

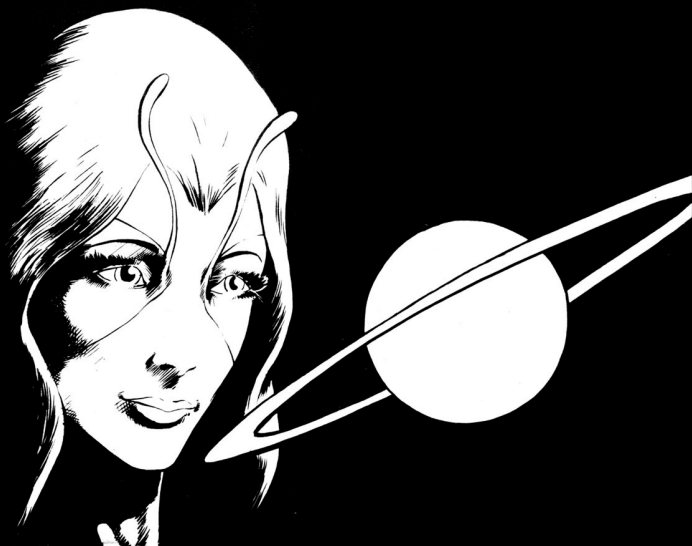


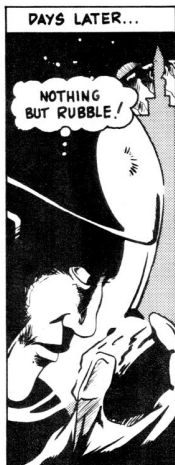
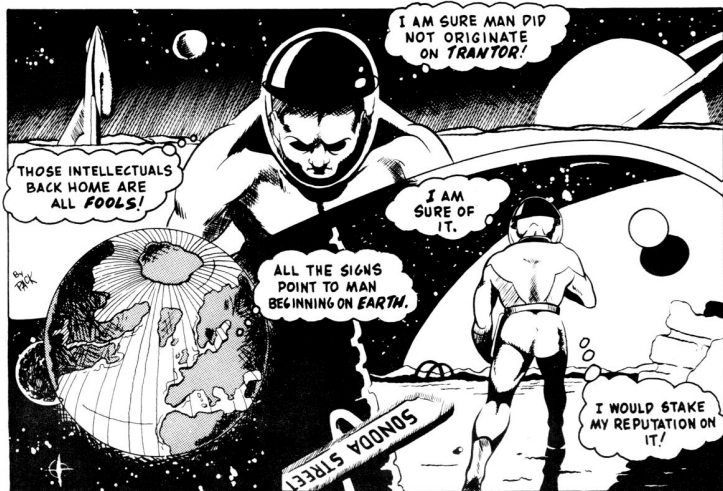
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VOL 2*2

50¢

FANZINE'76

AN AMATEUR PUBLICATION OF SCIENCE FICTION & ART





JAMES PACK & DAVE YETTER
Present:

FANZINE '76

VOLUME II • ISSUE #2

Prior Meeting
Artist: Rick McCollum Pg 1

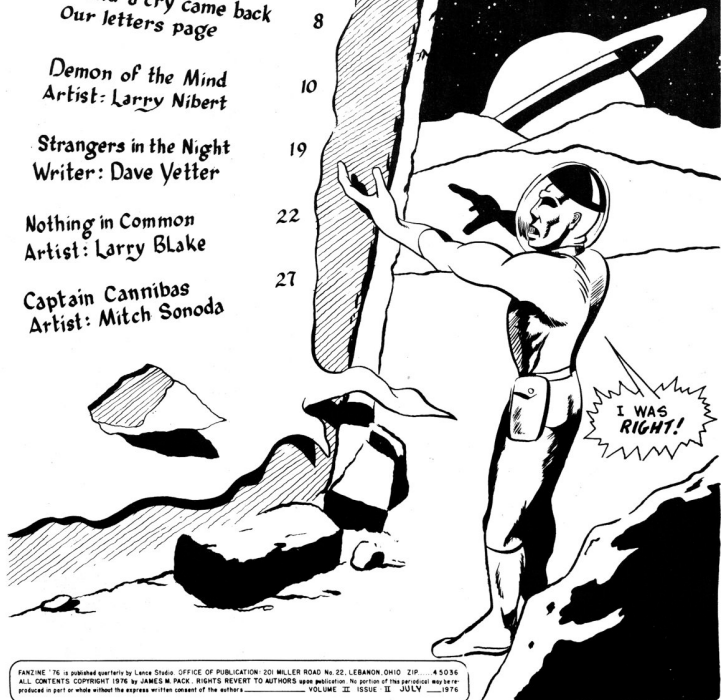
...and a cry came back
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Demon of the Mind
Artist: Larry Nibert 10

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Artist: Mitch Sonoda 27



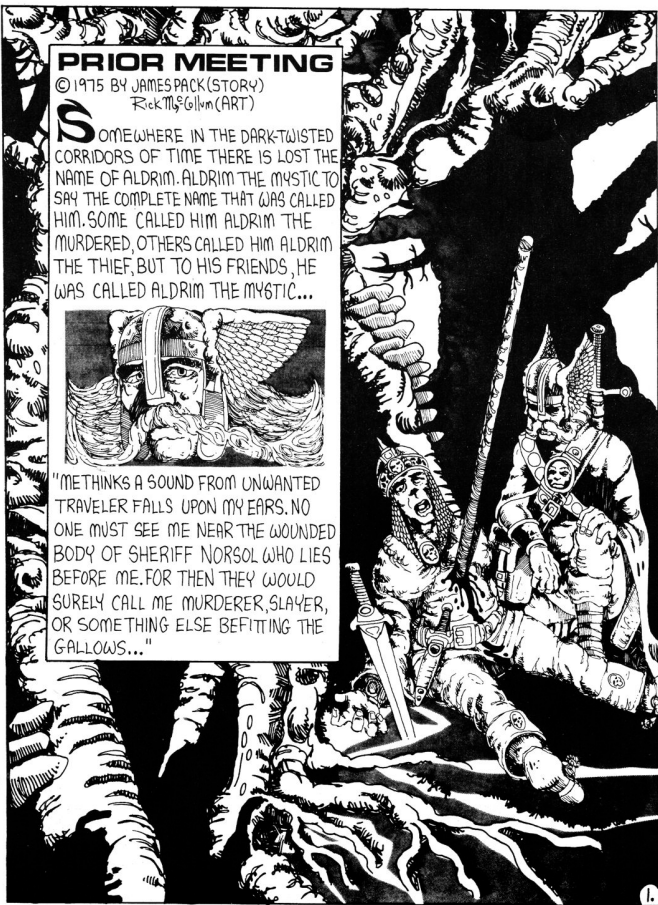
PRIOR MEETING

© 1975 BY JAMES PACK (STORY)
Rick M. Gellman (ART)

SOMEWHERE IN THE DARK-TWISTED CORRIDORS OF TIME THERE IS LOST THE NAME OF ALDRIM. ALDRIM THE MYSTIC TO SAY THE COMPLETE NAME THAT WAS CALLED HIM. SOME CALLED HIM ALDRIM THE MURDERED, OTHERS CALLED HIM ALDRIM THE THIEF, BUT TO HIS FRIENDS, HE WAS CALLED ALDRIM THE MYSTIC...



"METHINKS A SOUND FROM UNWANTED TRAVELER FALLS UPON MY EARS. NO ONE MUST SEE ME NEAR THE WOUNDED BODY OF SHERIFF NORSOL WHO LIES BEFORE ME. FOR THEN THEY WOULD SURELY CALL ME MURDERER, SLAYER, OR SOMETHING ELSE BEFITTING THE GALLOWS..."



SUDDENLY...THROUGH THE BRANCHES COME SIX METAL-ENCASED KNIGHTS...



A HEADLESS CORPSE FALLS
OFF ITS HORSE. IT IS THE
KNIGHT WHO HAD BRASHLY
ASSERTED VICTORY...



ALDRIM SWINGS HIS SWORD AGAIN-



AND A SMALL TREE FALLS...



I AM INNOCENT OF WRONG!
YON SHERIFF WAS DOWNED BY
KNAVE OTHER THAN I. I
FEAR IT WAS YOUR OWN
WIZARD, MERLIN, WHO CARRIES
THE BLOODY SWORD FOR THIS
DEED!



BUT I WILL NOT WASTE
MY TIME WITH MERE
WORDS. I WILL LEAVE YOU
TO GUESS AT THE TRUTH



WELL ALDRIM, YOU ESCAPE
ME AGAIN. AND I WASTED
ONE OF MY SHERIFFS TO
BAIT YOU. BAH! I'LL GET
YOU-MERLIN ALWAYS
TRIUMPHS!

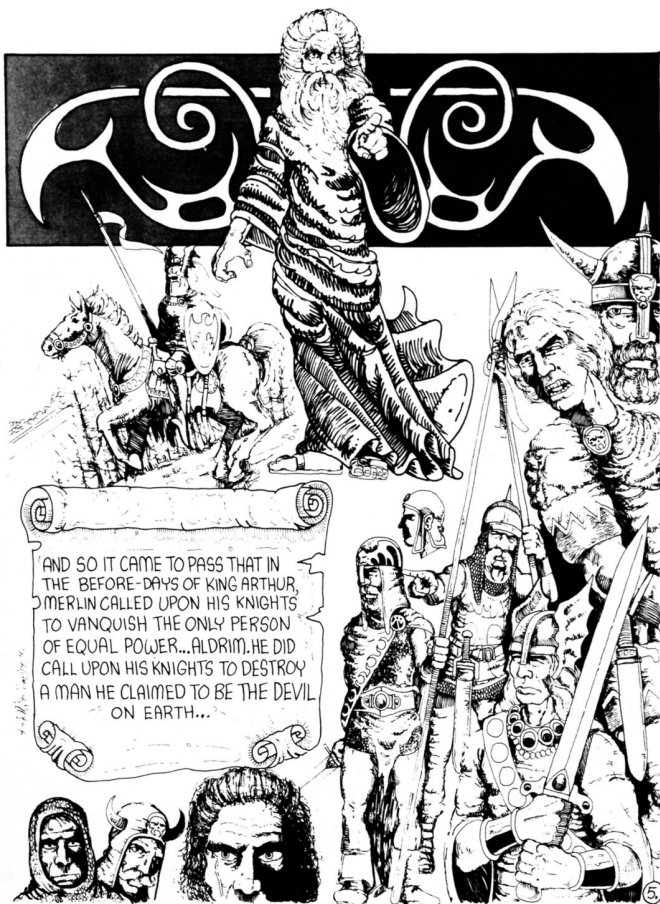


A KINGDOM FOR THE VANQUISHER OF ALDRIM! I WILL BESTOW UNTOLD RICHES ON HE WHO BRINGS THE MURDERER OF SHERIFF NORSOL TO ME. ALL OF YOU, GO! LEAVE NO ROCK UNTURNED TO FIND THIS WORM OF A MAN- BRING HIM TO ME!!!



BUT, BEWARE HIS TRICKERY! HE HAS MAGIC ONLY I CAN MATCH! BRING HIM TO ME THAT I MAY DESTROY THIS DEVIL ON EARTH SO LIFE MAY BE SAFE AGAIN...

I'LL GET YOU.









... and, a cry
came back.

Dear Jim,

Wow! Mitch Sonoda at his best. Magnificent! I still can't get over how good the art on "Martian Cats are Ferocious" was. Story was good too.

The cover, nice! Smooth touch to it.

Actually, I was going to tell you how much I liked all this issue but I've run out of words. Mitch Sonoda (along with Frank Cirocco) are the two best artists in Fandom. I especially liked the first page of Mitch's story.

Jeff Clark
West Hurley, New York

(Thanx for the letter, Jeff, it's nice to know our zine is worth the money. Mitch was true to form with "Martian Cats..." but wait till you see what he's done to "Captain Cannibals." Strictly a masterpiece! You might be interested in knowing that the cover was drawn by Jim, who also wrote and drew "The Hero Called Earthman." Ya' know it's really nice to hear that somebody besides my mom is anxious for our next issue. Had you found more words to express your delight, we would have gratefully accepted them; as it is, we thank you for your kind words.--Dave

Dear Dave and Jim,

I just received my copy of Fanzine '76 in the mail the other day and really enjoyed the whole issue. To start off with, a fairly nice cover and well laid out. Annoyingly good printing throughout. The inside cover was an interesting change from the regular Jeckle-Hyde story plot. "The Hero Called Earthman" was nicely drawn. I found the story line too similar to Green Lantern's origin for comfort.

Dave, your review of Siege was in depth, though I don't feel the space was well used. Perhaps a paragraph, but 1 1/2 pages of one review? "Arcadia's Trail" was a well written piece of fan fiction. I find no relationship between the story and the art on page 10, though. Now we come to my

favorite part of the issue--"Martian Cats are Ferocious!" The splash page is nothing less than fantastic. The rest of the pages are also very, very good. Some of the best art I've seen lately (and that includes many pro's art, by the way). The story, although a revamp of an old regular, was effective. Very nice overall issue.

Russell Condello
Rochester, New York

(Alas, we have to agree with you, Russ; 'Mitch has outdone himself with "Martian Cats..." Bravo! Many people are beginning to recognize Jim for the multit talented person he is, as evidenced by the many good words about his great job of lettering and his strip "The Hero Called Earthman." Actually the whole job of lay out and design goes to Jim which is no minor miracle and the true success of Fanzine '76. Hmm! I wasn't aware that I rambled on too much about Siege. Maybe one could get bored reading about it for too long--after all I wouldn't want to lessen the reader's expectation of finding out how eerily delightful is really is. However, seeing that you have observed my talent as a writer, it shall be noted that "Arcadia's Trail" made up for any miscalculations of my review. Uh, that is what you said, isn't it, Russ? --Dave

Jim,

Fanzine '76 was a nice little zine, easily worth the pittance I shelled out for it. I'll be sure to try and get issue #2. Ah, well, on with the critique.

The art was fair to fantastic, with emphasis on the latter when talking about Mitch Sonoda's "Martian Cats are Ferocious." Traces of Wrightson and Adams peek through the fantastic aura of other worlds, making me a Sonoda fan for life. If this guy doesn't make it to the pro ranks soon, I'll be surprised. Jim, you did a splendid job on the script too.

THE ILLUSTRATION TO THE RIGHT WAS
DONE BY "FANZINE '76" READER,
KEN MEYER, OF OGDEN, UTAH.

HE TELLS US
HE MEANT IT TO BE USED AS A
LETTERS COLUMN HEADING. WELL
KEN, THERE IT IS!

IF YOU HAVE A SMALL SKETCH, OR SPOT
ILLO MEASURING 3"x5", SEND
IT TO US AND WE'LL PUBLISH IT
AND MAKE YOU FAMOUS, OR IN-
FAMOUS, WHICHEVER THE CASE.

ANYONE OUT
THERE?



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

Nibert also shows promise. I wish he would've done a longer story, though. Though short in length, "Reek Havoc" was long on talent. I hope to see more of this guy in the next issue.

The other artists weren't so hot though. Jim you try hard, (and I admire you for it) but it just doesn't make it. I think if you worked on your anatomy and foreshortening a bit, your art would improve alot. I know how much it can help, believe me, since I'm studying it every chance I get--I really need it.

Yeah, Fanzine '76 was a great effort. In fact, all the zines in your "family" look good, Siege and Epitaph, and I can't wait to get 'em. Before I leave, I have to compliment the good fannish writing in two of your columns; "Just Rappin'" and "Candidly Speaking." Good, good, good....

Ken Meyer
Ogden, Utah

[Glad you approve of us, Ken, we think Fanzine is pretty good, too. You'll be happy to know that after much persuasion, and the promise of more money, Larry has decided to raise his standards by doing a strip for us. Nice of him, huh? Yeah, we think so too, and hopefully we have hooked him for a long while. Your criticisms on Jim's art is very helpful and has been put into mind for things to look out for next issue. Speaking for myself, though, I keep remembering that fanzines are amateur comic books, and if we all could be Neil Adams, than we wouldn't be in the fanzine business. Or would we? Somehow, I believe you have been misguided as to the association between Fanzine '76, Siege and Epitaph. We are not a "family"; each is printed under separate publications. The reason Epitaph and Siege have spots in our zine is simple--they paid for ad space. A personal plug--Epitaph and Siege are both very good fanzines and deserve your attention. Thankx for the letter.--Dave]

Hi ya' Jim!

I want to congratulate you! You've put out a fanzine that is better overall than any I've ever seen (own included). No lie James. This is a really together, tightly written, well planned and drawn book. Good presentation!

I was really very much impressed. I liked the first issue very much, but--this one went a light year further.

Now for specifics! In underground comics and fanzines, rip-offs and shoddy treatment by the publishers abound. The cartoonists have to learn to live with it. Your notice...rights revert to authors upon publication...may not seem like a big thing to many, but to an artist or writer it's a move signifying concern and respect for another's efforts and rights. I salute you for this.

Your art shows more planning and care--very good layouts! Pencils and inks both improved. You've still got anatomy problems, but I know you're aware of that.

I'm glad Dave Yetter is aboard as editor. His writing is very good and the whole idea is interesting. Does this mean we'll see more "Pack-Art"? Or will your newly gained time go more into production or related areas?

Sorry to echo more Sonoda praise at you, Jim, but--Mitch too is steadily improving in all ways. As usual his inking was top level--and pencils likewise. Now, though, he's showing more skill at design, layouts and backgrounds! But my particular delight is looking for the "added attractions" in his panels. This time around, there was the sign saying "Pack Electronics", a control panel which shouted "Boo!", a slipped in mention of the New York Con and a cast of extras which included Mitchell himself! Really farout!

I was surprised to see my own page in there, but I'm glad you could use it.

So there it is a serious letter. Any now I hope you're satisfied so I can go back to my usual insanity.

Happy Trails
Larry Blake
South Vienna, Ohio

[Whoa! What the hell can I say after that, Larry? How about a simple thank you? Your letter conveyed a genuine interest in Fanzine '76 as evidenced by your criticism. As you well know, it is difficult to put together a good zine; time spent on production alone is probably the most gruesome time spent. But also, as you well know, the rewards are many--for example, this letter. We'll continue to put our best effort into Fanzine '76, knowing that that effort has paid off.--Dave]

DEMON...

ANOTHER *SCOUT SHIP* TAKES OFF FOR
STANDARD COLONIZATION EXPLOR-
ATION. HALF-A-MILLION PEOPLE WAIT
FOR NEWS OF A NEW HOME.
A SHIP FULL OF BEINGS THAT
CANNOT RETURN TO AN
OVERPOPULATED PLANET.



OF THE MIND!

ART & STORY : LARRY NIBERT
LETTERING : JIM PACK



SCOUT SHIP-23... OFF... CONFIRM... PLANET GRAV

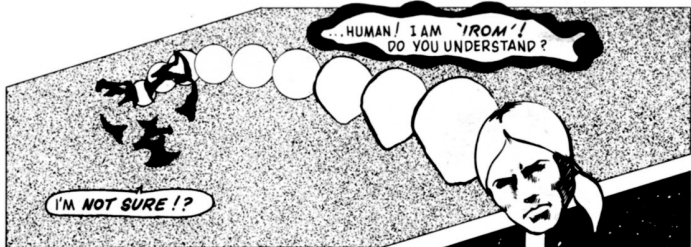




AFTER ALL THESE YEARS... A
HUMAN FORM.... AT LAST!



I'VE BEEN IN THAT STATUE
FOR CENTURIES... NOW
WE CAN EXPERIENCE MY
PAST GLORIES TOGETHER!
HE'LL NOT NEED MUCH TIME
TO ADJUST... HE SEEMS TO
BE JUST RIGHT!



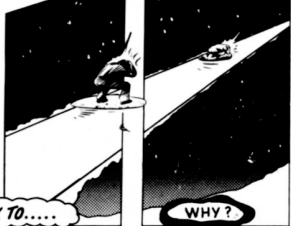
...HUMAN! I AM 'IROM'!
DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

I'M NOT SURE!?

I WANT TO DREAM AGAIN I WANT
TO RELIVE PAST GLORIES!



I MUST GET BACK TO.....



WHY?

TOGETHER WE CAN
EXPERIENCE...

NO! I HAVE A *RESPONSIBILITY*
TO MY PEOPLE! I CAN'T LIVE A-
NOTHER BEING'S *DREAMS* AT A
TIME LIKE THIS! *PLEASE....*

MUCH TOO LATE TO STOP NOW MY
FRIEND..... 'QUAL' THE DEMON,
RETURNS TO OUR AGE-OLD BATTLE!

PREPARE YOURSELF
TO *DIE!* 'IROM'!

OUR POWERS, COMBINED,
ARE MORE THAN A MATCH
FOR 'QUAL'! *WE ARE THE
VICTORS! WE ARE.....*

OH MY
GOD!



SPECIAL THANKS TO MITCH SONODA, AND VAL MAYERIK FOR THEIR INKING ASSISTANCE.

(LH)

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Zeck
Gustovich
Clement
and MORE!**

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interested.

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ready for mailing.
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yet. Included in this issue
is: An EXCLUSIVE interview with
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plete with art and index; "Breaking
into the Business" by Steve Clement,
"Conan, King of the Barbarians" by
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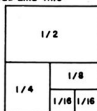
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Candidly Speaking

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM DAVID A. YETTER, EDITOR OF "FANZINE '76"

Thanks and a hattie to Larry Nibert from all the local comic fans. Larry organized the Spring Con I Comic Convention held on April 4th in Springfield, Ohio, where nearly 300 persons filtered throughout the Ramada Inn from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.

The first of its kind to be held in are area, Larry explained his desire for the Con was to bring the collectors and dealers together for a day of fun and entertainment. Unlike the many cons that are held exclusively for selling and buying comics, Larry made sure the people were entertained with guest artists, plus a line of movies, which included cartoons, comedies, and science fiction.



Lending an air of quality to the festivities and aiding in the promise of even better and more profound ideas to shape the future of comic literature, were honored guests, John Norris, commercial art teacher and former artist for *Treasure Chest* comic book; Mitch Sonoda, art student and publisher of *Seige*; Larry Blake, art student and publisher of *Afterworld*; and James Pack, commercial artist, publisher, and resident cartoonist for *Fanzine '76*.

Activities were held throughout the day, keeping pace with the anticipation of the anxious fans. Included were a panel discussion of fanzines, an auction, and "Chalk Talk," a dissertation on caricature cartooning.

A panel discussion of fanzines was formed and sat by Mitch Sonoda, Larry Blake, James Pack and Larry Nibert, all representing their respective magazines. A genuine interest was shown as the audience raised questions concerning all aspects of fandom literature, including the formation of a fanzine and the complication of viewer readership and distribution. Well thought out and provocative ideas were tossed around as each panelist gave his thought as to what the role of fanzines will be in



the future of comic literature.

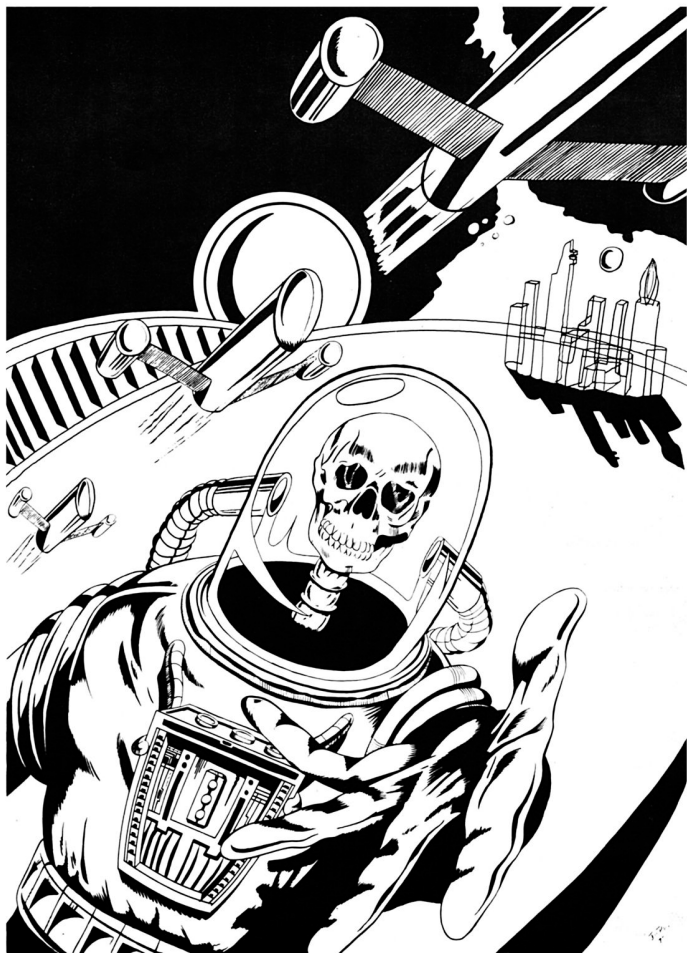
Towards late afternoon an auction was held for the undaunted spirits who never fail in their constant search to fulfill the long lost hope of getting the rare collectors book, or obtaining just one more valued piece of original artwork. Quite a few sighs were heard as the rustle of that much desired "green stuff" was passed from hand to hand in exchange for the illustrated word. Congratulations, Mitch, we tried to tell ya you were doing something right.

John Norris' performance of "Chalk Talk" was outstanding and provided one of the funniest and best hours of the day. Mr. Norris first chose an unsuspecting person from the audience then proceeded to draw a caricature of him, while all the time offering words of his scathing pen and musing wrath. Even I felt his mark, for he chose me to also stand before the smiling crowd, amazed and wonderstruck at his uncanny ability to wittingly deform our features. I was glad Mr. Norris was on hand to display the beauty of his talent and gifts, as a professional, and as an artist.

Looking behind at the day filled with many fascinating topics, interesting people, and airs of nostalgic wonderment, one still must look further at what motivated the success of this convention. Undoubtedly with all its celebration, and because of it, the initial reason for the success of Spring Con I was Larry Nibert. I have known Larry many years as a friend and for practically just as many, have admired him for his work as an artist. I place him high on the list of all contemporary artists in the field.

Larry began working on Spring Con I last December, devoting many hours for its preparation. A radio talk show and newspaper coverage aided in spreading the good word of Springfield's comic con.

What can I say--thanks Larry, we needed that.



STRANGERS

IN THE NIGHT

Written by David A. Yetter



"Danny---hey, Danny, you awake?" Becky called softly over her shoulder like she didn't want to wake me, but did.

"Whatsa' matter, Becky?" I turned over and propped myself up with one arm--stretched, touching the top of the car and rubbed my eyes. "Where are we?"

"Listen, Danny, we got trouble. We're runnin' outta' gas and I know we ain't got much time fore we're gonna stop dead. Whatta' we gonna do?"

The sound of Becky's voice told me she was scared, but I was half asleep and tired as hell, from the long drive and wasn't really thinking of being afraid. "Where are we at? Next stop pull off and get some gas."

"That's just it, Danny, there ain't gonna be another filling station; least ways not till we get home." She turned towards me. "I filled the car in Montgomery like you always do, but when we got to Dothan the tank read half so I thought we could make it without anymore."

I jerked my head, looking around. "My God, Becky! Are we headin' outta' Dothan?" I threw the blanket off me and quickly sat up. "How far out are we Becky?"

"Don't know exactly, but we got alotta miles yet and ya' know there ain't nothin between here and Panama City." She paused, then asked almost defensively, "Are you mad at me Danny?"

I looked at my watch and saw that it was already quarter past three. Becky was right, I thought, there wouldn't be any place to get help at this hour. The gas stations were closed and there were no motels or rest stops. Even during the day this was not the most used road in Florida. They call it a highway, but damned if I don't call it a driveway! Angrily, I pushed aside two pieces of worn luggage--a suitcase and a combination cosmetic-catchall handbag that Becky just "Couldn't do without"--and crawled into the front seat.

"Danny, I'm scared." Becky leaned forward, shoving her chest into the steering wheel, and held tightly with both hands, as if to help push the car along.

"Aw, don't worry, Bec," I said, trying to reassure her, "just drive this crate through till she stops, then we'll pull off and wait till somebody comes ridin' by."

"Yeah, but what if somebody don't stop, and..." But it didn't matter because already the car began to choke and sputter. "Oh, no, Danny!" Becky started to cry as the car roiled to the side of the road.

"Help, that's it, Becky," I said, opening the door. "I guess the only thing to do now is wait. We're a good 30 miles outside of Panama City--too far to walk--ain't no phones--we'll just wait for someone, that's all." I slammed the car door shut and walked to the other side.

There was a cool breeze in the air so I gave Becky a blanket to wrap herself with and told her to stay in the car. "Ain't no use you waitin' out here with me. The night air is chilly and there's no tellin' how long we'll be here." I walked to the rear of our old '53 Plymouth station wagon and leaned against it with my legs stretched out in front of me, waiting for someone to drive by. The sky was black--even the stars and moon chose not to peek out at the earth--nothing could be visibly defined. Staring at the clump of trees to me side, and the road ahead, left me with an eerie feeling.

Becky had just crawled into the backseat of the car to lie down, and I had begun to wonder if we'd make it home, when I noticed something ahead of me. Two bright objects appeared on the horizon and I knew immediately what they were, but waited to make sure they came closer. They did. "Hey, Becky," I yelled, "get your ass up, we've got company."

The man in the Jaguar was dressed in a pair of faded blue jeans and a ripped sweatshirt that read OHIO STATE. He had long hair that was pulled into a knot, and a long shaggy beard that covered most of his face. "Hey, man, can you use some help?"

"I'm sure as hell glad you came along," I told him, "we ran outta' gas and been sittin' here hopin' somebody would come along. Nobody's been by since we stopped--you're the first."

"What a let down, huh? Okay, I got a hose ya' see, and I'll give ya' a little of mine. Haven't got much either, but I'll let ya' have what I can. Sorry I can't drive ya' to the city, but it's too far." He opened the trunk and stuck his head in. After throwing several things around, he came out holding a long rubber hose. "Good enough, man," he smiled.

After our good samaritan gave us a ration of fuel, my wife smiled and I thanked him, knowing full well that we would still not make it to town. I didn't feel any less lonely.

"How far we gonna get this time, Danny?"

"Not very," I said reaching out taking hold of her small hand. "This next time we oughta be close enough for me to walk into town--anyway I sure hope so."

When our car finally rolled to a stop for the second time, we were perched at the bottom of a small dirt road that twisted around a hill. The name on the sign read Cemetery Road--not a very attractive place to be at four o'clock in the morning with a tired and frightened wife.

"Oh, Danny, I'm sorry I did this. You ain't gonna leave me here all alone while you go get the gas are you? I'm sorry..."

"For God's sake, Becky, would you shut up? I gotta' think." I turned on the flashers and got out of the car.

"Where you goin', Danny?" Becky yelled.

"Somebody's comin' down that road. He's bound to stop." I walked to the front of the car and waited till the man pulled up beside me.

"Can I give you a lift, sonny?" An old man stuck his head out the window, then turned on his overhead lamp, allowing enough light for me to get a look at him. He was an ugly, old man with wrinkles over his face and a crooked nose that turned up on the end. He had only one tooth that stuck out in the middle of his mouth and an artificial grin that covered his entire face. His tongue lapped next to the one tooth and hung down on his chin, dripping saliva as it throbbed in his mouth. His breath reeked of a sour odor that I cannot even describe.

"Yes--yes you can mister." I was finally able to talk. "It seems I've run outta' gas. Can ya' give me a ride into town?"

"Shore thing boy, come along in." The smile seemed to grow at this last remark.

I walked over to my car and called for Becky. "Come on, we've got a ride."

"Surely you ain't goin' with that man are you? It scares me just to look at him."

"Come on Becky, we're both tired and wanna get home. Now..."

"I ain't goin'" she snapped.

"Fine. I'll be back for ya'" I started to walk away.

"Wait a minute, Danny, you just can't leave me here. I'll come," She jumped out of the car and ran to me.

"Okay. Don't worry 'bout anything Becky, we'll get the gas and be on our way home."

Nobody said anything on the way to the gas station; not the old man and not Becky and me. Though Becky and I were frightened of the old man, when we got to the station the attendant seemed to know him. I purchased five gallons of gas, which was plenty to get me back to the station for a fill-up, and we headed back for our car.

On the short trip back the old man decided he wanted to talk. He told us he was the caretaker of the old cemetery on top of the hill we

stopped by. When I finished putting the gas in my car, I walked over to the old man to say thanks.

"By the way, mister, what was it that brought you down the hill so early in the morning?"

A tear came to the old man's eye. "My boy was coming home to see me this morning after many years of being away. He was in college--a big college in Ohio. He's changed though; his hair is long and he's grown a beard. Made alot of money too, my boy. He bought himself a fancy--a Jaguar I think...." His voice trailed. "Awhile ago the police called and told me there was an accident earlier this morning sometime near midnight. It was my boy. I had just gotten back from getting his body--he's laying there in the backseat--when I saw your car. I thought maybe you could use some help."

All I could was stare at the old man as he drove his car up the small dirt road that twisted around the hill.

TAKE YOUR MIND ON A TRIP WITH

EXCITING STORIES OF TRIP AND TRICK
LEARN HOW TO MAKE A COMIC BOOK.
FACE IT, YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF
SO BUY IT!

FOR YOUR PIECE OF THE ACTION, SEND
2 QUARTERS (AND AN EXTRA ONE FOR
MAILING COSTS) TO:

JOHN STEDRONSKY
6554 ROYALWOOD ROAD
N. ROYALTON, OHIO 44133

Nothing in Common...

INKS: Jim Paack

STORY AND ART: BLAKE



"I AM THE LAST OF MY CLAN. THE **ONLY** ONE TO SURVIVE THE LAST WINTER'S KILLING FROST AND FAMINE!"



"THE HUNTING HAS BEEN BAD. BUT EACH DAY THE SCARS OF THE **SNOW GOD'S** WRATH ARE HEALING A LITTLE MORE..."



"SOON MY **HUNGER** WILL BE EASED..... BUT STILL MY HEART WILL **ACHE!**"

"FOR, REGARDLESS OF A MAN'S BRAVERY OR SKILL, **Loneliness** IS A DREADED ENEMY!"



*ONE THAT **CANNOT** BE ESCAPED
EVEN IN DEEPEST **SLEEP!**"



NONE OF HER KIN HAD EVER
COME THIS FAR SOUTH **ALONE!**



BUT SHE HAD ALWAYS BEEN A STUBBORN
CHILD ---- WHICH IS WHY SHE IS NOW
LOST!!

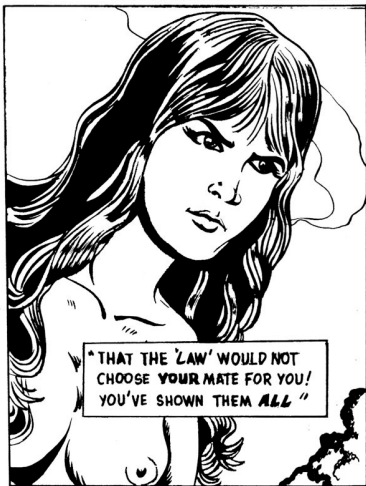


...VERY LOST!

THE NEXT MORN-----EVEN AS
THE **HUNTER** SLEPT BY THE
DYING EMBERS----ANOTHER
CREPT THROUGH THE FOREST!
HUNGRY, **ALONE**, AND FRIGHTENED!



* WELL, **SHE MUSED** *YOU'VE NOW
PROVEN THAT YOU DID NOT NEED
THE **PROTECTION** OF THE MALES"



* THAT THE 'LAW' WOULD NOT
CHOOSE **YOUR** MATE FOR YOU!
YOU'VE SHOWN THEM **ALL** "

AND YOU'RE **FREE**.
BUT NOW...WHAT?



TO STARVE? FACE IT. YOU'VE
NEVER BEEN ALONE..... NEVER
HAD TO TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!
... YOU DON'T KNOW HOW!



YES, YOU'RE **FREE!** AND YOU NO
LONGER NEED WORRY ABOUT BE-
ING FORCED TO MARRY **MALKOR**.



HIM OR..... ANYONE !! IS THIS
THE **FREEDOM** YOU SOUGHT?

THIS EMPTINESS ?



THIS.....



FEAR!!



***THAT VOICE... A YOUNG GIRL!* THE
HUNTER'S HEART LEAPS WITH GLADNESS.**



**HE CALLS OUT TO HER AND BEGINS RUNNING
TOWARD HER ANSWERING VOICE.**



**SHE TOO SOUNDS RELIEVED..... GLAD TO
HEAR HIM! GLAD OF THE COMPANY...THE
END OF THE LONLINESS...**



**... PERHAPS THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF
A NEW LIFE FOR THEM BOTH.....**

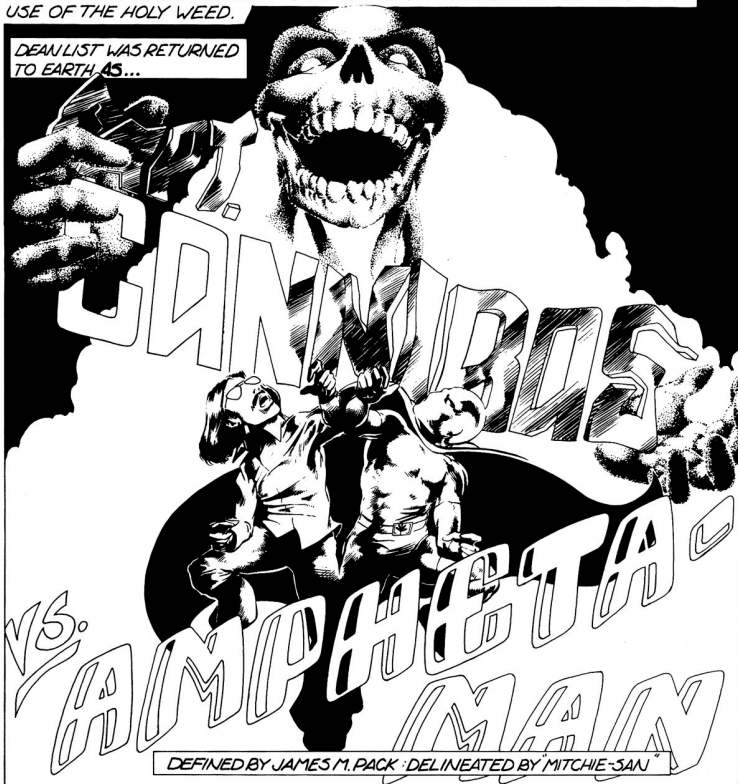


...BUT THEN AGAIN, *PERHAPS NOT!!!*



AS YOU REMEMBER, IN 'FANZINE '75' I*, DEAN LIST WAS SAVED FROM A CAR CRASH BY THE POWERS OF KING SATIVA (RULER OF THE MYSTIC REALM OF MARIJUANA). IN RETURN FOR THIS KING SATIVA GAVE HIM MYSTIC POWERS AND SENT HIM BACK TO EARTH TO BATTLE THOSE WHO WOULD PROHIBIT THE USE OF THE HOLY WEED.

DEAN LIST WAS RETURNED
TO EARTH AS...



EDITORS NOTE: THE CONTENTS OF THIS COMIC IS PURE COMIC FICTION. IT, IN NO WAY, ADVOCATES THE USE OF ANY KIND OF MIND EXPANDING DRUGS. THE CHARACTERS AND PLACES ARE FICTITIOUS...ANY RESEMBLANCE TO ACTUAL PLACES AND PEOPLE IS AN OUT-A-SIGHT COINCIDENCE.

THIS HAD BETTER BE SOME
DECENT DOPE!

I AIN'T NEVER
PAID \$35.00 FOR
NOTHING. NOT
EVEN GOOD STUFF!

THAT'S ONE HELL
OF A NICE JOINT!
YOU OUGHTA GO
INTO BUSINESS
DEAN OLD BOY!

SHIT!
DROPPED A
PIECE!!

ONE DROPPED PIECE
OF WACKY TABACKY

AND FROM THAT PARTICLE
RISES...

POOF

KING
SATIVA!

GREETINGS
DEAN LIST.

BOY! YOU SURE PICK
SOME WEIRD TIMES
TO DROP IN. YOU
ABOUT GAVE ME A
HEART ATTACK!

BESIDES, YOU MADE
ME DROP MY JOINT.

SILENCE YOU
MEATBALL !!!
I SAVED YOU FROM
CERTAIN DEATH
AND GAVE YOU
THE MIGHTY
POWERS OF
CAPTAIN
CANINIBAS!

ALREADY, YOU
ARE THE HERO OF
AT LEAST 2
PEOPLE.

AND YOU HAVE LET ALL
THREE OF US DOWN!

BUT I DIDN'T
DO ANYTHING!

YOUR
RIGHT!

YOU HAVE NOT DONE
ANYTHING SINCE THAT
AWESOME POWER AND
FEARSTRIKING COSTUME
WAS GIVEN TO YOU!

COSTUME'S
AT THE
CLEANERS.

LITTLE
PLANETS!
WOW!

OUTTA
SIGHT!

SILENCE DOOF!
FOR YOU I HAVE
A MISSION OF
GREAT IMPORTANCE!

PEOPLE ARE TURNING FROM
ME AND MY WAYS. THEY ARE
NOT FINDING SOLISICE IN MY
MARIJUANA. INSTEAD, THEY
ARE POPPING **PILLS!**

YEAH! I TOOK SOME
PILLS ONCE. 9 CONTACTS
TO BE EXACT! THEY HAD
TO TAKE ME TO THE
HOSPITAL AND PUMP
MY STOMACH!

DID YOU LEARN
YOUR LESSON?

SURE DID!
CAUGHT A
COLD TOO!

NO MATTER

GO TO JEFFERSON UNIVERSITY. THERE YOU
WILL FIND A DARK, EVIL PRESENCE. A FOBOING,
SINISTER ENTITY, WHO SELLS MIND DESTROYING
PILLS TO THOSE UNSUSPECTING STUDENTS.
YOU MUST STOP HIS EVIL DEGRADING OF SOCIETY.
SEND THEM ON THE RIGHT ROAD, CAPTAIN, SEND
THEM BACK TO ME MY POOR

I GUESS THERE'S
NO WAY OUT BUT...

ONCE THE MYSTIC WORDS
ARE SPOKEN, DEAN LIST
BECOMES...

OOH! WHAT A RUSH!
I SHOULD DO THAT
MORE OFTEN!

NONE
CAN WITHSTAND
MY POWER!

CAPTAIN
CANNIBAS

FAR OUT

WITH A DASH OF
SUPERSONIC
SPEED...

CAP'S FEET LIFT
GRACEFULLY FROM THE
GROUND...

AND WHOOSH
INTO THE AIR...

BUT

AND NOW
IT'S UP... UP.

AND...

OOH SHIT!
THIS SUPER-STUFF AIN'T
ALL WHAT IT'S CRACKED UP
TO BE.

COULD'VE SWORN THAT I COULD FLY!
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO...

TAKE A BUS.

SPOOF!

BIGGOT!

THIS IS THE
PLACE!

WHATSAMATTA
LADY? DONCHA
LIKE GUYS IN
COSTUMES?

I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW,
SOME OF MY **BEST**
FRIENDS WEAR
COSTUMES!

BUT YOU WON'T LET
YOUR DAUGHTER
MARRY ONE. RIGHT?!

IT'S HER LIFE.
AS LONG AS SHE
LOVES HIM!



C'MON BUD!
MOVE IT!

THESE BROAD
SHOULDERS SURE
DO GET IN THE WAY

DESIST EVIL
ONE! CAPTAIN
CANNIBAS IS
HERE!!!

I SAID **STOP**
IT! DAMN IT!

WHO'S
THAT?

THAT'LL BE
TEN BUCKS
DOPE.

NO SWEAT
JUST PUT
IT ON MY
BILL.

YOU'VE SEALED YOUR
DOOM CANNIBAS!

FOR NOW YOU
SEE THE FACE
OF...

AMPHETA-MAN

WHATEVER!
YOU WILL STOP
SELLING THOSE
CHEMICALS TO
KIDS... OR I WILL
HAVE TO STOP YOU!

**STOP ME
IF YOU CAN
FOOL! BUT,
BEWARE MY POWER!**

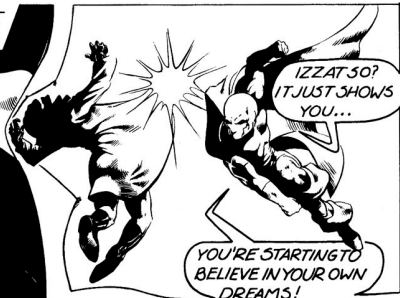


**SHIT, WHO NEEDS SUPER
WEAPONRY! AN INJECTION
OF KNUCKLES WORKS JUST
AS WELL.**

BUT AMPHETA-MAN IS FAST TO HIS FEET,
SLASHING FIERCELY WITH HIS DRIPPING
HYPODERMIC!



NO ONE KNOCKS
ME DOWN AND...



IZZAT 30?
IT JUST SHOWS
YOU...

YOU'RE STARTING TO
BELIEVE IN YOUR OWN
DREAMS!



C'MON BUNKY...
I DIDN'T HIT YOU
THAT HARD!

AW JEEZ! THE LI'L GUY FELL
ON HIS **OWN** NEEDLE!
LET THAT BE A LESSON
TO YA...



YOU CAN ALWAYS GET
HOOKED ON SPEED,
OR IN YOUR CASE...
STABBED.



WELL KID, DID
YOU LEARN
YOUR LESSON?

SURE DID!
CAUGHT A
COLD TOO!



I AIN'T GONNA DROP OR SHOOT
NO MORE! WHENEVER I FEEL
SOCIAL PRESSURES COMING
DOWN ON ME, I'LL JUST GO AN'
SMOKE A JOINT.

SAY, WHO
WAS THAT
MASKED
MAN?

I DON'T KNOW
BUT HE GAVE
ME THIS SILVER
JOINT.



C'MON, I'M BEGINNING
TO FEEL AN ATTACK OF
SOCIAL PRESSURES.

