I wish to dedicate this first issue of Maelstrom, to Fandom's Greatest Artist. A man who has drawn more for fanzines than any other. A man who, for over a decade, carried on an almost single-handed campaign to perpetuate the memory of the world's mightiest mortal, Captain Marvel. A man who has dedicated his life to comic fandom, but has yet to receive the full recognition he deserves.

I met him... and I respect him. He is a true professional. Take a bow, Alan James Hanley, you deserve it!!!

Sincerely,

Russ Maher
Editor, Maelstrom
Magazine

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Staff

RUSSELL MAHERAS —— EDITOR,
PUBLISHER, WRITER, AND ARTIST

ROY KINNARD —— WRITER,
ARTIST, AND MOVIE CONSULTANT

E. BRIAN MURPHY —— WRITER, AND
LITERARY CONSULTANT

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LARAMIE, CHICAGO, ILL. 60651. ENTIRE CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1974 BY RUSSELL MAHERAS.
ANY SIMILARITY WITH ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IS A COINCIDENCE.
Welcome to the first issue of MAELSTROM. This fanzine is hoped to be one of the better fan publications around today, and hopefully worth your hard-earned dollar bill.

MAELSTROM exemplifies each staff-man's effort to improve, as well as possible, on the way illustrated magazines now appear. This is the first issue, though, and each individual is still grasping for a definite way to express his ideas. Thus, by the time issue number two sees print, sometime in August, you can expect much better art and story continuity.

The idea of a fanzine first crossed my mind around two years ago, when I saw George Broo's CHRONICLE. I said to myself "Man! Why can't I do something like that?", and I went to Roy's (who was a whiz on movies, and who I had already been drawing with for over a quarter of a decade), and said "Hey, let's do a fanzine." That night, a cover (done on typing paper), the name MAELSTROM (which I picked just because it sounded good), and two pages were done. Two years later, work started again. Now, after six months of hard work and frustration, you hold in your hands the finished product. The one original page that survived the two year wait is SUPERHEROES IN THE CINEMA, and that only after a complete rewrite by Roy.

And now, meet the meager staff:

RUSSELL MAHERAS, 19 - Like most other artists, I hope to draw for the pros some day. I've been drawing now for six years and have had to pick up what I could by myself. My biggest influence has been the Kirby-Ayers team, yet I have never directly swiped any of their work. I've read all the early Marvels so many times, that I have Lee, Kirby, and Ayers ingrained in my style. I'm not nearly as good, but I try.

ROY KINNAHL, 22 - Although Roy is a talented writer-artist, his heart is with movies, and primarily special effects such as three-dimensional animation. His enthusiasm stems forth from years of viewing films, beginning with KING KONG, when he was five years old (he claims that since then he's seen it thirty-seven times). His major influence with comics is, like myself, Lee and Kirby. Again, Roy does not believe that swiping is the answer to a good strip, All of the work he does is his own.

E. BRIAN MURPHY, 25 - Brian's background stems from a cornucopia of literary genres. With a Bachelor of Arts in English Literature, Brian enjoys all types of reading material. However, his obsession is the bloody pulps, with which, as you can find out for yourself in the article A HOUSEFUL OF DEATH, he handles fairly well. Brian's favorite comics are REX THE WONDER DOG, WONDER WOMAN, and THE SHADOW.
A freak of nature unfolds the most startling tale ever told, when a murderous gang from the 30's returns to kill again! Watch out— for the deadly...

BRENNAH MOB

BLAZING ACTION!
THRILLING SUSTENSE!

Plot & characters by Roy Kinnard — Script & Art by Ross Maheras
Our story opens along a typical river near the sprawling industrial section of Cosmopolis. For years, factories had spewed their raw sewage into the river's maw.

This raw sewage, made of countless chemical wastes, had, during the years, mixed and re-mixed into compounds unknown.

These compounds seeped into the land by the banks of the river, and over the years blended with the soil, until... one day... they finally caused...

A startling... reaction!

In this mass grave lies the 'Slim' Brennan mob.

Later that night, at the local museum, there is as yet, no sign of the grim tale which is to unfold. The only sound within the structure is a familiar one...

It is the staccato beat of the night watchman's shoes upon the ancient floor. His evening trek amid the relics of the past is uneventful, that is, until he enters the antique auto wing...
For where there should have been a rare antique, there was none!

The car! It... it's gone!

News travels fast, so minutes later, at police headquarters, the police chief is interrupted by an urgent report.

Cap'n Bogart! Another museum robbery!!

What th---?

The desk sergeant quickly gives Captain R. Bogart the details of the bizarre robbery...

...Yeah Cap'n! The guard was making his rounds. When he noticed? Do ya think this ties in with the antique gun thefts?

Damn it! I wish I knew! This crap has to stop!

As the sergeant leaves the captain to brood, Bogart tries to find a motive:

Both those robberies were tied in! The guns and the car both used to belong to Cheke; the Slim Brennan mob! But they're long since dead! It couldn't be!

Missing guns... missing cars... the puzzle is intricate, but close to solution!

That car! It's about to...
BLOODY-SPLATTERED MINUTES LATER...
I HAD TO PLUG
ANOTHER ONE SLIM!

SO WHAT?! ALL I'M INTERESTED
IN IS THE SCORE WE'VE GOT TO
SETTLE WITH ARE OLD PAL BOGART!

SOME TIME LATER, A RESTLESS FIGURE
MAKES A FUTILE ATTEMPT TO FORGET
HIS SECRET PAST.

IT - IT'S INSANE! I SAW THEM
DIE MYSELF! YET ALL EVIDENCE...
ALL PROOF, POINTS TO ONE CONCLUSION.
THE BRENNA MOB LIVES AGAIN!!!

I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT LOOK
OF FEAR ON THEIR FACES AS THEY
STOOD THERE, READY TO DIE! I'VE
SEEN THOSE FACES OVER AND OVER
AGAIN IN MY DREAMS/HAIRED
EVERY NIGHT FOR 40 YEARS!!

I - I CAN SEE IT ALL NOW...THE
FOUR OF THEM! BIG 'SLIM' BRENNA,
THE OLDEST... LITTLE 'SLIM' BRENNA,
THE YOUNGEST... FRANK BRENNA, THE
TRIGGERMAN... AND LOTTIE DAHL, THEIR
GUNMOLLL!

THEY ARE OUT CASTS
OF SOCIETY! THEY DON'T
DESERVE TO LIVE!!

WE'LL GET YOU
SOMEDAY, BOGART! I SWEAR
IT!!

WE JUST LINED 'EM UP IN
A REMOTE FIELD, SHOT 'EM A
COUPLE A TIMES, AN TOSSED
'EM IN A HOLE.
MURDERED THEM SOBs! WITHOUT A TRIAL, I-I JUST CAN'T GET THEM OFF OF MY MIND! I SOBs CAN'T! IT'S LIKE....

...WHAT YOU!

NYEAH ME, COPPER! AN' YOU KNOW WHAT I'M HERE FOR, DON'T YOU? KILL ALL'A US AN' TINK YER GONNA GET AWAY WIT' IT, HUH? WELL, ME'N DA GANG'VE COME BACK FER YA, SEE? DA JIG IS UP.

BY THE BRISTLING BEARD OF CROM!

GET HIM! SHOW 'IM WHAT WE DO TA NO-GOOD RATS!!!!

NO! NO!

YEAH BOGART! DIG IS YER FINISH!!!

WELL... THAT'S IT! I HOPE THE STORY WASN'T TOO FAR-FETCHED FOR YOU/DEAD BODIES WALKING AROUND... HEH, HEH, WHatta LAUGH!
Hey! Are you one of those morons who likes to enter all kinds of ridiculous contests? If so, then this is for you...

Announcing for the First Time

Anywhere...

The Official

Maelstrom Name The Villian Contest

Hey mortal! Give me a name... or suffer my avenging wrath!

Be the first on your block to enter!

All you have to do is name the Villian! Yes, that's all! Then send in your suggestion along with your name and address! And if you win, we'll send you a mint copy of Kamandi! #1

The winner's name will appear in the 2nd issue of Maelstrom.

All entries will be judged by originality and all entries will become property of us.

Roy Kinnard & Russ Maheras
HE LIVES!!!
HE BREATHS!!!
HE'S THE MIGHTY....

GACK!

THE CREATURE FROM PLANET ZAK!!

PUNY FOOLS! RUN...
RUN! FOR I AM... GACK!

HEY JACK! GRAB YOUR BACKPACK AND DON'T STOP FOR A SNACK, 'CAUSE THE FLACK CAN'T FORCE BACK THE SAD SACK GACK, FROM PLANET ZAK, WHO'S GOT THE POWER TO HACK OUR ACK-ACK TO HELL AN BACK, AS THO IT WAS NO MORE'N A TACK! LEYACK!

YEAH!
THE PUNY FOOLS! LITTLE DO THEY REALIZE THAT I HAVE DEVORRED THEIR COMPANIONS, AND THAT SOON, THEY TOO SHALL REST WITHIN THE REGAL BELLY OF... ORGOMBOO - HE WHO STALKS!!!

PETEY, THERE'S SOMETHING EVIL HERE.... I CAN FEEL IT!!!

GOSH, SUSIE - WHERE IS EVERYONE? YOU'D THINK THAT WITH DICK CLARK, WOLFMAN JACK, CONNIE STEVENS, AND CHUBBY CHECKER HERE, THE WHOLE GANG WOULD'VE SHOWN UP!!!

Roy Kinnard & Russ Maheras '74
IN THE DEEP REACHES OF SPACE...

YES, SPACE-DOLL! THE AVENGING ANGEL OF THE SPACEWAYS! POSSESSING DYNAMIC STRENGTH AND AWESOME POWERS, SHE ROAMS THE UNIVERSE, RIGHTING WRONGS!

BUT WHO IS SPACE-DOLL, AND HOW DID SHE COME TO BE? FOR THE STARTLING AND ASTOUNDING ANSWERS TO THESE BURNING QUESTIONS, WE MUST TURN THE COSMIC CLOCK BACK... BACK...

HIGH ABOVE EARTH...

THERE LIVES... SPACE-DOLL!!

GOLLY BEJEEZUS!!

... BACK TO THE TIME WHEN SPACE-DOLL WAS PATTY CONWAY, A POOR WAITRESS...

HERE'S YOUR CHILI, FELLAS! OHHH!
UNFORTUNATELY, THE CUSTOMERS PATTY SERVED WEREN'T VERY NICE!!

IN FACT, THEY WERE DOWNRIGHT OBNOXIOUS!!

MOLLYFRAZZGADS!!

HAW, HAW, HAW!!!

JEEZUS MOMAWATTS!!!

HUBBA HUBBA BABY!!

AND THEN ONE DAY...

PATTY WAS ATTACKED BY A MUGGER, AND AT THAT INSTANT, A METEOR STRUCK HER IN THE HEAD, ENDOWING HER WITH SUPER-POWERS!!

ACK! A MUGGER!

BUS STOP

SIGH

OOK! FOR ONE SO INCREDIBLY FRAGILE YOU DEMOLISH MY CRANIUM WITH ASTONISHING EASE!!

GOLLY BEJEEZUS, THIS IS FUN!!

AND SO WAS BORN SPACE DOLL - AVENGING ANGEL OF THE SPACEWAYS !!!!
A Houseful of Death!

by E. Brian Murphy

A Slick History of 3 Pulp Heros!

AN EERIE SILENCE DESCENDED UPON THE ROOM.

"SCRIBBLE, SCRIBBLE..."

"WAS HE BULLETPROOF?" SAID THE ARTIST.

"NOT REALLY, HE WORE A CELLULAR-GASS--NO, THAT WAS THE AVENGER--DOC SAVAGE'S BULLETPROOF VEST WAS A METAL MESH. HE ALSO WORE A METAL HELMET THAT LOOKED LIKE HIS HAIR.

THIS WAS BULLETPROOF, TOO."

"KINDA REMINDS ME OF THE 'BAMA' DOC SAVAGE."

HE GESTURED AT THE POSTER ON THE WALL AND I NODDED.

RUSS, MY ILLUSTRATOR FRIEND, HAD BEEN GROPING FOR A PULP SUBJECT TO DRAW FOR THIS ARTICLE:

"WHO WAS THE TOUGHEST VILLAIN HE EVER FACED?"

"THE TOUGHEST ONE--EH, WELL, THE ONLY ONE I KNOW THAT DOC FOUGHT WHO LATER RETURNED WAS JOHN SUNLIGHT, BUT AS FAR AS THE TOUGHEST ALONE, THERE WAS THE OLD MAN ON FEAR CAY, AND THE SPOTTED MEN..."


"DON'T BE FOOLLED," I SAID, "BAMA IS A PRETTY HARD ACT TO FOLLOW." RUSS STARTED TO WORK; I STARTED TO DREAM...

THE STINGING WORDS OF "EL DIABLO" BROUGHT ME TO MY SENSES. WHERE WAS I? I GUESS IT DIDN'T MATTER. I WAS BOUND TIGHT TO A POST IN THE MIDDLE OF A SMALL ROOM. MY ONLY TWO AIDES IN THIS CASE--PIERRE AND PRONTITO--WERE BOTH BOUND TO THE POST ALONG WITH ME. THE OLD, FAMILIAR FEELINGS CAME BACK TO ME; I BEGAN TO TEST THE ROPES THAT HELD ME FOR THEIR HIDDEN WEAKNESSSES. PIERRE AWOKE WITH A START. I BEGAN TO TAP ON HIS BINDINGS IN MORSE AS "DIABLOS!" VOICE GRATEC OVER THE P.A. LOCATED ABOVE THE DOORWAY:

"WHY DID YOU COME ALL THIS WAY ONLY TO BE TRAPPED LIKE A RAT, SEARCHER? WHY ARE YOU GIVING YOUR LIFE BECAUSE OF ME?"

THE P.A. RATTLED ON--IT SEEMED ODD THAT THE VILLAIN DID NOT REALIZE THE AMOUNT OF TIME HE WAS GIVING ME. TITO WAS AWARE. THE VOICE FROM THE BOX DRUMMED ON--NOW I KNEW!
THE VOICE OVER THE SPEAKER WAS A RECORD, WE
HAD TO WORK FAST.

"YOU CAN'T WORK YOUR WAY FREE?"

"NO, SENOR--TOO TIGHT!"

"PIERRE, CAN YOU BREAK THE ROPE?"

"OUT--THEES ROPE, SHE IS NOT SO BAD.
EET IS THEIR ROOM THAT GEEVE ME THE WORRY."

"I'LL TAKE A DEEP BREATH--YOU'RE GOING
TO NEED IT."

I COULD HEAR THE INTAKE AS MY AIDES AND
I PREPARED FOR WHAT I HOPED TO BE THE FINAL
ACT IN THE PULP PICTURE. THE PRESSURE
BEAN IMMEDIATELY. PIERRE LOST NO TIME, HIS
MONOLITHIC STRUCTURE STRETCHED AND PULLED
UNTIL I COULD HAVE SWORN I HEARD A CRACKING
SOUND. SNAPS OF THE ROPE CAME THROUGH THE DRAINING
OF THE SPEAKER, WE WERE FREE--BUT AT SUCH A COST! SEVERAL
OF PRONTITIO'S RIBS WERE BROKEN. HE LAY OUT
STRETCHED ON THE FLOOR, GASPING FOR BREATH.

MY GASP WAS ALMOST VISIBLE.

"RUGS, THAT'S A FANTASTIC SKETCH."

"GREAT, NOW TELL ME ABOUT THE THREE
PULP HEROES, LIKE YOU PROMISED."

SO I BEGAN TO TELL OF THE EXPLOITS OF
WALTER GIBSON--OR WAS IT LAMONT CRANSTON--OR WAS IT MAXWELL GRANT?

THE FIRST OF THE BIG THREE MONEYMAKING
HEROES OF THE PULPS (BY MODERN STANDARDS OF
POPULARITY) IS A LONG DISTANCE RUNNER NAMED THE
SHADOW. AMONG THE FIRST OF HIS INFAMOUS
ADVENTURES, HE IS IDEMERED TO BE A SCARRIED
SPY INVOLVED IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR, WHO
LATER ADOPTED THE DISGUISE OF A BLACKOUTFIT
WITH FULL CAP, BLAZING FORTY-FIVE'S, AND A
FLAPPY BLACK HAT. THE TRUE EXTENT OF THE
CHARACTER'S ABILITIES IS REVEALED AS THE
SERIES PROGRESSES. THE ORIGIN AND TRAJECTORY
OF THE SHADOW IS NOT REVEALED UNTIL THE
AUGUST 1, 1934 ISSUE OF STREET AND SMITH'S
THE SHADOW, WHERE IT IS REQUONTED THAT THE
HERO IS IN REALITY A RECENTLY FOUND AVIATOR
NAMED KENT ALLARD, WHO PRETENDED TO BE SHOT
DOWN BY THE ENEMY IN WORLD WAR ONE AND SPENT
FOR THE DURATION. ALLARD RETURNED FROM THE
WAR TO TRY AGAINST CRIME, BUT HE PROMISED TO CRASH
IN GUATEMALA TO Disable HIS OWN DEATH,
WHILE HE TRAVELED TO AMERICA TO TURN HIS
SPYING TECHNIQUES AGAINST EVILDOERS.

THE SHADOW MAGAZINE Began IN APRIL, 1931
UNDER THE AUTHORSHIP OF WALTER GIBSON, ALIAS
"MAXWELL GRANT." THE SHADOW MOVED DEFTLY
THROUGH THE DARK HABITUATIONS OF CRIME UNTIL
HE BECAME ADAPT AT CONCEALING HIMSELF FROM THE
EYES OF MEN. THE MYSTERIOUS POWER WHICH
ACQUIRED FOR "CLOUDING MEN'S MINDS" WAS, IN THE
MAIN, THE INVENTION OF THE RADIO WRITERS
OF THE STREET AND SMITH DETECTIVE SHOW. THE
ACTUAL MAGAZINE RAN AN INCREDIBLE THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHT ISSUES, OVERPOWERING
THE STAFF OF THE MAGAZINE AND THE FANS OF
RADIO WITH ITS POPULARITY. THE CHARACTER ON
THE RADIO WAS THE VOICE OF ORSON WELLES, FOLLOWED
ON THE SCREEN, LATER, BY THE FACE OF
VICTOR JORY. THE SERIES ENDED IMMEDIATELY
BEFORE THE YEAR OF THE ULTIMATE CATA-
STROPHE IN THE PULP WORLD:

THE CHARACTER CREATED BY GIBSON IS
CLOAKED IN MYSTERY. MOST OF THE DETAILS
OF THE ORIGIN ARE VAGUE OR PURPOSELY IMPE-
CISE. WHAT IS CLEAR: THAT THE
IDENTITY OF LAMONT CRANSTON IS TAKEN
OVER BY THE SHADOW. IN THE THIRD
ADVENTURE, CRANSTON IS CONFRONTED BY HIS DOUBLE IN THE
PERSON OF THE SHADOW, WHO INFORMS HIM THAT
HE MUST MAKE ARRANGEMENTS TO LEAVE THE
COUNTRY IF HE DOES NOT WANT TO BE "EXPOSED" AS
AN IMPOSTER BY A MAN WHO HAS STUDIED THE
ROLE OF THE PLAYBOY TO SUCH PERFECTION THAT
HE IS ABLE TO GIVE AN IMITATION THAT IS
REAL OR BETTER THAN THE ORIGINAL. CRANSTON
IS FORCED TO FLEE, ALTHOUGH THE SHADOW
LATER SUMMONS HIM BACK TO AID HIM IN HIS PUR-
SUITS OF CRIMINALS.

THOUGH THE BASIS OF THE CHARACTER IS
FOUND IN THE VOICE OF THE NARRATOR OF THE
ORIGINAL STREET AND SMITH DETECTIVE SHOW OF
THE RADIO, THE ENDLESS ATTRACTION OF THE
PULPS STEMS FROM THE INEXHAUSTIBLE MIND OF
WALTER GIBSON. HIS SKILL FAR SURPASSED THAT
OF HIS IMMEDIATE CONTEMPORARIES IN THE PULP
FIELD. THE FULL-LENGTH SHADOW WORKS NUMBER
ABOUT 178. THE WORLD OF THE AUTHOR WHO MADE
THOSE FULL-LENGTH WORKS COME ALIVE OFTEN
TURNED INTO A LONG NIGHTMARE, SIMILAR TO SOME
OF THE ONES HE PICTURED FOR HIS HERO:
THE WRITERS OF HIS DAY WERE, FOR THE MOST
PART, MORE APPRECIATED FOR THEIR ABILITY TO
TURN OUT FAST WORK RATHER THAN FINE WORK.
"MAXWELL GRANT" WOULD, IN A HALF-SLEEP, SEE
HIS FINGERS RISE FROM THE KEYBOARD COVERED
WITH A FILM OF BLOOD. GIBSON WOULD SOM-
TIMES WORK FROM ONE TYPEWRITER TO ANOTHER
WITHOUT STOPPING. HE WOULD FIND HIMSELF EN-
TERING THE CHARACTERS FROM ONE STORY INTO
ANOTHER. A PIECE OF A SHADOW PLOT WOULD BE
FOUND LATER IN THE MIDDLE OF STREET AND
SMITH'S DETECTIVE TALES.

THE FIRST, AND MOST NOTED, OF THE SHA-
DON'S AIDES IS HARRY VINCENT, WHO IS SAVED
FROM SUICIDE BE AN ELUSIVE STRANGER WHO
CLAIMS THE RIGHT TO USE VINCENT'S LIFE IN
ANY WAY THIS SAVIOR SEEMS FIT. VINCENT GRAD-
UALLY BECOMES A VITAL LINK IN THE CHAIN OF
COMMAND ORGANIZED BY THE SHADOW. ANOTHER
VITAL LINK, CLAUDE FELLOWS, IS KILLED EAR-
LY IN THE SERIES. THE AIDES CRANSTON USES
BEFORE VINCENT, CHRONOLOGICALLY SPEAKING,
AND WHO SEEMS TO KNOW A GREAT DEAL ABOUT
THE HERO SO EARY IN THE SERIES, WHERE THE
LEGS OF HARRY VINCENT BECOME IMPORTANT AS
TOOLS OF THE TRADE; THE MIND OF CLAUDE FEL-
LOW BECOMES HIS BScIC WEAPON IN THE FIGHT
AGAINST CRIME. HIS IMPARIAL ANALYSIS AND
HIS TALENT FOR DEDUCTIVE AND INDUCTIVE RE-
ASONING PROVE QUITE VALUABLE UNTIL HIS DEATH.

"THE WEED OF CRIME BEARS BITTER FRUIT!

IN GANCEDDOO'S DOOM, THE ONLY SHADOW ACCOUNT
OF THE DEATH OF AN AIDE IN THE LINE OF DUTY,
THE THIRD OF THE SHADOW'S AIDES, MARGE LANCE,
RECEIVED MORE ATTENTION ON THE RADIO
THAN IN THE PULPS. THE REMAINING AIDES: HAWKEYE,
CLYDE BURKE, CLYDE MARSLAND, CURBANK, MOE
SHREVINITZ, AMONG OTHERS, PRESENT TOO MUCH
MATERIAL TO BE COVERED IN DETAIL.

THE RADIO SERIES WORKED MORE TOWARD
PUTTING MARGE LANE IN THE PULP MAGAZINE, IN-
STEAD OF VICE-VERSA. THE PULP FANS WERE IN
FAVOR MORE OF KEEPING THE WOMEN OUT OF THE
BOOK--THEY WERE A MALE AUDIENCE THAT READ
ONLY "MANLY" MAGAZINES. THE CHARACTER OF
MARGE WAS USED BOTH AS A FOIL AND AS A
POSSIBLE ROMANTIC INTEREST. THE RADIO SERIES
ALSO PUT MORE STRESS ON THE SECRET IDENTITY
MYSTERY. THE SHADOW--CRANSTON WAS A FICTIONAL
PERSON, NOT ANOTHER SUIT OF CLOTHES FOR THE
HERO. THE SERIES FOR THE LISTENING AUDIENCE
COULD BE ACTED OUT IN A CLOSET; OPPOSED TO THE
PULP STORIES THAT ARE FILLED WITH PERIL-
Pierre threw his overpowering frame against the door—with no results. Then he began pounding away with his massive fists. Huge chunks of soundproofed wood were torn away to reveal a coating of solid steel! I pulled Pierre away from the door long enough to convince him that he should be pounding the slats away from the molding—looking for the circuitry that might actually open the door mechanism. I took hold of one large, broken slab and began tapping the ceiling with it. I hit a hollow sound above my head and I called to Pierre to lift me up. I could see that the paint and plaster covering the air vents was porous. I battled it with my fist and the covering fell away in a thousand little pieces. I used my own body as a lever as I gripped the grating, holding steady while Pierre pulled me down from the ceiling. I felt the grating giving with a low squeak. I pulled it free. The opening was very small—a job for the compact prentito. I took a last look at his patmetric form, still gasping from a setback in ribs, before I made a forced ascent through the confines of the ventilator system. I dared not yet reveal to my aides the scent that their less-developed senses could not yet detect—kerosene and fuel oil coursing through the ducts. Diablos was preparing to fire the building!

The next sensation to reach my senses sent a sick feeling to the pit of my stomach: machine-gun fire somewhere below me. It looked like the master criminal had no further use for his underlings. I could confront El Diablo and his lieutenant now, but my aides always came first: no villain was as important as their safety. I slid down a section of the ducts and began to kick my way out of its claustrophobic spaces, in the din created by sounds of gunfire. There would still be precious moments left until Diablo fired the building. I reached the spot outside the steel-lined room and began probing for the pressure plate that would release the door. Deep down in the lower reaches of the house I heard a chilling laugh—I heard the arch-criminal was up to something. Suddenly, the steel door rumbled back and Pierre stepped forward holding Tito in his arms. The little man would not utter a sound, but I knew that the pain of being moved in his condition must be excruciating. We started down into unknown peril...

Unknown perils were the specialities of the second triumph from Street and Smith. The publishers of The Shadow were intent in their use of this newly "found" formula for storytelling as a quick way to the money. They searched the confines of the firm for a man who could measure up. In some way, to the machine-gun typewriter of Walter Gibson, they found the填补空白. Tito, who was drowned with the colorful house name of Kenneth Robeson. Dent was not strong in grammar and story structure as some of the remaining staff, but he could churn out dialogue with incredible speed. Not pined the formula for the novels he would write on the wall above his typewriter. By following this formula closely, varying it from novel to novel, Kenneth Robeson wrote 165 out of the 191 pulps that he did. Clark Savage, Junior, "Doc Savage," is the number two man in the long distance race of the hero pulp. He was created to the specifications of the publishers. The image of the all-American boy, who is good, with gadgets, a looker among the ladies, and good to the core, dent outdid himself by producing a well-muscled marvel of bronze sculpted with the brains of a "quiz kid" and the goodness of General Mills. The women are visibly stirred when Doc enters the room; he makes all attempts to disregard them. Since his hazardous occupation forces him to do so in all fairness and concern for their own safety, women are a definite weakness of the shadow hero. Due to his hope, innocence, they are constantly being saved by him, put off by him, and enchanted with him. At other times, they are chasing him, trapping him, beguiling him, and trying to finish him off. The shadow hides in his own blackness; Doc almost radiates a bronze glow. The shadow walks through walls; Doc breaks them apart. The former is like an under-tow; the latter like a giant wave. There is no possible basis for a comparison of the two characters; the first appeals almost exclusively to mystery fans; the second to those who crave fast action. In the shadow, the mystery is in the hero. In Doc Savage, the mystery is in each of the villains or in their "modi operandi." The shadow can only be summed up in a book; with Doc Savage, it can be done in a paragraph. But where the shadow possesses unbeatable mystery—Doc has color.

This sense of color in the savage novels is seen in several ways: in the names and attributes of the villains; in the various outposts to which the hero and his crew travel; and in the uncommon devices used from time to time. Almost every Doc adventure wisks the reader away to secret strongholds of the world's mightiest villains. Dent's name-calling ranges from the most colorful: John sunlight, to the most ridiculous put-on: Heck Nee. The reader is always in for a good time. Clark Savage, Jr. tramps around the world to places never seen or heard of: a tropical corner of the Jurassic genre underneath the pole; a forgotten out of a race of Vikings; an island of Gorges; a lost Mayan civilization; a city buried beneath the sea; and an eerie world rooted in
DOCTOR SAVAGE'S AIDES ARE COMMON KNOWLEDGE TO PAPERBACK AND PULP FAN ALIKE. THE FABULOUS FIVE ARE ABOUT THE MOST "CAPTURED" OF THE HELPERS OF PULPDOM. THEY POSSESS MONSTERS ENOUGH TO OCCUPY THE GREATER PARTS OF THE ADVENTURES, WERE IT NOT FOR THE TRITE NICKNAMES APPLIED TO EACH MAN:

LIEUTENANT COLONEL ANDREW BLODGETT MAYFAIR MUST BE THE MOST WELL-CHARACTERIZED SECOND FIDDLE IN THE PULPS; HE IS ABLE TO TAKE THE LIMELIGHT FROM DOC HIMSELF ON OCCASION. MAYFAIR'S NAME IN THE ADVENTURES IS MONK, A NAME INDICATIVE OF THE MASTER CHEMIST'S NEANDERTHAL APPEARANCE, MONK'S ARMS HOVER ABOUT HIS KNEE CAPS, AND THE MAJOR PART OF HIS BODY IS COVERED WITH A SODIUM LAZER OF FINE, RED HAIR. MONK IS ENDOWED WITH THE IMMORTAL "FACE THAT ONLY A MOTHER COULD LOVE."


BRIGADIER GENERAL THEODORE MARLEY BROOKS, CALLED "HAM," IS THE EXACT COUNTERPART TO THE STUPID-LOOKING, UNCOUTH BUT YET LOVEABLE MONK. HAM IS A PEARLESS DRESSER--SO MUCH SO THAT NEWSMEN FROM THE FASHION COLUMNS FOLLOW HIM FROM PLACE TO PLACE TO OBTAIN LEADS ON THE NEWEST STYLES. HAM CARRIES ON A RUNNING ARGUMENT WITH HIS FRIEND AND CHILDHOOD COMPANION, THE CHEMIST, WHICH THE AUTHOUR USES VERBATUM IN NEARLY EVERY ADVENTURE TO HOLD THE NEW READERS (AND PAD THE EPISODE?) HI IS OFTEN DESCRIBED AS WASPBELL AND SLENDER, AND HE IS FURTHER DISTINGUISHED BY HIS FREQUENT USE OF A SWORD CANE DIPPED INTO A TIP INTO AN INSTANT SLEEP-INDUCING DRUG. BROOKS RECEIVED HIS NAME FROM THE RESULT OF HIS OWN PRACTICAL JOKE ON MONK DURING THE WARTIME: THE LATTER WAS ABLE TO FRAME HAM FOR THE STEALING OF A SLAB OF SAID MEAT--THE FRAME WAS SO SUCCESSFUL THAT BROOKS NEVER CLEARED HIMSELF OF THE CHARGE.

The very thought of Ham or the mention of the word impurates Brooks, since he is one of the world's greatest lawyers--after Doc Savage, of course.

Colonel John Renwick is the only aide in the group whose height in any way rivals that of Doc Savage. What Monk possesses in bulk weight (260 pounds) Renwick makes up in height. This giant, with the humps of beef for hands, delights in a somewhat unerving habit of punching panels out of solid oak doors to the cacophony of a reverberating "Holy Cow!"--his strongest language. Renwick usually storms his way through the thick of a fight, lashing left and right with his meat hooks, only to be inevitably clobbered from behind by a poor sport. The Booming Colonel is the engineer of the group, he sports a sourpuss when he is happy and a grin when danger threatens. The only man in the world who has acquired a greater expertise in the engineer's chosen field is--you guessed it--Doc Savage.

The final two Doc Savage aides are the least featured in the series. William Harper Littlejohn is the "bony archeologist" who is usually referred to as Johnny, who is also the resident geologist, and who prides himself on the use of the largest words in the English language. His pet term is: "I'LL BE SUPER-AMALGAMATED!" Long Tom, Major Thomas J.Roberts is the electrical genius of the group. His electrical devices usually receive more exposure in the stories than he, himself. He is always described as the most emaciated, unhealthy-looking member of the group--but he can lick his weight in wildcats, and he sometimes does.

The last of the characters that round-out the Doc Savage team are Pat Savage and the Pets. Pat is the female counterpart to Doc, possessing his bronze skin and perfect features. She was introduced in the story, "Brand of the Werewolf," to the endless chargin' of Doc. In the Phantom City, Monk acquires an Arabian hog which he uses to harass Ham by naming it "Habbes-Corp." Ham, in turn, finds a pet "whatisit" that so closely resembles Monk that strangers sometimes think they are seeing double when the two of them stand side-by-side. The closest definition the author gives of the pet is that it is some sort of ape.

"WHAT ABOUT THE Hidalgo Trading Company mentioned in the stories?" ASKED RUSSELL STAPLES, SHATTERING MY REVERIE.

"THE WAREHOUSE STOCKED ALL OF DOC'S PLANES, BOATS, AND CARS."

"BUT WHAT ABOUT THE NAME ITSELF?"

"THAT'S ONE OF THOSE THINGS DENT'S LITTLE PUT-ONS: THE WORD 'Hidalgo' IS A SPANISH IDIOM MEANING, LITERALLY, 'THE SON OF SOMEONE.'"

"--DOC SAVAGE, OF COURSE, BEING THE SON
PARACHUTE SIGNAL ME WHEN YOU ARE CLEAR AND FREE OF FIRE, IS AMONG TO TOS TITOOVER THE FLAMES AND INTO YOUR ARMS. COUNT TO FIVE WHEN I SIGNAL--OKAY?" "BUT WHAT OF YOU, MON AMI?" "I CAN TAKE CARE OF THAT JUST GET TITO TO A HOSPITAL--NOW GO!" THE PINT-SIZED AIDE BEGAN TO STIR UNCOMFORTABLY OUT OF HIS UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

THE PLAN WENT LIKE CLOCKWORK, EXCEPT THAT I WAS TOLD LATER HOW PIERRE NEARLY LOST HIS LIFE TRYING TO NAVIGATE OVER THE BURNT TIMBERS THAT THREATEN TO GIVE-WAY BENEATH HIM AND HIS 50-Pound BURDEN. I TURNED TO
WARD THE ONLY EXIT THAT REMAINED, THOSE BELONGING TO THE MASTER OF MALICE, EL DIABLO.

THE LEADER PLANNED TO USE THE SUPPORT OF THE STEEL LINING OF THE APARTMENT HOUSE TO HOLD OPEN HIS EXIT EVEN IN THE FAULTY MOOD WHEN THE ENTIRE BUILDING WOULD COLLAPSE OF ITS OWN WEIGHT. I SCORCHED THE SECOND AND THIRD FLOORS, SEARCHING FOR A SMALL SIGN, AN IMPERFECTION, IF YOU WILL, TELLING WHERE THE SECRET ESCAPE ROUTE WOULD PASS THROUGH WALLE.

I WOULD BE A SMALL STAIRWAY CURING UP THROUGH THE BUILDING, BRICKED OR STEEL-LINED TO PREVENT PENETRATION, UNTIL IT EMPTIED ONTO THE ROOF. DIABLO PLANNED HIS EXIT WELL.

ONE, TINY, ARCHITECTURAL INCONSISTENCY REWARDED THE PRECIOUS SECONDS OF MY SEARCH: A BATHROOM WALL--OR RATHER, THE REMAINDER OF THE FLOOR OF ROOMS. THE WALL SPACE MIGHT HAVE BEEN SHORTENED TO ACCOMMODATE THE PASSAGE. I STARTED TO TEAR THE TWO SIDE WAILS DOWN WITH THE TINY AIR-HARPON PISTOL I CARRIED FOR ODD JOBS.

ONE OF THE SECTIONS OF WALL RAN HOLLOW WITH EACH TAP.

I RETURNED THE AIR PISTOL TO ITS PLACE IN A FAKE HEEL IN MY BOOT. THE OTHER HEEL CONTAINED THE MINIATURE HARPONS TO FIT THE FRAME SIZE OF MY OWN DESIGN. ALSO OF MY OWN DESIGN WERE THE DIAMONDS, INSTEAD OF NAILS, USED TO CAP THE HARPONS, MAKING THEM Z TAP SHARP AND ABLE TO PENETRATE THIN STEEL. THE HEELS OF MY BOOTS CANNOT BE OPENED EXCEPT THROUGH A SPECIAL MECHANIZED MECHANISM IMBEDDED IN THE INSIDE OF MY JOG. THE ONLY WAY TO ACTIVATE A CATCH RELEASED BY SLIDING A FINGER NAIL ALONG A CRACK BETWEEN THE SOLE AND HEEL. WHICH EVEN MY CLOSEST SEARCH CANNOT DISCOVER FOR ITS SHEER SECRETERY. LITTE EACH TO THE EXTRAVAGANCE I CONSTRUCTED FOR OPENING MY BOOT WOULD SAVE MY LIFE. AT THIS POINT IN TIME, I REPLACED THE PISTOL AND REMOVED IT ANOTHER DEVICE I USE IN MY TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES.

I ASSUMED THAT THE SECTION OF WALL CONFRONTED ME WAS COATED ON THE INSIDE WITH A LAYER OF STEEL. FROM MY BOOT HEEL I WITHDREW AN OBJECT RESEMBLING IN NOUROGIC TUBE OF TOOTHPASTE. THIS WAS ACTUALLY A MIXTURE OF POWDERED LEAD ENWRAPPED IN A COATING OF NON-PENETRABLE OINTMENT. IN ANOTHER OCCASION APPLIED, THE OIL BEGINS DISSOLVING, EXPOSING THE POWERED LEAD TO THE AIR. THE RING OF PASTE BURST INTO METAL-EATING FLAME. I LOCFORRED MY SHOT MATE THE WALL SECTION WITH

THE BUILDING WAS SLOWLY DISSOLVING IN THE STONE VENICE OF HELS

"PIERRE, GO DOWN TOWARD THE FIRST FLOOR AND GET AS CLOSE AS YOU CAN. USE THE BODY OF JIMENEZ AS A GUIDESTONE AND JUMP OVER THE FLAMES. ROLL ON THE IMPACT AS YOU WOULD IN A PARACHUTE..."

TEN MINUTES CHANGED THE LIFE OF MILLIONAIRE-ADVENTURER RICHARD HENRY BENSON.
AS HE RUSHED TO FORCE HIMSELF, HIS WIFE, ALICE, AND THEIR DAUGHTER, ALICIA, INTO A BUFFALO PLANE LEAVING FOR MONTREAL—BENSON KNEW NOTHING OF THE DRAMA ABOUT TO UNFOLD OVER THE GREAT LAKES. HE RETIRED QUIETLY TO WASH HIS HANDS. WHEN HE RETURNED, HE FLEW INTO A STORM. A HALF-RACK, HALF-BARGE TO FIND HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER GONE COMPLETELY FROM THE CONFINES OF THE PLANE AS IT JOURNEYED FAR ABOVE THE GROUND. HE FOUGHT. HE WAS KNOCKED TO THE GROUND. HE AWOKE THREE WEEKS LATER TO FIND HIMSELF IN A SANITARIUM. THEN HE LOOKED INTO A MIRROR...


THE STORY IN THE FIRST ISSUE IS CONSIDERED A LANDMARK IN THE FIELD OF PULP WRITING: JUSTICE, INCORPORATED. H. W. SCOTT CLODENED THE OVERPOWERING FACE AND BALEFUL, COLD GREY EYES THAT LOOK DOWN ON THE CITY BELOW IN ITS INQUITY.

NOTE THE INSET) H. W. SCOTT PORTRAYED RICHARD BENSON IN THIS MINISTERIAL MANNER UNTIL A MAJOR CHANGE IN THE MAIN CHARACTER NECESSITATED A CHANGE IN THE MOOD OF THE COVER.


BENSON LOOKED INTO THE MIRROR AT THE DEADLY FIGURE STANDING BACK AT HIM. HE HAD BEEN IN A SEVERE STATE OF SHOCK WHEN THE PIGEON IN THE GLASS WAS ASH TONED, FRAMED IN SNOW-WHITE HAIR. HIS LIPS TRIED TO SHOW HIS INTEGRALITY—THERE WAS NO BLOOD PRESSURE WHATSOEVER. HE TRIED TO URGES THE FEATURES TO FORM WITH HIS FINGERS. THE ATTENDING NURSE SCREAMED. HIS FEATURES REMAINED AN IMPRESSION WORKED OUT BY HIS HANDS. HIS NEW FACE HAD NOT TAKEN WITH THE UNUSUAL PHYSIOLOGICALITY OF SOFT CLAY. HE WOULD LATER USE THIS TO ADVANTAGE AS A MEANS OF DISGUISE. HE WOULD NOW SEARCH FOR HIS LOST WIFE AND CHILD.

BENSON WAS STOPPED BY THE PEOPLE WHO WITNESSED THE FAMILY'S DEPARTURE. HE HAD BOARDED THE PLANE ALONE. HE HAD DISAPPEARING A-LONE. THE AUTHOR PROBED TO NO AVAIL;

THEN HE MET FERGUS MAC MURDIE. THIS SCOTTISH DRUGGIST HAD ALSO FACED THE LOSS OF HIS FAMILY TO A CRIME RING—A FACT THAT PROMPTED HIM TO THREATEN WITH THE AVENGER. THE ADVENTURE CONTINUED. ATTEMPTS AT BENSON'S LIFE AND THE SUBTLE SIGNS OF A PICTURESQUE ACTIVITY SERVED TO SHOW BENSON THAT HE WAS PITTED AGAINST A CRIME RING THAT SPECIALIZED IN KIDNAPPING MAJOR STOCKHOLDERS OF A CERTAIN COMPANY. BENSON TOOK HIS FOUR-CHAMBER .22 PISTOL, LIKE A MEANS OF WARRING CRIMINALS.

RETIRED, ALONG WITH HIS THROWING KNIFE, IKE. (A PAIR OF NAMES INSPIRED, PERHAPS, BY THE INFAMOUS CLANTONS—ED.) LASTLY, THE NEW CRIMEFIGHTING DUO MET ALGERNON HEATCOTE SMITH. THE AVENGER CAME IN THE WORDS OF HIS MAKER, "A FIGURE OF LIGHTLY SHEILDING ALL OF HIS INVESTMENTS RICHES AND INFLUENCE INTO HIS NEW CRUSADE—SETTING UP A HEADQUARTERS ON BLEEK STREET IN NEW YORK. CRIMINALS BEWARE.

THE AVENGER AND DOG SAVAGE HAD ALMOST AS MUCH IN COMMON AS NOT. BOTH HEROES HAD FIVE FULL-TIME AIDES, TWO OF WHICH WERE UNDERPLAYED. THE NAMES OF THE SET'S OF AIDES DIFFERED IN TREATMENT, HOWEVER. DOG'S WERE HEAVY-HANDED AND TRITE. BENSON'S AIDES HAD OR-
NATE, BUT BASICALLY SIMPLE NAMES. THE NICK-NE-\NAMES, IN THE LATTER'S CASE, WERE NOT O\NDONE. BOTH OF THE MAIN HEROES INVENTED BUL-\NLropriETARY ARMORIES AS WELL AS CUSTOM-MADE MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION. THE DIRIGIBLE IS CONSPICUOUSLY MISSING FROM THE AVENGER--IT HAD GONE OUT OF STYLE BY THE TIME THE SERIES RAISED ITS HEY-DAY. DOC AC-\NERATED OUT OF ALTRUISM--BENSON OUT OF ANGER AND VENGEANCE. DOC STORIES WERE PUZZLES; THE AVENGER WORKS MUCH CLOSER TO TRUE MY-\NSTORIES. THE FORMER'S ENDINGS CAN BE DEFINED AS "BLACKED OUT" TO THE LATTER'S "SHUT-OFF." SAVAGE'S VILLAINS Brought ABOUT THEIR DE-\NSTRATIONS BY ACCIDENT; BENSON ARTFULLY DE-\NSIGNED THE FALLS OF HIS POES. BOTH HEROES HAD ORCHID ADDICTS WHO WOKE IN CHEMICALS, AND BOTH HAD WOMEN IN THE GROUP--BENSON'S FEMALE AIDE, HOWEVER, WAS MORE A PARTICIPANT AND LESS A PEST. PAUL ENSHED BROKE THE RACIAL BARRI-\NR BY INTRODUCING TWO NON-STEREOTYPIC BLACK HELPERS, THOUGH THEY WERE USED, TO A MAJOR DEGREE, AS WATCHDOGS. DOC WAS "MADE" OF BRONZE; BENSON, OF STEEL. LASTLY, BOTH CHARACTERS HAD SPECIALY DESIGNED QUARRIES. A PROFILE OF THE AVENGER'S AIDES IS ES-\NESSAILLY A SORT OF RESTATEMENT OF DOC'S HELPERS IN DIFFERENT PROPORTIONS (AND GENERS). THE FIRST AIDE IS FERGUS MAC MURDIE: BULLY-FISTED, STONE-FACED, SERIOUS, AND VERY SCOTCH. WHEN A BATTLE TAKES A GOOD TURN, HE IS UNHAPPY AND PESSIMISTIC; WHEN THINGS GO BAD, HE IS OVERJOYED AND OPTIMISTIC. MAC'S GREATEST ASSET IS THAT HE IS AN EXPERT IN HANDLING DRUGS AND CHEMICALS. ALGERNON HEATH-\NDON SMITH, "SMITTY," WOULD RATHER WAD INTO TWO GANGS OF THUGS THAN STAND STILL TO HEAR HIS TALL TALE. THIS 300-POUNDER IS THE ELECTRICAL ENGINEER OF THE GROUP--HE HAS TO DEVICE THROUGH MOST DOORWAYS. HE IS CAPABLE OF KILLING WITH HIS BARE HANDS, AND HE OFTEN SENDS CRIMINALS INTO ECSTASIES OF PAIN BY SIMPLY GRABBING A LEG OR AN ARM AND SQUEEZING. BENSON IS THE ONLY MAN EVER TO BREAK SMITTY'S "BEAR-HUG"--A FEAT THE AVENGER PERFORMED IN THE FIRST \NACCOUNT, DUE TO A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY ON THE PART OF SMITTY. THE ENGINEER ENTERED WITH BENSON TO HELP FIND A WORTHWHILE LIV-\NHOOD AFTER BEING FRAMED AND IMPRISONED. HE IS FIERCELY LOYAL TO THE AVENGER, AND HIS ONLY WEAKNESS IS FOR THE NEXT AIDE IN THE GROUP.

THE YELLOW HOARD. THE SECOND ADVENTURE, SAW BENSON ACQUIRE A GOLD STASH SIMILAR TO DOC SAVAGE'S MAYAN GOLD. BENSON ALSO FINDS A NEW AIDE: NELLIE GRAY, MINUS HER TAILOR-\NFACTIONS, NELL IS A PERFECT FEMALE COUNTER-\NPART TO HAM BROOKS. SHE IS A MASTERY ORIENTAL DEFENSE, AND SHE OFTEN CAPTURES THE HOGS OFF GUARD WITH HER AGILITY. NELL IS ALSO SKILLED IN HER FATHER'S FIELD OF AR-\NCHEOLOGY. NELL JOINED BENSON OUT OF A TRAGIC DEATH DUE TO CRIME; SHE ALSO JOINED OUT OF A DEEP AFFECTION FOR THE MAN WHO WROTE THE REN-\NDERS UNQUESTIONING LOYALTY, SHE FINDS A PEACEFUL \NSAGE IN TEASING SMITTY. THE LAST OF THE TWO AIDES, JOSHUA AND ROSABELLE NEWTON, SIGNED UP IN THE THIRD STORY. THE AUTHOR SAYS HIS WIFE BLACK, AND WIFE IS A TALENTED \NSKIPER WITH THEIR LOYALTY TO BENSON AND THEIR TUSKEESE EDUCATIONS. JOSH DRAWS FOR PROTECT-\NLOADING, AND USUALLY ORDERS ANOTHER MAP-\NUT SUNDAY, HIS FAVORITE, AT MAC MURDIE'S DRUG STORE.

THE AVENGER STORIES CARRY A DIFFERENT KIND OF EMOTION FROM THE DOC SAVAGE SERIES. DOC RACES THROUGH HIS ADVENTURES, \NDEPARTMENT OF PHYSICAL MOVEMENT, BENSON STORIES ALSO HAVE THIS MOVEMENT, BUT TO A Slightly lesser degree. THE TRUE EMOTION OF AN AVENGER STORY LIES IN THE INEVITABLE--\NTHE FALL OF THE HERO AND THEMELANZA STAND FACE TO FACE. WHEN THE AVENGER ANGEL VENTS HIS FALLEN ANGEL, WHEN THE PROTAGONIST OF GOOD FINALLY CATCHES UP TO THE VILLAIN, FLOUTING THE HERO TO HIS FACE...

HE WAS STANDING OUTSIDE ON THE ROOF THAT NEIGHBORED THIS BUILDING WITH A TOLERANCE OF ABOUT SIX INCHES IN HEIGHT. A WOODEN EXTEN-\NSION LADDER WAS ATTACHED BY ITS ENDS TO THE EDGES OF THE ROOFTOPS--MORE OF EL DIABLO'S HANDI-\NWORK.

HE JUST STOOD THERE--ON THE OTHER ROOF--\NIF WAITING FOR OUR FINAL CONFRONTATION. I COULD ONLY ASSUME THAT THIS MASTER OF MENACE COULD NOT RESIST THE PLEASURE OF CONFRONTING ME DIRECTLY: IN A DUEL THAT WOULD SURELY BE THE DEATH OF ONE OF US.

THE NEXT BUILDING WAS A WAREHOUSE OF SOME SORT WITH A ROOF THAT STRETCHED FOR NEARLY TWO-THIRDS OF A BLOCK, AT THE END OF THAT ROOF I SPIED THE RESULTS OF THE PLANS DIABLO HAD MADE FOR HIMSELF: A COMPACT MIDGET PLANE LAY IN WAIT AT THE BASE OF A CATAPULT--ES-\NCAPE BY AIR.

I HAD BEEN GIVEN A SECOND CHANCE, OUT OF PURE VANITY ON THE VILLAIN'S PART, TO RID A WORLD OF ONE OF ITS SOURCES OF EVIL. DIABLO STOOD FORWARD AT THE END OF THE WAREHOUSE ROOF, SEVERAL STEPS FROM THE LADDER HE HAD USED TO CROSS OVER FROM THE BURNING BUILDING UPON WHICH I STILL STOOD. I STEPPED FORWARD AT MY END OF THE LADDER TO FACE HIM. I AD-\NRESSED ME IN MOCKING TONES:

"FOOL ME ON MY HOME GROUND AND WIN, AND I AM YOUR PRISONER, LOSE, AND I WILL BEGIN AGAIN SOMEWHERE ELSE, FREE OF YOU."

"PERHAPS I CAN MAKE THE STAKES A LITTLE HIGHER BY REMOVING YOUR MEANS OF IMMEDIATE ESCAPE."

A SMILE HAD GRACED THE FEATURES OF DIABLO AS HE STEPPED UPON THE LADDER--NOW, IT VA-\NISHED PROMPTLY. I HAD ANTICIPATED THIS MO-\NMENT WHEN I WAS CLOTHING THE STAIRS: AT THE ISSUANCE OF HIS CHALLENGE, I BEGAN TO PLANT \NF THE FEET FIRMLY AND SLOWLY PULL MY AIR HAR-\NPOIN SPOON TO EYE LEVEL. I COUNTED ON BEING \NABLE TO FORCE THE FUSELAGE OF THE MIDGET \nPANE IN SUCH A MANNER, AS TO CONVEY TO THE \nFUEL TANK. DIABLO CAME STORMING ACROSS THE LADDER BRANDING A SOLID STEEL KNIFE:

"YOU HAVE YOUR WISH, SEARCHER, THERE ARE NO STAKES ANY MORE, THAN ESE.

THE PLACE WENT UP IN A SHATTERING WRENCH, CONSUMED IN A DUST-FILLED CLOUD OF CHAR AND FLAME. DIABLO WAS NEARLY THROWN FROM THE LADDER AS HIS KNIFE WENT CLATTERING DOWN THE AREWAY BENEATH OUR PERCHES. MY OWN WEAPON WAS THROWN FROM MY HAND--IT LANDED WELL OUT OF MY REACH. WE WERE EVENLY MATCHED, NOW, AS
I stepped onto the ladder; my back began to sweat from the heat that marked the presence of the fire on my roof. The ten minutes were gone, the building shuddered beneath my feet and Diablo found his opening as I regained my balance. His fist brought a painful blow to the underside of my jaw. Suddenly realizing, in the midst of the ensuing rattle, that the control imbedded in my jaw would no longer function to open my boot if the need presented itself, added to this, the building would go any second, the roof periodically shrugged its shoulders, sending the two of us grabbing for the rungs of the ladder to steady ourselves.

Below us, a different tableau unfolded. ambulance had arrived several times in a fire engine. Six floors of steel-lined buildings were bathed in water, yet the metal reinforcement was inhibiting the efforts of the firemen. I hoped that somewhere down below, one of the firemen could deliver succor to my two prized aides.

In desperation, Diablo peinted a right and delivered a cross with his left hand that glided across the side of my head and blurred my vision. The building shuddered. I was pitched forward onto the open arms of my assailant, who righted himself in time to use his momentum to finally push me from the ladder.

Ten thousand images poured into my mind as I flailed in all directions, grabbing for the life I would not yet forfeit.

I clawed and caught hold of one of the rungs that the sound of a loud crack, my other hand reached for and found support as the rung gave way under the pressure of stopping my fall.

Immediately, the grinding pain began as Diablo forced his entire weight onto the small space covered by my lone hand. I instinctively went for my boot with my free hand—the latch! the secret catch! how could I endure enough to free the heel and pull out the spare harpoon?

The grinding continued—I subdued the urge to cry out and thus bolster the will that guided the efforts of Diablo to snuff out my light. The tension of the crowd below radiated toward our struggle here above. The shoe opened and the harpoon nearly fell through my hand. Diablo kicked and pounded at my fingers with each second.

The building again shuddered, threatening to shake itself to charred pieces.

Diablo regained his balance and redoubled his efforts on my aginized hand. It would do no good, the pain had numbed it. I reached up with the razor sharp edges of the harpoon and raked it across the only area of the foe that was open to assault: his achilles' tendon. The ligament was chewed half-through before the outlaw gagged the muffled cry that marked his last breathing breath. The muscles of his damned leg turned to so much water and he teetered on the edge of death. Through a white-hot agony of the pain, his face was crossed with a fear he had never believed he would know. El Diablo—Richard Clark—whispered the name of his successor and fell to his death below.

I had no time for viewing the spectacle—the burning building would die with its master. The crowd was filled with screams as the people rushed to save themselves from the hideout's collapse. I scrambled across the ladder toward the only exit remaining open to me: the top of the warehouse.

Blood dripped from the emerged member I once called a hand. Blood from the glancing blow I received on the temple was blinding me. The few yards I had to cover to reach safety turned into miles. The ladder gave way as I struggled to the edge of the warehouse roof. For precious moments I dangled above the crowd, almost joining El Diablo in his fate.

The police and several ambulance men ran across the roof to help me—or maybe they thought they would have to arrest me. I stood up and shrugged off my helpers—I had to find my aides.

Downstairs, I collared the first officer I could get my hands on. Suddenly, I could see why they did not immediately recognize me as one of their own—I was once among the ranks as a lieutenant. I was practically covered with blood. I was blinded and reeling. The officer pulled me over to a nearby ambulance:

"They wouldn't accept any medication until they knew what had happened to you—so they must be yours."

Tito noticed me first and recognized me through the film of blood. He smiled and lay back, accepting a little oxygen to help his strained breathing. Pierre turned around and asked about Diablo:

"Mon ami, did you do more bad to him than he did to you?"

"I think so. Pierre. Diablo is dead. Tito and his people will no longer be victims to his South American revolutionary plots. He was the ninth finger in the devil's hands. As is the custom with them, they give the name of the next 'finger' to which the task of vengeance falls."

"And what was the devil's name, Monsieur Briane, who is he?"

"He is a famous bandit of the Orient whom I would have never otherwise associated with the devil's ten fingers. He is...scar loo. I think we are due for many more close calls from the devil's eighth finger. We must rest now, my friend. I think we will need it."

"The big chase...getting the aides out of danger...the final confrontation...the villain falls...and the hero shrugs off the last of the clean-up work to start into the next adventure—All are stock elements of this type of reading entertainment."

The room began to reflect, on the far wall, the dawning of the sun.

"Did the main heroes ever do the clean-up detail?"

"Almost never—but I read several times in doc savage when the clean-up provided a sort of comic relief from the tenseness of a particularly strenuous adventure...paddling, muddy? The avenging stories almost always ended on the lingering note that the hero's fight against crime would never be over, that his need for personal revenge would never be satisfied, though my contact with the shadow is, unfortunately, slight—I have noted that some of the stories are ended by the narrator or one of the heroes, who usually recollect a phase of the adventure or the shadow which is only known to the hero, and will, of course, probably never bring to reality. Incidentally, how is the drawing coming, Russ?"

He showed me the fine sketch he had just drawn of "The searcher."

"You have a distinctive style, Russ; it's called luck."

"Thanks a heap."

"You're welcome a heap."

"Speaking of luck—how're you gonna end this thing?"

"Probably give a little background matter on how the pulps got to where they are now—maybe bring the reader up to date on what's in the works for the three heroes."

"An editorial-type statement."

"If you can call it that—no. I think Russ was finally getting the idea of the article..."

THE NEAREST DEVELOPMENTS ARE THE FOLLOWING:

DOC SAVAGE CONTINUES DIGNIFIED THROUGH THE BANTAM PAPERBACKS. THE SOUTH POLE TERROR IS NUMBERED AS SEVENTY-SEVEN. A TELEVISION SERIES OR SPECIAL HAS APPARENTLY BEEN COMPLETED TO DISCOVERY. THE STRONGGEST END-ENERGY FOR THE ROLE OF DOC APPEARS TO BE ROY JENKINS, THE TV TARZAN.

THE SHADOW HAS LONG BEEN CONSIDERED FOR MOVIE MATERIAl ON THE BASIS OF ITS LANDMARK STORY: JUSTICE, INCORPORATED. THE PRODUCER-DIRECTOR WHO MENTIONED HIS INTENT TO BRING THE HERO TO THE SCREEN HAS GIVEN NO FURTHER WORD. THE PAPERBACK SERIES STARTED BY WARNER BOOKS IS ABOUT TO RUN OUT OF MATERIAL. THE LAST WORD IS THAT THE SERIES WILL BE CONTINUED BY A NOTED ADAPTOR OF PAPERBACK MATERIAL, WHO WILL CONTINUE THE TRADITION OF THE HOUSE NAME: KENNETH ROBESON.

THE SHADOW HAS ALSO BEEN CONSIDERED FOR THE TV SCREEN IN THE FORM OF A SPECIAL. IF IT IS MADE, THE SPECIAL IS SLATED FOR THE 24TH-25TH TELEVISION YEAR. CURRENTLY, THE SHADOW HAS BEEN CHARACTERIZED IN AN EXCELLENT COMIC FORM, THOUGH THE COMIC WORLD IS NOT LONG FOR BETTER DAYS AHEAD. HOPFULLY, THE TITLE-CHANGING CEREMONY WILL BE EXTENDED TO THE SHADOW, SHOULD THE COMIC COMPANIES RUN INTO PROBLEMS.

...DEDICATED TO ARTHUR DOBIN,
A PULPSTER'S PULPSTER.

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E.B.M. 2/13/74

WHO KNOWS WHAT COMMENTS LURK IN THE MINDS OF READERS? WRITE AND TELL US !!!

22.
Among the scores of movie buildings located on the vast grounds of the famous Acme Studios, there is one structure that contains a silent artist of a unique nature. His name is Harry Rayhausen, and he is a master at the art of... **Stop Motion**!

Stop motion is a process which employs the use of rubber or plastic models, usually a human being, or some kind of bizarre creature. In the joints of each model, a piece of flexible steel is inserted, to allow movement in all directions. The model is photographed each time a limb is moved, simulating live action on film, delicate work indeed!
Yes, stop motion is very delicate work, and only the most patient and dedicated person can be an expert at it.

I have to—I must do well on this film. All of the animation must move smoothly and realistically. My reputation depends on it!

Until... disaster!

Snap!

No! No!

AAAARGH!! I'll have to start over!!

Suddenly, a sharp voice shatters his thoughts...

Rayhausen!

As cruel fate would have it, Rayhausen's boss, Producer B.C. Degenerate, chooses that exact moment to visit the Master Technician...

Rayhausen! I thought I told you to have these stop motion scenes finished in three days!!!

Wha--?

B-but B.C.!! It'll take three months to animate this film properly!!
NONE OF YOUR DAMNED EXCUSES RAYHAUSEN! I'M DISGUSTED WITH YOUR LOAFING AROUND, TAKING MONTHS TO COMPLETE A JOB THAT COULD BE FINISHED IN DAYS!

BUT-BUT...

I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR CRUMMY ANIMATION! ALL I CARE ABOUT IS GETTING THIS FILM OUT ON SCHEDULE, AND UNDER BUDGET! NOW GET TO WORK—OR GET OUT!

REMEMBER, PAL! THREE DAYS!!

As B.C. departs in a rage, a grim shadow of silence cloaks the room, leaving the unhappy genius all alone to ponder his fate...

T-THREE DAYS! GASPE. I CAN FINISH THE SCENE I'M WORKING ON NOW, BUT IT'LL BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO CONSTRUCT LIFE-SIZE HUMAN MODELS FOR THE VAMPIRE BANQUET SCENE...

...UNLESS!
THE NEXT DAY, THE STARS OF B.C. DEGENERATE'S LATEST HORROR FILM BEGIN TO MYSTERIOUSLY VANISH, ONE BY ONE....

FIRST, DASH LAFLAIR, THE LEADING ACTOR...

CHUCKLE!

THEN, SALLY SILICONE, THE LOVE INTEREST!

HAHAHAHA!!

AND THAT VERY SAME NIGHT, THE MOST STARTLING OF ALL.... THE DISAPPEARANCE OF A DOZEN EXTRAS!!!

HEH, HEH!

AT THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING THE NEXT DAY, B.C. DEGENERATE IS IN AN UNDERSTANDIBLE UPROAR!!

MORONS!! IF THIS LUNACY KEEPS UP... ACME STUDIOS WILL BE RUINED!!

CHOKES.

YES, B.C.!

YES, B.C.!!
WHO COULD POSS--WAIT! ONLY ONE MAN COULD BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS MADNESS!

RAYHAUSEN!!

IMMEDIATELY THE STUDIO POLICE ARE SUMMONED TO RAYHAUSEN'S WORKSHOP IN SOUND STAGE 13.

HURRY! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!

C'MON

BAM!

CRUNCH!

IN A FLASH, THE POLICE REACH THE LAIR OF THE STOP MOTION GENIUS!

AWRIGHT! HE SHOULD BE RIGHT INSIDE OF SOUND STAGE 13! BE CAREFUL!

RIGHT, CHIEF!

AN OLD OAKEN DOOR HALTS THEIR WAY--BUT ONLY FOR AN INSTANT!

THE DOORS LOCKED! BREAK IT IN!!!

HE SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO MESS WITH THE LAW!!

CRASH!

SECONDS LATER, THE TENSE GUARDS PEER INTO THE DIMLY-LIGHTED SHOP WHERE A MORBID SIGHT GREET S THEM.

THERE HE IS, BY THE...

GASP?

...OH G-GOD!

WHAM?
Yes Rayhausen would finish alright! His grisly deed would also finish B.C. --- and Acme Studios! Rayhausen had the last laugh --- from a padded cell in the local insane asylum!!

TH-They're all dead! And her! She was my favorite actress!

GAGG!

CHOKES

Oh dear Lord! Th-this can't be happening!

HAHAHAHAHA!

Now I'll make it! Maybe B.C. will give me a raise too! Hee, hee!

28.
By
R. W. KINNARD

Since the comic strip and the motion picture both depend on visuals for narration, it was inevitable that a link would be forged binding the two together. Of course, the bridge linking the two media has often been a shaky construction, but it exists nevertheless; and this aesthetic union has continued to provide exciting and vital film entertainment for over three decades. From "FLASH GORDON" in 1936 to "BARBARELLA" in 1968, there has been a vast array of comic strip characters on film. Universal Pictures, Hollywood's top producer of fantasy and horror films in the twenties and thirties, began production on "FLASH GORDON" in 1936, and almost immediately assigned the lead to Olympic swimming champion Larry 'Buster' Crabbe, who made a visually perfect Flash, for with his hair bleached blonde, he bore an uncanny resemblance to Alex Raymond's character. Jean Rogers, only a teenager at the time, was cast as Dale, Frank Shannon secured the role of Mr. Zarkov, and as Emperor Ming, Charles Middleton turned in a more than adequate performance. Directed by Fredrick Stephani, "FLASH GORDON" was thirteen chapters in length, costing a total of $300,000 - quite a large budget for the time. The film was the only serial ever to play evening performances in showcase theaters - and the only serial ever reviewed by TIME magazine - favorably, as a matter of fact. "FLASH GORDON" was a tremendous commercial success - it was the second largest box office draw for the fiscal year of 1937. In 1939, Universal produced a sequel, "FLASH GORDON'S TRIP TO MARS", which was fifteen chapters in length. In this film, the same cast from the original picture was retained, with the addition of Beulah Bondi as the Magical Queen Aura. Slugging his way through fifteen chapters of solid action, Flash and his friends battled Clay People, Forest People, and all manner of monsters, mutants, and sub-humans, all in a valiant effort to prevent King The Merciless from depleting the Earth's atmosphere with his dreaded Nitron Lamp.

1940 saw the production and release of a third serial, "FLASH GORDON CONQUERS THE UNIVERSE". Slick and glossy in appearance, it is the shortest of the three films, lasting only twelve chapters. There was a cast change in this last serial; in the place of Jean Rogers, actress Carol Hughes portrayed Dale.

Watch future issues of MAESTROM for more on Superheroes In The Cinema!
DIE, SUBHUMAN, AMERICAN DEGENERATE!!
YOU WILL MAKE A MOST INTERESTING GIFT FOR DER FUHRER HA! HA! HA! HAHAHAHAHA!!

JACK IN THE NAME OF GOD--DO SOMETHING! GAG

I--I CAN'T PATTY!! EVEN WITH MY STRENGTH, THIS PLEXI-GLASS IS UNBREAKABLE!!
MIDNIGHT—AND CRIME IN THE STREETS!!

AH, HA, HA, HA!! JEWELS! JEWELS!! I'M RICH! RICH BEYOND MY WILDEST DREAMS!!

SUDDENLY, FROM THE EYES ABOVE... LET'S GET 'IM, JACK!

AAOOOOOOOO!

AAOOOOOOOO!! YOU HAVE SINNED, AX LOGGLEBE, AND THE MOMENT OF RETRIBUTION HAS ARRIVED!!
GNYAH! IT'S HIM? IT'S THE MIDNIGHT STALKER!

YOU A'INT TAKIN' ME ALIVE, STALKER! BLATCH! UGH!!

TAKE THAT, SCUM!!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, LOGGLEBEereeeeeee!!

EEP! THE RAY MADE ME NAKED!!

GO TO HELL!!

BAM!!
1975 ... 1956 ... 1942

JACK WHAT'S HAPPENING TO US!!
WE'RE TRAVELING THROUGH SOME SORT OF SPACE-TIME WARP!!

SKREE!
BRACE YOURSELF, PATTY!!

STALAG 17

BOOM!

NAZIS?!
WE'VE BLUNDERED RIGHT INTO THE MIDDLE OF WORLD WAR TWO!!

AUCHUNG!!
VAS IST?! AUS ZEM IS NAKED!! KILL ZEM!!

OH JACk... LOOK!!
WHAT TH-?

CLANK-A-CLANK-A-CLANK
REMOVING HIS CAPE IN ORDER TO FREE HIS LIMBS FOR COMBAT, THE STALKER prepares for battle!!!

PATTY-GET OUT OF THE WAY- THIS IS A MANS JOB!

CLANK-A-C

KILL ZEM! KILL ZEM!

Himmel! Der intruder has der strength of a thousand maniacs- he must be arian!

Jah!

Harless fools! how can you hope to defeat one of my power?

Faster than eyes can follow, the stalker appears behind his foes!

Hey, Otto!!

Do not worry, hans! he is racially inferior- i will demolish him with my fist!!

Vaat??

Die!! Die!!

Whoosh!

Noooooo!!!

Aiiieee!!

Then, as an example to the Germans, the stalker offers an astonishing display of raw power!!!

Cr-reak!

Mein Gott!! He is a demon from hell!! Run!! Run!!!

Ah-ha-ha-ha!! Yes, run- run like the fleas you truly are!!
JACK UNLEASHES HIS RAGE ON THE TANK, AND HE ROARS WITH INSANE LAUGHTER!!

AH...HA...HA...HAHHHH!!
AA0000000000!!!

POW!

UHHHHH!!!

THE STALKER'S POSITION AS VICTOR, HOWEVER, IS SHORT-LIVED!!!

LATER, IN A SECRET UNDERGROUND ROOM FULL OF BIZARRE MACHINERY...

SILENCE!!!

WHY, YOU GOOSE-STEPPING WEASEL-!!!

TAKE DER HOWLING MAN UND DER NAKED HARLOT TO MEIN LABORATORY DER LABORATORY OF DOKTOR VEHEMOUS!!

SPEAK RESPECTFULLY TO ME!!! I, VEHEMOUS, SHALL RULE DER WORLD-ER BESIDE MEIN FUFFER, OF COURSE!!!

BUT EVEN A GLOBAL DICTATOR NEEDS - FEMALE COMPANIONSHIP!!!

34.
VEHEMUS, YOU KEEP YOUR SLIMY PAWS OFF HER, OR I'LL - !!!!

SILENCE!!! DER AMERICAN WOMAN SHALL BE MINE FOR MEDICAL EXPERIMENTS... AS FOR YOU, MAN OF THE FUTURE, YOU SHALL DIE BY THIS LEVER!!!

OH, JACK!!

?GASP? HOW CAN MONSTERS LIKE YOU EXIST?? LIKE A SLIMY MAGGOT, YOU FEED ON DEATH!!!

AH, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!!! I SHALL SOON DO MORE THAN TOUCH YOU, MY DEAR!!!

OH, JACK, JACK - DON'T LET HIM TOUCH ME!!

VEHEMUS, I'LL DIE BEFORE YOU VIOLATE HER!!!

OH, AH, HA, HA, HA, HA, HAH!!! YOU AMUSE ME, DECADENT SUIE!!! BUT ENOUGH OF YOUR TALK...

PREPARE TO MEET YOUR DOOM!!!
VEHEMOUNT MAKES IT CLEAR TO MASON THAT TWO IS COMPANY, BUT THREE IS A CROWD!!! THE MASTER NAZI PULLS A FATAL LEVER, AND A HEAVY STONE LID IS HOISTED FROM THE LAB FLOOR!!!

AND IN THE CHAMBER BENEATH - HORROR!!!

GRRR!!!

AND NOW, FOOL, MEET DER GOLEM!!!

I-AM-FREE!! FREE-TO-DESTROY-FREE-TO-KILL!!!

DER GOLEM IS MEIN GREATEST CREATION!!! HE IS IMMORTAL!!! HE CANNOT DIE - HE WILL LIVE FOREVER, SERVING DER REICH!!! GOLEM!!! KILL DER MAN!!!

NAKED-WOMAN-MINE! MAN-IM-UNDERWEAR-MUST-DIE!!!

PATTY-MY GOD!!!

JACK-!! EEEEEEE!

BUT JACK MASON IS MORE THAN WILLING TO MEET THE CHALLENGE!!!

00000000!!!

AHHH -

BAM!

UHHH!!

DIE!!!
JACK SAVES PATTY FROM A FATAL PLUNGE, AND THEY ALIGHT BEFORE A HUGE TELESCREEN!!!

SUDDENLY, THE TELESCREEN CRACKLES TO LIFE!!!

HA, HA, HA!! YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE, FOOL! I AM EVERYWHERE!!

YOU!!!

JACK - I SAW VEHEMENT ENTER A PASSAGE -!

I'LL FIND HIM - WHEREVER HE IS!!!

WHA-??

THE STALKER BOUNDS UPWARD WITH ASTONISHING SPEED, AND...

AAA00000000!!!

WAITAMINNIT!!! THAT BEAM - IF I CAN JUST LEAP FAR ENOUGH, WITH JUST ENOUGH FORCE -!!

NEIN!! MEIN GOTT!! DER HOWLING FOOL HAS DESTROYED DER SUPPORT BEAM!!

AN APOCALYPTIC EXPLOSION RESULTS -!!

RUMBLE!!
TONS OF DEBRIS RAIN DOWN UPON THE HAPLESS ADVENTURERS!!!

DON'T BE AFRAID, PATTY - I'LL TELEPORT US TO SAFETY!!

OH, JACK!!

THE STALKER EMPLOYS HIS UNCANNY TELEPORTATION ABILITIES!! HE AND PATTY FADE FROM VIEW JUST AS A HEAVY STONE FALLS TO THE FLOOR!!

PING!!

THUD!!

AND AFTER A HAIR-RAISING JOURNEY THROUGH ELDritch DOMAINS...

JACK - ARE WE BACK?

YES, PATTY - WE'RE BACK-

OH, JACK, I'M SO AFRAID -!

WE ALL ARE, PATTY!! MORE DANGER LIES AHEAD - I CAN FEEL IT!!

-BACK IN A WORLD OF CRIME AND VIOLENCE, WHERE THE SANCTITY OF HUMAN LIFE IS CONSIDERED PASSE, AND PEOPLE ARE AFRAID TO WALK THE STREETS!!

YES, MORE DANGER LIES AHEAD, AND YOU, THE READER, CAN SHARE THE THRILLS, IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MAELSTROM 'THE ULTIMATE FANZINE'
MORE TRIUMPHS FOR US MORONS..!

THE WORLD'S GRUBBIEST COMIC MAGAZINE

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FIGHT THE HOARDES OF A
DEVIOUS, DEMONICAL
DOCTOR DUD!

WOW!

CIDER-MAN

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AMAZING

IT'S CIDEY'S
GREATEST CHALLENGE,
AS HE TACKLES
THE FOUR JUGS OF DOOM!

DERANGED TALES

CAN DR. MAGIC
EVER HOPE TO
OVERCOME THE
FEARSOME PLOT
OF BUNDORE,
THE KILLER BUNNY?

NOT ON SALE
(FORTUNATELY)

Russ Maheras '74
INTRODUCING: THAT ONE-MAN, BONE-CRUSHING, SKULL-SPLITTING HERO OF TOMORROW...

ANTHONY WADE

THE STERILE FLOROTUBE LIGHTING MADE THE INTERROGATION ROOM A KIND OF SICKLY CLEAN, AND THE FEEL AND ODORLESS SMELL OF ALL THAT CLEANLINESS MADE ME WANT TO THROW UP. THE ROOKIE COP WAS POLISHING HIS TIN FOIL BADGE, ALL THE WHILE GIVING ME A STUPID LOOK LIKE HE WANTED TO SMASH MY HEAD MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE. BUT IT DIDN'T WORK FOR HIM IF HE TRIED, BECAUSE I WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO MASH HIM FLAT AS A PANCAKE! PATTON BREBBA, THE CHIEF OF POLICE WHO HAD BEEN A PAIN FOR THE PAST FIVE YEARS, LOOKED UP FROM HIS CLEAN MANILLA FOLDER AND TRIED TO STARE ME DOWN, BUT HE LOST OUT, THE COWARD, AND HE STARTED TALKING WHILE HE FIDGETED AND PRETENDED TO READ SOME REPORT OR OTHER....

MR. WADE... DESPITE YOUR SOMewhat -厄- UH TARNISHED REPUTATION, WE FEEL THAT YOU ARE THE ONLY INDIVIDUAL AVAILABLE WHO IS CAPABLE OF HANDLING THIS MOST DIRE EMERGENCY!!

BULLCRAP YOU JERK! WHAT YOU MEAN IS THAT YOU COULDN'T FIND ANYONE STUPID ENOUGH TO HANDLE IT!!

DIRTY, SUBVERSIVE...

TRY TO SNEAK UP ON ME, HUH? WELL... YOU'RE GOING TO REGRET IT, CHUM!

IGNORANT, SUBHUMAN, ACK!
There is a blur of crimson violence and as the smoke clears...

WELL... AT LEAST HE MAKES A PRETTY DESIGN ON THE FLOOR...

GAGG... OH MY GOD!!

...DON'T HE?!!

OH, YES SIR, HE CERTAINLY DOES, SIR! EXTREMELY DECORATIVE INDEED, SIR!!

GASP...

Alright, Pukeface, now get that crummy mess cleaned before it draws flies, and then we'll do business!!

YES SIR, YES SIR, YES SIR... I... NO! AAAAAAAAAAAHH!

Yes, sir. Sir. Sir... I... no! Aaaaaaaaah!

And now, half-wit, exactly what was it you wanted me for?

Well...
IT HAPPENED ABOUT A WEEK AGO! ONE OF OUR SINNER EXECUTION SQUADS WAS OUT ON PATROL WHEN SUDDENLY A FAMILY OF DECENT CITIZENS WAS ATTACKED!!

CRUNCH!!! SMASH!!!

LOOK FRED, GIANT ROBOTS!

SHADDP, CREEP! I'M WATCHIN' FOOTBALL!

IT WAS JUST HORRIBLE. DIE, PLUNGE HUMANS!

WELL? SO WHAT?!

ER... UH, AS YOU KNOW, MR. WADE, YOU YOURSELF WERE ATTACKED BY A SQUAD OF 800 PATROL ROBOTS LAST MONTH - ER, WE THOUGHT AT FIRST THAT IT WAS A SLIGHT OVSIGHT IN OUR RADIO PROGRAM OFFICE, OF COURSE!

OH!'OF COURSE, YOU CRUIV! BUT AS YOU KNOW, EVEN THO YER DAMN ROBOTS RUINED MY HOUSE, I TOOK 'EM APART WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE!

SQUISH!

AS I WAS SAYING, OR ABOUT TO SAY, MR. WADE, IT'S COME TO OUR ATTENTION THAT THESE MARAUDING ROBOTS -- DO NOT BELONG TO US !!!!!!
THAT'S RIGHT! THEY WEREN'T OURS!! THE ROBOTS ARE MERELY CLEVER REPLICA... MANUFACTURED AND CONTROLLED BY EXTRA TERRESTRIAL ALIENS!!! EVEN NOW THEIR SHIP IS CIRCLING THE PLANET. WAITING... WATCHING!!!

AND NATURALLY, YOU WANT ME TO...

STOP THE INVASION!!! WE'RE PREPARED TO MEET ANY PRICE, YOU NAME!

AWRIGHT, MY PRICE: TWO MILLION!
AGREED!
A SPLIT-LEVEL HOME IN THE SUBURBS -- YOURS WILL DO NICELY!
GASPS: I AGREE!
AND THE DROPPING OF ALL GOVERNMENT CHARGES AGAINST ME!
NER... AGREE!
AND THE RELEASE OF MY GIRL,
GLORIA CONRAD....

THAT FILTHY HARLOT? SHE WAS CAUGHT IN PUBLIC BY ONE OF OUR PATROLS WITH HER LEGS EXPOSED! NO! I'M SORRY WADE, NO!!

WHAT WAS THAT??
ER, AH, WELL GASPS: I GUESS THINGS COULD BE ARRANGED!

IT HAD BETTER BE ARRANGED OR THE NEXT THING I KICK IN WON'T BE THIS DOOR!

KA-RUMP!
I WALKED OUT INTO THE GARBAGE-INFESTED EXPANSE THAT THEY HAD THE NERVE TO CALL A CITY. I HAD TO SEE GLORIA, HAD TO RELEASE HER FROM PRISON...

I WAS CALM, NOT VIOLENT, BUT THEN SOME POOR FOOL MADE A FATAL MISTAKE!

HEY LADY!!! YA GOT A MATCH?

WHA?

YOU INSIGNIFICANT MICROCOSSM, YOU DARE ASK ME FOR A MATCH?!!

HAHAHA! TAKE THAT YA MEELY MOUTHED CHICKEN SCRATCHIN' LUNK!

AW C'MON! JUST ONE LOUSY MATCH?

YOU CRUD!

HEY! WHATTA YA DOON?

PLUNK!

ACK!

POIK!

PLOCK!

SPLISH!

SNAP!

WHEN I GET DONE WITH YOU, YOU AIN'T GONNA NEED A MATCH!

HERE COMES A SEMI!! I'LL LET IT FINISH THE JOB FOR ME!!

ONE MATCH?

SLISH!! SLOOSH!! SLURSH!!

GURGLE

AHAAHAHAHA!

GUNCH!!
There wasn't any more trouble, so I continued on to the criminal degemo-camp...

Later...at the prison... beep! beep! I'm sorry, mister-wade! beep! prisoner-conrad was just executed! beep!

Whirrrrr

Wha-? Gloria? you dirty, stinkin.'

Blang!

I'll get them damn aliens, brudda! sobe and then I'll get...you!

Smash!

I reported to space port i, where i was strapped to a waiting rocket!

O.K., gimme a hunka steel to bite on! the acceleration pain'll be too much, even fer me!

Y-yes Sir!

Yes, general edaw! ware may be an insane maniac, but he's earth's only salvation! deep down, he can't be all that bad!
The pad is soon cleared as the countdown begins...

Then... lift off!

Boom!

6...5...4...3...

Now ta get these crummy straps!

With split second timing, Wade leaps toward the alien craft!

If I can just jump far enough!

Snap!

Sprang!

Zoom!

Succeeding in his death-defying leap, Wade stealthily rips out the side of the ship!

A'right, ya pea-pickin', saucer-headed yahoos! 'M comin' in after you!!

BROK!
Caught by surprise, the astounded creatures have little time to react, thus giving Wade valuable time to strike a blow for mankind!

Look alive kiddies! Playtime's over, so here's where you inhuman creep's get yours!

Behold, sire! A human!

Who dares?

Like a man possessed, Wade attacks!

Having a victory feast already? Well here's a table for ya ta chew on.

Wade batters aliens aside as if they were children.

And in desperation, their most awesome weapon soon rumbles forth.

Mighty as he may be, the earth man shall still fall before the might of...

...the disintegrate gun!

But with comparative ease, the gun is wrenched from the floor.

No, no!

Ya crummy jerk! Here's what I think of your toy!

Run! He's a madman.

Back you cur! Back off, or die by the hand of... Anthony Wade!

Arrrr!

Smek!

Kill him!

Dye!

Earthen pig!

If only I could find their main power source! If...

Wait! That device glowing in the distance! That's it!
WITH DEADLY ACCURACY, WADE HEAVES THE CANNON THE LENGTH OF THE SHIP!

FLYING MACHINERY SENDS WADE SCURRYING DOWN THE MAIN CORRIDOR. FOR IF THE SHIP GOES, EVEN HIS STEEL-HARD FRAME MAY GO WITH IT!

GOOD MORC! HE HIT THE NITROMIC ENGINE!

RRUMMMMBLE!

THE SHIP, IT'S GONNA...

THE BLAST TORE THE SHIP TO SHREDS... YET I MANAGED TO BYPASS THE BRUNT OF IT!!

THE BATTLE WAS OVER AND I FREE FELL BACK TO EARTH...

"...THERE WERE A FEW PEOPLE I HAD TO TAKE CARE OF!"

DO YOU WANT TO SEE MORE OF ANTHONY WADE? WRITE AND TELL US!!

END
BOY! THESE HORROR MAGS ARE REALLY STUPID! WHO'S GONNA BELIEVE ALL OF THIS GARBAGE ABOUT DEMONS, MONSTERS AND JUNK LIKE THAT?
VAMPIRES ARE STALKING THE STREETS OF CHICAGO!!!
IN THE 1970'S!!! THE HELLSPAWN, THE VERY CHILDREN OF
SATAN HIMSELF ARE UPON US ALL!!! EVEN NOW, A LOWLY
PROSTITUTE IS UNDER DEATH'S COLD SCRUTINY!!!

THE
BLOOD-
SUCKERS

YOU!!!
AHHHH!! COME TO
ME MY DEAR, AND
KNOW THE EROTIC
PLEASURES OF HELL!!!

NO!!
NO!!
AAA!!!

THE EVIL EYE EXISTS!!!
IN MERE SECONDS, THE
POWER TAKES EFFECT!!!

THE HAPLESS
VICTIM DIES IN
A FINAL SPASM
OF FORBIDDEN
PLEASURE!!!
YES, THE GIRL DIES, THE VICTIM OF A MONSTER!!! BUT MONSTERS COME IN ALL VARIETIES!!! JUST LOOK AT COLUMNIST MONA BARRETT...

MONA PLACES A DISCREET AD IN THE DAILY PAPERS, AND RECEIVES A MYSTERIOUS ADDRESS IN REPLY!!! THE BUILDING IS A DARK AND FORBIDDING ONE...

HMMMM... VAMPIRE MURDERS, EH? THIS COULD SOLVE ALL MY PROBLEMS!!!

I-IM SCARED!!! RETCH, GAG!!!

MONA GROPES HER WAY DOWN A FETID CORRIDOR!!! A CHILL RUNS ALONG HER SPINE AS SHE SEES... HIM!!!

AAHH, GOOD EVENINK!!! ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF!!! I AM COUNT PASTAFAZOO, AT YOUR SERVICE!!!

WHAA-? AAAA!!!

CHOKE!!!
OH, YOU'RE THE VAMPIRE!!

YES!!! WHAT IS THE NATURE OF YOUR VISIT?

THERE'S THIS ACTRESS, ALICE CORBEN--A REAL TRAMP WHO'S SLEPT WITH EVERYONE IN THE PHONE BOOK!!! I WANT HER DEAD!!!

I WILL DO AS YOU ASK!!! PROVIDED YOU ARE WILLING TO PAY MY-ER- PRICE!!!

THAT NIGHT, ALICE CORBEN FEEDS HER SICK MIND WITH A PORNOGRAFIC BOOK!

AGREED!!

AHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! DIE... DIE... DIE!!!

FOR SOME REASON, ALICE LOOKS UP FROM HER BOOK!!!

ARRAGHH!!!

CHOKED!!!

AGGG!!! CHOKE!!!
LATER, MONA IS SUMMONED TO PASTAFAZOO'S RESIDENCE...

AND NOW, MY DEAR, THE LITTLE MATTER OF A HEM; PAYMENT!!!

OH, YEAH (HEH, HEH) - CHOKING PAYMENT!!! HOW MUCH?? $1,000? $2,000??

YOU MISUNDERSTAND COMPLETELY, MY DEAR!!! THE ONLY PAYMENT I WANT --- IS YOU!!! ARAGH!!!

WELL, THERE IT IS, MY DEAR -- THE CORPSE OF ALICE CORBEN!!! HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?!??!!!

AIEEEE!!! THE END
Well... that wraps up the first issue! Hope you liked it!

WE NEED YOUR LETTERS OF COMMENT!
WRITE TO: MAELSTROM, 950 N. LARAMIE, CHICAGO, ILL., 60651

CONTRIBUTIONS WELCOME!!! ALL CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE CONSIDERED AND ALL MUST CONTAIN SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE IF TO BE RETURNED!!! REMEMBER TOO! OUR SPACE IS LIMITED SO WE CAN'T POSSIBLY USE EVERYBODY'S! THANKS!!

FANZINE REVIEW.... Next Issue!!!

GOSHAROOTIE!

DON'T MISS... ALL AMERICAN JACK
APPEARING IN ALAN HANLEY'S COMIC BOOK No. 6
SEND ONE DOLLAR TO: COMIC BOOK No. 6 ALAN HANLEY 6228 N. WINTHROPE, CHICAGO, ILL. 60626
ROGER, CAP’N I GUESS THE SCIENTISTS WERE RIGHT! MARS IS TOO BARREN TO SUPPORT LIFE!!
Let Me PROVE I Can Make A SUCKER Out of YOU!!!

Are you "fed up" with seeing all the big clods walk off with the best of everything. Sick and tired of getting bazookas shot off in your face - leaving you only half alive? Well, my secret method, called dynamite tension, can change all that...

HERE'S HOW!!!

Yes, dynamite tension can make you a huge monolithic mountain of sinewy sinews! And all you have to do is gamble one thin dime, for a muscle-building method that has been passed down through the ages on papyrus scrolls by two immortal hunchback monks, who dwell within the forgotten vaults of Genghis Kahn, located somewhere in the towering peaks of the Himalayas. This method will put 20" on neck, 72" on your arms, and eventually 5" off your wallet! Hurry! Order now! Quick, before you figure out we're a bunch of crooks!!!