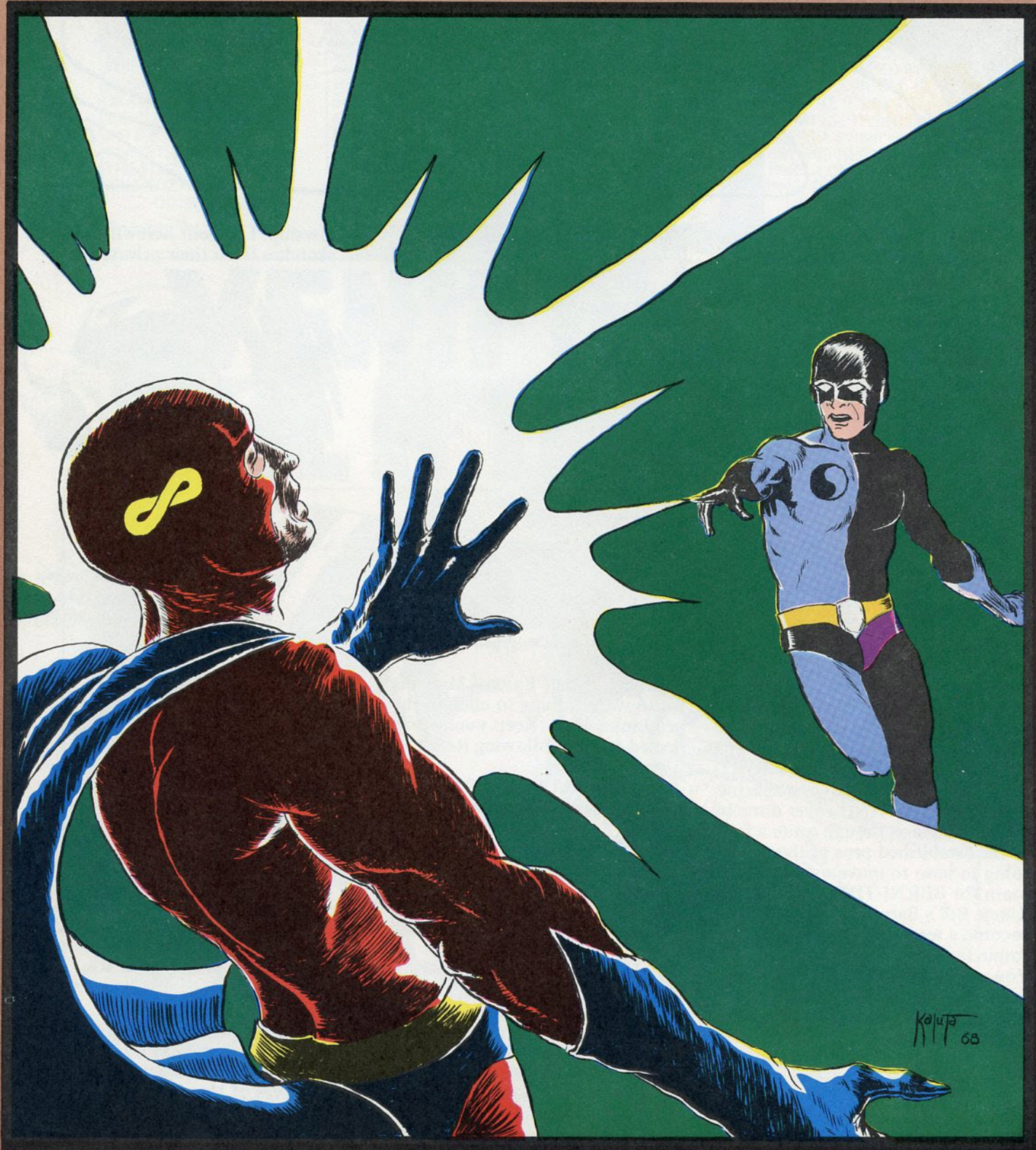


GRAPHIC SHOWCASE

no. 2





Editorial

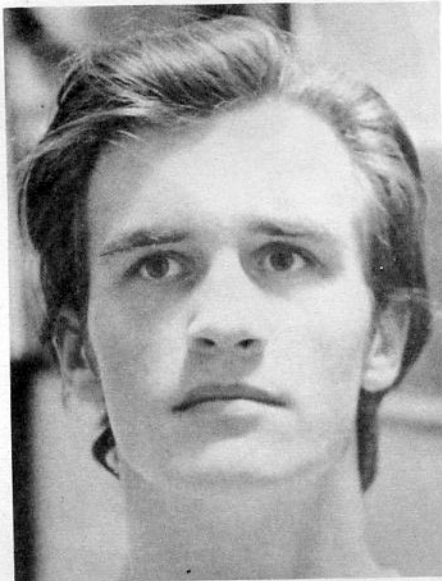
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Kaluta 68

Who said there wasn't going to be a second issue of GRAPHIC SHOWCASE? Well, I've got to admit that for a while there, I was beginning to wonder myself! I think you'll agree the long wait was worth it, tho! Don't like to brag, but --- well, just take a look at the contents this issue. I, personally, think it's the greatest collection of art to ever grace the pages of an amateur magazine! That's one man's opinion, tho! What's yours? I'd like to know how you feel about it.

Now if that art work on 'Uncle Bill's Barrel' looks familiar, could be because of the fact that it was done by newly-turned pro, Berni Wrightson! Berni's beautiful line work has certainly added lustre to the NATIONAL line-up. Check the last several issues of HOUSE OF MYSTERY, THE WITCHING HOUR and the 2nd and 3rd issues of NIGHTMASTER and you'll see what I mean. Latest word is that NIGHTMASTER will get his own magazine with interior art AND cover done by Berni. Looks as though quite a few of the established pros at the top are going to have to move over and make room for BERNI-THE-BRIGHT. 'Uncle Bill's Barrel' is destined to become a legend in the ranks of comic fandom! Mark my word! You might do well to pick up an extra copy of this issue to keep for posterity. (PROSPERITY, too, for that matter). Would'ja believe B.W. has another strip scheduled for our next issue?

Stick around, you keepers-of-the-faith!



Berni Wrightson

Mike Kaluta ('Eyes of Mars') is just now beginning to click in the pro ranks, also! Keep your eyes peeled for the following items:

1. The Great Battle of Shiraz (Magazine title undetermined)
2. Off the Beach (To appear in I LOVE YOU)
3. The Amazons of Reed's Crossing (To appear in OUTLAWS No. 78)

All of the preceding to appear under the CHARLTON banner. 'Trick or Treat' will be published in HOUSE OF SECRETS, issue number undetermined. Kaluta will handle the pencils on this story. Mike now resides in the big city and shares a pad with friend and co-artist Berni Wrightson. And in the name of comradely fel-

lowship, I present herewith two sketches from their private files.



Best wishes
to Mike
Berni Wrightson



To Berni, because he digs it
Mike - Feb. 1969

Getting back to Kaluta for just a moment, what do you readers think of the idea of doing a feature book on 'Eyes of Mars', complete with a wrap-around cover done in full color. Let me know.



WHEN WE LAST SAW THE SURVEY SHIP *INTREPID* ON A MISSION TOWARD THE TAU CETI SECTOR, SEARCHING FOR TERRAN-TYPE PLANETS, IT SERVED AS THE STAGE FOR NUMEROUS BIZARRE OCCURRENCES...



...OF WHICH NOTHING REMAINS BUT THE SMELL OF BRIMSTONE AND ALL THAT IS MORTAL OF THE ENTIRE CREW OF THE *INTREPID*, SAVE-ONE, THE EXPEDITION'S COMMANDER...



... CAPT. *DAVID KENTON* WHO, AT THE CLOSE OF THE FIRST INSTALLMENT, WAS CHECKING THE SHIP'S TAPE LOG IN A BEWILDERED AND DESPERATE EFFORT TO DISCOVER A REASON FOR THE ANNIHILATION OF HIS CREW!



AS HE IS OCCUPIED WITH THE TAPE CONSOLE IN WHAT HE THINKS TO BE AN EMPTY SHIP, HE HEARS A SOUND BEHIND HIM AND WHIRLS- INTO PART 2 OF THE CONTINUING STORY OF HOW HE BECOMES--

VENIFICIUM MALIFICARUM



Story & Art by
Steve Hickman
& M.W. Kaluta



BUT AS HE TURNS AWAY IN SEARCH OF MEDICAL SUPPLIES, BALEFUL EYES FOLLOW HIS EVERY MOVE!



AS KENTON'S ATTENTION IS DIVERTED, THE BODY OF THE "CREW MEMBER" TRANSFORMS INTO A GRIM SHADOW OF MADNESS ---



HIS THOUGHTS OF AID ARE INTERRUPTED...

WHAT THE HELL?!!



YOU WILL PARDON THIS UNSEEMLY INTRUSION OF THE SANCTITY OF BRIDGE, COMMANDER, BUT HAVE PATIENCE ON THE WEARY TRAVELER ---

FOR I WILL SOON BE ON MY WAY, AND ALWAYS HAVE I FOLLOWED MINE OWN WILL OVER THAT OF MORTAL CREATURE!

BUT THERE ARE SOME THIS SIDE OF BLACKNESS WHOSE FATE IS LINKED WITH THE ETERNAL ---

AND IF I READ MY SIGNS RIGHTLY, SUCH A ONE CAN BE DAVID KENTON!



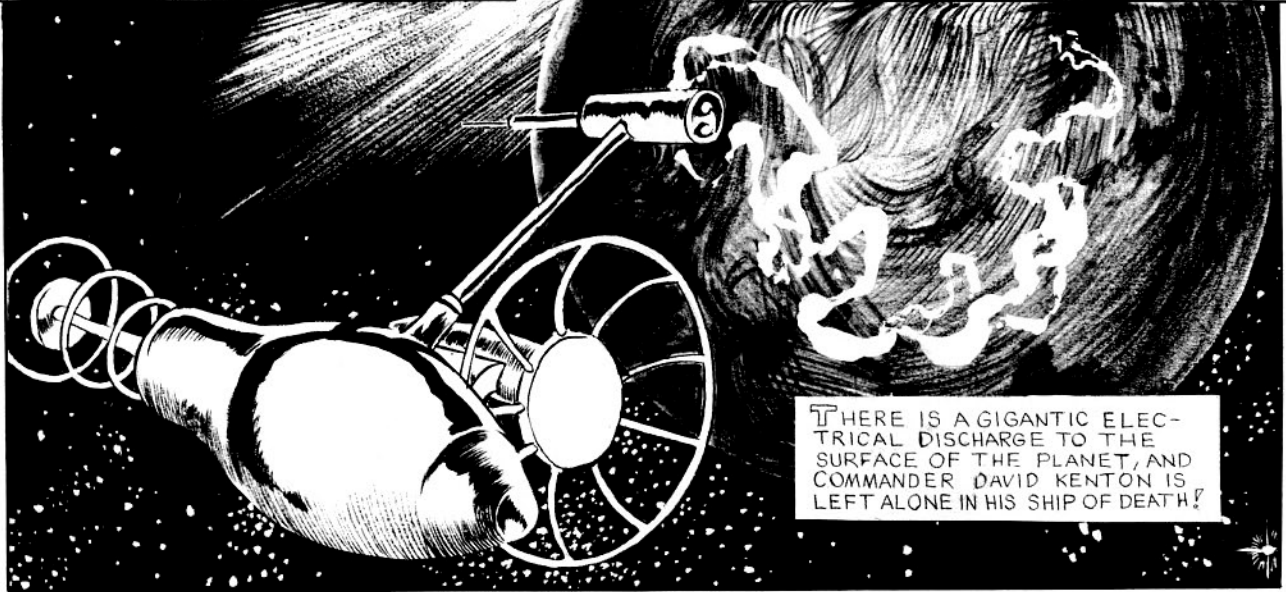
THE GRISLY CREATURE TRANSFORMS INTO A MORE HUMAN SHAPE---

"THE BLOOD OF 89 OF THOSE UNDER YOUR COMMAND IS ON YOUR HANDS! FOLLOW WHERE I LEAD IF YOU WOULD HAVE YOUR REVENGE!"



HEE HEE HEEEEE!! I WOULDN'T GIVE FILTH FOR YOUR POOR SOUL, WRETCH--

--NOR WOULD YOU, COULD YOU READ AS I READ IN THE DUST OF DEAD SUNS!



THERE IS A GIGANTIC ELECTRICAL DISCHARGE TO THE SURFACE OF THE PLANET, AND COMMANDER DAVID KENTON IS LEFT ALONE IN HIS SHIP OF DEATH!



THE PEACE OF A NIGHT SKY IS SHATTERED BY LIGHTNING AND FLYING ROCK, AS THE DEATH OF A LOFTY MOUNTAIN BECOMES THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF GRUESOME CHANGES TO A ONCE UNSPOILED PLANET!

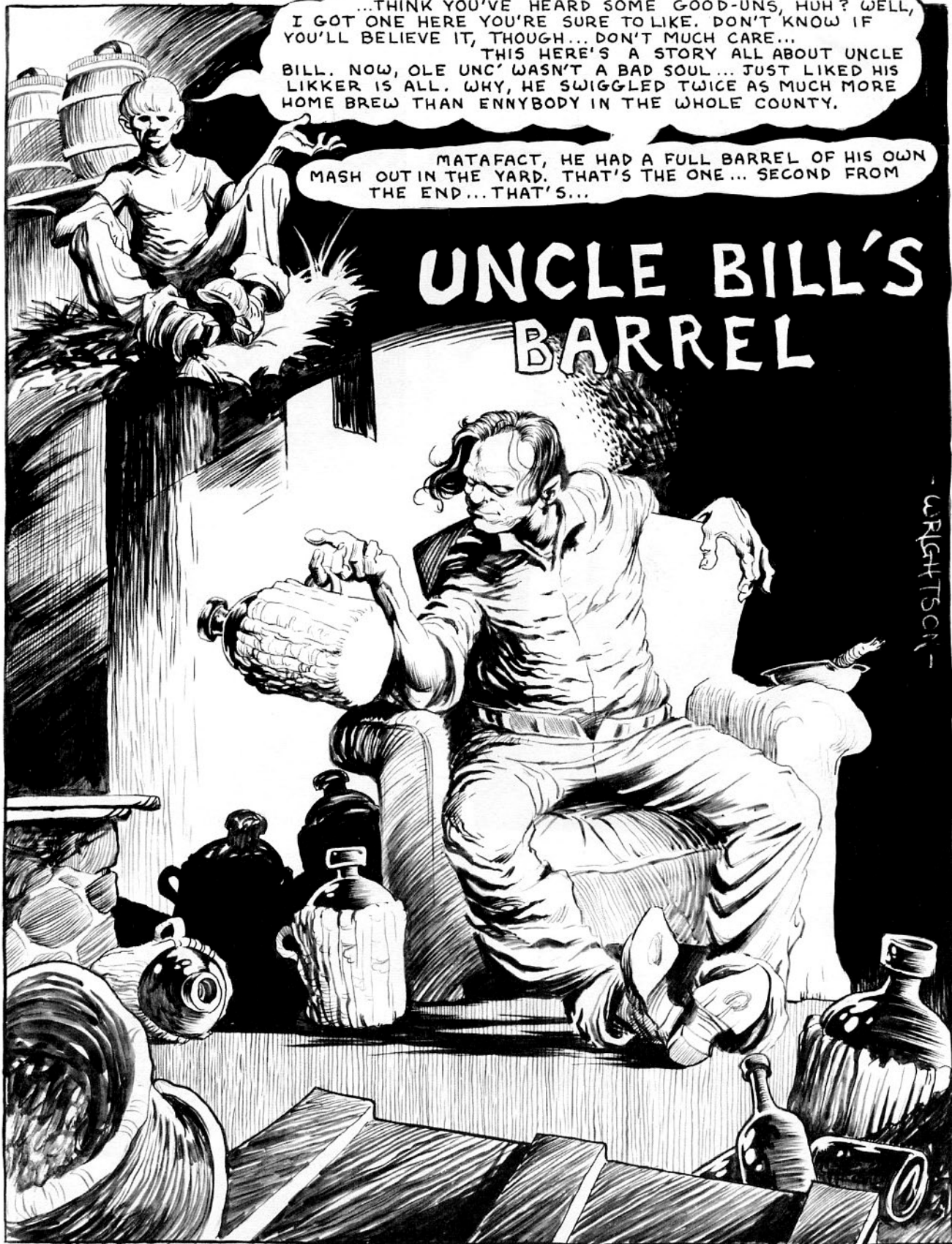
TO BE CONTINUED

...THINK YOU'VE HEARD SOME GOOD-UNS, HUH? WELL, I GOT ONE HERE YOU'RE SURE TO LIKE. DON'T KNOW IF YOU'LL BELIEVE IT, THOUGH... DON'T MUCH CARE...

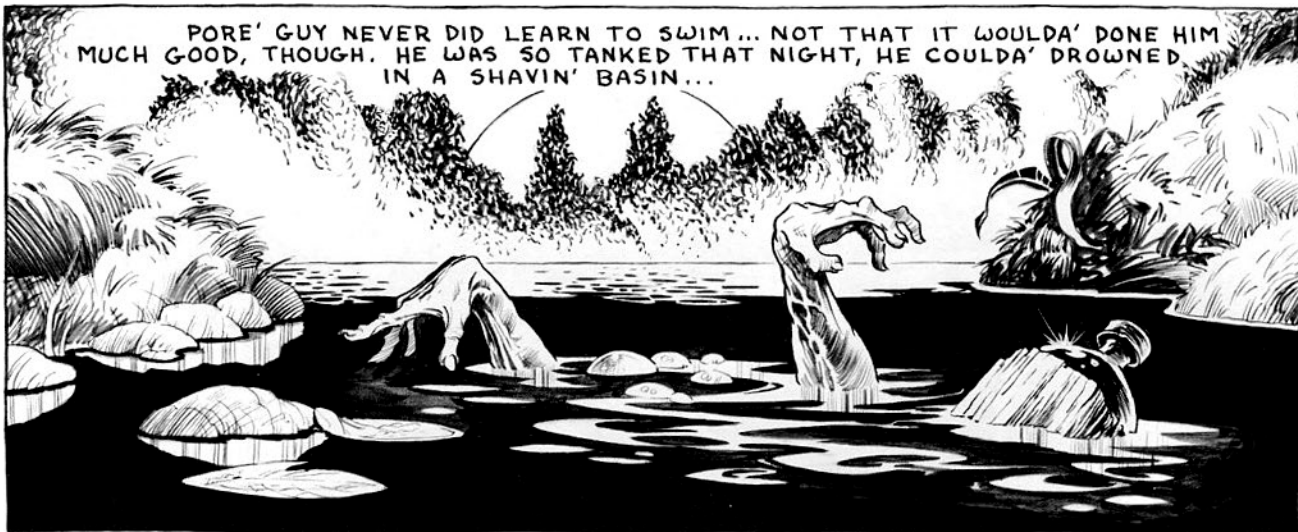
THIS HERE'S A STORY ALL ABOUT UNCLE BILL. NOW, OLE UNC' WASN'T A BAD SOUL ... JUST LIKED HIS LIKKER IS ALL. WHY, HE SWIGGLED TWICE AS MUCH MORE HOME BREW THAN ENNYBODY IN THE WHOLE COUNTY.

MATAFACT, HE HAD A FULL BARREL OF HIS OWN MASH OUT IN THE YARD. THAT'S THE ONE ... SECOND FROM THE END... THAT'S...

UNCLE BILL'S BARREL

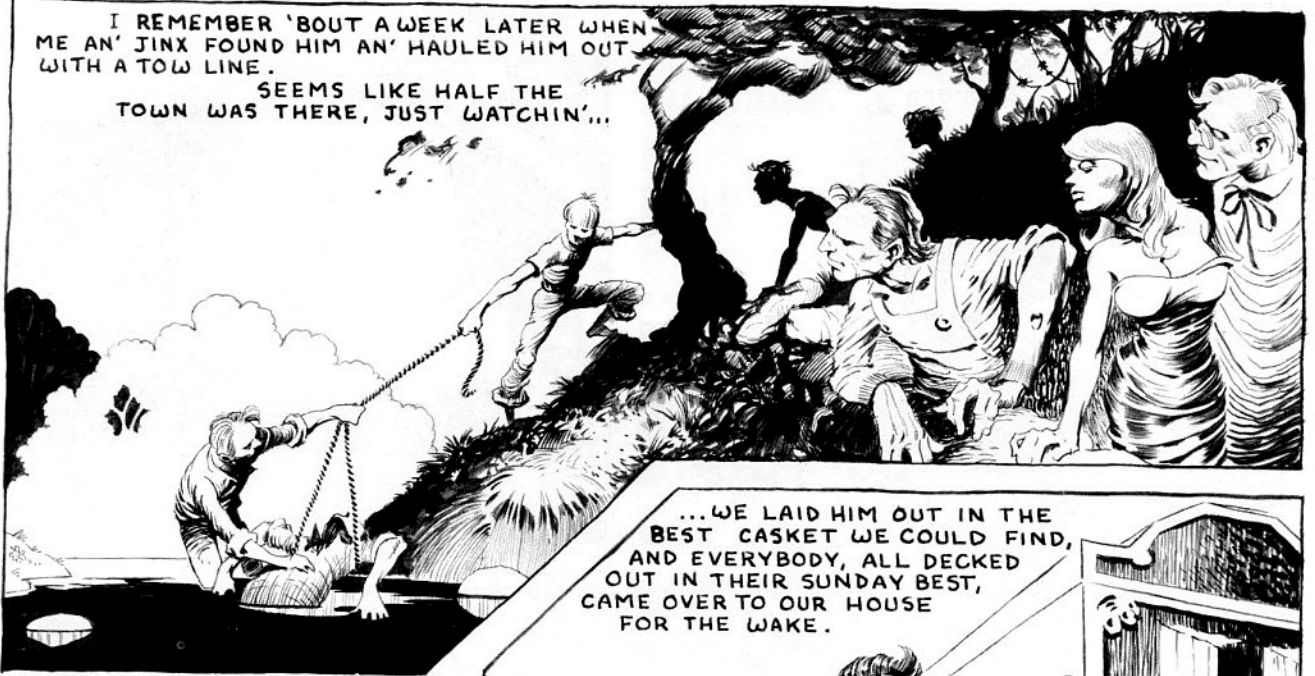


WRIGHTSON-



I REMEMBER 'BOUT A WEEK LATER WHEN
ME AN' JINX FOUND HIM AN' HAILED HIM OUT
WITH A TOW LINE.

SEEMS LIKE HALF THE
TOWN WAS THERE, JUST WATCHIN'...



... WE LAID HIM OUT IN THE
BEST CASKET WE COULD FIND,
AND EVERYBODY, ALL DECKED
OUT IN THEIR SUNDAY BEST,
CAME OVER TO OUR HOUSE
FOR THE WAKE.



OLE DOC WAS THERE
JUST TO MAKE
THINGS OFFICIAL...

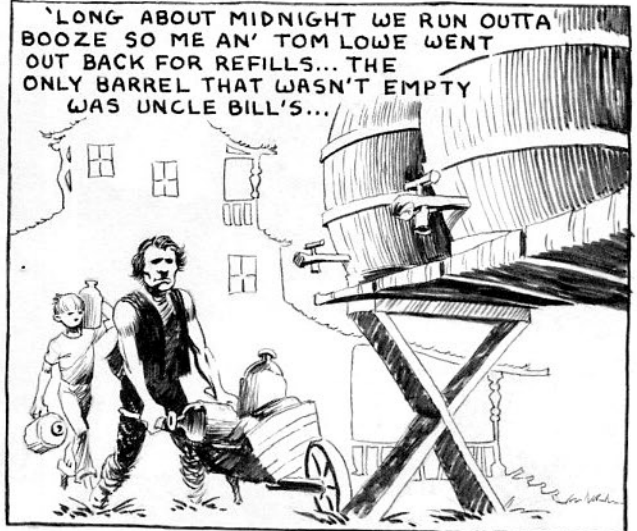
THAT MAN
IS DAID.



THE PARSON SAID HIS
PIECE AN' MADE US SING
'WE SHALL OVERCOME' A
COUPLA THOUSAND TIMES...
... THEN THE PARTY
STARTED...



'LONG ABOUT MIDNIGHT WE RUN OUTTA
BOOZE SO ME AN' TOM LOWE WENT
OUT BACK FOR REFILLS... THE
ONLY BARREL THAT WASN'T EMPTY
WAS UNCLE BILL'S...



I ASKED TOM NOT TO TAKE THE LIKKER FROM UNCLE BILL'S BARREL, BUT HE TOLD ME:

SHUCKS, BOY... WHEREVER BILL'S AT NOW, HE SURE AIN'T GONNA NEED THIS!



... SO WE FILLED 'BOUT HALF A DOZEN JUGS (WHICH EMPTIED THE BARREL) 'AN BROUGHT THEM TO THE HOUSE...



... YOU CAN IMAGINE OUR SURPRISE WHEN WE CAME THROUGH THE DOOR 'AN SEEN UNCLE BILL COME 'A-FLYIN' OUT OF HIS CASKET...



SOMEBODY YELLED-- "HE'S GOIN' FOR HIS BARREL!" 'AN' ME 'AN' TOM WERE AFTER HIM AT A RUN...



... NOW, UNC NEVER WAS A GOOD-LOOKIN' GUY, BUT AFTER A WEEK IN SWAMP WATER, HE REALLY WAS A MESS. HE LOOKED LIKE AN ANIMATED PRUNE AS HE PUSHED HIS WAY PAST US, HEADIN' OUT TO THE YARD...



WE COME A-HIGHTAILIN' OUT OF THE HOUSE AN' STOPPED SHORT, AN' ALMOST FELL OVER UNCLE BILL, WHO WAS JUST SITTIN' THERE, GUZZLIN' HIS MASH FOR ALL HE WAS WORTH...

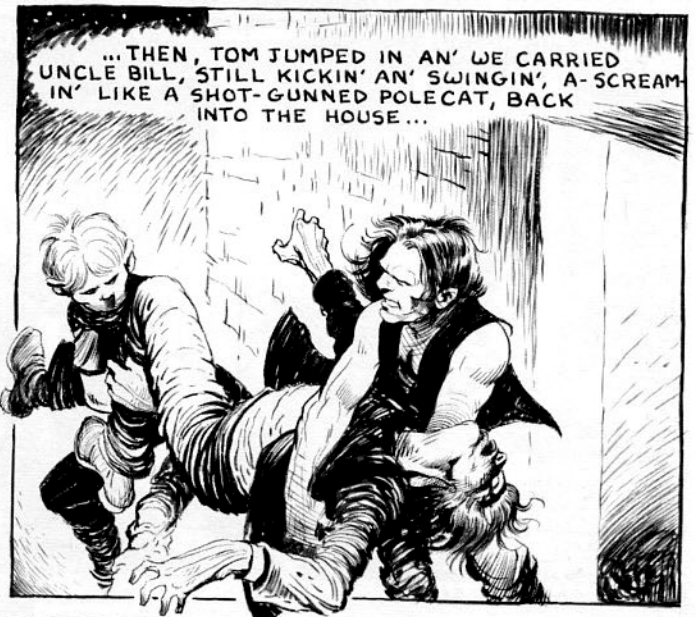


Y'KNOW, IT JUST AIN'T RIGHT FOR A DEAD MAN TO DRINK LIKE THAT, BUT I MANAGED TO

WRESTLE THE JUG AWAY FROM HIM...



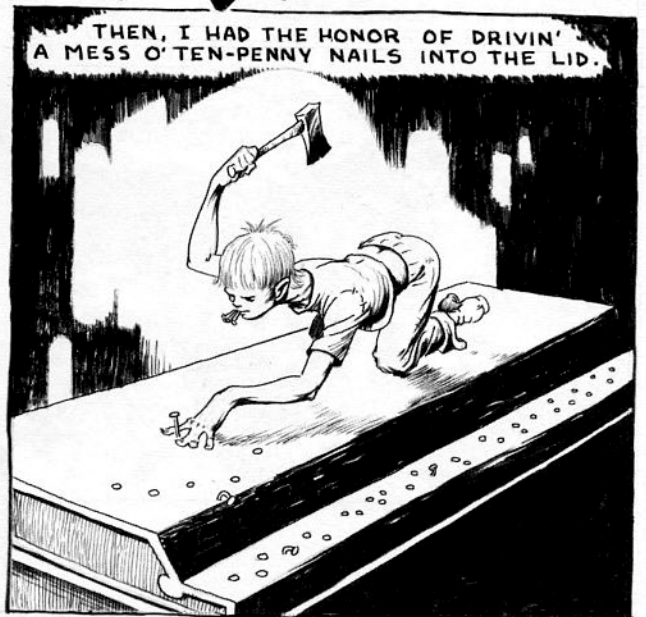
... THEN, TOM JUMPED IN AN' WE CARRIED UNCLE BILL, STILL KICKIN' AN' SWINGIN', A-SCREAMIN' LIKE A SHOT-GUNNED POLECAT, BACK INTO THE HOUSE...



TOM SHOVED HIM DOWN IN THE CASKET AN' I SLAMMED THE LID SHUT...



THEN, I HAD THE HONOR OF DRIVIN' A MESS O' TEN-PENNY NAILS INTO THE LID.



WE BURIED HIM THE NEXT DAY, 'CAUSE HE WAS RAISIN' SUCH A RACKET INSIDE THE COFFIN. IN FRONT OF THE GRAVE, WE PUT A STONE SAYIN' 'REST IN PEACE'...



...UNCLE BILL NEVER DID BELIEVE IN SIGNS ...IN A MATTER OF WEEKS, HE WAS UP AN' OUT...



...A-HOBLIN' DOWN THE HILL, TOWARDS THE HOUSE...



...ALWAYS TRYIN' TO GET BACK TO HIS LIKKER.



SO, I'D HAVE TO GET MY SHOVEL ...



...AN' SORTA PERSUADE HIM TO LEAVE THE BARREL ALONE...



YESSIR, A FEW WHACKS WITH THE FLAT OF A SPADE WOULD SEND HIM SCURRYIN' UP THE HILL ...



...TO DIG HIS WAY BACK TO WHERE HE BELONGED...

WELL, THIS KEPT UP FOR 'BOUT TWO MONTHS... EVERY TIME HE FELT STRONG ENOUGH, HE'D TRY TO GET BACK TO THAT BARREL AGAIN... AN' I'D HAVE TO GO OUT AN' RAP 'IM WITH THAT SHOVEL...



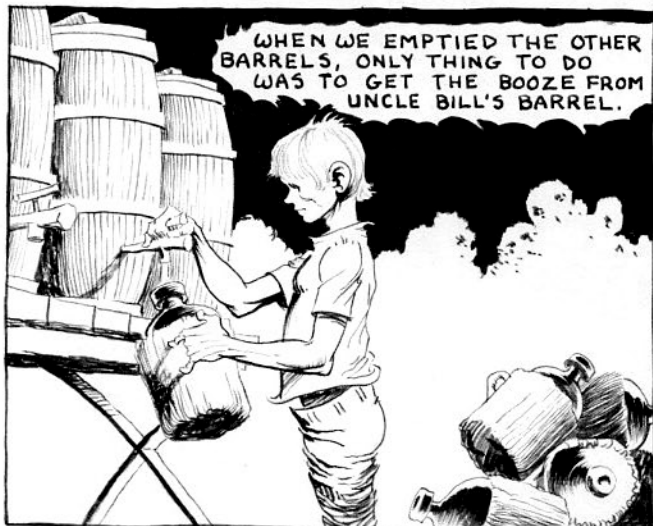
BUT, THEN, ALL OF A SUDDEN, HE STOPPED MAYBE HIS STRENGTH GAVE OUT OR HE GOT DISCOURAGED... I DUNNO... BUT, ANYHOW, HE STAYED WHERE HE BELONGED.



BUT, HE GOT BACK AT US... NEARLY KILLED THE WHOLE FAMILY DOIN' IT... MY SISTER JESSIE WAS GITTIN' MARRIED AN' WE, NATCHERLY, THREW A PARTY AFTERWARDS...



WHEN WE EMPTIED THE OTHER BARRELS, ONLY THING TO DO WAS TO GET THE BOOZE FROM UNCLE BILL'S BARREL.



NOW, UNCLE BILL'S LIKKER WAS LIKE THE BEST IN THE COUNTY, SO IT WAS MIGHTY MYSTERIOUS WHEN EVERYBODY STARTED GITTIN' SICK OFF IT...

HEY... LENNIE!
THIS STUFF STINKS!!



ME AN' PA GOT SUSPICIOUS AN' WENT OUT TO INSPECT UNCLE BILL'S BARREL.



"HE MUSTA SNUCK PAST THE HOUSE AN' CRAWLED IN THERE WEEKS AGO..."



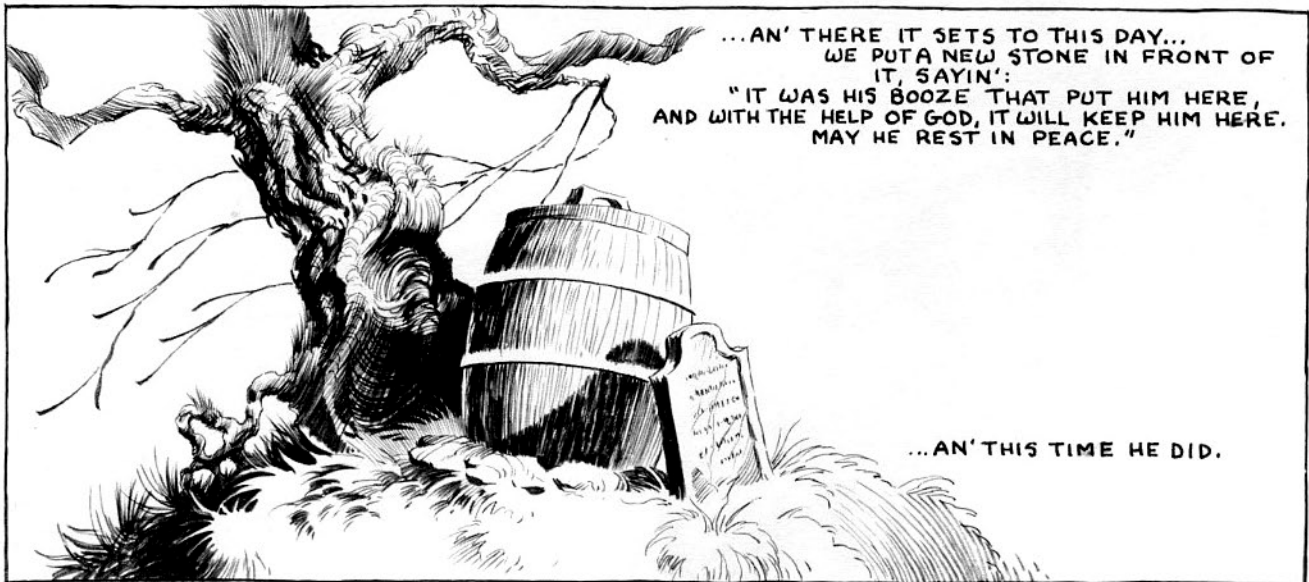
WHEN WE OPENED IT, IT WAS HALF FULL OF MASH AN' HALF FULL OF UNCLE BILL...



PA DECIDED THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO, SO WE NAILED DOWN THE LID AN' CARRIED IT (WITH OLE UNC INSIDE) UP TO THE GRAVE SITE.



...AN' THERE IT SETS TO THIS DAY... WE PUT A NEW STONE IN FRONT OF IT, SAYIN':
"IT WAS HIS BOOZE THAT PUT HIM HERE, AND WITH THE HELP OF GOD, IT WILL KEEP HIM HERE. MAY HE REST IN PEACE."



...AN' THIS TIME HE DID.

Part 2

MAJOR MISHAP

AS YOU MAY RE-MEMBER (IF YOU'RE AMONG THE UNLUCKY ONES), IN OUR LAST ISH, MAJOR MISHAP, THE BIG BLUNDER, CLOD AND OTHER STRANGE CREATURES THAT WERE LURKING IN THE SEWER, ARE TRYING TO FIND A WAY OUT AFTER BEING CONFINED BY THE MACKEREL'S HENCHMAN, "NOJOB". ALL OF A SUDDEN AN OPENING DOOR SHATTERS THE DARKNESS AS AN EERIE VOICE BIDS THEM IN!

JIM TAYLOR 1967

YA STUPID JOIKS-- I SAID COME IN-- WHADDA I HAVE TA DO, DRAW YA A PICTURE?

WHY SHOULD WE?

KEEP OUT

BECAUSE IT'S IN THE SCRIPT, YA FOOL!

SO, AGAIN I COME FACE TO FACE WITH THE ONLY PERSON WHO STANDS BETWEEN ME AND **WORLD CONQUEST!**

AND I, TOO, MEET AGAIN THE MASTER-MIND OF EVIL OF WHICH I MUST FOIL WITH MY **UNLIMITED POWERS!**

DUH, HIYA MACK-- LONG TIME NO SEE-- HOW'S THE WIFE AND KIDS?



FINE, THANKS!

WHAT AN ABSOLUTELY MARVELLOUS LABORATORY-- IT MUST HAVE COST A **FORTUNE**



OH, IT'S NOTHING MUCH, REALLY -- I'VE SAVED ALL THE MACHINES THAT I USED IN MY OTHER DEVILISH CRIMES-- ALSO, I COLLECT BOTTLE TOPS AND MY FATHER OWNS THE DELICATESSEN DIRECTLY ABOVE US--AND THAT'S WHERE **YOU FIT IN!**

I'M DREADFULLY SORRY, BUT I'VE NEVER WORKED IN A DELICATESSEN BEFORE!



No, you NUMBSKULL, I WANT YOU TO OPERATE THESE MACHINES -- I CAN'T EVEN FIND THE **OFF AND ON SWITCH!**

AND WHAT IF I REFUSE?

I CUT OFF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO PLAYBOY!

YE GADS-- WHAT A BEASTLY THOUGHT! VERY WELL, YOU HAVE FORCED ME TO ACCEPT!



WHAT ARE YOU GIVIN' UP SO **EASILY** FOR?

OH, DASH IT, MAN -- A PERSON SIMPLY CANNOT GIVE UP THE ESSENTIALS -- GIVE UP MY PLAYBOY? **INDEED!**

DON'T WORRY, I'VE GOT SOME HIDEOUS PLANS IN STORE FOR YOU TWO-- LET'S SEE, SHALL I TIE YOU TO THE ROCKS IN THE BAY AND LET THE SEA-GULLS PICK YOUR BONES DRY --



-- OR SHOULD I LOCK YOU IN A ROOM WITH A CLOSED CIRCUIT T.V. AND SHOW GALE STORM RERUNS 'TIL YOU DROP DEAD?

YA, HA! I'VE GOT THE WORST ONE **YET**-- I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AND LET YOU EAT MY WIFE'S **COOKING--YECH--** A FATE **WORSE** THAN **DEATH!!!**



NIGHT HAS FALLEN AND OUR TWO HEROES ARE BOUND AND GAGGED AND DRAGGED TO THE MODEL "T" BY NO JOB, WHO HAS JUST GOTTEN OFF FROM WORK----



GLAD IS LEFT BY HIMSELF TO BUMBLE AROUND IN THE NOW-EMPTY SECRET HIDE-OUT!



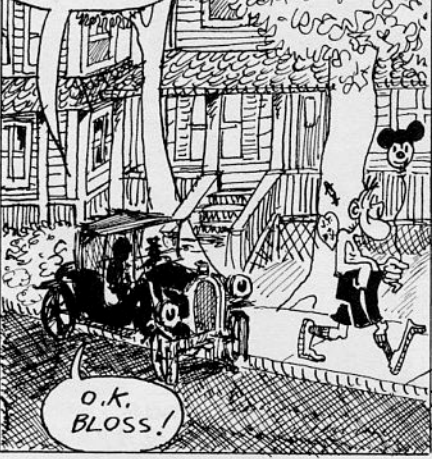
WELL, I'VE FOUND THE OFF AND ON SWITCH--
NOW ALL I GOTTA DO IS FIND THE OUTLET AND I CAN PLUG THE MESS IN!

BACK IN THE CAR----

LET'S GO---AND THIS TIME DON'T GET LOST --- IT'S ONLY 3 BLOCKS!



HIDE THEM IN THE GARAGE-- YOU KNOW HOW MY WIFE YELLS WHEN I BRING HOME UNEXPECTED GUESTS!



O.K. BLOSS!

PSST I'VE GOT A PLAN



PLAN-- NOT PLANE, YOU MORON --- NOW LISTEN-- I GOT MY ROPES UNTIED AND JUST AS SOON AS I UNTIE YOURS, WE'LL JUMP 'EM WHEN THEY COME IN!

GOSH-A-ROOTIE, THAT'S A GREAT PLAN!



STOMP *
THUD BIFF-
KASLAP
BAPP *
SOCK!
CRUNCH!
BAM THWACK!

LAND-A-GOSHEN -- IT AIN'T SAFE FOR A BODY NOWDAYS -- I WALK IN THE GARAGE FOR A CAN OF PAINT THINNER FOR THE STEW-- AND JUST LOOK-- WHAT IS THIS NEIGHBORHOOD COMIN' TO --- MUGGERS IN THE GARAGE, INDEED!!



WELL, THIS IS A FINE MESS YOU GOT US IN NOW!



MRS. COWZNAFFSKI CALLED SAYING THAT THESE TWO IDIOTS IN THEIR "P.J.'S TRIED TO MUG HER IN HER GARAGE.

SIR, I KNOW MY RIGHTS. MY COLLEAGUE AND I ARE SUPER HERO'S AND AT THIS VERY MOMENT WE---

DA, HEY WAIT A MINUTE! HAVEN'T I SEEN YOUSE GUYS ON T.V.

WHAT'S DA MATTER WIT' YOU GUYS! YOU'RE NOT ONLY CRAZY BUT YOU NEED GLASSES, HAVE YOU EVER GOT A GOOD LOOK AT HER? DYUK!! ENOUGH TO TURN YOUR STOMACH!

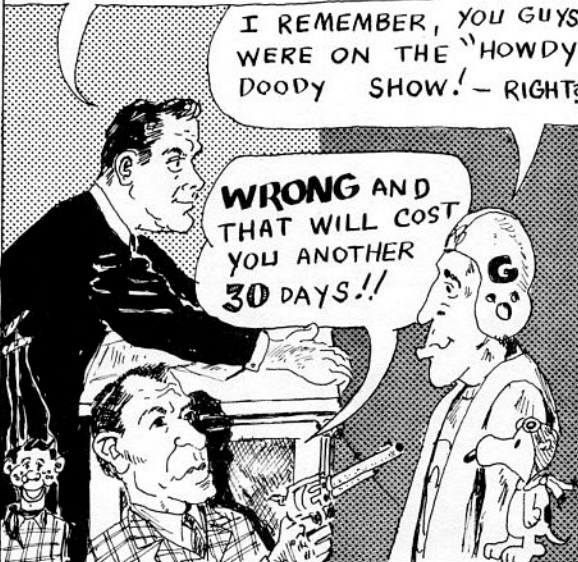
GET THEM OUTA HERE --- I'M MISSING "STAR TREK"



AHEM... WELL, YES WE'VE BEEN ON THERE A COUPLE OF TIMES

I REMEMBER, YOU GUYS WERE ON THE "HOWDY DOODY SHOW! - RIGHT?

WRONG AND THAT WILL COST YOU ANOTHER 30 DAYS!!

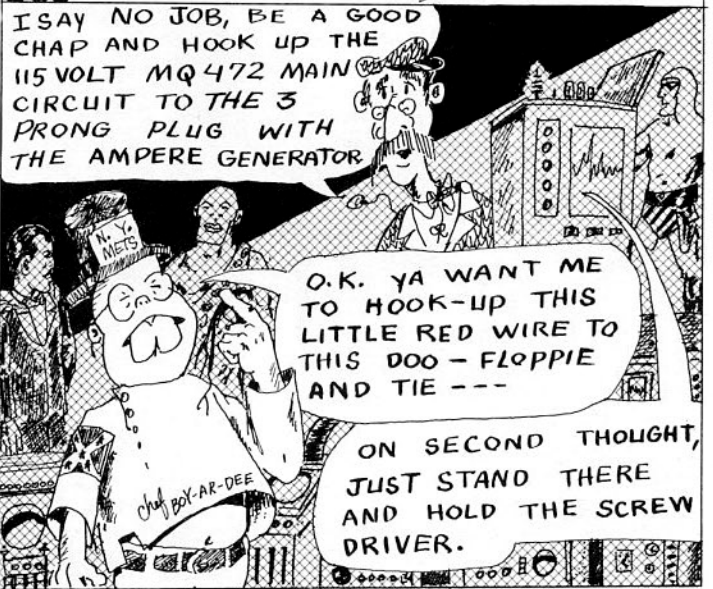


MEANWHILE BACK AT THE RANGL HIDEOUT....

I SAY NO JOB, BE A GOOD CHAP AND HOOK UP THE 115 VOLT MQ 472 MAIN @ CIRCUIT TO THE 3 PRONG PLUG WITH THE AMPERE GENERATOR

O.K. YA WANT ME TO HOOK-UP THIS LITTLE RED WIRE TO THIS DOO - FLOPPIE AND TIE ---

ON SECOND THOUGHT, JUST STAND THERE AND HOLD THE SCREW DRIVER.



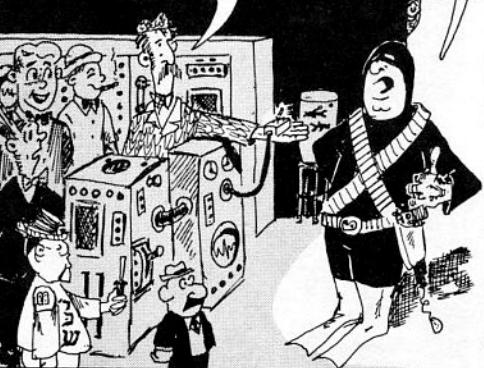
COME YOU IDIOTS LETS HURRY UP. HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO FIX THAT GOOFY MACHINE?

WE'VE ALMOST COMPLETED THE NECESSARY ALTERATIONS. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO THROW THIS SWITCH TO ENGAGE THE MACHINE.

GIMME 'DAT!

NOW IT IS MY MOMENT OF TRIUMPH! THE YEARS OF PLANNING HAVE PAID OFF. WHEN I THROW THE SWITCH I SHALL BE THE RULER OF THE WORLD, WHILE EVERYONE ELSE WILL BE GETTING THE GARBAGE UNSTUCK FROM THEIR SINKS.

I THROW THE SWITCH YA HA!!



IT SEEMS THAT "NO JOB" WASN'T TOO GOOD AT HOLDING THE SCREW DRIVER EITHER AND DROPPED IT INTO A MOST DELICATE PART OF THE MECHANISM CAUSING A SHORT CIRCUIT IN WHICH THE MACHINE BLEW UP. BUT AS THE DUST CLEARS, WE FIND THAT NOT ONLY DID THE MACHINE EXPLODE, BUT THE DELICATESSEN DIRECTLY ABOVE HAD ALSO BEEN DEMOLISHED.. WE NOW VIEW A HIDIOUS SCENE WITH THE ENTIRE AREA COVERED WITH HOT PASTRAMI AND SWITZER CHEESE NOT TO MENTION TONS OF KOSHER PICKLES!

WE NOW CHANGE FROM THIS NAUSEATING SCENE TO A MORE PLEASANT ONE..... THE **CITY JAIL!**

YOU AND YA BIG MOUTH..... YOU WOULD HAVE TO GET US 30 MORE DAYS..... MAN, ALL THE SIDE KICKS IN THE WORLD AND I GOT STUCK WIT' YOU!

SHH... HEY DON'T YOU HEAR THAT SCRATCHING NOISE?

YEA, IT'S COMING FROM THE WALL.... 'HELLO DERE'.

WHAT'S HAPPENING MAN!... I MEAN LIKE, WHAT'S DE SCORE... WHAT-CHA IN FOR? I MEAN LIKE, YOU KNOW..

SO WHATDZ HE MEAN?

POST NO BILLS.

SCOTT TISSUE

MY NAME IS "MAJOR MISHAP" AND THIS IS MY SIDEKICK THE "BIG BLUNDER". WE'RE SUPER-HEROS WHO WERE TRYING TO OVERTHROW A ARCH ENEMY "THE MACKEREL" FROM TAKING OVER THE WORLD BY CLOGGING EVERYBODY'S GARBAGE DISPOSAL..... ONLY WE WERE MUGGED BY HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW AND THROWN IN JAIL.

I MEAN MAN, DAT'S A GAS! I MEAN LIKE I'M A SUPER-HERO TOO.....

ONLY I WAS IN FOR PULLING A SIT-DOWN IN A LAUNDRY MAT DOWN THE STREET... YA SEE I WAS CHASING MY ENEMY "CAPT. WRONGWAY SEYMOUR" AND HIS "NAUSEATED 9" SO I DUCKED IN 'DIS LAUNDRY MAT WHEN DE FUZZ NAB ME... I MEAN LIKE AH, I GO BY THE NAME OF "SKIDROW" I MEAN AH, DAT'S ME....

SO WHATDZ HE MEAN? AND TALK ABOUT SKIDROW DIS AIN'T NO HOTEL WERE IN...

AW SHUTDUP YA STUPID KLUTZ, HE MEANS HIS NAME IS "SKIDROW"

HEY MAN, LET'S MAKE A BREAK LIKE THEY DO IN THE FLICKS! LIKE I FOUND A SECRET PASSAGE FROM MY CELL TO YOURS..... SO HERE I COME... I MEAN LIKE, READY OR NOT!

WHATDZ HE MEAN?

THERE MAY BE SOMEONE WHO JUST MIGHT HELP US.... GOT A SCREWDRIVER?

GREETINGS!... BUT HOW DO WE GET OUTA HERE...?

SHORE' MAN... I ALSO GOT A BEER WRENCH. WHAT'S HAPPENING? YA KNOW, I MEAN..

FOR CRYING OUT LOUD, WHATDZ HE MEAN?

IF I CAN FIX THIS THINK-A-MA-JIGGER, I CAN SUMMONS THE "TOP JOCK".... THERE, THAT OUGHT TO DO IT.

AND THAT DUDE WILL GET US OUT.. WHAT A BOSS IDEA!

WHAT THA? HEY WHERE'S THE "TOP JOCK"?

I AM "GETZLOSS" FROM THE PLANET "YECH".. THE TOP JOCK COULDN'T MAKE IT BECAUSE HE HAD TO GO WITH HIS WIFE TO A BAR-MITZBAH, SO I'M SITTING IN.... WHAT IS YOUR WISH?

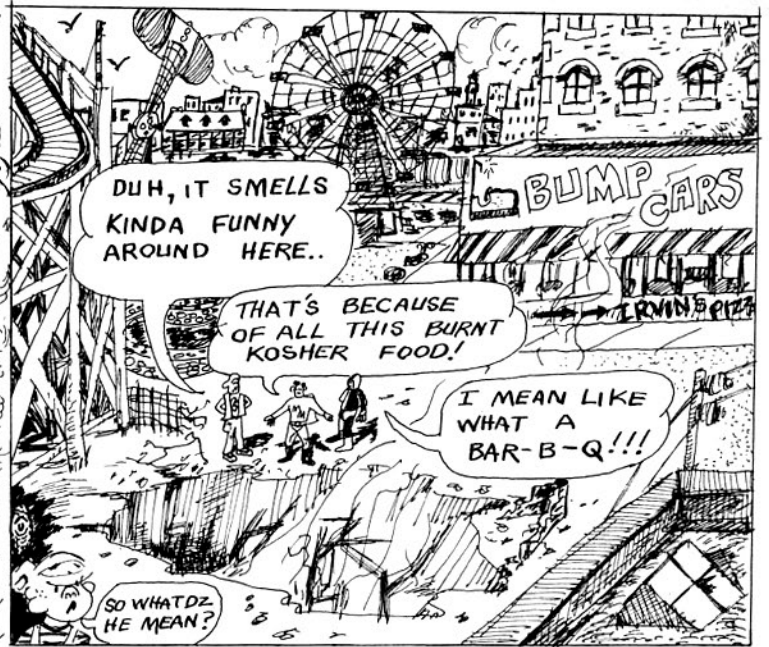


WE WANT TO GET OUTA HERE SO WE CAN CAPTURE THE "MACKEREL"

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE!!



POOF!

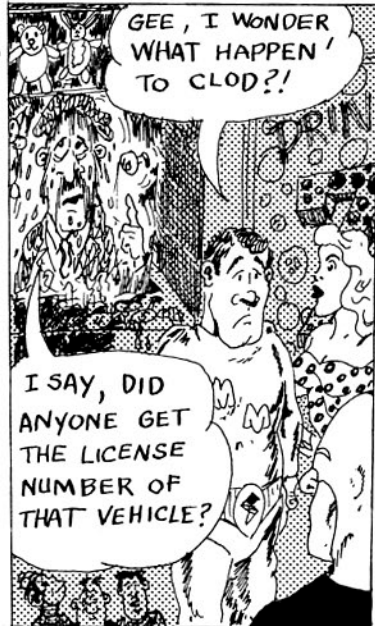


DUH, IT SMELLS KINDA FUNNY AROUND HERE..

THAT'S BECAUSE OF ALL THIS BURNT KOSHER FOOD!

I MEAN LIKE WHAT A BAR-B-Q!!!

SO WHATDZ HE MEAN?



GEE, I WONDER WHAT HAPPEN' TO CLOD?!

I SAY, DID ANYONE GET THE LICENSE NUMBER OF THAT VEHICLE?



CLOD, YOU'RE ALIVE!! WE THOUGHT YOU WERE A GONER! ...WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHERS?

THE LAST TIME I SAW THEM THEY WERE HEADED FOR OCEAN VIEW.... NOW PLEASE GET ME OUT OF THIS GHASTLY PREDICAMENT!



DA, HEY CLOD... DIS IS ANOTHER SUPER-HERO WHO WERE GONNA HELP... HIS NAME IS "SKIDROW"

GREETINGS DAD...



ANOTHER CAPER!! NO THANK YOU! THIS ONE ALMOST KILLED ME! GOOD BYE!

WELL, WE HATE TO SEE YA GO.

NOBODY'S GOIN' ANYWHERE. LOOK AT THIS PLACE, IT'S A WRECK! YOU GUYS ARE UNBELIEVABLE.... FIRST YA BREAK OUTA JAIL, THEN YA TRY TO BLOW UP A CITY AND YOU'RE STILL RUNNING AROUND IN YA PAJAMAS!!



IN THE WAGON WIT THE OTHER TWO CLOWNS

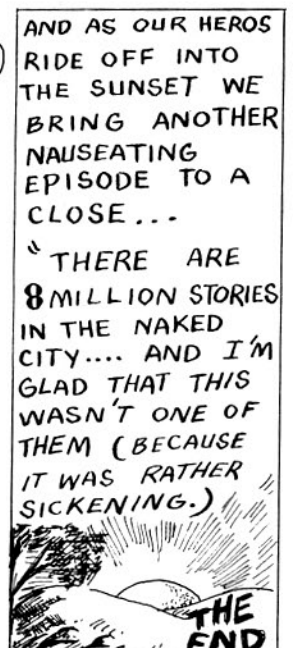
HEH HEH, HT FELLAS... NO HARD FEELINGS I HOPE...

NAW, IT'S ALL IN THE STORY.



WHAT DID HE GET YOU FOR?

FLYING WITHOUT A LICENSE, CAUSING A U.F.O. SCARE AND LANDING ON A RUSSIAN FREIGHTER.



AND AS OUR HEROS RIDE OFF INTO THE SUNSET WE BRING ANOTHER NAUSEATING EPISODE TO A CLOSE...

THERE ARE 8 MILLION STORIES IN THE NAKED CITY.... AND I'M GLAD THAT THIS WASN'T ONE OF THEM (BECAUSE IT WAS RATHER SICKENING.)

THE END







Kajal 08

The SPECTRE



Hickman 68

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HERE ARE TIMES WHEN
 AM SAVAGE, ALIAS **CAPTAIN
 FINITY**, WISHES THAT HE
 HAD CHANGED HIS MAJOR TO
 SOMETHING ELSE--LIKE PSY-
 CHIATRY FOR INSTANCE! OF
 COURSE WE ALL WONDER AT
 TIMES IF MAYBE **WE'RE** NOT
 THE CASE FOR THE COUCH, BUT
 WE DO COME IN ALL SHAPES
 AND SIZES --- SOME ARE JUST
 ORDER TO CRACK THAN OTHERS!
FINITY FINDS OUT,
 WHEN HE TANGLES WITH THE
 NEW HERO OF THE FREUDIAN
 AGE, THAT YIN AND YANG PER-
 SONALITY OF THE PRESENT DAY,

'KITZO



AND SPEAKING OF SKITZO, IF
 YOU EVER THINK **YOU'VE** GOT
 DUAL PERSONALITY, WAIT
 UNTIL YOU GET TO KNOW **THIS**
 OKIE CHARACTER! (WHILE
FINITY COULD BE CLASSIFIED
 AS A DOVE, THIS GUY DEFIES
 ALL DESCRIPTION---A SOMETIMES
 WARRIOR, A SOMETIMES DOVE!)



BUT STRICTLY IN THE HAWK
 LINE, WE PRESENT HEREWIT
 THE NEW EXPONENT OF TEU-
 TONIC MIGHT, TRUE BELIEVER
 OF THE ARYAN SUPER RACE
 IS HE--- **CAPTAIN TEUTON,**

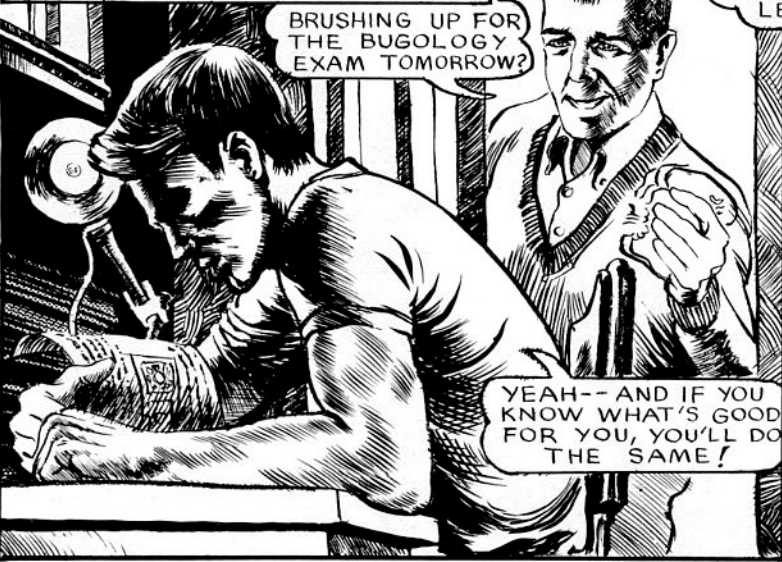
**THE
 TEUTONIC
 TITAN!**

SCRIPT BY **TOM LONGE**
 ART **JOE HORVATH**



TEUTONIC TITAN

MULE LEE ENTERS HIS DORM ROOM TO FIND HIS ROOMMATE ADAM SAVAGE DEEP IN STUDY--



BRUSHING UP FOR THE BUGOLOGY EXAM TOMORROW?

YEAH--AND IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, YOU'LL DO THE SAME!

AW, NO SWEAT--I'LL CRACK A FEW BOOKS WHILE YOU'RE AT THE LECTURE TONIGHT!



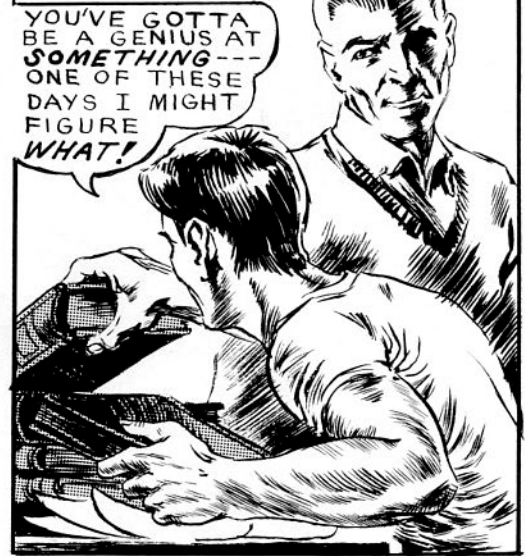
YOU MEAN YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR DR. HANS WERNER, ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST NUCLEAR PHYSICISTS, SPEAK ON HIS LATEST THEORY OF NUCLEAR PROPULSION?

WHO SAYS I'M NOT A GENIUS *ALREADY*?



NOPE--I'M NOT AS HIPPED ON THOSE GIANT FIREWORKS AS YOU ARE!

MULE, IF YOU THOUGHT AS MUCH ABOUT STUDYING AS YOU DO ABOUT EATING, YOU'D BE A *GENIUS*!



YOU'VE GOTTA BE A GENIUS AT *SOMETHING*-- ONE OF THESE DAYS I MIGHT FIGURE *WHAT!*



SAY, AREN'T MIKE AND JASON SUPPOSED TO GO WITH YOU?

YEP!

WELL, YOU'D BETTER STEP ON IT--LOOK AT THE TIME!

YIPE!



GOTTA RUN---DON'T MOVE ANYTHING ON THE DESK 'CAUSE I MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO FIND IT LATER!

I DON'T SEE HOW YOU FIND ANYTHING IN THAT MESS *NOW!*



SHOULD BE AN INTERESTING TALK --- I HEAR WERNER'S BOOKED SOLID FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS!



LOOK ALIVE, GUYS-- THE SHOW'S ABOUT TO START!

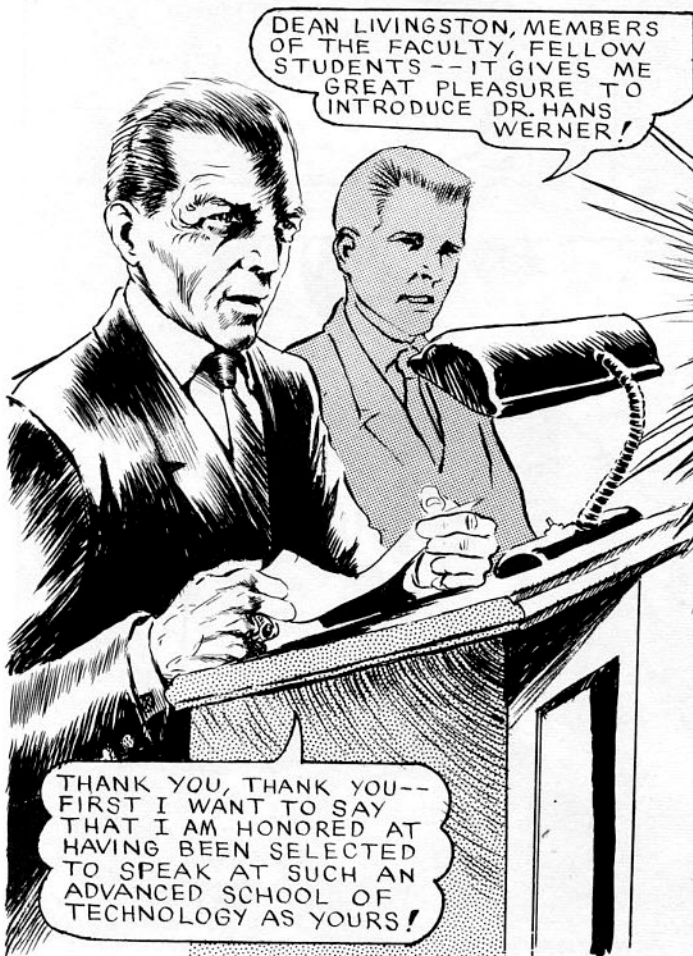
A SHORT WHILE LATER IN THE SCHOOL AUDITORIUM--



BEN AND BEAU WANTED TO COME, BUT--

SHH-- THEY'RE ABOUT TO INTRODUCE DR. WERNER!

SEVERAL MOMENTS LATER, DR. WERNER CLUTCHES AT HIS TEMPLES IN GREAT AGONY ---



DEAN LIVINGSTON, MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY, FELLOW STUDENTS -- IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE DR. HANS WERNER!

THANK YOU, THANK YOU-- FIRST I WANT TO SAY THAT I AM HONORED AT HAVING BEEN SELECTED TO SPEAK AT SUCH AN ADVANCED SCHOOL OF TECHNOLOGY AS YOURS!





IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?



RESPONDING TO DEAN LIVINGSTON'S CALL FOR AID, A STAFF PHYSICIAN COMES ONTO THE STAGE TO EXAMINE THE PROSTRATE SCIENTIST!

THIS MAN IS DEAD!

PANDEMONIUM REIGNS AS A FURTIVE-LOOKING CHARACTER MAKES A HASTY EXIT--



YOU IN A HURRY, FELLA?



DID YOU SEE WHAT THAT GUY WAS CARRYING?

LOOKED LIKE A SMALL DETONATOR!

AND I WOULD SAY HE WAS IN A MIGHTY BIG HURRY TO GET OUT OF HERE!

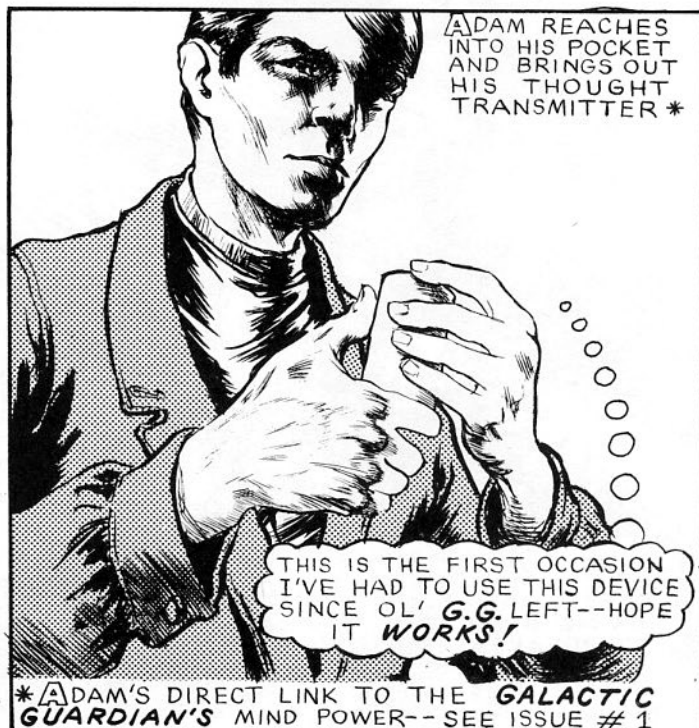


TOO MUCH SO--I THINK I HAD BETTER CHECK HIM OUT!

DR. HANS VEE

GOT YOUR TRANSMITTER?

IN MY POCKET--- YOU TWO WAIT HERE--I'LL SEE YOU LATER!



ADAM REACHES INTO HIS POCKET AND BRINGS OUT HIS THOUGHT TRANSMITTER*

THIS IS THE FIRST OCCASION I'VE HAD TO USE THIS DEVICE SINCE OL' G.G. LEFT--HOPE IT WORKS!

*ADAM'S DIRECT LINK TO THE GALACTIC GUARDIAN'S MIND POWER-- SEE ISSUE # 1

HE PASSES THE
BUTTON---

YEP, WORKS FINE --
AND THIS METHOD
SURE BEATS THE
DAYLIGHTS OUT OF
HAVING TO RUN INTO
A PHONE BOOTH!*

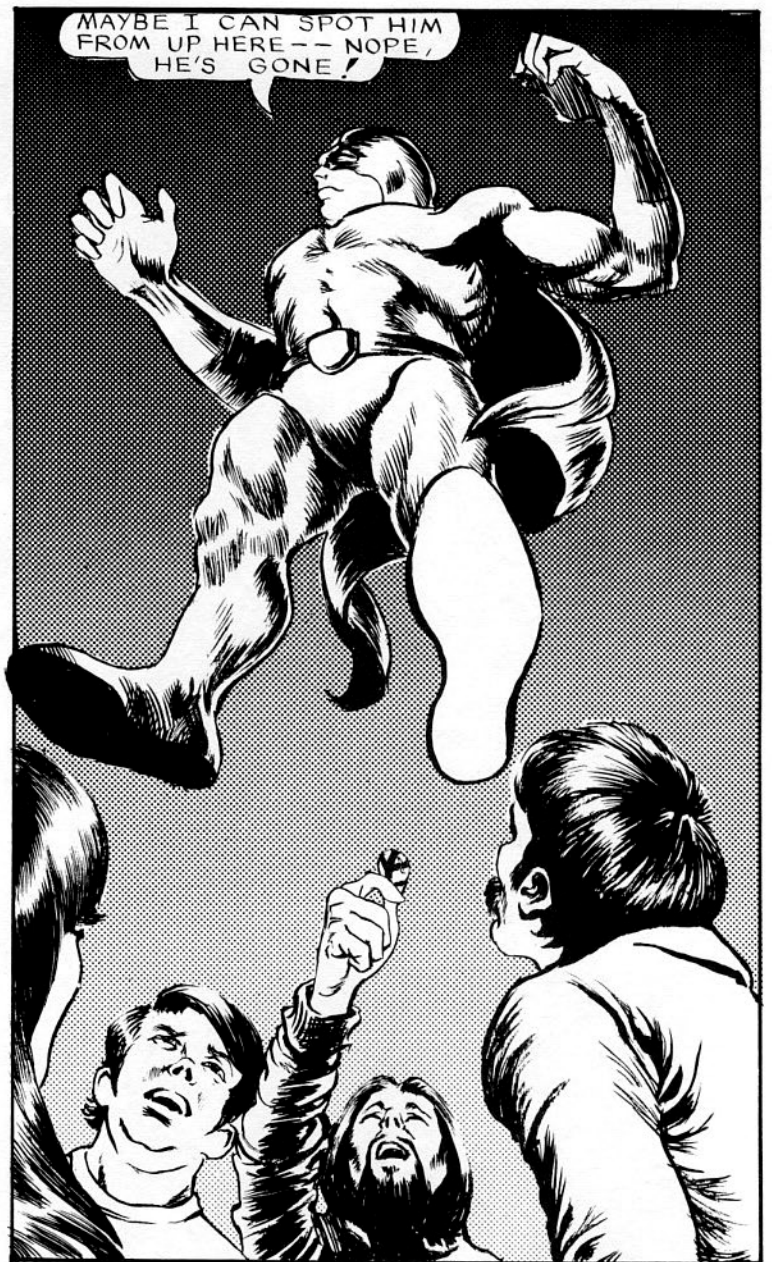
NOW TO SEE IF
I CAN TUNE INTO
HIS MENTAL WAVE-
LENGTH!

WHO'S THE GUY
IN THE LONG JOHNS?

* ONCE HE RECEIVES HIS MIND
POWER, ADAM NEEDS ONLY
TO WILL HIS BODY TO BE
CLOTHED IN HIS VESTMENTS!



THIS WILL NEVER DO-- I'M RECEIVING THE WHOLE CROWD'S MENTAL VERBIAGE!



MAYBE I CAN SPOT HIM FROM UP HERE-- NOPE, HE'S GONE!

NEXT MORNING, IN THE DORM ROOM OF MIKE JORGENSEN AND JASON MANNERING---



HEY, JASON--- SAYS HERE THAT WERNER IS THE TWELFTH NUCLEAR PHYSICIST TO DIE OF A CEREBRAL HEMORRHAGE THIS YEAR!

MIGHTY BIG COINCIDENCE!

SOUNDS MORE LIKE SOME KIND OF PLOT!

THAT'S WHAT ADAM SEEMS TO THINK!



YEAH, AND HE LOST THAT CHARACTER THAT WAS IN SUCH A HURRY TO GET AWAY LAST NIGHT!

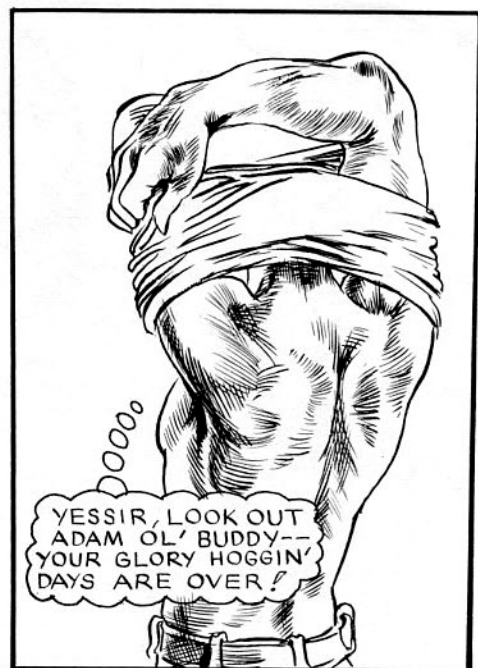
SEVERAL MINUTES LATER--

HEY, I'VE GOTTA GO PICK UP A COUPLE OF ITEMS BEFORE CLASS -- COMING ALONG?

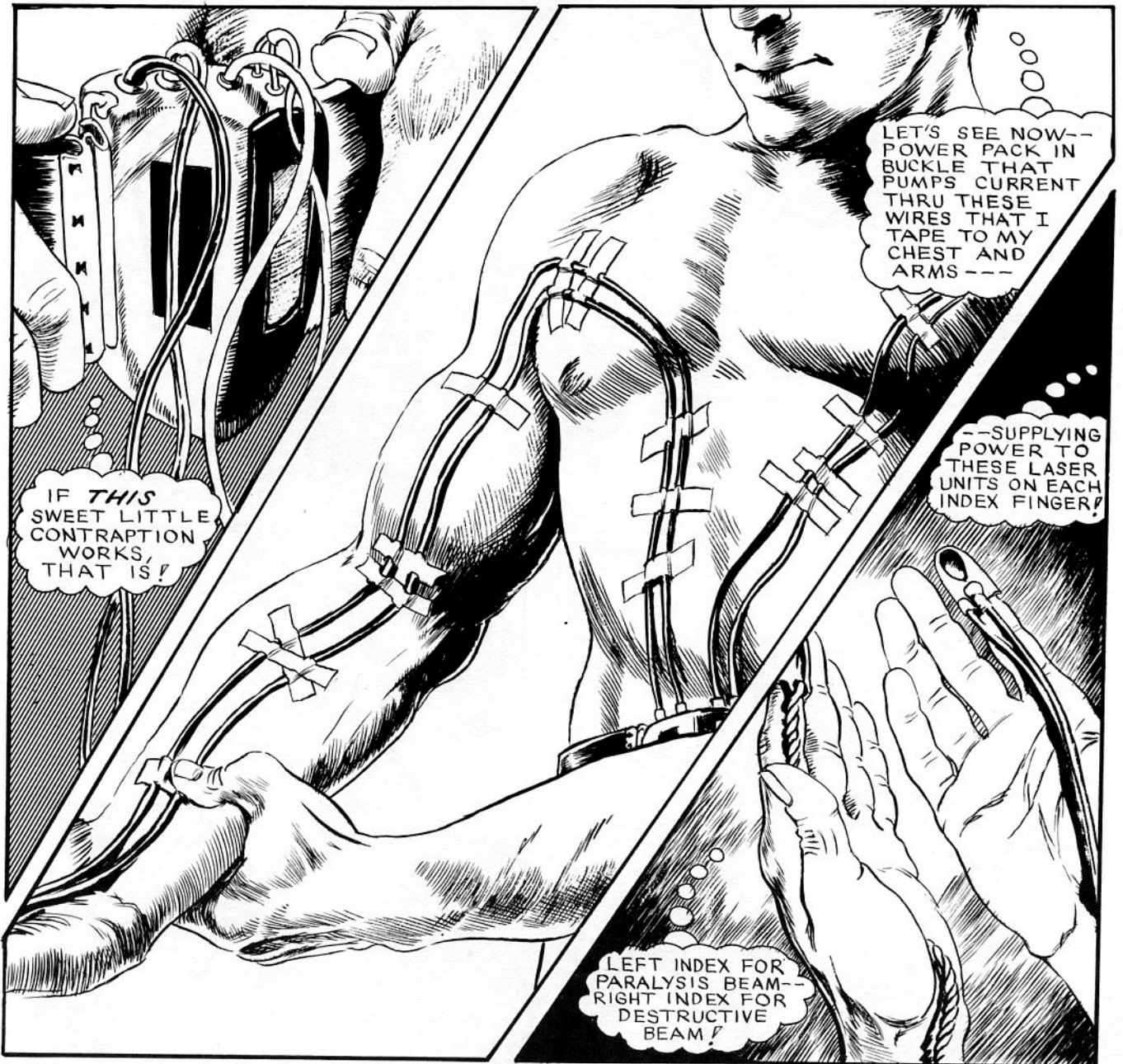
NO, GO AHEAD--I'VE GOTTA SHAVE AND I WANT TO FINISH READING THE PAPER -- SEE YOU IN CLASS!



BESIDES, I'VE GOT SOMETHING I WANT TO TRY OUT FIRST!



YESSIR, LOOK OUT ADAM OL' BUDDY-- YOUR GLORY HOGGIN' DAYS ARE OVER!

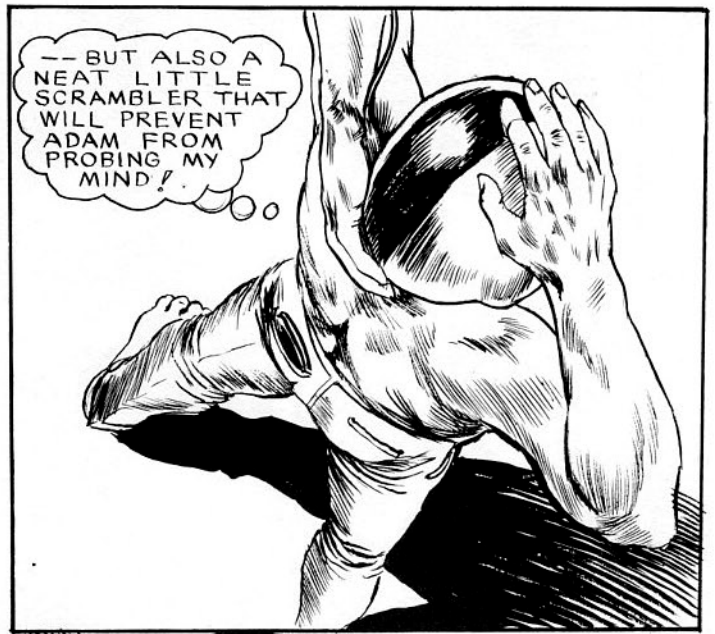


IF *THIS* SWEET LITTLE CONTRACTION WORKS, THAT IS!

LET'S SEE NOW-- POWER PACK IN BUCKLE THAT PUMPS CURRENT THRU THESE WIRES THAT I TAPE TO MY CHEST AND ARMS ---

--SUPPLYING POWER TO THESE LASER UNITS ON EACH INDEX FINGER!

LEFT INDEX FOR PARALYSIS BEAM-- RIGHT INDEX FOR DESTRUCTIVE BEAM!

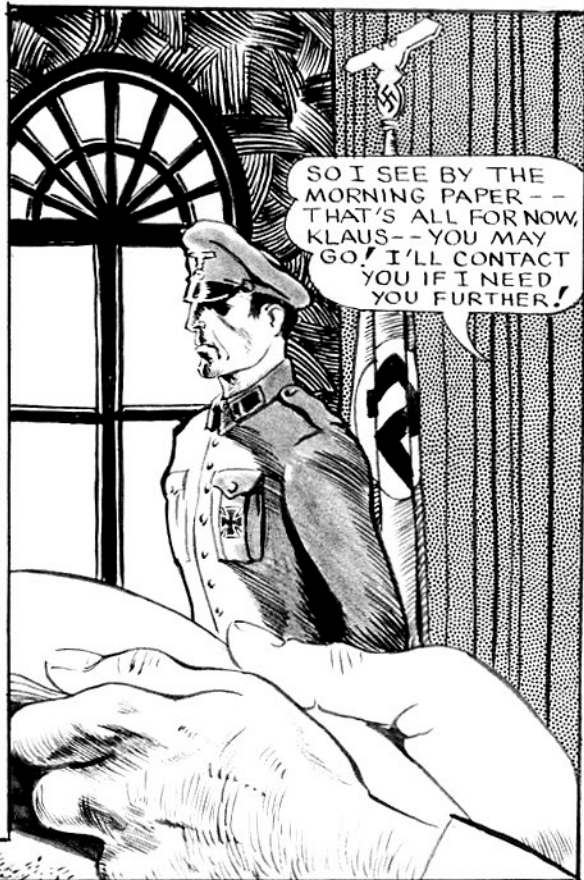


SO MUCH FOR THAT LITTLE SOLILOQUY -- BUT DON'T GO AWAY DEAR READER, FOR WE'LL BE SEEING MUCH MORE OF THIS WEIRDO SHORTLY!

NOW FOR A BRIEF CHANGE OF SCENERY, LET'S SWITCH TO AN OFFICE LOCATED IN THE NATION'S CAPITOL, APPROXIMATELY ONE HUNDRED MILES AWAY!

WELL, KLAUS?

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, SIR-- DETONATOR AND PATTERN DESTROYED ALSO!



SO I SEE BY THE MORNING PAPER -- THAT'S ALL FOR NOW, KLAUS-- YOU MAY GO! I'LL CONTACT YOU IF I NEED YOU FURTHER!



YES SIR-- HEIL!

HEIL!



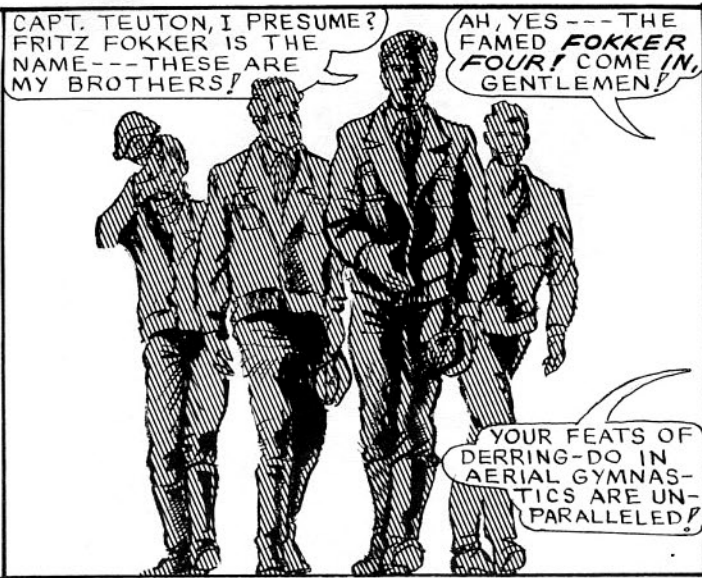
GUARD, SHOW KLAUS OUT---



JA, MEIN CAPTAIN!



-- AND BRING IN THE FOUR YOUNG MEN WAITING IN THE FOYER!



CAPT. TEUTON, I PRESUME?
FRITZ FOKKER IS THE
NAME--- THESE ARE
MY BROTHERS!

AH, YES --- THE
FAMED **FOKKER**
FOUR! COME IN,
GENTLEMEN!

YOUR FEATS OF
DERRING-DO IN
AERIAL GYMNASTICS ARE UN-
PARALLELED!



YOUR CONTACT MAN
GAVE US A BRIEF
RÉSUMÉ ON THE
ENCEPHALIC DE-
TONATOR YOU'VE
DEVELOPED--HOW
DOES IT WORK?

HAH!! I SUPPOSE
YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT
THE UNTIMELY DEMISE
OF DR. WERNER,
HAVEN'T YOU?

SO I HAVE--AND
ALL THE OTHERS?

PLUS SEVENTEEN IN THE
SOVIET UNION, WHICH YOU
NOR ANYONE ELSE KNOWS
ABOUT, BUT YOU KNOW HOW
THEY ARE ABOUT **THAT**
KIND OF NEWS!



BUT ENOUGH OF
THAT PRATTLE--
HERE, TAKE A LOOK
AT **THESE!**

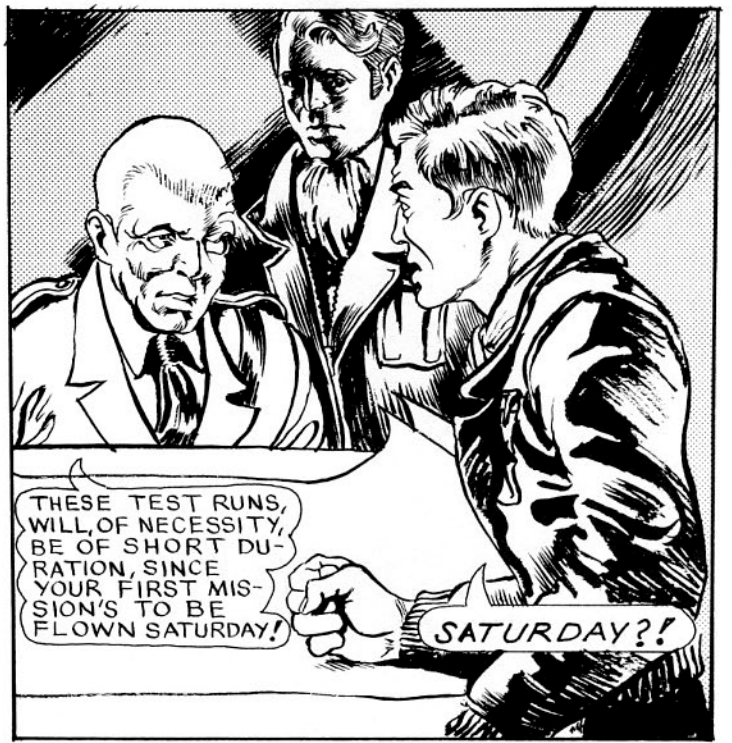


THESE, GEN-
TLEMEN, ARE
THE PLANS FOR
THE **STRATO-BAT**, A
REVOLUTIONARY NEW
ROCKET PLANE I'VE
DEVELOPED--



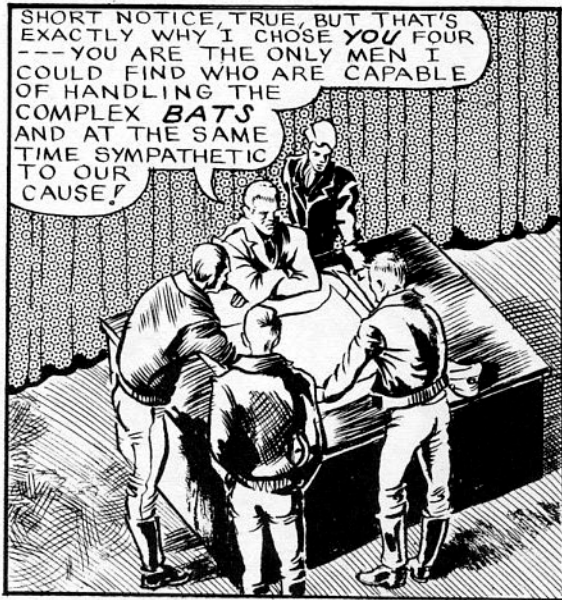
--IT IS VIRTU-
ALLY CAPABLE
OF FLYING TO THE
MOON AND BACK
WITHOUT
REFUELING!

THUS FAR WE HAVE COMPLETED
FOUR WORKING MODELS WHICH
ARE UNTESTED--- THIS, OF COURSE,
IS WHERE **YOU** COME IN--I WANT
ALL OF YOU TO REPORT TO ME AT
SIX O'CLOCK SHARP TOMORROW
MORNING, AT WHICH TIME WE'LL PUT
THE PLANES THRU THEIR PACES!



THESE TEST RUNS,
WILL, OF NECESSITY,
BE OF SHORT DU-
RATION, SINCE
YOUR FIRST MIS-
SION'S TO BE
FLOWN **SATURDAY!**

SATURDAY?!



SHORT NOTICE TRUE, BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHY I CHOSE YOU FOUR -- YOU ARE THE ONLY MEN I COULD FIND WHO ARE CAPABLE OF HANDLING THE COMPLEX BATS AND AT THE SAME TIME SYMPATHETIC TO OUR CAUSE!



AH, YES, THE *TRUE* SUPERMAN, NATURALLY, OF PURE ARYAN STOCK!

AND WHAT'S TAKING PLACE SATURDAY, THAT YOU NEED ALL FOUR OF US?

BRIEFLY, YOU ARE TO DISPOSE OF A CONCLAVE OF NUCLEAR PROPULSION EXPERTS WHO ARE CONVENING AT LANGLEY FIELD!



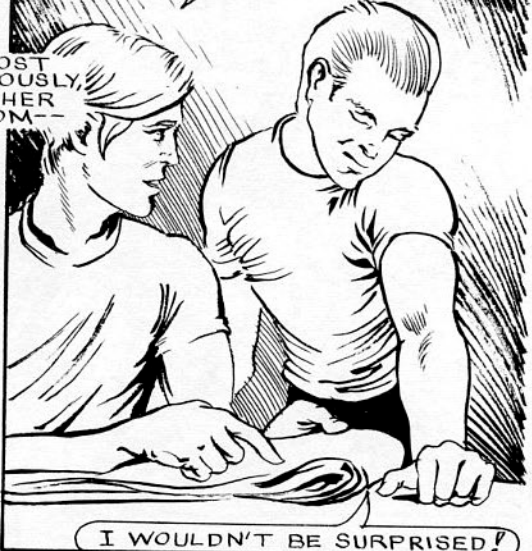
A WELL-PLACED MISSILE, PERHAPS?

TEUTON AND HIS NEWLY ENLISTED COHORTS ARE NOT THE ONLY ONE'S WHO ARE COGNIZANT OF THE UPCOMING CONCLAVE!

HOW DISCERNING YOU ARE, HERR FOKKER--YES, I THINK SOMETHING OF THAT NATURE SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT!

AND, ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY, IN ANOTHER DORM ROOM--

DID YOU SEE WHERE THOSE ROCKET BOYS ARE MEETING AT LANGLEY?

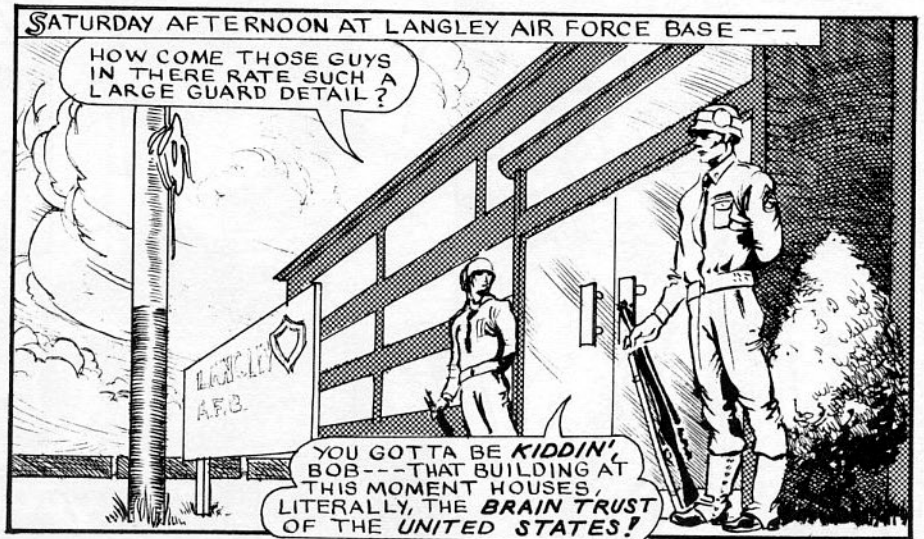


BETCHA A BUCK ADAM'S GONNA BE THERE IN HIS MONKEY SUIT!

I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED!



UH HUNH--- AND THAT'S A LOT OF GRAY MATTER TO BE MEETING UNDER ONE ROOF -- THINK I'LL TELEPORT DOWN THERE SATURDAY AND KEEP MY EYES OPEN!



SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT LANGLEY AIR FORCE BASE---

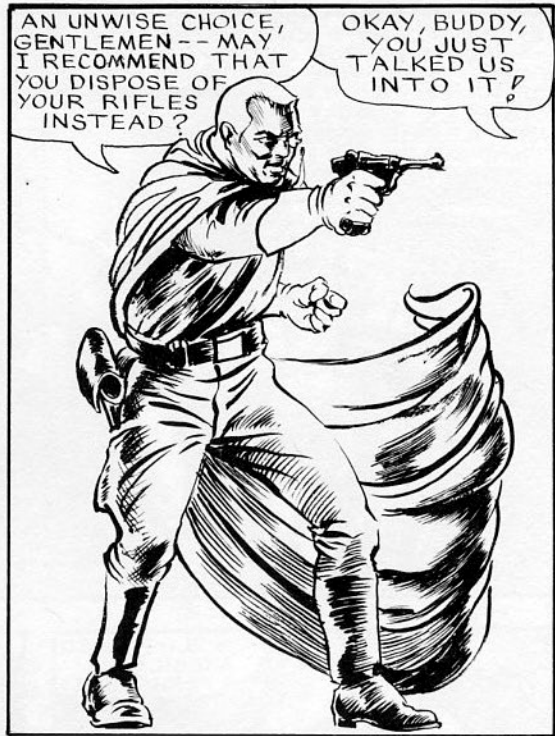
HOW COME THOSE GUYS IN THERE RATE SUCH A LARGE GUARD DETAIL?

YOU GOTTA BE KIDDIN', BOB--- THAT BUILDING AT THIS MOMENT HOUSES, LITERALLY, THE *BRAIN TRUST* OF THE UNITED STATES!



MAYBE SO, BUT IT SEEMS RATHER ROUTINE TO ME!

YEAH, ALMOST TOO QUIET-- UH, OH, LOOKS LIKE I SPOKE TOO SOON-- SOME KIND OF ACTION OVER BY THE MAIN GATE-- BETTER GET READY TO THROW LEAD!



AN UNWISE CHOICE, GENTLEMEN-- MAY I RECOMMEND THAT YOU DISPOSE OF YOUR RIFLES INSTEAD?

OKAY, BUDDY, YOU JUST TALKED US INTO IT!



YOU, MAYBE-- BUT HE HASN'T TALKED ME INTO ANYTHING!

ACH!!



OKAY, UGLY-- WHO'RE YOU AND WHAT'S GOING ON?

I'M CAPT. TEUTON, YOU PIG THE TEUTONIC TITAN-- AND IF YOU DON'T RELEASE ME IN SHORT ORDER, MY PANZER DIVISION AND CONTINGENT OF STORM TROOPERS ARE GOING TO WIPE OUT THE GUARD UNIT THAT SURROUNDS THIS INSTALLATION!

GUNFIRE!



HERE, HOLD THIS BUZZARD UNTIL I RETURN!



I DON'T THINK I COULD'VE TIMED IT ANY BETTER WITH A STOPWATCH!



WHILE SKITZO TAKES LEAVE TO ENGAGE THE PANZER DIVISION IN COMBAT, THE TWO GUARDS ARE DISTRACTED BY THE SUDDEN ACTION!

INATTENTIVE FOOLS!

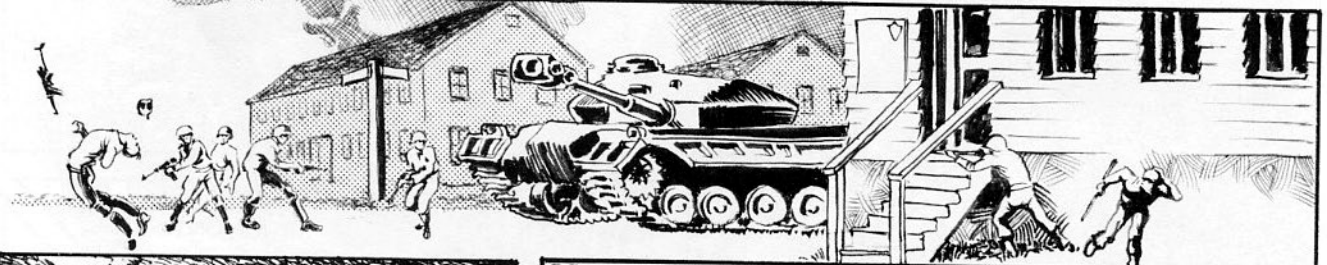
MEANWHILE, SKITZO MEETS HIS FIRST REAL OPPOSITION!



INDEED! WHAT HAVE YOU GOTTEN INTO, SKITZO? FOR WHILE YOU HANDLE ONLY ONE PIECE OF THE ACTION, THE OTHER PANZER JUGGERNAUTS ARE METHODICALLY LEVELING THE BASE!

MOTHER OF GOD! I HAVE NO PHYSICAL PROTECTION WHATSOEVER!

--AND HOT LEAD RAINING ALL AROUND LIKE APRIL SHOWERS -- WHAT HAVE I GOTTEN MYSELF INTO!

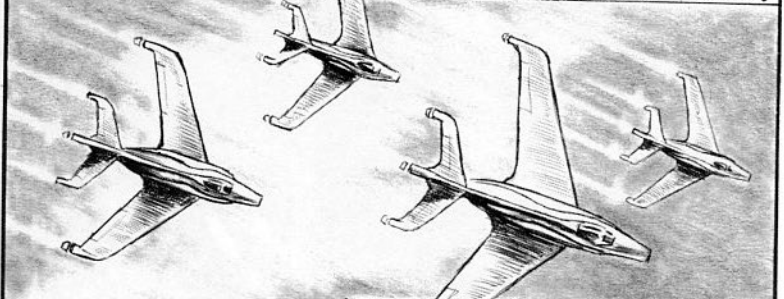


HAVING DISPOSED OF THE TWO GUARDS THE TEUTONIC TITAN SLIPS OFF A GLOVE AND SPEAKS INTO A MICROPHONIC DEVICE STRAPPED TO HIS WRIST!



TITAN TO FOKKER -- PROCEED WITH OPERATION BRAINSTRIKE IMMEDIATELY!

NO SOONER ARE THE OMINOUS WORDS SPOKEN THAN A BANSHEE WAIL SPLITS THE FIRMAMENT ABOVE!



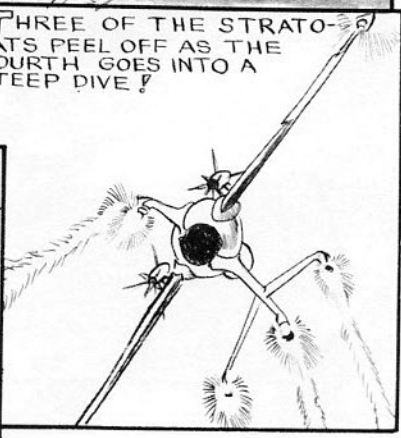
THREE OF THE STRATOBATS PEEL OFF AS THE FOURTH GOES INTO A STEEP DIVE!

IN THE COCKPIT OF FRITZ FOKKER--

FORMATION OF NAVY JETS COMING IN AT 12:00 O'CLOCK HIGH--FAN OUT AND TAKE 'EM--I'M GOING DOWN!



ROGER!



FORTY YARDS ABOVE THE DIVING BAT, A POCKET OF AIR DISRUPTS VIOLENTLY AS CAPT. INFINITY MATERIALIZES SEEMINGLY FROM NOWHERE!

OH GOD---IF I CAN ONLY GET TO THAT MANIAC BEFORE HE RELEASES THOSE MISSILES!



TOO LATE-- THERE THEY GO!

ONLY WAY TO GET THEM NOW IS TO--



NOW TO INTERCEPT THAT BIRD!

THE VOID BETWEEN INFINITY AND THE MISSILES IS IMPREGNATED BY JAGGED BOLTS OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY!



SHIELDING HIMSELF WITHIN A FORCE FIELD TO WARD OFF THE TREMENDOUS WIND PRESSURE, INFINITY PURSUES THE PLANE AND OVERTAKES IT! EASING DOWN ONTO THE CANOPY, HE STRADDLES IT---



I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS BABY BEFORE-- NO REAL BULK TO IT, SO THAT PRECLUDES ANY KIND OF LIQUID STORAGE TANKS-- YET IT IS ROCKET PROPELLED, SO IT'S GOTTA BE NUCLEAR POWERED, OTHERWISE IT WOULD HAVE BURNT OUT LONG AGO!

OUT YOU GO, BOZO! YOU'VE GOT A PARACHUTE--USE IT!



INFINITY LOWERS HIMSELF INTO THE COCKPIT---



WELL, AT LEAST OL' TEUTON WAS PREPARED FOR SUCH AN EMERGENCY! IMAGINE MR. FANCYPANTS' SURPRISE WHEN I ACTIVATE THIS AUTO-DESTRUCT UNIT AND THE BAT GOES KABLOOIE!

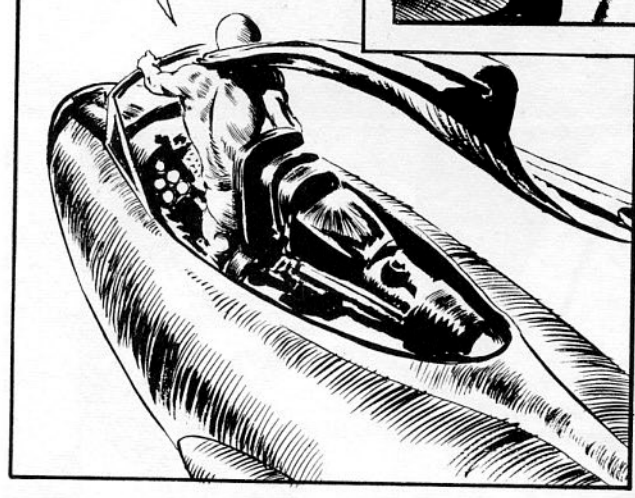


INSIDE THE BAT INFINITY SEIZES THE CONTROL STICK, BUT FINDS IT--

LOCKED!

UNCLE SAM MIGHT LIKE TO SEE HOW THIS THING OPERATES, SO I'M GONNA TRY TO TAKE HER IN!

SHE WON'T RESPOND--- I'D BETTER GET OUTTA HERE, BUT *FAST!*



TO BE CONTINUED---



CEZER LEASON

REM

TUNGUL

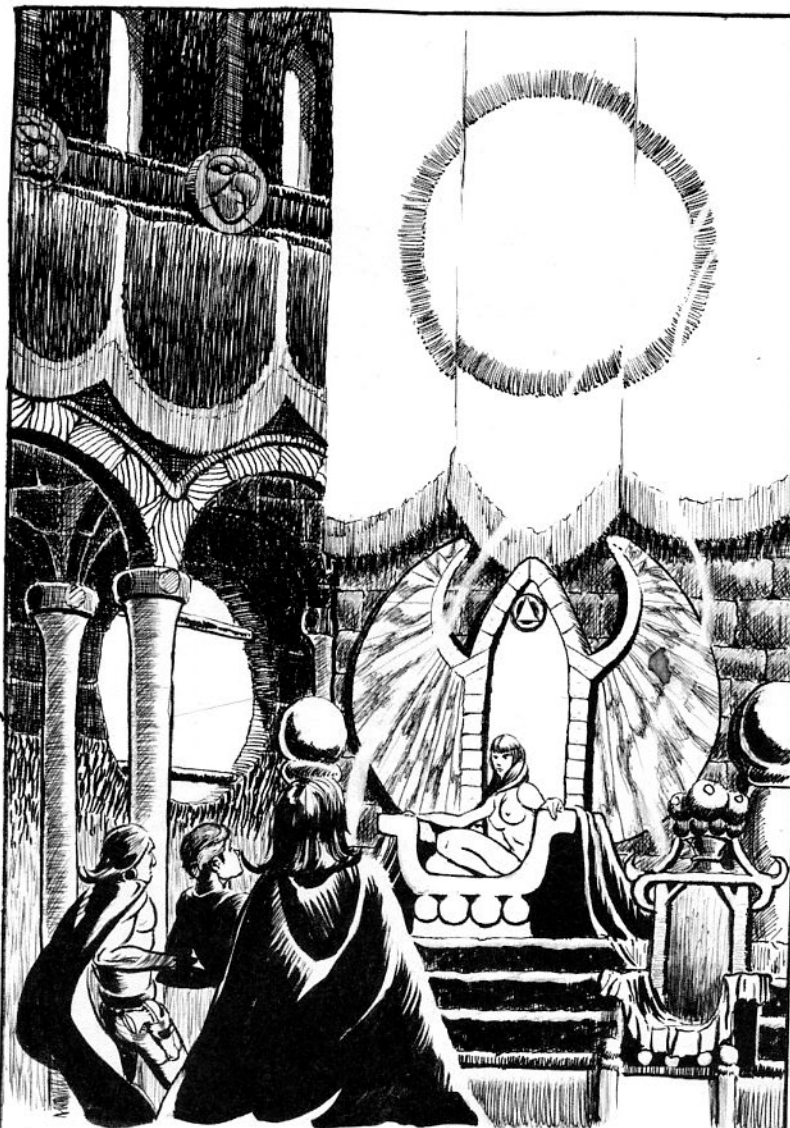
THERE IS AN EARTHMAN ON MARS!

EYES of MARS



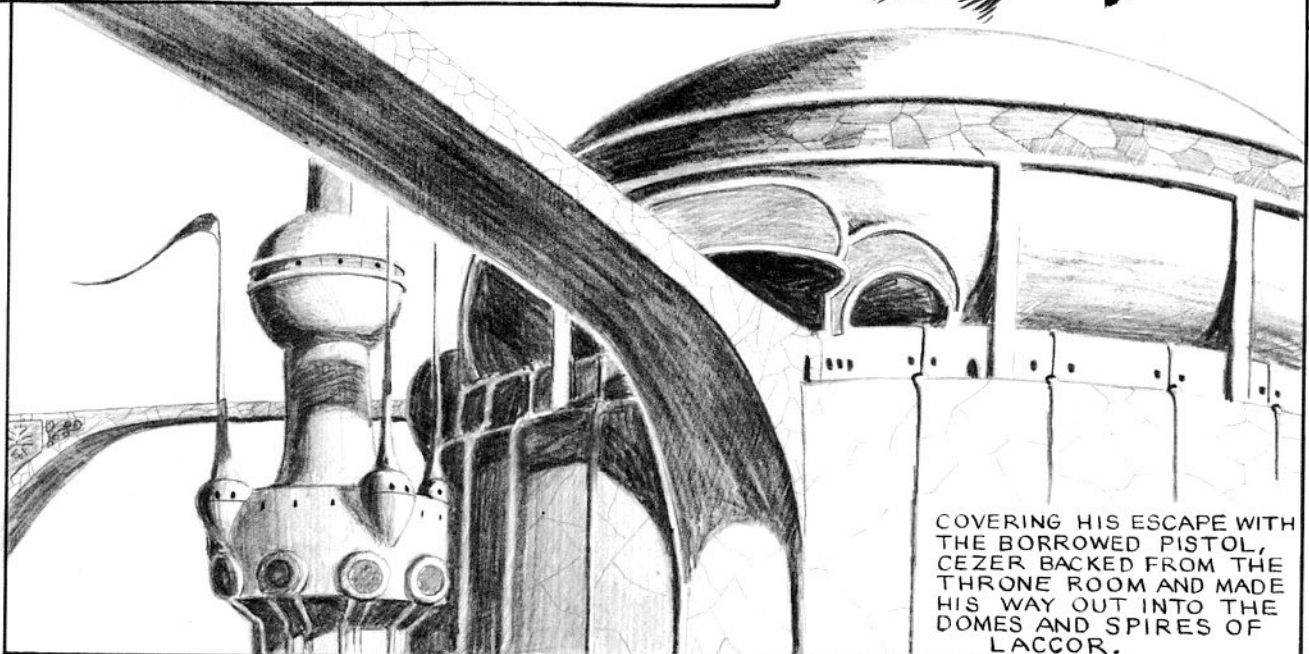
CHAPTER TWO

KALUTA '68



SUITS ACTION TO THOUGHT, CEZER WHIRLED UPON ONE OF THE RESTRAINING GUARDSMEN, GRABBING FOR THE PISTOL SLUNG AT THE MARTIAN'S HIP.

OTHER THAN SAYING "WELL, EARTHMAN?" THE GIRL ON THE THRONE, PERHAPS THE RULER OF THIS DYING CITY OF LACCOR, REMAINED SILENT, WITH HER LARGE EYES STARING IMPERIOUSLY DOWN UPON LT. CEZER LEASON. "THERE'S SOMETHING UNHEALTHY ABOUT THIS WHOLE SCENE" THOUGHT CEZER, "I'M GETTING OUT!"



COVERING HIS ESCAPE WITH THE BORROWED PISTOL, CEZER BACKED FROM THE THRONE ROOM AND MADE HIS WAY OUT INTO THE DOMES AND SPIRES OF LACCOR.

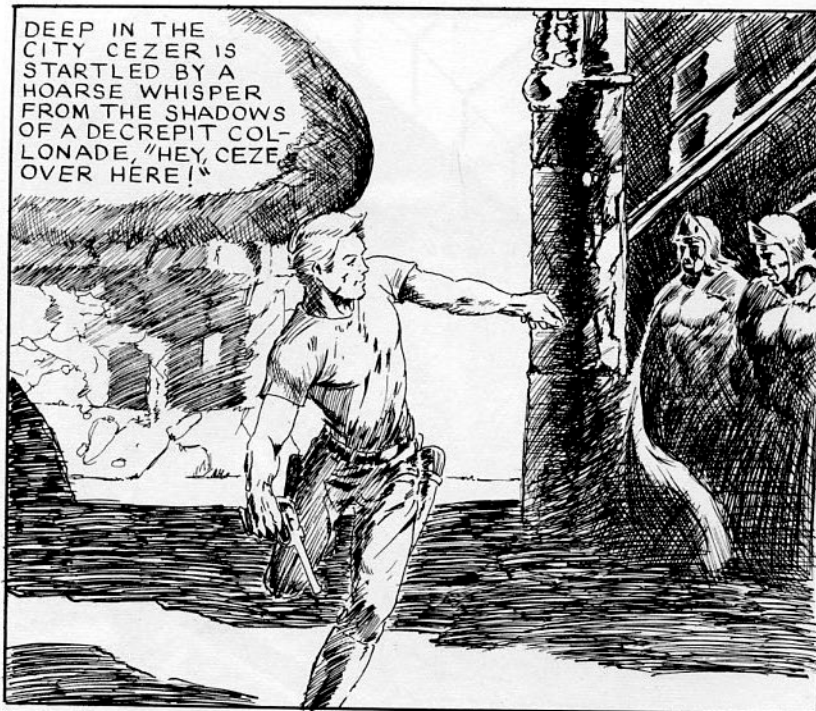


"I'LL WORRY ABOUT BEING LOST LATER! RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT TO LOSE HER INSCRUTABLE MAJESTY'S GOON SQUAD THAT SHE'S SURE TO ORDER OUT AFTER HER INTERPLANETARY RUNAWAY!"

IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE THE GOON SQUAD THUNDERS OUT OF THE PALACE STABLES.



WITH THE CIRCLE OF PROBABLE DIRECTION SPREADING EVERY MINUTE, THE RIDERS SEPARATE TO COMB THE CRUMBLING STREETS AND ALLEYS. SOLITARY WARRIORS ON THEIR MARTIAN MOUNTS CRISS-CROSS THE WINDING BY-WAYS, BUT CEZER IS GONE.

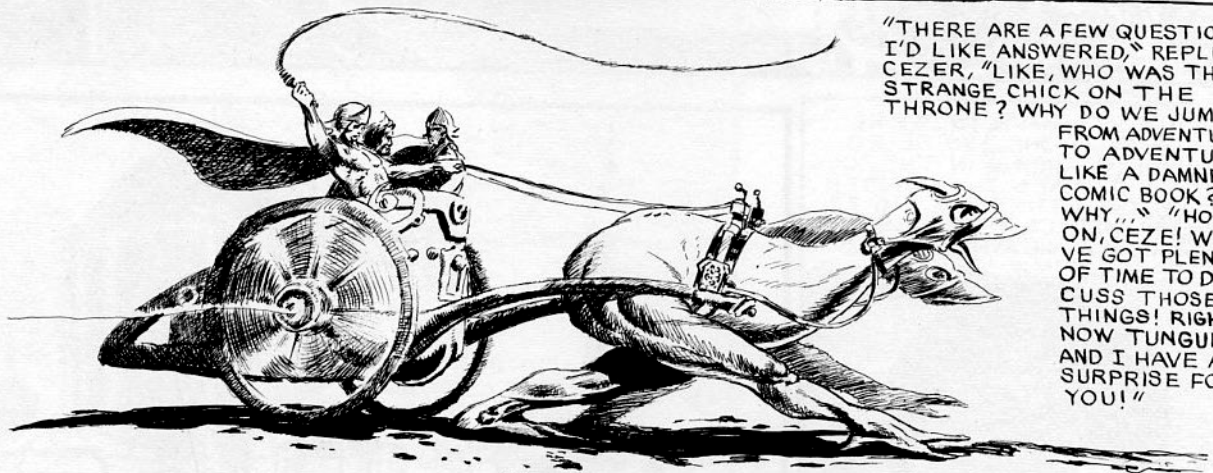


DEEP IN THE CITY CEZER IS STARTLED BY A HOARSE WHISPER FROM THE SHADOWS OF A DECREPIT COLONADE. "HEY, CEZE, OVER HERE!"

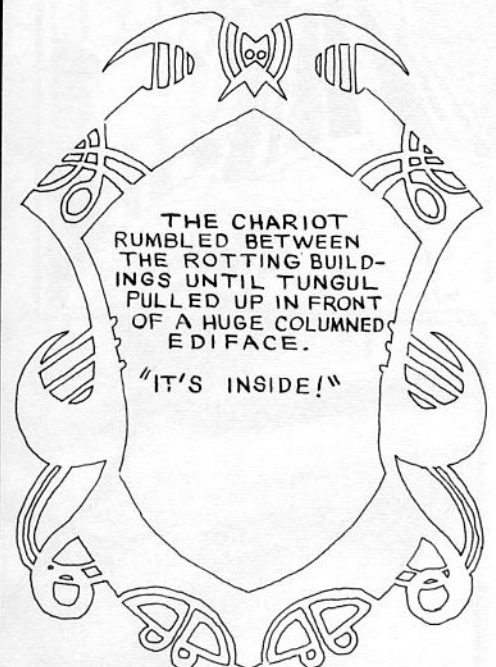
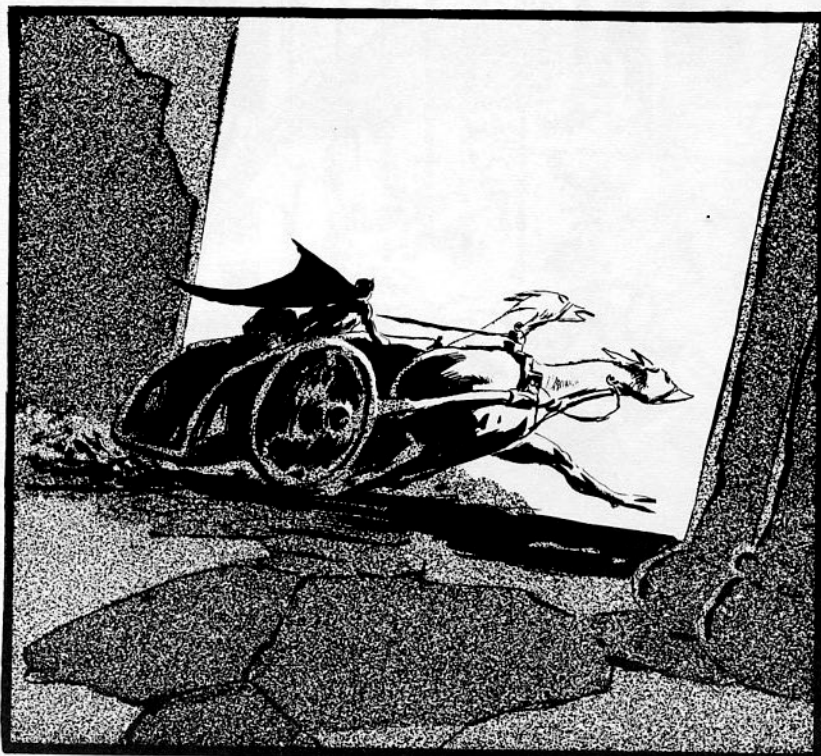


REM AND TUNGUL! "I THOUGHT YOU GUYS WERE DEAD!" EXCLAIMED CEZER. "TOUGH BREAK," LAUGHED TUNGUL, "WE'RE STILL AROUND. IT TAKES A LITTLE MORE THAN A THIRTY-FOOT FALL TO KILL OFF A MARTIAN!"

"YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO LEARN ABOUT US, CEZER!"



"THERE ARE A FEW QUESTIONS I'D LIKE ANSWERED," REPLIED CEZER, "LIKE, WHO WAS THAT STRANGE CHICK ON THE THRONE? WHY DO WE JUMP FROM ADVENTURE TO ADVENTURE LIKE A DAMNED COMIC BOOK? WHY...?" "HOLD ON, CEZE! WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME TO DISCUSS THOSE THINGS! RIGHT NOW TUNGUL AND I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU!"



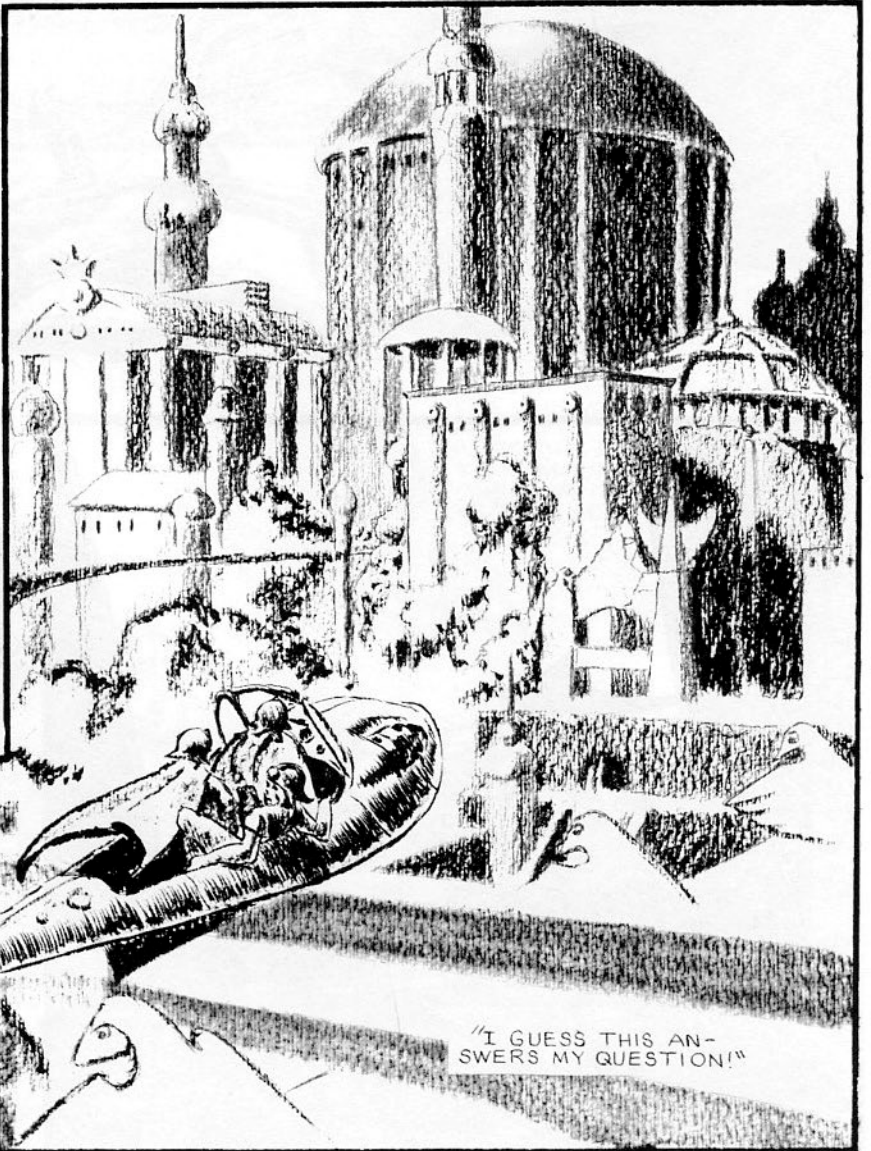
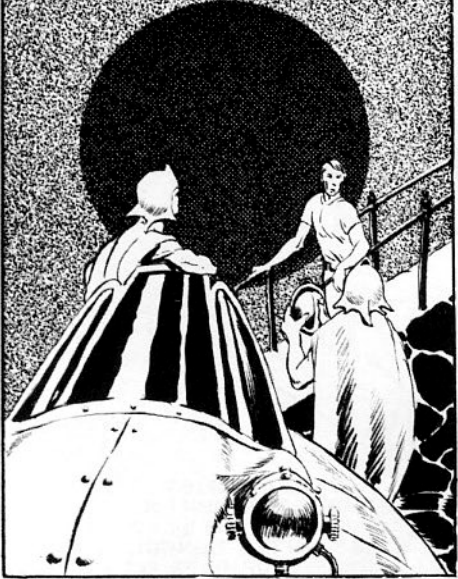
THE CHARIOT RUMBLING BETWEEN THE ROTTING BUILDINGS UNTIL TUNGUL PULLED UP IN FRONT OF A HUGE COLUMNED EDIFICE.

"IT'S INSIDE!"

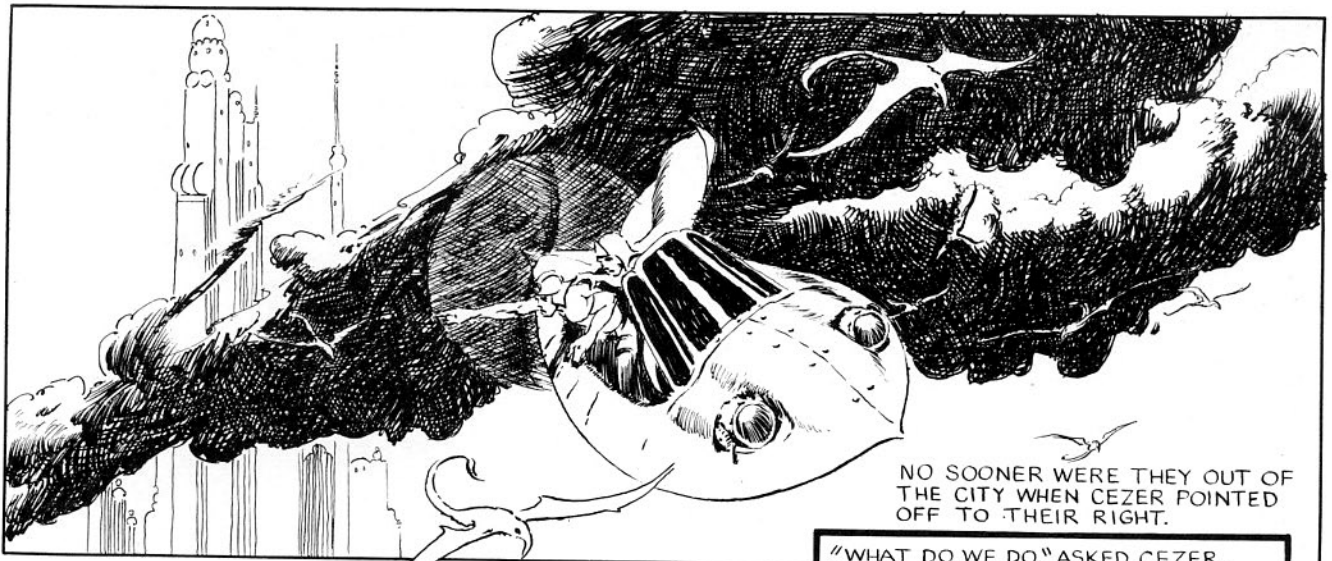
"THAT'S ONE HUGE AIRSHIP," SAID CEZER, "DOES IT FLY?"



"IT DOESN'T HAVE TO, WE'RE TAKING THIS ONE," REPLIED TUNGUL, STANDING IN THE COCKPIT OF A SMALL, SLEEK FLYER. "WELL, DOES THAT ONE FLY?" QUESTIONED CEZER. "PUT ON THIS HELMET AND WE'LL SEE!" ANSWERED REM.

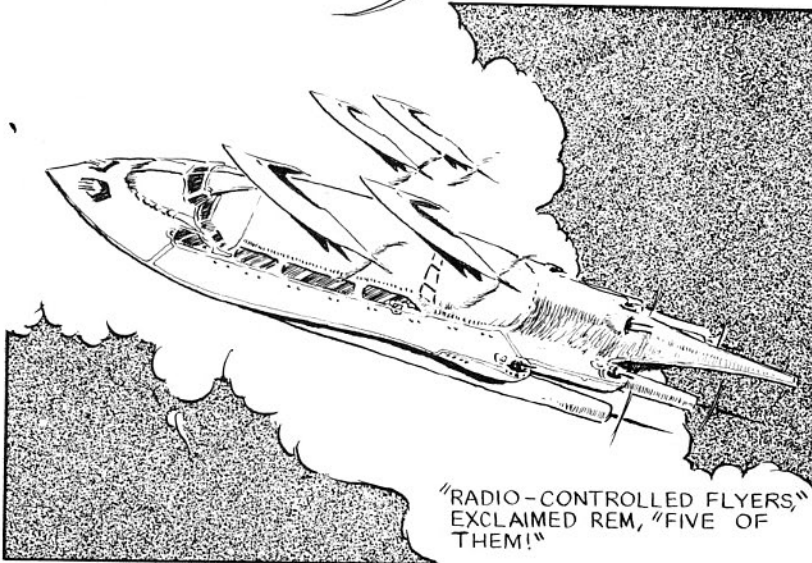


"I GUESS THIS ANSWERS MY QUESTION!"



NO SOONER WERE THEY OUT OF THE CITY WHEN CEZER POINTED OFF TO THEIR RIGHT.

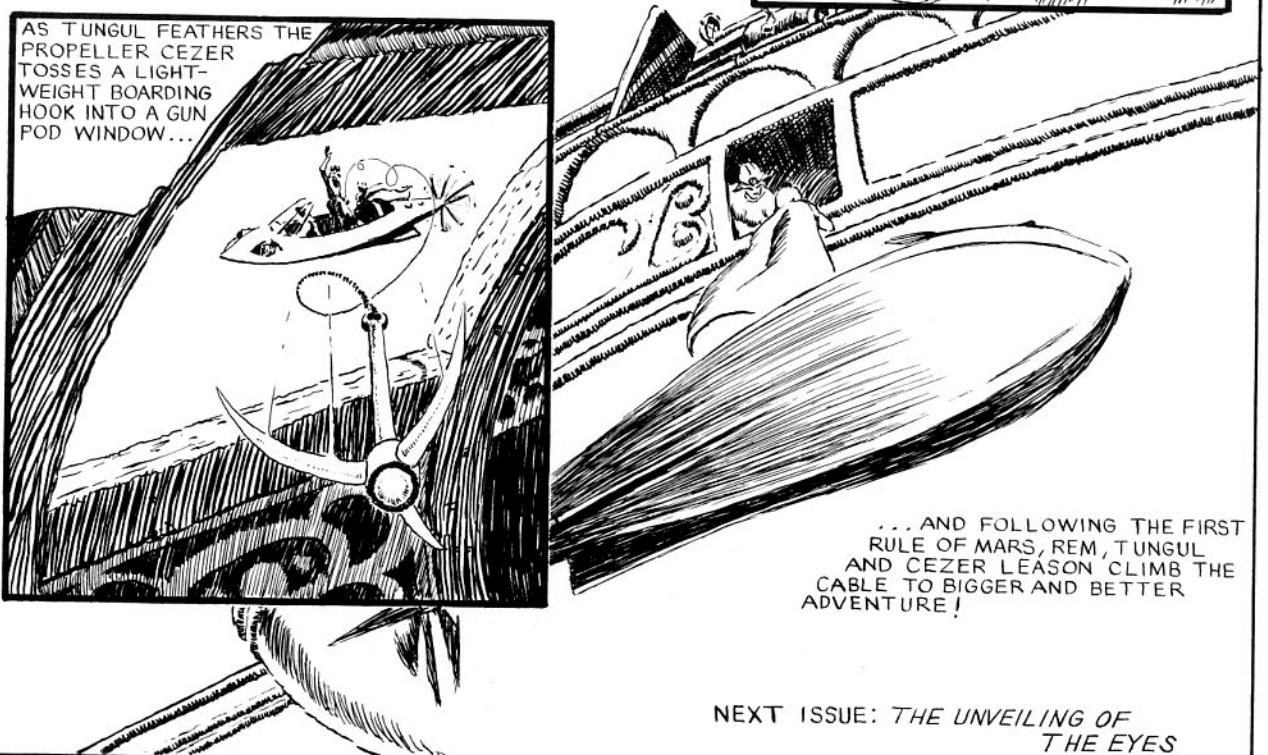
"WHAT DO WE DO," ASKED CEZER, "LEAVE THEM ALONE?" "ARE YOU KIDDING? LESSON NUMBER ONE - MARS IS ADVENTURE! TUNGUL, BANK RIGHT AND INTERCEPT THEM!"



"RADIO-CONTROLLED FLYERS," EXCLAIMED REM, "FIVE OF THEM!"

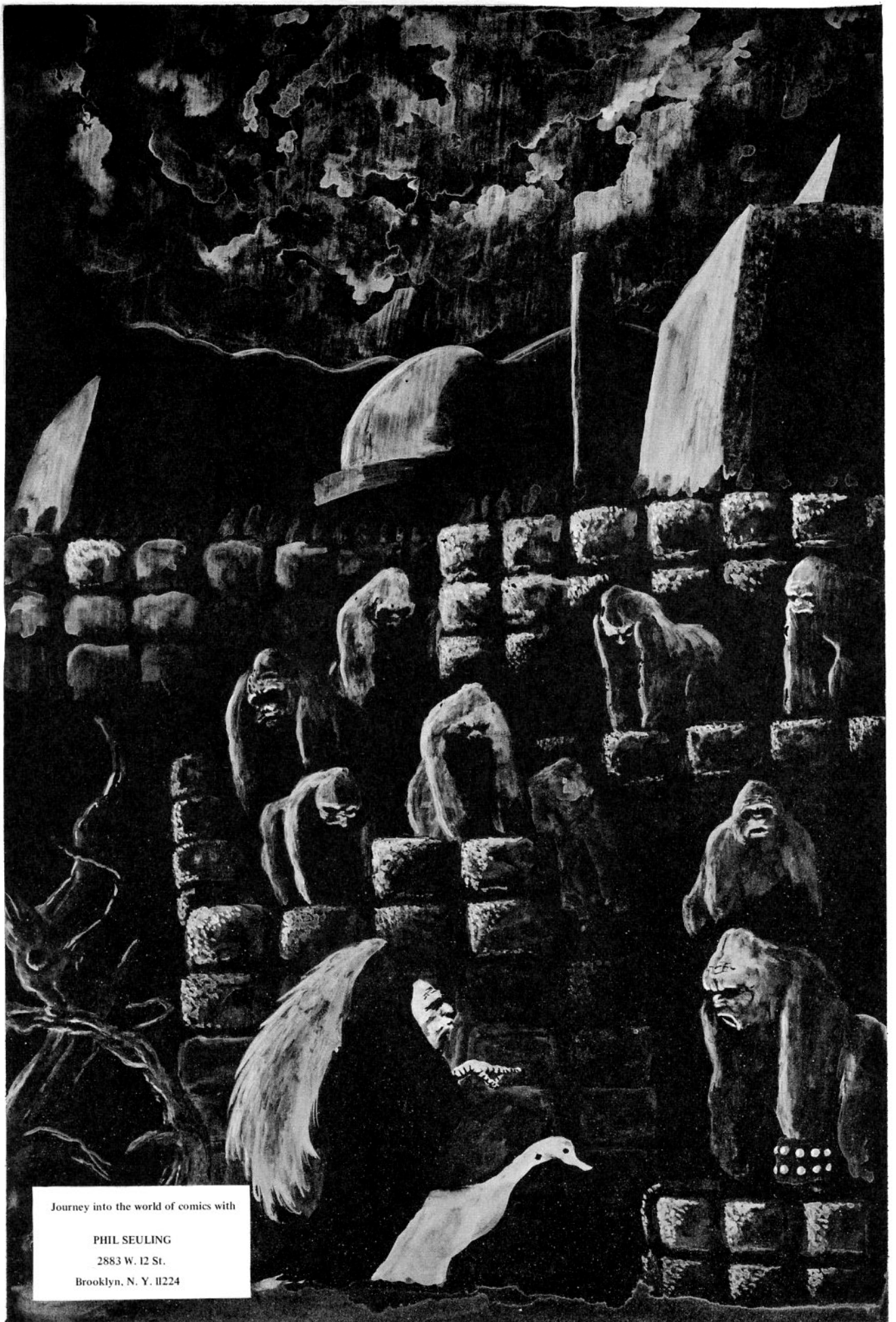


AS TUNGUL FEATHERS THE PROPELLER CEZER TOSSES A LIGHT-WEIGHT BOARDING HOOK INTO A GUN POD WINDOW...



... AND FOLLOWING THE FIRST RULE OF MARS, REM, TUNGUL AND CEZER LEASON CLIMB THE CABLE TO BIGGER AND BETTER ADVENTURE!

NEXT ISSUE: *THE UNVEILING OF THE EYES*



Journey into the world of comics with

PHIL SEULING

2883 W. 12 St.

Brooklyn, N. Y. 11224

Mike Cody is back with us this time presenting a couple of golden-age superheroes in a fine-art vein. Depicted in more of a symbolic bent are Captain Marvel vs. Spy Smasher from the four-issue battle in the pages of WHIZ COMICS No.'s 15 thru 18 and the Captain Marvel, Bulletman and Captain Nazi epic from MASTER No. 21.

Steve Hickman and Mike Kaluta are represented in this department with fine portrayals of the Spectre and Hawkman as they appeared in the early days of D. C. PUBLICATIONS.

Many of you probably carry the same fond recollection of the genesis of comics as I do and I was wondering how you might like to see an article in each issue of G.S. pertaining to some of the better ones. Now that's where some of you writers come in. If you have a good informative, well-written and researched article, ship it in. If it's published, we'll provide the art work in most instances.

Jim Traylor presents herein his concluding installment of the misled 'Major Mishap', unheralded hero of today's generation (gap?). Since last time around Jim has taken unto himself a bride and I hear he has a comics-oriented mag in the works. You might do well to pick up a copy when it appears. Don't know what the title is just yet, but should know by next issue.

And now on to our feature artist for this issue, Steve Hickman. Friend of Wrightson and Kaluta, appropriately enough, Steve informs me he is about to take the plunge into the matrimonial merry-go-around. Good luck, Steve! Sterling Steve does Captain Infinity this time plus his own strip, 'Veneficium', with an able assist from Kaluta. What more can I say of this art than enjoy, enjoy! Look for Hickman to turn pro soon. Shouldn't be long.

Want to apologize for not getting this issue out sooner, but it's pretty rough having to get everything together by yourself. Should have a couple of assistants next time in the persons of Gary Via and Paul Webb, so maybe Issue No. 3 won't take quite as long. We are still a long way from subscriptions tho, so don't



order No. 3 until you see it advertised. I DO want to thank Jean Bossieux and Frances Long for their assistance in the last-minute preparations of this magazine.

In closing shop, just want to say give your support to fandom--- it needs you; help wipe out speculators --- they need you but you don't need them. Who can afford SUPERMAN NO. 1 at \$300 a shot? I know I can't!

Hang loose, fen

TOM





Steve Hickman