



FANZINE '77



FEATURING: THE FIRST INSTALLMENT OF FUTURE HISTORY!

PACK-76

sixty cents

FANZINE '75



WATCH
DOUBT
LARRY
NIBERT
DAVE
YETTER

Volume I No. I

OUR FIRST BIG ISSUE
PREMIERING THE FAN-
TASTIC "FANZINE"
BULLPEN CONSISTING
OF MITCH SONODA,
LARRY NIBERT, LARRY
BLAKE, DAVE YETTER,
AND JAMES PACK.

8 1/2" x 11" - 24 PAGES

SOLD OUT!
TOTAL .25



Volume II No. I

"EARTHMAN" BY JAMES
PACK, "MARTIAN CATS...
ARE FEROCIOUS" BY MITCH
SONODA, "REEK HAVOC" BY
LARRY NIBERT, "ARCADIA'S
TRAIL" BY DAVE YETTER,
AND LETTERS AND ARTICLES.
6 1/2" x 8 1/2" - 24 PAGES

COST .30
POSTAGE .20
TOTAL .50



Volume II No. II

THE LARGEST FANZINE YET!
"PRIOR MEETING" BY RICK
MCCOLLUM, "DEMON OF THE
MIND" BY LARRY NIBERT,
"NOTHING IN COMMON" BY
LARRY BLAKE, "STRANGERS
IN THE NIGHT" BY DAVE
YETTER, AND "CAPTAIN
CANNIBAS VS AMPHETA-
MAN" BY MITCH SONODA.
6 1/2" x 8 1/2" - 36 PAGES

COST .50
POSTAGE .25
TOTAL .75



Volume II No. III

IT WAS A GREAT YEAR!
AND WE ENDED IT WITH;
"TO KILL A MARTIAN CAT",
"VIRGINS" "EARTH-HO",
"OF LOVE AND NONE" AND
"TIME AGAIN TO KNOW".
6 1/2" x 8 1/2" - 28 PAGES

COST .35
POSTAGE .25
TOTAL .60

Inside Fanzine '77

By James M. Pack

I suppose all of you that I have talked to know that Fanzine '77 is in dire financial trouble. The Post Office the TBG and the TWJ, and my own feelings toward high priced fanzines have contributed to the present situation. Advertising in large circulation magazines costs more and more with each issue, the Post Office raises its Third Class rate annually, and I could never bring myself around to charging enough money per issue to make up for those costs. So, consequently the present crisis arises.

The ever spiralling list of customers, although much needed, is also a contributing factor. With each new reader, a new postage is required, new envelopes must be purchased, and a larger print run is needed. It would seem that nothing works out right.

My hope at the outset of Fanzine '75 was to draw enough advertisers to take up the slack on the cost spiral. I surmised if the publication could be printed on a regular schedule, (which we've tried to do), advertisers could depend on it. Well, needless to say, it never happened. I wish to thank publicly Larry Nibert, (Crystal Press), Larry Blake, (Afterworld), Mitch Sonoda, (Heliographics), Wright State University, Russell Conello, Omni, Art Associates, and Unpublished, for lending their advertising support. Without the help of these fine people and their products Fanzine '75, '76, '77 would never have existed.

To aid the situation, I'm going to take some drastic measures I hope you'll understand. 1) The price per single issue will be \$.60 (not applicable to present subscribers), 2) incoming mail will not be answered if return postage is not included, 3) two issue subscriptions will cost \$1.50, 4) although we'll try to keep the current schedule, we can't promise anything, and 5) the name of the zins will be changed so it can be sold over the counter at stores.

I'm interested in what you, the readers, have to say about these changes. Whether you agree or disagree is very important. I feel like you're all my friends and whatever you say carries a lot of weight around here.

So, until next issue, keep it cool. And while you are waiting for next issue, go ahead and feast your eyes on the one you're holding in your hands.

FLASH*****

At Springoon II held in Springfield, Ohio on April 3 a complete set of Fanzine '75, '76 was sold for the price of \$2.50. Gads! You could have knocked me off my seat. If the issues were brought and sold separately the cost would only be \$1.25. Of course one of the last issues of Fanzine '75 was included but still, it was something else. Perhaps I should reprint that issue. Hummmmm No, I don't think so. Oh well, just thought I'd tell you.

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publisher. VOLUME III ISSUE 1 MAY---1977

Just Rappin'

By David A. Yetter

Competition has always been a necessary element in our democratic system and it must continue to take a high priority if we are able to keep that system free. However, it is deplorable to think there are those who feel obligated to morally abuse our trusted ideals for the sake of the "almighty dollar". Yet everyday we are reminded of such actions.

We in fandom cannot overlook the question of each and every persons right to decide for himself what he desires to read. That decision is part of our rights under the Constitution and our freedom as individuals.

That anyone can be capable of suppressing our reading content for fear of competing with others is a gross injustice to its readers. To my feelings, it is nothing more than a grand rip-off and a scam in the face of fandom.

One duly noted newcomer to the "fate" of fandom is the publication The Fryers-Guide for Comic Fannies. spearheaded by that not-so-lovable Alan Darke. Now let's not let it be said that I would slap the face of one of fandom's more unscrupulous figures for the fun of it; it is with reservation I let this story be known.

I happened by chance to meet Darke on the street the other day and we entered into a conversation.

"Hey Dave, how's business?"

"Hi Darke." I looked around for an escape but there was none.

"Listen," he said while placing his arm around my neck. I cringed. "I understand there's a new publication movin' in on my turf."

"I don't follow you Darke." I said looking a little confused.

"You know, my Fryers Guide. There are some creeps trying to get an adzine started."

"So?"

"Well, hey man, I've checked them out and they're offering better quality than I give."

"And that bothers you, does it?"

"Naw, not really. As everyone knows the only real way to get known is to advertise with me, right?"

"Yeah, I'd say you have got the market cornered."

"Right, well I ain't gonna let those creeps place any ads in my Fryer's Guide." He smiled.

"They'll be whipped before they ever get started." His chortle sounded deep and from down within his bowels.

"Do you think that's fair, Darke." I asked.

"Hey, all's fair and all that shit, right? I got a business to look after. If I let just anybody invade the scene with a new adzine, I'd be putting myself on the line."

"Aren't you good enough to stand beside the others?" I asked him.

"Now I know I haven't got anything that will stand up to some real competition." he remarked. "So I have to keep it out....if you know what I mean."

"Yeah," I said, "I know what you mean. You're ripping off the people that put you on top."

"Hey, what does fandom need with one more adzine, huh?"

"Better business." I said.

"Listen." I think he was getting mad. "What are you causing waves for? Haven't I always treated you fair?"

I laughed. "Darke, you don't even know how to treat your mother fair. All you really want is money and recognition."

"Yeah." Darke sneered, "and I got both of them." and with that he walked away. ■

"Are you really gonna print that, man?"

"You wrote it didn't you?"

"Yeah, but you got the right to turn down anything that we can get hurt for. If you don't like it for just rappin', I can write something else."

"Naw, there's a lot of truth in there about adzines in general. I think we'll print it as it is."

"You'll bring me something on visiting days, won't you?"

"What do you mean? You'll be handing me drawing paper through the bars."

"We've come a long way, haven't we?"

"Yeah. Too bad, though, we were just gaining steam." ■



THERE ARE A MILLION STORIES IN THE AFTERMATH OF A NUCLEAR CATASTROPHE. SOME ARE MORE INTERESTING THAN OTHERS. SOME ARE ABOUT MAN'S INHUMANITY TOWARD HIS FELLOW MAN AND SOME ARE ABOUT MAN'S STRUGGLE TO GRASP AND UNDERSTAND THAT WHICH HAS HAPPENED TO HIM...

BUT THIS IS FAR LESS DEEP THAN PHILOSOPHICAL STATEMENTS. THIS STORY IS ABOUT SOMETHING FAR CLOSER TO HOME THAN QUESTIONS ASKED WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OFF AND THE MIND IS FREE TO WONDER.

THIS STORY IS ABOUT

FOOD

STORY: JAMES PACK
ART: STEVE KARMELE

DAMN, I
HAVEN'T FOUND
A SPECK OF
FOOD IN A
WEEK!

KEEP THIS UP JIM MY
BOY AND YOU'LL GO
THE WAY OF THE
REST OF HUMANITY.

I GUESS IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR
A NEW PRESCRIPTION, EH?
PERHAPS WE SHOULD GO
DOWN AND GET OUR EYES
CHECKED OUT AT THE
LOCAL OPTOMETRIST.

HA HA HA

THEN YOU CAN REALLY SEE THE SIGHTS,
HUH? THEN, AGAIN, PERHAPS YOU SHOULD
CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY. YOU CAN SEE
WELL ENOUGH TO GET AROUND. IT'LL BE
YEARS BEFORE YOU GO TOTALLY BLIND.

IT'S INDEED FUNNY THAT ON A PLANET THAT HAS BARELY A MILLION SOULS LIVING THAT TWO SHOULD MEET. ESPECIALLY AT THIS TIME IN SPACE.

I THINK THERE IS A SUPERMARKET SOMEWHERE IN THIS BLOCK. IF IT HASN'T BEEN RANSACKED YET, THERE SHOULD BE SOME FOOD THERE.



THE PITIFUL REMAINS OF HUMANITY ARE NOT THE ONLY ONES HUNTING FOR FOOD.

DAMN RATS!

YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL, JIM, WITH YOUR PISTOL, SOMEONE MIGHT HEAR YOU.

HUH?

YES THE OLD SUPERMARKET IS THERE NOW IF ONLY IT STILL CONTAINS FOOD IN ITS PRECIOUS UNPOLLUTED CANS.

AT LAST. NOW WE CAN GET SOMETHING INTO OUR STOMACHS.

IT WOULD SEEM THE REST OF HUMANITY ALSO CAME HERE TO EAT FOR THERE IS NOTHING ON THE SHELVES.

EXCEPT THAT!

BLAM

FOOD



YOU MOVE ONE
FINGER AND I'LL
BLOW YOUR
HAND OFF.

HUH?

YES, THOSE THAT
CAME BEFORE WERE
NOT QUITE AS THOROUGH
AS YOU BELIEVED. THERE
IS ONE TIN LEFT.

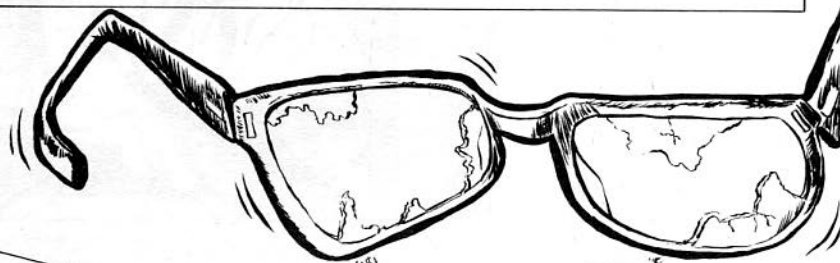
THE TWO HUMANS STAND AND
STARE AT ONE ANOTHER. ONE IS
A WOMAN AND ONE IS A MAN.
UNDER BETTER
CONDITIONS THEY
WOULD HAVE LAUGHED
AND MADE LOVE
BUT NOW...
NOW, THERE ARE
MORE IMPORTANT
THINGS

DON'T TRY IT. I DON'T
WANT TO HURT YOU, BUT
IF YOU TRY TO BLOW
ME AWAY, WELL,
I'LL HAVE TO DO
IT FIRST.

THAT
FOOD IS MINE!



BLAM



WELL JIM, YOU
FINALLY LOST YOUR GLASSES.
NO MATTER THOUGH, AT
LEAST YOU HAVE
THE FOOD.

I WON'T NEED THEM
GLASSES ANYWAY AS
LONG AS I HAVE THIS
FOOD.



Time Again to Know

A SHORT STORY PRESENTED IN TWO PARTS BY DAVID YETTER

PART 2

Somewhere beyond the reach of space were smiling gods dotting upon silly rituals performed by funny little creatures sporting about like ants that have drowned in the juices of their fruit.

Somewhere warm hands tightly placed into other warm hands dragged each other through plots of rotted burial grounds, searching for the miracle they had yet to learn. But the spirits had always been strong and brave, and the devil could not penetrate the barrier placed by the gods to protect them. The hands were safe for countless eons.

Until they began to wonder...

How long would the barrier stand between their contented souls and the age of ruin? Where were the miracles? Would they come at last? The gods demanded silence and the barriers were broken by lack of faith. One by one, the hands turned cold and slipped from the grasp of the others. Pity the hands that have turned cold and the spirits that have cried unto the night. Pity those who revel in the shadows mistaken for the light.

"Dan! Hey, Dan!" Granger called, showing his way through the crowd.

I looked up and motioned Granger my way. "Hey ol' man, you got some crowd here. Every person in the city must have come out today."



"Oh you're right there Danny my boy." Granger fumbled in his shirt for a cigarette. "I'd say we got the entire sector here and from the looks of things, this party isn't going to die off for quite awhile."

"By the way, it's about time for the unveiling isn't it?" I asked.

"Yeah, yeah," Granger answered methodically, "almost time." He paused, then asked, "Where you headed?" He looked at me sullenly.

"Nowhere special. Just thought I'd take a walk and look around." I nudged him in the waist and pointed. "Who're those boys over there Granger?"

Granger squinted, then frowned. "Dissidents. We took some of them away earlier."

"What's up?"

Oh, they've been around now for a few days. Caused quite a ruckus this morning though. A couple of the boys started a fight over at the Palace DiSans and shook up Fra Mussoma. He's the ambassador from Bordeaux," he answered, anticipating my question.

"Why weren't they all removed?" I asked.

"Well actually, Dan it was mostly yelling and carrying they were doing. These boys are ok; just a few agitators dissatisfied with things. It seems like alot of people are



yelling at the government lately." He gave a slight laugh that curled from his throat. Anyway," he continued, "that's why I'm hosting our little celebration. Get everyone in a party spirit and keep them calm." He looked at me seriously. "Don't worry Dan...let's go join in the festivities."

The crowd of people grew larger as each anticipated the opening of the time capsule. Some believed it would be remnants of days gone by, nothing more than trinkets to amuse their fledging descendants. Others were convinced the capsule held something more powerful; possibly a religious offering, or at least a symbol of hope and love. But all were happy and excited as they drew themselves to the large concourse inside Government Control where the capsule rested, waiting to reveal its inner secrets to the world after so long a quiet and peaceful sleep.

Hours before the grand opening, as it were, newspapers and television crews assembled to report the event. Armed guards surrounded the monument which lay inside a roped corridor opened for public viewing, trying to dissuade any violence that may have erupted from the presence of the news media or the anticipation of the secrets of the capsule.

Granger was scheduled to arrive at the concourse at seven o'clock.

"I've got your speech ready, Mr. Granger,

Miss Cutter told him as he sat looking out his office window.

Miss Cutter was going to accompany Granger and I to the concourse. It was a few minutes before we were to leave, as Granger sat thinking.

"Thank you Miss Cutter," he smiled at her, then hated himself for doing so.

"It's a damn poor speech if you ask me," she smirked.

"Oh for God's sake, can you...never mind. What am I to do with her, huh Danny boy?" He looked tired and I felt pity for him. When she left the room I asked him, "Why don't you get rid of her Granger?"

"Ah, hell! She's a headache, isn't she?" He paused then stood and placed his face against the window.

"It looks like it will be a good night, doesn't it? The clouds are pink and the sky is blue; people are crowding the streets with their incessant singing and dancing believing they are going to find something better." He turned his face sideways and pressed his ear to the cold glass as if he were listening.

"What do you suppose is in that thing?"

"No idea," I said to him. "Trinkets probably, a bunch of paraphernalia left over

from the good ol' days," I chuckled.

"Well there's alot of people out there that think whatever is in the capsule will change their lives. "Funny," he continued, "I feel that way too."

"Maybe our lives will be changed, that is if our ancestors left us with the secret of youth or possibly a cure for the common cold."

"Yes," Granger said, "I suppose it is too much to ask that something permanent come of this; but I do wish something would happen. This capsule has really stirred the people, Jan. Look at them," he pointed out the window.

"Yes, I know."

Miss Cutter stuck her head in the door. "Aren't you guys ready yet...come on before they start without us."

"Ya' know Grang, after we take out what's in the capsule we can put ol' sweet-cakes in and leave her for the next three hundred years."

We both laughed.

The concourse was crowded but a silence filled the room as Granger approached the platform. No cheers echoed through hall, no applause filtered the air; only the stirring of the people that waited for the final act of a long drawn out play that began several days before with cheering and applause.

"Greetings, my friends," Granger spoke with a cheerful sound; then continued with his speech. It was short because the people were anxious to receive whatever gift was given to them.

"...and so now it is my honor to present to you and the rest of the world the gift of our ancestors, to be received in good faith as was given."

The people stood quiet. Not a sound could be heard in the concourse as newsmen stopped talking and everyone fell silent in anticipation; only the buzzing of the cameras remained. I surprised myself when I noticed I was holding my breath waiting for Granger to open the time capsule. "What could it be," I wondered, but there was no way to guess.

Granger's laugh, when the capsule opened broke the stillness that lay heavy in the air and all the people cheered. Then the laugh disappeared and Granger stood back and was mumbling something I couldn't hear.

I ran to the platform. It took only those few seconds for the crowd to react and the guards were already pushing them away. Granger yelled into the microphone. "Please stand back. Everything is ok." He was

smiling, trying to make them believe him.

The people quieted somewhat and Granger continued. "You have anticipated me," he commented. "But I also gave myself away." Once again the people were quiet and listening.

"I am sorry," Granger said, "to have aroused you so. Hmm, you know we humans are funny creatures; we make so much out of so many simple things." He paused. "I am sorry but the best we were thought of by our beloved forefathers was quite meanial to say the least. We have here only one object in our capsule," he hesitated a few seconds then continued very slowly as if he were emphasizing each word, "and that my friends is a book." He picked it up, judged what it must have been and threw it down again.

"A war story," he said to the people, then looked at me. "Yes, they were barbarians, weren't they?"

Granger left the platform and the people shoved their way along with him. I noticed two young boys lag behind to recover the book, and recognized them as members of the dissident group that I saw earlier.

"A war story, eh?" I thought to myself, "it should do them no harm. In fact let them read it and learn of the mistakes their ancestors made; let them know how well they live today."

"What's the name of it?" I heard one of the boys ask.

"It says," the other boy hesitated, Mein Kampf, and it was written by someone named Adolf Hitler."

They smiled and ran away. ■



SIEGE

HELIOGRAPHICS

4037 E. 44th St.
Cleveland, Ohio 44105

Dear Readers of Fanzine 77,

Two years ago, five people banded together to publish a Fanzine entitled "Siege". Although its printing, budget and advertising campaign prevented it from becoming a hit, it did enjoy a mild success. Due to the experience gained, "Siege 0" (our pilot issue) has provided us with a springboard from which to launch "Siege Vol. 1 No. 1". The forthcoming issue will be an accumulation of over sixty pages of science fiction, fantasy, horror and humor; and brandishing two full color covers.

In conclusion, an all out effort will be brought to bare on the quality of production as well as the quality of its' contents . . . we believe you will be impressed.

Watch for price and release date in major fan and ad publications.

"Siege 0" is still available for \$.50 (plus \$.25 postage) from

John Stedronsky
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North Royalton, Ohio 44133

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1/2 PAGE AD..... 5.00
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1/8 PAGE AD..... 1.50
1/16 PAGE AD..... 1.00

SUBMIT YOUR AD
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PLEASE MAKE IT
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THE DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE'S ADS IS
JULY 15, 1977. ALL ADS RECEIVED AFTER
THAT DATE WILL BE PLACED IN THE NEXT ISSUE
WITHOUT EXCEPTION.

MAKE ALL CHECKS PAYABLE TO JAMES M. PACK.

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



...and, a cry came back.

Letters of comment for this feature should be sent to:
CRIES, c/o David Yetter, 4964 Maplecreek Dr., Trotwood, Oh., 45426

Jim, and Dave,

I am definitely impressed by Fanzine '76, noticeably? Superior to other fanzines I have read.

Mark Whitfield
Falls Church, Va.

(Thanx, we needed that.)

Jim,

I really like your free-flowing writing style and the way you put it to work on various strips. Your art, and even your lettering shows your unique multi-talent.

Mike Swanson
St. James, N.Y.

(Shucks, Mike, you didn't have to say that. Now I'm embarrassed and terribly conceited.)

Jim and Dave,

I liked my copy of Fanzine '76 so much that I decided to buy some back issues. Enclosed is \$1.25 please send one copy of Fanzine '76 Vol II #1, and Vol II #2.

Bill Kent
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

(Nothing speaks louder than shuckles in the palm.)

Jim,

Did you know you didn't put your address anywhere in Fanzine '76 Vol II #3? Had to look it up from old records.

Sergio Andrade
Roselle, N.J.

(E-Gads! You're right, Sergio. It was an oversight on my part. I promise not to let it happen again. It's just that I get tired of looking in my wallet to find out what it is.)

Jim and Dave,

Mitch Sonoda's strip (Untitled) was (also) excellent, especially that breathtaking opening page. As far as amateur strips go, his work is almost unparalleled. Oh, the story wasn't bad either. If I ever figure it out, I'll let you know...

Neal Blaikie
Pensacola, Fla.

(I'll tell you what, Neal. As soon as Mitch figures out what it is about, we'll let you know.)

Jim and Dave,

The format and art are outstanding, but the scripts leave something to be desired.

Steve Weller
Des Plaines, Ill.

(Why, oh why Fanzine '76? Hundreds of fanzines on the market and you choose to pick on us. We'll try harder next time.)

Jim and Dave,

...you've got to get a better name and numbering system.

Scott McEwan
Binghamton, N.Y.

(Well, Scott, we're kinda stuck with both due to an oversight on my part early in the magazine's life. I agree, the system is atrocious!)

Jim and Dave,

...the only bad part about zine (Vol II, #3) is that the poem wasn't completely illustrated.

Mark Oberhellman
Binghamton, W.

Jim and Dave,

I missed Capt. Cannibals in 3 #3.
Howard G. Anshell
Oak Park, Ill.

(It seems from the letters we've got that ol' C.C. has quite a fan club out there. So, we decided to let him cavort around this issue. Howzzat?)

Jim,

Cover...cheecakey, but undynamic.

"Virgins" is very interesting.

the story is thought provoking, while the art is the best I've seen Larry do.

Mitch Sonoda's story, although lacking in balance between story and art, is very nice. His technique is quite good, and aside from a little inconsistency, from panel to panel, his art works well.

"To Kill a Martian Cat"...the story line is interesting one and deserves more investigation.

Brent Anderson
San Jose, Ca.

(Thanx Brent, your comments well taken and duly recorded in that great omnipotent Fanzine Maximus.)

Because of space limitations in this issue, the length of some of the letters, we found it necessary to take only excerpts. They are taken out of context. The regular feature of premiering our readers' artwork will continue next ish I hope that the questions asked and the answers given are to your liking. Keep them coming...we can take it.

LIFE ISN'T ALWAYS EASY FOR A SUPERHERO. SATURDAY NIGHTS ARE WORSE!

AIN'T THIS A **KICK** IN THE HEAD. SATURDAY NIGHT WITH MONEY TO SPEND...

...AND NO ONE TO SPEND IT ON. THE LEAST SHE COULD HAVE DONE WAS STILL LET ME **DATE** HER.

EVER SINCE GLORIA **MOVED** OUT, WITHOUT A WORD, I HAVEN'T HAD A THING TO DO. THE HOUSE IS AWFUL QUIET WITHOUT HER!



GREETINGS, **CAPTAIN CANNIBAS**.

AS IF I DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH PROBLEMS...

IT IS I,



KING SATIVA..

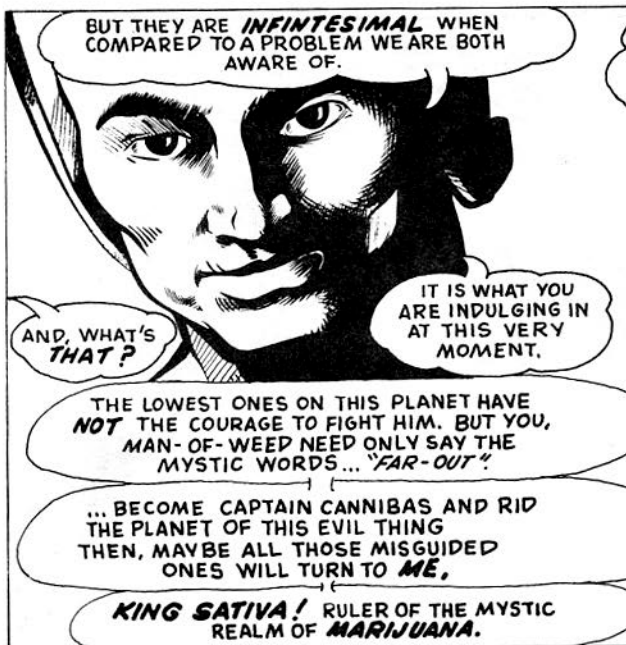
THE ONE WHO GAVE YOU THE AWESOME POWER OF **MARJUANA**.

YEAH, YEAH, I KNOW. THANKS FOR THE INFO. NOW, GO AWAY...!

AND THEY SEEM ALMOST **INSURMOUNTABLE**.

YOU'RE NOT A KIDDING!!!

I KNOW YOUR PROBLEMS SEEM **MONUMENTAL** TO YOU, MISTER DEAN LIST.



BUT THEY ARE *INFINTESIMAL* WHEN COMPARED TO A PROBLEM WE ARE BOTH AWARE OF.

AND, WHAT'S THAT?

IT IS WHAT YOU ARE INDULGING IN AT THIS VERY MOMENT.

THE LOWEST ONES ON THIS PLANET HAVE *NOT* THE COURAGE TO FIGHT HIM. BUT YOU, MAN-OF-WEED NEED ONLY SAY THE MYSTIC WORDS... "*FAR-OUT*!"

... BECOME CAPTAIN CANNIBAS AND RID THE PLANET OF THIS EVIL THING THEN, MAYBE ALL THOSE MISGUIDED ONES WILL TURN TO *ME*,

KING SATIVA! RULER OF THE MYSTIC REALM OF *MARIJUANA*.

ALKO-HOL, PLAIN AND SIMPLE. HE IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL ON THIS PLANET. HE BRINGS GRIEF AND SORROW TO ALL. BUT, *CLOAKS* HIMSELF.....



IN A CLOUD OF *EUPHORIA*.



CAPT. CANNIBAS VS ALKO-HOL



WHAT? ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR *WIERDD SUPER VILLANS*? OH-NO! HUH-UH! YOU AIN'T GETTIN' ME TO DO THAT AGAIN.

THAT FREAKO, *AMPHETA-MAN** ABOUT BURNED MY COOKIES!

IT IS YOUR DUTY!

CAP TOOK ON AMPHY IN VOL II #2 OF FANZINE '76.

PRODDIN' JIM

DUTY, SHMUTY! YOU AIN'T GETTIN' ME TO DO THAT. IF I RUINED MY FACE, GLORIA WOULD NEVER COME BACK TO ME!

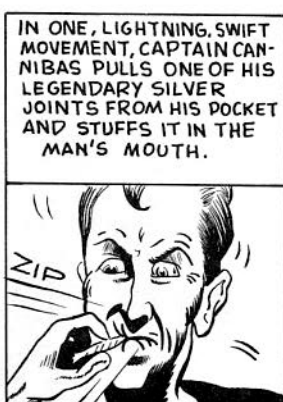
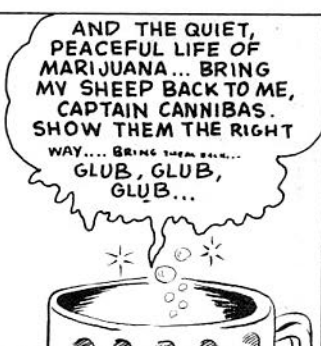
YOU HAVE NO CHOICE!

YOU SHALL BECOME CAPTAIN CANNIBAS!

FOR I WILL SAY THE MYSTIC WORDS FOR YOU!!

STORY & LETTERING - *JIM PACK*

ART & INKS - *LARRY NIBERT, LARRY BLAKE, MITCH SONODA, JIM PACK.*



I UNDERSTAND.

SOME MINUTES LATER, CAPTAIN CANNIBAS FINDS HIMSELF OUTSIDE THE BREWERY.

STOORS

BREWED WITH
TAP WATER

ALKO-HOL, BEWARE !!!

SAY, THAT'S A CLASSY LINE.
I'LL HAVE TO REMEMBER
THAT.

CAPTAIN CANNIBAS
GIVES NO
QUARTER!

THAT ONE ISN'T
BAD EITHER.

ALKO-HOL, YOU HAVE
BREWED YOUR LAST
POISON! CAPTAIN
CANNIBAS IS HERE!

WITH BEER ON
YOUR BREATH
TOO!

I'VE BEEN EXPECTING
YOU, CAPTAIN CANNIBAS.
WE BOTH HAVE BEEN EX-
PECTING YOU !!
ME

AND GLORIA!

MMMPH

JEEZ, WOTTA
RUSH!

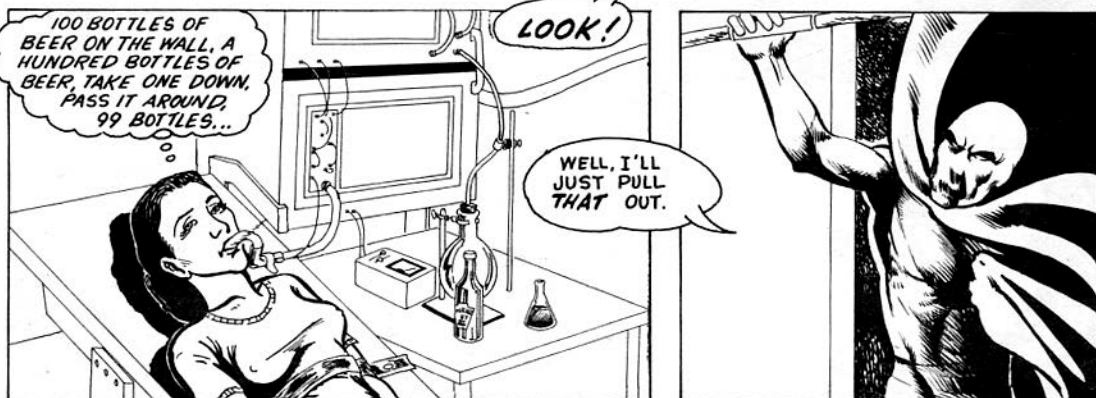


YOU MAKE ONE WRONG MOVE AND I'LL FILL HER SO-O FULL OF WHISKEY, SHE'LL DIE!

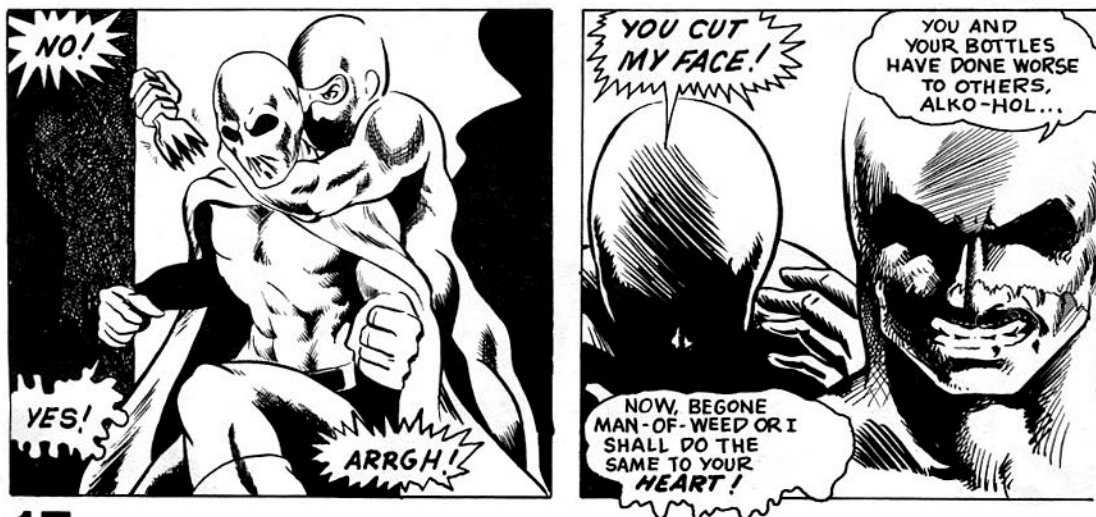
YOU ARE EVIL !!

WHY, THANK-YOU, COMPLIMENTS WILL GET YOU EVERYWHERE!





ALKO-HOL GRABS AN EMPTY BOTTLE AND BREAKS IT.





YOU ARE
FINISHED!

I WONDER
IF MY BLUE CROSS
COVERS CUTS MADE
BY SUPER VILLANS...



DAMN!
THAT GUY'S
GOT ONE HELL
OF A PUNCH.





CAN YOU GUESS WHICH ARTIST INKED WHICH PANEL?

IF YOU CAN, PUT IT ON A LIST AND SEND IT TO US. THE LIST MUST BE COMPLETE. THE FIRST CORRECT ENTRY WINS \$5.00. CONTEST ENDS JULY 15, 1977 (SORRY, WE CANNOT ANSWER ALL ENTRIES)

**THE
END**

A Song for a SIREN

BATTLES IN SPACE ARE SHORT. ONCE, DEEP IN BATTLE, ONE SHIP USUALLY *DIES*!.....

CONFIRMED, CAPTAIN. ENEMY STARSHIP IS DESTROYED

GOOD! THATS ONE LESS OMEGAN THAT WON'T PREY ON OUR SUPPLY LINES.

... AND, THE OTHER LIVES ON.

LET'S PACK IT IN AND SET A COURSE FOR STARBASE 13.

THE DAYS PASS SILENTLY INTO MONTHS AS THE STARSHIP PLOWS ITS WAY THROUGH THE BLACK STARRY SEA.

THERE'S A PLANET ON SCOPE, CAPTAIN.

AND, I'M GETTING A TRANSMISSION.

COME HOME, WEARY SPACEMEN, LET ME SOOTHE YOUR ACHING MINDS. I, SIREN OF CAMULSA, HAVE THE MEDICINE FOR YOUR KIND.

GADS, I MUST BE HEARING THINGS. THAT SOUNDED LIKE A WOMAN!



YOU KNOW, I'VE
HEARD STORIES
ABOUT.....

... SIRENS.

... SIRENS, CAMERON? AH,
COME ON. YOU KNOW
THERE'S NO SUCH THING.

SHE'LL FIND US ALL DEAD
TIRED ANYWAY AND DEAD
MEN AREN'T ANY GOOD TO
HER, RIGHT?

WELL IT MAY BEAN S.O.S.
SET A COURSE, ROBIN.

COURSE SETTING
NOW, CAPTAIN.

APPROACHING SIGNAL NOW, CAP.

I WILL TAKE THE WIND
FROM YOUR SAILS. I CAN
HELP YOU, YOU KNOW.

OH MY GOD! IT'S THE
SIREN!

SO WHEN YOU LAND ON
CAMULSA, I'LL DRAIN THE LIFE
FORCE FROM YOUR SOUL!



COME, WEARY SAILORS, I BECKON YOU HERE TO STAY. LET ME HOLD YOUR HAND SO TENDERLY. AND, DRAIN YOU IF I MAY.



ONLY ONE SAILOR. HE WAS NOT ENOUGH TO SUSTAIN ME.



AH, BUT THERE COMES ANOTHER !



COME TO ME.



IT IS GOOD! THERE IS AT LEAST ONE. HE SHALL SUFFICE!

COME, WEARY SAILOR, I BECKON YOU HERE TO STAY. LET ME HOLD YOUR HAND SO TENDERLY AND DRAIN YOU IF I MAY.

OH CAPTAIN, PUT DOWN YOUR WEAPON. IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD. NOTHING CAN STOP MY FEEDING.

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT

OKAY MEN, PUT THEM AWAY. THE SIREN OF CAMULSA MUST FEED ON THE LIVING.

OH GOOD! THERE IS MORE THAN JUST ONE. IT WILL BE A FEAST. WARM LIVING FLESH TO INTOXICATE ME!

ARGH-H-H

THERE'S ONLY ONE PROBLEM WITH YOUR FEAST, SIREN...

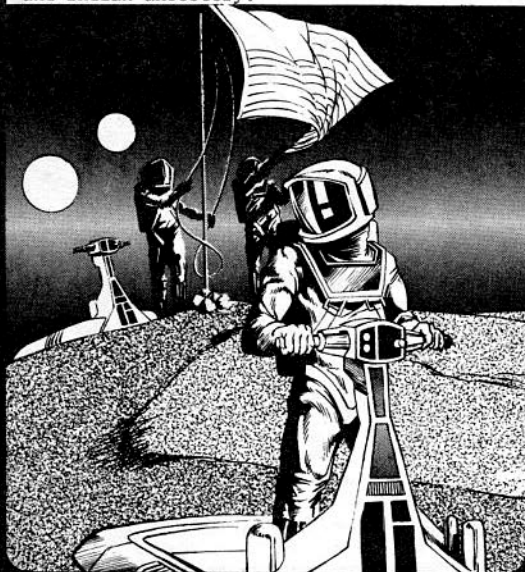
WE'RE ALREADY DEAD.

NOW, WHEN THE SONG OF THE STARS IS HEARD, LISTEN CAREFULLY. ARE YOU SURE IT IS ONLY ONE VOICE?... OR IS IT MANY SINGING A SONG FOR A SIREN?

THE END

Exerpt from Orbis Tertius II, volCXXIX

Mars (marz)- Fourth planet of the star system Sol (sol). First settled by American colonists in the year 2014. These colonists consisted of Americans with Negro, Caucasian, and Indian ancestry.



Chief exports of Mars consists of iron, magnesium, uranium and oxygen.



History- In the year 2020 Mars was attacked by elements of the Soviet Space Corps under the command of Admeral Andrei Molotnokov. The First Martian War lasted for 3 months and left the capitol city of Marsopolis a radioactive ruin.

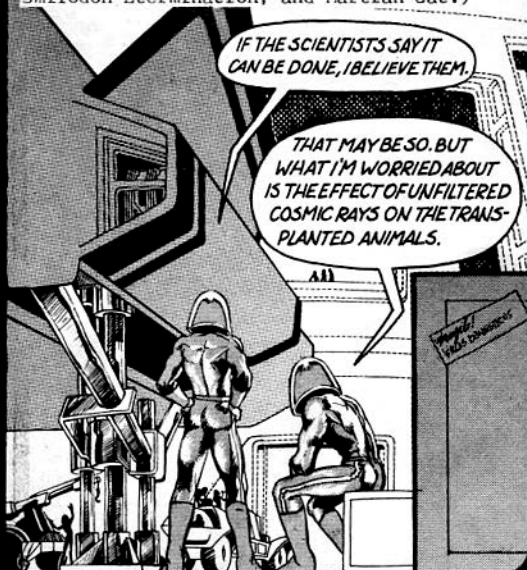
Soviet domination of Mars lasted from 2020 until 2025 when communist regime fell and was replaced by the Educrats. (See also: Educrats, Party of; and American Scientific Society.)



The Educatic Martian Society rebuilt Marsopolis changing it's name to Solterium and began a long range project titled "Sufficiency". (See also; Genocid, Martian; Smilodon Etermination; and Martian Cat.)

IF THE SCIENTISTS SAY IT CAN BE DONE, I BELIEVE THEM.

THAT MAY BE SO. BUT WHAT I'M WORRIED ABOUT IS THE EFFECT OF UNFILTERED COSMIC RAYS ON THE TRANSPLANTED ANIMALS.



"Sufficiency" involved the extermination of all native martian organisms and the insertion of adapted speceles of Terran wildlife. Sufficiency ended in 2031 when it was discovered Smilodon Futurum, a form of mutated Felis Domesticus, had evolved beyond scientific expectations.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF IT! AND IT WALKS ON TWO LEGS... LIKE A MAN!

I'LL TELL YA, IT AIN'T NO HOUSE CAT ANYMORE I'D SWEAR IT HAD SOME SORT OF INTELLIGENCE! IT DODGED THE FIRST TWO BLASTS LIKE IT KNEW WHAT TO DO. I'M LUCKY THE LAST THREE HIT IN THE CHEST!



The year 2033 is important in Martian History because this year signifies the beginning of the Smilodon Extermination Phase.



The Smilodon Extermination Phase lasted until 2041 when the Second Martian War began.



The Educrats were defeated by United Nations Expeditionary Forces on February 2, 2042 and all Educrats were executed for crimes against life

YOU WERE ALL FOOLS, LARSON. IF YOU HADN'T STARTED WITH NAZI TACTICS YOU MIGHT HAVE KEPT THIS PLANET AND MADE SOMETHING OF IT. NOW, WELL, YOU HAVE MET A JUST END.



IF YOU DO NOT DESTROY SMILODON FUTURUM, THEY WILL SURELY DESTROY YOU!

The Smilodon Futurum population was given complete control of half of Mars while the U.N. remained in control of the oxygen plants at Solterium. The air plants had become increasingly valuable with the colonization of Venus and the subsequent discovery that the Terran oxygen compound was an element common only to Earth. The Smilodon Futurum became the dominant species of Mars. In the year 2083 complete control was transferred from the U.N. Expeditionary Force to the Smilodon Nation.

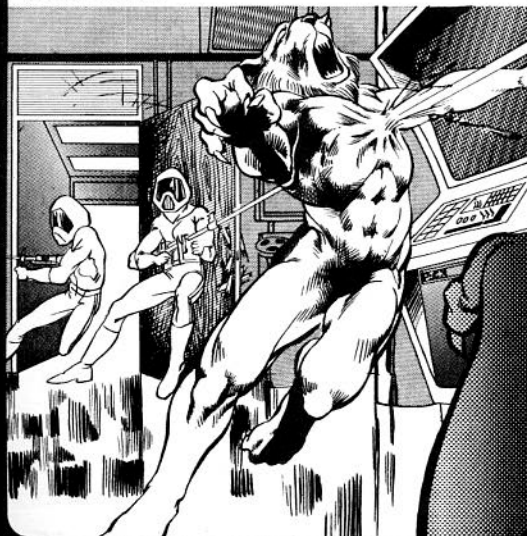
THE PLANET IS YOURS, TLON.



WE THANK YOU HUMAN. NOW OUR RACE HAS A HOME AND A CIVILIZATION TO CALL OUR OWN.

IT IS HOW IT SHOULD BE.

The manufacturing of oxygen on Mars became very important to space travel after the invention of star drive and the subsequent colonization of Alpha Centauri. On June 5, 2094, backed by units of the 101st. Spacebourne Infantry, American military units landed.



The Third Martian War ended June 6, 2094. (Further reference: Air, Production of; Smilodon, The Nation of; American Military Disasters.)

Written by James M. Pack
Art by Heliographics



NIBERT-SHERMAN