TORGO: An Introduction
by Rob Imes

The contents of this issue have been in the making for a long time -- forty years to be exact.

It was in late 1980 or early 1981, around the time that I turned 10 years old, that I began drawing a one-page superhero strip called "Torgo!" (the title usually had an exclamation point at the end). I was in 5th grade and drew each episode on a single piece of paper, and kept doing them because my classmate Matt Seidl seemed to enjoy them.

The character Torgo was an android who fought for good, having rebelled from his evil creator Dr. Ogrot. (Ogrot is Torgo spelled backwards, of course.) Ogrot created an army of robot foes for Torgo to fight (most notably Claw, who had a claw on the end of one arm), and I was perhaps inspired by Captain Marvel's arch-foe Dr. Sivana in creating Ogrot.

Torgo (in name anyway) was inspired by the obscure Lee-Kirby character whose original appearance had recently been reprinted in Marvel's Greatest Comics #74 (Nov. 1977). Marvel's Torgo looked like a robot whereas mine had a helmet like Iron Man's (I got rid of the opening for the mouth in the mid-1980s). I also liked the jagged edges on Giant-Man's gloves, so in the 1980-81 episodes, I had Torgo wearing similar gloves, although later abandoned that idea because it seemed to clash with the rest of his costume.

I wrote and drew just over thirty of these one-page Torgo strips, concluding with a #31 (or #33, evidently I had lost count), drawn on the back of a school newsletter dated March 1981. That final strip is included in this issue, spread across two pages to make it easier to view, since the paper size on this final installment was 8.5" x 11". (The rest had been drawn on 8.5" x 10" paper.)

My classmate Matt offered to buy all 30+ Torgo episodes from me, which I was happy to agree to. So that all of the sheets would be together, they were put in a folder, and I drew a picture of Torgo on the front of it. (I have reprinted that drawing as the cover of this new issue.) On the back of the folder, I started doing a faithful recreation of the very first Torgo strip. Unfortunately, I only did the first 5 panels of this redraw before turning my attention elsewhere, and never got back to it. Anyway, the comics belonged to Matt, and I think he tried to continue the redrawn #1, beginning a new panel, but also gave up the attempt. That unfinished redrawn version of #1 also appears in this issue.

Unfortunately that is all that survives of my 1980-81 Torgo comics: the final episode (#31/33), the unfinished redrawn #1, and the cover image. But I'm to blame for this, since shortly after he bought the Torgo strips, Matt evidently felt bad about having the strips and gave them all back to me. That was back in the early 1980s, and I haven't seen them since the mid-1980s, so I assume that they accidentally got thrown away back then.

In 1982, I started writing comic book scripts in a journal about a superhero named Captain Universe (another name owned by Marvel, although I had thought up the name before I saw the Marvel character) and eventually I added Torgo to the storyline. It was in these strips that it was established that Torgo lived on a parallel Earth called Concord, and that is where most of his adventures take place. Torgo and Captain Universe, along with a Moon Knight-lookalike called Major Megoin, were the "big three" of a JLA-style group called The Protectors (also later called The Galactians, when The Protectors looked a little too obvious and generic a name). I drew a few illustrations of the group, but drew no comics featuring them. Shown in this issue are a few such illos from the 1980s that feature Torgo, including one for a

TORGO Book One
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fantasy-based series called "Trapworld." I always liked that name. Another superhero strip I had an idea for during the early 1980s was "The Soldier and the Cyborg" (which also has a nice ring to it). While unrelated to Torgo, it does feature an android hero and so I've included two pages that I drew circa 1983 (unfortunately all that were done).

In 1986, I attempted to revive Torgo with a new series of one-pagers, picking up the numbering where it left off. But Torgo #34 (also in this issue) was the only one that I did of this 1986 version. Also around that time, I drew three short parody one-page strips using the character. Tordo #2 & 3 are included here; I haven't found #1 (although perhaps it's for the best!).

Back then, I drew these pages on any scrap of paper available, even ruled notebook paper (like "Turdo" was), with no thought of how that might affect its future preservation. While I have allowed some of the earlier pages to retain a "warts and all" look for this issue, others I felt were worthy of spending some time trying to restore them to their original state. In some cases this meant spending hours manually erasing lines that had bled through from the other side of the page. Happily the reproduction in this collection is the best available, even though I wasn't able to access the original artwork for some of the strips and had to rely on photocopies I had made.

By 1989, my friend Matt Seidl had moved to England and I was regularly writing letters to him. One day I thought it would be fun to draw up new one-page Torgo stories for him, drawn on the backs of my letters. I started fresh with a new #1, subtitled "The New Beginning," and did seven of them (#1-7) before calling it a day. I made xerxes of the strips before sending them off to Matt, but stupidly I wasn't concerned about quality control and the left page edge is severely cropped on my photocopies.

A few years ago, when I was thinking of doing a reprint of my Torgo strips, I asked Matt for copies of those seven strips, and he was able to email me scans of all but #7. So, I have extended the left page edge on my xerox of #7 and filled in the missing material to make it complete. You may be able to detect the addition yourself, but if not: everything above and below the "19" in "1989" was added in 2021.

In 1990, I drew some more Torgo one-pagers for Matt, starting with #8. (These reference the old-time radio series The Hall of Fantasy, and I printed #8-10 in my OTR fanzine Tune In in 1992.) I soon realized I'd not picked up the story where #7 had left off, so I drew a #7 1/2 to fill the gap (drawn around the time I drew #10, but placed in numerical order for this collection). I don't know if I did a #12, but I did draw half of a #13 (retelling Torgo's origin) before calling it quits again. I did draw an undated #1 ("Night of the Ghouls"), probably in the early 1990s, but there was no #2. And that was the last Torgo strip I did.

Nonetheless, I had fun drawing these, and in fact #10 ("Red Blood and Candy") is one of my favorite comics that I've ever done. Will I ever draw another Torgo story? As the saying goes: only time will tell!

(Notebook sketches from the mid-1980s. Scott Ogrot is the son of Torgo's villain creator Dr. Ogrot, and can be briefly used in TORGO #7 1/2 in this issue. The "Ultroid" name shown here would be used by me again, and also as an alternative to TORGO's name should I ever have to change it. The Ultroid face in this sketch, however, was crossed-out, indicating that it was not used.)
# The Origin of Torgo!

**Torgo!**

**# 13** by R. L. Ramos

**The Origin of Torgo!**

_Humanity... what a waste it is!

But you are different, my Torgo! You are all the things that man is not—perfect, all-powerful, logical, unemotional, obedient._

And very soon... you shall live... you shall live, my Torgo!

It is done.

What is your name?

What is your purpose?

To serve, obey, and protect my creator, Doctor Ogrost.

December 1, 1980.

My name is Torgo.
On this page, and the next page, is the final TORGO strip, #31 (or #33, the original number was written over at some point) from March 1981.

I think that my friend Matt crossed off the "The End" box at the bottom (last panel on next page), perhaps intending to continue the series.
I'll fly up! Yukk! This black fluid falls on me!

CRASH!

9 sec.

Uh-oh!

5 sec.

Oh well, back to the old drawing board!

KA-BLAM!

SHIiEEH!

0 sec.

To be continued.
A LONELY MOUNTAINTOP...
AND THEN...
BOOM!
No more!!

THIS ROBOT'S RESPONSIBLE.
EXCELLENT BACKHAND CLAW!

SMASH!

THIS SCIENTIST IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ROBOT.
EXCELLENT, INDEED.

HIS NAME'S OGROT.

HIS NAME'S CLAW.

HIS NAME'S TORGÖ.
WHAT'S UP CLAW?

AND THUS, THE BRIEF BATTLE ENSUES...

A BATTLE WHO'S WINNER WAS, ALAS, NEVER IN DOUBT...

CLAW.

LOOK OUT CLAW!! IT'S TORGÖ!!

TO BE CONTINUED...
Look out, one of Crot's robots is still functional!

Gun it down!

No, he's not! I'm calling Torgo!

Tech: One escaped Crot. Probably looking for his master.

And that'll lead us right to Crot!

Wait! Sensors say I'm being tracked by some form of radar similar to my own!

Looking for me, tech?

Don't tell me you've forgotten who I am!

I'm Torgo!

Your brother!

Next:

My Brother, My Enemy!

Don't miss it!
"My Brother, My Enemy!"

TORG0! #2
The New Beginning

Imposter! My brother is dead, killed by the ORDER PATROL! So said my creator! So said Ogrot!!

Blast! I had hoped to avoid a battle!

DIE, Imposter!

You'll have to do better than that, techy!

So speaks Torgo!

My best bet is to fake unconsciousness so he'll forget about me and find Ogrot!

Oh well, here goes nothing!

CRACK

©1989 by rob imes

To be continued...
I've defeated him! But could he have been the REAL Torgo...? It worked! He thinks he's beaten me!

No! He was an imposter, but now I must find my master!

Speaking of whom... This had better work, Ogro! You've been paid handsomely!

Don't worry about a thing. She will be talking soon.

What has happened to me? Stay back! You broke free from the containment coils, your power is overloading!

In less than twenty-four hours you'll explode with the force of a nuclear warhead!

Outsider! Outsider!

Away! I killed him! Bantro's bones! He's dead!

Needless to say... to be continued...
It's a normal day in Rotrod Hills, Virginia! Kids are playing, dogs are barking, religious followers are praying in Mass on their front lawns...

And Mr. Dippy is on the regular beat, making happy the lives of both young and old...

Hey! It's Dippy-time! Let's go get some ice cream! (Yeah!)

Hiya, boys and girls! What'll you have (dur) today?

Italian Ice! Orange! Vanilla! Lime!

Ice Cream! Ice Cream!

I say, Outsiders must die!!!

DIE, OUTSIDER!

Oom!

State your name and business please!

I've seen enough! Rotrod Hills is a farce, populated by ogrot slaves! I think it's long overdue for a visit to my ol' cream.

And give him a lesson in Humanity he'll never forget!

Sob!

Dip...

Next: Brother take my hand. Don't miss it!
THE OUTSIDER KILLED TWO TOWN MEMBERS. LAST SEEN HEADING TOWARD YOUR DIRECTION, MAYOR OGOROT!

THANK YOU, CITIZEN 91420! OGOROT OUT!

SO! TORG-O’S STUMBLED UPON MY PRESENCE AS THE SUPREME RULER OF THIS TOWN WHERE ALL THE CITIZENS ARE OF MY CREATION, AS WAS TORG-O HIMSELF!

HOW’S THE CEILING COMING, CLAW?

IT SHOULD BE TOTALLY REPAIRED SHORTLY, MASTER OGOROT! BUT WHERE IS INFINITY DAVID? I COULD USE HIS HELP!

HELP! BEEP!

I SENT HIM TO TRACK THE WOMAN WHO SMASHED THE CEILING — DUE A REPORT SOON!

WHAT’S THE SIGNAL FOR, MATRIX?

TECHWAR ONE VOICE PRINT MATCH ENTERING...

TECHWAR ONE AFTER ALL THIS TIME?

I’M HOME.

TECHWAR ONE?

MARTHA CONNERS, BY ORDER OF OGOROT, YOU ARE TO RETURN WITH ME TO HIS LAB FOR DISASSEMBLY!

DIE, FOLLOWER OF OGOROT!

BACK AT THE LAB...

AHHH!

THERE, MASTER! I’VE REPAIRED THE CEILING!

CRASH!

OH NO!

SORRY FOR DROPING IN LIKE THIS...

TO BE CONTINUED!
TORG0!
#6
*THE NEW BEGINNING*
©1989 by Rob Innes

PLEASE! I DON'T WANT A FIGHT! I CAME TO TALK!
ABOUT WHAT?

ABOUT THE FACT, OGROD, THAT YOUR CONTROL OVER THESE ROBOTS LIVES MUST END!

OH H...SAVED OLD CLAW. LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING. CLAW.

WHEN I WAS YOUNGER I WAS FRIGHTENED OF YOU. OF YOUR RHETORIC.

(No more...) I'M NOT A SLAVE. I'M NOT A LACKEY. I'M NOT A CHILD.

I'M TORG0!

YOU KILLED HIM! YOU KILLED CLAW!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? I CAN'T SEEM TO CONTROL MY RAGE LATELY! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME??

BROTHER?

To be Continued...

UH-OH!
You are my brother. I realize that now. All the things you said to claw only my brother, could have said...

But I don't understand. Master Ogot told me that the order patrol had dismantled you.

He lied. I've become a special agent of the order patrol, techwar.

You were not meant to be a man's slave. Be free. And if you must return Ogot the favor of giving you life, do it by using that life to establish your own identity!

I walked that long road to freedom and now I'm extending my hand. If you must live a life of chains, let those chains be of your own making.

I accept!

Meanwhile, in the city of Waddington...

Billy! Time to come in! It's nine o'clock!

Whadda mean, ma? It's broad daylight out.

Don't lie to me, young man! It's past your bed time!

You're coming in for the night and that's final!

Mom, it's still light out!

Next: You light up my life. Be here!
Please, tech, remember. I'm Frank Steel when I'm in this disguise. And I'm off to play tennis with Ewok... well...

**Your Son...**

I invented this light that catches you, Father—a faint, cold visibility, but ignored as a trick of the sun...

I have followed you, Father. I have seen the ugly result of your work. I have seen the true face of your evil deeds.

 Eagles and disguises cannot hide you from my eyes, Father. I see through it all. The light of truth betrays you.

Stop now, Father. And change! Before fate catches up with you! End this vicious cycle now!!

You, I pray the words of change may blow around you. I know how it feels because I have slipped through to the very depths of my soul.

I have risen above your plans for me. I was reached by the light of reason. The light of truth.

At that moment, a new day dawned.

**This is the Start.**

The Return of the Hero

Be there!
TORG! THE MAN-MADE MACHINE!
#8: "Return of the Hero"
by R. Imro
©1990/NOV

Hey, man, dem are nice rings... Dey musta cost a penny...

But I'll cost ya e'en more if ya don't let me have 'em! Dig it?

Okay!

Whap!

You got em!

Kras! S-stay back! Git away from me, man!

My my! You just missed going out the window by a few inches! I don't know my own strength!

If you're not careful, you'll fall out that broken window. Imagine that! To fall out the window of a moving subway!

I wonder if you'd fit through such a small window... Hm, well, there's only one way to...

Leave him alone.

I want these rings you wear--

--And not because they're pretty!!

Next: Tennis with Frank and Emmy!! Be there!
TORG0!
THE MAN-MADE MACHINE!
# 9: "Tennis with Frank and Emery"
by R. Imen
© 1990/Nov 2

I TAKE IT YOU'VE NO LEADS ON THIS START OUTFIT, FRANK!

A HOAX? WHY DO YOU SAY THAT?

NOT A ONE PERSONALLY I THINK IT'S A HOAX.

WELL, I've SOME INSIDE INFO FROM LLOYD ESQUIRE THAT AROSE TO ME AS MUCH.

YOUR SERVE, MAN.

ALL RIGHT, PAL, GET A-HA!

WHAT'S THAT?

WHAT'S WHAT?

THAT; OR THERE.

IT'S LIKE A... WEIRD GLOW OR SOMETHING.

BUT WHAT CAN IT BE?!

I SAID I WANT THOSE RINGS!

DIDN'T YOU HEAR?

THOSE RINGS?... YOU... YOU SAY YOU... YOU WANT THEM?

ARE YOU SURE? ARE YOU REALLY SURE YOU WANT THEM?

LET ME HAVE THEM. NO! YOU'RE CRUSHING MY HAND!!

NOW WILL YOU LET ME HAVE THOSE RINGS?

UGHN!

NOW... WITHOUT YOUR ATOMIC RINGS, YOU ARE POWERLESS, OEROT...

... JUST A WEAK OLD MAN...

WEAK, OEROT.

AND EASY TO KILL...

NEXT:
RED BLOOD AND CANDY

WATCH FOR IT!
TORG'O!
THE ITAN-MADE MACHINE!
#10: "Red Blood and Candy"
©1990 by Rob Jones

Every Halloween it's the same. Oh, how I long to be young again, to be given a second chance, to be free of... MONSTERS.

It is wise when you enter the battle of life to be armed for the fight from the first. And although you may hope for the best of the snake, you should always prepare for the worst.

You can find, whether a bird or a beast or a thing in the cup or not, there is quite as much pleasure as pain, after all. And the pleasure will readily come at our call if the right way to call it is known.

The temperature will rise, or change, or lower, or stay the same, and should trouble pursue, or overtake, press on it worse to smile or to sigh? In the moment of pain it is easier to laugh than to cry.

For God's sake, who are you? Who can you be? I... am... who are you? Who... do... you... think... I... am?...
I HATED TO LIE TO EMERY LIKE THAT, BUT I COULDN'T RISK HIM DISCOVERING MY TRUE IDENTITY!

I MUST FACE THIS TASK ALONE!

IT'S BEEN TWENTY HOURS NOW... SOON I'LL DIE... AGAIN...

WAIT... CAN IT BE? A FLYING MAN APPROACHES!!

DIE, HUMAN!!

WHAT? THE GLOW IS... A WOMAN!

DIE!!!

AT THE HANDS OF THE WHITE DWARF!!

FARRACCHI!

LURNE, WOMAN! YOU BUT MELTED AWAY MY HUMAN DISGUISE! NOW YOU SHALL FACE ME AS I TRULY AM!!

PREPARE YOURSELF, WOMAN... TO FACE...
A NORMAL CEMETARY...

GOSH, SAM, LOOK IT ALL THE GRAVES!

QUIET, YOU FOOL...

IF WE'RE CAUGHT HERE, IT'LL MEAN THE CHAIR!

NOW TAKE THIS SHOVEL AND START DIGGING!

HEH..."SAM, INDEED! THE DOLT! ONLY ONE SO DIM COULD FAIL TO RECOGNIZE DOCTOR OGROT!"

AND NONE ARE AS DIM AS THE MAN CALLED GROTO!

ONCE GROTO HAS PERFORMED THIS CHORE FOR ME, MY NEED FOR HIM WILL BE AT AN END...

D-Duh, okay, Sam!

D-Duh, all the live long...

Duh...I think I struck the casket, Sam!

GROTO! KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN!

I MEAN... KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN, GROTO.

HOLD ON, LET ME LOOK!

CAN YOU HEAR ME?

WAKE UP!

D-Duh, ...I been workin' on the railroad...

my son...

the coming of claw
On the next several pages are various odds and ends related to the TORGO strip, as noted in this issue’s introduction. Above is a “Trapworld” drawing from 1987 with Torgo shown in the middle. (The warrior Blood is shown at left, and I just made up the guy on the right as I drew the picture.) The TORGO #2 cover (“Felicia”) is from around 1985, and was going to be about a woman who had a car accident that was restored to life by becoming a cyborg thanks to Doctor Ogrot. (This idea was used later in the 1989 Torgo strips.) The “TURDO” strips were done for laughs in high school circa 1985. “The SOLDIER and The CYBORG” strip was drawn circa 1983, and those two pages were all that were drawn.
The Soldier and the Cyborg

In a top secret file room, located in Washington...

Top business man in electronics
Born: August 5, 1958  Died: July 7, 1979
Body donated to science institute of Washington
His body remains intact incased upon suspended animation
cases at the institute. His brain incased inside an android,
now more than a synthesoid, but a cyborg.

Cyborg: Works for misc. missions for government,
exploration of space, both inner and outer etc.

Secret file
Secret, CIA agent
Born: April 18, 1913

The man scribbles down the name of 'Kline Miller, the
Cyborg' down in his notes...

Then he looks down
father in the files where...

HE FINDS!!! THIS!!!

The Soldier
A well-trained
menendez whose real name
is Aaron Blair, located in
Washington, undergoing
work with the Washington
chemical research plant.
Soldier works usually
for hunting down people
who relates greatly with
cyborgs and/or androids
and/or synthesoids.

Top security files, so-ten

Plus: Also in this issue...
"If the past be not dead!"
and
"From whence stalks the man-beast"
THE NEXT DAY, AT THE WASHINGTON CHEMICAL RESEARCH PLANT...

EEEEE EEEE EEEE EEEE!

EEEEE EEEE EEEE EEEE!

EEEEE EEEE EEEE EEEE!

HIS NAME IS HERALD JOHNSON, THE SOLDIER... AND HE IS CONFUSED.

"YOU THERE! WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE?"

"THERE'S A FULL-SCALE WAR GOING ON, SON! OUR COMPETITION, THE SCIENCE INSTITUTE OF WASHINGTON, IS ATTACKING THE BUILDING! THAT'S WHY WE GOTTA PROTECT YOU, BECAUSE IT'S YOU THEY WANT, AND THEY JUST MIGHT GET YOU, TOO... THE WAY THEY DROPPIN' US LIKE FLIES, NOW BACK OFF... BEFORE YA GET HURT... LEAVE THE ROUGH STUFF TO THE..."
Yet ANOTHER Stoopid EPISODE of TURDO! The Machine By Men Made AND CRAW!

ABOARD THE U.F.O... "I WANT THOSE BOTS BEAMED ABOARD!"

CAPT! I'M GETTING A SIGNAL FROM THE BOTS!

"...THIS IS TURDO AND CRAW!!"

SURRENDER OR DIE!!

JIM! DON'T BE A FOOL!! - YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THE TRANSPORTER WILL DO TO THE BOTS!!

QUIT, BUNNS!!

MEANWHILE...

TURDO!! WHAT'S HAPPENING?!!

I DON'T KNOW I FEEL SO FUNKY

MEANWHILE...

BUNNS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WHAT I WANTED TO DO FOR YEARS!

I'M TAKING OVER THIS SHIP!!

PAGE 2

THAT'S US!!

WHEN LAST WE SAW OUR \ERSTWHILE FRIENDS THEY WERE IN DEEP SPACE.

AND IN DEEP @*!%!?, TOO.

LET ME HEAR IT U-HORE!!

U.F.O.

YOU MAY BE THE DOCTOR OF THIS SHIP BUT I'M THE CAPTAIN! MY ORDER STANDS.

HMM... YOU MIGHT NOT BE CAPTAIN FOR LONG...
NOT ANOTHER ASININE EPISODE OF TURDO! THE MOM-MADE MAN AND... CRASH! THE BOT SUPREME AND THE O.F.O.!!!

THAT'S WE! IM TAKING OVER THIS SHIP, JIM! YOU'LL REGRET DISMISSING ME AS A "MERE DOCTOR"! WHY I'LL...

CAPT' SPOT DEATH BUNNIES CAPT' SPOT DEATH
THANKS, CAPTAIN. CAPTAIN...
CAPTAIN.
TURDO APPEARS! TURNO'S BASTES BLAM BLAM!
SUDDENLY... DUCK JERK!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, SHOT. BUT YOU! - BOTHER WHERE'S YOUR PARTNER??

CAPTAIN, WE MUST GET BACK TO OUR CENTURY...

BUT WHAT DO WE DO WITH TURNO HERE? WE CAN'T SEND HIM BACK!!

I'LL JOIN YOU!

THE PRESENT HAS NO PLACE FOR THE LIVES OF... I'LL GLADLY JOIN YOUR CREW, CAPT. JERK!!

AND SO...

WHO KNOWS WHAT ADVENTURES AwaIT?? KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR MORE ASININE EPISODES IN THE "LIFE" OF TURNO, MAD-MAN BY MA'CHIGAINE

The End.
Roboranger
(Dr. Cyriq Hunkle's robot)
The UFO Checklist

The United Fanzine Organization (UFO) is a group of small press creators who come together to support and encourage each other, and to promote higher standards of quality in small press. Applicants may contact Chairman Steve Keeter, 6825 Tanglewood Bay Drive Apt 113/ Orlando, FL 32821 (stevekeeter@gmail.com)

BRAIN FREEZE #6 ($4.00 postpaid in the USA/ from Jim Main/ Main Enterprises/ PO Box 93/ New Milford, CT 06776, or mainjm23@gmail.com). The prolific Jim Main releases another fine issue of BRAIN FREEZE! -- The "Slice of Life" issue features true stories by Verl Bond, Simon Mackie, Robert Sodaro and Tom Ahearn, and others. Some of these stories are very moving, and all are very well done. Brad Foster contributes a beautiful front cover!

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FLYING PIG PUBLICATIONS PRESENTS #1 (Available for 99 cents from Jim Main at mainjm23@gmail.com . Jim can also be reached at: Main Enterprises/ PO Box 93/ New Milford, CT 06776). This PDF only publication showcases comics, artwork and fiction from the Flying Pig Publications crew of outstanding talents! -- Including Verl Hold Bond, Robert Sodaro, Rusty Gilligan, Tom Ahearn, and many, many more! Check out the exciting story of "Ulysses Solomon Occult, Paranormal Detective Meets the Heap!" by John Mundy, or "Miss Hitchbone Reclaims Her Own" by Will Murray. Other contributors include Larry Johnson, Steve Shipley, and more!

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TEAM UFO #1 ($4.00 US or $5.00 Canada from Rob Cooley/ 7128 Munsee Ln. Indianapolis, IN 46260, or, Jason Bullock/ HeroCentralStudio P.O.B. 2684, Loganville Ga 30052. This comic book may also be ordered in digital format from either creator: cooleytown8@gmail.com or herocentrastudio@gmail.com ). TEAM UFO #1 is an outstanding collaboration between two of the UFO's finest members and their characters... Rob Cooley's Ghostfire meets Jason Bullock's Victoria Regina! The battle that ensues is one for the record books! Some great storytelling, and this one is non-stop action!

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