I WANT TO THANK YOU FOUR PEOPLE FOR BUYING MY MAGAZINE. FANZINES ARE A TERRIFIC CHALLENGE AND WHEN SOMEONE BUYS A COPY, ANYONE BUYS A COPY, IT IS WELL WORTH THE TIME AND EFFORT. SO I WANT TO THANK YOU, MOM, DAD, AUNT MARY, AND MY WIFE CAROLYN FOR BUYING A COPY OF MY MAGAZINE. A GUY HAS TO START SOMEWHERE. (MAYBE I CAN FORCE UNCLE HARRY TO BUY ONE TOO.)

THIS ACTUALLY IS MY SECOND ATTEMPT AT CREATING A FANZINE. MY FIRST TRY WAS A 40 PAGE MONSTER CALLED "ERA & EON" THAT DIDN'T QUITE MAKE IT TO THE PRINTER. I FOUND OUT FROM THAT RATHER HAIR RAISING EXPERIENCE THAT MODERATION IS PERHAPS THE BETTER PATH. SO MIDWAY IN MY DEPRESSION OVER THE INABILITY OF "ERA & EON" TO MAKE IT, FANZINE '75 WAS BORN, AND OFF I WENT AGAIN.

MY EGO TOLD THAT I HAD TO DO EVERYTHING MYSELF BUT FOR THE SAKE OF DIVERSIFICATION, I LET A COUPLE OF NOBODYS DO SOME WORK IN IT TOO. THEY ARE MITCH SONADA, LARRY NIBERT, AND DAVE YETTER. MITCH HAD SOME OF HIS WORK PUBLISHED IN MARVEL COMIC BOOKS "UNKNOWN WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION", LARRY WAS ONE OF WINNERS IN THE CHRONICLE'S ART CONTEST, DAVE IS A PUBLISHED AND HIGHLY ACCLAIMED WRITER OF SCIENCE FICTION, AND ME, WELL I DRAW NICE PICTURES FOR MY PET CAT. SO I DECIDED TO GIVE THEM A BREAK AND LET THEM DO SOME WORK FOR

FANZINE '75 IS A PRODUCT OF LANCE STUDIO WHICH IS SOLELY RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL OF ITS CONTENTS.
In the shadows of a castle resting high atop a mountain in northern England, an archeologist works patiently in a long dried up lake bed. He gently sifts the soft sand, inspecting anything of decent size that is left on the screen.
The sun begins to lower behind the castle but he continues, scooping, sifting, and finding nothing upon inspection scoops up another load.

In the darkness that has enveloped the area, his next scoop hits a hard object. In the growing dark, it radiates light! He pulls it from the sand...

It is a sword!

Exceeds: Whosoever owns this sword obtains the power needed to right all wrongs.

It will forever discount the memory of King Arthur's aether legend!! It is truth!

I merl Lind, have found the fabled sword of King Arthur!

But the scenery slowly melts and changes until...
WHAT THE HELL?!  

RRIPP  

OH NO! IT CAN'T BE! THERE'S NO SUCH THING!  

HAIL ODD ONE, I AM SIR NORTON. YON DRAGON HAS BESTED ME. DO YOU WISH THE SAME CONTEST OR HIDE FROM IT'S POWER?  

I GUESS THERE IS AND HELL IF I'M STICKING AROUND!  

I THINK I'LL HIDE UNDER THAT NICE ROCK!  

I'M HIDING! THAT'S FOR DAMN SURE! I'M NOT ABOUT TO BECOME A HUMAN WIENER ROAST! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU AIN'T ABOUT TO HAPPEN TO ME!  

E-GADS!  

GOD SAVE US!  

IF THIS .44 DON'T STOP EM, NOTHING WILL!  

I'LL BE A SON OF A BITCH!
I'm dreaming this. There's no such thing and I'm dreaming!

Methinks you a wizard odd one. You kill a dragon without sword, you stand on the body and plunge your weapon through the tough hide. Surely you are a mystic, a godsend.

I'll wake up any moment now!

The wizard Merlin, I salute you!

I've been here that long and this whole scene is getting a little old. Something must be done! How can I get back to 1975?

All because of you! You stupid sword!

What are you called by?

My name is Merl Lind but I ain't no goddamn wizard, I'm an archeologist.

Seven years!

Wait a minute! I ain't supposed to have this sword! According to history, this hunk of metal belongs to King Arthur! History demands it! Guards!
YES MIGHTY MERLIN?
WHAT DAY IS THIS?
WHY, IT'S CHRISTMAS EVE GREAT ONE.

GODDAMN! ARTHUR IS SUPPOSED TO PULL EXCALIBUR FROM THE ANVIL TONIGHT! IF HE DOESN'T, NO KING OF ENGLAND, NO ROUND TABLE, NO KNIGHTS! WHY, IT COULD BLOW EVERYTHING...

GUARD! ORDER MY CRAFTSMEN TO CONSTRUCT ME AN ANVIL OF IRON, IMMEDIATELY! I TELL THEM TO BRING IT TO ME WHILE IT'S STILL MOLTEN HOT! AND TELL THEM TO HURRY!

ORDER MY COURT TO THIS ROOM IN TWO HOURS. I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU ALL!

WHOSO PULLETH OUT THIS SWORD FROM THIS STONE AND ANVIL IS THE TRUE BORN KING OF ALL OF ENGLAND!

THE WORD TRAVELED FAST: "WHOSO PULLETH THE SWORD FROM THE STONE SHALL BECOME THE KING OF ALL ENGLAND!
MANY TRAVELED FROM FAR AND NEAR ONLY TO TRY AND TO FAIL. THEY HAD TO-HISTORY DECREED IT!"
UNTITLED

Crawling creatures cry
at the silver touched wings,
and fondle themselves in their tears.
Sigh your last sigh
and whisper goodbye.
For the end your time is near.

Who have you seen
beyond the clouds
and who has played tunes in the air?
You have reached to the endless space above.
Now give your soul
with someone to share.

Be not afraid to sing your song,
for tomorrow
will be gone.
Now the words are forgotten,
and crawling creatures smile
at the silver touched wings.

Whisper goodbye!

By........ David Yetter
Epitaph

NO. 1

Artists and Writers

include:

- MITCH SONODA
- TOM CAMERON
- LARRY NIBERT
- JIM STARLIN
- BILL MORSE
- JIM PACK
- GENE DAY

Sci-Fic and Fantasy!!
Printed offset, 28 pgs.
Order from:
LARRY NIBERT
310 Ludlow
Springfield, OHIO
45505
Only 60¢ plus 15¢ post.

AFTERWORLD

ISSUES # ONE AND # TWO
OFFSET ZINES - COVERS
ON COLOR STOCK AND
FEATURING WORK BY-
FRANK CIROCCO,
MITCH SONODA,
LARRY BLAKE, JIM
PACK, TOM CAMERON,
LARRY NIBERT AND
STEVE PALMER
BOTH FOR $1.00
OR
50¢ EACH

ORDER FROM:
Larry P. Blake
5 E. Main St.
South Vienna, Ohio 45369

WHY NOT?

ADVERTISE IN FANZINE '75

BEING THE LAST OF THE TEN-CENT COMIC BOOKS, FANZINE '75 FEELS IT CAN'T HELP BUT GAIN READERSHIP. NOT ONLY ARE WE SOLD THROUGH THE MAIL TO ALL THE STATES OF THE UNION BUT ALSO ACROSS THE COUNTER AT YOUR FinER BOOK STORES. SO, IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SELL...WHY NOT SELL IT THROUGH FANZINE '75. in fact, we'RE SO SURE THAT WE CAN SELL YOUR MERCHANDISE THAT WE WILL PICK UP 50% OF THE COST OF ADVERTISEMENTS IN OUR SECOND ISSUE.

JUST CONSULT THE PRICE LIST BELOW AND CUT THE PRICE BY HALF

HURRY!

DEADLINE FOR
HALF-RATE ADS
IS DECEMBER 15, 1975

WHOLE PAGE...$14.00
HALF PAGE....... 8.00
1/4 PAGE........ 5.00
1/8 PAGE........ 2.75
1/16 PAGE........ 1.50

IF YOU'RE READING THIS MAGAZINE CAN YOU GUESS HOW MANY OTHERS ARE?
YOU CALL THIS HUMOR?

SLIP ME A QUARTER AND I'LL TELL YOU WHEN SIS HAS HER PERIOD...

TAKE ME TO DISNEYWORLD!
That last joint I smoked must have been spiked with Bufferin!

My head's really out of it! I think my heart's gonna stop. That last joint's gonna do me in!

They'll find me dead on the side of the highway. Everybody will say it was an accident when really, I'm the only guy to O.D. on marajuana.

Choke...

E-E-E-

Varoom

Suddenly, at the moment of impact, he is jerked away...

What the hell is going on? Where am I?

... and finds himself in a place void of space and time, everywhere is the sweet odor of burning marajuana. He is bewildered.

But...

Crash

What do you want from me?

Silence!

It was I, King Sativa, who saved you from your death, Dean List.

Holy Moses!

As you might have guessed, Mr. List, I had an ulterior motive for rescuing you from your death. I want you to return to Earth as my sent gaurdian to save all those that smoke my weed from harrassment from those who do not yet comprehend. Save my children from the pigs who wish to jail them.
Hey now, wait a minnit here. I ain't no fall guy for anybody.

'Halt!' You have no alternative, Mr. List, you shall become...

I'm getting out of here!

Zap

Captain Cannibas

Whaaaaa?
MR. LIST, I HAVE GIVEN YOU THE POWER OF CANNIBAS SATIVA. WOE BE TO THOSE WHO INCUR YOUR WRATH. FOR NOW YOU HAVE SUPER HEARING, SUPER LAPSIS IN MEMORY, SUPER REASONING, AND FOREMOST, YOU HAVE THE POWER OF N\(^2\)-4+3 (N\(^2\)-4+3) = N\(^4\)-16 - 9 TIMES THE POWER OF A SPEEDING LOCOMOTIVE. THESE POWERS YOU MUST USE TO AID THOSE WHO SMOKE MY HOLY MARAijuana. ALL YOU NEED TO CALL ON THESE POWERS IS TO SAY THE MYSTIC WORDS... FAR OUT!

BUT NOW, BACK TO EARTH TO DO MY BIDDING!

SO DEAN LIST (CAPT. CANNIBAS) RETURNS TO EARTH...

JOE'S BAR

BOY! I AIN'T NEVER GONNA SMOKE ANY DOPE NO MORE. THAT WAS A TRIP. A DRINK SHOULD QUIET MY NERVES, THOUGH.

IT'S A BUST!

YEAH SARGE, I GOT ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE POTHEADS.

WELL, I'LL BE DAMNED.

IT WORKS!

FAR OUT

HEY PIGS! UNHAND MY BROTHER, CAPT. CANNIBAS. COMMANDS IT!

HMM... I THINK I COULD GET INTO THIS.
ER....EXCUSE ME, I'M AFRAID YOU DIDN'T HEAR ME.

HUH?

DO YOU THINK THAT'S THE ANSWER?

YOU DON'T TALK MUCH, DO YOU?

OKAY BROTHER, YOU'RE FREE NOW. GET HOME QUICK BEFORE MY PLAYMATES WAKE UP.

GULPE

BLAP

CAN YOU HEAR THAT?

DOES THAT HELP?

SMAK

SAY! WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?

I DON'T KNOW BUT HE GAVE ME A SILVER JOINT!

MAYBE I'M NOT YELLING LOUD ENOUGH...

TSK, TSK, THESE OFFICERS MUST HAVE SLIPPED AND HURT THEMSELVES.


"MY GOD!" CAMERON YELLED SWINGING HIS ARMS ABOUT LOOKING FRIGHTENED AS HE STUMBELED FOR THE RADIO. "IT'S TOO HOT, SOMETHING IS WRONG. WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING?"

IT WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE. RIGHT AFTER THE SUN WENT DOWN, WHEN CAMERON FIRST SUSPECTED SOMETHING STRANGE. IT WAS HOT THROUGHOUT THE DAY, BUT EVEN AS NIGHT BEGAN TO EMERGE, THE COOL, SWEET AIR OF DUSK DID NOT APPEAR. THROUGH THE NIGHT THE AIR GREW HOT, BASKING CAMERON'S APARTMENT WITH A FLUSH OF SEETHING FIRE. THE AIR CONDITIONER STRAINED TO GIVE THE ONLY RELIEF CAMERON COULD HAVE, A SLIGHT COOL BREEZE THAT TRICKLED THROUGH THE ROOM. AFTER WRESTLING WITH THE SHEETS, DAMP WITH HIS SWEAT, HE REALIZED HE COULD NOT SLEEP, SO GAVE UP TRYING. HE SPENT THE NIGHT IN HIS CHAIR DRINKING WARM BEER, SMOKING STALE CIGARETTES AND PRAYING FOR SNOW.

ON PUT HIS EAR AGAINST THE SPEAKER AND STRAINED TO HEAR THE VOICE. "...AND YET WE DON'T KNOW WHEN IT WILL HAPPEN. TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, MAYBE FORTY-EIGHT. FIRES ARE NOW DESTROYING THE COUNTRYSIDE AND PANIC IS BEGINNING TO SET IN. MAY WE CAUTION YOU, DO NOT LEAVE YOUR HOMES, NOTHING CAN PREVENT..."

THE VOICE FADED AND ONCE AGAIN WAS REPLACED WITH THE CLICKING OF STATIC. CAMERON SHOOK THE RADIO "WHAT? PREVENT WHAT? YOU STUPID IDIOT, WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? WHAT'S HAPPENING TO EVERYBODY?" HE THREW THE RADIO AGAINST THE WALL, JARRING IT INTO A THOUSAND LITTLE PIECES.

SLOWLY HE PICKED HIMSELF UP AND IN A DAZE STUMBELED TO THE BATHROOM. LOOKING IN THE MIRROR HE SAW HIMSELF NAKED AND WONDERED HOW HE GOT THAT WAY, THEN SHRUGGED AND LAUGHED. "YOU CRAZY FOOL. YOU'RE DYING YOU KNOW. SUCKING IN HELL IS WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOU." BUT THE IMAGE IN THE MIRROR JUST STARED BACK WITH SWOLLEN EYES AND A RED CRYING FACE. HIS HAIR WAS MATTED FROM THE SWEAT THAT POURED DOWN HIS NOSE AND INTO HIS MOUTH. HE BECAME SICK, DOUBLE OVER AND GAGGED. HE LEANED HIS HEAD INTO THE BATHROOM CRUISING AND CRYING. "IT'S TOO HOT. MY GOD, I'M ON FIRE!" TREMBLING, HE EASED HIS BODY BACKWARD AND FELL AGAINST THE WALL. LAYING ON THE FLOOR IN A PUDDLE OF HIS OWN SWEAT, CHOKING FROM LACK OF AIR, IN A SUDDEN MOMENT OF REALIZATION, HE SCRAMBLED TOWARD THE SHOWER. YANKING THE CURTAIN, HE FELL TO THE FLOOR AS HE CLIMBED INTO THE TUB.


CAMERON LAY SPRAWLED ON THE FLOOR, LIGHTHEADED AND DIZZY FROM THE HEAT. HE FELT THE FIRE BURN IN HIS CHEST AS HE CRAWLED OVER THE RED HOT FLOOR.

WHILE EACH CRACK HE MOUNTED FELT LIKE A FLAMING ARROW SLICING THROUGH HIS SKIN.

"ONE LAST HOPE..." HE STUTTERED, SWALLOWING BLOOD FROM HIS PARCHED THROAT. "I'VE GOT TO FIND IT, IT'S GOTA BE THERE." CAMERON CRAWLED TO THE DOOR THAT LED TO THE GARAGE, FORCING HIS HAND TO GRASP THE KNOB. HIS WET FINGERS SLID LIKE GREASE OVER THE HANDLE AND SLIPPED FREE. LIFTING HIS HAND AGAIN, HE CLUTCHED THE KNOB AND PULLED THE DOOR OPEN. "THERE IT IS."

HE SMILED.

IN THE BACK OF THE GARAGE, BEHIND HIS VETTE, IN A DARK CORNER STOOD THE FREEZER.

HE LAUGHED.

HE HAD IT FILLED WITH ICE THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY, THANK GOD, THEN HE KNEW. "NO ICE! NO ICE! HOW CAN THERE BE ICE? I'M ON FIRE. MY BODY IS BURNING AND MY MIND IS RED HOT! THERE CAN'T BE ANY ICE. I'M INSANE AND I'M DYING. PLEASE LET THERE BE ICE!"

THERE WAS NO ICE.

CAMERON CRIED AND THERE WAS NO ICE. JUST WATER. A FREEZER FILLED WITH WATER. "SHALL I TOUCH THIS ICE TURNED WATER?" HE WONDERED. "I SHALL TOUCH THIS ICE TURNED WATER." HE MOLDED HIMSELF.

THERE WAS NO ICE, BUT THERE WAS COLD WATER.

CAMERON CHEERED, HIS THROAT DRY AND HACKING BLOOD. "I'M ON FIRE, MY BODY IS BURNING BUT MY FREEZER IS COLD WITH WATER." SLOWLY, AS IF TO SAVOR EVERY BEAUTIFUL COLD MOMENT, HE CLIMBED INTO THE FREEZER. HE FELT THE TINGLE OF COLD AGAINST HOT AND BEGAN TO SHIVER. "I'M NOT GOING TO BURN!" HE SHOUTED, THEN AS A CHILD, "HELL, HE'LL GO AWAY."

LIKE A YOUNG BOY, CAMERON SPLASHED THE WATER AND GENTLY RUBBED IT OVER HIS NAKED BODY. "I MUST WET MY THROAT," HE SAID, SPILLING WATER ON HIS MOUTH, "AND I MUST BREATHE THE COOLESS INTO MY FIERY LUNGS MY INSIDES ARE BURNING AND I NEED REFRESHED." SLOWLY HE BENT HIS HEAD INTO THE COLD WATER.

OUTSIDE, THE LEAVES OF TREES BURNED AND THE FLESH OF PEOPLE DEIFIED. THE ANIMALS PLAYED NO LONGER AND HID THEIR FACES IN THE GROUND. CASTLES FELL TO THE EARTH, CONSUMED BY TIME AND FIRE AND THE SUN TURNED OUT IT'S LIGHT.

INSIDE, A NAKED MAN LAY FACE DOWN IN A FREEZER FULL OF COLD WATER. Fini