

GRAPHIC SHOWCASE

NO. 3



CRAY MCRCW

Love, the Living

TOM LONG

That first day when we were made one ~
That first night when we knew each other ~
Pain, the prelude to complete joy and happiness ~
The explosion, the awakening, the realization ~
Conception of LOVE!

Days following

Weeks following

Months following

The touch of the hand to the swollen abdomen,
Containing my love ~

And then

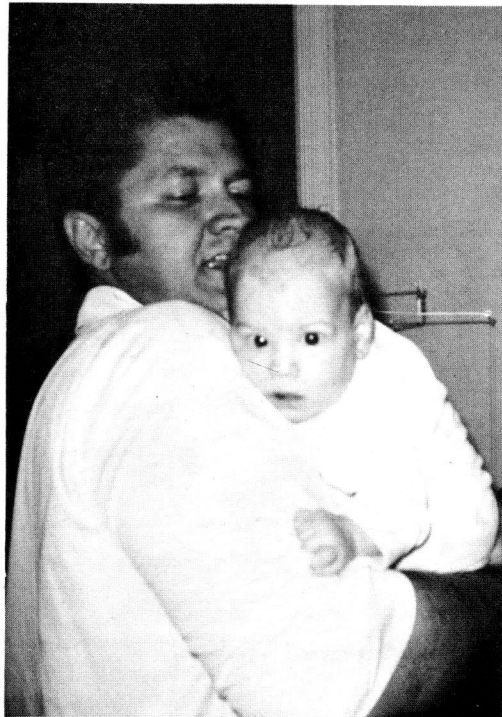
BIRTH!

The bursting forth of the living from the living ~

Presenting the living love ~

In your image,
In my image,
Who are but
HIS image!

EDITORIAL



GREG LONG AND FRIEND

OF TIME AND MATERIAL

Things are looking up! Here it is almost one year to the day since G.S. No. 2 made the scene, which is a real milestone for us. As a good many of you may recall, there was a time gap of nearly two years between issue No. 1 & 2, all of which leads to the somewhat startling announcement that No. 4 very well **COULD** be out sometime this winter! We are slowly but surely building up a back-log of material. Our usual practice is to start from scratch once the current issue is released and maybe if we scratch real hard we might come up with something good next time around. If we're lucky, that is! We were lucky with our second issue. We like to believe that the issue you now hold is due to a larger degree on a little bit of planning and forethought. Anyway, we thought maybe those of you who've been following our progress might like to know there may be two issues this year!

By the way, the first print run of No. 1 and 2 sold out completely so we thought we'd do those readers who missed out on these collector's items a favor and had 250 copies of each reprinted. Due to the fact that this is a small print run the price was correspondingly higher. Accordingly, we have to charge a little more, like a buck and a half each. When these are gone, that's it! **There'll** be no more! The plates have been disposed of, so don't say we didn't warn you!

OF TIME AND GRAY MORROW

And how about those gorgeous covers that adorn our proud periodical this time? Compliments of one Gray Morrow, who not only is one of the foremost illustrators in the Sci-Fi, Fantasy and Comic fields but also one heckuva great guy! Gray, we all thank you for this rare opportunity to catch, once again, a glimpse into that halcyon period of our young lives when every runny-nosed kid of us truly believed that if we pronounced that magical anagram, SHAZAM, with just the right inflection, there would come that great thunderbolt from out of the blue which would transform us into the mightiest of mortals, Captain Marvel. As I look back in retrospect, perhaps it was just as well the word didn't work. Had it truly performed that wondrous feat, I doubt very seriously if I could have done

much in the way of thwarting crime. I would have been too busy admiring that beautiful other-self, that god-like image that existed, with out a shadow of a doubt, in the unencumbered mind of my youth! Yes, Gray, thanks for the trip in time and the beautiful covers. We look forward to seeing you and that ever-present pipe at the Comic Art Convention once again this year.

THE POPULATION EXPLOSION

Now to come back to reality with a solid thump! Since last time out some of our contributors have produced more than art and its applied appurtenances. Yours truly and Kenneth Smith, whose sterling work appears within, have brand new sons! Gregory Thomas Long made his debut on March 2 of this year and forthwith inspired his pop to compose the bit of free verse you'll find within these pages. To Greg, then, this issue of GRAPHIC SHOWCASE is affectionately dedicated. Ken and his wife, Angela, became the proud parents of a son born this past January. Let's hope that little Devon Eric Smith is artistically inclined, as he'll have a ready-made art instructor at home. Steve Hickman, whose continuing Sci-Fi and Fantasy saga appears in each issue, and Jimmy Traylor, co-founder of G.S., each have brand new baby daughters. Congratulations to each and every one of you. I'll collect my cigars at the con.

BITS AND PIECES

I had wanted to write a nice long, meaty editorial this time expounding upon various subjects, but we've got so much good stuff to run that I'll just shut my mouth and get down to the essentials.

ITEM: Acknowledgements and copyrights to our prolific contributors such as: (In alphabetical order)
Mike Cody
Steve Hickman
Mike Kaluta
Gray Morrow
Alan Simons
Kenneth Smith
Phil Trumbo (Mose)

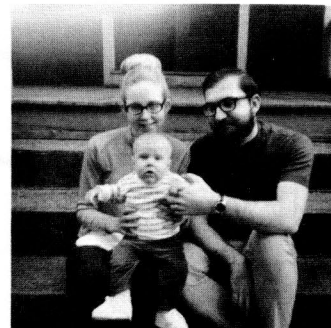
Also to the various comic houses whose characters we've used in our Golden Age Gallery and on our covers.

ITEM: Give your continuous support to fandom and it activities and conventions.

There are plenty of good fanzines and related items I think everyone who is truly comic-oriented should peruse such as Rich Hauser's great mag, SPA FOM (There's that plug, Rich, ol' buddy. See you at the con, too, I trust!) The definitive market place of fandom, G. B. Love's ROCKET'S BLAST-COMICCOLLECTOR, George Henderson's brilliant comic material, which is now called CAPTAIN GEORGE PRESENTS, formerly COMIC WORLD and lastly but not leastly, CARTOONIST PROFILES, which is just about as good a magazine as you'll find on comics and comic artists.

Next issue, ALIZOR by Yvon, plus many more goodies and surprises! That's it!

LONG
F
OM

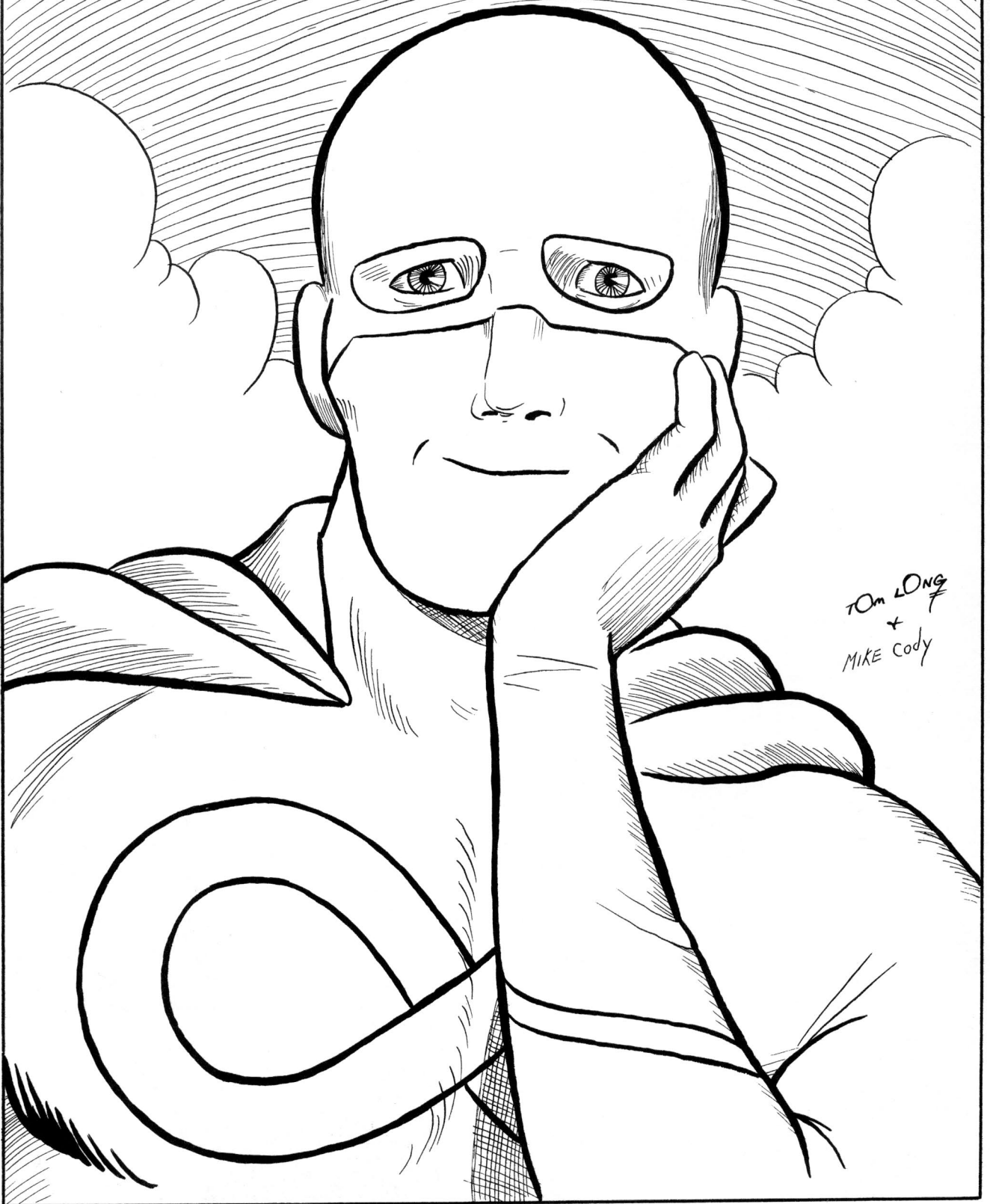


DEVON ERIC SMITH AND FAMILY

Front Cover - SPY SMASHER
Back Cover - THE SANDMAN

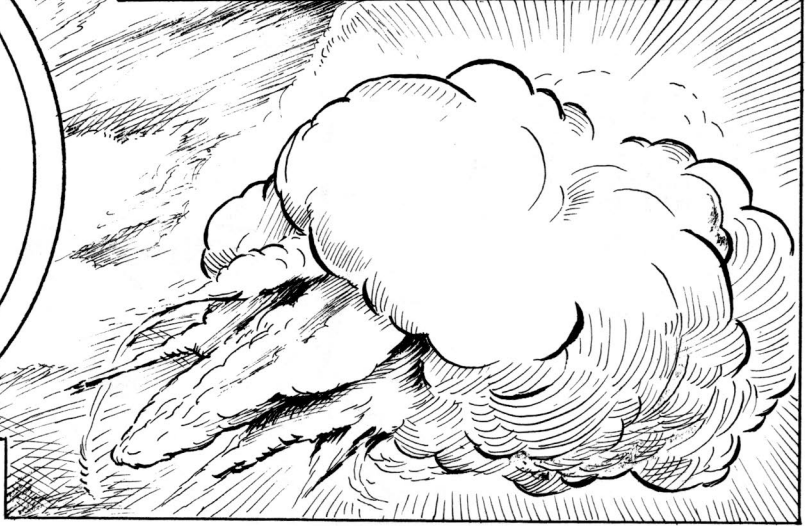
CONCLUDING: "OPERATION BRAINSTRIKE"
UNAWARE THAT HEAVY FIGHTING HAS ERUPTED ON THE BASE BELOW, CAPTAIN INFINITY GIVES CHASE TO THE STRATO-BATS, FOUR ROCKET PLANES DESIGNED BY THE TEUTONIC TITAN AND PILOTED BY FOUR AERIAL DAREDEVILS, A BROTHER ACT WHO BILLS THEMSELVES AS THE FOKKER FOUR! THE TITAN'S STURMABTEILUNG (STORM TROOPERS) ARE BEING FAIRLY WELL CONTAINED ON THE BASE BY A CONTINGENT OF U.S. TROOPS WITH THE HELP OF SKITZO, AN INTERVENTIONIST WHO THROWS A PRETTY LETHAL LASER! INFINITY, ON THE OTHER HAND, DOES NOT FARE AS WELL IN THE FIRMAMENT ABOVE! HAVING CONFISCATED ONE OF THE STRATO-BATS, HE EJECTS THE PILOT AND TAKES OVER THE CONTROLS, ONLY TO FIND THEM LOCKED ---

CAPT. INFINITY





THE EJECTED PILOT, NOW DESCENDING EARTHWARD, PASSES A STUD ON A REMOTE-CONTROLLED AUTO-DESTRUCT DEVICE WHICH TRANSFORMS THE ROCKET INTO AN INCANDESCENT BALL OF FIRE!



MY GOD, THAT WAS CLOSE! ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GONNA FORGET TO TELEPORT MYSELF!



NOW FOR THOSE OTHER THREE BIRDS!

INFINITY SPEEDS TOWARD THE ONE-SIDED AIR BATTLE ---



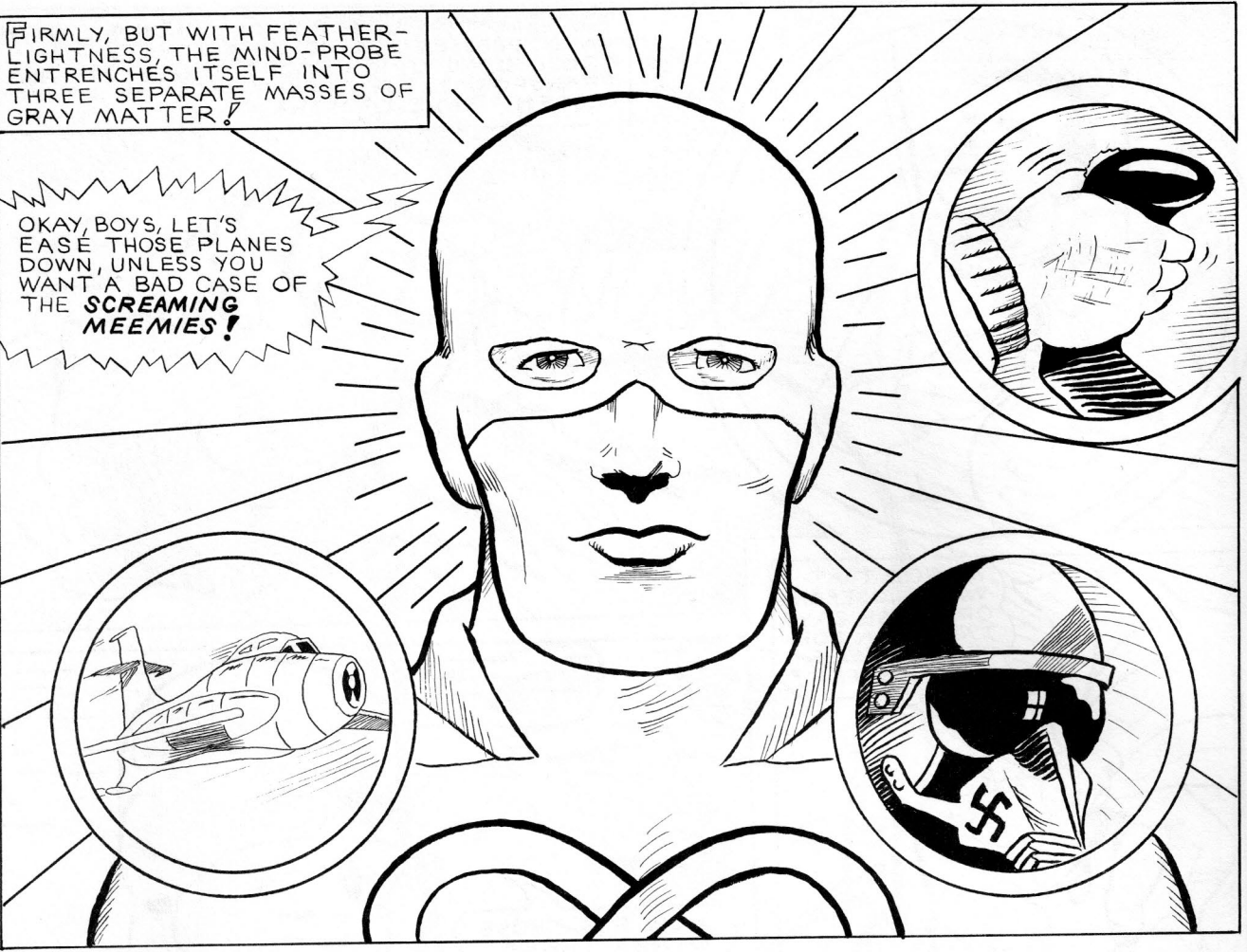
THOSE NAVY BOYS HAVE PLENTY OF GUTS, BUT THEY'RE SHORT ON TECHNICAL EQUIPMENT CAPABLE OF HANDLING THOSE ROCKETS!



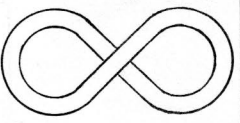
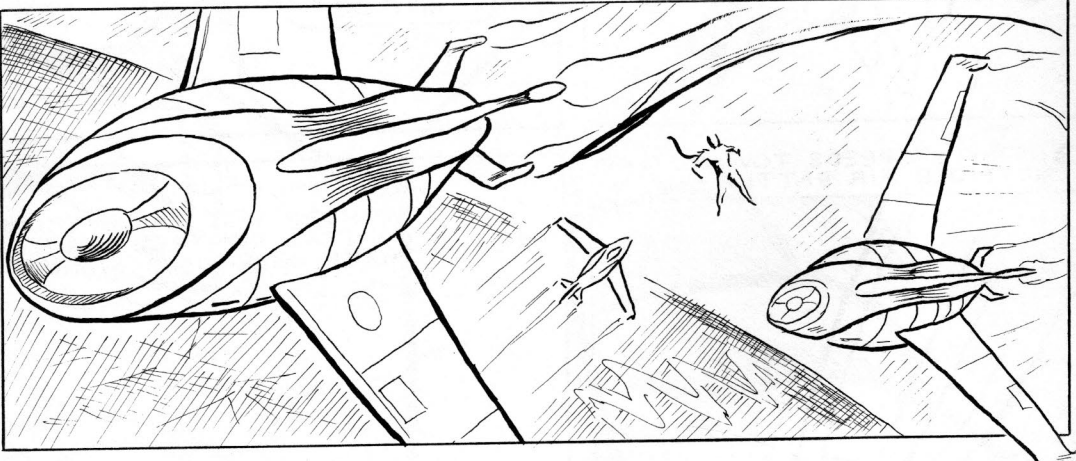
WONDER IF I CAN EXERCISE MENTAL CONTROL OVER THREE INDIVIDUALS SIMULTANEOUSLY!

FIRMLY, BUT WITH FEATHER-LIGHTNESS, THE MIND-PROBE ENTRENCHES ITSELF INTO THREE SEPARATE MASSES OF GRAY MATTER!

OKAY, BOYS, LET'S EASE THOSE PLANES DOWN, UNLESS YOU WANT A BAD CASE OF THE SCREAMING MEEEMIES!

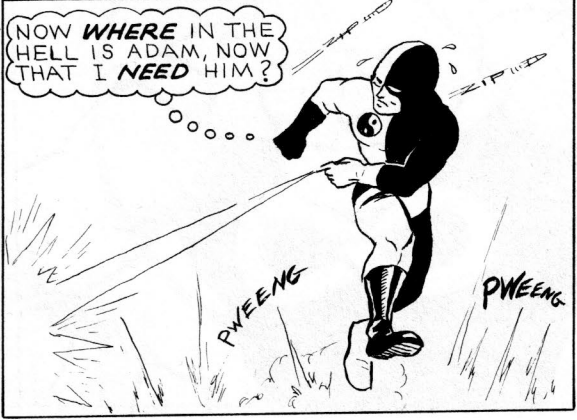


LIKE AUTOMATONS OBEYING A RADIOED MESSAGE FROM SOME CENTRAL CONTROL, THE PILOTS ROLL THE PLANES OVER AND HEAD FOR THE EARTH BELOW!

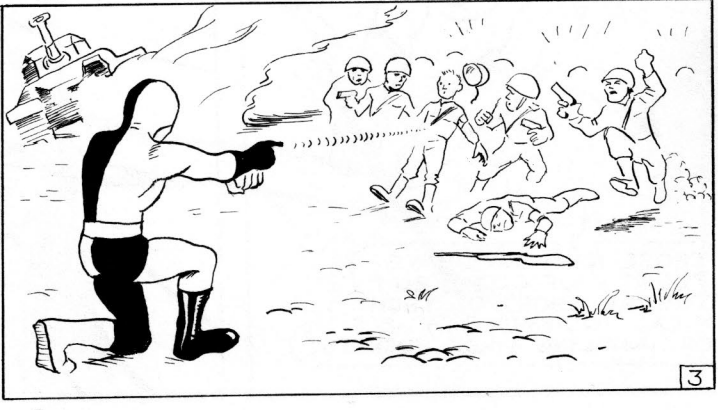


MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE BASE, THE BATTLE RAGES WITH WHITE-HOT INTENSITY!

NOW WHERE IN THE HELL IS ADAM, NOW THAT I NEED HIM?



HAVING DISABLED SEVERAL ARMORED VEHICLES, SKITZO EMPLOYS HIS LASERS, LEVELING THEM AT AN ADVANCING UNIT OF CAPTAIN TEUTON'S STURMABTEILUNG!



THEN, SEEMINGLY FROM NOWHERE, AN ARMORED FIGURE APPEARS, BOWLING OVER SEVERAL OF SKITZO'S STARTLED ADVERSARIES!



NEED A HAND, ADAM?

I'M NOT ADAM, BUT I COULD USE A LITTLE HELP!

KERRAK

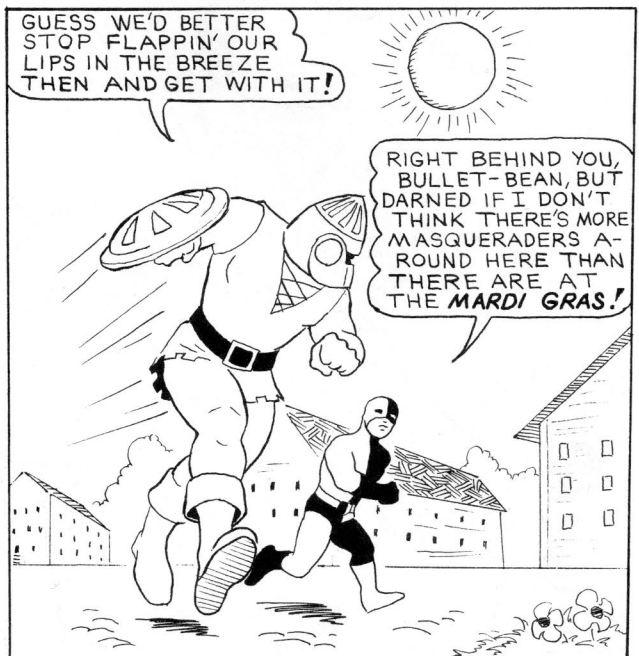


PARDON ME, LAD, MY MISTAKE --- BUT THEN I BELIEVE ADAM DOES SPORT A DIFFERENT SET OF THREADS, DOESN'T HE?



WELL, FRIEND, SEEMS AS THO WE'VE PRETTY WELL MOPPED THIS BUNCH UP!

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT THERE'S STILL PLENTY OF ACTION ACROSS THE FIELD!



GUESS WE'D BETTER STOP FLAPPIN' OUR LIPS IN THE BREEZE THEN AND GET WITH IT!

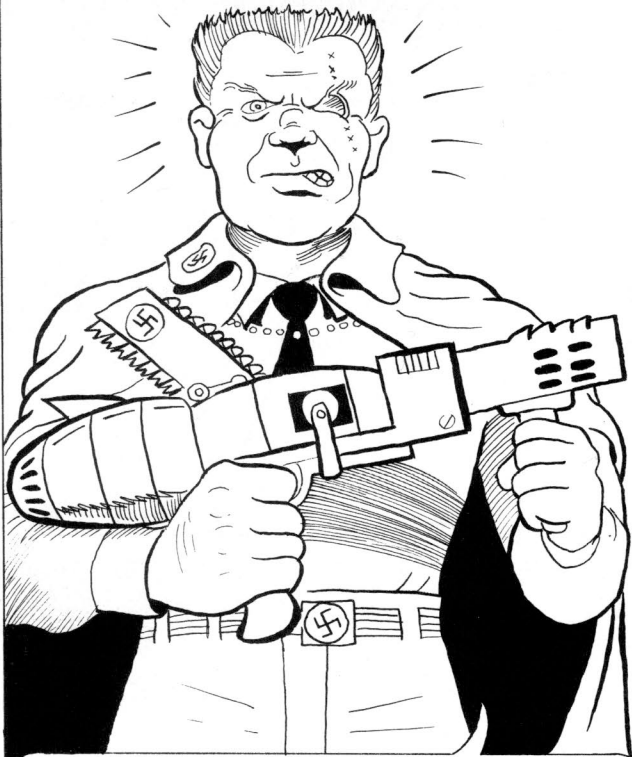
RIGHT BEHIND YOU, BULLET-BEAN, BUT DARNED IF I DON'T THINK THERE'S MORE MASQUERADERS AROUND HERE THAN THERE ARE AT THE MARDI GRAS!



MEANWHILE, THE TEUTONIC TITAN WITH-DRAWS TEMPORARILY FROM THE SCENE OF BATTLE TO ASSESS THE SITUATION!

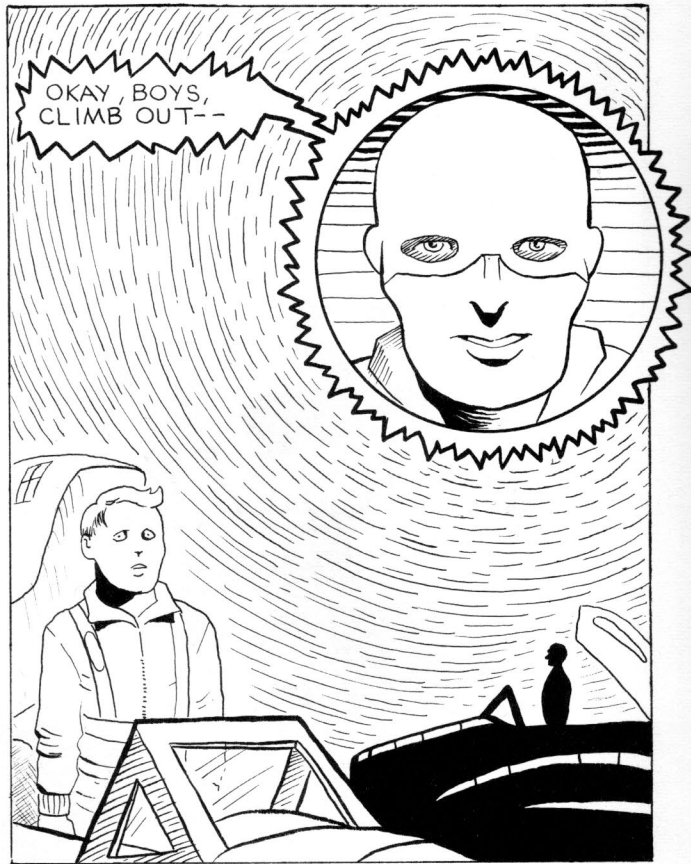
AS IF THAT SCREWBALL IN THE BLACK AND WHITE TIGHTS WEREN'T ENOUGH --- NOW SOME STUPID IDIOT WHO PROBABLY ENVISIONS HIMSELF AS A KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR HAS TO TRY AND SCREW THINGS UP!

THE TITAN DRAWS FORTH A STRANGE LOOKING WEAPON!



HOW TWO IDIOTIC INFANTS HOPE TO COPE WITH THE AMAZING ATTRIBUTES AND ABILITIES OF THE *TEUTONIC TITAN* IS BEYOND ME, BUT THIS LITTLE ITEM SHOULD SOON SEND THEM SCRAMBLING AND SQUALLING BACK TO THEIR PLAYPENS!

IN THE MEANTIME THE THREE ROCKET PLANES HAVE LANDED AT A NEARBY AIRSTRIP (WITH A LITTLE PERSUASION FROM INFINITY) ---



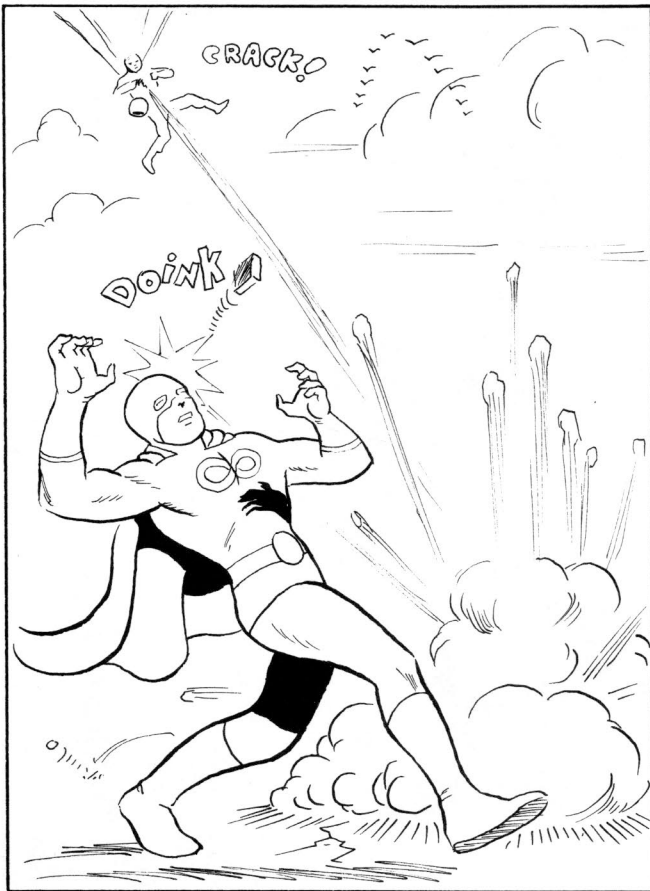
SO ABSORBED IN WHAT HE IS DOING, INFINITY FAILS TO NOTICE THE DESCENDING FRITZ FOKKER ALMOST DIRECTLY ABOVE HIM!



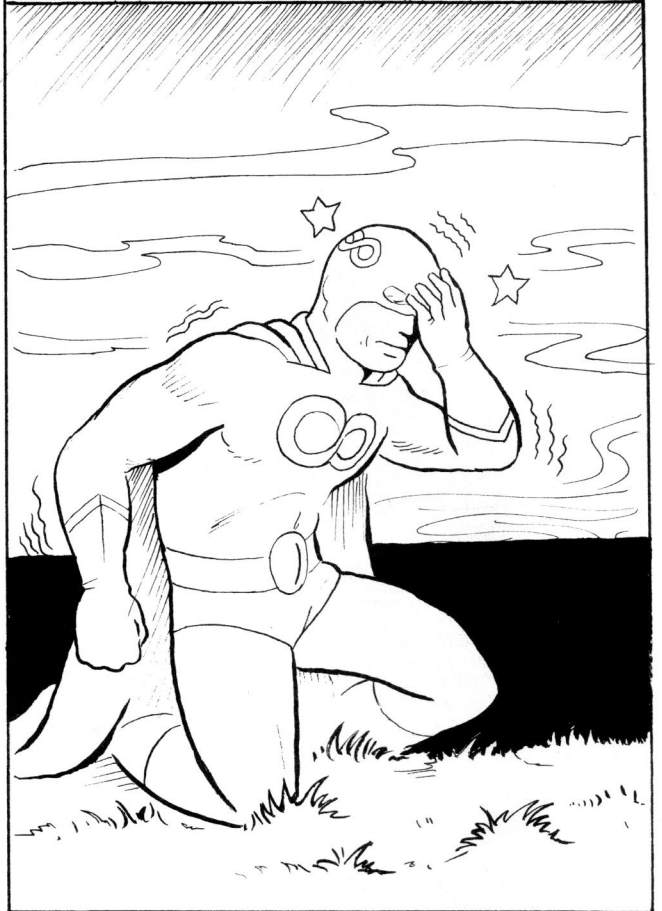
REACHING INTO HIS FLIGHT SUIT, FRITZ PRODUCES A ROCKET PISTOL!



THE SHOT MISSES INFINITY, BUT HITS THE PAVEMENT SEVERAL FEET AWAY CAUSING A PIECE OF FLYING DEBRIS TO HIT HIM FULL FORCE ON THE TEMPLE!

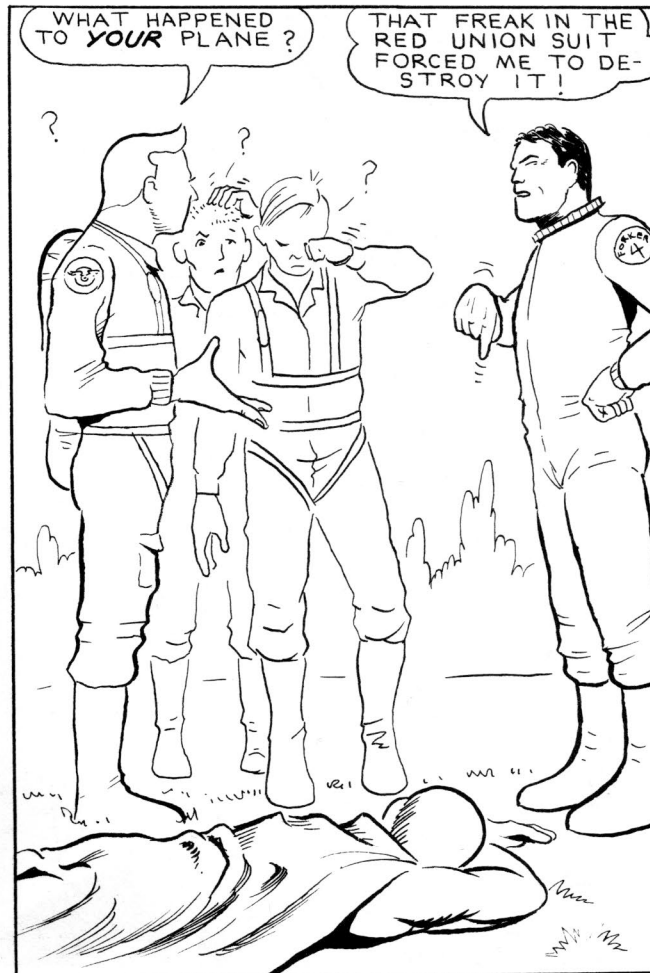


HAVING RELAXED HIS GUARD AND DROPPING HIS FORCE FIELD, HE SLUMPS TO THE GROUND, UNCONSCIOUS!



WHAT HAPPENED TO **YOUR** PLANE?

THAT FREAK IN THE RED UNION SUIT FORCED ME TO DESTROY IT!



WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

HERE COMES CAPT. TEUTON HIGHTAILING IT OVER HERE NOW! I SHOULD IMAGINE HE'LL HAVE **SOME-THING** TO KEEP US BUSY!



THE TEUTONIC TITAN RUSHES ONTO THE SCENE--

THE FOKKER BROTHERS EXPLAIN WHAT HAS TRANSPIRED THUS FAR AND THE TITAN SENDS THEM TO HIS ARMORED CAR TO OBTAIN ADDITIONAL WEAPONS, AFTER WHICH THEY DESTROY THE PLANES!



WHAT HAPPENED?
WHY HAVE YOU LANDED
THE PLANES?



SEEMS AS IF THESE QUEERLY
GARBED MEN HAVE THE MEANS
TO THROW A MONKEYWRENCH
INTO MY PLANS, SO I'D BETTER
NOT TAKE ANY CHANCES!

WHAT'S NEXT ON
THE AGENDA?

RIGHT NOW IT'S IMPERATIVE
THAT WE GET THOSE NUCLEAR
PHYSICISTS OUT OF THE WAY---
AND SINCE I'VE ALREADY MADE
ONE ATTEMPT, I IMAGINE THEY'VE
GOT A RE-INFORCED GUARD
DETAIL BY NOW!

CAPTAIN TEUTON RAISES HIS HAND
AND SPEAKS INTO THE MICROPHONIC
DEVICE STRAPPED TO HIS WRIST!



TITAN TO PANZER ARM 4--
EMPLOY FULL STRENGTH
ARMOR AND ADVANCE, PER
OPERATION STAND-BY,
TO PRIORITY H.Q.---
MISSION: **DESTRUCT!**

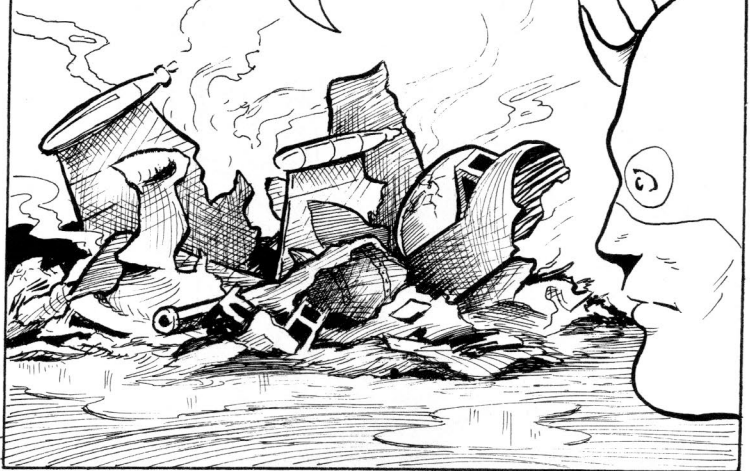
THE TITAN AND THE FOKKER FOUR TAKE THEIR LEAVE, FAILING TO NOTICE THAT THE FALLEN INFINITY HAS REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS!

GOD, WHAT A HEADACHE!

OH, WELL, NOTHING THAT A COUPLE OF ASPIRIN WON'T TAKE CARE OF!



NOW WHAT IN THE HELL HAPPENED TO THOSE PLANES? THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT THREE SLAG HEAPS! GUESS I'D BETTER CATCH UP WITH THOSE FLY-BOYS AND SEE IF THEY CAN SHED A LITTLE LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT!



BUT FIRST LET'S SWITCH ONCE MORE TO SKITZO AND HIS NEWLY-FOUND FRIEND, WHOM WE FIND PERFORMING QUITE CAPABLY AS A DUO!

NOT BAD FOR A COUPLE OF SWASTIKA SWATTERS!



I'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU ON THAT ---AND WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM THE NATIONAL GUARD, THE BASE SHOULD BE BACK TO NORMAL SHORTLY!

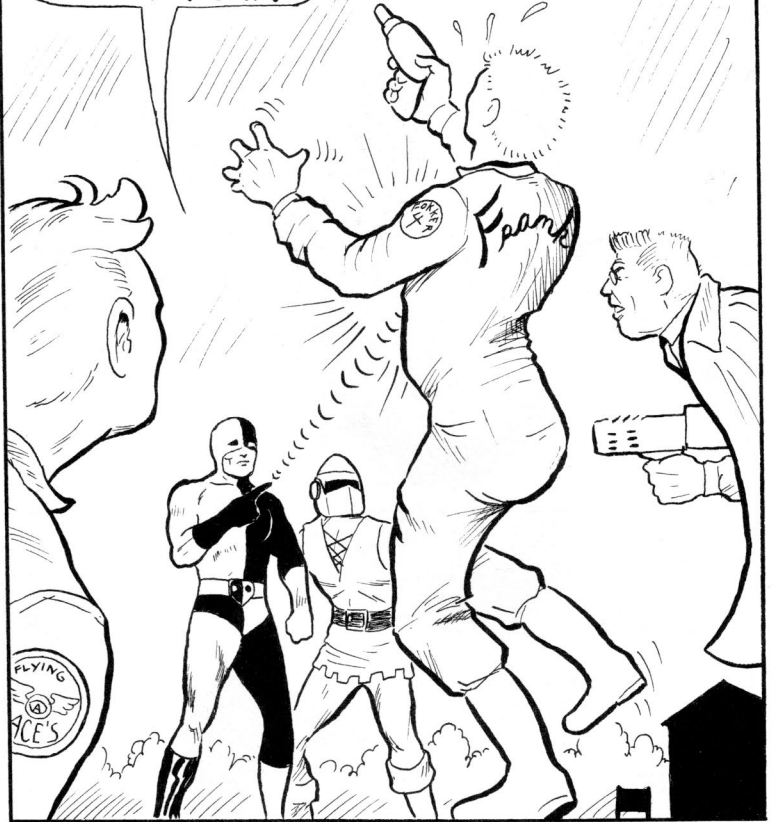


UH OH, LOOKS LIKE I SPOKE TOO SOON--- HERE COMES OL' SKIN-HEAD AND COMPANY!



SKITZO LEVELS A LOW-CHARGE BEAM AT ONE OF THE FOKKER BOYS, DROPPING HIM IN HIS TRACKS!

WATCH OUT FOR MR. MONOCLE, THERE-- HE'S **TRICKY!**

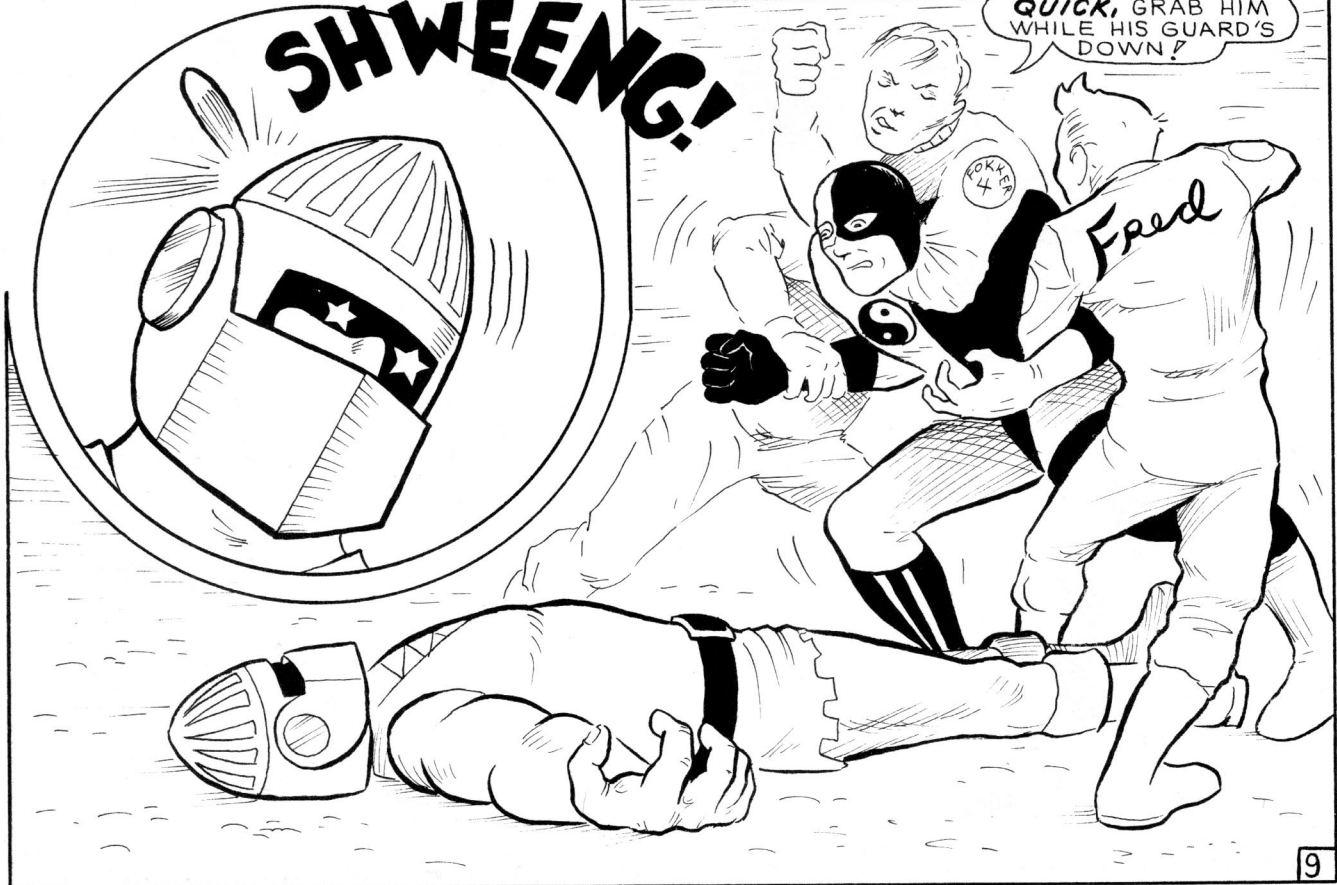


SKITZO'S ARMORED FRIEND PREPARES TO ENTER THE FRAY BUT IS QUICKLY PUT OUT OF COMMISSION BY A ROCKET HANDGUN!

MOMENTARILY DIVERTED BY HIS ALLY'S DEVASTATING BLOW, SKITZO FALLS PREY TO OVERWHELMING ODDS!

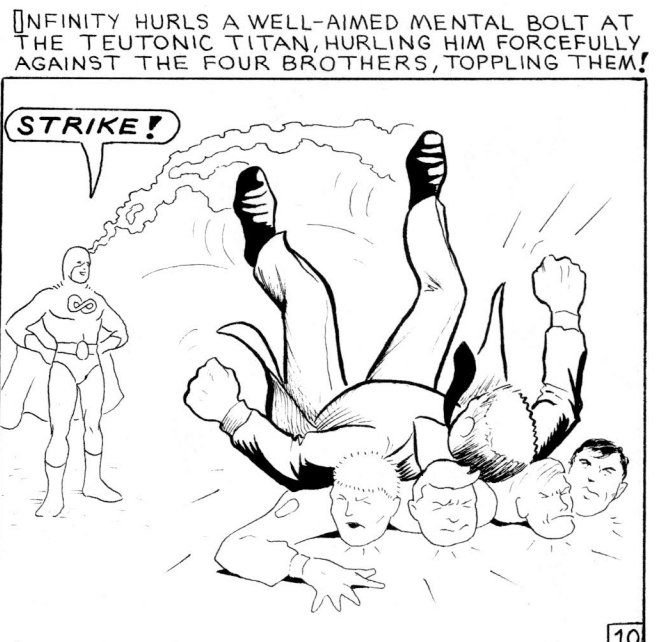
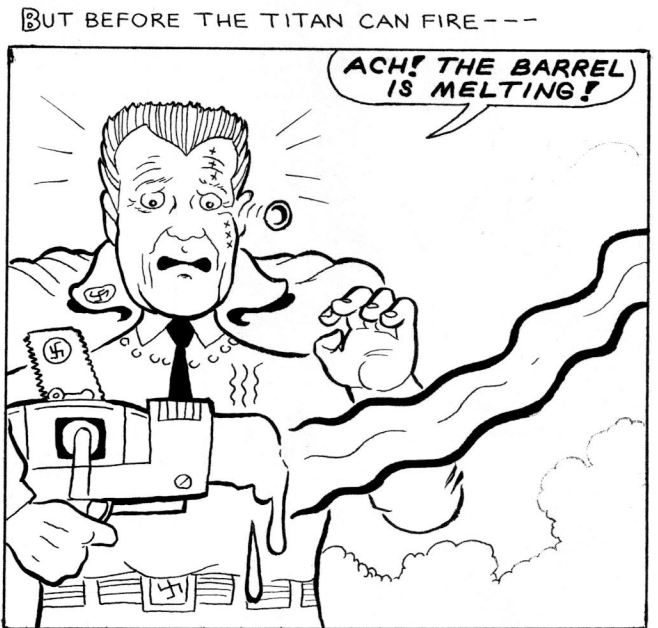
SHWEENG!

QUICK, GRAB HIM WHILE HIS GUARD'S DOWN!





THE TEUTONIC TITAN AND THE FOKKER FOUR ARRIVE AT THE COMPOUND HOUSING THE SCIENTISTS ---

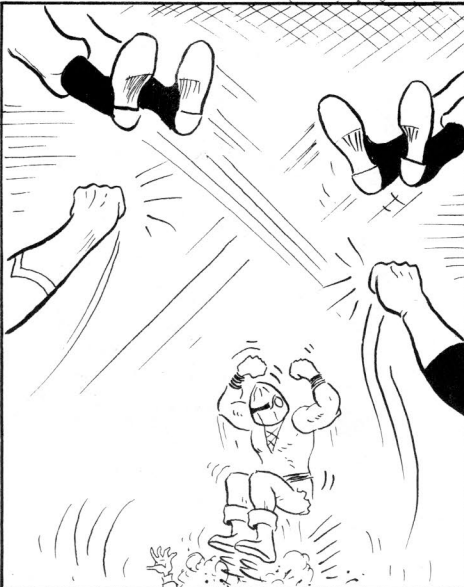
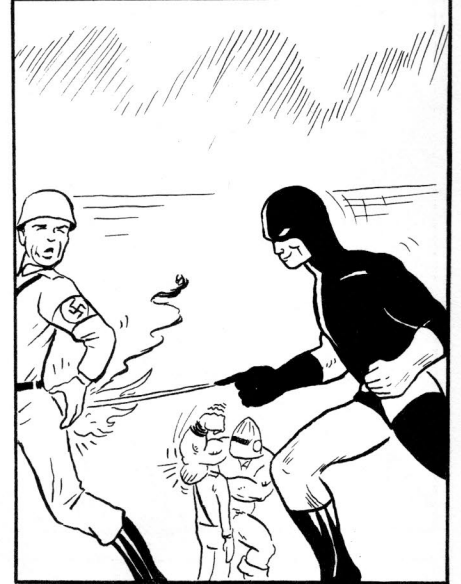
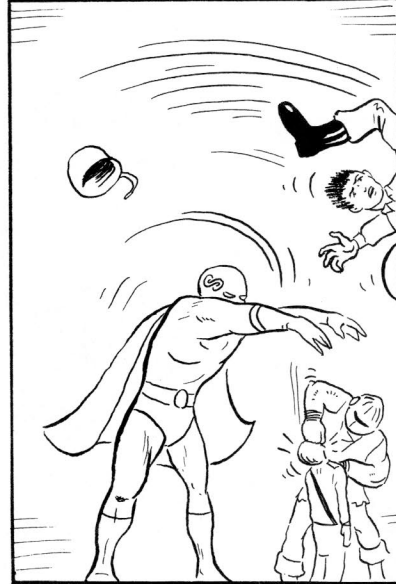
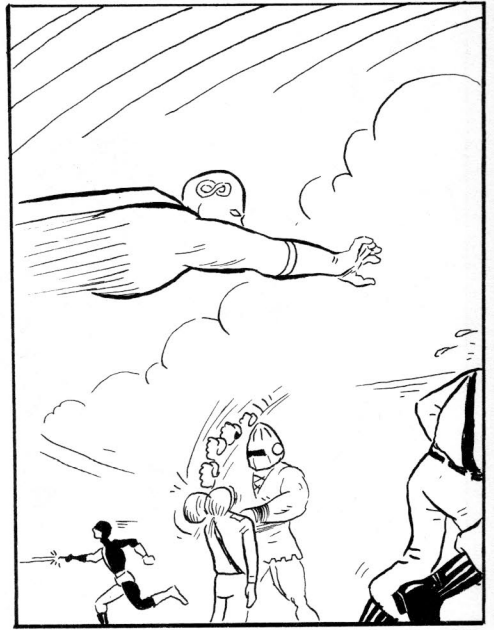


CAN YOU USE A COUPLE OF SPARES?

SURE, MIGHT MAKE FOR A HIGHER SCORE!

WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S BOWL 'EM OVER!

SO WHILE THE NATIONAL GUARD STANDS WATCH, THE THREE MIGHTY MASQUERADERS WREAK MERCILESS MAYHEM ON THE HAPLESS STORM TROOPERS!



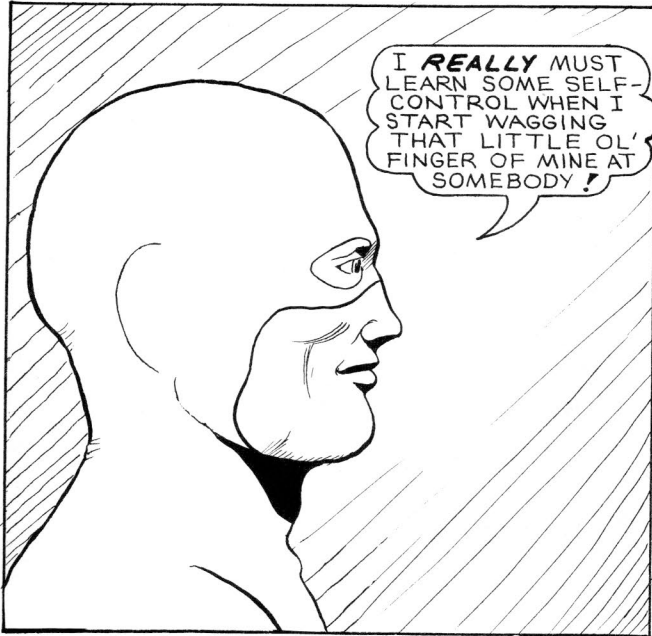
AND AT THE PEAK OF THE ACTION ---

I THINK IT MIGHT BE WISE TO MAKE A TEMPORARY WITHDRAWAL AT THIS POINT!



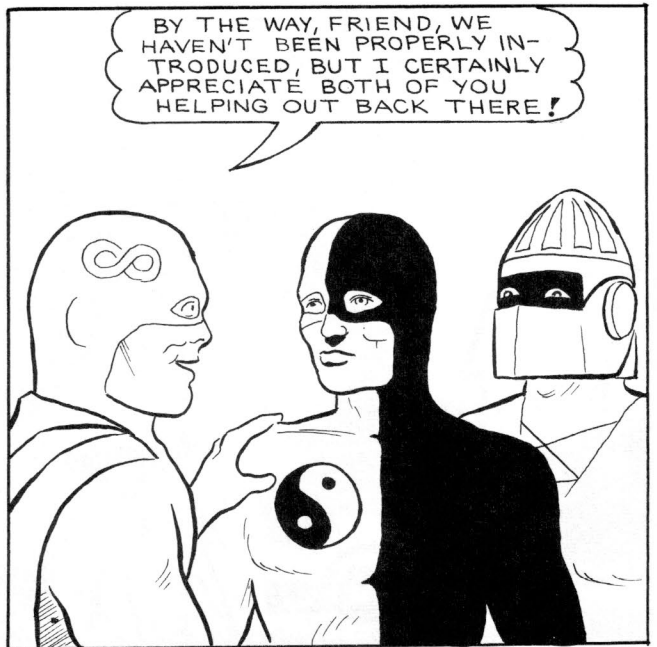
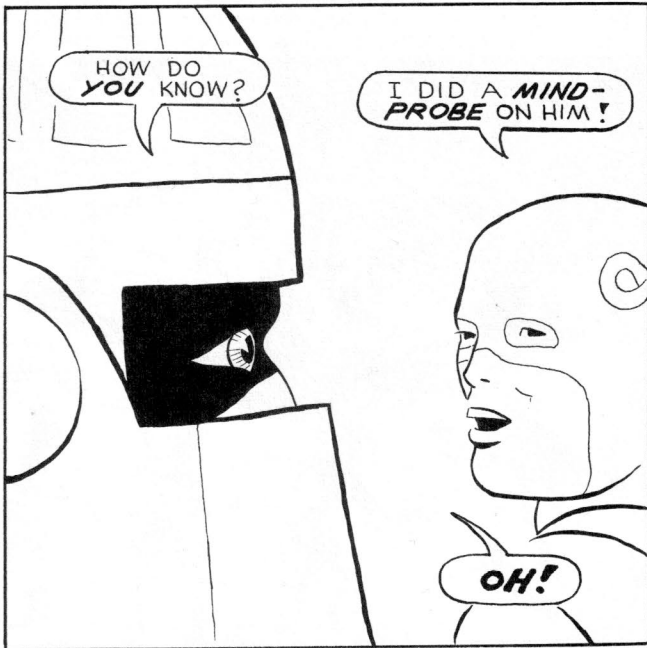


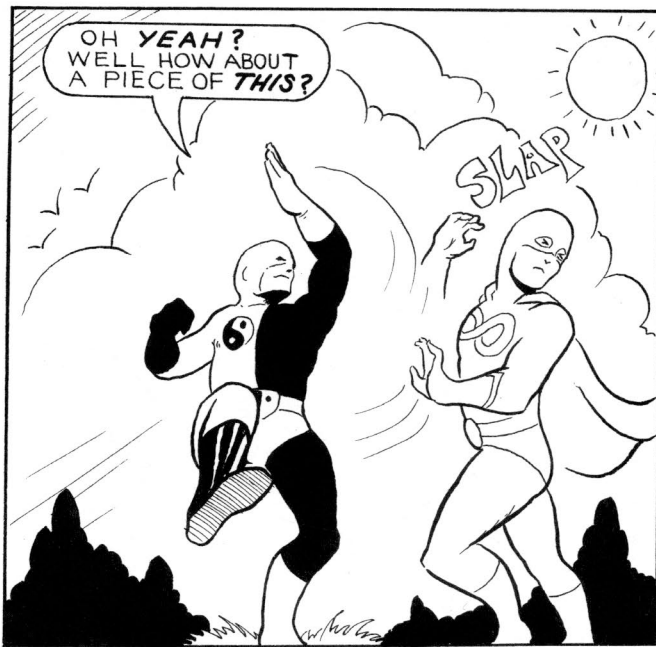
SKITZO, HOWEVER, HAS SPOTTED THE FLEEING FIVE AND TAKES IMMEDIATE ACTION!



THE TEUTONIC TITAN AND COHORTS ARE LED
OFF TO THE LOCAL LOCK-UP!







OH YEAH?
WELL HOW ABOUT
A PIECE OF *THIS*?

SLAP



NOT BAD FOR A *PSYCHO*,
BUT I THINK I CAN STILL
DO BETTER THAN ANYTHING
YOU HAVE TO OFFER!

SKITZO THROWS ANOTHER BLOCKBUSTER, BUT INFINITY ENVELOPES HIMSELF WITH A PROTECTIVE FORCE SCREEN!



OWWWW!

GO 'WAY NOW,
BOY--YOU BOTHER
ME!



OKAY, I CAN
TAKE A HINT, ADAM,
BUT WE'LL MEET
AGAIN!



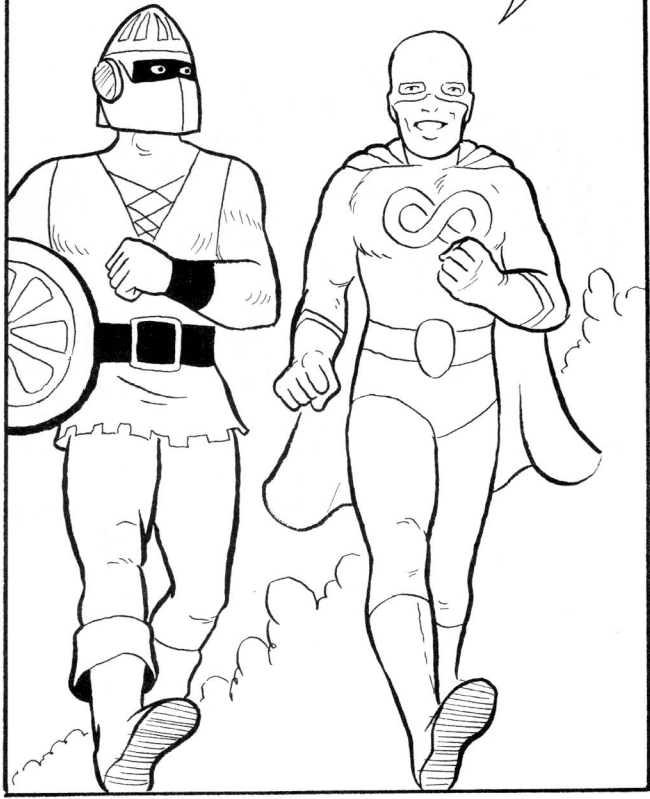
ADAM?! SAY, NOW,
HOW DID HE KNOW
THAT?



CAN YOU BEAT *THAT*?
AND THE THING THAT
GETS *ME* IS I COULDN'T
DO A MIND-PROBE
ON HIM TO FIND OUT
HIS *IDENTITY*!

YEAH, WELL THAT'S THE WAY THINGS GO AT TIMES --- LIFE DOES HAVE ITS LITTLE MYSTERIES!

YOU'RE TELLING ME!

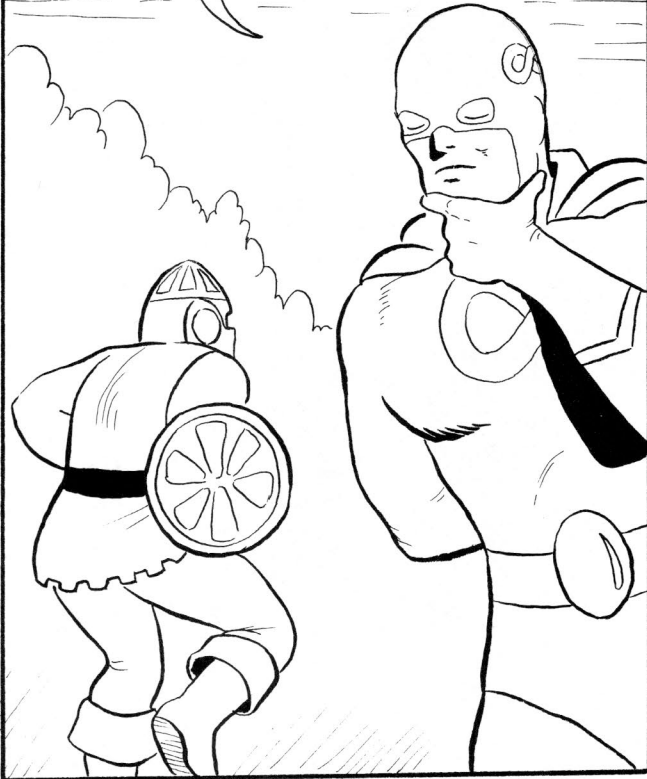


WELL, I'VE GOTTA CUT OUT NOW, CAP --- REAL PLEASURE HAVING WORKED WITH YOU!



SO PUZZLED IS HE OVER SKITZO'S REVELATION, INFINITY FAILS TO FIND OUT WHO THIS BEHEMOTH IS!

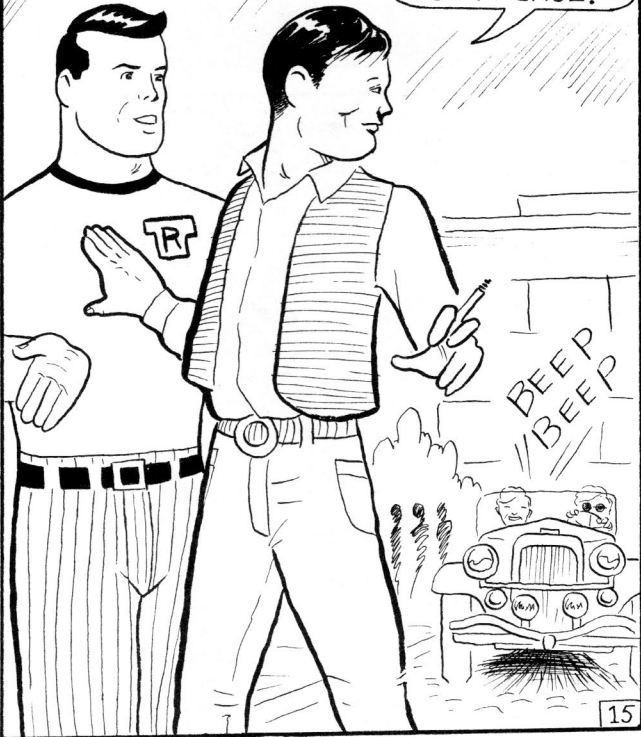
YEAH--THANKS! SO LONG!



LATER THAT EVENING BACK AT RICHMOND TECH---

--- AND FOR THE LIFE OF ME, JASON, I STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW THAT GUY KNEW WHO I WAS!

DON'T LET IT BUG YOU, ADAM -- SAY, HERE'S BEN AND BEAU! LET'S BUM A RIDE OVER TO YOUR PLACE!





THANKS FOR THE LIFT, BEN! WON'T YOU AND BEAU COME UP FOR AWHILE?

WE'D LIKE TO, ADAM, BUT WE'VE GOT SOMETHING LINED UP, SO WE'LL SEE YOU IN CLASS MONDAY!

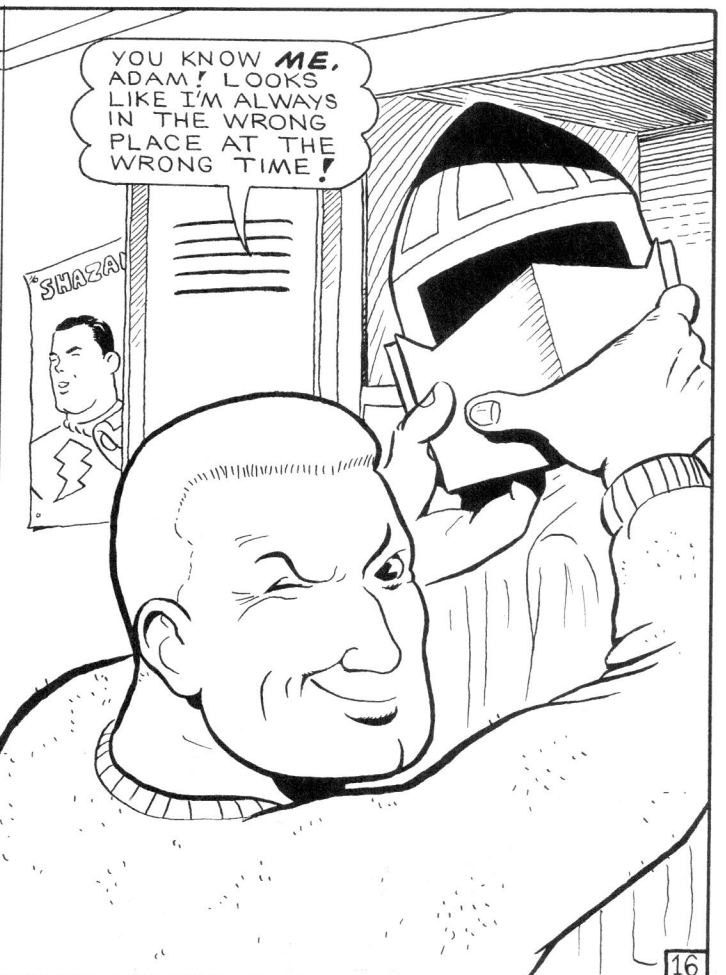
ADAM PARTS COMPANY WITH JASON, AFTER WHICH HE RETURNS TO HIS DORM ROOM!



WELCOME HOME, ADAM! HOW'D THINGS GO DOWN AT LANGLEY?



WELL, MULE, IF ACTION'S YOUR MEAT, YOU MISSED OUT ON SOME MIGHTY BIG PORTIONS!



YOU KNOW **ME**, ADAM! LOOKS LIKE I'M ALWAYS IN THE WRONG PLACE AT THE WRONG TIME!

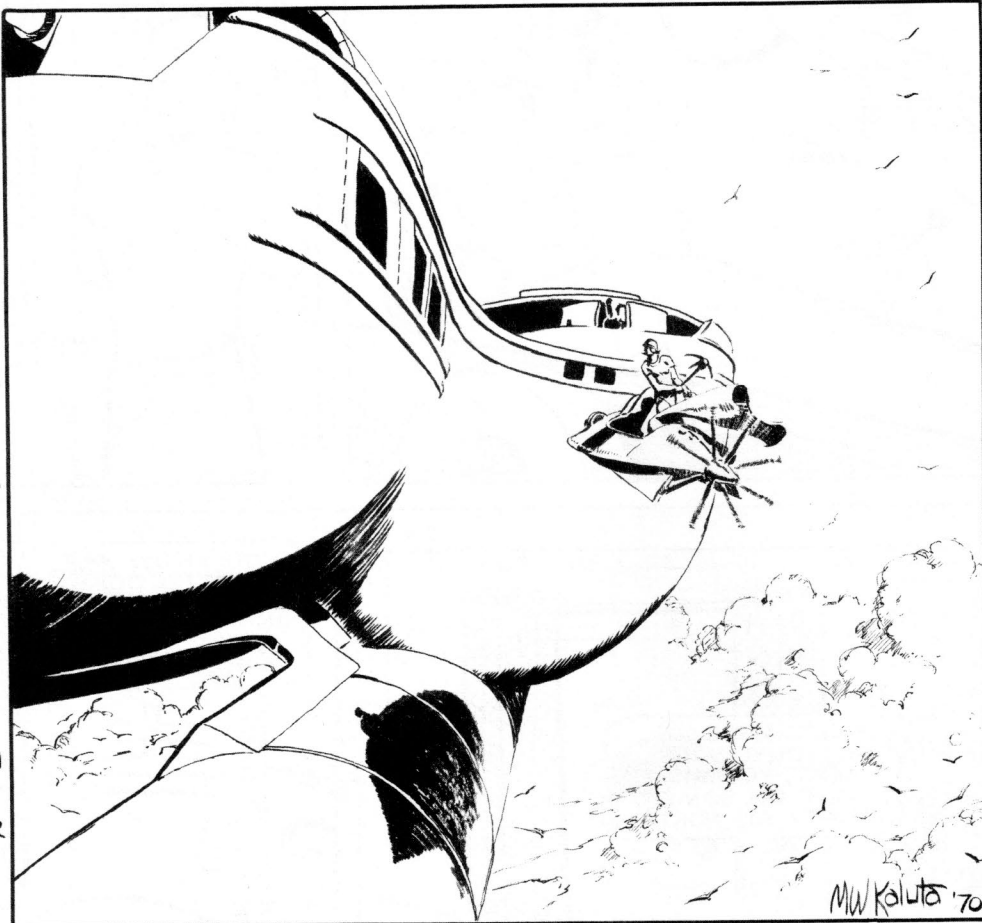
CHAPTER 3:



THE MARS

SYNOPSIS:

IN THE FIRST TWO CHAPTERS WE FOUND EARTHMAN LT. CEZER LEASON, A CASTAWAY ON MARS, WAS RESCUED FROM HIS BURNING SHIP BY TWO MARTIAN WARRIORS, REM AND TUNGUL. ON THEIR FLIGHT TOWARD REM'S HOME CITY, A GROUP OF STRANGE FLYERS ATTACKED THEM OUTSIDE OF LACCOR, A DEAD CITY. THEY ELUDED THE MAIN FORCE OF FLYERS, BUT THE REMNANTS OF LACCOR'S ONCE MIGHTY RACE OVERCAME THEIR SHIP AND CAPTURED CEZER. HE WAS TAKEN BEFORE AN ENTHRONED WOMAN, BUT EFFECTED HIS ESCAPE BEFORE HE LEARNED ANYTHING. REM AND TUNGUL FIND HIM DEEP IN THE CITY AND TOGETHER THEY LEAVE IN A FLYER FROM LACCOR'S GREAT AIR MUSEUM. A FEW MINUTES OUT OF LACCOR CEZER SPOTS A HUGE RADIO-CONTROLLED FLYER, WHICH THEY BOARD.



CEZER LEASON



REM



TUNGUL

THE UNVEILING OF THE EYES

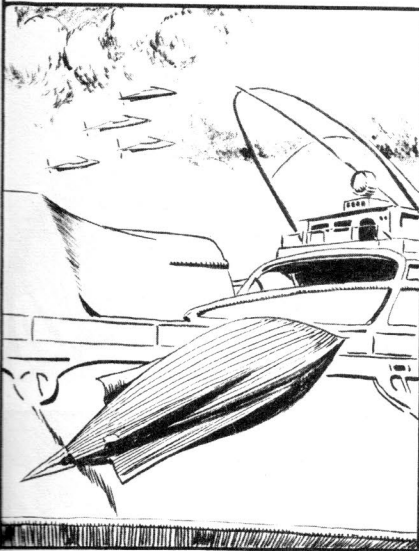
THE BOARDING HOOK BIT DEEP INTO THE ALIEN WOOD OF THE HUGE FLYER; A SECURE CLIMBING ROPE. "NOW THAT WE'RE IN HERE, REM, WHAT THE HELL DO WE DO?"



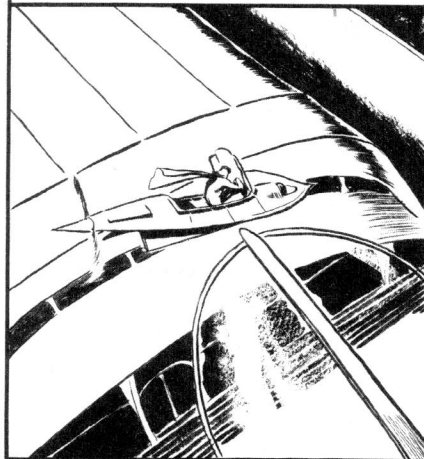
"WE'LL HEAD FOR THE CONTROL CABIN AND WAIT FOR TUNGUL... HE'LL KNOW HOW TO PULL THE PLUG."



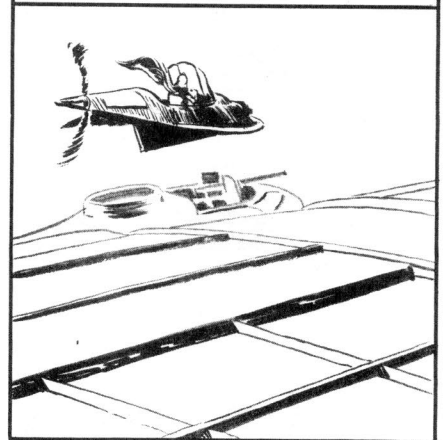
"YOU SOUND AWFULLY SECURE YOU CAN TAKE THIS FLYER"



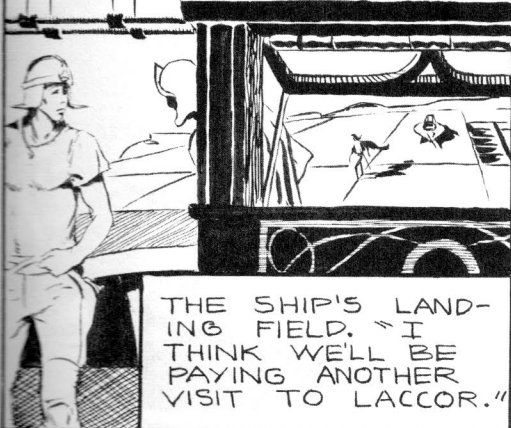
OFF RADIO-CONTROL. "IT'S A CINCH, CEZER, MY PEOPLE HAVE BEEN STEALING THESE SHIPS FOR YEARS. NOBODY KNOWS WHO THE RIGHTFUL



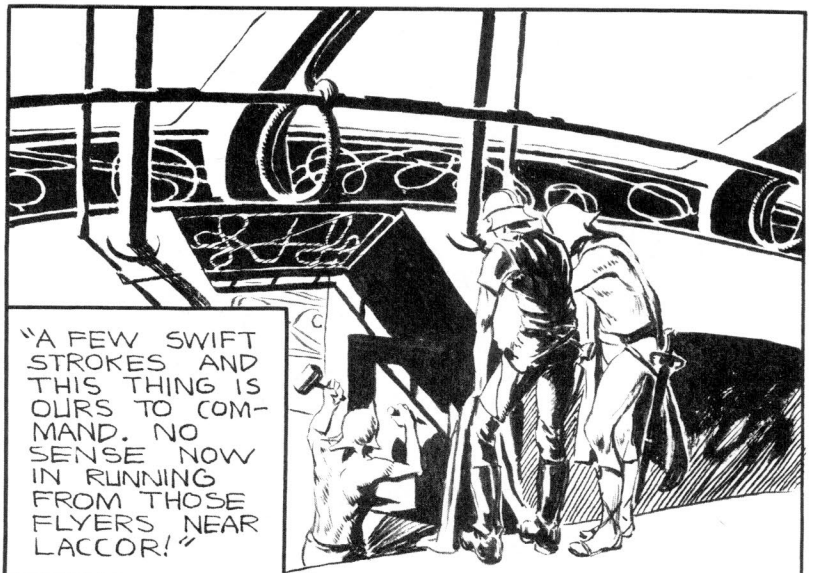
OWNER IS. RADIO-CONTROLLED FLYERS LIKE THIS ONE AND THOSE FOUR ONE-MAN JOBS HAVE BEEN CIRCLING THE PLANET SINCE BEFORE I WAS BORN."



BY THE TIME CEZER AND REM CLIMBED TO THE UPPER DECKS, TUNGUL HAD SECURED THEIR FLYER TO



THE SHIP'S LANDING FIELD. "I THINK WE'LL BE PAYING ANOTHER VISIT TO LACCOR."



"A FEW SWIFT STROKES AND THIS THING IS OURS TO COMMAND. NO SENSE NOW IN RUNNING FROM THOSE FLYERS NEAR LACCOR!"

"YOU MEAN WE'RE GONNA FIGHT THEM?" CEZER WAS AMAZED, THERE HAD BEEN AT LEAST TWENTY. "SURE! THIS BATTLESHIP IS ARMED TO THE TEETH!"



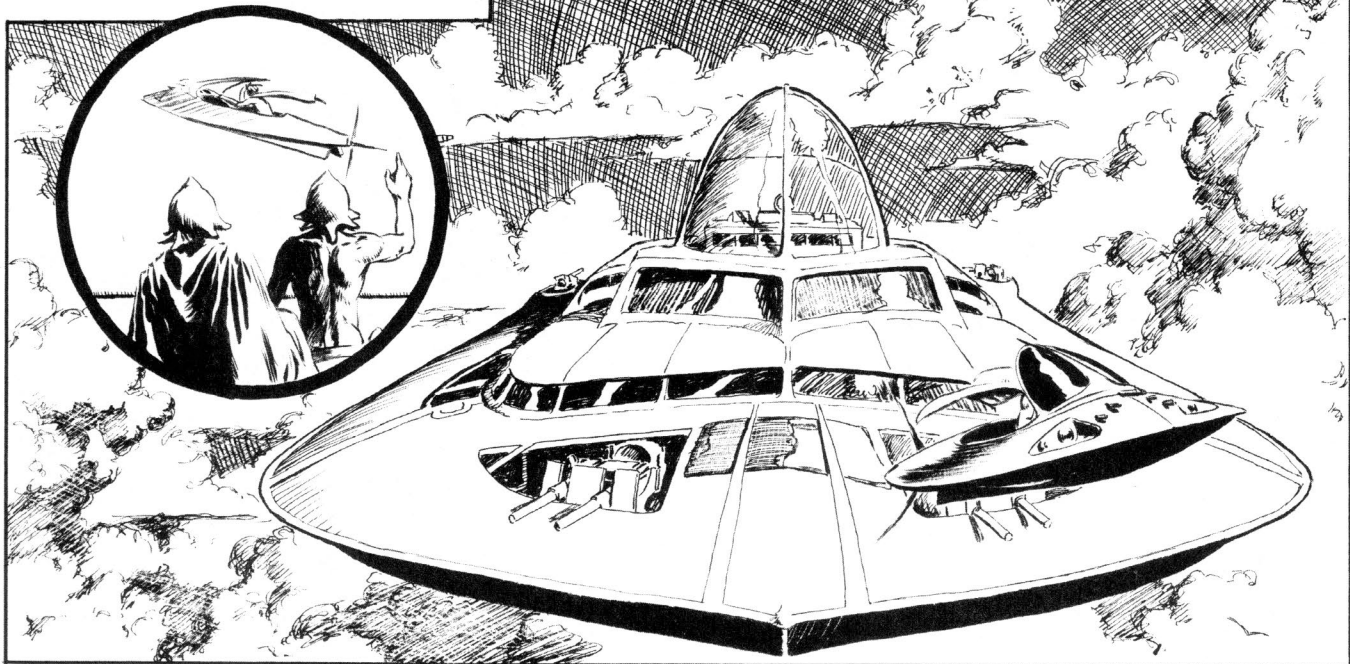
WITH THE AUTOMATICS HOMED IN ON LACCOR, THE TRIO OF ADVENTURERS WENT INTO THE FORWARD CABIN AND BEGAN RIFLING THROUGH THE BOXES AND SHELVES. "HEY," YELLED CEZER, "THIS IS WHAT I CALL A HELMET!"



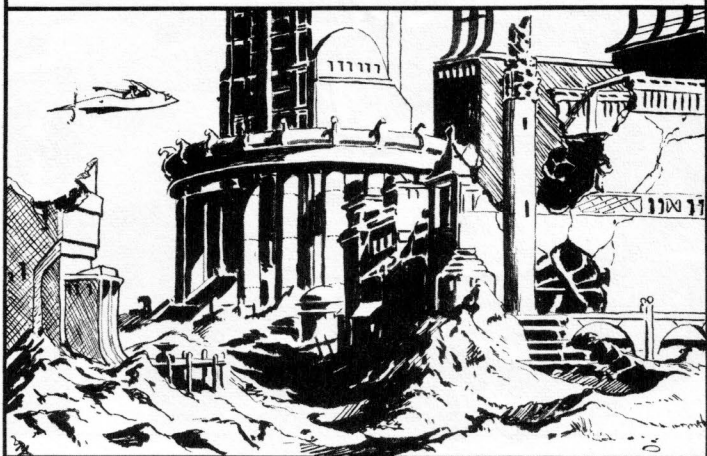
"WITH ALL THE GEAR STORED HERE, I CAN REALLY ASSEMBLE QUITE A UNIFORM." "IT'LL PROBABLY BE THE MOST UN-UNIFORM UNIFORM MARS EVER SAW. SAY REM, WHY DON'T WE GIVE CEZER A FLYER!"



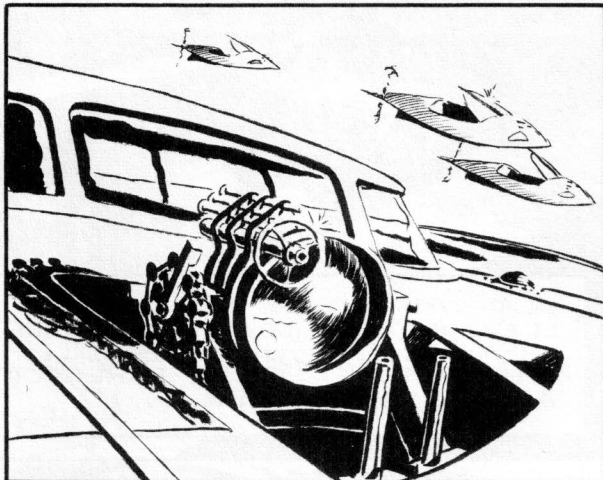
SO CEZER BOARDS ONE OF THE DRONE SCOUTS AND SETS OFF TO LEAD THE WAY INTO LACCOR.



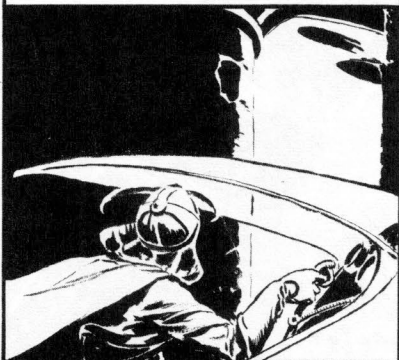
THE OUTSKIRTS OF LACCOR ARE LITTLE MORE THAN A PILE OF RUINS. THE BLEACHED ROCKS OF THE LONG DEAD OCEAN SURROUND THE LOWER BUILDINGS LIKE THE HUMPED GRAVES OF ANCIENT SEA-KINGS.



AS REM AND TUNGUL GUIDE THE MAMMOTH FLYER TOWARD THE LOOMING SPIRES, THEY SET MACHINES INTO LOWERING THE SHELLING GUNS AND RAISING THE ENERGY DISCS. THIS WILL BE AN AIR BATTLE!



DEEP IN THE CITY, CLOSE TO HIS FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE ENEMY, CEZER SPOTS TWO DOCKED SHIPS...



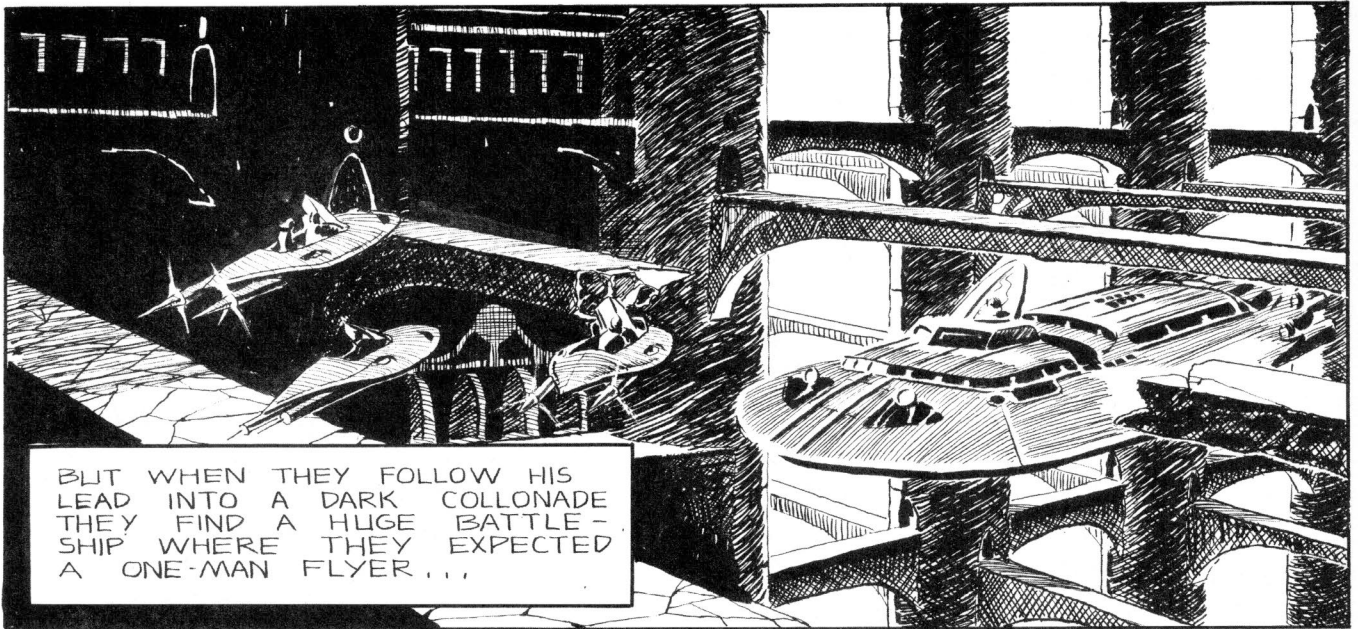
AND PROMPTLY LAUNCHES INTO A SNEAK ATTACK! THE ENEMY WARRIORS STARE IN FROZEN SURPRISE, BUT ONLY FOR AN INSTANT.

CEZER GAMBLES ONE MORE PASS, THIS TIME AT THE TWIN ENGED FIGHTERS, AND NEARLY GETS CAUGHT IN A CROSSFIRE BY THE ENRAGED PILOTS. "I'D BETTER HEAD FOR THE HILLS!"



CEZER HAS QUITE A LEAD, BUT IT'S NOT LONG BEFORE THE SWIFTER FLYERS ARE ON HIS TAIL.





BUT WHEN THEY FOLLOW HIS LEAD INTO A DARK COLLONADE THEY FIND A HUGE BATTLE-SHIP WHERE THEY EXPECTED A ONE-MAN FLYER...



AND HAVOC REIGNED!

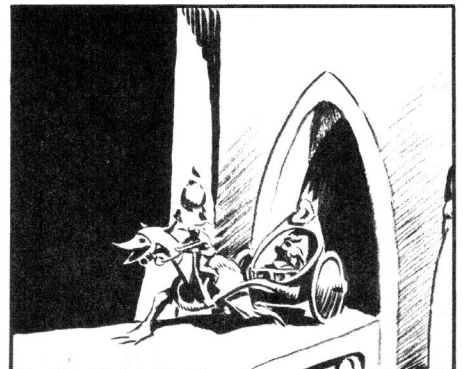


WITH REM AND TUNGLUL NOW IN THE THICK OF IT, CEZER SINGLED OUT AN ENEMY AND MADE CHASE THAT ENDED WITH HIS VICTIM A BALL OF FIRE AGAINST THE SETTING SUN.

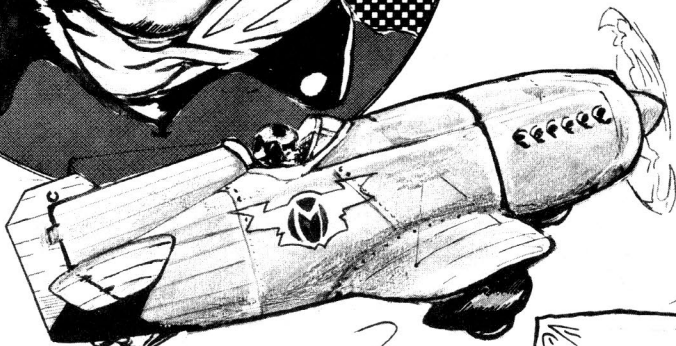
SLIDDENLY, AS NIGHT CREPT OVER LACCOR, THE TWIN MOONS OF MARS ROSE, LIKE TWO EYES STARING AT A MOVING SPECK BELOW HIM...



THE PRINCESS' CHARIOT!

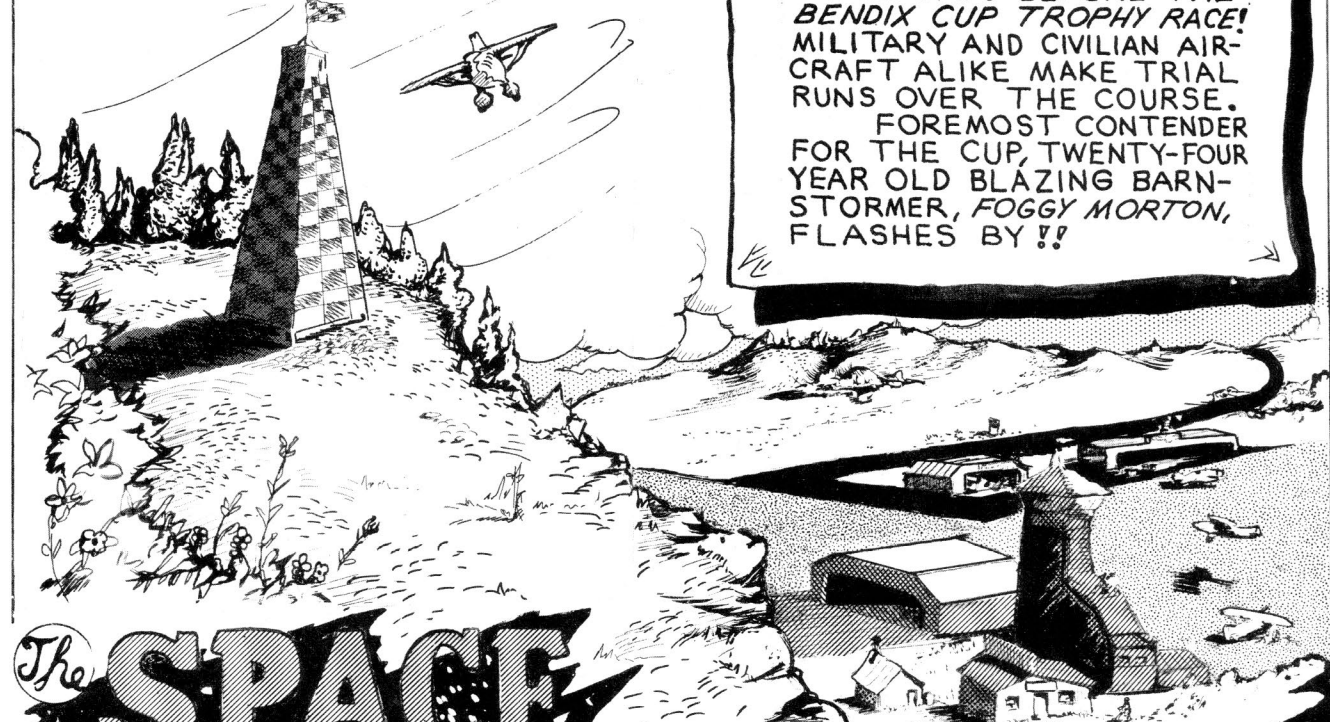


NEXT ISSUE:
THE UNRAVELING!



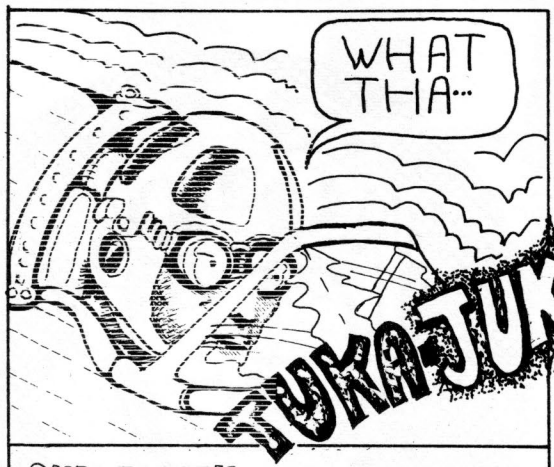
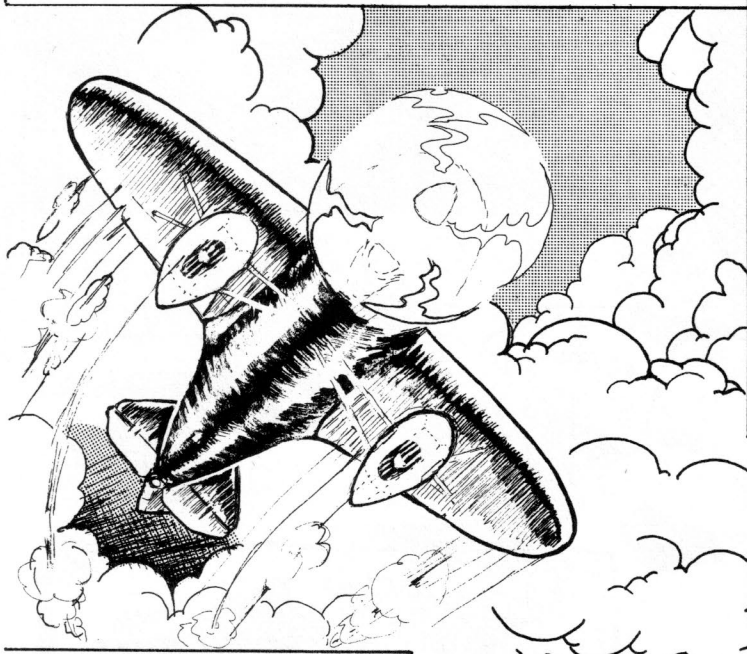
By
Phil
TRUMBO

JUNE 12, 1932 ----
THREE DAYS BEFORE THE
BENDIX CUP TROPHY RACE!
MILITARY AND CIVILIAN AIR-
CRAFT ALIKE MAKE TRIAL
RUNS OVER THE COURSE.
FOREMOST CONTENDER
FOR THE CUP, TWENTY-FOUR
YEAR OLD BLAZING BARN-
STORMER, FOGGY MORTON,
FLASHES BY !!



The SPACE RACE THROUGH TIME!

FOGGY'S CUSTOM *MORTON SPECIAL* RACER CUTS THROUGH LAYERS OF WISPY, LOW LYING CLOUDS. HE EASES THE THROTTLE FORWARD, GATHERING THE NECESSARY ALTITUDE TO REACH SPEEDS IN EXCESS OF 300 MILES PER HOUR!

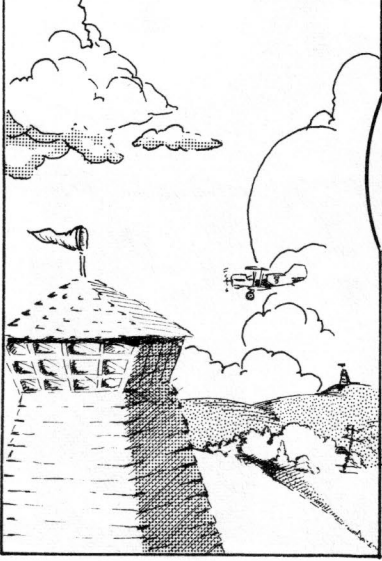
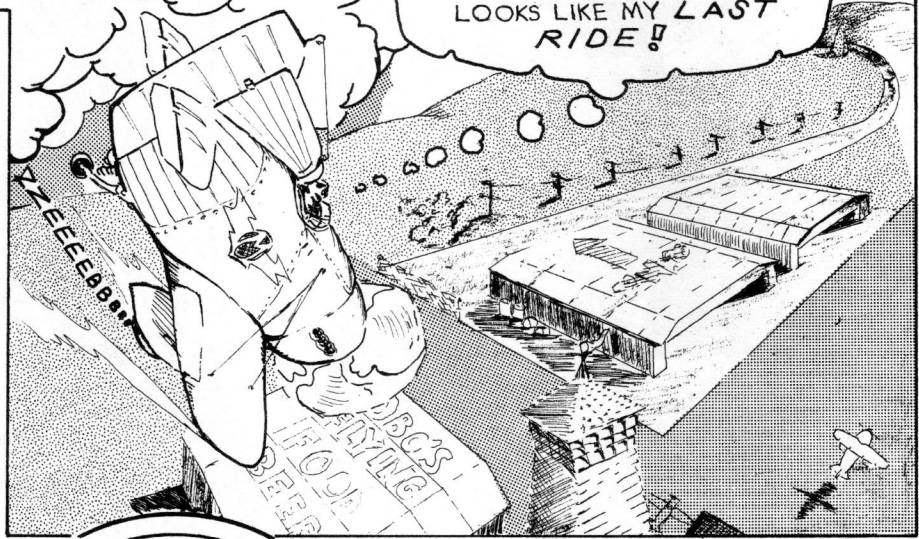
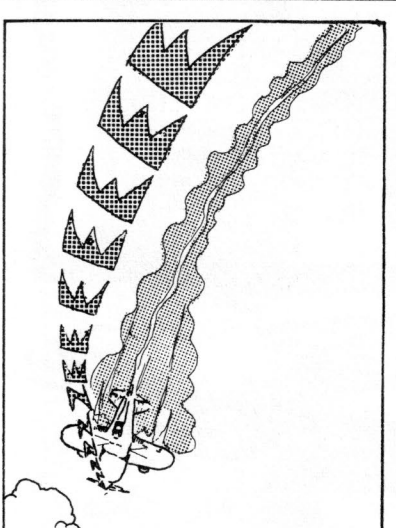


WHAT THIA...

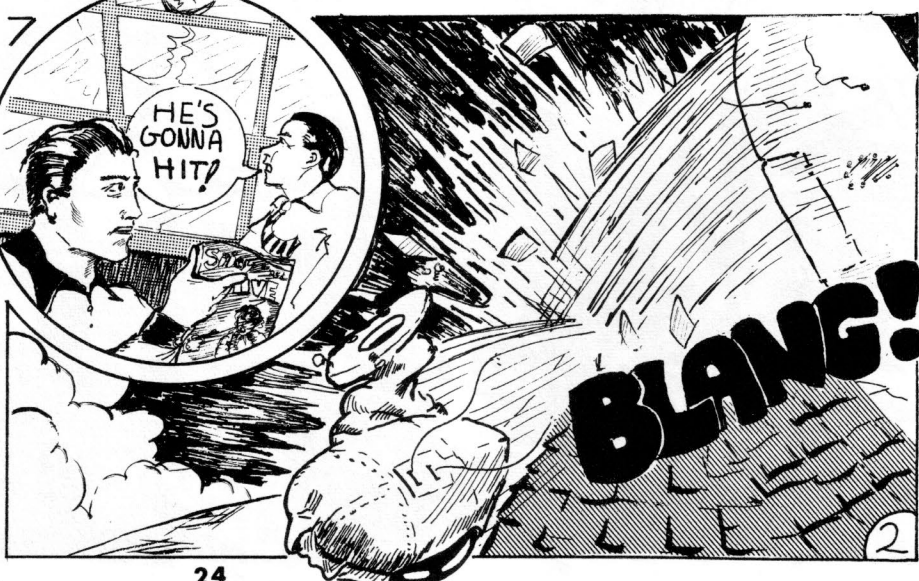
TUKA-TUKA

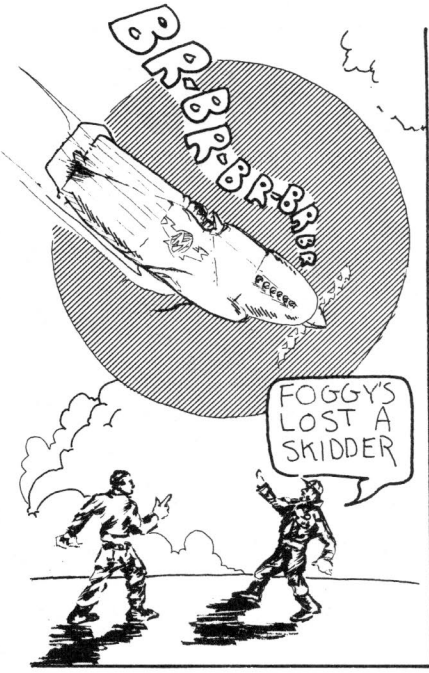
SUDDENLY!! THE FRAGILE CRAFT BEGINS TO SHAKE VIOLENTLY AS IF A MARIONETTE IN THE TREMBLING HANDS OF AN ANGRY PUPPETEER!

CONTROLS LOCKED!
HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE TOWER!
CAN'T PULL UP IN TIME---WELL, THIS LOOKS LIKE MY LAST RIDE!



HE'S GONNA HIT!





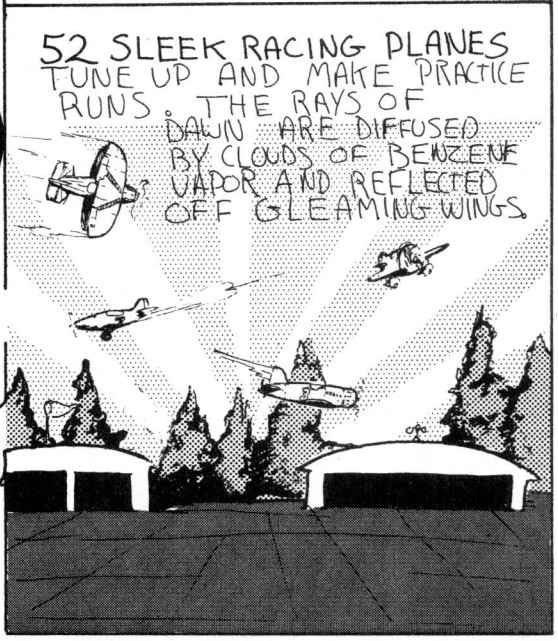
THE DAMAGED PLANE BOUNCES, BOUNCES DOWN THE RUNWAY, CAREENING WILDLY FROM SIDE TO SIDE AS THE YOUNG DAREDEVIL FIGHTS TO BALANCE HIS SPEED-ING MACHINE ON ONE WHEEL!

3 DAYS LATER IN THE MORTON HANGAR.....

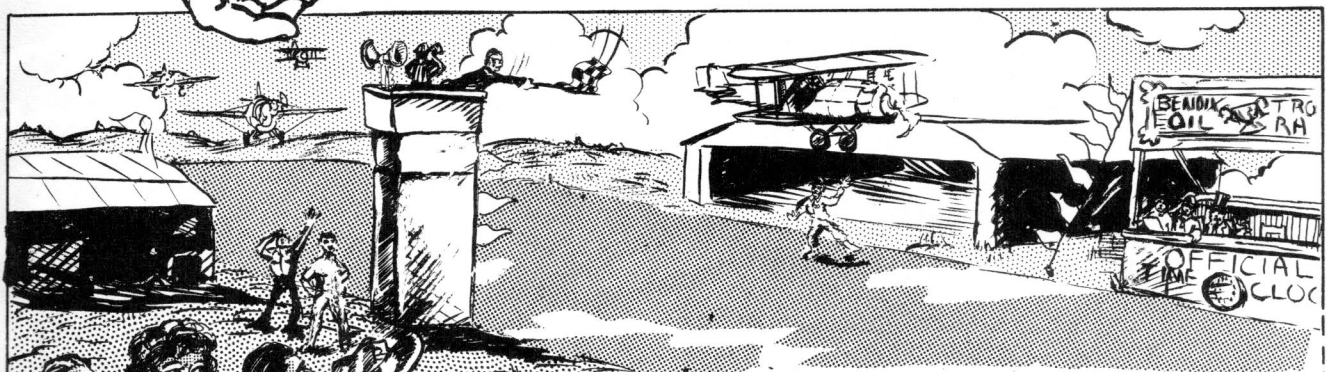


WELL, FOGG, THE SPECIAL'S IN TOP SHADE. NOTHING CAN POSSIBLY KEEP US FROM WINNING TOMORROW.

GREAT, FRANK, BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT CAUSED THE BUG TO VIBRATE LIKE IT DID. SOMETHING SEEMS FUDDY.



52 SLEEK RACING PLANES TUNE UP AND MAKE PRACTICE RUNS. THE RAYS OF DAWN ARE DIFFUSED BY CLOUDS OF BENZENE VAPOR AND REFLECTED OFF GLEAMING WINGS.



THE STARTING FLAG FLASHES AND METAL, WOOD AND FABRIC BEETLES SCREAM, BLOOD-GUTTING SWEET SUMMER AIR WITH SOUNDS AND SMELLS OF BATTLE! 3

FASTEST PLANE OF ITS DAY, THE MORTON SPECIAL CLIMBS TOWARD A NEW WORLD SPEED RECORD !!

AIR SPEED-200

250

300

320

WITH BEAMING GAZE MORTON PULLS AHEAD.



THE VIBRATIONS AGAIN STRIKE, THIS TIME MORE VIOLENTLY, PITCHING FOGGY AND HIS CRAFT INTO THE SEA OF OUTER SPACE! HIS MIND STAGGERS UNDER THE IMPACT OF INFINITE GALAXIES, PLANETS, METEOR SWARMS AND SPACE STUFF! ALL SENSATIONS OF WEIGHT AND INTERVALS OF TIME ARE LOST OR INCREASED TO SUCH TERRIFIC SPEEDS, THE AIRMAN CAN NO LONGER COMPREHEND THEM!

CONTINUED





Kenneth Smith
22 JAN 1970



Kenneth Smith
2 December 1969



Kenneth Smith
13 August 1965



Rene Smith
17 May 1968

IN THE LAST EPISODE...



CAPTAIN DAVID KENTON TRIES TO ADMINISTER FIRST AID TO WHAT HE THINKS IS THE LAST REMAINING MEMBER OF HIS CREW

ONLY TO FIND HIM TO BE THE HUMAN FORM OF AN ANCIENT SORCERER RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ANNIHILATION OF 89 MEMBERS

OF HIS CREW. WITH A PARTING CHALLENGE TO A FUTURE DUEL OF WITS, THE EVIL NEMESIS FLASHES DOWN TO A NEARBY PLANET.

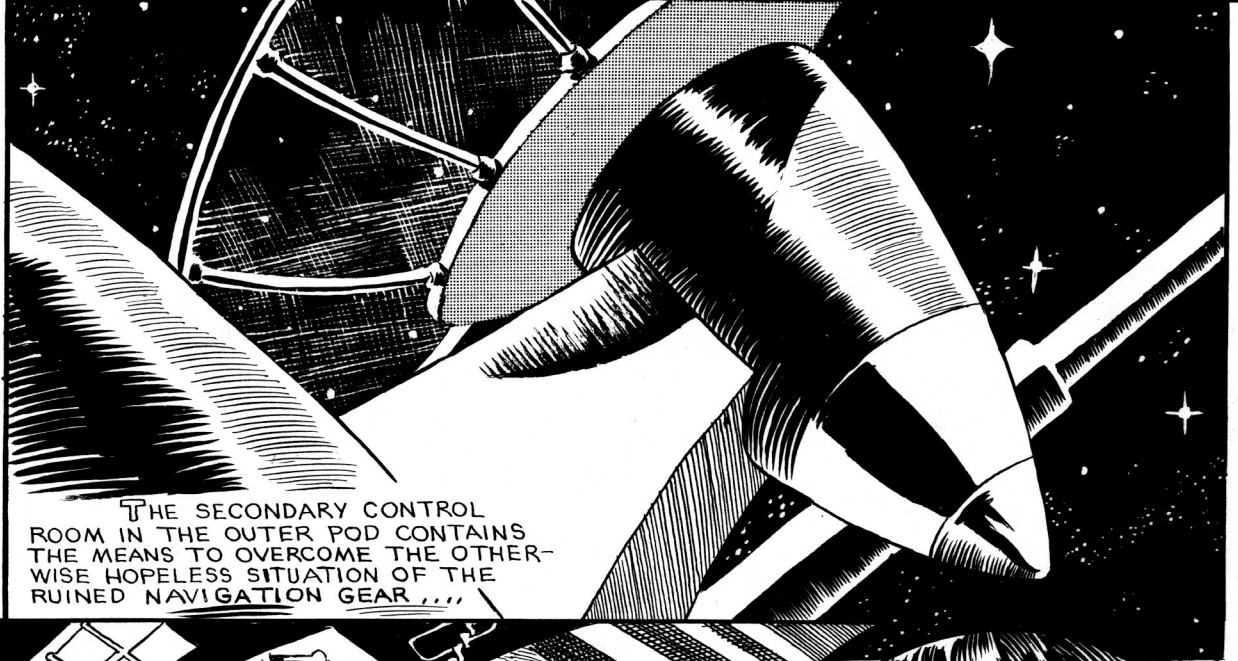


THE CONTROL ROOM OF THE SURVEY SHIP COPERNICUS IS A MASS OF TWISTED WRECKAGE, ...

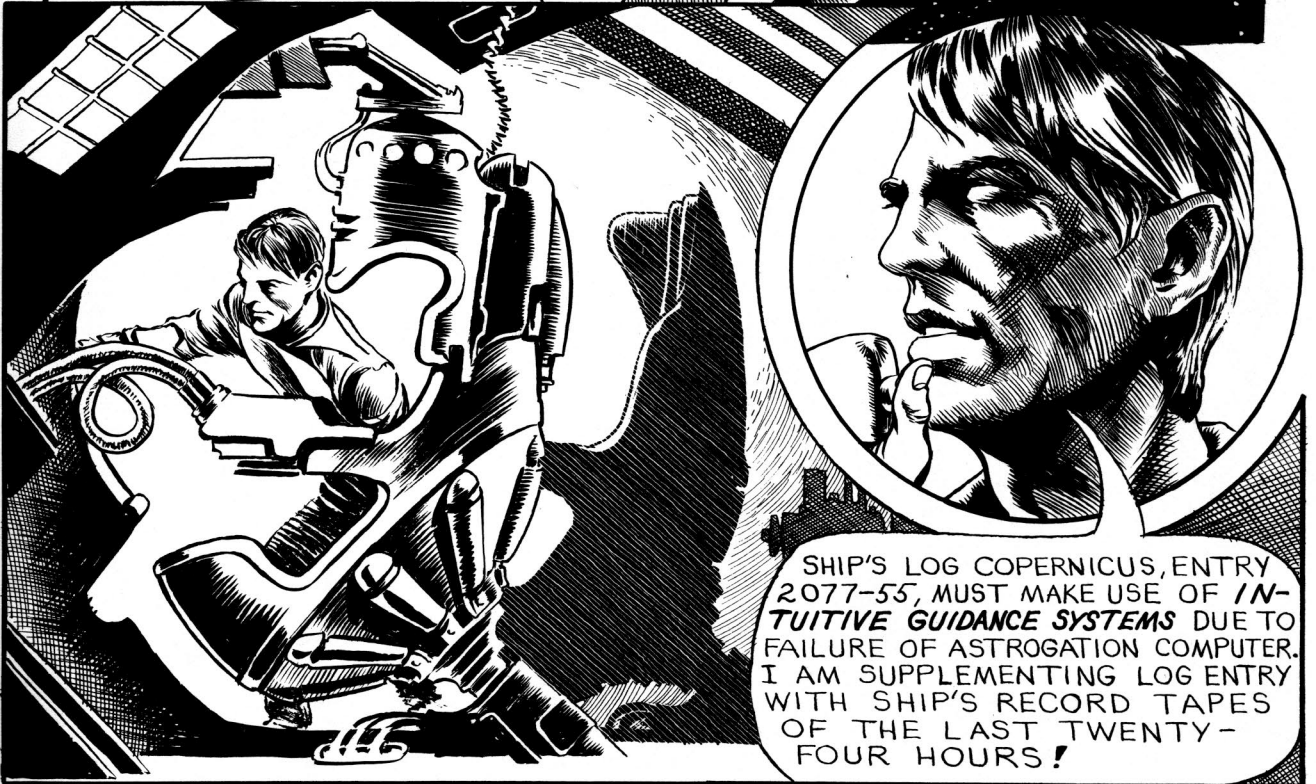
CAPTAIN KENTON STAGGERS TO HIS FEET, COUGHING ON THE ACRID SULPHUROUS AIR, AND MAKES HIS WAY TOWARDS ---



--- THE MAIN GUIDANCE CONTROLS, ONLY TO FIND THE ASTROGATION COMPUTER COMPLETELY INOPERATIVE !



THE SECONDARY CONTROL ROOM IN THE OUTER POD CONTAINS THE MEANS TO OVERCOME THE OTHERWISE HOPELESS SITUATION OF THE RUINED NAVIGATION GEAR, ...



SHIP'S LOG COPERNICUS, ENTRY 2077-55, MUST MAKE USE OF *INTUITIVE GUIDANCE SYSTEMS* DUE TO FAILURE OF ASTROGATION COMPUTER. I AM SUPPLEMENTING LOG ENTRY WITH SHIP'S RECORD TAPES OF THE LAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS !



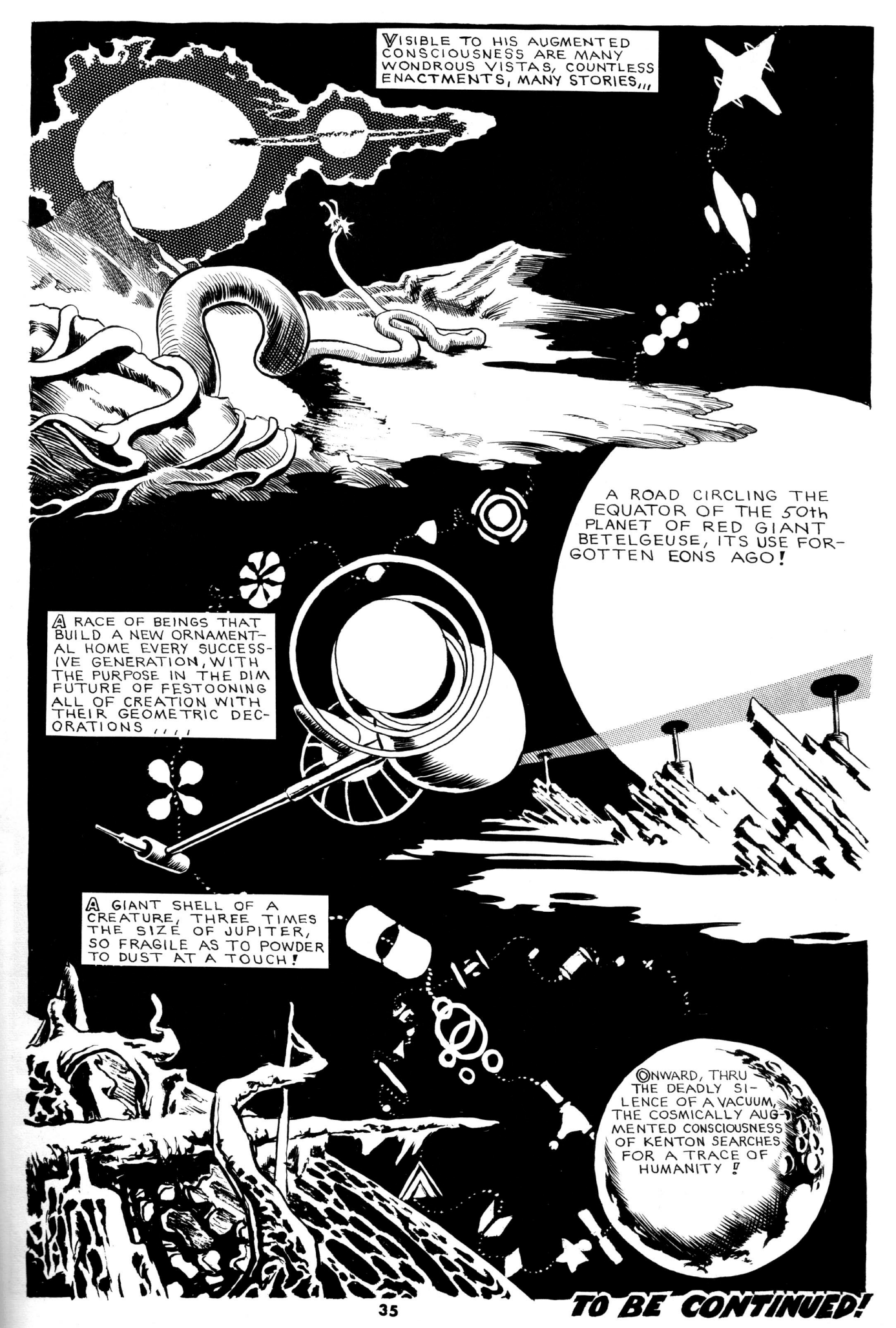
ATTACHING INTRAVENOUS LIFE-SUPPORT TUBES TO HIS ARM, KENTON LOWERS THE HELMET CONTAINING CEREBRAL EMISSION PICKUP OVER HIS HEAD



... AND CAUSES TO BE INJECTED INTO HIS SYSTEM A POTENT CONSCIOUSNESS-EXPANDING COMPOUND !



WITH THE SHIP'S RADIO TELESCOPE FUNCTIONING IN PLACE OF HIS NORMAL SENSES, KENTON'S MIND SEARCHES FOR THE NEAREST STAR BASE!



VISIBLE TO HIS AUGMENTED CONSCIOUSNESS ARE MANY WONDROUS VISTAS, COUNTLESS ENACTMENTS, MANY STORIES,

A ROAD CIRCLING THE EQUATOR OF THE 50th PLANET OF RED GIANT BETELGEUSE, ITS USE FORGOTTEN EONS AGO!

A RACE OF BEINGS THAT BUILD A NEW ORNAMENTAL HOME EVERY SUCCESSIVE GENERATION, WITH THE PURPOSE IN THE DIM FUTURE OF FESTOONING ALL OF CREATION WITH THEIR GEOMETRIC DECORATIONS

A GIANT SHELL OF A CREATURE, THREE TIMES THE SIZE OF JUPITER, SO FRAGILE AS TO POWDER TO DUST AT A TOUCH!

ONWARD, THRU THE DEADLY SILENCE OF A VACUUM, THE COSMICALLY AUGMENTED CONSCIOUSNESS OF KENTON SEARCHES FOR A TRACE OF HUMANITY !

QUAKE ON NEPTUNE

Story by
Alan E. Simons

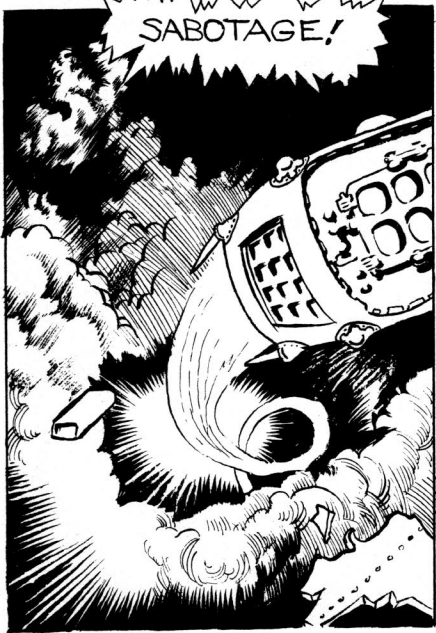
Art by
Steve Hickman
& Phil Trumbo

BILLY RODBERRY AND HIS WIFE BRENDA ARE SO VERY MUCH IN LOVE AND SO VERY FAR FROM HOME, OUT HERE ABOVE NEPTUNE, COZY IN THEIR CABIN ABOARD AN INTER-STELLAR LUXURY SHIP ON THEIR HONEYMOON, SAFE FROM THE ETERNALLY CLASHING FORCES OF CHEMISTRY AND TEMPERATURE THAT CONSTITUTE THE PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE...

BUT THE CLASHES OF MAN ARE AS GREAT AS THEY ARE NOW MINUTE, DISTANT AS THEY ARE VAIN ...

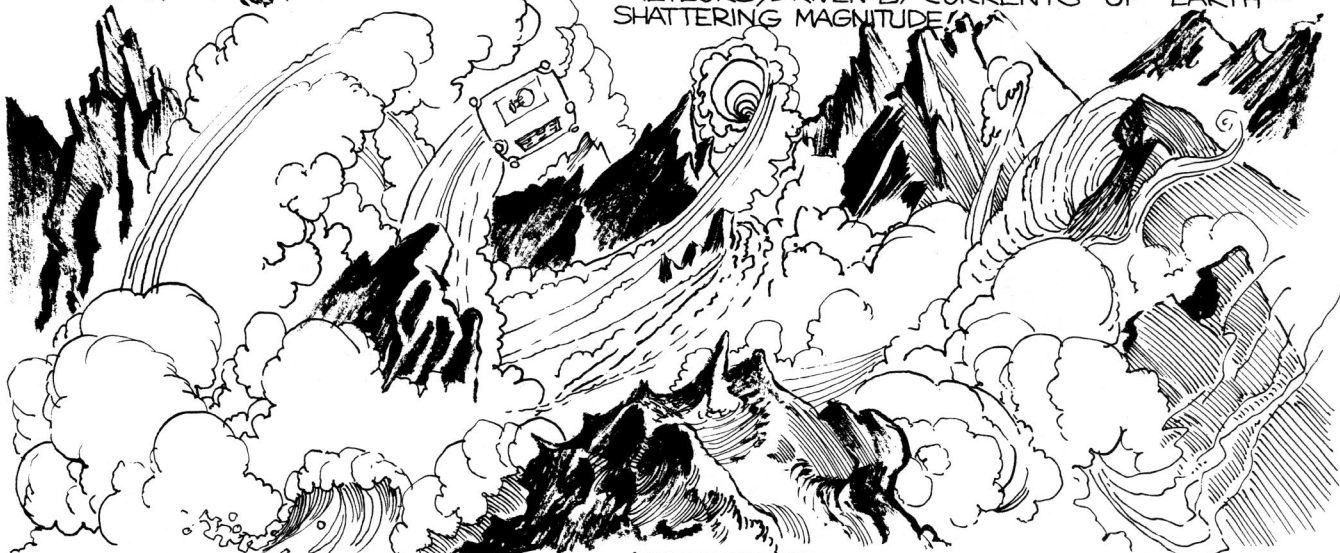
ALTHOUGH EACH CABIN IS EJECT-EQUIPT, MAN'S ENDEAVORS ARE OFTEN AS NOT SUCCESSFUL!

SABOTAGE!

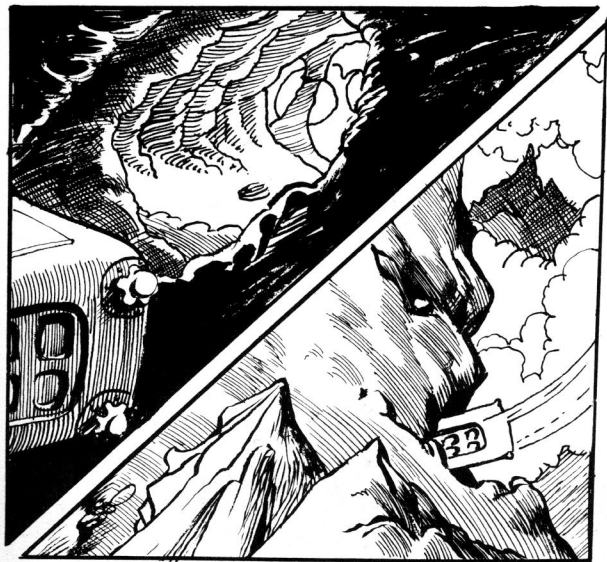




AND NOW THE CABIN IS ANOTHER BIT OF DEBRIS, BATTED AND BASHED BY CHUNKS OF ICE AS BIG AS METEORS, DRIVEN BY CURRENTS OF EARTH - SHATTERING MAGNITUDE.



AND WHAT OF THE MIRACULOUS POWER THAT FORCES THE MINUTE CUBICLE OUT OF THIS CHAOS AND INTO THE MOUTH OF A MOUNTAIN CAVERN...





HAVE WE DIED? ARE WE IN HELL?



JUST A FEW MINUTES OF WALKING, WHEN, FROM THE DEPTHS OF A FOUL RECESS...



A WHIN-ING WHITE RAY RENDS IN THE DISTORTION! CRASS WOUNDS COLOSSAL

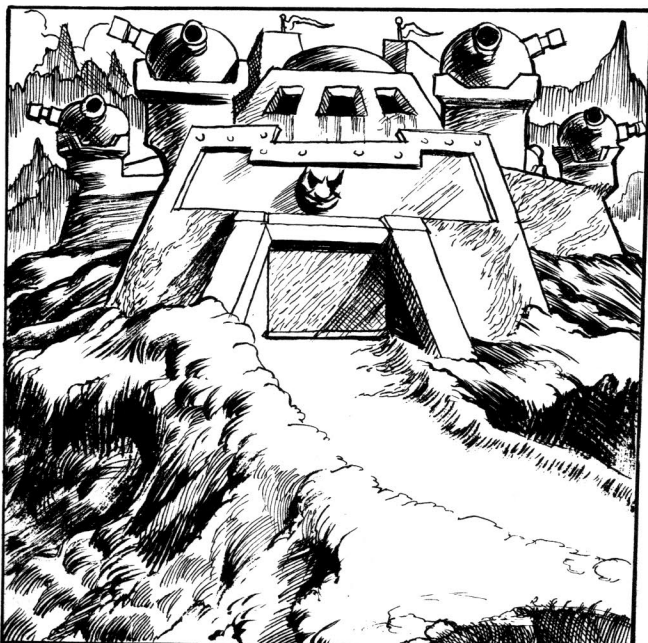


YOU WERE EXPECTED, AND MOST WELCOME!

KINDLY STEP ABOARD!



THE MIRACULOUS ACROBATIC CRAFT, ITS VOICE A THIN RASPING BUZZ, SKIPS OVER ROCK LIKE A DISCUS ACROSS WATER, BOUNCES ACROSS RAVINES, SPINS AND WHEELS ABOUT WINDING PRECARIOUS PATHS...

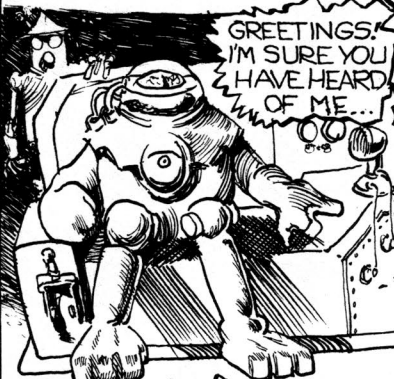


A MASSIVE METAL DOOR ADMITS THE VEHICLE AND ITS OCCUPANTS. THE COUPLE ARE LED THROUGH CORRIDORS...

...RESPLENDANT WITH WORKS OF ARTISTIC FINERY ...



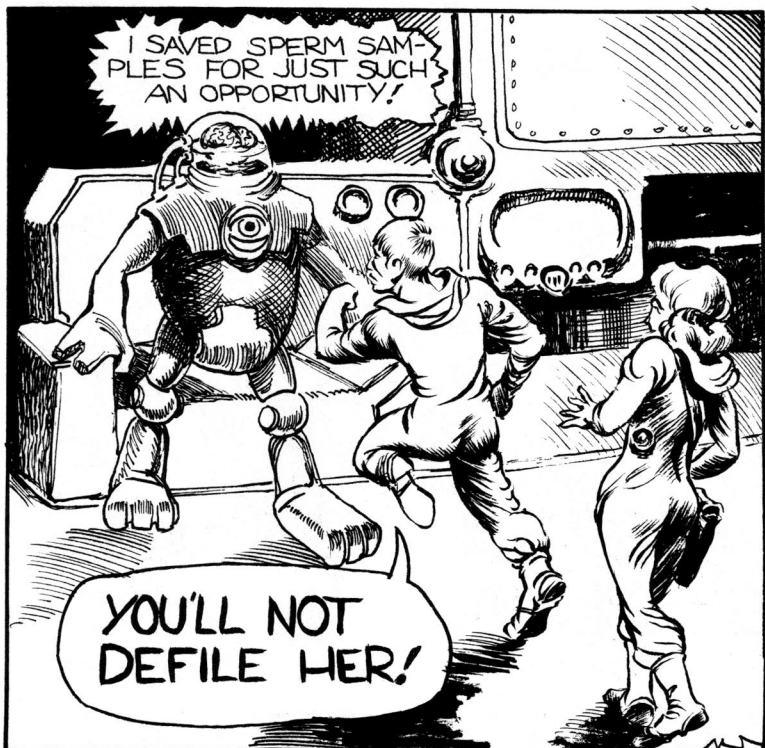
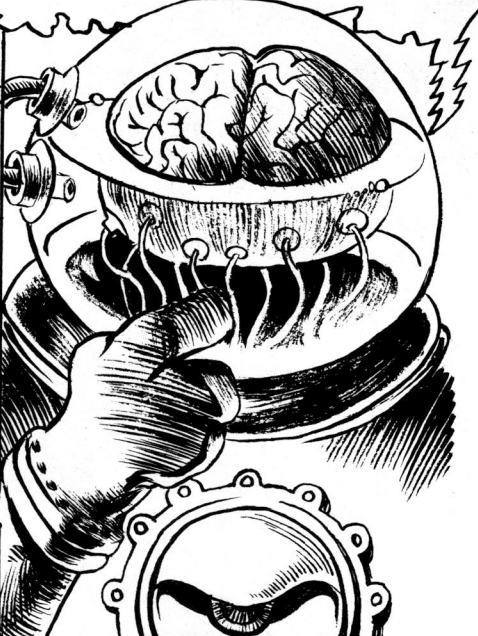
TO THEIR DESTINATION...



GREETINGS! I'M SURE YOU HAVE HEARD OF ME...

THE BRAIN YOU SEE IS ALL THAT REMAINS OF ME, OCTAVIUS KHARSOV!

NOT ONLY HAVE I PLANS FOR MYSELF, BUT FOR MY KIN AS WELL! BUT FOR KIN, I NEED A WOMB! A LIVING WOMB!



I SAVED SPERM SAMPLES FOR JUST SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY!

YOU'LL NOT DEFILE HER!



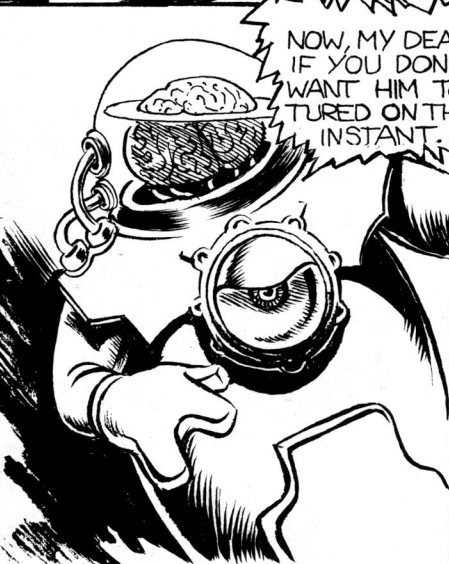
HA, HA! MY NEW BODY DOES HAVE ITS ADVANTAGES, AS YOU CAN SEE! GUARDS! TAKE THIS PATHETIC FLEA AND THROW HIM IN A CELL!

KHARSOV, YOU SWINE! SCUM!

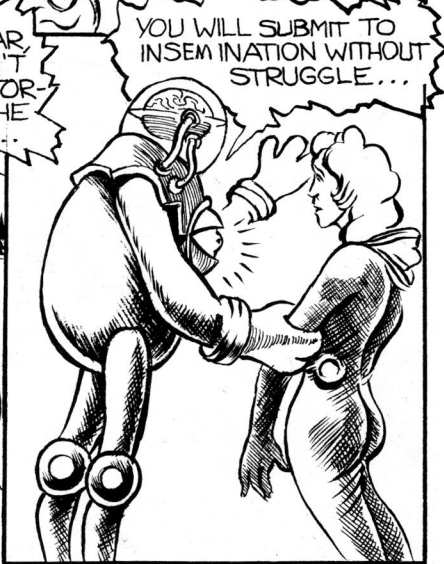


OH, BILLY! OH, NO!

UNNNHH!



NOW, MY DEAR, IF YOU DON'T WANT HIM TORTURED ON THE INSTANT...



YOU WILL SUBMIT TO INSEMINATION WITHOUT STRUGGLE...

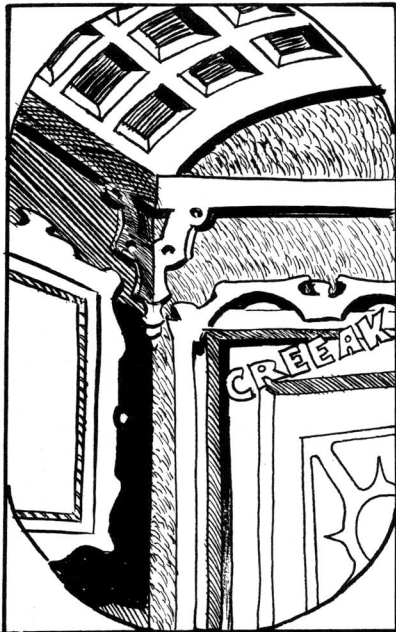
* OCTAVIUS KHARSOV! THE TWISTED VIVISECTIONIST WHO ASPIRED TO RULE THE EARTH!

SHORTLY, IN AN
ADJOINING CHAMBER...

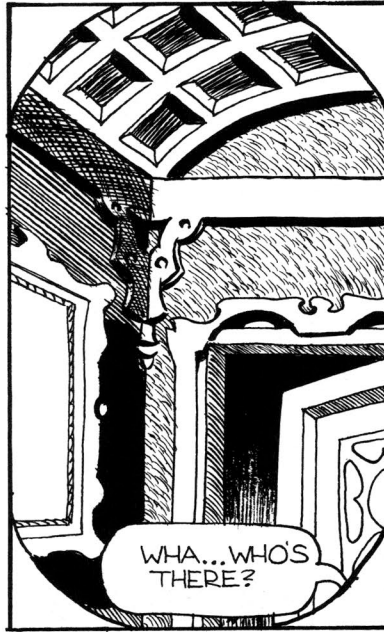
COME!
COME NOW, MY
DEAR! I KNOW
IT'S NOT PAINFUL!
SUCH A FUSS!

KHARSOV ESCORTS BRENDA
TO HER ROOMS...

SOB, SOB!
SOB!



CREAK!



WHA...WHOS
THERE?



BRENDA!

BILL!



THE MASTER IS
MERCIFUL! SEE!
HE'S LETTING ME
STAY WITH YOU!



OH, BILL! WHAT
SHOULD WE DO?

WE SHOULD CON-
SIDER OURSELVES
LUCKY WE'RE ALIVE
SHOULD WE NOT?

LATER, SLEEP OVERTAKES
BILL, BUT NOT BRENDA...



SHE WITHDRAWS A PAIR
OF SURGICAL SCISSORS
SHE HAD SMUGGLED
AWAY...



AND PLUNGES IT INTO
HER HUSBAND'S CHEST,
REPEATEDLY...



OH, BILLY, PLEASE FOR-
GIVE ME! KARSOV, YOU
PIG! DON'T YOU THINK I
KNOW MY OWN HUSBAND?

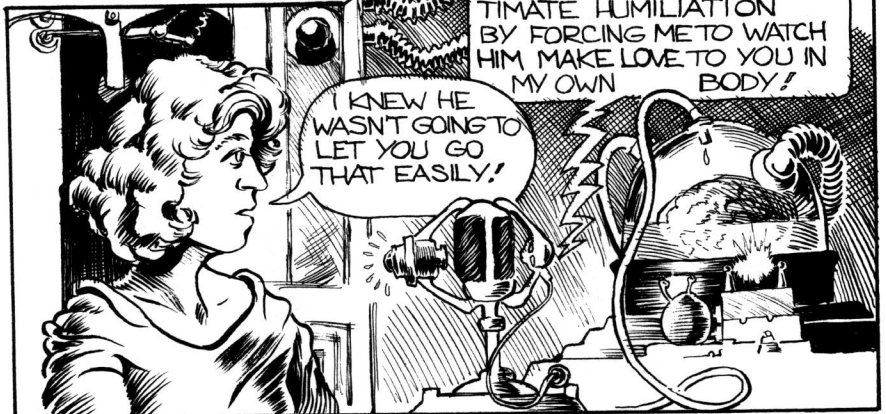


YOU DID AN AMAZING JOB
OF DEDUCTION, DARLING!
HE THOUGHT HE COULD
SUBJECT ME TO THE UL-
TIMATE HUMILIATION
BY FORCING ME TO WATCH
HIM MAKE LOVE TO YOU IN
MY OWN BODY!

BRENDA FINDS THE DEEP-
FREEZE COMPARTMENT
INTO WHICH SHE PLACES
THE STILL-WARM CORPSE...



I KNEW HE
WASN'T GOING TO
LET YOU GO
THAT EASILY!



THE WILL OF LOVE AND
LIFE ARE STRONG IN —
DEED! TOGETHER THEY
COMPRISE A RECORD OF
THEIR MISFORTUNES, AND
BRENDA CONSIGNS HER HUS-
BAND'S BRAIN AND HERSELF
TO THE DEEP-FREEZE!



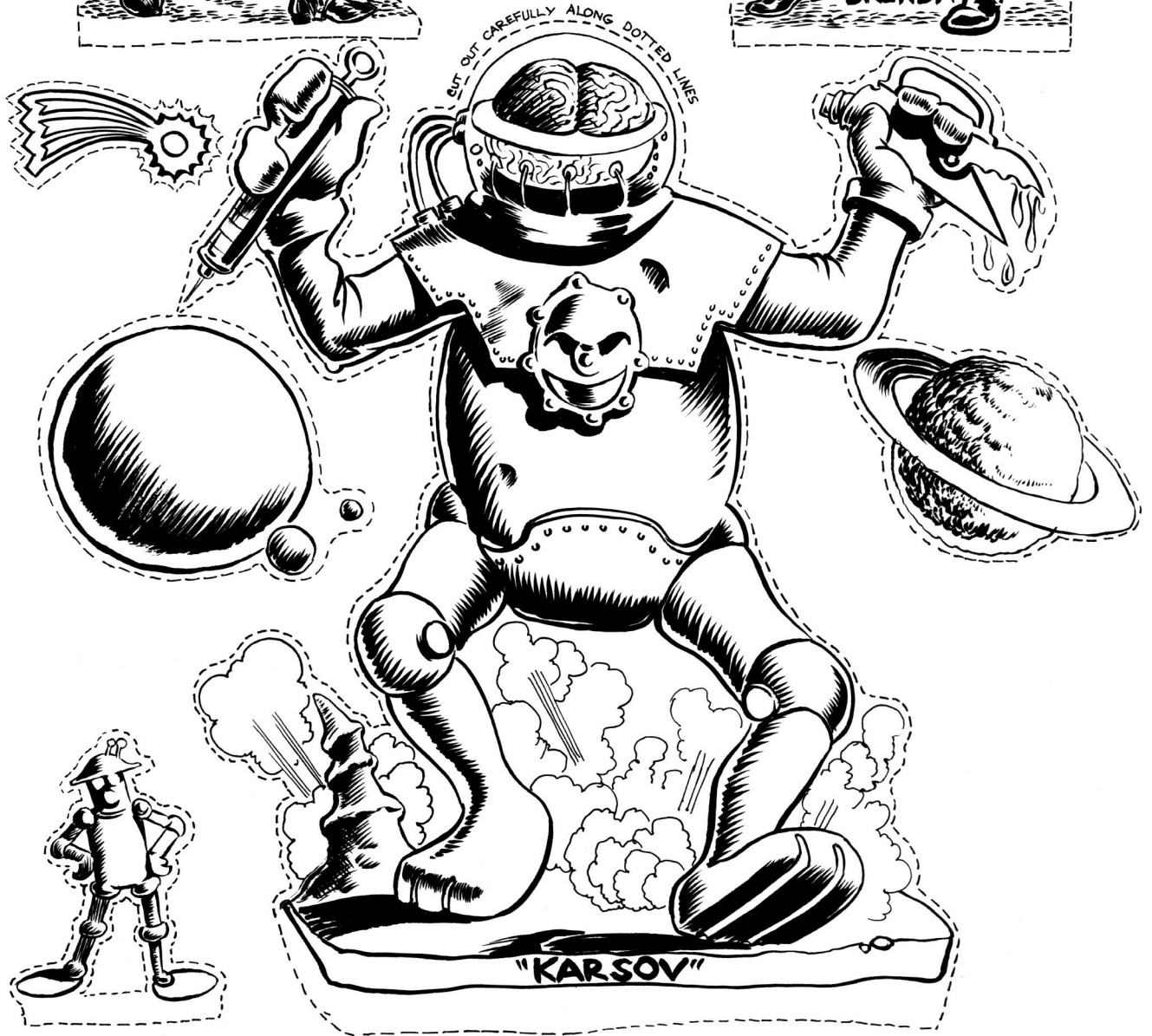
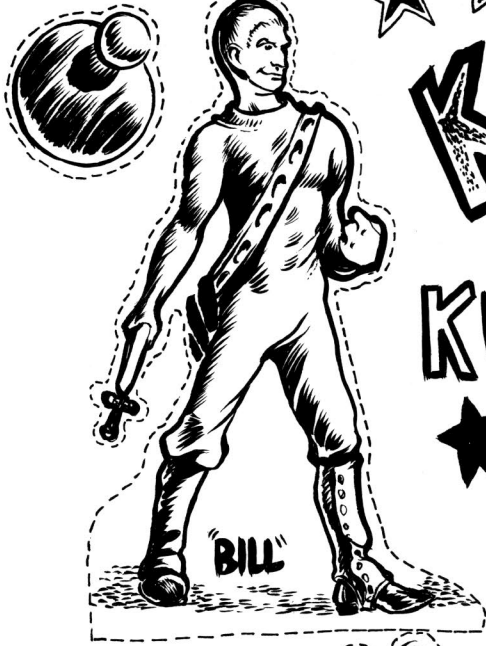
• and we
• can only pray
• that whoever
• discovers us is on
• our side.
The end,
Brenda



KARSON

KUT-OUT

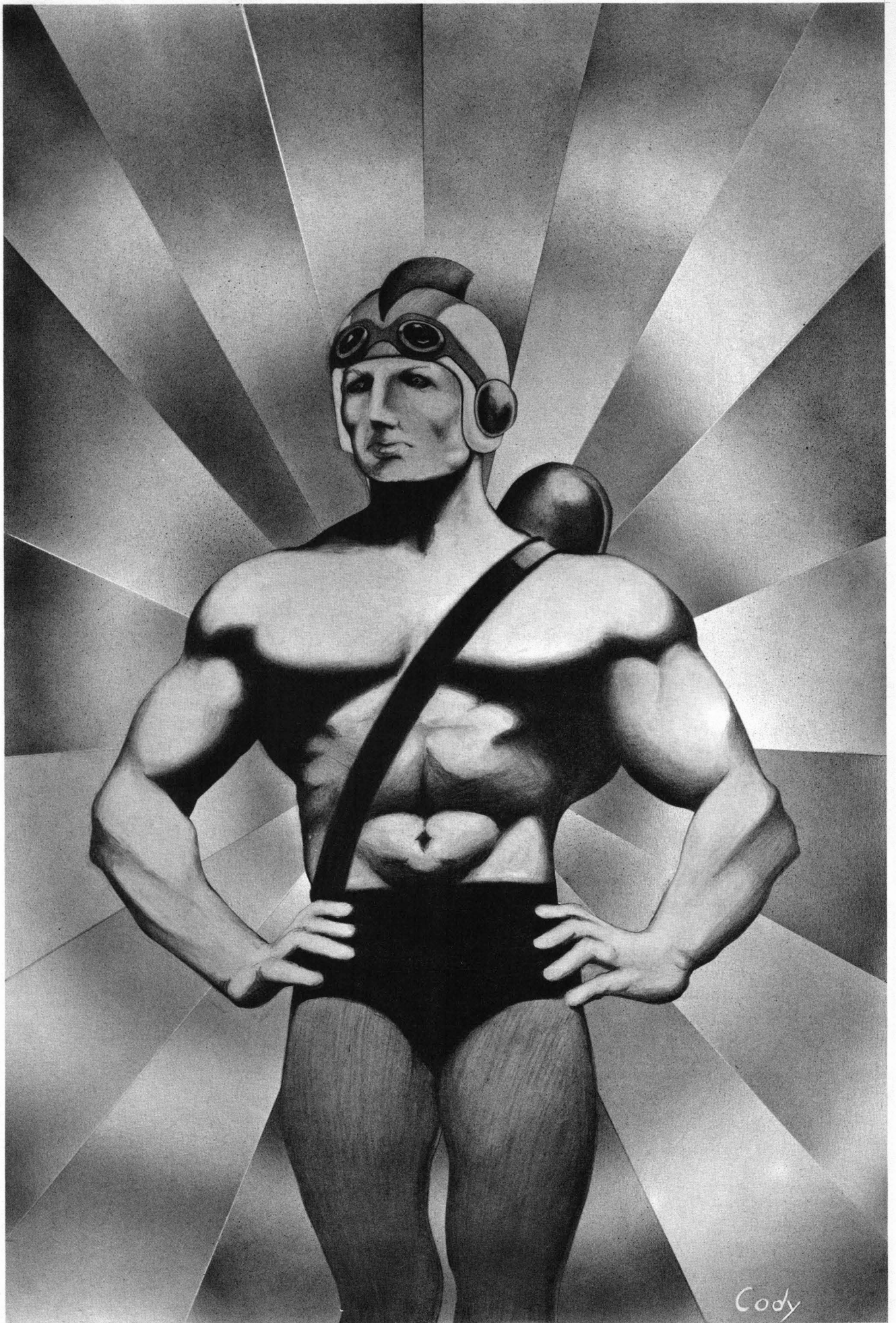
★ PAGE ★



GREAT

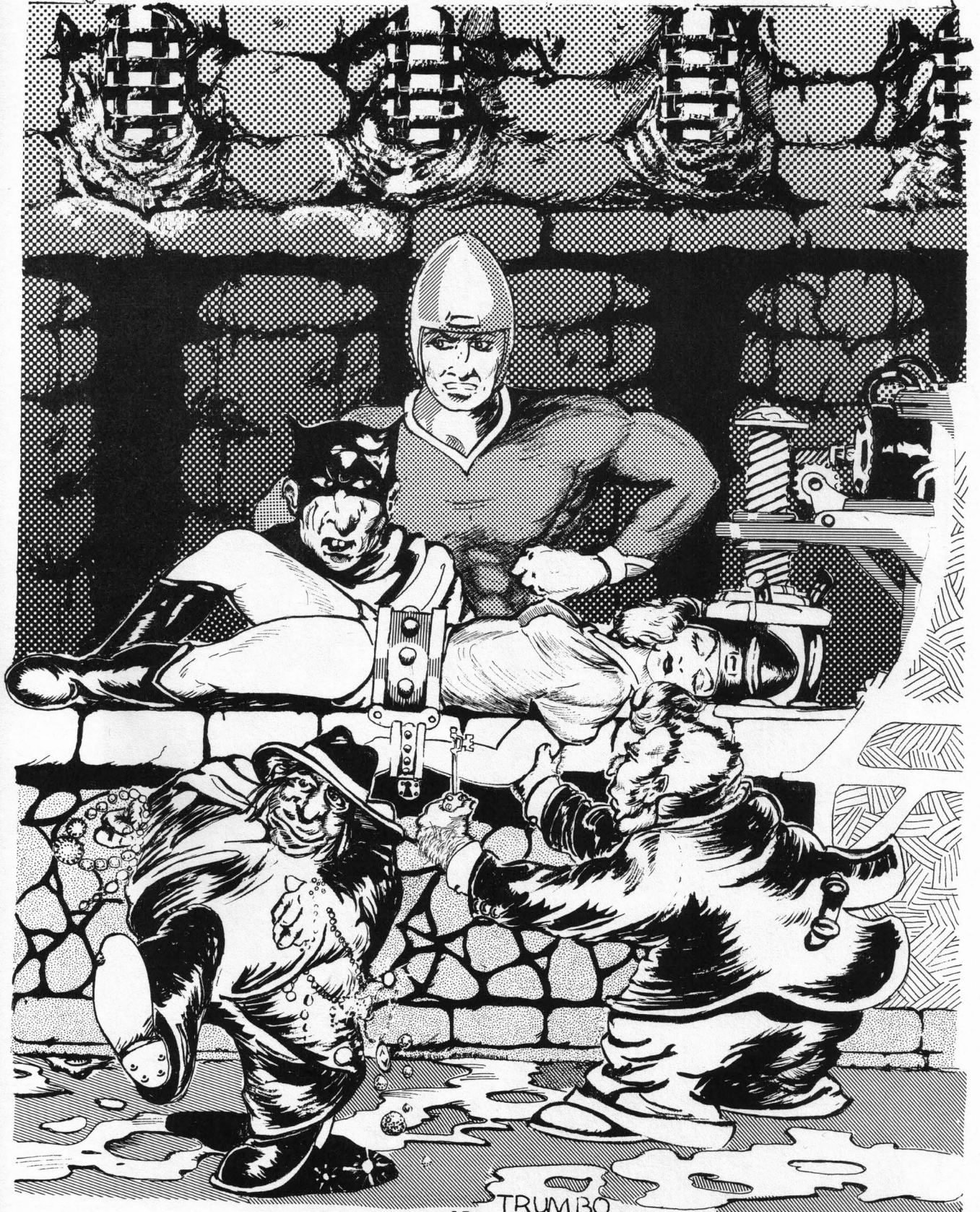
RELIVE THE ADVENTURES OF
BILL AND BRENDA ON NEPTUNE
WITH THESE EXCITING CUT-OUTS!

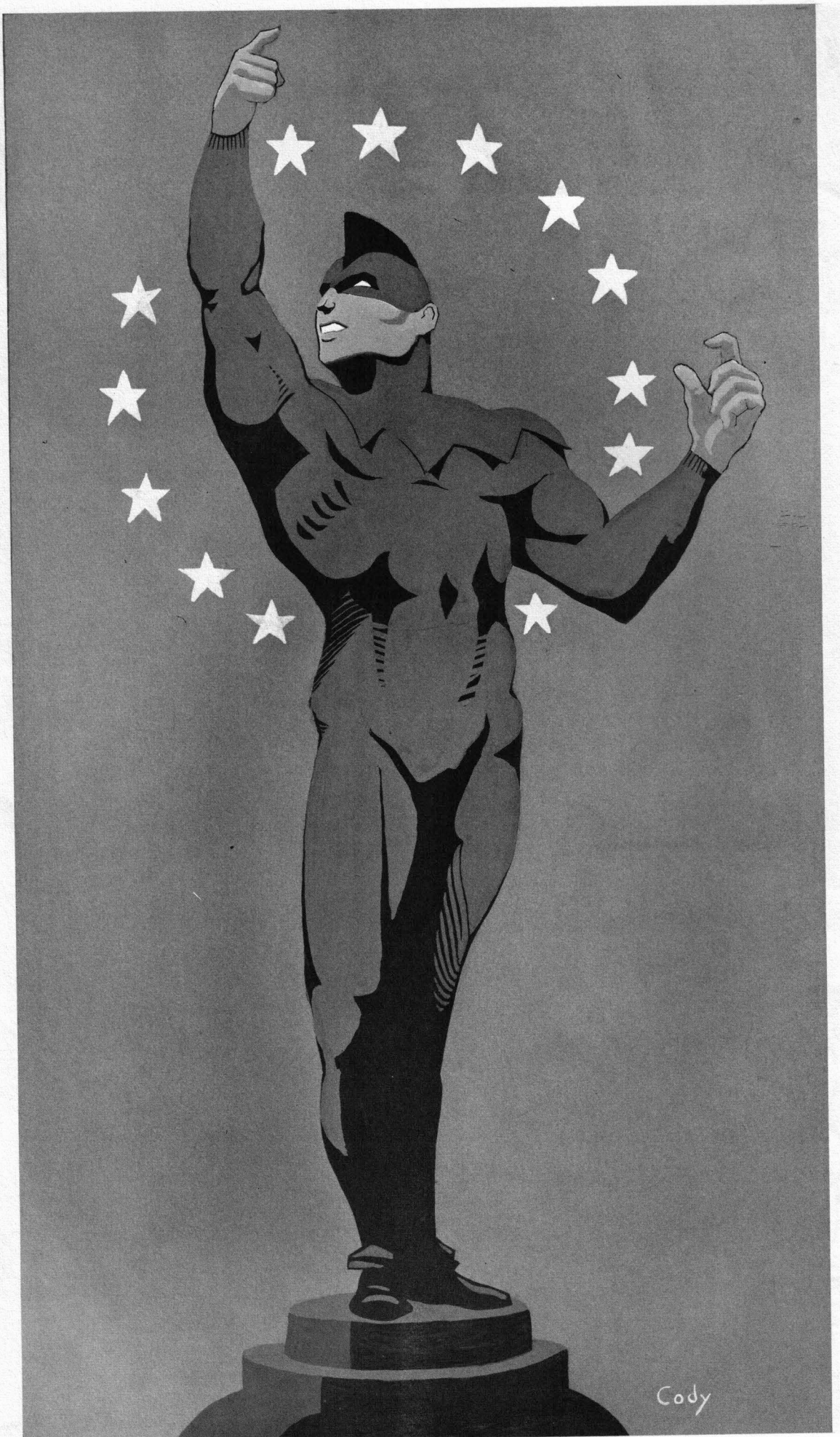
FUN!



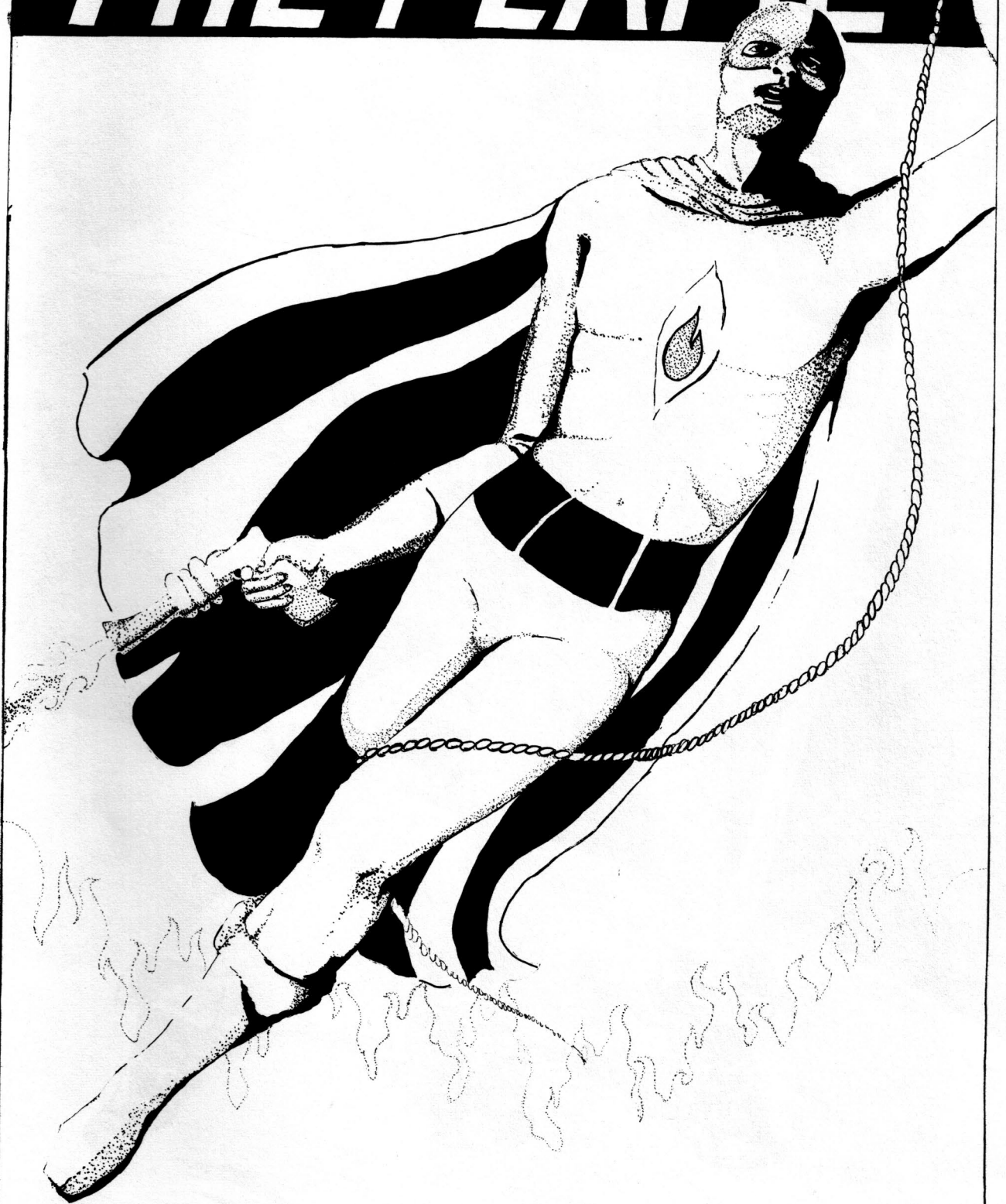
Cody

GULLETTMAN






THE FLAME



©Faleman



 CAPTAIN AMERICA
-AND-
 BUCKY



