



"Shouldn't you have retired by now?"

"No, I'm not tired yet. After a day's work I'm pretty tired. But I'm not tired now. But then again you never know what will happen from day to day."

"I guess you don't," said Jack.

After work Jack hobbled up to his room and lay down on his bed. His legs were still stiff and would swell up by the end of each day. "What the hell is wrong with my goddamn legs?" he thought.

After a few minutes someone knocked on Jack's door wanting to know if he wanted to play checkers.

"No thanks," said Jack. "I'm going to shower up and hit the sack early tonight."

Jack took off his pants and went to get his bathrobe out of the closet. He noticed that Doctor Eddie's shoes were standing outside the closet door as if they were waiting to get into the closet.



"I wonder who did this?" Jack thought as he put the shoes away. "I probably did it myself. That's who." He showered and went to bed.

The next day the shoes were out again when Jack got back from work. They were outside the closet door the next day and every day after that for a week. Jack sat on his bed and thought about the mysterious shoes.

"This is a true mystery," he thought. "But there's no harm coming of it so I'll just leave well enough alone ... even though it's driving me crazy."

---

The shoes emerged daily from the closet until Jack finally decided to leave them where they were, standing outside the

closet door, looking as if they wanted to go in. When Jack came back from work that day the shoes were next to his bed.

"Maybe if I polish them up ... " Jack thought. He polished them up and put them away all spiffy and black.

"Stay in there, you Oxfords," he told them but they continued to emerge and stand by his bed. On days that he didn't work the shoes would come out of the closet while he slept.

"There's some mastermind at work here," Jack said when he got up one December morning and found the shoes next to his bed. He got out of bed and nailed the shoes to the floor in the closet.

"Heh ... heh ... heh ... "

"How are your legs, Mr. Paris?" Harry asked Jack at breakfast.

"They're still in bad shape, Harry," said Jack. "They're okay in the morning but by the end of the day they're ready to fall off."

After breakfast Jack put on his apron and went to work. He walked over to his sink but stopped before he got there. Standing in front of his sink were Doctor Eddie's shoes. Jack tried to pick them up but someone had nailed them to the floor.

"It's got to be Harry," said Jack.

He rushed over to Harry and grabbed him by the shirt collar.

"All right, Harry, confess!" said Jack.

Harry poked Jack in the eyes and resumed washing pots. Jack, unable to see, walked into a rack of sheet pans and knocked them over. Some of them fell onto his legs and he crumpled to the floor in agony.

"Arhhh," he cried amid the clatter of the sheet pans.

"What the hell is going on here?" said the boss who had come out of hiding.

"Some maniac nailed my shoes to the floor," Jack said, rubbing his eyes.

"What are you talking about, Jack?" said the boss who called Jack Jack because he called everyone Jack.

"I think he's gone crazy, boss," said Harry.

"Over by my sink ... " Jack said, opening his eyes which were red and watery.

The boss went over to Jack's sink.

"Now what shoes are you talking about?" said the boss.

Jack went over and saw that the shoes were gone.

"Get to work, Jack and quit screwing around," said the boss and he went back into hiding.

After the boss went back into hiding Jack looked for nail holes in the floor but he couldn't find any.

---

"I can't stand this any more," said Jack. "My legs refuse to heal and I'm totally convinced that these fucking shoes are alive and consciously sabotaging my life and I wouldn't be surprised if they were responsible for my legs being in such a mess ... "

Jack muttered to himself all day. When he got out of work and went back to his room the shoes were nailed to the ceiling. Jack imitated Popeye.

"That's all I can stands 'cuz I can't stands no more!"

He ran head first into the wall and went to Chile.



Jack sat with Mr. Zee at a table at Sand Wan's Bar, a tall, cool, thin glass of Hawaiian punch in front of him.

"Mr. Zee, has Doctor Eddie been in here lately?"

"Doctor Eddie hasn't been out of his room for months," said Mr. Zee.

"Swell. What am I going to do now?"

Jack knew that one could not disturb a permanent resident of Sand Wan's Boarding House when he was in his room.

"What's the problem, Jack?" said Mr. Zee. "Maybe I can help."

"It's his shoes. Doctor Eddie's shoes."

"What about his shoes?"

"They keep coming out of the closet of their own volition. It's driving me crazy. I even nailed them to the floor and it didn't help."

"What happened?"

"They were nailed to the ceiling when I got back from work."

"It sounds like you've got a problem. Have you polished them lately?"

"Yes, I did that right away. It didn't help."

Mr. Zee gulped down his schuper and scratched his eye with a piece of glass from his windshield.

"Maybe you ought to start wearing his shoes, Jack," he said.

"Do you think that would do any good, Mr. Zee?"

"What else can you do?"

The sound of empty shoes walking into Sand Wan's Bar filled Sand Wan's Bar.

Jack turned around in his chair to see Doctor Eddie's shoes standing in the middle of the floor. Every patron in the place was looking at them. Even Sand Wan was looking at them. Everyone looked at them silently for five whole minutes waiting for them to do something. They did nothing.

Then Good King Orcheck stood up and smashed his empty schuper into Sand Wan's Fireplace.

"Don't just stand there," he commanded. "Start tap dancing!"

Doctor Eddie's shoes started tap dancing. Within a few minutes a beautiful girl started tap dancing with Doctor Eddie's shoes. Everyone started cheering and clapping. A few patrons started tap dancing themselves. Mr. Zee got up and started tap



dancing on top of the table where he was sitting with Jack. Sand Wan's Piano Player started tap dancing on the piano keys, playing *Way Down Upon the Swaney River*, a song written by Sand Wan himself. Pretty soon everyone was tap dancing in Sand Wan's Bar. Sand Wan's daughters came out from the back room where they were having sex with Sheep and Moe Schaefer and started tap dancing on Sand Wan's Bar itself. They tore off their shirts and exposed their bosoms which were as firm and ripe and luscious as tropical coconuts. Sheep and Moe Schaefer came out of the back room and started tap dancing.

"This is professional tap dancing at its finest," said Moe Schaefer.

Sand Wan's daughters' coconut bosoms started tap dancing and spraying coconut milk from their nipples which had aureoles as big as pineapple slices. Sand Wan got up next to his daughters and started tap dancing.

Doctor Eddie's shoes were tap dancing so furiously that they started to smoke. Ron Saunders, who was tap dancing his hardest, saw this and became envious.

"I'll show you smoking tap dancing!" he said but no one heard him because they were too busy laughing, cheering, drinking tall, cool, thick glasses of Hawaiian punch and tap dancing.

Ron Saunders jumped into Sand Wan's Fireplace and started tap dancing in the fire. Everyone started throwing their empty schupers and tall, cool, thin glasses at him. They shattered in the fireplace and against his head, shredding his



flesh like toilet tissue. Mr. Zee threw his whole windshield which he had just finished gluing together into the fireplace. Ron Saunders jumped out of the fire, still tap dancing, his blood burning like gasoline. It was spraying a flaming shower all over Sand Wan's Bar, starting the tablecloths and patrons on fire. His feet were two blazing crackerjacks, igniting everything they tapped.

"Smoky Saunders, the flaming miracle and Mrs. Robinson," said Ron Saunders as he set fire to all of Sand Wan's Bar. The flames began tap dancing.

Sand Wan tore off his clothes and his penis began tap dancing. Mr. Death and the rest of the liquor boiled out of their bottles and began tap dancing. Everyone continued tap dancing as Sand Wan's collapsed in flames about them.

Only after the fire was out and a smoking ruin left of Sand Wan's did the patrons of Sand Wan's Bar begin to stop tap dancing and leave. Jack looked for Doctor Eddie but he couldn't find him.

"To hell with it," said Jack.

Sand Wan was already rebuilding.

"See you later, Sand Wan," said Jack.

"It was a hot time in the old Chile tonight," said Sand Wan.

Doctor Eddie's shoes followed Jack out the already rebuilt door.

"Oh, no you don't," said Jack. He grabbed Doctor Eddie's shoes and put them on. His legs were immediately healed and he began to tap dance.

"Hey! Tap dancing is all right," he said and he continued to tap dance in his room for the rest of the day.

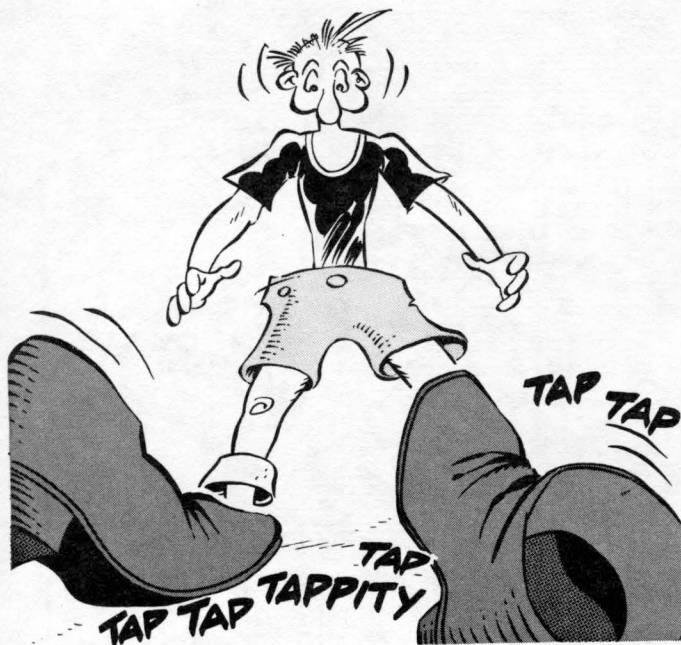
"Fuck work. I'm tap dancing."

He got out his trombone and played the trombone while tap dancing. He smoked Pall Malls while tap dancing and flicked the lit butts all over the room. He tap danced through the night and didn't go to work the next day. His boss came and knocked on his door.

"Jack! Get out of there and get to work, Jack!"

"Never! I'm tap dancing!" Jack replied. Then he started his bed on fire. When it got too hot in his room he left. Soon the whole floor was ablaze and Jack tap danced down the stairs. He saw Harry and tap danced on the lumps on his head. Then he tap danced out of the flaming hotel and tap danced down to the Greyhound bus station and boarded a bus that was headed for Florida.

## THE END(?)



**Editor's note**—I must say that I loved this piece since I first read it. To the casual reader, it may seem too obnoxious, but to anyone who is a fan of Max Shulman or even Richard Brautigan will love it and understand it. A phrase has been coined to describe the movie *The Serial*, which may also apply to Dr. Eddie: *psycho-babble*. It's a lightning-quick writing style laced with twists and turns that I hope you enjoyed.

*The Last Rose of Paris* is a novel as yet unfinished. Gary is still re-writing and changing things. It might wind up as a series of short stories. But, here's a brief plot sum-

mary. There are three heroes: Jack, Moe Schaefer, and Sheep (the former, a bum; the latter two, seekers of adventure). An alternating plot line runs along until the three are united to confront the mustard saboteurs. About Chile: it's another dimension that people go to when they're asleep, unconscious, or dead, like Mr. Zee. He was killed in a car accident and spends his time gluing the broken fragments of his windshield together. Also, all the permanent residents of Sand Wan's Bar are dead.

Sound bizarre? You betcha. If you'd like to see more of Jack's adventures, drop us a line, because we would, too.

HEY, TED, THANKS FOR LETTING ME USE YOUR SHOWER 'TIL THE LAND-LADY GETS OURS FIXED!

I JUST WANTED TO GET BACK EARLY SO'S I COULD CLEAN UP THE PLACE BEFORE LARRY GOT BACK FROM HIS VISIT TO WASHINGTON.

NO SWEAT, MAN. BY THE WAY, HOW COME YOU AIN'T STILL AT WORK?

HE'S PROBABLY STILL PISSED AT YOU FOR BUYING THAT KILO OF GRASS THAT TURNED OUT TO BE OREGANO AND YOU BLAMING IT ON YOUR "LITTLE PEOPLE"!

HEY, MAN, I'M TELLING YOU, THEY *DO* EXIST! HAVEN'T YOU EVER NOTICED SOME STRANGE THINGS HAPPENING TO YOU--

--LIKE KNOWING *EXACTLY* WHERE YOU PUT SOMETHING, BUT FINDING IT MYSTERIOUSLY GONE

*EXACTLY!* AND THE GRASS THE LITTLE PEOPLE CHANGED INTO OREGANO!

SOMETIMES I WONDER ABOUT YOU, JOE! YOU TALK AS IF YOU REALLY BELIEVED WHAT YOU SAY!

THEN I GUESS THAT EXPLAINS HOW YOU LOST FIVE CONTACT LENSES IN THE LAST SIX MONTHS. RIGHT, JOE?

TED'S RIGHT. SOMETIMES I TAKE THE LITTLE PEOPLE TOO SERIOUSLY. I MEAN, IT'S JUST AN *EXCUSE*---AND EVEN IF THERE WERE PEOPLE ONLY 8 INCHES HIGH, THEY WOULDN'T... AH, THERE I GO AGAIN!

YEAH, WELL I'LL CATCH YOU LATER, I'M GONNA CUT ACROSS YOUR ROOF TO MY PLACE!

TAKE CARE! THE LITTLE PEOPLE MAY BE WAITING FOR YOU!

# THE LITTLE PEOPLE of 92nd street

BLARING AUTOS, CHILDREN PLAYING, ALL THE MUSIC OF THE STREET WASTED ITS WAY TO THE ROOFTOP.

THE BRIGHT, GLARING NEON LIGHTS CAST AN EERIE GLOW ON JOE AS HE CROSSED THE ROOF UNWARE OF WHAT WAS ABOUT TO UNFOLD.

MOON'S OUT TONIGHT... LEAST IT'LL MAKE IT EASIER TO SEE WHERE I'M GOIN'!

CREDITS  
\*  
ART & STORY  
*PETE  
BOTSI*  
\*  
INKS & LETTER  
*PETE  
IRO*

SOMETIMES IT GETS SO DARK IT'S HARD TO MAKE OUT THE EDGE!

I GUESS IT COULD BE WORSE! AT LEAST NO ONE'S FALLEN OFF YET!

I'D BETTER GET STARTED ON CLEANING THIS PLACE UP! IT'S A DODDY THING TRY AIN'T BACK YET---



--OR IS HE???



LARRY COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN BACK SO EARLY!

THAT'S FUNNY! I HEAR MORE THAN ONE VOICE --OH, WELL, MAYBE HE BROUGHT SOMEONE HOME WITH HIM!...



I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK AND SEE! WHO KNOWS, IT MIGHT BE A BURGLAR!...

*Boyer 6/95th*



GOOD LORD!!

AND LIKE I WAS SAYING, JOE AND LARRY WON'T BE BACK FOR HOURS! WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT 'EM!



LOOKIT THE SIZE OF THOSE KNOCKERS!

**PLAYBOY**  
KATE SMITH  
ALL BARES  
EIGHT PAGES  
N.D. OUT

YOU CAN NEVER BE TOO SURE! JUST TAKE FOR EXAMPLE THE JERK CALLED JOE!...HE'S COME DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO THE TRUTH ABOUT US...

...SEVERAL TIMES!

3.

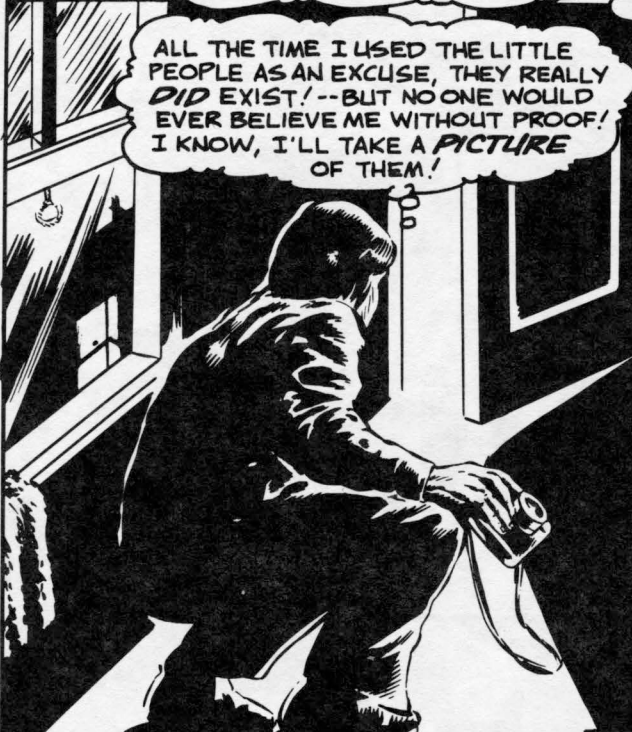


I-I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! ... AND NEITHER WILL ANYONE ELSE! LITTLE GNOMES ALL OVER THE PLACE! THEY'RE EVEN INTO MY GRASS!!--



BASTARDS!

ALL THE TIME I USED THE LITTLE PEOPLE AS AN EXCUSE, THEY REALLY DID EXIST! -- BUT NO ONE WOULD EVER BELIEVE ME WITHOUT PROOF! I KNOW, I'LL TAKE A PICTURE OF THEM!



THAT'S IT! ... JUST DON'T LOOK THIS WAY! ...

CLICK!

UH-OH, HOPE THEY DIDN'T HEAR



LOOK! A HUMAN -- AND HE'S PHOTOGRAPHED US!



OH, SHIT! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THOSE THINGS'LL DO TO ME, AND I DON'T WANT TO STICK AROUND TO FIND OUT!

HE'S HEADING FOR THE STAIRS! AFTER HIM!

4.

**I**N THE SECOND HEARTBEAT YOU'RE AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRWELL, BUT...



**Y**OU STOP, TRANFIXED BY THIS SEEMINGLY ENDLESS STREAM OF THE SMALL HUMANOID CREATURES.



**I**N THE FACE OF DEATH, FEW STAND STILL AND GREET IT, AND SO YOU RUN, RUN WITH THE SMELL OF DEATH BEHIND YOU, RUN WITH ONE GOAL IN MIND.







ALMOST... THERE... JUST HAVE TO REACH THE STAIRWAY DOOR. IT'S A GOOD THING I KNOW I LEFT IT--



...UNLOCKED!

SLICK!



WHA... IT'S LOCKED! BUT IT CAN'T BE! I KNOW I LEFT IT OPEN, WHO COULD'VE LOCKED IT? WHO?



ALMOST AS IF IN REPLY, A SHADOW COVERS HIM.



AAAHH!--



6.

**I**N PANIC, YOU RUN, AND IN DOING SO, YOU'RE AWARE ONLY OF *ESCAPE!*



**THE ROOF, IF YOU CAN JUMP ACROSS, YOU'LL BE FREE!**



**LIKE A BOMB, YOU RELEASE ALL YOUR PENT-UP ENERGY IN ONE EFFORT...**

**AND SUCCEED!**



**MADE IT! ...NOW... IF I CAN JUST PULL MYSELF UP!**

**MUSCLES ACHING FROM THE VIOLENT STRESS, PAIN IN YOUR TEMPLES THROBBING, ALL IS FORGOTTEN AS YOU FOCUS YOUR STRENGTH ON PULLING UPWARD, UPWARD, UNTIL ...**



**NO! NOT AGAIN! NOT NOW!**





NIGHT TURNS TO DAY ON 92ND ST.

IT'S REALLY TOO BAD ABOUT JOE FALLING OFF THE ROOF... I'LL BET HE WAS SO **STONED**, HE COULDN'T SEE STRAIGHT.

I WARNED HIM ABOUT CROSSING THE ROOFS WHEN HE WAS HIGH!

SORRY, YOU FEEL THAT WAY, LARRY, CAUSE I REALLY THINK I'M GONNA NEED A ROOMMATE TO HELP WITH THE RENT.



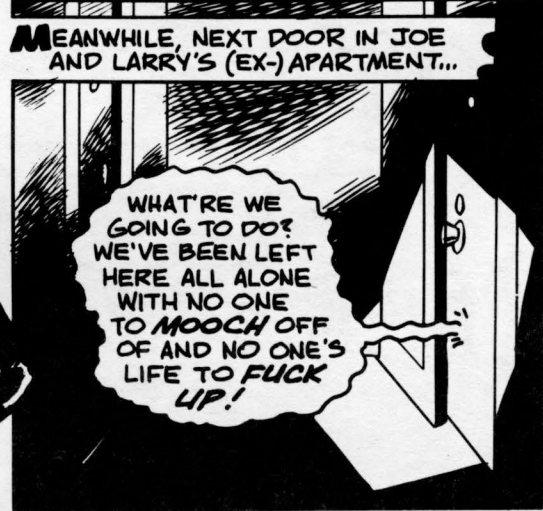
THANKS, BUT NO THANKS... MY TAXI'S WAITING...

TAKE CARE!



YEAH! HE HAD ENOUGH PROBLEMS WHEN HE WASN'T HIGH--- ANYWAY NOW YOU'RE STUCK WITHOUT A ROOMMATE AND YOU'VE DECIDED TO HEAD BACK TO D.C.

WHY NOT? I BEEN HERE SIX MONTHS LOOKING FOR WORK AND WHAT HAVE I GOT TO SHOW FOR IT?



MEANWHILE, NEXT DOOR IN JOE AND LARRY'S (EX-) APARTMENT...

WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO? WE'VE BEEN LEFT HERE ALL ALONE WITH NO ONE TO MOOCH OFF OF AND NO ONE'S LIFE TO FUCK UP!



YEAH, AND I'M STARTING TO GET THE **MUNCHIES!**

SINCE YOU'VE BEEN MADE OUR NEW LEADER, I THINK IT'S UP TO YOU TO FIND US A NEW HOME!

DON'T WORRY I THINK I KNOW AN OLD FRIEND WHO'D LOVE TO HAVE SOME NEW ROOMMATE!

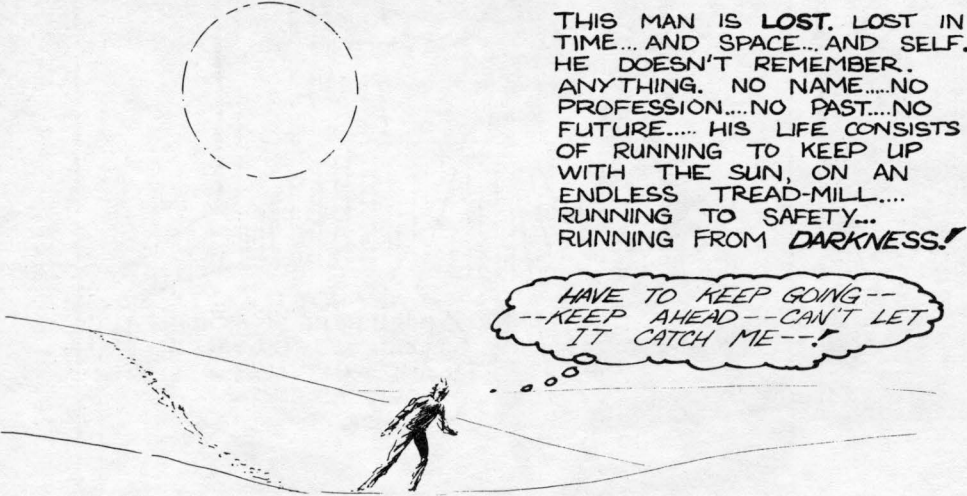


NOT EVEN IN THIS AGE OF INTERSTELLAR COLONIZATION HAS MAN EXHAUSTED HIS POTENTIAL FOR CONFLICT. ALTHOUGH ADVANCES IN THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES HAVE ALLOWED HIM TO SHAPE AND MANIPULATE NATURAL FORCES, THERE IS STILL ONE AREA WHERE HE HAS NO CONTROL... THE MIND... PREJUDICES, RAMPAGING EMOTIONS, CRIPPLING FEARS... ALL BARELY HELD IN CHECK... AND THE MOST PRIMORDIAL IS THE FEAR OF DARKNESS! AND EACH MAN KNOWS THAT...

# ...ALWAYS COMES TWILIGHT...

THIS MAN IS LOST. LOST IN TIME... AND SPACE... AND SELF. HE DOESN'T REMEMBER. ANYTHING. NO NAME... NO PROFESSION... NO PAST... NO FUTURE... HIS LIFE CONSISTS OF RUNNING TO KEEP UP WITH THE SUN, ON AN ENDLESS TREAD-MILL... RUNNING TO SAFETY... RUNNING FROM DARKNESS!

THEN... THERE IS A CHANGE IN THE MONOTONOUS PATTERN OF HIS EXISTANCE... A FLASH OF LIGHT ON SOMETHING IN THE DISTANCE...



WHAT'S THAT?



SCRIPT  
by  
ART COOPER  
and  
MIL SEPIC



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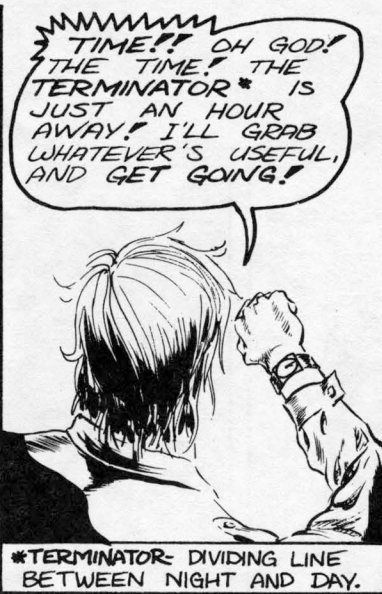
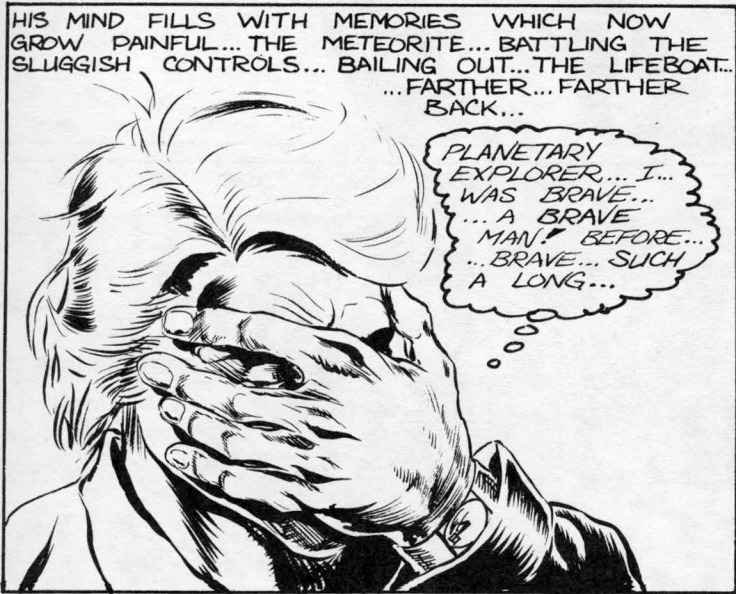
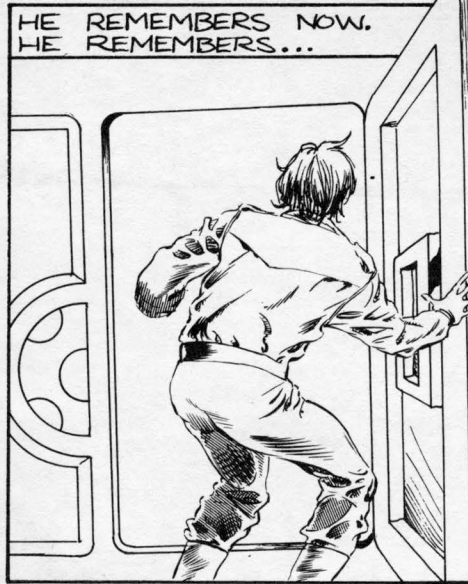
THE GLINT OF REFLECTED SUN DRAGS AT THE MAN... A MAGNET TO HIS CURIOSITY... HE WARILY APPROACHES...

-- A SHIP! A SHIP! MY GOD!  
THAT MEANS -- PEOPLE!  
IT'S --



WRECKED!!  
NO -- SOMEONE  
HAS TO BE  
ALIVE -- THERE  
HAS TO BE --  
SOMEONE!!





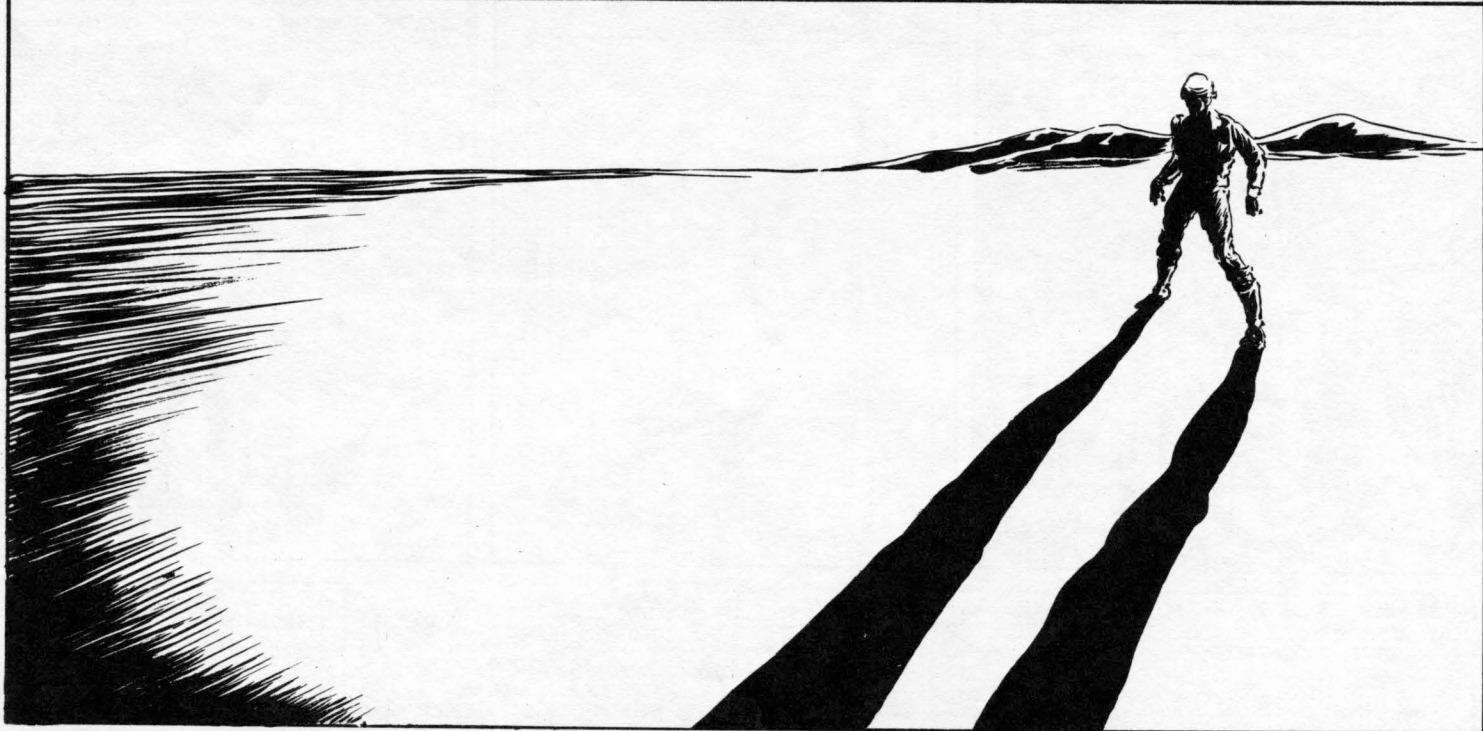
HE IS FILLED WITH THE LIFE THAT USED TO BE... THE LIFE OF A MAN UNAFRAID...



HE EMERGES FROM THE SHIP AND PLANTS HIS FEET FIRMLY...



THE DARKNESS CREEPS ACROSS THE LANDSCAPE LIKE A LIVING THING. THE LONG, ENCROACHING SHADOWS REACH OUT TO TOUCH HIM, AND HE INVOLUNTARILY SHUDDERS...



...TWILIGHT IS A COLD WIND... BRUSHING HIS FEVERISH BODY...



ALL HE HEARS IS THE WIND AND HIS OWN HEART...



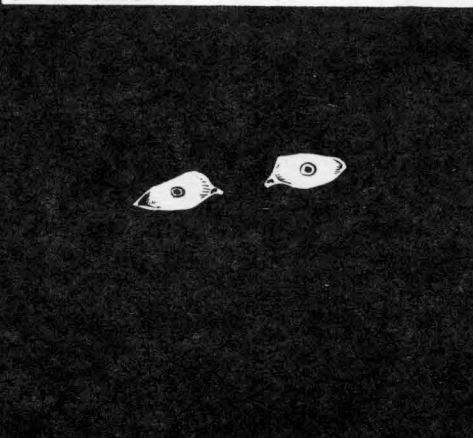
...HIS VISION FADES WITH THE LIGHT



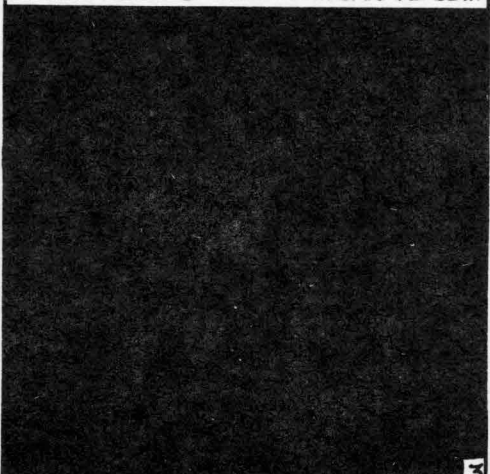
...THE WIND DIES...



...THERE IS ONLY HIS HEART... BEATING RAUCOUSLY... IN THE DARKNESS...



...SOON...THERE IS ONLY... DARKNESS...



IT WAS SEVEN DAYS AFTER THE END OF THE WORLD AND THE LINE OF HUMAN SOULS WAS DWINDLING STEADILY...



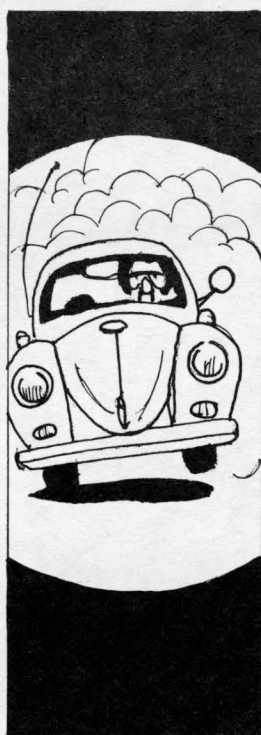
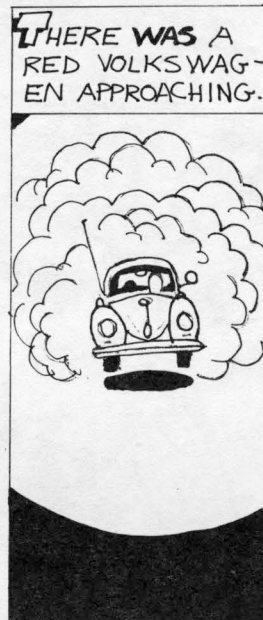
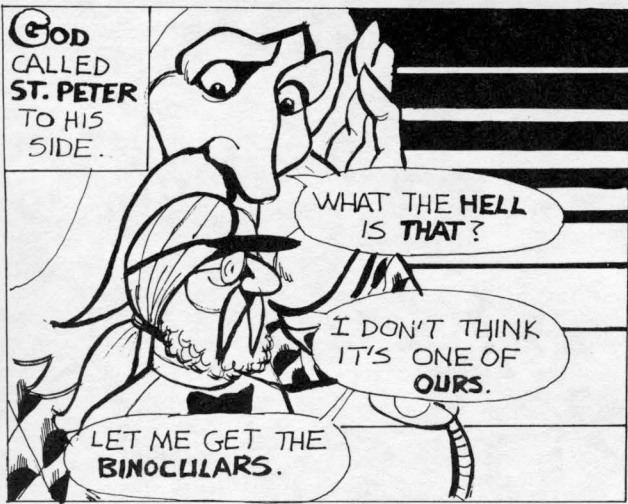
# incident at the end of the world

STORY: JIM BERTGES  
 ART: BILL NEVILLE  
 LETTERS/INKS: RICK BURCHETT  
 OVERSEER: SAMUEL J. MARONIE  
 AN INTERFAN PRODUCTION







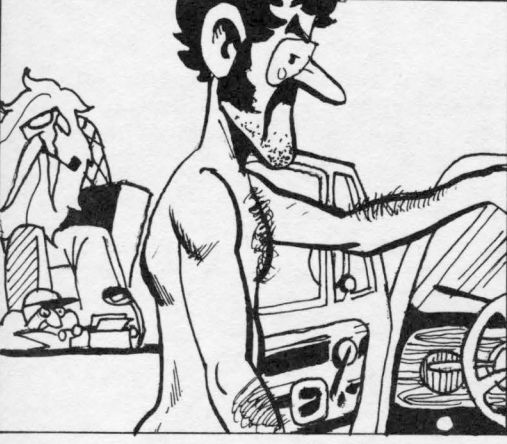




THE LITTLE CAR ROARED TO A HALT AND SLOWLY THE DRIVER EMERGED.



THE DRIVER HAD SAID HIS PIECE.  
HE QUIETLY CLIMBED BACK  
INTO HIS CAR...



SEE YA IN  
THE FUNNY  
PAPERS!



...AND FLOATED



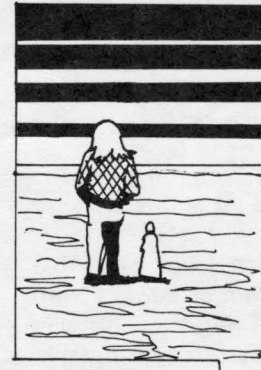
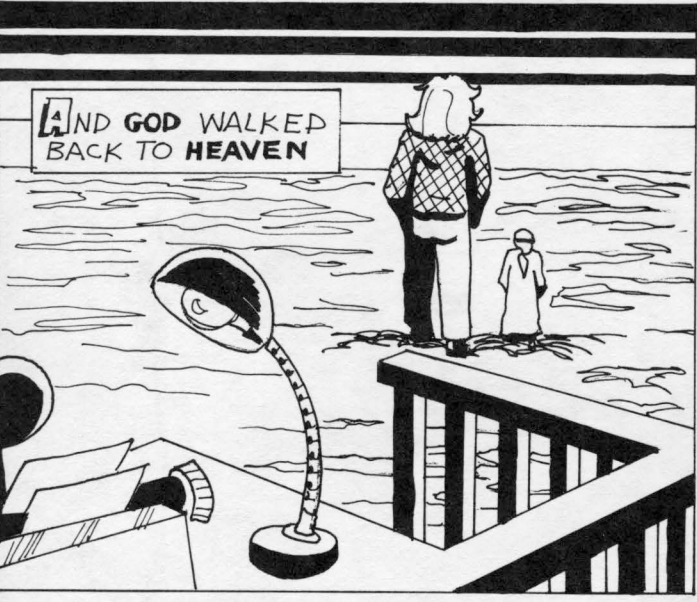
...OFF INTO



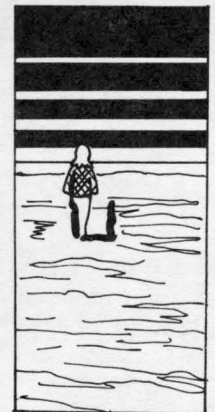
...SPACE.



BOO!  
AUTHOR!  
BOO!  
BAD  
SHOW!  
AUTHOR!



...FEELING



VERY



TIRED...



A few notes on the material in this issue: The strip "Always Come Twilight" was originally intended to appear in the magazine by the same title, but was omitted at the last minute. Always come Twilight was an art and story magazine published in 1975. The strip "Little People" was donated by Pete Iro who will also publish it in Nickle City Comics. Pete's address is on the Address Page at the back of this book. You can write him for more details.

You may have noticed the two sections of this book which deal with God: the strip "At the Edge of the World", and our thematic portfolio "God Creating a Superhero". This issue was *not* intended to be an assault on religion. This is simply the material we received. We planned the portfolio looking for an idea of a workable topic with wide-ranging possibilities. Later, we wanted a humorous strip and liked "World". If any of you out there were offended by this material, well, that's too bad. The concept of God is something which artists have dealt with for centuries, and we intend to deal with it, again, in various ways. We hope that in doing so we will inspire you to thought, not anger.

Now, on to our individual portfolio artists. Doug Herring is one of Interfan's hottest artists. He's done work for many major fanzines, including interior art for The Comics Journal and several covers for The Buyer's Guide. He seems to have captured the "Marvel house style", moreso than many other Interfan artists. He's been working on a storyline for the Thor book with Roy Thomas. In his portfolio he shows us the characters he's created for the story. No word yet on the progress of this project. Mike Romesburg is a relatively new artist at Interfan. Although Mike's work isn't as refined as the other artists presented, we felt that it should be included for its uniqueness.

Gary Ostanski ("Jack C. Paris in Dr. Eddie's Shoes") is our only prose writer from IF. We were fascinated by how Gary maintains a totally surreal view of life. It's extremely similar to the work of Max Shulman or Art Buchwald. His story is actually the seventh chapter in a book he's currently writing. See my editorial comments at the end of the story for more on this. The credits go to Larry Houston for the pencils and to Sam de la Rosa for the inks.

Essentially, that's it for my comments on this, the INTERFAN FEATURE ISSUE. I hope you all enjoy it.

This is as good a time as any to tell you who this Peppy White is. I'm not a writer, I'm an artist. It's hard for me to express myself in words and not lines. But as I reviewed my first two issues I saw that something was missing: a distinct editorial personality. This is hard to get in a magazine that does not run opinion pieces, unless it's in fiction form. So, in these editorial pages, I'll be reviewing the movies I've seen, books I've read, etc., in an effort to show you more of myself. If any of you have any comments on something I've said, write me and I'll print them in this editorial. Also, the editorial will be littered with my own illos.

I'm going to start getting personal now. I feel that an

editor should do this at least once in his career, so I'll do it now and get it overwith. If you don't want to hear, go get a beer from the fridge, and I'll be done when you get back.





I'm twenty years old, still living at home (not for long, stay tuned), and own a junk yard of old cars. I don't like old cars, I just own them. I'm glad I owned one of them because the sale of it financed this issue of Fantafolio. I love many things: sci-fi books, movies, drawing tit, burping at the dinner table, a girl named Cathy, eating junk, meditating, tasteless and sick jokes, liver, and loud rock-and-roll. I own a Gibson Les Paul guitar, and I love it. And I love this book.

I've always been fascinated by printing (how this became a thousand like it), as well as by comics and sci-fi. I hoarded comics as a kid and I wanted to be a professional comic artist. I never figured on anything like fandom would exist. Then, in seventh grade, I read a newspaper article on someone who also collected comics. So I called him and asked to come over to talk. I did and we've been friends ever since. His name's Gary Groth. He showed me that it was possible to print my *own* magazine. Which brings me to:

#### HOW TO PRINT YOUR OWN MAGAZINE, FREE.

First, enroll in a printing class when you're a junior in high school. Then, persuade your teacher that, in an educational exercise, you would like to print a magazine. He will take to you at once because you have a real craving for knowledge. Then you procede to learn all you can. You shoot all the negatives, make the plates, run it off the press, cut the paper, fold it, collate it, bind it, and trim it.

Lastly, you must advertize, sell, and mail your book. Then in your senior year you can repeat the process and do it better. Now you've made two issues of your magazine and gotten a grade for it, besides. **Now, here's a word of caution.** After you graduate you may try to get your old printing teacher to print your magazine again, not for free, of course, but for a reasonable price. And he may do it, for a while. Then he'll tell you that one of his students fucked with some of your material that doesn't even belong to you. You'll wind up telling him that the material should have been locked up, that he's a weasaly little phlem ball who can't handle the littlest responsibility in life, and that you'll send him a copy of your next issue.

Well, that's it for this issue, kiddies. Stay tuned for next issue, which will feature "RUSH, cosmically aware rock and roll", "A Conversation with Crock creators Bill Rechin and Brant Parker", cigarette smoking, some responses from the pros on Fantafolio, sci-fi stories, and lots of art, featuring Robert Mack Hester, and Gary Kwapitz. So, I'll see you in the funnies. Can you say funnies? Sure. I knew you could.

*Peppy White*







JIM MCPHERSON  
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# ADDRESS PAGE

Jim Bertges  
Interfan editor  
1332 Currant Ave.  
Simi Valley, CA 93065

Sam de la Rosa  
Interfan art director  
328 Canavan  
San Antonio, TX 78221

John Beatty  
1505 Valencia Ave.  
Holly Hill, FL 32017  
cover I

Willy Blyberg  
68 Alcott St.  
Acton, Mass. 01720  
cover III

Pete Botsis  
65 Silverdale Dr.  
Rochester, NY 14609  
pgs. 28-35

Rick Burchett  
Box #324  
Herculaneum, MO 63048  
pgs. 39-43

Art Cooper  
8 Searle Ave.  
Hamilton 50, Ontario  
Canada  
pgs. 36, 37, 38

Chris Ecker  
180 Main St.  
So. Elgin, Ill. 60177  
pg. 8

Doug Hazelwood  
3306 E. Oaklawn  
Victoria, TX 77901  
cover III

Larry Houston  
536 S. Kenmore #8  
Los Angeles, CA 90020  
pgs. 24-27

Pete Iro  
455 Potomac Ave.  
Buffalo, NY 14215  
pgs. 28-35

Mark Lamport  
618 S. Carroll St.  
South Bend, IN 46617  
pg. 7

Mike Machlan  
2538-A S. Brisbane  
Milwaukee, WI 53207  
cover IV

David Mazzuchelli  
97 Cathedral Ave.  
Providence, RI 02908  
pg. 46

Jim McPherson  
1749 Collingwood St.  
Vancouver, BC  
Canada, V6R 3K2  
pg. 47

Bill Neville  
719 Hendrix  
High Point, NC 27260  
pgs. 39-43

Jerry Ordway  
7010 Woodcrest Circle  
Franklin, WI 53132  
cover I

Gary Ostanski  
226 E. Wooster St.  
Apt. B  
Bowling Green, Ohio 43402  
pgs. 24-27

Mike Romesburg  
19 Fairview St.  
Uniontown, PA 15401  
pgs. 6, 20-23

Don Secrease  
5501 Louisiana  
St. Louis, MO 63111  
pgs. 4, 5

Ed Savage  
2439 Carson St.  
Redwood City, CA 94061  
pgs. 9, 10, 11

Rich Schindler  
348 N. Main St.  
Manchester, CT 06040





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