A IS A, A THING IS WHAT IT IS. NO MAN CAN HAVE IT BOTH WAYS. ONLY THROUGH BLACK AND WHITE PRINCIPLES CAN MAN DISTINGUISH BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL. THE PLES GUIDE MANS BASIC ACTIONS. MEN CAN CHOOSE CONTRARY PRINCIPLES, LIKE TO BE DISHONEST, THAT CHOICE EVIL TO ACTION.
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NO MAN CAN HAVE IT BOTH WAYS! WHEN A MAN REFUSES TO UPHOLD THE TRUTH, HE BETRAYS THE GOOD, BUT HE WILL NOT GET AWAY WITH IT! HE WILL CONSTANTLY BE ON THE SCALES,FEARFULLY WAITING FOR WHAT HE DEPRESSES MOST—THE VERDICT OF JUSTICE.

REX GRAINE, AS A MAN, A REPORTER, AND AS MR. A., IS GUIDED TO THE PRINCIPLE OF JUSTICE, EVERY MAN SHOULD BE RECOGNIZED FOR WHAT HE IS AND TREATED ACCORDINGLY!

JUST BECAUSE I MADE A BAD MISTAKE, AM I BLACK—TO BE FOREVER HELD AS EVIL?

I'LL GET YOU, GRAINE, FOR PUTTING ME AWAY!
KOLB, THIS IS YOUR HOME FOR THE NEXT 15 YEARS!

GRAINE! I SHOULD HAVE KILLED HIM... AND I WILL! I SWEARE I'LL GIVE HIM A BULLET!

ONE GUY, ONE PIG-HEADED GUY WITH A BIG MOUTH! I'LL NEVER LET MYSELF FORGET EVERY WORD GRAINE SAID! HE'S TALKED HIMSELF TO DEATH! ONE GUY, ONE GUY!

KOLB STAYS BY HIMSELF. HE'S CARRYING A HATE YOU CAN FEEL!

GRAINE'S WORDS... NOW IT'S SO CLEAR.

YA, ONE GUY, ALL THIS BECAUSE OF ONE GUY. ONE GUY.

RUINED LIFE... ALL ONE GUY'S FAULT?

NO ONE ELSE TO BLAME?

ONE GUY!

HE'LL PAY PAY PAY!

YOUR PAROLE'S COME THROUGH, KOLB! SOON, YOU'LL BE A FREE MAN. FREE! NEVER! BECAUSE OF ONE GUY, I'VE BEEN PUT INTO A WORSE PRISON THAN THIS ONE!

THERE IS NO ESCAPING IT! THE PRICE HAS TO BE PAID IN FULL! ONE GUY! BUT FOR ONE GUY, I WOULD NEVER HAVE TO GO THROUGH THIS TORTURE?

ONE GUY!

ONE GUY!

NONE OF YOUR FRIENDS SHOWED UP, KOLB! MOST OF THEM ARE DEAD OR STILL IN PRISON! YOU GOT A BREAK!

I'M LEAVING, BUT I'M STILL LOCKED UP TIGHTER THAN IF I WAS IN CHAINS!

ONE GUY IS GOING TO PAY IN FULL FOR EVERYTHING! HE DESERVES IT.

HIS FAULT!
HE'S SINKING ME, ONE GUY, DO SOMETHING!

I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU DID THIS TO ME, AND DON'T YOU EVER FORGET THE OTHER ONE OF A FAREWELL GIFT!

WAKE UP, KOLB, YOU DID THIS TO YOURSELF!

YOU'LL HAVE 15 YEARS TO THINK ABOUT THE TRUTH! WAS IT WHAT I SAID OR WHAT YOU DID THAT MADE YOU WHAT YOU ARE? MY VOICE OR YOUR ACTIONS!

I SWEAR YOU'LL GET THE OTHER ONE, GUY!

REMEMBER? I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FORGET...

IT'S THE PAST! YOUR SLATE IS NOW CLEAN, KOLB! ONLY YOU CAN DIRTY IT AGAIN!...

IF YOU'RE STILL PLANNING ON GIVING ME THE LEAD TO THIS SHELL...

I WON'T BE HIDING!

GIVE ME THAT!

GRAINE...GRAINE...

STAY OUT OF MY SIGHT, GRAINE, JUST STAY OUT OF MY SIGHT!

BUT I CAN'T... KEEP HUM OUT OF MY MIND!

I SHOULD'VE... NO! MY WAY GOING TO PAY!

I WONDER? WELL, THE NEXT MOVE WILL BE UP TO HIM!

SOMETIMES LATER...

THE DUMMY SHOULD FOOL HIM, IT'S A GOOD LIKENESS!

HE FELL FOR IT... TRAPPED HIMSELF!

WHAA...

BANG!

MR. A.

A FLASH PHOTO: HIRED KILLER! IT WILL PUT YOU OUT OF BUSINESS!

NOW YOU'RE KNOWN TO ME... YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY!

I'LL KILL ANYONE WHO TRIES TO TAKE ME!
I'M NOT TRYING ANYTHING!
I KNOW, TO YOU I'M AS BLACK AND EVIL AS THE COWGIRL. YOU'RE RIGHT. I'M NOT FIT FOR ANYTHING!

NO, KOLB, YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE A SPECK OF GREY; YOU'RE STILL WHITE!

YOU DID NOT DELIBERATELY COMMIT AN EVIL ACT; WHEN YOU RECOGNIZED YOUR MISTAKE YOU TRIED TO CORRECT IT... READY TO PAY WHATSOEVER CONSEQUENCES IT MIGHT HAVE FOR YOU SO YOU HAVE EARNED EVERY CONSIDERATION... BUT THOSE WHO COMMIT EVIL AND REFUSE TO CORRECT THEIR ERRORS ARE TREATED FOR WHAT THEY ARE-WILLING ACCOMPLICES OF EVIL FOR THE TRAITORS OF THE GOOD. THERE IS NO MERCY... NO FORGIVENESS... NO CONSIDERATION!

WHA...? AFTER WHAT I DID TO YOU??

DON'T INSIST ON PAYING FOR WRONOS YOU HAVE NOT DONE. TREAT YOURSELF WITH JUSTICE. SEEK OUT THE TRUTH IN WHAT YOU DO AND JUDGE YOURSELF ACCORDINGLY! NO EXCUSES FOR THE EVIL NO RECOMPENSES FOR THE GOOD!

THEY PUT ME ON PAROLE BUT I WOULDN'T LET MYSELF OUT OF SOLITARY! YOU OPENED THE DOOR FOR ME, MR. A.!

WALK OUT! YOU'VE PAID YOUR DEBT! DON'T KEEP BURDENING YOURSELF WITH UNEARNED GUILT AND SELF HATE! THERE IS NO REASON TO SUFFER FOR DOING RIGHT... FOR BEING GOOD!

YAH! I WAS HATING AND PUNISHING MYSELF EVER SINCE IT BECAME CLEAR TO ME THAT I WAS THE ONE GUY RESPONSIBLE FOR MY FOUL UP LIFE!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE KILLER YOU WON'T BE BOthered BY THIS CONNECTION WITH HIM!

THANKS! AND NOW I HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF HALF A PRESENT I WOULD'VE DELIVERED!

SAY, I PROMISE YOU WOULD NOT THE OTHER HALF. THIS SQUARES ALL ACCOUNTS... THANKS TO YOU I GOT THE LAST OF THE CHEAT ROLL.
Eight pages into this fine issue, only to come across the editorial page, MUST be a let-down to many a reader! Well, that won't stop me. At least give me a little credit for leaving STEVE DITKO's fantastic wraparound blend in with the Mr. A strip without a disappointing editorial sandwiched in-between... The idea was to keep the reader's interest in Mr. A. A continuous, and follow up with the editorial immediately after. (It was also a break from the usual format, and much needed.)

If you're a regular TC reader, or have at least seen issue #24's excellent con report by TOM PAGAN, you'll realize immediately that this is no con issue. You won't see another con issue, either. The response to #24 was overwhelming, but the tremendous amount of work involved to put together such a "diary" of the con event is too much to ever attempt again. I'll merely rest on the laurels of #24's fine achievement, and look forward to the con coverage in other fanzines. Also, look forward to the con coverage in other fanzines in the future. Secondly, if you're an avid reader of details on contents pages, you'll notice that I've stated TC as being "published irregularly". The decision came due to the abundance of time and effort needed to put together this issue. If I am to continue publishing TC in this larger, $1.00 format, more time than I'd previously counted on will be needed to succeed with a professional-looking magazine for a reasonable price. The irregular schedule, whether it be more frequent than before or not, will depend on response and orders for this issue. The sooner this issue shows signs of reaching the sell-out stage, the next issue will get underway. As it looks now, #27 should be out sometime early next year, or sooner.

Now, a word about this issue's price, pages, and interior color increase. I'm well aware of the feelings of many comic fans toward fanzines costing $1.00 and up, but I feel, that, with this issue, I've provided enough high-quality work, enough pages, and enough interior color to match (or even surpass) comparably-priced fanzines. We're not out to rob an unsuspecting public with a "slick" prozine. No matter what the price, the size, or amount of professional work contained in TC, it will ALWAYS remain a Fanzine. I think that KENNETH SMITH's comments on page 38 of this issue really point out fandom's sometimes-distorted values of quality and price because of newsstand magazines. Sure, comic books or any of the black & white magazines offer much more high-quality material for a cheap

price, but they're produced in millions and millions of copies, NOT thousands, as with fanzines, and they are produced by people who, for the most, part, work on them 8 hours a day as a profession, not 3 or 4 as a hobby. What it comes down to is this: For the money, this issue is STILL a bargain!

Many thanks to ALAN LIGHT for his permission to reproduce the cover of TBC #13 as our color centerfold this issue which, again, features the mysterious anonymous character prominent in many fanzines of late. The illustration below, though perhaps not the REAL unmasking of JOHN PANTUCCHIO's character WILL perhaps show John that many readers are looking forward to the official announcement... and have been since TCB13! But, while we wait, ponder this: John's character ALWAYS turns up, most prominently, in a #13 issue. Could this be a clue to his origin? And, how about this: The character appears with his feline "friend" in our FIRST color centerfold; and this is issue #26. 26 is twice 13, so the "pattern", though modified, still fits. (Could John be forcing me into interpretations similar to those of Dave Fryxell and Bill Reynolds in our last issue?)

And so, we come to the end of another editorial; but this one has had a certain significance: It's my 26th, and this issue marks the beginning of my sixth year of publishing TC, one of the longest-running zines around. It's been fun, and I hope enjoyable for you... Here's to six MORE years!

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Mixed feelings have been expressed about this long-awaited book...long-awaited, that is, by those more than casually interested in comic books in general and Batman in particular. However, good or bad, the book is finally here. Crown, the publisher, on the book jacket, describes it as "unique Americana." They also give the date of the Batman's debut as 1937. But what's two years, more or less, to concern the average reader.

Bridwell, though, sets the record straight and correctly lists the momentous date as 1939, much to the relief of the true Batmanian. What's even better, is that Bridwell follows through with a carefully researched history taking into account the activities of Bruce Wayne in his 30-year role as The Batman. An eight-page introduction capsulates this history, following which are Batman stories reprinted from past years.

Included are the golden age origin tales of Batman and Robin. As for the rest of the stories, their appeal depends upon individual reader interest and inclination.

Comic book collectors will wish for more examples of the earliest stories, and for good reason too, since original copies now command a fantastically high purchase price. Others will argue that too much emphasis is given the "short-shiff" tales of the 50's...Batman's blackest moment both story and art wise. Purists will argue that "classicles" adventures have been neglected, while a big play has been given such papish characters as "Ace The Bat Hound," "Batwoman," and yes, even "Batmite."

Neither national nor Bridwell were given complete control over the selection of stories. Had this been done, perhaps, many readers would have been far more content and delighted with the final published product.

But that as it may, the stories do present a history. A history...readers who like Ace, Batwoman, and Batmite...in this sense, then, the book is de-signed to please the masses...not to cater to the few. As such it is a good book.

For those disappointed by content, there is always hope that someday Nation-al or somebody will reprint the "golden stories" in editions that everyone can afford. Until that time, Crown has presented a fine sampling for a reasonable price.


Any ardent H.P. Lovecraft enthusi-as-tist, to whom the "master" and his "my-thos" means much more than casual read- ing pleasure, is bound to react vio-lently to this pogple in paperback.

One's immediate response is a sus-picion that the printer has inadvertently left off part of the title...by rights, sorely needed are the addition- al words: "IN THE OPINION OF LIN CARTER!"

Interested in The Batman? Curious about Cthulhu? Wonder about the black & white mag- ic of the 'silent serial' in its hey-day? Want to make the ac- quaintance of a dragon who needs all the friends he can get? Well then--four books all currently on sale, have been published, with you--the discerning reader--in mind.

BATMAN MEETS CTHULHU

by Tom Fagan

The 'look behind' ([Carter version ...]) is opinionated from beginning to end. Carter gives the impression of a man who has read much and absorbed lit-tle. Some of the observations he presents are valid, but there are far too many that are unduly harsh & unright-fully so.

One expects to learn about the My-thos and to some extent one does. How- ever, in those foray the Linley Car-ter guns are leveled on aspects of Lovecraft's personal tastes and dis-likes. Gleefully, he dissected Love- craft the man, in a fashion piecemeal and more often than not...picayune.

Writers are judged on what they have written, not what they might have written. Though Lovecraft's productivity wasn't prodigious (by Linley Car-ter standards), he did after all, create, as the book jacket proclaims:

"The background of a myth that has captured a generation."

Carter chides Lovecraft's penchant for letter-writing over that of "disciplined "story-writing." Yet Lovecraft's letters not only spurred on several important fantasy writers still with us today, but the letters were of such quality, they have been collected and thus far published in 3 separate thick volumes, with more to follow.

Alongside this HPL feat, Carters remark that he himself does not design to write or answer many letters seems inane indeed.


Originally published in 1964 and enjoying a second printing in 1969, this book is a welcome and necessary addition to the library shelf of any-one interested in the history of the American cinema and its founding child...the serial.

Be forewarned though, the book does not deal with the serials of the like of Captain Marvel, Copperhead, Batman, and other Saturday afternoon
thrillers of the 40's and early 50's. No, this is a lively tome dealing with the grandfather of these... the silent serial.

And it's good reading, as author Lahue catapults his audience headlong back into those golden days existing within 1914 and 1930, when the silent serial was a mainstay of the American film industry. Not only did the serials entertain, they packed them in at the box-office as millions of Americans cheered and hissed, depending on how the forces of justice were triumphing in each individual chapter.

Lahue writes of the memorable & least remembered silent serials alike to recreate this fascinating history. They're all there in this delightful book...Pearl White again escapes danger in time for next week's peril. The Green Archer once more draws his bow back to the breaking point. The villainous "Red Fox" is again the bane of Secret Servicemen and trusting womanfolk.

And while critics thundered and pointed accusing fingers at these chapter plays, the public went right on enjoying them. Like any other entertainment form worthy of that name, the silent serials were loved by the masses and despised by a few. Yes, Lahue tells it beautifully and what's more, indexes it authoritatively for posterity.

A MONSTER IS LOOSE! --- IN TOKYO, by Vernon Grant, published by Charles E. Tuttle Co., Inc. of Rutland, Vermont, 72 pages, $1.75.

Monster mania has been rampant in Japan since the 1950's when the Toho Studio released its internationally known film, "Godzilla," but it remained until now for an American cartoonist to transfer the craze into comic strip form.

For a loveable little monster, who delights in flashing the peace sign, is the hero of Grant's strip that appears in this Tut Book paperback. Does everyone take to the scalpel scalawag, when armed with a U.S. passport (where else do monsters come from?) he deplanes at Tokyo's Haneda Air "port?"

Well readers will, but not so Japanese customs officials and police authorities who are in constant pursuit once the dragon's "costume" is found to be for "real." And as Grant keeps his not-so-reluctant dragon always one claw ahead, he at the same time pokes gentle fun at Japanese customs and officialdom.

To quote Grant, who is now doing a graduate thesis on a Japanese comic strip, "Japanese illustrators are the greatest action artists I've ever seen." He adds further, "In my monster book, I've tried to apply composition angles unused by American cartoonists...angles I've learned here in Japan."

From any angle, A MONSTER IS LOOSE --- IN TOKYO, is a very funny book. Loaded with laughs, it's well worth the asking price.
THE BEASTS OF TARZAN
Ken Barr Biography
For: The Collector
5/9/72
HAMILTON, BERMUDA

The City of Glasgow on the River Clyde, industrial inferno of two million of Her Majesty's subjects, and walking sister of prettier, festive Edinburgh, Scotland's capital, has all the aesthetic appeal and baroque splendour of Pittsburgh or Newark. And, in the 1930's, besides the spectacle of unemployment, was embarrassed by grime, slums, and an enviable reputation as host for the infamous "Razor Gangs".

My father, who had been with the Red Cross in World War I, and whose army service consisted of gathering and identifying the debris of military hopes and errors at Ypres, Verdun, and the Somme, left for America after the Armistice. He spent the intervening years as an itinerant sign painter, drifting between New York and Montana, until he found his way back to Glasgow a year or two before I was born in 1933 (probably feeling that in a Depression, he might as well be depressed with relatives).

Second eldest of five boys, I had hardly found my way to the local cinema, where favourites included Hooligans, Cassidy, Clyde Beatty, Flash Gordon, and Jackie Cooper, when war was declared with Germany on September 3, 1939. The three eldest (aged 5, 6, and 7) were sent off to safety in the Scottish Highlands, to avoid the bombing which a city like Glasgow anticipated—and received. This move was ironic, because as the war progressed, the north of Scotland became, among other scenic delights, a submarine base, aircraft rocket test range, antiaircraft training ground, and British commando and American special forces (Darby's Rangers) training area.

We three returned to the rubble in 1945, and found that most of the family had survived. My father, a competent signwriter, had acquired the account of Red Mackie Scotch Whiskey (now available in the U.S.), involving hundreds of signs throughout the city. Since the signs included a warrior in Highland costume, he, being no artist, recruited me to illustrate this figure. This I did, on numerous occasions, until my career as a child prodigy was terminated by the police, the education authorities, and irate citizens who were all for lynching him for exploiting a minor.

Two years later, I left school to commence a six-year apprenticeship with a poster and sign company, since by then I had expressed a strong desire to draw and while evacuated had been introduced to American comics by friends with relatives in the U.S., and by U.S. service men stationed in Britain. I used to draw feverishly from these comics, which tended to be (and still are) far more exciting than British comics, which are interesting and informative, but less imaginative. My favourites here were Batman, Superman, Capt. Marvel Jr., Doll Man, and a character called—I think—the Gay Ghost (they wouldn't dare revive him—or would they?).

For six years, I laboured mightily, in the basement of the sign shop, learning the subtleties of serif, sanserif, monogram, copperplate, and freestyle script, on lettering 1/2" to six feet high. This "Phantom of the Opera" existence was relieved by sneaking in, between sign orders, oil enlargements of comic panels from the work of Burne Hogarth, Virgil Finlay, Hal Foster, and endless portraits of movie stars. For entertainment, the cellar became flooded during every downpour ( Glaswegians believe their city was built over Atlantis—and presumably will share the same fate.).

In 1953, I returned from two years' military service, of which 1 1/2 years was spent in Egypt and adjacent areas. British Army training resulted in shipping troops alternatively to the Middle East and Korea. I flew infested, camel-dunged: Egypt, and warfare was of the more insidious kind—an ice-pick in the darkened intimacy of the theatre (British Go Home), steel wire stretched across the road, and general theft, sabotage, and murder.
I was informed on my return (jobs were scarce) by the foreman, with great solemnity, that my training was now completed, that I would receive full pay of £3.0 (514) per week, and had the privilege of addressing him by his first name.

The thought of spending the career in in this Victorian fire-trap appalled me so, returning his steady gaze, I informed him in crisp Gaelic, where the hell to put his plans for my future. The next night I took a bus to London. (I was better off in the Army. Trade pay over-seas allowance, and sergeant’s pay alone came to more money, without including clothing and accommodation.) This action was justified, as I immediately landed a job with the J. Arthur Rank Organization’s studio, involving lettering on acetate, cartooning, and design for theatre advertising, all at a much more encouraging salary.

London is a fascinating place. The years I spent there, acquiring wider studio skills, enabled me to improve my earnings, but good art materials, books on perspective and anatomy (mostly by Andrew Loomis), copies of The Saturday Evening Post, Colliers, etc., and to practice illustrating.

About this time, I decided to take up judo. I had come out of the Army in good shape, and wanted to keep active, since my occupation otherwise was lacking in exercise. This turned out to be a wise choice, since (a) I had a markedly aggressive disposition, (b) the study of figures in conflict improved my drawing of action and anatomy, and (c) there was always the means, should the need arise, to grapple with a reluctant client, for my fee.

I also had, since the war years, a consuming interest in aircraft. As well as building and flying radio-controlled aeroplanes, this specialized knowledge became extremely useful when I became a WW II combat artist.

Around 1958, I felt I had acquired enough ability as an illustrator to approach magazine publishers with my sample covers and inside art. That year, Peter Hamilton of Nebula Science Fiction, published my first colour cover and story art. I did a few more covers and line art for Nebula (which had been started in 1952) before the magazine folded, in 1960, with the declining health of the publisher.

I had also in 1958 taken the plunge and become a freelance artist, doing mainly advertising, design, lettering, and occasional line art. This kind of work provided a very good income, and although I wanted to become a full-time illustrator, I had no wish to sacrifice a comfortable lifestyle, to take my chances on what little ability I had then in the coveted field of illustration.

The big break came for me from the massive publishing house of D.C. Thomson in Dundee, Scotland-a company established for 120 years, producing 50 different magazines a month, a chain of national newspapers, hardback books, etc. I began doing 64-page, 150-picture pocket novels in line, as well as colour covers, in romance, adventure, and finally the combat "Commando" series, for which I designed the logo and had a monopoly on the cover art.

For ten years, until I emigrated to the U.S.A. in late 1967, and for a few months after, I produced for this company tens of thousands of line and wash drawings, and 450-500 cover paintings for their publications. In short, the bulk of artwork necessary to an artist to slowly evolve and develop his drawing and technique. It is the policy of this company to cultivate its artists from Scotland, and to encourage and inspire them with good pay and ample work, instead of competing for the world’s illustrators.

With my American wife Kathy, whom I met while on a holiday in the U.S. in 1966, I settled in Bergen County, New Jersey. Unfamiliar with the illustration market in the U.S., I fell back on advertising and studio art until I was able to locate sources of illustration. Earnings for an artist in the U.S. are incredibly superior to Europe, and advertising art paid so well that I delayed somewhat my efforts to seek story illustration.

The comic book field had a nostalgic appeal to me, and I was directed, by a friend of a friend to Carmine Infantino of National Periodicals, who introduced me to Joe Kubert. Working with Joe was, indeed, a pleasure. He is easy to respect as a man, and as an artist. We worked together for about a year, during which time I did numerous Battle Albums, Warriors, and story art. It became apparent to me, however, that the technique I was used to in British comics was economicallyourn colour is not much used, so more cross-hatching and mechanical tints often resulted in a muddied look when colour was added). I could not make this work pay, and found myself unwilling to adapt my own methods to the simplified lighting approach this medium requires.

I had located other sources of illustration—film strips, men’s magazines, and increased quantities in advertising. Warren’s magazines seemed to offer a more suitable outlet for my technique, as well as a chance to be imaginative in both story detail and treatment. He also published my first cover art in the U.S. (Creepy #34).

Over the last five years in the U.S., my limited but interested involvement in the American comic scene has produced some observations, for what they are worth, which may interest The Collector’s readers.

The great E.C. witch hunt of the fifties in the U.S., was pursued with equal fury in Britain. Living in London at the time I remember the cutout on TV, radio, and the newspapers. American comics are widely distributed in Europe, and offending public taste seems to produce a universal reaction. The best and worst of comic art and writing can be found in E.C. comics. The pros and cons are still being argued, but comic art is a medium which seeks commercial success, let alone aspires to become an art form, cannot af-
ford to disregard the public opinion of its time. The lingering odour of E.C.'s attitude crippled the comic image, and stunted the careers of many artists and writers of real talent.

On the brighter side, the emergence of the comic book from the Dark Ages owes a great deal to the inspiring craftsmanship of Adams, Goodwin, Maroto, Giordano, Thomas, and the better work of Morrow, de Zuniga, O'Neill and Gene Colan. The industry has more than its share of weirdos, exhibitionists and ragamuffins, but it is very much alive and well. Its problem seems to be a lack of direction, rather than a lack of energy, despite James Warren's pessimistic thunderings to the contrary from the pulpit of the Statler Hilton.

Undoubtedly, one of the most interesting aspects of the Comic Cult is Fandom and its projects. No such world exists in Britain to any extent (to my knowledge), and this child/mutation of the American comic industry, beast by growing pains, and ignored by the publishing world, large and small, will have the same effect as television did on Hollywood. Publishers of comic books and related fields, steeped in the tradition of "safety", dissipate their energies over what their competitors are doing, and are responsible only to their shareholders. In attempting to bend creative people to assembly-line productivity, they will inevitably succumb to blindness, sterility, insecurity, and a loss of quality ideas through inbreeding in the board room.
CHIEF JOSEPH

One-final word, since this is my first, and probably last, appearance on the soapbox. As an artist, still and forever trying to make the next illustration better than the previous one, it saddens me to see so many talented comic artists capable of far better work, who for economical or personal reasons, have deteriorated to becoming little more than comic-page factories. This, I know, is a matter between the artist and his conscience, but personally, I would rather go live in a commune and grow vegetables than look back in retirement to a mountain of mediocre art.

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My involvement in art for the comic field, at present and for the future, will be through selected fanzines, occasional art for Warren magazines, my good friends at Phase, for what they require of me, occasional posters and eventual portfolio, and the exhilarating, carnival atmosphere at the July Con in New York. My professional inclinations have progressed into the fields of original paintings for private collectors, publishing concepts, and advertising graphics, thanks to guidance from my agent towards more rewarding outlets, personally and financially.

I would like to thank publisher Bill Wilson for his kind invitation to me to contribute to The Collector. It astonishes and moves me that here in the U.S., people are interested in the artist as well as his work. The luxury of personal assertiveness isn’t encouraged in Europe (work is usually not permitted to be signed), and artists are required to be content merely to be employed.

Peace.

Ken Barr

My thanks to KEN BARR for his fine work on the autobiography and accompanying illustrations, ERNEST TOTH for supplying the photos of Ken’s paintings, JOE KUBERT for supplying the proofs of the DC comic book work, and JAMES WARREN for his permission to reproduce illustrations from CREEPY.

--Bill G. Wilson
DEEP IN THE RECESSES OF AN UNEXPLORED AFRICAN JUNGLE, A SMALL SAFARI MAKES SLOW PROGRESS THROUGH TRACKLESS FOLIAGE... AS THE HEAVY MANTLE OF GREEN BLOTS OUT THE TORRID SUNLIGHT ABOVE...

TARZAN PORTFOLIO

PRESENTING SEVERAL INTERPRETATIONS OF THE LEGENDARY APE-MAN BY:
JOE KUBERT
DON NEWTON
STEVE FABIAN

Thanks to JOE KUBERT for supplying the comic book material.

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Opposite page: Tarzan in action, by DON NEWTON.
Above: JOE KUBERT's Tarzan from the cover of #1.
Left: STEVE FABIAN's version of the ape-man.
In the years that I have contributed to the annals of comic fandom, one question arises more than others from comic art buffs: “John, when you’re not creating covers and spot illos for fanzines, what do you do in your spare time?” Well guys, here’s your answer: I doodle. I doodle most anytime and most anywhere — while listening to my record collection and sipping Beneficence, or watching a rerun rerun on TV, in corner booths in restaurants by flickering candlelight on paper napkins (not on cloth, of course), or, on the sea or in the air, with whatever scraps of paper or instruments are on hand. I’m fascinated with the marvelous textured surfaces and varied accidental lines that can be achieved with this unplanned procedure. The unpredictability of absorbent paper napkins, wax paper that allows ink to slip and slide, and even the tooth of very fine sandpaper are a challenge.

My doodles are of varied subject matter, depending on my moods or interests at a given time or location. In the pages to follow I’ve selected and arranged a series of doodles — sketches which have pleased me and are oriented toward the comic vein. It is important that these sketches are not judged for what they represent in subject matter. Rather, take time to study and evaluate the quality of the varied lines. Notice how some lines quiver, some are broken. Angular lines tell us of action or stress. Those which are circular or form spiral effects or are a continuous flow create a calm. The temperament of the artist is well revealed, much the way handwriting discloses a person’s nature.

Getting into greater depth, one can read into these lines and find which are contentious and aggressive, and which are searching, one-sided, and insecure. Perhaps doodling relieves inner tensions, iuminates suppressed desires and undoes the very soul of the delineator.

This would prove an interesting experiment for you to participate in. Collect your sketches and doodles that are produced during the next month or two. Put them aside for a time; then review them with a fresh, impartial eye. Study these lines, which at one time meant nothing, and may discover something about yourself that you never knew or dared to admit.

Try it!

Your comments on “Doodles of Doodles” — pro or con — are invited. Drop a line to me, John G. Fantucchio, in care of The Collector.
THE BY-PRODUCTS OF ADVENTURE

by BILL CANTLEY

The appeal of nostalgia mostly involves the ability to forget the bad and remember the good. Everything wasn't real -ly so swell back in the 30's and 40's. Still, this over-thirty fan of escape entertainment fondly recalls an era when the favorite mediums of vicarious adventure were neatly divided and satisfyingly separated. A child (or "child") of the times had three definite forms of unreal retreat to make life more bearable. Comics, both book and newspapers, movies, with side-dishes of cartoons and serials. And radio, not today's music maker and news monitor, but a story-telling machine that demanded more from its audience than either or both of the others. Adventure radio required much more than mere attention; the listener had to expand his imagination, hone it razor sharp, and then be drawn into the invisible world of radio drama.

To be sure, motion pictures, complete with sound and color, are the closest thing to actual imagination. Their effect is almost hypnotic; movie heroes often command the same respect as the genuine article. And, from the opposite angle, normal, clear-thinking citizens have been known to attack violently established movie villains when a chance encounter occurred. Television has muted the power of the motion picture today's young adults, having grown up with the "on tap" movies of TV, are less affected, than their parents, in their apt to adopt to become screen actors.

Comics have survived the onslaught of television, perhaps by virtue of their convenience. No other medium of visual entertainment is more at the command of the toy. The comic book patiently awaits the attention of the reader... at which time the entertainment is much more immediate than the printed pages of a novel or a short story. Action and art are frozen for his scrutinization. Quick previews and instant reviews of the graphic story are high on the list of obvious advantages. Although television has attempted a series of "talking comic books", the best being a Lone Ranger presentation, the genuine article is still the more satisfying form, and will remain so. At least until the "video-phonograph" becomes a practical reality.

Motion picture theaters have also managed to survive; barely in some cases, barely in others.

But radio drama has faded from the American scene. Although there have been a few experimental returns of the medium, the national broadcasting of high adventure on radio has become a memory of a time that was. It would seem, then, that radio as a story-telling medium had very little going for it. But, there were two definite advantages over the competition of comics and movies. First, it was a daily experience. One could hardly expect to see more than one movie a week (unless a doting relative outside the family circle slipped you an extra quarter). And most parents were dead set against comic books, since adults of that period did not hold Superman & Captain Marvel as treasured memories of their golden years. One might almost suspect that parents, teachers, and doc-tors of that time were fearful that their rightfully earned love and respect might be stolen and/or usurped by the two-dimensional super-heroes so numerous in the forties. And, of course they were correct. But that was their problem. Mine was wangling dimes for comic books; and again, one a week was a pretty good score. But, radio. Late afternoon and early evening radio programs were everyday events. The weekly "shows" were probably the best. Programs like GANGBUSTERS, THE F.B.I. IN PEACE AND WAR, SUSPENSE, ESCAPE, INNER SANCTUM, and THE SHADOW rated highly among my favorites. But before all adventure shows evolved into weekly half-hour and hour formats, radio had its own golden age of creation with serial heroes being presented in fifteen minute episodes, five days a week, Monday through Friday. The escape entertainment fan followed the exploits of his chosen hero(es) with a sense of loyalty that bordered on religion. And like religion they produced treasured artifacts, creating the second and most lasting advantage of radio's entertainment: Radio premiums, the by-products of adventure.

I worshipped at the shrine of Tom Mix, modern day western detective, who somehow managed to maintain the old western flavor of posse, guns, horses & hostile Indians. Actually, I got in on the tail-end of this charming phase of radio's history. As the only male child in the household, I was kept ignorant of such goings on until outside enlightenment brought the radio heroes to my attention. The realization of parental lack of enthusiasm in afternoon adventure soon became apparent. Every program had a sponsor, usually a breakfast cereal. And program managers were shamelessly commercial. Accordingly, the hero's voice often claimed to indulge in the sponsor's product, and encouraged his young listeners to do the same. Which, in itself, wouldn't have been so bad, but a more realistic reason for the pro-curement of said product soon became apparent. Small gadgets, toys if you will, were skillfully interwoven into a show's continuing story. Pocket size de-coders, badges, and rings that often featured a magnifying glass, whistle, and/or directional compass were the usual fare. Secret compartments and a glow-in-the-dark quality were not unusual additives. Pre-pm devices enjoyed a noticeable degree of popularity. Transparencies or glowing material would be mounted in a ring or small scope. In Tom Mix's case, it was a toy television set. Anyway, the gadget would be introduced into the story, often playing an important part. Then, at the end of the episode, the announcer would tell you how you could get a ring, badge, or decoder just like Tom's. And here's the part that drove American mothers up the wall: You had to send in a box top from the cereal that sponsored the show, along with some coin (10¢ - 25¢) to cover postage and handling, which was very clever merchandising. The sponsor found out how many people listened to the show, got them to try his product, and picked up more than a few thousand dimes in the process. Brilliant. Now, although Tom Mix was my number one radio idol, he had the worst sponsor of all: Hot Ralston. The closest description I can make is that it was like dirty hominy grits with the taste of broom straw. And that fails
Each ordered premium was an agony adventure in itself. Getting the order together was the first ordeal. The coins had to be carefully enclosed so as not to be evident on opening in the envelope. Otherwise, a postal employee would surely steal them. A too careful concealment, and they might be overlooked, in which case the whole order would be thrown out; horrible thought, that. And the wait. The ad said, "Allow three weeks for delivery." Three weeks— I could be dead in three weeks. By the third day, I’d be checking the mailbox. Would it never come? Finally it did; in fact, all my Tom Mix material came thru. Which was a notable achievement in itself. The fact that I managed to retain them to this present day is nothing short of a miracle. With my others will save a garage and attic full of old, broken-up furniture until six days after hell freezes over, but a stack of old comic books or a box of priceless pocket-treasures goes into the outgoing trash at the first opportunity. Its hard to believe that even these few radio relics survived fandom’s greatest hazard.

Next came the Glow-In-The-Dark Belt with the secret compartment in its brass buckle. The Bullet Telescope which included a cross-bone and a pirate flag. The Cat’s Eye Ring and another Toy Television Set... The tiny Compass-Gun, which swung on the end of a chain to point to north, with a whistle whistle attached to the opposite end, both gleamed. The Official Identification Bracelet, in case you got lost in spite of all your companions; the bracelet would get you shipped back home. And my favorite of favorites, the Signal Arrowhead; Tom appeared to have a strong thing going for arrowheads too. But, what the hell; anyone who didn’t smoke, drink, or chase women was bound to suffer from some form of weirdness. So, he liked magnifying glasses, arrowheads, and Hot Raileen. There’s worse things, if you overlook the Hot Raileen. But, back to the Signal Arrowhead...

It had a magnifying glass up front, a siren whistle on the left barb with a "magnifying" lens on the right. That’s right! A concave lens that made things look smaller. "Of what use?" you might ask. Well, aside from the fun of making things look far away, you could line it up with a fold-out magnifying glass to improve a primitive telescope. If you didn’t already have at least one model of the fold-out magnifiers, you weren’t worth the salt in your Hot Raileen; and that’s pretty worthless. In the base of the Arrowhead was a series of high and low whistles. A code card was furnished and a combination of high and low notes with the siren tones would enable the owner to send convenient messages like, "I’m in a tough spot, but don’t worry." Needless to say, the Signal Arrowhead, like other secret decoders, was often used to leave non-owners of the device out in the cold in regards to what was going on in the minds of Tom and his Confidential Whistle - eee --- Thad! Where the arrow falls to earth, there lies the treasure. Just give Wash a shovel and tell him to get busy. [Boy, that was a long time ago!]

But I did indulge in other radio serials. Sky King, another modern westerner, came close to capturing my full attention. In our locale, Sky King was opposite Tom Mix, and you had to make a choice. Sky King managed to pull a bigger audience by virtue of his sponsor, Peter Pan Peanut Butter. Probably things have changed since, but in my day, all kids liked or loved peanut butter. And, even if you didn’t, the coupon attached to the lid was easy to snatch right in the market. Recognizing this advantage, the Peter Pan company soon began placing thin, aluminum disk coupons inside the jar. By an incredible stroke of luck, the first such jar brought into our house held contained five disks! Another Sky King drawing card was the quality of his premiums. Anyone who managed to collect all the Sky King rings and things ever offered has the finest collection of post war radio premiums in existence. ---
Really beautiful and clever stuff. Why then, did I go the Tom Mix route? Mostly because I liked Tom better. But, partly because I once sent for a Sky King ring, and never got it. Later, a buddy persuaded me to send for a different one. I got it, but he’s still waiting on his. I tried to warn him; he still demands it, but I think he got his Sky King ring yet. Ha!

The Lone Ranger, unlike Tom Mix, was a purely fictional character. While Tom portrayed his character with great skill, the Lone Ranger was created especially for radio. Beginning as a three-times-a-week program (Monday, Wednesday, and Friday), the Lone Ranger gained more adult attention, since each half-hour broadcast was a complete story. The show finally evolved into a once-a-week, half-hour schedule in the late 1940s. The Shadow, on the other hand, was mostly a comic book character, and while it had a few radio series, it never became as popular as the Lone Ranger.

Now, for an epilogue-catalogue, here’s a brief guide to the world of old-time radio, in case you haven’t blown enough money on old comics to cause your family to consider putting you away.

I’ve refrained from going into detail on heroic radio for two very good reasons: First, I’m not competent enough to write a book. And, secondly, there are already books available about old-time radio.

For anyone interested in more information on the subject of radio heroes, I would recommend The Great Radio Heroes is the book to buy. Especially since it’s now available in paperback from Ace Books, 1120 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019. 95¢ gets it; 75¢ plus 10¢ for handling fees, but no boxtops are needed. Jim also dabbles in limited press publications and old radio tapes. His Victorial Guide to Old Time Radio, 1250, or his excellent reproduction of the Tom Mix Manual from the 40’s; $3.00. His address is Jim Harmon, P.O. Box 3861, Hollywood, California 90038. Just 25¢ for his Radio Tapes Catalogue...

Rex Miller, radio premium expert, writes: “The Rocket’s Blast is listed, and has also compiled a collection of great premium ads in his book, Radio Premiums Illustrated. $5.00 from SUPER-MANNERS, Inc., Mt. Vernon, Illinois 62864. Rex also publishes an old radio premiums sales list for any one who wants to spend a lot of money in a hurry; remember, it’s not unusual for a badge or ring from the 30’s to 40’s to be currently valued at $25.00 to $100.00. And, of course, ads for old radio tapes often appear in the Rocket’s Blast, and other adzines.

The best deal on old radio recordings is from Alan Light’s own DYNAPURE, RR 1 Box 297, East Moline, 111. 61244. $3.00 gets you two hours of radio, on 10” x 10” acetate. A good way to experiment before making a heavy investment. Order the Radio Adventure Set; and see what it’s all about.

Throughout the year, Mary Jane Higby, actually an autobiography of a soap-opera radio actress. Still, it gives the reader an in-depth look at the world of call-ins. The Unembarrassed Nurse, has been republished in a paperback form for $3.95. It is a two hundred and forty year account of the popular arts in America. Written on the radio serials and their by-products of adventure. Available from a number of sources; you might try COLLECTORS BOOK STORE, 6763 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Silver. Straight Arrow passed out tiny golden arrows, like the Lone Ranger’s silver bullets, for boys who turned out to be likely misfits. Box tops and dimes bought you a Golden Arrow Money Clip, War Drum and The Bishop. Among other items offered was a western blingommegumline, goldplated slide (plated weighing of less than 1/100,000 inch). It was never made. But Straight Arrow was a real Indian or White. I suspect we were half-and-half, able to pass as either. Anyway, the show was popular enough to inspire an excellent comic book, and I recall both the radio and graphic versions with equal fondness. I even recollect the program’s opening introduction:

KEEN EYES, FIXED ON A FLYING TARGET. A GLEAMING ARROW, SET AGAINST A RAHRAIDE STRING. A STRONG BON, BUT FAST TO THE BREAKING POINT.

AND THEN, VIPI! ZZZZZZZZZ THUD! STRAIGHT ARROW!

I can remember anything, provided it’s absolutely useless. But, I really don’t mind having my memory tactfully tricked. I could wish that they made it a legitimate phase of Americanism. I’m no expert, but experts on old-time radio and especially members of fandom, who have spent hours and hours and hours and hours, are most revered men alive. If collecting old comics could correspond to stamp collecting, then radio’s heroic hardware compares to the super-expensive hobby of coin-collecting. The prices and values placed on the old time by-products of adventure are fair indications of the fondness the owners have for the memory of a time when such things were sorely needed. In, and immediately after, an era when everybody was still waiting for a war to begin, or a shark to appear, or “Uncle Sam needed it”. A time, when mothers worried a lot, everybody’s father drank too much, and even kids had to make tough choices on what to have and hold. Those were the days my friend... those were the days.

—Bill Cantey
Continuing our series of features on comic book artists, we present this issue an autobiography from one of the best inkers in the business, JOE SINNOTT. But, as you'll find out soon, he is much more than a fine inker; he's also a fine artist and a fine man. I'd like to extend my thanks to Joe for accepting my invitation to do this feature, and for supplying me with the excellent material that accompanies his autobiography...

--Bill Wilson

Born in Saugerties, New York, on October the 16 1926, I was the second of seven children. (My oldest brother, Jack, by the way, was in the same company as Audie Murphy, but after much action (Sicily, Anzio, etc.), he was killed in France.) I had the normal boyhood, being excellent both in marbles and card flipping. As were all kids of the 1930's, I was a nut on the comics, and my favorites were: Tarzan, Flash Gordon, Terry, Tiny Tim, Smilin' Jack, Barney Baxter, Radio Patrol, Tim Tyler's Luck, and many others. In high school, I played varsity baseball and soccer, and was art editor of the school paper and yearbook.

During World War II (Okinawa), I spent 2 years in the Seabees driving a truck. I had joined the navy expecting to wind up on a cruiser or better. After the war, I spent three years working in a cement plant and limestone quarry. In '49 I entered C & I (Cartoonists and Illustrators School).

LIKE GIANT EAGLES IN THE SKY
THE STORY OF KITES

BY HELEN L. GILLM

SAILS AGAINST THE WIND
THE STORY OF SAILS AND THE SAILMAKER'S ART

BY HELEN L. GILLM

ILLUS. BY JOE SINNOTT

While at school, I did quite a bit of work on a variety of things—which sent me on these assignments: textile designs (mostly for kid’s shirts and the like with western, etc. themes), caricature assignments (Ted Mack, Ham Fisher, etc.), I started working for Timely, one of the instructors, who had accounts with Timely, Dell, and others. We ‘Tom, me, and one or two other fellows from school’ worked on the books together. One fellow was Norman Steinberg, who worked for Timely. We worked on books like Red Warrior, Kent Blake, and Western Union. It got so I was doing the whole Blake book, so, in March ’51, I went to Timely and started to pick up my own work...

I worked exclusively for Stan on all variety of books until ’57 when production was halted. Then I picked up accounts at Classics, Treasure Chest, Dell, Charlton, etc. I also did a lot of commercial stuff and a lot of odd and ends during this period. In ’58, I went back to Timely, and did a variety of things for the next few years. At this time, I started inking a few Kirby stories—I did the first Thor book, and F.P. #5 I remember. I penciled and inked a few Thor but I didn’t return to F.P. until #44 or #45 I believe. And I’ve only missed a couple since.

For me, Kirby and Buscema are the easiest to ink. I was quicker with the Kirby stuff—he had less panels per page. I admire the efforts and styles of the many other artists—I’ve inked—Steranko, Kane, Romita, Colan, etc.

As to the materials I use: For 20 years I used nothing but a #2 and #3 Winsor Newton brush, but for the past year or two I honestly couldn’t find a decent one for inking. They just don’t have the snap they used to. This has been quite discouraging to me because of the fact that good tools are half of the battle. I’ve been using a #2 Artline finepoint for the past year—and while they have good snap and a fine point, the hairs are a little too long for my taste. This may sound insignificant to you readers, but it’s so important to the artist. Needless to say, work for the past year or two has been that much harder, because of inferior brushes and the paper Marvel is using.

Whereas it used to have a fairly hard surface and good tooth, it is now smooth and very absorbent. You have to be very careful when you erase, because the ink can come right off. I often have to re-ink after I’ve erased. After twenty years of using nothing but a 659 Gil-loft pen I now have to use the 290 & 170 because of the paper. I don’t know what the views of fellow artists are concerning the state of materials, though.
As to technique, I try to ink superheroes in a slick manner — but not too hard. Sometimes you can go overboard and become too sleek and hard. I add blacks here and there when I feel it needs it, to help balance a page. When I'm doing other types of stories for Treasure Chest, for example, I try to ink according to the type of story it is. If it's a western or frontier setting, I try to rough it up a little. I use whatever kind of ink I happen to have. I was given a case of Higgins, but I have to mix it with Pelican because the Higgins ink is quite watery, and with the absorbent paper we use, it's impossible.

I really don't see many of the comics being published today, outside of the Marvels. I did pick up a DC Tarzan, I think it was #3, by Hubert of course — and it appealed to me greatly... Joe's loose, yet dynamic, interpretation could not be surpassed on this book. I think it has great visual appeal. I always felt John Buscema would have done a great 'Tarzan', or 'Prince Valiant', for that matter.

As for ACRA, I've been a little disappointed in the few goals they've managed to achieve so far. I felt there would have been a better rapport with the management, but I haven't seen any concrete evidence of this yet. I'm sure things can't help but improve with the new 3 yr. terms for the officers being instituted. From the few meetings I have attended, I've gotten the feeling that the members are not being 'open' enough with each other, in regards to certain subjects. And what really baffles me regarding the ACRA awards, is how Kirby can be nominated for 'outstanding contribution of the year' (or whatever the category) and 'Hall of Fame' and not even be nominated for best penciler. To leave Jack out is like telling Babe Ruth he's not good enough for the all-time, all-star team. Aside from that, I feel KCA must start making strides now, or the membership will throw in the towel. Let's hope the new 2 yr. terms for the officers will give them the time to accomplish the things they would like to.

My hobbies include collecting Bing Crosby recordings, tapes, radio shows, etc. — I've just taken up golf, and am an avid baseball (Giants) and football (Jets) fan. I prefer doing sports cartoons to anything else.

I have four children, Joe Jr. 20, Linda 18, Kathy 16, and my assistant, Mark 10; and wife Betty (ageless).
Chapter 3

The Greening of America!

So! Another evil green hydrant subsidiary has been destroyed!

For example: Yesterday, abstraction was un-American and on a par with Nazi and Chamber of Commerce. Today—growing acceptance!

Is my country really run by political/corporate collusion?

Have my brothers and nephews become worshippers of sick, sadistic violence, ala the Roman circus?

Is everything up for sale in America?

Why did old man Rye slip? Did he get in the way?

Was Vietnam just a military-political adventure?

Should America pay a penalty for being the polluting agent of the world?

AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL—AM I CRACKIN' UP?

What grandios luck! A super cop whose mind is in a state of perpetual confusion! I will capture it and him and fight fire with fire!

At a meeting of the Green Avengers.

We don't know a heck of a lot...

What we do know comes from the Green League and from a Verde Velnah who made these eye-witness sketches!

Whether of alien origin, gangland symbol or mad scientist creation, we have no info.

Our job — find and capture!
ON A ROOFTOP, LOOKING DOWN...

LOOK, GREEN ROBIN, IT'S GREEN AMERICA JUST STANDING IN AN ALLEY. PROBABLY IN HIS USUAL QUANDRY! LET'S GO CHEER HIM UP!

HEH, STAR HEAD!

OK, GREEN BAT, BUT I'LL TAKE THE ELEVATOR. MY WEAK ANKLES ARE ACTIN' UP AGAIN.

OF COURSE YOU REALIZE THIS MEANS WAR!

While staying with dear friend and comic comrade Syd Shore this week while in the big city this editorial visit, I came across your The Collector for the first time...looks very good bill.

Course more than anything I was impressed by being included in your crossword puzzle...but I really did think the rest of the issue was very good...taking particular interest in B.P.'s ALTERNATIVES FOR CONVENTIONS piece and his suggestion about Skywald's own Sol Brodsky being invited...perhaps combining that suggestion and the one about video tapes to be mass shown over the country to the fans might be well received by many. One thing about tape of course, is the obvious permanent record of both opinion and information that it affords...it can be locked at 100 years from now.

I'll mention the idea to Sol...he'll get a kick out of someone thinking about innovations...he being a most creative man himself. So best wishes to Byron Preis.

And best wishes from me to whoever did the crossword...

Thanks for your comments on TC25, Al. I only wish more people in the field would be as willing to take into consideration the many suggestions fandom makes. True, they may not all be good, but you have to admit that fandom can be helpful and influential in improving the field, and making it possible for the recognition it deserves.

Kenneth Smith
Professional Artist; Phantasmagoria
Box 20020-A, LSU
Saturn Rouge, La. 70803

I thoroughly enjoyed your last issue of The Collector, but I have got to admit that it pales by comparison with #25. #26 will indeed be a fine, fine piece of work. If this goes on...

I kind of enjoyed Bob Kirkland's piece in #25. I say "kind of", because there are serious issues behind this sort of thing which can't be shrugged off. I know of a great number of over-priced zines that have appeared in the past 3 years or so, and it is no joke, they have been rip-off operations pure and simple. What is also unfunny, however, is the fact that zines with low prices are often, in effect, being underwritten by the artists and writers, who keep the price down by donating the work; many zines with high prices, such as Phase and others, simply want to rec-

-tify this by paying their contributors. The same with Reality. Needless to say, newsstand prices distort many fans' sense of values; as a rule, the reader is paying for only about 1/3 of the cost of a newstand magazine---the rest being paid for by advertisers. I know Phantasmagoria's price is not as low as I'd like it; but at $3, its sales just barely meet the cost of printing and mailing, and all other expenses (art supplies, advertising, etc. running into a couple of thousand dollars for 1971) I have to absorb myself. Which, again, I consider unfunny. Under those circumstances, I sometimes catch myself thinking that the GAO #9 Bob described just might be worth $25, in terms of what it's probably costing someone else.

You made some very interesting and very good points as to the values of fandom in terms of its many magazines, and I hope that other readers will write in, to voice their opinions about this controversial topic of "the pro-zines". In the meantime, I highly recommend Ken's Phantasmagoria. It's well worth the $3 price tag for lovers of good art and a unique and intricately-woven fabric. Oh, and now that you've seen it, Ken, do you believe your prediction for TC#26 came true?

Joe Rubert
Professional Artist; Tarzan

Thank for sending me a copy of your excellent fanzine. The amount of work and effort necessary to produce this sort of a publication (for one man) must be fantastic!

Your wrap-around was well-executed. I'll be looking forward to your next issue.

Much luck with your back-breaker...

Thanks for your comments, Joe. You don't know how true those words are! A "back-breaker" (is exactly what this zine is, & more! But I enjoy it, and I think the effort is appreciated by the readers, so it gives me a feeling of self-satisfaction to be able to say the entire production is handled by me. [So, whenever there are any typing/layout, printing, or any other chubs, chalk one up for the ol' editor-publisher-printer!]

Joe was a big help with the Tarzan, and Ken Barr features this issue, and I'd like to thank him again for all his help with this "back-breaker".

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52
One of the most famous comic book characters of the "GOLDEN AGE OF COMICS", Cap has turned up recently in the extensive advertising for PHOENIX CON. Drawn with sideburns by his original artist, C. C. BECK, he is shown here in his majestic pose (at right) and flying to Phoenix (below).

Our thanks to BRUCE HAMILTON for permission to reproduce these illustrations.
A BRIEF INTERVIEW WITH C. C. BECK

conducted by BOB TETZLOFF

Everyone remembers Captain Marvel, the Big Red Cheese. I located his creator living in sunny Miami Beach and doing rather well at his design and art studio. Here are some of the questions I asked Mr. Beck...

First of all, Mr. Beck, when, and where were you born?

I was born in 1910 in a little town in Southern Minnesota called Zumbrota.

What does the C. C. stand for?

Charles Clarence. I was named after two uncles.

What type of background in art did you have as a boy? Did you work for any school newspapers, yearbooks, local papers etc.?

Yes, I worked on the High School annual and on the University of Minnesota humor magazine, Ski-U-Mah.

Who was your favorite artist as a boy, and who is your favorite now?

John Held, Jr. - the creator of the flipper and shiek; Sid Smith's "The Gumps" and Billy de Beck's "Barney Google" were my favorite comics. Today, I like the "Wizard of Id" and "The Smith Family". I like the really comic strips - not the seriously drawn adventure strips.

When and where did you get your first significant break in your career? I guess that would have to be when I started drawing Captain Marvel in late 1939.

How did the idea of Captain Marvel formulate?

Bill Parker worked up the character, along with many others who appeared in the first issue of WHIZ COMICS.

What position did Bill Parker have at Fawcett?

Bill was an Editor at Fawcett. When they decided to put out a comic book, Fawcett would put him to work, writing the stories, and me to illustrate them.

Did you have any assistants who helped you out on Cap, especially when CHA was published twice a month?

Pete Costanza was one of the first artists hired - to illustrate Golden Arrow. Then he and I formed a partnership and set up a studio of our own, with Fawcett's help. We must have had a couple hundred assistants through the years - I remember Chic Stone, Marc Swayze, Kurt Schaffenburger, Jess Benton, Bob Kingett, Dave Berg (MAD Magazine) and oh so many more.

Which writers in your opinion, turned out the best work most consistently - I'd be disappointed if you didn't say Otto Binder.

Right. Otto was the most consistent. Bill Woolfolk, Joe Willard, and others wrote superb stories - all good.

Was the George Pal, who wrote for you in 1940, the same one who later produced the George Pal Puppetoons?

I don't recall anything about him. When we were at peak production in the war years, we artists never saw any writers. The stories were cooked up by the editors and writers and sent to us for illustration. As we worked only on Captain Marvel stories, it was hard to know all the people who worked for Fawcett.

Why did Fawcett stop Captain Marvel when threatened with a lawsuit by National? It seems to me they could have continued with the series throughout the fight.

Well, they may have, but when you are running a big company, you do what's best for the company. Personally, I know nothing about what happened except that all comic production came to a halt on Captain Marvel. The Art Director gave me a letter of introduction to an artist in Miami. That was 18 years ago, and I've been in Miami ever since.

As I recall, you attempted a comeback with a comic hero called Fatman. I enjoyed it immensely and the artwork took me back to "Cap's" era. The book didn't get distribution. Even people who knew about it wouldn't find it on the stands. So, it folded after 3 issues.

I read where Captain Marvel was originally called Capt. Thunder, and that WHIZ COMICS NO. 1 never made the newsstands. Is this true?

Yes, Cap was originally called Capt. Thunder. I had to change the copy, but no one ever told me why. WHIZ NO. 1 was called the "ash-can copy", published only to send to Washington to see our copyright. I saw a copy of it - it was in black and white and only a few pages long. It was not put on the market, as it was incomplete.

Finally, could you bring us up to date with what happened in your career since the demise of Captain Marvel until now?

Actually, I've been a commercial illustrator all my life. It just happened that from 1940 to 1953 I illustrated Captain Marvel stories. I'm now back in other kinds of illustration - anything from nuts and bolts for manufacturing catalogs to huge color renderings of real estate developments. It's a lot more fun than the comic book grind, and it pays better too.
A SCIENTIST... A SUPER-HERO... A FUGITIVE... A TIME-TRAVELER... ALL ONE AND THE SAME MAN. THIS IS A MAN HAUNTED BY THE PAST... A MAN WHO, IN THAT PAST, HAS SURVIVED AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION... GAINED SUPER-HUMAN ABILITIES, ESCAPED SABOTAGE CHARGES, BATTLED MANY STRANGE AND FORIMIDABLE FOES, AND EVEN TRANSCENDED TIME. FANTASTIC? YES. IMPOSSIBLE? MAYBE. FACT OR FANTASY? WHO KNOWS! BUT ONE THING'S FOR SURE: THIS IS A SICK AND TROUBLED MAN, INTENT ON DEALING WITH KARG, WHO HAS ALL OF THE ANSWERS. IT IS TO THIS FOE THAT HYPERMAN MAKES A PROMISE; A FATEFUL PROMISE...
WIPING OUT KARG'S MEN WAS EASY ENOUGH...

NOW FOR THE BIG GAME! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT EXACTLY HOW MUCH HE KNOWS...

AND STOP HIM! I HAVE A FEELING KARG IS THE KEY TO THE WHOLE MYSTERY.
SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THE VOW, THE ROOM IS CATAPULTED INTO BLACKNESS! A DARKNESS...HEAVY...COMPLETE...

HE LOOKED UPON THESE LOST SPECIMENS OF HUMANITY AND INSTANTLY KNEW...

GOOD LORD! I'M IN AN... INSANE ASYLUM!!!

WON'T WORK, KARG! I MAY BE NEW AT THIS BUT I'VE READ ENOUGH COMIC BOOKS TO KNOW... THIS IS THE FIRST STEP!

HE BARRICADED THE FALLEN WALL AND TURNED TO SEE... A FORM OUTLINED IN MOONGLOW...

HER VOICE BETRAYED NO EMOTION!

YOU! THE ONE I SAW IN THE OTHER WORLD!

YES, YOU AND I, DUE TO THE ANCIENT ONES, HAVE TRAVELED CENTURIES TOGETHER. YEARS INTO THE FUTURE, AND BACK AGAIN TO TODAY!

AT HER TOUCH, A SECTION OF FLOOR SLID AWAY...

NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS! YOU WANT KARG? I'LL HELP YOU GET HIM!
He grabbed up a .357 Magnum handgun from an unconscious guard...

You won't need that!

You never know! Let's get it on, girl!

How far had they descended Hyperman could only guess... and there was further downward still to go... in a darkness lighted only by a hell-green fire within the stone itself!

I've been in cheerier places before... but wait... listen...

Thousands of feet deeper still in that awful blackness came the muted echo of footsteps... frantic... fleeing!

"It's got to be Karg! And he's panicking! He's way ahead of us, but I can still hear him!"

She handed him a star-shaped form. Though of grey-green stone, it glowed with a power of its own!

This will stand you in better stead!

Hyperman's bat-like hearing enabled him to easily avoid stalactites and other out-cropping mineral formations...

Lose not the star! It is the sign of the elder gods... and our protection against him who is to come.
YOU'RE TOO LATE, HYPERMAN! AND YOU! YOU'RE HELPING HIM!

WELL! NOW YOU BOTH DIE!

FOOL! I MAY BE DYING, BUT YOU HAVEN'T WON! I'VE UNLEASHED HIM!  IÄ! CTHULHU! IÄ!
A SPAWN OF STILL-BORN NIGHTMARES... A HORROR THE MIND Couldn'T IMAGINE--VOICE Couldn'T TELL. IT SLITHERED ON TOWARD HIM... TENTACLES REACHING...

ENERGY BOLTS, BEAMS, AND BLASTS PROVED AS USELESS AS TEARING SLUGS OF LEAD.

YOU CREEPING MASS FROM HELL! CAN NOTHING STOP YOU?

THE STONE, USE THE STONE!

IT GIBBERED AND SALIVATED... IT SCREECHED... FLOPPING BACKWARDS FROM THE DREADED SIGHT!

THE STONE! HURL THE STONE!
LANDSLIDE! THOUSANDS OF FEET BELOW EARTH'S SURFACE!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

BEDLAM! HYSTERICAL SCREAMS SOUND OVER CRACKLING FLAMES!

THOSE POOR WRETCHES! THEY DON'T STAND A CHANCE! NOT UNLESS I...

FORGET THE HEROICS, AND GET US OUT OF HERE!

OKAY, HANG ON! I'LL COME BACK FOR THEM!
SPARKS SPIRALED TOWARD THE STARS AS WITH A GREAT SIGH THE FLAME-TORTURED ASYLUM COLLAPSED INTO BURNING RUBBLE!

MY GOD! I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF ALL THOSE PEOPLE IN THERE!

IN HIS GRIEF, HE FAILED TO HEAR —— HER CHANT AND ITS ECHOING REPLY!

IÄI, HASTUR! IÄI CF'AYAK 'VULGTMN, VUGTLAGLN, VULGTMN!

A STRANGE SERVANT HAD ANSWERED HER SUMMONS!

LISTEN WELL AND KNOW, HYPERMAN, THERE WILL COME A TIME WHEN THE GREAT OLD ONES WILL AGAIN RULE! NO ONE CAN STOP DESTINY!

YOU SEE, KARG WAS MY FATHER. HE CAPTURED YOU AND INJECTED YOU WITH THE HYPNO-DRUG TO LEARN THE SECRET OF YOUR POWERS. MY FATHER WAS HUNGRY FOR POWER. HE WANTED TO HARNES YOUR POWERS TO FREE CTHULHU, BUT WHEN YOU RESISTED THE DRUG'S EFFECTS, HE BLINDLY TOOK THE TASK UPON HIMSELF. I AM THE HANDMAIDEN OF HASTUR. AS SUCH, I HAD TO STOP HIM!
HASTUR OF ALL THE GREAT OLD ONES WILL REIGN SUPREME. NOT CTHULHU! OR NYARLATHORP! OR ITHAQUA OR CTHUGH! NOT EVEN THE ELDER GODS CAN STAND IN HIS WAY! IÄ! HASTUR! IÄ!

I leave you then a legacy! Know you now that knowledge is power, but knowledge is also madness! And it is not for the weak, such as you Hyperman, to take arms against these hellish beings!

FAREWELL!

How lonely can a man be! Is it the loneliness in his soul that makes the night suddenly seem darker, the stars shine in icy chill... the wind more biting than before! Or is it the thoughts refusing to stay buried in the prison of his mind!

Because of me how many are dead! How many more will die! 'Atomic Avenger' I've been called... 'Atomic Assassin' is more like it!

Bill G. Wilson
Doug Potter
Thank you for The Collector #25. I read it immediately upon receipt.

Frykell's and Reynolds' "The Real Jack Kirby" was a superb object lesson for amateur psychologists and other intellectual pinheads. Although the current Kirby titles offer a wealth of raw material for the seeker of symbolism, they are still over ninety percent pure entertainment. This fan elects to withhold any comments on the series until they reach their "pyramidizing" conclusion(s). At which time, no doubt, a mad scramble will ensue to obtain what may finally be recognized as Kirby's greatest contribution to the medium. And as Tom Pagan aptly observed, "Kirby might well be described as: THE ALL-FA ther OF COMICS."

Donald Wong's work has a professional sparkle that cannot be learned. His illustrations would provide eye-pleasing "grace-notes" to any fan (or proarticle).

I'm crazy about Hanley's "GREEN HORN"; I hope it will be reproduced in its entirety when (and if) it's completed. Strangely enough, I don't recall "The Flying Dutchman" although I readily remember comics from the same era. Still, an article on a Golden Age Great is always welcome, especially one by Tom Pagan.

Bob Kirkland's "Graphic Adventure Unlimited" touched, with humor, a serious subject. What, I wonder, is the future of fanzines? If fandom increases in size and success, and continues to attract the attention of professional publishers, will newsheets and zines be the only survivors?

But now is now; and THE COLLECTOR is a finer fanzine as well as a superb creative outlet. Beautiful black cover, and terrific related interior illos by Newton, Wong, Jones, and others. They must have been well pleased with your printing and presentations. Congratulations on another fine job.

Many thanks for your kind comments, Bill. Though this issue lacks any type of humorous "thought" pieces, I think the serious interviews, autobiogys, and articles (including your own fine piece) will get their respective points across just about as well as the humor pieces did last issue; perhaps even more. I, for one, enjoy this type of material. The "Letters" column is a step in the right direction, toward the type of letter column I've always wanted. TC: the type that people want to read.

Keep the crosswords. I enjoyed them immensely. I hope that you are harboring thoughts of retaining it.

Many thanks to Frykell and Reynolds for their satirical commentary on a pitfall too many fan writers have. Too many go overboard and read too much into something that is simply entertaining. Bob Kirkland made the other fine point of the issue. I just hope it got across to many of the readers. If you think GAW had a great lineup for their 1981 issue, just wait until Jim Steranko gives me his 21-page original adventure strip which he promised will be inked by Neal Adams, and written by Harlan Ellison. He even hoodwinked Jack Kirby to put in the fingernails on all of the hands in the
story. [Be forewarned gullible TC readers out there! This is but a "slick" come-on to get you to buy Vince's own pocketzines! They aren't bad, though, even without a 31-page Steranko strip. Give 'em a try! --BGW]

I must say that it is good to see a zine that reproduces the blacks on illustrations so well. It hurts to see a piece of work by pros and amateurs alike slaughtered by ink smudges, and filled-in zip-a-tone. I really enjoyed seeing my illustration come out so well. This fact alone makes doing work for you a real pleasure.

As Kirby is the "All Father of Comics", so must Tom Pajan be the "All Father of Pan-Writers". His material is just great to read. There are few fan writers I enjoy, and he is at the top of the list. After his convention write-up I am sure few will dispute this fact. If you ever let him out of his shackles, send him to me, will you?

Byron Preiss had some good ideas for future conventions. Capt. George Henderson used a portable video taping unit at the Toronto Comic Con. He interviewed all the pros and many fans. Considering the numbers of pros there, he did one hell of a lot of work, but he enjoyed himself as I am sure everyone else did.

I am sure a lot of pros receive your zine, so I'd like to extend my thanks to all those who made the jaunt to the Toronto Comic Con. I think we had more pros there than we had fans. The list is too large to mention. So, thanks to all of them, and to you Bill for letting me throw in this last paragraph.

Thanks, and continued success...

Many thanks, Vince. Your artwork is regretfully missed in this issue, but here's hoping next issue will contain that much more of your fine art!

NO JONES!

Remember that full page advertisement in the last issue of THE COLLECTOR promising an article on Will Eisner's Wonder Man by Jim Jones? Since these are the final pages of this issue, I'm sure you won't find that article in here. Why, you ask? No, your heartless editor did not cut it at the last minute so that he'd have another 1/2 page to ramble on about nothing... No, lazy Jim Jones did not buckle down and forget it altogether. The thing is, other pressing things took up too much of Jim's time for him to do a really good job on it, and he notified me well in advance of the situation. I'm sorry to say, this is much the same type of thing that has happened with me with this issue of TC... Failing to realize exactly how big a job I'd gotten myself into with the addition of more pages and more color, I've waited until the last minute to produce this issue, and am now paying for it by getting behind in correspondence and other things. Subsequently, some orders received or being processed during this time may be screwed-up. If you find your order late, let me know about it right away, either by call or letter... But notify me. In some cases, orders never even reach me, and if you don't tell me about a problem with your order, how can I check into it and speed up the processing?

...about this issue's HYPERMAN comic strip:

Good response to issue #2's 3-page Hyperman strip in which Joe Sinnott, John Pansitch, and I line inked one page each prompted this issue's 10-page "epic". The process of having one inker ink two successive pages was planned so that no two inking styles "clash". Each time that the page is turned, the reader sees a new, fresh inking style that seems to flow across both pages to produce one drawing. Whether or not this new approach has succeeded or not still remains to be seen, until your comments begin showing up in the mailbox...

ED ROMERO lends a surrealistic -type approach to the 3rd and 4th pages, giving a hint to the variety of different inking styles to come in following pages. [Perhaps...... for the next issue we can arrange for a look at what these two pages might have looked like had Ed inked them in a straight comic-book-style.]

The 5th and 6th pages are the only two pages not inked by the same artist. Why? Because CRAIG RUSSELL is one of two artists now working with DAM NERINS on material for Marvel, & he graciously inked the first page of the "set". You'll be seeing a LOT of Craig's work in the coming months because it is FANTASTIC! I've seen a few of his westerns and sf illustrations, and they are almost unbelievable in regard to the intricacy of the lines, which tends to make them almost 3-dimensional! Hopefully, we'll be able to persuade Craig to do some illustrations for our #27 so that you, too, can enjoy his work as much as I do. [A tip of the hat to Craig for spending 12 HOURS on the strip, and to Dan for spending 5 HOURS on the full-pager! And THIS was in a pinch, too!]
PARAGON 4

UP AND AT 'EM, S.G. I LEAVE YOU ALONE FOR A DAY AND YOU FALL DOWN ON THE JOB!

OOF! MY HEAD!

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