GO TO YOUR STEREO, PUT ON A RECORD WITH MUSIC BY WAGNER, AND BE PREPARED TO ENTER A WORLD OF SPACE-ADVENTURE WITH-

ART BY RON WILBER

FLACH GORTON

I'M DECREASING THE SPARKLER, FIRE-CRACKER ENGINES, NOW.

TIME TO LAND.

STRONG LIGHTING

KLANG!

POP!

CRACK!

THUD!

DO YOU FEEL UNWELCOME HERE, FLACH?

WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE ME THAT IDEA, DOC?

LEAVE US, YOU TINKER TOY.

DUMP FLACH IN A FLASH.

STAY OFF OUR PLANET.

GET BACK EARTH-MAN!

WE DON'T WANT YOU.

NICE SOFT LANDING, DOC?
LOOK hard. A WELCOMING PARTY?

WHEN WILL THEY LEARN
 DR. ZARKOFF?

WHEN WILL THEY REALIZE WE
 COME IN PEACE?

WE MEAN THEM
 NO HARM.

I DON’T KNOW IF I CAN TAKE IT ANY-
MORE! THERE OUTS, THOUSANDS OF
BODIES SWEATING, PRESSING TOGETHER, ARMS
HOLDING ME, HANDS GRABBING ME, FEET
KICKING ME.

CAN I COME BACK
TOMORROW
FOR SECONDS?

WHICH TWIN HAS THE
TONI?
Now we must head for Mningar's stronghold, where you will fight him to the death.

(flach)

I will if you can explain two things to me, Zarkoff.

What are these round things on my shirt, and why do I wear this stupid thing on my head?

There's Mningar's castle. Let's go!

They're so strange, Adam.

Isn't it time we took a rain?

What is it?

Nothing, I just have to yell that at least once each episode.

Look out, Flash!
I DON'T LIKE IT. FLACH, THERE'S NO GUARD AT THE DOOR.

EVEN MORE SUSPICIOUS.

WHERE COULD MNING BE?

OHHH... THIS PRINTING ON GLASS?

THERE'S NO DOOR!

MAYBE IT'S JUST A HUNCH, BUT MY SIXTH SENSE TELLS ME MINGS IN THERE.

OUR LAND IS ARID AND OUR REAL KING IS BARNIN.

TODAY'S SPECIAL CRACKED CRABBE.

OH DARLING, YOU'RE SO ASTUTE!

PLEASE!

STRAIGHT AHEAD.

THIS WAY TO MNING!

YES HE'S IN THERE!

WALK RIGHT IN, PLEASE!

COMING IN.

MNING, I'D WALK RIGHT IN!

WHT-HINT-HINT!

MNING, THE MNERCILESS.

POST NO BILLS!

WILLIAM!

FLACH GORTON.

50% OFF USED SHOWER CURTAIN.
IT'S THE END OF THE LINE FOR YOU MING!

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL YELLOW-PERIL.

NOT REALLY ELACH GORTON, WATCH...

WHO ARE YOU?

(I AM MR. SPOOK, WHAT DO YOU WANT?)

FOR YEARS THE FEDERATION HAS WATCHED YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS INFLECT YOUR ILOGIC ON THE UNIVERSE.

KILLING RARE SPECIES OF FLORA AND FAUNA, ALTERING CULTURES, FIGHTING, AND BLOWING THINGS UP.

IT'S MUCH TOO WASTEFUL AND ILLOGICAL, SO WE ARE TAKING OVER.

I AM NOT SPOCK!

I AM NOT PARIS!

WHO AM I ANYHOW!

YOUR DAYS OF MIS-ADVENTURE ARE THROUGH, FOR THE GOOD OF ALL, WHY NOT RETURN TO EARTH?

GO BACK TO EARTH?

ARE YOU A REAL DOCTOR?

NO, AND I'M NOT A SCIENTIST EITHER.

THE WET-HEAD ISN'T DEAD!

BILL SHATNER sez: I FEEL LIKE A TRANSFORMED MAN.

LEONARD NIMOY: MR. SPOOKS: MUSIC FROM OUTER-SPACE.
My name is Ralph Eric Fowler, born July 11, 1953, a native Tampon (as in Tampa, Florida). Very limited education, no formal art schooling. What time I did spend in school I did projecting myself into drawings I did instead of the fundametal 3-R's. I just started doing artwork for reproduction purposes a little over a year ago as a sideline while working full time as a progressive musician. After reaching a peak in music I decided to trade the ego boost of performing music for the self-satisfaction of artwork. I had considered being an architectural delineator but that would not have satisfied my desire to create. I've always been a sci-fi fan, mainly of sci-fi cinema because of the creative crafts involved in production and the visual impact. Visual impressions are the key. You have no doubt heard that a picture is worth a thousand words. Artwork done with artisitic flair, technique and style is very pleasing visually. But there are already so many artists there. I started on the other side of the art spectrum and I want to do the best with the little niche that I'm in.

Why I specialize in space craft is because, like cars on Earth, they are a symbol of freedom. Until man evolves into a kinetic-energy life form he'll have to rely heavily upon space craft to act out necessary exploration, desires and also to escape overcrowded or hostile environments. The more complex space craft become especially where it involves size and capacity the more they merge with architectural concepts.

Why I am interested in futuristic cities is that cities are a symbol of security, progress, a place where man gathers together his achievements, enjoys them and preserves them.

My favorite artists are (in order) CHRISTOPHER FOSS: If you ever wonder what space craft and space structures will most likely look like, Chris Foess has, on his book cover art, shown the most advanced insight and realist-perfectionist technique of any sci-fi artist. So spectacular and impressive are his paperback covers which show nothing but space craft, he doesn't have to involve human or alien physical forms or action scenes that appeal to a broader, slightly less intellectual audience. ROBERT McCALL: He attempted to inspire people by a whole book of his visions of what man might achieve in space. His most famous and refined work was done for NASA; promotional artwork for "2001", and a 60' x 60' mural for the Smithsonian in Washington. He's been referred to as "Best Space Artist", a generalized analysis. His specialty is not necessarily his art technique, but the genius behind his concepts. You might note that many sci-fi movies have taken his ideas and turned them into sets; the space station that was "Earth II" was his design; "Space: 1999" took his antigravity space port, built a massive model of it for one of their episodes, and then claimed that they didn't derive the design from his book. One of his most recent assignments was as production designer-consultant for the upcoming "Disney" disaster in space flick. DOUGLAS TRUMBULL for his space craft and technology related cinemato-graphic achievements: "2001" and "Silent Running" to name two. It makes me sick that they keep trying to give Brian Johnson credit for special effects in "2001" when all he was was just a model builder.

Douglas started in an architecturally related field, as did ROGER DEAN, an incredibly inspired artist who did a lot of work involving architecture and space craft.

There's a flock of artists and new S.F. illustrators using his ideas.

The limited artwork I have done so far has been but a primitive climb up the ladder to super-realism in art. I try to force perspective and use contrasts to give my work depth and something more than a two dimensional appearance. In my motion picture reviews (such as "Silent Running" in RBC #132, "Flesh Gordon" in this issue and "Logan's Run" which is soon to come) I try to make details stand out that were previously unnoticed. I also like to recreate scenes from a different vantage point. In the original artwork I would like to, within my field of specialties, present thought provoking spectacles, with possible underlying philosophical themes; new concepts and combinations of concepts done in a realistic-dimenisonal style that will have enough visual impact and detail to keep the eye and mind interested. In my style I put as much detail as possible. Many artists, going by artistic rule, pre-focus the viewer's eye on the main subject. By detailing all parts of the picture, I let the viewer focus his own eyes on what interests him the most. Another interesting aspect is that in a "spacescape" there would be no loss of detail with distance, with no atmospheric interference, a concept that many artists with Earth-bound art training aren't hip to.

Eventually I would most like to do paperback books (hard to believe, as primitive as my style is now), although if I thought it were possible I would also like to work in motion picture special effects.

One thing I want you to understand about my artwork is that I try to make my renderings as accurate and detailed as any photo (if not more) which takes a lot of time in conception. Of course I don't use an opaque projector, which nearly all of Norman Rockwell's paintings in my lifetime involved. I do things the hard way. For example, in the "Silent Running" scene I did with Dern hitting the Drone, I had to make a miniature of the A.T.V. which he was driving, draw it as it would be seen from about 3 scale feet away, draw from the Drone model I built as it would be seen from 1 1/2 to 2 feet over it's shoulder, and quite a few other steps to try to take all these 3 dimensional objects and work them together into some sort of composition.

If I were doing original artwork such as in the drawing I call "City" (E.I. #2); I think it up, sketch it out and throw it all together in less than a week!
CRITIQUE

CRITIQUE is basically a review column, but we will not specifically recommend that you buy or not buy a particular item. We will review each item to the best of our ability and let each reader take it from there. We will be reviewing almost any item (fanzines, prozines, records, portfolios, tapes, posters, or just anything of general interest) with one exception. We will not be doing any SFPLA publications for obvious reasons. CRITIQUE offers a readership of nearly two thousand and CRITIQUE will also offer the publisher of any item we review up to one hundred words of free space to rebut our review, if he chooses to do so, providing his review is less than an "8" rating. All rebuttals to appear in the next column must be in our hands at least five days before the ad deadline of the next RB&CC or they will be run in the following issue. If you have an item you would like reviewed, send a copy of it to: CRITIQUE, 6351 S.W. 43 STREET, MIAMI, FLORIDA 33159.

A few things to remember: Where UNDERGROUNDS are concerned, you must be 18 or older to order them. All fanzines reviewed are 8 1/2 x 11 with offset printing and wraparound binding unless otherwise noted. From time to time there may be a publication over which two of our reviewers have wide disagreement and in which case two reviews of the same book will be run in the interest of fairness.

A FINAL NOTE: The only reason for CRITIQUE is as a service to fandom. If you appreciate what we are trying to do then let us know. Your support can be shown in numerous ways: If you order an item because of our review then please mention CRITIQUE in your order, and of course the RB&CC would appreciate your subscription and advertising support. Naturally, your comments are welcomed.

JAMES VAN HISE / EDITOR

ARIEL #1 - $5.95 - 84 pages (9 x 12) - Published by Morning Star Press, P.O. Box 6011, Leawood, Kansas 66206

This volume, subtitled by the publishers as "a fantasy magazine", is an ambitious attempt to take the art and article fanzine further than it has gone before and raise it to a pinnacle of previously unachieved intellectualism. But to do this you need people who are actually intellectual, and who don't just think they are.

The main example of this shortcoming in ARIEL is in the Frank Frazetta interview, conducted by the publisher Armand Eisen, who continually compares Frazetta to the inner personality exemplified by Marlon Brando in THE WILD ONE, asking the most absurd questions in doing so, and even has contrasting photos of Frazetta riding a motorcycle with similar photos of Brando right next to them. He even analyzes the movie while talking to Frazetta and draws very shaky parallels. I'm surprised Frazetta put up with it.

The 16 page Richard Corben strip "Den" is reprinted in full color from GUM MIT #2 and although it's nice to have it in a more durable format color printing needs a coated paper, not the uncoated stock used here, for the best results. So although it looks very nice, it's not as perfect as it could have been.

A four page article on pulp is pretty much a waste of space as it says too little about too much, mostly just saying that the old pulps were pretty amazing. It is the type of non-information information which is often used as filler in MEDIASCENE.

Six pages are appropriately devoted to Hogarth and a discussion of his new Tarzan book, and this is a very worthwhile feature.

A five page article on Batman discusses the character's metamorphosis and although it isn't bad it strikes me as the kind of article someone would do because they couldn't think of anything better to write about, and there are a lot better things worth writing about in comics.

Following this are six pages which I object strongly to. They are a six page excerpt from BLOODSTAR by Richard Corben, another Morningstar Press publication. I don't believe the reader should be expected to pay $5.95 for a book like this and then be subjected to a six page ad disguised as a feature.

There is also an article on "Conan the Existential"

which spends four pages explaining how Conan is what he is because he made himself what he is. It's okay. There is also some fiction, two poems by Robert E. Howard, a biography of Frazetta and an article discussing his art work.

The front cover is in full color and is by Corben and the back cover is the Frazetta Conan painting from CONAN THE CIMMERIAN, cropped slightly on the right.

In all, ARIEL is an ambitious attempt which in this first issue lacks mainly in imagination in choosing subject matter and waffles back and forth from very good to very fair.

RATING 7 / JAMES VAN HISE

HOT STUF' #3 - $1.50 - 60 pages (7 x 10) - Published by Tim Kirk, Sal Quartuccio, 720 East 45 Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11203

I'm not thoroughly familiar with the first two issues of HOT STUF', but I know enough about them to know that there's a slight format change. The first two issues were done as 8 1/2 x 11 slick, general material fanzines, whereas HOT STUF' #3 is more like an underground, in both size and content.

I might clarify here that the reason I'm not very familiar with the first two issues is because upon looking through them I was not at all impressed. The art layout was professional and attractive enough, but the materials just seemed too boring and meaningless. As a whole, it seemed like a pointless mishmash of artistic experiments that failed.

HOT STUF' #3 at least has a unifying theme. The entire issue is called a "special 50 page fantasy novel", centering around an evil and immortal sorcerer and necromancer named Roodmoth Urthruk. The tale chronicles portions of his eons-long existence, and the effects his powers have had on a land called Estravan, and the surrounding areas and oceans.

The story is told in several chapters, each one drawn by Tim Kirk, Richard Corben, Herb Arnold or Stan Dresser. All but one of the chapters (the Dresser strip) are written by Herb Arnold, and it seems he did so just for the kick of it.

Artwise, HOT STUF' #3 is only fair. The Corben art is, of course, the best, but with the Herb Arnold script (which Corben collaborated on), it can't com-
The Tim Kirk art is nice, as it is a bit of a rarity in this form. The Stan Dresser art (an artist we first saw in FANTAGOR) is probably the worst. Dresser has an interesting style, but it just isn't "comics," and he doesn't spend enough time polishing it up. When we first saw Herb Arnold in FANTAGOR, some thought he might develop into another Corben. Of course Arnold has improved, and much of his art here is nice, but he'll never become a genius of Corben's calibre.

Finally, what spells doom for this book, is the writing. Like Dresser's art, Herb Arnold's writing here is just not "comics." It doesn't read smoothly and he's trying for an H.P. Lovecraft feel in his dialogue. Much of Lovecraft's work is a laborious reading chore, and to imitate such a style within a comic strip is artistic suicide. On top of that, the pacing is bad. The reader is constantly having to look back to see which character is which and where he last was. I've seen better writing in a Charlton comic.

Conceptually, the story in HOT STUFF #3 is a very good one, and a fertile ground for a plethora of interesting developments. But the handling of the whole thing was just too rough to be considered a quality work. I would say, though, that HOT STUFF #3 is worth $1.50, if only for the great color cover by Corben, and the interesting interior art by Corben, Kirk and Arnold.

RATING 5 / MARK BURBEY

STAR REACH #7 - $1.25 - 52 pages (7 x 10) - Published by Star Reach Productions, Box 385, Hayward, Ca. 94543

The publishers refer to this enterprise as "A new genre...The unique synthesis of underground and overground..." It is definitely something different and in the early issues in which they had the talent to pull it off it was successful.

But now editor Mike Friedrich is drawing his material almost exclusively from amateurs and unknowns which in itself isn't bad since every working professional was an unknown once and they had to start somewhere. Friedrich, though, seems to have peculiar editorial tastes as most of the material in this issue is pretty mundane and hardly what I would call exciting either visually or intellectually.

There's stories about a man meeting God (a crusty old man on a distant planet) and doing little with the concept or the possibilities, and there's also SF, and stuff which seems more like it would be home in an underground, as far as importance of Raymond's "My Fears".

The best strip is "Skywalker" by Mike Vosburg and Steve Englehart as it does some interesting things in the comic format, but even it isn't that great. I just couldn't really get involved in anything that's in here.

What will save the issue and make it sell is a full color wraparound cover by Barry Smith (super detailed). STAR REACH is just not taking the time, or making the effort, to live up to its potential.

RATING 5 / JAMES VAN HISE

SECRET AGENT X-9 by Dashnell Hammett and Alex Raymond - $8.95 + $1.00 for postage - Published by Nostalgia Press, Box 293, Franklin Square, New York, N.Y. 11010

In view of this issue's spotlighting of Alex Raymond's premiere creation, FLASH GORDON, it seems appropriate to consider another of his creations, SECRET AGENT X-9. This volume reprints virtually all of Raymond's work on X-9—from the strip's beginning (January 22, 1934) through Sept. 1935 (Raymond gave up the strip in November of that year), omitting only about six weeks of continuity (March to mid-April 1935). Measuring 8 1/2 x 11 inches, the book prints 3 strips to a page, a format that showcases the strips at about the size they originally appeared in newspapers. Bill Blackbeard supplies a short introduction, complete with samples of the other detective strips of the period against which King Features intended X-9 to compete.

Although many of the strips appear to be reproduced from newspaper clippings (or poor proofs) and therefore lose a little detail occasionally and blur solid blacks, the reproduction is otherwise satisfactory, presenting a healthy sample of Raymond's artistry during his developmental stage.

Raymond employs more shading and feathering when modeling in X-9 than in FLASH of the same period; perhaps FLASH was rendered with a simpler line because Raymond was allowing for the added dimension of color. In any case, his illustrative technique in the X-9 strips seems much more sophisticated than in the early FLASH—a fact that ought to lay to rest any remaining doubts about whose hand was chiefly responsible for the distinctive Raymond style: Austin Briggs wasn't with Raymond at the beginning of either strip. (If my column elsewhere in this issue doesn't convince you, you can compare Briggs' work on X-9 with Raymond's: twenty-four 1935 Briggs X-9 dailies—clearly inferior to Raymond's work—are included in this volume.)

In 1934, Raymond was unknown; the most ballyhooed facet of King's new detective strip was that it was written by Dashnell Hammett, then one of the foremost writers of "hard-boiled" detective fiction in the world. By this time, however, Hammett's creative juices were drying up, and he was devoting more time to the bottle than to the pen. His X-9 continuity was the last writing he would get into print—despite the fact that he lived until 1961.

This book prints five X-9 episodes, of which the first three were written by Hammett. (According to Maurice Horn, Hammett did four episodes, leaving the strip in April 1935; the fourth Hammett episode is apparently the omitted 6-week continuity in that year.) The last two episodes in this volume were reportedly written by Raymond. In contrast to the first three by Hammett, the plots of the last two stumble along with motiveless actions and narrative breakdowns. From one event to another, filling in continuity gaps with huge chunks of narration. Both these adventures rush to conclusion, much of the action taking place off-stage. If Raymond did write the last two episodes, they reveal clearly how badly this gifted illustrator needed a writer.

Hammett's stories, although much more complex than most comic strip fare today, progress smoothly from event to event, making good use of sequential sense. Hammett's X-9 is his Continental Op all over again: tight-lipped and grim, he's a humorless, ruthless, and nameless man ("Call me Dexter—it's not my name but it'll do"). dedication without personal reservation to the fight against crime. (His family was murdered by gangsters, so he swears vengeance.)

The book gives us all we could want of Raymond's X-9 and introduces us fully to X-9 himself—a figure in the history of the comic strip who, until this book, was known more by reputation than by actual experience. The book is clearly worth the money; as a comicstrip, X-9 rates maybe only 5, but as a historical document, this book rates much higher.

RATING 8 / R.C. HARVEY

WITZEND #10 - $3.00 - 52 pages - Published by CPL/Gang Publications, P.O. Box 877, East Derby Sta., Derby, Ct. 06418. Add 50¢ for postage.

When WITZEND first appeared over ten years ago, then
under the editorship of Wally Wood, it paved a new direction for fanzines and even today those early issues are still regarded as classics.

But the new WITZEND just doesn't display as much of this excitement and inventiveness. When I first received a flyer announcing publication of it it sounded all too much like an issue of CHARLTON BULLSEYE which is not to demean that publication but it and WITZEND are on two entirely different creative planes.

The cover is by Wally Wood in the old WITZEND tradition and the six page SALLY FORTH strip by Wood maintains this atmosphere.

The eight page strip "The Amazing Dodo" is also in this fine early tradition as the artwork by Mike Zeck is the finest strip art he has done to date. The story by Bill Pearson is very good but seems to end too soon and should have used at least one more page to draw the story to a close and make one final statement in the way events in the rest of the story did.

"Lost In A Dream!" is well drawn by Dick Giordano but the unimaginative story (well told without captions or dialogue) by Bill Pearson is again a shortcoming. "39-74" drawn by Alex Toth is also co-plotted by him but even this doesn't help it. It's a prosaic little mystery which is only mildly interesting to read at best. The art by Toth is excellent but is marred by squeezing it into eight panels to a page, when it would look much better in six, plus the identical page to page layout gets pretty monotonous by the time you finish.

The three page strip by Howard Chaykin is experimental and interesting but one can't help but ask the question why?

"My Furry World" by Nic Cuti and Joe Staton is a funny animal S&S strip with better than average Staton art and an okay script. Again, though, this strip would seem more at home in CHARLTON BULLSEYE. The reason I keep mentioning this publication is because it is published by the same people who published this issue of WITZEND...and it shows.

WITZEND and CHARLTON BULLSEYE are two completely different kinds of publications and one should not be treated the same as the other and the fact that they were made this issue of WITZEND much different than what WITZEND once was. Editor Bill Pearson unfortunately took the credo printed as the backward of this magazine too seriously. It reads, "This publication has no theme, purpose, or significance. Forget everything you have seen and read in the preceding pages." Were Bill Pearson a better editor, none of that would be true.

RATING 6 / JAMES VAN HISE

KURTZMAN KOMIX - $1.00 + 25¢ postase - 36 pages (7 x 10) - Published by Krupp Comic Works, P.O. Box 7, Princeton, N.J. 08540

This is an underground comic but it is hardly for adults only. The underground has long recognized the influence of Harvey Kurtzman and has often had him contribute new material to their publications in recent years.

This zine is all reprints with the exception of the full color front cover illustration. What it reprints are many of those classic short strips done by Harvey Kurtzman in the late forties and fifties, such as POT-SHOT PETE, SHELTON and HEY LOOK. What makes their collection here so valuable is that most all of these strips appeared in some of the most obscure comics imaginable as fillers.

These strips are printed in black and white from either the original art of excellent proofs as the reproduction is perfect. Although not every last one of these early strips are reprinted here, the selection is very good.

The inside front cover is a special introduction written by Robert Crumb. Obscure as these are, they were often Kurtzman at his best.

RATING 10 / JAMES VAN HISE

MEDIASCENE #22 - $2.50, subs 6/$7.50 - 36 pages, tabloid on quality paper - Published by Supergraphics, Box 445, Wyoming, Pa. 18650

Somehow, for some reason, the one in charge of publicity for STAR WARS decided that Jim Steranko's MEDIA-SCENE is so great and wonderful that it should be handed the largest amount of publicity material yet released on this film, a total of nine tabloid pages of material including stills and artwork. There's no denying the ideal format from presenting this material as two of Ralph McQuarrie's pre-production paintings are printed in full color, one full tab size and the other double tab centred spread size. There's a good behind-the-scenes article on STAR WARS, more fine pre-production drawings, and an article on the upcoming Marvel Comics version.

The other major article of interest and importance is a single tab piece on WIZARDS, the sword & sorcery animated film to be released by Ralph Bakshi studios this spring.

"Superman Of The Cinema" is a typical MEDIASCENE filler piece which devotes two full pages to some stills and a capsule history of the science fiction film which does little more than list titles in chronological order and pad it with a lot of prose to disguise it as a legitimate article. It doesn't work.

The remainder of the issue is ads and news for upcoming comics and movies.

If not for the STAR WARS material it would be a pretty mundane issue as his own Steranko just doesn't come up with heavyweight features like this. But if you haven't seen anything from STAR WARS yet, or even if you have, this issue is a must have.

RATING 8 / JAMES VAN HISE

MEDIA SPOTLIGHT #3 - $1.25 - 52 pages - Published by Irjax Enterprises, 13016 St. Charles Place, Rockville, Md. 20853

Since I reviewed the first two issues of this and pronounced it good, it is only fitting that I should review this latest issue which contains a lot of vast improvements, as well as some of the same old nonsense.

After two issues the staff finally realized that they knew absolutely nothing about layout and graphics, even though all it takes to do good layouts is a good eye and some patience. They hired a new art director. Thus the art direction for this issue is credited to Brill & Waldstein, obviously a graphic arts firm. Now everything has snappy layouts and bold type, and it's even proof read since grammar was never one of their strong points.

Some of the writing in this issue is actually good, but not a whole lot of it.

Mostly the improvements are in the appearance so that the person looking at it on the newsstand won't pass it up as sloppy trash as they would have before.

"Hotline To The Stars" gives the appearance first of being a newsline on the STAR TREK actors but then flies off on tangents about actors who are never named and winds up talking about STARKY AND HATCH!

There's a four page interview with Roddenberry which isn't extremely up to date but is still very good and the best feature in this issue. But then outside of a science feature, the rest of the issue is typically unimaginative. Lynn Lange, one of the absolutely worst writers I have ever read turns in two pieces, the worst being two (gag) Star Trek poems which are supposed to be songs. And she's the special feature editor! The other articles are either incomplete, badly written, or simply poor ideas.

The inside front cover is a drawing stolen off the back cover of TREK #4 (it's simply traced, reversed and inked with very slight differences). Good graphics do not make bad ideas better!
This is a column of opinion and discussion of what's happening in the world of comics today. My intention is to make this a lively and interesting feature.

I had made a list of the subjects I planned to discuss this time and hadn't chosen the lead item yet when suddenly D.C. Comics announced their price increase. This took me completely by surprise as it has only about a year since the last major increase. In fact, this move has been so sudden and kept such a secret that the price rise was only announced to fandom a couple weeks before the comics with the increased prices hit the stands! So whereas fans were grumbling over the 30¢ comic book, it's now become the 35¢ comic book! In these days of declining comic book sales, the companies seem to feel that only a more expensive product can see them through. Part of the reasoning behind this is that the more expensive a book the larger cut of the price goes to the newsdealer who displays it. If the newsdealer makes next to nothing on every comic he sells, he's not going to care as much if he stocks everything or nothing. When comics were 20¢ the newsdealers received about 3¢ for every comic sold. So the rise in comic prices cannot be completely tied to rising printing costs, etc. And yet I have talked to newsdealers and they aren't all that happy about the rising prices of the comics they sell. As one put it, "The kid who has a dollar to spend on comics used to be able to get four comics for that dollar. Now he can only get three." And this was spoken right after they went up to 30¢! The point this man was making is that these kids only have so much money to spend on comics and when they get more expensive the kids just cut down on the number they buy. Declining comics sales seem to bear this out. Kids do seem to have more money to spend on comics than they did ten years ago, but it isn't enough to bridge the gap when the average comic is 35¢ and the specials are 60¢, $1.00 and $1.50. He is still not going to be able to buy as many and this means that a title which perhaps doesn't appeal as widely to the more youthful audience which supports the industry, but yet which is a favorite in fandom (such as the recently departed WARLOCK) will be doomed.

Another factor in declining comic sales which I feel is just as important as the price is the fact that most of the comics published today are pure junk! They have mindless plots, poorly motivated characters and unimaginative stories. And this is to say nothing of the art. In order to meet deadlines on an increasing number of titles, most of which are poor and which die only to be replaced by more poor titles, the companies hire merely competent artists whose major accomplishment is that they can meet deadlines, even though the work they turn in is dull and uninspired and which fills the newsstands with dull, uninspired comics which die to be replaced by still more dull, uninspired comics in an endless cycle. Their motto is "I don't want it good, I want it today". It is for this reason that when someone like a Brunner or a Starlin appears they are so highly praised because their work is so good that it stands out miles above the garbage surrounding them. That's why so very many of the working artists in comics today, such as George Tuska and Frank Robbins, never turn up as featured guests at conventions. The artists admired and respected by fandom only contribute a small fraction of the total newsstand product while the others produce work which is published today and forgotten tomorrow because quite simply the comic companies are simply trying to publish more books than they have the available talent to support.

But there's another reason why there are so few worthwhile comics published today. Decisions are made, often which we never hear about, which kill beautiful ideas before they are ever given a chance for life. Have you ever wondered what happened to those Steve Englehart/Frank Brunner issues of DR. STRANGE which were announced shortly after they left that title? They were going to be done as filler issues as Marvel sometimes has these done in case an issue misses the deadline. Well, Englehart and Brunner were eager to do a story involving Dr. Strange going back in time to the 1930's and battling Fu Manchu. They wanted to get started on it but Marvel kept putting them off until finally they were told to wait until after the DR. STRANGE bicentennial issues. Those DR. STRANGE bicentennial issues were undoubtedly the most absurd idea in comics history as what has the 200th birthday of the U.S. got to do with DR. STRANGE? Nothing, and Marvel proceeded to do unspeakable things, destroying the concepts and the character which Englehart and Brunner had so carefully crafted over many months. Englehart and Brunner then refused to do the planned DR. Strange issues because of the ridiculous things Marvel had done to that title. After all, Captain America is the character to do bi-centennial stories, not Dr. Strange! In trying to do something different, all Marvel did was something absurd.

Englehart and Brunner also wanted to revive the SILVER SURFER comic but Stan Lee refused, not because of economic reasons, but because when the Surfer is brought back he wants it done only by himself and Kirby in the beginning (and it will be in a deluxe hardcover book late this year). Lee feels that the Surfer is the only character which he himself created which was a commercial failure and he wants to make it succeed with his own two hands. Although Lee and Kirby will undoubtedly do a fine job, I feel that Englehart and Brunner could have done a better job because look what they did with Dr. Strange.

Lest you think I'm trying to overlook D.C., I just want to conclude by calling attention to the absurd logo they use on the GREEN LANTERN/GREEN ARROW book as they call it "The Award Winning Comic" when they have specifically avoided all the elements in this revival which made the original GL/GA series award winning. As far as I'm concerned this is misleading and a slap in the face of the people who made the original series as excellent as it was, as the new series is everything the old series wasn't and never wanted to be!
Parasite Films brings you the most exciting original rip-off of all time!

King DeLaurentiis
FACE-OFF ON 'KING KONG'

When word was announced of the proposed remake, (er, two remakes) of RKO's classic King Kong, I was, to say the least, skeptical. And when I heard that Universal Pictures' version, which was to have used stop-motion animation was cancelled and that Paramount's, utilizing a life-size Kong, was beset with problems by the score, the credibility of a quality film being produced was minimal in my mind. And my friends. And Random's. And the general public's, the RKO Barrett set. I'll die gracefully: glad to admit defeat.

Dino de Laurentis' new version (I can't call it a re-make) is a quality film which I'm sure will leave an unmistakable mark on the motion picture world. To compare it with the original 1933 version would be a crime equal with blasphemy, for they are two separate entities, each an experience unto itself. Some criticisms can be made of both, though the media-mongers, the critics, and the editorship of this magazine seem to pick solely on the 1976 film.

As a film, totally apart from the old version of the old famous story, "King Kong" succeeds in it's purpose. Though hampered by a rather mediocre script, the audience is immediately caught in the timeless, though now contemporary, romantic adventure. (A word about the script - what most people seem to overlook is that, though they are at times pretentious, the lines in the film totally fit the character of the people who speak them. Case Closed.) The script, coupled with John Barry's tenderly romantic yet subtly ominous musical score, and the fantastic, even breathtaking locations on Kauai, serve to set a mood that is practically unequalled in contemporary films. (Silver Streak and Marathon Man are notable exceptions)

Just as the matte techniques and stop-motion animation made the original King Kong a revolutionary motion picture, so does now the near perfection (helluva word there!) of the blue-screen technique to the new film. (For more detailed information on the blue-screen process, see the Jan.'77 issue of American Cinematographer) The 40 foot tall, mechanized Kong was, fortunately, only seen in 12.7 seconds of the film (I timed it), which was indeed a blessing, for it looked so raunchy it was a crime. However, the seven yes, seven) head masks worn by Rick Baker in the close-ups of the giant ape were superb, creating unto Kong a totally believable, sympathetic, and even human character. The costume itself was also an achievement, and Baker's performance (7) as Kong helped to add facets of character to what was originally (1933) a two-dimensional destructive force that didn't love the female protagonist, as the new one did, but rather felt cheated when his "property" was taken from him. (The only time the animation [somewhat crudely, admit it, people] Kong showed affection toward the heroine was in the theater when it felt she was in danger, and even then it showed more jealousy than affection. But, I promised not to discuss the original.) Baker's non-human, non-gorilla pose was striking, yet the new Kong, instead of Kong an unforgettable one. I must confess I got a little, shall we say, "misty" when Dwan, the new Ann Darrow character, repeatedly screams for Kong to hold her or be killed by the Huey choppers with Gatling guns atop the World Trade Center's tower. The climax, Kong's death, and Dwan's subsequent hysteria, evoked tears from many adults in the audience(s), (I've seen it three times), as well as myself.

All films have their share of mistakes, and the 1976 "King Kong" wasn't without it's fubsars (I'll borrow Don Rosa's word here, it sorta grows on you.) But to say that the 1933 was better (or worse) is much too difficult. Both films had their fine points and bad errs, but the condemnation of the new film, erroneously labeled as a re-make is unfair. I've seen the original countless times, and the new film only three times (so far), but no scene in the RKO version has stayed as affixed in my mind as the scene in the new Paramount film in which Kong tenderly washes, then blows Dwan dry, while John Barry's tender "Arthusa" plays softly in the background. But then, again, I guess I'm just a sentimental slob.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

----MIKE KUNTZ

Anyone who has read my article discussing the impending KONG remake in RBCC #129 knows that I was not enthusiastic about the idea. Still, I decided to see the film and watch it, not as a re-make, but just as I would watch any other film. And like any other turkey I've seen recently, I didn't enjoy it. The new KONG has the appearance of a slickly made Japanese monster film. That is to say that it is not inherently better than a Japanese monster flick, rather that it merely looks more polished, not quite as absurd, but absurd nonetheless.

The casting in the new KONG is the worst I've seen since the wretched remake of LOST HORIZON a few years back. They had to have cast Kong as a comedy for why else would they completely miscast every single major role? The characters were just not interesting.

But the casting isn't the only reason for the dull characterizations. The script, by Lorenzo Semple Jr. (who wrote many episodes of the BATMAN TV series, if you're getting my drift) is so awful it's incredible! The dialogue is totally unbelievable unless the three major roles were recast and replaced by THE THREE STOOGES! What woman, in the grip of a forty foot tall montrosity, would call it a "male chauvinist pig-ape", or most absurd of all when she casually asks KONG what his astrological sign is! This is saturday morning mindless cartoon craptrap, not feature film dialogue. It sounds like BATMAN MEETS KONG KONG, which is what it actually is when you come right down to it.

Many people ask where in the world they spent the 24 million dollars because it sure wasn't spent in the film! Actually, incredibly, 9 million dollars was spent on the film and 15 million dollars was spent on publicity which is why all you seemed to hear about for months before the film was that KONG IS COMING, and coming, and...

Although I have been a fan of the music of John Barry for over ten years, I was singularly disappointed with his drab score for this film. It was just too typical and like everything else in the film did not create any kind of mood whatsoever. What good is a monster melodrama without mood? Nothing in this film created any mood, unless it was a mood of depression over having been hoodwinked by the ballyhoo into seeing this piece of junk.

----JAMES VAN HISE
**EPISODE 132:**

**Prof. Smythe...** I know that we're searching for a fortune in lost art treasures here in the center of the Arctic Circle — but how will we find it? Where is it hidden? What is it in? I'm so perplexed, I could just spit!

**Herr Roach...** Ye know dat der Fuhrer kommandeer der kollekshun uf art masterpieces vich Hermy Goering had... reskued from der undeserving hands uf der French und Italian philistines... der most valuable single kollekshun uf art on earth... ye know dat akkording to der 32-year-old Kommunique vich ye found, Martin Bormann hid der art trove at der North Pole.

**Ve efen know dat Hitler nefer learned where der kache vas hidden since he nefer received dis Kommunique... und dat der plane wiv vas to pick up Bormann at der drop-point nefer reached him... ve found dat plane where it krash-landed, und are now using it ourselves. What ve don't know is exactly wat to look for unce ve reach der pole — und dat should be, by my kalkulations, in mere moments.

**Mere moments! Just think...** after all these weeks in this atrociously land-sapped dump! And we're a jump ahead of our competitors in their organic-powered snow-mobile.

**They could traverse rougher terrain around which we were forced to detour... but we still have a slight edge on them. Yes... I believe I can make them out on the horizon.**
Till and all, we are lagging behind col. smith and company. I told him we could share za quest for za art since I had no interest in za art, and he'd have no interest in my goal. But I admit I was only hoping to gain his temporary cooperation—I cannot trust his devious mind not to see za potential in za till unguessed secret of za polar trove. I will be forced to neutralize him once za cache is located. On za other hand, I can depend on a coalition with such a simple-minded mau-mau as yourself.

Ve haff arrived, Herr Roatch!!! Dis iss it! Ve haff reached der junktion uf longitudes! Der terrestrial zenith uf der earth?

Chuga chuga sputter!

Who's nothing left but south, eh prof?

Ve see der markers uf recent polar expeditions, but let me konsult my own kalkulations to be certain. Hmmm...

I would say dat der flag klosest to der precise pole is dat yun dere.

Professor! There's not a damned thing here! Nothing! Herr Zilch? Just a thin layer of ice over several thousand feet of icy sea-water! How can a massive art collection be hidden here?? How??

Silence, Herr Holster. I am tinking.
Listen to vat I'm telling you, sauerbraten-breath! Watch my lips! Nansen drifted to the pole! Der North pole, unlike der South pole, is not a land mass... It is just a buncha' frozen water! Dis whole mess is moochin', drifting! Traveling in a vast circular motion. If Grobmann placed Goering's art kollektion at der North pole in 1945, den it has drifted away in der last 32 years.

With our present site as a reference point, using known drift rates and current directions of der polar ice-cap, I can pinpoint der 1977 position of der 1945 North Pole to be...

Exactlly 9.37 myriameters, along a klockwize arc deskriving der sine of der Annst, to der South which particular south? That particular south.

Ah! Herr Roach... Mum is der vord.

Gol, Smyte! At long last, we attain our goal! Now to procure za art trove!

Ya... my mysterious kohort, but I am afraid dat my friends and I are at der end of our rope, our spirit! Endurance are gone like der reiche!

Ye cannot go on. I am sorry to say dat ye must leave you to retrieve der treasure on your own.

My lakky! Myself are returning empty-handed to civilisation. Ye haff had our fill uf der arkтик, in der meantime.

Whink!

Blup!

...you could endeavor not to park vehicles on such thin ice.

Adieu.
EXCELLENT PROFESSOR! OUR ENERGETIC PARTNER DID NOT SEEM AKNOWLEDGE OF THIS BIT ABOUT ARCTIC DRIFT. AND NOW, EVEN IF HE DOES NOT REALIZE THE TRUTH, HE'S STRANGER.

HA! THE POOR FOOL! LOOK AT HIM BACK THERE! STOMPING AROUND, FUMING WITH RAGE.

SUCH VENGEFUL MAJICE! NOW LOOK! HAHA!—HE'S GOTTEN A FENCE-POST OUT OF HIS PROVISIONS, AND HE'S POINTING IT AT US! HAHA! HOW SILLY?

HEH, HEH, HEH... A FENCE-POST... HEH, HEH, HEH... HOW SILLY?

HEY-WAITAMINIT! THIS IS ALL WELL AND GOOD. BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT LAST PANEL FROM EPISODE #131?? THAT RUSSING CLIFF-HANGER!

GOLLY! LET'S REJOIN THE ACTION!!

JUST A MOMENT, FREDDIE... OUR FRIEND HERE ISN'T GOING TO STRIKE. HE'S A COURAGEOUS FIGHTER IN THE MIDDLE OF AN AX-SWING! AND LOOK WHO IT IS! DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE HIM?

YAAAAAA!
YAAAAAA!
YAAAAAA!

...OR LACK THEREOF.

...JACK HALEY?
No, no! Recall the photos in last semester's History 301 text, "Modern History: 1940 to around October 1969 when the author needed some extra cash! Look at that icy visage.

That's Martin Ludwig Bormann! I expected something like this; we knew that the plane which was to have picked Bormann up 32 years ago never made it. This answers the decades-old mystery of the disappearance of Martin Bormann at the close of World War Two.

But, Lancey! Oh, if he's been frozen there for 3 decades, where did he just come from? Remember that snow drift that was there before this abating blizzard? Apparently, our friend was beneath it, and was exposed by the wind. I assume that he's been covered and uncovered periodically for years.

So that's our boy Marty, eh? What's the lil' rascal doing so far from the North Pole? Didn't you say we're still nearly 60 miles from the place?

I figure 58,094 miles to be precise.

Look, Lancey—All these old empty cans and junk.

Yes, feather, possibly that explains the action with the ax. Apparently Bormann had no alternative but to continue to wait for the plane which was never to arrive, and he eventually ran out of provisions. He must have been trying to break a hole in the ice in order to do some fishing to sustain his life.

Well, Marty—But, Lancey... why would we're a lil' Mr. Bormann be here if the rendezvous was at the pole? Do you mind the wait. Are the hiding place of the art treasures? I mean Bormann's treasures??

My only guess is that he realized the plane wasn't coming and, in a desperate attempt to reach some outpost on foot, this is as far as he got. I don't see how the art trove could be here... as you see now that the snow drifts have been blown away, there's nothing here. He was just smothered in the ice cap, and to bury something below the surface would be foolhardy.

You see—Look here: this rift in the ice. The sea-level is only several feet below... and I'd estimate that the ice in this particular area is approximately 30 to 40 feet thick. To try to seal something as fragile and vulnerable as some trove paintings into a water-proof container and lower it into the sea amid this shifting, crushing ice... well, the very idea is absurd!!!
FIRST Y'AY MARY WUX WAITIN' FOR THE PLANE THEN Y'AY HE WUX TRYIN' TO WALK HOME; NEXT Y'AY THE ICE IS 30 TO 40 FEET THICK, AN' THEN Y'AY MARY WUX TRYIN' TO OUT A FISHER HOLE THROUGH IT. LANCE-BOY... YER' ALL SCREWED UP!

A POINT WELL-TO-REN, FRED. I ADMIT THAT I'M BEGINNING TO LOSE MY GRASP OF THIS ENTIRE SITUATION.

I.C.: I'M MORE THAN WILLING TO ENTERTAIN SUGGESTIONS CONCERNING OUR NEXT MOVE; WE SEEM TO BE SOMEWHAT MARRIRED, PROF. SMYTH WILL HOPEFULLY BE RETURNING SHORTLY, BUT THE JUNKERS SHOULD BE RUNNING OUT OF PETROL QUITE SOON. AND THEN... WHAT OF THE WHEREABOUTS OF OUR FORMER GUIDE, LIL' SNOWMOMS? AND HOW ABOUT THAT MYSTERIOUS SNIPER AND HIS SNOW-MOBILE?

A LOSS OF OUR SNOW-CARISHT WOULDN'T HINDER US LONG, MINE FRIEND. IN A MOMEAT WE WUL SEE ZA ELIMINATION OF ZAT PROBLEM AND ZA DAWN OF A NEVA AGE FOR MANKIND.

PROTRATE YOURSELF, ZIS IS GOING TO BE RATHER EXPLO- ZIVE, TO TURN A PHRASE...

BLAM!

? WHICH IS AMISS? IT IS HERE! BY ALL APPEARANCES IT WAS NEVER HERE! ZIS IS IMPOSSIBLE... ZOSE MEN WOULD NOT HAVE BETRAYED ME!

JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT IS LOST... ZA HOLE IT IS CLOSING! ZIDES ARE DRAWING TOGETHER! HOW...

HUGH, YOU REAL GREEN-HAN, BOSS, YOU ACT LIKE WE STILL IN POINT BARR. THIS NOT LAND HERE, BOSS IT ICE, IT FLOAT 'ROUND ALL OVER EVERYPLACE. MINE GUT! ZAT IZ IT! ZA 1945 POLE HAZ DRIFTED AWAY! OF COURSE! COL. SMYTH REALIZED ZAT I KNEW HE WAS ACTING OUT-OF-CHARACTER AND SUSPICIOUSLY?

HE OBVIOUSLY HEADED OFF TO WHERE ZA OLD POLE CUMERTLY IZ! PICK UP OUR PROVISIONS! SCHNEE! WE MUST HASHTEN AFTER HIM ON FOOT! WE MUST REACH HIM BEFORE HE DISCOVERS MY SECRET GOM!

VROOOGMMMM... MEANWHILE, FAR AHEAD...
**Professor:** There's something ahead on the ice!

**Vataminita!** Eis ist! Exactly 9,37 myriameters! Dat iss it, Herr Rothen! Der 1945 pole? Dat iss der treasure, mine kinder!

**Und dot iess der end up our petrol.**

**Thup! Thup! Thup.**

The paintings must be safely hidden under that piece of canvas. Oh, be still, my palpitating heart!

**O, joy! O, bliss! O...??? If I didn't know better, I'd say this pile of garbage is simply the wreckage of Pertvillaby's balloon that we abandoned a mere 5 hours ago.**

**Ah! Prof Smythe! You have returned! How went your reconnaissance jaunt to the pole? Did you find the art cache?**

**Don't play der fool mit me, Pertvillaby! I'm sure you knew all along dot dis very site iss der 1945 North pole! You've probably already found der—**

**Ach! Bormann! Martin Bormann! I don't believe mine eyes!**

**Hear Bormann! Long time, nein see if you haff you been keeping yourself, you old...**

**Clunk**

**Slap!**

**God bless der fool, Foderland! I haff chust broken der Fuhrer's top aid!!!**

**By the gods! What a fool I am! Of course, the North pole drifted with the polar cap! In fact, in 1893 the Norwegian explorer, Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, ran his schooner, the Fram', aground in...**

**Stow it, Pertvillaby! We've already been through that while song and dance.**
Why Prof. Smythe, I'm ashamed of you! I intend to see to it that these masterpieces are returned to the museums and cathedrals throughout Europe whence they were stolen. These works of genius cannot belong to one man alone; they belong to museums and galleries for all to relish their beauty; in the churches of villages and hamlets where they can bring joy and hope to the starving spirits of the poor and unfortunate. These are the ones to whom the art treasures belong... and I will see to their return.

Lance-boy! We'd better beat it! The guy with the ax is in charge around here. No— I am quite adamant in my resolution to...

...withdraw momentarily.

Zip

Lancey! Run! Prof. Smythe must be suffering from his deification of his brain cells again, like in real life.

Yes... let's discuss that possibility, feather, first chance I get.

Hervee Now! Professor! You promised the art trove would go into the Roach family collection! I financed our entire expedition! You can't double cross me now! Not after all I've been through! You can't! You can't! Chust... watch.
Freddie! Get that nasty old thing off of Lancey! It might hurt him!

Oh, the boy's fine! Just listen... all that abuse and his watch keeps on ticking!

That's coming from that old blockbuster! It's going to explode!

Get rid of it! Push it down this crevasse in the ice! Hurry!

Blum!

Tic Tic Tic Tic Tic Tic Tic Tic

Wh-wha'happened? Himmel! Someone dropped a bomb on me.

Himbe: Der sea is boiling under the ice. No, no, you're wrong, Freddie.

Sumbich! Now what? The ice all around us is sinking!

The boiling seawater is forcing open a pressure valve in the ice-cap! This entire section is rising like a cork in a champagne bottle!

Great Guns! Look! Look in the ice! Look what's in the ice!!!
A U-BOAT!

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THIS IS WHAT YOU'RE MISSING BY NOT SUBSCRIBING TO THE EXCITING NEW ROCKET'S BLAST COMICCOLLECTOR

This issue of the RBCC is just an example of what you can have delivered to you every six weeks without fail should you subscribe. As regular features, each issue presents Don Rosa's INFORMATION CENTER as well as his continuing cast of characters in THE PER-TWILLABY PAPERS. There is also CRITIQUE, fandom's only regular indepth review column. THE E.C. ARTIST COLLECTOR examines the non-EC art of the many fine artists who comprised the staff of that much collected company. COMIC COLLECTOR'S COMMENTS by Howard Siegel covers subjects of interest to the comic fan. COMICOPIA discusses comic are in relation to both theory and history. POINT/ COUNTER POINT is a recent addition and it debates issues of importance to fandom. COMICS COMMENTARY, just begun this issue, discusses the current state of comics in a manner both lively and informative. FILMS FANTASTIQUE appears periodically as it goes behind the scenes on major SF & fantasy films and includes new art along with the article. ARTIST PROFILE provides information on the many fine artists who regularly contribute to the RBCC and many of them provide work in this very issue. Mike Zeck has eight pages in this issue alone and has more work upcoming next issue, and Steve Fabian is at work on a King Kull vs. Thulsa Doom illustration to appear very soon in the RBCC. Ron Wilber also has a sequel to his SPACED: 1998 1/4 satire coming up soon. SO DON'T DELAY, SUBSCRIBE TODAY! [SEE PAGE TWO FOR SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION] WHY TAKE THE CHANCE OF MISSING AN ISSUE?
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#57-72 pages--John Fantucchio cover of Deadman, Batman drawing by Jim Jones, repro of Black Condor panel, Red Ryder article and more.

#58-60 pages--Fantucchio cover of Captain America vs. the Red Skull, Oddity Page by Ray Miller, article on Marvel comics, and more.


#117-84 pages--Color cover by Ben Sheppard, back cover by Wrightson and Zeck, article on THE GREEN HORNET tv series, "Subjectivity" part one drawn by Mike Zeck, "EC Artist Collector," THE PERTWILLABY PAPERS part one, Comic Collectors Comments, Information Center by Don Rosa, tv's AVENGERS part 4, WILD WILD WEST second season, George Pal's betoons and more.

#120-88 pages--Front cover by Steve Fabian of Dr. Fate, "Dr. Fate" article by Ray Miller, "Forbidden Planet: Revisited," "Pertwillaby Papers" conclusion, EC comics articles, etc.

#121-80 pages--Full color cover by Don Rosa; this special Vaught Bode memorial issue features an interview with Bode, an analysis of his strip "Supertop," a retrospective look at Bode's work and career by George Beahm and much more including a great deal of rare, little known Bode art.


#124-84 pages--Two color front cover of Warlock by Bob Susor, back cover of Conan by Mike Zeck; "Subjectivity" part 1; "Maxor" part 3; nine page article on "The Outer Limits," E.C. Artist Collector, and other regular features.

#125-84 pages--FULL COLOR front and back covers by Wrightson, "Subjectivity" part two, "Maxor" part four, "Kelly-Pogo Portfolio" part one, "Dr. Wertham and the Classics Horrcom," "E.C. Artist Collector," Information Center by Don Rosa, Comic Collector's Comments, Critique, etc.

#127-84 pages--Front cover by Kerry Gammill, back cover by Steve Fabian. Part Four (Conclusion) of "Subjectivity," article on Russ Manning's "Magnus, Robot Fighter," Kelly-Pogo Portfolio with old Collier's article reprinted, DELL COMICS on Frank Thomas, article on "Star Trek: New York" with Don Rosa art, a 12 page Information Center and more.

#129-80 pages--SPECIAL KING KONG ISSUE! Front cover by Tom Sutton, back cover by Tod Kleiner, super centerspread by Robert Kline. Kong articles cover the novel, the movie, the movie, the censored scenes, the remake, and more. Also R.C. Harvey's ZERO HERO, The E.C. Artist Collector, Information Center, Critique, RBCC Poll results, Dell Comics and more.


#131-84 pages--SPECIAL RAY BRADBURY ISSUE! Front cover by Steve Fabian, 2-color back cover by Tom Sutton, centerspread by Mike Zeck, comic strip adaptation of "Time In Thy Flight" by Ron Wilber, and other art by Don Rosa, etc. Many articles on Bradbury including an annotated index to the E.C. comic adaptations. Also regular features including part 2 of PERTWILLABY PAPERS, COMICOPHIA, CRITIQUE, POINT/COUNTERPOINT, KEYHOLE and more!

#132-84 pages--Front cover of Adam Strange by Mike Zeck, back cover of SILENT RUNNING scene by Ralph Fowler. Artist Profile #1 on Mike Zeck, "Adam Strange" article by Howard Siegel with much new art including centerspread and one other page by Tom Sutton as well as another full pager by Mike Zeck, "Films Fantastique" on SILENT RUNNING illustrated by Ralph Fowler. Part three of THE PERTWILLABY PAPERS by Don Rosa, the return of Don Rosa's INFORMATION CENTER. Complete index to the SHADOW PULP, The E.C. ARTIST COLLECTOR, COMIC COLLECTOR'S COMMENTS, KEYHOLE, COMICOPHIA, POINT/COUNTERPOINT, CRITIQUE and more. VERY LIMITED SUPPLY!

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There is also the second and concluding article on the Star Trek comic books.

On the non-ST side is an article on THE THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD which is retyped and laid out from an earlier appearance in the RBCC a few years ago.

The SPOCK SCRAPBOOK has two pages of old magazine articles on Leonard Nimoy.

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There is also "WILLIAM SHATNER - MR. VERSITILITY" which appeared in an early issue of FIGHTING STARS magazine.

AN EVENING WITH LEONARD NIMOY by James Van Hise appeared nearly four years ago in the RBCC.

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