No Subscriptions!!! Single issues: 60¢. Dealers rates available on request. There are absolutely no back issues available with the exception being our DOUBLE ISSUE-Charlon Fortiolar! Copies are in stock and available for only $2.00 postpaid.

OUR COVER: As if the shipping industry didn't have enough problems, Mr. Alex Toth kicks a squadron of his own special interstellar renegades on this happy holiday cruise. And you thought the Poseidon had problems!

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ARTISTS THIS ISSUE: Neal Adams, Dan Adkins, Don Matts, Rich Buckler, John Byrne, Joe Sinnott, Clyde Caldwell, Bob Hall, Pete Igo, Gil Kane, Bob Layton, Jim Starlin, Alex Toth and Bernie Wrightson! Letterer: Roger Slifer.

Special Thanks Dept.: Thanks this issue goes out to, once again, Don Pather and Honorary Gangster Joe Sinnott, who makes hard things look easy and always comes through in a pinch. Thanks, Mr. S!

Contributors! Please send xerox copies, not the originals, of your artwork. We can't return your art, so please keep this in mind.

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notifying Charlton, that's for sure. We can't help but wonder, however, if there isn't something all of us little people can do. At present we just don't know. Perhaps it would be best if some of us gave thought to infiltrating major distributors. Getting along with retailers sounds like a step in the right direction as well. In fact it might do a world of good to teach your younger siblings and their friends a little comic book "etiquette"...a sort of grassroots movement towards keeping the stands neat and in order. It surely couldn't hurt.

We're interested in hearing your ideas on this issue. Let us know what you think.

**What's New This Issue:**

Some of you might be wondering, "Where's Murphy?" Well, let me assure you that the one and only Mr. Anderson is alive and well...but not in the pages of CPL...this time! Ya see, we decided that rather than rush the editing of the thing...and rather than split the interview in two, which space limitations would have demanded this go-round...the Murphy Anderson interview would be delayed for another issue. Fear not! The mild-mannered Mr. A is revising and updating while you read this...and laying down some lines as well. So when the Anderson tapes do arrive, we know you'll agree that the wait was worthwhile! End of explanation.

What do we have this time? Well, there's the first of a series by a certain Steve named Gerber that just might be of interest. And another regular series under the heading of Northern Lights makes its debut under the more than capable guidance of John L. Byrne (yes, folks, he can write as well as he can draw!). Plus there's the return of Paty, the unsinkable C.C. Beck, the inevitable Sterno's Hot Ones, and the first "Chronological" 800-2000 story. Add to that a whole passel of art by Byrne, Toth, Starlin, Sinnott, Rucker, Hall, Caldwell, and Kane...ah, come on! Do we have to say more? And next issue...oops! Running out of room here! And before I yield the floor, this unworthy editor must pass out some most deserved thanks to his staff...without whom CPL would never get printed. So here's a special tip of the Sterno hat to Jack Sterno, Roy talent scout and procurer, for helping in the assembly of this issue's cast of thousands! Also, there's a slightly awe-struck salute to a man whose work always knocks us out...Mr. Alex Toth. And finally, an extra big thanks to two talented scribes this humble scribbler had the happy fortune to encounter over the past summer...Joe Sinnott and John Byrne. Joe has not to be one of the nicest, most gracious beings I've ever had the pleasure of meeting. And John...what can I say? John Byrne is a talent that would become if "SHAZAM" really worked.

And say, while we're at it...the CPL staff would like to extend a big thanks to you readers! Your letters, your encouragements...not to mention your money...has helped us put CPL on the Market. We appreciate it. Our only regret is that the price of CPL can't remain the same.

Enough of this hoo-hah! Fanzines are to enjoy! Do so...and we'll see you in three months! We know you'll be waiting with bated breath!
FURTHER MUCK MEDITATIONS by Steve Gerber

9/3/74
8:30 P.M.

Congratulations. You've caught me in a rare mood.

No, I take that back. Not "rare," exactly, as this mood strikes me all too often. You've caught me in a choice mood. I feel like bitching about almost anything. And since Duffy told me I can just ramble on about whatever I choose to ramble on about whatever, that's exactly what I'm going to do.

Let's start with conglomerates, shall we? And the effect they have on comic books.

Imagine you've created the most popular superhero in the world. We will call him Dog-Man. He runs with the speed of a greyhound, has a supersensitive sense of smell, and he pisses on fire hydrants. That's his big hangup. Okay. You've got this hero. You created him. You've written Dog-Man stories for ten years, and everybody (including you) knows you're successful.

Then, suddenly, the Dog-Man Periodicals Group is bought up by a conglomerate. We'll call it Wretch Industries International. W.I.I. No, no periods. Just W.I.

W.I. appoints a cost systems analyst to study Dog-Man. But he doesn't really study Dog-Man. He doesn't even know that Dog-Man's secret identity is Herbie Hound. He looks over the books—not the comic books, the books, the ledgers, the only books that really count in this world, the counting books, the dollar-eating-money-grubbin-shite-the-home-kill-the-competition-books. And he decides you're right. You have a success. But he's heard you say some strange things. He overhears you telling your mother that you're thinking of killing off Dog-Man's pet dog, or getting rid of his fire hydrant compulsion. To revitalize the strip, or some silly thing like that.

As every money-eating-dog-licking-good-american knows, you don't mess with success. Even if you made the success.

So, our cost systems analyst decides to step in.

Why not? He works for the people that own your success, right? Sure! Unfortunately, he's decided you're not capable of handling your own success, and he's got the dog-dollars to prove it. YOU CAN'T CHANGE DOG-MAN! he says. In fact, what you've gotta do is immediately print ninety-two more books every month about him before the formula runs dry!!

SON OF DOG-MAN! PRETTY PUPPY! DOG-MAN'S GIRL-FRIEND! DOG-MAN'S PAL! LHASA APPO! DOG-MAN TEAM UP!

Grindo! Grind out the dogs Dog-Man must be ground in, shred the news the dog hamberger dogburger cook the dog dog dog, dog. DOG-MAN must be eaten sweeten beaten, you cretin!!!

(continued on following page...)
Before you know it, and you don't care to know it too, so you've rot your dog-dollars too and that's all that matters mad hatters ratters the dog is dead but nobody notices. It looks like the old dog, it still pisses every month, but it doesn't lick quite right, it sheds in winter.

You can't teach an old dog new tricks so why try.

The kids'never know the difference anyway.

And a cost systems analyst stands on the body of the dead dog pounding his Florschtein artificial heel into its ribs squeezing out the last good blood best blood dead blood, letting it drip and run into the sewer and be says, look I saved your dog! What are you barking about? See how creative I am? See how good THE books look?

Let's talk about barking conglomerates killing dogs pounding pounding heel of synthetic rubber into mouth crushing teeth crushing gums bleeding gums give dog a root canal team up root canal with imaginary sons 'cos the kids don't know don't care don't only we know what's write we're the creative conglomerate step pond heel.

That's enough about conglomerates. I'll write more later. I'm planning to do this "article" over several days, several moods.

I want to be happy.

* * * * *

9/3/78
10:04 P.M.

When Duffy first approached me about doing an article for FPL (or did I approach Duffy? Nah, my ego won't let me admit that!), two or three subjects came to mind immediately. One was conglomeration, but when I tried writing about that logically, I discovered the topic defied all logic. The cut-level, nonsensical approach was the only one that...uh, seemed logical to pursue. You've just read the unedited, unexpurgated, unfunny result.

My second choice of topics proved equally ludicrous: the debate over relevancy versus entertainment in comics. It took three false starts at a clear, concise examination of the issue before I realized neither position can be argued. Neither one makes any sense. It's a non-debate, because the entire issue is a false one.

Those who argue for relevancy in comics tend to lose sight of the fact that a story must be entertaining in order to get someone to read it. Those who argue for pure entertainment seem oblivious to the fact that there's no point in writing a story which has...no point.

But wait. A further clarification is needed. Several of them, in fact.

Most of us, I'd guess, probably understand what "entertainment" is. Or at least we know when we're being entertained. But a working definition of "relevant" is a little bit harder to come by.

Most people seem to consider a "relevant" story one that pertains to contemporary social issues: pollution, corruption in government, racism, poverty, the energy crisis, repression of dissent, dissolution of moral standards, stuff like that. Somehow, the definition of relevance that the New Left applied to college courses slid over into the comics. Miserably, in my opinion. I prefer to think of these stories as..."logical". They may or may not be "relevant".

* * * * *

9/17/78
8:30 A.M.

The relevant story is one that speaks to you about something you're concerned with, whatever that something may be. That's why I'm always amused when I hear a writer or editor or fan-writer declare that the "relevance trend of the 1960's is dead." The statement is a truism.
of course, its dead! Its 1974. The stories of the sixties, even the style in which they were written, are no longer relevant. Five years have gone by!

A relevant story today must address itself to 1974. So people in 1974. To events in 1974. To the state of the world in 1974. Pollution and racism are not dead issues, but the attitudes toward these problems have changed. Stories have to reflect that.

But I'm digressing. The point I'm trying to make is... I don't really understand why anybody would want to read a story that isn't relevant, a story that gives me nothin'. More, I find it nigh unto impossible to conceive of a writer who believes his stories shouldn't mean anything. Why would anyone want to write a story that has no point? What's the point? (Aside from filling twenty or so pages and taking in the quarters) of writing a story that doesn't have a point? My god, how can a writer justify his existence as a human being if his creativity is spent on producing well-crafted, but meaningles, garbage?

Yes, comics are throwaway literature. Their newsstand life is approximately fourteen days. After that, they become waste paper. True. All true. I can't and won't argue any of that.

But each reader spends about fifteen minutes reading a comic book. A comic book needs at least 100,000 readers to survive. Simple multiplication then tells us that those readers in aggregate spend 1,500,000 minutes... or 250,000 hours...or 10,000 days...or more than twenty years reading one issue of one comic book!

That much time deserves to be rewarded in some way or another, hopefully with some kind of substance in the words and pictures that justifies the expenditure of so many precious moments.

A story should leave the reader with something more than he had before reading it. An idea. An emotion. Or maybe just a smile.

DAREDEVIL was my idea book. MAN-THING is a combination idea/emotion book. MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE is my smile book. I haven't yet figured out what SON OF SATAN and DEFENDERS are or will become. Too, all of the books are constantly evolving, changing. My attitudes toward them differ from issue to issue. The stories reflect that, inevitably.

The only kinds of books I dislike are the ones which consist of mindless action and nothing else. Books which disturb me are the ones which deal only with superficial, comicbooky emotions, attempting to pass them off as real. I can allow almost any contrivance of plotting, I've

found, if the characters stay real. ("Allow" as a reader, not a writer. I may commit contrivances, but I kick myself for every time I do.)

And these, folk, are all the thoughts I can muster for one "article". Yeah, I've got lots more I could say, but at the moment, the spirit's not willing, and god knows, the flesh is weak. Brain flesh. Meaty neurons. They're sleepy.

If the CPL Gang decide they want another of these things from me, they can have it. I'd still like to talk about stuff like censorship, fandom, the problems of meeting women on the Upper West Side of New York... and who knows what else. Maybe.

Profund final sentence: Don't hang me up, exopy, I'm not your goob!

(Well! If you think the powers that be at CPU...namely us...are gonna be crazy enough to nuke any further articles from a true-blue maniac like brother Steve, you obviously haven't called all your vegetables! Look for every time I do...just as soon as we can drag him away from the swarm. --the Management.)
Galactus!
Here I am to take a list of my ten favorite villains, Galactus would be three of them (with Doctor Doom an additional one, and the number ten slot belonging to the Joker). But what's so special about this particular character? I mean, long past, much missed, Lee-Kirby gave Marvel, and the Fantastic Four, especially, produced a number of Galactus-like stories that were very inspirational.

So, why Galactus?
-Evolving his maddening appearance outside the Fantastic Four-Silver Surfer opus, let us see how we have lived for eight years to the 45th issue of the FF, a Skrull ship is seen to be controlling the fifth quadrant of the_numeric. A Galaxy, described in our characters as an unattainable distance from the planet Earth. The skrull ship is remanufacturing the same microworld that Andromeda, properly 31 Andromeda, is a star system within our own galaxy, the Milky Way, rather than a separate galaxy a hundred million light years from Sol. Here, the skrull briefly pass across the path of a mysterious figure briefly identified as the Silver Surfer.

Now, let's see what Galactus is all about. Never has there been a character so easily traceable as Galactus. The character of Galactus, at least, has been focused on a single issue, issue #6, in which he appears, solid, and in his prime, a newborn. The Silver Surfer, in issue #6, is the first of a series of appearances, each of which is more prominent and more significant than the last.

The Surfer, we learn, is the herald of Galactus at this point. From this, we can infer that Galactus, having been created by Galactus, is a revisionist, at the very least, of Captain America, at a point when he was in his prime. In issue #6, the Silver Surfer appears, solid and in his prime, a newborn.

The Surfer, we learn, is the herald of Galactus at this point. From this, we can infer that Galactus, having been created by Galactus, is a revisionist, at a point when he was in his prime. In issue #6, the Silver Surfer appears, solid and in his prime, a newborn.

Character-wise, then, here he is in an enigma at best. On the one hand, he seems callous and cold, not at all concerned with winning over intelligent, or potentially intelligent races in order to sustain himself.
But then, when was the last time you lost a night's sleep over a crushed ant's nest? So, as the Watcher says, he is not evil. He is just so far removed from us on the evolutionary scale that he has as much difficulty comprehending us as anything worth bothering with, as we have understood his motives, but really this is just another manifestation of the gulf between us, for while his actions and motives still classify Galactus as a villain within the narrow precepts of our standards, he is able to adjust his thinking to the point at which he pleases to leave Earth involuntarily.

This, of course, would effectively cancel his reappearance, so two rather contrived sequels follow, each of which concern themselves with Galactus trying to "re-enlist" the Surfer. They do serve, however, to give further insight to the character of Galactus himself. In one of Stan's beloved subtle references to "higher-ups", we are told Galactus may be forced to break his oath, as the "beckoning spectre of starvation" may drive him to it. For it has been "ordained" that Galactus must never perish.

Clearly, on both of his "return engagements", this fact disturbs him. The third appearance of Galactus in the Fantastic Four, the "Air-Walker" force, is by far the least inspired of the trilogy. It does present us with a beautiful, if tiny, Buscema-Sinnott panel in which, in close-up, Galactus seems near tears as he contemplates the death of Earth.

In fact, the only overtly cruel act Galactus performs is the removal from the Surfer of his space-time powers, stranding him on Earth, the equivalent of dropping a 20th-century New Yorker into a neolithic village. But again, Galactus is not without motive, nor is he completely unprovoked. The Surfer has violently defied his master, and a dog which bites the hand that feeds him cannot expect to be offered more food.

Next Issue: DARKSEID!
"The Fastest Streaker Alive"—another questionable topic in "Sterno's Not Ones."

"THIS CARY BATES IS DANGEROUS!"

I looked up from behind a stack of yellowing four-color pages and smiled. The comic book had really hit the spot, my comrade Frank Maynerd in the past few months. Not from the library, but from my own collection. The books were rare, not from comic shops. 

"But that's just it!" cried the persistent Maynerd. "Bates has unleashed a whole new range of stories not just in his work, but in his creativity. He's on a roll like never before!"

"That wasn't about to let such a mishmash of stories go unpunished!"

"That's ridiculous!" I interjected. "Cary couldn't possibly come up with anything that would do more to discourage censorship than what he's already been doing. Besides, I think the correct term is Wertherian. Wertherianism sounds like some sort of glowering mineral that weakens psychologists.

"But..."

"Or maybe a pint-sized psychologist from another dimension?"

"Will you shut up for a minute and let me explain?"

"Prob'ly not, but if you learn in 111 lieve you'll be in for a fighting chance.

"Then look here," said Frank. "This is a copy of Flash #317..."

"I see. How sad... that was the last 42-page issue... what a noble experiment!"

"Maybe so, but do you remember anything about Flash?"

"Uhmm, something about Mr. Element having his elemental powers within his body, instead of within his weapon. A bit much, but not as over-the-top as Cary's ideas."

"Yeah, but look here! In this sequence of Flash and the Flash..."

I pointed to the page. "He's running naked through the middle of Central City!

"Well, that may be... if you'll pardon the unfortunate choice of words..."

"Just ignore the caption says that he's running faster than the eye can follow!"

"Still, he's running NAKED through Central City... in 1921?"

"Again, so?"

"So Cary Bates invented streaking!"

"No, no! Streaking grew out of the nude olympics. College fraternities have been doing it for years. Ask any fraternity bro or sister."

"That doesn't matter! This pre-air, drink in the visual atmosphere of those stories. Cary was cool... very cool... and his world reflected it. He was always taking risks to score out of the way. He was part of a whole new generation of comic book creatives. And besides that, he and Iris were always going off on long trips together... long before they were married. In the early 60's... talking about being asleep at the clock!

"And you're right, Cary. That's almost like me now. You know, and... Cary's book. What's up?"

"Oh, and Cary Bates isn't to blame! Streaking would be a natural thing for any off-beat character like Barry to do!"

"Of course," I said. "You don't think they call him the Flash?"
He Always Was a Sucker for Platinum Blondes!........BY STERNO

Comic book characters come from the strangest places. They're rocketed away from a doomed world...or they're created out of a test tube...or they study the devil to be great detectives...or they're stuck by lightning. Suffice it to say that they're not your average Joes. But then you know that already. At least you should know that. If you don't, why are you reading this?

Well, the funnier thing is...one of us is now a comic book character. ROG-2000, former CPL galley slave and assistant editor, can now be found in four-color splendor in the back pages of Charlton's E-Man.

"How awe a minute," you might say. "There goes one of us!"

Well...ROG may appear to be lines on paper, but he's really much more. Along about a year ago, when we were putting the seventh issue of this Comic Person's Legacy together, ROGIE first came into being. At that time Roger Slifer and yours truly, Roger Stern, were acting in tandem as executive-associate-assistant-co-editors. It got confusing at times...especially with the two identical first names. Suddenly out of the blue, came a package from Jumpin' John Byrne containing a plethora of eye-catching bits and pieces. One was particularly eye-catching...it was a metallic, billy, somewhat knock-kneed, robot. "That's it!" someone said. "That's our co-editor--ROGIE-2000!"

Well, from there one thing led to another. Robert (call me Bob) Layton deftly lettered ROGIE's name upon the chromium chest. This was almost immediately followed by a fast note to John for some more "ROGIE" KillOs. Mr. Byrne immediately got turned on. (It might be well to inject at this point that John Byrne gets turned on to ideas very easily. Make an off-hand remark about your shoes, and he's likely to turn up with a 40-page synopsis for the further adventures of Captain Shoehorn.)

Be that as it may, Byrne Robotics started going all out on ROG. The chest was expanded for a better gear-radio...the waist, narrowed for better balance...and the knobby knees became bowlegs. ROGIE started popping up everywhere. In the top of the letters page, on the table of contents, on the back cover......

And whenever ROG appeared, we got nice letters. Everybody, it seemed, liked ROG-2000. It was therefore inevitable that ROG should appear in his own strip. We just didn't realize how inevitable.

In the early part of this year Bob talked me into getting together with John in a ROG-2000 strip. (It should be noted that he didn't have to talk very hard.)

Remember how I said everybody liked ROOGIE? Enter Nick Cuti!

Nick and George Wildman had, of course, been of uncalculable aid in the production of the Charlton Portfolio. And when a rather motley crew of CPL/Ranger disappeared east in July for the New York Comic Con, Nick and George met up with open arms. Well, to make a long story a wee bit shorter, Nick saw the席卷-completed ROG-Strip and flipped! One thing led to another, and suddenly we were losing a son...but gaining a star!

"But what of that first ROG-2000 adventure you might wonder."

Ponder no more! Present it here and now as a sort of "untold tale of ROGIE". Oddly enough, it leads into the first Charlton E-Man story! And not so odd, we encourage you to buy each and every copy of E-Man that comes your way.

Next! Our son, the comic book star!
SAY, STEREO, THE OL' GRUMPY
IS PARRIN' LIKE A KITTEN!

EYAH, ROBOT,
YOU DID A GOOD
JOB ON THE TUNE....

IT SHOULD
I TRIE IT
A LITTLE UP!

GREAT GAW!
WE'RE UP IN THE
AIR! Do SOMETHING ROBOT!
PRESS THE DOWN BUTTON!

SUDDENLY!

STEREO!
COME BACK HERE!

MEANWHILE...

CAUTIOUS
TO NO DANGER.

SLIPPER LETTERS ON...

....UP?

LUCKILY WE RAN OUT OF GAS!

AND SO THE MEETING
BEGAN! HOW WOULD THEY
FILL THESE PAGES?

WHAT'S GON' ON?

WE NEED DUFFY'S HELP!

BUT HOW DO WE GET TO DUFFY'S
IN LESS THAN A PAGE?

RIGHT O DOC!
GOOD, IT'S TALL!

YEAH, BOY!
GREAT DIALOGUE
I'VE GOTT!

...AND WHY DID
JOHN MAKE ME
LOOK LIKE JIMN
COREY?

GENTLEMEN! GETTING
TO DUFFY'S PRESENTS
NO PROBLEM! I WILL
TAKE ONLY ONE PAPER
USING FLASKBACK
TECHNIQUES AND...

THE
PTUH!

THE
PTUH!

THE
PTUH!

THE
PTUH!
Letters from the Readers

Dear Bob & Gang,

Thank you for #8. Just received and enjoyed! Bravo for C.C. Beck's piece and Ditko for a Union's cry for action.

If you'll give me the various sizes, I've got open for your cover art, I'll be happy to work on one up for you... if I'm in time for the next issue's cover, that is! Waiting your note about the above...

Alex Toth

THANKS MUCHLY, MR. T! HOPE YOU ENJOY #8 AS MUCH!

Dear Ron,

Here at long last is the letter you asked for. Like the blur that devoured Mishawaka, it just grew and grew, and I haven't had so much trouble with writing something since doing an essay on Friedrich Nietzsche, which held up my graduation for three months. The problem in every case is that I never get anything done unless I get fired up to finish it, and I rarely stay fired up long enough to finish it. I have hopes (dreams) someday of being a published writer - note my modest goals, not wealth, not fame, merely publication - but it will never happen until I knock some stories that I have started thus far to the shelf. At first I had hoped to mail it in reply by the end of the week that I got issue #8. Then when I finally got a first draft written, I couldn't force myself to the typewriter and start this final (You're luckier than Marvel, the letters I send there are first draft things of incredible crude-ness.)

You asked for comments on issue #8 only, but since you dug around in your back issues with me (and I'm a fan) and found a copy of number 1, I can't help but direct a few comments towards that issue too.

The high point of the issue was the Craig Russell interview. It was a good interview, I think informative and without the domination of traditional questions. I hope that Craig continues to work in comics as he has a lot of talent and enthusiasm. And of the two, I think enthusiasm is the more important.

The second highlight of the seventh issue was the letter by Warren Prindle. I haven't read quite as big and good interesting a letter since Richard Shaver wrote to Ted White's Amazing SF, still talking about Tesco and Dero and other Shaver Mysteries. It's hard to believe these people are for real. Of course, if it weren't for Prindle's letter I would never have known that CPS was on a Marvel-ized, it seems that most of the fanciers I have known have been DC-philes, and DC has been a company that I find quite interesting (and lately quite Marvel *sort* maybe, I'm growing up.) Actually, you seem a Charlton-oriented as much as anything-oriented, which is nice as Charlton is the one company that is honestly trying to upgrade its line.

Which brings us to issue #8. The strange thing about CPS, is that for such a small "zine," at least in comparison to such "monsters" as Chronicle, Phase, Fantagraphics, etc., there is so much to it. Turn the page and there's a screen article on the nature of comics. Turn another page and there's a bit of fanzine horseplay; another page and you find a well-executed vignette about the punisher. It's an amazing fanzine with nothing insignificant about it.

There is no question that Mike Uslan is concerned about the state of comics these days, and I don't blame him. There does seem to be an inverse relationship between the number of comics and the quality of said comics. What we can do to better comics is: I complain coherently, intelligently, and loudly, and (if Mike suggests, store buying!) Certainly, as a comics junkie myself, I can see the importance of overcoming noncompliance. But only for the sake of freedom and power, it returns to you.

Draft Loxocastingly,

Brian Earl Brown

Mishawaka, Indiana

WELL! THE ONLY THING THAT COULD BE NICER THAN AN ARC FROM THE PROLIFIC MR. BROWN WOULD BE AN ARC FROM THE SAME. (CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT HE COULD DO IF HE EVER GETS "PIRED UP"? THANKS FOR THE KIND WORDS, BRIAN,

AND NOW, FOR A MORE ABSURD POINT OF VIEW WE TRAVEL SOUTH FROM MISHAWKA TO THE HILLS OF MONROE COUNTY AND THE EVER-CAPTIVATING CLARENCE RUTHBERG!

Dear Gang and Frank Maynerd:

Just an observation as to your recent pin-up of the They might want to think twice about "The Ankles" is having the time of her life. - OR
She soon will be not only blind, but crippled!

Clarence Rutherford
East Piscataway, Ind.

MR. MAINE'S REPLIES: "A DEVOTED STUDENT OF THE TANTRIC MS. MASTER'S ONLY ENGAGES IN POSITIONS APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY."

Dear Bob, Stern and Bogle, 

CFL #8 was, as usual, full of good art and (largely) percipient commentary. The latter, Paty's article on women in comics was especially good. The whole thing hinged on the psychology of sex role-identity, a topic that often flirts seemingly well taken. In fact, it is such a good idea, that it is surprising that it hasn't already been implemented. The supposition of female-co-authors and/or consilors is especially well-thought out, since it shouldn't cost much to set it up. (Ah, the factor: cost)

Glad to hear that John & Duffy hit their stride, though I hope this doesn't mean the end of their fine illos for CFL.

Keep Pluggin' The Medium Needs Ya,
Ed O'Neil
Oxford, Ohio 44656

NO WAY, ED! NOT AS LONG AS THE DUFF'S PARENTS STILL LIVE WITHIN OUR GRASP!! AND AS FOR JOHN...WELL, LET'S JUST SAY THAT THE NEW-LINE HAS OTHERS THAN AN INFANT WARNING SYSTEM! (OH, REALLY?NO...O'BELLY) SERIOUSLY, THOUGH, PATY'S ARTICLE OAMBERNED A GREAT DEAL OF MAIL...SEC-OND ONLY TO MINOR UPLIFT CHRISTMAS IN THE NUMBER OF STIMULATED RE-SONES. RIGHT, KIM EASTLAND?

Dear Gang,

What a letdown issue #8 was! I noticed the fine art and articles at CFL is known, then I realized the absence of that outstanding column that the magazine usually runs: Revival/Survival. However, I have it from good sources that Silfer went pro. Therefore, I leaned through the latest comics and found Silfer's credits as letterer of Amazing Adventures #28. I always thought that Silfer was wasting his time working for CFL.

Goodbye Bump,
Roger Silfer
Queens, New York

WE USUALLY WOULDN'T HAVE A REPLY FOR A LETTER LIKE THIS...BUT SINCE THE ISSUE IS OPEN, WE THOUGHT WE'D MEN-TION THAT OUR ONE-TIME CO-EDITOR, BESIDES PUTTING WORDS IN THE BAL-LOONS FOR UNCA STAN, HAS ALSO TAKEN UP SKY-DIVING! HIT THE SILF,SLIFER!

Dear Gang,

Thank you for the Charlton Portfolio. A beautiful zine artzine as an run on record. Neither Blue Beetle story is a must for everyone, since it was never published in the pro-essional comic. Do you plan to have another issue of this zine someday?

Tim Poe's Checklist is a real plus for your zine, but he did not list Thunderbolt #1 Jan. 1966. This issue had his origin story, then came #51 April, 1966. Thanks again.

Best,
Richard L. Durell
El Segundo, Cal.

IF YOU READ STEPHEN'S MAGNIFICENT EDITORIAL, YOU HAVE BECOME AWARE OF OUR FUTURE PLANS INVOLVING THE CHARLTON BULLSEYE, OUR NEW BI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION PREMIERING LATE IN JANUARY. SPOTTING THE FIRST ISSUE WILL BE THE UNPUBLISHED CAPTAIN AMERICA #89 (PLUS) ANOTHER MINOR MIRACLE OF PANDOM BY CFL/HANG PUBLICATIONS. ACTUALLY, WE HAD INTENDED TO LIST THUNDERBOLT #1 IN THE CHECKLIST, BUT HAD OUT OF SPACE ON THAT PAGE. LOOK FOR THE STOREFRONT LIST IN THE ABOVE MENTIONED BULLSEYE.

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course is not logical.

Speaking of which...psychologically, the Vision is a mess! His programmed human brain patterns tell him he's human. But he obviously isn't! Conflicting data like that could foul up any logical computer! And that's just what it's doing! Ever since Vision started considering himself more human than machine (Wanda's doing), he's been fouling up...a mere shadow of his former cool and competent self! His reaction time is slowed. His abilities are wavery. His concentration is shot to hell. And vitally all Vision's abilities rely on his concentration ability! Not hard for a machine...almost impossible for a "human" in love! In other words, Wanda's love is gonna kill him. It's already made him too vulnerable! And with the Mantis mess...well!

What if we ignore Mantis and take Wanda out of the picture? Vision is still a mess! His android body needs no sleep, but his human subconscious needs...or at least thinks it needs...rest. So the Vision sits in the dark and tries to rollify the subconscious cravings of his mind. His human brain patterns say, "I'm human...I have a family!" He isn't sad, he's just not as balanced.

But he's an android...does a machine have a soul? This is the stuff of which nightmares are made. And who wants to sleep if you're gonna have nightmares? And if you don't or can't sleep? Wow! Under these circumstances (not to mention the subconscious guilt he harbors over his "profane" love for a human) it's no wonder he's slightly suicidal...and he is, you know! The only person I can see him confiding (man-to-man) in is Jarvis, a man whose insight into Vision's problems is keener than any of the other Avengers. And I will give you odds that sooner or later Vision is gonna come to the conclusion that everybody will be better off with him gone...soooo......

And still, there is one area of the Vision's psychological make-up or programming that has never really been explored...his previously programmed instructions from Ultron! Roy Thomas showed us briefly (in Avengers 66 & 67) what might happen when one of those "prime directives" took over. The upshot of the whole schmear is that when a reprogrammed command takes over, the Vision is helpless until he has carried out the command. Either he didn't know what he had...or he did know and was afraid of what he'd done! Whatever the case, this most fascinating aspect of the Vision has never again been used...but its possibilities are astronomical! The Avengers

would soon find out that the Vision might turn on them, humanity, or even himself at any given moment...and still be blameless or any harm he might do!

There's only one thing about Vision that I'm not sure about. And I intend to find that out just as soon as I can lure him into my boudoir..."poes the Vision have...toes?"
portant details, and never come to any conclusions at all.

The largest thing you can think of, say an entire universe, can be shown in a single picture with two words of copy: THE UNIVERSE. Of course there won't be much detail shown and the copy leaves almost everything to the reader's imagination. To go into detail you would have to show a picture of an atomic particle, then repeat this picture again and again until you had shown it as many times as there are atomic particles in existence. This would get pretty boring after a while, yet it is just what the party bore or long-winded banquet speaker tries to do.

To draw an animal you don't draw, one by one, all the hairs over it in hopes of getting a picture. You don't draw faces by putting down all the wrinkles, pimples and warts present. You don't show a crowd by drawing a thousand individuals one by one. You don't tell a comic story by minutely detailing every tiny bit of action, every wrinkle in every person, every hair in every beard, then adding so many thousands of words of copy that the reader never looks at the pictures anyway.

You must abstract, that is select, what is important, forget about everything else, and show just a few details that will suggest all the others. A brick wall is composed of thousands of individual bricks, yet when you show a wall you can indicate that it is a brick wall rather than a board wall or a stone wall by showing just a few bricks here and there, not all of them.

Many writers and artists are so proud of their ability to write and draw everything and anything in existence that they can't seem from "showing off" constantly. They put in little aside and little displays of technique which are as distracting to the reader as would be a fly on the end of the heroine's nose, or a hole in her hero's shoe. If the story calls for a fly or a hole, draw one or the other, otherwise don't.

The average person is not aware that all words and pictures are abstract. They have no meaning at all to a door or a cat, only to recite. Words have no meaning to people who can't read and pictures have meaning only to those who understand the conventions and artificial devices employed in making pictures. Comic books are so full of artificial devices—panel outlines, captions, speech balloons, sound effects and so on—that to many people they are quite meaningless. Children seem to love them, but then, children are pretty smart. After all, children born in China learn to sneek and read Chinese, don't they? How many adults do you know who can sneek Chinese, unless of course they were educated in China?

Even the Chinese know that "one picture is worth a thousand words." And one good picture must be worth a thousand bad ones. So let's have fewer words and better pictures in comics. It's really not so hard to produce a good comic—if you're a genius or an idiot. People who aren't ought to go into some other line of work.