THE TRAGEDY OF FRANKENSTEIN

by Jim Twitchell

To understand what is going on in traditional horror we need to forget the victim’s plight for a moment and just watch the monster. For what we will find is that while humans make mistakes, monsters never do. The vampire is never confused about whom to seduce, the wolfman never gets lost, Mr. Hyde never clubs bystanders. Even though their actions may appear random, monsters are never capricious. So too the Frankenstein monster; stupid as he may seem, is always smart enough to hurt only those who “deserve” it—at least from the point of view of his creator, the monster-maker. Only transitory mutants, walk-and-slashers, zombies, aliens from outer space, or creatures from the deep are indiscriminate. (Publisher’s note, the indiscriminate nature of most modern horror films—the aspect that bothers many parents today—is not what Gladstone’s E.C. reprints are all about. It is for that reason we encourage young readers to share their E.C. reading experiences with their folks.)

Following are some heavily-edited thoughts from a detailed section in Mr. Twitchell’s book, Dreadful Pleasures: An Anatomy of Modern Horror, published by Oxford University Press. In it he makes some interesting observations about the building of the Frankenstein monster legend.)

Every creature from the mythic black lagoon who wants to survive in retellings keeps his eye on only a few victims, a well-chosen few, a few chosen by the martyr who is supposed to suffer most.

With this in mind, we turn to the infancy of the most important “incredible hulk” in our folklore—the Frankenstein monster. First, he has not always been so inarticulate as he now appears. In fact, before Hollywood lobotomized him, he was far and away the most erudite of monsters, birthed from a specific work.

(continued on inside back cover)
HEH, HEH! 'Sew' nice to see you again! Since the last time we met I've spent a great deal of time prowling through my private collection of horror tales that I keep here in the vault... and I've really come up with a doozy! This story takes place in the tears just before World War I, and tells a terrifying yarn that occurred in one of our nation's sweatshops. I call it...

A STITCH IN TIME!

Jammed together in a dirty, foul-smelling loft in the factory district, ter girls laboriously bent over their dangerously obsolete sewing machines. The clatter of which fortunately muffled their army mutterings from the ears of their employer...

Oh, neck! My thread broke again!

These machines! A needle snapped or wine yesterday, really put my eye out!

SHH...
FOURTEEN HOURS A DAY, SIX DAYS A WEEK? AND ALL WE GET IS SIX DOLLARS! IT'S SLAVE LABOR!
THE LEAST MR. LASCH COULD DO IS GIVE US SAFE MACHINES TO WORK WITH!
I COULD DO WITHOUT SAFE MACHINES... BUT I'M SURE WE DESERVE MUCH BETTER LIGHTING! I'M GOING BLIND!
SLOWLY BUT SURELY WE ALL ARE! BUT THERE'S NO USE COMPLAINING! NOTHING CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT!

IF WE ALL QUIT, THAT WOULD FIX MR. LASCH?
NO... IF WE QUIT, WE'D EASILY FIND OTHERS WILLING TO TAKE OUR PLACES! AND THEN WHERE WOULD WE BE?
YOU'RE RIGHT! TIMES ARE TOO HARD! BUT IF THINGS WERE DIFFERENT...
WELL, THEY AREN'T! THIS SWEATSHOP IS JUST ONE BIG DEATH TRAP!
I JUST DON'T LIKE THE WAY WE SULLIE US... PUSH US AROUND...
ONE OF US SO? BUT SOME DAY WE'LL GET WHAT WE DESERVE!

I CERTAINLY ROPE I'M AROUND WHEN IT HAPPENS! I WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD!
I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM GET IT RIGHT NOW!
SH-HH-H! HERE HE COMES!
STOP FUMBLING! WHAT ARE YOU SO NERVOUS ABOUT? CAREFUL, THERE! IF YOU RUIN ANY WORK, I'LL TAKE IT OUT OF YOUR SALARY!

Y-Y-YES, SIR, MR. LASCH!

AND YOU! STOP WASTING TIME! YOU'RE MAKING ME LOSE MONEY! STUPID WOMEN... SIT HERE AND Gossip ALL DAY LONG... WELL, I WANT PRODUCTION. Y'HEAR?

OUCH!

Y-Y-YES, MR. LASCH!

Mr. Lasch... if you don't mind, I need another sewing needle...

WHAT? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU WOMEN ANYWAY? CAN'T YOU TAKE CARE OF ANYTHING??

But it snapped! It punctured my hand! I...

I DON'T CARE. IF YOU WANT ANOTHER NEEDLE, YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY FOR IT!

Now get back to work! AND THE REST OF YOU... STOP WASTING TIME! I WANT PRODUCTION! GET BUSY! Y'HEAR?

The door slammed shut behind the selfish Mr. Lasch, and in the factory room itself, an ominous muttering prevailed. Each girl was alone with her thoughts... and yet their thoughts were as one. The chatter of the sewing machines accentuated the diurnal silence...

AAAAHHH
MY HAND!
MY HAND!

SOOD LORD! HER MACHINE SHATTERED! LOOK AT HER HAND!

IT'S BADLY HURT! CALL A DOCTOR!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

MARTHA INJURED HER HAND! THE MACHINE BROKE DOWN! SHE SHOULD HAVE A DOCTOR...

WHAT? My MACHINE IS BROKEN?

YOU CLUMSY IDIOT! WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS PLACE IS, A PLAY-ROOM? I PAY YOU TO PRODUCE, NOT TO FOOL AROUND, DAMAGING MY PROPERTY!

BUT, MR. LASCH! HER HAND...

I DON'T CARE! JUST BECAUSE SHE CAN'T WORK IS NO REASON FOR THE REST OF YOU TO STOP! SET BACK TO YOUR MACHINES!

OH, MY HAND...

DON'T YOU COME WHINING TO ME FOR SYMPATHY! IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT FOR BEING SO DARELESS! IF YOU HAD BEEN PAYING ATTENTION TO YOUR WORK, IT WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!

BUT, MR. LASCH, THE MACHINE IS SO OLD! I DIDN'T...

BAR! NEGLIGENCE! IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO PAY TO HAVE THAT MACHINE REPAIRED, YOU'RE CRAZY! THE COST IS COMING OUT OF YOUR SALARY!

JOE... ALL...

...ALL RIGHT, MR. LASCH...

JOE...
WELL, YOU CAN'T WORK ON THE MACHINE, AND DON'T TRY TO TELL ME YOU HAVE TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL! YOUR HAND IS ALL RIGHT! I'LL PUT YOU OR THE SCRAP BOX?

THE SCRAP BOX? OH, RO, MR. LASCH... PLEASE! NOT THAT! MY MASH...

NONSENSE! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANOTHER WORD! EITHER YOU WORK OR THE SCRAP BOX, OR I'LL FIRE YOU! (BOY! ALL RIGHT... I'LL DO IT! BOY! I'LL DO IT! DON'T FIRE ME! )

MEH, MEH! NOW ISN'T MR. LASCH A NICE, LIKEABLE EMPLOYER? I BET HE'S THE KIND OF PERSON YOU'D JUST LOVE TO GO TO WORK ON! EH... I MEAN, GO TO WORK FOR? MEH, MEH! WELL, LET'S GET ON WITH THE STORY! AS THE SAYING GOES... "YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET!"

THE SCRAP BOX WAS JUST WHAT ITS NAME IMPLIES... A BOX WHERE SCRAPS OF THREAD WERE THROWN FOR RE-USE! THE GIRL WHO 'WORKED THE BOX' HAD TO SORT THE BITS OF THREAD, KNOT THEM TOGETHER, AND REEL THEM ONTO SPOOLS ACCORDING TO THE VARIOUS HUES...

THE SCRAP BOX WAS MORE OF A PUNISHMENT THAN ANYTHING ELSE, FOR THE ONE WHO 'WORKED IT' WAS FORCED TO SIT ALONE IN A CORNER, TO STRUGGLE WITH THE KNOTTED, TANGLED THREADS... AND VERY OFTEN THE GIRL'S FRAYED NERVES SNAPPED UNDER THE INTENSE STRAIN AND FRUSTRATION...

WHAT ARE YOU GIRLS GOING AWAY FROM YOUR MACHINES? YOU'RE HOLDING UP MY PRODUCTION! AND WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HER?

THE STRAIN WAS TOO MUCH FOR HER! SHE'S HAD A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN!

WHAT ARE YOU GIRLS?
Nervous breakdown? BAH! It's just another excuse to get out of doing her work! The lazy, good-for-nothing tramp!

Excuse??

Mr. Lasch, I...

Quiet! Get back to work, all of you! I've had enough of this! Lay off on the job! Get back to work!

Get up, you! Get up! Get to work! You've got to produce, 'hearp produce!!

Bob?! Can't... Meh... Can't... Eh... Can't... In... Can't... In... In... In...

Get up, I said! Don't you know you're costing me money?? Get up!

He's inhuman! Can't he see she's too sick to work?

We can't see anything that stands in the way of his own selfish desires!

Why doesn't he leave her alone? We ought to do something to stop him!

No! That'll only make it worse for her!

Snap out of it! Don't put on an act with me! You're going right back to work, you lazy, worthless thing!

OW! Bod! Can't! Her... Can't! Can't... Bod!

Slap!
ALL RIGHT! I SAY YOU A FAIR CHANCE! NO. (EOB) PLEASE!
ROW YOU GO OUT! YOU'RE FIRED! GO OH! GET OUT OF HERE!
ROW, THE REST OF YOU CLUMSY FOOLS, GET BUSY! I WANT PRODUCTION. Y'HEAR?? AND DON'T FEEL SONNY FOR THAT STUPID GIRL I JUST FIRED...CAUSE THERE'S NO REASON FOR IT!

MY GOD! SHE'S BEEN RUN OVER BY THAT CAR!
SHE'S DEAD!
MR. LASCH KNEW IT WASN'T SAFE TO LET HER OUT IN HER CONDITION! IT'S HER FAULT!
MR. LASCH KNEW IT WASN'T SAFE TO LET HER OUT IN HER CONDITION! IT'S HER FAULT!

THE NINE MAGGIZED GIRLS TURNED TO THE NOW COWERING MR. LASCH! HE SENSED THEIR HATE AND AS THEY RUSHED HIM, HE SCREAMED.
STAY AWAY! STOP! I'M SORRY! SORRY!
GET HIM! MAKE HIM PAY FOR WHAT HE'S DONE!

IN A BODY, THEY THRASH THE TERRIFIED SHOP OWNER ONTO ONE OF THE SEWING MACHINES! THEY POUNDED HIM WITH FISTS, CLAWED AT HIS FLESH IN THEIR LUST FOR VENGEANCE!

FOR MANY MINUTES THEY CROWDED AROUND HIM! HIS SCREAMS CEASED, BUT HIS BODY CONVULSES AND SHOOK WITH SPASMS AS THE NINE GIRLS EXTRACTED THEIR VENGEANCE! SUDDENLY...

FIRE!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
In a few seconds the girls had fled! The flames leaped and roared with fury through the Tinder-box shop... while on the sewing machine a figure stirred.

With his feet hobbled and his hands sewn together, he stumbled clumsily in his frantic attempt to escape the blazing inferno! Suddenly, he staggered into a row of shelves—a large scrap box crashed down...

Spasmodically, as the fire closed in around him, his body twisted in agony! The searing flames drew nearer and the walls and roof began to collapse! From behind the mangled stitchins on his lips, a muffled cry gurgled and died in his throat...

Mr. Lasch stared in horror... but his mouth made no sound... for his lips had been stitched together.

The gnarled threads cascaded upon him, entangling him in a web of his own making! His progress stopped and his stitched fingers groped desperately to free him of the entwining threads...

Heh, heh, heh! Well, a stitch in time saves nine... nine girls, that is! He who Lasch Lasch Lascht, Lascht best, they say... but don't asch Lasch, 'cause he ain't talkin'! Oh, I bet that gas needle you anyway, at least Mr. Lasch wasn't threadbare... when he died! Heh, heh! Now I'll turn you over to the crypt-keeper, who has another one of his fairy tales for you! Sew, sew long for how! Heh, heh, heh!
READY FOR ANOTHER HAIR-RAISING TERROR-TALE FROM MY VAST COLLECTION THAT I KEEP HERE IN MY CRYPT? GOOD! THEN COME INTO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! SIT DOWN NEXT TO YOUR HOST-IN-HORROR... THE CRYPT-KEEPER... AND I'LL BEGIN THE BLOOD-CURDLING LITTLE YARN I CALL 99 44 7% PURE HORROR!

COME SPARRS LAZILY ON THE ORNATE CHAISE LOUNGE THAT STANDS ON THE TERRACE OF HIS PENT-HOUSE APARTMENT! HE SMILES UP AT THE BLACK, STAR-STUDED SKY AND SIGHS! YEP! LIFE HAS BEEN GOOD TO ERNIE MATTSON EVER SINCE HE'D BECOME MANAGER OF THE HUDSON SOAP FACTORY... EVEN SINCE POOR OLD BENNY ANDERSON "Mysteriously Disappeared"... YEP! THIS IS THE LIFE! TEN GRAND A YEAR! PLENTY OF WINE... WOMEN... AND... HOLY COW!
Ernie gets up suddenly... staring at his watch.

Crvee! I almost forgot! I have a date with that show girl tonight! I've just enough time to shower and dress!

Sitting in the wrought iron lounge chair, Ernie carts through the French doors into his lavishly furnished apartment...

Let's see? What was her name? I can't remember!

Across the thickly carpeted living room, into the modernistic bedroom, Ernie sprinted quickly, he undressed and steps into the richly tiled slant bathroom...

That's funny! She told me her name! Oh, well, I'll think of it... what then?

Ernie stands down at the empty cleaning soap dish...

Hey! How can I take a shower without any soap? Wonder if there's another case in the pantry?

A cold shiver runs up Ernie's spine! He makes his way slowly to a small cabinet in the living room. From a ring of keys, he selects one and carefully inserts it into the lock on the cabinet door. The door swings open! The cabinet is filled with small rectangular packages...

...except for these bars of soap! I... I never intended to use these!

Suddenly Ernie bursts out laughing! He reaches into the cabinet and pulls out one of the Daily Wrapped Packages...

Ah-ha! What do I care now, Benny? I got your job! No one's the wiser! What's the use of rambling on to them now?
As Ernie shuffles back across the plush living room, unwrapping the cake of soap, the sound of a truck horn belches up from the street below! The sound is a familiar one to Ernie—three years ago... when he first started to work at the HUD-soap factory... it meant...

Hey, Ernie, let's go! Another truck's at the unloading platform!

Yes, Mr. Anderson!

Choke! Phew! Lord, this stuff stinks!

Hey, Ernie! Let's go! Another truck's at the unloading platform!

Yes, Mr. Anderson!

Choke! Phew! Lord, this stuff stinks!

Hey, Ernie! Let's go! Another truck's at the unloading platform!

Yes, Mr. Anderson!

Choke! Phew! Lord, this stuff stinks!

Hey, Ernie! Let's go! Another truck's at the unloading platform!

Yes, Mr. Anderson!

Choke! Phew! Lord, this stuff stinks!

Hey, Ernie! Let's go! Another truck's at the unloading platform!

Yes, Mr. Anderson!

Choke! Phew! Lord, this stuff stinks!

Hey, Ernie! Let's go! Another truck's at the unloading platform!

Yes, Mr. Anderson!

Choke! Phew! Lord, this stuff stinks!

Hey, Ernie! Let's go! Another truck's at the unloading platform!

Yes, Mr. Anderson!

Choke! Phew! Lord, this stuff stinks!

Hey, Ernie! Let's go! Another truck's at the unloading platform!

Yes, Mr. Anderson!

Choke! Phew! Lord, this stuff stinks!

Hey, Ernie! Let's go! Another truck's at the unloading platform!

Yes, Mr. Anderson!

Choke! Phew! Lord, this stuff stinks!

Hey, Ernie! Let's go! Another truck's at the unloading platform!

Yes, Mr. Anderson!

Choke! Phew! Lord, this stuff stinks!

Hey, Ernie! Let's go! Another truck's at the unloading platform!

Yes, Mr. Anderson!

Choke! Phew! Lord, this stuff stinks!

Hey, Ernie! Let's go! Another truck's at the unloading platform!

Yes, Mr. Anderson!

Choke! Phew! Lord, this stuff stinks!

Hey, Ernie! Let's go! Another truck's at the unloading platform!

Yes, Mr. Anderson!

Choke! Phew! Lord, this stuff stinks!

Hey, Ernie! Let's go! Another truck's at the unloading platform!

Yes, Mr. Anderson!

Choke! Phew! Lord, this stuff stinks!

Hey, Ernie! Let's go! Another truck's at the unloading platform!

Yes, Mr. Anderson!

Choke! Phew! Lord, this stuff stinks!
If you like the book you’re holding, then you’ll love this comprehensive collection of every E.C. New Trend and New Direction comic book, packaged in 13 deluxe, slipcased sets, as illustrated above.

These oversized, 9” x 12” sets consist of 53 hardbound books, Smythe-sewn for durability, and printed in black and white, so the fine craftsmanship of the E.C. artists can be studied and enjoyed to its fullest. All covers are in brilliant full color!

Because of the care and expense that goes into producing each set, the retail price ranges from $50, for the two-book sets, to $110 for the five-book sets.

These books are not sold in chain bookstores, but are available only from the publisher and selected comic book specialty shops. For complete information, write to

Russ Cochran, Publisher  P.O. Box 469  West Plains, MO 65775
Then the water was drained off from the bottom of the massive boiling kettles, and the remaining molten fats and oils were saponified.

The raw soap was perfumed and run out onto cold rollers where it solidified! The remaining soap was then flaked off the rollers and pressed into the familiar soap cakes.

"C'mon! Let's keep it moving! Let's get those cakes to the wrapping machine!"

But in spite of Benny Anderson's constant nagging, Ernie continued to advance himself in the Hudson Soap Factory. Soon, he became assistant manager.

So now you're my assistant, eh, Ernie? Well, you'd better keep on the ball! Don't worry, Benny! I know you'd like to get rid of me!

The old man was right! Benny'd been there for years! He wasn't leaving! Ernie'd never become manager unless...

...unless something happened to him! What if he... just... disappeared?

Ernie made up his mind! He was going to kill Benny Anderson! It would be easy. Very easy! One night... after the factory was deserted... Ernie returned. Benny's stayed to check the inventory.

What was that? Who... who's there? Oh... it's you! What are you doing... here this time of... Ernie? What are you doing with that knife?

THEN ENNIE CONTINUED THE SOAP-MAKING PROCESS WITH THE BAR OF SOAP RENDERED FROM BENNY ANDERSON.

HEN, HEN! LOOK AT YOU, BENNY! LOOK AT YOU NOW? JUST A COUPLE DOZEN CAKES OF SOAP?

And so E nnie wat teon became manager of the Hudson Soap Factory! And with his promotion, came the fabulous salary that soon bought him the clothes, unique apartment, and the life he'd always wanted.

Here's to you, Benny! Thanks...for everything!

Now E nnie shuffle into the highly tiled black bathroom...the cane of soap in his hand...

Virginia! That's her name! Now I understand what a handsome face!
Ernie steps into the black-tiled stall shower and slips the case of soap into the wall receptacle. Cautiously he turns the faucets, adjusting the temperature of the water.

"Gotta be careful! They certainly bend up scalings hot water in this joint!"

With the temperature of the shower spray to his lying, Ernie begins to soap himself, working up a foamy lather.

"Tu-nyu-de-un-dun-dun, my haet, Cees for you. Dun-de-un-dun-de-un!"

Suddenly, Ernie's eyes begin to itch foolishly. He lifts a soapy hand to rub them...

"Ow, ow, ow!"

This soap in his eyes is like acid! The pain is excruciating! Ernie drops the case of soap...reaching for the faucet...

"My eyes! They're burning!"

Bleoss, Ernie fumbled for the faucets! His hand closes on one! He turns it...

"Oh, lord! That's the cold water I've shut off!"

Feantically, Ernie searches through the scalding stream of water, trying to find the hot water faucet...

"Owww! Grab it! It's too hot! My eyes! Must get out of here..."

Ernie turns, still not able to see, and reaches for the stall shower soap handles! But something slicky slides peow beneath his foot...
Ernie lays sprawled on the smooth floor of the stall shower. His right leg horribly distorted and twisted.

"My leg! It's broken!"

The scalding shower of hot water pours down upon the crumpled screaming figure.

"I... I can't get up! EEEEEAAAAAGH!"

Ernie, his eyes tortured with the burning soap suds, his leg painfully broken. The scalding water streaming down on him tries in vain to reach for the shower knob; he cannot locate it! It lies just beyond his groping finger tips.

"H-E-L-L-L-P! For God's sake..."

Slowly, the steaming water begins to fill up the stall shower, rising up the thrashing figure until it reaches his beet-red face.

"I'm going to drown!"

With one last pain-wracked effort Ernie tries to get up... but his broken leg collapses and he sinks below the surface of the water filling the stall shower...


When the superintendent investigated the complaint that the ceiling in the apartment below Ernie's was dripping water, he found the water-filled stall shower with Ernie's raw-looking head bobbing.

Soon loud! He must have fallen while showering? He drowned?

Look! That bar of soap! It's stuffing up the drain!

"Meh. Meh! YEP! Ernie was late for his date that night! Well... that's what happens when a murderous wants to come clean. So Benny finally worked himself into a lather and got his revenge. Eh? All I can say is more powder to him... soap powder. That is!"
HERE'S A TALE THAT'S A REAL HAIR-RAISER!
IT OUGHT TO RATE TOPS WITH YOU! I CALL IT...

DEAD WAIT!

THE TROPIC NIGHT HUNG OVER THE ISLAND LIKE A
WET BLANKET, HOT AND OPPRESSIVE! FROM OUT
ACROSS THE BLACK PACIFIC, A FAINT BREEZE STIRR.
MOVING LAZILY THROUGH THE TOWERING COCONUT
PALMS! THE PLANTATION HOUSE LAY SILENT
BENEATH THE STARRY SKY! SUDDENLY TWO SHOTS
RANG OUT...

'TRED' SUECKLEY STOOD OVER THE PROSTRATE BODY OF
HIS FORMER BOSS... THE PLANTATION OWNER, EMIL
DUVAL! A TINY WHISP OF SMOKE DRIFTED UPWARD
FROM THE BLACK MUSCLE OF THE AUTOMATIC THAT
'RED' HELD FERMELY IN HIS HAND... STILL POINTED
AT THE DEAD FRENCH PLANTER...

THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU, DUVAL! NOW FOR THE PEARL.
Behind the red-headed eunuch, a small coal-black native grinned in the shadows, watching with wide eyes! Buckley stepped over Duval’s body and moved to a small safe in the wall of the plantation house.

The door of the safe opened, and ‘Red’ sneered in... ‘FOUR YEARS I’VE WAITED,’ FOUR YEARS, AND NOW IT’S MINE.’

Red held the velvet-black sphere up so that the light from the kerosene lamp danced over its gleaming surface. Finally, the black pearl is mine! Look at it, Kulu! There is no pearl in the whole world like this one!

The cowhing native stared at the pearl from his hewing place in the shadows: the whites of his eyes shone brightly, reflecting the glow of the flickering lamp...

WHAT ARE YOU FRIENDED OF, KULU? DUVAL IS DEAD. STOP CRINING LIKE A FRIENED MONKEY! COME OUT OF THERE! HERE, LOOK AT IT! MY BLACK PEARL!

The native shuffled forward... his eyes blurred to the small black sphere that ‘Red’ held between his fingers. He studied it for a moment... then exclaimed... COME, MISBAH BUCKLEY! WE GO NOW! BOAT READY? WE GO... HURRY-HURRY!

Red took a last look at the dead planter’s spot, and followed the native out the door! The two figures moved silently down to the beach where a native outrigger canoe was pulled up on the white sand.

Got enough food and water, Kulu? Tessa, Misbah! Got plenty...

Well, Kulu? In three days we’ll be in Bahadai, and I’ll be catchin’ that steamer, eh?

Buckley climbed into the outrigger and Kulu moved off into the oncoming surf.

TESSA, MISBAH! THREE DAYS WE’LL BE IN BAHODAI! I’LL BE CATCHIN’ THAT STEAMER, EH?
Red's waited three months in Banggai for Duval to show up! He'd spent almost a year tracing the fabulous black pearl to this French planter...

'You sure he'll be here?' It's been almost three months!

I'm tellin' yuh, Mr. Buckley! Duval comes down here from his island to buy provisions regularly! It don't understand why he ain't been here... Oh-oh! There he comes now!

Red's approached the jovial looking Frenchman and introduced himself...

Zo, m'lieu Buckley! And what can I do for you?

I'd like a job, m' Duval! I'll do anything!

Look okay, m' Duval?

Guess Duval? Oh, yeah! I play a fair game!

You're hired, m'lieu!

Duval's been thrilled at having another white man on the island with him! He'd jumped at the chance...

It eer good to have a white man on Matuan again!

It's good to be here, Duval!

Duval's plantation was located on one of the many islands that made up the group known as the Soelas! The plantation itself was worked by natives of the surrounding islands...

It's good to have another white man on the island. And that was why they'd hired Red! The fever's left him weak! Red could take over the physical work of running the plantation for him...

Give me an emerald any time, Duval! That's real beauty!

No, m'lieu! You have not seen real beauty until you have been a black pearl!

Duval and Buckley'd become quite friendly in the year that followed! Finally, one night, Red'd worked the conversation around to precious gems...

You've got to be tough on these natives, m'lieu! They are lazy!

Don't worry, Duval! I'll make 'em toe the line!

Duval'd been sick with some tropical disease! That was why he'd been detained getting down to Banggai! And that was why he'd hired Red! The fever's left him weak! Red could take over the physical work of running the plantation for him...

You've got to be tough on these natives, m'lieu! They are lazy!
Black Pearl, Duval? You've seen one?

Oui, M'sieu! I have... seen one!

Buckley'd tried to pump Duval, but the old Frenchman glared up! That was all he'd say about the Black Pearl. Red was sure he owned it. Then one night...

Who's out there? Come out of those bushes or I'll shoot!

No shoot, M'sieu!

That's been Kulu! He'd been hanging around Buckley's bungalow...

What were you going out there? Mean no harm, M'sieu? Wanna be house-boat... servant. Anything... to you, M'sieu?

Kulu'd pleaded with Red to let him stay! He wanted to be Red's servant! Red'd finally given in...

Okay, Kulu' you can stay!

But keep out of my hair, see?

Yahsam, M'sieu! Yahsam!

It was after two years of hard work that Red'd finally worked himself into Duval's confidence! One night the old Frenchman gave out...

You asked me once Ef I ever saw a Black Pearl, M'sieu? You remember?

Yeah, Duval! I remember!

Well, M'sieu! Not only have I seen one... I own one!

You do? Where? Let me see it!

Oh, no, M'sieu! The pearl is worth a fortune! We are two men alone on these islands! It would be foolish for me to tell you where I keep it! Not that I don't trust you...

Oh... Yeah! I don't blame you, Duval! I'd do the same thing! Forget it!
Another year'd gone by before Red'd finally found out... See that picture... There on the wall, M'sieu? Yeah? Behind it is a safe! That is where I keep the Black Pearl!

See, Duval! I'd really like to see it!

No, M'sieu! Temptation is a great.

Tell you what, Duval! You hold a gun on me all the while, then I won't pry anything!

Duval's fallen for it! He'd gone to the safe... Loaded gun in hand... and taken out the Black Pearl...

It's beautiful, Duval! Looks like it's worth a fortune!

At least a quarter of a million, M'sieu!

But Red'd gotten the information he'd wanted! He'd memorized the combination of the safe! Now, all that was left was to make arrangements for a getaway!

What would I do, Kulu, if I wanted to get away from this place and get to Banggai?

Take Missah Duval's motor launch, Missah Buckley! That's now he go alla time...

No, Kulu! I mean if I wanted to get to Banggai secretly... without attracting attention!

I could fake you there in native canoe... Missah! Trip long... three days maybe...

Everything was set! Red'd waited for the annual steamer to come to Banggai! Then, four days before...

Get that outrigger, Kulu! We'll need it... tonight!

Yesah, Missah!
KULU REMAINED SILENT. HE STARED OUT OVER THE VAST EXPANSE OF WATER AS RED HAYED ON...

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU HUNG AROUND AS LONG AS YOU DID, KULU. I TREATED YOU PRETTY ROUGH SOMETIMES!

KULU DID NOT ANSWER. UP AHEAD, DANCING LIGHTS PIN-POINTED THE GLOOM.

S'MATTER, KULU? YOU SCARE AT ME? DON'T WORRY, I'LL PAY YOU OFF IN BANSAI! I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU! I'LL...NUH?

Faintly... but growing ever steadily louder... the throb of drums drifted across the tossing black expanse...

WHAT'S THAT, KULU? DRUMS! NATIVE DRUMS! WE'RE HEADED TOWARD THEM! KULU? WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

THE ISLAND LOOMED UP BEFORE THEM! THE FIRES LIT UP THE BEACH... ILLUMINATING THE GLEAMING, DANCING FIGURES! BUCKLEY SPUN AROUND! KULU STOOD OVER HIM... THE MACHETE IN HIS HAND REFLECTING THE FIRE-LIGHT.

KULU! MY GOD! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

I WAIT LONG TIME TOO, MISSAH BUCKLEY!

THE CLEARING STEEL BLADE CAME DOWN WITH LIGHTNING SPEED... SEVERING RED' BUCKLEY'S HEAD FROM HIS SHOULDER... CUTTING SHORT HIS BLOODY-CURLING HAIR...

YAAAAAA-

TACK!

THE DRUMMING NATIVES SATRERED AROUND KULU AS HE HELD THE HEAD WITH THE RED HAIR HIGH FOR ALL OF THEM TO SEE! AND AS THEY SKELLED AT IT, HE DRADED (IN HIS NATIVE TONGUE...)

THREE YEARS I WAIT... AND NOW, IT IS MINE! THERE IS NO HEAD IN ALL THE BOSLAB LIKE THIS ONE!

HEH, HEH, YEP, RIDDIES! THAT'S THE STORY! RED DIDN'T USE HIS HEAD? IF HE HAD, WE WOULD HAVE REALIZED THAT HE AND KULU WERE WORKIN THE SAME RACKET... GETTING INTO A POSITION OF TRUST IN ORDER TO GET SOMETHING THEY WANTED. WELL, THEY BOTH SUCCEEDED... ONLY KULU HAD JUST A LITTLE AHEAD OF THE GAME! AND NOW, I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THAT RAG, THE OLD WITCH... FOR HER HORROR YARN!
The VAULT-KEEPER’S CORNER

Yo, my bedeviled geek-a-zoid! Lookie here what the old Vault-Keeper has had to put up with since last we visited. Some of you letter writers are downright sick. Please, park yourselves on a nice damp slab and help yourselves to a piping hot flegon of bat squeezein’s while we wade through this issue’s slough of despond:

Dear Vault-Keeper,

I have numbers one and two of your comics. They are cool! “Star Light, Star Bright,” “Smoke Wrongs,” “Silver Threads Among the Molot,” “Strictly From Hunger,” “This Thick’ll Kill You,” “Midnight Maze,” and “Bedtime Gory” were COOL! I can’t wait for future issues.

Nosh Pokorny
Evergreen, CO

You think our stories are “cool,” eh? Well, see this Vault! As a matter of fact, it’s downright freezing in here! Fortunately, the Old Witch and I haven’t had new endings for so long that it doesn’t really matter.

Dear Vault-Keeper,

I don’t like starting off my letters on a sentimental note, but I LOVE YOU GUYS! I think you’re right V.K., why does C.K. get all the fame? He even has a TV show named after him. Personally, I think you are the best host, with your mixture of wit and delightful cannibalistic recipes, it’s all so...o...so...sanitizing! By the way, could you make a recipe for a young, slightly overweight, 13-year-old boy? I have this brother, you see. Perhaps the Old Witch has something she’ll share.

Stephen Rado
San Diego, CA

The Old Witch gave me a few recipes as per your request. “Sizzlin’ Rodent on a Stick” sounds good, but it’s awful greasy. (It could make you break out...but there wouldn’t be much point in that unless you were in prison, eh?) Of course I could suggest a personal favorite, “Brother’s Brislet,” which is bitters and deep fried. It’s very filling but a lot of work. You might want to let the best chef of a brother of yours live and get him addicted to our fine comic books. Then you’d have something in common!

Dear Vault-Keeper,

Once again you’ve proved your superiority over the boring Crypt-Keeper. But praising you is not why I’m writing this letter. I just had to voice my opinion concerning the myth that the Old Witch is a better talent than you and if anyone thinks that you are not on the same wavelength as the Old Witch, then they are mentally ill! They should be locked up in one of your dreary vaults, then you can torture them until you get the truth out. The truth being you’re the greatest dead storyteller anyone ever knew!

Tasmanian Devil
Philadelphia, PA

Oh stop! (Gush!) I only do what any self-respecting Vault-Keeper does, and that’s tell better stories than anyone, alive or dead!

Dear Vault-Keeper,

The revival of your mag is the best thing that has happened in years. I’m a 24-year-old E.C. fanatic. I’ve acquired some of the original mags and purchased a hardback volume. Not only are you pleasing to old fans, but you’re getting new ones too! So for some of us the stories are new. By the way V.K., I see you don’t have Drusilla around the Vault anymores. Need another lady to take her place, tall, grotesque, and classie? (Hint, hint!) See ya next month! Oh, and remember that C.K. and O.W. can’t come close to YOUR finesses! It’s the host of the stories that help make them so entertaining to us bedding fans!

Laura Martin
Aurora, IL

P.S.: I mix wonderful Bat Bites and Bloody Marys!

Thanks a gieb for your kind words, Laura! I do like Bloody Marys, but my favorite drink is Dot-Her-Misters with a twist of spines. (My chiropractor recommended it!) Yes, Drusilla is gone, it seems. It’s so hard to keep good help alive these days. I will consider your offer, though. Of course, you couldn’t possibly be “classie” and still work for me!

Hey V.K.:

I was reading your first mag, and you screwed up! HAI! HAI! In “Smoke Wrongs” you misspelled “gally.” I hope you know you put “gally” in your mag HAI! HAI! HO! You also printed Laura, when her name was Lor-

ne. HAI! HAI! HAI!

Abe Ramebecker
Arnold, MO

P.S.: I hope the old Crypt-Keeper finds this funny.

Wow, Abe, what eyes you got! I guess some people have a pretty low threshold when it comes to humor! HAI! HAI! I guess I was thinking of Laura Martin! HAI! HAI! Hope our next issue makes you laugh your head off! HAI! HAI! Anyway, as long as you’re READING our fine magazine, find all the mistakes you want, we’ll make more! HAI! HAI!

Ahem! Before we start having too much fun here, I think new is a good time to sign off for this issue. As the rock said to the moss on his back, “Thanks for ‘Lichen’ me!” If you’ve found that I’ve grown on you, don’t hesitate a moment; grab a hunk of parchment and drop a line to:

The Vault-Keeper’s Corner
P.O. Box 2079 • Prescott, AZ 86302 • (602) 776-1300
A RARE E.C. OFFER

Seventeen years ago a small publishing company called East Coast Comics reprinted a number of the original E.C.'s in full color as regular 32-page comic books. Without national distribution the market was not able to sustain their continuation. Shortly after they ceased production we bought the remaining small inventory, realizing they would become a real collector's items someday. With the return of E.C. through Gladstone, that day has come! None of these 1973 and '74 reprints is scheduled to be duplicated by Gladstone before 1992 and some later than that. The Shock SuspenStories comics have no place on our schedule at the present time. The following are available individually or as a lot while the very limited supply lasts.

**WEIRD SCIENCE** 15, Sept., 1962 ........................ $6.50
Incredible issue, with the first E.C. story by Al Williamson, who quickly became a favorite, and "The Martian," one of Wallace Wood's best. Also, a photo and biography of Joe Orlando, who draws captive earthmen in "Sun Sleer."

**SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES** 12, Dec., 1963. .... $6.50
Drug abuse is dealt with for one of the first times in comics in the powerful Joe Orlando effort, "The Monkey." Reed Crandall's "The Kidnapper" generated mail from many parents. Wally Wood touches on suicide in "The Fall Guy." And a murderous alcoholic is portrayed in "Deadline" by Jack Kamen.

**THE HAUNT OF FEAR** 12, Mar., 1962 .... $9.50
Two rotting corpse stories highlight an issue of great art by "Ghastly" Graham Ingels and Jack Davis. Johnny Craig has a story, biography and a photo. His story of a love triangle involves two shootings and a mysterious tattoo that miraculously implicates the killer.

**WEIRD FANTASY** 13, May, 1962 .................... $9.50
Special issue with two tales illustrated by Wallace Wood, including "Home to Stay," an unforgettable adaptation of two Ray Bradbury short stories. E.C. science fiction and horror editor/artist Al Feldstein has a bio with photo.

**CRIME SUSPENSTORIES** 25, Oct., 1954 .... $3.50
Jack Kamen leads deals with multiple murder; Reed Crandall's story involves a knife and some "cutting up" during a prison break. Bernie Krigstein's effort chronicles madness; and George Evans' yarn weaves brutal fiction of a sadistic police lieutenant.

**THE VAULT OF HORROR** 26, Aug., 1962 .... $3.50
Purified paintings of a ghoul and a vampire in love, werewolves, walking corpses and a woodoo curse are all rendered in color by Johnny Craig, Jack Davis, Sid Check and Graham Ingels.

**SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES** 6, Dec., 1962 .... $6.50
One story each of crime, suspense, sci-fi and horror plus a biography and photo of fan favorite Wally Wood. Graham Ingels illustrates a rare appearance of the Old Witch out side the horror titles. Wood's "Under Cover" is a shocker dealing with overt prejudice that was largely ignored in society in the 1960s. Great issue!

**THE HAUNT OF FEAR** 23, Jan., 1964 .... $8.00
Jack Kamen does one of his famous "Grim" Fairy Tales this time a horrific version of Hansel and Gretel. A disturbingly beautiful drawn Jack Davis swamp tale and werewolf story are also featured.

**A full set of the eight classics shown above, while all are still available:** ........................................ $44.00

**INSTRUCTIONS:** Prices quoted include postage. List each comic on individual orders by title and number of original publication as indicated above. Orders for complete sets do not need to list the comics. Each comic will be shipped individually bagged and securely wrapped. Make checks or money orders payable to Bruce Hamilton, Inc., and mail to:

Rare E.C. Offer • Bruce Hamilton • P.O. Box 4235 • Prescott, AZ 86302
HEE HEE! WELL, THE FIRE'S LIT UNDER MY CAULDRON AGAIN. SO COME INTO THE HAUNT OF FEAR!

VER... IT'S ME... THE OLD WITCH... READY TO DISH OUT ANOTHER OF MY CRAZY CONCOCTIONS OF CADAVEROUS COMPOUNDINGS DEALING WITH DISMAL DELVINGS INTO THE DEPRESSIVE. EVERYBODY READY? GOOD! THEN I'LL BEGIN THE MAD MORSEL OF MORBIDITY I CALL...

STAIED... IN HORROR!

Ioma Leech had stared down at the grave of her late husband. A grotesque smile curled over her hard-looking face. The biting novices who swept across the mounds of browning grass, whistling between the silent headstones! There was a crisp, crunching sound on the gravel path behind her! Ioma turned.

Oh! I'm awfully sorry, ma'am! I didn't mean to... interrupt... THAT'S ALL RIGHT! I WAS JUST LEAVING ANYWAY!
Irma stifled the desire to blurt out the boorish, shortsighted fool! This was the first time she'd visited Herman's grave since his death. The sad-eyed man moaned toward Herman's grave... my husband. Oh! That's why I haven't seen you here before! Yes! I felt terrible about not being able to come for the last five months. I haven't seen you here before! I wouldn't miss a Sunday! Ethel was so good. I... I have nothing left now. The house seems so... so empty without you, Mr. Even the servants...

Hornsby! Robert Hornsby! And you are... Mrs. Leachman. I see your husband's tombstones!

Irma studies him as he talks about his departed Ethel. His overcoat was cashmere and looked very nice. If this guy's got servants, he must be rich! It was nothing, Mrs. Leachman. For a brief period, the widow and the widower stood in silence before their respective spouses' graves. Then I walked out or went on.

On dear! I must hurry! I'm late! I from 8 to be at a girl friend for lunch. My car is parked outside the cemetery. Mrs. Leachman. Could I give you a lift?

I'm no... I'm so proud of her... I'm so proud of her. She's so beautiful...
Irma made up her mind right then and there to visit Herman's Bakery that day. She'd done so for insurance.

The following weekend, Irma went again to the cemetery. As she stood before her late husband's grave, waiting for Edna to show up, she cheered inside at her... would know how that she was alive. Irma was doubly sure that they wouldn't suspect...
Don't miss a single issue of the horror and science fiction titles you love! Subscribe like the lucky kid up there. Every issue will be sent to you in a plastic polybag with sturdy cardboard backing. Subscriptions outside the U.S. will be shipped in manila envelopes with cardboard backing for extra protection.

HOO-HAH!!
MY NEW SUBSCRIPTION COPIES OF THE E.C.-GLADSTONE COMICS ARE HERE!

Gladstone Publishing, Ltd. • P.O. Box 2079 • Prescott, AZ 86302

G匝izeek! You bend I want to subscribe! My check/money order for $_________ is enclosed. Please enter my six-issue subscription in the times I've checked below.

Outside U.S. Remit in U.S. funds by check or money order drawn on U.S. bank, or use credit card.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>U.S.</th>
<th>Outside U.S.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tales from the Crypt (all double-sized issues)</td>
<td>$12.00</td>
<td>$17.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Vault of Horror (all double-sized issues)</td>
<td>$12.00</td>
<td>$17.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weird Science (all double-sized issues)</td>
<td>$12.00</td>
<td>$17.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Name
Address
City
State Zip Code Country

[ ] VISA [ ] MasterCard
Exp. date

Signature

(You may use VISA/MasterCard for orders over $95.00)

All subscriptions start with the next issue published. Offer expires 12/3/90.
As Irma waited for Robert Hornsby, her thoughts went back to those miserable years when she was married to Herman Leechman...

Look at these bills! Please, Irma, I'm working as hard as I can. Leave me alone. Huh?

That was all Irma'd needed. The idea that Herman had taken out a life insurance policy in her name had burned in Irma's brain until she'd finally decided...

I can't stand him any longer. I've got to get rid of him! I've got to make it look like an accident!

She'd followed Herman into the abandoned lighthouse and up the rusty winding spiral staircase... up, up, up... to the very top...

Only a little higher, Irma! Tired?

No, Herman! Go ahead! I'm not tired!

They'd come out onto the balcony. The sea churned and roared hundreds of feet below. At the base of the cliffs, Herman had gone to the railing... to admire the view... all silvery in the moonlight. Irma'd moved forward... like a cat... and shoved hard...

And then the opportunity'd come. She and Herman had gone for a week-end trip to the seacoast. They'd stayed in a run-down tourist home. One evening they'd gone out walking on the lonely cliffs... in the moonlight...

Look, Irma! A deserted lighthouse! Let's take a look!

All right, Herman?

And you collect my insurance? You had to leave you provided for in case anything should happen to me!
They'd called Herman's death an accident and Irma received the insurance. Now footsteps behind her interrupted her reverie. Mr. Hornsby approached. He smiled at Irma... 

Good afternoon, Mrs. Leechman! You got here early? I see! Yes, Mr. Hornsby! And how are you today?

Why not? I'm sure Ethel would understand! She wouldn't mind! She'd want it that way! Will you marry me, Irma?

Oh, yes, Robert! Yes, I'll marry you!

Hee, hee! Y'know I'm tired! All I planned and it didn't take long for her plans to beir worse out! A few more Sundays at their respective late spouses' graves... a cocktail together... dinner... and then, one Sunday.

We're both lonely, people, Irma! There's no reason why we should go on being lonely!

Robert! Are you proposing to me here?

So Irma hooked Robert Hornsby! Right there in front of her husband's and her wife's graves the proposal took place! As they thumbed off... arm in arm... the brisk December wind swept between Ethel's and Herman's gravestones... whistled over the bare mounds... and you and I... if we'd been there... would have sworn that the wind sounded like whispering... as if things dead in the cold earth were whispering to each other...

When Irma and Robert Hornsby returned from their honeymoon, Robert took his new wife to his palatial country estate.

Well, Irma! This is it! How do you like Hornsbyland?

Oh, Robert! It's beautiful! It is... good god!

Oh, what? Is it? You're white as a ghost!

Hey, I'm sure Ethel would understand! She wouldn't mind! She'd want it that way! Will you marry me, Irma?

Yes, Mr. Hornsby!

Oh, yes, Robert! Yes, I'll marry you!

Hee, hee! Y'know I'm tired! All I planned and it didn't take long for her plans to beir worse out! A few more Sundays at their respective late spouses' graves... a cocktail together... dinner... and then, one Sunday.

We're both lonely, people, Irma! There's no reason why we should go on being lonely!

Robert! Are you proposing to me here?

So Irma hooked Robert Hornsby! Right there in front of her husband's and her wife's graves the proposal took place! As they thumbed off... arm in arm... the brisk December wind swept between Ethel's and Herman's gravestones... whistled over the bare mounds... and you and I... if we'd been there... would have sworn that the wind sounded like whispering... as if things dead in the cold earth were whispering to each other...

When Irma and Robert Hornsby returned from their honeymoon, Robert took his new wife to his palatial country estate.

Well, Irma! This is it! How do you like Hornsbyland?

Oh, Robert! It's beautiful! It is... good god!
The first thing that Irma did as mistress of Hoenheim, was to have the edome on the balcoet sealed up. She refused to see the winbird speial stiencase.

But, Irma! I don't understand...

I hate spiral staircases, Robert... that's all!

What do you mean you're going to visit Ethel's beave? You're married to me now! I forbid it!

Robert, come back! Where are you going!

Ethel! Ethel!

Ethel! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

He rair continued to pour. Robert, his prostrate form. Suddenly, he writhed as a fatal heart attace weaced his edom. The rain let up elightly, the wind came up. The whispering eerie to start again. Then, slowly, the odesire mae of the brave eerie to fall. It subdued the still figure.
Suddenly, Irma heard footsteps outside the huge oak door. The knob rattled... it’s about time you came back, Robert! You... oh, my God!

In hornbriar, Irma paced the huge marble foyer nervously. She shuddered as she stared up at the curving spiral staircase... I’ve got to have that monstrosity torn down! It gives me the creeps... keeps reminding me of the lighthouse!

Suddenly, Irma heard footsteps outside the huge oak door. The knob rattled... it’s about time you came back, Robert! You... oh, my God!

Behind the man-things came the woman-things. Its hair was matted with the cemetery ooze. Its cheeks sunken. Its whitened teeth grinning idiotically. Its boney decomposing fingers reaching... good Lord! Help me!

Irma rushed up the staircase. The things slipped after her. She tripped, bruising her face, but got up quickly and continued on up the winding steps,

It was then, as Irma tried to open one of the balcony bedroom doors, that she remembered with horrified dismay. Oh, Lord! It’s looked! I had them sealed shut!

In the morning they found the two rotted bodies on the balcony below. Or the marble floor, was all that was left of Irma... but a fall line that wouldn’t have done this two old to her. Smashed corpses come from?

Hee, hee! What a rhetorical question, eh, Riddles? Where else did they come from? Where did they come from? Where did they come from? Where did they come from? They came from their graves, of course! So Irma finally had her mind... up... on a winding staircase! Hee, hee! Well... after all... she wasn’t expecting Herman and Ethel to come a-round!
Students of absurdities have a field day wondering how Victor could create a being eight feet tall from the body parts of ordinary men, how this creature could become fluent in English and French in less than a year; and exactly how the monster finds Victor's journal or a regular-sized cloak that just happens to fit someone of his prodigious size. In the story, coincidence is taken into the levels of dream life where, after all, Mary Shelley says the story was first enacted.

Hidden under the ludicrous coincidences, however, is a subtext of compelling interest that has nothing coincidental about it at all. A young man creates a being larger than life, then spurns his creation, making it monstrous, and "It" turns on him and his family. "Remember that I am thy creature," says the monster. "I ought to be thy Adam, but I am rather the fallen angel, whom thou drivest from joy for no misdeed." The novel is about the birthing of a creature who enacts a systematic ravaging of the Frankenstein family by the calculated destruction of certain people. But why should the story have held our impassioned interest for so many generations? For a horror story to endure, it must not only be adaptable into different media, it must also be appealing to either sex, especially during adolescence. The young audience, the primary audience of horror art, is uninterested in specific sexual roles.

(continued from inside front cover)

a gothic novel (Mary Shelley, 1818, revised in 1831). Most of what we know, however, comes from non-print media. The novel itself tells a confusing tale of a young man who creates a larger-than-life humanoid that then destroys much of the creator's family before presumably destroying himself.

If you ask your local preteenager he will tell you Frankenstein is the monster. It is not, of course, it is the protagonist. Although this confusion was already in place by the turn of the century, it was compounded by the Universal motion picture and its sequels. If you ask how the audience feels about the "monster" you will probably learn a very important fact. You will learn that this creature, far more than the other horror monster, Dracula, is really sympathetic.

Frankenstein is, as George Levin has written in a collection of criticism appropriately entitled The Endurance of "Frankenstein" (1979), "one of the great freaks of English literature."

Feminist critics have recently seen the novel as a "woman's book." Those who assert the impersonality of texts have countered that Frankenstein was published anonymously and the reviewers like Walter Scott were convinced it was not only written by a man, but that the man was Percy Bysshe Shelley, Mary Shelley's husband. Notwithstanding, the text itself is awkwardly written, with inconsistently plotted narrative and people with a host of seemingly superfluous cipher characters. A young man, Robert Walton, writes to his sister a verbatim account of what a young scientist, Victor Frankenstein, has accomplished in creating a "monster," who, in turn, has given young Frankenstein a verbatim account of what has happened to him during four years of the eighteenth century in Europe.
These E.C. Classics reprint 96 famous stories by the great 1950s artists Jack Davis, Wally Wood, Al Feldstein, Al Williamson, ?.Ghastly Graham Ingels, Johnny Craig, Harvey Kurtzman, Jack Kamen, John Severin, Joe Orlando and others! 1-6 contain stories from selected issues. Order by number:

1. Tales from the Crypt (limited supply, available only as part of a set)
2. Weird Science
3. Two-Fisted Tales (includes Frontline Combat)
4. Shock SuspenStories
5. Weird Fantasy
6. Vault of Horror
7. Weird Science-Fantasy (issues 23 & 24)
8. Crime SuspenStories (issues 17 & 18)
9. Haunt of Fear (issues 14 & 16)
10. Panic (issues 1 & 2)
11. Tales from the Crypt (issues 23 & 24)
12. Weird Science (issues 20 & 22)

Oversize 8" x 11" quality paper, full color, stiff covers. $6.00 each includes postage & handling. Complete set (all 12 for only $80.00.

Gladstone Publishing • Box 2079 • Prescott, Arizona 86302