

# MONSTER

PARADE

## CONTENTS

### MONSTER PARADE SPECIAL FEATURE

- Dracula—His Story in Pictures** ..... 24  
The history of the first, the last, all the Draculas!

### MOVIE-TV MONSTERS

- The Ape** ..... 11  
Mad doctor Karloff seeks a new serum
- TV Monsters March On** ..... 18  
Here's another Who's Boo on your TV screen
- Monster Pin-Ups** ..... 28  
Calendar and wallet size—for you to clip out!
- I Married a Monster From Outer Space** ..... 33  
It was a strange marriage for bride and groom
- The Blob** ..... 38  
It consumed everything—and everybody—in its path

### MONSTERS ON PARADE

- The Thing Behind Hell's Door** ..... 8  
It looked human—except that it was inside out!
- Demons of Cthulhu** ..... 14  
Who dared disturb the gods must die—horribly
- Frozen Stiff** ..... 22  
What strange secret lay beneath the ice?
- Death Feast of the Damned** ..... 30  
It was a masquerade party—with death as the door prize
- Curse of the Blue Man** ..... 38  
He stalked the streets at night, seeking victims
- Monster Who Came From Nowhere** ..... 40  
To kill it, was like trying to kill a shadow

### MONSTER PARADE BONUS

- She Stalks at Sundown** ..... 43  
An adventure in terror—in comic strip form!

### DEPARTMENTS

- Old Ghoul Says** ..... 6  
Gossip from the graveyard and other juicy items



For a Who's Boo on TV . . . . . see page 18



The whole story of Dracula . . . . . page 24



You're invited to a death feast . . . on page 30

**IRWIN STEIN**  
*Publisher*

**M. J. SHAPIRO**  
*Editor*

**L. T. SHAW**  
*Managing Editor*

**ALEX MARKOVICH**  
*Editorial Associate*

**HOWARD WINTERS**  
*Art Director*

**THE OLD GHOUL**  
*Your Host and Narrator*









*It was a masquerade party of the Society of Spirits, but one of the guests wasn't wearing a mask — he was for real, and he was hungry — or should I say . . . thirsty?*

# Death Feast of the Damned

By G. H. DUBROW

THE EIGHT chimes echoed resonantly through the marbled halls of the suite. The rooms were all shadowed in the hazy light. In the center where the seven rooms all joined in a circular hallway, stood a short gleaming black brazier from which flames of a red and auburn hue danced and licked, crawling upward toward the ceiling. The lighting in all the rooms came from flickering candles held high in a chandelier in the corner of each room.

Lady Carla, the hostess, watched her servant arrange the glittering silverware on the black tablecloth in the dining room. "You must hurry, Renald," she said in a rasping whisper. "The guests will be arriving soon."

The servant, an old dwarfed feeble-minded man, nodded and grinned rapidly. He was the vast vestige of Lady Carla's European fortune. The landed estates and Bavarian castle had all been sold or forfeited to harassing creditors in payment of her late husband's debts. Child-like, senseless Renald was all that was left and his slow, inept movements were a constant reminder to Lady Carla that her riches and position had dissipated and the last blooddrops of aristocracy were fast flowing from her.

She watched the servant fumble over the

silver arrangement and then, with disgust, she turned from him and walked over to the balcony. She opened the creaking French doors and stared out into the ebony velvet of the city night. The window lights of the buildings around her were glowing yellow squares cut out of the black pattern of darkness. Thick masking storm clouds were beginning to mount, moving slowly like lumbering grey shadows across the blackness. The sound of the city traffic was all but deadened by the height. Lady Carla had chosen the penthouse suite for the complete escape from reality which it afforded. On some nights, with the wind blowing viciously across the city spires, Lady Carla would stand on the balcony, feeling the wind ripping at her thin gown, tightening it around her frame. It was almost like the times back at the castle over the river when the wind would come whip-lashing at the old stone balcony.

She smiled bitterly at the changes. How modern civilization had invaded her sanctuary and forced her into the callous society of American life. Her only source of pleasure in this new life was The Society—a group of a few highborn still left who would assemble once a month to discuss and experiment with the cult and lore of the supernatural.



## DEATH FEAST OF THE DAMNED

Lady Carla's white skin creased into a scintilla smile in anticipation of tonight's meeting. The costumed masked party would be the culmination of her efforts. At least she had gathered together twelve other kindred souls, The Society of the Spirits she called it—and tonight would be the triumph—an evening dedicated to the mystic and bizarre completely removed from the banalities of the life around her. She started at the sound of a crash, the breaking of a delicate glass. She turned suddenly. "Renald!" she screamed. "Be careful, you fool!"

The white-haired servant smiled and, stooped over the broken glass, as if proud of his handiwork.

On sharp, staccato heels, Lady Carla walked over to him and kicked the dwarf viciously. "Hurry," she said. "They will be here any moment." Renald only grinned and slowly began to collect the pieces of glass that glittered on the marble floor.

The doorbell chimed twice in heavy muted tones.

Lady Carla crossed the room and paused in front of the door. To the left was a full length mirror bordered in black frame. Theatrically, she patted and smoothed her long black hair, then turned and opened the door.

STANDING in the elaborately decorated archway were a tall figure in a black cape and an elderly woman with a scarf over her head. The woman's face was creased with a thousand tiny wrinkles which ran together, web-like, giving her features a veiled appearance. The taller figure, obviously masculine, wore an eye-mask but a scarred and discolored area near the right eye was noxiously evident.

"Good evening," Lady Carla said.

The tall phantom-figure bowed solemnly. His companion tittered.

"Oh, my dear," she said shrilly, "that vampire mask looks almost real." She reached her hand up to Lady Carla's face, but the hostess drew back quickly.

"We're all supposed to stay masked until midnight," Lady Carla said, "according to the Society's rules."

"Oh, yes," the elderly woman giggled. "So exciting. Here, John," she turned to her companion, "Help me off with my wrap."

The phantom bowed to the task and then Lady Carla ushered the couple into the candlelighted livingroom.

"The other guests should be arriving soon," she smiled. "Please be seated."

The couple took straight uncushioned seats in the large cold room.

"Uncanny, how real this decor is," the man said. "Almost as if we were in the world of the spirits."

"We are," Lady Carla said seriously. "At least for the night," she added quickly.

The doorbell chimed.

"Excuse me," said Lady Carla and crossed the room. "She takes it all so seriously," the elderly woman said to her companion.

"There is a great deal to be taken seriously," he said and lit a cigarette.

"You seem very strange tonight, John. I've never heard you talk that way."

"It's the atmosphere," he said casually. "It imbues one with a sense of belief in the supernatural."

Lady Carla re-entered the room accompanied by two shadowed figures. The taller, a huge square featured man had a long crooked stitched scar running across his face. The shorter was a hunchback with dirty unkempt hair.

"More of the guests," Lady Carla smiled to the seated couple. The two men bowed. "I hope you will all observe the rules of the society and not unmask or reveal your identities to one another until midnight."

"Of course," the tall monster-figure said.

The hunchback emitted a crackling laugh. "Naturally," he said. "Naturally."

"We're all members, aren't we?" asked the woman. "It shouldn't be too hard to guess each other's identities." She pointed to the hunchback. "You're Dr. Romer, aren't you?"

"I must insist," said Lady Carla angrily.

"May I come in?" boomed a voice from the hallway. It was a hollow echoing tone.

The group turned to see the silhouette of a headless figure standing in the doorway.

"Of course," Lady Carla said, rising.

"I hope I'm not too late," the headless figure said. In his hand he held the grinning head of a halloween jack-o-lantern.

"We were just beginning," said the hostess.

The man in black tossed off his cloak in a dramatic gesture and stalked across the room. His boots clicking on the marble floor. "I believe some others will be here in a moment," he said. "I saw them in the lobby on my way up."

In a moment the doorbell announced the arrival of new guests.

Lady Carla opened the door, and there stood a gleaming Satanic figure whose entire body was encased in a skintight red costume which seemed to glow with a fluorescence of its own. Wickedly gleaming eyes peered from behind a blood-red mask. "The devil at your service," he said.

Lady Carla smiled.

"And may I introduce my friends," Satan said, "This is my feline companion." He turned to a young girl who was dressed in black fur which bristled and moved with alarming reality.

"And—" the Devil said, pointing to a fat male figure who seemed almost naked except for a wet coating over his entire body. He smiled showing large yellow gnashing teeth. "A ghou, I presume," the Devil said politely. "We met on the way up—from Hell!"

The group laughed, a strange collation of shrill and solemnly deep voices.

"Please come in," Lady Carla said, escorting the trio into the living room.

The weird assemblage took seats in the dimly lit room. The candle shadows played up on their smiling eyes as they sat for a moment in silence, in anticipation. From the center hallway the crackling of the flames of the brazier could be heard.

"Delightful place," the naked ghou remarked. "Makes one feel almost at home."

The group laughed again as Lady Carla rose once again to answer the doorbell. (Continued on page 64)



## DEATH FEAST OF THE DAMNED

(Continued from page 32)

"Who are you?" said the elderly woman to the Devil's girl companion. "You're not one of the Society."

"What Society?" the girl said. "He invited me to a party." She gestured to her Satanic companion.

"Don't you know the rules," the phantom figure said to the Devil. "No guests, only members."

"I've broken the rules then," said the Devil with a laugh. "I assure you my friend is quite as well qualified to be here as any of you."

"I don't like it," said the woman. "Well, you can just go to hell, then," said the Devil.

"Now, wait just a minute," said the phantom, his voice rising.

"What seems to be the trouble," said Lady Carla entering with three new guests: a short man who wore a grisly covering of hair over his entire body; a tall thin skeletal man whose face was the white gleaming skull of death and a

fat one-eyed woman wearing a multi-colored gypsy costume.

"The Devil here invited someone who is not a member," the elderly-witch woman said.

"I'm afraid that's not allowed," said Lady Carla.

"I can invite anyone I damn please," said the Devil. "What makes you think you're running this show."

"Throw them both out," said the phantom.

"Nobody throws anyone out," said a voice from the balcony.

The group turned to face the figure of a black knight, dressed in sepulchral armor and brandishing a blood-wet sword. He walked over to the Devil and slapped him on his back. "How are you?" he asked jovially.

"Please, please," said Lady Carla above the noise. "Let's not have any arguments. After all, we are all kindred spirits. And it seems that one of our guests is

not coming so we'll need our cat-friend to make thirteen. The society rules insist upon thirteen participants at all meetings."

"If I'm not wanted," the cat-girl said peevishly.

"You're wanted," shouted the knight. "Anyone that my devil friend here brings, stays."

The elderly woman turned to her phantom companion. "They should all be thrown out," she whispered. "All three of them."

"May we all adjourn to the dining room?" asked the hostess. "There is punch and we can begin the festivities."

The procession moved from the living room, silently. As they passed the huge brazier in the hallway, the flickering lights cast their bizarre shadows upon the curtained walls.

In the center of the dining room table was a large crystal punchbowl filled with a thick red liquid.

"If we'll all take our places, please," Lady Carla said moving to the head of the table. "Everyone please take a glass and fill it with the sacred punch."

"Sacred punch," said the cat-girl. "Is she kidding?"

"Quiet," whispered a voice.

The knight bent down and spoke in the cat-girl's ear. "They're all pretty serious about this, beautiful," he said.



"Take it easy on them."

"You're cute," the girl said. "Who are you?"

"Only a knight come to your rescue," he said cryptically.

"As is our custom," the hostess said, "the oldest of the group will make the incantation and drink the first sip." She turned to the elderly witch-woman who smiled and dipped her glass into the bowl.

"SPIRITS of the other world," she said in a trembling voice, "we here at this table believe in your existence and drink to your everlasting life." She raised the cup to her lips and sipped, then gagged fitfully, spurring the red liquid over table.

"What is it?" asked her phantom companion. "Eva, what's the matter?"

The elderly woman clawed at her throat, coughing uncontrollably. "Ahh," she stammered. "The punch—" But the words would not come out. She dropped to the floor, limp.

"She's dead!" the phantom said.

"The punch is poisoned!" someone shouted.

Everyone drew back from the table.

"Say, what is this?" asked the girl.

Lady Carla rushed over to the body of the woman. "I don't understand," she said. "Renald made the punch himself. Renald!" she called.

There was no answer.

"Renald!" she called again, her shrill voice echoing through the suite.

"I don't care who made the punch," the phantom said. "My wife has been murdered!"

"Renald!" shrieked Lady Carla, but there was still no answer. She crossed the living room and walked quickly into the kitchen.

"I'm calling the police," said the phantom. "Where's the phone?"

Before there could be an answer a piercing shriek was heard from the kitchen.

The knight, werewolf, and monster rushed toward the sound. The hunchback limped behind them, laughing.

Lady Carla was standing, screaming in the dimly lighted room. Across the kitchen table was sprawled the body of Renald, his face and body ghastly white.

"Good Lord," said the knight, examining the body, noticing the two tiny marks by the throat. "He's been drained of his blood," he said.

"Vampire," said the werewolf. "Vampire!"

The rest of the guests were crowding into the kitchen.

"That must have been his blood in the punch," said one.

The cat-girl screamed and fainted in the arms of the Devil.

"Vampire," another repeated. "But that—" He stopped short. All eyes turned to the hostess.

"No," she said. "You can't believe that I—"

"Of course not," said the knight. "What's the matter with you people?"

"Well, someone here did it," said the phantom. "And that's the one responsible for the poisoning of my wife. I'm calling the police."

"I'm afraid that's impossible," said

Lady Carla. "There are no phones here."

"I'm getting out of here," said a voice and the group started to flood from the kitchen.

"Wait, wait!" shouted Lady Carla, running in front of them.

"Wait nothing," said the phantom.

Suddenly a gust of wind lashed into the suite. The French doors flew open and the candles winked out.

A girl's voice screamed.

"Turn on the lights!" said someone.

"There are no lights," said another.

There was a mixture of voices and screams; the muddled sound of voices and bodies colliding in the darkness and the cackling laugh of the hunchback.

"I've got some matches," said a voice.

"Yes, yes. Everyone light some matches."

One by one little pinpoints of light appeared in the room.

"Are we all here?" asked a voice.

"I only see eight lights," said another.

There was a muffled deep-throated laugh.

"Look!" shrieked a voice. "On the ceiling."

The eyes turned to see the dangling figure of the phantom, swinging slowly from a rope from the chandelier.

Suddenly a muted crunching sound, like of heavy steel striking flesh was heard, and then a scream. Through the shadows the figure of the monster stumbled, shrieking in pain and terror, and then fell at the foot of the hallway brazier. His back was broken.

"There's a madman here!" someone said.

"I think you're all mad," said a voice. A fleeting figure ran toward the door. The heavy iron portal was locked. "Open this up!" the figure yelled. "Open this up!" But, suddenly, the voice began a choking gag and the dim shadow of the figure seemed to claw at the air and then dropped.

"Who is it?" asked one.

The group moved toward the figure.

"It's the werewolf," said the one.

The candles in the corner of the room flickered on.

"I've got these," said the deep voice of the knight. "Someone get the others."

The tall skeletal figure moved to the other room and in a moment, light was flickering there, too.

"Oh, my god," screamed the cat-girl.

Eyes turned. In the corner of the room, under the chandelier was the crumpled figure of the headless horseman. But this time, the head he held was not a hollowed pumpkin but his own head, severed from his body, dripping blood. The group watched as the thin trickle ran across the bare marble floor and then stopped and began to form a small thick pool.

"Everyone go into the hallway," Lady Carla cried. "It's lighter there."

"Yes," said the knight. "Everyone into the hallway."

With haste, the six remaining guests followed the hostess and the black knight toward the burning brazier in the circular area of the suite. The cat-girl clung to the arm of the Devil. The naked wet-smooth ghoul walked alongside the fat one-eyed gypsy and the tall skeletal figure was accompanied by the limping,



laughing hunchback.

"All right, everyone," said the knight. He was standing up on the cement base of the tall brazier. "Let's try to get organized." His armor reflected brilliantly in the glowing, leaping flames. Lady Carla stood next to him, cool and pale. There was no horror in her eyes but only a vacant empty stare.

THE KNIGHT looked around at the group; the Devil, the cat-girl, the gypsy, the skeleton, the ghoul and the hunchback. "What do you propose?" asked the Devil.

"One of us is a murderer," the knight said bluntly.

"Maybe even more than one of us," said the fat gypsy.

"Too many murders for just one," agreed the skeleton.

"The way I figure," the knight said, "these murders could only have been committed by something other than a human being. Anyone of us here could be a vampire. We're all dressed for the part. The only way to find out who the real fiend is would be to unmask."

"We don't have to do that," said the skeleton. "One of the victims had his spine broken. That could only be done by a heavy instrument. Such as that sword you've been carrying."

"Yes," said the fat gypsy.

The group drew closer together, around the knight.

"Now, wait a minute," he said. "If I were—"

"It's obvious," said the skeleton.

"Murderer!" screamed the gypsy, pushing her fat weight forward.

"Murderer!" picked up the others.

"No," said the knight, backing away, moving dangerously near the brazier flame. "You can't believe that I—"

Suddenly the ghoul rushed forward and lunged at the knight. The figure in armor struggled for balance, waving his sword unsteadily. He teetered for a moment, then fell backwards, bringing the sword across in a savage slash as he fell, screaming into the brazier flames. The sword caught the ghoul in the side of the neck and stuck there, the blade wedging into his flesh. He gagged blood and then dropped to the floor.

"Hahahahaha," laughed the hunchback insanely. "You're all crazy. You're all fiends but you won't get me." He started to run, dragging his leg grotesquely. He pulled on the gate but it would not open. "You won't get me," he shouted again and ran to the French doors. At the edge of the balcony, he paused and turned. "You're crazy," he shrieked. "You're all crazy." Then, he leaped, laughing, off the balcony. His screams echoed endlessly as he fell.

"I don't believe it," said the Devil.

"He must have been the one," said the skeleton.

"Get me out of here," cried the cat-girl.

"Let's all get out of here," the skeleton said.

"No," said Lady Carla. "You can't leave me alone."

"How do we know it's not you?" the gypsy said. "You were the only one who could have poisoned the punch."

"And you're big enough to wield a sword," the hostess replied.

"She's right," the skeleton said. "We'd all better stay together. Right here where it's light."

"Not me," said the gypsy. She pulled a long sharp dagger out of the bosom of her dress. "If anything wants to come and get me, they can get a taste of this." She backed away from the group. "All right, hostess," she said. "Now open that gate."

"I don't know how it's locked," Lady Carla said.

The gypsy moved closer, the dagger waved in her hands. "Open that gate or I'll carve you to pieces."

Calmly, Lady Carla turned and walked toward the gate. She pushed it slightly, it squeaked and swung open. "There," she said.

Cautiously, the gypsy backed away from the three standing at the brazier and moved slowly across the living room. "Move back from there," she said to Lady Carla. "Don't try to stop me."

Lady Carla moved back and the gypsy woman backed out of the gate. She was halfway through, moving slowly, when a huge bat swooped down, and fastened itself to her neck. She turned and swiped at it but the bat held fast. She screamed, "Get it off! Get it off!"

She swayed and clawed, in an awkward bizarre dance, the dagger swiping at the air above her head. Then, quickly, she stopped. As the others watched, horrified, her features turned from flush red to pink to pale and then to chalk white as the bat drained the blood from her body. She dropped in a heavy heap and the dagger fell, clattering, to the marble floor. The bat released its hold and flew silently out the window.

Lady Carla walked over to the body and picked up the dagger. She turned to the others. "A spirit," she said, her eyes glowing weirdly. "I told you it was an evil spirit."

The cat-girl clung to the Devil and screamed.

"Stop it," he said. "Stop it!"

But she was without her senses and continued to scream, the eerie sounds rising like thin cold smoke, curling around, filling the room.

"Stop it," he shouted again and then slapped her loudly across the face. The screams died to a whimper and she dropped to her knees, still clinging to him and lay sobbing at his feet.

He looked up blankly at Lady Carla. "You're mad," he said. He turned to the skeleton. "You're mad, too," he said.

The man looked back, blankly.

"Kill me," the Devil said. "Why don't you kill me?" He turned to Lady Carla. "Please," he pleaded. "Kill me now."

"There are spirits," Lady Carla repeated.

The Devil rushed forward and grabbed the dagger from her hands.

"Don't worry," he said. "I won't kill you." He smiled insanely. "You can't kill spirits, I know that." He looked at the dagger in his hands as if its possession were the only important thing in the world. Slowly, he walked back across the room to where the girl lay sobbing. He bent down to her, and she

looked up with vacant eyes.

"Will you save me?" she said slowly.

The Devil grinned, crazily. "Yes," he said. "Close your eyes."

Dumbly, the cat-girl looked at him and then obeyed. The Devil looked up at the skeleton and then at Lady Carla.

"I'm going to save her," he said. "I'm going to save her from both of you. You won't be able to claim her," he laughed and then, carefully, he drew the blade of the dagger across the girl's neck, slicing her soft throat. He watched as the blood flowed quickly, and then looked up. "See? She didn't even feel it," he said.

Then he rose. "I won't either," he said and without hesitation, plunged the dagger into his heart.

The tall skeleton figure and Lady Carla watched as the body fell soundlessly.

"Take off your mask," Lady Carla said to the skeleton.

The figure ripped off his skull head piece, and revealed a human head. "You see, I'm human," he said. "Now, you take off your mask."

Lady Carla smiled. "I'm afraid I'm not wearing one," she said.

"It doesn't matter," the man said. "They're all dead. Are you going to kill me now, too?"

"Wouldn't you rather do it yourself?" she asked.

The man nodded and walked over to the Devil and picked up the dagger. He turned it slowly in his hands.

"You're very calm," she said. "Admirable."

"I believe in the spirit world also," he said. "I knew there would be a day when they would come to claim the souls of the living."

Lady Carla smiled.

"One question," the man said.

"Certainly."

"You didn't do it all yourself? The bat. Was it—"

"My late husband," Lady Carla said.

"Of course," the man said with a knowing smile. "And tomorrow. Will there be more?"

"I'm afraid I can't say," Lady Carla answered. "It's getting late now, so if you—"

"Surely," the man said. He looked around slowly at the bodies, hanging, broken, sprawled and sliced in their death-postures. The blood ran in a network of trickles and tiny gullies, across the marble floor. The candles were flickering low and the brazier glowed with a dull golden flame. Then quietly, with the certain, unhesitating movement of a man who realizes he has come up against the inevitable, he raised the dagger and pressed it into his heart.

Lady Carla walked over and looked down at his body and, smiling with admiration, sadly shook her head. "They're getting cleverer," she said. "Soon everyone will recognize us. It will make things difficult." She looked toward the huge bat who appeared suddenly and perched on the balcony railing. It seemed to be smiling at her.

She walked toward it and picked it up gently, in her hands. "Now, my dear," she said. "Who shall we invite to next week's party?"