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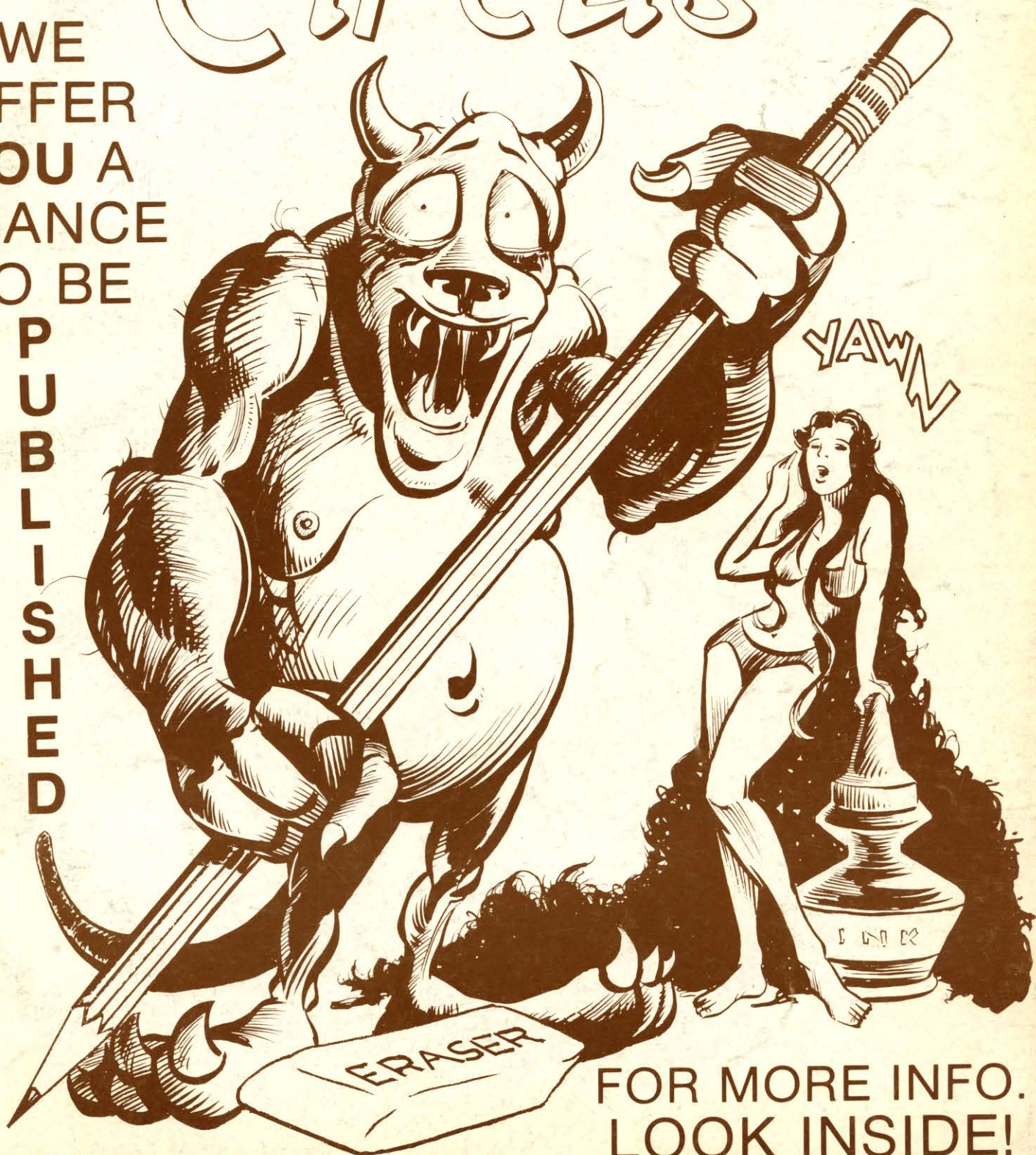
DEC. 1978

Fandom Circus

\$1.00

WE
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FOR MORE INFO.
LOOK INSIDE!

B. C. BOYER



EDITORIAL



Rich Lisiura
Box 843
Clifton, N.J. 07015

Dear friends,

Welcome to the second issue of Fandom Circus. It's been quite a while since our first issue, and I'd like to thank all the people who so patiently waited. This issue represents only a fraction of what we can accomplish if we all pull our energies together. I'd like to thank all the writers and artists for their firm support. A special thanks go to B.C. Boyer, Mark Lampport and Garry Hardman, who flooded me with contributions. A warm handshake goes to Gene Kurylo, who not only spent weeks in designing the FC logo, but who also took the time to proof read some of the stories in this issue.

Fandom Circus' primary goal is to offer an outlet to people who'd like to do their own comics. It's not a commercial book, where one would be limited or directed to what they can do. What I hope FC will become, is sort of a workshop, where creativity and technique would be analyzed as well as enjoyed for the artform that it is. For now, I'd like to hear from anyone who'd be interested in participating. Any suggestions and criticisms concerning this project, would be appreciated.

One of the first things that has to be considered is a form, in which contributions can be viewed before they are proposed for publication. The cost of printing and mailing of this book is high and the utmost care must be used in utilizing it to its fullest potential. My main concern is to avoid common mistakes, such as misspelled words, badly constructed sentences and in some cases, to strengthen plots, artwork, etc.. With a multitude of contributors, there will be a good portion who'd benefit from this type of procedure, and it would help in establishing a higher quality for the magazine. The easiest way to comply, would be to send xeroxs of your penciled pages.

To accommodate all writers and artists to a maximum level, it is requested that newly submitted stories be no more than four (4) pages in length. Some might feel that it is a bit restrictive to do a story in so few pages, but all I can say is that I'm trying to cater to as many people as possible. If that means cutting the page count to include more participation per issue, I'm all for it. Besides, a good writer will make effective use of the space allotted. Hopefully, FC will be a stepping stone to many folks out there. Fan magazines are plentiful, and it wouldn't be unlikely that many of you will have work appearing elsewhere, perhaps in some of the more professional magazines, but that's in the future.

Writers who wish to write stories are asked to send in a script. The script should break down each comic page panel by panel, along with its dialogue and /or narration. Artists who'll be doing the writing as well, need not bother with a script. Instead xeroxs of penciled pages should be sent. The art must be done in black ink, in the dimensions of 10 by 13 inches. Feel free to deal in any area you wish, but under no circumstances will material of a pornographic nature be accepted. Spot illustrations, like the one above are needed as page fillers. They can be of varying lengths but should be five inches in width. In almost all cases, these pieces will be cut and fitted into the layout page. This means that your original will not return in the exact condition as received.



ODDS & ENDS

Issue one is still available at \$1.00.

With issue three, we will be featuring a lengthy letters column. Be sure to let us know what you think.

Advertising is available. Our print run is 2000. Special rates are being offered to anyone who is interested in promoting his/her fanzine. These ads would also be helpful for anyone looking to collaborate with a writer or artist. Full page ads are only \$20. They can be of any proportional size. Other page sizes are available at great savings. This includes classified ads at \$1 for six typed five inch lines. For more info write to:

Rich Lisiura
P. O. Box 843
Clifton, N.J. 07015

I'm sure you have a lot of questions, so I'll try to run down everything that comes to mind. All original will be returned if return postage is included. Names and addresses should be on the back of all art. Scripts should also be addressed so that there would be no problems in returning material. No money is paid for material, but free copies will be sent to all those who participate in that issue. I'm going to try to keep FC on a bi-monthly schedule, so don't hesitate in sending in your material. If you have any more questions, feel free to write. Be sure to include a Self-Addressed Stamped Envelope. This saves time as well as the added expense for postage stamps.

Speaking of money, I hope that everyone will do their part in promoting this worthwhile project. Much time and money is being put into it, and my only hope is that I come close to breaking even. Subscription rates are \$4 for 4 issues. Single copies will be available at \$1.25 each.

Well that's about it for now. Enjoy the rest of this issue and be sure to send your comments about everything.

Best,

Rich

Rich Lisiura

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The Trials of Dandy

WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY
B. C. BOYER '77

Once upon a time in the land called Dandy
There lived a roly-polly man whose name was Andy
He was short and stout and had a hanging fanny
Because he always got a spanking from his mommy.

Now Andy was neither Hobbit nor Elf,
And not a midget thinking only of himself.
He was not a dwarf but really instead,
He was what you would call a nice little Triid.



Now all the Trids are really humble folks. They laugh and sing and tell funny jokes. Their whole life is really so joyful. They take in happiness by the bowl full.



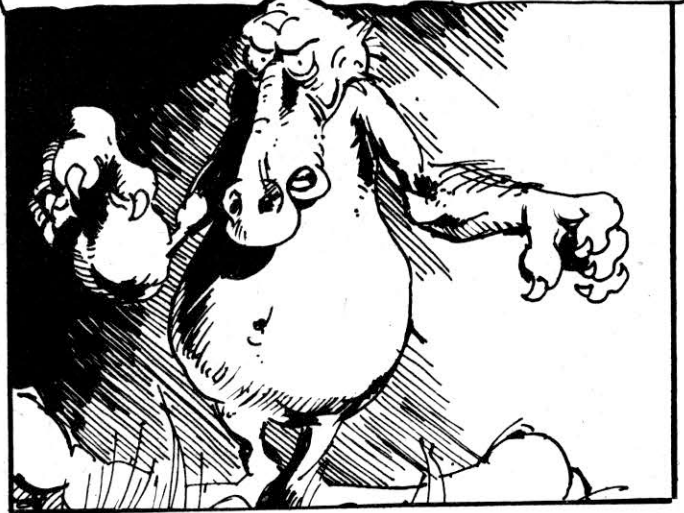
Each has his own occupation that they prefer. There's the Cobbler and Smith and the local Janitor. But there's one job that's special and that's no lie. It's the Office of Mayor-Sheriff served by the Rabbi.



The Trids go to him whenever something's wrong. And he's glad to help from dusk unto dawn. This time was no different, for, just up on the hill, stood a horrible looking creature ready to kill.



He stood six-feet six with his jaws a droolin'. He was the most feared of all, the hated Gwamulen.



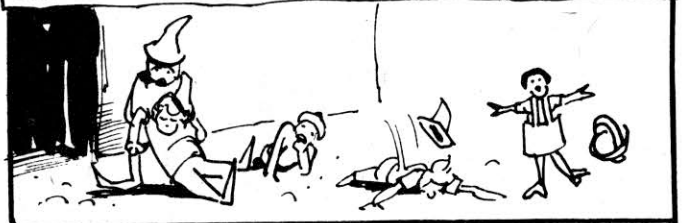
At night he would snore louder than thunder. Tearing the soul from the inside under.



At day it was no better, in fact it was worse. He would start yawning with a bellow and a burst.



His breath was so bad it would sicken them all. The Trids would choke, suffocate and fall.



The Gwamulen made life so unbearable,
That Andy decided to stop that mean scoundrel.
He climbed the mountain fast and quick.
Only to encounter the Gwamulen's kick.



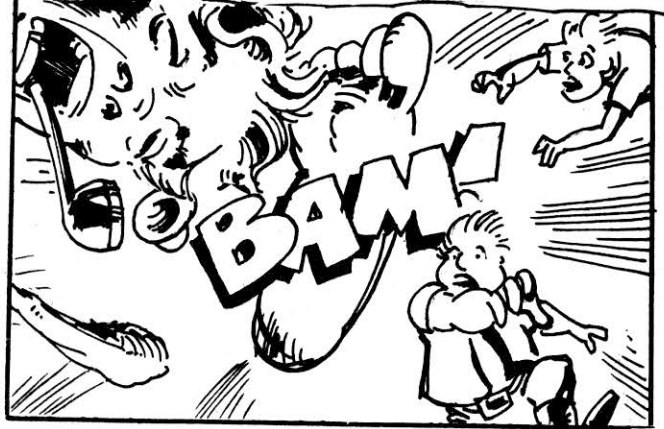
That's why Andy and all the townspeople
stood before the Rabbi, sad and needful.
To hear of his plan to save them all.
The Rabbi said "Send ten Trids. He's bound to fall."



They were all eager to stop the monster.
Assembling like cops facing a mobster,
The Trids raised their clubs in order to scare
The terrible creature away from his lair.



But then the creature raised his foot to the sky,
Daring them to come forth, daring them to try.
Their only mistake was to take up his offer.
For he quickly kicked them off their rocker.



Now this made the Rabbi quite perplexed.
He thought maybe this Gwamulen was hexed.
He said, "This terrible guy plays dirty.
I know what I'll do. I'll send up thirty!"



Thirty Trids climbed the mountain to pillage
The Gwamulen's lair, so to protect their village.
They gathered together with clubs in hand,
To defeat the creature molesting their land.



But the Gwamulen was waiting for their charge. They did not have even a chance by and large. They were kicked, beaten, thrashed and subdued. And it continued this way up until noon.



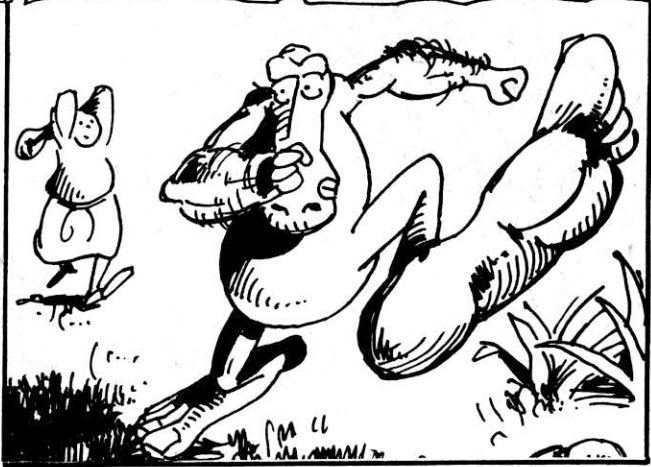
When it was over, the Trids lay scattered about. "What do we do now?" they began to shout. "Oh please, Rabbi! You'll have to protect us. Everytime we get near him, he kicks us!"



So the Rabbi then calmly picked up a club. He walked up to the Gwamulen and said, "Come on, bub!" The Gwamulen stood shaking in his boots. He didn't expect this. He frightenedly said, "OOPS!"



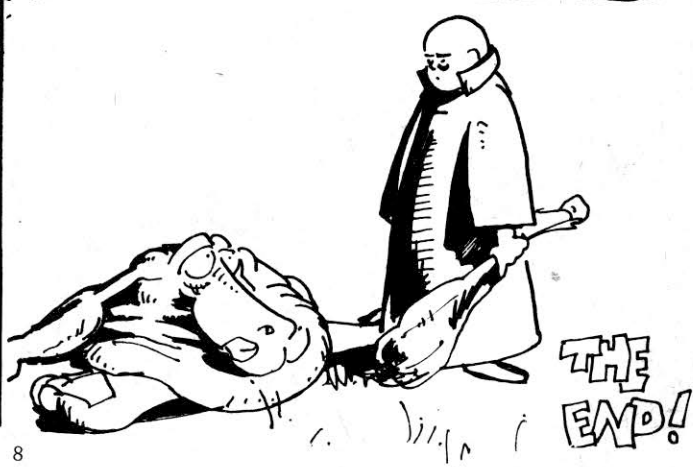
He then took off like greased lightning. The whole situation looked really frightening. The Rabbi was surprised how the Gwamulen ran. He looked like a show girl doing the can-can.



But the race was over even before it started. The Rabbi shifted, ran, jumped and darted. He clobbered the beast and knocked him asunder. But when it was over, he began to wonder...



How was he able to win while the Trids could not? So he asked the monster whom he had just caught, "Why'd you spare me but gave the rest sore heads?" The Gwamulen said, "Silly Rabbi, kicks are for Trids!"



ANOTHER TIME ANOTHER PLACE

OUR MISSION WAS ALMOST COMPLETE... WE HAD MET OUR COMRADES WITH THE OTHER HALF OF THE TAKKI LOAD...



NOW ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS TRANSPORT IT ALL TO KANNARIA WHERE OUR MISSION WOULD BE A COMPLETE SUCCESS... WE DECIDED TO CELEBRATE A LITTLE...

PART I

STORY, ART, AND EVERYTHING ELSE — JAMES HERNANDEZ

I AM REX, ONE OF GOBARK'S MEN, NOT ONE OF YOUR EXPERT SWORDSMEN I'D SAY... BUT I GET MY SHARE...



WHILE SEEING WHO MY NOW COMRADES WERE, THERE WAS ONE WHO CAUGHT MY EYE VERY SHARPLY...



SHE WAS LORA, SITTING QUIETLY, DRINKING HER TAKKI!... SHE WAS SO... ATTRACTIVE, THAT I COULD NOT LEAVE MY EYES FROM HER...



YET, I NOTICED HER EYES, BLACK, AND VERY DEEP... SHE MUST HAVE BEEN ROGAN... OUR WORST ENEMIES...



YET...

...WHY WAS SHE HERE?

REX!

WHO CALLS...?

IT IS I, LEI!



LEI! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE THE ACADEMY!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE AMONG THESE DOGS?

I HAVE BECOME LEADER OF THIS GROUP...



THESE ARE YOUR MEN?

SHE WAS A CHILDHOOD FRIEND... WE HAD MET EACH OTHER IN A FENCING ACADEMY YEARS AGO... NOW SHE IS THE LEADER OF A GROUP OF SWORDSMEN AND WOMEN... INCLUDING LORA...



YES, I GUESS MY FENCING DID SOMETHING FOR ME AFTER ALL...

IT IS... WHAT WAS THAT?



WHAT?

IT WAS THE ROGANS! I KNEW RIGHT AWAY WHAT THEY WANTED...

AN AMBUSH!



THE TAKKI...

BUT WE HAD TO FIGHT FOR IT...



...OR WE WOULD BE LOST...

I HAD NOTICED THAT BOTH LEI AND THE ROGAN, LORA, WERE MAKING ME LOOK USELESS...



COULD SHE HAVE BEEN A TRAITOR TO THE ROGANS?

WE FOUGHT TILL THE LAST ROGAN HAD FALLEN... IT HAD ENDED PRETTY QUICKLY...

WE LOST TWO MEN AND A WOMAN...

AND THE TAKKI WAS GONE...

ROGANS! THEY WERE ROGANS! THEY STOLE THE TAKKI WHILE WE FOUGHT! THE BATTLE ISN'T OVER YET BROTHERS AND SISTERS! TONIGHT, THERE SHALL BE ROGAN BLOOD ON MOTALLIN SWORDS!

THEIR CAMP WAS NOT HARD TO FIND... THEY FIGURED WE WOULD ALL BE DEAD... BUT THEY WERE WRONG... WE ATTACKED WITH THE IMPACT OF A HEVARIAN WIND...

I HAD TO FACE A HIDICUS LOOKING SCOUNDREL...

COME ON, YOU COWARDLY DEVIL!

HA! YOU MOTALLINS ARE ALL ALIVE, ALL MOUTH AND NO ACTION!

ULK!

NOW SIMPLETON... TASTE MY... OOWWWW!

PLEASE LORA, NOT AN UNARMED MAN...

DO NOT WORRY, I NEVER KILL DEFENSELESS MEN...

A KICK TO THE SKULL IS SUFFICIENT...

THAT ONLY GIVES ME THE ADVANTAGE TO...

...DO THIS!

YOU...

BUT, BEFORE I COULD EVEN LIFT MY SWORD...

THE BATTLE HAD ENDED EVEN QUICKER THIS TIME...

LORA, A TRUE MOTALLIN WARRIOR... ALWAYS GIVES HER MEN WHAT THEY DESERVE!

"MOTALLIN, SHE SAID! BUT SHE LOOKS... HER EYES..." I THOUGHT TO MYSELF...

I THOUGHT IT BEST TO ASK LEI...

WE HAD RETURNED TO CAMP WITH OUR PROPERTY SAFE...

LEI, I'VE BEEN WANTING TO ASK YOU...

IT'S ABOUT THE EYES, IS IT NOT?

PART II

YES, BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW?

THAT IS THE QUESTION OF ALL WHO FIRST FIND THAT LORA IS MOTALLIN!

WHAT? SAY THAT AGAIN?

YOU ARE NOT THE FIRST REA! IT ALL STARTED SEVERAL YEARS AGO...

"IN THE DAYS OF BINIZAR..."

"YOU MEAN, THE GREAT ROGAN CONQUEROR?"

"THE SAME... LORA AND I WERE THERE... SHE WAS 17, I WAS 21..."

"WHEN YOUNG LORA WAS TOLD HE WAS THE GREAT ROGAN WARRIOR, SHE THOUGHT OF THE GLORY SHE WOULD RECEIVE IN PLACE FOR HIS HEAD..."



"THOUGH, SHE HADN'T A CHANCE... HE KNOCKED HER SHIELD AND SWORD AWAY AS IF THEY WERE MADE OF... OF TAKKI..."



"JUST AS HE WAS GOING TO SLAY HER, HE HAD NOTICED THE FEAR IN HER EYES..."



"HE ALSO NOTICED HOW YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL SHE WAS..."

"THE BATTLE WAS OVER... THEY HAD TRIUMPHED... THE REST OF US WERE TO BE EXTERMINATED, ALL EXCEPT LORA, FOR BINIZAR WANTED HER... HE FELL IN LOVE WITH HER..."



"AND I DO BELIEVE SHE FELL FOR HIM, ALSO..."

"BUT, LORA INSISTED WE WERE TO BE FREED, AND THERE WAS A WEDDING TO BE SET..."



"AND, AS OLD FOLKS SAY, THERE WERE TWO MEN, BINIZAR'S 'ADVISERS' WHO DID NOT LIKE THE IDEA..."

"THEY FIGURED THAT A WEDDING OF A ROGAN AND A MOTALLIN WOULD END THIS 'FEUD' AND NO ONE WOULD WIN..."



"AND THEY WANTED TO WIN... BADLY..."

"SO, AS THEY SAY, THE DAY BEFORE THE WEDDING... THEY HAD A TALK, BINIZAR AND THE TWO MEN..."



"ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME THAT IT'S WRONG TO WED TO A MOTALLIN?"

"YOU SAID IT, NOT WE..."

"BUT THEN, AFTER ALL, TONIGHT IS THE YEARLY MATINA!"



"YES, NOW WOULDN'T YOU SAY IT WOULD BE MUCH EASIER THIS WAY?"

"YOU TWIN IDIOTS! DOES! YOU CANNOT TELL ME HOW TO RUN MY CURSED LIFE!"



"I SHOULD HAVE YOUR THROATS HUNG OUT ON THE LOOK-OUT POSTS!"

"I DO BELIEVE WE HAVE CONVINCED HIM, JENNI..."



"INDEED, GNONN!"

"THE MATINA! WHAT THEY WERE SAYING ABOUT THE MATINA! THEY ARE RIGHT! IT IS NOT TOO LATE! THERE MUST BE A WAY TO CONVINCE HER TO GO! THERE MUST!"



"MY GUESS IS THAT HE GAVE HER A DRUGGED DRINK, SO SHE COULD FALL ASLEEP..."



"AND WHEN SHE FELL ASLEEP HE CARRIED HER IN HIS ARMS TO WHERE THE SECRET RITUAL TAKES PLACE..."



"WHERE IT TAKES PLACE, I DOUBT IF WE'LL EVER KNOW!"

"THAT WAS PROBABLY HAPPENING WHILE I WAS SITTING IN A CANTINA IN TOWN WORRYING ABOUT HER... I HEARD ABOUT THOSE YEARLY CEREMONIES, AND I FEARED THEY WOULD MAKE HER ONE..."



"I ASKED MY COMPANION WHEN THE MATINAS WERE... HE REPLIED..."



"WHY, FINNY OF BECAUSE..."

"THEY ARE TONIGHT!"

"AND I HAD JUST REMEMBERED... THAT WAS WHY WE HAD BATTLED IN THE FIRST PLACE... TO STOP THEM FROM HAVING THE CEREMONIES... TO STOP THEM FROM TURNING MOTALLINS INTO ROGANS..."



"THERE WAS NO TIME TO LOSE..."

"I HAD SNUCK INTO THE ROGAN'S CAMP, MAKING I WAS IN TIME TO WARN HER..."



"UNFORTUNATELY, I SAW THEM RETURN HER IN HIS ARMS..."

"I PUT MY HEAD DOWN, FOR I KNEW IT WAS TOO LATE..."



"SHE TOLD ME HOW THE REST WENT..."



"BINIZAR! BINIZAR!"



OH, BINZAR... I'VE HAD THE MOST TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE... IT WAS HORRIBLE...

IT'S ALL RIGHT...



IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW... YOU'RE ALL MINE...



NO ONE CAN... NO!



HOW? WHY? YOU DID THIS! WHY DID YOU DO THIS TO ME? WHY? WHY? WHY?



IT IS BETTER THIS WAY! NOW WE CAN REALLY BE TOGETHER... FOREVER... ALWAYS...

WHY? WHY?

SHE CRIED... FOR SHE KNEW... SHE WOULD NEVER BE MOTALIN AGAIN...



NO ONE CAN EVER TAKE YOU AWAY FROM ME, NEVER... WE SHALL ALWAYS BE ONE...



WE... AAK!

HER BLADE SUNK...



THEN SHE FROZE, STARING WITH HER NEWLY-BORN EYES...

FRIGHTENED... JUST LIKE THE FIRST TIME...



"THEN..."



"...HE FELL..."



"...AND THAT WAS ALL..."



"SHE RAN OUT... NOT KNOWING WHAT TO DO... IT WAS HIS SABRE SHE HAD USED..."



"WHEN SHE CAME OUT OF THE TENT, SHE HAD SEEN ME..."



"I DIDN'T HAVE TO ASK ABOUT THE EYES... SHE SAW IT IN MINE..."



"SHE JUST HUNG HER HEAD DOWN AND COVERED HER FACE AND THAT WAS ALL..."



"WE RETURNED TO OUR CAMP... EVERYTHING WAS EXPLAINED... EVERYONE UNDERSTOOD..."



"SINCE THEN, SHE HAS BECOME ONE OF THE BEST ALL AROUND SWORDWOMAN OF ALL TIME..."



I WONDER IF I SHALL EVER SEE HER AGAIN!

OH, YOU'LL SEE HER... WHERE EVER YOU GO, YOU ARE BOUND TO SEE HER AGAIN!

FIN.

THE MAN IN THE MOON



EARTH, 2147. A WORLD STRANGELY DIFFERENT FROM THAT OF CENTURIES PAST. A WORLD WITH A HISTORY OF METAMORPHOSIS AND TRANSITION. A WORLD ALTERED BY DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES.



Story · Mark Lamport · Art · Max Giguère · Jean Pierre Normand

A WORLD STRANGELY DIFFERENT, WHERE NONETHELESS, CERTAIN THINGS HAVE REMAINED THE SAME.

IS THERE REALLY A MAN IN THE MOON?

INDEED THERE IS, SON. HIS NAME IS ALEXANDER MOLTKE.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS JUST A MAN LIKE EVERYONE ELSE. MY EDUCATIONAL PRECEPTOR SAYS HE LEFT IN A SHIP FOR THE MOON, AND HAS BEEN THERE EVER SINCE.



THEIR INCOMPETENCE IS GALACTIC. NO, SON, THAT'S NOT HOW IT WENT. THE ONLY PEOPLE ON THE MOON ANYMORE ARE THE DESCENDANTS OF THE ORIGINAL COLONISTS AND THOSE WHO MIND THE WAY STATIONS.



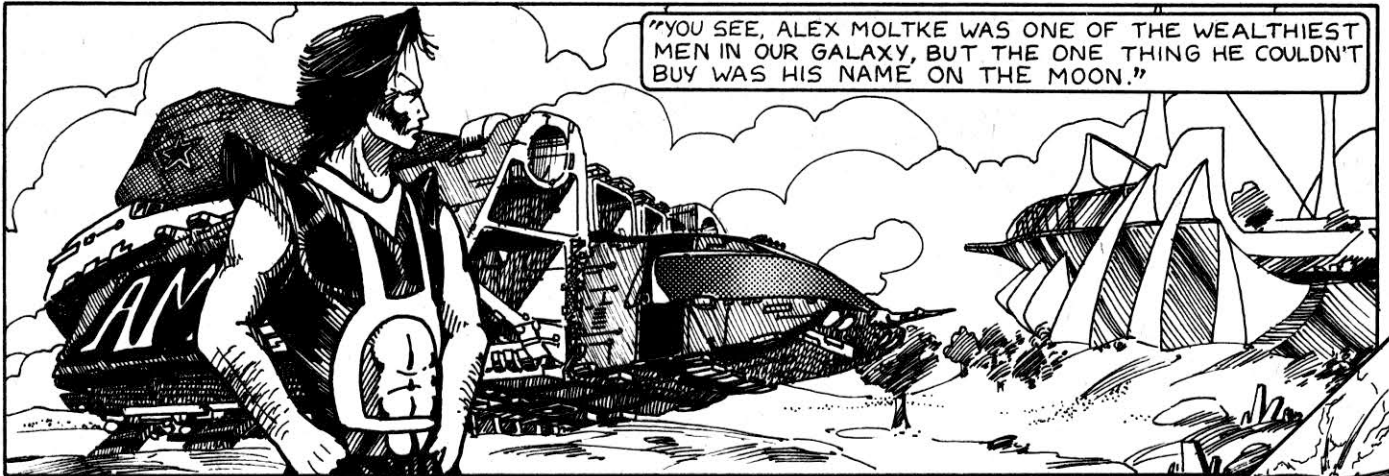
THEN HOW CAN ALEXANDER MOLTKE BE THE MAN IN THE MOON?



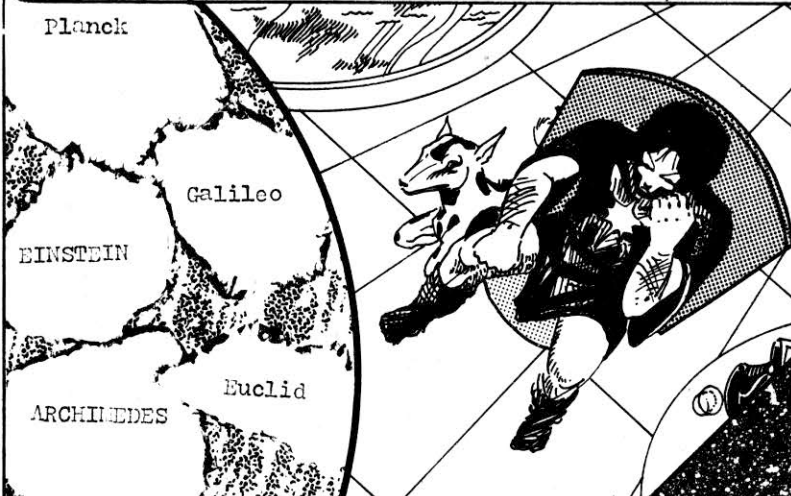
IT'S A LONG STORY, WITH LOTS OF SCIENTIFIC TERMINOLOGY AND DO-DADS YOU COULDN'T UNDERSTAND. BUT I'LL TRY TO KEEP IT SIMPLE FOR YOU.



"YOU SEE, ALEX MOLTKE WAS ONE OF THE WEALTHIEST MEN IN OUR GALAXY, BUT THE ONE THING HE COULDN'T BUY WAS HIS NAME ON THE MOON."

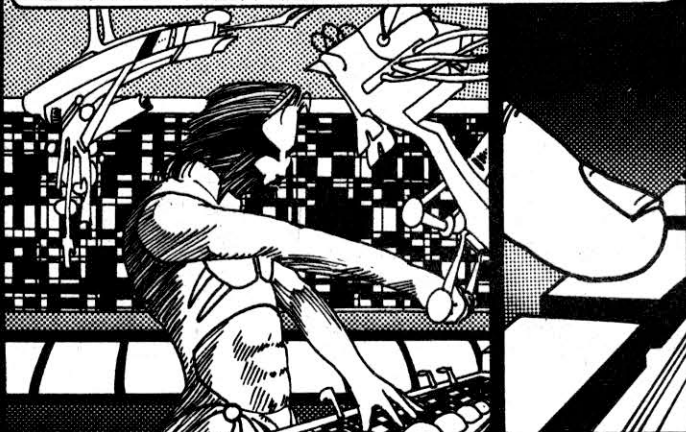


"IN OLDER TIMES, THE MOON'S PLAINS, CRATERS, AND SUCH WERE NAMED AFTER FAMOUS MEN WHO HAD MADE CONTRIBUTIONS TO SCIENCE, A SORT OF HONOR ROLL OF MANKIND"

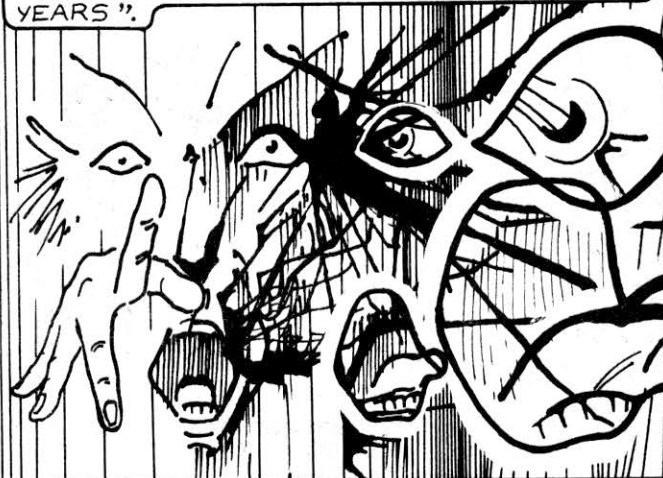


"MOLTKE HAD NEVER ACCOMPLISHED ANYTHING OF MERIT TO DESERVE HAVING A CRATER NAMED AFTER HIM, DESPITE HIS GREAT WEALTH AND HOLDINGS. THIS SET RATHER POORLY WITH HIS EGO, SO HE VOWED TO GO TO THE MOON HIMSELF AND LIVE THERE"

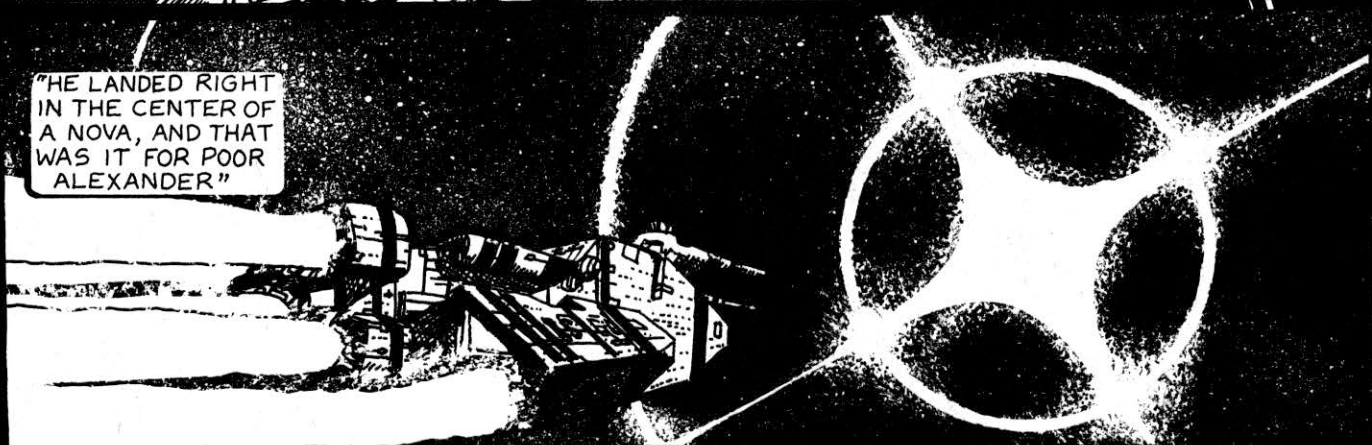
"NOW HE KNEW HOW TO PILOT YOUR STANDARD SHIP BUT HE HAD TO HAVE THE BEST. THE SHIP HE ACQUIRED WAS THE LATEST MODEL, FOR THAT TIME, CONTAINING A CRUDE TIME TRAVEL MECHANISM WHICH HADN'T BEEN PERFECTED YET"



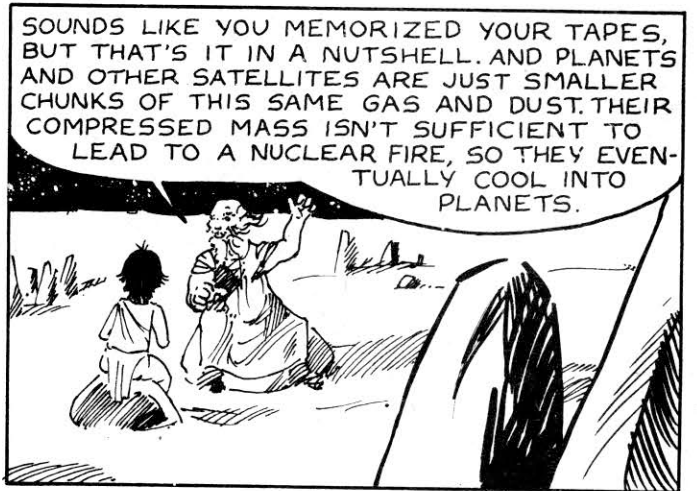
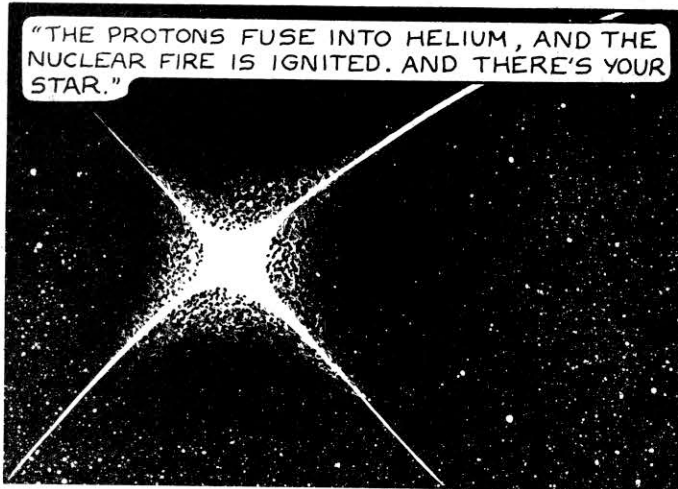
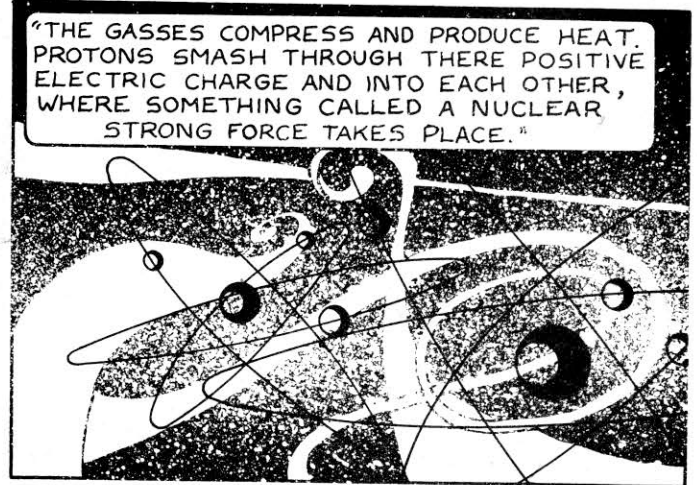
"SO ON HIS WAY TO THE MOON, MOLTKE PUSHED A FEW WRONG BUTTONS, AND ENDED UP GOING BACK IN TIME SEVERAL HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS".



"HE LANDED RIGHT IN THE CENTER OF A NOVA, AND THAT WAS IT FOR POOR ALEXANDER"



"HIS ATOMS AND MOLECULES MIXED RIGHT IN WITH THOSE OF THAT EXPLODING STAR, AND HE WAS A PART OF THAT NEWLY FORMED NEBULA."





"THESE GASSES EVENTUALLY FORMED WHAT IS NOW OUR SOLAR SYSTEM, AND MOLTKE'S MOLECULES WERE IN THE BATCH THAT FORMED THE MOON?"



AND THAT'S HOW ALEXANDER MOLTKE BECAME THE MAN IN THE MOON.

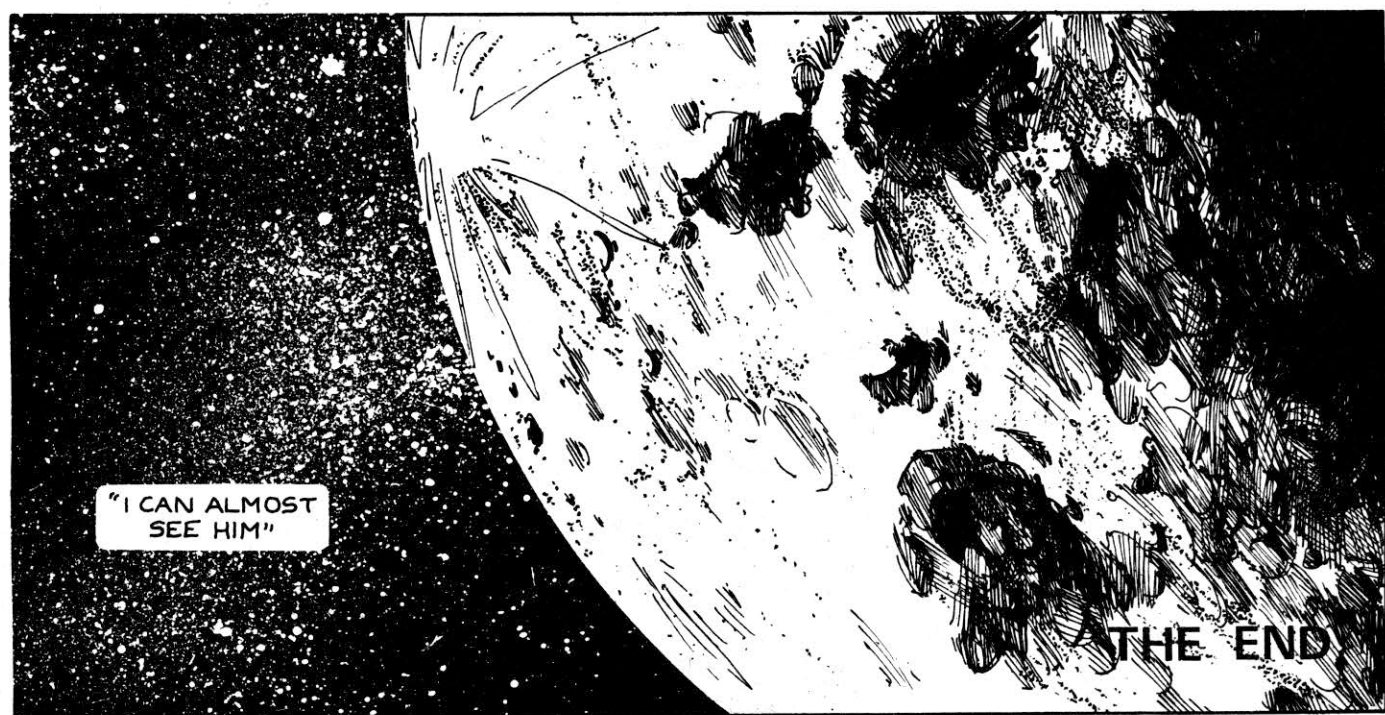


BUT HOW CAN YOU KNOW ALL THIS?

SINCE MOLTKE'S TIME, WE'VE IRONED OUT THE BUGS IN OUR TIME TRAVEL MECHANISMS. WE CAN PLACE OURSELVES ANYWHERE AND ANYWHEN WITH ACUTE ACCURACY. PLUS OUR OBSERVATORY EQUIPMENT IS HIGHLY SOPHISTICATED, ENOUGH SO WE NOW KNOW THE FATE OF OLE ALEXANDER.



I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.



"I CAN ALMOST SEE HIM"

THE END

LANCE LUSH

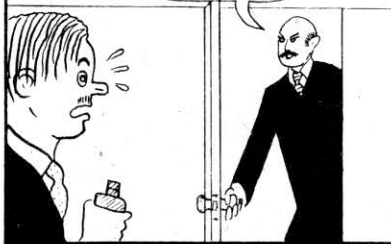
LANCE LUSH HAD A PROBLEM:

I HAVE TO DRINK TO STAY SOBER!

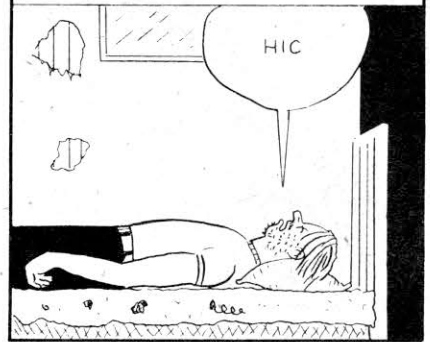


LANCE HAD DIFFICULTY KEEPING A JOB.

DRINKING ON THE JOB, EH LUSH? **YOU'RE FIRED!**



PROHIBITION WAS A DIFFICULT TIME FOR LANCE.



ONE DAY, IN A BAR....

I CAN OUT-DRINK ANYONE IN THE ROOM!

HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT TO BET?



LANCE DID VERY WELL IN DRINKING CONTESTS FROM THAT DAY ON...



HE MADE PLANS FOR THE FUTURE:

I'LL RETIRE TO A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD AND LIVE OFF MY WINNINGS.



LANCE MOVED IN.



BUT THE NEIGHBORS DIDN'T LIKE HIM.

THAT LUSH HAS GOT TO GO! HE MAY INFLUENCE THE CHILDREN.



LANCE LOOKED THROUGH HIS WINDOW.



ALCOHOL + FIRE!

COUGH COUGH COUGH COUGH



BUT INHALING SMOKE FROM THE FIRE CURED LANCE.

I NO LONGER HAVE TO DRINK IN ORDER (COUGH) TO REMAIN SOBER.



NOW I HAVE TO SMOKE TO STAY HEALTHY!





TEARS WILL FLOW AND RIGHTLY SO. READ THESE PAGES OF OPTIMISTIC RAGES. PLEASE SIT DOWN AND STAY. ENJOY MY TALE CALLED.

© 1978

A COSMIC TALE WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY BUD PERKINS

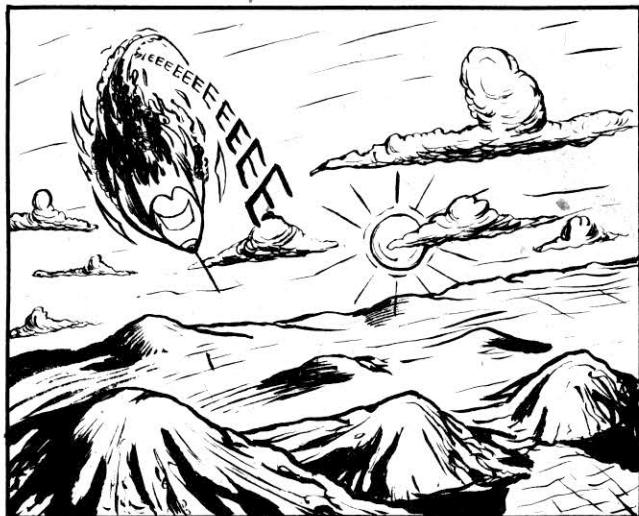


CAREENING THROUGH REACHES OF SPACE, A WOUNDED METALLIC SPARROW PLUMMETS TOWARD EARTH.



ANGELA, ANGELA... THE ENGINES ARE OUT! I'LL TRY TO GUIDE THE SHIP TOWARDS THIS PRIMITIVE WORLD. STRAP YOURSELF IN!

HONEY... I LOVE... YOU...



EEEEEEEEEE



THE RESONANT EXPLOSIONS CAN BE HEARD FOR MILES.

BARRODDMM!!







APPARENTLY OUR SPACEMAN WASN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO SURVIVED THE DISASTROUS LANDING.

TRACY!! RUN FOR THE HOUSE!

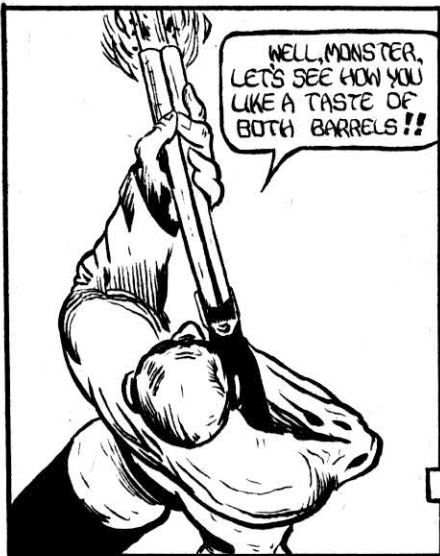


SMACK!



THE MONSTER KNOCKS OUR SPACE TRAVELER AN EASY 30 FEET, SMASHING HIM TO THE GROUND...

... BLEEPING.



WELL, MONSTER, LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE A TASTE OF BOTH BARRELS!!



OH, JESUS... GIVE ME STRENGTH.

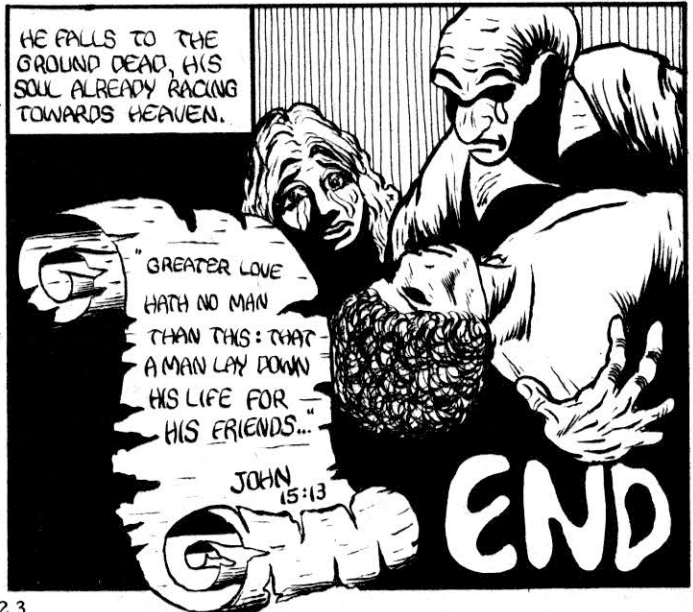
BONES CRUSHED, BLEEDING INTERNALLY, HE CRAWLS TOWARD THE BLASTER. EACH INCH IS DIRECTLY PROPORTIONAL TO THE EXCRUCIATING PAIN.



ALRIGHT YOU... HORROR!!



YOU ARE WITNESSING A HERCULEAN EFFORT. WOBBLY, PIZZY, HE JUST MANAGES TO SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER. THEN...



HE FALLS TO THE GROUND DEAD, HIS SOUL ALREADY RACING TOWARDS HEAVEN.

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS: THAT A MAN LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIENDS..."

JOHN 15:13

END

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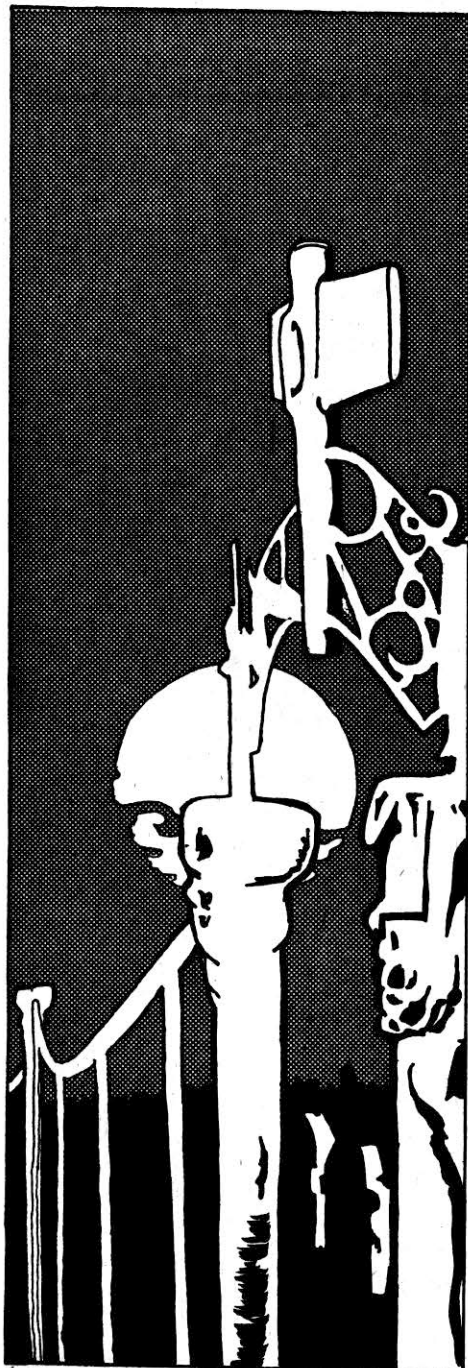
The twilight's sun
has begun to set;
very few minutes re-
main until the night
prevails forth to aid
the evil.

WAMPYRE

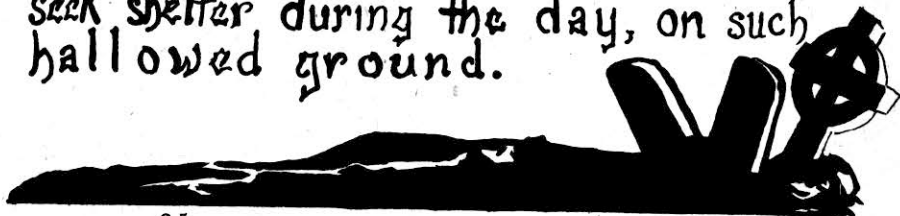


by Kirk
TINEBLAD
78

With each prevailing
step my heartbeat increases
with anticipation. As I
open the gate to the
dead, the rust of
many lives rubs
against my hand com-
bining with sweat.



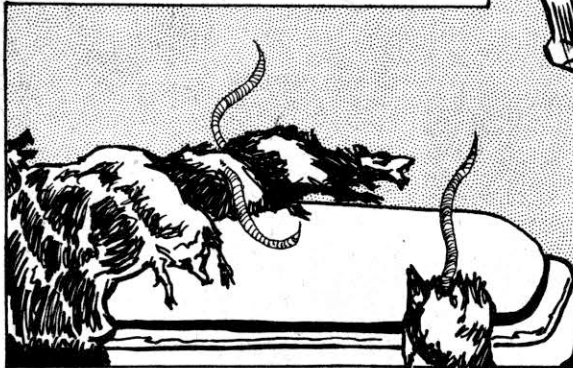
Across the field of past remem-
brances lies the crypt of terror.
It seems ironic that such evil should
seek shelter during the day, on such
hallowed ground.





A repugnant smell of mold and fungus fill my lungs with disgust. The damp floor makes sparks from my torch fizzle on contact.

As I reach the anti-chamber a multitude of rats scrawl off of the forboding wooden casket, wrenched with death.



At last I have found him, he has darkened the ivory virgins with his blood of poison turning them into his own.

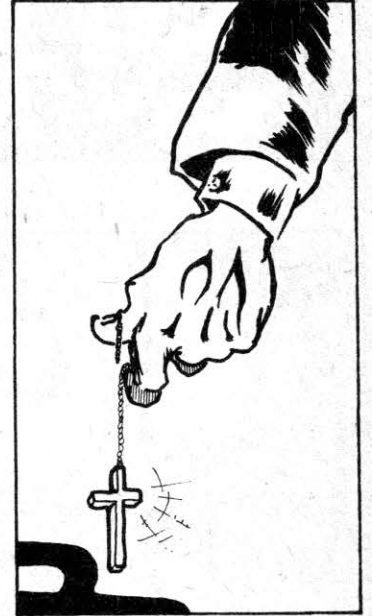




No more shall he
prey on our souls. I take
my instruments from their
case, a blunt mallet, a thick wooden
stake and cross.



I emit a small gasp
as I un hinge the lid. The
fiery eyes of red stare un-
willingly upon me. The day
is falling.

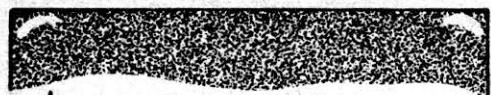




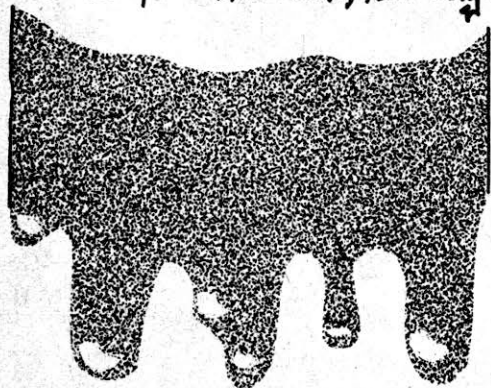
With great courage the cross is placed on the monster's forehead, which burns its impression into him, his lips move slightly.



Time is short, as his fingers grow clenched, his mouth snarls. I lift the mallet to drive the stake through the evil.



A swift blow brings the stake down. Blood spurts freely from the wound and his mouth, his arms reach for the stake, hideously.



Another blow, bringing a
cracking of two or three ribs.

Agony encircles his face as
he knows death, this, his second time.



A full moon graces the sky tonight.
At last, the evil that was born
with us these long nights has dis-
integrated away...



The flesh and blood melt
from his bones, leaving a
pitiful skeleton. Bloodied as
I am, I disconnect the head
from the body.

SKEETRA

AND THE GANG
by HAHN

AH, SWEET LIFE!
BUT THERE MUST
BE MORE TO
THEE THAN MY
METAPHYSICAL
MEANDERINGS.*



*SEE: HEINLEIN, R.

**METAPHYSICAL *
MEANDERINGS?**

*SEE: VONNEGUT, K. (P.R.)

C'MON LADY
WAKE UP!*

BY THIS, THEN
HE MUST MEAN

*SEE: SPILLANE, M.

THAT: THAT WHICH WE PERCEIVE TO SEE (IS TRULY (NEVER)) SEEN*

*SEE: MAN, THE I.

WHA?

HOW YOU GUYS
LIKE MY NEW
OUTFIT?

BUT THERE'S
NOTHING
THERE!

CRAZY AS... AS
THE PROVERBIAL
LOON IF YOU
ASK ME!

HE SAY 'OUTFIT'
OR 'OUTCAST'??

I DON'T GET IT...

AND A GOLFBALL AIN'T A GOLFBALL
TILL IT LIES UPON THE GREEN

THANK
YEW

PAR-
DON ME *

*SEE: NIXON, R.M.

AND A KINGDOM COULD BE CONQUERED
BY AN OVERZEALOUS QUEEN...

SEZ YOU!

WHOA!
ANGLE SHOT!
ANGLE SHOT!

*SEE: POPEYE THE SAILOR

AND EVEN IF YOU'RE
BIG*
AND IF YOU'RE
BAD**
AND IF YOU'RE
MEAN***

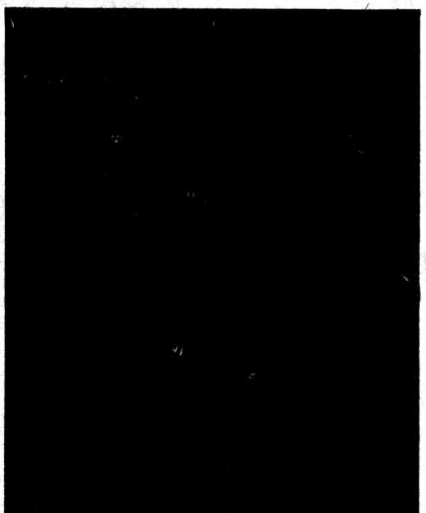
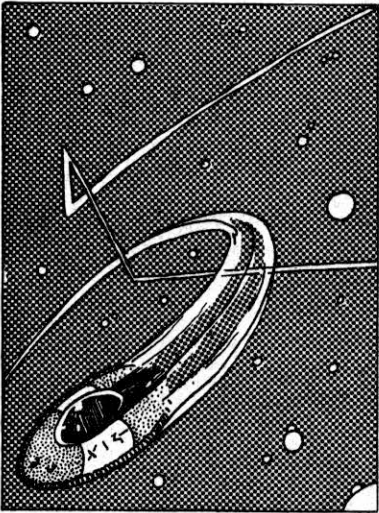
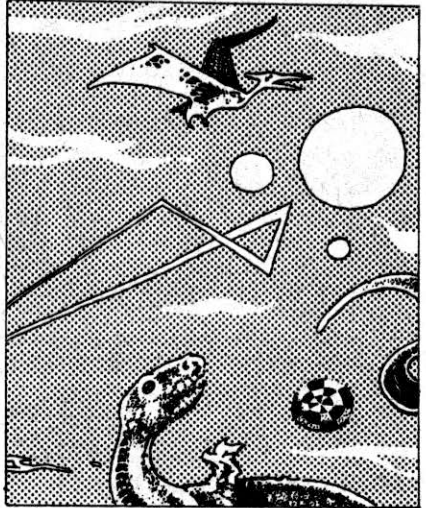
* SEE: LEROY BROWN
** SEE: |bid
*** SEE: |bid

YOU'RE STILL JUST
ONLY HUMAN IF
YOU'RE JUST A...

HUMAN BEAN

the end
Hahn

PROLOGUE



THE SAVAGE SORCERER in

MINDWORM

THE UNIVERSE WITHOUT END...

MOUTH SWALLOWS TAIL, TAIL IS END OF MOUTH.

... WRENCHED BY POWERFUL FORCE ...
... CAUGHT ME UNAWARE ...
STILL GROGGY —

REASON RETURN!



THE WORM BURROWS WITHIN ITSELF.

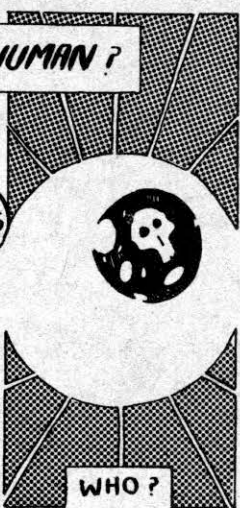
BALANCE
GOOD VERSUS EVIL. THE ETERNAL BATTLE, RIGHT VERSUS WRONG, ALWAYS BALANCING. MATERIAL EVIL CANNOT EXIST WITHOUT A LITTLE GOOD, MATERIAL GOOD CANNOT EXIST WITHOUT A LITTLE EVIL. WHEN EVIL IS OVERCOME WHAT DOES MAKE GOOD? BALANCE



FROM THE APPARENT LACK OF LIFE IN THIS PLANE I'D HAVE TO SAY THIS IS THE...

WELL, HUMAN?

SHADOW DIMENSIONS

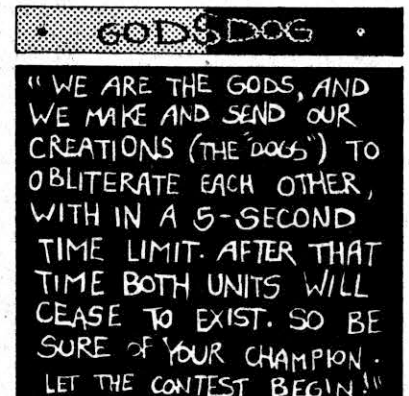
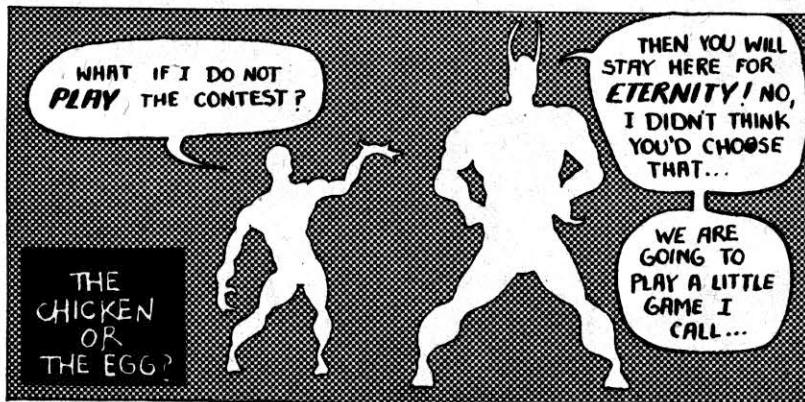


WHO?



WELCOME TO RAFRISBEC, MORTAL. I AM THE LORD GOD OF THIS MEGAVERSE.

OH OMNIPOTENT ONE, I BEG TO LEARN OF THE DOOR OF TRANSITION.



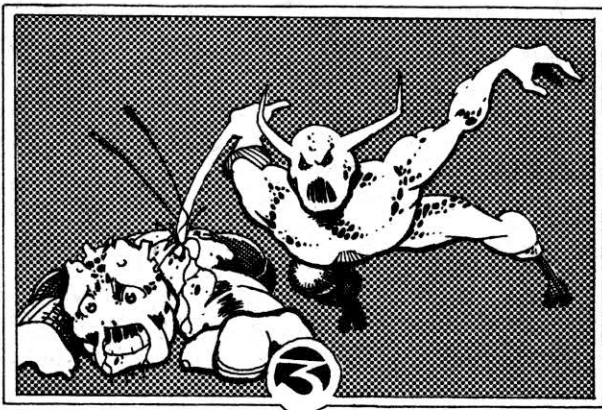
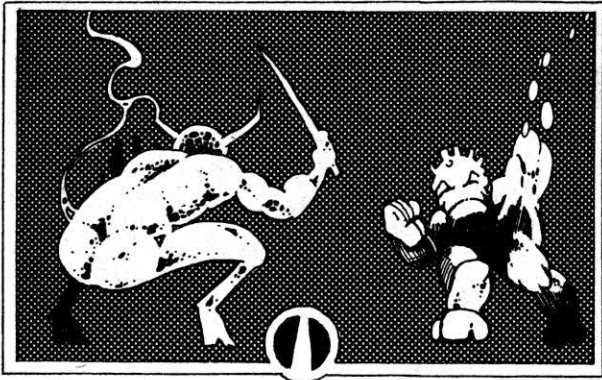


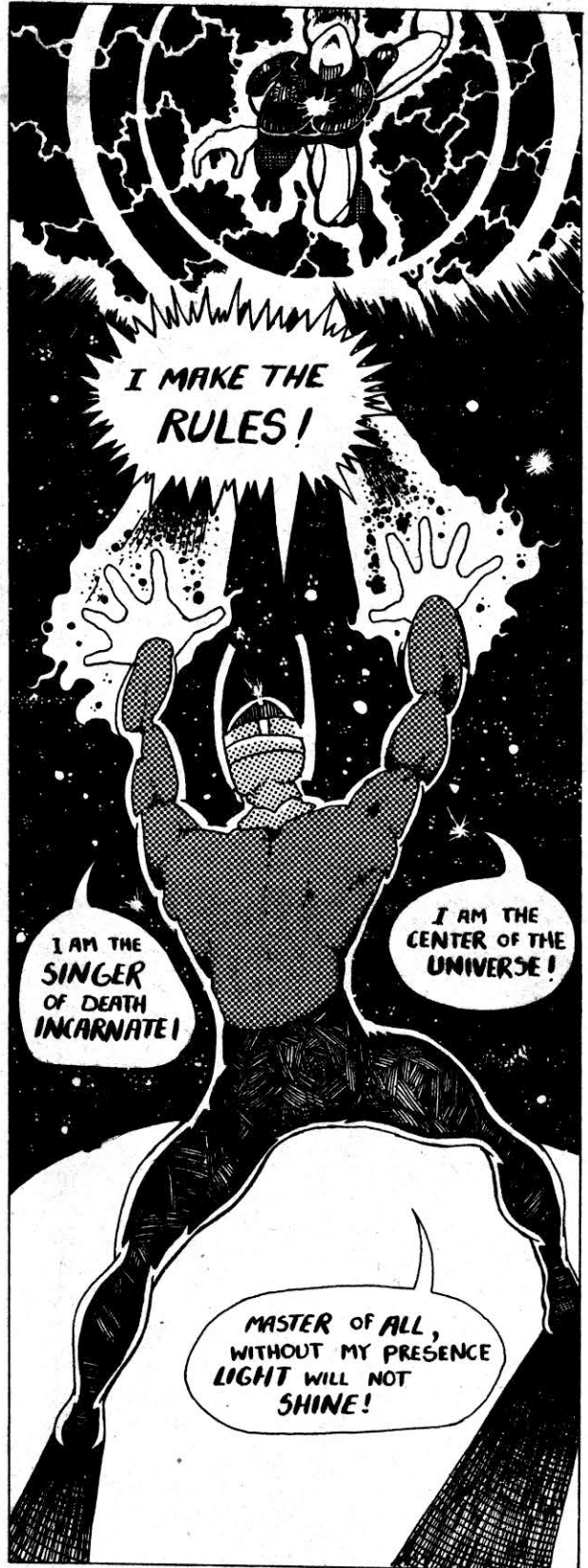
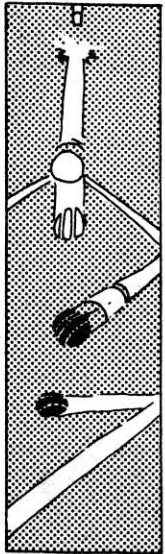
⇒PI-TING←

"BY THE GOLDEN RING OF TANTRA,
MAY SPELL BE BUILT ON SPELL.
WEAVE A WARRIOR TO MY AID
FROM THE PITS OF HELL."

"OPERATOR, GET ME CLEVELAND.
... CALL COLLECT, IF YOU PLEASE.
CONNECT ME WITH YOG-THOTH DAN
HE'LL BRING THIS JERK TO HIS
KNEES."

COME HERE, BOOBY.







MORTAL, YOU HAVE FACED THE POWER INCARNATE !!! I AM A GOD TO YOUR PUNY MIGHT!

SOMEWHERE IN TIBET A LAMA IS LAUGHING AS IF TO A COSMIC JOKE.

FUTURE, FUTURE, WHAT KNOW YOU OF SOMETHING YOU HAVE NOTHING OF!!?

STOP! I BEG YOU STOP, I REMEMBER THE FUTURE!!

A FINE GAME YOU WEAVE, MORTAL, — A GAME OF SALVATION!

THO' I BE MORTAL, THERE ARE THINGS BEYOND YOUR CLOSED KEN. THERE BE NIGHTMARES THAT EXIST EVEN TO GODS!

HA-HO



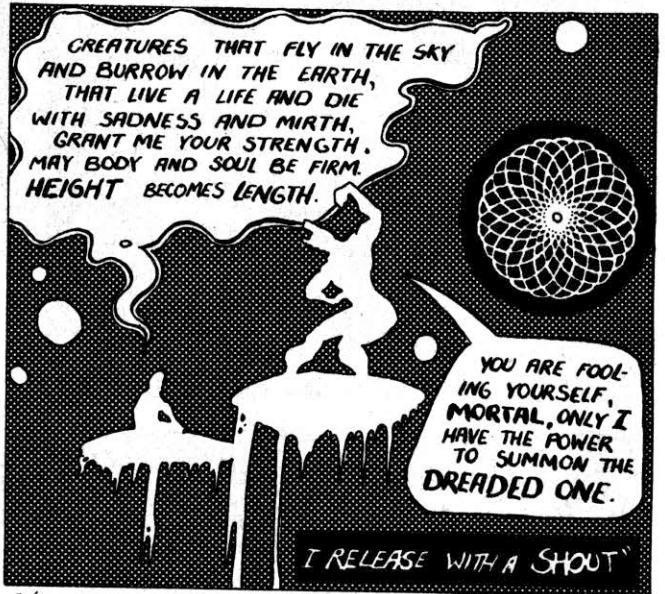
BUT EVEN A GOD CAN BE BORED OF GAMES.

I TIRE OF YOUR FUTILE ATTEMPTS TO SHIFT YOUR DESTRUCTION!

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

— FOREVER!

LET THE DOOM SONG RING FORTH!



CREATURES THAT FLY IN THE SKY AND BURROW IN THE EARTH, THAT LIVE A LIFE AND DIE WITH SADNESS AND MIRTH, GRANT ME YOUR STRENGTH. MAY BODY AND SOUL BE FIRM. HEIGHT BECOMES LENGTH.

YOU ARE FOOLING YOURSELF, MORTAL, ONLY I HAVE THE POWER TO SUMMON THE DREADED ONE.

I RELEASE WITH A SHOUT



WHA...?

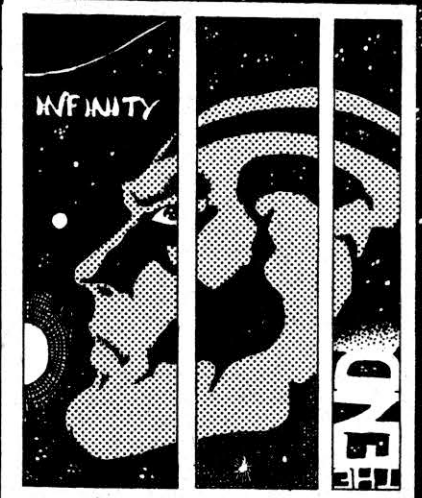
THE COSMIC MINDWORM

DEATH A
MILLION
MILES AWAY,
FILLING THE
SKY...

FOREVER...



NO

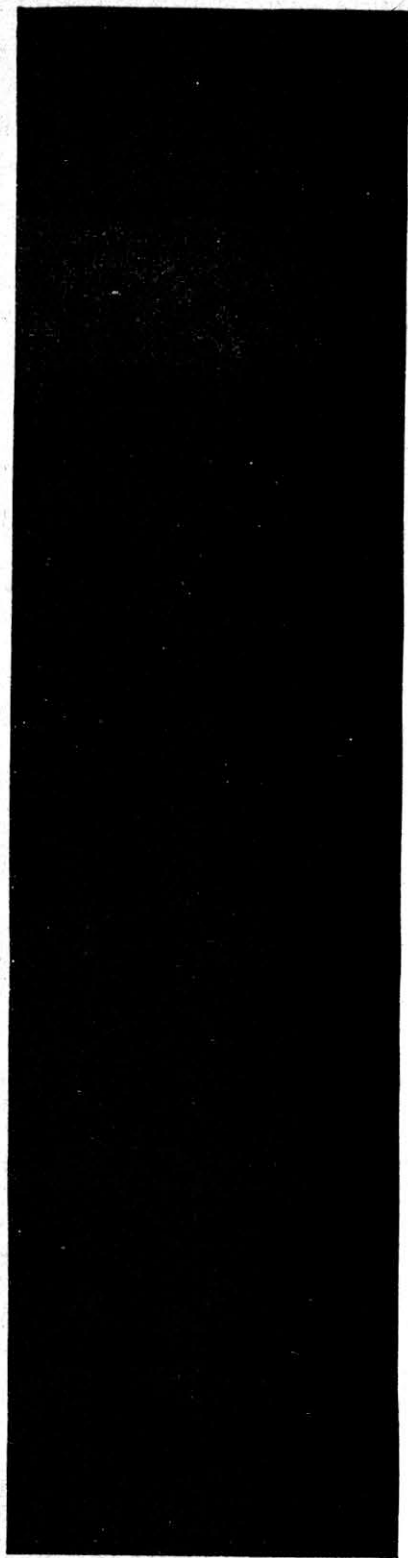


INFINITY

THE END

by G. HARDMAN 1978

EPILOGUE



THE MIRROR REFLECTS
NO MORE.

Stars of Love Stars of Death!





TODAY WE'RE GOING TO TRY TO DISCOVER WHAT LIES BEHIND YOUR FEAR OF STARS.
CAN'T WE TALK ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE?



WE CAME SO CLOSE LAST TIME, IT SEEMS A SHAME YOU IN A TRANCE, SO NOT TO PURSUE IT FURTHER.
THIS GAS WILL PLACE YOU IN A TRANCE, SO YOU CAN TALK FREELY.



NOW JUST BREATHE DEEPLY AND RELAX. UNTENSE YOUR MUSCLES.



LET YOUR MIND WANDER. CAN YOU STILL HEAR ME?



SURE THING, DOCTOR.

GOOD. NOW TELL ME WHERE YOU ARE.



MARY.

IT'S MARY AGAIN.

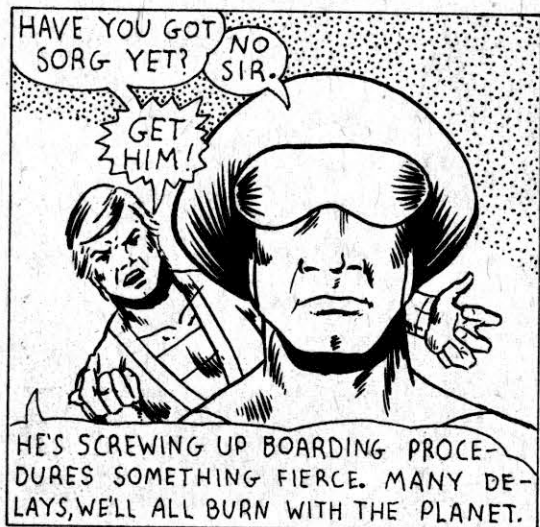
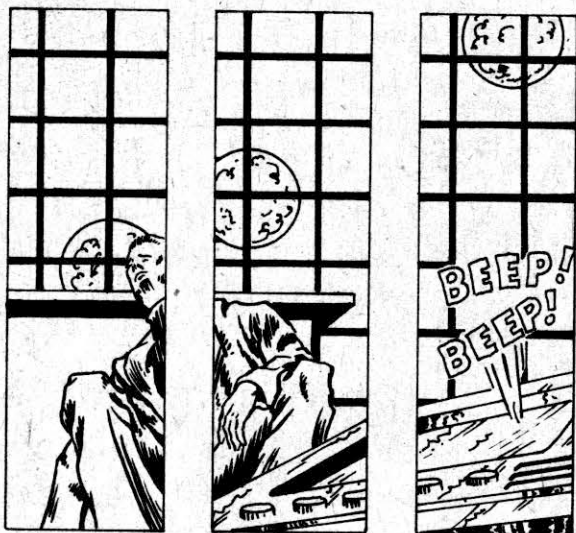


...SO PRECIOUS.
YOU CAN'T KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU.

PLEASE DON'T TALK, LOVER.









A NOVA IS A STAR, TOO,
AND IT EXPANDS. IT'LL
GROW BIGGER AND
EAT UP THIS PLANET.



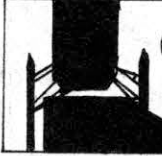
IF YOU STAY HERE,
IF YOU DON'T GO
WITH US, YOU'LL BE
IN A STAR.



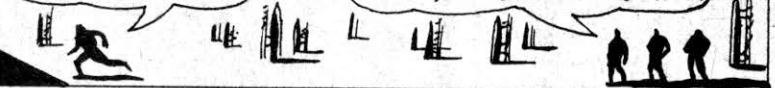
DON'T YOU SEE IT'S
BETTER TO GO WITH
US, AWAY FROM THE
NOVA, FROM THE STAR?



GET ME AWAY
FROM THAT STAR.



OK, WE'RE THE LAST TO
BOARD, SO LET'S GET GOING.



SAY DOC, THAT
WAS SOME TRICK YOU
PULLED BACK THERE.

NO TRICK
MAJOR.

IT'S ALL
IN THE
MIND.

FIN

THE ALIEN RESIDENT



HEY, YOU GUYS!!!

LOOK WHAT I FOUND!
A BIG BLACK BOX!

HANS! WE BETTER GET BACK HOME! IT'S GETTING LATE!

WOW! THIS PLACE IS NEAT! MUST'VE BEEN A REAL BIG EXPLOSION TO HAVE DONE ALL THIS!

ZIGGY! COME HERE! THIS BOX HAS A BUNCH OF BUTTONS ON IT!

MOTHER'S GOING TO GIVE US A LICKING IF WE DON'T GET HOME!

WHO DO YOU THINK LIVED HERE, HANS?

I DON'T KNOW! BUT IF HE WAS HERE WHEN THIS BUILDING WAS MESSED UP, HE'S PROBABLY DEAD BY NOW!

WHAT DO YOU SAY WE PULL ONE OF THESE SWITCHES AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



NO! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN!

OH GRETEL! YOU'RE NO FUN!

YOU BETTER STOP OR I'M GONNA TELL!

GO AHEAD, HANS!

LET'S SEE HERE! WE'LL TRY THIS ONE!

CLICK!



HO, MY BROTHER, AND BEHOLD! YOUR GREAT COMMANDER AND LEADER COMMENDS YOU!

YOUR BRETHREN HAIL YOUR MAGNIFICENT VICTORY IN CONQUERING YOUR PLANET EARTH!

WHAT THE??

GET BACK!

AAIEEE!!



WE ARE...

POOF!

HEY! WHAT HAPPENED?



WHERE'D HE GO?

I FELL BACK ON THE SWITCH AND HE DISAPPEARED!

WOW!



I KNOW WHAT THAT WAS! I SAW IT IN THE MOVIE 'STAR WARS'! I THINK IT'S CALLED A HOLOGRAM!

ARE YOU KIDDING?

YOU'RE RIGHT!

IT DOES LOOK KINDA QUEER!

BUT IT'S SO REAL!

YEA! BUT IT'S JUST A PROJECTION!

LET'S GO HOME!

THIS IS FUN!

CLICK!



WE ARE PROUD OF YOUR ACCOMPLISHMENT, AGENT 13! TAKING OVER EARTH WAS INDEED A GREAT TASK!

ALTHOUGH THIS IS A PRERECORDED MESSAGE, WE KNOW WHAT YOUR MISSION WAS AND YOU WOULD NOT BE CONSULTING THIS ASSIGNMENT BOX UNLESS YOU FULFILLED IT!

WHO'S HE TALKING TO?

PROBABLY THE GUY WHO LIVED IN THIS BUILDING!

I AM THE MESSENGER OF THE ASSIGNMENT BOX WHICH YOU'VE ACTIVATED AGENT THIRTEEN! I AM HERE TO INFORM YOU OF **ANOTHER** TASK YOU MUST FULFILL AS WE BALLITOID'S COMMAND YOU!

BUT FIRST, SIT BACK AND RELAX!

LET US REVEAL TO YOU YOUR **ORIGIN!**

LET US SHOW YOU HOW YOU CAME TO BE A **CONQUEROR** OF YOUR PLANET EARTH. LET US REVEAL TO YOU HOW YOU CAME TO REPRESENT THE **GREATEST** POWER IN ALL THE **UNIVERSE!!**



HE SURE IS A **DRAMATIC** FELLOW! WOULD'NT YOU SAY!

YOU BETTER **BELIEVE IT!** HE GIVES ME THE **WILLIES!!**

WE ARE THE **BALLITOID'S!** THE MOST FEARED RACE OF WAR LIKE PEOPLE IN ALL **EXISTENCE!!**

OURS IS AN ALL ENCOMPASSING DOMINION COVERING OVER TEN MILLION STAR SYSTEMS.

WE CONQUER, KILL, MUTILATE AND **DESTROY!!**



NOTHING EXISTS THAT CAN **EVER** HOPE TO STOP US! **WE** ARE THE RIGHTFUL RULERS OF EVERY THING THAT LIVES.

AND SOMEDAY, WE SHALL REACH THAT GOAL. WE HAVE WORKED OUT ALL THE PLANS OF ALL THE BATTLES THAT MUST TAKE PLACE!

AND YOU, AGENT THIRTEEN, ARE A **PART** OF THOSE PLANS!

YOU ARE THE **CHIEF** AGENT IN THIS SECTION OF THE GALAXY! YOU, IN FULFILLING YOUR MISSION OF CONQUERING EARTH, SHALL BECOME **MONARCH** OF ALL THE SOLAR SYSTEMS IN YOUR AREA TO THE GLORY OF THE **BALLITOID EMPIRE!**



NOW **LOOK** AGENT THIRTEEN! GAZE LONG AND HARD UPON THE **PRIMARY** SECTION OF THE GALACTIC EMPIRE WHEREIN LIES THE STAR SYSTEM OF YOUR NEWLY ADOPTED RACE.

AND NOW, THE IMAGE WHICH STANDS BEFORE YOU IS **YOUR KING!** THE LIVING COMMANDER WHO IS BEHIND ALL THE GOVERNMENTS OF THE GALAXY!"

HIS NAME IS A NAME WHISPERED IN FEAR IN FAR OFF PLANETS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE UNIVERSE!"

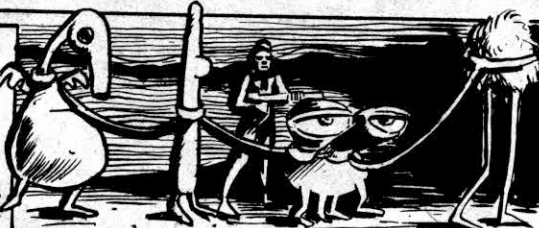
"HE IS JACKTORRO, WHICH MEANS **DEATH DEALER!** HE IS THE FIRST AND FOREMOST BALLITOID EVER TO GO BEYOND JUST THE CONQUERING OF HIS OWN STAR SYSTEMS. HE HAS REACHED ALMOST TO THE ENDS OF THE UNIVERSE. AND WITH HIS OWN DISCOVERY OF THE CELL REJUVENATION PROCESS, HE HAS BECOME **IMMORTAL!**"

"**NOTHING CAN STAND IN HIS WAY!**"



"EVERYONE BOWS DOWN TO HIM IN FEAR, RESPECT OR **COMPLETE AWE!** NO ONE CAN RESIST HIS MAJESTIC STATURE. THOSE WHO HAVE TRIED NO LONGER LIVE!"

"HIS LONGEST BATTLE, LASTING ONLY TEN LIGHT YEARS WAS WAGED AGAINST THE ASCAR PEOPLE. THEY PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT, BUT EVENTUALLY, THEY WERE NOTHING COMPARED TO OUR KING AND HIS FORCES."



"HE CONQUERS STARS, PLANETS, AND SOLAR SYSTEMS WITH THE EASE OF BREATHING AIR! EVERY SORT OF CREATURE COMES TO KNOW JACKTORRO AND SHIVERS WITH THE MENTION OF HIS NAME!"

BUT THERE ARE STILL MORE FRONTIERS IN THE STARRY HEAVENS WHICH HAVE YET TO BE TRAVERSED BY JACKTORRO, WHICH BRINGS US TO YOU, AGENT THIRTEEN! IT WAS DECIDED ONE DAY AFTER THE SUBJUGATION OF THE KRENUIN GALAXY THAT THE PACE OF TAKING OVER OTHER PLANETS WAS GOING TO SLOW! IT WAS AT THIS TIME THAT JACKTORRO HELD A MEETING!



GENTLEMEN! WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO CONQUER THE REMAINING PARTS OF THE UNIVERSE IN A MORE EXPEDIENT MANNER!

OUR PRESENT **PROGRESS IS TOO SLOW!**

BUT THE NEAREST STAR SYSTEM WE HAVE YET TO CONQUER IS MILLIONS OF LIGHT YEARS AWAY!

WE DON'T HAVE THE TECHNOLOGY TO TRAVEL THAT FAR!

GRUM SPOKE UP IN ANSWER TO JACKTORRO'S REQUEST! GRUM IS THE GREATEST SCIENTIST OF ALL THE BALLITOID. AND HIS RESPONSE TO THE PROBLEM SERVED TO FURTHER HIGHTEN ONE'S RESPECT FOR HIM!

THE SOLUTION IS QUITE SIMPLE, MY LORD!

WE'VE BUT TO USE OUR TRANSPORTER!

YOU CAN'T TRANSPORT AN ARMY, GRUM, LET ALONE TRAVELING ACROSS MILLIONS OF LIGHT YEAR MILES!

YES! BUT WE'RE CAPABLE OF SENDING A MESSENGER, AN AGENT TO ANOTHER WORLD TO REPRESENT US!

BUT HOW DOES THIS HELP US TO CONQUER PLANETS PRESENTLY BEYOND OUR REACH? ONE MAN CAN'T CONQUER A WORLD!

WE'LL USE ONE OF THEIR OWN PEOPLE! WE'LL KIDNAP AND BRAINWASH HIM! WE'LL TEACH HIM TECHNIQUES OF THE BALLITOID, AND THEN SEND HIM BACK!

THEN HE'LL RISE ABOVE THE GOVERNMENT AND REBEL AGAINST THE OTHER NATIONS! HE'LL BECOME A DICTATOR!

RIGHT! AND WHEN WE DO FINALLY ARRIVE THERE, HE'LL HAND OVER THE LEADERSHIP TO US!

AND SO IT WAS DECIDED THAT FATEFUL DAY TO BEGIN A NEW ERA IN THE CONTINUING ADVANCEMENT OF THE BALLITOID RULE. ALTHOUGH THE POWER OF TRANSPORTER WAS QUITE AWESOME...

"WHEN IT CAME TO TRANSPORTATION OVER MILLIONS OF LIGHT YEARS, ITS CAPABILITIES WERE LIMITED!"

"IT WOULD BE HUNDREDS OF YEARS BEFORE WE EVEN BEGAN TO IMPROVE ITS SYSTEMS! SO, IN THE MEAN-TIME, PLANTING AGENTS THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE WOULD BE THE NEXT BEST THING!"

THESE AGENTS WOULD TAKE OVER THEIR OWN WORLD AND PREPARE THE WAY FOR WHEN WE WOULD ARRIVE YEARS LATER."

"YOU, AGENT THIRTEEN ARE THE FIRST INSTALLMENT OF THE BALLITOID'S GREAT PLAN TO TAKE OVER THE UNIVERSE."

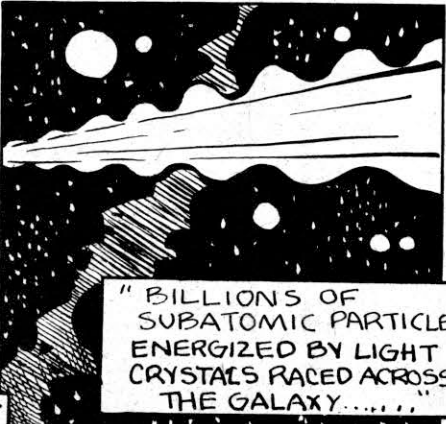
ANOTHER INHABITED PLANET HAS BEEN DISCOVERED IN SECTOR Z-19, SIR! RADIO WAVES CONFIRM THIS!

THEY REFER TO THEMSELVES AS THE PLANET EARTH!

VERY WELL! BEGIN PLAN B!



WITH THE TRANSPORTER ACTIVATED...



"BILLIONS OF SUBATOMIC PARTICLES ENERGIZED BY LIGHT CRYSTALS RACED ACROSS THE GALAXY....."



"TO LAND ON YOUR PLANET EARTH."

"YOU WERE TO BE KIDNAPED AWAY FROM YOUR HOME PLANET SO THAT WE COULD TRANSFORM YOU INTO AN AGENT OF THE BALLITOID EMPIRE!"

"YOU WERE THE MOST PERFECT SPECIMEN FOR OUR PROJECT, AGENT THIRTEEN, BECAUSE ALREADY INSTILLED IN YOU WAS A HATRED FOR YOUR FELLOW MAN."



"C'MON, MASON! PUT UP YOUR DUKES!"

"I AM! BUT WHY DO YOU WANT TO FIGHT ME! I'M YOUR TEACHER!"

"BECAUSE I DON'T LIKE YOUR LOOKS!!!"

ZZZZZ!



"HEY!"

"WHAT'S GOING ON??"

"THE TRANSPORTER BEAM SURROUNDED YOU AND THEN..."

"TOOK YOU TO THE IMPERIAL HOME OF THE BALLITOIDS."

"JACKTORRO HIMSELF SUPERVISED YOUR CAPTURE."

"HANDLE HIM CAREFULLY, YOU FOOLS!"



"HE IS OUR KEY TO CONQUERING EARTH!"

"MAYBE SO!"

"AND SO THAT'S HOW IT STARTED, AGENT THIRTEEN! YOU WERE TAKEN INTO THE LABORATORY..."

"THEY SURE ARE UGLY CREATURES!"

"HIS FACE IS SO DISGUSTINGLY SMOOTH!!"

"BUT HE'S STILL GOING TO BE AN AGENT OF THE BALLITOID GOVERNMENT AFTER WE BRAIN WASH HIM!!!"



"AND THEN BRAINWASHED TO THE FULLEST EXTENT!"

"INSTILLED IN YOU WERE ALL THE DEBASING INSTINCTS OF A BALLITOID; HATRED, VICIOUSNESS, AND RUTHLESS CUNNING!"

"THESE WERE THE QUALITIES NEEDED TO BE A MERCILESS **DICTATOR!**"

THEN YOU WERE DRAINED OF ANY NORMAL 'HUMAN' QUALITIES, YOU WERE TAKEN OFF THE BRAINWASHING DEVICE..."

"AND TRANSPORTED BACK TO YOUR PLANET EARTH,

AND SO **THAT'S** YOUR ORIGIN, AGENT THIRTEEN!

WOW! THAT WAS A GREAT STORY!

I THINK IT WAS MORE THAN JUST A STORY, HANS!

AND **NOW**, AGENT THIRTEEN, YOU HAVE BUT **ONE** MORE ASSIGNMENT TO FULFILL - TO COMPLETE.

YOU MUST SIGNAL US WITH THE ASSIGNMENT BOX! TH WILL TELL US THAT YOU HAVE **INDEED** SUCCEEDED IN CONQUERING EARTH! WITH THIS DONE, WE WILL THEN ARRIVE TO TAKE OVER YOUR GOVERNMENTAL OPERATIONS!



OTHERWISE, IT WILL BE LIGHT YEARS BEFORE WE COME TO THIS PLANET EARTH!

SO YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, AGENT THIRTEEN! WE LOOK FORWARD TO HEARING FROM YOU!
HAIL THE BALLITOID EMPIRE!



HE'S GONE!

NOT QUITE!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO!



GOOD! I'M GLAD! NOW LET'S GO HOME!

WHY'D YOU DESTROY IT??

YOU WOULDN'T WANT ANYONE TO ACCIDENTLY SIGNAL ANY OF THE BALLITOID PEOPLE, WOULD YOU?



NO! I GUESS NOT!

DO YOU THINK ANY OF IT WAS REAL??

WHY TAKE CHANCES?



I WONDER WHO THAT AGENT THIRTEEN GUY WAS?

WHO KNOWS?

WHO CARES? HE'S PROBABLY DEAD BY NOW!



PROLOGUE

TIME: THE FUTURE
PLACE: ANYWHERE ON EARTH

MAN HAS CONQUERED THE PLANET
AND LIVES IN GLEAMING CITIES
EVENLY SPACED ACROSS
THE COUNTRYSIDE.



A
BENEFICENT
WORLD
GOVERNMENT
HAS SEEN
TO IT
THAT ALL
CITIZENS
ARE FED
AND CLOTHED
EQUALLY.



ALL HAVE JOBS. ALL
HAVE HOMIES.



EQUALITY
REIGNS.
THE
EGALITARIAN
IDEAL HAS
BEEN
ACHIEVED:

ONE WORLD
LANGUAGE,
ONE WORLD
NEWSPAPER,
ONE WORLD
EVENING
NEWSCAST.



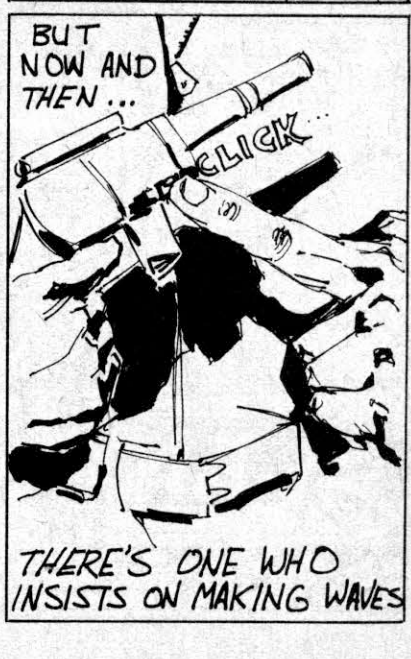
THE WORLD GOVERNMENT
HAS ELIMINATED WAR,
CRIME, HUNGER,
DISEASE...
...AND
FREEDOM.



ALL MEN ARE EQUALLY
HAPPY ALL ARE EQUALLY
MISERABLE. EVERYONE
KNOWS IT.
BUT A FEW DISAGREE.



MOST OF
THOSE
LEAVE
QUIETLY
LIKE AN
AGING
SHARK
SINKING
TO THE
BOTTOM.



BUT
NOW AND
THEN ...
CLICK...
THERE'S ONE WHO
INSISTS ON MAKING WAVES

THE ANARCHIST!

AN ABERRANT PERSONALITY HAS BEEN LOCATED IN THE LOWLANDS OUTSIDE THE WORLD CAPITAL. HE REFUSES TO REJOIN HIS FELLOW CITIZENS IN THE CITY. WORLD REPRESENTATIVES MARSK AND STOCKER HAVE DECIDED TO PERSONALLY SUPERVISE OPERATIONS TO CONTROL HIM.

STORY by F. PAUL WILSON
ART by JACK BERTRAM

WE MUST PUT AN END TO THIS QUICKLY AND QUIETLY, STOCKER!

I AGREE. IRRESPONSIBLE INDIVIDUALISTS LIKE HIM THREATEN THE IDEAL. WE CANNOT ALLOW IT!

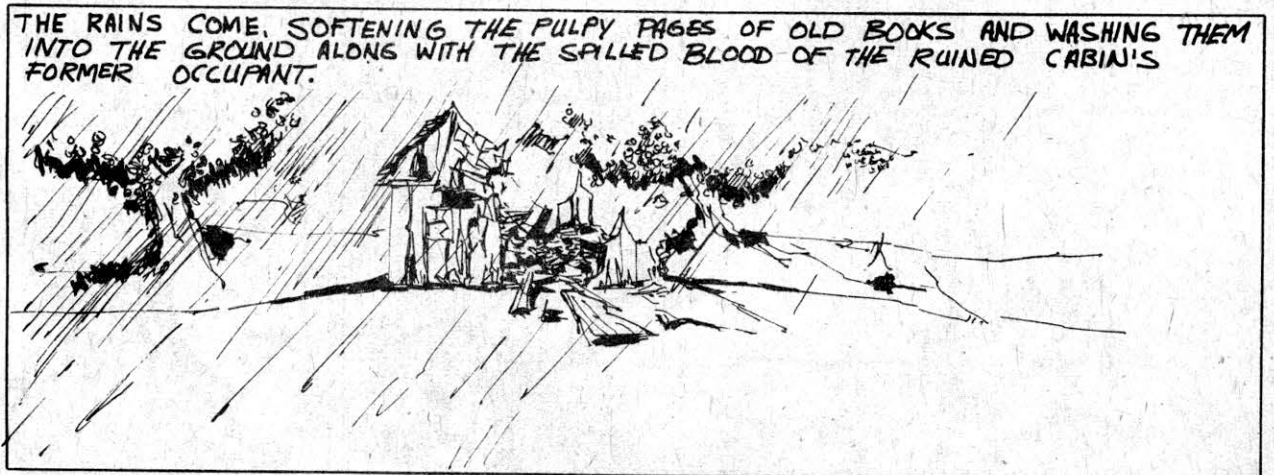
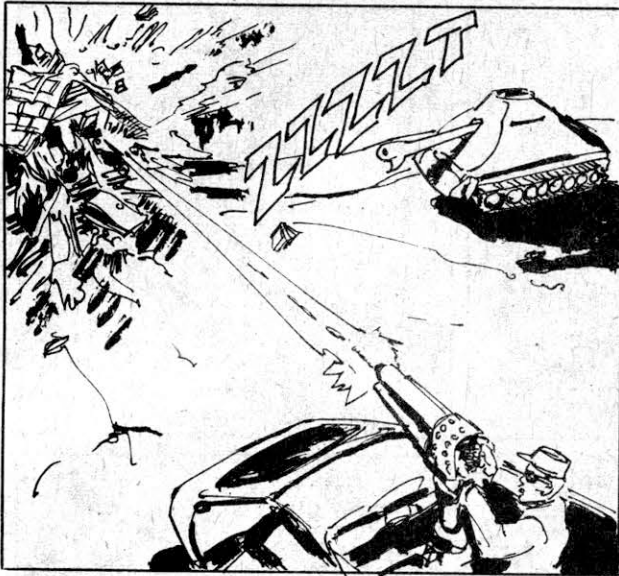


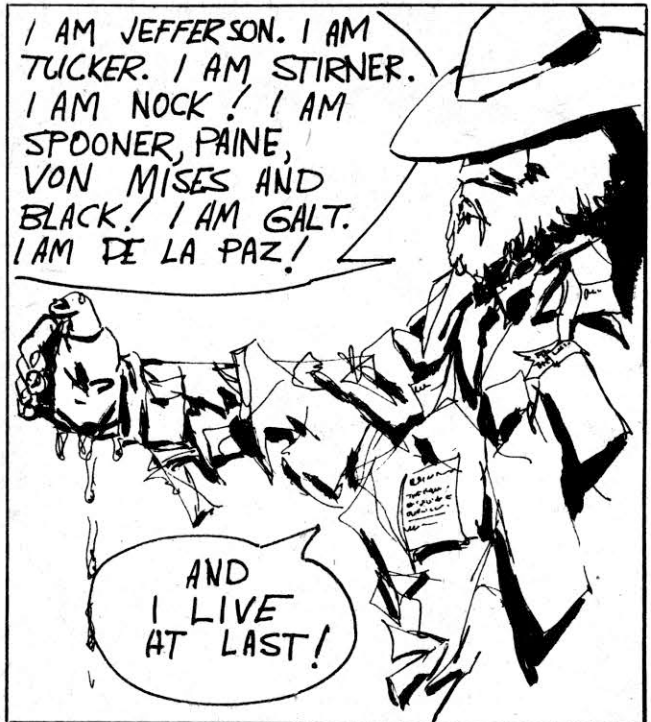
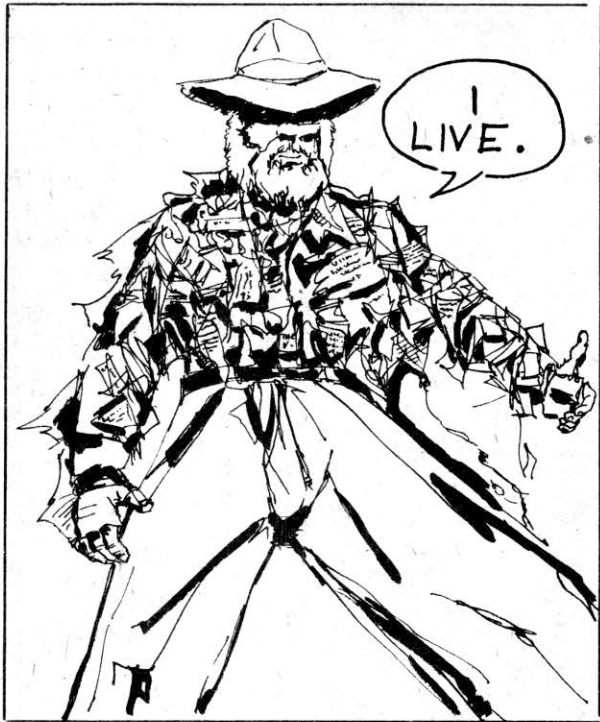
I DON'T WANT YOUR CITY! I'VE WORKED THIS LAND FOR FIVE YEARS AND I'M NOT LEAVING!

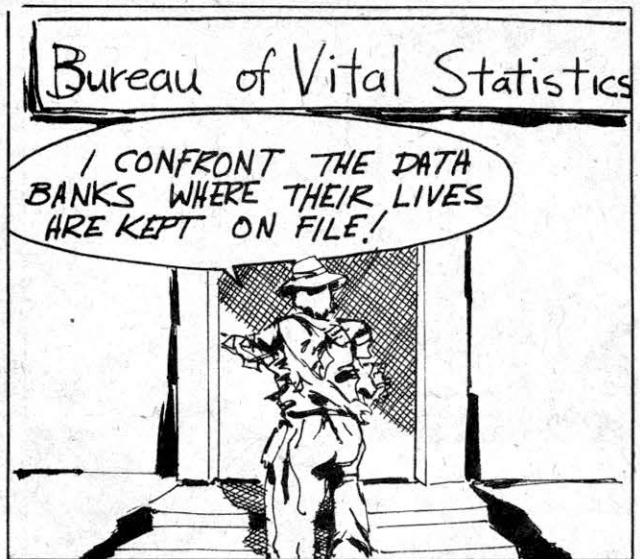


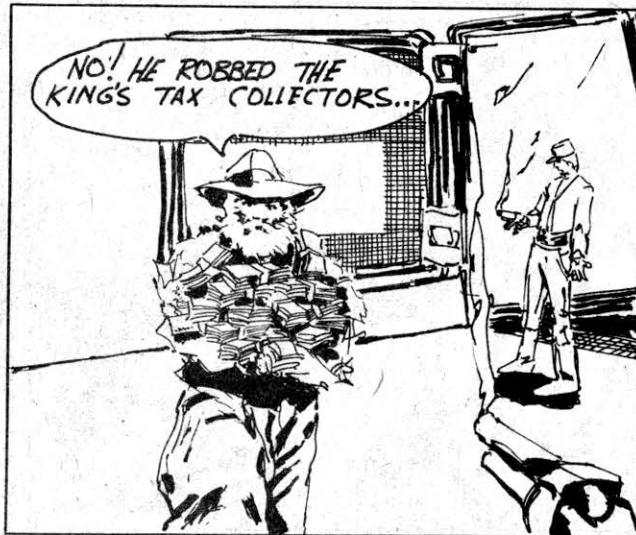
BLAST HIM OUT OF THERE!









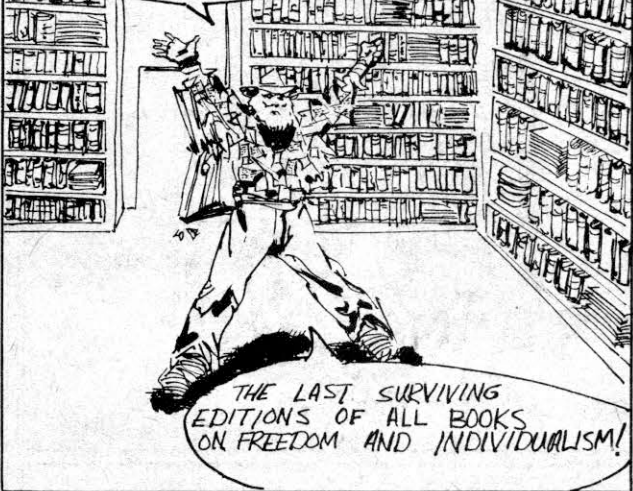


BY ALL MEANS, DO NOT DISTURB
THEIR EUPHORIA!

Proscribed Literature



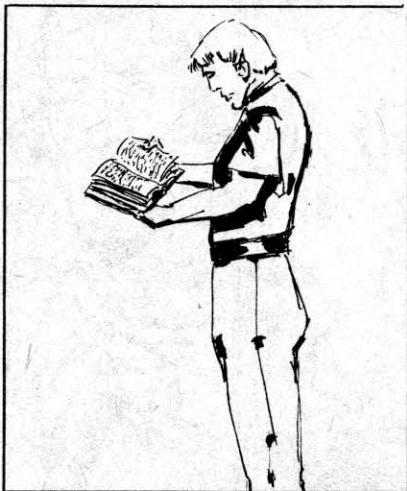
THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT OF
UNFETTERED MINDS!

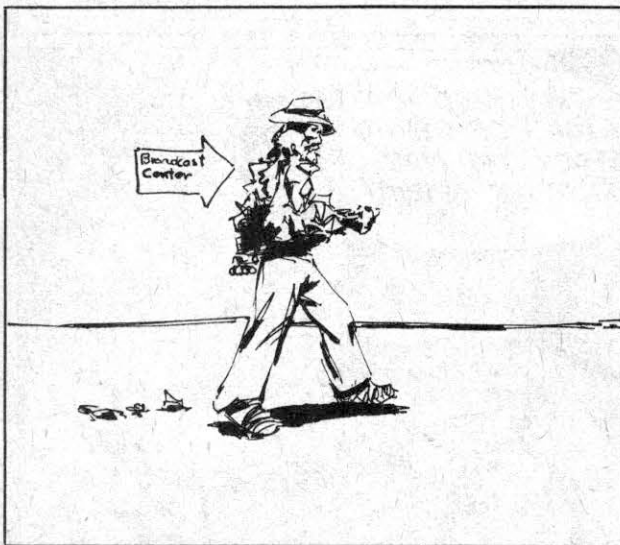
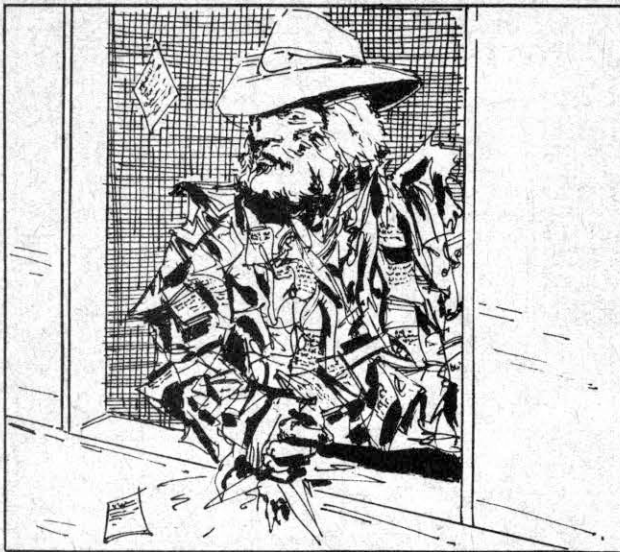


THEY'VE BEEN
HIDDEN AWAY
TOO LONG!



THEY NEED THE
LIGHT OF DAY TO
SPARK THE MIND
AND THE SPIRIT!





I THOUGHT I COULD SPARK YOUR STIFLED MINDS, BUT I SEE THAT IS A FOOL'S ERRAND! YOU PRESENT ME WITH THE ONE OBSTACLE I CANNOT OVERCOME--- APATHY!



YOU'RE NO LONGER VICTIMS--- YOU'VE BECOME ACCOMPLICES IN YOUR OWN DEGRADATION!

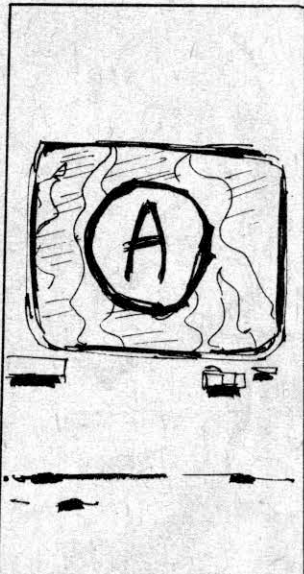
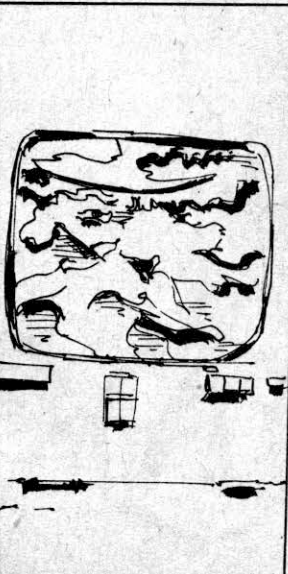
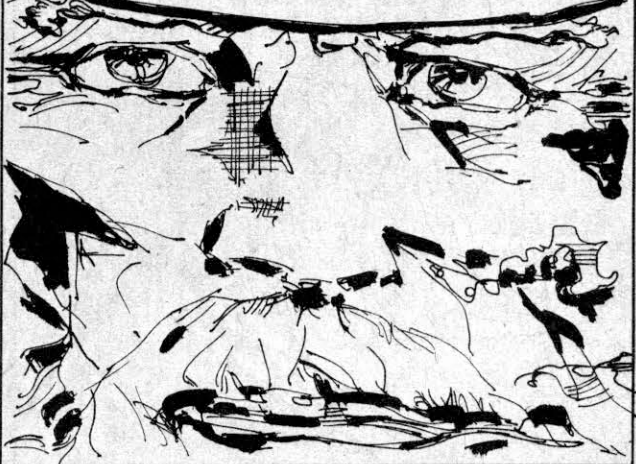
YOU TRADED YOUR BRIGHTNESS TO FREEDOM AND SELF-DETERMINATION FOR ROOM, BOARD AND A BUREAUCRATIC SECURITY BLANKET!



BUT I WARN YOU! SOMEDAY YOUR CHILDREN WILL REALIZE WHAT YOU HAVE DONE...



...AND THEY WILL MURDER YOU IN YOUR SLEEP!

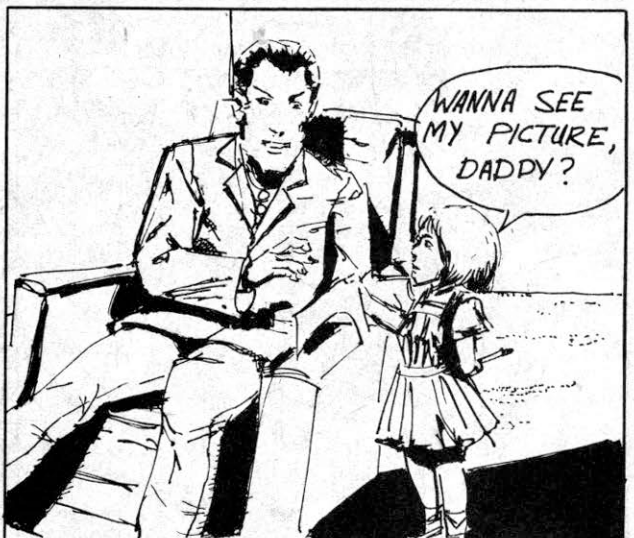


WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?

I DUNNO.



- EPILOGUE -





 Merchant Princess 2







G. HARDMAN