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Artists this issue: Dan Adkins, John L. Byrne, Paul Gulacy, Bob Layton, Val Mayerik, Don Hewits, Mike Royer, Joe Sinnott, and Duffy Vohland, (not to mention Howard the Duck!) & Pat Boiko

Robert B. Layton, 4010 Mallway Dr. Apt. A, Indianapolis, Indiana, 46236
EDITORIAL

Fansines are nice, but I wouldn't give my best arm for one.
Someone who would be is Reg 2000, pictured at the right of this page.
Reg is in our new co-editor (to see what happened to our old co-editor
see Revival-Survival later in this issue) and will be performing the
jokes none of the Gang will do (like
cleaning out Steno's toilet). Reg is
a product of Byrne Robotics, Inc.,
Alberta, Canada.

One of Reg's favorite hobbies
(and our too) is John L. Byrne.
John is one of the best fan illustrators in the business, and we have
lived that he will go on to
to become a top pro in the industry. He
died more than a year in turning
out all sorts of nice art for us and
even missed a few of his noon feed-
ting times just to get a couple heavy
rush items under the wire for this
issue. We should continue to display
his work as long as he permits. For
all you Byrne freaks that are inter-
ested in seeing more of his work, be
sure to order the latest issue of
Chronicle, available for $1.00 from
George Brau, 5600 Milwaukee Ave.,
Chicago, Ill. 60666.

Now on to the only "pro" C.F.L
staff member, Duffy Yukland (alias
Mephisto) It seems the Big Apple has
accepted Duffy with open arms and
now is attempting to starve him out.
From the reports we have received,
the diet of an average pro writer
consists of one can of pineapple,
(ajar of pickle relish
week). (Yuck!) We hope all of
Duffy's fans sympathize and mail him
an envelope full of peanut butter,
and/or jelly. (You'll have to find
your own loaf of bread, Duffy). In
case you haven't heard of Duffy be-
fore, which is next to impossible, his
long list of credits include Bost-
ters, Chronicle, The Collector, and
many, many more. His pro credits
(thus far) include backgrounds in
the Legion of Super-Heroes, Gulliver
Jones (Monsters Unleashed) and a
multitude of D.C. reprint titles in-
cluding the dollar editions. This
issue Duffy contributes his column,
"Duffy's Tavern" and inks throughout
the magazine. Thanks Duffy, but don't
work so hard or you may just waste
away to a mere two-hundred pounds.

Special thanks goes out to another
budding professional and long-time
fan talent Don Newton. Don came th-
rough for us with some remarkable
artwork which we'll be displaying in
this and future issues. Watch for
Don's first story in an upcoming
Ghost Manor comic by Charlton.

In answer to many requests, C.F.L.
will be expanding at the beginning
of the new year. We have plans to
enlarge to 32 pages and wrap-around
covers, although we can't guarantee
that everything will go as planned.
But we are sure you'll like the
change.

In case you don't notice, C.F.L is
not selling comics anymore. Thanks
to your support of C.F.L. we now are
able to function independantly as a
fanzine. I wish to thank all our
good customers during the past year
and it is our sincere hope that you
continue with C.F.L. as we grow.

We are still not receiving as
many letters as we would like, so
hope to it!

Next issue features a ten page
interview with Craig Russell (of Ant
Man fame), a Val Mayerik portfolio
and much, much more. Be there!

Heavy Hammers,
Bob & Rog
Burp! ('Cause me, there, just finished off a few... well... cans of Podbear Salt Liquor.) So to tell the truth, I didn't really plan on writing one of these things. I mean, these things (Brooklyn: life is already affecting my speech pattern!) for this issue of DPI, seeing as how I've inked a couple of pounds of art over the last month for Little Bobby Layton and crew, but here it is. (If you can hear all the cheers (or is that jeers? in the audience now.)

It's very strange living so close to the comics industry now. I'm constantly hearing sounds of 'n' sounds of news items that I'm bursting to tell the world about, but can't. It might drive a sane man crazy, but since I've never claimed to be a ' sane man' I guess I have nothing to worry about. One little tidbit I think might be okay to mention is that the Guardians of the Galaxy will be revived for a team-up with the Thing in Marvel Two-In-One, in the not too distant future. (Tell technically it will be in the far future, but for us... you know what I mean... I hope.)

I want all of you to be sure to send in your "Save Howard Duck" coupons. I talked to Roy about the other day, and he's counting on all of DPI's readers' support. Don't let the little guy down--hokey? (How all I gotta do is spell Layton into using a page of the next DPI for a similar campaign for Animal Man. Okay Bobby?)

If any of you guys haven't picked up X-Men yet, I'll be known that this is an official plug. I also want to plug Warren's Eerie. Since going to an all-serious format, its terrific.

In case you haven't heard, there's a bad paper shortage facing the comics industry at the moment, and its effects will be surfacing in a few shorts--nooks. It's not at liberty to say what these effects are, but I will say that they won't make anyone happy.

I'm now hanging around with a new bunch of nuts (by name: Paul Kupperberg, Steve Gerber, Paul Levitz, Joe Jenkins, Carl Gafford, Tony Isabella, and Lisa O'Connor) and contrary to rumor, they're all terrific people.

(Only trouble is I think the rumors were started by these guys, too!) Sadly, we recently lost one of our cohorts, by the name of Dwight Deck- er--he heard the call of the Great Toledo Bird, and had to answer.

On a happier (that's debatable) note, by the time you read this, Raunchy Roger Slifer should be moved out here and living with me, and trying to break into comics (as a what, I'm not sure). PK was thrilled (HA!) when I told him about the arrival of Silly Slifer; seems he (and Steve Gilary) are especially fond (note the quotes!) of Roger because of a revival/Survival #8 once sent them for excuses #1 hand-written in red ink. (Hard to believe ol' Stevie had 20/20 vision before he attempted to type up the Slifer's article.)

Would anybody else out there happen to like the "I Love Lucy" TV show; or am I the only one? How about Bette Midler? Godzilla? (Some people have the nerve to say I have a weird taste! I can't figure that out either. Oh, and would anyone out there like to see the Bmutha (from The X-Men) join or guest-star with the Defenders?)

Tiny. Miniscule. Little. (This is just some more small talk.) (Am I sick, or am I sick?)

Y'know, when Bob (Evil Editor) Layton first asked me to do a "DB" for Thicc, I asked him what I should talk about--he said I didn't care if I talked about nothing. I think I've pretty well complied with his suggestion--don't you?

Write Soonest

Fax,
Duffy Vohland
7218 Bergen St.
Brooklyn, N.Y.
11234

DUFFY'S TAVERN
UNCLE BEN'S CONVERTED LIFE

In September of 1962, there appeared in the pages of AMAZING FANTASY #15 a skinny, mild-mannered high school student who looked as if he should have been posing for 365LB. weakling commercials instead of becoming one of the most fierce and courageous crime fighters of all time.

It is pointed out in a later issue of Spider-Man (Spider-Man Annual #5) Peter Parker's parents left him in the care of his aunt and uncle while Richard and Mary Parker completed an assignment and he was left in custody of his only living relative, Ben and May Parker. Although retired for many years, they continued to raise Peter like their own son, which brings us to the question of how did they get the money to raise a child in the first place?

Uncle Ben, depicted as a salty old gent, was always purchasing new items for Peter to show his love, although the financial end of how he was able to was never explained. One would assume that at the age that Uncle Ben was pictured in - the comic, he was able to be harassing a pension. As we know, our con- currence, is quite insufficient to finance a home and his young child. Therefore we must assume that Ben found other means of obtaining funds and if we look close enough to the Spider-Man saga, we can discover another method of Ben's financial problem.

That assumption being that 'Uncle Ben might not have been an honest man!

Where, you might ask, is this to be found? As you remember from the Spider-Man origin, Parker developed his new-found powers, turning them into gold, hard cash by becoming an entertainer. And not long after a performance at the C.B.S. studios, a second story mar was caught in the middle of a daring robbery and was forced to flee. Spider-Man, appearing from his brownstone, saw the burglar running from the unsuccessful heist but made no attempt to stop him.

Now, place yourself in the burglar's shoes for a minute. If you were running from an unsuccessful robbery, where would you go? Would you go to some pre-arranged spot to hide out or would you try to get as far away from the heat as possible? Some might go to a friend's house. Even if this theory is proved false, we will not be found out about it!

W. E. O'Barrow

BRING BACK HOWARD THE DUCK!

OAL MAYEER

During the past few years we have seen many great characters fade into comic book history before their time... Nightmaster, Captain Atom, The Cat, The Creeper, The Scarlet woman of Baby... and now is the time to make a story. No longer can fandom stand idly by! For now one of the most unique, most potentially great characters of all time has been introduced to the four-color page only to be thrown aside after a few pages of existence. I speak of Howard the Duck. It is the duty of comic book fandom to stand up and be counted. We can not... we must not let Howard die! Our duty is clear: We must haunt the newsstands and candy stores buying every single book that holds his few brief appearances. And we must flood the mails with letters of protest! Right now... this very minute... write a letter... start a petition... or clip our coupon below and send it in!!

To: Mr. Ted Sallis c/o Marvel Comic Group

575 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y.
10022

Dear Mr. Sallis,

Please save Howard the duck immediately!!!

(your name here)

out along dotted line

With your help, we can save Howard in his own strip... or even a book of his own!!! Reg 2000

**True fanzine affectionados will want to get an extra copy anyway... heh?!
"Be there a fan with bowels so fey, that ne'er to himself did say, 'I'm under an arrow-real to the comic!!'"
Praise the Lord, America still reads. With all the television, movies, light shows, and other multimedia diversions...America still reads! And where does America read, pray tell? In the libraries and in the fields, in parlors, on street corners, on stoops, in doorways, alleyways, right-of-ways...and down the stairwell where some old guy with a patch on his sleeve reads the latest Avenging America reads in all of those places and more. And one more such place is the good ol' toilet.

Well, don't look so blazed offended! You knew what you were wading into when you saw the title! Now, where were we? Ah, yes. America reads in the john! And what could make more sense? The time spent on the toilet that encompasses some of life's brief moments of blissful solitude. What better time to catch up on your reading? After all, it's not as though you can't do two things at once. Right?

So what of the comics fan? Though by all means a unique segment of our widely-variant society, he is hardly vulnerable to the vices & desires of the rest. Why shouldn't he enjoy his four-color world whilst taking his rest? Is there some one who would deny that comics are a form of escape...a release from the tensions of a more mundane world? Comics and the bathrooms of America go hand in hand...be they chemical Porta-John or rustic two-holes. As a matter of fact, one of the most moving experiences I ever had was sitting on the crapper in John Nederbo's second-floor walk-up while reading All-Comix #3. A truly beautiful memory!

Now there are those who would accuse me of perversity, perhaps even of being analytically preoccupied. The only thing I could suggest to those poor souls is that commit an inverted act upon themselves. They wouldn't mind if they had one! (Actually, I would have phrased my suggestion in blunter terms, but my editor is chicken-guano.)

Now, if you think about it, it is possible that comics could be a whole new kind of relief to an uptight citizenry. But to make my point, we must go back in time nearly a year...It was the brisk December day. All was peaceful. I was in my Blooming- ton apartment, seated gracefully atop the porcelain convenience contemplating an impending lack of employ & pursuing the very latest Avenging America. It was a scene of blissful tranquility. It was not to last.

"FOUNDER- FOUND- FOUNDER!" came the knocks at the door.

Between those knocks was a fervent cry. "Sterno! Come here, quick!"

It was my roommate, one Franklin W. Rayner. The 'W' stands for Whin-throp.

"Oh, I'm a bit occupied right now, Frank!"

"Oh, it's awful...it's just ful." I heard his moan.

Continued on page 14.
A dozen horrible things flashed through my mind... (1) Frank had burnt supper again... (2) the apartment was on fire... (3) we were under nuclear attack.... or.... or.... a quick glance reassured me... at least there wasn't a toilet paper shortage!

"What's the matter, Frank?"

"It's just awful! I'll never see a decent bowell movement again!"

"Look, I told ya to lay off those prunes!"

"It's not the prunes. They've cancelled Life!"

It took the better part of thirty seconds to reassure myself that the nervous Mister Maynard was talking about a magazine and not a state of physical being. Needless to say, I was perplexed.

"Maybe I'm not hearing right," I began. "How can Life magazine's cancellation throw your sphincters into a frenzy?"

"Look...." started Frank.

"That's already been cancelled, Frank!"

"Okay, be a smart ass...! But for every Thursday night for as long as I can remember, I've relieved myself while reading Life. Now that it's gone, what'll I do?"

What indeed? It was in truth a dire problem. The mere thought of untold millions of clean-living Americans... their John-side magazine racks already deprived of the old Post & Look, and now Life itself!... what a horrendous situation! Imagine a whole nation of the constipated.

And then it struck me! What was the crapper-like appeal of the big, slick magazines? Why, vivid illness and thrilling stories, of course! Here, then, in my lap was the salvation of America! The comic book! The transition would be simple. All that was required was the proper suggestion. My duty was clear. My job there done, I pulled up my trous and flung open the door.

"Franklin, me lad, I've got just the thing you need!"

At first he scoffed, but after a week-and-a-half of conditioned movement, F. W. broke down. I'll never forget that sight! Dog-eared copies of Adventure in hand, he stumbled in to the john. Within minutes the air was split with a roar like unto the beginning of the holocaust. And through the door I heard him say, "By God it works!"

And so, I say to you now.... are you constipated? Do you know some one who is? Read a comic book tonight... on the john! You'll be glad you did.
ONE LAST DESPERATE CHANCE

Due to the heavy influx of mail about my article last issue (all of you preferred it to the mailing label), Bob has allotted another two pages for my further abuse of the English language. In fact, time and Purdue University permitting, all future columns will be called "One Last Desperate Chance" so I'll get right to it. Now aren't you sorry you subscribed?

Generally this column will be an easy-going, rambling piece with news, opinions, musings, and a little bit of everything. What would you like to read about? Comments, suggestions or anything you'd like me to do? I'll reply. The address is somewhere in this furshlugginer fanzine.

This past summer saw the rise of a new film genre: the chopsocky martial arts movie, along with the rise of Chinese actor Bruce Lee, the master of kung-fu, karate, jeet kung do and mayhem in general. You know the kind of movie even if you've never been to a theater before. The plot is a little thin, the acting is horrible, but it's a lot of fun. Bruce Lee is one of the newest, hottest, and more successful actors in the country. He is worth a bundle of money. His movie, "Enter the Dragon," is now in its second week of release. Lee got his start in the theater business by starring in the TV series "Kung Fu," one of the hottest, most popular shows on television.

Leaving aside the fact that Lee was cut from the show due to time constraints, the plot is simple. Lee, a former member of the Chinese martial arts group, is brought in to help a group of people fight the evil forces in China. Lee is a master of several different martial arts, including jeet kung do, kung fu, and jujitsu. He is also a skilled artist, a musician, and a poet.

Lee's character, Bruce Lee, is a man of many talents. He is a skilled martial artist, a talented actor, and a gifted musician. He is also a skilled poet, a talented writer, and a skilled artist. He is a man of many talents, and he is a man of many loves. He is a man of many talents, and he is a man of many loves. He is a man of many talents, and he is a man of many loves. He is a man of many talents, and he is a man of many loves. He is a man of many talents, and he is a man of many loves. He is a man of many talents, and he is a man of many loves. He is a man of many talents, and he is a man of many loves. He is a man of many talents, and he is a man of many loves. He is a man of many talents, and he is a man of many loves. He is a man of many talents, and he is a man of many loves. He is a man of many talents, and he is a man of many loves. He is a man of many talents, and he is a man of many loves. He is a man of many talents, and he is a man of many loves. 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Here I am right in the middle of work and a 1000 mile move and editor Bob wants me to do an intelligent informative article. but don't get your hopes up out there! All you're going to get is my usual sampling of meanderings, opinions, and what have you.

While sitting over at Bob's somewhere between threats and hot chocolate (Thaing Lee. For the hot chocolate, not the threats! Bob brought me a character that desperately needs revamping. A character that used to be on my 'read these first' list and has slipped down to the 'Well, I'll read it if I get time' list! The character? Why, Daredevil the man without fear!

During our course of discussing Daredevil we also thought of some changes that might bring back some of the appeal that Daredevil had a few years back. The first thought we had was, 'Why not put Daredevil back in his old black and yellow costume from an issue or two ago?' Let's see if an effort to do this together is something that could get him back to New York he does the old dude to get a fresh start. This would give the older reader something to feel nostalgic about and be a nice change of pace for the newer readers.

The second thing we thought they should do is bring back his secret identity. A lawyer as a secret identity is interesting and could lead to many cases in which Daredevil could get involved. This has been done times in the past but not lately.

Another thing they've got to do is emphasize that RD is sightless. Daredevil cannot see, but they've made his radar sense so powerful in the last couple of years that Daredevil doesn't seem to be any different from any other super-hero on the market. Daredevil should be able to do anything any of the other heroes can; but he should have a hook of a lot more trouble doing it!!

What ever happened to the good old days when Daredevil would chase down a man by following the strong scent of his cigar? Or wouldn't be able to recognize a person when they walked into the room and he recognized their voice or some other audible thing he was familiar with? Or when Daredevil's radar sense got him confused in a crowd forcing him to be a loner? Or but you get the idea.

And speaking of the old days, how long has it been since Daredevil's fought some good old down to earth thugs? Hot super-criminals or earth conquering super-villains, but good old fashioned bank robbers, jewel thieves and the like. Why is every one fighting for power these days? Doesn't anyone care for the good old devaluing dollar anymore? I yearn for the good old days when a do-gooder's reason for turning to crime was to "get rich quick" not rule the world. These guys could care about the world just as long as they had a place to fence the stolen goods.

The second major fault with Daredevil at the moment is the art work. Gene Colan had done Daredevil for so long that Daredevil has become Gene Colan character as much as Beardsman is Neal Adams'. But once Colan got so many commitments that he could no longer do Daredevil, Marvel began a feverish about trying to find a suitable replacement.

Sam Kwens' job on #99 was one of the worst art jobs I've ever seen. Rich Buckler's job for #101 would probably be better if he would have had a better inker, but he and Giacoia just didn't mesh.

Syd Shore's job on #102 was very reminiscent of Gene Colan's early work and if not for Syd's untimely death it would have been nice to see his on the book. Don Heck's work on the magazine since taking over (#103) has been very unsatisfactory. Don Heck needs an inker who will put more of himself in it and tone down the raw Heck. Perlin did this better than Trapani but still not enough to suit my tastes.

I hope when Daredevil returns to New York that they will revert a little more to the past and bring back villains like the Cobra and Mr. Hyde; the Unholy Three; the Jesters; The Tribune; and some good old everyday foes for Geth sakes. Let's hope they also bring back some of his supporting cast like Foggy Nelson and Willie Lincoln. And speaking of the old days, I wonder what Vally Wood is doing these days....

(Continued on page 22.)
Dear Bob,
I'll just go over CRL #5 and comment point by point. The
cover is, needless to say, very nice. It has an attractive appeal to it
and the grey cast given to Doc is a very interesting effect.
The inside cover by John and Duffy likewise has a nice appeal. I was living
with Duffy at the time he received it from John and inked it, so I just
looking at it reminds me of those pleasant times. Needless to say,
CRL has greatly improved since the earlier issues. It has nice, crisp
lay-outs, good art, and very enjoyable text. I really did like your
editorial. Your descriptions of Rog, Sterno, and 'Doc' were excellent.
Roger did draw some interesting
comparisons between the Avenger and
Doc Savage. I've only read the first
book in both series so I'm not
really a seasoned reader of either.
I'm a Tarzan and Conan fan myself.
'Doc' Larry's column was handled
nicely. I really didn't care for
the comic version of Doc, though.
The time just wasn't taken to
explain things and everything was
silently compacted too much. Prince
Valiant suffered from the same thing
when Hastings House adapted his adventures into hardbacks.
I hate to pick favorites but I do favor Sterno's article over the
rest. He didn't rehash the Shadow, instead he explains the Shadow's
impression on his childhood. I'm sure that since you read it, you
know what I'm talking about.

On the whole (and in parts) a
very enjoyable issue. I'm looking
forward to the next one.

Dave Hartman
Hoopeston, Ill.

Okay You "Gangsters,
One of the hardest things for me
to do is comment on the publishing
efforts of friends, and the
collective bunch of CRL staffers and
contributors have been just that to
me for years. I've followed the
prescription of putting CRL into
its proper category in order to
prevent myself from comparing it to
works such as Comixscene, Witzend
and my beloved RB-CC. With this
formula, any guilt I may have in
praising CRL #5 is unjustified.
I can criticize objectively.
CRL #5 has two salient points.
One is that the size of the size is
perfect for reading. I find it
easier to handle than tabloid sizes.
The second, and most important
decision you made was to capitalize
on the "Gangster" speciality, the pulp
heroes. Other readers are at the
disadvantage of not having exchanged
 cassette tapes with messrs. Brniko,
Layton, Slifer and Sterno as I have,
hence they may be unaware that the
articles were penned with good
background knowledge. The art? The cast
of participants speaks for it: Wrighten, Adams, Byrne and a
jumbo-sized stranger by the name of Duffy. They
add up to quality.

By mail brings me art work and
drives by the pound. My experience
makes me selfishly assume an ultra-
sophisticated attitude in judging
such fare. I say you guys have
one of the best bargains it has been
my pleasure to read in some time. You
can be proud of the product in
issue #5 represents.

Beast,
Howard Siegel
Yonkers, N.Y.

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