



THE WORLD'S GREATEST AMATEUR PUBLICATION OF SCI-FI & COMICS

# FANZINE '76

Stories and Artwork by  
Mitch Sonoda, Larry Nibert, Dave Yetter,  
Jesse James, and James Pack



Thirty-five cents

## Inside Fanzine '76

### FANZINE '76

#### Volume I No. I

OUR FIRST BIG ISSUE  
PREMIERING THE FANTASTIC "FANZINE"  
BULLPEN CONSISTING  
OF MITCH SONODA,  
LARRY NIBERT, LARRY  
BLAKE, DAVE YETTER,  
AND JAMES PACK.



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#### Volume II No. I

"EARTHMAN" BY JAMES  
PACK, "MARTIAN CATS...  
ARE FEROCIOUS" BY MITCH  
SONODA, "REEK HAVOC" BY  
LARRY NIBERT, "ARCADIA'S  
TRAIL" BY DAVE YETTER,  
AND LETTERS AND ARTICLES.

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MCCOLLUM, "DEMON OF THE  
MIND" BY LARRY NIBERT,  
"NOTHING IN COMMON" BY  
LARRY BLAKE, "STRANGERS  
IN THE NIGHT" BY DAVE  
YETTER, AND "CAPTAIN  
CANNIBAS VS AMPHETA-  
MAN" BY MITCH SONODA.

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### IMPORTANT NEWS FOR THE READERS OF FANZINE '76

BOWING TO POPULAR DEMAND, AND ALSO BECAUSE WE'RE GREEDY, WE, THE PUBLISHERS OF FANZINE '76 ARE OFFERING A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE FIRST TWO ISSUES OF "FANZINE '77" FOR \$1.00, INCLUDING POSTAGE. USHER IN VOLUME III WITH THE WARM FEELING IN YOUR HEART THAT YOU'LL HAVE A 50-YARD LINE SEAT FOR ALL OF THE ACTION!

Greetings fanzinophiles, and welcome to our fourth publication. If you are a regular reader of *Fanzine '76*, then you've probably noticed that this issue is somewhat smaller than the last one. Well, even though that is so, there are a lot more surprises waiting for you in this one. First of all, I decided not to write any scripts for this issue and just let the artists do their own thing. Hence, you've got Larry Nibert's "Virgins" and Mitch Sonoda's "Earth-Ho". You may remember the back cover on the last issue by Mitch. This story, "Earth-Ho" is a story wound around that illo. Larry, as some of you may know, is away at Joe Kubert's school of comic art. His contribution to this issue is a little sample of what he's learned while there. Before anyone asks, and I'm sure you will, Jesse James, who wrote the poem "Of love and none", is for real and that is his real name. So please, no wisecracks. How would you like it if your name was Richard Nixon? Dave Yetter is trying something new this issue. He complained that the space given to him was not enough to develop good story lines. So, the short story "Time Again to Know" will start in this issue and probably end in the next one.

I want to welcome Ken Kaney to the *Fanzine '76* bullpen. He did the excellent illo below. Good work, Ken, we're looking forward to lots more.

And finally, you'll have to dig deep in your collection of *Fanzine '76*'s to find the beginning of the Martian Cat saga. It began in the very first issue of Volume Two. It was drawn by Mitch and written by me. Well, this issue I decided to do the whole thing myself. Hope you like it. It, by no means is a Sonoda masterpiece but I think it is indicative of my present style.

So there it is and I hope you like it. Keep those cards and letters coming. Love to hear from ya'.



# Just Rappin'

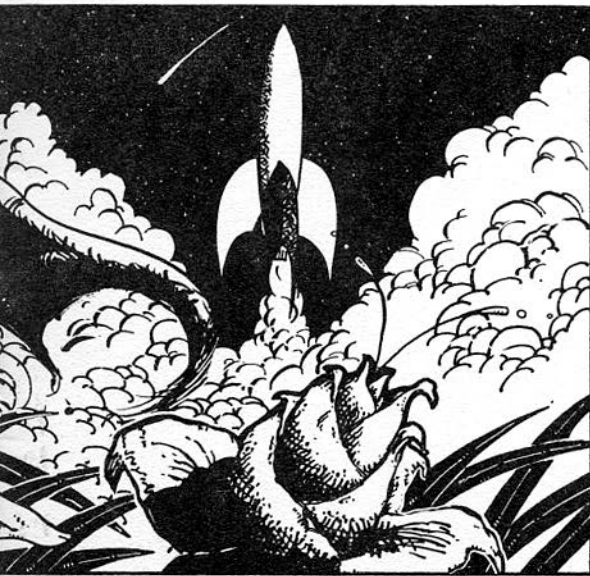
By David Letter

Like myself, you have probably noticed the high prices of fanzines. And also, like myself, you probably don't like some of the prices you are asked to pay. It seems, however, that readers of the "zine" have no other choice than to pay or forfeit their privilege to read them at all.

We, at Lance Studio, pride ourselves in printing what we consider to be one of the best fanzines to date. There are better, we acknowledge that, but those are guided by more professional hands than our own. Alas, not everyone can be the very best, but we earnestly believe that we offer one of the better quality and well created fanzines.

To produce a product that stands far and above the many others, critical evaluation must be placed on expenditures. In other words, how much does it cost to have a quality fanzine?

We believe it is both our interest and the reader's interest to produce the best fanzine for the lowest price possible. We would like to make a profit, but not at the readers' expense. We realize that any profit coming from Fanzine '76 must be from the sale of advertising, not from the cover price. Without that advertising it would be financial suicide to put out a magazine of any sort. The cover price would have to cover the entire cost of printing and postage. But we don't do that. We can't. It would be ludicrous and economically unfeasible to charge the amount of money it would take to break even.



Thus, our confusion from one issue to the next on the price. You may have noticed (how could you help but notice?) that we have been rather unsure of our prices. This fluctuated cost is due to the amount of advertising that appears in the zine and the number of issues published. As of this date, we have gone to print four times with a circulation of well over 600. Our readership grows with each issue but our expenses are growing also. Fanzine '76 is just one year in publication, and is still a young fanzine. Since we come out every three months, (or, try like hell to), we are under an ever tightening strain to try and keep a steady budget. Until we are able to expect certain advertisers or can estimate our dollar income, Fanzine '76 (??) will continue to fluctuate in cost from one issue to the next.

It won't take long but pretty soon we'll have our shit together and when that day comes, Fanzine, we hope, will cost around thirty-five cents per issue. Don't hold us to that but it is what we are shooting for.

\*\*\*\*\*

Added comments about practically everything by James M. Pack

Recently I received a letter from a group of highly ambitious people undertaking a publishing effort in Canada. They call themselves GF Enterprises. In their letter they asked me to advertise in their upcoming zine. Well, I know how much advertising means to a fledgling zine and quite frankly even though I wasn't sure of how their zine would do, I was ready to help them out.

That is, until I read their ad rates. I won't give the entire schedule here but suffice to say that a one-third page ad cost as much as it costs to put out an issue of Fanzine '76. For fan-oriented that's a might bit steep. Well, I wrote them back, telling them what I thought of the whole mess. Their return was not the nicest letter I have ever received and they accused me not knowing anything about fandom or what I was doing. Fini.

I will not take that from anyone and most of all from them. I've been in fandom since 1964 and consider myself part of it. Then, from the tone of the letter, they inferred that the readership of Fanzine '76 made no difference anyhow. They may mean little to them but to me, well, they're all I got.

I'm finished. I'm not gonna talk about it any more. If any of you want to see the letter they wrote me, please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and I'll send you a copy. Sheesh! Am I upset!

I received my first issue of the new Nostalgia Journal and wow, was I ever impressed! Here is an adzine for the fan. It is just what we have always needed. It has a better subscription rate and cheaper ad rates than the TBG.

If you want to take my word for it and go ahead and subscribe, send \$2.00 for a year, or \$1.00 for a half year to: The Nostalgia Journal, P.O. Box 292, Riverdale, Md. 20840. And if you do, tell them you heard them mentioned in Fanzine '76. A plug never hurt anyone. Maybe they'll help this little guy out and put an ad in his zine.

Well, thank for buying this issue and I hope you enjoy everything in it. It's all for you. If you have any suggestions for next ish, send them along.

# Time Again to Know

A SHORT STORY PRESENTED IN TWO PARTS BY DAVID YETTER

## PART 1

The room was small and stuffy and seeped an odor that was somehow rustic, but nonetheless stale and old. Granger dreaded another day in this office and often vowed to quit his job because of it, but decided to wait until it would be more appropriate. Anyway, he couldn't place a new supervisor with his secretary, pity the poor man. No, he knew he would not leave his job, not today anyway.

The rap upon his door was the same as every morning for the last ten years, and it reminded him it was time to face another day of public avoidance, misrepresentation and bullshit. God, how he hated his work.

"Come in, Miss Cutter," Granger said as he fumbled in his shirt pocket for a pack of crumpled cigarettes. "Well, now, aren't we looking great this morning?" Sarcasm rang in the air.

"I am, but you look like a mess." Her smile told him she meant it, and he knew she was right which was why he hated her so. "And anyway," she continued, "you say that every morning, and we both know you could give a damn less." She pulled a chair next to Granger's small desk and sat down, carefully exposing her thighs, knowing how much he hated it.

This morning interlude had become a ritual which always slipped into the daily routine.

"I don't have any work just yet, Miss Cutter, and I don't feel like chatting, so if you don't mind...."

"Sorry Mr. Granger, but today is the big day, remember? Haven't you looked outside at all?"

Oh Lord, he hadn't remembered! Granger slapped his hand to his forehead and frowned.

"Yep, today is the big one," Miss Cutter said. "Everybody's coming to town today. Imagine, the Supervisor of the District of New York will be coming to our Sector." She smiled into the air, then as an after thought, "You do remember, don't you Mr. Granger?"

"Yes, yes, of course I do, Miss Cutter. How could I forget something like that? Anyway, I'm supposed to chair the meeting later this afternoon. What time is it again?"

"The meeting is at 2:30, and there will be a banquet at nine o'clock for the visiting dignitaries. Ya' know, I'm really surprised you forget about this."

"I said I didn't forget," Granger said peering at her through a haze of cigarette smoke, "also, you won't be able to attend like we were talking about."

"But Mr. Granger, you promised me. I want to go more than you do."

"If there were any way at all you could go, I'd gladly give you my invitation, but I can't. Sorry." He stood and walked over to the window. "That's all, Miss Cutter."

Outside people sang and danced in the streets, caring not that they seemed young and simple, only that the world was full of color and gaiety; with laughter and merriment.

In the middle of the city square, an old preacher man proved that he could be a vociferous orator, yet eloquent in speech and manner, as he stomped, paced, chanted and puffed his way around an impromptu gathering of merchants, businessmen and innocent bystanders.

Around the bend sat a young man strumming an ancient musical instrument and singing songs of yesterday's dignity. The young and old flocked at his side to listen to the strange and methodical words. His voice was soft and gentle, like the humming sound of the birds as they soar through the winter sky. Some of the people threw coins at his feet in appreciation while others stood in esteem.

I was standing outside the office when Granger told Miss Cutter to leave.

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Blue is here to see you," she said as she headed for the door.

Granger turned suddenly as I walked into his office. "Well I'll be damned! It sure has been a long time." He smiled and offered his hand to me in greeting. "Come in, Dan, and make yourself at home---such as it is anyway." He grabbed a chair from the corner of the room and pulled it close to me.

Temptation bit my hand as I slid past Miss Cutter pinching her round plump ass. I was glad to find it had not changed in all the years of our seamy romance. As usual she smiled at my physical advance and gave me a quick wink.

"When you gettin' rid of old sweet cakes Grang?" I asked as the door closed behind me.

"Oh Lord, I don't think I'll ever see the last of her; she'll be here after I'm gone." He waved his hands in the air as if to blow her away. "Anyway, Dan, how's everything with you? You come to visit an old friend, or are you here for our little celebration this afternoon?"

Granger poured whiskey into a glass and asked if I cared to join him. As he poured my drink I could see how the years affected him. Gray mist swirled through tangles of curls that replaced a dark lustre and lines creased and darted from beneath silver eyes when he smiled. Thick flesh dragged from his lower chin to below his waist, boasting of a not so proud past. His hands were young though, with long slender fingers, having forgotten the sense of labor, but gave their age by a tremble as he held the glass.

"You know why I came don't you Grang?" I asked accepting the drink.

"Oh sure," he sighed and slumped into his chair. "Ever since we decided to open that time capsule we've been besieged by everyone from tourists to reporters." He gulped the whiskey and wiped his mouth on the sleeve of his coat. "Anyway, this is news. Why shouldn't you be here?" He eyed me incredulously, then added, "What's up, Dan?"

Granger worked under my father in the Security and Protection Unit of the Imperial Armed Navy, and was stationed at "La Porte du Heavens," a French based control center for the shipment of weapon systems to the space ports scattered throughout the galaxy.

My father, Major Victor H. Blue, Commander of the 749 Special Services Fleet, headed a project to prepare launching systems for special weapons to be used against threats of war initiated by the Martian Reactionary Army. The MRA's threats were issued to reclaim independence over the rule of the Ranking Court of His Majesty, Emperor Jonathan Younge IV.

Twelve years ago my father was imprisoned with a group of selected power heads, and forced to stand trial. Fifteen men and women were convicted and executed for war crimes against the MRA.

After the death of my father, Granger got out of the navy and into politics. He was elected Selectman in the third Council of his district and later appointed by the governor, Supervisor for the district of the New Midwestern Sector, and has learned to hate the job.

"Granger, two years ago the navy transferred me to the Security and Protection Unit--I'm with Special Investigation and Security Operation Fleet."

"Hey that's great Dan! The old man would be proud of you. But..." He broke off giving me a suspicious look. "So you're here officially, is that it?"

"Listen, Granger...."

"What the hell's wrong with those crazy bastards?" he asked flying his arms into the air. "Can't they let me have our fun without sticking their nose...oh shit!"

"Granger, the whole idea of your celebration is in actuality a promotion of the capitalistic system of governing people."

"What? Promotion of a capitalistic government? My God, Dan, if that wasn't so pathetic, I'd think it was funny."

He poured himself another drink. "Just look outside," he pointed to the window. "What do you see? A mob of reactionaries flinging their way to Government Control with plans of destruction and assassination? My God, Dan, those are happy people out there."

"Listen to me Granger. I'm only here to keep things in check. But five hundred years ago on this very day, July 4, the people of the land marched their way through 200 years of suppression, aggression, and

death by war. It wasn't another 50 years before they were destroyed. Almost 300 years ago this continent was still the United States."

"I know my history Dan, what's your point?"

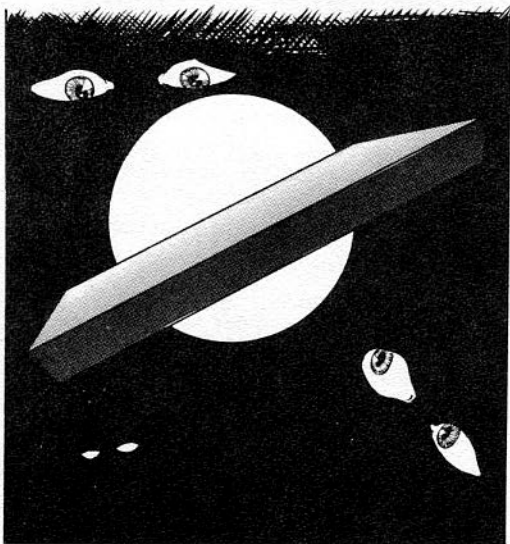
"By celebrating the day of the capitalist's control of government, is a recognition of that same government." I turned my head away from him.

"Bullshit! You're overreacting," Granger said, "all we're doing is preparing for the opening of the time capsule left to us from 300 years ago. Hell, we've got officials coming from all over the world." He opened the window, letting the sound of joy and anxious anticipation in. "It's a gag," he said, "nothing more than a party."

I stood up and walked to the window beside Granger and gazed out at the laughing people. Thousands of dancers and singers paraded down the streets. "Actually, I'm only here to make sure things don't get out of hand. You won't have any trouble from Control, Granger, but remember to keep things in the true spirit of His Majesty; no heavy platitudes on days gone by, ok? Anyway, we're interested in finding out what's in the time capsule too. Probably just some trinkets and simple artifacts of yesterday, but it could be interesting."

I put my arm around his neck and we both smiled, knowing what we each meant. "Ya' know, Grang, it really is good seeing you again." We both laughed out loud.

End of Part 1



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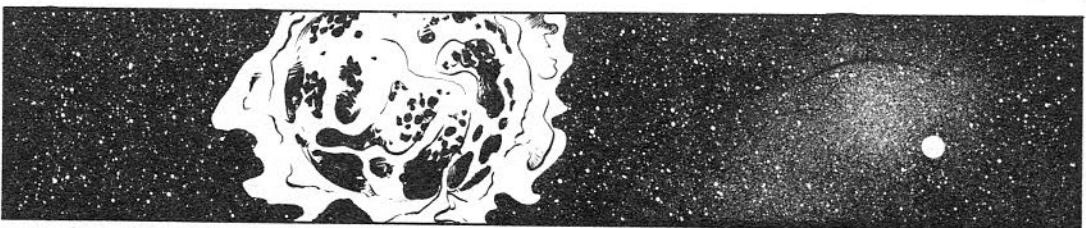
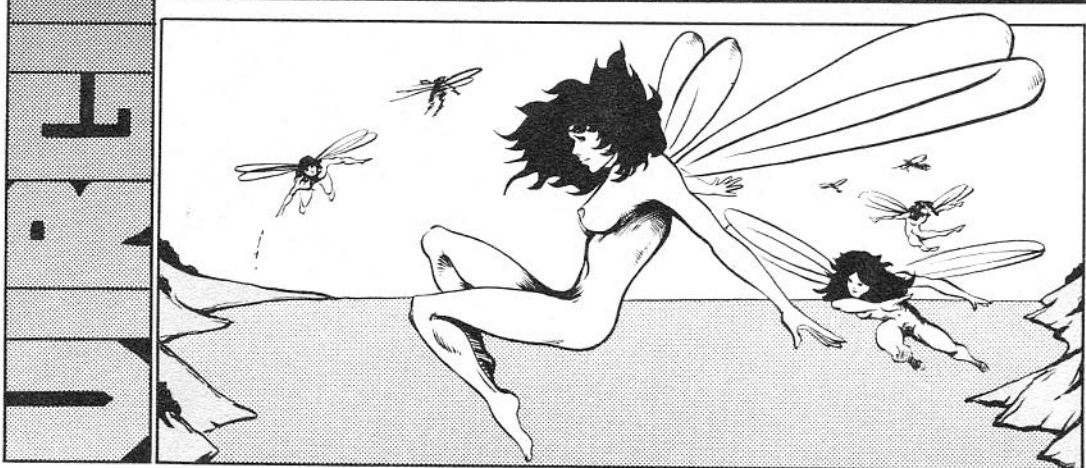
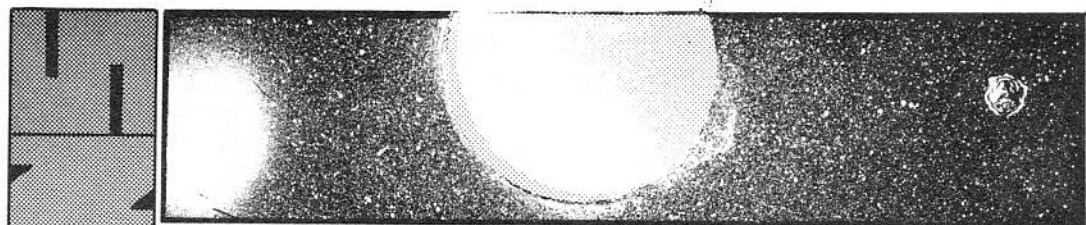
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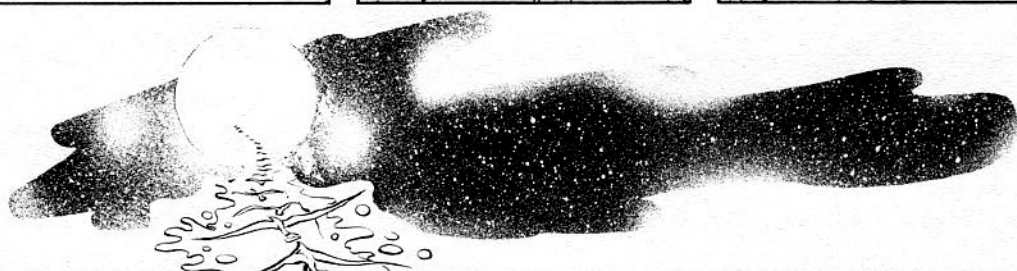
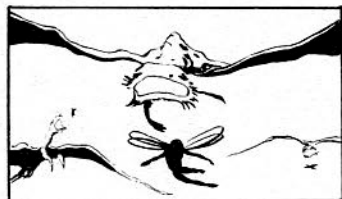
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## ELSEWHERE

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NIBERT AND BISSETTE





# of love and none

or . . . A Dream on Midsummer's Eve

BY JESSE JAMES

On shaded paths twixt field and farm  
far back in younger days

When men were forced to fight for life  
and streams ran different ways

When women fair were kept with care  
their innocences secure

So as not to let the beastly men their  
virginity procure

There on the path atop a mount as white  
as new sown snow

Rode a warrior from far off lands,  
his short sword hanging low

His nimble fingers plucked the strings  
of a simple taut stringed lyre

It's music floating clear and sharp o'er  
trees and brush and brier.

And mingled with those golden notes a  
voice of timber true

That carried o'er the lakes and streams  
and stately trees of yew

Of sorrow did the lyrics ring, of  
emptiness they ran

Bespeaking tones of loneliness within  
the heart of man

Oh, mournful tunes of unwritten runes  
were heard where ere he passed

Their story never fully told  
for the dye is yet uncast

So ever on his horse did plod o'er  
many a mud filled trail

While o'er the land and fresh plowed  
shire his melody did sail

As evening was drawing on the  
lessening of day

While shadows lengthened deeper still  
and blue sky turned to gray

The birds now roosted quietly  
their merry voices still

As nightly noises took their place  
and quietness they filled

Far from the path passed emerald dells,  
a quiet moonlit glade

And to this spot before his horse  
slowly his way he made

As he walked he sang of castles turned  
to dust and rust of weapons keen

Ever loathing with deep disgust  
the battles that he'd seen

But as he parted branch and bough  
and came upon the glade

His music seemed to falter there  
and the melody did fade

For set before his weary eyes  
a sight to light the night

A maiden fair with golden hair  
her eyes steeped in starlight

So long he stood there still and  
staring not believing his own eyes

Not knowing whether brain deceiving  
"Tis truth or artful lies?"

But even as his question asked  
passed tongue and mouth it slips

His heart now pounding furiously  
his blood through body whips

No ordinary maid is this . . .  
no common girl she be

Her body formed in goddess mold  
bespeaking purity

On water swift about her feet  
full moonbeams strong did shine

Whilest his keen eyes drank in with  
delite her every curvy line

Such beauty in a woman fair  
he had never seen

Her ethereal charms so far beyond  
all his earthly dreams

And as he stepped full out beyond  
the dark periphery

His shining metal harness in the  
soft light she did see

And as he crossed the grassy stretch  
the separating void

All her worries and her fears were  
quelled, alas they were destroyed

As they met, her full ripe lips  
pressed hard to his in kiss

He now could revele in the joy  
of knowing what he's missed

The moon did wax and wane its course  
throughout the velvet night

While man and woman spent the time in  
heavenly delite

As one not two their bodies grew  
on soft green dewy grass

While stars coursed slowly through  
the sky and endless time did pass

Pink morning light did find the two  
in entwining arms they slept

Whilest rosy morning sun appeared  
above the hills it crept

And as they rose to greet the dawn  
her hand in his sore tight

They bathed and warmed their waking  
selves full in the mornings light

And so he started out again  
not lonely any more

His heart so filled with precious  
love, his thoughts they turned from war

For on this mount she rode with him  
o'er hills and valleys green

To places far by sun or star where  
they had never been

But ill luck befell our warrior brave  
as evil hosts beset him

Their eyes upon Tinuvia fair  
their thoughts were to replace him

But neither two were want to part  
if either one could manage

So quickly up the warrior took,  
the fell one's unfair challenge

For they were to him a hundred fold  
their number high to count

An he but one with sword in hand  
while she atop his mount

By two's and three's they ringed him  
in, his sword a web of steel

First lunge, then chop, then turn  
and parie, then back again he reeled

Full twenty men lay 'bout his feet  
before his arm did tire

But many more had to be dropped  
the death toll counted higher

Tinuvia did watch his plight then  
reasoned she should stand

And leaped from mount with lightening  
speed, palming sword from now dead hands

The two of them fought back to back  
as the sun rose high then fell

Both hoping that before the night  
the onslot here would quell

But still the fell one's pressed them  
hard, replacing falling brother

As soon as one was beaten down  
his place filled by another

And so the unfair battle raged  
as the sun was setting low

And slowly, ever slowly high  
the dead one's pile did grow

Tinuvia did leave the fight by  
blow to temple led

The warrior now left to win or  
else all be in dread

## II

The mistiness from eyes did lift  
as cool morn's breeze did blow

The dizziness to flee from mind  
the pain to leave her slow

And as she rose up to her feet  
a fear rose in her breast

Not knowing if her warrior true  
lived through this awful test

So many bodies strewn about  
so many dead man's shells

Her worry gorwing stronger yet  
no answer to her yells

Then suddenly the wind did cease  
and a murmur she did hear

That seemed to drift around the dell  
until it reached her ear

For there beside a quiet spring  
his back against a boulder

Sat the warrior with pain creased face  
looking pitifully much older

His body rent by many wounds  
his short sword clove in two

His blood stained harness shining  
bright, blood mingled with the dew

She stumbled over fallen foe  
and knelt down by his side

Her sorrow and her sense of loss  
she didn't try to hide

His death she mourned with flowing tears  
down cream white cheeks they raced

And gently, while her eyes down cast,  
his tired hand he raised

And softly brushed with back of hand  
her streaming tears away

So thrilled was she to find him still  
with breath of life inside

But dulling eyes foretold the end  
his life doth ride ebb tide

Close he held her to his bloodied chest  
his throat with blood was choked

But soon, he knew, his time was near  
and with that thought he spoke

Surprisingly his voice was clear  
its tone was soft and low

With feeling he did speak his words  
before his life did go

"Tinuvia! How lonely is the world

"How hard is the stroke of the sword  
that is hurled.

"Towards my heart and the blood that  
I shed.

"Becomes my life, my dying bed.

Weep not for the life that I gave.

For a thought with me I take to  
the grave.

Your honor and your purity is  
still held high.

For this I have fought  
and this I now I die.

Carry on my princess and worry not.

Life's not the only precious thing  
we've got.

For someday we will meet again, we two.

And start our lives and love anew."

And with those words  
his body tired

His heart did stop  
his life expired

But narry a salty tear  
she shed

Remembering the loving words  
he'd said

And so kept his memory  
warm in her heart

Forever to long for  
the love that did part





## ...and, a cry came back.

Letters of comment for this feature should be sent to:  
CRIES, c/o David Yetter, 4964 Maplecreek Dr., Trotwood, Oh., 45426

Hi there Jim,

Well, where can I start?

(Yah, yah, at the beginning, I know.)

The cover: "Gamonahumondjlenka!\* verry slick, it was an impressive start...who screwed it up? (That entomological chick just don't hack it...well, that's exactly what she did, she really hacked it up). I think it would have been much better with a small rectangle enclosing a very "neat" illo. It was okay thourh.

Next, the content intro...very classy! That third panel was ultimately the best you've done (that I've seen anyways). Also, it was a great idea! A bit wierd but cute just the same.

Prior Meeting...At first I was kind of leery about the artwork, myself being a strict realist at heart, but the more I look, the better it got! It's got a very nice feel and flow to it. The words (script) and art both complimented each other poifectly.

...and, a cry came back. The plot was rather elusive but it was pretty interesting reading. (I've heard of short stories, but those... aren't you getting a little ridiculous?)

...and a cry came back.(cont'd). How can you continue when there was nothing there to begin with? Really Jim, I'm beginning to wonder about your literary ability. By the way, who is this Mitch Sonoda? (should I know him?)

Demon of the mind...substandard...if the grader and judge was Sal Buscema...(that means I thought it was great. (again with this Mitch Sonoda...what am I missing?))

The ads...well, ads are ads, and I only read them when I finish the book and it's still not time to leave the bathroom.

Candidly Speaking... How come I know everyone you publish or talk about? All that is except for this Sonoda jerk.

Although I don't agree with your ship designs, I still liked the full pager.

Strangers in the Night...exchanging glances, lovers at first si...oh, sorry, got a little carried away. The best that Dave's done yet. There are no words to describe it...the closest I can come is priceless. A rare gift in a rare magazine.

Another ad huh, Too bad, I'm out of the bathroom.

Nothing in Common... This is getting boring... Don't you believe in lousy strips? L.B. has outdone himself in both art and story. Verry nice ending, has possibilities.

Captain Cannibas...what is this crap?

Hack cover, it's gotta be that Sonoda shit head again. No one else would do anything that stupid and he didn't even get it right size.

In conclusion, it was a good zine...it only instilled 3 complaints within my complex and incorrigible mind. You should be able to guess what they were.

Sincerely,  
Ivad Anovodishit  
(Mitch Sonoda)  
Cleveland, Ohio

(...urp....) ed.

Dear Jim,

I have just finished reading my copy of Fanzine '76, Vol 2, ish 2 and was impressed so I had to write.

The contents pages were done very well and with great imagination, keep up the good work. Dave's Candidly Speaking was very good as was your one page illo. Capt. Cannibas by yourself and Mitchy-san was in itself outstanding. Larry Nibert's Demon of the Mind was the best over all strip in the zine. The strip was well written and flowed nicely, the panel layout was fantastic and each panel was a work of art in every respect the inking was absolutely phenomenal. Demon of the Mind is one of Larry's best work. Keep putting more of Larry's work in Fanzine, it's great.

Mrs. Dixie Nibert  
Springfield, Ohio

(...Say, are you guys doing comics or artists? Stop writing letters and get to work...sheesh) ed.

Dear Jim,

All I can say is **BEAUTIFUL!** when describing Fanzine '76.#2. And that art!, your zine has the best art in fandom. I just love looking at the art of Larry Nibert and especially Mitch Sonoda. Also it seems that Mick McCollum has really out done himself in this issue. I was so inspired by the art that I drew this illustration, I hope you will print it on your letters page. Thank-you for the experience called "Fanzine '76"

Kelilitane Elander  
Saugerties, N.Y.

(...thank for the illo Kelilitane. Although we couldn't use it for this issue, I'm gonna try and squeeze it into the next one. It makes me feel like we're accomplishing something when people like you pick up the pen and try to strike out on their own. Everyone should express themselves in any way they can.) ed.

**THE ILLUSTRATION TO THE RIGHT WAS DONE BY FANZINE '76 READER, STEVE KARMELE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.**

**STEVE HAS A STRIP ENTITLED 'FOOD' COMING UP NEXT ISSUE.**

**IF YOU HAVE AN ILLO, 3" x 5", SEND IT TO US AND WE'LL PUBLISH IT FOR YOU. MAYBE MAKE YOU FAMOUS!**



## ... and, a cry came back. (cont'd)

Dear Jim and Dave,

Cover- done pretty nicely but it looked kind of empty towards the top. I liked it anyway.

Intro page- the artwork was good. Especially the first panel.

Prior Meeting- I've really seen a lot of Mick's work lately and it seems every other fanzine I pick up has something done by him. And man, am I glad! He does great stuff and Prior Meeting was no exception.

Demon of the Mind- The artwork and story and even the lettering were done very nicely and I liked this piece. Lemme take a few guesses, Mitch helped out on the top 1/4 of page 11 or page 2 of the story and Val helped out on page 13 or 14 in the story on the last panel.

The artwork on page 18 was very good, Jim.

I enjoyed Strangers in the Night.

Nothing in Common- Let's see, Larry Blake, lemme think! No, don't recall ever hearing of him before. (Only kidding, Larry). The idea I guess was good and the art work (as usual) was very good as were the inks.

Cap. Cannibas. Well, Mitch did it again. He topped his last work. (which I find impossible to do) as he always seems to do. The story was very good and they combined to make a great story.

The back cover was very good very very good very very good. (get the idea?)

I'll close by saying this issue was worth double the price.

Jeff Clark  
West Hurly, New York

(...I don't know who did what in Larry's story. I do know he had some very professional assistance. Your guess is as good as mine. Thank for the comments and keep them coming, Jeff. You're getting to be quite a regular contributor to our letters column. ) ed.

Jim,

Fanzine '76 Vol 2 no. 2 is a quantum leap in quality over your other two issues, and that's quite a leap to make. Both covers are fantastically beautiful. Who did them? My guess is Sonoda.

The opening sequence leading up to the contents page is very clever, and your art seems to be getting better, Jim.

"Prior Meeting" had some of the best McCollum work I've seen in quite a while, but the story was kind of hard to follow. Maybe I should read it again.

"Demon on the Mind" was another great tale and that artwork by Nibert was beautiful. He's as good as Sonoda, who, I noticed, helped with the inking. I really couldn't tell exactly where this was, although I did notice a few places that looked as though they had a Val Mayerik influence. Nice job all around.

Larry Blake is another artist to really watch, as his art and writing on "Nothing in Common" is really good, and your inks helped immensely, adding to the very polished appearance of the art.

The Captain Cannibas strip was hilarious. I liked this one a lot better than his origin strip and the art was the typical Sonoda brilliance. M Man! can he draw! In a word, Far-Out. And ain't it funny how King Sativa looks a lot like a certain God of Thunder. Like you said, 'an outa sight coincidence.' wierd stuff.

Well, there you have it. Some rather patchwork comments on #2. Hope they get my message across, which is: YOU'VE GOT ONE HELLUVA ZINE !!! I couldn't find one thing that I didn't like about it. Nothing. Now that is something to be proud of. Keep up the good work.

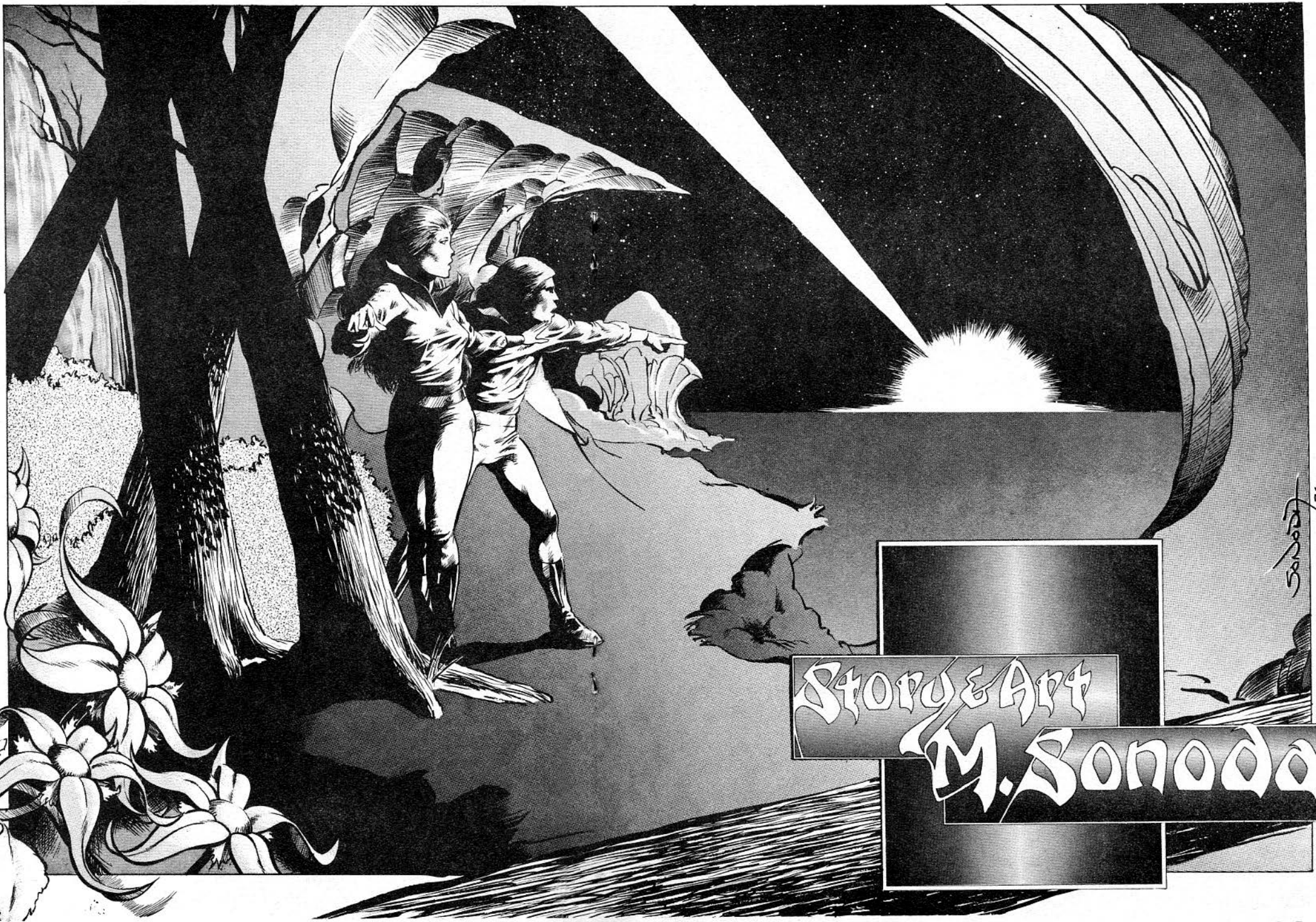
Best,  
Neal Blaikie  
Pensacola, Fla.

(... thanx Neal, compliments coming from you are appreciated indeed. You put out a helluva zine too. For those who don't know, Neal puts out the zine "Equinox". It is well worth the money. To order it, send \$1.00 to Neal Blaikie, 4608 St. Nazaire Road, Pensacola, Florida, 32505. He'll appreciate it and tell him Fanzine '76 sent ya.) ed.

\*\*\*\*\*

Well, I guess that's about it. This was the last thing that had to be done before going to the printer and now, it's done.

I hope you will over look the typing mistakes as that this is usually typed by Dave Letter's wife who is a professional secretary but time wouldn't allow me to get it to her. So, you just have to put up with my worn out ribbon and a typewriter that hasn't yet learned how to spell.



Storage Art  
M. Sonoda



ANOTHER ONE! AND CLOSER TO. SOON ALL THE MAGIC WILL FAIL

THEN CESHAK-LUN WILL BE NOTHING BUT UNINHABITABLE RUIN!



HO! LLEHC-TIM!



YOU ARE CORRECT!

BUT IT IS OF NO MATTER, IS IT NOT FAIR THAT IF NOT ALL CAN BE SAVED, ALL SHOULD PERISH AS ONE? THIS IS THE WISH OF THE COUNCIL.

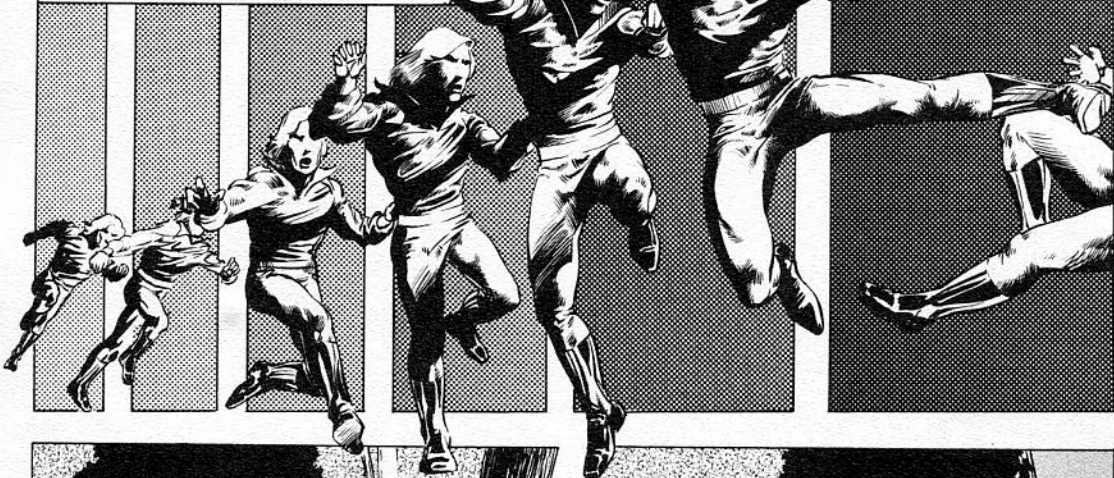


RUN!!



GET THEM FOOLS! DON'T LET THEM ESCAPE!!

*FEAR ADDS POWER TO YOUNG LIMBS: WINGS AND GRACE TO UNRELENTING LEGS...*





AND BRUTE STRENGTH TO  
DETERMINED ARMS.

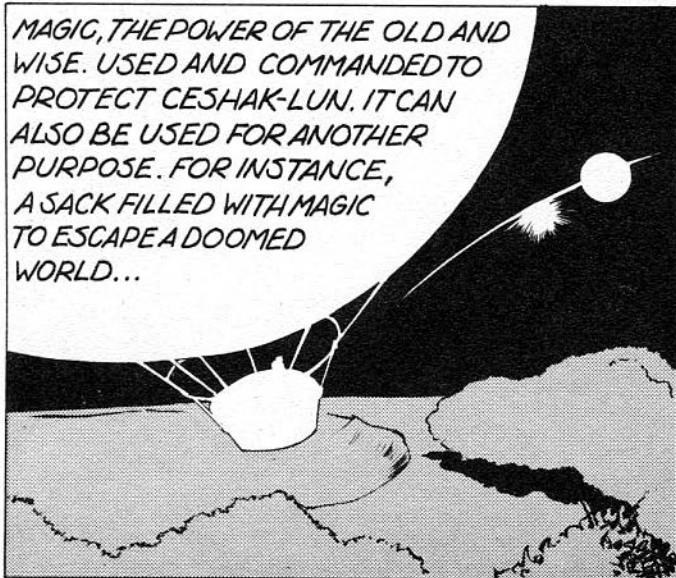


FLIGHT IS THE ONLY HOPE,



IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

MAGIC, THE POWER OF THE OLD AND  
WISE. USED AND COMMANDED TO  
PROTECT CESHAK-LUN. IT CAN  
ALSO BE USED FOR ANOTHER  
PURPOSE. FOR INSTANCE,  
A SACK FILLED WITH MAGIC  
TO ESCAPE A DOOMED  
WORLD...



AND TO SEARCH FOR THE  
MEANING OF AN ANCIENT  
MARINERS CHANT.



*Though the seas  
Be rough,  
And the skies  
Hang low.  
As the night  
Grows dark,  
And the time  
Spends slow.  
Know you aren't  
Lost...  
When you hear  
Earth ho!*

*Translated from an ancient  
Stansk mariner chant c.1200p.p.*

Candidly Speaking...

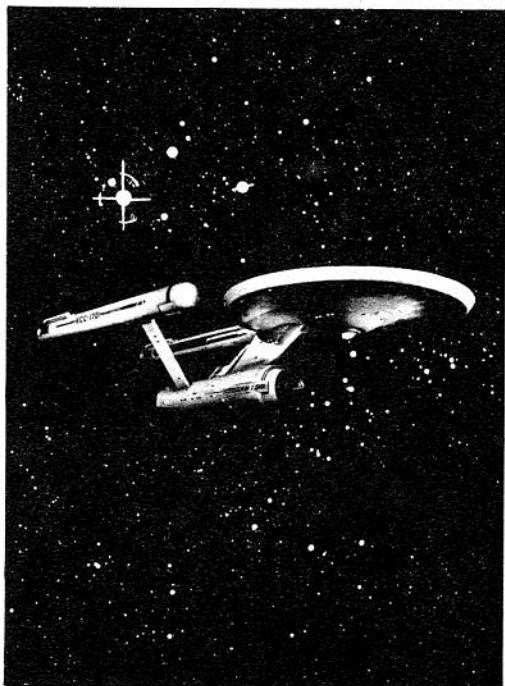
by David A. Yetter

It's not every weekend the avid science fiction buff can patronize the local moviehouse with hope of viewing an honest-to-god science fiction movie. Instead of quality flicks like *Logan's Run*, we are often then not besieged by the old slick grade-B Japanese blunders. Funny, yes, for an occasional laugh, (even more so when you find that millions were spent for producing *Infra-Man*), but somehow highly unsatisfying, to say the very least. This leaves the hopeful benefactor feeling a little more than bland.

Even rarer, is that fans occasionally get to enjoy the anticipation of a new and exciting upcoming S.F. movie. *2001: A Space Odyssey* provided us with that opportunity, and now, once again we are able to experience the thrill and excitement of knowing that something big and mighty is about to descend upon us all. It's something inside of us yelling, "...ready or not, here I come!"



Ever since the emergence of *Star Trek* in 1966, Mr. Spock, the *USS Enterprise*, and trekkies, have become household inflections. From every corner of the globe, people have been accosted by flying T-shirts, records, books, comics, t.v. reruns, (oh, those reruns!), and other various paraphernalia linked to the preservation of *Star Trek*.



To add more fuel to the already gushing flame of trekkidom, almost two years ago, Gene Roddenberry announced plans for a movie version of his already famous t.v. series. I, for one, took solace in the tantalizing taste of fascination. Here at last, the final endeavor, the grand finale, our real last acclaim to *Star Trek* was being seen. We were about to witness the inevitable--- *A Star Trek* movie.

But how much excitement can one person accumulate and how much waiting must be expected before anticipation fades into ambivalence? Pleasant dreams are one thing, but cheap thrills are something else.

While Mr. Nimoy waits around for more money and Mr. Shatner decides what it is he wants to do with his life, we entrusting fans are expected to sit idly by, waiting for Roddenberry's Delight.

I'm like any other S.F. fan; I like the feeling of knowing something great is coming. But enough is enough. Like they say in the movies, "...let's get the show on the road."

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THESE PANELS ARE PROVIDED FOR THOSE UNEDUCATED ONES WHO **MISS** VOL. II, 16H.I OF FANZINE '76 IN WHICH THE AWGOME ORIGIN OF THE MARTIAN CAT WAS TOLD BY MITCH SONODA AND ME. (VINDICTIVE JIM)

NO SIGN OF ANYTHING!  
NO BODIES, NO SURVIVERS  
NO NOTHING!

HE MUST HAVE BEEN  
BLOWN INTO SPACE  
WHEN THE METEOR  
HIT.

WHAT HAR... OH NO!  
SOMEHOW, THE CAT AND  
I ENDED UP IN THE...  
SAME BODY!

GOD!!

THEY'RE FEROCIOUS!  
BLAST IT, BEFORE IT  
CAN HURT ANYONE!!

CRACK

I CAN'T

IF YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S HAPPENING,  
DON'T JUST SIT THERE! **ORDER** A COPY OF  
THAT ISSUE. I STILL GOT A FEW.  
(YOUR GREEDY PUBLISHER)

YOU ARE HALF-MAN AND  
HALF-CAT, LYING HERE ON  
THIS COLD MORGUE TABLE.  
HOW LONG YOU HAVE LAIN  
HERE, YOU DON'T KNOW. IT  
COULD NOT BE LONG FOR  
THE **WOUND** THAT HAD ALMOST  
**KILLED** YOU LIES HALF-HEALED  
BETWEEN YOUR EYES.

YOU GENTLY SHAKE YOUR MUSCLE-  
BOUND LEGS. YOU ARE NOT QUITE  
SURE OF THEM. IF IT WAS YOUR  
HOME PLANET, MARS, WHERE TO  
CHASE THE SWIFT NYMBL WOULD  
BE AN AFTERNOON'S MUSING, YOU  
WOULD SPRING UP AND LEAP ABOUT.  
BUT, HERE ON EARTH, YOU MUST RELY  
ON YOUR EARTHMAN'S HALF AND  
HIS INTELLIGENCE TO KNOW WHAT  
TO DO.

TO KILL A... **MARTIAN CAT!**

THE BLAME FOR PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING IN THIS STRIP GOES TO JAMES PACK.

**WHAT TO DO?!!**  
RISE..... AND LEAVE —



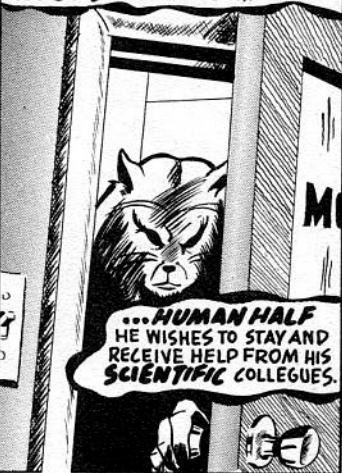
**LEAVE... BEFORE THOSE**  
WHITE SMOCKED ONES RETURN...

AND PROBE YOU WITH THEIR  
COLD, UNFEELING  
INSTRUMENTS!



LEAVE BEFORE THEY CAN  
UNDERSTAND IT TAKES MORE  
THAN A LAZER TO **KILL** YOU.

YOU **PAUSE** BEFORE YOUR LONG  
CLAWED HUMAN-LIKE PAWS GRASP  
THE DOORKNOB. THERE IS  
**INDECISION** IN YOUR...



...**HUMAN HALF**  
HE WISHES TO STAY AND  
RECEIVE HELP FROM HIS  
**SCIENTIFIC COLLEAGUES.**

AND YOUR **FELINE SIDE**  
WANTS ONLY TO  
**ESCAPE!**

**ESCAPE!**  
FOR YOUR INSTINCTS  
DEMAND IT.

**RUN!** DOWN THESE  
STAINLESS CORRIDORS  
TO THE WAITING OUTSIDE  
WHERE THERE WILL BE  
A CHANCE TO **LICK**  
YOUR WOUNDS AND  
**CRY** IN THE NIGHT.

**SOMEBODY!**  
CALL SECURITY

**MY GOD!** THE CAT  
IS STILL ALIVE!

**EVERYBODY, STAY AWAY**  
**IT'S WOUNDED!**





THE HARD CONCRETE IS RESISTANT TO YOUR SOFT PADDED FEET....

IT IS DIFFICULT FOR YOUR CLAWS TO GET A HOLD ON IT.



THE GLASS BREAKS AND FALLS AROUND YOU WHEN YOUR BODY CRASHES THROUGH THE DOOR.

BUT, NEVERTHELESS, YOU BOUNCE UP, AND RUN BETWEEN THOSE PARKED LAND VEHICLES TO THE WAITING SHADOWS..

AND, **SAFETY.**

YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT THAT MARTIAN CAT TOOK A DIRECT LAZAR BLAST BETWEEN THE EYES AND IS STILL **ALIVE!!**

THAT'S RIGHT COLONEL, AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, TAKE A LOOK AT MY FRONT DOOR. **CORPSES** DON'T DO THAT.



WELL, WE'RE JUST GONNA HAVE TO **STOP IT!**

**STOP IT?** STOP IT FROM WHAT? COLONEL?

IT HAS DONE NOTHING BUT BREAK A DOOR AND SCARE SOME NURSES.



WE CAN'T LET IT GO ANYWHERE IT WANTS. THIS IS THE 21ST CENTURY, MAN, AND ANIMALS ARE KEPT IN **CAGES!**

THERE ARE SOME **HUMAN ANIMALS** NOT IN **CAGES!!!**

IF YOU MEAN WHAT I THINK YOU MEAN, YOU CAN GO TO **PRISON** FOR SAYING SOMETHING LIKE THAT!



I HAVE A THEORY ABOUT THIS CAT-MAN THAT WILL EXPLAIN WHY **CAPT. TREBIN** COULD NOT BE FOUND IN HIS WRECKAGE AFTER HIS TRIP FROM **MARS**. KILL THE CAT AND WE'LL NEVER KNOW.

ARE YOU TRYING TO OBSTRUCT ME DOCTOR? I DON'T LIKE YOUR **ATTITUDE!**

DON'T **THREATEN** ME, COLONEL. AS A DOCTOR, AND A PRECIOUS COMMODITY IN YOUR 21<sup>ST</sup> CENTURY,

YOU'RE A **FOOL** COLONEL! YOU FEDERALISTS ARE ALL ALIKE... YOU THINK SCIENTISTS ARE YOUR SLAVES BECAUSE OUR DISCOVERIES GAVE YOU **GOVERNMENTAL POWER!**

I'LL SAY **WHAT I WANT, WHEN I WANT!**

YOU'RE **PUSHING ME...**

WHAT CAN BE GIVEN EASILY, CAN BE TAKEN A WAY JUST AS EASILY!

I WILL NOT STAY AND LISTEN TO YOUR TRAITROUS MOUTH!

GO, THEN!

I **SHALL**, AND WHEN I RETURN, I SHALL WEAR THE HIDE OF YOUR PRECIOUS **MARTIAN CAT** AROUND MY SHOULDERS!

I DOUBT IT COL. LIGHT. I SERIOUSLY DOUBT IT!

HE IS A SCIENTIST... AND WE NEED HIM

WE NEED ONLY TO REST AND ALLOW OUR WOUNDS TO HEAL !!!

I NEED TO BE **FREE** FROM YOUR **BODY**. THIS SCIENTIST UNDERSTANDS AND CAN HELP!

I NEED TO BE **FREE** FROM YOU TOO. BUT WE MUST **WAIT**. ALLOW OUR WOUNDS TO HEAL



YOUR MINDS **TEAR** AT EACH OTHER AS IF THEY WERE SEPARATE ENTITIES. EACH WANTS **FREEDOM!**



YOU CANNOT EXIST IN THE SAME BODY!!!? **INSANITY** WILL RESULT.



WE WILL REST. THEN, WE WILL GO TO THE SCIENTIST. AGREED?  
**SO BE IT.**



GOOD-NIGHT DOCTOR.

GOOD-NIGHT NURSE STANLEY.



PLEASE RELAY ALL MY CALLS AT HOME. I'LL BE THERE THE REST OF THE NIGHT.

VERY GOOD, DOCTOR. SHOULD WE PREPARE SEDATIVES IN CASE THE MARTIAN CAT IS CAPTURED?

IF IT IS CAPTURED, I DOUBT WHETHER WE WILL NEED THEM...THERE'S NO CAGE ON EARTH BIG ENOUGH TO KEEP IT.



AND BESIDES, THE COLONEL WANTS A NEW COAT.

THE NAP WAS A FAST ONE BUT IT HELPED **RELAX** YOUR **INJURED TISSUES**. THE CLEANSING AIR CREDIT INTO YOUR FUR AND CIRCULATED THROUGH YOUR BONES. IT IS STRANGE HOW THE EARTH ENVIRONMENT **HASTENS** THE HEALING PROCESS.

...AND SOMETHING **DISTURBS** YOUR REST!



DOCTOR, YOU HAVE TO **STOP ARGUING** WITH COLONEL LIGHT. HE'S BOUND TO GUESS SOONER OR LATER... AND THAT WILL ENDANGER THE **REVOLUTION**.

I CAN'T TAKE THAT IDIOT! HE HAS NO MIND, OR REFUSES TO USE IT.



WELL, THERE ARE OTHERS BESIDES YOU AND ME, YOU KNOW. HE'LL GET HIS ON THE DAY WE **FREE** OURSELVES!

IT'S THE DOCTOR! WE ARE RESTED, NOW, GO TO HIM!..... **WAIT!** THERE IS A DANGEROUS ENTITY NEARBY.

**FREE YOURSELVES?** DOCTOR APOPOS AND NURSE STANLEY, YOU PLAN TO FREE YOURSELVES? THEN DO IT. ONLY, YOU WILL FIND IT A LITTLE MORE DIFFICULT ON THE **NEPTUNE PENAL COLONY!**



**DOCTOR!** IT'S COLONEL LIGHT!!

I AM AFRAID YOU ARE BOTH UNDER ARREST FOR HIGH TREASON!



YOU'LL HAVE TO KILL ME FIRST!

AND...THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT THIS LAZER WILL DO!

YOUR HUMAN SIDE SCREAMS... *NOOO!* HE CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO *KILL* THE SCIENTIST. HE IS OUR ONLY CHANCE! OUR ONLY CHANCE FOR SEPERATION!



ROAR!

THEN LEAP! SUMMON ALL YOUR STRENGTH, AND... LEAP! *PROTECT* THAT ONE CHANCE!

LEAP. AND DESTROY!



GOD! IT'S THE MARTIAN CAT!

MOVE! NURSE... I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



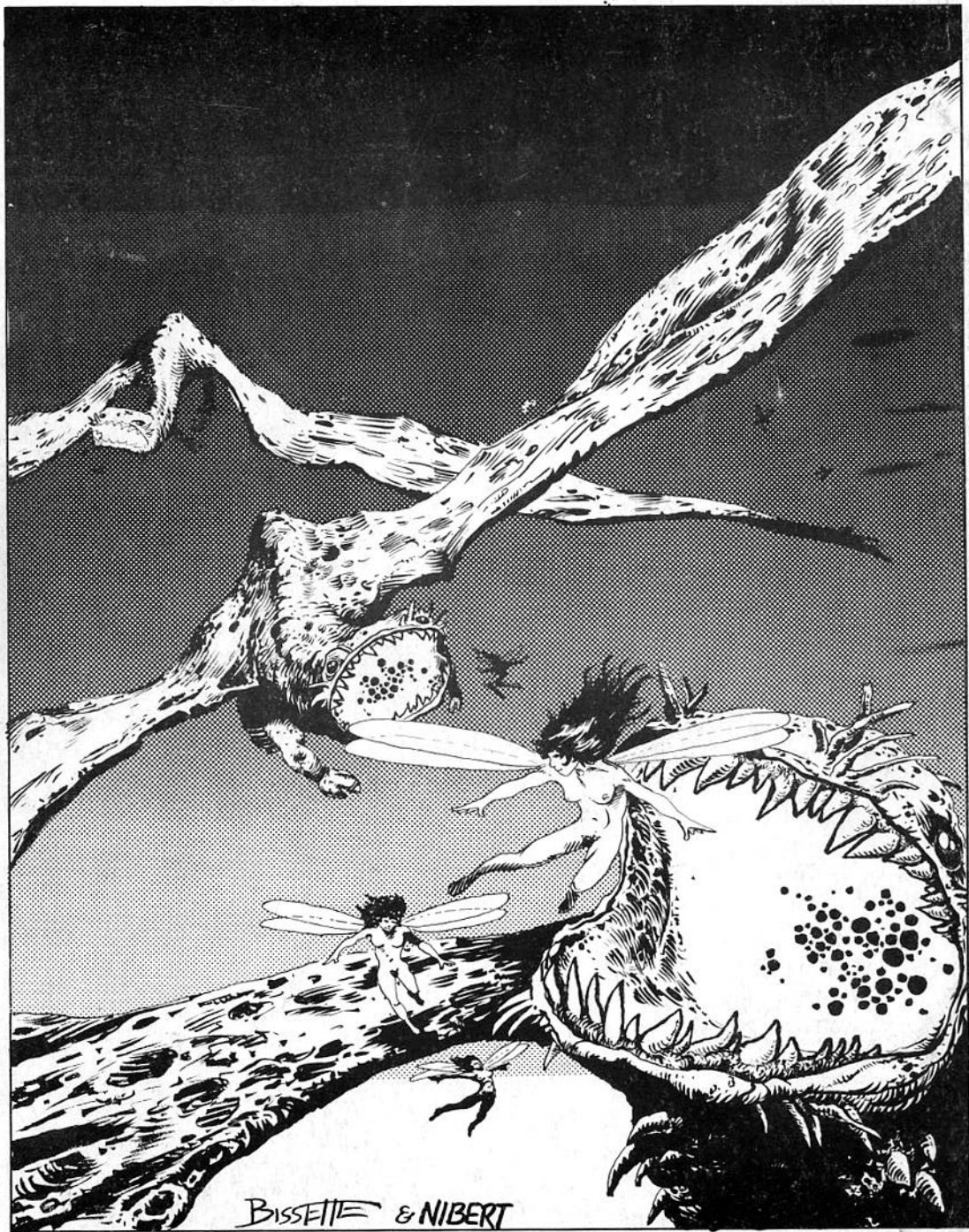
HE IS MUCH EASIER TO CATCH THAN THE NYMBL. HE STRUGGLES MORE THOUGH. QUICKLY YOU STOP HIS MOVEMENTS. QUICKER STILL, YOU RELEASE HIS HEART FROM HIS BODY.



AND SOON AFTERWARDS YOU FIND YOURSELF. ALONE ALONE, JUST THE THREE OF YOU.

BUT, AT LEAST THE SCIENTIST IS SAFE. AND YOU WILL FIND HIM AGAIN... SOMEDAY... YOU... AND THE MARTIAN CAT.

THE END



BISSETTE & NIBERT