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A SPECIAL BONUS GOING ONLY TO READERS AND DEALERS WHO ORDERED ANOMALY 3 IN ADVANCE OF ITS PUBLICATION
A PALTRY
INTRODUCTION DESIGNED TO
EXPLAIN THE WORLD-HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE
OF THE FOLLOWING STORY AS A MEANS OF FURTHERING INTERPLANETARY UNDERSTANDING, IN THIS CASE, OF THE
INHABITANTS OF A CULTURE SO INCOMPREHENSIBLY SUPERIOR TO THE LIMITED STANDPOINT OF HUMAN BEINGS THAT ONLY OF
THIS CULTURE HAS IT EVER BEEN SAID THAT IT DISCOVERED THE ULTIMATE SECRET OF THE WHOLE SIDEREAL UNIVERSE, ONLY TO FORGET IT AGAIN TWO HOURS LATER; A CULTURE SO VAST AND IMPERCEPTIBLY VARIEGATED THAT WE SCARCELY HAVE ROOM LEFT TO INTRODUCE ITS MOST FORGETTABLE CHARACTER...

ALWAYS SOME COMPLICATION. GUESS I'LL HAVE TO CHUG-A-LUG.

SHEE! NO TIME TO DIGEST MY ANCHOVY CHALUPAS & SAUERKRAUT... (URP)... DOC?

Bog - your IQ scores mark you as outstanding.

Well, I...

Just un-b-e-liev-a-bly bad. You're dopish about your sentimentality, sentimental about your dopiness - unrepentantly inedible, in short.
YOU HAVE THE MENTALITY OF THAT FABLED CREATURE OF THE MERCIFULLY DIM PAST, A REPUBLICAN VICE-PRESIDENT!

NOW BOB, I WANT YOU TO LISTEN CLOSELY. I'VE ALWAYS HAD A SPECIAL CONCERN FOR YOU, SO I'D LIKE TO SEE WHAT I CAN DO. AS IT SO HAPPENS — THANK YOU, QUORK — I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A...

DEVICE! GO ON UP, BOB. IT WILL...

ATTACK AT THE SEAT EVERY ONE OF YOUR PROBLEMS — RECIDIVISTIC REPUBLICANISM, MISBEGOTTEN SELF-CONFIDENCE...

HERE GOES!

FORP! FORP! FORP!

BRONX!
TRULY A PHENOMENAL PHENOMENON! BY SOME OBSCURE REACTION WITH SOME UNPREDICTED FACTORS, ODD SEEMS TO HAVE UNDERGONE SOME UNNATURAL, NOT TO SAY MEDICALLY UNFEASIBLE, REACTIONS! HAVE HIS ID, EGO, AND SUPEREGO SEPARATED OUT UPON FINDING HIS INNER ENVIRONMENT DREADFULLY POLLUTED?

THIS IS ALL QUITE DEEP — HOW CAN I UNDERSTAND ALL THIS WITHOUT THE AID OF MY COMBINATION ST. BERNARD AND COMPUTER? — UNIVAT 13!

AH, THE VERY QUINTESSENCE OF SCIENTIFIC METAPHYSICO-THEOLOGICO-COSMONICOGO, SHAKE, NOT STIRRED. THANK YOU, UNIVAT 13 — NOW I CAN FACE UP TO THE UNSEENLY CONSEQUENCES... WHAT? THE PHENOMENA HAVE REACHED A TERMINAL STATE OF INVISIBILITY!

NOT YET, DOC, BUT ALMOST...
IN HERE!

FELLOW EJECTEES—FELLOW ESCAPEES—WE GOTTA MAKE THIS DUMP LIVABLE WHILE OUR FORMER LODGING IS RECOVERING FROM—AH—BEING PSYCHED OUT.

TELL IT LIKE IT OUGHTA BE, SUPEREGO!

NOW—NNNGH!—I'VE JUST GOTTA GET OUTA THIS PUDGY SHAPE INTO WHICH I WAS FORCED BY THE AERODYNAMICS OF EJECTION, BEFORE I'M MISTAKEN FOR A GLUTON SHAMEFUL!

BESIDES, HOW CAN I BE TERRIFYING AND INTIMATING IN THAT SHAPE? NOT THAT I REALLY WANT TO BE OBEYED. I'D MUCH RATHER BE MORALLY INDIFFERENT!

BEING THE EGO NATURALLY WHATEVER SHAPE I'M IN IS ALWAYS PERFECT, TO ME!

A DARK CORNER'LL DO ME, WHERE I CAN MAKE THINGS MESSY ENOUGH TO MAKE ME FEEL AT HOME.

...I THINK I'D PREFER TO BE IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM.

—WOW! NOW I CAN DO MY BIT: WHY DON'T YA CLEAN THIS JUNK UP, YOU CREEP?! YOU OUGHTA BE ASHAMED!

SHADDUP, YOU LOUSY ANAL PERSONALITY! WHY'CHA GO SUBLIMATE YASELF?

PLEASE, FELLOWS! NOW WE ARE ALL GROWN-UPS, ARE WE NOT? I CAN HARDLY HEAR MYSELF THINK!
DIG THE SELF-CENTERED LITTLE FREAK!

WATCH THIS BLOW HIS MIND —

—AIN'T IT GREAT, BEIN' HOME ALL TOGETHER AGAIN?

MAYBE SO, BUT THINGS WERE REALLY SWINGING, BACK WHEN THAT DENSE DUPE, BOG, HAD TO TAKE THE BLAME FOR ALL OUR ANTICS.

YEH, MAKES YOU NOSTALGIC—CAREFREE DAYS....

THERE OUGHT TO BE SOME WAY WE COULD RESURRECT THE LITTLE POOP...

Meanwhile

NO ONE IN THE ACADEMY OF ARCANE ARCHAEOLOGY WILL BELIEVE IT WHEN I SHOW THEM THE RESULTS OF THIS EXPERIMENT WITH BOG—A SCOOP FOR THE GAZEBO-GAZERS GAZETTE!
THE COMPUTATIONAL VORTEX ALL BEGAN THAT FATEFUL DAY WHEN I SET...

GOTT IM HIMMEL!

ALL OVER THE LAB ONE CAN SMELL TERROROUS SHORTS, STINKY SHORTS! ONE THINKS IMMEDIATELY - ONE'S NOSE BEING ONE'S GUIDE - OF BOG! THAT BOG! ONE NEVER KNEW HIM TO ACQUIRE A DECENT HABIT - OF ALL HIS COUNTRYMEN, HE WAS FAMED FOR WEARING HIS SHORTS LONGEST - THAT IS, ALTHOUGH HE WAS NEVER SHORT ON SHORTS, STILL HE... Oh, WHEN ONE GETS ONE'S HANDS ON HIM!

MEANWHILE, AND A VERY MEAN WHILE IT IS INDEED...

I STILL REMEMBER A FEW OF THE EXORCISM SPELLS THAT MY GREAT-CD LOTTIE SAID IN HER UNCLE CARBUNCLE - SHE SAID IT WAS THE ONLY EXORCIZING HE EVER HAD, IN FACT. MAYBE IF WE REVERSE ONE OF THEM, WE COULD RE-ACTIVATE BOG TO A SORT OF MOBILE STUPID LIFE BEFORE, OR ELSE POSSIBLY EXPAND HIS CORPOREAL CORPUSCLE TO A SIZE WHERE WE COULD ALL FIT OURSELVES IN COMFORTABLY AGAIN. FIRST WE NEED SOME WOMBAT HORMONES AND NYMPH LYMHP AND A LITTLE BIT OF GRIT....

EGO HERE CAN LOOK FOR ALL THOSE THINGS - I'VE REPRESSED THEM ALREADY.
GRAPPLING GNARLY, YOU PEOPLE ARE SO HELPLESS! YOU OUGHT TO ACCOUNT YOURSELVES LUCKY TO HAVE SOMEONE BRAVE AND RESPONSIBLE AROUND. LORD ONLY...

LATER...

HEH, GOT 'EM ALL, EVERYTHING YOU WANTED. IT TOOK A LITTLE WHILE, OF COURSE.

MIGHTY MISSED UP NYMPH LYMPS YOU GOT THERE. NO WONDER IT TOOK SO LONG.

As the sinister preparations proceed apace, there is meanwhile a great hustle about Dr. Melnik's incapacitated laboratory. Mechanical servo-units scurry and flutter, cleaning up burned-out insulation as well as the debris from Bog's unfortunate transmogrification.

Another phalanx of unflanged phylacteryes ought to hold this transformer for a while, B-14. After you've got them, you can resume aerial aësoprics around the lab, and maybe fix a beer.

Whup! Baaaad news ahead, as a mobile zequinithe korthritic nasal unit unknowingly approaches the cause of the short—Bog's mouldering anchovy...
IN A PAROXYSM OF PURPLE, THE NASAL UNIT INHALES THE ANCHOVY!

ZUHUUHUUH-ZRP!

FEZ PZUCKSWORK!

DONNERWETTER! GIVES IT NO SUCH GOING-ON!

FLASHING THROUGH THE AREA, THE UNIT EXECUTES AN IMMELEMMANN INTO...

OWEE

WOTZIT?

IT'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE POT OF ANTEDILUVIAN ANDALUSIAN ANTHRACITE!
THE QUIT VILLAGE NEVER KNEW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE AREA BY THE ACID'S LABORATORY. IF THERE WERE SURVIVORS, THEY WERE ALL BLOWN AWAY. RUMORS TOOK THE PLACE OF MOURNING.

DEBATES WAXED HOT AFTER MUCH DEBATE, THE OFFICIAL CONCLUSION OF THE ACID'S EXPLOSION WAS ANNOUNCED: BOG HAD HEROICALLY SAVED THE VILLAGE FROM THE EVIL ACID MELNIK.

FOR THE VILLAGERS HAD NEVER MUCH TRUSTED (OR UNDERSTOOD) OLD MELNIK. A PROCLAMATION WAS QUICKLY ISSUED, SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THE CREATION OF A COLossal STATUE IN TRIBUTE TO THE HAPLESS BOG. THE EXILE OR EXECUTION OF ALL PROFESSORS WAS DemANDED, ALONG WITH ANY CIENTS ARTiculate Enough TO HAVE PARTICIPATED IN THE DEBATE LEADING UP TO THIS ProCLAMATION. LATER, ANYONE OF SUFFICIENT ACUMEN TO UNDERSTAND THE PROCLAMATION WAS EXILED; FINALLY, ANYONE WITH ENOUGH KNOW-HOW TO REPAIR ANYTHING WAS ALSO EXILED. WHEN ALL THE POTENTIAL ENEMIES OF THE VILLAGE WERE GONE, THE VILLAGE IMMEDIATELY DETERIORATED AND COLLAPSED, AS DID THE STATUE TOO. WHICH WAS ALL RIGHT, FOR AN EVEN LARGER MONUMENT TO STUPIDITY WAS GROWING.
MAL-IG 2 George Metzger

ADAM LINK'S VENGEANCE 16 Eando Binder and D. Bruce Berry

WAR MACHINE 42 Bob Foster

INTERVIEW WITH JOHN SEVERIN 44 John Benson

NAME GAMES BY HAMES 62 Hames Ware

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COMING ATTRACTIONS
WELL, YOU'VE MET BUTCH.
YOU'RE LUCKY—MOST OF
THEM DON'T SURVIVE. HE
DOESN'T SEEM TO LIKE
MUCH OF ANYBODY.

I SEE I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE THEY'VE
CAPTURED.

NO, THERE ARE ONE OR TWO MORE
OF US. ACTUALLY, I WAS GETTING
ON RATHER WELL WITH THEM,
LEARNING EACH OTHER'S LANGUAGE
AND ALL, UNTIL SOME IDIOT
SHOT THEIR AMBASSADOR AND...
WELL, HERE WE ARE. AT WAR.

AND WHAT OF HIM, AND THE OTHERS?

SAME THING, MORE OR LESS. THE
ONLY REASON THE ALIENS HAVEN'T
ATTACKED EARTH OUTRIGHT IS
THAT THEY'RE BUSY WITH ANOTHER
PLANET. IN FACT...

...I HEAR THAT A
WHOLE FLEET OF
SPACESHIPS IS
HEADING TOWARD
THIS PLANET RIGHT
NOW. GOING TO BE
A BIT OF A TUGGLE
UPSTAIRS, I'LL BET.

WHAMP'S

[RUMBLE]

[CRAKE]

[GACK]
DUM DUM

BLAM

VRRROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
YOU ROTTEN BASTARD!
YOU COULD HAVE WAITED!!
The Underground and Other Ponderings

Regardless of the opinion readers may have of the underground publishing scene, it must be admitted that the underground publishers are having, and will continue to have, an increasing effect on the comic medium and the traditions surrounding it. The lack of editorial control in the undergrounds is an important step in releasing artists (who are usually their own authors in the underground) to do what they wish, totally. The fact that the underground publishers have been able to find distributors for such "objectionable" material is the second step; in fact, it is probably the most important one. Publishers are not all that difficult to come by, whereas a good distributor is to be valued equally with the Holy Grail. Bad distributing has spelled the end of many worthwhile publications (of late, WEB OF HORROR), while a change in distributor managed to save the life of the betroubled E.C. comic MAD, now an American institution. Persnickety distributors have been smothering the four-color comics for years, and generous distributors are enabling the underground to thrive. The entire publisher/distributor/retailer set-up may further be compared to the limited distribution magazines like ANOMALY in which the publisher is the distributor and is the retailer — and that's the biggest drag of all.

The profit margin on ANOMALY is very small. Were ANOMALY a normal magazine, intended to go to a distributor who would fan it out in large quantities all over the continent, I would have to plan on selling it for 80¢ a copy. The distributor would most likely sell it for $1.20 a copy to the retailers, who would then feel it worth their while to sell
it for $2. (Their only problem would be the horrendous task of selling a $2 magazine — is one issue of ANOMALY worth two issues of PLAYBOY?) What profit I would make would be determined by how much under 80¢ a copy it cost me to produce the magazine and by the size of the cut I would be willing to farm out to the various contributors. This issue of ANOMALY cost far too much to produce to even consider going through normal distribution channels with it. The only hope is to sell it myself, directly to the readers, and in limited quantities to the retailers. This is bad as it removes two possibilities: 1) ANOMALY will not reach a large audience, and 2) the artists will receive little, if anything, for their time and effort.

However, suppose ANOMALY were to go underground. Suppose I were to use newsprint instead of glossy paper stock. Suppose I were to print ten thousand copies instead of one thousand. Suppose I were to sell at discount to a good distributor. Ah, that is another story. The magazine might actually make money.

I’m not saying that ANOMALY is going to become an underground comic. But I’m not ruling the possibility out, either. What I’m saying is this: ANOMALY cannot continue to function in its present format, with its present circulation and form of distribution. What form it will take, if it takes any form at all, is anybody’s guess.

The underground definitely has its drawbacks. So far, it has primarily been the playground for the artists’ frustrations and sexual fantasies, catering to tastes equal to those of regular, establishment porno buyers. Little has really been done to develop the medium, to actually tell stories worth telling. George Metzger’s MOONDOG is an exception, as are occasional shorter endeavors by others. The humor field is well represented, notably by Gilbert Shelton, but serious and pseudo-serious stories are conspicuously absent. The underground comix are assuming the same stigma as that attached to the establishment comics — they are simply a place to go for laughs, not to be taken seriously. Any publication not following the mainstream format is sure to be treated cooly, but might be able to sell 10,000 copies or so (not a phenomenal circulation in the underground, but an adequate one).

Of course, the magazine could be spiked with “objectionable” material to increase sales, or sexy portions could be written into each story, but this seems to be reverting to a kind of “negative censorship” that is just as restricting and obnoxious as the old sort.

It is all very perplexing, and problems far beyond these I’ve mentioned abound where ANOMALY is concerned. For instance, there is the fact that I am simply not a very good "new wave" editor. I demand personal involvement in my magazine; I am not content to pay out a couple thousand bucks just to print what some idiot artist wants to see printed — I have to want to see it printed. This makes me a relatively obstinate person to work for. Secondly, I’m too particular in other details. I had three color transparencies of the Kline painting photographed before getting one that met my approval. I had a second set of negatives shot for the Corben strip even though I had one set in my possession that would do. (I wanted to make a two-word dialogue modification and wanted a finer halftone screen.) Needless to say, this contrariness is expensive. And third, my real interest is writing, not publishing. Maybe this third reason should have come first, as it’s probably the most important.

And so it goes. Please do not order ANOMALY 4. I’m not saying there will never be an ANOMALY 4, but I’m certainly in no position to say how much it would cost if it did appear. Also, both back issues are blissfully sold out. My thanks go to the contributors this issue, and especially Richard Corben who was absolutely no trouble to me at all. Now I’d like to bow out with the following passage from Lewis Carroll’s ALICE IN WONDERLAND:

“Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?”

“That depends a good deal on where you want to get to,” said the Cat.

“I don’t much care where —” said Alice.

“Then it doesn’t matter which way you go,” said the Cat.

“—— so long as I get somewhere,” Alice added as an explanation.

“Oh, you’re sure to do that,” said the Cat, “if you only walk long enough.”