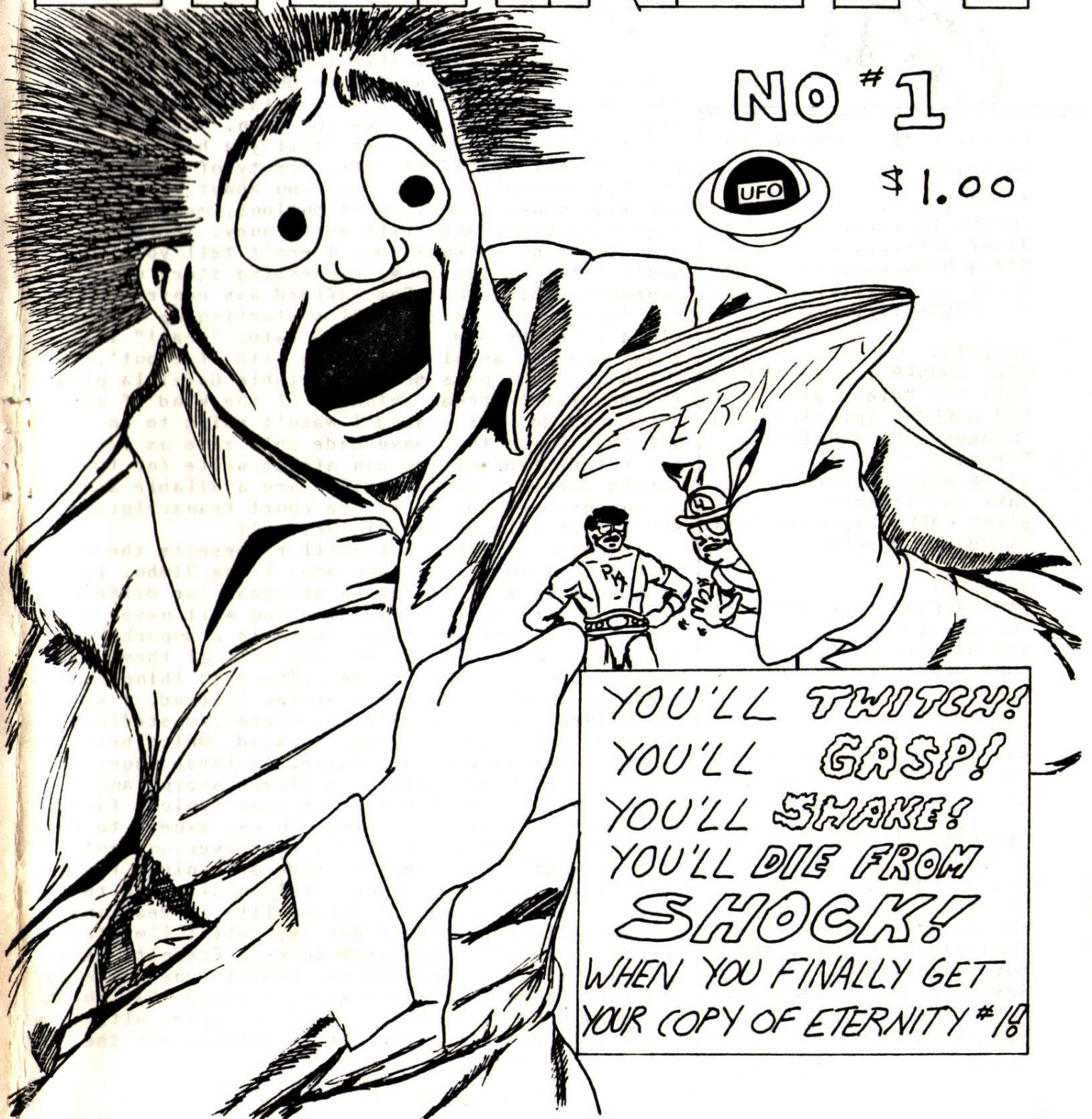


ETERNITY

NO # 1



\$1.00



YOU'LL TWITCH!
YOU'LL GASP!
YOU'LL SHAKE!
YOU'LL DIE FROM
SHOCK!
WHEN YOU FINALLY GET
YOUR COPY OF ETERNITY #1!



HELLO

ETERNITY #1 SPRING '86

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Published whenever. (Would you believe anything else?)

All right, I know. This issue of Eternity is late. Almost a year and a half late. But I'm not the first fanzine editor/publisher to complain about how things don't turn out like you plan. And I won't be the last either! Just wait 'till you hear my excuses about why SEZ WHO #2 is late. Plenty of dead bodies in that excuse! I could tell you about my problems getting; money, time, contributions, more money, even more time, and still more money. These things aren't cheap, ya know! But I won't tell you that. I won't tell you the long, depressing story of how impressionable young Sam Gafford was confronted by the "Grim One" himself. "I'm starting up the U.F.O., kinda like the old B.P.P." he said. "Neat!" I said. I say neat an awful lot, along with 'far out', 'crazy 'groovy', and 'pass me the portable Godzilla please'. I immediately began thinking of the kind of zine I wanted to do. But I said I wasn't going to go into all the things that have made this zine as late as it is. Interested parties can always write for the sordid details! (Color 8x12's are available as well as autographed copies of the court transcripts are still available at bargain prices!)

Eternity is late, but still represents the kind of zine I envisioned way back when I saw Jimbo. It is, or I hope it will become, a showcase for different types of strips. The one thing you will never see here is a superhero strip. There is a superhero glut in comics today. The majors are full of them, as are many of the minors these day. The last thing fandom needs is another superhero strip. Instead, I wanted to feature the misfit strips; horror, mysteries, SF, and anything else that came to mind. Which brings us to the contents for this issue. In these pages you will find a; horror strip, a pirate strip, and a mystery set in the future. Not your typical fare, and that's the kind of thing you can expect to find in Eternity; the unexpected! I hope everyone enjoys this look at strangeness outside of typical fads! Wait'll you see next issue! Yes! An all Jack the Ripper issue! Who's says originality is dead and moldering in the cheese? Not me, fella! I'm afraid of cheese! Especially muenster cheese. Eternity is a special kind of zine, and one that I hope you enjoy and feel it was worth the wait. I agree that thish isn't as good as I'd like it to be (after all, I only had a year and a half to get it ready), but the next one will be better.

(Continued on Page 11)

THERE ARE MANY GOOD HOTELS IN VIBORG, BUT MY
COUSIN WHO VISITED THERE DID NOT STAY IN
ONE, AT LEAST, NOT WHEN HE FOUND...



FREELY ADAPTED FROM THE SHORT STORY BY M. R. JAMES
ART BY SG — LETTERS: LMS

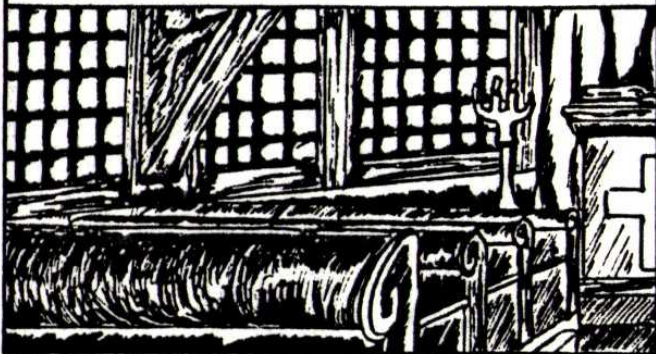
WHEN MY COUSIN WENT TO VIBORG
TO STUDY CERTAIN CHURCH DOCU-
MENTS, HE STAYED AT THE GOLDEN LION.
HE HAS NOT BEEN BACK SINCE...



THE SUN HAD ALREADY BEGUN ITS
DECLINE WHEN HE ARRIVED AT THE
HOTEL AND WAS DELIGHTED WITH THE
OLD FASHIONED ASPECT OF THE
PLACE...



IT WAS RESEARCH INTO THE CHURCH HISTORY OF DENMARK THAT HAD BROUGHT MR. ANDERSON TO VIBORG. IT HAD BEEN BROUGHT TO HIS ATTENTION THAT IN THE RIGSORKIV OF VIBORG WERE PAPERS RELATING TO THE LAST DAYS OF ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN THE COUNTRY...



IT WAS MR. ANDERSON'S INTENTION TO SPEND AT LEAST A FORTNIGHT IN EXAMINING THESE PAPERS AND HOPED THAT THE GOLDEN LION COULD PROVIDE A ROOM.



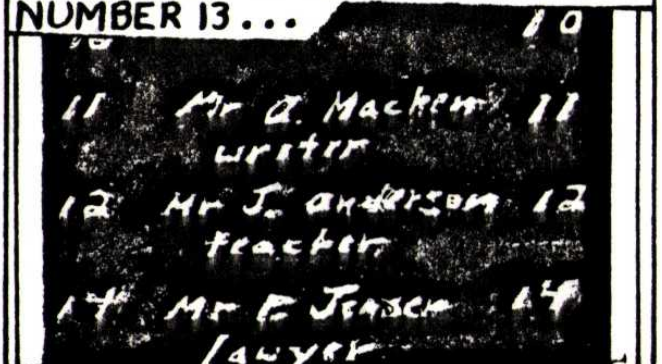
EVENTUALLY, NUMBER 12 WAS SELECTED. LIKE ITS NEIGHBORS, NUMBER 12 HAD THREE WINDOWS, ALL ON ONE SIDE OF THE ROOM; IT WAS FAIRLY HIGH AND UNUSUALLY LONG...



SUPPERTIME WAS FAST APPROACHING, BUT ANDERSON HAD ENOUGH TIME TO LOOK OVER THE LIST OF HIS FELLOW LODGERS...



AS WAS THE CUSTOM IN DENMARK, THEIR NAMES WERE DISPLAYED ON A LARGE BLACKBOARD. THERE WERE SOME BAGMEN, AN ADVOCATE, AND A LAWYER. THE LAWYER WAS IN NUMBER 14, NEXT TO ANDERSON. THERE WAS NO NUMBER 13...



"STRANGE," HE THOUGHT, "I'VE NEVER SEEN A NUMBER 13 IN ANY DANISH HOTEL. I WONDER IF THERE HAVE BEEN PEOPLE WHO REFUSED TO STAY IN THE THIRTEENTH ROOM?"



ANDERSON FORGOT TO ASK THE LANDLORD THIS QUESTION AT DINNER AND SPENT THE EVENING UNPACKING. IT WAS AT 11 O'CLOCK AS ANDERSON WAS READYING FOR BED, THAT HE REMEMBERED THAT THE BOOK HE'D BEEN READING, + WHICH ALONE WOULD SATISFY HIM, WAS IN THE POCKET OF HIS COAT, HANGING OUTSIDE THE DINING-ROOM...



TO RUN DOWN + SECURE IT WAS THE WORK OF A MOMENT + HE ARRIVED QUICKLY BACK AT HIS ROOM, OR SO, AT LEAST, HE THOUGHT; BUT WHEN HE ARRIVED THERE, + TURNED THE HANDLE, THE DOOR REFUSED TO OPEN + HE CAUGHT THE SOUND OF A HASTY MOVEMENT TOWARD THE DOOR FROM WITHIN...



HE HAD TRIED THE WRONG DOOR, OF COURSE, BUT WAS HIS OWN ROOM AT LEFT OR RIGHT? HE LOOKED AT THE NUMBER: IT WAS 13. ANDERSON'S ROOM WOULD BE TO THE LEFT, + SO IT WAS...



IT WAS NOT UNTIL HE WAS ASLEEP IN HIS OWN BED, THAT HE REMEMBERED THAT WHILE THERE WAS NO NUMBER 13 LISTED ON THE BLACKBOARD, THERE OBVIOUSLY WAS SUCH A ROOM. IT WAS PROBABLY A SERVANT'S ROOM OR SOMETHING OF THE KIND. HE FELL ASLEEP REMARKING TO HIMSELF HOW HIS ROOM FELT SMALLER IN THE DIM LIGHT...



THE NEXT DAY, ANDERSON ATTACKED THE PAPERS AT THE RIGSARKIV OF VIBORG. AMONG THEM WERE LETTERS RELATING TO BISHOP JÖRGEN FRIIS, THE LAST ROMAN CATHOLIC TO HOLD THE SEE, + IN THESE WERE FREQUENT REMARKS ABOUT A HOUSE OWNED BY THE BISHOP, BUT NOT INHABITED BY HIM. ITS TENANT WAS A LOCAL SCANDAL.



"HE WAS A DISGRACE," THEY WROTE, "TO THE CITY; HE PRACTISED SECRET + WICKED ARTS + HAD SOLD HIS SOUL TO THE ENEMY." THE BISHOP MET THESE REPROACHES BOLDLY. NO ONE WOULD HAVE BEEN MORE WILLING THAN HE TO CONDEMN MAG NICOLAS FRANCKEN IF THE EVIDENCE SHOWED HIM TO BE GUILTY...



ON HIS WAY BACK TO HIS ROOM THAT NIGHT, ANDERSON DECIDED TO MAKE SURE THAT NUMBER 13 REALLY EXISTED BEFORE ASKING THE LANDLORD WHY IT WASN'T LISTED ON THE BLACKBOARD...



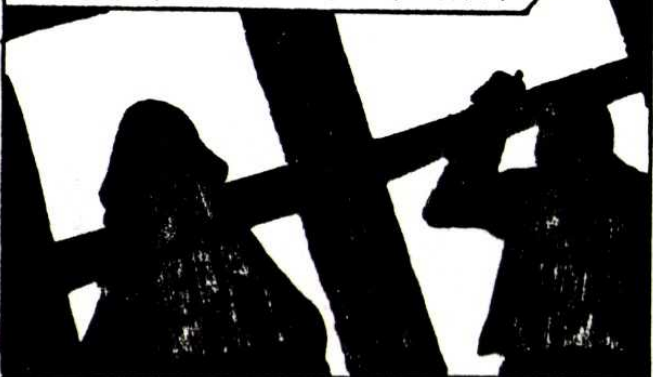
IT WAS OBVIOUS. THE DOOR WAS THERE WITH THE NUMBER 13 AS PLAIN AS COULD BE, + WORK OF SOME KIND WAS GOING ON INSIDE, FOR HE COULD HEAR FOOTSTEPS + VOICES, OR A VOICE WITHIN. THEY CEASED AS HE DREW NEAR, + A QUICK HISSING BREATHING AS OF A PERSON IN STRONG EXCITEMENT...



HE RETURNED TO HIS ROOM + WAS STRUCK AGAIN AT HOW SMALL THE ROOM FELT. HE LOOKED FOR HIS PORTMANTEAU, WHICH THE PORTER HAD PLACED AGAINST THE FAR WALL BUT IT WAS NOT THERE. NOR WAS IT ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE ROOM. HE DECIDED TO ASK THE MAID ABOUT IT IN THE MORNING + WENT TO THE RIGHT WINDOW...



THE LIGHT BEHIND HIM CAST HIS SHADOW ON THE OPPOSITE WALL, ALONG WITH HIS NEIGHBOR'S. NUMBER 13 WAS A TALL, THIN MAN - OR WAS IT A WOMAN? - WITH A DRAPERY UPON HIS HEAD. A FLICKERING RED LAMP CAST HIS SHADOW...



ANDERSON LEANED OUT HIS WINDOW TO SEE IF HE COULD MAKE ANY MORE OF THE FIGURE, BUT COULD SEE NOTHING BEYOND A FOLD OF SOME WHITE MATERIAL ON THE WINDOW-SILL. A DISTANT STEP ON THE STREET STARTLED NUMBER 13. HE JUMPED AWAY + THE RED LIGHT WENT OUT. ANDERSON LEFT HIS CIGARETTE ON THE WINDOW-SILL + WENT TO BED.



NEXT MORNING, HE DROWSILY TOLD THE MAID, "YOU MUST NOT MOVE MY PORTMANTEAU. WHERE IS IT?" THE MAID LAUGHED + LEFT. THE PORTMANTEAU WAS EXACTLY WHERE THE PORTER HAD LEFT IT WHEN HE ARRIVED. HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HOW IT HAD ESCAPED HIM LAST NIGHT, BUT THERE IT WAS NOW...



NOT ONLY DID THE DAYLIGHT REMIND HIM HOW LARGE HIS ROOM WAS, BUT THE CIGARETTE HE HAD BEEN SMOKING THE LAST NIGHT WAS NOW ON THE MIDDLE WINDOW-SILL. ANDERSON COULD HAVE SWORN TEN TIMES OVER THAT HE HAD PLACED IT ON THE FAR RIGHT WINDOW, BUT HERE IT WAS IN THE MIDDLE . . .



HE STARTED TO GO DOWN TO BREAKFAST + NOTICED THAT NUMBER 13'S BOOTS WERE STILL IN THE HALL. BUT THE NUMBER ON THE DOOR WAS 14, NOT 13. HE WALKED BACK TO MAKE SURE HE HAD NOT PASSED IT, BUT THE NEXT ROOM WAS HIS, 12. THERE WAS NO NUMBER 13 AT ALL.



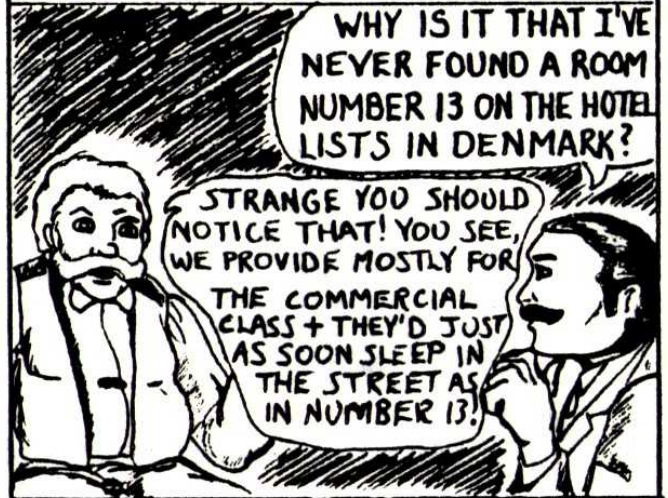
ANDERSON CONTINUED HIS WORK AT THE RIGSORKIV, HOPING THAT TIME WOULD FIX WHATEVER WAS CAUSING HIM TO BE SO CARELESS. HE FOUND ONLY ONE OTHER LETTER REGARDING MAG NICHOLAS FRANCHEN. "AGAINST WHOM," THE BISHOP WROTE, "YOU HAVE DARED TO ALLEGE CERTAIN FALSE + MALICIOUS CHARGES HATH BEEN SUDDENLY REMOVED FROM AMONG US, THE QUESTION FOR THIS TIME FALLS."

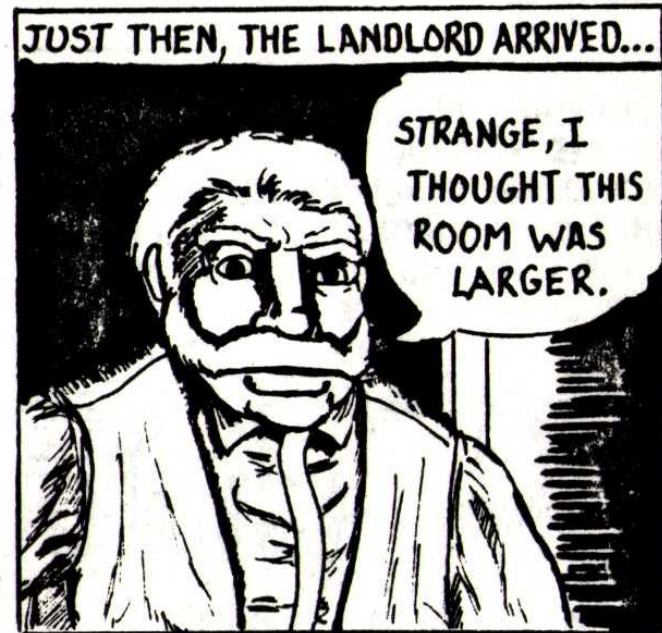
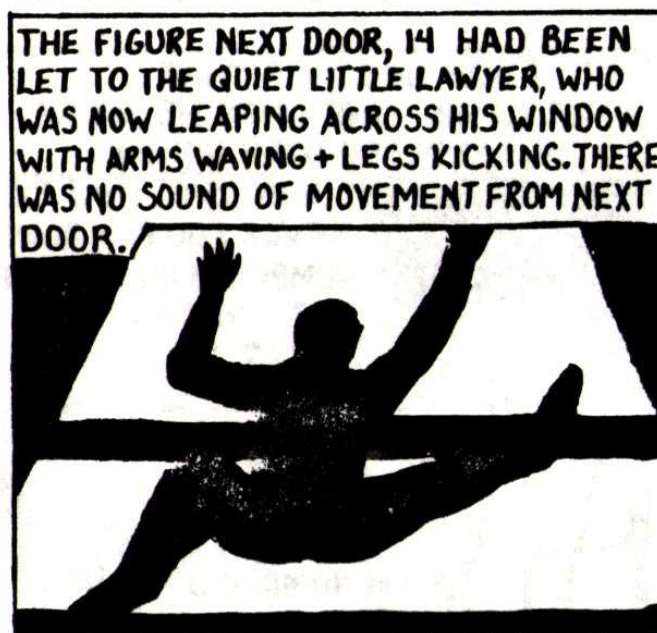
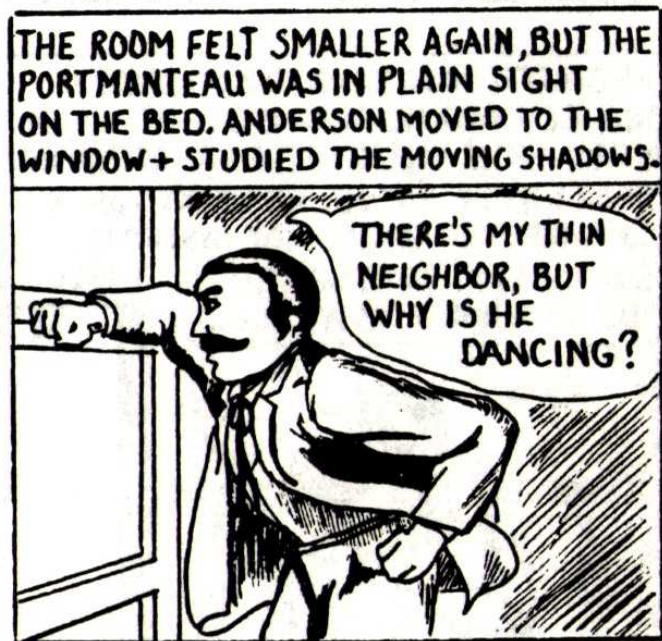
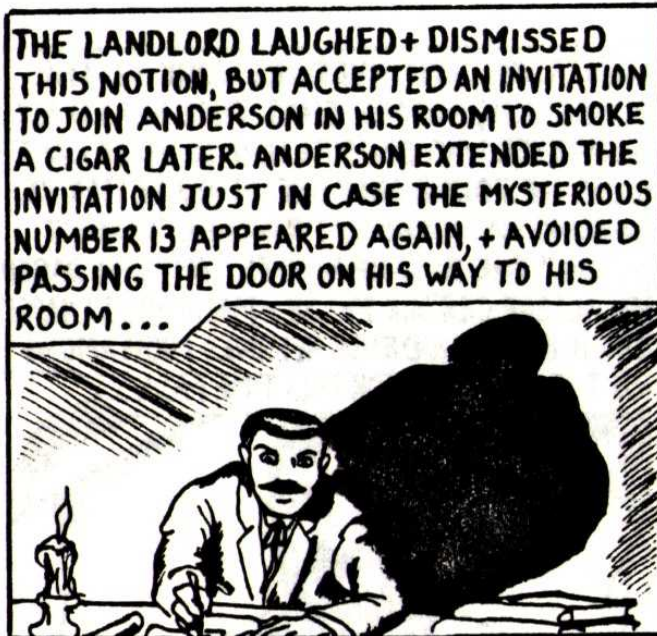
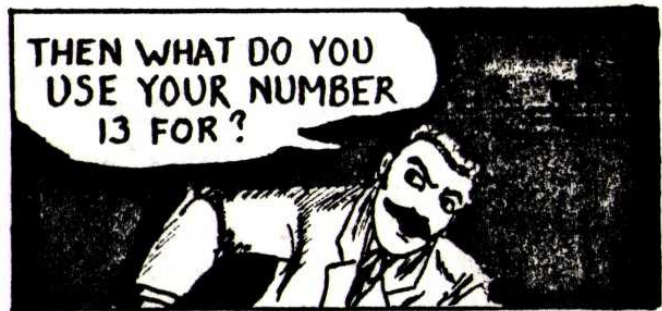
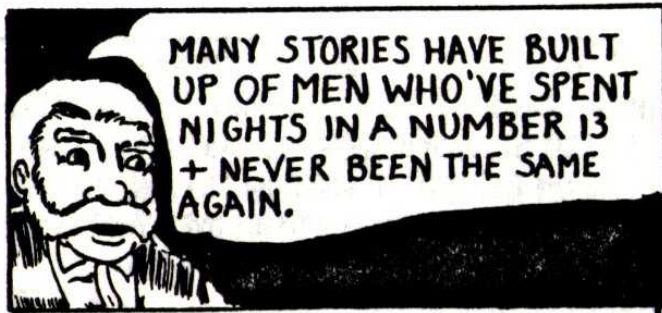


SEARCH AS HE COULD, ANDERSON COULD FIND NO CLUE TO THE CAUSE OR MANNER OF THE 'REMOVAL' OF FRANCHEN. HE COULD ONLY CONCLUDE THAT FRANCHEN HAD DIED SUDDENLY. THE ARCHIVIST COULD SHED NO LIGHT ON THE MATTER, NOR ON WHERE THE BISHOP'S HOUSE COULD HAVE STOOD...



BUT IT WAS NOT THIS THAT OCCUPIED HIS MIND WHEN HE SPOKE TO THE LANDLORD OVER DINNER...





THEY HAD BEEN TALKING SOME TIME WHEN THE LAWYER BEGAN TO SING IN A HIGH, THIN VOICE THAT CRACKED FROM LONG DISUSE. IT SAILED UP TO A SURPRISING HEIGHT + WAS CARRIED DOWN WITH A DESPAIRING MOAN. IT WAS A HORRIBLE SOUND...



I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! I'VE HEARD IT ONCE BEFORE, BUT SURE IT WAS A CAT. IS HE MAD?

HE MUST BE; + WHAT A SAD THING! SUCH A GOOD CUSTOMER, TOO.

JUST THEN, THE LAWYER FROM NUMBER 14 RUSHED IN ...

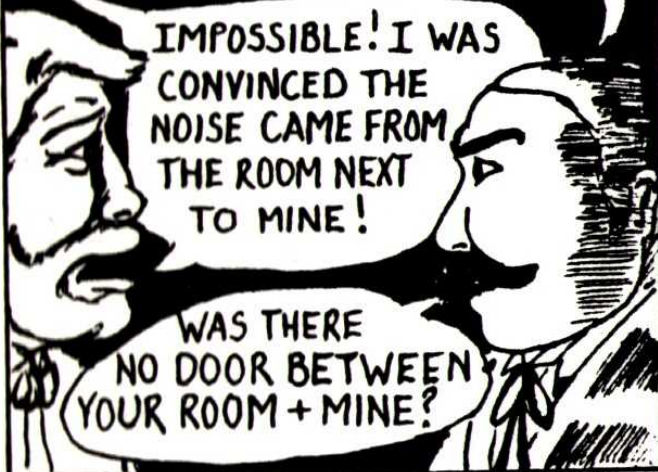


I BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT WOULD YOU KINDLY DESIST FROM...

HE STOPPED WHEN HE REALIZED THE NOISE COULD NOT COME FROM THIS ROOM

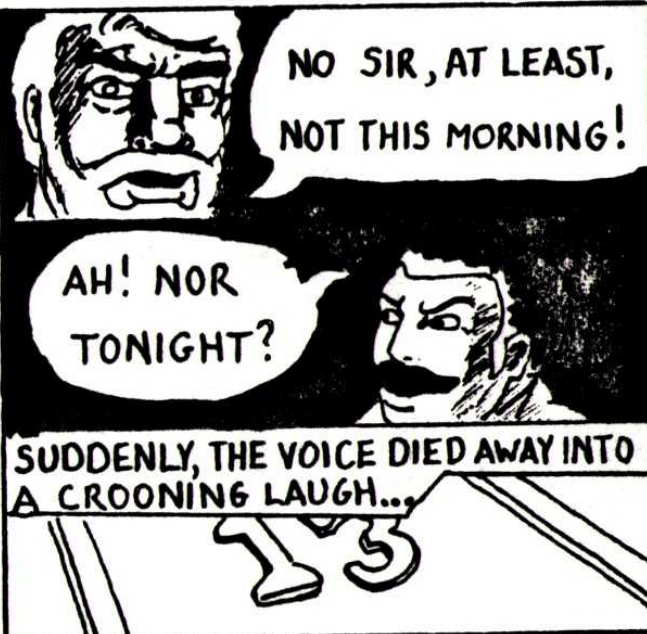
WHAT DOES IT MEAN? WHERE IS IT?

SURELY, HERR JENSEN, IT COMES FROM YOUR ROOM NEXT DOOR?



IMPOSSIBLE! I WAS CONVINCED THE NOISE CAME FROM THE ROOM NEXT TO MINE!

WAS THERE NO DOOR BETWEEN YOUR ROOM + MINE?



NO SIR, AT LEAST, NOT THIS MORNING!

AH! NOR TONIGHT?

SUDDENLY, THE VOICE DIED AWAY INTO A CROONING LAUGH...

13

THE THREE MEN SHIVERED AT THE SOUND...

COME, HERR KRISTENSEN, WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?



GOOD HEAVEN! I KNOW NO MORE THAN YOU, GENTLEMEN. I PRAY I NEVER HEAR SUCH A NOISE AGAIN.

SO DO I.



HE PRAYED UNDER HIS BREATH.

BUT WE MUST DO SOMETHING SHALL WE GO + INVESTIGATE IN THE NEXT ROOM?

BUT HERR JENSEN HAS JUST COME FROM THERE IT'S NO USE.



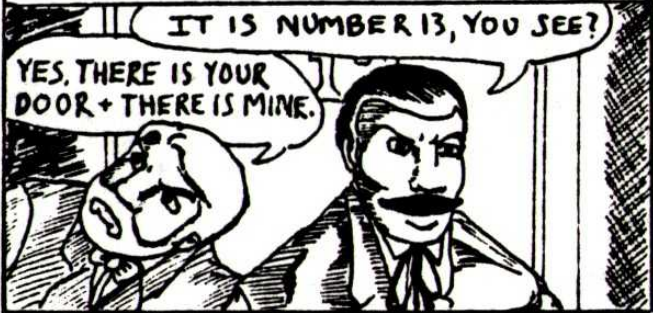
I AM NOT SO SURE. HE MAY BE RIGHT. WE MUST GO + SEE!

THEY GRABBED A NEARBY STICK + UMBRELLA + HURRIED INTO THE HALL. NUMBER 13 WAS THERE. A LIGHT SHONE FROM UNDER THE DOOR. THEY TURNED THE HANDLE BUT THE DOOR STOOD FAST...



HERR KRISTIANSEN, RUSH + FETCH YOUR STRONGEST SERVANTS WE MUST SEE THIS THROUGH.

THE LANDLORD NODDED + HURRIED OFF, GLAD TO BE AWAY...



IT IS NUMBER 13, YOU SEE?

YES, THERE IS YOUR DOOR + THERE IS MINE.



MY ROOM HAS THREE WINDOWS IN THE DAYTIME

BY GEORGE, SO HAS MINE!



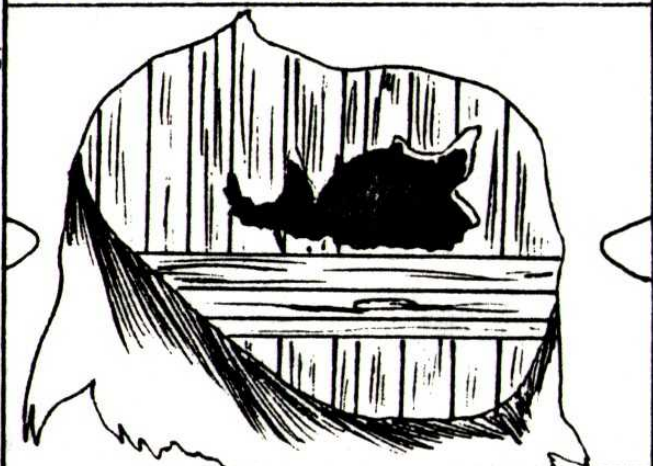
SUDDENLY...

LOOK OUT!



THE LANDLORD ARRIVED WITH 2 STRONG MEN WHO REFUSED TO ENTER THAT DEVILS DEN AFTER HEARING THE DETAILS. AFTER MUCH THREAT, THEY DASHED AT THE DOOR. THE YOUNGER MAN RAISED HIS CROWBAR + DEALT A TREMENDOUS BLOW. THERE WAS NO CRACKING OR RENDING OF WOOD, ONLY A DULL SOUND, AS IF THE WALL HAD BEEN STRUCK. THE MAN DROPPED HIS TOOL + RUBBED HIS ELBOW. ALL EYES TURNED TO HIM.

WHEN THEY LOOKED BACK...



NUMBER 13 HAD PASSED OUT OF EXISTENCE...

DAWN TO ARRIVE + THE TWO MEN RETIRED TO A NEW ROOM PROVIDED BY THE ANXIOUS LANDLORD. WHEN THEY COLLECTED THEIR THINGS FOR THE EVENING, BOTH NUMBER 12 + NUMBER 14 HAD THREE WINDOWS.



NEXT MORNING, THE SERVANTS BEGAN TO BREAK APART THAT AREA CLOSEST TO WHERE NUMBER 13 HAD BEEN, YOU MIGHT SUPPOSE THAT A SKELETON WAS FOUND—SAY, THAT OF MAG NICHOLAS FRANCHEN—BUT ALL THAT CAME TO LIGHT WAS A SMALL COPPER BOX.



INSIDE WAS A NEATLY FOLDED YELLUM DOCUMENT, WITH 20 LINES OF WRITING. BUT NEITHER ANDERSON OR JENSEN (WHO WAS SOMETHING OF A PALAEOGRAPHER) COULD DETERMINE WHAT LANGUAGE IT WAS IN, MUCH LESS WHICH WAY THE WRITING WAS MEANT TO BE READ...



PERHAPS IT'S LATIN, OR MAYBE OLD DUTCH?

ANDERSON VENTURED NO SURMISES. THE BOX + PAPER WERE GIVEN TO THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF VIBORG + REMAINS IN THEIR MUSEUM...

I HEARD THE WHOLE STORY FROM HIM SOME MONTHS LATER, WHEN WE - OR RATHER, I - HAD LAUGHED OVER THE CONTRACT BY WHICH DANIEL SALTHENIUS (IN LATER LIFE PROE OF HEBREW AT KONIGSBERG) SOLD HIMSELF TO SATAN...



YOUNG IDIOT!
HOW DID HE KNOW WHAT COMPANY HE WAS COURTING?

BUT HE REFUSED TO DRAW ANY INFERENCES FROM HIS STORY OR TO ASSENT TO ANY THAT I DREW FOR HIM.

(continued from page two)

In closing, I'd like to thank everyone who's helped me on the long road to getting this published. Thanxs to everyone in the U.F.O. who put up with me for so long. Honestly, when I named this zine Eternity, I didn't expect it to take me that long to put it out! Extra special thanxs go to Jim Main; for getting me started on this again, for your words of encouragement, and kind offer of Baron Hawk as a feature; thanxs also to Steve Keeter for his encouragement, incredible patience, and excellant inking on Trent from the very smallest of pencil sketches that I gave him. Deepest regards to you all. Thanxs also go to contributors Lynn Michael Savage (letterer), Curt Metcalfe, and Mike Donner. I hope that you all can find something worthwhile in these pages, and again, I'm sorry about the wait. I'd like to say it'll never happen again, but that'd be foolish. Delays are a part of fanzine publishing, as are the pleasures. Let's hear your reactions to this. Bad? Good? Want to hit me with a piece of rotted cheese? Let me know! 'Till the swallows come back to Peoria! Semprini!

Sam Gafford editor/maniac in charge



NIGHT DUTY

BY CURT METCALFE

Nothing, to me, is so infuriating as that state of disorientation arising from a sudden awakening during sound sleeping. There are various reasons for such a shock; falling downstairs in a dream, rolling heedlessly off the bed, or hearing an unexplainable noise in the night.

Such a case involved one Mr. Richard Turnlow, who was unceremoniously awakened from his deep slumber one night, because he thought he heard a noise coming from downstairs in his darkened house. Half asleep, he wondered what he had heard. It was a creak of some sort, wasn't it? Yes, he thought, it surely was, but what caused it?

As he laid debating whether he should go back to sleep or listen for another noise, he heard the creak again; only louder, closer.

Slowly he rose from his warm bed and walked over to the bedroom door. When he opened it, he felt a breeze of such cold air that he wished he was still asleep beneath the comfortable blankets.

Sleepily, he made his way downstairs and checked the rooms one by one. He found nothing amiss, and forgot that surely there must have been a window open somewhere; where else could that cool wind have come from?

His mind had already begun to return to nocturnal slumber before he climbed into bed. Snuggling close to his wife's unmistakably curvaceous form, he said an affectionate good night.

That statement was echoed hollowly from the still figure next to him. It took several minutes for Mr. Turnlow to remember that his wife had died over three years before and for him to tear away from the thing's cold embrace to run screaming through the night. --end.

BARON HAWK

STORY BY JIM MAIN
ART BY STEVE LAFLER

BARON HAWK, HIS OWN VESSEL SUNK AND HIS CREW DEAD, FINDS HIMSELF ON THE SHIP OF A GROUP KNOWN AS... THE BROTHERHOOD OF ROUGES!

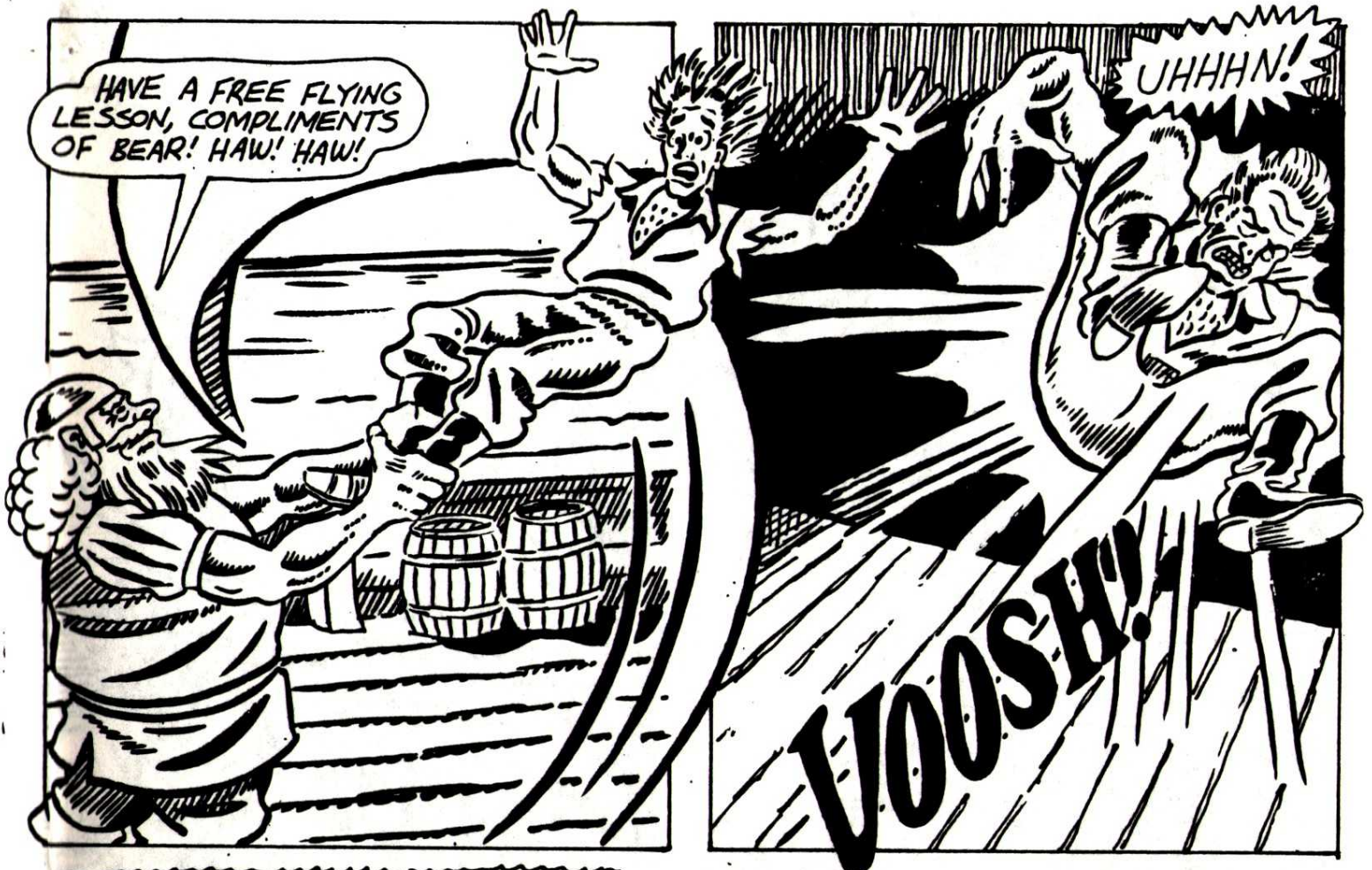
THE CAPTAIN ASKED YOU A QUESTION, MAN... WHAT HAVE YOU DECIDED?

I'D RATHER STAY HERE AND TAKE MY CHANCES WITH THE SHARKS ABOARD THIS CRAFT!

A GOOD CHOICE FRIEND! NOW WE'LL HAVE A TEST TO SEE IF YOU'RE WORTHY OF OUR COMPANY... IF YOU'RE UP TO IT!







HAVE A FREE FLYING LESSON, COMPLIMENTS OF BEAR! HAW! HAW!

UHHN!

VOOSH!



BEAR MOVES IN TO FINISH OFF BARON HAWK!

UHH... MUST STAND UP... MUST FIGHT...



IF I SNAP YOUR BONES, IT WILL MAKE THINGS EASIER FOR THE SHARKS!

IT CANT END LIKE THIS! NOT NOW!

GOOD LORD! THE CAPTAIN OF THE BROTHERHOOD... OFFERING ME HIS CUTLASS!



NEED SOME HELP, FRIEND?

THE HELL WITH THAT! I'LL WIN THIS FIGHT FAIRLY OR NOT AT ALL!



HA! YOU'VE THE ENDURANCE OF A SLUG!

TAKE THAT, YOU TUB OF LARD!



AHHHG!



BOOF!

WELL! I KNEW YOU MUST BE A HELL OF A MAN WHEN I SPIED YOU DANCING ON THAT TIMBER OUT THERE! LET'S GO TALK OVER SOME ALE!



SOUNDS FINE TO ME, CAPTAIN BLAKE!

BE HERE NEXT ISSUE FOR MORE OF BARON HAWK!



THE YEAR IS 2139. THE WORLD IS FILLED WITH DIPLOMATIC TENSION, RISING CRIME RATES, DECLINING POPULATION, + RESTRICTED TRAVEL. LARGE AREAS OF THE COUNTRY ARE RESTRICTED. GOVERNMENTAL TROOPS ARE A COMMON SIGHT. THERE IS STILL A SMALL, SELECT GROUP OF PEOPLE WILLING TO DO ANYTHING FOR A PRICE...

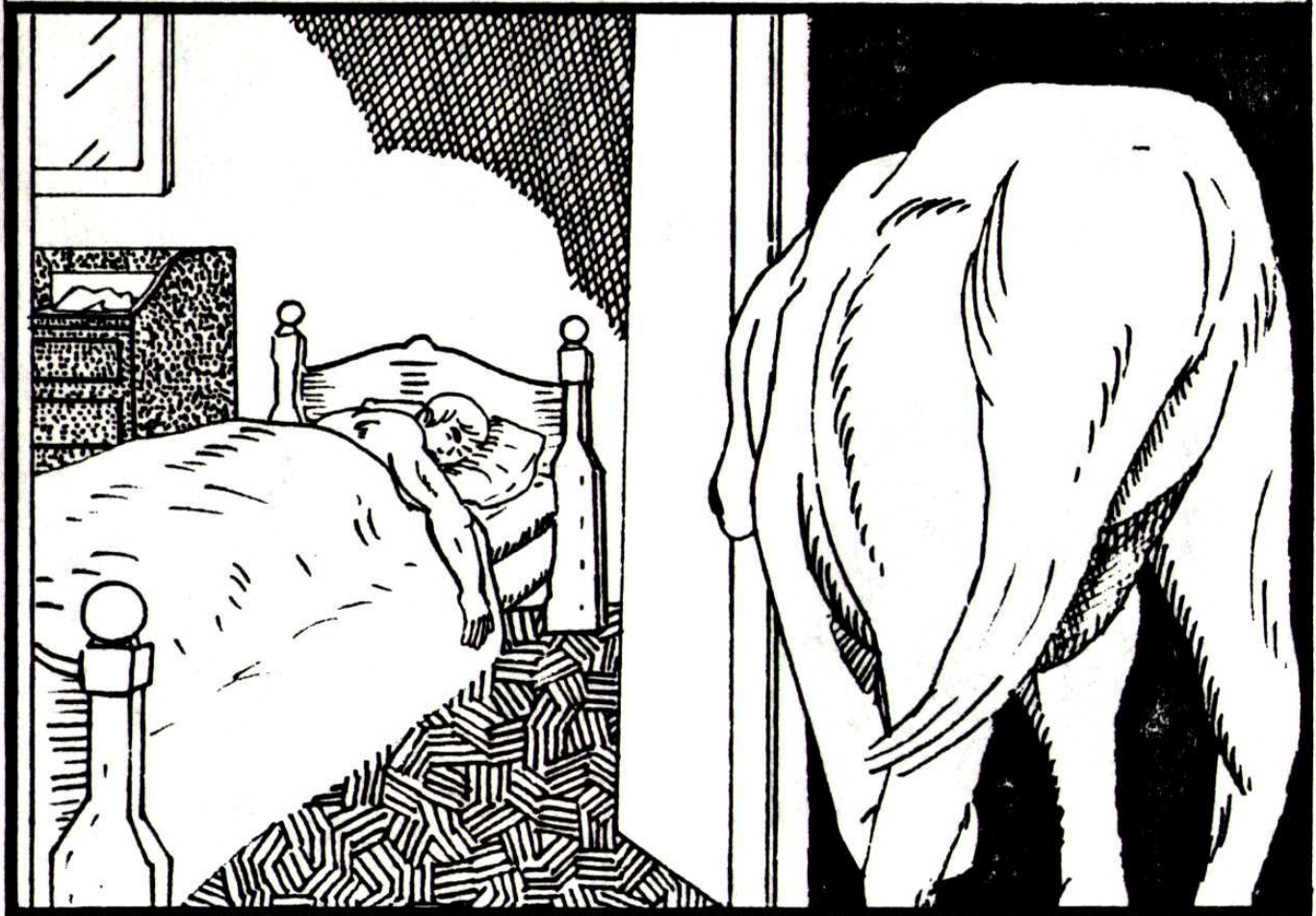


JEREMY TRENT IS ONE OF THESE PEOPLE...

TRENT!

CHAPTER ONE:
"THE ATTACK!"
STORY, PENCILS: / INKS:
SAM GAFFORD / SKEETER, '85

EARLY MORNING. THE LARGE HOUSE IS SILENT SAVE FOR THE SOFT SOUNDS OF APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS...



SILENTLY, THE BEAST LEAPS...



HEY, STOP IT! IT'S NOT TIME TO GET UP YET!



JEREMY
TRENT
INVESTIGATOR
FOR
ENFORCE



TRENT! ARE YOU COMING DOWN FOR THIS BREAKFAST OR WHAT?



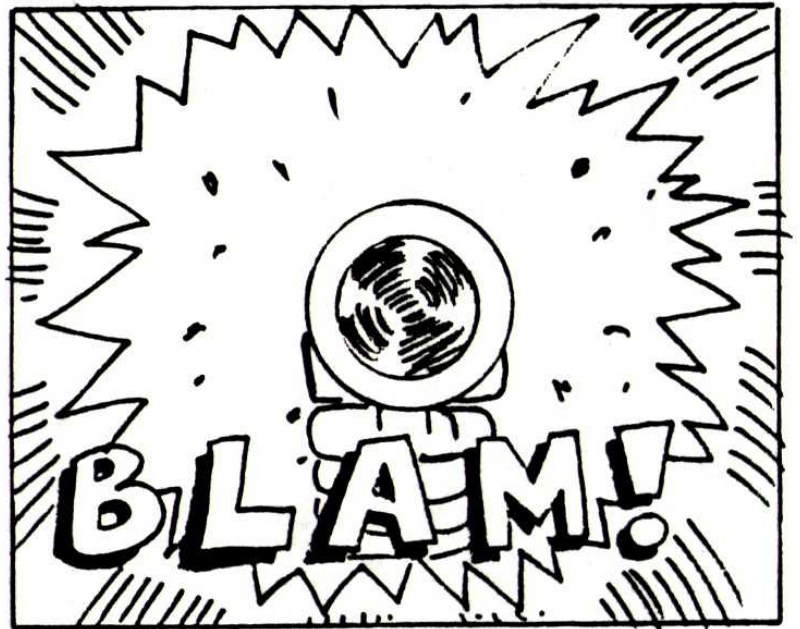
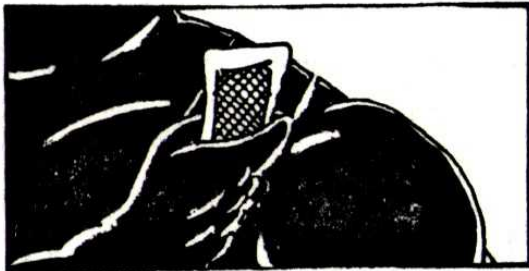
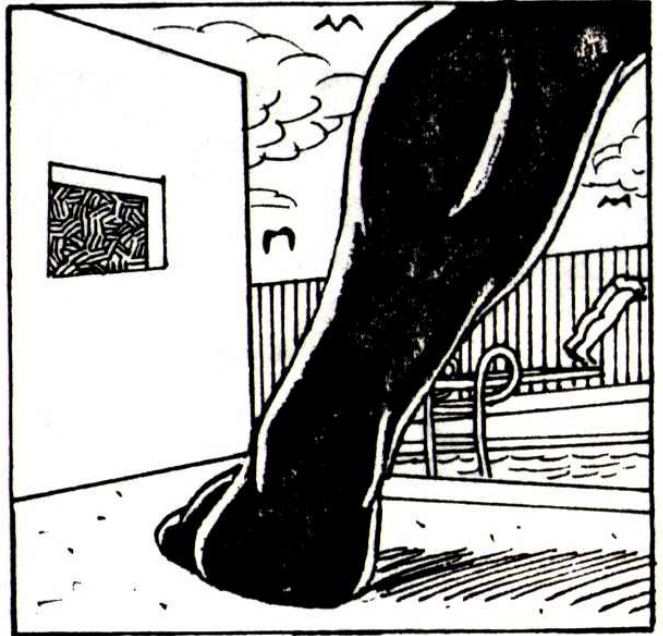
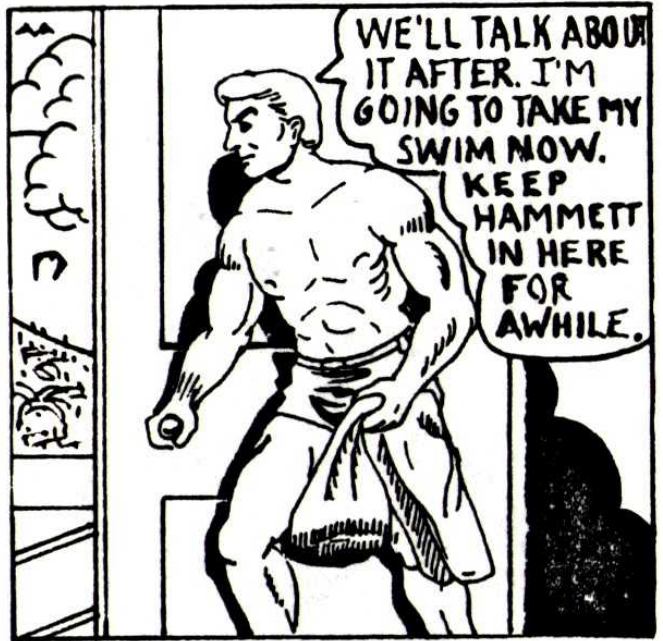
DID YOU FINISH THE CASE?

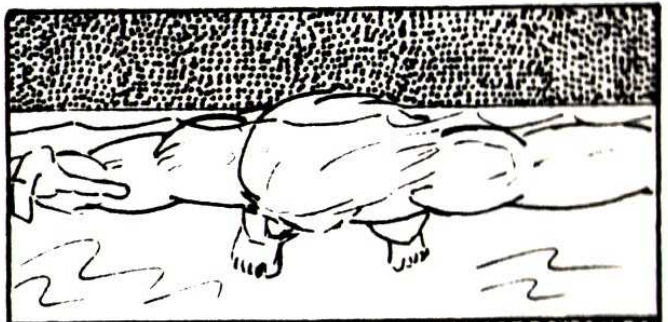
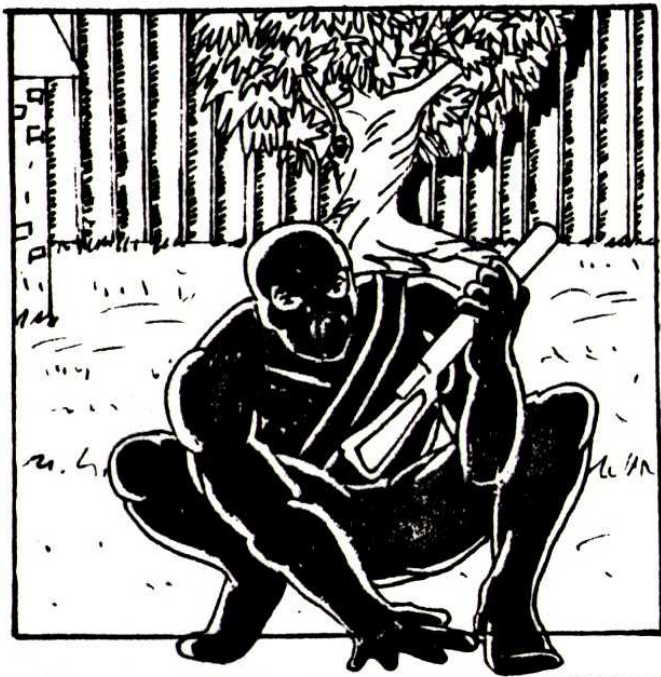
FINALLY.

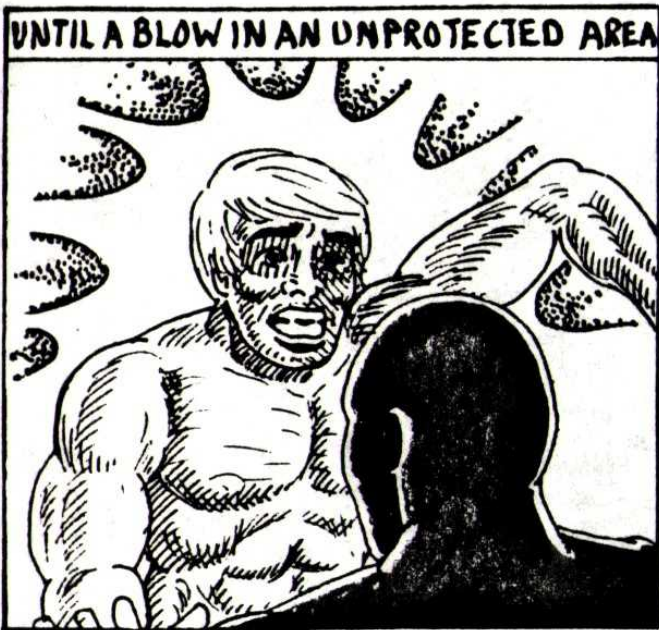
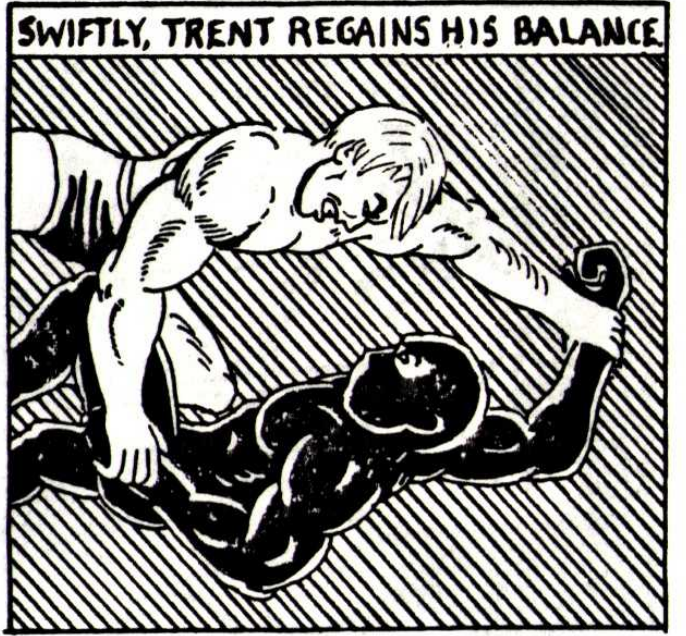
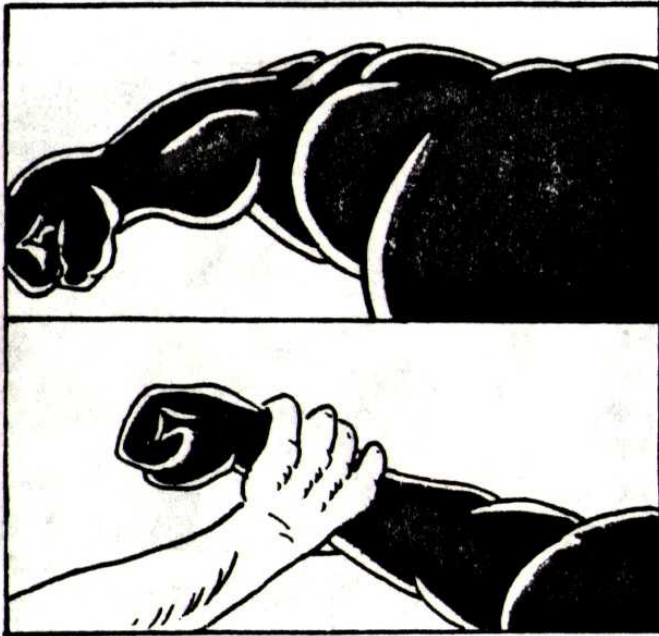
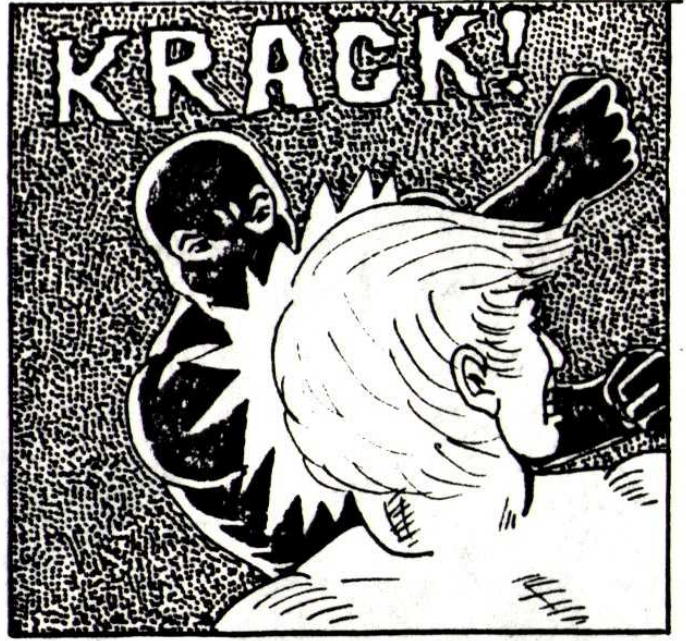
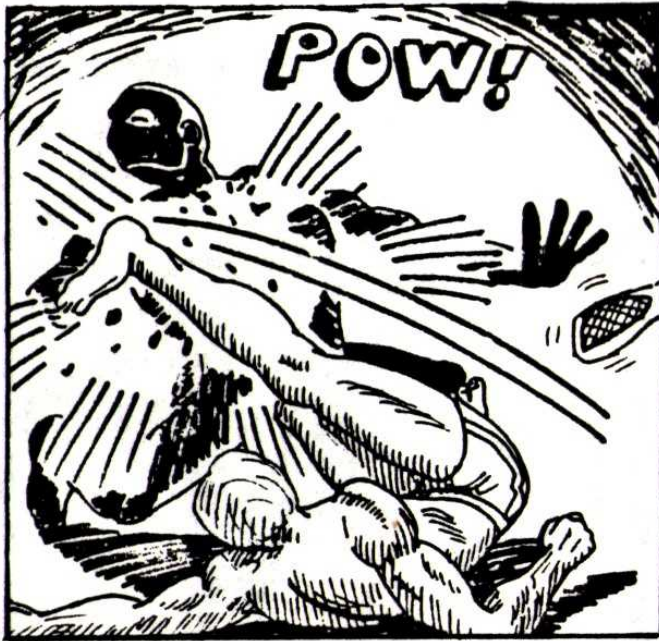
GOOD. SO NOW YOU CAN PAY ME.

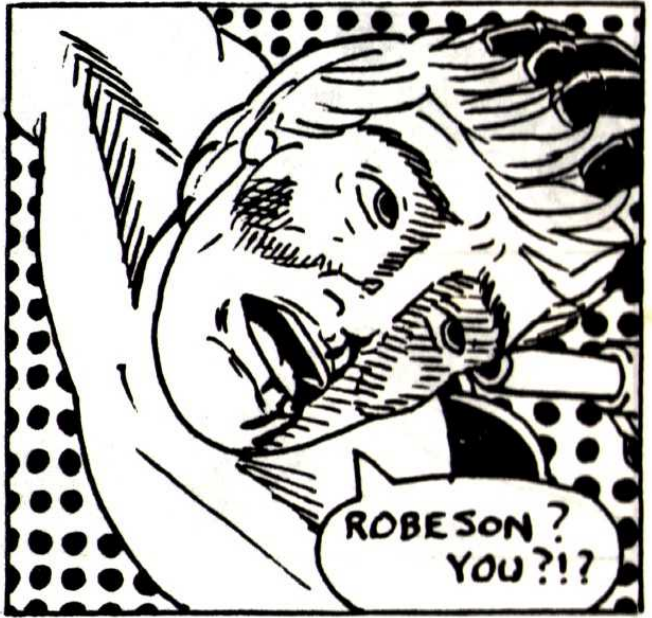
WELL...











— TO BE CONTINUED —

U.F.O. CHECKLIST

The United Fanzine Organization (.U.F.O.) is a co-op of fanzine editors who mutually aid each other in the production and promotion of their fanzines, and in promotion of higher standards of quality in the fan press. Fan eds considering joining the group should contact its current Chairman, Jim Main for details.

- DITKOMANIA - Quarterly, \$5 per year. Bill Hall; 10 Farm Hill Road; Middletown, CT 06457
- FANDOM WORLD #1 - Still available! Articles, columns, comics and advertisements. 50¢. Jim Main; 125 Fort Hill St.; New Milford, CT 06776
- FANDOM WORLD #2 - Phantom cover (Aparo) and article. The second installment of Aparo's old "Stern Wheeler" strip. Plus comics, columns and ads. 50¢
- SEZ WHO? #1 - A reviewzine on current comics. Plus articles on the X-Men, Miracleman and the Doom Patrol. \$1 from Sam Gafford; 275E Scituate Ave.; Cranston, RI 02920
- FRONTIERS '85 #1 - Entirely pin-ups. Artists include Francis Mao and Tim Corrigan. \$1.25 from Will Bynum; Rt. 2, Box 100; Bryant, AL 35958
- FRONTIERS '85 #2 - Horror issue with an excellent 3 page strip written by John Brien and illustrated by Mark Lamport, that goes by the Stan Leeish title "There's Something In The Treehouse." There's another strip, an Allen Freeman portfolio and an interview with Elliott L. Roden. \$1.50 from Will Bynum.
- BLAKEMAIL MATERIAL #1 - A fun collection of humorous covers and illustrations by Larry Blake. Included are works that have been published in AMAZING HEROES and other publications. \$1 from Larry Blake; Rt. 1; Reedsville, OH 45772
- MOONSTONE #10 - Mark Shedlock and Ed Zaleski of ORIGINAL COMICS are interviewed. Chuck Bunker gives an overview of the WLH Publication zines. Plus Kevin Collier's regular column "Pub Trends." Plus even more! \$1 from Ross Raihala; 802 Hawthorne St.; Cloquet, MN 55720
- BRIGADE COMICS #5 - Publisher-writer-artist Wade Busby's popular super-hero team book. \$1 from Wade Busby; 4028 54th Ave. SW; Seattle, WA 98116
- PLASMA #5 - The magazine of Fan Comics, Jeff Wood's Snowbuni, Larry Blake's Nightshade and Wizard's Tower. \$1.25 from Psuedo Comics; 6056 Wellesley Way NE; Seattle, WA 98115
- IT'S A FANZINE #31 - One of the most deservedly popular fanzines. The article "Web Of Controversy" examines whether or not Spider-Man has been acting out of character. Also part two of "The Teenage Creations Of Steve Gerber" and "Precursors Of Modern Comics Art." Plus reviews and letters. \$1.25 from Gene Kehoe; 6223 Forest Ave.; Des Moines, IA 50311
- FANTASCAPE #3 - The first U.F.O. issue of the excellent stripzine with a message. \$1 from Steven Mark Shipley; 2157 Glenwood Ave.; Toledo, Ohio 43620
- TETRAGRAMMATON FRAGMENTS - The bi-monthly U.F.O. newsletter with contributions from the membership. \$4 for six issues from chairman Jim Main (see

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ISSUE!!!