THE COLLECTOR
The cover of KOMIK, one of those fanzines that never came out. Reproduced here with the permission of the artist, JOHN FANTUCHIO.

Now I'd like to thank all of the following people for making my trip to New York and the con so enjoyable: Phil and Carole Seuling, Tom and Deana Fagan, John and Mary Fantucchio (who unfortunately could only make it up for Sunday), Joe Sinnott & his family (Joe's fine drawing this issue was a surprise gift Joe gave me at the con; one which I really appreciate, Joe!), Vince Marchesano and his lovely fiancée from Canada (Vince is a really nice guy, and a great artist!), Gary Groth and his dad, Mike Catron, my table-buddy Alan Light, Kirk Alyn, G. Rosa, Ray Foushee, Jerry Sinkovic, Neal Pozner, Tedd Kessler, Ken Smith and family, Byron Preiss, Jim Steranko, Mike Nolan, Dave Cockrum, Marty Greim, Bob Cosgrove, Tony Isabella, Dwight Decker, Bill Black, Mike McGrath (some great photos, Mike!), Bill Cantey (writer of high calibre and all-around swell guy!), Jeff Wasserman, Ken Bruzenak (local fan and friend, and student of none other than James Steranko! - during the lessons at the con at least). And for making it all possible, my parents and the good ol' Greyhound bus driver!

PHOTOGRAPHY: MIKE McGRATH, BILL WILSON
WRITERS THIS ISSUE: TOM FAGAN, RICHARD SMALL, DAVID HANLEY, BILL WILSON
ARTISTS THIS ISSUE: DON NEWTON, DAN ADKINS, JOHN G. FANTUCCHIO, BILL WILSON, EARL BLAIR, DAVE COCKRUM*, DOUG POTTER, BILL BLACK, ALAN HANLEY, JOE SINNOTT, VINCE MARCHESANO, DON ROSA, DAVE STEVENS, SKIP OLSON, MARTIN GREIM

COVER: DON NEWTON AND DAN ADKINS*

Special thanks to Don Newton, for working up this issue's beautiful wraparound Superman scene; to Dan Adkins, for taking time out from his busy schedule to ink Don's drawing; and to John G. Fantucchio, for inking in the drawing on the opposite page while I visited with him, so that it could be included in this issue.

*COLOR SEPARATIONS BY BILL WILSON

Well, it's finally here! A little late, a little bigger, and a LOT better! Although this is being written BEFORE the issue (or cover) goes to press, I'm confident that the four-color cover and the entire magazine will look great when printed. The reason: Ever since I got back from the New York Con, I've worked on it off and on EVERY DAY to make it that great! Sure, it was a lot of sweat and work, but I think it's going to pay off beautifully. Sure typing and transcribing a 60+ page con report by TOM FAGAN is tough! Sure a four-color cover is tough to print! Sure, halftones for each photo are tough to take! But if it all pays off, I'll be more than satisfied.

If you didn't get that special flyer in the mail or didn't see my last ad in Alan Light's The Buyer's Guide (FREE! from RR 1/Box 297/Rust Moline, Ill. 61244), then you're getting this issue for $3.50 instead of $5.00 because you didn't send in the extra 15¢ for it. Or, if you sent in a sub for $2.50, $2.60, $2.60, you're gonna get only this issue and the next, IF you sent in the order after July 10th. If you sent it in before then, I'll honor the subscrip-
tion as is, if you wish. The thing is: I couldn't possibly do this big a con issue (with all the extras: four-color cover, interior color, halftones) for 35¢, because the postage will probably be around 15¢ or 20¢! So the price hike. It's effective for the next issue, too (out in Jan. '72). From then on, TC will be 40+ pages for $1.00, printed twice a year, January and July, and be on the order of Bill Black's fine PARAGON. It will cover ALL areas of collecting related to comic fandom, as was the intent of the magazine from the start. The next issue will feature the 3rd and concluding part of TOM FAGAN's article on The Flying Dutchman, the conclusion of Hyperman's latest adventure, as you've never seen him before, an article on the new artists working on the Disney books since Carl Barks retired by DWIGHT DECKER and MERE! Probably the usual 24 or 28 pages next time, but every bit worth 50¢!}

BILL W. WILSON

Editor-Publisher-Printer, Bill G. Wilson.
The CON'S On: RIGHT ON!

The square world's asleep. Snug beneath coverlets, it contents itself with dreams of prosaic picnics, beach parties, and leisurely rides through the countryside...the everyday way to celebrate the long holiday weekend this Fourth of July, 1971.

Each to his own. Your celebration is going to be different. You're awake and excited; have been for hours. The day you've been waiting for has finally arrived.

It's the big one; the great one. It's fireworks, witch's brew, candy hearts, wearing of the green, and jam-packed stocking hung with care, all rolled into a single, unopened package just waiting for you.

Yeah, you're heading for the heady one...the grand-daddy of 'em all. It's trip-out time, that is. Yes, you are going to: THE 1971 COMIC ART CONVENTION. Together with Deana, you scoot through quiet and deserted city streets; early morning sun pelting down on you both, as tugging suitcases that grow heavier by the minute you jump on the impatient Greyhound with scant seconds to spare. "Take a deep breath. Here we go!"

It's Deana's first con; it's also her first pilgrimage to New York. You've been to cons every year now since 1965. (They called them 'Comic Cons' back then, remember?) Doesn't matter; the magic renews itself yearly. You're just as excited as she. Right on, brothers and sisters!

You start counting down the decreasing miles and adding up the count of groundhogs spotted along the thruway. And you talk about the people...the beautiful people you'll be seeing.

People already there, like Phil and Carole Seuling...probably out of their minds at this point...for theirs is the responsibility of seeing that the con runs well. Mike Nolan, who's made it from California already; Bill Wilson and his folks from Clairton, Pennsylvania; Tom Watkins hitch-hiking from Wilmington, Delaware; Bill Black and his pretty wife "Reb", head -ing in from Tallahassee; Marty Greim and his ace henchmen, Al Bradford and Bob Cosgrove, hatching their way from Massachusetts; Don Poote moving in from Johnstown, New York; Rich Rubenfeld taking the subway in from Franklin Square; John Fantucchio and his lovely spouse Mary, reading their 'Black Beauty' down in Arlington, Va.; Ellen Vartanoff climbing aboard a butterfly at Bethesda; Tom Robe tooling in from Toronto (who say's the con isn't international)...

And naturally you rap about the artists and writers due on hand, in person, and on stage for the next 4 days. Cool ones like Harry P. Lucey, who spaws the generation gap between Hangman and Archie; Steranko, already a living legend; 'Wirthful' Marie Svero ; Denny O'Neil, unparallel writer of comic book relevancy; Gray Morrow, "the quite one"; and Roy Thomas, "the loquacious one"...

Shazam! The New York City skyline hits you like a thunderbolt. And in this the beginning of the 11th hour of Friday, July 2nd, you seep down a winding hill, mole through the Lincoln Tunnel and with honking of horns and burning of exhaust emerge on Fun City seeing the McGraw-Hill Building -ing on your left, the Century Funeral Home on your right. Sleazy pushcarts and open-air fruit/vegetable stands along Ninth Avenue cause you to hum "East Side, West Side," as the Greyhound lopes into the underground oven that is the Port Authority on a summer's day. Stifling an impulse (at Deana's insistence) to break into a Gene Kelly "New York, New York: It's A Wonderful Town" song-and-dance routine, you tunnel your way to the Seventh Avenue Subway, clatter eight blocks downtown and emerge aboveground blinking at the Statler Hilton dead ahead. Like Emerald City, man!

Inside you follow the lead of comic book heads. They're easy to pick out. They're either carrying comics or talking comics. You set off after them for the first of many elevator rides. After three or four
false tryis, you finally manage to get
off at the right floor. Instant recog
-nition! A friendly warwhoop your
ears wouldn't believe... Heather Seul-
ing's own unique way of saying hello.
With Heather tucked under one arm and
a suitcase under the other, you walk
"the last mile" or what seems like it.
Luckily, there's a brief respite as
Heather releases her death hold for a
quick slide down a staircase banis-
ter. Only a moment, though, before
she is back on your arm again. Deana
rides a grin somehow; double burden
and all, you make your way to the reg-
istration tables. You sign in. Your
signature and a modest $3.50 cash out-
lay guarantees a four-day passport of
continuous entertainment.

You're officially a convention-
er! Your name badges, con program &
souvenir booklet, prove it. All this
plus an invitation to a free Jeff
Jones art exhibit...what more could a-
nyone ask? A book of movie stills may
be- be? Well, you have that too...compli-
ments of the house!

It's a "split-level con" this
time around, you discover. Registration,
dealers' rooms, the testimonial-
boutique, the ACBA meeting are all
to be located throughout the mezza-
nine. Lectures, movies, auctions, art
shows, panels, the costume parade?
You'll find them topside. The 18th
floor, to be exact. Who says life is
not a series of "uppers" and "down-
ers"? Who says an elevator isn't the
shortest distance between 2 points?
Like you said a bit before, it truly
was "the first of many rides!"

You and Deana wander into the
dealers' room. Wow! and Double-Wow!
It's like King Midas was punished
with a comic book curse and complete-
ly psyched out. Table upon table of
treasure. Want original art? Or a Big
Bad Wolf alarm clock? How about
films, slides, blowup posters,
fanzines? Detective #27 perhaps? ECs--
a complete run? Yellow Kid #1? Tapes,
records, shoulder patches? Casper
The Friendly Ghost, even Underground
comics? (Gotta be 21 to get those.)
Something really status? How's $25-
an-hour art lessons from Steranko

for starters? Or a used Ibis stick?
A dealer to take home for a pet, maybe?
A slightly-worn power ring? Far
out! Any and all are yours. If you've
got the bread, that is, the where-
withall, the gold, the finances.
Youse pay and youse purchase; other-
wise, youse just look and long. This
is precisely what you do...long
and look. It's an open-air market, a Tur-
kish bazaar, concessioners' room, the
general store, the trading block, buy-
ers and sellers in the Temple, the
back alley come-on, and soft
sell, sidewalk sales, 'bargains gal-
lare', 'going-out-of-business' world
---these dealers' rooms.

You wander down one aisle and
up another...a trailway of what is
and what will become nostalgia. It's
vicarious sure but it's good to know
it exists. You say "Hi," to Alan E-
Qua of Brooklyn, who's hit a moth-
er lodge of comics a while back and
now he's both collector and dealer.

Bill Wilson beckons. He intro-
duces you to Gary Groth of Springs-
field, Virginia, editor of "Fantast-
ic Fanzine", and Alan L. Light, of
East Moline, Illinois, who publishes

You tell Dave it's great to see him
back on the con scene once more. He's
been gone too long, you say.

Sailing past is Phil Seuling &
a friend. "C'mon," he says to you &
Deana, "it's time to get it on." All
four of you cram into the already
crowded elevator. Whoosh! The ascent
to the 18th floor begins. "Hey,"

"Sure," you reply. "I ought to; I
spent enough Saturday afternoons
back home at the Grand Theatre watch-
ing him on the screen..." You turn
and shake hands with Kirk Alyn. Cool!

Not everybody everyday has the
chance to shake the hand of Super-
man!

Sliish! Elevator door opening.
Irene Vartanoff to be found among
those crowded in the Penn Top South
room. You congratulate Irene, who's
now working for National. Phil Seul-
ing is already at the speaker's
rostrum and with microphone in hand
announces:

"We're running an hour behind
schedule [it's 1 P.M.] but we're
rolling now!" Applause greets the
statement. "And we're going to keep
right on rolling, too!" Phil keeps
it brief and to-the-point. "You
know," he says, "the cons----- the
Science Fiction ones, the other
comicons----they're run each in
their own way and run very well. How
---ever, this con is different. Peo-
ple look like they're having fun. So

We're still grooving!

Truth is, you're still having fun...just thinking about it. The
1971 Comic Art Convention was a
great one!

Thanks to you, Phil & Carole
Seuling! We're still grooving!
KEYNOTE SPEECH:
"THE WARREN REPORT...
1971 STYLE"

REPORTER... TOM FAGAN

There are two ways of listening to James Warren - as if heeding a voice from On High, or hearing a dread command from Below. Either is fascinating, for James Warren is living proof that the tongue is mightier than the sword. Attending a Warren lecture is rather like being a smug spectator at the arena Dartthrow-ers Ball. Words aren't minced; they make mincemeat. The insult is fashioned into a finely honed shaft. Warren employs the noun as an uppercut to the ego; the verb as a kick in the groin, the adjective as a devastating blow to the backside. What's more, 99 percent of the time, Warren's criticisms are valid. He can back them up with facts or figures... and if necessary, legal council, all of which he's done in a stormy publishing career which has seen black and white art take its rightful place in the comic book field.

In introducing Warren as Friday's keynote speaker, convention chairman Philip Nicholas Seuling had this to say of the publisher of EERIE, CREEPY, and VAMPIRELLA:

"He's leading in new directions. I like the whole idea. He's brash, outspoken, glib, and articulate. He considers himself a fan. So join with me now in welcoming JIM WARREN! Warren, whose appearance is that of an in-fighting Wall St. executive, acknowledged the applause by saying, "I also stand here as a pro and a publisher; you can see what a spot that puts me in!" Commenting on the convention, Warren stated it "means a lot to those of us at Warren because it's composed of fans... not just the people in the industry."

And what does this 35-year-old industry consist of? Warren had this to say:

"First: The creative people... the team of editors, artists, writers, letterers, and the like.

Second: The 'heavy guys'... the printing plants.

Third: The retail outlets... the magazine distributors & retailers.

Fourth: The readers & the fans.

Fifth: The general public... authority, teachers, parents; the Comics Code Authority.

Sixth: The publisher."

Then began the verbal vivisection Warren watchers were waiting for. Nor were they disappointed, for the speaker now warmed to the task, delivered the "Warren Wallop" which depending on your point of view, has become his famous (or infamous) trademark. Deftly he wielded the syllabic scalpel, not in the least disturbed during critical points of the dissection, by applause spontaneous and admiring. Vowed Warren, "Ah! The creative people; they're the ones who speak to our feelings of all that is new and young... the mystery that is within each of us. Yes, they... they are the most unmanageable ones of all... the biggest pains in the ass! Their biggest competition is you, the readers. If they can't get through to you the way they want: The artists, get ulcers! The publisher goes bankrupt. And you, the readers, are the ones who benefit eventually. You get what you want to read!"

Warren continued: "The 'heavy guys'... the ones who run the printing plants. An economic recession... a busines sness climate such as we've had for the past two years... is disasterous to them. They spend millions of dollars for equipment and trained personnel... then all of a sudden they're faced with publishers' cancellations. Warren explained that the threat of impending cancellations causes printers to "freeze up", to shy away, to "not permit expansion." This has a boomerang effect, Warren said, as publishers are likely to run scared and cancel new titles that have just begun or haven't even gotten off the drawing board yet. He expressed sympathy with the plight of the printer thusly: "When a publisher goes bankrupt, the loss is in thousands of dollars. When printing plants go bankrupt, the loss is measured in millions of dollars."

Noted for his running battles with certain distributors and retailers, Warren leveled a non-sympathetic sight on the target. "The magazine dealers do business the same as they did 100 years ago. The only other busines to do that, that I know of, is prostitution!"

The convention's axe descended on the segment of readership known as 'fans'. Warren: "Pan? Fans are fanatics." Laughter greeted the description. "No really," said Warren, "Fans are different. If I were to tell the average person that Phil Seuling, for example, just died, they'd say 'Gosh, that's terrible! How did it happen?' However, if I told a fan the same thing the answer would be, 'Gee, who's going to run the comicon next year?' [Though given in jest, the appropriateness of this statement will be shown in another article in this issue.] And of the general public? The critics? The Comics Code? Warren unleashed a crushing cannonade: "You can't judge a book by its cover but some people can." Even judge it by the contents! [applause]" "The general public... what the hell do they know about our type of comics? Their idea of comics is 'Blonde & Dagwood'!" [applause louder!]

His audience well understood his use of the word "our" as referring generally to comics, not just Warren magazines. To illustrate the credibility gap surrounding the comic book industry, Warren mentioned an Ed Sullivan television show scheduled this coming Fall... "two hours of prime time" and supposedly a documentary on comics. The type of characters to be included? The likes of "Kerry Drake", "Brenda Starr" and "Major Hoople". The convention audience groaned. Warren: "I called them up and asked if they would like to include Vampi rebelle.

"Who's that?" said the voice on the other end of the phone.

"The illegitimate daughter of Wonder Woman, I told them." What happened? "They hung up! Warren grinned. [applause louder!]

"The Comics Code Authority," sighed Warren, "Ah, it is everything that is good, decent... and STUPID! The Comics Code... WHAT BULLSHIT! [applause - the thundering kind! And if any of you out there in the audience don't know the meaning of the word... then get a copy of 'Seduction of the Innocent' by Dr. Fredric Wertham... and read his every word... that's BULLSHIT!" [Standing ovation!]

"How about publishers? Quipped Warren: "It's a wonderful job for people who want a nervous breakdown and haven't yet had one!"

In a conversation with Stan Lee once, Warren said Lee had chided him about in his continuous battle to keep Warren publications on the newstands. Lee, quoted by Warren, said, "There's room on the stands for everyone, Jim." I told Stan yes I believe that, and I also
believe in Santa Claus, the stork, & the tooth fairy."

Commenting further, Warren held that of every 10 new magazines intro-
duced, only two of them are still a-
round after a year’s time to cele-
brate their second birthday. The mor-
tality rate has been high since the
inroad of television and the shop-
ing centers replacing former comic
book outlets such as cigar stores &
corner newstands. Warren ran down a
brief and partial comic book sales
history as follows:

"1946...Superman & Batman were top
selling magazines of all times."
"1948...Sixty million copies of com-
ics sold a month." (All publishers.)
[DC sells ((a total of)) 30 million
comics a year," said Warren.]
"1954...The Congressional Investiga-
tion." ["Four million dollars spent
(by the govt.) to make a case aga-
inst comics."]
"1955...Ninety-eight percent of ex-
esting titles put out of business,
ever to come back." (Establishment of
the Code.)
"1961...The ten-cent comic becomes
the 12-cent comic book."
"1963...Warren introduces CREEPY."
[Threatened shut-down by the Code.]
"1966...Batman in prime television
time." [Every Batman magazines print-
ed a complete sell-out.]
"1968...Vampirella was born and peo-
ples started calling me a dirty old
man."

(Warren neglected to mention the
year comics went to 15¢ or 1971 with
the price hiked, depending on the
company, to 20¢ and 25¢ (excluding
the "Giants") but then why should he
his books were never in the nickel-
dime-quarter ante category!)

"What," asked Warren suddenly,
"do you do with a 35-year-old indus-
try that is sick and dying?" Just as
quickly he answered his own question
"When a few thousand fans show up
each year at conventions like this...
well, it’s a sign the patient may re-
cover." Over applause, Warren open-
ed a question-and-answer session.

Why are Warren magazines not un-
der the Code? Said Warren, "I don’t
like authority...the kind that tells
me what is good and what is bad. How
much cleavage can be shown. Or a man
can’t be shown smacked in the mouth.
Censorship, son, is at best a terri-
bile thing...particularly when people
in charge of creation know what they
are doing." Pursuing the point fur-
ther, Warren avowed: "They told me
I was committing suicide. That I
would be drummed out of the business
...well...I’m still here and they...
well they’re still there. They seem
to feel they represent Mom, the flag,
and apple pie, and if anyone disagree the
slightest with their views they’re
automatically bad." To paraphrase War-
ren, maybe "they are the ones who
are "icky, pissy-dooty!"

Asked about Bill Gaines, Warren
unleashed his sword: "They broke that
man! His Spirit. Physically! Funny
thing about the U.S. Government. They
can do that to a man!" That Gaines
might have taken the easy way out by
discontinuing the controversial EC
line of the early 50’s, Warren was a
damant in defense of Gaines, who: in
himself, is a father figure to much
of fandom. (You have to be in that
hot seat before a Congressional Com-
mittee) to understand!" Warren said
bluntly. "I have every respect for
Bill Gaines. He made a wise decision
to ditch CRYPT OF TERROR, HAUNT OF
FEAR, and the others to stay only
with MAD. It was a wise economic de-
cision; he has the bank account
to prove it!"

"Edward Geary, a fan who was la-
ter to deliver one of the most pro-
vocative lectures of the convention,[see story elsewhere in this issue]
challenged Warren with a question
that startled the audience: "What if
Lt. William Calley read EC comics as
a child?" (The quote is lifted from
Geary’s own speech given later.) The
implication being, the audience knew
a human massacre might have been a-
voiced. Warren assumed the look of a
priest. His answer was what St. Phil-
ip Neri might have given. "Nobody
knows that answer except God." And
then the pixie that is also always
beside the troll in Warren took over
and he said, "And he isn’t here at
this convention! Oh, excuse me, Phil
[Seuling], I didn’t see you back
there!" Seriously, he said, "I just
can’t buy that theory that people

like Calley are made by comic books.
Maybe, just maybe, one millionth of
one tenth of one per cent are. But
that kind of research hasn’t been
done yet!"

Switching the subject, one fan
asked him if his company would ever
do a science-fiction book. Warren re-
plied: "The only way a sci-fi comic
book will ever make it is that $6000
kids pay in advance for it." He paw-
ed and then gave one of the famed
(or ill-famed) Warren asides: "ARE
YOU LISTENING, SKYWALD?"

Questioned about causes and ef-
fects that lead him up the purple
path of publishing, Warren said it
was a life-long love. At seven he
was drawing pictures of Superman, a
character then new to readers. He was
still drawing comics when he was in
high school. Later he worked in news-
stands while in college & spent more
hours reading comics and any other
magazines that waiting on customers
when he could help it! His financ-
es that launched Warren publishing?
"We didn’t start on a shoestring; we
started on a pair of dirty old sneak-
ers. Five hundred dollars was a
grubstake his parents loaned him; 5
hundred additional dollars were loan-
ed by a bank. He took it from there.
And at that second, this time on a
special afternoon that was a one and
only Friday the second of July never
to come again, Phil Seuling stepped
up onto the speaker’s platform. With
the easy familiarity that has graced
the ‘Philcom’s’ he read...'The 1971
Comic Art Convention Plaque Awarded
to James Warren for the Challenge,Vi-
tality, and New Concepts he has
brought to the publishing of Comic
Art.” Said Warren, "I heard I was go-
ing to get this; I was going to
make funny remarks about it...but it
isn’t the kind of thing...I want to
make jokes about. I’m going to hang
it in my office...I really appreci-
ate this. I thank you very much, all
of you out there!"

Like a comic book, maybe you
can’t judge Jim Warren by his cover;
you’ve got to see what’s really
there inside. And maybe, both in
the man and the book, you’ll find a
message!

---

**A SALUTE... TO PHIL SEULING**

PHIL EXAMINES THE ORIGINAL MARVEL ART TO "WHEN THE CURTAIN FALLS".

"I HAVE A BID OF 10¢ FOR THIS PORNOGRAPHIC COMIC STRIP."
ANYONE NOT "IN THE KNOW" DRIFTING BY CHANCE INTO THE PENN TOP SOUTH MID-FRIDAY afternoon during the Warren Publishing Company Award Presentations might have thought Jim Warren: not only a "dirty old man" but a "mean old man" as well. Neither of which is true, of course; it's just that Warren delights in false impressions. He's a showman by nature, be it either publishing or appearing before the public.

Naturally, he treated his audience to an hour of public before turning their attention to the featured act on center stage... the second annual Warren trophy awards... the results of a previous poll of outstanding work done over the past year. With the gleaming trophies on hand and ready, Warren heightened the suspense by first calling on artists and writers within the audience to stand up and take their recognition. It wasn't the usual kind of introduction. With Warren nothing is ever "usual." It was done in the spirit of good-natured jesting and joking which amused the Warren "staffers" and the fans alike. Warren introductions went like this:

"Billy Graham.--If I had to name the top ten artists in the country, Billy'd place eleventh!"

"John Cochran, our new associate editor.--I walked into the office one day, saw him sitting there. So I asked him how long he had been working for us, and he answered, 'From the minute you walked through the door, Mr. Warren.'"

"Jerry Grandenetti.--I always have a place in my heart for one of life's failures."

"Mike Royer.--Stand up, Mike, and show us that new little mustache of yours. Judging from the last work you sent us, you must have used that instead of a paintbrush."

"Nick Giordano.--Another guy who doesn't work for us... be he's not good enough!"

"Ernie Colon.--Ernie looks like a nice guy, but he's really a vicious crook. The reason he writes for Harvey is because he's not good enough to write for the New York Times." [An in-joke as Colon recently had a letter published in the New York Times.]

"Nick Cuti.--Nick likes to say 'Warren irritates people because he gives the impression he knows more than anybody else. Did it ever occur to you, Nick, that I do!'"

"Gardner Fox.--Gardner can't really write, you know, he just uses big words."

"Sanford Grossman.--There's nothing like a black beret. He sleeps in it... even car-riches Neil Adams around in it!"

"Gerard Conway.--Well, Jerry figured he could get a job at DC by lying to Carmine Infantino and telling him he'd eaten the lunch!"

"T. Casey Brennan.--T. Casey, stand up & show these people what a degenerate looks like."

"Vaughn Bodé.--Another terrific talent. Stand up and mumble something incoherent!"

Warren concluded the introductions grinning, "These are the people I like to in--sult, and it's only once a year I get to do it!" He turned then, to the serious part of the program... the Award Presentations. Trophies were given as follows:

OUTSTANDING CREATIVITY IN WRITING AND ART IN THE FIELD OF COMIC ART--WALLACE WOOD.

BEST STORY-- CREEPY #36: "On the Wings of a Bird" by T. CASEY BRENNAN.

BEST INSIDE ART--VAMPIRELLA #12: "Death's Dark Angel" by JOSE GONZALES.

BEST COVER-- FRANK FRAZETTA. (Name of the magazine on which it appeared not given.)

ALL-AROUND BEST WRITER-- ARCHIE GOODWIN.

In the brief question and answer period that followed, some of the topics covered included:

Warren will be publishing a new magazine. Two issues should be in print by the 1972 convention. "Though I don't like the word 'revolutionary'--it's so overused--the magazine will be that," Warren said. Though he did not release its title, Warren indicated the magazine would be a controversial one and sold only to those over the new legal age of 18.

BLEEDING COMBAT.--An earlier Warren magazine that failed in 1965. Why? Warren said he felt it was due to the publication's "anti-war" nature. In this respect, he said it was "ahead of its time and so unpopular. I felt it shouldn't have been a failure!" he added.

Use of color in Warren magazines? The way I would want to see it and have it done, there'd have to be a five-dollar cover price. Warren indicated he had no immediate plans for color throughout his books, citing again prohibitive costs with resulting low markets for sales.

Can publishing be a dog-eat-dog business? Warren gave two examples of how it can be:

A rival publisher learning Warren was planning to come out with the then-new EERIE decided to take the title for his own. Warren and his small staff worked "three days straight around the clock." They produced a condensed-size EERIE--500 copies was the print run. "It looked like a Warren comic," Warren commented. These copies (now a rare collector's item) were sent out to several major cities and sold on newsstands. Warren's attorneys took author-labeled statements of the sales. "We ran it to the Library of Congress while all this was going on," Warren said, "and had the Eerie title copyrighted. We did this four hours before he (the rival publisher) was to go to press with his own Eerie title." That would-be title never saw publication for as Warren expressed it... "And we got his ass! We proved to a rival publisher we didn't like being stepped upon!"

The other instance cited by Warren was more recent. A publisher's association, of which Warren is a member, agreed to have an $8,000 sales survey made and the results would be made known to fifty major distributors. "A brilliant idea," Warren observed caustically. The survey was conducted and Warren books were to be included, Warren said. However, before the survey was released Warren dis-covered his books were not listed. "An oversight," Warren said he was told, adding he was given assurance the matter would be corrected in time. It wasn't and deliberately so, Warren stated. His lawyers acted on the matter; Warren money contributed to the survey was returned. And the publisher responsible for this? Yes, Warren named the publisher before the convention audience. He also named the publisher involved in the EERIE hassle.

If you'd like to know the names, our suggestion is ask Jim Warren himself.
ARCHIE GOING RELEVANT; MAD AS COMPARED TO NATIONAL LAMPOON; UNDERGROUND COMICS; DRUG STORIES; THE CODE; THE UNKNOWN ORIGIN OF ALFRED HENRY SCARPELLI; THE CLOCK ON THE RUMP OF A SABRE-TOOTH TIGER; MILLIE THE MODEL; AN EC MOVIE...DIVERSIFIED SUBJECTS SUCH AS THESE COVERED IN A SINGLE SITTING? WELL, NOT COVERED IN DEPTH REALITY, BUT ALL WERE TOUCHED UPON DURING SATURDAY'S OPENING LECTURE OF THE 1971 COMIC ART CONVENTION. THE JULY 3RD SUBJECT WAS SUPPOSEDLY "COMEDY IN THE COMIC..." WHICH IT STARTED OFF AS TRUE, BUT IDEAS TRADED FREELY BETWEEN PANELISTS AND AUDIENCE SOON TURNED INTO A DELIGHTFUL RAP SESSION DELVING INTO MANY FASCINATING ASPECTS OF COMIC BOOK POLICY AND VIOLENT.

Panelists were initially: Bill Vigoda and Henry Scarpelli of Archie; Mark Manerfeld and E. Nelson Bridwell, both editors at National, Dom Sileo of Harvey; and Sergio Aragones, whose work appears in Mad, DC and numerous other publications.

Vigoda took the lead by relating how many years back while working under Harry Shorten, "I used to write as well as draw. Do the complete page, know how to write. If I wanted to draw, I had to do Archie that was the way it was." (Many of the Archie books today are pencilled by Harry P. Lucey.) The balance be-tween words and art is essential. Vigoda expressed the opinion, "Comics should be illustrations with words...they keep the dialogue to a minimum; tell the story with clean illustrations."

Sileo gave the view at Harvey: "We're not so interested in the words per se. The five-year-old has to be able to look at the pictures and get the story. That's what we're concerned with. Eliminate anything that's not necessary; keep the story going.

Letting pictures tell the story with the use of words is an Arago-nes trademark. Collaboration between artist and writer can sometimes be difficult. As he has been the artist and writer, Aragones knows. He explained: "I wrote a story called BAT LASH." The audience thought it suitable for the approval of the unfortunately short-lived series by reasoning applause. "Anyway, I would think of the story visually. Nick Cards (the artist) would think of it in terms of fantastic composition. We used to get into some real arguments about how it should be done sometimes," Aragones smiled, remembering. "But it always came out pretty well." The audience demonstrated again with heart applause, for they thought that Bat Lash did, indeed come out well.

Touching on the history of Archie Comics, Vigoda termed the Archie Comics...the first humor comic in the comic book industry. Before that, there was only adventure; which, of course, is still the mainstay today. Hence, the role the Archie deserves this qualification. For such comics as Mickey Mouse magazines were not original strips, but reprints of Mickey and Donald, and the like. Hence, the strip that previously appeared in newspapers, while Archie concentrated on original humor.

-Manerfeld commented further that Harvey and Archie were both successful publishing ventures that depended solely on humor.

"Of course," Manerfeld said, "adventure can be combined with humor. Take the work of Carl Barks (Uncle Scrooge). It's very funny stuff and at the same time, it's some of the best adventure material around."

Bridwell pointed to the "old Mad" as the first of the comic magazines that dealt strictly with another form of humor "satire." Said Bridwell, "It was slanted strictly toward satire but without continue-using characters."

Drawing on his Mexican background, Aragones said, "Spanish and American humor is the same; people like to laugh at the same things." He said he had no trouble making the transition from doing Spanish-comics to working for American comics for this reason. "The humor is basically the same; only the situations used are different." Aragones gave a number of factors accounting for the scarcity of adult humor magazines. "It's very hard for adults to buy humor magazines (psychologically) because usually such magazines are associated with "just for kids." Poorly done humor books of the past make adults leery of the new books. "Economically, it is very difficult, then, to main-tain a continued humor book," explained Aragones. "However, there definitely is a market for them, and there should be more of these books." Aragones cannot find humor to write up or draw..."There is a very thin line between laughter and tragedy. Cross it, you have sick humor; don't quite reach it you have very mild or very dull humor."

Scarpelli told the audience, "The more you get into writing the more you have to write about friends a bit more up-to-date. We already have a couple of stories on the pollution problem, for example." Will the humor be gone, then, forever? "Not so," says Vigoda and Scarpelli. "We're going to use humor to get access serious points." Future stories will entail use of adventure and romance. The "new" Archie stories will also be dealing with such phenomena as the hippie movement, psychadelic art (the Peter Max influence will be showing up), the latest in fashions, in short, things that interest and concern young people. Both Scarpelli and Vigoda were adamant drugs will not be subjects dealt with in Archie stories. "There's nothing funny about drugs," said Scarpelli flat-ly.

Do they anticipate any trouble with the Comic Book (NOL) code? Vigoda was asked. "Not really," he replied. "Nothing major. Though in drawing Betty and Veronica we already know we can't show navel, and have to be careful in showing them in bikinis." This drew laughter from the crowd...more laughter, along with some disgust...with shaking of heads, followed as Vigoda revealed one code object-ion. It showed a girl's dressing room scene. Veronica, with a towel draped about her was shown, back to the reader. The towel enough, he said, to cause code-violation, "They told us we had to give her a bra. So we drew a simple line...no problem!"

Yes, Archie's publishers drew up the main characters for the Archie television series. This was the extent of the publishers' participation, said he & Scarpelli; the Archie company does not direct the TV program.

"Well, American humor," Vigoda said, "deals with situations such as the Italian organ grinder, the Pullman porter, the Irish washerwoman, and the like. However, Vigoda said he took it on himself long ago to cut them out of Archie stories if such characters could not be handled in an offensive manner. "Today there should be no prejudice in Archie stories," he stated, "of course, there always is...by what's not put into a story."

The National upset by Harvey's 'NOT BRAND ECOM' takeoffs of DC characters. "Actually, we had our own Marvel takeoff first in our INFERIOR FIVE stories," Bridwell said. "We always took the Marvel satire in good humor as same as they took ours."

What about Marvel's drug story in the SPIDERMAN books? How had DC felt about it? "I didn't think it went..." said Carmine Infantino, "so here's Harvey talking about the story through the New York Times. Manerfeld countered, "Marvel could put out any drug story they wanted...if they had a gentileman's agreement. (The inference was code restrictions were [now have been] broken, and comic book publishers had agreed to "wait until the rules were relaxed." Harvey jumped to the gun-for reactions of their own," Manerfeld averred. He added the Green Lantern-Green Arrow-Speedy drug story "had been in the drawer for a year and a half," and was not published until the code rule change-over- ers were relaxed.

The current Underground Comics? Said Aragones philosophically, "Everybody should be able to do what they want...if they are bothered by the type of humor they shouldn't read it." Surged, "They turn me off personally. They don't seem to want to do good art, just shock." Well, they're very successful in what they're trying to do," Vigoda commented.

By now, Gaines and Miss Severin had joined the panel. Gaines told the audience "Harvey colored virtually every EC comic ever published. He was the greatest!" Ap-plause was overwhelming.

What are feelings about NATIONAL LAMPOON? Aragones was of the opinion NL is not competition for Mad. "There is plenty of room for both."

"We're not competing for Mad. "There is a lot of room for both."

"No, Mad is designed to appeal to the ten-year-old up. National Lempo is obviously designed for older teenagers and those of the college level. Thus Mad has greater market appeal. NATIONAL LAMPOON uses advertising and MAD MAGAZINE doesn't? "That's a trap. Mad won't get into. By not accepting advertising, Gaines explained, you run a story without worrying about losing an account, particularly a major account, that might well be the subject of the story."

WRITTEN BY TOM FAGAN -again-
Writ tered by
TOM FAGAN—again!}

LEN WEIN... "The Super-Hero may be down, but he's not out. I knew, you already heard from him!"

R. THOMAS... "The super-hero concept is alive and viable!"

DOW N? The panel concensus that Saturday afternoon of July 3rd held the gentlemen and ladies of super-rekown were hardly daring with their caps on, but lawdy, are as frisky as ever, and confid- enL of even further future fame and fortune. Or at least have an extended lease on life.

SILVER-HAIRED GIL KANE took the lead in this 1971 Comic Art Convention panel. In fatherly tones he drew the audience's attention to the fact that the super-hero represents the mythology that comic books are based upon. Economic-sly speaking, they still form the mainstay for thed companies publishing their adventures. "Don't forget," Roy did chime in, "the super-hero was really the glue that held the industry together. That alone sold the show has a certain amount of 'staying power'. Why, even in the 50's Bat man, Superman, and Wonder Woman were still around." (Roy was referring to the decline and death of super-hero comics in that decade.)

Actually, Kane expounded, the devil may-care detective, the chin-chin cow-hand, the stalwart spaceman, and the cos- tumed champion... "are all one-and-the-same hero" underneath their printed skins. "Attempts have been made and are continuing to broaden the base of the characters, enlarge their concepts, take them into new areas." Previously, Kane explained, super-heroic comics were done to suit the taste of the individual artist. Story and art were, consequently, formuliz- ed. Men like Jack Kirby and Steve Ditko broke with tradition...lightening the way with work that was individually and stylized. Now the pendulum has swung in the opposite direction. Artists and writ- ers are allowed increasing freedom of expression. And, of course," Kane said, "the very best comics today come from the companies that are allowing their cre- ative staff greater leeway.

"Comics can't but help reflect what's happening. We live in a very aware time. Readers are more sophisticated, more sharp in their perceptions. They demand a product that's in accordance with the a-times." Kane summed up his train of thought concerning the comic book industry thusly: "We were getting the range! How we're zeroing in! I predict you'll see a revolution in comics in the next 10 years!"

O'Neill couldn't have agreed more: "We're structuring story lines now to mirror in as far as possible the way real live is lived. We're taking the super-hero concept and refining it into the mainstream of American reality; to make it all solid. To a part of our folklore and tradition."

Wein entered another viewpoint of the new writing styles: 'We're not only in ...'tred in the book, "Denny O'Neill, and social consciousness with a greater deal of real- ism into his Green Lantern - Green Arrow stories," said Thomas, "while I utilize all these concepts..." We're interested in him as a person. What he is and she really like. How Barry Allen feels about his job..."

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Concerned those magnificent friends of yours may soon be turning in their capes and cowl for PTA memberships and cubby jobs as insurance executives. You needn't be. The masked men and women in comics may be more realistic now in their everyday living but they aren't about to be chained down to home mortage payments and the country club set quite yet. Nor to retirement plans or fringe benefits. By catching a left tectile, they're not! Heroes and heroines are heading higher. Great days are coming. Super guys and gals aren't hanging; they're swinging. Up against the wall, those of you who don't think so!

This is the message. This is the word. Batman's not bused; he's better. The real Joker's returning. Iron Man's not consigned to the scrap pile. Green Arrow has been shifted. Super-girl's to have a sex life. Conan's chopping away sales figures. The Teddy Bear stalks by night, and Green Lantern's ring is out of the box.

The credo of the hour? "As it was in the beginning, is now, and shall be! And, by Odin, be sure and put the emphasis is on that last phrase. Where's the emphasis belongs. "Everybody" says the super-hero is down. 'Wrong! Not everybody. Listen to these voices crying in the four-color wilderness. Listen to one voice first... the voice of Denny O'Neill. To quote: "Don't...Yes! Out?...Not yet! Around...Yes!"

Need additional testimonials? Okay, how about:

GIL KANE... "Super-heroes are still a-round for a long time yet!"

Len Wein... "The Super-Hero may be down, but he's not out. I knew, you already heard from him!"

R. Thomas... "The super-hero concept is alive and viable!"

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Actually, Kane expounded, the devil-may-care detective, the chin-chin cow-hand, the stalwart spaceman, and the costumed champion... "are all one-and-the-same hero" underneath their printed skins. "Attempts have been made and are continuing to broaden the base of the characters, enlarge their concepts, take them into new areas." Previously, Kane explained, super-heroic comics were done to suit the taste of the individual artist. Story and art were, consequently, formalized.
And if a book doesn't sell, the panel agreed, no matter how good the character or characters may be, the titles are cancelled.

Inevitably, the Comics Code Authority entered the conversation. O'Neill chuckled and listeners alike by relating a fantasy scenario: a train of bombing bombs in hand and descending with rightfull wrath on the Code. "There was a time when the Code was my sworn enemy," O'Neill chuckled, "but it's affecting us less and less these days. The (recently) amended Code is better to work under. Now it's only the capricious whims that occasionally annoy me. What kind of whims? In the two-part Green Lantern-Green Arrow drug story, O'Neill related, the Code dictated a hypodermic needle could not be shown on an inside panel but had no objection to the needle being shown on the front cover. That was the first issue, O'Neill said. For the second-parter, the Code dictum required only one--not two hypodermics--could appear in a single inside panel.

Thomas had his own Code story to tell, concerning Marvel. A new title had been named "Werewolf by Night". The Code didn't cotton to that, said Thomas. "They suggested we call it 'Marauder by Night'". We got all orgasmic over that one! So I said, 'How about calling it 'Teddy Bear by Night'?' Thomas claimed. "They told us we could use 'Werewolf by Night' on the inside but they didn't want it on the cover. We're still hoping to reach a compromise!"

And, interestingly, this line of counter-sation prompted questions of how each of the panelists would feel working for the Underground. And, of course, no Code restrictions whatever, the answers:

Wain..."I wouldn't be interested in the least. All they seem to want to do is make a buck and run!"

O'Neill..."I have no interest. All they seem to be interested in is outrage on every page. By the time I reach page 10 my sense of shock and outrage is worn out!"

"Kane..."I'm not all that interested in creating every now and then. I like to work on novles and achieve a balance between words and pictures. No, going into Underground Comics doesn't hold any temptation for me."

The indomitable Thomas..."I wouldn't want to write for them. I might like to try it as a artist. They have some good artists, sure, but there's so many others who don't seem to know which end of the pen is up; I just might make it."

Well Kane philosophized, "Originally, the Code was for the benefit of the publishers to keep everybody off their respective backs and away from comics. You could say it was sort of a Protective Cattleman's As-sociation! But that analogy is applauded. By September, both Marvel and National books will be of different sizes and prices. National intends to stick with the 40-page book, but Marvel, however, is cutting back to 36-page books with 20¢ cover prices, said Thomas, adding he didn't agree with the price switchover entirely, but wholesalers have been complaining the 25¢ books do not sell as well and make the deal-er only a penny more than profit-it.

What's happening at Marvel? Roy reported..."Stan's not riding off into the sunset as some would have you believe. He'll be doing Spiderman as usual." After four issues of Fantak, Archie Goodwin Roy will take over the FF scripting, and Goodwin the Hulk. "Frankly, I was getting awfully tired of writing 'Hulk Stomp!'" said Thomas. Iron Man is to go bi-monthly. Conan sales aren't as good as they might be, Thomas stated, and then asked O'Neill, 'How's Scooter doing?'

"One neither knows, nor does one care!" Denny answered.

"Hey!" shrialed a youngster from the audience, "Is Green Lantern going to make it?"

"Make it with whom?" smiled O'Neill impishly. Then becoming serious about the Green Lantern-Green Arrow strip, his writing of which has made comic book history, O'Neill commented on the now famous "Agnew"

BY GOETHE, IT'S SHAZAM & TOMORROW'S FINEST!

WRITTEN BY TOM FAGAN -again-

Fans and pros alike agree about what is good and what is bad in comics. Editors may not think so, but it's true, as shown during: the 'Goethe Awards' present-ed July 3, 1971, for outstanding work done in the field of Comic Art in 1970. As far as professional work being recognized the Goethe Awards were "almost a mirror image" of the "Shazam Awards" made May 12 by the Academy of Comic Book Arts. (ACBA represents the professionals.) In the absence of Donald and Margaret Thompson, who originally conducted the fan poll, Saturday's master of ceremonies was Tony Isabella. The Goethe ratings: Favorite Fan Artist: Bob Kline Favorite Fan Writer: Jan Streda Favorite Fanine: "Newfangles" Favorite Underground Comic (1): "Captain George Presenta"

Favorite Pro Editor: Dick Giordano Favorite Comic Book Character: Deadman Favorite Pro Writer: Denny O'Neill Favorite Pro Artist: Roy Thomas (a tie)

Favorite Pro Artist: Neal Adams Favorite Comic Book Story: "No Evil Shall Escape My Sight"

Favourite Comic Book: Green Lantern -Green Arrow

Accepting the writer's award for himself and Thomas, O'Neill said, "We're very glad you like what we write and we're very grateful you recognize us like this! Call it our ticket to the stars again to accept this award for best story, O'Neill commented: "I'd like to accept this on behalf of Jul-ius Schwartz. I know it's a cliché, and it is, but it's the only way to phrase it, but nevertheless without Julie this wouldn't have been possible."

"Thank you was an awed resounding applause. 'The story was written well, drawn by Adams, and edited by Schwartz'.

Giordano, in thanking the fans, quipped, "Ger! Now that I'm not an editor any longer I'm not a 'best editor'. Thank you all very much!"

Adams expressed his thanks with an added statement that brought applause from those assembled in the audience. Adams said he has long argued with editors and other professionals that fan balloting is every bit as valid and thoughtful as any by pros. "Despite what editors say, the AC issue, 'Eighty-five percent of the reaction was favorable. We had letter after letter saying things like, 'You guys are really getting heavy.' You're really getting into it. The other 15 percent? 'Those were death threats,' shrugged O'Neill. Publication of the GL-GA "Slum Landlord" issue, a story in which blacks are treated as "good guys" and, more importantly, "people" brought another kind of reaction. Upon its publication, O'Neill said, "The governor of a southern state wrote National demanding Carmin Infantine's resignation." Sales of the controversial GL-GA books, the writer said, have been good enough to keep the series in pub-lication. Moreover, the stories are going to be reprinted in not one paperback, but two, and these paperbacks are another guar-antee of continuance for some time yet.

 Neal Adams, who by now had joined the panel, and O'Neill were both asked about The Batman. "That godawful television show!" O'Neill sighed. "It's cramped up for a long time, but finally we've been able to do the Batman as he should be done!" Ap- plause greeted that statement. Adams said, "We're going to bring back the old villains if they sell. We've already tried Two Face. We have a Joker story in the works...the way the Joker should be done. As he was originally intended! Does he think the old Batman villains will sell? Adams answered affirmatively. "What was wrong with the villain's stories (the Schiff & Camp era) wasn't the villains themselves; it was the way the story lines were handled. We want to bring them back as they should be!" Asked his opinion of The Batman newspaper strip, Adams said simply: "It's still going. It's a minor success...and it's BULL!" Characterization--not a punch in the mouth--will be the salvation of the super-hero in the days and years to come, the panel concluded.

So, Up! Up! And gasp...wheeze... cough! Awwwasseeyyyyy!
A LITTLE MADNESS, ANYONE???

WRITTEN BY TOM FAGAN

The history is "due to break in the fall," said Kurtzman, adding he'd been trying to get it to break since 1968. But we're proofing the pages now." The Esquire piece by Kurtzman that appeared this year was nothing more than a smattering of the overall history itself.

The idea that led to the singularly successful Mad magazine that continues today as the slick Mad Magazine? "I had to come up with something that I could do without research such as the extensive research that was necessary for "Two Fisted Tales and Frontline Combat." That's how Mad was born...I didn't have to leave the room to do it." Kurtzman added he gave up editing the two aforementioned war books because they were "too big," even though they were extremely popular with fans and are sought-after collectors items today.

The present Mad Magazine? "They're doing a competent job; they're more commercial than I ever could have been." Has he ever gotten into trouble with satire? Yes, an Archie takeover he'd done called "Goodman Beaver Goes To Playboy." Said Kurtzman, "The story was prohibited and taken out of circulation...and Goldwater said the can off me!" (Goldwater heads Archie Comics Publications, Inc.)

Kurtzman is credited with giving many of the Underground Comics artists their start. He was the first to publish the work of such now-familiar names as Skip Williamson, Jay Lynch, and Robert Crumb. How does Kurtzman feel about the underground books? "Despite the hottest things published today, and they most closely correspond with the audience. Syndicated comics are sterile! Underground Comics are new! They're fresh...they're the frontier!" They're also devoid of sham and hypocrisy, is Kurtzmann's contention. Said he, "Guys like Crumb and S. Clay Wilson...They bring it right out

there in the open...Tell it like it is...There's no hidden symbolism, say, like there is in 'Flash Gordon'. Asked to elaborate, Kurtzman stated, "Flash Gordon is totally devoted to Freudian symbolism. You have guys wearing nothing but jock straps running around waving swords at each other. They have ray guns which they could just as easily use to zap one another. But they don't! Why? And Dale's always wearing something that looks like something straight out of a burlesque show. Why's she dressed like that? Yeah, why?" He answered the question with a playful: "You know why?"

No one rebutted the analysis. However, it must have been a Flash Gordon fan, trying to save face, that asked the next question: "Do you think Batman is gay?"

Kurtzman's reply: "I don't know; I haven't gone out with him!"

Where does Kurtzman get his material? "Essentially, I'm not a joke teller. I do "penn on things that happen today and tomorrow for my material!"

Perhaps, but two decades now Harvey Kurtzman has made people laugh, and along with laughing, has had them thinking...an achievement the convention audience acknowledged with wild clapping as he concluded: "Thank you. You're wonderful people; all of you!"

WOULD YOU BELIEVE THERE ARE TWO MORE DAYS WORTH OF CON ACTIVITIES TO BE COVERED? WHAT THERE ARE! HARVEY KURTZMAN'S "TALK ENDED THE CON'S ACTIVITIES FOR SATURDAY, JULY 3RD."


FOR ANOTHER OF TOM'S FINE REPORTS, TURN THE PAGE!
EVER dream of being Superman? Well, Kirk Alyn was! Instead of being a dream, it turned into a nightmare! It almost cost him his life, livelihood, and identity! Even so, listening to Alyn today, you have the feeling being the 'Man of Steel' wasn't all that bad. It's just that he wouldn't care to repeat the experience. Twice around is enough! Kirk Alyn, you see, was the Hollywood Superman of the Columbia serials of 1948 and 1950. From the beginning there were problems, and you guessed it—MORE problems! The adventures of a Hollywood Superman read like a book. As a matter of fact, Kirk Alyn has written a book about those adventures, newly released and on sale at the 1971 Comic Art Convention. Alyn, himself, was at the con, not only to promote his book, but to relate first-hand the trials and tribulations of an ordinary man suddenly becoming 'the man from Krypton.'

Actors have a habit of immersing themselves completely in roles. It happened to him, Alyn related, and the make-believe transferred itself to the serial directors, writers, and crew on down. 'Psychologically I was Superman. The director would tell me to do something, and I'd do it without thinking. And they'd forget sometimes I wasn't Superman.' First day shooting called for a tricky shot. A special effect was to be derailing unoccupied freight cars on railroad tracks. The boxcars were to be derailed onto a track running parallel to a mainline. Alyn was to jump off the train and play the part of a fleeing railroad detective. 'Fifteen inches and he'll be okay and don't worry. We've told the engineers to slow her down when he comes through.' 'So there I was, wondering what in hell I was doing here. And the thought hit me I'd better tuck in my cape to keep it from being whipped under the train and hit me with it. I kept thinking, yeah, what am I doing here? I'm an actor. I'm not a stuntman!' But it was too late; the cameras were rolling and the train was coming. 'And he wasn't slowing down; he was doing about 90!' Work for him in Hollywood, Alyn returned to New York City and got part in a Broadway show. This led to other parts. He was working when a telephone call came saying they were filming Superman for a television series and did he want the job? 'I was ready to tell them what they could do with their offer,' Alyn said, 'But my agent said: 'Kirk, you can't use that kind of language. Just tell them thanks but no and let it go at that.' I calmed down and did just that.'

The Superman role was passed on to George Reeves. Again type-casting resulted. 'Evidently George Reeves was unhappy about it. If you'll recall what happened,' Everyone in the audience did. Years later Reeves committed suicide by shooting himself, according to official police record. Alyn related some of his movie experiences. He had played many roles other than comic book characters. He has been cowpdy, detective, Green...to name a few. In all, Alyn estimated he has been in some 250 movie 'fights'; 'The kind where I never hit anyone nor did anyone ever touch me. But they looked terrific on the screen!' SUPERMAN: KIRK ALYN!

"Everybody was yelling 'You're all right, Kirk! Don't worry about a thing!' I wasn't very reassured, though, with the director and the train officials both running back another 50 feet and the crew on the opposite side, leaving cameras running doing the same thing. I froze; literally froze. I didn't even realize the train had passed. Didn't realize it until the director ran up, shook me, and said 'Great job, Kirk! We got it on one take. It'll look great on the screen!' Well, that's all you have to say to an actor,' Alyn smiled, 'We got ready for the next shot.' All through the five-week filming there were close calls. In one scene the actor narrowly missed execution. 'You see, the writers were writing for the man from Krypton, not Kirk Alyn. Even Spencer Bennet the director, would forget at times. One scene called for me to pick up Lois Lane under one arm and Jimmy Olsen under the other and carry them to safety. On the sixth take Bennet said, 'I can see the veins straining in your neck, Kirk.' "Gosh Spence," I said, "These are real people I'm carrying you know." Bennet's reply: 'Gee, I'm sorry kid, you aren't supposed to be carrying them; we've got dummies for that shot!'

Another time, Alyn said, he carried Lois Lane up a long staircase eight times before the director realized a dummy was to be used. "Good thing, too!" Alyn laughed. "I was about ready to collapse." Flying sequences were saved until the last day of filming. Alyn in full Superman regalia was lifted aloft on wires. Smoke pots charmed below to provide the illusion of clouds and a giant fan whipped the smoke upwards. It also swirled sparks into the air. "And while I was coughing and wheezing with my eyes blinded and stream-

"I suddenly realized something was wrong, and that something was me! Let me down! I'm on fire! I yelled. 'Get me out of here!' They did, but it took 15 minutes before I was on the ground again. And then they poured a pitcher of water over me as the uniform was still smoldering in places. But once the camera starts you can't quit. I was back on the wires again and we finished the scene. 'That didn't end it, however. When the film was processed, the wires could be clearly seen. And the producer was so mad he fired the entire camera crew on the spot. Later we went over to a special effects studio and got the kind of shots we wanted.'

The second Superman serial was easier to film. As new camera techniques had been perfected and new camera tricks learned. "In neither serial did I have to say 'Up, Up, and Awayyyyy!' or 'This looks like a job for Superman.' Alyn explained. 'What was done on the radio. But in the movie you saw Superman doing the action, so there was no need.'

About his lead role as Blackhawk?

"When we made that serial, all I had to do was fight, swing fists, jump off buildings and the like. It was a cinch," Alyn chuckled. "After doing Superman...anything would be!" In the meantime, Columbia Pictures had sold the Superman serials to RKO theatre chain and the films proved so popular they were shown in the same rate you see them in movie houses throughout the country. For any serial to do this was unusual. And both serials were signed for five-year runs each. 'They were so popular," Alyn said, 'suddenly I couldn't get a job in movies. Everybody thought of me as Superman! I was type-casted!" After being told there was no
One has written fifty million words; the other has a mere 25 stories to his credit. What have they in common? Both epitomize comics though each is at an opposite end of the four-color age spectrum. One came early; the other came late. Each has made an indelible impression. They are to be honored for their contributions. Honored this Sunday, a July 4th afternoon, at the 1971 Comic Art Convention. They are seated at the head banquet table, surrounded by friends, encompassed by fans.

One is Gardner F. Fox, whose name has been consistent with comics since Batman first spun out over rooftops, since Jay Garrick developed a Mercury complex.

The other is James Steranko, the young king who shattered the complacent comic book horizon with virility and vitality of word and art. Steranko, a living legend: Steranko, the James Dean of comics.

Forget the flaccid pot roast the Statler Hilton is serving. Push aside the marbled potato. The French rolls at least are tasty: the water cold and refreshing; and Con Chairman Phil Seuling is giving the introductions:

Of Steranko: "He's one of the top artists...he'll probably kick me under the table for not saying the top! His History of Comics...an incredible job!"

And Fox: "Gardner has created some of the worlds I live in...some of the worlds you've lived in. The characters he's brought to life are legion, characters like the Justice Society of America and countless others. In fact, the only club I ever belonged to was the 'Junior Justice Society of America'!"

Who needs prepared speeches? The talk begins. Easy. Informal. Informative. Build -ing on questions provided by John Benson. Later there will be questions from the audience. But for the moment let each man have his say.

People like Roy Barcroft and Charlie King, the 'real heavies' of the serials were "some of the gentlest and finest people you'd ever want to meet," said Alyn. "The rougher and meaner a guy looked on the screen, the nicer the guy was in real life."

Alyn called for one more question before concluding his talk. Piped up an eight-year-old latecomer, "How did you fly in your Superman pictures?"

Alyn, having already covered the subject in great detail, laughed good naturedly and, bending down from the podium said solemnly: "Son, I used a cape!"

THE REBEL & THE FOX

WRITTEN BY TOM FAGAN

First, Steranko: Who first of all ask -ed his audience to acknowledge the work Seuling has done to promote the image of comic art. "We all owe Phil a debt of grat-itude for putting on these conventions year after year." Warm applause echoed Steranko's words.

To a statement by John Benson that "Jim Steranko's work represents the best of the work in the current field. His individualistic style has set new directions for others to follow," the answer was one of Dean-like modesty: "I do not consider myself an artist," held Steranko, "I would probably say I belong in the class of a story teller. Real artists are people like Reed Crandall, Neal Adams, and a half-a-dozen others."

Commenting on his early years, Steran -ko told how at age 17, he was performing magic shows in bars and nightclubs. He was already an accomplished 'escape artist' and a rock 'n roll musician of merit playing 'guitar and drums' in Penn -sylvania area bands. These and other var-ied experiences would later form charac-ter backgrounds for Steranko comic book creations. One of his career facets would also provide inspiration for Jack Kirby, an idol of Steranko from boyhood. "As a livelihood though, the 'jaunty one' continued, 'I always did artwork in one form or another. At the time, I entered comics (late summer of 1965), I was an art direct -or of an advertising firm in Reading." Elaborating on the influence of his past, Steranko held "All my experiences and in -terests go into my work. I took Hick Furry for example, and gave him my background. Eventually, everything I've done and an interested in shows up in my work."

It was a Steranko book, "Worlds of Escapes", done before he took up comic book work in earnest that prompted Jack Kirby to create the character of 'Mr. Mir-acle.' "You've got a gold mine here, kid." Steranko quoted in a perfect Kirby imitation, "And it's going to waste." It didn't for long. Using Steranko's book as a base Kirby created Mr. Miracle, whose escape tactics are patterned after those devised and performed by Steranko. "So I guess you could say I was Mr. Miracle," chuckled Steranko.

"It completed a very strange cycle. A boy [Steranko] growing up influenced by comics, gets into comics and then, years later, a comic appears on the stands, and the comic is based on the boy!"

Recipient of the 1971 ACRA award for "Most Outstanding Achievement In The Field of Comic Art," Steranko gained the honor for his book, "A HISTORY OF THE COMIC BOOKS," the first in a series of four volumes covering a definitive history of the comic book field. How did the "History" come about? What prompted its writing? Steranko explained: "While away his frequent driving tri -ps between Reading & New York city, 'I used to play 'head games' and the idea of the book was born. "I thought of it first as a 250 Marvel summer one-shot. Marvel is always hung up for material in the summer. "Broadening the idea, he next conceived it as a book which would sell for 75c, with Magazine Management Company (Marvel) as the publisher. Stan Lee was cool to the idea. Ac-tually, I had the idea," Steranko said, "but no presentation-drawn on paper." Remedying this, Steranko again confronted Lee saying, "I will write a book and call it, 'Stan Lee's History Of Comics.' The book will be so good, you can't afford not to have your name on it." With Lee still un receptive, Steranko determined to publish the book himself. He collected fanzines and a wealth of other reference material. A friend (Ken Dixon) sifted through these and drew up a work-

continued on page 19
ing outline. Steranko personally checked and double-checked his sources. He interviewed artists, writers, and other people connected with comics. By means of notes, taped rap-sessions, letters, individual phone calls and visits, he compiled a manuscript that was originally 300 pages long. Cutting, culling, layout followed, and the book saw print last summer under the colophon of SUPERGRAPHICS, Steranko's newly founded publishing firm.

Steranko plans a number of publications to be issued from Supergraphics. Volume II of the "History" is now ready, and includes some 400 illustrations. The third and fourth volumes will follow in 1972 and '73 respectively. Also forthcoming is the long-awaited "Taloon" book, a sword and sorcery saga, "How To Write And Draw For The Comics" and a periodical, "The Magazine Of Comic Art," are also on the Supergraphics schedule.

A labor of love will be another Steranko offering, The book, "A History Of Jack Kirby." Said the artist/write/publisher: "Another company was going to do the book. I bought them out; secured rights to publish it myself. I wanted to do the book the way a fan would. To make sure it's done with quality and taste. It will include a complete checklist of Jack's work, several of his stories, many of his covers, and an analysis of the Kirby mystique and style. It should be quite a book, and I hope to have it out sometime this year."

The admiring applause and spontaneous enthusiastic applause that had been Steranko's was in turn bestowed on Gardner F. Fox as he greeted his audience. A question posed by Seuling, Fox estimated he has, during his career: "Written fifty million words for comics." (This estimation precluded the speaker's prodigious literary output in the fields of science fiction and historical novels.) Where does he get his ideas? Everywhere. Fox is a voracious reader. He is a collector of unusual facts, evidenced by shelves and files in his home crammed with books and clippings. "It's a rule in my house that no one touches my books...not even my grandchildren," Fox smiled.

Queried about his favorite fields, Fox replied, "I was a lawyer before I became a comic book writer. I don't practice law anymore, but I'm still interested in the subject. I read a lot of law books. I'm interested in knowledge of any kind...just in learning. People hate to see me come into a library. Everyday I get near a reference desk, you can hear them groan!" Fox listed sports as another consuming interest, that along with reading for "just plain entertainment." It was two Burroughs' books, "God of War" and "Warlords of Mars," given to him on his 10th birthday, that touched off Fox's love for fantasy. "Edgar Rice Burroughs opened a whole new world for me!" Fox declared. A happy moment in history...considering the new worlds Fox, himself, has created for others.

Commenting on a writer's realistic outlook, Fox had this to offer: "As a cre-ative person, I never set any business standards for those whom I worked for, for it's not in the events but the creative thing that's important. The series, except for an occasional reprint, was dropped because the market changed, as Fox expressed it, the 'almighty dollar decreed otherwise.'"

"What you would like to write isn't necessarily what you can always write because of editorial policy. In that way a writer can be stifled!"

"What would you do if an angel gave him the money so he could write only what he wished, Fox responded. "I still would write fantasy!"

"Rewards, other than financial, from writing?" Fox asked. "The self-satisfaction that comes from turning out a story you think is good. I'm not speaking of an 'easy' trip mind you. Nine out of every ten times I write leave me with a little nagging doubt, 'This could be better.' The second reward is hearing fans, like yourselves, saying you enjoyed and liked a story. It's always fun to give pleasure to others."

In opening a question-and-answer period, Seuling first turned to Fox, saying, "My appreciation of your first fifty million words is second only to my appreciation of your next fifty million words!" The applause was deafening.

Both Fox and Steranko were requested to give advice to would-be aspirants to the comic book trade.

"Don't let me answer," Fox answered, "If I were a young writer today I would write for anything but comics. I would write for something like television. However, if you are really a nut about comic books then: "Study the stories! Think in terms of dramatics. Actually live in the idea of the story. Concentrate on telling the story the best way you know how. Approach an editor with a plot synopsis. Put the story in the most successful form you can." Steranko emphasized: "Make sure your work is so good that when you go to a company they can't afford not to hire you. You want to really work in comics; you'll work in comics and anything else you want if your desire is strong enough!"

Drugs, a subject new to comic books, once more came under discussion. Fox reported he has written a novel about drugs but has not done a comic book story about them. "I don't believe a comic book is a place to preach," Fox held. "I think stands should be taken...there's no question about that. However, each writer and artist should approach every story bearing in mind that a story still has to entertain. That is the main purpose of fiction...the message or moral belongs in the background of the story. And that holds true whether it's a story about drugs or white slavery or any other topic."

John Benson, also seated at the banquet table, leaned forward: "Jim says to tell you that if you'll write that white slavery story, he'll draw it!"

Grinned Gardner, "I'll do it!"

"And I'll sell it!" beamed Seuling, in good-natured levity.

Then he presented a plaque. It read: "To Gardner Fox for the worlds he has created and the marvels he has wrought through the field of Comic Art. The presentation brought forth a standing ovation. Visibly moved, Fox commented, "I just don't know what to say. All I can think of are our early years in comics...the fun and entertainment we got out of doing them. Never in our wildest dreams did we ever think there'd be situations like this; the interest after all these years. It's been wonderful. I've enjoyed about 99% of what I've done. It's been fun these years. I thank you!"

Another plaque, and Seuling read: "To James Steranko for the agility of mind and pen he has used to bring excitement to the field of Comic Art. The standing ovation of the day occurred. Even Steranko, a master of words, found it difficult to express his feelings. "What can I say. I'm honored, of course, but I'm just a newcomer. I've only done about 25 comic book stories in my life and to receive such an award, such as has been given in past years to top men such as Burne Hogarth, Will Eisner, and Bill Everett...well, what can I say...except to express my gratitude and thank you for your support!"

Steranko's ready wit quickly returned to parry a pithy question thrown at him in fun: "Mr. Miracle is supposed to use your escapades. Maybe he did at first but now he always has 'Mother Box' to help out his out."

Quipped Steranko to everyone's amusement: "Well, he does what he wants to with his box; and I do what I want to with mine!"
Black Bolt was speechless; his counterpart equally so! Mighty Thor stared amazed at Miniature Thor! Captain America did a double take! Could that be a L.H.D. dress—sized the same as her? Jim Steranko got to shake hands with Super Steranko! Even baby Franklin Benjamin Richards was on 'his' very best behavior.

And the July 4th audience at the 1971 Comic Art Convention cheered, whistled, applauded and stamped appreciative approval. They welcomed the parade of heroes. They were impressed with the sinister darkseid and laughingly sympathetic toward Col. Sanders the Junkie.

It was festive and frolicsome; amusing and confusing; a rip of a trip. In fact, it was the best "Costumed Convocation" of any con since that first costume parade staged way back in 1965! (Sure, you remember that one. Phil Seuling crashed as Captain Marvel; Carolee Seuling entered more quietly as Mary Marvel; Plastic Man showed up as Roy Thomas for was it the other way around?) David Kaler doubled as Dr. Strange, Margaret-whats-Her-Name came as Miss America...and well, that was then. Back to the present!

Enter stage left Al Bradford as Mighty Thor whispering a weighty Hjolner. Exit stage right Al Bradford and his Hjolner along the perscribed pathway in turn Heidi Saha as Wlma Deering zapping him onlookers with a playful, ray-full gun. Here is Natasha Lyman dressed in an infant Fantastic Four costume and masquerading as Franklin Richards. Her proud dad carries her past. Deserting his dealer's table in Allan Emanuel as The Shadow, (He was The Yellow Kid last year.) While Darkseid—as threatening in real life as he is in letter columns—is Martin 'Peggy' Pasko. Captain America with Atton Roy, and Plastic Man follow Phil Seuling reveals their secret identities as Jim Glenn, Mark Bigley and Bob Weckesser respectively. Green Lantern is next. Isn't that Mike Gilbert? Good guess! And while you're at it, that's Jeff Strell, the miniature Thor; and Ethan Roberts as the first of the Black Bolts. Somebody gives Ghost Rider a hand. (Put your glasses back on, Jerry Sinkovich! Here's cousin Erle pretending he's Neal Fozner. It's cold turkey, not finger-lickin' fried chicken John Sulac, who's back at Col. Sanders The Junkie. Who can that be, he with the stuffed chimpanzee? Aha, it's Matthew Sahat! Bill Carrott as Mr. Spock flashes the Vulcan peace sign. (That's hard to do; try it sometime!) Onto the stage springs Super Steranko. In lightning fashion he sketches an imaginary picture with his imaginary paintbrush and before you know it, he is presenting the imaginary masterpiece to the real Jim Steranko, who rewards Gerald Geary with a real handshake. And next, yes next Mike Zeck as Black Bolt...truly a beautiful costume! And immediately after, Kurt Goldzun as Deadman...equally beautiful costume! Goldzun steps to the center of the stage to demonstrate "How many times can a ghost cry?" His mask is magnificent; his impersonation even better! Look upon the vision (David Lomazoff) Know McAdre the Unknown Hero (Gary Lomazoff) and that's not the Captain America we saw before; this one's Bob Miller. And lastly—but-not-leastly comes Harvey Sobel as Green Arrow. Too bad he wasn't teamed with Mike Gilbert; their costume was remarkable; as if Hal Jordan and Olive Queen had lent them their uniforms for this special occasion. "Not as a contestant" Superman is on stage. The costume is authentic it's one worn by the late George Reeves. Only Mike Nolan fits it, and he fits it well. And Seuling tells the assembled, it is even more fitting, for Nolan's "every-day occupation" is that of a newspaper reporter.

THE UNFORGETTABLE FANZINE PANEL (LEFT TO RIGHT: ALAN LIGHT, BILL G. WILSON, GARY GROTH, BILL BLACK, MARTIN GREEN, BOB COSGROVE, TONY ISABELLA, AND DWIGHT BECKER)
WAS WERTHAM RIGHT AFTER ALL?

by GERARD GEARY

WITH AN INTRO AND AN AFRO by THE WATCHER

I am The Watcher. Mine is but to observe; never to interfere. As such, I have been present these past three days of The 1971 Comic Art Convention. I have looked; I have listened, as I am doing now. It is the convention’s final day. It is 11:30 this morning of July 5th, a Monday. The fireworks are a day late, but the fuse is touched; the explosion is coming. A fan is to speak the convention; his lecture will rock the conventioners; bring shouts of protest; denials and rebuttals aplenty. I have my own views, but I adhere to my policy of non-interference. Let us then: Gerhard Geary speak. What he has to say follows; in its entirety. He begins...

"First of all, let me introduce myself; my name is Gerard Geary and I am a fan of ART. When I say ART, I mean ART as a positive thing of beauty for the entertainment and elevation of Man, not m the negative exploitation of man’s ignominies and weaknesses and, for any of you who don’t know what ignominies are, they are things like War, Hatred, Bigotry, Violence, and some of the other things you see so grisly portrayed in some of those Comic Books you paid fifty bucks for.

Now, what I am about to say may surprise some of you, and it may even be a revelation, but whatever you think, I am sure it will give you some food for thought. In this -land we live, right now - Monday morning, July 5, 1971. I am sure most of us agree that War is a bummer, Vietnam’s a drag and, generally speaking, man’s inability to deal with the low man is a дан. Right? Ok, let’s take that point as the common denominator in the equation between my thoughts and your heads.

Now, I’d like to read you a statement that I read Phil Seuling over the phone about a month ago. He thought it was kind of heavy at the time and I’ll agree - it is heavy. But there is a heavy issue at hand. Now dig it...

'I direct these statements to James Warren, but actually, I am talking to -everyone here from the 12-year-old kid in Brooklyn whose mother gave him a comic to the convention, to Frank Pras et - all the other professionals. In a recent issue of Vampirella, I read how Warren Publications plan to publish a full-page appeal to end the War in Vietnam, and that they already have published one. On the surface, this seems very encouraging. Could it be that Mr. Warren has become a sensitive, aware human being that has been moved by the sorrow and pain of violence? Perhaps, I think to myself; and then I turn the page of his magazine to find myself offended by a particularly graphic illustration of a young lady brandishing a sword, lopping off a man’s head and generally engaged in several panels of gory goings-on, the likes of which would rival the My Lai Massacre.

My question to Mr. Warren: Do you actually think people enjoy seeing human suffering and all the ignominies of mankind portrayed in a magazine? You stated that in periods of national unrest... your sales were low. The reason for that is obvious; your magazines are, as they say, in the vernacular, a Bummer! For those of you unfamiliar with the term, it refers to an unpleasant psychological experience. Life Magazine runs a picture spread showing a Vietnam veteran whose face was blown off by a mortar shell and for some reason the issue of Creepy released that week featuring a fantastically mutilated face on the cover didn’t sell. That’s beside the point; they’re selling lots of guns and bombs but that doesn’t justify them.

The point is this: we are becoming enlightened people, thank the Lord, and what worked in 1953 when we didn’t know anything better, does not work now; the sadist market is disappearing.

Dr. Fredric Wertham may have been a little puritanical in 1955 but some of the things he said made frightening sense. What if Lt. William Calley read EC comics as a child? The Sgt. Fury Wayne-Captain America trip is over to all but a few who are too senile or too ignorant to see the pathetic absurdity of war and violence, and even that uneducated few are changing their views. It’s more than just a question of views, it’s moral philosophy. People are striving for that which is positive in life, that which is beautiful. The Comic Media should serve as happy, pleasurable escapist pleasure, not depressing negativity.

Warren Publications are starting to show a lot of beautiful naked girls - that’s a step in the right direction. It shows they have an eye for beauty, but the girls are like brief smiles in a world of tears compared to the overall contents of the magazines.

My suggestions to Mr. Warren and the rest of the Comic Industry are simple: no more violence, death, pain, suffering or any form of depressing negativity. You can still put out an exciting product without bringing people down. I call your attention to the strip "Little Mimi in Sumberland" by Winsor McKay, which I consider the zenith of the panel art media. Consider the possibilities of surrealism for story material. The potent-
WILL IT STILL BE PHIL?

WRITTEN BY TOM FAGAN - again

Monday, July 5th...4:26 P.M. "The convention is drawing to an end," said chairman Phil Seuling. "We have 34 official moments left." Then the bombshell descended. Phil Seuling is seriously considering not participating in the New York City Comic Art Convention. He may or may not chair the 1972 con. After that - is anyone's guess. "I've just about had it up to here," Seuling stated. "Even with all the help that's given; all the love & effort that's extended from so many people; my thoughts are that I will not run another con this year.

"If you don't, who will?" Geel! How will we be able to go to a convention? I mean there should be conventions for us!" queried an anguished fan of the crowd. (One was immediately reminded of James Warren's remark of typical fan react- ion.) Nauseous with the hotel, some deal- ers were in disbelief and a bit of wistful publicity are among reasons for Seuling's dis- illusionment.

Iron clad contracts with the Stat- ler Hilton turned the Iron Cocker very easily broken...on the hotel's part. Just prior to convention time, after space res-ervations had been made and confirmed many in advance, hotel officials informed Seuling that one of the main halls had been booked for a wedding party that would simultaneously coincide with part of the con program. "Both contracts were iron clad" Seuling commented. "Logically. Nor were the dealers rooms and other areas ready for the convention to move in and start Friday. Rubbish was still being cleared away Saturday afternoon, many re- members. Security precautions left much to be desired. Theft by cleanup men inclu- ded an expensive tape recorder. Conse- quently, con personnel had to be present to supervise succeeding 'sweep-up'details Seuling reported. Especially infuriating to him was a broken promise on the part of the hotel management that checkout time on Monday's closing day of the con would be extended to 5:00 without extra charge to conventioneers who had stayed at the hotel. Monday afternoon, the

-ling said, John Rock, the hotel assist- ant manager, said the extended checkout free-time was impossible. He's telling people this is a blinding maneuver and that he has to make a rule," Seuling said dis- gustedly. "I think he's an ass. You can always count on a hotel to throw as much gum into the works as possible. My greatest frustration, if I don't run a con next year, would be telling the hotel first about it!" In making these statements the con chairmain pointed out the obvious. Fourth of July is a holiday time when most peo- ple are leaving cities, not going to them. It's a slack business period. Hotels are

for business. The con provided the Statler Hilton with business in the form of rental areas, people spending money for rooms, and the fans are happy with violence. But there's a growing minority of veterans who are sick of the war, just as there is a growing number of fans who are bored of sick of seeing it, a punch each other for 28 pages. The comic industry is in a flower- ing state, but as soon as they get hip to the fact that people want good, positive entertainment and not the same, then, like positive Karma, good financial things will start happening; with the grace of the Lord, they shall be saved. Any comments or questions?

Comments there are. Some level-headed some hot-headed. There is argument, emo- tion, and outrage. Fans do not agree with Gerard Geary. As they do not agree with Fredric Watham, then or now. I have my own opinion about both. I give it not; I am The Watcher. You are the judge. So, it is decreed.

people buying in its shops and restaurants. The conventions also draw attention to the hotel through publicity received. And, said Seuling, five other hotels had sought him out to have the con staged in their es-

-lishments. Despite they also contributed their share of grief. "Dealers are the nas-
tiest people alive!" Seuling said ear-
liler in the convention. The remark had drawn laughter. Seuling added, as he de-

-ler himself, had added with a grin, "See, I always know how to say the right thing," His obsevation mid-Monday afternoon? It concerned largely the "full dealers", those that sell at a full-sized table, not card tables, such as were allotted to "junior dealers" at lesser prices. "The dealers are sore," said an audience spokesman, "because you charged them for tables. They don't think you should have!" (The charge per full table was $50.00 for all four con-

-veners, but each was an additional $25.00.) At any kind of conven-

- tion, Seuling explained, dealers or exhibi-

- tors are almost always charged a fee. It's a racket system and start putting some out, then, like positive Karma, good financial things will start happening; with the grace of the Lord, they shall be saved. Any comments or questions?"
CONVENTION RECOLLECTION
WRITTEN BY TOM FAGAN

Now the 1971 Comic Art Convention is over! Was it really last Friday you arrived? Did you really allow yourself to travel? It is the sad hour when the goodbyes have been spoken, promises to meet again exchanged. "You're coming to the party this year? Aren't you?" (Gawd! How many did you invite? Doesn't matter, you hope they'll all show up! Suitcases weigh a ton! Weren't this heavy in the beginning? What, you didn't pick up all these things at the convention? You did...and more! Fanzines, movie posters, original art, comic character pins, the brand new Marvel, the latest DCA, programs, souvenir booklets, party invitations, scrawled addresses, freaky requests for processing, and even a glass left over from the cocktail party. You're in a real cock-tail in your inventory to be sure. You sort it all out later.

The Minnie Mouse insignia is folded away for another year, the Elvira pullover never did get to be worn. You wish it had! Everybody else sported Action 1 or Spiderman and Captain America covers in thousand dollar designs. You've had those blazed too! Wait until next year, yes.

Deana's packed and waiting. She's efficient that way. She says, "Let's split! The bus is here and we're running late, time to leave! Short of breath and bread, you both hit for the subway. You clatter uptown: lipsh and wheelie through Port Authority. Poor old Times Square. You've got tickets, bedraggled they may be, to ride. There's two seats together; they're yours. You stash the com treasures.

The green stage buses those hollow exhausts, onto the roadway, past the Century Funeral Home and the nearby pushcarts, to flick through Lincoln Tunnel and loop up, around and into the Lincoln Tunnel arch. Opposite skyline...where you were moments ago, triggers reaction. You sing an opening line, "Goodbye Broadway, Hello Florida!" You were an isolated entity in those late night shows. But the next stop isn't Paris, it's Paramount...New Jersey, USA, not France, Continental Europe. That still doesn't take away the fun of the song!

Deana's reading Daredevil. She's a veteran now, you think she's been to her first convention. Deana catches your mood.

She looks up. "It was a good con, wasn't it?" It's not a question she's giving, it's a statement! "Yeah," you agree, "One of the best! Lots of fun...for me. There were lots of rightous people..." You and Deana start trading experiences. You're in the Greyhound no longer now, you're back at the con. And here's something more: you're not blue. Rick Rubenfeld more interested in corn pancakes than gin and tonic. Phil Seuling's invitation to a party and having to leave. Irene Varianoff's utter amazement at being mistaken for Marie Severin. Tom Robe giving Deana a Yellow Kid button to give to you since she had no and you weren't sure...A walk with Deana to Times Square, the only thing we saw in New York outside the convention, and being too late to take the "willowy" dressed in red, white, and blue and patriotically helping Kirk Alyn at his booth selling his book, "This Is A Job For Superman!" [Price $4.50 a copy, and a good number sold.] Coming to the convention each succeeding day in succession as "Richard F. Outcault", "Winsor McCay", "Curtis Publishing Company", "Commonweal", and having the same people keep asking, "Draw me a picture!"

The moment of dryness that always comes in conjunction with machines. [Ever haunt 18 floors for "just one soda"]? AI Bradford and you making it up to Eighth Avenue where it wasn't dry...may not the others be...and back at the con in time to miss out on the EC panel whose main audience suddenly dissolved when Bill Gaines off handedly said Frank Frazetta was holding an art exhibition, open to all. The fanzine panel that was a good slide show but told nothing about fanzine organization or the intricacies of zip-a-tone reproduction. Marty Greim just having been given much gold to purchase a projector and then finding the hotel refused to supply a screen. Thank Odin for sheets draped over an up-ended table...right Marty! John Benson's slide show about the Spirit...which did tell about the Eisner creation. One of the better con presentations. Right on. John. It was a good con and we'll remember it.

Underground Comics panel you didn't see. Not particularly sorry, mind you; quite still curious to view and hear Denis Kitchen. Who really deserves to be given another name differently from Dennis The O'Neil? Phil Seuling dedicating the con to his mom during the Sunday awards luncheon. Tom Watkins' attempt to cover a green tablecloth and what he and others eyed as they threw open the doors of the appropriately named "Golden Ballroom". Tom Watkins, and what do they really forever stuck out of the costume parade (he won it in 1970 as Solomon Grundy) and though disappointed, grinned agreement he'd wear it this coming October in Rutland's Halloween Parade, where he and his witch-lady plan to materialize.

Gerry Conway's party that was fun. Jeff Jones' wasn't...not because of Jeff though; he's a nice host and a beautiful person. Gerry, rather taken aback at one instant, saying, "This is my room; this is my party...do I know how many people there are and I don't know how long they're going to stay...they just keep coming!" Which they did! We know, we feel! Gerry, but we're only admiring: more so than in most in a similar situation.

Tom Watkins' imitation of a lizard. The Yellow Kid pages...Gerry did it. But the Yellow Kid page you did even though it went on auction three times. Bill Black's super hero portfolio. The paste-up, the lettering, the colors will get better. Jim Steranko teaching art classes and Gray Morrow "trying out!" The cop at the Art Exhibit! Having a camera go off too fast. Theelt out of your eyes in an elevator, and blinded, hearing someone chorlting, "It may come out blurry but I got it!"

Deana's mad at the lecture and seeing an altar banked with flowers. "Who's getting married?" you ask. And from behind you come the answer, "Black Canary and Green Arrow". In those iron clad contracts Phil was talking about. "What a thing to tell the grandkids about! I married you at my Grandma at a Comic Book Convention!" Those last convention hours when Carole Seuling, Andy Holm, Mike Nolan, and Eric Spreuill threw aside 'civilian identity' and em-
I've had it with you, you old coot! I'll rain when I wanna rain; I'll shine when I feel like it and I'll snow anytime I take a notion! I'm thru with you and your 'everything in its season' schedule! I'm finished with you once and for all! I'm revolting!

You've been revolting for as long as I've known you, you old hag! But it's time I taught you a lesson you won't soon forget!

All-American Jack says: Even the best of families have their spats, but when Ma Nature and Daddy Time go to it, whoooee! Watch out!!
ergyed name-tagged respectively as: Diana Prince, I Ching, Steve Trevor, and T'Challa. You've been trading bits and pieces back and forth for sometime now. Between times you've been drowsing or reading. You look up ahead and before you realize it there's the lights of your hometown off in the near future. You gather up your things. "It was a good con!" comments Deana as the bus creaks to a stop. "Yeah!" you answer. "It was a good con! Only 361 days to go until the next one!" Deana and you head for home.

John and Mary Fantucchio at our table (Writer Bill Cantey looks on at right)

1971 Comic Art Convention

1971 comic art convention

by Bill Wilson

I think Tom did an excellent & thorough job of reporting the con this year, and I doubt that I could have done near as good a job as he did. However, I'd like to add a few "finishing touches" to the report which will include a few areas Tom missed and relate a few personal experiences which may be quite interesting, such as:

The hassle in finding exactly WHERE the con was being held. My finally meeting and talking with Alan Light, editor of The Buyers Guide. Meeting and talking with, on numerous occasions, Kirk Alyn, the screen Superman and Blackhawk and finding him to be not only a great man, but also interested in all facets of the con, and not afraid to participate.

The fantastic film showing Friday night that Alan and I sat through. There were those excellently produced Max Fleischer Superman cartoons from the 1940s, the first two chapters of the Blackhawk serial, the hilarious Star Trek bloopers reel that had the whole audience rolling in the aisles, the Walt Disney promotional ads, and that unusual and well-different science fiction (SF) film by Barbara Wise, Oh, yeah, and that beautiful Rich Corben experimental animation film (which was made after "Neverwhere"). Beautifully.

The makeshift hanging poster Alan and I put together Saturday morning. Jim Steranko remembering me from my letters & TC. The auctions at which I didn't pick up anything (again!), and the guy that occasionally took over the auctioning for Phil and didn't make it too well. My sticking closer to the table this year than any year before. No sketches from the pros this year. The "fanier" atmosphere at this year's con than at the others in '69 and '70.

The fanzine panel, which ended up being only about 15 minutes long (the slide show, which was handled well considering the slides were shown on a sheet-covered table held up by Alan pre-coded it) because the hotel refused to provide a screen, and the two whole questions ye ed answered (whoopee!).

The "big circle" in the middle of the dealers room, which was

Ken Smith endorses a fine Fanzine.

made up of Phil Seuling's, Bud Plant's, and Kirk Alyn's tables. My almost not getting my luncheon ticket, Alan, Marty Greim, Bob Cosgrove, Jerry Sinkovic, and Byron Preiss and I all sitting at the same table at the luncheon, near the head tables. John Benson's slide show on The Spirit. Riding home on the Greyhound with Ken Bruzenak, local fan-friend and artist, and re-living every minute of this, my most enjoyable con.
Upon awakening from the dream-like state Antar caused him to succumb to, Sinar agreed to undertake the journey to the dark lands to battle the evil Zarm. Antar gave Sinar and his healed friend, Zark, a sturdy ship with a crew of forty. During the journey, an unexpected and dangerous oceanstorm enveloped the ship, causing all but Sinar and Zark to abandon the ship. Finally, through desperation, they, too, are forced to abandon the great vessel before it sinks beneath the surface. Upon the impact of the crashing waves, Sinar and Zark are rendered unconscious. Later, Sinar awoke only to find him self on a sandy beach. Looking beyond him, he noticed a body further down along the same beach. From forty feet away he knew it was Zark. He knew he was dead after trying to revive him. After burying Zark, he looked around, only to find he is but a mile or so from his intended destination...

As he worked his way through the tropical plant life and over the high, rocky, inactive volcano and came to the other side of the island, he could see on the horizon the continent of the darklands. To reach the mainland would mean another swim of about a mile. Sinar, though he was tired, decided to make the journey now. Working his way down the other side of the dormant volcano and through more jungle, it was moon's eve by the time he made it to the beach.

Sinar was determined to bring his sword with him, even though it would make his swim more difficult. He walked off the beach until the water was up to his waist and began his swim through the now-moonlit waters. It took almost an hour before Sinar reached the face of the continent. He was greatly fatigued, but decided it would be better to keep moving than to attempt to sleep in an unknown land fraught with danger unknown. Sinar's first purpose at the moment was to find food for he had not eaten yet and was tired after his swim. He drew his sword and with all the stealth and cunning at his command crept into the line of trees. After proceeding about 500 yds, he heard a footfall not far behind him. Instead of turning, he proceeded along, but listened for whatever it was that was behind him to make a move. He hoped it was some species of edible animal. The sound of the steps were closer now...

And Sinar, sword in hand, tensed. He heard a sharp crack of dried leaves and turned quickly in a crouch, holding his sword in both hands. The thing that was following him had sprung from behind some bushes as Sinar had guessed, and the look of fear on its face was easily apparent when it faced death; impaled on Sinar's blade. The force of the animal's spring was such that it knocked Sinar completely to the ground. Sinar was pinned under the animal but with a mighty heave pushed it off of him. The thing was covered with fur, and had two large fangs protruding from its mouth, with sharp, talon-like claws for hands. Sinar withdrew his sword, wiped off the blood on the animal's fur, and proceeded to drag it to the beach. After he had finished eating a somewhat tasty meal he returned to the business at hand: confront Zarm. He decided to travel directly north until he was at the heart of the continent, or until he met Zarm or was confronted by him.

It was now the eve of the sun, and with the light of the dawn sky Sinar started his journey into the dense forest of immense trees and thick foliage. Dreadful things were brewing in the dark lands today. The mighty temple of Zarm himself busied; for Zarm was coming. He was coming from the world of the unknown for a strange reason, unfathomable to his disciples. It was to happen at mid-sun. Shortly before the appointed time, with incense burning and priests in crimson robes chanting, a grey billowy cloud emerged on the altar.
Zarm had made an early appearance. The unearthly being solidified into a more humanoid shape. Zarm then answered, “I was, I am, I will be... any who defy me face damnation, for I have returned.” He looked at one of the chanting priests, and an all-consuming fire blazed where the priest had been. The other priests fled in terror with a mocking laugh following them as they ran.

After traveling for two days, Sinar saw his first glimpse of civilization off in the clearing about one mile away. It was a city. He knew that this could possibly be his objective. It would be wise to proceed with caution. As he was stealthily making his way through the forest growth, he passed by some blue-colored plants which sent out gaseous fumes. Instantly, Sinar fell into a deadly sleep. He was engulfed in a blinding—but soft—light and heard the voice of Antar: “The final battle is about to begin, my son. Use your sword well, for the Gods are with you. Suddenly, the light was gone, and only a stygian darkness persisted. Then—a form—a human—appeared.

It was Zarm. Sinar stood with his broadsword in his hand, in gleaming defiance. “See if your rebellious nature remains when you lay cringing at my feet,” said Zarm. Sinar did not speak. He was facing the possibility of death, and was prepared to meet it like a born warrior.

A black mist surrounded the form of Sinar and began to choke him. In a few minutes there would be no more air to breathe. The mist followed him as he moved; he couldn’t escape it. One path lay open. He grip ped his sword with both hands and started whirling it above his head with ever-increasing speed. There was now no air to take into his lungs, but still he kept whirling his mighty blade. His arms began to grow heavy, but slowly—very slowly—the mist began to disappear until finally it was completely gone. “Very good, barbarian! But that was nothing; mere child’s play. Now you will face an even greater challenge. Sinar was grabbed from behind, and he felt himself sinking into a blob-like mass. His sword arm was pinned, so he used his left hand to draw a sturdy dagger from his belt, and began hacking at the creature with great speed. He pulled his sword arm away from the creature, but a black residue began to burn his arm as if it was on fire. But he forced himself to ignore the pain. With a mighty effort he tried to pull himself away from the thing that held him ever tighter, but he could not break free. Once more he brought his sword into play with a backward thrust, and at the same time he strained against the creature and was successful. He fell forward onto the floor with a rolling motion was on his feet... and then a change.

No longer was Sinar among the same dark surroundings. He was in a lighted temple-of-sort and was also positive that he was now completely awake. “You are somewhat above the average, my enemy, so you will have the honor to die by my own hand; and what is left will be fed to the dogs. Sinar was instantly aware of a sharp pain in his legs... then his arms... and blood was running down from wounds received from where he did not know. “Don’t look bewildered, savage. You will die bleeding from a thousand such gashes on your skin.” Zarm said with a mocking tone.

Sinar whipped his dagger through the air directly at Zarm’s throat. It sped true to its mark, but fell, useless, to the floor less than an inch away.

While Zarm had used his power to stop the dagger, he had neglected his spell and it ceased to exist. A warrior’s madness was upon Sinar and he charged up the marble steps leading to the altar on which Zarm stood. Sinar unthinkingly sheathed his sword as he ran and planned to do away with his opponent with his bare hands. This foolishness amused Zarm, and he increased his own physical strength ten-fold. Sinar closed his hands around Zarm’s throat and his muscles bulged as he squeezed tight. Zarm caught him in a bear hug and was methodically trying to break him in two. Sinar made both of them fall to the carpeted floor, for he had noticed the dagger. He felt his hand close around it, and, with a last gasping effort, forced it into Zarm’s back. A minute later, he was on his feet and slowly walking down the stairs when—“Hold, barbarian! You cannot kill Zarm that easily!” Sinar wheeled around like a great jungle cat, and saw Zarm standing unharmed. In one blind fling, he drew his sword, and with both hands he cleaved Zarm in half. Blood ran spilling everywhere. Sinar himself was splattered with blood; both his own and Zarm’s. Giving him no chance to regain life, Sinar built a fire and threw both halves of Zarm’s body into it. Sinar, filled with exhaustion, walked once more down the stairs—suddenly everything was swirling about him. He stumbled —and all was blackness.

As Sinar awoke he felt completely at ease and totally revived. His surroundings seemed familiar. Just as he was about to get up someone spoke to him. “Hail, Sinar! You are safe! You do not remember me, don’t you? I am Antar. All.”

Sinar exclaimed, “How?”

“It is unimportant. You are here and you have succeeded... for now.”

“What do you mean—‘for now’? Zarm is dead! I saw his damn hide burn!”

“Do not look so troubled, Sinar. You cannot kill a God. We knew that, but you destroyed most of his power. He will not trouble this planet for ages to come. So follow me to the banquet hall and dine with an old man. I think you will enjoy my dancing girls.”

With that, Sinar got up and followed. He was hungry.

—David Hanley—
DEATH! THE COLOR BE ORANGE
by TOM FAGAN
ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARTIN L. GREIM

PART TWO

From the land of Sumi-e, Origami and Ikebana, came he known as "The Salamander." Not only was Prince Tonoye royal in rank; he also was immortal. The nightmarish enemy all eluded forth across the pages of Air Fighter Comics Vol. 1, No. 9, June 1943.

To prologue the tale, an opening capture forewarned: "Only those brave men who fight the Japs know their hatred for the White Man...and these men have learned the ugly rules of The Little Yellow Snakes!! And now a hardened veteran of this war, The Flying Dutchman, isn't surprised even when he meets this new Tokio 'dream'..." Hillman writers fa-vored the spelling of "Tokyo" the European way—"Tokio."

Knowing Flying Dutchman acted as a free-flying agent of the Allies, it comes as no surprise the orange Airacobra has foreseen for the moment the secret base in the crags of Scotland for an "Australian air base" and "an important mission."

Prince Tonoye has become a man—Japanese menace, preying on Allied aircraft, building up a remarkable number of kills to his credit—or discredit, depending on your patron on his horribly burned body in a pit "leaving only his eyes and mouth free of the reeking mess of the specially prepared earth." Miraculously, the Japanese lives, and with the wane of a moon, as the natives foretold, "The Salamander shall emerge from the pit of pain, to the pit of fire...and so, the Jap Prince is reborn."

Prince Tonoye is not pleased with the gift of immortality that has become his through the ordeal of fire. Knowing he is free from death, he takes on "losing face", his attempts suicide. Bullet, spear, sword, and fire prove ineffective as self-inflicting weapons. "I will avenge myself upon the White Man for this!" avows the grotesque monster that once was a human being.

You know his origin: now the question is: How will he get his revenge? To find out, be here next issue (out in Jan., 1972) for the 3rd and concluding part of Tom's "Salamander" series. You'll al-so find out a little more about the Dutchman's OTHER foes, and his last adventures. So stick around!

A SIMPLE STORY

Once upon a time there was a land where the people were very intelligent and everyone was happy. In this land, the people read comic books and enjoyed them immensely, for they were a delightful form of escape entertainment. Then one day, a wise man told them, "You are smart now. You no longer need comic books." So the people instantly stopped buying comic books, for the wise man had said they were smart now and didn't need them. In a little while, all the comic book publishers had given up business. Yet, even to the last, one brave publisher kept fighting. "We are smart people," he cried. "Comic books are good and even intelligent people can enjoy them!" But the people were smart now and no longer needed comic books, and the brave publish-er, too, went out of business.

Years passed, and comic books had-been but a memory. Yet, this memory lived on, kept alive by parents who remembered comic books and who told their children of the old days and of the times before they were smart and used to read comic books. And the children would marvel at how wise their parents had been to give up comic books and would think how lucky they (the children) were because they didn't have to face them. "Yes, you have been lucky," the wise man had told them. "Comic books are gone. In fact, it would have been much better if there had never been any comic books at all!"

But Billy was born, and he was called Billy. When he was but a young boy he asked his grandfather to tell him all about the 'mysterious' comic books that he had heard papa and mama whisper at guarded moments. Billy had to one well versed in the subject of comic books, for his grandfather had read comic books when he was young, just before they were banned. So, he was able to tell Billy of the legend of comic books, and indeed this telling of the legend was no different from any other telling of the legend. "Once, there had been a comic book," his grandfather began. "But everyone instantly saw that comic books were bad and could cause men to do evil things. Then all the people stopped allowing them and wisely and unanimously chose to destroy all the ones that remained, so that their evil would not live on. For, after all, we now have all the good and never liked them anyway." Thus was the legend of comic books told. Thus it would always be.

Billy wondered about this. Were comic books really that bad? Could they have caused so much harm? Was what his grandfather said actually true? Since his grandfather could remember comic books, it would seem that he would be right, but Billy was not certain, and questioned the truth of his grandfather's words. "I am old and I am wise," his grandfather had stated. "You should not question the words of your elders, for you are not old and not experienced enough to understand the words of wise men."

"Besides, we are right anyway!" Were they? Was it right for him to be denied the freedom of his will because he was judged as not old enough to understand? And judged? Judged by whom? Somehow, somehow, it seemed that there was something important at stake than just comic books. It was all very confusing. Billy thought that one day he would like to see some comic books so that he could see for himself, could judge for himself, and try to know the truth. But how could you even hope to know the truth unless you were allowed free will? How do you know all points of view? And since all comic books had been destroyed...would he ever know? Would anybody? Bill wondered...about this...quite a bit. It was something to think about.
WHAT A TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION!

BUT, LOOK, THING—OUR OBJECTIVE, GREENHORN THE MONSTER!

DON'T ASK ME WHAT SPAWNED THIS SENSELESS MONSTER THING! SUCH QUESTIONS ARE NOT FOR THIS EVIL ERADICATOR! I JUST FIND 'EM, FIGHT 'EM 'N' FINISH 'EM!

NOTHIN' LEFT BUT THIS, THE SURRUNKEN GREEN HORN OF THAT INSANE BEHEMOTH! SO MUCH FOR THIS OLD WEIRDO, EH, THING?

THNG HAP-PEE!

ON TO OTHER THINGS!

YOU ERR, GREEN RING, FOR THE GREEN HORN IS THE ALIEN MONSTER AND EVEN NOW BEGINS TO FORM ANOTHER MORE SINISTER SHAPE!

NEXT: GREEN BEAM VS. GREEN HORN!