ARTIFICIAL LIMBS

"WHEN TRAGEDY STEPS IN... COME BUY A LIMB."

WORLD'S FINEST

M.W. KALUTA

CALL TERROR

FOUR LOONS

BOY! THAT GUY WAS REALLY NUTS!
CONTENTS - REALITY TWO

Death of a Sailor ..................... 7
Outside In .......................... 13
Fandom, Writing and Catching Up ... 23
Ken Smith - A Portfolio ............ 25
Renegade ............................ 30
The Amazing Liver .................. 32
As Night Falls ....................... 34
Welcome to the second issue of Web of Hor, err...Reality. The amount of Web strips in the past two issues have made many of you wonder why I don’t change the title of the magazine. The new Web of Horror strip in this issue is by Bruce Jones. If you look, the WoH symbol Webster is not drawn in the strip. Anyway, this strip was going to be in the fourth issue of Web. Would I lie? Infinity three has an interview with Bruce, his first. It will be out in late May.

The first four pages of Mike Kaluta’s strip have been reprinted due to the large break between issue one and two. Howard Chaykin is new to the comic field. In the future he will be published in Steranko’s Magazine of Comic Art, and a new magazine Phase.

I had originally planned a portfolio by Mort Drucker as mentioned in some of the ads for issue two. When I received the originals I found most of them to be unprintable. So only the two Mad pages have been printed. I’m planning on having a letters column next issue, so send in comments on both issues.

There are still copies of issue one left. Along with an interview and cover by Jeff Jones, it has unpublished Web of Horror strips by Steven Hickman and Mike Kaluta. Plus a third strip by Frank Brunner. Copies are still $1.50 from Robert Gerstenhaber, 194-40A 64th Ave., Fresh Meadows, New York 11365.

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THE POLICE WOULD BE VERY INTERESTED TO KNOW WHERE THIS MAN IS...

YOO-HOO! MISTER! YOU FORGOT YOUR GROCERY BAG! MISTER! MISTER!

OH COME ON, GLADYS. YOU CAN'T BE S—
WAIT! LOOK! IT'S MOVING!

OH - I WAS JUST THINKING... I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT'S IN THAT BAG...

WHAT'S WRONG, GLADYS?

THANKS A LOT! IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU, I COULD HAVE SLEPT THROUGH THE WHOLE ISSUE, BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO GIVE THOSE CREEPS OUT THERE THEIR $2,500 WORTH! MIGHT AS WELL GET ON WITH IT...
THE CREW OF THE WHALING SHIP STRUGGLED AGAINST THE INCREDIBLE BEAST, TIME AND AGAIN HARPOON STEEL PIERCED THE LEATHERY FLESH, BUT TO NO AVAL....

THE CABLE-LIKE TENTACLES GIRDED THEMSELVES TIGHTER AND TIGHTER AROUND THE ILL-FATED SHIP, CRUSHING, PULLING, DRAGGING IT DOWN INTO THE WINE DARK DEPTHS....

UNTIL, AT LAST, THE SEA WAS STILL.

OH MELISSA! WHAT FEARFUL FATE HAVE I BROUGHT YE TO... OH MY MELISSA.

HOURS LATER....

A SHIP!
YOU'LL NOT FEAST TODAY, YE CARRION GULLS... I'M SAVED!

YE SHOULD HAVE DRAGGED ME DOWN WITH MY MELISSA, YE DAMNED THING! NOW I'LL MAKE YE PAY I'LL BE BACK!
WHEN HE REACHED PORT SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, CAPTAIN JONAH SOUGHT OUT HIS BROTHER, AVRAM.

YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS, JONAH?

I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE SERIOUS, AVRAM! IT WAS THE KRAKEN, AND BECAUSE OF IT MELISSA LIES DEAD AT THE BOTTOM!

DO YE EXPECT ME TO FORGET THAT, IGNORE IT?

BUT IT'S HOPELESS! THE THING ALMOST DESTROYED YOU ONCE, DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND CHANCE!

BESIDES, HOW CAN YOU EXPECT TO DESTROY SUCH A THING?

I HAVE PURCHASED A SHIP AND SIGNED ON A CREW. I WILL SCOUR THE SEA FOR THAT ABOMINATION—AND WHEN I FIND IT...

KEEP YOUR EYE ON YON PORK BARREL, AVRAM, AND WATCH HOW THE KRAKEN WILL DIE!

YOU SEE? JUST ONE HARPON THROUGH ITS HUGE MONSTER EYE, AND I HAVE MY REVENGE!

LET ME SAIL WITH YOU, JONAH!
AND SO IT WAS THAT
JONAH AND AVRAM SET
SAIL IN SEARCH OF THE
KRAKEN. A FEW WEEKS
AT SEA FINDS THE
WINDSEWEPT T TACKING
ON THE HEADLANDS OF
A TERRIFIC SQUAAL . . .

A JOB IS A JOB,
BUT THIS IS
SUICIDE!

IF THE CAP'N
DON'T TURN
THIS SHIP, WE'LL
BE SWAMPED!

JONAH, THEY'RE RIGHT!
TURN THE SHIP
AROUND! NEVER,
AVRAM! AND
I SWEAR I'LL
PUT A BALL THROUGH
THE FIRST MAN TO
DISOBEY ME!

YOU MEAN IT, DON'T YOU!
YOU'D SACRIFICE ME, YOURSELF,
YOUR CREW . . . ALL FOR THE
SAKE OF DESTROYING SOMETHING
THAT DOESN'T EVEN
EXIST!

BUT EVEN AS AVRAM
SPEAKS, SEA-SLIMED TEN-
TACLES SNAKE OVER THE
SHIP'S RAIL . . .

NOW ARE
YE CONVINCED,
BROTHER? BEHOLD
THE KRAKEN!
THIS TIME THE BEAST DIES!

JONAH, IT'S NO USE! THE HARPOONS ARE WORTHLESS AGAINST IT - USE THE CANNON!

UHHHH - JONAH! HELP ME - HELP...

Avram? Avram! Dear God no - not again - don't let it happen again... damn that beast!!

Choked with fury and blinded with his tears, Captain Jonah aims the harpoon cannon at the tentacled horror, and savagely fires!

Die! Die!

The missile of death hurls the short span between the ship and kraken, plunging deep and exploding in the kraken's eye. Then, for the first time the monster's voice could be heard, screaming like a soul in agony...
AND THEN, LIKE ALL THE SHIPS THAT FELL BEFORE IT, THE KRAKEN SINKS BENEATH THE SILENT SEA.

WHAT? THAT MARK BY THE KRAKEN'S EYE... DEAR GOD! THAT THING - NO... IT COULDN'T BE...

NOT MELISSA, NO - NO! IT COULDN'T BE - GOD... IT COULDN'T BE!

HUH?!

YOU'RE WRONG, DEAR BROTHER, IT COULDN'T!

YES, JONAH... YOU SEE... THE STING OF THE KRAKEN IS VERY INFECTIOUS! ALL IT HAS TO DO IS BREAK THE SKIN AS YOU WILL SEE...

THE END
OUTSIDE - IN

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THOSE CLOUDS! COULD BE A STORM BREWING!

I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANY DANGER, DAN! LET'S FIND THAT ROCK FORMATION AND GET TO WORK! JEAN AND I NEED THOSE SAMPLES!

RIGHT GIL!
Half an hour passed while the copter flitted like a dragonfly above a vast frozen pond...

That is a storm! Coming up fast! We're heading back! Your rocks'll be here next year...

But Dan! I won't be here! This is my last chance! Next year I'll be teaching at a dull university!

Not if we don't get out of here pronto! I've never seen a storm develop so fast. It's unnatural...

In short minutes the copter was caught between twin planes of turgid whiteness...

Visibility's gone! And the altimeter's going wild! Can't read our altitude!

Seemingly forever they plunged through an envelope of blinding snow, then...

The radio's blanketed with static. We've lost our homing beam!

Look! We must be over the Ross Sea! Forget the sea! Look there!

Trees! Forests! Jungles! And the horizon...

There isn't any! The land just curves up until it's lost in haze!
THE COPTER'S ENGINE BEGAN TO COUGH AND...

OUT OF GAS! IF I CAN'T FIND A CLEARING QUICK, WE'LL COME DOWN HARD!

NOT TOO LUCKY, THE COPTER'S FINISHED!

WE'RE LUCKY! NO ONE HURT!

"SOMEHOW WE PASSED THROUGH A POLAR OPENING INTO EARTH'S HOLLOW CENTER! THERE CAN'T BE ANY OTHER EXPLANATION! AND ALL THIS TIME SCIENTISTS HAVE BEEN SKEPTICAL..."

WHILE THE TINY INNER SUN FLOATED BRILLIANTLY IN THE "SKY," THEY REMOVED THE SURVIVAL EQUIPMENT FROM THE WRECK...

WE CERTAINLY WON'T NEED THESE... IT MUST BE 100° IN HERE!

BUT WE MAY NEED GUNS-AND SINCE WE DON'T HAVE ANY THIS WILL HAVE TO DO.

WHAT'S THE MATTER GIL?

CAN'T GO ANY FURTHER! THERE'S A BARRIER OF SOME SORT... INVISIBLE, LIKE A SCREEN OF ENERGY!
THE THREE CASTAWAYS FOLLOWED THE BARRIER UNTIL...

BACK WHERE WE STARTED! IT SURROUNDS THE CRASH SITE! WE'RE TRAPPED!

MAYBE NOT! LET'S TRY THE DYNAMITE!

DAN PLANTED THE CHARGE THEN DASHED FOR THE SAFETY OF THE TREES...

TNT

THERE'S A BREACH IN THE ENERGY WALL! WE'RE THROUGH!

S UDDENLY A SOUND LIKE SUMMER THUNDER SMOTE THE DANK JUNGLE AIR...

G I L LOOK! PTERODACTYL! SOMETHING HAS FRIGHTENED THEM...

GOOD LORD (CHOKED) WHAT IS IT?

TRICERATOPS!

THE TOWER OF FLESH AND HORN CHARGED, SHAKING THE VERY EARTH...
LET'S SEE HOW IT LIKES A DOSE OF T.N.T.!

NOT LONG AFTER THE SCIENTISTS DEPART, OTHER CREATURES ARRIVE TO INSPECT THE DEAD MONSTER...

* They didn't need our help after all.
* No, but they might still! Follow them, quickly!

WE'VE GOT TO MAKE A STAND!

I TOLD YOU WE WERE BEING FOLLOWED! ARE THOSE WEAPONS THEY'RE CARRYING?

'Yeah! And they plan to use them on us if they get the chance!'
LETS GET OUT OF HERE!

OH! MY LEG!

COME ON! THEY'LL OVER-TAKE US ANY SECOND!

I CAN'T! MY ANKLE...

MORE CAUTIOUSLY THIS TIME THE CREATURE'S APPROACHED...

WE'VE HAD IT! SHE CAN'T MOVE!

STAY WITH HER THEN! I'M GETTING OUT!

HIS SKIN CRAWLING WITH FEAR, GIL RAN FOR THE SANCTUARY OF A NEARBY ROCK FORMATION...

FROM BEHIND CAME A SINGLE SCREAM, THEN SILENCE...

THEY'RE DEAD BY NOW, AND I'M NEXT... UNLESS....

WHAT'S THIS? A DOOR... IT'S OPENING!

METAL CORRIDORS! AN UNDERGROUND COMPLEX!
Gil fled along seemingly endless miles of corridors until...

Trapped! A dead end! And they're right behind me!

Maybe this door leads to the outside!

A hydraulic hissing came from deep within the metal walls...

It's opening! And the other door is closing to shut them off!

Ya-aaa!

*The animal is dead!*
*An unfortunate loss!*

*Yes, but we still have the remaining two! They will mate to provide us with all the specimens we require!*
FANDOM, WRITING, AND CATCHING UP

-JAN STRNAD

First I'd like to destroy a common misconception people have about writing: what you are reading is not a first draft. It just sounds that way. In actuality the words did not pour forth from magic fingers playing over an enchanted keyboard, nor were they whispered into my ear by a heavenly muse. They were written, thought over, crossed out, replaced, modified, switched around, and each has been forced to justify its existence in its particular slot in this particular article or be x-ed out and lost to posterity. Does that mean the article is perfect? No, of course not. But it is the best I can do with the talent and knowledge available to me at this time.

I have to make an issue of the matter because I'm fighting a strong, misbegotten idea about my craft, the craft of writing. Most people seem to think that a writer inserts paper into a machine, blanks out his mind, and then lets Thoth, the God of Writers, guide his fingers. The writer emerges from his den an hour or two later, according to legend, with a dazed look on his face and a finished manuscript in his hand. Though I hate to disillusion anyone the truth is this: writing is work.

So what does this have to do with fandom? Just this: we're in a unique age of fanzines. Fanzine publishers are now paying full professional rates to pro and fan artists, so the quality of artwork in fanzines has never been as high as it is at this moment. But simultaneous with this sudden prosperity in art, fandom is suffering from an acute lack of well written articles and stories. We have issue after issue of beautifully illustrated fanzines with no decent verbal content: certain fan editors might just as well abandon the magazine format altogether and publish a folio of loose prints; at least a person could then frame his favorite pieces and hang them on the wall.

Fanzine editors gripe about the lack of good, printable letters of comment. But what can you say about a picture? Most of us aren't great art critics, and once we've said "I liked this one" and "I didn't like that one", what more is there? And yet, just for curiosity's sake, get in contact with any fan editor who has paid for top name illustration; ask him how many professional or good amateur writers he contacted and how much he offered them for a good meaty article. If you find one who has offered to pay writers a fraction of what he paid for artwork, let me know. I'll have to see it to believe it.

One problem with demanding payment, from the writers' point of view, is that it is much easier for a fanzine editor to fake an article than it is for him to fake an illustration. He can provide checklists, write synopses of every plotline used in Superdog stories, present interviews, and can always recruct Fredric Wertham if he has nothing better in mind. Or he can even clip an article from Newsweek or the local newspaper under the premise that comic fans read nothing but comics, so won't have run across these items before. In most cases he's correct, and that makes it rough for the writers.
with the Green Lantern/Green Arrow series, and even Warren publications have carried an occasional flash of creativity ("On the Wings of a Bird" by T. Casey Brennan and "Starvisions" by Larry Todd). Fandom will once again be left in the dust, overshadowed by the professional publishing companies, slow-moving and awkward though they may be. In short, fandom will be reduced once more to a collection of comic groupies, idol worshippers prostrating themselves at the feet of the pros. Instead, with a little help from the fanzine editors, fandom could retain its position as trendsetter, helping to shape the future of the graphic story medium.

The needed step is to give good writing the emphasis it deserves. Rather than commissioning artists to write and illustrate their own comic strips, the fanzine editor should try contacting a writer first, obtaining a genuine script, and then getting in touch with an illustrator. So maybe it would cost the editor ten to twenty-five dollars for an original script, but just maybe he'll end up with something a shade better than a rewrite of an old EC story. Or if an article is needed, or a short story, perhaps the professional writers or the better writers from fandom itself would enjoy hearing that their work is appreciated. Okay, so maybe I'm dreaming. The comics are a visual medium, right? The drawings are the Main Thing, right? Well, let's look a little deeper.

Of the EC comics, which are generally considered the best?
Mangas sprang full grown from the dark.

The clone ship tracked his chronos, seeking his linkage.

"...Scrapings from palate insufficient... need further samples."

A herder stopped her flock to point out the trail of the ship.

"They seek your ill brother, Mangas del Colorado. Soon all genes will be one."
"I'll buy a swatch of cell tissue of our prey, such a total survival instinct!"

They leaped... from the peak to the green valley below...

"Often, passion for survival creates its own rewards."

...and died.
Creaking and groaning as though from the wear of her holds, the fat freighter plods along through the humid interstellar spaces... seemingly a plump prize indolent for any bold, daring pirate!!

SEEN ANY BOLD DARING PIRATES LATELY, MALCOLY?

HELL, NO! DAMN SCREENS ARE AS BLANK AS A LUNAR DESERT... CHRIST, WHAT A BORING BEAT!

WHAT ABOUT THESE ROCS... THINK THERE'S A SPANDAR IN THE WORXS?

DON'T I KINDA THINK ANY BOLD, DARING PIRATE WOULD BE SO STUCK AS TO WALK IN THE ONLY ASTROBULLE DRIFT FOR A BILLION MILES? HIDES!

IT'S KIND OF A SHAME, TOO, I COULD USE A GOOD SLEEP OR TWO!!

CAP'N LIVER SIR!

DIG IT! A FREIGHTER AN' FAT AS THEY COME!

CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT THE DUMMIES ARE FLYING RIGHT INTO OUR TRAPS?

LIKE MAMA FROM HELL, COME AND LICK ONE SPOON ROUND! ENGINES READY TO FLY!

NO FREIGHTERS THAT DUMB COULD BE A CATCH TO ME!

Cosmic Capers

Featuring MARRAPELLA!!!

EAT, EAT, HUNGRY BEEH!
ATTENTION, YOU FAT, DEFENSELESS MONEYBUCKET!!! THIS IS THE FRIGHTFUL SOURCE OF TH' SPACEWAYS AN' ALL THAT CRAP! I GONNA BLOW YA OUTA THE ETHER, IF YA DON'T PREPARE FOR BOARDING!!!

HE ON'T TELL ME THERE WERE OFFICERS!

CATCH! IT'S A TRAP! A DIRTY, LOW-DOWN TRAP!

CAPTAIN'S LOG, OCT. 30, 2861...
UH... OFFICER-ON-WATCH REED....
AT 2100 WE STOPPED TO WATCH A DELIGHTFUL PERFORMANCE OF STREET CLOWNS.... OTHERWISE, IT'S BEEN A SLOW, BORING BEAT.
ALL AT ONCE THE SKY TURNED WHITE,

THE STARS DREW PALE IN FAR OFF SIGHT.

'TWAS THEN THE SUMMER'S LAMP AROSE.
TO WAKE THE SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT.

ALL AT ONCE THE LAMP AROSE.

A GUILDED GLOBE WITH EYES AND NOSE.

AND GREAT WHITE TEETH WITH WHICH TO BITE...

IN TRUTH HE SCARED US TO OUR TOES.
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We are pleased to announce the publication of a new quality magazine HERITAGE. The first issue of Heritage will deal exclusively with the ever-popular character Flash Gordon. Full process color covers by Flash Gordon artists ALEX RAYMOND and AL WILLIAMSON will start off the issue. Full length graphic stories, 90% of which are being done especially for Heritage and HAVE NEVER SEEN PUBLICATION BEFORE by Science-Fantasy artists of the highest caliber will be featured. Articles and commentary will round off the issue.

Heritage destined to be over one hundred pages will be done fully photo-offset, with reproductions to be the finest available. Heritage will be printed on heavy, high-grade stock to make the issue both attractive and durable. It will be bound in such a manner that it allows the book to stand upright upon your bookshelf.

Publication is scheduled for Winter 1971. Print run will be limited to a small number. Advance orders are now being accepted at $5.00 a copy. All such advance orders will be personally autographed by a Heritage artist.

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