

"ROY THOMAS AND TOM PALMER HERE... TO SPIN YOU A TIMELESS TALE FROM THE PEN OF THAT MASTER OF THE MACABRE--THE GREAT H.P. LOVECRAFT HIMSELF!

"THERE IS, PERHAPS, NO PLACE MORE STEEPED IN LITERATURE AND LORE OF WITCHCRAFT AND RELATED MYSTERIES, THAN THAT SECTION OF THE NATION WHICH WE QUANTLY CALL... NEW ENGLAND!

"BUT NO STORY TO COME OUT OF WITCH-HAUNTED ARKHAM, OR SHADOW-TAINTED INNISMOUTH, CAN DWARF THE HALF-HIDDEN MONSTROSITIES WHICH LURK BEHIND THIS TALE FROM STAID, SOMBRE BOSTON ITSELF... THE TALE WHICH HPL CALLED...

# PICKMAN'S MODEL

**THURBER!**  
WHAT IN THE WORLD  
ARE YOU DOING  
HERE, OLD FRIEND?

YOU SEEM...  
**DAZED!** HERE--  
LET ME HELP YOU  
TO A **SUBWAY!**

**NO!** AFTER WHERE  
I'VE **BEEN** THIS  
NIGHT-- AFTER  
WHAT I'VE  
**SEEN--**

I NEVER  
AGAIN WANT  
TO SEE A  
**SUBWAY--OR**  
**A CELLAR!**  
DO YOU HEAR  
ME--?

**NEVER!!**

**STAN ROY TOM**  
**LEE THOMAS PALMER**  
EDITOR SCRIPTER ARTIST  
SAM ROSEN, LETTERER

STORY ADAPTED FROM "PICKMAN'S MODEL"  
BY H.P. LOVECRAFT  
BY PERMISSION OF ARKHAM HOUSE,  
COPYRIGHT HOLDERS, OF SAUK  
CITY, WISCONSIN



IF YOU'LL--- JUST HAIL ME A TAXI, I'LL--- I'LL---

GOOD LORD, MAN---

YOU'RE WHITE AS A SHEET!



I'D BETTER HELP YOU TO A BAR--- WHERE YOU CAN GET A DRINK AND SOMETHING TO EAT!

PICKMAN? PLEASE--- FOR THE SAKE OF MY SANITY---

WHEN I SAW YOU LEAVE THE ART CLUB THIS EVENING WITH PICKMAN, I NEVER IMAGINED THAT---

---DON'T MENTION THAT NAME... TO ME...!



OF COURSE, THURBER--- WHATEVER YOU SAY!

IT'S JUST THAT I KNOW THAT YOU TWO HAVE BECOME PRETTY THICK OF LATE, SO I EXPECTED TO FIND YOU TOGETHER!

NEVER AGAIN, ELIOT! BELIEVE ME--- NEVER AGAIN!



---FORGIVE ME FOR BEING SO CURT OUT THERE, ELIOT! I---

FORGET IT, THURBER! WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS TOO LONG TO---

YES--- WE HAVE BEEN! AND THAT'S WHY I MUST TELL YOU--- TELL YOU ABOUT PICKMAN!



PICKMAN? LOOK, MAN YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT HIM, AND I DIDN'T INTEND TO PRY...!

BUT I MUST TELL SOMEONE--- I MUST--- OR I SHALL GO MAD!

LISTEN TO ME, ELIOT--- THEN TELL ME IF RICHARD UPTON PICKMAN IS A MAN OR A FIEND FROM THE LOW-EST PITS OF HELL!

"AS YOU KNOW, I HAD GOT INTO THE HABIT OF CALLING ON PICKMAN QUITE OFTEN... ESPECIALLY AFTER I BEGAN WRITING THAT MAGAZINE ARTICLE ON WEIRD ART... BUT EVEN I WAS NOT PREPARED FOR THE EXHIBIT OF HIS WORK WHICH OPENED AT THE ART CLUB EARLIER TONIGHT--!"

THE PLACE IS IS--EMPTY AS A TOMB!

AND... NO WONDER!

EXHIBIT  
RICHARD  
UPTON  
PICKMAN

PICKMAN'S NEWEST CROP OF MACABRE PAINTINGS ARE SO POWERFUL... SO FRIGHTENINGLY REAL...

YOU ALMOST FEEL THEY COULD REACH OUT AND GRASP YOU...!

COPP'S HILL BURYING GROUND

HAVE NO FEAR, THURBER! THEY WILL NOT BITE... OR EVEN SCRATCH!

PICKMAN!

FORGIVE MY STARTING AT YOUR ENTRANCE... BUT I DIDN'T HEAR YOU ENTER!

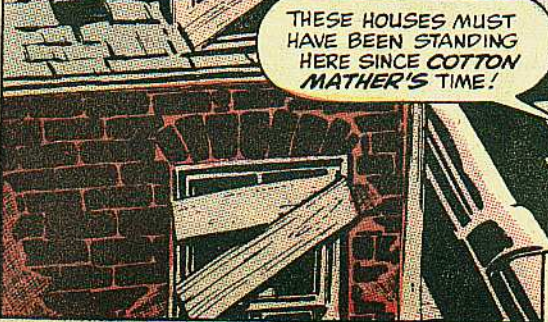
BUT THESE... THEY GO BEYOND WHAT YOU HAVE EVER DONE BEFORE... BEYOND ALL BOUNDS OF TASTE!

AS YOU KNOW... I'M A DEVOTEE OF YOUR WORK!

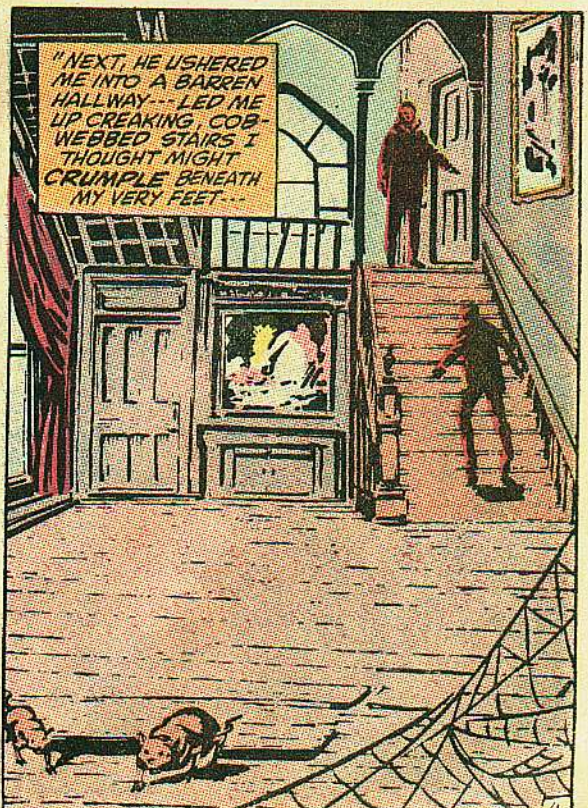
WHEN WORD GETS OUT ABOUT THEM... YOU'LL PROBABLY BE BARRED FROM THE CLUB!



I DIDN'T KEEP TRACK OF THE CROSS STREETS... SO I COULD NEVER RETRACE MY STEPS, EVEN IF I WANTED TO... BUT SOON WE WERE WALKING THE DESERTED LENGTH OF SOME GLOOMY, FILTHY ALLEYWAY...



"THEN, THRU A NARROW, OBTUSE-ANGLED BEND, PICKMAN LED ME TO A WORM-EATEN, MANY-PANELLED DOOR---



ENTER, PLEASE...

THANK YOU! I... GOOD LORD!

... AND MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME!

"NOW, ELIOT, I'M NOT A SQUEAMISH SOUL... BUT THE AWFUL, BLASPHEMOUS HORROR OF WHAT I SAW IN THAT ROOM FILLED ME WITH UTTER, NAMELESS LOATHING...!"

THEY'RE WORKS OF GENIUS! AND YET...

I KNOW, THURBER! I COULD SCARCELY EXHIBIT SOME OF THESE AT THAT WRETCHED CLUB!

AS IF I SHOULD CARE WHAT THOSE EFFETE FOOLS THINK OF MY ART!

YOU'RE--- QUITE RIGHT, PICKMAN! FOR, THERE'S SUCH DETAIL--- SUCH STARK REALISM IN THESE ANGUISHED FACES--- AS I'VE NEVER SEEN SURPASSED!

EVEN THIS CEMETERY...!

A GRAVEYARD NOT FAR FROM HERE, MY FRIEND! I EMPLOY IT IN MANY OF MY WORKS!

IT IS A FAVORITE SCENE OF MINE!

I USE MANY PHOTOGRAPHS, YOU SEE... FOR THE BACKGROUNDS OF MY PAINTINGS!

NOW, IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE... MY STUDIO...!

"NOW, MY HOST LED ME INTO THE CELLAR OF THIS SHADOWED PLACE..."

WALK QUIETLY, PLEASE... AND SAY NO MORE THAN YOU MUST!

THERE ARE... THINGS IN THE DARKNESS WHICH ARE BEST NOT AWAKENED!

... RATS, YOU UNDERSTAND!

"AND THEN, AT LAST, WE ROUNDED A BEND AND CAME INTO HIS STUDIO..."

HOW CAN YOU WORK IN A PLACE LIKE THIS... SO DAMP... SO DARK?

I PREFER SCANT LIGHT, MY FRIEND.

THERE ARE WORLDS BENEATH BOSTON OF WHICH MOST MEN DO NOT DREAM!

BUT, ENOUGH TALK! HERE IS MY LATEST CREATION... WHICH I SHALL ALLOW TO SPEAK FOR ITSELF!

IT'S... STUNNING, PICKMAN! THE GREATEST DISPLAY OF REALISTIC TECHNIQUE... I'VE EVER SEEN...!

I ALMOST FEEL THAT MONSTER COULD REACH OUT... TOUCH ME... TEAR ME TO SHREDS...!

HOW DO YOU DO IT, MAN? HOW??

WAIT... WHAT'S THIS? SOMETHING ROLLED UP... PINNED TO THE CANVAS!

ONE OF YOUR BACKGROUND PHOTOGRAPHS, NO DOUBT... THOUGH YOU SEEM TO HAVE NO BACKGROUND ON THIS PAINTING...!

QUIET, YOU FOOL-- DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO KEEP YOUR VOICE LOW!

BUT, I DON'T...

DO YOU NOT HEAR IT? THE SQUEALS... THAT GRATING NOISE...!

STAND BACK! THERE IS SOMETHING I MUST DO!

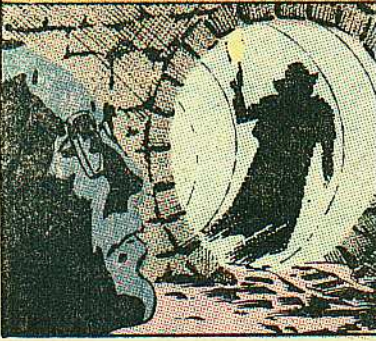
A GUN? BUT... THEY'RE JUST RATS, YOU SAID...!

STAY HERE UNTIL I RETURN...

...IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE!

YES... RATS! BUT THEY FEAR MY GUN! THEY FEAR IT!

"NEXT I BEHELD ONLY PICKMAN'S SHADOW... AS HE SHOUTED SOME SORT OF GIBBERISH, AND FIRED SIX SHOTS UP IN THE AIR... RATHER LIKE A LION TAMER..."



CURSE THOSE BLOATED RATS, THURBER!

IT'S NOTHING! BUT, I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT OLD TUNNEL, IF I MAY...

NOW THAT THE RATS HAVE BEEN FRIGHTENED AWAY...

THEY NOSE ABOUT THRU THESE ARCHAIC TUNNELS... AND OUR VOICES MUST HAVE STIRRED THEM UP!

SORRY I SNAPPED AT YOU BEFORE, MY FRIEND!



BUT... THEY WILL BE BACK, THURBER! THEY WILL BE BACK!

THEY WILL NOT HARM ME... BUT YOU...

YOU MUST GO... WHILE THERE IS STILL TIME!

YES... OF COURSE... IT IS LATE...



COME BACK AGAIN... SOME OTHER EVENING...



... BUT I SHALL NEVER GO BACK, ELIOT... NOR MUST I EVER SPEAK TO PICKMAN AGAIN!

WHY NOT, THURBER? JUST BECAUSE OF A FEW SHORT WORDS... A HANDFUL OF RATS...

NO... THAT'S NOT IT!

IT WAS... SOMETHING FOUND IN MY COAT... A LITTLE LATER.



HERE IT IS... THE CURLED UP PAPER THAT WAS TACKED TO THAT FRIGHTFUL CANVAS IN THE CELLAR...

... THE THING I THOUGHT WAS A PHOTO OF SOME SCENE HE MEANT TO USE AS A BACKGROUND!

YOU MEAN THAT'S NOT WHAT IT IS? THEN, WHAT...?



LOOK, ELIOT! LOOK CLOSELY! WHAT IT SHOWS IS SIMPLY THE LOATHSOME MONSTER HE WAS PAINTING... AND THE BACKGROUND IS MERELY THE WALL OF PICKMAN'S CELLAR STUDIO!



BUT, HEAVEN HELP ME, ELIOT... IT'S NOT A SKETCH... IT'S A PHOTOGRAPH!!

FINIS