I recently acquired *Squa Tront* #5 from Krupp Comic Works. I wish you had given a source for the stunningly beautiful page of Krigstein pirate drawings on the inside back cover. What amazing depth of field and magnificent calligraphic draftsmanship! Krigstein is one of my all-time EC favorites. The unique spatial effects he achieves are quite similar to the space in 3-D comics that you described in your article on 3-D. Figures and objects in Krigstein drawings always seem to be paper-thin, but are situated in exaggerated perspective settings (often drawn from unusual angles, e.g., from near-floor level, so that ceilings are visible in interiors) to give an incredibly intense depth of field. But while his figures are paper-thin, they are by no means always flat. Krigstein is a master at using tilted and curved planes which lead one back into the deep space of the panel.

By the way, it's not quite correct to say, as you did in your 3-D article, that each layer of 3-D art always appears flat. 3-D comics frequently used tilted and even curved planes (remember the 3-D Fleer ad with Pud blowing a giant bubble?). Besides, who ever said comics were supposed to be realistic? Even in the more realistic ones, like ECs, I have always felt that what one gets is a highly selective artificial, caricatural replica of the 'real' world which gives a far more intense impression of realism than a slavishly imitative technique would, just as Krigstein's simplified and exaggerated space is more powerfully affecting than fully modelled... (continued on page 15)

Thanks to the following for providing assistance and/or advice: Mike Barrier, J.B. Clifford Jr., Tom Ings, Larry Ivie, Harvey Kurtzman, Bill Pearson, Andrew Porter, Sheldon Shepp, Bill Spicer, Larry Stark, Bhob Stewart, Supreme Comic Book Euphorium, Jim Vedonier, Jr. and Ted White. Our thanks to Bill Gaines and Al Williamson for permitting the use of their material. Typesetting by LUNA Publications.
When Archie Goodwin was editing Creepy and Eerie in 1964, he had a casual conversation with Roy Krenkel about doing some cover paintings, and Roy promised to bring in a few concept sketches. When he finally brought in the 'few sketches,' they turned out to be an enormous sheaf of drawings in all stages of refinement.

Krenkel's cover concepts capture the imagination in a way that goes beyond his strong compositional sense and his unquestioned ability as an artist. One senses that he's carefully reviewed a complete mental narrative and chosen the most interesting moment to depict. At the same time, and most importantly, his scene doesn't reveal the whole narrative. There are unexplained elements that inevitably compel the reader to wonder what chain of events could have led to the strange scene and how the situation will resolve itself. Some of the sketches utilize classic fantasy situations, although often obscure ones, but it is this sense of narrative in progress, rather than a climax or a non-narrative illustration, which is the unusual element that fascinates.

Somehow Roy didn't get around to actually painting a cover, although he did do several one page interior features. But his cover drawings deserve an audience even if they never reached their final stage. This is but a small selection of the total file of sketches, some merely the pictorial jotting down of ideas, many of them alternate workings and refinements of recurring themes. In choosing the material for publication, rather than simply presenting a portfolio of finished drawings, we've elected to focus on the wealth of Krenkel's imaginative concepts.

A black and white detail study of the angel of death in this scene can be seen on page 50 of Squa Tront #5.
ROY KRENKEL'S PUBLISHED WORK FOR GOODWIN EDITED WARREN MAGAZINES

CREEPY
1 “H₂O World” (assisted Williamson on art).
6 (concept for Frazetta cover).
“Loathsome Lore” — mummy’s curse (art).
“Gargoyle” (story concept).
7 (concept for Frazetta cover).
9 “Loathsome Lore” — yeti (art and concept).

EERIE
4 “Monster Gallery — Zombies” (art and script).
5 “The Mummy Stalks” (story concept).
9 “Monster Gallery — The Cyclopes” (art and script).
10 “Monster Gallery — The Wendigo” (art and script).

The two preliminary drawings for “The Wendigo,” below, both seem superior to the published version in Eerie #10.
The sketch above is one of several versions of a scene that was used by Frank Frazetta for the cover of Creepy #6.
On the top right of the opposite page is another study used by Frazetta, for the cover of Creepy #7.
Finding swipes in comics should be considered nothing more than an engaging parlor game, and it is in that spirit that we present the following samples of swipes from EC. Certainly we are not pointing an accusing finger at thieves of the muse. Swiping is part of the industry, in a field where publishers have long openly imitated the titles and concepts of other publishers, many artists have logically reasoned that they can’t be blamed for swiping from other artists. 

EC has been an unusually enduring source of swipes. In half of the examples here more than a decade passed between the original and the swipe (A, B, C). If the swiper adds the spread of distance as well as time (B), he can be brazen. Nearly all EC artists received this form of sincere flattery; four are shown here. Also represented are all possible configurations involving a cover: cover to cover (B); cover to story panel (C, E); and story panel to cover (D). The last is a rare example of an illustration copied; tracing is more usual. Finally, one will occasionally find an artist borrowing from himself (A), but then that’s been the privilege of great artists throughout history.

We invite readers to send in examples of EC swipes for an expanded “Swipe File” next issue. Send the title, issue no. and page no. of the original and of the swipe. A xerox of the swipe would be appreciated. The first person sending in any swipe that’s used will receive a copy of the issue.
E

He had left the body and searched a neighboring farm! After having found what he was looking for, he had returned with the shovel! Then he began to dig.

The grave marker says 'THADDIUS GODKIN...DIED 1867!' There shouldn't be much left of him.

F

Soon a hollow thud told Brund he had struck old Thaddeus Godkin's coffin! He lifted the rotted lid...

Nothing but bones and shreds of clothing.

This will do fine...

Then, crouching, he began to dig feverishly! An hour went by. He trembled and sweated profusely from the effort!

With tremulous fingers, he pulled back the lid, and he saw...

A ring—a solid gold ring!
(LETTERS continued from pg 2)

plan. Croic's work was so real the reverse was true, the blandest technically competent individual illustration would be the greatest comic strip (people who felt this way about the work of Krigstein and Davis might have been considered klunky draftsmen really put me off, as Bill Gaines and one in every of your issues was that line 'the gnarly big charge to the true comic fans!')

-Wallace J. Mason
Montreal, Canada

All the belledance's Krigstein's faint page in Squat Toun 5, 6 and 7 are in two stories: 'Captain Splint's Shady Helper' and 'Black Cat's Home.'

I would be very interested in seeing features like the following in Squat Toun:

i) a checklist of EC authors by story.
ii) identification of where the EC staff appear in the EC strips.

(iii) the Two-Fisted Annual covers.
iv) Krigstein's complete feature on storyboard and advertising art done by EC artists (Davis, etc.), and
v) many more.

vi) more Kustermans 'Hey Looks.'

vii) information on whether there was a comic draw in issue 5, and, if not, who was scheduled to draw it.

viii) more of those EC graphics.

-Steve Laker
Los Angeles, Calif.

If someone volunteers to do the necessary research (which would involve contacting the known outside EC writers among other things), Squat Toun would be less likely to be able to give such a checklist. Another interesting project would be to index the sources of EC plot takes. To be sure, this would have to be started by getting a few people with a broad knowledge of the EC publications and their sequencing to sort out the many illustrations, his view becomes much more meaningful to me, much more dynamic. In short, despite my skepticism of making Squat Toun #6 work as a single artistic unit, as opposed to a series of articles.

And speaking of Courageous efforts are still a source of exploration for me I find very interesting Krigstein's ability to create 'monster' genre stories that could successfully put his work of comic art, and his place in it, in a very clear perspective. His comments on spontaneously were also very sensitive. Finally, his critique of Eisner and Kirtzman, and the concluding general remarks, show a mastery and depth of insight into the material beyond what I ever did in making Squat Toun. The interview begins, A very important point I must make is that when reading the earlier edition, I really did not appreciate Krigstein's belief that each panel must be a piece of art by itself. But now, in the context of the many illustrations, his view becomes much more meaningful to me, much more dynamic. In short, despite my skepticism of making Squat Toun #6 work as a single artistic unit, as opposed to a series of articles.

Bibl Stewart's evaluation of Krigstein's stories was in no way his youthful writing style was full of energy and I did actually enjoy it as a piece of writing—butf I definitely have reservations about its inclusion in the issue. The magazine certainly could have profited from a critical overview of Krigstein's work that would tie up the loose ends, and tell you what you were striving for with Bibl's article. But I just don't feel the article was strong enough to sustain an entire weighty magazine site.

I'm also a bit confused over your selection of the front and back covers. I did not think the artist was so special as to actually feel that they faded by comparison to much of the work contained inside Binghamton, N.Y.

I've been reading and re-reading the interview you sent me [I've read with B Krigstein and A Tell with H Kurtzman]. Also have examined several old Playboys and studied 'Annie Fanny,' it was a pleasure to read about these men who have been swing in a wide variety of comics and such.

Krigstein's comments about space problems in comics were right on the nail I'm sure the story has been expanded from five pages to twelve would have been much more readable this way. Krigstein's problems as a writer were defined in his reading of literature. The definitive ideas about bow situations should be drawn, and it would inevitably clash with anything that was to be done who did both writing and drawing. I am inclined to side with the artists. It is so easy for me to identify with the artists. With the 3-D type, so much of the time I'm only asking the question of space. It doesn't matter if the artist is taking a risk or not. Squat Toun #6 was beautiful, the artists timeless, and the only things I found wanting was the space devoted to the breakdowns for "Two Fisted Annual" inside the comic. There was too much for too little I'll grant them their historic and informative values, but they were a bit below the rest of the contents in interest I loved the Hillman pages, sans text Beautiful! And the penciled pages were outstanding. What book were they from? Especially the book shooting scenes —Iam Van Veeteren, Jr.

Falo Alto, Calif.

A printer's gremlin removed the correct line from the shooting scenes: They're from "The Fly," which Krigstein specifically mentions in text on the story where his penciling was ruined by the inking. When I get Squat Toun #6 I first flipped through the issue to see if it was nearly an all-Krigstein issue, because I knew I wouldn't be interested in seeing many pages of a superficial familiarity with his work. Something about his style initially turned me of long ago, and my main concern was to see a work out But in flipping through Squat Toun, a sentence or paragraph here and there was enough to make me want to reread it. After several enticing bits, I finally started from the beginning and was surprisingly fascinated. It was also impressive to see Kenton Krigstein's art not being familiar with the story. I never say of Impact #1, and I never saw Krigstein's art before, so these reduced reproductions were my first introduction.

I can't comment too much about the Kenton Krigstein exclusive because it contained all one of the best I've read, seeming better now than when I first read it in 1952, and as just as relevant today. But Kenton Krigstein's art and general consensus is on the state of the art these days, but I don't think Krigstein's ideas and style have ever had the exposure and developed by anyone in comics I remember being amazed in 1955 by that final page showing the end of the story in the kind of technical and artwork no it has never been fully realized, these artists and their work remain unappreciated.

The most surprising thing I learned was that Krigstein disliked Eisner's work, or at any rate was never very impressed with it. Krigstein's comments seem to be spoken from an ivory tower point of view where the artist supposedly can aspire only toward the highest form of fine art—hardly the situation with comic books, and especially not with Eisner having to crank out a $1.50 page every week of the magazine. Krigstein's attitude strikes me as unrealistic and unprofessional, not to mention hypocritical I can see where Krigstein's nightmarish mind and manipulation of cliches and sentimentality, but I think he would concede Eisner's manipulations display much better technique that broke from the same status quo that Krigstein himself later rebelled against in his own way.

The Feldstein/Krigstein comparison on page 16, "Monster from the Fourteenth Dimension," is a good example of what Gary Arlington must be talking about as science fiction pulp story done in EC's earlier vescel style, shown panel-to-panel at Krigstein's intellectualized, bloodless approach to the same scenes. This is one instance where EC's tendency to complicate the style (and occasionally a somewhat Davis story for Davis, an Ingels story for Ingels—was turned toward the opposite extreme of art and story at odds with one another, a reversal of the inspired choice of assassing Krigstein's "Fire! Machine! and Master!"") Much as I like most of Krigstein's art, Feldstein's style for "Monster" is the most conventional of the scenes of the story, drawn in his bluntly representational technique. Feldstein's blob is a mass of raw flesh-colour shape and texture. The impression of something you could physically chew between two trees Krigstein is flat, without much feeling of bulk. I prefer even Krigstein's version looking wars is in its original 3-D format. The text describing the guy covering the blob in Feldstein's panel is much more effective, as a comic, with the gutter dutifully filling his shoes next to a trailing off of more detail Krigstein's (continued on next page)

SO THIS IS LUCKY'S STORY AND IT OPENS ON THE GRAZE GROUND OF HIS LITTLE MILL IRON RANCH, OVER A BRANDING IRON FIRE...
Mebbe they call yuh handsome 
Hank— but yuh won't be so handsome 
when I get through with you.

Get up, Hank. Yuh ain't 
hurt as bad as you're 
going to be!

I—I thought 
it was one of 
your strays, 
lucky.

Over on my spread? 
Yuh must think I'm 
a tenderfoot to 
swallow a windy 
like that! Get on 
your feet!

Reckon yuh're 
a little too 
smart for your own 
good, hombre. If 
yuh don't 
care what 
happens to 
yore maw 
an' sister— 
or one of 
your young 
one's—

If yuh so much as put 
yore dirty feet within 
shooting range of my 
iron ranch house, I'll—

Easy, lucky— 
go easy— 
I was only 
funnin'!

Lucky is too dang clever! After this, 
he's liable to be ridin' the range, with 
their eyes of his that see everything 
I got to get him out of the 
way! But— how?
Sometime later in the little cow town of Sunset Pass.

Hank, you look like you've lost every friend you ever had!

What good are friends? Is---hmm, say sure---sure! Katey, you're a good friend of mine---do me a favor, huh?

Lucky Jordan is comin' in town later. See that he stays in town tonight will yuh? ALL NIGHT, understand?

You're planning a job for tonight and you want him out of the way, huh? Whatever you say, Hank, leave lucky to me.

That night as Sunset Pass springs to life.

Saloon

Oooh---my ankle!

Watch out!

Say, you're a real nice feller! Why not come in and have a night-cap with me? Come on now, don't be shy!

We-ell... all right. I'll have a drink of soda, though. I'm in training for the Fall Rodeo.

Once inside the saloon, as Lucky turns for a moment to watch the luck of the cards at a nearby table...

This will make him forget his training.

Come on, Baby---Katey will take care of you tonight.
In the morning, a little sick and shaky, Lucky reels from the Desert Queen. Katey's soft laughter still ringing in his ears...

I'm a fool! A fool!!

Lucky threw himself into a fury of roping and branding, of checking saddle gear and bridles. But one morning, some days afterward...

Huh? Say--that's a sore down there--I don't like the looks of it!

There! Now I'm just as right as rain. But--mebbe I ought to see the Doc about this... I want to be in tiptop shape for that rodeo. Winnin' those prizes means a lot to Maw and sis!

There was much joking and laughter among the cowhands when Lucky showed up at the corral that morning...

But the sore soon disappears, and Lucky thinks no more of his trouble then. On another morning, weeks later...

A rash! Say--now where did that come from? Must be a little prickly heat. I reckon... hmmm... reckon some skin balm will take care of it!

What got you, Lucky--the measles?

Mebbe an old mossy horn dragged you through some barrel cactus! Naw haw!

I never felt better in my life! Just watch my smoke! That's all!
Sir

THE GOOSE-EGG RANCH WHERE HANDSOME HANK IS FOREMAN, THE RUSTLING STILL GOES ON--

Herd Hands, Gather 'Round!

SADDLE SAL IS COMIN' BACK TO THE RANCH IN A FEW WEEKS, AN' WE'LL MAKE ONE MORE HAUL BEFORE THEN. SHE'S A RODEO TRICK RIDER BUT SHE KNOWS RANCHIN'!

HER PAPPY OWNS THE SPREAD, BUT HE LETS HER HANDLE IT. WE'LL MAKE OUR LAST HAUL OF CATTLE RIGHT SOON. THEN FORM 'EM INTO THE TRAIL HERD, AN' SHIP 'EM TO MARKET!

THAT NIGHT AND FOR SOME NIGHTS THEREAFTER, SWIFT RIDERS STRUCK AT THE HERD ON THE SUNSET PASS RANGES...

TWO WEEKS LATER, HANK SQUATS DOWN AND DRAWS DESIGNS ON THE CANYON FLOOR.

YUH KNOW HOW TO CHANGE SAL'S GOOSE-EGG BRAND INTO MY EIGHTBALL BRAND? I REGISTERED THE EIGHTBALL BRAND, AND IT'S IN MY NAME. WHEN YUH DRIVE THIS HERD TO MARKET--THE MONEY GOES TO ME! I'LL SETTLE WITH EACH OF YUH LATER!
WHEN I SET THE MONEY FOR THAT HERD, I'LL BE A RICH MAN. I CAN BUY MY OWN SPREAD, THEN, AND NOBODY'S GOIN' TO STOP ME! NOT EVEN --LUCKY JORDAN --

I SEE THAT RASH HAS DISAPPEARED. LUCKY, YOU'RE ALL BETTER, HUH?

I SURE AM, CHUCK. I'M READY TO GIVE THE PERFORMANCE OF MY LIFE. I TOOK CARE OF THAT RASH WITH SOME SKIN BALSAM AND IT WENT AWAY. RECKON IT WASN'T SERIOUS

* THAT'S WHAT LUCKY THOUGHT!

LUCKY IS BUSY THESE DAYS. THERE IS EQUIPMENT TO BE CHECKED, REPAIRS TO BE MADE. HE IS FEELING IN TIP TOP SHAPE...

DOGGONE! LOOK AT HER GO! YIPPEEEE!

As the girl riders open up with a fanfare and a round of daring rides, Lucky finds his eyes glued to Sal......
HE'S AHEAD ON POINTS RIGHT NOW! HE'LL WIN EVERY EVENT AT THE RATE HE'S GOING!

Lucky is a two-legged Thunderbolt himself!

FIRST PLACE IN SADDLE BRONC RIDING -- FIRST PLACE IN BARE-BACK BRONC RIDING THEN THE BULL-DOGGING EVENT...

Mmm... I've enjoyed every second of our date.

Me, too... I've never felt this way about a girl before.

Sal and Lucky have been discovering that the world has turned to magic, and that magic must be — love!

I have something mighty important I want to talk to you about, Sal. Will you keep Thursday night open for me?

I'll be glad to, Lucky. Now let's mosey over and get some of that barbecued steer. Shall we?

Oh lucky...look! A campfire and a guitar player! Let's go over!

Sure, Sal. Whatever you want is swell with me!
THAT IGNORANT,

WORDS BY ERIC BARNOUW

An ignorant cowboy went out on a spree,

and oh, what an ignorant cow-hand was he.

He had a few drinks and his head was a whirl,

NOW THAT COWBOY WAS AWFULLY HANDSOME THEY SAY,
AS I'M SURE HE COULD TELL FROM HIS MIRROR EACH DAY,
BUT MANY WEEKS LATER ONE MORNING HE SAW
A RASH ON HIS FACE AND HE CRIED WITH A ROAR
"WHAT IS IT?"
THAT IGNORANT COWBOY,
THAT IGNORANT, IGNORANT COWBOY.

THAT COWBOY WAS WORRIED AND FRETTED AND FROWNED,
AND HE WENT TO HIS MEDICINE CHEST AND HE FOUND
SOME WONDERFUL TONIC THAT MUST HAVE BEEN HOT,
SUPPOSED TO BE GOOD FOR WHATEVER YOU GOT,
AND HE TOOK IT—
THAT IGNORANT COWBOY,
THAT IGNORANT, IGNORANT COWBOY.

NOW THAT COWBOY EACH MORNING HE WASHED AT THE SINK,
AND THEN CAME ONE MORNING WHEN WHAT DO YOU THINK?
The spots on his face they had all gone away,
He looked and he shouted, "TI-YIPPI-TI-YAY!"
I'M CURED!—
THAT IGNORANT COWBOY
THAT IGNORANT, IGNORANT COWBOY.
IGNORANT COWBOY

MUSIC BY TOM GLAZER

and he ended up in the arms of a girl

(speck) called Katy, (away) that ignorant cowboy,

that ignorant, ignorant cowboy.

THAT HANDSOME YOUNG COWBOY WAS HAPPY ONCE MORE,
CAUSE NOBODY EVER TOLD HIM THE SCORE,
BUT THE GERM THAT HAD GOTTEN HIM WAS STILL THERE INSIDE
CAUSE THIS IS A TREACHEROUS GERM THAT WILL
HIDE INSIDE,
AN IGNORANT COWBOY.
AN IGNORANT, IGNORANT COWBOY

NOW PARTNERS, IT SURELY IS SORROWFUL STRANGE,
TO THINK OF THAT COWBOY A RIDING THE RANGE,
NOT KNOWING SOME DAY HE'LL BE SURELY STRUCK DOWN
BY THAT GERM THAT HE CATCH WHEN HE WENT UP TO TOWN
ON A SPREE—
THAT IGNORANT COWBOY,
THAT IGNORANT, IGNORANT COWBOY.

A RANCH ON THE RANGE ISN'T LIKELY TO FIND
MUCH USE FOR A COWBOY WHO'S DEAD, LAME OR BLIND,
SO IF YOU'VE KNOWN KATEY PLEASE LISTEN TO THIS
ONLY A DOCTOR CAN CURE SYPHILIS!
DON'T BE
AN IGNORANT COWBOY,
AN IGNORANT, IGNORANT COWBOY.
WHY—he must be really tuckered out.

The poor boy! He probably wants to go back to his quarters and rest.

Blindly—Lucky walks away in the darkness, shocked...

But there was no rest for Lucky that night! He paced his room restlessly, his mind churning and early the next morning.

But, Doc—there's a girl I want to marry! I'm ruined!

Nonsense! First, you came to me early. That's important! A week or so of treatment can clear this up. Neither the girl you marry nor your children will be affected. You'll be as healthy as ever. Come back Thursday. I'll know the results of the blood test then!

Tell them about the doctor's treatments. Remember, you can be completely cured by a doctor's treatments.

After a physical examination...

Doc, I need to see you plumb bad. Of course, my boy. Come in. You're the first patient!

Doc, you've made me feel easier some. You bet I'll be back Thursday. But—if it really is syphilis...

You had syphilis symptoms all right! The sore—the rash—the sore throat—these warning signs always go away after a while of their own accord—but that doesn't mean you're cured! We'll check up on you with a blood test!

He was singing about syphilis. I wonder if—that was what I had? The sore—The rash?

Lucky! What's come over you? You look awfully funny!
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO LUCKY? HE DIDN'T KEEP HIS DATE WITH ME, AND THAT ISN'T LIKE HIM! HE LOOKED MIGHTY SICK THE OTHER NIGHT. PERHAPS HE IS SICK. I'LL BETTER RUSH OVER AND SEE IF HE'S ALL RIGHT.

AND SO, SOME TIME LATER...

LUCKY! WHEN YOU DIDN'T COME TO SEE ME AS YOU PROMISED I...

SAL!

LUCKY'S HEART SHRIVELS INSIDE HIM AS SAL SOBS BROKENLY. HE SEES THE STRICKEN GLAZE ON SAL'S EYES...

THE DOCTOR TELLS ME I CAN BE CURED. AND I WILL BE CURED, SAL. I'M GOING TO HIM FOR TREATMENTS.

SAL, I GOT SOME BAD NEWS. YOU SEE...I LOVE YOU, AH! I WANTED TO MARRY YOU... BUT... WELL-- THERE WAS A DANCE-HALL GIRL NAMED KATEY. ONE NIGHT I GOT MIXED UP WITH HER AND... WELL -- I'VE GOT SYPHILIS.

YOU-- YOU HAVE--

OH LUCKY!

RECKON I'VE DONE BUSTED HER HEART!
I CAN'T STAY AROUND SUNSET PASS AND SEE LUCKY. I JUST COULDN'T. HE -- HE WAS THE MAN I LOVED. BUT IF HE CARRIED ON WITH A DANCE-HALL GIRL -- SOB --

I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO. I'LL TRAVEL WITH THE RODEO. I'LL RIDE AS I'VE NEVER RIDDEN BEFORE. I'LL MAKE A CAREER OF IT AND -- AND MAYBE I CAN FORGET LUCKY!

Lucky too is brooding...

RECKON I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO ME NOW THAT I'VE LOST SAL. I -- I ALMOST DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO THE RANCH EITHER, NOW THAT MA AND SIS HAVE THE PRIZE MONEY I WON. THEY CAN TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING!

IF IT WASN'T FOR THE CHECKUPS I WANT TO TAKE, I'D VAMOOSE RIGHT PRONTO! ... HUH -- COUPLE OF STRANGERS!

ARE YOU LUCKY JORDAN?

WE'RE FROM THE CATTLE ASSOCIATION. THERE'S BEEN RUSTLING GOING ON IN SUNSET PASS. WE WANT TO BREAK IT UP AND CAPTURE THE HEAD MAN.

AN' WE FIGURE YOU'RE JUST THE MAN TO BE OUR DETECTIVE!

YOU KNOW CATTLE, YOU KNOW THIS TERRITORY. YOUR JOB MAY TAKE YOU AWAY FROM HERE, TRACKING DOWN CLUES, BUT YOU OPERATE OUT OF SUNSET PASS, IT'S DANGEROUS WORK.

KEEP TALKIN'
So Lucky rides out of Sunset Pass on the trail of the rustlers...

This is where they gathered their stolen herd, all right cattle "sign" is all over the place, and they built branding fires, and the trail branded the steers!

In Yuma, he comes on one of the rustlers a little too late...

Huh—took me a couple of months to trail him here, and now a bit of hot lead cheats me out of some information.

The trail leads through New Mexico to Texas and up toward Colorado. Slowly the months slip by, but always, Lucky returns to Sunset Pass in time for a checkup...

The lab report on your blood test shows you're just fine, Lucky. Couldn't be better. That's right good news, Doc.

No while Lucky is hitting the sagebrush trail after the Sunset Pass rustlers, Saddle Sal is building a reputation as "Queen of the Rodeo".

Whee! Yahoo! Ray, Sal!

One more pose, Sal!

This'll be on the front page first thing tomorrow!

You're the greatest rodeo rider of all time!

One day—in the mail...

Why—this piece of hide has an eight ball brand on it—on the underside of the hide—my goose egg brand is seen! Whoever skinned this steer skinned it from one that was rustled from me!
HANK THIS IS SERIOUS SOMEONE SENT ME THAT HIDE, YOU OUGHT TO SEE IT. IT CLEARLY SHOWS THAT OUR STEERS HAVE BEEN RUSTLED!

I SEE, SAL!

I'M GOING TO THE TOWN RODEO GROUNDS, HANK, SEE WHAT YOU CAN LEARN!

I DON'T NEED TO LEARN ... I KNOW I GOTTA MOVE FAST ... FIRST, PUT HER OUT OF THE WAY, THEN LUCKY!

THAT AFTERNOON JUST BEFORE SAL IS TO TAKE HER TURN ON THE PROGRAM ...

IF THIS LOCO WEED PUTS MISS SAL OUT OF THE WAY, THERE WON'T BE NOBODY INTERESTED IN THE RUSTLIN' TO ASK QUESTIONS. AN' BESIDES, I COULD BUY UP HER INTEREST IN THE GOOSE EGG RANCH REAL CHEAP!

SHE'S BADLY HURT. SHE MUST HAVE AN EMERGENCY OPERATION TO PREVENT A RIB FROM PIERCING HER HEART. CALL AN AMBULANCE, QUICKLY!

AT THAT MOMENT, SOME MILES FROM SUNSET PASS ...

NOW TO KILL LUCKY JORDAN! THEN NOBODY'LL CONNECT ME WITH THE RUSTLING THAT WENT ON AROUND HERE!
LUCKY DIDN'T PULL ANY WOOL OVER MY EYES! RANGE GOSSIP TRAVELS FAST. HE DIDN'T SHOW UP AT THE DEATHBEDS OF FOUR OF THE FIVE BOYS WHO HELPED ME PULL THAT RUSTLIN' JUST FOR THE EXERCISE, HE'S AFTER ME!

LUCKY--OOOH, LUCKY--HOW I'VE MISSED YOU!

LUCKY, MAYBE YOU CAN MAKE HER ACCEPT A BLOOD TRANSFUSION. IF SHE DOESN'T GET ONE, SHE'LL DIE. SHE'S BEEN REFUSING, WHICH IS HER RIGHT, OF COURSE.

LUCKY--DUE IN THIS MORNIN', HE'LL HAVE HEARD ABOUT SAL'S ACCIDENT AN' WILL COME FOGGIN' OVER THIS SHORT CUT TO TOWN... THERE HE IS NOW!

LUCKY JORDAN IS A THING OF LIGHTNING! HIS LARIAT SAILS UP AND LOOPS... AND HANDSOME HANK SCREAMS...

HE CAN'T LASSO ME-- WHUP-I'M LOSING MY BALANCE!

LUCKY--OOOH, LUCKY--HOW I'VE MISSED YOU!

LUCKY--OOOH, LUCKY--HOW I'VE MISSED YOU!

LUCKY--OOOH, LUCKY--HOW I'VE MISSED YOU!

LUCKY--OOOH, LUCKY--HOW I'VE MISSED YOU!
BEFORE WE HAVE THIS TRANSFUSION, SAL—HERE'S PROOF THAT HANK WAS RUSTLING YOUR STOCK. I MAILED YOU A SQUARE OF HIDE THIS IS A COPY OF THE TRAIL HERD LICENSE FOR THE EIGHT BALL BRAND IN HANK'S NAME YOU SEE—I'VE BEEN WORKING AS A DETECTIVE FOR THE CATTLE ASSOCIATION.

SAL, LUCKY'S BLOOD IS COMPLETELY HEALTHY, NOW HE'S CURED. YOU COULD USE HIS BLOOD IN THE TRANSFUSION—HE HAS YOUR BLOOD TYPE. WON'T YOU SAY YES?

YES, DOCTOR—IF YOU SAY IT'S ALL RIGHT!

SAL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR PLANS ARE, BUT I DO WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT LUCKY IS CURED OF SYPHILIS SO THAT IT'S JUST AS IF HE NEVER HAD IT. WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS—IF YOU STILL LOVE HIM—YOU CAN FEEL FREE TO...AHEM...MARRY HIM!!

TODAY, SOMEWHERE ON THE BIG RANCH WEST OF SUNSET PASS, YOU CAN SEE LUCKY JORDAN AND HIS TWO HUSKY, HEALTHY SONS ROPING CALVES...

SAL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR PLANS ARE, BUT I DO WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT LUCKY IS CURED OF SYPHILIS SO THAT IT'S JUST AS IF HE NEVER HAD IT. WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS—IF YOU STILL LOVE HIM—YOU CAN FEEL FREE TO...AHEM...MARRY HIM!!

THE DOCTOR SAID I WAS THE Healthiest Little Lady He's Ever Seen. Am I, Mamma?

YES, DEAR, AND BOTH YOUR BROTHERS ARE HEALTHY, AND SO IS YOUR DEAR, DADDY...THANKS TO THE DOCTOR AND YOUR DADDY'S GOOD SENSE!

COME ON, PETE! COME ON, JIM!
version is a great design of light, shadow and space, but doesn't convey a clear idea of what's just taken place. The mound flanked by two trees could as easily be a rock or haystack as a pile of freckles. Even the title, though this case individualizes scenes which don't need it, and see better off without it. The flip side would be to use it as 'The Flying Machine,' if you can picture that, for an equally out of sync pairing.

An Exquisite Race" is an extraordinary piece of analysis, the first essay I've read going to such exhaustive lengths to discuss a comic strip, Thacker's "A Visit from St. Nicholas." Bobb Stewart's 1934 article on Kirgstein proves that reprints from early comics fanzines don't necessarily become dated.

Bill Spicer
Los Angeles, Calif.

Something that was not apparent to me until preparing the last issue was just how different Kirgstein was from others who worked in comics. It has often been called "Kustnerian" or "Kustnerian." Kirgstein brought the approach of fine art to comics, but that approach isn't just a cosmetic difference. It's all important. First of all it means he placed a greater value on subtlety the immediate visible is not necessarily the important thing. It means that he perceived his work in the context of a broader continuum; he didn't see his work as only being comic. The worry before me was that the author of "Feldstein was working in what appears to be the Fox house style. Kirgstein and Kurtzman brought the EC at a certain historical period. You could probably isolate a thousand different approaches and techniques of format and design and breakdowns of perspective, but the kind we're talking about here, in their work, is not the kind of work, the kind of style, in which comics are usually done. That's what gives comics a character, makes them unique, to comics.

The fine arts approach also tended to make Kirgstein extremely sensitive to the values of those to be accomplished within the individual picture. He thought of it as a canvas characterized by a particular palette and medium, not a painting to be seen from across the room. The story's relationship to the reader was as important as the story itself. He was concerned with making every panel a part of a whole, and that meant that the viewer was constantly being reminded of the story that had been set up before. The story is never complete, it's always in process. This is a key difference between the cloddish, insensitive editor and the much more thoughtful artist. What doesn't play here is the idea that editors like Harvey and Kurtzman, rather than the nefish brotherhood of the publisher's suite, is usually the key to this kind of work. It's the kind of work that has been carefully conceived and paced finishes become ruthlessly re-edited or the really absurd spectacle.

Juli Scherschel
trying to tell Jack How Captain Marvel should be done.

In reality, this situation is the reverse of the stereotype encounter Mod, I think you'd agree, was something more than your standard package job. Kurtzman's personal innovation and development is what is the most creative sense of the term "time permitting." I'm sure that Kurtzman would have preferred to draw the whole book himself, and it's the work of a second artist to help him realize his vision. What fascinated me is that, for all its seedy, all that it is a ragtag gaggle of lads carefully conceived and paced finishes, the new "Bradley's Price" reimited "re-edited," or the really absurd spectacle. The record of the EC progression is far more telling, and this is a real bastard form it just doesn't work.

At the same time, there was a reaction away from what the founding titles were evolving into. This expression culminated in the EC's own "progression" which was a reaction against traditional comic format for two years, having made their statements for that period of time, the original EC titles were re-engineered to what it left to do but begin parlaying the form. With Feldstein, it was the minimum of the increasing, the maximum of the decreasing, and the operations of Bradbury, and a necessity of the form. Kurtzman, and Boggs, the form arrived at a very strange, very long before the term was coined. And this, in my opinion, is a real bastard form it just doesn't work.

One of the points I meant to put forth in an examination of "Master Race" was that the entire story was outstanding. I deeply espoused the last page of the story by not using it as "boilerplate" to push the idea. It's also the case that the last page of the story is more important than the first page. The story is a whole piece of which the last page is the conclusion. The last page is not a summary of what has gone before, but a continuation of it. It's not a summary of what has gone before, but a continuation of it.

Kirgstein's concept of the relationship between panels was quite different and much more complex. He used the whole range of art techniques—composition form, line, etc. A good example is panels eight and nine at the bottom of page two in "Master Race." They are described as "Loud." Kirgstein was about four different art concepts in shock the reader's eye and cause an interrelationship between the panels of a completely different sort.

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The EC Fanzines
Part Two: Potrzebie Bounces

At the end of our last episode ("The Gelatin Years," Saga Tront #5), Bhob Stewart had just given up publication of The EC Fan Bulletin, disillusioned by the hectograph reproduction process but still determined to be active in fan publishing. For Potrzebie, his next fan venture, he enlisted the aid of two correspondents, Ted White and Larry Stark.

Bhob had come into contact with Ted White when he ordered Ted’s pamphlet on Superman (described in Saga Tront #5), which had been plugged in a science fiction fanzine Brezvize. In August 1953, at the same time Bhob was publishing his Bulletin, Ted was producing Zip, the first of his many science fiction fanzines. Zip had a four by six inch format, like the Superman pamphlet (and Brezvize), and was printed on Ted’s postcard mimeograph.

In the first issue of Zip, Ted wrote a column titled "Among the Sci-Comics—EC," which reviewed the latest issues of Weird Science and Weird Fantasy and concluded with a plug for The EC Fan Addict Club. In the letter column of the second issue Ted was taken to task for reviewing comics in a science fiction fanzine, and particularly for plugging "comic clubs with emblems and badges, etc." A chastized Ted responded that the only comics he read any more were EC’s, and that he was dropping his sf comics column. However, in the same issue he ran "Mad: A Review" by Bhob Stewart, which briefly analyzed the seven issues of Mad that had appeared at that time.

With the third issue Bhob became co-editor of Zip, contributing unused material intended for his fanzine Fanciful, which, like the Fan Bulletin, was killed because of problems with the hectograph process.

Simultaneously, Bhob was corresponding with Larry Stark. Bhob had previously been aware of Larry through the EC letter pages, and so when Larry sent for a copy of The EC Fan Bulletin, a voluminous correspondence quickly developed. Larry’s capacity to write letters during this period is legendary. It’s fairly well known that his letters to EC, giving detailed criticisms of each story they published, earned him a free lifetime subscription to all EC titles (one that continued, through numerous address changes, in the form of a subscription to Mad, until a few years ago). It was not unusual for Bhob, and Larry’s other correspondents, to get letters of twelve pages and even longer. These letters were often like little essays, and were not limited to EC, but covered subjects as diverse as 3-D movies, poetry, The Spirit and censorship.

An important element which must be mentioned in connection with the creation of Potrzebie was the publication of Fredric Wertham’s book Seduction of the Innocent at that time, which contained the statement, "Every medium of artistic and literary expression has developed professional critics... the fact that comic books have grown to some ninety millions a month without developing such critics is one more indication that this industry functions in a cultural vacuum." Bhob recalls that when he read that passage, he was strongly motivated to prove Wertham wrong, it was a major factor in his decision to edit another comics oriented fanzine. As Bhob said in his editorial in the first issue, "Potrzebie’s main purpose in life is to present the criticism of Stark." Where The EC Fan Bulletin was patterned after sf fanzines, Potrzebie was to an extent inspired by the "little magazines," small press journals of poetry and criticism, which both Bhob and Larry were familiar with.

Bhob wrote to Larry and suggested that some of his letters to EC could be edited into articles, feeling that readers deserved more than the brief, often one sentence excerpts that appeared in the EC letter columns. Larry quickly responded with specially written material. Bhob also wrote Ted, asking if he was interested in printing Potrzebie, he was. Bhob now had the substantial content he wanted and the means to disseminate it in a readable and attractive format. Thus began a pattern that was to continue for many years, with Ted’s QWERTYUIOPress providing superior mimeography for many fanzines edited by others.

The first issue of Pot (as it was nicknamed in the pre-drug
fifities) appeared about June 1954. Stewart and Sterk were listed (by Ted) as co-editors. White was publisher, which meant that he typed the stencils (and therefore did the layout), cut the paper into 4 x 6 inch sheets, ran it through his postcard mimeo, collated, stapled and mailed the copies out. The cover was by Bob Warner.

Two long pieces by Stark fill most of the book. One is a piece of fan fiction (a term which means fiction about fans, not fiction by fans) written in the form of a radio script, complete with well placed instructions to the sound engineer. The first scene takes place at the EC offices, with Larry himself dropping in, ostensibly to deliver his monthly letter of criticism in person, but actually to wangle a date with Nancy Siegel. The dialogue is as naturalistic as possible, a quite successful attempt to recreate the lighthearted atmosphere of the EC offices, with humorous banter between Bill and Al, John and Marie Severin, etc. The second scene is a romantic one that takes place "just off Washington Square" as Larry and Nancy are returning from their date. On the last page one finds that the naturalistic style of the piece has been used to divert attention from an impending highly incredible EC-type ending in which Larry turns into a werewolf at midnight and attacks Nancy ("Sound, vicious snarling roar from Larry, blended and mixed with a stock record of a large Bronx Zoo-type lion defending his left hind zebra leg from all comers.")

Larry's other piece was the first installment of his column "One Man's Opinion," which appeared in several fanazines over the next few years. These were essentially the same as the letters he sent EC; extremely detailed criticisms of each EC story currently on the newstands. In making his detailed comments, Larry correctly assumed that Pot readers had also just bought the issues and had them at hand while reading his column. Without the comics for reference, his columns are often difficult to follow. In this particular column (reprinted here) Larry uncharacteristically devotes several pages to a more general discussion of The New Two-Fisted Tales before going into his regular story by story analysis.

Pot's first issue was reviewed briefly but favorably in Dean A. Greenwell's sf fanzine Grue Grue itself was one of the most attractive mimicked fanazines of the fifties, so this mention was gratifying to the Pot crew.

When Potrzebie #1 came out, Ted White was publishing four fanazines and thought it was about time to get a regular mimeograph. Plans were made by the three to put out the second issue of Pot in a full size format.

However, at this point Pot was plugged in the fourth issue of EC's Fan-Addict Club Bulletin along with three other fanazines. This resulted in Ted being inundated with three to 500 letters, all of them inquiries and not orders, since EC had not printed a price. Ted was appalled at the juvenile quality of most of these letters; some even were in croyzon. Many made statements to the effect of "send me a copy and if I like it I will send you money."

Ted mimeographed and mailed out 200 postcards (which at that time were only a penny each) giving information about Potrzebie and its price. In spite of the fact that Pot cost only 5¢ per copy, with a subscription price of 6x per a quarter, only about half a dozen of those 200 people actually sent in money. Both the juvenile quality of the letters and the small number of subscribers was very discouraging, and Ted stopped working on Pot and just piled up the letters in a shoebox as they came in. At the same time, Bhob was also slackening interest in EC fandom.

Before that point, though, quite a bit of work had been done. Bhob had drawn a complete comic strip titled "The Gaines Mutiny Courtroom Scene" in the 4 x 6 format, and Ted and adapted and stenciled it in the new larger size. In that size it ran four pages. (Later Ted ran off a few copies of these stencils, which were never distributed.) The strip was a parody of the Senate investigations of comic books, with Gaines and Wertham as chief witnesses. There were some cross references to the then recent McCarthy-Army hearings, including at least two gags similar to ones Kurtzman later used in "What's My Shine" in Mad. Two years later Ted restenciled the strip for Hoohah's 6¾ x 9¾ inch format, but before it could appear there, Hoohah also changed size, to 9 x 12. However, Hoohah editor Ron Parker merely inserted the smaller pages into the middle of issue #7, October 1956. So the strip did eventually appear, but by that time many of the humorous references were dated.

There was also another comic strip done for Pot #2, by Bhob, Larry, Ted and Fred von Bernewitz. Although this apparently never got to the stencil stage, it was definitely completed, because Ted and Fred describe showing it to Bill Gaines in their article "We're Off to EC" in Hoohah #5, June-July 1956. Ted had also gotten permission from Gaines to reprint the "EC Artist of the Issue" pages from EC comics in Pot and planned to make electronic stencils of all twelve of them.

Finally, Larry wrote an eight page column reviewing the last of the EC crime and horror books, and Bhob did a caricature portrait of Wertham for the cover. These were also stenciled by Ted, but never run off. Never, that is, until he was pressed to meet a minimum activity requirement in a small apa, The Cult, several years later. This odd and limited circulation of these two items was the closest thing there was to a Potrzebie #2. In fact, until your chronicle dig them up...
from the darkest recesses of the Larry live library, even the Pot staff insisted that there had never been an issue #2.

Larry Stark's "One Man's Opinion" for the aborted issue was the last one that he wrote. In it, he reviewed the final issues of the New Trend titles. He knew this was the case, and the column reflects the sense of not-with-a-bang finality that EC fans felt at the time. Larry found many of these last stories to be weak—some even dreadful. This can be attributed both to his maturing, and to EC's drop in story quality during their last year, when outside writers, house plots and morbid grue were everywhere. Larry's eight pages of single spaced type show no lessening of his desire to write criticism, however. Twenty years later, although his style and perhaps even his basic approach to criticism has changed, Larry held down the position of weekly theatre critic for alternate media newspapers in Boston, where he has also been a publisher of a line of poetry books and a local tabloid of theatre news and criticism.

Although their EC interest was fading, Ted and Larry continued to be active in sf fandom. In 1956, Ted changed the format of the eighth issue of Zip, retitling it Stellar, and got Larry to become editor. Stellar concentrated almost solely on fan fiction. A continuing feature was "The Death of Science Fiction," a serial with each chapter by a different author. Set in the near future, it imagined a sedition Control Authority set up by Sen. Joseph McCarthy which began to place fans under surveillance. Then "we found that the P.O. was not delivering fanzines. Then not even letters; we were cut off from the rest of fandom"—the ultimate fanzine fear! What followed, with prominent fans being gunned down in the streets right and left, was almost an anti-climax.

While Pot #2 was stagnating, Ted had exchanged a few letters with a fan named Larry Clowers in Hot Springs, Arkansas. Ted mentioned his waning interest in Pot and Clowers expressed a desire to take it over. Ted agreed, and sent on the shoe box full of inquiries. In giving away the Potrzebie title, Ted did not consult his co-editors. Bhoob never liked the idea, although his reaction could have been influenced by the fact that he lent his personal file copies of his own EC fanzines to Clowers and never got them back.

Since Ted had had much of #2 stenciled and thought he might run it off someday, he told Clowers to start with issue #3. Ron Parker, in his article "The Shimmering ECtopiasm" (Fanfare #1, 1959, reprinted in Fanz #1, 1970), states definitely that "Clowers published #3, 4, 5, and 6, of which 6 showed definite promise of success." Ted White recalls that it ran several issues beyond that. Only numbers 3, 4 and 5 could be found for this essay.

Clowers had worked on a high school newspaper before he took over Pot, and it shows. Instead of looking like a science fiction fanzine, it had a newspaper format with a masthead, headlines like "Ballantine Publishes Mad Reader," and text in justified two column width (with the single exception of Bhoob Stewart's piece in #4). And Clowers, when he justified, didn't cheat by hyphenating in the middle of a syllable, the way some new fans did of the time. The writing was humorously fanciful, but the newspaper format set Clowers' Pot apart from most of the other EC fanzines. Though the Clowers issues didn't measure up to what Pot #2 would have been, Parker's comment above seems unnecessarily harsh. Certainly Clowers' Pot was no worse than the early issues of Parker's own fanzine Hoohah.

Potrzebie #3 ran ten standard size monochrome pages, and was dated February 1955 (the first fanzine so far discussed to have a date—Clowers' school paper background was good for something). The lead article, "The Approval Seal and the Story Behind It," is the only substantial piece in the issue. The author is not credited, but underneath the title is the note, "The material contained herein is taken from three issues of The Profit." The Profit, not further identified in Pot, was actually a two page, single sheet promotional newsletter sent out to wholesalers by EC, which ran, Bill Gaines recalls, for five or six issues. It was written by Lyle Stuart, then EC's business manager. The article tells very frankly, and apparently accurately, the story of how Bill Gaines brought the various comic publishers together to fight the media attack on comics, then had disagreements with the group and dropped out, and was eventually forced to bumble ask for membership in the code.

The rest of the issue consists of "news" about the first Mad paperback (the news being obtained by Clowers going to a store and buying a copy of the book), editor's ramblings, brief reviews of some of the first New Direction titles, some unfortunate attempts at fiction and humor, and a few news notes. Practically every article is continued on a nonconsecutive page (the newspaper influence again).

Issue #4 is superior in every way, despite Clowers' editorial comment that "this will probably go on record as the worst issue of a fanzine that ever appeared." He describes the book in a nine hour all night session, but with the exception of poor margin justification on the editorial comments it's a very neat job. Because of reader complaints about the previous issue, all articles are continued on the next page.

The cover sports a cartoon by Ted Lavash spoofing the Wertham doctrine that readers of horror comics inevitably become delinquents. This type of cartoon was very popular in the fanzines of the period. A good example, by Fred von Bremenitz, appears later in the same issue. A crazed youth with an axe in one hand and a knife in the other says, "Of course I didn't get this way from reading all those EC's! I read a copy (continued on pg. 42)
ONE MAN'S OPINION

BY LARRY STARK

Reprinted from Potrzebie #1, ca June 1954. The opinions expressed are not necessarily currently held by the author or Squa Tront.

I've just finished getting through two more 'azines that the day's mail has added to my pile, so here come more opinions, fresh and probably due to change for the better the longer the 'azines are around here. That's one thing in EC's favor, their products improve with age.

My first impulse is to use The 'New' Two Fisted Tales #33 [July 1954] as a springboard for half a-dozen pages of attacking Colin Dawkins,* its new editor. I think I could make a fairly good case for saying that the first three issues of this 'azine have built a reputation for being the most worthless EC title since Modern Love went out of existence.

But I think it only fair to look closely enough to find a good point or two, and to take it easy on Dawkins. So far as I can see, he's been trying to remedy an 'evil' that made Harvey's war books lose money; they were aimed too high in the IQ department. The readers didn't care whether or not the North did have a grey clad regimental operational at First Bull Run or not, they hadn't heard of Fletcher Pratt, and they didn't know from philosophical concepts. When the North marches by, they don't wanna be mixed up by the uniforms. That would be too much like school, you'd have to think to read the story.

Well Dawkins has certainly personified a reaction from intellectuality from the word Go. He presents stereotypes, formula, hackneyed picture plots and characters, and as little imagination as necessary. He casts of characters read like a list of Hollywood has been and old-time pulp standards. Ed Coffey is a low budget Edward G. Robinson, somehow meshed with 1939 spy stories. E. Phillips Oppenheimer Keauffer never even noticed this boy, and we're supposed to believe in this issue that Ike Likes Coffey! Like Superman, despite Insurmountable Obstacles to be surmounted each issue. The cowhand and the Indian look as perennial, too. As far as I know, this is the first time (excluding Mervin) that EC has ever continued anything. Kurtzman and Feifer were content to tell their tales in six to eight pages and come to a resolution before the final panel. Dawkins, in addition to adding the invincibility of melodrama's heroes, has to drag the things out interminably.

Of course, Dawkins is only partially responsible for the contents of this issue. I'm pretty sure that Jerry Dee [de Fuccio] wrote 'Blast Off'. Jerry has a fondness for Kipling, which I don't share, and a style closer to Harvey's than anyone else's. The story is at least a single unit (although all too close to the Patrick Tulbryan series), but it's just a simple gimmick yarn with a highly forced set of circumstances providing the setting in which the map ending plunks off rather dully.

Also, it's a good bet that Johnny Severin at least collaborated on the scripts of the Indian epics he's drawn. Johnny likes Indians very much and he knows more about them than any other artist or writer in the business. And yet he's never succeeded in giving us a realistic portrait of the Indian as a human being. Perhaps there is too little left of the Indian culture that we can recognize as noble or real. More likely, Johnny and his collaborators haven't enough story sense. Invariably they end up with stock, laborious melodrama and scripts that are dull even as you read them for the first time. Cheyenne Hawk, except for the headress, is just American Eagle transplanted from Prize Western, and hasn't improved at all in the transplantation.

But, as I said, there are good points, and I don't want to forget them. For one thing, The 'New' Two Fisted Tales contains without a doubt the best collection of Severin art anywhere. With little or no space shows faults, but since he's begun working alone those faults have been dropped, and this last issue has a piece of work to be proud of. Johnny has improved upon the elements of his own style just as every EC artist has in the past, and now that he's not conforming to Kurtzman's will, the 'free' Severin looks a lot better than the old one did.

And perhaps, after all, I have no right to talk about this 'azine at all. The 'New' Two Fisted isn't intended for the fans of Harvey's war mags. Those fans have nothing to read now. In its place the new book has been put on the stands to impress and amuse the extreme youth of the comic audience. Why else present Gene Autry, cowboys and Indians and Saturday matinee gangsters? Since the audience for Frontline Combat was proving less than satisfying or too ignorant to recognize it, Dawkins was directed to put out a 'azine aimed at the intelligence associated with the Tiny Tots Publishing Co billing. This is it, with all its old movie flavor. If it makes money for EC, great Frontline, for all its perfection, didn't, and that's to our disgrace, not Harvey's.

Well, now that the detest is over, let's see if I can't sound a little more pro EC I think The Haunt of Fear #25 [May-June 1954] will serve to do it. Feldstein, freed of the responsibilities for eight yearly science fiction mags and six yearly Pulps, has kept steadily rising in quality. The horror, if this is typical, is still much below the Suspense Story level, but that might be expected. It's a bit narrower and a lot more exhausted a field.

I think the middle of the mag is the better part of this issue, including the text! I've been casting or ignoring texts for a long time in letters to Bill, but I never really

His westerns haven't even the sometimes laughable moments of Hoppy, the old ride into the sunset and-kiss-his-horse-he-manism is about as real as a 3-D movie.

Finally, the 'continued' bit looks to me like rank reactionism. Coffey in #33 starts as a clairvoyant superman, and ends on a note that seems to prove him bumbling eternally.*

*For reasons he can not now recall, Stark actually referred to Dawkins as Colin Campbell* throughout. For clarity this has been corrected here. Perhaps a clue to the puzzle lies in the fact that there is a character named Colin Campbell in the Dawkins/Severin "American Eagle" series.

As to who was actually editor of The New Two Fisted Tales. Dawkins, Severin or Kurtzman, none of the three can now clearly recall the details of the arrangement.
hoped for better quality. Is Dee back on them? Certainly not. That was the hack that did the last couple dozen. There isn't any of the hammering at the ending, nor quite so much contriving and forcing of the plot's convolutions. (Maybe Al did this one?) Anyway, as tests go, it's amazing—almost a good one.

"The New Arrival" begins well, looks OK for the first few pages, and then degenerates too easily. The thoughts of the house are too literal, "too logical," to use its own approbation. I had hoped, with the first caption on page 2 ("I am not the haunted house of horror tradition, with ghosts of long dead occupants—wailing and clanking chains"), that Al was going to go metaphysical on us and give us some real horror. What actually develops is a better than average playback of a standard suspense plot. The 3-D movie, The Maze used practically the same hackneyed formula, though a bell of a lot less imaginatively.

There are good touches that raise it out of mediocrity. The last four panels of page 6 are nicely written, and panel 5 on the next page seems logical and human.

But the house's "shuddering" and deciding to care in—but partially, you understand—is over-produced. As it opens, I can almost hear the serenity of age and the tranquility of deean in the house's voice, but all too soon it gets as unreal and funny as the same gimmick would if used by Hollywood, and humor and horror collide to the delight of Holly. I call "The Unhappy" (as reprinted in the Nostalgia Press EC Horror Library) the best of the issue, because of its unity of impact. From the first there is a restraint and a mood created and sustained. I would have liked it better had the tip off, "the hideous deed's he's just committed," at the beginning of page 2 been eliminated, and the suspense carried that much farther. Any reader guesses the situation reading the first page, but withholding the exact deed would tantalize and create more interest. It's very good as it is, but I like to puzzle.

The ending is the usual gimmick snap, but something's been done to it. The mention of Henry's house having a well looks honest and logical, and is the subtletest of set-ups. George's mention of his unfamiliarity in the disposal unit on page 6 is just a whopper too, instead of the usual screaming signpost. And lastly, the flashback is introduced at what seems to be a very logical occasion for musing. It isn't forced, either.

"Out Cold" I'd call a close second in the issue, because it isn't as implicitly realistic, and because it seems less smooth. No reason I can figure for it being less smooth, except perhaps less affluent captioning, but the impression remains.

The construction is excellent. Al builds a Falstaff love-affair, with pertinent character flaws that build upon one another as the story moves along. The two mentions of Wilma's hatred for cats on page 2, then the first puzzlement on page 3, the compounding and complicating of both at the end of that page, all of them are exceptionally good pieces of work, especially in this overworked field of horror. They lead off into many possible house-plots, lycanthropy, witchcraft, etc. And, true to his imagination, Al uses none of them. Even up to panel 5 on page 5, Al could have a real witch-stepmother in mind.

A final excellent touch is the top of page 6, in which Al, in a played down pair of captions, gives the perfect death-blow to the True Love gimmick that usually runs this kind of yarn. And then the final horrorific-humorific ending, so typical of EC. It's a "happy" ending.

The last story, "The Light in His Life," suffers from unbelievable and overemphasis. The convenient discovery of the candles when the whale oil is gone, then of the animal fat when the candles are gone, is evidence of contrivance and overly singlemindedness. And the discovery of the whale oil's disappearance and the candles' disappearance are far too similarly handled.

But, excepting those confusions, the characters appear extremely real human. Their inelasticity makes them very shallow, but they're not the standard cardboard cutouts that have been our horror characters in the past.

Finally, congratulations to Al for letting the Keeper make the explanations which might be necessary for the denser among us, instead of ladling them into his choices captions and railing the low pressured impact of the last two panels. It's a pretty good piece of work.

Lastly, I'd like to give a rave notice to George Evans for his interpretation of "Indisposed" (a good title, by the way, for a change). Compare the wife's face in panel 1, page 1 with panel 1, page 6 for a beautiful revelation of character. Henry's character, as developed by his clothes, habits and the backgrounds in the panels he's in, is well done, too. A great piece of work, I think, is panel 6, page 2. The faces in turn both illustrate the balloons and add an interpretation of their own to the general situation as they progress from left to right.

And while I'm making compliments, let's not forget Ghastley and Marie for the first three pages of "The New Arrival." That lightning scene done in blues and stark whites is really excellent.
of Beware at a newsstand once!"

The three and one-half page lead article, by Bhob Stewart, is a detailed story by story appraisal, a la Stark, of the first issue of each of the New Direction titles. Stark's concern was often with the structure of a story; Bhob was more interested in the style. Both rambled in a way that makes summarization difficult. Bhob disliked Extra and was only enthusiastic about one book—Impact. His comments always included interesting suggestions and ideas; here, for example, he suggests that EC try an adaptation of Saki's "The Open Window." Regarding Psychoanalysis, he says, "One can see why Karnen has the entire art job. Feldstein probably figures that art has very little importance in this magazine since it just shows two people in a room, and most of the panels are half filled with text. But pages and pages of this requires the talents of one of EC's master artists to sustain the interest ... Why not let other artists do the actual stories and let Krigstein do the dream sequences and flashbacks?"

Next in the issue are some strange biographies of Johnny Craig and Marie Severn. The Severin one is written by Martin Schneider, and along with some probably true statements it sports "facts" like these: "Mrs. Severn is married to Reed Severin (brother of John). Reed is a noted ballet expert, military historian, and at present a dress designer." Probably this was intentional humor, although it seems a little subtle for the times. Possibly Schneider was hoaxing by his information source, or perhaps he was hoaking Cowers and his readers. The Craig bio was written by Cowers, and except for the line "Craig has previously worked as a gigalo ..." and an error about his age, it is a straightforward effort, being mostly cribbed from EC's "Artist of the Issue" page.

A brief "Visit to EC" by Stan Grossman covers that obligatory subject. This article was originally intended for a proposed fanzine The EC Pen Pal News that Grossman was going to put out with Ron Wheeler, but which they abandoned when they discovered the cost of offset printing.

Next is a two page critique of Aces High by Larry Stark (in the form of a letter rather than a column, however). Larry's point is that the book "is supposed to recapture the Sense of Wonder that infused the flying corps of the First World War." But the stories are written in 'The EC Tradition' and "the whole problem is that 'The EC Tradition' is cynicism. That was the attitude that made the horror-fanzines too brutally honest for children, and gave EC its high degree of reality and honesty ... but it's not the stated purpose of the zine!"

Finally, there are eight pages of letters, mostly taken up with a long letter from Larry Stark complaining about the high prices charged by one dealer for back issues of EC's, and a letter of response from that dealer. Larry's complaint about "scalers" was basic, and, in retrospect, quite accurate. Until this dealer appeared on the scene, no one was in comes fandom to make money. Fanzines were sold at 5¢ and 10¢ a copy. There were fans who were "dealers"; they scoured back issue stores and resold what they found at a small profit to help other fans complete their collections. Some, like Fred von Bornewitz, frankly performed this chore as a service, operating at cost. In this atmosphere, the cost of back issues was never very high; the pleasure was in reading them, not in buying and selling them. The appearance of a "scaler" on the scene threatened to destroy this, for the simple reason that his buying prices were often twice as much as the going price among fans. And should a fan be tempted to sell his collection to the dealer, the resale price might be six times the "fan" price. Larry could see that the whole character of fandom would change if such dealers became a part of it. It's difficult to quote excerpts of this debate, if only because the prices mentioned are so disproportionately low in comparison to the prices EC's command today that they draw attention away from the concepts being discussed. Then, too, Larry's point is so alien to today's fandom that it would need more space than is available here to adequately present his position.

With issue #5, Potrzebie saw another format change, to six legal length (8 ½ x 14 inch) pages. The cover has another cartoon gag at the Wertham thesis, and a banner stating "See Inside for More 'Scalers.'" The contents are a bit of a letdown from the previous issue, being primarily small talk, ads and news notes. The most substantial item is a page of news from Larry Stark. There is a short article complaining about the inactivity of The EC Fan-Addict Club, and a letter from Jim McCauley, editor of The EC Slime Sheet, talking Cowers to task for using such overdone fan features as the Wertham cartoons and "A Visit to EC." Despite the cover banner, there is not much about "scalers."

An editorial promises a new bi-weekly schedule for Pot. But unless and/or until more issues surface from obscurity, we'll never know whether Cowers maintained that schedule.

Although it was one of the better EC fanzines of the period, Potrzebie was not typical. For one thing, it was probably the only one to change hands during its run. Stewart was reaching for a goal with his Potrzebie, to present a serious, more lasting critical overview of EC. Cowers, with his high school paper format, was more news item and fan discussion oriented. Possibly each represented the extremes of their approach. Most of the other EC fanzines up to the end of the decade were to combine these two concepts in one form or another.

In the next instalment, your chronicler (shown here taking in the sights at London's Trafalgar Square in 1954) would like to cover The EC Fan Journal and The EC World Press, two substantial examples of the first wave of fanzines that came out while EC was still publishing the New Trends. Unfortunately, at this time only three issues of these titles have surfaced, which would somewhat curtail extended coverage. If anyone has copies of these old fanzines, please speak up! The legendary Hooah is also due for early coverage, for this, all issues are available.
The first time Jack Davis's art was featured on film, in the trailer for *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, World*, it was not animated. The only movement came from the photomation techniques of cuts, zooms and pans across the art Davis did for the film's poster.

Most of his film work since then—all for TV commercials—has been in full animation of very high calibre. But because of the ephemeral nature of commercials, and because some have only been shown regionally, the fact that Davis has done over a dozen may come as a surprise even to those who are aware that his output in all media is so prolific that the average person is exposed to only a fraction of it.

The Lectric Shave commercials have probably had the widest exposure, but they're pretty dull, with most of the action being conversation about the product between ordinary characters that the agency didn't really need Davis to create. The other commercials are all more imaginative, an example being the recent Gillette commercial that features a caped evil looking grey "Shadow" haunting the hero at 5 o'clock.

Some Davis's best commercials advertise local products. Utica Club's "Big Sid," seen in upper New York State, shows a big mean orner gangster type bashing down the barroom door, and anything or anyone else in the way, to get at his favorite brew. Country Club's "Clyde Clubb," another regional commercial with a lot of action, stars a demolition derby driver who "gets smashed" on Saturday night. This send-up of the old "Beverage of Moderation" campaigns is softened by an anti-littering pitch.

Probably the best is for Cask Mountain Wine, seen in the Midwest, which depicts a bunch of hillbillies having a rousing grape squashing hoedown inside a wine bottle, accompanied by infectious bluegrass music.

Much of the credit for the general excellence of Davis's commercials must be given to Phil Kimmelman, who directed all but two of them. He gave them all the skill and care that has made Phil Kimmelman & Associates (PK&A) the frequent winner of industry awards.

On this page: True Temper Uni-Spin.
Above and left: Cask Mountain Wine. The gentleman on the left kicks off the film by jumping into the bottle from the lip.
Above Country Club's "Clyde Clubb"  Below Pan background for Utica Club's "Big Sid"
Typically, Davis' contribution to a TV commercial follows this pattern. The advertising agency creates a concept and writes a script, and decides that Jack Davis would be a good person to illustrate it. They then will approach PK&A to do the animation, citing Davis as the artist they want. Or, they might contact Davis directly, who would, in turn, tell them that he wants to work with PK&A.

Davis prepares a storyboard to give the script continuity. He then makes a variety of different character sketches, from which the agency chooses the ones to be used in the film. From these, Jack prepares layout drawings—detailed key action figure drawings for the entire film. He also paints the backgrounds for each scene, to be used behind the animator's figure cells.

At this point his work is essentially finished, and the film goes through the animation stages of direction, sound production, animation, assistant animation, ink and paint, and camera. The assistant animator's contribution is very important, since he must insure that all the drawings look as though they were drawn by Jack Davis.

There are several bits of Davis' "animation" that are not included in the filmography below. For example—the New York subway system has clocks with built in advertising posters with back-lit moving scrolls that can give a picture the appearance of motion, usually something thrilling like Scotch pouring with molasses speed from a bottle to a glass. But about seven years ago an FM rock station used the technique on their posters to cleverly make Davis caricatures of Dylan, the Beatles, Joan Baez and others dance and seemingly play their instruments. This was not film, of course, but definitely a form of animation.

Davis recalls being flown to Hollywood, circa 1967, by an Atlanta, Ga. ad agency to work on some presumably local Atlanta TV spots for Dodge auto dealers. He did some art directly on animation cells and then flew back to New York. To what use his art was put, or even the name of the agency or animation studio, Jack can no longer recollect.

Davis has also made a complete commercial with Kimmelman which has never been aired on TV because of a change in the ad agency's campaign. In such cases, information about the film remains confidential.

In addition to commercials, Davis has also designed about a half dozen advertising test films (again, in association with PK&A). These are made to be shown to potential test market audiences in theaters and have no further public showing. Though limited animation techniques are used, the films are more elaborate than the term suggests and are carefully produced. If a film tests well, it may be remade in full animation for TV exposure, but is more likely to be filmed as a live action spot.

—John Benson

A JACK DAVIS FILMOGRAPHY

**NBC**

Football games commercial 1971 60 sec (a few limited movements, otherwise photomation only).

"The Baseball World of Joe Garagiola" show opening ca 1975 20 sec (photomation only).

**ELEKTRA FILMS**

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad World theatrical trailer 1963 Director: Cliff Roberts Animator: Phil Kimmelman Assistant Animator Bill Peckmann 85 sec (photomation only).

Costa Ice Cream ca 1967 Agency: Carl Ally (NYC) Director: Jack Dazzo Animator: Jack Dazzo 30 sec

**FOCUS DESIGN, INC.**


Lectine Shave (man shaving) 1971 Agency: Della Femina, Travisano, and partners (NYC) Director: Phil Kimmelman Animator: Jack Schnerk Assistant Animator Vic Barbeta 30 sec.


**PHIL KIMMELMAN AND ASSOCIATES** (all films directed by Phil Kimmelman).


Unispin True Temper 1974 Agency Munger, Riethmiller, and Assoc. (Cleveland) Animator: Dante Barbeta Assistant Animator Vic Barbeta 30 sec.


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(LETTERS continued from pg 35)

re: work who the Kriesten page(s)?

Actually the story which Kurtzman asked Kriesten to consider redoing was not "Bringing Back Father" but "From Eternity Back to Here." And that, I think, was a successful story.

Squa Troni is, of course, delightful to anyone who knew and loved EC. However, I feel that more attention should be concentrated on the real artistic prime mover of the EC group, Albert Feldstein. The contributions of the other artists are, naturally, more obvious than the guiding hand behind the EC effort but that is really all the more reason why his work should be examined.

After all, it is possible to imagine EC with an entirely different group of artists, but the EC achievement would have been very different. If it had happened at all, without Feldstein.

Feldstein's EC adaptations of the Bradbury stories remain the highest points of the art, and his later editorship of Mad magazine, after Kurtzman left, saw that publication become the largest-selling humor magazine in the world.

Feldstein's ability was recently brought home to me by the adaptations done by Marvel artists and writers, both in their regular books and in the black and white Undergrounds of Science Fiction. The art on all of them was skillful, but the stories completely lacked the coherence, the poetry and the intensity that Feldstein brought to his work. And this is ironic in a way, because even though Marvel's attempts fell short of the stars, even if the ideas were obviously the inspiration, the reason why the stories were adapted at all.

—Robert Faman

Dubbing Feldstein as the artistic prime mover of EC puts fellow editors Johnny Craig and Harvey Kurtzman in limbo. It would seem rather, that Feldstein's considerable contribution to EC was part of a group effort, and the guiding hand, if there was one, belonged.

Bill Gaines

I'll confine my comments on Squa Troni to "An Examination of Master Race," since that story was banned when the case for Kriesten's importance is being argued.

I don't like "Master Race," which seems to me a textbook example of Kriesten's flaws as an artist. I admire him as an organizer of space, a composer of panels, but for me the emotional content of his stories is about nil. He is too cool an artist to deal with emotion-charged subject as the Nazi atrocities and much of the EC stories have been—especially "Flyin' Machines!"—but "Master Race" is cold and cold. I can only approach it in which case, I am by no means unmoved, I am almost repelled. I think there is a clue to my reaction in Kriesten's close-ups which are unavoidably awkward and ugly, he seems unable to make
direct contact with human feelings, and without which we are left with nothing but artificial patterns.

What little literacy merit the story may originally have possessed was provided by both the EC surprise ending. How much better "Master Race" would have been if we had known from the start that the victim was Sturkie, not the woman whose rape was committed by the leader of the EC readers! It was the woman who was the victim. What does the twist add, how does it illuminate the situation, what does it tell us about the EC readers, what does it tell us about the leader of the EC?...a confrontation between the camp commander and camp victim, on neutral ground—which is powerful since it cannot be cheapened. Without the surprise ending, you also wouldn't need those wretched Feldstein cartoons.

These criticisms go to the merits of "Master Race" itself. But I also strongly dislike the type of criticism which would draw up a checklist and try to score the "quality" of..."test" to dig out every nugget that it contains. I prefer criticism that does not break a work down into fragments but responds to it as a whole—a response that attempts to match the scope of the work itself, instead of dissecting it as if it were on story and one reads "Master Race" panel-by-panel, and if they do come to notice the subtleties that you point out, the whole is within the context of making a general response. I find that context lacking in your piece, despite your obvious admiration for the story, but believe it or not, I did enjoy the magazine.

—Mike Barrier
Alexandria, Va.

That tastes differ is automatic. It's a struggle for me to understand how someone could write a statement like the emotional content of Krystein's stories is about nothing. My own response is so completely different. In the following (reading my thought of analyzing Krystein's work to try to discover the reason for my response) it was the Krystein's work. (reminding me of what I thought was the first time I saw his and his graphic graphic impact that appeared in Mad #27) Interest.</p>

The few letters received commenting on the fanzine feature have been mostly favorable. This issue not only chronicles the early fanzines but also features a substantial reprint. We were very interested in knowing whether such fanzines readers would like to see more. I'm not sure what the results will be, but the letters articles that are primarily made up of story by story analysis:

Address all letters of comment to John Benson, 207 W. 50th Street, #28 New York, N.Y. 10024

"Sugar Fats" adds: The cover below was discovered just before we went to press. Compare it with the Beware cover on pg 16 which was published just a few months later.

47
THANKS FOR YOUR NOTE — THE E.C. GANG

SEE-YA HE'S GOT ROCKS IN HIS HEAD!

I WIN I GOT THREE OF A KIND!

LYLE STUART BUSINESS MANAGER

SHIRLEY NORRIS SHE OUGHTA PLY NOW!

REED CRANDALL

DEAD LETTER DEPT

DAD COULD WE HAVE THE KEYS TO THE HEARSE!

W. GAINES

W. GAINES

NANCY SIEGEL

AL WILLIAMSON

BILL ELDER

JACK KAMEN

GHOSTLY INDIES

J.P. SEVERIN

BILL ELDER

— GOSH, THESE COFFINS ARE REALLY COMFORTABLE.

— SINNY CRAIG

— YEAH, WE DID IT AGAIN!

H. KURTZ

WOOD

BILL ELDER

B. KUGSTEIN

MARIE SEVERIN

JACK DAVIS

J.P. SEVERIN

W. GAINES

W. GAINES

NANCY SIEGEL

AL WILLIAMSON

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J.P. SEVERIN

W. GAINES

W. GAINES

NANCY SIEGEL

AL WILLIAMSON

BILL ELDER

JACK KAMEN

GHOSTLY INDIES

J.P. SEVERIN

BILL ELDER
"They said something about their species dying off... and they'd rather have the girl!"
SUPPLEMENT TO THE KRIGSTEIN BIBLIOGRAPHY

CORRECTIONS

The story "Packett's Charge at the Battle of Gettysburg" appeared in Vol. 5 #12 of Airboy Comics, not Vol. 6 #2 as listed last issue. The date, January 1949, is correct. Krigstein did not do a cover for Eerie Adventures, as was indicated. The item in question was a back cover (see listing below).

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85 6 Apr-Mmy 48 4  Know Your America—Henry Hudson (pencilling only)
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90 100 Aug 48 6  Golden Arrow in Jailed

COMMENTS

Through an oversight it was not mentioned last issue that Crime SuspenStories #25, which contains Krigstein's "Key Chain," has been reprinted by East Coast Comix as EC Classic Reprint #6.

By a process of elimination it seems likely that "Not My Decision to Make" in Love Diary (the only question marks in last issue's listing still unanswered) appeared in issue #3.

Hames Ware reports that his records show Krigstein worked in Master Comics #82, 88, 92 and 94. At this writing we have been unable to locate copies for confirmation.

Last issue's caution should be repeated: there are a number of comics incorrectly attributed to Krigstein in Owenstreet's Price Guide. These include (but are certainly not limited to), All True Crime #33, Mystic #61, Navy Combat #13, Strange Tales #16, Tales of Suspense #52, Wanted #16, War #8, Weird Thrillers #1 and The Westerner #7. None of these books have any Krigstein art.

It should be mentioned that various Ace comics, such as Crime Must Pay the Penalty and Hand of Fate, have recently been advertised as containing Krigstein work. They do not, Krigstein never worked for Ace. Also, there are some stories with a Krigstein feel in later issues of Love Diary (1952 and 1953) which are not Krigstein, in spite of his presence in the first few issues.

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