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# Epitaph

NO.1  
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GENE DAY  
1974



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1974



"THE GREAT ENERGY WAR SOLVED THE ENERGY PROBLEM. NOW WE HAS GOT PLENTY OF OIL...JUST AIN'T GOT NO MORE PEOPLE..."

# Epitaph

No. 1

1975

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## Editorial

Greetings to all and welcome to Epitaph. The Producers of this magazine Larry Nibert and myself wish to express our thanks for buying our first issue. We have tried to present to you if not an original concept in a fanzine at least a well made one. We feel everything in this first issue ties together quite well.

The future of Epitaph lies entirely in your hands. Tell your friends and have them buy a copy. We would like to come out with another issue in four months, but of course were not promising. Due to the way artists more or make commitments to other zines it is sometimes hard to pull a magazine together.

Well enough of our woes and on to the rest of the book. If you enjoy the format and approve or an artist looking for a home for your work there is some info on page 26 you can use. So later on ya'll

Tom Cameron

GRANDPA, TELL ME AGAIN, HOW IT HAPPENED. PLEASE.



SON!  
YOU KNOW HOW...



NOW, NOW, I SHALL TELL THE LAD ALL I CAN AND KNOW ABOUT...



# DOOMSDAWN



THEY BROUGHT IT BACK FROM OUTER SPACE. THEY SAID IT WAS HARMLESS.



BUT IT WASN'T!

WHAT THEY DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT THIS ANIMAL WAS AN ALIEN TELEPATH IN CONTACT WITH AN ALIEN RACE.

A RACE THAT WANTED THE EARTH!



AND WE WERE PROVIDING THEM WITH ALL THE INFORMATION THEY WANTED!



SOON THEY HAD ALL THE INFORMATION THEY NEEDED TO FORMULATE AN ATTACK PLAN.



AND PLAN THEY DID!



SO WELL THAT



THEY WON THE WAR WITHOUT TOUCHING US!

THEY "MANUFACTURED" LITTLE ACCIDENTS AND OTHER QUITE DISTURBING INCIDENTS.



IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE A MALIGNANT SUSPICION WAS GROWING BETWEEN EARTH'S NATIONS.

NOBODY KNOWS WHO DID IT AND IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN...



AND IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE BIG NATIONS HAD THEIR WARBIRDS IN THE AIR.



SOMEONE DROPPED... THE BOMB!

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR THE OTHER NATIONS TO RETALIATE.

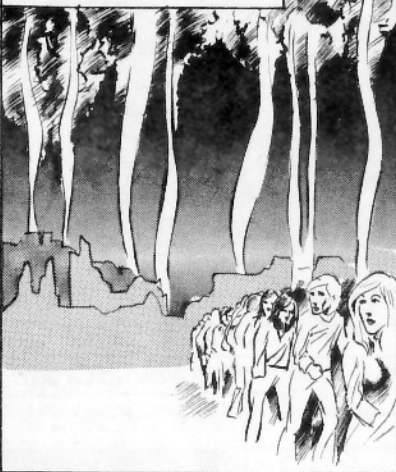


AND SOON...

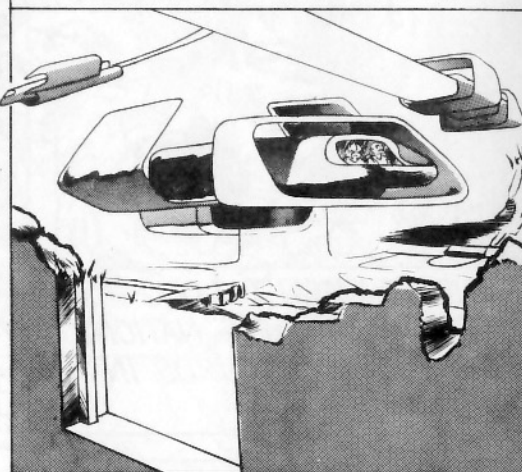


NOTHING WAS LEFT.

YES, THEY HAD  
PLANNED WELL.



AFTER THE BRIEF HELL THEY  
CAME OUT OF THE SKY...

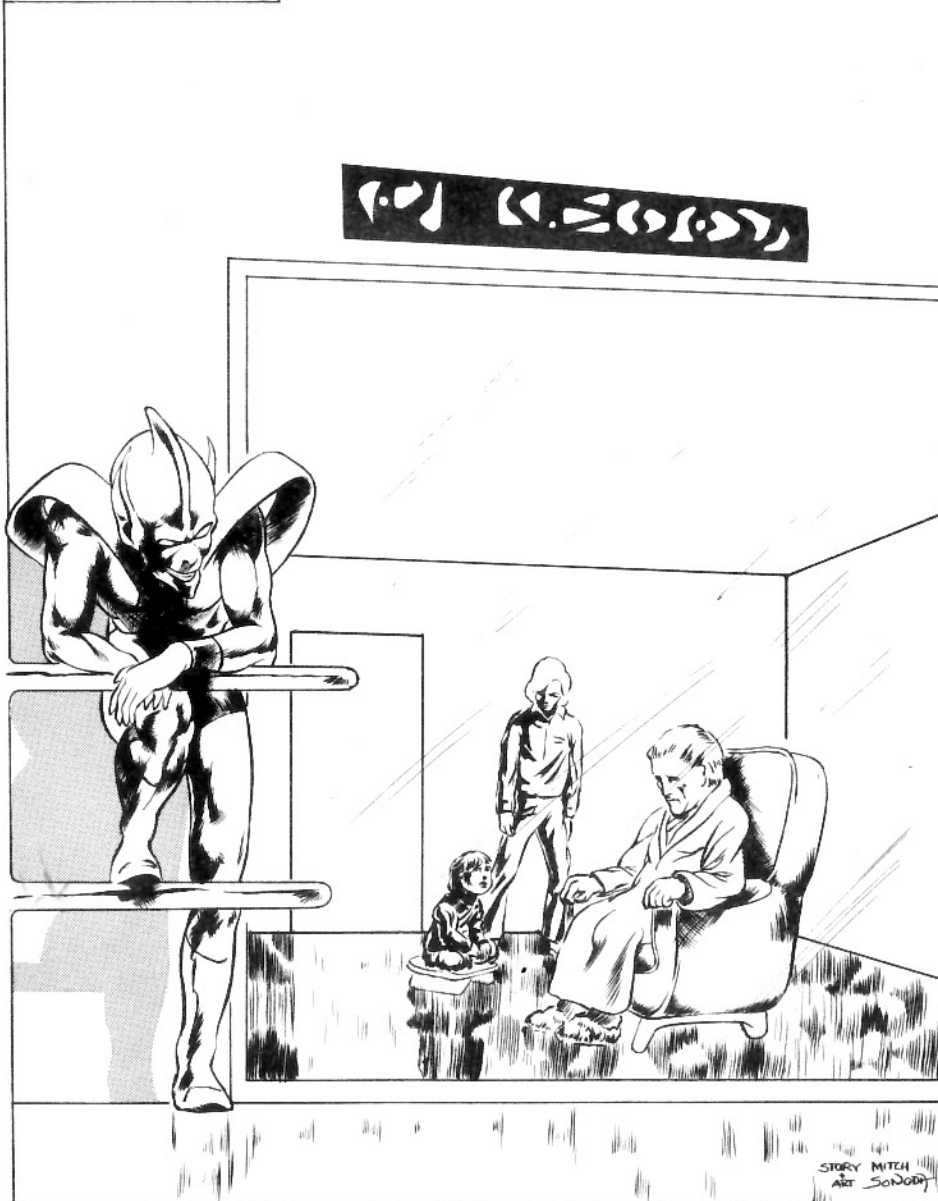


AND PROCEEDED TO PICK  
UP THE PIECES OF A  
NOW SCARRED AND  
BROKEN EARTH.



AND NOW, WITH NO  
CASUALTIES OF THEIR  
OWN...  
THEY NOW HAVE ...

EVERYTHING!



STORY MITCH  
ART SONOBY

# THE FOREVER CAVE <sup>BY</sup> James M. Pack

Johnathon, come see! come see! We can play inside this cave.  
You can be the shining knight, and I, the lady to save.

We can search for forgotten treasures, left behind in days of yore.  
Or maybe find a hidden passage lined with golden ore.

Johnathon, Johnathon, hurry, hurry, see what I have found.  
A hidden chasm, yawning wide, buried deep within the ground.

Melissa dear, I heard your shout from way above the hill.  
And now I see what you found, and it causes me to chill.

Come from there, over to me, take slow and deliberate steps,  
For you have found the Forever Cave where forgotten ills are kept.

Inside it is a wondrous knight who went in there years ago,  
To battle the hideous Alacron, all mankind's' deadly foe.

It is said that he battles still, that grand and glorious man,  
And he will stay there forever more, to keep Alacron from our land.

On moonlit nights one can hear the clanging of sword on beastly hide,  
Hurry Melissa, come here to me, don't try to go inside.

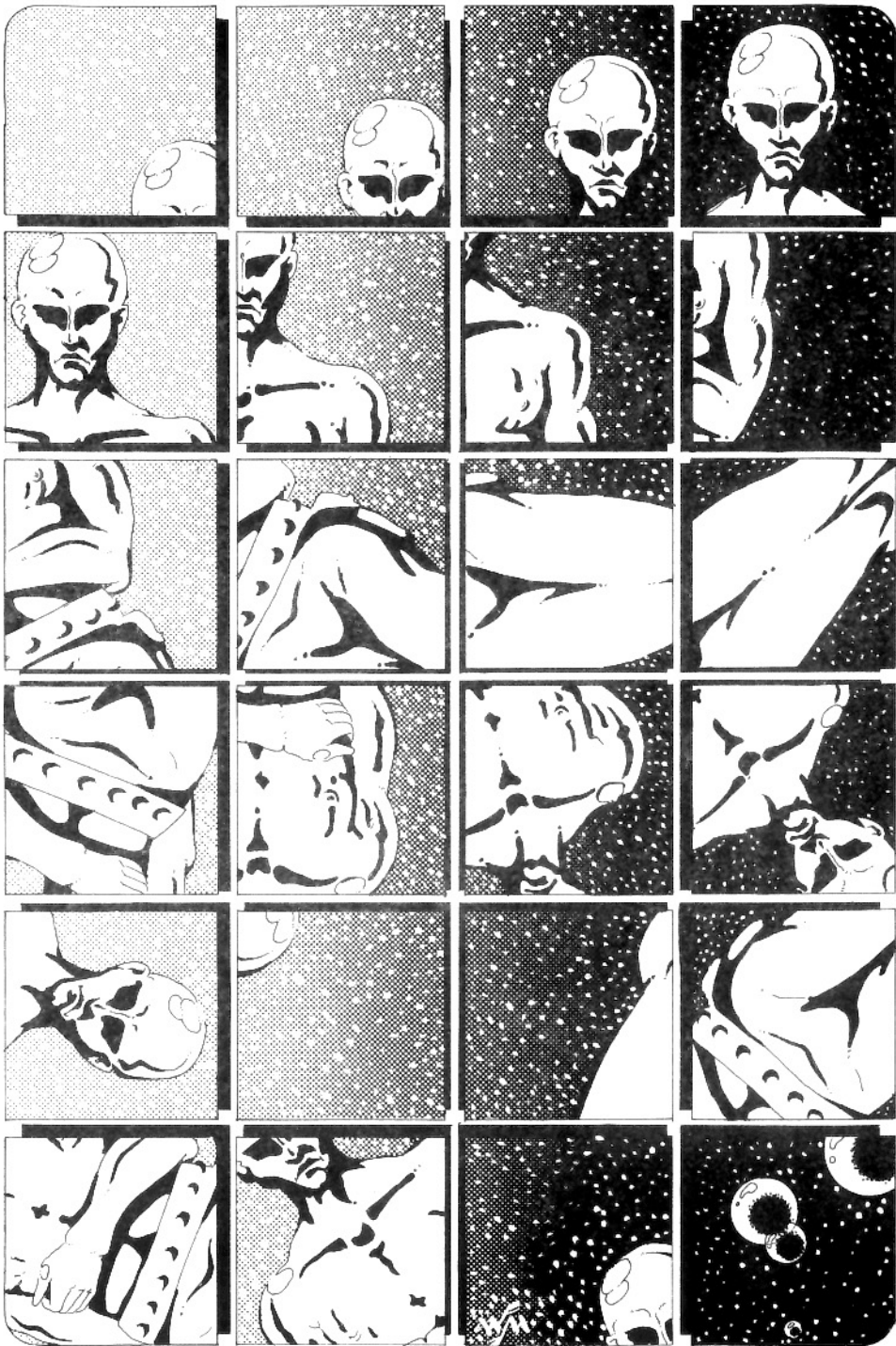
Melissa ? Melissa ? Are you still there ? Speak and calm my fear!  
Say that is not your scream or echo that I hear.

Johnathon, Johnathon, come see, come see, a knight, a knight.  
And they, and they, see me, see me, they fight, they fight.

Johnathon, Johnathon, help me, help me, I'm caught, I'm caught.  
This is not, this is not, the wondrous cave I thought.....



LARRY NIBERT



**T**IMES WERE, WHEN VICTIMS HAD BEEN PLENTIFUL -- FRUIT RIPE FOR THE KILLING. NOW LEAN YEARS WERE UPON THE LAND, AND THE VICTIMS' NUMBERS HAD DWINDLED LOWER AND LOWER UNTIL ONLY A SCANT HANDFUL REMAINED.

**H**ARK SCANNED THE HORIZON, INSPECTING THE CRUMBLING RUINS OF NEW YORK. IT, LIKE CHICAGO AND ALL OF THE OTHER FALLEN CITADELS, HAD BEEN EMPTY... VOID OF ANY LIVING CREATURE. NOW HE MUST SEARCH ELSEWHERE -- SCRATCH OUT NEW TRAILS IN THE JUNGLES OF ROTTING VEGETATION. SOMEWHERE OUT THERE, HIDDEN IN THE RECESSES OF THAT GREEN HELL, VICTIMS SHELTERED... PLOTTED... AWAITED TO TASTE THE KISS OF HIS GUNS!

# a time of tigers



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Art and Story  
GENE DAY

**B**LOODLUST HAD OVERTAKEN HIM EARLIER. HARK HAD SPOTTED A TWIRLING, MAJESTIC EAGLE OVERHEAD. HE HAD SLAIN IT WITH BUT ONE SHOT OF HIS RIFLE. THEN FEASTED HEARTILY UPON ITS STILL WARM FLESH... BUT EDIBLE WILDLIFE WERE FEW... MOST CARRIED THE ROT WITHIN THEIR TORTURED SHELLS... AND NEVER DID THEY QUENCH HIS THIRST FOR THE REAL KILL.

**S**OMEWHERE VICTIMS WERE WAITING... WAITING FOR THE KILL!



**T**HE SUN BEAT MERCILESSLY DOWN UPON THE STALKER'S GLEAMING HELMET... BURNING, EVER BURNING, UNTIL IT THREATENED TO FRY THE BRAINS WITHIN HIS SKULL.

**Y**ET HARK DARED NOT REMOVE ANY OF HIS FLEXIBLE ARMOUR...

10 x MAG RG 7x 100 YD TR is GO



**F**OR NOT ALWAYS DOES A HUNTER RETAIN HIS SACRED ROLE AS THE FORAGING TIGER IN SEARCH OF PREY.

**S**OMETIMES HUNTER BECOMES...



**P**AIN, SEARING AND HOT, KNIFED THE HUNTER'S THICK CHEST.

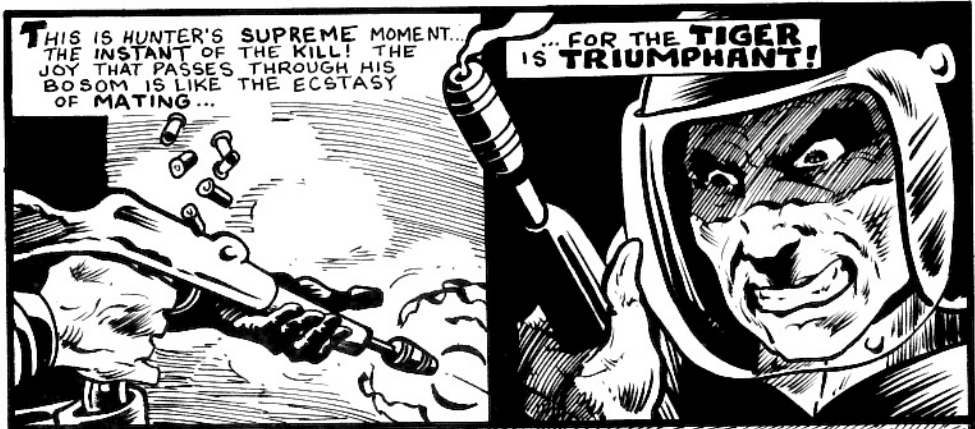
**T**HE NEUTRA-ARMOUR HAS PROTECTED HIM FROM A GRISLY DEATH -- FOR THIS TIME, ANYWAY. THE NEXT SHOT COULD PIERCE HIS SHELL. AND THEN...



**S**OLUTION TO THE PROBLEM...







**T**HIS IS HUNTER'S SUPREME MOMENT... THE INSTANT OF THE KILL! THE JOY THAT PASSES THROUGH HIS BOSOM IS LIKE THE ECSTASY OF MATING...

... FOR THE **TIGER** IS TRIUMPHANT!



THE ASSAILANT IS DEAD. HIS CARCASS IS BARELY HUMAN IN ITS APPEARANCE. IT IS TIME TO LOOK ELSEWHERE...



A SOUND AT HIS FEET, INTERRUPTS HUNTER'S THOUGHTS...



AND HE IS FORCED TO BECOME FULLY AWARE THAT EVEN DEAD TIGERS...

**SNAP!**

-- FOR VICTIMS!



...MAY BITE!



**BOOBY-TRAP!!** SET IN ADVANCE BY HIS 'DEAD Foe...



... SET...



...AND SPRUNG!



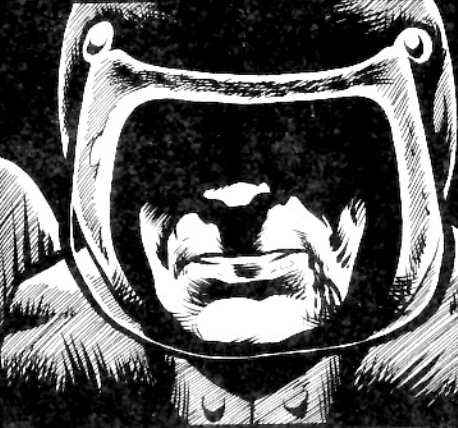
HUNTER KNOWS THE END IS NEAR. HIS EYES DIM AND BLOOD OOZES FROM COLLAPSING LUNGS...



"I AM A **TIGER!**" HE ROARS IN THE DEFIANCE OF DEATH. "I AM A SLAYER OF VICTIMS... A MASTER..."



SOFT SOUNDS WEAVE THEIR WAY FROM THE DENSE FOLIAGE OF THE FOREST...



AND COLD BLAZING EYES PEER FROM DARK SHADOWS...

-- HUNGRILY--

--VICTIMS!



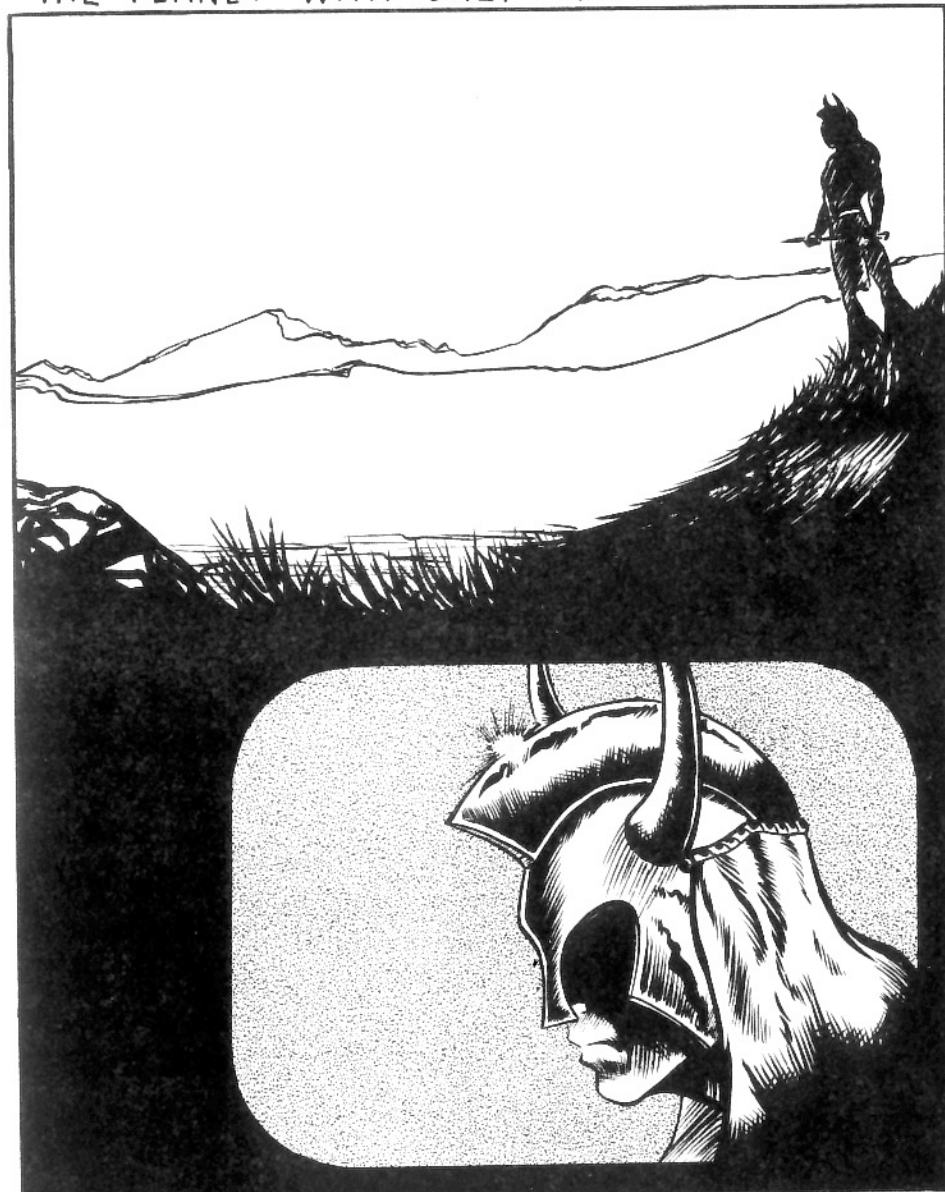
HUNTER KNOWS HIS WORDS HAVE BEEN FOOLISH... HIS VISIONS-- IDIOTIC!! IT HAD NEVER BEEN AN ERA OF HUNTERS... A TIME OF **TIGERS**...

AND AS THE SOFT PADDING OF BARE FEET REACH HIS RINGING EARS FROM ACROSS THE GLADE -- HUNTER KNOWS THE TRUTH...

...IT WAS ALWAYS A TIME OF **SCAVENGERS!!**



"TAGG, THE LAST OF HIS VILLAGE... TRACKING THE SURVIVING 'FORESTER'. THEY HAD ATTACKED AT DAWN. THE SURPRISE ATTACK HAD LEFT THIS HALF OF THE PLANET WITH ONLY TWO..."



# "SURVIVORS"

ART AND STORY: LARRY NIBERT

LETTERING: GORDON FLAGG

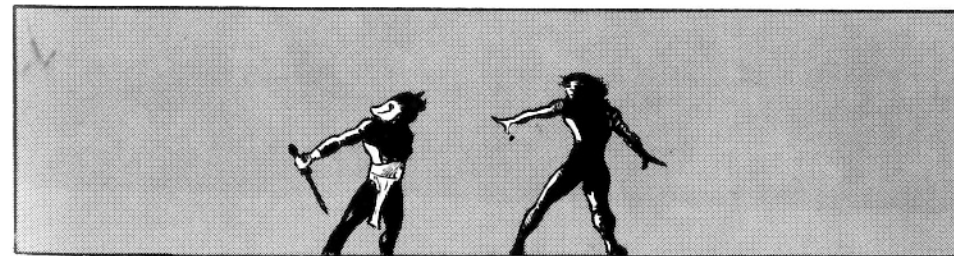
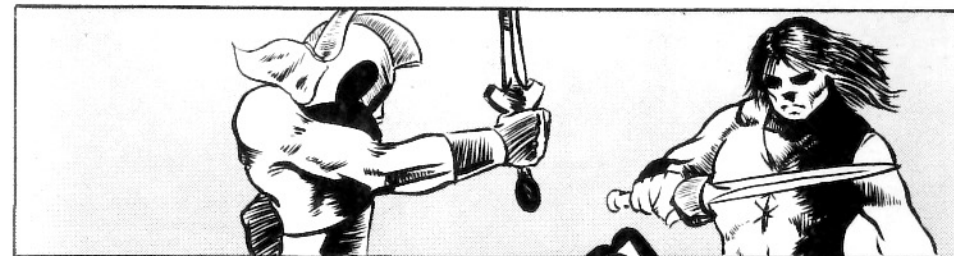
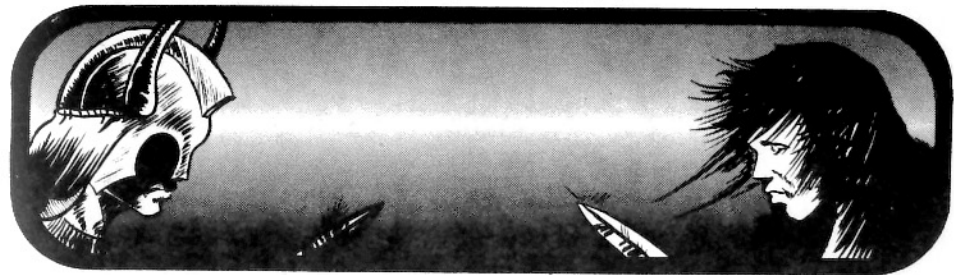
"TAGG HAS TRACKED RELENTLESSLY FOR HOURS. THE 'FORESTER' GROWS WEAK."



"YES, HE IS MAKING MISTAKES AND LEAVING SIGNS OF HIS TRAIL."



TAGG HAS FOUND THE 'FORESTER'. WEAK AND HUNGRY, HE HAS LITTLE CHANCE AGAINST THE LIKES OF TAGG!



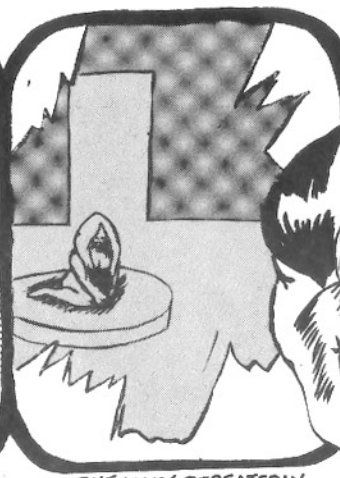
"TAGG... IS ALONE, FOREVER!"



NIBERT '75



THE FINAL WAR HAD DESTROYED VIRTUALLY EVERYTHING. I KNEW OTHERS MUST HAVE SURVIVED SO I WENT ON SEARCHING.



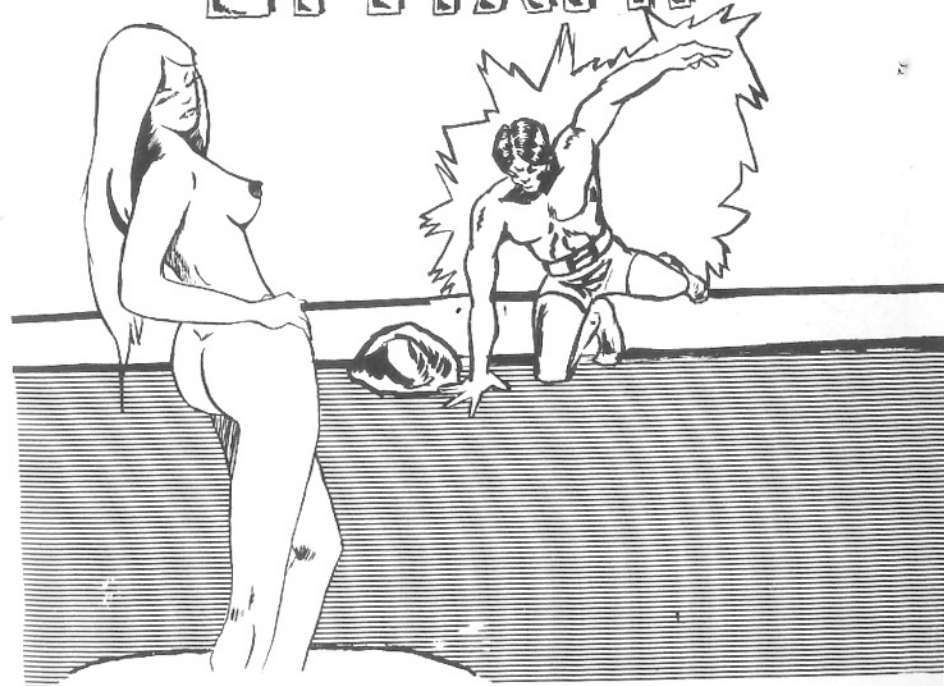
BUT I WAS REPEATEDLY FRUSTRATED UNTIL I ENTERED THE CITY. I FOUND HER IN AN OLD DEPARTMENT STORE, KNELT OVER AND DESPONDENT.



I CALLED TO HER AND SHE LOOKED UP AND SMILED. TO ME, SHE WAS EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL IN A WOMAN.

EVERY YOUNG MAN CARRIES AN IMAGE IN HIS MIND OF AN IDEAL GIRL AND HERE I WAS FACE-TO-FACE WITH MINE. HOW WAS I TO KNOW I WOULD SOON BE WITNESSING HER.....

## EPITAPH





EVERYTHING SEEMED TO VANISH AS I LOOKED AT HER. AS I STARED, HER LIPS CURVED INTO A DEEPER, MORE WELCOMING SMILE.

I PULLED HER CLOSE FEELING THE WARMTH OF HER BODY. KNOWING MYSELF LOST AND DROWNED IN HER.

THEN..... I LOOKED INTO..... HER EYES

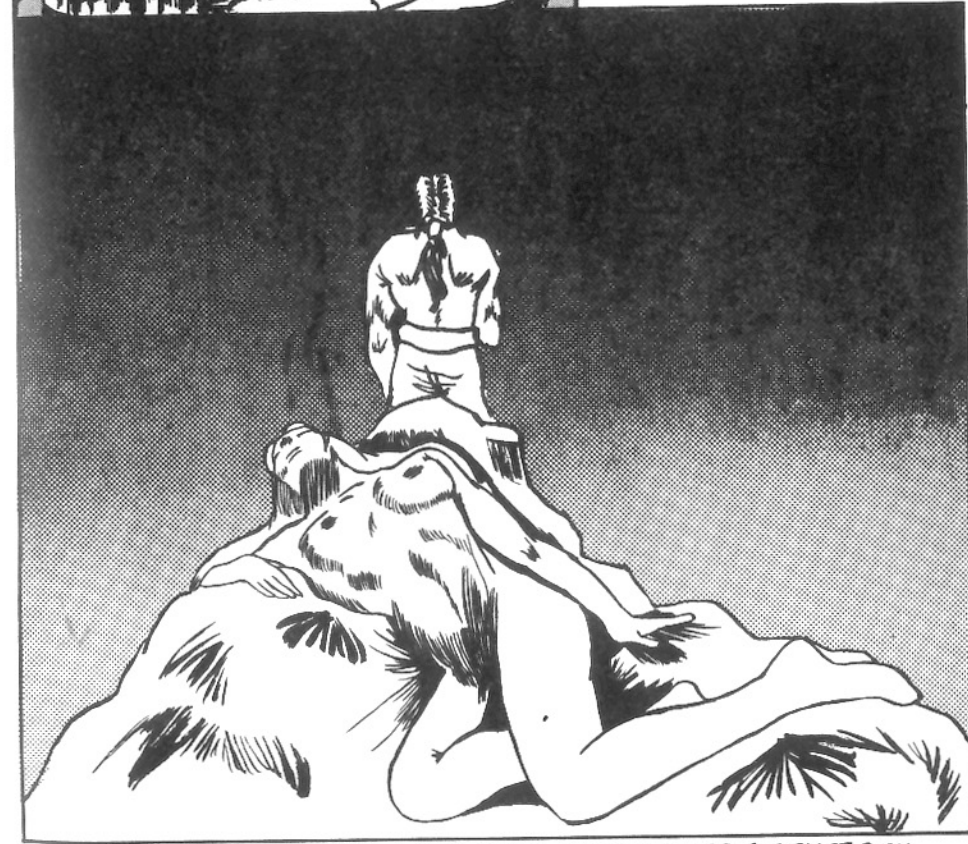


I SAW A BLANKNESS, AN UNCARING OBJECTIVITY, THEIR UNAWARENESS OF SELF. THOSE EYES NEVER BELONGED TO A..... HUMAN BEING.



IN THEIR MECHANICAL IN-HUMANITY, I COULD SEE ONLY HORROR. I PUSHED HER AWAY AND RAN.... BUT..... LORD HELP ME, SHE GOT UP AND FOLLOWED.

MONTHS LATER I HAD STILL FOUND NO OTHER HUMAN LIFE. AND I GREW TO ACCEPT HER COMPANY.



SHE WAS A SUCCUBUS, A NEW MODEL OF ANDROID FOR THE ELITE RICH, BUILT TO BE THE PERFECT WOMAN FOR ANY MAN. SHE IS DEAD NOW. FOR EVEN A RICH MAN'S TOY'S BATTERIES RUN DOWN AND THANK GOD I FINALLY STOPPED REPLACING THEM.

## A NOTE FROM, The Crystal Press!

- The Crystal Press is looking for artist and writers to help with future issues of Epitaph, and other projects that we have in the works! We pay contributors! So, if you are one of those interested in contributing to The Crystal Press, send some samples of your work; pencils, inks, lettering, or writing, or all these! Please include S.A.S.E. if you want your samples returned!
- Also, this page is for your letters of comment. Feel free to write and let us know what you thought of the first issue of Epitaph. Pro or con, we can take it, I think?!
- Sorry, we are not yet in position to take subscriptions!
- AND, we would like to voice our support for Tim Corrigan Superhero Comics. Tim's magazine is just what fandom needed, a bi-monthly 'zine for amateurs. A really fine production too!! So, give Tim Corrigan Superhero Comics a try. His address: T.C.S.C., 94 MacArthur Rd. Rochester, New York, 14615. Issues #1,2, and 3 (60¢ each!!)

next issue:  
Jim Starlin, and  
"Brother Bardox"



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FROM WARLOCK