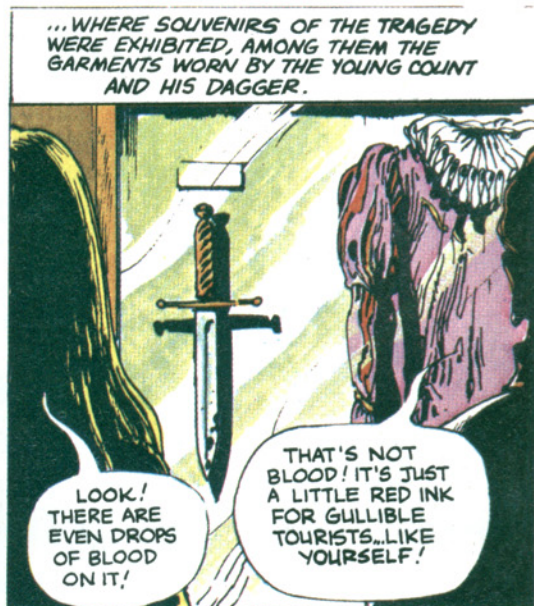
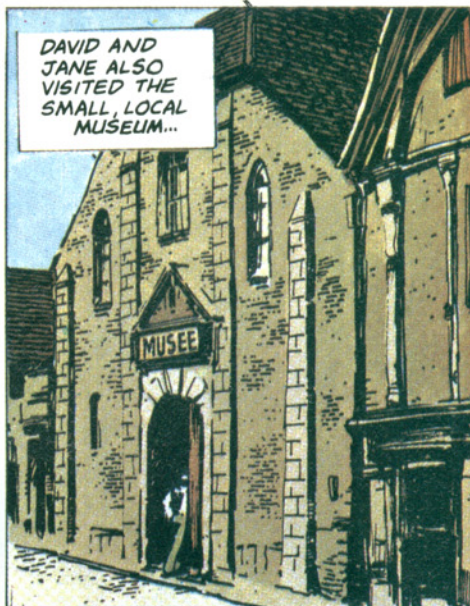


...SHE REFUSED TO SUBMIT TO THE ATTENTIONS OF THE YOUNG MAN, AND HE, MAD WITH RAGE AND LUST, DID STAB HER MOST SAVAGELY...



... AND, SURPRISED BY THE GUESTS WHO HAD HEARD THE YOUNG WOMAN'S CRIES, THE COUNT DID CAST HIMSELF DOWN FROM THE WINDOW, THUS RENDERING JUSTICE UNTO HIMSELF.





A LITTLE SIDE DOOR OPENED,
AND A GUIDE INVITED THEM
TO FOLLOW HIM.



I HOPE THE
RAIN'S NOT GOING
TO INTERFERE WITH
THE PERFORMANCE.

NO, NO!
IT WILL TAKE
PLACE INDOORS,
THAT'S ALL!



ON THE CON-
TRARY, THE RAIN
WILL HELP CREATE
THE PROPER ATMOS-
PHERE... IT WAS
RAINING ON THE
DAY OF THE
TRAGEDY,
YOU KNOW...

HERE WE
ARE ... YOU
ARE THE ONLY
SPECTATORS
TODAY...



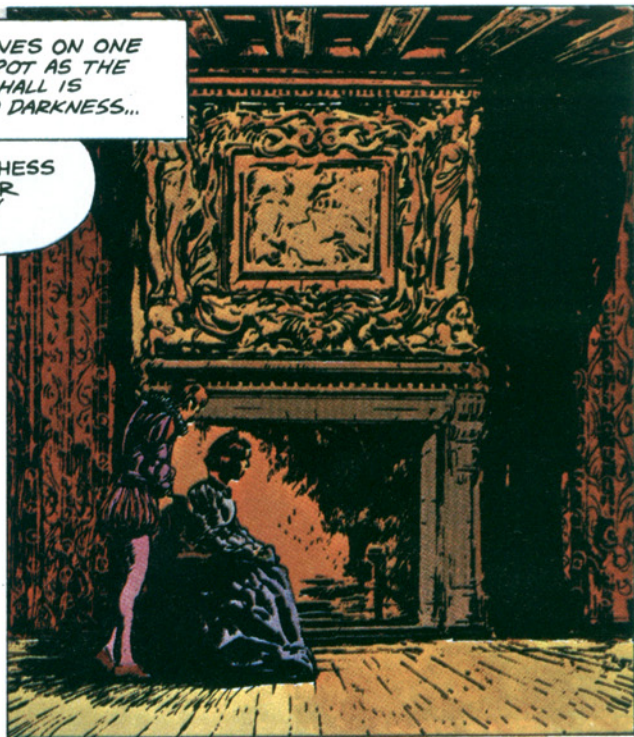
THE MAIN HALL IS DIMLY ILLUMINATED, THE ACTORS STAND READY, IMMOBILE ... THE SHOW BEGINS...
MEDIEVAL MUSIC, PIERCING AND MONOTONOUS, FILLS THE CHATEAU...

INCREDIBLE!
THE COSTUMES
ARE REALLY
WELL-DONE!



THE LIGHT SHINES ON ONE PARTICULAR SPOT AS THE REST OF THE HALL IS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS...

THE DUCHESS AND HER LOVER!



PAY ATTENTION NOW... DON'T BE DISTRACTED BY ANYTHING... NOTICE EVERY LITTLE DETAIL... EVERYTHING IS IMPORTANT!



LOOK OVER THERE, FOR EXAMPLE : ONE OF COUNT HARMONT'S SERVANTS IS APPROACHING THE DUKE...



...AND HANDING HIM A STRANGE SORT OF PACKET...



...BUT THAT DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE STORY!



COME WITH ME NOW TO THE ROOMS WHERE THE VERY DRAMA TOOK PLACE...





YOU CAN FOLLOW THE ACTION FROM HERE!



HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS, THEY HEAR A SERVANT TELL THE DUCHESS THAT THE COUNT AWAITS HER IN HIS ROOM...

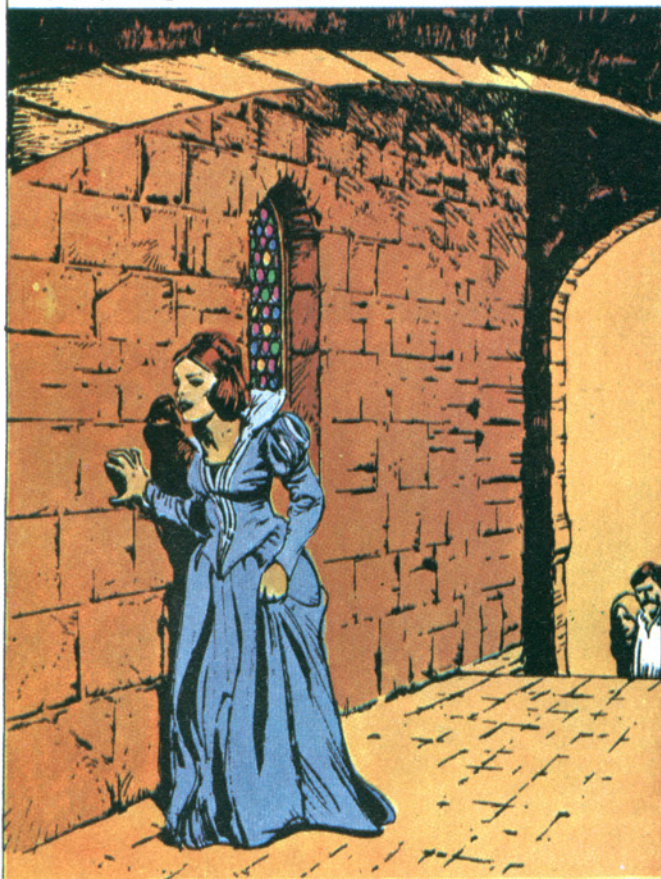
I'VE GOT TO ADMIT THAT THE WAY THEY MAKE US WATCH THE SHOW IS PRETTY UNUSUAL.

IT'S LIKE REALLY BEING BACK IN HISTORY...



IT'S TRUE...I ALMOST FEEL LIKE A VOYEUR!

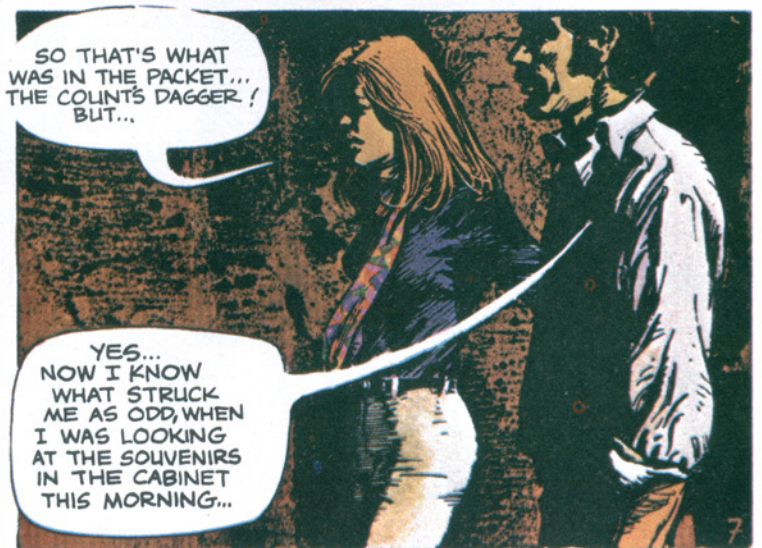
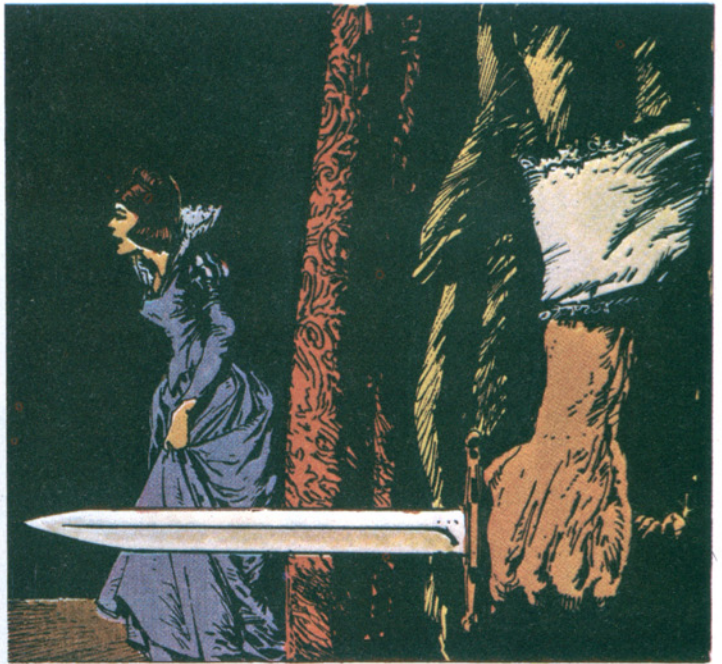
THE YOUNG DUCHESS RUNS TO HER ROOM...



IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE SHE'S BEING FORCED TO DO ANYTHING!



COME...WE CAN ENTER THE ROOM BY ANOTHER DOOR...



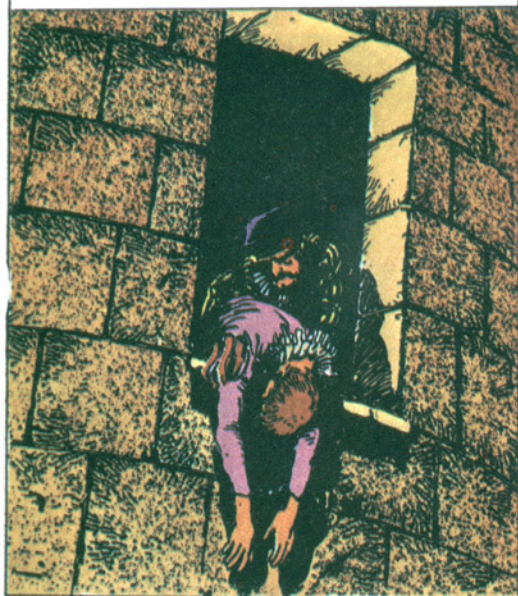
BUT DAVID HAS TO STOP... THE SHOW CONTINUES... NOW THE COUNT, IN HIS TURN, RUNS TOWARD THE DUCHESS'S ROOM.



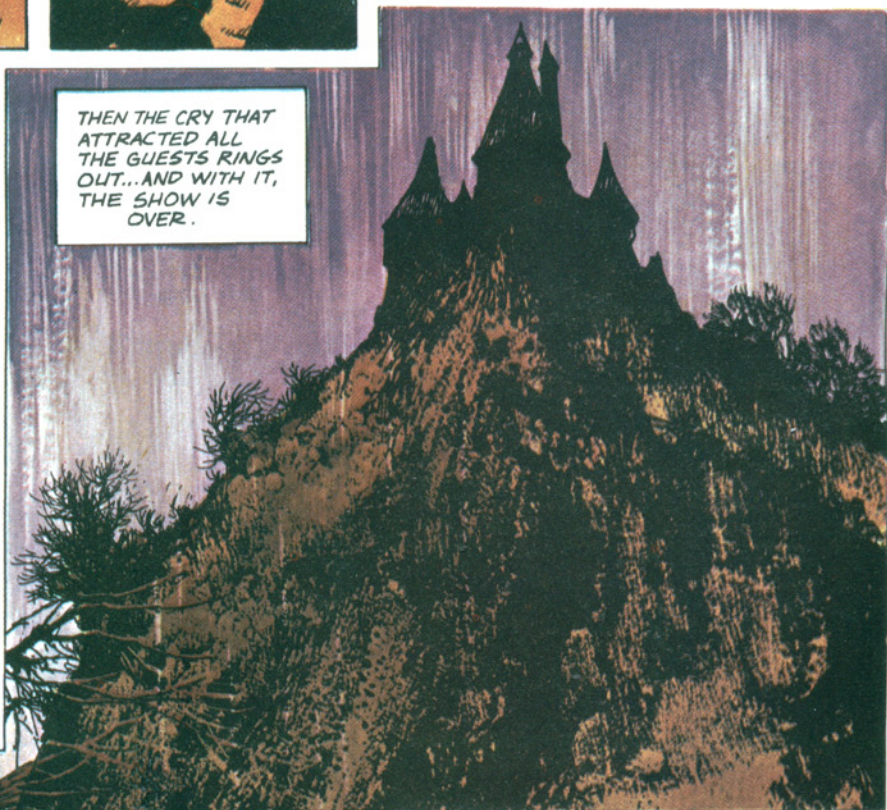
...AND THERE...



HAVING ASSASSINATED HIM, THE DUKE THROWS THE YOUNG MAN OUT THE WINDOW..

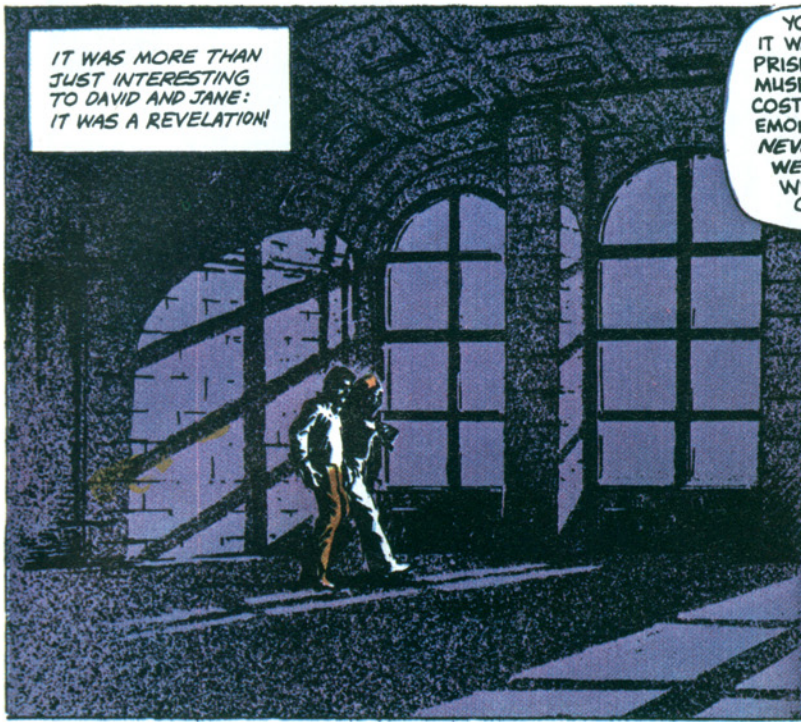


THEN THE CRY THAT ATTRACTED ALL THE GUESTS RINGS OUT...AND WITH IT, THE SHOW IS OVER.



OUR SHOW IS FINISHED NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. I HOPE YOU FOUND IT INTERESTING.

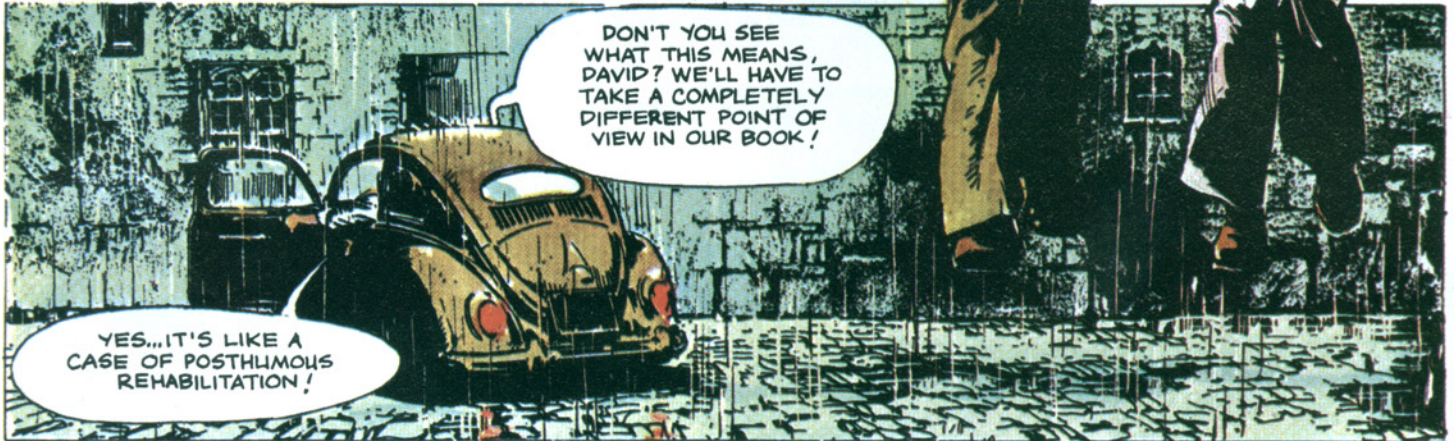




IT WAS MORE THAN
JUST INTERESTING
TO DAVID AND JANE:
IT WAS A REVELATION!

YOU KNOW WHAT
IT WAS THAT SUR-
PRISED ME AT THE
MUSEUM? THE COUNT'S
COSTUME... IT WAS CER-
EMONIAL, AND THEY
NEVER CARRIED
WEAPONS WHEN
WEARING SUCH
COSTUMES.

SO... THAT
MEANS THAT ON
THE DAY OF THE
DRAMA, THE SAME
THING HAPPENED
THAT WE SAW
TONIGHT!



DON'T YOU SEE
WHAT THIS MEANS,
DAVID? WE'LL HAVE TO
TAKE A COMPLETELY
DIFFERENT POINT OF
VIEW IN OUR BOOK!

YES... IT'S LIKE A
CASE OF POSTHUMOUS
REHABILITATION!



BUT WHAT I
DON'T UNDER-
STAND IS HOW THE
ACTORS COULD
HAVE KNOWN ALL
THAT...



ORAL TRADITION,
OBTAINING... THERE'S
ALWAYS MORE
TRUTH IN IT THAN
IN WRITTEN
DOCUMENTS..

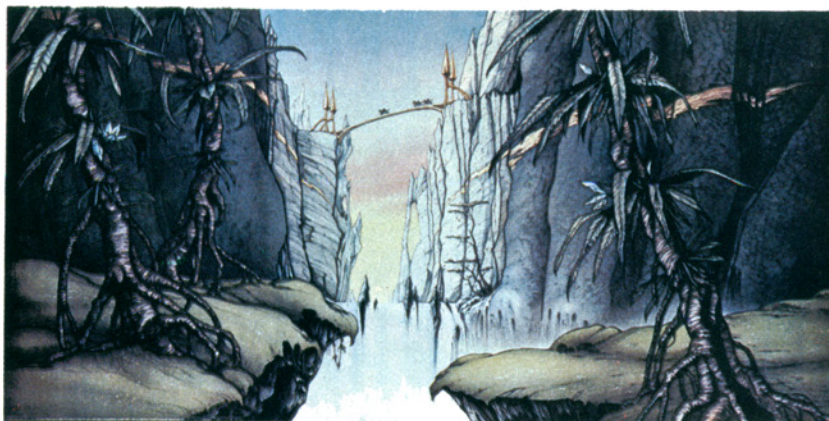
SPECTACLE
SOL ET LUMI
SHOW CANCELED
TODAY
TOUS LES JOURS
PLUS 200 SEULES PLUS 2000 1000
1000 1000 1000 1000 1000

THE END

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IT MUST BE ALLOW'D THAT THESE BLASPHEMIES OF AN INFERNAL TRAIN OF DAEMONS ARE MATTERS OF TOO-COMMON KNOWLEDGE TO BE DENY'D: THE CURSED VOICES OF AZAZEL AND BUZRAEL, OF BEELZEBUB AND BELIAL, BEING HEARD NOW FROM UNDERGROUND BY A SCORE OF CREDIBLE WITNESSES NOW LIVING. I MYSELF DID NOT MORE THAN A FORT-NIGHT AGO CATCH A VERY PLAIN DISCOURSE OF EVIL POWERS IN THE HILL BEHIND MY HOUSE; WHEREIN THERE WAS A RATTLING AND ROLLING, GROANING, SCREECHING, AND HISSING, SUCH AS NO THINGS OF THIS EARTH COU'D RAISE UP, THAT MUST HAVE COME FROM THOSE CAVES THAT ONLY BLACK MAGICK CAN DISCOVER, AND ONLY THE DIVELL UNLOCK.

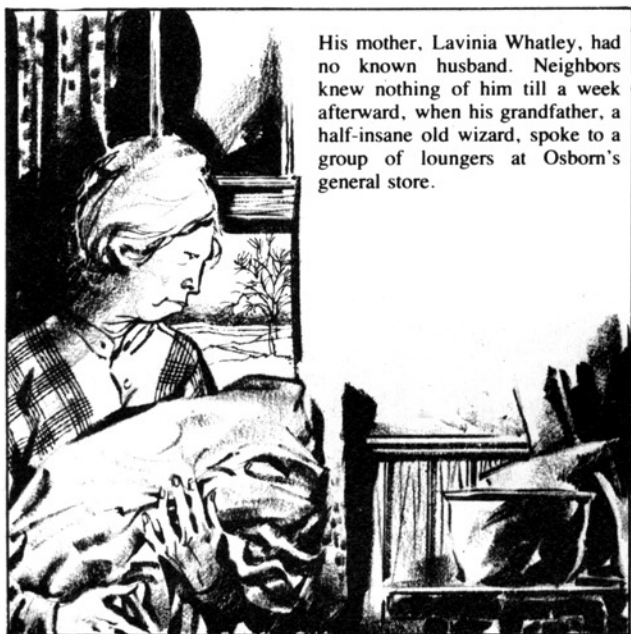
REVEREND ABIJAH HOADLEY, 1747

Wilbur Whatley was born the second of February, 1913. This date was recalled because it was Candlemas, and because the noises in the hills had sounded, and all the dogs of the countryside had barked persistently, throughout the night before.



THE DUNWICH HORROR

by Breccia



His mother, Lavinia Whatley, had no known husband. Neighbors knew nothing of him till a week afterward, when his grandfather, a half-insane old wizard, spoke to a group of loungers at Osborn's general store.



I DUN'T KEER WHAT FOLKS THINK--EF LAVINNY'S BOY LOOKED LIKE HIS PA, HE WOULDN'T LOOK LIKE NOTHIN' YE EXPECK.

EF YE KNEWED AS MUCH ABOUT THE HILLS AS I DEW, YE WOULDN'T AST NO BETTER CHURCH WEDDIN' NOR HERN. SOME DAY YEW FOLKS'LL HEAR A CHILD O' LAVINNY'S A-CALLIN' ITS FATHER'S NAME ON THE TOP O' SENTINEL HILL!



In fact, the mother seemed strangely proud of the dark, goatish-looking infant. In the spring, she resumed her customary rambles in the hills, carrying the swarthy child.



Wilbur's growth was phenomenal, and no one was really unprepared when, at seven months, he began to walk unassisted.



Wilbur commenced to talk at the age of only eleven months. In the village of Dunwich, he was soon disliked even more decidedly than his mother and grandsire. Dogs especially abhorred the boy.



In the following spring, old Whatley noticed the growing number of whippoorwills that would come to chirp under his window at night. He told the loungers at Osborn's that he thought his time had almost come.



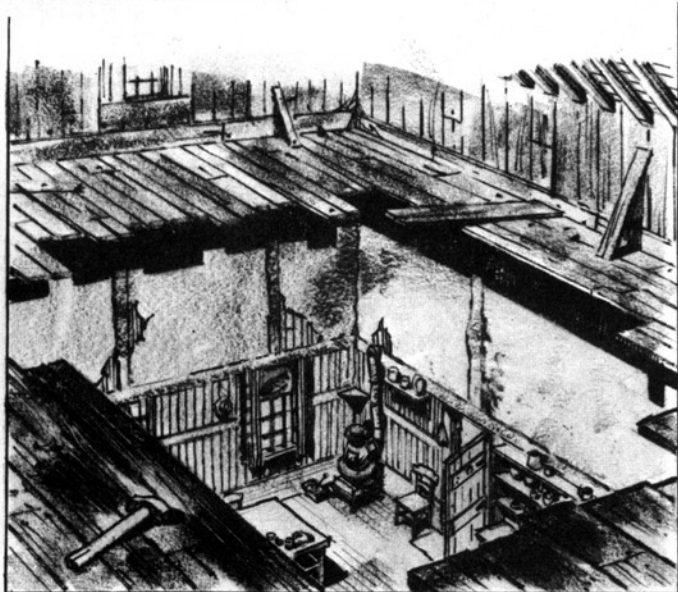
THEY WHISTLE JEST IN TUNE WITH MY BREATHIN' NAOW, AN' I GUESS THEY'RE GITTIN' READY TO KETCH MY SOUL. THEY KNOW IT'S A-GOIN' AOUT, AN' DUN'T CAL-CULATE TO MISS IT. YEW'LL KNOW, BOYS, AFTER I'M GONE, WHETHER THEY GIT ME ER NOT. EF THEY DEW, THEY'LL KEEP UP A-SINGIN' AN' LAFFIN' TILL BREAK O' DAY...



On Hallowe'en, a great blaze was seen at midnight on the top of Sentinel Hill. Silas Bishop mentioned having seen the boy and his mother, entirely unclothed, running up the hill an hour before the blaze was reported.



About 1923, when Wilbur was a boy of ten, a great siege of carpentry went on at the old farmhouse.



On Lammas Night, 1924, Old Whatley's breathing told of an end not far off. From the vacant abyss upstairs came a disquieting suggestion of rhythmical surging.



MORE SPACE, WILLY, MORE OPEN SPACE, SOON, YOU GROWS--
AN' THAT GROWS FASTER. OPEN UP THE GATES TO YOG-
SOTHOTH WITH THE LONG CHANT THAT YE'LL FIND ON PAGE
751 OF THE **COMPLETE EDITION**... FEED IT REG'LAR, WILLY,
AN' MIND THE QUANTITY...



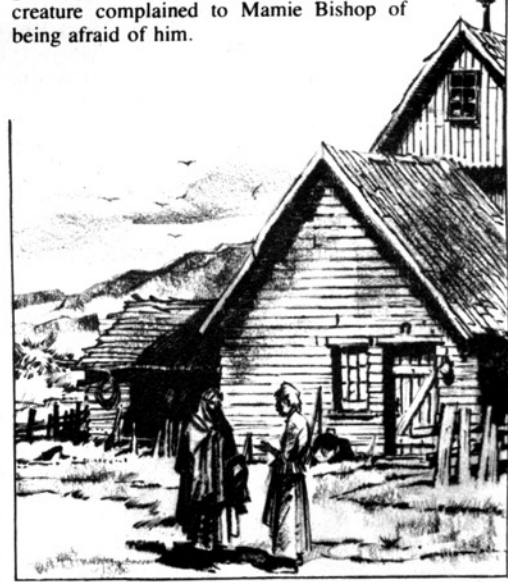
BUT DON'T LET IT GROW TOO
FAST FER THE PLACE, FER EF
IT BUSTS QUARTERS, OR GITS
ABOUT AFORE YE OPENS TO
YOG-SOTHOTH, IT'S ALL OVER
AN' NO USE. ONLY THEM FROM
BEYOND KIN MAKE IT MULTIPLY
AN' WORK...



Then speech gave way to gasps again, and the whippoorwills followed the change. When Dr. Houghton finally drew shrunken lids over the gazing eyes, the tumult of the birds faded imperceptibly to silence.



Throughout the next years, Wilbur treated his half-deformed albino mother with a growing contempt; and in 1926 the poor creature complained to Mamie Bishop of being afraid of him.



THEY'S MORE ABOUT HIM AS I KNOWS THAN I KIN TELL YE,
MAMIE, AN' NAOWADAYS, I VAOW AFUR GAWD, I DUN'T
KNOW WHAT HE WANTS NOR WHAT HE'S A-TRYIN' TO DEW.

That Hallowe'en, the hill noises sounded louder than ever, and fire burned on Sentinel Hill as usual; but the people of Dunwich paid more attention to the rhythmical screaming of vast flocks of unnaturally belated whippoorwills that seemed to be assembled near the unlighted Whatley farmhouse.



What this meant, no one could quite be certain. None of the countryfolk seemed to have died—but poor Lavinia Whatley was never seen again.

During the summer of 1927, Wilbur repaired two sheds in the farmyard, and began moving his books and effects out to them.

People generally suspected him of knowing something about his mother's disappearance, and very few approached him now. His height had increased to more than seven feet, and showed no signs of ceasing its development.



The following winter, Wilbur set out for the Library of Miskatonic University at Arkham to consult the hideous *Necronomicon*. He admitted to the librarian, the erudite Henry Armitage, that he was looking for a kind of formula containing the frightful name Yog-Sothoth.



Dr. Armitage looked over his shoulder and mentally translated such monstrous threats to the peace and sanity of the world:

Nor is it to be thought that man is either the oldest or the last of earth's masters. The Old Ones were, the Old Ones are, and the Old Ones shall be. They walk serene and primal, undimensioned, and to us, unseen. Yog-Sothoth knows the gate. Yog-Sothoth is the gate. Yog-Sothoth is the key and guardian of the gate. He knows where the Old Ones broke through of Old, and where They shall break through again. Of Their semblance can no man know, *saving only in the features of those They have begotten on mankind*. Great Cthulhu is Their cousin, yet he can spy them only dimly. *la! Shub-Niggurath!* As foulness ye shall know Them. They wait patient and potent, for here They shall reign again.

MR. ARMITAGE, I CAC'LATE I'VE GOT TO TAKE THAT BOOK HOME. THEY'S THINGS IN IT I'VE GOT TO TRY UNDER SARTEN CONDITIONS THAT I CAN'T GIT HERE, AN' IT 'UD BE A MORTAL SIN TO LET A RED-TAPE RULE HOLD ME UP...



NO! THAT'S QUITE OUT OF THE QUESTION!

WAL, ALL RIGHT, IF YE FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT IT. MAYBE HARVARD WON'T BE SO FUSSY AS YEW BE.

Without saying anything more, he rose and strode out of the library. Armitage heard the savage yelping of the great watchdog.

Early in August, in the small hours of the third day, Dr. Armitage was awakened suddenly by the wild, fierce cries of the savage watchdog on the college campus.



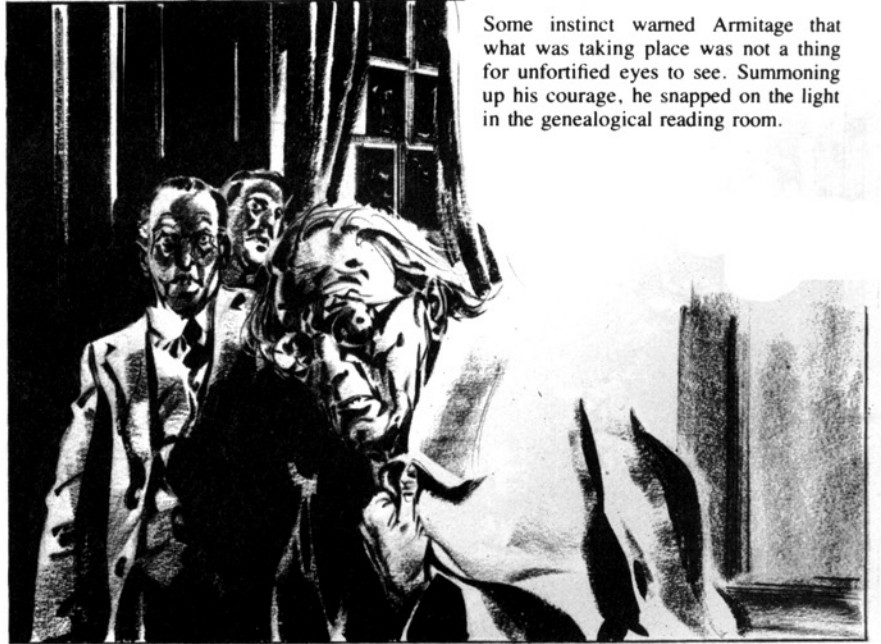
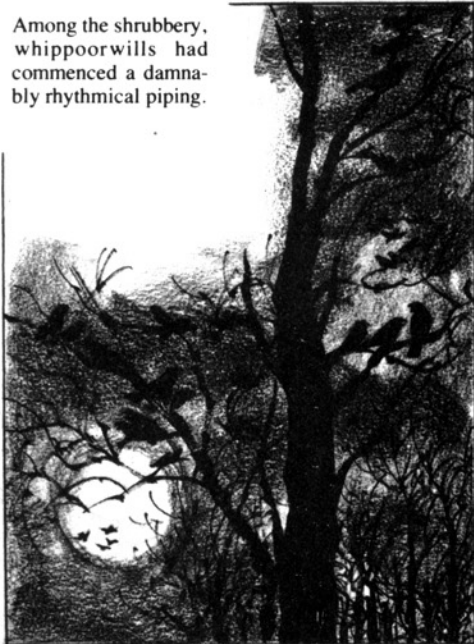


Among the gathering crowd, Armitage saw professor Warren Rice and Dr. Francis Morgan. The building was full of a frightful stench.

Then there rang out a scream from a wholly different throat — such a scream as roused half the sleepers of Arkham, and haunted their dreams ever afterward.

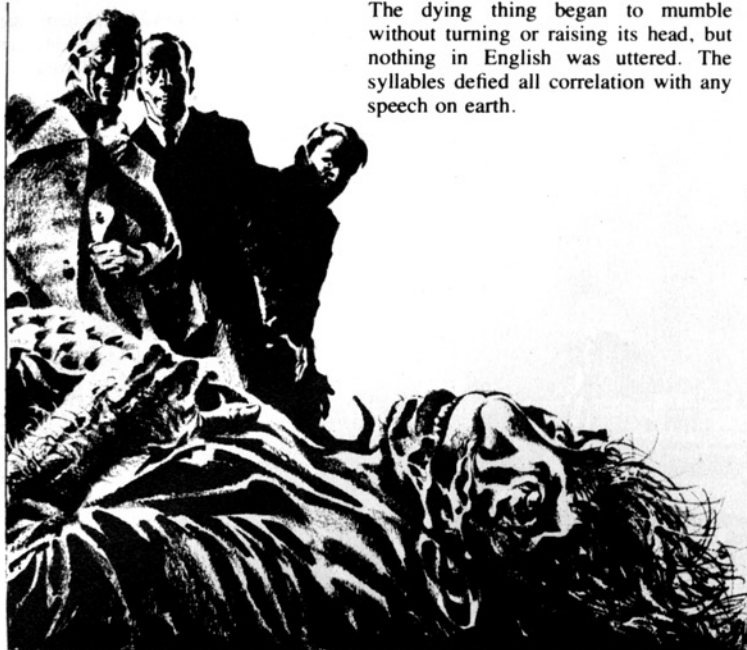


Among the shrubbery, whippoorwills had commenced a damnable rhythmic piping.



Some instinct warned Armitage that what was taking place was not a thing for unfortified eyes to see. Summoning up his courage, he snapped on the light in the genealogical reading room.





The dying thing began to mumble without turning or raising its head, but nothing in English was uttered. The syllables defied all correlation with any speech on earth.

N'GAI, N'HA'GHEAA, BUGG-SHOGGOG,
Y'HAH; YOG-SOTHOTH, YOG-SOTHOTH...



At that moment, the whippoorwills shrieked in rhythmical crescendos of unholy anticipation.

The dog raised its head in a long, lugubrious howl. A change came over the yellow, goatish face of the prostrate thing. The shrilling of the whippoorwills suddenly ceased.

When the dog leaped nervously out the window, a cry went up from the crowd. Dr. Armitage shouted to the men outside that no one must be admitted till the police came.



Meanwhile, frightful changes were taking place on the floor. When the medical examiner arrived, there was only a sticky, whitish mass on the painted boards, and the monstrous odor had nearly disappeared.

Yet all this was only the prologue to the actual Dunwich horror. It was in the dark of September ninth that it broke loose. The hill noises had been very pronounced during the evening, and dogs barked frantically all night.

On the morning of the tenth, everyone was astonished at the news brought by Luther Chauncey, the Corey's hired boy. The old Whatley place had been shattered, blown asunder, as if by a dynamite charge...



There were horrible tracks all over the ground...

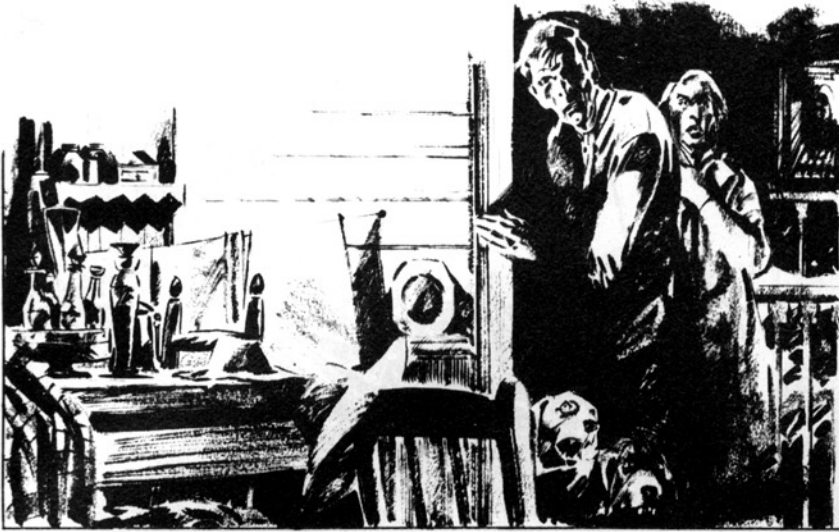


And a number of Seth's cows had been discovered in an indescribable condition. They were scarred with bloody wounds, sores like those the Whatley cattle had suffered ever since Wilbur's birth.

That night, everyone went home, and every house and barn was barricaded as stoutly as possible.



At about two in the morning, a frightful stench and the savage barking of the dogs awakened the household at Elmer Frye's.



The noise came, apparently, from the barn, and was quickly followed by a hideous screaming and a stamping amongst the cattle. The children and womenfolk whimpered, as if knowing their lives depended on silence.



The noise of the cattle finally subsided to a pitiful moaning, and great snapping, crashing, and crackling sounds ensued. Elmer then tottered to the phone and spread what news he could of the horror.



The next day, all the countryside was in a panic.



Cowed, uncommunicative groups came and went to the place where the fiendish thing had occurred.



CONTINUED ON PAGE 74...

KTULU

PROLOGUE:

THE TIME: THE
END OF THE SECOND
MILLENNIUM...
THE PLACE: A FAMOUS
PALACE AT THE
END OF THE WEST,
WHOSE HORRIBLE
SECRET WE ARE
ABOUT TO
REVEAL...

LOGUE:

BEWITCHED
BY THE OBSCURE
POWERS THAT RUN
RAMPANT IN THE
DEEPEST ZONES
OF HIS BEING,
THE PRESIDENT
SEEMS TO
PRESIDE, IN FACT...

DIALOGUE:

GENTLEMEN,
THE LAST MINISTERIAL
COUNCIL BEFORE THE
EASTER VACATION HAS
NOW CONCLUDED.
...MAY I TAKE THIS
OCCASION TO WISH
YOU ALL...

HAVE A
NICE
HOLIDAY
YOURSELF,
MR.
PRESIDENT...

FASTER...
FASTER...

THANK YOU,
MR. PRESIDENT,
FOR...

...HE AWAITS WITH
IMPATIENCE THE HOUR
OF KTULU

HE MUST STILL SHAKE THE HANDS OF SEVERAL NOTABLES...

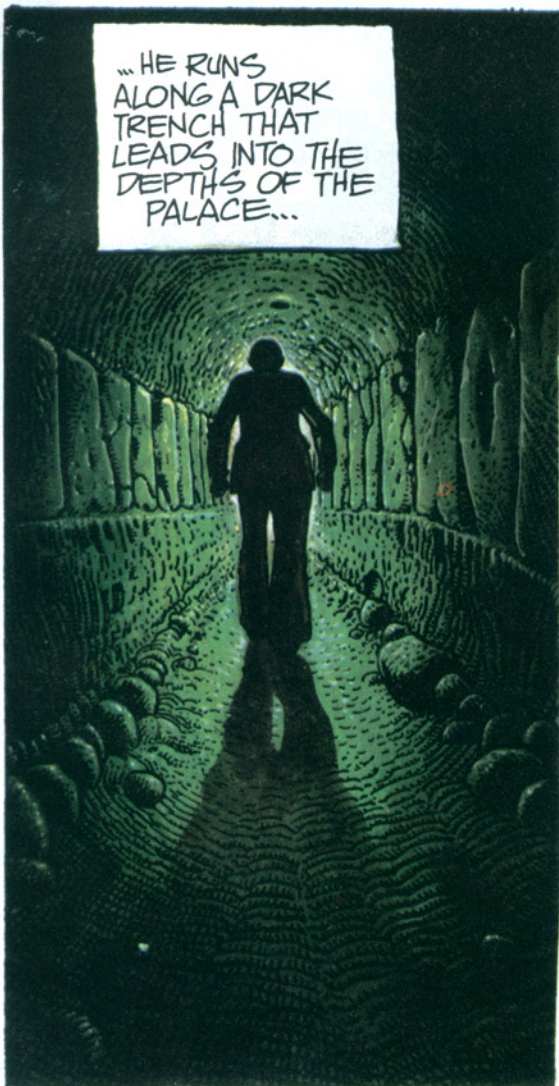


AT LAST!
THEY'VE
GONE!

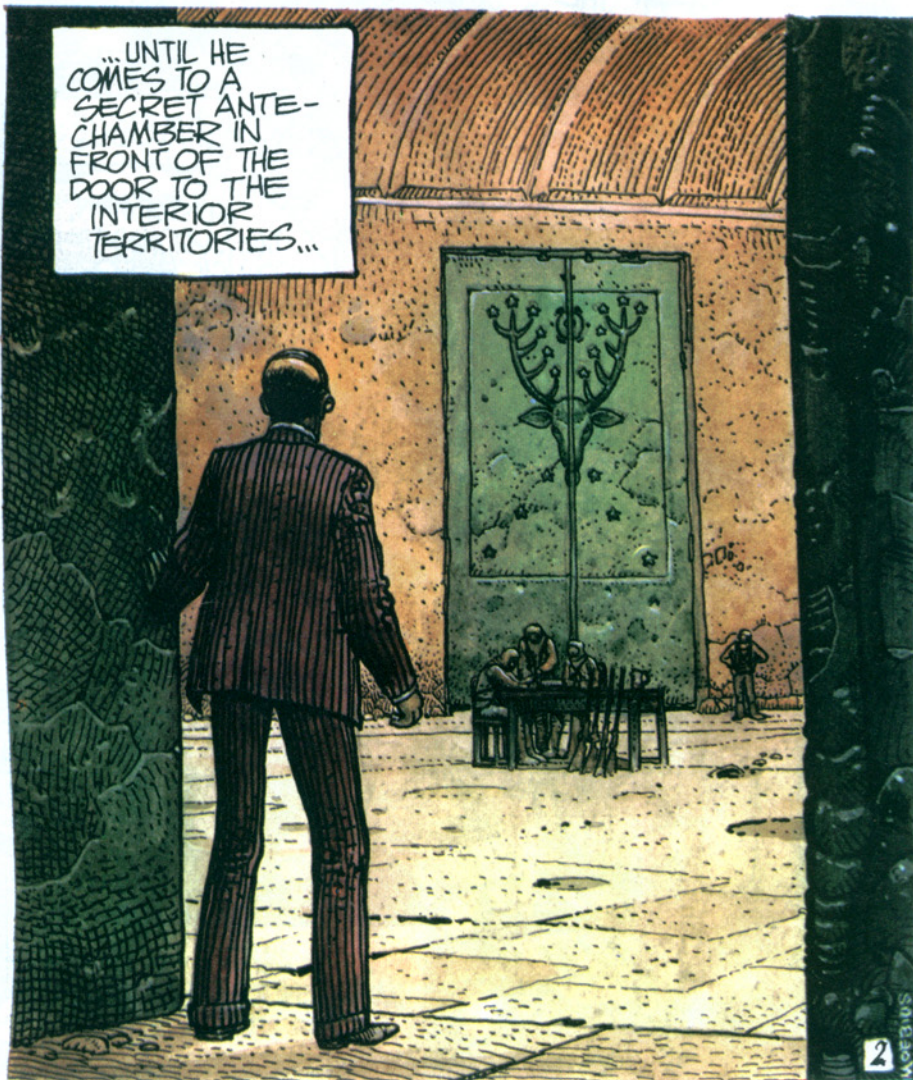
ALL OF A
SUDDEN...
HE
REACHES
A SECRET
DOOR...



...HE RUNS
ALONG A DARK
TRENCH THAT
LEADS INTO THE
DEPTHS OF THE
PALACE...



...UNTIL HE
COMES TO A
SECRET ANTE-
CHAMBER IN
FRONT OF THE
DOOR TO THE
INTERIOR
TERRITORIES...





THE FIVE MEN ENTER A
GIGANTIC CAVERN...

GOOD DAY,
LOVECRAFT,
I AM THE
PRESIDENT,
AND I WISH
TO HUNT
THE
KTULU!...

SO THERE YOU ARE,
YOU LITTLE COCKROACH
OF A PRESIDENT,
YOU MAD, CRUEL,
HYPOCRITICAL PRES-
IDENT. YOU COME
CLAIMING BLOOD,
YOUR SHEEP'S
FACE CLOTTED WITH
THE SHIT ON YOUR
DUMB SKULL.

O.K. O.K.... IT'S IN THE
RULES... WE, H.P.
LOVECRAFT, HAVE
SIGNED A PACT THAT
BINDS US WITH THE
HUNTERS OF THIS
PALACE... YOU WILL
FIND A KTULU 3000
YEARS OLD TO THE
NORTH OF THE LAVA
FIELD NEAR THE TWO
FIG TREES....

PLEASE, GREAT
LOVECRAFT!...
SPARE ME YOUR
INSULTS, AND GIVE ME
A KTULU!...

MOEBUS

4

SEVERAL
DAYS LATER
AT THE
DESCRIBED
SPOT...

THE
KTULU!...

HEL...

BLAM

EPILOGUE:

SO, DEFYING
JUSTICE, THE PRESIDENTS
KILL OUR SACRED
ANIMALS!...
OH LORD!... HOW
LONG WILL THIS
CRIME GO
UNPUNISHED?...

MEBIUS. END

XENO MEETS DOCTOR FEAR AND IS CONSUMED

High upon Mount Truth, above
the circling clouds, the
despairing, ill-fated XENO
spoke into the void.

"Oh God, where in
this ever-changing
paradoxical life
can one find
certainty?"



Replied Chaos, most ancient of gods, "The
miseries of the world are multiform, and
while one lives, the manifestations of
being are uncertain."

Unpersuaded and filled with doubt, Xeno persists, "Surely there is
one certain thing to be found, for if nothing were certain, the
concept of certainty would have no meaning."




"Then, agile-tongued Xeno, I can give you the one certainty for all
your doubts. That which will remain when nothing else
remains, and is nothing itself."




"Enter!"


DR FEAR
YOUR CERTAINTY
ENTER HERE MY DEAR




AND XENO WENT INTO THAT PLACE. THE WAY WAS LONG AND HARD, ALTERNATING BETWEEN YAWNING ABYSES AND NARROW PLACES. THE FLICKERING DARK WAS FILLED WITH HALF-GLIMPSED SHAPES, THE DIM, DARK, DINOSAUR MEMORIES OF THINGS UNDONE.




THE PATH BRANCHED AND WENT OFF IN ODD DIRECTIONS, AND ALWAYS THERE WERE CHOICES TO BE MADE.



EVENUALLY, XENO MADE THE WRONG CHOICE, AS IS INEVITABLE IN LIFE.



AND THE RESULT WAS DEATH.



THE ONE CERTAINTY IN LIFE.



"YUMM."

END

TERRANCE LINDALE AND CHRIS ADOMES



GENTLEMEN, I REPEAT, THIS INQUEST OF YOURS IS QUITE USELESS. I CAN ADD NOTHING TO WHAT I HAVE ALREADY TOLD YOU!

ARE YOU DENYING THE EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU?

YOU MAY DETAIN ME FOR LIFE, IF YOU WISH. YOU MAY EVEN EXECUTE ME IF YOU REQUIRE A VICTIM TO SATISFY YOUR ILLUSION OF JUSTICE!

I TOLD YOU BEFORE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT BECAME OF HARLEY WARREN!

IF SOMETHING IN MY MANNER SEEMS SOMEWHAT VAGUE, IT IS BECAUSE OF THIS GHASTLY FORGETFULNESS THAT HAS CAPTURED MY SOUL.

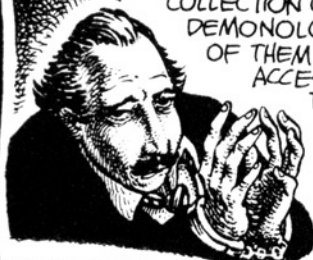
THE THING

I DO NOT KNOW WHY I WAS, AS YOU TELL ME, FOUND ALONE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE MARSH IN A DAZED CONDITION. I HAVE NOTHING TO ADD TO THE GHASTLY STORY I HAVE TOLD YOU.

IT MAY HAVE BEEN A DREAM, OR A NIGHTMARE, BUT I BELIEVE THAT THE ONLY ONES WHO COULD TELL YOU WHY WARREN DID NOT RETURN WITH ME ARE HIS GHOST, OR THAT **THING**, WHICH I CANNOT DESCRIBE.



AS I HAVE ALREADY TOLD YOU, I WAS FAMILIAR WITH WARREN'S STUDY OF THE BLACK ARTS, AND WAS EVEN INVOLVED IN THEM OCCASIONALLY... HE HAD AN ENORMOUS COLLECTION OF STRANGE BOOKS ON DEMONOLOGY, AND I READ THOSE OF THEM THAT WERE IN A LANGUAGE ACCESSIBLE TO ME-- BUT THOSE WERE FEW IN NUMBER COMPARED TO THOSE WRITTEN IN STRANGE TONGUES.



AS FOR THAT DEVIL-INSPIRED BOOK THAT HE CARRIED AROUND IN HIS POCKET-- MY FRIEND ALWAYS REFUSED TO REVEAL ANY OF ITS CONTENTS TO ME.



WARREN HAD ALWAYS DOMINATED ME, AND I WAS EVEN A LITTLE AFRAID OF HIM... BUT NOW, I AM AFRAID FOR HIM BECAUSE I ASSUME HE HAS EXPERIENCED HORRORS WELL BEYOND THOSE I CAN IMAGINE.



ONCE AGAIN, I MUST INSIST THAT I HAVE NO CLEAR IDEA OF WHAT OUR PURPOSE WAS ON THE NIGHT OF THOSE TERRIBLE EVENTS, BUT IT WAS IN SOME WAY RELATED TO THAT OLD BOOK, WRITTEN IN INDECIPHERABLE CHARACTERS, WHICH HE HAD OBTAINED FROM THE INDIES...



YOUR WITNESS SAYS THAT HE SAW US NEAR THE GATES OF GAINSVILLE AT 11:30, MAKING OUR WAY TOWARD THE CYPRESS SWAMP. THAT IS PROBABLY TRUE, BUT ALL I CAN REMEMBER IS A SCENE THAT MUST HAVE TAKEN PLACE WELL AFTER MIDNIGHT.



MY FIRST AWARENESS OF MY OWN PRESENCE IN THAT GHASTLY NECROPOLIS WAS WHEN WE STOPPED BEFORE AN OLD SEPULCHER, AND WARREN EXPLAINED TO ME HOW THE FLESH OF CERTAIN BODIES RETAINS ITS FULL FIRMNESS THROUGH THE AGES...



WE WERE IN THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT CEMETERY, HIDDEN BENEATH THE DENSE GROWTH OF SOME UNWHOLESOME VEGETATION AND BY THE REPUGNANT MISTS THAT SEEMED TO RISE FROM THE CATACOMBS OF THE NAMELESS DEAD...



WITH-OUT DELAY, WE SEIZED OUR SPADES AND BEGAN TO DIG UP THE GRASS, THE ROTTEN TREE TRUNKS, AND THE SOIL HEAPED UP AGAINST AN ANCIENT SEPULCHER...



WHEN WE HAD CLEARED THE SURFACE OF THE HEAVY STONE DOOR OF THE SEPULCHER, WARREN TRIED TO LIFT IT, BUT IT WOULDN'T BUDGE.



FINALLY, BY ROCKING IT, OUR COMBINED EFFORTS LOOSENED THE STONES.



ONCE THE STONE WAS LIFTED, A DARK OPENING WAS REVEALED, FROM WHICH ISSUED Miasmatic GASSES SO LOATHSOME THAT WE LEAPED BACK...

AFTER A MOMENT SPENT IN SEARCH OF MORE WHOLESOME AIR, WE APPROACHED THE DARK HOLE ONCE AGAIN.


OUR LANTERNS REVEALED THE TOP OF A FLIGHT OF STONE STAIRS DOWN WHICH TRICKLED AN ODIOSUS, SUBTERRANEAN LIQUID.

I CAN RECALL THE FIRST WORDS WARREN SAID TO ME AT THAT MOMENT, HIS TONE CALM AND UNCHANGED, DESPITE THE TERRIFYING SCENE THAT SURROUNDED US.


I REGRET HAVING TO ASK YOU TO REMAIN ON THE SURFACE, BUT IT WOULD BE A CRIME TO ASK ANYONE WITH YOUR DELICATE NERVES TO DESCEND HERE. YOU CANNOT IMAGINE, EVEN AFTER READING WHAT YOU HAVE READ, OR HEARING WHAT I HAVE TOLD YOU, THE THINGS I AM GOING TO SEE AND DO.

THIS IS DEVIL'S WORK, CARTER, AND I DOUBT WHETHER ANYONE WHOSE SENSIBILITIES HAVE NOT BEEN TESTED COULD SEE IT ALL AND SURVIVE WITH HIS FACULTIES INTACT.


I PROMISE TO KEEP YOU IN TOUCH WITH MY EVERY MOVEMENT BY TELEPHONE. I HAVE ENOUGH WIRE HERE TO STRETCH TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH AND BACK.



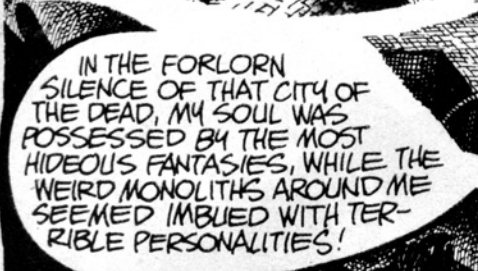
FOR A MOMENT, I COULD SEE THE LIGHT OF HIS TORCH AND HEAR THE RUSTLE OF THE WIRE AS IT UNWOUND BEHIND HIM, BUT THEY SOON DISAPPEARED, AS DID HE, WHEN HE CAME TO A TURN IN THE STONE STAIRCASE.



IT WOULD SEEM THAT I DESPERATELY WANTED TO ACCOMPANY MY FRIEND INTO THE SEPULCHRAL DEPTHS, BUT HE WAS INFLEXIBLE. HE EVEN THREATENED TO ABANDON THE EXPEDITION IF I CONTINUED TO INSIST. THE THREAT WAS EFFECTIVE, BECAUSE HE ALONE POSSESSED THE SECRET TO THE THING...




FOLLOWING HIS ORDERS, I PICKED UP ONE OF THE TELEPHONES AND SAT UPON A TOMBSTONE NEAR THE RECENTLY UNCOVERED OPENING.



IN THE FORLORN SILENCE OF THAT CITY OF THE DEAD, MY SOUL WAS POSSESSED BY THE MOST HIDEOUS FANTASIES, WHILE THE WEIRD MONOLITHS AROUND ME SEEMED IMBUED WITH TERRIBLE PERSONALITIES!



AGAIN AND AGAIN I CONSULTED MY WATCH BY THE LIGHT OF MY ELECTRIC TORCH.



FOR A QUARTER OF AN HOUR, I HEARD NOTHING.

THEN, A FAINT SOUND CAME THROUGH ON THE APPARATUS, AND IN A TENSE VOICE I CALLED TO MY FRIEND IN THE DARKEST DEPTHS.

WARREN!

WARREN, WHO ONLY BRIEF MOMENTS BEFORE HAD SPOKEN TO ME SO CALMLY, CRIED NOW FROM THE DEPTHS OF HIS ABYSS IN A WHISPER MORE SINISTER THAN THE MOST PIERCING OF CRIES: "OH MY GOD! IF YOU COULD SEE WHAT I AM SEEING NOW!!!"

I SHOT A VOLLEY OF CRAZED QUESTIONS INTO THE MOUTHPIECE AND HEARD AGAIN THE VOICE OF MY FRIEND, HOARSE AND TINGED WITH DESPAIR, "CARTER, THIS IS TERRIBLE, MONSTROUS, MOST INCREDIBLE! I DO NOT HAVE THE COURAGE TO DESCRIBE IT TO YOU! NO ONE CAN KNOW THIS AND LIVE!"

"CARTER! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, REPLACE THE STONE AND SAVE YOURSELF!"

"FLEE FROM HERE! REPLACE THE STONE AND FLEE FROM HERE!"

ETERNITIES APPEARED TO HAVE PASSED SINCE WARREN'S LAST WORDS, WHILE ONLY MY CRIES RENT THE SILENCE. THEN A NEW VOICE CRACKLED THROUGH THE RECENER.

"WARREN," I CALLED, "IS THAT YOU?"

I WANTED TO THROW MYSELF INTO THE DEPTHS TO GO TO HIS AID BUT COULD NOT OVERCOME THE PARALYSIS THAT EN-CHAINED ME. THE MURMUR FROM BELOW ROSE GRADUALLY UNTIL A SCREAM FULL OF HORROR CAME FROM THE DEPTHS OF TIME: "CURSED BE ALL INFERNAL BE-INGS!! IT IS ALMOST OVER NOW... I WILL SEE YOU NO MORE!"

AFTER THAT, SILENCE!

IN RESPONSE, I HEARD THE THING THAT THREW ME INTO THIS AMNESIA. THAT INHUMAN AND DIS-CARNATE VOICE HURLED ITSELF INTO MY CONSCIOUSNESS AND MYSELF INTO A MENTAL VOID...

...THAT DID NOT CEASE UNTIL MY AWAKENING IN THE HOSPITAL... I HEARD IT, CAST UP FROM THE MOST PRO-FOUND DEPTHS OF THAT CURSED AND FORSAKEN SEP-ULCHER: "YOU WRETCHED FOOL, WARREN IS DEAD!"

HE IS DEAD!

END / ART: VOSS

the beasts

BY DANK

SIR... SIR...
I HAVE TO TELL
YOU THAT... THAT
THEY'RE THERE
AGAIN... THE...
BEASTS!!!

AGAIN...
THEY'RE REALLY GOING
TOO FAR! THAT MAKES
THE THIRD TIME THIS
WEEK!



TAKE CARE OF MY
DINNER JACKET,
GEORGE... ACTUALLY,
IN CASE I ESCAPE
AGAIN THIS TIME...

DON'T FORGET... EGGS
WITH BACON... SUNNY-
SIDE UP, PLEASE!





HEAVENS!
THIS IS FINALLY
BECOMING TIRE-
SOME... EVERY
NIGHT IT'S THE...



SAME OLD
STORY!!! THE
THE MORE I
KILL, THE
MORE OF
THEM THERE
ARE!

AGAIN AND AGAIN...THE
ETERNAL COMBAT
AGAINST THE BEAST...

RAT-
AT-AT!

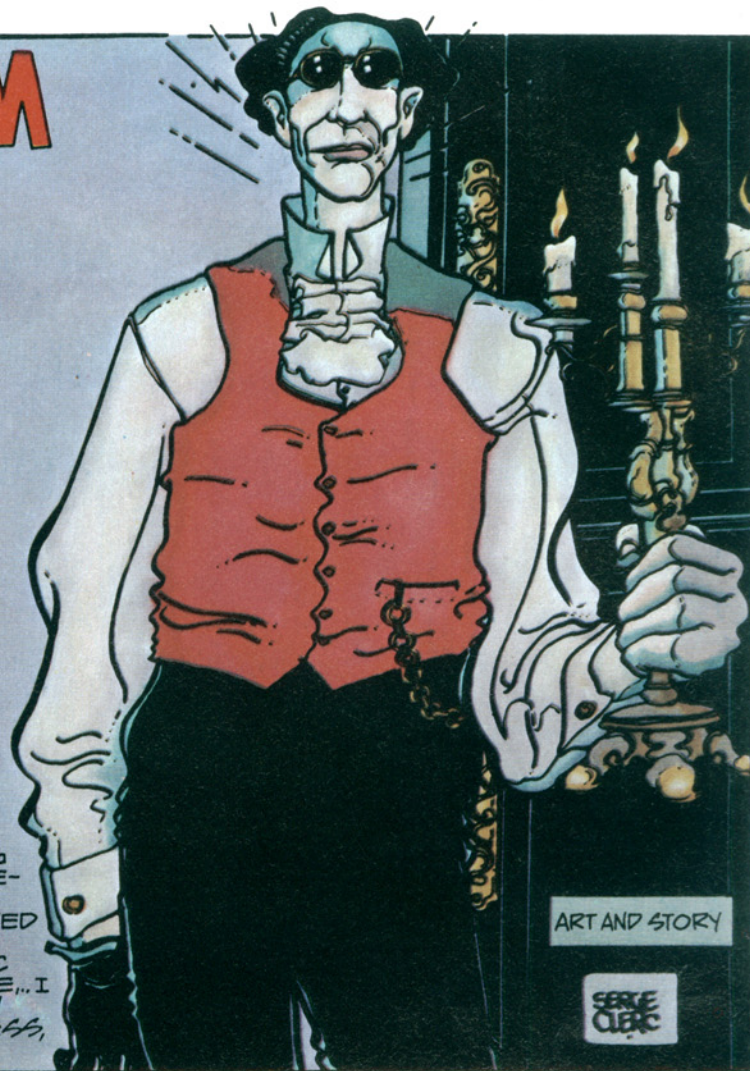
WE MIGHT SAY
THAT MAN HAS WON
ONCE AGAIN,
EH, GEORGE?

YES...
BUT HOW
LONG CAN
THIS GO
ON?

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

THE
END!

THE MAN FROM BLACK- HOLE



MY NAME IS **HOWARD PHILLIP WINGATE**. WHILE I AM WRITING THESE LINES, SOMEWHERE IN BROOKLYN, IN A SOLID GARRET WITH THE RAIN POURING DOWN OUTSIDE, I REMEMBER THE TIME I SPENT DURING A CERTAIN PERIOD OF MY LIFE IN THAT SAD AND CELEBRATED TOWN OF **ARKHAM** (NEW ENGLAND)... THE SCENES THAT UNROLL FORTHWITH REMAIN ENGRAVED IN MY MEMORY IN THE MOST MINUTE DETAIL... I WOULD PREFER TO REMAIN SILENT ABOUT THIS TRAGIC EPISODE OF MY YOUTH, WHICH PREMATURELY AGED ME... I WOULD PREFER, ABOVE ALL, TO FORGET, BUT I KNOW THAT NOTHING CAN PUT AN END TO MY TORMENT, UNLESS, PERHAPS, IT BE DEATH ITSELF...

ART AND STORY

SERGE CLERC

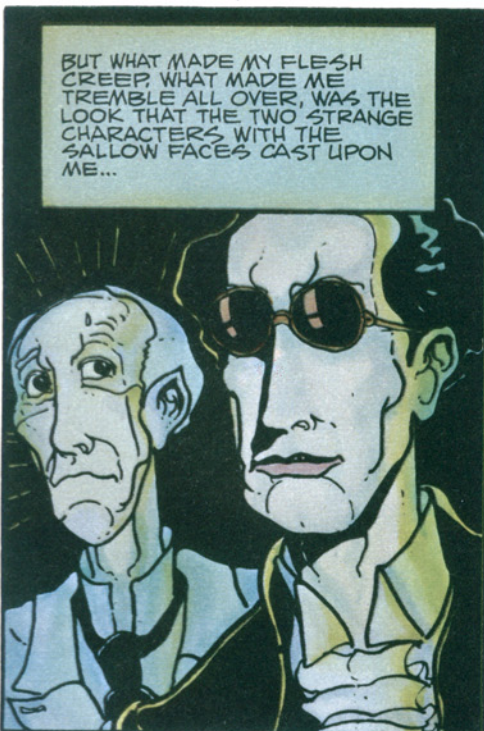
IT ALL BEGAN ON THE DAY THAT I ARRIVED IN **ARKHAM**... I HAD PUBLISHED **THE CREATURES OF SALEM AND DEMON ON THE EDGE OF TOWN**, TWO PARTS OF A THREE-VOLUME STUDY PUBLISHED BY VAMPIRE PRESS IN NEW YORK. I WAS PREPARING TO BEGIN WORK ON THE THIRD VOLUME.

DAMN!
WHAT
DREADFUL
WEATHER!



A FRIEND HAD SPOKEN TO ME ONCE OF **ARKHAM**, THAT NEW ENGLAND TOWN ABOUT WHICH STRANGE STORIES ARE TOLD, WHERE STRANGE CULTS WORSHIPPED ON CERTAIN NIGHTS IN THE NEARBY HILLS... IT WAS IN THIS MOST APPROPRIATE ENVIRONMENT THAT I DECIDED TO WRITE MY BOOK, AND ONE NIGHT, IN SEPTEMBER, 1939, I PRESENTED MYSELF AT 212 COLLEGE STREET, WHICH I HAD DECIDED TO MAKE MY RESIDENCE WHILE IN **ARKHAM**...





THAT NIGHT, I LEARNED FROM MY LANDLADY THAT THE BIZARRE MAN WAS NAMED **NATHANIEL JENKINS**, AND THAT HE HAD ONCE PRACTICED AS A DOCTOR AT THE UNIVERSITY OF **BOSTON**, BUT HAD RETIRED TO LIVE AT **BLACKHOLE COTTAGE**, A STRANGE HOUSE LOST IN THE MISTS NORTH OF THE CITY...

THEY SAY HE DOES SOME MIGHTY STRANGE THINGS AT BLACKHOLE! SOMETIMES THE LIGHTS SHINE ALL NIGHT IN THE WINDOWS!

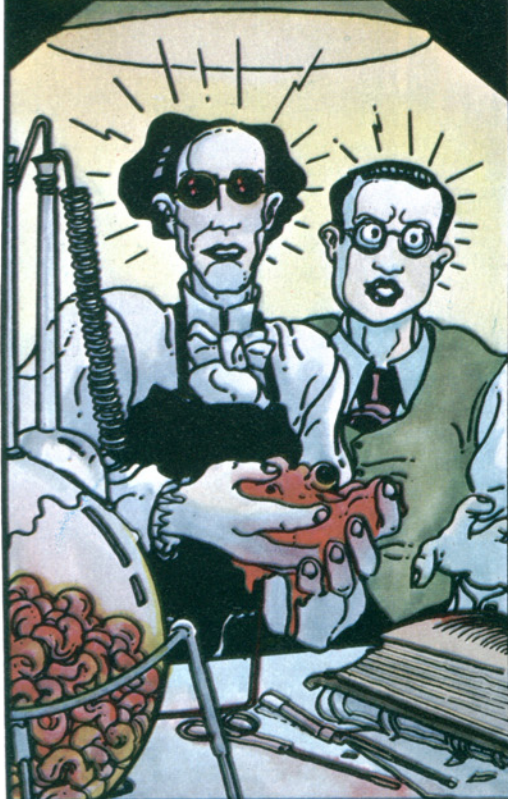
DEAR ME! BUT MY DEAR MRS. RADCLIFFE, THAT'S TERRIFYING!



SINCE OUR FIRST ENCOUNTER HAD LEFT ME WITH A DIS-AGREEABLE ENOUGH IMPRESSION, I HAD TO SEE DOCTOR JENKINS AGAIN, AND SOON THE SUSPICIONS AROUSED BY OUR INITIAL MEETING QUICKLY REPLACED BY A CERTAIN SENSE OF COMPLICITY. WE SPENT THE ENTIRE NIGHT TALKING ABOUT ENTITIES FROM THE OTHER WORLD OF UNDISCOVERED CITIES... HE STARTLED ME WITH HIS PRODIGIOUS LEARNING, AND IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, INCLUDED ME IN HIS EXPERIMENTS AT BLACKHOLE. I WAS INVITED TO THE



AND THERE I ACTED AS HIS ASSISTANT, FEELING A MIXTURE OF HORROR AND FASCINATION FOR THE DIABOLICAL EXPERIMENTS OF DR. JENKINS... I SAW THINGS THAT, TO THIS DAY, MAKE ME TREMBLE...



IT WAS DURING THIS TIME THAT I FIRST BEGAN TO EXPERIENCE HALLUCINATIONS AND DIZZINESS... MY PHYSICAL STATE DETERIORATED IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, TO THE POINT WHERE MRS. RADCLIFFE BECAME ALARMED, AND ADVISED ME TO REST A LITTLE... BUT THAT WOULDN'T DO, FOR THE FURTHER I PLUNGED INTO MY ILLNESS AND MADNESS, THE MORE I DESIRED TO KNOW. ONE DAY, DRIVEN BY CURIOSITY AND FEVER, I ENTERED DR. JENKINS'S OFFICE...



AMONG THE COLLECTION OF DOCUMENTS AND MANUSCRIPTS, I DISCOVERED A LEATHER-BOUND BOOK OF NOTES CONTAINING CURIOUS CRYPTOGRAMS AND COMPLEX FORMULAS THAT FILLED ME WITH DREAD...



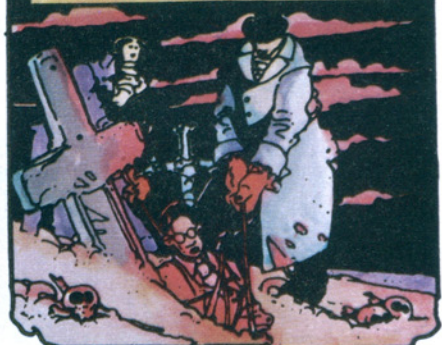
AN HOUR LATER, I LEFT THE OFFICE, POURING PERSPIRATION, MY EYES POPPING OUT OF MY HEAD. I HAD ONLY ONE IDEA IN MY MIND... TO FLEE... TO FLEE THE BLACKHOLE... FLEE DOCTOR JENKINS, THAT CLEVER ALCHEMIST, ABOUT WHOM I SENSED FORCES OF CHAOS AND EVIL...



I WAS FOUND AT DUSK ON HIGH STREET, HAGGARD AND MUTTERING INCOMPREHENSIBLE WORDS... THEY LED ME BACK TO MY ROOM ON COLLEGE STREET, WHERE THE GOOD MRS. RADCLIFFE TOOK CARE OF ME THE BEST SHE COULD. I WAS DELIRIOUS FOR THREE DAYS, AND THEN, LITTLE BY LITTLE, I REGAINED MY STRENGTH...



BUT I DID NOT LEAVE MY ROOM AGAIN... DURING THE DAY, SINISTER VISIONS OF BLACKHOLE HAUNTED MY MEMORY... AT NIGHT, TERRIBLE NIGHTMARES ASSAILED ME...

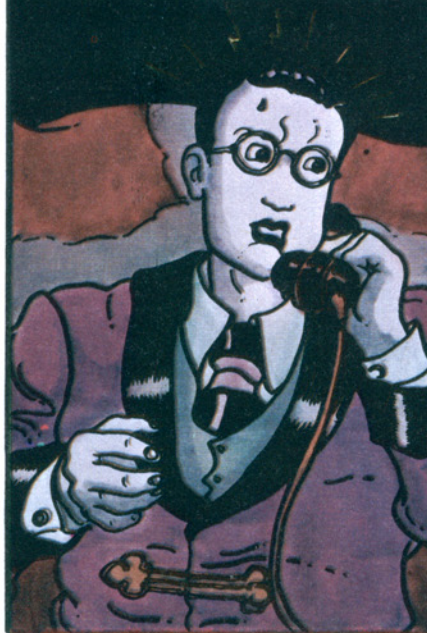


IT MUST HAVE BEEN ALMOST TWO WEEKS SINCE I HAD LAST SEEN DOCTOR JENKINS, WHEN ONE NIGHT, AROUND MIDNIGHT, THE SOUND OF THE TELEPHONE AWOKED ME WITH A START...

I FELT A SENSE OF FOREBODING THAT I WAS ABOUT TO BE VISITED BY A CATASTROPHE, AND I THOUGHT OF HANGING UP, FOR I ALREADY KNEW WHO WAS ON THE OTHER END OF THE LINE... THE VOICE OF DOCTOR JENKINS DRONED OMINOUSLY IN MY EARS... BUT ALL I HEARD WAS A BARRAGE OF INCOHERENT WORDS INTERSPERSED WITH SOBS AND MOANING, WHICH WERE IMPOSSIBLE TO UNDERSTAND...



HE, WHO HAD ONCE POSSESSED A BRILLIANT MIND, SUPERHUMAN EVEN, WAS NO MORE THAN A PITIFUL WRECK, TRYING TO CLING TO LIFE... I MANAGED TO MAKE OUT A FEW SCRAPS OF PHRASES THAT WERE REPEATED OVER AND OVER... THOSE FROM BEYOND... THOSE FROM THE ABYSS... HAVE GONE TOO FAR....



THEN SUDDENLY A GHOSTLY SCREAM BATTERED MY EARDRUMS. I KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED ON THAT FATAL NIGHT. I THREW DOWN THE PHONE AND TOOK MY HEAD IN MY HANDS, NOT WISHING TO HEAR ANY MORE... YES, DOCTOR JENKINS HAD GONE TOO FAR, AND HE HAD MET THE UNNAMEABLE....



SERGE CLERC

END

H.P.L.



DO YOU LOVE GASPAR FRIEDRICH, MASTER?

BE QUIET, ZACHARIAH. THIS IS NOT THE TIME FOR AESTHETICISM. MY PENDULUM SWINGS TOWARD THE ORIENT. IT DELINEATES THE WAY OF FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE FOR US.



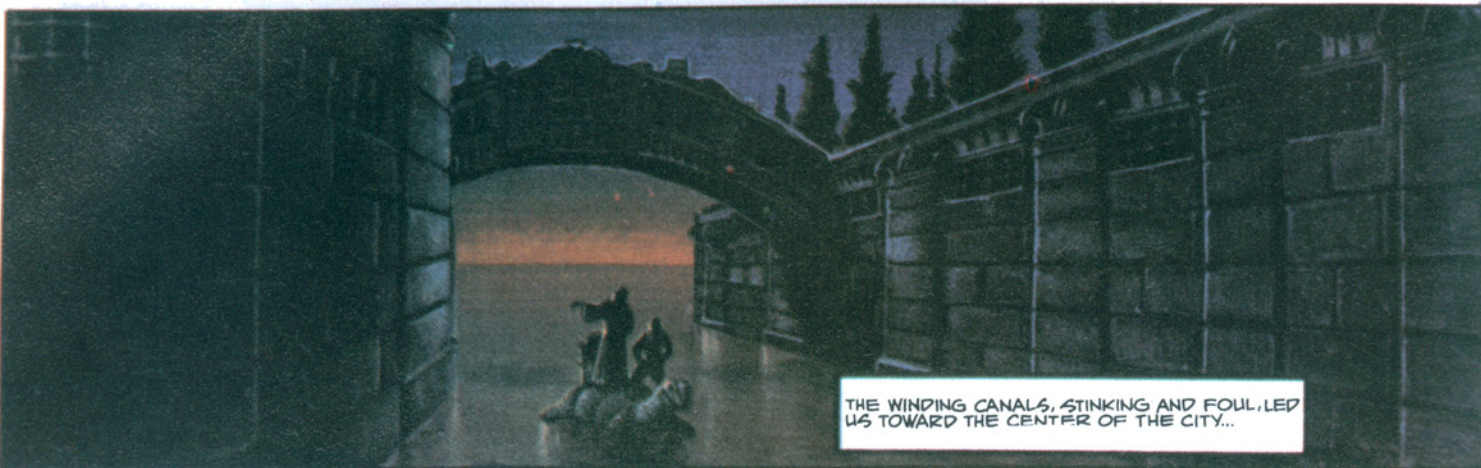
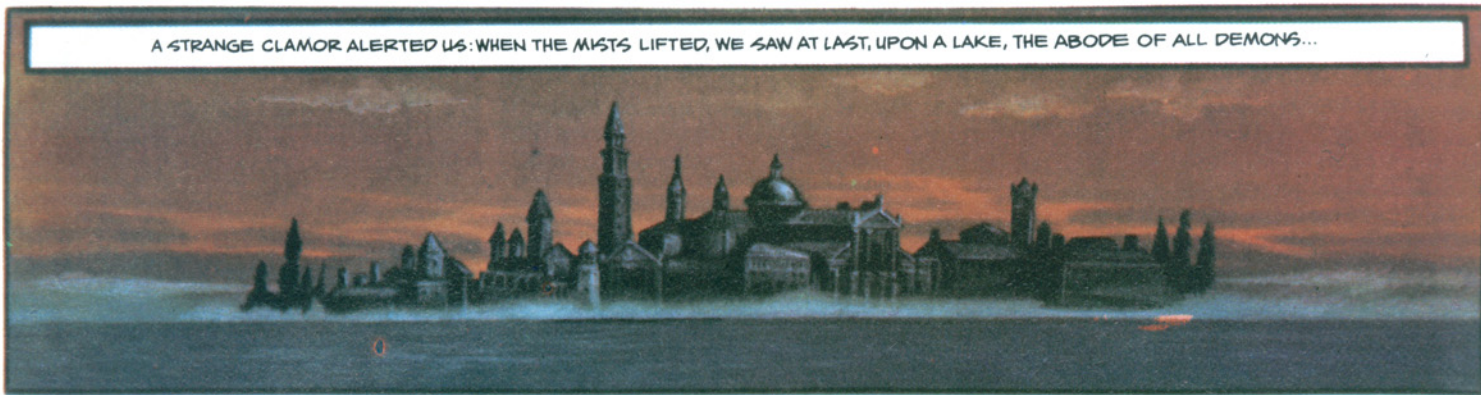
THROUGH THE AEONS, THE NECRONOMICON OF ABDUL ALHAZRED, THE EBONY BOOK, AND VON JUMZT'S UN-ASSPRECHLICHEN KULTEN HAVE BEEN MY ONLY COMPANIONS, BUT...



...AT LAST, I WILL KNOW THE DARKEST OF SECRETS... THE ULTIMATE TEST...
...AT LAST, TO LOOK UPON THE UNNAMEABLE!



A STRANGE CLAMOR ALERTED US: WHEN THE MISTS LIFTED, WE SAW AT LAST, UPON A LAKE, THE ABODE OF ALL DEMONS...



THE WINDING CANALS, STINKING AND FOUL, LED US TOWARD THE CENTER OF THE CITY...



SUDDENLY THE STENCH AND THE NOISE INCREASED...



PH'NGLUI MGLW'NAFH
CTHULU R'LYEH
WOAH'NAGL FHTAGN



AH, THERE YOU ARE... YOU
KNOW THE STAKES, NOW
HERE IS THE RIDDLE:
"WHICH ANIMAL GOES UPON
FOUR FEET IN THE MORNING,
TWO AT MIDDAY, AND THREE
AT NIGHT?"

MAN,
MY LORD!

NO, NO, CERTAINLY NOT!

THESE FOOLS...

END



Love's Craft

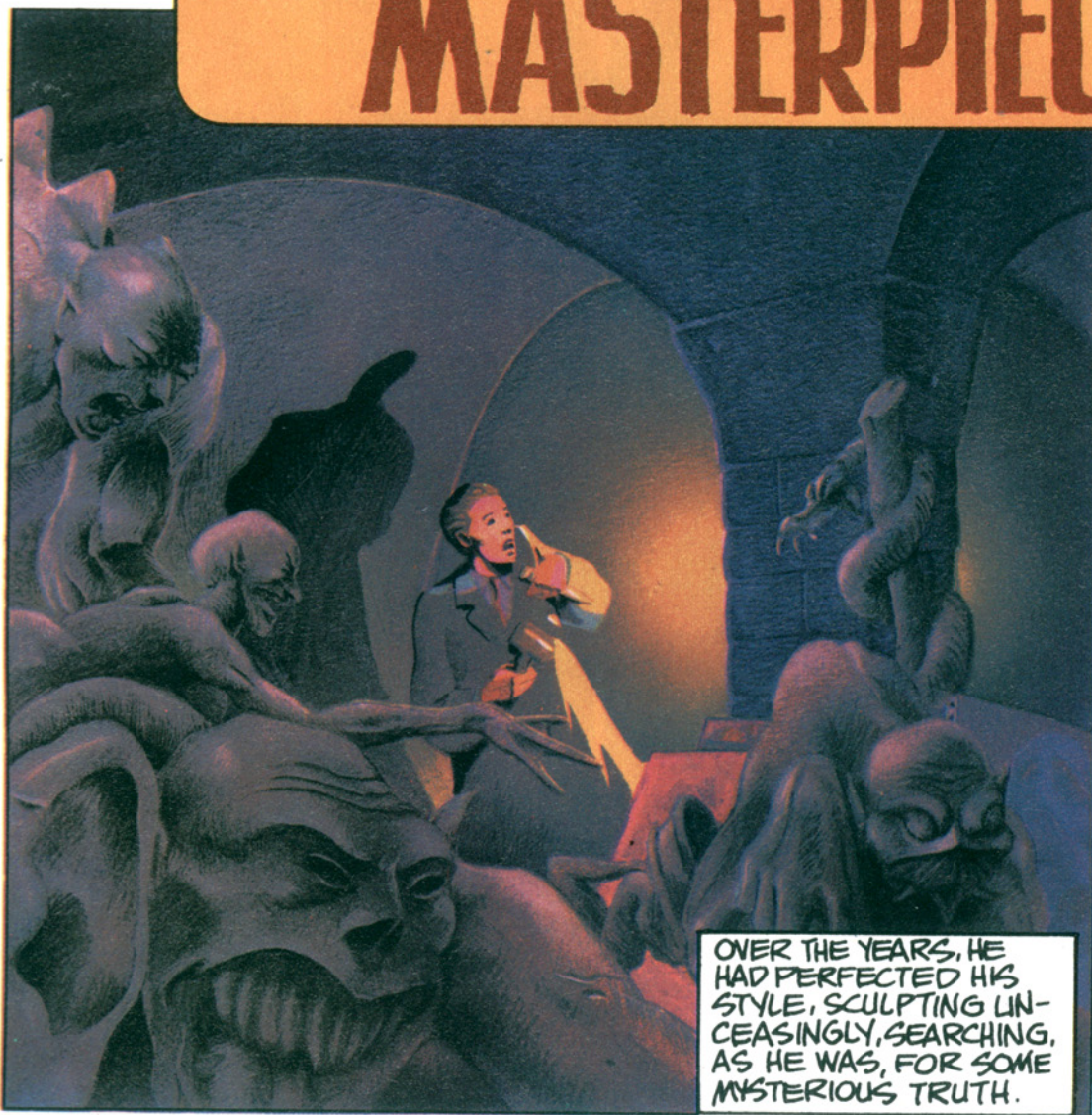
Something is waiting for you in the dark,
Isn't it? Something slouching
Among the shadows of the furniture,
Holding its breath among the ticking clocks,
Or crouching
Just outside, pressed against the black glass,
Something hungry and cruel and cold
As a wind that shakes the door,
With a soft heavy step that creaks the floor,
Silent and quick and suddenly sure
As a razor slash,
Isn't it waiting for you in the dark?

You're waiting for something in the dark,
Aren't you? An explosion
Of bright red rage behind your tight shut eyes,
A wave of fear burst from your ticking heart,
An emotion
Just past your grasp, untouched, unsatisfied,
Something awful and true and old
As a hawk's fall on a dove,
Or a stallion's lunge of mindless love,
Awful and free and wrecklessly wise
As your suicide,
Aren't you waiting for it in the dark?



THE HOUSE TO WHICH H.P. DEWSBURY HAD RETIRED WAS HIDDEN SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE ARKHAM.

DEWSBURY'S MASTERPIECE

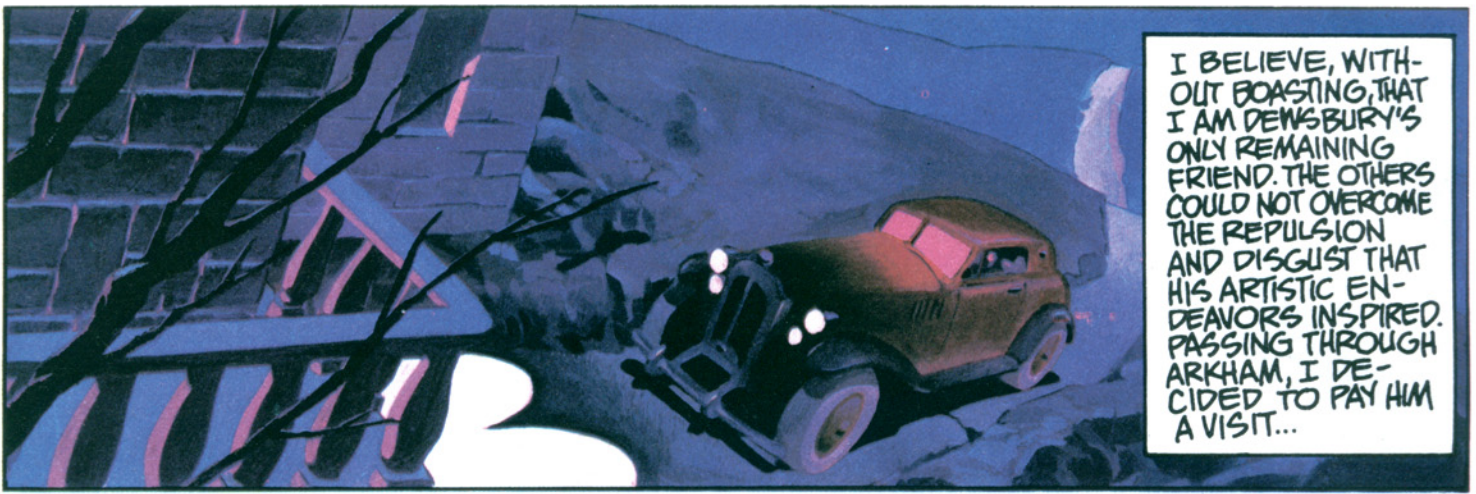


OVER THE YEARS, HE HAD PERFECTED HIS STYLE, SCULPTING UNCEASINGLY, SEARCHING, AS HE WAS, FOR SOME MYSTERIOUS TRUTH.



1
THAT NIGHT, STANDING BEFORE HIS COMPLETED WORKS...

Y. CHALAND & L. CORNILLON



I BELIEVE, WITHOUT BOASTING, THAT I AM DEWSBURY'S ONLY REMAINING FRIEND. THE OTHERS COULD NOT OVERCOME THE REPULSION AND DISGUST THAT HIS ARTISTIC ENDEAVORS INSPIRED. PASSING THROUGH ARKHAM, I DECIDED TO PAY HIM A VISIT...

AWARE OF A STRANGE FOREBODING, I ENTERED THE LARGE HOUSE, SO COLD AND SILENT...

I MADE A HORRIBLE DISCOVERY... MY FRIEND DEWSBURY WAS NO LONGER ALIVE. HIS EYES POPPING OUT OF THEIR SOCKETS REFLECTED SOME NAMELESS TERROR. HIS PETRIFIED HAND SEEMED TO BE POINTING AT AN EMPTY PEDESTAL DRIPPING A PHOSPHORESCENT TRAIL THAT LED TO THE ENTRAILS OF THAT SINISTER HOUSE.



I WAS OVERCOME BY A MIXTURE OF FEAR AND CURIOSITY. I DECIDED TO UNRAVEL THE MYSTERY.



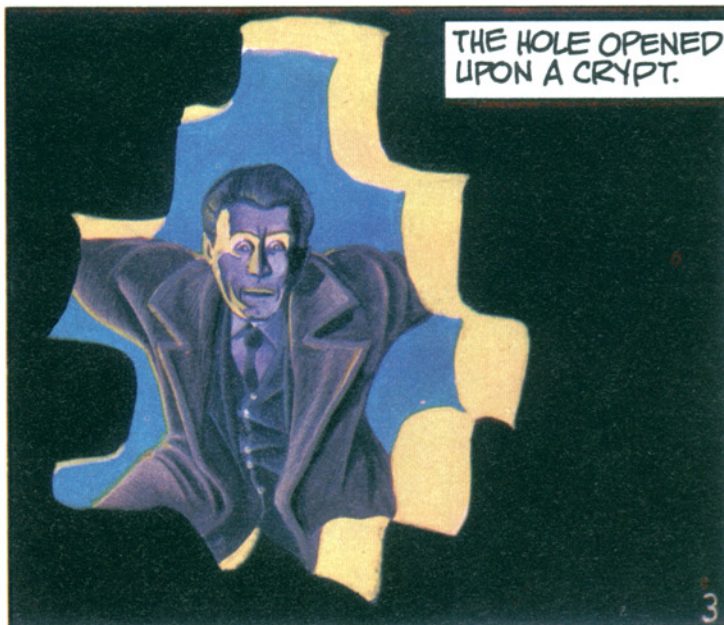
I HAD ALWAYS KNOWN DEWSBURY. AS STUDENTS WE WERE ROOMMATES. OUR COMMON TASTE FOR THE UNKNOWN LED US BOTH TO USE EXOTIC DRUGS, TO SEEK TERRIBLE AND FORBIDDEN DREAMS. WE LOVED TO TELL EACH OTHER OF OUR EXPERIENCES IN THOSE UNKNOWN SPHERES.



ONE MORNING, DEWSBURY RETURNED FROM ONE OF HIS VOYAGES COMPLETELY METAMORPHIZED. HE HAD GLIMPSED SOMETHING THAT HE COULD NOT DESCRIBE... SOMETHING THAT HAUNTED HIM CEASELESSLY. HE BECAME OBSESSED, AND THENCEFORTH HAD BUT ONE AIM: TO TRY TO FIND THE FORM OF THE THING AGAIN, SO HE COULD MAKE ME UNDERSTAND.



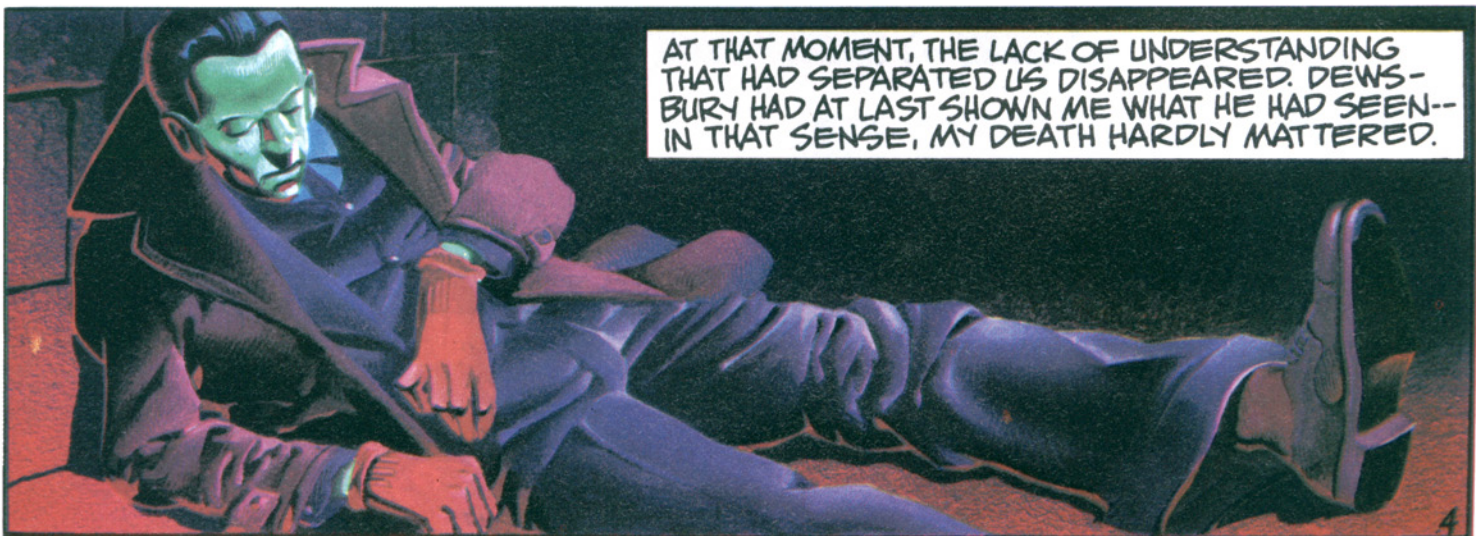
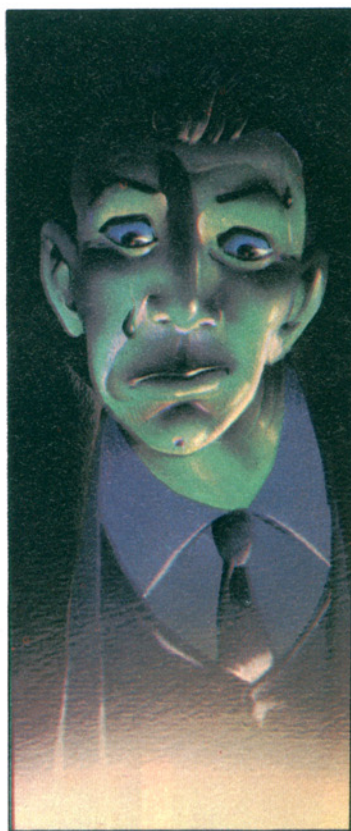
AN EXTRAORDINARY FORCE HAD PIERCED A WALL IN THE CELLAR OF THIS ANCIENT HOUSE...



THE HOLE OPENED UPON A CRYPT.



THE STRANGE LIGHT DREW ME IRRESISTIBLY FORWARD. WHEN I WENT TO EXAMINE THE INTERIOR OF THE WELL, I STOPPED DEAD IN MY TRACKS: WHAT I SAW WAS MORE HORRIBLE THAN ANYTHING MAN COULD IMAGINE!



AT THAT MOMENT, THE LACK OF UNDERSTANDING THAT HAD SEPARATED US DISAPPEARED. DEWS-BURY HAD AT LAST SHOWN ME WHAT HE HAD SEEN-- IN THAT SENSE, MY DEATH HARDLY MATTERED.

THE END

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



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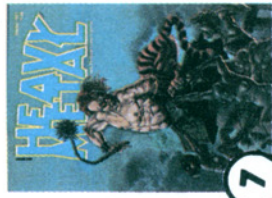
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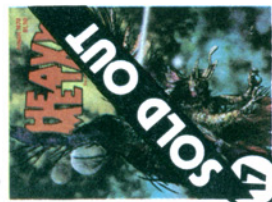
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Dangerous, part two, and more Diabolical Planet. (\$3.00)

HM #21/DECEMBER, 1978: Putting the Easter bunny back into Xmas, and wrapping up Orion and Off-Season, with sinister Tarot greeting cards, wreaths and wreaths, creches, crashes, and a prezzy for you—a 12-page Moebius murder yarn. (\$2.00)

HM #22/JANUARY, 1979: This one's full of elephants, for some reason. Plus our first Trina, and a pinup, and Gail's shoot-em-up finale. Some decapitation, a space siren, and the android takes over the ship. More McKie and Corben. Whattaya want? (\$2.00)

HM #23/FEBRUARY, 1979: Our February fantasies feature the onset of the tale of the Star-crown. We continue with Sindbad and McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous. More Moebius and Bial. Macedo brings us chapter four of life in Metropolis 5, and, by popular demand, Galactic Geographic. There's the story of a star-nosed mole and much, much more. (\$2.00)

HM #24/MARCH, 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin's illustrated Stars My Destination, for open-ers. A punk rumble, android lb. itanic tits. Star Crown II, and Ellison's late show. Also hardware and superation. (\$2.00)

HM #25/APRIL, 1979: Second birthday bash, with Chaykin's great new Gideon Faust tale, an Alien portfolio, Val Mayerik's Time Out, the first chapter of Pylon, fiction by Arthur Cover, ghost ships, robotic miscegenation, and other goodies for you. (\$2.00)

HM #26/MAY, 1979: The almost all-American issue with fifteen stateside entries, including part one of The Illustrated Alien, the complete Entropics, a new Gray Morrow, and more of Corben's Sindbad. (Except for Druliet's Disco and a Proust joke.) (\$2.00)


HM #27/JUNE, 1979: From the guys who brought you the pompador, Charles De Gaulle, and fishnet stockings, we proudly present 54 pages of the wild and wacky adventures of Captain Future Plus. The second episode of the illustrated Allen, McKie's psychic vision of Mick Jagger in the year 2000, Pylon II (not to be confused with Jaws II and Popo Longstocking Meets the Werewolf), and, alas, the final episode of So Beautiful and So Dangerous (Willy, we hardly knew ye). (\$2.00)

HM #28/JULY, 1979: Vaughn, Bode's "Zooks" premieres Morrow's "Eight Belles" and Moebius's "Garage" continue their run, and curtains down on Corben and Sinbad's "New Tales of the Arabian Nights." Guest appearances include Near Adams's "Rears Its Ugly Green Head" and Corben and Courtney's "Night on Bald Mountain." Bravo! Bravo! (\$2.00)

HM #29/AUGUST, 1979: We find ourselves with all these Americans doing weird "European" stuff—non dieu!! Mayerik takes the story of how the world came to be one step further. Sydnam's sailors visit a ragged-out house of ill repute, and the space adventures of Morris White come to an end. Plus: sky surfing, Caza's "New Ark City," and ah, a meeting of civilizations is exposed in Kolob's "Galactic Geographic." (\$2.00)

HM #30/SEPTEMBER, 1979: Goody creatures galore. Elvis, Kenneth Smith's dinosaur weirdies, and Little Red V-3 (a hardware-style Red Riding Hood). Eric and Buck Rogers make cameo appearances. Out-of-this-world stories by Norman Spinrad and Richard Monaco, plus more Montellier and Moebius. (\$2.00)

BEAUTIFUL VINYL BINDERS, white with black lettering and art with metal separators to hold and protect your magazines. Each holds twelve issues of Heavy Metal. (\$5.50). Or buy one binder with the twelve 1978 issues. (\$25.00)



HM #1/APRIL, 1977: With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot, an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara*, Harzak, and more. (\$5.00)

HM #2/MAY, 1977: Introducing Roger, the paranoid puppet, Virgo, the cosmic maiden, Russian astronauts, Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival while Harzak, Sunpot, and Den continue. (\$4.00)

HM #3/JUNE, 1977: Features *Night Images*, poetry by Conan's creator, Robert E. Howard, with illustrations by Corben; Macedo's Rockblitz, the highly praised Shells, the first chapter of Davis's World Apart, more Den, Sunpot, and Harzak. (\$3.00)

HM #4/JULY, 1977: Is a must for Moebius fans, with 12 pages of Harzak and his s'f spy saga, The Long Tomorrow, also the end of Sunpot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Nep Simo, and the horrible Gold Queen. (\$3.00)

HM #5/AUGUST, 1977: In which the saga of Polonius begins, The Long Tomorrow concludes, World Apart and Den continue, all amidst taking plants, samurai, puppets, sex, and violence. (\$3.00)

HM #6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Galactic Aztecs, cosmic cowboys, hysterical shrubbery, chemically-induced sanity, a Moebius space opera, more World Apart, Den, and Polonius, plus a Roger Zelazny short story. (\$3.00)

HM #7/OCTOBER, 1977: Packed with knights, ladies, jet pilots, insanity, reincarnation, and other harmless pastimes, 10 pages of color Moebius: the Arlight Garage, Den, and Polonius redux, and fiction by Theodore Sturgeon. (\$3.00)

HM #8/NOVEMBER, 1977: With nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, the conclusions of both Polonius and World Apart, ex-pugs, intellectual molasses, birth and death stars, and a great new Harlan Ellison story—the heaviest *Heavy Metal* yet! (\$3.00)

HM #9/DECEMBER, 1977: This time, went up to 104 pages to bring you the complete saga of Druliet's anti-hero, Vuzz, a chapter from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, and Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and Wein, in addition to full-color contributions from regulars Corben, Macedo, Clayvonn and Moebius. (\$3.00)

HM #10/JANUARY, 1978: We got Morrow to illustrate Zelazny, we got Lob and Pichard to update Ulysses, we got Meehan to do a *Heavy Metal* calendar girl, we concluded Conquering Armies, and continued Den. Of course, you knew about the Incas, log lights, and the time warp. (\$3.00)

HM #11/FEBRUARY, 1978: Wherein begin the new adventures of Barbarella, naked to her enemies and nude to her friends, and of Urm the Fool in his quest for revenge. Wraparound cover and center spread by Nino. A trip to Venus, the Crusader and the Witch and Moebius down the rabbit hole. With the usual unusual, like Den. (\$3.00)

HM #12/MARCH, 1978: In which we learn the evils of witch-hunts and the perils of witchcraft, the problems of mass transit, and the dangers of hitchhiking. Plus, the first swastabucking episode of Orion. More Barbarella. More Urm. And still more Den. (\$3.00)

HM #13/APRIL, 1978: Big deal first anniversary issue, with 30-page insert from *Paradise 9* by all concerned. Also, amidst the king must die, death's duel, and the undead, Barbarella gives birth. Oh, and the sexual acrobatic epilogue to Den. (\$3.00)

HM #14/MAY, 1978: Does in Urm the Mad, locates El Dorado, goes to pieces on a bicycle, buys a cannibal clock, time-travels, and cerebrally lap-dances with Nino. Not to mention Orion and Barbarella. (\$3.00)

HM #15/JUNE, 1978: This time, we go too far. For instance, the exotic new Corben, Shahrazad, the neurotic, Evolution, the ecstatic, More Than Human, the erotic Barbarella, and the erratic Them Changes. And an excerpt from Sabre, and the origins of Heilman. (\$3.00)

HM #16/JULY, 1978: A happy ending to Barbarella, a sad ending to 1996, the resumption of Druliet's Gail, the further adventures of Heilman and Orion, More Than Human cont'd, and another piece of the Arabian Nights tale from Corben. (\$3.00)

HM #17/AUGUST, 1978: Looks like the end of the saga, with Orion, Corben's Arabian Nights, Heilman, and the last More Than Human. But it gets going again, the Off-Season starts, cannibal robots get involved, and somebody really reaches the right button. (\$3.00)

HM #18/SEPTEMBER, 1978: Starring Sindbad the Sailor, Esorel, Queen of the Bubble Women, the Major's fiancée, two off-season detectives, Arcane the Warrior, Heilman, Orion, and Lone Sloane on Gail. Harlan Ellison's sewer full of babies. Plus miscellaneous gags and wheezes. (\$3.00)

HM #19/OCTOBER, 1978: All Hallow's breaks loose with an excerpt from Dawn of the Dead, the puberty rites of dragons, a zombie android called Extremator, Ellison's Glass Goblin illustrated, and the onset of McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous Moreeene exploits of heroes Sindbad, Gail, and Orion. (\$3.00)

HM #20/NOVEMBER, 1978: A full 20-page excerpt from the Chaykin Delany Empire, while Sindbad's dragon explodes, the Extremator escapes, Sloane makes war, the Sad Man disappears, Grubert arrives too late, and Heilman is reborn for the final time. So Beautiful and So

HEAVY METAL

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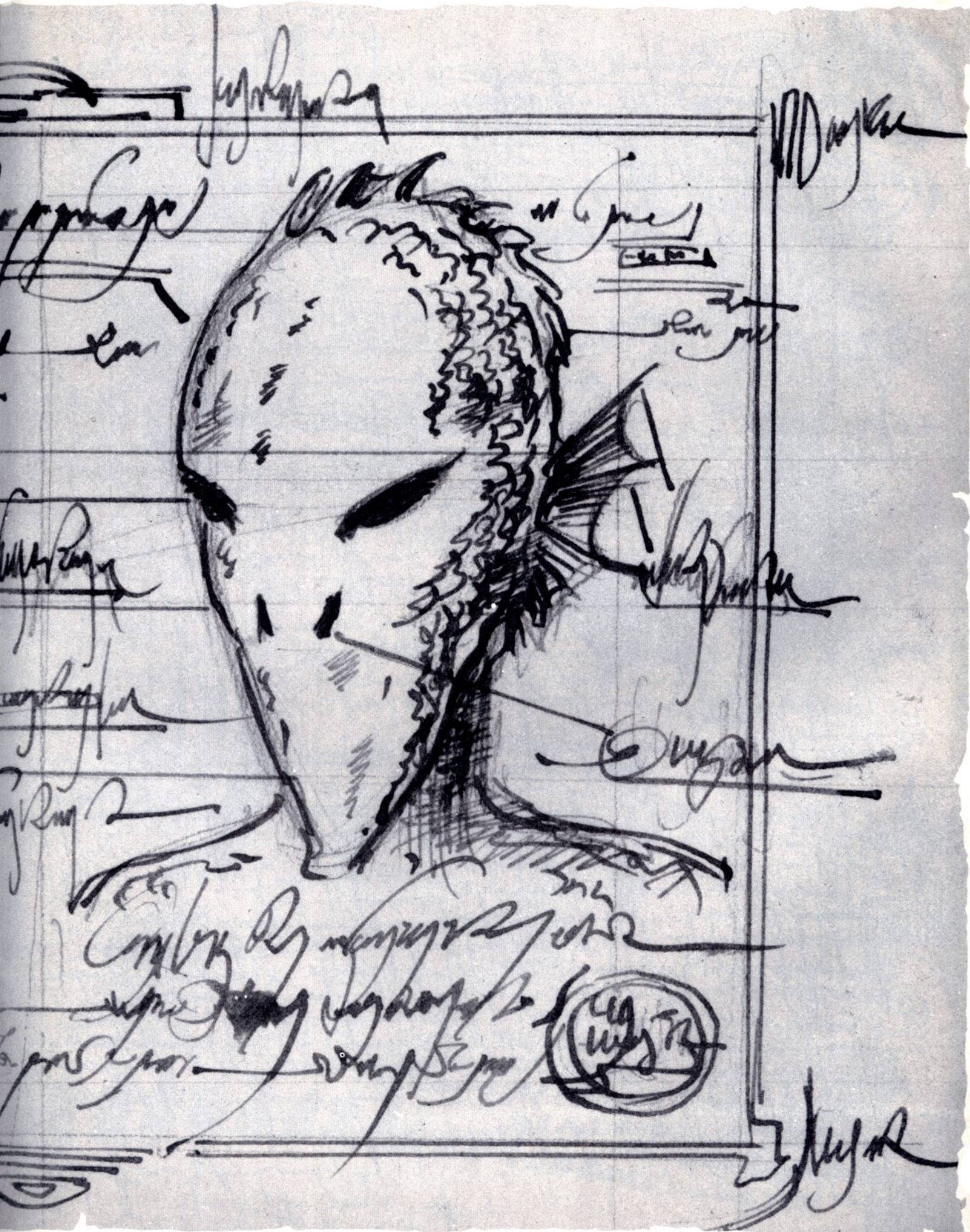
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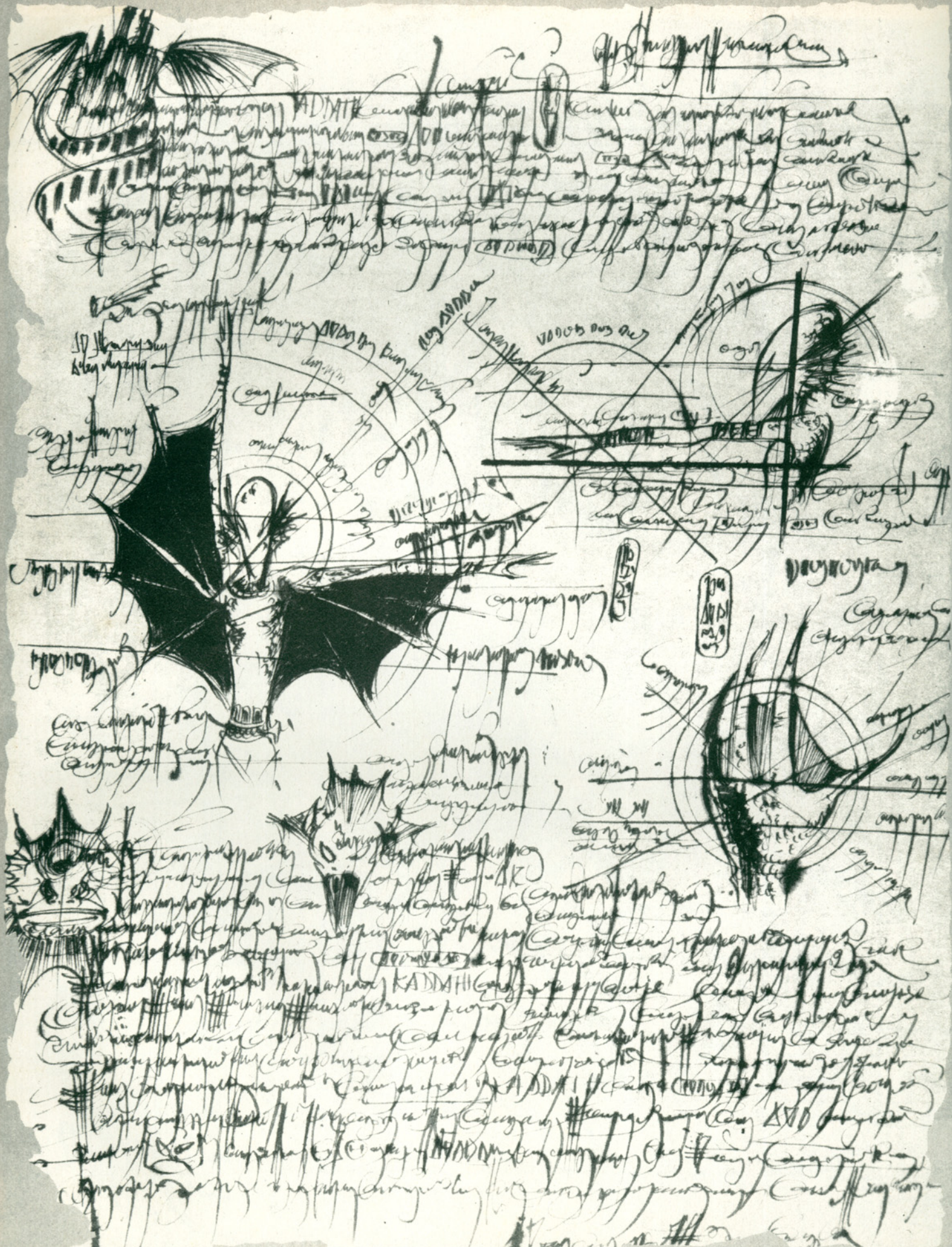
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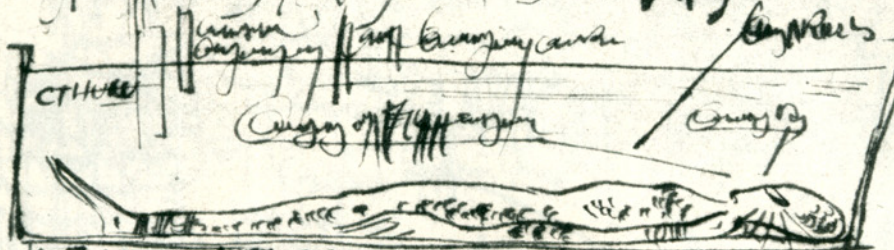
EXCERPTS
FROM THE **NECRONOMICON**







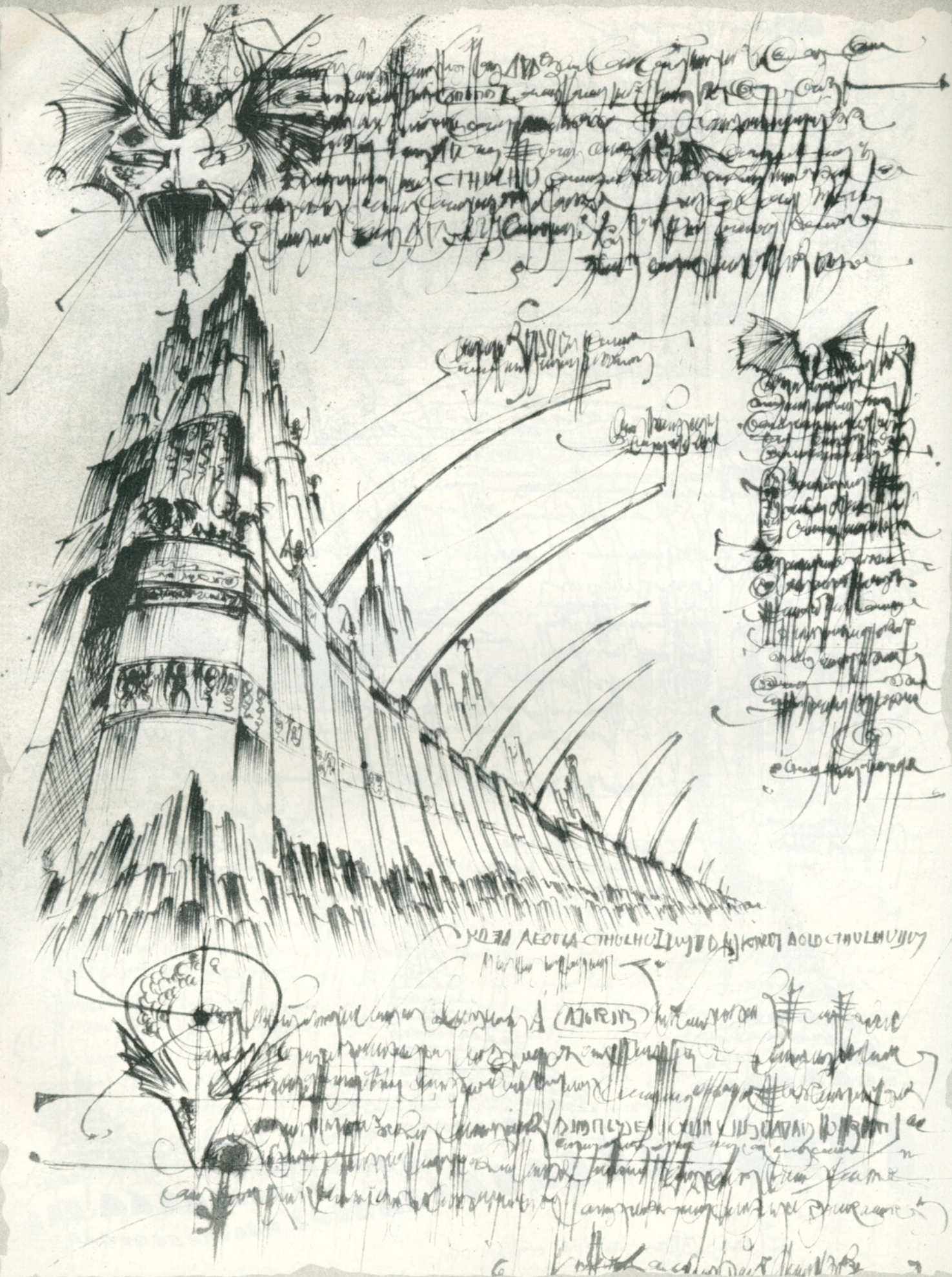
Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a mix of English and a non-Latin alphabet. The text is dense and covers the upper portion of the page.



Vertical handwritten text on the right side of the page, continuing the script from the top section.

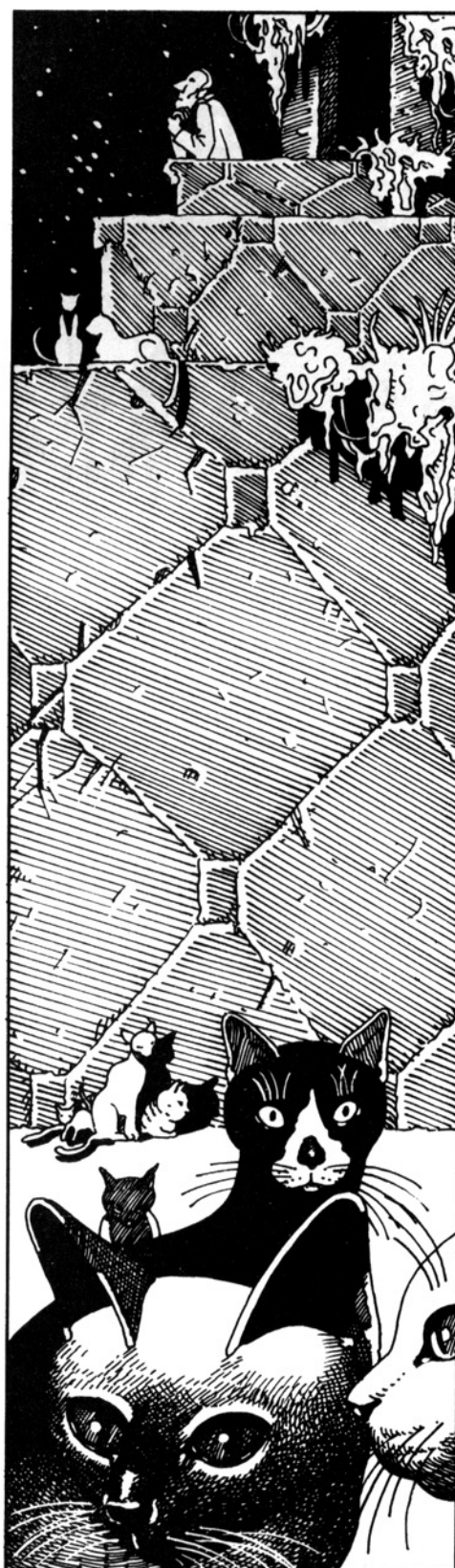
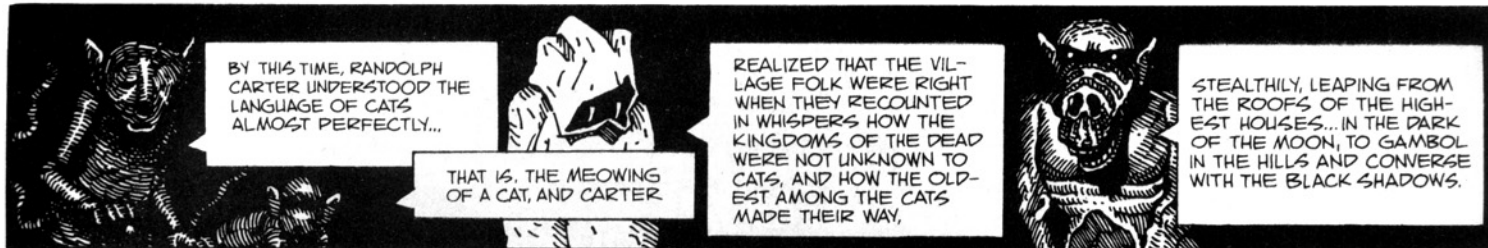
Large block of handwritten text in the middle section, featuring various symbols and characters interspersed with the script. Some words are written in a larger, bolder hand.







Philippe
Druillet
-END-





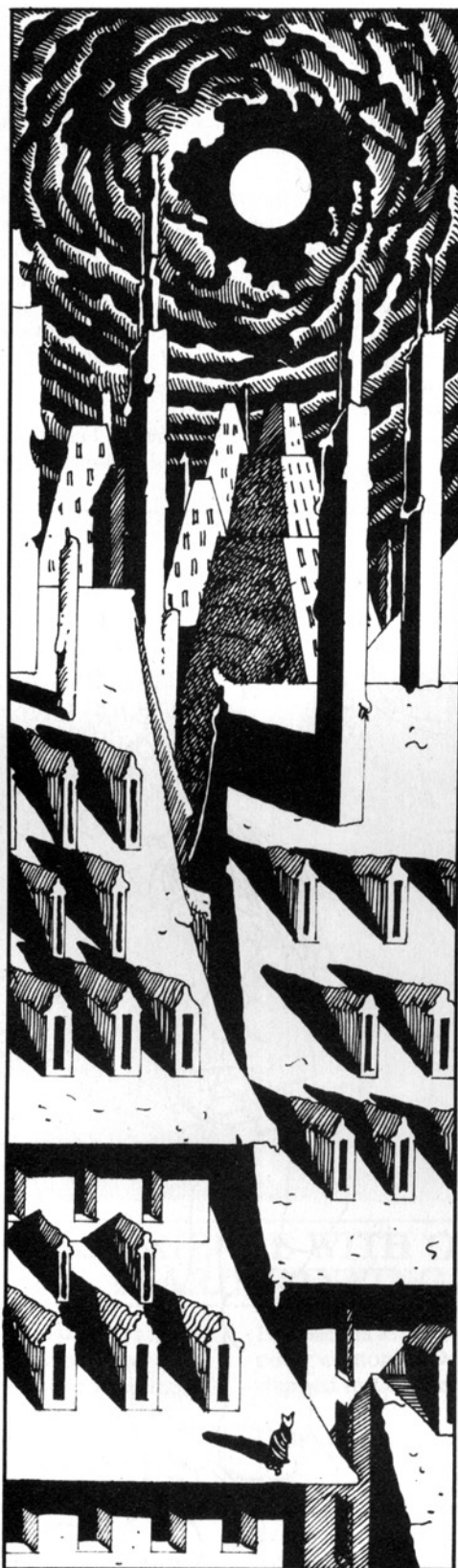
THE BOUNDING OF THE CATS THROUGH SPACE WAS VERY SWIFT, AND CARTER, SURROUNDED BY HIS FRIENDS, DID NOT SEE THE HUGE, SHAPELESS THINGS THAT HIDE, CAVORT, AND ARE ENGULFED IN THE ABYSS...



THEY MADE READY TO TAKE THE GREAT LEAP THROUGH SPACE, WHICH WOULD CARRY THEM TO THE HIGHEST ROOFTOPS IN THE TERRESTRIAL COUNTRY OF DREAMS...



ABOVE THE WILD PLATEAU AND OVER THE JAGGED CRATERS, AN INFINITE SEA OF CATS COULD BE HEARD, RANGED IN PERFECT ORDER...



THE END

CHAIN MAIL

Metallic Brothers:

I just saw *Alien*, and I must say your enthusiasm is firmly based, and shared by myself with conviction. Not since the initial release of *Angry Red Planet* has a SF movie had such tremendous impact on me. What excellent work. *Jaws*? *Coma*? *Marooned*?—baby spittle! *Star Wars*? *2001*? *Close Encounters*?—teenage doodling! *Alien* is a display of dedicated creativity from the hands of professional artists. May all their purses be deep and heavy, henceforth and hereafter.

Admiration ad nauseum,
Michael Sages
Dallas, Texas.

had no reason to complain about the quality of anything in *Heavy Metal* because most of it is very good science fiction. But, *Heavy Metal* did back something that was not adult science fiction or even a very carefully crafted science fiction thriller. John Boorman's *Zardoz* was adult science fiction. *Flesh Gordon*, X-rated, was yet another. *Alien* was, well, perhaps the best well-kept secret "lemon" picture ever produced.

"In Space No One Can Hear You Scream." On Earth you can scream, as everyone hears you scream: "Rip-off!!!" And I suppose Peter Finch, in his last film, *Network*, said it best: It is high time for the long-abused "adult" audiences, the "silent majority" who work hard, toil in the vineyards, pay their bills without complaining, it is high time for this movie-going majority to stick their heads out the windows and tell the science fiction writers, writers of Hollywood so intent on producing "nine- or ten-year-old" adult science fiction movies with just oodles and even more oodles of *Star Wars* special effects, "I'm as mad as hell and I'm not going to take it anymore!!!" Not at \$4, not at \$5, not even at \$6.

Henning Fernstrom
Houston, Texas

Fellow Creatures:

It is with much interest that I note the appearance of the illustrated story "Alien" in your May magazine. It is with equal interest that I find the book *Alien* readily available for purchase in my local bookstore. But whose story is it? Your credits are for Walt Simonson and Archie Goodwin. The novel is by Alan Dean Foster. It says on the book that the story is by Dan O'Bannon and Ronald Shusett.

As every fan has the right to think of himself as a potential writer, so has the media the need to give credit where due to the creator of an idea. Please give credence to this request for a clearer background as an encouragement to future creative attempts in the field.

Michael R. Menard
Fayetteville, N.C.

Dear Michael:

Here's the scoop: *Alien* first appeared as the screenplay by Dan O'Bannon and Ron Shusett. Alan Dean Foster wrote the novelization, and Simonson and Goodwin the illustrated version. The novel and the illustrated story are both based on O'Bannon and Shusett's original screenplay.—The Eds.



Dear Editor:

Today *Alien* opened in Houston, and I'm afraid I was terribly disappointed in the film's construction. As it progressed, *Alien* began to remind me more and more of those old, grade B science fiction movies of the fifties that used to appear on "Weird" or "Creature Features"... Well, I have subscribed to *Heavy Metal* since it began, and I've



FROM A LOST LAND OF DRAGONS, A LEGEND TAKES FLIGHT

DRAGONWORLD

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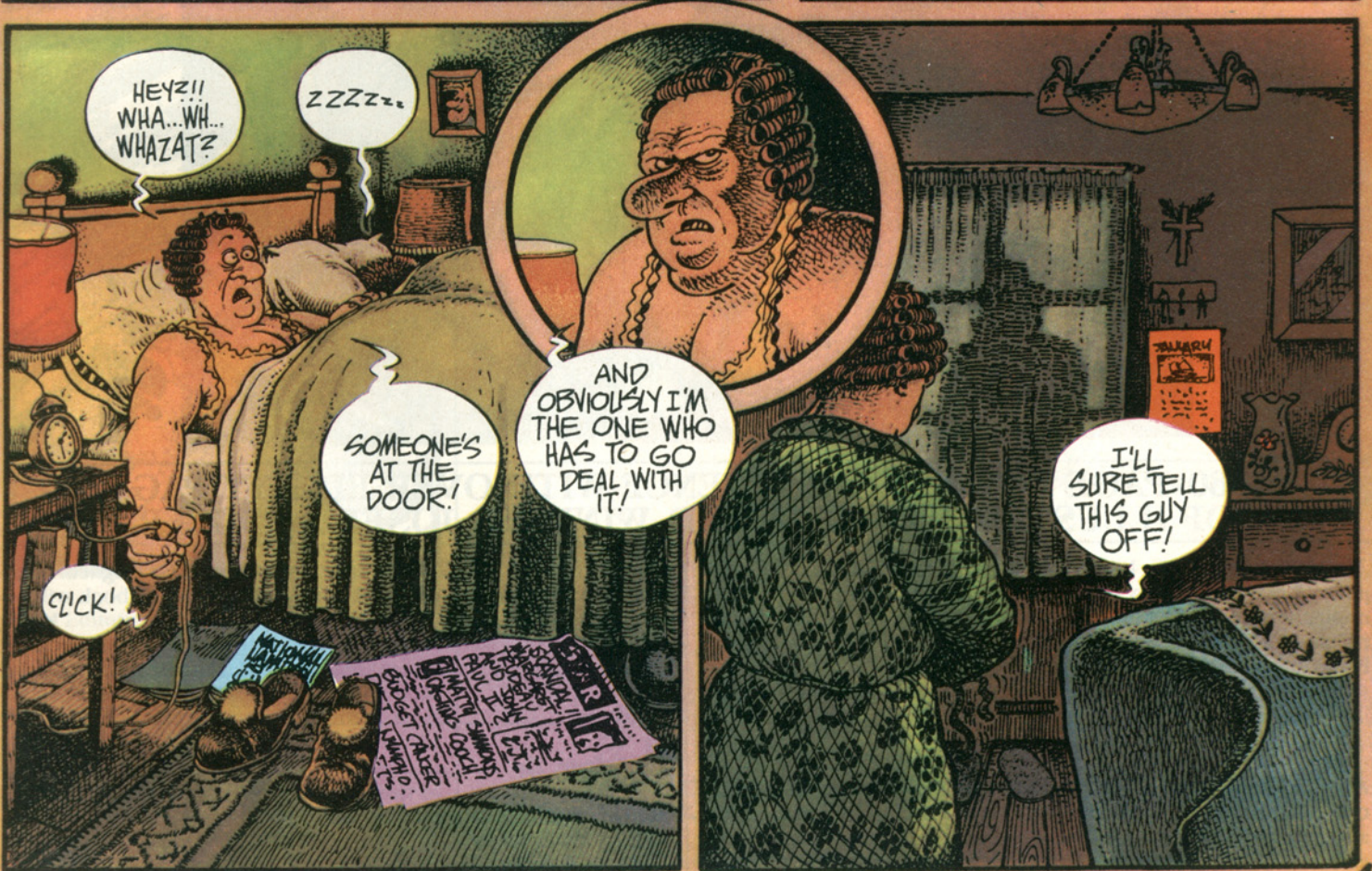
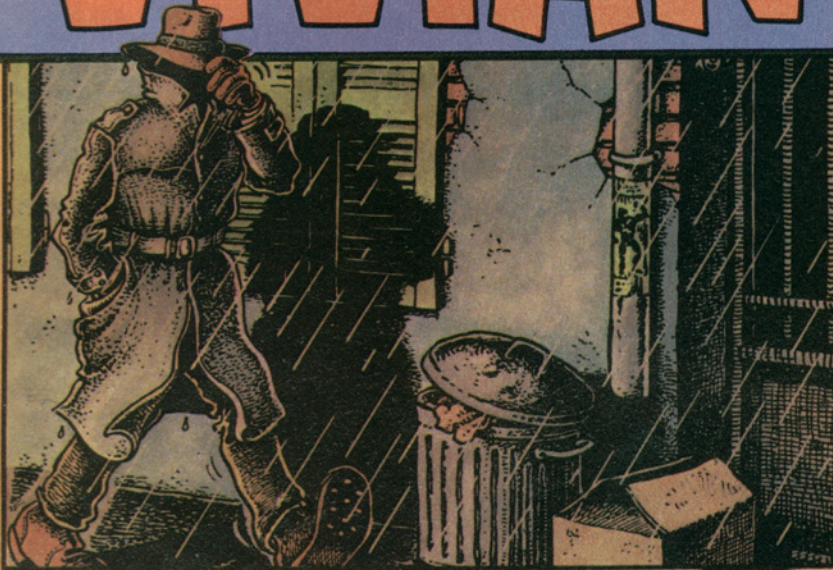
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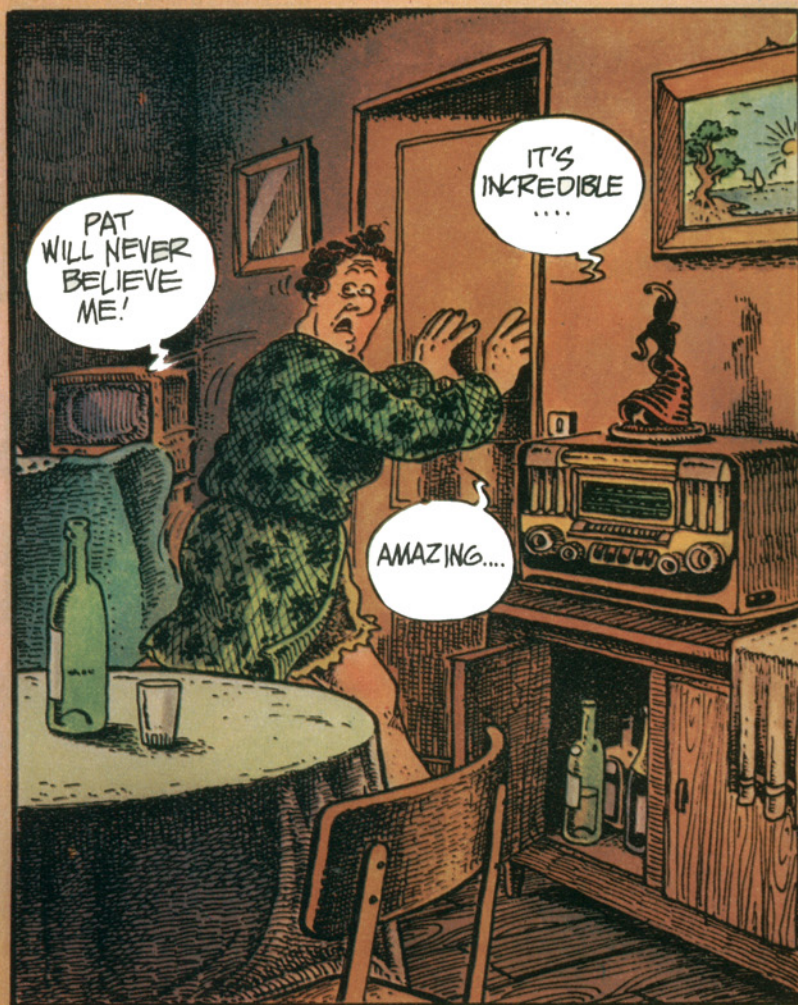
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PAT VIVIAN







END

There is so little time to set down a record of these events, which began so very long ago. I must commit to writing a recollection of my work and leave it to my colleague, Peter.

Two thousand years are many generations to man, though a mere fortnight in the time of the Old Ones; but now the time of revelations is at hand. The Great Ones will again reign, and I alone hold the key to vague and secret visions of dim gulfs beyond this world, gulfs of memories lurking in an infinite time when man wasn't a glimmer of thought in the mind's eye of the Creators. I now alone have in my possession the book that holds the solution to the puzzle, and all the Runic symbols have been translated, revealing the hidden way across the void, through time and space, to the multidimensional worlds. For twice a millennium, these words have held the Other's worlds at bay and kept the secret of Their lost eons within Their own realm. I alone have the secret to the door that holds the Great Old Ones in prison, and the key to the gateway, and I shall be the one to release Them from Their bonds!

The hour draws near, and I must be concise in my account.

It is unfortunate that most of humanity is too restricted in mental vision to consider with patience and intelligence those phenomena felt by only a few psychologically sensitive individuals. The well-known research scientist H.P. Lovecraft wrote:

The most merciful thing in the world is the inability of the human mind to correlate all its contents. We live on a placid island of ignorance in the midst of black seas of infinity, and it was not meant that we should voyage far.

Quite possibly it is merciful to keep the human beings who occupy this planet ignorant of their surroundings, but I feel that man was *meant* to voyage far! Men were meant to be gods, themselves, not to grovel like insects before some invisible deity. Men of vast intellect know that there is little distinction between the real and the unreal, and that all things appear as they do only through our conscious and subconscious mental images of them.

I have been a dreamer and a visionary ever since my childhood, a time of loneliness and solitude in which I learned to develop my keen eye for the truth. It was a time well spent, pouring over the ancient tomes that filled my uncle's library in that chateau in the heart of the Black Forest, sixty kilometers south of Stuttgart, where I came to reside shortly after my birth. I never knew my parents. My mother died while giving me life, and my father was killed six months before I was born. The precise cause and particulars of his death I have never been able to ascertain, and to this day they remain a mystery to me. Whenever I queried my uncle about those events, he merely stated that there were some things that I was not meant to know.

Close by my childhood home lies a dark, wooded hollow that held no special meaning to me in my formative years, but Time, that enemy of all creatures on this planet, played a cruel and vicious trick on me, and it was this specific area that would bring me back to my home many years later.

In my youth I led a sheltered life and knew little

of the outside world, let alone the social and political conventions of our time, and consequently I was quite ignorant when the word "depression" was first mentioned in my presence. I didn't take much notice when the supply of oil for our lamps and stoves became scarce and later nonexistent, nor was I concerned by the loss of our servants. The day that really started me on my blackened path was the day when my uncle informed me, in the presence of two uniformed men, that I had been chosen by the government to spend an undetermined length of time in one of their youth camps. My uncle, now shackled by poverty that provided little above the level of dire want, had been prevented from maintaining his estate in its pristine splendor and was forcing his closest relative to join the Nazi ranks.

I was suddenly and brutally taken from my sheltered world into one of strife and horror.

The physical world is very cruel, but not half as cruel as the beings who occupy it. This was the lesson I learned early in Berlin, while becoming a young officer. Because of my superior intellect, I acquired knowledge at a tremendous pace and made a fast climb through the military ranks. But my very superiority made me the subject of almost constant harassment by my fellow students. Also my naiveté about social standards was a hindrance, and I was forced to defend myself with my only weapon, my intellect.

Thus I rose to high rank faster than the others. Upon reaching the age of adulthood, I was awarded the title of lieutenant and released from the youth corps, adorned with medals and honors. Then it was a simple matter for me to rise even higher, putting the ranks of captain, major, and colonel easily within my grasp.

The elevation of my status was very important to me at this stage of my life, for rank gave me the power I desired above anything else. But rank brought to me something that I didn't want: responsibility. I still sought a certain solitude, but it became impossible to attain as my duties became more and more time-consuming.

Then, in 1939, I found myself in a war of grotesque proportions. I waded knee deep in the blood of my fellow human beings, and witnessed atrocities the nature of which I find impossible to blacken the pages of this ledger with. The war was a hell ending in an afternoon of cataclysmic disaster. It would be my last battle, and I would return home again to the Black Forest, but not to attend a welcome-home and reunion.

My uncle had died, and his chateau had been awarded to the state in payment for back taxes. I had been sent to establish a field command in the mansion, which was now but a skeleton of its former self. Of the entire structure, the library was the most intact. The shelves were almost bare of books, and the roof had acquired a hole that allowed the rain to pour in, ruining the carpet and hardwood floor. I found some candles in a desk, and by their light we formed our battle plans.

We made the chateau our base of operations in hopes of preparing a defense against the approaching allied forces. In the dark, wooded hollow of my childhood raged a battle of tremendous violence. I held my small command in the house for three days

and nights, but on the afternoon of the fourth day, the allies overpowered our army in the hollow. They advanced without finding me and my few surviving comrades in the cellar beneath the mansion.

The next day we stole from our hiding place and left the estate. The black woods had run red with blood, and the bodies of hundreds of dead men covered the ground.

We slowly made our way through the forests to a hospital that had once been a schoolhouse, outside Stuttgart. Needless to say, I was shocked to find that I had been in a state of near coma, and that the march had actually taken us over several weeks to complete, though the trek had seemed like no more than a few days to me. During that time, the war had come to an abrupt end, and I was no less surprised and pleased to learn that the army as I knew it no longer existed.

In the bed next to mine was a man who had lost both arms at the shoulders in a mortar bombardment. Yet, he seemed ecstatically happy. "We just received the news," he cried. "Hitler has killed himself, and the Devil has departed with him! Germany is free from the evil at last!"

I didn't have the heart to enlighten the poor soul.

As I lay there recuperating, the words of the mutilated soldier kept ringing in my mind. "Hitler is dead, and the Devil has departed with him." I saw the horrors around me in the tiny hospital, men dying and disfigured from war, and I kept wondering if this had to be. Why doesn't man have control over his fate? Why must we serve unseen gods, and grovel like slaves our entire lives?

And there was something else, a passage I had read in my youth, that kept flowing in and out of my thoughts, something I had read in my uncle's library. These words seemed to temper my spirit and give me a new strength, the realization of a new purpose to my life. The words began to become clearer, seeming almost to spell out in my mind:

In his house in R'Lyeh dead Cthulhu waits dreaming.

Although my purpose wasn't totally defined, my soul was reborn in the knowledge that I had to examine the old books and parchments that once graced my uncle's house. The quest took me to countless libraries across Europe. I became a professor at a university in Austria, which allowed me to amass enough money to buy back my ancestral home.

It took fifteen years to acquire the money to buy back the chateau, and within that time, I made one of the three important discoveries I was destined to make in my life. I had come upon a rare find, a handwritten, Latin translation of the *Necronomicon*. It had been sent to me by a former colleague who had taken a teaching position at the University of Heidelberg. How he came upon the book, I do not know, for it was sent to me with only a hand-scrawled note proclaiming that I should be very interested in the contents of the package.

I spent all my free time pouring over the text, and it was one evening in my small study at the university that I stumbled upon the location of the gateway. My translation was certain, and the more involved I became in my investigations, the more I

THE ALCHEMIST'S NOTEBOOK

by David Hurd and William Baetz

"The Alchemist's Notebook," by David Hurd and William Baetz, is an excerpt from the novelization of the upcoming movie, *The City of Dreadful Night*, from Paramount Pictures (to be released during the summer of 1981).



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verified my conclusions. Many so-called antiquarians have theorized about the gateway's location, some believing it to be in Malaya, while one resident professor at the Miskatonic University in America has gone so far as to place it exactly in a group of nineteen islands off the Malabar Coast. Another Japanese investigator said it was in Burma, on the Plateau of Leng, guarded for ages by the tcho-tcho people and their guru. Another Asian scholar stated that it is near Africa, just fourteen miles off the Skeleton Coast. But I alone know the true location of the great dimensional prison where the Old One has been forced to dwell, and I have located that dimensional gateway to the realm of N'Kai, outside Stuttgart, in the Black Forest of Germany!

Upon acquiring the finances necessary for my physical comforts, I retired from the teaching profession and took up residence in the once august chateau. The proud house was a painful sight. The ancient tower of the library was torn and open to the winds, and the central framing of the house was crumbling under the slow, yet mighty pressures of time.

I boarded up all the openings but one, which I left for an entrance and exit. I had little need of money, for the house was paid for, the forests yielded an endless supply of firewood and meat, and the surrounding vegetation provided many roots and herbs to sustain me.

Now twenty-five years have passed, and in that time I have left my estate but twice. The first departure was only a week after I settled in at the manor, when I made a brief journey to Heidelberg to make arrangements for the transportation of my many books and research notes, as well as the other articles needed for my lifelong pursuit.

My second excursion didn't come until five years later, when I made a long journey by train to the coastal town of Bremerhaven, where I was to meet with a sailor who hailed from the New England port town of Innsmouth.

I met the man outside his dingy hotel on the waterfront. He was a strange person, who stood and carried himself in an almost deformed way. He couldn't have been over five feet in height when standing erect, but of this I cannot be certain, for he always stood slightly bent over and stooped-shouldered. When I first approached him, he spoke to me in jerking, almost watery tones. Although I found this person utterly revolting, I pressed on, because I had been assured, through my correspondence with the Guild of Black Magicians, that this being possessed one of the five missing Dead Sea scrolls; and this particularly rare find could possibly be the key to the gateway.

We went inside a bar next to the hotel to negotiate over schnapps. The establishment was dark and full of assorted groups of sinister-looking figures whose features were lost to me in the dim light and smoke. The noise of laughing and shouting was grating on my sensitive nerves. After five years of solitude in the Black Forest, a crowded barroom was like a visit to hell for me; and if my quest had been of any minor significance, I would surely have stood up and run from the premises.

Two of the many prostitutes found their way to our table and began to solicit our favors, but I shook them off. They sneered at us, calling us "queers," and the bile rose in my throat. One of the girls looked down at my companion, who averted his head so she could not make out his features. She seemed to give a little shudder, and then she and her friend quickly sought other customers.

The whore had been correct in finding my associate's features to be shuddersome. His bulging eyes seemed almost to glow in the dim light of the bar, and at one particularly heated point in our

conversation, I thought that they would ejaculate from their sockets. His lips were thick and his face was very pale, almost repulsive with its loose skin and flab.

My money supply being low, I tried to appeal to his sense of humanity, and ended up by making a false plea for science and mankind. I explained to the strange gentleman that my purpose in obtaining the scroll was to enlighten the world with the knowledge that could be acquired from it. The only response I received from him was a swilling of his liquor, a process that was most nauseating, because when he drank, his large lips curved in and became a slash across his face, giving the impression that he was lipless. After he emptied the contents of his glass, he glared straight at me and uttered a series of unintelligible sounds that ended with the phrase: "Moron, I want the stone..."

I had in my possession what I considered to be nothing more than a good-luck piece, a small star-shaped stone that my family believed gave the possessor some imaginary protection from evil. My uncle had told me legends of this relic, which he called the Ancient Star Stone of Mnar. It was said to have been over six thousand years old, having been handed down through countless generations of my family; and it was for this reason I didn't care to use it as a bargaining tool.

But it was obviously the only item of exchange the seafarer from Innsmouth cared for, so I was finally obliged to offer it to him. To my utter astonishment, the creature eagerly snatched the stone from my grasp. My astonishment increased when, for the brief moment our hands touched, I noticed the fine webbing of skin between each of his fingers; and the cold and slimy feel of his skin made me draw my own hand away in reaction.

I watched this person from Innsmouth hold the star-shaped stone in his trembling hand and stare with bugging eyes at the rough-textured surface. Then, before I knew what was happening, he slapped down a long metal tube and, bounding from the table and upsetting his chair, literally ran from the bar with the stone still clutched in his hands.

My first impulse was to open the tube on the spot, but common sense and the knowledge of the pirates and criminals all around me overcame my eagerness, and I stood and walked calmly from the dark establishment. I headed back to my own room, which was located in a more residential section of town. Upon arriving, I wasted no time in uncapping both ends of the metal tube. From within was emitted an odor of dank sea air and dead oceans, which almost overpowered me. Rolled up inside the tube was a thin, yellowed piece of parchment, which I made haste to remove. The scroll emerged from the tube unharmed and intact.

Upon a quick but careful scrutiny of the ancient parchment, I knew my search had ended. This document wasn't only a likely prospect for the key to the gateway, it was the key in every sense of the word. In lieu of a better term, this scroll was a "blueprint" for the construction of a most incredible device. Horizontal and vertical bands of hieroglyphics formed a border on all four sides of the scroll, and at the center, in perfect clarity, was a detailed drawing of the machine.

My enthusiasm would have been overwhelming had it not been for the strange, gnawing feeling I was harboring at the moment. The reaction of the man in the bar had been very strange indeed, and I couldn't help but feel a pawn in a much greater game than I could begin to know.

In my remaining years at the chateau, I dwelt apart from the outside world, but I did not dwell alone. In that now singularly evil-looking wooded hollow that had at one time held for me the memories of a happy childhood were hundreds of

unmarked graves, wherein lay the last remaining vestiges of my fellow soldiers. If a human being lacks the fellowship of the living, he inevitably draws upon the companionship of things that are not.

For a while, I went about naming them, and when weather permitted, I would sit amongst them as I had years before at my lecture in Austria and discuss my research problems. Through the years we became great friends, they the classmates and I their instructor, and thus I didn't feel the least uncomfortable in asking them to give up the only possession remaining to them in this physical world. You see, it was about this time that I was experiencing one of my most difficult problems. I was attempting the construction of the machine, which consisted primarily of gold, silver, and small mirrors.

The mirrors were no problem, for the chateau walls were adorned with them, and I had time to fashion tools and learn to cut the glass to the exact specifications of the plan. Only a small quantity of silver was needed, and I owned an old silver teapot that provided more than enough of the precious metal.

The gold presented the problem. The machine was predominantly gold in its construction, and there was none to be found anywhere on my estate or the surrounding grounds. The thought of seeking employment in order to acquire the money to purchase the gold was totally distasteful to me. My solitude had become very dear to me, and any contact with the outside world, no matter how temporary, was an unbearable thought.

It was at this moment of despair that I turned to my friends for help. I put the question to them, and, being such close friends as we were, it was not considered rude of me to take something they had no further use for. It took several months to extract all the gold from their teeth. Finally, I removed the gold bridgework from the right side of my own mouth, both as an act of good faith to my friends and to acquire the last bit necessary to complete my task.

Three years elapsed in the construction of the device. I cut and shaped hundreds of pieces of mirrored glass to obtain the five pieces I finally used on the machine. My uncle's woodburning stove would glow red hot, sometimes being used from sunup to sundown. I fashioned a small kiln within the oven, and melted the silver and gold to fashion the various components; and many times I had to melt the articles down a second, third, and even fourth time before the proper molds could be achieved.

Once the machine was complete, a wave of depression came over me unlike anything I had felt since the war. Although my version of the ancient device was built to perfection, it still lacked two important parts, the likes of which I could not decipher from the plans. I again turned to the Guild of Black Magicians for guidance. I made an exact copy of the scroll containing the plan, and mailed it to my correspondent for advice.

As the weeks passed, I began to question the wisdom of my actions, but my doubts were alleviated when one morning there came a knock on my door and I was greeted by you, Peter, carrying the carved, wooden box under your arm. The carvings on the box were similar to those of ancient Hyperborean hieroglyphics I had seen in the *Book of Eibon*, but the combination of symbols was unfamiliar to me. You can imagine the wonder and utter amazement I felt when, after my brief conversation with you and a quick scrutiny of the contents of the box, I found that you had produced the missing components.

I broke out an old bottle of brandy I had been saving, and after a few hours and several drinks, I brought you up to date on my research, and you

in turn informed me of your activities since our brief correspondence a few years before.

As the evening passed, I became careless with my emotions. So long had I been starved for human companionship, that our relationship flowered in that one evening of drunkenness. Soon I was eagerly agreeing to a part-time association with you, and we even went so far as to make a pact on paper, decreeing our determination to resolve the mysteries of the universe.

The months that followed were the happiest I had known since childhood. You would visit for short durations, and we would exchange notes. I still felt that in no way was my beloved solitude being violated. Although you moved to neighboring Valsbach, your business would keep you away at Stuttgart for weeks at a time. Peter, you were always candid in discussing your business matters, and I did not care to delve into your professional life.

It was during the span of one of those weeks that I made the third discovery. The strange hieroglyphics that decorated the box that contained the components to my appliance had taken on a curious appeal. They were in no way decipherable by any of the writings in the *Book of Eibon*, nor were they similar to those that appeared in the diagram I had acquired from the Innsmouth sailor. I had a feeling that their translation would open new vistas in my research.

It was quite by accident that I finally discovered their meaning. There were few books left in my uncle's library—one in particular that had never held any appeal to me. It was *Berlitz's Ancient History of Britton*. The volume was written in English, in which I was well versed, but I had no desire to acquaint myself with that subject, until one afternoon when I knocked the book from its shelf while searching for another volume. When I reached down to pick the book from the floor, I was shocked to find the *same hieroglyphics* adorning an open page! After an excited examination, I found the symbols to be Runic in origin, and I further learned that they had been carved ages ago on the figurines at Stonehenge.

With the aid of the Berlitz book, I was able to translate the symbols in only three days.

The first part of the translation was familiar to me, but the second section, though following similar poetic lines as the first, was totally new, and lifted a veil from my eyes.

The translation read:

In his house in R'Lyeh dead Cthulhu waits dreaming.

The second verse read:

Beneath the Earth in lightless N'Kai, Yath-Notep lives imprisoned.

After nearly forty years of collecting threads of information on the Commorium Cycle, N'Kai, and Cthulhu, the fabric of the studies was finally, and for the first time, beginning to weave itself into a pattern. Even that immortal passage from the *Necronomicon* took on a more profound meaning in the light of my investigations:

*That is not dead which can eternal lie,
And in strange eons even death may die.*

Cthulhu waits dreaming. Yath-Notep lives. They both remain, eternal.

But what was Yath-Notep, a name unfamiliar to me? It had to be one of the lost Old Gods of Hyperborea, banished with Tsathoggua and the others by the Elder who caused the Great Cataclysm. Yath-Notep could only be the missing link in the two cycles, but the intent of such a deity clouded my imagination.

Through the generations of research and ceremonial incantations, could the cults of the Ancient Ones have been appealing to the wrong sources when attempting to find the link between the



dimensions? When the third and last line of hieroglyphics on the ancient box was translated by my hand, the transparent simplicity of it all was a shock to me.

With this translation, I now hold the secrets to unlock the gateway. The others have been fools to profess that they knew the time, the place, and the secret. I know that it is here and now, and I shall stand next to the Masters as They again reign, as They conquer by fear this world that is rightfully Theirs. I will be the most powerful of men, and even the Chief Council of Nine to the Guild of Black Magicians will kneel at my feet and worship me as their savior and king. The new time of the Great Old Ones will begin soon, and I shall be the one to lead Him forth from the dimensional prison in which He has been forced to dwell for the eons, imprisoned by the Unknown Elder One who took heed of the pitiful cries of the ancient races. The world will be ours, and the way will be littered with mankind...pitiful man!

The entire conflict between the Great Race and the Ancient Ones became clear to me, along with the incredible fact that a single Old One had escaped the terrible wrath of the Elder Beings when they banished the Ancient Ones from our universe, long before the first timid mammal was born; one who yet lived to haunt the Elder Beings...and that was Yath-Notep, fierce demon god of Hyperborea!

The ancient lands of Atlantis, Lemuria, and Hyperborea became decadent and worshipped evil until the Elder who watched our world was forced

to take actions against these races. To punish them, the Elder Being caused the Great Cataclysm and sunk Atlantis and Lemuria beneath the oceans and ice. Hyperborea was destroyed by earthquakes and great bursts of fire that erupted from the bowels of the earth itself. It was at this time that the minions of the Old Ones were sent to the inner dimension of black N'Kai to dwell in hell until the Elder Being took pity and released them.

The Unknown One of the Elder Race used this machine, the wonder that I now possess, to imprison the Old One. And, as it was captured, so shall I open the dimensional gateway and release the great dark thing to cry out to the multidimensional planes to the Ancient Ones. First shall come the minions: Dagon and the Deep Ones, Yibb-Tsill and the Gaunts of Dark Night, Yig and his serpent children of Valusia, and all the others. Then shall follow the six Old Ones, Themselves: Cthulhu, foremost of the Old Gods on Earth; Azathoth, most powerful Ancient One, who blasphemes at the core of infinity; Yog-Sothoth, the all-in-one and conqueror of the space-time gate; Shub-Niggurth, the black goat of the woods with a thousand young; Hastur, the unspeakable; and Ithaqua, the wind walker. They shall come again to regain Their thrones!

It is a great risk that I take. Will They favor me to stand beside Them in Their new domain, or send me into a black murk of screaming slavery with the rest of the human race? But without my aid, They must remain prisoners of Their fate for eons more, and perhaps for eternity. And what if, after some undetermined length of time, They were to find Themselves thrust back once again behind those dimensional barriers? Would They not need my assistance to battle the Elder Beings and release Them again from the prisons? Yes, I feel that I am valuable to Them, and that They will make me a new Lord among Their timeless deity. I shall be immortal with the Old Ones, and They will let me rule over this planet. Nothing will stand in my way! I hold the secrets! I have interpreted that which the Elder Being has written! I know the powers behind the machine. I know the scientific secrets that come from the time of the Elder Race on Earth, when they lived here in Kadath, a metropolis that once covered the entire world.

The Great Race came to our world from beyond the stars. They found that the universe was beautiful and promising, but that it was ruled by their adversaries, the Old Ones. The Elder Beings knew that if this universe was ever to be inhabited by new life, first the Ancient Ones had to be banished.

The Great War followed, wherein the Old Ones were defeated and the Great Race could enjoy the beauty and wonders of our time and space. Eventually they came to dwell on Earth, a particularly rich planet with incredible potential. They brought with them many races from other worlds and times, and among these prehistoric creatures, man evolved.

The Great Race left the world to man and the others, and only one Elder Being remained behind. It is said by some that He still lives, existing on the Plateau of Leng in Burma. It was this being who's wrath at the world caused the Cataclysm, and it was by means of the machine that He opened the inner dimension, to imprison Yath-Notep and His minions.

Through placid ignorance, man remained earth-bound. As I mentioned earlier in my account, it is my opinion that men were meant to be gods. But these snivelling creatures will wallow in slime and squirm in slavery as subjects to the Great Old Ones when I release Them from Their bonds. No longer will I be forced to view man as he abuses this world!

All these thoughts rushed in on me in what was to be the most lucid moment of my life. My brain reeled in giddy elation at the third deciphered line

that lay before me. The words caused this series of thoughts to come crashing in upon my mind, and the pattern came together. There, impossible as it may seem, was my destiny laid bare before me. My translation was correct, and after checking it with Berlitz for the third time, my hands trembled so that I could scarcely hold the paper it was written on. I set it on the table before me, and sat down to ponder my fate.

You see, the last translation read:

Mu'Lor Imprisoned Yath-Notep.

Only Mu'Lor can release the Ancient One from the tomb.

Mu'Lor was the Elder Being who found Yath-Notep and sent Him to black N'Kai. Only Mu'Lor, the Elder One, can open the gateway and set Yath-Notep free.

And sure as my name is Heinrich Muller, so am I a descendant of Mu'Lor, the unknown Elder One!

To people lacking the clear and distinct vision I possess, it might seem that these writings were the ravings of a madman, but is it not so that there are legends older than man? How then did we come by them, if some intelligent force apart from man didn't convey them to this world? Of course, man has transformed them and molded them to conform to his own notions of the universe. Yet, the ancient writings still exist and the age-old legends of man's early history, vague and unconnected as they may seem, remain everlasting through the generations.

But for all the ages of man, there have been few who knew the truth, the ones who dedicated their entire beings to the discovery of the power and the truth...the secrets of demonology and "Satan," as man so foolishly labeled it. If the world knew, or even had the slightest conception of the different dimensions and worlds beyond ours, it would welcome the imaginary devil it has created, with open arms.

Those dark brotherhoods consisting of alchemists, sorcerers, and magicians who worked and fought through the decades for the power and truth are all pitiful failures compared to me. The knowledge of Yath-Notep's existence is mine alone, and with this knowledge my power will be built, and when the time is at hand, I will open the gateway.

Such was the direction in which my thoughts had carried me nearly a month ago, as I began to set the stage for my final act in this world.

I received a letter from the Guild pertaining to a recent seminar about my studies. I believe these fools take delight in disagreeing with me at every turn. Now they chose to argue about the time of the Cosmic Elations. They say the time will be in the fall, on the night of Satan and His hosts. I proclaim that it will be upon Midsummer's Eve, and the fools will soon know that they are wrong.

I decided to test my theories. One evening, I made everything ready in my cellar laboratory beneath the chateau. The powders burned fiery orange in the clay urn, and the machine gleamed yellow in the light. It was only one meter in height, and rested easily on top of an old, wooden table. Never before had I dared to activate the device, nor had I even attempted to place the two artifacts in their matching receptacles. But now the two pieces were in place, and I reached out to pull the serpent-handled lever—exactly like the one used so many decades ago in ancient Hyperborea by the Elder One to put this machine to its horrible and devastating use.

There came a sudden humming and vibrating, and the mirrors began to spin and turn at odd angles. The device needed no fuel or electrical power to run, and I doubt that I will ever know what powers fed it. The mirrors spun faster, and the vibrations were not unlike the drone of thousands of bees. The glass began to reflect the light

from the burning powders in the urn, causing orange fingers of light to streak about the room and make strange patterns on the rafters of my subterranean laboratory.

I was wearing the traditional robes of the Hyperborean alchemists. In awe, I stepped forward and began the incantations and geometric signs that were called for on the scroll. First I chanted the traditional words from the *Book of Eibon*, as spoken by the countless sorcerers throughout the ages; then I began the ritual from Britton, as practiced by the magicians of old England. I listed the Great Old Ones and voiced salutations to each in turn. My voice boomed loudly in the vaults below my home, and at times it would seem a tempest raged forth from my lips to shake the supporting timbers. Dust cascaded down all around.

Soon, a sensation came over me as if I was observing these events from afar, and not actually participating. I saw myself raise my hands to the heavens, and heard the succession of words I knew so well echo back to me: "*Kiah...Kiah...Rignum Azathoth! Kai...Kai...Rignum Hastur...*" and the rest.

I formed the nine angles with my hands. "*Kraken...Poiseiden...Sabazios...Typhon...Dagon...Seth...Xicarph...Cthulhu!*"

But I was careful in my experiment not to utter the name of Yath-Notep, for this was only a test, and Midsummer's Eve was still a month away. It was not yet the time, and I shudder to think what might have happened had I completed the ceremony.

I stood there and took the experiment to those limits, and soon I was rewarded with a taste of the powers I commanded. The cellar filled with a brilliant light, and the mirrors glowed with the approaching power. Then, I saw a gray-green mist begin to form on the floor of the vault. The very earth shook, and I saw the form begin to take a hideous shape. The mists began to glow green, and I felt the ground beneath my feet begin to swell and rupture. The form was taking a different shape, and I knew I was about to set free one of the servants of the Old Ones. I was about to unleash a shoggoth!

The shape began to filter up past the rafters and actually through the ceiling. I knew that if I continued, the gateway would open and release this thing into the world. But it was not the time!

I watched the shape and the beams of light from the machine as they both fed off the stars in the cosmos above. I could actually see past the house and into the night sky as the power grew upon the starlight.

Suddenly, there came a cry of impending fury from the creature that was taking form. The sound was so immense that I screamed in mental pain along with the thing. The cellar was filling with other shapes, and mists were oozing from the floor. The minions were gathering—shoggoths, night gaunts, pilot demons, serpent men, ready to come forth and make way for their Master.

But the time was not right!

I had to act before I lost my senses. I began to actually feel the repulsive, jellylike substance of the great shoggoth as it lurched from below. The thing was trying to stop me from sending it back! I literally fell on the table, almost upsetting the machine, which was glowing as if red hot. As I touched it, I expected to be burned, but was surprised to find it was cool and solid. I pulled the lever on the device and fell to the floor. Immediately the room was plunged into darkness. The fire in the urn went out as if a gust of wind had entered the chamber, and the rays from the stars ceased as suddenly as they had come.

An incredible horror came over me. I was plunged into total blackness and could not see if I had acted in time to send the creatures back to the prison dimension.

I remained there on the floor for a long time and listened. There came no sound but my own violent breathing. Presently I stood up and groped around in the dark until I found a box of matches.

As the light flared, I quickly looked around the chamber. I found everything to be as it was before I had begun my experiment, with one exception. On the floor, beneath my feet, was a long, thin crack that extended three-quarters of the way across the room.

Several days later I was visited by you, Peter. I did not tell you then of my test, nor did I say anything about my certainty that the time was at hand. I did not want to tell you, Peter, of my intentions, until I had opened the gateway. I wanted no one to try to stop me, and there was something about your manner that I did not trust. Forgive me, my friend, for now that the gateway is open and the confusion is past, I know that you have found your way to my home and found this ledger. Now you, too, know the truth, and you may join me on the throne I now possess. We will make this world right, together, and no one will be as powerful. The Old Ones will rejoice and leave us to rule our planet while they regain their command over the vast universe. The human race will be our slaves, and we will command them to live as we choose.

Somehow I felt comforted in keeping Yath-Notep a secret from you, Peter. Still, I suspect you knew more than you let on. But now all is told, and I am going to complete my task tonight, and open the gateway.

I know that I must have a stronger will tonight than I had on that night a month ago, for I must not let the horrors of the moment of revelations overcome me again. They will last only for a short time, and then will come the joy of standing next to the Masters and taking my rewards.

I have maintained the machine and made all necessary repairs. Surprisingly, I have not seen you since your last visit two weeks ago. This doesn't disturb me, however, for solitude gave me the time necessary to prepare everything for tonight's rituals.

Everything is now in place. The machine is in position and all the components are present. The powders are in the urn, ready to be ignited, and I shall don the robe once more.

This time the incantations will be complete, and I will call Yath-Notep to come forth from His chamber, and set loose his master, Cthulhu, who will call out to the Ancient Ones, shattering their astral bonds and bringing them back to our world.

It is late and I feel the power building. I can hear the calling from the cosmos. I haven't much time left. My heart is pounding fast with anticipation and excitement. Oh, may I have the strength to face the onslaught of tonight's final ritual!

The hour is almost at hand. I have very little time to note more, before I descend to my laboratory below. I have donned the alchemist's robe, and I have the books of words. My hand shakes as I write.

I will take this ledger with me to the cellar so I may make accounts of my last minutes as a mortal.

(Author's note: *The rest of the account of Heinrich Muller was vague and very hard for us to translate into English. The following is all we could make out....*)

It is done. I have again completed the ritual.

The machine is working.

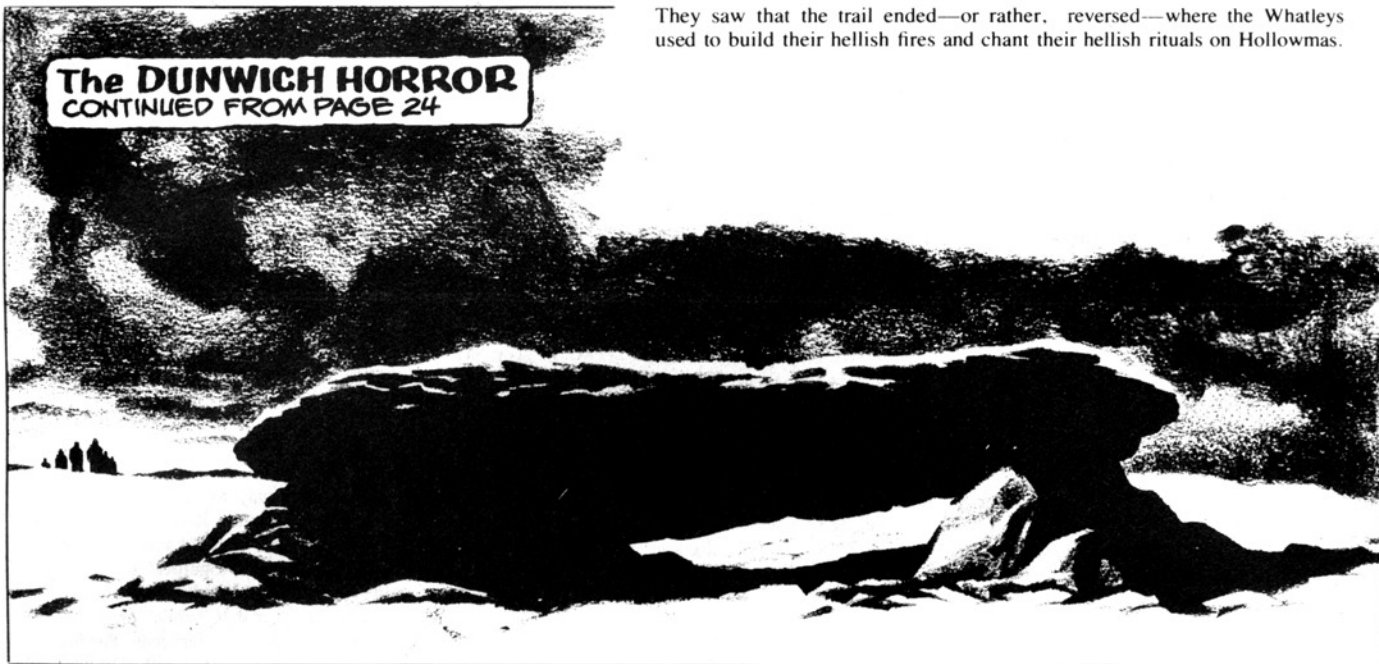
That hole...Oh Lord, that hole...those things coming from...

What have I done...

I see it now, it has taken form. It is a hand... a giant hand and it is pointing down at me....

The DUNWICH HORROR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24



They saw that the trail ended—or rather, reversed—where the Whatleys used to build their hellish fires and chant their hellish rituals on Hollowmas.

Thursday night at about three A.M., all the party telephones rang tremulously. Those who picked up their receivers heard a fright-mad voice shriek out, "Help, oh, my Gawd!" ... A hastily assembled group of armed men trudged out to the Frye place.

There was no longer any house, and amongst the ruins nothing living or dead could be discovered. The Elmer Fryes had been erased from Dunwich.



In the meantime, in Arkham, the curious manuscript of Wilbur Whatley had caused much worry and bafflement among the experts in languages; the old ledger was finally given wholly into the charge of Dr. Armitage.



He fortified himself with the lore of cryptography; and, on November 26, 1916, the first passage he translated proved to be highly disquieting, having been written, as he remembered, by a child of three and a half:



TODAY LEARNED THE AKLO FOR THE SABAOOTH, WHICH DID NOT LIKE, IT BEING ANSWERABLE FROM THE HILL AND NOT FROM THE AIR. THAT UPSTAIRS MORE AHEAD OF ME THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE, AND IS NOT LIKE TO HAVE MUCH EARTH BRAIN. THEY FROM THE AIR TOLD ME AT SABBAT THAT IT WILL BE YEARS BEFORE I CAN CLEAR OFF THE EARTH, AND I GUESS GRAND-FATHER WILL BE DEAD THEN, SO I SHALL HAVE TO LEARN ALL THE ANGLES OF THE PLANES AND ALL THE FORMULAS BETWEEN THE YR AND THE NHHNGR. THEY FROM OUTSIDE WILL HELP, BUT THEY CANNOT TAKE BODY WITHOUT HUMAN BLOOD. THAT UPSTAIRS LOOKS IT WILL HAVE THE RIGHT CAST. I CAN SEE IT A LITTLE WHEN I MAKE THE VOORISH SIGN. I WONDER HOW I SHALL LOOK WHEN THE EARTH IS CLEARED AND THERE ARE NO EARTH BEINGS ON IT.

Morning found Dr. Armitage in a cold sweat of terror and a frenzy of wakeful concentration. He had not left the manuscript all night.



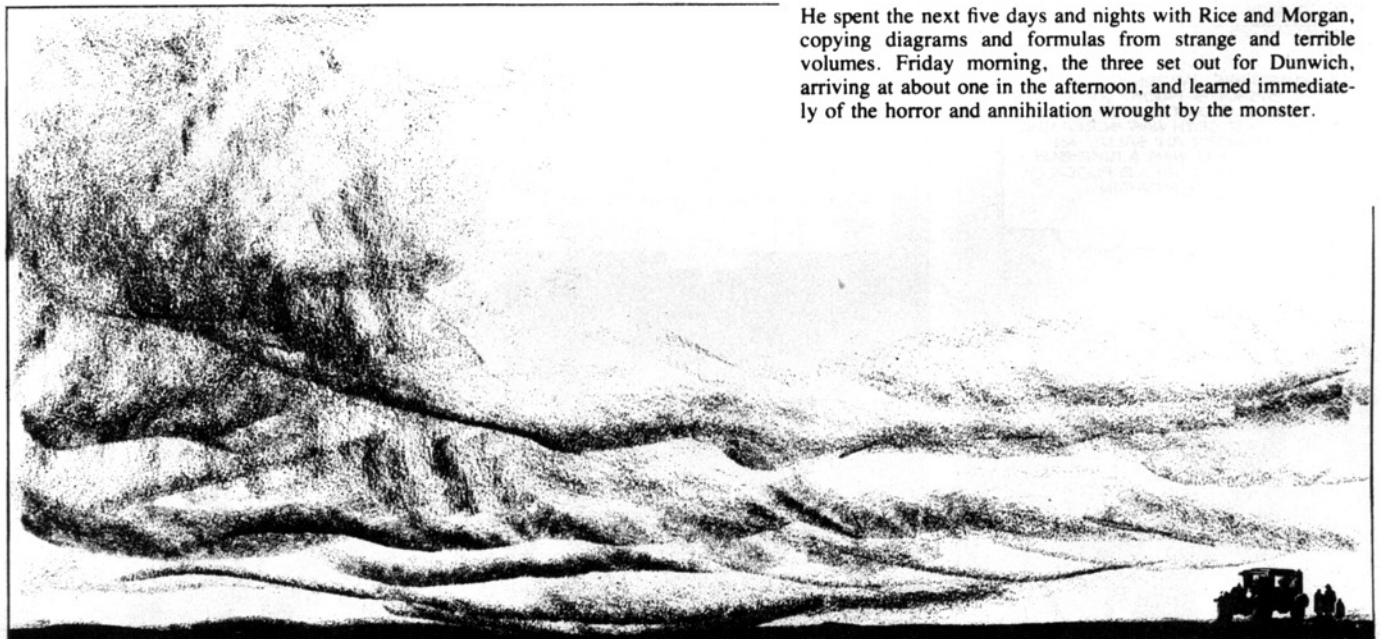
STOP THEM, STOP THEM! THOSE WHATLEYS MEANT TO LET THEM IN, AND THE WORST OF ALL IS LEFT! TELL RICE AND MORGAN WE MUST DO SOMETHING--IT'S A BLIND BUSINESS, BUT I KNOW HOW TO MAKE THE POWDER... IT HASN'T BEEN FED SINCE AUGUST, WHEN WILBUR CAME HERE TO HIS DEATH, AND AT THAT RATE...

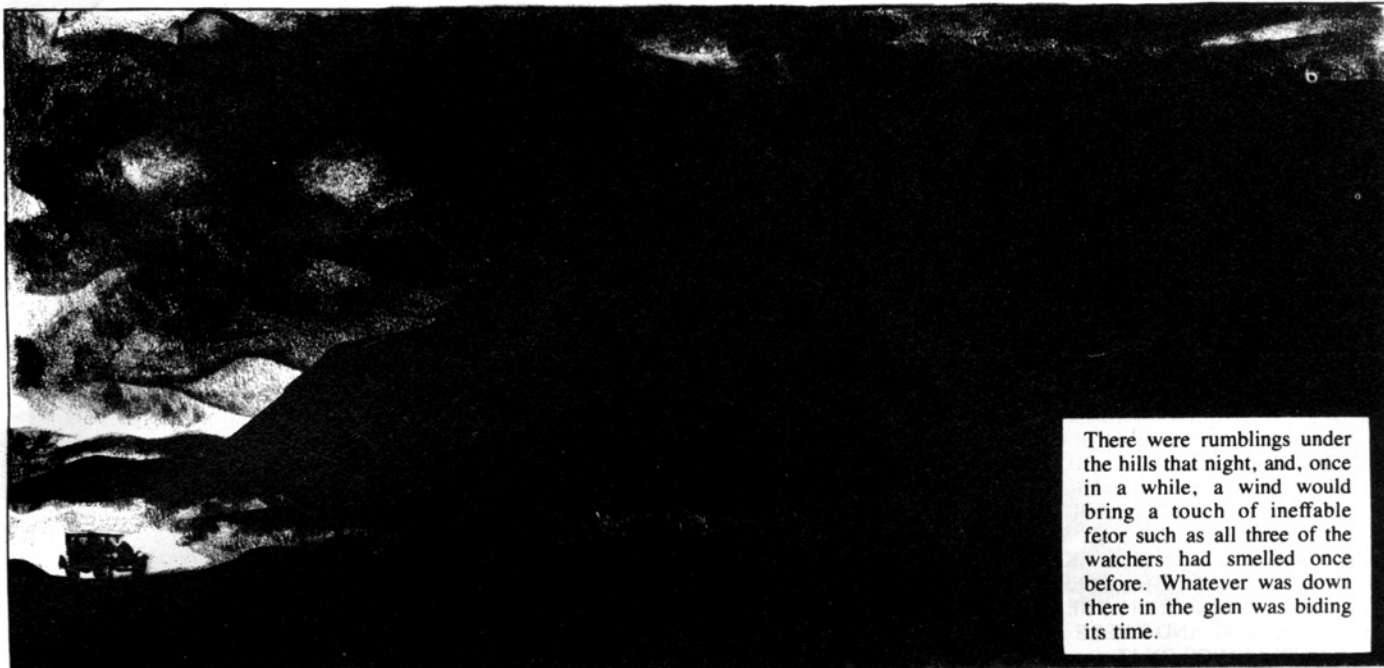


Saturday afternoon he summoned Rice and Morgan to the library for a conference.



He spent the next five days and nights with Rice and Morgan, copying diagrams and formulas from strange and terrible volumes. Friday morning, the three set out for Dunwich, arriving at about one in the afternoon, and learned immediately of the horror and annihilation wrought by the monster.





There were rumblings under the hills that night, and, once in a while, a wind would bring a touch of ineffable fetor such as all three of the watchers had smelled once before. Whatever was down there in the glen was biding its time.

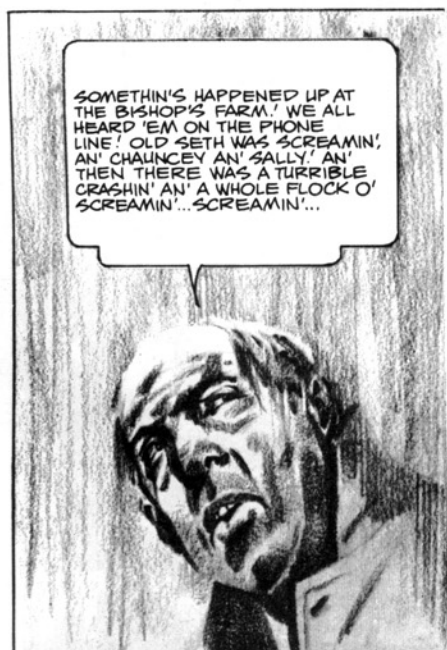
Morning came, gray and bleak; and not much more than an hour later, a confused babel of voices sounded down the road.



IT WOULD BE SUICIDAL TO TRY AND ATTACK IT IN THE DARK.



OH, MY GAWD, MY GAWD, IT'S A-GOIN' AGIN, AN' THIS TIME, BY DAY! IT'S AOUT AN' A-MOVIN' THIS VERY MINUTE!

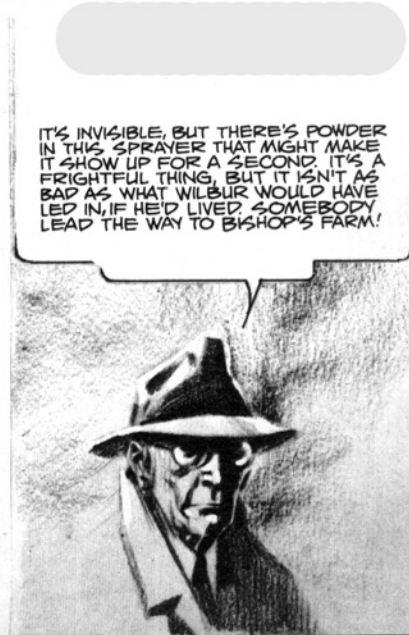


SOMETHIN'S HAPPENED UP AT THE BISHOP'S FARM. WE ALL HEARD 'EM ON THE PHONE LINE! OLD SETH WAS SCREAMIN' AN' CHAUNCEY AN' SALLY! AN' THEN THERE WAS A TERRIBLE CRASHIN' AN' A WHOLE FLOCK O' SCREAMIN'...SCREAMIN'...

Armitage saw that the time for positive action had come.



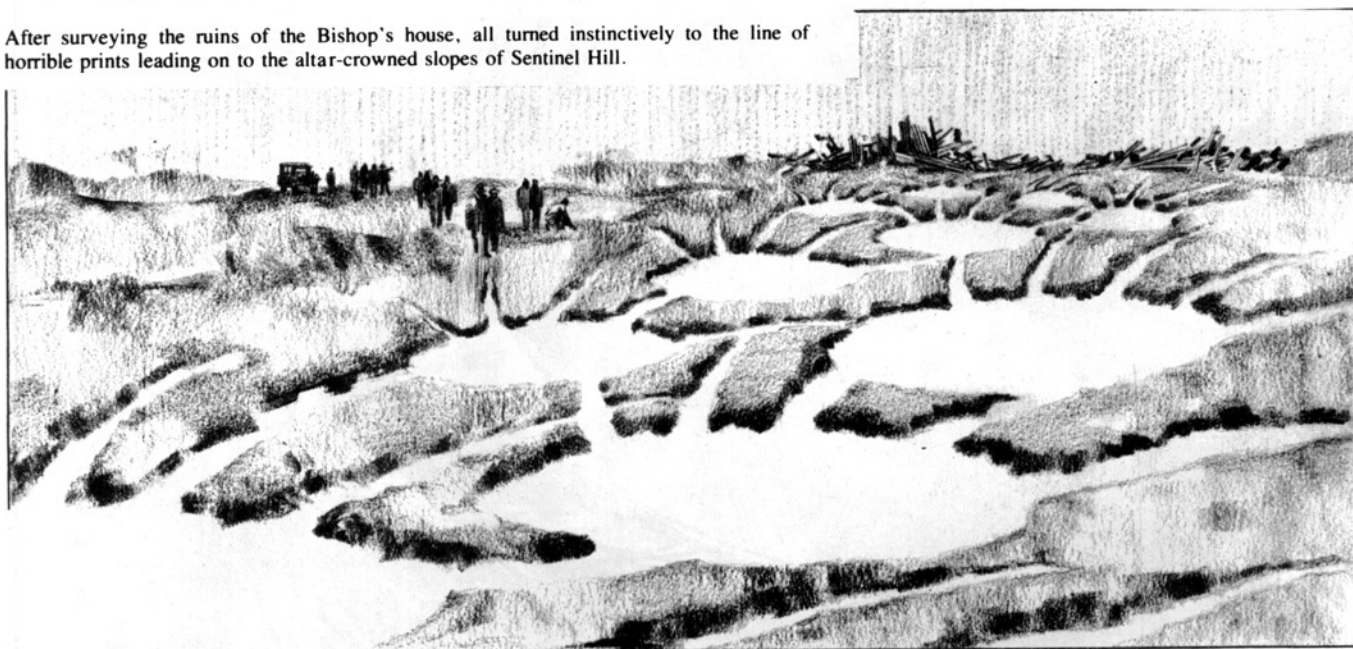
WE MUST FOLLOW IT, BOYS. THIS THING IS A THING OF WIZARDRY, BUT I THINK I KNOW THE RIGHT KIND OF SPELL TO MAKE IT DISAPPEAR!



IT'S INVISIBLE, BUT THERE'S POWDER IN THIS SPRAYER THAT MIGHT MAKE IT SHOW UP FOR A SECOND. IT'S A FRIGHTFUL THING, BUT IT ISN'T AS BAD AS WHAT WILBUR WOULD HAVE LED IN, IF HE'D LIVED. SOMEBODY LEAD THE WAY TO BISHOP'S FARM!



After surveying the ruins of the Bishop's house, all turned instinctively to the line of horrible prints leading on to the altar-crowned slopes of Sentinel Hill.

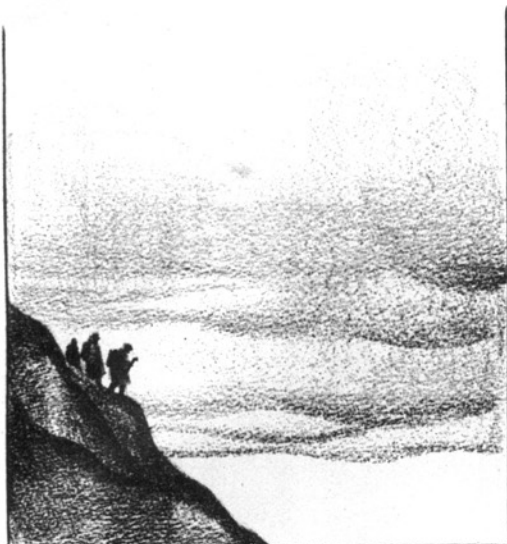


The germ of panic seemed to spread among the seekers. In the end, only the three men of Arkham ascended the mountain.



Arriving at an elevated peak, Armitage adjusted the device that would allow him to spray the magic powder on the monster.

There was an instant's flash of gray cloud — about the size of a moderately large building... Then...Great God Almighty! An abomination such as the eyes of man had never beheld!



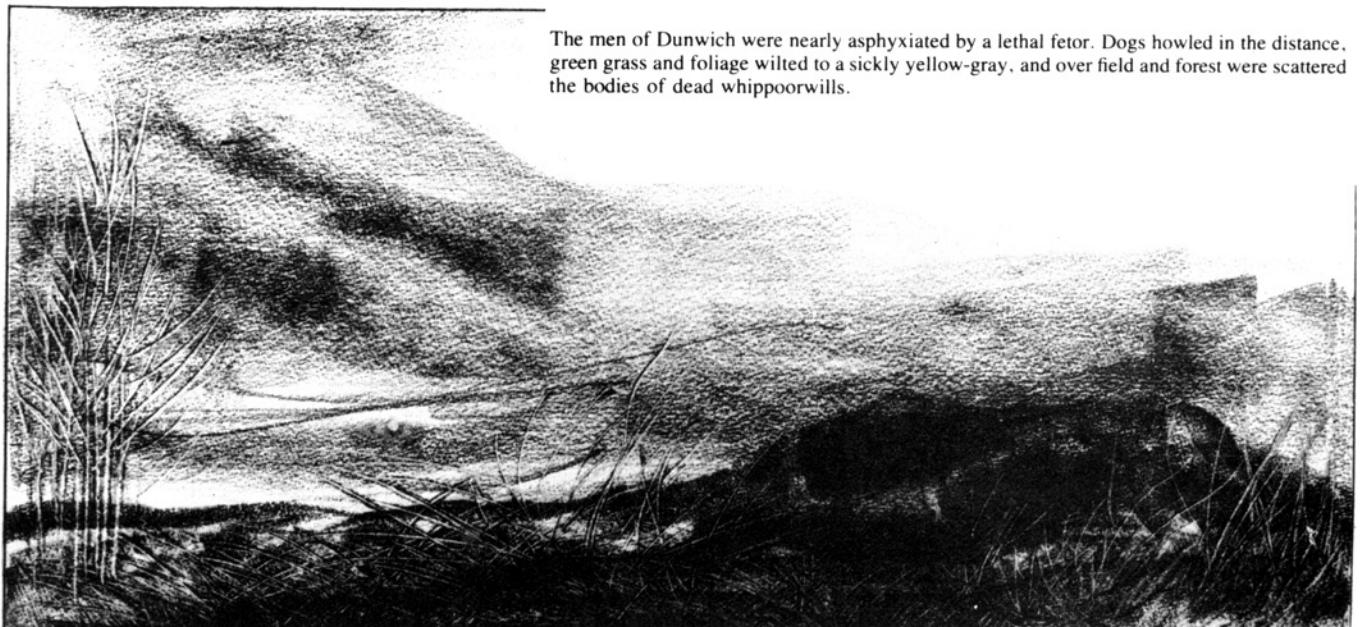
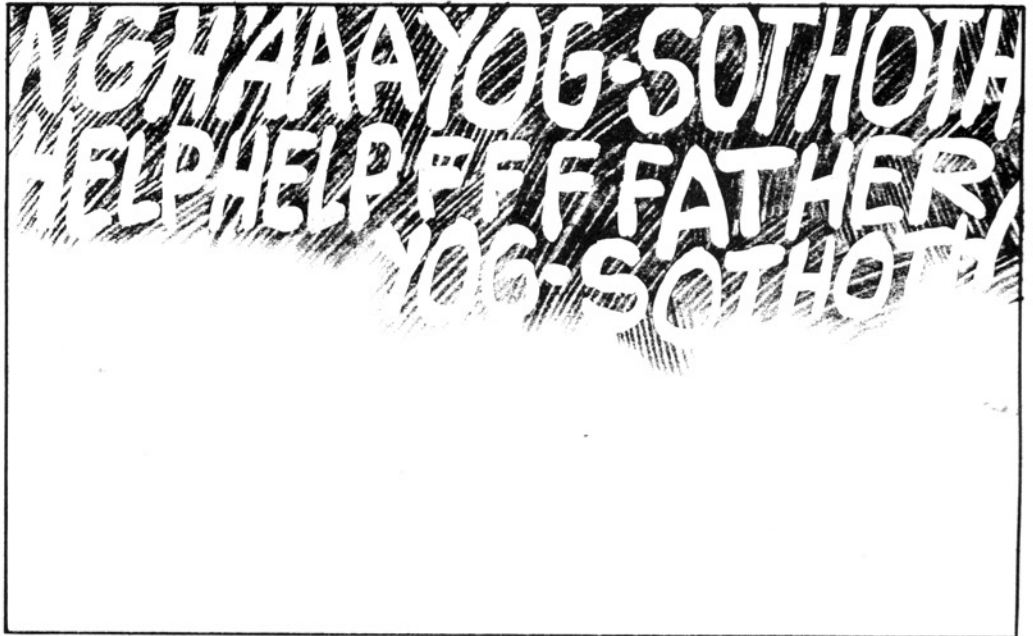
As if they were unaware of the terrors around them, the three scholars began to chant a rhythmic incantation to lift the spell.

The whippoorwills began piping wildly, in a singularly irregular rhythm quite unlike that of the visible ritual.

Without warning there came deep, cracked, raucous vocal sounds unlike any ever born from a human throat.



From what black wells of fear or feeling, from what unplumbed gulfs of extracosmic consciousness or obscure, long-latent heredity were those half-articulate thunder-croakings drawn? And among them were *indisputably English syllables!*



The men of Dunwich were nearly asphyxiated by a lethal feter. Dogs howled in the distance, green grass and foliage wilted to a sickly yellow-gray, and over field and forest were scattered the bodies of dead whippoorwills.

The vegetation never came right again. To this day there is something queer and unholy about the growths on and around that fearsome hill...



Grave and quiet, the men of Arkham came slowly down the mountain in the beams of a once-more brilliant and untainted sunlight.



THE THING IS GONE FOREVER. IT WAS AN IMPOSSIBILITY IN A NORMAL WORLD. IT WAS LIKE ITS FATHER—AND MOST OF IT HAS GONE BACK TO HIM IN SOME VAGUE REALM OR DIMENSION OUTSIDE OUR MATERIAL UNIVERSE, OUT OF WHICH ONLY THE MOST ACCURSED RITES OF HUMAN BLASPHEMY COULD EVER HAVE CALLED HIM...



BUT WHAT WAS IT, ANYHAOW, AN' HAOW-
EVER DID YOUNG WIZARD WHATLEY
CALL IT AOUT O' THE AIR IT COME
FROM?



IT WAS—WELL—IT WAS MOSTLY A KIND OF FORCE THAT DOESN'T BELONG IN OUR PART OF SPACE: ONE THAT ACTS AND GROWS AND SHAPES ITSELF BY LAWS OTHER THAN THOSE OF OUR SORT OF NATURE. THINGS LIKE THAT THE WHATLEYS WERE GOING TO LET IN—TANGIBLY TO WIPE OUT THE HUMAN RACE. THE THING WE'VE JUST SENT BACK... IT GREW BIG AND FAST FOR THE SAME REASON AS WILBUR—BUT IT BEAT HIM, BECAUSE IT HAD A GREATER SHARE OF THE *OUTSIDENESS* IN IT. YOU NEEDN'T ASK HOW WILBUR CALLED IT OUT OF THE AIR. HE DIDN'T CALL IT OUT. *IT WAS HIS TWIN BROTHER, BUT IT LOOKED MORE LIKE THE FATHER THAN HE DID.*

Y

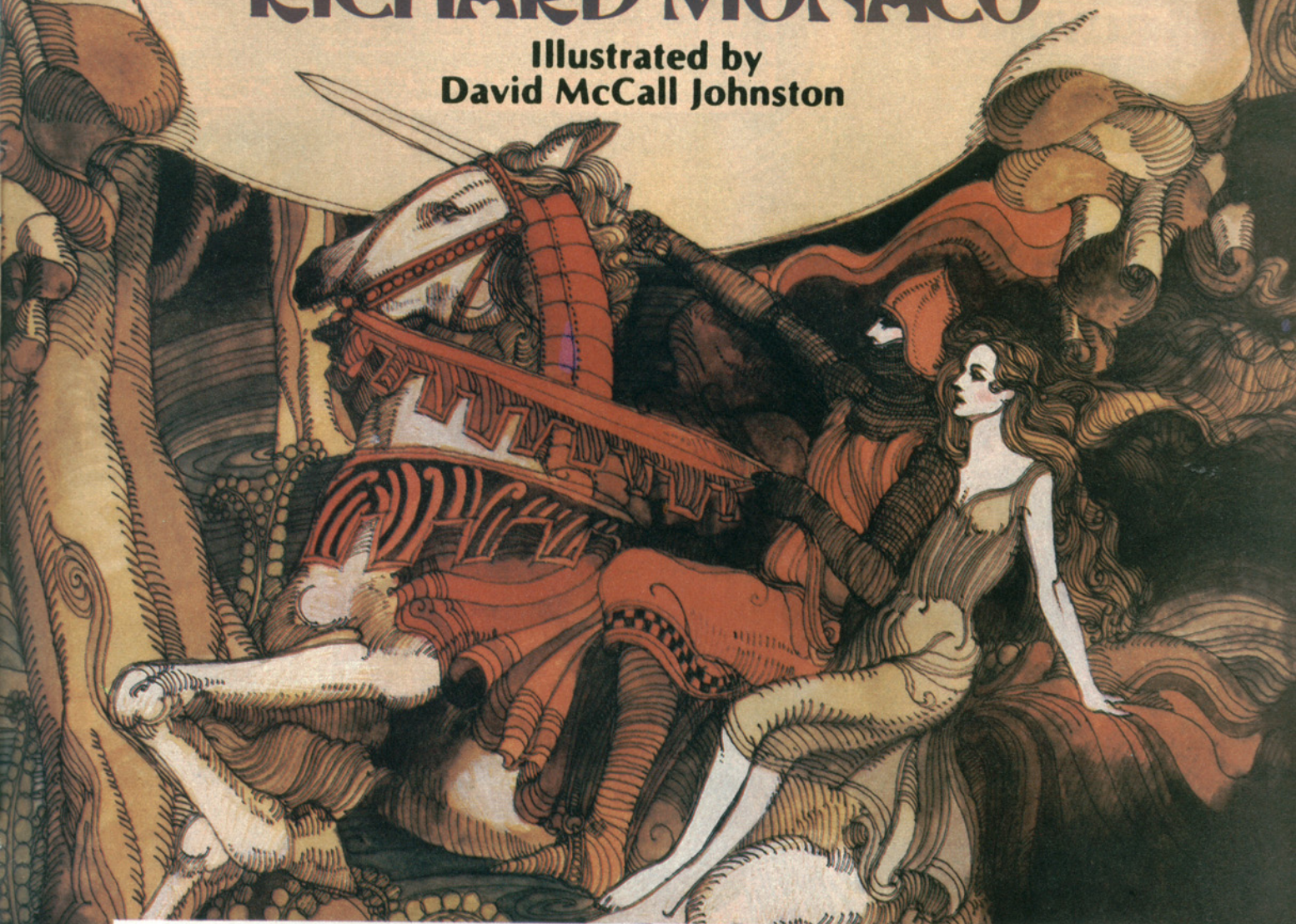


THE END

THE GRAIL WAR

RICHARD MONACO

Illustrated by
David McCall Johnston



The Grail War. Parsival, now in his mature years, is established as one of King Arthur's most noble knights. Yet the brutal murders of his wife and children force him to interrupt his search for spiritual freedom, and again take up the sword. What ensues is a passionate, enthralling saga—a worthy sequel to Richard Monaco's bestselling **Parsival**. Illustrated. **A Wallaby Book, from Pocket Books. Now on sale everywhere.**



IN ALL OF HUMANITY, THE DESIRES FOR FOOD AND SEX APPEAR IN VARIED FORMS AND INTENSITIES. OFTEN, TOO, THE PECULIARITIES OF THESE DESIRES FOLLOW PATTERNS.

THERE ARE SOME MEN WHO COUPLE A SWEET TOOTH WITH AN UNEXPLAINABLE HANKERING FOR BLONDES. CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW ICE CREAM AND NORWEGIAN WOMEN ALWAYS AROUSE THEIR DEEPEST LONGINGS.

BUT WHILE PROVIDENCE ASSIGNS A SWEET TOOTH TO SOME, THERE ARE THOSE WHOSE LOT IS NOT AS FORTUNATE.

FOR SOME, ONLY THE SPICIEST TACO, THE MOST PUNGENT PROVOLONE, THE STRONGEST SALAMI, OR THE MOST EYE-WATERING ONION WILL DO. AND ONLY THE MOST PASSIONATE, DARK-HAIRED WOMEN CAN POSSIBLY SATISFY THE CARNAL LUSTS OF THE HOT-SPICE LOVER. BUT AS THE CANDY-EATER'S BREATH CAN BE LIKENED TO THE SWEETEST HONEY, THE SALAMI-EATER'S HAS BEEN BEST DESCRIBED, PERHAPS, BY SHAKESPEARE WHO COMPLAINED THROUGH ONE OF HIS PLAYS CHARACTERS OF "THE RANKEST COMPOUND OF VILLAINOUS SMIELL THAT EVER OFFENDED NOSTRIL." SURELY IT WAS THE BLENDING OF THE MOUTH'S NATURAL ODORS WITH THE LINGERING STENCH OF SPICY FOODS THAT THE IMMORTAL BARD COMPLAINED ABOUT.

ALL OF WHICH LEADS US TO THE STORY OF ONE MEALY-MOUTHED, MODERN-DAY MAN NAMED NORMAN RODOLAM.

BAD BREATH

NORMAN WAS CRAZY ABOUT GIRLS. EXCEPT FOR FOOD, THEY WERE ALL HE EVER THOUGHT ABOUT.



SUCH WAS HIS EXTREME NEED THAT HE WOULD SPEND EVERY FREE HOUR COMBING THE STREETS IN SEARCH OF PREY. BUT NORMAN'S ROMANTIC ADVANCES ELICITED THE SAME RESPONSE...



...AS A SKUNK'S UPTURNED TAIL MIGHT.



IT SEEMED THAT NORMAN WAS DESTINED TO REMAIN AN OUTSIDER TO THE SOCIAL TREASURES MOST PEOPLE TOOK FOR GRANTED.



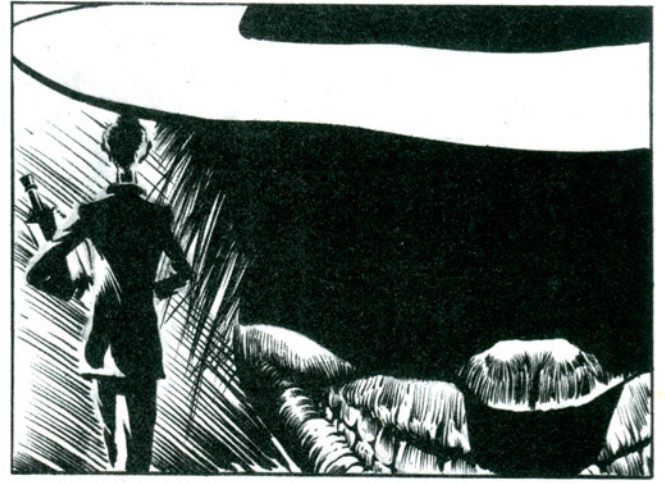
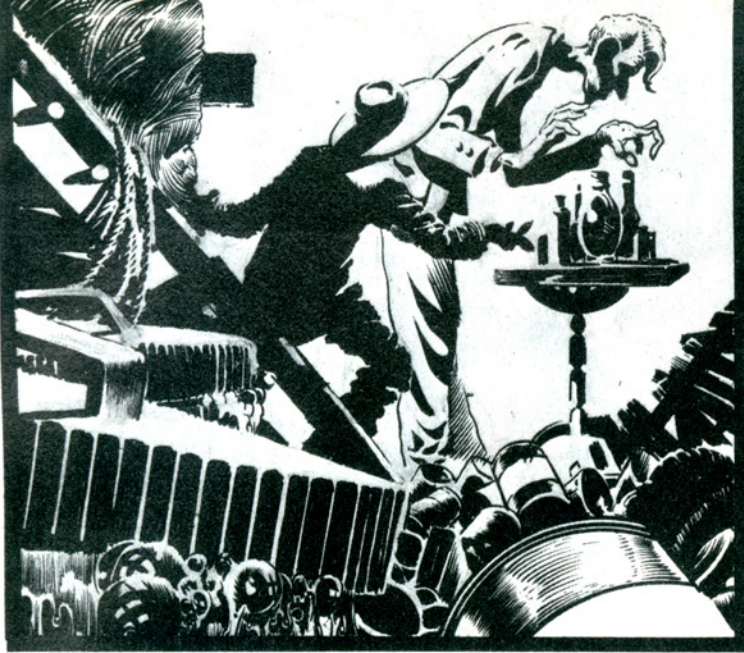
IN AN EFFORT TO RELIEVE THE UNBEARABLE FRUSTRATION AND LONELINESS...

...NORMAN TOOK COLD SHOWERS...

...AND LONG WALKS IN THE EVENINGS.

SUDDENLY, WHILE DEEP IN THOUGHT, HE NOTICED A MAN BECKONING TO HIM FROM A NEARBY ALLEY.





THE MAN POINTED TO A GROUP OF BOTTLES AND INFORMED NORMAN THAT THEY CONTAINED A RATHER EFFECTIVE LOVE POTION...AND THEY WERE FOR SALE. FEELING NOT THE LEAST BIT FOOLISH, NORMAN PULLED OUT HIS WALLET, BOUGHT SEVERAL BOTTLES OF THE ELIXIR, AND HEADED HOMEWARD.

THE TREK TO HIS TINY, ILL-KEPT APARTMENT SEEMED TO TAKE MUCH TOO LONG. NORMAN THOUGHT ABOUT OPENING ONE OF THE BOTTLES AND DRINKING ITS CONTENTS ON THE WAY HOME, BUT HE WAITED UNTIL HE WAS IN HIS KITCHEN, WITH A GLASS IN HIS HAND.



SUDDENLY, NORMAN WAS HESITANT TO DRINK THE STUFF, CONSIDERING ITS UNSAVORY AND MYSTERIOUS SOURCE. THEN, HE BEGAN TO DREAM OF ALL THE WILD POSSIBILITIES OF A LOVE POTION AND, THROWING HIS HEAD BACK, GULPED DOWN THE DARK LIQUID.

IT REALLY WASN'T BAD AT ALL. HE HAD ANOTHER GLASS...AND THEN ANOTHER.



NORMAN DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO SEEK ADVENTURE AND INTRIGUE AT THE LOCAL WATERING HOLE.

THROUGH THE FOUL SMELL AND
DENSE FOG OF THE SMOKE-
FILLED BAR, NORMAN WANDERED
UNCERTAINLY. THEN HE SAT DOWN
NEXT TO... HER.



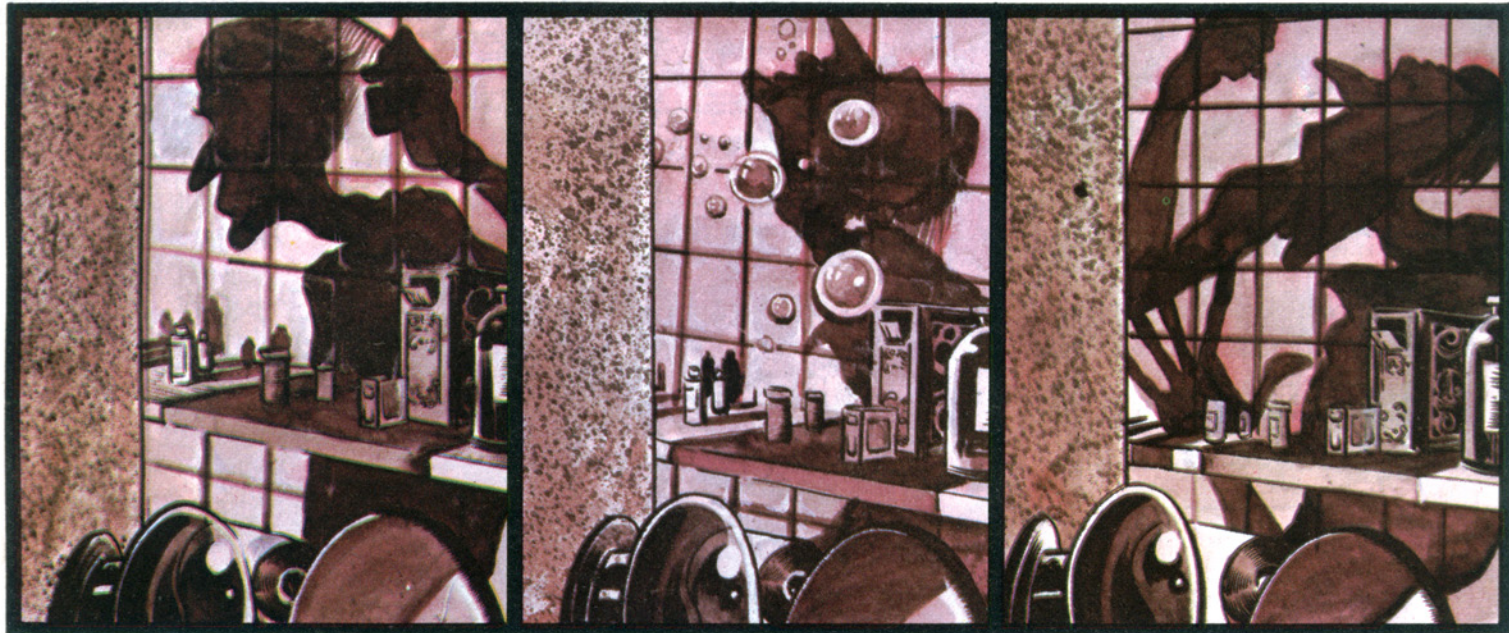
HER EBONY EYES GLEAMED LIKE TWO
FINELY POLISHED MARBLES SET IN THE
SHAPELY GLOBE THAT WAS HER HEAD.
DARK TRESSES DRAPED HER SHOUL-
DERS, BUT COULD NOT CONCEAL THE
MELONOUS BREASTS THAT HUNG FULL TO
THE TABLE. SHE WAS INDEED A VISION
OF BEAUTY.



ONCE INSIDE HIS APARTMENT, NORMAN
TEMPORARILY LEFT HIS BELOVED IN
ORDER TO PREPARE FOR THE COMING
MOMENTS OF PASSION.



CAREFULLY, NORMAN COMBED HIS SHAGGY HAIR. HE WAS BEGINNING TO LOSE SOME OF THE CONFIDENCE INSPIRED BY THE LOVE POTION. AFTER STARING AT HIS FACE IN THE BATHROOM MIRROR FOR SEVERAL LONG MINUTES, NORMAN PICKED UP A HALF-FILLED BOTTLE OF THE MYSTERIOUS ELIXIR AND BEGAN TO DRINK.



A STRANGE AND FRIGHTENING THING HAPPENED TO NORMAN AT THAT MOMENT. HE BEGAN TO GAG...



...AND THEN FELL TO THE FLOOR, TOTALLY UNCONSCIOUS. IT WAS NOT NORMAN RODOLAM WHO STALKED INTO THE BEDROOM THAT NIGHT.



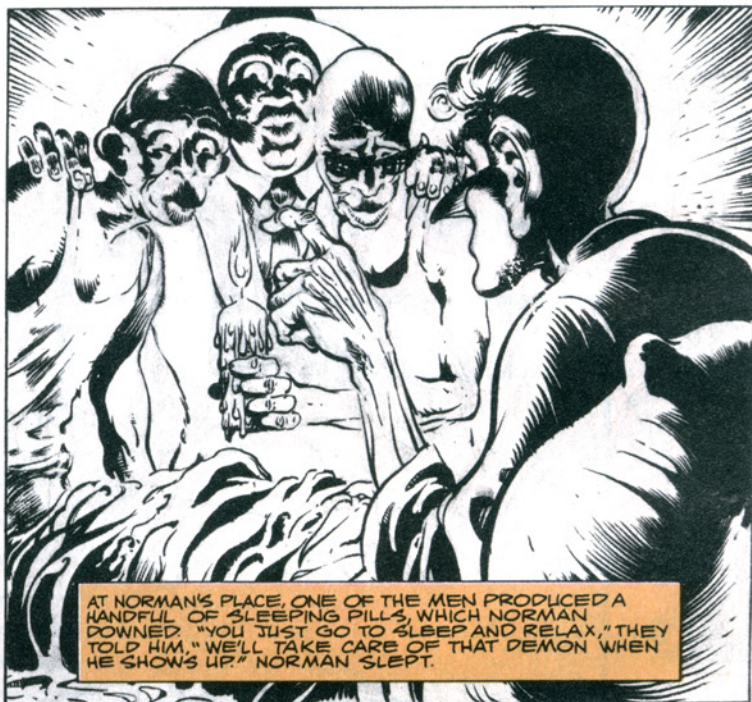
NORMAN SLEPT ON THE BATHROOM FLOOR AND WOKE WITH A HEADACHE. THE NEXT MORNING, DIM MEMORIES CAME TO HAUNT HIM AND EXPLODED IN HIS MIND. "OH, MY GOD, SHRIEKED NORMAN, "THERE'S A DEMON INSIDE OF ME. WHAT WILL I DO?"



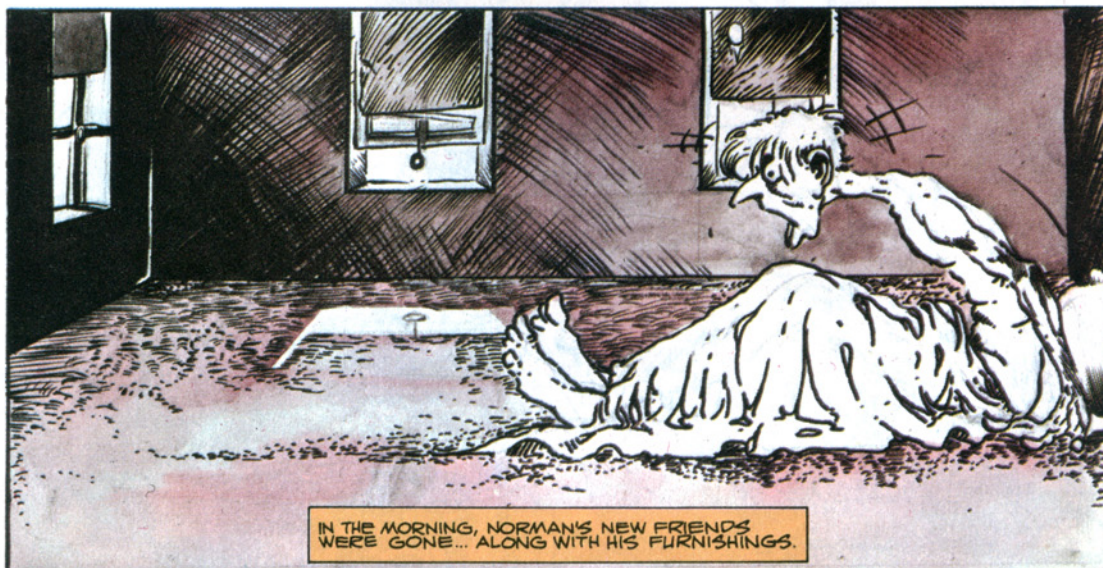
"WHAT WILL I DO? WHAT WILL I...!"



NORMAN CAME UP WITH A PLAN. THAT EVENING, HE APPROACHED A DEADLY BAND OF CUTTHROATS WITH A PROPOSITION. HE WOULD PAY THEM WELL TO DISPOSE OF THE CURSED DEMON FROM WITHIN. THEY WERE MORE THAN HAPPY TO HELP A "BROTHER" FOR A SMALL FEE.



AT NORMAN'S PLACE, ONE OF THE MEN PRODUCED A HANDFUL OF SLEEPING PILLS, WHICH NORMAN DOWNED. "YOU JUST GO TO SLEEP AND RELAX," THEY TOLD HIM, "WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT DEMON WHEN HE SHOWS UP." NORMAN SLEPT.



IN THE MORNING, NORMAN'S NEW FRIENDS WERE GONE... ALONG WITH HIS FURNISHINGS.



NORMAN THOUGHT FOR A LONG TIME BEFORE HE CAME UP WITH A NEW PLAN. FOR THE LATEST PLOT TO WORK, NORMAN NEEDED BAIT-- VERY LIVELY, VERY WARM BAIT....



CLEOPATRA THE BELLY DANCER ARRIVED WITHIN THE HOUR. SHE HAD NEVER DEVELOPED A GREAT LIKING FOR NORMAN, AND IT WAS ONLY AFTER RECEIVING A PROMISE OF A LARGE AMOUNT OF CASH THAT SHE AGREED TO PROVIDE HER AMOROUS SERVICES. AFTER NORMAN HAD PRODUCED THE MONEY AND CAREFULLY COUNTED IT OUT, SHE STEPPED INSIDE, TOOK OFF HER COAT, AND BEGAN TO DANCE AROUND IN A MOST AROUSING WAY.

SHE MOVED SLOWLY AROUND THE APARTMENT, LIFTING HER LONG LEGS AND TWISTING HER BODY IN A LASCIVIOUS MANNER. ALL THROUGH HER DANCE, SHE HAD BEEN DISROBING. WHEN SHE CAME TO THE BED, SHE DISCARDED THE LAST OF HER CLOTHING, CLIMBED UNDER THE COVERS, AND SMILED AT NORMAN.



THAT'S WHEN NORMAN REALIZED HE WAS LOSING CONTROL. HE STARTED TO COUGH AND GAG.



CATCHING HIS BREATH AFTER BEING KNOCKED TO THE FLOOR, NORMAN GRABBED THE AX HE HAD SET ASIDE EARLIER. HE BROUGHT THE SHARP BLADE DOWN WITH ALL HIS MIGHT UPON THE CREATURE'S UGLY HEAD.

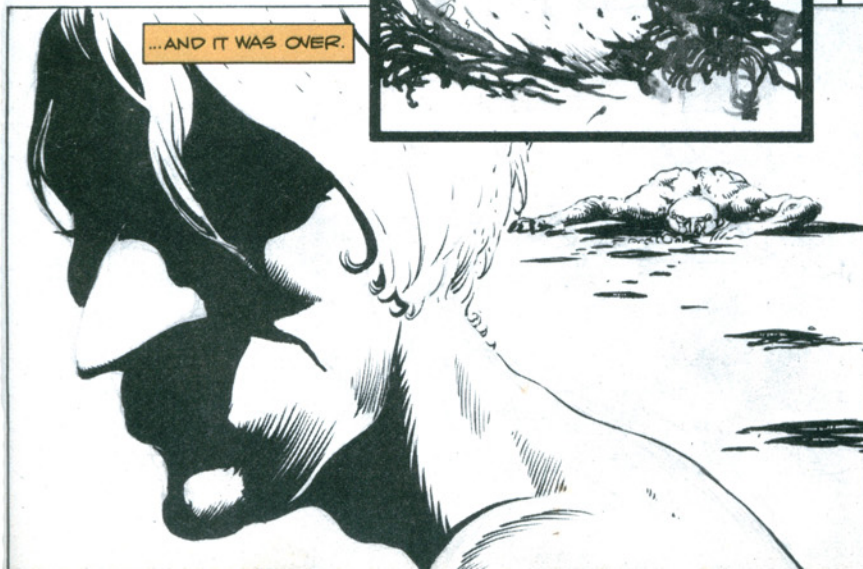


THE DEMON SCREAMED HORRIBLY AND TURNED AROUND. IT MADE A FRANTIC LEAP FOR NORMAN'S THROAT. NORMAN SWUNG THE AX ONCE MORE...



IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, NORMAN DID HIS BEST TO FORGET ALL THAT HAD HAPPENED. HE POURED THE LOVE POTION DOWN THE TOILET, AND RESUMED A NORMAL LIFE. IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE HE WAS OUT ON THE STREET ONCE MORE, HUNTING WOMEN. BUT NORMAN WOULD FOREVER REMAIN DISTANT FROM THE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF THE WORLD.

...AND IT WAS OVER.

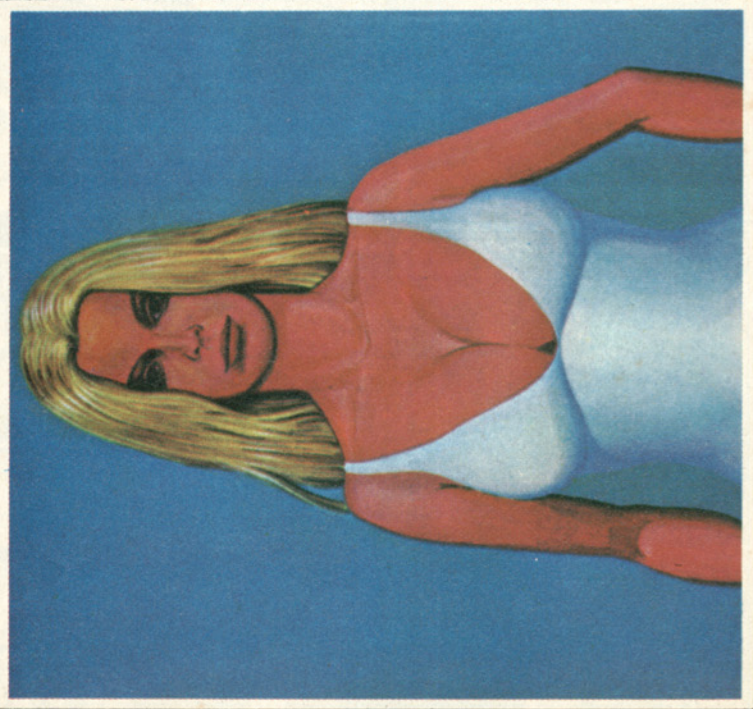


THE END.

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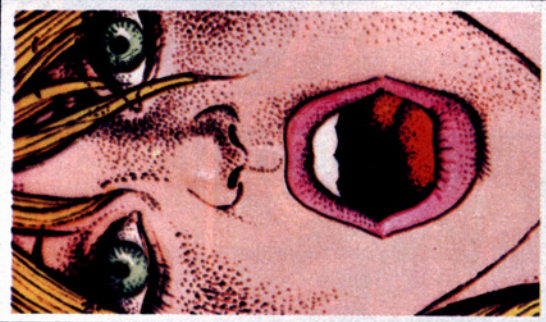
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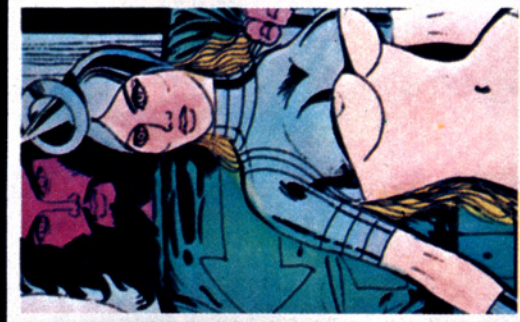
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From *Heavy Metal* magazine, the dream epic of fierce horsemen who have never lost a battle and never won a war, who have always come and gone and who will always return. Script by *Metal Hurlant* editor Jean-Pierre Dionnet, with magnificently detailed black and white art by the mysterious Gal. Large size 9 3/4 x 13 1/4. List price: \$4.95. Order now, pay \$3.95.



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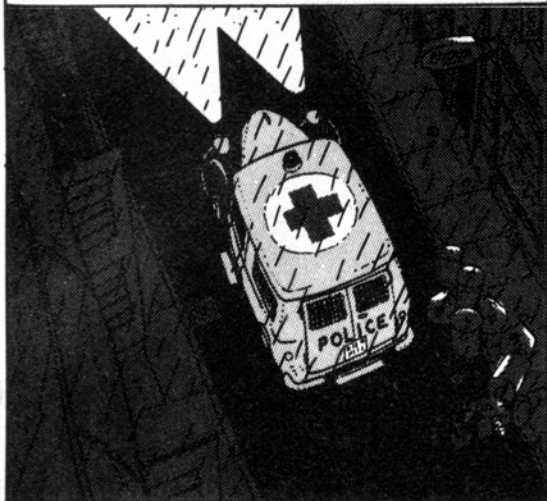
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VEPY-CEPPI

THE AGONY COLUMN

HOW LONG HAD I WANDERED WITHOUT PURPOSE, AND WITH NO DESIRE BUT TO HIDE MYSELF IN THE SAD STREETS OF THAT ACCURSED CITY? AN HOUR? A DAY? TWO DAYS? OR EVEN LONGER?...



IN MY BRIEF BOLTS OF LUCIDITY, THE MEMORY OF MY MISFORTUNE WOULD RECUR, TO FURTHER TORTURE ME...



IT ALL BEGAN JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS (I STILL REMEMBER THE WORDS "MERRY CHRISTMAS" STENCILLED ON THE MIRROR), IN A LOCAL BAR, ON ONE OF THE MANY QUIET, LONELY NIGHTS SO TYPICAL OF MY LIFE. I WAS GLANCING OVER A NEWSPAPER, AMUSING MYSELF BY READING THE PERSONAL NOTICES, THE "AGONY COLUMN"...



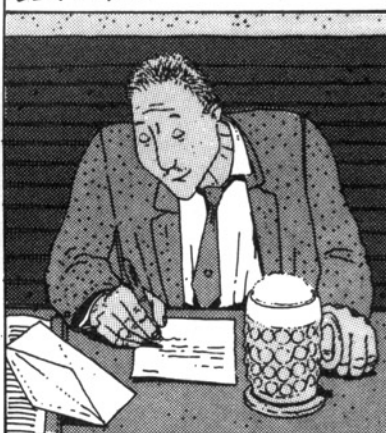
ONE OF THE ENTRIES ATTRACTED MY ATTENTION. WHY? I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW, FOR THEY'RE ALL THE SAME, REALLY, BUT I DECIDED TO ANSWER THIS ONE...

...p. Box 196. ...naughty female in m...
 ...sincere intell desires female compan...
 ...Box M96960
 Dominant wh./fem. slim and attractive. 27. seeks
 submissive gentleman. State fantasies. Reply to
 Box 988415.
 Young woman, pretty, intel., fun-loving, would
 like to meet a companion for conversation and good
 times. Send photo and letter. Pls res. only if you're
 sincere. Box 67009.
 GWM hot to trot looking for a gorgeous blond
 body-building bruiser of a boy for hot date. Send
 full-length pic. Box 43577.
 ...bly, down-to-earth foxy lady
 ...ng dark-haired man who lik...
 ...wling. Box 819HS

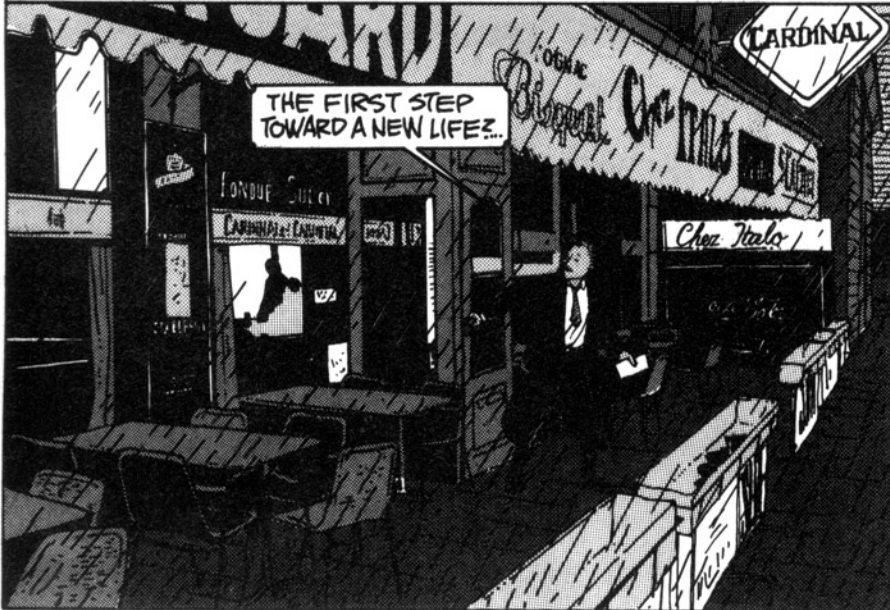
WAITER! SOME PAPER, AN ENVELOPE, A STAMP, AND A BEER...



IN MERE MOMENTS, I HAD COMPOSED A CONCISE LETTER...



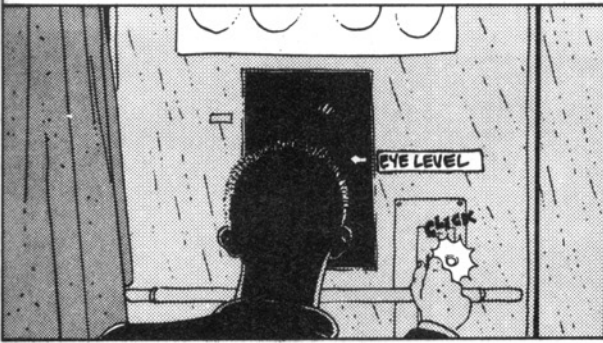
I LEFT THE BAR ALMOST HAPPY...



I HAD TO ENCLOSE A PHOTOGRAPH. I KNEW WHERE TO FIND A PHOTO MACHINE ON A NEARBY STREET...



I SMILED MY BEST AND PUT IN FIFTY CENTS...



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER THE PICTURE SLID OUT OF THE MACHINE...



I SLIPPED ONE IN THE ENVELOPE AND DROPPED THE LETTER IN THE MAIL BOX.

I WISH THE NEXT FEW DAYS WERE OVER ALREADY!



THE LIGHT FLASHED FOUR TIMES, BLINDING ME EACH TIME...



I COULDN'T KEEP MYSELF FROM THINKING ABOUT IT ALL THE WAY HOME...



THREE OR FOUR DAYS LATER, I RECEIVED AN ANSWER...



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I HELD IN MY HAND A LETTER WRITTEN BY A WOMAN. I HELD IT, UNOPENED, AGAINST MY CHEST FOR SOME TIME, AND THEN I OPENED IT...

...WOULD BE PLEASED TO MEET YOU THURSDAY NIGHT AT 7:00 IN FRONT OF THE WALL WITH THE STATUES IN THE... ENCLOSED IS MY PHOTOGRAPH, BLAH, BLAH...

UMM! SO PRETTY, TOO!...



I COULDN'T RESTRAIN MYSELF. MY JOY BURST FORTH...



DURING THE TWO DAYS THAT PRECEDED THE MEETING, MY EXCITEMENT WAS UNBELIEVABLE; AND I WAS TREMBLING, WITH BUTTERFLIES IN MY STOMACH, WHEN I ENTERED THE LARGE PARK, THE LOCATION OF OUR MEETING...



HOW SHOULD I APPROACH THIS GIRL?



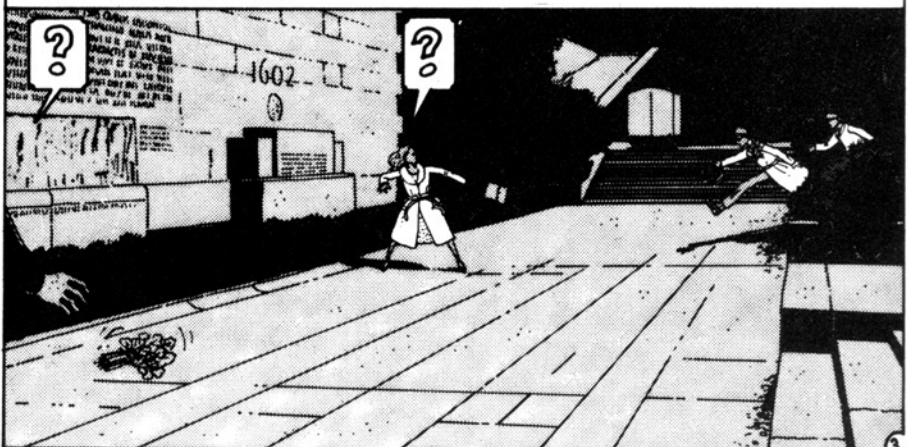
THE CLOSER I GOT, THE MORE I WANTED TO RUN AWAY...



THE GIRL WAS ALREADY THERE...

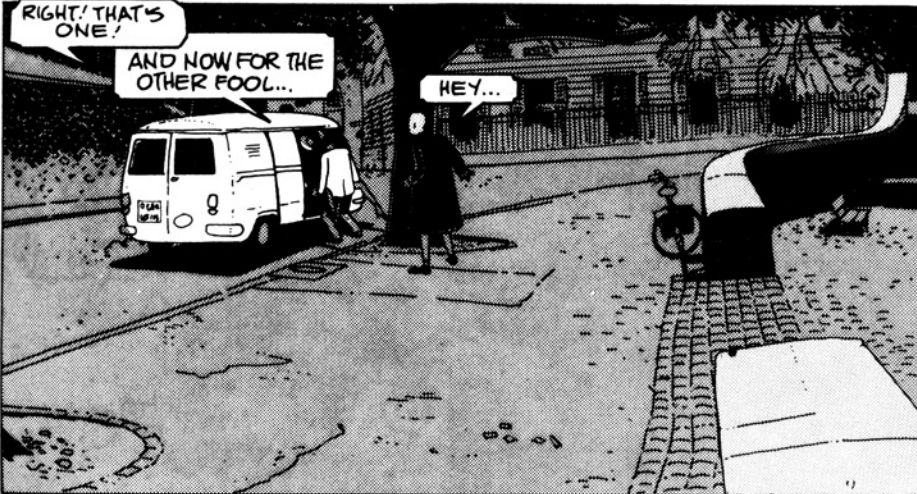


I WAS ONLY A FEW YARDS AWAY WHEN SUDDENLY THERE LEAPED FROM THE BUSHES...





THE TWO EVIL-DOERS BUNDLED THE GIRL INTO A VAN THAT WAS WAITING CLOSE BY...



HOW LONG I REMAINED UNCONSCIOUS I COULD NOT SAY EXACTLY, BUT IT WAS FOR SEVERAL HOURS AT LEAST...

BESIDES, I WOULD HAVE PREFERRED NEVER TO HAVE AWAKENED... BECAUSE...

AAARRRRHHH



A GHASTLY SCENE APPEARED BEFORE MY EYES...WHAT REMAINED OF THE YOUNG WOMAN LAY DEAD UPON A SORT OF MONSTROUS OPERATING TABLE.



AH HA! HE'S COMING TO...

NICE WORK, DON'T YOU THINK?

COME NOW, COME NOW, CONTROL YOURSELF! WE ARE DOING THIS FOR THE GOOD OF HUMANITY!...



ALAS, WE MUST PROCURE OUR GUINEA PIGS BY WHATEVER METHODS WE CAN...



...IN SHORT, WE WILL USE YOU AS A SCAPEGOAT...

YOU ARE MAD!?!...

NO, NO!... IT IS YOU WHO WILL BE ACCUSED OF A SEX CRIME !!!!

...AT WORST, IT WILL BE OUR WORD AGAINST YOURS... IT'S ALL TAKEN CARE OF!...

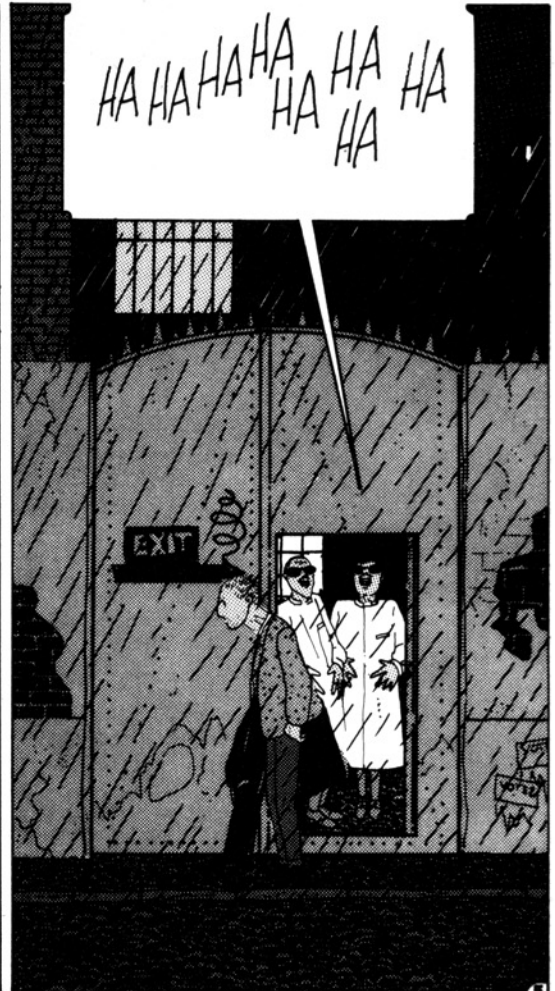
WHAT?!!!! BUT THIS IS MONSTROUS!!!!

LET'S GO...NO TIME TO WASTE! BESIDES, AFTER THIS INJECTION, YOUR LAWYER CAN EASILY GET YOU PUT AWAY ON PSYCHI-ATRIC GROUNDS...HA!HA!HA!

THAT'S BETTER THAN GOING TO THE CHAIR, ISN'T IT? HA!HA!HA!

NO!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA



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