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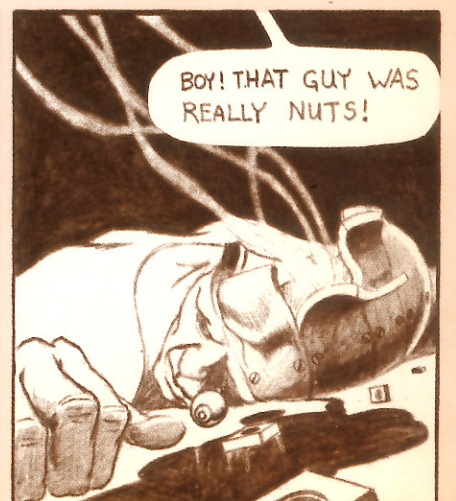
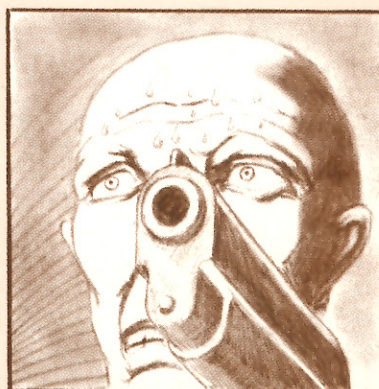
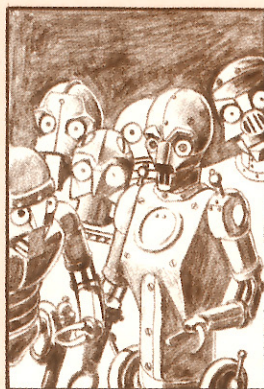
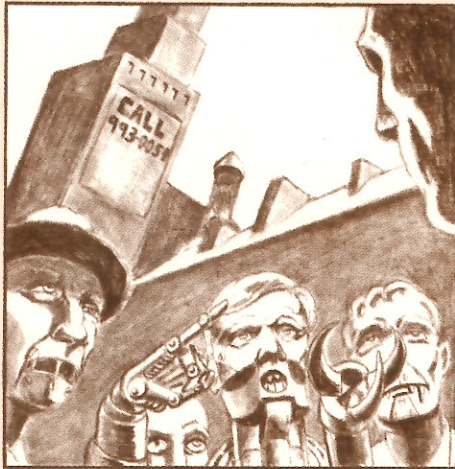
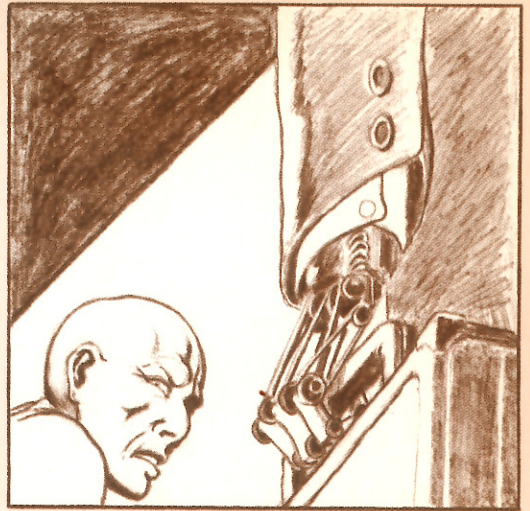
ARTIFICIAL LIMBS

"WHEN TRAGEDY STEPS IN..."

"...COME BUY A LIMB."

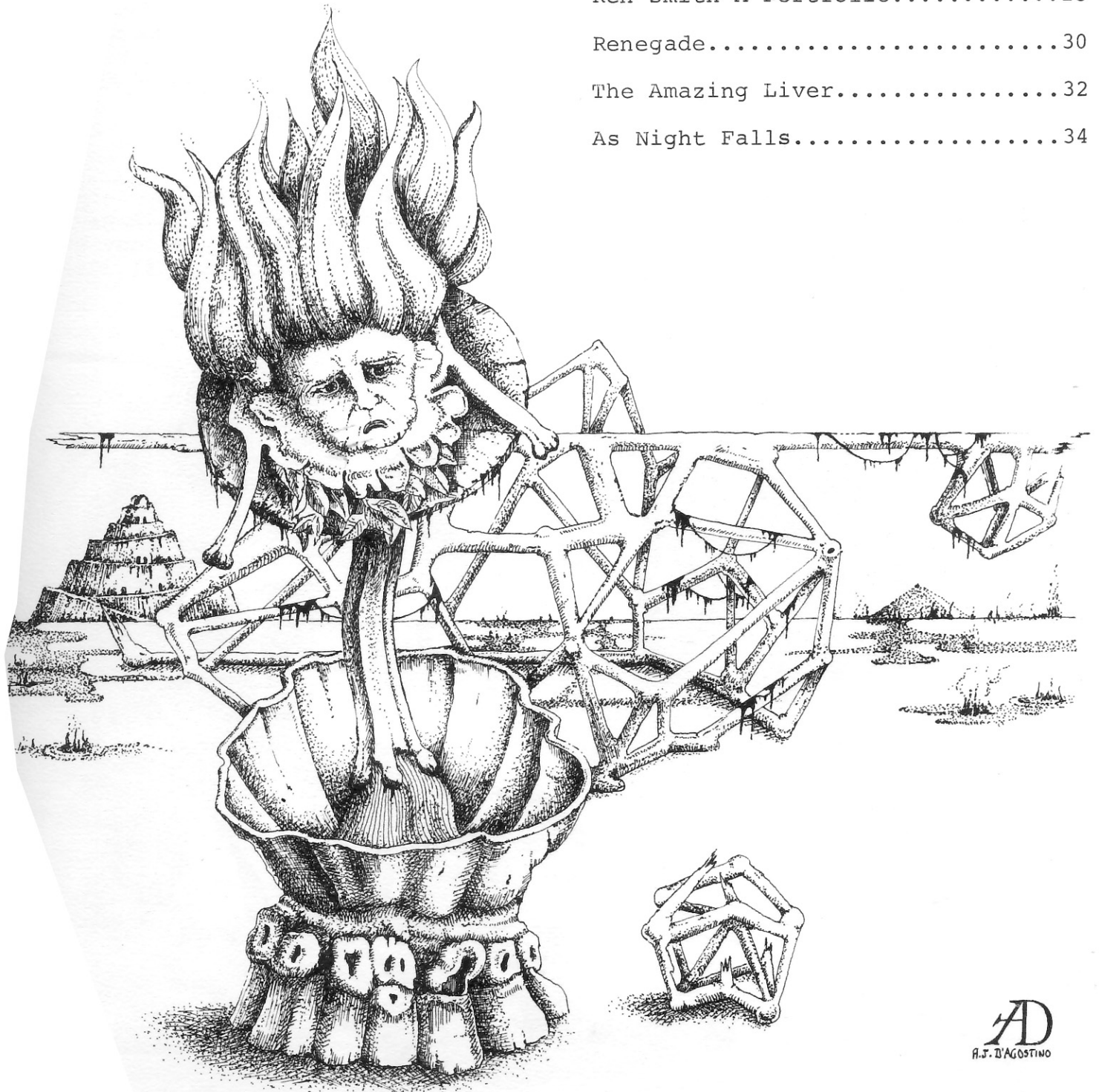
WORLD'S FINEST

M.W. KALUTA



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Tidbits

Welcome to the second issue of Web of Hor, err . . . Reality. The amount of Web strips in the past two issues have made many of you wonder why I don't change the title of the magazine. The new Web of Horror strip in this issue is by Bruce Jones. If you look, the WoH symbol *Webster* is not drawn in the strip. Anyway, this strip was going to be in the fourth issue of Web. Would I lie?! *Infinity* three has an interview with Bruce, his first. It will be out in late May.

The first four pages of Mike Kaluta's strip have been reprinted due to the large break between issue one and two. Howard Chaykin is new to the comic field. In the future he will be published in Steranko's *Magazine of Comic Art*, and a new magazine *Phase*.

I had originally planned a portfolio by Mort Drucker as mentioned in some of the ads for issue two. When I received the originals I found most of them to be unprintable. So only the two *Mad* pages have been printed. I'm planning on having a letters column next issue, so send in comments on both issues.

There are still copies of issue one left. Along with an interview and cover by Jeff Jones, it has unpublished *Web of Horror* strips by Steven Hickman and Mike Kaluta. Plus a third strip by Frank Brunner. Copies are still \$1.50 from Robert Gerstenhaber, 194-40A 64th Ave., Fresh Meadows, New York 11365.

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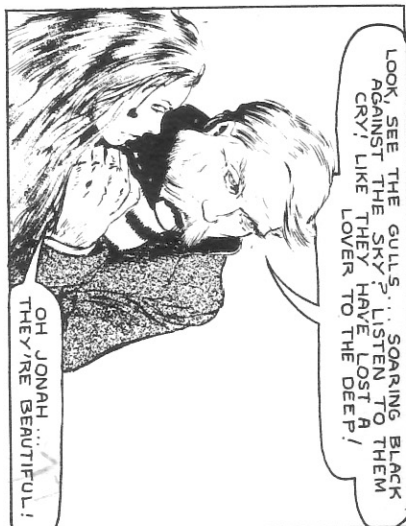




CORRIGTSON, 71

THE POLICE WOULD BE VERY INTERESTED TO KNOW WHERE THIS MAN IS...





LOOK, SEE THE GULLS... SOARING BLACK AGAINST THE SKY! LISTEN TO THEM CRY! LIKE THE LOST LOVER TO THE DEEP!

OH JONAH... THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL!



AYE, MELISSA... BUT NOT ALL THE BIRDS THAT FLY NOR THE JEWELS IN THE OCEAN COULD BE AS FAIR AS THE SPARKLE IN YOUR EYES OR THE GLOW OF YOUR LIPS... TELL ME TRUE, DO YE REGRET MARRYING A SCURRY SEAMAN?



JONAH!! I WOULD BE NOWHERE BUT BY YOUR SIDE! THE WORLD WOULD BE EMPTY WITHOUT YOU!

DARLING, MELISSA, I DON'T DESERVE—



MELISSA!! DEAR GOD— NO!

JONAH!! MIIIEE!

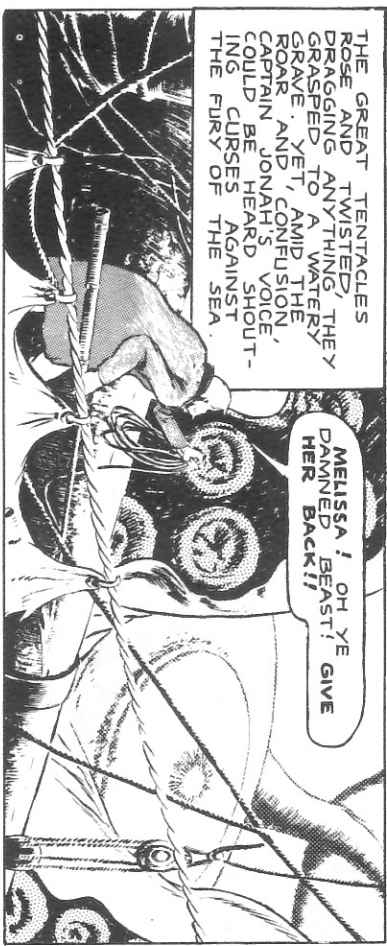
WELCOME ABOARD THE FOREDECK OF THE WINDSWERT ON A SUDDEN SPRING MORNING. TRY TO AVOID THE WRITHING TENTACLES OF THE KRÄKEN WHILE I SPIN YOU A TALE OF OBSESSION AND REVENGE, WHERE HATE IS THE MOTIVE, AND...

DEATH IS THE CALIBOR

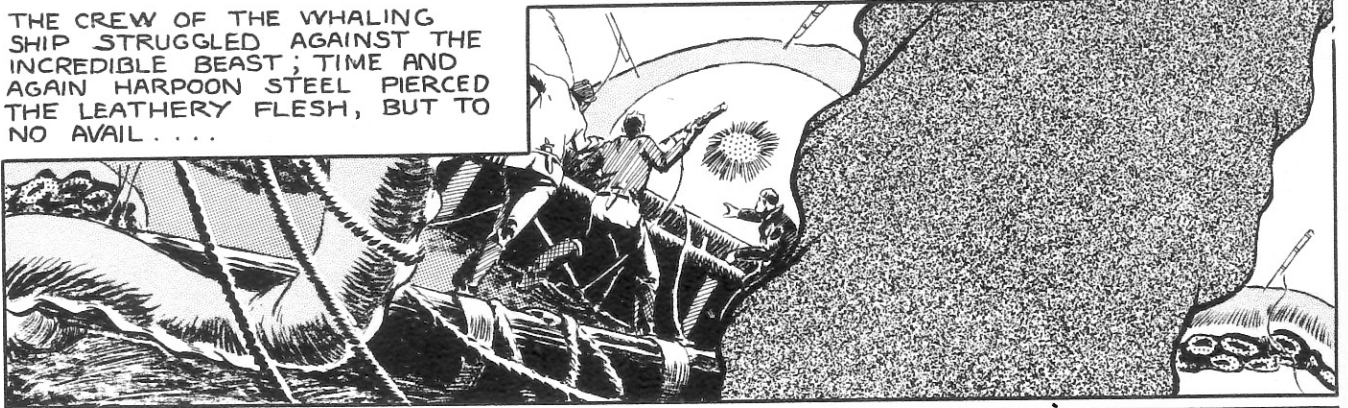


THE GREAT TENTACLES ROSE AND TWISTED, THEY DRAGGING ANYTHING THEY GRASPED TO A WATERY GRAVE. YET, AMID THE RAVEN AND CONFUSION, CAPTAIN JONAH'S VOICE COULD BE HEARD SHOUTING CURSES AGAINST THE FURY OF THE SEA.

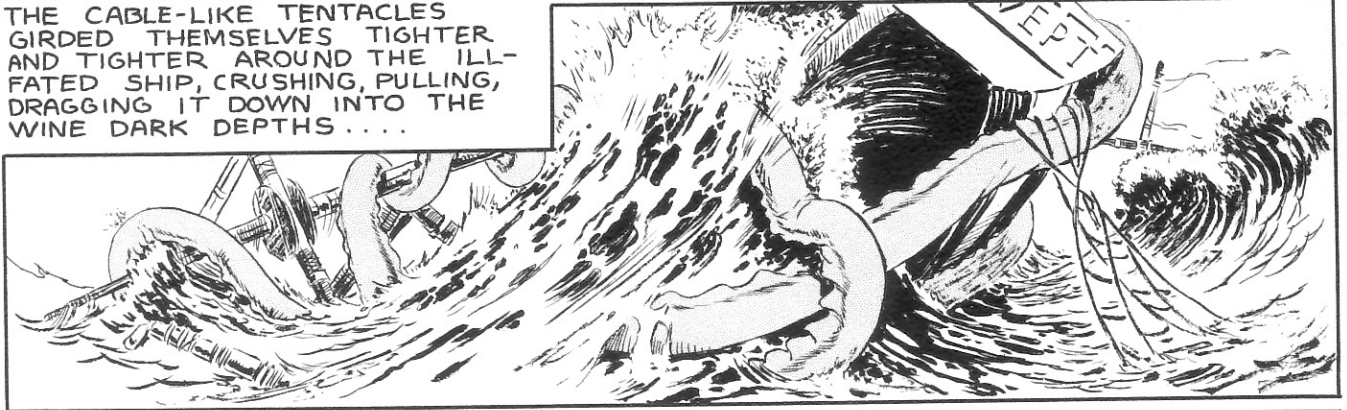
MELISSA! OH YE DAMNED BEAST! GIVE HER BACK!!



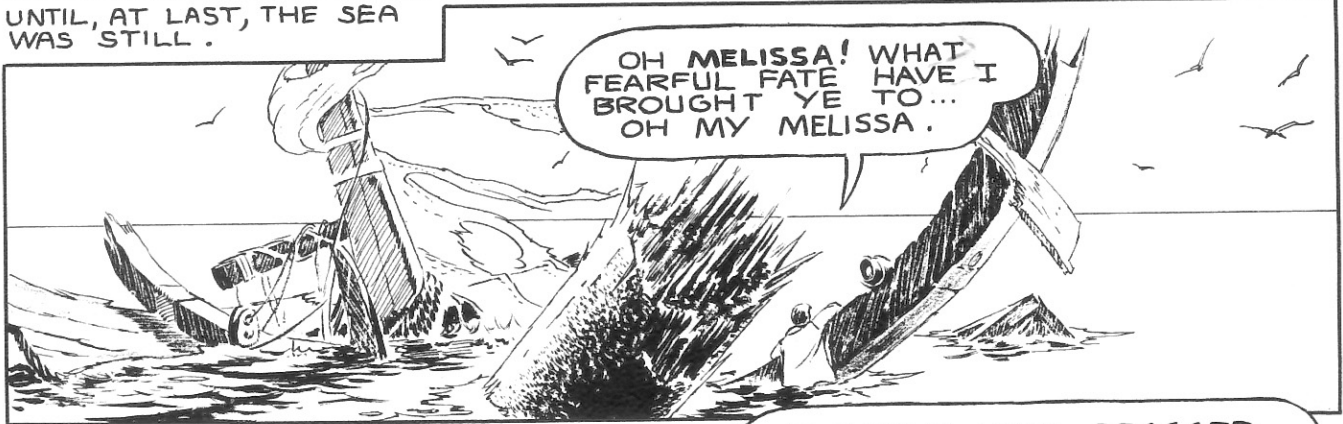
THE CREW OF THE WHALING SHIP STRUGGLED AGAINST THE INCREDIBLE BEAST; TIME AND AGAIN HARPOON STEEL PIERCED THE LEATHERY FLESH, BUT TO NO AVAIL



THE CABLE-LIKE TENTACLES GIRDED THEMSELVES TIGHTER AND TIGHTER AROUND THE ILL-FATED SHIP, CRUSHING, PULLING, DRAGGING IT DOWN INTO THE WINE DARK DEPTHS

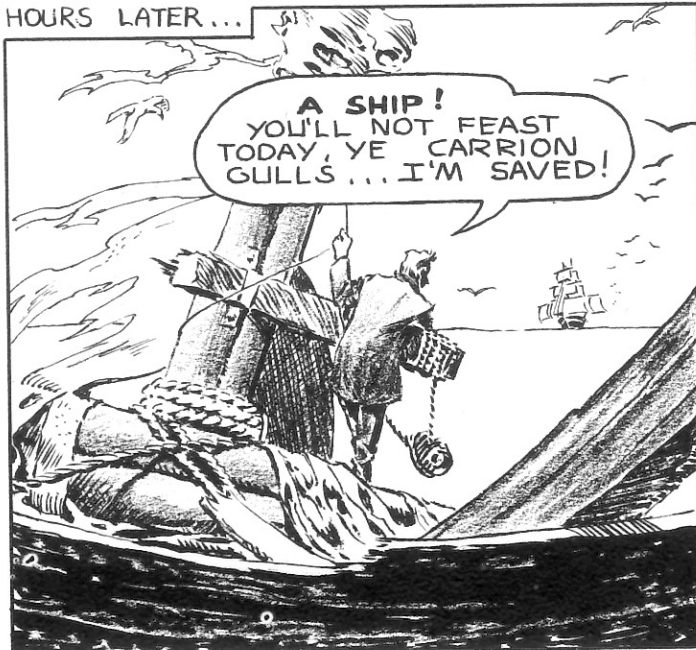


UNTIL, AT LAST, THE SEA WAS STILL .



OH MELISSA! WHAT FEARFUL FATE HAVE I BROUGHT YE TO... OH MY MELISSA .

HOURS LATER...

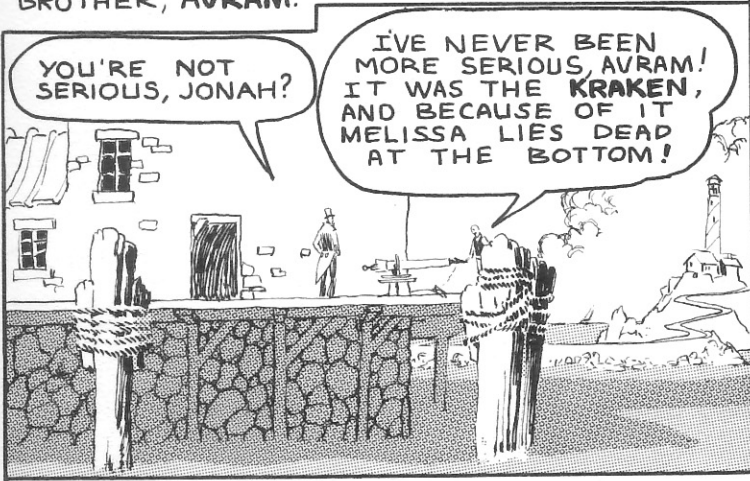


A SHIP!
YOU'LL NOT FEAST
TODAY, YE CARRION
GULLS... I'M SAVED!

YE SHOULD HAVE DRAGGED ME DOWN WITH MY MELISSA, YE DAMNED THING! NOW I'LL MAKE YE PAY - I'LL BE BACK!



WHEN HE REACHED PORT SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, CAPTAIN JONAH SOUGHT OUT HIS BROTHER, AVRAM.



YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS, JONAH?

I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE SERIOUS, AVRAM! IT WAS THE **KRAKEN**, AND BECAUSE OF IT MELISSA LIES DEAD AT THE BOTTOM!



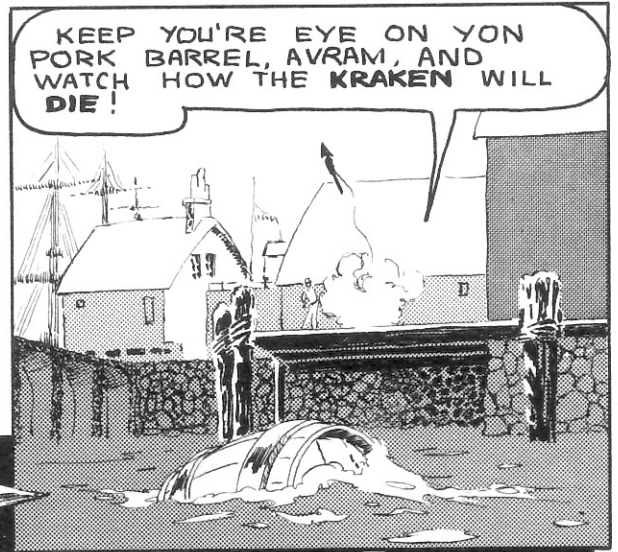
DO YE EXPECT ME TO FORGET THAT, IGNORE IT?

BUT IT'S **HOPELESS!** THE THING ALMOST DESTROYED YOU ONCE, DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND CHANCE!

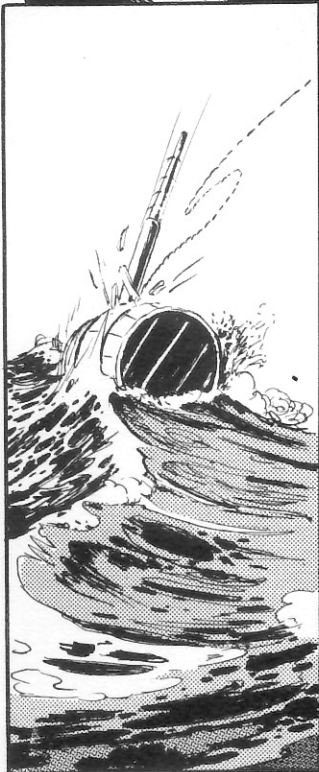


BESIDES, HOW CAN YOU EXPECT TO DESTROY SUCH A THING?

I HAVE PURCHASED A SHIP AND SIGNED ON A CREW. I WILL SCOUR THE SEA FOR THAT ABOMINATION - AND WHEN I FIND IT...

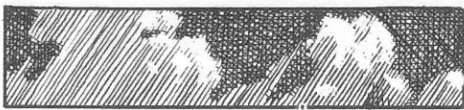


KEEP YOU'RE EYE ON YON PORK BARREL, AVRAM, AND WATCH HOW THE **KRAKEN** WILL DIE!



YOU SEE? JUST ONE HARPOON THROUGH ITS HUGE MONSTER EYE, AND I HAVE MY **REVENGE!**

LET ME SAIL WITH YOU, JONAH!

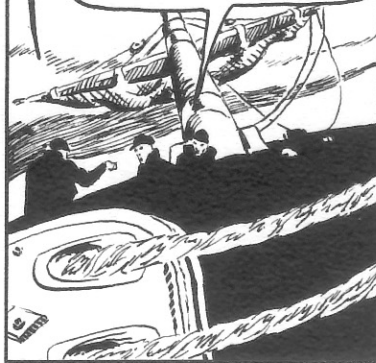


AND SO IT WAS THAT JONAH AND AVRAM SET SAIL IN SEARCH OF THE KRAKEN. A FEW WEEKS AT SEA FINDS THE WINDSWEPT II TACKLING ON THE HEADLANDS OF A TERRIFIC SQUALL ...



A JOB IS A JOB, BUT THIS IS SUICIDE!

IF THE CAP'N DON'T TURN THIS SHIP, WE'LL BE SWAMPED!



JONAH, THEY'RE RIGHT! TURN THE SHIP AROUND!

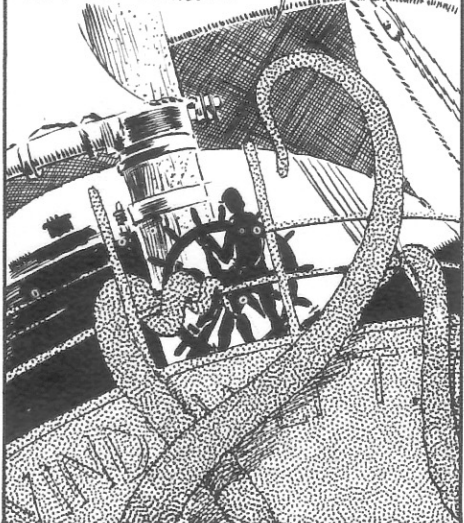
NEVER, AVRAM! AND I SWEAR I'LL PUT A BALL THROUGH THE FIRST MAN TO DISOBEY ME!



YOU MEAN IT, DON'T YOU! YOU'D SACRIFICE ME, YOURSELF, YOUR CREW... ALL FOR THE SAKE OF DESTROYING SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T EVEN EXIST!



BUT EVEN AS AVRAM SPEAKS, SEA-SLIMED TENTACLES SNAKE OVER THE SHIP'S RAIL...



NOW ARE YE CONVINCED, BROTHER? BEHOLD THE KRAKEN!

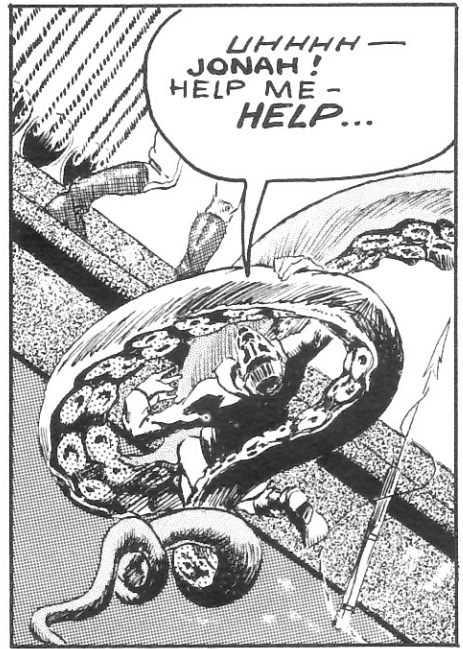




THIS TIME THE BEAST DIES!



JONAH, ITS NO USE! THE HARPOONS ARE WORTHLESS AGAINST IT - USE THE CANNON!



LIHHHH - JONAH! HELP ME - HELP...



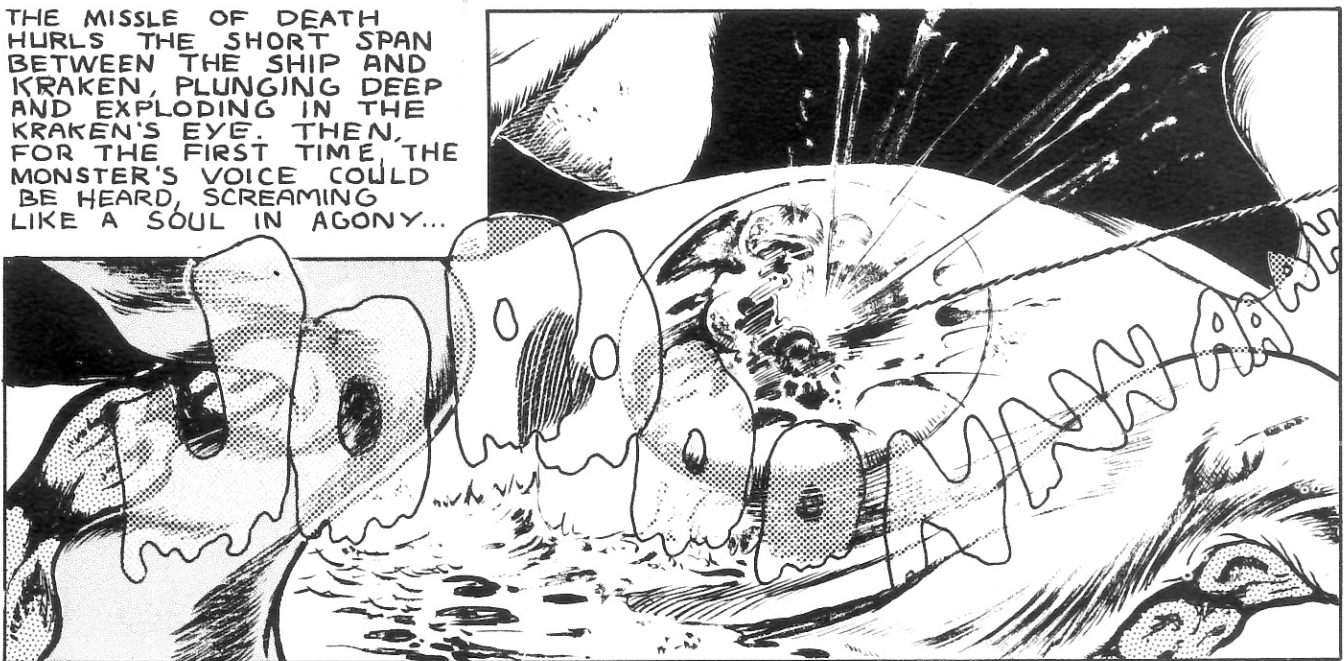
AVRAM? AVRAM! DEAR GOD NO - NOT AGAIN - DON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN... DAMN THAT BEAST!!

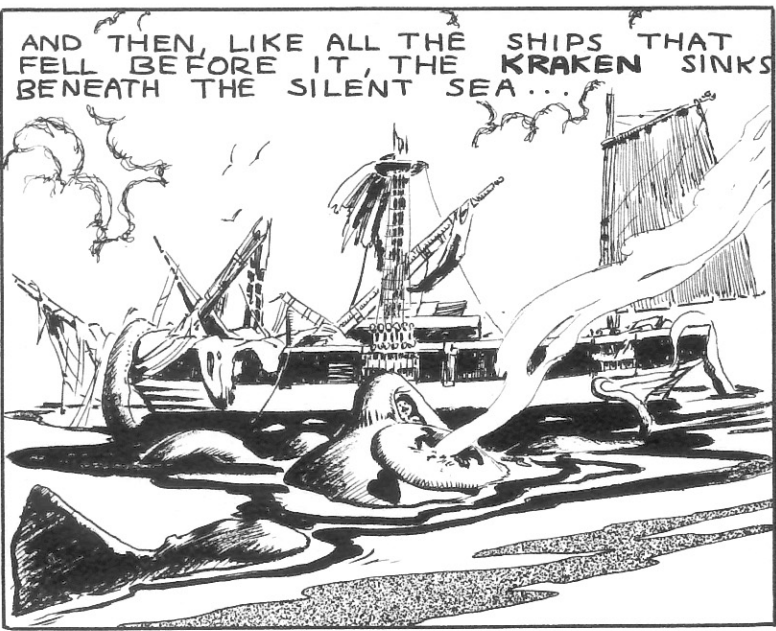
CHOKED WITH FURY AND BLINDED WITH HIS TEARS, CAPTAIN JONAH AIMS THE HARPOON CANNON AT THE TENTACLED HORROR, AND SAVAGELY FIRES!



DIE!
DIE!

THE MISSILE OF DEATH HURLS THE SHORT SPAN BETWEEN THE SHIP AND KRAKEN, PLUNGING DEEP AND EXPLODING IN THE KRAKEN'S EYE. THEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE MONSTER'S VOICE COULD BE HEARD, SCREAMING LIKE A SOUL IN AGONY...





AND THEN, LIKE ALL THE SHIPS THAT FELL BEFORE IT, THE **KRAKEN** SINKS BENEATH THE SILENT SEA...



WHAT? THAT **MARK** BY THE **KRAKEN'S EYE**... DEAR GOD! THAT THING - NO... IT COULDN'T BE...



NOT MELISSA, NO-NO! IT COULDN'T BE - GOD... IT COULDN'T BE!

YOU'RE WRONG, DEAR BROTHER, IT COULD!



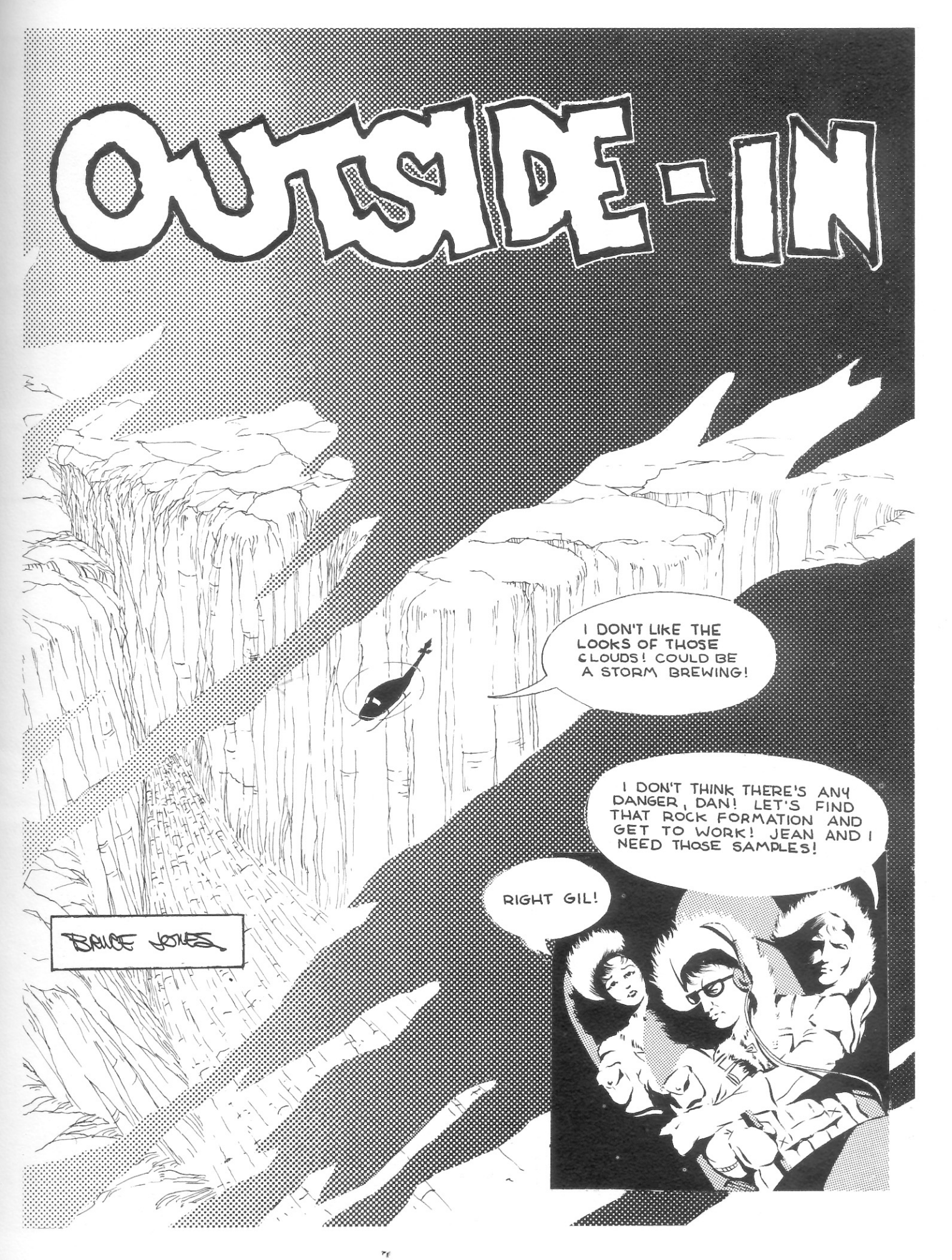
HUH?!

YES, JONAH... YOU SEE... THE STING OF THE **KRAKEN** IS VERY **INFECTIOUS**! ALL IT HAS TO DO IS **BREAK THE SKIN**, AS YOU WILL SEE...



THE END

OUTSIDE - IN



I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THOSE CLOUDS! COULD BE A STORM BREWING!

I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANY DANGER, DAN! LET'S FIND THAT ROCK FORMATION AND GET TO WORK! JEAN AND I NEED THOSE SAMPLES!

RIGHT GIL!

BRUCE JONES

HALF AN HOUR PASSED WHILE THE COPTER FLITTED LIKE A DRAGONFLY ABOVE A VAST FROZEN POND...

THAT IS A STORM GIL! COMING UP FAST! WE'RE HEADING BACK! YOUR ROCKS'LL BE HERE NEXT YEAR...

BUT DAN! I WON'T BE HERE! THIS IS MY LAST CHANCE! NEXT YEAR I'LL BE TEACHING AT A DULL UNIVERSITY!

AND YOU'LL BE MARRIED TO ME!

NOT IF WE DON'T GET OUT OF HERE PRONTO! I'VE NEVER SEEN A STORM DEVELOP SO FAST. IT'S UNNATURAL...

IN SHORT MINUTES THE COPTER WAS CAUGHT BETWEEN TWIN PLANES OF TURGID WHITENESS...

SEEMINGLY FOREVER THEY PLUNGED THROUGH AN ENVELOPE OF BLINDING SNOW, THEN...

VISIBILITY'S GONE! AND THE ALTIMETER'S GOING WILD! CAN'T READ OUR ALTITUDE!

THE RADIO'S BLANKETED WITH STATIC. WE'VE LOST OUR HOMING BEAM!

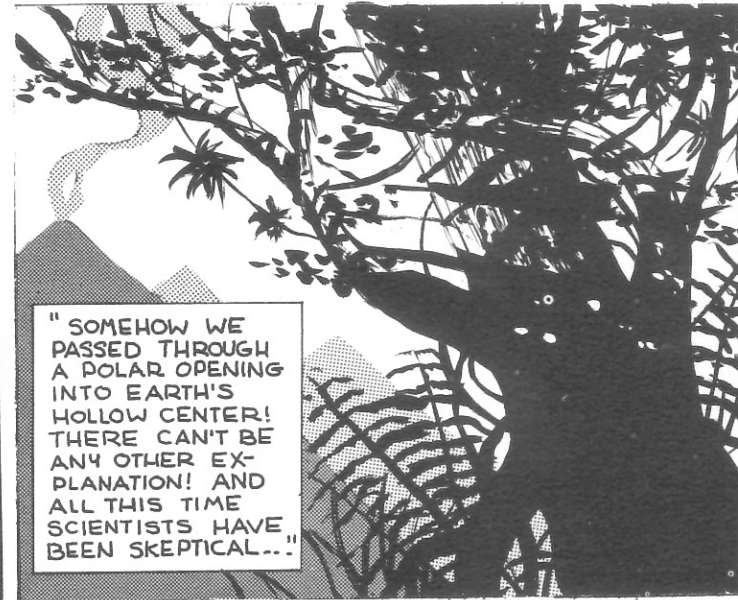
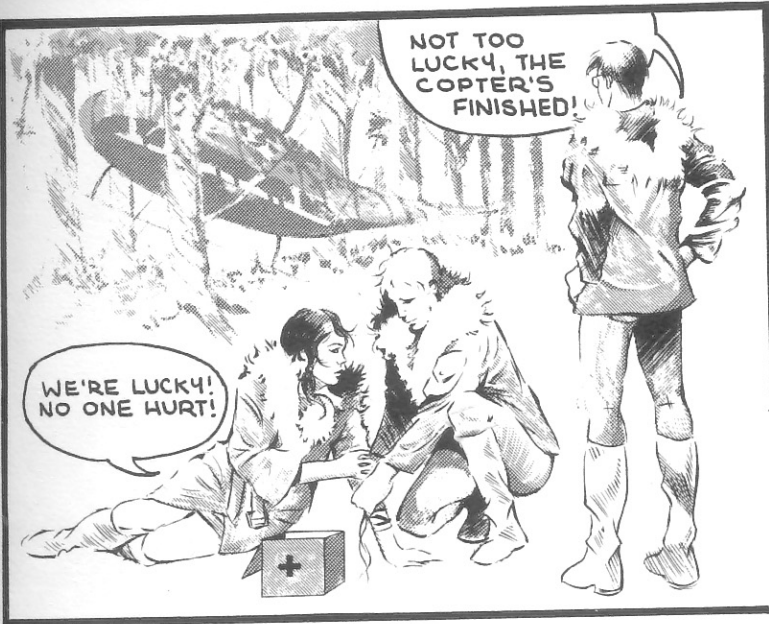
LOOK! WE MUST BE OVER THE ROSS SEA!

FORGET THE SEA! LOOK THERE!

TREES! FORESTS! JUNGLES! AND THE HORIZON...

THERE ISN'T ANY! THE LAND JUST CURVES UP UNTIL IT'S LOST IN HAZE!

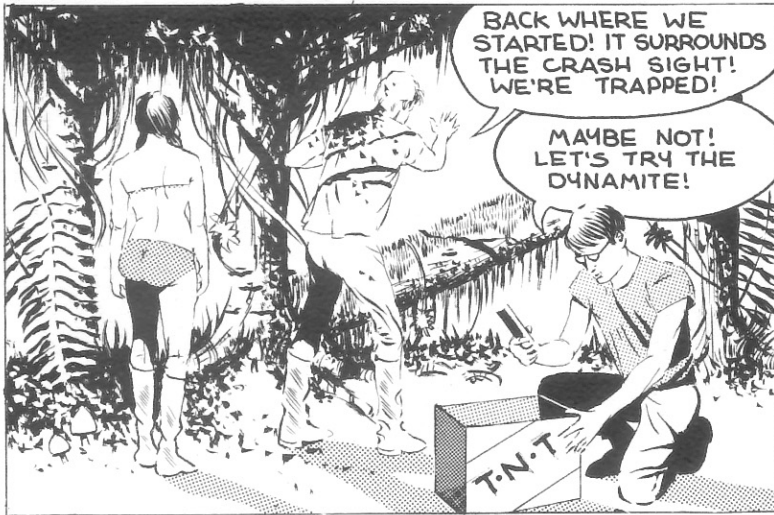
THE COPTER'S ENGINE BEGAN TO COUGH AND...



WHILE THE TINY INNER SUN FLOATED BRILLIANTLY IN THE "SKY", THEY REMOVED THE SURVIVAL EQUIPMENT FROM THE WRECK...



THE THREE CASTAWAYS FOLLOWED THE BARRIER UNTIL...



BACK WHERE WE STARTED! IT SURROUNDS THE CRASH SIGHT! WE'RE TRAPPED!

MAYBE NOT! LET'S TRY THE DYNAMITE!

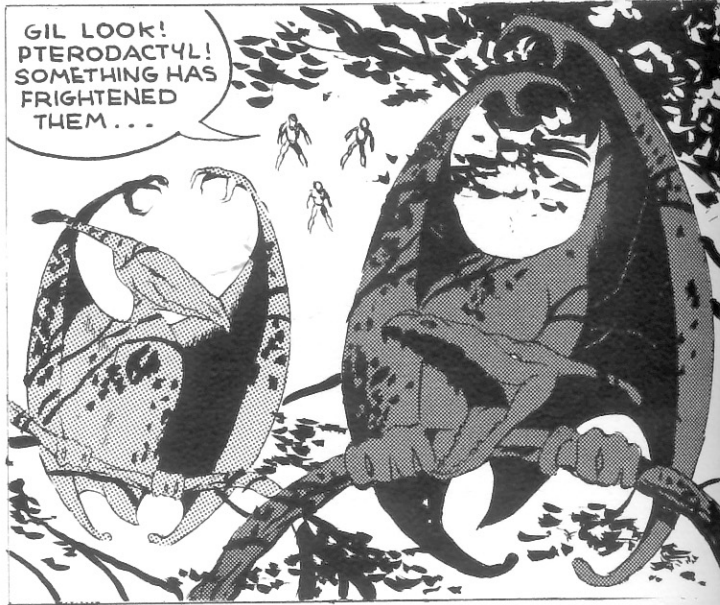


DAN PLANTED THE CHARGE THEN DASHED FOR THE SAFETY OF THE TREES...

THERE'S A BREACH IN THE ENERGY WALL! WE'RE THROUGH!



GIL LOOK! PTERODACTYL! SOMETHING HAS FRIGHTENED THEM...



SUDDENLY A SOUND LIKE SUMMER THUNDER SMOTE THE DANK JUNGLE AIR...

THE TOWER OF FLESH AND HORN CHARGED, SHAKING THE VERY EARTH...

GOOD LORD (CHOKE!) WHAT IS IT?

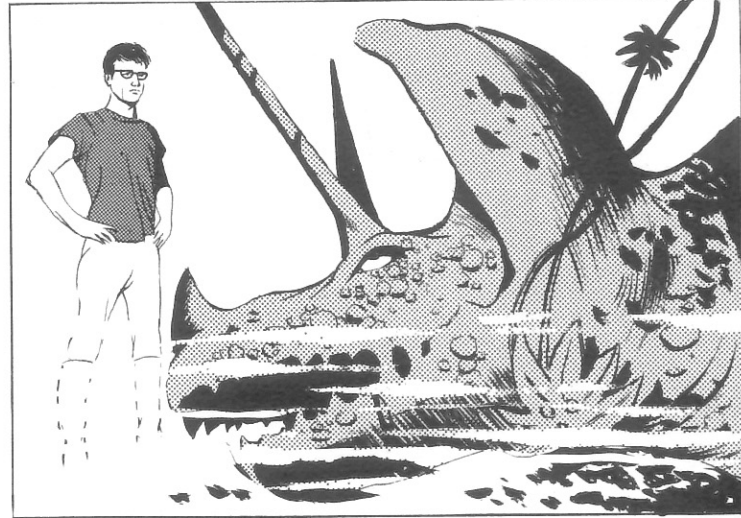
TRICERATOPS!



LET'S SEE HOW IT LIKES A DOSE OF T.N.T.!



WITH A FINAL AGONIZED SCREAM THE BEHEMOTH COLLAPSED AND LAY TREMBLING IN DEATH...



NOT LONG AFTER THE SCIENTISTS DEPART, OTHER CREATURES ARRIVE TO INSPECT THE DEAD MONSTER...



I TOLD YOU WE WERE BEING FOLLOWED! ARE THOSE WEAPONS THEY'RE CARRYING?

YEAH! AND THEY PLAN TO USE THEM ON US IF THEY GET THE CHANCE!

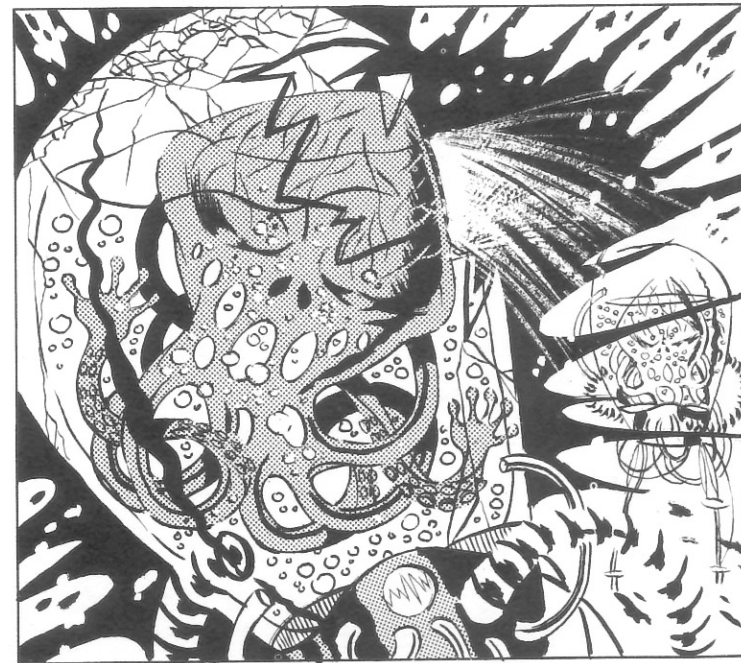


* THEY DIDN'T NEED OUR HELP AFTER ALL.
* NO, BUT THEY MIGHT STILL! FOLLOW THEM, QUICKLY!

WE'VE GOT TO MAKE A STAND!



GIL, NO!



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



OH! MY LEG!

COME ON! THEY'LL OVERTAKE US ANY SECOND!



I CAN'T! MY ANKLE...

MORE CAUTIOUSLY THIS TIME THE CREATURES APPROACHED...

WE'VE HAD IT! SHE CAN'T MOVE!

STAY WITH HER THEN! I'M GETTING OUT!



HIS SKIN CRAWLING WITH FEAR, GIL RAN FOR THE SANCTUARY OF A NEARBY ROCK FORMATION...

FROM BEHIND CAME A SINGLE SCREAM, THEN SILENCE...

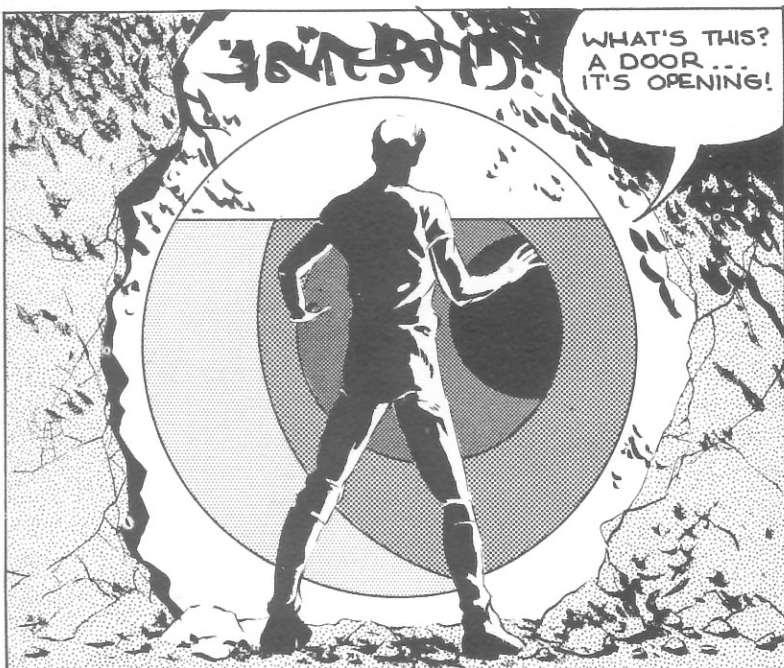


THEY'RE DEAD BY NOW, AND I'M NEXT... UNLESS....



WHAT'S THIS?

A DOOR... IT'S OPENING!

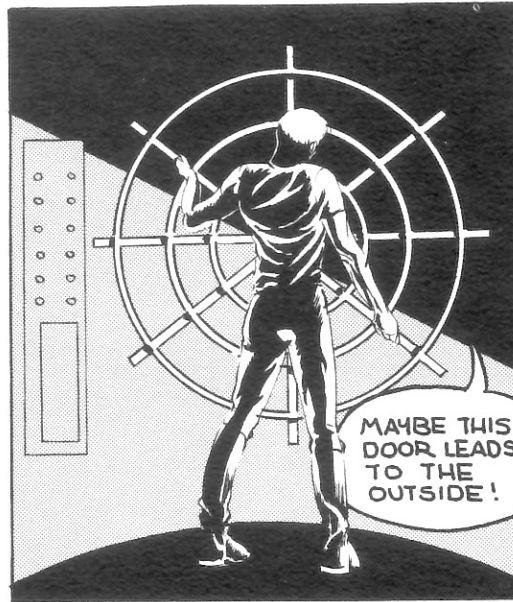


METAL CORRIDORS! AN UNDERGROUND COMPLEX!



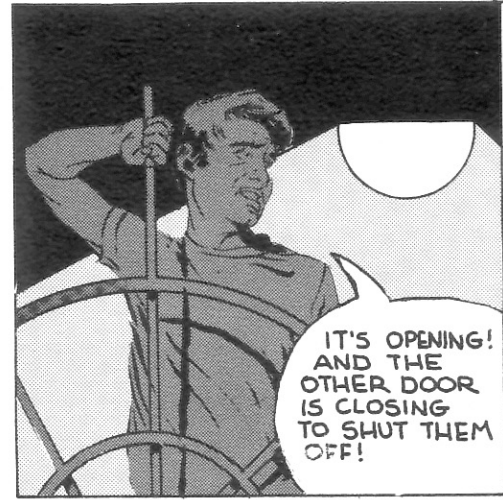
GIL FLED ALONG SEEMINGLY
ENDLESS MILES OF CORRIDORS
UNTIL...

TRAPPED! A
DEAD END! AND
THEY'RE RIGHT
BEHIND ME!



MAYBE THIS
DOOR LEADS
TO THE
OUTSIDE!

A HYDRAULIC HISsing
CAME FROM DEEP WITHIN
THE METAL WALLS...



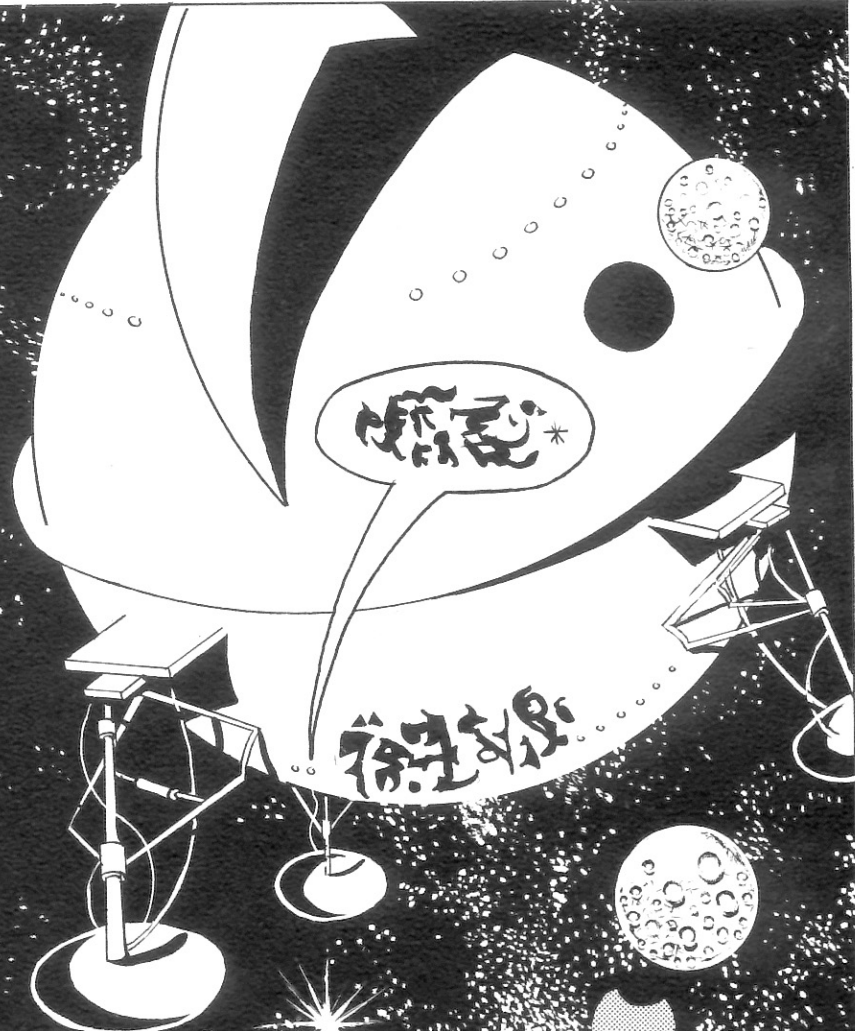
IT'S OPENING!
AND THE
OTHER DOOR
IS CLOSING
TO SHUT THEM
OFF!

YA-A-A-A!

THE ANIMAL IS DEAD!

AN UNFORTUNATE LOSS!

* THE ANIMAL IS DEAD!
* AN UNFORTUNATE LOSS!



* YES BUT WE STILL HAVE
THE REMAINING TWO!
THEY WILL MATE TO
PROVIDE US WITH ALL
THE SPECIMANS WE
REQUIRE!



BRUNNER '71



AD
A.J. DAGOSTINO

FANDOM, WRITING, AND CATCHING UP

- JAN STRNAD

First I'd like to destroy a common misconception people have about writing: what you are reading is not a first draft. It just sounds that way. In actuality the words did not pour forth from magic fingers playing over an enchanted keyboard, nor were they whispered into my ear by a heavenly muse. They were written, thought over, crossed out, replaced, modified, switched around, and each has been forced to justify its existence in its particular slot in this particular article or be x-ed out and lost to posterity. Does that mean the article is perfect? No, of course not. But it *is* the best I can do with the talent and knowledge available to me at this time.

I have to make an issue of the matter because I'm fighting a strong, misbegotten idea about my craft, the craft of writing. Most people seem to think that a writer inserts paper into a machine, blanks out his mind, and then lets Thoth, the God of Writers, guide his fingers. The writer emerges from his den an hour or two later, according to legend, with a dazed look on his face and a finished manuscript in his hand. Though I hate to disillusion anyone the truth is this: writing is work.

So what does this have to do with fandom? Just this: we're in a unique age of fanzines. Fanzine publishers are now paying full professional rates to pro and fan artists, so the quality of artwork in fanzines has never been as high as it is at this moment. But simultaneous with this sudden prosperity in art, fandom is suffering from an acute lack of well written articles and stories. We have issue after issue of beautifully illustrated fanzines with no decent verbal content: certain fan editors might just as well abandon the magazine format altogether and publish a folio of loose prints; at least a person could then frame his favorite pieces and hang them on the wall.

Fanzine editors gripe about the lack of good, printable letters of comment. But what can you say about a picture? Most of us aren't great art critics, and once we've said "I liked this one" and "I didn't like that one", what more is there? And yet, just for curiosity's sake, get in contact with any fan editor who has paid for top name illustration; ask him how many professional or good amateur writers he contacted and how much he offered them for a good meaty article. If you find one who has offered to pay writers a fraction of what he paid for artwork, let me know. I'll have to see it to believe it.

One problem with demanding payment, from the writers' point of view, is that it is much easier for a fanzine editor to fake an article than it is for him to fake an illustration. He can provide checklists, write synopses of every plotline used in Superdog stories, present interviews, and can always recrucify Fredric Wertham if he has nothing better in mind. Or he can even clip an article from *Newsweek* or the local newspaper under the premise that comic fans read nothing but comics, so won't have run across these items before. In most cases he's correct, and that makes it rough for the writers.

Eventually, though, certain smart-alecks in the comic scene get tired of reading the same old articles and even weary of pounding nails into the insidious Doctor W's misguided hands, and they gripe. They begin wondering what happened to "the good old days" of mimeographed fanzines that depended on writing to draw an audience, and they wonder where all the writers went. (Though in truth I'll have to digress for a moment and propose a theory: I doubt that the writing "back then" was any better than it is now. It just suffers more now by comparison with the outstanding illustration of today; the writing has fallen far behind the illustrating, and it's this new gap that is noticeable.) As we all know, no slick fanzine editor wants to return to mimeography. That takes work, cranking that handle and assembling those pages, and the ego gratification is nowhere what it is with an expensive offset magazine. So the smart-alecks must be dealt with, eventually, one way or another. And this is getting harder the longer we wait.

Recently fandom has had the potential of racing ahead of the professional publishers. In some cases the material printed in fanzines far exceeds anything the big companies have ever produced. *Graphic Story Magazine* has already given us examples of what the graphic story can be, and so far the professional publishers have realized only a minute fraction of this potential. But they're catching up. *National* has begun



R. J. D'AGOSTINO

with the Green Lantern/Green Arrow series, and even *Warren* publications have carried an occasional flash of creativity ("On the Wings of a Bird" by T. Casey Brennan and "Starvisions" by Larry Todd). Fandom will once again be left in the dust, overshadowed by the professional publishing companies, slowmoving and awkward though they may be. In short, fandom will be reduced once more to a collection of comic groupies, idol worshippers prostrating themselves at the feet of the pros. Instead, with a little help from the fanzine editors, fandom could retain its position as trend-setter, helping to shape the future of the graphic story medium.

The needed step is to give good writing the emphasis it deserves. Rather than commissioning artists to write and illustrate their own comic strips, the fanzine editor should try contacting a writer first, obtaining a genuine script, and *then* getting in touch with an illustrator. So maybe it would cost the editor ten to twenty-five dollars for an original script, but just maybe he'll end up with something a shade better than a rewrite of an old *EC* story. Or if an article is needed, or a short story, perhaps the professional writers or the better writers from fandom itself would enjoy hearing that their work is appreciated. Okay, so maybe I'm dreaming. The comics are a visual medium, right? The drawings are the Main Thing, right? Well, let's look a little deeper.

Of the *EC* comics, which are generally considered the best?



Which are most sought after, and most highly paid for, by collaborators? The science fictions, especially those written by Ray Bradbury, naturally. The artists are the same, the art is of the same quality, the reproduction is identical. Only the writing has changed—from mass-manufactured, cliched, factory-produced horror stories to individually conceived works by a man who knew what he was doing. Ditto with the Green Lantern/Green Arrow series; only the writing has changed, and the end result is immeasurably improved. Though Hal Foster has retired from illustrating, he continues to write *Prince Valiant*—Hal Foster evidently does not consider the writing to be of secondary importance.



The quality with which a graphic story is illustrated is certainly of considerable value, but it is not the *only* value. The graphic story, and the fandom that surrounds it, is a blend of both crafts, of writing and illustrating working together to produce the end product.

There is, as I said earlier, much more to writing than most people suppose. Plot is one thing; characterization is another; theme another; unity and flow, something else. Some professional writers describe writing a good short story as "an impossible task", simply because there are so many things working against the writer. And yet good short stories continue to be written; and sometimes good graphic stories are written, also. On occasion the writer and the illustrator are the same person, but who is to say whether it is an illustrator writing a story, or a writer illustrating what he has written. Jim Steranko is regarded as a top artist, but he himself admits to being "a storyteller"; George Metzger's work is acclaimed primarily for its continuity, only secondarily for its artistic value. These two people are extraordinary, to be sure; most artists are merely artists, most writers merely writers. What fandom needs to do is to realize this fact, and to understand that writing cannot be looked upon as an option in the construction of a good graphic story. It needs to realize that it takes a writer to write a good article, and that only an author can write a decent short story. To fully appreciate the comic medium it is necessary to appreciate, to some degree, the written media. Before a person can evaluate a comic story, he needs to know what makes *any* story worthwhile. When is the author being truthful? When is he copping out? When is he showing, and when is he telling? When is a character believable, and when is he contrived? And most important, when is the author showing us the genuine item — an honest-to-god story — and when is he faking it?

It sounds like a lot to learn, and maybe it is. But at the rate the professionals are going the fans had better do their best to keep up. Otherwise they'll find themselves brushing the dust off the old superheroes and the mediocre comics of yesterday, while the rest of the industry goes on without them.

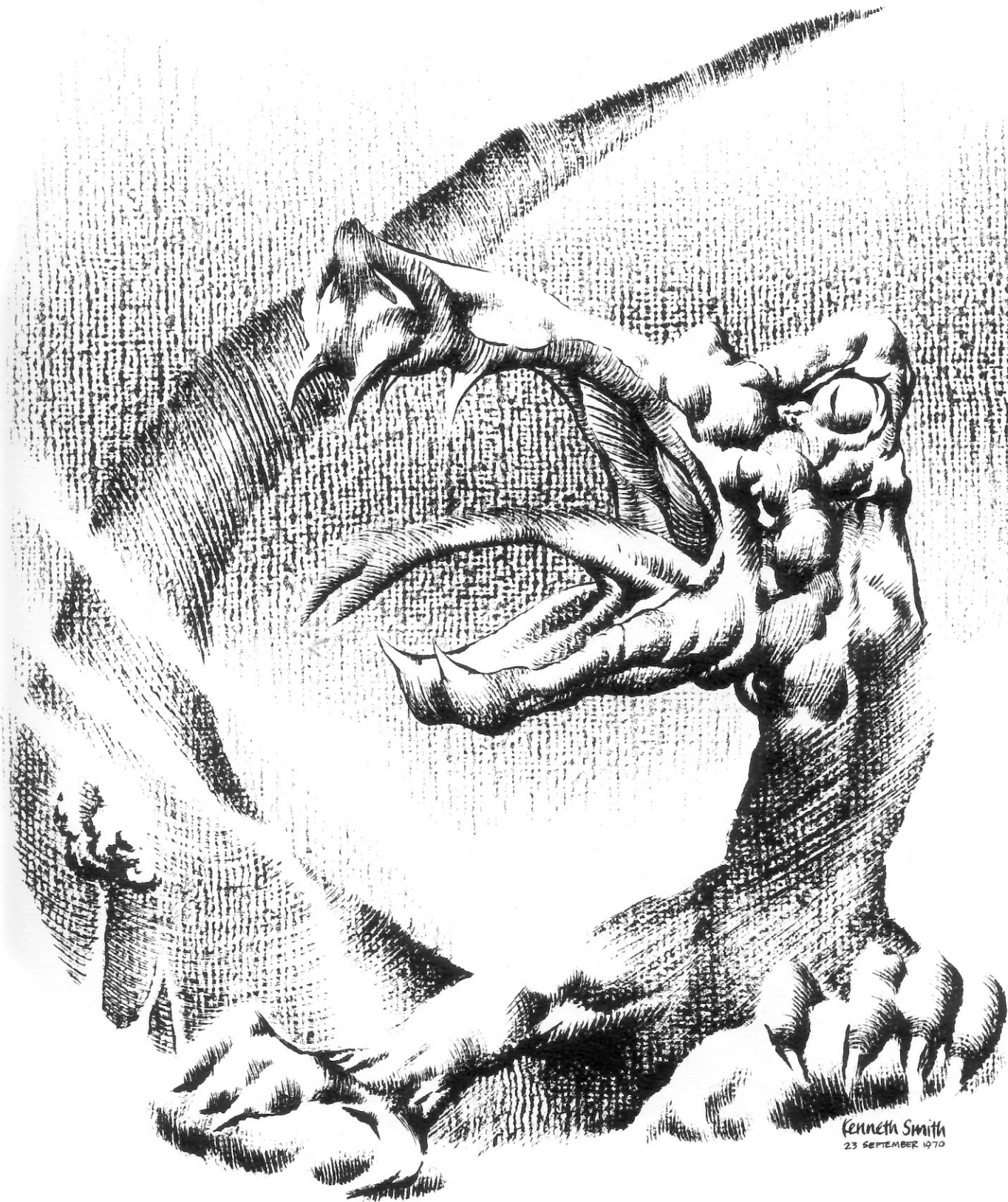


Kenneth Smith

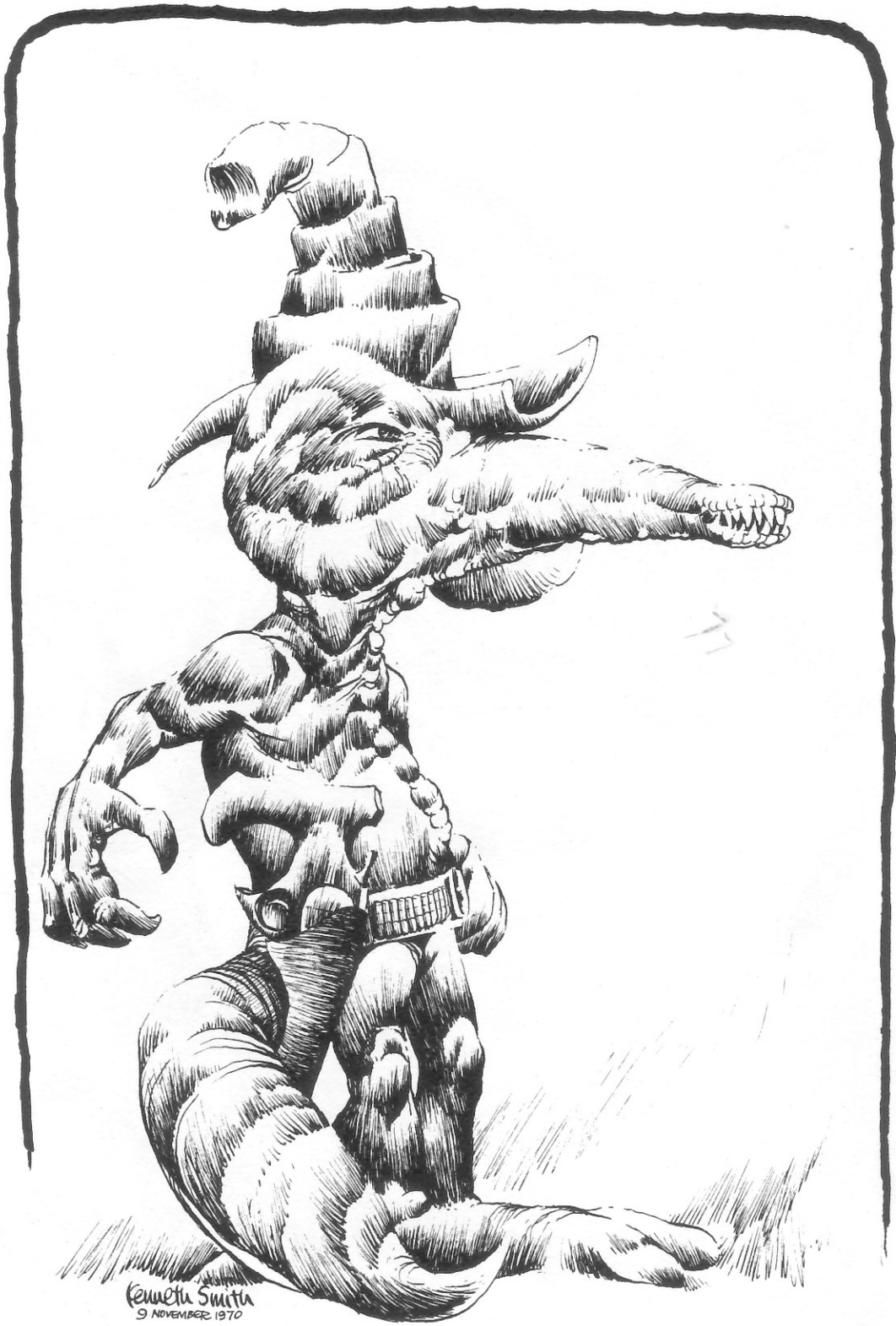
PORTFOLIO

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MANGAS SPRANG
FULL GROWN FROM
THE DARK.

RENEGADE!

by:
CHAYKIN / Stillwell

THE CLONE SHIP
TRACKED HIS CHROMOS,
SEEKING HIS LINKAGE.

"...SCRAPINGS FROM PALATE
INSUFFICIENT...
NEED FURTHER SAMPLES."



A HERDER STOPPED
HER FLOCK TO POINT
OUT THE TRAIL
OF THE SHIP.

"THEY SEEK YOUR ILL
BROTHER, MANGAS DEL
COLORADO. SOON, ALL
GENES WILL BE ONE."



"I'LL BUY A SWATCH OF CELL TISSUE OF OUR PREY, SUCH A TOTAL SURVIVAL INSTINCT!"



THEY LEAPED... FROM THE PEAK TO THE GREEN VALLEY BELOW...



"OFTEN, PASSION FOR SURVIVAL CREATES ITS OWN REWARDS."



...AND DIED.



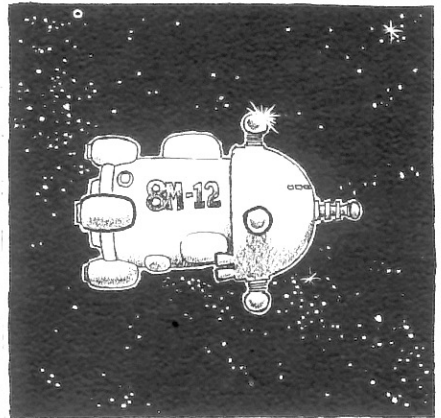
Out of the Stilly Vastnesses of Firmamental Night Comes

THE AMAZING LIVER

Spaced-Out Humor and Cosmic Comedy

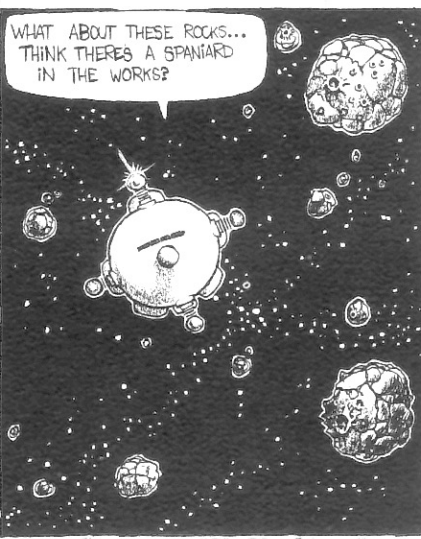
©1971 By L. De Romant-Todd

CREAKING AND GROANING AS THOUGH FROM THE WEALTH IN HER HOLDS, THE FAT FREIGHTER PLODS ALONG THROUGH THE TWILIT INTERSTELLAR SPACES.... SEEMINGLY A PLUMP PRIZE INDEED FOR ANY BOLD, DARING PIRATE!!!



SEEN ANY BOLD DARING PIRATES LATELY, MALLOY?

HELL, NO. DAMN SCREENS ARE AS BLANK AS A LUNAR DESERT.... CHRIST, WHAT A BORING BEAT!

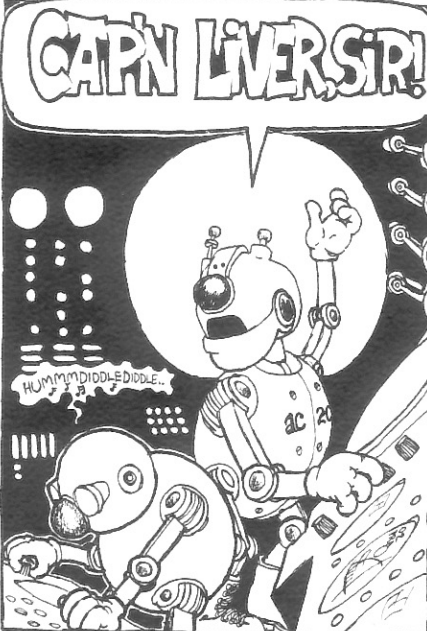


WHAT ABOUT THESE ROCKS... THINK THERES A SPANIARD IN THE WORKS?



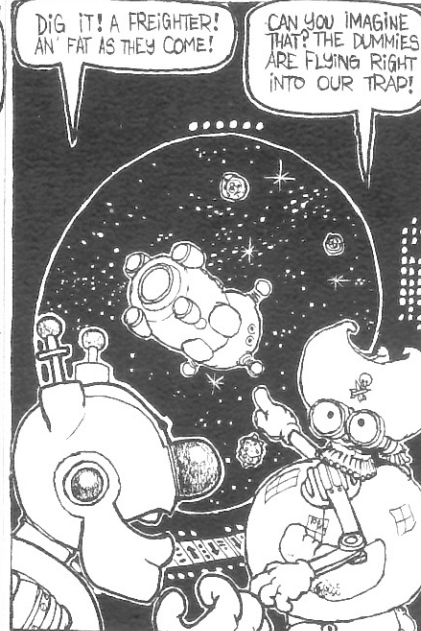
SMOOP?: I KINDA THINK ANY BOLD, DARING PIRATE WOULD BE SO STUPID AS TO LURK IN THE ONLY ASTROLITH DRIFT FOR A BILLION MILES! NO WAY!

IT'S KIND OF A SHAME, TOO. I COULD USE A GOOD LAUGH OR TWO!!



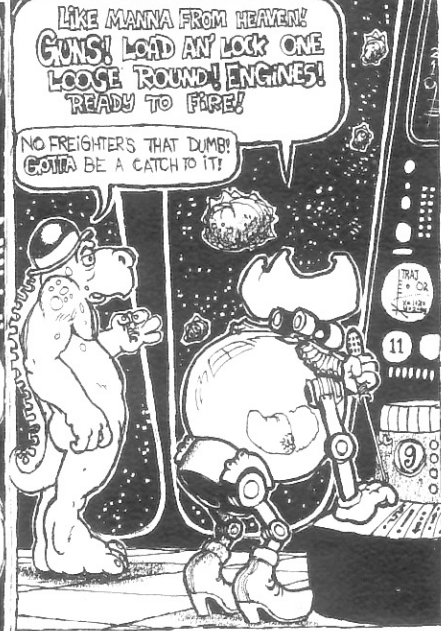
CAPN LIVER, SIR!

HUMMM DIDDLE...



DIG IT! A FREIGHTER! AN' FAT AS THEY COME!

CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT? THE DUMMIES ARE FLYING RIGHT INTO OUR TRAP!

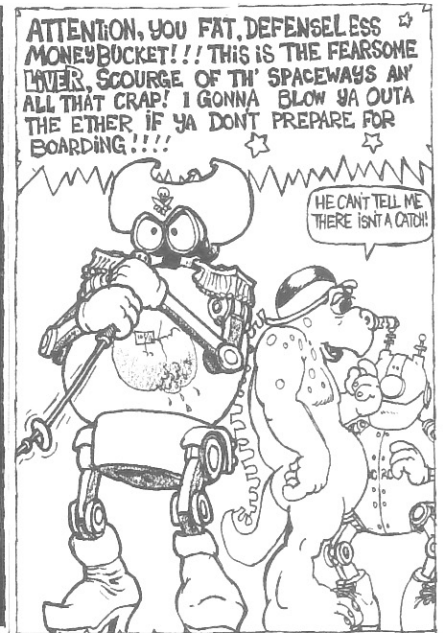
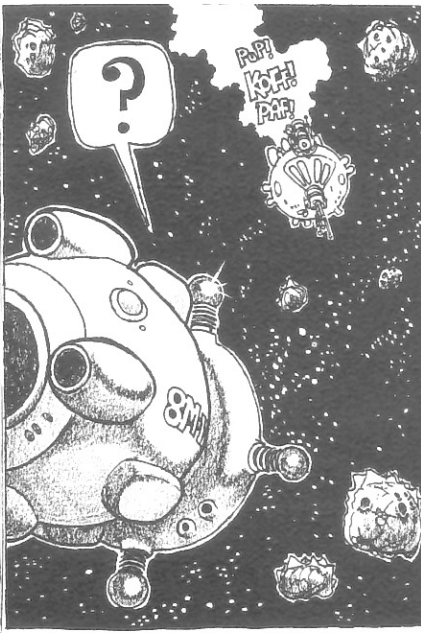
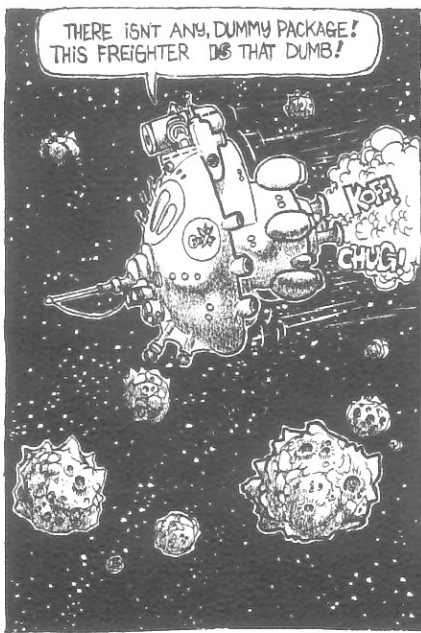


LIKE MANNA FROM HEAVEN! GUNS! LOAD AN LOCK ONE LOOSE ROUND! ENGINES! READY TO FIRE!

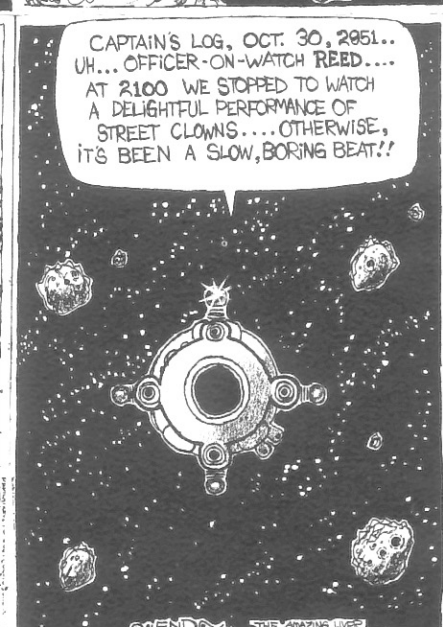
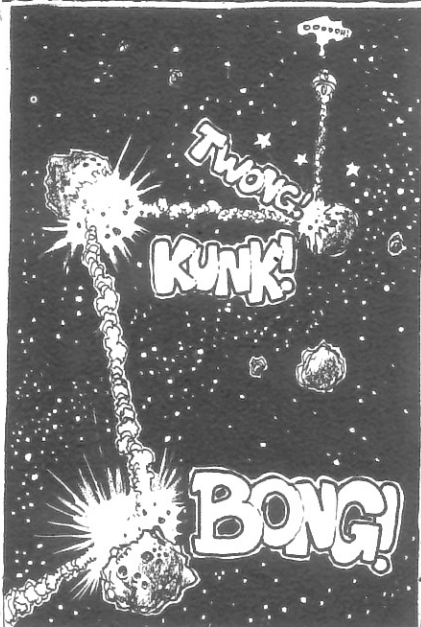
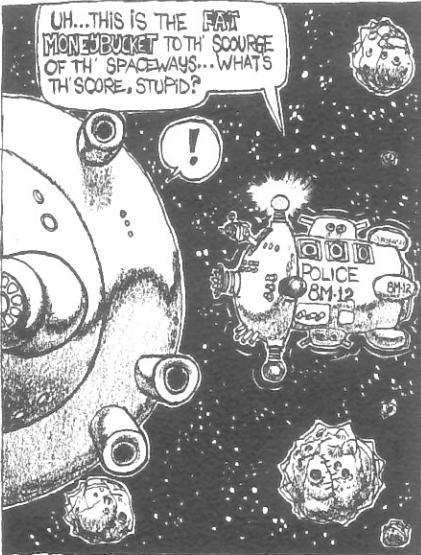
NO FREIGHTERS THAT DUMB! GOTTA BE A CATCH TO IT!



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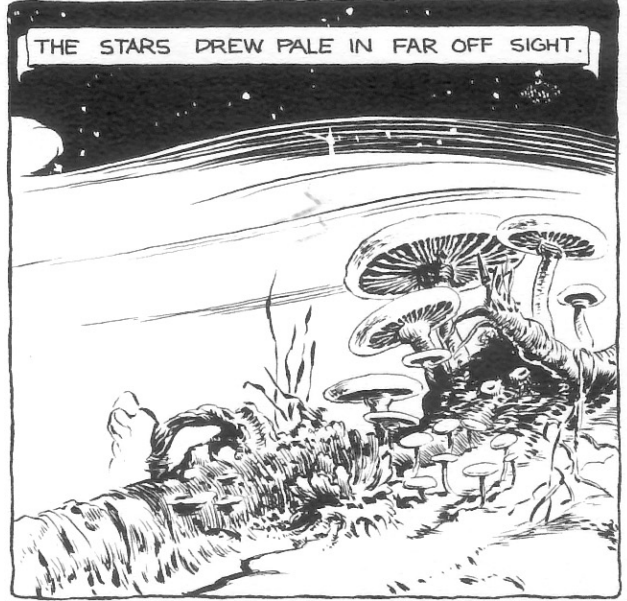
WITH A FLICKER OF ELECTROCHAMELEOSIS, THE FAT FREIGHTER MAKES A SHOCKING CHANGE OF IDENTITY.....



AS NIGHT FALLS

'AS NIGHT FALLS'
IS A COLLECTION
OF SONG-CYCLES
INCLUDING:
'THE DREAM-SPINNER'
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AND THE CLASSIC
'MOONRISE'

HERE WE PRESENT
A
SELECTION FROM
'MOONRISE'
THE NINTH SONG IN
THE CYCLE:
**MICHELLE'S
SONG**
©1971 BY MW KALUTA



TO WAKE THE SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT.



ALL AT ONCE THE LAMP AROSE,



A GILDED GLOBE WITH EYES AND NOSE,



AND GREAT WHITE TEETH WITH WHICH TO BITE ...



IN TRUTH HE SCARED US TO OUR TOES.





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ARTICLES

THE FLASH GORDON SERIALS

DEVELOPMENT OF THE F.G. COMICS

A BUSTER CRABBE INTERVIEW

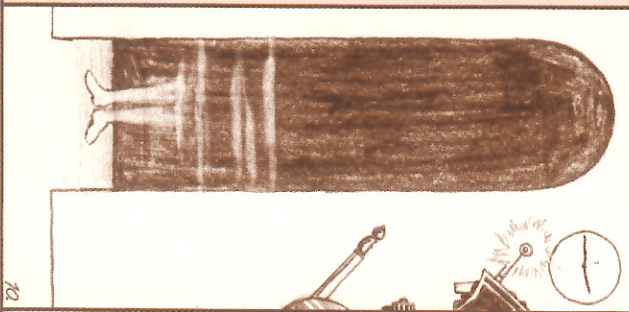
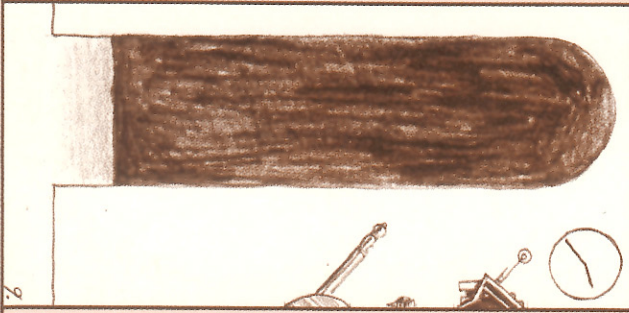
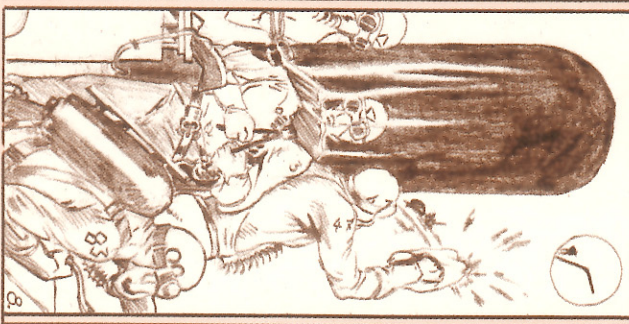
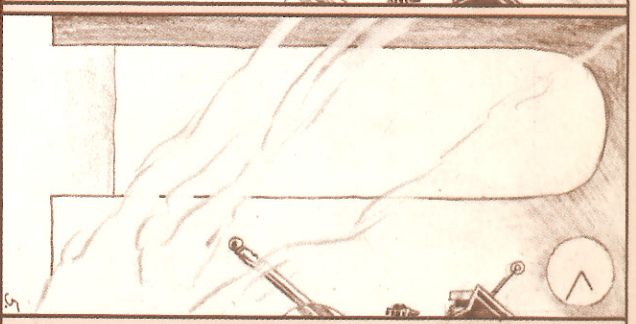
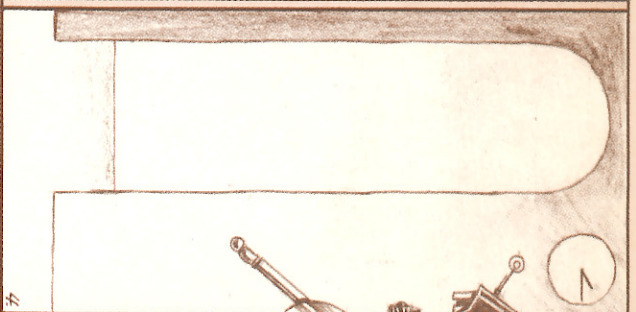
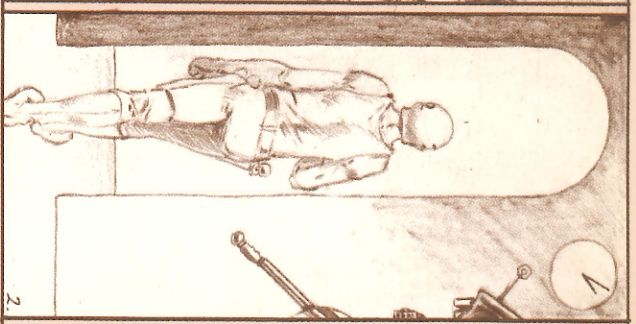
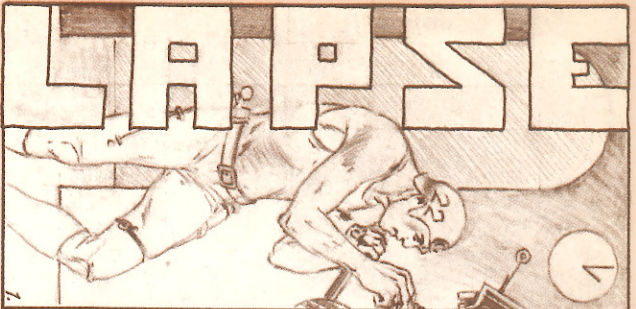
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