

JIM
PINKOSKI

THE SPINAL COLUMN (part 2)

by... DR DECKER

FANDOM! -- WHY?

Sitting here staring at my typewriter, I'm feeling fairly morose and out of it. I am sixteen years old, a high school senior, and about as popular as an old maid aunt at a stag party. Do I wonder, is my avid passion for comics some kind of escape from the dissatisfactions of life, or is it something that would be with me even if I were the most popular guy around? Mark Evanier once advanced the idea that most hard-core fans are sexual misfits, and I'm inclined to agree with him.

Am I alone in this? Or do the rest of you feel the same? I'm 5'-5", 160 pounds, stockily built, with no fat anywhere despite my mealtime voraciousness and lack of any exercise beyond turning the pages of comic books. I have fairly long black hair and deeply-set, almost glowering eyes. Some girls have even commented that I'm not really bad-looking. I can't communicate very well. What I say and what I mean are often different things. My vocabulary is several notches above everybody else's and words I use are over people's heads. Further, I'm an introvert and selfish, in the Ayn Rand sense. More concerned with matters of my own ego than those of others', I'm a loner; and while things I say, things I do, may be idiotic and incomprehensible to others, to me and in their fullest context they make perfect sense. Worse and worse, I fail to take into account other people, and some innocent thing I say which I pay no special attention to at the moment, comes back to me later in the form of a lynch mob or just the cold shoulders of persons who have taken umbrage, leaving me astonished and open-mouthed. I pursue my own interests, pay almost no attention to fads, and am pretty much my own man. For this I am "weird", "different."

How many of the rest of you out there are like this? How many of you hesitate to mention you collect comic books, for fear of ridicule? How many of you proudly say you still read comics-- "at your age" --and are ridiculed? How many of you fail to get along with your fellow fan and go your twisted, narrow way-- alone and free... and lonely?

Put it another way. How many of you are respected, well-liked, popular swingers in your grade school, junior high, high school, or college; always out with the in-crowd, popular with the girls, and happy?

A mild grin crosses my mouth at this point. Not many, I should imagine. Serious hard-core fans seem to be passionately devoted to their hobby: We're hot-blooded fanatics! An interest in *comic books* is individualistic enough, and it takes a certain

kind of man to publicly maintain a passion for something so despised. An involvement in hard-core fandom itself is beyond the brink, the point from which there can be no return. And an interest in comic books is specialized: Most of the fans of my acquaintance have been intelligent, alert, and talented persons with a love for the imaginative and the exciting. Today's esoteric literature, with its hidden meanings, crummy characters, putrid hopeless philosophy, and degrading sex, fails to satisfy the comics fan who wants life's heights not its depths. Being a swinger requires no intelligence or a suppression of it, if there is some; or at the most, intelligence used without imagination. Imagination and "popularity" are oil and water, for if you have imagination, you are "weird."

What do we really want, though? Comic Fandom is not a crusading movement out to convert the world to reading comic books. Fandom is more of a convenience to those already interested, as it provides a forum for voicing opinions and a kind of meeting place to commune with fellow creatures of the species. Comics are a fairly specialized interest, and only a very few persons over the age of twelve would be interested in reading them, let alone publishing zines, writing for them and actively promoting comic books. We should make no attempts to convert anybody. However, what I envision for fandom, on a longterm basis, is making itself known: Just making itself known so that someone who would be interested in fandom would know where to start. D.C. has pushed this to some extent by reviewing zines, as has *Castle of Frankenstein*, which may help, but more work is needed here. What really should be done is cleaning up fandom a little bit, so that it would be a little easier to move around in; perhaps something like *Inkling*, to announce projects and new zines to all of fandom, not just a part. Fandom is anarchy, of course, but that may be its charm. Something stilted and over-organized wouldn't last long. There would be revolt and splinter groups, and with the lone-wolfishness of many fans, it wouldn't be long before united fandom collapsed.

Fandom is, for the most part, the plural of the word "loner," which is why it is still in a mess. It is a kind of secret place to where someone tired of organization rules, conventions, and popularity games, can retreat for a while and enjoy activities with people like himself. It is a place where no one is regarded as "weird" for being different. "They may laugh at me here, but in Fandom I am a liked and respected fellow!" In fandom, where most communication is long distance and the principals may never see each other, there is astonishingly little pretense. Persons are judged on their merits and in art and writing; if an individual is an utter ass, it doesn't take long to show through. There is almost no phoniness, no sham or fakery.

When I moved, it was fandom and its activities that kept me from going goofy when

REFLECTIONS 18 MONTHS LATER

there was nothing solid any more I could cling to. It is fandom now that contains most of my interests and friends. One of the very best friends I have is Greg Kishel, who I have never seen in the year and a half we have been corresponding; but he is far closer to me than the majority of clowns at Westerville High.

But is fandom an escape from reality? Sort of. It is a haven to which I run like a frightened deer when day-to-day school events rend my shivering soul into bloody shreds; but isn't it a kind of reality itself? For me, comic books are both entertainment and a thought-provoker, and there is no real escape from reality there; and in fandom, aren't the zines I write for, the people I write to just as real as the environment I suffer from around here?

You out there-- you don't get along too well with most people. You find them dull or uninteresting, and in turn, you face their scorn. You have found fandom: where the people are not dull, but extremely interesting --and interested in *you*--and you are liked and respected by your new acquaintances. This is what FANDOM is really all about; a kind of League of Lost Men.

Well, it's all *ours*, and I hope it stays lost!



When John McLaughlin told me he was going to reprint "Fandom-- Why?", I was surprised he wanted to resurrect the thing. After all, it is probably the worst-written thing I've had published yet in fandom.

After some thought, however, it occurred to me that that's the reason the piece had the success it did. It was written straight from the heart. Unrevised, unchanged, undiluted gut-feelings. I wrote as an insecure teenager, worried about his capabilities and his position in society, wondering if his life really meant anything, and still brainwashed by the people who think comic book readers are per se retards.

And I apparently hit responsive chords twanging dismal songs in the hearts of the readers --readers who felt the same things I did. The response was fantastic. No other article I had ever written, before or since, elicited the enthusiasm or the agreement that "Fandom: Why?" did. I'm still getting letters about it. For instance...

Today I just got back to college from a weekend in Cleveland at Tony Isabella's. Waiting for me was a letter from a fairly new fan, who wrote: "I have been searching all over hell for a copy of *MCR #2* to no avail... please let me know the cost (of xeroxing the article) as I have been dying to read that thing for months and months." I don't know where he heard of it, but someone must have told him about it. And that's the way it's been ever since the article appeared.

My records show that I received *MCR #2* in March, 1969. It's now May, 1970, so about 18 months have elapsed since "Fandom: Why?" was written. And just for the record, it may prove interesting to see what happens to an insecure little fan in the course of a year and a half.

I am now 5'9", at 175 pounds. Still fairly well built, though a sedentary month at college has ruined what I had developed with five months at physical labor. My hair is longer --a *lot* longer! I am 18 years old and a freshman at College. Currently, I have no pressing personal problems and my life is proceeding pretty much the way I want it.

Apparently, the article was written sometime in the fall of 1968. Gawd, that was a long time ago! Anyway, I had just moved to Westerville a couple of months before, and about the time of this article, I had just realized that the first group of people at WHS with whom I had fallen in was composed of no one I could even want to be friendly with. So for some time I was pretty well out of it, and I felt vaguely double-crossed by humanity at large. Fortunately, I was shortly to meet people who were quite decent and we gradually formed our own

group. That wasn't until well into February, however.

Also at the time of the article I had a crush on a girl who was going with a fellow who was virtually perfect (as the groovers defined the word). Not owning a red T-Bird, I couldn't hope to match Super-Groover and consequently felt extremely inferior. My great passions later dissipated, thanks to developments in other quarters --which I have no intention at all of telling you about.

There is nothing like someone having a crush on *you*, and that got around to happening. Unfortunately, (for *her*, that is) I could not return the feeling, and after one tragi-comedy date, a girl-invites-boy dance, I ended the whole thing.

During Easter of 1969, I went to Minneapolis for a local SF convention. I met Greg Kishel, and in person he more or less lived up to the wonderful impressions I had of him. For one thing, he's 6'7"...

I got through high school finally and went out west with a friend of mine and his dog. We were out there for a month, and I was dumped off in California. I met Evanier and his flunky-squad Comics Club, as well as a lot of other Very Important People In Fandom. There was a big Science Fiction Convention there, too, but there were problems. I went to the convention expecting one thing --and quite another happened. I was months recovering from it.

After returning from California, I did nothing for four months. Mike Raub had a mini-convention in August, and quite a few Ohio & Michigan fans showed up, which was enjoyable... Finally, after getting tired of being told by the parents to go out and get a job, I went out and got a job. Not being 18 I had to lie about my age, and I got a job with the City of Westerville as general serf on the Service crew. Later I was transferred at my own request to Refuse and--well, how many other fans do you know who were once garbagemen?

I was a working man for five months, and there were good times as well as bad --I probably profited from the period. Most of my writing was for my own fanzines but I really didn't do all that much, either. I just spent money. Bought my own ditto machine, bought a lot of expensive rare comics I know I'll never have enough money again to spend on...

There was even an honest-to-God date in November... only thing was, she took up with a hippie about a week later.

And now I'm in college. I'm in YAF, spreading my fascist pig propaganda through my fanzine training, and I work in the only university library in the country which collects things like comics, BLBs, and other "junk" on a massive scale. I'm doing moderately well in college, and for the first time in my life I'm getting along with people in general. Either I'm growing up or the general quality of people has improved in the last 18 months.

As far as girls go, I've given up dating except for special circumstances. I've found that dating is rigid and forced, and neither partner can really act him or herself. Besides, the only *raison d'etre* for dating seems to be either for the girl to get her way paid to something, or for the boy to get his hands on the girl. It's a hassle. Not that I've given up girls --it's just that I'm seeing them in relaxed situations, in which everyone is comfortable and can act normally. It's cheaper that way.

Now you know more about Dwight R. Decker than I do. As you can see, my personal situation has mellowed. And what about fandom? Have I drifted out of it as "real life" became more satisfying?

Uh... no. Fandom has *become* real life. When you start visiting fellow fans and talking to them personally, and even living with them, a lot more is involved than just escapist literature. My fannish existence has merged into my mundane existence. There is no longer any escape from one to the other when they are both the same thing.

And that's what happened to me. If you are perverse and want to know still more about Decker, *Fantastic Fanzine #12* is interviewing me. I Tell All. Otherwise --I hope all this encourages other people to tell about themselves and what fandom means to them. I'm nosey. Anyway, fandom is *people*, and I'd like to know more about what's behind the two-dimensional names I see in fanzines. Strange as it may seem, there is a human being behind *every* name you notice. Or, at least most of them. Anyone remember "Cynthia Russell," who was really Steven Carlberg in drag?

So, that's about it for this impromptu auto-biography. I've had a lot of fun in fandom, and I'm sure I'll have a lot more. Even if I married the most beautiful girl in the world, inherited a million dollars, and became a movie star adored by thousands of nymphomaniac teeny-boppers, I'd still be in fandom. After all, you can't do with any of that what you can do with a fanzine.

Of course, you can't do with a fanzine what you can do with the most beautiful girl in the world, either.



NOMAN

AS WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY

JIM
PINKOSKI

"YOU ARE NOTHING TO ME. I WILL NOT LET YOU INTERFERE WITH MY UNDERTAKING! YOU AND ALL OTHER HUMANS I WILL CRUSH IF THEY WILL NOT BOW DOWN BEFORE ME AND KISS THE GROUND I WALK! FOR YOUR FEELINGS I FEEL NOTHING!"

YOUR TYPE -- GOD SHOULD NEVER LET EXIST --

-- IN MY LIFE -- ALL I HAVE SEEN --

-- YOU'D DESTROY EVERY GOOD THING -- EVERYTHING! DAMN YOU -- DAMN YOU!

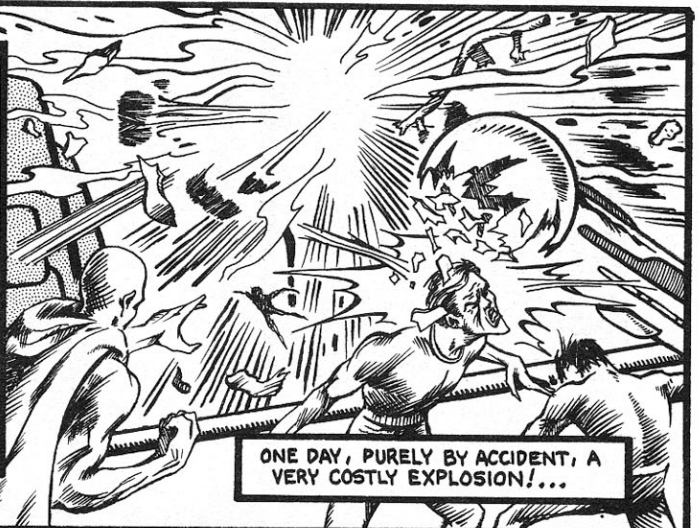
DAMN YOU!!



YOU CANNOT HARM ME, NOMAN -- OR ANYONE, FOR THAT MATTER. FROM NOW ON YOU CAN ONLY DO GOOD.

AND THUSLY IT CAME ABOUT THAT NOMAN WAS SUBMITTED TO CONTIMITUS' EXTREMELY POWERFUL ALIEN MACHINE. A PARADOX-- NOMAN IS NOW TRULY ON THE SIDE OF GOOD AND CAN COMMIT NO EVIL ACT, NO MATTER HOW CRUEL THE PERSON HE ENCOUNTERS-- EVEN THE ULTIMATELY EVIL CONTIMITUS! HE CAN BRING NO HARM TO ANYONE, FOR NOMAN'S MIND HAS BEEN REARRANGED AND PROGRAMED THIS WAY.

SO HE SPENDS THE FOLLOWING WEEKS HELPING HIS DEADLIEST ENEMY. CONTIMITUS HAS NO REASON TO FEAR THIS HUMAN ANDROID, SO HE IS NOT DISPOSED OF, BUT KEPT AROUND FOR THE ALIEN'S EVIL EGO TO GLOAT OVER AS ONE OF THE MANY PRIZES HE PLANS TO CLAIM...



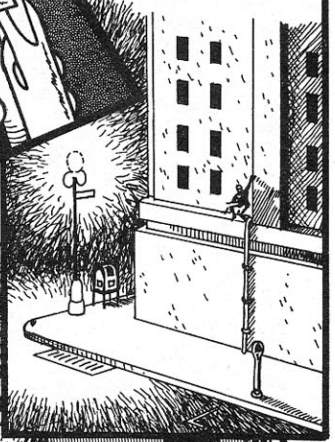
ONE DAY, PURELY BY ACCIDENT, A VERY COSTLY EXPLOSION!...

MUST SWITCH QUICKLY -- TO ANOTHER ANDROID BODY!



I MUST RETURN -- AND HELP IF POSSIBLE! CONTIMITUS WILL NEED ME!

NOMAN EXITS THUNDER. HEADQUARTERS UNDETECTED...



HOURS LATER...

WE'RE STILL SEARCHING THE WRECKAGE FOR BODIES, SIR --

NOMAN HASN'T SHOWN UP AS FAR AS I KNOW.



PUT THAT FIRE OUT FAST!

WAS MY LATEST ACQUISITION CAUGHT IN IT?

GET BACK TO WORK.



NOMAN IS AWARE OF THE SECRET HEADQUARTER'S LOCATION, AND RETURN HE DOES...



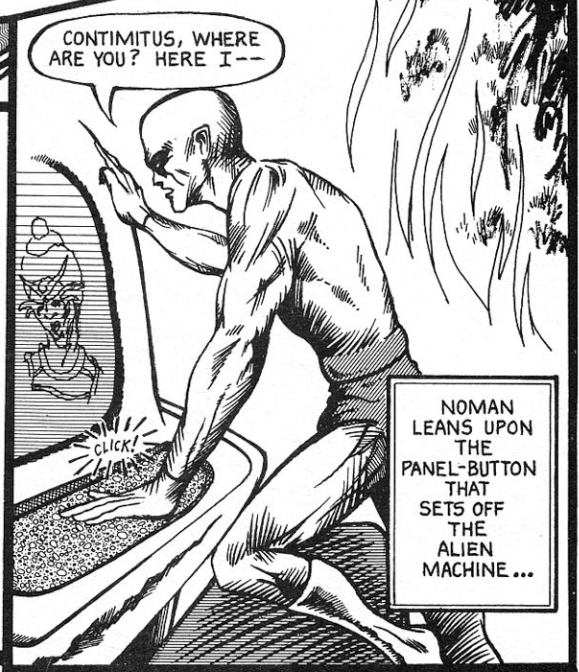
CORNELL by NEAL ADAMS

--TO FIND CONFUSION RUNNING RAMPANT THROUGHOUT THE BASE...



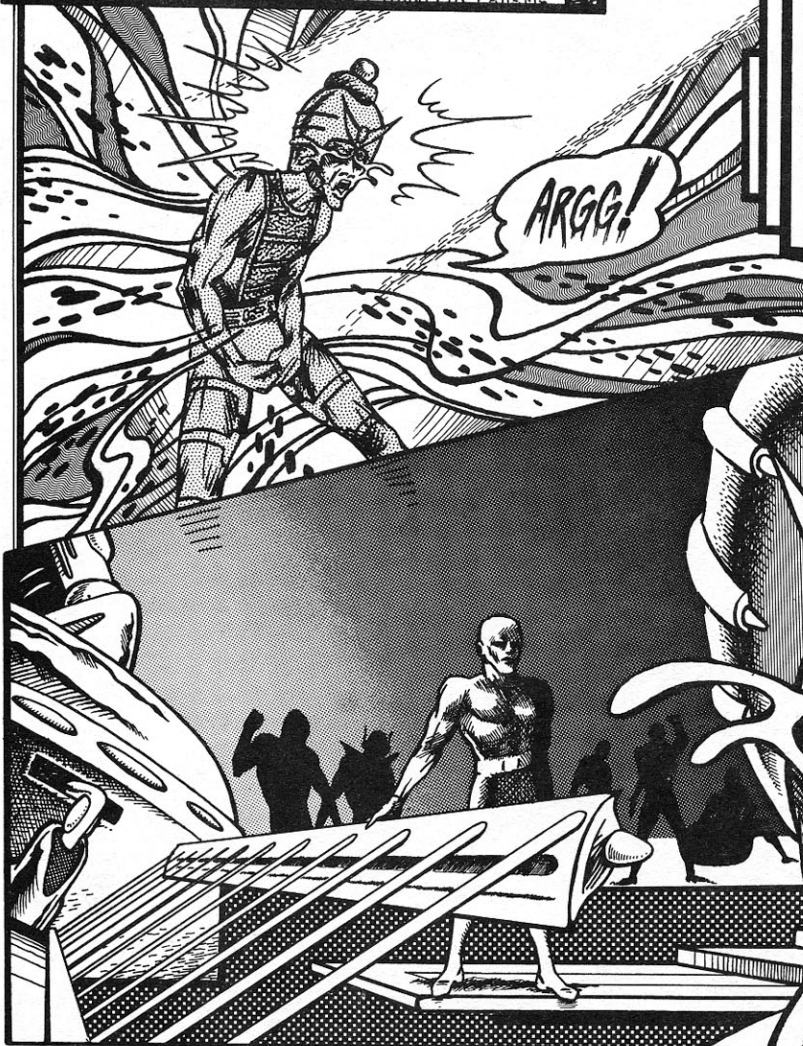
WHAT'S HAPPENING--?

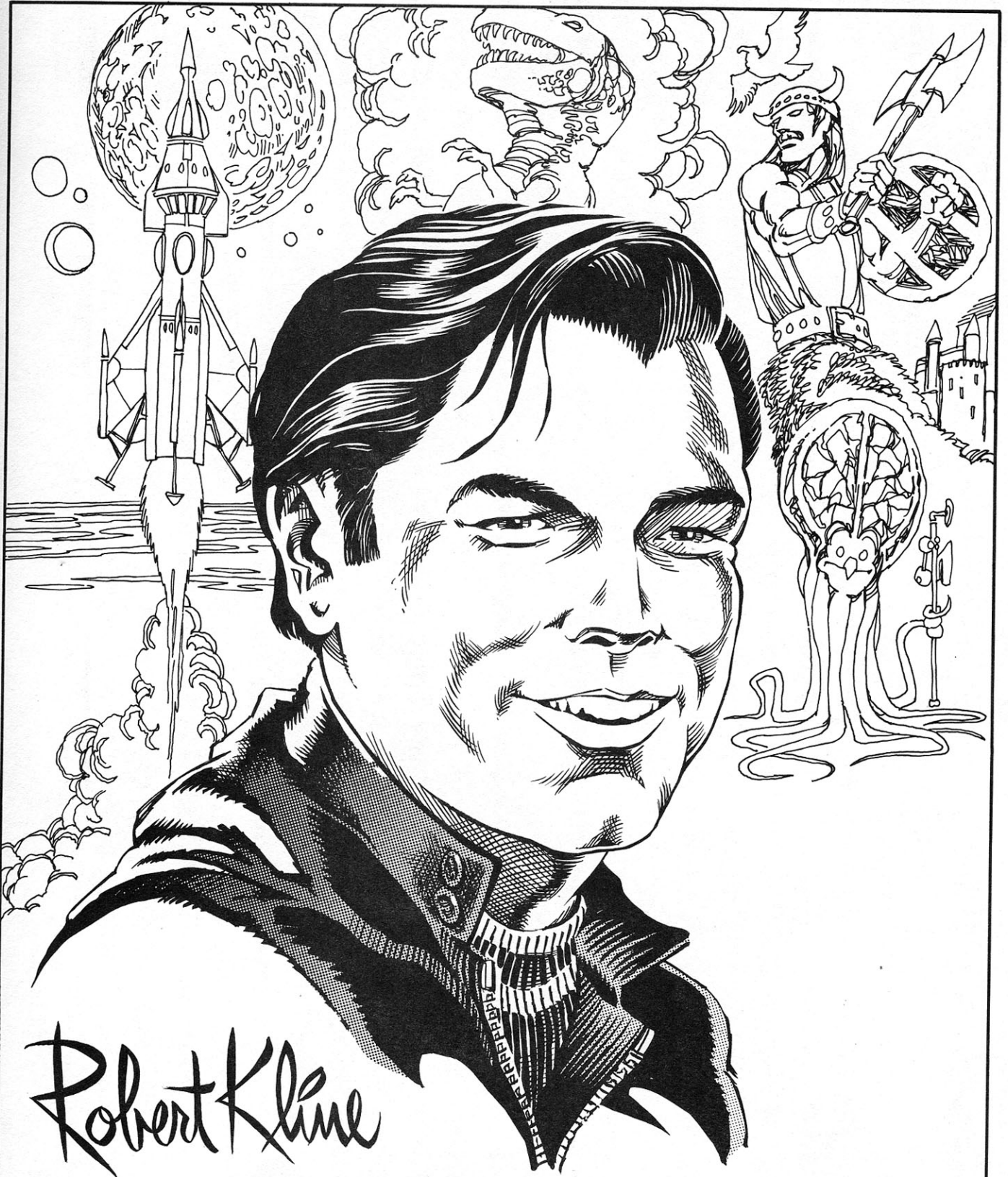
CONTINITUS, WHERE ARE YOU? HERE I--



NOMAN LEANS UPON THE PANEL-BUTTON THAT SETS OFF THE ALIEN MACHINE...

ARGG!



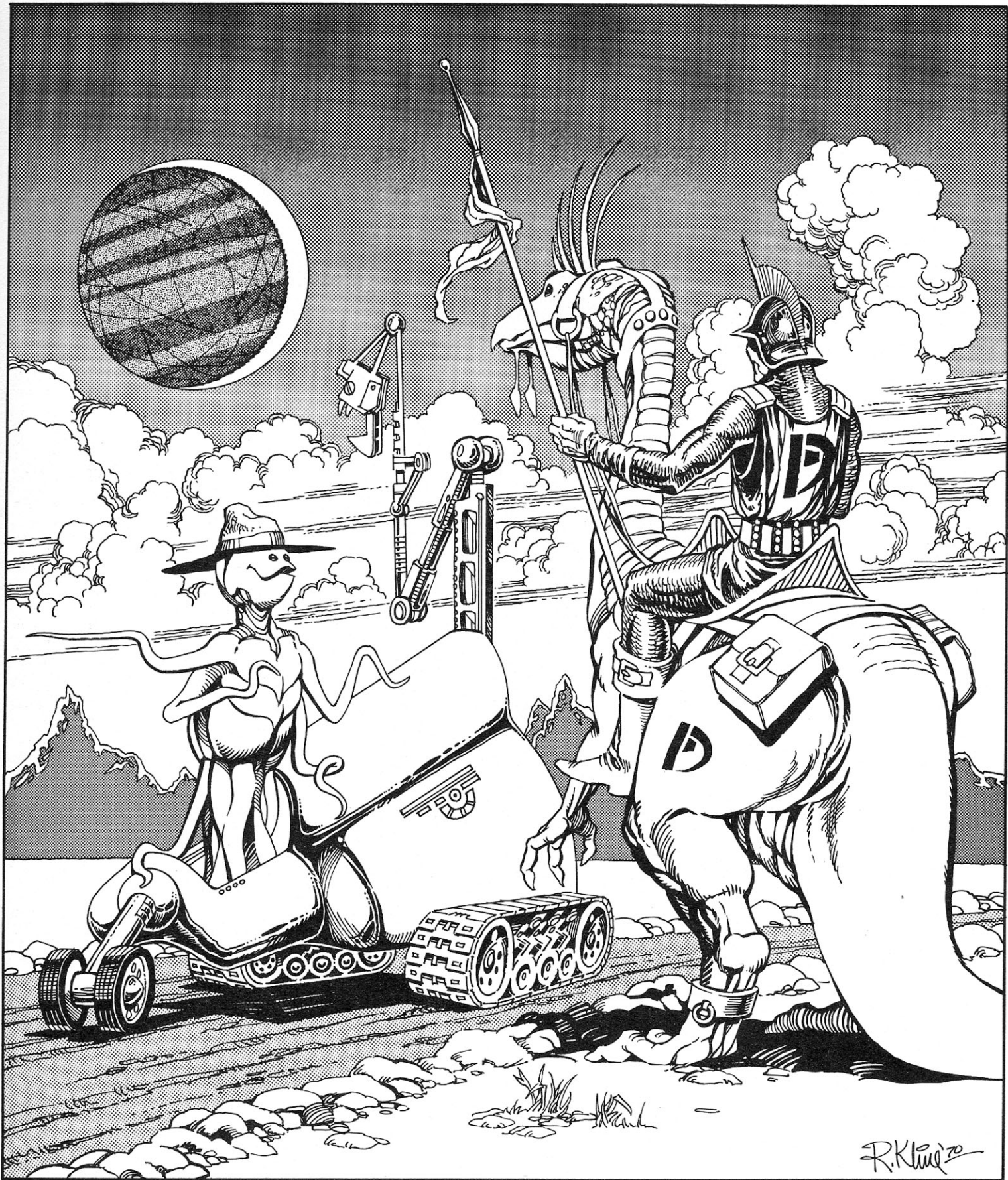


Robert Kline

A PORTFOLIO



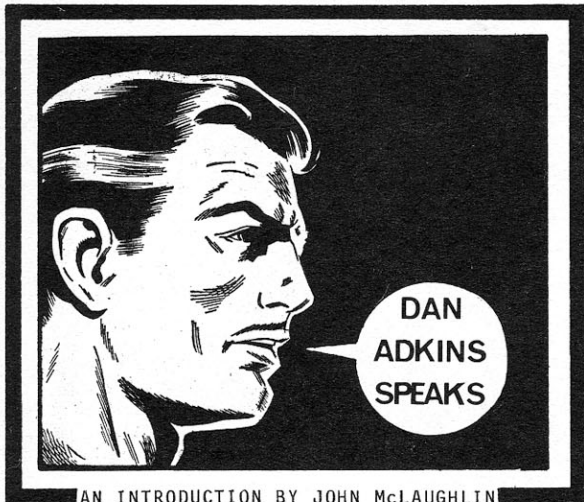
R.K. Lundy '70



R. Kluge '20



R. Kline '63



AN INTRODUCTION BY JOHN McLAUGHLIN

"Dan Adkins and the Incredible Tracing Machine" must be the most controversial article ever printed in fandom. The amount of response was phenomenal; and all views, written with such ardor and tact, were presented. Or were they?

I had yet to hear from Dan Adkins himself. How did he feel about the whole thing? I found out, when, six months after MCR #3 was published I discovered a letter with "Adkins" in the return address sitting in my dusty mailbox along with an ad for the Capitol Record Club and a slightly decimated copy of TV Guide.

The Letter read as follows:

"Dear John,

I finally got around to seeing a copy of MCR #3 with the article on my swiping art. I'd heard about it from Jim Steranko and a few other friends. I had also seen one along the same lines about two years ago, and heard of a few others.

My reaction upon first seeing all those swipes laid out was one of amusement. I just sort of grinned and shook my head back and forth at the things people do. Myself included.

One of the rules of swiping is not to get caught. Early in the game, I sort of threw out that rule. I didn't care if I got caught. I still don't. But, I am getting tired of playing the game. It seems so silly.

I think it was silly of me to take all those Ditko swipes for Dr. Strange. Mainly because I think I could have drawn it better myself. Stan Lee was always saying make it look like Ditko, and I sure did. Although, even after all that swiping, I got a little part of myself in there. Still, it was silly, wasn't it?

Jim Vadeboncoeur, you must have gone to a lot of trouble to make the check list. I think that was also silly. At least, a waste of time. You could have figured out that I did a lot of swiping after finding a small portion of the art on that list. Or just asked me. I would have told you the facts.

If Jim was trying to find out if everything I drew was swiped, the answer is no. But, about 70% has been.

The check list is not accurate in total. I'm not going to give you a new checklist. I have better things to do with my time. But I will give you an example. My painting for the cover of *Eerie* #12 was from a movie still supplied by James Warren, not from the small drawing done by Joe Orlando in a story he had done. Joe took his drawing from the movie still. I could hardly paint a realistic cover from the small panel done by Joe.

Jim seems to be surprised to find artists swipe. Anyway, that he found that I swiped. I can understand that. He hasn't been around much.

Now, I would be surprised to find an artist that didn't swipe. Not that I'm saying there aren't artists who draw most of their stuff. There are a few. But, it is clear to me that Jim doesn't have the knowledge that I do or understand the game at all. As I have said, I didn't play the game very well. I thought it was stupid. It still seems that way to me, but I'm beginning to see that if you play the game, it's better to play by the rules.

I'll try to show you what I mean without going to all the trouble that Jim did with his checklist. Let's take an example. In *Eerie* #10 I did a story called *IT!* Have you found the swipes for the hero's face? I doubt it. All the heads for the hero were taken from a British comic book; a beautiful western comic. Most of the stuff on your checklist was easy to find. That's what I mean about my playing the game in a silly manner. But, caught or not, every last one of those heads was a swipe. The point is, not many people have that British comic. I gave my comic to another artist for him to use, so even I don't have a copy any more.

That's the way the game should be played. Of course, I goofed up and used movie stills for most of the monster shots; not all, but most. Those were pretty easy to spot on that job.

The trouble with playing the game is the money and time spent in finding swipes that people won't notice. You need a good file of old stuff, mostly from out of the USA. You take Roy Krenkel's ACE cover for Edgar Rice Burroughs' *The Cave Girl*. It's a direct swipe from a British magazine published there in January 1944. The artist on the original was F. Matania. Krenkel has a big collection of his stuff and Al Williamson and Frank Frazetta are great fans of Matania. I don't blame them, he's great. But who else has that stuff? I got a few pieces of Matania stuff from Bill Pearson who got it from Krenkel's extras.

I don't have any *ENGLE's* either, a great British comic. Al Williamson's gladiator story in *Creepy* #6 was taken almost entirely from Frank Bellemy's art from the *ENGLE*.

That's what I mean by the whole thing being silly. I know that some of the best artists around swipe. I see it. They tell me! But, you don't have the old stuff or the British stuff to catch them. And I don't have it to play the game. Not that I could play as well as Al anyway. I could play the same, but he's a better artist.

Let's try an example that you might find, though, it isn't all that good as an example. Try *Strange Tales* #167. In the second panel of the last page of the Dr. Strange story, I have a horse coming up out of a mystic disk. I swiped it from an *ENGLE* comic, which I borrowed from another artist. Six months after the comic came out with my drawing, Jeff Jones had a cover come out that looked like a swipe from me, called *The Moon of Comrath* by Alan Garner, from ACE. He had also swiped from the *ENGLE* comic, using the same illustration to swipe from that I had. He had borrowed his *ENGLE's* from me.

I could go on, showing how Neal Adams takes from the Spanish comics, doing a better job than the swipe he uses, but it's silly.

Point is, I do know others swipe. Wally Wood had me swiping old Crandall, Raymond, etc. when I worked for him. I thought, jeez, so this is how it's done. I know also guys like Jack Kirby create most of their stuff. Then I turn around and find Gil Kane swiping from Kirby. I still think almost as much of Kane's ability as I do of Kirby. Gil tells his story his own way, swipes or not.

And, another point is, I know I played the game stupid; so I went to inking.

If I ever get a collection of art to swipe from like Al Williamson, Roy Krenkel, etc., then perhaps I'll join in the game again. I would also like to do some drawings of my own, more than in the past. But that won't be until I make up my mind to really play it serious..."

My immediate reactions upon reading Dan's letter? Mixed. After all, my beliefs paralleled those of Jim Vadeboncoeur; and he presented such a convincing case... Who was right?

I began to think of the article Jim V. had just written for publication in MCR #4. And then I considered the general attitude of the professionals, those who worked in the comics field. Again, the conflicting ideas and ideals.

Acting upon a sudden impulse, I sent Dan the original manuscript of the article Jim Vadeboncoeur wrote for this issue. A week later, I received another letter from Dan, and an article. The letter, or, at least most of it, is presented below:

"...I read Jim's article, and I still find him way off base when it comes to understanding what the hell goes on in the comic book field. I've written an article in reply, that answers some of his points --but certainly doesn't cover a number of items. There's so many things you or he doesn't understand or know about, that it would take pages upon pages to fill you in. I simply don't have the time to go into all the things I might. Anyway, you may print my reply article if you like, and send it back if you don't wish to.

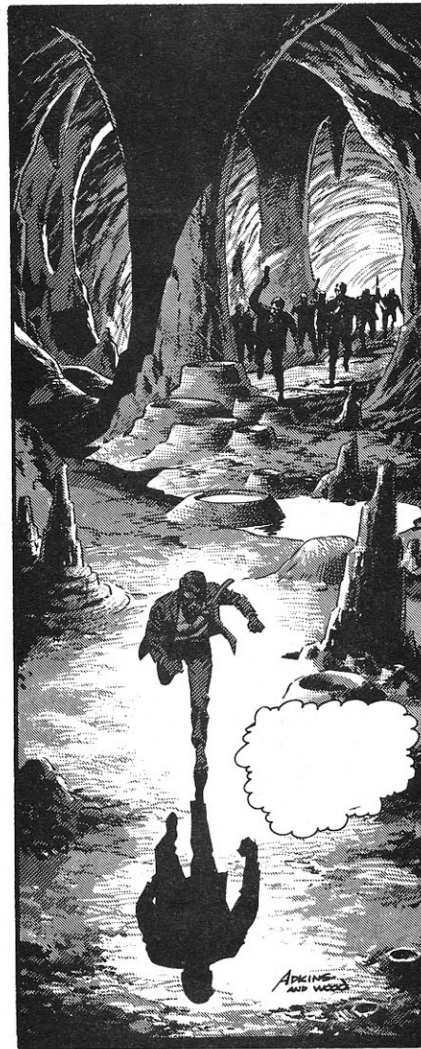
I'm not swiping much because I don't do much penciling. But when I do, I swipe because my friends, Jeff Jones, Steranko, Gray Morrow, Wally Wood, etc. swipe. Why the hell shouldn't I? I see nothing wrong with it. They see nothing wrong with it. Okay, I've been caught a lot. I've been caught enough that I have decided to at least be clever about it. So, from now on, I'll not make it so easy to be caught.

Sure, I was putting too much Ditko, Wood, Crandall, Raymond, etc. into my stuff and that bothered you and fans maybe. But what if I was putting Lovejoy, Blackmore, Yeager, Mantania, etc. into it? You wouldn't have known because you don't have those guys' work around and thought it was all Adkins-. The point is not to get caught, as I've said.

Besides, Wood takes from a lot of artists and when I took from Wally I knew I really was taking from someone else. So the whole thing is just crazy to me since I know all this.

No I haven't developed my talents to a peak, except as far as inking. I can't learn much more control than I have. I could try and get a more easily spotted style maybe. But on the pencils, I'm still learning. After all, I've never had any lessons except one year in high school; so I've gotten into a pattern of learning.

I don't know where you have any defense except saying



you don't like it when an artist swipes. Or catching them at it. After all, at least half of the field has swiped. Are you against them? They are the best half...Morrow, Wood, Williamson, Frazetta, Krenkel, Jones, Torres, etc. The other side only has two good men: Kirby and Ditko--and Ditko has swiped some in the beginning.

Silly case to be arguing. If you want to make any point, make it toward not getting caught. I can see that point..."

The rest of the letter wasn't all that personal, but it wouldn't be to anyone's advantage if we had printed it.

That second letter did it. For me, at least. I can see the one who really understands what's going on.

Dan's article, to me, was anti-climatic. His two letters presented a view I couldn't help but go along with all the way--100%--And, in my mind's eye, if these four pages help people like Jim Vadeboncoeur to understand what "swiping" is all about, then all the hassles I've gone through the past few months were worth it, a hundred times over.

Speaking for myself, and, I hope, the majority of the MCR staff, I present with pride:

**"GOSH,
WOW, OH BOY!
I FOUND A
SWIPE!"**

by **DAN L. ADKINS**

The main fault of Jim Vadeboncoeur's articles on swiping in the professional art field is his lack of knowledge. He simply does not know enough about the subject of which he writes. He hasn't worked as a professional. He hasn't been to the homes of the professionals and watched them work. He hasn't really studied the subject at all.

There's one thing that he has done. He's looked at the comic books.

There's another thing he has done. He's read letters from a few professional artists and from other fans about the subject of swiping.

I don't think this has made him an expert on the subject. He has nothing new to tell a professional artist in the field. I'm sure they know a great deal more about it than he does. Perhaps he has something worthwhile to tell the newcomer to comic fandom. There may be some fans out there that know less about swiping than he does. I'm sure there are fans that know more. Therefore,

there may be ones that know less.

I would rather see someone who knew what they were talking about inform the newcomer, instead of Jim Vadeboncoeur. His ramblings can misguide. His guessing on certain details can be so far from reality that I sometimes think he must live in a dream world.

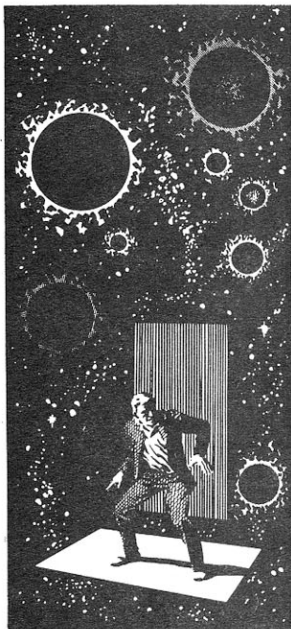
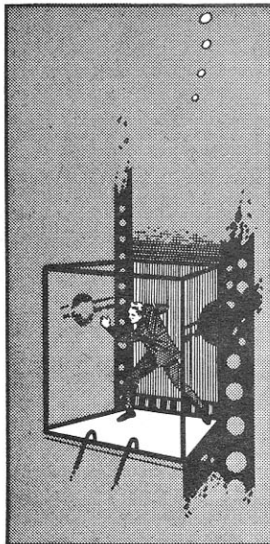
I wonder what he was taught at Foothill Junior College. The opaque projector, or swipe-o-graph, is a very common tool in the artist's equipment list. It's not meant to be stuck in the closet to gather dust any more than your rulers, brushes, pens or any other piece of equipment. It's to be used.

I have a small model that cost \$46.00. Gray Morrow has one that cost a lot more. So does Wally Wood. So does Al Williamson. And for that matter, so does Norman Rockwell. I have seen them, even the one Norman Rockwell uses. It's an acceptable piece of artist's equipment by the field using it. It doesn't matter if Jim Vadeboncoeur accepts it or not.

Jim states that as far as volume goes, I have swiped more than any other artist. This is mentioned in his second article. "It is a fact." That's a direct quote from him. The truth of the matter is, Jim Vadeboncoeur doesn't have enough information to establish that as being a fact or not. He doesn't know the swipes of every artist in the field and neither do I. It would be an impossible task to find out all those sources. Some of the artists that I know have great numbers of British comics, Spanish comics, Italian comics, and others from other countries. They have old magazines, books and engravings from this country and others. I have two file cabinets full of comics and photographs. Some artists have two rooms full of stuff. Since I don't have a great amount of swiping sources, I've made use of what I have. Therefore, Jim Vadeboncoeur has been able to spot my swipes rather easily compared to the task of trying to find the sources of others. He would have to have a really unbelievable amount of material to locate the swipes of every one. He doesn't as he has admitted, being only aware of comics to any extent from 1966. Just because my sources are not too old, or too hard to locate, it doesn't mean that I swipe any more than any other artist.

At least Jim Vadeboncoeur has learned that other artists swipe, which he didn't seem to know in his first article, but is ready to admit in his second. He's getting more knowledgeable in some respects.

I think the prices paid for doing comics are unethical. I think fans who write articles on swiping without knowing what they are talking about are unethical. But I don't think swiping in the manner done in the comic book field is unethical. So don't pat me on the hand and tell me what I'm doing isn't nice Jim Vadeboncoeur. You couldn't cut it. You gave up. You quit. Now you want to sit back and tell us what the rules should be. You get in here and meet the deadlines, take the bullshit, and see if you can go by your own rules and



still make a living. Then I could have a little more respect for your opinions.

The quality of art in a comic is a determining factor in the quantity of sales and can make or break a comic is bull! If that were the case, editors wouldn't have any problems. Just put out well drawn comics. Unfortunately, bad comics sell as well as good comics when it comes to art. All the following folded and had good art: Neal Adams' *Deadman*, *X-Men*; John Buscema's *Silver Surfer*, Gene Colan's *Dr. Strange* --and on and on. Trying to sell comics isn't that simple.

I mostly ink for comics now and I certainly am prepared for it and am no hack. It's my own opinion, but one shared by other artists and fans. Or does Jim Vadeboncoeur wish to contest the matter of my being one of the top five or so inkers in the business?

As for penciling, being prepared means having ten file cabinets full of old material to swipe from and that I don't have. Anyway, that's what it means to me. I know it means something else to Jim Vadeboncoeur.

I mentioned before that Jim Vadeboncoeur doesn't know much about the subject on which he writes. *THE DAY AFTER DOOMSDAY* did not take weeks or months to do. I was paid \$360 for the eight pages of *DOOMSDAY*. I have a wife and kid and many bills. To have spent a month earning \$360.00 is for the birds. You could get as much on welfare! That job was done in ten days, averaging about a page a day, pencil and ink with two full days on the splash.

I didn't suffer any personal grief when I used a Schoenherr swipe. I didn't use it for economical reasons or to meet any deadline. I used a Schoenherr swipe in *DOOMSDAY* because I wanted to, because John Schoenherr is a good friend and I love his stuff. Jim Vadeboncoeur can't seem to understand that I don't see anything wrong with swiping. I don't like getting caught because it creates a fuss; but I wish Jim Vadeboncoeur wouldn't try and make his feelings mine. I'm not proud of my swipes, and I don't wish to imply that. I am proud of my inking, even on a swipe, but not the act of swiping. But I'm not going around feeling guilty of something that is done by a lot of other artists, as well as myself.

I don't, as a rule, accept more work than I can handle and that has nothing to do with my swiping. A real short deadline can cause a sloppy job of swiping, but even with time, I would swipe, though being more careful to do something better with the swipe. What Jim Vadeboncoeur doesn't understand is that no editor gives you a month to do a job. I had ten days to do *DOOMSDAY* upon receiving the script. That was my deadline. I usually have ten days to two weeks to ink a 20-page book. I work within those deadlines. If you don't meet deadlines, it can cost the publisher up to \$5,000.00 because printing presses are set up on certain dates to run off comics. If that comic doesn't show up, the printer is going to charge you all

the same. So if he thinks we can play around on these jobs to our heart's content, he's way off base again.

You can imagine what happens when you get sick during the middle of a job. *THE BECKONING BEYOND* was done in two days, pencil and ink except for the second page of the story. I did that full page first, got sick and had to finish it up in two days. Bill Pearson did some drawing and some swiping for me. I was still somewhat sick and had plenty of worries about getting the job done. I didn't care about anything but getting this thing done so it wouldn't cost Warren a chunk of money for being late.

I don't need to swipe. I like to swipe, not to be proud of it, but as a manner of learning and enjoying art. I see a lot of fans swiping. They don't have to. They aren't getting paid for it. So why don't they admit they enjoy doing it? Otherwise, why are they doing it?

I don't want to get an exclusively comic book style like Kirby or Ditko--who don't swipe or need to much; whatever they draw, real or unreal as related to the world. I would rather have a more realistic look to my art like Neal Adams, Al Williamson, Gray Morrow, etc.; who swipe--cleverly, but swipe.

I don't think Jim Vadeboncoeur should be telling me any more about how to do my job than I should tell him how to be a Quality Control Manager. I know nothing about his job and he seems to know nothing about mine.

--Dan Adkins
August, 1970



FRAZETTA

THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE EARNESTLY RECOMMEND THE FRAZETTA POSTERS PRINTED AND DISTRIBUTED BY WORLDBEATER POSTERS, INC. ABOVE IS A PORTION OF ONE OF A SET OF SIX POSTERS, REPRODUCED FROM PAINTINGS BY FRANK FRAZETTA. ALL ARE 23 INCHES HIGH, AND ARE PRINTED IN FULL COLOR ON HIGH QUALITY STOCK. THEY SELL FOR \$2.50 EACH OR ALL SIX FOR \$14.00. WE HEARTILY URGE FANDOM TO SUPPORT THIS FINE ENDEAVOR. SEND ORDERS TO THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS: * WORLDBEATER POSTERS, INC. *** 400 B. SOUTH BOULEVARD *** EVANSTON, ILLINOIS *** 60202 ***

SOMETHING WORTH LOOKING AT

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

Nipok and Dnalod had power, the newly rediscovered power of an ancient civilization that had inhabited their planet's moon eons ago. Together they discovered and partially harnessed this power

They sent an ultimatum to the evil Emperor Adlin, who taken over their home planet, demanding that he abdicate or be destroyed but as the evil Emperor's forces bore down upon their ship, an energy leak was discovered. They were forced to flee to another planet, where they could land and make repairs.

Their location was pin-pointed and a squadron of Post-tanks encircled them with a deadly dome net of anti-energy

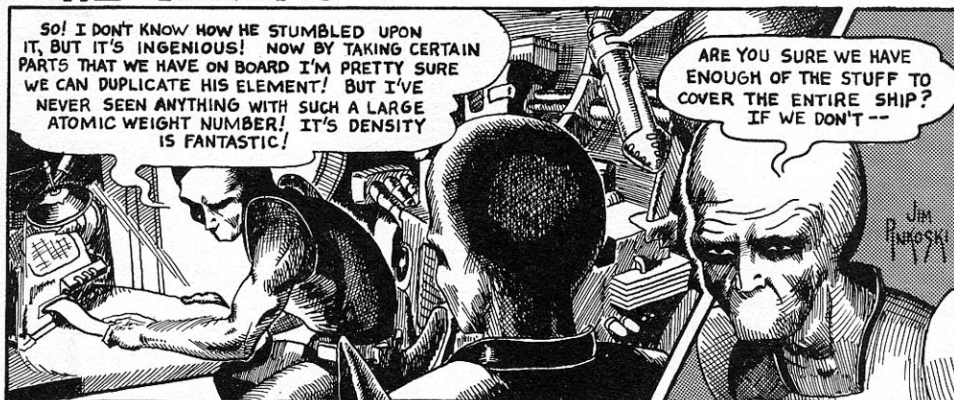
How to get free? Perhaps their spectrograph could be of aid



by Jim Pinkoski

THE ALIENS (17)

By Jim Pinkoski



SO! I DON'T KNOW HOW HE STUMBLED UPON IT, BUT IT'S INGENIOUS! NOW BY TAKING CERTAIN PARTS THAT WE HAVE ON BOARD I'M PRETTY SURE WE CAN DUPLICATE HIS ELEMENT! BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING WITH SUCH A LARGE ATOMIC WEIGHT NUMBER! IT'S DENSITY IS FANTASTIC!

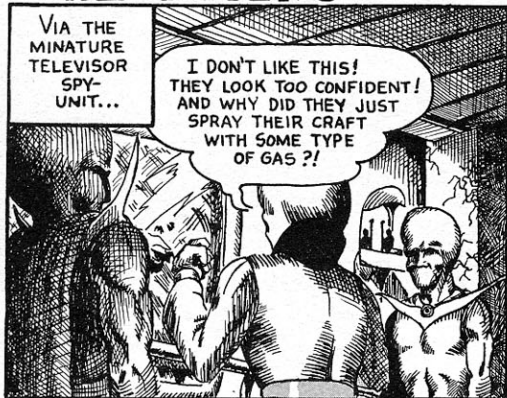
ARE YOU SURE WE HAVE ENOUGH OF THE STUFF TO COVER THE ENTIRE SHIP? IF WE DON'T --



BUT WE DO.

THE ALIENS (18)

By Jim Pinkoski



VIA THE MINATURE TELEVISOR SPY-UNIT...

I DON'T LIKE THIS! THEY LOOK TOO CONFIDENT! AND WHY DID THEY JUST SPRAY THEIR CRAFT WITH SOME TYPE OF GAS ?!



HAVE OUR AIR-POWER ON THE ALERT! IF ANYTHING HAPPENS, I WANT THEM READY!



AND SOMETHING HAPPENS...

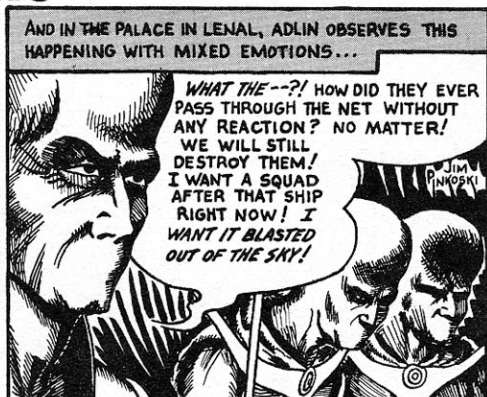
CONT'D:
THE LOST CIVILIZATION OF THE SANOMS

THE ALIENS (19)

By Jim Pinkoski



THE ALIEN SHIP PASSES HARMLESSLY THROUGH THE ANTI-ENERGY DOME-NET PUT IN OPERATION BY THE RULER OF LENAL WITH THE PURPOSE IN MIND OF DESTROYING THE INVADING MENACE...



AND IN THE PALACE IN LENAL, ADLIN OBSERVES THIS HAPPENING WITH MIXED EMOTIONS...

WHAT THE --?! HOW DID THEY EVER PASS THROUGH THE NET WITHOUT ANY REACTION? NO MATTER! WE WILL STILL DESTROY THEM! I WANT A SQUAD AFTER THAT SHIP RIGHT NOW! I WANT IT BLASTED OUT OF THE SKY!



ON THE ALIEN CRAFT...

WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE? SEEMS TO BE A RATHER SMALL ELECTRONIC DEVICE FOLLOWING US! PROBABLY A TELEVISOR UNIT!



THAT FIXES THAT!

THE ALIENS (20)

BY JIM PINKOSKI

BLAST IT! THEY SHOT DOWN OUR TSS-UNIT! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO GO ON IS TELEMENTALIO CONTACT WITH SQUADS 3 AND 4! LET'S GET HOLD OF THEM RIGHT NOW!

WHILE ADLIN RAGES--

--OTHERS CONTEMPLATE...

NIPOK, I THINK IT WOULD BE BEST IF WE WENT BACK TO THE BASE! I KNOW ADLIN WILL SEND HIS FLEET AFTER US, BUT IT SHOULD BE EASY TO TAKE CARE OF THEM FROM THERE! AND I'D BE WILLING TO BET THAT THEY'VE BEEN MONITORING US ALL ALONG, BUT I'VE TAKEN CARE OF THAT!

JIM PINKOSKI

RIGHT! WE COULD ALSO USE SOME OF THE EQUIPMENT THERE RIGHT NOW! WE'LL NEED SOMETHING THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF THE FORCE DOME OVER THE CITY! IT'S TOO BAD THAT OUR FORCE FIELD GOT PERCED A WHILE BACK!

BUT THAT WON'T CHANGE THE OUTCOME OF OUR QUEST!

THE ALIENS (21)

BY JIM PINKOSKI

THIS IS COMMANDER REYRJ REPORTING, SIR! THE ALIEN SHIP IS HEADING OUT INTO SPACE--IT'S TOO SOON TO TELL WHERE IT'S GOING TO, IF ANYWHERE. IN A WHILE WE CAN FEED INFORMATION INTO OUR COMPUTER AND FIND OUT--

--SPEED-WISE, THEY'RE GAINING ON US, BUT I'M PRETTY SURE WE'LL BE ABLE TO KEEP THEM ON RADAR, SIR!

GOOD! YOU'VE GOT TO STAY WITH THAT SHIP! AND YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR ORDERS ARE, COMMANDER!

JIM PINKOSKI

YES SIR! DESTROY THAT SHIP AND ITS OCCUPANTS!

AND ON THAT SHIP...

HEY, DNALOD! I HAVE AN IDEA! ABOUT NINE HUNDRED MILES IN FRONT OF US IS A PRETTY BIG ASTEROID...

THE ALIEN SHIP LANDS ON A LARGE ASTEROID THAT LAYS BETWEEN THEIR BASE AND THE PURSUING FORCE...

A FAIRLY SMALL OBJECT IS POSITIONED ON THE AIRLESS ASTEROID'S SURFACE AT A VERY STRATEGIC POINT...

THEN NIPOK RETURNS TO THE SHIP AND THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY AGAIN...

THAT INERTIA-BOMB SHOULD CAUSE QUITE A RUCKUS AMONG THAT FLEET ON OUR TRAIL! IT SHOULD GO OFF IN ABOUT TWO MINUTES--AND WHEN IT DOES, I'M SURE GLAD I'M NOT GOING TO BE IN ITS PATH..!

The full name is James Arthur Pinkoski. As it stands, yes, I am aware of the initials. I almost was named Arthur James --maybe that would have been more appropriate, being called "Art". I first became interested in comics when I was twelve. Maybe it was earlier. I began tracing. Very badly at first, but I kept working at it continuously. My comic collection grew, and being the type of person I was, very contentedly I closed myself up in my room with my comics day after day instead of playing football outside. I am an introvert for sure. My birthday fell on June 25, 1950, and is important for at least three reasons: It means presently I am twenty. Secondly, it makes me a *Cancer*, an extremely emotional and moody person. Third, it means my draft number is 137. I will try not to make any biting comments here about this. My heart has been in comics for years, and I have certain outlooks on things that try to keep me from them. Let people who get some pleasure out of it or really feel it is their duty enter the service. I sincerely believe in the supreme law that overshadows all laws: It is not right to kill. I have my way of serving my country.

Do I collect EC's? I wish I could afford them! They are really masterpieces, and right now the only one I own is *WEIRD SCIENCE FANTASY* #29, which hosts Frazetta's doctored *BUCK ROGERS* cover. I guess I will have to be content thumbing-through other people's collections!

Who can I accredit with influencing my style? First was Murphy Anderson. Then followed Kubert, Mac Raboy, Sy Barry, Ditko, Jones and Frazetta. I have learned from all of them, and by no means am I finished learning. Basically I am a self-taught artist. This, true, hinders a person's development. Not until my Senior year in high school, when I met a professional cartoonist by the name of Murry Turner, did I learn of the existence and availability of Zip-a-tone sheets. --And even more recent have I met any other aspiring artists such as Bob Juanillo. --So it has mainly been myself as a loner creating my art.

BUCK ROGERS

AS BUCK AND HIS GROUP REACH THE AERIAL CIRCUS HANGAR...

LOOK OUT!

BUCK, I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMEONE!

ZOOON

BUCK ROGERS

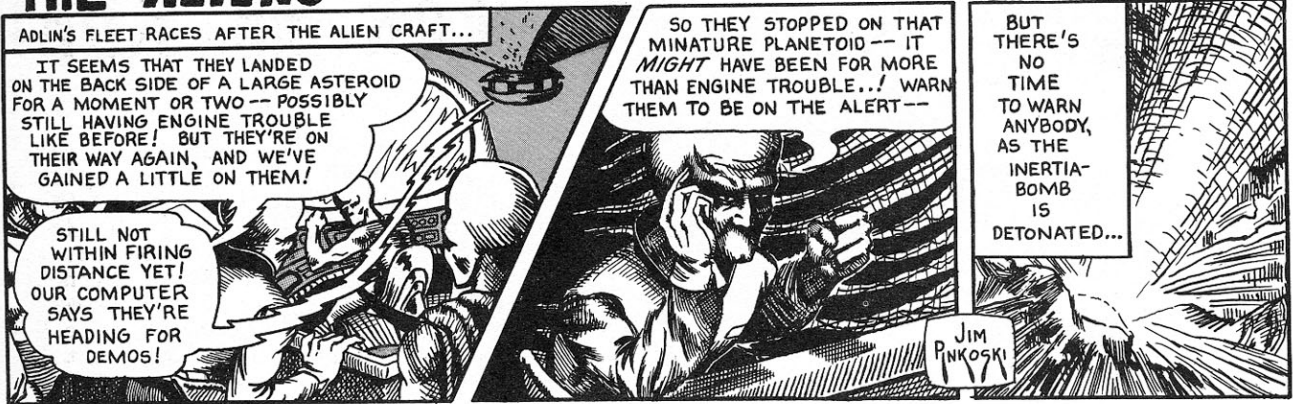
CAPT. ROGERS! BEHIND YOU!

YES-- BEHIND YOU, ROGERS!

YOU!

THE ALIENS (23)

BY JIM PINKOSKI



ADLIN'S FLEET RACES AFTER THE ALIEN CRAFT...

IT SEEMS THAT THEY LANDED ON THE BACK SIDE OF A LARGE ASTEROID FOR A MOMENT OR TWO -- POSSIBLY STILL HAVING ENGINE TROUBLE LIKE BEFORE! BUT THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY AGAIN, AND WE'VE GAINED A LITTLE ON THEM!

STILL NOT WITHIN FIRING DISTANCE YET! OUR COMPUTER SAYS THEY'RE HEADING FOR DEMOS!

SO THEY STOPPED ON THAT MINATURE PLANETOID -- IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN FOR MORE THAN ENGINE TROUBLE...! WARN THEM TO BE ON THE ALERT --

BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO WARN ANYBODY, AS THE INERTIA-BOMB IS DETONATED...

JIM PINKOSKI

THE ALIENS (24)

BY JIM PINKOSKI



AN INERTIA-BOMB EXPLOSION -- MATTER IS NOT DESTROYED, BUT INSTEAD PUT IN RAPID MOTION!...

--AND IN THIS CASE CAUSES A PRE-CALCULATED ATTACK!

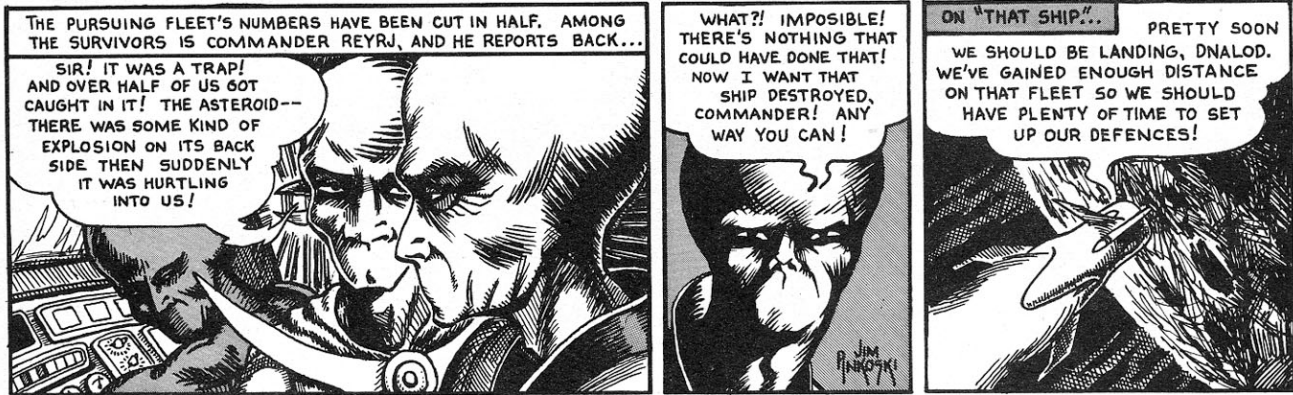
BRILLIANT IDEA, NIPOK! IT DIDN'T GET THEM ALL, BUT KNOCKED OUT MOST OF THEM!

YES, IT WORKED PRETTY GOOD -- BUT WE STILL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF THE OTHERS!

CONT'D! THE LOST CIVILIZATION OF THE SANOMS

THE ALIENS (25)

BY JIM PINKOSKI



THE PURSUING FLEET'S NUMBERS HAVE BEEN CUT IN HALF. AMONG THE SURVIVORS IS COMMANDER REYRJ, AND HE REPORTS BACK...

SIR! IT WAS A TRAP! AND OVER HALF OF US GOT CAUGHT IN IT! THE ASTEROID -- THERE WAS SOME KIND OF EXPLOSION ON ITS BACK SIDE THEN SUDDENLY IT WAS HURTLING INTO US!

WHAT?! IMPOSSIBLE! THERE'S NOTHING THAT COULD HAVE DONE THAT! NOW I WANT THAT SHIP DESTROYED, COMMANDER! ANY WAY YOU CAN!

ON "THAT SHIP"... PRETTY SOON WE SHOULD BE LANDING, DNALOD. WE'VE GAINED ENOUGH DISTANCE ON THAT FLEET SO WE SHOULD HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO SET UP OUR DEFENCES!

You may be wondering how I obtained the two *Buck Rogers* strips. Back in the summer of 1964, the parents took us kids to Texas with them. The car and its occupants almost melted, but that is not important. By chance I stumbled upon six of Anderson's dailies and two Sunday strips, all from two consecutive years, sitting in a pile of papers next to a trashcan.

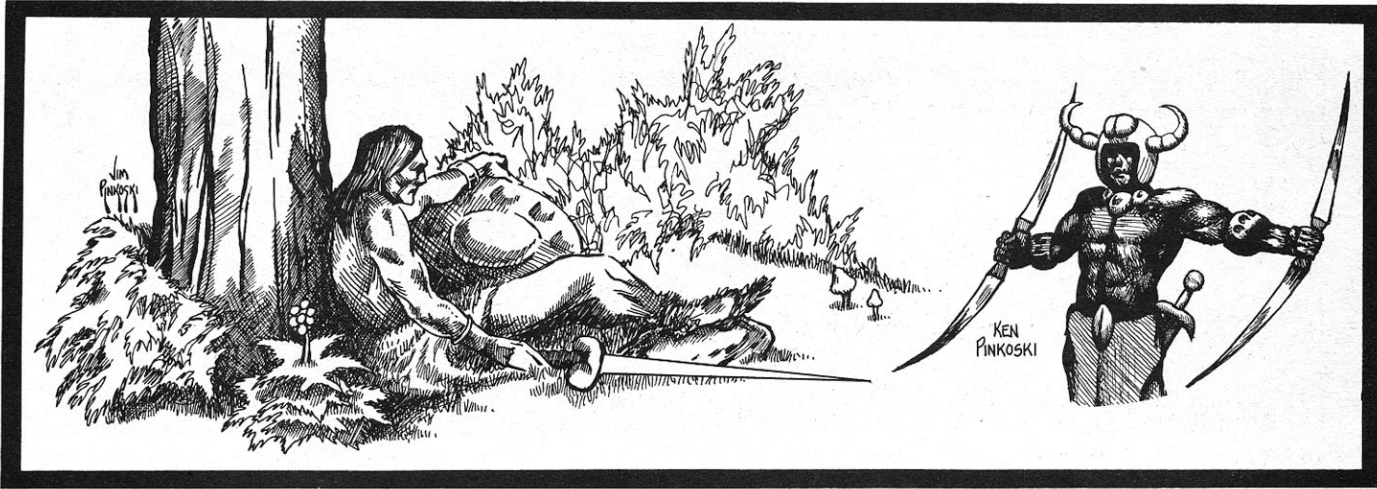
Because of John Schoenherr, I began collecting *Analog*. We have put together some of his best for all of you to see this issue. Scratchboard is a technique that's really much harder than just drawing in pen and ink. Try it sometime and you will see what I mean! The very first illustration I did with this medium was printed in our last issue on page 25; and another one was to be printed in my portfolio this ish. But obviously, if you have looked, you will see it is not there. As our contents were submitting themselves to a last-minute rearrangement, it was ousted. I imagine I will be doing more work with this type of thing in the future, primarily because there are some truly amazing effects you get out of a scratchboard that are almost impossible to get with other mediums.

Now comes the subject of *Noman* and *Continuitas*. This section of this article has been drastically re-written. "Oh really?" you say. "It doesn't look re-written!" True, but you were not sitting down beside me watching me wracking my over-wrought, highly-disturbed mind, trying to re-word this article. Picture if you can: Long haired yours truly sitting cross-legged on the carpeted bedroom floor of some house on Savory Drive. Scattered all around me are the endeavors of many long hours of work; the layout pages comprising this magazine. A

number two Rapidograph pen is in one hand, occasionally hoping it has found the correct thing to scribble down on a piece of binder paper, a cigarette in the other. Yeah, yeah, I'll quit. It is just that most of the people I have been around have somewhat been driving me crazy. Presently, I smoke out of nervousness. So here I am, trying to find some polite way to tell John to shut up so I can think, wondering what it is about Corben's airbrush drawing that does not ring the magic bell; regretting that there is not enough time or energy in me to impose on Tom to ask him to send more artwork to replace one that we have used, while also wondering and worrying about Juanillo. Yes, picture if you can, one very worn out and tired artist...

The necessity for re-writing this article was prompted by the last minute decision to reprint the first three pages of *NOMAN*. Ahh, you noticed. A few of you possibly have *MCR #3* in your possession, and then you might find it somewhat interesting to compare the art on that strip to how it appears here. Yes, changed it is. Many more details were added as I tried to give those first three pages the appearance of the second three. This time metal printing plates were used for definite better reproduction. Now any mistakes show up really well! Why are we reprinting? The main reason is that the strip would be lacking quite a lot of its narrative power for those who would see it incomplete. So here it appears, in its entirety.

The work on *NOMAN* covers quite an expanse of time. The first page was done almost a year before the last. Page four was begun in May of 1969 and was not complete until November. You might say I took my time.



Both pages five and six were done during Christmas vacation of that bygone year. Long after completing them, I noticed a couple of minor items that the Comics Code possibly might have visually objected to. They are to be found within the first and third panels on page three, and involve a shoulder and the positioning of a hand. Also in those last two panels I made an unexcusable mistake on *CONTIMITUS* that remains uncorrected. Obviously, I am very critical of my work and do not mind pointing out its shortcomings.

I can remember walking around the downstairs lobby of the co-educational dorm that I spent almost two very important and memorable years at. I wanted to write a story concerning some comic book character that I felt held much potential but had been developed poorly. In my mind were the highly successful strips, two of them being *ADAM STRANGE* and *DEADMAN*, each beautifully unique. So I decided upon using *NOMAN*, then came the difficult part of scripting. For some reason or other, the most important thing to me then was to incorporate a *paradox*, so I created the machine. It would be used by someone ultimately evil, fully contemptible of all life forms he encountered. Thus *CONTIMITUS*. He was pictorialized as an alien, although he was fully capable of being human. I've met quite a few people who could have filled his shoes quite easily.

The machine operates thusly: Being subjected to it, a person's mind, which controls his body, is rearranged so that person can commit no evil

act of any degree. Our hero was "good" to begin with, but now he is so "good" he cannot do a damn thing to harm *CONTIMITUS*. *NOMAN* still retains his power of free thinking, but he cannot knowingly carry out any act another person would disagree with. At the same time, he does not hold himself to blame for an act he commits that accidentally causes harm to another. *NOMAN* was not planning on turning the machine on *CONTIMITUS*. He did not know that was the control panel that set the apparatus off, and that it was also aimed at whoever was in the view screen! In case you are wondering, those are two view screens on that fourth page; one at the con-

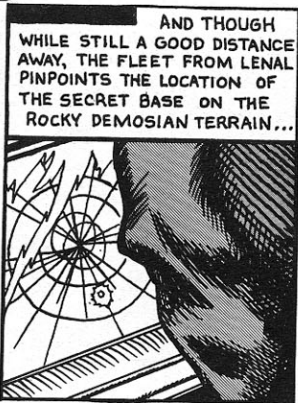
THE PHANTOM



THE ALIENS (26)

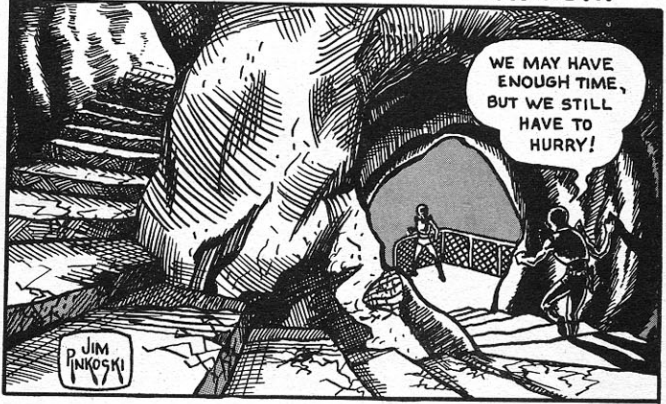


THE ALIEN SPACE CRAFT LANDS...



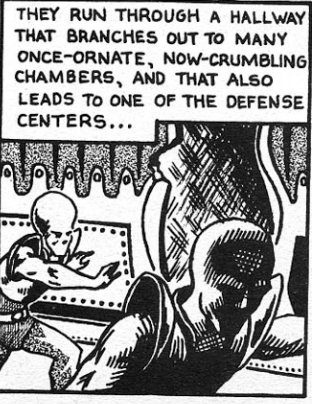
AND THOUGH WHILE STILL A GOOD DISTANCE AWAY, THE FLEET FROM LENAL PINPOINTS THE LOCATION OF THE SECRET BASE ON THE ROCKY DEMOSIAN TERRAIN...

BY JIM PINKOSKI

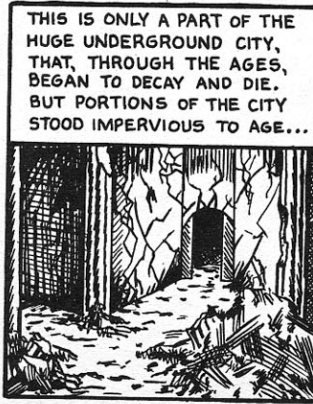


WE MAY HAVE ENOUGH TIME, BUT WE STILL HAVE TO HURRY!

THE ALIENS (27)

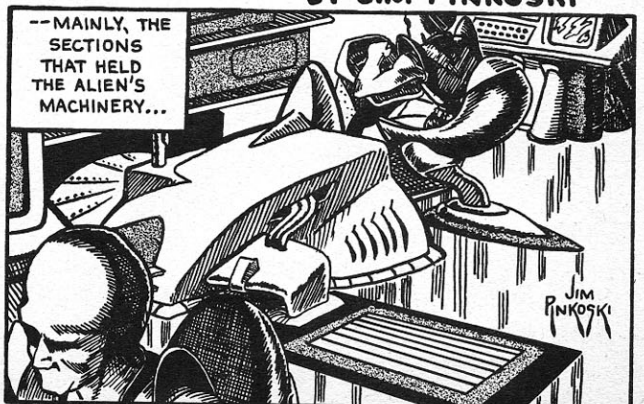


THEY RUN THROUGH A HALLWAY THAT BRANCHES OUT TO MANY ONCE-ORNATE, NOW-CRUMBLING CHAMBERS, AND THAT ALSO LEADS TO ONE OF THE DEFENSE CENTERS...



THIS IS ONLY A PART OF THE HUGE UNDERGROUND CITY, THAT, THROUGH THE AGES, BEGAN TO DECAY AND DIE, BUT PORTIONS OF THE CITY STOOD IMPERVIOUS TO AGE...

BY JIM PINKOSKI



--MAINLY, THE SECTIONS THAT HELD THE ALIEN'S MACHINERY...

THE ALIENS (28)

BY JIM PINKOSKI



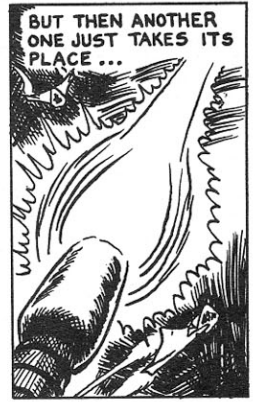
THE FIRST SHOT FIRED IS FROM THE BASE...



--AND SCORES A DIRECT HIT!--

JIM PINKOSKI

A SALVO OF LETHAL ENERGY, ALONG WITH C-ROCKETS, SHOWERS THE MOUNTAIN SIDE, AND ONE OF THE RAY UNITS IS KNOCKED OUT...



BUT THEN ANOTHER ONE JUST TAKES ITS PLACE...

trol panel, the other quite large, mounted on the wall. It is not a chamber that *NOMAN* had to be placed in. Concerning dialog, I strived to have the characters speak as if they were true people. *CONTIMTUS* is sure of himself, calm, more than intelligent. *NOMAN* becomes enraged, partially blinded by hate; step by step his dialog shapes into basic swearing. I can see the Comics Code stepping in and have *NOMAN* screaming: "Darn you, darn you! DARN YOU!"

In conclusion: I left much for you to think about by ending the strip like I did. Yes, where will it go from there? Yes, there are many, many possible directions. I believe this strip succeeded because it should stimulate you to do a little thinking on your own...

This *PHANTOM* strip appears here because it involves swiping. Compare it, if you will, to #32 of *THE ALIENS*. In all my work within these many pages there exists five other swipes. From Joe Kubert came another figure on that same strip, and on #21's first panel the figure at the left was taken from another *BUCK ROGERS* strip by Murphy Anderson. *THE ANCIENT ONE* was by Ditko, of course, and the sketch of *VAMPIRELLA* was inspired by Fra-zetta's portrayal of her from the fourth issue. Those of you who have seen Randy Adams' zine, *POW!*, will notice the similarities between its beautiful cover painting by Bob Juanillo and my *VAMPIRELLA* painting.

Now it is 6:30 in the morning, and, as I wonder how to draw this article to a close, my mind is ceasing to function and slowly rot away. I hear that is typical for cartoonists. Possibly here I should express my

appreciation to my younger brother Ken for posing as *VIBRANAN* on page three and to Randy for leaning forward at the last moment to be changed into *NOMAN* on the sixth page. Gads, live models for the artist! For free, yet! Here I stop to pause-- I could very easily ramble on and write the usual crap that many come out and, very truthfully, say: "Long hours and much love went into this endeavor, and it appears that with this issue, *MODERN COLLECTOR'S REVIEW* has reached a peak, the rewards reaped from it, on to bigger and better things, etc., etc..." You people would read it and think, "Yeah, yeah--" But I believe you people deserve more credit than that, you're not stupid, spastic idiots. Judging by the many hours I have spent with pen or brush in hand, my work is backed by a deep unexplainable love. True, there will always be someone better than myself, just as there will be someone worse. You yourself should have enough intelligence to judge all the work within these pages from a positive point of view, judge each on their own merits. Believe me, neither you nor I get anywhere by being negative. That I'm positive about!...

This one is to be enjoyed, and if you show it half the amount of appreciation I do-- great!!!!

Peace!
Jim Pinkoski
July 10, 1970

THE ALIENS (29)

BY JIM PINKOSKI



THE MOUNTAIN BASE, WITH AN ALMOST UNLIMITED SUPPLY OF ENERGY, HAS THE ADVANTAGE...



AND THE FORCE FIELDS AROUND THE SHIPS ARE USELESS FOR PROTECTION...

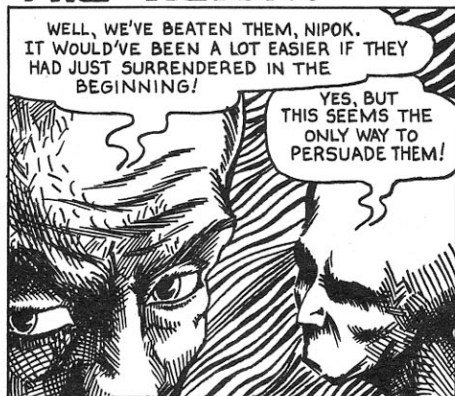


SO THE RESULT-- THE FLEET IS ANNIHILATED...

JIM PINKOSKI

THE ALIENS (30)

BY JIM PINKOSKI



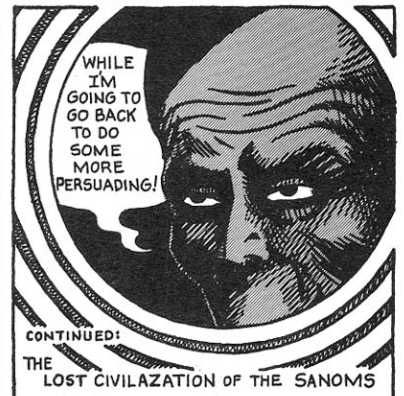
WELL, WE'VE BEATEN THEM, NIPOK. IT WOULD'VE BEEN A LOT EASIER IF THEY HAD JUST SURRENDERED IN THE BEGINNING!

YES, BUT THIS SEEMS THE ONLY WAY TO PERSUADE THEM!



--AND OUR JOB'S NOT OVER YET. WE NEED SOMETHING THAT WILL PIERCE THE FORCE DOME THAT'S OVER LEMAL. YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY HERE AND WORK ON IT--

JIM PINKOSKI



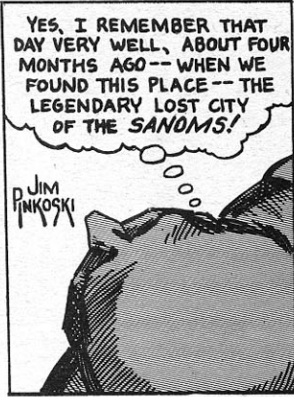
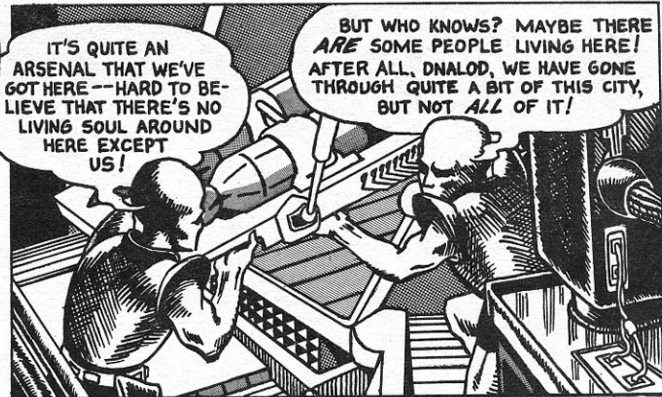
WHILE I'M GOING TO GO BACK TO DO SOME MORE PERSUADING!

CONTINUED:

THE LOST CIVILIZATION OF THE SANOMS

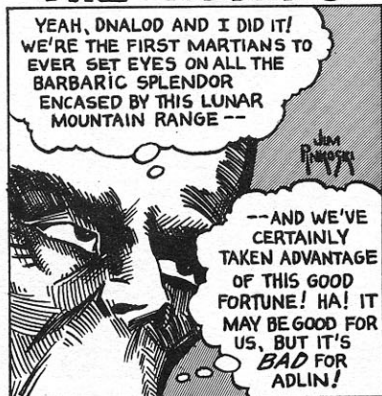
THE ALIENS (31)

BY Jim Pinkoski



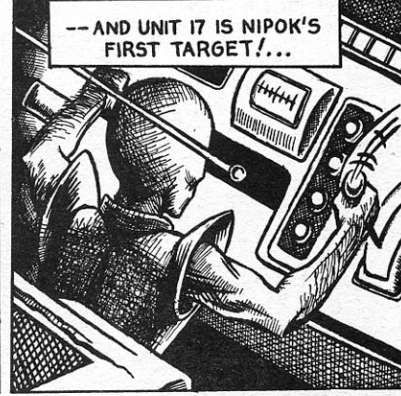
THE ALIENS (32)

BY Jim Pinkoski

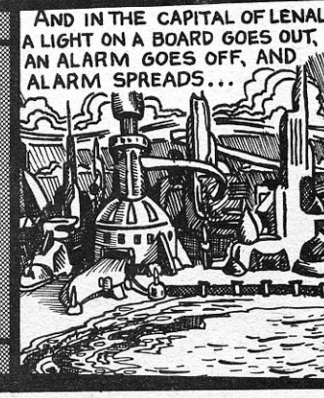
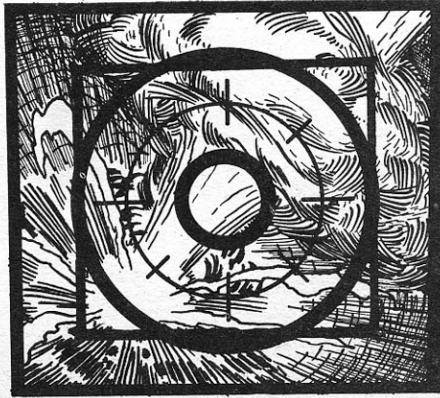


THE ALIENS (33)

BY JIM PINKOSKI

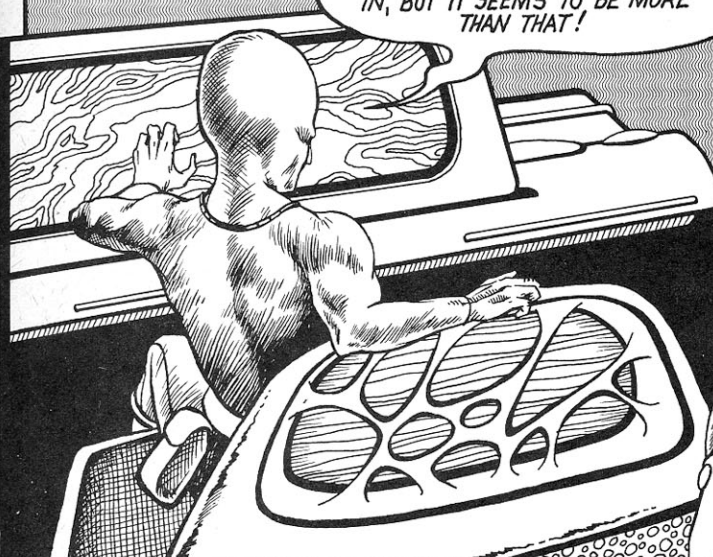


THE ALIENS (34)



THE ALIENS

(35)



COMMANDER! UNIT 17 HAS CEASED TRANSMITTING! IF IT WERE SOMETHING LIKE A POWER FAILURE, AN EMERGENCY SYSTEM WOULD CUT IN, BUT IT SEEMS TO BE MORE THAN THAT!

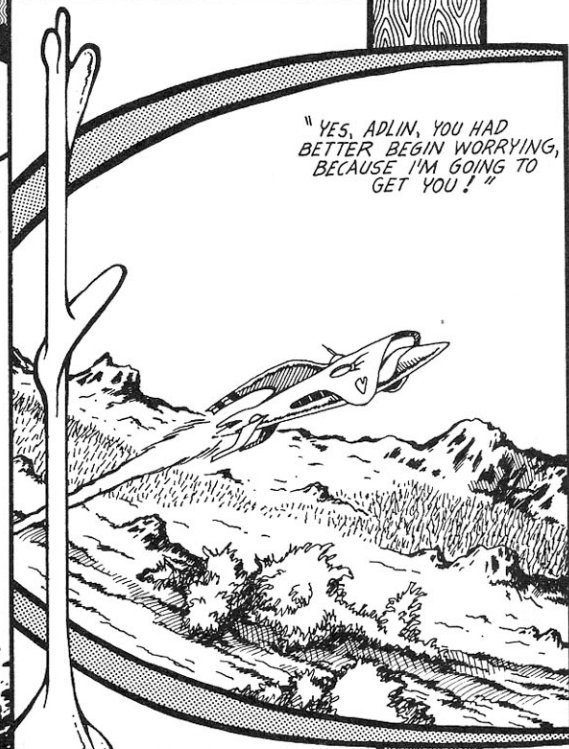


CONTACT ANY AIRCRAFT IN THE AREA TO CHECK ON IT! I'M GOING TO INFORM THE EMPEROR...

SOON...



FIRST MY FLEET'S DESTROYED, AND NOW THIS! IF THERE'S ANY CONNECTION --!



"YES, ADLIN, YOU HAD BETTER BEGIN WORRYING, BECAUSE I'M GOING TO GET YOU!"

VIM
PINKOSKI

JUNE 25, 1970



MCR EDITORIALS



by Jim Pinkoski

Life is somewhat an odd thing to think about. It continues, on and on, following its cycles, of which there are supposedly seven. The Seven Cycles. Knowledge like this exists for all those who wish to learn it. The only stipulation is that you be ready to accept it, which I must admit, lessens the number of individuals involved. Of course, these things are difficult to be proven that they are as men say they are. They cannot be materially seen or touched. It takes

an inner awareness, the ability to accept their existence by your own individual use of reasoning. To be able to admit that there is the *possibility* of things existing by the will of GOD that we have been kept ignorant of; this is definitely the first step. A step, one of the many endless ones we *must* take. Examples cited could be reincarnation, ghosts, life throughout the universe, and the many accomplishments in the field of parapsychology or ESP. And I apologise for all this "deep" philosophizing here. I hope it does not bother anyone. But you might find the time to read up on these subjects. After all, that is what we are all living for: *to experience and learn.*

PRINCE VALIANT has attracted my interest. As it usually happens, you decide to begin collecting a certain strip; then you wonder why you didn't start five years earlier. This seems to be what has happened to me again. Plenty of hindsight, but lacking a little in foresight. What postponed my collecting *PRINCE VALIANT* was quite simple: I just wasn't ready for the idea of guys looking like they were wearing *lipstick*.

It was the *PRINCE VALIANT* books that began the whole thing. I was in no condition to try to collect the first 30 years of the strip as it saw print, but now I settled down to latch onto as many as possible. I bought the seven books and now am hooked. I put together notebooks that hold over a hundred Sunday strips that I myself managed to save. Now I look for ways to find the money and ways to latch onto the others that I missed. Hal Foster is a genius, as an illustrator and as a story teller. A *genius*.

Jimi Hendrix is dead. One of many excellent entertainers, he was truly one of the best guitarists whose creative talents reached out to please the millions around him. And Janis Joplin.

It's very unfortunate that the things we love cannot last forever. And *PRINCE VALIANT* from the hand of Hal Foster will someday die also. The times upon us now see the help of others coming to ease the job that is becoming more difficult with age. Mr. Foster is in his 70's, and we observe on Sunday mornings other professionals lending their talents to the *PRINCE VALIANT* strip, Wally Wood among them.

Within these pages of *MCR* we find work done by the hopeful, aspiring new artists. If it be our fate, tomorrow we will be the established. It is the way of things, the coming and going of glories. A person learns to respect the things that have been done before him, then...



MCR EDITORIALS

by John McLaughlin

You now hold in your hands the combined effort of a good number of talented people who have worked hard to make this endeavor the best we could bring you. I don't know where Jim stands on this point, but I'm still not satisfied.

Certain things, I feel, could have been improved upon. Crom only knows what we could have come up with had we only a little more time and money to work with. This issue, we operated on a rather tight budget ...hence our somewhat eccentric publication schedule. We also ran into a few production hangups ...but that's only the type of trivia another zine editor could understand, so...

Reflecting on four years of fan publishing, I've asked myself if MCR has accomplished its purpose --if (to all ends) any purpose at all. To answer that I'd have to review all the things I've presented from MCR #1 to the present.

As far as being a readable and enjoyable piece of fan literature, yes. The articles on Robert E. Howard, Edgar Rice Burroughs, as well as the comic-oriented material were useful to a number of fans. I've letters in my files to prove that. The art and the portfolios illustrate the fact that the word "quality" doesn't necessarily have to be accompanied by the word "professional."

We've presented the most controversial article ever in "Dan Adkins & the Incredible Tracing Machine." The fan fiction pieces we've presented were viewed by some to be exceptional, others to be above the average --and by all to at least not be dull and boring.

One of the most mature and sound statements I have ever heard comes to mind... "Nothing is attained by judging anything negatively." While, perhaps, it doesn't bear the romantic rhymescheme of popular proverbs and morals, its point is all too clear. Conclusively, MCR truly has accomplished its purpose.

Whoever said that "all good things must come to an end," was, from my point of view, not entirely inerrable. For although the MCR odyssey terminates with this issue, it is only appropriate that it also be the beginning for the members of the MCR staff.

Tom Christopher and Richard Corben have already, with sure and bold strokes, written themselves into the history of the comics. The name Pinkoski may soon be familiar to those that follow the Warren line of magazines.

...As for myself... a short rest. I'll be spending more time developing what art talents now lay dormant within my cranium, and I'll be venturing to see how many rejection slips from the SF pulps I can accumulate.

But, the groundwork has been completed. We now feel that the knowledge to recognize what should be printed and what should not is ours. Plans, already, have been formulated in regard to future projects. As I said, mine is a brief respite.

My personal thanks to our cover artist, Bob Kline, for coming up with some excellent material at the last minute to replace Bob Juanillo, who was unable to be with us this issue. Thanks Bob, for taking the time to supply two picky people with "just the right thing."

Our thanks to Mr. Joe Kubert for granting us the interview and for being such an inspiration to so many; and a hearty back-slap to Randy Adams for obtaining the interview for us all.

...PEACE...

...OMEGA



MILK

